



NIEKAS This is the 19th is a series of publications issued on an erratic schedule by Ed Meskys (Center Harbor NH 03226, tel. 6032536207) and Felice Rolfe (1360 Emerson, Palo Alto CA 94301, tel 415DA66328). Copies are available for 50c, 5 for \$2 from Ed, material, or published letter of comment. (Send letters to Felice.)
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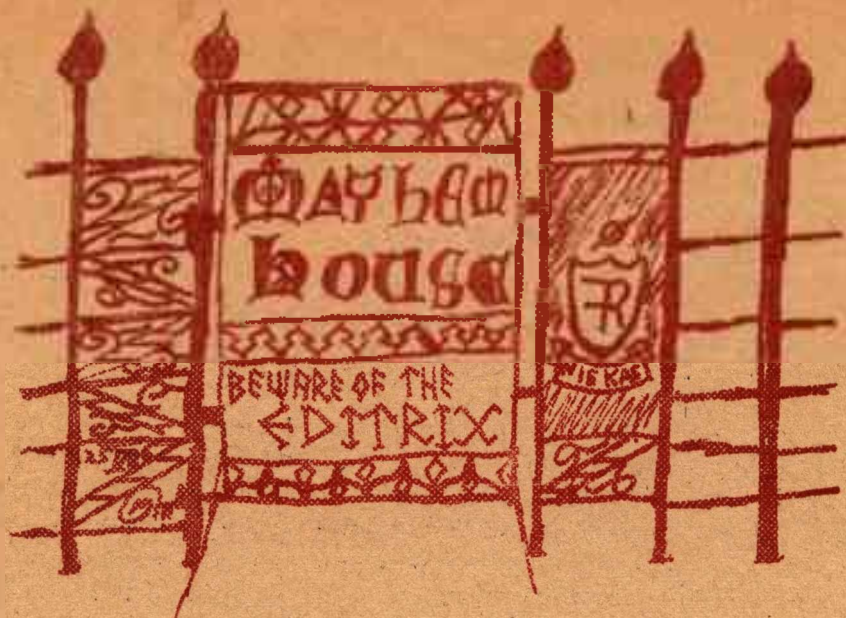
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DEAR HEARTS AND GENTLE BAGPIPES

A couple of weeks ago I received a post card from Ed (in microelite, of course) which read, in part:

Dear Felice -- Just a quick note. I just finished a 4 solid page¹ letter to Diana and am exhausted, but had best warn you too. Carl Frederick is arriving at San Francisco Airport Sunday, bagpipes, puns and all. He will be in Palo Alto on business for 3 weeks and I gave him your and Diana's phone numbers...I do hope he gets to meet Joe and Nan² -- can you imagine the puns???? (Put DOWN that ax!!!) Carl is quite a character and I think you'll like him. I did tell him that a good way to get on the good side of Joe is to start by cracking a few technical puns. (I will refuse any ticking packages which arrive in the mail.)

Well, I thought, if Ed's going to refuse ticking packages I'll just have to ask Joe to design a nice solid-state bomb. Joe is a vile enough punster without the likes of a Frederick to spur him on. You see, I knew Carl only from the Marchin' Barnacles, which he writes when Ed can blackmail him into it. So for a week I cringed when the phone rang (which, at Mayhem House, is often). Then one day...a sudden gleam in Joe's eye, a barrage of puns, and ~~all was lost~~ Carl appeared.

I may or may not survive. Given a choice, I won't.

----- Warren Preston

Wait a minute, I hear you ask, what is Carl Frederick doing in California? He's working on his PhD thesis in physics. In New York. But for his experiment he needed an airplane -- it's very hard to make aerial observations without an airplane³ -- and with true government efficiency, the only one available was out here.

The "gentle bagpipes" in the title is, of course, not quite true. This was the first time I'd ever met the beastie face-to-face (as opposed to a movie sound track), and a gentle instrument it is not. The first time I heard Carl play for very long, conditions were far from good. He was standing in a corner in my kitchen; the sound was penned up and bouncing back and forth between the walls. It was truly deafening, and to my great surprise I liked it. (Carl may be surprised, too, to read this; I seem to recall untactfully comparing it to my favorite instrument -- the guitar!)

A few days later I heard Carl play outside, on a cold, foggy day. It's probably the ideal way to listen to the pipes. It's (they're?) a harsh but haunting instrument, and it strikes deeply, I think, if you dig it at all. I do.

¹ And in microelite, he really does mean solid pages.

² Nan Braude, of "Sieglinde Wiegehts".

³ Carl has done so, however.

Well, I could give you a blow-by-blow account -- we went to a slant shack housewarming, attended broadsword practice, and other such Gatherings of the Fan¹ -- but if you don't mind I'd rather go completely subjective at this point.

IT'S GREAT TO MEET AN OLD FRIEND FOR THE FIRST TIME

Carl is tall, blondish, and a mechiah. A mechiah is when something turns out approximately as you thought it would, but it's wonderful. (When your new bride makes knaidlech like rocks, and they're just like Mama used to make, that's a mechiah. For heaven's sake, don't ask me what knaidlech are.)

"Quite a character", Ed said, thus qualifying for the Understatement of the Year Award. This is a spectacularly, delightfully wacky guy. Who else could find bagpipers in our staid neighborhood? Who else would get lost on the Stanford campus because he was navigating by Vega and it got cloudy? How many people do you know who've tried a 26-hour day? Or have lemon-flavored file cards?

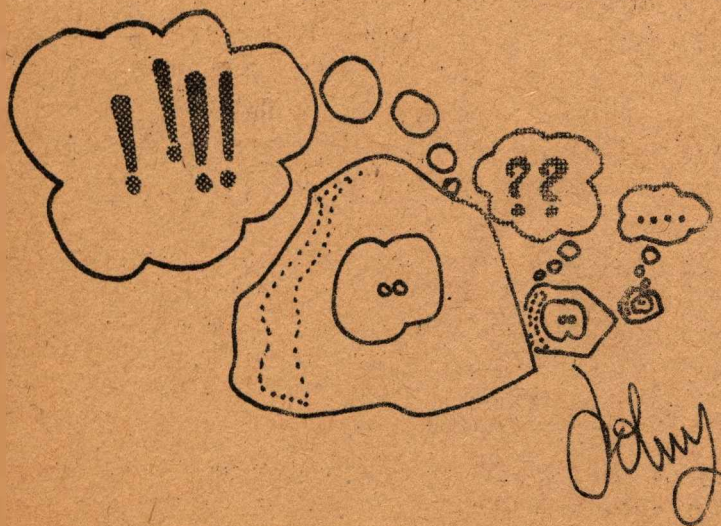
Joe: My company makes flutter meters.

Carl: Oh, wow.

Carl's in love with the wide universe and all its contents. Warren Preston and I listened in complete absorption one day while he talked about rats, bats, kangaroos, and anything else that came up in what seems to be a very free associative process. He talks at about 10 times normal speed, and listens just as fast and with total attentiveness -- which makes it much too easy to talk to him; I'm afraid he got a full dose of Rolfe nonstop conversation...The guy is a walking Sense of Wonder, he's so responsive to everything about him. Especially people. And thereon hangs an Editorial, as you might have expected.

Once in awhile a Carl comes along who makes me realize, by contrast, how hard it is to give or acknowledge friendship or affection. A couple of issues ago I brought this up, but as things turned out we didn't have time to publish the resulting discussion. At the moment I have no idea what Ed is going to use in the lettercol or in Gincas; but since a lot of you were interested, and I am too, let's go on with it here. I only have a couple of letters, but they were fairly representative.

What I asked in #17 was this: Why is it hard to accept friendship if it's offered too freely or too overtly? And, why label a person and then shelve him because of the label -- that is, because of a single characteristic?



Phil Harrell writes, in a much longer letter which I hope Ed works into Laiskai: "All my life up until fandom was loneliness with noise in it, people rushing about at breakneck speed doing breakneck things. Then along came fandom and a few people took time to notice me...For years I have tried to define my basic flaw...I'm too overt and too friendly, I guess. People must think I'm putting them on when I say what I feel...I have a few staunch friends, who prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that true friendship, once found, is worth keeping at any price. They make me glad I'm me and not someone else."

¹Phrase courtesy of Jerry Jacks.

²Five points if you got it.

Someone who takes time to notice you. And who makes you glad to be yourself. How important that is, and how much we neglect it.

Barry Gillam says: "Many people have written about (communication between people) and I suppose it is all summed up in a line from Paul Simon's 'The Sounds of Silence': 'People talking without speaking, people hearing without listening.' I would agree it's hard to take openly offered friendship but unfortunately a good number of the people who so offer are after something... By accepting all such offered friendships (obviously, dependent on your personal feeling about the person) I think the good lasting friendships will outbalance any other undesirable things you get into."

Yes, they do. And just being able to offer or accept is so important, so easy to lose, that even if you're rebuffed or disappointed you've gained something.

And John Boland: "Perhaps you're right that shelving people, tossing them into categories, is a waste. On the other hand, what's the alternative? Try to find something likeable in every beatnik/square or leftist/rightist etc. you meet?...If a person you meet has what

you consider a major flaw, what's there to consider after that? At best you can only place a limited value on him, and when there are so damned MANY people running around, chances are you can find someone with all that person's qualities who doesn't have his flaw."

Oh, does that bring up some questions! Like, what's a major flaw? The only thing that stops me cold in anyone is deliberate maliciousness. And, if I won't accept people with flaws, (a) where will I find any without, and (b) why should anyone put up with mine?...Actually, this all sounds a good deal more rational than I am about making friends. The first thing I usually notice about a person is whether he lives in his head, and if he does, nothing else is as important. There are so many people who seem to have nothing in their heads but an answering service.

And that's enough of Pollyanna's Corner for this issue.

BUT WHAT'S AN EDITOR TO DO?

This issue we have some bitter comments from Piers Anthony (at least, we have if Ed prints all the stencils I sent him) about editors' choice of material. And last issue, John Brunner sounded off about what editors do to the stuff they accept. Of course, both these gentlemen were talking about professional sf editors. But their remarks, together with some I've gotten about NIEKAS' being badly edited, lead me to the question: What is my function? Certainly, in fandom at least, there are people with something interesting to say who can't spell worth a damn — and who object to the alteration of a single misused seven-syllable word. Choice of material? Given a certain basic standard (and one can't depend on that, in fannish tastes), such choice comes down to my personal preferences; and I'm not convinced that my taste is better than anyone's. Just different. For example, here's John Barth's Giles Goat-Boy getting rave reviews. I'd have rejected it out of hand, on the not unreasonable editorial assumption that if I couldn't finish it, neither could my readers. Obviously a wrong assumption, not? Okay, gang, what is a fanzine editor for?

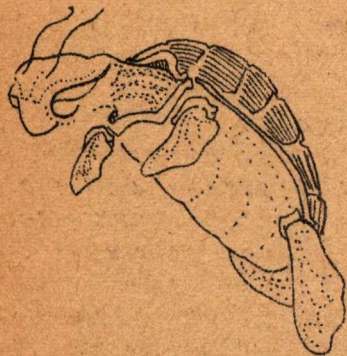
CHRISTMAS IN SAN FRANCISCO, HO HO HO

As I rounded the corner of Magnin's, heading for the bus stop, I encountered a gentleman going the other way. I stepped thisaway. He stepped thisaway. I stepped thataway. He stepped thataway.

"Shall we dance?" I asked.

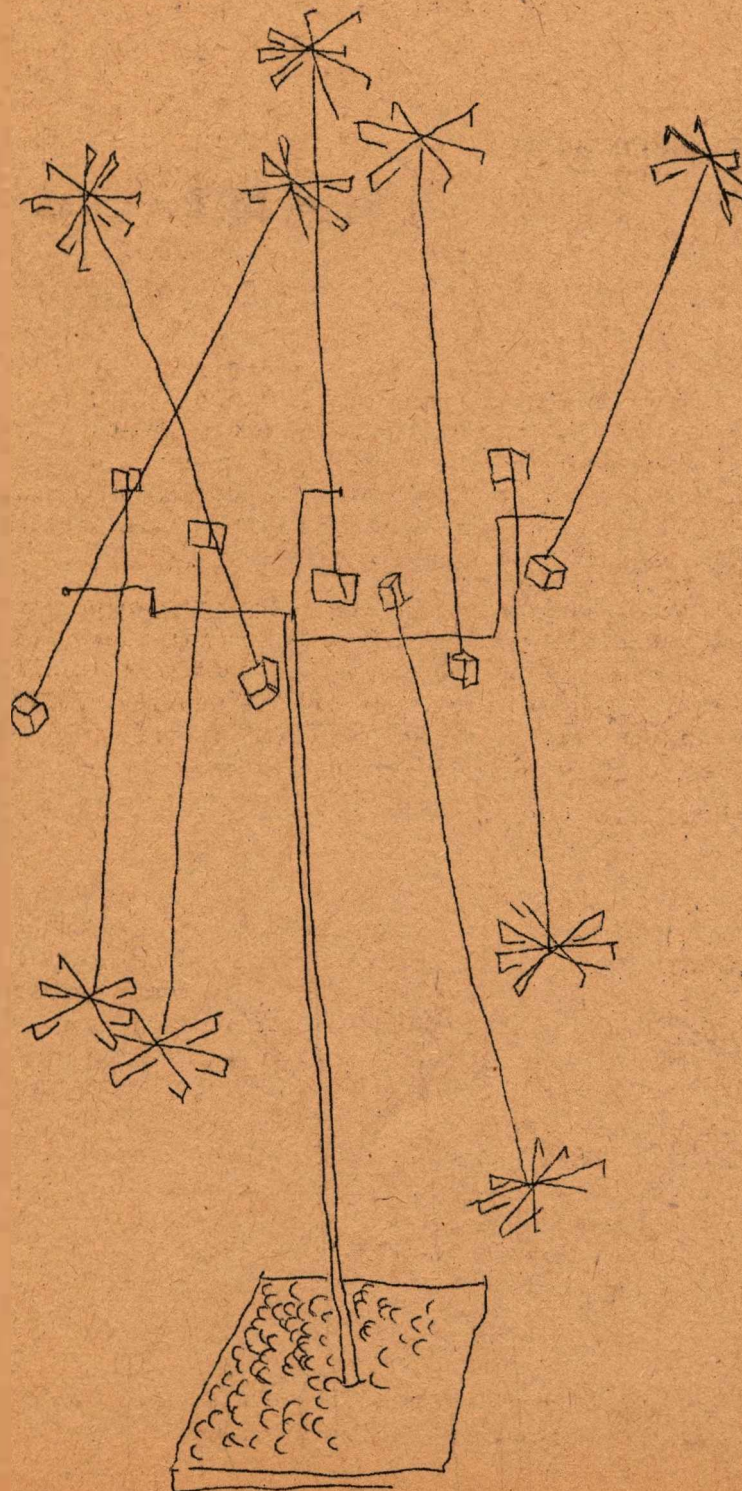
"Why not?" he replied, holding out his arms.

We waltzed three steps around and went our ways.



PATTERNS

diana l paxson



Does anyone really like Pop Art? I know people buy it, mostly I suspect because it's "in", and I admit it may be a means of social comment, but -- like it? For some time now the future of painting has seemed rather dreary, but in sculpture there seems to be some hope. It's called "kinetic sculpture", and Cal had an exhibit of it a while back. Kinetic sculpture is the closest to Space Age Art that any one has yet come. It is called kinetic of course because it moves, and its creation therefore draws equally from the skills of the artist and the engineer. The result is admittedly somewhat mechanistic, but it's nice to know that if the machines take over the result will at least be esthetic!

The first sculptures which depended on the wind for movement, were placed outside the gallery. In the sculpture entitled "9 rotors, 9 cubes" not only did the rotors rotate, but the rods themselves swung back and forth with the breeze. These wind-sculptures were the most purely graceful.

Suitably impressed, one followed a crowd of people into the building to the first series of motorized sculptures, a group by Pol Bury. Three

Fig 1: 9 rotors, 9 cubes by Rickey

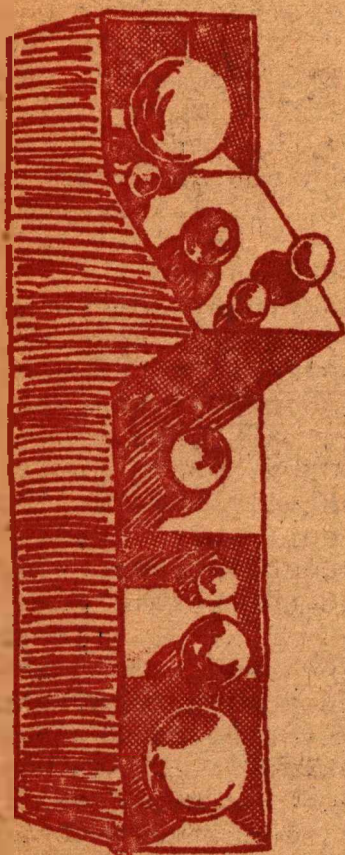


Fig 2: 9 balls on 5 planes by
Pol Bury
bounced, twisted, and clashed together.

Charles Mattox had a group of amusing sculptures which the viewer was supposed to activate himself, either by means of a photo-electric cell or a foot pedal. "Act of Love" (3.) is so named because the red bead on the wire emerging from the large black sphere sort of whisks over and caresses the smaller one.... There was another, called "Blue Seven", in which a blue seven was pushed by a curved wooden piece, towards a black sphere, which, when it got too close, suddenly began to

of these were rather similar, consisting of flat wooden backgrounds adorned by clusters of pegs, rods or nails, which at first appeared to be stationary. However after a few moments one perceived that the pegs or rods, or nails or whatever, were moving very slightly and sometimes clicking very gently together. The very imperceptibility of the movement made these sculptures fascinating.

The arrangement of planes and spheres (2.) was also by this artist. The wooden balls appeared to defy gravity by rolling slowly up and down. This sculpture was followed by some very large and noisy (and in my opinion comparatively unesthetic) pieces, which consisted basically of long strips of metal which

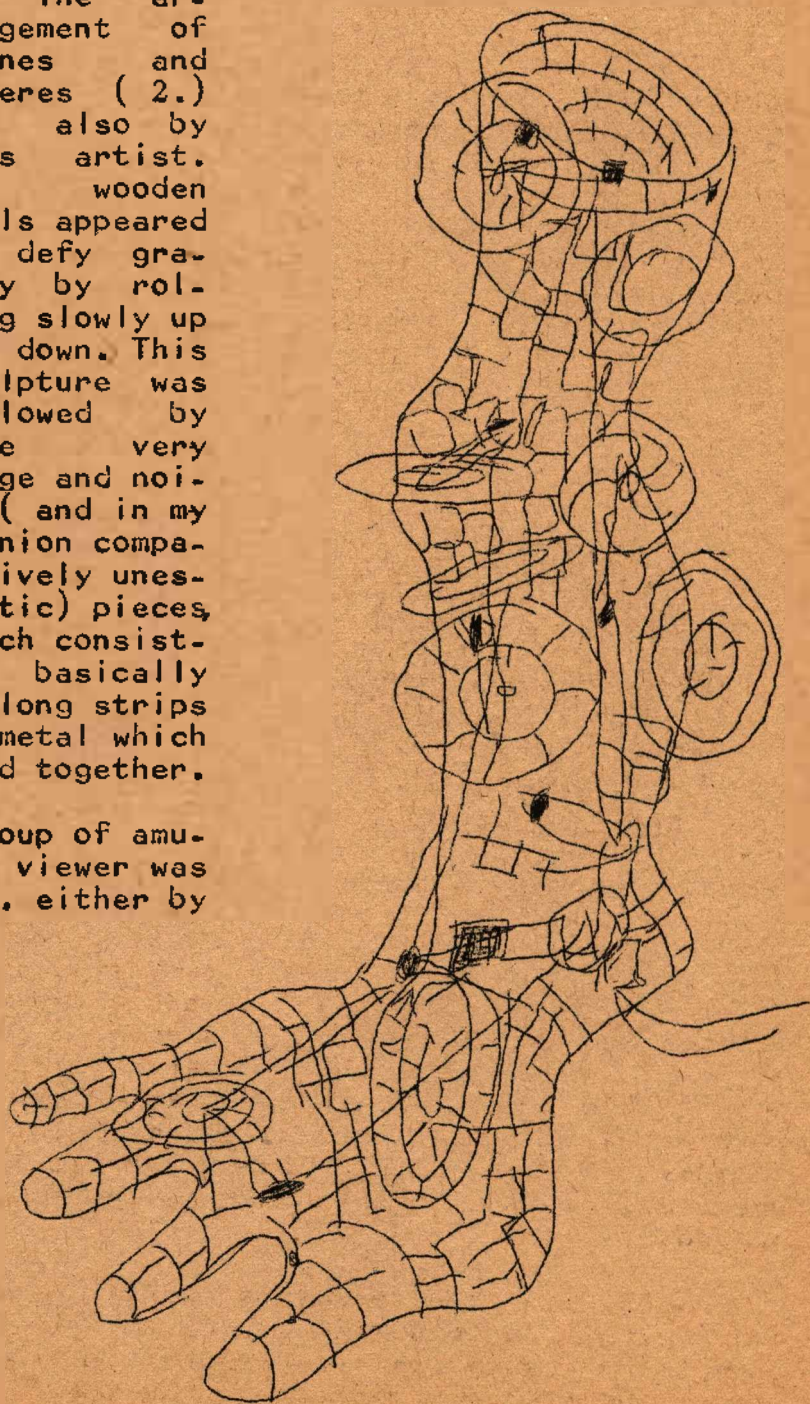


Fig 4: Foot by Harry Kramer

buzz and jitter!?

Barry Kramer specialized in welded wire and pulleys. The one called "Foot" (4.) is about three feet high and sports a variety of circles revolved by pulleys run by a little motor which also runs a thing that goes "tick-tick-tick." I think it is supposed to be some kind of comment on physiology.

The sculpture titled "Magnetic Surface" (2.), by David Borriani, owed its attraction to purely natural forces. I am afraid the drawing cannot make it very clear. The sculpture was hung on the wall and consisted of a circular surface with curved bars over and around which iron filings slowly crawled. The effect was rather that of a mineral aquarium.



Fig 5: Magnetic Surface by David Borriani

ent in the works of a radio, increased in interest by the fact that if one pressed the treadle the whole thing buzzed frantically, quivered, and sent the feather madly dancing around.

Hopefully the drawings will be more convincing than this text, even though they cannot be really faithful (unless Ed could figure out some way of making them move?)

Oh well, three cheers for modern art!

Diana L Paxson

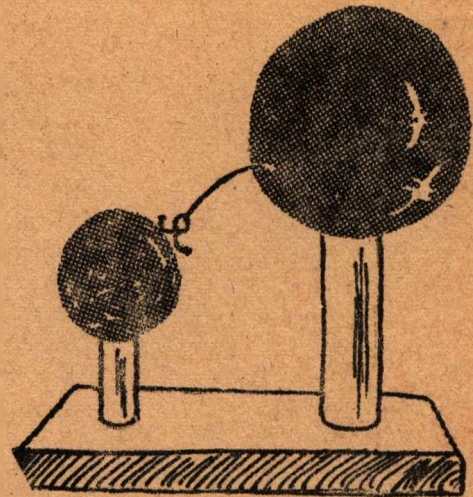


Fig 3: Act of Love by Charles Martox

Last came the noisy ones, most of which would need more than my background to explain. A couple had pendulums which were drawn by (I think) electric attraction to hit a wire which went "ting." Besides these were some pieces which looked like the kind of art machines would make for their own pleasure--the machine idealized (?). Drawing 6. is one of two of a type which exploited the possibility for baroque complexity inherent



Fig 6: Radio Sculpture With Feather by J Tinguely



Bumbejimas

AN APOLOGY OF SORTS

I'm afraid I got a bit carried away in my remarks about the Pongs or what have you in the last NIEKAS and ought to make a few qualifications. Tho I stand behind most of what I said I did get carried away and made some unjust insinuations about the motives of the NYCON committee, especially Ted White. Ted has asked why, since I'm often in NYC, I hadn't raised my objections in person. Well, first I'd been rather timid for I was obviously one of the contenders and was worried about the propriety of anything I might say. Also, while I was somewhat unhappy about the situation from the start my ideas hadn't crystalized until after I'd mulled over some conversations at the Lunacon and I hadn't been back to NY in that period. Bumbejimas, or that part of it, was stencilled about the first week of June. As I said, I got carried away by my own words and exaggerated my feelings merely for the sake of making a telling point against the opposition. The POLHODE distributed thru FAPA shortly before the last NIEKAS was done expressed my belief in the sincerity of the committee members and I still stand behind those words.

The above had been written about a month before the NYCON, and is stencilled as written except for a little polishing of grammar. I had wanted to stencil & run this off before the con, too, but time simply didn't permit.

I must also apologize for the confusion of the last issue. Several things just hadn't worked out as planned because of the trans-continental communication barrier. For instance a Patterns telling how a Barnacular tape had been made in California was to be headed "A Barnacle in Three Acts: Act I." My Bumbejimas was headed "Act II" and Carl's stuff was supposed to be headed "Act III." Well, something happened to Diana's mss between there and here so Ben Solon's article was substituted, and the heading was left off of Carl's section.

Also, the first page of material which followed Resnik's interview of Tolkien had been written as an introduction and was supposed to precede it!

MORE ABOUT NOTHING

Several changes have taken place in the realm of NIEKAS. First of all Charlie & Marsha Brown have joined the

staff, taking over the printing. Felice & I will edit & stencil while they turn the crank on the Gestetner. I hope this will allow us to get back to a reasonable schedule. (Has anyone seen some color kits floating around between NY & California? Felice & Jerry Jacks say they shipped them together with the G (via Al Lewis Econoline Transport Service) but Charlie & Marsha say they didn't get them!)

One result of this is the return to print of at least one back issue and more eventually. The Browns & I reprinted #18 and copies are available from me at 75c. Also, I have the copies of #1 at 50c. These are for completists only as the issue ran only a dozen pages and was merely APA mailing comments composed directly onto master. Felice just bought a G of her own & I hope she will soon reprint some other back issues. Anyhow, enquire about other issues from her and order #s 1 & 18 from me.

The colophon lists a new British agent. The position changed hands twice with dizzying speed. Graham Hall had to resign because he will be away from home for long stretches of time but he found us a successor, Mike Ashley. However before even a single announcement went out Mike decided he wouldn't have the time to handle it after all so I asked Archie Mercer if he'd consent to do the job. Orders sent to the previous agents are being forwarded and filled with only a minimum of delay. (Archie will also agent TSA for me.)

ARTIST'S PLEASE NOTE

It's time to reprint the instructions we furnish from time to time. First of all, except for certain very special cases please work with black india ink on thin white paper which is clean on the back as well as front. If you use sketch and layout lines use a hard blue pencil. (If you have access to a large art-supply store explain that you want a pencil which won't be picked up by an offset camera or electronic stencil scanner. I think it's called a non-reproducing pencil.)

We have a very limited use for wash or shaded drawings for they can only be printed by halftone-offset which is rather expensive. Exceptions are shading achieved by transfer dots or pencil on textured paper. Of course if you are expert with a shading plate (none of us are) and want to submit work on stencil it would be most welcome! Use 9-hole Gestetner-type stencils [not necessarily G brand], but first send a copy of the sketch to be sure we can use it.

These requirements aren't absolute. For instance, we've accepted some work in pencil on opaque tan paper but it is so difficult to stencil (manually or electronically) that most of it has sat unused in our files for two years.

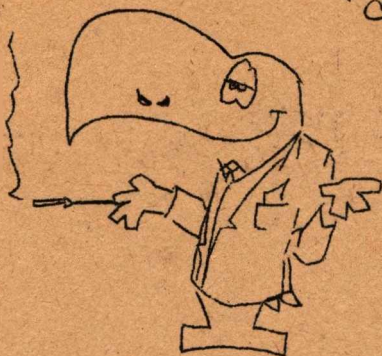
We particularly need art in a few certain sizes. Most [Cont. after Laiskai]

NEIKAS 19:11

LITTLE GREEN DINOSAURS ~~DO~~ HAVE THEIR PROBLEMS...

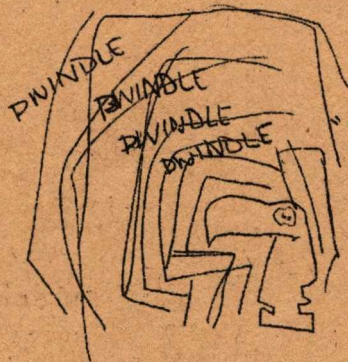
ooo IN LOVE :

"CHERIE... LEAP INTO MY ARMS!!"



"CHERIE... CATCH ME!"

IN INTRODUCTIONS:



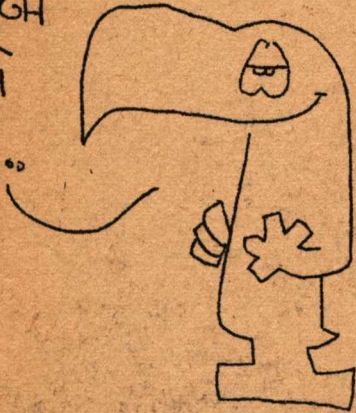
"I JUST MET CONRAD VON METZGE
AND I FEEL SO INSIGNIFICANT
I THINK I'LL GO OFF IN
SOME CORNER SOMEWHERE
AND CONTEMPLATE MY
NAVEL..."

IN YOGA:

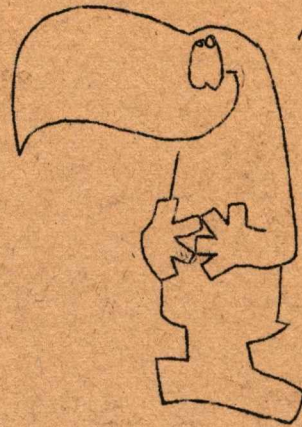


"I JUST REMEMBERED...
I WAS BORN IN AN
EGG... I DON'T HAVE
A NAVEL!!"

BILL ROTSLER'S TATTOOED DRAGON
HAS THREATENED THAT FANDOM
ISN'T BIG
ENOUGH
FOR
BOTH
OF
US...



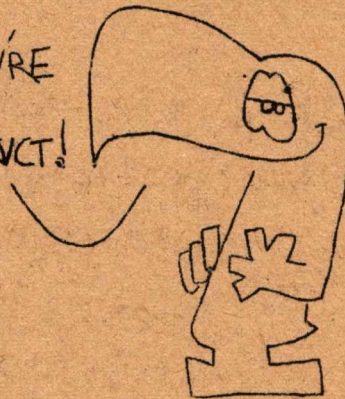
AS IF *SMIRK* I WERE AFRAID
OF A DRAGON...



WHY THE
ONLY
THING
I'M
AFRAID
OF IS A
BIG
GREEN
DINOSAUR...



AND
THEY'RE
ALL
EXTINCT!



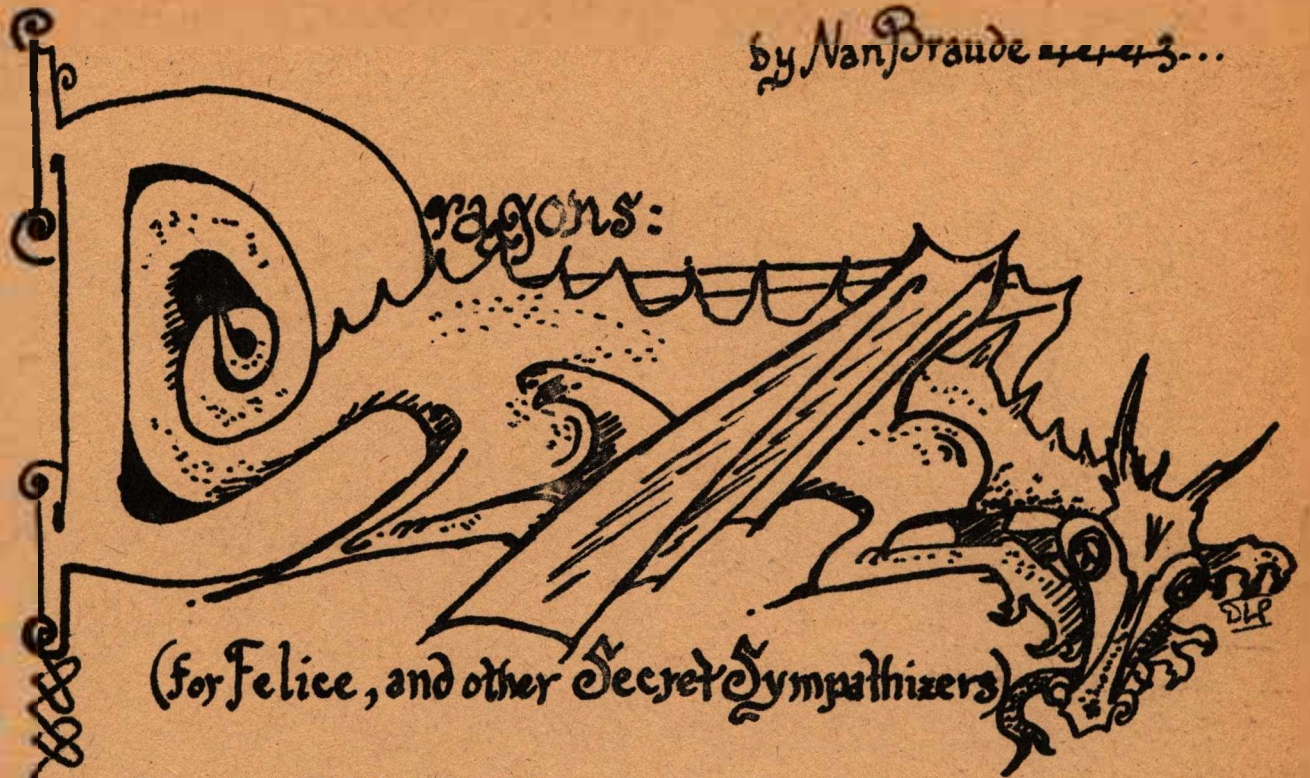
GRONK!



