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Dedication

Mrs. S.N. Miles, who handled most of the correspondence dealing with NIEKAS, THE TOLKIEN JOURNAL, and The Tolkien Society of America during the early 1970s, passed away on 24 January, 1982. She had been a vivacious and diligent worker on our behalf and will be missed by all who knew her.

NIEKAS is published quarterly: February, May, August, and November. Subscription info on page 72.

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Made in New Hampshire, U.S.A.


SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

"The Nice Fanzine"

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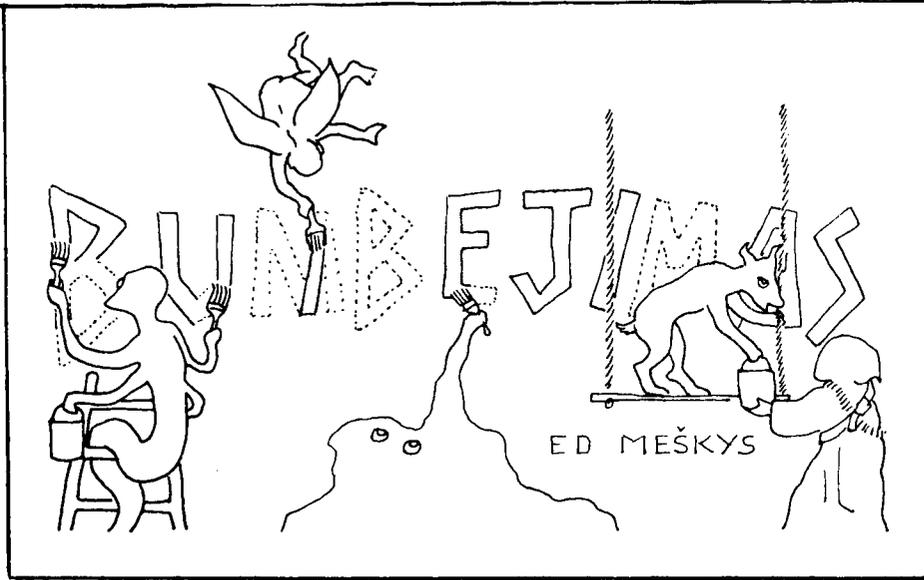
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The Saurion Flagg

On the basis of Spider Robinson's review, I had originally decided not to read Stephen King's The Stand. However, several friends had recommended it, so when the Library of Congress recorded it in their Talking Book program (RC2942), I decided to give it a try. If you haven't read the book and the surprise of not knowing the ending is important to you, please skip on to the next section.

This, even more than the Darkover and Lord D'Arcy stories, is really a fantasy story with the trappings of science fiction. It starts off something like The Andromeda Strain, showing how a number of individuals react as a runaway mutated flue virus kills off 99.6% of the U.S. population. Then, as in Earth Abides, the survivors encounter each other with varying reactions and condense into ever larger groups. Up until this point, the books is straight science fiction of the world-disaster type; but there are hints of something more.

Several of the characters have occasional dreams or visions their movements. They are drawn either to an ancient Negro woman in the great plains or to the villain, Flagg, in Las Vegas. These two individuals become the nuclei for good and evil. Within six months each has several thousand followers. The "good guys" are drawn by a vision to Boulder, Colorado which, because of a panic at the start of the plague, has very few corpses left to pollute the city.

The good guys muddle through, slowly reviving old technologies. Two main characters in this group are secretly allied with Flagg. One is a spinster teacher who dreams of

becoming Flagg's bride and the other is a rather complex fat boy who, like Smeagol/Gollum, could turn either to good or evil. He is hurt spiritually by one of the good guys (much as Gollum was by Sam) and makes an irreversible choice of evil.

Flagg, unlike Sauron, is clearly on stage. He is literally the devil incarnate and has materialized on earth to bend it to his evil ways.

He makes the trains run on time and so attracts most of the techies who simply enjoy making machinery work. He very quickly establishes electric service, running water, and all the other amenities of modern living in Las Vegas.

Flagg can levitate, teleport himself, take on animal shapes, read minds, and command people to do his bidding. He uses people as tools and then discards them. After the fat boy sets off a bomb killing seven of the leaders in Boulder, Flagg causes his motorcycle to crash on the way to Vegas and allows him to die painfully and lingeringly. He does us the school teacher to bear his heir, but he takes her in a demeaning, painful, and abusive manner.

There are other parallels to LotR, especially in the conclusion. Bowing to destiny plays a major role. Frodo and Sam went towards Mount Doom because it was their task even tho they had no hope of fulfilling their mission. Four of the leaders from Boulder are sent to Vegas by the Negro woman because of a vision she has. They are to go on foot with no idea of what they are to do when they arrive. As they approach the city, things start going sour for the opposing forces. Trash, a retarded

pyromaniac with a preternatural sense for finding weapons and getting them to work, gets mad and incinerates all of Flagg's trained pilots. Flagg's wife eggs him into killing her and likewise his unborn heir she is carrying. Rumors of impending disaster begin to circulate in Vegas and many who are not intrinsically evil begin to slip away. A spy sent by Boulder manages to kill herself while undergoing inquisition rather than reveal the identity of another spy.

Finally there is the big final scene. Three of the walkers have arrived and are immediately taken into custody. One is killed by a frustrated inquisitor despite Flagg's orders. The remaining two are to be publically executed by dismemberment as an object lesson to all. Every resident of Las Vegas is present for the spectacle. One henchman objects to the proceedings and Flagg makes an example of him first. He creates with his mind a ball of energy and uses it to weld the dissident's mouth shut. In the meantime, Trash arrives towing a live nuclear weapon as a peace offering to Flagg. Now it is here where the book loses its logic. For no explained reason, the ball of energy escapes Flagg's control and enters the bomb, setting it off and destroying the evil leader and 90% of his followers (some were in other cities west of the Rockies).

This could only have happened because the leaders did walk openly into Vegas and allowed themselves to be captured. Without their presence, Flagg would not have had the ball of energy activated when Trash arrived with the bomb. But I still do not understand why it did get away from him and touch the weapon off.

I can not, of course, in a mere thousand words, convey all of the feeling and events of the book which is some 700-800 pages long. Nonetheless, Flagg did come closer to a modern day incarnation of the evil that was Sauron than any other villain I have read about. The feeling was really there. And there was a great parallel to the impending feeling of uneasiness after unstoppable success as the denouement approached. I think most of the objections to the book could be traced to the fact that it started out as an SF novel and turned into a fantasy about half way through.

[Ed has generously allowed me a bit of space here for a comment or two. As one of the people who coerced him into reading this story, I feel obligated to point out something that might explain King's seeming lapse in logic.

I think this apparent snafu will disappear if you consider Flagg's fugue as an act of divine intervention. Before you start yelling, "cop-out", let me point out that this story has all the trappings of a religious occurrence. The whole story takes on true epic proportions if you consider this the Revelation prophesized.

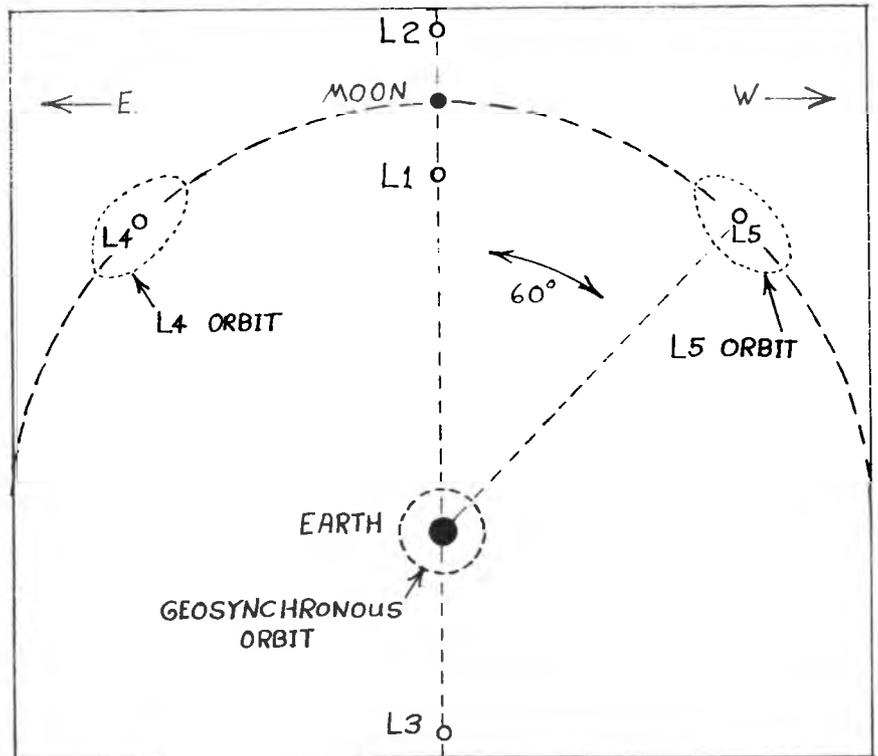
Of course, it might all have been done by King simply to provide a bit of lively debate. Now back to Ed. mike]

Obvious to Whom?

When you are involved deeply in something and know the jargon you tend to assume that everyone else does, too. Sherwood, Mike, Rafe Folch-Pi, and I are involved to varying degrees in the space advocacy movement; especially its more visible organization, the L5 Society. In our writings in NIEKAS, we all speak of the Society assuming that all of you out there know what we are talking about. Several queries on these points have brought us up short.

The L5 Society is an organization whose primary mission is to publicize the concept of orbiting space colonies, to promote research in hardware needed to bring these colonies about, and to publicize the advantages and romance of space. At various times, Sherwood, Rafe, and I have belonged to it and/or various chapters thereof. Rafe was for a time very active in and an officer of the Boston chapter, one of the most active and productive in the nation. They have sponsored numerous exhibits in the vicinity of eastern Massachusetts. There was a great deal of political friction between the Boston chapter and the national headquarters in New Mexico, and Rafe was in the thick of it. A year ago he had started to write it up in his column "La Punalada", a history of this war, and the personalities involved. But health, professional, and personal problems caused him to temporarily drop out of NIEKAS. He is now living in the Miami area and by the time you read this, will be joined by his new wife, Terry.

Other space advocacy organizations that some of us are involved with are the National Space Institute, The Planetary Society, and the Viking Fund. The former is an educational group which informs the public of the advantages of further space exploration and the latter garners funds to help continue space research projects not funded by the government. Both L5 and NSI are



incorporated as non-profit organizations and so cannot expend major efforts in lobbying the government to spend money in space; there are other organizations whose primary purpose is to lobby.

The name L5 comes from a proposed location in earth orbit to place the space colonies. Mathematical physicists had long since solved the general two-body problem. That is, they had developed very sophisticated mathematical formulae in which one has only to plug in the nature of the existing forces (such as inverse square for gravity and electrostatics) and the initial conditions and one could calculate the precise position and velocity for both bodies at any time in the past or future. They tried to develop similar formulae for three interacting bodies but could not do so for all possible initial conditions. The mathematician LaGrange did find five particularly simple conditions for three bodies: Body #1 much more massive than Body #2 which is much more massive than Body #3, which could be solved for all future times. In all three cases the relative positions of the bodies would remain the same for all time. Three of these solutions had the bodies in a straight line, and the other two in the form of an equilateral triangle.

First let's look at the three straight-line solutions because they are easier to understand. Consider the heaviest object to be the earth, the second to be the moon, and the

third to be an artificial satellite or space colony. The man-made artifact, even if it is a colony holding a million people, is so light that its gravity has no noticeable effect on the earth and the moon; the earth is 80 times as massive as the moon and both move around a common center of mass. The center of mass obeys the standard formula, $M1R1 = M2R2$ where $R1$ and $R2$ are the distances from the center of mass to the earth and to the moon. Since $M1$ is about 80 times $M2$, then $R2$ is about 80 times $R1$. $R1 + R2$, the earth-moon distance, is about 240,000 miles, therefore $R1$ is about 3000 miles. Since the radius of the earth is 4000 miles, the common center of mass is 1000 miles below the surface of the earth. The motion of the earth is trivial compared with that of the moon but its inclusion would make the following formulae much more complicated. For now, I will assume that the earth is standing still and the moon is moving around it.

When an object moves in a circle, it is subject to a centripetal acceleration (that is, center seeking), if A_c equals V^2/R equals $\theta^2 R$, where R is the radius of the circle, V the speed of the object, and θ the angular speed, that is how many radians it turns each second (1 radian is 57°). For the numbers to work out right, θ should be given in radians per second. And, of course, since F equals MA , for a satellite the force which keeps it going in a circle is

$M_s V^2 / R$ or $M_s \theta^2 / R$. This force is provided by gravity and the force of gravity is given by $G M_s M_e / R^2$, where G is the universal constant of gravitation and M_e the mass of the earth. Combining these formulae, the orbital speed for a satellite is given by square root $[\frac{G M_e}{R}]$ or the angular speed by square root $[\frac{G M_e}{R^3}]$.

Imagine a satellite a little beyond the moon. Suppose that you want it to keep up with the moon as the latter goes around the earth. It would have to move a little faster to keep up, just like a racer on the outside of a race has to go a little faster than one on the inside fence in order to keep up. While its speed would be greater than that of the moon, its θ would be the same. Now remember, A_c equals $\theta^2 R$, so for the same θ and a larger R from the earth, you need a larger A_c . But earth's gravity which causes the centripetal acceleration is weaker. The extra pull comes from the gravity of the moon, which is pulling in exactly the same direction as that of the earth. At one particular distance, and only at that one distance, the combined gravity of the earth and the moon is just right to keep the satellite going with the same θ as the moon, or to stay exactly behind the moon at all times. This is called the L2 position.

Similarly there is a place between the earth and moon where a satellite would also keep up with the moon. The speed of the satellite is less than that of the moon for the same θ while the earth's gravity is more, but now the moon's gravity is pulling in the opposite direction. In effect, the earth's gravitational attraction is reduced. The satellite stays in place. Note that this is NOT the point where the moon's gravity cancels out that of the earth. If that were the case, there would be no centripetal acceleration and the satellite would move away from the earth AND the moon in a straight line. This is called the L1 point and some proposals call for placing stations here for the processing of lunar ores which would be shot up to it with a mass driver. Since the place stays the same with respect to the surface of the moon, except for small corrections needed due to the moon's libration or wobbling, the mass drivers would not have to be re-aimed between shots.

The third Lagrange point is behind the earth where earth plus moon gravity keep it at the same θ , as is the case behind the moon. Here the moon's gravity adds only 1/3 of one

percent to earth's so the orbit is only a tiny bit larger than that of the moon...1/2 percent larger or 1200 miles. This is only a bit more than the radius of the moon itself.

The other two positions are much better known but are far more difficult to understand mathematically. These are the "Trojan Positions" which are in the moon's orbit, 60° ahead and 60° behind the moon. If you were to be high above the North Pole of the earth, you would see the earth spinning counterclockwise, and the moon going around the earth in a similar direction. The L4 position is 60° ahead of the moon, and the L5 position is 60° behind the moon. There is no intuitive way to understand why the forces balance to keep the satellites in these positions. When I was in graduate school I had only seen on textbook, Theoretical Physics by Joos, which went into the mathematics of the Trojan position. Some very complicated differential equations were involved whose solution was very involved and I had never taken the time to work them out for myself.

Items in the first three positions are in unstable equilibrium while those in the other two are in stable equilibrium. That is, if you were to nudge a satellite out of a Trojan position, it would tend to return to its original position, overshooting it and oscillating around it. O'Neill has proposed putting space colonies about 90,000 miles from the Trojan positions and allowing them to oscillate around them. This way each position could hold a large number of colonies. Similarly, there are several asteroids in both of Jupiter's Trojan positions or, rather, oscillating around them.

On the other hand, the first three LaGrange positions are ones of unstable equilibrium. If L4 and L5 can be likened to a marble in a bowl, L1 and L3 can be likened to a marble balanced on top of an inverted bowl. If nobody breathes on it, it will stay in place; but if it gets just a tiny bit out of place the unbalanced forces will pull it farther away, which will make the unbalanced forces even stronger, and so on. A colony or factory located in such a position could probably be kept in place by nudges every few days from small rockets. While natural objects can be found in the Trojan positions of Jupiter, I doubt that any will be found in L1 to L3 of any body.

If one somehow was there initially, the slightest perturbations of the other planets, moons, and asteroids would have long since knocked it out

of there. Hence, we bid Gor and other counter-earths a sad farewell. Anyhow, the L3 position of the sun-earth system could never have been occupied even momentarily by a second earth for you will remember that the third body has to be much smaller than the second.

NOTE: Two reference works that I checked at not consistent in their designation of just which points are L1, L2, and L3. A publication of the L5 Society (L5 NEWS) uses L1 to refer to the point between earth and the moon, L2 to refer to the point behind the moon, and L3 to indicate the point behind the earth. An astronomical reference (Encyclopedia of Astronomy and Space) uses L1 to mean the point behind the earth, L2 for the point between the moon and earth, and L3 for the point behind the moon. Since I had to make a selection, I have arbitrarily chosen the former since the L5 Society publications are likely to have a wider circulation among NIEKAS readers.



The Marching Genes

I just finished reading L. Sprague de Camp's The Ancient Engineers, which is available from the Library of Congress on talking book records.

The author expressed, peripherally, the oft-repeated observation that human intervention is not allowing evolution to function normally. Thus, defective human beings are allowed to survive and reproduce, degrading our gene pool.

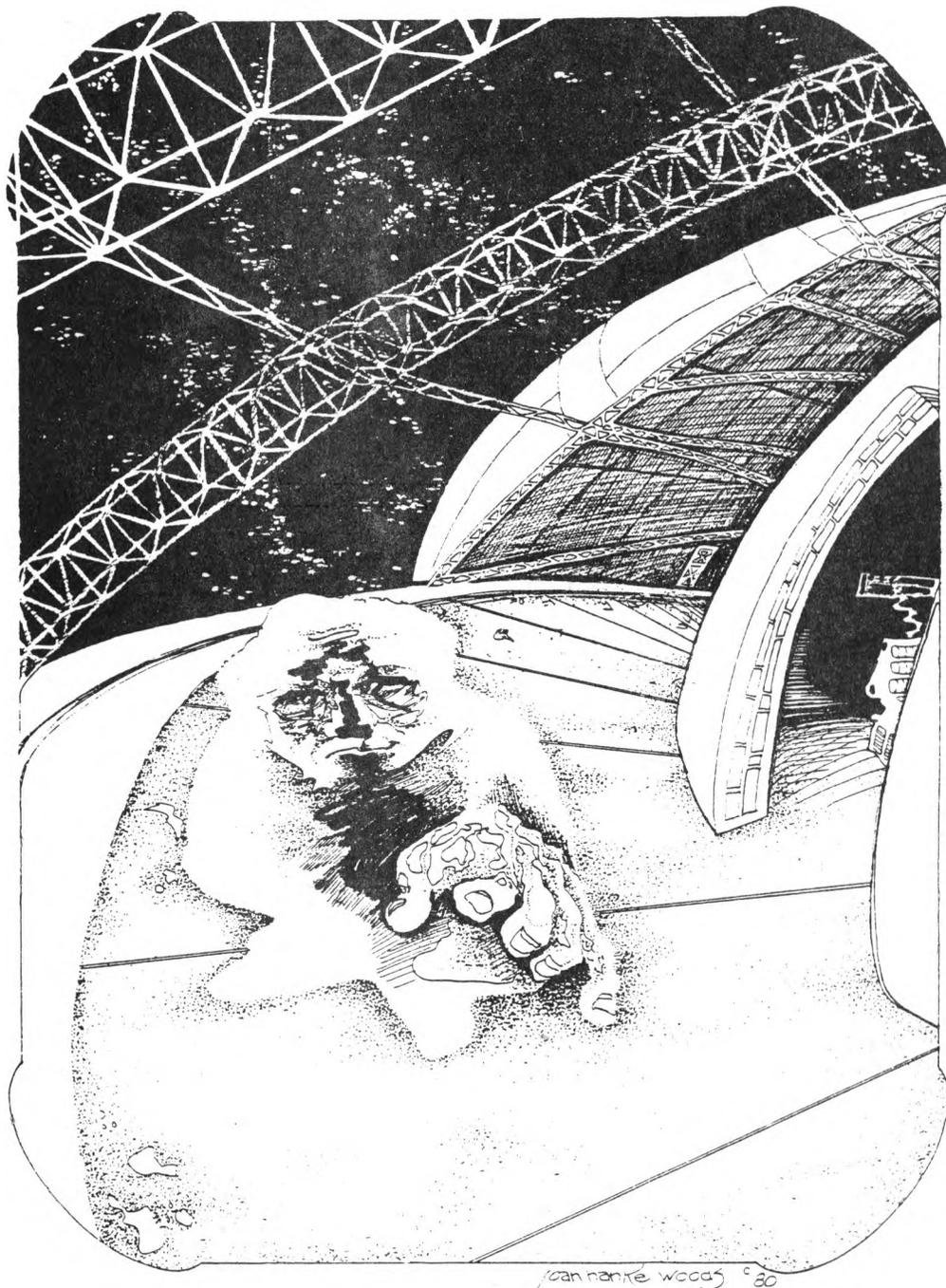
This concept has appeared in SF stories several times. The most famous instance is Cyril Kornbluth's "The Marching Morons", but I can think of at least one other story. This was in AMAZING around 1958. I do not remember the title but it was something like "The Man with Absolute Motion". I am sure that there must have been many others.

But our future might not be quite as dark as all that. Recent work in recombinant DNA is beginning to cure some genetic diseases. This work is in its earliest stages and I do not believe that any actual diseases have yet been cured, but I wouldn't be surprised if several dozen were before the end of the century. Last year a doctor tried to cure two people with genetically defective hemoglobin by implanting DNA that was coded to produce the correct type. The attempt was premature and didn't work, but it must be at most a few years away. Other blood related genetic diseases such as sickle cell anemia are being

studied. Human beings use different kinds of hemoglobin during the embryonic, fetal, and adult stages of life, and at appropriate times, the genetic mechanisms for the inappropriate type are shut off. Only adult hemoglobin is affected by sickle cell anemia so geneticists are seeking a way to turn on again the mechanism for producing fetal DNA. The fetal hemoglobin would not be as good as the adult, but better than sickle celled adult hemoglobin.

In the general press, the use of recombinant DNA to produce biologically active substances like insulin and interferon are getting the most publicity. I see hints and glimmerings of many other uses for genetically modified bacteria. Perhaps some day we will have bacteria that can filter minerals out of sea water. This might even become a viable alternative to deep space mining.

I hope that this does not happen, at least fully. Despite all the efforts of the ecologists, we will someday run short of resources here on earth. Recycling and alternative sources can only go so far and then either our lifestyle or population level will decrease drastically... even catastrophically. We must go beyond the earth and exploit the resources of the rest of our solar system and beyond.



THE HAUNTED LIBRARY

by DON DAMMASSA



CLAIRVOYANCE and other psychic powers are anathema to some bibliographers who prefer well defined differences between science fiction, fantasy, and horror. Some will tell you that the important factor is the tone of the novel, whether it is written to horrify or to extrapolate the possibilities. Others rely on the packaging of the book. I frankly don't care whether Stephen King's *Carrie* (Signet) and *The Dead Zone* (Signet) are one or the other, they are still excellent novels. There is no hint of the supernatural about either, which deal with psychokinesis and clairvoyance respectively, nor in the Signet paperback of that same author's *The Fire Starter*, which obviously deals with a pyrotic.

Psychic powers also appear occasionally in novels classified as mysteries, such as Dorothy Gilman's *The Clairvoyant Countess* (Crest), in which a charming psychic prowls around her town solving problems of various complexity, a novel so well done, I wish it had been the beginning of a series. Robert Dennis wrote two excellent novels about a psychic detective, Paul Reeder. The first novel, *The Sweat of Fear* (Ballantine) is the better, wherein Reeder psychically experiences a

murder with many details that contradict the version put together by the police. Dennis develops suspense extremely well in this novel, and the mood is definitely one of the supernatural. The sequel, *Conversations with a Corpse* (Ballantine) is less suspenseful, but still a fine mystery, resulting when Reeder rents a car and picks up a strong impression that the last person to drive it was murdered within the car.

Dean Koontz, writing under the name Brian Coffey, also dabbled with a psychic detective in *The Face of Fear* (Ballantine). A psychotic mass killer is loose in New York City, and psychic Graham Harris is able to pick up enough information that he is targeted as the next victim.

This is Koontz's best job of building suspense, and the climactic scene in *The Face of Fear* is excellent. Koontz varied this slightly in *Whispers* (Berkley), this time with the prospective victim having psychic flashes. At least two other excellent novels have used this device to build suspense. Mary Stewart's *Touch Not the Cat* (Creast) was a very pleasant change from her earlier fine mysteries. Joan Fleming, a name well known to mystery addicts, used a psychic child in *The Chill and the Kill* (Ballantine) to unsettle a successful murderer, despite the fact that the child is not believed by other adults.

Two less satisfactory novels of clairvoyance are *The Prophetess* by Janet Kidde (Jove) and *Contents for Sale* by Becky Weyrith (Manor). In the former, a young psychic woman

becomes the pawn in a power struggle among occult and mundane powers, but her own character is so flat, readers will be unlikely to care which side eventually controls her. The latter is really a ghost story, with a young girl returning to the house where her parents died, peculiarly tuned to the spirits that inhabit the building. This almost starts to work, but Weyrith spoils the effect by introducing a cast of stereotyped supporting characters, particularly the red-neck sheriff.

Astral projection is another psychic ability, one more clearly supernatural. The classic novel on this theme is the interesting but slow paced *The Ka Of Gifford Hillary* by Dennis Wheatley (Bantam). Two recent attempts are *The Keeper of the Children* by William Hallahan (Avon) and *The Apparition* by George Bishop (Bantam). The former is quite interesting; Hallahan is one of the more promising horror writers. A family is disrupted by an occult force that animates objects in their home and eventually steals their children. The protagonist subsequently acquires astral powers of his own that doesn't work at all, I'm afraid, but then engages in an astral duel that works quite well. Flawed, but well worth your time. A more routine potboiler is *The Apparition* by George Bishop. A man dying of injuries sustained in a car crash sends his spirit out to wreak vengeance against the men who caused his death. The novel doesn't work at all, partly because the writing is so mediocre and unoriginal, partly because all the

prospective victims are thorough-going rotters in any case, and one couldn't care less what happens to them.

Another theme that has cropped up increasingly is possession, by demons or otherwise, a trend obviously started by the immense success of the mediocre novel, The Exorcist by William Peter Blatty (Bantam). The most successful of the imitations seems to be Audrey Rose by Frank DeFellita (Warner), a book that I personally found overly long, overly sentimental, and totally unsuspenseful. To each his own. One of the more interesting possession novels is The Soul by Ron Gorton (Zebra), in which the central figure appears to have been possessed by an angel, not a devil. Like Audrey Rose, however, the novel is too long and slow moving to have much impact.

For whatever reason, most stories and novels on this theme seem flat, repetitive, and not at all frightening. Demon of the Night by Rita Lakin (Pyramid) is the familiar story of a man discovering that his wife is being possessed by the spirit of his first wife, now deceased. It's a readable novel, but not one you'll long remember. The same is not true of The Mandrake Scream by Melisand March (Avon). This time the wife is possessed by a succubus; when her husband objects to her behavior, she attempts to murder him but is killed herself instead. Then her spirit rises from the grave seeking vengeance. Far from being suspenseful, it is mostly boring, with unappealing characters

and an annoying habit of shifting viewpoint away from the occult events when they occur.

To a lesser extent, the same is true of Mirror Mirror on the Wall by Barbara Freeman (Manor). One of a pair of twins disappears, but her spirit is somehow able to communicate with her sister, who sets out to discover what happened to her sibling. Freeman does not write badly, but she attempts to build suspense by being vague about too many plot elements, and we never really know what is going on inside the mind of the protagonist. The Night Visitor by Laura Wylie (Pinnacle) suffers from misplaced viewpoint. It is essentially the story of a succubus plaguing the inhabitants of an apartment building, but any element of suspense or horror is destroyed by having large portions of the narrative take place with the succubus as the viewpoint character. Familiarity breeds contempt, and the mood of the novel is totally destroyed.

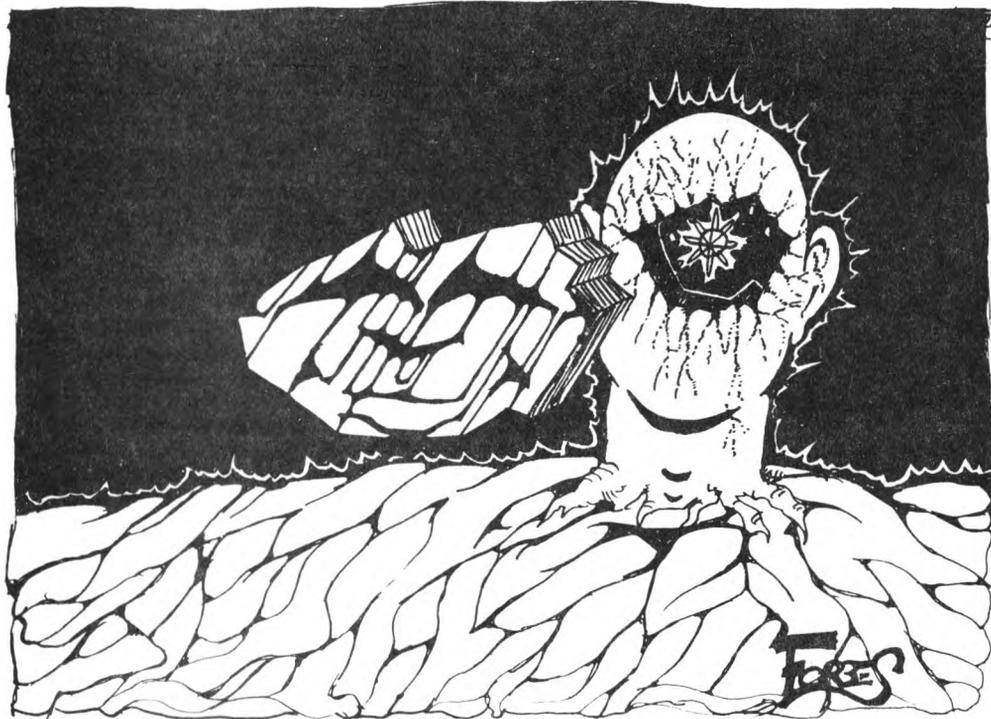
Fluke by James Herbert (Signet) does something slightly different, this time with a man reincarnated in a dog's body (shades of Mikhail Bulgakov's Heart of a Dog and Jean Dutourd's A Dog's Head). But Fluke is not written as humor or satire, but rather as a serious adventure story. It's fairly well done, but not as a vehicle of suspense. The Ashes of Tamar by Elizabeth Wade (Zebra) is straight out of a "C" movie, with the spirit of an ancient sorceress inhabiting the body of the young girl who is a

member of an archaeological team. Her attitude toward her fiance changes, particularly when she realizes that he is actually the reincarnation of another ancient figure, a sorcerer. And so on and so on.

John Coyne's The Piercing (Berkley) is considerably more successful, with a reasonably well developed plot and pacing. A young girl is apparently in communication with spirits from another world, but are they good or evil? Two more obviously exploitive novels are The Burning by Jane Chambers (Jove) and The Demon by Jack Younger (Carlyle). In the former, a pair of young women are troubled by a spirit from the past, which works to their benefit when they are the victims of an attempted rape. In the latter, a young minister dies in a car crash but suddenly returns to life. Much to no one's surprise, he is possessed by the devil, and before the end of the book Younger has pulled in a hatful of supernatural ploys. Neither book appears to have been written with any understanding of the conventions of the supernatural, or any ability to write about sympathetic characters, and neither is worth your time or money.

Witchcraft and magic are another element that straddle a borderline; at what point is it supernatural horror rather than fantasy? Voodoo pretty clearly falls into the realm of the supernatural, as do Ira Levin's Rosemary's Baby (Dell) and the far less well written Omen series from David Seltzer and others (Signet). John Brunner has toyed with magic and voodoo in at least a couple of undistinguished novels, Black is the Color (Pyramid) and The Devil's Guard (no paperback edition). Voodoo is also featured in the fine murder by magic novel The Dreamers by Roger Manvell (Bantam) and a host of minor novels like Nightchild by John Meyer (Pocket), which has a fairly effective ending, wasted after a rather dull story. The long out of print The Living Idol by John Switzer (Signet) has a few moments, primarily when the statue comes to life, but not enough to merit its being reprinted.

Witchcraft and satanism have been the subject of novels for years, particularly in Great Britain. Dennis Wheatley made his reputation largely on the basis of such novels as The Satanist, To the Devil a Daughter, They Used Dark Forces, Black August, and others (all available from Ballantine and Bantam, I believe). Wheatley's novels are supernatural adventures more in the Bram Stoker school than suspense and horror. Satanism, the deal with the devil, and such have fascinated more



serious authors than the other elements of the supernatural, and thus we have John Hersey's interesting Too Far to Walk (Bantam) and Fred Mustard Stewart's The Mephisto Waltz (Bantam).

Fritz Leiber's excellent Conjure Wife (Berkley, Award) is probably familiar to most science fiction fans, but just as well done and similar in theme is Josephine Pinckney's Great Mischief (Popular Library), which was the first supernatural novel ever to be a Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. Many science fiction writers have



dabbled in the field in addition to Leiber, such as Andre Norton with her very untypical Octagon Magic. The ultimate satanist fiction was probably written by James Blish, the gripping and truly horrifying Black Easter (Dell) and its sequel, The Day After Doomsday (no U.S. paperback edition).

Norton's Octagon Magic is one of several novels written about dollhouses. The best of these is Sarban's superb The Dollmaker (Ballantine), apparently fated to obscurity, but one of the most suspenseful, eerie novels I have ever encountered. Tabitha King's Small World is apparently the latest of this type, and it will be interesting to see if she can do anything new with this concept.

Jessica Hamilton's Elizabeth (Popular Library) is a combination of witchcraft and possession, a young girl falling under the influence of an ancestral witch, but it is supernatural hackwork at its worst, a formula story with not real understanding of the devices of suspense. The Survivor by James Herbert (Signet) is slightly more original, and makes use of a series of horrible murders to advance the plot. Although more interesting than

Elizabeth, the endless parade of grisly deaths begins to pall; there is never a moment's let-up to allow us to relax, get off guard, learn to like any of the characters before they are menaced. One of the better entires in the "Chill" series by Jory Sherman is Chill (Pinnacle), which separates the magical occurrences sufficiently that each has an individual impact.

Isobel by Jane Parkhurst (Jove) is another historical novel with traces of the occult thrown in. Isobel is a young witch, carried away into sensuality and satanism because her character is so weak. Read as a characters study, a treatment of disintegration, the novel reads quite well, but it fails as horror because once more the protagonist is not someone we care about. John Burke has been writing science fiction novels and adventure stories for years, so it is no surprise that his recent supernatural novel, The Devil's Footsteps (Popular Library), does have a cast of very likeable characters. There's a magician this time, on the side of good, befriending a young girl accused of witchcraft. There are some interesting maifestations of the evil force, a well advanced plot, and a satisfactory climax. Not a spectacular novel by any means, but competent entertainment. It is in sharp contrast to the rather transparently plotted machinations of the typical hack horror novel, such as The Other Child by Margaret

Chittenden (Pinnacle), wherein any reasonably intelligent reader can predict the plot in detail after reading the first chapter.

