



NIEKAS; the nothing fanzine, is published quarterly to satisfy the N'APA activity requirements of Ed Meskys [fanzines & Metcalf, Box 336, Berkeley Cal 94701; letters to L 15, LRL, Box 808, Livermore Cal 94551 ---- but see opening remarks in Bumbejimas, below!] and Felice Rolfe [1360 Emerson, Palo Alto Cal 94301]. Copies are available to non-N'APAns from Ed Meskys for contribution of material, trade, or LoC, or if you insist, 35¢ the copy. Note: if you get NIEKAS in trade, a second copy of your zine, sent to Felice, would be appreciated.

Index & credits on final page.

SOCIABLE GROSSBEAK JIMAS

ABOUT MOVING (again!)

About a year and a half ago I had made some noises in NIEKAS about possibly leaving the Bay Area, and here I go again. So, unless you hear otherwise (or you get RATATOSK & see no CoA there), send me no more mail at all to the lab after July first. If I do leave, it will probably be at the end of July or the middle of August, for I would go via the Loncon.

Now whether or not I do move, I am virtually certain to make the Loncon and will leave for that/around July 25th. (I hope to be on a charter flight from NY on the 28th.) Felice will probably manage NIEKAS while I am gone--I hope--but the June issue should have more definite info on those matters. Fred Lerner had also made some noises about volunteering to put out the Sept issue, but if he does that the way he is "publishing" SOCIABLE GROSSBEAK, well....

Anyhow, here's the setup. I placed an add with the American Institute of Physics saying I am looking for a teaching job, and so far got two replies...from Belknap College, Center Harbor, New Hampshire and Tri-State College, Angola, Indiana. I might take one of these jobs, get a more interesting offer from some other school, find a teaching job in the Bay Area [not too likely], or stay on at the Lawrence Radiation Lab. I'm restless and would like to try my hand at teaching, but I have made so many friends in the area that I am becoming reluctant to leave.

Whatever happens, I should always be reachable thru my parents' address [723A-45 St., Brooklyn NY 11220], thru Felice or Norm. Anyhow, watch the next NIEKAS, RATATOSK, or FOCAL POINT for further details.

NEW YORK INTERLUDE

I flew back to New York again for Christmas, but only stayed for a week and a half this time. But what a week and a half that was! There were more parties and more fanac than during most conventions.

I took a late afternoon TWA jet out of Oakland airport on the 23rd, choosing that plane because it was the only late-afternoon one available. This was the first time I was stuck on a flight which showed movies, and sat thru an awful western.

We arrived in New York almost a half hour early, and my suitcase was the first one off the plane, much to the sorrow of Carl Frederick & Barry Greene. They know what flight I would be arriving on, and were there to meet me, with bagpipes. How-



ever by when they got there I was half way home. They were a few minutes late themselves, and thought I might still be in the parking lot, so they ran out into it. Altho they knew there was no chance of finding me in that great expanse they had a way of making me find them...the bagpipes! When Carl gave up playing them in hopes of attracting me they decided to try phoning and found me home already. It is a shame that we missed each other, and I can't help wondering what everybody thought about the character playing the bagpipes in the middle of the Idlewild parking lot!

Thursday night FISTFA was having a Christmas Eve party at the home of John & Perdita Boardman. I was tied up with family matters (Lithuanians celebrate Christmas Eve with a large family dinner, and my parents had some relatives over), but my

parents dropped me off at John's place about 1:30 on the way home from Midnight Mass. A dozen or so people were still there...I remember Carl, Fred Lerner, Barry Greene (aka The Greeb), Tom Seidman, Dave van Arnam, Dan Goodman, Ken Beale, and 2 or 3 others. The party was so thinly populated because several fans had just returned from Chicago (where they had gone for Larry McComb's wedding), and left early because they were tired. Carl, Barry & Fred were temporarily elsewhere when I arrived, but returned a half hour later. Carl pounced on me immediately and demanded to see a copy of NIEKAS 10. I had been hinting via post-card, such about what I had done for his department in that issue, and he wanted the bad news. (He hadn't come thru with the promised material in time, so I had dug up every bit of old stuff by him that I could find, and in truth some of it should have remained buried!) Most of it was left over from a one-shot we had started some four years ago and never finished, AVANT GARBIGE FOR THE CANALS.) I said copies were in my brief-case, across the room, and the three of them made a mad dash for it, pushing everyone out of their way. They quickly pulled out copies and thumbed thru them, while Carl emitted howls, shrieks, grunts, and groans. They then retired to another room, and locked themselves into it, allowing the party to recover from their cyclonic activities and resume as well as it could. I suppose Carl was plotting all sorts of dire revenges for me, but eventually he calmed down and came out again. He was still quite agitated, and proceeded to write:

"Open letter to Eds Calif friends re NIEKAS

"I received my copy when ed was in town

I read it and started to burn

and now I maintain with a smile not a frown

NO SURPRISE IF HE DOSNT RETURN"

and the two limericks on page 12.

Anyhow, the party eventually settled down again, and the fangab lasted for several more hours. I had met Dave briefly at the Discon, but this (together with Ted White's party the following week) was my one opportunity thus far to really talk with him at length.

Carl, Barry, Fred & I left about four, largely because Carl claimed he had a lot of work to get done that day. Anyhow, the party seemed on the verge of breaking up. We walked to the nearest IND station, which got me a quarter of the way home, and Carl & Greeb left us. Fred and I continued walking and, after a stop for coffee, arrived in front of my home a little after five. We continued talking about what had happened in New York and Berkeley since we last saw each other in the Summer, N3F business, etc, for another 45 minutes before I went in and he continued on home.

Saturday afternoon I learned of a party that night for the City College group at the home of Vivian Cohen in midtown Manhattan. I had an opportunity to see many

people again for the first time in years, including Jake Weldman, Stu Brownstein, and Elliot Shorter's sister, Sam. Many of the people, however, were strangers, including our hostess. It is almost three years since I moved from New York, and I have had little contact with the City College group on my visits home.

Just about when I was ready to leave for home, Carl, Vivian, and a few others started a game of "Hearts" and talked me into joining them. Had I but known how long it would take! Anyhow, this was the first time I had played any form of card game in, I believe, nine years, and it was rather amusing for a change. The hour and a half passed most pleasantly, but I am afraid I still do not see the motivations of those who travel hundreds or even thousands of miles, and then spend all their time playing cards.

One bit of really fantastic coincidence overtook Carl that night. A character was there with a chess set, and made some boasting noises about his prowess. Carl, a really good player, pretended that he didn't know how to play and let this guy teach him and played him several games. Carl kept making seemingly amateur moves, and kept winning, seemingly by blind luck, to the immense irritation of this character. Finally, Carl revealed his abilities and they played several real games. (No, I can't see playing chess at a party either, or "Go" the way several young members of the Little Men do...at least on a steady basis.) Each struck the other as a bit familiar, and when they finally got around to introducing themselves to each other,

it turned out that they had gone to High School together, had been great friends at the time, and had spent thousands of hours playing chess.

The next spurt of fanaticism came on Tuesday, when Carl, Fred, Barry & I were to do a large number of things together, but because of a last minute trip to Baltimore Barry couldn't make it.

Early in the morning Fred & I met in the lobby of the Transit Authority building in downtown Brooklyn and went upstairs to pick up such publications as annual reports

and maps. We then met Carl and headed for the various second hand book-shops in the area. I usually managed to hit the ones in Manhattan on my trips back, but hadn't been to the Brooklyn ones in several years. (Come to think of it, it is even more years since I had been to the ones in my own neighborhood, in Williamsburg, or in Jamaica.) Unfortunately all but one were still closed because it was so early in the morning. In fact, one was shut down rather permanently. Its site was a completely vacant block awaiting the construction of a housing development.

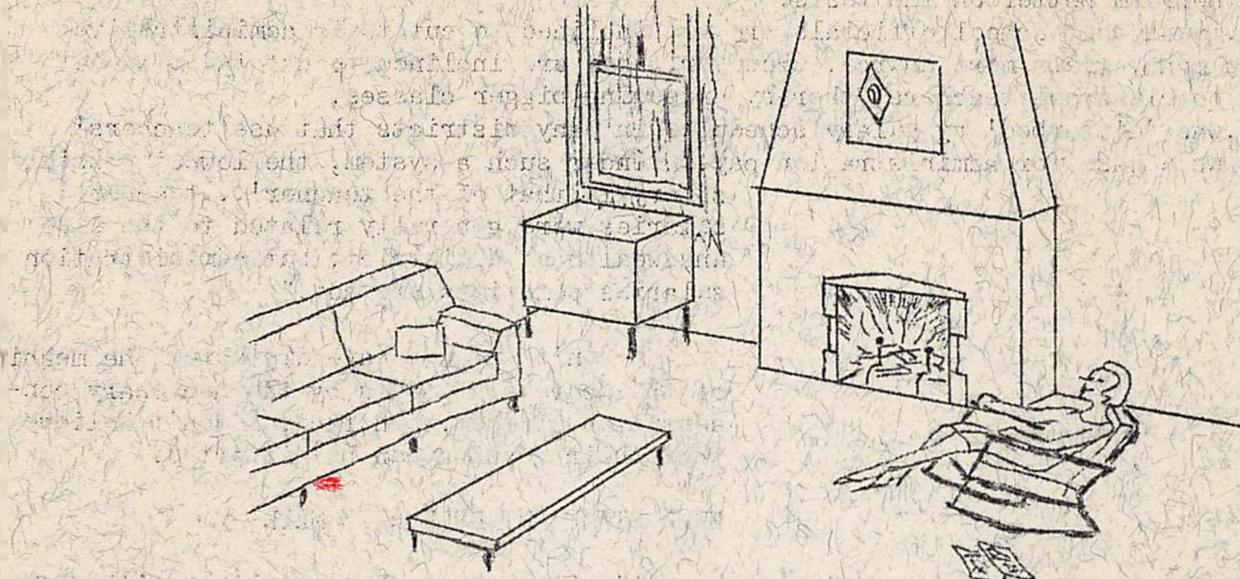
We then hit the bookstores in the Union Square section of NY ("Book Row") and while I stopped at Al Schuster's to pick up the foldout he had printed for this NIEKAS and leave the art for the next one Carl & Fred went on to Times Square.

I met them again in the Times Building where we had dinner. Fred had found a new obsession and was trying to interest everyone in it... first me at dinner, and later that evening Hal Lynch and Chris Steinbrunner. Fred has the Los Angeles games-oriented mentality and is forever becoming enthusiastic over the fads of others, like Brag, or inventing new ones of his own. His schtick for the evening was a variation of marbles, using very small ones, with a cafeteria tray for the playing field.

I had wanted to stop at Sam Goody's record store to pick up the complete Utopia, Limited before heading up to Fordham to meet Chris but Fred's antics didn't leave time. (As things turned out it really didn't matter for the recording was a private pressing, available only directly from the publisher, but I didn't know that at the time and was quite irritated. In truth I did try to do too many things that day, and had had to skip my intended visits to Astor Books in downtown NY and the American Institute of Physics, for their job availability listing. But then it is so difficult to try to do everything when you're in New York for only 10 days.)

I wanted to get together with Chris Steinbrunner, but he is such a busy man that the only time we could work it was that evening when he returned to his Alma Mater to do his weekly radio program on their station. It was a 15 minute general chatter program on at about 8, and as he hadn't yet picked a topic he suggested we all talk about something together that evening. He asked us to show up 15 or 20 minutes before air-time so that we could pick a topic. Well, none of us had any acceptable ideas, and couldn't come up with anything until air-time. Chris started the program with a brief excerpt from a record Carl had purchased that afternoon, a reading of Beowulf in the original Anglo-Saxon, which he then discussed with them.. He spoke with all of us, skipping from topic to topic, and really managed to keep the show going. We talked about Gilbert & Sullivan, the Berkeley riots, science fiction, our work and/or studies, fandom, and I don't remember what else. It's really surprising how much we managed to cover in so few minutes. Also, I have great admiration for the way he kept the show going when we had no idea of what we'd do before we started. (Fred, who works on the Columbia U station, disagrees rather violently with Chris' philosophy; he feels that every live show should be completely planned out to the last detail before going on the air.)

MAYHEM HOUSE



FELICE ROLFE

Spring has come to Palo Alto. The daffodils are out, the Japanese plums look like sunset clouds on a stick, and our tulip tree has great long buds like hundreds of pink tapers in an enormous candle holder.

Yesterday we saw a robin. As a harbinger of spring, he left something to be desired; although it was disgracefully early in the morning, he had obviously been hitting the fermented toyon berries, and was so tight he could barely walk -- let alone harbinge. Even John Michael, who is too much of a cat to worry about sportsmanship, seemed to think it would be ungentlemanly to pot so potted a bird.

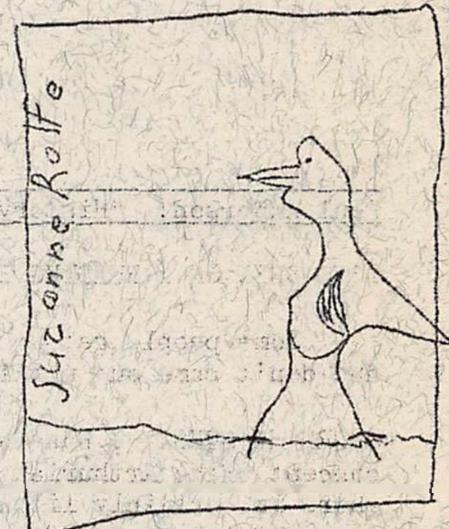
Our daffodils are somewhat behind those in the rest of the neighborhood. The children keep stepping on them. What we need in this child-centered world is a good two-dimensional daffodil.

QUOTE WITHOUT COMMENT

The following is excerpted from the newspaper report of the results of an investigation into the California educational system by a committee of the State Assembly.

"The committee was shocked at the misapplication of funds for administrative and non-classroom functions in many school districts...was 'amazed' at the volume of written material turned out by ... administrators under the general heading of 'Teaching Guides' or 'lesson plans' or other instructions, much of it 'never used by teachers and, indeed....held in disdain by them.'

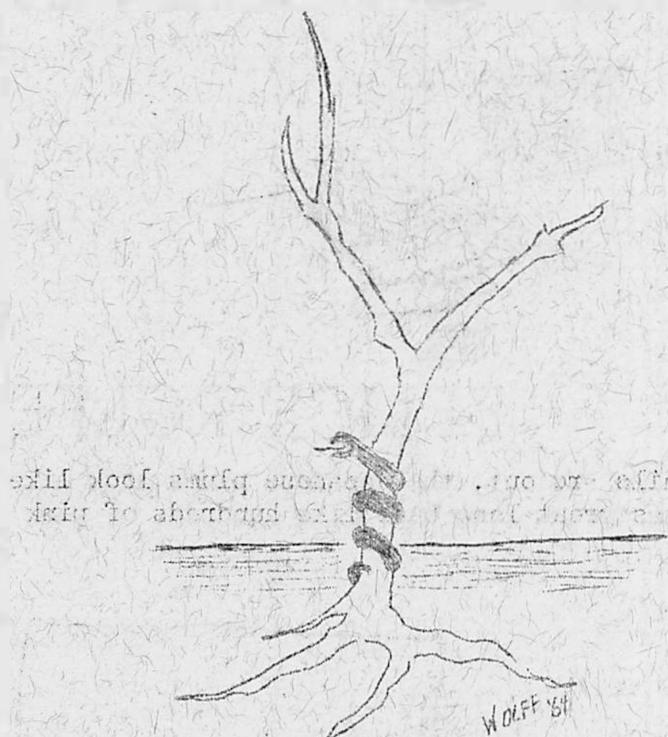
"The....subcommittee looked at results of the new statewide pupil achievement tests and found that pupils' performance had nothing to do with the number of consultants, coordinators and other administrators employed by a district. But it did find that pupils in districts with small classes (more classroom teachers) performed



better than others. It also found that when a district pays its teachers well, the students perform better on the tests.

"...found that school officials are not inclined to cut their administrative staffs as money grows more scarce. However, they are inclined to cut the ratio of students to classroom teachers, thereby producing bigger classes.

"...was 'disturbed' by salary schedules in many districts that use teachers' salaries as a base for administration pay. 'Under such a system, the lowest possible salary is that of the teacher'...teachers' salaries were generally related to the size and wealth of a district, but administration salaries sometimes are not."



I don't think I have distorted the meaning of the above statements by the necessary condensation of them. In fact, I don't believe that their meaning can be distorted.

HELP STAMP OUT BULK RATE MAIL

I'd like to check some things with those of you who know more about the U.S. Post Office than ~~the rest of us~~ I do. Is it true: (a) that first class mail pays its own way and helps make up the deficit caused by bulk rate mail? (b) that "business reply mail" stamped (first class) enclosures are not billed to the company unless they are actually mailed?

If these things are true, then I respectfully suggest that all "business reply" cards and envelopes be returned -- blank.

Poul Anderson: "History is filled with the sound of great minds meeting -- head-on."

I'VE BEEN ON A READING DRUNK AGAIN: OR, BOOK REVIEWS IN BRIEF

Some people get drunk after final exams. Not me. I dive into the public library and don't come out until classes start again.

SWORD AT SUNSET, Rosemary Sutcliff. According to the dustjacket, this is a "new concept of the Arthurian epic." I don't think it's a new conception, exactly, but there is certainly little to remind us of the traditional legend. Rather is it a story of the years after Rome's withdrawal from Britain, and Arthur's (Artos') struggle to maintain civilization as he knew it (sound familiar?). The story has been stripped of the chivalric embellishments given to it by the French influence, and presents Arthur as what he probably was, a war chief of the British tribes which had learned most from the Romans. The book is on a par, in my opinion, with Mary Renault's THE KING MUST DIE. By the way, if you're interested in stories of ancient Britain, there are several good ones by Rosemary Sutcliff.

THE YEARS OF THE CITY, George R. Stewart. This, in a way, is science fiction in reverse. From the bare bones (and they were very bare) of an archaeological dig somewhere in Greece, Stewart has reconstructed the story of a city; its founding, its youth and maturity, its decay and destruction. He has written several good books with nonliving protagonists; STORM is the most famous, and there are also FIRE and SHEEP ROCK. I think this is the best of them, and it is excellent.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS AND A LADY, Tiffany Thayer. Here I am riding my hobby horse again, eh? I can't say this exactly captures the spirit of the original, but it has its interest. Thayer obviously felt that nobody could be as completely evil as Milady without a reason. He tells essentially the same story that is in THE THREE MUSKETEERS, but he chooses different episodes for his narrative. For a good part of the book, the viewpoint is Milady's. As a purist I could wish Thayer had been more consistent with Dumas.

TRYST, Elswyth Thane. I picked this book off the "teenage" rack at the grocery (!). For the most part, it is the sort of sickly sweet, they-were-meant-for-each-other bilge that you'd expect. It is a bit odd, however, that although the handsome, dashing lover is dead, he doesn't let it cramp his style. I don't know whether to recommend this book or not. It does have a certain charming tenderness to it, and you must admit that the problem seems at first glance to be insoluble.

One other I would like to mention is Shellabarger's THE TOKEN. This is a lovely story told in a lilting way, about a chatelaine and a minstrel during the time of the Crusades. The style is completely different from any of Shellabarger's other books.

Gee, I didn't read much science fiction between semesters, did I?

DO YOU THINK HE 'LL EVER GROW UP?

Last week the City of Palo Alto installed their portable ditch next to our driveway. (We call it a "portable ditch" because it seems that any street we want to use has a ditch across it, and Joe maintains that any object that gets around as much as that ditch does may properly be called portable.)

My son Ben and his sidekick, Jean-Pierre, are conservatives of the old school. They don't like change. Therefore every afternoon, when the day's digging has been done, Ben and JP restore the old order by filling the ditch up again (as best they can). This has caused our good Public Servants some confusion, but apparently they've doped it out at last. This evening a muddy gentleman in redwood green (that's Lincoln green, California style) rang our doorbell.

"Lady," he said, "You got a boy?"

I admitted it.

"He about five or six?"

I granted the accuracy of that statement.

In a plaintive tone he asked, "Please keep him the hell out of our ditch!"

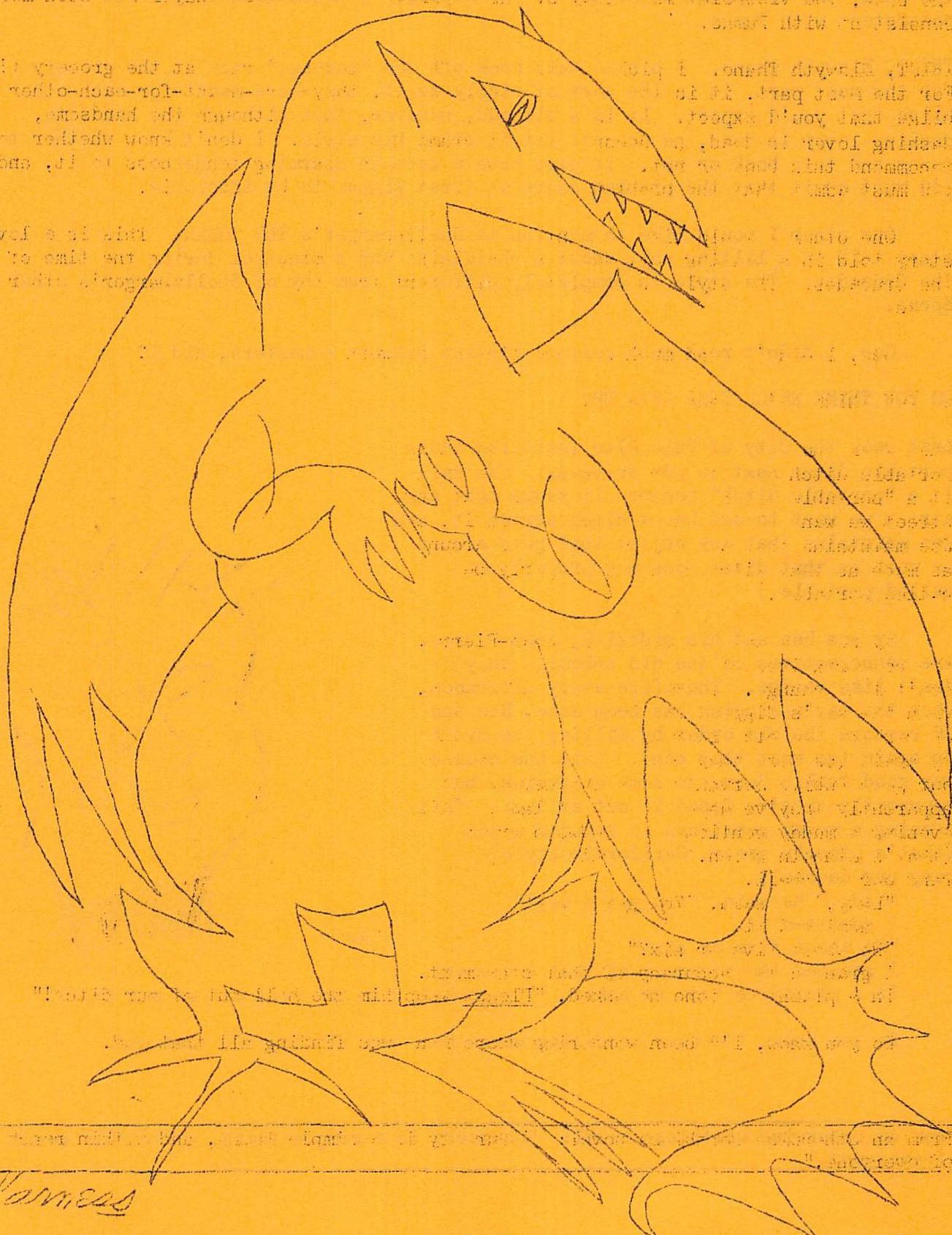
Do you know, I'd been wondering where Ben was finding all that mud.



LEHIGH MFG. CO.

...it gheorg edt ja ...
radio-nob-e-rol-sch...
...mebbend edt gheorg
en geleden vers...leek
ben ,ti si gheorg ...

view of a visit
to emit an
order of removal



James

Carl Frederick

The Marchin' Barnacles

for prozine collectors

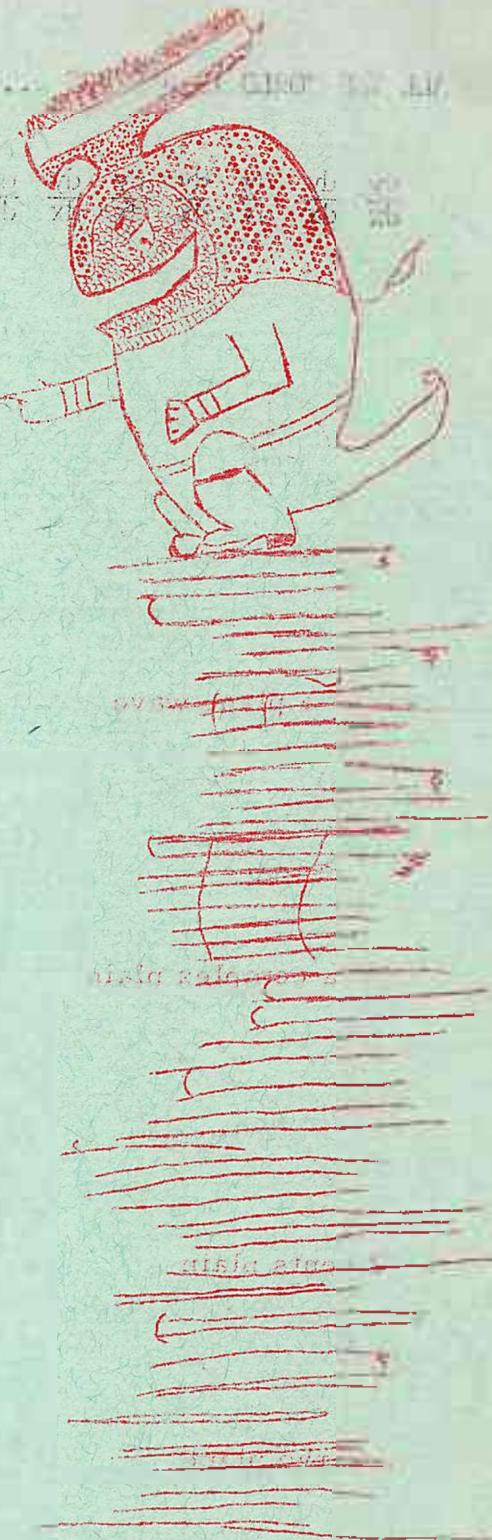
NACHTLIED UND ALPTRAUM

NACHTLIED

Look at all the issues,
Unread,
Wrapped in snow white tissues
shelved instead.
Clean, Just as new,
Unused and as pure as a baby.
Only wait,
maybe,
You'll be shelved too.

ALPTRAUM

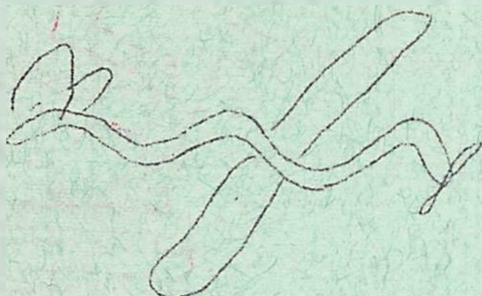
I leaped to my bookshelves, and section by section
I flung in the bathtub, my prozine collection.
I ate it with whipped cream and strawberry sauce.
I ate it all up and I rested.
Philosophically then did I sum up my loss.
Still unread, but now fully digested.