ORK! ORK! ORK!

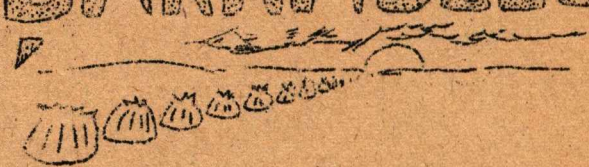


by Nan Braude 4443...



Dragons lead less than exemplary lives:
They have nasty habits, like eating their wives.
Cold, green, and coily, and full of ill will,
Their pleasure in virtue is practically nil.
If they help an old lady who's crossing the street,
The poor thing's usually asked home to eat.
They crave gold and jewels to garnish their scales,
And never pay tax on them, income or sales.
They lurk in deep caverns, all gloomy and wet,
And dine upon damsels and knights en brochette.
Their most notable character trait is plain greed;
In fine, they are not a desirable breed.
They've died out, thank heavens ... except one or two ...
(Keep quiet about me, and I won't mention you.)

THE Marchin' BARNACLES



SCENE: A trailer in Livermore California
TIME: December 1963
SETTING: A babble of voices as a party is in progress.
ENTER: Ed Meskys.

CARL FREDERICK tells the true story of
how NIEKAS won the Hugo

EM Wait a minute! Calm down! DOWN! Come together. This is my party. Now I threw it for a reason. Let me tell you the big news. NIEKAS is going to win the Hugo this year.

Crowd: Noises of derision.

Carl Frederick We got another Harlan Ellison here!

EM: Now I'm not relying on anything as insecure as my writing to do it, but I have found this book, this formulary from First Fandom.

CF: You mean it's by Bob Tucker HIMSELF?

EM: Nooo....

Fred Lerner MOSKOWITZ!

EM You hit it!

FL(aside) So that's how SFT got it's two Hugos....

EM: Now we got this formulary and it will tell me how to bewitch my fanzine...how to bewitch NIEKAS so that its writing will be superb, so that its editing will be magnificent! Now, about this parafanalia here...Felice! What are you giggling about? You proof-read it! I want to explain this parafanalia here. It is very serious. This is a momentous day in fandom. Now, we have these two urns, each half filled with corflu...blue corflu.

CF: Hey! This is for the party, maybe?

EM Er, I carefully resisted drinking the stuff.

CF: But what about those candles?

EM You'll notice how they are bent to drip drops of wax into the corflu. Each candle....

CF: Oh, I get it! Bending the candles at both urns, are you?

EM Yes, you might say that.

FL: You better not.

EM: So I won't. We now have to make symbolic offerings to the corflu. Now let's see...what do we need first? A pen! Who's got a ball point pen?

CF: I do.

EM: Ah, good! How long have you had it?

CF: About three years.

EM: Yes, that's old enough... Well, here it goes out into the urn.

Felice Rolfe A pen he saved is a pen he urned.

EM: Quite true. That's one down. I need a watch. Who has a watch? Ah, you have one!

FL: What are you doing?

EM: There it goes into the corflu.

FL: That's one watch shot to hell...a Bar Mitzvah present too.

EM That watch paid a good debt

Phil Salin: You mean it's owed to a Grecian urn?

EM: That's odd.

FR: Yes, only one of the urns is boiling.

CF: The one without the watch.

PS: That's because a potted watch never boils.

EM: Let's continue with the incantation. We need a symbolic judge. Let me explain first. The watch was because I was never in time for the NAPA mailings and the pen was to improve my writing. Now we need a symbolic judge of my material...Fred, you'll do!

FL: Now wait a minute! What do you mean by me?

EM: Shut up and sit down. Put on this black robe. Anyone seen a carton of books?

CF: There's one under that table.

EM: Now to pour these over you....

FR: Watch out. You're covering him with books.

PS: Yeah, watch out. Don't cover a judge by his books.

FL: This is pretty cheesy cloth. I don't know whether it'll be able to hold all these books.

EM: Oh, it'll hold.

CF: Well, I guess too many books will spoil the cloth.

EM: [Shuddering] On with this, quickly! Felice, you're part Scotch, aren't you...it says two fingers of Scotch....

FR: What are you doing with that cleaver? [SHRIEK!]

EM: What a mess! There, we now have got to be solemn for the incantation.
Bubble bubble, fanzine rubble
Stencil, and .. corflu ... bubble.... [voice falters]

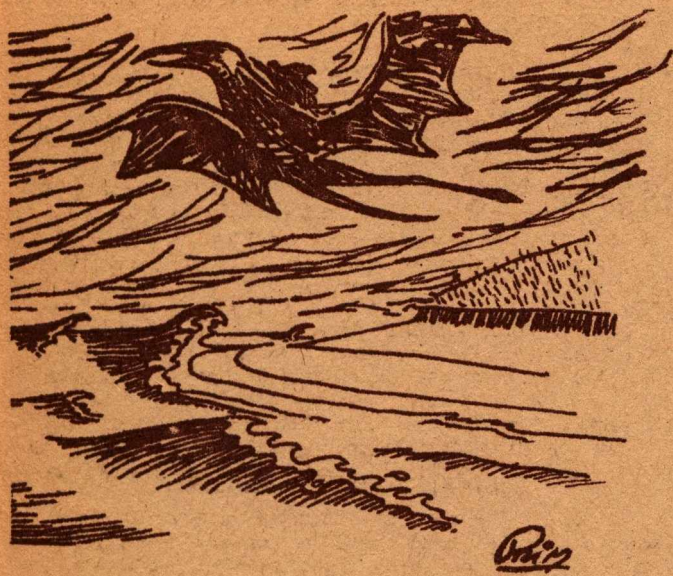
CF: Look! He's sliding down the wall!

PS: Now Meskys is here with his breath free of beer
FL: But the corflu is flowing and Meskys is going
CF: To slide down the wall while he struggles to call
FR: For help he requires but falters and tires
PS: So he falls dead asleed on the floor in a heap
FL: And the air becomes blue so we know that it's true
CF: That his breath's a utensil for clearing a stencil
ALL: For he is a Big Name Fan
For he himself has said it
In the fanzines he does edit
That he is a Big Name Fan
For he is a Big Name Fan [cadenza]



The above is taken from a living barnacle tape recorded December 1963 in the WKCR studeos. The credits on the tape were "Written by Carl Frederick and a bunch of would be adlibbers. Ed Meskys played Carl Frederick, Carl played Ed. Fred Lerner appeared as Phil Salin, Jim Sanders as Fred Lerner and Joan Blank as Felice Kolfe. Bruce Pelz played Fred Patten who wasn't in the abortion, and the rest of the LASFS played Brag. Produced by Fred Lerner, directed by Carl Frederick." The original title had been "Hugo My Way", and it had been written long before anyone had ever dreamed that NIEKAS might even be considered for the Hugo.





BOB FOSTER A Glossary

MEDUSELD -- The royal palace of Rohan, in Edoras. It had a roof of gold. Meduseld was built by Brego, and at the great feast held to celebrate its completion (TA 2569) Baldor son of Brego vowed to tread the Paths of the Dead. In 2758, Meduseld and Edoras were taken by Wulf, and Heleth Helm's son fell there defending the doors. In the WR, Gandalf, Legolas, Gimli and Aragorn came to Meduseld, and here Gandalf renewed the mind of Theoden and discredited Wormtongue. Also called the Golden Hall. (II 50, 141, 145ff.; III 84, 314, 432, 459)

MENELTARMA [Quenya: "King of the Heavens"] -- Mountain in western Númenor from which the far-sighted could see the Haven of the Eldar. (III 390)

MERE OF DEAD FACES -- The lake with the faces and candles, in the Dead Marshes (q. v.). (II 302)

MERETHROND [Sind.: "Feast-hall"] -- Great hall in Minas Tirith, where the feasts were held. Called in Westron "the Great Hall of Feasts." (III 312)

MERING STREAM -- Stream flowing from the Ered Nimrais near the foot of Halifirien through the Firien Wood and into the Mouths of Entwash. It marked the boundry between Gondor and Rohan. (III 14)

MERLOCK MOUNTAINS, THE -- Mountains where the Mewlips dwelt, in the poem "the Mewlips." Any resemblance to real places in Middle-earth is probably accidental, although the Misty Mountains bear a faint resemblance to the Merlocks. (TB 45, 46)

METHEDRAS [Sind.: "Last-horn"] -- The southernmost peak of the Misty Mountains to the east of Nan Curunír. Its eastern slopes were part of Fangorn. Also called "the Last Mountain" by Fangorn. (II 33, 91, 92)

LOUDWATER -- The Bruinen, q. v. (I 268)

LOWER HALLS, THE -- The lower halls of Erebor (q. v.), including probably the Great Hall of Thráin. Here Smaug made his jewel-bed. The lower halls were entered by stairs from the upper halls, and the hidden door used by Bilbo. (H32, 205-6, 224-9)

LOWLANDS OF THE VALE, THE -- See: the vale. (I 114)

LUGBŮR [Orkish: "The Dark Tower"] -- The Barad-dûr, q. v. (II 61)

LUNE -- The Lhûn, q. v. (III 396)

LUNE, GULF OF -- Great gulf in Lindon, perhaps the estuary created by the sinking of Beleriand. Its harbors were the Harlond, Forlond and Mithlond or Grey Havens (qq. v.). Into the Gulf of Lune flowed the River Lhûn, as well as an unnamed stream from Forlindon. (I 16; III 396)

MAGGOT'S LANE -- Road in the Marish going from Rushey to Farmer Maggot's house. (TB 21)

MARISH, THE -- Boggy, fertile area in Eastfarthing, the Shire, approximately located between Stock and Rushey, where the Oldbucks dwelt before they crossed the Brandywine and founded Buckland. The people of the Marish, who were largely of Stoorish blood, acknowledged the rule of the Master of Buckland.

The Marish was known for its mushrooms. Its chief villages were Rushey and Stock. At the time of the WR, Farmer Maggot was one of its chief citizens. (I 26, 40, 128ff., 142, 146)

MARK (OF THE RIDERS), THE -- Rohan, q. v. (II 43)

MATHOM-HOUSE, THE -- The museum in Michel Delving, a repository of arms and armor and other things no Hobbit wanted but were too valuable to be thrown away. Bilbo lent his mithril-coat to the Mathom-house, but reclaimed it before leaving the Shire. (I 25; H 285)

Middle Earth



MICHEL DELVING -- Town in Westfarthigg on the White Downs, chief township and more or less capital of the Shire, as the Mayor dwelt there, in the Town Hole (q. v.). The Lockholes and the Mathorn-house (qq. v.) were also there. Also called Delving and Michel Delving on the White Downs. (I 25; III 356; TB 41)

MIDDLE-EARTH -- Those lands east of the Sea at least as far south as Harad and as far east as Rhûn. The lands beyond Rhûn and Harad may not have been part of Middle-earth. Native races included Dwarves, Orcs, Trolls, Hobbits, lesser Men, and perhaps the Edain; the Elves may have been native to Middle-earth, but the Eldar at least seem to have come from the far East.

It seems a bit absurd to try to summarize the history of Middle-earth here. Major geographical changes include the sinking of Beleriand at the end of the first age, and the great changes between the third age and the present time. (I 16-7; III 303; H 164; Tolkien Journal II, 2, p. 1)

MIDGEWATER MARSHES -- Marshes north of the Great Road, between Bree and Weatherhorn, infested with midges and neekerbeekers, crossed by Aragorn and the Travelers on their way to Rivendell. (I 17, 245-7)

MILL, THE -- The mill in Hobbiton on the Water, run by the Sandymans. During the Occupation of the Shire, the Mill was torn down and replaced by a brick building that polluted both air and water. This in turn was torn down during the Scouring of the Shire. (III 360, 361, 365-6)

MINAS ANOR (Sind.: "Tower of the Sun") -- The fortress city of Anadion, built by him in Gondor west of the Anduin, on the Hill of Guard, in SA 3320. During the first half of the Third Age Minas Anor gradually became the chief city and capital of Gondor, as Osgiliath and Minas Ithil were slowly deserted. In 420 the city was rebuilt, and in 1640 the King's House was moved from Osgiliath to Anor, and this firmly established the supremacy of the latter. In 1900 the White Tower (q. v.) was built. Soon after the fall of Minas Ithil (2002), Minas Anor was renamed Minas Tirith (q. v.), and it was under this name that it was known ever after.

A palantir was kept here, although after the WR it was largely useless.

Also called "the Tower of the Setting Sun." (I 321; II 259; III 15, 403, 408, 413, 456-8)

MINAS ITHIL (Sind.: "Tower of the Moon") -- Fortress-city of Isildur, built high on the western spurs of the Ephel Duath in SA 3320. Taken by Sauron in SA 3429, it was re-inhabited at the beginning of the Third Age, but never regained its equality with Minas Anor, for the heirs of Isildur dwelt there no more, and Ithilien was partially deserted. In TA 2000 it was besieged by the Nazgûl and fell after two years. It was then renamed in Gondor Minas Morgul (q. v.). After the WR it was again called Minas Ithil, but was not inhabited because of the dread remaining there.

A palantir was kept there, but was captured by the Nazgûl and taken to Barad-dûr.

Minas Ithil was lit (at night, at least) by moonlight welling through its marble walls.

Also called "the Tower of the Rising Moon" and "the Tower of the Moon," but Minas Ithil was the most common name. Sometimes called "Ithil" for short. (I 321; II 259, 396; III 305, 412, 454)

MINAS MORGUL [Sind.: "Tower of Black-sorcery"] -- Name given Minas Ithil in TA 2002 after its capture by the Nazgûl, who made it their home. From Morgul came terror and war directed against Gondor until Ithilien was deserted. During the WR, the core of the army that besieged Minas Tirith came from Minas Morgul.

In fashion it seems to have been left much like Minas Ithil, except for the terror and the loss of beauty. Also, the topmost course of the tower revolved slowly, and the walls of Morgul shown with a pale, frightening light.

Minas Morgul seems to have been guarded by the Silent Watchers (q. v.), who also detected enemies on the Stairs.

Also called "Tower of Sorcery" and "the Dead City." (I 321; II 396ff; III 15, 305, 412-3)

MINAS TIRITH (Sind.: "the Tower of Guard") -- Name given Minas Anor about TA 2040, after the fall of Minas Ithil. Tirith was built in seven levels on the Hill of Guard (qv), in such a manner that the gates of each of the levels faced a different direction from the one beneath it, with the Great Gate facing eastward. Behind the Great Gate a cliff rose 700 feet to the Seventh Level, the Citadel (qv). So strong was the city that no enemy entered it until the WR.

As the chief city of Gondor, Minas Tirith was the focal point of the struggle to contain Mordor. Over the centuries, however, Tirith became under-populated as Gondor became decadent. Tirith itself was not attacked until the WR, when it was besieged by the Lord of the Nazgûl, who broke the Great Gate and entered into the courtyard beyond. But the enemy was routed by help from Rohan and Aragorn in the Battle of the Pelennor Fields. After the WR, Gimli and his folk rebuilt the Great Gate, the White Tree was replanted, and Minas Tirith remained the capital of Gondor.

Called in Westron "the Tower of Guard" or "the Guarded City," neither of which was as common as the Elvish name. Għan-buri-ghān called it "stone city and Stone-houses"; the Rohanish name was "Mundburg," which was a translation of the Sindarin name. (I 321; III 25ff, 116, 413)

See also: Merethron, the Houses of Healing, the Hal-lows, etc.

MINDOLLUIN [Sind.: "Tower-hill-blue"] -- The great mountain in the eastern Ered Nimrais behind Minas Tirith. On its eastern flank was the Hallows. A path led from Minas Tirith up the slopes of Mindolluin to a seat used only by the Kings; on this path Elessar found a sapling of the White Tree. (II 371; III 25-6, 307-8)

See also: the Hill of Guard.

MINES OF MORIA, THE -- Khazad-dûm, q. v. (I 386)

MINHIRIATH [Sind.: "the lordly tower"?] -- Area of Arnor (later Cardolan) between the Gwathló and the Baranduin. Minhiriath was the most severely affected area in Cardolan during the Great Plague of TA 1636, and became more or less desolate. In 2912 great floods desolated what habitation was left. (I 16; III 398, 461)

MIN-RIMMON [Sind.: "the tower of Rimmon"] -- The fifth of the northern beacon-towers of Gondor, built on Rimmon (q. v.) (III 14, 20)

MIRKWOOD -- Name given Greenwood the Great (q. v.) by Men when the Shadow fell on it (c. TA 1050). With the growth of the power of Dol Guldur in the south or Mirkwood, black squirrels, Orcs and great spiders lived there. The woodmen still dwelt in the middle of the forest, but the Old Forest Road fell into disuse. The Elves of Northern Mirkwood also survived, but they had deadly wars with the spiders.

Thorin and Co passed through Mirkwood, using an old Elf-path, and encountered an enchanted stream, queer eyes and insects at night, the great spiders, and a feeling of oppression and darkness.

After the WR the wood was cleansed and renamed Eryn Lasgalen (q. v.)

Mirkwood was an alteration into Westron of the Sindarin "Taur e-Ndaedelos," forest of the great fear. It was also called the Wood and the Great Wood. (I 17, 81; III 456, 515; H 13, 136, 140ff.)

See also: the Fornost River, the Mountains of Mirkwood.

MIRRORMERE -- Kheled-zâram, q. v. (I 370)

MISTY MOUNTAINS -- Great mountain chain running from the Northern Waste to the Gap of Rohan, a distance of perhaps 900 miles. Much of it was inhabited by Orcs (q. v.). Places of interest included Gundabad, Zirak-zigil, Barazinbar, Bundushathûr, and Methedras, mountains; Carn Dûm and Khazad-dûm, delvings; the High Pass, Redhorn Pass, Dimrill Stair, and Redhorn Gate, passes (qq. v.). Gandalf spoke of unnamed things gnawing the depths of the

Mountains.

"Misty Mountains" is the Westron translation of the Sindarin *Hithaiglin*. (I 16-7, 252; II 134; H 65-6)

MITHE, THE -- The outflow of the Shirebourn into the Brandywine. Here was a landing-stage from which a lane led to Deephallow. (TB 9, 17)

MITHEITHEL [Sind: "Grey--"] -- River flowing from the Ettenmoors southward until it is joined by the Bruinen. The Great Road crossed the Mitheithel on the Last Bridge. At Tharbad it was joined by the Glanduin, and afterwards was called by many *Gwathló*.

Called in Westron *Hoarwell*, which is more or less an exact translation. (I 16, 268, 269)

MITHE STEPS -- The landing-stage at the Mithe. (TB 20)

MITHLOND (Sind: "Grey Havens") -- the Grey Havens, q. v. (II 259)

MORANNON, THE (Sind: "the Black Gate") -- The gate in the great rampart of Cirith Gorgor. The Morannon consisted of one iron gate with three vast doors, and was the exit from Mordor best suited to large armies. During the WR, the Captains of the West held parley here with the Mouth of Sauron. It and the rampart were cast down in ruin at the unmaking of the One Ring.

The "Black Gate" is an exact translation into Westron and was in equally common use. (II 308; III 200-6, 279)

MORDOR (Sind: "the Black Land") -- Foul and evil realm east of the lower Anduin, bounded on the north by the *Ered Lithui* and on the south and west by the *Ephel Duath*; the eastern side was open. First inhabited by Sauron c. SA 1000, Mordor was ever after a stronghold of evil. Many of the works of Sauron in Mordor, such as the *Barad-dûr*, were built with the power of the One Ring. From Mordor Sauron directed the War of the Elves and Sauron, and after his defeat in Eriador he extended his power eastward. After the fall of Númenor Sauron returned to Mordor (SA 3320) and made hasty preparations for war, but was defeated by the Last Alliance (3434-41) and passed away. Sauron's works in Mordor were destroyed as completely as could be done while the One Ring survived, and Gondor kept Mordor and guarded it against the return of evil, building for that purpose the Towers of the Teeth and of *Cirith Ungol*, and *Durthang*. But Gondor grew weak and decadent, and after the Great Plague of 1636 the watch on Mordor was ended. In 1980 the Lord of the Nazgûl came to Mordor and, gathering the other Nazgûl together, made preparations for war. Twenty years later they took Minas Ithil, and after this time they strengthened Mordor, made war on Gondor, and prepared for the return of Sauron. In 2942 Sauron returned after his defeat at *Dol Guldur*, and soon after (2951) he openly declared himself and began the rebuilding of the *Barad-dûr*. During the WR Mordor sent at least two armies against Gondor, but with the unmaking of the One Ring much of the country was devastated and the works of Sauron were cast down.

Although all of Mordor seen by Frodo and Sam was foul and barren, the plains of Nurn in the southwest were fertile, and slaves here provided the food for Sauron's armies.

Points of interest in Mordor included *Gorgoroth*, *Lithlad*, *Nurn*, the Sea of *Núrn*, the *Barad-dûr*, *Orodruin*, *Udûn*, the *Isenmouths*, the *Morannon*, etc. (qq. v.)

Called in Westron "the Black Land," "the Land of Shadow" and "the Dark Country," all of which were approximations or exact translations of the Elvish, and the *Namelass Land*, a euphemism. It is not known what Sauron called his realm. (I 17; III 15, 213ff, esp 246, 404, 408, 412, 417, 453-68)

MORGAI, THE [Sind: "Black --"] -- Mountain ridge east of, and lower than, the *Ephel Duath*, the innermost fence of Mordor. Although dreary, it was not altogether desolate, as hardy shrubs and thorn-bushes survived there at the time of the WR.

Frodo and Sam crossed the Morgai east of *Cirith Ungol*

during the Quest. (III 214, 243-5)

MORGULDUIN [Sind: "River of (Minas) Morgul"] -- Stream flowing into the Anduin from *Imlad Morgul*. It glowed palely and smelled noisome; its water was probably poisonous. (II 388, 397ff; III 17)

MORGUL PASS -- Pass leading from Minas Morgul over the *Ephel Duath* into Mordor.

Also called the *Nameless Pass*. Probably called in Sindarin "*Cirith Morgul*." (II 405; III 215)

MORGUL VALE -- *Imlad Morgul*, q. v. (I 332)

MORIA (Sind: "the Black Chasm") -- *Khazad-dûm*, q. v. (I 316; H 65)

MORTHOND (Sind: "Blackroot") -- River in Gondor, flowing from the Paths of the Dead past *Erech* and down to the Sea, into which it flows near *Dol Amroth*. At the mouth of the Morthond were (until at least TA 1981) havens whence sailed the grey ships of Lórien.

Morthond was so named because its origin was in the Paths of the Dead. Called in Westron *Blackroot*, but the Sindarin name was the more common. (III 14, 49, 72-3; TB 8)

MORTHOND VALE -- The *Blackroot Vale*, q. v. (III 73)

MOUNDS OF MUNDBURG -- Rohanish name for the burial-mounds of those who died in the Battle of *Pelennor Fields*. The Mounds of *Mundburg* may include *Snowman's Howe* (q. v.) (III 152)

MOUNTAIN, THE -- *Oiolosse*, q. v., as called by Bilbo. (I 309, 310)

MOUNTAIN, THE -- *Erebor*, q. v. (I 51)

MOUNTAIN OF FIRE, THE -- *Orodruin*, q. v. (I 318)

MOUNTAINS OF LUNE -- The *Ered Luin*, q. v. (II 90)

MOUNTAINS OF MIRKWOOD -- The mountains in northern Mirkwood, the source of the *Enchanted River*. After the WR they became the southern boundry of the realm of *Thranduil*.

In H the Mountains are in western Mirkwood; in LotR they are drawn in eastern Mirkwood, although at the same latitude. (I 17; III 468; H 13)

MOUNTAINS OF MORIA -- The three mountains under which *Khazad-dûm* was delved: *Bundushathûr*, *Zirîk-zigal* and *Barazinbar* (qq. v.), from east to west and south to north. (I 432)

MOUNTAIN OF SHADOW -- Probably a misprint for "Mountains of Shadow," as there is no *Orod Duath* in LotR. (I 321)

MOUNTAINS OF SHADOW -- The *Ephel Duath*, q. v. (I 17, 380)

MOUNTAINS OF TERROR -- Mountains in *Beleriand*, near *Doriath*. Over these with great peril *Beren* came after the death of his father, and so passed into *Doriath* and came to *Lúthien*. In the Mountains of Terror dwelt great spiders of *Shelob's* kind, and *Beren* fought with one of these. It is possible that *Shelob* came from here, escaping the ruin of *Beleriand*. (I 260; II 422)

MOUNTAINS OF VALINOR -- the *Pelóri*, q. v. (TSG)

MOUNTAIN WALL, THE -- Probably the *Pelóri*, q. v. (I 310)

MOUNT DOOM -- *Orodruin*, q. v. (III 393)

MOUNT EVERWHITE -- Oiolosse, q. v. (I 489)

MOUNT FANG -- Orthanc, q. v. (II 404)

MOUNT GRAM -- Mountain in the Misty Mountains whence came the Orc-band that invaded the Shire in SR 1147. (III 402; H 30)

MOUTHS OF ANDUIN -- Ethir Anduin, q. v. (III 14)

MOUTHS OF ENTWASH -- Marshy area in Gondor on the Rohan border where the Entwash flowed into Anduin. (III 14-5, 94)

See: Entwash Vale, of which the Mouths of Entwash were a part.

MUNDBURG -- Minas Tirith, q. v. (II 143)

NAITH OF LORIEN (Sind) -- That part of Lorien lying between Celebrant and Anduin. The Naith seems to have included the Egladil, but was of greater extent. (I 450)
Called in Westron "the Gore."

NAMELESS LAND, THE -- Mordor, q. v. (II 384)

NAMELESS PASS, THE -- Morgul Pass, q. v. (II 405)

NAN CURUNIR [Sind: "the Valley of Saruman"] -- Great valley in the southern Misty Mountains opening into the Gap of Rohan. In this valley was Isengard, and from it flowed the River Isen. Nan Curunir was once a fertile and well-tilled area, but at the time of the WR only a few acres near Isengard were cultivated; the rest had become a thorny waste. (II 196, 2-2ff)

Also called "Wizard's Vale" in Westron.

NANDUHIRION [Sind: "Valley --s"] -- Azanulbizar, q. v. (I 370)

NAN-TASARION [Sind: "Valley (of the Willows)"] -- Tasarinan, q. v. (II 90)

NARCHOST [Sind: "Fire--"] -- One of the Towers of the Teeth, q. v. (III 215)

NARDOL [Sind: "Fire-hill"] -- The third of the northern beacon-towers of Gondor, located west of Drúadan Forest. (III 14, 20)

NARGOTHROND [Sind: "Fire--"] -- Elven kingdom of the First Age in Beleriand, ruled by Finrod Felagund (q. v.) It fell to Morgoth sometime in the First Age. (I 412; III 453-506)

NARROW ICE, THE -- Someplace that Earendil sailed to in his wanderings. Any identification with Middle-earth geography is impossible, although the entrance to the Ice Bay of Fornost seems likely. (I 308)

NARROWS, THE -- Area in southern Mirkwood where the western and eastern eaves drew together to form a narrow waist. In the Fourth Age the Narrows marked the northern boundary of East Lorien. (III 468)

NEAR HARAD -- That portion of Harad south of Khand, so called because it was nearest Gondor. In political inclination it was much like the rest of Harad: evil. Near Harad may have included Umbar. (III 15, 403)

NEEDLEHOLE -- Village in Westfarthing on the Water north of Rushock Bog. (I 40)

NEL DORETH [Sind: "Beech--"] -- Forest containing the Kingdom of Thingol, in Beleriand in the First Age. Its trees included hemlocks and beeches.
Also called "Taur-na-neldor," "forest of (?) beeches (?)." (I 260; II 90)

NEN HITHOEL [[Sind: "Misty Water"] -- A long, pale, oval

lake on Anduin. Its northern entrance was the Argonath, and at its southern end stood Tol Brandir and Eryn Lhaw and Hen, and beyond them Rauros. The Fellowship floated down Nen Hithoel and landed on Anon Hen. (I 17, 509)

NENUIAL [Sind: "Lake (of) Twilight"] -- Lake in Arnor. On its shores was built Annúminas.

The Westron "Lake Evendim" and the Elvish name were both in common usage. (I 16, 320; III 411)

NEWBURY -- Village in Buckland north of Crickhollow. (I 40)

NEW ROW -- Name given Bagshot Row, Hobbiton, when it was rebuilt after the Occupation of the Shire. Saruman was killed here.

It was a Bywater joke to refer to New Row as "Sharkey's End." (III 373-4)

NIGHT OF NAUGHT -- A place or condition encountered by Earendil on the Sea, somehow seemingly referring to the boundary between East and West.

The Shadows, and possibly "Evernight," refers to the same thing. (I 308; III 544)

In the RotK Index, Night of Naught is listed under "Things," but this seems extremely unlikely.

NIMBRETHIL [Sind: "White-limb"?] -- Forest of land where Earendil obtained the wood for his ship. (I 308)

NIMRODEL [Sind: "White--"] -- Stream flowing into Celebrant at the western boundary of Lorien. It is shallow enough at that point to be crossed, and its waters, although cold, were refreshing to bathe in.

The name is probably of Silvan origin adapted to Sindarin. (I 16-7, 439)

NINDALF (Sind) -- Marshes on the east shore of Anduin below Rauros caused by the inflow of the Entwash. The channel of Anduin divided into many little streams there.
Called in Westron "wetwang." (I 17, 483-4)

NOBOTTLE -- Village in Westfarthing, the Shire. (I 40)

NOGPOD -- A Dwarvish city of the First Age, located in the Ered Lûn. It was ruined at the breaking of Thangorodrim. (III 439)

See also: Belegost.

NOMAN-LANDS -- The Brown Lands, q. v. (I 484)

NORLAND -- Area in the far north. (I 310)
See: Forodwaith.

NORTH DOWNS -- High hills in Arnor on which was built Fornost. (I 16, 320; III 411)

NORTHERN WASTE, THE -- The lands North of the Misty Mountains and the Ered Mithrin. (I 17)
See: Forodwaith.

NORTHFARTHING -- One of the Farthings of the Shire, where the barley for the Shire's beer was grown. In the Northfarthing alone in the Shire snow was common. (I 40, 377; II 325; III 375)

NORTH ITHILIEN -- That part of Ithilien north of Morgulduin. (III 15)

NORTH KINGDOM -- Arnor, q. v. (I 23)
Also written "North-kingdom."

NORTH MOORS -- Moors in the Northfarthing. In TA 3001 Halfast, Samwise's cousin, saw an Ent-wife or an Ent north of there. (I 73)

NORTH ROAD -- The road running from below Tharbad up to Fornost, passing through the Bree-land on the way. After the desolation of Eriador and the end of the North-kingdom

it became known as the Greenway (q. v.)

On the map on pages I 16-7, the road north of Tharbad is called "the Greenway," but south of that city the Old South Road (q. v.) I guess it depends on which end you start at. (I 359)

NORTH STAIR, THE -- Portage-way leading from the lower end of Nen Hithoel to the foot of Rauros, made by the Kings of Gondor in the days of their power. (I 504)

NORTH-WAY -- This, of course, is the same road as the West Road (q. v.) (III 306)

NUMBER 3 BAGSHOT ROW -- Hole on Bagshot Row where lived the Gaffer and Sam Gamgee. It was ruined by the ruffians but rebuilt in SR 1419. (I 44; III 373)

NUMENOR [Quenya: "West-land"] -- Kingdom of the Edain, founded in SA 32 on the great island of Elenia within sight of Bressa. This island, westernmost of mortal lands, was granted to the Edain as a reward for their valor and suffering in the wars against Morgoth. The Kings of Númenor were Elros Tar-Minyatur (q. v.) and his descendants. Enriched by gifts from the Eldar, the Númenoreans became wise and powerful, but they were forbidden to set foot on the Undying Lands or to become immortal. About SA 600 ships of Númenor first returned to Middle-earth, and 600 years later the Númenoreans began to make permanent havens, of which Umbar was the greatest. In 1700 Tar-Minastir sent a great fleet to the aid of Gil-galad, and this army defeated Sauron, who had overrun all of Eriador. A hundred years later the men of Númenor began to establish dominions on the coasts of Middle-earth, exacting tribute where previously they had freely given aid. For the Númenoreans were becoming enamored of power, and, as great and proud mariners, were beginning to object to the closing of the western seas. Also, about this time the fear of death became widespread, and this increased dissatisfaction with the Eldar. In 2251 Tar-Atanamir became King and he openly spoke against the Ban of the Valar (q. v.). All followed him, except the Faithful, the people of Andúnie (q. v.) in the west of Númenor. Succeeding generations abandoned the use of the Elven tongues, persecuted the Faithful and became besotted with the fear of death. (This fear may not have been entirely irrational; the Kings who took their names in Adûnaic seem to have lived shorter lives than the kings before them. This may have been psychosomatic, however.) Tar-Palantir tried to return to the old ways, but at his death his nephew usurped the crown and became Ar-Pharazôn (SA 3255). Resolving to become King of the World, he humbled Sauron and took him to Númenor as a captive. Sauron corrupted Númenor and persuaded Ar-Pharazôn to take Valinor by force. When he tried to do so (3319), the Valar laid down their Guardianship, and Eru, the One, changed the world. Númenor was sunk, and the Undying Lands were placed beyond the circles of the world. Elendil, son of the last Lord of Andúnie, escaped with his sons and a small following and came to Middle-earth. Sauron was caught in the wreck, and his body destroyed, but he too returned to Middle-earth.