A last word before leaving this subject. There are also a number of ambiguous novels that may or may not fall within this category. Many novels of satanism leave the reader wondering whether the Devil really appeared, or only a hallucination or man in costume. Did the magic really work or was it coincidence? The man who died of a voodoo curse might have died in any case, or he may have believed so thoroughly in the curse that it killed him anyway. A good example might be Raven's Brood by E.F. Benson (Popular Library); one of the main characters claims to be a witch, but we see no evidence of it, except that following her death an owl she befriended (was it her familiar?) acts as an instrument of her vengeance, but not in a fashion that is necessarily supernatural. So is it supernatural horror or not? I don't know; you'll have to decide for yourself.

In this and the previous installment of "The Haunted Library" I have covered a number of representative works in many of the major themes of horror fiction. We'll finish up this survey next time with a segment dealing with ghosts, ancient curses, miscellaneous monsters, a brief look at the wave of ecological horror novels, and some odds and ends. Hope to see you then.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY WHEN SENDING CASSETTES

BY DAVID PALTER

\$

A cassette plus the plastic case (only the lightest kind, flexible rather than rigid plastic and just barely large enough for the cassette to fit inside) weighs just slightly less than two ounces. A cassette with its case, in a small (6½") envelope with not other enclosures weighs two ounces exactly, and can be mailed first class for 37¢ (some of you have been mailing letters like this for 60¢, paying almost twice what is necessary.) If the cassette plus case is mailed in a large (9½") envelope it does weigh just barely over two ounces and requires 54¢ postage. There is, however, no reason to use the large envelope unless something is being enclosed additional to the cassette. To the right are the current postal rates as of December 1981.

If you do a lot of mailing it is probably worthwhile for you to buy your own scale so you can correctly determine how much your letters weigh, and be able to mail them for the correct amount without having to visit the post office for every heavier-than-usual item.

ozs.	1st class	3rd class
1	20¢	20¢
2	37¢	37¢
3	54¢	54¢
4	74¢	74¢
5	88¢	85¢
6	\$1.05	85¢
7	\$1.22	95¢
8	\$1.39	95¢
9	\$1.56	\$1.05
10	\$1.73	\$1.05
11	\$1.90	\$1.15
12	\$2.07	\$1.15
13-14	-----	\$1.25
15-16	-----	\$1.35

MATHOMS



by Anne Braude

CRIMINAL CONVERSATION CONTINUED--A SLEW OF SLEUTHS

Fictional detectives may be divided into two categories--professional and amateur--each of which may be further subdivided. This column will be a very cursory survey of the categories, confining itself on the whole to series characters who appear in novels, though protagonists of short stories collected in book form may be included. In the interests of brevity, I will offer thumbnail sketches rather than in-depth analyses and list authors and characters rather than specific titles.

The obvious subcategories of the professional detective are cop and private eye. The former is perhaps slightly more prevalent today, although it was later in development. Until about 40 years ago, the police appeared in detective stories solely in order to be baffled or to arrest the wrong suspect and be shown up by the brilliant amateur. Inspector Lestrade, in the Sherlock Holmes stories, is the archetypal cop of this phase. Detective novelists also displayed a cavalier indifference to forensic science and to the laws governing the rights of suspects. As both criminalistics and criminal law have become more familiar to the public in recent decades, a new, police-orientated type of story, called the police procedural, has emerged, depicting a law

enforcement officer, or more frequently a team or squad of officers. These stories aim for a fair amount of realism in both event and technique and tend to create an ongoing secondary world in miniature. Some of the best-known American practitioners of the police procedural are Dell Shannon (Lt. Mendoza and the L.A.P.D. Homicide squad) and her alter egos Elizabeth Linington (the Wilcox Street precinct in Hollywood) and Lesley Egan (the Glendale police force), in Southern California, and Collin Wilcox's Lt. Frank Hastings of San Francisco Homicide. New York has Ed McBain's 87th Precinct, Lawrence Sanders' Captain Edward X. Delaney, and various entries by the Lockridges, to name only a few. The Gordons have written a number of novels about the F.B.I., drawing on the male half of the team's experience working for the Bureau. (They treat the F.B.I. somewhat more frivolously in the Undercover Cat series, the first of which was filmed by Disney as THAT DARN CAT.) And there are detectives for all points between, including stories featuring officers of the Navajo Tribal Police (Tony Hillerman), customs agents, security guards, and even library cops.

The primary venue of the English copper is of course Scotland Yard: witness Ngaio Marsh's Roderick Alleyn, Michael Innes' John Appleby, Patricia Moyes' Henry Tibbett, Peter Lovesay's Victorian revival Sgt. Cribb, and John Creasy's Roger West and (as J.J. Marric) George Gideon. I do not cite these by rank, as most of them are professionally upwardly mobile and keep getting promoted. An interesting aspect of the earlier of these novels is the phenomenon of the gentleman detective, causing proper upperclass Britishers accustomed to the idea that a policeman ought to present himself at the tradesman's entrance to be confronted by an aristocrat like Alleyn (whose brother is an ambassador). The English procedural tends to have more painstaking pursuit of clues and less violent action than its American counterpart, reflecting the different (until recently) nature of crime in the two countries. Regional British detectives include Maurice Proctor's Chief Inspector Martineau of Granchester (presumably Manchester) and Ruth Rendell's Chief Inspector Wexford of Kingsmarkham, Sussex. In Scotland, Bill Knox has provided us not only with Glasgow divisional detectives Thane and Moss but also with Webb Carrick of the Fisheries Protection Service vessel Marlin, whose usual beat is the Hebrides, and, under pseudonyms, with an

insurance investigator and an agent for the Queen's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer (who is usually involved in situations regarding property that the Crown has fallen heir to). These last two operate internationally.

There are also some notable foreign police procedurals: Simenon's Maigret of the Paris Surete (the granddaddy of them all, whom I have never been able to work up an interest in), Maj Sjowall and Per Wahloo's Martin Beck of the Stockholm police, Nicolas Freeling's Inspector Van der Valk of the Amsterdam police (now deceased, but his widow has remarried and set up as an amateur detective of sorts), and Janwillem van der Wetering's very odd and delightful Amsterdam detectives. (His stories reflect his own experiences as a Dutch policeman--and as a Zen Buddhist monk.)

The private eye is considered an American phenomenon, though the two most famous representatives of the species, Sherlock Holmes and Christie's Hercule Poirot, are both of English origin. The U.S. private eye is usually "hard-boiled," meaning that he is tough, cynical, violent, and not overly rigid in the matter of ethics; but except for a few like Spillane's Mike Hammer, this is rather a misnomer, as the best known of the type are romantic idealists at heart--defenders of innocence, despisers of corruption, and ready to go to bed with a woman only if some real human relationship has been established. Inside the carapace of toughness lurks a refugee from the Age of Chivalry. The most famous hard-boiled private eyes are Dashiell Hammett's Sam Spade, Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe, Ross Macdonald's Lew Archer, and John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee (not acutally a private eye but functioning as one in most of the books). The first three of these have found their ideal film incarnations in Humphrey Bogart,





Robert Mitchum, and Paul Newman (in HARPER), respectively; there has so far been no successful celluloid McGee.

The second category, the amateur detective, may be further subdivided into the Snoop, who gets involved in solving crimes that are really none of his or her business, and the Paraprofessional, whose job brings him into contact with crime but does not require him to solve it. The most notable class of Snoop is probably the little old lady, whose qualifications for detecting may include a lifetime's experience of human nature, excess leisure, and just plain nosiness. The doyennes of this group are Agatha Christie's Miss Jane Marple, who finds that all varieties of human nastiness can be paralleled in miniature in her quiet village of St. Mary Mead; Heron Carvic's Miss Seeton, a retired art teacher with a touch of ESP who solves crimes more or less inadvertently--and always hilariously; and Patricia Wentworth's Miss Maud Silver, who found the profession of governess ideal preparation for a second career as a private inquiry agent. Academics also often take up detecting--Edmund Crispin's Gervase Fen of Oxford and Amanda Cross's Professor Kate Fansler of a pseudonymous Columbia University. But the most common male amateur detective is the rich dilettante--Sayers' Lord Peter Whimsey, Margery Allingham's Albert Campion, S.S. Van Dine's Philo Vance, John Dickson Carr/Carter Dickson's Dr. Gideon Fell and Sir Henry Merrivale, Elizabeth Daly's bibliophile Henry Gamadge, the Lockridges' Mr. and Mrs. North, and Rae Foley's Hiram Potter. And some, like Ellery Queen's EQ, are detective novelists. Most of these, especially the more modern ones, have friends and/or relations in the police with whom they exchange theories and data, thus avoiding the ridiculous brilliant amateur/idiot professional

antithesis of the early don't-bother-me-with-facts school of the 'tec tale.

A curious development, transitional between the Snoop and the Paraprofessional, is represented by the detectives created by the two ladies who write as Emma Lathen or R.B. Dominic. The Lathen detective is John Putnam Thatcher, senior vice president of the third largest bank in the world, while Dominic features U.S. Congressman Ben Safford (D., Ohio). Both these men tend to get involved in crimes accidentally while pursuing their professional duties (an officer of a company to which Thatcher's bank has lent several million dollars, or a witness due to testify before Safford's committee, is murdered), and those professional duties turn up vital information needed to solve the crime, which only the banker or the congressman is able to recognize as a clue. They therefore solve the crime without actually turning detective. The Lathen books are marvelously satiric, the Dominic books less so (with the exception of The Attending Physician).

The other category of amateur detective I call the Paraprofessional, not a detective but usually trained in some form of investigative method, whose profession is likely to bring him into contact with crime in the ordinary course of events. There are three main groups of these: doctors, lawyers, and--oddly enough, you may think at first--clergymen.

Having made that statement, I must now immediately contradict myself, as I really don't know offhand of any doctor-detective who is featured in a series. Dr. Watson was a doctor but not really a detective, though his medical knowledge was sometimes useful to Sherlock Homes. TV's Dr. Quincy is a specialist in forensic pathology, and R. Austin Freeman's Dr. Thorndyke was a forensic scientist rather than an M.D. Helen McCloy's Dr. Basil Willing is a psychiatrist. Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Miss Pinkerton" is a nurse. And I really don't want to count Max Brand's Dr. Kildare because I don't consider those books primarily detective stories. On the other hand, if you examine the field of real-life crime, you can hardly throw a rock without hitting a doctor. Possibly the crime novelist prefers to reserve the medical man for the role of villain, in order that art may imitate life.

Lawyers are even more likely than doctors to meet crime--unless, of course, they are Wall Street corporation lawyers who never lunch with John Putnam Thatcher. Fictional criminal lawyers invariably find

themselves representing innocent clients and are thus forced to discover the real culprits in order to get said clients off the hook. The most famous of lawyer-detectives is Erle Stanley Gardner's Perry Mason; the best is probably Sara Woods' London barrister Antony Maitland. Lesley Egan's Jesse Falkenstein is also a lawyer, but I don't believe he's actually been shown in court since the first book of the series; he's usually out detecting, at the most stopping by his office occasionally to draft a will or negotiate a damage settlement with an insurance company.

The clerical detective is an invention of that master of paradox, G.K. Chesterton, who found it implausible that the clergy were considered unworldly when their professional lives were spent in dealing with human evil and its consequences--especially the Roman Catholic clergy, whose duties included hearing confessions of sin. He therefore created Father Brown, a Catholic priest of totally undistinguished appearance and manner, invariably overlooked by the more sophisticated types around him attempting to solve a crime, who in the end found the answer because of his intuitive knowledge of and great experience with evil as a result of his pastoral duties. Chesterton's prose is rather purple by modern standards, and his stories often have a theological axe to grind--but they are good mysteries for all that, and I still enjoy them. Father Brown was portrayed on film many years ago by Alec Guinness, who is far too distinguished-looking for the part; I'd cast Arte Johnson, myself.

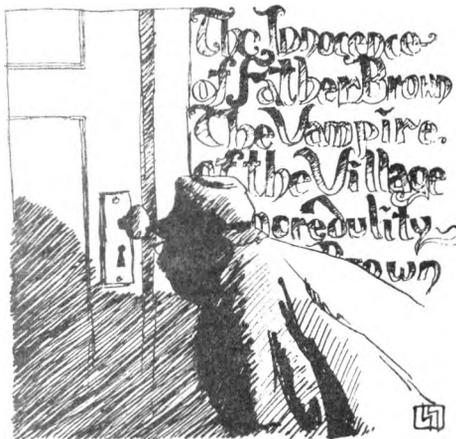
There are enough contemporary clerical detectives to constitute a quorum of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. The best known is undoubtedly Harry Kemelman's Rabbi Small, who combines crime-solving with lectures on Jewish theology and tradition. The books



are more didactic than the Father Brown stories, but also better as stories (insofar as short stories and novels may fairly be compared). Rabbi Small had a short-lived TV incarnation in the series LANIGAN'S RABBI, in which the emphasis was shifted to the rabbi's friend the chief of police, played by Art Carney.

There are two contemporary Catholic priest-detectives: Ralph McInerny's Father Dowling and William X. Kienzle's Father Koesler. Dowling spent many years on the Church's marriage court and was expected to have a brilliant career, but the pressures of the humankind suffering he had to deal with drove him to alcoholism. Now recovered, he is content to be shepherd of a small-town parish and to help a policeman friend (an ex-seminarian himself) with the odd homicide. The theological element in the Father Dowling stories is minimal, and they are good but not outstanding as mysteries. Father Koesler has come to parish work by way of the editorship of the Detroit diocesan newspaper, and shares more or less equal billing with other detectives in Kienzle's stories, including a police lieutenant and a couple of reporters. The books are not particularly theological but are sharply satirical of the Church Establishment as well as of politics, journalism, and anything else the author cares to get his knife into. They are also not traditional detective stories, all having offbeat endings (especially the most recent and best, Mind Over Murder).

The Protestant entry is the Reverend Cesare Paul ("Con") Randolph, a creation of Charles Merrill Smith, a Methodist minister better known for his satirical works How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious and When the Saints Go Marching Out. Randolph is a former L.A. Rams quarterback turned divinity-school professor of church history, who becomes interim pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd in downtown Chicago. The church sits on land so valuable that it has been torn down and replaced with a highrise, with a church on the ground floor, a parsonage in the penthouse, and a luxury hotel occupying the intervening floors. The pastor has to contend with a staff set in their ways, an uppercrust Establishment congregation, and an activist assistant pastor dedicated to ministering to the inner city. As backup he has his bishop, Freddie, a fount of theological wisdom and expertise in organizational infighting. He also acquires an English houseman who out-Bunters



Bunter and a beautiful TV talk-show hostess who eventually becomes Mrs. Randolph. There is a lot of satire here as well as contemporary Christian theology, ecclesiastical politics, gourmet cooking, and fashion commentary. The plotting is usually superior as well.

Finally, there is a teenaged Orthodox schoolgirl, Devora Doresh, who is a cross between Rabbi Small and Nancy Drew. The books, by Carol Korb Hubner, are definitely juveniles, and I hesitate to recommend them except as curiosities, since the quality is closer to Carolyn Keene's level than to Kemelman's.

As I warned you at the outset, this is a very superficial survey. Those of you who are already mystery fans probably will not have learned anything from it (except my areas of ignorance). But I hope it will serve as a very loose bibliographical guide to those of you unfamiliar with the field who may have been tempted to try it by my earlier column on the subject [NIEKAS 27]. Next time I plan to look in a little more detail at the Dorothy L. Sayers tradition: some novelists who are affording some of the same pleasures that her books give--unless, of course, I am found dead in a locked room, with an Oriental dagger (ordinarily used as a letter opener) thrust through my heart.





Piers' Cantina

by Piers Anthony

I read books for different reasons, and pleasure is not paramount. As I get older--I'm in my late 40's now, and conscious that I probably have more years behind me than ahead of me--I fall more comfortably into the harness that is the work ethic. I find that pure pleasure is like pure sugar: not really satisfying unless accompanied by some sense of accomplishment. I like to learn when I read, so I enjoy well-crafted nonfiction and tire of the empty calories of pure entertainment fiction. But as it happens, my business is writing fiction, so I have to keep up with the field, and science fiction and fantasy remain the major component of my reading diet. Since I am a slow reader--about 150 words per minute--and a critical one--I perceive every logical, grammatical and esthetic lapse of the material--I am of necessity fairly selective. I must have reason to tackle any book; I don't read because I have nothing better to do. If I try a book, and it doesn't grab me within 100 pages, I put it aside. The Snow Queen and Timescape both lost out that way with me, though both have been highly successful with others, winning awards. I don't care how well a book does elsewhere; if it doesn't speak to me personally, it must make way for something that does.

What, then, do I stick with? Well, it's a mixed bag, by no means confined to the speculative fiction genre. Since anything I read is likely to affect my own writing in

some direct or devious way, I try consciously to diversify my input; I don't want to suffer the slow sterilization of inbreeding that I suspect some other writers do. Inspiration can spring from anything, but it helps to be eclectic.

I read Juanita Coulson's Tomorrow's Heritage because the publisher sent me a copy, and it behooves me to keep track of the tastes of publishers. It is a minor irony of the hour that when I had plenty of time to read, as a teenager, I lacked the money to buy enough science fiction to satiate my insatiable craving for escapism; now that I can afford to buy anything I want, publishers send me books free--and it is time I lack to read them. Publishers even send me manuscripts for comment, that I am apt to reject with the same courteous finality that those same publishers did for my own hopeful manuscripts of yore. Am I conscious of the poetic justice of that? Yes, I revel in it. I don't think publishers really like being treated as they treat others, but I suspect it is excellent medicine for them.

I read Robert Ludlum's mainstream bestseller The Bourne Identity because my wife, who reads SF genre fiction only under duress, recommended it to me as an example of compelling narrative. Since I am trying without much present success to break out of the genre ghetto, it's smart for me to look at what is being done out there. Bourne really

doesn't have much to say, but it kept me fairly well glued through over 500 pages saying it. Now that's a technique I want to master! If a writer can say nothing, but do it compellingly, think what he might do if he also had some content to cover.

I read Vernon by Osmond Beckwith, for a more devious reason, and as serendipity would have it, profited more than anticipated. Back when I wrote my quarter million word novel Tarot, later published in three volumes spread across two years (I seethe with impotent ire about that), I needed to get the permission of various publishers to use quoted excerpts. Some publishers were prompt and nice; some didn't bother to answer; some could not be located; one refused to allow an excerpt from The Anatomy of Human Destructiveness by Erich Fromm to appear in a science fiction novel; one charged an exorbitant fee of \$100 plus 25% of book club rights obtained from my entire novel--for the use of one 200 word quotation in it. That was \$100 per country, for each translation sale I might make. I protested, and got it reduced, but if I get any foreign book club sales I'll simply delete that quotation. Rapacity hath few limits. For the Destructiveness quote I was not permitted to use, I substituted one from Stephen King's Salem's Lot (I pulled a string: King and I have the same literary agent) and am well satisfied. King makes advances on the order of a hundred

times mine, but I find it hard to resent that after the way that quote bailed me out. Ballantine Books gave me a quote from Carl Sagan's The Dragon's of Eden free; that did pass through my mind when they sent me the Coulson book. I try to be objective, but I do remember both affronts and favors. One of the other publishers for whom I had a good feeling was Breaking Point. I needed permission from G. Legman, the author of NO LAUGHING MATTER: Rationale of the Dirty Joke: 2nd Series, and Breaking Point was the publisher, and answered me politely and forwarded my letter to the author, who lived in France. In due course permission was arranged, and I was glad, because I used two excellent quotes from his books. There's a hell of a lot more to the dirty joke than dirt or humor, as the Rationale volumes show. The author claims that a person's favorite dirty joke is a sure key to his personality. I believe it. My favorite dirty joke (not included in his comprehensive series) relates to the power of language--and indeed my philosophy and livelihood are based in large part on my belief in this. (Oh, I hear a voice from the back of the room demanding to hear the joke. Very well, you asked for it. In a compressed nutshell: Trucker asks cute waitress for a cuppa coffee and a fuckin' donut, is hauled into court for obscene language, tells long story in which "fuckin'" is the overwhelming adjective of choice, modifying just about every noun, and concludes: "So then I go into this nice fuckin' little restaurant and this cute fuckin' waitress comes up and I say 'I'll have a cuppa coffee and a donut.'" At that point the aggrieved waitress jumps up and yells "That's a fuckin' lie!" and the judge bangs his gavel and says "Quiet, or I'll clear the fuckin' courtroom!") It seems Mr. Legman, who specializes in erotic humor and commentary and has encyclopedic information and considerable insight, had little trouble finding a publisher for his first volume of jokes and commentary, as it covered the "clean" dirty jokes relating to children, fools, animals, men, women, marriage, adultery and such; but the Second Series, covering the "dirty" dirty jokes relating to homosexuality, prostitution, disease, castration, cursing and scatology would not be touched by any major publisher. So tiny Breaking Point took it on, and I am beholden to B.P. because I hate censorship in any form, and this is one of the most interesting and penetrating (no pun) volumes I've read. It contains about 470,000 words, almost a thousand pages, so you know if I read it all, it's quite something. So when B.P. sent me literature on a novel it was

publishing, Vernon, I bought it, mostly by way of saying Thank You for NO LAUGHING MATTER. We do have to encourage those who do good works, lest the breed be stamped out.

Now to business: my comment on the books. Naturally it will be less detailed than my discussion of why I read them; this is the fuckin' way I am. I did not know what to expect of Juanita Coulson, though I've known the Coulsons by mail and fanzine on and off since 1963. My relation with Buck Coulson soured when Roger Elwood had him diddle in one of my novels, rendering it into an illegal collaboration without my knowledge. (Elwood claimed I had agreed to this by phone--I had not--and Coulson had written to me using the wrong address, so I never got the letter, and the galley proofs were not sent to me, so I had to buy a copy of the novel when it appeared in print to discover what had happened. This sort of thing annoys me.) I had once considered collaborating with Juanita Coulson on my novel Omnivore; as I recall, she turned the notion down. All I had read or hers before was her pseudonymous story collaboration with Marion Zimmer Bradley, and I hadn't liked that one because it had absolutely inept characterization of men. Now Tomorrow's Heritage arrived with Bradley's promotional blurb, based on a notion by Judy-Lynn del Rey, who published it and sent me the copy. There is bound to be something wrong with a project sponsored, written, published and promoted by women. Yes, I know: here we recommence the war of sexes. So be it; I may not get through to hysterical female readers, but sensible, objective male readers should see my point. (Note how neatly I phrase that. There is a certain art to making indefensible statements, as politicians know.)

You see, female writers notoriously lack impact and immediacy and violence and lust in their writings as in their persons; they tend to skip as distasteful or uninteresting the combat and sex that are in fact much of the stuff of effective genre narrative. (In other genres it can be quite another matter; when I say "genre" here, I mean category science fiction and fantasy.) This is not to suggest that other aspects of writing aren't important, such as literacy, characterization, originality and content--but modern genre efforts typically cater to a more juvenile market than some, and do not place as high a value on these. I even get some resentment when I put genuine literary values in my novels, while my shallowest efforts are most successful. Bat Dursten had better zap someone with

his blaster, or he'll lose his genre readers. This genre is, like a frontier, generally no place for a woman, and there are comparatively few really successful female writers in it.

Sure enough, the first fifty words of Heritage plow through a morass of family connections and confusing interpersonal situations. There is an alien spaceship zeroing in on Earth; naturally the author keeps this potentially exciting matter well away from the foreground, preferring to explore the wrinkles of the psyche of the family matriarch, Jael (surely she means "jail" because of the imprisoning nature of this woman's domination). The author believes she is good at action writing; at this point I concluded she is fooling herself. Ludlum's The Bourne Identity, in contrast, exemplifies the compelling masculine thrust. His protagonist wakes wounded and with amnesia, and someone is trying unsobly to kill him. Who is he, and why is he being hunted? Any fool can understand his concern, while not any fool can grasp the complex concerns of Todd, the Heritage protagonist.

But novels, like people, should not be judged on just 50 pages. I did note that Juanita Coulson is literate: by that I mean she does not make the common errors of usage that seem mandatory for popular genre success. I perceived an intricate skein developing. Bourne is essentially linear, one thing happening after another, easy to follow; Heritage is multifaceted, difficult at first to grasp. But as the pages pass, and the interactions clarify, the larger framework emerges like a leviathan from the murky depths. Heritage, like its author, is massive and intelligent. In due course there are action scenes, and they are competently handled; it becomes evident that the author has with a mighty effort risen above her female limitations and applied some squeeze to the reader's imagination. Here Bourne and Heritage become similar; there is a conspiracy afoot, and the lives of individuals are as nothing, and only cleverness and courage enable the protagonist to win through, though at considerable cost. We do finally learn Bourne's identity and Heritage's conspiracy, and both are significant. So if you are male and like your plot straightforward and hard-hitting, read Bourne; if you are female and like it complex and (eventually) hard-hitting, read Heritage. Juanita Coulson is a better writer than many, and if Heritage is the introduction to the kind of adventure I think it is, this will be a significant series, and

her reputation as a writer is about to take a sharp upward turn.

Vernon is quite different, and in its fashion also serves to refute my distinction between male and female writing. It claims to be "an anecdotal novel." but I see it as the author's fictionalized autobiography. There are memories that can not be presented while parents are living, and truths that can not be presented as facts, so the device of fictionalization is used to make it possible to tell it as it was. This one is well written and quiet, with none of the masculine thrust; no hair-raising scenes, dramatic climax or world-shaking significance. It is a novel-length slice-of-life. But in its subtle and honest way, this book gets into the essence of individuality.

I have the Heritage Press edition of Walden by Henry David Thoreau, a writer Vernon's author evidently admires, and Vernon is set up very similarly, with the same archaic ugly type and similar woodcut illustrations, surely by no coincidence. Thoreau lived two years alone in a forest by a pond, and commented on what he saw and thought there; the book is a classic. The author of Vernon (that's the name of his town, just as Walden is the name of Thoreau's pond) remembers and reflects similarly, only his observations are of home and neighbors and friends rather than of nature. I was struck as I read by the way his experiences

seemed also to relate to my own early life--I was a farm boy too--and probably to the awareness of many genre fans. Indeed, the author was a fan, back in the 1920's before we Johnny-come-latelies existed. He was addicted to the magazine he calls ASTONISHMENT, whose description matches that of AMAZING STORIES. He, like us, found a certain delightful escape from mundane routine into the marvels of imagination. He was a devotee of Tarzan, and dreamed up a new Tarzan story--then worried that there might actually be such a story. I know the feeling; I dreamed up a story about Mars, and then discovered Ray Bradbury's "Mars is Heaven": he had stolen my idea before I even dreamed it up! (These things happen, in a genre with time travel.)

Beckwith's fantasy world extended into mundane things; perhaps he was a Creative Anachronist at heart. Here is an example:

"I dramatized my wood chopping; entering the shed friendly I would fall on the nearest chunk with a fusilade of blows; or I might walk in slyly, tease a block upright with fair words, and suddenly split him to the crotch (a knightism) with one cut. I called myself the Champion; I issued challenges to the blocks who consulted among themselves and sent out a contender; we faced each other, I prowled around him, judging his weaknesses; I struck."

That's somewhat the way I split wood

today. While we don't live as Thoreau did, we do use wood and solar heating for our house, and splitting wood is one of the things I really enjoy. My blocks are tougher, though; often I must use a sledgehammer and wedges to drive apart a twist-grained monster. Anyway, the author goes on to describe with candor his childhood confusions about manners and sex, his ambitions and failures, and his many fleeting and permanent passions. Here is his comment on sex:

"...I did feel somehow that all the weight of opinion brought to bear on the exclusion of "sex"...was wrong, and I was right. Neither did I bring to bear against the respectable opinion my experiences in the secretive side of sex, what men and boys said to each other alone, the thousands of jokes I had heard, the thousands of snickers, titters, sly smiles, jerks of the head. They enraged me; the other only dismayed me. What I felt at the pit of my person was a hunger for some spot, some community, some ideal island where sex had its place, where love was normal, where the curiosity, the desire and the vague longing I felt were looked on as happily and comfortably as a mother might look on a son who rushed in for dinner shouting, "Boy, am I hungry!"

His passion for writing took him at last to that aspiration of all fans: submission of a story to a professional magazine. And in time he did sell a story. The book is obscure about the date and magazine in which that story appeared, but of course an ornery bibliophile like me had to trace it down: "The Robot Master" in the October 1929 issue of AIR WONDER STORIES. So you see, he really is our kind; he was fan and writer. If you ever wonder what happened to some of the ancient names who published perhaps three stories fifty years ago and vanished--well, this one went on to implement his sentiment about sex by publishing one of the most important (if unrecognized) volumes on the subject ever written: NO LAUGHING MATTER. Meanwhile, this little biography is not high drama, but is a nice statement of the nature of an early genre addict. I think many of us would find his reminiscences worthwhile. Because this is a small press, with the usual prohibitions of distribution, you won't find it in your local bookstore, so I'll give ordering information here: price \$10, but NIEKAS readers including payment (check or money order) with their order can buy it directly from the distributor for \$6 postpaid. Address: Breaking Point, Inc., PO Box 328, Wharton, NJ 07885.



ON THE SHOULDERS OF

VANGUARD

Harry Andruschak

PART 1 - SPUTNIK COCKTAIL: ONE THIRD VODKA AND TWO THIRDS SOUR GRAPES

I was born on 4 October, 1944, and as a 13th birthday present I got the news that Sputnik One had been launched. Now, on my 37th birthday, as I type this, it is hard to believe that the space age is 24 years old. Most of the fans I meet at clubs and cons not only cannot remember Sputnik Night, but weren't even born at the time.

For my 37th birthday present I got the news that I work at JPL for at least another month, being transferred from the graveyard shift to the day shift. Our shop is now down to 1 supervisor, his assistant, 5 engineers, and 22 technicians... about one fourth of the strength we had at the height of the Viking mission. As for future layoffs, we shall see. A lot of techs are hinting at quitting, especially since our last cost-of-living increase came to 5% at the most.

The carnage continues with the Voyager team. The graveyard shift is no longer manned, only the day and swing shifts, and they only on Monday thru Friday. Should spacecraft problems develop when no one is around, the DSN will call in personnel. Further cuts in staffing are planned.

We have sent another IBM 360/75 to the salvage companies, leaving us with one remaining computer to do data analysis. Two shifts, six days a week. The Digital TV system, with its CDC 3100 computers, is going. A

few more layoffs are planned. The lights are going out all over Buildings 230 and 264, and we may not see them lit again in our lifetime.

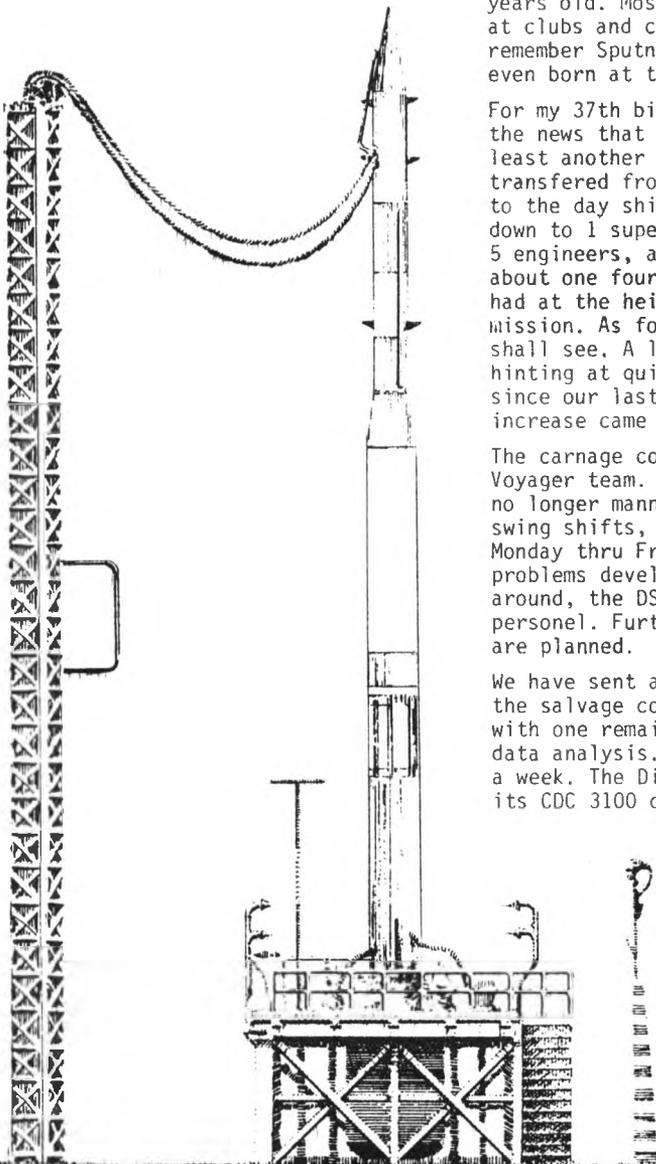
Back in Washington, NASA has to trim another 12% from its budget. When the President announced that across the board cut, a groan was heard from the office of the Venus Orbital Imaging Radar. VOIR, the #2 priority space project at JPL. Poor chaps, they have had a rough time. Brought together in 1979 to plan the mission, they have now spent three years on a project that is not scheduled to be launched until 1988 if it ever gets launched at all. I doubt if it will, we have three more Reagan budgets to survive.

Looking over my notes, I notice that my NIEKAS column has not given a detailed outline of the mission to date, so as a way of saying goodbye to it, here is how it would have gone.

The actual launch would have been in April 1988, from the Space Shuttle Orbiter on top of a Centaur Upper Stage. A three month cruise period to Venus would be followed by a long burn from a solid rocket to place the spacecraft in a very elliptical polar orbit, 260 kilometers by 119,000 km. After dropping off the solid rocket, the spacecraft would undergo a 2 week checkout period.

At this time the spacecraft is in cruise configuration. Communication is via the low gain antenna and S-band radio. The high gain antenna, the solar panels, and all other parts of the spacecraft are tucked in, protected by heat shields. Yes, heatshields. VOIR will be doing something new for spacecraft, a set of maneuvers called Aerobraking. We don't have sufficient power to put the spacecraft in a proper circular orbit, so JPL came up with this neat idea. Excuse us while we pat ourselves on the back a few times.

We arrive at Venus with a periapsis of 260 km and an apoapsis of 119,000 km. We want a circular orbit of 250 km. A short burn of the



maneuvering engines lowers the periapsis to 125 km, well within the atmosphere, and thus causes energy to be lost. Throught the months of August and September we lose more and more energy, lowering the apoapsis every time. Soon we are low enough that a short burn to raise the periapsis out of the atmosphere will see the spacecraft in its desired 250 km orbit. Applause, please?

Up to now, the spacecraft has been tucked in, very compact, since anything sticking out would be burned away by the heat of the atmospheric friction. No more. The heat shields are jettisoned. Cinderella would have appreciated what happens next.

Out swings the antenna of the Synthetic Aperture Radar...SAR. This is the star of the show, what it is all about. This form of radar was flown on the short-lived SEASAT mission, and will be flown on the second shuttle mission, hopefully over by the time you read this. I'll explain the actual workings in a later column.

SARs slurp up power. Up until this time, the spacecraft has relied for power on two solar panels at the side of the spacecraft. We need more, and so the solar panels deploy to their full extent. They have been folded in up to now.

Likewise, the high gain antenna has been tucked in, but now it too extends and deploys. It will transmit the x-band data from the SAR. Other scientific instruments are also deployed, and the transformation is complete. It is an unusual looking spacecraft...but this is a sort of unusual mission, as you may have noted. We spend a week checking out the spacecraft and doing callibrations. Bu now it is the beginning of October, and time to start the mission proper.

For the next 126 days, the spacecraft maps the planet at a resolution of 600 meters. That's meters, not kilometers. About 95% of the planet will be mapped, since there is a small part of the south pole region that has to be missed due to orbital geometry problems. There will also be spot coverage of 1-3% of the planet at resolutions of 150 meters.

