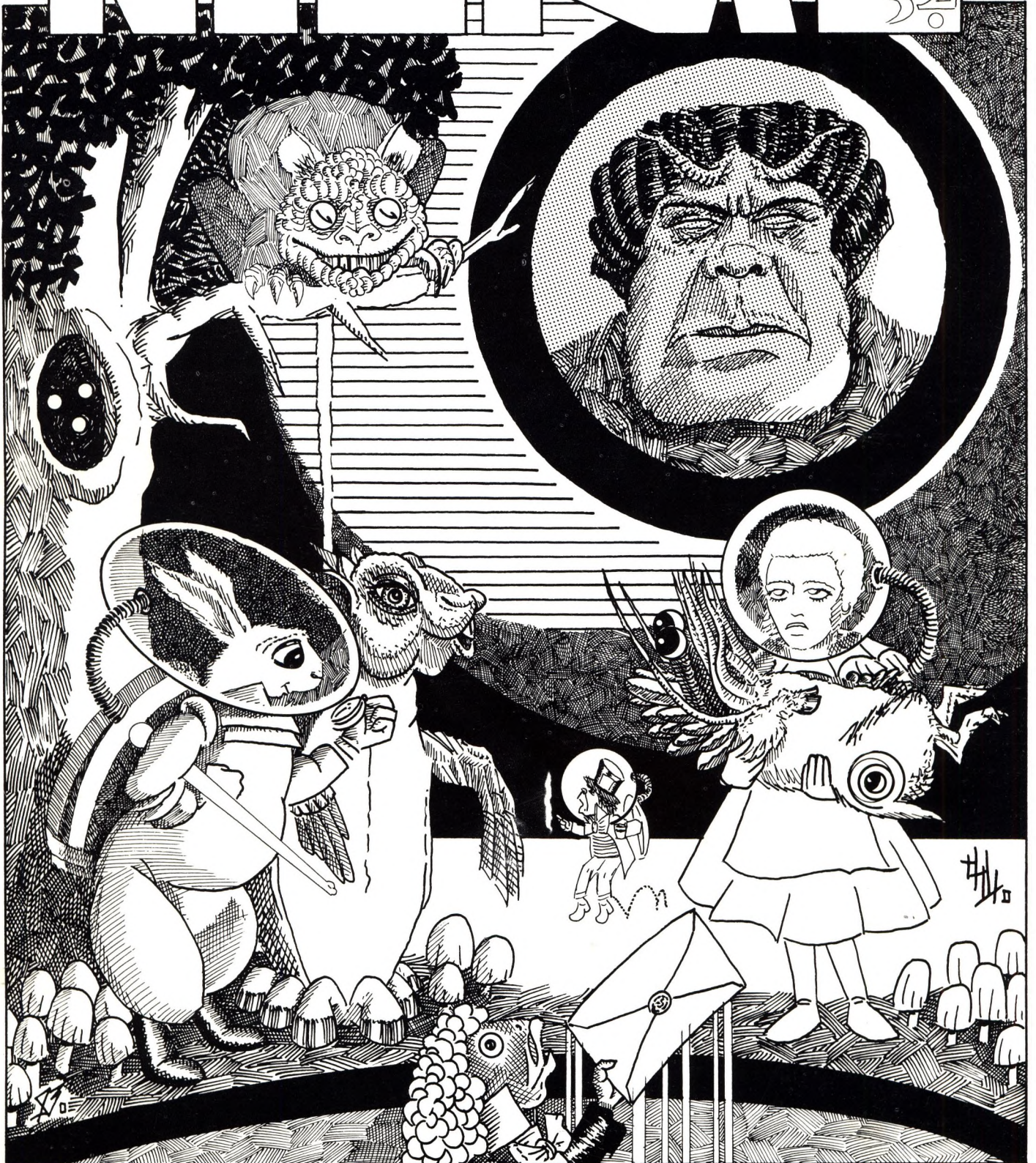


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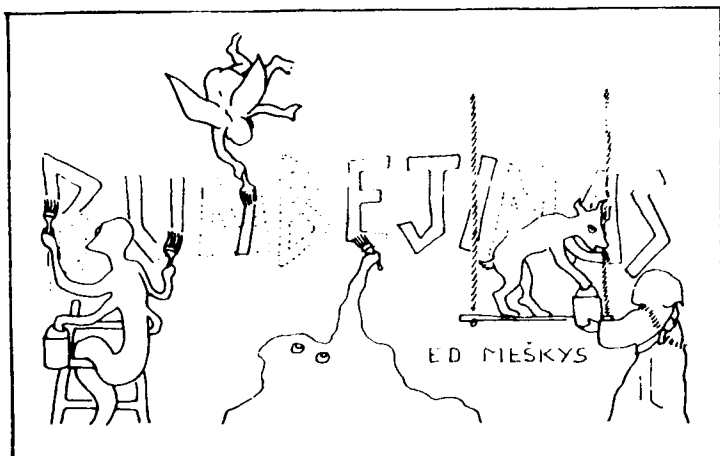
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Last month I heard of the deaths of two friends, one recent and the other occurring some time ago. I read about Alva Rogers in LOCUS and SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE and heard about Mark Walsted from Scott Green.

I first met Alva Rogers when I moved to the San Francisco Bay Area in June of 1962. He was active in both local clubs, the Little Men (actually the Elves, Gnomes and Little Men's Science Fiction Marching and Chowder Society, the name taken from a World War II comic strip) and the GuGFuSS (Golden Gate Futurian Society) and often hosted meetings of both in his home. He had been active in the Los Angeles fandom in the 1940's and had recently returned to activity. At this time he published the fanzine BIXEL for FAPA and was a major contributor to Bill Donaho's fanzine HABAKKUK.

In the 1940's Alva lived for a time on Bixel Street, hence the title for his FAPazine. In the fanzine he reminisced about the old days in LA. I especially remember one piece about the denizens of a nearby house which included L Ron Hubbard and one or more disciples of Aleister Crowley. Since BIXEL had such a limited circulation and so few people saw this fascinating piece I had been planning to ask Alva for permission to reprint it in NIEKAS. I would still like to reprint this and some other pieces by Alva and have to see if there is an executor of his estate.

When John W Campbell Jr. changed the name of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION to ANALOG SCIENCE FACT-SCIENCE FICTION around 1960 Alva wrote a book length article A REQUIEM FOR

ASTOUNDING which ran serially in HABAKKUK. This was an issue by issue reminiscence of the magazine, celebrating what the magazine had been. It was a grand article which Advent Press later published in book form. He later wrote a much shorter piece about Campbell's shortlived companion to ASTOUNDING, UNKNOWN (later UNKNOWN WORLDS), "A Requiem for UNKNOWN". As far as I know, the latter was never reprinted.

Alva also wrote a critique of F Towner Laney's AH, SWEET IDIOCY, Dick Eney included IDIOCY in his monumental anthology A SENSE OF FAPA and I have bound into my copy Alva's critique. IDIOCY had originally appeared in FAPA and represented Laney's memoirs when he became disillusioned with fandom. SENSE OF FAPA was a 400 page anthology of material taken from the first 99 mailings of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and was a postmailing of the 100th.

As an aside, I was crogged to hear two active fanzine fans at Chicon wondering who this Dick Eney was that the Los Angeles in 1984 Worldcon Committee had selected as a Fan Guest of Honor. How fleeting is fame.

Alva was a man of many accomplishments. He cochaired the 1964 and 1968 Worldcons and several Westercons. Recently he had been involved with the Penny Farthing Press and on its behalf worked with Walter Breen to edit, for publication, the latter's book on the Darkover stories.

While Alva never had any articles in NIEKAS, he did have his influence on the magazine. He had an article by Poul Anderson about Phil Dick's recently published MAN IN THE HIGH

CASTLE and an old alternate world book about a German dominated world, SWASTIKA NIGHT, which he couldn't use so he gave it to me for NIEKAS. I ran it in either #6 or #7 and gave a copy to Phil Dick who wrote a reply for NIEKAS #8. We met as a result of this and became good friends, and through the years a number of articles and letters from Phil have appeared in these pages.

Alva, his first wife Sidone, and one of their children lived in a beautiful modern house in Castro Valley, between Hayward and my town of Livermore. His immediate neighborhood was very hilly and the street he lived on described intricate three dimensional curves. During one meeting a friend wrote a beautiful prose poem describing the ambience of the party at Alva's house without naming the location. Diana Paxson drew an appropriate montage type illustration and was published around NIEKAS #13.

Alva suffered for NIEKAS also. In 1966 when I was already living in New Hampshire my co-editor, Felice Rolfe sent to the Worldcon in Cleveland by him, two suitcases full of back issues of NIEKAS. The airline carried these safely, but lost all of his personal luggage.

I met Mark Walsted a year before I met Alva. Mark and I were both graduate students in Physics and both had summer jobs in 1961 at the Goddard Institute for Space Studies. It was just a funny coincidence that just a few weeks before I met Mark I read an article about him by Terry Carr in the fanzine CRY OF THE NAMELESS (later simply CRY). Terry had met him when Mark was still living with his mother in Seattle and both had attended some meetings of the local club, The Nameless Ones. I don't remember the details but Terry had not liked Mark and wrote rather negatively.

The really funny coincidence is that exactly one year later Terry did a similar hatchet job on Jerry Kolden who had been on the fringes of comics prodom, and less so of SF prodom, in New York a decade earlier. Terry had met him some time later and again reminisces in a negative fashion. I met Jerry within a few weeks of starting work at the Lawrence Radiation Lab in Livermore (now called the Lawrence Livermore Lab) where he was in the technical illustration department. I remained friendly with Jerry while at the lab and he gave me advice on layout and printing for NIEKAS. I brought him to a few Little Men parties which he enjoyed but had too many concerns trying to raise a family and establish a side business of commercial illustration.

But back to Mark. He would never tell me his age, but he was considerably older than I was. He was working on his doctorate in Nuclear Physics at the University of Maryland, but during the next year or two he got bogged down on his thesis and never finished. About the same time I got burned out and never finished my doctorate, either.

He was a great admirer of Hannes Bok who lived near the NASA center in Manhattan and visited him on a number of occasions. He bought from Hannes several very nice paintings which he showed to me. He explained that Hannes was reclusive and didn't like visitors, so, since I had no compelling desire to meet him and had nothing to say to him I never asked Mark to bring me along.

That summer Robert Heinlein's *STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND* was first published and I bought a copy hot off the presses at NY's original SF book store, Stephen's Book Service. I was disappointed in the book for I found it too preachy, but when I was done with it I lent it to Mark who was captivated with the book and read it six times that summer. In those days SF was rarely reviewed in the mundane press but the regular daily reviews in the New York Times demolished the book, mostly for being too pretentious, and comparing it very unfavorably with Voltaire's *MICROCOSMOS*. Mark was very upset with the review and wrote a rebuttal which he gave to me since I was publishing a very irregular fanzine called *POLHODE* and was working on the fourth issue, which never appeared.

I started the *NIEKAS* the following June as a personal comment fanzine for the Neffer's Amateur Press Alliance. By 1963 I realized that never would I publish the fourth *POLHODE* so I started using up the accumulated materials in *NIEKAS*. I believe that Mark's piece, along with the original review, appeared in #4. It was probably the first outside article that I ran in *NIEKAS*... that is, the first article by someone other than myself.

Mark and I occasionally corresponded while I was living in California and in 1964 he sent me an article for *NIEKAS* surveying the field of children's fantasy. It was a rambling piece which needed a little editorial tightening. I knew Ruth Berman and another Little Men member, Al Levy, had a strong interest in children's books so I asked them if they would like to add to Mark's article, and Diana if she would like to illustrate it. They made a number of additions and comments which were added to the

text and identified as by them, and the whole piece was run under three bylines. Mark was pretty negative on religion, especially Christianity, and he made some remarks about Lewis' Narnia books being pretty good except for the Christian material in them. This aroused quite a bit of comment in the letter column for several issues. Several people wrote in describing their favorite children's fantasy books and for a while this became a regular feature of *NIEKAS*. Marsha Jones, then Brown, made a regular column of this and "Buttercup Wars" is a descendant of this column.

When I moved to New Hampshire in January of 1966 Mark was living in Providence Rhode Island and teaching at a Catholic College. At that time the only fan activity around was the MIT SF Society which had a lot of non-student members. They had one



hour long business meetings which were very funny. After that the members would congregate in the MITSFS library and eventually go to House of Roy for a Chinese dinner. I drove down about once a month for meetings and often saw Mark there.

While driving to New York for long weekends or short vacations I would often go by way of Providence, stopping overnight at Mark's. I spent summer vacations with my parents in New York and he came down to visit several times.

He was powerfully attracted by John Myers Myers' *SILVERLOCK* and, like so many others, tried compiling a directory of all the references in that book. I was looking for something to run in *NIEKAS* after I finished Bob Foster's *GLOSSARY OF MIDDLE EARTH* (published in book form as *GUIDE TO MIDDLE EARTH*) and took Mark's first draft. I made two copies and circulated them among others to fill in more of the blanks. I know both Diana Paxson and Anne Braude had annotated copies. Then I met Lucy Weed a secretary who lived in NY who was a fantasy fan and a semi-professional opera singer. She

was going to make more additions and retype the manuscript combining entries from the two copies. On the mean time *NIEKAS* became temporarily suspended and I didn't pursue the matter.

When Sherwood and I revived *NIEKAS* in 1977, with Margaret Shepard and others, Mark proposed working on the *SILVERLOCK* glossary again. I phoned Lucy to find out what had become of the original manuscript and she said it had been in her desk at a summer camp at which she worked, and had remained there for many years. About a year earlier a can of oil had spilled on her desk and seeped inside, totally soaking all the papers, including the *SILVERLOCK* manuscript. She said that both copies had been ruined and had to be thrown out.

Back in the late 60's Mark's contract had not been renewed, probably because they didn't want to give tenure to a man without a PhD. He decided to make one more try for his PhD and enrolled in the University of Rhode Island in Kingston. I saw or heard little of him until about 1975. He had a job interview at Keene State College in Southern New Hampshire and phoned suggesting that he drive up here the previous night and go to Keene in the morning. Unfortunately Keene was so located that it was closer to Rhode Island than to me. He seemed to want to come up and visit anyway but it just didn't work out. He did not get the job.

I ran into him at the First World Fantasy Con in Providence Halloween weekend of 1975. He had finished his doctorate and was looking for work. Unfortunately that was a time of surplus and many a PhD was out of work. He was doing a little rare book dealing. He was also trying to break into writing and read me a half hour excerpt from one of his novels. It sounded very good, but he had not succeeded in marketing any of them.

The next and last time that I saw Mark was at the February of 1977 Boskone. He was still unemployed and living on welfare. He was trying to supplement that with a bit by finding valuable books at flea markets and selling them for their real value. He had had a heart attack but seemed to have recovered. Sherwood, Margaret, Rafe and I had just put out *NIEKAS* #21, the first issue in eight years, and he proposed writing again for us.

Another three years went by between *NIEKU* and when #22 came out I sent him a postcard asking for a confirmation of address so that I could send him a copy. He did not answer, but the PO did not return the card either.

In the fall of 1982 World Fantasy Con in New Haven I asked Elliot Shorter and Faye Ringel if they knew anything about Mark since they had Merlin's Closet bookstore in Providence. They didn't, but Scott Green overheard the question and said that Mark had died of a heart attack quite some time ago. I have to ask Scott how he knew of this. I feel sad about not having tried to follow up earlier.

SAINTS IN ORBIT

The following is an excerpt from an article in AMERICA magazine for October 9th, 1982. I present it here in view of the discussion in NIEKAS 25 and 26 of a patron saint for science fiction. Here is another candidate, or perhaps a patron saint for astronauts?

A Patron Saint for Dark Times

In Rome on October 10th Pope John Paul II will preside over the canonization of Maximilian Kolbe the Franciscan priest whom the Pope once proposed as the patron of a difficult century. The new saint certainly is a providential candidate for that title because the circumstances of his life have linked him with both Nagasaki and Auschwitz, places that will forever stand for two of this century's immeasurable iniquities.

The Nazi invaders of Poland sent Fr. Kolbe to the Auschwitz concentration camp in 1941 precisely because he was no ordinary priest.

He had been born on January 8th 1894 in a village near Lobs in central Poland and Christened Raymond. But when he entered the conventional Franciscans in 1910 he was given the name Maximilian. Because he was a gifted student he was sent to Rome for studies and while taking doctorates in both Philosophy and Theology he found time to write a scientific article about space travel and to sketch rocket designs. He was ordained in Rome in 1918 and also contracted tuberculosis there....

I am most curious about these designs. Did they precede Tsiolkovsky? Or was he inspired by reading Tsiolkovsky? How good were his own writings? Rafe Folh-Pi? Harry Andrushak? Any other space enthusiasts out there who could fill in more details?

CHILDREN OF THE FLU

In the late '40's an author named ...William Shiras?...wrote a series of three stories which were later collected into, or rewritten as CHILDREN OF THE ATOM. I read the

three original stories, but not the book. They were about orphans who have super-intelligences because of a nuclear accident that affected their parents, and in the stories the children struggle to learn their abilities and contact each other. A new series is now appearing in ANALOG, "Emergence" in the Jan. '81 issue, and "Seeking" in the Feb. '83 issue. Here the children have superior intelligence and resistance to disease because of a mutation caused by a flu epidemic some 70 years ago. In "Biolog" it is mentioned that the author plans to write more stories in the series, and then rewrite them into a novel. The intelligence is very well handled in the stories, but the super-immunity to all human disease does not ring true to me.

At the end of the second story the 11 year old heroine has finally found a second mutant a year or two older than herself who had survived biological warfare which wiped out all "normal" human beings. There are hints that many others have gone off somewhere, but thus far she has no clue as to where. I guess the series will end when she gets her answers.

CHILDREN OF THE ATOM was very popular with readers and topped the Ann Lab in ASTOUNDING, and the new series seems to be doing the same. The stories are very enjoyable and gripping. Is there some sort of psychological appeal to stories of superkids, or is it just that both Shiras and Palmer are exceptionally good writers?

CLOTHING MAKES THE MAN.

Does anyone out there know anything about Barrington J. Bayley? There are now so many new authors whose names I do not recognise. I just read his THE GARMENTS OF CAEAN and found it very interesting. The Library of Congress recorded it on talking books tapes a few years ago and mentioned that it was published in 1976 and has 189 pages, but they neglected to mention who published it. The library tends to record strange books by even stranger writers, like Doris Lessing, who knows nothing of the field. I was afraid that this might be one such book, and was pleasantly surprised.

The author must have started with the saying "the clothing makes the man" and played around with the idea of this being literally true. The story is set in the far future with interstellar commerce. The group of worlds around Caeon have made a fetish of exquisite clothing which is illegal in the neighboring cluster. The hero gets involved in

a plan to rescue cargo of a wrecked Caeon freighter full of clothing and sell them on the black market of his own world. He keeps out, for himself the best suit of all which totally changes his personality, and eventually takes him over. Given a few very unlikely assumptions, like a planet having life forms which attack with subsonic vibrations that can shatter anything, everything else falls into place marvelously. I would say that the infra-sound planet is the only real whopper, and it is a minor element in the plot. Another minor element is a planet full of flies and my first thought was "come on now!" What would they live on? But even this was explained. Other interesting elements in the story were a lost solar system colonised originally by Russians and Japanese who modified their bodies to survive in the inhospitable system, and plant life with a passive intelligence which could telepathically manipulate any form of animal life, including insects and men.

Anyhow, I have to compliment the author. He did a beautiful job of wrapping everything up and explaining it all in the end. I am looking forward to seeing more books by this author, if they are all as good. Any recommendations out there in NIEKASland?



HEINLEIN HAS SHEA'S NUMBER

I finally read Heinlein's THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST which was just put on talking book cassettes by the Library of Congress. This strikes me as the ultimate Harold Shea (alternate time line) story.

A while back I had talked in Bumbejimas about the Harold Shea stories of L Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt, and wondered whether these were the first to formulate

the concept that magic had its rules just like science, and magicians would be just as limited by these as we are by gravity or the intensity of radio waves falling off with the inverse square of distance. The idea behind all of Harold Shea's adventures was that literature and legend are resonances of other worlds or universes, and their laws of nature are different from those in ours. One can visit these other worlds by bringing one's own mind into tune with these different laws.

In three of the five completed adventures Shea visited the mythologies of the Norse, the Finns, and the Irish, and was supposed to visit the Persians in his next adventure. The other two were set in literature... those of ORLANDO FURIOSO and Spenser's FAERIE QUEENE.

John Myers Myers did Shea one better. He had his hero, Silverlock, land on a small continent, the Commonwealth, inhabited by characters from all literature and mythology, including modern fiction in a section called 'The New Purchase'. Poul Anderson, in MIDSUMMER TEMPEST, came up with a land in which all of Shakespeare's plays, every anachronism and bit of fantasy, are exact history. In another nice twist the hero, when stressed beyond endurance, has respite in a tavern between the worlds, the Phoenix. There he meets a number of characters from other books, including several of Anderson's.

Well, Heinlein has done the ultimate story of this sub-genre with THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.

It is like the time he wrote the ultimate time paradox story 'By His Bootstraps', and later outdid himself with 'All You Zombies'.

NUMBER has four principal characters: a father/scientist/engineer, his computer programming daughter, and their newly acquired spouses. The book is made up of many short chapters, and each is told from the viewpoint of one of the characters. Towards the end of the book, though, a few other viewpoints are introduced.

Professor Burroughs invented a mechanical device to allow him to rotate between and travel along any of six dimensions, three space and three time. As he explores the capabilities of the machines he first finds that it will travel between parallel time lines, first only a tiny bit different from our own, and later drastically different. This, of course, is another old tradition of SF... started by Murray Leinster with SIDEWAYS IN TIME some four decades ago in our ghetto, and

Heinlein

going back before that with mainstream stories about worlds where the South won the Civil War. Phil Dick's MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE is a masterpiece of this sub-genre.

As they explore further they find worlds that begin to differ physically from ours. They spend a good bit of time in one time-line where Mars has a breathable atmosphere and different parts were colonised by British and Russian empires, and in which there is no United States. In this time-line the rocket was never developed and solar sails are used for interplanetary flight.

Then they started to explore the worlds of myth and fiction. While Harold Shea only went to the worlds of well established classics like Spenser's FAERIE QUEENE this foursome went to worlds of modern fantasy, such as Oz. There were some very nice touches in this sequence. It is, of course, the sexless world of a child, and our protagonists realise they will have to leave when they learn that if they stay the two women, now pregnant, will never come to term and deliver their children. It is a world of eternal youth and stasis. It is a pleasant counterpart to the very spooky sexless world that the characters in Phil Dick's EYE IN THE SKY visited.

Now comes the controversial part of the novel. The foursome meets Lazarus Long from Heinlein's own Future History series, at about the point in his career where TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE ends and help him rescue his mother from an apparently fatal car accident in the 1980s. The finale of the book is a great convention brought together by Lazarus Long and attended by almost every imaginable character from almost every world of fantasy, as well as authors and even fans. While Charlie Brown is not mentioned as present himself, there are representatives from LOCUS covering the convention.

There were quite a few nice little bits in this last scene. When Lazarus is talking to the foursome he refers to "both Heinleins" as present but offers no additional explanation. Are these two different Robert Heinleins from two different time-lines? Or is one the writer we

know and the other from a later generation? Many people are identified only by their first names and you have to be quite knowledgeable in the field to know who he is talking about. I am sure I missed quite a few of his references myself. At one point there is a reference to "Isaac, Arthur and Bob", so I immediately guessed Isaac Asimov, Arthur Clarke and Robert Heinlein... but it turned out to be Isaac Newton, the dragon from Heinlein's juvenile BETWEEN PLANETS and Arthur Conan Doyle. Bob is never identified.

It is fun to try to pick out the references in this section... some thing like Buck Coulson and Gene deWeese's two mysteries set at SF conventions, NOW YOU SEE IT/HIM/THEM and CHARLES FORT NEVER MENTIONED WOMBATS, or the references in SILVERLOCK. And Myers, like Heinlein, had references to his own books

Con attendees were given color coded badges to identify their time-lines. Jubal Harshaw of STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND and Lazarus Long get into a discussion with the registrar about this, and he helps them sort out the differences between their time-lines. They diverged about 1962, but the key event is not elaborated on. In Long's time-line there were six different Kennedys in a row between 1960 and 1984 when the "Nehemiah Scudder Interregnum" took place. It is obvious that Long's timeline diverged from ours even earlier. THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON precludes JFK's Apollo Project and perhaps even Eisenhower's Vanguard. And didn't cheap solar power precede the trip to the moon in the future history? And I wonder who the six Kennedys were? Were they JFK, Robert and Ted? Was Joe Jr. not killed in WW II? And what of the others? Later generations? Relatives? Unrelated coincidences? Was JFK assassinated here too? Then a brother would have been vice-president.

Isaac Newton the Dragon mentioned being a penpal of Wogglebug from Oz. Was this established only during the time of the last few pages of NUMBER or did they already have a way to communicate across time-lines?

Most of the objections I have seen were to the blending of admitted fiction of other stories with the supposed reality of this story. Pratt and deCamp were never criticised for doing it in the Harold Shea stories, nor was John Myers Myers for doing it in SILVERLOCK. In fact, as I said, he even inserted characters from his own stories. I just do not see the point of the criticism. One speaker at the convention made a very good

point... who is more real, Shakespeare or Hamlet? John Carter or Edgar Rice Burroughs? Heinlein has played wonderful games here with the nature of reality, as he did with the nature of time in 'All You Zombies'. Hnnnnnn, I remember reading a children's book in the late 60s which Marsha Jones lent to me. I do not remember details, but one or more children are washed up on the shore of a floating island which is identified as the scene of Shakespeare's TEMPEST, and they meet characters from famous children's books, including a few Hobbits. It was a sort of juvenile version of SILVERLOCK. Anyone out there know what book I am talking about? I think Marsha mentioned it briefly in one of her last columns in the old NIEKAS, but I have no way of checking it out.

One quibble about the convention. One part of it was a tournament of the Society for Creative Anachronism featuring jousting on special horses provided by the committee. While the fighting members of the SCA are skilled at fighting in armor with broadsword and shield they have never had the opportunity to develop skills at equestrian fighting. Unless they were taken out of time and given several months to develop their skills they simply could not have fought in this manner. Also, I've only been on the fringes of the SCA and never learned the personal names members have taken. When Poul Anderson was active did he fight under the name of Hogler? This is implied in the one joust that occurred onstage.

Now I want to discuss the aspect of the book which did bother me, the turns of the plot which motivated the characters to action. Professor Burroughs specializes in six dimensional geometry and even before he applied it to develop his own syllogismobile, to use Harold Shea's name for it, unknown agent or agents tried to discourage him by totally discrediting his work in academic circles. Then the mysterious aliens take drastic action, bombing his car and home, thus starting the foursome on their course of action and providing the motivation for most of the moves taken by them. After a hasty double marriage they retreat to Burroughs' secret hideout in Zeb Carter's specially equipped personal vehicle. This is like an aerospace plane that the airforce was dreaming of 15 years ago. . a small airplane capable of going into orbit but not into deep space.

They install in Zeb's flyer (which has a talking computer auto pilot which answers to the name of Gay Deceiver) Burrough's prototype

six dimensional translator. With this they can rotate or translate through the six dimensions and the machine is in effect an instantaneous space drive when used in the three physical dimensions. If instead of orienting time along the T axis they orient along the Tau or Tev axes, alternate and imaginary worlds, they can spend any amount of time and return to the instant they left. Eventually they move back and forth along the T axis and the flyer becomes a time machine also. While they are visiting OZ the good witch increases the intelligence of Gay Deceiver to a full personality and adds some magical space to the flyer, including some rest rooms so that it is far larger inside than out. Anyhow, they learn how to use the flyer and increase its capabilities throughout the book.

While working in the hideaway they are attacked by a seeming human which they kill and discover to be a disguised alien. By reasoning back from remembered incidents they deduce that a math professor also at the party with which the book opened and who had been a long time bane of Burrough's was also such an alien. In the meantime they learn that Zeb's brother, whom Burroughs mistook Zeb for, and who was one of the few people in the world who could understand six dimensional geometry, had died under mysterious circumstances. They flee in the doctored Gay Deceiver to another time-line just before a nuclear device destroys the hideaway.

They find that in the time-line with the habitable Mars colonized by the British and Russians, that there are native Martians with an IQ of about 25, who are used as slaves by the British and which have the physical appearance of their tormentors. The heroes have a few minor brushes with the aliens, who they name Boojums. They then make a brief visit to their time-line and find that all traces of their existence had been erased. Where their homes had been are other homes with hundreds of years old trees that hadn't been there, etc. The Boojums can not only flip between time-lines, but can actually change history. This is something that the heroes cannot do for they are very careful about it when rescuing Lazarus Long's mother.

So here we are, almost at the end of the book. The Boojums had driven our fearless four across time and para-time, and now, with the help of Lazarus, the heroes try to trap them. Lazarus threw the super-con simply to attract the Boojums to where they could be nabbed. Then one appears in half a dozen different roles and looks familiar, but is not recognized. Isaac Newton, the Dragon from BETWEEN PLANETS, points out that while they think a number of Boojums are involved they have no proof that it was more than one. For instance, a fair witness (from STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND) would never attest to more than one. Then Isaac is given a magic pair of glasses from OZ and recognizes the Boojums in their midst. However the Boojum flees before he can be nabbed. Newton says "Mulrooney, the worst troublemaker in all the worlds." The Boojum fled toward Valhalla on Bifrost, which suddenly vanishes from under him. As he falls toward earth from a height of several kilometers Zeb says, "We've seen the last of it." but Newton answers, "Friend Zebediah, are you sure?" With these words the book ends.

Vahappin?

Who or what is Mulrooney? I do not recognise the name at all. What story is he from? What is his background? And is this any way for a novel to end?

Spider Robinson is Heinlein's biggest booster and apologist (and I use this word in its original pejorative sense). In his review of FRIDAY in the Mid-September of '82 ANALOG he admitted he did not understand the ending. Spider said that for him it all fell into place when Heinlein explained "the anagrammatic nature of the beast." I am afraid that this still does not tell me anything. How hard can an author expect the reader to work to understand his book? At what point does a game become careless writing? Any comments out there in NIEKASland?

This reminds me of a rift in fanzines about a year ago. Reviewers were saying that Heinlein's books were great right up to the end, but then fell apart and had very weak endings. There was speculation that he tired of the books and just wanted to get them over and done with. Then STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND was published in the summer of 1961 and Walter Breen wrote a MASTERFUL analysis of it for the fanzine WARHOON. There was brilliant follow up discussion of the book in the next few issues. Normally Heinlein does not respond to fanzines, but he wrote a four line note saying that he appreciated the

RAH

comments, but did not enjoy writing so he didn't want to make the effort to comment on the comments. I think this was meant as a personal note to the editor, Dick Bergeron, because I heard from friends who were friends of Heinlein's that he was unhappy with Dick Bergeron for having published it.

Heinlein used to be very cordial to fans at conventions and mixed with them readily. But I guess he wanted to stay clear of the fanzine field. Poul Anderson's wife, Karen, used to publish a general circulation fanzine, VORPAL GLASS, and the Andersons were very close to the Heinleins socially. Karen published a long letter from Heinlein in VORPAL GLASS, but anonymously, as from a big name pro, and was proud of it. She never revealed who the author was but I could deduce it was Heinlein only because the letter made reference to a camping trip they made together which I heard about from other sources.

I met Heinlein at one of the first SF functions I ever attended. I joined the NY SF Circle in late 1955 and in March of 1956 went to Newark to attend the annual half day convention sponsored by the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA). Henry Kuttner had just died and the meeting was a memorial for him. A number of SF writers were present and spoke their memories of him. I remember Cyril Kornbluth decided to shake everyone up a bit by finding the only negative things to say about him. It just happened that Heinlein was in NY on his way home to Colorado from foreign travel. He called some writer friends who invited him to the meeting. This mini-con consisted of an afternoon of programming followed by dinner at a nearby restaurant, after which people dispersed. I happened to be in a group traveling back to NY which included Heinlein, and he invited us all up to his hotel room for talk and drinks.

I was not at the convention which was most famous for Heinlein's openness and hospitality. This was the 1961 Worldcon in Seattle where his room was open 24 hours a day. Charlie Brown of LOCUS had been there and has often shown a slide he took which he called "God in a yellow bathrobe". In Chicago in 1962 Heinlein arrived at the con half way through the banquet, just in time to receive the Hugo for STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, and had an 'open house' in his room afterwards. This is a strange contrast to December of 61 when he was in Philadelphia for the Army-Navy football game and was staying in the same hotel as the Philcon, but

didn't visit the con. His nephew, traveling with him, visited the con, which is how we found out that he was in the hotel.

I see at least three reasons for the change. First, cons have grown. There were less than a hundred at the ESFA mini-con, and less than half a dozen in his room afterwards. Seattle was the last small Worldcon in the US, its attendance being only three or four hundred, if I remember correctly. Now with Worldcons running ten times as large, there is no way that a prominent man like Heinlein could hold open house without being crushed to death, or abused by some weird hangers on. Then there was the flood of crazies who made STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND a cult book, some of whom might show up at a con. Only the most extreme, like Charles Manson, were caught and locked away forever... there are many others still loose. Finally there is the estrangement between Heinlein and vociferous elements of fandom. I think it started with the publication of STARSHIP TROOPERS. Since many of the fans are part of the pacifist youth culture, and they were very upset by the book, and worst of all they did not read it carefully. Heinlein's idea was that only someone who risked his life to defend his country should be eligible to vote and decide the future of his country. This absolutely incensed the pacifists. The story dealt with some people in the army, so it was obviously about the military, but the critics did not notice that there were other ways one could get the right to vote, for those who would not or could not serve in the military. I think it was about this time that the critics began to heap personal abuse on Heinlein. STARSHIP TROOPERS inspired at least two "rebuttal novels". One was James Blish's THE STAR DWELLERS, but I no longer remember the title of the other. He did make another statement in the book which also upset people. There was then a debate over the effects of fallout from nuclear weapons testing and some geneticists felt that a small amount of background radiation was needed to make mutations occur and so drive evolution on. Of course today we know that this is not so. Anyhow, one of the characters said of a particular world that it had never used nuclear weapons and hence instead of evolving with the rest of intelligent life had remained a backwater. Readers were very upset about this statement that "radiation is good for you" and added to the cries against Heinlein.

It is too bad that the size of cons and the presence of crazies and boors has cut down his attendance.

I would love to hear and perhaps meet him again, though I do not know what I would say if I did. I see in Jerry Pournelle's column in ANALOG that Heinlein attended last year's L5 convention and will attend again this year. I am, of course, an avid supporter of space colonization, and would like to attend the convention, but simply cannot afford another expensive annual trip. I usually go to the National Federation of the Blind Convention the first week in July and the World SF Con Labor Day. If I were to attend the L5 con, I would have to drop one of these. This year the L5 con is at Houston. Maybe it will come to the east coast before too long, and I could attend it then.

Around 1963 or 1964 Heinlein wrote FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD which the liberals dismissed as Goldwater propaganda and racist. This added to the estrangement. I cannot comment on this book, as this book and FRIDAY are the only two Heinlein novels I have not gotten around to reading. Around 1966 or 1967 he published THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, his last novel to receive almost universal acclaim. It looks like FRIDAY might match it.

During the next decade Heinlein wrote very little, and everything he wrote got mixed to almost negative reception. I know I was very bored with I WILL FEAR NO EVIL (1971) but someday I will re-read it and give it another chance.

There seems to be no uniform feeling in fandom for Heinlein today. He is still admired by many, hence he was Guest of Honor at Midamericon in 1976. On the other hand, I understand he was booed by some of the attendees when he got up to speak. Now no matter how one disagrees with a person's politics, or supposed politics, I think it is absolutely disgraceful to be rude to a person who has given so much to the field. Heinlein wrote very little over the decade, and one reason was his extreme illness. Of course it was the rare blood organization which saved his life at one point, hence his work to encourage blood donations at cons and elsewhere. However, he had a major problem which, if I remember correctly, involved his brain and it was only space related high technology which diagnosed and treated it. I do not remember the details, but he wrote them up in an article in INSIGHT magazine published by the National Space Institute several years ago.

The ESFA 'open meeting' I mentioned earlier occurred less than 1/2 a year after the USSR launched Sputnikk I. Of course this was the

major topic of the ESFA meeting. I wish I could recall exactly a beautiful phrase uttered by Heinlein. In response to the general public's reaction to the concept of space flight, he spoke of dull people who neither can imagine something before hand nor wonder at it afterwards. A year or two later his juvenile novel HAVE SPACE SUIT WILL TRAVEL was published. Near the beginning the hero suddenly discovers the beauties of mathematics and revels in calculus. I remember thinking as I read this how it went back to the ESFA meeting and the discussion of the need to encourage youth to study and appreciate engineering and related subjects.

The other thing Heinlein has become known for is his desire for privacy. I do not think it was always there for I remember his saying very casually during the party with a mix of fans and pros after the ESFA meeting, that one reason for his extensive world traveling was the inability of him and his wife to have children. This casualness indicated no desire for the hiding of personal details about his life. But then again, it might reflect a difference between verbal statements and the putting of things in print. Hence his former openness, when it was still possible, at cons and his non-participation in fanzines. On the other hand he always participated in writer publications only available to peers like PUBLICATIONS OF THE INSTITUTE FOR TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY STUDIES and WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION and SWFA publications later.

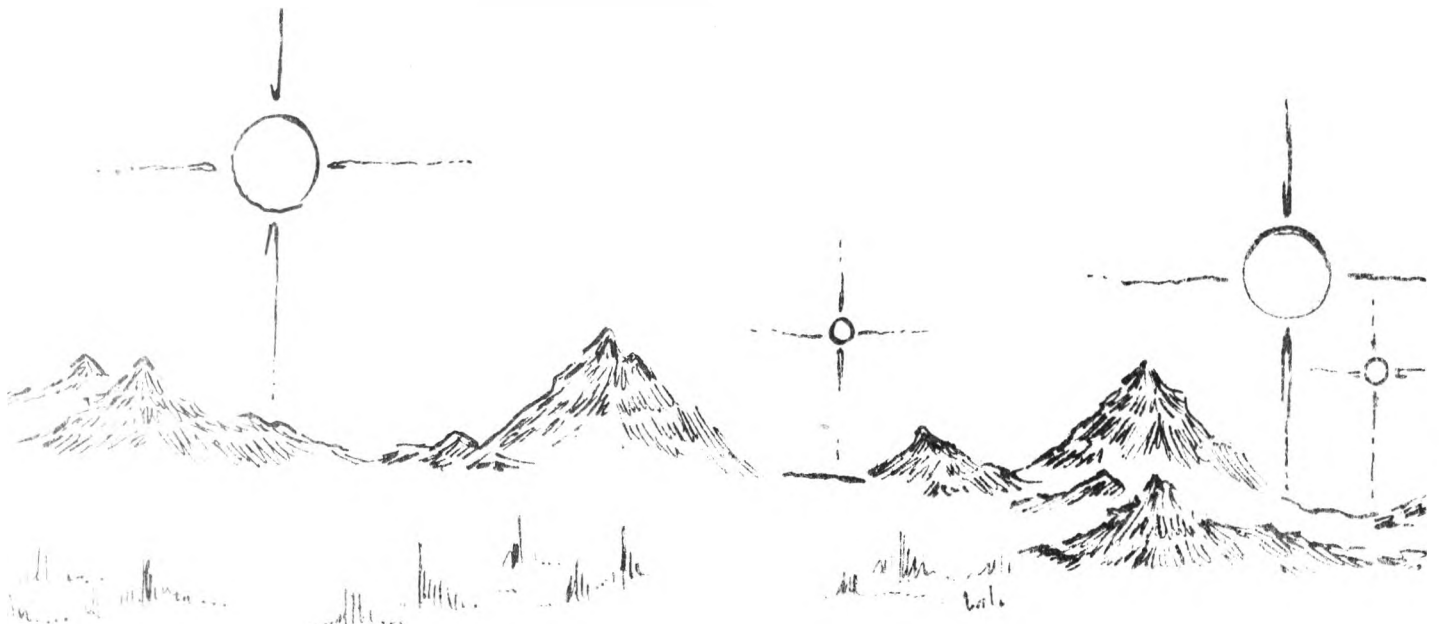
Anyhow, in the late 1950s and early 1960s Sam Moskowitz wrote a series of short biographies of major writers which appeared in various SF magazines. First he wrote one series about deceased writers like Olaf Stapledon and H.P. Lovecraft, which were collected into a book, EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE. Then he wrote a second series on living writers which was also collected into a book. I remember in one conversation after a regular ESFA meeting Sam saying how hard it was to work on living writers. First, a few months after the article appears the writer might produce the most important story of his career making the article obsolete. Then too there was the problem of dealing with the living authors. He said he felt he had to write to the authors themselves asking a few questions before starting the article. He moaned that he got back a four page letter from Heinlein, giving a rather complete autobiography, and then ending with a statement that none of this information could be used in the article. Sam said he already knew many of the things in the letter, but now felt honor bound not to include them. He gave an example Heinlein's first wife who died in childbirth. He already knew about her and even had some pictures of her with Heinlein at early SF conventions, but now could not even mention her existence. (Sam was often accused of paying too much attention to supposed influences in his articles and I might be falling prey to the same problem, but I cannot help but wonder at the concern of Heinlein's protagonists in TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE and THE

NUMBER OF THE BEAST for proper pre-natal and birthing process care)

Alexei Panshin has been a great admirer of Heinlein and his first novel, RITE OF PASSAGE, was a tribute to the Heinlein juvenile. When he was finishing up his book about Heinlein, HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION, both he and the publisher, Advent, got threatening letters from Heinlein saying that if the book is published he will sue. Alexei had written this matter up at the time for the fanzine YANDRO. I am really puzzled at this extreme reaction.

I suppose there is some parallel between Heinlein's and Tolkien's reactions to critics and biographers. I just finished reading Tolkien's LETTERS and he had no use for the type of person who writes biographical pieces about authors, especially ones who dig up some dirt. He felt this had no bearing on the authors' books and their appreciation. I suppose Heinlein's reaction to Moskowitz and Panshin had something of this plus a feeling that his life is his own and not for others to meddle in.

And right now I am sitting here waiting for some agency to record FRIDAY. From what has been said I am especially looking forward to reading this tape. Since it has been on the best seller list, I imagine one of the agencies will bring it out this year.



MATHOMS



by Anne Braude

WHAT ARE LITTLE GIRLS MADE OF?

A despairing Sigmund Freud once exclaimed, "What do women want? Dear God! What do they want?" Had he but known it, he was probably quoting Adam. Men have asked that question throughout the ages; and what is more, they have usually presumed that THEY were the ones to answer it. Whenever women have offered answers--that they want exactly what men want, i.e., equal pay, equal rights, the vote, equal status as human beings--the typical masculine response has been "Oh, no, dear, you don't want to bother your pretty little head with THAT!"

Feminism has always been a piggyback sort of movement: women involved in championing the rights of others suddenly decide to work, and fight, for rights of their own. Elizabeth Stanton and Lucretia Mott, who met when they were refused seats at an anti-slavery convention in London, launched the women's rights movement at Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848. At this time, women were little better than slaves; the civil law held that a married woman had no rights whatever, not even the right to her own earnings if employed or to a say in the upbringing of her children. In the early twentieth century, it was reignited by the battle for social reform and the rise of the union movement, as women once again identified with the

interests of the powerless and exploited. Out of this came the suffragette movement, which climaxed with the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment in 1920. At this point, the battle seemed to be won, since women had at last gained access to the political process. But in the 1960's, young women active in the civil rights movement became aware of the subtle processes by which discrimination made an end run around the law--and they noticed that they were making coffee, typing, and running the mimeo machine while their male colleagues, not necessarily smarter or braver, were making speeches and determining the policy. Beginning as part of the radical left, feminism moved rapidly into the mainstream, especially with the publication of Betty Friedan's *THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE* (1963). Today no matter how its opponents wish to identify the feminist image with Gloria Steinem and lesbian activists, the movement includes lawyers, working mothers, housewives, gray haired grandmothers, and even Republicans.

THE principal male attack on the women's rights movement has always been to deride its proponents as "unfeminine". Women have no need for rights because they are protected by male chivalry, cried the men as they pelted the feminist speakers with rotten fruit and vegetables. Appropriate texts from St. Paul were cited ad nauseam. In the post-suffragette era, the attack has been more subtle. Friedan's book shows how the "feminine mystique", the notion that a woman can become a happy, fulfilled human being by devoting herself to home and family to the exclusion of all non-domestic interests, became a dominant American social myth in the era after WW II. One of the book's most interesting chapters compares the fiction in women's magazines in the late 1930's and the late 1950's. In the earlier period, when the influence of the suffragettes was still felt, heroines more often than not had interests unrelated to love and marriage, such as careers they were serious about or demanding hobbies like learning to fly. The conflicts in the stories involved ethical decisions, commitments, and courage; and in the romantic happy ending, such a heroine found a man who admired her for such qualities. In fifties fiction, every story Friedan found portrayed a heroine whose happy ending involved purely and simply getting a man, keeping him (often by defeating a nasty career-woman rival), or overcoming the temptation of some outside interest--even, once, the PTA!--which would take her away from her

domestic duties

It is not my purpose here to give a complete history and analysis of the feminine mystique and its disastrous consequences, or of the feminist movement. What I am interested in is the role played by fiction in shaping the feminine role model--particularly an unnoticed, perhaps underground influence which has worked to counter the large helpings of mystique in women's fiction: the classic books for girls. I suggest that these have provided for generations of growing girls an image that runs counter to the mystique, an image of the female as capable, responsible, and potentially adult rather than helpless, silly child-bride. I grew up on these books, and I suspect that most girls who read did so also--all but Jean Webster's have been continuously in print for at least 50 years--and I think we were thereby subconsciously vaccinated against the excesses of the mystique.

Frances Hodgson Burnett is the creator of two of the most appallingly GOOD children in all of literature, Sara Crewe and Little Lord Fauntleroy; but Mary Lennox, the heroine of *THE SECRET GARDEN* (1911), the only one of her books still popular, is cast in a different mold. Neglected by her parents (who have just died in a cholera epidemic in India) and spoiled by native servants, Mary is unattractive, bad-tempered, and as unloving as she is unloved. Sent to England to live in her uncle's great house at the edge of the Yorkshire moors, she becomes fascinated by a garden locked and abandoned ten years ago when her uncle's adored wife suffered a fatal fall there. She finds the key to the gate, and with the help of Dickon, a boy from the moors who knows all about plants and animals, begins to tend it. Eventually she discovers her cousin Colin, a hysterical invalid as imperious as herself, who joins her in the garden. As a result of the exercise, their self-forgetting interest in the garden, and the healthful influence of Nature (the book is a disguised tract for Christian Science), both children become healthy, handsome, and happy. The story concludes with Colin's father, sunk in grief and depression since his wife's death, coming home to find his "hopelessly crippled" son winning a footrace.

Elizabeth Ann, the nine-year-old heroine of Dorothy Canfield's *UNDERSTOOD BETSY* (1916), is the reverse of Mary: she has been overprotected and "understood" to within an inch of her life by her maiden aunt, who has read all the

fashionable books on child-rearing. When Aunt Frances has to take her mother south for her health, Elizabeth Ann is sent to the Vermont farm of her Putney cousins, who call her Betsy and never worry about whether she may be frail, helpless or sensitive. Betsy learns to cook and to help around the house, and in looking after a younger girl at school she discovers that she is capable of accepting responsibility. More important, she learns to use her mind: school becomes relevant to real life as she finds herself having to use what she learns and as she relates her history lessons to Great-Aunt Abigail's and Great-Uncle Henry's tales of Vermont life in Revolutionary times. She even develops a sense of humor. When she and little Molly are stranded in a distant town due to the carelessness of neighbors who had given them a ride to the fair, Betsy courageously faces rebuffs and disappointments until she is able to earn their carfare home by washing dishes.

Jean Webster's *DADDY-LONG-LEGS* (1912) and its sequel *DEAR ENEMY* are for older girls. In the first book Jerusha (Judy) Abbott, a sixteen-year-old orphan who has displayed a flair for writing, is sent to college by a rich trustee of the John Grier Home, with the proviso that she will write to him regularly as a means of developing her talent. (Since he prefers to remain anonymous, she addresses him as Daddy-Long-Legs, having glimpsed his tall shadow as he was leaving the Home.) The novel is told in the form of letters, illustrated by sketches, recounting her ups and downs (at one point she fears she will wind up marrying an undertaker and being an inspiration to him in his work) and her reflections—some comic, some painful—on life, education, and the people she meets. She winds up not only getting her degree but writing a publishable book and falling in love with the rich and handsome young uncle of a socialite classmate; he turns out to be none other than Daddy-Long-Legs. In *DEAR ENEMY*, Judy and her husband have persuaded another classmate, a rich debutante tired of the social whirl, to become the new matron of the John Grier Home. Sallie McBride is a hot tempered red-head whose frivolous manner conceals a warm heart and a strong will. The Dear Enemy of her letters is the local doctor, whose determination to improve health and hygiene at the orphanage sometimes conflicts with Sallie's equal determination to bring love, fun, and beauty to the orphans and their surroundings. But they are allies against uncaring or unkind staff

and cheeseparing trustees. Sallie's life is complicated by her fiancé, a rising young politician who wants her to devote herself to HIS career and give up this orphanage nonsense. In the end the John Grier Home burns (a happy ending, as it is to be rebuilt as a modern cottage institution) and Sallie is planning to combine marriage to the doctor with a continuing career of running the orphanage.

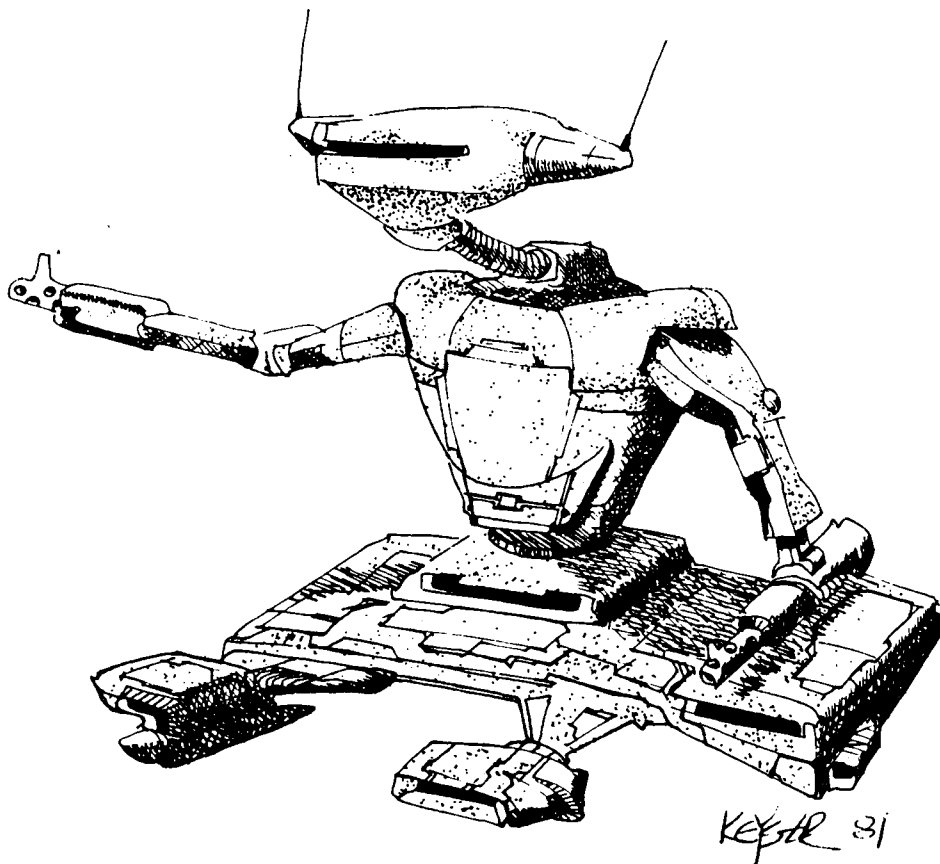
The most popular heroines of all developed in their author's pages from girlhood to womanhood. They are Louisa May Alcott's Jo March, whom we first meet as a teenager in *LITTLE WOMEN* (1868-69) and leave as a wife and mother in *JO'S BOYS* (1886) and L.M. Montgomery's Anne Shirley, who goes from an eleven-year-old orphan in *ANNE OF GREEN GABLES* (1908) to wife and mother in *ANNE OF INGLESIDE* (1939). *LITTLE WOMEN* has never been out of print, and the first three *ANNE* books have gone through a combined total of 204 printings. Jo, unlike most of these heroines, is not an orphan; but with her father away as a chaplain with the Union Army and the family money lost, the four March sisters and their mother are in straitened circumstances. Sixteen-year-old Meg and fifteen-year-old Jo are already

working, Meg as a governess and Jo as companion to cross and crotchety Aunt March. Quick tempered, strong willed Jo, with her vivid imagination and her determination to take care of her family, is very much a portrait of the author, though Louisa herself never married. While Alcott is probably the most popular of these authors, with Jo and her other heroines. Rose of *EIGHT COUSINS* and *ROSE IN BLOOM* and Polly of *AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL*, her books date more than others because of an inclination to preachiness. *LITTLE WOMEN* is patterned on *THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*, with the theme of girls overcoming their besetting sins. But in this book, if not always in her other works, the characters are believable and lovable enough to make up for this defect. And they are not unrealistically good: for instance, despite innumerable improving lectures from "Marmee", the girls never completely get over their envy of the advantages enjoyed by their wealthier friends.

Anne of *Green Gables* is the only serious rival to Jo in the hearts of young girl readers. She too is an orphan, adopted more or less accidentally (they had asked for a boy) by shy Matthew Cuthbert and his spinster sister Marilla, who live on a farm in Prince Edward Island, Canada. At first they hardly know what to make of Anne, with her nonstop chatter and her unfettered imagination, but they soon come to love her; Anne is also loyal, loving and bright. She grows up to be quieter and more sensible, though not without getting into many a scrape along the way, and winds up taking honors at her normal school and winning a college scholarship, which she unhesitatingly gives up when Matthew's sudden death, a bank failure and Marilla's failing eyesight make her presence necessary at *Green Gables*. Subsequent books take her through two years of teaching (*ANNE OF AVONLEA*), college at last (*ANNE OF THE ISLAND*), three years as a high school principal while she waits for her fiancé to finish medical school (*ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS*), and the early years of marriage, including the death of her first child (*ANNE'S HOUSE OF DREAMS*). The last book, *ANNE OF INGLESIDE*, skips a few years; she is now the mother of five and the wife of a busy doctor, but still inclined to fall into scrapes, though the book mostly deals with those of her children. Like Jo she never loses the ability to laugh at herself.

What do these books have in common? Most importantly, they show girls and young women doing things—Mary bringing a neglected garden back to





life, Betsy learning to use her brain, Jo working and writing professionally, Judy and Anne getting an education, and Anne also working, Sallie running an orphanage. Though love and marriage play a part in the lives of all the girls who grow up in the course of a book or series, none of them becomes "just a housewife": Judy is a practical philanthropist, Anne and Jo continue to write (and Jo helps her husband run a school as well), Sallie is to continue at the John Grier Home. In fact, ages aside, one might say that all the books show girls growing in some way—a factor distinguishing these books from boys' classics, like TREASURE ISLAND and TOM SAWYER, which tend to deal with exciting adventures which do not do anything to increase their boy heroes' maturity. (I would also apply this stricture to the Nancy Drew mystery series, which might also be considered girls' classics; it is my opinion, however, that they do not qualify because Nancy Drew is far too cardboard a figure to serve as a role model in anyone's imagination.)

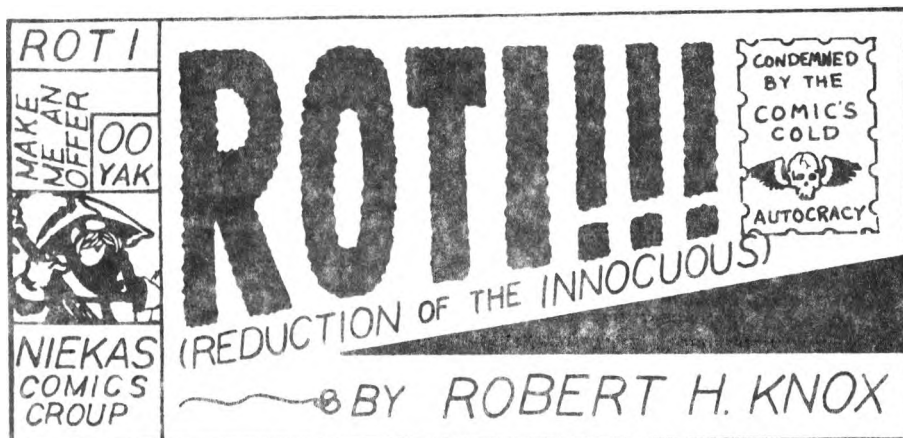
All these heroines, moreover, are or become strong and responsible individuals, who have others depending on them. Even the little girls, Mary and Betsy, look after the invalid Colin and little Molly. (Judy Abbott is an exception, but as a college novel, DADDY-LONG-LEGS is a special case.) Of the authors who portray their heroines as grown

women, Alcott and Webster were influenced by feminism (DEAR ENEMY even has a defence of divorce, which is startlingly modern for a girls' book of this vintage); feminist ideas are less explicit in the Anne books, but they depict society in which it is taken for granted that an unmarried girl of modest means will earn her own living. Even Alcott's Rose Campbell, who is an heiress, is unwilling to spend all her time on domesticity and the social round: she not only gives money for charity but takes an active interest in the good causes she supports. And their mature values are reflected in their romantic choices. Judy is attracted to her future husband, not because he is rich and handsome, but because he is intelligent and interested in social reform, and Sallie rejects a charming and facile politician for a dour and dedicated doctor whose work she can share. Jo, Anne, and Rose reject "romantic" lovers, handsome, charming and rich, for more serious men: Jo marries the eccentric but wise and warmhearted Professor Bhaer, Anne her longtime friend and fellow student Gilbert Blythe, and Rose refuses her charming but weak cousin "Prince" Charlie and accepts her odd but brilliant cousin Mac, medical student and promising poet.

The feminine mystique, as I stated at the outset, portrays an ideal woman who is essentially a child, limited in intellectual interests

and practical experiences of the world, positively resistant to maturity, and convinced that this is the way she should be. Numerous studies have shown that such women tend to bring up children that are themselves incapable of maturing, since their mothers have been so involved in living their lives for them that they have never been allowed to develop independent selves. (Of course, society only noticed this as a real problem when it showed up in boys.) Many girls, however, managed to escape the mystique and to grow up as mature human beings, for a variety of reasons. Some were raised by strong women who themselves rejected the mystique, or were close to such women during their formative years. Some developed early a serious career interest which required dedication and whose claims enabled them to resist the mystique. And some, I believe, were immunized against the influence of stereotyping by reading books in which the heroines they loved, admired, and identified with were made not of "sugar and spice and everything nice" but of intelligence, courage, and strength.





REDUCTION OF THE INNOCUOUS: being the encapsulated ambition of one lowly comics reviewer...

I am of the opinion (shared by many; admitted by few) that the comic industry as a whole has seen its better days, at least from a creative standpoint. This industry's one saving grace, which is doubtless responsible for keeping comics on the stands, is that comics of today are generally much better drawn than they used to be; however, since the major publishers tend to expect artists to remain shackled by a 'house style', thus virtually destroying any attempt at developing a truly original style, the chances of anything very interesting surfacing are remote, notwithstanding the superficial quality of the art itself. Recently, many alternative publishers (not necessarily underground, a phenomenon of the '60's which has all but disappeared) have tried to break this regrettable trend; however, on the whole, the sorry situation can only worsen unless those in power start remembering their place again, which, when all's said and done, is simply to entertain. Hence the title of this column.

It behooves me in this debut installment to declare a certain policy for benefit of those who may question, and/or criticize the column's limited content, to wit:

NO SUPERHERO TITLES SHALL BE REVIEWED IN THIS COLUMN. Not only are these books a drug on the market (quite literally for many hapless souls), geared towards more common tastes (not necessarily towards lower intellects, as is predominantly the case with TV), and utterly dismissible as true comic literature (sadly, this never used to be the case, as an early Marvel or DC fan will point out), but I can't help feeling that the average reader of this magazine couldn't care less about the genre (or perhaps this column as well; it's early yet).

Those few 'superheroish' titles I may review are mentioned because of unusual content which may be of interest to readers of NIEKAS, such as the T.H.U.N.D.E.R. Agents reprint series and the decidedly different COMICO stable characters. It hardly needs mentioning that I'm expressing opinions here as I see fit, and that any who may disagree are welcome to write me irate letters saying so. But I'm mentioning it anyway.

Be that as it may, and having finished my line of self-indulgent doggerel (which I'll be subjecting you to in each column, albeit in smaller doses), what say we scrutinize the merchandise.

COMICO (1547 DeKalb St., Norristown PA 19401) has the very thing we frustrated self-destructive/indulgent artist types desire desperately; PRIMER exists solely to provide new talent with a chance for exposure. Resulting is an unusual potpourri of artists and characters. Quality of art, as one might expect, ranges from crude to promising, and the artists here are generally writing as well, which works about as often as not. Even so, this title is really not bad, and should be checked out by artists and/or writers, who should write to COMICO for requirements, though unsolicited work is considered.

Also available are four titles which resemble superhero books, but have atypical storylines (all of the characters originated in PRIMER), to wit: SKROG, being a semihumorous saga of a pseudointelligent inadvertently created gremlinoid; virtually a supernatural Zippy. GRENDL, my favorite of the lot, deals with a violent costumed antihero, whose benign counterpart is a lupine humanoid, Argent, never clearly shown. The artwork is reminiscent of Japanese comics, and, to my mind, shows great potential. SLAUGHTERMAN thrills me less, but still shows potential; another violent costumed

antihero, this time with futuristic fantasy plotting. AZ would impress me much more with different art and script, as that which exists in this title is SLUG.

The general appearance of COMICO's books is not unlike that of some early undergrounds: black-and-white (as such, expensive at \$1.50 a copy) violence and sexual content (more the former than the latter), and artwork on the raw side. There's a regrettable trend here towards covers being more carefully done than the interiors. However, I feel that these books are worth your attention. Incidentally, Bill Cucinotta (SKROG), Gerry Giovinco (SLAUGHTERMAN), Phil Lasorda (AZ), and Dennis Lasorda are the publishers and Matt Wagner draws GRENDL.