Called in Westron "Westernesse." Also called the Land of the Star, which may refer to Elenia or to the fact that Earendil guided the Edain when they came to Númenor. The full Quenya name was Nûmenóre. (I 489; III 297, 390-3, 407, 453-4)

See also: entries of individual Kings and Queens.

NURN [Sind] -- Area in southwestern Mordor around the Sea of Nurnen. Here was grown food in slave-tilled fields for the soldiers of Sauron. (I 17; III 246)

NURNEN, THE SEA OF [Sind: "Nurn-water"] -- Bitter inland sea in southern Mordor. Into it flowed rivers draining all of Mordor except for Gorgoroth and Udûn; it had no outlet. Also called Lake Nûrnen. (I 17; II 308; III 246)

OIOLOSSE (Quenya: "ever-snow-white") -- The highest peak of the Pelóri, and thus the highest mountain on earth. Upon

its summit were the domed halls of the Elder King and Varda, and here Varda stood when enveloping Valinor in darkness and when hearing the prayers of those in Middle-earth.

The approximate equivalents in other languages were the Sindarin "Uilos" and the Westron "Mount Everwhite." Another Quenya name was Taniquetil; other names were "the Mountain" and "the Hill of Ilmarin." (I 309, 310, 489, TSG; TSE)

OLD FOREST -- Forest between Buckland and the Barrow-downs, remnant of the great forest that once covered all of Eriador. The trees, especially Old Man Willow (q. v.) and others by the Withywindle (q. v.) were malevolent and semi-mobile. In appearance the trees were much like those of Fangorn Forest (q. v.). Over them, as over all things, Bombadil, who lived just outside the eastern eaves, had power.

In TA 1409 some of the Dûnedain of Cardolan (q. v.) took refuge here when their land was overrun by Angmar. Once the trees of the forest attacked Buckland, trying to get over the High Hay, but they were driven off by fire. During the WR, the Travelers went through the Old Forest on their way to Rivendell to avoid the Black Riders, but were trapped by Old Man Willow; Bombadil rescued them. (I 16, 40, 156-71, 347; II 89)

See also: the Bonfire Glade.

OLD FOREST ROAD -- Road leading from the High Pass across Anduin and through Mirkwood south of the Mountains of Mirkwood. It ended at the River Running. At the time of Bilbo's journey (TA 2941), the eastern end of the road had become marshy and impassable. (I 17; H 12-3, 134)

OLD FORD, THE -- Ford across Anduin, for ponies or horses only, on the Old Forest Road. (H 13, 134)

OLD GRANGE, THE -- Granary on the west side of the Bywater Road, on the Hobbiton side of the Water. It was torn down by the Ruffians during the occupation of the Shire. (III 366)

OLD GUESTHOUSE, THE -- A large building in Minas Tirith, on Rath Celerdain. Before the Siege of Gondor, all the boys remaining in Minas Tirith as messengers stayed here. (III 46, 47)

OLD SOUTH ROAD, THE -- Road in Eriador running south from Tharbad into Dunland. At the time of the WR it was deserted, and petered into nothingness as it went south. (I 16)
See: the Greenway, the North Road.

OROD-NA-THON [Sind: "Mountain of Pines"?] -- Dorthonion, q. v. (II 90)

ORODRUIN [Sind: "Mountain Burning"?] -- Volcanic mountain in Mordor on the plain of Gorgoroth. In it (SA 1600) Sauron forged the One Ring, and always at his rising Orodruin belched forth fire and lava. It burst into flame at the end of the Second Age when Sauron attacked Gondor, and again in TA 2954 and thereafter until the end of the WR. When Gollum fell into its fires with the One Ring, it was unmade and Orodruin had a major eruption, accompanied by an earthquake that ruined much of Mordor.

Orodruin was only about 4500 feet high, but it stood alone on the plain, and this gave it an awesome majesty. It had a great base about 3000 feet high, and on top of that a tall cone ending in a riven crater. In the cone was the Sammath Naur (q. v.), and entering these chambers brought one to the Crack of Doom, a great rent in the mountain in the depths of which the Fire of Doom flared.

Also called Mount Doom (Sind Amon Amarth), which was the name given it by the folk of Gondor at the end of the Second Age; the other Westron names were "the Fire-mountain," "the Mountain of Fire" or "the Fiery Mountain," all translations of Orodruin. Mount Doom was the most common name, followed by Orodruin. (I 94; III 214, 269-76; 393, 453, 462)

ORTHANC (Sind: "Mount Fang") -- Tower in Isengard, built from four pillars of black rock by the Dûnedain of Gondor.

The pinnacle, a flat space where Saruman used to watch the stars, stood 500 feet above the plain of Isengard.

A palantir was kept here, and Saruman came to Isengard partly in hope of finding it here (TA 2759). In 3018 Gandalf was imprisoned here, but escaped with the help of Gwaihir. During the WR Orthanc defied the Ents, who could not break its stone, and Saruman took refuge here. Saruman was released from his captivity after giving up the key to Orthanc to Treebeard, who in turn gave it to Aragorn.

Orthanc was used to observe the stars, and the strange signs on the floor of the pinnacle may have been for this purpose.

In the language of Rohan "Orthanc" meant "the cunning mind." (I 338, 341-3; II 204, 232ff; III 319)

OSGILIATH (Sind: "the Citadel of the Stars") -- Once the chief city of Gondor, built on both sides of Anduin. The city was burnt during the Kin-strife, and many of its inhabitants fled during the Great Plague, and Minas Anor became the capital and chief city. Over the years Osgiliath began to fall into ruin, and in 2475 it was taken by the Uruks of Mordor. Although quickly liberated, it was deserted and became an outpost of Gondor against the growing power of Mordor. During the WR Osgiliath was defended by the Rangers of Ithilien, led by Faramir, but fell March 11-12, 3019 to the Motgul-army. Later freed, there is no record of its being rebuilt in the Fourth Age.

The chief palantir (q. v.) was kept in the Dome of Stars (q. v.) until its loss during the Kin-strife. (I 321, 322; III 15, 41, 406, 408, 414, 457, 459, 465)

OSSIRIAND [Sind: "---streams-land"] -- Land in Beleriand in the First Age with elm-woods and seven rivers. (II 90)

OUTLANDS, THE -- The areas of Gondor excluding Minas Tirith and Anorien, some or all of which were fiefs. They included, at the time of the WR, Belfalas (Dol Amroth), Lebennin, Lossarnach, the Ringló Vale, the Blackroot Vale, Anfalas, Lamedon and Pinnath Gelin. (III 48, 49-50)

OUTSIDE -- According to Bombadil, Outside is where the Dark Lord (Morgoth?) came from. Morgoth was "cast out" at the end of the First Age. (I 182)

OVERBOURN MARSHES -- Marshes in the Southfarthing just below where the Shirebourn flowed into the Brandywine (I 40)

OVER-HEAVEN -- Over-heaven seems to refer to what is beyond the Sundering Seas -- in other words, the West, after it was removed from the circles of the world. (II 260)

OVERHILL -- Village in Westfarthing, the Shire, on the other side of the Hill from Hobbiton. (I 40)

PARADISE -- A land with dragon-flies, in "Errantry." Any resemblance to places real, present or past, East or West, is probably accidental. (TB 27)

PARTH GALEN [Sind: "---green"] -- Lawn going from Nen Hithel to the slopes of Amon Hen. The Fellowship camped here while Frodo decided what course to follow, Feb 25-6, 3019. (I 511)

PARTY FIELD, THE -- Field behind Bagshot Row in Hobbiton. Here Bilbo's Farewell Party was held (TA 3001). A famous tree, the Party Tree (q. v.), grew there but was cut down during the Occupation of the Shire. After the WR, Sam planted the nut given him by Galadriel where the Party Tree had been, and a mallorn, the only one west of the Misty Mountains and east of the Sea, grew there. (III 375)

PASS OF CIRITH UNGOL, THE -- See: Cirith Ungol. (This name is a redundancy, since "Cirith" means "Pass" in Sindarin.) (III 412)

PATHS OF THE DEAD, THE -- Road under the Ered Nimrais going from the Dark Door in Dunharrow to the upper reaches of the Blackroot Vale. Here the Dead stayed until the heir of Isildur rode the Paths and called the Dead to fulfill their oath; the Paths were closed to all others. Baldor son of Brego swore to walk this road in TA 2570 and was lost. During the WR Aragorn used the Paths of the Dead to call the Oathbreakers to the Stone of Erech. (II 136; III 63-4, 69-72)

PELARGIR [Sind: "--king--"] -- City and port of Gondor, on Anduin at the mouth of the Sirith, built in SA 2350 as the chief haven in Middle-earth of the Faithful. It is probable that Elendil and his followers landed here after the downfall of Númenor. Pelargir was rebuilt by Earnil I of Gondor c. TA 920 and was used as a base of operations for the conquest of Umbar. During the Kin-strife the sons of Castamir the Usurper and the surviving remnants of their folk established Pelargir as their rendez-vous, and held it for a year (1447-8) against siege until they escaped to Umbar. During the WR the Corsairs took Pelargir, but were utterly defeated by the Dead; Aragorn then took the Corsairs' fleet and sailed to Minas Tirith. (III 14, 186-7, 403, 406, 454)

PELENNOR, THE [Sind: "---middle-lands?"] -- The area of Gondor immediately surrounding Minas Tirith, a fair and fertile land that supplied much of the food for the City. It was enclosed by the Rammas Echor (q. v.). During the WR, the great battle that lifted the Siege of Gondor, the Battle of the Pelennor Fields, was fought here. (III 23)
Also called the Fields of Pelennor and the Pelennor Fields.

PELORI, THE (Quenya) -- The great Mountains of Valinor, the highest in the world, crowned by Oiolosse, q. v. The Pelóri ran roughly north to south through Valinor; the chief, and perhaps only, pass through them was Calacirya.

Also called the Mountains of Valinor. The Mountain Wall is probably equivalent. (TSG)

PHURUNARGIAN (Genuine Westron: "Dwarf-delving") -- Name given by men to Khazad-dûm, of which it was an approximate translation. As "Phurunargian" was of archaic fashion at the time of the WR "Dwarrowdelf" has been used as an Anglicization. (III 519)

PILLARS OF THE KING, THE -- The Argonath, q. v. (I 508)

PINCUP -- Village in Southfarthing, the Shire, in the Green Hill Country. (I 40)

PINNATH GELIN (Sind: "the Green Hills") -- Hills in southwestern Gondor, behind Anfalas.

Called in Westron the Green Hills. (I 17; III 50, 152)

PLACE OF THE FOUNTAIN, THE -- Wide pool in Bywater, the Shire, on the Water, used for swimming by Hobbit-children. Into the Pool also flowed another stream, coming from the north.

Also called the Bywater Pool and the Pool. (I 40; III 265, 349)

POOL SIDE -- That portion of the Hobbiton Road passing next to the Pool of Bywater. A row of ugly brick houses was built there during the Occupation of the Shire. (III 349)

POROS (Sind) -- River flowing from Ephel Duath into Anduin just above its mouth. It formed the southern boundary of Ithilien. It was crossed by the Harad Road at the Crossings of Poros (q. v.), the site of a major battle against the Haradrim, TA 2885. (III 14-5, 409)

PRANCING PONY, THE -- Inn in Bree, owned "from time beyond record" by the Butterbur family. At the time of the WR it was kept by Barliman Butterbur. The Travelers stayed here both at the beginning and the end of their travels, and it was here that Frodo first met Aragorn. The Prancing Pony was the home and center of the art of smoking pipe-weed. Also called the Pony. (I 29, 209-41; III 332-9)

QUARRY -- Village or quarry in northern Eastfarthing, the Shire, near Scary. (I 40)

RAMMAS ECHOR, THE (Sind) -- The outwall built around the Pelennor by the Men of Gondor after the desertion of Ithilien (TA 2954?). It was repaired at the time of the WR but was easily taken by the forces of evil at the Siege of Gondor. (III 15, 23, 136)

See also: the Causeway Forts.

RATH CELERDAIN (Sind: Street (of the) Lampwrights) -- A broad street in the First Level of Minas Tirith, leading to the Great Gate. On this street was the Old Guesthouse.

Both the Westron "the Lampwrights Street" and the Elvish name were in use at the time of the WR. (III 46, 47)

RATH DINEN (Sind "the Street (of) Silence"?) -- Street in the Hallows (q.v.) of Minas Tirith, along which were the tombs and mausoleums of the great of Gondor, and the House of the Stewards and the House of the Kings (qq.v.). (III 121-2, 427, 472)

RAUROS (Sind) -- Waterfall on Anduin at the southern end of Nen Hithoel, where Anduin fell from the Emyrn Muil down to the level of the Nindalf and the Mouths of Entwash. The Kings of Gondor had built a portage-way, the North Stair, around the falls. (I 483, 518)

RAVENHILL -- Hill south of Erebor, the end of the great southern spur of that mountain. The Dwarves of Erebor had built a great guardhouse on the hill, and gave it its name because Carc the Raven and his wife, wise and famous Dwarf-friends, had built a nest on top of the guardhouse.

During the expedition of Thorin & Co the company stayed here one night, during which they met Roac son of Carc and learned of the death of Smaug. During the Battle of Five Armies the Elves, Gandalf, Roac and Bilbo made their way here. (H 195, 231-3, 244, 269-70)

REDHORN -- Barazinbar, q.v. (I 370)

REDHORN GATE, THE -- One of the most important passes over the Misty Mountains, on the southern side of Barazinbar, going from Eregion to the Dimrill Dale.

Here, in TA 2509, Celebrian, the wife of Elrond, was captured and wounded by Orcs. During the Quest, the Fellowship tried to cross the Mountains by this pass but a great and unusual snowstorm drove them back and forced them to go through Moria.

Also called "the Redhorn Pass." "Redhorn Gate" should refer only to the western road to the Redhorn Pass, but it was commonly used to refer to the whole pass. (I 370, 376ff; III 401)

See also: the Dimrill Stair.

REDHORN PASS, THE -- The Redhorn Gate, q.v. (III 401)

REDWATER -- The Carnen, q.v. (III 440)

RHOSGOBEL (Sind?) -- Town or dwelling near the southern borders of Mirkwood, at one time the dwelling-place of Radagast. By the time of the WR he seems to have deserted it, but in H (TA 2941) Gandalf speaks of Radagast as living there. (I 336, 359; H 121)

RHOVANION (Sind: "Wilderland") -- General name given to the area including Mirkwood, the Brown Lands and the Vales of Anduin (qq.v.). In this area in the early days of the Third Age (c. 1250) lived Men akin to the Rohirrim and allied to Gondor.

Both the Sindarin and Westron ("Wilderland") names were used. (I 17; III 405, 406; H 14)

Cf. "the Wild."

RHUDAUR (Sind) -- Kingdom, one of the divisions of Arnor, founded TA 861. Rhudaur comprised the territory lying between the Weather Hills, the Ettenmoors and the Misty Mountains, & also including the Angle. The Dúnedain of Rhudaur were few,

and by 1350 the kingdom was in secret alliance with Angmar, and was ruled by the Hill-men. With the defeat of the Witch-king the Men of Rhudaur were killed or driven away. (I 269ff; III 396, 397)

RHUN (Sind: "East") -- The name given the area eastward from the Sea of Rhun by the Dúnedain of Gondor. In the Elder Days Araw, the huntsman of the Valar, came to Rhun to hunt, and at the height of its power Gondor ruled the western borders of Rhun. Beginning in the fifth century of the Third Age, the Easterlings, men from the many tribes or countries of Rhun, made war on Gondor, often at the incitement of Mordor.

Called also by the Westron names "the East" or "the Eastlands." (I 17, 325, 518; III 29, 403, 404ff)

RIDDERMARK (OF ROHAN), THE -- Rohan, q.v. (I 343)

RIMMON -- Mountain in the northern Ered Nimrais upon which was built the beacon-tower of Min-Rimmon (q.v.) "Rimmon" is of pre-Numenorean origin. III 14, 130, 508)

RINGLO (Sind) -- River in Lamedon, Gondor, the major tributary of Morthond, which it joined just above its outflow into the Sea. Into it flowed the Ciril. (III 184)

RINGLO VALE -- The valley of the Ringlo, in Lamedon, Gondor. (III 49)

RING OF ISENGARD, THE -- See: Isengard. (II 203)

RIVENDELL -- Steep and almost-hidden valley in the Angle. Here in SA 1697 came Elrond, fleeing from Eregion with the remnant of the Noldor of that land. He made the valley an Elven refuge that survived until the Fourth Age. In the Third Age Elrond succored the Dúnedain at need; Valandil son of Isildur was raised here, as were, later, all the Chieftains of the Dúnedain, and in Rivendell were kept their heirlooms after the fall of Arthedain. Rivendell survived through the wars against Angmar, since there was great Elven-power there; it was besieged about 1400 but was not taken, and soon after Elrond, re-inforced by Lórien, subdued Angmar. In 1775 Glorfindel and other warriors from Rivendell played a decisive role in the defeat of Angmar. After the WR Elrond and many of the fold of Rivendell went over Sea, but the sons of Elrond remained, and were joined by Celeborn. The latter sought the Havens sometime, but no mention is made of the former, or of when Rivendell was finally deserted.

Called in Sindarin "Imladris", of which the Westron "Rivendell" (genuine Westron: "Karningul") was an exact translation. Both names were in use. (I 17, 39, 289-368; III 397, 401, 421, 454, 468; H 57-63)

RIVER RUNNING, THE -- The river flowing from Erebor into the Long Lake, which it left by a waterfall at the southern end and then flowed through Mirkwood and eastward until it joined the Carnen. The combined stream then flowed into the Sea of Rhun.

The River Running was a major trade route between Erebor, Dale, Esgaroth and the south and east.

The Elvish name was the Sindarin "Celduin". Also called "the Running River." (I 17; III 405; H 185, 194-5, 230)

Section of Geography to be concluded in NIEKAS # 20.

Two more dust-jackets for the paperback LotR drawn by Diana Paxson follow. The fourth, and last, will appear in NIEKAS 20. Complete sets of 4 on larger (8.5 x 14) paper are available at \$1 the set from Ed Meškys. Include 10c per mailing tube to be used. (Up to 3 sets will fit in one tube.) The fourth one has already been printed so the sets are now available.



The Return of the King

J.R.R. Tolkien

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WRITER WRONG

POUL
ANDERSON

I

There is probably no quicker way for a writer to make an ass of himself than to start dwelling on how wonderful his own writings are. A good wine needs no bush and a bad one is better off without. At the same time, it's hard to imagine any writer not an abject hack who sees no merit in his own work. Otherwise pride, or common decency, would make him quit. He can of course recognize that some of his things are not as good as others; even, with the benefit of hindsight, see that some are pretty dreadful. He can recognize that at his best he may not be on Shakespeare's level. (In fact, most writers seem early in their careers to adopt someone else as the Master in whose footsteps they try to walk.) But he knows that for each piece he has done the utmost which circumstances and his ability permitted. And he has proof that it was at least good enough to get published. Thus he has no more reason for humility than for arrogance.

Because the trade seems to interest a lot of people, they may care to see a few random notes by one of its practitioners. These are very far from being any final word on the subject. They are merely observations, ideas, and prejudices accumulated over a number of years. They are not organized; being highly personal, they are correspondingly limited and may often be erroneous; but for whatever they may be worth --

I really don't know why so many want to become writers. Were it not for the practice of making known the author -- were everything published anonymously -- we would get away from the false glamour of seeing a name in print. Thus having a better perspective, we would all realize that the trade is about as romantic as bricklaying.

The name can't be dispensed with, of course. It's a trademark. As such, it tells the prospective buyer whether or not he is likely to enjoy the goods. And there is a deal of pleasure in being told personally by someone how much excellence he found in such-and-such a piece. Believe me, though, this kind of gratification is rare. Direct praise must occur far oftener in almost any other line of work.

So why else does anybody want to be a writer?

Easy money? It isn't easy, and usually it isn't much money. Being one's own boss? Well, that is a definite advantage, if you can make it as one of the very few who write full time; but then you're of the type who bosses himself at least as sternly as a superintendant would. In fact, you are hardly ever off the job.. When you aren't actually writing, you are busy thinking, studying, observing, learning. And the actual process of production is a crueller grind than anything you're apt to find outside of combat.

Communication? Now there is a really sound motive. We Bandar-Log have a need to chatter. It's built into our genes. As writers, we can talk at thousands of people. (They are seldom

seen, so seldom that we normally feel as if we were shouting into a vacuum; but sales figures offer a ghostly proof of their existence and attention.) Perhaps more importantly, we can talk to ourselves, clarifying our own thoughts, and to those few that read and respond and whose opinions we value.

The most irritating thing about the average would-be writer is the glibness with which he talks gimmicks, slants, editorial pushbuttons, contacts, contracts -- everything, in fact, except the job. Not that pros don't do the same. In fact, most of their shop talk is in those directions. It has to be. But that is because the difficult, solitary task of writing has already been accomplished. The problem of making it pay off in grocery money is a second-order thing, easier on the nerves if not in other respects. The writer who gets fat checks gets them because they are deserved. They may well be much less than deserved; but whatever the amount, he has won it fairly, in what is perhaps the world's last stronghold of free enterprise.

My advice to would-be writers is always simply, "Write." Don't daydream over market reports. Don't waste ingenuity on attention-getting devices. Above all, don't major in composition. Write. Write about what interests you, in what way you see fit. Make repeated rejections a stimulus to writing more. In ten years, or five, or even less, you may begin to sell with some regularity. Then, and only then, is it worth paying attention to the commercial side.

If, after some such period as a decade, you still haven't sold, quit. But don't feel you have failed. There is no more special virtue in becoming a writer than there is in becoming a surgeon, a banker, or a fry cook. The world is too big and various, with too many ways for a man to live, for any single line of endeavor to have much importance in itself.

II

The above remarks are addressed to young idealists afflicted with a burning desire for publication. I never was, particularly. Instead, I drifted into the profession and discovered only slowly that I was better off there than elsewhere. If somebody left me a million tax-free dollars, the chances are I'd retire. Might do an occasional thing yet, for sheer love, but it would be very occasional. After all, there's a lot of unfinished business in life, lands I have not seen, boats I have not sailed, books I have not read, handicrafts I have not mastered. Why spend these too few years before a typewriter?

I hope this does not shock you. If so, then don't inquire about the attitude of your favorite writers. You will be grieved to learn how many of them are in the business for money.

Think, though. Does your doctor cure you for love? Does your attorney handle your legal problems out of sheer fascination with the law? Does your liquor dealer give you bottles simply because you are a connoisseur? Why should writers be different?

The good writer gets intrinsic satisfaction out of his work. He respects his profession. He spends much more of himself than the average reader realizes -- more than commercially necessary -- to do a job right. He may even feel that what he does has some significance. But from none of this does it follow that writing is the only thing he wants to do in life, or even his first choice.

III

Theoretically, book reviews tell a prospective customer what he might or might not like. The idea is that you find a reviewer whose tastes are similar to your own and follow his recommendations. But I wonder to what extent that works in practice. May his service not be merely calling your attention to a book by an author or on a subject which appeals to you, regardless of whether he himself approves? At least, my own limited knowledge does not lead me to believe that reviews, good or bad, significantly affect sales. (With the possible exception of Virginia Kirkus, and that isn't a review but a lottery.) However, certain columns do make agreeable reading, and are a cheap and easy way to get a general idea of what's going on in the field.

When reviewers get above themselves and assume the name of critics, I can't ordinarily find any better use for their pages than lining the catbox. There are a few honorable exceptions, of

course; but nota bene, these are all working writers. Some English professor who can't get published outside his college quarterly -- except for his criticisms -- is no more qualified to judge than a garage mechanic. Probably less, in fact. Most mechanics of my acquaintance are sensible men.

I don't know why these bot-flies irritate me so. Their pomposities have never done me any personal harm; nor have they really hurt Mark Twain, say, or Shakespeare, who will continue to outlive them. Perhaps it is only that a number of potential writers have been smothered by this garbage. Or perhaps it is that some good writers waste far too much time regurgitating the same. A man like George Orwell, who could say sharp and meaningful things about a book (even if I don't always agree), is rare indeed.

Maybe I should specify what seems wrong with the vast majority. The indictment could become long, but I'll hold myself to just two counts.

First, as had been said of sociologists, critics even think in jargon. Phrases like "compulsive stylization," "the human condition," and so on are impressive; but what the hell do they mean? What ostensive basis do they have? Semantic vagaries can be legitimate in poetry, or even in fiction, but when a work purports to be analytical I don't feel obliged to waste time on them.

Second, to the extent that the average critic does say something specific, he merely lays down his own preferences as the law. And his preferences are simply those which current academic fashion dictates. These days, the feeling seems to be that the sole purpose of literature is the sensitive analysis of character: a self-evident absurdity which would exclude from serious consideration almost everyone whom I enjoy, from Homer onwards.

Thus, with the proportion of pay dirt so low, I hardly ever look at the lit'ry magazines. Were matters otherwise, I might read them for pleasure. But not for profit. Writing is inherently a lonely business. I'm always willing to hear suggestions, and occasionally to adopt them, but at seventh and last, as they say in Danish, one has to set his own standards and follow his own vision.

IV

Even this independence is limited. Certain people maintain that the writer should do exactly as he himself sees fit, uncompromisingly letting the chips fall where they may. But that is fanaticism, the ugliest sin of all. An individual has some responsibility to the rest of the world.

It begins at home. Various writers, composers, painters, etc. have let their families starve, and themselves cadged off trusting friends and tolerant society. A few of these have produced great art. But each of them remains a despicable human being. If your soul is too shrinkingly sensitive to bear the thought of doing an occasional pot-boiler, then for God's sake get a steady job and Create in your spare time!

However, as long as that possibility remains open -- or as long as there are non-paying outlets for the things you absolutely must do and absolutely can't sell -- the money angle isn't too important. The content of your work always is.

Despite every academic jeremiad, the writer today enjoys unprecedented freedom. He can say



exactly what he pleases. He may have to smuggle it in, through indirect phrases or by making his thesis part of a larger work. (And this is more likely because the public isn't interested in long, dull tracts than because of private or public censorship.) His opinions may be unpopular -- a lot of mine are -- but if he can make them readable, he can get them published.

Still, a few ideas I won't touch. Like racism. No solid evidence exists, one way or the other, about genetic differences in moral and intellectual ability between the anthropometric groupings of mankind. Since heritable bodily differences are real enough, I wouldn't be surprised if it were shown that interior distinctions are also statistically significant. Such a concept would be most interesting to play with, at least in science fiction.

It'd be received with shrieks of outrage. That doesn't bother me. Other ideas, candidly expressed, have already earned me abuse which I rather enjoy; a man is known by his enemies as well as his friends.

But this particular notion is only a possibility. It may well prove altogether false. I hope so. In the present state of things, to trot it forth would be sheerly irresponsible. And, on a personal level, it would make me friends that I don't want.

This is not an argument for censorship. Anyone who disagrees with me has a Constitutional right to proceed accordingly. But I reserve my own right to call his work evil.

V

Of course, no matter what he says or does, a writer is doomed to be misunderstood. Give a dog a bad name and hang him; give a writer a category and stop thinking about him.

Thus, dynamite won't move the popular conception of Robert Heinlein as an iron-skulled militarist or Ray Bradbury as a sticky sentimentalist. Anyone who took the trouble to look over the body of their works could see that Heinlein is actually a sort of nineteenth-century liberal and Bradbury is the creator of some of the most effective horror stories in the language; and both have considerable humor. But that would evidently be too much trouble.

I'd better just speak for myself, though. I have been called a fascist when in fact I am a mildly conservative small-r republican who keeps warning about the danger in every form of absolutism. With more friendliness I have been called a Viking -- but who ever saw a Viking with spectacles? -- and a writer of slam-bang adventure stories with purely Scandinavian heroes. It ain't so. I am a very peaceful type who abhors violence; the most I ever said in favor of it is that sometimes it may be the only alternative to something worse. If I deal with it on occasion (the proportion of such scenes is small) it is because violence is unfortunately a major element in the world today and one hopes to deal with real problems. So I try to show it in its gruesomeness and get labeled sadistic. I can boast of making more than usual effort to get backgrounds correct -- physically, chemically, historically, anthropologically, psychologically -- but no one seems to pay any attention. I often try my hand at comedy, but whether or not this is successful, it isn't figured in.

As for using squarehead characters, while I don't write autobiography any author has a natural tendency to use people who are somewhat like himself, because he knows them best. Without having kept count, I don't believe the number of heroes with names like Ole Larson is unduly high in my stories. To mention a few series: Jan Svoboda and Steve Matuchek are Slavic-American. Nicholas van Rijn is Dutch with a dash of Indonesian. David Falkayn is -- I don't know where the surname comes from, probably Austria or Switzerland, but he's pretty American. While Dominic Flandry lives so far in the future that concepts of nationality are all but meaningless, in name and temperament he is Gallic; I've even been complimented by a Frenchman on the accuracy of the portrayal. The mentor who starts him on his career is Jewish. And so on and so on.

Oh, well. These protestations won't do any good. I just wanted to get them off my chest.

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Thain: Ed Meškyš Mayor Dick Plotz

THE PURPOSE OF THIS PUBLICATION

is twofold -- to give the current members of the Tolkien Society of America the latest news of the society and related matters, and to answer the inquiries of non-members about the society.

THE TOLKIEN SOCIETY OF AMERICA

is, in the words of the founding Thain Dick Plotz, an organization devoted to J R R Tolkien: the man, his works, his influence. Its object is primarily to further the enjoyment of Middle-earth and other creations of high imagination. It is this enjoyment which the TSA holds to be the most important part of Middle-earth. As Middle-earth is, first, the product of a brilliantly creative imagination, and only then everything else it means to people, the TSA tries to increase the perspective of Tolkien's world among enthusiasts everywhere. Membership might well be considered a course in the varieties of Tolkien Experience.

The TSA publishes The Tolkien Journal (TJ) and Green Dragon (GrD) on an irregular schedule. The TJ contains an extremely variable selection of items of interest to Tolkien people: news, articles, poems, stories, features, artwork and letters. Contributions of material are unabashedly solicited although there can be no guarantee of when a contribution will be published. The Green Dragon contains brief news notes, especially of the activities of local TSA chapters (aka smials) and independent clubs. The GrD is two pages, mimeographed, while the TJ is printed by offset lithography (photo offset) and is usually 24 pages long.

The primary function of the TSA is to act as a medium for members to keep abreast of events of interest and contact each other to form local discussion groups, and to serve as a clearing house for studies of Middle-earth. To these ends it issues its two publications. Also, it offers for sale to members certain supplies which they might have difficulty in obtaining outside of major metropolitan areas and the Ballantine Tolkien books at a discount price.

Membership in the TSA costs \$2 in North America, £1 (British) or equivalent elsewhere. Membership lasts as long as it takes to publish 4 issues of the TJ (hopefully only a little over a year) and includes said 4 issues plus any GrDs, special notices, etc published between issues.

NEWS OF THE SOCIETY

I succeeded to the Thainship from Dick Plotz at the September 2, 1967 meeting of the NY smial. As he said in the last TJ, the society has grown beyond his wildest expectations and the work associated with it has become impossible for him to handle along with his schoolwork.

I hope to keep the TSA operating more or less as it had been but must simplify or eliminate some procedures. First of all, Dick had received 10,000 pieces of mail pertinent to the TSA during the last 10 months alone. At one time he was averaging 40 letters a day and simply had to dispose of all inquiries about the society without even trying to answer them. When the avalanche abated he typed one address label for each new inquiry and has turned over to me over 1000 such labels. They will be used to mail out this GrD.

This represents a staggering load of mail and I will have to request that you not write unless it is with some definite business in mind -- news of your smial for GrD, an article or artwork for TJ, a letter of comment on TJ, a complaint, a new membership or membership renewal, an order for our sales dept, etc. Please mark on the outside of the envelope the nature of its contents and put each separate piece of business on a separate piece of paper with your complete name and address on each sheet. I hope to answer most questions you might have via these publications so that they will not require personal replies.