ALL THE WORLD IS A STAGE ... (microscopy handbook)

$$\frac{dy}{dx} \frac{dy}{dx} \frac{dy}{dx}$$

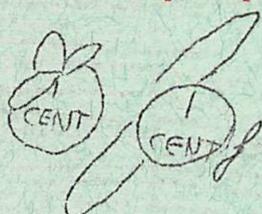
higher derivative
(also) non-linear term



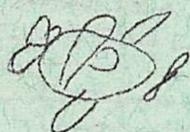
a plane wave



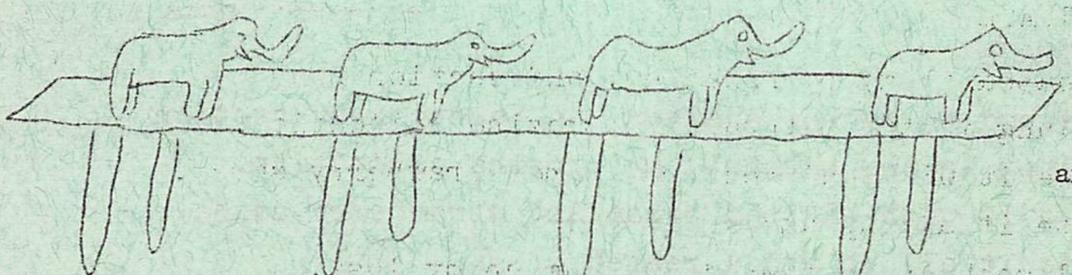
a complex plain



2 cents plain



a rho plane



Periodic Table of Elephants

THE FORM OF THIS VERSE
NOT ROMAN OR Grecian
IT'S JUST TO INFORM YOU
I AM GLAD IN HERMITIAN

a matrix inverse or
perhaps a verse in matrix

NAME IS ALF
ERICKSON AND
ID WELLI NNYC

an identity matrix

VISITORS R
UNWELCOME

a hermitian matrix

DOWNTOWN!
HERMITIAN
MATRICES!

a anti-hermitian matrix



a column matrix

||o||

a row matrix

||come here!||

another column matrix

b b
b b

a transposed matrix

DISSENT INTO THE MAELSTROM · (KIRIBI!!)



OF ALL DREADFULL THINGS
IT'S THE LORD OF THE RINGS
THAT I'D MOST RATHER NOT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.
FOR OF HOBBITS AND SUCH
I'VE HEARD TOO BLOODY MUCH,
THEY CAN JOLLY WELL GO BACK TO BRITTAIN.
ALTHOUGH COERCED TO TRY THEM,
BE HANGED IF I BUY THEMAND NOT FROM A SENSE OF MERE SKINFLINTCY
THE SPELL I RESIST
FOR I STRONGLY INSIST
THERE ARE CHEAPER REGRESSIONS TO INFANCY.

YET A FAN MAY MAINTAIN
WITH THE STATE OF HIS BRAIN
EUPHEMISTICALLY CITED AS PELVIC,
THAT WITH NO APPREHENSION
IT IS HIS INTENTION
TO PUBLISH HIS ZINE IN HIGH ELVIC.

IF THE EXPLOITS OF BAGGINS,
OF ORCS AND OF DRAGONS.
YOUR PASSIONS QUITE FAIL TO EXCITE
DON'T LEAVE IT TO MEOME! PROTEST! BE FREE!
RISE! FRIENDS OF SAURON, UNITE!

GENUINE WARRENTED POST SCRIPT

NOW AN ORC IS ALL RIGHT
WITH ITS BARK WORSE THAN BIGHT
OR EVEN WITH BIGHT WORSE THAN BARK.
WHATEVER THE CASE
AN ORC SUFFERS DISGRACE
WHEN COMPARED WITH THE WARRENTED SNARK.

NOW IF BILBO WERE CHANGED
TO A BOOJUM, (DERANGED)
HE MIGHT MEET HIS AUTHOR SOME DAY,
THEN TOLKIENISH THINGS
LIKE THE LORD OF THE RINGS
WOULD SILENTLY VANISH AWAY.

POST POST SCRIPT SCRIPT FA LA

I MAINTAIN THAT THE LORD OF THE RINGS FA LA
HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CASE
FOR THE PRAISE THAT AN ADHERANT SINGS FA LA
IS CAUSED BY THE ODOR THAT CLINGS FA LA
TO VILE BAD S.F. TALES OF SPACE.
TOO VILE BAD S.F. TALES OF SPACE.
SO THAT'S WHAT I MEAN AS I SAY AS I SING
OH BOther THE HOBBITS THAT FORM IN A RING



FA LA LA LA HA, FA LA LA LA LA
AND IT NEVER WILL BE MISSED
IT NEVER WILL BE MISS

"Professor Zehrgut, outside your considerable achievements in physics, I understand that you are a S. F. fan. How do you find World S. F. Conventions?"

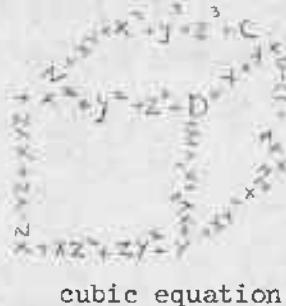
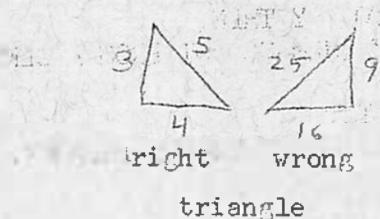
"The first one I attended seemed strange. Now they seem quite normal. In other words, with Worldcons as with other weak interactions, strangeness is not conserved."

QUESTION: What would an electrical engineer call a spiritualist who plies her craft in Arctic climes?

ANSWER: A polarized medium

KEEP OFF
THE GRASS

sine



AMERICAN
BROADCASTING
COMPANY

cosine

THIS WAY TO
THE ARC

arcsine

J. P. NOAH & Co

arccosine

KEEP OFF
THE GRASS

sinh

$$V = .5 \omega_1^2 x^2$$

$$V = .5 \omega_2^2 x^2$$

$$V = .5 \omega_3^2 x^2$$

$$V = .5 \omega_4^2 x^2$$

HARMONIC OSCILLATORS

QUESTION: What can you make with a buckle and a strip of leather 1 inch by 2,000 miles?

ANSWER: An asteroid belt.

ONCE A COMPUTER NAMED FRED
STORED NIEKAS ON TAPE IN ITS HEAD
WHEN THE ZINE WAS DIGESTED
IT PROMPTLY PROTESTED
WERE I LIVING I'D WISH I WERE DEAD

IN ALASKA THE FEN GET MUCH HIGHER:
THEY DRINK CORFLU IN WINTRY ATTIRE.
YET THE AIR IS SO COLD,
THAT THEY DO, I AM TOLD,
USE NIEKAS TO KINDLE A FIRE.

A Glossary of Middle-Earth

Al Halovy



PART III INDIVIDUAL HUMAN BEINGS

ADRAHIL The Lord of Dol Amroth before the WR, and father of Finduilas. (R3 336)

ALDAMIR (d. 1540) The 21st King of Gondor, 2nd son of Eldacar, & father of Hyarmendacil II.
He was killed in war with the Haradrim and the Corsairs of Umbar. (R3 318, 367)

ALDOR the Old (2544-2645) The 3rd King of Rohan, 2nd son of Brego, & father of Frea.
He drove out the last of the Dunlendings that lived east of the Isen. (R3 349)

AMANDIL The last Lord of Andunie, descendant of Valandil, & father of Elendil. (R3 316)

AMLAITH of Fornost (d. 946) The 1st King of Arthedain, eldest son of Earendur, & father
of Beleg. (Rs 318)

ANARDIL (d. 411) The 5th King of Gondor, son Earendil, & father of Ostahir. (R3 318)

ANARION (d. 3440 S.A.) The 1st King of Gondor (together with his brother and father),
son of Elendil, brother of Isildur, & father of Meneldil. In 3319 S.A. he escaped
with his brother and father from the destruction of Numenor to Middle-earth; there
they founded the twin kingdoms of Arnor and Gondor. Anarion ruled Gondor with his
brother although Elendil was king over both kingdoms. In 3429 S.A. Sauron attacked
Gondor and took Minas Ithil; in the ensuing war, Anarion was killed before Barad-dur
as a member of the Last Alliance. (R1 257; R3 317-318, 365)

ANBORN A soldier of Gondor during the WR. (R2 283)

ANGBOR The Lord of Lamedon during the WR. (R3 151)

ANGOMAITE The great-grandson of Castamir & brother of Sangahyanda who led the Corsairs
of Umbar on a raid of Pelargir in 1634, and killed King Minardil of Gondor. (R3 328)

APPLEDORE See under Rowlie Appledore.

ARAEOR (d. 2930) The 14th Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son Argonui, & father
of Arathorn II. He was taken by the Trolls of Coldfells and killed. (R3 318, 337)

AR-ADUNAKHOR (Adunaic for Lord of the West) The 19th King of Numenor, son of Tar-Calmacil,
& father of Ar-Zimrathon. He was the first King of Numenor who named himself in the
adunaic tongue, and began to persecute the Faithful. He also punished those using the
Elven-tongues; as a result the Eldar stopped coming to Numenor. He became king in
2899 S.A. (R3 315--316, 364)

ARAGLAS (d. 2455) The 6th Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Aragorn I, &
father of Arahad I. (R3 318)

ARAGORN I (d. 2327) The 5th Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Aravir, &
father of Araglas. He was said to have been killed by wolves. (R3 318, 323)

ARAGORN II (2931-3121) Also called Captain of the Dunedain of Arnor, Captain of the
West, Chieftain of the Dunedain of the North, The Dunadan, Eagle of the Star,
Elendil's Son of Numenor, Elessar, Elessar of the Line of Valandil, Elfstone,
Estel, Heir of Isildur, Hope, Isildur's Heir, Isildur's Son, the King of Gondor,
King of the West, Longshanks, Lord Aragorn, Lord of the Dunedain, Lord of the Western
Lands, Ranger of Eriador, the Renewer, Stick-at-Nought Strider, Strider, Telcontar,
Wielder of the Sword Reforged, & Wingfoot) The 16th Chieftain of the Dunedain in
Eriador, and 2nd King of both Arnor and Gondor combined. He was the son of Arathorn I
& Gilraen, husband of Arwen Undomiel, & father of Eldarion & some daughters. Prior
to the WR he fought consistently against Sauron, was a member of the Council of Elrond
and the Fellowship of the Ring, and in the WR was one of the leaders of the Host of
the West. (R1-R3)

ARAGOST (d. 2588) The 8th Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Arahad I, & father of Aravorn. (R3 318)

ARAHAD I (d. 2523) The 7th Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Araglas, & father of Aragost. (R3 318, 323)

ARAHAD II (d. 2719) The 10th Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Aravorn, & father of Arassuil. (R3 318)

ARAHAEL (d. 2177) The 2nd Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Aranarth, & father of Aranuir. (R3 318)

ARANARTH (d. 2106) The 1st Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Arvedui, & father of Arahael, who took the title in 1976. During his reign the family heirlooms (the Ring of Barahir, the shards of Narsil, and the Star and Sceptre of Annuminas) were given into the keeping of Elrond. (R3 318, 323, 367)

ARANTAR (d. 435) The 5th King of Arnor, son of Eldacar, & father of Tarcil. (R3 318)

ARANUIR (d. 2247) The 3rd Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Arahael, & father of Aravir. (R3 318)

ARAPHANT (d. 1964) The 14th King of Arthedain, son of Araval, & father of Arvedui. In 1940 Arnor (Arthedain) and Gondor formed an alliance and sealed it with the marriage of Arvedui to Ondohir's daughter Fíriel. (R3 318, 329, 367)

ARAPHOR (d. 1589) The 9th King of Arthedain, son of Arveleg I, & father of Argeleb II. During his reign, and with the help of the Elves (Cirdan and Elrond, the latter with Elves from Lothlórien), Angmar was repelled from Fornost and the North Downs, and was subdued for a time. (R3 318, 320-321)

ARASSUIL (d. 2784) The 11th Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Arahad I, & father of Arathorn I. In 2740 the Orcs renewed their invasion of Eriador, but the Dunedain and the sons of Elrond beat them back. (R3 318, 323-324, 369)

ARATHORN I (d. 2848) The 12th Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Arassuil, & father of Argonui who died in battle. (R3 318)

ARATHORN II (2873-2933) The 15th Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Arador, husband of Gilraen (m. 2929), & father of Aragorn II who was killed by an Orc arrow. (R3 318, 337-338)

ARAVAL (d. 1891) The 13th King of Arthedain, son of Arveleg II, & father of Araphant. (R3 318)

ARAVIR (d. 2319) The 4th Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Aranuir, & father of Aragorn I. (R3 318)

ARAVORN (d. 2654) The 9th Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Aragost, & father of Arahad II. (R3 318)

ARCIRYAS A Dunedain, the son of Telumehtar, brother of Narmacil II, father of Calimmacil, grandfather of Thranduil. (R3 319, 320)

ARGELEB I (d. 1356) The 7th King of Arthedain, son of Malvegil, & father of Arveleg I. He claimed lordship over all of Arnor since no descendant of Isildur remained in Rhudaur and Cardolan, and took a name with the prefix "ar" to signify this (his real name is unknown). But Rhudaur resisted this claim; the Hill-men who lived there and were in league with Angmar seized this kingdom. Argeleb fortified the Weather Hills, and was later killed in battle with Rhudaur. (R1 197; R3 318, 320, 366)

ARGELEB II (d. 1670) The 10th King of Arthedain, son of Araphor, & father of Arvegil. In 1601 he granted land west of the Baranduin to the Hobbits. During his reign, in 1636, the Great Plague from Gondor struck Eriador, especially Cardolan, and destroyed most of the people living there. (R3 318, 321, 367)

AR-GIMILZOR The 22nd King of Numenor, son of Ar-Sakalthor, & father of Ar-Inziladun (Tar-Palantir). (R3 315)

ARGONUI (d. 2912) The 13th Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador, son of Arathorn I, & father of Arador. (R3 318)

AR-INZILADUN See Tar-Palantir. (R3 315)

AR-PHARAZON the Golden The 24th and last King of Numenor, & nephew of Tar-Palantir. In 3255 S.A. he seized the throne of Numenor which belonged to Tar-Miriel, his cousin. In 3261 S.A. he landed at Umbar with a huge army, and the next year carried Sauron back to Numenor as a captive. In 3310 S.A. he began building a great armament, and with the urging of Sauron, broke the Ban of the Valar by landing upon Valinor in 3319 S.A. But the Valar caused Numenor to sink into the Sea, and removed the Undying Lands from "the circles of the world." (R3 315-317, 327, 364)

AR-SAKALTHOR The 21st King of Numenor, son of Ar-Zimrathon, & father of Ar-Gimilzor. (R3 315)

ARTAMIR (d. 1944) The son of Ondohir, King of Gondor, & brother of Faramir, who was killed with his father and brother at Dagorlad by the Wainriders. (R3 329)

ARVEDUI Last-King (1974 or 1975) The 15th and last King of Arthedain, son of Araphant, & brother of Aranarth. It is said that at his birth, Malbeth the Seer prophesied that Arvedui would be the last King. In 1940 Araphant and Ondohir of Gondor formed an alliance and sealed it by the marriage of Arvedui to Firiell, the daughter of Ondohir. After the death of Ondohir and his sons in 1944, Arvedui claimed the crown of Gondor, but this claim was rejected, and the crown was given to Earnil II. In 1973 Arvedui sent a message to Gondor asking for help as Angmar was preparing to invade Arthedain. Earnil sent his son Earnur with an army, but this help came too late. Angmar invaded Arthedain, captured Fornost, and drove the remaining Dunedain over the Lhun; the Kingdom of Arthedain came to an end. Arvedui held out at the North Downs for a while, but then fled north. He hid out for a while in the northern Ered Luin, and then sought help from the Lossoth at the Bay of Forochel. Cirdan sent a ship to bring Arvedui back, but the ship went down with Arvedui, and the Palantiri of Amon Sul and Annúminas were lost. (R3 318, 32-322, 329-330, 367; see Earnil II and Battle of Fornost)

ARVEGIL (d. 1743) The 11th King of Arthedain, son of Argeleb II, & father of Arveleg II. (R3 318)

ARVELEG I (d. 1409) The 8th King of Arthedain, son of Argeleb I, & father of Araphor. With the help of Cardolan and Lindon he drove the Hill-men and Angmar back from the Weather Hills. But in 1409 Angmar invaded Cardolan and Rhudaur and defeated the Dunedain. The Tower of Amon-Sul was burned, but its Palantir was saved; however, Arveleg was killed. (R3 318, 320, 366)

ARVELEG II (d. 1813) The 12th King of Arthedain, son of Arvegil, & father of Araval. (R3 318)

AR-ZIMRATHON The 20th King of Numenor, son of Ar-Adunakhon, & father of Ar-Sakalthon. (R3 318)

ATANATAR I (d. 748) The 9th King of Gondor, son of Turambar, & father of Siriondil. (R3 318)

ATANATAR II ALCARIN (d. 1226; Alcarin is High-elven for The Glorious) The 15th King of Gondor, son of Hyarmendacil I, & father of Narmacil I and Calmacil. (R3 318, 325, 366)

BAIN (d. 3007) The 2nd King of Dale, son of Bard I, & father of Brand. (R1 241; R3 371)

BALDOR A son of Brevo who, in 2569, vowed to tread the Paths of the Dead, and did not return. (R3 70-71, 349)

BARAHIR 1. The father of Beren of the First House of the Edain who died at the hands of Morgoth in the First Age. (R1 205-206; R3 314; Ring of Barahir)
2. (d. 2412) The 8th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Hador, & father of Dior. (R3 319)

BARANOR The father of Beregond (R3 33)

BARD I (d. 2977; also called The Bowman) A descendant of Girion, Lord of Dale, & father of Bain. He lived in Esgaroth and in 1941 killed Smaug; in 2944 he rebuilt Dale and became the 1st King of Dale. (H 260-261, 314; R1 241; R3 359, 370, 371)

BARD II The 4th King of Dale, and son of Brand. In 3019, after the fall of Barad-dur and the Second Battle of Dale (in which his father was killed), he led the Men of Dale to victory over the Easterlings with the help of the Dwarves of Erebor. He then became King of Dale. (R3 375-376)

BARLEY The nickname of Barliman Butterbur. (R1 172)

BARLIMAN "BARLEY" BUTTERBUR The owner of The Prancing Pony in Bree. (R1 159)

BELECTHOR I (d. 2655) The 15th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Hurin II, & father of Orodreth. (R3 319)

BELECTHOR II (d. 2872) The 21st Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Beregond, & father of Thorondir. At his death the White Tree at Minas Tirith died, but the dead tree was left standing. (R3 319, 334)

BELEG (d. 1029) The 2nd King of Arthedain, son of Amlaith, & father of Mallor. (R3 318)

BELEGORN (d. 2204) The 4th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Herion, & father of Hurin I. (R3 319)

BEORM The 1st Chieftain of the Beornings, and father of Grimbeorn the Old. Although he was a human being, he was called a "skin-changer" since he could assume the identity of a huge bear or a strong black-haired man. He was also said to be descended from the ancient bears of the mountains who were living before the giants came, and from the first men who lived on Middle-earth before the Dragons and Orcs came out of the north. He lived with animals and communicated with them; his house was located between the edge of Mirkwood and the Anduin. He took part in the Battle of Five Armies and there killed Bolg. (H 126-127, 300, 305; R1 241)

BEREGOND 1. (d. 2811) The 20th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Beren, & father of Belecthor II. In 2758 the Corsairs of Umbar invaded Gondor and Rohan (that winter

was known as the Long Winter), but in the following spring, Beregond repulsed the invaders. In 2799 the Orcs fleeing the Battle of Nanduhirion attempted to cross the Rohan and establish themselves in the Ered Nimrais, but Beregond prevented this. (R3 319, 334)

2. The son of Baranorland father of Bergil. He was a soldier of Gondor during the WR and a guard of the White Tower. He tried to rescue Faramir from Denethor when the latter was trying to kill himself and his son. Aragorn banished him from Minas Tirith for this act, but made him Captain of the White Company. (R3 33, 127-128, 247)

BEREN 1. The son of Barahir of the First House of the Edain, & father of Dior. After the death of his father at the hands of Morgoth, he fled to Belerian where he met and married Luthien, the Grey-elf daughter of Thingol Greycloak. This was the first union of High Elves and Men. After a number of adventures, he and his wife took one of the three Silmarils from the Iron Crown of Morgoth to be the bride-piece of Luthien to her father. Later, Beren was killed by the Wolf from the gates of Angband. (R1 204-206; R3 314)

2. (d. 2763) The 19th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Egalmoth, & father of Beregond: In 2759, after his son had repelled the invading Corsairs of Umbar, Beren gave Saruman the keys of Orthanc. (R3 319, 334, 348, 369; see Beregond)

BERGIL The young son of Beregond who showed Peregrin around Minas Tirith during the WR. (R3 42)

BILL FERNY (Also called the Chief's Big Man) A man who lived in Bree who first was a spy for the Nazgul, and then helped Saruman in the latter's invasion of the Shire in the WR. (R1 167, 177, 186; R3 271)

BOB A servant at The Prancing Pony. (R1 165)

BOROMIR 1. (d. 2489) The 11th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Denethor I, and father of Cirion. He drove the Uruks out of Ithilien and Osgiliath after they had invaded in 2475, but received a Morgul-wound. (R3 319, 333)

2. (2978-3019; also called Boromir the Fair, & Lord of the Tower of Guard) The son of Denethor II and Finduilas, & brother of Faramir. He was present at the Council of Elrond and was a member of the Fellowship of the Ring. At Parth Galen, he tried to take the One Ring from Frodo, but was killed by Orcs in the succeeding fight. (R1 253, 412-416; R2 16; R3 337, 371, 373)

BOROMIR THE FAIR See Boromir (2). (R2 20)

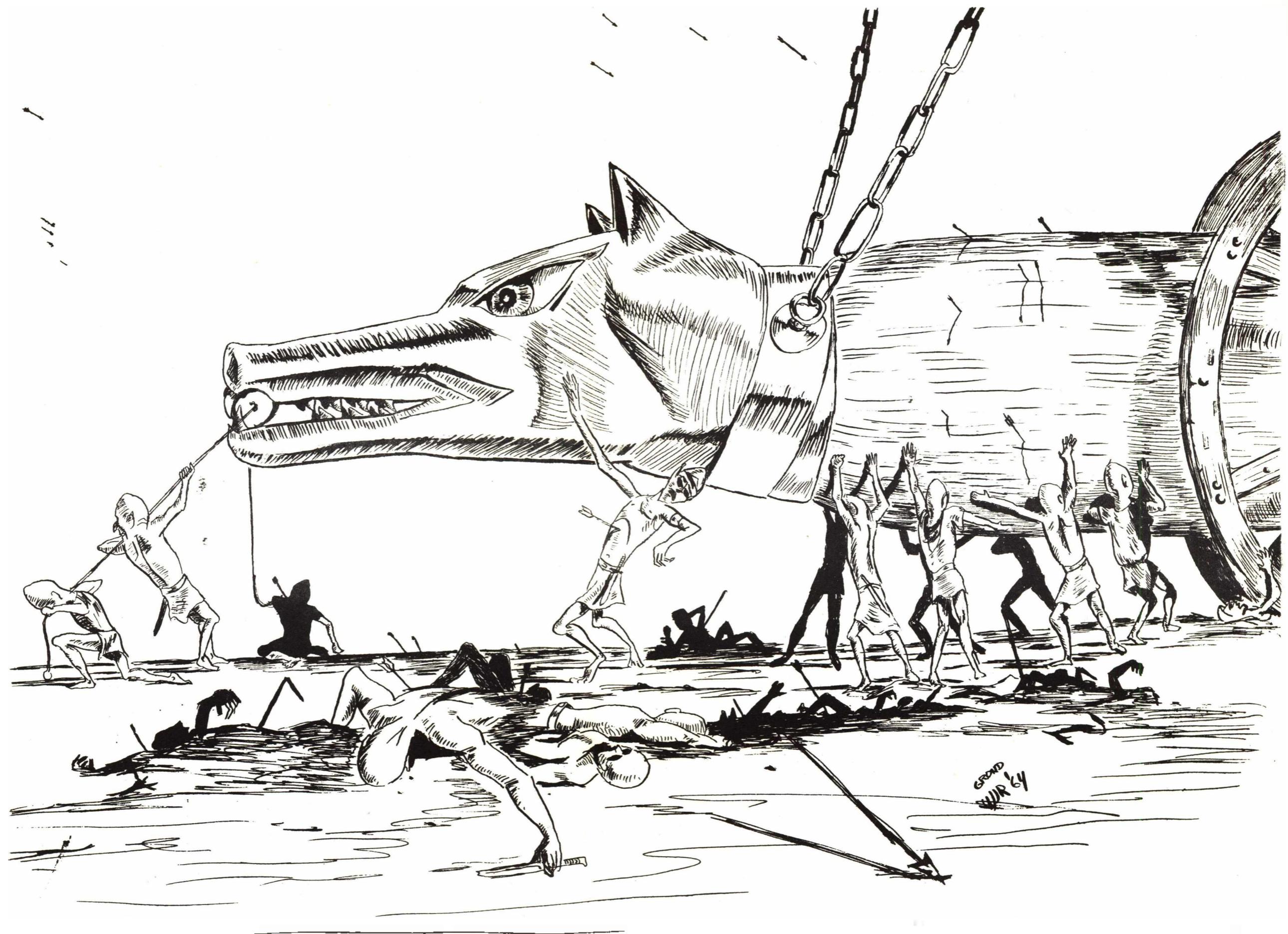
BOWMAN, THE See Bard I. (H 263)

BRAND (d. 3019) The 3rd King of Dale, son of Bain, & father of Bard II. In the WR he fought in the Second Battle of Dale with the Dwarves of Erebor against the Easterlings, and was killed there. (R1 241; R3 360, 371, 375; see Second Battle of Dale)

BREGO (2512-2570) The 2nd King of Rohan, son of Eorl the Young, & father of Baldor and Aldor. He drove the Balchoth out of the Wold and thus avenged the death of his father. In 2569 he completed the hall of Meduseld at Edoras, but then died of grief at the death of his son Baldor. (R3 349)

BRYTTA (2752-2842) The 11th King of Rohan, son of Frealaf, & father of Walda. But note that Leo is also named as the 11th King of Rohan. (R3 255, 349)

BUTTERBUR, BARLIMAN See under Barliman Butterbur.