February 1989 sees the end of the mission, with Solar Superior Conjunction in March 1989. The spacecraft will be turned off forever, to eventually fall into the atmosphere and burn up, solar panels, SAR, and antennas ripped off.

Perhaps a sad end for a spacecraft, but it would have done its job, if it ever did get off the ground.

And now for an inspiring message from the Fearless Leader of JPL....

INTERMEZZO #1

To: All Personnel
From: Bruce Murray

Many of you have, or have seen, the encounter buttons and tee-shirts bearing the stylized lettering-- Goodbye Saturn, Hello Uranus. Well, that says it for all of us at JPL. Voyager 2 is beyond Saturn now and on its way to illuminate still another dark corner of the solar system. The enclosed photos illustrate a memorable high point in the Laboratory's past. But the August encounter is in the past, and Uranus and Neptune are part of our future.

The United States is undergoing an economic wrenching unlike anything seen in half a century. Because the Laboratory is funded by a shrinking federal budget, we are feeling the pressure. And that pressure is not likely to ease for some time. There is no question in my mind that JPL will endure, because of its recognized value to the nation. However we, like many of our fellow Americans, face a tough test.

An apt expression has been coined to describe the character of the daring experimental test pilots of the early jet and rocket plane age. They had the "right stuff." The people of JPL also have the Right Stuff.



PART 2 - THE SOLAR MESOSPHERE EXPLORER

Here it is 15 October, and once again I have good news and bad news. The good news is that on 6 October, at 4:27 a.m. PDT, the Solar Mesosphere Explorer (SME) was launched from Vandenberg Air Force Base on a Delta rocket. Chalk up another success for the Vanguard-developed rocket. So what is new?

Well, JPL has started to branch out from its status of only launching

interplanetary missions. Starting with SEASAT in 1978, we have had more and more work on Earth Orbital Satellites. SEASAT was the first. SME the second.

SME is designed to measure changes in the ozone layer over a one year period. It is small, about 918 pounds in weight, as are most Explorer missions. JPL built the craft, the University of Colorado supplied the five scientific experiments and runs the spacecraft on a day to day basis, and Bell Aerospace put it all together. It is a cheap, small affair, but at a time like this, JPL will grasp whatever straws are there for the taking.

Now the bad news. I got a call from a "Headhunter" today. Now at this point I better explain that "headhunter" is not an insulting term, any more than "huckster" is at SF cons. (Note how Trekkie cons and comic cons and other fringe groups prefer to use the term "dealers".) It refers to a man who gets a company the manpower they need, gets a person a job he needs, and gets a fee from the company for saving them a lot of time that would be wasted in interviewing lots of unqualified applicants.

Since my name begins with an "a", I guess that is why I was the first in the shop to be contacted. Other A's have also been contacted. The Headhunters are looking for many things, but one of the most obvious is qualified scientists, engineers, and technicians for the B-1 Bomber. The U.S. government may treat us JPL rocketeers like shit, and so may the public, but the aerospace industry knows the quality of the JPL gang, and if layoffs are coming at JPL... where else are you going to get such a wealth of talent with 5, 10, 15, even 20 years of experience?

Yes, I put my name on the file. Why not? Just yesterday we finished dismantling the Science Data Team area. This was in room 119 of Building 264. Here we have 12 high speed line printers and 5 plotters running to print out data for the scientists to analyze. Not those spectacular pictures, but the other experiments. The spectrometers, and particle and field measurements, radio science, plasma waves, and the others. During encounter, all 17 devices were pumping out data in a symphony of discovery.

We recabled, took devices off line, and left behind 2 plotters and 3 printers. The rest go into storage. Maybe some will be used elsewhere at JPL, or used at other NASA installations. Most likely they will be scrapped. Oh yes, and we laid off

some more personnel since we had far fewer devices. Got to save money for subsidizing the tobacco industry, after all.

Meanwhile, I did notice that the LA TIMES, the area's leading newspaper, was very critical of the Cinch River Breeder Reactor. Well, why not? It is 100% Pork Barrel. There is no need for it, no real use for it, no justifications. But guess which congressmen from that state are on which congressional committees.

And we have still more bad news. Once again I turn the column over to my Fearless Leader. Meanwhile, I am going to bed and cry myself to sleep.

INTERMEZZO #2

RUMORS & REALITIES

The most recent budget reduction announcements by the Federal government have generated increased speculation regarding the future of the Laboratory, its programs, and its relationships with NASA. I am using this Director's Letter to communicate directly to all JPL Personnel what we know about the current situation and what we are doing about.

The facts are these. Cancellation of the U.S. Solar Polar spacecraft has been confirmed and there will be no U.S. mission to explore Halley's Comet. NASA has sent us official notification terminating both these efforts as of the first of October 1981. Galileo at this time is still on track for a 1985 launch and we are preparing Voyager 2 for a Uranus encounter in 1986.

Here is where the fact ends and the uncertainty begins. Further reductions in areas of JPL interest beyond what we had assumed earlier are likely, both in space and energy.

At this time we do not know how seriously these actions will affect our programs or the status of our NASA relationship. In this uncertain environment, however, we must act now to cushion the effects of whatever impacts will result from the current budget actions and to maintain our capability to conduct broad-based in-house engineering development.

First, it is our intention to conduct whatever deep space program the nation will support through the 1980s. In this regard, Ray Heacock has been assigned to lead the Mariner Mark II effort, an important new NASA activity designed to develop a new class of space missions based on the technology of earlier JPL missions but more affordable. Other space program

personnel assignments include Ken Coon to head the TSPD Technology Program and Dan Schneiderman to lead a new thrust for JPL to develop space applications for industrial consortia and associations in the areas of earth resources and oceans.

Second, recognizing that the Laboratory must broaden its base of in-house engineering development beyond that which can be realistically expected from NASA and energy program sponsorship, we are taking actions to acquire significantly more Department of Defense (DOD) work. We have made new assignments to Jack James' office resulting in an outstanding team to pursue opportunities in all major DOD areas. Henry Norris and Ek Davis will join Dave Vans in Air Force space activities; Bob Breshears, Pat Rygh, Tony Spear, and Jim Hyde will concentrate on Navy opportunities; Bob Forney, Al Ferrari, and Jim Wilson will be committed to developing tasks for the Army; Jim Bryden and John Scull will focus on DOD advanced research projects and tasks supporting the Technical Divisions' skills, respectively. Further assignments are anticipated.

With these actions, I foresee a balanced, synergistic program composed of NASA, DOD, and energy work but with NASA sponsorship still the major part and JPL still a NASA Center. The NASA management, with whom we enjoy good rapport, endorses this position and supports JPL's pursuit of increased DOD work.

Finally, our greatest assets at JPL are our record of achievement, our reputation for excellence and, most significantly, our individual and collective skills. By continuing to achieve beyond others' expectations, we will ensure our own future.

PART 3: KISS MY SWEET I.R.A.S.

Here it is, 2 November, and I got a phone call from Mike Bastraw about fanzine deadlines. So here is the latest update from JPL. But first, a little scherzo courtesy of AVIATION WEEK AND SPACE TECHNOLOGY, the weekly magazine that once again has lived up to its sarcastic nickname of "Aviation Newsleak", and how!

(from AVIATION WEEK & SPACE TECHNOLOGY, December 7, 1981)

Washington Roundup

GALILEO CUT

Galileo Jupiter orbiter/probe and about 50% of NASA's aeronautics

program have been cut from the agency's Fiscal 1983 budget by the Office of Management and Budget. The \$300 million already invested in Galileo would be lost as well as about 1200 jobs at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory. The move would end U.S. planetary exploration, a concept the White House supports. Aeronautics cuts would have a long-term impact on national aeronautical capability, especially in competing with other world markets, and NASA administrator James M. Beggs is expected to appeal directly to President Reagan.

White House Office of Science and Technology Policy, headed by presidential science advisor George A. Keyworth, has taken a position that the U.S. planetary program should be halted because of what the staff believes is limited "show-biz" results compared with other scientific investigations. It is possible the White House could demand the same proposed dollar cuts, with NASA deciding where to ax programs, a situation in which both the planetary and aeronautics programs would remain in jeopardy. Some scientists and NASA managers question even NASA deputy administrator Hans Mark's support, noting his comments that a de-emphasis on planetary efforts is likely (AW&ST Nov. 16, p. 16). Salvaging the aeronautics cuts is viewed more favorably than saving planetary exploration by the White House.

In Iowa City, Iowa, space scientist Dr. James A. Van Allen began a letter-writing campaign to Keyworth to save the Galileo project. He also spoke to a strategy session of the executive committee of the Space Science Board, a part of the National Academy of Sciences, on determining ways to save the Jupiter mission. Van Allen said loss of Galileo would be devastating and is the most exciting physics the U.S. has going on in the solar system.

The October 26 issue carried a short two paragraph article about a new USSR anti-satellite system now in near Earth Orbit. That's right, an operational hunter killer system that can knock out reconnaissance craft, communications craft, weather craft ...and even the Space Shuttle Orbiter.

The Usual Denial came from the Department of Defense (DOD) in the 28 October issue of THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, a daily newspaper with as select, wide and knowledgeable a readership as NEWSLEAK. The 2 November issue of NEWSLEAK had more information. As usual, you can expect the DOD to admit, in a few

months, that the story was correct. In the meantime, I'd advise you to check up on you fallout shelter supplies.

OK, back to IRAS. Infra-Red Astronomical Satellite. This is a project managed by JPL. As I noted, SEASAT was our first Earth-Orbit space project, and SME our second. Actually, SME was to be the third, as IRAS was originally scheduled to be launched in February 1981. Now the launch date has slipped to August 1982. IRAS was a child of the 1970's, when international cooperation was in the air, before the USA fucked the European Space Agency (ESA) over International Solar Probe Mission (ISPM). In fact, IRAS very nearly got cancelled in the first Reagan budget, and what saved it was the fact that it is so far along that it would have cost more to wind up the project than carry thru.

OK, what is it? A three way international effort to survey the sky in the infrared, as you should have guessed from its name. The overall project is being managed by JPL, who also built the spacecraft. The actual infrared telescope is being supplied by the Netherlands. The United Kingdom will have responsibility for tracking and operations, data retrieval and transmission. The Science Team comes from all three countries. It will be launched by a Delta (Vanguard) rocket from Vandenburg into Polar Orbit in August of 1982.

The 18 month delay came from the fact that we had problems. To do a really thorough sky survey in the infrared, we needed the most sensitive detectors possible. Since the background of space has a 3K degree temperature, it was decided to cool the detectors to 2K degrees for the maximum sensitivity possible. Well, we had a few engineering problems crop up, since this involved super-cooled liquid helium as coolant.

The craft will last less than a year. There is no way to stop the loss of the liquid helium. But in that year we will map the sky and pinpoint well over one million infrared sources for later investigation. This is going to be the first all-sky, all wavelength, accurate pinpointing survey conducted in this wave band. We will, of course, revolutionize astronomy, but you sort of expect that by now from JPL projects.

Will there be a fourth Near Earth Orbit project for JPL? NASA has assigned JPL responsibility for the Extreme Ultraviolet Explorer, or EUE, but funding is now in doubt. The Office of Management and Budget told

NASA to slash one billion dollars from its 1983 and 1984 proposed budgets. Nobody expects JPL to live thru such cuts, and there is very serious talk about shutting down the Lab altogether after turning off all spacecraft still working. The DOD will get the Deep Space Network (DSN).

God knows we have enough problems as is. The last two weeks have seen our maintenance shop dismantle the Science Data Team area (SDT). At its height, Room 119 in building 264 had 12 high speed line printers and 5 plotters in 24 hour action. You should have seen us during encounter! Jam-packed...all devices spewing out science results...a major breakthrough in astronomy every few minutes. Now we have three line printers and two plotters, run by a day shift. The rest have been given pink slips.

The Thanksgiving weekend will be a bitter one for many rocketeers. Some of them have been working 5, 10, 15, 20 years for the Space Program. But after the holiday, for which we will have nothing to be thankful for, the axe comes. Starting 30 November there will be no swing shift in Voyager Operations, room 521 of building 264.

The maintenance shop for which I work will get the pink slips on 20 November. The following memo appeared in mailboxes and bulletin boards all over the lab today.

INTERMEZZO #3

TO: All Personnel
FROM: Personnel Department
SUBJECT: Early Retirement Program in Conjunction with Planetary Program Phasedown

As a result of the termination of NASA's planetary programs, Management must, of necessity, take steps to reduce our workforce. A reduction in force plan has been developed which appears to be the most equitable under the circumstances.

Under the plan, older employees will be placed on early retirement, thus permitting the retention of employees who represent the future of the company.

Therefore, a program to phase out older personnel by the end of the current fiscal year via early retirement will be placed into effect immediately. The program shall be known as RAPE (Retire Aged Personnel Early).

Employees who are RAPE'd will be given opportunity to seek other jobs

within the Laboratory, provided that while they are being RAPE'd they request a review of their employment records before actual retirement takes place. This phase of the operation is called SCREW (Survey of Capabilities of Retired Early Worker).

All employees who have been RAPE'd and SCREW'd may also apply for a final review. This will be called SHAFT (Study by Higher Authority Following Termination).

Program policy dictates that employees may be RAPE'd once and SCREW'd twice, but may get the SHAFT as many times as the Laboratory deems appropriate.

B___e M___y



"...so the President wants to know if there's any borax on the planet Juniper..."

PART 4: WILL THE LAST ROCKETEER TO LEAVE JPL PLEASE TURN OFF THE LIGHTS?

I had not fully realized how bad things were at JPL until three nasty incidents upset me. Well, maybe not nasty...just sort of ominous.

First was the receipt of THE GALILEO MESSENGER #2. This is an in-house publication of the JPL Galileo team. I won't bother giving you the full text (send me an SASE if you want it, tho) but what it amounts to is a statement that due to financial problems, it is better to build a second, third, or fourth rate spacecraft, even if most instruments

fail, even if the mission is aborted early, as long as it gets off the ground. JPL has come to the end of its rope, there is a hangman's noose in it, and we stand on a platform called "Galileo Launch in 1985". If that goes, it is all over.

Second was a ruckus about the graveyard shift. During 1977 thru 1981, whenever the Voyager team decided not to man the graveyard shift during cruise mode, my maintenance shift went over to building 264 twice a night to check for possible jammed printers, broken ribbons, and so on. In answer to the latest request for such coverage, however, Voyager was informed to pay for it. They wanted coverage (which strictly speaking is not our job) for graveyard shift...pay for it. 4 man-hours per night. That way the maintenace shop can justify keeping some of its manpower in the face of further budget cutbacks. When this sort of nitpicking goes on, you know an organization is in bad trouble.

But, third and saddest was when I got a letter from J.R. Madden. A good friend as well as being publisher of THE BATON ROUGE SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE NEWSLETTER, he asked if I could get information on how he could visit JPL when he and his friends in the American Institute of Chemical Engineers held a meeting in LA from 7-10 June 1982. I have handled several such requests in the past, and promptly went down to the Public Affairs office that takes care of such things as group tours by professional organizations, schools, and other interested groups.

I was informed that budget cuts had eliminated this program. JPL no longer has tours for special groups unless they have a strong pull with someone at the top of the JPL heirarchy, and I obviously don't. The person who ran the program left last summer, and no replacement has been made. No more tours. A damn shame, since I thought these an excellent way of getting public support. But money is short, and people are leaving, and now what?

Well, I got the 9 November issue of AVIATION WEEK AND SPACE TECHNOLOGY with the cheering news that the USSR launched Venera 13 on 30 October and Venera 14 on 4 November. Both spacecraft will soft land on the planet Venus and use an X-ray Fluorescence Experiment to examine the soil around the spacecraft. Oh yes, and take one or more pictures of the surface around the lander. The spacecraft also carries some science instruments from France and Austria, in a demonstration of international cooperation. The

landing will be in March of 1982.

Hard to believe that Konstantin Tsiolkovskiy predicted all this before World War I.

PART 5: GOLDSTONE HAS THE BIRD!

I doubt if many readers know the story of Explorer One. After all, it was over 24 years ago. To track it, a radio station was set up at Goldstone, out in the boonies. From this came the Deep Space Network, which grew to three stations, each of which had three antennas of 26, 34, and 64 meters. Today we track 11 spacecraft: Pioneer 6, 7, 8, 9, and Helios in orbit around the sun; Pioneer Venus Orbiter; Viking Lander One on Mars; Pioneer 10 and 11 and Voyager One heading out of the Solar System, and the crippled Voyager Two limping along to Uranus.

NASA's Office of Tracking and Data Systems gave the word that effective 1 December 1981, all three 26 meter antennas were to be shut down. The DSN will lose about one-third of its capacity. Data acquisition will be reduced 20% from Pioneer Venus and 10% from the other Pioneer spacecraft. 110 people will be laid off, and total savings will be about \$7 million a year. To put that in perspective, that is half of what it costs to just administer the tobacco support program.

As you can guess, there was little joy at JPL today, 16 November. What is the point of building and launching spacecraft if you cannot get information back? And what next? Will we get Galileo off the ground?

Some of you may wonder why NASA is doing this. Well, it all comes back to the Shuttle and its funding, or lack of it. NASA had originally planned for 48 Shuttle flights thru 1985. Cost over-runs and tight money caused NASA last May to reduce the number of flights to 34. This would be more expensive in the long run, but ease funding in Fiscal 1982. Now NASA needs another \$500 million for fiscal 1983, and where is it going to get it? No extra funding, and shuttle flights to drop from 34 to 24? Congress?

Worse, Shuttle #4, Atlantis, could be delayed. Planned for delivery in December 1984, it was to launch Galileo in April 1985. No shuttle, no launch.

I remember how Vice-President Bush, talking with the astronauts of the shuttle's second flight, refused to say point blank if the administration would put more money into space. And funding for the very-much-

needed fifth shuttle is still not definite.



But for how long...?

PART 6: PLEASE SIGN ON THE D.O.D.ED LINE.

The 1981 holiday season has been ghastly. A Thanksgiving with nothing to be thankful for, considering the cancellation of the Halley's Comet mission and the Solar Polar. Christmas saw Congress giving no presents to NASA. It just doesn't seem to have an end. Ghastly, indeed.

At what do we have to look forward to in 1982? More budget cuts? The cancellation of Galileo and the end of the U.S. Planetary Exploration Program forever? That is what the White House wants, supported by the so-called "Science Advisor". The JPL doesn't have the political clout that the famous pork barrel Tennessee-Tombigbee Canal has.

Last December, Bruce Murrey, head of JPL, gave the Lab a talk, his semi-annual message. It should have been given in October, but Bruce was busy saving JPL's ass. The complete

talk comes to 11 pages, which is much too long to quote. But here is a tasty morsel....

INTERMEZZO #4

Until recently defense work at JPL has been regarded by us, in many cases, as a gap filler--to carry us through until NASA's civil space program came back, until there would be more Voyagers in the hopper, etc. It was only six percent of the total effort here; I had placed a cap of about eight percent of the total work. That was a matter of policy; it was also a matter of policy not to accept open-ended commitments--only specific tasks. Further, there was always uncertainty about how much and which kind of classified work we would accept. Given those constraints it's not surprising that the Defense people would say, "Now, look, you're not for real. How can we depend upon you? Why should we give you a major job with that kind of second-rate attitude toward us?" That has been an issue internally, and it's been a circumstance externally.

Moreover, for quite some time--two or three years, at least--NASA has been saying to us, "We cannot support you, JPL, as a fully-integrated laboratory--womb to tomb. We love a Voyager, but we don't see how we are going to fund that kind of capability in the future." And we said, "You don't understand. We'll fix it; we'll do it differently; we'll go out and sell more; we'll get some more missions in." But we didn't ever agree with the feeling NASA Headquarters was expressing. It's been an unresolved internal debate that has gone on for a long time. More recently, NASA has said, "Go out and get some DOD work in significant quantities to supplement the NASA work. You must do this if you really want to be credible to NASA." And at this point, they were right. We had reached the point where that view became correct; it was not just hip-shooting. The events that convinced me personally were the demise of Solar Polar, the inability to get Halley going, and the continued pressure on the entire NASA non-Shuttle budget. So the time had come to make a shift, and thus it became my job to run the new policy through and to line up all the people needed to support it.

What we needed was full endorsement by Caltech and NASA to acquire a substantial, parallel program of research, development, and projects for the DOD, to complement our continuing NASA programs. We must develop that kind of DOD program at JPL, if we want to remain a world-

class engineering institution, if we want to remain a respected center of technology in a distinguished university.

That's the goal; what have we done about it?

First of all, I spent a lot of time personally discussing this subject with the Caltech faculty--to get their support and endorsement for the necessary changes, and with the Caltech Trustees, and the Caltech Administration, in order to get all the parts of Caltech aboard in a positive and consensual way. I got agreement that it was desirable to increase the fractional work at JPL for the DOD from its current six percent to perhaps as much as thirty percent--a very significant change. Furthermore, endorsement was also needed for the idea that we must make long-term, open-ended commitments to the DOD; that their work must be treated as of equal priority as NASA work; and finally, to regularize the acceptance of classified work. That has all been done. Thus, the Caltech view entirely overlaps the stated attitude of the existing NASA management on DOD work at JPL. So NASA and Caltech are completely aligned on that kind of policy.

There are some less cosmic, but also important items. We renamed Jack James' office "Defense Programs," rather than "Advanced Technology Development," because that's the sole focus now. You all saw in the Director's Letter I sent out in October that we appointed quite a number of key senior personnel to help out in the marketing--and eventually in the implementation--in all major DOD areas. We established through Caltech a Washington office in Crystal City, an important step toward becoming more practical and effective there. We set aside additional work space and additional funds at JPL to support sharply increased DOD work this fiscal year and subsequently. So, once making the decision to go this direction, we've really gone all out. We're very serious about it.

What are the results so far? Well, first of all we have just signed a Memorandum of Understanding with the United States Air Force Space Division. This is the branch of the Air Force which is located in El Segundo, headed by Lt. General Henry, whose job is to implement all the Air Force space programs, including the ground systems as well as satellites. It's a very large program--many billions of dollars. They have real needs and we fit some of those, and we have our own needs. The MOU is a way of describing what each expects from the other party.

That MOU first of all declares a mutual intent to establish a long-term relationship.

Second, it differentiates JPL from other "contractors." We are separate, as we are with NASA. That's a key and very important provision.

Third, it declares their intention to fully integrate JPL into their space division technology management structure, and, in particular, our lead person, Henry Norris, becomes a participating member of their monthly management meeting where they review all the status of the projects. This is a key point which General Henry personally insisted on.

The MOU recognizes JPL's strengths in advanced spacecraft and provides some mechanisms to do things. Finally, it also says something very, very important: that the Air Force Space Division is not responsible for JPL's institutional survival; and it's not going to become so. They have a very clear understanding, we have a very clear understanding, and NASA has a very clear understanding, that this kind of relationship only works as long as we're a NASA Center with NASA worrying about us as an institution, taking on a significant but minority role in terms of total work for the DOD. That's where the 30% target for DOD work came from. I believe that something like 2 to 1, that is two NASA to one DOD, constitutes a reasonable balance of work. You get much more than that and the issue becomes: "Who's boss? Are we working for DOD or NASA?" And that becomes an unstable management situation. In addition, the Defense Department does not want to feel responsible for another laboratory.



"Fortunately, I'm not unmanned..."



'Twas the week before Christmas
and all through the Section,
the mood was deep gloom,
had been, since Ronny's election.

Security forms
were filed with care,
in hopes that Defense Projects
soon would be there.

The idealists were pondering
a dilemma quite neat -
one can do things civilian...
or one can eat.

The "state-of-the-Lab" speech
caused many to puzzle,
The Lab wasn't in crisis -
or maybe it was'1?

Then out in the street
there arose such a clatter,
we sprang from our desk chairs
to see what was the matter

The sun twinkled weakly
through five-day old smog,
that made eyeballs turn pink
and sinuses clog.

But a sharp-eyed young analyst
through the murk strongly gazed,
Then with a gasp
fell back amazed.

And with an expression
of awe mixed with dread,
turned to the waiting throng slowly
and said,

Now what to my wondering eyes
doth appear,
but an old Sherman tank,
and its heading for here!

And I think I can see,
as the smog clears in patches,
all eight Section leaders
peering out of the hatches!

Although weakened by hunger
and months of despair,
we all raised a cheer
and then staggered down stairs.

We pitiful scarecrows
sobbed with delight,
upon reaching the street
with its militant sight.

There sat the tank;
in each hatch did appear
one of our leaders
in full combat gear!

They climbed from the tank
each with chuckle or smirk,
and we knew in a flash
that they must have brought work!

Field Marshall Bourke,
his gold braid all a gleam,
vaulted down first
from the mighty machine,

His swagger stick carried
by Sargeant O'Toole
whose button-down flak jacket
proved him no fool.

The six group-supe tankers
leaped down with a bound,
but fell over each other
and sprawled on the ground.

The Field Marshall
turned to the Sarge with a snort -
"Line those grunts up
for the Christmas Report."

The Sarge blew his whistle;
to attention they came,
and he cursed them and shouted
and called them by name.

"Look-smart, Lavin and Hopelain!
Suck that gut in there, Easter!
stand straight Hamid and Hunning!
Beswick, pull in that kiester!"

"Now report what we've brought
for these lucky civilians,
all the DOD projects
with bucks by the millions!

Each group supe in turn
stepped forth - ramrod straight -
his own group's new project
to briefly relate.

We greeted these "Presents"
with high accolade,
cause now when we worked
we might even get paid."

For the O-R group...
a vast undertaking,
a SAMICS anal'sis
of field latrine making.

The Talon Gold Project
for the I-S. Group nippers -
laser-controlled
General's uniform fly zipers.

A cost/benefit study
for the economist band:
Field erected bordellos
for Camp' Followers Command.

Air Force Space command bucks
so SAG members can learn,
to do planning
for USO shows on Saturn.

A Neutron bomb study
for ESEG—
what would the impact
on Shail Darters be?

Soch Systems will survey
Navy fleet messes -
would morale be improved
if all admirals wore dresses?

Yes our leaders had brought us
glad tidings of joy,
throughout the section
for each girl and boy.

These new projects had made it
the best Christmas of all,
we had meaningful work
and in pride now stood tall.

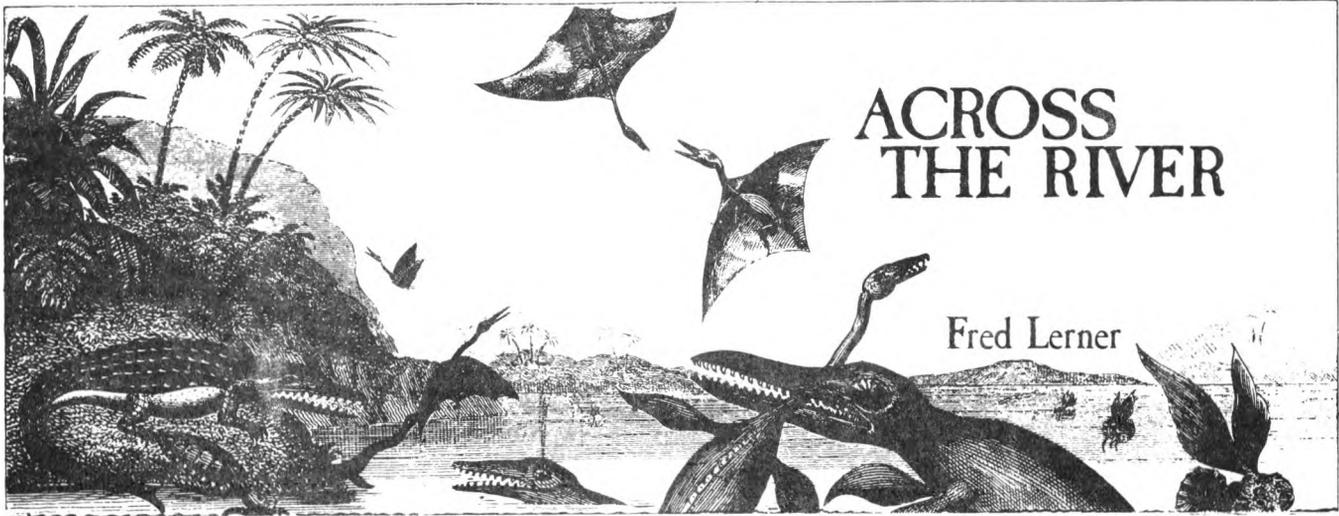
"One last thing we should do"
Field Marshall Bourke said,
would everyone here
please bow your head,

in a brief Christmas prayer
before we break ranks...
for the looming Red Menace,
dear Lord, we give thanks.

Then they sprang to the Sherman
light as down from a thistle,
and so zoomed away
like a heat-seeking missile.

But we heard them exclaim
ere' the noise reached a peak,
"well, 'least now they'll be happy
till they're laid off next week."

by ROBERT W. EASTER



ALL ABOARD!...

I've long been a vicarious model railroader. When I was a boy I had a small, crude HO-scale layout in my parents' basement. It's been decades since I've had anything to do with model trains. Still, I rarely pass a hobby shop without spending a few minutes looking over its wares. I've told myself that the last thing I need is another indoor hobby: if I need to create a model environment, I should do so outdoors, with tulip-bulbs and ornamental shrubbery. But I'm not entirely sure that I've convinced myself.

I've met modellers who have taken their prototypes from the railscape of Vermont. The covered bridge on the Lamoille Valley line, the circus trains that once visited Montpelier, the bustling railway-yards of White River Junction--there's a lot of Vermont's railroad history that's worth modelling. And not just its past: that covered bridge up in Wolcott is still in use, the only covered span on any American railroad; and a beautiful miniature steam locomotive still serves as weather-vane on the White River depot. I've often thought that a diorama of Vermont railroading, past and present, would make an exciting exhibit; I once suggested the idea to the people at the Historical Society museum in Montpelier.

But I'd take a different tack myself. I'd take my prototypes from the imagination. I can think of at least three imaginary lands whose details have been carefully sketched out by their creators--all but their railway systems. And I would be tempted to make up that omission.

* * *

Once Meriadoc Brandybuck and Peregrin

NIEKAS 29:22

Took returned to the Shire from the War of the Ring, they would hardly spend the rest of their days sitting by their firesides. As Greathearts of the Shire, they would certainly be in demand at the Free Fair at Michel Delving; and surely their

counsel would be sought by the King at Minas Tirith. Eagles may be indispensable in emergencies, but they can hardly be depended upon to serve as a rapid-transit system. A little steam-powered railroad--no massive, articulated behemoths (though I'd



not be surprised to see a few rusting away amid the slag-heaps of Mor-dor), but rather friendly little pufferbellies--would be just the thing to link Hobbiton with Bree, or to start folk on their journey down the Greenway to Gondor.

Of course, any line serving Bree would need bimodal coaches: one half double-decked to carry large hobbit families, with rounded windows so that their passengers would feel at home, and the other half more spaci-ously furnished to accomodate men. The long-distance trains would doubt- less have several types of accomoda- tion, for elves and dwarves would have their own ideas of comfortable travel. Stations in the Shire would be of honest red brick, or perhaps fieldstone in hillier sections, rounded in the characteristic archi- tectural style of the country, and would be surrounded by carefully- tended flower-gardens. The setting would be completed with model hobbit- holes, country inns with carefully lettered signboards, and figurines of small folk riding sturdy ponies.

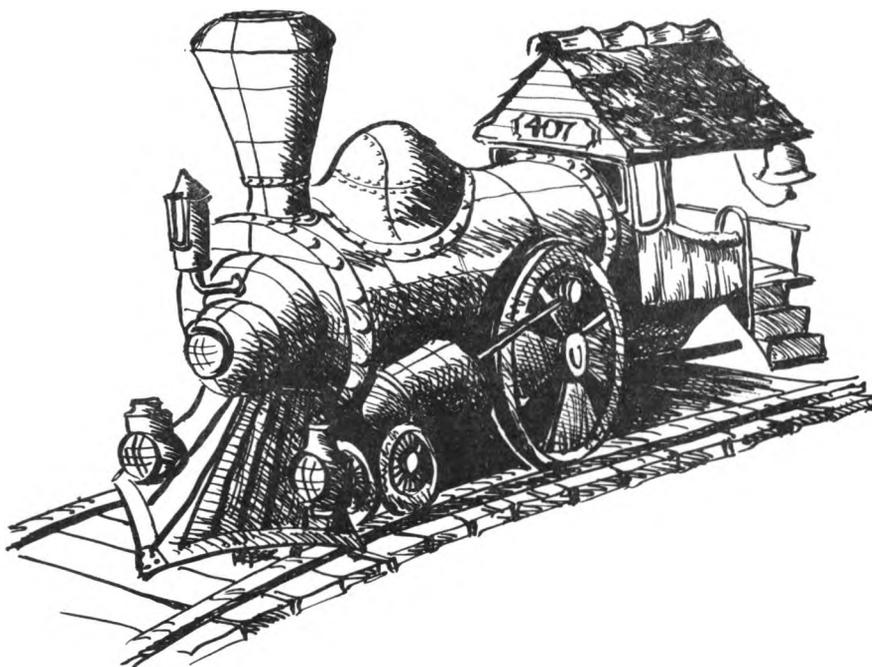
A railway-network in Middle Earth would hardly be restricted to the Shire. I can imagine an Elvish mono- rail gliding through the forest of Lothlorien, and a narrow-gauge under- ground line through the Mines of Moria. Try as I might, I can't pic- ture a railway through Fangorn forest --the ents would hardly permit it-- but I have no trouble visualising orcish transportation: the comparison with the IRT at rush hour is too ob- vious. Perhaps I'd best stick to the hills and meadows of the Shire after all.

Another bucolic land needing im- proved transportation is Islandia. In Austin Tappan Wright's sprawling novel, land transport is limited to horses and wagons, while small sail- ing vessels link the coastal prov- inces. In *The Islar*, Mark Saxton's sequel to *Islandia*, we learn of the new monorail line, linking the Is- landian capital ("The City"), the university town of Reeves, and the border region of The Frays. Pre- sumably a monorail would be less disruptive of the Islandian way of life than would a more conventional railway; Islandians seem to have learned how to integrate the twen- tieth century into their traditional culture. But it would still seem characteristic of the place for a network of meter-gauge country rail- ways to carry a mixed traffic into the hinterland of Storn and Winder. (And what a picture The City's Union Terminal would make!)

Which brings up the possibility that Islandia's railways wouldn't be nearly as interesting to the model- ler as the country itself. Austin Wright was an avid amateur natural- ist, and careful descriptions of topography and wildlife abound in his novel. (Much of the material cut when his voluminous manuscript was prepared for publication dealt with Islandian geology.) While the sketch-maps he drew are difficult to read (especially in the Signet pa- perback edition), Wright's word-pic- tures of Islandian farmsteads and townships give a vivid portrayal of a distinctive landscape. And The City, with its brightly-coloured buildings, its network of roof gar- dens and skyways, and the variegated fleet of two-masted coastwise sail-

tence of a railway line through the village.

I like to think of the Minneapolis & Lake Wobegon as a home-town effort at preserving rail service on a never-prosperous branch of some over- built granger road. The same train that hauls a couple of boxcars of Powdermilk Biscuits might carry the Sons of Canute to a lodge convention in the Twin Cities, or start Barbara Bunsen on her way to another term at the University of Minnesota. But I'll concede that I might be wrong in picturing it as a steam railroad. The M&LW might be an impecunious interurban line, with big dark-green cars rumbling along Main Street in front of the green mobile home hous- ing Bob's Bank, or wobbling through



ing-ships crowding its harbour, would be a marvellous challenge to the imaginative modeller.