In addition to TJ I will continue to publish a personal magazine, NIEKAS. NIEKAS #19 is now about half finished and I hope to have enough mss on hand for TJ by when NIE-

KAS is done. I have accepted a kind offer of help from NY member Claire Howard so once work has started it should go rather quickly. Also, TJ will be commercially printed while NIEKAS is hand printed at home, so TJ might actually be mailed out earlier. I plan to alternate issues of TJ & NIEKAS.

I should warn that I have not learned the available Sindarin words, nor have I learned how to write in the Tengwar or Ceterar modes, so communications addressed to me in this form would have to be forwarded to someone else for interpretation. I do realize that many of you ARE interested in such matters and plan to continue publishing them. For instance, I have asked Cory Seidman to revise her excellent but out of print Sindarin dictionary for TJ. I will also publish poems, either in Sindarin or transliterated English. These will, of course, be first read and judged by someone like Bob Foster who does understand such things.

I will hold several general meetings in NYC and Boston during the coming year. I expect to be in Chicago for a physics convention in late January and hope that a meeting can be held there at that time. Finally, I hope to have a meeting in conjunction with the 26th World Science Fiction Convention in Oakland California next Labor Day weekend. [To join the convention and receive progress reports and advance information on the convention and be eligible to vote for the annual Hugo awards send \$3 to BAYCON, PO Box 261, Piedmont Station, El Cerrito Calif 94530.]

I plan to sponsor a formal Tolkien conference here at Belknap College, perhaps a year from now. I originally wanted to do it in the spring of 1968 but there just isn't time to set everything up. The conference theme would include both Tolkien and related writers, and I would like to hear from people who could present papers at such a conference.

One last point. I plan to make extensive use of inexpensive postal rates in order to preserve the TSA's meagre funds. The USPO will not accept bulk mail unless each piece has the zip code on it. I do NOT have the time to plow through the postal manual looking for several hundred zip codes, so any subscriptions which do not contain the zip code will be refunded. If you already have a subscription but I do not have your zip code on file I will send this to you first class and SUSPEND your subscription until you provide me with the number or request a refund of the remainder of your subscription. Obviously this applies only to members in the USA.

This is an expedient to save money and I hope to take several other steps in this direction. Currently the dues are not meeting the costs of the publications and these have been subsidized by profits from sales. However new time saving procedures in the latter have greatly cut the profits, and if these money saving expedients are not enough I will have to raise the dues.

NEWS OF J R R TOLKIEN

Pertinent excerpts from two press releases from Houghton Mifflin, Tolkien's American publishers, follow.

We will issue on Oct 30, 1967 The Road Goes Ever On: A Song Cycle (\$3.95) by J R R Tolkien with 7 songs by Donald Swann of Flanders & Swann. Six of the songs are based on Lord of the Rings and one on The Adventures of Tom Bombadil. Simultaneously Cadmon Records will bring out Poems and Songs of Middle Earth (\$5.95) with J R R Tolkien himself as star of the record. He will read in English and Sindarin (Elvish) poems from LotR and Tom Bombadil. On the reverse side of this record Donald Swann is heard in a song cycle based on Tolkien's poetry. Tolkien himself had a hand in composing one of the melodies. William Elvin sings the songs and W H Auden wrote the liner for the record. I sit by the Fire was sung at all performances of the Flanders & Swann hit, At the Drop of Another Hat, during its tour of the US and Canada. This was the first time Sindarin was ever sung or spoken publicly. ¶ It should be made clear that the record and book are not a package deal. Each may be purchased separately, but most Tolkien devotees will order both for their collections. There will be posters in Elvish and English for the stores. Smith of Wootton Major, a fantasy of a master cook, a smith, and a star, by J R R Tolkien will be published November 24, 1967 for \$1.95. ¶ As every reader of Tolkien's Tree & Leaf knows, a fairy story that is worth reading at all

is worth reading by people of all ages. Smith of Wootton Major is such a story. The village of Wootton Major was remarkable chiefly for a festival held every 24 years, the Feast of Good Children, for which the Master Cook baked a very special cake, to be eaten by 24 specially good children. One year the Master Cook went away on a trip and brought back a new apprentice, a quiet boy called Alf. After Alf came to Wootton Major strange things began to happen. At the next Feast of Good Children, there was a star in the piece of cake that went to the smith's son. When that boy grew up and became a smith himself his work was stronger and more beautiful than any that had been seen before. And there were other perquisites that came with the star -- some beneficent and some frightening.

Dick Plotz wrote: Read Smith yesterday. It's sort of in the vein of Giles & Niggle, but with enough of Faery to appeal to Hobbit people.

Dick also visited Professor Tolkien last summer and reports slow progress, but still progress, on 3 Middle-earth works. Anyone who has studied the appendices of LotR knows that two are The Silmarillion and The Akallabeth. The third, A Man And His Wife, is a long narrative poem set in Númenor. It will be a long time before any of these are finished, and I will give further news as it becomes available.

SMIALS & OTHER LOCAL GROUPS

Starting with the next issue I will publish news of smial activities. Here I merely list those in the TSA files. They will not be listed again unless I hear from a representative. (Arizona State U) H Wheeler Jr, 1010 E Loma Vista Dr, Tempe Ariz 85281

P Boone, 1775 Lañdāna Dr, Concord Cal 95420
A Alderson, 3250 Fairesta, 9-B, La Crescenta Cal 91014 (King JHS) P Porter, 1013.5 Marlman Av, LA Cal 90026 (CalTech) H Turtle dove, Blacker House, Pasadena Cal 91109 M Boehm, 355 Silvergate Av, San Diego Cal 92106 S Smith, 9533 Pentland, Temple City Cal 91780 R Joyce, Pent Rd, Weston Conn
(Stetson U) D Emerson, Deland Fla (no address on file)
J Finder, 6022 S Woodlawn Av, Chicago Ill 60637
J Post, 246 Park Dr, Glenwood Ill 60425
P Ford, 7738 Catalpa Av, Hammond Ind 46324
T Krug, Terre Hueta Ind (no address on file)
R Wurster, 3203 Putty Hill Av, Baltimore Md 21234-668-4770 (Abbot Academy) E Gifford, Andover Mass 01810 (Brooks School) N. Andover Mass (no address on file)
S Butterworth, 42 Longview Dr, Marblehead Mass 01943 (Brandeis U) T. Konikow, Waltham Mass 02154
L Bryk, 2724 Boldt, Dearborn Mich 48124 (Michigan St U) G Phillips, 6459 Shadelawn, Dearborn Hts Mich 48127
(Roeper School) D Lipson, 20422 Freeland, Detroit Mich 48235

(U of Mo) B Kresge, 336 Donnelly Hall, Columbia Mo 65201 (Belknap College & area) E Meskys, Center Harbor NH 03226; 253-6207

M Feltenstein, 124 Edgerstown Rd, Princeton NJ
C Frank, 10 New St, Jersey City NJ
L Marsland, 78 Genesee St, Greene NY 13778
D Brookmeyer, 170-20 130 Av, Jamaica NY 11434
M Lopez-Cepero, 1009 N. Ontario Av, Lindhurst NY 11757
J Stein, 55 Elizabeth Rd, New Rochelle NY 10804
J Bush, 48 Colony Lane, Roslyn Hts NY 11576 (SUNY) S Kramer, SUNY, Stony Brook LI NY
(Syracuse U) B Bullock, 907 Walnut Ave, Syracuse NY
G Crawford, Cleveland Ohio (no address on file)
L Henry, 264 Arden Rd, Pittsburgh Pa 15216 (George School) S Klatzkin, 14 Beechwood Ln, Yardley Pa
W Ellis, 2402 Richelien Av, Roanoke Virginia 24014

SALES DEPT & PLUGS

The TSA has a number of items for sale, including these back issues of TJ: I:2 (25c), II:1 (50c), III:1 (\$1), III:2 (60c) POSTERS & MAPS: The Ballantine map & Come to Middle Earth poster are available at \$1.50 each, plus 35c per package to cover the cost of the mailing tube. BOOKS: All 5 Ballantine books are available TO MEMBERS ONLY at the special discount price of 75c each.

The items listed above should be ordered from society headquarters. Books, posters & maps are offered for sale only in North America.

BUTTONS: The following lapel buttons are available thru John Closson (who did the lettering), 179 E Houston St, NY NY 10002 for 10c per package + 25c per button (add 10c per button for overseas orders): Frodo Lives (both Roman & Tengwar), Go Go Gandalf, Come to Middle Earth & Support Your Local Hobbit. Note that Gandalf for President is NO LONGER AVAILABLE. Old button orders sent to the TSA headquarters are slowly being sorted out and will eventually be filled.

You can get subscriptions to NIEKAS and buy sets of dust jackets for the paperback Hobbit & LotR at the Society address but these are NOT published or sold by the society. NIEKAS appears about 3 times a year, runs about 75 pages an issue, and costs 50c, 5 for \$2. Most back issues are sold out and the few remaining copies are going for ridiculously high prices. NIEKAS is basically a personal magazine about those things which interest me: Tolkien, fantasy, science fiction, Gilbert & Sullivan, Georgette Heyer, and a number of other random topics.

Since many fans did not like the covers on either the Ballantine or Ace Tolkien, Diana L Paxson drew up a set of 4 dust-jackets which would fit either. These are printed in black & white and sell for \$1 the set + 10c for the mailing tube.

Two other posters, another map, and several other buttons have been published, and two other records based on Tolkien have been released. I do not have details on these now but hope to include them in the next issue. I would like to publish a complete list of Tolkien buttons soon and would like information from readers who know of any others.

At the September TSA meeting in NY a number of works of related interest by such people as Alan Garner & E R Eddison were mentioned and some attendees asked that a list be published. An annotated bibliography will appear in a future TJ.

Tolkien fans might be interested in Eliot Porter's In Wilderness is the Preservation of the World, Ballantine Book # U9800, \$3.95. This quality paperback illustrates quotations from Thoreau with almost 100 magnificent nature photographs in color. Two of these photos are published separately as posters at \$2.50 each.

THE NEXT GENERAL MEETING

will be held in NY on Friday December 29 1967 at the Piccadilly Hotel, 227 W 45 St., at 8 PM. Check hotel bulletin board for room. Program is still a bit indefinite in that thus far I have gotten a favorable response from only one potential speaker. There will be a slide show of Tolkien inspired costumes at past World Science Fiction conventions and of Tolkien inspired paintings at art shows. The whole program should be varied and interesting, and if time permits I will send out another notice giving more details. But whether or not this notice goes out, the meeting will definitely be held.

There will also be a meeting in Boston on March 23-4.

PROFESSOR CLYDE S KILBY WRITES

You may be interested to know that I spoke to over 300 students & teachers at the Univ. of Wisconsin in Sept, an enthusiastic group, on Prof. Tolkien -- a sort of Tolkien-up-to-date speech discussing recent publications, my experience with Tolkien in the summer of 1966 & briefly in 64, why I think people are reading him, old & young alike, etc. The next night I spoke to some 40-45 people in Chicago, again a really enthusiastic group. I expect to spend almost a week at Gordon College, near Boston, in February talking Tolkien.

AND FINALLY

If you see Tolkien or the TSA mentioned anywhere please send details or (better) a clipping. Lists will be compiled in GrD. When joining or renewing please give a permanent address & have a relative forward; it is difficult to keep changing records back & forth. Complaints have been received from Dr. Tolkien's publishers about a large number of requests he has been getting to autograph his books. Handling these puts a great strain on him and this further delays The Silmarillion. Thank you.

CRM#51478



VISIONS

DANGEROUS



33 Original Stories Edited by Harlan Ellison

DOUBLEDAY, \$6.95, about 550 pages: Commentary by Piers Anthony

1. Through a Glass House Darkly: Pebbles

I have this thing about my contemporaries. That is, those writers on the one hand who are about my own age, or on the other, who first appeared in regular SF print within a year or so of the time I did. I like to know how they're doing. I resent the ones who do better than I, and I resent the resentment of any who may do worse. Those who are not my contemporaries by these definitions have no rights at all, of course. All good, clean, narrow-minded fun, you see; anybody can play if he has the gall to admit it. The trouble is, my age-contemporaries are such as Silverberg, Brunner and Ellison, while my print-contemporaries are such as Zelazny, Delany, Disch and Spinrad. (Mark me, there will be increasing ado about that last.) That's a lot of resentment!

DANGEROUS VISIONS includes most of these names, and a few more besides, and thus presents a superlative target for pot-shotting with sour grapes. I know I won't sell more books than Silverberg, or better fiction than Zelazny -- but watch me vivisect 'em in the guise of subjectivity!

You tell me that this is not the proper attitude for a reviewer...so I call it commentary, and I tell you to peddle your pebbles elsewhere. If you aren't fan enough for this, you sure aren't fan enough for DANGEROUS VISIONS. I'll explain what I mean bye and bye.

I forget who said it first: "There's so much good in the worst of us and bad in the best of us, it ill behooves the most of us to talk about the rest of us." I'm not sure whether Harlan Ellison is a good guy with bad or a bad guy with good; I do know he is honestly blind to much of the bad and has received little credit for much of the good. That's a feather many of us can be tarred with, but with him it comes on large.

I have been aware of this character since the second issue of INFINITY a dozen years ago. I have watched him succeed where I have failed. And while Harlan Ellison agrammatically blasted his hunger across the lucrative slick of THE WRITER'S YEARBOOK, there were those, like me, whose manuscripts were ruffled only by the postman, going and returning, and whose hunger had to wait. While he was sweeping awards with an indifferent story, there were those who had to struggle merely for air amid the slush, their names indifferent.

I first actually met HE (in the artillery, that stands for High Explosive) in the monstrous den of Damon Knight's domicile in 1966. We exchanged hello; he had never heard of me. He was setting up for a giant anthology; I had a story, but he gave me to understand that he was already 50% over his budget, and so he never saw my ribald bit of cleverness. As the next few days passed, and he procured stories indefatigably from more reputable writers, budget notwithstanding, and things went on around us the like of which seldom grace the SF periodicals, Harlan and I became somewhat acquainted. I came to understand more of him; he came to understand less of me, so it was even.

Now that anthology has emerged, fulsome blown...and I regret I am among those not represented therein. Not because of any personal business between me and the editor, but because he has done something here that I believe in. I admit it surprises me; it is better than I expected of him. I admit it bothers me, too, that this should be so -- but if I cannot deny its existence, I can at least discuss it.

2. I See, Said the Blindman

What of the content? Well, there are two forwards by Isaac Asimov, entertaining as he always is, and an introduction by HE containing contents that need to be aired. There are introductions prefacing each entry, and afterwords by the respective authors. This setup is excellent; no lesser description will do. It is not necessary to know the personal foibles of each writer in order to appreciate his story, but the titillating fragments certainly enhanced things for me. I was so impressed that I patterned my opening remarks herein after those HE forwards. If you don't enjoy this personalized type of discussion, DANGEROUS VISIONS is too dangerous for your vision. Perhaps a quarter of the book consists of it.

To sample the goodies in this supposedly incidental material: we learn of HE's follies and philosophies, and of his anticlimactic love life. We learn things about the contributors: "It has been harshly said of Lester (del Rey) that, once planted, he will argue with the worms for possession of his carcass." "But until your minds can be properly tainted by the full effulgence of Spinrad's foulness..." Spinrad, be it noted, is a friend of Ellison's. Now when it comes to Fred Pohl, who went out of his way to mutilate "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream" (I saw the original, and I say this), or Damon Knight, who tried to run HE down by car (I mean, the object may be worthy, but I was also in the path of destruction)...well, you get the idea. Was HE ever one to let by-gones go?

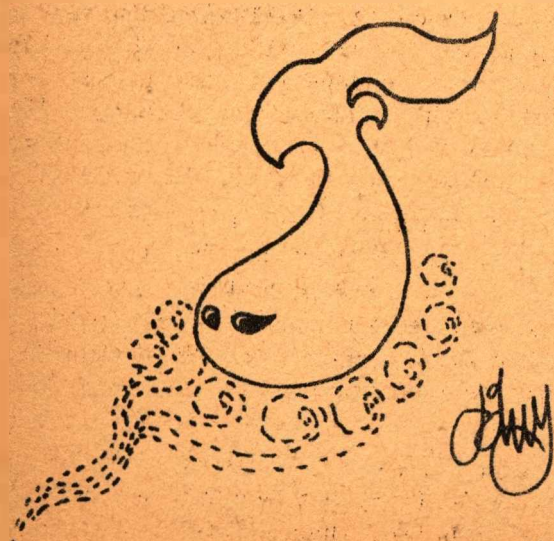
And on more serious note, this from the afterword to Sladek's story: "If we decide we really want health, security, freedom from pain, we must be willing to exchange our individuality for it." And Slesar's: "To me, the most dangerous vision of all is the one that's rose-colored." And Bloch on Ellison: "He is the only living organism I know whose natural habitat is hot water." Thus is the trivial mated with the profound, the farcical with the somberly emotional. If you do not have time for the stories, read the introductions; there are bodies in that sawdust.

The stories themselves? Peel away all the supportive meat, and yes, the bones remain, which now resemble the whole of an ordinary collection. It is still oversized, but there is a common theme and the selection of material shows throughout that the editorial function was functioning. Contrary to the title, these visions are not so much dangerous, as dangerous not to have. Each item presents some aspect of existence or conjecture, and some just might come horribly true if we sleep too long. Oh, I know; this can be said of all science, 'scuse, speculative fiction. Here it happens to be carried through, in major or minor fashion, more consistently than usual, and there is a certain cumulative effect.

I find roughly three types of story, within this rather loose "Visions" framework, and it does disappoint me some to discover such polarization, because it does not speak well for the originality of our writers. I feel that I could have...but I didn't know that this editor meant it, and he didn't know me, so no connection was made. I suspect that much original material was lost this way; HE was just a trifle too name-conscious and friend-conscious to get the best.

Type One: Heretical Religion. God Damned. Knight, Brand and Brunner fobbed off profanations of God on the gullible editor, as though this stuff still had shock value apart from story value. Well, maybe it does, for some. Lester del Rey, who has the leadoff piece, at least accomplishes more than this; his is allegorical, which doubles the content. Alas, there is nothing like Anthony Boucher's "The Quest for Saint Aquin" or Arthur Clarke's "The Star" in this volume.

Type Two: Strange Sex. More meat here. Poul Anderson, Henry Slesar and Theodore Sturgeon have predictable variations; read 'em for pleasure



as you go along, not for incredulity, unless you are awfully new to the field. Samuel Delany has what HE claims is his very first short story. Is it? Then what was the one HE bounced before accepting this one? This is different, though I can't say I understand it. Carol Emshwiller, that familiar-looking little girl with the astonishing thoughts, takes a non-SF pull at the editor's third leg. That one you'd better view for yourself, if you are, er, man enough.

Type Three: Assorted Cautions. Worth pondering. These are not, on second thought, conventional at all, and they tend to overlap the other classifications. Larry Niven, who appears to have bought his way into this volume, nevertheless has hold of a good notion: "Human technology can change human morals," he observes. Yet such insight, documented very neatly in an otherwise unremarkable story, is blemished by his apparent ignorance of the distinction between "persecute" and "prosecute". Norman Spinrad has an application of psychedelic-ism, another excellent notion stretched a bit far. John Sladek: yet again, too eager to push his theme, thus unintentionally making ludicrous what may be a process already stalking us as a culture. Kris Neville has a new slant on education I don't like at all; good story, since it isn't supposed to be pleasant.

That's about thirteen, of thirty-three, and let's quit trying to classify them here. The remaining score are quite varied, good and bad.

Silverberg's "Flies" is essentially a reshufflement of his novel Thorne, or maybe vice versa; he must have done them from the same inspiration and figured nobody would mind. Come to think of it, why should anybody mind? It is instructive to see how a good theme may be varied for major or minor treatment. I was tempted to say the same about Dick's "Faith of Our Fathers" with respect to The Man in the High Castle, but the initial resemblance between them is superficial; they are different stories, and good ones.

Some entries are inconsequential. The most remarkable thing about Pohl's "The Day After the Day the Martians Came" is its title; if this story really goes for the jugular, as HE claims, the thrust is hardly sharp enough to pierce the skin. So great events change people only superficially if at all; so what else is new? Pohl-the-editor would have bounced this one promptly. Howard Rodman's "The Man Who Went to the Moon -- Twice" is pretty well summarized in its title, and shows how far out of touch with the field the author is, unless he only tossed it off to get HE off his back. I can't even remember "What Happened to Auguste Clarot" by Eisenberg. Zelazny's "Auto-da-Fe" is well written and entertaining bull-opera -- but the shadow of the author's potential demeans his offhand efforts. Two by Bunch -- fine, if you're a Bunch fan, as they are typical, but I'm not.

Keith Laumer, on the other hand, has written an action piece, "Test to Destruction", that illustrates pretty well the danger of total power. You don't always see this type of depth in Laumer's work, and it looks good on him. Lafferty's "Land of the Great Horses" is a notion I have not seen before, and well done. Aldiss's "The Night That All Time Broke Loose" is about time breaking loose -- what else? -- and pretty good entertainment, this time. "The Malley System" by Miriam Allen deFord may be the least of the three distaff contributions, which means HE should have chased more skirts, because there is nothing meek or mild about this attack on criminality. Some of the most challenging SF of the day is being written by women. More of it should get into print, but the trouble is, what makes it so good is these females' insistence on thinking for themselves and not being compromised, and male editors just don't seem to appreciate that attitude. Most people should also enjoy the entries by Joe Hensley, a lad with extraordinary powers, and James Cross, a midget oracle. If this is faint praise, I can only protest that there are few poor stories in this stupendous tome, and many good ones, and after a while the sense of wonder wanders.

It becomes apparent that I am impressed by HE's editing. Yes -- more impressed than I am with his writing. Here he is overwhelmed by one of the weakest entries in the book -- Robert Bloch's "A Toy for Juliette" -- and elects to base his own fictive contribution upon it, "The Prowler in the City at the End of the World". (He sure do like long titles.) HE raves about RB and RB raves about HE, but my advice is to skip the mutual admiration and pass on to the next. HE's followup story valiantly strives to correct the coincidence and pointlessness of the first, but he has wasted his theme on an unworthy situation. Oh, HE doesn't consider it unworthy -- but he is true to his basic limitation of taste. At such time as he surmounts it, he will become a writer of stature.

Fritz Leiber's "Gonna Roll the Bones" is macabre fantasy, and the man is a master at his trade

World-shakingly significant, no — but what a vision! Sonya Dorman's "Go, Go, Go Said the Bird" is a brief feminine piece, but don't be deluded by that or the title. This is the story that goes for the jugular.

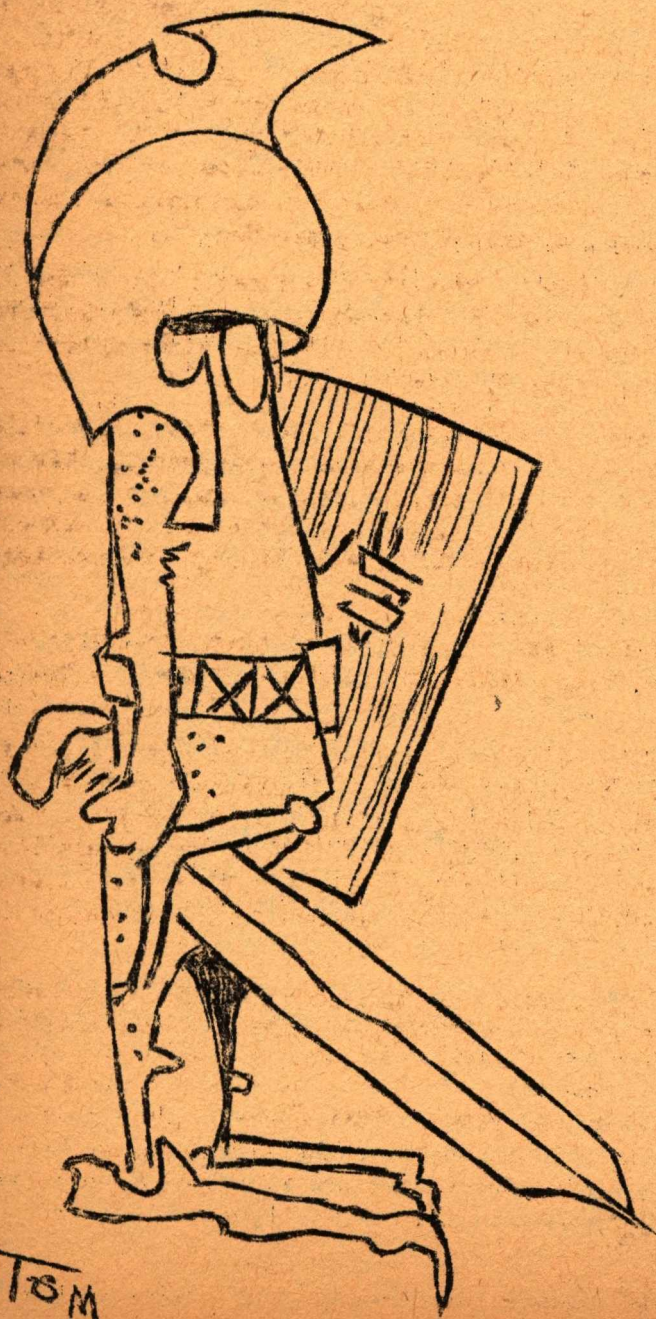
"The Recognition", by J.G. Ballard is well enough written, and has as much of a conclusion as any of the works of this essayist do, but that isn't saying much. Call me a Philistine; Ballard has had a message for me. Yet I give this piece penultimate attention because as I perused it I was stricken by a revelation I think is worth sharing. Perhaps this thing is well known, and I have somehow missed it until now, but it suddenly puts a mystery into perspective. It is this: Ballard's work resembles that of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Oh, yes, Hawthorne wrote fantasy over a century ago, as did his contemporary Edgar Allen Poe. I once heard an adaptation of "Rappaccini's Daughter" on the radio, and thought it was a modern horror story. That's the one about the girl who is made of poison...ah, now you remember! Meanwhile, compare this vision by Ballard with Hawthorne's "Ethan Brand" — they are not identical or even very similar (I'd have to reread both to nail it down), yet I do wonder whether Hawthorne's Unpardonable Sin is not Ballard's too. I shall bear this in mind next time I read a Ballard piece, and perhaps it will help me to see and judge whatever it is he is trying to show me. Until then, I find Hawthorne superior.

Philip Jose Farmer's "Riders of the Purple Wage" is the heavyweight of this volume, and deserves a full individual review. I regret I have not world enough nor time nor competence to do it justice here; all I can offer is a melange of impression that may suggest the skin of this beast. If you are one who, like me, was captivated by the STARTLING publication of The Lovers but disappointed by the comparative mundanity of The Green Odyssey or Flesh or whatever, here is evidence that the master can still do it when he finds an editor with the guts to print it.

Shades of James Joyce, T.S. Eliot, even John Barth — what shall we call this thing, "Finnegans Wasteland Syllabus"? I had thought to elucidate my perspicacity by drawing the parallel to Finnegans Wake (and was it author, editor or publisher who insisted upon inserting the gratuitous apostrophe in Joyce's title?), a novel of which it has been said that it is well worth the two to four years required for a proper reading (maybe when I find some extra years lying around...), but Farmer does it himself later in his story. Ah, well. "Wage" is only a tenth the length of Wake, and is more comprehensible to today's SF reader, so let's say it may be well worth, oh, two to four weeks...

But this story is DIRTY, you may protest. You forget that beauty is in the eye of et cetera, and that Joyce's publisher made history in 1933 by overcoming in court the ban against his novel Ulysses as pornographic. This story is larded with cheap puns, you may whine. So? Go read the ones in Joyce. You may call it ordure in the court, but I say unto you: as fruitcake to a jellybean, this tapestry to ordinary puns. Farmer may have planted a penetrating wrinkle on phallic symbolism and added a fragrant quantity to scatology, but don't be blinded by turdgid prose. Read it, on pain of not having lived.



And read the afterword, too. I sent off for the information on the Triple Revolution -- Cybernation, Weaponry, Human Rights -- as Farmer recommends, but have not, at this writing three weeks later, had a reply. Still, his commentary indicates the serious groundwork for his novelette. Farmer has shown us a "New Thing" that doesn't hail from England. Ireland, maybe...

3. Blessed Are the Meek

In recent years there has been a spate of "New Look" anthologies. Well, a couple. I mean the ones modeled on Pohl's defunct STAR series: periodic quality assemblages of new stories. There's John Carnell's international NEW WRITINGS IN SF, already ten or more issues old, and Damon Knight's American ORBIT, pushing four. Both editors feel they have a special vacuum to fill in the field of speculative literature, and I daresay they do; certainly the magazine market is restrictive today. Present me a person who claims that no good stories currently go unpublished, and you present me an ignoramus, or, if said person is an editor, a hypocrite. There is a need for variety -- in editors, I mean -- and these series efforts help to document that fact. It isn't simply a matter of delving deeper into the slushpiles or of hiring more literate first readers, but of creating a climate that will encourage the submission of better fiction.

Yet this is not enough. The "anthology" material is good -- but not clearly superior to the regular productions. These series anthologies are in fact magazines in book format. Creeping limitations of editorial perspective handicap them too, and some extraordinary stories still go begging. In this age of oddities, when so-called magazines may be devoted to reprints and so-called anthologies to series-stories, the greatest oddity is the lack of a publication that values the story above all else: above the name of the author, or personal contact, or ethnic bias, or the convenience of length or concept or prudery. To any editor who would hurl maledictions upon me for such heresy, I pose this question: would you have published "Riders of the Purple Wage"?

Perhaps the problem with the conventional publications is that their editors do know the rules. They know what the readers want, what the writers are capable of, what the societal code permits. They know -- and they are in a position to squelch contrary evidence, while they editorialize on their versions of the needs of the field. The meek have inherited the medium.

Harlan Ellison is a comparative illiterate who has closed his mind to the rules. His editorial attitude is atrocious. He has smeared his opinionations all over the volume, discussing things that should not be discussed, confessing things that should not be confessed, using unusable language... and he has unearthed some superlative unpublished fiction. By damn, he has done what the experts seldom do: he has made a book with personality. You don't have to like it (though you probably will); you do have to respect it for what it is.

I doubt that this audacious editor will ever be mistaken for a great thinker, but he is already a pretty good mover. Expert editors, you have things to learn from this volume, if only you will.

What does it take to accomplish such a miracle, apart from appalling lack of discipline or decent respect? Ellison tells us, though not in precisely these words: familiarity with the field, an open mind, too much time, a gob of gall, and about seven thousand dollars -- a portion of which last the publisher may, under duress, be persuaded to put up. The editor had to invest his own dough and that of some of his contributors, to get this book out, and it may be long before he gets it back. (However, give the devil his due: this book was published, including the jibes at the DOUBLEDAY editor.)

But if HE ever girds his loins and bulls about for another production like this one, I mean to be in it, even if I have to pay three cents per word for the furshlugginer privilege. YA GOT THAT, HARL?

Harlan Ellison has put his money where his mouth is at. That's high finance.

-- Piers Anthony



DENMARK REVISITED

OR

Act three of a play that started out in the first act as grim realism, in the second act developed into black tragedy, but now has turned into a happy comedy with an everybody-gets-one-another ending.

After having told you in two articles (written with the interval of one year, and printed in NIEKAS with another interval of a year) about the hopeless situation of Danish science fiction, I should like to bring you some happy news.

It seems that I have started two sf series in Denmark.

It all started when I wrote a review of a book by Alfred Jarry, called in French "Le Surmale" -- but I wouldn't know what the English title is. You might call it an early sf-pornography book (good book; read it!). The review was printed in the Swedish fanzine SF FORUM, and as I always do I sent a copy of the zine to the Danish publishing firm, Stig Vendelkaers forlag -- in the hope, of course, of getting review copies if they publish more sf.

Meanwhile I had put together an sf anthology and sent it to another firm, Hasselbalchs forlag, and had been told that they had accepted it. While they were busy getting the rights for the stories, I was asked by the editor of a Danish magazine to write an article about sf. This man is also editing the series in which the book by Jarry had appeared. He also asked me about doing some sf editing for Stig Vendelkaers forlag, which apparently got interested when I sent them the zine.

I told him then that I was busy compiling an anthology for another firm, and had to say no.

Some months went by. I, among other things, recommended Hasselbalchs forlag to reprint Eiler Jørgensen's Manden der Huskede (the Man Who Remembered) (see NIEKAS 13) and a book by a Swedish fan, Bertil Mårtensson. They accepted these.

Then just before Christmas the other firm, Stig Vendelkaer, started an sf series, beginning with Bradbury's Golden Apples of the Sun and Harry Harrison's Deathworld. (They have such a nice add, Harry saying Verdens berømteste science-fiction fortællinger, unkommer på dansk.) They are planning to put out William Tenn's All Possible Worlds, Clarke's Expedition to Earth, Sheckley's Storm of Infinity and Poul Anderson's Guardians of Time.

Which is something, I should think.

Well, things speeded up a little. The firm I was connected with had already agreed to publish a series, and made me editor of it. We are starting in February with my anthology (including stories by Aldiss, Clarke, Wyndham, Asimov, Keyes, Pohl, Tenn and Simak), the novel by Bertil Mårtensson, a first appearance in the sense of being Bertil's first novel and in the sense of not even having appeared in Sweden yet (which it will, in the autumn, hardcover), and the reprint of Eiler Jørgensen's Manden der Huskede. This autumn we are publishing three more books. I have determined which ones, but I am certainly not going to tell anybody anything -- at least not a half year before publication.