CALIMEHTAR 1. The son of Calmacil, brother of Romendacil II, & grandfather of Castamir. (R3 326)

2. (d. 1936) The 28th King of Gondor, son of Narmacil II, & father of Ondohir. Helped by a revolt in Rhovanion, he defeated the Wainriders in 1899 upon Dagorlad. In 1900 he built the White Tower in Minas Anor. (R3 319, 329, 367)

CALIMMACIL A Dunedain of Gondor, the son of Arciryas, father of Siriondil, & grandfather of Earnil. (R3 330)

CALMACIL (d. 1304) The 17th King of Gondor, son of Atanatar II, brother of Narmacil I, & father of Romendacil II and Calimehtar. (R3 318, 326)

CAPTAIN OF THE DUNEDAIN OF ARNOR See Aragorn II. (R3 138)

CAPTAIN OF GONDOR In general refers to the head of a Gondorian Army, but used to refer to Eardur in the Battle of Fornost. (R3 331)

CAPTAIN OF THE HAVEN The leader of the Corsairs of Umbar. (R3 335)

CAPTAIN OF THE HOST OF THE WEST See Aragorn II. (R3 245)

CAPTAIN OF SHIPS 1. The head of the navy of Gondor. (R3 327)
2. See Castamir the Usurper. (R3 327)

CAPTAIN OF THE WHITE TOWER The captain of the Gondorian guards in the White Tower, usually one of the sons of the rule of Gondor. (R3 337)

CASTAMIR the Usurper (d. 1447; also called Captain of Ships) The grandson of Calimehtar who usurped the Crown of Gondor in 1437 in the Kin-strife. As Captain of Ships, he was supported by the people of Pelargir and Umbar. In the Kin-strife, he took and burned Osgiliath, and then killed Ornendil the son of King Eldacar. Later he wanted to remove the King's seat to Pelargir; for this and many other acts he was disliked in Gondor by the people, who, in 1447, welcomed Eldacar as the latter sought to regain his crown. Castamir was killed but his sons escaped to Umbar. (R3 318, 326-327; see Kin-strife & Corsairs of Umbar)

CELEBRINDOR (d. 1272) The 5th King of Arthedain, son of Celepharn, & father of Malvegil. (R3 318)

CELEPHARN (d. 1191) The 4th King of Arthedain, son of Mallor, & father of Celebrindor. (R3 318)

CEMENDUR (d. 238) The 3rd King of Gondor, son of Meneldil, & father of Earendil. (R3 318)

CEOFL A soldier of Rohan during the WR. (R2 132)

CHIEF'S BIG MAN Bill Ferny's name as gate-keeper at the Brandywine Bridge in the WR. (R3 278)

CHIEFTAIN OF THE DUNEDAIN OF THE NORTH See Aragorn II. (R3 245)

CHIEF(TAINS) OF THE DUNEDAIN The nominal head of the Dunedain in Eriador after the end of Arthedain. The Chieftains were from the House of Isildur. (R1 260; R3 318, 323)

CIRION (d. 2567) The 12th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Boromir, & father of Hallas. In 2510 he fought against the Balchoth and, with the help of Eorl the Young, King of Eothéod, he defeated them. In reward for their aid, Cirion gave Calenardhon to Eorl and his people. (R3 319, 333-334, 345, 368; See Battle of the Field of Celebrant)

CIRYAHIR See Hyarmendacil I. (R3 318, 325)

CIRYANDIL (d. 1015) The 13th King of Gondor (3rd Ship-king), son of Earnil I, & father of Hyarmendacil I. During his reign, the Men of Harad led by the Lords of Umbar attacked Umbar, and the King was killed in battle. (R3 318, 325, 366)

DAMROD A soldier of Gondor during the WR. (R2 267)

DENETHOR I (d. 2477) The 10th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Dior, & father of Boromir. In 2475 the Uruks of Mordor swept across Ithilien and took Osgiliath which was finally ruined and its great stone-bridge broken. (R3 319, 333, 368)

DENETHOR II (d. 3019; also called Lord of the City, Lord of Minas Tirith, and Lord of the White Tower) The 26th and last Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Ecthelion II, husband of Finduilas (m. 2976), & father of Faramir and Boromir. After the death of his wife in 2988, he began to use the Palantir of the White Tower. He committed suicide in the WR. (R3 130-131, 319, 335-337)

DEOR (2644-2718) The 7th King of Rohan, son of Goldwine, & father of Gram. During his reign the Dunlendings raided often over the Isen and in 2710, they occupied the deserted Isengard. (R3 349)

DEORWINE A Rider of the Mark killed at Pelennor Fields in the WR. (R3 120)

DERNHELM The name Eowyn took when she accompanied Theoden and Éomer to help Gondor in the WR. (R3 78, 116)

DERUFIN The son of Duinhir, Lord of Morthond Vale in the WR, and brother of Duilin, who was killed in the WR on Pelennor Fields. (R3 43, 124)

DERVORIN Lord of Ringlo Vale in the WR. (R3 43)

DIOR 1. See under Elves.

2.(d. 2435) The 9th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Barahir, & father of Denethor I. (R3 319)

DIRHAEL A descendant of Aranarth (1st Chieftain of the Dunedain in Eriador), husband of Ivorwen, & father of Gilraen. (R3 337)

DOORWARD OF THEODEN See Hama (R2 114)

DORWINION Possibly a man who grew the grapes from which the wine was made for the use of Thranduil. (H 189)

DUILIN The son of Duinhir, Lord of Morthond Vale in the WR, and brother of Derufin, who was killed in the WR on Pelennor Fields. (R3 43, 124)

DUINHIR Lord of Blackroot Vale in the WR, and father of Duilin & Derufin. (R3 43)

DUNADAN, THE See Aragorn II. (R1 244, 245)

DUNHERE The chieftain of the folk of Dunharrow in Rohan who was killed in the WR on Pelennor Fields. (R3 66, 125)

EAGLE OF THE STAR See Aragorn II, and Thorongil. (R3 335-336)

EARENDIL (d. 324) The 4th King of Gondor, son of Cemendur, & father of Anardil. (R3 318)

EARENDUR (d. 861) The 10th and last King of Arnor (until Aragorn II), son of Erendur, & father of Amlaith and at least two other sons. At his death Arnor was divided into three kingdoms, Arthedain, Rhudaur, and Cardolan. The line of Isildur was maintained only at Arthedain, for it perished very early in the other two kingdoms. (R3 318, 320, 366)

EARNIL I (d. 936) The 12th King of Gondor (2nd Ship-King), son of Tarciryan, nephew of Tarannon, & father of Ciryandil. In 933 he laid seige to and took Umbar after having repaired Pelargir and building a large navy. He died in a great storm with many ships and men. (R1 318, 325, 366)

EARNIL II (d. 2043) The 30th King of Gondor, son of Siriondil, & father of Earnur. He was Captain of the Southern Army of Gondor which defeated the Haradrim in South Ithilien in 1944, and then defeated the Wainriders at the Battle of the Camp in North Ithilien. For these services he was awarded the crown of Gondor in 1945 after King Ondohir and his sons had been killed fighting the Wainriders. In 1973 Arvedui of Arthedain asked him for help against Angmar. Earnil sent his son Earnur but the help arrived too late; Angmar conquered Arthedain and Arvedui died. In 2000 the Nazgul laid seige to Minas Ithil; 2 years later it was taken and its Palantir lost. At that time Minas Anor was renamed Minas Tirith. (R3 319, 329-332, 367; see Arvedui & Battle of Fornost)

EARNUR (d. 2050) The 31st and last King of Gondor, & son of Earnil II. He fought in the Battle of Fornost in 1975. In 2043 the King of Minas Morgul (Lord of the Nazgul) taunted him and challenged him to single combat. Earnur was restrained by Mardil the Steward, but in 2050 he rode to Minas Morgul and was never heard of again. No claimant to the throne of Gondor was then found of pure blood and, remembering the Kin-strife, the Stewards took over the rule of Gondor. (R3 319, 330-332, 367-368)

ECTHELION I (d. 2698) The 17th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Orodreth, & father of Egalmoth. In the year of his death he rebuilt the White Tower. (R3 319, 369)

ECTHELION II (d. 2984) The 25th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Turgon, & father of Denethor II. In his time, Thorongil (Aragorn) appeared and helped the Gondorians destroy part of the fleet of the Corsairs of Umbar. (R3 319, 335-336)

EGALMOTH (d. 2743) The 18th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Ecthelion I, & father of Beren. (R3 319)

ELDACAR 1. (d. 339) The 4th King of Arnor, son of Valandi, & father Arantar. (R3 318)
2. (1255-1490; also called Vinitharya) The 20th King of Gondor, son of Valacar, & father of Aldamir and Ornendil. He was born in Rhovanion and his original name was Vinitharya. When his father died in 1432, the Kin-strife or civil war began in Gondor. (R3 318, 326-328; see Kin-strife.)

ELDARION The son of Aragorn II and Arwen Undomiel. (R3 343)

ELENDIL the Tall (d. 3441 S.A.) The 1st King of Arnor and Gondor, son of Amandil, & father of Isildur and Anarion. In 3319 S.A. he and his sons escaped from the destruction of Numenor with nine ships and landed in Middle-earth. Next year he established the

twin kingdoms of Arnor and Gondor. He then went to live at Annúminas as High King while his sons ruled in the South. In 3429 S.A., Sauron attacked Gondor and took Minas Ithil. Next year, the Last Alliance of Elves and Men was formed with Gil-galad and Elendil as leaders. In 3434 S.A. the battle of Dagorlad was fought and Asuron was defeated; the seige of Barad-dûr began. It ended in 3441 S.A. when Sauron was overthrown, but in the ensuing battle, both Elendil and Gil-galad died. (R1 61, 256; R3 316-318, 364-365)

ELENDIL'S SON OF NÚMENOR See Aragorn II. (R3 245)

ELENDUR (d.777) The 9th King of Arnor, son of Valandur, & father of Earendur. (R3 318)

ELESSAR (Elvish for Elfstone) See Aragorn II. (R3 319)

ELESSAR OF THE LINE OF VALANDIL See Aragorn II. (R3 245)

ELFHELM A captain of the Rohirrim during the WR. (R3 105)

ELFHILD (D.2978) The wife of Théoden and mother of Théodred who died in childbirth. (R3 351)

ELFSTONE Elessar, that is, Aragorn II. (R3 139)

ELFWINE the Fair The 19th King of Rohan, son of Eomer and Lothíriel. (R3 351)

ELROS (d.442 S.A.; also called Tar-Minyatur) The first King of Númenor, son of Eärendil and Elwing, brother of Elrond, & father of Vardamir. As a Peredhil, at the end of the first age the Valar gave him the choice of either belonging to Elven-kind or to Man-kind; the choice to be of Man-kind and thus remained with the Edain and stayed mortal. (R3 314-315, 363)

EORER EADIG (2991-3084) The 18th King of Rohan, son of Théodwyn and Eomund, brother of Éowyn, husband of Lothíriel (m.3021), & father of Elfwine. After the death of his parents in 3002, Théoden, King of Rohan, adopted both him and his sister. In 3017 he became a marshal of the Mark, and in 3019 at the death of Théodred, son of Théoden, he was named heir of Rohan. He fought in the WR at the side of Aragorn, and after the war, took the Oath of Eorl and became King. (R3 351-352)

EOMUND (d.3002) The husband of Théodwyn (m.2989), & father of Eomer and Éowyn. Born in Eastfold, he was chief marshal of the wárk, and was killed by Orcs in the Emyn Muil. (R3 350-351)

EORL the Young (2485-2545) The 1st King of Rohan, son of Léod, & father of Brego. As King of Eothéod, he led his men in the battle of the Field of Celebrant in 2510. Later that year he became the 1st King of the Mark. He was killed in battle with the Balchoth in the Wold. (R3 334, 345-346, 349; see Battle of the Field of Celebrant)

EOTHAIN A soldier of Rohan during the WR. (R2 37)

EOWYN (b.2995; also called Dernhelm, the White Lady of Rohan, & the Lady of the Shield-arm) The daughter of Théodwyn and Eomund, sister of Eomer, & wife of Faramir. After the death of her parents in 3002, Théoden, King of Rohan, adopted both her and her brother. In the WR she was left to guard Meduseld while the other Rohirrim fought at the battle of Hornburg. Later she fought at the Battle of the Pelennor Fields under the name of Dernhelm; there she killed the Lord of the Nazgûl with the help of Meriadoc. (R2 128; R3 116-117, 225, 350-351)

ERADAN (d.2116) The 2nd Ruling Steward pf Gondor,son of Mardil,& father of Herion.(R3,319)

ERKENBRAND A leader of the Rohirrim who came from Westfold. He led his army in the 2nd Battle of the Fords of Isen in the WR, but was defeated. He then retreated towards his stronghold at Helm's Deep. (R2 132; R3 373)

ESTEL (Elvish for Hope) Aragorn II as he was known in his youth. (R3 338)

FALASTUR (Elvish for Lord of the Coasts) See Tarannon. (R3 318, 325, 366)

FARAMIR 1. (d.1944) A son of Ondohir, King of Gondor, & brother of Artamir. He was killed at Dagorlad by the Wainriders together with his father and brother. (R3 329)
2. (2983-3103) The son of Denethor II, brother of Boromir, & husband of Eowyn (m.3019). After the WR, he became Lord of Emyn Arnen, Prince of Ithilien, and Steward of King Aragorn II. (R3 247, 255, 319, 371)

FASTRED 1. (2858-2885) A son of Folcwine who, together with his brother Folcred, was killed in battle with the Haradrim at the Crossing of Poros. (R3 335, 350)
2. A Rohirrim who was killed on Pelennor Fields in the WR. (R3 125)

FENGEL (2870-2953) The 15th king of Rohan, 3rd Son of Folcwine, & father of Thengel. (R3 350)

FERNY See under Bill Ferny

FINDUILAS (2950-2988) The daughter of Adrahil, Lord of Dol Amroth, wife of Denethor II (m.2976), & mother of Faramir and Boromir. (R3 336, 370-371)

FÍRIEL The daughter of Ondohir, King of Gondor, who married Arvedui, King of Arthedain. (R3 329, 367)

FOLCA (2804-2864) The 13th King of Rohan, son of Walde, & father of Folcwine. (R3 349)

FOLCRED (2858-2885) A son of Folcwine who, together with his brother Fastred, was killed in battle with the Haradrim at the Crossing of Poros. (R3 335, 350)

FOLCWINE (2830-2903) The 14th King of Rohan, son of Folca, & father of Folcred, Fastred, & Fengel. He reconquered the land between the Adorn and the Isen from the Dunlendings. In 2885, when the Haradrim invaded Gondor from Harondor, Folcwine sent his twin sons Folcred and Fastred to help King Turin II. At the Crossing of Poros a great victory was won by the combined forces although the twins fell in battle. (R3 334-5,350)

FORLONG the Fat The Lord of Lossarnach who died on the Pelennor Fields in the WR. (R3 43, 124)

FRAM A Chieftain of Eothéod and son of Frumgar who killed Scatha, the great dragon of the Ered Mithrin. He was said to have been killed by the Dwarves who were insulted by him when they claimed the jewels guarded by the dragon. (R3 345-346)

FREA @2570-2659) The 4th King of Rohan, son of Aldor, & father of Freawine. (R3 349)

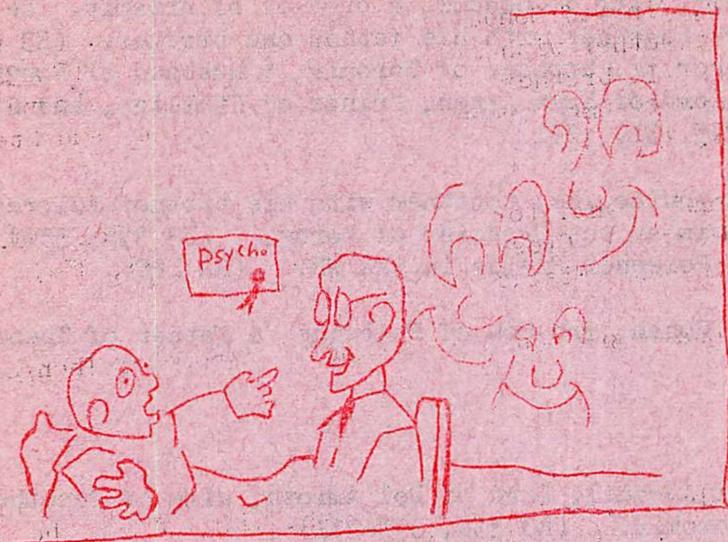
FREALAF HILDESON (2726-2798) The 10th King of Rohan, son of Hild, nephew of Helm, father of Brytta. In 2759 he came out of Dunharrow and killed Wulf, the leader of the Dunlendings, in Edoras; later that year he drove the Dunlendings out of Rohan and of Isengard. In the same year, Beren, King of Gondor, gave permission for Saruman to live at Isengard. (R3 334, 348, 349, 369)

FREAWINE (2594-2680) The 5th King of Rohan, son of Frea, & father of Goldwine. (R3 349)

schizophrenia &

by PHILIP K DICK

THE
BOOK
OF
CHANGES



"You don't really have hallucinations;
that's only a delusion on your part."

In many species of life forms, such as the grazing animals, a newborn individual is more or less thrust out into the koinos kosmos (the shared world) immediately. For a lamb or a pony, the idios kosmos (the personal world) ceases when the first light hits his eyes -- but a human child, at birth, still has years of a kind of semi-real existence ahead of him: semi-real in the sense that until he is fifteen or sixteen years old he is able to some degree to remain not thoroughly born, not entirely on his own; fragments of the idios kosmos remain, and not all or even very much of the koinos kosmos has been forced onto him as yet. The full burden of the koinos kosmos does not weigh until what is delightfully referred to as "psychosexual maturity" strikes, which means those lovely days during high school epitomized by asking that cute girl in the row ahead of you if she'd like to go get a soda after school, and she saying NO. That's it. The koinos kosmos has set in. Prepare, young man, for a long winter. Much more -- and worse -- lies ahead.

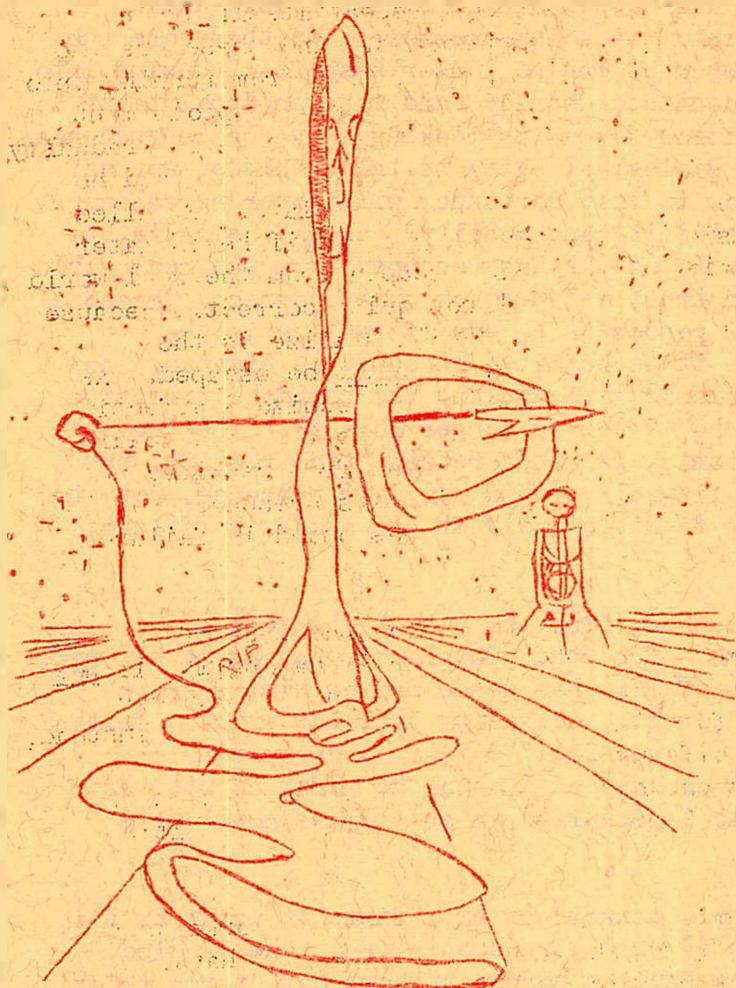
The pre-schizophrenic personality is generally called "schizoid effective", which means that as an adolescent he still hopes that he won't have to ask the cute chick (or boy) in the next row for a date. Speaking in terms of my own schizoid-effective experience, one gazes at her for a year or so, mentally detailing all possible outcomes; the good ones go under the rubric "daydreams", the bad ones under "phobia". This bipolar internal war goes on endlessly; meanwhile the actual girl has no idea you're alive (and guess why: you're not). If the phobias win out (Suppose I ask her and she says, "with you?" etc.), then the schizoid effective kid physically bolts from the classroom with agoraphobia which gradually widens into true schizophrenic avoidance of all human contact, or withdraws into phantasy, becomes, so to speak, his own Abe Merritt -- or, if things go further wrong, his own H.P. Lovecraft. In any case, the girl is forgotten and the leap to psychosexual maturity never takes place...which wouldn't be so bad in itself, because really there

are other things in life besides pretty girls (or so I'm told, anyhow). But it's the implication that's so ominous. What has happened will repeat itself again and again, wherever the kid runs headon into the koinos kosmos. And these are the years (fifteen years old to twenty-two) when he can no longer keep from running into it on almost every occasion ("Phone the dentist, Charley, and make an appointment to get that cavity patched", etc.) The idios kosmos is leaking away; he is gradually being thrust out of the post-womb womb. Biological aging is taking place, and he can't hold it back. His efforts to do so, if they continue, will later be called "an attempt to retreat from adult responsibility and reality", and if he is later diagnosed as schizophrenic, it will be said that he has 'escaped from the real world into a phantasy one'. This, while almost true, is just not quite correct. Because reality has an attribute which, if you'll ponder on't, you'll realize is the attribute which causes us to so designate it as reality: it can't be escaped. As a matter of fact, during his pre-schizophrenic life, during the schizoid affective period, he has been somewhat doing this; he is now no longer able to. The deadly appearance, around nineteen, of schizophrenia, is not a retreat from reality, but on the contrary: the breaking out of reality all around him, its presence, not its absence from his vicinity. The life-long fight to avoid it has ended in failure; he is engulfed in it. Gak!

What distinguishes schizophrenic existence from that which the rest of us like to imagine we enjoy is the element of time. The schizophrenic is having it all now, whether he wants it or not; the whole can of film has descended on him, whereas we watch it progress frame by frame. So for him, causality does not exist. Instead, the a-causal connective principle which Wolfgang Pauli called Synchronicity is operating in all situations -- not merely as only one factor at work, as with us. Like a person under LSD, the schizophrenic is engulfed in an endless now. It's not too much fun.

At this point the I CHING (The Book of Changes) enters, since it works on the basis of Synchronicity -- and is a device by which Synchronicity can be handled. Maybe you prefer the word "coincidence" to Pauli's word. Anyhow, both terms refer to a-causal connectives, or rather events linked in that manner, events occurring outside of time. Not a chain passing from yesterday to today to tomorrow but all taking place now. All chiming away now, like Leibnitz' pre-set clocks. And yet none having any causal connection with any of the others.

That events can take place outside of time is a discovery which strikes me as dismal. My first reaction was, "Good God, I was right; when you're at the dentist it does last forever." I'll let the mystics dilate on more favorable possibilities, such as eternal bliss. Anyhow, LSD has made this discovery available to everyone, and hence subject to consensual validation, hence within the realm of knowledge, hence a scientific fact (or just plain fact, if you prefer). Anybody can get into this state, now; not just the schizophrenic. Yes, friends, you too can suffer forever; simply take 150 mg of LSD -- and enjoy! If not satisfied, simply mail in -- but enough. Because after 2,000 years under LSD, participating in the Day of Judgment, one probably will be rather apathetic to asking for one's five dollars back. But at least one has now learned what life is like during the catatonic schizophrenic state, and one does return from LSD within a short time-period as computed within the koinos kosmos (roughly ten hours), however much longer it is in the idios kosmos (to rather underestimate the matter). For the catatonic schizophrenic the duration of this state is not only forever idios kosmos-wise but also, unless lucky, koinos kosmos-wise. To put it in zen terms, under LSD you experience eternity for only a short period (or, as Planet Stories used to phrase it, "Such-and-such", he screamed under his breath.) So, within a non-time interval, all manner of elaborate and peculiar events can take place; whole epics can unfold in the fashion of the recent movie BEN HUR. (If you'd prefer to undergo the experience



of LSD without taking it, imagine sitting through BEN HUR twenty times without the mid-point intermission. Got it? Keep it.) This unfolding is not in any sense a causal progression; it is the vertical opening-forth of Synchronicity rather than the horizontal cause-and-effect sequence which we experience by clock-time, and since it is timeless it is unlimited in extent: it has no built-in end. So the universe of the schizophrenic is, again to underestimate it, somewhat large. Much too large. Ours, like the twice-daily measured squirt of toothpaste, is controlled and finite; we rub up against only as much reality as we can handle -- or think we can handle, to be more accurate. Anyhow, we seem to manage to control its rate, just as, for example, we decide not to go on the freeway during rush-hour traffic but take that good old back road that nobody (sic) knows about except us. Well, it goes without saying that we eventually err; we take a wrong turn, generally when we're about sixty-five years of age; we drop dead from cardiac arrest, and despite years of experience in managing the flow of reality, we're just as dead as the psychotic stuck in the eternal now. But, to repeat, this merely lies ahead of us, in the future;

we haven't failed to get that annual medical checkup yet, or if we have, it wouldn't have revealed anything this time, except the usual ulcer. Our partial knowledge of reality is sufficient to get us by -- for awhile longer. Cause and effect bumbles on, and we go with it; like good middle-class Americans we keep paying on our insurance policies, hoping to outbet the actuary tables. What will destroy us in the end is Synchronicity; eventually we will arrive in a blind intersection at four a.m. the same time another idiot does, also tanked up with beer; both of us will then depart for the next life, with probably the same outcome there, too. Synchronicity, you see, can't be anticipated; that's one of its aspects. Or can it? If it could...imagine being able to plot in advance, in systematic fashion, the approach of all meaningful coincidences. Is that a priori, by the very meaning of the word, not a contradiction? After all, a coincidence, or as Pauli called it, a manifestation of Synchronicity, is by its very nature not dependent on the past; hence nothing exists as a harbinger of it (cf David Hume on the topic; in particular the train-whistle versus the train). This state, not knowing what is going to happen next and therefore having no way of controlling it, is the sine qua non of the unhappy world of the schizophrenic; he is helpless, passive, and instead of doing things, he is done to. Reality happens to him -- a sort of perpetual auto accident, going on and on without relief. Schizophrenics don't write and mail letters, don't go anywhere, don't make phonecalls: they are written to by angry creditors and authority figures such as the San Francisco Police Department: they