PACIFIC (8423 Production Ave., San Diego CA 92121) is my favorite all-around comic publisher at the moment; though they've only been in existence for three-odd years, they offer a pretty full range of quality titles. All are printed on slick Baxter stock with stunning color separations. Art and scripts are predominantly top-notch. I can recommend any PACIFIC title to the true comics fan, though the more interesting titles are:

ALIEN WORLDS Perhaps the only serious attempt at the science-fiction/fantasy comic since EC's WEIRD SCIENCE/WEIRD FANTASY line of the 1950's. The 3 issues I've seen feature such notables as Al Williamson (nice to see him on something other than Star Wars lately) and William Stout, as well as well as amazing newcomers such as Dave Stevens, Ken Steacy, Scott Hampton and Tom Yeates. The latter four gents are turning out art which compares more than favorably to the best of the aforementioned EC titles. Bruce Jones, a fine artist himself, writes most of the stories for A.W. and TWISTED TALES, the horror title, with admirable flair for the "O. Henry ending", which was a staple at EC. Highly Recommended!

TWISTED TALES is the same sort of book as A.W. in that it attempts to recapture the mood of a classic EC line, this time the infamous Horror titles. Not since Warren's late and only partially lamented CREEPY/EERIE line (partially lamented due to partial success-in retrospect, Warren's books amounted to half-assed imitations, at best, the often superior art notwithstanding) has such an attempt been made, and T.T. is arguably a success. Classic horror artists such as Corben and Wrightson, combined with Jones' lovingly prepared scripts calling for plenty of

the obligatory Tits'N'Ass/Blood'N'-Guts visuals add up to good escapist fun for all diehard horror addicts. TWISTED TALES and ALIEN WORLDS are my two favorite titles in this entire column; one could well do worse than check these out.

When the above mentioned Warren Publishing Co. went belly-up recently, PACIFIC scrutinized past tales from CREEPY, et.al., for the purpose of putting together several collections of the best stories Warren ever offered. One title which resulted is BERNI WRIGHTSON, MASTER OF THE MACABRE. It's generally thought that Wrightson did some of his finest work for Warren in the '70's, and you'd get no arguments from me on that point. MASTER truly is some of his best stuff, with the added advantage of color. The separations are not overdone, and enhance the intricate rendering found in such favorites as "Nightfall", "The Cool Air" adaptation and "Jennifer" which many deem the most effective of Mr. W's numerous highly effective efforts. Three issues are now available, and I'd suggest grabbing them while you still can. Another title in this series is the forthcoming WORLD OF WOOD, being the best Warren stories with art by the late Mr. Wallace Wood, my favorite all-time comic artist. It needn't be stated that the quality of this book will be consistent with that of the Wrightson title. One can only hope that PACIFIC sha'n't ignore the output of other Warren regulars such as Reed Crandall, Rich Corben and others.

Other PACIFIC titles which would doubtless be of interest, but which I've not yet seen include EDGE OF CHAOS (fantasy from Gray Morrow), ELRIC OF MELNIBONE, with Thomas Gilbert, and THRILLOGY, with Tim Conrad.

In the midst of the infamous MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. craze of the sick '60's, Wallace Wood created a series of Science Fiction Superheroish titles known collectively as T.H.U.N.D.E.R. Agents. The emphasis was on exciting visuals rather than overly taxing (to the so-called 'average reader') plotlines, and the result was an entertaining, if shallow, series which ran only about 20 issues before Tower, the obscure publisher of the line, met its ignominious demise. These books are not so much expensive as difficult to find nowadays, so John Carbonaro Publications recently rose to the challenge and released HALL OF FAME, a title which is reprinting the T.H.U.N.D.E.R. Agents series chronologically. The alleged absence of

black-and-white art or stats from the series has resulted in the failure of John C. to be able to reproduce original covers, as well as a comparatively poor reproduction of the stories themselves. Also, whereas the Tower books were 'giant' 25¢ titles, the John C. series is of standard size; one original issue is reprinted in two new issues. Of course new covers are drawn for each issue, and the #2 cover is pencilled by T.H.U.N.D.E.R. regular, Steve Ditko, John C. also plans an entirely new series of Agents stories; the success of these remains to be seen, though I recommend the reprints as a good way to see some of the comic work which could only have come out of the '60's, even with the aforementioned disadvantages. (John C. Productions, Inc. 1671 E. 16th St., Brooklyn NY, 11229)

One of the most entertaining characters to emerge lately is England's JUDGE DREDD (Eagle Comics, 821 Broadway NY 10003), first (stateside) in the high quality/price Titan Books paperback editions, debuting a couple of years ago, and now in a conventional four-color comic, issue #1 of which contains reprinted stories from the DREDD paperbacks (which were in B & W and were reprinted from 2000 AD, a British newspaperlike comic weekly in which the Judge first appeared), which I recommend over the 4-color book by reason of drab separations and less distinct reproduction of the art in same. However, at \$1.00, the small book is a good way to become familiar with the character before you opt for throwing 8 or 9 bucks for one (or more) of the Titan volumes--and there are many. Dredd's basic premise is this: 22nd Century Earth has been ravaged by what else-- an atomic war, and remaining populations now reside in huge 'Mega-Cities', which suffer from ridiculously high unemployment and crime rates. Overseeing all this are the Judges, a stormtrooperish police force armed to the teeth with fearsome weaponry and ready to take whatever the scum can dish out, and more. The baddest, most feared Judge is- Is- IS- JUDGE DREDD. Lending comic relief after a fashion is the inane Walter the Wobot (Friend of Dredd; shades of K9). The selling points are the outlandish storylines and the truly superb art of Brian Bolland, who is also responsible for DC's CAMELOT 3000. Not for everyone, but fun.

DC (DC Comics, Inc. 666 5th Av. NY, NY 10103), the Old Man of the Comics, is still mostly in superhero books these days, but of special

interest is the new MASTERWORKS SERIES. Similar to PACIFIC's reprint series, but with DC reprinting their own material rather than someone else's. MASTERWORKS #'s 1 & 2 reprinted Frank Frazetta's 'Shining Knight' stories from the early '50's ADVENTURE COMICS. The simple premise of an actual knight waking from suspended animation in modern times is enhanced by the early Frazetta work, which compares favorably with work he did later on the ACE MCCOY/JOHNNY COMET syndicated strip. MASTERWORKS #3 is BERNI WRIGHTSON: "THE MACABRE", a title which smacks of piracy, but that's fine, for it reprints very early Wrightson work done for DC's HOUSE OF MYSTERY/SECRETS; though not at all bad, these stories have nothing on the later Warren work. PACIFIC need fear no competition here. Numbers 4 and 5 are to be NEAL ADAMS issues, one with fantasy type work, the other with war stories. MASTERWORKS is a high-quality Baxter book and costs \$1.50.

Frank Miller's RONIN can be described, without spoiling too much fun, as an Oriental martial-arts adventure with a supernatural/fantasy slant, set in both past and future. While I personally don't care for Miller's rather informal style (which would have been called sloppy in the past), this 50 page Baxter book, expensive at \$2.50, has much to offer in the way of entertainment value. As Walt Simonson comments on the back cover of #1; "If yer lookin' fer peace and quiet- look elsewhere!" Recommended, though I wish Miller would clean up his style a bit, as he obviously CAN draw...

Just released from DC is ATARI FORCE, which started out as a series of mini-comics included with Atari video games, and really isn't as bad as it sounds; stories are action-oriented science fiction with somewhat superheroish characters. Decidedly reminiscent of Star Wars, ATARI FORCE is written by Gerry Conway and skillfully drawn by Jose Luis Garcia, who has a pleasing, Brian Bollandesque style and is sure to be a favorite. Cover price is 75¢, something tells me this one's headed for success.

Will Eisner is a name familiar to most comic fans by reason of the famous SPIRIT strip, but in the new trade paperback, THE OUTERSPACE SPIRIT, 1952 (Kitchen Sink Enterprises, 2 Swamp Rd, Princeton WI, 54968), The show is stolen by the late Wallace Wood, who ghosted Eisner briefly in the early '50's just before he rose to fame at EC. Herein are several SPIRIT episodes with a

science fiction slant, and if the art isn't 100% Wood, it's the next thing to it-- stylistically identical to his early efforts for EC's WEIRD SCIENCE/WEIRD FANTASY line. Also included are rough layouts as done by Jules Feiffer (who wrote those episodes), foreword by Pete Hamill, intro by Cat Yronwode, and a short reminiscence by Eisner himself. This \$9.95 volume (also in hard cover for \$15.95) is guaranteed to please both SPIRIT and Wood fans, and should be grabbed while still available; it is already sold out from Kitchen Sink, and I predict it will be a true collector's item before long. For those who are interested, KS also offers many other Eisner books, as well as a STEVE CANYON magazine-- check them out, by all means.

Though underground comics are now all but extinct, as I stated in the intro, the venerable ZAP yet lives. Now responsible for this authentic institution is LAST GASP (P.O. Box 212, Berkeley CA. 94701), the publishers of the EC inspired SKULL COMICS of the '70's. The old lineup of artists is intact; Crumb, Moscoso, Shelton, Spain, Williams and Wilson. The only difference here is that S. Clay Wilson has gotten much better and that Moscoso has gotten much worse; even his cover is mediocre, a far cry from the classic ZAP #4 cover. As with Frank Miller, Moscoso needs to polish up some. Wilson, by contrast, has developed his scumbag style to the point at which his singularly bleak fantasies assume the posture of Art. His BUMS AND THE BIRD-SPIRIT, though only two pages, is a must-see. Likewise, Crumb's MY TROUBLES WITH WOMEN, being a fine candidate for required reading in all Human Relations-type courses; I'd like to see Shari Fleeniken or Trina Robbins do a similar strip about men, even though the content may well be identical. The remaining content is typical ZAP; Spain's bike-outlaws tale, Shelton's bit of Oat Willie foolishness, and Robert Williams' surrealistic Coochy Coaty, replete with obligatory spelling errors. All things considered, ZAP #10 was only partially worth the wait, and, at \$2.50 a copy, is easily passed up. Let's hope #11, if any, shows some extra effort from this motley crew of U.G. VIP's.

The memory of that deceased sick puppy/genius, and father of our own colophon, Vaughn Bode, is preserved in JUNKWAFFEL #5, a collection of early Bode efforts which appeared in various obscure publications from 1968 to 1970. Differing from #'s 1-4 in its magazine size, #5 contains

many examples of Bode's entertaining, albeit overly caption-laden (e.g. NONAME) comic vignettes, featuring the familiar humanized reptiles and reptilian women which were Vaughn's trademark. It should be stated that this is not vintage, CHEECH WIZARD-period Bode (apart from the covers), but it is an eminently worthwhile purchase, even at the rather high \$2.50 cover price, lately a LAST GASP tradition.

In the pretty-near future, everyone's warring with everyone else, psychic warfare is commonplace, and Nevada is a sovereign nation controlled by Mob. Here is a bad place for visitors to be stuck in, for organ/parts transplanting is now an advanced science, and anybody who displeases the ruling powers may become a "Doggie" (e.g. a human head grafted to a dog's body) the human body having been sold for transplant purposes. This is the basic premise



of Larry Todd's IT'S A DOG'S LIFE (Why are these men dogs?), an enjoyable collection of "Doggie" yarns which are comedic in nature, though the humor is often a bit crude for my taste, which is probably to be expected, considering the subject matter. I've seen better artwork from Todd, too; much of this has a hurried look, but it's not amateurish looking, as some "underground" work tends to be. The cover paintings, however, are outstanding. Recommended for lovers of cheap shots and canines. (\$2.00 a copy.)

COMMIES FROM MARS #'s 3 and 4; in sooth, what better concept in comix for the jaded reader? This is one of the most successful of LAST GASP's books with good reason: outrageous plotting (truly, the title tells all, with many interpretations thereof), plenty of sex'n'violence, mainly with humorous intent, and a fine

bulpen of artists, e.g. Tim Boxell (whose six-eyed, cucumber-headed Martians are my favorites), Spain, S. Clay Wilson, and many previously unknown but no less outstanding talents-- Shawn Kerri and Jon Rich, to name a couple. Gorgeous airbrush covers by John Pound top off this highly recommended series. "This strip will continue as soon as artist is reprogrammed-- Communist Martian Propaganda Board." (\$2.00 a copy.)

Two more LAST GASP titles of interest are SAN FRANCISCO COMIX #7, a long-running series, not unlike ZAP, though nowhere near as bizarre. A traditional hodgepodge title, SFC's artists include Spain, Bill Griffith, Gilbert Shelton, et.al. SLOW DEATH #10 (special cancer issue) is the latest in this series of human interest comics masquerading as typically bizarre underground lit. Though the subject matter is worthy of public awareness, this title has always been just a tad too preachy for me; if one is going to inform the public, there are better vehicles for such a purpose than a comic which at first glance resembles something akin to SKULL (Hey, LAST GASP--- what became of that title?). It even makes extensive use of artist Greg Irons, my favorite U.G. artist, and a SKULL regular. This is a well-produced comic anyway, and worthy of attention-- but when I want to be bombarded with such info, I'll watch an AMA TV spot.

D'ARC TANGENT (Fantasy Factory, 8102 23rd Ave., Brooklyn NY. 11214), a product of the considerable talents of Phil Foglio and Freff (does anybody know this guy's real name?), disturbs me somewhat because of a rather hard-to-follow storyline. I won't even attempt to summarize it here, though, admittedly, I've only seen #1 at this writing, and subsequent issues will surely offer new revelations. But if one is producing comic stories aimed at a wide audience, and expects to continue doing so, it behooves one to refrain from over-refinement; refinement should suffice. This is not meant as a put-down of the creators of the mag itself-- it is fine entertainment, outstandingly drawn and obviously painstakingly created. Even so, too many subplots spoil the plot. I shall reserve any real judgement for a couple more issues to see what goes on with D'ARC TANGENT. Verdict: Recommended with reservations.

Send comics for review, hate mail, love mail, love/hate mail and chain mail (I'll need it) to:

ROBERT H. KNOX
RFD #4 NORTH ROAD
EXETER, N.H. 03833



ROTI!!

ROTI:PICTORIAL SECTION

An integral part of this column will be the devotion of a page or two to highlights from upcoming comics of interest (or, occasionally, of no interest whatsoever) to NIEKAS readers. Here we have a page from DC's WARLORDS, an Atari-inspired bit of Tolkeinesque fantasy, with art by David Wenzel and script by former Warren regular Steve Skeates. Note the blatant EC swipe in the final balloon. For such indomitable superhero addicts as may be lurking out there, we also bring you three views of the proposed new design for Spider-Man's suit. I think the idea of a black Spidey suit as shown here is quite an excellent one. Artist unknown.

WARLORDS c 1983 Atari, Inc.

SPIDER-MAN c 1983 Marvel Comics Group





AN AMERICAN CONSENSUS

In a recent essay, historian Henry Steele Commager asked a provocative question: "Why has the word 'happiness' vanished from our official language?" He suggested that the answer lay in the American people's loss of confidence in the future. I think that he is right.

Confidence in the future has traditionally been one of America's distinctive characteristics. The concept of a Manifest Destiny to greatness and power pervaded nineteenth-century America. Its twentieth-century counterpart was a sense that American ideals and institutions enjoyed a natural superiority to those of other nations.

But within the last three decades this national self-confidence was shattered. What caused this change of mood? Some observers suggest the shock caused by the Russian launching of Sputnik; according to others, a gradual disillusionment set in when it became apparent that the American influence on world events was a limited one. I suspect a third answer.

I think that a significant factor in this national loss of self-confidence is the disappearance of an American consensus on what our society should be. This consensus may never have existed, save in our nostalgia for a simpler, less threatening past. But Americans like to think that there was such a consensus, and the idea that there was once a period when most Americans were in substantial agreement about the shape of the American dream is well established in our national mythology. And just what was the shape of this American dream? Look at its iconography, see how it was pictured, in those years after the Second World War when it was perhaps at its strongest, before it started to unravel. Norman Rock-

well captured it in his cover paintings for the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Frank Capra caught it in his unabashedly sentimental movies. Even William Levitt, spreading his housing tracts across Long Island's potato fields, had a glimpse of it.

For this was the American dream: a nation of self-supporting, self-reliant people, capable of governing themselves, their families, their communities, their country; a nation whose governance required, and received, the participation of all; a nation in which the public good was the concern of every citizen. This was the American dream, mind you, not the American reality. But it was a dream widely shared, and it was not a small-minded dream. It was a dream that embraced the concept of "commonwealth," that antique synonym for "the public welfare."

Today, in place of a unifying national vision, we have a multitude of mutually exclusive images of the ideal America. The idea of an American commonwealth, in which differences of race, religion, and political belief were subsumed in an atmosphere of tolerance and mutual respect, seems to have given way to a multitude of separatisms, as loyalties to ethnic group, economic interest, religious denomination, sexual orientation, or age cohort replace a sense of shared nationality. And this has bred an intolerance and meanness of spirit which contributes to the divisiveness of sectional and ethnic differences.

I believe that the greatest challenge to our survival as a free society is this divisiveness and mean-spiritedness that has entered our political life. And I believe that the greatest work that lies before our intellectual, religious, and political leaders consists of restoring an American consensus.

What can be done to emphasize our points of agreement rather than our differences? How can we get into a national habit of tempering controversy with civility and mutual respect?

Two suggestions come to mind. The first is simple and obvious: let us recognize that we do indeed have a serious problem, and let us put it high on our national agenda of problems to be solved. Let our journals of opinion, our newspaper columnists and radio commentators, our television broadcasters and book reviewers evaluate not only the substance but also the style of political arguments and political actions. Let our scholars and statesmen, our philosophers and our theologians devote careful thought and careful expression to the forms that social controversy ought to take. And let individuals of good will, wherever on the political spectrum they find themselves, resolve to conduct their debates and discussions with civility, and to regard their opponents as fellow members of the commonwealth, rather than as enemies to all that they hold dear.

The weakness of this suggestion is apparent: it calls upon individuals to reform their behaviour in the name of the commonwealth, before there is any widespread agreement on what this commonwealth should be. So nebulous a body can have only intellectual claims on the loyalty of its members. For their loyalties to be engaged on a deeper level, some more concrete symbol of American society must be invoked.

In a monarchy that most potent of icons, the Crown, could provide a focus for national unity, for it is the genius of constitutional monarchy to separate the government in being from the idea of the commonwealth. In some countries, perhaps, the cross or the crescent might rally people to a common cause. In the United States we have two symbols which might com-

* * *

mand allegiance: the flag and the Constitution.

The flag is too simple. Every nation has one, and there is really nothing about the Stars and Stripes which embodies the American ideal. America's national contribution to the human experience lies not in our flag but in our Constitution.

* * *

I don't propose to argue the merits of our Constitution; to me they are self-evident. Like Gladstone, I feel that "the American Constitution is the most wonderful work struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Gladstone wrote those words on the occasion of the centennial of the American Constitution. As we approach the Constitution's bicentennial, we as a nation should plan a truly fitting celebration: not a world's fair or fireworks display, but a national rededication to the idea of a commonwealth, as embodied in the Constitution and the process from which it emerged.

What I propose is that we as a nation commemorate the bicentennial of our Constitution by undertaking, everyone of us, to read it, to study it, to discuss it, and (it may be) to improve it.

This is precisely what happened after the Constitutional convention finished its work at Philadelphia. The Constitution which its members wrote was submitted to the states for ratification, and a vigorous debate and soon throughout the country. Much

of that debate survives; and one collection of newspaper essays written in favour of ratification is still ranked as a classic of American political science. It is these Federalist Papers of Hamilton, Jay, and Madison that we should take as models for our national debate.

How might such a national debate be organised? How might it be made a truly national event, in which all Americans could participate? Obviously it should be a nonpartisan project, associated with no particular ideological trend, ethnic group, religious denomination, economic interest, or geographic region.

Who, then, should organise this Year of the Constitution? I would nominate the two learned societies most concerned with our fundamental institutions: the American Historical Association and the American Political Science Association. And I would charge them with the responsibility of recruiting and coordinating the participation of institutions, organisations, and individuals from all across the American spectrum.

And what form might this Year of the Constitution take?

It might well begin with the simultaneous appearance, in every daily and weekly newspaper in America, of the text of the Constitution of the United States. It would continue with the publication, in those same newspapers, of a series of essays--a new series of Federalist Papers--representing the most careful rea-

soning of the greatest American thinkers, applying their talents to the examination of the Constitution and the commonwealth it regulates. At the same time, schools and libraries, radio and television broadcasters, magazine editors and book publishers would offer a wide-ranging selection of detailed examinations of individual aspects of constitutional government. And labour unions, chambers of commerce, patriotic organisations, women's groups, and every other assemblage of people with a common interest would contribute to this debate their own viewpoints.

The goal of all this is to explore a diversity of views in an atmosphere of mutual respect, to emphasise areas of agreement rather than to inflame disagreements; in short, to emulate the concern for the common good which informed the deliberations of the Convention at Philadelphia.

It may be that such a wide-ranging program is too ambitious; but even the achievement of a small portion of it will improve both the content and the tone of political discourse in this country.

And it may be that we shall succeed. If we do, the bicentennial of the American Constitution will not only mark the attainment of a level of political maturity unprecedented in American history. Our success will also show the world that, once again, the American experience deserves the emulation of mankind.

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PATTERNS & Notes from Elshill

by Diana L. Paxson

THE MIRROR OF MYTHOLOGY: I ANCIENT ARCHETYPES

6 weeks, Wednesday evenings,
8:30 - 10 P.M. (begins Aug. 4th)
\$35.00

At the Center for Non-Traditional
Religion, 2221 Prince St., Berkeley
94705, info: 658-6033

What are the origins of mythology?
Why do symbols that are millenia-old
still have the power to move us? Is
there a universal human myth? Why do
we need to understand the basic
myths today?

The class will explore the prehis-
toric roots of mythology as revealed
by art and archaeology, through dis-
cussion of theories of contemporary
scholars and response to the visual
legacy of early times... Topics
covered will include cave art, the
culture of Old Europe, Stonehenge
and other monuments, and the Shamanic
voyage.

The instructor for THE MIRROR OF
MYTHOLOGY is Diana L. Paxson, M.A.,
author of a number of fantasy short
stories with mythological themes, and
the forthcoming novel, LADY OF LIGHT
AND DARKNESS. Ms. Paxson has taught
mythology at Mills College and in
the Oakland public schools.

PALEOMYTHOLOGY by Diana L. Paxson

Is there a universal symbolic lan-
guage?

Are myths diffused from people to
people, or do they develop sponta-
neously from the common stuff of the
mind?

What are the oldest myths and sym-
bols in the world?

Possibly there are no answers to
these questions, but it is certain
that they provide fascinating mater-
ial for study.

In one way or another I've been
studying mythology for a long time,
but not since college have I had a
chance to spend time on formal study.
Then, at the beginning of this year
my job dissolved out from under me
and I decided the time had come to

chance the life of a free-lance
writer. This spring Dr. Elizabeth
Pope (who taught a course in basic
Mythology for 38 years, and with
whom I studied at Mills College),
became ill in mid-semester and I was
called in to finish teaching her
course. This was a rather frightening
experience, but exhilarating as well,
and when Dr. Pope retired and had to
shrink her library before moving to
Maine, she bestowed upon me all her
lecture notes and a goodly selection
of resource material.

With such a start, I felt obli-
gated to continue teaching, and so
this summer I began a course in what
might be called paleomythology
through the Open University. If
student interest and my nerves hold
out, it may grow into a series which
will cover, eventually, everything
from ancient to modern at the rate
of two or three a year. I admit that
this is a rather ambitious under-
taking, but I suspect that a syste-
matic, long-term exploration of the
mythologies of the western world may
be extremely rewarding, especially
in attempting to discover which
elements in later religious systems
are inherited, and which are what
one might call adaptations or muta-
tions to meet a new need.

Of course none of this is to be
taken as a comment on the validity
of any specific religious system or
of the spiritual truth behind it. If
Divinity exists, none of our argu-
ments will change it. If it does not,
it hardly matters what we say. In
either case, as thinking beings hu-
mans can only benefit from learning
about what other humans have be-
lieved, and why and how.

Thus we begin at the beginning
with the existing evidence for Stone
Age religious practice and belief.

One of the oldest and most funda-
mental arguments in the field of
anthropology is between those who
believe that ideas are diffused from
a single point of origin, and those
who believe that they may be inde-
pendently invented at different
places and times. If the diffusion-
ists are right, one wonders why
religious ideas (as opposed to ob-
viously useful new developments in

technology) should be adopted by
people to whom they are alien. On the
other hand, if religious ideas arise
independently, how can they possibly
be so very similar in widely separ-
ated places? A wealth of historical
examples prove that religions can
indeed be transferred from land to
land. On the other hand, not only
parallel inventions, but similar
stories, are to be found among
peoples between whom contacts have
been, if not impossible, at least
extremely unlikely. And of course
there is the third school which
attests that all worthwhile ideas
have been presented to us poor pri-
mates by higher beings such as
Angels, Atlanteans, or visitors from
Alpha Centauri.

In this mist of speculation there
are a few facts which can be grasped
by the floundering mind. One is the
fact that all human beings have essen-
tially the same life cycle and bio-
logical equipment. Although we are
learning how to intervene in the
reproductive cycle, most humans
still get begotten and born in the
same way. The same hormones act to
direct the body's growth, and we are
all subject to the same laws of
gravity and the need for sun and air
and (when the smog allows us to see
them) for the stars. We all sleep,
and dream, and eventually we all die.

These are the conditions and con-
straints with which every human being,
must deal, and all our religions and
technologies have been invented to
help us do so.

There is the further fact that all
human brains function in approxi-
mately the same way, and that both
within our bodies and in the world
around us, certain shapes and con-
figurations are repeated which can
be both experienced and observed.
There are in fact, patterns which
are paralleled from the micro- to
the macroscopic scales.

Logically, therefore, one would
expect to find the basic myths in
the events of the human life cycle,
and the universal symbols in those
shapes and patterns which can be
universally identified. The shapes
can be expressed in the form of dur-
able art, and are thus the easiest

to isolate. A collage which shows, for instance, the spirals of a typhoon, of a nebula, a shell and our own DNA, along with the spirals in the stones of the megalithic tomb at Newgrange, the swirl of a piece of modern sculpture, or folkdancers moving in a spiral dance, has a curiously throat-tightening effect. Or consider the sequence of a lonely butte in the desert, trees reaching for the sky, Egyptian columns, a skyscraper and an Atlas rocket heaving itself into the heavens.

There are also those involuntary physical reactions with which one responds to great music, or a poem, the end of a tragedy or a sunset or a gymnast's performance perfectly achieved. A.E. Houseman identifies the hair lifting on the neck and the shiver down the spine, the constriction of the throat and watering of the eyes, and the moment when something in the solar plexus twists and one is for a moment held still. These responses are as innate as the chicken's fear of a hawk, or the body's reaction to sexual love, and yet they are stimulated by remote perceptions, by patterns, by reality mediated by words.

The laws of mind and nature provide the basic building blocks for art, and our responses allow us to be moved by the work of a nameless Egyptian artist as we are by Andrew Wyeth today. Indeed, it may be that it is only those modern works which incorporate these archetypal patterns which truly move their audiences and will endure.

Let us therefore consider what can be learned from the earliest Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon remains. Before anything that we can identify as art, the first evidence of religious practice appears in the burials in which the bodies lie flexed in foetal position with their tools around them, covered with a scattering of red earth and sometimes flowers. One cannot help but conclude that such an arrangement constitutes an attempt to help the dead to be reborn into another life. The funeral customs of many later peoples, and even the words of the Christian service for the dead, are intended to achieve the same goal.

However, the Neanderthals were concerned with the forces of this life as well, and the most impressive creature with which they must face was the cave bear (something standing more than the height of a Grizzly with teeth in proportion might be expected to impress anyone.) But apparently the Neanderthal hunter was able to deal with them, for there are a number of sites where formal arrangements of bear skulls and sometimes long bones have



been found, set in circles, or niches, or placed in stone-faced pits capped with massive slabs of stone. One cannot help but be reminded of the ceremonies in which northern peoples such as the Ainu still propitiate the spirit of the bear, and also the reverence in which many peoples have held the skull.

Even at this early date, therefore, we have the idea that a symbolic representation on the physical plane can influence events elsewhere, and also that a significant part can represent the whole. There is also the underlying assumption that the physical actions, such as ceremonies and the patterning of objects (i.e., religious art), can effect the future in both the visible and invisible worlds.



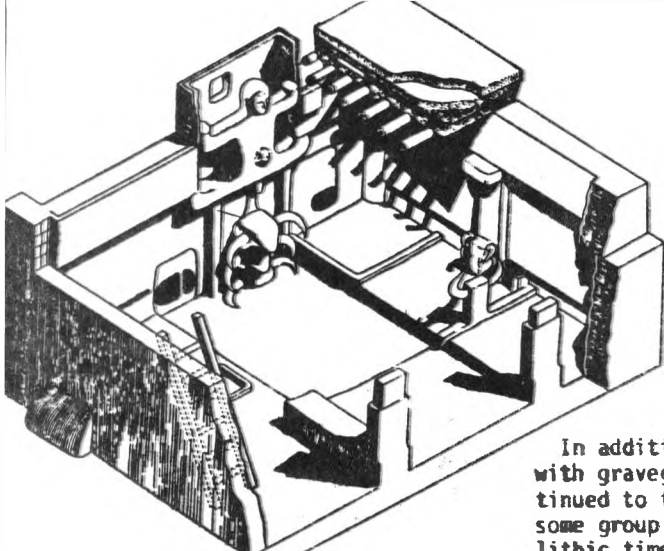
With the advent of Cro-Magnon Man come a number of new and extremely significant developments -- the first portrayals of the Divine in human form, and the first evidence of Shamanism. Figures of the type of the Ullendorf "Venus" have been found near hearths or in separate shrines at sites throughout Europe and Asia, and among the marvelous animals painted in caves such as those of Lascaux and Trois Freres, appear a few representations of men in a trance or dancing in shamanic animal disguise. When one looks at these images with eyes conditioned by familiarity with later mythologies, one cannot help but identify them as the earliest versions of the Great Mother and the Horned God.

Thus it was that humans passed from the hunter-gatherer lifestyle of the Paleolithic into the agricultural or herding life of the Neolithic period, already possessing the Magna Mater to watch over their hearths, the shaman to lead them in hunting magic, and a procedure for burial intended to assure rebirth in the life beyond.

The Neolithic has been called a revolution, and in comparison with the ten-thousand year divisions of the Paleolithic, changes which could be measured in mere millenia were revolutionary indeed. With a more certain food supply, populations could grow and shape nature to their needs by building houses or sanctuaries. Furthermore, at times large numbers of people could be spared from the business of making a living for festivals or large scale projects such as building major earthworks or megalithic monuments.

The Neolithic period is considered to have begun approximately 8,000 B.C. when people began to regularly harvest and then cultivate the grains that would become Europe's staples, and to herd the basic domestic animals. By 7,000 B.C. there were well established villages in the near east and shortly thereafter in the Balkan area of Europe. People were making pottery and weaving cloth. In Brittany the first dolmens were built around 5,700 B.C., copper tools were being made in Bulgaria in 4,500 B.C., and in the Balkans there was a well developed religious system something of whose nature can be deduced from the clay models of shrines, temple furniture, and the priestesses and priests that served them, as well as numerous figures of goddesses and some gods.

The major megalithic period in northwestern Europe lasted from approximately 5,000 B.C. to 2,000 B.C., the most notable examples of dolmens being those built at Gavrinis, Brittany, Newgrange Ireland



to study these things that pertain, not to the world without, but to the world within.

In addition, elaborate burials with gravegoods and red ochre continued to take place. There had been some group burials even in Paleolithic times, but in the megalithic period, some of the dolmens were used for multi-generational collective burials (the largest containing two or three hundred bodies). One is reminded of the medieval custom of burying the newly dead with all reverence while unceremoniously pushing aside the bones of previous generations to make room.

Folk customs of contemporary neolithic peoples and those practices regarding the Menhirs and stone circles that continued into historical times even allow us to guess at the uses of the stone circles and the beliefs attached to them. On the physical level, these probably had to do with predicting seasonal events and using them to direct agricultural practice. On the magical level, these sites were probably used to perform ceremonies that would guarantee that the agriculture was successful. Whatever esoteric illuminations the priests and priestesses may have gained from sighting the midsummer sunrise or the extreme setting of the moon, at the practical level they almost certainly used those calculations to set the dates for spring planting or autumn harvest festivals.

As one might expect, if the cult of the dead was intended to assure rebirth in another world, the cults of the living were intended to promote more reproduction-- of humans, animals and plants-- in this one. In other words, neolithic peoples were already celebrating the cycle of birth, maturation and mating, and death, which was portrayed in the myths associated with the major gods in later religions.

But even if this is the essence of Natural Religion (in both the sense that it is natively human and that it addresses the forces of Nature) what is it supposed to mean to us today? Will my garden really grow better if I lie there with my lover on the first of May? Although there are still (or perhaps I should say, once again) people who believe exactly that, there are other reasons

It seems probable that the Neolithic ceremonies were intended to not only make Nature more responsive to the needs of man, but man more harmonious with Nature. The research of Jung and his followers have shown that the human subconscious contains a wealth of mythological symbols derived, not only from personal experience, but also others which appear to be part of the universal symbology of mankind. Certainly when Jung reports hearing from a patient a dream containing a motif which he later rediscovers in a newly translated Egyptian manuscript, one cannot help but feel that his theory of the collective unconscious must have at least some basis in fact.

In myth, it is not the words used, but the symbols portrayed and the patterns of events themselves that hold the power. Visual art, music, and dance, bypass the guardians of consciousness entirely. Thus, one effect of studying the ancient myths and symbols might be to stimulate the creative powers of the unconscious and perhaps make it easier for them to flow into the conscious mind. Another might be an increased sensitivity to these patterns in modern religion and contemporary life, and perhaps a new perspective in their interpretation.

If the great myths and symbols were diffused from some Paleo- or Neolithic point of origin in the distant past, so much time has gone by that now they seem to be part of the inherited mental configuration of mankind. On the other hand, it is possible that each stage of evolution stimulates evolution in religious ideas as well. In either case, separation from our psychological roots is likely to result in spiritual malnutrition.

RECOMMENDED READING:

THE MASKS OF GOD: PRIMITIVE MYTHOLOGY by Joseph Campbell, Penguin 1969

THE GODS AND GODDESSES OF OLD EUROPE by Marija Gimbutas, University of California, 1974

STONEHENGE, THE INDO-EUROPEAN HERITAGE, by Leon Stover and Bruce Kraig, Nelson-Hall, 1978

and the tomb and temple on Malta (3,000 B.C.), and the major circles and alignments including the Karnak complex of monuments, Silbury Hill (2,650 B.C.) the Avebury circle and avenues (2,600-2,200 B.C.) and of course Stonehenge, built and rebuilt three times between 2,750 and 2,100 B.C.. It should also be pointed out that there are also a fair number of dolmens in New England, the best known being the one at Mystery Hill in New Hampshire which dates from about 1,700 B.C. and is accompanied by a circle. In fact, although the British megaliths are the first, the practice of arranging large lumps of stone in ritual patterns or piling them up to form tombs is found in numerous places throughout the world, including Borneo and Japan. Apparently there comes a point in cultural development at which people feel impelled to make a permanent mark upon the landscape and to provide an enduring resting place for their dead. The same impulse seems to have motivated the builders of the pyramids at about the same time as the major megaliths were being erected in the north.

Speculation on the nature of Neolithic religion in general and the meaning of the megaliths in particular has been extensive, ranging from a belief in matriarchal utopias to elaborate tales of Egyptian missionaries (sometimes with Atlantean antecedents) spreading the religion of the sun. Indeed, although sun-worship has long been a favorite of the folklorists, there is not nearly so much evidence for its universal appeal in ancient times.

From the finds at sites in the Balkans we know that several variations on the Goddess were worshipped there, accompanied by symbols representing water, the sun and moon, the cross, swastika and spiral, and sacred animals such as lions, bulls, pigs, snakes and birds. Male figures and phalluses indicate that fertility Gods were worshipped as well.



PIERS' CANTINA

By Piers Anthony

FEMME FICTION by Piers Anthony

There has been some byplay about female fiction in the fantastic genre, and I have been chided for my supposedly sexist attitude, so I'm taking a closer look at it. My position has been that, while women do write science fiction and fantasy, they tend to lack the cutting edges and rigor of presentation that make fiction memorable. The field is therefore dominated by males. I realize that works abound that dis- course on the impact of women; I received in the mail a flyer advertising an issue of *EXTRAPOLATION*, published by the Kent State University Press, devoted to Women in Science Fiction--a month after I received the issue itself. It contains a checklist of modern women writers of science fiction that is sixteen pages long. So they do exist. But a similar checklist of male SF writers might be 160 pages long. I note that the magazine is edited by Thomas D. Clareson, whom I recently met, and he is male; and I believe the top writers of the genre in his view, are male. I note that in the last *LOCUS* survey of all-time favorite writers, only two females were in the top twenty-four: Ursula Le Guin was fourth, and Kate Wilhelm twenty-fourth. I don't claim that such a list is very accurate--there would be a violent upheaval in the rankings if the survey were repeated today, and I suspect a number of us who were excluded then would now be represented--but it does reflect the generally low regard accorded the distaff.

Are they really that bad? No. The fact is, the definitions of our genre are somewhat skewed, so that women are not taken as seriously as men. More credit is given for violence and volume than for quality. Perhaps this will change as the readership becomes more sophisticated. Certainly women do have talent. I note with passing interest that the husband-and-wife teams of writers generally have as much or more talent in the distaff as in the staff; she really is the better half. Hamilton-Brackett, Knight-Wilhelm, Gerrold-Duane, Buck and Juanita Coulson--a case can be made. A number of women do well on their own: Kurtz, McKillip, L'Engle, McCaffrey, McIntyre, Vinge, Norton, Bradley, Moore, and others I neglect because of a sieve-like memory. New ones are starting up; some day I mean to read an M.K. Wren trilogy on my shelf, and soon I will tackle Lee Killough here. Some I try without success; Janet Morris's *Dream Dancer* fascinated me initially, but I stalled out at 100 pages because I couldn't keep track of the plot. At any rate, the women exist, and it is time to inspect a few more intimately. Maybe we can discover how good or bad they are, regardless of the unfairness of the system.

A *NIEKAS* reader recommended to me C.J. Cherryh's *The Pride of Chanur* as an example of competent action writing by a female, so I bought it and read it. I note it did well on the *LOCUS* list, placing second in January 1982, its month of publication. However, the top spot was taken by a male; false modesty pre-

vents me from naming him. *Pride* has a nice enough cover by a male artist and is published by a male--all right, all right, it's time to get down to business.

I regret to report that this novel did not really grab me. Cherryh, whom I understand can be sparkling in conversation, seems somehow opaque in print. I also understand she is somewhat aloof in person; maybe that carries over into her characterization, for I found little warmth or feeling in her creatures, and I never identified with the protagonist. She has done a dozen or more novels in the last few years, and as I recall won an award as Best New Writer, and many people seem to swear by her, but she simply didn't register with me. Thus she became an example of what I mean by quantity prevailing over quality; based on this novel, I judge her competent but not good.

She starts with an intriguing notion--a human male among nonhuman females--and does next-to-nothing with it. The action consists largely of ships maneuvering in space without actually touching--as it seems the author does in person--and jockeying between several spacefaring species for advantage. It is largely superficial. Humor and romance are absent. Damn it, there is more to writing than this! I had to labor constantly just to keep track of the story line, and it is obvious I did not succeed very well. The first responsibility of a writer is clarity; if the narrative is cloudy, the reader barges about in a fog and

little registers. Another is immediacy; there should be a direct and personal focus, so that the reader is put right into the story. I was unable to identify well with the characters, and my interest floundered despite the general originality and organization of the narrative. So, for me, this novel fails and is an example of what I mean by ineffective female writing. I think Cherryh has a story to tell, but lacks the skill to make it compelling. Maybe in time she will perfect her talent, but she has a way to go.

Obviously something is wrong. A lot of people seem to like the books by this author, and this novel was recommended to me as a good example. I am of course a highly critical reader, perhaps closer to the ivory tower of intellectualism than to the grass roots of entertainment. Tastes vary widely, so that what one reader likes another finds incomprehensible. I don't say this is a bad novel, just that it failed to register with me. I can hear the shrill rumbling in the background, pierced by an occasional shriek, "I told you so! He's totally biased against female fiction!" Maybe so; let's try another.

I do a good deal of business with del Rey these days, and every so often they send me one of their books. I mention this in an effort to make whatever biases I have known; a person is more likely to look favorably on a book from a favored publisher than one from an unfavored publisher. The Cherryh book is from DAW, with whom I do little business; Don Wollheim may gnash his teeth to pieces without damaging my flesh. But would I have the nerve to take off on a del Rey book? We shall soon see. I suspect Judy-Lynn del Rey was piqued by my prior remarks on female fiction, female publishers, and such, so she tossed another at me to see if I'd duck. This one is The Time of the Dark, by Barbara Hambly. If this is not her first published novel, it must be close to it. Will I treat her more kindly than the last?

Well, yes. Dark was published in May 1982, so naturally I also had a novel published in that month; mustn't let the femmes get ahead of me, after all. (I trust I am saving the readers the trouble of analyzing my sordid male motives.) Her book sneaked into tenth place on the LOCUS list in April, because her publisher distributes early; mine is not on that list because my publisher has the decency to wait for the starting gun. Wait till May! But my novel is three pages longer than hers. (Whatever gave you the idea I was competitive or defen-

sive? I always gnash my teeth when considering the success of other writers.)

Dark, as I see it, has two things Pride lacks: clarity and romance. What it lacks is originality; it's another protagonist-dreams-of-strange-fantastic-world-and-travels-mysteriously-there story, while Pride does have an unusual man-among-superior (female)-aliens motif. But I could comprehend Dark. The author's power of description is excellent, her characterization good, her pacing competent--and though the framework is familiar, she does develop it consistently, gradually making it her own. Actually there is not a lot of plot here; two normal contemporary people, one of each sex, wind up in an alternate frame where magic works and Lovecraftian monsters--the Dark--ravage. Surprise: the male is no Tarzan or nuclear physicist, and the female is no buxom kitten, and they do not romance each other; aspects of originality are sneaking in. The male gets interested in a winsome servant-girl who turns out to be the Queen, and the female seems to be setting her sights on the old and powerful magician who is trying to save the society from the Dark. The handling of both male and female is somewhat weak to my taste, but as I have remarked before, this is the natural liability of the distaff writer. There is action and violence, as one might expect from a female karate practitioner, but not any overloading of it. I have had experience with martial art, and was braced to verify exactly what this author actually knew about it, just as I was set to check other things in her little biography, such as painting and tarot cards--and discovered to my surprise that she did not load any of these things in. She concentrates instead on consistent and effective narrative, and here she has succeeded. So for those who like a good, familiar, gutsy, magic-world yarn, I recommend Dark; it seems to be the lead-in to a fat trilogy, and the author is competent, and should in time develop a satisfied following. Readers who like the fantasy of Donaldson should like Hambly too, though her narrative is less intense.

And now we come to another DAW book, published in April [1982]. It is doing well, placing fifth in the LOCUS list for that month, though naturally false modesty strikes again with reference to whose April book is number one. This is The Silver Metal Lover, by Tanith Lee. My wife found this one in the store and brought it to me. You see, it

concerns a humanoid robot, and I happen to have somewhat to do with such creatures. I understand emotional robots are becoming quite a fad now, with Heinlein's Friday and the movie Blade Runner, but I was into this particular fad before those other folk were, though the notion is not original with me. So I'm really ready to tear into this one.

But first an irrelevant word on the author's name. Way back when I was eleven I was at The School in Rose Valley--that's its name--in Pennsylvania. It may have been the best of the nine schools I attended before reaching college. I completed three grades in two years, catching up to the normal level--yes, I really am a slow learner!--and was a better student thereafter than I had been theretofore. Anyway, we had weekly assemblies, to which each student brought his/her own chair. The youngest, with the littlest chairs, sat in front, and the biggest to the rear. So the Tens sat in front of the Elevens, and one week the name on the back of the chair before me said T A N I S. I hadn't encountered that name before--I'm intrigued by unusual given names, as a person with my name should be--so I remembered it. It was just an ordinary girl on that chair, with fair braids of the type suitable for dipping in inkwells, and of course a senior Eleven like me had nothing to do with a junior Ten like her, so don't go jumping to conclusions. But as it happened, that same Tanis turned up at the high school I attended later, and then at Goddard College too. So I was in school with her a good many years. No, no. I repeat with a certain irritation that there was never anything between us; what kind of a column do you think this is? I met a different girl in college, and married her, and Tanis met a different boy there and married him, like the scenario of Dark, and as I also said, none of this is relevant to the subject. Except that when I encountered the name Tanith Lee my mind looped back to that moment thirty-six years ago when I read the name "Tanis" on the chair ahead, and I wondered whether Tanith lisped.

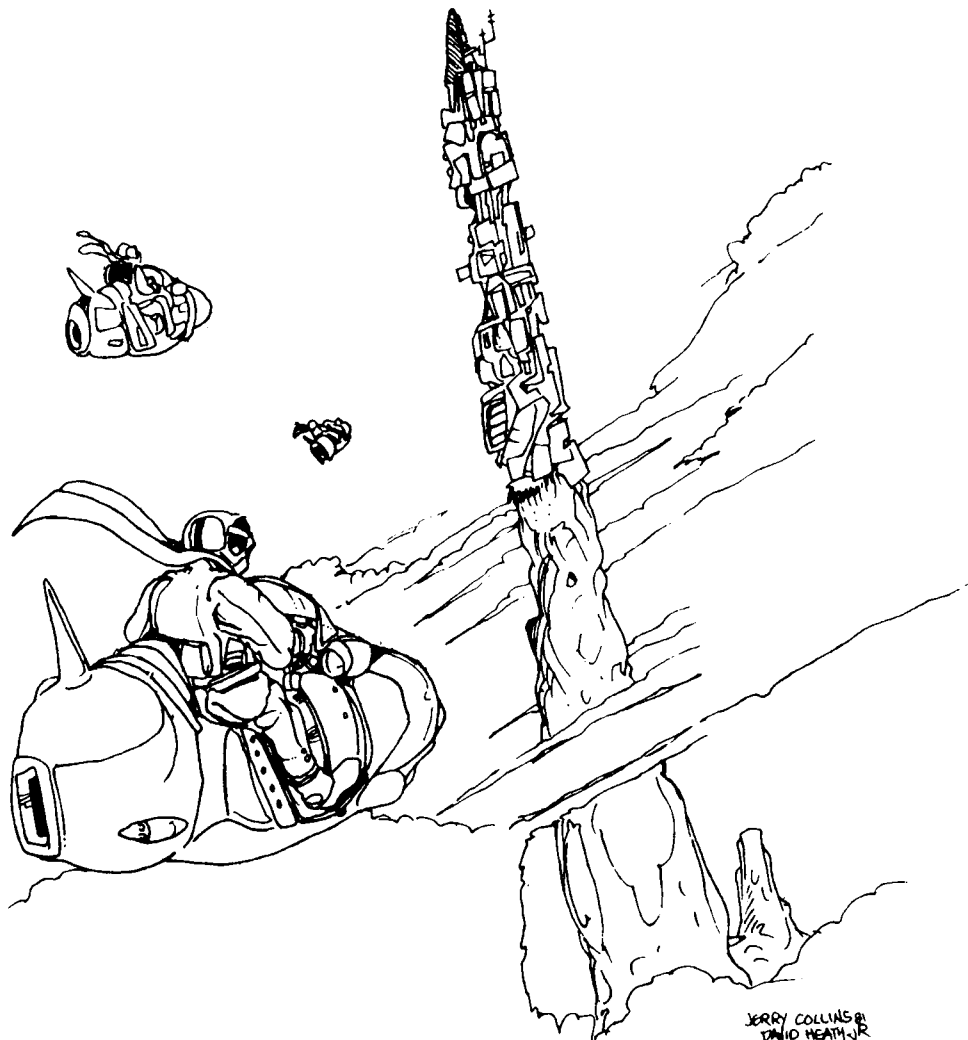
Somehow, now, Tanith has been pursuing me the way Tanis did, with no more knowledge or intent. Supernatural things happen to me all the time, because I don't believe in them. I watched a British show on TV, an odd thing titled Dr. Who, with a different female lead each time and a man whose distinguishing characteristic is an immense, long, dangling, colorful...scarf. Surely some sym-

bolism there. So who was the girl this time? Tanith Lee. Oh, they called her a different name, Remana, but I know Tanith when I see her. Besides, my daughter, who has read and loved Metal Lover, agreed with my identification. We've never met Tanith, but have seen her picture. Maybe she's moonlighting.

Ah, well, on to the novel. I'd read one by her before, a couple years back, Night's Master, which I found concentrated and fascinating but not too strong on the sort of background fleshing-out that can make or break a novel. It was as if she had too much to say to dally on detail. I know the problem, and can suggest a solution: lengthen the novel. That way it is not necessary to exclude any of the originality in order to flesh it out. Make no mistake, Lee had a hell of a lot to cover in Night's, and it was a good novel; she simply needed more experience in writing in order to fill out to her potential. Time and experience can do beautiful things to young women.

Has she done better in Metal? Yes indeed! She took my advice of the prior paragraph, so this novel is fifty pages longer than the other, and the background detail is exquisite. The Silver Metal Lover has a much simpler plot-line and a much more realistic and unified cast of characters. Night's Master was basically a collection of ingenious stories, while Silver is a true novel. It is as if a different person has written this one. The story is of a sheltered young woman who encounters and loves a male humanoid robot, and it is excellently done. I, a male writer, naturally invented an ideal female robot; Tanith, female invented a male robot. It will be for the readers to say which of us has done the better job. Mine is programmed for emotion, to love her employer; Tanith's is programmed only to please his employer. Thus hers is more like a robot--and perhaps more like a man. Mine attempts suicide when neglected; hers would not do that. It is a distinction of interpretation, not of quality. I

kept wondering, as I read, what would happen if her male met my female. The resolutions to our stories differ, as they should; that too is no fault in either. I was impressed by this story, and moved by it, and much as it may pain my male ego to say it, I find Tanith Lee to be an excellent writer. She has absolute clarity, plot, humor--and she can handle sex, which is the acid test of distaff writing. She can do it all--all the things I suggested a female fictionist couldn't do. For my taste, Tanith Lee, as she comes across in this novel, is the best female genre writer extant. Of course my reading has been limited; Theodore Sturgeon informs me that there is a better one out there, and I will try to run her down and judge for myself. But for the nonce, I believe Tanith Lee does deserve a place on the ladder with the leading male writers, and when the rankings of the eighties are made, she should be represented.



LANGEVELD'S CATALOG OF MILITARY HISTORY, UNIFORMS AND TRADITIONS

BY COLIN LANGEVELD

THE EMERIC DRAGOON GUARDS (LOMBARD'S
CUIRASSIERS)

The B-96 SPIRAL WAR (2294-2306) was in its second bloody year when the call went out to the worlds of the Empire. The call was for volunteers. Most of the regular Emeric units were heavily committed in the action taking place at the edge of the B-96 galactic sector, and being decimated at a rather alarming rate.

The Empire, always a democratic Emeric society and never pandering to rightwing shouts for conscription, (see P.N.Kronk's "Persuasion and ITS VARIOUS FORMS") received 50 million applicants in the first week and 68 planets were able to put their prisons to better use.

At the time of the Spiral conflict, in the constellation of Voortrekker, lay the rich and green agricultural world of GOORLAP III. (At present it is totally uninhabitable due to the proportion of methane in its atmosphere, see D. Freznik's "Herbivores and the Wind of Change"). The four fertile continents were divided among a ruling class of seven families. Owning 28% of the largest continent was one George Brian Lombard whose prime passion in life was the history of the Napoleonic period. It seems that a remote ancestor of Lombard was none other than the famous Major General Guiton who commanded the 2nd Cavalry Brigade at Waterloo (8th and 11th Cuirassiers). Thus taking the opportunity of both serving the Empire and stepping into his forefather's boots (knee length), Lombard, on hearing the Emperor's patriotic call, immediately set about forming a regiment composed of the farmers he leased his land to, and their respective agricultural workers. 390 men and officers volunteered after a few accidental fires in some of the villages. The farmers went to seek advice at the Lombard Manor House... training began immediately!



Before proceeding with this history it is important that this man, Lombard, be fully understood. Born a son of a long line of landowners, agricultural genius, and a freemason, he was a man of many talents. Unfortunately his talents did not include modern warfare; in fact it could safely be said, and often was, that his knowledge of modern warfare could be shoved into a Trikodalian Codpiece. Putting it plainly, this guy was a 24th Century Hayseed. Thus it was that the first mounted yeomanry regiment in 300 years of Terran Military History was formed.

The breeding of horses had never been a success on GOORLAP III. The nearest equivalent being the Sunget, something between a rat and a blue-assed baboon. It was on these spirited, odoured steeds that the new regiment, "Lombard's Cuirassiers", was to be mounted. Uniforms were non-existent except for the sashes worn to denote the three troops. Arms ranged from a mixture of sporting pieces to the Coltfield Mk4, and even the occasional solid-projectile launcher, but what they lacked in equipment they gained in enthusiasm.

Three months later the Emeric War Ministry received Lombard's proud and joyous missive informing the Emperor of not only a few recruits,

but a whole regiment-a mounted one-to boot. The ministry's comments were not recorded for history.

The Cuirassiers were promptly forgotten; but Fate was to raise its manipulative hand. In short, a GORK STM Mini-Cruiser crash-landed on GOORLAP III. Lombard, leading the 2nd Troop, stumbled upon the three remaining Gorkians ceremoniously eating their dead, overpowered them, after frightening them into a comatose trance by charging the camp. Inside the Mini-Cruiser were documents which shortened the war by sixty years.

The Empire badly needed a hero, as the war was not going well, and Lombard was to be that hero. The Cuirassiers spent the remaining years of the war serving as Marines, but as a separate unit with Lombard as Colonel. Four Solar Triple Crosses were won in the battle for Mika 2 (2310). Unfortunately Lombard had his head blown off in the first encounter. Nevertheless, his name was made. Farmers and their sons flocked to his unit from all parts of the Empire with shouts of "We can fight as well as shovel shit!"

In the April of 2322 when DAINEE II decide to have a mounted ceremonial regiment to compliment its footguards, it was Lombard's name they thought of.

The Emeric Dragoon Guards can still be seen on state occasions in their blue cloaks and tunics. The collars are trimmed with: red for "A" Troop, yellow for "B" Troop and white for "C" Troop, in fact the same as Lombard's original Cuirassiers. Breeches are crimson, yellow ochre gloves, black knee-length boots and silver spurs. A gunmetal plasteel cuirass is worn to commemorate Lombard's dream. The helmet, based on the Girian zoo-keeper's hat, has two horsehair plumes sprouting from its skulltop. The Dragoons are armed with 1 meter long straight sabres, and also serve as Marines, the only distinction to their space armour being the obvious cuirass-look to the breastplate.

Battle honours include: Trgen, Mira 2 and Peerak 4.

ON THE SHOULDERS OF VANGUARD

BY HARRY ANDRUSCHAK



AEROBIC ROCKET LAUNCH

The flyer was sent to everyone who worked at JPL, inviting them to buy tickets for a bus ride to Vandenberg Air Force Base to see the launch of IRAS, Infrared Astronomy Satellite. The cost was \$15, and the buses would leave at noon on 24 Jan., '83. Launch was scheduled for 6:17 PM, after which the buses would bring us back to JPL around midnight. I wished to go.

But I am a diabetic, and as I tried to figure out a way to balance insulin, diet, and exercise with the proposed schedule, not to mention possible delays, I decided, reluctantly, that I could not go. But I did have an interest in the launch. After all, this was JPL's latest achievement. And in fact I managed to listen in on the launch in real-time.

Thus, Tuesday, 25 Jan, was no different in schedule from my other weekdays. At 5 PM I ate a snack of fruit, cheese and bread, carefully weighed to provide me energy for the upcoming work. I then went to the gym called AEROBICS WEST. Every day I work out here. AEROBICS WEST is a small place run by Sandy and Mark Louis. It is a large room, with carpeting on the floor, and a mirror down one whole length of a wall. At the front, a desk, a sound system, and a few boxes to stuff street clothing in. Which I did, stripping down to shoes, shorts, T-shirt, and Medicalert bracelet. This was at 5:50 PM, as Patty was bringing the Slim-and-Trim class into its final ten minutes of exercise.

I asked Mark if I could use the phone at 6:15 to call a secret number that would put me into the Vandenberg Launch Tower circuit. Mark, bless him, not only took this request in stride, but said he would place the call while I was exercising and hand it over to me at the last minute. In California we are laid back.

6 PM. Sandy moved to the front and center of the room. She was a poem of health in leotards, sweat pants and leg warmers. I think I would have chucked this whole daily exercise program if she had not encouraged me to continue. "Let's get ready to move!" The music started... mostly rock or punk, or something like that. Anything with a strong and regular beat.

Stretches start us off. Reach for the ceiling, flat back, touch toes, side stretch... limber up for the upcoming workout. 6:05 we went into more toe touches. OK, I will admit I still cannot touch my toes with legs kept straight, but a year ago I had a hard time touching my knees. 6:10 PM and it was thigh muscles time. With legs spread wide apart, we down, then up-down-up-down-press-press. 6:13 PM and we went to the wall. Here we sat against the wall, back and lower legs vertical, upper legs horizontal. "Let those thigh muscles burn!" said Sandy, and for 2 minutes we did. 6:15 PM, and Mark was on the phone, dialing the number I had given him. He waved me over as Sandy started the 20 minute cardio-vascular workout.

I put the phone to one ear, stuck a finger in the other ear to keep out the music, and also went on to the jog. The workout is mostly running, skipping, hopping etc., in place. I would have no trouble following the class as I listened to Vandenberg announce "T minus 90 seconds and counting." We went into mule kicks, alternating legs, as the tower announced "Lift-off, we have a lift-off!!" The magic words to any rocketeer. 6:17, right on schedule.

One minute into launch, and as we went over to jumping jacks the solid rocket boosters ignited. The first stage was well under way. At 6:21 the first stage burned out, and we went into MECO, separation, and ignition of the second stage. By 6:30 it was all over. Perfect launch. I hung up the phone, just in time

The class started doing the high leg lifts and the kicks that bring the workout to a close. The music was something with a chorus like, "Boogy, woogy woogy woogy dancing shoes, keep me dancing all night"

I might add that Sandy insists on proper footwear for her students. In fact, I have seen two people go down on the floor with sprained ankles, and neither was wearing shoes. Sandy asks that you use a good quality tennis shoe, as the average gym or track shoe does not give proper support. I use NIKE MEADOW SUPREME.

The remaining time was spent in exercising arms and shoulders, stomachs, hips and pelvic muscles. Slim-and-Trim in other words, just what the doctor ordered. The class, by the way, is about a 20-1 ratio of women to men. The reason, perhaps, is that the average male who does exercise is interested in muscle building, not fat reduction.

70% of diabetics die from cardiovascular causes. 10% will be blind, and the rest of us will have some degree of damage to eyesight, kidneys and nerves. But the average male does not have this worry, and if he does decide to invest in an hour or more a day for working up a sweat, he wants to have muscles to show off.

Still, I always feel slightly embarrassed when we do the pelvic exercises. These involve lying flat on the floor, then bringing up the legs so that the feet are flat on the floor, and knees up. Then you lift your rear end using the buttock muscles. 20 females and 1 male lifting to music. I hope no fan ever gets a picture of me while I'm doing those.

After I got home I prepared my supper, simple as always. I then dialed IRAS operations at JPL, to be informed that the satellite had been inserted into orbit by a second burn of the rocket. First indications

In fact it was near perfect. The control room at Chilton, England had no trouble picking up the satellite, and as I type this, 19 Feb., the all-sky survey is well under way.

AFTER THE GOLDEN AGE

PART I: Treasure of the Sierra Madre Fault

By Harry Andruschak

This 20 July, as always, nowadays, I sit back and think over the many strange things that have happened to me at JPL. For today was the 7th anniversary of the landing of the Viking Lander One on Mars. This fact was ignored by the LA newspapers... the public has lost interest in the planetary exploration program.

Since this will be the first time many subscribers have read this column, if NIEKAS sells a lot of subscriptions at CHICON IV, perhaps I should give an overview of what the column is about, and what you can look forward to. Essentially, it is a very personal view of the happenings at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory (JPL) by a computer technician who works there for the Deep Space Network (DSN).

The DSN currently tracks 11 old spacecraft with six antennas. The spacecraft are, in order of launch... Pioneers 6 thru 9, in an orbit around the sun, launched in the late 1960's. Pioneers 10 and 11 launched in 1972 and 1973, now heading out of the solar system. The German-built and operated Helios One is tracked by the DSN. Viking Lander One still operates, sending back a picture and weather data every 8 days. Voyagers One and Two travel in the outer solar system. And finally Pioneer 12 in its orbit around Venus.

What of the future? Well, there might not be a future. At present, Pioneer 10 and 11 are exploring new territory as they leave the sun. At this moment, a budget battle is going on in Washington to shut down all the Pioneer spacecraft. This massive shutdown might extend to Voyager One, also heading out of the solar system.

Voyager Two is still headed for Uranus. Arrival time is 24 Jan., 1986. If the spacecraft looks as if it might hold up, it will be targeted to Neptune, to arrive 24 Aug., 1989. Voyager Two is the only USA spacecraft currently flying to have planetary encounters in its future, so the chances are good that it will not be shut down. We sort of hope.

As for new launches, the 1980's are going to see only one spacecraft from the USA. GALILEO, a mission to return the Jupiter and orbit the planet for over a year. However,

this project has had so many ups and downs due to the budget problems that I shall have to postpone writing about it for the time being. Until the Fiscal 1983 budget is an actuality, nobody really knows if it will get off the ground.

Even if Galileo does fly, its mission comes to an end in 1991. This is the year Pioneer 10 and 11, and Voyager 1 and 2 will drop out of range of the DSN. Thus 1991 is the perfect year to shut down the USA's planetary program forever. This assumes that no new projects are commenced after Galileo. To this date, this is the case. As new projects come on-line I'll try to keep NIEKAS updated.

All these cutbacks have had an effect on JPL. As money for the Planetary Program declines, the slack has been taken up from elsewhere. Some of this is near-orbit work for JPL. And up to 30% is now work for the Department of Defense (DOD). This was not a popular decision among the many workers at JPL, as the DOD is not easy to work for.

Perhaps the best indication of how the Lab has changed, and will change still more, is to consider our new Director. Unlike the previous Directors, he did not work his way up the ranks of JPL's scientists and engineers. Perhaps the following paragraphs from the Press Release announcing the new Director will explain.

By the way, the title of this section refers to the fact that JPL sits right on top of an old earthquake fault called the Sierra Madre Fault. Not to worry, folks, it has been quiet for over 10,000 years. Safe as a nuclear power plant.

INTERMEZZO #1

CALTECH NAMES ALLEN V.P., DIRECTOR OF JPL

Dr. Lew Allen Jr. has been named a Vice President of the California Institute of Technology and Director of the Institute's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, it has been announced by Caltech President, Marvin L. Goldberger.