The rural branch line with its daily mixed train is the sort of thing most modellers have in mind when they create their idealised portraits of American railroading. And where would such a picture be more appro- priate than in that archetypical middle-American small town--Lake Wo- begon, Minnesota? Any regular lis- tener to "A Prairie Home Companion" knows the names of Lake Wobegon's landmarks: Skoglund's Five and Dime, Ralph's Pretty Good Grocery, the Chatterbox Cafe. The very name of the Side-Track Tap implies the exis-

Norwegian bachelor farmers' wheat- fields as it makes its way toward St. Cloud. It might even have degener- ated into a sort of Toonerville trolley, bringing crowds in its rickety cars on still summer nights out to the old Wally "Hard Hands" Bunsen Memorial Field to see the Whippets play.

I may yet come back from a hobby shop with an Ambroid "One in Five Thousand" kit and a few lengths of Atlas Snap- Track. But don't expect my cellar to sprout any clone of the Boston & Maine: there are more fitting tracks to be laid by a fantasy fan.

PATTERNS & Notes from Elfhil

by Diana L. Paxson

SERPENT'S GIFT

I had intended to write this issue's column on something detached and respectable, like the relevance of Kuhn to General Systems Theory or the history of magic. But on October 22 our friend Robert A. Cook (known as "Serpent" in fandom and at the Renaissance Faire) died of cancer. He was thirty one years old. Our household has spent the past couple of weeks learning to cope with that.

These days, death is a worse conversation stopper than sex or religion, as if discussion would make it contagious. It embarrasses us. We hurry through its observances, and our haste leaves us with a sense of incompleteness to add to our grief. But Serpent's death wasn't like that, and this column is written in his memory.

Robert Cook grew up in Clark Ashton Smith's home town of Auburn, California, and earned a degree in Creative Writing at San Francisco State. He got into the Society for Creative Anachronism and somehow ended up as clerk to the Society, which at that time was all being run out of the basement of Greyhaven. And somehow (this seems to happen fairly regularly at our house) he ended up moving in and living with us for several years. He was tall as a rake and narrow as a rail, and was indeed a very "civil serpent" and so he got his name.

From the Society he went on to work the Renaissance and Dickens Faires and then into fandom, honing his skill in designing outrageous costumes which maintained decency while flying in the face of all known natural laws. He forgot the realism they had taught him at school and joined Paul Edwin Zimmer in an assault on the laundry-list school of poetry that was then dominating the Berkeley poetry scene, developing a flamboyant style that reveled in rhyme and rhythm, and an even more flamboyant delivery.

He put together an evening of costume and poetry, the "Feast of Fools", that is still remembered in Berkeley. He also began writing fantasy stories, and was duly added to the list of clients of the Blackstone Agency. In

time, a story "The Woodcarver's Son" was sold to Fantasy Tales, and poetry to Owlflight.

After awhile he moved out and married Cathy Minner, who had been one of the teenagers who used to haunt our house in the early days of the SCA. She also worked the Faire, and was (and is) a regular filksinger at conventions.



*Serpent at the Renaissance faire
(hand made interlace decoration on costume.)*

And then we heard that he had let a funny-looking mole go unchecked a little bit too long, and had cancer.

It seemed worse because cancer is the sort of drawn-out, uncertain thing that allows one to hope that after all the worst won't come to pass. Especially when the person concerned is younger than you are. This time it took a little over a year.

At first it looked as if the treatment were going to work after all. By the beginning of last summer, Serpent had put on weight and he and Cathy won first place at the Westercon Masquerade. Before his illness, he had thought he didn't want children, and then that there would be no chance to have any, but last summer, he and Cathy started a child. Everyone congratulated them and tried to forget that there had ever been anything wrong.

Then it came back again. When Cathy called and asked us to visit Serpent in the hospital, and to

come quickly if we wanted to see him at all, I didn't want to go. If Serpent was not conscious, what use would it be to visit him? And if he were awake, it would be worse, for what can one say at such a time?

"How are you feeling?" Obviously he would be feeling lousy. "I'm sure you will feel better soon..." which might be true, but would hardly be tactful. "Buck up and you'll lick this thing yet--" But he knew, and we knew, that Dr. Kildare was not going to save him in the last scene. How can you face someone and make smalltalk, knowing that he is about to find out whether his life had any purpose or not? It seemed to me that the words we could not say would reverberate in the air until nothing that we did say could be heard.

But as it happened I was the only one who could drive, and if Serpent had the guts to see us all, we could at least summon up the gump-tion to see him. But I took my harp along, because Cathy at least is a harp fan, and because in times of stress it is the harp that comforts me.

I had forgotten the extent of the Faire and Poetry grapevines. The hospital proved to be packed with groups of people coming in or leaving, talking quietly to Serpent and to each other, remembering the good times, and rejoicing that Cathy was going to have a child.

Serpent looked skeletal, having never carried any weight to spare. I expected that. He was doped up enough so that he dozed on and off again. That was to be expected too. But I did not expect him, when he was awake, to be happy.

But it was his party, and he was happy to see us there. And so I kissed him and said hello, and then played the harp for an hour, played all the cheerful tunes that I knew, because I had no words for what I wanted to say.

Afterwards, some of us did an infor-

mal prayer circle, hoping not for a miracle, but to channel energy to ease whatever was going to be. It helped us all to do something. I don't know whether it helped Serpent, but I like to think that maybe it did, because he died very peacefully early the next morning holding Cathy's hand. I thought of the Victorian encomium-- "He made a good end." These days, how rare a thing that is.

The rituals of death are meant to solace the living. Theologies differ on the degree to which post-mortem ceremonials help the departed, but it is certain that the variety of services which followed Serpent's death helped us to deal with his loss.

In addition to the more usual observances, for Serpent we held a Wake--

a full-dress Bardic Revel with food and drink and music and poetry. For what better way is there to salute a poet than to read all his poetry (and the poetry written about him, for he was a vivid enough character that there was some of that as well) and have a rousing good party?

*Send round the cup, raise high the horn,
And we will toast thy memory,
Rejoicing even as we mourn
That we have known thy company!*

Paladin, the bard of the bikers, was there, and Julia Vinograd, and many another from the old days at the Salamandra coffee-house. Old SCA folks and Faire folk we hadn't seen in years, the singing group, "Oak Ash and

Thorn"... "Well, Serpent can still pack a house!" someone said to me. And at each round Cathy would read one of his poems, and that would set the tone for the rest. The party went on until nearly dawn.

Serpent's loss still hurts, and I will never believe that it is right for a man to die so painfully just past thirty when his work was just beginning to sell and without ever seeing the face of his child. But he did know that there would be a child. And when Marion Zimmer Bradley visited him in the hospital to tell him she wanted one of his stories for an anthology, he woke from semi-coma to agree (thus proving that even on his deathbed a writer will react to news of a sale).

And he was alive! He did some things that are worth remembering, and we are determined to remember them! His death touches a chilly finger to our spines, and by affirming that his life had meaning, we affirm the significance of our own. His poetry was read at the World Fantasy Convention. There's talk of a book, and maybe of revising his fantasy novel, and Tracy will continue to market his work. Funds are being collected to support a Robert A Cook Memorial Award for Innovative Costuming to be given at Worldcon Masquerades.

Robert Cook was alive, and the world is a little different because of it. And it's possible, even by dying, to give people something to balance their loss. That was Serpent's gift.

WALTZING A HUGO

Tune: "Waltzing Matilda"
Words: Robert A. Cook
copyright 1975

D A7 D G
Once a jolly wag man sat him at his tik-i-tak
D A7
Scribing a wag of a fantasy;
D A7 D G
And he sang as he sat and scribed him at his tik-i-tak,
D A7 D
"There'll come a-waltzing a Hugo for me!"
D G
"...waltzing a Hugo...waltzing a Hugo...
D A7
There'll come a-waltzing a Hugo for me."
D A7 D G
And he sang as he sat and scribed him at his tik-i-tak,
D A7 D
"There'll come a-waltzing a Hugo for me!"

Up came a print man riding in his silver dog;
Up jumped the wag man and grabbed him with glee.
And he sang as he read that print man from his tik-i-tak,
"There'll come a-waltzing a Hugo for me!"

"...waltzing a Hugo...waltzing a Hugo...
There'll come a-waltzing a Hugo for me."
And he sang as he read that print man from his tik-i-tak
"There'll come a-waltzing a Hugo for me!"

"Yes," said the print man, reading from the tik-i-tak,
"You've scribed a wag of the best, I see.
With a little cutting -- just a chapter here and there --
There'll come a-waltzing a Hugo or three."

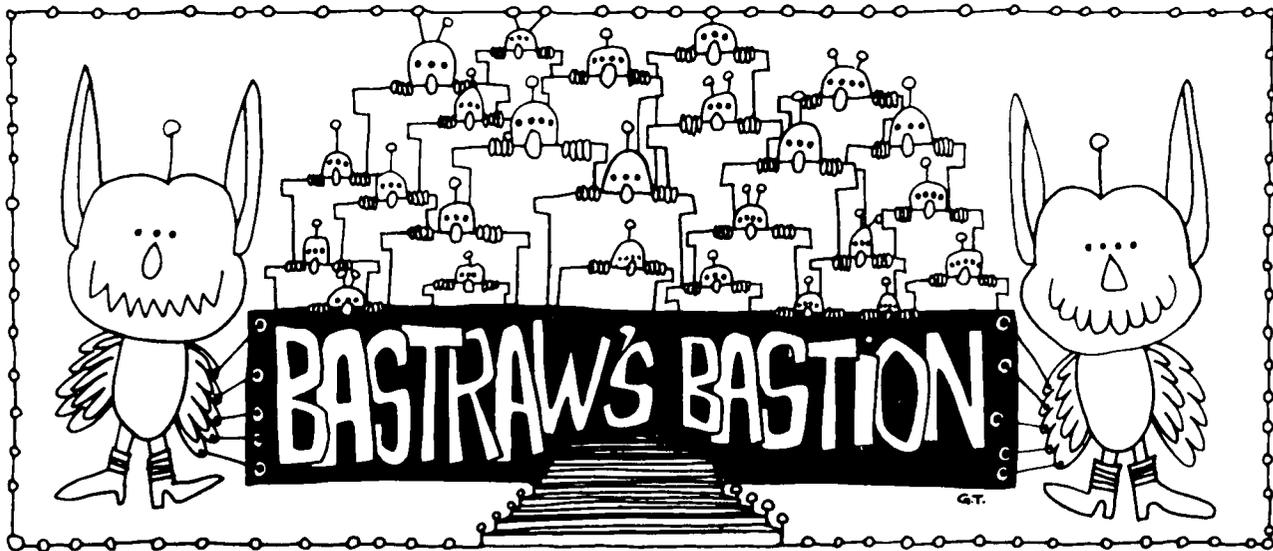
"...waltzing a Hugo...waltzing a Hugo...
There'll come a-waltzing a Hugo for me."
"With a little cutting -- just a chapter here and there
There'll come a-waltzing a Hugo or three."

Up jumped the wag man and tore his wag to little bits.
"You'll never edit this away from me!"
And his ghost may be heard if you scribe upon his tik-i-tak
"There'll come a-waltzing a Hugo for me!"

"...waltzing a Hugo...waltzing a Hugo...
There'll come a-waltzing a Hugo for me."
And his ghost may be heard, crying "'DRUTHER HAVE A NEBULA!
But, there'll come a-waltzing a Hugo for me!"



Serpent in
prize winning
Assassin costume
Westcon, '81



Well, hello and whatdoya know? Long time--no see. This is my first column since NIEKAS 27 and I have about a dozen pages worth of stuff to pass on to you. But as this issue has already grown about 12 extra pages while no one was looking, I shall limit myself to a couple of sides of paper.

First off, a state of the magazine address.

I think we have found a final resting place for our press: Ed's house. More precisely, in Stanley's (his offspring of fearsome aspect) room. We keep the temperature up around 80 degrees or so by generous use of an electric space heater. The ink seems to enjoy this and flows onto the paper very obligingly. Better ink coverage every issue. Now NIEKAS is not only interesting but legible.

Our mailing list keeps on growing, if not by boundz and leapz, at least it is heading in the right direction. This is very gratifying. It means that some people are finding at least something interesting to read about in each issue. Well, I will have to take their word for it; by the time I get through putting the zine together I can no longer look at it with any sort of objectivity.

But this doesn't stop me from quoting the following:

"After all, if Asimov can do it...."

So ends a plea from one of our readers who feels that we should be making an effort to call our readers' attention to the fact that NIEKAS is eligible for nomination to the Hugo ballot.

Our first reaction was that this might be in questionable taste (maybe that's why Ed and Sherwood left it up to me to put into words) to use our own magazine to solicit such votes. After all, if our

readers think we deserve their favor, they will nominate us on their own when the ballots come out. And aren't we, as editors, above all this awards nonsense. Aloof we should be and remain...while we secretly cry into our cups when LOCUS gets the damn thing again.

So it shouldn't mean all that much.

But it does. And I think we do owe it to several interested parties to get down on our out-of-practice knees and point out a thing or two.

We owe our relative success to many.

First of all, the contributors. Too many to list and with the fear of leaving someone out, I will continue on saying in passing that it is they who really make the whole thing work. They do not get payed. They don't get that much overt praise. Contributor's copies of NIEKAS and whatever egoboo they can salvage are about all we can offer. And they keep sending material and asking to do more. These folk who put word and picture to paper for your enjoyment really deserve a Hugo.

Vote for their sake.

Secondly, you readers, who we are now exhorting to vote for us, have also made NIEKAS what it is and what it is becoming. Through your support expressed by subscription and letters of comment you reassure the editors and contributors that we are not just whistling in the dark but that what we send out is being received. There is an echo.

Vote for your sake.

Lastly, we the editors (who also happen to be "we the publishers") have devoted much time and money to providing you with a few moments of pleasure in the genre which we all love to explore. Subscription and in-person sales do not pay for half

of what each issue costs us to put out; the rest comes out of our pockets. If this were a business, I would say we have good grounds to declare bankruptcy. But it isn't, it's a hobby and a work of fond caring--if I may get maudlin for another line or two. Our return is in the coin of the fannish realm: egoboo. What greater recognition for our efforts than a Hugo nomination, voted by our readers?

Vote for our sake.

A nomination is certainly within your reach. If only a fourth of you cast a vote our way, we would surely end up on the ballot.

That alone would be reward enough for the editors.

That might be reward enough for our readers.

Only the award itself would be good enough for our contributors.

NOMINATE NIEKAS in '82.

* * * * *

Often, in re-reading a book, I gain new insights into what the author is trying to say or what his attitudes might be on different subjects. Recently, I picked up The Lord of the Rings for another read-through. It was with more than a modicum of chagrin (with an ample dash of mortification) that I realized what a bigot Mr. J.R.R. Tolkien was. I now wonder if his enemies didn't call him "J.R." behind his back.

Up until now I had not given a thought to the fact that coming from South Africa, he might prove to be a rascist. But the evidence is there in black and white, in his own words in the first book of LotR.

After Frodo, Sam, Pippin, and Merry leave the house of Tom Bombadil and

head once more for Bree, they are accosted by the evil spirits of the burial mounds near the Old Forest. They are captured and imprisoned under these hideous hills.

A clear case of barrow-wight supremacy.

* * * * *

Through no ones fault but my own, Pat McCormack's art contributions for the last issue were not listed-- though his name was. He was responsible for the gruesomely lovely illustrations in Don D'Amassa's "The Haunted Library" (pp. 13-15). He is a fine artisan and deserves better treatment.

Take THAT, Bastraw.

* * * * *

Science fiction through the years preceding real life space exploration focused on many of the problems that would be faced when we ventured Out There.

Cosmic rays and other radiations, graviational forces, psychological strains, BEMs, and Raging Comets would all have to be dealt with before man could safely ply the space lanes.

But there weren't too many writers who addressed the real problems that space exploration would face.

Money.

The mechanics of the thing were a piece of cake compared to the battle field that has developed on the budget front these days. If you don't believe me, just read Harry Andruschak's column or listen to the news once and awhile.

We have tried to keep everyone appraised of what is going on At the Front. I now suggest a new line of attack that Bjo Trimble, in her column in STARLOG, presents. And I quote:

"...It is the opinion of 'space lobbyist' Jim Muncy that letters should now be aimed at Vice-President George Bush. While Presidents of the U.S. get the bulk of the mail into Washington, Vice-Presidents seldom get more than 2% of the letters from the public. While information has to go through 12 levels of bureaucracy to reach President Reagan, it only has to get past two levels to reach George Bush. Much of our mail can get lost in the shuffle of national affairs, when passed over President Reagan's desk, but a sudden rush of letters to Vice-President Bush is certain to get some attention! There is also the possibility that Mr. Bush could end up our next President, so now is the time to impress him with

space advocacy's strength while he is still in an advisory position; before he moves into full decision-making capabilities. It is certainly worth a try..."

And the address:

Vice-President George Bush
The White House
Washington, DC 20500.

As they say, WRITE NOW!

* * * * *

Yes, Virginia, there will be a Fifty Extremely SF* Stories this Christmas.

But probably not too much before that. Several factors have conspired to set our publication date back.

Paradoxically, one of these reasons is the fact that we have gotten so many really great stories. Some humorous, some pensive, a lot highly innovative. So at this point, rather than just print the first 50 stories that come across the boards, we are going to be a bit discriminating about the tales that finally appear.

As the ad on page 42 indicates, we are still accepting submissions. Multiple entries are especially welcome; this will ensure that we get your very best into print. You shouldn't settle for anything less and neither should we.

Already, we have enough extra yarns from certain writers to start a second edition.

But let's get the first out of the chutes first...

* * * * *

After reading D'Amassa's review of Skyclimber by Raymond Z. Gallun (please, like "balloon" not 4 quarts) and getting the author's own musings on the story ("Trite Old Mars", NIEKAS 28), and meeting him at Philcon, finally provided the impetus to read the book. (Not to slight the fact that the generous Mr. Gallun presented me with an autographed copy of the novel.)

I have read better, and by Raymond Gallun, himself. I always tend to think of him in terms of all those marvelous short stories he used to write for the various pulps. Really innovative stuff there.

But Skyclimber didn't do all that much for me at first. The dialogue was somewhat stilted and the pacing a bit erratic. It seemed like it might have made a much better impression if it had been shrunk down to a smaller size.

I have to, however, bow to a man who has done a lot of thinking over the years and who can get the wheels going in someone else's head. I

began to realize what he was trying to say. This is not simply a story of yet another "stranger in a strange land". It is a parable for the future. A future that is slowly coming true around us.

The book is really about the danger our race faces if we cannot find the will to expand our horizons. In this case, Gallun speaks of Mars, 'Trite Old Mars' as he calls it. But the ideas here are just as valid if we are talking about new horizons in any field of human endeavor.

Bronowski has said it, Sagan has said it, and Sherwood Frazier has it written on his wall: the only thing that separates us from lower animal life is our smarts. We can't run as fast as most beasts, we can't out-fight any carnivore much larger than a house cat, and we are particularly susceptible to even the smallest changes in temperature. But...we can outthink any of them and this is what we must do in order to preserve our place in the scheme of things.

Of course, the other side of the coin is that we may be too smart, too soon. It is a well known fact to most speculative fiction readers and other intelligent creatures that Man's technology has far outstripped his social advances. This could be our doom.

But, back to Tim Barlow's dilemma. Earth stands at a crossroads. Where do her energies go? To the Red Planet to start a new life for a relative few, with little in the way of tangible returns or put all their eggs into a basket circling Mother Earth; much closer and providing more immediate returns. What to do.

So we have a similar decision to make. Do we spend money on an indefinite future represented by pure-research space missions or beat our plowshares into orbiting shuttle-swords? It is clear to this Terran which way the present administration has chosen.

Hopefully, cooler and saner heads will prevail.

But probably not (me the pessimist).

But then again, maybe (to end on an upturned grace note).

* * * * *

I wish I were back in Blinkfoot, Idaho.

Where the beer and the artichoke foam.

Where sodden is curd, a disgorging nerd.

And the flies are lousy all day...





Isn't it Romantic Part II

by Anne Braude

MOST modern literary critics refuse to take romance seriously. Committed to the values of realistic fiction, and influenced by the teachings of Freud, to whom all kinds of fantasy and escape were morally abhorrent, they lump together everything that can be remotely regarded as romantic, from TRUE CONFESSIONS MAGAZINE to The Lord of the Rings, as worthless and preposterous trash serving only to rot the mind. The exceptions to this rule are not literary critics but literary scholars, thoroughly familiar with the medieval origins of romance. The most famous among them, C.S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkien, were not only scholars of distinction but practitioners of the art of romance in modern form.

In psychology, the work of Carl Jung, with his theories of the collective unconscious and of the role of archetypes in our psychic life, is a counterforce to Freudian bias. He suggests that the tale of fantasy or romance, while unrealistic and impossible on the literal level, may convey valuable subconscious truths. Jungian theory is particularly attractive to the so-called myth critics, who are also influenced by anthropology; this group includes scholars like Jessie L. Weston who seek to explain the Grail legend and other literary artifacts of past ages in terms of archetype, myth, and ritual.

I know of only two critics who have attempted to devise a formal theory of romance which would be equally applicable to the great literature of the past and to contemporary stories. One has done so explicitly, the other by implication. The latter is Tolkien, whose essay "On Fairy-Stories" makes many points which are applicable to the literary romance

as well as to the fairy-tale. The other is Professor Northrop Frye of the University of Toronto, in his Anatomy of Criticism (N.Y.: Atheneum, 1967; copyright 1957 by Princeton University Press), from which I propose to quote extensively. C.S. Lewis also had invaluable ideas on the subject, but unfortunately they are expressed intermittently in the course of various literary discussions rather than gathered into a single coherent exposition.

Frye's aim in this book is a radical one: to establish literary criticism as a discipline independent on the one hand of specific works of literature and on the other of external categories of meaning and value such as religion, politics, and psychology--a scientific "examination of literature in terms of a conceptual framework derivable from an inductive survey of the literary field." (p. 6) As this quotation demonstrates, Anatomy of Criticism is a very complex, technical, and difficult book. Frye presents a variety of categories in terms of which a work of literature may be analyzed, of which the first is his theory of modes:

Fictions...may be classified, not morally, but by the hero's power of action, which may be greater than ours, less, or roughly the same. Thus:

1. If superior in kind both to other men and to the environment of other men, the hero is a divine being, and the story about him will be a myth in the common sense of a story about a god. Such stories have an important place in literature but are as a rule found outside the normal literary categories.

2. If superior in degree to other men and to his environment, the hero is the typical hero of romance, whose actions are marvelous but who is himself identified as a human being. The hero of romance moves in a world in which the ordinary laws of nature are slightly suspended: prodigies of courage and endurance, unnatural to us, are natural to him, and the enchanted weapons, talking animals, terrifying ogres and witches, and talismans of miraculous power violate no rule of probability once the postulates of romance have been established. Here we have moved from myth, properly so called, into legend, folk tale, marchen, and their literary affiliates and derivatives.

3. If superior in degree to other men but not to his natural environment, the hero is a leader. He has authority, passions, and powers of expression far greater than ours, but what he does is subject both to social criticism and to the order of nature. This is the hero of the high mimetic mode, of most epic and tragedy, and is primarily the kind of hero that Aristotle had in mind.

4. If superior neither to other men nor to his environment, the hero is one of us: we respond to a sense of his common humanity, and demand from the poet the same canons of probability that we find in our own experience. This gives us the hero of the low mimetic mode, of most comedy and of realistic fiction...On this level the difficulty in retaining the word "hero," which has a more



limited meaning among the preceding modes, occasionally strikes and author....

5. If inferior in power or intelligence to ourselves, so that we have the sense of looking down on a scene of bondage, frustration, or absurdity, the hero belongs to the ironic mode. This is still true when the reader feels that he is or might be in the same situation, as the situation is being judged by the norms of a greater freedom. (Frye, pp. 33-34)

Also applicable is his theory of archetypal meaning: "If archetypes are communicable symbols, and there is a center of archetypes, we should expect to find, at that center, a group of universal symbols." (p. 118) Each of the literary modes has its own appropriate symbols for the divine, human, animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds, ranging from the apocalyptic images appropriate to myth to the demonic images of the ironic world of bondage and despair. For example, the apocalyptic images for the animal and vegetable worlds,

derived from the Bible, are the Lamb of God and the Tree of Life; the corresponding demonic forms are monsters or beasts of prey and the sinister forest or the blasted heath. All these archetypes are given forms relevant to human experience; the mineral world is seen not in geological terms but as conforming or inimical to human needs: apocalyptically, as the Temple of the New Jerusalem; demonically, as the dungeon or the desert. The interrelationship between these worlds on the apocalyptic level is one of communion; on the demonic, of cannibalism.

Each of the three intermediate modes also has its appropriate archetypes, in a tension between the dialectic of the two extremes. Romance, an idealized human world, is pulled toward the mythic mode immediately above it. Frye's term for its imagery is the analogy of innocence:

In the analogy of innocence the divine or spiritual figures are usually parental, wise old men with magical powers like Prospero, or friendly guardian spirits.... Among the human figures children are prominent, and so is the virtue most closely associated with childhood and the state of innocence--chastity....

Of animals, the most obvious are the pastoral sheep and lambs, along with the horses and hounds of romance, in their gentler aspects of fidelity and devotion. [The unicorn, the dolphin, and the ass may also appear here.]

The paradisaical garden and the tree of life belong in the apocalyptic structure, as we saw, but the garden of Eden itself... belongs rather to this one....

Cities are more alien to the pastoral and rural spirit of this world, and the tower and the castle, with an occasional cottage or hermitage, are the chief images of habitation....

The innocent world is neither totally alive, like the apocalyptic one, nor mostly dead, like ours; it is an animistic world, full of elemental spirits. (pp. 151-153)

Next there is his theory of myths:

The apocalyptic and demonic worlds, being structures of pure metaphorical identity, suggest the eternally unchanging, and lend themselves very readily to being projected existentially as heaven and hell, where there is continuous life but no process of life. The analogies of innocence and experience represent the adaptation of myth to nature: they give us,

not the city and the garden as the final goal of human vision, but the process of building and planting. The fundamental form of process is cyclical movement, the alternation of success and decline, effort and repose, life and death which is the rhythm of process. Hence our seven categories of images [the five discussed above plus fire and water] may also be seen as different forms of rotary or cyclical movements. (p. 158)

The seven categories and their appropriate cycles are: divine world: death and rebirth (often associated with a cyclical process of nature, as in solar and vegetation myths); fire-world (the heavens): the daily movement of the sun, the solstitial cycle, and the lunar cycle; human world: waking and dreaming life (parallel to the solar cycle), and life and death, which is also the cycle of the animal world; vegetable world: the cycle of seasons; civilized life (corresponding to the mineral world, which is perceived as a source of building materials): the organic cycle of growth, maturity, decline, death, and rebirth in another individual form -- themes such as the lost heroic or Golden Age, the wheel of fortune, and nostalgia for past glory or pastoral simplicity; and finally water, which has its own cycle of rains to springs and fountains, to brooks and rivers, to the sea or the winter snow, and back again. "These cyclical symbols are usually divided into four main phases, the four seasons being the type for four periods of the day (morning, noon, evening, night)... four periods of life (youth, maturity, age, death) and the like." (pp. 158-160)

In applying the four-phase cycle to the order of literary worlds, which may be diagrammed as a four-level hierarchy of the mythic, the world of romance or innocence, the world of "realism" or experience, and the demonic, we find:

There are thus four main types of mythical movement: within romance, within experience, down, and up. The downward movement is the tragic movement, the wheel of fortune falling from innocence toward hamartia, and from hamartia to catastrophe. The upward movement is the comic movement, from threatening complications to a happy ending....

We have thus answered the question: are there narrative categories of literature broader than, or logically prior to, the ordinary literary genres? There are four such categories: the romantic, the tragic, the comic, and the ironic or satiric.... We

thus have four narrative pregeneric elements of literature which I shall call mythoi or generic plots. (p. 162)

Each of these mythoi is appropriate to a particular season: romance to summer, tragedy to autumn, comedy to spring, and irony or satire to winter. We need further consider only the first of these here.

The romance is nearest of all literary forms to the wish-fulfilment dream, and for that reason it has socially a curiously paradoxical role. In every age the ruling social or intellectual class tends to project its ideals in some form of romance.... Yet there is a genuinely "proletarian" element in romance too which is never satisfied with its various incarnations, and in fact the incarnations themselves indicate that no matter how great a change may take place in society, romance will turn up again, as hungry as ever, looking for new hopes and desires to feed on. The perennially childlike quality of romance is marked by its extraordinarily persistent nostalgia, its search for some kind of imaginative golden age in time or space....

The essential element of plot in romance is adventure, which means that romance is naturally a sequential and processional form, hence, we know it better from fiction than from drama. At its most naive it is an endless form in which a central character who never develops or ages goes through one adventure after another until the author himself collapses.... [For example, Conan the Barbarian, Conan the Conqueror, Conan the Notary Public, et cetera ad nauseam.] As soon as romance achieves a literary form, it tends to limit itself to a sequence of minor adventures leading up to a major or climacteric adventure, usually announced from the beginning, the completion of which rounds off the story. We may call this major adventure, the element that gives literary form to the romance, the quest.

The complete form of the romance is clearly the successful quest, and such a completed form has three main stages: the stage of the perilous journey and the preliminary minor adventures; the crucial struggle, usually some kind of battle in which either the hero or his foe, or both, must die; and the exaltation of the hero. We may call these stages respectively, using Greek terms, the agon or conflict, the pathos or death-struggle, and the

anagnorisis or discovery, the recognition of the hero, who has clearly proved himself to be a hero even if he does not survive the conflict.... A threefold structure is repeated in many features of romance....

A quest involving conflict assumes two main characters, a protagonist or hero, and an antagonist or enemy.... The enemy may be an ordinary human being, but the nearer the romance is to myth, the more attributes of divinity will cling to the hero and the more the enemy will take on demonic mythical qualities. The central form of romance is dialectical: everything is focussed on a conflict between the hero and his enemy, and all the reader's values are bound up with the hero. (pp. 186-187)

In the romance, even nature takes sides, at least metaphorically; the opposite poles of its cycle are assimilated to the two opponents. "The enemy is associated with winter, darkness, confusion, sterility, moribund life, and old age, and the hero with spring, dawn, order, fertility, vigor, and youth." (pp. 187-188) While the hero of myth is a god and the hero of romance human, the distinction is more theological than literary, as the role of nature imagery reveals; the general category of mythopoeic literature encompasses both.

Of all forms of the quest, the most central is the theme of the dragon-slayer: St. George, Perseus, or Christ overcoming Satan in Revelation to rescue the Church (imaged as the Bride of Christ). In the secular quest the hero is rewarded with the hand of the rescued princess and sometimes with the dragon's hoard as well. It may have other than theological implications:

The quest-romance has analogies to both rituals and dreams, and the rituals examined by Frazer and the dreams examined by Jung show the remarkable similarity in form that we should expect of two symbolic structures analogous to the same thing. Translated into dream terms, the quest-romance is the search of the libido or desiring self for a fulfilment that will deliver it from the anxieties of reality but will still contain that reality. The antagonists of the quest are often sinister figures, giants, ogres, witches and magicians, that clearly have a parental origin; and yet redeemed and emancipated parental figures are involved too, as they are in the psychological quests of both Freud and Jung. Translated into ritual terms, the

quest-romance is the victory of fertility over the waste land. Fertility means food and drink, bread and wine, body and blood, the union of male and female. The precious objects brought back from the quest, or seen or obtained as a result of it, sometimes combine the ritual and the psychological associations. (pp. 193-194)

This analysis is even more applicable to the Grail quest than to the story of the dragon-slayer.

As romance is usually a narrative of a conflict between good and evil, the characters tend to fall into line with this dialectical structure: the Good Guys and the Bad Guys. "Hence every typical character in romance tends to have his moral opposite confronting him, like black and white pieces in a chess game." (p. 195) To elaborate this analogy, the wise old man (Jung's animus figure), often a wizard, and the wise woman, sometimes a potential bride awaiting the hero's return, represent the white king and queen; the black king and queen are the evil sorcerer and the witch--Jung's "terrible mother." The hero's loyal companion is balanced by the traitor, the heroine by the seductive siren, and the dragon by the friendly or helping animal, such as the hero's faithful steed.

The characters who elude the moral antithesis of heroism and villainy generally are or suggest spirits of nature. They represent partly the moral neutrality of the intermediate world of nature and partly a world of mystery which is glimpsed but never seen, and which retreats when approached....

Such characters are, more or less, children of nature, who can be brought to serve the hero... but retain the inscrutability of



their origin. As servants or friends of the hero, they impart the mysterious rapport with nature that so often marks the central figure of romance. The paradox that so many of these children of nature are "supernatural" beings is not as distressing in romance as in logic. (pp. 196-197)

Frye divides each of his four mythoi into six distinct phases and demonstrates intricate parallels between the phases of all four. The first phase of romance is the account of the birth of the hero, sometimes involving his ignorance of his true parentage or the necessity of hiding him from a wicked uncle or cruel stepmother; the second phase is his innocent youth, of which Adam before the Fall is an example:

In literature this phase presents a pastoral and Arcadian world, generally a pleasant wooded landscape, full of glades, shaded valleys, murmuring brooks, the moon, and other images closely linked with the female or maternal aspect of sexual imagery. Its heraldic colors are green and gold... It is often a world of magic or desirable law, and it tends to center on a youthful hero, still overshadowed by parents, surrounded by youthful companions. The archetype of erotic innocence is less commonly marriage than the kind of "chaste" love that precedes marriage: the love of brother for sister, or of two boys for each other. (p. 200)

The third phase is the quest itself; the fourth phase

corresponds to the fourth phase of comedy, in which the happier society is more or less visible throughout the action instead of emerging only in the last few moments. In romance the central theme of this phase is that of the maintaining of the integrity of the innocent world against the assault of experience....

The integrated body to be defended may be a individual or social, or both... A central theme in this phase of romance is that of the beleaguered castle.... (pp. 200-201)

The fifth phase, like the second, is idyllic, but it is an earned tranquility rather than an unawakened naive innocence. "It is, like the second phase, an erotic world, but it presents experience as comprehended and not as a mystery." (p. 202)

The sixth or penseroso phase is the last phase of romance as of comedy. In comedy it shows the comic society breaking up into

small units or individuals; in romance it marks the end of a movement from active to contemplative adventure. A central image of this phase, a favorite of Yeats, is that of the old man in the tower, the lonely hermit absorbed in occult or magical studies. On a more popular and social level it takes in what might be called cuddle fiction: the romance that is physically associated with comfortable beds or chairs around fireplaces or warm and cosy spots generally. A characteristic feature of this phase is the tale in quotation marks.... (p. 202)

Frye's final mode of approach is rhetorical: his theory of genres, where he pays particular attention



to the distinctions between the prose romance and the novel:

The essential difference between novel and romance lies in the concept of characterization. The romancer does not attempt to create "real people" so much as stylized figures which expand into psychological archetypes. It is in the romance that we find Jung's libido, anima, and shadow reflected in the hero, heroine, and villain respectively. That is why the romance so often radiates a glow of subjective intensity that the novel lacks, and why a suggestion of allegory is constantly creeping in around its fringes....

The prose romance, then, is an independent form of fiction to be distinguished from the novel and extracted from the miscellaneous heap of prose works now covered by that term....

The reason is that a great

romancer should be examined in terms of the conventions he chose. William Morris should not be left on the side lines of prose fiction merely because the critic has not learned to take the romance form seriously. Nor, in view of what has been said about the revolutionary nature of the romance, should his choice of that form be regarded as an "escape" from his social attitude....

Romance is older than the novel, a fact which has developed the historical illusion that it is something to be outgrown, a juvenile or undeveloped form. The social affinities of the romance, with its grave idealizing of heroism and purity, are with the aristocracy... It revived in the period we call Romantic as part of the Romantic tendency to archaic feudalism and a cult of the hero, or idealized libido....