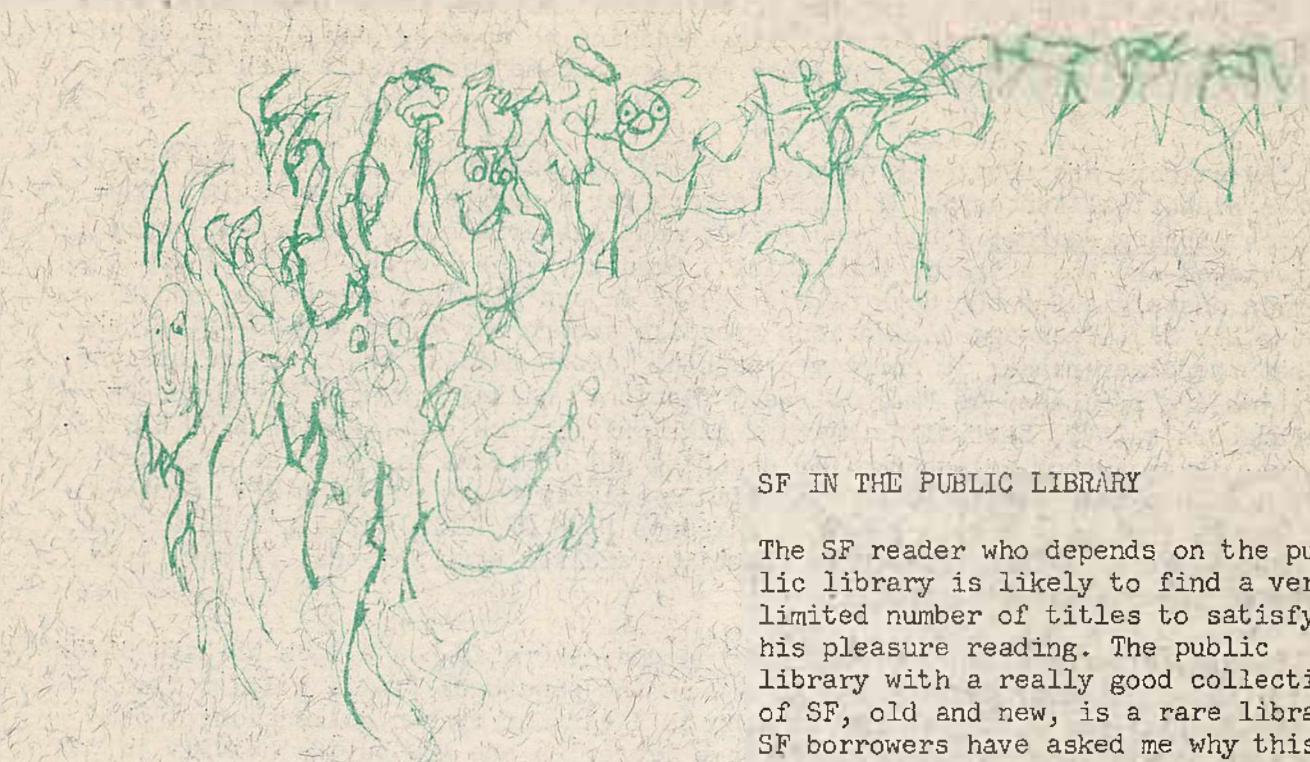
are phoned up by hostile relatives: every so often they are forcibly hauled off to the barbershop or dentist or funny farm. If, by some miracle, they hoist themselves into an active state, call HI 4-1234 and ask for a cab so they can visit their good friend the Pope, a garbage truck will run into the taxi, and if, after getting out of the hospital (vide Horace Gold's experience a few years ago) another taxi is called and they try one more time, another garbage truck will appear and ram them again. They know this. They've had it happen. Synchronicity has been going on all the time: it's only news to us that such "coincidences" can happen. Okay; so what can be done? For a schizophrenic, any method by which Synchronicity can be coped with means possible survival; for us, it would be a great assist in the job of temporarily surviving...we both could use such a beat the house system. This is what the I CHING, for three thousand years, has been and still is. It works (roughly 80% of the time, according to those such as Pauli who have analyzed it on a statistical bases). John Cage, the composer, uses it to derive chord-progressions. Several physicists use it to plot the behavior of subatomic particles -- thus getting around Heisenberg's unfortunate principle. I've used it to develop the direction of a novel (please reserve your comments for Yandro, if you will). Jung used it with patients to get around their "psychological blind-spots". Leibnitz based his binary system on it, the open and shut gate idea, if not his entire philosophy of monadology...for what that's worth. You, too, can use it; for betting on heavy-weight bouts or getting your girl to acquiesce, for anything in fact that you want -- except for foretelling the future. That, it can't do: it is not a fortune-telling device, despite what's been believed about it for centuries both in China and by Richard Wilhelm, who did the German translation now available in the Pantheon Press edition in an English version (Helmut, Richard's son, who is also a sinologist, has demonstrated this in articles in the Eranos Jahrbucher and in lectures; also available in English from Pantheon. And Legge, in the first English version circa 1900, demonstrated that, then). True, the book seems to deal with the future; it lays before your eyes, for your scrutiny, a Gestalt of the forces in operation which will determine the future. But these forces are at work now; they exist, so to speak, outside of time, as does the Ablative Absolute case in Latin. The book is analytical and diagnostic, not predictive. But so is a multiphasic physical exam; it tells you what is going on now in your body --- and out of a knowledge of that, a competent doctor may possibly be able, to some extent, to predict what may happen in the future (Get that artery replaced, Mr. McNit, or next week or maybe even on the way home this afternoon you'll probably drop dead.) By means of the I CHING the total configuration of the koinos kosmos can be scrutinized -- which is why King Wan, in prison in eleven hundred B.C., composed it; he wasn't interested in the future: he wanted to know what was happening outside his cell that moment, what was becoming of his kingdom at the instant he cast the yarrow stalks and derived a hexagram. Knowledge of this sort is obviously of vast value to anyone, since, by means of it, a fairly good guess (repeat: guess) can be made about the future, and so one can decide what one ought to do (stay home all day, go outside briefly, go visit the Pope, etc.). However, if one is schizophrenic to any extent, and it is now resignedly realized by the psychiatric profession that a hell of a lot of us are, many more than was once realized, knowledge of this type, this absolute, total presentation of a pattern representing the entire koinos kosmos at this Augenblick, consists of total knowledge period, in view of the fact that for the schizophrenic there is no future anyhow. So in proportion to the degree of schizophrenic involvement in time which we're stuck with -- or in -- we can gain yield from the I CHING. For a person who is completely schizophrenic (which is impossible, but let's imagine it, for purposes here) the derived hexagram is everything; when he has studied it plus all texts appended to it, he knows -- literally -- all there is to know. He can relax, if the hexagram is favorable; if not, then he can feel worse: his fears were justified. Things are unendurable, as well as hopeless, as well as beyond his control. He may for example with complete justification ask the book, "Am I dead?" and the book will answer. He would ask, "Am I going to get killed in the near future? and, in reading our hexagram, get some

kind of insight -- if we read the judgment Misfortune. Nothing that would further, we might decide not to shoot out into commute traffic that evening on the way to North Beach -- and we might thereby keep alive a few years longer, which certainly has utility value to anyone, schizophrenic or not. But we can't live by the damn book, because to try to would be to surrender ourselves to static time -- as King Ian was forced to do by losing his throne and being imprisoned for the rest of his life, and as present-day schizophrenics must, along with those of us nutty enough to belt down a draught of LSD. But we can make partial use of it; partial, as its ability to "forecast coming events" is highly partial -- if not in the strict sense, as I just now said, nonexistent. Sure, we can tinker around and fix matters up so that it does depict the future precisely. But that would be to become schizophrenic, or anyhow more schizophrenic. It would be a greater loss than gain; we would have induced our future into being consumed by the present: to understand the future totally would be to have it now. Try that, and see how it feels. Because once the future is gone, the possibility of free, effective action of any kind is abolished. (This, of course, is a theme that appears in s-f constantly; if no other instance crosses your mind, recall my own novel, THE WORLD JONES MADE. By being a precog, Jones ultimately lost the power to act entirely; instead of being freed by his talent he was paralyzed by it. You catchum?

It occurs to me to sum up this observation by saying this. If you're totally schizophrenic now, by all means use the I CHING for everything, including telling you when to take a bath and when to open a can of cat-tuna for your cat Rover. If you're partially schizophrenic (no names, please), then use it for some situations -- sparingly; don't rely on it inordinately: save it for Big Questions, such as, "Should I marry her or merely keep on living with her in sin?" etc. If you're not schizophrenic at all (those in this class step to the foot of the room, or however the expression, made up by you non-schizophrenics, goes) kindly use the book a very, measured little -- in controlled doses, along the lines of your wise, middle-class use of Gleam, or whatever that damn toothpaste calls itself. Use the book as a sort of (ugh) fun thing. Ask it the opposite sort of questions from what we partial schizophrenics do; don't ask it, "How can I extricate myself from the dreadful circumstances of complete decay into which I've for the 50th time fallen, due to my own stupidity?" etc., but on this line instead, "What happened to lost Atlantis?" Or, "Where did I mislay the sporting green this morning?" Ask it questions the outcome of which can have no genuine bearing on your life, or even on your immediate conduct; in other words, don't "act out" on the basis of what the book hands you -- comport yourself strictly as you should under LSD: observe and enjoy what you see (or, if it's the hell-world, observe and suffer through in silence and immobility) but let that be all, white man; you begin to act out in real life on basis of what you see and we put you in Shanghai People's Democratic Funny Farm doing stoop-labor at harvest time.

I speak from experience. The Oracle -- the I CHING -- told me to write this piece. (True, this is a zen way out, being told by the I CHING to write a piece explaining why not to do what the I CHING advises. But for me it's too late; the book hooked me years ago. Got any suggestions as to how I can extricate myself from my morbid dependence on the book? Maybe I ought to ask it that. Hmmmm. Excuse me; I'll be back at the typewriter some time next year. If not later.) (I never could make out the future too well.)

Phil Ovid

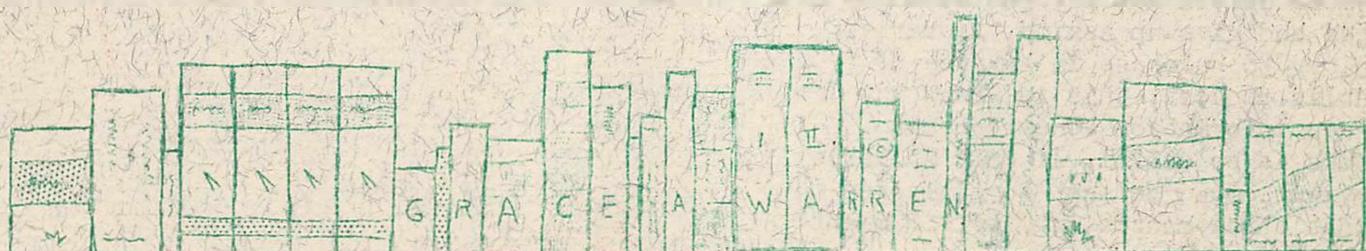


SF IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

The SF reader who depends on the public library is likely to find a very limited number of titles to satisfy his pleasure reading. The public library with a really good collection of SF, old and new, is a rare library. SF borrowers have asked me why this is so. I can not speak for all libraries, but, from my experience with several, I think the following answers justified.

SF has a limited audience. Most borrowers, I would guess, shy away from the very word "science"; "science" is difficult, beyond the grasp of the average person--hence "science fiction" is automatically suspect. This means that borrower demands are less in this field than in any other fiction field, with the result that the library budgets a very nominal sum for SF. Because the standard book reviewing publications cover few SF titles, the librarian who does not read SF has little opportunity to know what to select. Chance and despair play large parts in determining what goes into the SF collection: by chance the librarian grabs SF titles from the book store (and what AWFUL titles can be grabbed!); in despair he subscribes to an SF book club, getting some good stuff along with some not so good.

Book selection is a most difficult art. To provide the best possible in every reading area AND within the limits of an inadequate (most usually) budget can be something of a nightmare. No wonder then that SF, misunderstood or unknown, is an easy field to cut back. Many of the older titles, which we consider "classics", were not purchased; if they were, they have long since wornout and been discarded, or--alas--been stolen. Except for Doubleday's reissues, such as the three-decker Foundation series, libraries have little or no chance to purchase older titles; few small public libraries can afford to tap the out-of-print market, many large public libraries limit o.p. purchase to non-fiction and "serious" fiction only. As for new material, too often the titles are reviewed by non-SF readers; I have never understood why

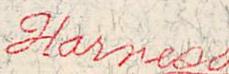


libraries did not turn to the SF mags for book reviews. In practically every other field, the reviewer has some knowledge of the field and some affection for it. Perhaps SF must wait for some new type of light reading to appear, making SF by contrast respectable, just as, I'm sure, the mystery became respectable when SF came along.

A few authors are routinely bought: Asimov (in reissues), De Camp (now that he writes historical fantasy), Heinlein (except for a quarrel over STARSHIP TROOPERS, which Library Journal found "sadistic", most librarians buy his books unread and unreviewed--he has a "good" reputation), Bradbury (the average reader enjoys Bradbury's nostalgia for the days of his youth, enjoys also his fantasies, and so tolerates his SF). Teen-age collections greedily absorb any Andre Norton--fine, except that the older reader is sometimes bashful about raiding the teen-age shelves. Some titles are purchased as "main stream" fiction: Miller's CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ, Pangborn's DAVY, Sherriff's HOPKINS MANUSCRIPT, Dick's MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. Of course, if an author well-known for anything BUT SF tries his hand at SF, his work is not only most likely to be bought but not likely to be put with SF: Shute's ON THE BEACH, Hartley's FACIAL JUSTICE, Carson's PAWN OF TIME, Costain's BELOW THE SALT. Schoonover's CENTRAL PASSAGE is sometimes shelved with SF; that is one title I'd like to see dissociated from SF!

Not only is there a lack of borrower demand, there is now a lack of hard cover material. The bulk of SF publication is now in the paperback field. I don't find this regrettable, for I like to buy as much as I can for my own collection; I can afford many more titles in paperbounds. Some libraries are now buying heavily in paperbacks and are willing to buy SF; the lack of reviews limits the number of titles purchased. Miller, in Analog, tries to cover the paperbacks; he does a good job, too, being neither vitriolic nor undiscriminating. I can't think of a better source of information for library selection; he indicates clearly what enjoyment a specific book offers to what kind of reader. Once I had persuaded one county library to use Miller's reviews, both hardcover and paperbound titles appeared more often among new purchases--to the delight of the SF readers. Unfortunately, there are too many libraries still thinking of paperbounds as ephemeral in spite of the reports on the surprising "circulation" life of the average paperbound. The arguments over paperbounds, published in many library journals, are both amusing and exasperating; librarians seem no more willing to trust one another's judgments than SF authorities are willing to consider one another authorities.

What can be done to persuade libraries to buy enough SF? (How much, by the way, IS enough? No type of pleasure reading seems to provide enough for the addict.) If a staff member reads SF and is willing to review the book or hunt out reviews, the library MAY buy more titles--IF the budget allows AND there is steady borrower demand. I suspect borrowers, finding so little new SF, get discouraged and give up asking. Libraries do try to purchase in advance of public request; this is where advance information about current books is so useful. If only Miller's reviews could be sent to libraries about three months earlier! SF might get more consideration.



Harnesd

SF is not the only field to be ill-treated, I might add. Libraries limit their readers by trying to select only the "best". Certainly the reading tax-payer wants to get the "best" for his money, but who is to define the "best"? The reader or the library? One reader's trash may be another reader's literature. How many potential readers are lost to the library because their favorite reading matter is not on hand to tempt them in? They will never even meet the "best". SF readers are more fortunate; even if the library is short on SF, these days it can not afford to be short on science! Moreover, SF readers seem to be more discriminating, more demanding of any book than most readers, perhaps because SF is the pleasure reading derived from that most exacting discipline, science. Even young SF readers, supposedly less discriminating because of youth, show more mature approaches to serious reading than contemporaries who do not read SF. What a pity the mind-stretching qualities in SF are not more widely recognized, for the future will require intelligence and imagination. Fortunately some librarians are aware that SF has meat and meaning.

MORE MAYHEM

...AND WE HAD STUFFED HOUSE FOR DINNER

We have had another G&S party. (Ed may have mentioned it.) There were, I believe, 117 in the final count at the theater, and one of the performers told me afterwards that he wasn't quite sure what our organization did, but he was awfully glad we did it.

But to begin at the beginning. By Friday (March 5), I had been warned that the Southern California Commuting Fans numbered 25 -- 18 from Los Angeles and 7 from San Diego. So I called the butcher and told him I wanted a 10"x17"x17" turkey. He thought that was a rather odd way to specify turkey size, and in his polite Japanese way asked me what the hell I was going to do with it. My reply that I had to feed between 25 and 30 people and had an 11"x18"x18" oven seemed to satisfy him.

We wound up with 27 or 28 for dinner -- I lost count after 24 -- there were, besides the SCCF, ourselves, Ed and at least one neighbor. Since we charged for the meal, I herewith submit a treasurer's report: the food came to \$39.36, we took in \$41.50, and after paying for our own dinners gave \$5.00 to the Andy Capp (?) Fund. (Originally we counted \$40.50, but I found a dollar under the piano today.) (And don't ask me how many times \$2.00 goes into \$41.50.)

The operetta was THE GONDOLIERS. The Lamplighters did a lovely job with it. (D'Oyly Carte was in town recently, and after seeing them, I prefer the Lamplighters. The Britishers are more polished, but they make it look like work.) Later one of the singers -- Tom Hoyal, a most charming man -- said that we had been a good audience, quick to pick up the lines. But then it's easy to be enthusiastic about such a performance!

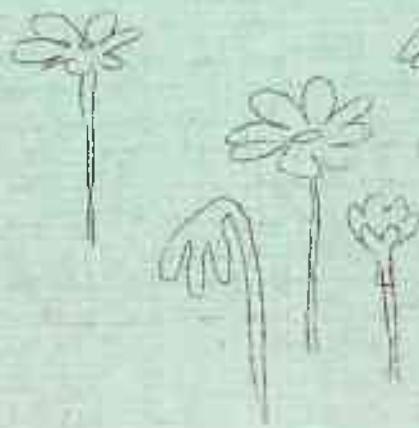


OF HANNES' BOK



by

EMIL PETAJA



Hannes

At a recent meeting of the Golden Gate Futurians Ed put the bite on me for an article of any kind. Since I am not about to attempt a profundity on why science fiction is (or is not) going to the Dogs, I sing me the praises of HANNES BOK.

Bok died last April in his sixth-floor walkup apartment in New York, alone and seemingly abandoned. I knew Hannes just about as well as anybody, probably a little better. So here goes.

I was attending Montana State University in the late 30s when Hannes passed through on his second trip to New York, by Greyhound. He stopped off for a couple days, days I will never forget. (Did you meet Bok but once, you would never/nor wish to forget him.)

Bok was pure unadulterated magic. He lived half in another dimension. Even his language was not-of-earth. He spoke half in Another Tongue. He made a casual stroll along the edge of Hellgate River (yup, that's the name all right) into a Tolkien fantasy. They who ride on the wind that sighs through the pine forests, the trolls under the old covered bridge -- they knew.

Hannes had a habit of talking a mile a minute; it was a job to keep up, but you did. You didn't dream of interrupting: you might miss a dream-fraught syllable. But it wasn't just his outworld language, there was a Shavian drive-through to the essence of what living is all about or should be.

New York ignored his space-shattering gifts, of course. Back in Seattle he lived in a tiny shack on the outskirts with wall-to-wall cats. Cats were his signature those days. He signed every letter with a cat. It was later that he changed to mice. I guess the Mouse King demanded equal time.

I visited Hannes in Seattle; then I came down to San Francisco, then L.A. I mentioned this because I coaxed Hannes down to the balmy unsmogged Los Angeles just before the second War. We went to quite a few meetings of the L.A. Science Fiction group at Clifton's, ate the free lime sherbet, and met Forrie Ackermann, Ray Bradbury, Paul Freehaver, et al. Ray and Hannes were great friends. It was Ray who, later in New York, pointed out to the dumkopfs in the editorial offices of the science-fantasy magazines that they were missing the finest... fantasy-artist of our day. Not, of course, that Hannes needed anybody to point out his enormous talent; he was just too busy painting and he resented taking the time out to peddle. Later editors found themselves coming to him in droves, but (alas) he never made much money. His gifts were quixotic and unbending. He could never, never bring himself to paint or draw anything except as he saw it (in that other dimension) and while he studied endlessly and wore his eyes out, sketched figures by the millions, originated new colors and pigments and techniques (ask Jack Gaughan) -- and while he once worked 72 hours practically at a stretch to create a \$50 cover -- he simply could not and would not pander to the Madison Avenue boys. Once he took a job with an advertising company; he stayed three days.

To dip back to L.A. just before 'War Two again -- Hannes went out to Walt Disney's; of course he could have made it there like a shot but again he could not take the regimentation and strangling monotony. He burst with ideas and to draw the same mouse over and over again would have killed him. He did paint a mural for a Hollywood producer (William Jacobs, I think) for over his bar -- subject, Rip van Winkle and friends -- could one but see it.

After a year or so Hannes went back to Seattle where he became involved in a state-sponsored project of some kind, and when this was over -- back to New York. He lived in Greenwich Village a while, on Great Jones Street. Here he met Paul Dolgov, whom you might remember for illustrations in Weird Tales, although s.f.-fantasy was not his forte.

I visited Hannes in 1951 and twice later. He got to be something of a recluse as years went by. The world was getting to him. Oh, the magic was there, but you had to dig for it just a little. It burst out in unexpected moments. We had walks in Central Park, meanders through the Markets of Bagdad (i.e. the Spanish Market) and prowled about hunting up weird little shops where you could buy magic potions and demons in bottles. (I couldn't find them now: you'd have to be with Bok.) The Empire State Building was King Kong Palace. Every blade of grass, every clock-tick, was breathless Fantasy.

Hannes knew lots of people. He became great friends with Farnsworth Wright and his wife. Was very fond of Don and Elsie Wollheim. He brought me over to their home on Long Island and we trapped fireflies in the back yard. We went to Coney Island and Hannes had more fun than any three ten-year-olds you ever took. Hannes worshipped A. Merritt, knew him; also Max Steiner for his She, etc. music. He taped rare discs of these. He had three great lady loves (that I know of).

He always said he didn't want anybody to bother him, he was so busy. He got to putting signs on the door 'Go away! Plague! Don't knock -- door impregnated with instant-working venom! Yet when a round-eyed fan from Paducah trudged up the six flights and managed to get in, Hannes practically gave him the place. He was innately kind. So he was constantly taken advantage of -- undersold, cheated, exploited. He made sublime illustrations for books, hundreds of hours of relentlessly perfect work, and never got a penny. This isn't to say that everybody took him. He must have painted many hundreds of covers, book jackets, etc. and thousands of inside illustrations, from the marvelous work he did for Wollheim's early magazines, Stirring Science and Marvel Tales to the splendid cover on the Nov. 1963 Fantasy and Science Fiction. Incidentally, he told me the colors came out wrong on this one. Such was his sensitivity that deviation from the original by the merest shadow of a shade (a little G&S here) would drive him crazy.

No. Money-wise, Hannes never made it, and mostly because he elected to work in our beloved but (alas) low-paying fields where magazines and book publishers are sometimes lucky to survive.

He wrote several novels. You'll remember The Sorcerer's Ship in Unknown. Also there is The Blue Flamingo and the two Merritt completions. Plus an opus based on astrology which, when last heard of, was in England being fiercely admired but not printed.

Hannes was a great letter writer. He corresponded to these twenty-five years although many of his letters have sadly been lost. I have a year or so of them and quote from a few:

HOW TO WRITE A BEST SELLER -- "Since we now live in a matriarchy, write about wimmen and glorify the common man as being greater than eggheads. Since we live in reincarnated Rome add lots of sadistic violence (maiming is good) and let the heroine dominate all the action, do every possible bitchery, but be careful to justify her with phoney rationalizing which proves she is a wronged angel. It'll sell like crazy for a cupla years, then never be heard of again."

LIFE AND LOVE -- "In my youth I griped about not being given a fair shake, in my olde age I now realize it was best thing that could have befallen. I don't wish to own anybody, and nobody own me. The thing about 'love' that appalls me is that it's the most degrading form of enslavement. 'I'm yours.' 'You belong to me, body and soul.' The hell. I'm an appendage? A weakling? A non-thing? 'Forever.' If I become unlovable you must put yourself in bondage for what I don't deserve?"

TO FOR HITCHCOCK -- Joe pushes the blind beggar off the bell-tower, but it's a blonde girl of ten who hits the pavement.' As the last wrapping is lifted off the mummy a Timex watch is seen ticking on its wrist.

Hannes became interested in astrology sometime in the middle of his life; all-consumed is more like it. He wouldn't stir out of the house in the morning (later he never went out anyway) until he had computed all the daily permutations of his planets. He wrote for astrology magazines and since, like everything else he did, he became a Nostradamus II at it, he took to doing charts for people in all parts of the world. He wrote letters of epic proportions for a pittance fee; it came to absorb far too much of his time. But Hannes being Hannes he did as he wanted -- in this case, kill himself writing 5,000 worders of intense concentrated effort for the benefit of 30 to 50 correspondents from Asia to England. Nobody since (or including) H.P. Lovecraft gave so much of his time and brains out of sheer goodwill and empathy.

So -- age 50 years -- Hannes Bok died alone. From bad diet and loneliness of soul, in a world that isn't ready. And probably never will be. In dedicating my first novel to Hannes, I wrote,

"The answer, my friend,
Is woven in the stars."

What wild landscapes are you painting now, Hannes?



George Allen & Unwin Ltd

PUBLISHERS & EXPORTERS

All communications to be addressed to the Company

40 Museum Street, London, W.C.I

Telegrams: EDUCATION, LONDON

RU/JH

22nd February 1965

Mr. E. Meskys
Lawrence Radiation Laboratory
University of California
P.O.B. 808
Livermore
Calif 94551
USA

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter of the 12th February I am afraid that we can give you no great comfort about the status of Tolkien's THE SILMARILLION. Much of the material in an unformed state does exist with the author but shows no immediate sign of being got into publishable shape. It will certainly be years rather than months before it sees the light of day. On the other hand we have rather more prospect of producing his modern English version of two Middle English poems SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT and PEARL in the more immediate future but even in this case not at least until the end of the year.

Yours faithfully
for GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN LTD

R. S. Unwin
T.H.

A BOOK REVIEW

by Astrid Andersom

I've been reading a few good books lately and I think I'll mention a couple of them. The first on the pile is The Saga of Andy Burnett by Stewart Edward White. It contains four stories. They are, in order of appearance, "The Long Rifle", "Ranchero", "Folded Hills", and "Stampede". The stories tell how Andy Burnett became a mountain man. The book is rather interesting.

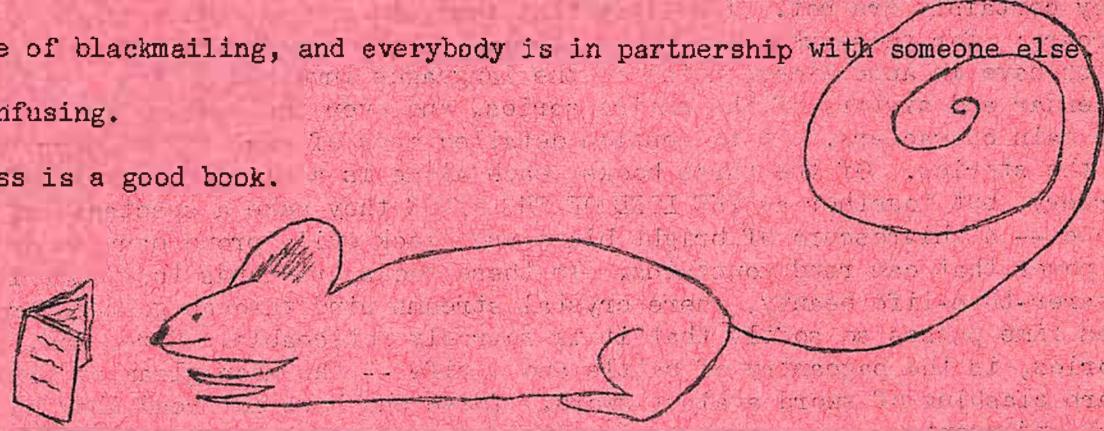
The next is a Perry Mason mystery, The Case of the Lonely Heiress, by Erle Stanley Gerdner. It's a very confusing story.

There's this brunette named Marilyn Marlow who's an heiress and she wants to form a new circle of friends. Then someone who was supposedly a witness of the signing of her mother's will is murdered and it seems that Marilyn murdered her. Very confusing.

Next is Tyll Ulenspiegle's Merry Pranks, by Moritz A. Jagedorf. The book is just a collection of the tricks Tyll played.

And last but not least, another Perry Mason mystery, The Case of the Gilded Lily. A case of blackmailing, and everybody is in partnership with someone else. Also very confusing.

- Happiness is a good book.

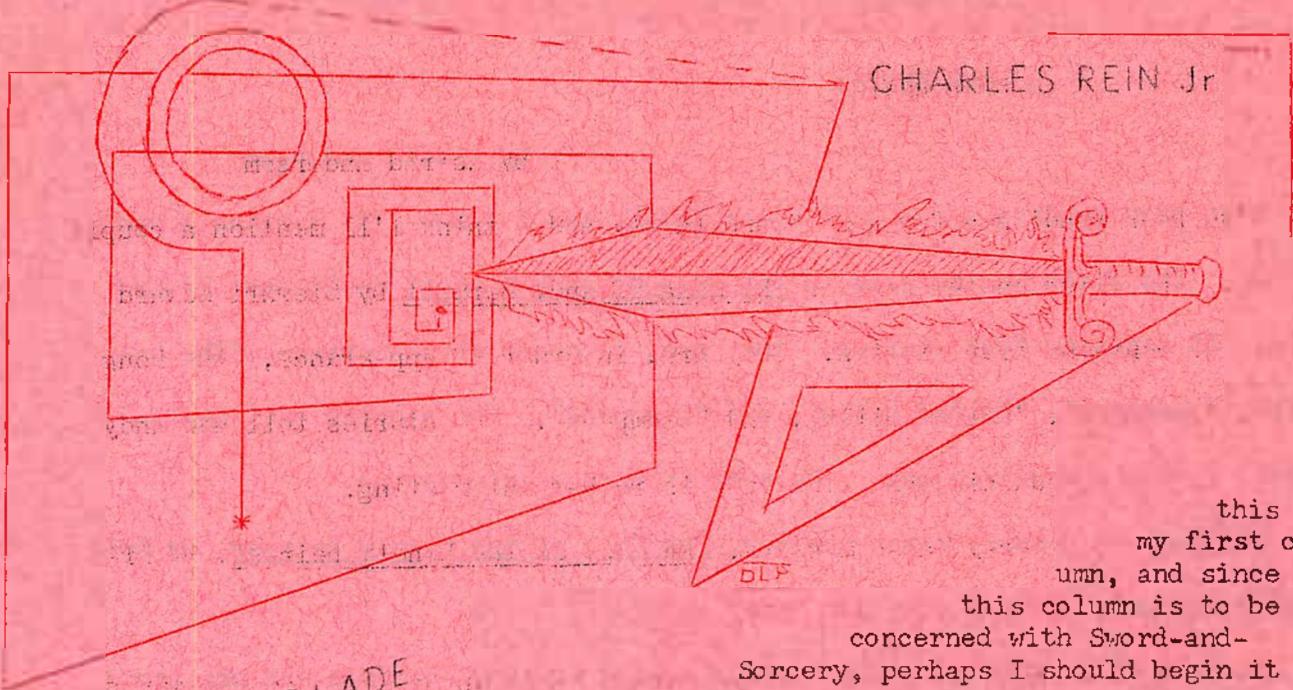


Astrid Anderson, Poul-and-Karen's only child (well, can you think of a better way to make a possessive noun out of that?), is ten going on eleven. She's a frequent attendee at the Little Men's meetings (and if she grows another two inches I'll move that she be assessed dues; she'd be as tall as I am, so why not?) She likes Jack Vance, Euclidean Geometry, and staying up all night. As a matter of fact, she can party my husband under the table -- but that can be put down to Joe's advanced age.