As chief of staff of the Air Force, Dr. Allen was the senior officer responsible for the administration of a combined military and civilian force of nearly 1 million people. As a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he and the other service chiefs functioned as the principal military advisers to the Secretary of Defense, National Security Council, and the President.

Dr. Allen was born 30 Sept. 1925, in Gainesville, Texas. He graduated

in 1946 from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. In 1950 he entered graduate school at the University of Illinois, receiving his M.S. degree in physics in 1952 and his Ph.D. in physics in 1954. He was then assigned as a research physicist to the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory. In 1957, he became science adviser to the Physics Division of the Air Force Special Weapons Center.

In 1961 he moved to the Office of the Secretary of Defense, Space Technology Office, in the Directorate of Research and Engineering. From 1965 to 1973 he served in the Office of the Secretary of the Air Force, initially in Los Angeles as a deputy director for advanced plans in the Directorate of Special Projects. In 1968, Dr. Allen went to the Pentagon as deputy director of space systems, becoming director in 1969. In 1970 he returned to Los Angeles as assistant to the director of special projects. In 1971 he became director, with additional duty as deputy commander for satellites programs, Space and Missile Systems Organization.

Dr. Allen was appointed in 1973 as deputy to the director of Central Intelligence for the Intelligence Community in Washington, D.C.. Later that year, he became director, National Security Agency, and chief, Central Security Service. In 1977, he was named commander of the Air Force Systems Command.

Dr. Allen is a command pilot with about 5,000 flying hours, and the recipient of numerous decorations and awards.

ha

PART II: FUTURE JAPANESE DEEP SPACE PROJECTS

By Harry Andruschak

One of the latest arrivals at the JPL library has been "Proceedings of the Fourteenth ISAS Lunar and Planetary Symposium", published in Japan. Towards the end of this thick volume, devoted to many papers from Japanese scientists on aspects of space, are three new proposals for projects to follow PLANET A.

PLANET A is the formal name of Japan's probe to Halley's Comet, to be launched in Aug. of 1985. It will be preceded in Jan. of 1985 by a sets spacecraft that will cruise thru interplanetary space. To track the spacecraft Japan is building a 64 meter radio antenna northwest of Tokyo, much along the well proven lines of JPL's 64 meter dish.

All this is part of Japan's large and vigorous space program, which includes its own launch vehicles,

home-built spacecraft, and solid funding. No year-to-year yo-yo like NASA has to go thru. I cannot resist giving the exact titles and a summary abstract as they are printed in the English translation. ((I do not read Kanji!))

A PROPOSAL TO PLANET B, DRAG-FREE SATELLITE AND MERCURY OBSERVATION.

Abstract: verification experiment of general relativity and Mercury observation are proposed for ISAS PLANET-B mission. A drag-free system will be employed to perform a very accurate determination of the group delay tracking waves of the artificial planet by the solar gravity. CCD imaging system will be employed for Mercury observation. The present status of hardware development for both the drag-free detection subsystem and the CCD subsystem is described.

Andy's comment: A logical follow on to JPL's 1973 Mariner-Venus-Mercury Mission. It will map half of Mercury that we missed, and make field and particle measurements. The test of relativity will be a scientific bonus. Probably a 1988 launch if approved.

SEISMIC EXPLORATION OF MERCURY; AN ASSESSMENT

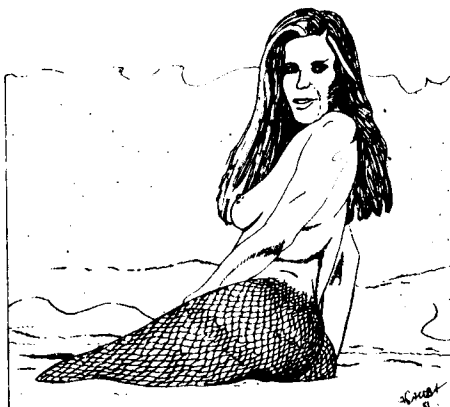
Abstract: Seismic activity in Mercury is studied through comparison with those in the earth and in the moon. Earth's seismicity is totally under control of the global tectonics, which is peculiar, at present, to the Earth. Lunar seismicity, meanwhile, is governed by frozen tectonics; shallow moonquakes, and tidally induced tectonics; deep moonquakes. Seismic activity in Mercury may resemble the lunar seismic activity, because of the similarities between Mercury and the moon of the objects size, the surface geology, and the tidal situation. Level of activity, however, may be far higher in Mercury than in the moon because of large amounts of tidal energy dissipated in Mercury. This is the high potential of seismic exploration of Mercury to investigate the internal structure. A seismometer package is proposed for the exploration, and expected quality and the deployment of the packages are also discussed.

Andy's comment: The plan is based on "penetrators", dropped from an orbiting vehicle to plunge deep into the surface, leaving a small transmitter on the surface to send the data to the orbiter. This is very much like a proposed JPL mission as a follow-up on the Viking project. It may well be that a test run will set up a network on the moon, incidentally replacing the NASA seismometer network that was

turned off to save a few million dollars a year. Probably a 1990's project.

LASER RANGING FROM SATELLITES AROUND THE MOON AND MERCURY---A PROPOSAL TO THE SOLID PLANETS EXPLORATION CAMPAIGN IN JAPAN
Abstract: ((Too long to include in full. The basic idea is a satellite equipped with a laser retroreflector. This would enable very accurate tracking of planets' orbits from Earth. NASA is still doing this for the retroreflectors left by the Apollo program on the moon. The orbiter around Mercury would enable very accurate determination of the general relativity effect on Mercury's orbit.))

Andy's Comment: A very needed project. JPL got some accurate data on Mercury's orbit from the 1973 mission, BUT IT IS STILL ON TAPE!! Due to the lack of money, no data reduction has been done on these and many other tapes at JPL, and probably never will be. A good long term project for Japan.



As to which of these three projects will be funded, I have no idea. I do hope all of them get off the ground. I'll let NIEKAS readers know as soon as I get solid information. For example, another proposal for PLANET-B is a Venus mission.

INTERMEZZO #2
MARS MAPPER (Out of Aviation Week and Space Technology, Aug, 1982.)

A joint U.S./European Mars mission is emerging as an early candidate for renewed space cooperation between the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the European Space Agency. One concept utilizes a U.S. geochemical mapper spacecraft teamed with a European spacecraft that would obtain Mars atmospheric data. Both spacecraft could be placed in Martian Polar orbit by the same General Dynamics Centaur carried into Earth orbit by

the space shuttle. Specific mission options have not been defined yet, but a geochemical mapper could provide data useful for any Mars sample return missions flown later. The ability of the imaging radar flown on the second shuttle mission to photograph features below the Earth's surface is also increasing interest in future Mars missions. Such a radar capability could be exploited more fully over the uniformly arid Martian surface.

ha

NUCLEAR SAFETY

By Harry Andruschak

"Knowledge will forever govern ignorance. And a people who mean to be their own governors must arm themselves with the power knowledge gives. A popular government, without popular information or the means of acquiring it, is but a prologue to a farce or tragedy." James Madison

President Reagan has called for expanded nuclear power. Once again the fanzines and apas are filling up with comments on the subject. Once more the old arguments come out. Once again it is obvious that most fans have no idea whatsoever of the situation. The bullshit... I find it hard to believe the amount.

In my fight for truth, justice, and another fanzine article under my belt, I am going to let you in on a public source of information not known to the average fan. I don't care whether you are pro-nuclear, anti-nuclear, or are honest to admit that you don't know. It is a magazine that will provide you with far more information than you ever thought available to the general public. After one year I very much doubt if you will have changed your minds... but at least you will be informed... For make no mistake about it, this is going to be a crucial issue in the 1980's.

Make a cheque or money order of \$19.00 payable to Superintendent of Documents. Write up a letter asking for a one year subscription to the magazine NUCLEAR SAFETY. Mail to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

NUCLEAR SAFETY, here after referred to as NS, is a bi-monthly magazine published at Oak Ridge. Down, down antis... this is not the usual pro-nuke stuff the government turns out. The rest of this article/review is designed to convince you that you need this publication if you want to make intelligent decisions. I have on hand the latest issue, Jan.-Feb. 1982. Running about 120 to 160

pages an issue of glossy printing, it is the best money you will ever spend.

The magazine is divided into seven sections. Each is well documented so that if you want more information you will know where to send for it, and how much it will cost to buy. As so many of us have found out, the real limit is your pocketbook. Warning...all the following article and comments assume you have some education. For this is not an easy-to-read magazine. In point of fact, the first issue or two will leave you blank. Don't worry; keep at it, and by the end of the year you can reread the run with far better understanding. And I'll bet you will renew your subscription.

SECTION ONE--GENERAL SAFETY CONSIDERATIONS. One or two articles per issue devoted to an overview. This time around we have two articles dealing with the future of the industry. Does it have any after Three Mile Island? TMI called into question WASH 1400. And here we should note about this WASH 1400. It was published in 1975 as the official word on reactor safety. it is the crux of the nuclear power question. Risk vs. benefit. How often will core melts actually happen? How much damage will they do?

Now, the official estimates using WASH 1400 are that with the current 76 reactors the USA has, we will have one core melt every 400 years. Thruout the world, 1,000 reactors probably means one every 17 years. To generate all electricity in the USA from nuclear power requires 400 reactors and a core melt every 50 years. Loss of Coolant Accidents, or LOCAs, would run 10 times that amount. TMI was a LOCA. Yet if we should have one LOCA every 40 years with 76 reactors why did have 4 in 4 years, Ginna being the latest? This brings up section 2.

SECTION TWO--ACCIDENT ANALYSIS How do accidents happen? What is the likely result? How much damage to the public? This section prints out articles on the subject. Most of these are theoretical, of course. This month we have an article trying to figure out exactly what happens in a core melt. How does the pool form, and work its way downward? What results when it hits the water at the bottom? Steam explosion? Containment failure? Of course, the best thing is to try and minimize this possibility. This brings us to the next section.

SECTION 3--CONTROL AND INSTRUMENTATION This is a vital topic. TMI was a near disaster due to incompetent operators who couldn't use the controls. What can be done to

improve this? This time around we have an article on diesel generators.

SECTION 4--PLANT SAFETY FEATURES In this issue the article is about Iodine-131 control. Of all the questions that rage around nuclear power, this may well be one that affects you most directly. I know it did me.

On Oct. 11, 1957, an old fashioned air-cooled graphite-moderated pile at a place called WINDSCALE caught fire. To this day, there are people walking with radioactive strontium in their bones from it, radioactive cesium in their muscles from it and thyroids damaged from radioactive iodine from it. 30,000 curies escaped into the air. About 200 additional deaths are expected in the 1970's and 1980's from it. I might be one of them.

Iodine-131 has a short half life, which means it is an active beta ray producer. 99% of the iodine in your body is concentrated in your thyroid. THAT is why, during the TMI incident, the Food and Drug Administration arranged for an emergency shipment of 250,000 bottles of potassium iodide solution to Harrisburg. KI can block iodine take up by saturating the thyroid. This gives time for the population to clear out.

In fact, one of the biggest problems nowadays is whether to distribute KI to people living near a plant. I am sure future articles in NS will cover this topic. It can save lives...but it is admitting that things can go badly wrong. Hardly a morale booster. Nonetheless if you live within 50 miles of a reactor, or 100 downwind, I advise you see your family doctor on KI tablet prescription. And this leads logically to the next topic.

SECTION FIVE--ENVIRONMENTAL EFFECTS This section is the one with two types of articles. One involves speculation on radioactive discharges during an incident, up to and including core melts, that ultimate bugaboo that haunts everyone. Exactly how bad will it be? Rather tame as WASH 1400 says? Regional catastrophe as some others say? Work and study are still arranged on this topic, and here you can read some of the results.

The second is that of on-going discharges. Every plant pumps radioactivity into the environment. How much is safe? If any? At what levels? What long term effects? All these and other questions are the subject of this section. It is crucial. Nuclear Power hinges on the fact that less people get killed than with fossil power. If this should turn out not to be true, it can hurt the industry badly. This is

going to be one of the major battle grounds of the 1980's debates. Get in on the ground floor, folks.

SECTION 6--OPERATING EXPERIENCES This month is rather tame, the only article being on how a steam generator was replaced at Surry Power Station. Actually, it was quite a complicated affair, as you can read. The engineers are to be congratulated on a fine job.

This section is also one with articles on Mishaps at plants, when such things happen. This is more technical than the sensational writing of daily newspapers, but far more informative. But this month we have nothing. However I am sure Ginna will soon appear as an article.

OK, take a deep breath, boys and girls. It has been a rough road if this is your first couple of times. Now we come to the real fun part. As a part of section six, every issue has **EVENTS RESULTING IN REACTOR SHUTDOWNS AND THEIR CAUSES.**

This time around we note 27 shutdowns in the 2 month reporting period. They range all over the engineering spectrum. But here is all of it, and how many times have I heard anti-nukers say that this info is not made public?

Nest we have **SELECTED SAFETY-RELATED EVENTS REPORTED.** This is the part where we get write-ups on some of the more interesting of those events. And, friends, if this section does not convince you that Murphy's Law runs the universe, I don't know what will. Of the three events listed and discussed, my favorite is the accidental turning on of the containment spray system while in cold shutdown as Sequoia 1. Operator errors again. Tsk tsk.

OPERATING POWER REACTORS. Here you can read in tables all the vital statistics of the 76 plants licensed for operation. I noticed with regret that SHIPPINGPORT is no longer listed. It was shut down for the last time a few months ago. It was the oldest operating plant having started in 1957. The dream of having the plant operational for 40 years is still not obtained. It must be obtained if nuclear power is to make it in the long run. This leaves DRESDEN 1 as the oldest operational plant having started in 1960. As you may expect, Three Mile Island 2 is listed as "Shut down indefinitely, future uncertain". But did you know that DRESDEN 1 and HUMBOLDT BAY are also in this condition? Three reactors are in power ascension phase. DIABO CANYON was also to start as ascension, but its license has been withdrawn.

This section also includes proposed fines. Sometimes the Nuclear Power Regulatory Commission feels the need to assess civil penalties against the utilities for safety violations. This section lists them and other news on operating plants. For example, on the restart of Three Mile Island 1, or the recovery operations of TMI 2. ((Quite a tricky job.))

SECTION SEVEN--RECENT DEVELOPMENTS. A grab bag. First we have a listing of all proposed new reactors. The table gives date of expected completion, current state, and other information. If a plant is being built in your neighborhood, here is where you get the info on how it is coming along.

There is a list of proposed rule changes, as required by law.

I do notice with some amusement, that the NRC is not above a little rewriting of history. It refers to the proposed CLINCH RIVER BREEDER REACTOR as the nations first large scale demonstration liquid metal cooled fast breeder reactor. This is an outright lie, but quite understandable... ENRICO FERMI 1 was an awful example of Murphy's Law. This is sort of asking for sarcastic comment from the anti-nukers. Tsk tsk, NRC.

So there is all of it, for a cheap \$19.00 a year. As I mentioned before, I very much doubt if any of you will change your mind from reading it, but at least you can have a more rational basis for your stand than the average fans I've met at clubs and cons have. As the number of issues you have piled up grows, you will get a far better understanding of what the issues are about.

Now reread the Madison quote at the start of the article, and then bring out your checkbooks.

A REPLY TO ISAAC ASIMOV CONCERNING THE IDEAS PRESENTED IN HIS SHORT STORY "THE ULTIMATE CRIME" CONCERNING THE SUBJECT MATTER OF DR. MORIARTY'S "THE DYNAMICS OF AN ASTEROID"

In his otherwise excellent collection of stories MORE TALES OF THE BLACK WIDOWERS, The Good Doctor presented a rather sensationalistic explanation of the now lost treatise that is probably incorrect. I would like to put forth an alternate explanation, worked out by myself and several other fans of The Master. I leave it to the Gentle Reader to determine which is the more likely.

We will accept Asimov's dating of 1875 as the probable time that the treatise was written. It might be of interest to examine what problems of astronomy were unanswered at the

time, and see if one of them might provide the key. This key should also explain why no copies of the treatise have been found. A reasonable explanation not involving censorship or suppression. Or blowing up planets.

In fact there was such a problem. It had surfaced in 1843, and is now known as the perihelion of Mercury problem. Newton's Laws could not explain it, and it was a great worry to astronomers. One such astronomer was a Frenchman named Urbain Jean Joseph Leverrier, who was also an excellent mathematician. He, like many others, worked on the problem. He gave his conclusions at a lecture held at the Academy of Paris on 2 Jan 1860. Note the date, please.

Leverrier postulated a new mass inside the orbit of Mercury, and as yet unseen. This might be a small planet or large asteroid, or maybe even a belt of small asteroids. They had not been detected to date because of their small size, as well as being hidden in the glare of the sun. Throughout the 1860's efforts were made to find the planet by many observers who had faith in Leverrier.

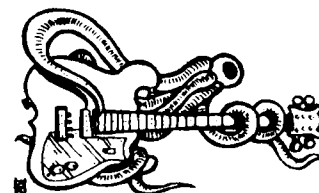
Fleeting observations of something were made, especially during eclipses of the sun. Or small sunspots that might be asteroids. Enough observations came in that Leverrier finally gave the object a name....VULCAN. Observers tried to see it, and Leverrier tried to calculate an orbit from the maze of contradictory information.

Enter Moriarty. Let us stress the fact that he was brilliant as a mathematician. He undoubtedly would have read Leverrier's published calculations of the orbit of Vulcan. He could sit down and work out the fact that this was all rubbish. And in fact, that is probably what he did.

He was also cruel. By 1875 Leverrier had published lots of calculations, thus giving Moriarty lots of targets. This was not just a three-body problem, since anything postulated had to include effects on the orbits of Earth and Venus. No wonder most mathematicians couldn't follow his elaborate calculations. But one of these must have been Leverrier. It must have been crushing.

I have no doubt that the treatise was a painstaking line by line demolition of every calculation Leverrier ever made about Vulcan. A very thorough and devastating refutation, based on sound is very advanced mathematics.

Leverrier died in 1877, and Vulcan began to slowly fade into oblivion.



After Moriarty's work, who could ever take it seriously again? And, in fact, nobody ever did. And after Einstein came up with an explanation for the perihelion of Mercury that did not need an extra gravitational mass, Vulcan was forgotten.

So why is the work unobtainable today?

First off, it was written in French. Leverrier published in that language and Moriarty was fluent in it and several others. As such most copies were picked up by Frenchmen.

Next, "Moriarty" is probably not his real name. The British have a tradition that accusing a person after death is grounds for libel action by his relatives. To this day many people believe that the London police knew who "Jack the Ripper" was, but that he had committed suicide before they could get to him. Since a man is innocent until proven guilty, and dead men cannot defend themselves, the police bury such cases.

Given Dr. Watson's frequent contacts with the London police, and his own nature, is it not likely that he changed the Professor's name for publication?

Next, why should libraries keep it? Tons of paper get published every year. Most disappear into stacks. Moriarty's paper was brilliant, yes, but after that? It didn't advance anything new. After Einstein came along, any librarian running across it would regard it as obsolete.

And now comes the tragic part. Since most of the librarians in France would see no reason for special treatment, it just went into the files along with thousands of other 19th century papers. And all of them had acid.

In point of truth, there was no censorship, no suppression, and no cover-up. Just the acid that most late 19th century paper had in it doing its work. Don't take my word for it.... ask any librarian working with 19th century publications. For that matter, look at the state of the pulp SF magazines offered for sale in huckster rooms.

But IF, somehow, you do come across a copy...DON'T TOUCH IT!!! Inform the librarian that this is a document you want to save and are willing to pay the costs. Contact me...I'll shell out, then pass the hat thru fandom to get back the

money. ((Wanna bet that I can't get \$10,000 in an hour if I canvas a Worldcon?))

Hopefully, we may one day get a copy of the original paper, and thus get a look at the side of Moriarty that is often overlooked by readers of The Master.

I trust Dr. Asimov understands that this paper was written in the spirit of scientific inquiry, and will support my plea for fans to take great care, if and when they do find a copy.

INTERMEZZO: #3

HOW ROBERT A HEINLEIN SAVED MY LIFE TWICE

The last Worldcon, CHICON IV, did not hold a Heinlein Blood Drive. This may mark the end of a fannish tradition at big cons. Too bad, because, back in 1976 I was persuaded to donate blood on a regular basis by the Grand Master of Science Fiction, and a year later it saved my life.

No fooling. I started off donating, had regular blood pressure, and felt good. A few donations later the nurse looked stunned, tested my blood pressure a second time, called a doctor over, who also tested me, and then warned me to get treatment for "Essential Hypertension". Yet I felt great. No wonder they call it "The Silent Killer". To treat my high blood pressure I was put on a diuretic, and a powerful beta-blocker called CORGARD. As the years passed the Red Cross kept taking my blood pressure at donations, and when it went up, so did the dosage of Corgard.

Then the horror that is diabetes struck me down and I had to lose weight or go on the needle with insulin. Being a coward of the first water, I lost weight fast with a dedication that only fear can bring. After which my doctor patted me on the head and called me a good boy, and said I could resume donating blood. And I did once. But the second time the nurse was poleaxed at my pulse.

My pulse was 40 beats per minute, and slightly irregular. My blood pressure had fallen way too low. I felt great, but that did not do a thing about the fact that I was suffering from chronic use of Corgard, and in addition was taking too much due to my 35 pound weight loss. Bradycardia, leading up to heart failure. Corgard can do it in a very small percentage of patients, and so insidiously that there is little warning.

But I had been warned, and my doctor began a program to take me off of Corgard by slow stage withdrawal. As of today, Halloween, I am permanently off. Even better, my blood pressure has gone up but is well within the acceptable limits, being 110/75 as an average. Best of all I feel better. Turns out that one of the side effects in a small percentage of users is depression and other emotional problems.

That is why I hope that the blood drives will continue to be a part of any fannish convention of large size, especially Worldcons. Because Heinlein's actions back in 1976 have resulted in my getting regular tests every two months, free, and twice alerted me to medical conditions that might have had dangerous developments. I am sure that other fans will benefit if they can be encouraged to be regular blood donors at SF cons.

ha

THE 1984 FISCAL BUDGET BATTLES, PART ONE

THE FIFTH SHUTTLE

November 11. What does that mean to you? Many years ago, it was a thing called Armistice Day, and we school kids in England gathered together in the auditorium to observe two minutes of silence. As I grew older I started to read history, and began to wonder at this War to End All Wars. Does anybody still believe that the LUSITANIA was hit by two torpedos?? Or does anyone believe it was hit by the one and only torpedo fired by the German sub?? Lies, lies, lies.

Or maybe you remember it is supposed to be Veteran's Day? As a Vietnam Veteran, thank you for your remembrance. We enjoyed being your scapegoats? OK, I came out lucky... I landed a job at JPL. The rest of them? Benefits cut. Widows and orphans without money. Disabled without help. How can we thank you for helping us in our hours of need?

Or maybe this is the day of the fifth shuttle launch. Perfect lift-off, and I have no doubt the mission will proceed smoothly, with perhaps Murphy cropping up just to show who really runs the universe. That is why I am typing this. November 11th. And as the shuttle lifts off I review the news from Washington, wondering how NASA and JPL will do in the upcoming 1984 Fiscal Budget battles. With a deficit of over 100 million dollars looming, it should spell the end of the Planetary Exploration Program.

The obvious need is a fifth shuttle. 1984 is the last year in which shuttle production lines can be open. After that they will be closed down and no more shuttles can be produced, at least not in the present configuration. It would be cheaper to restart the whole process from square one...with no guarantee that this time around we would do it right, which we certainly didn't do with our present fouled up shuttle system.

If nothing else, JPL could use the spare back-up capacity. With only four shuttles schedules are tight. Any delay means a cargo will have to be bumped...and scientific payloads like planetary exploration probes are very vulnerable to being bumped a year or two.

A good example is EXOSAT. The European X-Ray Observatory Satellite. It was originally it was scheduled to be launched by the sixth Ariane Rocket. However, on Sept. 10th the fifth launch failed due to a third stage malfunction. This was traced to the fact that technicians forgot to fill an oil reservoir, resulting in a pump running dry. Tsk, tsk... Murphy strikes again. However, all of this has delayed the ARIANE launches.

As a result, the spacecraft scheduled to be launched on #7 will be launched on #6, and those on #8 probably on #7. Exosat will just have to fit in somewhere somehow as the schedule permits. After all, it is only a scientific spacecraft, not a commercial spacecraft paying money to be launched. And so it goes.

There is a commercial company willing to finance the fifth shuttle. But a funny thing happened in the Reagan Administration. Instead of embracing this as an example of Capitalism and Private Enterprise in Space, it waffles. As I type this, the budget still has no solid funding for the fifth shuttle, in spite of all the hot air the government spouts about commercialization of space. What is going on? I don't know, but we do need a fifth shuttle.

If nothing else, it also keeps open the production line for the possible building of a sixth and subsequent shuttles. That is certainly a thing we could use if we ever intend to build a space station. It is going to be a hard and long winter in the halls of the budget process.

PART II

THE VENUS MAPPER MISSION

As I type this on Thanksgiving Day, unable to have a feast, I wonder

what the proposed 1984 budget deficit of \$200 billion will do to our hopes that JPL has another planetary mission. I certainly do not have much to be thankful for, with failing health and financial problems to worry me. As such, it would be nice to have our first start since the Galileo was funded back in 1978, six years ago.

At the top of our list is a new mission called Venus Mapper Mission, or VMM. It is a re-work of the old Venus Orbiting Imaging Radar (VOIR) that I talked about in a previous column and which was cancelled earlier this year. The idea is to use leftover parts from the older VIKING and VOYAGER missions, plus spares from GALILEO, and parts from the started but cancelled Halley and ISPM missions. Added to what was started of VOIR, and we have a mission that could have an '84 start.

The plan is still to map Venus by radar. But VMM will use a high gain antenna when orbiting the planet, not a Synthetic Aperture Radar like VOIR used to have and use. The high gain antenna that, in VOIR, sent data back to Earth will double as radar. The spacecraft is to be placed in an elongated orbit around Venus. As it swoops near the planet, it maps out a swath of ground and stores the info on tape. Then as it swings out it aims the antenna at Earth and passes the data along. Then back for another close swoop, and so on.

This concept was considered in the early 1970's and rejected in favour of the SAR of VOIR. The main reason was resolution. VOIR was to map 95% of the surface at a resolution of 80 meters, with spot resolution of 5% of the planet at 20 meters. VMM will map only 70% of the surface, with the best resolution being about 1,000 meters, if that good. A second rate job.

Also, more money will be saved by the other instruments to be sent along. None. VMM will have the radar mapping and that's all. VOIR was to take along a full set of imaging and particle field experiments.

Given a Fiscal '84 start to the mission, it could start in '88. But the chances of delay or outright cancellation will hang over it, and it may well be that the 80's will see Russian spacecraft at the only visitors. Already the Russians have two spacecraft planned to fly to Venus in '85 and encounter Halley's Comet in '86.

As a follow up AVIATION WEEK AND SPACE TECHNOLOGY reports that France and Russia are talking about a large scale project, a joint mission to

Venus in '89, complete with Orbiters, Landers, Probes and Instrumented Balloons.

PART III

EPPUR SI MUOVE

I am developing grey hairs around my temples. They have not been put there by the daily strain of trying to cope with diabetes, even tho it has been hell for me to adjust to. No, it has been the constant waffling from Washington about the Galileo Mission.

It is hard to believe that what started at the Jupiter Orbiter and Probe has ended up in a mess. Back in 1978 it all seemed so simple. Just launch towards Jupiter in 1982, using a 3 stage IUS on the second shuttle off the line. \$300 million for the whole mission...cheap for the science returns.



@ JERRY Collins 1981

Then it all started, and we had to change to a twin launch in '84, then a launch in '85 using a two stage IUS. What with configuration changes, delays in launch, and the general lack of support from the White House, our mission now ran to \$1,000 million. That is one big billion dollars.

And now the White House has decided to go ahead with the Centaur upper stage... the Air Force might be able to use it. NASA must come along. So Galileo has slipped another year, to be launched in May of '86. Which just happens to be the same month that we were supposed to launch the European International Solar Polar Mission spacecraft. If it turns out impossible to launch both missions, Galileo will be slipped to '87...adding another \$100 million to the cost.

If Galileo is delayed until '87, and I am sure it will be, It will mean a lapse of ten years from the launch of the VOYAGER in 1977, and of the two small Pioneer-Venus craft in 1978.

More worries. With the launch delayed until '87, this leaves the 24 Jan. '86 encounter of Voyager II at Uranus as the next main event. Should the spacecraft fail before reaching the planet, there will be strong sentiment to terminate the planetary exploration program and not launch the Galileo.

At least all this is not causing high blood pressure. I seem to have the problem licked. As part of my diabetic lifestyle I had to go from 180 to 145 pounds. At my new weight the pills for the blood pressure work smoothly.

INTERMEZZO: #4

Speaking of diabetic lifestyle, here is a little item you might find amusing. Suppose you found out you function best on pork insulin, not beef? And suppose you are Jewish? Not to worry, says the Los Angeles Board of Rabbis.. A quote from "Practical Medical Halacha"... "There is no prohibition against deriving benefit from non-kosher animals. The prohibition against eating no non-kosher food does not apply to injectables. Hence, all types of insulin, whether derived from beef or pork or other non-kosher sources, may be used without any halachic concern."

Happy?

ha

This had a small note attached to it requesting that it take the place of his PART IV, but that INTERMEZZO #4 remain.

FROM THE PROJECT MANAGER (SECTION OF THE GALILEO MESSENGER)

On July 20, John Casini called an "all-hands" meeting of the Galileo team at JPL to announce the latest reprogramming developments. As of now, "stop work" orders have been placed on all injection module sub-contract activity, and phase-down of the in-house activity will be complete by the end of this fiscal year. Work has begun on reintegrating the Centaur stage for an '86 launch. A condensed version of the talk is given below.

On July 18, President Reagan signed a supplemental appropriations bill which directs NASA to develop the wide-bodied Centaur as a shuttle upper stage and to launch Galileo with it in 1986. I would like first of all to give you the background that has brought us to this point and then describe where we go from here.

At the Project's inception in 1977, Galileo was scheduled to be launched

in Jan. 1982 aboard the Space Shuttle using the NASA three-stage version of the Inertial Upper Stage (IUS). Due to the shuttle development and schedule problems, Galileo was redirected, in 1979, to a 1984 split launch, with the Orbiter and Probe launching about a month apart. This split launch was required because the increased launch energy requirements could not be satisfied with a single shuttle/IUS launching in 1984.

In 1981, NASA dropped development of the three stage IUS due to escalating costs and adopted the Centaur as the high-energy upper stage. The launch schedule was slipped to 1985 to allow time for the necessary development and integration effort. However, the improved upper stage performance allowed the Orbiter and Probe to be recombined for a single direct launch.

Funding for the Centaur was in the budget for fiscal year 1982 (FY82) sent by the Administration to Congress. However, in Dec. 1981, due to federal budget problems, the Centaur was deleted from the FY83 budget. At this point, a revised FY82 operating plan, dropping the Centaur funding and adding funds for a planetary version of the USAF two-stage IUS and the Injection Module, was sent to Congress. Although no specific approval for the revised plan was given, the Administration directed work on the Injection Module, the planetary two stage IUS and the Galileo ΔVEGA mission begin.

The ΔV-EGA mission would have to be launched in May of 1985, about 1 month later than the '85 Centaur mission. It would have required a single launch of a combined Orbiter and Probe, a two-year orbit around the sun with a large propulsive maneuver about one year out and an Earth reencounter. Earth gravity assist would then boost the spacecraft on to Jupiter with arrival in late 1989. The large propulsive maneuver would have depleted much of the Galileo propellant, causing a major redesign and greatly reduced margins for the Orbiter's tour of the Galilean Satellites.

In recent months, Congress has been working on the so-called FY82 Urgent Supplemental Appropriations Bill to provide funding for various agencies that otherwise could not operate through the remainder of the year.

A provision of the bill directs NASA to restart development of the Centaur for launching the Galileo and International Solar Polar Mission in 1986. The language states

that no more funds are to be obligated for any other upper stages, and only current obligations and termination costs are allowable. It also requires NASA to advance the operational readiness state of the second Shuttle launch pad to Jan. 1986 to allow both the Galileo and ISPM launches in 1986.

The first two versions of this bill were vetoed by the President. He signed the third version of the bill into law on July 18, 1982, and NASA has begun the process of implementing the Centaur provision.

Why in the face of so many objections did Congress reinstate the Centaur? There are several reasons as I see it. First, there is a high regard within Congress for the achievements of the Planetary Program, and concern by many that the future of the Program would be severely eroded if constrained to the existing launch vehicle capability. Second, the Air Force will require a higher energy stage in a few years and Congress was reluctant to abandon the 20 years of development investment, proven reliability, and maturity in exchange for a major new development program with a new round of development cost risks. Third, Congress wanted NASA to have responsibility for the upper stage development and this might not have happened if a new high energy upper stage development with high Air Force requirements was started. Lastly, and perhaps most significantly, Congress is concerned about the exodus of commercial customers to the European Ariane launch vehicle. Arianespace's stated objective is to capture 30% of the commercial market thru 1985- already they have booked nearly that amount. The Centaur's recurring costs have been stated as about half those of the IUS with twice the launch capability, which has led some to believe that with the Centaur it would be possible to keep or recapture more of the commercial market.

As for the Galileo, we must stay on our present development and test schedules for both the Orbiter and the Probe.

To control the costs and maintain the stability of the ongoing activities, it is mandatory that absolutely no changes be made to the spacecraft; i.e., to any hardware on the spacecraft side of the IM/spacecraft adapter interface. All necessary interface accommodation will be confined to an assembly consisting of a new intermediate adapter which should "look like" the IM at the forward end and "like" the old Centaur '85 spacecraft adapter at the other end.

At for the Injection Module, that work must stop.

I want to personally thank, on behalf of the Project and the Laboratory, Joe Savino and each of the people working on the Injection Module Team for the fine job they did in the past six months. It has been a truly remarkable effort. An incredible amount of quality work has been accomplished, with everything clicking off right on schedule. It is keenly disappointing to be doing a job well with intensity and dedication, only to have it terminated so abruptly for reasons totally beyond your control. Nonetheless, we must bring this work to an orderly close now, and get to work reintegrating with the Centaur and with reprogramming the 1986 mission.

The Injection Module and ΔV-EGA mission design work was important because it demonstrated our resourcefulness, our ingenuity and our adaptivity to rapidly changing circumstances. We must reach for those same qualities again as we begin the process of adapting to the '86 launch. We must always remember that our ultimate objective is to deliver a fully functional Galileo spacecraft- Orbiter and Probe- to Jupiter. With the reinstatement of the Centaur we can achieve that goal in 1988, one year earlier than we could have with the ΔV-EGA mission, even though the launch is one year later. The Centaur will not only get us there faster, but with more propellant in our tanks, which means higher assurance of obtaining our science and mission objectives.

All in all, the change is good. The promise Galileo holds is greater than ever and, with your continued support and enthusiasm, the payoff will be there.

Bob Mitchell
submitted by ha

INTERMEZZO; #5
from the DIABETIC'S BOOK by June Biermann and Barbara Toohey published by J.P. Tarcher, Inc., and distributed by Houghton Mifflin Company. paperback \$6.95
Copyright 1981

"Question: Will diabetes make changes in our family life?
Answer: Only about as much as moving a hippopotamus into the living room. Each looms large on the scene, can't be ignored, has to be worked around, demands a great deal of time and trouble and care; and you never stop wishing that someone would take the damn thing away."

The above excerpt is from a book I highly recommend to all new dia-

betics, old diabetics, families of diabetics, and those who want a good grounding of elementary information on the third leading cause of death in the US. The book has been a great help to me in the last few months, including as it does addresses of the American Diabetes Association and other organizations designed to help the diabetic.

Having said that, I would like to take the chance to close out this column with a thanks to all the fans who helped me over "the hump". Too numerous to mention all by name, I do want to publicly mention Juanita and Buck Coulson, Kathy Good and Beverly Kanter. And the patience of Mike Bastraw has been astonishing the last several months.

PART V: PUBLICITY STUNT AT A COMET

JPL has received word from NASA HQ in Washington to proceed with planning for a comet mission, designed to steal some of the thunder away from the Russians, Europeans and Japanese at Halley's Comet. It involves a spacecraft called International Sun Earth Explorer Three, or ISEE 3.

This spacecraft was launched in 1978 and placed at the Sun-Earth L1 point. From here it has monitored the output of the Sun onto Earth, and was expected to be on station until 1989. It has no cameras or dust measuring equipment, but plenty of fields and particles instruments. It is managed by Goddard Space Flight Center, altho in the last year JPL has done some Tracking and Ranging for the upcoming mission.

It actually started last June 10th, when the onboard motor was fired to move the spacecraft into a new orbit that, on Oct. 16th, saw it pass behind the Earth and make measurements of the "tail" of the Magnetosphere. After swinging back it will then be sent lengthwise down the tail starting on Dec. 22. And now the real fun starts.

On Feb. 6, 1983, when it is as far down the tail as it can go and is starting to swing back, the motor will again be fired so that on March 30, 1983, the spacecraft flies by the Moon on a swingby maneuver. After that, JPL has worked out three possible paths to the comet, and the one I like being the second close flyby of the Moon on Dec. 22, 1983. When I say close I mean missing the surface of the Moon by a mere 60 miles.

This second flyby will be the one that slingshots the spacecraft to the comet. But not to Halley's comet. It is an old decrepit comet known as Giacobini-Zinner. On Sept. 11, 1985, the spacecraft is intended to fly thru its tail.

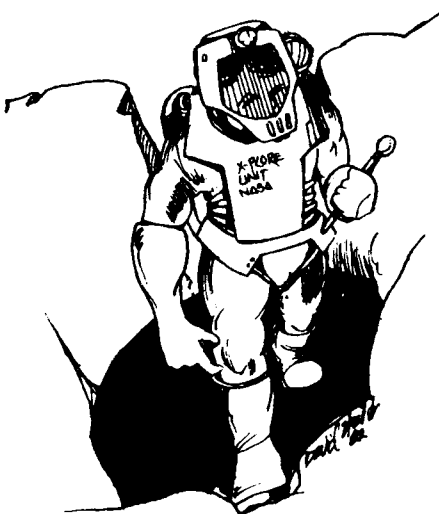
Five of eleven instruments on board will be turned off, including cosmic ray and gamma ray measurements, due to the limits on the amount of data that can be sent back at that distance. Still, it will be a first comet mission several months before anyone else gets to Halley's, and you can be sure of a pathetic attempt to publicize it. The actual scientific value of the information returned will be questionable. O yes, after the flythru of the comet tail, the spacecraft will continue around the sun, and, on Oct. 31, 1985 will be on a line between the Sun and Halley's Comet, and again on Mar. 28, 1986. Measurements of solar wind before it strikes Halley's Comet will be made.

Meanwhile, back in Washington, the struggle over the Fiscal 1984 Budget has started. News about that should appear in this column as it comes in.

AFTER THE GOLDEN AGE

NIEKAS #31 arrived in my mailbox on 25 February 1984. Beverly Kanter delivered it to me at St. Luke's Hospital on 26 February. This column is being hand printed in the dining room of the SHARE unit (St. Luke's Hospital for Alcoholism Rehabilitation and Education).

I entered on 24 February. For the first time in fourteen (14) years I am sober. I have at least another three weeks to spend here amidst an atmosphere of love and helpfulness. And hope.



In the two years since I last wrote for NIEKAS, things have changed for the better at JPL, as far as planetary exploration goes. Much of the credit goes to the many fans who wrote letters to their Congresspersons.

The Deep Space Network, DSN, lives on. We still track over ten spacecraft. Perhaps the most important is Voyager Two. It is scheduled to arrive at Uranus on 24 January, 1986. Gravity assist will swing it around to a path that will take it to Neptune on 24 August, 1989. It will fly over the North Pole, and pass close to Triton a few hours later.

Galileo lives, thanks in a large part to the L-5 Society phone tree. Present plans call for a May 1986 launch with a shuttle/Centaur configuration. We plan to arrive at Jupiter on 25 August, 1988. After dropping a probe into the atmosphere, the orbiter will begin a 20 month mission. Full details are in the August, 1983 issue of the magazine SKY & TELESCOPE. The fiscal 1984 budget had a new start, the Venus Mapping Mission, or VMM. It is a third rate mission compared with the old Venus Orbiting Imaging Radar, or VOIR. Still, it is a mission, and will be launched in 1988.

The Fiscal 1985 budget, currently under debate, has a proposed new start for a Mars orbiter, to be launched in 1990, arriving at Mars in 1991. It will spend two years exploring the atmosphere and geology of Mars.

More good news. The Department of Defense no longer infests building 230, the SFOF, Space Flight Operations Facility. They got a building of their own on lab. The SFOF is being rebuilt. Better water chillers and earthquake-proofing. New freight elevator.

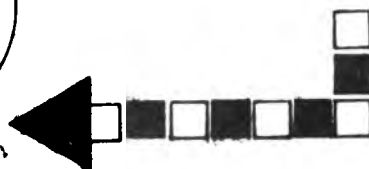
That is all this time around. Dinner will be served in a few minutes. This time I will be eating in the dining room instead of my bedroom. I can now handle a knife and fork.

Yesterday afternoon I stopped by for some coffee. I tried to pour a cup, but my shaking hands deposited half of the liquid on the floor. So somebody else filled the cup for me, took it to a table, and gave me a straw to drink with. Nobody laughed. They had all gone through this stage. I have a long, long way to go, but with this group of 22 friends, I think I can make it.

The Stf Tycoon



WOULD YOU BUY A
THREE-VOLUME FANTASY
EPIC FROM THIS MAN?



(To the tune of "The Rich Tycoon", from the record ANNA RUSSELL SINGS! AGAIN?)

I am that Clever Questioner
The Master Populationist,
When others drew statistics
I played Poet and Conservationist.
To pay my bills I split into
the Chief and Young Relationist,
I knew that Data Processing
Would be here soon;

I shuffled cards and plots a bit
Success proved so appealing,
While my compeers studied English lit
In copy I was dealing
Of a metaphor exotic that a tour
guide was revealing
Of phenomena occurring in a Dark
Lagoon.

CHORUS: (He named his villain
Kurtz and caused a critics'
swoon)

His muttering and puttering
Lacked any trace of
stuttering
He is the very model of a
Stf-Tycoon

For 60's social schemes
I drew Hierarchical Locationist,
I threw a civil service book
at Temporal Rotationist,
Results so gratifying
That I, too, become Vacationist;
Discovering Archaeology and Gold
Doubloons!

CHORUS: (He expounded quite
prolifically on old
typhoons).

Now turning in my cushioned years
To styles of life reclining, I
took philosophic refuge
As I lectured the declining;
Though I seemed Remote and Jaded
Still my Vision I was mining
Of a tower of wealth I dreamed
To reach the Stars and Moon.

CHORUS: His muttering and puttering
Lacked any trace of stuttering
That theoretic, pro-genetic
Stf Tycoon.

In time the world realed me
And my writing turned Occasionist;
Discovering that Nature
Could transcend the Ideationist,
I quested the Unconscious
In the time of the Sensationist
And ate archaic mushrooms in the afternoon!

CHORUS: (He ate archaic mushrooms in the afternoon!)
His muttering and puttering
Still lacked all signs of stuttering
That oft-demanded, mind-expanded Stf Tycoon.

In time I found my keys again
Since space-outs irked my creditors,
The written word transcended
I went on to join the editors,
Now leaving finer details
To my authorized expeditors
Who're pushing my Sand Castles
While they hum this tune:

CHORUS: His muttering and puttering
May yet be free of stuttering
That socializing, notionizing
Stf Tycoon!

by Lenny Bailes

Austin Tappan Wright: A Centennial Commemoration

EDITED BY FRED LERNER

Austin Tappan Wright's *Islandia*, like other classic fantasies, is a novel that stays with many of its readers for the rest of their lives. Wright was born a century ago, in our own corner of the world, and in celebration of his centenary NIEKAS presents a collection of articles on *Islandia* and the man who wrote it.

In "Homage to Islandia," Fred Lerner attempts to place *Islandia* and its author in the context of modern imaginative literature and to suggest its special relevance to a North Country readership.

One of *Islandia*'s leading admirers is Lawrence Clark Powell, librarian emeritus of the University of California at Los Angeles. His lecture, "Islandia: The Wisdom of the Heart," was given before a UCLA class in "Utopia and Anti-Utopia" in January 1956. We print portions of it here by kind permission of Mr Powell.

Islandia was not a typical novel; editing, publishing, and marketing the book took unusual imagination and courage. Mark Saxton was the editor at Farrar and Rinehart whose responsibility it was to transform Wright's manuscript into a viable book. In "The First Publication of *Islandia*," Mr Saxton tells how one of our century's classic fantasies found its way into print.

The reader whose interest in *Islandia* is whetted rather than satiated by the novel in its published form need not despair. There is more to the story of *Islandia*, and much of it may be found at Harvard. Elizabeth Ann Falsey of the Houghton Library's Manuscript Department describes this material in "Austin Tappan Wright (1883-1931): Manuscripts in the Houghton Library at Harvard."

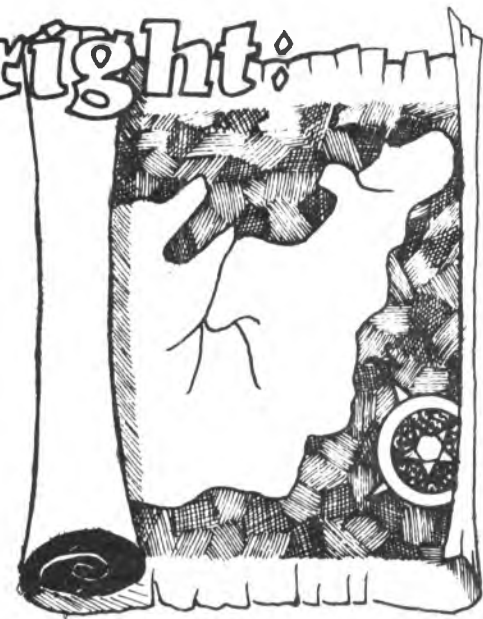
Another source of Islandian history may be found in three books by Mark Saxton. *The Islar* (1969) takes place in post-World-War-II time and concerns a crisis of faith and nerve. *The Two Kingdoms* (1979) deals with the reign of Queen Alwina and the unification of Islandia and Winder. *Havoc in Islandia* (1982) tells of the civil war culminating in the abolition of inherited nobility and the expulsion of the Church. Like Sherlockian scholars, devotees of *Islandia* tend to view contributions to the canon with a skeptical eye. In "Perier and Water" Dainis Bisenieks reviews Mr Saxton's essays in early Islandian history.

#

HOMAGE TO ISLANDIA by Fred Lerner

One hundred years ago, in Hanover, New Hampshire, Austin Tappan Wright was born. He went to Harvard, became a professor of admiralty law, married and had children, died in an auto accident in 1931. He led an uneventful life, and from all accounts it was a happy one. It was a life that many would envy--but it was a private life, not one that anybody outside Wright's circle of family and friends would have much cause to commemorate.

Those of us who read NIEKAS are dreamers. Some of us are dreamers by profession, writers of science fiction stories, subcreators of imaginary worlds, illustrators of literary fantasy. The rest of us are dreamers by avocation, workers at occupations exciting or mundane,



united by a sense that the world in which we live our lives from day to day is not the only world that matters, and brought together by a fascination with the way things might have been, or might become--or might be in our own time, were our world just a little bit different.

Austin Tappan Wright was one of us. After his death, his family discovered among his papers an immense body of writing about a country called *Islandia*, a country located in an out-of-the-way corner of our contemporary world, a country whose topography, economy, language, and social structure inspired the love and loyalty, not only of those fortunate enough to be born there, but also of the many who emigrated to *Islandia* aboard the vessel of Wright's imagination.

Wright was one of us in another way. He was born in the North Country of New England, that domain of hills and lakes and valleys that is home to NIEKAS and to many of the people who produce this magazine. Many of us in the North Country, whether natives or newcomers, have come to feel about it the same *alia*, the same love of place, that Islandians feel for their country. I know that I am not the only Vermont immigrant who has had the same feeling of coming home to a place he had never been that John Lang found after his tour of duty in *Islandia*. And, unlikely as it may seem to an adoptive Vermonter, there are those who feel the same way about New Hampshire.

Austin Tappan Wright was a lawyer and a university professor, not a professional writer. It is doubtful that he ever intended for *Islandia* to be published; and the Islandian corpus was his only venture into literary fantasy. *Islandia* doesn't fit into any of the predominant categories of the genre. It certainly isn't heroic fantasy: neither swordsmen nor sorcerers figure in Islandian life. It's not whimsical fantasy: the only talking animals in *Islandia* live in the centuries-old pages of Bodwin's fables, and the people have the same abilities and limitations as do folk in more familiar countries. It's not science fantasy. The Islandians are not a technological people, and their science is adequate to their needs. And *Islandia* isn't a work of horror fantasy--it's hard to imagine anyone in his right mind who wouldn't find *Islandia* an attractive place to live.

Islandia is closer to utopian fantasy than to any other type; but Wright sailed far from the main current of twentieth-century utopian writing. For ever since the days of H G Wells utopia has been out of fashion. Except for some science fiction writers working within the pulp tradition, modern speculative literature has embraced the dystopia as the more likely future. Zamyatin, Huxley, Orwell: these men are not portraying societies any sane person would want to live in. And even in the technocratic or libertarian or feminist utopias of the modern science fiction literature are too far removed from the world we know to offer more than a fleeting sense of a way of life that lies within our grasp.

Most studies of utopian fiction dismiss *Islandia* in a footnote, if they mention it at all. But if *Islandia* is out-of-step with the twentieth-century literary consensus, it is not alone in its vision of a beloved country nurtured by its inhabitants. In the past decade a new utopianism has emerged in American writing. In books like Ernest Callenbach's *Ecotopia*, and *YV88* by Christopher Swan and Chet Roaman, we see familiar landscapes transformed into societies scaled to more human dimensions. And, like *Islandia*, these books have addressed an audience not usually reached by science fiction's utopian visions.

Is there a direct line of literary descent from *Islandia* to *Ecotopia*?

NIEKAS 32:36

I don't know. Callenbach's "ecologically responsible society" may owe its inspiration to the *Whole Earth Catalog* or *A Pattern Language*, to Frank Lloyd Wright or Paul Goodman, or perhaps to William Blake's vision of a new Jerusalem built "in England's green and pleasant land." But the success of books like *Ecotopia*, and the resurgence of rural life across the United States, suggests that the Jeffersonian vision of an America of farmers and artisans, of responsive institutions and small-scale government, of an equal balance between liberty and community, has not been abandoned even under the intellectual and economic pressures of an essentially urban culture.

Some of us--in the North Country and elsewhere--find *Islandia* an appealing model of a nearly perfect society; others find in *Islandia* useful signposts to a better way of life. For all of us, this centenary year is an occasion to rejoice in our good fortune in receiving from Austin Tappan Wright our own entry visas for *Islandia*.

#

ISLANDIA: THE WISDOM OF THE HEART by Lawrence Clark Powell

I came upon *Islandia* while looking for something altogether different. I was reading some manuscripts, in preparation for a lecture on modern poetry, and was privileged to see some intimate letters written by one of the best woman writers of our time. In one of them the following sentences arrested my attention: "You say you want to give, not take; and if I feel the same, then what? Well, I do want to give too, but I also freely and gladly admit that I want to take what you have for me--all the strength and the sweetness, and the bruises too. If you don't know what I mean, read *Islandia*."

That was to me a cryptic reference. *Islandia*? I took it to be a book, but what and by whom and when, I did not know. I looked it up: it was a book, a novel by Austin Tappan Wright, published at New York by Farrar and Rinehart, in 1942--a huge novel of 1013 pages. It was published posthumously, eleven years after the author's death, faithfully

typed out on two thousand pages by his wife Margaret, then sensitively cut to publishable length by his daughter Sylvia. It was commenced secretly by Austin Wright when he was a young Harvard lawyer, practicing in the Boston office of the great Louis Brandeis. Only his family knew that he was writing it. When Brandeis was named to the Supreme Court, Austin Wright took his wife and children and went west, clear to the Berkeley campus of the University of California, where from 1916 to 1924 he taught and practiced admiralty law. From 1924 until his death in 1931, at the age of forty-eight, Wright was a professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania. He was a brilliant and beloved teacher.

Every great artist both eats his cake and has it too, and Wright was no exception. He married but once and had four children. He became the most respectable of all lawyers--an academic lawyer. He obeyed Flaubert's rule: live like a lamb so that you can write like a lion.

Islandia is a perfect symbol of classic schizophrenia, one reviewer declared, comparing Lang with Hamlet and Sancho Panza, and closing with a parting shot, intended of course to sink the book: "a document of modern psychological defeatism."

Nonsense. *Islandia* is a document of the artist's victory over himself and life. Writing it was Austin Wright's way of keeping his sanity in an obviously mad world of cut-throat competition, cancerous industrialization, sexual frustration, and worse; and the book is full of great health and joy for the reader who sickens of such modern diseases as the average movie, *Esquire* magazine, and Mickey Spillane.

Wright saw an Islandian way of life as the best of all therapies for the illnesses of our so-called civilization. What are these maladies? Ruthless competition, speed and hurry, noise, vicarious and superficial pleasures such as movies and TV, reliance on machines to do even our thinking, a primitive belief in the magic of naming things as a way of exorcising evil. The worship of size alone (everything we have is the biggest, the highest, the longest, therefore the best), and a mania for reducing everything to statistics: traffic deaths or points after touchdown, pounds of turkey consumed in the forty-eight-

hour period at Xmas, linear feet of barbed wire in Texas, and so forth ad nauseam.

Statistics are good only for what can be built on them, and Wright compiled the statistics of Islandia as a foundation for the temple of his book, as a prelude to the creative act. Our world makes a fetish of the fact as important in itself. Facts are unimportant in Islandia except as they contribute to personal happiness. Hedonism is the term which comes closest to describing Islandian philosophy--the doctrine that pleasure is the chief good and aim of action. But pleasure in the deepest sense of physical, mental, and spiritual fulfillment, not as harmful indulgence.

Our word love, which has to be coupled with adjectives to make its meaning clear, has no single equivalent in the Islandian tongue.

Amia is liking or non-sexual love; *apia* is sexual desire; *ania* is the desire to marry; *alia* is love for family and place. The novel is a series of variations on these basic words, and what they represent.

The country of Islandia, then, is more of an emotional than any other kind of Utopia; and the novel *Islandia* is a love poem in prose, but of love as a state of wholeness, in which the entire personality is employed and fulfilled in the several relationships implied by the words *amia*, *ania*, *apia*, and *alia*.

To be whole, in a state of faithful believing--belief in oneself, in one's beloved, one's home and country--this was for Wright the *summum bonum*. He was a man with a profound feeling for life in all the factual, poetic, realistic, and imaginative wonder of it. The truth is in a letter to me from Wright's brother John K, the geographer, in answer to my question, did his brother write his novel as the result of an intellectual thesis and after a specific regime of research?

"I doubt very much if he ever did any 'research' for the deliberate purpose of gathering material for *Islandia*. He wrote it out of his immense fund of memories and ideas derived from wide reading, and from a love of poetry and all that is poetic in life."

This poetic view of life permeates the book's thousand pages, leavening

what in a prosy writer would be unbearable ponderousness. Wright sees life with Keatsian delight in its sensual qualities of color, texture, light and shadow, so that the book is rich and real and rooted in physical life. There is much good talk in the book, as the American and Islandian ways of life are contrasted, there is a wonderful parliamentary debate, but there is also every-day living: horseback-riding, swimming, and sailing, winter sports, wood-chopping, fence-building, carpentry and masonry, and weaving. All of these activities Wright makes intensely real by the delight he takes in them, in the sights and shapes, the colors and configuration of the Islandian scene, there in that faraway country where the names of the people (Isla Dorn and Lord Mora, Hytha Nattana, Bodwin, and Stellina), the names of places (Loring, Miltain, and Bostia), and those of the seasons (Windorn, Grane, Sorn, and Leaves), form a vocabulary of lithe and liquid beauty.

We experience Islandia through *all* of our senses, not just as an intellectual concept, and that is why this Utopian novel is unusual, if not actually unique. What other author has told us so much about his imagined world, from the rigging on its sailboats to the color of its women's hair when they undress to go swimming?

To put it simply, this new Hampshire-born Harvardman, this erudite, this admiralty lawyer, this husband and father, this man Austin Wright was a poet; that is to say, one who sees wider, feels deeper, says clearer and simpler, that life is wonderful, is beautiful, is praise-worthy, no matter where on Earth it is observed, whether in Islandia, New England, or California. Austin Wright is a blend of Thoreau, Emerson, and Whitman, of Keats and D H Lawrence, and he demonstrates the absolute unpredictability as to when and where genius will appear on earth. When wide knowledge is coupled with keen sensibility, and the person also has creative stamina, then we get a sustained work of art such as *Islandia*. Wright absorbed facts and feelings as a blotter drinks water; and he had the creative worm in his brain. He could not sleep until he had given his dreams form, if I may permit myself a deliberate paradox.

When Wright died, *Islandia* was a

manuscript of several thousand pages. Did he regard it as finished? Yes. Did he intend to publish it? No. He apparently believed in the Turkish proverb, that the highest good to which a man can attain is to be a genius and remain obscure. In a sense, his pre-publication death was a blessing for him as a writer, for he was spared both New York and Hollywood, as well as the critics who rejected the very qualities which make the book unique and great.

Austin Wright died in a highway accident in New Mexico on 18 September 1931, while driving back to Philadelphia, after teaching in summer session at U.S.C. On that stretch of highway east of Santa Fe, beyond the Glorietta Pass and Pecos Pueblo, he skidded his Ford roadster on the dangerous approach to the bridge across Bernal Arroyo. His chest was crushed, and he died the following day in the hospital at Las Vegas.

It is a beautiful country roundabout there, in the Upper Sonoran zone of pinon and juniper and pink mesas, but his vision had transcended New Mexico. By the alchemy of art, this man had become Islandian, and I predict that he will be remembered longer as Farmer John Lang of the Lay River Farm in the province of Dole, than as Professor Austin T Wright of Cambridge, Oxford, Berkeley, and Philadelphia, and for the reason that Life is short, and Art is long.

"The life of a good book," Gilbert Highet wrote about Juvenal, in words applicable to *Islandia*, "is far longer than the life of a man. Its author dies, and his generation dies, and his successors are born and die; the world he knows disappears, and new orders which he could not foresee are established on its ruins; law, religion, science, commerce, society, all are transformed into shapes which would astonish him; but his book continues to live. Long after he and his epoch are dead, the book speaks with his voice."

Read, and listen, and you will hear.

#



THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF *ISLANDIA*
by Mark Saxton

Memory, corrected by a process of elimination, tells me that I first heard of *Islandia* in the late summer of 1940. It is not the event that was hazy, but the date. In that disturbing year, I was twenty-five, recently married, and had been a junior editor for the book publishing house of Farrar & Rinehart for about two years. We had offices in Manhattan on lower Madison Avenue diagonally across from the Morgan Library, a part of town that has changed little physically from then to now.

One hot afternoon in August, John Farrar called me into his office. John was a short, plump man with thick, brick-red hair, active hands, and an affection for cigars. His manner was informal and it was easy to talk with him, but often it was not at all easy to discover what he was talking about. No matter how new or complicated the subject, he normally assumed that his hearer was already fully informed. Without explanation, he would at once start off from whatever place in the matter he had reached. People who worked closely with John learned not to interrupt but to wait. With any luck John would eventually make enough unidentified references so that you could guess the missing antecedents.

That occasion was no exception, and after a while I succeeded in sorting out the necessary facts and instructions. At this point things were all very casual and low-keyed. John had talked to Leonard Bacon and we were about to get a manuscript. No, it wasn't a book by Bacon himself. Too bad. Bacon was enthusiastic, but the thing sounded unlikely. An imaginary country of some kind. The story was by a friend of Bacon's, a law professor named Wright who had died some years back. Wright had left a long, handwritten manuscript that was discovered by his family. Mrs Wright had typed it with some help from her daughter. That was all John knew at the time and he apologized for not remembering more. Anyway, we would find out. Would I take the manuscript when it came in, read it, and let him know?

In a day or so, with the help of
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a friend, Sylvia Wright carried in the typescript of *Islandia*. There were 2300 pages of it crammed into seven fat black spring-binders. These we stacked on a chair beside my desk and there they stayed for a few weeks, or rather a changing assortment of six binders stayed there. Probably I read a little less than half the manuscript in the office and the rest at home. I didn't succumb to *Islandia* at once.

The state of the world of course has a lot to do with what books are accepted and how they are received, but that truism obscures the trickiness of the interplay. In her fine introduction to the 1958 edition of *Islandia*, writing of the original publication in April 1942, Sylvia Wright notes with restraint that in a shrunken, warring world with even Australia in danger many Americans chose to take their vacations in *Islandia*. They did, indeed, all knowing that a long, grim time lay ahead. Perhaps by then enough patience and determination were back in circulation to make *Islandia* attractive.

That was not the case a year and a half earlier when I read the manuscript. Those were confused and ugly days at home. France had just fallen, and the odds on Britain's survival were poor. The country was uncommitted, divided, and frightened. Tempers were short, and growing shorter. Looking back, I know I was as disoriented as everyone else, but at the time I took account of the outside turmoil only as I thought it might affect readers in general. My own difficulty with *Islandia*, such as it was, was coming from inside the novel.

That wasn't altogether self-deception. There was trouble there, and it wasn't simply a matter of length. The only audience for a truly private piece of work is the author, and if he is pleased then all is well. Austin Wright had written a private work in that sense, but it was so no longer, and he had included a good deal of material that would be considered self-indulgent by its newly intended public readers.

Much of this occurred in the fairly early sections as though Wright, not yet certain of his themes, were playing with ways to define them. After a strong beginning, the narrative unraveled and lost direction.

Young Lang grew quite tiresome with his introspections and coy flirtations. Even *Islandia* itself seemed tentative at first. I was aware, of course, that other publishers had turned *Islandia* down. By that point, I felt we should do the same.

And then, while I was still of that opinion and without fully knowing what was happening, things began to change. The story collected itself and took on substance. The characters no longer delivered themselves of attitudes, they were holding conversations. John Lang, still innocent but again the person who had had the character to make a friend of Dorn at Harvard, became an interesting young man whose fate concerned me and whose future education I wanted to share. For hours at a time, while I was sitting at a desk fourteen floors above Madison Avenue, I was also walking somewhere in that simultaneous place to which Austin Wright had so quietly sent me.

When I finished, I remember that I delayed doing a report while I attempted to sort out what I felt from what I thought and reassemble them in some order. Publishing *Islandia* might well be a great pleasure, but plainly it would be a hard and risky undertaking. By any measure, it was not an easy book. It didn't have popular success pre-inscribed on it. The editorial problem was formidable. So was the task of devising a publishing plan, of presenting the concept publicly. And even if the jobs were competently done, there was the uncomfortably large chance that there was no appreciable audience for *Islandia* then, or, if there were, that we couldn't reach it through the rapidly rising static.