In 1967 four original Danish sf novels also appeared!

One, by Sven Holm (Termush, Atlanterhavskysten or Termush, the Atlantic Coast) is a post nuclear war novel, but certainly a most unusual one which will be translated into English soon, I hope. One is by Cecil Bødker, a woman, who had written three sf short stories, competent ones, mind you. This is a novel (Pap, or Cardboard), more a sort of fantasy I should think--a brilliant vision.

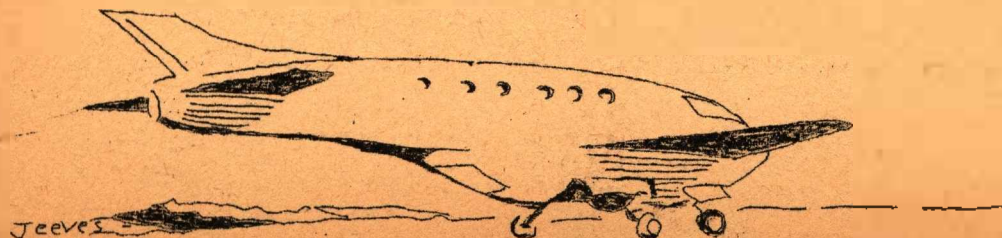
I haven't read the one by Ole Juul, På Gensyn Igar (Till We Meet Yesterday), and feel no urge to do so. Ole Juul seems to be the Danish equivalent of Frank O'Rourke.

And the fourth... ph hell, it's by Niels E Nielsen. Troldmandens Svard (The Sorcerer's Sword) is plain idiocy.

In 1968 another Danish sf novel will appear. De Sindssyges Klode (Planet of the Insect Ones) by Mogens Klitgaard was written sometime in the thirties but never published. The author, a well-known Danish writer, unfortunately died in his early years. The book should be interesting.

All's well, then, with the world. Or nearly. The reviews in the papers are still scarce and pretty bad, but at least they no longer connect sf with flying saucers.

Jannick Storm



AN EDITED TRANSCRIPT OF REMARKS AT THE DECEMBER 1966 TBA
MEETING

CLYDE S KILBY

I might say first that there is a very small manuscript called "Mr. Bliss" that I think may now be in the hands of Rayner Unwin. There is very little text to it, but the nice thing about it is (I understand, for I have not seen the ms.) that its illustrations are by Prof. Tolkien, himself, in color. I've been trying for some time to get it released to a publisher and I hope it may get into print before too long.

I would first like to report that we had a session on Tolkien and C S Lewis at the Modern Language Association convention up at the Statler Hilton this afternoon. I was saying up there that so far as feature articles on Tolkien are concerned you had better take them with a grain of salt. Prof. Tolkien's secretary, who of course is British, told me she felt lucky if she got 80% of what he was saying. He talks very fast, often with his pipe in his teeth. Also he will skip around fast as lightning. He will see a connection, but his mind works very fast and you may wait a half hour until you discover what the connection is. In other words, it is extremely easy to misunderstand him. So take these feature articles with a grain of salt. Some of them are ridiculously wrong in places. I have no time now to suggest which are wrong.

Let me quickly mention a few other things:

One is that you will notice I am calling him Töl-kën, a short o and a long e with the accent on the first syllable. I asked him how his name is to be pronounced and this was his own pronunciation. He might have told Dick something else, but this is what he told me. I've been trying to change my former and erratic pronunciation for some time.

And then I thought I might tell you something that very few people in this country know about. I went to a dramatization of the RING in Cheltenham, England, done by 10 and 11-year-old children. It was astonishingly good. Every one of the actors in it was perfectly serious through the whole play and did a splendid job.

I'm not sure what should be said about the Silmarillion. I might say that the middle story, that is, of the Second Age of Middle-earth, is at present only one long and exciting story. That is, it is nothing like the length of the RING or of the Silmarillion. How much more may be written I don't know. Prof. Tolkien is nearly 75, and he is a perfectionist in his writing.

Back to the Silmarillion. I did read the entire story this summer [1966]. I have no time, and indeed I don't feel free, to tell you of its details. They could be changed -- many of them -- before it is published. The whole story will, Prof. Tolkien thinks, be about as long as the RING when it is published. In 1964 he told me, by way of a very quick -- a sort of one sentence summary -- that it was about the Creation and the Fall. That covers quite a bit of territory.

There is in it a beautiful -- a truly beautiful -- creation story, and then there is a rebel among the sort of angelic host. If this sounds very prosaic, I can tell you that the story as a whole is comparable in details and power to the RING.

And then there is the movement from Valinor, which is the original country, across to Middle-earth. You know where the Shire is on the map, and then there are the mountains to the west and on the other side of those mountains a very small margin of shoreline. This is where much of the action of the Silmarillion takes place.

I couldn't figure out, trying to work from the RING itself, the mountains and places and a whole geographical area mentioned. Well, it turns out that this whole section was destroyed in a vast and bloody battle. It was such a great battle that some of the land was destroyed in the conflict.

I wish I could say something optimistic about the publication of the Silmarillion. I wrote Prof. Tolkien and offered to go over there and help him, to facilitate the publication, by answering his mail or doing anything possible. (He has a vast mail which is bothersome to him, by the way, and takes up a great deal of his time.)

MANY MEETINGS WITH

TOLKIEN

I confess I was surprised when, on Christmas eve a year ago [1966], I got a letter from him which had been forwarded around, saying he'd like to have me come. Now of course the great question I hoped to help answer was, When will the Silmarillion be published? The last word I had from Prof. Tolkien, just before I left England, was that he hoped he could get one volume of it to the publisher next summer [1967]. He had told me two years ago when I saw him that it might be ready for publication in a year, and that meant it would have been out a year ago.

And then, you remember, the little matter with Ace Books. He said it took 9 months of his time. I think I would have settled the affair in an hour or two and had it off my mind, but he is not that sort and he kept bothering with it. He should have turned it over to his lawyer and let it go at that. He says that the controversy took 9 months away from the completion of the Silmarillion.

But I am afraid that the first volume will not get to the publisher next summer. I've told him many times that I would come back and work with him in the hope of getting out one volume or more. I will say again that Prof. Tolkien is a perfectionist. He will not do a thing until he can do it precisely the way he wishes to.

Mr. Unwin told me he had been waiting for a brief introduction to translations of Sir Gawain & the Green Knight and the Pearl. The translations are all ready (though Prof. Tolkien did not really think they came quite up to his own standard) but the publisher has waited a long time for the introduction and it isn't ready yet. He had hoped to get it ready before he went with Mrs. Tolkien, in September, on a vacation in the Mediterranean, but he told me, rather sadly I felt, in early September, "I won't get it in." When it will be in, nobody knows. And when the Silmarillion will be out nobody knows. I wish I could tell you to be prepared for it in the next few months. But it isn't going to be that way. But I can say that Prof. Tolkien does have plans to get back to the Silmarillion and complete it.

In conclusion let me tell you a little story Prof. Tolkien told me a couple of years ago. He said he received a letter from a man in London whose name was Sam Gamgee. He said he wrote back to this man saying he was glad Sam was a good character and what he really was afraid of was receiving a letter from somebody named S. Gollum!

DICK PLOTZ

Professor Kilby left us with Prof. Tolkien's position on September 15th. I saw Prof. Tolkien on Nov 1. At that time he, half-heartedly I suppose, was thinking up schemes for rendering the Silmarillion publishable. So far, I think what he is doing is relating it to Bilbo's stay in Rivendell, which is what he said to me.

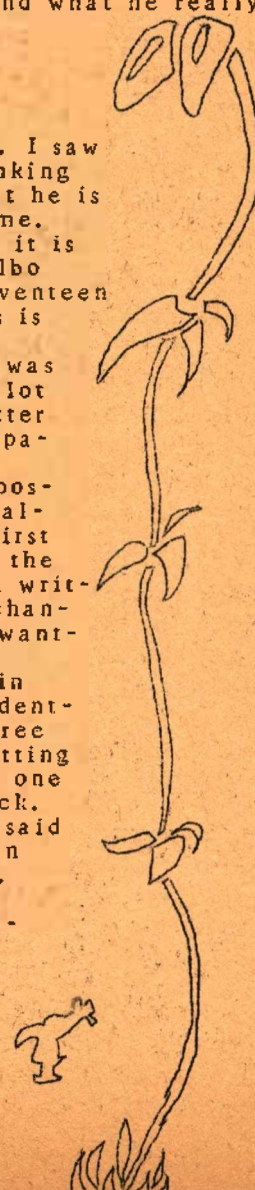
Now there is a hint of this somewhere in the Lord of the Rings. Maybe it is in one of the new parts in the Ballentine edition. But apparently when Bilbo went to Rivendell he was surrounded by Elves and all Elven records for seventeen years. Here was living history and he attempted to write it down, and this is what became the Silmarillion.

He also said at that time that he was going to be nice to us all -- he was going to divide the Silmarillion into more than three books. There are a lot of little episodes, I think -- I don't know. Professor Kilby would know better than I, but I gather that there are a lot of little episodes which can be separated into six or seven volumes rather than three or four.

Now what the idea would be is to get the first episode out as soon as possible. I think it is unlikely that this would ever happen because there is always the little matter of writing back. If he changes his mind after the first part comes out he will have to go back and revise it. Now a good part of the nine months that he lost because of the Ace business was taken up in such writing back. Only two or three paragraphs in each volume really had to be changed. Also he found it very difficult to find something that he really wanted to change.

Now you can imagine the problems if he puts out the Silmarillion in six volumes, though they would have to be pretty small volumes. (Incidentally, the Lord of the Rings was written in six parts and published in three simply because Allen and Unwin didn't want to take the expense of putting it in three.) If each one comes out as completed, by the time the last one is done there will be so many inconsistencies that he'll have to go back. This is no good and he won't want to do this. As a matter of fact, he said in regard to his languages that one of the reasons he hasn't made up an English - Elvish dictionary is that he is still working on the languages. Suppose that he puts it out and then he changes his mind. Revising it would take another year. So it is unlikely that we will see such a dictionary, or for that matter the Silmarillion, very soon.

Professor Kilby mentioned that on September fifteenth Professor Tolkien left on a Mediterranean cruise. A very interesting thing happened on that trip: Mordor was found. Professor Tolkien is quite certain that Mordor corresponds more or less (and of course all this is more or less) to the Mediterranean volcanic basin, and he saw Mount Doom. At night the boat he was on went past Stromboli which was spewing fire. He said he'd never seen anything that looked so much like Eryn Anar.



MIKE KLASSEN

APPROACHES TO THE STUDY OF MYTH

Through the years, a number of approaches to the study of myth have been devised. They range from the Allegorical and Euhemeristic schools of Greece to the Functionalism of modern anthropologists. Most of these schools still have adherents, if not in the academic mind, in the public mind.

Myth is a term that is used rather loosely by most people. It is defined in the dictionary as: (1) a traditional story of ostensible historical events that serves to unfold part of the world view of a people or to explain a belief, practice, or natural phenomenon; (2) a person or thing having imaginary or unverifiable existence; and (3) an ill-founded belief held uncritically, especially by an interested group. The last two definitions are the most commonly used today, especially in politics. Thus we have "The Myth of the New Middle" and so on. A feeling also exists that myths and superstitions are identical (and equally bad) which prevents the people concerned from seeing what the myths of our own culture are. The first definition is better, but still not good enough, since it not only does not make a distinction between myths, legends, and folk-tales, but also since it uses the thought of several schools within the definition. A definition is needed that can be used by all schools without problem. Since there is no such thing at present, I will use a heuristic one: A myth is a tale involving divine beings and/or having religious significance to some people. The stories about Jesus are obvious myths but so are The American Way and The American Nation (if you don't believe me, look around and see how people react emotionally to "subversive" thoughts; i.e., as heresies.)

The first attempts to explain myths were made by the Greeks. By the time of Homer, and increasingly so after him, the myths of the Greeks had lost significance to them and philosophy had risen to take their place. Since the philosophers were interested in myths, they made an attempt to explain them. One of the earliest philosophers, Thales, tried to base his ideas on the myths. His idea of the world being composed of water is not too far from the myth that the gods were born from Ocean. Some later philosophers rejected myth altogether (such as Xenophanes) while others such as Socrates and Plato tried to make their own.

The first real school of myth to be formed was the Allegorical school. Theagenes, the founder, believed that myth was symbolic of natural elements and ethical ideas. The modern Functionalist school is reminiscent of this. Euhemerus (who probably didn't originate the idea associated with him) founded the Euhemeristic school soon after. He felt that myths were corruptions of history and that the gods were deified humans. One or two examples of euhemerism have been recorded; for example, the Norse god of poetry, Bragi, was at one time a historical poet. However, the euhemeristic study usually ends up as theorizing with little evidence.

These two schools dominated thinking for centuries and still have their advocates. Mary Renault, for example, treats myth as historical fact. They were also picked up by the two main Hellenistic philosophies, Stoicism and Epicureanism. The Stoics preferred the Allegorical interpretation, while the Epicureans took up Euhemerization. Epicurus himself thought that the gods did not live on earth but in a place called Metakosmia, and served merely to provide models for human beings.

Another school of the times were the Skeptics who didn't believe in gods or religion. The gods were thought of as figures invented by corrupt priests who wanted to remain in control of the rest of society. A modern group which holds this view is the Marxists, who say that religion is a device of the Capitalists.

During the Hellenistic Age, a new approach was developed, especially in Alexandria. Instead

of trying to explain myths, a large number of scholars began to collect and classify them. They wrote commentaries, collected manuscripts, and wrote mythic dictionaries and encyclopedias. They also delighted in collecting all of the stories of a particular type. Ovid's *Metamorphoses* is an example of this type of collection.

Naturally, in the middle of these various schools were a number of syncretistic thinkers who tried to combine both schools (Cicero is a good example). They were usually of no importance and were quickly forgotten.

When the Christians began to gain strength, they too became interested in myth, mainly in a negativistic fashion. Since it was to their advantage to deride the pagan religious systems (which were, in many cases, pretty well dead already), they used myths as polemics. They hunted up the worst possible versions of the myths (thereby providing an invaluable source for modern investigators since no one else would even mention these versions) in order to show how immoral and corrupt the gods actually were. Zeus' indiscretions were multiplied endlessly, as were those of other gods.

The Christians also adopted Euhemerism as it fitted in well with their attempts to destroy the older religions. A touch of Skepticism was picked up as ammunition. Also, many Christians felt that the gods were devils; this was reinforced by pagan religious festivals that were, to the Christians, shockingly immoral.

Another development was the widening of focus that occurred when missionaries left the Classical World. The Germanic, Celtic, and Slavic myths came under consideration and attempts were made to explain them in terms of euhemerization. Since by this time Christianity was well established, some of the hostility towards other systems had abated and writers such as Snorri Sturisson and Saxo Grammaticus could write of Icelandic and Danish traditions in a sympathetic fashion.

With the beginning of the Renaissance, interest in myth rose again, but Euhemerism was still the only school. The base for comparison had been widened by contacts with non-Western cultures.

Despite this interest, speculation about myth didn't get started until the Eighteenth Century, when Fontanelle began to use a comparative method. He pointed out similarities in various myths and postulated a theory of polygenesis. Gianbattista Vico, the greatest mythologist of the 18th century, was one of the first to grasp the complexity of the origins of myth. In his writings, he listed a number of possible sources for myth, including inspiration, religious feeling, nature, and the social structure. Most later schools have followed his ideas.

Romanticism brought mythology into importance. All of the old explanations were laid aside. Myth became an insight into the minds of peoples and was no longer considered as blind superstition but as worthy of respect. Professional philosophers took myth seriously (sometimes over-seriously) and tried to understand it on its own terms. While many farfetched ideas of *volksgeist* came out of this interest, a great interest in national traditions was stimulated also, which in many cases created or fed the ethnic nationalism of the time. This period also laid the basis for modern thought on the subject of myth.

Another important development at this time was the discovery of the technique of comparative linguistics. A British civil servant in India translated some Sanskrit documents and noticed that Sanskrit had some affinities with European languages. This led to a large amount of scholarship that not only connected the Indo-European languages but their mythic systems as well. For the next 80 years, Indian and, to some extent, Persian myth dominated the intellectual scene.

Naturalism grew out of this domination. It was dominated by comparative linguistics. No generalizations could be made without a great amount of linguistic comparison. The Allegorical method was revived and the gods were reduced to natural phenomena. Thus the weak primitive man, seeing a lightning bolt, would feel awed by the power of it and would worship it. The same would hold for the sun, moon, and other natural objects or phenomena. There was also a tendency to reduce all gods to manifestations of one particular phenomenon. Thus, Muller (the most important member of the school) felt that the sun was the source of all gods, while others chose the moon, fire, thunder, or even animals as the primary source. As the main focus of this school had been on Indo-European material, Andrew Lang (of the multi-colored fairybook fame) was able to puncture the Naturalist position by using world-wide material. Anthropological studies also showed

that primitive people regard nature as something commonplace and manipulable. For example, they do not worry about the sun or feel in awe of it because it acts the same every day.

By 1900, the Naturists had gone down in defeat. There arose a great reaction to the constant theorizing on origins. The focus of interest switched to finding out what myth was and what function it performed in a society. Three main schools came from this; the Psychoanalytic, the Myth and Ritual, and the Sociological.

The Psychoanalytic school was started by Freud. In Totem and Taboo he attempted to analyze myths on a psychoanalytic basis. Using the idea of racial memory, he hypothesized a primordial family system like that of the apes and monkeys. In this system, a dominant male gathers a number of females for wives and fights off all other males. Eventually a younger male defeats him and captures control of the females. According to Freud, myth stems from the Oedipus Complex, in that at a certain point the sons rebelled in a group and killed the father in order to share the females. However, they were overcome by guilt and, instead of dividing the women, gave them up and set up religion and the incest taboo as safeguards to prevent this from happening again. This event has come down in the racial memory and is the basis of all religion and myth.

Freud's disciples had variant ideas. Theodore Reik, who, out of respect, waited until after Freud's death to publish his theories, felt that the primeval crime consisted of rebelling against the god and killing him. Jung felt that there are basic ideas that will come up in the human mind because of the nature of its construction. He felt that myths reflected a four-stage development of the human mind and that mythic figures were analogous to the figures in dreams. Certain figures would appear as the mind reached each of the four stages. The final stage of development is total integration of the conscious and unconscious and ego-transcendence (a state achieved by some mystics and called satori, nirvana, etc.). Using this as a basis he attempted to do universal studies of myth.

Except for Jung, the Psychoanalytic school fares badly. For one thing, the Oedipus Complex is not world-wide but is restricted to certain areas. The idea of a racial memory sounds good but, other than by occult means, there is no known way to transmit it. Also, Freud's hypothetical family setup can only remain hypothetical, since there is no way to prove or disprove its former existence.

The Myth and Ritual school was founded by Frazer (who wrote The Golden Bough) in England about 1916. He and his disciples felt that all myth and ritual sprang from magic, usually crop or hunting magic. Crop magic gave birth to a religion based on a Mother Goddess and a Dying Male God. Society was matriarchal, with a Corn King who ruled for a year and was married to the High Priestess. At the end of the year the Corn King was killed and his body distributed in the fields to insure fertility. Some other members of this school are Robert Graves, A. B. Cook, Jane Harrison (who wrote Prolegomena to Greek Religion), and Lord Raglan.

Lord Raglan is perhaps the most extreme member of this group. He felt that myth and history have nothing to do with each other. Any appearance of history in a myth is only apparent and not real. He also made a confusion of myth and legend. In his book The Hero — A Study In Tradition, Myth, and Drama, he described heroes as ritualistic figures of a Corn King type. He set



forward an average life history of a hero in 22 points which give the ritual. An advocate of diffusionism, he felt that the hero story spread over the world from one area.

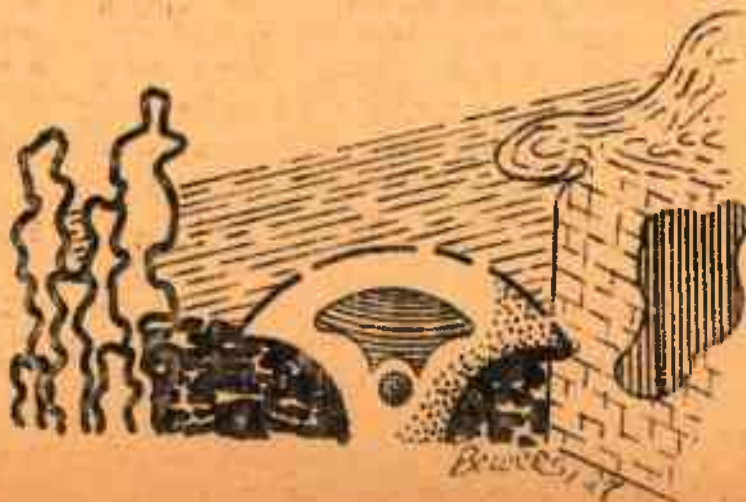
Using Raglan as an extreme example, several criticisms may be made of the Myth and Ritual school. First, while it appears that a matriarchal society of the type described by Frazer may have existed around the Mediterranean and in Western Europe during the Neolithic, it doesn't seem to have existed in other areas. Also, Frazer and his disciples made no study of hunting religion or myth to back up their main thesis that myth and ritual stem from magic. In equating myths to legends, they make another mistake, since legends often turn out to have historical bases. The main point where this school falls down is on its main thesis, that myth and ritual spring from magic. Field studies have shown that magic is regarded by primitives as being separate from religion, since religion is corporate and magic is individual. Clyde Kluckhohn has made a study of the origin of myth and ritual and has shown that among primitive peoples the two are connected but separate. A myth can exist without a ritual and vice versa. Also, myths often arise when a person has a vision of some spirit being. A ritual may be set up from this vision, but not necessarily. Rituals are also often set up when a man has a vision but no myths are connected with it (one may be made up later to explain the ritual).

The last school to be set up in this century has been the Sociological school. It was founded by a number of anthropologists who were tired of arguing about origins and who decided to find out what myth and ritual does in a society. Thus, they concentrate on roles and functions and skip origins almost entirely. This is the school that is the most important at the present, as the others have pretty well died off. Malinowsky, Kluckhohn, and Radcliffe-Brown are the best exponents of this school.

To the Sociological school, myth is pragmatic, it has a function. Its purpose in society is to codify beliefs and to justify ritual. It can justify ritual since it is traditional, which is extremely important in primitive societies. The myths of a group codify tradition and group ideals and preserve them to become traditions. Rituals have two functions; one is to relieve anxiety in uncertain situations, and the other is to create a mild anxiety in a socially important area. Thus, since growing food is important to the community, there will be rituals to relieve the chronic anxiety of bad crops, and also to focus attention on the growing process, to remind the community of its importance. From these factors, the gods become deified social ideals. Any attempt to negate the social values becomes an attempt to negate the gods and the myths involved.

The main failure of the Sociological school is that it has yet to come up with a theory of origin for myths, legends or folktales. Interest has been growing in this problem recently and new ideas may soon be coming out.

-- Mike Klassen



Review and Comment

THE BACK SHELF: SENTIMENT AND SENSIBILITY

Laurence M. Janifer

It's been a long time, a long, long time if you'll excuse the expansion, since my last appearance in these hallowed and respected pages (respected by me, at any rate, and hallowed by—whom you please) with an odd book or so to recommend. My address is at present being kept a deep dark secret due to my separation from a wife; most of my library, for the same cause, is in storage yet and cannot be got at; more, I have finally managed to finish a science-fiction novel of odd dimensions (A PIECE OF MARTIN CANN, to be published at an unknown date by Belmont Books, and perhaps by a hardcover publisher as well: advt.) and am negotiating rather a large deal about which more will be known, I should think, when this hits print. All these things help explain the length of the interval; nothing whatever, of course, can excuse it. Except that I have been reading, and browsing in some pastures quite unfamiliar to me, and, I should have thought, unlikely

In 1964, Mlle. Y,* blessed be her name, jumped up and down on my head until I managed at last to open Thomas Mann's JOSEPH books -- thus doing me a service of much the same sort I hope to do for a few readers out there. As a result of the living shock of that massive monument to the distantly engaged, the comprehensively knowing and feeling, best of humanity, I pay great attention to the recommendations of Mlle. Y. -- a White Russian, be it known, whose grasp of politics is as shaky as one might expect and who wants me to quit writing science fiction and write something with Soul and Meaning, God help us all; it is people like this who prevented Moussorgsky from finishing KHOVANTCHINA, who (for different motives, to be sure) let THE LIGHT THAT FAILED slide into the abyss of great unfinished works, who made James Jones mad enough to write that horrible practical joke THE PISTOL and who have steadily ignored the enormous trails being blazed by John O'Hara and Gerald Green -- not to mention Cordwainer Smith and Jack Vance.

None of this, however, applies, and I don't know why I mention it. Except to fill out a picture, and to introduce an "unknown" book presently in softcover, which I recommend to you as a major work of a very odd sort. In the filing cabinet of my mind, as in yours, works of art fall into several categories, and one of them is: "If I meet someone who does not like, or does not understand, this work, I have nothing to say to him." STORIES OF GOD by Rainer Maria Rilke (translation by M. D. Herter Norton, now in print as N 154 of The Norton Library, softcover, at \$1.25) is, for me, a work in that category. It is also the work of a man who seems to me generally an oversentimental and even a sticky viewer-of-life (it is so appropriate that it becomes

*The young lady to whom I make reference is, unlike the readers of this massive bundle of feathers and occasional tar, absolutely opposed to getting her name in print. I bow, regretfully, to her demand.

what another friend of mine, Mr. Chester Anderson, calls one of the Puns of God, that Rilke died from an infection brought on by the scratch of a rose) — a man of whose poetry I am not fond, and of whose prose, for the most part, I have a distant, full, but baffled admiration: how can anybody do such fine work without at any point engaging the mind?

STORIES OF GOD, however, as recommended by Mlle. Y., was something else again. This is a collection of thirteen folktalelike stories (plus a translator's note, plus notes to explain references, oh God all the apparatus of reverent scholarship). The first, to give you some idea, is the story of why, and how, God quarreled with His Hands — and Rilke would not approve the capitalization, as the following very short extract ought to show:

"...And that is what his hands have been trying to do ever since, but whatever they start, they can only begin. Without God there is no perfection. And so at last they tired of it. Now they are on their knees all day long, doing penance — at least, so it is said. To us, however, it appears as though God were resting, because he is angry with his hands. It is still the seventh day."

To anyone for whom that paragraph, reproduced completely above, has no magic, I cannot speak. (There are such people: there really are.) The stories are all of this sort, and for the most part interconnected; Rilke appears to have called them, once upon a time, "youthful fantasies, busied with transferring God from the sphere of rumor into the realm of direct and daily experiencing." The only comparison I can make is between these and the stories of Isaac Bashevis Singer, and Rilke's advantage is simply in his fantastic, his open, directness and simplicity. Such titles as WHY GOD WANTS POOR PEOPLE or HOW OLD TIMOFEI DIED SINGING or HOW THE THIMBLE CAME TO BE GOD may give some idea.

A fable may be true, false or useful. Those of Aesop are useful, those of Voltaire false. The STORIES OF GOD are very simply and entirely true. (Of course, of course, a given fable can be more than one of these three things, and most are: I express only the major tendencies. MICROMEGAS is both false and useful; most of Aesop is both useful and true; Isaac Bashevis Singer's A TALE OF TWO LIARS, in THE SPINOZA OF MARKET STREET, is both true and false, and also to some degree useful. But let us not force the issue with complexities; let us instead obey the command of the singer who opens the choral movement of Beethoven's Ninth and sing something full of joy, in other words, a reverent simplicity.)

I do not mean that the STORIES OF GOD are theologically accurate or even theologically meaningful. They are not: by any test involving the mind they are nonsense. Yet there is a place for the story which expresses simply a feeling, a direction, a connection between God and daily life; nothing fills that place, not even St. Francis, as well as these small jewels.

I suggest, in this shortest of my articles, that you look the book up somewhere, and that you read it. But do not, please, read it as you would another prose work; read it as if it were the speech, casual, calm and quite at ease, of a poet, caught up in the greatest of all subjects, and able to express the interior of himself to anyone who can, even momentarily, expose his own interior to the work, to the quiet talk.

In these fables, these miniscule gems, Rilke has managed to touch the heart without embarrassing it; the work is unique among his publications (although the LETTERS TO A YOUNG POET are required reading for professionals in poetry or prose of any strong sensibility).

The book is as impossible to analyze at length as a Schubert song, and the fate of those maniacs who have analyzed Schubert is enough warning for me. Last statement:

The book has made me cry. It is one of exactly three books which have done that. I have been reading books for thirty-two years, more or less, and I have read a great many more than three books.

THE SON OF CHILDREN'S FANTASY MEETS THE CREATURES FROM THE MABI- NOGION *Marsha Brown*

In OWL SERVICE, Alan Garner's latest fantasy, he has, in addition to using Welsh mythology as a background for the story, started using the Welsh method of story telling in which everything is implied rather than stated clearly. This does build up the air

of mystery but it also leaves the reader with a feeling of bewilderment much of the time.

The story is set in a small valley in Wales, supposed to be the one in which Lleu Llaw Gyffes was betrayed to his death by his wife Blodeuwed (she had been created for him by Math and Gwydion from flowers because he had had a curse laid on him which prevented him from having anything to do with mortal women). On his death he was turned into an eagle until he was found by Gwydion who returned him to his normal shape after which he set off to revenge himself on Blodeuwed and her lover, Gronw. Gronw he killed by hurling a spear at him through the rock he was sheltering behind and Blodeuwed he turned into an owl. (For a much clearer idea of the whys and wherefors of these events I would suggest Evangeline Walton's VIRGIN AND THE SWINE which is the best telling of the Fourth Branch of the Mabinogion that I have found) In Garner's story the effects of these events (or possibly the powers used in causing them) are still reverberating in the valley and in each generation the descendants of the original participants are forced to reenact, as closely as possible, the original events. Unfortunately for those concerned, they are never aware of the forces driving them until it is too late for them to break the pattern since those who have survived the last cycle are unable to even speak of it. Trapped in this setting are Gwyn, a Welsh boy whose mother was the Blodeuwed and whose father was the Lleu of the previous generation; Alison, whose uncle was the Gronw of the last generation; and Roger, Alison's stepbrother who is trapped in the part of Gronw in this cycle. The book is by turns powerful, bewildering and compelling and is frequently exasperating but is definitely worth reading. I'm not quite certain even now that I really liked it but I'm not sorry to have bought a copy since I'm sure I'll want to reread it, if only to try to make up my mind about it.

I've had no trouble making up my mind about Kenneth Morris' BOOK OF THE THREE DRAGONS. It's fairly hard to find and not really worth the trouble unless you are very enthusiastic about Welsh mythology. It is concerned with the adventures of Manawyddan (formerly Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed) in the four branches of the Mabinogion and seems accurate enough and reasonably interesting. My main objection to it is the Morris seem to have tried to compromise between an extremely stylized style of story telling and a very vigorous one. Either of these would have been suitable for the events he was dealing with but the compromise just doesn't work. The one thing in the book which I found really entertaining was the pronunciation guide in the beginning. Since the story in this can easily be found elsewhere I'd say to skip this version unless you run across it very cheaply.

The third and fourth books of Lloyd Alexander's series continue to live up to the high standards that he set in the first two although the mood of the books is changing in these as Taran himself changes. In CASTLE OF LLYR Eilonwy is sent by Dalben to the Isle of Mona to learn to be a lady and a princess. Taran, who escorts her on the trip, suddenly realizes how much he is going to miss her but since he doesn't know how to tell her so he spends most of the trip either being seasick or quarreling with her. His misery is added to by the well meaning but incredibly clumsy Prince Rhun who is to be betrothed to Eilonwy. When Eilonwy is kidnaped by agents of the sorceress Achren sets out in search of her in company with Gwydion, Fflewddur Fflam and Gurgi and burdened with the job of looking out for Prince Rhun at the same time. On this trip he develops a surprising amount of respect for the clumsy but persevering prince as well as learning a good deal about himself. Eilonwy too learns more about herself when she is forced to choose between the spells which are her heritage and her friends.

In the fourth book TARAN WANDERER, Taran sets off alone in search of his parents, hoping that they will be noble so that he can aspire to the hand of Eilonwy. He goes



first to the Marshes of Morva in hopes that the three enchantresses will tell him what he wants to know but the only advice they will give him for free is to tell him to go to the Mirror of Llunet and since he has no better course to follow he sets out in search of the Mirror. The journey is a long one since he has no idea of where the Mirror is to be found but he persists in his search and when he finally reaches it he has learned enough about what he is and what he is not to be able to understand what he sees there. This is in many ways the best of the Taran books although it is more introspective and less light hearted than the first three. It seems to be meant as a bridge from what Taran has been to what he will become in the end but this transitional quality does not in any way detract from the book. If you are expecting more of the high adventure of the first three books you will probably be disappointed but if you are willing to accept this for what it is I think you'll agree that it is a fine book.