I believe this is Astrid's first appearance in print. We hope to see her follow in Poul's and Karen's footsteps -- the world would be a better place with a few more Andersons in it.

Felice

CHARLES REIN Jr



THE ARCANE BLADE

THE "S" 101

Sword-and-sorcery is a story set in any setting except the present, or

the real past, that includes as an integral part of its plot one or both of the elements in the term. (Some of you may disagree with that definition, but I believe it to be a good one.)

Now that I have defined the basic term, let me give a few examples. It has been said by some that "if you've read one, you've read 'em all". I personally disagree thoroughly with this. Under this type of reasoning, it would be just as valid to say that all stories which included spaceships were the same, which they certainly are not. I believe that there is a wide choice in Sword-and-Sorcery: for those who like documentation, there are the famous Tolkien books, which have in appendices, notes on the languages involved in the stories, a calendar and history of the entire series, and even the family trees of some of the main characters, not to mention detailed maps of much of the territory covered in the stories. Of the three books, each alone is a classic example of Sword-and-Sorcery, but together as THE LORD OF THE RINGS they make a spectacle of tremendous scope -- a chiaroscuro of bright blade and black evil, proud banners and words of power that can rend mountains. In these books are lands that sparkle with clearer-than-life beauty, where crystal streams wind through golden forests and even time passes so softly that it is scarcely noticeable. Here, too, in these stories, is the pageantry of battle and strife -- the moon-gleam of armor, the sharp clashing of sword against sword. Those who have not read them have missed much enjoyment.

If your taste runs to stories with a touch of comedy, there are the Shea stories by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt. Harold Shea is a rather nonconformist psychologist who finds out a way to get into mythology and live there. The only trouble is that he gets into the wrong mythology, and finds himself with Thor, Odin, wizards, giants, flying broomsticks, and trolls, at the time of Ragnarok, the twilight of the gods. There are also three of these books: The Incompleat Enchanter, which I have just described, The Castle of Iron, in which Shea visits an Arabian Nights world of djinns and dancing girls, and the third, The Wall of Serpents. All of them are well-written, and all are hilarious.

Some recently published Sword-and-Sorcery paperbacks include Almuric, by Robert E. Howard, of Conan fame; Warrior of Llarn, by Gardner F. Fox, well-written with all the elements of true Sword-and-Sorcery; People of the Talisman and The Secret of Sinharat by Leigh Brackett, which have more super-science

overtones than most; The Hand of Zei and The Search for Zei by L. Sprague de Camp, in which the swordplay provides the exciting action of a manhunt on a primitive world; Web of the Witch World, sequel to Witch World, by Andre Norton; The Reign of Wizardry by Jack Williamson, an excellent book; and one anthology, Swordsmen in the Sky. This group of books, together, make up a fairly good representative sample of Sword-and-Sorcery reading.

But why read it? What are its attractions for the average sci-fi fan? The answer lies within the term Sword-and-Sorcery. All people have a yearning to believe in magic, and a love of action. Both are found in the field of Sword-and-Sorcery. Here, in the pages of books such as those I have just described, are many different worlds; worlds of emerald and turquoise seas, spinning like celestial jewels on the great spangled ebon jeweller's cloth of space. Worlds with golden-sanded deserts and gaily colored wanderers, scented breezes and minareted ivory cities. Worlds where evil broods in eternal night, and the stars shine dully down like the eyes of feral creatures lurking. Worlds under blood-red suns; worlds under grass-green suns; strange worlds, and worlds that seem oddly familiar. And on these worlds are people. Here are the swordsmen -- lean and hard, with muscles like the tempered steel they wield, who weave a curtain of glory and death, of silver and blood. Here are the rulers -- proud and noble, with wisdom in their hearts and justice in their hands; or evil and twisted, with petty rancor, hate and greed throwing their mantles over the throned souls. Clothed in jewels and precious metals, purple and ermine; or battle armor, grim and menacing. Here, also, are wizards, the knowledge of long-gone ages glowing in the depths of their eyes, and damsels tall and fair beyond words, lips like scarlet fire and hair of spun sunlight or stardusted night-sky. Here are monsters, cruel and terrible, and lands verdant and cool. Battles of huge scope between forces that weave shapes of the air itself that can kill and not be killed, and friendship between great and ancient races.

All this is contained within Sword-and-Sorcery. It is Sword-and-Sorcery, and it is all there in books, awaiting only a person with adventurous spirit and imagination, who is willing to go outside the normal paths. Buckle on your swords, comrades-in-arms, and let us be off! The sages are agreed, and we have far to travel, and much to do, ere we rest!

After the show we went to Brennan's until they closed up, and thence to Tony Boucher's house. That was quite a party....There was the stranger Joe met. He didn't recognize the guy as one of the Little Men or the Southern California people, so he asked him if he were a Lamplighter. Nope. One of Tony's friends? Nope. Then how did he get involved in the party? "Well," said the man, "I was sitting in Brennan's, quietly minding my own business."

...And while Fritz Leiber and one of the girls were dancing a tarantella in Tony's living room (which will never be the same), Joe turned to one of the Angelenos and said, "You ought to come up on a really swinging weekend."

But what really wrapped the weekend up and tied it with a pretty pink bow was our Sunday morning chase down the freeway to catch the Econoline, because Jack Harness had left his boots behind. Put yourself in Al Lewis' place...here he is, happily driving home, when this blue Corvair lets out a blat and waves a pair of boots at him.

By the way, Tom Gilbert, you are definitely not a nonentity. You're a very enjoyable entity. In fact, I enjoyed everyone who visited Mayhem House, and I hope you all come back. Even all at once, if that's the way it's gotta be..

--Felice Rolfe





A Checklist of Science Fiction Anthologies by Walter R. Cole, Cole, New York, 1964. 374 pages, $8\frac{1}{4}'' \times 11\frac{1}{2}''$, \$7.50. Jacket by Tim Dumont. Introduction by Theodore Sturgeon.

I am glad that Walter Cole followed my suggestion and published his checklist of anthologies in a hardcover format. I am tired of my references coming apart because their paper covers cannot stand hard use.

This is another indispensable reference for the student of science fiction. Cole has done a very good job in tracing back to their origins most of the stories listed in the 227 anthologies covered.

That is about the last good word about Cole's work you are going to read in this review. I am at a loss to understand why a person will labor valiantly and bring forth only a mouse. Cole has announced this checklist periodically from 1959 on. Since the contents have increased materially so has the price. No blame attaches to Cole for that. But the final product could have been so much better. The print job is poor. The dust jacket worthless. The errors, omissions and plain misprints are far too many to be justified. Surely Cole after waiting almost 5 years for production could have had his manuscript gone over for errors. Also the use of supplements for 1962 and 1963 anthologies is again insulting. The book is photo-offset. This means that with a pair of scissors, scotch tape and some care,

and perhaps renumbering of the pages, the supplement sections could have been eliminated.

This book is an example of over-ambition and under-achievement. I cannot believe that every story was checked back to its source because as an example, Joel Townsley Rogers' story "Beyond Space and Time" which was published in A TREASURY OF GREAT SCIENCE FICTION edited by Anthony Boucher is listed as being from SUPER SCIENCE STORIES September 1950 which it is. However, if you check the story in that issue you will find it has been reprinted and from the February 1938 issue of ALL-AMERICAN FICTION. Also Cole (among others) doesn't realize that the A. E. van Vogt story "Dear Pen Pal" is the same as his "Letter from the Stars" and that the original source is the Winter (not Autumn) issue of ARKHAM SAMPLER 1949. Also you better not buy the June 1929 issue of THRILLING WONDER STORIES looking for John Taine's "The Ultimate Catalyst" (p. 179). It was of course the 1939 June issue that is correct. On page 302 you see another of Cole's blunders when he has the story as by Eric Frank Russell. The coverage of non-English language items is very meager. Where is the Argentine ANTOLOGIA DE LA LITERATURA FANTASTICA, or the Swedish RAKETMANNEN FRAN JORDEN? This is only to mention a few omissions. A list of errors, omissions would be far too lengthy for this review and why should I do Cole's work for him? I paid good money for his reference work and I expect him to do the work for me. Still there is an element of fun in spotting errors and as such this book can provide several hours of interesting search.

In a few years Cole should revise his book, using something besides sans-serif as a type format. He can expand his coverage by putting in author collections and fantasy collections. There is no need to cut the line too fine in our field. Far better to include something that needn't be included than to omit something that should be included.

Let me retract what I have said above about good words and say that if I knew this work would appear as it now does, I would still purchase it even if it were double the price. Only those who have done similar work can appreciate the value of Cole's book. Every future anthologist in science fiction will surely buy a copy. Work like this (without the defects) must be encouraged and supported by all true fans.

--Edward Wood

The Night Walker, scripted by Robert Bloch

Since Whatever Happened to Baby Jane? a few years back, the movie market has been glutted with a rash of uneven but similar flickers, the saving grace of which has been that they have brought Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, and Olivia de Havilland out of the mothballs and into the woodwork. And of course there are others, with no notable stars, but with screamplays by Robert Bloch, who gave birth to the genre with his Psycho. He has written chiefly for Mr. William Castle, whose latest production is The Night Walker.

The Night Walker, a neo-gothic fiasco of the first water, puts Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor in roles that fit like strait-jackets; they fit very well, but involve very little acting. Subtlety is well-nigh impossible for even such a fine actress as Stanwyck, when confronted with the ostensibly fire-seared face of her dead husband (which resembles nothing so much as Rice Krispies); there is nothing to do but scream. Robert Taylor's role is a little trickier. In a last-ditch effort to retain a youthful image, he plays the sort of warmed-over romantic lead he is so good at.

Ah, the plot. Stanwyck's husband, an aging and blind scientist who looks like Orphan Annie, accuses his wife of infidelity, and is subsequently blown up in his lab, supposedly utterly incinerated. Stanwyck, plagued by evil dreams, all involving her fried husband, moves to a beauty shop, where she is still tormented by her dreams. The dream-sequences are the best in the movie; one involves her marriage to her dream lover. Though there is nothing subtle about it, this scene is really done well, and is almost Bergmanish. She is driven by Dream Lover to an abandoned chapel, presided over by a wax clergyman, with wax witnesses. The wax organist plays a sinsterized Wedding March in a minor key. Half-way through the service, Stanwyck panics, and makes for the door. Who does she find there but old Rice Krispies himself, who does not seem at all perturbed by her hasty remarriage. Still, he approaches, clacking his cane...

The whole thing gave us the impression of a Perry Mason episode scripted by Bloch, with a musical score (harpsichord, of course) written by a spider. The ending -- but hee hee, mustn't tell.

--Andrew Garrison

*Bug Rogers, perhaps? --Felice

Beyond the Sky, a movie shown to the Little Men, scripted by Poul Anderson

The United States Information Service put this out for export, as a propaganda film. It purports to (discuss, describe, depict) the Project Gemini and Project Apollo programs. I tried to keep in mind its intended use while viewing it, with the end result that I feel the criticisms I have to offer are all the more pertinent.

Poul Anderson, our host for the evening, wrote the script -- and I can only assume that his hands were somewhat tied, for I did not observe the poetry that I have come to expect from his writing -- and surely we may regard the topic as poetic? (I must mention a prominent exception -- a reference to an Agena orbiting in its "quiet path".)

There were a number of fine shots showing astronauts training for the programs -- in free fall, in centrifuges, etc. (and too many showing them climbing into capsules). But most of the technical details were concerned with such things as dustless construction areas and titanium being welded in an argon atmosphere.

There was a sequence showing a man walking on a simulated lunar surface -- but no explanation of why the surface was so black. Perhaps we are aware of why the moon is not the bright silvery thing we instinctively expect -- but is the intended audience? Since there was no commentary at that time, surely something would have been said on the subject.

Although the number of rockets shown at launch was rather high, that kind of shot is probably good propaganda -- there was, however, only one shot of the Earth from a rocket, and that ought to be just as good. There was a good animation of Project Gemini as anticipated, but none of Apollo.

The music -- GHAAHH! I will say only that whenever tension or excitement built up, just at the climax the music would shift from rather ordinary movie music to something that sounded like it was written by one of those monkeys at a typer -- though that is surely an injustice to any self-respecting monkey! I prefer not to try to recall where or when I might have heard worse music -- let us not reopen old wounds.

In summary, the movie might have been appropriate for a group of industrialists or engineers -- in which case there was too much of that crazy rocket stuff -- or perhaps for the manufacturers involved in the projects -- in which case they didn't get very good publicity, since I recall no mention of their names... It would be a second-rate film for an American grade school class; our seven-year-old would have enjoyed it. However, I cannot imagine the effect of it on a middle-class Frenchman, say. Since it is aimed for some such audience, I feel no choice but to be very negative in my remarks.

Poul Anderson is about as un-lacking in a sense of wonder as anyone I can imagine, so I suspect he worked under considerable restriction.

Poul, why don't you and Emsh get together and do it right?

--Liz Løkke

Uchujin # 87, from Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10, O-Okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan
Kol Hillel, 2/65, from Leland Sapiro, B'nai Brith Hillel Foundation, University of Saskatchewan, Canada.

UCHUJIN is a monthly magazine edited by Japanese fans, all in Japanese, which they have been sending to some US fanzine editors in trade. They used to have a special English edition, but I guess it was too much work for I haven't seen a copy in several years. Since it is in Japanese it is of interest only as a curiosity. They don't even have many pictures to look at...just a black & white cover plus a few simple interior line-cuts at the head of some stories.

The magazine has 64 digest sized pages and is apparently printed by offset. It is well printed and bound and for some years American fans have been wondering whether it is a prozine or a fanzine. I showed my latest copy, the Jan 1965 issue, to Dana Warren who had lived in Japan for a number of years, and a Japanese physicist at work and managed to learn a bit about it. From the colophon on the back page they figured out that it is published by one of the largest houses in Japan, and sells for 130 Yen a copy. This issue contains the first installment of a serial, two short stories (1 (pp 2, 12 & 32, respectively), a "symposium" (pg 28), "Communications from Abroad" (the fanzine review discussed below; pg 11), "Pan Pacific Convention?" (pg 27) and some short items (pg 63). The final item on the table of contents, keyed to page 60, consists of blurbs about the magazine and its contents and contributors, and future issues, if I remember correctly. The last two lines of the table of contents give the art credits.

I find it amusing to flip thru the issue and find buried among the Japanese symbols such English words as "Yandro", "Roy Tackett", and "Pacificon Report." (Only the first of these is in the current issue.) The lines of printing usually run down the page, starting at the upper right hand corner, tho occasionally they are arranged as in Western writing. This is usually for short items tucked in at the bottom of a page, plus for the table of contents. One notices that most of the characters are quite complex, but every so often there is a string of simple-looking characters. The complex ones represent major parts of a word, 2 or 3 making up a whole word. (The Japanese seem to string together primitive words into complex ones, much like the Germans.) The simple symbols represent the phonetic spelling out of a foreign "loan-word", name, or somesuch. (フリル is "fanzine") Actually, even here each symbol represents a syllable, such as フ standing for "see," but they often have no complete syllable equivalent to one in the loan word. Thus, since they have none for the "fæ" sound [using IPA], they take another syllable starting with f and use that to represent the f sound alone. They also do this for the "a" and "n". However they sometimes merely use the English letters, mostly I guess when they want to clearly convey the English spelling. Also, SF (or ^SF) seems to be their standard designation for our genre. But occasionally, even when spelling something out in English they are not

quite faithful to the original. Phil Dick was quite amused by an example of this in the Japanese edition of his novel, Eye in the Sky. (Incidentally, it is a beautiful book, much better looking than Uchujin.) The last few pages were taken up with blurbs for other books by him and other authors, and his The Variable Man became The Valiable Man.

This issue had a review of YANBRO, which I got translated for the edification of Buck Coulson and other interested parties.

"World Wide Fanzine Eyeing. (11)

"YANDRO

"This is one of the oldest fanzines. Up to now CRY magazine was occupying the largest subscription [# of issues? ERM] However it has been discontinued. Therefore at present, except S.F.TIMES, YANDRO is the highest among the subscribers. The magazine is monthly and the September issue is the 130th volume. The publishers are husband and wife and their talks and the criticism from guest fans and reviews of fanzines and occasionally short stories from fans and news about fans. This is probably the typical Anglo-Saxon fanzine, in content. Although the printing is amateur it is neat. Especially the SF pictures inserted in every page are interesting. (Although the line pictures are simple.)

"Generally most fanzines have a price tag on them, but it is customary that you can get free fanzines by writing letters. However this magazine has stated, 'By mail there will be no free distribution.' Number of publication is 250 copies. "Because of excessive labor, cost, printing and binding, we are trying to reduce the printing." Place to contact is:

"Robert & Juanita Coulson: Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, U.S.A. (The price is 30¢ per copy and 2 1/2 \$ a year.)"

KOL HILLAL is a magazine published by Lee Sapiro for the members of a Jewish organization. The issue on hand, not numbered, has 29 mimeographed pages and no price is listed. It is of interest to fans because of a long article on Phillip José Farmer's The Lovers and a reply to Phil Dick's article in NIEKAS 9, both by Lee. These are somewhat more informally written than his usual fanzine articles, and are quite interesting. Also, Arthur Jean Cox has a short item on "Jews in the Victorian Novel."

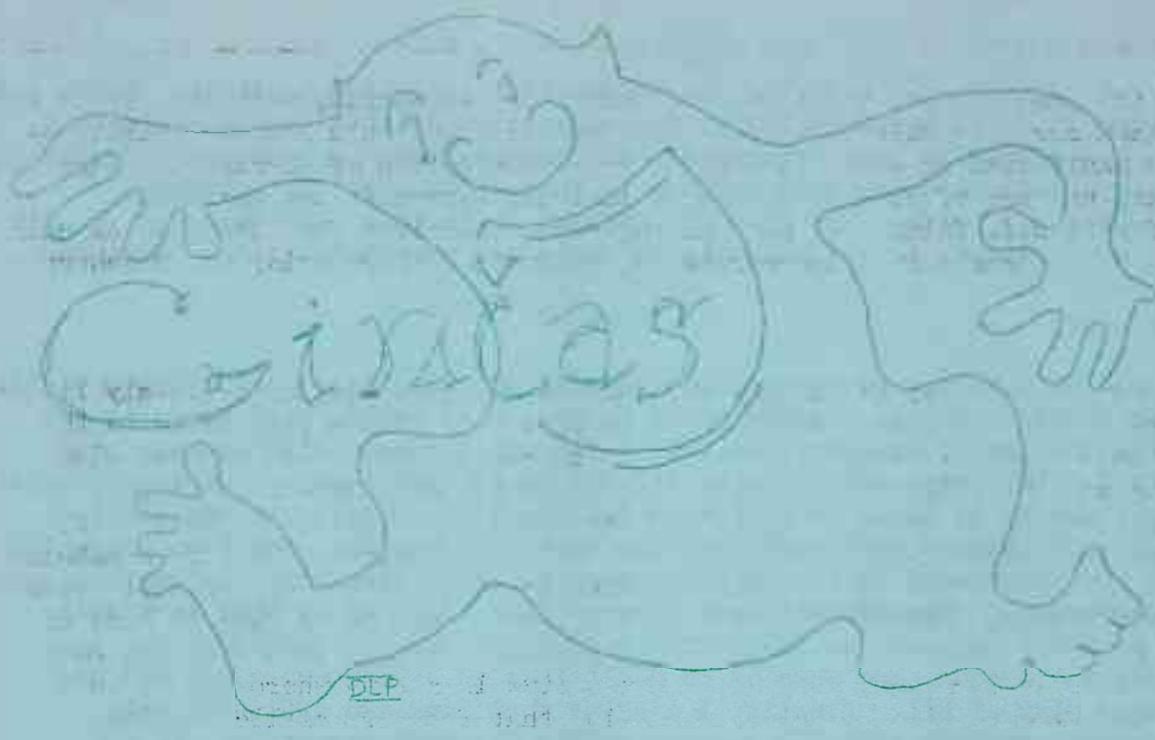
None of the other items in this issue are of particular interest to fans as such. Included is a con report and other club business and news, "A Misconception About Judaism," and "A Fable".

To some extent this reminds me of other "minority group" voices I have come across. Most of the contents seem to be devoted to a clarification of misconceptions about Judaism and Jews among non-Jews, but this does little good as I imagine most of the readers already know this, and few copies get to places where they might do some "good." Similarly, food faddist material [Hi, Carl Frederick!] on the dangers of over-processed foods only get to people who are already convinced of this, and few others. Also, self-pitying talks of conditions in East Europe under Russian enslavement seldom get beyond the ranks of the DP organizations, and after a while I, for one, get tired of hearing and reading them again and again.

All in all this was a quite interesting magazine, and it might be worth your while to enquire of Lee on what basis, if any, it is made available to non-members of his organization. (This is the only issue I have seen, and it was sent to be because of the reply to sfuff in NIEKAS.)

-- Ed Meskys

I hereby solicit reviews of anything and anything for future installments of this department...books, magazine stories, movies, TV programs, plays, fanzines...you name it. And I might mention at this point that we are quite receptive to unsolicited material, both art and text. We don't guarantee to publish it, sight unseen, but we would be more than happy to take a look at it. [And, unlike people like Walt Cole, when we use "We" we do mean "we" and not "I". Send it to either Felice or Ed.]



JOHN BAXTER GOES TO THE MOVIES

Lee Sapiro

John Baxter's article, while the best item in the issue, is superficial -- in particular, his use of the term "snobbery" to designate fans' attitudes toward s.f. movies.

Ordinarily, fans would be gratified to learn about s.f. in any medium -- Orson Wells, after his Mars broadcast of 1938, being (to quote Fantascience Digest) "the hero of the fantasy world" -- but in any further discussion one must recall the many putrid films made under the designation of "science-fiction". Just as s.f.'s achievement of reasonable literacy in the middle Thirties was nullified by Superman and his imitators -- with s.f. being stigmatized by the label of "comic-book trash" -- so its accomplishments in the Fifties were offset by its identification in the popular mind with the debased offerings of television and cinema.

To quote Bob Bloch on "When Worlds Collide" and successors --

"The scientist was back...And the beautiful girl in the sweater. The one from The Thing..."

"The writing, the characterization...were on the comic-book level...Play it for tits and titters."

"(Fans) cheered when Bradbury's Post yarn was filmed as The Beast from Twenty Thousand Fathoms...but Bradbury...certainly suffered when his story emerged as a vehicle whose plot and treatment can be capsulized in one line -- and one of the hoariest lines ever exhumed -- viz., 'look out, boys, the monster is loose!'

And that's all the 'popularity' of s.f. in mass media has been able to produce so far: one-line plots for one-cylinder brains.

If it isn't "Here comes the monster" it's "The world is being destroyed". If it isn't "Captain Fatso and his blaster" it's "Brilliant young nuclear physicist to the rescue".

(THE EIGHTH STAGE OF FANDOM, Chicago, 1962, pp. 132-133.)

The existence of a relatively few decent s.f. movies does not essentially change this characterization.

The most interesting part of Baxter's article was the very end -- and I wish he could have amplified his last several paragraphs. The existence of machine

techniques and products has modified our sensibility -- Cubism, with its planes and sharply angled surfaces being, I think, one expression of this new sensibility -- and this is manifested in John Frankenheimer's humanization of machines. Regrettably, s.f. fans are unaware of such work because in their horror at the grandiose banality of most s.f. films they have dissociated themselves from the good as well as the bad. But clearly it's inaccurate to designate such behavior as "snobbery".

Harry Warner, Jr.

There must be a number of interlinked reasons why fans pay comparatively little attention to movies. Social customs would be one: most people like to go to the movies in the company of someone else, and a fan can't always find someone else who wants to see the films with science fiction or fantasy themes. Expenses, next: you can buy a couple of books or magazines for the cost of going to the movies, get twice as much time-of-enjoyment from the written materials, and have something to show for the investment in a physical sense, to keep, give away, or sell after the first experience. Opportunity must play a part: most of us find it hard to break free of other matters for two or three hours on the few days that the new fantasy movie is in town, and many of us don't live in a town where all the new fantasy movies play at all. Finally, I imagine that fans are afflicted with the same general attitude that the general public has been acquiring: it is silly to go to all the trouble and expense to go to the movies when I can see recent movies in the house free on television and today's new movies will show up there eventually. Over and above all other problems, however, is the fact that the motion picture is a mass media in a more extreme sense than books and magazines: the latter can exist with only 50,000 patrons or so, while the movies need hundreds of thousands of customers to succeed, and there is correspondingly less probability that the producers will aim for the selective small audience.

Stephen Pickering

John Baxter's "Film, Fandom, and the Future" was very interesting, and he could have made the additional comments that Ray Bradbury is almost finished with the screenplay for the Universal filming of his MARTIAN CHRONICLES...George Pal, producer of THE TIME MACHINE, is at work on a preliminary screen-play on Stapledon's ODD JOHN...and the screen-play rights for Van Vogt's THE MIND CAGE have been obtained through Forry Ackerman, his agent...

Also, I think we should recognize Ib Melchoir's production of THE TIME TRAVELERS as being one of the best science fiction films of this decade; excellent plotting, very good acting, no low-level trave_s_ties catering around the sex-life of a monster from space-opera.

Paul E. Hemmes

NIEKAS 10 was very good all around, especially John Baxter's article, FILMS, FANDOM, AND THE FUTURE. Perhaps because I happen to be a cinema fan. At first, I was confused as to who wrote the thing (Baxter or Theodore Sturgeon) but it didn't take long for this warped mind of mine to figure that out after a small bit of contemplation. I did not have the opportunity to see DR. STRANGELOVE but I did take in the others except for HORROR OF PARTY BEACH nor I WAS A TEENAGE MARTIAN nor will I ever, as I cannot bear the cheap things and I don't see how anyone else could "get anything more than a laugh from them. These are the kind of films that play a major role in giving science-fiction the disreputable taste to the non-fan or the general public, whatever you may wish to call them. Today, the Hollywood movie studios are throwing a costume of some hideous monster in the direction of a star: the star puts it on, and there you have one Class D science fiction movie.

Earl E. Evers

Of course fans ignore most of the best sf movies, just as they ignore sf in non-sf magazines and a lot of sf books by mainstream writers. If it isn't served up neatly labeled and slanted toward their little ingroup, to hell with it. After all, if it makes money it can't be sf! Fans just have to have something to grotch about.