The tendency to allegory in the romance may be conscious... or unconscious... The romance, which deals with heroes, is intermediate between the novel, which deals with men, and the myth, which deals with gods. (pp. 304-306)

It is my opinion that the type of story that we call heroic fantasy properly belongs to the genre of romance as defined by Frye. In order to demonstrate this, I will analyze in terms of his theory the most highly regarded of all contemporary heroic fantasies, The Lord of the Rings. It is to be understood, of course, that no author, least of all one of Tolkien's stature, creates a story by going down a checklist of available spare parts ("Magic sword, yep, got that; helpful beast, uh-huh; damsel in distress, dragon, for the use of..."). Moreover, Tolkien's story is constructed with elaborate complexity; and just as the Fellowship of the Ring is scattered at the end of the volume of the same name, aspects of the quest, the hero, and the story pattern are fragmented among different characters, usually Aragorn or Frodo but sometimes still others.

Does the book have an appropriate romance hero, one who is superior in degree to others and to his environment? Yes, certainly--Aragorn. And if we agree that the real hero of the book is Frodo, the answer is still yes. Frodo the hobbit at the outset certainly does not fit this definition, but he is greatly changed by his experiences; by the end of the story he has shown himself capable of performing the requisite "prodigies of courage and endurance." Aragorn is perhaps more correctly described as a hero of the high-mimetic epic mode as far as his

role in the action is concerned, but his Numenorean descent makes him fit the superiority-in-degree romantic category in terms of his nature and character.

Aragorn's epic-hero qualities are not inappropriate, because although Middle-earth is primarily a world of romance, it also contains elements of the other modes. Mordor is obviously a demonic realm, and Gondor and Rohan belong to the realm of human epic and tragedy, whose heroic values they exemplify. Representing the divine, we have the Undying Lands across the western sea, where Elves dwell among the Valar in eternal twilight peace. To round out the picture, we may characterize Bree as belonging to the low mimetic order: the principal activities there seem to be the typically middle-class occupations of trade and commerce, which are shown nowhere else in Middle-earth (though they must be assumed to take place).

The archetypal imagery of the romance, the world of innocence, is certainly present. We have the wise father-figures with superhuman attributes, Gandalf and Elrond, and even a comparable maternal figure in Galadriel. Prominent among the characters are hobbits, not children but childlike in their small stature and their blithe ignorance of the harshness and danger of the world outside the Ranger-guarded Shire. Helpful animals--indeed, any animals at all--are not conspicuous, but we might mention Sam's beloved pony Bill and the mearas of Rohan, especially the great Shadowfax, Gandalf's steed. Corresponding best to this category, however, are the Eagles who come to fight for Aragorn at the final battle and who rescue Sam and Frodo from the slopes of Orodruin. As garden images we have Lothlorien and the Entwood, and as an image of the cultivated garden the Shire before the advent of Saruman. While the city of Minas Tirith belongs properly to the epic world, we have images of human habitation appropriate to the romance world in Bag End, Bilbo and Frodo's cozy hobbit-hole; Tom Bombadil's cottage; and Rivendell, the Last Homely House.

The theme of The Lord of the Rings is the expected quest; in fact the story contains two quests, each exhibiting the three-stage pattern described by Frye. The dominant action is Frodo's quest-in-reverse to destroy the One Ring, comprised of his perilous journey from the Shire to Mordor; the crucial struggle, which may be regarded as beginning with his battle with Shelob at the entrance to Mordor or, more narrowly, as the

fight with Gollum at the edge of the volcano; and the anagnorisis at the Field of Cormallen when Frodo and Sam are honored by the King. Intertwined with this action is a subsidiary quest, that of Aragorn for restoration to his rightful kingship. He also makes a perilous journey; his crucial struggle is the siege of Minas Tirith; and his recognition is his coronation as king of Gondor.

The assimilation of the poles of natural imagery to the opponents plays no small part in the story: Mordor is a sterile slag heap; and Saruman, whose stronghold is shattered by the natural world itself, in the form of Ents and Huorns, later wreaks devastation on the fruitful Shire. Aragorn first reveals his kingship by healing Eowyn and Faramir with kingsfoil; later he replants a living sapling of the White Tree in the courtyard at Minas Tirith, replacing the dead tree that symbolized the lack of a true king. Almost his first act of rule is to name Faramir Prince of Ithilien, with the mission of restoring that wasted land to its former garden state. And Sam Gamgee, who solaces himself in the desolation of Mordor with dreams of his garden at home, restores the Shire after Saruman's depredations with the enchanted earth from Galadriel's box.

The chess-like arrangement of opposing characters also fits here. As white king and queen, we have Elrond and his daughter Arwen, the potential bride awaiting the quest's accomplishment. (Elrond fits into the pattern here better than that other wise father figure Gandalf because, like the king in chess, he does not actually participate in the action.) Sauron is of course the black king, and Shelob may be held to represent the black queen. She is no mere creature of his making, like Orcs, but a daughter of the great Ungoliant, who once almost devoured Melkor himself; and like Sauron, she sits and waits. The faithful friend is Sam; his traitor shadow, Gollum. Shadowfax is balanced by the winged steed of the Nazgul-lord. There is no siren opposed to the heroine because she herself lurks just beyond the margins for most of the story; the closest we come to a love interest as part of the action is Eowyn's infatuation with Aragorn, where she is not a romantic rival but the embryonic heroine of another love story hero-worshipping an animus figure. The sometimes supernatural representatives of the natural world are Elves, Dwarves, and Ents. These figures are not morally neutral, because the tale involves a conflict between good and evil so fundamental that no one can



stand aside from it. The closest one comes to such neutrality is the moral ambiguity of the Huorns, those sentient trees which unlike their Ent shepherds are terrifying even when acting on the side of good--and perhaps Tom Bombadil, who really does seem to remain uninvolved, but our glimpse of him is insufficient to allow us to be sure about him.

The six phases of the mythos of romance may also be demonstrated from Tolkien's tale, but they are dispersed among several characters. Aragorn is the hero, brought up in ignorance of his true heritage by his foster-father Elrond. The period of innocent youth is represented by Aragorn's early life in enchanted Rivendell before he goes forth to perform heroic deeds, which does not actually form part of the narrative, and by Frodo's life in the Shire with Bilbo prior to the Birthday Party. The quest phase has already been discussed. The fourth phase, the defense of the integrity of the innocent world which is partially visible, is not the siege of Minas Tirith, which takes place when the incarnation of the world of integrity is still very much in doubt. Moreover, Minas Tirith is not really representative of such a world; it is an image of the heroic in decline and can never be fully restored to what it was even under Aragorn's kingship. The episode most truly representative of this phase of romance is the scouring of the Shire, which has already been depicted as a citadel of innocence. The timing of the action is also appropriate, since it forms part of a process of restoration already begun with the

defeat of Sauron and the crowning of Aragorn.

The idyllic fifth phase, the return to the world of pastoral tranquility enlightened by experience, is represented by the last part of the story, extending from the death of Saruman to the departure of the Ring-Bearer, during which the hobbits once again take up the threads of their life in the Shire. All succeed in this except Frodo; and the incurable wounds symbolizing his permanent alienation from the life of simple innocence may be regarded as a metaphorical form of the death of the hero in the crucial struggle. Frodo the Ring-Bearer survives, but Frodo the cheerful hobbit is gone forever.

The image that comes to me most readily in connection with the sixth phase is that of old Bilbo in Rivendell, scribbling away at "There and Back Again." Tolkien gives us most of the aspects of this phase mentioned by Frye. We see the society breaking up in the progressive separations as each of the Fellowship returns to his own concerns in his own proper sphere; action is over and Frodo, and later Sam, devote themselves to recording their adventures in the Red Book of Westmarch. Even what Frye nauseatingly calls "cuddle fiction" is represented by Sam's return home after watching Frodo set sail from the Grey Havens; the very last picture Tolkien gives us is that of Sam walking into a cozy firelit kitchen, where he will presumably set little Elanor on his knee and tell her tales of Master Frodo.

The perfect harmony between Frye's theory and Tolkien's practice appears to validate both. Tolkien provides a concrete example of what Frye says we should be able to find in a romance if we look in the right way; and Frye gives us a coherent standard by which to appraise Tolkien, one which is both more accurate and more applicable than the conventional method of looking at all forms of prose fiction as aspects of the novel. We have thus demonstrated the two points we set out to prove: romance is alive and well in the twentieth century, and heroic fantasy is a legitimate genre with its own proper canons of value.

Does science fiction, as well as fantasy, belong to the romantic mode? Frye himself thinks it does, using as a justification the thesis that when technology is sufficiently advanced, it becomes indistinguishable from magic. I disagree for two reasons. First, technology may have been presented in that form in some of the early pulp "space operas," written by authors uninterested in

science who used it only as a gimmick to make it possible for the hero to zap a BEM with a ray gun in lieu of zapping an outlaw with a six-shooter; but since the forties science fiction has been dominated by writers knowledgeable about science who make every effort to conform their extrapolations to the most accurate data of the present and to explain clearly why and how their technology works. Secondly, Frye himself characterizes the world of romance as "an animistic world, full of elemental spirits." Nothing could be farther from the purely mechanistic environment implicit in technology. (The presence in science fiction of self-aware computers and androids may represent a cyclical return; Frye also suggests that science fiction sometimes presents an ironic world in the process of return to the mythic.)

If one looks at science fiction in literary terms, one discovers that rather than being a subspecies of romance, it encompasses all the modes. For instance, Roger Zelazny's Lord of Light and Chronicles of Amber clearly belong to the mythic mode. Anne McCaffrey's dragonstories fit neatly into the category of romance: one of them is even called Dragonquest. Most stories centering on a daring starship captain or the leader of a planetary exploration mission are appropriately described as high mimetic; a specific example is Poul Anderson's series about Dominic Flandry. And if the ironic mode is one in which "we have the



sense of looking down on a scene of bondage, frustration, or absurdity," then George Orwell's 1984 surely must be put there.

The low mimetic, the mode of comedy and realistic fiction, is more problematic. It demands "the same canons of probability that we find in our own experience," but science fiction stories take place in extrapolated universes to which it is very difficult to apply such canons. And I am probably the last person to be expected to do it, since I don't care for realistic fiction and avoid it in both science fiction and mundane literature. (I dodge reality itself as much as I can, too.) The only book I can think of offhand that might be called low-mimetic science fiction is Isaac Asimov's The Caves of Steel, in which the detective-hero is no Sherlockian genius but a harassed civil servant doing the best he can. The presence of the superandroid Daneel, however, complicates the problem of classification.

But science fiction may be regarded as "romantic" in a different sense, if we look once again at the history of the connotations acquired by the word in the past, which I discussed in the first part of this essay. Love may be eliminated at once. Many science fiction stories do contain a love interest, but the stories in which that interest is predominant may be numbered on the fingers of one foot. This may be a cause of--or may result from--the assumption that the typical fan is an adolescent male. I don't know if this is true, but most of the (admittedly few) fans I know are men who first got interested in the field in their late teens. Most of the female fans I know are, like me, primarily interested in fantasy. (I myself was introduced to Ed Meskys along with Diana Paxson by Ruth Berman when he was at Livermore and the three of us were graduate students of English or comparative literature at Berkeley; I was at once dragged kicking and screaming into the NIEKAS family because of my interest in Tolkien and Lewis. Only after this did I start reading science fiction at all frequently.) And young men are very seldom interested in love stories.

Other components of the romantic are very much part of science fiction. The marvelous is in fact one of its principal elements and appears in a variety of guises: high technology, psychic abilities, alien worlds, alien beings. The story may also take the form of a quest. The interest in the primitive appears in Edgar Rice Burroughs' tales of Barsoom, and perhaps also in stories of survivors of a global catastrophe

trying to start over without the amenities of civilization, such as Earth Abides by George R. Stewart. Interest in nature takes the form of the examination of the ecology of strange planets and is difficult to distinguish from the marvelous. Interest in the hero himself is fairly rare; science fiction writers are usually more interested in what he does and what happens to him. Fascination with an extraordinary character is sometimes to be found --for example, The Mule in Asimov's Foundation trilogy.

The themes of the common man and of individual liberty may be present in stories of regimented future societies against which the hero is represented as rebelling; but the common herd in such tales is often just part of the wallpaper, and the hero himself not common at all.

The supernatural is an interest in a special and rather rare category of science fiction: the religious science fantasy of writers like C.S. Lewis, which often has more affinities with fantasy than with science. The love of the Gothick survives in the horror story, from Poe to Lovecraft to Stephen King; but it is usually regarded as a separate genre. The exotic, like the marvelous, is part of the attraction of alien worlds.

The final category of the romantic was interest in speculative metaphysics. The only story I know of offhand that fits this description is L. Sprague de Camp's The Undesired Princess, set in a world run by the laws of Aristotelian two-valued logic. Van Vogt's stories of Null-A, which is a category of general semantics, may also belong here; but I have not read them, so I do not know. It might be possible to preserve this category if we regard the interest in speculative science as its contemporary incarnation, giving us stories extrapolating the rarefied hypotheses of theoretical physics, like Anderson's Tau Zero.

* * * * *

When I began this essay, my Demon was accusing me of not knowing what I meant when I used the term "romance"; so I set out to find an adequate definition. Forty-odd pages later (some of them very odd), I have come up with so many different meanings for the word that the conclusion seems to be that it is impossible to mean anything by it at all. I don't plan to set out to reform single-handed the linguistic usage of the entire English-speaking world (not until after lunch, anyway); so we will all have to keep

bumbling along with fuzzy old "romance," trying as best we can to explain ourselves each time we use it. And just to make things more difficult, I have one last definition.

There is a sense in which the magic of romance, Wordsworth's "light that never was, on sea or land," may gleam forth from the most common object. This kind of romance is almost impossible to describe, because it is not an image or an idea, but a feeling--a feeling that may grip us unawares at a strain of music, a glimpse of towering castles of cloud against the blaze of a sunset, or the scent of burning leaves on the air at twilight. It vanishes almost before we are aware that it has come, leaving a sense of poignant and inconsolable loss, a nostalgia for what we never had. C.S. Lewis, for whom it was the most significant experience of his life, called it Joy or Sweet Desire and made it the emotional basis for his conversion to Christianity long before he could accept its theology intellectually. It has been described by a writer we do not always recognize as romantic, Rudyard Kipling, in his poem "The King":



"Farewell, Romance!" the Cave-men said;
 "With bone well carved He went away.
 "Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,
 "And jasper tips the spear to-day.
 "Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,
 "And He with these. Farewell, Romance!"

* * * * *

"Farewell, Romance!" the Soldier spoke;
 "By sleight of sword we may not win,
 "But scuffle 'mid uncleanly smoke
 "Of arquebus and culverin.
 "Honour is lost, and none may tell
 "Who paid good blows. Romance, farewell!"

* * * * *

"Romance!" the season-tickets mourn,
 "He never ran to catch His train,
 "But passed with coach and guard and horn--
 "And left the local--late again!
 "Confound Romance!". . .And all unseen
 Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

* * * * *

Robed, crowned and throned, He wove His spell,
 Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke curled,
 With unconsidered miracle,
 Hedged in a backward-gazing world:
 Then taught His chosen bard to say:
 "Our King was with us--yesterday!"

FINIS

LANGEVELD'S CATALOG OF MILITARY HISTORY, UNIFORMS AND TRADITIONS

BY COLIN LANGEVELD

NATIONAL GUARD (THE FANNACK BOYS) ALPHA CENTAURI II, A.D. 2240

USED as a peace-keeping force as the population of miners and new-wheat farmers expanded, also to control the activities of the Yoo, a large carnivore now extinct (see Nolans' Large Carnivores Now, Unhappily, No Longer with Us p. 8008). The name 'Fannack Boys' can be traced back to a vague 20th century recluse group which vanished into obscurity sometime during the Terran Prohibition Years 1996-2002. This Volunteer Regiment was formed in 2221.

The group leader (seen here) wears the Grovsner 'sight and sound' Communico helmet. This two-way version (notice additional microphone) was limited to group leaders or rank above. This was to inhibit the excess and rather inane chatter which this regiment was prone to indulge in. It is a well documented fact that one of the regimental founders, Gough van der Mond--'Go' to his friends--, was overindulgent in this habit, even by their standards. He also had a strong leaning toward the locally brewed alcoholic beverage. He was ultimately awarded the pelt of an adult male Yoo "to wrap around his arms and body to prevent him reaching for a glass, and to use the tail for stuffing into his mouth to shut his bloody cake-hole" as the regimental history is wont to quote. This ceremony has since become traditional and is awarded to the most deserving member. This is called the Yoo-Go award. The Yoo-Go is of course now strictly symbolic now due



to the lack of pelts.

The two infra-red spot-lights on the helmet were used in conjunction with contact lense filters for night duty. (Regular troops had their's grafted to the cornea.)

On the guardsman's right shoulder is worn the regulation MINI MEDIC in use from 2224-2254. This lifesaving unit (see Bestraw and Garstang's Life and Any Other Supports a Soldier Might Need) was manufactured from a resilient plastic which did not interfere with the rifle butt when brought up to the firing position.

The traditional 'Pioneer green' combat suit is of local design and the elbows are protected by padding with automatic tourniquet. The knees have similar protection. These are connected directly to the MINI MEDIC unit.

Troops carried the Recoilless Coltfield Mk. 4 which was discontinued in regular units in 2194 but proved very popular with colonial troops and was in use as late as circa 2300. The webbing and boots were of local manufacture.

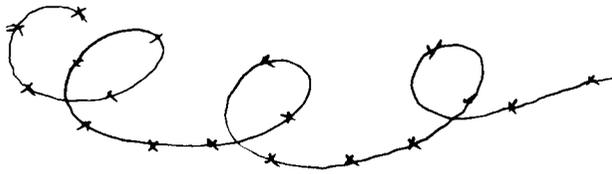
The Centauri National Guard were one of the many planetary based militia used in the B-96 Spiral War of 294-2306 and served as marines and later as occupational troops. They were awarded the Solar Triple Cross for the part they played in the battle for Mira 2 in which they served with distinction.

MOTHER GOUL
NURSERY RHYMES

JOE R. CHRISTOPHER

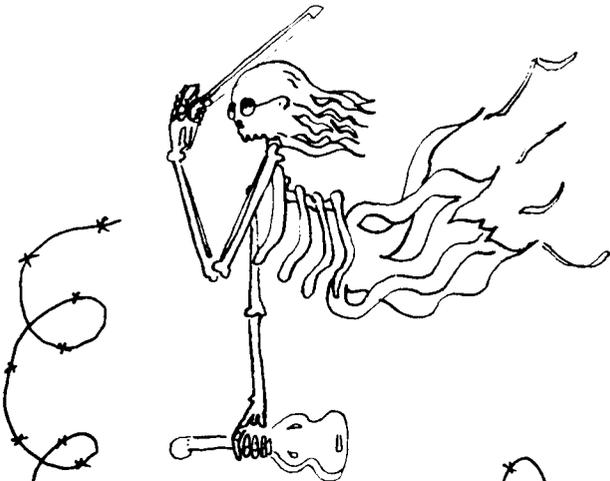
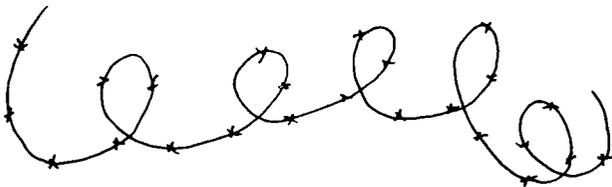
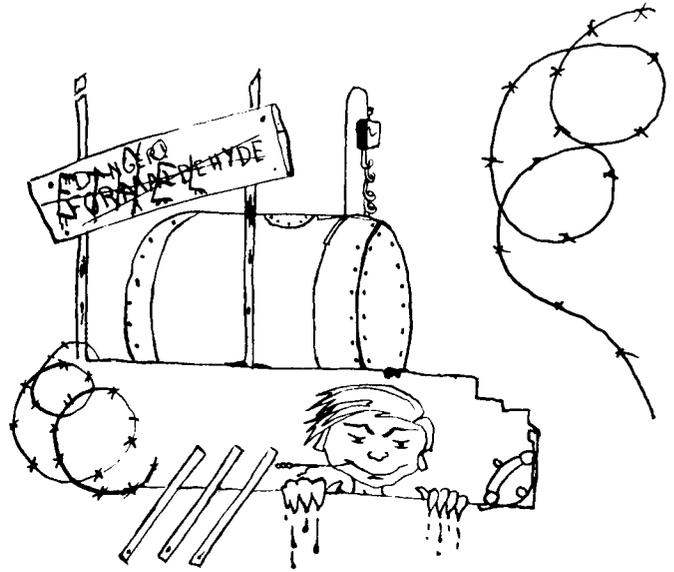


ART BY R. SMARY



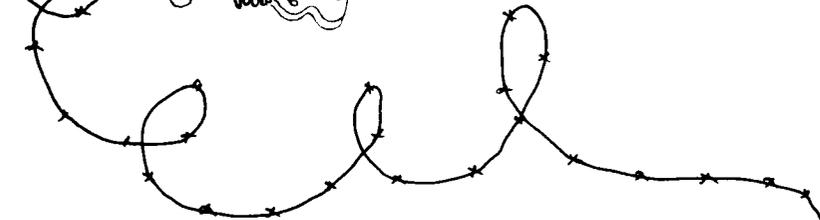
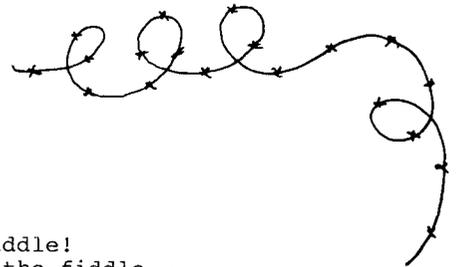
"Frankie and Peter Were Lovers"

Peter, Peter, human-eater,
Had a ghoulish friend, couldn't keep her,
Put her in formaldehyde,
And there he kept her till he died.



"Numb's the Word"

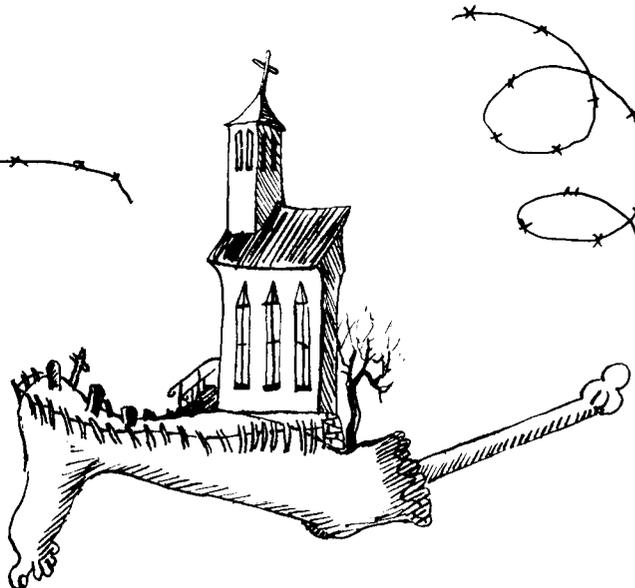
Hey diddle diddle!
The ghost on the fiddle--
The strings were beginning to hum;
The banshee laughed
At the spiritual craft,
While the humans were frightened and numb.



"Early to Bed and Early to Rise"

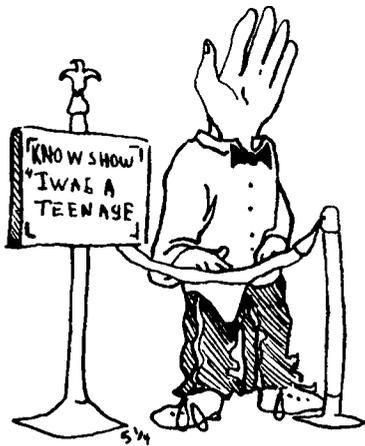
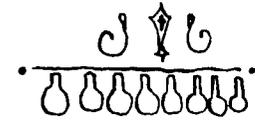
There was a man in their town,
And he was wondrous wise;
They put him in a grave-yard lot,
And there they think he lies.

But when he saw a ghoulish climb in
And roar with ghoulish laugh,
He jumped right out of that grave lot
And ran like he was daff.



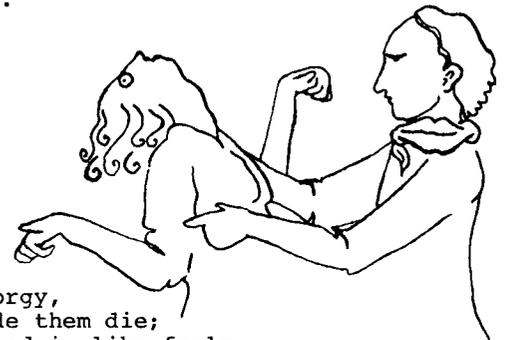
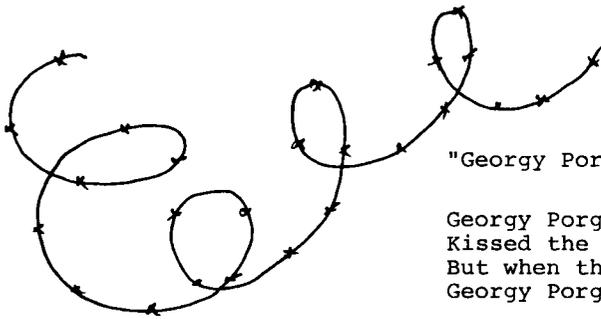
"The Ghoul that Was Fed Up"

Little Miss Moffin
Sat on a coffin,
Gnawing things best unsaid;
Along came a ghoul
Who set a new rule
By taking her home to bed.



"An Evening at the Movies"

Little Jack Horror
Stood in the foyer,
Looking for human blood;
But no one came near him,
To praise him or jeer him--
He looked not enough of a stud.



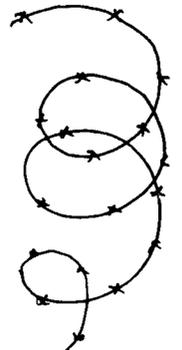
"Georgy Porgy's Orgy"

Georgy Porgy, vampire gorgy,
Kissed the girls and made them die;
But when the ghouls rushed in like fools,
Georgy Porgy said goodbye.



"Exhumation"

Old Mother Hoffin
Dug for a coffin
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The coffin was bare--
The vampire was walking alone.



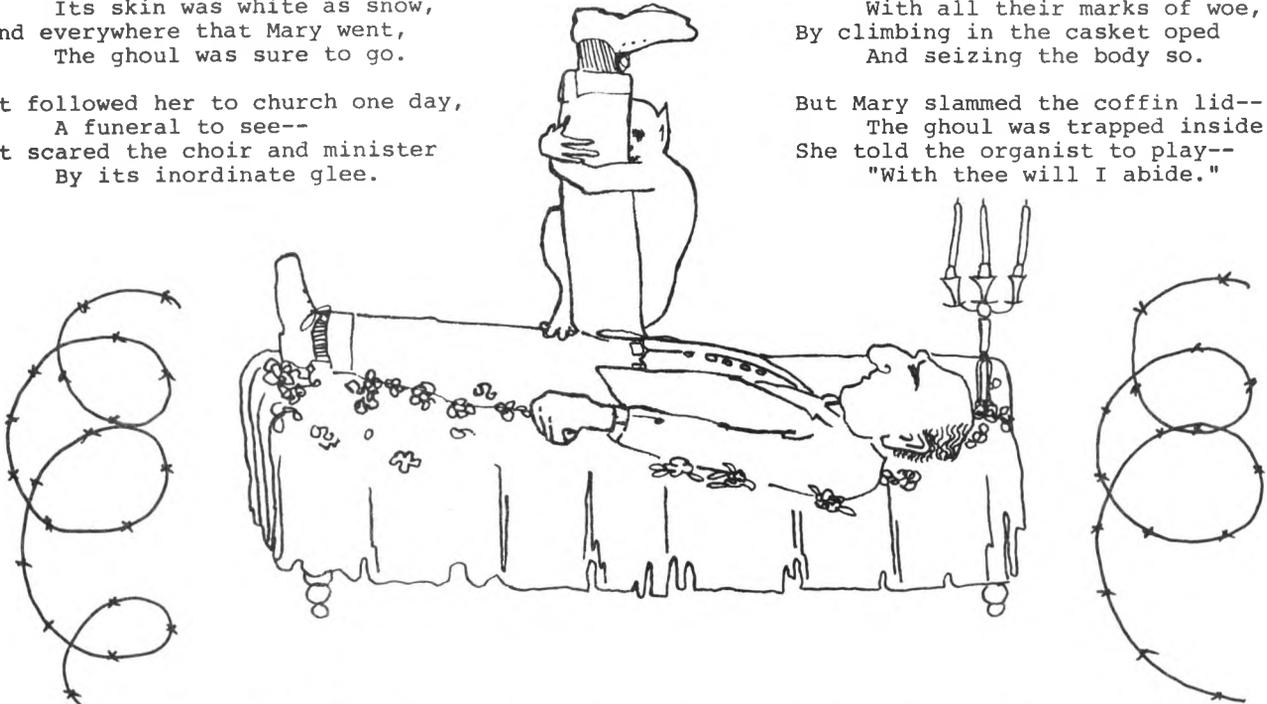
"Church Service"

Mary had a little ghoul,
Its skin was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The ghoul was sure to go.

It followed her to church one day,
A funeral to see--
It scared the choir and minister
By its inordinate glee.

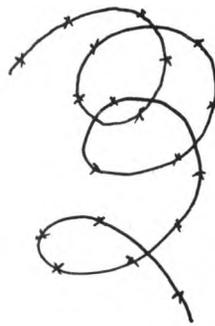
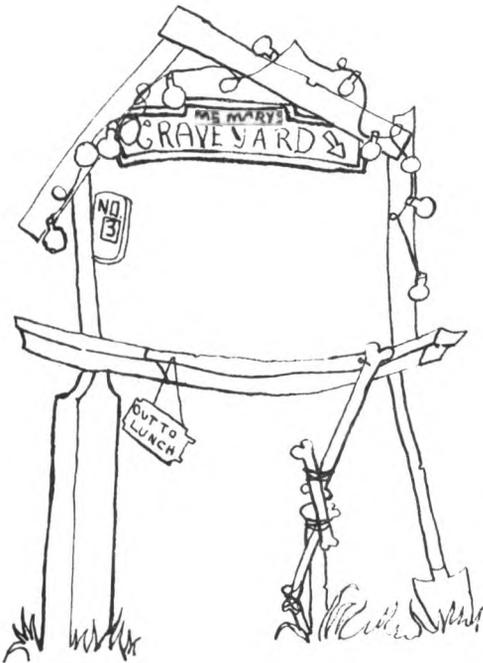
It frightened all the people there
With all their marks of woe,
By climbing in the casket oped
And seizing the body so.

But Mary slammed the coffin lid--
The ghoul was trapped inside;
She told the organist to play--
"With thee will I abide."



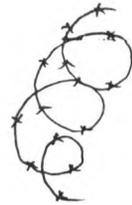
"There's No Accounting for the Count"

Flutter, flutter, vampire bat--
How I wonder where you're at!
Up above the world you fly,
Like a darkness in the sky.



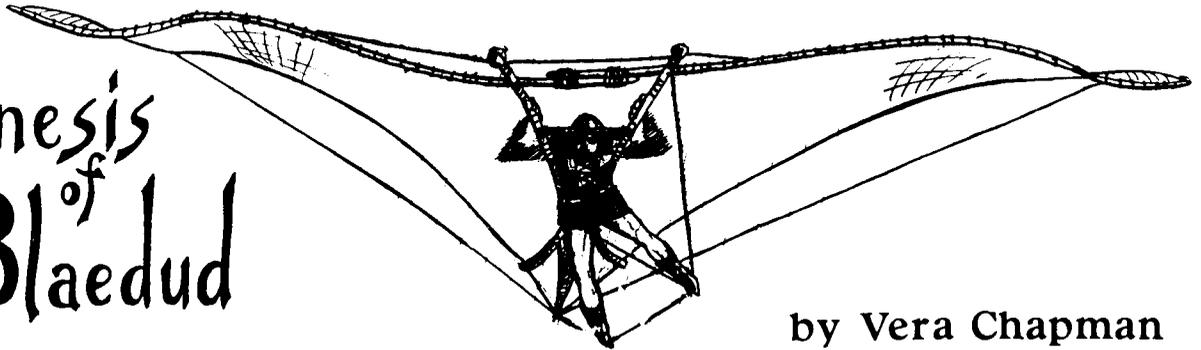
"Expansion of Business"

Mistress Mary,
Of whom I'm wary,
How does your graveyard grow?
With well-carved stones,
And well-gnawed bones,
And ghouls which plague it so.



The END

Genesis of Blaedud



by Vera Chapman

ONE of the source books for King Arthur, Hengist and Horsa, Vortigern etc. is Geoffrey of Monmouth. For most of this century it has been the custom to call Geoffrey of Monmouth a liar--among other things he was alleged to have invented King Arthur for political expediency! But now archaeologists are not so sure--there might be something behind his wild stories.

So, looking through Geoffrey of Monmouth (modern version) for further light on King Arthur, I found something else. (That is the essence of Serendipity--you go out to find one thing, and you discover something else which is even more surprising.) I found Blaedud, the founder of the city of Bath and the discoverer of its hot springs--but also an early aviator, a British Icarus. Geoffrey states:

"This Prince was a very ingenious man, and taught Necromancy in his kingdom, nor left off pursuing his Magical Operations, till he attempted to fly in the upper regions of the air with wings he had prepared, and fell down upon the Temple of Apollo in the City of Trinovantium, where he was dashed to pieces."

Now the moralists of that age, as of others, were quick to condemn any attempt at flying as dangerous "Hubris," arrogant attempts to usurp the power of the gods and to subvert the course of nature, and inevitably punishable by disastrous death. But I wondered--was the catastrophe of Blaedud his first and last attempt at flight--or might it have been simply the last of many successful flights? Hang-gliding! There were, about 1977, quite successful, if precarious, feats of hang-gliding all achieved with materials not quite inaccessible to men of the late classical age, or at least

possible to duplicate with something similar. In China if not in Europe, silk, cane and rope could stand in for nylon and aluminum. There are rumours of manned kites in China, in very early days. A knowledge of mathematics would be required, and that suggested Pythagoras. By comparing dates, it seemed that about 900 B.C. Pythagoras and Blaedud of Bath might have co-existed. But it would have been necessary for Blaedud to leave Britain to seek Pythagoras.

About this time a friend gave me a most valuable book, Bladud of Bath, by Howard C. Levis, compiled and published privately for the honour of the City of Bath in 1919, and then later produced publicly in 1973. It contains a collection of all the traditions, both folk and literary, about this Prince Bladud. (From all the possible spellings of his name I selected 'Blae-dud', feeling that 'Blade-ud' was more euphonious than 'Blad-dud'.) The traditions collected in this book range from the naive to the erudite. They include accounts of how the British Prince (son of Hudibras, and father of King Lear) was healed of leprosy by the hot springs of Bath, through observing the behaviour of a herd of pigs--and it also connected him with the mysterious Druidic figure, Abaris or Aethrobates, who arrived at Marseilles with a 'flying arrow' with which he could achieve marvelous feats of travelling. It all linked up. A portable hang-glider? Just the other day I saw a man carrying the essential parts of a wind-surfer over his shoulder, on a bicycle, without much difficulty. And about this period also (circa 900 B.C.) the Second Temple at Jerusalem was being built. There are many traditions known to certain people about the building of that Temple, as well as the Temple of

Solomon, according to mathematical rules. If Pythagoras helped in the designing of the Second Temple, his presence would have been kept very much a secret because of the Jewish objection to a Gentile--it might indeed have become the centre of a secret cult. Here, of course, Blaedud would have sought Pythagoras, having learnt some groundwork of universal symbology from his first teachers the Druids. Pythagoras might, indeed, have been able to reveal to him the secret of powered flight--but something prevented this. So I came to the crux of my story.