SNEAKER HILL by Jane Little (Atheneum 1967) is quite a nice light amusing fantasy about a girl named Susan who, with her cousin Matthew, sets out to rescue her Aunt Miranda. Miranda, in addition to being rather absentminded, keeps taking up new hobbies and during this particular summer she is busy taking a correspondence course in witchcraft. Just after the arrival of her familiar, an owl named Shadow, she is notified to prepare to take her tests and instead of waiting for further instructions she sets off for the testing place, completely forgetting to take her familiar along. Shadow and the children set out on a chase through time and space to find her and finally rescue her by leading a revolution against the Sisterhood of Witches aided by a unicorn, a dragon and some other rather improbable allies. This isn't one of the great and memorable children's fantasies but it is quite a lot of fun and the Nancy Grossman illustrations complement it nicely.

Miss Little's earlier book **SPOOK** is written for a younger audience and is not nearly as entertaining as **SNEAKER HILL**. It's about a puppy named Spook who has become a witch's familiar because she is allergic to cats. When she loses him one

one Halloween and he meets a little boy who falls in love with him at first sight. This feeling being mutual, Spook is now faced with the problem of how to avoid going back to the witch when she finds him again. The end result is a duel between the witch and the boy refereed by the head witch with Spook as the prize. Good naturally triumphs and the boy and the puppy get to go home together. It's a mildly amusing book but if you have something better on hand skip this one.

In *THE APPLE STONE*, Nicholas Stuart Gray's new book, he uses a fairly standard idea in children's fantasy: five children (and I'd really like to know why it is always five children in this type of book) getting involved with a magical object and their subsequent adventures and misadventures. The fact that this does not turn out to be just another indifferent copy of Nesbit's *FIVE CHILDREN AND IT* can be attributed to Gray's talent for looking at even a relatively commonplace idea from his own fascinatingly slanty viewpoint. The object in this story is the apple stone, a rather talkative object, though not as vain as Nesbit's phoenix, which possesses the power of bringing inanimate objects to life for as long as the persons using it stay awake. Among the things which get animated during the course of the book are one of a pair of elephant book ends which plaintively asks for its other, a lost glove which proudly informs them that it belongs to Right Hand, and an old feather boa which turns into Quetzalcoatl the Feathered Serpent and demands a sacrifice. When the stone is finally given up, and the reason for giving it up is a good one, you are not left with a feeling, as in so many books of this type, that the author had run out of ideas and simply ended it with the first halfway reasonable excuse he could find. As all of his other books have been, this one is quite a way above the average children's fantasy.

Those who are interested in Nicholas Stuart Gray's books will probably be glad to hear that *MAINLY IN MOONLIGHT* is now available in the U.S. from Meredith Press. Unfortunately "The Hunting of the Dragon" and "The Star Beast", two of the best stories in the collection, have been omitted from the American edition. Gray's first children's fantasy, *OVER THE HILLS TO BABYLON* is now back in print in England and I hope to have a copy in time to review it for the next issue of Neikas.

K.G. Lethbridge's *IN SEARCH OF THUNDER* is one of the strangest books I've read in quite some time. It is illogical, disjointed and tends to be overly cute but in spite of all these faults it held my interest to the end and I enjoyed it. The story is mostly about Littleflame and Skyboy, a sister and brother, and their friend Tob, a bear cub. When the children's dog, Thunder, disappears and Littleflame is kidnapped by a pair of goblins Tob sets out in search of them. Then Skyboy sets out in search of Littleflame and Tob. After Littleflame manages to escape from the goblins she finds that her path home is cut off so she sets off in search of Thunder. The paths of all three searchers cross and re-cross on their strange quest through an even stranger land. When they finally all meet and start back they observe the effects they have had on all the places they passed through separately earlier. I don't really know how the author managed it but I did not notice the flaws in the book (and they were there) until after I had finished reading it. As far as I'm concerned this made reading it worthwhile.

A few months ago I ordered from Blackwell's a copy of a book by George MacDonald listed in the catalog as *THE LOST PRINCESS*. I assumed that it was simply another title for MacDonald's collection of short fantasies and was quite surprised to find that it was actually a novel I had known nothing about. The story concerns two extremely spoiled children, one a princess and one a shepherd's daughter, and the wise woman who tries to help both of them. The wise woman bears a distinct resemblance to Princess Irene's great great grandmother in *THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN*. This book is definitely good MacDonald, not quite as good as the Curdie books or "The Golden Key" but much better than *AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND*.

Another surprising book which I turned up in the last few months was a fantasy called

JACK AND JILL written by one Greville MacDonald, M.D. This MacDonald was one of George MacDonald's children and seems to have written at least three children's fantasies although this is the only one I have been able to locate so far. If this book is any indication his books are fairly entertaining although a little on the sugary side. He was certainly not the writer his father was but there are many worse ones.

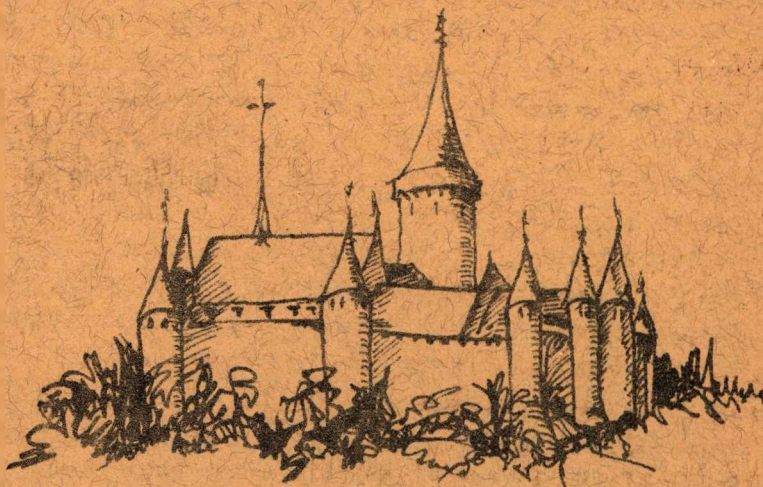
Andre Norton's OCTAGON MAGIC is one of the nicer things to have happened in the children's fantasy field in the last year or two. It is written for about the same age level as her earlier book, STEEL MAGIC, but it is a much better book. Octagon House, where most of the story takes place, is a strange eight sided house which was built some time before the Civil War and which can at times serve as a refuge for those who are being hurt by the world. Lorrie, a Canadian girl living temporarily with her aunt, rescues a kitten belonging to Miss Ashmeade, the owner of the house, and is given the freedom of the house; the only restriction being that she is only to go into those rooms whose doors will open freely for her. One of the doors which she opens leads to a toy room containing a large doll house replica of Octagon House and an old side-saddled rocking horse on which she is able to ride back into the past of the house. In the base of the miniature house are eight drawers and each time she visits the toy room one of the drawers opens for her. Each of these contains dolls of people who have taken refuge in Octagon House in the past and after each drawer opens she rides Bevis, the rocking horse, back and helps a much younger Miss Ashmeade to rescue the people. As she helps to save the people who take refuge in the house she finds her own seemingly insurmountable problems starting to take on more realistic proportions and when Octagon House is to be torn down to make way for a freeway Lorrie is ready to accept the charge of the small Octagon House and those who have chosen to remain in it as Miss Ashmeade did. Implicit in her acceptance of this charge is her eventual carrying on of the rescue work that had been done by Miss Ashmeade and the choice that she will finally have to make about joining those who have already chosen to remain within Octagon House. The idea is a difficult one to handle and Miss Norton is certainly to be

commended for her excellent handling of it. OCTAGON MAGIC is in many ways one of her best books. It seems a pity that the Mac Cormor illustrations do absolutely nothing for the book, especially when one considers the really beautiful Robin Jacques illustrations which World used for her last children's fantasy.

Of the three children's fantasies on hand from Houghton Mifflin Mary Mian's THE NIP AND TUCK WAR is by far the best although it has unfortunately been cursed with a very uninspiring dust jacket. The war in question is led by Nip, a goatherd, aided mostly by Tuck, the chief goat in his herd, to rescue the Princess Cristella and her father from the wicked Baron Gnarl who has taken over the kingdom and is trying to persuade Cristella to marry his son. The timely intervention of the animals of the kingdom led by Nip. The revolt is, of course, successful and the king is returned to his throne while Nip gets the princess. The whole thing is very nicely done and while it is not likely to join the ranks of children's classics is very much worth reading.



DEAR RAT by Julia Cunningham is not quite as good as Mrs. Mian's book but it is a very entertaining book of its type. It is also a much better looking book than the Mian one. It concerns itself with the adventures of Andrew, a gruff sounding but soft-hearted western rat traveling through France. It is told in the first person and Andrew's grammatical errors tend to get a bit annoying after a while but the story still manages to stay much above the usual low level of animal stories told by the animal. If you enjoyed Margery Sharp's 'Miss Bianca' stories you should certainly enjoy DEAR RAT.



I'm sorry to say that I can find nothing good to say about Edwin A. Peeples' book BLUE BOY. The dust jacket was almost enough to discourage me from reading the book and I really wish I hadn't bothered. Blue Boy, a Siamese cat who didn't have the proper markings and is therefore unwanted, endures interminable trials and tribulations before he finally winds up secure and happy. Mr. Peeples had further dulled this uninspiring plot by switching the viewpoint back and forth between Blue Boy, a mouse named Ruffles who saves his life, and Colin--the boy who really loves Blue Boy and wants to keep him. Altogether an extremely skipable book and I just wish that Houghton Mifflin had skipped it.

MISCELLANEOUS REVIEWS

Jennifer, Hecate, Macbeth, William McKinley, and Me, Elizabeth and From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler both by E.L. Konigsburg, ATHENEUM, 1967

Although neither of these are fantasies, they are two of the most beautifully entertaining children's books I have read in quite some time. Mixed-Up Files has just been given the Newberry Award for 1967 and Jennifer, Hecate was one of the runners-up and both books fully deserve these honors. Mixed-Up Files is the story of one of the most unique runaways ever. Claudia, who feels unappreciated at home, decides that running away for a short time will be just the thing to teach her family to appreciate her properly. Being a sophisticated child of her times she doesn't care for the idea of running off to the woods with a knapsack. Instead she decides to hide out in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She enlists one of her younger brothers in the plan, both for company and because he is the family miser and hiding out in the museum will run into money. Their plan goes off as scheduled although their decision to educate themselves while they are staying in the museum does add some complications to the matter of their return home. It's a perfectly delightful book and I think that Claudia's plan for hiding out in the museum might really work which makes it even nicer.

Jennifer, Hecate is about a friendship with a very strange beginning. Elizabeth, who is the lonliest girl in her town, finds that life becomes very much more interesting for her after she meets Jennifer. It's not that Jennifer becomes the friend that she is missing. That would be far too simple but she does take her on as an apprentice witch. This has some fascinating consequences both for Elizabeth and for the people around her. If you like children's books at all try these. They're worth reading.

THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER by Philip K. Dick and Ray Nelson
(Ace G-637, 50¢; 157 pp.)

Reviewed by Nan Braude

The title is somewhat misleading, as the telepathic vermiform Ganymedians are in complete control of Earth at the beginning of the novel, ruling through collaborators and brainwashed puppets. The last resistance fighters, descendants of the Black Muslims led by the fanatical Percy X, are holding out in the backwater bale of Tennessee. The story interweaves Percy's fate with those of the Gany administrator Mekkis; Gus Swenesgard, a debased version of George Wallace (if there is anything more debased than George Wallace); the equivocal psychedelic scientist, Dr. Balkani; Joan Miashi, musicologist and sometime bohdisattva; and Paul Rivers, secret agent of the underground World Psychiatric Association, in a complicated pattern of mutual destructiveness and redemption.

This is a curiously uneven book -- it reminded me at various times of William Blake, William Faulkner, and Dr. Timothy Lear. With overtones of Marvel Comics. Dick is excellent at depicting people in various stages of psychic disintegration, and the best parts of the book take place in the interior worlds of the characters or in the realm of incarnate hallucination. He also has an excellent ear for dialogue and can write convincingly of people in action -- fighting, fleeing, conniving, or making love. It is the overall plot that lacks conviction. Too much happens too easily in too small a space. Mekkis the satrap is believable and even sympathetic, but the concept of a super-race of giant worms -- even telepathic ones -- is pretty hard to swallow. How did they manage to conquer or breed their satellite "creeches", on whom they are totally dependent physically, without manipulative organs? And, while they may be able to tell each other apart, I refuse to believe that humans can. As conquerors, too, they are surprisingly inefficient, as Rivers and Co. seem to operate unhampered despite a penchant for using public transportation and communications. (I must point out, however, that the Ganys' dependence on humans for the operation of their administration is used most effectively as a plot device.)

THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER is a highly readable and occasionally hilarious book. The characters, if not profoundly individualized, are vividly sketched. (Buck Coulson, reviewing the book in YANDRO 172, said they were all pretty unpleasant; I disagree. There is a noticeable absence of clean-cuttery, but I found myself regarding almost everyone with lenity if not sympathy. But maybe Buck's sensibilities are more delicate than mine.) The ideas are provocative and the action lively. Philip K. Dick is one of the few sfnic authors to specialize in the exploration of the inner space of the psyche; he does it very well; and there should be more of it.

(Note: By referring repeatedly to Dick, I don't mean to slight Ray Nelson's contribution to the book. I've read a couple of Dick's other books and therefore could attempt a few generalizations about his work, but I'm not familiar enough with it to be able to tell what is his and what Nelson's.)

-- Nan Braude

Quicksand, by John Brunner; DOUBLEDAY; about 240 pp.

Reviewed by Piers Anthony

Do you remember Hudson's Rima? Salamanca's Lilith? Put them together and you have an initial notion of Brunner's Urchin. If you wonder at mainstream comparisons to an SF novel -- well, Brunner himself has appeared in NEIKAS and elsewhere to point out that much of the genuine innovation is being done outside the field. It certainly is; I wonder whether those who protest the fact of SF selling better when it isn't labeled as such realize how much of it might never even be published, if dependent upon the tight little group of purely SF editors with their tight little definitions of the nature of the medium? Straight SF is actually somewhat stodgy, compared to the literary galaxies being explored elsewhere. But for those readers who still cling to their notion that there is nothing outside the field worth reading, I'll clarify my references.

Hudson's novel, Green Mansions (1904), portrays the girl-woman Rima, running wild through the jungles of Guiana. She protects the animals of the wilderness by frightening away local carnivorous tribesmen, and is, all in all, a thoroughly lovable female. (That's the best kind.)

Brunner's heroine is very much like her, though Urchin speaks no contemporary language and is soon penned in a mental hospital. She is timid and a vegetarian, but is able to protect herself quite handily when alarmed.

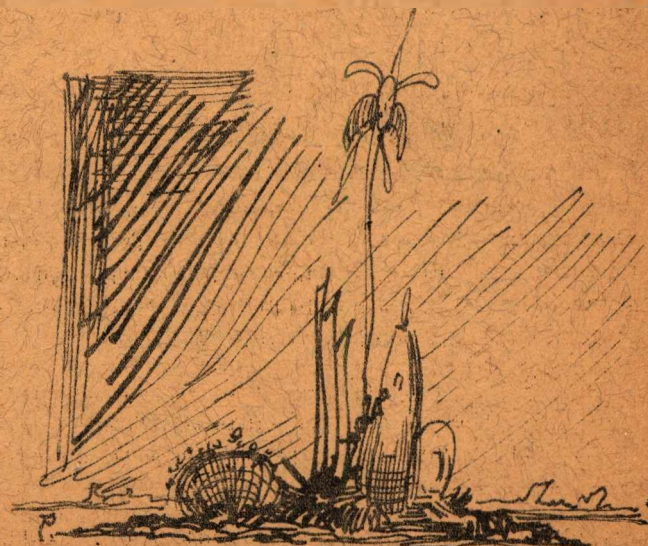
Salamanca's book is titled Lilith (1961), after the leading lady. She is a young, intelligent, beautiful patient in a mental hospital and, unlike Rima or Urchin, is genuinely deranged. One must remember that few mental patients fit the common precept; many are in most respects normal, and you could converse with them for hours or days or even weeks and never be aware of any abnormality, just as you might converse with a leg-amputee and not realize that he was technically a cripple. Many patients are not disordered at all, so long as they reside in a controlled situation, such as a hospital. Thus Lilith, too, is easy to love, and in the novel the protagonist, an employee, does love her, and does make love to her. The story does not end there, of course; events proceed inexorably to form what I believe is one of the most compelling novels of the decade.

It is then no slighting comparison I make when I contrast Quicksand to these two classics. I have not read many of Brunner's forty published novels, maybe only five, but I suspect that if I had, I would still consider this to be about the top of his form. I have, hitherto, thought him to be one of the intermediate-range writers: prolific, talented, but incapable of approaching the heights of Heinlein, Clarke, Sturgeon, Zelazny or, for that matter, Hudson or Salamanca. Brunner has protested vociferously the obtuseness of the publishers he has dealt with, and while I agree he has cause, I have wondered whether he could, even if granted a complete, we'll-keep-our-ignorant-fingers-out-of-the-pie go-ahead, actually produce anything exceptional. The empty barrel maketh the most noise, etc. This novel modifies my opinion; I now believe he may be capable of top-notch work. At any rate, he says this is such a "go-ahead" effort; he wrote it on contract for PENGUIN -- who then bounced it anyway. He says he has a better novel coming, same deal. I shall certainly peruse that one with interest. As I have hinted, some publishers seem to have an aversion to quality. Perhaps it is merely incompetence. Quicksand simply should not have been bounced by anyone with any inkling of the nature of good writing.

I shall not summarize the novel, because the moment I define the manner it deviates from the two I have described I should begin to give away its denouement. It is not a copy of these; Urchin is neither Rima nor Lilith. She resembles them in a number of respects -- the strange-girl, mental-hospital, normal-fascinated-by-abnormal motifs -- but Brunner's story is in the end straight science fiction.

There are only two reasons I decline to rank Quicksand at the top. First, the author's command of English is not yet perfect (and he appears to be resistive to corrections from those he considers beneath him), so you will find trace misuse of the preposition "like" and of the subjunctive mood in his work, and occasional lapse of stylistic finesse. And I'd better screech the brakes and clarify two things for the record right here: a) I do not claim that my own usage is superior to his, and I know that Brunner could, if he chose, itemize many more crudities in my published work than I could in his. I do not, however, subscribe entirely to the Biblical beam-in-eye cautioning, nor have I the experience of 40 novels behind me. b) I believe that the standards necessarily become stricter as one approaches unity. There is no point in tackling the usage of writers of the Shaver era; but even a slight flaw lessens a quality piece. Were this novel an admitted hack effort...but it definitely is not.

Second, I fault that denouement I refrained from exposing, knowing full well that certain others will disagree frothily. The writing is excellent, and I envy its perceptiveness throughout, but it leads to an outcome whose imaginative level is beneath it. John Brunner, if you



ALIEN OASIS ~

by chance are not familiar with Lilith, I urge you to her forthwith as an example of a proper wrapup for this type of piece, and I hope that helps. I know this is contrary to the experimental philosophy of your recent work, but that philosophy needs revising. You came so close, you had greatness in your hand -- but you lost it when you became conventional.

Perhaps I am mistaken.

— Piers Anthony

//////
The Arsenal Out of Time, David McDaniel; ACE Books, Inc., 1967, 136 pp. Reviewer: Bruce Fredstrom

Mild-mannered linguistics professor-type Lawrence Edwards translates a document of the long-vanished interstellar race "xxx" and decides he is weary of mundane pursuits. He notices a mention of a weapons cache and uses this millenia-old description to vault himself into the center of a threatening conflict between Terra and the Old Colonist worlds. Knowing that the formerly fragmented colonial worlds are combining against the feared mother planet, Terra sends Lawrence on a priority mission to recover the cache as a deterrent to galactic war. His companion is super-agent Alexander Alodian who provides a couple suitcases of gadgets and some infantile dialogue reminiscent of E.E. Smith in his lesser moments. They are joined by Xenosociology graduate Ginger Collins who labels Lawrence "Lance hero", and sticks around for the predictable clinch in the predictable "great new future" ending.

Using his not quite throbbingly-original basic idea McDaniel caps it with the meek-scholar-to-dashing-hero cliché. A series of contrived adventures, which include the handy knack of pulling any needed technological marvel out of the suitcase, push Lawrence into the situation where his true heroic nature breaks to the fore. It's never clear that any character development takes place in Lawrence except that the reader is beaten over the head with periodic statements that this is, indeed, the case. And, of course, the ultimate authority is the nicely pneumatic Ginger: "You were a normal, rather dull person then. Now you're a hero and an adventurer. And you're mine."* Since "Lance" is about to single-handedly vanquish the nasties, he modestly declines further argument.

In spite of everything, Arsenal has one favorable characteristic. The reader may find, to his horror, that he actually enjoyed it. Some people can't resist old Flash Gordon serials on TV, either.

—B.A. Fredstrom

//////
Ashes, Ashes by Rene Barjavel, DOUBLEDAY: translated from the French Ravage, 1943, by Damon Knight. Reviewer: Piers Anthony

The jacket hails the writer as "France's most distinguished science fiction writer since Jules Verne" and says the book "has already achieved the status of a classic in its native language". Taking all this at face value, I can only remark that the state of classicism must be low among the French natives.

Perhaps it is not fair to judge a quarter-century old foreign novel by contemporary American standards. This one probably isn't any worse than some of our own "classics", and it does have its appealing moments. Let's consider it, then, as an unpretentious entertainment.

This is science fantasy, dubious on the science, and a mixed bag of wonders. The plot is standard: the advanced civilization of future France is thrown into chaos by a mysterious cessation of electrical phenomena, and the inhabitants rapidly revert to savagery. Our hero and his girl and a small makeshift band fight their way to safety and build a new life close to the land after enduring much horror. That's it.

But the detail -- ah, there, monsieur, we have some delightful fare. Consider "Intelligence" -- the giant semi-animate female statue whose plastic bowels are visible, processing real food, and whose hinder parts have to be cleaned up a night...Or the mental patient who believes

Singularly poor judgment, that girl. --FR

he is Jesus Christ, and whose footprints sprout immediately green...Or the frozen ancestors, preserved in transparent chambers in each home for their descendents to admire...Nude girls paraded nightly on TV: "These spectacles hastened the ripening of adolescents, favored conjugal relations and prolonged the life of octogenarians." Yes indeedly!

But there are flaws in the fabric of the novel that must have made the critical translator wince. There is an atomic-missile attack on North America by the black South America dictator. The missiles are on their way -- and never mentioned again.

The electrical lapse that precipitates anarchy is never explained. Did it follow in some way from the missile attack, though no missiles fell on Europe? In what manner? We must remain in doubt.

A disease that attacks only female-type virgins -- never explained or justified...nor is the obvious cure employed.

But if you go for such Gaullic notions, this import is rich with them, together with much, much bloodshed. Classic it is not, but it is crammed with old-fashioned action and wonder. Suspend your critical faculty and read it for entertainment, and you will not be disappointed.

-- Piers Anthony

NEIKAS #18 Artwork

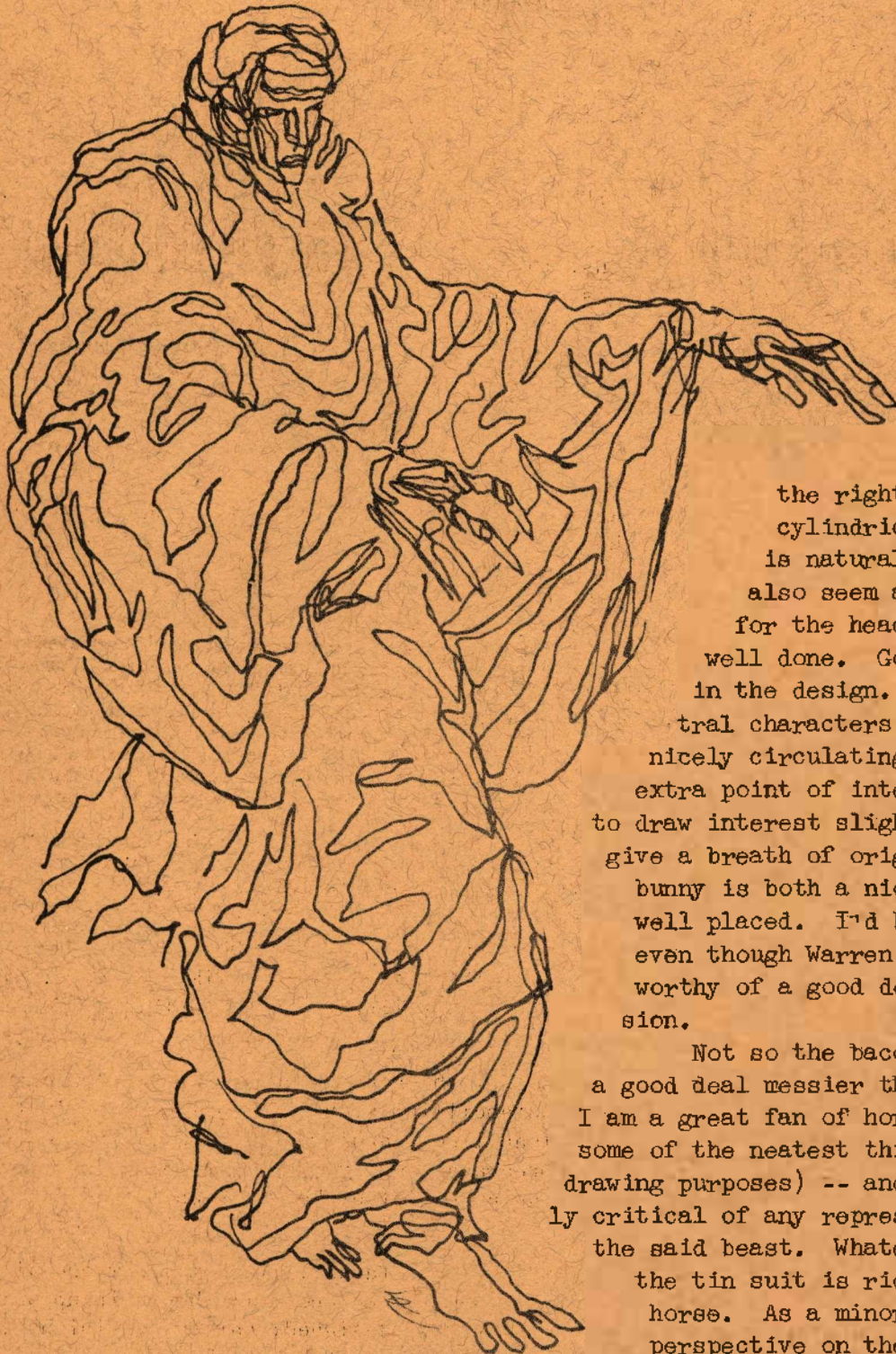
Reviewer: Martin Pitt

So at last I get the chance to review the long-awaited "NIKNAKS" 18. Not a bad issue, apart from the rantings of some Britisher kook about the a/w. He's moaning about the dearth of comment on illos in an issue with what I should say is an unusually large reader-reaction to artwork.

Innenillustrationen first. At a rough guess, Little Green Dinosaur is no longer directly stencilled. ((Correct. Inked, electrostencilled. And from now on I screen all solid black areas --FR)) A sigh of relief by John Chambers, I expect, and a definite improvement so far as the look of the thing is concerned: Greenskin has lost his amoebic and tremulous tendencies. The last frame is very nice indeed, and, by way, I liked the name "Lon Cretin". Yes, the Saurian Arts help to give "SNICKERS" its unusual character. I gather I am supposed to rip out Diana's "Hobbit" piece and wrap it around my pb Hobbit until it falls off, which it will very soon. I'm extremely sorry, Diana, but the d/j strikes me as an unusually negative piece of work. It looks at best like a scribble-sketch for a dust-jacket of startlingly unoriginal design. That road: its standard shape and its use to link front and back scenes; the trees on either side; and the dreaded left-over-right fold in the hills. With regard to the execution; this is either novice or slack in technique. The "scribble" method of drawing is only of use in a finished piece if close regard is kept for the texture and shape of whatever substance your scribbles are representing. The tree foliage and what are presumably flowers by the path both look like scribble. The background scenery, moreover, is too heavily done to give any impression of depth.

The BOKillo on p. 36 is obviously hand-stencilled from another illo, so that it's not really fair to comment, except perhaps to remark that the general design seems pleasant enough. ((I was unable to mount the original for electrostencilling without damaging it. I'm very, very sorry I was too unsteadyhanded to capture the clean lines; apologies to everybody. -- FR)) On your page headings: they're too amateurish in appearance for my taste. A set of letters wouldn't cost you more than a few dimes, and you can get an awful lot of headings on to one sheet of electrostencil.

The covers. I could cry. So often in the world of fanart, it seems, someone will take a great deal of time and care to produce a nicely finished piece and will then slip up on a quite elementary mistake. Look at the front cover. Fairly well designed; carefully finished; skillfully drawn. And anatomically wrong. Everyone has an excuse if he or she misses some subtlety of a muscle system, but no artist has any excuse for a major error since we all carry a reference model around with us. Pan is suffering from what I call Superman's Disease -- like, fixed pectorals. These muscles are attached to the upper arm below the shoulders and are extended when the arms are raised laterally, meaning that the "slab" effect cannot be maintained. In fact, the whole of Pan's left arm is distinctly odd. With due deference, I would suggest that the neck of



the lady on the right is more like a cylindrical stalk than is natural. The bodies also seem a leetle small for the heads, which are well done. Good points are in the design. The three central characters keep the focus nicely circulating, with the extra point of interest top left to draw interest slightly away and give a breath of originality. The bunny is both a nice idea and well placed. I'd better move on, even though Warren's effort is worthy of a good deal more discussion.

Not so the bacover. It looks a good deal messier than was intended. I am a great fan of horses -- They're some of the neatest things out (for drawing purposes) -- and am thus harshly critical of any representations of the said beast. Whatever the guy in the tin suit is riding, it's not a horse. As a minor detail, the perspective on the tractor is inside-out, and the tracks are a bit dibious.

Tirade over, I sit back and wait for the insulting letters. Diana Paxson surely owes me one.



THE FRATERNAL ORDER OF FANDOM

[See Felice's comments on page 5]

PHIL HARRELL

I was quite taken by Felice's "Philosophy Corner [in NIEKAS 17]. So much so that I called her and talked for quite a while about that and other things, but the main purpose of the call was to talk about that article within an article. This is because I feel so much of it applies to me. I never really had faced it square in the kisser before, just glimpsed it like some fleeting thing seen passing the corner of the eye which one thinks he's seen but isn't really sure -- it took Felice to take it out of that corner and bring it into full view for me.

All my life up until fandom was loneliness with noise in it, people rushing about at breakneck speeds doing breakneck things. Then back in '56 along came fandom and a few people took time to notice me. After NYCON II I got lost in the shuffle and bickering that followed and remained lost until two years later when two things happened; Ron Bennett noticed me and so did AMAZING SF. This time fandom tumbled in on me with a vengeance. My correspondents rose from 10 to 25 to 50 to 150. I kept up with all of it, besides being in story robins too numerous to mention, and sending out quote cards by the score (I've even gotten a couple back). I was a member of various clubs as well as director of a couple. When I got out of school, my fanac began to diminish somewhat but didn't altogether vanish, and I began a stay with CRY which lasted until the last (the last was a fake issue produced by Wally Weber and myself in one final spasmodic gasp).

So much for Case History. For me fandom pretty much ended when CRY, AXE, STARSPINKLE, and SHAGGY folded. About the only things that keep me going nowadays are NIEKAS and YANDRO. Fandom has lost its zest for living and practically its entire *raison d'être* -- that of providing people with an enjoyable escape from reality, from the common workaday world. Now fandom just seems to be another reality all its own,

and not a very pleasant reality at that. What used to be the Fandom of Jophan has turned into the Serious Young Fan's Haven. Down thru the annals of fandom from 5th fandom (and maybe earlier for all I know) has echoed the question someone asked me recently; "Just what the hell has all this got to do with science fiction?!" Then he went back to a battered copy of *Sky-lark Three* after looking over a copy of ERBDOM, SHAGGY and VOID. "Maybe not much to do with SF, but a lot with peace of mind."

At least it used to be that way. Fandom was my world and here I was among peers. Fandom for me was ripe and young (though I was only in it at the last stage of a new vanished golden age). I offered friendship to one and all. Perhaps Felice hit the core of the matter. Perhaps I offered friendship too freely or too overtly. Fandom, it seems, has never been a place for lasting friendships. Either it's a Laney saying "I've seen one putrid fanzine too many," or a Degler saying "Fans were made to rule the Universe!" or even someone shouting "FOUL!" and all fandom splitting into factions so they can throw brickbats at each other.

No, sadly fandom is just not a place for lasting friendships, at least not for me. To take a couple cases in point: Fan D and I met in his neofan days when he sent back a quote card with a note saying, "I understand the proper procedure is to keep these once they are full, but on the chance you might become a friend I'm returning it." For 5 years we were the closest of friends, exchanging between two and three letters a week and simply enjoying each other's company. I was never too busy to write Fan D or he me. Then I moved and the letters slowed down to once a month and finally stopped.