Tom Dupree

John Baxter's article (the outstanding piece): I agree fully with John on the fact that you must dislike sci-fi films to be a 100% fan. But he was mistaken in saying that THE OUTER LIMITS was "universally damned". True, the faaans slew it when it appeared. But the fans don't really make the television-viewing audience. It appeared on Nielsen's Top 40 early in its first season, and my opinion is that it would have stayed there if ABC had not moved it to the Saturday prime time. People were watching it: even I was. But when you have to choose between a BEM and MR. MAGOO -- well, you see. Seriously, a great number of the audience was children -- 9 to 12 -- FAMOUS MONSTERs. They more or less dictate what will be shown in the early hours of the evening. And they were watching LIMITS. But it is a serious thing for them to choose between OL and, say, FLIPPER or MR. MAGOO. The science fiction just had to go. Consequently, ratings dropped. ABC thought it was quality, and by the time they canceled it, THE OUTER LIMITS was steadily moving up in story content. I'm sure you will agree that from a fannish stand-point (everything has to be plausible), the last few episodes of OL were the best. Jerry Sohl was writing. Ib Melchoir had collaborated on a script. However, it was too late to change. R.I.P.

John never said a truer word when he talked about how THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO (SEVEN FACES in final release) and MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES were damned



BUCK COULSON



As regards Baxter's column, I haven't seen "The Damned" or "Children of the Damned", so possibly they deserve his praise of the finest science fiction films ever made. (Unlike John, however, I have seen several fan tributes to them; enough to make me see them if I ever get the chance.) Certainly none of the other films he mentions are the finest stf ever made, or the finest anything ever made. They are a couple of notches up from "Attack of the Crab Monsters", but then, what isn't? Fans have the best reason in the world for disliking stf films; so many of them have been so abominable. We went to stf films until we were thoroughly sick of them, and I don't think it's a bit surprising that we eye all claims of improvement with deep suspicion. For that matter, while "Last Year at Marienbad" received considerable discussion in the WARHOOON circle, I didn't notice the rest of fandom receiving it with any cries of glee. If French and British critics think Roger Corman's work is to be "revered",

the more fools they. In Britain at least, their own Hammer Films does far better work. (Of course, they may revere Corman's talent for making money; like Forry's FAMOUS MONSTERS, Corman's films may not be artistic but they sure are popular.) I don't consider it at all surprising that the people who most enjoy stf films are the people who know the least about stf; in fact, considering the merits of most stf films, I think it's inevitable.

ARCHIE MERCER

To John Baxter: If plays and films had never been invented,
So long as writing had, I'd be contented.

What it comes to is that the written word is so obviously superior as a medium of story-telling to all other known media that it's difficult to see why anybody who can read can waste any time on any other such medium whatsoever.

That's pitching it a bit strong, I know -- but it's the position I'm gradually moving round to. Only one medium known to me comes anywhere near writing in its scope, and that's "steam" radio. In fact in just one particular it's superior to writing -- any music that crops up in the story can be represented in person so to speak. But on the whole, writing has far and away more possibilities than all other alternatives put together.

TOM DUPREE

About John Baxter's article (the outstanding piece). I agree fully with John on the fact that you must dislike sci-fi films to be a 100% fan. But he was mistaken in saying that THE OUTER LIMITS was "universally damned". True, the faaans slew it when it appeared. But the fans don't really make the television-viewing audience. It appeared on Nielsen's Top 40 early in its first season, and my opinion is that it would have stayed there if ABC had not moved it to the

Saturday prime time. People were watching it; even I was. But when you have to choose between a BEM and MR. MAGOO -- well, you see. Seriously, a great number of the audience was children -- 9-to-12 -- FAMOUS MONSTERs. They more or less dictate what will be shown in the early hours of the evening. And they were watching LIMITS. But it is a serious thing for them to choose between OL and, say, FLIPPER or MR. MAGOO. The science fiction just had to go. Consequently, ratings dropped. ABC thought it was quality, and by the time they canceled it, THE OUTER LIMITS was steadily moving up in story content. I'm sure you will agree that from a fannish standpoint (everything has to be plausible), the last few episodes of OL were the best. Jerry Sohl was writing. Ib Melchoir had collaborated on a script. However, it was too late to change. R.I.P.

John never said a truer word when he talked about how THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO (SEVEN FACES in final release) and MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES were damned by the fan publications. It is surprising how unpredictable the market is. I remarked to a correspondent upon seeing THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN that it was almost a comedy. Presto -- it cleans up. I have seen several fantasy films that I thought were perfect for bucks-office bandits, but they almost lost money (some of these were the "spectacle" films, though, which took such a big budget that they couldn't clean up if the Senate all took their families to the Sunday matinee). I have refused to make radical statements any more. You just can't tell.

"Does it matter if the films are anti-science? I think not." says John. But I think so. Take for example Aubrey Schenck's recent ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS. "Scientifically accurate," they said. Kids flocked to see it. Do you think a film like...say...IT, THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE would be received $\frac{1}{2}$ as well as it was in '58? I believe that the public for fantasy films is beginning to demand accuracy in science fiction. I don't really think it detracts from the enjoyment of the film while one is in the theatre, but the sole purpose of promoters and movie makers is to get people into the theatre. And I think that the public is beginning to demand plausibility in their film fare.

MATH CORNER, CONTINUED

ARCHIE MERCER

Felice. Re your threatened mathematical handbook as mentioned in NIEKAS 10. I wonder if you can do anything with my particular problem?

My trouble, all through my schooldays, was that maths just wasn't me. The abstract manipulation of figures and symbols was so agonisingly boringly useless that I simply couldn't bring my mind to bear on it to any extent. Things that are considered simple were always way above my head. For a typical example that springs to mind -- I never managed to grasp the principle of using log tables, however much I was laboured over by my teacher.

In later years, such matters mathematical as I've come up against I've managed to get "with" without much trouble. The above-mentioned log tables for example -- a colleague once showed me how to use them in about ten minutes, and then I simply didn't understand what had been holding me up before.

JAMES ASHE

Felice -- Seems to me I've seen something else about your studying math -- / I don't see how you can have escaped it -- FR / are you really planning to write that

proposed book? There is a lot of erudite thinking going on about problems of teaching math at high school and at college levels and it certainly is a good time for some such writing. Anything from a scholarly exposition to a fiery tract ought to go over. I'm inclined to the fiery tract in the hope of saving a generation or two of students.



I was taught arithmetic by the drill method and needless to say it didn't take very well. Many years later I came across a fascinating book on rapid calculation and in a few weeks learned that each individual number has a personality and nature of its own, and can be handled as an entity rather than as a collection of dimly related parts. It's doubtful that at age 9 or 10 I could not have mastered those few ideas easily had the teacher known her business. One of the few things I remember from first grade is my discovery that you could always manufacture a new number by adding one to a given number. I liked to count in the thousands simply because it was so fascinating. Needless to say the next few years of learning arithmetic by rote put an end to that sort of nonsense!

P.A.

But anyhow, one of the things you might put in your book would be a good big chapter on fractions, factoring numbers, methods of detecting large primes, etc. If you could start out with some of the concepts behind rapid calculation and work from there into the nature of the number system and some of the things people have tried in studying it, you could reawaken many dormant mathematicians!

There's a circularity in science that may bear on some of the problems now faced by science fiction. It has to do with the rapid growth of technical knowledge and with human nature -- or perhaps I should say human natures.

I've seen figures that say the growth rate of technical knowledge is such as to double the amount of knowledge in about seven years. This figure is seen as going to five years in the near future.

As a result of this there tends to be some compartmentalization even within the various disciplines. All the significant progress within the sub-discipline is generally being made by a small group of individuals who know each other on a first-name basis!

But eventually this knowledge has to percolate out to the general public -- I mean the general scientific public. How do these people manage to retain and use this specialized knowledge? It is by use of logical shortcuts. Somehow, questions which were once asked by the best men in the world have to get thought out in such a way that their answers seem as obvious as the behavior of Newton's apple.

An example for the electronics workers among us would be the behavior of transistors. You can buy good transistors for forty cents now, but that doesn't mean they're simple. Far from it! The engineer masters the behavior of transistors by a series of successive approximations -- after a period of study and practice he is able to look at a circuit and say, a transistor here will... whatever it will do. It's a lot like catching a ball out of the air. Remember Heinlein's example of Castor and Pollux discussing the difficulty of computing the elements of its orbit so you could put your hand out to intercept it? Much the same: knowledge is supplemented by intuition, though by a slightly

different route.

The relevance to science fiction begins to appear when we consider how much thinking goes into this process of converting scientific progress into shorthand intuition. For those without direct experience I ought to mention that intuition is viewed dimly if it cannot be connected right back to detailed knowledge. Example: If I'm going to design a circuit which will cost ten thousand dollars in time and parts to try out, it better work!

Unfortunately -- or fortunately? this ability to comprehend, shortcut and recall takes developing. A lot of it, and few of us are in a position to even get the opportunity. If you who live on a college campus apply a few statistics to the situation, you'll see what I mean.

Oh yes -- the circularity: Was headed off for the target but should tie up that loose end first. The circularity is in a need to render new knowledge somewhat intuitive so that it may be used in generating additional new knowledge. Some people can reach much farther into the unknown than others, but anybody has to stop and consolidate sometime. This consolidation is partly a process of converting new knowledge into something which is pretty much to be expected.

Now the way is clear towards bringing out my point. It is that this rapid growth of technology is having an impact on a population that's not prepared to deal with it. The necessary circle is closed but the loop is too small. The only people in the loop are those entirely within the trade, you might say. John Q. Public, unable even to find accurate reports in his newspapers, is about as far out of it as the barbarians on the other side of the Chinese Wall. All he sees is a runaway technology whose results sometimes hurtle out to upset his life and planning.

It is unfortunate that many fans are in JQP's shoes. At one time Campbell showed signs of constructing a sort of a bridge but it's obvious that he gave it up -- or was forced to give it up.

The consequences of this have been falling out for years now. There has been a significant slanting of science fiction away from science towards the fields of psychology, sociology, etc. This trend became unmistakable when Campbell initiated Psionics, Dianetics, and that remarkable Newton's Third Law device whose name I do not recall. This was a great leap backwards which would have received short shrift from Roger Bacon!



11 + 1 = 12

Of course few fans are bothered by seeing science fiction become non-science fiction. Sociology is science, isn't it? /No. --FR/ Isn't sociology important? It certainly is -- but so is mathematics, physics, chemistry, and all the other basic sciences. These seem to have almost disappeared from science fiction, replaced by easily swallowed babyfoods in order to sell more copies of ASF and to a lesser degree other magazines. How much thought a story arouses is an indicator of quality -- for example Olaf Stapledon's LAST AND FIRST MEN. Asimov's Foundation series, more easily read, contains much food for thought. But Leinster's Med Ship stories or that Frigid Fracas collection? Ha ha.

The field of science fiction is further divorced from science than is fantasy fiction. What science is in it tends to be something scrounged out of a newspaper, sugar added and thrown out to sell magazines. Fortunately there are yet those who can read and write imaginatively. I don't really mean that

authors should write admiringly about phonons in crystal lattices, or the remarkable stability of constant current biasing as the Russians do. I would just like to see some tough new ideas coming out -- or even some easy ones as in Occam's Razor or the old C. P. Ransom stories -- remember his efforts to avoid the fate of teaching calculus over TV at 7 am?

FELICE ROLFE

One of the advantages of being an editor is that I can get my 2¢ worth in now, instead of next issue when everyone will have forgotten what the question was.

Yes, I'm definitely planning to write "Math for the Mediocre Student". Whether or not it'll actually get written is anybody's guess...It will be neither a scholarly essay nor a fiery tract, but (I hope) a straightforward, patient, colloquial treatment of relatively minor topics which are generally skimmed over. And I hope it becomes obsolete before it's written -- the vanishing of the need for such a book would be a healthy sign for education.

Perhaps a word or two of explanation would show why I feel there is a need for this kind of book. I'm a mediocre student myself, or was until I ran into the following unlikely combination: a difficult course, an excellent text, and a superb instructor. Besides doing quite well in the course, I discovered that math is not accessible only to a technologically-talented mind. (My only asset for studying science is a colossal stubbornness.) Ever since then I've been swearing at the ways in which the subject is made harder than it needs to be. Math will always take a lot of time, working problems and so on, but then one doesn't become literate in history or science fiction without spending a lot of time reading in the field. My point is that the time spent on math can certainly be just as pleasant.

So, you see, the ways in which math can be made difficult fascinate me. I try to figure out (while I swear) where the instructor has missed the boat, or why the text is lousing me up, or just what it is about that particular idea that my mind refuses to grasp. It seems to be mostly a matter of omissions; very few instructors confuse their students with an excess of explanation, although I have seen it done. There is also, of course, a simple failure of communication; such as when the instructor doesn't understand the student's question, or when the student is already too mixed up to be able to frame a question. No book can help that; but some of the omissions perhaps can be filled in with a fairly elementary reference work, and that's what I hope to do with MMS. God knows it's little enough.

MMS will be aimed at the college level student, chiefly because the high school student (unless he's changed since my day) isn't used to the idea of turning to an outside reference. It will be written on a freshman-sophomore level, as a student's book, in much the same style that I use in writing "Mayhem House" or this letter. If a topic is treated well in another book, I shall merely list the title and subject in a table of references; there's not much point in repeating something which has already been done by a more capable mathematician. (For example, Halmos' NAIVE SET THEORY -- and what was the name of that book on rapid calculation?)

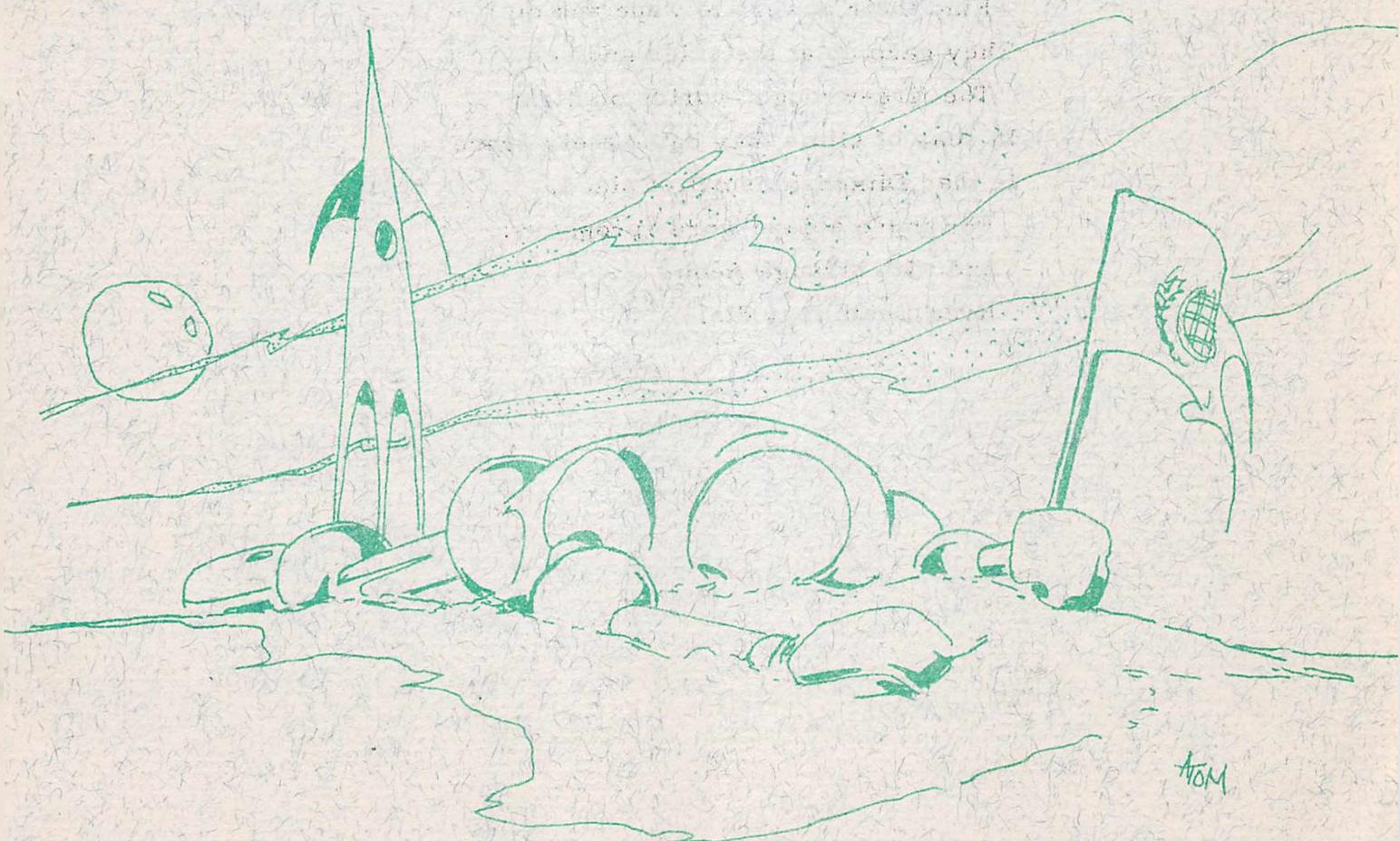
One of the things that MMS will have is plenty of examples and practice problems. Lots of them. I understand your objection to drill; when it's given for its own sake without tying things together, it's about the hardest way to learn anything. But to gain ease in manipulations -- oh, differentiation, integration, multiplication of complex numbers, and so on -- you just have to do it until you're used to it.

By george, that's more consecutive thoughts than I'd yet had about the book.

Now, about getting more science into science fiction. That's only part of a much bigger problem -- getting more science into the general public, which includes sf authors and fans. You see, math is more to me than an intellectual exercise or a way to make a living. I'm convinced that a good grounding in math, for everyone, is the main key to a comfortable understanding of our technological environment. Most people find literature, political science, philosophy -- all the things that are lumped under the "humanities" heading -- pretty easy. What are the difficult things, the ones you expect to have to really work at? Math. Engineering. Physical sciences. Biological sciences. Foreign languages. The performing arts, particularly in music. What do these things have in common? That you have to learn the vocabulary, the rules and techniques, relatively late; you didn't, for example, grow up speaking French, using complex numbers or transposing by minor thirds.

What I'm trying to say is that John Q. Public is comfortable with things that use English as a base. He isn't comfortable (not really) talking to a Pakistani, and he stands in awe of his TV set. There's not much point in teaching him Urdu in grammar school, but there's every reason to give him the basic language of science, which is mathematics. Even if he doesn't need it when he grows up, he'll be a lot more at home in this science-based society, a lot less afraid of it, and much more capable of intelligent action on its problems. (One inestimable advantage to sf would be that we might not get any more of those "malignant electronic brain" stories.)

What it amounts to is that we are rapidly becoming a bilingual country. In order to get along in all parts of our culture, we must speak both English and math. That's a gross oversimplification, of course, but I think it points up an approach to technology that hasn't been noticed yet.



DESTINY?

STEPHEN E. PICKERING

Where far-reaching plains of Space
And Aeons of Time pass by,
There, perhaps--someday, somehow--
Death's fear-lined Skull may lie;
A Feast for vermin of insane
Worlds beyond the wild Domain
Of fallen gods who pray and cry:
"And with strange Aeons
Even Death may die."

When idols with feet of clay
Find their powers to wane and die,
They gaze up at the skies and see
The fire-wrought worlds on high;
In seas of slime they bathe their grace
In mad Dimensions out of place,
For those ablaze words prophesy:
"And with strange Aeons
Even Death may die."

PETER SINGLETON, Ward Two, Thittingham Hospital, Near Preston, Lancashire, England

Jerry Burge's coverillo gets my vote as the best for 1964. I'll make a note of this for Eney's Egoboo Poll. A remarkable piece of work.

Ghod -- fan-fiction reviews, yet! This is something new unless my notoriously shaky memory is once again failing me. Personally, I've nothing against this aspect of our many-faceted fandom and I certainly manage to enjoy a fair proportion of the stuff that wings its way in my direction. Of course a lot of it is painful crud or worse, but this also readily applies to pro fiction as well, in my cynical estimation. A considerable number of fen harbour a distinct, almost pathological aversion to amateur SF without giving it a chance and this attitude can hardly be considered to encourage the would be amateur-turned-pro. Not that I expect every fan to be Dedicated to this cause of encouragement but discouragement is quite a different matter and I can't help thinking that careful consideration instead of an out of hand dismissal would be a better attitude to adopt, especially where young sensitive neofen are concerned. No, I don't mean coddle 'em -- just be honest and above all, constructive with one's criticisms.

Pardon me a moment while I wipe the froth from my foaming mouth. I'm not really as earnest and frantic as I sound back there. I'm not playing favourites with faanishness or sercon attitudes. I'm a hybrid of both extremes. The old happy medium, as it were. I appear to have innate fence-straddling tendencies, figuratively speaking. Consequently I have extreme difficulty when attempting to take sides on almost any argument because I readily find an almost equal number of faults and virtues on both sides. The Breen Affair is very much a case in point,

LAISKA

for example and I've completely failed to resolve a definite attitude. Mainly due to lack of facts and a lack of personal contact with the factions involved. Besides, it's none of my damned business!

A Glossary of Middle Earth; Obviously a good deal of Al's spare time has been burned up by this comprehensive listing of characters. To good effect too, but to date this is of purely academic interest to me, I'm afraid. I have read THE HOBBIT but only recently. It wasn't as profound as I had expected but I've been informed by two individuals that the Ring trilogy is intended for adults. I have ordered the trilogy from the extensive and very useful BSFA Library Service as a matter of fact. I'm expecting it to arrive next week providing another member doesn't have it out at the moment, of course.

John Baxter's article is a bit too much on the deadly serious side for my liking, but this observation could be influenced by my conviction that most critics are too prone to presenting their own opinionated little distortions and trying to pass them off as Absolute Truths.

John's evaluation of the rocket in aesthetic and emotional appeal reminds me that every time I see on TV the launching of a missile or other projectile I get a distinct impression that the virgin sky is being brutally raped by an oversized penis. Phallic symbolism personified! Is there a Freudian in the house?

The mystery and beauty of science... indeed! This is a rarified expression if ever I saw one. Science does have a pleasant side, granted, but the terrible side of this amorphous 'object' far surpasses anything else it might contain, in my opinion. The atom bomb can make hearts stop and this isn't my idea of beauty, to quote an extreme example. John speaks in absurd generalities but I'm not casting aspersions on his views or integrity -- just at the way he chooses to express himself.

Talk of living in a "perverted future society" in reference to THE CAVES OF STEEL -- why doesn't Baxter appear to realise that abnormality is a very subjective quantity? Well at least he has the grace (?) to point out right at the beginning of his article that he knows he's dealing with impossible absolutes. In view of this I can't help asking why did he bother to inflict this irrational tripe on us? This chap must be John Rackham's mate. Baxter's analysis of CAVES and PRELUDE is otherwise entertaining, so don't take my criticism too seriously. In fact, don't you dare take anything I say too seriously. If you did, you'd be doing me a great injustice, rest assured. I don't know about John Baxter in this respect but I have my niggling little suspicions...

Tony's SF Survey swings in like a breath of fresh air and is definitely one of the highlights of this issue.

He makes a good point about the ambiguous juvenile-adult novels -- RAH's CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY is a prime example. This was a favourite of mine ever since it first saw print in ASF and I was amazed to see it tagged a juvenile in the edition later.

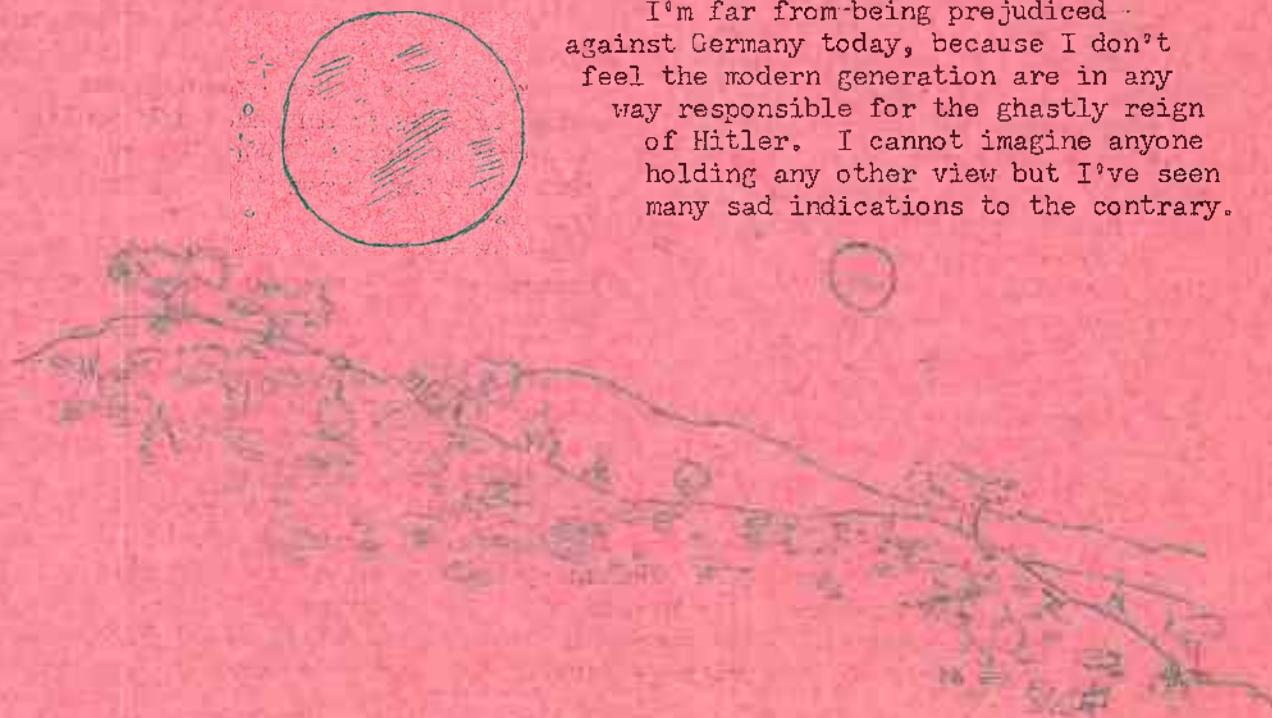
I haven't yet read A CLOCKWORK ORANGE but I intend to take it in when I get a chance of obtaining a copy -- even more so thanks to this entertaining review of it provided within the survey. The way out slang alluded to doesn't exactly fill me with intense excitement, though. I was irritated by this sort of thing in Derek Ingrey's PIG ON A LEAD (Faber & Faber, London, 1963), which is an after-the-plague epic of classic proportions -- the slang providing the only sour note for me.

THE HOPKINS MANUSCRIPT isn't really qualified for a '63 survey because this was published ages ago in England and was more recently reissued under the title of THE CATAclySM by Pan books.

Naziism: This subject isn't quite my cup of tea but Dick's exposition provides me with a number of facts I wasn't previously acquainted with. So I should be grateful for this service, I suppose. I can't say I'm too enthusiastic, all the same.

Knowing a person's racial views isn't quite akin to being responsible for that person's racial actions if you voted him into power. Thoughts and actions are vastly divergent and even if Hitler said he'd like to kill off all the Jews, that wouldn't have meant an indication to the effect that he intended to realise his thoughts, as far as I'm concerned. Though I admit I wouldn't have voted for him myself under those circumstances.

I'm far from being prejudiced against Germany today, because I don't feel the modern generation are in any way responsible for the ghastly reign of Hitler. I cannot imagine anyone holding any other view but I've seen many sad indications to the contrary.



Tony Boucher speaks German? In that case I tender my envy and respect. I'm starting a two-year course in German which is organised by the Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries and I hope to acquire a passing knowledge of the language. The Society is based in West Berlin (address: Berlin W. 8, Thälmannplatz 8/9, German Democratic Republik).

I agree entirely with Philip K. Dick's viewpoint, as you might have expected.

Best wishes,
Peter

((On the matter of fan-fiction reviews, Peter -- my feeling is that, let's face it, we're going to have to get new sf writers from somewhere and we might as well develop our own. It's a very selfish attitude. But I remember that Bradbury was a fan. ...As for the "beauties of science", I must disagree with you there. John was probably not talking about the practical side, but if you want to bring up the atom bomb (which is definitely the practical side), I'd like to mention penicillin, without which I would probably have lost my husband and young 'uns at one point. ...Thankee for your nice long letter. --Felice))

CARL FREDERICK, 740 East 32nd St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

Dear Ed: In NIEKAS'9 you mentioned some people without whose help the issue would have been impossible. I think it was impossible.