Human values had to play their part, and supernatural elements also. Blaedud could hardly accomplish all he did without a supernatural helper--the Bird-Woman. The Victorian painter Waterhouse depicted the Sirens who sang to Odysseus as beautiful winged women (incidentally all studied from the head of my mother!). The 'Harpy Tomb' of Xanthos in the British Museum shows human-faced birds, gentle and not in any way malevolent, tenderly carrying souls to the presence of the gods. This gave me my Bird-Woman; and from Shakespeare's Ariel I gathered the idea that an elemental spirit might become emotionally attached to a human, becoming subject to love and jealousy. Then there was the crucial moment when Blaedud plunges down from the skies to save his wife from the villain--there is a folk-tale in Devon about Sir Francis Drake likewise falling from the skies on a cannon-ball to save his wife from a wicked rival!

So I suppose there is hardly a theme in my book that I can claim as pure invention. All are culled from here or there. But are there any new stories in the world? There is, indeed, nothing new under the sun--not even hang-gliding.

The Miraculous Adventures of the Space Rabbi

Mark Blackman



From the collected works of the scribe Moshe Eleazar ben-Baruch ha-Levi:

Someday Man will head out to the stars, bringing with him not only his technology but his civilization and laws as well. When that day comes, police will be needed to enforce the civil laws and clergymen to preserve the religious lore. Judaism in particular, as a religion governed by time-honored rites and customs, must take great pains to adapt to the new technological environment. In light of modern technology (no pun intended) Rabbis must interpret the Law and make new rulings. As the Space Age progresses, so must the Rabbinate.

We now join Baruch Rogers, Space Rabbi, who voyages from planet to planet in his interstellar mitzvahmobile, asking colonists, "Are you Jewish? Did you put on tfillin this morning?" And passing on the kashruth (kosherness) of alien life-forms. When we last saw him, the Rebbe has just declared an alien creature tref and the creature, insulted, was about to attack him, not caring that the Rabbi himself was nonkosher. It did not take the great scholar long to realize that

since the creature was tref he did not need a schochet to slaughter it. He dispatched it with a single neat blast of his lasergun. "Anti-Semite!" he shouted at the smoldering remains.

In his ship, the JSS (Jewish-Star Ship) Mitzvah, the Space Rabbi's constant companion is his ship's computer, the Judaically-programmed Ethnocentric Nomothetic Talmudic Analytic computer Series 18, JENTA for short.

Because of the hazards of spaceflight, rather than risk a set of sacred scrolls, JENTA has been programmed with the Torah and other books of Scripture and the Talmud, the heart and soul of the Jewish people.

"JENTA! What's the matter with you, blint pferd? That asteroid by only 3.7 kilometers you missed hitting!"

"Sorry, Reb, my tzitzith got caught in my astrogation circuits."

"Well, what are you doing wearing that tallith anyway? When will you get over the meshugge idea that you're Jewish? A machine can't be a Jew!" he authoritatively pronounced, diplomatically ignoring the yarmulke sitting on the computer's diode.

"I think my mother was an adding machine in a CPA firm," replied his shipmate. He then paused, his blue and white lights dimming for a moment. "Rebbe, I want to have a bris."

Exasperated, the Space Rabbi frowned. "Oy, more tsuris you're giving me now. So tell me, Mr. Wise Guy, how can we circumcise a computer?"

JENTA blinked. Programmed with the thousands of years of wisdom of the great sages, it took only a microsecond for him to produce the solution. "We can change our heading and proceed to the Fo'rtell Rabinical College on Fomalhaut IV. They can slice the shielding on a wire in my main data reproduction circuits. You know what mohels those Fo'rtells be."

"Enough! Stop noodging, we'll change course," grumbled the Rebbe as he made the necessary course corrections. Then he sat down to doven.

JENTA joined him in prayer. "Sh'ma Yisroel." It's very easy to face Jerusalem when you have a built-in astrogator.

Blint pferd - blind horse.

Bris - ritual circumcision.

Doven - pray.

Mitzvah - good deed.

Mitzvahmobile - Lubavitch Chasidim revivalist van.

Mohel - circumciser.

Schochet - ritual slaughterer (to ensure meat is kosher).

Tallith - prayer shawl.

Tfillin - phylacteries.

Tref - nonkosher.

Tsuris - aggravation.

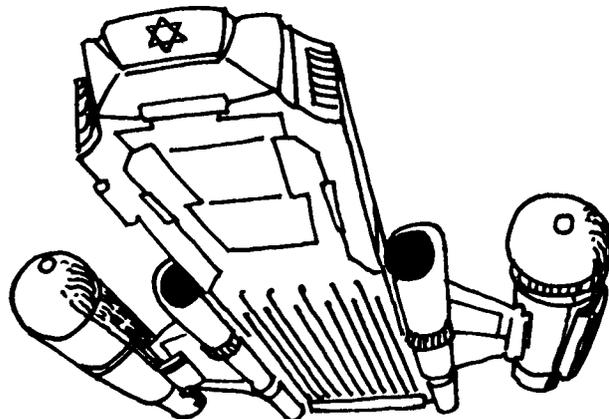
Tzitzith - fringes or tassels on the tallith.

Attention!

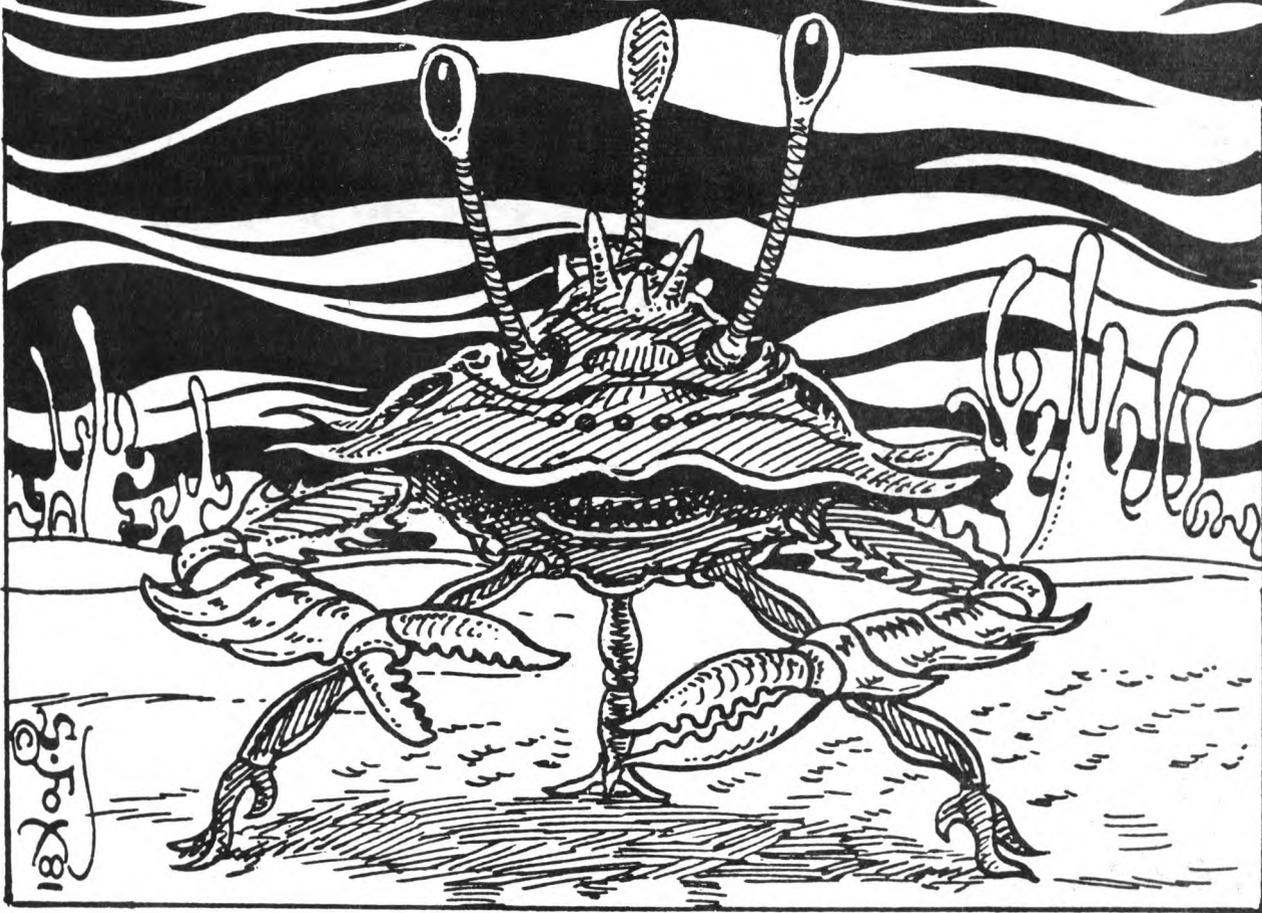
NIEKAS Publications is now accepting stories for an unusual sort of chapbook. The working title for it is Fifty Extremely SF* Stories (*Short Fiction). How short? Fifty words or less--title not included--with a ten-word-or-less bio. by the author. Themes can deal with SF, fantasy, horror, or the bizarre.

Each published person will receive two special contributor's copies of FESF*S and several ounces of dry egoboo.

Send submissions to 70 Webster St., Laconia, NH 03246. (Multiple entries accepted.)

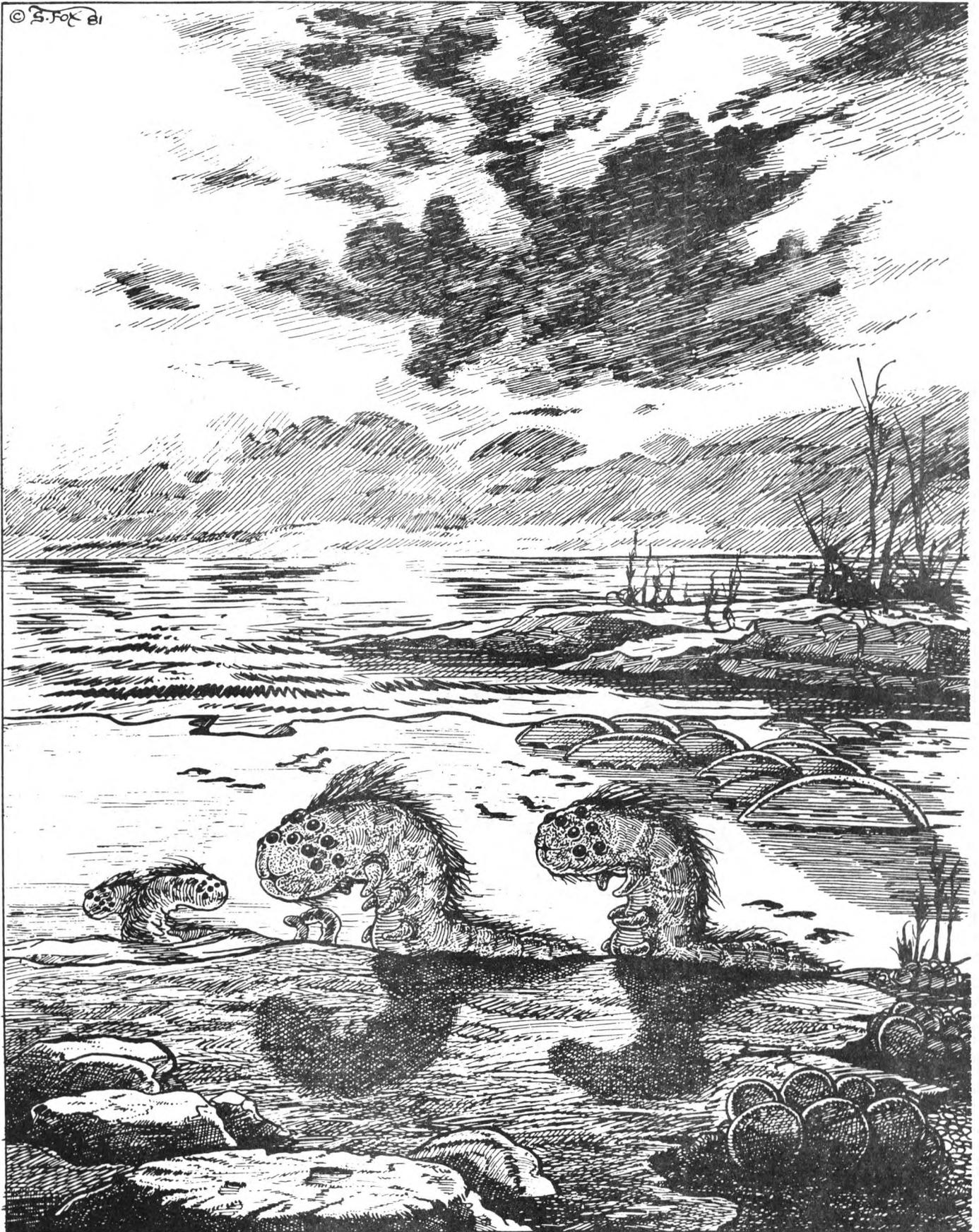


FOX



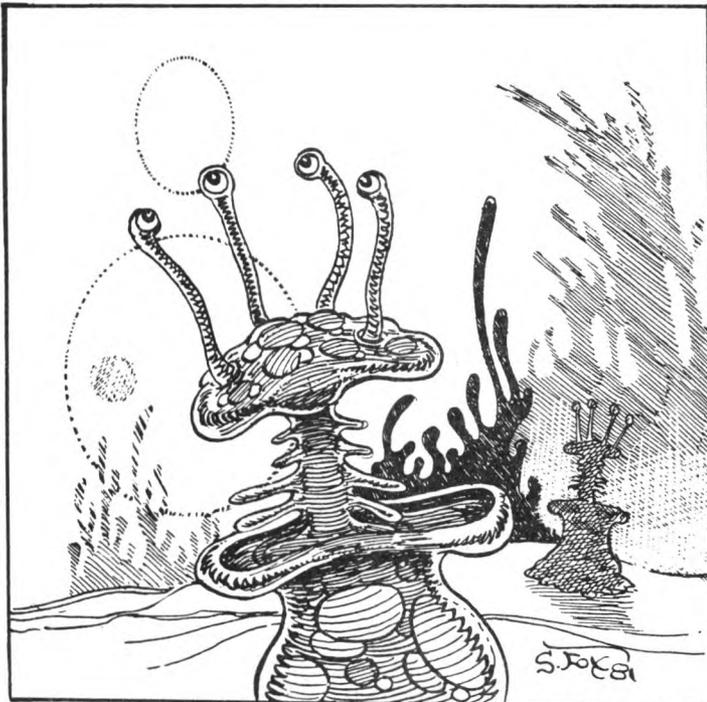
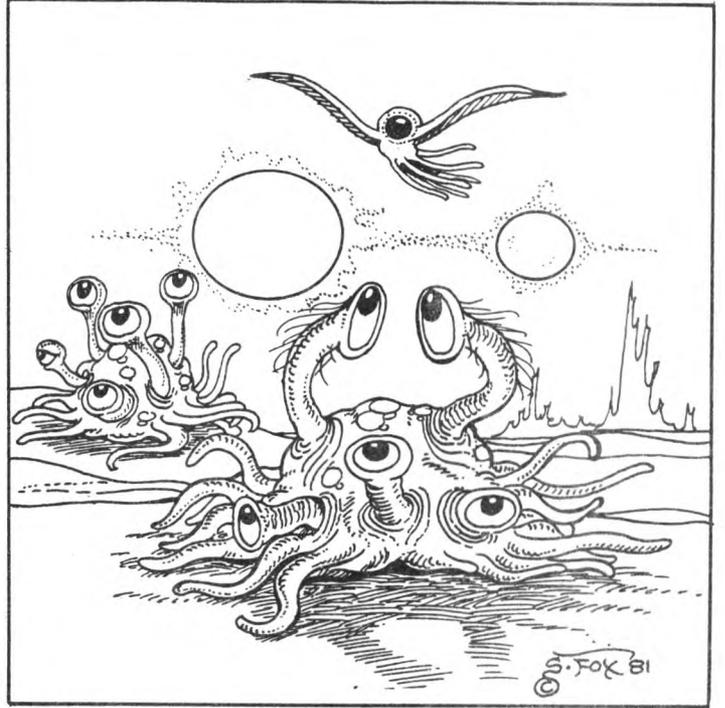
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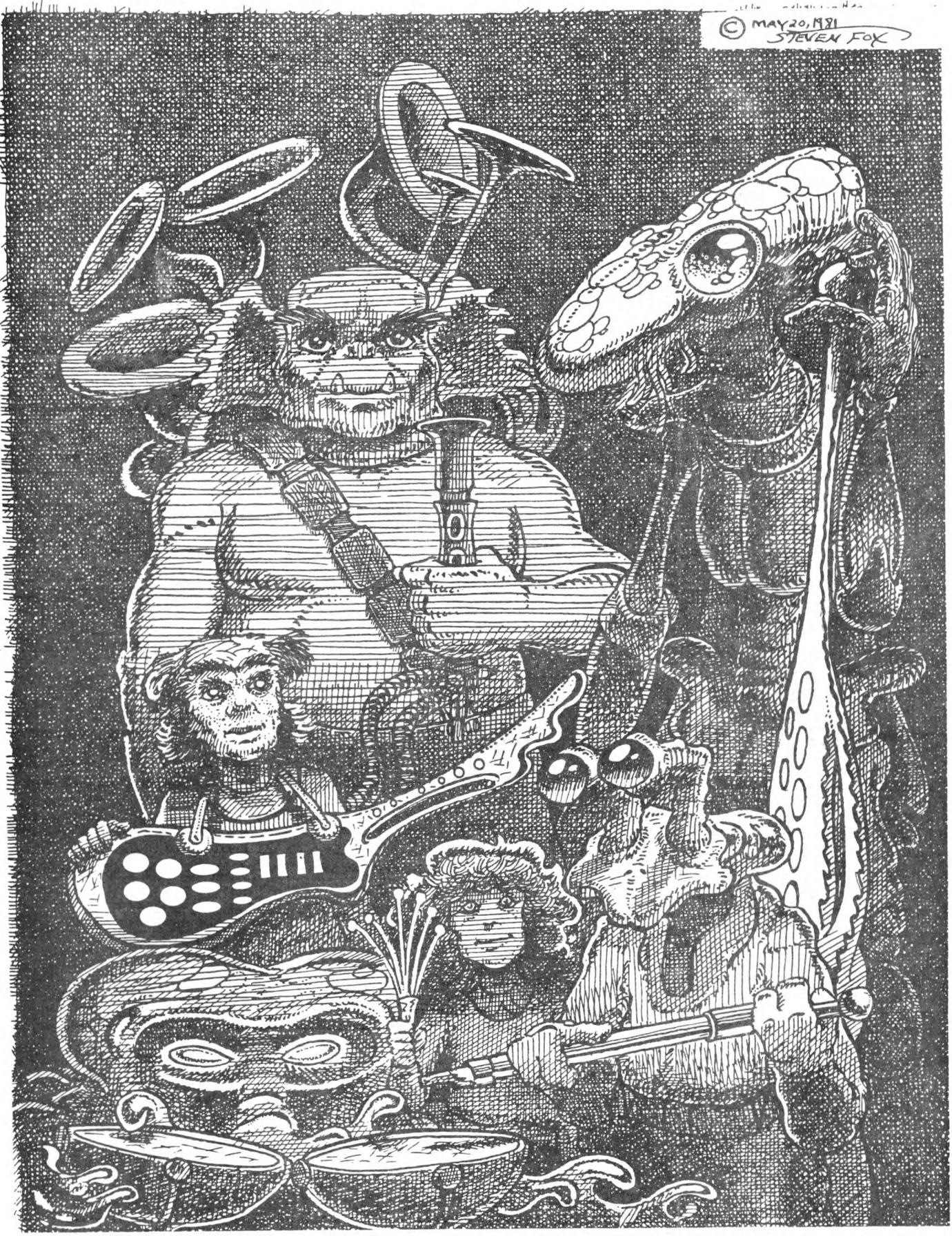
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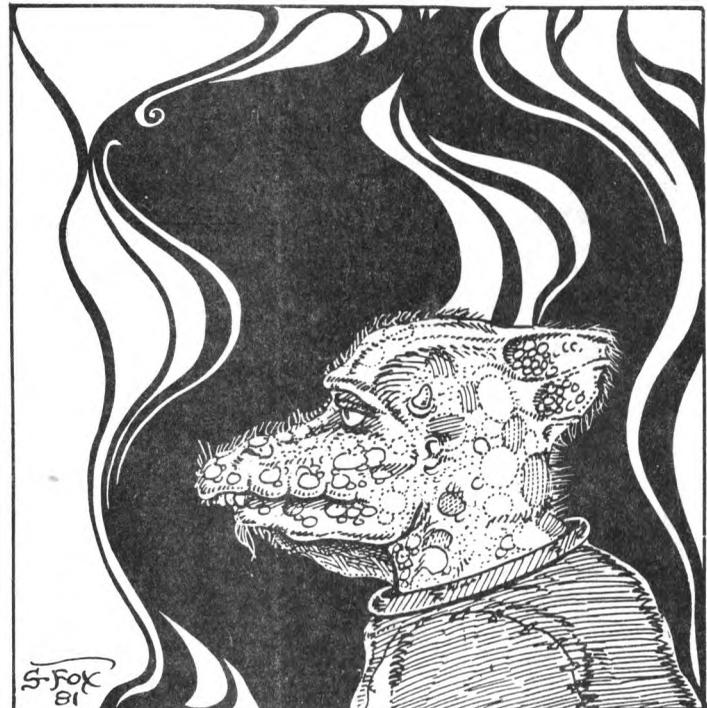


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STEVEN FOX





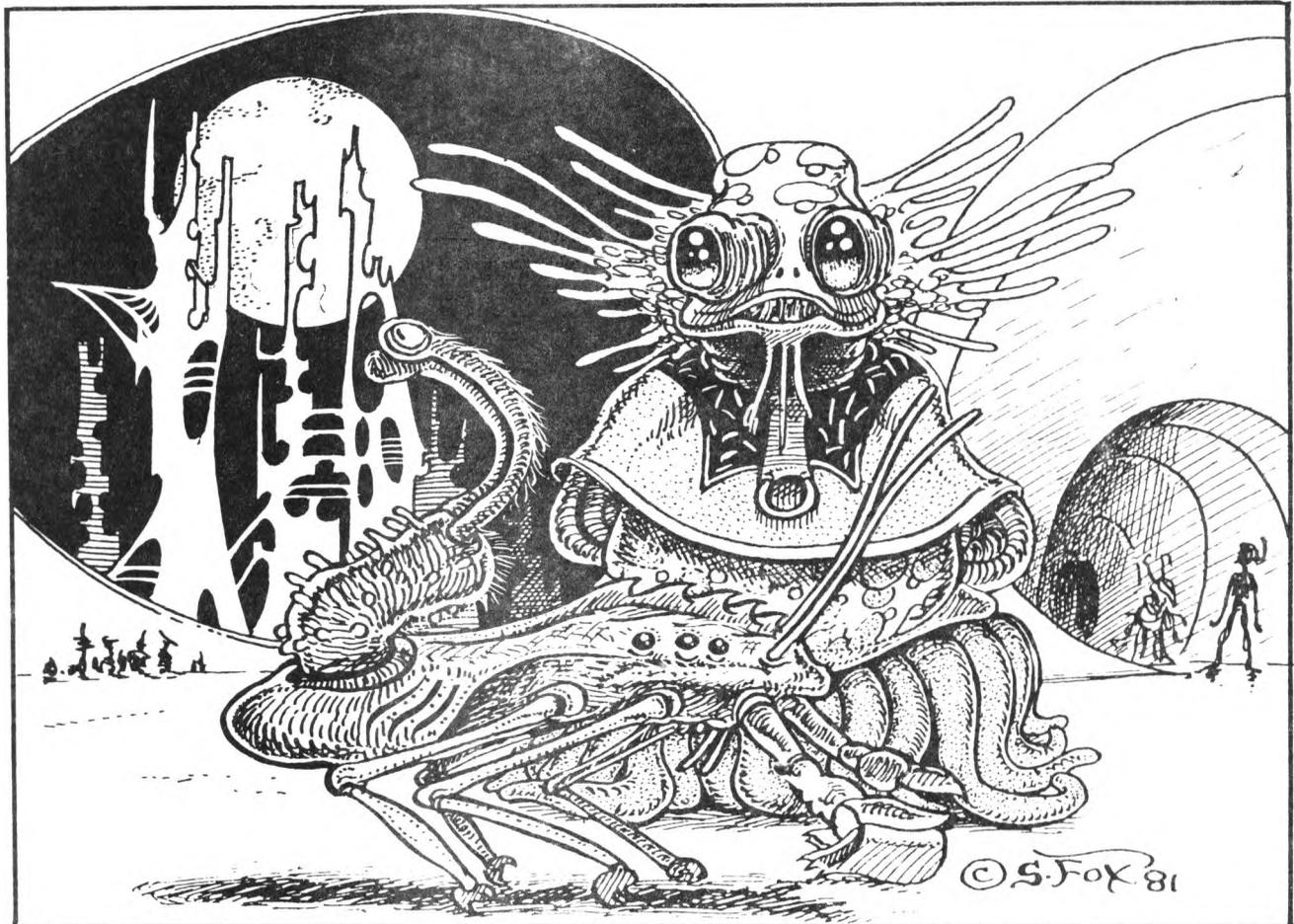


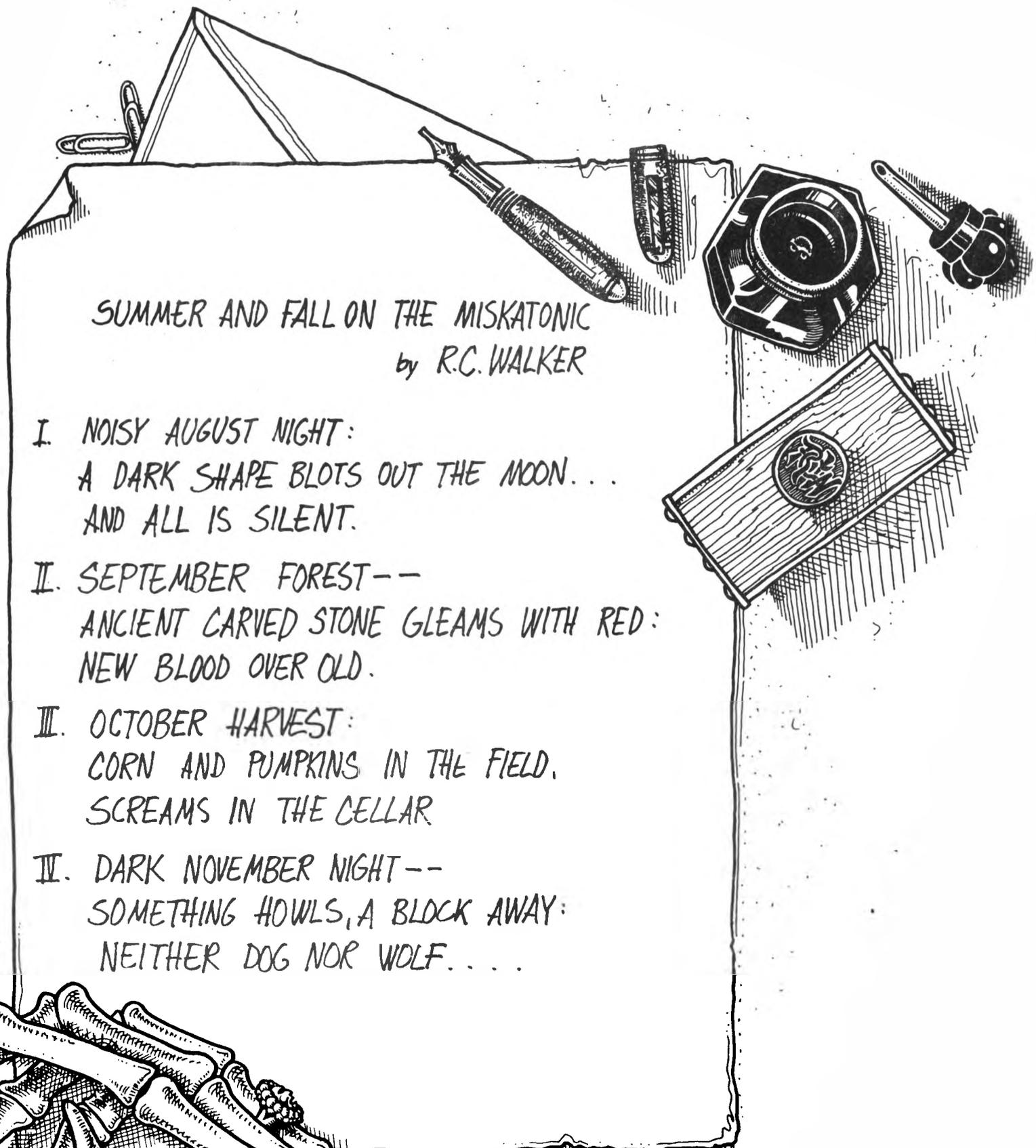
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LUNE 10

STEVEN FOX is an illustration student who attended the Philadelphia College of Art for 4 years.

His second, third, and fourth years he spent getting involved in fandom.

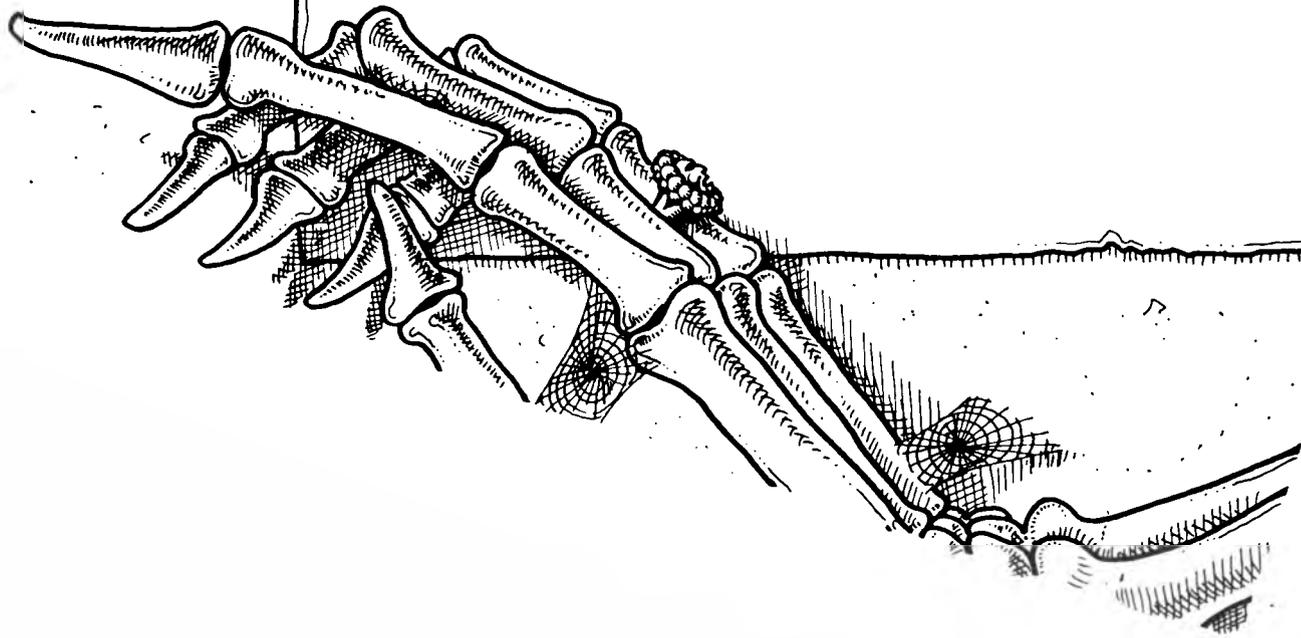
He is a member of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society and has had much of his art published in fanzines such as ATARANTES, SYSTEMS, RUNE, PANDORA, WARPED SPACE, JANUS (now AUROERA), SOLARIS, and NIEKAS to name just a few.





SUMMER AND FALL ON THE MISKATONIC
by R.C. WALKER

- I. NOISY AUGUST NIGHT:
A DARK SHAPE BLOTS OUT THE MOON...
AND ALL IS SILENT.
- II. SEPTEMBER FOREST--
ANCIENT CARVED STONE GLEAMS WITH RED:
NEW BLOOD OVER OLD.
- III. OCTOBER HARVEST:
CORN AND PUMPKINS IN THE FIELD,
SCREAMS IN THE CELLAR
- IV. DARK NOVEMBER NIGHT--
SOMETHING HOWLS, A BLOCK AWAY:
NEITHER DOG NOR WOLF.....



Marlak the Wizard

by Jane Sibley

STORY BY ©82 JIM REYNOLDS

FREEZE!! WE'RE FROM THE BUREAU OF ALCOHOL, TOBACCO, AND FIREARMS!!

THE REVENOERS!!

OKAY, BUDDY, WE GOT YA DEAD TO RIGHTS! ELLIOTT, CHECK THIS JOINT OUT AND GET THE EVIDENCE!!

HEY, THIS STUFF LOOKS GOOD!!

WOW, THIS IS GOOD! HERE, HAVE A SWIG!!

DON'T MIND IF I DO!!

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU TWO GRINNING AT?

THEY'RE GONNA THROW THE BOOK AT YOU!

POOF!

POOF!

EEP!

POOF!

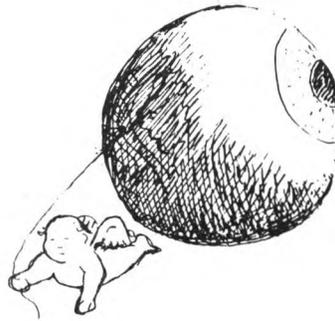
RIBBIT!

RIBBITA

(SIGH) RIBBIT.

WORKS EVERY TIME! CHEH, HEH!

WE THEY



Harry Andruschak
Mike Bastraw
W. Ritchie Benedict
Anne J. Braude
Don D'Amassa
Sherwood C. Frazier
Patricia Mathews
Edmund R. Meskys
Nan C.L. Scott
Rod Walker



R.I.P.
REISS SMART 1981

[Handwritten signature]

The Legend of Tarik, Walter Dean Myers, Viking, 1981, \$9.95

A fairly good marginal-fantasy juvenile with an unusual setting, medieval Spain and North Africa. Tarik, a young West African, is taken captive along with his family by the cruel conqueror known as El Muerte and transported to Spain. The others are slaughtered; Tarik, left for dead, is rescued by two wise old men who have suffered from El Muerte in the past and who train Tarik in both fighting skill and Zen-like self-discipline to destroy this incarnation of evil. Having won a magic sword, horse, and crystal, he sets off on his mission, aided by Stria, the warrior girl who is literally mad for vengeance, and Capa the cheerful baker, own brother to Sancho Panza. Elements of particular interest are the teachings of Tarik's mentors; the serious ethical questions involved in a vengeance quest, which are not shirked; the chilling glimpses of El Muerte, about as evil as a non-supernatural villain can get; and the black hero, whose African heritage is very much a part of his character. Definitely readable, if not necessarily re-readable.

ajb

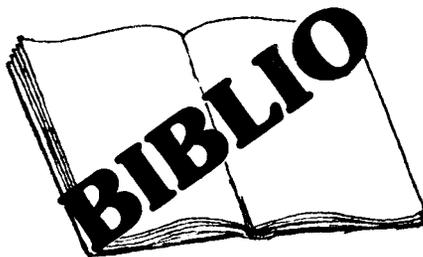
The Unbroken Web, Richard Adams, Crown, 1980, \$12.95

Richard Adams has written four novels, the latter three of which tend to suffer from comparison with the first, Watership Down. (I am not absolutely sure if this applies to The Girl in a Swing, which I have not read but have seen reviewed more favorably than the intervening two.) Now he has produced a volume which can stand comparison with WD, or at least one aspect of it--the tales the rabbits tell among themselves of El-ahrairah, the Prince with a Thousand Enemies. The "unbroken web" of the title is Adams' metaphor for the world-wide body of folk-tales, which he calls "collective dreams" and Tolkien called the Tree of Tales. This is definitely a book for grownups rather than children; they might enjoy having many of the tales read aloud to them, but some are pretty scary and a couple are definitely R-rated.