Then there was Fan B whom I met in a story robin. Each chapter we tried to make the other the blacker villain, until I finally brought in a paradox no one could break as they always had before, and the robin broke up. But Fan B and I continued to correspond and even started what we called the "Great Paper Page War," where each letter would have to be larger by at least a page than the last, with a six week deadline. This got up to my 64 page effort, and the next I heard from Fan B, he wrote he

was up to page 78 and it was only the middle, could he have a few more weeks since he was getting ready to enter college. In college he seemed to change. He had thrown out the letter since it was too dated to send, and besides he was now no longer interested in such juvenile pursuits. In fact he was currently in possession of something that when published would set fandom on its collective ear. The last I heard from him was a rather terse and curt letter that said he was really too busy to write but in view of our past friendship would make an exception in my case, and if I saw any EC comics lying around I should send them to him and he would pay face value and postage; this also went for any other 'old' comics I might find. [I think we can all see why Phil might find this crude hypothesis upsetting--FR]

For years I have tried to define my basic flaw, shortcoming, or whatever it is, and until this article of Felice's I was stumped. I'm too overt and too friendly, I guess. People must think I'm putting them on when I say what I feel. I have a few staunch friends, like Ned Brooks, Chuck Gwin, Chuck & Dawn Rein, and Rikki Patt, who prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that true friendship, once found, is worth keeping at any price. They also make me glad I'm me and not someone else. I'd rather have 5 friends like these than be president of the world.

FASCISM! RAH! RAH! RAH!

JERRY KAUFMAN

Ben Solon has quite carefully pointed out why *Starship Troopers* is not fascistic. I'd like to mention something for the other side of the balance. The voting laws in ST are certainly not those of a democratic society. The right to vote must be earned. How is it to be earned? Must one earn a bundle of loot? Does one write a best-seller? Does one discover the cure for cancer? No, one neither serves oneself nor one's society. One serves the state. And how does one do this? Well, in ST a number of alternatives are mentioned but the army is made much more attractive than any other form of service. I say that any government that puts that much emphasis on the military is at least partly fascistic. Anyway, when they're not fighting the Bugs, what do you think they're doing with that army?

MARTIN PITT

What an author produces has of course some relation to his character and thoughts, but it's a clever man who can be sure exactly what that relationship is. You can more justifiably work the other way. If so-and-so is well-known for certain beliefs, knowledge, traits of character, etc, you can perhaps show where they appear in his written works. (See Harry Harrison use Esperanto in *The Ethical Engineer*, note how Asimov and Clarke treat the scientific aspects of their stories, etc.) Guessing at an author's beliefs can be tricky: 1984 shows a totalitarian system triumphing over those who try to overthrow it, but no-one can suggest that Orwell was in favour of this type of regime.

LIN CARTER

Ben Solon's article made points that I found myself agreeing with. I, too, was amused at the ridiculous idea of a formerly Fascist nation with which America went to war, now running around and dropping an American book because it savored to them of Fascism. A case of 'Do as I say, not as I do' or something. Anyway, it's always seemed to me that Heinlein glorified the simple, old-fashioned Yankee virtues rather than anything else. *Starship Troopers* does not so much whoop it up for militarism as it does stress the old American belief that service with the armed forces of your country is a right, a duty and a privilege. Though every one of Heinlein's books runs the theme of the individual asserting his rights in the face of the Big Fat Corporation and other faceless powers...and the citizen who stubbornly defends his rights against oppressive governmental or corporate pressure is an idea as far removed from fascism as you can get.

ED MEKYS

I just had to butt in here on Lin's first point. Note that

Italy is formerly fascist! Are you implying that one can't learn from one's mistakes? And when the state was fascist, does that necessarily imply that every citizen also was? See also Philip K Dick's article in NIEKAS 9 and his Ace novel *The Un-teleported Man*.

RICK BROOKS

I agree with Ben's assessment of *Farnham's Freehold*. It is a sick, pointless book, but not Nazi or racist. Heinlein seems to be obsessed lately with saying something with regard to the state of things today, but the only slant that I can notice is conservative with a strong bias towards the individual and his worth. As far as I'm concerned, his ideas in these respects are invalid, but at least he's trying to go someplace instead of sticking with what is safe or retreating into verbal obscurity like Ballard and his imitators. I don't rate Heinlein among my favorite writers. He lacks something -- call it conviction, soul, or whatever -- that an otherwise hackish writer like Robert E Howard has. Heinlein is the best writer at being able to lecture me and slide in background material without boring me. I was surprised at how much he got away with in *Stranger in a Strange Land* without annoying me.

NAN BRAUDE

Ben Solon is so right about the injustice of damning an author for points of view expressed within a work of fiction. It is a knife that cuts both ways; you can conveniently forget unappetizing attitudes when you want to praise the writer. C S Lewis points out somewhere how this selectivity operates in criticism: We hear 'As Shakespeare (instead of Polonius) said, "This above all: to thine own self be true"; but never "As Milton (instead of Satan) said, "Evil, be thou my good." But I'm not sure I'd go along with Ben and Alexai Panshin in denying the critic the right to make moral judgements. It is certainly true that "an author's message has no bearing on his story-telling ability," but many authors -- perhaps most these days -- are aiming at persuasion as well as narration, by setting up certain courses of action for societies and/or individuals as viable, successful, and therefore desirable, while other modes of behavior lead to unpleasant consequences, including the destruction of the behavior. This is a more subtle and scientific form of what an older generation called Poetic Justice. And when an author engages in moral advocacy, the critic is perfectly in order in calling him to book on moral questions. This demands of the critic that he be bright enough to tell the difference between a narrative and a "propagandizing" author. (Clue: the better authors are usually both.)

What I am getting at is not the same as saying that a writer is bad (or good) because he is a Nazi/socialist/Christian/vegetarian, but an assertion that a critic is entitled -- even obligated -- to evaluate, not label, the moral position expressed in a work of fiction. Ben does exactly this in criticising the inadequate proof of democratic processes in *Starship Troopers*, thus expressing a moral judgement: democracy is desirable. I think you said something similar a few issues back, Felice, when you commented that you could enjoy the Narnia books while rejecting their Christian theology, because you value such qualities as courage and sacrifice. And I know quite a few committed Christians, even High Church ones, who have no use for the books at all.

DICK ENEY

Ben Solon skimmed one point -- although not one really essential to his argument -- in his discussion of the charges of fascism levelled against Heinlein. Since he pretty well establishes that the charges are false anyway, it's really a side issue whether an author can be accused of supporting beliefs because he makes his characters do so; yet it isn't quite right to dismiss the idea as improper. One of the most effective possible apologies for any set of attitudes is to represent their possessor as a hero/ine. This happens in real-life heroism, for that matter; think of the way the definition of Ghandi and Rommel as heroes acts as a standing apology for phrasemongering hypocrisy and Naziism (respectively). I shudder to think of the posturing during our Civil War which reflected carryover of the view that Napoleon, Ney, and Murat were sublime heroes....

At all events, the general question of the effect on the reader (I think) is something the critic can properly address,

though I'd better admit quickly that it would be as tricky a task as all other critical functions combined, and more liable to abuse than any other. This is not really at odds with Ben's view that technical criticism is the truly legitimate type: isn't the purpose of technique to create an effect on the reader?

BOB FOSTER

A few notes on Ben Solon's objections to Roberta Rambelli's labelling of Farnham's Freehold. For one thing, Conan and the Ring each have their racist elements. Howard can be excused in the same way as Doc Smith, but Tolkien ("black men like half trolls with white eyes and red tongues") definitely presents the Haradrim as inferior. This can be explained by saying that everything is seen from the eyes of the Hobbits, but a question was raised in my mind. Are all heroic cultures necessarily intolerant? Aside from the partial exception of the Elves, the only tolerant race I can think of is the Ents. The dwarves tend towards xenophobia because of their greed. Men persecute (dwarves and others) because of their greed. Hobbits distrust anything out of the ordinary. Faramir is the only exception I can think of. And a society of Faramirs would not be heroic. A heroic society is built by Boromirs, people who are, in your words about Conan, "courageous, heroic (by definition), occasionally pure, and nearly always stupid." (Incidentally, Conan isn't stupid.) The actual heroes are those in the society who, like Aragorn, Frodo, Faramir, Gandalf, and Andre Norton's Janus and Witch World heroes, are more sure and less stupid. Anyway, getting back to the point, it takes brains and purity to be tolerant. (Come to think of it, I can't imagine Aragorn letting his son marry anyone less than maybe a princess of Rohan. Certainly not a Southian.) Also, a heroic society is founded on conflict (Ouroboros).

My other point to Ben is that, not only are authors judged by the ideas in their books, but the publisher of something like the Italian SF Book Club would also be thought to at least condone the author's condoning of these views, or some such remote and irrational but emotionally tangible link.

AN ACE UP BRUNNER'S SLEEVE

HARRY WARNER, JR

John Brunner's blast is magnificent. My old wounds break out afresh as I read of the indignities inflicted on his fiction, because I have been sorely battered by the meddlings and tamperings imposed upon my non-fiction in the course of my newspaper work, particularly in the past few years which have seen a sudden deluge of new copy readers arriving, working six months, and quitting, each of them convinced that he has the sole formula for "editing" and each of whom edits in a way exactly contrary to the last one. In the case of book publishers, I cannot imagine why the author himself is not asked to make whatever changes are necessitated by the need to fill out neatly a signature, or why writers are not warned in time that something will be censored, like the dirty birds in *Castaways World*. Magazines work on a tighter schedule, and I can comprehend why an editor will do violence to a story when the type suddenly fails to fit the space or the publisher objects to something a few days before the printers deadline. Curiously, when I was writing a little for the prozines, Gold was the only editor who printed my fiction with no changes that I could detect on a hasty read-through. Lowndes changes struck my eye instantly but they weren't objectionable and most of them probably were for the better. My one big blow came from Hamling, who cut about 40% out of a story and paid only for the retained portions without asking permission, changed a title that was a commentary on the story to be found nowhere in the story itself, and re-wrote some portions of the story in such an illiterate way that someone in FAPA scolded me for being such a careless writer in one of those spots. [Jack Speer?--ERM] This was one of the reasons I stopped trying to write for the prozines after about a dozen sales.

ROY TACKETT

Concerning editorial interference and other matters as put forth by John Brunner (edited and slightly abridged John

Brunner). I think that Brunner or any other writer has a quite legitimate gripe in complaining about editorial interference. The function of any editor, as I see it, is to determine if a manuscript under consideration constitutes a good story and one that the readers will buy. It is the further job of the editor to see that the spelling, punctuation and grammar in the yarn are reasonably correct. If he edits a magazine, as opposed to a series of books, he also determines the makeup and contents of each issue. It is not the job of the editor to rewrite the entire story or change it to suit his own personal idiosyncracies. He can offer suggestions, yes; point out flaws, yes; and if the author accepts the editor's advice, well and good. If not, the editor can reject the manuscript and the author can take it elsewhere. (This is idealization, of course. Considering the present limited state of the science fiction/fantasy field an author must go along with editorial demands if he is to sell, however, this is not to say that this is proper.)

Mr. Brunner further complains of interference by us, the readers. We sfans insist on judging sf yarns by the internal standards of the sf field. Not cricket, he says. Oi!

Lookee, I have been reading science fiction and fantasy since Hector and me both were pups. Longer even. I read sf for entertainment and for the wide vistas of the imagination that it opens. I do not read sf to admire the author's gimmicks, his unbridled, exuberant inventiveness, his attempts at experimentation.

Which is not to say that I am unappreciative of any of these. I enjoy them immensely -- in their place and their place is not in sf. Sf is an extremely specialized form of literature. Speaking of science fiction in particular, it is the purpose of the sf writer to take today's science and extrapolate it to see where it might go and turn the results into a readable and entertaining story. It is not the purpose of the science fiction writer to experiment with literature as an art form.

Sure, this limits the field. Science fiction is limited. It is specialized. It is, as Damon Knight put it, ghettoized. So what? S-F, written according to the internal standards of the field, is stifling and doesn't allow the author to stretch his writing muscles? It is not stifling to a writer with a scientific imagination. [Name more than 6 writers with a good scientific imagination? ERM] I certainly agree that the field is limited and limiting and that any writer who wants to experiment with literature is not going to be happy writing sf. He is very right to leave the field behind and if he's done a good job as a sf writer he'll be fondly remembered.

Unfortunately too many of today's writers come into the field with seemingly no conception of what they're getting into. The new British School in particular seems to have only a vague concept of what science fiction is and what science fiction readers demand. New writers come into the field all filled with great ideas on how to write -- not on what to write -- and complain bitterly when the average sfan dismisses their glorious experiments as "crap." But that's the way it is. Science fiction is a field governed strictly by formula. If a writer doesn't follow the formula he fizzles -- and, mumbling about the ingratitude and short-sightedness of science fiction fans he goes elsewhere. A good science fiction writer, however, can follow the formula and at the same time give his imagination free reign and come up with a science fiction masterpiece.

Many times, of late, I've read the plea of some author to not judge his work as science fiction but to judge it as literature. Fine and dandy and I'm happy to do so and I'll apply the literature measuring stick to it. But when said author says "This is a science fiction story," I apply the science fiction measuring stick which is marked on a completely different scale. And too much of what may be good literature is bad science fiction. It is a pity that so few writers are able to turn out a story that measures up on both measuring sticks.

ED MEKYS

butting in again. But isn't the sf measuring stick evolving? (Today's stories, even the ones the old-timers like, are vastly different from the ones Gernsback published.) And won't it continue to evolve?

LIN CARTER

I've been lucky so far with my own stuff, since none of my

publishers (Ace, Belmont, Lancer, Paperback Library) have ever meddled with a title of mine, or over-edited the manuscripts. About the only piece of editing I could object to was done on a novel I had out last year called The Star Magicians. Terry Carr went through that one with the jolly old blue-pencil and censored out every reference to Dave Vanarnam. (I had my characters swearing "By the Beard of Arnarn!" etc) I dunno exactly why Terry did this, since, if you're a non-fan reader it just sounds like a colorful oath, and if you're a fan reader you get the gag, such as it is. Either way, it doesn't seem to matter much, and certainly is not insulting to Vanarnam... but I guess Ace hath its reasons.

GETTING HEYER

BOB FOSTER

I strongly disagree with Ed's comments on Georgette Heyer. In one way, at least, Heyer's books are fantasy. They deal with

such a small portion of a society already rather contradictory (the idle rich). That seems to have come from a put-down definition of fantasy, but a more sympathetic definition of fantasy can still be used and Heyer will be found to be relevant. Of course, I can't define fantasy. But Heyer is really far removed from any sort of reality. One can argue that a Heyer book is about the same type of people and events that actually lived in Regency England, but an equally valid claim can be made for Tolkien and Medieval Europe. What I mean, I think, is that Heyer books, for all their blatant efforts at character identification -- which succeed -- have a remoteness that fits Tolkien's definition of Faerie.

Heyer's main charm is that she always has really delicate, precise and amusing plots. One can read a Heyer book & then sit back in great enjoyment of the precision of her plot. Like a Mozart sonata, but nowhere near as boring as some of them. (Bernstein talks about Mozart's gift for transcending the social curbs on his musical forms -- drawing room music is never free -- by constantly inventing really great tunes; ditto for Heyer and plots. Come to think of it, the comparison can be extended: ornamentation in Mozart and minor characters in Heyer, etc.)

LAISKAI



MOLLY TITCOMB/Calle 5, #10-32/Paipa Boyacá Colombia

Dear Ed, Those who don't want the Tolkien glossary don't have to read it, but as far as I'm concerned the more Tolkien material the better, since he's still my main reason for thinking contacts with fandom worth maintaining. One of the nearby Peace Corps Volunteers has a lot of sf & f magazines -- IF, ANALOG, FANTASTIC STORIES, etc -- and after wading through a number of them, I still think most sf & f deserves its bad reputation as pulp magazine junk. I've read some books that were worth it. Arthur C Clarke's A Fall of Moondust is great on the science although I'm not sure it's much more than okay on the fiction. But the science part in such books fascinates me -- it's as alien for me as a being from another planet! Of course Capela's War With the Newts is great stuff, and Walter M Miller's Canticle for Leibowitz (although I really think it's stretching things to put that one in the sf&f category, even if it did win a Hugo). But these are all novels. Where are the good short stories? And even the novels in the magazines don't usually make it. ANALOG seems to be the best of the ones I've read -- at least it's polished, whereas the others, both in art and writing, really shouldn't have gotten out of the amateur category -- in fact, they should suit those in fandom for whom sf&f is an escapist drug or some kind of mad disease. I rather like Roger Zelazny -- he might be a real writer one of these days -- but then I rather like Georgette Heyer and murder mysteries and crossword puzzles when I'm in the mood, but I don't think they're really valuable occupations, and I think sf&f should be. It is where our new mythology must be formed, and where totally different ways of looking at the universe and new science must be introduced to the layman, to mankind, if we're going to move into space successfully and survive. Oh, there're shreds of this all through the stuff -- weird aliens with whom earthmen become friends, and stuff like that -- but it seems to be completely haphazard. Why don't the writers wake up and see the importance of what they're doing? They have a medium which could be used to reach a tremendous number of people if they only had the sense to do it properly -- why, they might even be able to teach humans to understand and communicate with each other as well as with alien beings. One book which was a very good example of what I mean was Harry Harrison's Planet of the

Darned. I almost didn't read it because of the dreadful cover blurbs, but it turned out to be exactly the kind of thing I'm looking for in sf&f -- relationships between living beings, plus science, plus the sense of wonder that has been mentioned as essential to sf&f. This is the combination which makes Tolkien so satisfying to me (his science, in case you were wondering, is linguistics, plus the logical creation of an entire world -- something that a lot of these writers fudge on). But when real literature can be written, and when there is so much non-sf&f that I know about that I haven't gotten to yet, I really don't feel like wading through junky magazines in hopes of finding a good tidbit. Of course, my reading has been totally unorganized so far, and maybe I've just been getting the wrong stuff (Brunner's article would indicate that I'm not, though). Any suggestions?

I should be more specific about what bothers me, I guess. Bad writing and bad art, so bad as to be obvious. Stories that have a clever gimmick and nothing more. Alien worlds that are not properly or logically developed, but are merely fantastic. Preoccupation with the horrible (Harlan Ellison's I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream), however well written, ought to have some kind of balance, it seems to me. When Tolkien describes something horrible (Shelob, or Merry & Pippin being kidnapped by orcs), he somehow does it with a kind of balance, which I think is lacking in a lot of sf&f. Lewis (although he's certainly not a writer of the caliber of Tolkien, at least when it comes to fiction), also has the proper approach to the horrible in That Hideous Strength. I'm sorry I can't be more explicit about what I mean. All I can do is give examples, since I don't really know what the key is to this approach.

I am more bothered by the constant violence than the sex (which is mostly confined to the illustrations, I think), but I am somewhat disturbed by the fact that all too often when sex does appear in a story, it seldom seems to have any connection with love, loyalty, integrity in human relationships, and the like. People in the stories seem to consider it just one more necessary bodily function, albeit the most pleasant one, and all too often the women, even the female scientists, seem to be more like Playboy foldouts than real human beings. Many sf&f writers seem to find it easier to imagine friendship and understanding between men and totally alien beings than between

men and women!

But I really think the violence and the attitude toward it are worst of all. For example, Carl Brandon's comment on Ensign Flandry -- I had exactly the same reaction when I read it, that it was a very transparent attempt to justify the Viet Nam war. I would be very interested to know why the author wrote that. It didn't seem to go with some of the other things he's written. Of course, he could always claim that the characters were expressing their own points of view and not his, but even so, that one was driven home a little too hard just to be brushed away as fiction. Or maybe it really is his point of view. I work against the Viet Nam war because I think we're interfering in a civil war, but I certainly don't have any easy answers on how to get out of the mess. And I also work for Uncle Sam quite directly as a Peace Corps Volunteer. In fact, that's one of the main reasons I went into the Peace Corps instead of working with the Friends or something. It was one thing Uncle Sam was doing that I really approved of and wanted to support. I guess I have sort of a Zuni attitude on war and violence -- it is basically childish and ridiculous, and it is a means which inevitably perverts its ends, however noble they may be in the beginning. I also think things like getting offended or worrying about saving face are childish, ridiculous, and useless. But what you do to get other people to think the same I don't know. And it'd be even worse with alien races and fighting for survival out there. So I can't reject the use of wars and violence. But I don't think it should be written of as something that is a pleasure or that it should dominate a work so as to unbalance it. Tolkien, for example, although he makes his battles heroic and has the Rohirrim singing, and so forth, doesn't give me the feeling that he thinks war is good (remember the hobbits reaction to the skirmish in Ithilien, when they first saw men killing men men?) His fantasy seems to me more realistic, because of his ability to balance, as well as healthier, than the sf&f stuff I've been reading, on the whole.

Unfortunately, the bug has bitten me and I've taken to writing the kind of space fantasy that I dislike! Oh, it doesn't have the violence but it's sort of sticky sweet and feminine, like a very inexperienced Zenna Henderson (now she doesn't know how to write about good with the proper balance and perspective the way Tolkien does). Also, it's gimmicky, and I keep running across the same ideas treated in a slightly different way. I thought, for example, that I'd created an at least slightly different race, only to find almost the exact same creature shortly afterwards in a story called The Little Blue Weeds of Spring. But at least I'm finally writing, so I have something to improve on.

I suppose that's why you publish stuff like the high-school-girl-type cover on this last issue (apologies to Warren Preston, but I used to draw the same kind of over-worked syrupy female when I was a teen-ager, and so did other girls I knew!). But at least he's drawing, and may go somewhere if encouraged. I have a suggestion for him: he should illustrate other people's ideas until he gets some real technique (at least he works with care), and then try doing original stuff. With confidence in his technique, so that he doesn't have to over-work the thing so, he might have the courage to use his imagination and create and not just repeat for subject matter. I liked very much Johnny Chambers' cartoons -- they've upped NIEKO art work a peg. Wolff's drawing on pg 13 shouldn't have been published, tho the little face on pg 59 was fine. And is Diana trying to make the different headings impossible to read? [We were going to try to have all the headings in psychedelic lettering lastish but that didn't work out; Gincas thish is another result, and all the others were used then.] Not that it matters, since they're in the table of contents (in the FRONT!), but I'm just curious. And tell her to ease off on that dot shading, like on the beaver. Simplicity is the epitome of growth, as an art teacher of mine used to say (he liked long words). Besides, it doesn't print very well.

Do the drawings in the TOFF newsletter give an accurate idea of the Sterling Lanier brass figures? If so, they didn't deserve their prize, especially Goldberry -- I'd swear she never dressed like that. She's one of the few people whose clothes Tolkien really describes.

It's tantalizing to read about back issues of NIEKAS without actually being able to read the issues themselves, and I'm going out of my mind with all the references to Tolkien articles

which I can't get ahold of down here. [I thought you had read Diana's copies of all NIEKU before 18--ERM] If I lived in the right place, I'd certainly join the TSA. I thought people were very perceptive in what they said in the TSA meeting you quoted, with Resnikk.

I liked the way Nan Braude's mind works. And as usual I marched over those barnacles saying ouch all the way and enjoying every minute of it! Maybe I'm slightly masochistic? I don't know what else could make me like Zehrut's adventures.

This letter turned out to be more of a comment on sf&f than on NIEKAS. Hey, another example of the kind of thing sf&f can do is Jon DeLles' Forgive Us Our Debtors in F&SF (June 1966) Proper use of the horrible, too.

[later]

It's so lovely to see that the Tolkien Journal is all that I'd hoped -- even the artwork is amazingly good. I mean EVEN the drawings of the hobbits and Smeagol are acceptable, which is a great concession from me, I assure you, my feelings about what they look like are so strong. I mean, I feel that a drawing of anything from Middle-earth should get the same reaction from me as the book itself, and of course the artist would have to be the same kind of genius in drawing that Tolkien is in writing. I HATE bad Tolkien art -- frankly I think Mordor secretly works on people to do it. Speaking of Mordor, that bit about the South Vietnamese division using the Eye of Sauron for their emblem rather shook me up. How can anyone say we're not fighting on the wrong side, if that's the way they think?

By the way, I saw Fahrenheit 451, and am going to have to read the book. It really felt weird to see a movie based on a book about a world where books were forbidden -- almost as if the movie had forced the book to come true and be destroyed. They did some interesting things in the movie, such as suggesting the future with details, but not trying to make the buildings, clothes, etc, terribly different from today. Did you see it? If that ever happened, the Tolkien Society would have to get together, because you can't make a whole lot of sense out of some of Tolkien's books without knowing the others, so you'd need collaboration to make sure each one was really memorized properly! I think I'd pick Tree & Leaf. Could you ever pick out a book to live with -- just one -- out of all the ones you've read in all your life, for memorizing?

I've read RUR. I'd consider Capek inside SF because he's contributed so much to it, although in a way he preceeded it. But you can't really classify RUR as anything but SF, can you? And War With the Newts has an awful lot of the touches, I think including science as well as fiction and fantasy.

ROBERT BLOCH

Dear Felice: I want to thank you and Ed for N. 18 which I found most eye-tracktive; the highly provocative material by Ben Solon and John Brunner being sercon in the best meaning of the term. It's always a delight to see the way in which production values are lavished on NIEKAS; you people do yourselves, and the field, proud.

Tell Nan C Sc ott that I know how orcs breed, but of course I can't put such information on a postcard.



MARTIN PITT/84 Wood Lane/Birmingham 20 Very Great Britain

I'll take issue with Nan Braude on the subject of "Alpha-ville", a film which I thoroughly enjoyed, partly because my French was sufficiently good to follow the dialogue without needing those annoyingly bad subtitles. It was a nice straightforward film, the allegory being plain. Where people get into trouble is assuming that it must fit into one of two extreme categories. It is neither a plain tale plainly told with a simple (whatever the science fiction equivalent of feet-on-the-ground) story which gives the viewer no scope for imagination; nor a high-powered intellectuals-only piece of didactic esotericism. It's a warning film with unimportant points deliberately obscured. It doesn't matter whether Lemmy Caution came halfway across the Universe or just from a different state on the same continent: hence his ambiguous method of arrival and exit. The essential point was the way in which this world resembled our own: there was no need to talk of future developments or alternative dimensions. The people were suppressed in a manner somewhere between the opiate pleasure of Brave New World and the militarism of 1984. Lemmy succeeded by not acting as he was expected: in fact, action was taken against him, but only in a limited way, because that was all that seemed necessary on the assumption that he would behave in a manner similar to the rest of the populace who, in turn, reacted as they did because they regarded the set-up as normal. Monsieur Caution was different. The film has, of course, many faults -- perhaps too many. It is not a new film, and was out of date when it was made, so far as things like computer technology are concerned. Lemmy Caution is, moreover, a fairly standard secret-agent hero in a whole series of books, and it is only one of his adventures that has been taken. It is interesting that the adventure has been more altered than the character of the agent, to fulfill the demands of M. Luc-Goddard, resulting in the rather nebulous nature of the story background from a purely logical and realistic point of view.

Loved the idea of Chekov whomping out a story on an LSD trip.

BANKS MEBANE/6901 Strathmore Rd/Chevy Chase MD 20015

Dear Felice, In re, Dolphin Boy. Knighthood is inheritable in the case of baronets. [Of course! Remember Sir Despard Murgatroyd? --ERM] So if Sir Arthur was a baronet, then at his death his son John (if his eldest son) would be entitled Sir John automatically. But who cares?

Aside from a few quibbles on interpretation which are not worth going into, I can find few flaws in the installments of Bob Foster's Tolkien Glossary in NIEKAI 17 & 18. I haven't racked my brains to look for omissions, and if there are any, they must be few and unimportant. There are one or two typos preserved from the Ballantine edition. The Shire village of 'Catbarion' should be 'Oatbarton' as in the hard-cover edition; it is a much more likely name. Also, I remain firmly convinced that 'Fox Downs' should be 'Far Downs' throughout (see my article in ENTMOOT #3 for my reasons). Obviously Foster has put a lot of effective work into the Glossary.

I hope Bob has learned to read star charts better than his letter indicates -- otherwise he will have flunked his astronomy course. [Depends on how the course is given. When I teach astronomy I do it on a more theoretical level (really astrophysics) and we never even look at a star chart. --ERM] When Orion comes climbing over the rim of the world in late September, the time is nearer 11 pm than 9 pm; above him is Aldebaran, as Tolkien describes Borgil; above Aldebaran, in fact 'high in the East', are the Pleiades. Go out and look. [This assumes that at the time of Middle-earth we were in the same phase of the precession of the equinoxes. --ERM]

The artwork for 18 wasn't up to the usual NIEKAS standard, always excepting the Little Green Dinosaur. In fact, The Lizard of Lemuria was ... it was ... Great Ghu! I can't type for laughing. Poor Lin.

LIN CARTER/100-15 195 St/Holts Queens NY 11423

Hi Felice: NIEKAS 18 was jam-packed with crunchy goodness, and not the least interesting item in it was Johnny Chambers

delightful parody, The Lizard of Lemuria. I got a kick out of it, and herewith award Johnny the Lin Carter Literary Lam-poon License #1, with permission to saterize my stuff whenever he likes, if he can continue being as funny.

NAN BRAUDE/2545 Regent/Berkeley CA 94704

Dear Happy, NIEKAS 18 received. You're slipping, Felice: what's with this scrawny ish? It actually got into the mailbox!

Warren Preston's cover is one of the finest I've seen on NIEKAS -- it's not only well drawn, but it has a simplicity of line that enables one to take in the entire composition without the aid of a road map. Diana's cover for The Hobbit is also excellent: enough to make me want to go out and get the pb edition just so I can use and display it. (But I'll want the separate set of covers you're going to make available, as I'm one of those who don't believe in cutting up my NIEKAS. (Cutting up in NIEKAS is a different matter.)) And let's have much more of Johnny Chambers, the funniest cartoonist since Increase Mathier.

Carl Frederick is a Communist Plot.

I enjoyed Mark Walsted's essay on the Jack Vance stories, though I've not read any of them. This is more comment than review, and an interesting and original approach.

Spaced-out microtype is an invention of Sauron.

In the letter you quoted in #18, I was playing around with your name and others from an anagrammatical standpoint. I've found that I can have even more fun with etymology.

Felice Rolfe, for example, is relatively simple: it merely means 'Happy Wolf' (hence the salutation on this letter). Ed's name is a little more complicated. 'Edmund' is derived from the Anglo-Saxon ead, property or treasure (originally 'cattle', but in court poetry generally signifying gold, a more exalted form of wealth), and mund, signifying 'protection' but actually being the word for 'hand'. Hence, according to Dr. Sieglinde Wiegehts patented system of Aesthetic Philology, 'Edmund' = 'Goldfinger'. Obvious, of course, to anyone who knows him.

HARRY WARNER JR/423 Summit Av/Hagerstown MD 21740

Dear Felice, Your happiness in the theater activities must derive from something you mentioned in passing: the fact that the people at ACT are not phonies. My own experience with people in amateur theatrics and summer stock professionals had convinced me that everyone who does anything on a stage immediately becomes a phony in real life. Another lesson learned, although I should have known from other professions that it's the would-bes and the second raters who are the less savory companions.

[Most of the Artists-with-a-capital-A had convinced me that Art was a refuge for phonies, too, so you're not alone in that impression. It was marvelous to learn different! --FR]

I keep wondering if Ed Wood will eventually concede and ask for more conreports, after a few more articles on Heinlein's inner meanings and implied philosophies. Ben Solon fortunately covers a slightly different angle and his essay isn't too long to discourage the person who suspects that everything sayable about Heinlein has been said in fanzines within the past year or two; even though he's the best of the living science fiction writers, his stories aren't capable of withstanding the never-ending new investigations and deeper penetrations into meaning that genuine literary masterpieces generate. I liked Solon's article, but I wonder if all fandom shouldn't agree to adopt a different approach during 1968, as a change of pace: whenever anyone feels compelled to write an article about the philosophy and opinions Heinlein expresses through his fiction, he should instead ask Heinlein himself if this is his philosophy and these are his opinions. It's much quicker and more decisive to get information that way, in the case of a living author. [But remember Heinlein's reaction to the discussion in WARHOON several years ago? --ERM]

Jannick Storm's review of Danish science fiction conditions is the most interesting of all the articles you're run on the situations in foreign lands. I imagine that Denmark has

a special problem for publishers, its comparatively small population and the lack of any other nations that speak the same language and could help to boost circulation and to pay for better translations. But of course this situation doesn't exculpate any publisher who produces a severely cut translation without announcing the fact that it's an abridgement. And I would imagine Bradbury to be one of the most difficult writers to translate into any foreign language, unless the translator is extremely well versed in English and realizes that the simple-looking passages are not as naively constructed as they appear at first glance.