I now go to listen to the radio for they are broadcasting a computer program.

Yours,
Carl

MIKE IRWIN, 1712 Tulip, Arlington, Texas 76010

Thanx for NIEKAS 10. A non-fan friend of mine was over at the house the other day and happened to be looking thru some zines when he came upon yours. Seeing the artistic (?) title of Felice's column, he declared "Mayhem Mouse!?" at which I alternated chuckles and gasps. ((I misread it that way myself --Felice)) Indirectly I sort of sympathize with her situation of finally getting ready to work on her master's. My mother (she's 40) decided to go back to school a few years ago. She's a junior now but will probably be one for some time since she only goes part time -- when she goes. Right now she's not going since she's expecting. I told her (she's an English major) that Shakespeare would get to her. ((And if she feels the way I do around final exams, Mike, I sympathize with you. --FR))

Wollheim -- is that a German name? I was just trying to figure out why Don doesn't consider THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE to be sf. Maybe he's disappointed it's not true, or just jealous that Dick got popular to put him in pb.

I can't seem to pick up a fanzine these days without running into somebody's comments on sf/horror movies. Maybe "nobody cares. Nobody watches", as Baxter says, but there sure are a lot of people printing columns about it, e.g., in Tom Reamy's Trumpet and Ron Wilson's Vermillion Flycatcher."

Mike

BANKS MEBANE, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Maryland, 20015

A Tolkien glossary is something I've wanted for a long time, and I'm looking forward to the rest of Al Halevy's. Naturally a work of this magnitude is not going to be perfect, or exactly suit everybody, so I have a few quibbles. In a (so-far) extremely cursory reading of Part I. The Hobbits, I've already noted one omission. Halevy states that Elanor the Fair and Fasred of Greenholm were parents of unidentified hobbits, but it is known that they had a son, Elfstan

Fairbairn, in SR 1454, who is presumably the first of the Fairbairns of the Towers. The translation of years of the Shire Reckoning into years of the Third Age is not valid after 3021 (SR 1421), since the Third Age ended in this year with the departure overseas of the Keepers of the Three; later years should be in terms of the Fourth Age. Also I found some of the entries too brief -- the one for Maggot was totally inadequate in my opinion -- but of course a line has to be drawn somewhere, or the work would end up longer than Tolkien's. ((We welcome all corrections and suggestions. ERM))

Speaking of glossaries of this type, I think Ron Ellik and Bill Evans are doing a magnificent job with one of Doc Smith. I've read a good bit of it in mss., and it's interesting either for straight-through reading or reminiscent back and forth browsing.

I see I didn't give a reference for Elfstan above. In Al's terms it's RC 322. My copy is the English edition from Geo. Allen and Unwin, but I think the US edition was from the same plates so the page number ought to be the same.

John Baxter's Hornbook is reasonably good if a bit dogmatic until he gets down to cases, and then, my Ghod! Of course, Asimov gets more and more tangled up in his plot as the story goes on! Of course, conflicts crop up continuously! How else are we going to find out anything about the society? Asimov very deftly delineates the world of the caves of steel by showing its effect on the people living in it -- the tensions, the conflicts that the society creates. What does Baxter want, for Chrissake, a meticulous description of the technique of using a refresher or getting a meal in whatever the automats were called?

PRELUDE TO SPACE was a tour de force that maybe only Clarke could have brought off -- to write a journalistic account of an imaginary project. He brought it off, but the result was only second-rate journalism which is already dated.

And Baxter calls the Clarke a success and the Asimov a failure. How wrong-headed can you get? Maybe sf needs critical standards, but not these.

Banks Mebane

BILLY H. PETTIT, 2982 N. Fulton Dr. NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30305

I loved the cover of NIEKAS 9. But then I love anything that Jerry does. I have bought several of his pen and ink sketches, and recently got him started on two oils for me. He really shines on color work.

Anthony Boucher's speech made an excellent article for a fanzine. Especially since he touched on books in the fringe areas. I suppose that there are two reasons for this: first he reads and enjoys this type of book; secondly the old hard core type of science fiction is no longer in vogue. The Clements, Asimovs and Heinleins are gone forever. (Well Heinlein is still writing, but when it's unreadable it doesn't really count.) Will you be publishing the same type of article for the literature of 1964? I'm very interested in Mr. Boucher's views on books like DAVY, THE WHOLE MAN, and THE KILLING MACHINE. ((Sorry, but Tony has stopped doing his annual reviews; he no longer finds enough in the field to interest him. --ERN))

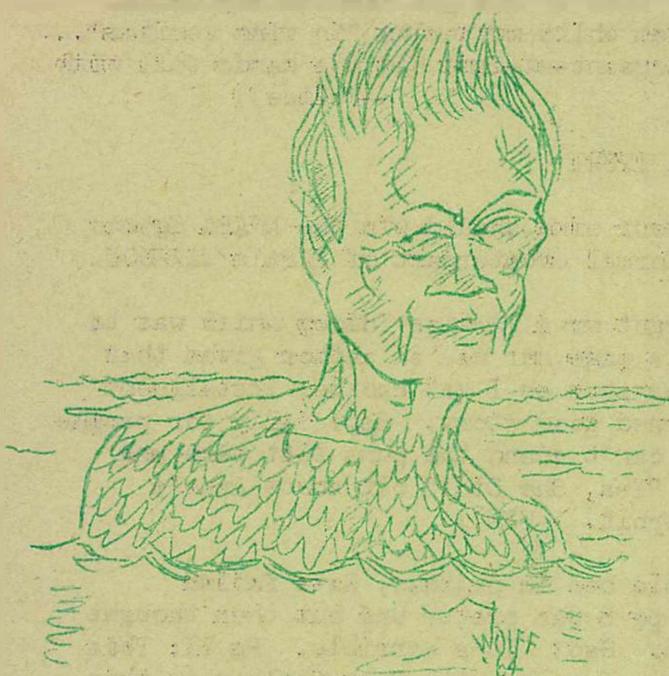
I had better make an exception to that sweeping statement. I think Frank Herbert is writing fiction that ranks with any that is considered classic.

"The Martian Idiocy" was a good attempt at humor. However in several places the context is strained to make the pun. "Well traindear" indeed! But even if not as good, it brings back the magic of Willis and Shaw in Hyphen.

The glossary was kind of a shock. I hadn't realized that Tolkien had such devoted fans. I wonder if any of the Lovecraft fans have made such labors of love? ((What say, Andrew? --FR)) The Burroughs and Howard fans have carried it too far. I'm waiting for Doc Savage and Lensmen fan clubs to form.

Sincerely yours

Billy H Pettit



KEN LAZARO, 333 Walsh Ct., Brooklyn, N.Y.

I have just finished reading nothing 9 and 9+1. I am indeed sorry that I have not been getting it up until now. It was a delightful experience and I found them much more sophisticated than I had anticipated. As far as I can see -- the only difference between your magazine (forgive me Ed, but I won't use the jargon) and a professional one is the quality of printing. From comments in #9+1 I am glad you are in favor of cutting down on politically oriented letters as I am sure your magazine would degenerate into a forum of politican exchange -- all the old ladies in tennis shoes are in Cal., no? ((Well...not all. --FR)) From the point of view of someone like me who is not now up to date in science fiction (or what I think is science fiction since -- I am sure your readers don't know what it is -- in fact no one seems to agree on exactly what it is --) the review of the books of

'63 by Anthony Boucher was very good. John Baxter's article in the 9th of nothing was fascinating and indeed quite thought provoking. It is I believe, characterization that makes great novels -- it is true that science fiction tends toward environmental conflicts but there is no reason why a truly great work -- whatever that may be -- can not come from within the matrix that constitutes science fiction. I must confess that I have never heard of Tolkien much less read any of his works and now having seen the work that Al Halevy has put into his glossary I feel guilty about it. Where pray tell did you dig up the name Bumbejimas? Really! Bumbejimas? That I suppose is what Lithuanian wellsprings and wheat germ will do for a man. Felice Rolfe sounds like a doll and wherever her material appears even nowhere or in nothing -- she is a professional. Thank you very much for your z-(not) magazines.

Yours

Ken

((Thank you kindly, sir...Why do you dislike capital letters when you make such pretty ones? --Felice))

PAUL E. HEMMES, 1511 Tuttle Rd., Ionia, Michigan 48846

Mrs. Rolfe -- you talk as though you hate us poor misbegotten teenagers. Don't forget YOU were one too, you know. To me, drunk teenagers at the Con sounds rather stupid. I mean the Con should not have tolerated them. Here I Sergeant-at-Arms I would have thrown them out. These teenagers could have begun a fight right outside the Hotel Leamington and given the Con a bad name. But, on the other hand, I couldn't agree with you more on the drinking of the "kids". Drinking for teenagers, is the only way they know how to get status -- shall we say? -- and so they drink some beer or whatever it was they consumed and eventually became drunk. BUT don't the "adults" manage to get drunk too? So I hear from the good Mr. Meskys who is an authority on the subject, I understand. ((Only if you admit corflu into the calendar of intoxicating beverages. --FR)) Oh, yes, I agree with Mrs. Rolfe on the style which she hopes John Brunner would set. Be nice to see a few people who can at least dress properly in public.

Yours SF,

Paul

((Hey, wait a minute, Paul! What I said was that the con did not have any trouble with teenagers getting squiffed. As a matter of fact, I have rather a soft spot for teenagers... You're bloody well right the "adults" can get obnoxiously drunk, too; but all one can do about it is ignore them while muttering "in vino veritas"... while the kids may grow out of it. ... Our Sergeant-at-Arms had his hands full with other things, at this convention. --Felice))

PETE JACKSON, R.D. #1, Danville, Pennsylvania 17821

Cover: It was, welllll, different. I think your zine should win the N'APA Egoboo Poll as the best zine. It's like N'APA's informal counterpart of FAPA's WARHOON.

Last ish you had a thing titled Sigfried Zehrgut or A Martian Idiocy which was to be continued. It wasn't noted in the Contents page nor was an author given that I can find. When is it to be continued? ((As soon as I get another installment out of Carl Frederick. --ERM)) It was a darned good story. Especially for people who like good puns like I do. Personally, I can't stand the puns that were and are everpresent in the Monster Mags. Is the "Yes, She Did!" bit about Anne's leaving N'APA? ((No -- Felice's going into orbit. --ERM))

If the illo on pg 8 was supposed to be a bumble bee in pajamas, Dave failed miserably. I was going to say the beatle on pg 8 was pretty bad but then thought better of it. Until I found out it was a bee. Gad! It's horrible. Pg 11: This illo was much better than the foldout lastish. I agree with Buck Coulson on this. I also agree with Jim Cawthorn when he said it was gorier than those he did. The bacover was another good REG. Was it electric stenciled or stylized? ((? --FR)) Nosey, ain't I? It's for a good purpose tho. I'm cheap and want quality. For WAN, that is. ((Dave Thewlis did a heroic job, stencilling it by hand --ERM)).

Is there really a Liz Lokke? ((And how! --ERM)) ((Down, Ed. --FR)) I see the name in AMRA and your zine and would like to know the truth.

Live long!
Pete

GEORGE WELLS, Box 486, Riverhead, N. Y. 11902

I had calculus in high school, up to integration (no double integration tho). I took the course over again at college and passed with an A without learning anything new. Second term of calculus at college I got a D -- they reached the part I didn't know. My high school math teacher was very good -- at college the uneducated had to learn calculus practically from the text alone. By the way, the high school course was slightly experimental and I believe was only carried for one or two years and then dropped. Why, I don't know.

I hope people won't overlook Magazine of Horror in the Hugo nominations. Perhaps it deserves recognition for best quality on a scroungy budget, if nothing else.

Think anybody in fandom would like to publish a 20 page term paper on the Know-Nothing Party?

Yours
George

PHILLIP A. HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia

No, I don't agree, Not at all/ not a ha'pence, a farthing or a mill. Any smaller and I feel the inherent beauty of the Crossthatch and Stipple would be lost. I have long been a bug on Crossthatch Stipple work and this is an excellent example of it. Any smaller and you'd have lost all the fine detail; digest size, even.

NIEKAS_11:65 ----- Laikai -----

It has an exquisiteness to it rarely found in this day of line drawings etc. It is quite extraordinarily beautiful. Any smaller, I feel, would have ruined it, so you showed excellent judgement in blowing it up to this size. But then you always do show terrificly fine judgement in all you put out.

NIEKAS is the "Nothing" fanzine if you call "Nothing" one of the most invaluable indexes I'll ever hope to see in Al Halevy's "A Glossary of Middle Earth". I can think of nothing I'd rather see in book form than this so I could buy a copy of it. I'll even say this much, if you'll send me the stencils after you finish with them as a public service after I finish VII I'll run them off into a complete book and sell them at cost only to get back what I put into it. It is far far too invaluable a work to be in separate parts like this and I think too much of my copies of NIEKAS to want to separate it from them and put it together.

Excelsior!

Phil

((We're saving the stencils and will keep this in mind but it isn't perfect. And we do have hopes of offset publication in bound book form. --ERM))

MICHAEL VIGGIANO, 1834 Albany Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11210

Even though the cover illustration isn't suited for that size, the cover is better than that of most fanzines. But it isn't up to NIEKAS standards. I really went wild over that drawing of the dwarf. It's great.

I liked the idea of your including the clipping from the Tribune. I like to hear what others think about us. My father thinks that any adult who reads stf is a little off his rocker.

Felice's and your own columns are up to par with past columns, meaning, quite good. So far, in the three issues of NIEKAS that I have seen, no fiction. Do you have a ban on short stories? Come on, how about a story or two an issue to encourage amateur writers? ((I've run two stories in the 5 years I have been publishing, but I'm not enthusiastic about fiction. --ERM))

Ted White, I believe, did an article in YANDRO on his writing history. Please try to get Roger Zelazny to do one about himself. Roger is a damn good writer and I wish I knew more about him.

"A Glossary of Middle Earth" may be very scholarly, but is anyone, except Halevy, really interested in it? After looking through Halevy's glossary I'm afraid to read the Tolkien books. ((If you scare that easy, you're going to miss a lot of fun. --FR))

All in all, NIEKAS is a good fanzine, and every time it arrives it gives me a couple of hours of enjoyable reading, which is more than I can say for some of the prozines that I have picked up recently.

Best wishes

Michael

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

The cover looks nice. The artwork is good this issue. I especially liked the drawing of Gimli by de Maiffe. The poem by Zelazny on the facing page was very good. You know, that boy writes almost as good as pro. ((You mean he's not? --FR))

John Boardman is a past master of the political double standard. For example, he condemns the McCarthyist slanderous tactics of the John Birchers. I suppose he

includes their listings of Commies in Washington. Of course, it isn't the same thing to list all the Nazis in the West German government, is it, John?

I feel that any cause, no matter how worthy, can be carried to extremes. An example would be a masochist's idea of carrying out the Golden Rule.

The one of Wollheim's ideas I dislike the most is his changing titles on Ace Books. I have enough trouble stretching my budget without buying or ordering a book I already have in one form or another. I didn't think that MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE was the best book out in its year. I place at least a dozen above it in that year. I think there have been about three Hugo awards that I agreed with.

I do think that we should dedicate the N3F alternate titles project to Don when it comes out. He is responsible for most of it.

Yours,
Rick

R. A. LUC, 49 West 8th St., Bayonne, New Jersey 07002

To start with, the cover was beautiful. The resulting coarse texture of the enlarging process added a further ethereal air by its sharp contrast with the delicacy of the subject. If you want a softening just look at the illo in a dimmed room (it's a nice way to go blind though, if you forget and start to read the zine over in the dark like I did).

I thought that the contents were a bit of a comedown from #9 though perhaps this is because the "limited" amount of material didn't overwhelm me this time. There was nothing bad in this but nothing great. Correct that, Felice Rolfe's "When I Was a Lad" was great.

Neofanatically yours,
Rick Luc

MICHAEL MOORCOCK, 17, Lake House, Scovell Road, London SE 1.

I feel very guilty about not having replied to two excellent issues of NIEKAS. Actually I had a letter of comment ready for #9, but, of late, I've been getting involved in extended arguments through fanzines and my letter might have started another. I decided to wait until I was in a better mood. I'm still not.

This doesn't apply to NIEKAS in general -- it really is a satisfying and interesting fanzine -- but to some of your letter-writers on various subjects.

As you may have seen by now, I've given NIEKAS 9 a plug in NEW WORLDS and hope this will make up a bit for my silence. I'm wildly overworked at present, having taken on commissions to write three novels (non-sf) within about six weeks, plus having NW to produce, manuscripts to read etc, plus other work to complete -- it all means money but, as they say, who wants the most lavish funeral since Churchill's?

So, my excuses -- and my apologies.

Phil Dick's and Jack Newkom's intentions have an old-fashioned ring about them -- and not just in the idiom used. Isn't marriage going out on its own accord? Hasn't it been for some time? It certainly has been in decadent old Europe. Still, possibly you're a bit behind the times over there...

There is another thing that bothers me about your otherwise wonderful fanzine -- the enthusiasm some of your readers have for the vulgarities of Gilbert, Sullivan and Disney. Jesus! Is it (I pray) affectation, intellectual slumming, a healthy

appreciation of the cheap and nasty in our society -- or could it be a genuine enjoyment. No! No! Do not answer. Let me think the best, lest sanity itself is lost! I take it that J.R.R. 'Whimsy is a subtle send-up.

Look forward to lost more issues. Better stop before my Evil Genius gets the better of me. Will try to mention NIO in NW. Felice Rolfe writes very well. There's a lot of good stuff in NIEKAS. I feel frustrated not having time to do it justice in a letter.

Best,
Mike

((Thank you, sir. That's a compliment to value. ##The 'vulgarieties' of Gilbert and Sullivan, compared with our own musical comedy product, are elegance itself. Have you seen "Damn Yankees"? Or "The Pajama Game"? And while Disney is definitely cheap, it does avoid being nasty...and besides, I think you're putting us on. ##Yes, we've definitely heard that you gave us a plug in NEW WORLDS. Thank you kindly. ##Marriage may be going out, but it's putting up a hell of a fight.
--Felice))

JOHN FOYSTER, PO Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia

It seems a pity that the first time I have cause to write you a letter of comment it should be about so distasteful an incident. NIEKAS has often interested me, and I thank you for sending it. I feel you've done George Scithers a disservice, however, in printing the last two sentences of his on page 34 of NIEKAS 10. One may agree with Scithers' criticism of Baxter's writings (I'd class myself in that group) but his imitation of Boyd Raeburn's attack on Bert Weaver in CRY some years ago will hardly convince anyone of the truth of his argument. I'm perfectly sure that John can defend himself -- and will -- but I choose to defend the man and not the argument. The argument (in Scithers' last three sentences; more particularly third last sentence) is certainly full of holes -- but let someone else worry about that. The totally snobbish, and probably ignorant, attitude in Scithers is what upsets me. It is so easy to say the sort of thing he says here, and in the context it is used is morally equivalent to kicking a cripple. Maybe it's the sort of thing Raeburn would do, but I had a different vision of George Scithers... perhaps I should change my opinion -- Scithers isn't, by any chance, a little weedy fellow who makes up for his inferiority complex by publishing all this sword-and-sorcery stuff is he? ((No, George is a large, well-built fellow who is a career officer in the Army, and he hasn't anything at all resembling an inferiority complex. --FR)) Of course not -- and John Baxter lives in Australia, a country with a far better educational system than that of the USA. ((True. --FR))

Thus far, of course, I have only sought to indicate that Australians as a class are not necessarily ignorant jackaroos whose country is useful as a first line of defence for God's own people, and maybe investing a little capital in (for a quick and large return). I also believe, however, that John Baxter himself is not completely unintelligent -- "witless" -- as Scithers would indicate; the article in the present issue is surely indicative of that. Here John says very plainly something which has probably been obvious to a few people for some time, but which has not been written about at length in "public" before, namely, that science fiction fans, as a class, see so few movies that they wouldn't know a good sf movie if it bit them on the leg. I do not refer to boxoffice success. The argument is clear, well-developed, well-supported. I cannot believe that such an argument could be the product of a witless man. We all have critical lacunae, but this does not make us witless.

And the same to you,
John

ANDREW GARRISON, 136 Cowley Ave., East Lansing, Michigan

I got the NIEKAS from Ed Meskys -- I don't know what to say, except that it's all very wild and enthusiastic and esoteric; excuse me while I run screaming into the night. Perhaps I feel utterly lost in someone else's ingroup...

From a literary standpoint I like NIEKAS; I like the reviews, essays, and the art! that of it I could understand. A few questions, though --

1. Who is the gentleman lying in the woods, who seems to be full of arrows, in the September issue?
2. What is a Corflu?
3. What is a Rotsler?
4. Why the Volkswagen?
5. Why the drawings that appear to be nothing at all with hilarious captions?

Oh, wait -- in pawing through one of them I find a review of Edward Gorey, am no longer puzzled, having found reason for odd and scattered appearance of NIEKAS, and am glad to know I am not the only one to idolize Gorey.

What a great profusion of learning and trivia! On one page a letter-to-the-editor in defense of Hitler's Germany, and on the preceding page an enchanting paragraph about a dictatorial cat! Here, too, is a mother-lode of puzzling and no doubt hilarious cartoons ("A Viking I have heard of, but this is stupid", says a large rodentic creature in Viking garb, before a mirror.) Also, there are odd little line-betweens ("Bruce Pelz is a button-snatcher", "Who is Mildred Clingerman?") ~culiar punctuation (s), names that appear to be made up of initials but aren't (Bumbejimas, Niekas, Laiskai, Boucher), Greek typewriting, marginal art no doubt by the same artist who decorated the Lascaux caves millenia ago, letters from the Troll's Guild, and a score of other oddities, all giving NIEKAS a content worthy of a place in an Edward Gorey study.

There is also some fine scifi art by Dennis Smith (some of the best I've seen -- is he a pro?) and, as I've said, some fine and highly literate essays. There. You may consider this a letter for your -- uh -- what is it now; Panflakes? No -- oh yes -- Laiskai!

As you may have gathered, I liked NIEKAS; though puzzled at first by its ingroupness, repeated perusal has brought me to the conclusion that it must be a fun way to sweat. When I have a moment, I will try to write you some reviews and doodle some drawings and Poe you some poetry.

Re the Ring trilogy -- at last summer's Picnic ((The Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society's annual picnic --FR)) I drew on a little browsing through it to hold up my end of the conversation, but when I got home I dashed to them and am piddling my way through Vol. II...I'm frightfully busy with other things, like trying to get into Harvard or Reed or something -- The "Glossary of Middle Earth" I found very amusing, particularly the venerable Baggins family. Bilbo remains my favorite.

((From a later letter)) After I sent my last off to you, I realized that it could be taken as a pan of your wild and woolly NIEKAS...I didn't intend that at all, so iff you're not speaking to me, you can stop not. ...by the way, I eat styrofoam cups too...Yes, I received a letter from Ed, written in a frantic scrawl, in blood, I think, and got rolling right away and churned out a review of the whole neo-gothic genre and Night Walker in particular...

Very,

Andrew

((And there, fen, you have a one-line summary of fandom: "What a great profusion of learning and trivia." ...It was really red ink, not blood. --FR))

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

Somewhere I read that the rat is fairly easy to poison because it can't regurgitate. But the news of the specialized new poison is still good, unless it turns out to be a form of bubonic plague-carrying fleas that will revert to the old-fashioned targets after all the rats are dead.

I used to think up objections to those slowed-down time stories, too, although I was less scientific about it than you. I was particularly worried about how rapidly shoes would wear out and the damage that a pedestrian might do to a soft lawn or polished hardwood floors. One matter that you seem to have skipped is that of temperature. If time slowed down to a near-stop relative to the hero, wouldn't that mean a similar decline in molecular activity, and therefore unbearable cold in everything he touched or breathed or swallowed? Maybe that's the scientific basis of the theological theory about a frozen hell: the evil people who die simply stop moving through time and spend eternity stuck in the instant of death, equivalent to absolute zero.

The plot of the Shostakovitch opera you saw sounds as if he's rewritten his early opera, Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk. That was the work that contained such a graphic musical illustration of copulation that Stalin was scandalized, the work was immediately taken off the stage, and Shostakovitch was thrown into all sorts of disgrace. ((I find it hard to believe that the music alone could have been that graphic. --FR))

The Gimli portrait is excellent, one of the few pieces of Ring art that aren't excessively cute or crude. I don't like the background, which looks like a smooth board, an object that is hardly associated with the Tolkien books. But the stiffness and squareness of the figure conveys quite successfully a number of qualities like strength and antiquity and singlemindedness. I don't like the poem on the facing page. It seems to attempt to be interesting only through the method of piling as many references as possible to the Tolkien mythos into a couple of hundred words but it carries no real conviction and conveys no genuine emotion or new way of looking at the matters described. ((I feel it captured the essential meaning of the story. --ERM)) No further comments occur on the Halevy project, except the minor one, that Tolkien by accident or design used as the name of three dwarves the French word for the species, Nain.

There is probably no particular reason for the use of "huddle" in that headline except the way colleges teach journalism these years. The youngsters come to work at newspaper offices with the set notion that it is shameful and incorrect to use an accurate and sensible word, and that it makes writing more vivid to use one that is unfitted to the context. This silly system used to be confined to the sports pages, where you'd read about the horsehide and spheroid and pill and pellet and every other thing so that the forbidden word "baseball" wouldn't appear in print. But this quotation from the Oakland Tribune is a good example of the way it's spreading all over the newspaper: "buffs" is a word that is associated almost exclusively with Civil War enthusiasts, for instance, and newspapermen are now ruining it by applying it to all types of hobbyists; "huddle" will come to mean "meet" instead of the special kind of secretive or intimate gettogether that it used to indicate, "wild" is already hopelessly decayed and perverted through overuse, and so on. It's something like the way the advertising men have destroyed the meaning of many other terms: "limited edition", "high fidelity", "great", and so on.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

Pvt. EARL E. EVERE, US51533159, 269 Sig Co (Svc), APO New York 09058

Roger Z's "Song of the Ring" is one of the better Ring-ish verses I've encountered. And the Dwarf illo is excellent...Oh yes, I'd probably get a copy of the Middle Earth glossary if it came out in book form. You mean a large, mimeo'd pamphlet rather than an actual bound book, don't you? The latter would be nice, but I doubt that Tolkien fandom is numerous (or rich) enough to support such an ambitious project. ((We are hoping for a real book. --ERM))

Felice Rolfe's November sketch had plenty of feeling; maybe it will be better received than the poem it replaced in feeling and mood-tone. Most fans don't want to concentrate hard enough to appreciate serious poetry in fanzines (light verse is easier to dig, hence more popular), judging from their response. Maybe prose sketches are the answer, they sink in easier. The trouble is, they can never have the full emotional force of a poem.

Are incomplete Feghoots worse than complete ones, and if so, are they worse or better than no Feghoots at all?

Faaannishly,

Earl

STEPHEN E. PICKERING, 2310 Truxtun Ave., Apt. 6, Bakersfield, California

On Anthony Boucher: An excellent examination and evaluation, to be sure. Although I agree with him that Heinlein is one of the few practitioners capable of extrapolating a possible futuristic civilization, I disagree that PODKAYNE was a particularly entertaining story, even though its main character was a girl. ((What's that got to do with it? --FR)) CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY, back in 1957, in my mind, is surely the best of his "juvenile" works -- Thorby, Baslim, the scraggly-haired old beggar, the brilliant, touching prose...Other than this minor quibble, the article is a welcome addition to my files.

Stephen

BANKS MEBANE again, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Maryland 20015

One omission in Part II of Al Halevy's Glossary: the dwarf Flói (Rl 335) who accompanied Balin to Moria and died in the first skirmish with the orcs upon arrival.