The nineteen tales in this collection are not mere retellings, though many will be recognized by those brought up on Andrew Lang and the like. Since Adams believes that folk-tales, like folk-songs, are at their best in live performance, he has put each story into the mouth of a different narrator with a different audience:

not just parent or nurse to child but bartender to tourist, soldier to soldier, and even an old Cossack to a passing traveler called Count Leo Tolstoy. The locales range from the Isle of Man to Tahiti and from the nineteenth century through the present to the timeless. The variations in tone and style give each tale a vivid individuality that adds to its interest--a technique that has been successful since Chaucer's day.

Variety is indeed the key word to describe these stories, which range from tales of shrewd peasants with no magic whatsoever involved to the mythic battle between Maui the Polynesian hero and Te Tuna the giant eel of Orea for the love of beautiful Hina of the Sky. The tales are funny, frightening, or moving by turns. And then there is the last one of all, told by--but I'll let you figure that one out for yourself.



Ornamented by excellent color paintings by Yvonne Gilbert and quite nice line drawings by Jennifer Campbell, the book is very good value for the price. Definitely recommended to all adults not ashamed to admit that they still love folk-tales.

ajb

Status Quotient: The Carrier, Ralph A. Sperry, Avon, 1981, 253 pp., \$2.50

A perfectly awful title for a book that I am sorry to say never really held my attention. "Last man" stories are often marred by the inherent fact that a single character makes much of the interplay of other novels impossible. James White's Second Ending is a good case in point. Sperry has set his last man on another world and made him immortal, even adds aliens as the book progresses, but the novel remains merely a variation on a theme.

Ancil, the protagonist, an

immortal mutant, is not an interesting enough character to carry this novel alone. Much of the first half consists of his efforts to maintain some semblance of civilized life, to adjust to the psychological isolation, to ensure food and shelter, and the usual. The latter half deals with the enigmatic alien "imitators", about whom I'll say little to leave some element of suspense and interest for those who decide to read the novel. There are flashbacks periodically, which help to relieve the sameness of the single character only slightly, for the flashbacks remain an awkward device except in the hands of the most skillful writers.

dd

The Face in the Frost, John Bellairs, Ace Books, \$2.25

At last John Bellairs' first book, The Face in the Frost, published in hardback in 1969 and hard to find in recent years, is back in print. Fans of his juvenile fantasy trilogy (The House with a Clock in Its Walls, The Figure in the Shadows, and The Letter, The Witch, and the Ring) are invited to rejoice; first book or not, this story of two wizards (three, if we count the evil one who's mostly offstage) shows Bellairs already fully in control of his peculiar blend of creeping terror and scatty humor. Not classified as a juvenile, The Face in the Frost should please adults, discriminating adolescents, and bright children alike. That is to say, Bellairs have concentrated on the craft of story-telling rather than worrying about whether a particular age group has a figure to identify with--which is not to say he's unconscious of his audience. Au contraire: he knows all of our night terrors all too well, he can make us go shivery with fear, and then, just when we're ready to decline into a gelatinous puddle of glup, he knows how to defuse the tension and leave us as helpless with giggles as we were with fright. Bellairs' mastery of technique is best demonstrated by the fact that these shifts of tone never disappoint us. His timing is flawless.

It's all grist for Bellairs' mill--every archetypal fear you've ever felt, shaken--not stirred--with double-dactyls used as magic spells, a gabby talking mirror that's clearly an ancestor of the temperamental parlor organ in The House with a Clock in Its Walls, and the flotsam and jetsam of a 1940's childhood (does anyone besides Mr. Bellairs and me remember "Sniffles and Mary Jane"?). From

the opening scenes in the house of Prospero (no, not that one) to the eldritch landscape that he and Roger Bacon journey through, Bellairs has transported us to a world very different from our own yet as familiar as a half-remembered nightmare.

Unable to approach The Face in the Frost critically, I shall simply roll over, purr, and hope for Bellairs to write another book.

ncls

Energy Future (Report of the Energy Project of the Harvard Business School), Robert Stobaugh and Daniel Yergin, ed., Ballantine, 1980, \$3.50

The technicalities of energy production are, quite frankly, a crashing bore to the man on the street. Who cares that an engineer can spout off facts and figures only a technocrat could love? The political and economic realities are quite something else again and concern everyone today, especially since the Yom Kippur War of 1973 and the Iranian revolution of 1979 upset the neatly-planned scenarios of the Western world. In Canada, the oil policies of the federal government are threatening to tear the country apart.

Although statistics are obligatory in a book of this sort, the editors have done a remarkable job in presenting a lucid account of how we got where we are and what some of the alternate energy sources available to us in the coming decades are. Most notably, these are nuclear power, coal, solar, and reduction of use through efficient conservation.

Even though highly useful as a handbook, I feel that the intellectual orientation has deliberately ignored several fruitful areas of investigation such as power from orbiting solar reflectors and a hydrogen economy. The most immediate reaction to hydrogen is stark horror--"Remember the Hindenburg". However, this belies the fact that we are already dealing with fuels just as volatile and that have a lot less potential as an energy source. I feel that there was not nearly enough emphasis on the political problems as well as the potential disasters with nuclear plants such as Three Mile Island, the terrorist prospect and the ultimate cost to the public of new energy systems in a highly inflationary economy.

A valid point is made that the oil companies are not totally to blame for the high prices, but they are not completely innocent either. In

the early '50's, we should have been more conservation minded--the oil companies deliberately encouraged our burning up as much gasoline as possible in order that they might reap later profits. Any science fiction writer worth his salt could see what was looming over the horizon and some of them did. But who listens to science fiction writers?

The truth, as always, lies somewhere in the middle--between those all-out greedy gas gobblers and those who would have us return to hewing wood and drawing water for the next few centuries, if not forever. The problems, to be sure, are exceedingly complex and no one has all the answers, but I do not believe in an economy of diminishing expectations and increasing prices, even though that is what we have at present.

The book deals mainly with U.S. energy policies, but there are some references to the Canadian situation. However, events are moving so rapidly that some references may already be out of date. A well-done book certainly, but with a tendency to lack imagination insofar as forthcoming events are concerned.

wrb

Jack London, Pursuit of a Dream, Ruth Frenchaire, Thomas Y. Corwell Co., NY, 1962, (recorded by the Xavier Society for the Blind)

Jack London, like Kipling and Burroughs, was a major writer of adventure fiction of the early part of this century. L. Sprague de Camp

has cited these three as Robert E. Howard's favorite authors. It is a major gap in my reading in that I have never gotten around to London tho I have enjoyed books by the other two. At least one of London's books, Before Adam, is considered to be SF, and I believe that he has written at least one other SF title tho I am not sure. It was with considerable curiosity and anticipation that I dived into this biography.

The book concentrates on the period of his life from 1894 to 1902 when he first began to sell his stories. He had always been restless, perhaps because his parents moved so frequently that he had no real roots. Also he had a burning desire not to be lost among the mindless factory workers who sold their muscles during their prime years while they were strong, and are then discarded the way his father was. The book opens with his return from an 8 month sea adventure to Japan and elsewhere at the age of 17 to find the U.S. in the midst of a great depression. He is an introverted book lover but is also very muscular. He has to take various factory jobs to support his parents while he tries to study, he also makes several efforts to break into writing. He travels across the country with several thousand jobless workers petitioning the government for federal jobs building roads. He leaves the army half way across the country and travels on his own to New York. Here he finds a conservative/Libertarian's dream society of Law and Order where police without provocation attack and beat up scruffy-looking



individuals just because they don't like their looks. Upon returning he completes the equivalent of a high school education, unheard of for someone of his class, and joins the Alaskan gold rush. He returns empty-handed because of scurvy but on his way home he finally composes saleable material. He is rather unsuccessful and is sent as a correspondent to South Africa. When he arrives in London he finds his job has been cancelled. He spends several months observing the poor people of London and writes a book about his experiences. Upon returning to the U.S. he writes his first two really successful books, Call of the Wild and The Sea Wolf. He is married and already has two daughters at this time.

The book skims over the remainder of his life (he died from a drug overdose in 1916) in a very few pages and does not discuss any of his later books.

I was fascinated by the contents but bothered by the style of this book from the very beginning. Apparently, a fair amount has been written or told about his early life by himself and his friends and relatives. But the book is in the form of biographical fiction giving conversations and his inner thoughts at crucial points. As the book progressed this bothered me less and less as I became very interested in the content to notice. I did enjoy the book very much and am now very eager to try reading several of his other books.

erm

Deadly Silents, Lee Killough, Ballantine, 1981, \$2.25

This is an sf mystery with an intriguing premise: the telepathic inhabitants of Egar have a society totally free of crime or violence--until they make contact with Earth. The initial trade delegation is struck telepathically deaf and dumb by exposure to the mental emanations of Terrans, and this condition is passed on to their descendants because telepathy develops from prenatal mother-child linkage. After the repatriation of the original delegation, Egar has two classes, Normals and Silents, whose inability to communicate leads to conflict, including the aforesaid crime and violence. Since the Iregara have no police force, never having needed one, their solution is to import Terran law enforcement officers to set one up from scratch. The story, told from the point of view of Steven "Ten" Kampacalas, a beat cop, and Devane Brooks, the

chief of police, involves the cops' efforts to adjust to Egarad ways, to teach the Iregara to support their local police, and to put an end to the crime wave--this last given especial urgency after someone begins killing off cops. The result is an effective blend of the police procedural type of detective story [see "Mathoms" this issue] and the first-contact sf story, with the social and psychological elements by far the best part of the book.

Both elements, however, are flawed sufficiently that one stops to ask questions about situations that ought to have been dealt with better (or at least slipped past the reader more skillfully). We are asked to believe that a race which has been telepathic for a millenia has never developed the ability to block, so that life on Egar, for Iregara and Terrans alike, is like living in a mental nudist camp. Although telepathy is a reality, and possible for Terrans (Devane's son develops it), there are no Linc Powell-type telepathic cops, and no explanation for their absence. And I find it extremely hard to believe that on a future Earth with space travel and contact with intelligent nonhumans, the dominant religion would be Southern Baptist-style fundamentalism. There are a couple of obvious flaws in the plot structure, too, including the fact that the villain is obvious very early on. But the most annoying device involves Kampacalas, who has been welcomed into an Egarad village group because of his drana (differentness), which he thinks means that he is their resident freak, leaving him feeling resentful. But the term was explained to him as meaning, among other things, counterpoint, which he as a music maven (a major part of his characterization) should have understood; and the insignia chosen for their police by the Iregara is the yin-yang symbol, making it clear that they do not equate differentness with freakishness. This has all the earmarks of a false problem, set up to provide a big feeling-of-acceptance scene at the end, and it creaks with awkwardness. But for those who can overlook flaws for the sake of the very interesting material dealing with psychological and social problems and their working out, Deadly Silents is worth sampling.

ajb

At the Eye of the Ocean, Hilbert Schenck, Pocket Timescape, 1981, 224 pp., \$2.50

This is the first novel by a man who has written only a handful of

stories over the course of several years' peripheral involvement with the field, though recently showing a great deal more productivity. Schenck's fascination with the ocean is evident once more in this historical science fiction (or perhaps fantasy) novel set in New England before the Civil War. The protagonist, Abel Roon, is a dedicated man, ferrying runaway slaves to safety in Canada aboard his ship. Roon is peculiarly suited to this job, because he has a psychic affinity with the ocean that allows him to take advantage of its power.

But Roon is possessed by another vision as well. He has been told of a mythical place, the eye of the ocean, whose location is known only to primitive islanders and others who will not or cannot tell. He is determined to reach this nexus and find what lies there, and learn the ultimate secrets of the sea.

For the most part, At the Eye of the Ocean is a fine historical novel, though perhaps slightly bitter in some parts. The metaphysics of the eye eventually come to dominate the plot, however, and not favorably. Ultimately, I cared little about the eye or about Abel Roon, a stern, unforgiving man who is properly chosen for an unpleasant task, but whom one cannot learn to like.

dd

The Dreamers, James Gunn, Simon & Schuster, 1981, 166 pp., \$10.95, hc, also by Victor Gollancz Ltd., London, 1981, £6.95, and to appear under the title The Mind Master, Jan. 1982, as a Pocket Books pb.

In his most beautifully written but also by far his darkest book to date, James Gunn brings man up the evolutionary ladder from the mindless contentment of simple life forms floating in dark waters only to leave him suspended in the passionate passivity of dreams.

The 22nd-century world of The Dreamers is a world of self-contained urban centers manned by computers for the most part. All but a few of the centers' inhabitants experience life primarily through the medium of chemical memory; like so many second-hand roses, the Poppets (so named because they pop capsules that give them the illusion of living the dreams chemically preserved therein) reject their real world while becoming intensely attached to the 2nd-hand worlds created by the Dreamers.

The Dreamers, the Volunteers, and the Historians--who supply raw material to the dreamers of dreams are a

diminishing group, still offering those skills requiring human judgement; but they are terribly vulnerable, victims of their own passions and of the heedless butterfly Poppets who brush against their lives. At the heart of an urban center's web there must also be a Mnemonist, for whom knowledge is all, but the Mnemonist of the novel's city is old, weary with the burden of memory.

In many ways The Dreamers' picture of man's headlong rush to reverse evolution and float forever, blissed-out, is a logical progression from Gunn's The Joy Makers with its sleepers by the hotelfull (every room a womb), except that in The Dreamers man's sleep is troubled by dreaming images of other lives, images of plague, betrayal, revenge, love and war twined together in the bed of Helen and Paris.

The Dreamers offers none of Gunn's previous optimism and affirmation, no eucastrophe, no "high," but it is both cerebral and passionate, told in extraordinarily sensuous prose, and put together as exquisitely as the work of a fine watchmaker. A book to read more than once.

ncls

Ringworld Engineers, Larry Niven, Ballantine, 1981, 354 pp., \$2.95

Perhaps a true-blue science fiction fan should not admit this, but there are quite a few SF "classics" that I have never read. These neglected books include James Blish's "Cities in Flight" series, Herbert's Dune, Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land, Asimov's Foundation, and the prequel to this review's subject, Ringworld. I think the reason for this is partly due to the length of the works and partly because they all have such high-powered reputations. It reminds me of a comment someone once made about a board game on World War I which was taken off the market--"Everyone just stood around in awe of it, but no one ever played it".

This new book is a sequel to the original Ringworld, taking place over 20 years after the events of that novel. The hero, Louis Wu, has become addicted to jolts of electricity applied to the pleasure centre of his brain and, as such, is as much of a junkie as any earthling heroin addict. He and Speaker-To-Animals (who is promised a rejuvenation to youth) and abducted by a member of the alien race known as Puppeteers. This alien, the Hindmost, needs these two to show him the riches of Ringworld so he

can be regarded as an outcast no longer. All of them are in for a shock however. The orbit of Ringworld has degenerated, is now off-centre and ultimately doomed unless they can find a way to set it right quickly. There is a neat dovetailing with the earlier book, and also with certain other characters in another Niven novel. You may or may not know which one I am referring to, but to tell any more would be to give away one of the more interesting surprises the book contains. There are many of these--such as: What caused the problem with Ringworld? What happened to Teela Brown and what has she turned into--and why? Where is the control center that will turn things right again? The trouble with most sequels is that they seldom live up to the promise of the original. This one, however, is rich in detail and ideas, as befits an immense concept. There is a "feel" to this type of book which has long been known in fandom as a "sense of wonder". This has it all right, in spades.

It looks like Mr. Niven is going to create an interlocking future history all of his own as Robert Heinlein and other authors have done. Certainly, one can see the outlines of such a project beginning to shape up. There are references to previous events, but not to the extent that it becomes obtrusive for a new reader like myself. Both books can stand on their own; there is a brief glossary explaining terms in any case.

The Ringworld books are not the type which one can review by discussing character development; their strength lies in new ideas and plot. The pace crackles right along at a steady clip and Niven does not insult his readers' intelligence by stopping to give lengthy descriptive passages. He sums things up in a no-nonsense fashion and then moves on.

The question left with us is, will there be room for yet a third book? Or does it conclude so decisively that there is no room for further development? The answer is the former, there is the possibility of more Ringworld.

Hmm, a thought just struck me. As the surface of Ringworld contains full-scale representations of earth and other planetary systems, maybe there could be a collaboration with Frank Herbert and could be called Ringworm.

At any rate, now that I have recovered from a brief bout of foolishness, I would seriously urge you to investigate this book. If you are not a fan of Larry Niven, you soon will be.

wrb

Invisible Cities, Italo Calvino, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1974

Kublai Khan has an atlas, wherein all the cities of the earth are shown, delineated, and described... or so he thinks. In his garden in Khanbaligh (Peking), he asks the traveler Marco Polo to describe the cities he has been through on his way to Tartary. Polo obliges...but what cities are these? Here is a travelogue of no places known on Earth, or are they? They are cities with women's names: Diomira, Isidora, Dorothea, Zaira, Anastasia, Tamara, Zora, Despina.... These are not stories, but crisp and evocative vignettes:

Zirma, a city filled with dirigibles, girls leading pumas on leashes, people going mad in skyscrapers: a city filled with redundancies which leave the traveler with a single memory.

Zobeide, a city built to entrap a naked running girl seen only in dreams.

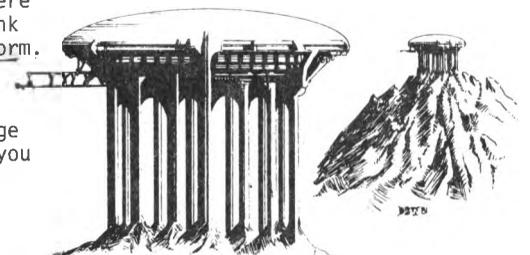
Olinda, a city growing in concentric circles, forcing themselves outward from the center.

Eupemia, where travelers exchange their memories.

Hypatia, a city of nubile maidens and crab-ravaged suicides.

Despite its prose form, this book is as much poetry as anything else; and it is philosophy, and high imagination. It's a pleasure to see it in an English translation (by William Weaver). I hadn't heard there was one. Within the space of two days I located as many copies on the shelves of used book stores in the area. You'll have to be careful where you look for this however. I found the one I bought under f/sf... but the other copy was in a section headed "classics". And it might also be held as a mainstream novel or God knows what. It has a shiny sliver dustjacket, and you really can't miss it. And don't miss this haunting, delicate, improbable travelogue of the fantastic.

rw



Other Worlds, Paul Davies, Simon and Schuster, 1980, \$11.95

Since this is not the first book of science fact, or alleged fact, that I have reviewed here, let me present my credentials as a science reviewer: I hold the world welterweight record for having had the precession of the equinoxes explained to me more times, without actually comprehending it, than any other living person. (I have at least grasped enough not to spell it "precession," and I devoutly hope that the copy typist can say the same.) As I have remarked before, I probably know less about science than any of the other regular NIEKAS writers--which is why I read these books; the others don't need to.

There is nothing alleged about Paul Davies' scientific qualifications: the author is Professor of Theoretical Physics at the University of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the book is an alternate selection of three book clubs, and the jacket bears the laudatory blurbs from Martin Gardner and Isaac Asimov. But his science doesn't resemble that which you learned at your mother's knee (unless your mother happened to be named Erwin Schrodinger); it is an explanation of quantum theory for the layperson. Just to give you an idea, the discussion of Einstein's theories of relativity appears early on, in the easy part. Davies takes us from the clear, commonsense realm of Newtonian mechanics through Einstein's concepts and into the submicroscopic world of quantum mechanics, ruled as far as anyone can tell by such far-out (or far-in?) notions that even Einstein refused to entertain them. Here we find riddles wrapped in enigmas and tied up in paradoxes: the absolute impossibility of predicting the behavior of any given particle, though the behavior of particles-in-general can be predicted; the apparent fact that a particle may have position or momentum, but not both; and the inability to measure anything without altering it by the fact of measurement (the famous Heisenberg uncertainty principle, often represented by the graffito "Heisenberg may have been here"). There is a discussion of "Superspace," the notion that there may be an infinity of successive parallel universes, with such attendant corollaries as probability waves, the subject of experiment in the famous paradox of Schrodinger's cat (a creature which, if there were any logic at all in the universe, would be composed entirely of mu-mesons). There is the intriguing possibility, suggested by John Wheeler, that there is no reality



at all without conscious, intelligent life able to collapse a probability into actuality by observing it. Is our world not Newton's perfect clockwork mechanism but an infinite pinball machine, which we are all allowed to tilt? All this is simplicity itself compared to the concept of Supertime, in which it is shown that the future is just as real as the past, and it is only a peculiarity of our own minds that we cannot remember it, while the present does not exist at all.

This book is lucid as it can be, considering the difficulty of the subject, and I almost understood it. I just don't believe it. But I must admit it suggests some awesome possibilities, including the notion that Occam's Razor may necessitate the existence of God (who else could have observed the Big Bang and thus collapsed it into reality?) and the even more embarrassing proposition that de Camp and Pratt's Harold Shea stories and Heinlein's "The Number of the Beast---" may be the most scientifically accurate stories in the whole sf canon. If you want to explore these ideas on a deeper level than the pop-science summaries of Carl Sagan's COSMOS without having to become a full-time theoretical physicist yourself, this book is for you. But don't come to me for help if you don't fully understand it: I'll be too busy building a syllogismobile in my garage.

ajb

Winners, Poul Anderson, Tor Books, 1981, 299 pp., \$2.75

There aren't too many writers who can do this, put together a complete collection of award winning stories from among their own works. The

five longish stories that comprise this book have won the Hugo. Of them all, "No Truce With Kings" is easily my personal favorite. Following a nuclear war, well-meaning but egotistical aliens attempt to restructure humanity into a peaceful society through secret manipulation, but all they do is mess things up even worse.

"Queen of Air and Darkness" and "Goat Song" are science fiction with a coating of fantasy. Aliens use their telepathic powers to take on the guise of fairies in the former; a computer has become a god in the eyes of humanity in the latter. Both are excellent stories.

A power struggle erupts over the control of advanced technology on a primitive world in "The Longest Voyage", as the result of which no one at all benefits. "The Sharing of Flesh" is one of the best of Anderson's stories of humans dealing with the alien other-world natives. By its very nature, this was bound to be a very good collection. Unfortunately, by its nature it is also a very familiar one; only the last story mentioned has not appeared previously in an Anderson collection. As good as it is, one story is not worth the price of the book, so buy it only if you don't already have all the others.

dd

An Island Called Moreau, Brian W. Aldiss, Simon & Schuster, 1981, 173 pp., \$10.95, hc

Brian Aldiss is spectacularly successful as a story-teller, so that his homage to nineteenth-century classics of science fiction --here, and earlier in Frankenstein Unbound--results in a roller-coaster ride of a narrative; but he is also a thoughtful critic of contemporary society so that in both these Victorian models--Mary Shelley's novel and H.G. Wells' tale--he finds ethical questions of tremendous concern to a darkening late twentieth century.

The island of Aldiss' tale is, of course, Wells' island too; or rather, as Mortimer Dart, Thalidomide freak and monster scientist, explains to the hero, it is the real-life island of a Dr. Angus McMoreau, whose vivisectionist experiments inspired Wells.

The hero himself, Dr. Calvert Roberts, a U.S. Undersecretary of State, has Victorian roots too, in spite of a strong sensual streak and a past that includes four marriages and four divorces. He neither drinks nor smokes, and an intense

philosophical attachment to an idea of God helps him in comprehending the evil on Moreau at first.

For evil there is no simple, easily contained evil of a mad scientist with a giant ego out of control. Dart, "Master" and creator of the Beast-men, genetic manipulator, is financed secretly by the U.S. Government, indeed by Roberts' own department. Roberts' loyalties and notions of good and evil, necessarily simplified during a global nuclear conflict, are wrenched into a confrontation with the pervasiveness of evil. Such is the informed paranoia of our times that Aldiss is able to make the government's complicity in creating horrors far beyond Wells' entirely credible.

The real horrors of Dart's island I will not reveal, but the ultimate goal of the government project is hair-raising, far more dreadful than mere Bull-men or Gorilla-men or Cat-women. Aldiss leads us to adventure and discovery at break-neck speed--with the narrative skills of the great Victorian & Edwardian story-tellers accelerated to twentieth-century speed; but that speed never precludes our having to think about some very disturbing questions.

ncls

Giftwish, Graham Dunstan Martin, Houghton Mifflin, 1981 (Allen & Unwin, 1978), \$8.95

This juvenile fantasy deals with the traditional theme of the youth destined to confront the evil sorcerer. Such a hero usually belongs to one of two types: either he is very naive and foolish, and his ignorance and folly get him into trouble; or he is clever and brash, and his overconfidence gets him into trouble. Ewan the goatherd is neither: he thinks. He is fully aware, when he arrives in the town of Cheatfair and is recognized as the promised hero, that he has been set up--conditions have been contrived and he himself has been manipulated. But it all seems well meant, and he is perfectly willing to go along with what is apparently a merely symbolic ritual to bind an ancient Necromancer in his tomb, thus restoring the fertility of the land of Feydom and making it secure from wild Kendark, the Necromancer's realm. But the ritual turns out to be a real human sacrifice, with Ewan himself as the intended victim. Escaping into Kendark, he wins the sword Giftwish and the help of the friendly wizard Caperstaff, who tests him and discovers that he



really is the hero of prophecy. There are two really interesting and original elements here: the fact that Ewan accomplishes the traditional three tasks set him by the wizard using his intelligence, rather than by luck or magical assistance; and the contrasting of the mere external rules of magic, as exemplified by the dealings of the manipulators back in Feydom, with its internal justice, displayed in the revelation that Ewan was the destined savior all along.

Ewan's actual quest turns out to be to enter the castle of the reigning Necromancer to rescue the long-lost Crown of Unity, thus redeeming both kingdoms. He is aided by various representatives of the forces of good, principally Caperstaff, the witch-girl Catchfire, and a lady dragon called Earthquake; but his task is finally achievable only by means of the unique powers of the sword Giftwish, which he has to be intelligent enough to figure out.

As a story, Giftwish is only average; and it has one really annoying element: all the characters but Ewan, and most of the places, have names like Catchfire, Blackwish, Longyew--intended to be as vital and significant as, for example, Strider or Greyhame, but not in fact succeeding. Martin, who teaches French, has apparently been bitten by Tolkien's linguistic-aesthetic bug, with deplorable results. The book is redeemed by having a convincingly intelligent hero (and by its stress on that quality), and by its interesting treatment of the logic, ethics, and internal consistency of magic. Marginally readable (translation: I'll buy it only if it comes out in paperback). A sequel is promised.

ajb

Salem's Children, Mary Leader, Leisure Books, 1981, 367 pp., \$2.75

This is the second supernatural novel by Mary Leader, following her

earlier Triad, released in paperback by Bantam. It is, unfortunately, very similar in tone to that earlier novel, understated, but never achieving the element of suspense to rivet the reader to each turning page. Triad was partly successful, for it dealt with a woman experiencing strange lapses of memory, lapses where she appeared to act in ways totally at odds with her normal personality. There were genuinely gripping passages in the flashbacks to her childhood, but the mood and motion of the novel were marred by a distracting and confusing series of psychological sessions.

Salem's Children is similarly inconsistent. The interplay between a young widow and her two children is well handled and often there is a real emotional commitment from the reader to the characters. This time the author errs in introducing the supernatural menace too soon, and we are distracted by the mysterious and evil machinations of the townspeople before we ever really learn to identify with or know the characters who are soon to be menaced. At times it almost seems as though the author is a bit afraid of the situations she is writing about, and purposely cloaks them in muffling detail not strictly germane to their resolution. Entertaining to a degree but largely unsuccessful at maintaining any element of suspense.

dd

The Prince of Morning Bells, Nancy Kress, Pocket Books, \$2.75

This is a charming story, almost a children's tale, of a princess and an enchanted purple dog and their various adventures. It would be quite good to read to children if you don't insist on happy endings.

On another level, however, it is an allegorical story of the process many of us go through trying to grow up. There is an experience in which the princess tries to find the Heart of the World in what is fairly easily identifiable as science, another experience with mysticism, and she is sidetracked for twenty-five years in being a spouse and parent before returning to her quest.

The scenes in which she finds the Heart of the World are extraordinarily well written and contain many truths. This is, even though the book is written in contemporary language, a difficult feat to carry off in fantasy literature. The only real fault I could find with this book was in the back cover blurb:

"...discover the amazing secret at the heart of every women's world." This is not only sexist, it is totally untrue; it is the secret at the center of every individual's world.

mrh

Twelve Fair Kingdoms, Suzette Haden Elgin, Doubleday, 1981, \$9.95

The Grand Jubilee, Elgin, Doubleday, 1981, \$10.95

These are billed as the first two volumes of the Ozark Fantasy Trilogy, which is something of a misnomer, as there is a strong sf element as well. They deal with events on the planet Ozark about 2000 years from now, 1000 years from its settlement by the Twelve Families, mountain people escaping from a corrupt and polluted Earth. They bring with them a deep suspicion of high technology and centralized government as well as a passion for keeping themselves to themselves. Their culture at the time of the novels is based primarily on magic, with some technology used for communication and transportation, though the method of choice for the latter is flight by magically powered Mules, a genetically engineered version of an indigenous life form. Magic is in the hands of Grannies and the far more powerful (and almost exclusively male) Magicians. There is a minimal government, the Confederation, headquartered in Castle Brightwater, one of the Twelve Kingdoms.

As the first book opens, a plague of magical mischief at Castle Brightwater threatens to disrupt the forthcoming Grand Jubilee to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the Confederation, which is frail enough as it is, since nearly half of the Families want to dissolve it. To find the culprit--and incidentally as a show of Brightwater strength--Responsible of Brightwater sets out on a Quest throughout the Twelve Kingdoms, in the course of which she discovers a lot more trouble than she had bargained for. As the one girl-child in her generation to bear that name, she has duties to the planet as well as to Brightwater, chiefly the responsibility of being the only person to communicate with the mysterious Out-Cabal, a confederation of magic-orientated planets that is keeping a far from benign eye on Ozark, and whose existence is known only to Responsible, the Grannies, and the Mules. In The Grand Jubilee, that long-awaited event takes place; and despite all Responsible's efforts, just about everything that can go

wrong does. The Confederation is dissolved, leading to some strange developments in the separate kingdoms, including the establishment of a fanatic theocracy in one; and Responsible encounters the man who in accordance with an ancient prophecy is to contend with her in a struggle whose outcome affects the fate of the planet. At the end of the story several kinds of disaster seem imminent, and Responsible herself is hors de combat because of a powerful spell.

Elgin has made good use of the folkways of the mountain people, though they are depicted as far more evolved than in, for example, Wellman's Silver John stories. The Grannies are particularly good, though I find it a little hard to believe that these people have banished war and violent crime for over a millenium, even though the Twelve Families include neither the Hatfields nor the McCoys. The heroine is interesting and unusual. She has the advantage of a lot more magical abilities than it is legal for her to possess, but she is no superwoman. Still, she does remarkably well, considering that she is only fourteen years old. The mix of sf and fantasy elements is a little reminiscent of Anne McCaffrey's stories of Pern, though Elgin is doing somewhat different things here. She doesn't do them quite as well as McCaffrey, either, but the books are better than average. One interesting point, fairly unusual for fantasy, is that Elgin does not incline one to the automatic expectation that everything will come right in the end. The women of the book, especially the heroine, are also impressive, as she depicts a society in which the highest feminine value is the ability to cope, and neither love nor happiness are on offer. Recommended.

ajb

To Sail the Century Sea, G.C. Edmondson, Ace Books, 1981, 194 pp., \$2.25

This above average adventure novel is the sequel to one of my all-time favorites, The Ship That Sailed the Timestream. In order to protect its dictatorship, the government of the U.S. brings back together the crew of the first novel and sends them back through time to alter history and prevent the rise of the Soviet Union. But Captain Joseph Rate and his crew aren't entirely willing, and are more interested in finding a place in time for themselves.

Just as in the first volume,

Edmondson treats us to a series of adventures, complicated this time by the presence on board of a downright weird government agent, reminiscent of Gordon Liddy at his least rational. The trip gets off to a bad start as well, because premature activation of the time travel apparatus involves them almost immediately in a collision at sea, following which they are seized as pirates by Mexican military personnel.

This is a fun book despite the disillusion and bitterness that Edmondson allows to creep in at times. Rate and company have a harrying active time, jumping from one frying pan to another throughout the book, ultimately changing the timestream, though not in a fashion that anyone intended. And I'm not going to tell you here, but the final sentence of the novel is a bitter but amusing joke.

dd

Sci Fi, William Marshall, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1981, \$10.95

Don't be misled by the title; this is actually a mystery story--the sixth in a series about the Yellowthread Street police station in the imaginary Hong Bay area of Hong Kong, where the law most frequently enforced seems to be Murphy's. They are excellent stories, combining black comedy with suspense, well-crafted puzzles, and an occasional touch of grisly horror. In Sci Fi, the All-Asia Science Fiction and Horror Movie Congress is being held in Hong Bay, and the fans are behaving like fans anywhere, launching a helium-filled Death Star from the roof of the con hotel in the direction of the Red Chinese border, and stuff like that there. The police are coping (more or less) until the appearance of The Spaceman, a costumed figure with a flame-throwing "ray gun" who leaves a trail of incinerated corpses in his wake, with no discoverable motive. Not to mention various lesser puzzles: Where is the vandal with the vanishing Volkswagen van? Have the Triads (secret societies) marked Chief Inspector Harry Feiffer for execution? And why will no one at Yellowthread Street admit to having arrested The Green Slime?

This is not really a fanish novel, but sf and horror movies are definitely germane to the plot, and fortunately Senior Inspector Christopher O'Yee (Irish-Chinese) is a long-time fan of them. The plot is ingenious and baffling, and there is a literally blazing climax. Definitely recommended.

ajb

Red Star in Orbit, James E. Olberg,
Random House, \$12.95

I don't usually recommend that fans buy hardback books. After all, it might show up much cheaper on the remaindered table in a couple of years. Or come out in paperback. The only reason to buy a full price hardback book is because it is timely, informative, and you will be going back to it again and again as a reference book. Red Star in Orbit is such a book.

There is a cover blurb about this book being "The Inside Story of Soviet Failures and Triumphs in Space." Well, not really. Oberg does not come up with any new information. Instead, we have a marvelous job of research. The author has compiled his history from British Interplanetary Society publications, U.S.S.R. publications, NASA publications, AVIATION WEEK AND SPACE TECHNOLOGY, and mounds of books and magazine articles.

Here is a story of human courage and folly. The Russians have always been interested in rockets, and Konstantin Tsiolokovsky was an inspiration to many young rocketeers. Whereas Goddard died and was generally ignored by the U.S. public at his death, Tsiolokovsky got a state funeral. The story of how the Russians worked hard to make this dream come true is the core of this book.