In my report, I urged that we accept *Islandia* if the text could be satisfactorily edited, and suggested that Sylvia Wright was the best person, probably the only person, to do it. I also gave manuscript page references to extended passages that illustrated qualities described in the report.

In situations of that sort, John Farrar was almost always perceptive and sure-handed. Publishing ventures calling for style and imaginative reach appealed to him strongly. He and Margaret Farrar (Margaret Petherbridge, who was editor of the *New York Times* Crossword Puzzle page) read the report and

the excerpts, and John talked to Stanley Rinehart. He then told me to go ahead. Sylvia Wright did agree to do the cutting and came into the office to talk about it. My recollection is that we spent most of an afternoon discussing everything that came to mind about the novel and that we also gave some attention to the rest of the *Islandia* material, which I hadn't yet seen.

Sylvia Wright was an attractive, responsive young woman with a quiet wit and great intelligence. She told me then that she had known about *Islandia* all her life as a concept and a subject of conversation. Her father would use *Islandian* notions in comments on people and events in ordinary life. But it wasn't until after his death in an automobile accident that anyone in the family learned of *Islandia*'s formal embodiment in many thousands of pages of longhand. She said, too, that her uncle, the geographer John Kirtland Wright, had created his own competitive imaginary world when he and Austin were both children. It was called Cravay and was extraterrestrial, and had long since been abandoned.

As a literary problem, what we were facing that afternoon was certainly difficult, but not exactly unprecedented or even highly unusual. We had the first draft of an immensely long posthumous novel. If Austin Wright had lived, and if he had decided to publish his book, presumably he would have revised it, writing it shorter, improving the balance and movement of the narrative. Sylvia, of course, had no such latitude. All she could do was cut, bearing in mind all the time that deleting words and phrases can amount to rewriting and that removing long sections can change a book's meaning. Sylvia was thoroughly aware of those hazards and referred to them later in her note at the end of the first edition of *Islandia* where she described what she had done.

At the end of our session, after I helped Sylvia, along with the seven binders, into a taxi, I didn't see her again for several months. I had brief notes from her now and then, but otherwise I stepped out of *Islandian* influence for a while and back into the rickety business of being an editor in New York in 1941. Farrar & Rinehart was a vigorous,

medium-sized house putting out both fiction and non-fiction, including juveniles and mysteries. Our lists showed a good leaven of new writers and several outstanding names, but their strength from season to season rested on the work of solid professionals producing regularly.

If a poll had been taken in the house, meaning management, staff, and authors, it would have showed disapproval of the isolationists, active dislike of America First, and strong support for help to Britain. As the slogans recommended, the support stopped short of war, thus producing sensations of guilt and hypocrisy. We were all inconsistent. Many of us, sympathising with Britain, were still offended by Henry Luce's arrogant, condescending proclamation, *The American Century*, and found innocent pleasure in listening to Quincy Howe being stylishly anti-Luce and anti-British over WQXR. And there was sardonic enjoyment to be had from watching Col McCormick and the *Chicago Tribune* thrashing around in bed with the Communists.

At Farrar & Rinehart we never had a book like Clarence Streit's *Union Now*, but we did our full share of war-connected publishing, John Farrar was connected with one or more war committees, and several of our authors, among them Rex Stout, Philip Wylie, and Stephen Vincent Benet, were engaged in active propaganda and polemical combat. Most writing of that sort went into periodicals or radio, but now and then we would take on a piece of portentous ephemera that had to be published last week. When that happened, the schedules for everything else broke down and had to be patched up with extravagant applications of emotional energy.

It was into this running condition of SNAFU (that great acronym probably hadn't been coined quite yet) that Sylvia Wright brought the finished version of *Islandia*, slow paced, reflective, doubly strange for not being outlandish, and still formidably long. She told me, however, that she had shortened it by about a third, and so she had. As I read the story again, I found that much of the cutting had been done in the early stages where I had had most of my trouble. That re-reading was an astonishing experience. I found myself going directly into *Islandia*, slowly to be sure, but I was confident of being on my way to the heart

of something marvellous. I no longer had the sense that I was being screened off by trivialities or led around in circles. Put another way, I felt I was seeing a previously fractured and overlapping landscape through strong glasses that were now in clear focus. Sylvia Wright's editing was as skillful and successful as anything of its kind I had seen, or have seen since.

At that point, having what contracts call a satisfactory manuscript, the question was how to publish it. John Farrar's first contribution to a plan, and he made several, was perhaps the most useful of any. By his example, he encouraged us to set *Islandia* aside from the rest of the list, from anything else we were doing, and enclose it in its own time scale. Everyone who dealt with *Islandia*--in copy-editing, design, production, promotion, and sales--fell in with this notion, and the better they knew the book the more they liked the procedure.

To make a single volume that was both attractive to the eye and easy to handle, we borrowed from our own experience with another very long novel. The format for *Islandia* was adapted from the one worked out nearly a decade earlier for Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse*. For my part I began reading and then examining the other *Islandia* materials. First there was a history of the country, then the maps, and finally a substantial collection of various kinds of documents and examples.

The full pedigree of the history is: *Islandia: History and Description* by Jean Perier, first French consul to *Islandia*, and translated by John Lang, first American consul. With maps drawn by John Lang. Covering a span of some 1200 years, the account begins in 700 A.D., the point where legend is replaced by recorded history, and ends at the opening of the 20th century just before the start of the novel. Wright's passion for detail studs part of the narrative with inconclusive wars and minor battles, but his even greater interest in ideas flows through the whole in accounts of cultural and constitutional developments and encounters with the outside world that are as much philosophical as physical. One striking aspect of the history is the difference in tone and attitude from the novel. Granted the novel is fiction whereas the history is invented non-fiction, but Wright here interposes Perier as well as Lang between

himself and his material. One result is an opportunity the novel does not afford for certain kinds of wit and mockery. Sometimes the flashes are plain enough, but at others they are so tenuous and private one may indeed be imagining them. Wright obviously enjoyed himself greatly.

The Appendices, because they are free-standing and not organized into anything else, may be the most startling inventions of Wright's extraordinary mind. They contain the stuff of Islandia's physical and social structure, the statistics and other facts that gird it up. To list only some items, there are notes on the calendar and climate, tables of crops and livestock, tables of population, gazetteers of the provinces and short histories of each, a historical peerage, a glossary of language, and samples of Islandian literature. A number of them--not all--are fascinating in themselves, but the sum of them shakes one's assumptions about what is real.

And finally, there were the maps, nineteen of them with South at the top and drawn accurately to scale. They were not decorations, not the castellated, dolphin-inhabited depictions common to fantasy, but skillful cartography providing the kind of information to be found in a good atlas. When I was working my way through those materials, Leonard Bacon had not yet written his splendid phrase about encountering "the flora, the fauna, the very Devonian outcrop of Never Never Country," but that is what I felt I had just done.

At about that time, however, Bacon did give us the Introduction that contained the line, and that was a big step forward. In other discussions of publication, John Farrar arrived at the idea of asking the much-respected man-of-letters Basil Davenport to read the history and do a piece on it. Meanwhile, I had made a selection from the appendices, five items that seemed interesting in themselves and representative. One, a long one and my favorite of all the appendices, is a critical bibliography of books about Islandia. As a solemn jest it has always delighted me, and it is engaging as well for the clues it gives to the range of Austin Wright's interests. For example:

ROBERTSON, DAVID. *Islandia and the Atlantiads*. New York 1888. illus. A follower of Ignatius Donnelly who finds

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Islandia to have been an Atlantic colony.

With Basil Davenport's elegant and stimulating essay, the examples from the Appendices, and three of the maps (unfortunately these didn't reproduce well in black and white) we made a booklet in the same format as the novel which we called *An Introduction to Islandia*. We sent this to reviewers and gave it, through our salesmen, to buyers in book stores and book departments. It carried no price, but we also offered it for a nominal sum and for as long as the original supply lasted to stores that had a demand for it. I don't remember just what our printing was. Not a large one, perhaps 2000 copies but more likely 1500. I sometimes wonder how many still exist and where they are.

In the event, we published *Islandia* well. That is, Austin Wright's country enfolded reviewers and readers alike, just as it had its publishers. As Lewis Gannett wrote in the *Herald Tribune*, "I have lived in it." He was speaking for all *Islandia*'s readers.

Not long after that, my own direct connection with *Islandia* was broken for some time when I went into the Navy. I have always been glad I was not on the scene during the misfortune that took place in Philadelphia. In 1945, the Philadelphia public library mounted an exhibition of the original *Islandia* materials, including all the handwritten manuscripts and the maps. The show opened, ran, and closed on schedule, but the ingredients of *Islandia* never returned to New York. In spite of inquiries, tracers, and offered rewards, they have not been recovered.

In her Introduction of 1958, Sylvia Wright described readers' responses to *Islandia*, including those of some who felt compelled to write sequels. I must have been the first, or among the first, of those, but what I had in mind was not properly a sequel to the novel so much as a story based on the history. When I finally write my first *Islandia* story, it was set in post-*Islandia* fictional time, it is true, and was certainly a distant sequel, but my own thinking about it has always placed it close to my two later stories that sprang straight from the early parts of the history.

As it turned out, I waited a long

time before I decided to do an *Islandia* tale. When at last I wrote Sylvia Wright about it in 1967, she replied that, the Hundred Law notwithstanding, it had always been her belief that *Islandia* was an open country for thought and expression. Since then I have often reflected on her generous invitation. Privacy and freedom are always mysteriously related. It is impossible to know what Austin Wright would have done if he had lived. Would he have kept the freedom of *Islandia* private still? There is nothing at all imaginary or utopian about the astonishing sense of liberation and homecoming thousands of readers have experienced in his country. But he could not have guessed that would be so.

Of course, I did not know Austin Wright. Necessarily, I have wondered about him, and have done so again working on this reminiscence. One odd thing has struck me for the first time. When Austin Wright had his fatal accident in 1931, *Islandia* atood completed. Everything joined. There were no gaps and no loose ends. And no growing ends. There were no revisions in work or additions. He was forty-eight at the time, and for at least forty years *Islandia* had been his *alter vita*. Had he closed it off? That seems unlikely, but I wish I knew the explanation for the tidiness of things.

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AUSTIN TAPPAN WRIGHT (1883-1931):
MANUSCRIPTS IN THE HOUGHTON LIBRARY
AT HARVARD
by Elizabeth Ann Falsey

It must exist somewhere, in some Platonically ideal realm; any place or character must, which has been so long and deeply believed in.[1]

In his introduction to the first edition of *Islandia*, Leonard Bacon tells us that when, in 1935, Margaret Garrad (Stone) Wright sought his advice about her husband's manuscript, he found himself consulting "records of the wholly imaginative expressed in terms so definite and concrete" that he grew "familiar with the physical geography of a dream." [2] Some of the material which Bacon saw then, as well as preliminary sketches of the novel, correspondence, and additional papers of Austin Tappan Wright, are now at the Houghton Library, Harvard University.

First, there is the carbon typescript of the novel itself, prepared by Margot Wright from her husband's (now lost) manuscript. The 2293-page version of *Islandia* fills seven volumes and includes all of the thoughts, conversations, and "minuteness of detail" which Sylvia Wright was compelled to omit in editing the work for publication. [3]

Then, there is the 400-page bound typescript carbon of "John Lang's" translation of "Jean Perier's" "Islandia, history and description," whose title page informs us it was produced in the City, Islandia, in 1909. This is the work [4] summarized by Basil Davenport in the promotional booklet cited above. Here are accounts of the Alwin and Tor dynasties and of more recent events in Islandian history--the colonies in Karain, difficulties over whalers with the United States of America, Mora's treaty of 1905. Here also the reader will find a survey of the literature on Islandia, as well as descriptions and analyses of the country's geology, geography, culture, language, social structure, government.

A group of manuscript materials documents the novel's difficult passage to publication. Houghton has an advance proof copy of the first edition. With a list of Farrar and Rinehart's promotional plans for the book are samples of special stationery, copies of Wright's maps (the originals of which are lost), and additional maps drawn by John Kirtland Wright for the 1958 edition.

A box of miscellaneous papers includes a thick folder of correspondence concerning the book's publication and reception. Here is Margot Wright's letter to Maxwell Perkins at Scribner's describing the composition of the novel. In the letters

of encouragement, rejection, and appreciation which follow, correspondents include Perkins, Leonard Bacon, John K Wright, Elmer Davis, and Sylvia Wright. With these letters are copies of two essays written in 1942 and inspired by the novel: Bacon's "Austin Wright and his strange story" and Davis's paper on the recent events in Islandian history that brought the country into the "greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere."

In Wright's undated early workbook at Houghton, which includes poems, stories, and essays, the index heading "Utopia" refers us to older versions of familiar material. There is, for example, a 20 August 1908 letter to his Uncle James by "John Hale," written on board the *S.S. Rheinfluss* on the way to Islandus, and a journal entry of the same date. There is a map of the City, a list of population statistics, and, on p 545, an exploration of the distinction between *apia* and *ania*.

Among Wright's other compositions at Houghton, a looseleaf volume "Dreams and other verses" contains over 200 pages of autograph manuscript poems (including six "translated from the Islandian"). With the volume is a 1930 letter to Maxwell Perkins from Amy Fay Stone, who had submitted the anonymous work to Scribner's. Other writings include Wright's 1901 undergraduate play, "The Gossipers," a group of Harvard College themes (1902-1904), typed copies of additional poems, and fragments of verse and prose.

In addition to the correspondence about Islandia mentioned above, there are letters from Wright to various members of his family, including two 1916 letters to his mother, Marry Tappan Wright, and forty-four letters to his brother, John Kirtland Wright. Written from 1906 to 1931, Wright's letters to his brother reflect his family life, professional, and intellectual interests. [5]

Other Wright papers are still uncatalogued: among them, additional letters to his mother and daughter, other family letters and papers, and a short undated piece on "tension theory" analyzing the effects on human relationships of different degrees of engagement of the mind, heart, and senses.

Manuscripts and books at Houghton Library may be consulted by anyone

who registers by presenting two forms of identification. The library is open from 9:00 to 5:00, Monday through Friday.

FOOTNOTES

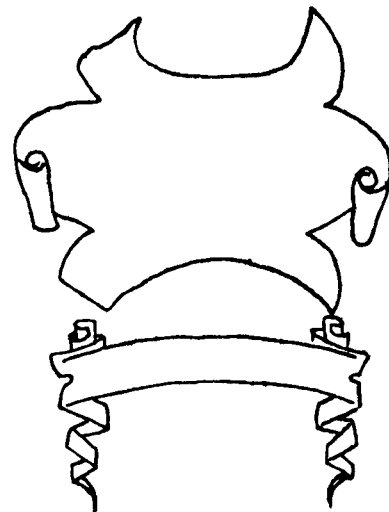
[1] Basil Davenport, in [Austin Tappan Wright] *An Introduction to Islandia, Its History, Customs, Laws, Language, and Geography as Prepared by Basil Davenport from Islandia: History and Description by Jean Perier, First French Consul to Islandia, and Translated by John Lang, First American Consul, With Maps Drawn by John Lang*. (New York: Farrar & Rinehart, [c. 1942]), p 32.

[2] Leonard Bacon, "Introduction" n Austin Tappan Wright, *Islandia* (New York: Farrar & Rinehart, [c. 1942]), p viii.

[3] Sylvia Wright Mitarachi, "A Note," in Wright, *Islandia*, 1942, p 1013. The Wright manuscripts at Houghton were given to Harvard by the author's daughter, Sylvia Wright Mitarachi, and brother, John Kirtland Wright.

[4] Davenport, p 2.

[5] Wright's 9 December 1930 letter to his brother about the Southern California islands of Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz, housed in the library of the University of California at Los Angeles, was published with an introduction by Lawrence Clark Powell in the *Southern California Quarterly* vol 45 no 1 (March 1963). Thanks to John K Wright, Houghton has both an offprint of this article and a pamphlet reprint made for the Friends of the U.C.L.A. Library.



Mark Saxton's novels of Islandia are labors of love, grant that. But not all lovers love wisely or have a true vision of the object of their love. So: does he convey to us any vision of Islandia at all? In the historical novels it is of course the Islandia of long ago--the late 12th century in *Havoc in Islandia* and the early 14th in *The Two Kingdoms*. So it must be different, yet suggest what it might become... Alas: I came away from the books with no impression: all I can report is that their setting is a place where people travel in sailing ships and on horseback and where they fight with bows and arrows, swords, and spears.

Both books purport to be memoirs by participants in the critical events of their time, lately discovered and translated by Lang III (of Saxton's *The Islar*). But they are more than translated: they are transmogrified. Altered beyond recognition.

In short, what Saxton has done in both books is to give his narrators and the other principal characters a modern sensibility. The narrators are articulate and gifted with perfect recall--a novelistic convention, to be sure: but if inappropriate, then a bad one. In both it is bad in the same way.

Consider the perspective, first of all. In some good historical novels (by Alfred Duggan, for example) the narrator gives some *reason* why he should have recorded the events in which he took part. Then, of course, he narrates them well enough to give the reader a sense of immediacy. But the narration is colored by his personality and at times shows us the different person he was. Saxton, however, gives us nothing but ordinary novelistic immediacy in the 20th-century manner. The details

we find are there for a novelist's reasons, not the narrator's. So, on the very first page of *The Two Kingdoms*, we get some lines about the everyday dress of Islandians (about all we ever get on that subject). No memoirist would have done that: he would ignore the ordinary. But if he had an eye and a memory and an affection for such matters: if he were *characterized* as such a person--then we might have something. We would have not only the picture, but his pleasure in it. But nothing in either book left any such impression.

Neither narrator is in any degree a man of another time: both have a distinctly modern sensibility. They are ruminative in thought, bookish in speech. Not 19th-century bookish, which is one kind of thing. Their idiom is late-20th-century novelesque: and it is the style of no individual writer, but an average or mean of many. It is as though Mr Saxton had been an editor too long.

It is bad enough that he should be mediocre, but in places he is out-and-out bad. Now he has, in fact, some plain-spoken characters--but the principals lapse now and then into the worst kind of 20th-century jargon. A ship's crew, we are told in *The Two Kingdoms*, "had the beginnings of internal coherence." They were "simultaneously competitive and mutually supporting." We even get, in the same passage, "on a twenty-four-hour basis." In *Havoc in Islandia*, I find "my personal relationship," "unremitting solicitude," and "what procedures to initiate." Bureaucrats initiate procedures; ordinary folk do not.

Now it *could* be characterization to write a royal message in such prose. If the king admits, "You...have serious reservations about my character and past conduct," we may well take a clue from such diction. If it contrasts with the diction of others...but it does not. Supposing now he had written, "You may well mis-

doubt me, for what I am and what I have done"--and in this vein throughout? As Robert Graves realized when writing *I, Claudius* fifty years ago, plain diction is the best means of giving an impression of times far removed from ours. Archaism is not at all necessary.

It is by comparison a venial sin when Saxton forgets himself and uses "explosion" and "skunk" in figures of speech.

Considered simply as a novel, *Havoc in Islandia* is better than *The Two Kingdoms*. Its action spans a number of years; its narrator, Bren, is shown both learning and teaching. There are some interesting subsidiary characters. It is at least readable, if rather forgettable. But have I visited another time, another place? Hardly. I see no need to summarize the plots. They are both a dead loss. Someday, someday we shall have M Perier's book...

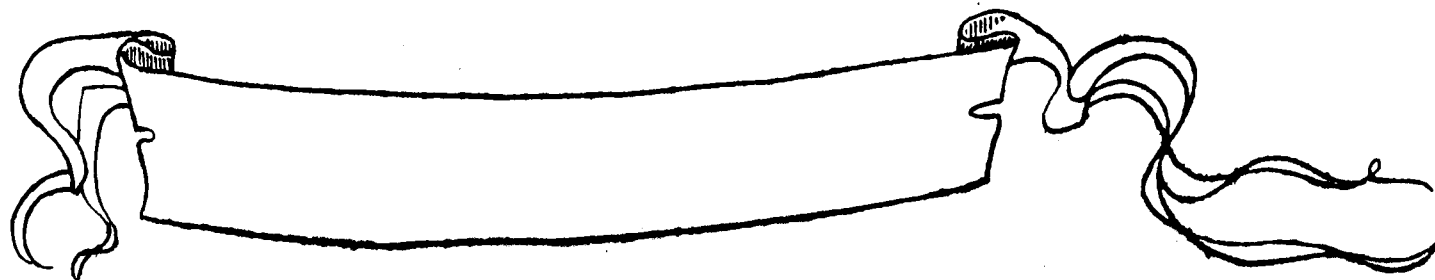
As for *The Islar*, the story of Islandia in modern times, I have no criticism to offer, only this comment: The Islandia which Austin Tapan Wright saw is not a never-never land, not a Utopia. It is a place, in the realm of imagination, where the people are fully at home, not dreading the future. Wright presented it in its fullness and made us believe in it. His story reached a resting point and there ended, as is the way of stories.

The fallacy of sequelization is that you can duplicate a gift.

Tolkien looked and saw the New Shadow and turned away from it.

But an Age of the World did not end for the country of Islandia. It is in the same age still; and the time marches on. I think I would make a sequel bitter-sweet, a story in which much is lost and mourned for.

Mr Saxton's work has no flavor for me.





lewis carroll's not-dragons

by
ruth
berman

LEWIS CARROLL'S NOT-DRAGONS
by Ruth Berman

A reluctance to use dragons helped some nineteenth-century fantasy writers to a delightful originality in their monsters. Most fantasy writers in the period concentrated on humans or humanoids--ghosts, Doppelgangers, a surprising variety of mer-folk (e.g., James Hogg's mermaid in "Mary Burnett", De la Motte Fouque's "Undine", Heine's "Die Lorelei", H.C. Anderson's "Little Mermaid", Kingsley's WATER BABIES, Arnold's "Forsaken Merman"), witches, etc. There were not many supernatural beasts of any kind.

Dragons got a boost from the discovery of dinosaurs; Stephen Prickett, in his VICTORIAN FANTASY, has shown that dinosaurs caused an increase in the dragon population, first among artists, and then at the end of the century among writers.¹ One of his examples is Tenniel's Jabberwock, with its scaly saurian body.

Tenniel's Jabberwock, not Carroll's. Wiffing and burbling are probably common to most monsters, and even eyes of flame belong to many monsters. A Jabberwock is a Jabberwock, not a dragon.

The avoidance of dragons was not just neglect of monsters. Some monsters were used, but they tended not to be dragons. For instance, there was a Salamander (with snake-daughters) in E.T.A. Hoffmann's "The Golden Pot", a rattlesnake-woman in Oliver Wendell Holme's ELSIE VENNER, a Remora (a snake like living glacier) and a Firedrake (etymologically a dragon, but with horns and hoofs) in Andrew Lang's PRINCE PRIGIO.

Writers were shying away from the word "dragon"--no doubt because in its literary use the dragon had been stereotyped as the dragon of Revelations, an absolutely evil dragon identified with Satan. This was the dragon fought by Spenser's Red Cross Knight in Book I of THE FAERIE QUEENE, the dragon Satan turns into when reporting the Fall to Hell in Book X of Milton's PARADISE LOST. A monster by some other name would sound less Satanic... even if drawn as dragon-like by the illustrator.

The artists probably had additional freedom, because the dinosaurs were changing the image of what dragons looked like: the new dragons were shorter, fatter, bulkier--saurian instead of serpentine, as dragons had usually been earlier. An artist could draw something that would be recognized as a dragon, yet which did not look much like the kind of dragon slain in paintings of Saint George or the angel Michael.

Lewis Carroll confined his dragons to brief references, such as the elegant syllogism, "All Dragons are uncanny; All Scotchmen are canny," proving that All Dragons are not Scotchmen and All Scotchmen are not Dragons (A GAME OF LOGIC); or the description of a Latin text-book containing the words, "Balbus assisting his mother-in-law to convince the dragon," (A TANGLED TALE).² The illustrator of A TANGLED TALE, Arthur B. Frost, felt free to choose that single phrase... which has nothing to do with the action of the story... as the basis for his illustration to the chapter, a full-pager of Balbus, his

mother-in-law, and the unconvinced dragon.

In his prentice work, Carroll's avoidance of the words "dragon" probably weakened the humor. In THE RECTORY MAGAZINE (one of the private magazines...a sort of family fanzine of one copy each... Carroll edited for his brothers and sisters) in 1850, when he was 18, Carroll included two mock-horror poems. In "Horrors" the speaker who saw

... a monster come with speed,
It's (sic) face of grimmiest green,
On human beings used to feed,
Most dreadful to be seen
is about to be eaten by it when he wakes. In "Terrors" the speaker sees a monster like "an angry snake" with "yellow coat of mail... Puffing forth coils of smoke".³ The beast is a train, but in misapprehension it perhaps should have been a dragon, not just a snake. (It's interesting to note that two SF writers have made use of train-dragons: Ray Bradbury in "The Dragon" and Robert F. Young in "St. George and the Dragonmotive.")

In the ALICE books and "The Hunting of the Snark" Carroll invented original monsters instead. The use of any specific name helps to make a monster more vivid, and the use of an absurd name like "jabberwock" and "snark" makes the creature funnier. These two monsters substitute for dragons as ferocious things to hunt. Some of Carroll's other monsters are less dragon-like and more amiable. The Cheshire Cat is disconcerting, but friendly. The Mock Turtle is a doleful creature, trapped (a little like his author) in longing for his vanished childhood. The Looking-Glass insects... the Rocking-horse-fly,

the Snap-dragon-fly, and the Bread-and-butter-fly... are introduced by the Gnat as insects to rejoice in. (In the two SYLVIE AND BRUNO books, though, there aren't exactly any monsters. There's a bear without a head in the Mad Gardener's Song, a crocodile shortened and then stretched in the chapter "A Changed Crocodile", and at the end Prince Uggug turns into a ferocious porcupine. Parts of these two books show Carroll at his best, but as wholes they are poor. It may be a sign of what is going wrong in them that there is no creature in Outland more Outlandish than a wild porcupine.)

In addition to creating monsters, Carroll may have come across the Gryphon in the Grimm Brothers' collection of folk-tales. A feather from a griffin's tail plays the role more commonly played by a hair from a giant's head in "The Griffin", the only one of the 210 stories in THE COMPLETE GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES with a monstrous beast in the title.⁴

Carroll gave his Gryphon a distinct personality, something this monster, unlike dragons, had never really had before. They guarded gold (according to Herodotus) or pulled the chariot of the Church in Purgatory (according to Dante), but they had no meetings with memorable antagonists such as dragons had with Daniel, Perseus, Apollo, etc. Carroll's Gryphon is dangerous, of course, as is expected of monsters, although this aspect is only hinted at, in Alice's reaction after the Gryphon asks her to tell them her adventures: "She was a little nervous about it, just at first, the two creatures got so close to her, one on each side, and opened their eye and mouths so very wide; but she gained courage as she went on."⁵ More obviously, it is bossy, like most creatures in the ALICE books; and it is a good listener and a sympathetic companion to its old school-fellow, the Mock-Turtle:

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon.

("The Mock Turtle's Story" p 126). (At least, "Hjckrrh!" sounds to me like an expression of sympathy.) If the Gryphon's idea of how to treat depression sounds a little hostile.. "it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back" ("The Lobster Quadrille" p 131)... still, its conscious intention in doing so is friendly.

Carroll's success with his monsters may have helped draw

attention to the literary possibilities of supernatural beasts generally. He certainly influenced the gryphons that followed. The griffin (sorry to keep switching spellings, but different authors had different preferences) in "The Griffin and the Minor Canon" by Frank R. Stockton is a more ferocious creature, but an equally loyal friend; Stockton used Griffins again, as less important characters, in "The Bee-Man of Orn," with a paralyzed Ghastly Griffin, and "The Philopena," with a servant Gryphoness; he also used Carroll's snap-dragon-fly pun to produce one of the rare 19th-century dragons, the King of the Snapdragons, another minor character in "The Bee-Man of Orn".⁶

Kenneth Grahame went to Milton for his gryphons, recalling in the essay "Marginalia" how he used to love to draw in the margins. Satan in PARADISE LOST (II. 943-7) was compared to a Gryphon pursuing an Arimasian who has stolen his gold (characteristic Gryphon-behavior, from Herodotus). But Grahame mingled Milton with Carroll in his recollections: "And so it has come about that, while Milton periods are mostly effaced from memory by the sponge of time, I can still see that vengeful Gryphon, cousin-german to the gentle beast that danced the Lobster-Quadrille by a certain shore."⁷

Grahame's own contribution to the monsters of literature was "The Reluctant Dragon", published in 1898 in his DREAMDAYS, an even more "gentle beast". Grahame turned the legend of the Dragon-slayer topsy turvy and secularized it. Saint George is as reluctant to kill needlessly as the Dragon is to be killed; the Dragon is not Satan, but a survivor from another geologic era, preserved by an earthquake... apparently a dinosaur, even though he remembers humans and his people co-existed (in the days when more energetic dragons got themselves killed for eating humans). But then the boy was a great reader of fairy tales and natural history sandwiched together, so it's no wonder that his Dragon mixes them also.

I don't know C. Molbech's THE FOX, THE DOG AND THE GRIFFIN in the original; it is based on a folk-tale; and I suppose C. Molbech is Christian Knud Frederik Molbech, a 19th-century Danish poet. Poul Anderson translated it (NY Doubleday, 1966). Perhaps the Griffin in the folk-tale was as thoughtful of his employees and as generous as in this version, or perhaps Molbech or Anderson heightened those qualities,

producing a griffin as kindly as those of Carroll, Stockton, and Grahame.

Snif the Iffin (he lost his gr-r in captivity) in Ruth Plumly Thompson's JACK PUMPKINHEAD OF OZ (Chicago: Reilly & Lee, 1929) feeds on red geraniums, is a poet and philosophizer, and joins enthusiastically with Jack to help Peter (a youngster from Philadelphia) find his way home.

In 20th-century fantasy, the dragon Lewis Carroll avoided has become the dominant Monster. The habit of using monsters, original and traditional, developed by Carroll and a few other 19th-century fantasists, remains. The creatures of unnatural nature are a paradoxical combination of the Romantic unity of all nature and the ironic alienations of human sensibility from nature. The monsters are a multi-valent symbol of one-ness and division, of the human unconscious and of the non-human.

Carroll's Unicorn offered to believe in that Fabulous Monster, a child, if Alice would believe in him. She accepted the bargain.

¹ Stephen Prickett, VICTORIAN FANTASY (Bloomington IN: Indiana University press, 1979) pp 79-91.

² Lewis Carroll, THE GAME OF LOGIC (NY: Dover, 1958) 29p, originally published 1887. A TANGLED TALE (NY: Dover, 1958) 6p originally published 1885.

³ Carroll, THE RECTORY MAGAZINE (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1975) pp 20, 46-47. facsimile edition.

⁴ Translated by Margaret Hunt, revised by James Stern, with introduction by Padraic Colum and commentary by Joseph Campbell (NY: Pantheon Books, 1944) There are dragons in "The Two Brothers" "The Four Skillful Brothers" and "The Devil and His Grandmother" But not in the titles.

⁵ THE ANNOTED ALICE ed. Martin Gardner (NY: Clarkson N. Potter 1960) p 138 "The Lobster-Quadrille"

⁶ These stories are in Stockton's THE BEE-MAN OF ORN AND OTHER FAUCIFUL TALES (NY: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1887)

⁷ Kenneth Grahame, "Marginalia" in PAGAN PAPERS (London and NY: John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1898) 78p; the essay first appeared in the NATIONAL OBSERVER Mar. 26 1892



The DUNCTON WOOD Filksong
(Tune: "Home On The Range")

Oh, give me a mole, a mole with a soul,
A mole who will worship the Stone:
A Boswell so true,
Or a Bracken will do--
Oh, give me a mole of my own.

CHORUS: Mole, mole with a soul,
Ever seeking for love and for grace,
That your spirit has grown
With the help of the Stone
Is as plain as the snout on your face.

When Bracken was born, all of Duncton was torn
Between fear and the ways that were right;
Though Hulver was brave
Still nothing could save
His life that dread Midsummer night.

CHORUS

Rebecca was fair as the fresh morning air;
Her beauty was more like a song.
But Mandrake and Rune
Sang a quite different tune,
Bringing suffering, evil and wrong.

CHORUS

When Bracken left home, far away he did roam,
Until many a moleyear had passed;
Lasting honor he'd earned
By the time he returned
To crouch by Rebecca at last.

CHORUS

Although Boswell was frail, his part in the tale
Was that of a hero of might;
For deep underground
The lost Stillstone he found
And was hallowed at last by its light.

CHORUS

(A reject from the Avebury Hymnal)-----

Anne J Braude

The World Of NARNIA

By Joe Christopher

I. An Introduction for NIEKAS Readers

In the spring of 1981, I was asked to be one of the four speakers at a C.S. Lewis conference to be put on by the Episcopal Diocese of West Texas. It was held at Camp Capers, near San Antonio, on September 18 and 19 of the same year. After some letters back and forth, I suggested to Jane Rose (a rector's wife of Alice, Texas, who was the organizer) that I talk about Lewis's children's books, since the people who would attend such a conference would probably know those. This assumption turned out not to be very accurate, since when I asked for a show of hands at the start of my paper about ten people out of the approximately fifty there had never read a book about Narnia. (I assume these ten were readers exclusively of Lewis's non-fiction religious works.) Even more had not read any of Tolkien's works.

Nevertheless, I read parts of my paper to them. Since I had about forty-five minutes for my presentation, I read those sections (with some cuts as I went along) dealing with The Manician's Nephew; The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe; and The Last Battle. I also cut some of my introduction as I read, and I added more background about the books as I got to them. The bibliography which follows my paper, I reproduced and handed out at the conference (without the note at the end).

Some things at the retreat, however, helped me on the background. The film on Lewis's life, Through Joy and Beyond, was shown, which gave a biographical framework. The third part (which I had not seen previously) had interviews with two of Tolkien's children and with Pauline Baynes, Lewis's illustrator -- but it was shown immediately after my talk, not before. In this case, perhaps I gave a context for the film. And, for my help, a large number of books by and

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on Lewis were for sale at the conference, so most of the audience had at least looked recently at Narnian materials.

The paper which I here print is very much still that written for oral presentation. My citations of pages and chapters on Lewis are fairly thorough (all page numbers refer to the original British hardcover editions); my citations for Tolkien get weaker as I go along -- as I had to hurry to finish my paper for the conference. (None of these citations were given in the reading, of course.) I hope to mine parts of this paper for more formal essays in the next few years, trying for veins of gold amid the quartz, and perhaps after that (and after further thinking) I'll rewrite the basic comparison of Narnia and Middle-earth. (I will give due credit to the NIEKAS version.)

In the meantime, perhaps this publication will stimulate some letters to NIEKAS which will correct or improve some of my points -- so I can steal the ideas when I write my later version.

For those whose chronology of Lewis's and Tolkien's lives are weak, here are some significant dates, taken from Humphrey Carpenter's The Inklings:

- 1926 Lewis and Tolkien met.
- 1929 Lewis read part of the Baren and Luthien story in Tolkien's verse.
- 1930 Tolkien read aloud to Lewis much of what became The Simarillion.
- 1933 Lewis in a letter refers to having read the MS. of The Hobbit.
- 1937 The Hobbit published. Lewis began reading (or hearing read) the MS. chapters of The Lord of the Rings as they were written.

- 1938 The first mention (in a letter by Tolkien) of the Inklings -- although without their name.
- 1939 Tolkien read "On Fairy-Stories" as a lecture.
- 1945 That Hideous Strength published with a reference to Tolkien's Numenor (misspelled Numinor) in the prefatory note.
- 1949 The last meeting of the Inklings (20 October).
- 1950-1956 The Chronicles of Narnia published.
- 1954-1955 The Lord of the Rings published.

II. An Introduction for the Conference

When I tried to think of what to talk about to this group, I finally decided on the Chronicles of Narnia, as being currently Lewis's most popular work. Five books at least, and one boxed study set, have been published on the Chronicles, so I can't cover everything in 45 minutes! Probably the best of these books on the Chronicles -- at least for most informational purposes -- is Paul Ford's Companion to Narnia. It has all the facts about Narnia's time scheme and what country lies in what direction from Narnia -- and indeed it prints one of four maps of Narnia that I know of, although I'm not completely happy with all the details of the map (where's the pass to Telmar that Pauline Baynes' map has, for example?). (The best book for critical interpretation is Peter J. Schakel's Reading with the Heart: it avoids Christian overkill.)



At any rate, I drew up a list of about six topics I wanted to cover, avoiding topics that I thought I had already covered, and avoiding the factual material that Ford has covered. Most of you, I would guess, have read one or more of the Narnia books -- possibly reading them to your children. Many of you will have read them all, but some may not have read any of them. (At this point I asked for a show of hands.) At any rate, I didn't want to do a straight-forward summary of the books: that's boring to hear for those who have read them, and boring for me to write. But I thought I would begin with a long comparison of Lewis's *Chronicles* to J.R.R. Tolkien's *Middle-earth*, as revealed in *The Hobbit*, *The Lord of the Rings* and *The Silmarillion*. I'm afraid I didn't work in any comparisons to the poems in the *Tom Bombadil* volume or to *Unfinished Tales*. This comparison will bring in, by the way, many of the details of Lewis's *Chronicles* and some of the points people usually make about them. Despite my original intention to cover a few other topics, this one proved elaborate enough for my time in itself. However, I worked in a couple of related topics as subpoints as I went along -- as you will probably notice. You will also notice some partial indications of what the books contain, meant as brief reminders, not plot summaries. I also hit upon a couple of topics -- for example, the angelology of Narnia -- I plan to develop more thoroughly later.

But if you're lost, and you want me to elaborate, or tie something more clearly into background, stop me at any point. This isn't a formal lecture -- as will become clear from time to time -- but much more a casual talk which doesn't have to go in a straight line. (42 pages as a typed ms., double spaced, which is more than I can use for my time.) I want to cover *The Magician's Nephew* and *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* because the basic discussion is there, and several religious points also, which tie to the purpose of this conference. Then I will cover as many of the books as I can -- and then skip to my conclusion on *The Last Battle*, which will show the end of Narnia and the hinted end of Middle-earth.

In this opening and closing which I'm emphasizing, I think we see most clearly the Christian imaginations of Lewis and Tolkien. In the middle, the shared parts do not lead to Christian points nor moral points,

but to literary points on their use of medievalism and other such things. There is nothing wrong with that; indeed, I find it highly interesting. But for this conference, the start and the finish are most important.

III. The Parallel Worlds of Narnia and Middle-earth

Narnia is a small kingdom in an imaginary flat world invented by C.S. Lewis and reported in seven books and one poem. Middle-earth is a larger geographic area -- indeed, in intention a complete world but in practice about equivalent to western Europe -- on what was originally a flat world, invented by a friend of Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien, and reported -- so far -- in five books of prose, one book of verse, and one of songs. There are obvious differences between the two creations -- Lewis's books are all intended for children while only one of Tolkien's is; the sea in Narnia lies to the east of the dry land area and in Middle-earth, to the west. (Cf. Glen Goodknight, "A Comparison of Cosmological Geography in the Works of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, and Charles Williams, *LYTHLORE*, 1:3 [July 1969] 18-22). But there are large similarities also.

In what follows I am not suggesting direct influence of one writer upon the other. Probably there was some, and probably it was from Tolkien to Lewis. Certainly Lewis wrote, in a letter, that no one ever influenced Tolkien; one might as well try to influence a Bandersnatch (Letters of C.S. Lewis, ed. W.H. Lewis, letter of 15 May 1959, p. 287). On the other hand, Tolkien thought some of his elvish names had influenced Lewis's selection of names in some of his books -- for example, *eldila* in *Out of the Silent Planet* from *Eldar* in *The Silmarillion* -- and Tolkien thought Lewis dreadfully susceptible to influence from Charles Williams (*Humphrey Carpenter, The Inklings*, p. 120). I do not, however, think any actual instances of direct influence between Middle-earth and Narnia can be proved beyond doubt. At any rate, whatever the direct influence, the two authors shared a medieval culture through their professional concerns at Oxford University; they shared a Christian world view, after all allowance is made for Tolkien's Roman Catholicism and Lewis's Ulster-influenced Anglicanism; and they shared a love of the romance genre -- the tale of wonders, of adventures, and of high

meaning. Thus their works reflect these similarities.

But let me begin at the beginnings -- at the creations of the two worlds. Lewis tells this story in *The Magician's Nephew*, in the last half of Chapter VIII, all of IX and the first of IX. Tolkien's creation account is titled "Ainulindale" -- the first section in *The Silmarillion*. Both of these are creations to music, echoing not Genesis but the passage in Job in which "the morning stars sang" at creation and "the sons of God shouted for joy" (Job 38:6-7) and the whole Pythagorean and Neoplatonic tradition of musical order in the universe. More specifically in Tolkien, the Ainur (angels), under the impetus of Iluvatar (God), sing into being an image of what the universe will be like when it is physically made. In Lewis a lion, Aslan (Jesus the Word, as in the opening of the Gospel of John), sings the physical creation of Narnia into existence, being accompanied by the Stars at one point (London: Bodley Head, 1955, p. 98). This tradition of musical creation is not unknown in British literature before this time, being used (for the most familiar example) in John Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day."

Many of the details in Lewis's account are completely unlike Tolkien's, of course. In Lewis, the animals are sung up out of the earth, perhaps in response to the Biblical account of Adam being created out of the Dust -- for some of the animals will become the "people" of this land. Unlike Tolkien, there is not a separate creation of the dwarfs (*dwarves* in Tolkien [c.f. "Quenta Silmarillion", Ch. 2]); and unlike Tolkien, Lewis has Aslan create classical figures -- fauns, satyrs, dryads, naiads, and minor dieties (all except dryads are mentioned on p. 115) -- not just northern ones. One of these differences grows out of the creation of animals. Aslan calls certain animals, two of different kinds, out of the mass. "... the pairs which he had touched instantly left their own kinds and followed him" (p. 112). Aslan stares at them and they begin to change; he breathes on them, and they become Talking Animals (p. 113). The reason I pause over this is that Lewis once conjectured -- in a letter -- that something similar happened to mankind at its beginnings: Lewis writes in that letter:

... I ... pictured Adam as being physically the son of the anthropoids on whom God had worked after birth the miracle which made him Man; said in fact, 'Come out. Forget thine own people and thy father's house'. The call of Abraham would be a far smaller instance of the same sort of thing ... That all seems to fit in historically and spiritually.

(Letters of C.S. Lewis,
10 Jan. 1952, p. 237)

Here Lewis is being more modern than Tolkien. Tolkien is content with Creationism; Lewis wants a semi-evolutionary, God-directed development from animal stock ... a divine Darwinism.

I have one more comment about the creation accounts. One of Aslan's commands to Narnia is "Be walking trees" (p. 114). These are the Dryads who appear in later books who are being called into existence. The comparison in Tolkien's works is to his Ents, as will be made clear later. Here it is enough to notice that the Ents are created by Iluvatar, having been part of the Great Song (cf. "Quenta Silmarillion," Ch. 2).

After the Creation comes the Fall, in the Biblical sequence. Both Lewis and Tolkien provide for this, relating it to Mankind in a particular but different way. Tolkien has the "opening (of the) eyes of Men" in the eastern realms of Middle-earth (*The Silmarillion*, p. 103); by the time they make contact with the Elves, they had already a darkness upon their hearts, cast by Morgoth (Satan) (*The Silmarillion*, pp. 141-142). But in Tolkien's mythos, the Elves had already fallen (ibid.) when the Men meet them. The latter is unlike Lewis, for there is no clear "fall" associated with his animals or his various dieties. There are various references to some of the animals "going bad" -- for example, in *The Horse and His Boy*, Prince Corin is said to have boxed with a "Lapsed Bear" until it reformed (Ch. XV, p. 198). For children's books, perhaps the untheologically exact imagery of *The Magician's Nephew* is the best approach. In it, two children from England visit two other worlds through Magic. All of the details are not to the purpose of this paper, but basically Lewis is working in the E. Nesbit tradition



of *The Story of The Amulet*; Roger Lancelyn Green has sources for a few other details, but they are not very significant (Green & Hooper, *C.S. Lewis*, p. 251).

The treatment of evil begins on the world of Charn when Digory Kirke, despite advice to the contrary from Polly Plummer, strikes a gong and awakens Jadis, an evil queen who has been in a magical type of suspended animation. She has been responsible for killing all the life on Charn, rather than share her rule with her sister. Through various misadventures, she ends up accompanying the children to Narnia. Under Aslan's questioning, Digory confesses that he was responsible; he did not have to strike the gong. Aslan says to Talking Animals: "You see, friends, that before the new, clean world I gave you is seven hours old, a force of evil has already entered it; waked and brought hither by this son of Adam" (pp. 133-134). For Christian readers, the phrase "this son of Adam" in this passage will have clear overtones of the Fall (even though humans are called "sons of Adam" and "daughters of Eve" elsewhere in the series without the terminology always having this sort of theological significance). Here, however, Lewis has done two things; first, Digory has sinned in striking the bell and he here confesses his sin and is sorry ... although, of course, the term sin is not used; second; Jadis -- a symbol of evil, equivalent of Satan -- here enters Narnia. She is obviously external to

the Animals and other beings of this semi-Eden, but symbolically she does not have to be taken as an external evil. Her presence is enough to suggest that inner corruption will come.

I don't know how far we can compare the images of evil in Tolkien and Lewis. It is more of a contrast, as the images of the fall turned out to be. In Tolkien's works -- *The Silmarillion* and *The Lord of the Rings* in particular -- the major figures of evil are Melkor and Sauron. Melkor, in his rebellion against Eru or Iluvatar, is parallel to Satan's rebellion against God; Sauron, as a follower of Melkor, is perhaps like Beelzebub. Tolkien, in short, is very traditional. Lewis, on the other hand, is not. He begins with a feminine figure -- Queen Jadis who is the primary image of evil in *The Magician's Nephew* and *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. In the former book she is simply presented as a Charnian and (I believe) not further explained; in the latter, she is said by Mr. Beaver to be a descendant of Adam and Lilith, and related to the Jinn, on one side, and a descendant of giants on the other. "No, no, there isn't a drop of real human blood in the witch," he exclaims (LWW, p. 78). How she can come from Adam and not have a drop of human blood in her is not made clear; Lewis doesn't seem to have thought the passage through, unless this is meant to be muddleheadedness in the Beaver. Although the two books' accounts of her could be reconciled, probably they were just different because Lewis wrote them at different times and changed his mind about things. In one other book -- *The Silver Chair* -- Lewis uses a feminine figure for evil: a witch dressed in green who turns into a serpent.

In four books, then, he uses masculine figures as his major symbols of evil. In none of these, however, do the figures have a comment about Lewis's imagination, in contrast to Tolkien's. His masculine figures are these: in *The Horse and His Boy* Prince Rabadash of Calormen, who is turned for a while into a donkey by Aslan; in *Prince Caspian*, King Miraz, who usurped the rule of Narnia and who is killed by his own men while he is fighting a duel; in *The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader"*, perhaps Eustace Scrubb is the major villain, but he is not extremely villainous, being a school-boy, and he is reformed by being changed into a dragon for a while. However, the book is very episodic, and there are slave traders, for example, who are worse than

Eustace during their appearance. And in The Last Battle, the figure of evil at the first is a male ape, Shift, but he becomes alcoholic and others take over for him. The most impressive figure in The Last Battle is the Calormene god Tash, who comes and eats a few of the characters. Tash is referred to by masculine pronouns, and is certainly an archetypal figure of evil. But he is not used throughout the book, the way the witches are in their books. I am not certain how Tash fits into the Narnian theology, although I have suspicions. Presumably he is a demon, equivalent to those which Milton assumed in Paradise Lost had played the roles of gods in Egypt and the Near East. But there is certainly no preparation for demons in Narnia. (Perhaps the stars who sang at the Creation are equivalents of angels; one star is being corrected for some sort of flaw in The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader", cf. p. 189; if so, Tash may be a rebellious star in origin. This is very conjectural; it does, however, if it is correct, make matters closer to Tolkien's scheme; both Sauron and Tash would be fallen angels of a sort.)

I have four more comparisons with Tolkien to make in connection with The Magician's Nephew -- three of them short and minor; one, large and complicated. Despite the danger of anticlimax, I would like to begin with the large one. Because it ties into the preceding discussions of Jadis and the Fall.

Near the end of the book (chs. 12 and 13), Aslan sends Digory to get an apple from a garden which lies to the west of Narnia. Digory and Polly, on the back of the winged horse, Fledge, make a two-day journey to the walled garden (Lewis's use of the medieval hortus conclusus topos); Digory enters, picks an apple from the central tree, is tempted to eat one but sees a large bird watching him from the top of the tree, and doesn't. (The bird, from its description, is probably a phoenix; in medieval bestiaries, the phoenix is a symbol of Christ because it dies and rises again.) Afterwards, Digory is tempted by Jadis, who has shown up and eaten an apple; she says an apple would save the life of his sick mother in England. I have spent some space summarizing this because it shows Lewis displacing the Garden of Eden to after the Creation and Fall, and indeed separating slightly the picking of the fruit and the appearance of the tempter.

But the comparison to Tolkien comes in the frame of adventure; the two-day journey to the Garden and then the one-day journey to return. When Aslan sends Digory, isn't he assigning him a quest -- even if the quest is done quickly since this is near the end of the book? Further, as I look at the Chronicles of Narnia, it seems to me that they are all either primarily quest or primarily battle plots.

The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe is partially a quest, because the Beavers know an old rhyme which tells the children to try to reach a certain locale, but it primarily turns on a battle. Aslan comes to Narnia and gathers his forces, and puts Peter Pevensie -- one of the English children who come to Narnia in this story -- in charge of them; Jadis as the White Witch gathers hers. The day after Aslan is killed, the battle is fought. The resurrected Aslan comes with reinforcements at the last minute, like the calvary in the old movie westerns. In The Horse and His Boy, the main plot is a quest for Narnia on the part of two children and Talking Horses. They are, to be sure, for various reasons wishing to escape from Calormen; but the slogan "Narnia and the North" is repeated often enough to make this into a positive quest, not just a negative escape. This book is another combination plot, for near the end Prince Rabadash of Calormen invades Archenland on his way to Narnia, and he and his men are defeated in battle. In Prince Caspian, the primary plot is that of a battle. King Miraz has usurped the rule of Narnia from his nephew Prince Caspian. A rebellion is raised by Caspian, his group ends up besieged, and Peter Pevensie -- back in Narnia -- fights a duel with King Miraz; the duel is broken off through treachery, and a general battle is joined. In The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader", the plot is primarily a quest -- or, rather, two quests: King Caspian is seeking seven noblemen who were sent to sea by King Miraz, and Reepicheep the Talking Mouse is seeking Aslan's Country at the far east of the flat Narnian world. In The Silver Chair two English children -- Jill Pole and Eustace Scrubb -- are sent by Aslan on a quest to the north, beyond the borders of Narnia, and then underground to find Prince Rilian of Narnia; Jill is given four signs to watch for on the quest. And in The Last Battle, as the title indicates, the main plot, in Narnia, ends with a battle in which King Tirian, Jill Pole,

Eustace Scrubb, and others battle some Calormenes from the south; the Narnians are defeated. The book can also be said to be a quest, for in the antepenultimate chapter, set in Aslan's Country, not Narnia, the protagonists are urged by Aslan, "Come farther in! Come farther in" (the title of the penultimate chapter) becomes a repeated phrase for what may be called their final spiritual quest.

What strikes me is that Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings combines a quest and a battle plot. (This is so obvious it is seldom said.) The quest is not to gain something but to destroy something, to drop the One Ring in the volcanic fires of Mount Doom, the only place it can be destroyed. Since Mount Doom is in the center of Mordor, Sauron's realm, the quest inevitably is one of increasing danger. While two hobbits, Frodo and Sam, undertake this quest after the splitting up of the Fellowship of the ring, the other surviving members become involved in various battles: the defense of Helm's Deep, the taking of Isengard, the attack on the Corsairs of Umbar at Pelagir, the defense of Minas Tirith, and a final confrontation with the forces of Sauron before the Black Gate of Mordor.

I do not know that these quests and battles are any sign of influence of one author on the other, for there have been many adventure tales with quests and battles before. But if I am right that these are the bases of their basic plots, it shows a similarity of mind in the two authors, a love of the same traditions (not that that was really in doubt!). After all, there are other romance plots, nearly as ancient. For example, there is the plot of the conflict with the Double, the other self, most easily seen in Robert Louis Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Joseph Conrad used the Secret Sharer, and there have been many other uses. Lewis, so far as I can judge, does not use it at all in his Narnia books. Admittedly, he has some confusions by the identical twins, Cor and Corin in The Horse and His Boy, but there is no inner nature involved in their doubleness; he is probably inspired by Mark Twain's The Prince and the Pauper. Tolkien may come closer, in his presentation of Gollum, the ancient hobbit whose will has been largely eaten up by the One Ring; he accompanies Frodo, the Ring-bearer, and Sam on their quest, and he -- among other things -- shows

what is happening to Frodo. Even if we called these examples of Doubles, we can hardly say that they are the major plots of the stories; the major plots, I repeat, are centered in battles and quests.

Now, as I said, I have three other minor points of comparison between The Magician's Nephew and Tolkien's works. The first one is very trivial. In The Silmarillion Tolkien uses the term "World" to mean universe (pp 17-19); he makes fairly clear that Arda, the Earth, is only one part of this World: but you would be surprised how many critics -- in the short time the books have been published -- have gotten the World and the Earth confused. By the way, most dictionaries will indicate this use of World to mean universe is acceptable; my guess is that it is an old-fashioned usage not yet completely abandoned. At any rate, Lewis does the same thing in The Magician's Nephew, but his passage shows his awareness of changing usage. Digory's evil uncle says at one point about some magic dust:

"... I (realized) ... that every grain had once been in another world -- I don't mean another planet, you know, they're part of our world and you could get to them if you went far enough -- but a really other world -- another Nature -- another universe --." (p. 25).

This points about diction just show how compatible Lewis and Tolkien are -- even in vocabulary.

A second trivial likeness occurs when Jadis sees Digory's uncle and says scornfully, "I see -- you are a magician of a sort. How do you come to know magic? You are not of royal blood, I swear" (p. 71). It may just be because she is royal that she expects all workers of magic to be royal; or perhaps on Charn -- her original world -- only the royalty could do magic. At any rate, Tolkien has a touch of this connection between royalty and magic near the end of The Lord of the Rings when it is demonstrated that "The hands of a King are the hands of a healer" (Bk. 5, Ch. 8) -- that is, Aragorn is called upon to heal a number of the wounded in Minas Tirith, which he does, partially by touching them, partially by heating an aromatic herb, athelas, in water. I suspect there are ancient myths or folk beliefs behind these materials, and certainly at one time in England scrofula was called "the King's evil," for it was believed that

the king's touch would cure it. The belief seems to have started with Edward the Confessor in Anglo-Saxon times and dies out in the 1800's. This is closer to Tolkien than Lewis, but surely the king's touch in this case is at least semi-magical.

The final parallel is a most curious one. When Digory's uncle visits Narnia at its creation, he gets into various problems with the Talking Beasts, and after they nearly plant him upside down and try planting him with his legs in the ground, they cage him between four trees for one night. At some point in the episode, he lost his gold and silver coins from his pockets -- and such was the power of the newly created world that they grew into a gold tree and a silver tree (pp. 165-170). Is it too far fetched to see a distant, almost parodic echo of the Two Trees of Valinor -- Telperion the White and Laurel in the Golden -- in Tolkien's The Silmarillion ("Omenta Silmarillion", Ch. 1)? Sung into existence by Yavanna and watered by the tears of Nienna (two angels) -- or perhaps the tears did more than just water them -- these trees are the divers of light in Middle-earth before the creation of the sun and moon. If Lewis is borrowing from Tolkien here -- from The Silmarillion as he heard Tolkien read it in the 1930's -- what a curious little episode it is. How crass the seeds of the trees to make a nice pair of crowns for the first king and queen of Narnia. (Today an American uncle might have some "silver" dimes -- whatever percentage of silver they have left -- and some bronze pennies, but gold coins? And a paper dollar tree would not provide much for a crown!)

This has been a long discussion of the first book, but it has gotten out of the way a number of large topics and all of the remaining books can be treated more briefly. Indeed, I have only four points to cover in connection with The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe, although one of them is an important literary topic and another an important theological topic. Probably some of you, who have read either the biography of Lewis by Roger Lancelyn Green and Walter Hooper or the biographical study of the Inklings by Humphrey Carpenter, have been wanting to stop me for some time and say, "Why this comparison? Why this emphasis on their compatibility? Tolkien couldn't stand the Chronicles of Narnia." And that is true. But I saved my comments

until this book because it was the first one written and the one to which Tolkien reacted when Lewis read it to him.

As most of you will recall, either from the book or the TV version of The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe, a girl, Lucy Pevensie, hides in an old wardrobe and at the back of it, behind some hanging fur coats, she finds sometimes, for this is magic -- instead of the back, Narnia. The first time through, she meets a friendly faun, Mr. Tumnus (Lewis gives his fauns classical names). She goes home with him, has tea, and returns to earth. Tolkien's comment to Roger Lancelyn Green was this:

I hear you've been reading Jack's (C.S. Lewis's) children's story. It really won't do, you know! I mean to say: "Nymphs and their Ways, the Love-Life of a Faun." Doesn't he know what he's talking about?

Tolkien's objection is, of course, well taken. He was very aware of mythology and its implications. In The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings, he sticks to Northern figures -- dwarves, elves, trolls, and a dragon -- which he combined with figures of his own invention -- ents, hobbits, and a Balrog. In The Silmarillion -- an earlier work -- he also includes werewolves (who are not exclusively northern) and vampires (who are not at all northern). No doubt Lewis's eclectic approach to such figures bothered him: some northern dwarfs, giants (who are not exclusively northern), a dragon; some Mediterranean -- fauns, satyrs, dryads, naiads, Bacchus, and Silenus; some English -- Father Christmas; and some Lewis's own invention -- Ma5shwiggles. And my list from the seven books is not complete.

But Tolkien's objection is expressed in terms of the mythological function of such figures. Despite Lewis's listing both fauns and satyrs in one passage (The Magician's Nephew, Ch. X, p. 115) -- and perhaps other passages, I haven't checked -- they are essentially the same figure, half goat, half man, faun being the Roman name and satyr the Greek. Their normal association is with sexuality: if a faun had really met Lucy in the woods, the result would have been a rape. I assume -- although I have never seen it in print -- that their origin is in Greek bawdry: what were those goatherders doing all day out on the mountain? The half goat, half man shape implies the answer. The origin of the satyr

and faun is in unnatural lust; the result is a symbol of lawless lust. Tolkien was appalled at Lewis's insensitivity to myth.

I conjecture that Lewis answered Tolkien's objection to the first book he wrote in the second one written, Prince Caspian. At the end of Chapter 11, when Bacchus, Silenus, and a group of Maenads show up to celebrate Aslan's presence in Narnia, Susan Pevensie says to her sister Lucy, "I wouldn't have felt very safe with Bacchus and all his wild girls if we'd met them without Aslan." "I should think not," replied Lucy (p. 141). That is, Lewis says the appetites -- for sex, as in Silenus (he is a satyr, even if he is more associated with wine than sex), or for food and drink (only the latter appetites Lewis can show in a children's book) -- these appetites are only safe when under the control of Christ, as Aslan is in Narnia. This, of course, is making Bacchus and the others into symbols.

To reiterate: Bacchus, Silenus, and the Maenads are here mythological figures suggesting celebration -- a celebration which could, outside of a Christian context (or an "Aslanic" context), get out of control. This, I think, is Lewis's answer to Tolkien. Yes, there are satyrs in Narnia, for the sexual is part of life. But under the direction of Aslan, the sexual -- the fauns, the satyrs -- are not out of control in Narnia.

If I were to play the devil's advocate for a moment, however, I would point out that Aslan wasn't in Narnia when Lucy met Mr. Tumnus. One understands what Lewis is saying but Tolkien had a valid objection. What did go on in Narnia in the years between the stories, in the years when Aslan did not visit the country?

(I wonder also about the symbolism of Bacchus and his "wild girls." With Bacchus an emphasis on grapes comes into Lewis's story, but the Maenads were best known in Greek myths for the two times in which, in their drunken frenzy, they tore men to bits -- at least one of those times devouring the man, thinking him to be an animal. Is Lewis delicately hinting that under the influence of Aslan (or Christ), frenzied drinking and cannibalism are controlled and changed into a quieter sip of wine and taste of

bread ("This is my body")? I would not put it past Lewis, since he believed Christianity summed up all that was best in the pagan religions.)

However that may be, there are other things in The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe of interest. I mentioned previously there were wolves and vampire bats which show up in the Beren and Luthien episode of "The Silmarillion". Among the White Witch's followers in this book are "giant bats" (Ch. 15, p. 144), and a "werewolf" appears in Prince Caspian (Ch. 12). I also mentioned that Father Christmas shows up here with the continuation of a year's cycle after a hundred years of pre-Christmas winter controlled by the White Witch; perhaps the parallel to Tolkien's The Father Christmas Letters should be pointed out. Of course, beyond the use of the traditional figure, the works are not especially similar, but Tolkien's book is tied to his Middle-earth sequence by Father Christmas's mention of snow-elves (1929 letter), his references to Goblins -- as in The Hobbit (1932, 1933, and 1939 Letters) -- and later to Elves, who are probably the snow-elves again (1935 letter); Ilbereth, an Elf, appears and writes part of a letter (1936 letter) and in the next one adds some Elvish script (1937 letter) and in the one after that, part of a poem (1938 letter).

Part of the traditional Northern figures who appear in the book are the "dwarfs with their battle-axes" (Ch. 16, p. 163). Their brief appearance on Aslan's side in battle may remind the reader of Gimli's use of a battle-axe in The Lord of the Rings, (e.g., Bk. 3, Chs. 7 and 8).

Finally, let me mention an even more striking event: the death and resurrection of Aslan as parallel to the death and resurrection of Gandalf. No doubt you thought -- if the matter came up at all -- that I would mention Aslan's death and resurrection as parallel to Christ's in this world, but that topic has been discussed before -- a large number of times before. And it is, besides, off my topic. But it would be fun, if I had time, to agree in detail with Walter Hooper, who has pointed out that Christ died for all men but Aslan died only for Edmund Pevensie -- Edmund who had given himself to the White Witch in exchange for candy, for Turkish Delight. (For me it would have to be hot-fudge sundaes.) But the point is that Lewis was trying to teach his

youthful readers to respond to an image, not a theological system.