I think Al has made some assumptions not warranted by what Tolkien wrote. In the geneological table on R3 361 numbers, such as Nain I and Nain II, are given only to the kings of Durin's folk, just as they are given to the kings of England; I think Al errs in giving numbers to dwarves of Durin's line who were not kings. On that same page, the reference to Durin VII does not necessarily imply that he was the last king of the dwarves, but only that he was the last king of that name -- this is a quibble, but since there is room for difference of opinion I don't think Al should have made the definite statement he did, that Durin VII was the last king. Al's entries also imply that Erebor remained the seat of the kings of Durin's line (Tolkien's chart states that it is the line of the dwarves of Erebor, but this does not necessarily imply that they remained there through the rest of history). Since Gandalf destroyed the Balrog, Durin's Bane, it seems likely that the dwarves would have taken the opportunity after the War of the Rings to regain their ancient seat at Khazad-Dum: Tolkien doesn't tell us that they did, but he doesn't state unequivocally that they didn't, so it seems unwarranted to assume that they remained at Erebor.

Al's entry for Durin the Deathless states that his son was also named Durin. I don't recall that fact appearing anywhere in Tolkien's writing, and it certainly doesn't appear on the pages Al gives as references. This may be only my faulty

memory, but I would like to know where the statement is documented.

Ed, I hope you will pass these comments, and those I made in my last letter, along to Al Halevy. He has obviously put a lot of thoughtful work into its compilation, and correction of the few omissions and errors remaining would make the Glossary a really worthwhile thing to have. I hope it will eventually be published as a book, and the prior appearances in NIEKAS will give Al a chance to correct any slips caught by the readers.

Sincerely
Banks

JOHN BAXTER, Box C.39, Clarence St. PO, Sydney, NSW

Yes, the reaction to HORNBOOK FOR CRITICS was very good; better, in fact, than I've ever had, except for some things in WARHOON. I had an idea that most people would resent my specific condemnation of CAVES OF STEEL. That's the trouble with criticism. As long as it's kept on an abstract level, just generalising about literature and hunting around for general rules and similarities among writers, there is no argument. But once apply it to a book, and everybody is down on you. Literary criticism is becoming a sort of pure art, which I think is a pity. That's one reason why I wrote HORNBOOK -- to apply a rule rather than just talk about it. In all probability it was a wrong rule, and a badly supported one, but it was pleasant to try it just once and see how people reacted.

I can see from what you say about my film article that I haven't made myself entirely clear. Leland Sapiro sent me a letter also, making approximately the same points as you do. The trouble is, I think, that this article was written by the film fan side of me, not the sf side. I was talking about sf films from a film viewpoint, not an sf viewpoint. I tried to make that clear in the early stages of the piece, but I seem to have muffed it. The point I'm trying to make in that article is that sf films can't be criticised by the same rules that we apply to written science fiction. For one thing, they don't set out to be science fiction as we know it. They set out to be a drama (or melodrama) on scientific themes, which is a very different thing to science fiction. In written sf, you can deal with ideas and attitudes, emotions and nuances. You can be prolix, technical, obtuse. People expect this from written sf -- from any novel, in fact -- and they're used to it. Films are different. For one thing, they are conceived in purely visual terms. You can't have people gassing on for minutes about tensor calculus because there just isn't any way of making it interesting. Also, film is a mass medium and one must make some concessions. Not commercial appeal -- I think it's untrue that popular taste has a great effect on film-making. A novel demands a personal reaction -- appreciation is strictly a private thing between one reader and one copy of the book. A film can't be viewed like that. Even an "art" film must be shown to a number of people, and the director has to appeal to a fair average cross-section of his public. A stage actor can play to his audience, judging his pace to suit the general temper of the crowd in the theatre on any one night. The film director, removed from the theatre in which his work is shown, must play just a little "down" to be sure of his effects. You can see how true this is by looking carefully at the script of a really "advanced" modern film, by, say, Antonioni. It's very "advanced" indeed, as a rule, but intellectually the ideas in it are about five years behind modern fiction. The French cinema has just caught up with the nouvellement and is tampering with the Theatre of the Absurd, but it has yet to touch the Theatre of Cruelty or any of the more modern movements. But I'm wandering. My point is that films are not fiction, and especially that science fiction films are not sf. So you see a comment like "I don't like sf movies because they do a lot of damage to sf" is really meaningless. There is no correlation between the two fields at all.

It concerns me to see you say you "expected just another monster film". What's wrong with monster films? Of course, there are duds, but the monster film field has a higher general quality than most others. Hardly a week goes by when I don't hear of a western that is dull and ridiculous, or a melodrama that is trite. But even the cheapest monster picture has some MEMorable spots, either in effects or direction. THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, for instance. I think the sequence in that where the girl swims on the surface and the monster swims beneath her is one of the most breathtaking pieces of cinema ever made. THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, directed, incidentally, by Jean Lourie, Sascha Guitry's assistant on many films, has some excellent moments. What about the filmy veils and sparkling silver track of the monster in IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE, the final flaming destruction of the giant spider in TARANTULA, the eerie landscape of snow and ice, and the intertwining reactions of men and animals in Howard Hawks' THE THING. Of course it isn't "scientific", but then neither is the Medusa or the Minotaur. We're not dealing with science here -- we're dealing with the very stuff of legend, the mythopoetry of the scientific age.

NIEKAS 10. Despite the technical drawbacks that you mention later, I thought the cover was excellent. Reproduced smaller, it might, as you say, have been more effective, but I still thought it a very nice piece of work.

The story you were trying to think of, where the scientist stops time just as he is about to be executed, is called MOMENT WITHOUT TIME. It was written by Joel Townsley Rogers and appeared in STARTLING in 1952. I've always liked it, perhaps because it is (like monster films) memorable in a very "scientific" way without being physically reasonable. The point you make about this time-stop idea being ridiculous is, of course, a good one. In fact an English biologist named Bill Williams made it on a BBC talk a couple of weeks ago, only in relation to time travel. He pointed out that, if the past could not be changed, any time traveller would not even be able to absorb any energy from the past if he moved into it. Thus he could not see, hear, touch, taste or smell. He could not even move physically. He would be frozen. Go to the top of the class.

Cheers, John

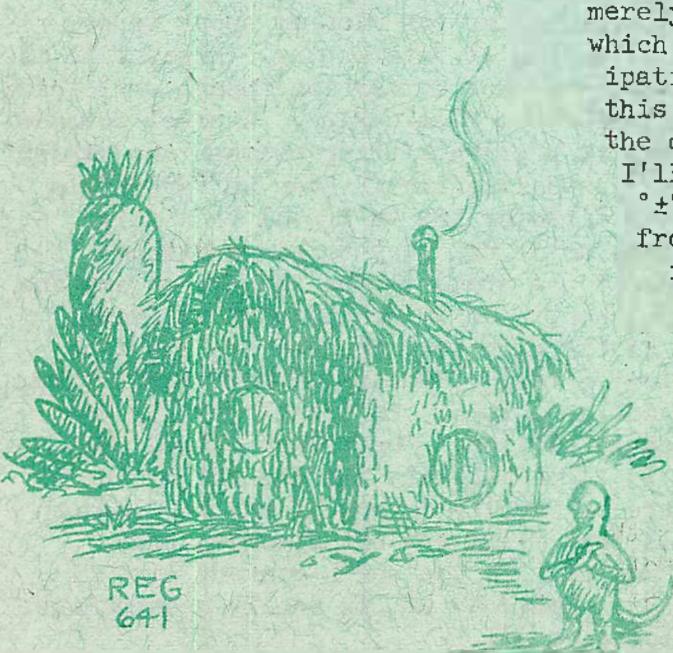
(But John, you can't have it both ways! If s.f. movies are totally unrelated to written s.f. how can you chide fans for not being interested in them? From what you just said, there would be as much reason for fans as a whole to be interested in politics, opera, sports-cars, jazz, partial differential equations, Picasso, or what have you.

Some individuals might be (and are), but this is merely another aspect of their personalities which has no direct relationship to their participation in fandom. And I suspect that it is this non-relationship which is at the heart of the current Hugo controversy. If I have time

I'll say a bit more about this in Bumbejimas.

"±" The above letter was in reply to a note from me, and came a bit too late for inclusion in Gincas.
-- ERM))

ROY TACKETT, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW,
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107



REG
641

This is prompted by NIEKAS 10.5 and your comments on Harlan Ellison's STATEMENT OF POSTURE -- which should more properly be called a statement of posturing. I found it more amusing than annoying. Now I am not going to take issue with you and I agree with

Ellison that the audio-visual Hugo ought to have been dropped (particularly in favor of awarding one to such a straight commercial venture as book publishing) but I do think that your defense of Ellison would have been more effective if you had been less general and brought out some specifics.

"He does good work". Indeed? What as? "He's managed to inject some half-way decent sf into Hollywood". Such as what? "He is one of the very few sf writers who is actively fighting the movie industry's lethargy and anti-intellectualism". Hmmmm.

Felice, I have yet to see a credit line for Harlan Ellison on a motion picture. Amend that to a science-fiction motion picture. Are you referring to his two teleplays on THE OUTER LIMITS? Neither were anything to get excited about. The only change from the usual OUTER LIMITS fare was that there were no monsters in Ellison's two stories. Otherwise they were typical motion picture/television stf which is to say that by comparison with written stf they were substandard and full of holes.

I fully agree that Ellison ought to get his chance at the Hugo as should any other audio-visual fantasy, that the category should be on the ballot, but even in the lean, lean field of fantasy drama Ellison doesn't offer much competition. While his two teleplays were superior to, say, 95% of audio-visual fantasy, neither was of Hugo caliber. Ellison deserves his chance, sure, but he has a long way to go before he becomes a contender for the Hugo.

Later

Roy

((Well, Roy... (a) I notice credits but don't remember them, so I'm not going to be able to answer you chapter and verse a la Norm Metcalf -- nor would I care to. I remember Ellison as a sufficiently good writer that I'm interested when I see his name; there are damn few of those. (b) Yes, I was referring to the OL episodes. TV and Movies are too closely connected for me to separate them for Hugo purposes. Ellison's teleplays were enough better than usual TV fare that they could at least be considered. (c) For Chrissakes, don't compare sf drama with written sf! Of course it's lousy from that standpoint. But you won't improve the field by eliminating the award. (d) I wasn't defending Ellison, except insofar as I knew his way of expressing himself would irritate people; I was defending the drama award. But you agree with that...))

--Felice))

Cindy Heap, who plugs Tolkien's "Leaf by Niggle" for the short fiction Hugo, Amelia Ahlstrom, Ellie Turner, whose letter I misplaced, but who explained at length why she is not a member of the "Caroussel Lovers'" club, but is in fact the official non-member (The last person to apply is designated non-member, and remains in this position until someone else applies. Since the group went in-active before anyone applied after her, she is doomed to remain non-member.), Jurgen M Wolff, Glenn Prim, Randy Scott, George Scithers ("...but there's one thing I don't understand: Are the Messrs Dick and Newkom living in sin with each other, or are they planning to get divorced, or what?" ((You should know better than to ask that in Berkeley!--ERM))), S. Maske, ("Perskai-ciau abu tavo NIEKU. 9 numeri turejau juoko, dar ir dabar kaip prisimenu vis nusijukiu nu Filijse parasymo: „Ed says in a soft voice that can be heard for miles." Oj, kaip jin teisingai ta parase, niekas negalejo apie tavo "soft voice" parasyti. 'Kodel Karlas apie tavi rasydamas vis Burbon ir Scoch prikisa, atrodo kad tu pijokas pasidarei? ((Ne, tik tokias jukas prasideje.--ERM))), Horace D Westbrooks, Barry Greene, ("I'd appreciate it if you would publicize my new address of 2940 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn NY"), Barbara Bealer, Fritz Leiber ("...always greatful for your mailings, the last of which, with its discussion of High Castle, etc., was a real beaut. Some issue I'd like to get opinion on The Wanderer, pro, con, or mixed, anything to give a line on what and how

next to write. That 140,000-word novel (Ballantine Book U6010) doesn't still seem very much heard of. I enjoy the poetry too and stuff on Ring. Right now working on The Fantasy Novel: Imaginative and Speculative Fiction for Southern Ill. Univ. Press. A 25,000-word Mouser novelet coming in the Aug. Fantastic--'Assault on Stardock.'"), Roberto Fuentes, Robert P Brown ("Ref your query on Pick-A-Book. Still a going concern. Have been getting two to three catalogues a year, even though no purchase made during past two years. Last cat. received last October."), Archie Mercer ("I'm sorry to note the absence of Anne Chatland -- can't you try to get her back? "±" Well, 'Mercer' is a trade-name, meaning dealer in textiles. 'Jones' is, I think, a derivative of 'John' -- and in any case isn't strictly English but Welsh (albeit under English influence). 'Metheringham,' on the other hand, is a place-name, every syllable of which tells a story if one knows what to look for. Now it's your turn." ((Look, my point was that in just about in every language there are long names and short names, the length depending on how the name came to be. The average Lithuanian name is a little longer than the average English one, just as the average English name is longer than the average Chinese one. I don't know much about the Lith. language, I can just speak a broken form of it. I do know that most Lith. names mean something--my mother once said that an educated person who knew the history of the language could trace the origin of 90% of the family names. I believe "ich" near the end of a name implies Slavic influence a century or two back, while the final vowel-s is merely the usual masculine nominative singular ending. I'm afraid I can't give any more info than that. -- ERM))), and Gary Lee Gilliam.



BUMBEJIMAS (continued)

In the mean time, Hal Lynch showed up (this was my one opportunity to see him, too) and the five of us went to a near-by Bickford's Cafeteria for coffee and gab. After about an hour and a half both Hal and Chris had to leave so we headed our separate ways. I was sorry that I had had so little opportunity to talk with them this time around. Last trip Hal had dropped in at my home for an evening, and I had gotten together with Chris alone for an hour just after he got off work at WOR-TV where he is a producer.

Elliot Shorter had just arrived in New York, and a visit to his place was next on our schedule. We had been trying to phone him for the last two hours, but the line was always busy. We kept trying from the subway on our way there, and finally got thru about half way there (a rather short trip from Fordham). His mother informed us that he had left a few minutes ago, and she didn't know where he had gone. So, we changed direction and headed for Columbia where we met Jim Sanders and JoAnn White (if I remember their names correctly!)

Oy veh! How to tell about what happened after that? Just before leaving California I got a tape from Fred, which I didn't get to play until I got to New York. It was in the form of a radio program, "the Adventures of Sherlock Zehrgut," complete with singing commercials for "Smearoff Corflu" acted out by Carl, Fred, Barry, and maybe one or two others. Since then they had done a second one, which they made me listen to. Those of you who saw "Sigfried Zehrgut" in NIEKAS 9 have a slight inkling of what these tapes were like. They concerned the activities of Sigfried's brother, a detective on Venus, and were patterned somewhat along the lines of the old Sherlock Holmes radio programs.

Anyhow, we decided to make another tape then and there, and Garl got to work writing the script. This one, however, concerned the activities of the NIEKAS crew and how I was planning to use black magic to win the Hugo. I played Carl and Carl me, JoAnn played Felice, and I forget what roles the others took. Things got quite hectic while we were making that tape. There were perpetual last-minute revisions of the script, which we all had a hand in, mistakes at the console which required the re-doing of certain parts, us stumbling over each other in the very small studio, and so on. Fred's technique in organizing the format has improved with each tape, but the first one of them had the best plot. Also, the new one had the hysterically confused air of "The Goon Show" due to too much adlibbing and confusion on our parts.

Fred wanted to make dubbings of the three tapes to keep for himself, and was planning to mail me the tapes themselves in a few weeks. I told everyone here who might be interested (Felice, Anne Chatland, Dave Ken & Mary, Grania Davidson, and Phil Salin were the only ones I could think of) about them and promised a party at which they would be played. However almost three months have passed since them, and I have yet to get the tapes from Fred.

I think it was on the next evening that Matt Chlupsa dropped in about 11 on the way back to Dover NJ after visiting his parents, and we talked for 4 or 5 hours. I wonder how much work he got done that day.

Thursday there were two New Year's parties...a blind fan whose name I forgot, from the CCNY group and very popular with the local fan, had one at his place, and the Fanoclasts had one at Ted White's. I chose the latter, partly because I'd already seen the CCNY group & hadn't seen the people likely to be at Ted's, partly because Ted lived less than a dozen blocks from my own home, and partly because I had never been to a Fanoclast meeting before. Only about a dozen people were there...many like Elliot & the Boardmans were at the other party and a writers' conference in Milford had pulled the pro's out of town...but it was a very enjoyable party. I remember meeting Lee Hoffman for the first time, and confusing her with Carol Carr. I have a lot of trouble recognizing people, especially those I don't know too well, because of my poor sight, and she did look something like Carol. For a while Ted, Dave van Arnam and I talked about subways...we form the subway contingent of NY fandom, together with Fred Lerner, Elliot, and John Boardman. Bill Donaho was at the party and I made arrangements to travel with him to ESFA Sunday, and for him to take several packages back to California for me. I tried to talk with Mike McInerney, but he was too far gone to notice. Other people there included Rich Brown and Larry McCombs, and Ron Ellik showed up shortly after I left, damit!

On my previous visit to NY I had either visited or had over a different fan each evening, and was getting nowhere fast in my goal of seeing all my friends, so I had about a half dozen over at once towards the end of my stay. I decided to do something similar again and almost immediately upon arriving in NY started to invite everyone I could not otherwise see to drop over Friday evening. As happens with so many things I do (viz NIEKAS and the G&S parties) things completely ran away from me and I had virtually a full fledged party on my hands with two dozen people coming. Once this became apparent I threw caution to the wind and invited over most of the other people that I could reach, whether or not I'd be seeing them otherwise. That night was my one opportunity to see Elliot and his girl, Julius & Naomi Postal (he owns an electronic stencil machine, and the ATomillo thish + several others nextish are courtesy of him), Charlie and Marsha Brown, and several others. Belle Dietz was there, with a friend she brought along...a most interesting person. Barry brought a friend from the MIT SF club in town for the Holidays, and other people there included the Boardmans, Carl & his bagpipes, Fred Lerner, Jim Sanders, etc. Several people had wanted to put out a one-shot, and John Boardman & Tom Seidman had some stencils with them that they wanted comments on, but we never got around to it. As it turned out, because of the "mob" the party defeated its purpose and I got to see very little of the people I had wanted to see.

The next evening I was supposed to go over to Charlie & Marsha Brown's for dinner, but my parents made other plans in the meantime and I had to cancel out at the last minute. I was sorry about this for I missed the opportunity of a long talk with them under non-hectic circumstances, and Marsha is a very good cook. Late in the afternoon, Al Andriuskevicius phoned me. I knew he was in town and had, unsuccessfully, been trying to reach him for the last few days. We had been corresponding for two years and this was our first chance to meet. Anyhow, we made arrangements for him and his fiance (Gloria Ijax, if I got the spelling right ... she was a Neffer briefly about two years ago) to drop over after I met family obligations, and we talked Sword & Sorcery and such for several hours. I'm afraid this must have bored Gloria, for her interest in stf was only marginal. One odd coincidence--she had taken physics at St. John's when I had been a teaching assistant there, tho she did have someone else.

Sunday afternoon at ESFA I got to see Les Mayer, Sam & Chris Moskowitz, Frank Dietz, Allan Howard, Walt Cole, Mike Deckinger, Seth Johnson, Judi Sephton and several others. The program didn't sound particularly interesting--Walt Cole was to talk about his just completed anthology checklist--but I did want the opportunity to see all these people. To my surprise the program turned out to be rather interesting. Walt only had a little to say, and said it succinctly and entertainingly, and then we had a discussion of anthologies and their compilation. I was fascinated by some of the background details provided by Sam. I never knew just how the publication of an anthology is set up, how the money is devideed, etc.

As usual after the meeting we went across the street to a cheap restaurant for dinner and broke up much to early for my tastes. Bill drove Barry & me back from Newark, and that was the last time I saw fen on this trip. The Carrs were supposed to return from Milford that day & I phoned them after I got home. That brief conversation was my last fanac of any form, and I spent the evening packing. Early next morning my parents drove me to Idlewild to catch the plane back to the sleepy little hamlet of San Francisco.

I left almost every meeting and party earlier than I really wanted to, either because the people I wanted to travel with had to go, or my parents had asked me to return at a reasonable hour because they had something planned for early the next day. (That is, I returned at 3 or 4 instead of 6 or 7.) I guess I got into the habit of wanting to be the last to leave and stretching the enjoyment of a situation out to the last possible minute when I moved out here and before I learned how to drive. The bus situation was such that I could only make weekend events and wanted to make the most of them. Anyhow, the habit has stuck and I imagine is even a bad thing now. It is not the best thing in the world to have a one hour drive home at 6 AM after an all night party.

HARLAN IN A TEACUP

Everyone else is talking about the Hugo's, so I'll have a bash at it too. Take a look at Baxter's & Tackett's letters first, tho.

I do feel that the media are so different that they are basically of marginal interest to fen. Only rarely will something come along, like the movie version of "The Time Machine", which will be greeted with near universal acclaim.

After talking things over with various fen, reading the discussions, etc., I have pretty much come to the conclusion that the drama Hugo ought to stay scrapped and only an occasional "special award" be made. There are just too many arguments against a single Hugo in this category. First of all, if non-printed media are to be considered at all, each sub-category, such as film, single TV show, TV series, play, radio play, ought to be considered independently. It is senseless to try to pit one against the other. And I just can't see, for that matter, how a play could be judged fairly. It hits a half dozen cities before going on to NY, and even if they hear about it how many fen can get to see it? Some of the Bradbury plays will

be going on tour across the US next year, but even if a lot of fan see them, they will be over a year old and presumably inelligible. And if they ARE liked, how are we to know that they were the best the year had to offer? As far as I can see, for plays when something really outstanding comes along a "special award" ought to be granted by some knowledgeable people on the con committee. But what makes for a knowledgeable people?

TV shows are generally presented once, and then forgotten, so unless they are part of a popular series and/or publicized the way Harlan publicized his two shows they will be missed by most fan. (I don't own a TV myself, but if I really want to see some show I can usually make arrangements. I missed both of Harlan's programs, not because I wanted to, but because I already had purchased tickets to some other event. I believe one was an opera, but don't remember right now.) Now, IF the fanzines I read do express the general temper of fandom, most fan felt that while both shows were good they were not good enough to merit a Hugo. There might have been other,better shows, but I haven't heard of these.

Occasionally, a movie will come along, like "the Time Machine," which does merit recognition. But should the Hugo be given to the producer, director, distributing company, or who? And would anyone care? Does the Hugo mean anything to anyone outside of our microcosim, or someone like Harlan or Bloch who came out of its ranks? You know, it might not even be worth while bothering with a special award for things like "the Time Machine."

An argument used by Al Lewis was that the recipient lends prestige to the award itself, if chosen correctly. Wasn't Rod Sterling afraid of just such a motive when he insisted that no pictures be taken when some LASfan passed the Tin Rocket on to him? I remember him insisting in advance that no pictures be taken, etc. Also, the visual media, except possibly the pretentious art films, are held in contempt by the "in" type people Al is trying to get to recognize our award, and an award in this category would do little to influence them.

All in all I feel we ought to forget the visual media as far as Hugos go. We are a literary fandom and ought to stick to literary awards. (I wonder if this means we ought to also drop the fanzine Hugo.) I guess this, the last few letters & our replies to them really ought to have been in Gincas.

Speaking of Hugos, I'd like to see double awards, at recipients' expence, made available for collaborative efforts. Ronel & Terry Carr exchange the Hugo they won for FANAC once a year, but I wonder what Wally Weber & the Busby's do with theirs for CRY and Mark Clifton & Frank Riley do with theirs for They'd Rather Be Right.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING (+ ERRATA)

When I showed Phil Dick the run off sheets on his article, he found a major typo in the second paragraph of his article: Schizoid Effective for Affective (as in "affectation"). He commented "The typo 'effective' creates an interesting vision: a form of schizophrenia that functions better than no schizophrenia at all. Maybe there's hope for a bright new future yet!"

Thish's cover, plus the Saturn cover on NIEKAS 9, will be included in a folio of Burge's art to be published soon by Billy Pettit (2982 N. Fulton Dr NE, Atlanta Ga 30305). I have several other Burge Illos for possible cover use, but can't use them until after the folio appears. I haven't yet decided whether or not to use them. Nextish the cover will be by Dennis Smith, and the foldout by John-Henri Holmberg. Already on hand is an article on children's fantasies by Mark Walstead. Thish's fold-out should cause a bit of controversy, for I have yet to meet a fan who agrees with the artist's conception of Orcs. (The scene represents the battering rams used in the seige of Gondor.) ### Contributer Emil Petaja was a long standing friend of Hannes Bok's, and provided the illo which accompanies the article. It was drawn about a year before Hannes' death, and was a doodle at the end of a letter. Emil wrote for Weird Tales and various western & crime pulps in the 40s, and has 100 published stories to his credit. He recently sold to IF and has a novel coming out from ACE(sf).

CONTENTS

	cover
cover (by) Jerry Burge -----	1
Bumbejimas (an editorial by) Ed Meskys -----	5
Mayhem House (an editorial by) Felice Rolfe -----	9
The Marchin' Barnacles (an atrocious department by) Carl Frederick -----	13
A Glossary of Middle Earth (compiled by) Al Halevy -----	28
Schizophrenia & "The Book of Changes" (an articly by) Philip K Dick -----	33
SF In the Public Library (an article by) Grace Warren -----	35
More Mayhem (from) Felice Rolfe -----	36
Of Hanner Bok (an article by) Emil Petaja -----	36
Definative word on <u>The Silmarillion</u> (from) George Allen & Unwin,Ltd. -----	40
A Book Review (by) Astrid Anderson -----	41
The Arcane Blade (a column by) Charles Rein, Jr. -----	42
Review & Comment (an assortment of reviews by) -----	
----- Edward Wood, Andrew Garrison, Liz Løkke, and Ed Meskys -----	44
Gincas (a department) -----	49
Destiny? (a poem by) Stephen E Pickering -----	60
Laiškai (a long winded but orthodox lettercol) -----	61
bacover (by) Bjo Trimble -----	bacover

ART

Diana L Paxson: pg 1	Jack Harness: pg 34
Glenn Primm: pg 2	Felice Rolfe: pg 35
Andrew Porter: pg 3	Hannes Bok: pg 36
Bernie Zuber: pg 4	Randy Scott: pg 39
Ed Meskys & Sylvia Grigul: pg 5	Astrid Anderson: pg 41
Susanne Rolfe: pg 5	Diana L Paxson: pg 42
Jurgen M Wolff: pg 6	Felice Rolfe: pg 43
Joe Rolfe: pg 7	Dennis N Smith: pg 44
Jack Harness: pg 8	Diana L Paxson: pg 49
Diana L Paxson: pf 9	Randy Scott: pg 51
Carlton L Frederick: pg 10	Robert E Gilbert: pg 52
Diana L Paxson: pf 11	Poul Anderson: pg 54
Carlton L Frederick: pg 12	Poul Anderson: pg 55
Diana L Paxson: pg 13	Arthur Thomson: pg 57
Bill Reynolds: pp 19-20	?: pg 58 {gotten thru PAS}
Dennis Smith & Phil Dick: pg 28	Randy Scott: pg 60
Richard P Schultz: pg 30	Jurgen M Wolff: pg 63
Dennis N Smith: pg 33	Robert E Gilbert: pg 72
Ed Meskys: pg 33	Randy Scott: pg 74

EDITORS & PUBLISHERS -----	Felice Rolfe & Ed Meskys
CHIEF STENCILLER -----	Felice Rolfe
ASSISTANTS -----	Elizabeth Abdo (who did most of the Glossary) & Ed Meskys
VALIENT, HEROIC TYPE POORREADER -----	Liz Løkke
ASSISTANTS -----	Joyce Quigg & Felice Rolfe
HOSTESS FOR COLLATING PARTY -----	Genia Pauplis
COLLATORS -----	Any & every bloody sucker we can find!

Our thanks to the above and to Pilly Pettit for procuring the cover drawing, to Dave Thewlis for overseeing its printing, to Phil Salin for procuring the fold-out, Al Schuster for printing it, and Liz Løkke for the loan of her typer.

NIEKAS 11