My opinion of Tolkien as a man has climbed considerably since I've read the Resnick interview. For that matter, my opinion of Resnick is quite elevated, too, for his bravery in conducting an interview over the telephone, a task that causes me to shiver just to think of it. Of course, a half-hour's conversation at a distance of 3000 miles is no substitute for the information that could be gained if someone versed in Tolkieniana could manage to wangle a whole day with him at his home. For instance, if Tolkien disavows deeper meanings to the Ring stories, should this disclaimer also extend to Leaf by Niggle? That little story impressed me as an allegorical autobiography, if one was ever written. Is the prominence of ordinary, normal people on such a heroic quest intended to make the Ring books somewhat different from the majority of myth narratives where ever everyone is of heroic proportions, or does it reflect either a conscious or an unconscious tribute to the British commoner, an intentional or unintentional democratization of a field in which royalty normally has all the glory? If by chance this should be the last major breakthrough into Tolkien's ideas and working methods, I can foresee endless future controversies over a half-dozen words in this interview. After all, I hold the key. Does this mean that there is a literal solution to some kind of code confined within the fiction, or is it simply a plain statement that the author could clear up in a moment any dubious points that are debated fruitlessly by others? Incidentally, my own case would disprove somewhat the apparent association between non-newspaper-reading and admiration for Tolkien's fiction. I am only lukewarm for Tolkien fiction and I never read a newspaper, just glance at the local ones sufficiently to get my work done.

A contents page at the end is the standard procedure in books published in some nations: Germany and Russia, for two. I don't know if the periodicals over there do it the same way. Probably the best reason for putting it at the start of publications in this country is the opportunity it provides for including in the correct place the notice of copyright. In fandom, I can think of one reason why it should go at the end of some fanzines. Those that use a heavy paper stock for the cover, one that will show a permanent mark or crease if handled too much, would have a better chance of keeping the front cover healthy, by an index page in the rear where it won't cause a lot of front cover-bending.

The art work is magnificent. I think the back cover is one of the best ATOM illustrations yet, even though the way all the areas are filled up is such a startling difference from his usual simplicity. [But it was by Diana! --ERM] Inside, I suppose Johnny Chambers' cartoon is the most inspired, although I feel vaguely cheated somehow when a cartoon runs only three or four pages, after growing up on TATOED DRAGONS and Christmas art folios from the LASFS.

WILLIAM LEE LINDER/Solebury School/New Hope PA 18938

Dear Felice A horde of after thoughts on #17. After re-reading the passage, I see I was hasty about Egladil and the Naith.

Beleriand is Quenya. The "nd" combination becomes "nn" in Sindarin. (III 489-90)

I am not so sure that "Valinorean" is only Quenya. Melian, the mother of Luthien, was one of the people of the Valar. Not of the Valar, note. Valinor doubtless means "place of the Valar" or something such.

-ath is used not only as genitive plural, but nominative, as in Remmirath, and the use of "Periannath" in The Tale of Years.

Ed's "What did you think orcs were if not fanged Itishmen" recalled my own conjectures on connections between Gaelic and the Black Speech. Admittedly these were based on nothing more than "agh" and the Gaelic "agus" both meaning "and."

Dor-an-Ernil is "Prince's land." Cf Eriador, Gondor, and esp. Mordor, which is surely "the Black Land." Perhaps the princes of Belfalas (the only men to whom the title "prince" is applied in LotR) had their seat there before removing to Dol Amroth.

RICK BROOKS/RR #1, Box 167/Freemont IN 46737

Dear Felice. Jannick Storm's article on current sf in the Dane's Mark was full of fascinating information. I wonder if the translation racket in this country is as shoddy as it is over there. If so, I've slighted several foreign authors that I shouldn't have.

Mark Walsted has a good review of the Demon Prince stories by Vance. I had never thought of how Kirth Gersen put himself out on a limb. I was too busy cussing Vance for having his last villain fall apart so easily. Mark's speculations on the future course of the epic makes this one of the best items in this issue.

I had a long argument with Arnie Katz at the Midwestcon defending NIEKAS. He feels --at least this is what I thought he said he felt-- that you and most of the faneds are merely compilers who throw together anything they get in a hodge-podge of a zine. Now Arnie takes an author he wants and feeds him the type of idea that he'd like to see in OUIP. And then he has the gall to state that his zine had more scope and range than yours. I shot examples of you variety of articles and he kept ducking by saying that they weren't typical. [Nobody seems to have realized yet that nothing we print is typical] --FRJ

I'll second Nan Scott's remark on Lovecraft, "so truly god-awful and yet somehow appealing. Most of his writing is so flawed that it is a bit annoying to read, and yet some of it has passages that really turn me on. I like The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath the best because it is the least flawed of his works and is quite colorful in places.

CLAIRE HOWARD/31-84 51 St/Woodside NY 11377

Dear Ed, I enjoyed Henry Resnick's interview with Prof. Tolkien. Also enjoyed Dick Plotz's in the January 67 issue of Seventeen. But for Chrissake, when will these interviews come to an end? Of course we all love to read about what is going on in our hero's mind. But if the parade of interviewers doesn't stop banging on the good professor's door, we'll never get The Silmarillion, let alone the Akallabeth, eller hur? Did anyone else detect the note of impatience and even petulance in Tolkien's remarks? He has every right to be impatient. He hasn't much time left on Middle-earth. Why not just leave him alone now? [I saw Dr. Kilby in late Feb 68 and he then expressed the belief that it would be at least 5 years before the Silmarillion is done. On the other hand, one very small, complete, in itself, part might be published before that. It would probably be entirely in verse. ERM]

If anyone is surprised to learn that Tolkien reads newspapers and likes to keep abreast of current events, don't be. There is no reason on earth for Tolkien continually to be as absorbed in his Secondary World as his readers are. LotR is finished; the baby was born some time ago, and is now living its own life. It's time for its progenitor to go on to something else. Remember too that Tolkien is of this age, not of the mythic past he wrote about. And besides, once a piece of creative work has been finished and laid aside, the artist tends to forget what he has done, so absorbed does he become in his next project. Upon resurrecting his earlier work, the artist almost always is astonished to behold his offspring. He often finds it hard to believe that he, indeed, was its creator.

Is there anyone out there nutsy over archeology and/or Nordic and/or Celtic myth? Does anybody know where one can get a copy of the Guest (Lady Charlotte not Edgar A) translation of the Mabinogion? (Curse you, Ed, if Mabinogian is pied.)

BOB FOSTER/376 E 8 St/Brooklyn NY 11218

Dear Felice & Ed-- If you don't put the table of contents in the back I'll be forced to take apart each issue of NIEKAS and put it together the right way.

In reply to the LoCs on the Glossary--William Lee Linden: Yes, Elbereth did sow the stars. I shouldn't have left out the twilight words, but including any words was an afterthought.

Egladil is not the same as the Naith. I tend to agree that Aman is a name for the entire Undying Lands but I can't be sure. It could equal 'The Blessed Realm' which is Valinor.

On my LoC: No, elen isn't Sindarin, but el is. So there. Valinorean isn't just Quenya.

On Nan Scott: Scott Smith devotes a lot of time to Orcs breeding in his fanzine NAZG. For one thing, there is Bolg son of Azog. The most valuable sentence in NAZG is the one that asks if, if Orcs are parodies of Elves, they are also immortal. I am beginning to agree, on the basis of the Tower-orcs casual mention of the 'bad old days', which seems to be the first downfall of Sauron.

The Tolkien Songbook clarifies pronunciation a little bit more. After some study Appendix D becomes clear.

Brian Hill: Yeah, Durin's Crown could be Corona Borealis. Except, of course, for its curious visibility in daytime.

The art thish deserves comment. Johnny Chambers is really good. The front cover is one of the most haunting pieces of art I've seen in a long time. Being very pīcayune, I think the face of the top woman is too severe and Pan's face is too normal. But his body is perfect. The other two women are beautiful. The hair of the closest is a marvel: it actually moves, and the fog actually curls and twists through the figures. Very wonderful.

Finally, I'd like some help. I have a curious book by Andrew Lang called *A Monk of Fife*. It's a swashbuckling tale of Joan of Arc told by a pious Scotsman who himself becomes a monk. Lang's comments give the history of the manuscript, etc, and he claims that it's a genuine chronicle that he translated from the Scots. The high percentage of dialogue & the general tone of the work make me suspicious. Does anyone know anything thereon? It's a good book anyway.

DICK ENEY/6500 Ft Hunt Rd/Alexandria VA 22307

Dear Ed, A while back Diana wrote 'Incorporating a procedure into the religion of a people would insure that it would last as long as the culture did.' This is a pretty bold statement. One thinks of the way the Indo-Europeans in Hindustan switched over from the religion of the ancient gods like Indra who were notable flesh-eaters, booze-fighters and warriors to vegetarianism, moderate drinking and the languid life. Or the other way around, the Arabs switched religions without switching cultures.

In a later NIEKAS someone said that people first yield their politics, then their religion, and finally their language. This seems about right as a generalization, but not because this is a rough rank order of value. It's the inverse order of our learning them, remember. Length and priority of indoctrination, you dig? To be sure, that's why we value them in about the order given: but the point is that we don't give them up in that order because we put that relative value on them -- we put that relative value on them for the same reason we give them up in that relative order.

I still believe my own explanation of the (yetch!) Ballantine Tolkien covers is the most probable: the artist was under the impression that his work was to appear as a Little Golden Book.

ARCHIE MERCER/10 Lower Church Lane/Briston 2 England

Felice. (And, ultimately, Ed) Roberts wrote persuasively on Freemasonry, and on the face of it he made out a case. Why, one begins to wonder, isn't more use made of these good men? Supposing that a concerted drive was made, for instance, to have them elected to public office simply on their Masonic qualifications? Their outstanding qualities would ensure their sweeping the board, and then good and honest government would be virtually guaranteed from then on.

And then one begins to see snags hading round corners. (Or cornices, since were allegedly in the building trade.) Who says that all Freemasons are good men? Why, Freemasons do. By their own standards, their membership comprises only the best. Their standards, however, are not necessarily everybody's. R. Roberts gives mention of certain lodges having disowned other lodges over the issue of racial equality, for one thing. Therefore, one can reasonably deduce that at least some Freemasons are not entirely free of bigotry. Inasmuch as it is

generally understood that strict segregation of the sexes is practised, Freemasons in general also have (I think) the onus of proving that they're not basically in favor of the double standard. Until they do this, they remain somewhat suspect.

Furthermore, even supposing all Freemasons to be indeed good men as the phrase is generally understood, it does not follow necessarily that all good men are Freemasons. In fact, R. Roberts's letter suggests several categories of indubitably good men who could never join the happy band. Introverts, for instance -- who might join if asked, but who would never dream themselves of making the initial approach. Or a vaguely related tribe who wouldn't ask because they were terrified of being given no for an answer -- I have leanings that way myself. (Both these ways in fact -- I think they are related.) Then what about the good men who are simply unable to accept the ritual in all honesty -- R. Roberts categorically excludes them too.

What it all comes to, I think, is that taken overall, members of the various masonic lodges are not much different from non-members. I would expect to find people of whom I tend to approve in both categories. (And some about whom I could hardly care one way or the other -- such as, perhaps, your correspondent Richard Roberts.)

JERRY KAUFMAN/2169 Hampshire/Cleveland Hts OH 44106

Dear Felice I've been mulling over the MZB article back in N16, and I'd like to say LotR is a children's book.

Everyone agrees, I suppose, that *The Hobbit* is a children's book. Proclaimed as such when printed, it is a difficult book, of course, with a large vocabulary, long paragraphs, and many, many pages.

Then Tolkien took the basic background, gave it a background, and wrote LotR. LotR is too long and complex for any normal child to follow -- but it is still the children's book that the *Hobbit* is.

For one thing, the complexity is the complexity of numerous characters parting, joining, parting and rejoining. The plot is only complex in that the readers must keep the adventures separate. Nothing really complex happens to any character except Frodo. His complexity is the internal Good struggling with the imposed Evil of the Ring.

Which Ring of Power brings in my second point, to wit, the fine division of Good & Evil any children's book uses. This topic has probably been bashed over many times, so I will let it stand on its own. [But Gollum is complex.ERM]

Third point. MZB dwells on emotional attachments between characters. Well, I think that all the attachments are those of children. Tom Bombadil and Goldberry are like children being the perfect man and wife -- in play. The friendship between Frodo and Sam is the strong sort young boys will get.

Other things -- the comic relief of Sam and Gollum, the girl who wanted to be a boy, the father-rescuer Gandalf, the over-all charm of the books -- these are all parts of a children's fantasy, not adult fantasy. [Interesting side-point--if I remember correctly, Kingsley Amis pointed out in *New Maps of Hell* that most SF is set in a city and is non-sexual, while most fantasy has a rural setting and does have sexual involvement.ERM]

I like LotR, but I think that treating it as an adult work is like treating comic books as adult works. (Not quite that drastic, but you see my point?)

WE ALSO HEARD FROM---

Don Martin--In re the cartoon on pg 5, I will take a copy of NIEKAS with 459 pages, all blank, if you can make one. Not 458 and not 460, with no extra pages printed. If you can send one, pg 459 should be good for people who are all one way. Egypt's battle plans must have been written on such paper -- it sure was a one-sided battle. Barry Gilliam--You actually learn little of the domestic life of anybody in M-e except the hobbits and possibly the men and Ents. I'd like to know of the wood-elves, high-elves, and dwarves and any other incidentals. [But it was told from the viewpoint of a hobbit who might not know any of these things.ERM] Robert Baer--Laurence Janifer sounds a little confused or sumtin -- to know 1)an African Violet, 2) a spider, 3)a king's pawn opening, 4)the number 7, or 5) God, one must be that? How does man know woman and vice versa?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

useful of all is work which is 5 to 7.5 inches wide and very low for use in filling out pages or separating two items on the same page. Art 3.5 inches wide, or a little narrower, is particularly useful on the pages done in the two column format. If we go ahead with a contemplated offset section we will need art a little under 4.5 inches wide and under 10 inches wide.

GEORGETTE HEYER IS NOT

an evil abomination inflicted upon the sanity of mankind: she's worse! She is an epidemic.

UNKNOWN LIVES AND IS WELL IN ANALOG

I suppose that after 25 years the legend of Unknown is finally fading. It still has its admirers and collectors and the price of copies is forever going up (but that's true of all pulps), but you see little mention of it in fanzines. But those of us who possess a few copies generally prize them, and look upon the owners of complete sets with longing and envy. Many of the stories had been written with wit, and the magazine had a fine way of combining fantasy with a scientific viewpoint. Prime examples would be the Harold Shea stories by de Camp & Pratt, most of which were first published in Unknown. In fact, most of de Camp's best fiction originated there.

Up to a few years ago many fans daydreamed of seeing the magazine revived tho Campbell had often said that there isn't enough of a market for fantasy. Was it he who had written in Bretton's Modern Science Fiction, Its Meaning And Its Future, that while many people like fantasy they get it mixed up with fancy and don't think they do? This is, of course, what has kept Unk from a happy revival.

And yet...and yet...it does live today in the pages of Analog. Look, for instance, at the Hugo nominated story, The Alchemist, which had been published last year. In plot, viewpoint and everything else it is a perfect Unknown story. I guess some people did like it for it did get on the Hugo ballot, tho thank Ghu AND Roscoe that it didn't win! I for one hated it despite all this. It is all a matter of emphasis and the editorial flavor of the magazine in which it appears. Back then it was all a delightful what if game, but now Campbell wants us to BELIEVE! in all this. Oh, then too there were occasional editorials but these were short and merely tried to aid in the suspension of disbelief. These merely added to the fun and weren't meant to be taken seriously.

The inclusion of these stories in Analog points to a great expansion of the domain of SF. It used to be that SF was a branch of fantasy, but today exactly the opposite is true. By using PSI talents to explain things, every kind of fantasy story, except for the ghost story, can be considered as SF. And to some extent this has spoiled straight fantasy. I first read Tolkien at about the time the Mark Phillips disasters were running in Analog, and they had gotten me so used to thinking in terms of "super powers" that I kept expecting Gandalf to say a magic word and fly away, dissolve the orcs into a mess of strawberry jam or something like that.

Fantasy is growing in popularity today, and just recently Fred Pohl announced that Galaxy will get a new all-fantasy companion magazine. (Title not yet picked, Lester del Rey editor, first issue scheduled for this summer). If the trend continues and if JWC should want it, I suppose Conde Nast might let him take a fling at Unknown Worlds again. I wonder what the magazine would be like today. It certainly would not be the Unk we knew and loved for both JWC and the whole field have changed since 1943. I wonder whether we would like the results of such a calling back from beyond the grave or would regard it as some horrible living-undead travesty of its former self.

HEIDELBERG IN 701 BOSTON IN 711

The fans in Frankfurt are bidding for the 1970 World SF

Convention and plan to hold it in Heidelberg if suitable hotel arrangements can be made. The London convention in 1965 was a lot of fun and I think the time is right for another overseas Worldcon. This bid has the support of all German fandom, and a lot of support elsewhere on the continent and in England. I visited both Heidelberg and Frankfurt when I was in Europe in '65 and either would make an excellent convention city. Heidelberg is a charming old town with an interesting castle overlooking it and is the seat of the famous university, while Frankfurt is a modern steel and glass city which was digging a subway system in '65. It is convenient to the hundreds of interesting castles along the Rhine.

On the part of some American fans there has been needless worry about a language barrier. The con will be bi-lingual, not only for our benefit and that of the British fan, but because English is better known than German among Scandinavian fan.

To most fans the parties and bull sessions are far more important than the formal sessions of the con. Well, this will be a marvelous opportunity for meeting countless new fan and renewing acquaintances with several traveling giants and TAFF winners. And don't worry about the language, then, either. I was at the small local Frankfurt convention in 1965 and found that most of the German fan spoke English and were interested in using it to communicate with the half dozen or so English-speaking fan present.

When London asked for a Worldcon in '57 and '65 they were given it with no real competition. Now many European fans are saying that they should have a periodical Worldcon by right, not as a condescending gift. I agree with this, but feel that if they want equality they must also be prepared to compete and sometimes even lose a bid. (Everyone has to face that possibility--look at LA for instance. They had the support of all the vocal parts of fandom and were virtually assured of a victory, but the Bay Area won in the actual balloting, and by a wide margin too.) Thus they can't complain about the bid some Baltimore fans are making to hold the 1970 convention in Bermuda. Tho this is most emphatically against the spirit of the new rotation plan, it is presumably within the letter of the law and nothing can or should be done to stop them. I will vote for Heidelberg, and this will give me another reason to vote against Baltimore and for Boston in 1971, but that is a matter of personal preference.

George Raybin and some other fans are unhappy that a new rotation plan was approved in NYC last year, saying it is premature, and intend to push for a repeal next year. I am strongly opposed to an outright repeal and think that we should wait a few years before further modifying the new system.

First of all, if we are going to call it a World Convention it should leave the US on a regular basis. Also, every year international travel will be easier, especially with the coming of the SST for the wealthy and the jumbo liners for the others. (The DC 10 will carry 250 people, the 747 500, and the L-500 over 800!) The trans-Pacific airfares should eventually fall so that Australia and Japan could consider putting in a bid, in 1982 if not earlier. There will always be some fans who can't make an overseas worldcon, but that is true today even for purely domestic cons. Some on the West Coast couldn't get to NYCon, and some on the EC won't be able to make the BACon. But for these there are local conventions such as the Lunacon, Midwestcon, Westercon and Philicon. Also, it would be horrible to take away the 4th zone before it was used even once. No, the new rotation plan must not be repealed.

As for modifying it, I will listen to the arguments but do feel it should be given a fair trial first. For a while at least, the only bids will come from Europe and as long as this remains the case the current rotation plan is the best possible one. The con moves from West to Midwest to Europe to East to West. Thus several representatives from each European bidding committee must travel to the Midwest to put in their bid, and several members of each Eastern bidding committee must travel to Europe. But were it any other way one of the bidding committees would not only have to cross the ocean but also cross the entire North American continent. The Eastern committee going to Europe is about equivalent to the Western committee coming east.

Admittedly an ocean crossing is different from a trip across the continent -- you can't arrange a car pool! For this reason it

has been suggested that overseas cons be made every FIFTH year. Then the disadvantage of having to make an oceanic crossing would be suffered by all zones in turn. I have my doubts about this, as you can see from the last paragraph, but want to listen to further argument on this point. But let's leave things along at least until 1971!

The above sentiments are mine alone, and aren't necessarily shared by anyone else on NIEKO multitudinous staff. Felice, for one, wouldn't allow herself to be listed as supporting the Heidelberg bid tho as far as I know she ain't agin it either. It is probably due to her desire to never get involved in fannish issues, especially since she never gets to any con outside of California.

I JOINED THE LAND POOR

In July when I bought a house in New Hampshire. Last issue I had said that I was looking for quarters larger than my 1.5 room apartment, but I hadn't dreamed I'd go this far. I am quite pleased with the place tho it certainly isn't perfect. It's a 4 room house only a mile out of Center Harbor and 4 miles from the school. The place is about 50 years old but in good condition with good insulation and a new well & heating system.

The house is on the main highway from Center Harbor to Moultonboro and is actually inside the "boro limits. I still get my mail thru CH for I'm closer to that village, but because I am over the line in Carrol rather than Belknap County the taxes are lower. Mboro, like most of the towns in the area, plows your driveway if you pay the nominal fee of \$10 a year, which is a very good thing with my long driveway. The house is well back from the road, has a separate garage, and there is an old chicken coop behind it which I use for storing firewood. There are almost two acres of woodland on my lot.

The house is L shaped, with the main part of the L being parallel to the road. This contains the bedroom & living room, while the foot of the L has the study, kitchen & john. The living room is of decent proportions (15 x 25 ft) and has a fireplace which warms my pyromaniacal heart. I am unhappy that the house has base-board heaters for that makes the placing of book-cases very difficult. Another bad feature is that the bedroom & john are at opposite ends of the house.

I've already built or brought up from NYC several book-cases and now have about half my books easily accessible. I'm not sure how I'll be able to get any more bookcases into the place unless I use the large unheated storage shed (which is at least accessible from inside the house) or add a wing to the place!

If I were someone who wrote as entertainingly as Bjo I'd now sketch a floorplan of the house, indicate what furniture I've acquired, the colors of the various rooms, my plans to improve the place, etc, but I'll quit here and not bore you with my pedantic style.

HELP!

As I get settled and take various things out of storage I keep finding I'm missing things. Some I figure I lent out and never retrieved (like my copies of Hal Clement's *Iceworld* and *Mission of Gravity*) while I lost others (a copy of Brad Day's checklist of all published prozines, with all sorts of cryptic marks in it--I know I forgot & left it at SOMEONE's home shortly before I left California). And some things have just mysteriously disappeared, like the color kits for my Gestner. Felice & Jerry Jakes say they shipped them east with the G itself, while the Browns say it never arrived. Do you suppose it ended up in the 25th Chorp dimension? Anyhow, if anyone has any clues about the location of these or other items of mine I'd appreciate it if you'd let me know.

MORE ON HUGOS & SUCH

Bill Donaho asked that I distribute a nomination ballot with NIEKAS. This is a good place to thank all of you who did

vote for NIEKAS last year. Felice & I are very grateful. But because NIEKAS has recently picked up several hundred new subscribers in the last few months, most of whom know little of fandom, I had best say a few things. The Hugo is an indication of long term achievement, and not really an indication of the best of that one year. Thus no fanzine has EVER gotten a Hugo 2 years running, and only one fanzine has ever received two Hugos. Also, the long-time fans get very unhappy when the large non-fannish readership of one particular fanzine swamps the voting. For this reason I ask the new NIEKAS readers NOT to vote for NIEKAS -- or TOLKIEN JOURNAL for that matter. And if you join the convention and vote on the final ballot, don't vote in any category unless you are familiar with at least half the nominees.

At NYCON Norm Metcalf had congratulated me on "buying the Hugo". Thinking about it, he was right. Had I cut work & expenses by limiting it to a small readership we never would have gotten it. Consider LIGHHOUSE, a really superb fanzine. Terry Carr is a very talented editor, gets good material, and writes editorials which make those in NIEKAS look sick. On the other hand Terry has never taken adds or looked for subscribers in other ways and there are few effective fanzine review columns today so I would guess his mailing list is quite small. Only once or twice has a limited circulation publication taken the Hugo, and with a larger number of people voting today I doubt one ever will again.

One fanzine that did win a Hugo but deserves another is AMRA. And the only reason it hasn't gotten one is because George Scithers has been on every convention committee since 1963 and it hasn't been eligible. It must be satisfying to publish such a great magazine as to know that were it to become eligible it would get another award with no competition whatsoever--better than actually HAVING a half dozen awards!

VIETNAM

No, this won't be a tirade on either side of the question... simply because I'm too wishy-washy to ever make up my mind on it. But I was momentarily surprised to see JWCampbell's name included in the add in support of the war in a recent R&SF. The situation strikes me as exactly parallel to that of his favorite type of story... alien invaders conquering earth and being confused and befuddled by clever earthmen. See Burkett's *Sleeping Planet* or any of a dozen E F Russell stories like *Wasp*. But then inconsistency has never bothered JWC. Tony Lewis reports Campbell speaking at a MIT SFS meeting a while back & then joining the members for dinner at a Chinese restaurant. He kept raving about scientists not wanting to try anything new, but refused to eat anything other than fried rice because he knew he wouldn't like it.

FANDOM IS LOSING ITS MYTHOLOGY

The appearance of a Ballard Chronicles in the latest FAPA mailing and Phil Harrell's letter in *Ginčas* have started me thinking. You rarely see things like *The Enchanted Duplicator*, *The BNF of LZ*, *My Fair Femfan*, etc these days. I think the Ballard Chronicles was the first new thing along these lines in several years, unless it's still being done in SAPS. QUIP is doing a fair job of trying to retain some of the old fannish spirit in fandom--sort of fandom for the fun of it and for its own sake. Writers still try to pull Tuckerisms--see Lin Carter's letter this--but the fans turned editor seem to frown on this and censor it out. Fanspeak, except for a few abbreviations like corfly, FAPA, etc, is dead. Do you ever hear the old ingroup jokes any more?

I am glad to see Dick Eney is working on a new *Fancylopedia*. Maybe this will help bring some of the old traditions back.

PLEASE NOTE

Copies of this issue will be mailed out over a 4 week or so period because of the large number of new subs, so someone getting his long before you doesn't mean you were forgotten.

the last word

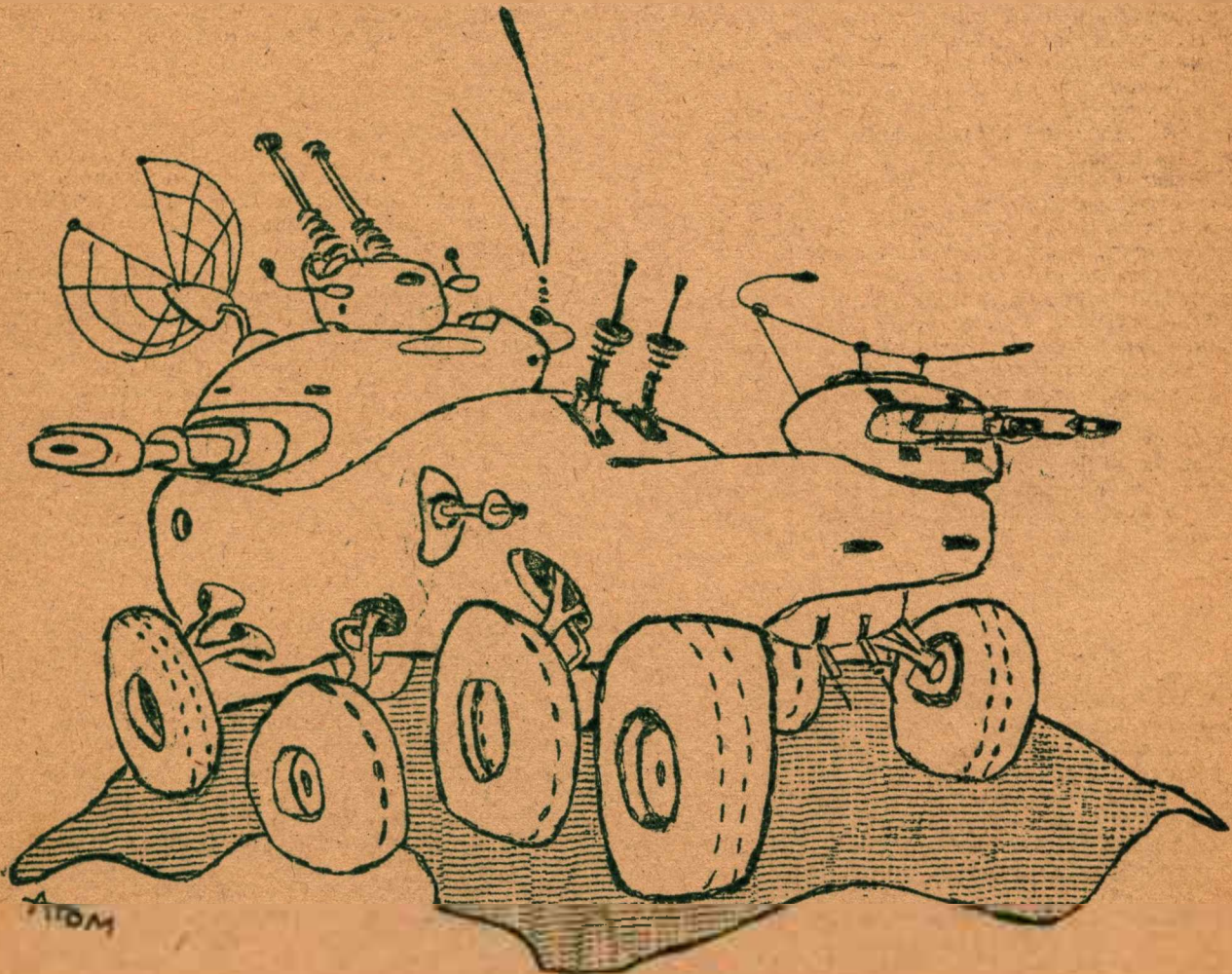
charlie brown

Having Ed Meskys as a close friend can have serious repercussions.

I like Tolkien, but am not an avid fan. I get bored by long serious discussions on the politics of Middle Earth, the reading of Elvish writing or any other things of that nature. I'm not a member of the Tolkien Society and have no interest in becoming one. Nevertheless, I've become involved. Ed called me from New Hampshire and asked me to get a room for the Tolkien Society meeting. I called various places, ran around for two days, and finally rented a very nice room in the Hotel Picadilly.

Ed needed a panel on related fiction for the meeting. He recruited my wife. Ed needed a slide projector for the meeting. He recruited my slide projector. Ed needed someone to help with registration. He recruited my sister-in-law. Ed needed someone to help set everything up, help carry large loads of things, help solve minor problems, help run off extra copies of the last Neikas, and run the slide projector. He recruited me.

The hours before the meeting were pretty hectic. Ed was running off the program in the back room. I had just run off some more copies of the last Neikas. Marsha was making



sandwiches for us because there wasn't time for dinner. Sheila was collating copies of the Tolkien Journal with a 'how did I ever get involved' expression on her face. Cory Seidman sneakily got out of doing anything by arriving just when it was time to leave.

At the meeting I ran around helping set things up. I lugged in a couple of cases of cider which were destined to haunt me for the rest of the weekend. Ed didn't have any idea of what the attendance would be so he went overboard on the refreshments. There was cider and seedcake at every one of the weekend parties. The seedcake had a strange flavor which I couldn't figure out until someone mentioned that all it needed was some corned beef in the middle to make it complete.

A lovely young girl reporter from the Village Voice showed up at the meeting and threw me completely off guard by asking if she had met me before. When I got through telling her the story of my life we decided that we hadn't met before but had some mutual acquaintances. She asked several questions about the Tolkien Society and fandom in general. She seemed more interested in science fiction than in Tolkien. There was also a reporter from Chestah magazine -- female, young, mini-dressed, pettermed stockings. She took copious notes and asked me a lot of questions. She wasn't interested in the story of my life though.

I met and talked with W.H. Auden for a while. A fascinating man with an explosive personality who seemed interested in just about everything. He read a long Tolkien poem and made some comments on the Tolkien inspired artwork we showed.

The panel was composed of Dainis Bisenieks, Marsha Brown, Lin Carter and John Closson. It turned out to be a general survey of fantasy literature with just about all of the modern sword and sorcery, imaginary world and children's fantasy books being included. It was the high point of the meeting. I understand that both Baird Searles and John Boardman gave interesting talks on Tolkien topics. We left early in order to get to the Fanoclasts pre-pre New Year's Eve party.

The above was written early in January and was supposed to continue telling about the various New Years parties in the same jocular vein. I have notes and even a rough outline but I can't write it now. Ron Ellik, who was staying with us that weekend, was killed in an auto accident on January 27. The remembrance of his last visit has become too bitter-sweet and personal to ever try and put down on paper. What can one say when a close friend dies at the age of 29? It's difficult to say anything - but it's even harder to say nothing at all. Ron will be remembered around fandom as a TAFF winner, a Hugo winner, a fan writer, and a familiar figure at conventions and parties. To us he's the guy who, even though we were only casual friends at the time, put us up at his place the week before the Pacificon. Two months later he came to New York and stayed with us. Then came the joy of shared adventures and memories: gourmet meals in restaurants and at home, wine tasting, trips to the World's Fair, small quiet parties, the crazy day we organized New York-Los Angeles Food Fandom and, especially, long talks far into the night. Ron helped make the last 3 years the most joyous of our lives. We miss him very much.



NIEKAS