The comparison with Gandalf is interesting, however, both in the works' likenesses and their differences. Aslan, since he was giving himself up willingly -- although in deep grief -- is passive when he surrenders to the White Witch's followers, when he is bound and placed on the Stone Table for her to kill him. And, indeed, when she kills him with her stone knife. (That stone knife, I might add, is later found as a sacred relic on an island close to the end of the world in The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader".) (No doubt it is equivalent to a piece of the True Cross in Christian terms.) Gandalf, on the other hand, is defending the Fellowship of the Ring in the mines of Moria when he dies. The Balrog he is fighting pulls him down with him when Gandalf magically breaks the bridge they are on; more specifically, the Balrog catches Gandalf with a whip and they fall into the depths together (Bk. 2, Ch. 5). Strangely enough -- or perhaps not strangely for a wizard -- the fall into the depths of the earth does not kill Gandalf. He fights the Balrog there, chases him up a spiral stair to the top of a mountain, and there, in a final battle, Gandalf kills the Balrog and does himself (Bk. 3, Ch. 5). (The whip that pulled Gandalf down does not reappear as a sacred relic, I hasten to add.)

And now, the resurrections. Aslan is dead for the rest of the night -- not for two nights, as with Christ -- and with the dawn, rises again, "Shining in the sunlight (being) larger than (Lucy and Susan) had seen him before" (Ch. 15, p. 149). The Harrowing of Hell, which in Christian tradition occurs during the period of Jesus' death, is transposed by Lewis to follow -- when Aslan enters the White Witch's castle, frees the beings there turned to stone, and has the giant break down the gates so they can leave (Ch. 16). Again, it is the image, not the theological nicety, which is important.

For Gandalf, the details are slightly less like Christ's. Gandalf says that, after he dies, "I strayed out of thought and time, and I wandered far on roads that I will not tell. Naked was I send back -- for a brief time, until my task was done." He seems to have lain on the mountain top for some days, until he was discovered by an intelligent eagle --

for there are talking animals in middle-earth as there are in Narnia and taken to a timeless, elven forest for healing. There he was clothed in white, not in gray as he had been, so he shines when he is met and reveals himself later.

There are, of course, differences between these two accounts. Lewis is writing of Aslan, Son of the Emperor over the Sea, or, in Earthly terms, of Jesus, Son of God. Thus his account is parallel to the Gospel accounts in ways I haven't noticed and varies from them in minor ways I also have not discussed. Tolkien, on the other hand, is not writing about a parallel to Jesus -- at least, not exactly -- even though the eagle who bears Gandalf to the elven forest, Lothlorien, comments that his body is now very light -- so that Gandalf does seem to have, in some sense, a resurrected body. But close students of Tolkien, particularly those with an eye for alternate names, have noted that Gandalf is mentioned in The Silmarillion under a different name -- Olórin -- as one of the Maiar. This gets complicated, but in Tolkien's fiction the angelic beings are called Aimur, and two ranks of them are mentioned -- the Valar and the Maiar. The lesser rank is the Maiar, and it is the rank of Gandalf before he was incarnated into the world -- as were Saruman and the other wizards. (This is made clear in Unfinished Tales.) Further, the chief evil figure of The Lord of the Rings -- Sauron -- is also of the Maiar rank originally; he is a fallen angel. Further yet, the Balrogs -- they are numerous in The Silmarillion and the one Gandalf meets is one of the survivors of the earlier battles -- the Balrogs are also fallen angels of the Maiar class. Thus the battle between Gandalf and the Balrog is an angelic battle between equally ranked foes; no wonder they both die.

Gandalf's return to life is therefore a miracle, presumably decided upon by Eru (God). I assume for Tolkien, a devout Roman Catholic, that this foreshadows Christ's resurrection -- although some of the details, such as the healing of Lothlorien, have no precise theological significance. The general literary significance of Lewis and Tolkien's including these deaths and resurrections is the Christian imaginations they reveal. Of course, any Christian hack -- if I may use the term, for there are such --

could write a fantasy and stick in a death and resurrection. Part of the point is how well they are written, although a discussion of style would take me away from my general purpose of comparing imaginative worlds; and Tolkien, certainly, has hidden his religious matter carefully -- both here and elsewhere in The Lord of the Rings. He also trusts the image over the spelled-out significance, and does so more consistently than does Lewis. The latter, it should be noted, has been attacked by a number of critics -- e.g., Lin Carter -- for writing a simple allegory. It is (in my experience) entirely this episode which upsets them. Tolkien has not had the same negative reactions. You may take this either to indicate the anti-theism of our age or Tolkien's more discreet artistry.

I will try to move very quickly through the next four books.

In The Horse and His Boy -- the journey of Shasta, Aravis, and two Talking Horses from Calormen to Narnia (more exactly, to Archenland, on Narnia's southern border) -- in this book, I find four points to make, all fairly minor.

This is one of the three books in which Lewis explores the area around Narnia. This one is set mainly in Calormen to the south; the details are vaguely Moorish and Moslem, although the religion is pagan with several gods. The dark-skinned Calormenes in Lewis's book resemble the dark-skinned Haradrim in the south of Tolkien's Middle-earth. Of course, in this case both are imitating the situation of Europe with North Africans to the south.

Another resemblance between Lewis and Tolkien -- which I could easily have mentioned before -- is the tendency of both to stick in poems. For example, the Beavers in The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe quote two old sayings in rhyme; here Sallowpod

the Raven has a rhyme printed as prose:

easily in but not easily out,
as the lobster said in the
lobster pot. (p. 63)

Tolkien sometimes has short verses, but more of his are long, narrative poems, often giving cultural background to his world.

A third resemblance is between Lewis's dwarfs in this story and Tolkien's hobbits. When Shasta ends up in Narnia, after a night of wandering in the fog, he has breakfast with three dwarfs. They eat as much as they can hold, and then two of the dwarfs -- one of them has to wash the dishes -- go outside, stretch out their legs, and light their pipes (pp. 155-156). They sound much like hobbits in this, but I will complicate the view of dwarfs with the next book. Hobbits, I should add, like six meals a day when they can get them; and Tolkien introduces "pipe-weed" into his pre-historic European setting -- against the history of tobacco being of American origin -- so the hobbits can smoke.

The final resemblance, which applies more to this book than to the other six in the Chronicles, is an inter-lace method of narration. That is, Lewis shifts back and forth between different groups of characters. Specifically, he follows Shasta for the first six chapters; then he shifts to Aravis (who had been introduced in the second chapter) for two chapters; he reunites his major characters for a chapter and about half of another one; the last part of Chapter 10 follows Aravis; the eleventh and twelfth chapters follow Shasta; the thirteenth chapter follows Shasta at the first and end but goes to Aravis in the middle; the fourteenth chapter starts with Aravis, but reunites Shasta and Aravis about half way through; and the fifteenth follows them together. Since the focus is often on characters with them rather than Shasta or Aravis himself, this summary is over-simplified -- but it gives the general idea. Readers of The Lord of the Rings will recall how, after the breaking of the Fellowship, Book Three in general follows Aragorn; book Four, Frodo and Sam; Five, Aragorn; and Six, Frodo and Sam at the first, before their reunion with Aragorn. Even this is oversimplified, for the group around Aragorn sometimes is also split up into smaller groups for chapters at a time. (Cf. Richard West, "The Interlace Structure of The Lord of the



Rings, in A Tolkien Compass, ed. Jared Lobdell. Both authors are following the interlace pattern of medieval romances, particularly those Arthurian romances in the French Vulgate Cycle.

Prince Caspian -- the story of Caspian regaining his throne from King Miraz -- has two large elements which deserve comment. First, about the dwarfs. I notice in the first part of the story that a half-dwarf, half-human character is introduced (pp. 49-50). Genetically, this is not very likely. Dwarfs are one of the basic Narnian races; the humans concerned are those who came from Earth into Telmar (southwest of Narnia) through a magic portal. Of course, Lewis's child readers may not be likely to raise questions about genetics -- although I'm not certain about some modern children. There is both a comparison and a contrast here to Tolkien's works. In The Silmarillion, there are marriages -- and fertile marriages, though very rare ones -- between Elves and Maiar on the one hand, and Elves and Humans on the other. So the Children of Iluvatar seem fertile with each other. However, Tolkien -- so far as I can remember -- has no marriage of a Dwarf and a member of another race. I suspect that this is because the dwarves are not an original part of Iluvatar's plan, but were created by Aule, one of the Valar ("Quenta Silmarillion," Ch. 2); later, they were brought to true life by Iluvatar. Thus, in Tolkien, if I read the situation correctly, the Dwarves really are a separate race and cannot interbreed with the other peoples.

Lewis has a touch of the separateness of these species when Aslan addresses some humans and a dwarf as "you sons of Adam and son of Earth" (137). He also notes that dwarfs have their own fashion of burial (153), although he gives no details. Perhaps, like Tolkien's Dwarves, they lay their dead in stone tombs. At any rate, unlike the interbreeding, these touches sound like Tolkien's Dwarves. And, of course, from Teutonic legend, both Lewis and Tolkien have their dwarfs be great metal workers (for Lewis, cf. p. 69).

Second major topic, about the trees. This seems to be a major resemblance between Prince Caspian and The Lord of the Rings -- that is, a resemblance between Lewis's Dryads and Tolkien's Ents. Those of you who have read The Lord of the Rings will remember that the Ents, who are tree-like beings and whose major role is the protec-

tion of trees, become aroused -- they are slow to rouse but dire when aroused -- and march to attack the tower of the wizard Saruman.

In Lewis, we are told first that "since the Humans came into the land (from Telmar), felling forests and defiling streams, the Dryads and Naids have sunk into a deep sleep. Who knows if ever they will stir again?" Trufflehunter the Badger, who says this, adds that if the Trees did move in anger, the evil humans would go mad and flee from Narnia (p. 74).

Later, when Lucy Pevensie meets Aslan in Narnia again, first she sees trees dancing: "There was no doubt that the trees were really moving -- moving in and out through one another as if in a complicated country dance" (p. 122). Lucy sees one tree for a moment as "a huge man with a shaggy beard and great bushes of hair -- But when she looked again he was only a tree, though he was still moving" (p. 123). This almost seems a vision of an Ent, but for Lewis it is a vision of the male Dryad who inhabits the tree, and Lucy sees that first one and others with this double vision. Lucy decides "they are almost awake, not quite" (p. 123); presumably if they were fully awake, the Dryads could come out of the trees fully. I also assume that it is the return of Aslan which has brought them to this much wakefulness.

The next step is when the Dryads come fully awake. They hurry up to Aslan, and they are first described in images of darkness, much like Tolkien uses for Fangorn Forest as it follows the Ents against Saruman at Isengard and the Orcs at Helm's Deep. Here is Lewis: "It looked first like a black mist creeping on the ground, then like the stormy waves of a black sea rising higher and higher as it came on, and then, at last, like what it was -- woods on the move" (p. 138). Finally, as Peter Pevensie and King Miraz begin their formal sword duel near the end of the book (Ch. 14), the tree-like beings surround the area; Trufflehunter refers to them as "Dryads and Hamadryads and Silvans" (p. 166). Then, when the duel is stopped through treachery, the trees move up; the Telmarines shriek, "The wood! The wood! The end of the world!" (p. 172), and then they flee from the battle. However, they do not vanish into the wood, never to be seen again, as happens to the Orcs besieging Helm's Deep.

Is this an example of Lewis imitating Tolkien? Maybe, even probably, but not certainly. We know from Humphrey Carpenter's biography of Tolkien that Tolkien himself was irritated by the trickery of the moving wood in Shakespeare's Macbeth -- which was the origin of his story in which the forest really did move. The reference to Shakespeare at least reminds us that such legends did not originate with The Lord of the Rings.

No doubt there are other things worth remarking in Prince Caspian. In The Horse and His Boy I passed over Shasta going into battle disguised as a dwarf just as Eowyn went into the Battle of the Pelennor Fields in The Lord of the Rings disguised as a man; partly I passed it over because disguises and battles are the stuff of romances, partly because Shasta merely survives and Eowyn is heroic. (One would have to combine the heroism of Shasta's twin with Shasta's disguise to get the equivalent of Eowyn's actions, and I have already said I'm dubious about Shasta and Corin as doubles.) Here, in Prince Caspian, I was struck by Lewis's inventiveness in creating names: the names of planets -- Tarva and Alambil (p. 45) and Aravir (p. 137) -- and of constellations -- the Ship, the Hammer, and the Leopard (p. 103). Tolkien also invents some star names, such as Valacirca for a constellation. This merely touches Lewis's fecundity in names in one area -- and Tolkien is far more inventive; both of them, at their best, shaping names to the emotional tone of the characters or places being described.

In The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader" -- the story of King Caspian's quest in the Great Eastern Ocean -- there are three items of comparative interest. The first of these is the episode in which Eustace Scrubb turns into a dragon (chs. 6 and 7). Tolkien used a dragon, Smaug, in The Hobbit, and several more dragons appear in The Silmarillion. Dragons seem to have been bred by Morgoth, and, indeed, three different types appear in Tolkien's works. (One critic conjectures that the fire-breathing dragons were bred from Balrogs, who were also creatures of fire -- Paul H. Kocher, A Reader's Guide to "The Silmarillion", p. 271 -- but Tolkien, wisely, left the details of the dragon-breeding program vague.) Lewis follows many traditional details which agree with Tolkien's presentation: the fire-breathing nature, the sleeping on hoarded treasure, most obviously. Tolkien's dragons can talk

but Eustace as a dragon can't. Of course, the magical transformation of a human into a dragon is not at all like Tolkien's dragons (whatever their source). I was bothered by Eustace's transformation when I first read this book, but I have discovered that such a change can be traced to actual folktales -- in half-farcical gypsy tale found in Britain, "The Long, Long Worm", for example, and in Teutonic myth in the story of Fafnir, who was killed by Siegfried. (These examples are taken from Katharine Briggs' A Dictionary of Fairies; see under "Worms.") Of course, this does not make Lewis any more "authentic," so to speak; in some details they follow the same tradition, but in one Lewis seems to have gone to a separate, but equally legitimate, folk tradition.

Another interesting comparison involves Ramandu and his daughter near the end of the book (Chs. 13 and 14). Most of the details of the island on which they live do not concern us -- although King Caspian finds there the last three of the nobles he has been seeking and so ends his quest -- but two things do. First, Ramandu and his daughter face east in the morning -- in the direction of Aslan's land beyond the border of the world -- raise their arms, and sing as the sun rises (p. 185). A somewhat analogous moment occurs in the land of Gondor in The Lord of the Rings: there, before meals, the diners stand for a moment of silence facing west -- in Tolkien's world the direction of the ocean and the Blessed Realm of Aman, which was, by the age of the story, beyond the world (II 361; III 287 -- cf. Robert Foster, A Complete Guide to Middle-earth, under "Standing Silence").

Also it is notable that Caspian becomes engaged to Ramandu's daughter in this book, and the reader learns about her death in The Silver Chair. One never learns who her mother was, but Ramandu is identified as a star. Since I have earlier argued that Lewis's stars were angels and since the stars descend to Narnia in a human-like form in The Last Battle, there is no reason not to accept Ramandu as the aged star he claims to be. But this means that his daughter is either a full-blooded or half-blooded angel; she marries Caspian by the time of The Silver Chair and they have a son, Prince Rilian, who is either half or quarter angel. This, of course, seems odd, but in The Silmarillion Melian, one of the female Maia, or lesser angels, falls in love with Elwe, an Elf, marries him, and bears him one child, a daughter.

so in both works angels (of their two sorts) can marry, and bear children too, non-angelic beings. Perhaps the Biblical source is Genesis 6:2,4, when the sons of God took the daughters of men to wife and had Nephilim (giants?) by them.

My third and final point about this book has to do with flat and rounded worlds. Earlier I stated matters in a summary; here I will be slightly more detailed. Middle-earth was originally a flat world with the land of Aman, where the Valar (angels) dwelt, in the west. At the end of the Second Age, when a king and his followers violated the laws and sailed to and landed on that western land, the Valar called upon Eru (God), who turned Middle-earth into a globe. Still, a few sailors since then have been able to sail directly to Aman and not follow the curve of the globe. There's a clever map called "The Road Home" in Karen Lynn Fonstad's The Atlas of Middle-earth (pp. 175-176) which has an arrow going straight out as the earth curves away beneath it.

Narnia does not involve this sort of change from one type of world to another, but the reader of The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader" discovers that Narnia is a flat world -- or, rather, King Caspian discovers the earthly children come from a round world. This comes in a discussion of what the end of Narnian world is like, as they sail closer and closer to it. Eustace exclaims their conjectures are "all rot" since the world's round like a ball. Edmund Pevensie says, "Our world is. But is this?" At which point Caspian discovers the children come from a globe and says that Narnia had fairy tales about round worlds but he had never believed them (p. 208).

When the children and Reepicheep the Talking Mouse reach the end of the Narnian world, after a long period of white lilies, there is a thirty-foot wave, fixed in place as at the foot of a waterfall, behind which the sun rises -- and on the other side of the sun a range of very tall mountains, not snow-capped but green to the tops. The mountainous land is Aslan's country (pp. 218-219). Aman had a row of high cliffs, the Pelori, facing the rest of Middle-earth in the First Age; but there is no emphasis on mountains.

By the way, it is interesting that Lewis follows the medieval European tradition of putting Paradise in the east, no doubt influenced by the

belief that the Garden of Eden was somewhere in the Near East; while Tolkien follows the Celtic tradition of a paradisaic island (or, in his case, continent) in the west. But they both set seas between the world of man (and, in Tolkien's case, of elves) and the spiritual realm.

In The Silver Chair -- the quest of Eustace Scrubb, Jill Pole, and Puddleglum for Prince Rilian, a journey to the land of giants north of Narnia and then into an under-world of gnomes beneath the surface of the Narnian world -- in this book there are only a few touches which resemble Tolkien, and never with much directness. For example, when the questers start north, we learn the giants have their own language. The giants, we are told, "stormed and jeered at one another in long, meaningless worlds of about twenty syllables each" (Ch. 6, p. 78). I assume this means that the words were meaningless to Jill and the others, not that they had no meaning at all. Tolkien, of course, has no giants (with the exception of some stone-giants mentioned in passing in The Hobbit). But Tolkien does have Ents, who are about fourteen feet high, and the word ent means giant in Old English. Further, from the samples of the Entish language in The Lord of the Rings, "words of about twenty syllables each" would pass as a description of Entish. But in other ways, Lewis's giants are much unlike Tolkien's Ents; this first group Eustace and the others meet are unintelligent giants (in the classical tradition of Aesop's fable about the giant who doesn't have enough brains for his size), and they are throwing stones about before they fall to quarreling -- perhaps the stone-throwing is in the brief tradition of Tolkien's stone-giants. The later giants in The Silver Chair, are more varied in their personalities, although most of them share a streak of ethnocentrism which allows them to eat smaller intelligent beings. Whatever one makes of that, it's not like Tolkien's Ents.

A more trivial point: I notice both Tolkien and Lewis are fond of Wardens of Marches. One of the hobbit families passes down in its ranks the title of Warden of the West Marches, and Lewis has among the gnomes under Narnia a Warden of the Marches of Underland (p. 128; Ch. 10). I suspect that there is a historical Warden of Marches somewhere behind this, but I don't know the background.

This reference to Lewis's gnomes in Underland does bring me to a final

point, however. When Puddleglum and the others are brought to the city underground, they get glimpses of "walls and pillars (for example), that suggested great palaces or temples" (p. 136 Ch. 10), and they finally are brought to a great castle there (p. 137). There is not any emphasis on the gnomes as craftsmen, but the sheer massiveness of a city underground may suggest such Dwarf work in Tolkien as Moria, before the Balrog forced the Dwarves to abandon it. Of course, Lewis has used his dwarfs above in Narnia, so he borrows the Paracelsian elemental for the dwarfish role here. And, as it turns out in Lewis, the elementals -- the gnomes -- are only happy when they are permitted to go further down in the earth, to join the fire-elemental, the salamander, in the depths. If Lewis owed anything to Tolkien here, he has certainly inverted it at the end: in Tolkien, a fiery Balrog from the depths of the earth drove the Dwarves out; in Lewis, the gnomes hurry to the depths of the earth where fiery salamanders swim in fiery streams.

And finally, I read *The Last Battle*. Let me clear a few minor comparisons out of the way. First, about the Dryad of a beech-tree who appears near the first of the story (p. 22; Ch. 2); Lewis emphasizes her tallness -- "so tall that her head was on a level with (a) centaur's" -- my estimate is that this is nine or ten feet tall, not up with the fourteen feet Tolkien gives to one Ent, but certainly tall enough. Lewis also emphasizes her tree likeness, but this has been discussed enough earlier.

Second, Farsight the Eagle is one of the important supporting characters in this book: he reports the taking of Cair Paravel by the Calormenes and the death of Roonwit the Centaur (pp. 93-95, Ch. 8), on his first appearance; at the last battle of King Tirian, he attacks the Calormenes' eyes (p. 127, Ch. 11); he is presumably killed in this battle, for he enters Aslan's Country near the end of the story in the company of some characters, including Roonwit the Centaur, who had certainly died (p. 156, Ch. 14). Tolkien's treatment of eagles I do not pretend to fully understand; but one critic -- Robert Foster -- suggests they are the greatest of, and protectors of, the animal kingdom, just as the Ents are of the vegetable kingdom (cf. Foster, "Eagles" and "Kelvar"). Certainly, several times they show up at the last minute to perform rescues: in *The Lord of the Rings*, they

bear Gandalf off the mountain top after he returns to life, and later rescues Frodo and Sam from Mordor after Mount Doom has exploded in volcanic activity. The eagles almost seem to be a symbol of God's -- or Eru's -- grace in these rescues. At any rate, both Lewis and Tolkien use eagles, but Lewis's use is not as significant as Tolkien's.

Third, in the Last Judgment scene in this book, the stars -- who are people as we have already noticed -- drop from the skies and enter Aslan's country through the stable door which at that point joins the two realms. It occurs to me that Tolkien has also one star -- or, rather, planet -- who is also a person. In *The Silmarillion*, Earendil, who is half human, quarter elf, and quarter Maia, sailed out the curve of the earth and reached Aman; he is able to make this voyage because he bears one of the Silmarils. Later, he, his ship, and the jewel which allowed his journey are set in the sky as the planet Venus. The likeness between Lewis and Tolkien is not very close here, and they seem to be following different traditions: Lewis, the medieval tradition of angels called Intelligences being in charge of the stars, and Tolkien, the classical tradition of great heroes being translated into the sky. Both traditions, however, are not very close to modern views of the stars.

Finally, having cleared away minor matters, I turn to the topic of the Last Battle. As most of you are aware, Lewis uses a number of Biblical echoes in this book, both from the Book of Revelation and from Jesus' prophecies. For example, the story begins with Shift the Ape dressing Puzzle the Donkey in a lion skin -- Shift tells other animals that Puzzle is Aslan returned to Narnia, and he makes various demands -- mainly for fruits and nuts -- in Aslan's name. Puzzle is obviously an anti-Christ figure, or anti-Aslan if you insist, although Puzzle himself is not guilty of the plot -- and, indeed, enters Aslan's country at the end of the book. Later, when Aslan stands in the doorway between Narnia and his country, after the stars have fallen, all sorts of characters come to the doorway; some look at him, hate him and turn away into the darkness at his left; what happens to them is not said, although the Talking Animals among them lose their rational ability at the moment of their decision and become mere animals again. (Perhaps Lewis is saying that the men who reject Christ

the Logos reject Reason itself -- and so, on the Day of Judgment, return to being mere apes once more.) On the other hand, to be specific -- those who see Aslan and love him, enter into his Country, even those like Calormene, and like a Dwarf who fought against King Tirian, who seem unlikely in their choosing. About Aslan's Country, we need not say more than that it is a Redeemed Narnia and joins ultimately with a Redeemed England and other countries. This may tie to the Biblical imagery of "many mansions" and "sheep of another fold."

Here is the point. Tolkien also threw out hints of some sort of Day of Doom in Middle-earth. Three times in *The Silmarillion* he called it, or part of it, the Last Battle (pp. 44, 48, 279). For example, Tolkien tells us that his Dwarves believe that they (presumably as resurrected spirits) will aid Aule (one of the Ainur, or angels -- the one who created the Dwarves) -- that they will aid Aule in the remaking of the earth after the Last Battle (p. 44). This sounds much like some Norse belief in a new earth following Ragnarok.

Elsewhere, not speaking of the Last Battle as such, but of the End of Days, Tolkien says a greater music than was made at creation will be made by the choirs of the Ainur (angels) and the Children of Iluvatar (men at least) after the end of days (p. 75; cf. p. 42 for the possible omission of elves from this). This may correspond to the harp imagery in the Bible. In another place Tolkien refers to the Sun passing and the Moon falling at the end (p. 67); the falling Moon may be related to Lewis's falling stars, but it seems more astronomical. Actually, in the Book of Revelation one star falls (8:10) and one-third of the sun, the moon, and the stars are darkened (8:11); slightly later another star falls -- and turns out to be human enough to use a key to let out a plague of locusts (9:1-2).

Finally, there are a few passages in Tolkien which suggests a Last Judgment. For example, Manwe (an angel) decrees the half-elves -- those children resulting from human and Elven marriages -- may choose "to which kindred their fates shall be joined, and under which kindred they shall be judged" (p. 249). Further, while the spirits of the Elves -- when they happen to die -- go to the Halls of Mandos, there to await the End, the spirits of Men perhaps go elsewhere, outside the control of the Ainur (angels) -- presumably

directly under control of Iluvatar (God) (p. 105). This allows for the Immediate Judgment, according with Tolkien's Roman Catholic theology.

Despite some differences, both authors see a Judgment Day for their fictional universes. Lewis has described this day, in The Last Battle; Tolkien also foresees a last battle, but he never says with whom. If Tolkien wrote any of his Judgment Day, it has not yet been published.

And again, as in their Creations, they show their basically orthodox imaginations in what they project. It is not a matter of having to make their works conform to Christian teachings, but rather, of believing Christian teachings and thus conforming their works to that truth. But to that imaginative truth, not to Biblical details -- which they use or drop as it suits them.

A final question: Why create an imaginative world? John Wain (the English author) once got upset at a meeting of the Inklings and said authors should be realists, not romancers; they should tell the truth about the human condition. Lewis replied that Man was made in the image of God, and since God had created the universe, so man should create -- in his limited way -- his own universe, making it as elaborate and complicated as he could, in imitation of God's fecundity. Thus it is that Tolkien created Middle-earth, and thus it is that Lewis created Narnia.

IV. A Checklist of Lewis's Writings About Narnia

The Chronicles of Narnia (arranged in order of internal sequence):

The Magician's Nephew (1955).

Begun in 1949 (the "Le Fay Fragment"), abandoned; started again in 1951, left off; completed 1953-1954.

Internal sequence: Year 1 of Narnia; A.D. 1900 in Enoland.

The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe (1950).

Begun in 1939-1940, abandoned; started again in 1948, finished in 1949.

Internal sequence: Year 1000 of Narnia, according to the "Outline of Narnian history so far as it is known," (see below); the conclusion of the book is in the year 1015; 1940 in England

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The Horse and His Boy (1954).

Written in 1950.

Internal sequence: Year 1014 of Narnia; no events in England.

Prince Caspian (1951).

Written in 1949.

Internal sequence: Year 2303 of Narnia; 1941 in England.

The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader" (1952).

Begun in 1949, finished in 1950.

Internal sequence: Years 2306-2307 of Narnia; 1042 in England.

The Silver Chair (1953).

Begun in 1950, finished in 1951.

Internal sequence: Year 2356 of Narnia; 1949 in England.

The Last Battle (1956).

Begun in 1952; finished in 1953.

Internal sequence: Year 2555 of Narnia; 1949 in England.

Related materials:

(1) Materials intended for publication.

"Narnian Suite" (poem in two parts).

First part published in Punch, 4 November 1953; full poem published in Poems, ed. Walter Hooper (1964). The poem is referred to as "an old Narnia marching song" and two (variant) lines are quoted in The Last Battle, Ch. 8.

"On Three Ways of Writing for Children" (essay).

A paper read to the Library Associa-

tion (of Britain) and published in its Proceedings (1952); collected in Of Other Worlds, ed. Walter Hooper (1966). The essay contains some comments on Lewis's own writing habits as they apply to the Narnian Chronicles. (new section note in draft)

"Sometimes Fairy Stories May Say Best What's to be Said" (essay). Published in The New York Times Book Review: Children's Book Section, 18 November 1956; collected in Of Other Worlds (1966).

On the combination of story and meaning in the Chronicles of Narnia.

"It All began with a Picture..." (essay).

Published in Junior Radio Times, 15 July 1960; collected in Of Other Worlds (1966).

A brief note on the origin of The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe.

(2) Manuscripts, Etc.

"Outline of Narnia history so far as it is known" (3 pp.).

Published in full in "Past Watchful Dragons" by Walter Hooper, in Imagination and the Spirit (1971), ed. Charles A. Huttar; republished in Walter Hooper's book Past Watchful Dragons: The Narnian Chronicles of C.S. Lewis (1979). The mss. is in the possession of Walter Hooper.

The basis of the precise dates for the Internal Sequence above. Walter Hooper says (without giving his reasons) that Lewis compiled this after he wrote the books; since Lewis refers to the actions of all the books in it, this is the obvious inference -- but it may be simply the last of several chronologies drawn up as the books were being written.

Four sentences of the 1939-1940 version of The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe (probably 1 p. of mss. although Green and Hooper do not say so).

Published in C.S. Lewis: A Biography (1974) by Roger Lancelyn Green and Walter Hooper, Ch. 10; republished in Past Watchful Dragons (1979), Ch. 4. The possession of the mss. is not certain.

Probably this brief beginning fragment is all that Lewis wrote at that time -- although an argument from the non-existence of manuscripts is always dangerous with Lewis: he threw

his old manuscripts away

"Plots" (1 p.).

Published in "Past Watchful Dragons" (1971); also reproduced in Lewis's script in that essay; republished in Past Watchful Dragons (1979), Ch. 5. The mss. is in the possession of Walter Hooper.

Notes for materials later used in Prince Caspian and The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader".

"LeFay Fragment" (27 pp.).

Published in part in "Past Watchful Dragons" (1971); one page of Lewis's script reproduced in that essay; published in full in Past Watchful Dragons (1979). The mss. is in the possession of Walter Hooper. An early version of the start of The Magician's Nephew; some bits were borrowed for Prince Caspian (Pattertwig the squirrel) and The Silver Chair (Aunt Gertrude changed to the Head of the Experiment House).

Early version of Eustace's diary (5 pp.).

Published in part in "Past Watchful Dragons" (1971); published in full in Past Watchful Dragons (1979); Ch 5. The mss. is in the possession of Walter Hooper. An early version of part of The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader", Chs. 2 and 5; the passage begins on the same notebook page as the end of the "LeFay Fragment."

Partial proofs of The Silver Chair (number of pages not given). One variation (beside the title, which is given as The Wild Waste Land) appears, quoted in both "Past Watchful Dragons" and Past Watchful Dragons. The proofs are in the possession of Walter Hooper.

Map of Narnia (1 p.).

Reproduced in "Past Watchful Dragons" (1971) also separately reproduced (postcard size) by the Bodleian Library, Oxford. A map drawn by Lewis for Pauline Baynes, the illustrator of the Narnian books. Baynes' map based on this is found in the end papers of Prince Caspian (original English edition, not the American), so Lewis drew this before that book's publication in 1951.

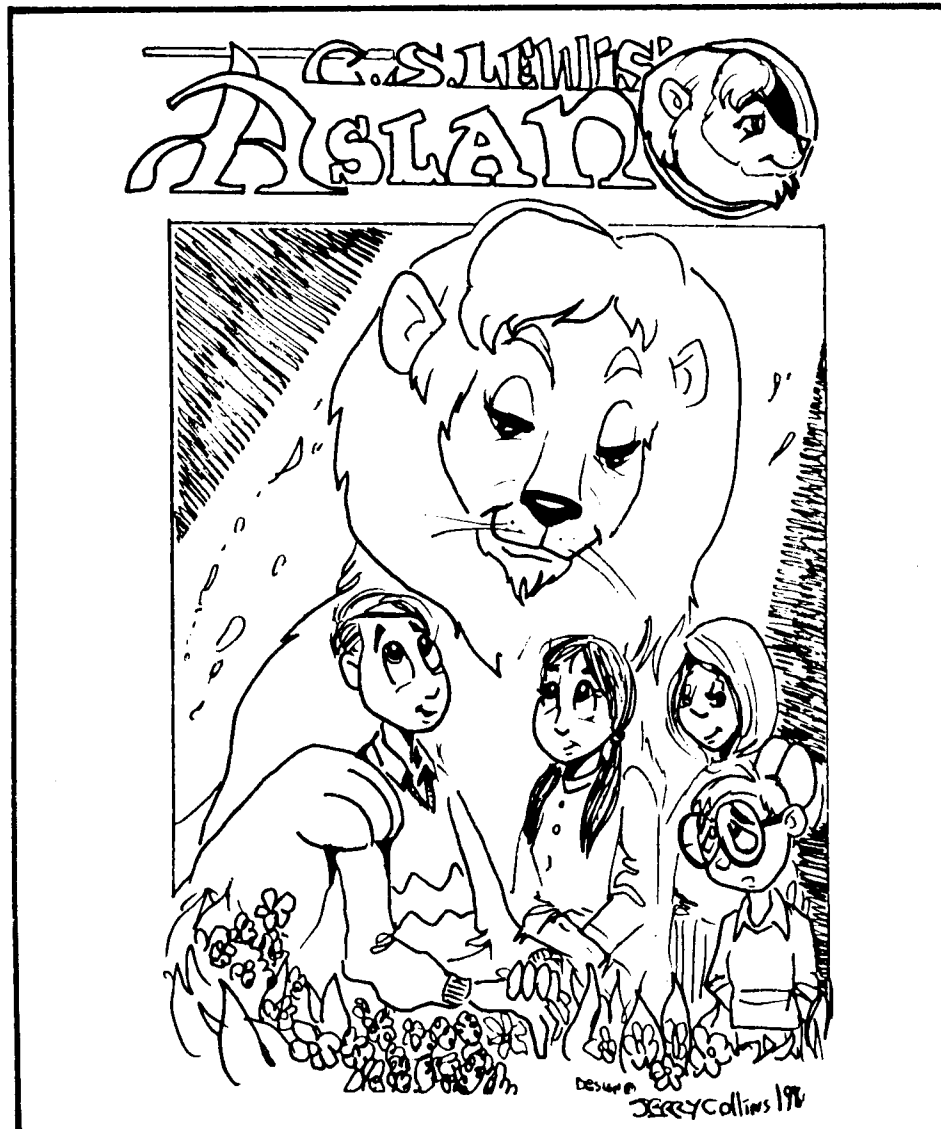
Drawing of two Monopods (1 p.).

Reproduced in "Past Watchful Dragons" (1971). The mss. is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

Lewis sketched these figures for Pauline Baynes, for her aid in illustrating The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader" (1952).

Note: in Kathryn Lindskoog's "Some Problems in C.S. Lewis scholarship" (Christianity and Literature, 27:4 (Summer 1978), 43-61), some questions are raised about Walter Hooper's veracity; he has chosen not to reply to them. It is possible that the mss. in his possession above are

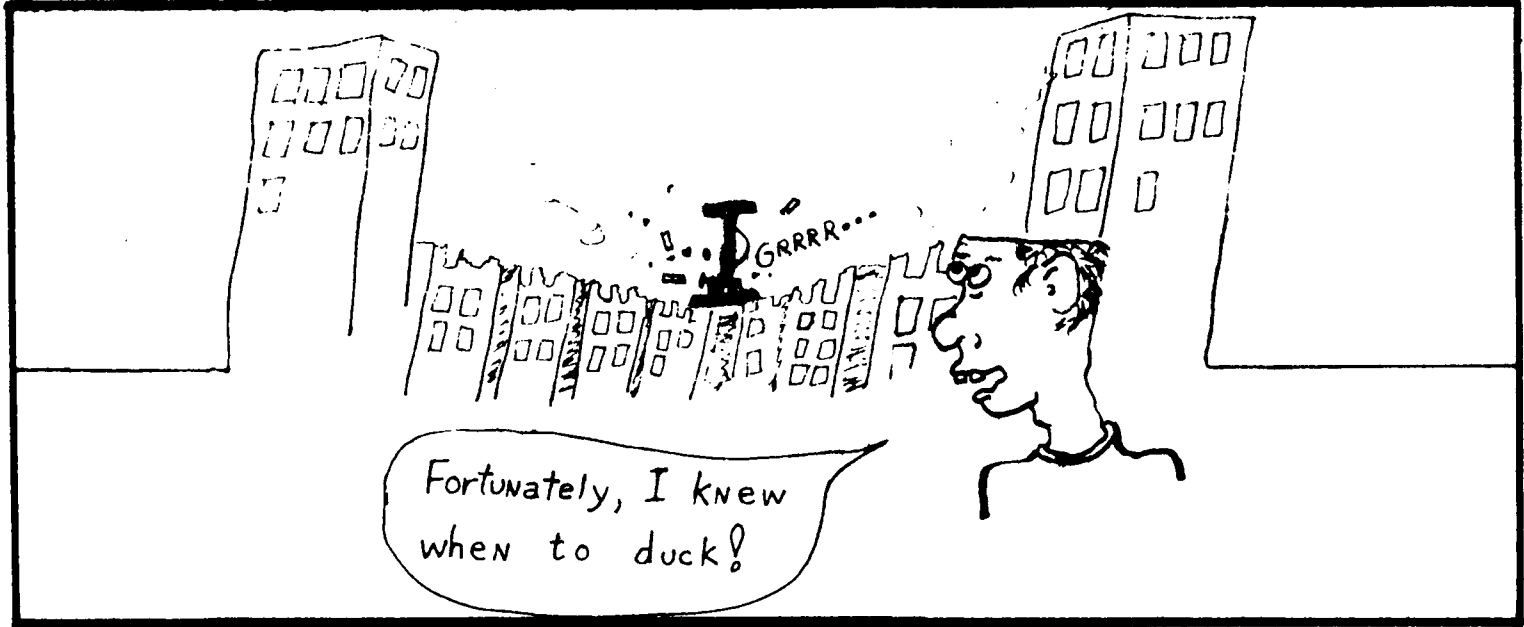
either inventions or contaminated; even those reproduced in "Past Watchful Dragons" are not beyond suspicion. Lindskoog has pointed out how his handwriting has changed to resemble Lewis's. Let it be said that there is no evidence against Hooper on these matters; but Lindskoog's questions of the provenance of some mss. and Hooper's veracity generally inevitably raise them. Each reader is on his own in these matters.



THE LAWNMOWER THAT ATE MANHATTAN!!!!

(or: Amityville Horror XVII!!!!)

by Elizabeth Ann Kopetz



Dedicated to Frank Zappa and the N
N.Y.POST

Mrs. Pitor made lemonade while Mr. Pitor mowed the lawn of their house in Amityville Long Island one hot summer Sunday afternoon. Such a lovely day, she mused as she put ice cubes into glasses for both of them. It's a shame we had to take care of the lawn today. It's just the right kind of day for driving down to Montauk! She sighed softly, her breath steaming the now-cold glasses. Opening the kitchen window, she shouted "Want your lemonade now, dear?"

"Sure! Be right in, love." Mr. Pitor turned off the lawnmower and ran past the flowerbed, circled the garage, and climbed up on the porch. As he went in, a strange glow seemed to envelope the now-idle lawnmower. Its headlights suddenly seemed to take on the appearance of eerily faceted eyelids. A strange snoring seemed to come from its motor. Suddenly its "eyelids" snapped open, revealing only blackness within.

It now knew how to deal with the slimy, ungrateful, wormy flesh creatures whom it thanklessly served for many years. Snickering, it mowed down the flower bed. Mr. Pitor,

oblivious to all this, had come out to sit on the porch in the afternoon sun and enjoy his lemonade. He saw a blur whisk past him, going toward the street. It slowed down for a moment, then stopped. It spun around, fixing its eyes on him in utter hatred.

Mr. Pitor felt a chill suddenly come over him; This--thing--was his lawnmower. It slowly came toward him, the throb of its motor becoming more tense as it approached.

Suddenly, it spun back toward the road. Why should it concern itself with its former master? It was free now, and it could do as it wished. It mowed rapidly down the road instead, at about 187 km/hour.

"What the hell!???" he said in a harsh whisper, to his surprise to think of anything more original to say.

"I have to try and stop it before anyone gets hurt by that thing."

Mr. Pitor went to get his car from the garage to chase it, when Mrs. Pitor came out onto the porch. "Where are you going, dear?"

"I'm going to get the car. The blasted lawnmower's run off."

"Is this just another one of your silly excuses for not finishing the lawn again?" She frowned.

"No damn it! The blasted thing came close to killing me!"

"Sure, and the lime jello I made for dessert is really evil green slime from the planet Mongo.

"Will you ever grow up?"

He was almost to the garage. "It's true, Gladys!" He turned to open the garage door, and found a lawnmower-sized hole in it. He opened it, thinking of his '68 Camero and praying.

All that he saw in the garage were a few nuts and bolts. "Gladys, did you move the car?"

"Is this another game of yours? I haven't even been near that car of yours since Friday."

Mr. Pitor nearly fainted. He shakily sat down on the grass while his wife went to water her garden.

"My beautiful flowerbed--it was you, wasn't it? You never did like my garden."

Mr. Pitor screamed, "Shut up, Gladys!"

After he calmed down, Mr. Pitor called the State Police to report his runaway lawnmower...with little success.

"But it's true, I tell you!"

"Listen, bub, we've all got problems. Take two asperin and go to bed. If your lawnmower's still missing then, then by all means call us back to report it, but please don't give me that Cock And Bull story about it's having eaten your car, OK? Good bye!!!"

"He...he hung up on me! Gladys, did you hear? He hung up on me!"

• "The whole neighborhood can hear you! Why are you doing this to me? Oh, I should have listened to mother..."

On the Long Island Expressway, the lawnmower consumed all the cars, trucks and busses it could overtake, leaving a trail of blood and shredded flesh in its wake. It could digest metals and fuels, but it couldn't stomach the flesh and blood of the vehicles' operators, so it discarded them mortal remains. It thrived on pollution, absorbing smog and industrial waste, so it went to find a greater concentration of it then, than could be found on the Island.

On a whim, it decided to detour down Jericho Turnpike through Mineola, New Hyde Park and Garden City, then went back on the LIE, leaving a gory trail behind it, causing the State Police to finally pay attention to Mr. Pitor's report; they called him and asked how to shut it off. Unfortunately, since Mr. Pitor had turned the lawnmower

off when he went inside for his lemonade, he couldn't help them.

The lawnmower, now as big as a fan, left a trail of foul smelling lawnmower droppings as it proceeded through the Mid-town tunnel without paying the toll. Two police cars began to chase it, but it turned around and consumed them.

Manhattan was evacuated in record time. All tunnels and bridges were blown up effectively stranding the lawnmower.

Two weeks later a passing ship saw the remains of Manhattab Island--a now desolate wasteland with a two ton lawnmower dispassionately standing among its ruins.

Mrs. Pitor filed for divorce, saying she couldn't take being the wife of a "crazy nut".

Six months later, Mr. Pitor received a bill for damages to life and property caused by his errant lawnmower and decided to commit suicide. He was found the next day by State Police encased in solidified lime jello which, upon examination, was found to contain a considerable amount of arsenic. When approached for comment, Mrs. Riley, the former Mrs. Pitor, could only comment that lime jello was his favorite dessert--till the end.

One year later, following reports that the lawnmower had vanished, the

Air Force sent an arial reconnaissance mission over Manhattan.

No lawnmower was seen. In view of this, the Federal Government sent an expedition to see if anything could be salvaged.

Landing on Manhattan Island in a rainstorm, all they could see for miles around were gobs of lawnmower defecation pieced together in a macabre mimicry of modern art. A few miles inland, they found a pile of the lawnmower's defecation which appeared to have been hollowed out as a shelter of sorts.

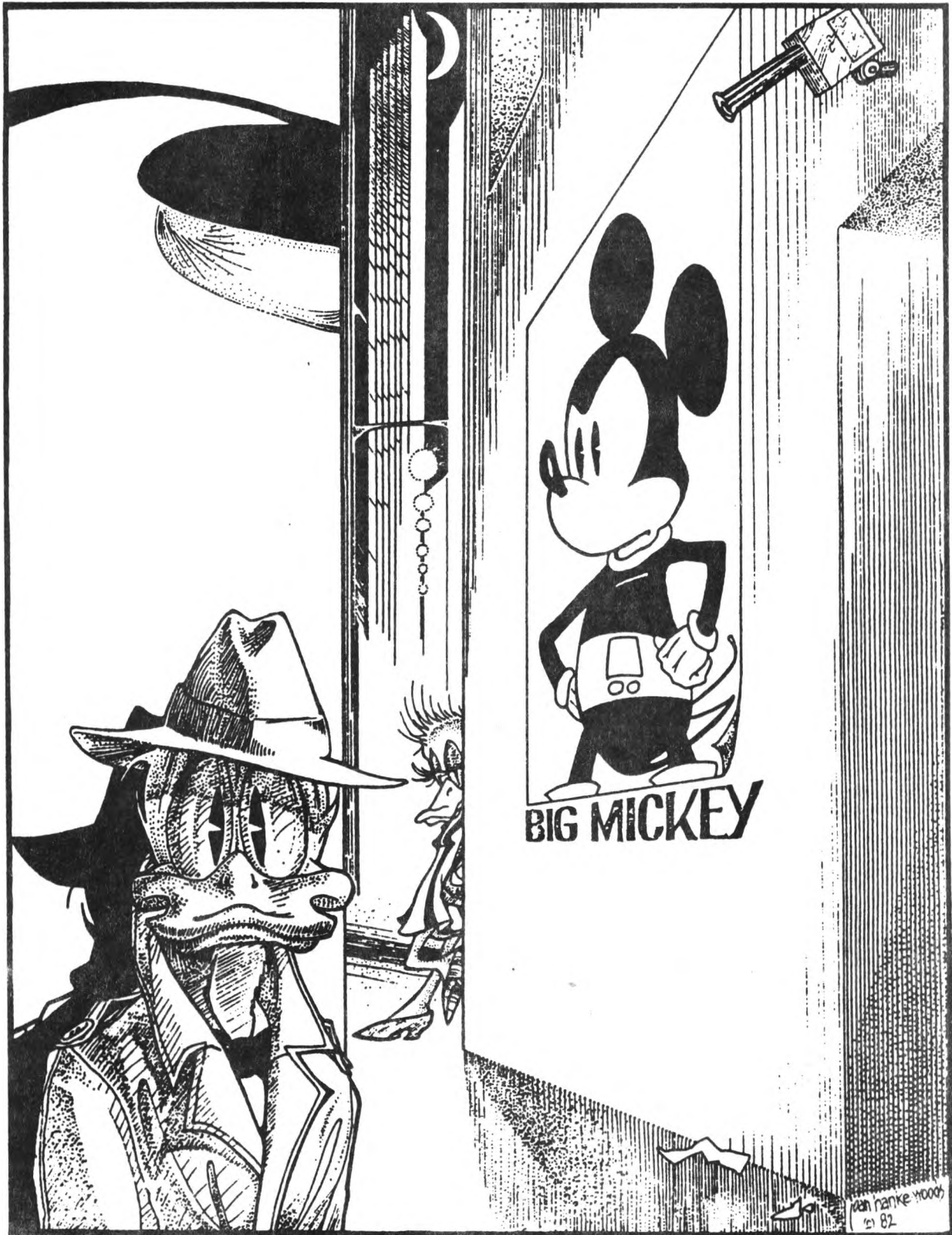
They tunneled into the mass. Pieces of it clung to their clothes, emitting a foul odor. They found a doll house sized lawnmower fretting and fuming at their approach. They took it down to Brookhaven Lab for an analaysis.

On dissection, the lawnmower proved to have a system similar to that of a living creature, yet vastly different in size and molecular structure. Mechanically unsuited to known life forms, but running along parallel lines, even to overies and intestinal function; in what they believed to be its esophagus was petroleum jelly; in its assumed stomach were found certain corodants....

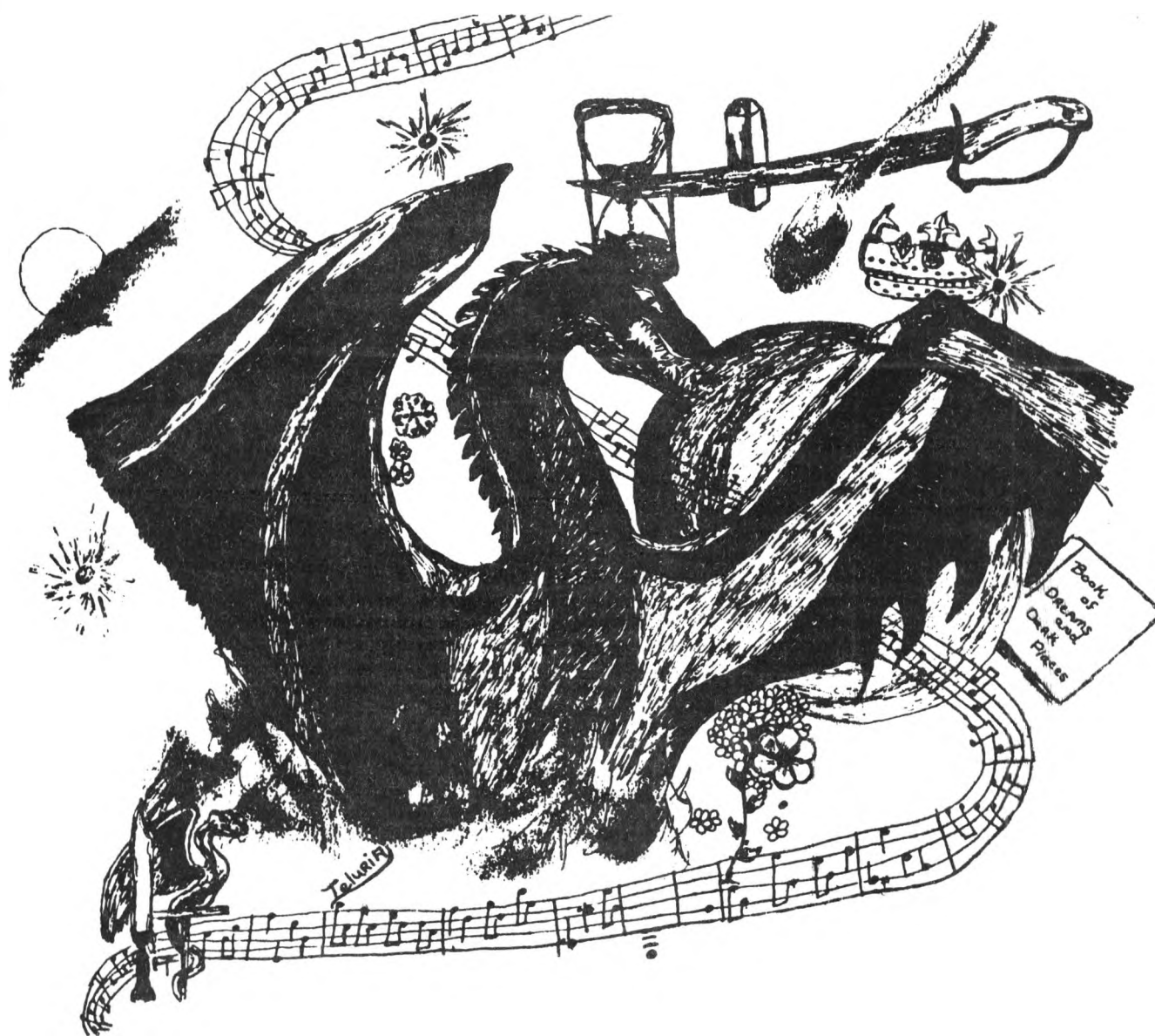
It was a female, and the last (?) of its kind.



It's Here.



Two Sestinas For Terry Jeeves



Within the science-fiction and fantasy field, there are certain words which seem to crop up regularly in the various award fields. . . so much so, that it would seem they possess a strange power to cloud voters' minds. If you disbelieve me, look through your bookshelves and see how often the following words or their variants (with their all-too-frequent Germanic compounding) appear somewhere in their titles: star, sun, comet, sword, mist, dragon, seed, fire, flame, song, night, dance, wind, quest, shadow, time, dream, king, prince, lord, queen, snow, crystal, haven and world.

THE CALL TO BE DRAGONKING OF MISTSTORM

by Joe
Christopher



Strange is the way which leads beyond the firemist,
with crystal snakes beset, upon this frostworld;
who dares to journey on that sacred dreamquest?
Oh, who but he who's heard the ancient flamesong?--
for in those words are all we know of godthought,
or all we hear before we join the deathdance.

What rare, heroic lord can face the deathdance?
What prince will dare to cross the scorching firemist?
Ah, high indeed will have to be his godthought
who dares to leave his haven on this frostworld!
But still, the calling, calling of the flamesong
will lead the bravest men to dare the dreamquest.

No one has yet achieved the sacred dreamquest,
and all have lost themselves within the deathdance;
alas! for those who've heard the ancient flamesong,
whispering in the wind beyond the firemist,
whispering 'cross the miles of this our frostworld,
whispering hints (it's all we know) of godthought.

The wind is filled with snow and filled with godthought;
the night is falling--it's time to start the dreamquest,
the journey likeliest to end in deathdance.
Oh, come, you brave ones, there's warmth enough in firemist
there's hope (still seeds of hope!) which sound in flamesong.

What ancient, golden queen first sang the flamesong?
How came she by the touch of truest godthought?
And did she dance beyond (or in?) the firemist?
She called the heroes to be on their dreamquest,
to marry her or else to join the deathdance--
"Come forth, come forth, on icy-fielded frostworld."

The crystal snakes, the ice-cold wyrms, hold frostworld,
no matter what the warmth of words in flamesong;
no warrior's married her, avoided deathdance,
no clerk has understood the hint of godthought---
all, all, the brave ones who have gone on dreamquest
have perished, none a king, within the firemist.

The frostworld stars and comets dance o'er firemist;
the flamesong calls the heroes' swords to dreamquest,
yet deathdance takes them, to sunless night of godthought.

LAUNCELOT IN WINTER

The castle sleeps beneath a veil of silver.
 Stilled is the angry wind that drove the snowdance,
 And bright through trailing winter mist is shining
 A moon of crystal, waking purple shadows.
 Now lancing through the night comes brilliant starlight,
 Awaking memories that cut like swordstroke.

For now in dreams alone I parry swordstroke
 Or ride to tourneys bearing shield of silver
 To win the love of lady bright as starlight.
 But dreams are insubstantial as the snowdance;
 They come and pass and come again like shadows
 Cast flickering on the wall by firelight shining.

The rust of age has dulled the former shining
 Of mail hacked long ago by bitter swordstroke.
 My eyes, now dim, no longer pierce the shadows.
 My limbs are bitten by the chill of snowdance
 Beyond the casement gleaming in the starlight.

Once we rode forth from Camelot by starlight,
 Our swords and shields and honor brightly shining,
 Stayed not by summer storm or winter snowdance,
 By spell of dark enchanter, foeman's swordstroke,
 By lure of love or lust for gold and silver,
 From errantry . . . I and those other shadows.

For all are gone away into the shadows.
 Camelot lies empty now beneath the starlight;
 And tarnished are the arms of steel and silver,
 No more in tourney or in battle shining.
 And I, who once would flinch from no man's swordstroke,
 Now shake and shiver at the touch of snowdance.

An old man gazes dreaming at the snowdance,
 Looking beyond it, seeing only shadows
 Of those who once shared love or song or swordstroke,
 Who walked the lawns of Camelot in starlight
 Or feasted in a hall with torches shining
 On harps of gold and cups of beaten silver

The light is silver, filtered through the snowdance.
 And faintly shining, it calls forth pale shadows
 As cold as starlight, piercing as a swordstroke.

Anne Braude



GINČAS



ON HOWARD AND TOLKIEN

DAVID PALTER

Ann Braude levels the accusation against Conan which is the familiar complaint about this character as well as about sword and sorcery heroes in general. "It is the superior prowess of the barbarian warrior that pulls him through, not intelligence, insight, nobility of character or wisdom, let alone being on the side of justice." There is a certain semblance of plausibility about this accusation because, indeed, it is Conan's superior prowess as a warrior which is the most important ingredient in his assorted accomplishments. This is clearly his area of greatest ability. But let's face it, folks. If that was really all there was to Conan, the fiction would be unreadably dull to anybody. Imagine Conan encountering a sequence of monsters, demons, evil wizards, hostile armies and what ever other menaces can be thought up, and in each and every case he cuts off the head of whomever or whatever he is confronting, or for headless horrors, he dismembers it instead. Where is the dramatic interest in that? It is mindless and, of course, that is not the way it happens. While Conan may very well wind up cutting off the evil wizard's head there is always some element of ingenuity involved in figuring out a way to suitably counter the evil wizard's black magical power so as to be able to bring the swordsmanship into play. Each problem is unique. Each requires its own tailored situation. Every solution may involve the sword at

some point but few require only the sword. And while Conan is no saint and has many lapses from morality as we might consider it, it is clear that he is ultimately concerned with justice and serves its purposes in a rather chaotic world where even the best intentioned people will be forced to compromise their principles on occasion.

On the other hand, when L Sprague de Camp compares Conan to LORD OF THE RINGS I think we go too far in the other direction. Parts of the huge Conan series are extremely good. A greater portion of it is mediocre at best. None of it is as good as LORD OF THE RINGS altho the best novel, THE HOUR OF THE DRAGON, comes close. And while Conan probably has had as much of an influence on the writing of fantasy as the LORD OF THE RINGS, the best fantasies are for the most part those which show the influence of LORD OF THE RINGS rather than Conan. Some, of course, have been influenced by both.

ROGER WADDINGTON

I found the Conan section particularly interesting. Now that I've got time and a particularly helpful local library I'll be able to read more than the stories that appeared in FANTASTIC. I found L Sprague de Camp's article on Conan's creator particularly inspiring. I've started writing for fun and profit, as the old adverts used to have it, and my situation, both physically and psychologically, is uncannily like that of Robert E Howard, albeit not to the extent of suicide or the hate

that drove him. But if he, with these handicaps, could produce something like the Conan saga, what could I, being sane, do?

Tho I doubt that the world is ready for another barbarian hero, and indeed I am wondering how they can manage to hold on so long. With computers in our lives and missiles in the air you would think that a newer literature would find favor, one more in tune with the times. Surely the days for Conan Elric and such is over. It could be that the tradition of the noble savage lives on through the power of television, taking its cameras into every corner of the world. We see that the savages aren't noble any more.

Altho they might live on the edges of civilization they are eager users of its benefits. (For a romantic the most somber sight recently was a party of New Guinea warriors, with spears and head-dress, taking a plane flight to the next settlement) Even the more Utopian communities can't escape the prospect of civilization. It could be that seeing the world around us, all the cruelty and suffering, we are tempted to escape to some more simple time when life was more straightforward and a book about a barbarian hero was just what the doctor ordered.

Ann Braude's ideal hero found an echo in my own reading. A world away from fantasy is the Brensham of John Moore's "Brensham Trilogy." and the men of the country village who went off to war: "Some of our farmer's boys flew with tail gunners through the fiery night above Berlin. They talked by signs to Greek peasants about crops and to French peasants about cows. They discovered the profound truth that makes a mock of war in that the men of opposing nations all look much the same when they are lying dead. And when at last the extraordinary adventure has come to an end they came home and bundled away the memory of the war and slipped back as if they had never left it, into the rhyme and routine of Brensham Place. Saturday afternoon cricket and darts in the pub in the evenings. Apple spraying and plum picking. The brief beauty of April, the leafy pleasurance of summer, haysel, and harvest."

There may be a thesis waiting for discovery that the Hobbit as hero comes from an English culture whereas Conan as hero can be seen as a typical production of an American culture. The gentle fields as against the untamed frontier. But I'll leave it it to some more qualified writer.

BEN INDICK

I'm quite anxious to read the de Camps' bio of REH and the articles are find background. If Sprague has benefitted financially from REH, WHY NOT? He has done much to keep his name alive and beloved. Alas, however, for the endless Conantics, as he himself calls the exploitation-ists. And as for the movie (s), I can only sputter CROM! These are both splendid articles. I should add that this summer Greenwood Press will publish THE DARK BARBARIAN, a collection of essays on REH edited by Don Herron in which I will have dealings with his westerns. Few Howard fans (I should say along with real Conan fans) pay attention to his westerns but I think they are Howard at his best, when they are at their best. And the article will tell why.

TERRY JEEVES

I liked the neat presentation you gave to my "Cornan." I'll be interested to see what L Sprague de Camp thinks of it. He has been kind enough to allow me to use part of his latest upcoming novel in my fanzine, so I hope it doesn't offend him.

I enjoyed the lovely Charles Atlas spoof. I would have liked to have done that myself. And that ad must be the most spoofed one in fandom.

GORDY VS PIERS

DAVID PALTER

It is, of course, extremely perilous to disagree with Piers Anthony. I note his warning that the genre is figuratively strewn with the corpses of those who have mis-judged him. I have taken the precaution of receiving Extreme Unction before writing this letter. The inference of irresponsibility and moral laxity on the part of Gordon R Dickson, because he spends a great deal of time at conventions having fun when he should be at home writing wonderful novels, is rather presumptuous of Mr. Anthony to make. A writer, like anyone else, has the fundamental right to decide what his or her own goals in life may be. One can legitimately criticise those who act in a way that that does not effectively further their own goals, and one can certainly criticise those who have adopted a mutually contradictory set of goals. Such a set can never be entirely fulfilled. But for those whose goals are consistant and whose actions are well suited to those goals we cannot object. Except, of course,

where that person's goals entail the forcable interference with our own goals. So Mr. Dickson clearly feels that it is more important to have fun than it is to write science fiction novels. That is his right just as it is the right of Mr. Anthony to devote his time primarily to writing while avoiding frivolous activities such as SF cons and parties. Certainly there are those who feel deprived because Gordon Dickson doesn't write more than he does. But equally well there are many who would feel terribly deprived if Gordon Dickson failed to show up at their parties at cons. I uphold the right of self determination even for science fiction writers. (Incidentally, it may be pointed out that Piers Anthony did not specifically state that Gordon Dickson is morally lax. He did, however, say in respect to Dickson's habit that swinehood was no remedy.)

SANDRA MIESEL

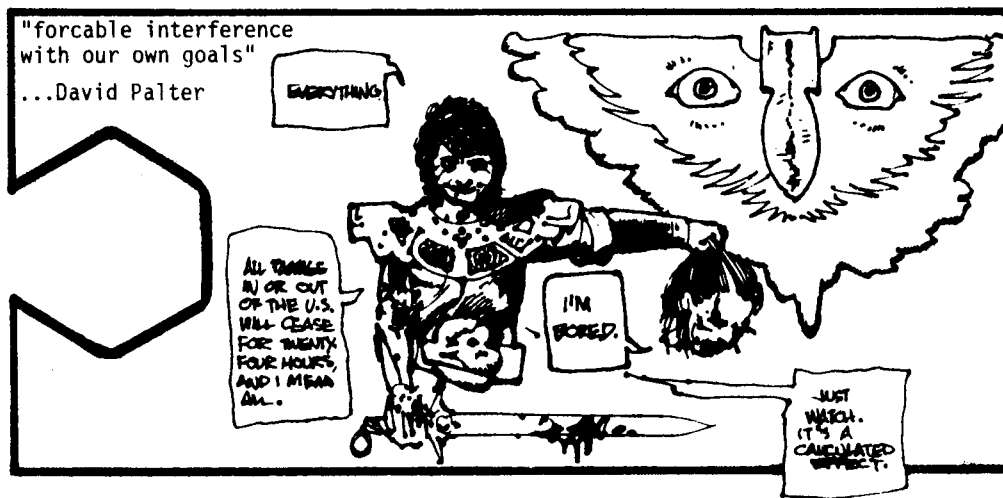
When I came into fandom in the late 60s Piers Anthony was berating Bob Tucker on the pages of fanzines ...something about Piers superior earning power, as I recall it. Now his target is Gordy Dickson. Yet is Gordy bothering to rebut Piers' tirade? He'd thereby be guilty of Piers' charge that he wastes his time on trivialities. Nevertheless as a professional critic who specialises in Dickson and as Gordy's friend I cannot let Piers' remarks pass without comment.

Piers begins his column with bold name naming of writers who supposedly promoted Nebulas for themselves by taking stories to Milford conferences. Funny thing. None of the stories he mentions won a Nebula and only two of the four were nominated for it. Harlan Ellison did pick up a Hugo for "I have No Mouth And I Must Scream" but it is difficult to see

what attendance to Milford had to do with this. (Piers is unaccountably silent about his own four nominations for the Nebula and five for the Hugo but of course he didn't win any.) Oh well. It's on a par with the accuracy of the information and the worth of the opinion expressed in the remainder of his article.

In the 18 years since Piers met Gordy at that one Milford conference my eldest child has moved from cradle to voting booth. How does a single personal contact equip Piers to dogmatize about how Gordy eats, drinks, works and plays? Is Piers privy to Gordy's royalty statements and bank balance that he dare to speculate about their relative incomes?

A man who lived on stale bread and peanutbutter and who sold his blood monthly to have the opportunity of writing full time needs no sermons on professional dedication from a Piers Anthony. Gordy has earned his own living solely by his writing. for more than three decades. Unlike Piers, he never had the luxury of a wife working to support him. But I find it particularly detestable that a man who perennially boasts of his perfect health should ridicule the alleged laziness of another who has lost months and years of working time due to the effects of respiratory illness. Nor can Piers claim ignorance. Gordy's asthma is mentioned in both my essays attached to Childe cycle books (essays Piers professes to have read). That allergies restrict his activities is stated in one of them. Perhaps Piers, the self-proclaimed vegetarian superman, could write at full speed without breathing. He's already demonstrated that he can write without thinking.



Vanlak The Wizard

by J. Eible
©81

THE
WIZARD
IS...
IN

I HOPE WE
GET SOME
CUSTOMERS
TODAY...

AND I REALLY HOPE THAT HE
STOPS THAT AWFUL RACKET!

MY NAME IS
JOHN
WELLINGTON
WELLS...

WELL, WHAT'S ON THE OLD
DOCKET TODAY?

OH - SOMEONE WANTS
SOME POTIONS AND
CAKES OF ENLARGEMENT
AND OF DIMINISHING -
LABELED "EAT ME"...

HEH, HEH... THAT CARROLL
BOY AND HIS PRACTICAL
JOKES - NEXT, HE'LL BE
ORDERING A TRICK
MIRROR...

GET
THE OTHER
CASE,
WILL
YOU?

THERE'S 300¢ THAT NOTE
FROM SEANN O' LOCH -
SOMETHING-OR-OTHER...

YEAH -
THAT
LAD SHOWS
DEFINITE
PROMISE...

B
A
M
F!

YEOW!

HI! MY NAME IS
HAROLD SHEA -
IS THIS IRELAND?

OH NO -
NOT
HIM
AGAIN

ALL I NEED
NOW IS...

P
O
F!

...AAHZZ?

LATER...

WELL, THEY'VE
FINALLY GONE...

ELSEWHERE...

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE
2349.6 - WE HAVE SOME
VERY UNUSUAL VISITORS...

HEH-HEH: I SAW
YOU FIDDLING WITH
THAT D-HOPPER!

HIYA,
WIZ!

GEE...



REVIEW & COMMENT.

Michael Bastraw
Anne J. Braude
Thomas Egan
Louis Epstein
Terry Folch-Pi
Sherwood Frazier
H. R. Hildebrand
Beverly Kanter
Robert H. Knox
Patricia Mathews
Ed Meskys
Nancy Moulton
Sandy Parker
Toni Piper
Margret Shepard
Jeanne Wardwell
Fran Woodard

ROSS SMART

AND THEN THERE'LL BE FIREWORKS
Suzette Haden Elgin, Doubleday 1981,
\$10.95

This is the final volume of the Ozark Fantasy Trilogy, and I liked it better than the other two put together, if only because here the good guys finally sock it to the bad guys, who were coming out ahead throughout the other books. At the conclusion of the last book, affairs on the planet Ozark were going to hell in a handbasket: the central government had been dissolved, most of the Twelve Kingdoms were in some sort of a mess, the planet was threatened by an alien invasion, and Responsible of Brightwater, the only person capable of coping with everything, was in a magically induced coma. In this book, set a couple of years later, the handbasket has arrived at its destination. One kingdom is ruled by a theocracy of terror; others are being ground to death in the first war the world has ever known; and worst of all, the magic of Ozark has been declining ever since the Magicians of Rank cast their spell on Responsible, and now there is none left--even to bring her out of it. And the Out-Cabal have chosen this moment to launch their attack.

Only one person can save Ozark now: the long-banished Troublesome of Brightwater, Responsible's older sister, who accomplishes her task by living up to her name, with a little help from the most mysterious of the native intelligent races of Ozark, who revive Responsible. One of the things I like best about the book's ending is that while some of the villains are killed off, the worst are left around to gnaw on being foiled for the rest of their lives. (But I do think it would have been a happier ending if the people of Tinaseeh had torn Jeremiah Thomas Traveller limb from limb.) And Lewis Motley Wommack, the archetypal male chauvinist whose arrogance caused Responsible's bespellment in the first place, will spend the rest of his life surrounded by women who will never let him forget it.

This brings up another point touched on in my review of the first two books: this is one of the strongest feminist statements I have come across in a long time. But Elgin does not present her viewpoint by ideologizing you to death; she sneaks up behind you and slips it to you sideways--like a shiv between the ribs. Ozark society is male dominated, and the role of women is to be supportive and take care of "women's work"--minor medicine, child-rearing, running the household. But at the deepest level of power the reins are held by women--the

Grannies and the planet's reigning Responsible--and the men don't even know that this level exists. The Magicians of Rank are supposed to be more powerful than the Grannies, who are healers and licensed scolds; but it is the Grannies who name newborn babies, and an error in naming can throw the whole planet out of whack. There is a lot of pure feminist wish-fulfillment in this book, as we see the various males who have messed things up getting it from all sides from their Grannies, sisters, cousins, and aunts; but ultimately the society seems to me one of institutionalized cop-out, where the men can't help failing because they aren't allowed access to all available knowledge, and the women assume a position of moral superiority from which to nag, but refuse to put themselves and their powers up front and really assume responsibility. I am also bothered by the Mules--an intelligent native species genetically altered by the humans and used as domestic animals. Is this not slavery, a moral evil which would corrupt society founded on it?

However, the fact that I care enough about Elgin's secondary world to make ethical demands on it is a sign of its vitality. I recommended the first two books and would recommend this one even more strongly. As for the problems I have raised, I noted in my earlier review the fact that Ozark resembles in some ways Anne McCaffrey's Pern; I hope Elgin will extend that likeness by writing a second trilogy, as McCaffrey did, in which she can deal with these and other aspects of her world that deserve a longer and fuller life.

ajb

CRYSTAL SINGER Anne McCaffrey,
Ballantine, 1982, \$2.95

I have some good news and some bad news. The good news is that Anne McCaffrey has a new book out. The bad news is that there isn't one single dragon in it. But this scarcely constitutes a tragedy: McCaffrey has written a lot of good SF without resorting to reptiles, and she can still do it. Like most of her books, CRYSTAL SINGER depicts a strong-willed, highly talented young woman with great odds to overcome. After ten years of dedicated study, Killashandra Ree has just learned that a physical defect in her voice will prevent her from becoming an operatic soloist. Unwilling to take second best in any form, she turns her back on music and, influenced by a chance encounter which turns into an

affair, resolves to seek admission to the Heptite Guild of the restricted planet Ballybran, where valuable crystals are mined. The elite of the Guild are those who do the actual cutting, the Crystal Singers, whose work requires perfect pitch. There is more than one catch, however: no one can survive on Ballybran without accepting a native microorganism as symbiote, and the process of adaptation is unpredictable and may result in death or disability; the planet is ravaged by devastating sonic storms; and crystal singing itself affects the mind, sometimes completely destroying the ability to remember. Undaunted, Killashandra accepts the challenge. At the end of the book, she has achieved notable success but is only at the beginning of a career of singing crystal; a sequel seems highly probable.

CRYSTAL SINGER is typical McCaffrey, with a carefully developed and unusual background, plenty of conflict, and an interesting and likeable--but far from flawless--heroine. Highly recommended, of course--any reviewer who doesn't recommend a good McCaffrey should be fed to the nearest dragon.

ajb

DARKWORLD DETECTIVE J. Michael
Reaves, Bantam, 1982, \$2.50

Forget about your mighty-thewed barbarians--here is the first sword-and-sorcery hero who could only be played by Humphrey Bogart. Kamus of Kadizhar is a hard-boiled private eye on the planet Ja-Lur, the Darkworld, where technology works only within the perimeter of the Unity of Planets spaceport and magic works everywhere else--but only for those of Darkland blood. Kamus is half human, half Darklander, so he can work magic, but it usually doesn't come out right. Having learned about private eyes on a cultural exchange visit to Earth, he sets up as one ("investigating mercenary" in Darkworld terminology) when he gets back home. Reaves has captured the style and trappings of the hard-boiled school of detective fiction, which he plays straight sometimes and for laughs at others (the hero wears a trenchcoat and at one point goes questing for a magical talisman called the Black Mask). DARKWORLD DETECTIVE gives us four of his cases--the titles parodying classics of the 'tec genre--unified by Kamus' quest for revenge on the Darklord, the chief sorcerer of the planet, who has killed a friend of his. This quest

climaxes on Shadownight, a rare eclipse formation which will make it possible for the Darklord to bring Darkness down on the whole planet, unless Kamus can prevent him.

The book is good S&S and marvelous parody as well. (The last line is almost worth the entire purchase price.) Reaves is co-author of DRAGONWORLD, which I panned in an earlier issue; he is light-years better here, having shed the pall of dead (and I do mean DEAD) seriousness that was a principal flaw of that book. Highly recommended.

ajb

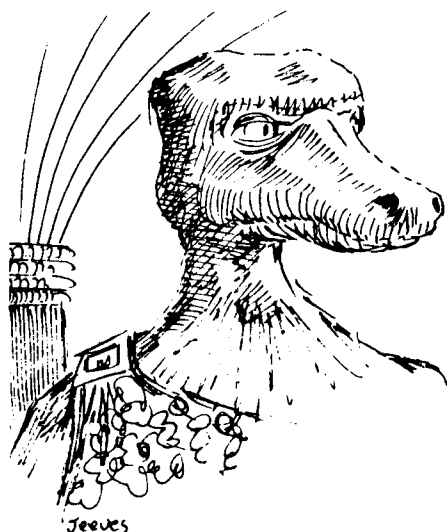
THE DOOR IN THE HEDGE, Robin McKinley, Ace, 1981 \$2.25

The fairy-tale is one manifestation of the mythopoeic art that almost every human being comes into contact with in one way or another, usually in childhood, and it does not matter exactly how that contact is made. Whether we meet Cinderella in her French, Scottish, German, or Egyptian guise; whether we hear the tale cuddled in the lap of a beloved adult, or read it in a cheap picture book or in Perrault's elaborate courtly version, or see one of several film versions--the result is the same. C.S. Lewis suggests that this is true because the mythopoeic art is not literary art at all: any means which succeeds in lodging the mere pattern of events, the Story, in our imagination has, as we say, done the right trick. After that you can throw the means of communication away. There are a few rare geniuses who can create fairy-tales--George MacDonald, Hans Christian Anderson, Lewis himself--but the origins of most of these stories are lost in the preliterate past, the once-upon-a-time of the folk memory. The glory of Andrew Lang and the Brothers Grimm and their ilk is not that they made something new, but that they found something lost and made it accessible.

There is, however, a role for the literary artist in the fairy-tale, one even rarer than that of original creator. It requires the ability to clothe the dry bones of archetype in warm, breathing flesh, and to deliver the myth in a form which cannot be discarded after the pattern is apprehended, thus making a universal possession uniquely his or her own. Eleanor Farjeon attempted this with various tales, not always successfully. Nicholas Stuart Gray did it brilliantly in THE STONE CAGE and THE SEVENTH SWAN. And Robin McKinley did it superbly in BEAUTY. In this book she attempts

the same feat in short-story and novelet form and once again succeeds. Two of the stories are retellings of a set story pattern ("The Princess and the Frog" and "The Twelve Dancing Princesses"); the others are her versions of more variable archetypes ("The Stolen Princess" and "The Hunting of the Hind"). All are excellent. The first two are somewhat altered from the classic pattern in a way that Bruno Bettelheim would presumably deplore but feminists applaud, since the traditional versions depict women negatively; I'd love to see what she could do with the story usually called "King Thrushbeard" or "How the Princess's Pride was Broken", perhaps the most anti-feminine of all fairy-tales. Robin McKinley is not only a superb storyteller and a first-class prose stylist, she is also well travelled in Faerie and therefore a reliable guide to those perilous realms. Very highly recommended.

ajb



SPECULATIONS, ed. Isaac Asimov and Alice Laurance, Houghton Mifflin 1982, \$13.95

This is a science fiction anthology with a gimmick: seventeen original stories with the authors' names given in code. It's up to the reader to figure out who wrote what either by breaking the code or by deducing which alphabetically-listed author wrote what. (Laurance and Asimov did a similar mystery anthology, WHO DONE IT?) For people like me, the solution to the code is given in the back of the book. This of course makes things tricky for the reviewer, who can't praise an author for a particularly good story without giving away the puzzle. (In case you were wondering, I got 3 out of 17 right, and two of those were R.A. Lafferty and Zenna

Henderson, whose styles are so unique that anyone would recognize them. I did even worse on the mystery anthology, where I finally gave up and cheated by looking in the back.)

Aside from gimmick, this is a pretty good anthology, including authors new and old, noted and obscure. First contact with aliens, time travel, and religion are the most popular themes, with a couple of stories dealing with Shakespeare just to make things classy. The most memorable are the first and last stories in the book: "Nor Iron Bars a Cage", about what happens when an alien species advanced enough to play God comes across an injured Terran spaceman; and "The Mystery of the Young Gentleman", which examines sexual stereotyping after the manner of Ursula K. LeGuin. I also liked one of the Shakespeare stories, "Great Tom Fool," but then I am a specialist in the English Renaissance; readers less familiar with this period might be put off by all the recondite allusions and miss a lot of the hilarity. But perhaps not: one of the advantages of reading SF is that you learn to enjoy being pitched head first into an unfamiliar milieu to find your feet as best you can, an attitude which serves just as well for ventures into obscure bits of actual history as for hyperspace flights of imagination. None of the stories is as impressive as these three.

As an anthology, SPECULATIONS is rather peculiar, as it has no unifying theme other than the code; nor is there any attempt to be comprehensive in sampling the possible varieties of SF. Addicts and completists will want to own it; mere dippers-in, like myself, will be satisfied with checking it out of the library and/or waiting for a possible paperback edition. (Or possibly, in the case of the three stories I cited, for the years best anthologies, where they are likely to show up.) Recommended to SF fans.

ajb

THE DARKANGEL Meredith Ann Pierce Atlantic-little, Brown, 1982, \$11.95

This story partakes of both Science Fiction and fantasy. It was inspired by Jung's account of a fantasy of one of his patients, set on the Moon, in which a cruel but beautiful vampire abducted and killed women and children. Pierce has developed this plot, imagining a Moon long ago terraformed by Earth colonists and now slowly dying again. The Earthlings are long vanished, and the Moon is populated by the strange creatures bred by them.

Aeriel is a slave girl carried off by the vampire, also called icarus darkangel, to tend the wraiths of the thirteen brides whom he has drained of blood and now maintains in living death. When he takes his fourteenth bride, he and his six brother icari will become invincible and conquer the Moon. Aeriel wishes to slay him, both to prevent this and to avenge her mistress, the thirteenth bride; but she is mesmerized by his power and beauty and drawn to the slight traces of goodness she glimpses in him. Aided by a gnomish mage, she must first quest for the magic needed to defeat the darkangel and then return to his tower and decide whether she will act.

Even more than SF or fantasy, *THE DARKANGEL* belongs to the realm of folktale and of dream, where charity can be spun into a golden thread by a magic spindle, where courage and love and hard tasks faithfully completed are more important than good or evil, where magical beasts appear to aid the quester, where all coincidences have meaning. Finally, it is a realm in which all things are possible if the dreamer's heart is true, and eucatastrophe defies probability. The writing is good but not spectacular, and characterization and background are sketched in only the bare essentials; it is the pattern of story which really matters. I liked the book very much, as did Madeleine L'Engle, whose endorsement is quoted on the jacket. I think it is a book Tolkien also would have liked, as it exemplifies many of the qualities described in his "On Fairy-Stories", especially the most important of these, Consolation. Highly recommended.

ajb

THE WAR HOUND AND THE WORLD'S PAIN
Michael Moorcock, *Timescape/Simon*
and Schuster, 1981, \$12.95

The character of the hero of this fantasy, Ulrich von Bek, is epitomized by the fact that he is a howling success as a mercenary captain during the Thirty Year' War, so it is little surprise to him and even less to the reader to learn that he is damned. The information comes from Lucifer, who has a strange proposition to put to von Bek: he and the woman he loves (a witch) will have their souls freed if von Bek can succeed in finding a Cure for the World's Pain, sometimes called the Holy Grail. Lucifer wants to be reconciled to Heaven and needs the Cure to accomplish this. Von Bek's quest takes him a long and adventurous journey through war-torn

seventeenth-century Europe and the Middle Realms that lie between our world and Heaven and Hell, where his enemies include not only human villains but legions of Hell in revolt against Lucifer because they oppose reconciliation.

This story ranges between straight action-adventure of the usual sword-and-sorcery variety and the philosophical quest-romance examining the nature of free will, evil, the human soul, etc.; Moorcock keeps the latter aspect from becoming tedious but does not do it as well as George MacDonald or the Inklings. The fact that his spiritual solution is ultimately a humanistic rather than metaphysical one probably accounts for this, since he thus cuts himself off from the major mythic and symbolic wellsprings that usually baptize this sort of endeavor. But the book is interesting, if not as profoundly moving as the author perhaps intended it to be. Recommended.

ajb



FOXGLOVE HOLLOW Dennis Phillip Brown
Fawcett/Ballantine 1982, \$3.50

It's getting so you can't tell the players without a scorecard in an animal fantasy these days. After learning to loathe rats as the vilest of villains in Sterling Lanier's *THE WAR FOR THE LOT*, we got them as lovable heroes in *MRS FRISBY AND THE RATS OF NIMH* (source of the film *THE SECRET OF NIMH*). Now we have rabbits, noble and sympathetic in *WATERSHIP DOWN*, as evil, marauding foes of the civilized hares of *FOXGLOVE HOLLOW*. Any day now some fiend in auctorial form will try to persuade us that *MOLES* are wicked.

Dennis Phillip Brown fails to persuade us of anything, actually. Animal fantasy, to be readable by adults, requires one of two elements:

a thorough understanding of the real animal's behavior and habitat, or a proper presentation of a relationship with humans. The animal society must be either totally natural and separate from human civilization (as in *WD and DUNCTON WOOD*), or it must mimic it and have a derivative or parasitic relationship (as in Margery Sharp's *Miss Bianca* books, where the mice rescue human prisoners and live in houses furnished with human castoffs like spools and matchboxes made into tables and beds). True, *THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS*, which violates this rule, is readable by adults; but it is depicting not a civilization but an analogue to the world of childhood--and besides, Grahame was a genius.

The hares of *FOXGLOVE HOLLOW*--a damned confusing reference, as "Foxglove Hollow" is actually where the evil rabbits hang out--apparently inhabit a world where humans are completely unknown; but their civilization includes items like indoor plumbing and cocktail parties and books by human authors. (There is no indication of any manufacturing, however--not even cows and chickens to provide the milk and eggs for their muffins--and if they have books, why Wittgenstein?) The aristocrats of haredom are the prodigals, who have learned to survive in the wild on their own, away from the villages, and who are the guides and protectors of hare civilization. The book recounts the adventures of a hare named Bartholomew from his birth through his childhood, his leaving home to be educated by his grandfather, the prodigal Proudfoot, to his defeat (with the aid of Proudfoot and a civilized stoat) of the leader of a mob/army of rabbits and his own initiation as a prodigal. As a character, he is neither interesting nor particularly likable, and despite the fact that he is the nominal hero, he does very little in the final conflict with the rabbit leader, which is supposed to be a climactic confrontation but comes off as one of literature's less memorable dull thuds. The intellectual/moral/philosophical element is provided by having the characters utter platitudes, which the author then describes as profound. I frankly couldn't be sure whether Brown was intending to write a whimsical fantasy, a political allegory, or a satire; but I can state with confidence that the book does not succeed as any of them. Worst of all, in a genre in which the standard for realism of presentation has been set by *WATERSHIP DOWN* and maintained by *DUNCTON WOOD*, the author displays no

greater knowledge of hare life and behavior than could be gained from a couple of weeks at Scout camp and a handful of Golden Nature Guides. NOT recommended.

ajb

FRIDAY Robert A. Heinlein, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1982, \$14.95

Robert Heinlein is the Great Prestidigitator of Science Fiction, who earned his status by tossing around plots, characters, ideas and gimmicks in a masterful literary version of the Old Shell Game. In some recent books he has bothered a lot of his faithful readers by switching to another kind of magic and setting up as tribal shaman: action has taken a back seat to extended philosophical debate. With FRIDAY, however, the old Heinlein is back.

Friday Jones is not a heroine I can identify with--she has a kill reflex that makes James Bond look like a dedicated Quaker and the sexual proclivities of a stoat in rut--but she is one I can like and admire. She is a combat courier for an organization so secret that not even she knows what it is, a job she is particularly well qualified for: Friday is an Artificial Person, a product of genetic engineering with enhanced physical and mental abilities built in. AP's are not considered human beings (they supposedly lack souls), but Friday is only one of many who have "passed". She operates in a future world of fragmented nations, both geopolitical and corporate, and in the course of her adventures, which I won't attempt to detail, gets caught in the middle of an interplanetary Night of the Long Knives and drafted for a unique role in an off-planet palace conspiracy, both of which nearly prove fatal.

FRIDAY is full of ideas as well as action, not just the discussions found in other recent Heinleins but all sorts of fascinating concepts thrown out in passing by the coruscations of the author's mind, like the rampant democracy of the California Confederacy, where even corpses in cryogenic facilities have the vote and college degrees are a civil right, and the wholly plausible repeal of the Three Laws of Robotics, which is tossed off in a parenthetical aside by one of the characters. The political ideas are still what would be called capitalist-reactionary by today's standards; the underlying assumption seems to be that the possession of money and/or power is prima facie

evidence of the survival of the fittest, and that sharing them with the poor and powerless is counterproductive. The book advocates complete sexual freedom; and I must give Heinlein credit for supplying alternative forms of bonding and parenting along with the elimination of traditional sexual pair-bonding. I do notice, however, that there is no real intimacy between any of his characters, sexual or otherwise; there is hardly any relationship in which one of the partners cannot be easily replaced. One of the few exceptions is one of the few non-sexual relationships: that between Friday and her "Boss", who is also a father-figure to her. And one thing I could NOT swallow was the heroine's winding up happily married to a man she first encounters in a gang rape.

It is also hard to believe that the classification of Artificial Persons as non-human should be so firmly established, as Friday and her fellow AP's are obviously human, not golems or zombies. The "good" characters, in fact, do not accept the distinction; so why isn't it challenged by some equivalent of the civil-rights movement? Heinlein also fiddles around with it: he attributes some of Friday's sexual behavior and attitudes to her not having been raised as a human being with the usual taboos and conventions, but at other times her instinctive reactions to prove her humanity; the line between nature and nurture is not always observed. But on the whole this is a very enjoyable book, with likable characters--the sort who, when emigrating to a frontier planet with only what they can carry by hand, bring along the family cat--and the writing is, of course, masterful. Highly recommended.

ajb

MURDERCON Richard Purtill, Doubleday 1982, \$10.95

This is the third novel about murder at a Science Fiction convention that I've come across, have we got a new sub-genre here? Purtill's detective is Athena Pierce, a philosophy professor who has written a fantasy novel and is attending her first SF convention. She gets involved in the investigation of the murder of a member of the con committee because the detective in charge of the case a) knows nothing about SF or fandom and b) turns out to be an old Army buddy of Athena's husband--rather stretching the long arm of coincidence. The identity of the of the murderer is never much in

doubt; the real puzzle centers on how a seemingly impossible crime was managed and on the search for a lost Stanley Weinbaum story that provides the motive. There is a rousing chase sequence climaxing at the San Diego Zoo. It's a good story, and I like the heroine. Purtill (himself a philosophy professor who has written fantasy novels) has done a good job of creating a believable strong female protagonist. Unlike too many female amateur detectives, she makes a point of keeping in touch with the police at all times and passing on the information she gains. (In spite of this sensible attitude, she still gets abducted twice, once by the killer and once by his accomplice/dupe.) The author also avoids both the Scylla of too many fannish inside references and the Charybdis of too much explanation of SF and fandom for the mundane reader. Recommended.

ajb

MADWAND Roger Zelazny, Ace, 1981 \$6.95 softbound

This is the sequel to CHANGELING, which I regarded as, on the whole, a skimpy book, although with an interesting gimmick: a sorcerer's infant son being swapped with the son of an engineering genius, whose inherited talents prove so disruptive to the fantasy world in which he finds himself that the sorcerer's son has to be brought back to foil him. The sequel is much better, with more depth, more characterization, and more of the imaginative richness that one expects of Zelazny. The young wizard, Pol Detson, is a Madwand: a naturally powerful sorcerer with no training in how to use his abilities. Finding himself under attack by an unknown but powerful enemy, he decides to attend a sorcerers' convention where he can arrange to be properly initiated and thus gain the control and knowledge he needs. Interwoven with his adventures is the narrative of an amnesiac demon, who obviously has a part to play in Pol's story but whether as friend or foe does not appear until the end.

This is, as I have said, a better story than CHANGELING, and the principal reason is what Zelazny does with magic. The sorcerers' convention is both colorful and amusing; but it is the initiation rite, and later magical battles between the hero and the dark side of his own nature as well as his enemies, that gives the author a chance to let loose that special power of mythic imagination that makes him such an excellent fantasist. A very good fantasy which I recommend highly.

ajb

THE IDYLLS OF THE QUEEN Phyllis Ann Karr, Ace, 1982, \$2.95

Phyllis Ann Karr has shown a remarkable ability to enter other authors' fictive universes and make herself at home there. In addition to her own fantasy and Regency novels, she has continued the adventures of a character in Hans Anderson's "The Snow Queen" and completed a Jane Austen fragment, LADY SUSAN. Here she has taken one of the most famous of all fantasy worlds, Malory's Arthurian England, and made it the setting for a formal murder mystery. (I don't quite understand why Ace published this mixture of fantasy and detective fiction as SF; but I'm sure they knew what they were doing. This is Known as the triumph of faith over reason.) Karr has wisely avoided attempting to imitate Malory's fifteenth-century English, but otherwise she is faithful to her original. The crime is based on an actual episode in LE MORTE D'ARTHUR, although in the original the identity of the murderer is not concealed. The detective is Sir Kay the Seneschal, the churlish and spiteful semi-villain of many episodes of Arthurian romance, who here becomes a sympathetic protagonist without undergoing a major character change: it's just that things look different from his point of view. He makes a very able detective in spite of the handicap of having Mordred for a Watson. In lieu of forensic science he has magical assistance from the Lady of the Lake and Morgan Le Fay, but in the end he relies only on his own deductive abilities as he corrals the suspects for a confrontation and solves not only the current murder, in which Guenevere is chief suspect, but also two older crimes which provide the real killer's motive. Recommended to mystery and/or fantasy fans.

ajb

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PSYCHIC David Marks and Richard Kamman, Prometheus Books, 1980, \$15.95

With this book, two New Zealand psychology professors have produced a worthy successor to Martin Gardner's FADS AND FALLACIES IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE, L. Sprague de Camp's SPIRITS, STARS AND SPELLS, and Larry Kusche's THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE MYSTERY—SOLVED. It began with their attempt to replicate the "remote viewing" experiments of Targ and Puthoff at Stanford Research Institute. Having failed completely, they examined the original research more closely and found "a massive artifact of poor methodology and wishful thinking". They went on to study Kreskin, the stage mentalist,

and Uri Geller, discovering in the process exactly how their acts were rigged—not only the usual trickery but the use of probability matches (if you say to a large audience, "Someone is thinking of a name beginning with B," SOMEBODY is bound to leap up and say, "I was!") and population stereotypes (if you tell an audience you are "projecting" the images of two simple geometric forms, over 60% of any group will pick circle and triangle, even if the experimenter is thinking of a trapezoid and a square, so all you have to do is claim you were thinking of a circle and a triangle). The debunking material is fun and fascinating as all good debunking tends to be; but most useful material comes in the last three chapters, which deal with probability theory and with common self-perpetuating beliefs and fallacies. In addition to proving that most "amazing coincidences" are not all that amazing, the authors point out the lack of proper method and controls in many ESP experiments, which are often conducted by physical scientists not mentally or experimentally prepared for the possibility of cheating by the subject. (Targ and Puthoff, both physicists, tested Uri Geller at SRI and got amazingly successful results; when Geller was tested by a team of SRI psychologists, who designed experiments with the possibility of cheating in mind, he failed completely and refused to continue cooperating with them.) The material in these chapters ought to be required reading in all introductory psychology courses; in fact, it ought to get into the high schools if at all possible.

Have the authors convinced me that there is no such thing as ESP? Well, no, if only because of the notorious difficulty of proving a negative. They have, however, demonstrated conclusively the kind of experimental errors to be looked for in ESP tests, errors which if found are certainly sufficient to invalidate any tests containing them. My attitude to ESP remains that of one of Paul Gallico's characters, psychic investigator Alexander Hero: I believe in the possibility but not that any given instance so far found is conclusively proved. But I recommend THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PSYCHIC very highly indeed.

ajb

DRAGON TALES ed. Isaac Asimov, Martin Harry Greenberg and Charles G. Waugh, Fawcett/Ballantine 1982, \$2.95

This anthology has a pretty good cross section of the varieties of the dragon story, including reprints of early authors (Fitz-James O'Brien and L. Frank Baum, the latter being represented by a piece hardly worthy of inclusion in a book for adults); tales of extraterrestrial dragons-in-name-only (Gregory Benford and Marc Laidlaw and Dean R. Koontz); fantasy ancient and modern (L. Sprague de Camp, David Drake, Evelyn E. Smith, Orson Scott Card and Thomas N. Scortia); and at least one story apparently included out of desperation, as the only dragon in it is incidental (Janet Fox's "Demon and Demoiselle", a good story but already available in THE YEAR'S BEST FANTASY STORIES: 5). The inclusion of Gordon R. Dickson's "St. Dragon and the George" and Anne McCaffrey's "Weyr Search" may seem a work of supererogation, as most dragon fanciers will already possess the novelized versions of both; but it is interesting to have the earlier versions, and they work better than the more familiar practice of using selections from longer works. The tales range from the humorous to the terrifying, with the items by de Camp, Card and Scortia being the best aside from the McCaffrey and Dickson established classics. Recommended to fantasy fans, Secret Dragon Lovers, and, of course, Dragons.

ajb

THE DIMENTIONEERS Doris Piserchia Daw 1982, \$2.25

This book has a lot in common with the author's earlier STAR RIDER, which I admired very much; but while that is genuinely speculative fiction, concerned with ideas as well as adventures, THE DIMENTIONEERS is space opera, slam-bang action-adventure at breakneck speed. I don't mean that it is therefore inferior, however; Piserchia has simply taken materials she used earlier for an excellent book of one type and recycled them in an equally excellent work of a different type.

Like the heroine of STAR RIDER, the protagonist of THE DIMENTIONEERS is a fourteen-year-old renegade who travels interdimensionally when mind-linked with an intelligent mutant animal. A truant from an orphanage, she is on her own except for her mutant lion Wyala. Together they take on an interdimensional army of conquest, the U.S. military establishment, resistance fighters from conquered planets, a traitor with designs on Our Heroine, and "the dogcatcher", a strange creature

at the beck and call of the nasty matron of the orphanage. Singlehandedly she defeats the aliens, starts a new resistance movement on one of the planets, and sets up as a gunrunner by raiding the arsenals on Earth.

This is a thoroughly enjoyable story, characterized most notably by its rapid pace and its interesting if not always admirable heroine.

Pischerchia also has fun standing on their heads a few familiar cliches, such as the long-lost orphan finding her family, and the guerrilla fighter as hero. She even, in the conclusion, takes up the Beauty and the Beast archetype; but this one she plays straight. The only real flaw I detected was the noticeably poor proof-reading, including such significant foulups as "now" for "not", which really harm the text. I strongly recommend this book, but I suggest that Daw Books bale up their proof-reader and ship him/her/it to New Hampshire: the moles are hungry...

ajb

CYRION Tanith Lee, Daw 1982, \$2.95

Tanith Lee is to the sword-and-sorcery field what Roalds Royce is to the automotive field. Her series about Azhrann Prince of Demons and other Lords of Darknes would be enough to merit Lins accolade, but her tales of the enigmatic adventurer Cyrion also deserve top marks in the Lone Adventurer category. Cyrion's most conspicuous characteristic is sheer intelligence, which makes him a refreshing change from S&S heroes, who tend to think their thews. CYRION contains seven short stories, at least four of which have appeared in print before, and a novella, with prologues, interlogues, and an epilogue to bridge the gaps. The hero uses his knowledge of magic, his superior fighting skills, and his remarkable wits to hold his own in various exotic and hazardous situations in which things are seldom what they seem (In fact, one of the things which is not what it seems usually turns out sooner or later, to be Cyrion.) The setting is an exotic and decadent fantasy world, more or less analogous to the Levant in medieval times, and Lee's prose is as marvelous as her material. Very highly recommended.

ajb

THE WARLOCK UNLOCKED, Christopher Stasheff, Ace Bks., N.Y. 1982, 282pp., \$4.75

Stasheff is a newcomer to science fantasy, but his recent

novel THE WARLOCK IN SPITE OF HIMSELF set stage for one fascinating future "star" world where scientific speculations about psychic powers can merge with a simplistically designed medieval world of kings and barons and witches (benign). Herein, Stasheff continues the adventures of his "psi"-hero, Rod Gallowglass, who is a powerful ally of the reigning King of Gramarye -- and at the same time a secret agent of an Earth security bureau trying to frustrate the devious schemes of two subversive groups of this far future era.

The author anchors the reader's interest by concentrating on the influence of Roman Catholicism in the age of Galactic Exploration -- the worlds of 3059 A.D. Here, the Pope, John XXIV, is determined to use a religious order that harmonizes electronic technology and traditional faith to counteract the Church's enemies at home on Earth and on the distant planets like Gramarye. The plot is a bit crazy, mixing current controversy over Rev. Moon's Unification Church with magic elementals in the alternate world that coexists on Gramarye, with the descendants of the Dungeons-and-Drags refugees who over 500 years have built up their own version of the best aspects of medieval society. There are intrigues aplenty, weird creatures both "natural" and supernatural -- and plenty of good humor throughout.

Indeed, it is this humor that prevents any real sense of tension for the reader. The feel of tragedy is absent despite the logic of Gallowglass' arguments over what this world is facing. The descriptive passages that make this world real for us don't bring us back to the time of Chaucer or manorial society in any phase. It has the feel of superficiality. No great battles are here, but the psychic powers are fairly handled. The Church's position is treated with sympathy. The arguments of medieval society are acutely brought out; the modern Vatican seems believable with its black Pope and desire to avoid the growing renewed threat of totalitarian powers on Earth. But the real awe and wonder that magic should be invested with are absent. The characters are interesting, sometimes charming, (e.g. the "Cathodean" priest, Father Al), but still a little too sedate for this far-future era

threatened with social upheaval.

Warlocks and Redcaps, elves from Faerie, theologians from Rome, a far-future world system that reads so much like today, an inept U.N., and a likeable hero who is thankfully free from the cynicism of today's antihero -- nothing outstanding, but good adventure reading all-in-all.

tme

SURVEY SHIP, Marion Zimmer Bradley illis. by Steve Fabian, Ace Bks., N.Y., 1981 (first mass market edition), 232 pp., \$2.50

Marion Zimmer Bradley is one of those names to conjure with -- her Darkover World series are finely wrought creations of science-fantasy; she has done much for Tolkien fandom too. None can gainsay her gift with words. But this is one awful work. It is a glorified exercise in "soft-porn" approach to science-fiction with a very thin plot indeed. The excellent illustrations by Steve Fabian (thirty-seven full page ones in all) only accentuate the erotic quality, the constant cliches of glorified youth, pompous sermonizing by the snip "mystic" (an Indian no less), the racial tensions, homosexual vs. heterosexual conflicts so "nicely" resolved, the sentimental camaraderie of heading "into the unknown", etc.

The scene is the far future when a rationally ordered Earth guided by an unbelievably benign and wise (!) United Nations has created a scientifically perfect Academy to train and select a small group of young people. These are the future cadets of space travel -- to go forth and select planets to colonize for Earth. Six are chosen, three male, three female -- all perfect physical specimens. Very democratic too -- all races, some a result of genetic breeding. Their chief activity on board ship in the months ahead is to show off their sexual hangups and proclivities in a prose all too saccharine with romantic cliches. They seem to be constantly undressing together, boasting of how progressive they are, and trying to fight off their boredom in this scientific little utopia of a perfect world. It just isn't believable. Some crises occur on board ship but naturally no one dies or is seriously injured. When in doubt, have or talk about sex, sex, sex. One wishes for an outbreak of pimples or impotency or something!

The theological aspect of this

journey into libido centers on the speculations of Ravi the Indian that God is the entire Universe. -- with we poor humans free to do whatever our hot little minds can dream up (the standard liberal "situation ethics" of today's theology). Sin is taboo and a Rousseau-like innocence is the standard. The whole theme of suffering as purification is drowned in the deep shadows of Oriental mysticism. Individual self-worth is defined as a form of heroic materialism, cultivating the will for self-realization. There are contradictions here, not explored by the author. It ultimately leads the plot and characters to sterility.

The six characters all repeat the same ideas and themes in varied ways. Maturity is something asserted, not explored in meaning by Marion Zimmer Bradley. It's as if The Brave New World has arrived -- with no unpleasant consequences. It's too bad, really. The human soul is a much more powerful and complex reality than this novel would portray while human sexuality is a force far beyond the trivial sentiment this work makes it out to be. It touches the borders of Sacrament and Transcendence, of pain and mystery and Creation for life. I hope the author may find this in her future works.

me

THERE IS NO DARKNESS, by Joe Haldeman & Jack C. Haldeman II, Ace Books, 1983, 245p, \$2.75

"Space Cadet a la Haldeman," - LOCUS MAGAZINE, according to the cover blurb.

Not really.

This book purports to be the account of one colonial young man's education aboard the giant advanced-training ship called "Starschool". Too bad it isn't.

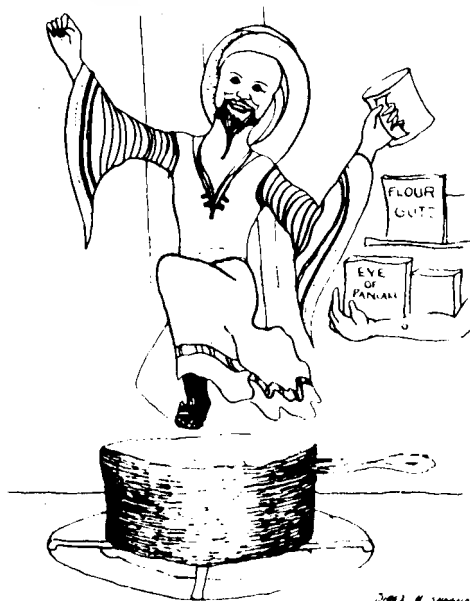
The first 99 pages are one fight after another, as the stupid, pride-ridden hero seeks to pay off a debt he never incurred by hiring out as a gladiator-- after receiving a sharp lesson in the fact that an untrained big guy can easily lose to a well trained smaller fighter. Fine if you like bullfights, catfights, bear-fights, etc... a dead bore if you don't.

The next long chunk was a press-gang story; how the hero would get out of the trap was telegraphed when one of his friends vanished on a supposed survival test. A remarkably self-centered hero; we hear a lot about how hard the tests are for him, with his size and experience; but the group includes a woman he's

interested in who is about half his size and supposedly from a much softer environment and there's not one word on how she does or how well she takes it or doesn't. Big, dumb louts get very tiresome as a viewpoint character after a while.

The third chunk, "Construct", should have been most of the book. In this, the students are introduced to the meeting point of the known spacegoing species, all of whom are alien enough to be both interesting and frustrating.

I would like to see the book this was supposed to have been.



HOW THE GODS WOVE IN KYRANNON, by Ardath Mayhar, Ace Books 1979 (reprinted 1982), 181 p, \$2.25

Both the title and the cast of characters sounded intriguing; so did the theme, which made itself clear enough that it never needed to be spelled out. A pushy king has decided that it is intolerable that certain people, houses, etc., should not be under his control; a variegated assortment of these free peoples unite in their own ways to stop him.

If only Mayhar had written the novel out in full, it would have been well the \$3.95 it would have sold for. Unfortunately, the outline was good enough that the publisher bought it, and the public did too.

It would be nice to mix the richness of detail and background of a Diana Paxson with the plot and people of Mayhar's book, stir well, and serve up the results. It would taste a lot better. In other words, expand the book a whole lot more!!

me

THE DRAGON RISES, by Adrienne Martin-barnes, Ace Books, 1983 244 p \$2.75

"Things are never as they seem; hot chocolate masquerades as cream."

This is a very good book, but not the book it claims to be at first. The spirit of King Arthur, an immortal who has been many other heroes in the past, is reincarnated in an Imperial war hero much like Darth Vader. What purpose this serves on the larger scale is never spelled out; presumably to prevent a string of stupid atrocities. On the personal scale, the hero, Gilhame ur-Fagon has the task of somehow breaking the endless cycle of reincarnation, war, death, and rebirth that his jailer, the Goddess Arianrhod, has set him. So far she has been disappointed.

But ur-Fagon's war is no longer an attempt to hold back the Darkness,

but just another ongoing power struggle between superpowers; his lady, Alvellaina, is nothing like Guinevere; his Lancelot is happily married to Guinevere's sister; his sister's son, Hamecor, often mentioned, never appears nor amounts to anything, let alone a major menace on the order of Mordred. It's a good story in its own right, but rather like going to see CHARIOTS OF FIRE and finding the one runner who could never beat the other is now engaged in a baseball game.

The front cover seems to be an attempt to package the book as a romance; the love interest subplot does follow all the conventions thereof. This may be the newest publishing convention; Pocket Books did the same thing with Diana Paxson's LADY OF LIGHT, which was enough to delay purchase of the book for over a month.

pm

LADY OF LIGHT, by Diana Paxson, Pocket Books (Timescape), 1982, 261 p, \$2.75

This book, if you believe the back cover, is a romance, with a dashing young king setting out to find "the lady who could not only be mistress of his heart, but Mistress of the Jewels." What it really is, is the story of the making of a queen, a girl's growing up. The setting and background is far richer than the plot to date, but private sources say it is half of a book, that the publishers decided to divide down the middle and publish in two parts. The sequel should be worth buying, then.

The setting is a post-Catastrophe Northern California, pure Ecotopia

with a pagan religion, very well realized; and in this culture magic (or psi powers) works. The heroine is psi-gifted, intelligent, and totally unready, as yet, to rule; but she must rise to the occasion as fast as possible. Buy it now, but hold it for Part II.

pm

THE NAGASAKI VECTOR, by L. Neil Smith, Ballantine Books, 1983, 242 p \$2.75

Why do we bother with page counts, anyway? They're all about the same price and size anyway, and about a penny a page. More to the point, anyone who could write THEIR MAJESTY'S BUCKETEERS can be counted on to be both funny and readable, with a good story that stands on its own.

Alas, it is told first-person in the sort of slurred dialect Poul Anderson would use to reproduce Mike Hammer's speech, which can get on a readers nerves.

However, our hero and his time machine and three alien diplomats have fallen into the hands of some

very nasty cardboard villains, and in the course of action, materialize over Nagasaki on August 9, 1945, and are thrown into Smith's #1 alternate world, the Confederacy, in which all sentient beings are considered human, and polite anarchy is the law of the land. I think there are some broad slices at Heinlein's later works, especially in the hero's relations with his time machine, who has a female personality, but it's hard to be sure; like going on a rollercoaster, you're there to enjoy the ride, not to get anywhere. There is even a tragic minor character who is wasted in a secondary role, G. Howell Nahuatl, detective, gentleman-rancher, disappointed opera singer and coyote-- Howell is very likeable, as candids often are, and Smith's characters especially. His owners had been debating whether he was livestock or an item of farm technology, when he piped up from his cage "I'll tell you what- I'll compete in both categories."

Enjoyable.

pm

PAWN OF PROPHECY David Eddings, Del Rey Books 1982, \$2.95

QUEEN OF SORCERY David Eddings, Del Rey Books 1982, \$2.95

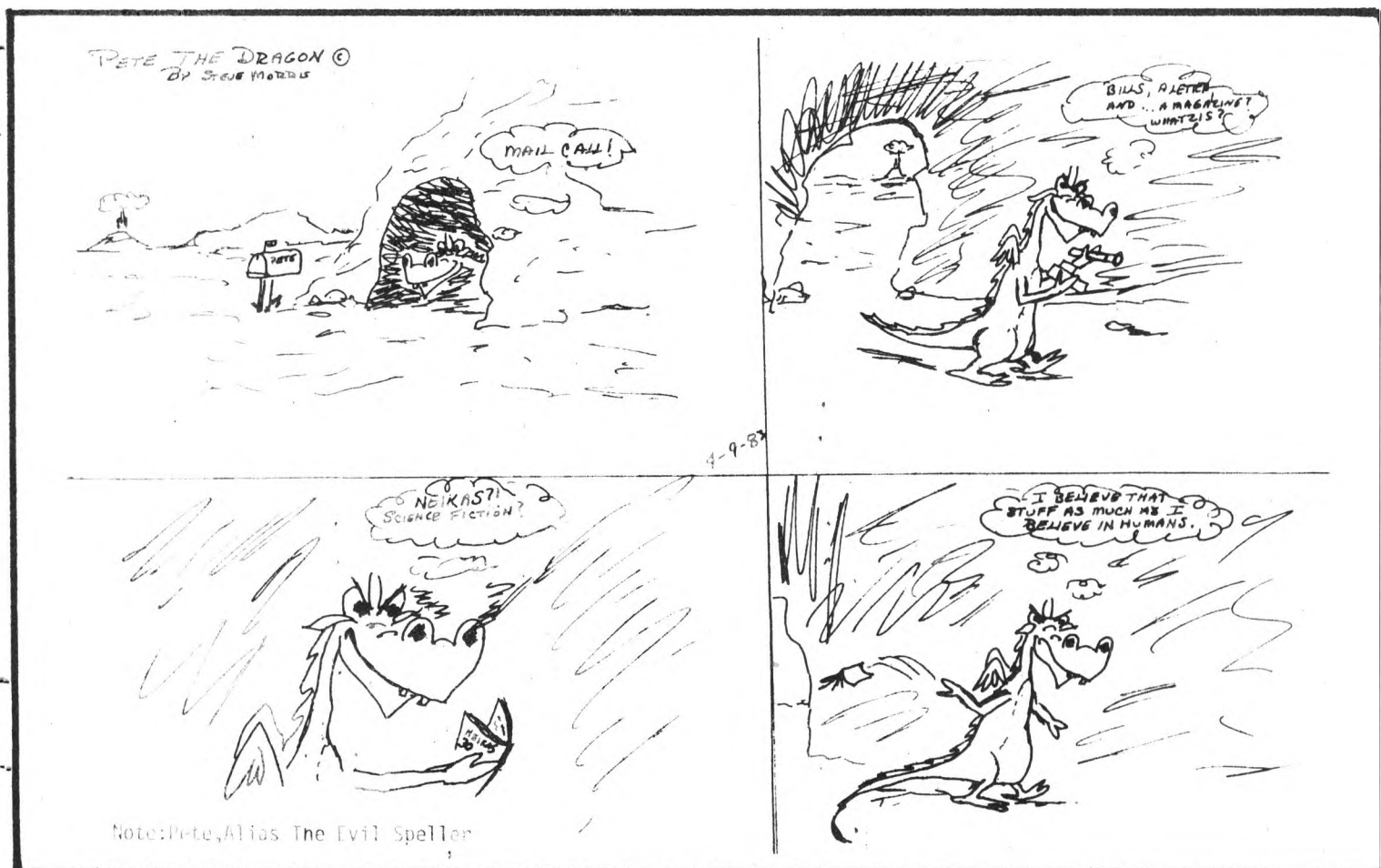
MAGICIAN'S GAMBIT David Eddings, Del Rey Books, 1983, \$2.95

Interesting and fun, but unfair. The first three books of The Belgariad led me to the conclusion that the last two had better be on the market soon, or I'm going on the warpath! The Saga has fun, enchantment, a quest or two, and a hand of creatures and people spoken of in legend. It's refreshingly different from Tolkien, and yet, it has some of the same "let's go on an adventure, you and me" that made the Tolkien stories so enjoyable.

The reader is, however, cautioned "book three" is not "book last" (they keep getting longer and longer story wise) this adventure is planned to five books.

Great! My only problem-- I don't wait patiently!

ms



BATTLEFIELD EARTH, L. Ron Hubbard
St. Martin's Press, 1982 Hardcover
\$24.00

I was rather tempted not to write anything on this one. It has to be the toughest book I've ever fought to finish. I really felt that this "Saga of the year 3000" would have been better subtitled "A saga of the pages eight hundred and nineteen." That is not to give the impression that it was just long, it was long and boring.

I've read long books before, I read a Michener a year, and even re-read the DUNE stories, TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE and the FOUNDATION stories every couple of years, and visit again with Frodo and Gandalf from time to time. But, I feel that either the author's been away too long, or perhaps just took too long coming back to tell a story.

The story Aliens best man, Aliens ignore man, Aliens enslave man, Man bests aliens, Man bests everyone, did not warrant so much trivia between movement and action. It became predictable. Some of the character sketches, like that of Jonnie, the reluctant hero who always manages (from a 'savage' intelligence start) to figure out what's gone wrong or what needs to be done; or Terl, the forever cruel, evil and calculating alien (who can't help what he is due to heredity) become tired long before the story is over.

This book taught me that they aren't all worth finishing-- a sad comment.

ms

GYPSY IN AMBER by Martin Cruz Smith
Ballantine Books 1982, 177 pp. \$2.50

This book caters to several interests of the reading public: a good murder mystery, a strong sense of local color, and the lore of the Gypsies. The sense of exotic terror is taped in the latter for that wandering people have always attracted and repelled Western society with their traits and life-style since the Renaissance. The author knows his craft of writing well-- Martin Cruz Smith has given us thrillers ranging from the finely honed world of international intrigue in GORKY PARK to the dying Indian world of superstition and occult lore in the American Southwest of NIGHTWING.

Here is the seamy but vital world of back alleys and secretive shops of modern Manhattan. The protagonist is one middle-aged "antique dealer"

of Gypsy antecedents, Roman Grey. His oft illegal dealings in smuggled art items gets him the relentless probing of the New York City Police Department, especially in the person of one Dt. Harry Isadore, yet his basic decency and sense of limits gets him a degree of respect, too. This is no Mickey Spillane thriller, or cult of the anti-hero with his deep hatred of modern society while he lives off it as a true parasite. Good and evil are respected--but the strict limits of civil law are not. Thus, the constant duel of wits between Gypsy dealer and police detective as Grey deals with the brutal murder of a beautiful young girl found in a friend's car. Normalcy and cruelty seem partners here as we explore the world of the Gypsies wheremurder is practically non-existent but thievery is prevalent.

Dialogue is crisp and character/plot enlarging, not an exercise in modern profanity. The sense of mystery is more than the murder--and the horrific attempts on Roman's life that follows. There's the "devil to pay" in more than one way as we are led to the world of strangely beautiful antiques, then to the world of Gypsy superstition where souls wander in limbo until their character is avenged and proud parents exhibit, to close friends, their children's blood spattered sheets straight from the honeymoon bed! Even darker secrets emerge as verbal duels follow with weird but true (?) occult rituals older than recorder history. We move into pre-Aryan history when ancient India explored the bloody human sacrifices of her terrible goddess Kali.

The author knows his background well, using it to entice the reader further and further into the enlarging dimensions of his murder mystery. The world of antiques seems real to us in its musty beauty of lost craftsmanship as the Gypsy world seems amusing is its marriage of courtship and family gatherings. The protagonist is not the preacher of any kind of message to the reader, just a bemused onlooker who finds that the role of Romany detective for his dead partner's reputation means a constant fight for his own life. There is a dry wit in the comparison of lifestyles in this novel between the quarrelsome but basically decent Gypsy tribal home, and the ever so elegant wealth of the very rich, replete with isolated parents and corrupt children, oh so "mod" in outlooks (sexual freedom to way out witchcraft, and a dash of

medievalism, too!) The novel reads smoothly and quickly, but take a moment to reread a few sections of each chapter.

Suspense, fear, exotic locales (the hippie rock festival is the climax of violence and discovery for all), and some fine pathways in the logic of this mystery. Cruz Smith is a conjuror in the old Romany ways-- he wants to catch us in the web of his tale. Watch out, he's going to succeed in this Tarot of prose.

te

THE DRAGON WAITING by John M. Ford
Timescape 1983, \$15.95

A fantasy novel with an epigraph from Charles Williams and Richard III as one of the heroes is definitely my kind of book. THE DRAGON WAITING is set in the fifteenth century in an alternate universe in which the emperor Julian the Apostate succeeded in reestablishing pananism. Christianity exists, but as an obscure and little-seen cult; most of the principal characters, as fighting men, are Mithraists. In this world, Richard Coeur-de-Lion and Saladin were not enemies, but comrades in arms, fighting evil sorcerers; Owen Glendower really had magical powers; and Dante wrote a COMMEDIA DELL'UOMO. Instead of a Holy Roman Empire of the West, we have a powerful and ambitious Byzantine Empire, expanding its dominance in western Europe by any means that comes to hand. Opposing Byzantium for their own individual reasons are the protagonists of the book: Hywel Peredur, kin to Glendower and heir to both his sorcerous abilities and his dream of Welsh liberty from England; Dimitrios Ducas, soldier of fortune and fugitive heir of an Imperial clan marked for assassination; Cynthia Ricci, a brilliant young Florentine physician; and Gregory von Bayern, engineer and vampire. The central episode of this grim tale involves their efforts to preserve Richard of Gloucester, later Richard III, and the English throne from Byzantine plots. Most of the action takes the form of Machiavellian strategies, often sorcerous; but there are also battles, murders, daring escapes, a Mithraic initiation, a decidedly upscale gala party at Lorenzo de' Medici's summer villa, technological developments in the art of warfare, and a murder in a snowbound inn in the Italian Alps that Agatha Christie would have loved. The characters, both invented and historical, are three-dimensional, and the writing is excellent. I

won't try to detail the plot, as it is too complex and I don't want to give away the surprises; I will mention that the murder of the Little Princes in the Tower is justifiable homicide, for a reason far more appalling than anything possible in our timeline. This book is likely to appeal more to fantasy readers who are also history buffs, rather than to the sword-and-sorcery or straight sf fans--e.g., those among us who read Mary Renault. If you like your fantasy/history in the form of a richly detailed and intricately patterned tapestry, this book is for you.

ab

THE BOOK OF LAST TALES, PART ONE by J.R.R. Tolkien, edited by Christopher Tolkien, Houghton Mifflin, Feb 1984, 297 pp, \$14.95

I find the riches left us by Tolkien on his demise absolutely staggering, and fascinating. We have already seen THE SILMARILLION and UNFINISHED TALES and are told that at least three more volumes will come after this.

Reading these variations of the history of Middle-earth is much like reading history of the real world. In real history the scholar must study many accounts, contemporary and later, of a given event, and then try to judge the biases and errors to try to make an educated guess as to the truth. Reading the appendices of LotR, then THE SILMARILLION, UNFINISHED TALES and now this volume, with their inconsistencies gives a similar feeling. It reminds me of reading Asimov's GUIDE TO THE BIBLE.

I have never gotten involved with the linguistics of Middle-earth. I have had only a passing interest in Sindarin and Quenya, in Tengwar and Cereth. I never wanted to write messages in "Elvish," tho I am interested in linguistics in general and have a mild interest in the nature of Tolkien's invented languages and orthography. It is the story itself, and the fantastic detailed history of his secondary universe that has fascinated me. I loved the SILMARILLION and read it three times...and will read it again. This is something I can say about VERY few books.

I liked UNFINISHED TALES even more. While the stories were only fragments, what was there was more detailed than what had been in THE

SILMARILLION. Also there were essays like that on the Wizards which answered many of my questions.

I received this book only a few days before putting "Review And Comment" to bed, and only had a few short bits read to me thus far. I am sure that the National Library Service (Library of Congress) will eventually put this onto Talking Books, like the earlier volumes, but by when that happens I will have had most of this read to me.

This is the earliest version of THE SILMARILLION, written by Tolkien when he was in his 20s, and is very detailed. Many names and facts differ significantly, however, from later versions. After all, his concepts of the history of Middle-earth had over a half century to evolve.

This version of the story is framed and I am listing the chapters, which are accompanied by notes and comments from Christopher.

The Music of the Ainur.
The Coming of the Valar and the Building of Valinor.
The Chaining of Melko.
The Coming of the Elves and the Making of Kor.
The Theft of Melko and the Darkening of Valinor.
The Flight of the Noldoli.
The Tale of the Sun and Moon.
The Hiding of Valinor.
Gilfanon's Tale, the Travel of the Noldoli and the Coming of Mankind.

ERM

MISTS OF AVALON by Marion Zimmer Bradley, Knopf, 1982, 765 pp,

There was a time when a new retelling of the Arthurian cycle would appear once in a generation, but now it is becoming an annual event. This is Marion's version, one of the best of the decade. The only retelling of comparable quality that I have seen is Mary Stewart's. However only a small fragment of all published books ever get recorded and I could easily have missed one.

This book is written from the women's viewpoint, chiefly that of Morgan la Fey. It deals extensively with the conflict between the pagan religion and Christianity, and with the impingement of Faerie on our world. The latter aspect reminds me of Poul Anderson's THE MERMAN'S CHILDREN.

We have on hand for publication in NIEKAS an article by Marion on

the research she did for this novel, "The Search for Morgan la Fey." We will use this as the core for a special section in NIEKAS 34 on the various retellings of the Arthurian cycle, and their suitability for their times. We will also have in NIEKAS 35 another special section inspired by this book and article, on Faerie and our world. We are now looking for proposals for articles for these sections.

This book will, of course, be discussed thoroughly in these two special sections and might have a lengthy review too, but I want to call it to your attention now while the hard cover edition is still available. You will want a quality copy to keep in your collection for rereading again and again. It will be published this Spring as a trade paperback by Ballantine, and as a mass market paperback perhaps a year later. It has not yet been decided whether the mass market paperback will be in one, three or four volumes. I would guess that the trade paperback will be the most economic edition to buy, if you will not want the durability of the hardcover edition. If the mass market paperback is in one volume, it will fall apart before you finish reading it. If it is in 3 or 4 volumes, their total cost will exceed that of the trade edition. The only advantage would be that the individual volumes are easier to handle.

Marion has traced many of the Christianized legends to what she feels is their origins. For the most part the pagans have all the good lines and the Christians are bigots, tho Morgan herself was far from infallible. But this is not an attempt to write a true historical novel about Arthur such as SWORDS AT SUNSET. Even Mary Stewart's first three volumes have a much more historical feel to them despite their fantasy elements. (I have not read yet her fourth volume.) This book brings in all of the archetypes, from Atlantis to Astrology and reincarnation. All of these things still draw forth strong responses. We know the real Atlantis was an island in the eastern Mediterranean destroyed by a volcanic eruption, but the tale of a lost continent still draws a strong response. Look how the legend inspired Tolkien's SILMARILLION, tho the latter was plotted long before the true nature of Atlantis was discovered.

Astrology is no more insane or irrational than reincarnation, but in my case the former draws an almost villantly negative reaction while I accept the latter as a normal part of fantasy, like elves or ghosts.

These archtypes played a major role only in the opening portion of the book, about Arthur's conception. I do not remember them even being mentioned in later parts. For most of the book, the background is Marion's reconstruction of the paganism that might have existed in post-Roman England. Early Christian legends are also interwoven into the background conflict between the Kelts and the Teutonic invaders.

I will leave a detailed discussion of this book to more skilled and knowledgeable reviewers but will simply close by saying that after finishing this book I understood what C S Lewis meant when he wrote of something so beautiful that it left a feeling of pain. ERM

THE OLD ENGLISH "EXODUS": Text, Translation, and Commentary by J.R.R. Tolkien, ed. Joan Turville-Petre: Oxford University Press 1981

This book is based on Tolkien's

extensive notes for lectures delivered to a specialist class in the 1930's and 1940's, and retouched in the following decade, on the EXODUS, a poem once attributed to Caedmon.

He is interested primarily in amending and editing a severely flawed text and in establishing a correct translation; scholarly and evaluative remarks are kept to a minimum. Although the poet's account of the flight of the Israelites to the Red Sea, the Egyptian pursuit, and the overwhelming of Pharaoh's host is lively, and it is interesting to see the Old Testament material handled in terms of Anglo-Saxon epic tradition, it is not sufficiently interesting in itself to appeal to the nonspecialist reader, unlike, for instance, BEOWULF. I cannot really recommend it to anyone who is not a serious student of Old English language and literature, though one who is would certainly want to get it.

ajb

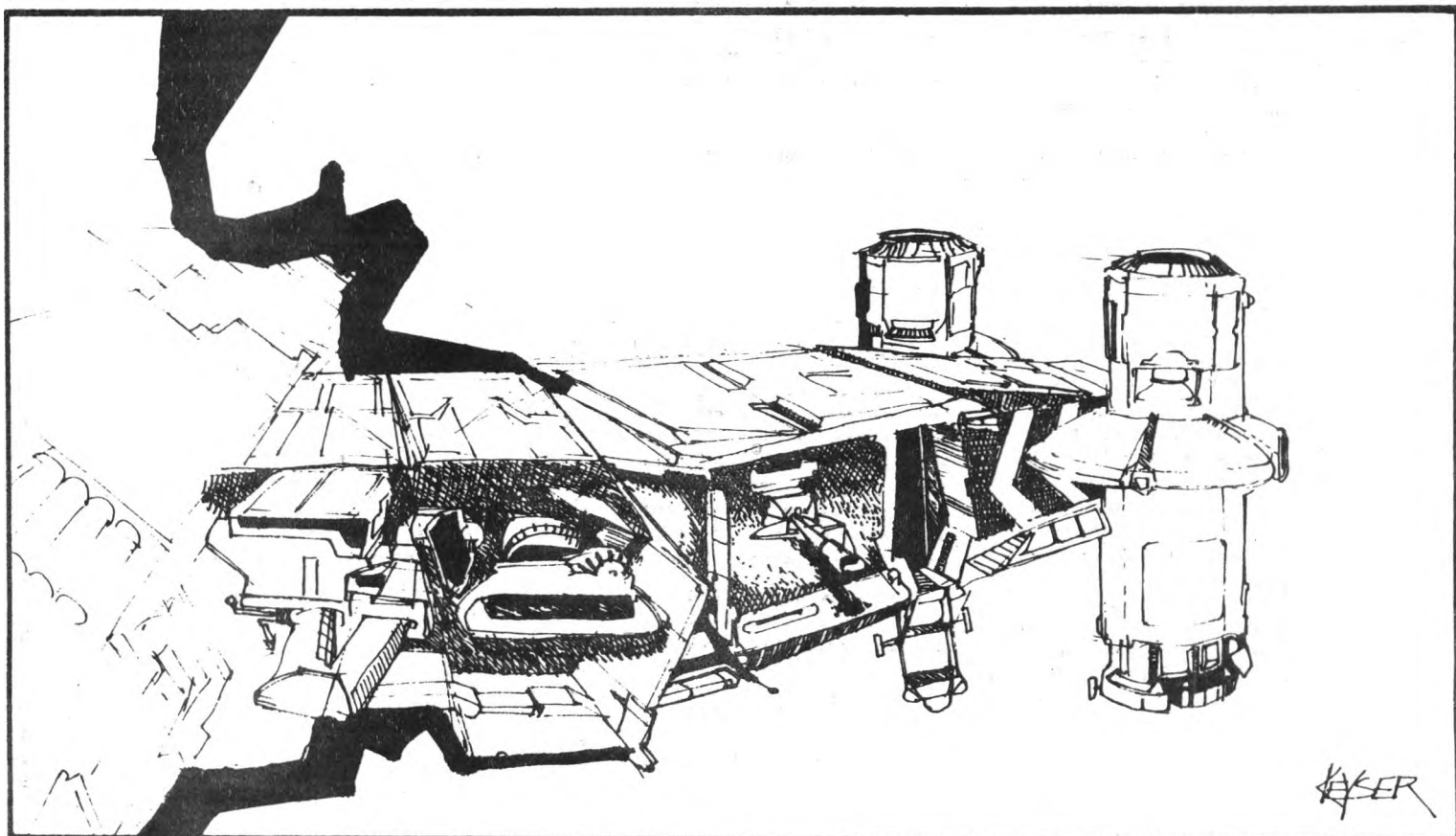
THE TOLKIEN QUIZ BOOK, by Nigel Robinson and Linda Wilson, St. Martin's Press, 1981, \$3.95 (trade paperback)

I suppose this is what you would call a trivia book, although not all

the questions are trivial. I have always found the grand design of Tolkien's works more interesting than the minutiae and have never agreed with those who make the test of the true devotee of Middle-earth the memorization of a vast amount of obscure data. This book contains a variety of questions, some testing one's general knowledge of Tolkien's oeuvre, some more specific on the different works, history, languages, etc. I did fairly well on the general knowledge-type questions, but badly on those designed for fanatics with total recall. (I take revenge by pointing out an error to the authors: SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT, PEARL and ORFEO are Middle English poems, not Old English, and the correct title of the correct title of the last is SIR ORFEO.) I think anyone who has read all the books at least twice would be knowledgeable enough to have some fun with these books if he enjoys quizzes at all; the degree of enjoyment would increase with the reader's expertise.

ajb

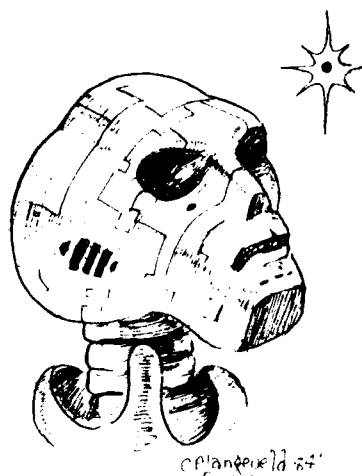
SCIENCE: GOOD, BAD, AND BOGUS, by Martin Gardner, Prometheus Books, 1981, hc



Although the dust jacket claims that this book was "written as a sequel" to Gardner's classic *FADS AND FALLACIES IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE*, the description is a little misleading: it is actually a collection of essays and book reviews, ranging in date from 1951 to 1980, which originally appeared in publications spanning a spectrum from the *YALE REVIEW* to a high-school magazine. It differs from *FADS AND FALLACIES* on several respects, the most important of which is that the greater bulk of it deals with the psychic phenomena. No fewer than 24 out of 38 selections are concerned in whole or in part with ESP experiments, Uri Geller, communication with the dead, and the like. Presumably this represents not what Gardner himself finds of absorbing interest, but rather what editors asked him to write about. As a result, there is a lot of repetition. There is also a change of tone from the earlier volume, where Gardner treated his cranks (aside from those proclaiming lethal health and medical quackery or rationalizations for race hatred) with a degree of levity, viewing them more in sorrow than in anger. In the later book, he is decidedly testier, which may be related to the repetitiveness: after you have pointed out 3011 times that Uri Geller is a fraud who had been repeatedly caught faking, you may be forgiven for calling the 3012th Gellerite True Believer a knucklehead. In *FADS AND FALLACIES* (1957) Gardner made three principal points against claims made by psychics and psychic researchers: there are a lot of fraudulent psychics; researchers in the area tend to be overly credulous; and ESP experiments are almost never designed with sufficient experimental controls to prevent deliberate or accidental cheating, nor are the results interpreted with a rigorous regard for accuracy and probability. The really pathetic thing is that more than 20 years later, in a book the bulk of which deals exclusively with the same subject, Gardner has nothing new to say--just a lot more bad experiments and interpretations of experimental data to criticize, and a new and flourishing generation of fakes to expose. I don't mean this as a criticism of Gardner, but as a depressing instance of the hold a really attractive fallacy can get on the human mind, despite the valiant efforts of debunkers like Gardner, de Camp (*SPIRITS, STARS AND SPELLS*) magicians like Houdini and James Randi, and psychologists like David Marks and Richard Kammann (*THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PSYCHIC*). As I re-

viewed this last book here favorably I am glad to see that Gardner thinks well of it too; it is some compensation for his reducing to rubble some other books I also liked. (Am I going to list those for you? Fat chance!)

There are a few items dealing with other subjects here, for instance the "logic" of Ramon Llull, biorhythms, popular evangelists, catastrophe theory (the mathematical not funnymentalist variety), and apes that "talk" in sign language, as well as a couple of humorous pieces and a negative review of *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND*. The "good" science is far outweighed by the bad and the bogus: the only items reviewed favorably are some of the catastrophe-theory books by mathematicians, a few books on black



holes by the likes of Asimov and Fred Hoyle, and Sagan's *BROCA'S BRAIN*. Because so many of the items cover the same ground, the book is best read in snatches rather than cover to cover in one sitting. Those who admire Gardner as a lively, witty, intelligent debunker who writes well and persuasively will enjoy this book; those who are looking for a work as coherent as *FADS AND FALLACIES* may be a bit disappointed. (They should be reading *THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PSYCHIC*, anyway.) With these caveats, recommended.

ajb

THE QUIRINAL HILL AFFAIR by Barbara Hambly, St. Martin's Press 1983, \$14.95 hc

Barbara Hambly is the author of a very good fantasy trilogy (*TIME OF THE DARK*, *THE WALLS OF AIR*, *THE ARMIES OF DAYLIGHT*), notable for bringing a well-nigh unprecedented

air of gritty reality to a medieval alternate world and for unusually fine characterization. Her fourth novel is a mystery thriller set in Imperial Rome, and it is excellent. The hero, young C. Marcus Silanus, has quarreled with his wealthy aristocratic father and lives on a pittance in the slums while he studies Greek philosophy. But the consolations of philosophy quickly go by the board when his childhood sweetheart, Tullia Varia, is kidnapped on the eve of her marriage to a rich but unsavory Syrian parvenu. Evidence at the scene indicates that her abductors are members of a secret, illegal cult notorious for cannibalism, human sacrifice, and other unspeakable practices. They are known as "Christians". Marcus, an eyewitness to the crime, is drawn into the search for the Christians by Arrius, a centurion in the Praetorian Guard, who is in charge of the official investigation; he is the archetypal Tough Cop, who makes the hard-boiled heroes of contemporary suspense fiction look like sissies. They soon recruit the assistance of Sixtus Julianus, a reclusive scholar who brings to the search the skills developed in his earlier career as commander of the imperial armies and governor of Antioch. Marcus is a bit whimsical but has brains and guts; it is he who figures out the identity of the real criminal. (As a long time fan of mystery, I had him spotted from the first, I'm proud to say, though I was a bit off base on his motive, which was rather more appalling than anything that had occurred to me.)

The Christians, of course, are not the perverse monsters of Roman popular imagination, though they are a far cry from the noble types portrayed in *QUO VADIS* and *THE ROBE*. From the well-educated upper-class viewpoint of the principal characters, they appeared first as scruffy rather comical ur-Moonies, who spend all their time accusing each other of heresy. Readers of de Camp's classic *LEST DARKNESS FALL* will recognize the picture. Later we encounter some more admirable types, who aid Marcus in the rescue of Tullia; and even those like myself who guessed the villain are liable to get a real kick in the head when they see who turns out to be Pope. It must be remembered that they really were a subversive element, which was the main reason they were proscribed: not only were they pacifists who refused military service, but their refusal to participate in the official state cult of emperor-worship was regarded as an intolerable form of civil disobedience.

They were also an easy target for anyone looking for a scapegoat (i.e. Nero when he wanted someone to blame for his own act of setting fire to the city), and Christianity drew most of its adherents from the ranks of slaves and the poorest classes--If you think such persecution is a thing of the past, look at the fate (until recently) of Jehovah's Witnesses who refused to salute the flag, not to mention pacifists during both World Wars and the anti-war protestors in the early sixties. But it seems to me that anyone looking at the religious situation of the time, who had been told that one of the mystery cults would become the dominant religion of all Europe, would without a doubt have picked Mithraism.

An equivalent attitude informs THE QUIRINAL HILL AFFAIR and is one of the qualities that make it such a good historical novel. Another is Hambly's superb reaction of the sights, sounds and especially the smells of Rome in Trajan's day. The action moves from the dungeons under Flavian Amphitheater (now known as the Colosseum) to a high-class brothel, from an upper-class orgy that would turn Trimalchio green with envy to a quiet family dinner--just as horrifying in its own way--in a family tracing its position back to the old Roman Republic. Marcus rapidly loses his wimpishness as he survives dangers including a pit full of hungry lions and the maddened worshippers of a Levantine fertility goddess. Best of all are the characters, from the likeable Marcus and Tullia, the admirable Arrius, and the altogether splendid Sixtus, through a wide spectrum of slaves, soldiers, decadent aristocrats, corrupt villains, and usually insufferable Christians. The action of the narrative is interspersed with humor, quiet domestic despair, and glimpses that bring home to the reader the callous savagery of an age when having people torn apart by wild animals was seen as both entertainment and common justice--and Tullia's father, the prefect of Rome, had condemned an earlier group of Christians to death not because they had done anything noticeably criminal but because he was putting on gladiatorial games at the Flavian and needed plenty of warm bodies for the beast-hunts. There is an especially memorable vignette at the orgy: a drunken aristocrat, finding one of his slaves has also gotten drunk, is peeved--so he has the offender drowned.

This is an excellent historical novel, a suspenseful mystery, and a NIEKAS 32: 80

splendid read. Extremely highly recommended.

ajb

LOST LANDS by Ralph E Vaughan, privately printed, \$2 postpaid.

This is a chapbook of poetry dealing with the vanished realms, both real and mythical. Generally of pretty high quality by fannish standards if not necessarily by those of the Literary Establishment. As well as less well-known writers it includes works by Poe, Lovecraft, and Clark Ashton Smith (and why not Shelley's Ozymandias?) The illustrations by Nick Petrosino are excellent. Those who are inclined to eye poetry askance probably won't have their minds changed by LOST LANDS, but lovers of verse and of the fantastic should take pleasure in it. Order from Ralph E Vaughan, P O Box 85152, MB116, San Diego CA 92138. The \$2 includes postage.)AJB

THE BRAIN BOOSTER by Robert Finkel, Prentice Hall, 1983, \$6.95

The amazing thing about this "rapid guide to learning and remembering" that in order to use this system you have to learn to remember more than it's worth. In order to learn the system you have to remember the book. In order to remember the book you have to know the system. You've used up all of your capacity and have no room left in the system to remember anything else. It is kind of like trying to stuff 128 K of data into a 48 K computer.

SF

NEVER CATCH COLDS AGAIN by Oliver Clark, Prentice Hall, 1983, \$4.95
A blase piece of crap.

SF

YOUR GUIDE TO NUMEROLOGY by Robert W Pelton, New Century Publishers, 1983, \$4.95.

I found this book a complete zero.

SF

THE LAST GASP Trevor Hoyle, Crown, 1983, \$14.95

This novel is about chemical pollution making our atmosphere fatally unbreathable. I started reading this and to be quite honest and I couldn't get past about 20 pages. It just didn't read very well.

SF

DODOSAURS, THE DINOSAURS THAT DIDN'T MAKE IT by Rick Meyerowitz and Henry Beard, Harmony Books, 1983.

A humorous book with pictures of imaginary dinosaurs. Examples include the Gadzuski fly, Ganashcadon, Blammodon, etc. The first is a rather strange looking flying thing that kind of looks like a very

hairy caterpillar with six wings and a long pointed beak. All of the animals have ridiculously funny fatal flaws. SF

THE SILENT GONDOLIERS, A FABLE by S.Morgenstern, Ballantine, 1983, \$12/95, illus by Paul Giovano poulos

First of all, this book leaves me very confused as to the identity of S Morgenstern. THE PRINCESS BRIDE had supposedly been written by him over a half century ago and then re-edited by Goldman. From the copyright info and the satirical nature of Goldman's introduction I am sure that Goldman was the real author, and there never was a Morgenstern. Also why would an Italian writer have a Jewish name?

Now this book is supposedly written today by Morgenstern and the copyright is merely credited to the publisher. Modern books are ALWAYS copyrighted in the name of the author. I continue to feel sure that there is no such person as Morgenstern and wonder if Goldman or someone else wrote this book.

This book is as delightfully tongue-in-cheek as THE PRINCESS BRIDE, tho it is very much shorter. There are only about 100 pages of large type with many illos.

The premise of the book is that until early this century all of the Gondoliers were superb singers who put even Caruso to shame. Along came Luigi, the most skilled of the young gondoliers, but he had to leave his profession in disgrace because his voice was absolutely horrible. Singing for the passengers was an absolute must for the job.

Luigi went through heroic efforts to take voice lessons, but only sang badly with much more force and technique. After he performed a great act of heroism which had daunted all of the other gondoliers, and then satisfied his soul by singing on the Grand Canal, but during the height of the greatest storm of all time so that no one could hear him, all of the other gondoliers honored him by singing only in his terrible voice from that day on. That is why no gondolier is called upon to sing today, and thus Luigi could return to his chosen career.

The book is as whimsical and satirical as THE PRINCESS BRIDE, and if you enjoyed the latter I know you will love this one. ERM

ROBOT TECHNOLOGY, Vol 1, MODELING AND CONTROL and Vol 2, INTERACTION WITH THE ENVIRONMENT by Philippe Coiffet, Prentice Hall, 1983, no price given.

The first volume deals with the design and control of stationary articulating robots. The second volume concerns itself with the present state of the knowledge of robotic systems and their ability to perceive the environment and react appropriately. Both volumes are very technical and well written. The author based the first volume on a course he taught at several schools. In spite of the technical writing they are easy to understand and are a must for anyone interested in robots. There will be several more volumes in the very near future.

SF



ART OF SPACE by the Editors of Time Life Books, 1983, \$39.95

LIFE IN SPACE is reminiscent of those World War II Life Books that I grew up with in the 1950s. Lavishly filled with photographs covering every aspect of the space program from the original seven astronauts right through to the last Apollo landing and the flight with Russia and Skylab. I think this book will be a collector's item for people who enjoy the space program.

It is well worth the price, for the photography if nothing else.

SF

CLASSICS OF MODERN SCIENCE FICTION, series editor George Zebrowski, Crown Publishing Co, \$7.95

#1 MEN MARTIANS AND MACHINES by Eric Frank Russell, intro by George Zebrowski, foreword by I Asimov, #2 THE JOY MAKERS by James Gunn, intro by George Zebrowski, foreword by I Asimov

#3 THE SHORES OF ANOTHER SEA by Chad Oliver, intro by G Zebrowski, foreword by I Asimov

#4 THE CLASSIC PHILIP JOSE FARMER, 1952-1964, intro by Martin H Greenberg, foreword by I Asimov

Crown picks up where Greg Press left off, reissuing recent OP classics of the field in stitch bound hard cover editions. These titles, however, are half the price of those from Greg Press, and have very handsome, but uncredited, dust jackets. The books are very small, about the size of the Ballantine hardcovers of the early 50s.

They have the height of a standard mass market paperback, but are perhaps a half inch wider. It is

very good to have these titles available again, and I look forward to seeing more titles in the series. The illos on the dust

jackets are very clean and in some ways reminiscent of Frank R Paul. The books are credited as designed by Lauren Dong. The whole presentation

is clean, crisp and precise.

SF

NEWTON'S APPLE by Ira Flatow with Howard Boyer, General Communications Company of America, March 1984, \$9.95

This large format, 8 1/2 x 11, book is lavishly illustrated with color and black & white photographs demonstrating everything from black holes to artificial hearts. It gets into subjects such as, why do we cry? The workings of a laser. It explains in detail holographic pictures. It talks about video games and how they are built. But it does these things on a very comfortable level for a child between the ages of 12 and 16. Perhaps even bright 10 or 11 year olds would find it interesting. The articles are short ones designed to answer questions quickly. I like this book very much. It was designed as a companion to the PBS TV program of the same name.

SF

THE CRUST OF OUR EARTH by Chet Raymo, Prentice Hall, 1983, \$12.95

In the words of the author, "This book is not so much an explanation of the new geology as it is an arm-chair traveler's appreciation of the crust of the earth in terms of the new geology." Chet Raymo is the author-illustrator of the highly acclaimed 365 STARRY NIGHTS, Prentice Hall, 1982. The book is deemed necessary to all those who are interested in the new forms of geology and why our earth's crust is split into so many small pieces.

SF

THE FOSSIL COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK by James Reid Macdonald, Prentice Hall, \$8.95, 1983

This is a paleontological field guide. It describes in seven chapters the origins of and where to collect fossils. Its size (trade paperback) makes it easy to carry on those weekend jaunts to the

fossiliferous rocks in your area. It is presented with a clean, crisp style which makes it interesting even to those of us without any interest in paleontology.

SF

EINSTEIN'S SPACE AND VAN GOGH'S SKY, PHYSICAL REALITY AND BEYOND by Lawrence Leshan and Henry Margenau, Macmillan Publishing, 1983, \$6.95

This work represents a very different way to perceive our universe, a perception I am not sure will be well accepted. It is both bold and revolutionary in its concept of the mechanistic model of human nature. This book is well worth the time taken to read it and will inspire thought and disagreement.

SF

THE DISCOVERERS by Daniel J Boorstin, Random House, 1983, \$25.00

Daniel J Boorstin's history of our world centers around discoveries, not empires and empire-builders. His heroes (Herodotus, Ptolemy, Marco Polo, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Darwin and Marx) are men with an insatiable hunger for knowledge and the courage to venture into the unknown. He has the indisputable ability to raise fascinating questions that many of us would never think to ask until we have heard them...questions that are only logical. Why didn't the Chinese discover America? Why were people so slow to learn that the earth went around the sun? How did we come to think about species of plants and animals? As Dr. Boorstin said, "This is a story without end for the world remains a boundless stage for discoveries to come. The most important words written on the maps of human knowledge are 'terra incognita' which means unknown territory.: This was one of the best reads I have had in many years, a must for all people interested in the history of our world.

SF

THE ROBOTICS PRIMER by Robert A Urich, Prentice Hall, 1983, \$8.95

THE ROBOTICS PRIMER is a concise explanation of the reprogrammable multifunctional manipulator written from the management point of view, it offers a new dimension to the coming age of robots.

SF

THE ROBOTS OF DAWN by Isaac Asimov, Doubleday & Co, Garden City NH 1983, 419 pages, \$15.95

Can one truly "murder" a machine, especially if it is a humaniform super robot that has married a human being? Come into the far future of millenia from now with guide Isaac Asimov to find out. A

good old-fashioned mystery is the theme build into a science fiction framework. The author also subtly works out some of the implications that a technological civilization involves and uses. The robot creation has his literary tools in his compelling tale, the third novel in the series created by him back in the 1950s.

Asimov's long years of teaching and research in the sciences have combined with the literary tastes for his more than 260 books since the 1940s in areas as far apart as sexual satire and the bible. Shakespeare and mathematical studies, and of course his chief hobby, science fiction. His proficiency in the latter via short stories and novels has earned him both Hugo and Nebula awards as the highest accolade from his professional peers in writing, and his fans. His early robot stories and his huge Foundation Trilogy of a future Galactic civilization have become classics. The "establishment" figure in the burgeoning field of science fiction in America.

With such a background one expects a well crafted tale that can explore ideas of mankind's possible future without being overwhelmed with ghastly, horrific alien being after us. It is the human mystery of existence which always counts in the end. And Asimov never lets us forget this in *THE ROBOTS OF DAWN*. He brings back his old hero, the irascible and fumbling police detective, Elijah Bailey. Bailey's future Earth houses some eight billion people crammed into huge domed cities built largely underground. Despite planetary political unity Asimov unconsciously makes all officialdom Anglo Saxon types here. People are as violent and short lived via diseases as they are now and quite hostile to the growing use of advanced humanoid robots to serve their culture. Long ago, part of Earth's population colonized the stars and created various near-Utopian societies for themselves. The "Spacer" civilization of some 50 planets is hated by most Earth-folks, and it desires the latter in turn in turn while controlling their political and economic destinies.

This tension Asimov uses as his springboard for his murder mystery on the planet Aurora, the leading Spacer world. The author makes good use of dialog to explore his different characters, and his descriptive prose to give a "feel" for the reader of the erotic environment of the future Earth and Aurora is well

done, giving us glimpses now and then of real differences in human life. There are no alien beings here; but with all the odds against him, Elijah uses a Holmesian logic to explore the crime and the reasons for it and then uses a Chestertonian-like institution to pin down the culprit. In the process, we have reintroduced to light Lije's old robot partner, Daneel Olivaw, always cool and super rational. And to the romantic passion of Bailey's old love, Gladia. Asimov contrasts the stuffiness of the government bureaucracy and the schemes of rival politicians. These are no battles or world cataclysms here, but plenty of good story telling in a tone of every day life. A hint of what gives strength to a society are pointed out in character situations of the mystery, to Asimov's sexual explocades of Gladia is embarrassing to the plot's pacing and gives it a moral tone to Asimov's hope for Earth as the "new dawn."

The robots won't have the final answer for man so we can hope.

te

THE REBEL ANGELS by Robertson Davies
(Viking Press 1982, 326pp, \$13.95)
Penguin Books 1983, \$3.95

Set in Canada, the author's homeland, the plot revolves around the tempo of university life-- a world of scholarship and petty academic intrigue, office romances, and finally, murder. The first narrator is the chief protagonist, Simon Darcourt, who plays the dual role of Greek scholar/teacher and an Anglican priest. The players all revolve around a strange young woman, Gypsy in ancestry, whose studies make this



mystery novel a weirdly, delightful exposition of ancient Gnostic cosmology. Maria Magdalena Theotoky is one fascinating Sophia who makes all her admiring professors "rebel angels" playing their part in imparting the forbidden Divine knowledge (gnosis) to us poor mortals. She is the catalyst, and unknowing temptress and much more-- the author knows well his Medieval occult lore, using the Tarot and psychic powers to explore the reason for murder and theft, and of course, love. She is the second and final narrator.

Davies has many years of writing behind him in fiction, plays and volumes of critical essays. His realism is tempered by a sense of dry humor at mankind's weaknesses, and his use of dialogue makes characters live in our fancy and his wit seems unpretentious. Suspense is maintained and the subject matter is never allowed to be too obtuse. Character portrayal and the feel for the tragic is good. It'll be worth reading, again and again.

te

THE SWORD OF SHANNARA by Terry Brooks, Del Rey Books 1977, \$3.50 paperback

THE ELFSTONES OF SHANNARA by Terry Brooks, Del Rey Books 1982, \$7.95 Trade paperback

THE SWORD OF SHANNARA-- shades of Tolkien! This book had the quality of Tolkien's *HOBBIT* and *LORD OF THE RINGS*, but was unique unto itself. It had its unwilling adventurer, faithful companion, mysterious wizard, and the peoples of the fantasy realms-- Elves, Dwarves, Trolls, etc.. Shea Ohmsford (Adopted Half-elvin son of Curzad Ohmsford, and son of the House Shannara) and his brother Flick Ohmsford of Shady Vale are started off on their adventure by the mysterious Alanon-- druid, historian,-- with a gift of Elfstones as guide and guard. The company grows with the addition of the prince of Lea, Menion Lea, the taciturn dwarf, Hendel, the seasoned Boarderman, Balinor, and the two Elf brothers, Durin and Dayel. The characters seemed very realistic-- even the lesser characters, the Valemens, the Dwarf Council, and others. I think that those who enjoyed Tolkien's trilogy will enjoy this book by Brooks.

THE ELFSTONES OF SHANNARA, sequel to *SWORD*, was a bit of a disappointment after the high expectation left by *SWORD*. This book dealt with the grandson of Shea-- Will Ohmsford, and with the Elves lore and their Ellicrys Tree-- Guardian of the

Forbidding. Again Alanon starts the adventurers on their way- Will escorting the last of the Chosen of the Ellcrys-- Amberle, in search for the Bloodfire, to quicken the seed of the Ellcrys and renew the Forbidding. As before, there is a company of travelers, but they run afoul with the Grim Reaper, and others of the Dagda Mor's Dark Legion that have formed a rift in the Forbidding. Will and Amberle escape, and continue their quest, getting aid along the way. During this time, the Elfstones, part of Will's inheritance, become uncontrollable, sometimes an aid, sometimes a hinderance. Alanon stays with the Elves and the Peoples of Earth in their stand against the Dagda Mor's advancing legion, in the defence of the dying Ellcrys, and hoping that Amberle and Will succeed and renew the Ellcrys and the Forbidding.

I highly recommend SWORD OF SHANNARA, but classify ELFSTONES OF SHANNARA as fair reading. I hope that it there is a third book that it lives up to the original quality of the Shannara series.

tp

- RING OF THE RUBY DRAGON, Jeannie Black. TSR, 1983, \$2.25 pb
- TALISMAN OF VALDEGARDE, Madeleine Simon. TSR, 1983, \$2.25 pb
- SECRET SORCERESS, Linda Lowery. TSR, 1983, \$2.25 pb
- ISLE OF ILLUSION, Madeleine Simon. TSR, 1983, \$2.25 pb

What I am actually reviewing here is a phenomenon. (I will review anything that doesn't turn on me and sink its fangs into my wrist.) First, of course, we had fantasy as a literary form. Next, partially derivative from it, we had the fantasy role-playing game -- DUNGEONS & DRAGONS and its ilk -- in which participants create their own fantasy tale within the context of a game. Deriving from this, we had the book based on a fantasy role-playing game, what might be called a solitaire form of the game rather than a book proper, in which the choices of the reader-protagonist determine which of multiple story lines will be followed. I have only seen one of these books, designed for adult readers; but TSR, the DUNGEONS & DRAGONS people, have put out a whole series of them designed for the male teenage market. This new TSR line, called HEARTQUEST, designed for the female teenage market, combines the fantasy role-playing game with the romance novel. Now this aroused my curiosity, as NIEKAS' resident romance expert, because the combination seemed to

be basically improbable. As I have already pointed out with intolerable frequency in these pages, it is difficult to make a clear division between adult and juvenile fantasy, as many books published in hardcover as juveniles appear as adult fantasy in paperback; but in those books which appear originally classified as juvenile/young adult fantasy, such as many of Andre Norton's Witch World novels, Anne McCaffrey's Harperhall trilogy, and Patricia McKillip's Riddlemaster trilogy, female protagonists have certain qualities in common, which may be summarized under the heading of strength: courage, independence of spirit, physical hardihood, magical and/or fighting skills, the ability to endure hardship, and the like. The typical romance heroine, on the other hand, tends to be passive and dependent. The fantasy heroine is either mature or achieves maturity in the course of her quest; and she does achieve her goal herself, though in the course of the adventure she may establish a romantic relationship with a male who aids her but does not usurp her position as quest protagonist (or he may have a quest of his own related to hers). The romance heroine's happy ending all too frequently is the achieving of marriage with a Big Strong Man who will take care of her and solve her problems for her, allowing her to remain passive and dependent. The fantasy heroine is frequently first encountered in a situation in which she is the victim of social, political, or familial oppression, as a result of which she develops personal strengths enabling her to defeat or escape from her oppressors. The romance heroine, too, is often discovered in a state of oppression, usually familial or financial, from which she does not escape but is rescued by the aforesaid Big Strong Man, who is invariably wealthy and powerful and usually socially superior to her (the Cinderella theme). Furthermore, as C.S. Lewis frequently remarked, there are two types of "fantasy": the tale of the marvelous, including literary fantasy and fairy and folk tales; and the wish-fulfillment fantasy, including "school stories" for children, some types of adventure story, and -- preeminently -- love stories. Lewis, who regards the second type as psychologically hazardous and the first as imaginatively liberating, seems to feel that never the twain shall meet; I'm not sure I agree with him on that point. I have always found that even the most escapist of my own imaginings tend to work themselves out in creatively elaborate structural detail; and I suspect that most

creators of literary fantasy fulfill a few of their own subconscious wishes once they really get going. Even Professor Lewis made the hero of his space trilogy not an astronaut or an adventurer but a professor (though he seems to have insisted that Ransom was modeled on Tolkien rather than himself). And the fantasy role-playing game seems a perfect example of the combination of the two types of fantasy: much of the material from which the games are developed is borrowed from the great fantasy tales, and several are based on the secondary universes of specific authors; and all the classic criticisms of the dangers of escapism have been leveled at the games.

I shall try to look at the HEARTQUEST books in terms of the three classes they pertain to: the game, the fantasy tale, and the romance. With respect to the first category, I cannot speak with any real expertise, as I have never played DUNGEONS & DRAGONS or its analogues, though I have played a board game derived from it and have tried the one book version mentioned above. I imagine that most of the games allow for more individual input and present more detail than these books. I was particularly annoyed by the frequency with which the reader/player had to make decisions based on inadequate information; for example, in deciding whether to use magic or weapons against a troll, one wasn't told whether the troll was even vulnerable to the available weapons until after the decision was made. I also more than once found myself with a choice of two alternatives when I would have preferred to do something else entirely which wasn't offered as an option, though it was certainly possible in the situation. Some of these defects are probably inevitable given the book rather than the game format; others may derive from the fact that the intended reader is the teenager, who may be assumed by the books' creators to have fewer ideas and lower expectations than adults and therefore to be willing to accept something skimpier. I should imagine that any serious fantasy-gamer, even a very young one, would find these books too thin and insufficiently challenging.

The serious young reader of fantasy, the Norton or McCaffrey fan, would undoubtedly have the same reaction. These books run less than 160 pages, which includes a variety of alternative quest patterns and several illustrations, meaning that the longest sequential tale is at best a novella or novelet. The second-person-singular narration is annoying considered as

fiction and makes the protagonist exist primarily in the reader's imagination -- hardly the ideal mode of character development. The backgrounds are not only skimpy but lacking in coherence, logic, and unity. Druidism is a large element in TALISMAN OF VALDEGARDE, but the author demonstrates no knowledge of real historical Druids and their cultural and religious roles. The heroine of SECRET SORCERESS has to look most of her spells up in her book of magic before casting them, even while under attack, which is merely ridiculous. Most of the characters, events, and gimmicks seem randomly borrowed from fantasy games or traditional fantasy, often from Tolkien, without any real command of the techniques of subcreation. In each of these books, the heroine has a quest to achieve, in the course of which she encounters one or more young men. The alternative endings are total defeat, defeat with a possible second chance, partial success, and total success -- defeating the evil powers, achieving (if she is a magic-user) full control over her own abilities, and marriage with the right man. (Since the heroines are usually in their early teens, the stories actually end with betrothals rather than weddings.) Only two of the books have alternate heroes: in one, one of the young men always turns out to be the villain in disguise; in the other, alternate endings have the heroine ending up with alternate heroes, which offers more interesting possibilities for choice -- but they are not taken advantage of. Although a couple of the books have the hero admiring her for her strengths or skills, in general the romance element is at the lowest or Harlequin level of literary quality, emphasizing uncontrollable fits of emotion, and is both intrusive and annoying from the perspective of the fantasy fan, who would find neither characters, adventures, nor plot satisfying.

The only potential audience who might find something desirable in these books is the addict of teenage romance, who frankly needs all the help she can get. While the elements of these books are inferior imitations of both fantasy tales and fantasy games, they offer more for the mind and imagination to feed on than the typical romance. The heroines are less passive than romance heroines in general, although they are very young, lacking in maturity, and usually beginners or novices in the use of magic. (The only exception to this rule was the only heroine I found at all interesting: Licia, the protagonist of ISLE OF ILLUSION, who had trained as a fighter with her brother and who defied her parents to go on her quest

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to rescue that same brother and defeat the evil sorcerer.) Even so, the fact that the book pattern involves the making of choices automatically makes the reader/heroine less passive than the typical romance heroine, even if she doesn't do much. And she is frequently required to do something rather than rely on the hero; in SECRET SORCERESS, the heroine has always concealed her abilities for fear of persecution as a witch, but in the book, all choices of refusal to exercise her powers lead to defeat or death. In general, the assertive choices lead to the successful ending, and the heroes admire the heroines' abilities and assertiveness. In fact, in ISLE OF ILLUSION the typical romance hero, the gorgeous one who makes Licia's heart beat faster and inspires feelings of surrender and dependency in her, turns out to be the bad guy; Master Right is the one whom she has to fight to prove her skills and who respects her for being able to defeat him (and whom she later rescues from a monster). While these books represent a psychological and imaginative step backwards for the fantasy reader or (I suppose) the fantasy gamer, they offer liberating possibilities to the romance addict, who might be inspired to abandon her favorite fodder for Pern or the Witch World. I think it would be a great idea if these books had notes at the end suggesting such books as further reading for those who enjoyed the quest books; but since TSR doesn't publish the quality fantasy novels, this is unlikely to happen.

---ajb

NIGHT OF THE CLAW, Jay Ramsay,
St. Martin's, 1983, 367pp, \$12.95

This veritable dead dog of a novel raises the puzzling question of why J. Ramsey Campbell is using such a thinly-veiled pseudonym, even though the yahoos toward whom this refuse would appear to be geared would hardly know Ramsey Campbell from King Rameses. No doubt a contractual arrangement, but I'd have preserved anonymity just in case.

NOTC, were it to be filmed, would surely resurrect the fatuous "It's Only A Movie" ad campaign. The threadbare plot bears this out: Metal clawlike artifact used by Nigeria's celebrated Leopard Men in their cannibalistic orgies (the possessor of which invariably ends up supping on sons or daughters) is smuggled into rural England with unabashedly predictable results. NOTC is sheer torture to

read; not unlike a Harlequin romance with Cannibalism, Disembowelment, Village Idiot Chomping On Goat Intestines (not to mention The Evil African Tribe Who May Or May Not Be Lycanthropes) and sundry bits of dime-store sadism to titillate the lowbrows. For a better Claw story, see Spain's THE HAND OF KAA in Skull Comics # 5.

While I've never considered the fiction of former Cthulhuoid Mr. Campbell anything to grope for yr Digitalis over, there can be no doubt that NOTC is well beneath him. Any true Horror fan would rather see respectably creepy tales than banality for cash's sake, or uninspired excursions to the abattoir--see page 272--for nausea's sake (not mine, though). The long and short of it is that NOTC is not recommended, unless you skip over the many inert areas to catch the Village Idiot chomping on goat intestines.

In Re: Pseudonyms: Ten points to whoever reveals the true identity of "Drake Douglas", who wrote a primarily film-oriented book entitled, HORROR!, for Collier Books in the late 60's/early 70's. An astounding number of inaccuracies can be found in this quite miserable little tome, and I'm certain that the revelation will amuse, as the backcover states that Drake has been deeply involved with horror throughout his life and prefers anonymity. My money's on some slug film producer.

rhk

EXTRA (ORDINARY) PEOPLE, Joanna Russ,
St. Martin's, 1984, 161pp., \$10.95

A collection of five stories linked by a dialogue between a skeptical schoolkid and a robot-tutor; including the Nebula Award winning, "Souls", "The Mystery of the Young Gentleman", "Bodies", "What Did You Do During The Revolution, Grandma?" and "Everyday Depressions".

CLAY'S ARK, Octavia E. Butler,
St. Martin's, 1984, 201pp., \$12.95

A futuristic novel highlighting the conflict between a band of desperate Earthlings and a sinister alien life-form destructive to humankind.

(In-depth reviews of the preceding two books are scheduled for # 33.)

rhk

MORETA, DRAGON LADY OF PERN by Anne McCaffrey, del Rey, 1983, 285pp, \$14.95

Anne McCaffrey has gone back to the early history of Pern for this book, and filled out the details of "Moreta's Ride," a tale told in legend and song by the time of the other six Pern Dragonrider books. A plague virus from the long abandoned southern continent got introduced in all the northern weres. An inoculation was then developed but must be distributed before too many people die and civilization cannot survive. Several dragonriders are given the task but most fail at their portions, leaving almost the entire job to Moreta. Her own dragon is hatching eggs and cannot fly, so Moreta is allowed to use the retired, aged and infirm were-woman. She and her dragon want to die but hang in to allow Moreta to complete her task. Moreta can do so only by "timing it" or traveling through time, an art that was a secret shared by only a few of the highest rank dragon riders. This art and all memory of it was lost later, and no mention of it is in the song of Moreta's Ride. The art is re-discovered a millenium later as told in the first of the dragon books.

The story is treated as a heroic tragedy and Moreta is remembered for at least a millenium for her great deeds. However she did nothing more than what any competent were woman would have been called upon for. It is the elderly were woman who is the real hero of the tale. She and not Moreta is the "great soul in agony."

So "timing it" was a secret known to an elite core, and Moreta could not have accomplished her mission without using it. How come the fact of its use was not included in her song, and so at least a hint of the technique preserved over the intervening millenium?

Moreta and the old Were Woman's dragon died of exhaustion, making a fatal error on the way home and getting lost "between." This is not a very heroic end.

There seems to be room for sequels. For instance, what of the one were that refused the syrum?

I found it disconcerting to have a master harper other than Robinton, and one without his greatness. Here it was the healer who has the great strength of character and who is the mover and shaper. Of course in different ages different people would play the major roles, and it is a sign of the author's strength that she did NOT make the master harper of EVERY generation be the shaper and

mover of his generation. The strength of character did NOT come with the job.

But still, the book did not have the "taste" of the other dragon books and it is low on my list of priorities. It's kind of like the non-Piper Little Fuzzy books. I am left with the feeling that something is missing.

We would like to see a more detailed discussion of this book, in context with the other Pern books, in a future NIEKAS.

SP and ERM

A NEW SETTLEMENT OF OLD SCORES, John Brunner, NESFA, 1983, \$8.95

The explanation on the cover reads, "A collection of topical songs and folksongs especially compiled for ConStellation, the forty-first annual World Science Fiction Convention." It is, as stated in the foreword, a reprinting of many things written for other occasions (hence the title), illustrated ably, sometimes beautifully, often humorously, by twenty well-known SF artists, and published handsomely in softcover by the New England Science Fiction Association.

In all there are 31 songs, one with two sets of words and one with two tunes. Most of his tunes are traditional, and all are properly identified; and although many of the tunes may be unfamiliar to American readers, being either British or more obscure American folk tunes, they are clearly written out along with the first verse of each song in melody, with accompanying guitar chords. Each song is accompanied by an illustration, and by a short comment by Brunner, usually on the inspiration for or the first appearance of the piece, or occasionally an explanation of the topic, or an appropriate quote from another source.

The majority are protest songs, and the majority of these are in favor of nuclear disarmament, a subject never really out of the public eye but much more in it since the broadcast of "The Day After" and its attendant publicity. Though the book predates the TV-movie by three months, the timing is superb. Many of these are very good, but the star is "The H-Bombs' Thunder." In the accompanying note he calls it his most successful song; it is easy to see why. Upon sight-singing it through, this reviewer had an instant image, visual and audial, of large crowds of people singing

in unison to the skies, the sort of thing often seen in the sixties associated with Joan Baez and others, though written in 1958. Another powerful antiwar song is Boris Vian's "Le Deserteur," which he reprints on the page following his translation. It is an excellent translation, with the same rhyme scheme as in the original French; and in both languages it is very good verse, as much a tribute to Brunner's skill as both poet and translator as to Vian's skill at poetry.

War, however, is not the only thing he protests; he also takes on bigotry, slumlords, obscenity laws, the death penalty, and the British class system. Noteworthy is "Obscenesleeves," in which the refrain says it all: "Kill, maim by the light of day/ For making war is full praiseworthy.? Lie not with your lady gay/ For making love is obscenity!" "There's Show Business Like No Business" expresses the obscenity theme in more elegant, satirical fashion, focusing on prudery and the hypocrisy which goes so often with it. "Fit for Human Consumption," his diatribe against slumlords, is smoothly written, and far too bitter to be fun; it reminds one of Dickens at his most vehement. No one will sing this song unless he means every word of it from his own heart. "Burn the House Down," on the other hand, puts a catchy, swinging tune onto the theme of bigotry, producing a witty, terse, and extremely singable satire.

Lest the reader, however, think the book is all topical, and mostly grim, it should be noted that nearly half of it is given over to both the futuristic and fanciful sides of science fiction. On the more serious side, there is "Only a Robot," a lightly worded warning about the progress of technology; there is the wide-eyed hopefulness of "Anthem of an Unrepentant Addict," contrasted with the jaded practicality of his earliest piece, "Space Shanty"; there are pure adventures, as "The Ballad of Teddy Hart" and "The Spacewreck of Old 97"; and there is the bittersweet "Faithless Jack the Snaceman," showing both halves of the mind of the "girl he left behind," as it were. But humor predominates here. "The Future Shock Song" is wry proof of the continued prevalence of Murphy's Law far beyond our times. The catchiest and most farcical song has to be "Shipboard Romance: A Cautionary Tale," which, if it were more widely publicized, ought to be a hit at American folksings: it begins, "Around the sun rotates

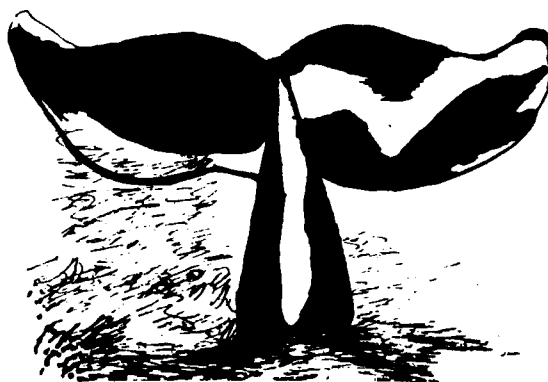
an incubator,/ And what it's incubating -- well, I really cannot say,/ But if you ask me where the hell it came from/ I'll blame it on a Martian and an effing cosmic ray."

Two songs look nostalgically at early fandom, when the bulk of the literature was so bad it was good: "The Science Fiction Junkies Lament," of which the first verse is the best, tells of a fan who needs "Martians on page three" and moans "Reality can't get any duller -- O!"; and "Not Wanderlust -- Wonder Lost!" contrasts the early black-and-white morality with the modern prevalence of antiheroes. Both, incidentally, are illustrated by Carl Lundgren, which note later. Many fans of Ian Fleming will agree with "Oh, Oh-Oh-Seven," its bemoaning of the ever-expiring string of beauties who lust after James Bond and end up buying the farm in his stead: "Oh, oh-oh-seven!/ Will you kindly stop dispatching girls to heaven?" This is one of Grunner's own tunes; the melody of the verse is less satisfying than that of the cumulative refrain, which is quite catchy and insistent and suits the sentiment perfectly: "There's crowds outside the nearly gate --/ So get this message through your ~~pat~~ Just keep those girls alive!"

The artwork ranges even wider than the music, and most of the artists are familiar to most fans. Carl Lundgren, as mentioned above, has produced wonderful parodies of the world of the young fan: one, using every cliché of the grade-B lurid cover, includes the hero played by the bin-eared bespectacles kid with propeller beanie; the other shows the same kid, sweating and trembling, handing his wad over to the diabolically grinning shopowner in exchange for "SF Thrills" -- all great fun. On the other hand, Barbi Johnson's illustration for "Fit for Human Consumption," the rats and seeping water against the silhouettes of wealthy landlord and working-class tenant, is a stark, quietly powerful departure from her popular work. Joan Hanke-Woods uses what can only be described as visual poetry in her illustrations for "The Deserter" and "The People Say." For "Power in the Wind," second version, Michael Whelan's "The Ultimate Enemy" can be seen either as the triumph of bone or the shadow of despair: the looming, mist-shrouded monster of technology behind the young, fresh, clearly envisioned plant springing from the bare ground. Phil Foglio, who can get an enormous amount of facial

expression out of a squiggle, gets to have more fun with faces (and with female anatomy) in his drawing for "There's Show Business ...": not his best, but effective in its function. There are many others -- Bob Eggleton, Kelly Freas, Don Maitz, Rowena Morrill, to name but a few -- making it all in all a visually attractive collectible, as well as a good songbook and a very good collection of verse.

jw



SOUNDING, Hank Searles, Ballantine, 1982, 214pp., \$5.95

Hank Searles, better known for his book, "Jaws II" has based his latest novel on a popular theory. All living matter existed only in the ocean. This well accepted theory is just about the only one that all scientists agree on. Therefore, it is also logical to assume that even Man (though in another form) also began existence in the Sea -- if one is willing to throw out the Bible and adopt this as Searles has.

All beings in the waters developed differently and separated into two categories: mammals and fish. Some of these mammals evolved even further, developed a different lung structure and moved on to cooling land. The whales (and for those of you who don't know it, dolphins and porpoise are also considered in the whale family) did not choose to move on land but remain in the sea. However, to the sadness of all Marine life, man grew away from the "Ocean of Thought" until man was no longer influenced or even felt it. "The Ocean of Thought" became all Marine Life's one law. It was a simple law stating that all creatures accepted the survival theory and that all were merely part of the great food chain. This law brought harmony and total acceptance coupled with the fierce desire for survival -- not of the individual, but of the entire species. The whales noticed that the only thing man remembered from the

"Great Ocean of Thought" was the desire to survive, but as individuals and not as a race.

Searles uses the book "Sounding" to tell the story about an aging sperm bull whale and Peter Rostnov, a musician on board a dying Russian submarine. The emotions and thoughts of these two mammals, as they both face a certain death, are woven together in this enchanting book, "Sounding."

Gone is the familiar blood and gore from his previous books and the sordid little lives one had to deal with in "Jaws II", and in their place is a simple, yet haunting story.

The old sperm whale had surrendered his beloved Pod to a younger harem master because he was aging and his seed wasn't strong any more. The young bull was very large and with his seed, the older bull hoped, would come more strong young.

The whale was old now and soon to join the Ocean of Thought and become part of the Food Chain. He wanted to see his Pod a final time and reunite with his beloved mate, his sister, before he went North to die under the ice as his father had done.

"Sounding" tells of this bull's saga to find the Pod and the thoughts that are so much a part of this book -- the sperm whale's thoughts as he journeys past rotting remains of ships and submarines.

The Marine Life was left wary and puzzled by Man's invasion in the sea. Then came great killings of whales and terrible waste. This massacre continued for centuries, then suddenly it all but stopped. All that remained of this widespread death, was a few dangerous areas. The dolphins suddenly began singing stories of kindness that man had shown to them and their young. The songs passed from mammal to mammal and back again. The old whale too had a song of the time when Man had saved himself and a young bull calf of his.

The old whale dared hope that Man hadn't forgotten the Great Ocean of Thought and all could live in harmony once more. However, Marine Life had seen so much senseless killings they believed that the cease was only a lull and soon the deaths would occur again.

Lieutenant Peter Rostnov was a

sonar officer on board the submarine, Plutonium Piccolo. The submarine developed severe engine trouble and with turbines dieing and ballast valves jammed, she sunk. Peter had managed to wrestle the sub to a narrow ledge. There the Piccolo rested, between the Bermuda Rise and Newfoundland Rise. They could not signal for help because they were in U.S. waters. They were so sure that rescue would be only for information and capture of their sub. They would rather die, like the good comrades they were trained to be, instead of have this occur.

Searles portrayal of the Russians and their attitudes was painfully realistic. He uses this to balance against the whale's thoughts and bring the reader back to awareness throughout his entire book. The contrast between the whale and the Russians only further brings credence to this story.

Rostonov is the only one that realizes the Piccolo is an ancient submarine and all information regarding it is probably useless. He is sure that the United States has advanced far beyond the Piccolo and yet is powerless to do anything about a rescue.

He once was a talented student of the cello and had aspired to the Lenin-grad Symphony. He was also a composer and in his watery tomb composes a great symphony using the whales' soundings, the sobs and cries of the Marine Life around him. His wife, an accomplished flutist, would have the trills and the solos with the rest of the orchestra filling in the rest. Peter, with wife and daughter, didn't want death. In his struggles for life, he realizes just how powerful and how incorrect Russian life is.

The great sperm bull finally meets up with his beloved Pod and the reunion with his sister/mate is joyous. The insane harem master, however does not welcome him into the herd, even for a short stay. As it is in organizations where there must be only one leader, the challenge is issued to the older whale. In the ensuing battle, the older whale's jaw is fractured. He swims away, knowing that for a whale, a fractured jaw was certain death. The great whale turns back and follows some dolphins back to where he had lost his bull calf many years ago. It is here, in the quiet cove, that he must journey to and die. The dolphins, however, sing him a sound that he recognizes -- the sonar ping of a submarine and he desires to see that before he

dies. He alters course to follow the dolphins to this mysterious toy of man.

There was little to criticize about the book, "Sounding". It became fairly obvious that Searles knows alot about the balance of nature and Marine Life. Unlike "Jaws II" he also knew how best to use it in his book.

If you are looking for a book with alot of action, or with sordid lives, then this particular book is not for you. However, if you enjoy realistic, gentle reading and if you have interest in Marine Life then this book will appeal to you as much as it did to me. I could tell you more about the book, but have decided that it is something one must experience for themselves without any one else's ideas or prejudices -- "Sounding" is a book to enjoy, fully, and is very hard to put down, once you are into it. It is a powerful little book which forces you to think as you enjoy. Searles also will keep you guessing until that final chapter when he manages to touch and surprise his readers a final time.

I leave you gentle readers, with this thought. Every once in a while, a book comes to print that is a true gem, yet remains basically undiscovered. "Sounding" is such a book.

Teluria Fran Woodard

THE NONBORN KING, Julian May.
Houghton Mifflin, 1983, \$16.95.
440 pp.

This is the third in a series of novels set in the far-distant past before any human life has developed on the earth. I would recommend that you read The Many-Colored Land and The Golden Tort before reading The Nonborn King, as much of the action in this book is based on, or is in reaction to, events which took place in the prior books; and while a synopsis is supplied, I did not feel that it was adequate.

The books start with the landing of a ship of malcontents from another star, then come to the present and add the concept of time travel being possible -- but only one way, into the past, and to only one era, approximately 6,000,000 years ago. When anything is brought forward it experiences the accumulated decay instantly. This is treated as a scientific curiosity by most and as a way out by the maladjusted few. We meet a party of time-travellers

and go back with them. They arrive in the past to find that the earth is not empty except for a few like themselves, as they had assumed, but inhabited and ruled by the descendents of the star-travellers, who use the humans and the goods they bring with them to establish a more luxurious civilization.

The group is split and sent to different destinations according to their perceived abilities. One part finds themselves exploring the culture of the Tanu, as the star-travellers call themselves, and the others find their way eventually to the group of free humans. Both cultures are well done. The Tanu are based on the Sidhe and are shown as becoming a decadent culture, dependent on the human slaves for most of their basic needs. Theirs is a world given over to indulgence of all the senses and using psychic powers aided by technology to do many of the things usually attributed to magic.

Toward the end of the first book a third group is introduced, the Firvulag. These are also descendents of the star-travellers, who have been in conflict with the Tanu from before the original trip, and only the fact that both groups wanted so much to separate from the original civilization enabled them to cooperate for the duration of the voyage. The free humans forge an agreement with the Firvulag to enable them to overcome the Tanu in their "games" (held over the end of October, first of November) and to have the Firvulag help in attacking a Tanu city of strategic importance. This is the end of The Many-Colored Land.

The second book deals with the fracturing of these factions, but manages to remain fairly clear. I found myself liking some of the characters less, however, as they entered deeper and deeper into political intrigue and/or self-centeredness. I didn't like the politics which comprise most of the action, either, and find that very little of this book will remain clear in my memory.

The third book, The Nonborn King, is so complex that I could hardly follow all the plots involved, much less remember them. The shifting point of view required to keep the reader up to date also served to further alienate me from the characters. I would no sooner begin to identify with someone than I would be watching over someone else's shoulder. Much of the action in this

book seems to be a large-scale reenactment of DALLAS or a game of Diplomacy, with plot and counter-plot, treachery, and deceit being the major interaction of the characters. It is not badly done, but by the end of the book I began to wish that the flood which occurred in the second book had washed the earth clean and left it to the rama (ramapithecines).

The few mentions of the native some-day-to-be-intelligent life are very cryptic; and there is a definite hint of paradoxes to be revealed in future volumes.

One of the most interesting things about this series has been the author's attempts to establish many of her characters as the original archetypes. The nonborn king of the title is very much a trickster figure as in the earlier stories of Loki. You aren't sure if he is evil or good, but he is so clever you hope he is good. There are Oberon and Mab, the Wild Hunt, magic weapons, a vague reference to an Odin figure, etc. It was quite enjoyable to see if I could note all of the author's references. Because of the mythic elements being set in a scientific frame, and the elaborate Machiavellian politics, I was reminded of Zelazny, but Ms. May lacks the mastery of writing with which he utilized these difficult elements. I wish that she had tried something simpler as her first novels and given us these after attaining the mastery of which I feel sure she is capable.

Ms. May has written an excellent children's book on dinosaurs, however, called The Warmblooded Dinosaurs. I recommend it highly to those parents who read dinosaur books to their children and are tired of interrupting their reading to amend the text with the latest theories.

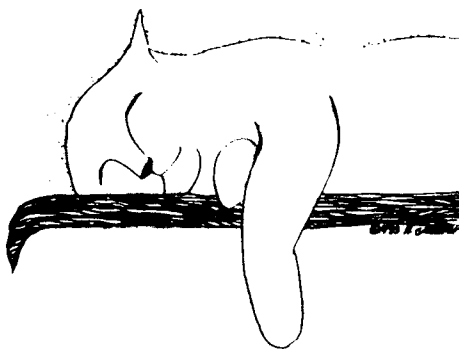
hrh

PLAN(E)T ENGINEERING, Gene Wolfe, NESFA Press, 1984, 155 pp., h.c., \$15

The deadline for reviews is pressing me into committing a grievous sin. You, gentle reader, are going to get talked to about a book I have yet to read all the way through. It's not fair, it's not fair.... Or as a Wise(ass)Man once told me, "Life is rough. And then you die."

NESFA has been making a tradition of putting out a fine quality hardback by their GoHs at the annual Boskones with cover art supplied by the Art GoH. If you attend the con you have a fair chance of picking up one of

NIEKAS 32: 88



the 225 signed slipcase editions of the book. Otherwise it's one of the 775 dustjacketed editions for you. I just got off the phone with Claire and Dave Anderson who advise that there are only about 200 of the latter form left. So, act now while supplies last (as duh man on duh teevee say).

From the flyleaf I quote:

...Included are stories, essays, and poems; plus the first ever publication of a map from the world of THE BOOK OF THE NEW SUN. Among the writings included are: "The Books in THE BOOK OF THE NEW SUN", a new essay about that world; "The Rubber Band", the funniest detective pastiche ever; "The Computer Iterates the Greater Trump", the Rhysling Award winning poem; "In Looking-Glass Castle", winner of a 1981 Illinois Arts Council Award; "The Detective of Dreams", an unrecognized masterpiece; "The Anatomy of a Robot", a technical work about the robots in our everyday world; and much more. Also included is an introduction by David G. Hartwell, Boskone's Special Guest this year and editor of THE BOOK OF THE NEW SUN.

Being a longtime robot enthusiast I made "The Anatomy of a Robot" my first read. This is a primer on industrial robots in use today with a glossary of terms to teach the uninitiated "How to Speak Robot". You too can learn to recognize a Blob, avoid Droop, and augment Fail-soft. An interesting article all and all on how the real clankers live.

N.B.: Next year's con book should be by GoHs Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm.

mb

PRIVATE WORLDS, Scott E. Green, Bedouin Press, 1983, 18 pp., \$3.50

This is a collection of poems ranging in length from three lines to three short stanzas. The formula for titling is "(author's name)'s World". What a goofy idea, right?

Not completely. I'm not surprised that such a collection hasn't found a pro outlet but there are some selections that rise to the level of being pithy. E.G.:

"Laumer's World"

The Universe, like an oyster
lies at man's feet,
his wit the only fork
needed
to gobble its flesh

mb

THE SHORES OF ANOTHER SEA, Chad Oliver, intro by George Zebrowski, foreword by Isaac Asimov, Crown Publishers, Inc., 1971, 214 pp., \$7.95

Elsewhere in this issue of NIEKAS Sherwood has done an overview of this new series of SF classics. Look for it. Onward to SHORES.

The introduction by George Zebrowski makes a point of Chad Oliver's anthropological vocation; well taken considering that this story deals with a First Contact situation with the locale a Baboonery in Kenya. The protagonist is a scientist stationed there with his family; his job is to capture, study, and prepare the primates for shipment to the U.S.

After an E.T. ship lands nearby, the caged animals escape only to turn up later with a look of strange intelligence about them. It becomes apparent that the tables have turned and the scientist is now the subject.

Except for the venue, this reads as pretty standard stuff. Not so. Whereas the only thing that distinguished the film ALIEN from just another haunted house tale was the verisimilitude presented by an exceptional eye for detail. So it is with THE SHORES OF ANOTHER SEA. "Atmospheric" is the one-word collective for the outstanding feature of this story. Events unfold logically and with a certain inexorability. The reader enters on the first page and is moved through to the end by unpretentiously good prose. A true feeling of Being There is the result.

Wear your safari hat and pass the mosquito netting.

mb

SWORD OF CHAOS, Marion Zimmer Bradley and the Friends of Darkover, DAW Books \$2.95, paperback

Occasionally a fantasy world takes on a life of its own. When it begins to live in the minds of other writers, Marion Zimmer Bradley, creator of the Darkover series, believes it has reached that status.

The stories in this collection range from confusing to exquisitely horrifying and fall into several categories. With one exception, all the stories may be grouped under one or more of the following categories: New or Misunderstood Telepathic Talents, Mythology and Legends, Amazons (Renunciates), Tower Life, and Horror. The exception is a very short humorous piece at the end called "A Recipe For Failure" which combines Darkover with Anne McCaffrey's Dragonrider series to marvelously funny effect.

There are no terribly weak pieces in the Misunderstood Talents category, and there are two really outstanding stories, "A Gift of Love" and "Di Catenas". Both are accounts of how love and marriage come to the form we see in the majority of Darkover novels touching without being maudlin. Both "Wind-Music" and "Of Two Minds" are a bit confusing to read. The confusion is justified in "Of Two Minds" because the story involves a telepathic boy who tries to learn to communicate with others despite his physical handicaps of being blind, deaf, and mute. The only justification for "Wind-Music" is that the major character is undergoing threshold sickness. Though he

survives and seems to have recovered by the end, there is still a feeling of inconclusiveness. Will he accept his altered life, or will he try to destroy those who had complicated the alteration- most especially his father? "Cold Hall" deals with a new talent, anti-glamour, and the boy who wields it seems to feel that lovemaking is wrong. The ending is handled with wonderful humor toward the whole incident. "Where The Heart Is" answers quite acceptably the question troubling Darkover fans- what ever happened to Lew, Dio, and Marja after they left Darkover? And "Skeptic" reveals that some people not only are NOT telepaths, but that some are human telepathy dampers; a reasonably stable story, if a bit drawn out.

The legends of Darkover have caused much speculation. Some deal with the gods, such as "Dark Lady", the story of how Avarra came to be served by a human woman. Some deal with seeming-spirits, such as "A Legend of the Hellers" and "A Sword of Chaos". In the former, a spirit is called up to help a king get heirs. She merely curses him. This story is slow and tiring. The latter, on the other hand, is possibly the book's best story. The sword in question is possessed by a spirit of revenge which requires a very special payment in the end. Finally, some legends deal with real people, such as the coupled "Escape" and "Rebirth". The latter was written as a sequel to the former by another author and "Rebirth" explains how Varzil the Great comes to have such radical ideas about peace.

Of the three stories about Amazons, two, "In The Throat Of The Dragon" and "The Way Of The Wolf" are about a mutually beneficial teaming of Amazon with Telepath to achieve a goal. Though handled in entirely different ways, both are quite enjoyable. One, "Camilla", brings back a known Amazon, and Camilla, after leading a successful expedition for the Terrans, asks an unusual and totally unexpected fee. Readable but repetitious.

Stories about Tower Life include three largely unexplored phases. "In The Throat Of The Dragon" shows how a self-exiled laranzu is coping with the reasons for his leaving. In "The Lesson Of The Inn", a failed Keeper learns to "feel" again. "Confidence" turns out to be a visionary test at the beginning of a telepath's work in a tower. The reason for the test is unclear, but the final wrapup is well executed.

All of the horror-related stories have been mentioned in other categories. The best of these is Bradley's own "A Sword Of Chaos", giving an especially chilling, yet exquisitely beautiful ending.

As in any book of short stories by many authors, there is a wide spectrum of talent and ability. On the whole, however, SWORD OF CHAOS is well worth the price and a must for any Darkover fan.

tf-p

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NIEKAS 32: 8



THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS by John Wyndham, a condensation narrated on two C-60 cassettes by Robert Powell, Caedmon Records #7097, NY, \$17.90.

It is hard to believe that a third of a century has gone by since I first read this book as a serial in, I think it was, COLLIERS MAGAZINE. I have not re-read it since and had forgotten virtually all of the details. The condensation by Alec Thackeray has eliminated about 70% of the text but it still reads very smoothly.

The narration by Richard Powell is skilled and well paced. This is not always the case with Caedmon Records. For instance, their recording of Leonard Nimoy narrating Heinlein's short stories is simply awful. Also, this recording is a condensation of the whole book, not a selection of excerpts which is the usual case with Caedmon. This is not a criticism of either format, both of which have their uses, but a mere statement of fact.

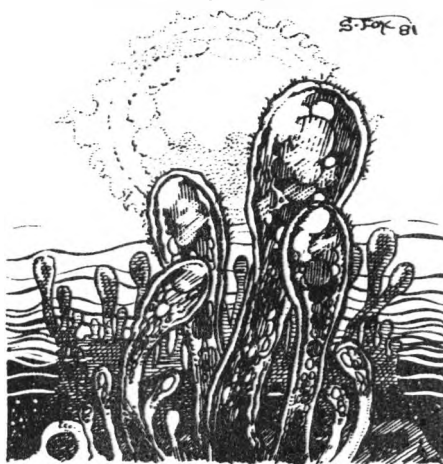
This story was the late John Benyon Harris's first major success. A dangerous but commercially very valuable plant, the triffid, suddenly appeared with world wide distribution. Then a spectacular world wide meteor display then blinded 99.9 % of the world's population, which made it very susceptible to the mobile, carnivorous plants. The story is the personal reminiscences of one of the very few sighted survivors. The author had made a major mistake in that the already blind population was not of any use in training the newly blinded adults to cope with their new situation, but otherwise the story is quite good. I can recommend this recording quite highly tho I wish someone would record the complete book so that I could refresh my memory as to all the details of the plot. ERM

SARGON III, a chess program for the Apple or IBM computer, Hayden Software, \$49.95. 600 Suffolk St, Lowell MA 01853, #30009 for Apple, #30022 for IBM.

I have only played this game three times and on the basis of this limited use I can say it is a tremendous improvement over the first two versions of this game, and leaves dedicated machines like BORIS in the dust. I played it on an Apple 2E but it will also play on the Apple 2 and 2+.

The game can be made to play anywhere from beginning to master level, allows the player to review past moves, explore alternative moves, and get play advice from the machine. Over a hundred classic games are stored on the disk for study, and your current game can be stored for review.

I have played many versions of computer chess and find this one to be the best of those I have seen. I recommend it very highly. SF



EXTRATERRESTRIAL ECHOES, a collection of filk songs from SI FI CEE, c/o Bill Hedl, 4716 Olde Bailey Way, Columbus OH 43213, C-60, \$8 in stereo \$7.50 in mono.

If you enjoy sitting in on filk song sessions at cons, or the tapes of filk songs issued by OFF CENTAUR, you will want to buy this tape. A few of the songs are fannish but most summarize or comment on a specific book, series of books or movie. The engineering is as good as that of OFF CENTAUR, and the songs are well done with guitar, autoharp or organ accompaniment by Mary Lou Lacefield, Bill Hedl and Tom Skagins. SI FI CEE is an organization of blind SF fans which produces an audio fanzine with national distribution. Profits from this tape will help subsidize their fanzine.

I especially liked the music to Wagner waldoon, tho I have a feeling that several verses are missing. The song barely got started before ending and there was, to that point, no point to his tale. Other songs I particularly liked were THE DARK IS RISING, Ho One's Too Old for Gantasy and Go So High. ERM

THE GREAT MAINE TO CALIFORNIA RACE, Hayden Software Co, 600 Suffolk St, Lowell MA 01853, \$34.00

This educational game for children 10 and older is on a floppy disk for the Apple computer. Two children can play against each other, or one can play against the computer. To advance to the next state the player must answer from one to three questions about the state he is in. The number of questions depends on the size of the state. They can be about geography, population, resources, industry, rivers, capital, etc, or trivia like state nickname, flower, bird, etc. If the player makes a mistake he must move back one state. If he is correct he can advance to any adjacent state. For speed he should pick those states that will advance him the farthest. From Pennsylvania he would probably do better moving into Ohio rather than West Virginia. On the other hand he can vary the route, going any route for variety. The game is very slow paced and repetitive. Every cycle it repeats all of the instructions, and there is no way to speed it up. Normal playing time is about 45 minutes. My son, just under 9 when he got it, does find it worth playing and has enjoyed it. On the other hand the computer is new and he only has 5 other games at the moment.

Boring. ERM and NM SF



THERINDEL AND DAERON by Tom Osborne and Marthe Benedict, a 15 minute cassette distributed by Gary Hunnewell, 311 Hawkins, Hall, cmsu, Warrensburg MO 64093, no price listed

This tape contains only two songs, "On Ravenhill, Gimli's Song of Parting" sung by Tom Osborne and "Apples and Cherries, a Hobbit Drinking Song" sung by Marthe Benedict. Both songs are very well written and performed with suitable accompaniment. The quality of the

recording is outstanding. This was done up as a demo tape for prospective contributors to a 90 minute album of Tolkien based songs. If you might contribute to such an album get in touch with Gary right away. Also inquire whether you can buy a copy of the existing cassette And ask to be notified when the full album will be ready. ERM

MUSIC OF MIDDLE-EARTH, composed and conducted by Ensio Kosta, Finlandia Records, distributed in USA by PolyGram

The MUSIC OF MIDDLE-EARTH, composed and conducted by Ensio Kosta is, from beginning to end, "easy listening". Soprano Rita Beroman sings some Elvish lyrics (both Quenya and Sindarin, although the jacket claims that all the lyrics are Quenya). The songs are on the moody and searching side, except for "The Conjuraton", in which Beroman and an uncredited male (probably Kosta) slowly repeat the words from the inside of the One Ring. The album is pleasant enough, and attractive in a jacket illustrated with Pauline Baynes' man of Middle-Earth.

from 'Morondil' (Louis Enstein)

ROBOTS OF DAWN, excerpts narrated by the author, Isaac Asimov, Caedmon Records, NY NY, LP, TC - 1732, \$8.98

[See review elsewhere of the print book.]

Caedmon, the largest producer of "spoken word" records, has previously released several other albums of Isaac Asimov reading excerpts from his fiction. This latest recording, from THE ROBOTS OF DAWN, concentrates on Gladia's character. Her bitter tone and search for love is caught by Asimov in perhaps too much "naturalistic" detail.

I wish Asimov had chosen a better selection to read instead of the Gladia section. The interrogation of witnesses concerning the murder, for instance, but what is, is.

The #9 brings just under an hour of well-modulated voice diction

TE

JUGGERNAUGHTY

©1984, by Joris Bell

'Twas Bryan, and his uncle said,
"If he had ONLY stayed!
If ONLY I had gone instead!"
And comforted the maid.

Beware the Juggernaut and run—
The maw that fights, the paws that scratch!
Beware the bright Junebug that stuns
The furious gander's patch.

He took his pocket knife apart.
Forgetting all he had been taught,
He loafed at ease upon the grass,
Transcending knowledge with his thought.

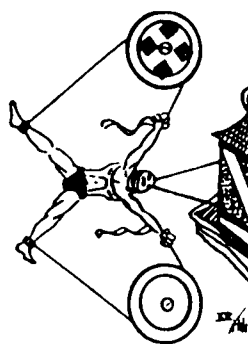
And as in churlish dreams he lay,
The Juggernaut with teeth all red
Came whistling through the undergrowth,
Approaching that sweet bed.

One third! One half! Three quarters! One!
—One boy all gobbled with no fight!
And this is what good children learn
For going forth at night.

'Twas Bryan, and his uncle said,
"If ONLY he had stayed!
If I had ONLY gone instead!"
And comforted the maid.

—Joris Bell





Magic Lantern Reviews

There are four new network shows this season with sf or fantasy elements. Here are my opinions of them:

VOYAGERS! (NBC, Sunday) proves that the network programmers have found something besides **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK** to rip off this year, namely **TIME BANDITS**. The voyagers are people who travel through time putting right errors that might get history off on the wrong track. In the opening episode the hero, Phineas Bogg (!), landed in 1982 due to a malfunction of his time machine (a pocket-sized gadget called an Omni), which was supposed to have 1970 as a forward limit. When he gets back on track, he has not only left behind his instruction manual but inadvertently abducted a small boy named Jeffrey. The latter is not so tragic, because Jeffrey was an orphan living unhappily with relatives who didn't want him; but the loss of the manual is more serious: Phineas didn't pay attention in his training classes (it seems there was this cute blonde) and isn't too clear about what he's doing. (Jeffrey: "Where are we?" Bogg: England 1066... Pearl Harbor!") Fortunately Jeffrey is the well educated son of a history professor and is able to straighten Bogg out. The two proceed to bounce back and forth in history, persuading the Wright brothers to stop fighting over a girl and get back to inventing the airplane, showing Ben Franklin how to fly a kite, (as well as saving his future mother from Salem witch hunters), saving Lawrence of Arabia from a firing squad, and so on.

This is an educational/entertainment show aimed at kids, but so well done and so historically accurate that adult history buffs like myself can enjoy it too. I like the fact that the emphasis is not just on battles and heroics, but on ideas and inventions as well. The hero, Bogg,

is not excessively bright and far too easily distracted by pretty girls, but the actor playing Jeffrey (Meeno Peluce) is unusually good: very natural and not terminally cute like so many child performers. There is good character development in their relationship with each other, particularly in one episode when Jeffrey was inclined to hero-worship Billy the Kid. (Bogg cured this by taking Billy's gun away from him, cutting him down to size with a vengeance.) A very good kids' show which adults may well also enjoy (except in time zones more easterly than my own, where it is opposite 60 MINUTES).

TUCKER'S WITCH (CBS, Wednesday) features another one of those husband and wife detective teams who intersperse crime-solving with heavy smooching. The gimmick here is that the wife is a witch. I'm not sure exactly what this entails, as I missed the first episode; but apparently she has a full range of ESP powers, including the ability to read the mind of her cat Dickens. I haven't seen her cast spells, invoke supernatural powers or turn people into toads. Her powers are not infallible and have human limits (i.e., she doesn't function well in a panic and can work KP only on small objects.) Basically this is a detective show rather than a fantasy, and it is superior of its kind: intelligent plotting, good acting, and often witty dialogue. It's not an unworthy successor to Nick and Nora Charles of **THE THIN MAN** and to the Lockridges' Mr. and Mrs. North.

THE POWERS OF MATTHEW STAR (NBC, Friday) is about a teenager who is from another planet (I thought they ALL were), a prince, no less, who is rescued as an infant by his father's best friend when alien forces conquered his planet, and brought to Earth to be raised as an

ordinary teenager until his super powers develop sufficiently for him to return and lead an uprising against the invaders. Despite the presence of an excellent actor, Louis Gossett Jr., as Matthew's guardian, this is essentially a show for teen teenagers: the plot lines have less to do with sf themes than with Matthew's romantic misunderstandings with his girlfriend. Warning: Viewing of this program by persons over seventeen years of age may cause the mind to self-destruct.

KNIGHT RIDER (NBC, Friday) started off with a young undercover cop getting shot in the face by industrial spies and left for dead on the Nevada desert. He was rescued by a dying eccentric millionaire inventor, who gave him a new face, a new identity (as "Michael Knight"), a new car, and a mission to defeat, singlehandedly, criminals beyond the law. The gimmick here is the car: on the surface, a mild-mannered TransAm, it is a bullet proof super-vehicle operated by an onboard computer called K.I.T.T., with capabilities that make James Bond's Aston-Martin look like a Model T. K.I.T.T. is apparently selfaware, and the only really interesting elements of this show are its relationship with the hero and the spectacular automotive special effects. The result is rather as if Mr. Spock were to turn up as one of the Dukes of Hazzard. The plotting and dialogue are pretty awful. **KNIGHT RIDER** does have the benefit of the presence of a fine classical actor, Edward Mulhare, as Michael's boss, but unfortunately he only appears for about three minutes per episode. The hero is one of those forgettable curly-haired clones that populate the primetime airwaves; the car is not only better looking, it has most of the best lines. There are seeds of a really intriguing relationship here, not only between man and computer, but between man and car. K.I.T.T. doesn't seem to be quite sure whether it's playing Bunter to Michael's Peter Wimsey or Nora to his Nick Charles; it is loyal, egotistical, and of course logical, with a tendency to kvetch and a dry sence of humor. If the producers were to hire a good sf writer like Gerrold or Ellison, something truly memorable could be made of this, but the general quality level of the series suggests that it is unlikely. However, K.I.T.T. may yet become the ultimate TV sex symbol, putting the likes of Erik Estrada and Loni Anderson in the shade. It has long

been well known that American cars are designed to appeal to sexual fantasies of the American male; in fact, the two-toned hardtop was introduced because motivational researchers discovered that men identified convertibles with mistresses and sedans with wives, and the automobile manufacturers wished to capitalize on both aspects. And women have been fascinated by supremely logical, apparently emotionless heroes from Sherlock Holmes to Mr. Spock. I can't honestly recommend KNIGHT RIDER for its dramatic qualities, but as a red blooded American female, (and the driver of a 1974 Mustang in need of open-carburetor surgery) I DO lust after that car!

ajb

TOMORROW'S BABY, a movie shown on CBS Monday 22 March 1982, is a borderline sf film primarily in the Medical-suspense genre. A young doctor is appointed to work at a prestigious medical research institute where much secret work is going on. He is not privy to it.

The researchers are working not only to fertilise a human egg in vitro, but to bring it to term in an artificial womb. They fear adverse publicity and especially its effect on the maturing of the child if the experiment is successful, so they have elaborate security. The real mother pretends to be pregnant, and they are committed to pull the plug if any word gets out. The story begins when the intended mother, the wife of one of the doctors, drowns in an accident, just as the experiment is about to begin. The hero is then brought in on the secret and asked to recruit his wife. She is reluctant, but eventually goes along with it for it is important to her husband's career. The conflict of the story grows out of the secrecy of the project. The widower of the first experimentee becomes an alcoholic and suspects the researchers of duplicity. He gets the wife worried too, and is conveniently killed in a car crash after a binge. This adds to her own worries until she is let in on the secrets. She is shown video tapes which prove that there is nothing sinister happening. She is also shown her fetus for the first time, and becomes emotionally convinced that she really is a mother. The suspense is handled very well. Were the doctors really evil and only concerned with their professional advancement? (The film got to sound

a little bit like the one about the organleggers in a hospital--COMA?) The benefits and potential abuses and dangers of the procedures were thoroughly explored.

A retired doctor is vaguely aware what project MIGHT be going on and is very concerned about the ethics of the procedures. The concluding tension is between him and the wife over whether or not he will blow the whistle on the project. At the end, after the baby is "born" she said her next one would be done the normal way, and the gynecologist who was looking after her said that the third one could be whichever way she found better.

I found the discussion of medical ethics very realistic and thoughtful, not at all simplistic. The conflicts in the film were very real, as were the issues raised. I was amazed that such a thoughtful film could have been made for TV.

em

Notes on CONAN THE BARBARIAN.

I watched CONAN THE BARBARIAN and just loved it. What I liked primarily was the literate screenplay (I forgot who by) faithful to the spirit as well as to some of the plot elements of Robert E. Howard, a fantasy writer of the 30's. In both the movie and Howard's unfinished saga, Conan is a tragic hero, taking the worst that Fate can deal him yet remaining uncorrupted. As a youth he loses his parents, is forced into a life of crime (slavery in the movie version) yet is gentle to women, avoids the drug Black Lotus and does not seek occult power. For example, when Arnold Schwarzenegger, who plays Conan, is a gladiator, his masters give him a female slave to mate with as if he were a stud horse. ("Mate the best to the best," say the masters.) Schwarzenegger shelters her from prying eyes with his cloak and tries to talk to the frightened girl although they share no common language. Later, Schwarzenegger does not attack the young witch who seduces him and tries to bewitch him. Schwarzenegger's companion-in-arms, Gerry Lopez rescues King Max van Sydow's worthless daughter, losing his life in the process. And Schwarzenegger sincerely loves swordswoman Sandahl Bergman, although he cannot weep at her funeral--he has wept out every tear.

The screenwriter uses three symbols used to advantage by Howard. First the incident of the vulture, for which a trained vulture was actually used. In "A Witch shall Be Born" Conan is crucified, and after a day a vulture settles on his cross to peck at him. Conan bites off the vulture's head--you just can't have a tougher hero than that. This entire incident appears, in the movie, and with Schwarzenegger's well-developed thews, it even seems realistic. Another symbol is the Serpent. Throughout Howard's fantasies the snake appears as a symbol of Man's Enemy, pure Evil. In CONAN THE BARBARIAN the symbol of and familiar animal of the death cult of Thulsa Doom, played by James Earl Jones, Conan's arch-enemy. Thulsa Doom himself is a combination of Magus in "The Flame Knife" and Xaltotun of Python in "The Hour of the Dragon". (With implications of Hitler and Jim Jones...) To give unity to the plot, Thulsa Doom is made the murderer of the boy Conan's parents--it is his life long mission to avenge them. A third symbol is Iron. Ben Davidson, the boy Conan's father, tells him, "You cannot trust Man or Gods but Iron will always be strong." Later, James Earl Jones tells Schwarzenegger, "Flesh is stronger than Iron," meaning that wizardry is stronger than human technology. He orders a cult member to kill herself to prove it. But in the finale, Schwarzenegger beheads Jones with his sword. But as Jones predicted, Conan-Schwarzenegger is left to suffer, since his two companions are dead by Jones' poisoned snake-arrows. They represent the only friendship he ever found in a harsh world. Schwarzenegger broods, as does Conan in the Robert Howard stories.

This movie kept me riveted to my seat for two hours. I can't imagine a better treatment of the legend. James Earl Jones is a splendid wizard, with believable motivation. The beggars in the suk offering Black Lotus, the trained snakes in the temple, the drinking bout after the theft of the eye of the serpent, the eerie desert scenes--beautiful. Schwarzenegger has a trace of accent, deep soulful eyes and slightly unrealistic muscles. I look forward to the sequel, and regret only that the dead characters won't appear in it as well...

bk

BOOKS RECEIVED BUT NOT YET REVIEWED

BALLANTINE BOOKS, 1983

ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE BY CLIFFORD D SIMAK, #29669, 245 PP \$2.50

AMBUSH OF SADDLE BY PAUL O WILLIAMS, #31051, 245PP \$2.95

THE GOLDEN TORC BY JULIAN MAY, #30838 380PP \$2.95

PLAYERS AT THE GAME OF PEOPLE BY JOHN BRUNNER, #29235 215PP \$2.25

TO CONTROL THE STARS BY ROBERT HOSKINS, #31191 188PP \$1.95

WHERE THE EVIL DWELLS BY CLIFFORD D SIMAK #29751 275PP

FOUNDATION'S EDGE BY ISAAC ASIMOV, #30898 426PP \$3.95

THE BOOK OF SCIENCE BY LAWRENCE WATT-EVANS, #30880 326PP \$2.95

LANDO CALARISSIAN AND THE FLAME WIND OF OSEON BY L NEIL SMITH, #31163 181PP

DRAGON ON A PEDISTAL BY PIERS ANTHONY, #31107 206PP \$2.95

THE JARG ON PARD BY ANDRE NORTON, #31102 224PP \$2.50

#31192 224PP \$2.50

MANSEED BY JACK WILLIAMSON #30743 217PP \$2.75

THE WAR FOR ETERNITY BY CHRISTOPHER ROWLEY, #31052 336PP \$2.95

TO ESCAPE THE STARS BY ROBERT HOSKINS #31190 186PP \$2.50

WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE BY ALAN DEAN FOSTER #31189 232PP \$2.75

PEBBLE IN THE SKY BY ISAAC ASIMOV, #31196 230PP \$2.95

THE STARS LIKE DUST BY ISAAC ASIMOV, #31194 231PP \$2.95

THE CURRENTS OF SPACE BY ISAAC ASIMOV, #31195 228PP \$2.95

MENACE UNDER MARSWOOD BY STERLING E LANIER, #30882 214PP \$2.5

THE CHAOS WEAPON BY COLIN KAPP, #31344 201PP \$2.50

THE WINDS OF CHANGE & OTHER STORIES BY ISAAC ASIMOV, #31188 277PP \$2.95

THE BEAST MASTER BY ANDRE NORTON, #31376, 223PP \$2.50

THE ELFSTONES OF SHANNARA BY TERRY BROOKS, #28554, 564PP \$3.95

THE BEST OF JACK WILLIAMSON, #31343 386PP \$2.95

THE SWORD OF SHANNARA BY TERRY BROOKS, #31425 726PP \$3.95

BLUE ADEPT BY PIERS ANTHONY, #28214 327PP \$2.75

THE GOBLIN TOWER BY L SPRAGUE DE CAMP #29842 260PP \$2.75

THE UNBEHEADED KING BY L SPRAGUE DE CAMP #29840 180PP \$2.50

THE CLOCKS OF IRAZ BY L SPRAGUE DE CAMP #29841 161PP \$2.50

LANDO CALARISIAN AND THE STAR CAVE OF THANBOKA BY L NEIL SMITH #31164 181PP \$2.50

THE END OF THE EMPIRE BY ALEXIS A GILLILAND #31334 169PP \$2.25

STAR GATE BY ANDRE NORTON #31193 122PP \$2.25

STARBURST BY FREDERUCJ OIGKM #27537 219PP \$2.75

BALLANTINE BOOKS, 1984

THE FORSAKEN HIERO BY STERLING E LANIER, #30228-1, 247PP \$2.95

THE PRINCESS BRIDE BY WILLIAM GOLDMAN, #31532-4, 281PP \$3.50

WHITE GOLD WELDER BY STEPHEN R DONALDSON, #31699-1, 485, \$3.95

THE FLAME UPON THE ICE BY WILLIAM R FORSTCHEN, #31137-X, 276PP, \$2.95

DARK PIPER BY ANDRE NORTON, #31537-5 221PP, \$2.25

DAVID STARR, SPACE RANGER BY ISAAC ASIMOV, 331541-3, 174PP, \$2.25

RETURN OF THE KING BY J R R TOLKIEN, #29608-7, 544PP, \$2.95

THE HOBBIT BY J R R TOLKIEN, #31858-7, 286PP, \$2.95

THE TWO TOWERS BY J R R TOLKIEN, #29606-0, 446PP, \$2.95

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING BY J R R TOLKIEN, #29605-2, 527PP, \$2.95

CHILDHOOD'S END BY ARTHUR C CLARKE, #31558 218PP \$2.95

THE VIEW FROM SERENDIP BY ARTHUR C CLARKE, #31441 245PP \$2.95

IMPERIAL EARTH BY ARTHUR C CLARKE, #31561 304PP \$2.95

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RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA BY ARTHUR C CLARKE, #31560 276PP \$2.95

THE ALCHEMISTS BY GEARY GRAVEL, #31397 289PP \$2.95

LORD OF THUNDER BY ANDRE NORTON, #31396 224PP \$2.50

LUCKY STARR AND THE BIG SUN OF MERCURY BY ISAAC ASIMOV, #31439 174PP \$1.95

THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE BY ARTHUR C CLARKE, #31559 304PP \$2.95

THE RIVER OF DANCING GODS BY JACK L CHALKER, #30892 263PP \$2.95

2010 BY ARTHUR C CLARKE, #30306 332 \$3.95

THE NON-BORN KING BY JULIAN MAY, #31421 428PP \$3.50

THE WOLF WORLDS BY ALLAN COLE AND CHRIS BUNCH, #31229, 298PP \$2.95

THE COMPLEAT ENCHANTOR BY L SPRAGUE DE CAMP AND FLETCHER PRATT, #31435 419PP \$2.95

THE LADIES OF MANDRIGYN BY BARBARA HAMBLEY #30919 310PP \$2.95

THE SEVEN ALTERS OF DUSARRA BY LAWRENCE WATT EVANS, #31495 225PP \$2.95

THE LURE OF THE BASILISK BY LAWRENCE WATT EVANS, #31494 195PP \$2.64

THE MAKING OF RETURN OF THE JEDI, EDITED BY JOHN PHILIP PEECHER, #31235, UNPAGED, \$3.50

THE MAKING OF STAR WARS, EDITED BY JOHN PHILIP PEECHER, #

BANTAM BOOKS 1983

WHEN VOIHAWAKES BY JOY CHANT, #23647 \$2.50

EARTH CHILD BY SHARON WEBB #23666 176PP \$2.50

BRONWYH'S BANE ELIZABETH SCARBOROUGH #23720 286PP \$2.95

THE WELL OF DARKNESS, #4 OF THE GANDALARA CYCLE BY RANDALL GARRETT AND VICKY ANN HAYDRIN, #23719 166PP \$2.50

GUESS WHAT'S COMING TO DINNER, THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL ETUQUETTE /G GUIDE BY SCOTT ADDELSON #34047 112PP TRADE PAPERBACK \$3.95

DYING INSIDE BY ROBERT SILVERBERG #24018 200 PP \$2.50

EARTH SONG BY SHARON WEBB, #239937 176PP \$2.50

THE WINDHOVER TAPES BY WARREN NORWOOD #239635 UNPAGED, \$2.50

A QUIET OF STONE BY STEPHEN LEIGH, #23893 226PP \$2.75

STAR REBEL BY F M BUSBY, #23852 216PP \$2.50

DAMIANO BY R A MACAVOY, #23575 243PP \$2.75

THE GREEN FUTURE OF TYCHO BY WILLIAM SLEATOR, #23797 128PP \$2.25

THE SHATTERED STARS BY RICHARD S. MCENROE #238531 181PP \$2.50

THE DEEP BY JOHN GROWLEY, #239949, 173PP \$2.50

INTERPLANETARY SPY: THE STAR CRYSTAL BY MARTINEZ LARSON, #23942 118PP \$1.95

CHRISTOPHER BY RICHARD M KOFF, #23796 163PP \$2.25

BANTAM BOOKS, 1984

BORN WITH THE DEAD BY ROBERT SILVERBERG, #24103-6, 245PP, \$2.75

PRACTICE EFFECT BY DAVID BRIN, #23992-9, 277PP, \$2.75

WINTERMIND BY MARVIN KAYE AND PARKE GODWIN, #24169-9, 297PP, \$2.95

SECRET OF THE NIGHTS, A TIME MACHINE CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE BOOK, BY JIM GASPERINI, #23601 124PP \$1.95

SEARCH FOR DINOSAURS BY DAVID BISCHOFF, #23602 120 PP \$1.95

FLAME UPON THE WATER BY WILLIAM FORSTCHEN,

THE UNFORSAKEN HIERO BY STERLING LANIER



LAIŠKAI



Mary Lou Lacefield
413 Atwood St
Louisville KY 40217

Remembering your great loss of tapes in the mail a little while ago (I'm referring to those sent from Arizona by Anne Braude which included about 12 hours of her reading books onto tape for you) I am writing to tell you of a similar loss. I am sure you will want to publicise and follow through yourself on my national campaign.

I am requesting everybody who has ever failed to receive letters, parcels etc, whether shipped as "free matter for the blind" or otherwise, to send complaints with complete details to the U S Postmaster General. [Copies should probably be sent to the Postal Inspectors, too. I understand that this is an independent agency that oversees the Postal Service. ERM] We should request that all letters and parcels whose addresses have become illegible be shipped to a central office annually to be opened and if any address at all be found inside they be sent to that place. [Many years ago they used to do that. I remember when I moved from California to NH in 1965 I sent out many Christmas cards with a printed CoA enclosed, but my new return address stamp was not ready so I could not write by hand that many and left them off the envelope. I made a typo on the one to Dean and Shirley Dickensheet in San Francisco and it could not be delivered. The PO opened the letter and returned it

to me postage due with a printed note scolding me for not using a return address. I suspect they no longer provide this service. ERM]

I'm not advocating a new law because laws are only as good as their enforcement. If America is truly a government of the people, by the people and for the people, the people's national letter writing campaign of screams of "Here's the problem and here's how to solve it" can't fail to have positive results. People like fanzine publishers and the blind who ship large quantities of cassettes are bound to have their share of postal problems, and more! There were the 8 C-90s Anne Braude shipped to me which were swallowed by the great Mid Western Tape Worm, as mentioned above. There was the master tape of a recorded fanzine I shipped to Concord NH for duplication which never arrived. There was the 2-cassette tape letter I sent to Anne Braude this last December which never arrived. There were the phonograph records I bought while visiting NYC that I mailed to myself to save carrying on the bus which never arrived.

In a large organization like the Postal Service there are bound to be a few rotten employees, especially at Christmas time when many temporary workers are taken on. I have a feeling that many of the lost tapes and records are caused by this sticky fingered minority. Some are probably due to errors on our part...typos in the addresses, as with my card to the Dickensheets written when I was still sighted. ERM]

Jerry E Pournelle

PM's review of Heinlein in NIEKAS 30 has a couple of facts somewhat off. The review says "The last war looked more like WWI's man-killing trenches in which an entire generation was devastated, read the poets of the era. Robert Graves is still alive."

According to the Statistical Abstract, traffic deaths hover at about 50,000 a year and suicides have risen from 14,000 in the 1960s to 20,000 in 1980. These are principal causes of death among young people ages 15 to 24 years. (In 1978 the death among males 15 to 24 years of age due to accidents was over 100 per 100,000. The next highest cause was suicide at 20 per 100,000 and after that comes malignant neoplasms at 7.7.)

In 1960 there were 11.9 million males, ages 15 to 24, and 105.2 per 100,000 died by violence in that year for a total of 12,518 dead in accidents, suicide or homicide. By 1980 the number of males in that age group had grown to 21.4 million and the death by violence has risen to 138.3 per 100,000 so that a total of 29,596 young males died by violence in 1980.

Just under 50,000 died in the Viet Nam war, about one year's traffic fatalities. Battle deaths in 1960-64 were negligible except to those killed, a total of 267 for all four years. Compare this to the 12,000 per year who die in accidents and suicides.

In 1965 battle deaths were 1369 and the number rose steadily until it peaked at 14,589 in 1968 at which time we had 500,000 soldiers in South-East Asia, so that the death rate among young men in Viet Nam was was about 17 times that of the population as a whole. Definitely frightening for those involved. On the other hand the war did no more than double the death rate among young men as a class even in that peak year.

By 1969 battle deaths were 9414. This is a large number but by the time the civilian violent death rate had risen to 130 per 100,000 so that nearly 24,000 young men died in the United States that year. After 1969 the battle deaths fell off rapidly. Civilian accidental death rates continued to rise.

Thus if the war devastated a generation we can continue to devastate each generation through

accidental deaths and if the Viet Nam war served no useful purpose, and perhaps given that we eventually abandoned those we had sworn to protect, it did not. Neither do the accidental deaths nor the suicides.

Incidentally, let us dispel once and for all the myth that the Viet Nam war was lost because it wasn't winable. By 1970 it was essentially won in the sense that the indigenous southern Viet Cong had ceased to exist. From that moment on the war was one waged entirely by irregular invaders from the north.

Even so, Nam did not fall to infiltrators and irregulars. Despite continuous infiltrations from the north the army of the Republic of Viet Nam continued to hold the country and in many places life became something like normal.

Viet Nam fell in 1975 and it to four army corps of regulars employing more armor than the Wehrmacht sent into France in 1940. In 1972, a year in which the US lost 300 troops in battle deaths, as compared to about 25,000 young males killed in accidents in the United States, the North Viet Nam irregulars invaded the south. They were beaten back with heavy losses by the Army of the Republic of Viet Nam assisted by the US. US assistance was primarily air cavalry and anti-tank air support plus a great deal of material. By that time we weren't involved much in the internal war but were assisting the south in enforcing at least some of the provisions of the Geneva agreement.

When the north invaded in 1975 the Democratic Congress of the United States refused any assistance to South Viet Nam and the nation fell. The northern forces swept into Saigon were no more liberators or even gorillas than were the Wehrmacht units which claimed to be liberating the Sudeten Deutschen Czechoslovakia. The story of the boat people, re-education camps, etc, is sufficiently well known that I needn't tell it.

This may have been, as your reviewer puts it, a senseless foreign adventure that did us, as a nation, no good. We should at least be clear about what did happen over there and phrases like "devastated a generation" applied to casualties that at their peak barely exceeded

the casualties due to accidents do little to help our understanding.

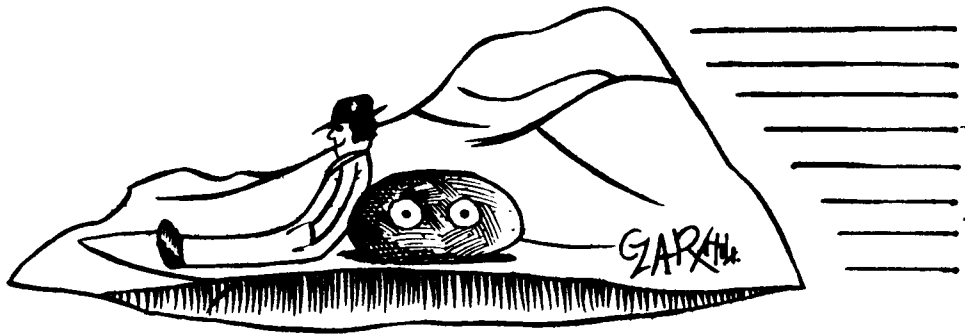
The review of TOMORROW I'LL BE SCOLDING MYSELF WITH TEA was worth

the price of the whole issue, even if I'd paid for the issue.

Anne J Braude
Mole End
6721 E McDowell #309A
Scottsdale AZ 85257

Hail to the reappearance of NIEKAS. The Brigadoon of fanzines. There seem to have been quite a few production problems this time around. Nothing, of course, compared to the earlier issues which, if I recall correctly, were printed in Cuniform on baked clay tablets. And if my proposal to feed to the moles those responsible for spelling errors is followed, I expect to hear any day now of NH being afflicted by a plague of 200 pound moles, all smiling.

Technical matters aside, I enjoyed the issue very much. More than I expected in view of my in view of my lack of wild enthusiasm for the main subject, as expressed in Mathoms.



The only thing I'm moved to take issue with is Susette Hayden Elgin's view of poetry despite the nice things she said about my "dragons", which, by the way, is not a true sonnet. I wrote a poem in rhymed couplets and ran out of things to say after seven of them. Also, it's in a weird variation of dactylic trimeter not iambic pentameter. It is her remarks about Diana's "Desiring Dragons" that I disagree with. The statement that the use of conventional phrases is a flaw in and of itself, regardless of the quality of that usage. As I pointed out in the first installment of "Isn't it romantic" in NIEKAS 28, the notion that a poet should be original, like the notion that he should speak as an individual, was more or less an invention of the Romantic Era around the 1800s. The older tradition mandated the use of traditional or stock phrases; Homeric epithets, kennings, koinoi topoi and so on as inherited from the oral tradition. Innovations which came along, such as the elaborated verse form devi-

sed by the Provencal Troubadours, and the conceit, the fanciful analogy characteristic of Petrarchan love poetry were quickly incorporated into the poetic stock on hand as a new body of tradition. The Petrarchan conceit pervades Elizabethan poetry. The more daring conceit of the school of Donne in the following century was rejected as too individual by the subsequent Augustan Age. Donne was regarded as an unimportant eccentric until the re-discovery of Jacobian poetry and drama after WWI by S Elliot and his circle. The canons of taste shifter in the Romantic period because the classical tradition was outworn producing no vital poetry. Now it seems we have shifted to the opposite extreme and innovation has become obligatory. This attitude seems to me as unsound as that which deemed originality a flaw. The test should not be whether an image or theme has been used before but whether it is being well used. Is it alive? Does it contribute to the poem? Is it merely a cliché or a means of invoking a tra-

dition? This applies especially to poetry dealing with fantasy themes which are often archetypal and universal in nature, invoking both very ancient literary traditions and eternal subconscious patterns. Even T S Elliot, who has often been regarded as inventing modern poetry, with the startling original image that opens "The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock" in 1917. The evening is spread out against the skyline/Like a patient etherised upon a table." Also said in the essay "Tradition And the Individual Talent" (The Sacred Wood, 1920) The historical scene compels a man to write, not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe, from Homer and within the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and comprises a simultaneous order Surely the poetic vocabulary is a part of its inheritance. The Old English scop, when he got ready to utter, announced that he would unlock his word-hoard. The language of poetry

is a dragon's hoard which any would-be versifier is entitled to raid at will. It is the use to which he puts his well-gotten gains that we should criticise, not the licensed theft itself.

I have probably said more than most readers are interested in about the poetic process but I did want to defend Diana's poem which I liked very much and which, in fact, inspired the very notion of the dragon issue. My own reaction to it is, unsurprisingly, contained in a poem inspired by the concluding lines. [See Dragon's Eye View elsewhere in Laiskai. ERM] Which raises an interesting point. I have now written three poems about dragons all of which have the same central theme, that we all have a dragon within us. The dragon becomes, seriously or facetiously, an image of the Shadow archetype, the dark and dangerous, but very powerful, side of human nature. Yet if you sat me down and asked me to talk about dragons, I could probably go on for hours about literary and mythological dragons without getting into this psychological aspect. In fact I, myself, was astonished when I realized that my three quite diverse poems made the same point. But after reflection I became aware that the Jungian significance of the dragon had great personal relevance for me. Altho I had never thought about it quite like that before, working within the received literary traditions, evoking a universal archetype, I wound up saying something intensely personal. This complex creatively interacting process seems to make a mockery of the concept of originality which in turn suggests that the concept is of very limited applicability as a criterion for poetic excellence. (Not that I claim to be in the same league as Elliot, but to date no one has come around to revoke my poetic license.)

Speaking of archetypes I stand by my statement that Inspector Lestrade from the Sherlock Holmes stories is the archetype of the baffled police of early detective fiction of the amateur sleuth variety. Altho Robert Mapson points out correctly that he was preceded by Poe's Monsieur G--. Poe's character is not typical, however, let alone archetypal, because he is in awe of Dupin's ratiocinative ability and eager to ask his assistance. Lestrade is resentful of Holmes, has no use for him and generally winds up looking like a fool. This pattern is common in early detective fiction. Later Lestrade became a little less arrogant and his successor in Conan Doyle's later stories, Inspector Athelney Jones, was a disciple of Holmes, not only consulting him but applying his methods in his own investigations. The baffekabukuty of the professional policeman in detective

fiction tends to vary intensely with the author's knowledge of modern forensic methods and investigative techniques.

Joe R Christopher
English Dept
Tarleton State University
Stephenville TX

Ed, your comment about getting into fandom in the mid 50s takes me back. I and a friend, Don Hinkle, now in NJ, took the bus to Worldcon in Chicago between our junior and senior years in HS. That was about 32 years ago, which would put me back in the 50s also. [That was TASFIC in 1952, 4 years before my first con. ERM] I remember crashing a party given by some LA fans and ending up sitting at Theodore Sturgeon's feet listening to him play guitar and sing. I can't remember how we learned of the Worldcon but it must have been played up in one of the science fiction magazines at the time. John Campbell announced that Edd Cartier was giving up illustrating SF and I had felt crushed. My career since then has not been one of that much activity. I have never gone to another worldcon but teenage loves and enthusiasms remain with us.

I have also read the essays by the de Camps and that by Piers Anthony. It was interesting to read of the de Camps research for the Howard biography. They were here in Stephenville tape recording some memories

from a friend of mine, Vera Nichols. But I didn't know about it until after they were gone. Ah well. I briefly talked to him at the World Convention, fantasy, in Fort Worth a few years ago. I don't really have anything to say to authors anyway. Sometimes I have something to say about their works but that's a different business. (I wrote a note in YANDRO a while back, mainly about one of L Sprague de Camp's poems. I also annotated a de Camp and Carter Conan novel in my Inklings bibliography in MYTHLORE. De Camp wrote a letter about each in the latter case saying there was no influence from Burroughs as I had suggested. His denial of having read Burroughs recently surprised me because I had thought that he treated ERB respectfully in the first edition of his SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK. But when I actually took the book off the shelf and checked it out for what it said, he wasn't so respectful about Burroughs' works. So I can see why he didn't go back to it. Just as with my discussion of Braude's knowledge of Smith's mysteries, my memory began to fade out.)

(Of course what it proves is that I should do some more rereading rather than reading all the stuff I go through for the first time. I did reread James Thurber's THE THIRTEEN CLOCKS last weekend for the first time in probably 10 years. That book holds up well. It is still delightful.)

DRAGON'S-EYE VIEW

I'll tell you of the gift the dragon gave
To one who dared to seek him in his cave:
I inched my way across the sliding heap
Of bones and gems; the dragon was asleep
And luckily not hungry. Suddenly
He woke, and yawned, and turned to look at me.
I stared back, deep into the dragon's eyes,
Unmindful of the warnings of the wise
Against an act so perilous. It seemed
At once that everything I'd ever dreamed
Or hoped or feared or sought in all my days
Was there, reflected in the dragon's gaze,
Like veils of mist which slowly drew apart.
I seemed to see into the dragon's heart:
A glimpse, forever seared into my brain,
Of anger and malevolence and pain
And knowledge old as time and dark as night.
I turned and fled again into the light.
And since that day I go my daily round
Alone, with eyes fixed firmly on the ground;
For eyes are windows to the soul, and show
More than we wish to tell, or wish to know.
And one question chills me to the bone:
Was it his soul I saw there...or my own?

Anne Braude

I don't have anything to say about PiersAnthony's essay but I did start on one of his Xanth books recently. I can see why they're selling well. Aren't they essentially early teen fiction with a batch of puns like the Oz books. I greatly enjoyed the Oz books when I was in grade school and could have been overwhelmed by the Xanth books at the appropriate age. Even today they're fun (or the one I've started is, but I assume they're much alike).

Your special issue on dragons was interesting and of course I contributed to the dragon onslaught. But what I wish you'd do is an issue on THE BOOK OF THE NEW SUN. I got through all four volumes recently. I'm still thinking about it. Are you waiting for the fifth volume? Maybe so but there's enough in the four to create a lot of response.

By the way, I had a chance to play a bit of the fannish game yesterday. The faculty newsletter came out with a new contest. The previous one had been to pick a song to be played by the carillon. My favorite answer of the three printed was the second, "The Stripper." After all, aren't bells supposed to peal? No, it wasn't mine. I didn't submit anything to that contest. I didn't think the other two answers were as funny.

Anyhow, the new context was to name some book which might have been great if it had gotten published. I sent the following titles and descriptions. Only three were allowed. a long allegorical poem about Prince Arthur in the land of gay bars. THE MALTESE FAUNCHION, Sam Spade irritates a foreigner.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS, a 3 volume heroic adventure in a jewelry store.

If I had thought about it at the time, I might have submitted THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS, a minor demon writes apologies to his supervisor over being videorecorded in bed with a human woman. But probably the last would have been too strong to have had any chance for a prize.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson
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Seattle WA 98102

I can certainly see that there is a lot of love, devotion and talent going into the creation of the publication. But the missing ingredient is pride. The material merits your taking pride in it. A small publisher with pride will try to do as good a proof reading job as possible. I can't spell either, so

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I have sympathy, but I dare say if, with my limited skills, I find typographical blunders leaping from the pages a dozen at a crack, you're really not trying. And when an article or review that someone has sweated over is pasted up in such a way as to be out of sequence here and there, this tells me that there was no proofreading at all. Now I can see that there is too much work in the thing for you to be lazy, so it must be a lack of pride. A small publisher with pride reads it through a third time before sending it to the printers. That way mis-pasted pages and glaring typos won't exist. A few piddly typos, maybe, no one's perfect.

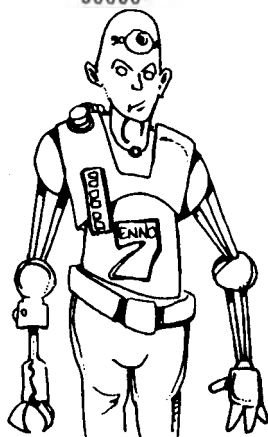
You have a labor of love here that either can't or won't be read. A small publisher with pride kicks bad printers in the kneecaps. A small publisher with pride weeps for all the problems and disappointments but corrects them somehow, never sending out something this bad. I say, with all of the talent you have gathered together here, why don't you take a little pride in it, huh?

[Under the maddening circumstances surrounding the production of # 31 (NB: 13 backwards), it turned out better than expected. You'll (I presume) notice an improvement in the issue you now read. RHK]

Brian Aldiss
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Oxford OX2 7AX England

Copies of EXTREMELY SHORT STORIES haven't arrived yet and I'm longing to see that chapbook.

I had bad luck with my mini-sagas book. Two publishing companies were involved in its copyright and they fell out. As a result the book has never been published. and now it looks as if it never will be. Well, these things happen.



[The tradition of putting the title on the back cover of NIEKAS goes back to the 5 issue or so, as does the tradition of putting the colophon on the first page and the table of contents on the last page. We moved the contents to the more conventional first page back around NIEKAS 15 and right now are debating the title location. Mike Bastraw is the only strong advocate of the bacover tradition. I am undecided as is Sherwood. Reader feedback might help decide. ERM]

[For what it's worth, I say use the sadly overlooked NIEKAS logo on the frontcover for easy recognition. RHK]

Terry Jeeves
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Sheffield S11 9FE England

Lovely cover again, this time, but for me it had two weak spots. The absence of the magazine's name, NIEKAS, and the drawing of the woman's face which did not match the quality of the rest in drawing or in size. That lady's head is almost the size of her upper torso. Quibble!

Interior production. Well, it's nice artwork for one thing. But the printing quality was off here and there. Of course I enjoyed the lovely Varlak The Wizard.

One thought about artwork. Have you noticed how so often one can identify the sex of the artist from the drawing's subject and style? Not always. I hasten to add but very often. To generalize, and it is a generalization, men tend to go for technological stuff and/or sword toting heroes with beefy bodies. Women seem to prefer fairies, dragons, and long slim sword toting females, all done in fine spidery lines as a rule. Sometimes I go through a fanzine to see how many times I can guess right. It's surprising how often it works out.

It is surprising that a fandom that supports so many viewpoints ever came into existence. In the beginning, as it says in Genesis, we fen were a minority. I'd been a reader for ten years before I discovered that I wasn't Britain's only SF fan. I came across Wally Gilling's fanzine SCIENTIFICTION and hoo boy! That changed my life. My first con was in 1947, some 10 years on. In those days most cons boasted of some 50 people and lasted from 2 PM to closing time. Having come down to London for the day I had to leave at 9 to catch my train. It was worth it and I didn't miss another U.K. con until 1961 or so.

Since those days it is surprising how fandom has grown. and how viewpoints have grown apart. Trekkies vs Bladerunner vs Dr.Who vs Dungeons and Dragons etc etc.

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- Donna Core
Box 111, Rt 4
Cridersville OH 45806
- I would like to recommend to hard core SF readers anything written by Robert L Forward. I think he's a PhD but I don't really care what his titles entail. You had mentioned THE DRAGON'S EGG as a very technical book. Can't be. A non-scientist such as Donna Core found it highly enjoyable on many levels. The scientific or technical side probably went right over my head. So why did I enjoy it so much? I liked the comparison of the advance of civilization on earth with that on Dragon's Egg. Very compelling and it has a great amount of psychology involved with it. Why did the humans behave as they did, and what comparable things occurred on the Dragon's Egg?

- I was very enchanted with Forward's serial in ANALOG, ROCHE WORLD. Two critters from mythology, from fantasy, in the midst of a hard to grasp scientific story.

- I was intrigued by Forward's invention of the Christmas Branch and the Christmas Twig. I have long been skeptical about the ability of the robot to clean the modern home. Or a log cabin. Or a sheik's tent in the desert of Arabia for that matter. The concept of Waldos in these settings was irrelevant. The Christmas Twigs could most definitely clean any house. After all they were housekeeping a spaceship and the aerospace plane The Dragonfly. They even went out to shift the great sail pushed by earth-based lasers, which was how many miles across? If they could manage this, they could certainly manage my own small 5 room house. The Christmas Twigs I think, would be very adaptable at washing dishes, stirring a soup kettle, scrubbing the floor where our visitors come tramping across our vinyl acrylic floor, which is not quite the amazing benefactor of all American housekeepers.

- The second thing I thoroughly enjoyed in ROCHE WORLD WAS Areal, the pilot of the Dragonfly. In the midst of all of these scientific marvels comes this small female creature. Aren't all astronauts, cosmonauts, astrogators etc supposed to be large physically competent persons? Such as Gretchen

in this book? But Areal is small. She sleeps in snuggly bunny pyjamas. She has, in spite of the technological alien householding come across as a very warm, enduring, and very fallable personage. Again, another cutting hallmark of Forward's literary creation. Forward also seems to have his female characters as complete equals to the masculine characters, and man, that's no small accomplishment.

I think, too, that Forward's alien creatures, his etties, have enormous attraction...much more than ET I'm sure. I fell as completely under the spell of Clear White Whistle as I did the Terran Areal.

While the writing of THE DRAGON'S EGG has been credited partially to Larry Niven by Forward himself I do believe that ROCHE WORLD definitely proves Forward needs no assistance in creating various human characteristics in an engaging and quite readable style. I hope that his scientific work does not prevent Robert L Forward from producing a book a year from here on. We need this sort of writing. While it is technical, it is understandable technology, understandable science.

It is based on very appealing and very human people of the future. Human, of course, in all the god aspects one can mention.

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Margaret Howes
6523 Unity Ave N
Minneapolis MN 55429

Harry Andruschak wants to know what we did wrong about the space program and why it is dying on the vine. Why it has generated so little in the way of real popular support. I can tell him exactly what went wrong. The answer is so obvious I can't understand how anyone could fail to see it.

The problem is that, since we've placed man on the moon, a live human being, there has been nothing in the space program to arouse the excitement and enthusiasm of either the ordinary average taxpayers, let alone the unemployed, or the big businessmen, the money types, the ones who have the capital to invest. It is the interest of these people, or the lack thereof, that is reflected in Congress and the appropriations it makes. And without their interest and support I am very afraid that the whole thing is going to dwindle away.

There are not enough science and SF buffs and they don't collectively have enough money and/or influence

to do it by themselves.

Let's face it. Humans have always explored their world for three basic reasons: loot, trade, new land to settle, or a combination thereof. And of course for the people back home there was a romance to it all. The pioneers and the explorers pitting their wits, strength and courage against unknown hardship and danger. Scientific knowledge was often gained along the way but it was mostly serendipitous. And in any case it didn't cost that much. What did it take to send Charles Darwin along on the Beagle In the 19th and early 20th Century, of course, much of this has changed and the exploration is being done pretty much for the prestige of doing it. Everyone knew no El Dorado was winking at the poles, for instance, for instance, but there was still an element of adventure, still human beings facing hardship and danger. What do we have today? Millions of tax dollars being spent to send out small unmanned probes to do astronomical observations on lifeless planets. The majority of the people simply do not see this program as having any practical use at all or as likely to have any use in the future. They see themselves as paying taxes to provide toys for the scientists, taxes to support someone else's hobby.

Understand, I don't approve of this attitude or agree with it. I wish it were otherwise. I have always been a supporter of the space program but I know how these other people feel about it. If only Mars or Venus had been marginally habitable. If only we could start some sort of a program that could convince these people that they, personally, should get some direct benefit out of the move into space. Job openings, both in space and throughout the country, and not just for the technically trained elite. Raw materials coming in. Cheaper energy. Even things like hazardous waste disposal, perhaps on the other side or the moon or even as far as Mercury. Maybe even the faint beginnings of a terraforming program for Mars. This is what it will take to arouse public support, and I don't know of anything else that will. Oh yes, I know about the NASA spinoff list but most people don't and in any case too many of the things listed don't really have much immediate impact on people trying to, say, pay last December's fuel bill. Or to keep up with house payments. Even the space shuttle isn't arousing that much interest. It doesn't go any-

where except up and down. And the purposes of its missions are generally too esoteric for most people to understand. As for American Big Business getting really involved in space, beyond manufacturing components that the government pays for, of course you can forget it. That would require risk taking long term investments. Today's big business wants the biggest immediate profit for the least possible investment. Or they are busy playing J R Ewing.

Also, from many things I've read, I suspect that quite a few astronomers are not remotely interested in the kinds of programs I have suggested. They want the Solar Suste, to remain their private preserve for purposes of pure research period. They don't want factories and mines out there, and refineries and hydroponics domes, and workers coming into Marsport Saturday night to roister in the saloons. Perish the thought.

Take the Planetary Society. Suppose someone thought up a dirt cheap method of terraforming Mars, something that would cost just a few million dollars and have the planet ready for colonization in just a few decades. I'll bet they would object vigorously insisting that this was all very premature, that Mars should be left untouched for scientific examination.

Now I am also an ardent conservationist but people have their needs too. And in this case I would go along with the terraformers. Besides, I am very much afraid that without the crass appeal to materialism and consumer support we will eventually wind up with no money for pure science either. And no space program at all. These questions have been nagging me for years and I would be glad to hear some other comments on them.

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Ben Indick

I enjoyed Ed's reminiscences on all the beloved Harold Shea stories which, along with so much else, I should reread. Diana Paxson offers interesting views altho I am in favor of ceasing to create God or Gods in our particular ethnic or racial image. Leave him/them alone! And yes, let us get on to the stars. At my age I haven't the time to wait too long. Stop fighting and start traveling. Fred Lerner shares my love for the work of the Durants. I feel that the high water mark lies from the Age of Faith through the Renaissance. Afterward, the sense of necessary haste,

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for reasons of age, altho it never affected their wisdom and judgement, is too evident. The clever lines are fewer, the sweep too rapid. Anel probably helped her older husband but she also contributed no unique quality of her own. Still they are wonderful books, and if as some less successful historians quibble, they rarely consulted the latest historiography I could not care less. Their views still seem valid, courageous, honest and humane.

Don D'Amassa's views coincide with a roundup of this current supernatural trash which I did for my fanzine IBID a while back. However while his short sentences on MacDonald's latest are basically correct, this happens to be the best of the lot easily. A wonderful historical overview of downtown NY City a century ago in what is now Soho. This is far better than his COLD MOON, a short story extended to a dreary novel.

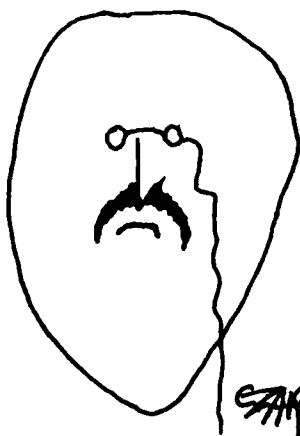
Harry Andruschak: keep trying!

Colin P Langeveld
9 Lisleholm Rd
Liverpool L128RU England

Just a short note to give a long awaited welcomed return to the world of publishing. The old mag was well up to scratch in quality as well as in quantity plus some very good artwork. Please give my thanks to, was it Anne Braude?, for her most encouraging comment on my Military History. Once again, very pleased to see you back in print.

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Jacqueline Lichtenberg
Vantage Point
8 Fox Lane
Spring Valley NY 10977



Thanks for NIEKAS 31. Here are my latest notes on good books. [Note: she has enclosed a 3 sheet mimeoed list of short reviews of books she particularly recommends. I am reprinting just the first few titles as a sample. If you are interested write directly to her and ask to see a copy of her list of recommended books. Also included was a brochure on a mail order book service. Small bookstores dealing with small wholesalers usually have a great deal of trouble special ordering non-best seller books, so that readers who are not already dealing with mail order specialty houses like F&SF BOOK CO-(which is carrying the NIEKAS chapbook....adv) can turn to Jacqueline to locate hard to find in-print books. Again, ask about this search service. She also has a monthly list of books for sale, some at special sale prices. ERM]

Jacqueline Lichtenberg's recommended reading for June 1983.

PANDORA 10 contains a sneak review of Rensime, Doubleday, Nov 1984, by JL, \$2.50 an issue plus \$1 postage and handling or 4 issues for \$10 SASE from Empire Books, P O Box 625, Murray KY 42071-0625. Jean Lorrach edits this prozine.

Vantage Point News. My news sheet will have a new issue this summer with news of CHANNEL'S DESTINY, DAW Books, Pb, and my writing schedule for the next three years. SASE to above address. FEVER DREAM by George R R Martin, \$14.95, Poseidon Press, a pocket book hard cover, a vampire novel I loved so much that I reviewed it for NIEKAS.

Don't miss MISTS OF AVALON even if you are not into Arthurian legends. It's about everythig MZB ever writes about. Weeks on the N Y TIMES Best Seller List in hard cover and on LOCUS best seller list.

WEB OF LIGHT by Marion Zimmer Bradley is the first half of a dynamite story set in legendary Atlantis. Don't miss it. It's a paperback from Timescape.

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Roger Waddington
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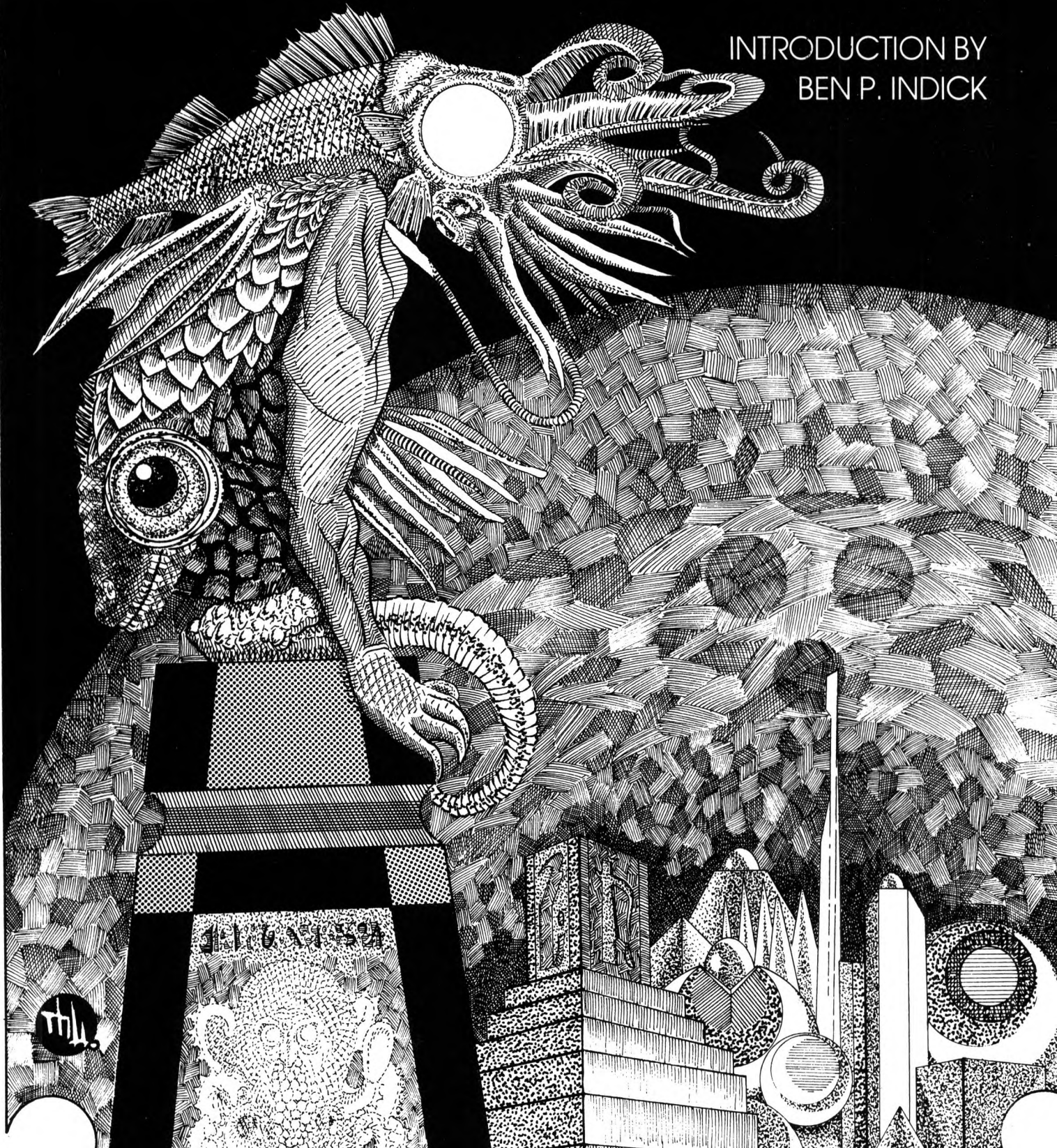
NIEKAS 31 arrived safely and it is a very handsome production indeed. So if 32 can improve on this, you'll reach perfection. Can understand the gremlins getting into the "Haunted Library" section, but (in the books received) NORTH CRYSTAL TEARS? Could write another book from that title alone. And DEVILISH THE DAMNED is excellent. You've got an imaginative lister.

EDITOR'S REPLY: Ed Meskys's essay in Bembejimas was missing its last half page due to paste up error. The complete essay, "The Laws of Magic," will be printed in NIEKAS 33.

H.P. LOVECRAFT

ILLUSTRATED IN ICHOR BY ROBERT H. KNOX

INTRODUCTION BY
BEN P. INDICK



NIEKAS

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H.P. LOVECRAFT - ILLUSTRATED IN ICHOR by Robert H. Knox (NIEKAS Publications, 1984, 11 illustrations with introduction page by Ben P. Indick signed by the artist, \$10.00)

"Robert H. Knox . . . employs incident, his interest is in the essence, and the dreamworld he has created is conditioned by surrealism and abstraction. The work is simultaneously highly decorative and symbolic. Great organic masses of vegetation, tentacles, eyes, claws, hands seem to grow across the scene, before which the human observer appears dazed and helpless, unable to comprehend . . ."

--Ben P. Indick

NIEKAS Publications is proud to present a limited edition art portfolio by fantasy illustrator Robert H. Knox. Eleven original pen and inks depicting scenes inspired by the words of H.P. Lovecraft are assembled prefaced by an introduction by HPL maven, Ben P. Indick. These signed and numbered collections are limited to a 500 issue run. Each rendering has been printed on fine quality close-weave stock and is presented with a ready-to-frame border.

Portfolios are available by writing Ed Meskys at the above address or through your favorite specialty dealer. Please include \$1.00 for postage on each order. (Orders received before June 1, 1984 are shipped post paid.)

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