The book was written in 1981, just as the Salyut Six mission was coming to an end. As such, it will be years before this book is obsolete. My only real objection to the presentation is the lack of much information on the Soviet Unmanned Planetary Probes...but this may come from my own bias as an employee at JPL. Other than this, we can only hope for an update in ten years or so, when enough new information will have filtered out of Russia to justify it.

ha

Eglerio! In Praise of Tolkien, Anne Etkin et al., Quest Communications, 1978, \$3.95

This strikes me as an excellent book for those who do not read. I don't mean that as the slam it sounds like; I am thinking of all those young hippies wearing FRODO LIVES and GO GO GANDALF buttons that I used to see roaming the Telegraph Avenue area when I was at Berkeley back in the sixties. If I happened to fall into conversation with one of them and brought up the subject of Tolkien, I almost invariably discovered that the button-wearer

had only read The Hobbit. These kids were products of the post-Gutenberg generation, for whom reading for pleasure was an oddball activity and the prospect of tackling a three-volume work well-nigh unthinkable. The bulk of Eglerio! is an introduction/appreciation by Anne Etkin, written on a level accessible to a bright high-schooler (of course, I am judging by the standards of my own high school years, back in the Good Old Days when God and English grammar were still alive and the SAT averages were a couple of hundred points higher), that seems ideally designed to lead the hesitating reader into the longer work. It summarizes the adventures of the first volume (without giving away the whole of the plot) and touches on many of the themes, values, and delights of LotR. I have rarely come across a work on the introductory level which is so sensitive to the nuances of the world of Middle-earth; most such works oversimplify, or burble, or both.

Other material varies in the level it is aimed at: the two previously unpublished C.S. Lewis letters were originally written to a child; his essay on Tolkien's life and works was an obituary for the TIMES of London; Anne Etkin's pieces on The Homecoming and The Silmarillion are for the more advanced student; and Nan Scott's article first appeared in a church magazine. Other items, desirable to the Tolkien completist, are a chronological biography, a poem by Etkin, and eight pages of photographs of various places connected with Tolkien's life and writings. This is neither a scholarly nor a truly fannish production, but it is the ideal book to give to your teenaged friend or relation who is thinking about tackling The Lord of the Rings but is intimidated by anything over 192 pages.

ajb

Centaur Aisle, Piers Anthony,
Ballantine, 1981, \$2.75

This is, as one could guess from the title, the fourth book in the Xanth trilogy, and the second featuring Dor, the adolescent son of Bink, the hero of the first two volumes. Dor is acting King of Xanth while King Trent and Queen Iris are on a mission to Mundania; and when they are trapped there, with no magic to help them, he must go to the rescue, along with Princess Irene and others. This is very much the mixture as before, with puns, magical adventures, and growth experiences. I find my interest in

the series flagging, probably because I liked Split Infinity so much better and am more interested in getting hold of the sequel to it. I suspect that the author may be having a similar experience, as there are no really new developments in the Xanth universe here. The principal novelty is the extended characterization of Irene, a rather annoying, flighty teenaged sex kitten with redeeming social qualities if you really dig for them. I suppose there are teenagers like this; but she seems pretty improbable, especially in her emotional flipflops in the last chapter. Recommended to hardcore addicts of humorous fantasy.

ajb

City Come A-Walkin', John Shirley,
Dell Books, 1980, 204 pp., \$1.95

In a San Francisco nightclub in 1991, the spirit of the City manifests itself to clairvoyant angst-rock singer and bandleader Catz Wailen and to the club's owner, Stu Cole. City is disgusted; City has been invaded, and City is fighting back. From there the ten-act scenario that Catz sings of in her trance is unrolled relentlessly as City, Catz, and Stu go after the cancer in the city--organized crime, the electronic information cartels the mob controls, and crooked cops.

It's like seeing a tiger go after a mouse.

Stu Cole is the battered, seedy, gutter-wise hero of a thousand detective novels and, like them, he deeply loves the city. In passing, he realizes that other Cities, too, have come alive and are hunting down their own gangsters; he meets Sacramento in Jail, and sees her as the quintessential hooker; a nice, if puzzling description, unless it is a reference to the fact the state capitol is located there. Catz proves to have a better rapport with Chicago than with San Francisco.

Yet, to invoke a power that can tear up streets and wreck buildings, use telephones as if it were the switching system, and in general raise hell with physical objects, to chase down a handful of gangsters and their minions inevitably calls up the image of Sam Spade, Philip Marlowe, or even Mickey Spillane, all of whom did the same thing alone, or with very few allies.

And how well does Stu know the city, outside of the nightclub district? He expressed an extravagant love for the gays, and what he sees as their warm, communal sex life. In return, gay strangers offer him an

impersonal sympathy and friendship. Yet, dumped twice in a black district, he can only consider the people as "sullen"; perhaps because, like feminists, they no longer smile automatically (if they ever did) at the stranger. His rendition of their accents and list of churches is given with a totally tin ear and sounds like parody. Chinatown and the City's large Oriental population he dismisses as "ten thousand slanted eyes." And while, in a magazine interview, he claims to understand that the city draws its sense of community from the fact that its people are piled on top of each other, Oriental, Black, White, Gay, European, and so on, one never feels this in his wanderings through the city. His one encounter with middle-class, middle-aged White family people, searching for their runaway children, finds him oddly coldly detached, without compassion.

Lastly, City is seen as an avenging, paranoid, ruthless, and somewhat hysterical male, almost as a lone-wolf gangster. But San Francisco is a lady, an old madame in worn lace, wise and of almost Oriental subtlety.

It's a frantic, often funny, fascinating book, (if flawed) and the concept is marvellous. One wants to meet other cities. Is Los Angeles schizophrenic? Does Albuquerque have a faint Texas accent and why does he seem to be a Thirtyish cowboy with a Chicana mother? Would Stu have found Atlanta "Sullen"? Or would she charm him? Maybe one day we'll meet them when City comes a-walkin'.

pm

Robert Lynn Asprin, ed.,
Thieves World, Ace, 1979, \$2.50
Tales from the Vulgar Unicorn, Ace,
 1980, \$2.75
Shadows of Sanctuary, Ace, 1981,
 \$2.50

We need a new critical term here, to describe the fantasy equivalent of "hard" science fiction--the kind in which the secondary universe is built carefully, with attention to detail and coherence, as opposed to that in which the fantastic (magic or the like) is postulated and the story rolls merrily on without dealing with its implications or setting up rules for it to work by. I haven't been able to think of the right word--"hard fantasy" sounds vaguely pornographic--but I recognize it when I see it; and I see it par excellence in Tolkien's Middle-earth, and here as well. Sanctuary is also a fair example of the corporate fantasy, being divided by a group of writers. Asprin calls it

a franchised universe, which raises mad visions of a Kentucky colonel framed in golden arches, but he simply means that each writer may use the others' characters and build on the elements of the world that have been devised by others. Sanctuary is a seedy little town, the armpit of the Rankan Empire, populated primarily by thieves, charlatans, and prostitutes. It also has a Royal Governor (sent there to get him out of Imperial politics) with ambitious building schemes, his elite personal guard, known as the Hell Hounds to a populace that disapproves of incorruptibility, a motley crew of wizards, and some very pushy gods. These characters are not very likeable or admirable, but they are not dull; there wasn't one story in the three anthologies that bored me. My only real criticism of the books is that there aren't any truly good and moral characters to admire for a change. Vonda N. McIntyre introduces some nice people in Shadows, but they very sensibly get the hell out of town as soon as possible; and "The Rhinoceros and the Unicorn" by our own Diana Paxson, in the same volume, does have a moral, but it is an aesthetic one. Interestingly enough, ten of the total of 22 stories in the three books have female authors, who are quite as capable as their male colleagues when it comes to serving up gore and ghastliness; I suppose this is progress.

Perhaps the chief fascination of the Sanctuary volumes, surpassing in interest the individual stories themselves, is seeing how the various authors weave their separate patterns on the communal loom, maintaining an overall consistency in concept and characterization. It's a pleasure to watch; and if you want to join in yourself, I understand there is a THIEVES' WORLD game available.

ajb

Sharra's Exile, Marion Zimmer Bradley, DAW

Darkover is the fourth planet of Cottman's Star, a red giant in a thinnish portion of the galaxy at no inconsiderable distance from Earth. It has at least one habitable continent (the others, if any, may be too cold), peopled by several sentient species. One, the chieri, were at one time space-traveling. They are a tall, hermaphroditic race of great psychic and telekinetic power. They are also related to us in some way, since they can interbreed with homo sapien.

An early Terran settlement ship, bound for another destination, made

an emergency planetfall on Cottman IV and was not able to leave. Its passengers were primarily Gaelic and Hispanic speaking, with an English-speaking crew. For two (or more) thousand years their descendents (forgetting their origin) developed their own culture, which came ultimately to be ruled by a caste of highly developed (and highly inbred) telepaths. Their powers came partly from innate abilities and partly from chieri/human interbreeding. The greatest flowering of this culture was also its greatest disaster (the "Ages of Chaos"). This period was followed by a feudal epoch in which the great telepathic families (the Comyn) ruled the settled portion of Darkover as a series of family estates (the Domains) under a Compact which strictly limited the weapons one person might use against another (essentially knives, swords, and such hand weapons). Thus arrested, Darkovan culture was in a gradually accelerating decline when rediscovered by the Terran Empire. This precipitates a struggle between assimilation and separatism which forms a main theme for most of the Darkover novels.

(I should remark in passing that the Terran Empire does not "feel" as if 2000 (or more) years have passed since our own time. In The Spell Sword, for instance, Andrew Carr states he had lived on a horse ranch in Arizona. This doesn't sound as if Earth has changed very much in such a long stretch of time, and in general the Terran Empire sounds more like an extension of modern Anglo-America than anything quite so far in the future.)

Unlike many series, the Darkover novels are each independent of the others. That is, each can be read with complete enjoyment without needing previous novels for background. But of course it's better to read the whole batch. Much better. All of them are good but the later ones particularly are powerfully written, well plotted, absorbing, and often moving. (It is, by the way, a great pleasure to see and read books which treat sexuality without being vulgar and homo-sexuality without being either stereotypical or maudlin. Few love stories in sf...or in mainstream fiction for that matter...can match that between Regis Hastur and Danilo Syrtis; and certainly there is no rival for the combination of tact and power with which it is presented.)

As the Darkover novels keep coming, they keep getting longer. It's a good thing that they're also getting better. Like all of the later books

in this series, this one is rich, evocative, and a moving tapestry of events and personalities. I happened to have read this one in conjunction with a re-reading of the entire series, including the original version of this same book, The Sword of Aldones.

There is perhaps no greater measure of how far Darkover has come than to compare that earliest novel, Sword of Aldones, with the new Exile. The former isn't bad, but the latter is so much better that I rapidly became frustrated and impatient with the older version.

Sharra's Exile is the direct sequel of another tremendous Darkover novel, Heritage of Hastur. Now, it may be said that I have reasons to be prejudiced in this regard, but the tale Bradley relates of Danilo Syrtis and Regis Hastur is one of the great love stories of modern fantasy. It's in Heritage and Exile finds it in a warmer and more comfortable phase. There are still some poignant moments, though.

As in Heritage, however, the main focus in Exile is on Lew Alton and Sharra, she of the nasty matrix. And as in Heritage, the narrative of the novel alternates between third-person narrative (primarily from Regis' point of view) and first-person narrative (Lew Alton). The basis of the "Lew Alton" narrative is the older Sword of Aldones, but of course considerably altered. Each new chapter shifts the point of view. Some readers find these shifts annoying; personally I felt this technique adds depth and variety to a very long work. The story is exciting, full of more political intrigue than usual, even for the Comyn; there's a good deal

of action as well, culminating in the big confrontation with Sharra at the end. And, gratifyingly, Dyan Ardaish has turned from a sort of wimpy villain (in Sword) to a far more complex and satisfying character. (The Darkover Concordance doesn't mention this, but "Dyan" is almost certainly Darkovan for "John".)

Besides Regis & Danilo, and Dyan & Dyan, the other love story in Exile is Dio & Lew. This is also excellently done...especially if you compare how the same affair is handled in Sword. Dio also has some competition, and Lew has his usual difficult times with women.

The Darkover series offers an interesting and almost unique opportunity to "snoop" on the creative mind. Marion Bradley is not above rewriting works already published...despite the fact that this is the ultimate despair of individuals like myself who want all the circumstantial details to form a neat, coherent package. The Bloody Sun exists in two versions, and now we have a completely revised version of Sword of Aldones, even to a change in the title. However, despite the excellence of the new novel, let me state that the new title is itself pretty awful. Marion usually shows good judgement and a nice touch with her titles; this one is a dud. But ignore that and read the book anyway. (And, just to sneak a plug in here, PELLENNORATH 4 ((available through Rod at 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas, CA 92024)) features maps of Darkover and a Darkovan gazetteer. We just have a few little enormous inconsistencies to clear up and....)

rW

Unrepentant Harlequin, George Edward Slusser, Borgo Press, 1977, 64 pp., \$2.95

This is the sixth volume in Borgo's Milford series on popular writers of today. Who is to deny the appropriateness of Harlan Ellison's inclusion in this series as (states Slusser) "...the finest, most provocative ((fantasist)) in America today"?

While the author does tend to be a bit wordy at times, it is certainly worth that little extra bit of effort to follow his reasoning. He views Ellison as centering his stories on man and his relationship to the universe and what makes it all work. Categories are set up to pigeonhole the majority of his output over the years: journalism, fantasy, and myth.

Slusser makes a strong argument for the case that Ellison is really an "old-fashioned" reporter; he is not one to present the facts in a non-passionate way for the reader to draw his own conclusions from. By his posturing and use of several different "voices" he leaves very little to be wondered at as far as what he perceives as Truth. Often, in introductions to books and in other peripheral material, he will build his case based on hearsay--what he has been told about his stories. He then proceeds to either confirm or deny these opinions.

As a writer of fantasy, Ellison impresses Slusser as a writer who dwells on the physical in his stories as opposed to the moral. If anything, "most are quite amoral--the fight is tooth-and-claw, the outcome survival of the fittest." In his stories "even the most insignificant, cringing human being can, if pushed to the limits, become a ferocious killer, a leader and a conquerer." These apply to many of his earlier works where it seemed as if he really believed that man could overcome. Most recently he has developed a more pessimistic attitude which follows into his mythic tales.

One of the nicest things about this book is that the author has managed to avoid being overly effusive without begrudging Harlan Ellison any of the accomplishments he has earned or the achievements he has won.

Each category is approached in pretty much a chronological order. The bibliography at the end is complete up to No Doors, No Windows (1975). Unfortunately, it is restricted to books and does not list individual stories. Still, a small mark against a good read.

mb



good the writing of something may be, if the subject repels me then I'd sooner not read it--and I regret it if I do. Thinking sideways from this, I find that the best writing is not necessarily what one thinks it is. The best writing, surely, is writing that does not intrude itself between the writer and the reader. If one keeps stopping to think: that's bloody good writing; then it isn't. If one doesn't notice the writing as such, but the message comes across simply and unequivocally, then it's good writing--though one may not realise it until much later if at all.

Which is I think all I particularly wanted to say concerning N. 27 except to mention that most of it (the exceptions being those bits that I can't understand) remains interestingly readable. Perhaps I could make special mention of Anne Braude, who despite being so prolific is always interesting, always comprehensible, and when she expresses an opinion the chances are that I'll agree with it--so she is your star performer. Pity about her poor little snout.

John Brunner
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Just as all sorts of otherwise unrelated legends got attached, in the Middle Ages, to those historical characters whom everyone had heard of (e.g., Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar) or those whose historicity is questionable but still everyone had heard of (King Arthur, Brute, King Lud), so in our day classic quotations get attributed to people who had nothing whatever to do with them...

Please tell Anne Braude (Mathoms, NIEKAS 27) that she's been guilty of a major misattribution. Credit where credit is due, after all.

"I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them, in the laying out of grounds, a third and distinct character, which I call unexpectedness."

"'Pray, sir,' said Mr. Milestone, 'by what name do you distinguish this character, when a person walks around the grounds for the second time?'"

Dr. Johnson had nothing to do with it; the quotation is from Thomas Love Peacock's Headlong Hall. He was also the guy to whom we owe "The War-Song of Dinas Vawr" ("The mountain sheep are sweeter but the valley sheep are fatter...") and the ballad of "The Wise Men of Gotham".

He doesn't deserve to have his best lines pinched by someone else!

Chester D. Cuthbert
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Anne Braude's "Instruments of Darkness" and Algis Budrys' "Michaelmas and Me" were the two most interesting items in NIEKAS 27.

It may be of interest to your readers to know that John Robert Colombo has compiled a bibliography of Blackwood's Books, which has been published by Hounslow Press, 124 Parkview Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, M2N 3Y5, Canada. I received a complimentary copy from Mr. Colombo on which no price was shown, so I cannot provide this information, but it is a quality paperback of 119 pages, with much background information about Blackwood; and I have found it useful in checking my own collection of Blackwood's books. Algernon Blackwood has been a favorite author of mine since the 'twenties.

ON NIEKAS 28

Amy Chase
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...NIEKAS 28 was wonderful. Though I would like to stand up in defense of ((Marsha Jones')) buttercups. I've always liked them (then again I've always liked dandelions much to the chagrin of anyone I've gardened with...).

I though I would mention Rona Jaffe's new book, Mazes and Monsters. It is a superb book about 4 college students and their involvement with a fantasy role-playing game (essentially the same as D&D). gamers might be a bit put out by

her somewhat alarmist views of role-playing games, but I would still recommend this highly.

My only problem ((on viewing the Space Shuttle landing)) was dealing with the inane and useless comments the broadcasters feel they have to make. These while we all stare at a landed shuttle. Beautiful landing though!

Robert Bloch
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Looks like you have done it again-- I'm enjoying the issue, particularly Terry Jeeves on Doc Smith! What a great guy he was, and such a modest antithesis to some of today's big name pros! Also engrossed by Philip K. Dick's intriguing essay, Ray Nelson's hypothesis, Anne Braude's opus--all in all, though I've not finished reading yet, this bids fair to be a superlative issue. Many thanks.

David Palter
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Thank you for NIEKAS 28, which is truly superb, an issue of which you may well be proud. My favorite feature in this issue is Anne Braude's article on romanticism which is not only greatly informative, but puts the subject perfectly in perspective. I feel that I now truly understand romanticism. The effect is somewhat similar to that of Isaac Asimov's non-fiction, which has the virtue of not just providing information on a topic, but also showing how that topic fits into the broad picture, and what its real significance is. In fact, I'm sure Asimov would enjoy this article--is he a reader of NIEKAS? ((Unknown--he's no longer on our mailing list. ed.))





Since I have already had several strenuous disagreements with opinions expressed by Piers Anthony in the pages of NIEKAS, I am pleased to find something of his that I can agree with in this issue. Maybe I am not after all doomed to become the nemesis of Piers Anthony. His review of Gene Wolfe's novel The Shadow of the Torturer not only shows an appreciation of the book's considerable strengths, but also observes its weakness, a highly inconclusive ending, which interestingly does not seem to have been noticed by other reviewers of this book. I know that when I read the novel I greatly enjoyed it but also felt obscurely troubled when I finished it. At the time I didn't know exactly why, but Piers Anthony has identified the problem--the book actually has not real ending.

I am impressed by the case Fred Lerner makes for the abolition of the public education system. I have long favored this move for reasons different from those given by Fred, and now find that I have even more reason to favor it. His economic and political analysis is marvelous. I think those reasons alone would justify Fred's proposal that schools be paid for but not run by the government. Other reasons which Fred does not address, would include the advantages of educational efficiency resulting from the return of freedom of choice concerning education. (Here I am using the most Libertarian option, which is to permit people to employ the schools of their choice and also to make other choices entailing no schools at all, if they wish. This decision will have to remain that of the parents, but wise parents will duly consider the wishes of their children.) Fred discusses some of the economic problems caused by the present arrangement of public education, but the educational problems are even more severe. Our

school system is doing a terrible job. In most schools there is little hope of acquiring any education to speak of. Teachers are fighting desperately to maintain a minimally acceptable degree of order (meaning, full scale rioting is averted) and receive no cooperation from most students (if they can still be called students--in most cases this is purely an honorary title, as they do not study.) This clearly derives from the fact that public education is coercive in design. People are compelled by law to attend school (to a certain age) and their freedom is thus infringed upon, which they naturally resent. School children generally feel that they are imprisoned in school, and teachers are certainly finding themselves forced to act as prison guards. Since education is, if properly done, a very highly desirable and valuable commodity, one might expect that people would be happy and willing to receive it. But they are not happy to have their freedom of choice violated. People do want to learn, but they also want the right to choose how they will go about it. This desire strikes me as entirely reasonable.

It is possible to force people to learn, but it requires an awfully lot of effort and force, and is highly unpleasant for all concerned. But when the student does want to learn, learning becomes a pleasure. When people are forced to study they reject education itself, in their effort to protect their freedom. If given a choice of studying or not studying, many might lazily choose not to study, but of those, many would later come to understand the value of education, and then pursue it sincerely. And of those who never do seek education, these people could not have been compelled to learn very much anyway, and this way at least they are happy to be able to exert control over their own lives.

I would go so far as to say that any child who genuinely does not wish to be in school should not be accepted by that school even if the child's parents want the child to go there. The parents should find some other productive activity which the child can agree to. Libertarianism begins in the home, and the most oppressive authoritarianism of all is not that of governments over the public, but is that of parents over their children (and anyone wishing to understand that better is advised to read a copy of The Psychology of Freedom by Dr. Peter Breggin.)

Thus the important consequences of abolishing public education, in addition to alleviation of distortions of community planning

caused by tax problems, as Fred points out, would be to give people the choice of what kind of school they want, as well as, ideally, of whether to go to school at all. This greatly increases the chance that people will be able to get the kind of education they want or to do what they want if education is not sought by them. Furthermore, schools will then not be paralyzed by epidemic disciplinary problems, as they are today. If everyone there has agreed freely to be there, there is no major motive for uncooperative or disruptive behavior. (Some childish mischief may still be expected, but this will be easily manageable.)

The fact is that the public education system is already in a state of collapse. It is merely a pretense of education, a vast meaningless charade, whose failure not only deprives children of their chance to learn, but also instills a profound cynicism about the society that is doing this to them. The vast popularity of drug abuse among high school students, and other forms of anti-social and/or self-destructive behavior undoubtedly are caused in part by resentment of the educational system which violates their freedom, wastes their time, and fails to educate them. The public in general has so far been afraid to confront the enormity of this failure. It is difficult for us to admit that we as a society have been dead wrong in our plans for the education of our children. It is time, and past time that we did so, and set about creating a new and better system whose first principle should be that everyone has the right to choose their own method of education.

I am impressed by Philip K. Dick's contribution. He has presented us with a truly unique and very powerful metaphor for the problems of radioactive and other pollution which are so critical to our world at this time.

The one item in this issue that I do take issue with is Beverly Kantor's praise of tranquilizers as a therapeutic agent. While undoubtedly they do have some utility as a means of alleviating symptoms of mental distress, they do nothing to remedy the actual cause of that distress, and thus become a means by which people can continue to avoid dealing with or even perceiving their real problems. Furthermore, tranquilizers are highly addictive and have a variety of nasty physiological side effects. In the long run both the mind and the body will suffer. Now it is true, as Beverly points out, that there do exist even worse solutions than

tranquilizers, and so they may still be a useful way of coping if real solutions are beyond your grasp. But even so, they are not really a very good solution to anybody's problems. The fact that Dr. Dyer avoids recommending tranquilizers is, as far as I can see, all to his credit, rather than being a critical flaw as Beverly claims. Beverly seeks to prove her point by describing two men she has known who had severe psychological problems which they failed to remedy; she then asserts that tranquilizers could have helped them. Well, quite possibly that is so; at the same time I see no reason to think that they could not have been helped even more effectively (and without side effects) by a drug free therapy such as the one which Dr. Dyer had developed.

Mike Glicksohn
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Just wanted to drop you a short note of thanks for the copy of NIEKAS 28 which I received recently. Although I'm not as much of a fantasy fan as the general NIEKAS reader, I am a fan of good fanzines and NIEKAS is an impressive publication that does what it means to extremely well. In fact, I expect to nominate it for a Hugo next year: it is certainly one of the best true fanzines I've seen in some time.

Philip K. Dick
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Thank you so much for sending me the tear sheets of the title page illustration for my pronouncement (I don't know what else to call it; if I say "vision" or "revelation" I join Horselover Fat on the other side of the sanity-madness line). It is an extraordinarily beautiful rendering in graphic form--not just of what I wrote to you--but of what I saw, which is of course the basis for what I wrote. I must admit that I never imagined that I would receive back from any source or anyone a graphic representation of what I myself in the depths of sleep witnessed. Thank the artist for me, and thanks be to all of you. I am looking forward to the forthcoming issue.

A Longbeach, California newspaper has run my letter in the form of a short article, and an interviewer--I forget which publication he was interviewing me for; I've down



BACH: "ART OF THE FUGUE"

several in connection with BLADE RUNNER--has done an abstract on his interview dealing with my vision (oops; I said it; sorry). (That sentence doesn't parse; what I mean is, he tacked an abstract at the end of his interview, and the abstract deals with my vision; it's very late at night and I'm quite sleepy. Forgive my collapsing ability to write. I had to go over the galleys last week for my forthcoming Timescape novel, The Transmigration of Timothy Archer, the third and final novel of the Valis trilogy. I caught about one typo out of ten and had, finally, to turn the job over to my agent. Too much research, too much reading and note-taking for my next novel, The Owl in Daylight.)

Yes, BLADE RUNNER is going to be a huge success and yes you should read the source, Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? The screenplay is superb but it differs from the novel. There was no alternative and I am quite pleased by the screenplay.

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...a superlative production and one which croggles my imagination at the thought of all the work involved in producing it. The artwork

throughout is simply terrific..my only minor quibble there is the fact that the front cover is not as good a front cover as the one you put on the back would have been...I keep opening the damn thing upside down because of that..half the words have dropped out all ready. ((I fear that those scads of "Australia in '83" cartoons have taken their toll. mike))

Ed Meskys isn't the only one to suffer from airlines deciding they have a God-given right to muck around with people who don't fit into their standard passenger sized pigeon holes. Pam Boal who is disabled and confined to a wheelchair, had quite a lot of trouble that way. Naturally, they raised their argument against carrying her on the grounds of "What if..." A point of view which sounds feasible until you look at statistics ...first off, the chances of being in a car crash are far more likely than in an airliner...the flying bricks don't crash that often. Secondly, when things do go wrong, it usually proves immediately fatal to all concerned. Those who walk away from an air disaster must be very few and far between...and those who manage to nip out and run like the clappers before one catches fire must be rarer than members of the Caterpillar Club. Come an air crash most likely everybody will be incapable of walking. No, the real reason for the airlines discriminating against Ed..and Pamela is

simply it makes a bit more work or inconvenience for 'em.

On the Dungeons and Dragons mention ..I've just ordered myself a bigger computer (my ZX81 has 16K RAM and my order is now in for the 32K RAM, 16 colour, Hi Res 'Proton') and among other things, I hope to program up a good game or three on it...and also explore the possibility of computerized animated cartoons and filming them onto 8mm.

Was intrigued to note Marsha Jones' comment on our Novacon being limited to 500...now that turns me on. I hadn't known of it, and for financial and inertia reasons, have never made it to Novacon. The 500 limit suits me fine...next year, I reckon I'll try to get down to the shindig...certainly don't feel like booting all the way to Brighton with its fight-your-way-through-London transfer. And then her comment on the local 'W.H. Smiths' and the books they sell...the point about that place which gets up my nose... is the rows and rows of 'Romance', 'War', 'Horror', 'Science Fiction', ...and then a section labelled 'Non-Fiction'...no, it is not technical, biographical, true adventure but 'Cosmology' of the UFO, Von Daniken ilk. Non fiction indeed!!!

As usual, I enjoyed reading Harry Andruschak's page...but can you coerce him into (a) telling us just what sort of mayhem the budget cuts are creating in NASA...and (b) How we as SF fans might be able to stir up enough enthusiasm to get the lolly refunded to the various projects. I.e., instead of those who are in favour of the whole spaceflight thing sitting back and wailing 'woe...woe...woe' at each cash cut...why don't we try and DO something. After all, if pressure got the first Shuttle labelled 'Enterprise'... ((Renaming any government project is a hell of a lot easier than paying for one. But letter-writing is still one of the best routes to go in endorsing the space program. This means letters to everyone whose vote you hold in your hand. As I've remarked before, it just comes down to ticks on some politico's checklist but even that is something. See "On the Shoulders of Vanguard" in this ish for status on various JPL projects. mike))

Can't quite raise much enthusiasm about P.K. Dick's piece as having just tackled..and given up..on Valis, I just freeze solid when I encounter his writings. I suppose they mean something to him...not to me, I'm afraid.

Quite different was 'The First Fanzine'...a most entertaining

historical anecdote...but I wonder ..was copper sheet available in 1781 on a local shop basis??? Heck, I don't know where I'd get a chunk today without hunting through the yellow pages. Also delighted to see good old Gallun still writing and appearing in fanzines. Gosh, that name takes me back...was it 'Godson of Almarlu'?? in an early ASTOUNDING ...even further back in WONDER or even AIR WONDER???

Time running out, so I can't carry on right through the issue...but rest assured, I thought it even better than its predecessors. Keep up the good work and may your editorial muse never run dry.

Anne Braude
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In fairness to Ed, I must correct Mike's interjection in Bumblejimas: I did not overhear Ed's call to the limousine service, which was made while I was washing my hair; it was in other calls that I heard him give the wrong departure date.

If Ray Nelson is going to claim that William Blake invented the fanzine in 1781, then I am going to claim that the fannish fanzine was invented by Jane Austen in 1790, when she was fourteen. She produced a number of sketches, parodies, and short stories making fun of the popular literature of the day. These were apparently intended for circulation within her family, as was a periodical called "The Loiterer," put out by her brothers--history's first and smallest apa. There is, of course, the trifling objection that they have nothing to do with science fiction; but this only proves that fanac is historically and logically independent of sf, and we all knew that. Some of the Austen pieces are collected in Love and Freindship (sic) (Harmony, 1981, \$3.95); a more extensive compilation is found in the last volume of her Complete Works.

So Harry Warner is unable to detect any signs of intelligence in the conversation of the women in his office. I wonder if Harry would have made the remark so cavalierly, or the editors would have printed it without disclaimer, if the subject of his disparagement had been blacks instead of women; remember Earl Butz, who had to resign as Secretary of Agriculture after a similar wisecrack. Well, I find it difficult to detect signs of intelligence in Harry, so I will stick to the dolphins and let him adopt ol' Earl as a pen pa, since they have so much in common. Come to think of it, ol' Earl would make a particularly good

pen pal; last I heard, he was still in the pen....

As for Robert Giddings' response to my comments on the SUNDAY TIMES article on his book: he changes the ground somewhat by stating that Tolkien is turning a stereotype rather than "an existing story" into an archetype, since the term "stereotype" presupposes some prior evolution. Since I am arguing from the point of view of Jungian psychology and myth criticism, and he from that of nineteenth-century literary dogma, we may as well agree to disagree. I do not argue the Buchan case with reference to the films, either; I only mentioned seeing them to explain why I could not cite the plot of the book from memory. And I (of all people!) certainly did not object to the fact that "Tolkien went through life punning wherever he went." I objected to a particular attributed pun (on Pan/demigod and pan/griddle) because to make such a pun in the context of that particular episode of The Wind in the Willows would indicate, as I said, an insensitivity to tone and language as unlikely in Tolkien as his making a dirty joke about the Virgin Mary. (I assume Mr. Giddings does know that he was a devout Catholic!) If he and his colleague have interpreted Tolkien's text with the same degree of accuracy exhibited in his reading of my letter, then I for one will stick with The Pooh Perplex.

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The discussion in "Buttercup Wars" of the limited attendance at Novacon prompts me to throw my own 2¢ worth in on this continuing controversy. Every attendee at a convention has his own ideas about the ideal size of a con, varying in my case with the type of convention (for a purposefully small con, 350; for a regional or STAR TREK con, 1200; for a DR. WHO con, 0). No committee is going to please anyone on the question of optimal con size, but some cons have recently exploded in membership to the annoyance of many (like the World Fantasy Con). Perhaps the easiest way to limit con attendance without ruffling any feathers is not to advertise the thing outside fannish circles. One way to keep non-fans and real neos out of Worldcons is not to advertise it in the prozines. I used to think that the high memberships for Worldcons these days would discourage nerds, but they seem to have money to burn; the only hope may be to keep them from getting wind of

the con's existence. This method seems to work for the folks in Minneapolis.

As a statistician, I must object to Anne Braude's use of the word "random." By her own description, her sample is anything but random, being selected on several criteria. "Selected" would be a better description. I must admit that I generally ignore, or merely browse through, critical works of the kind she discusses. I can recommend the Monarch notes for The Fellowship of the Ring to anyone in need of a good laugh.

Fred Lerner's proposal for turning schools completely over to the states raises a few questions. A state-level property tax would still leave resentment among people who lived in areas without many school-age children against areas that did. The scope of resentment would simply be moved from the local to the state level. It would become progressively harder to gain public acceptance for tax increases or bond issues to support schooling. The best school systems in the U.S. operate as the "third type" of school Fred describes. The public school system I attended (Fairfax County, Va., a suburb of Washington, D.C.) included 100,000 students, but was marked by a great interest, involvement, and support on the part of parents and teachers. In the last analysis, the quality of a public school depends on the desire of parents, teachers, and students for a good education. It's a classic example of getting out what you put in. The high school I attended for two years in DeKalb, Illinois suffered drastic curriculum cuts in order to save the school's 4 football teams, 4 basketball teams, and 3 track teams (for 1500 students). With those priorities, the students will get a poor education no matter who foots the bill.

As far as the training of teachers goes, that already is handled at a state level; and will be resistant to change. Like other licensed professionals, teachers form a guild, and how ell you teach and even how much you know are subordinate to meeting the exact state requirements on paper. Many parochial schools survive because they pay their non-union teachers less than union scale. These teachers may not be "qualified" to teach in public schools; ironically, they are often more knowledgeable and dedicated than their public counterparts. On the principle that a good teacher can do more with fewer resources than a poor teacher with fancy equipment, I'd like to see the principles of libertarianism a la Friedman applied to teachers--allow

school boards to hire people they think would do a good job, regardless of whether they've had the de rigeur psychology courses. (Martial arts training might seem more appropriate these days.)

A note to Anne Braude re: Gone with the Wind. I see the book quite differently. Scarlett, like Romeo, is in love with the idea of being in love, just as she is infatuated with the idea of becoming a true lady like her mother. As she realizes herself at the end, she dreamed up an image of an ideal lover, very much in the courtly mold, and plastered it onto Ashley Wilkes. It took her twelve years to realize that she had only been in love with that image, and not with the real Ashley. She has all sorts of fanciful, "romantic" notions during the course of the novel, including at one point the idea that although they are married to other people, she and Ashley can be true to each other by being celibate. Rhett's feelings for Scarlett are more down-to-earth. He loves her because they're alike, but her yearning for her dream lover eventually wears him down. The final irony is that Scarlett learns on Melanie's death that Ashley is a rather wimpy Dr. Zhivago. He loves Melanie (who is his cousin, by the way, not Scarlett's) because they are alike, true soulmates, but he's attracted to Scarlett because of what he euphemistically terms her "passion for living"--i.e., he has the hots for her. Rhett sees this all along, and it forms part of his low opinion of Ashley. You can consider the book as a story of romantic love gone wrong. Ashley tries to follow the ideals of true love, but can't help committing adultery in his heart, to quote a former President. Scarlett turns her back on the one man who appreciates her for herself because he doesn't fit her image of Mr. Right.

Yoda has a while to wait; Kermit won't be old enough to run for President until about 1980. By the way, how would Anne classify a love like Miss Piggy's, which simply ignores all barriers, including those of anatomy and genetics?

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...on handsome NIEKAS 28 (which seems to be bound Hebraically--the cover with numbering in back, & the blank (!!)), enigmatic one in front!

Janet & I (and my daughter, 23) were most interested in your account of your problems with airlines. Janet is a helplessly ga-ga dog-lover &

recalls Ned perfectly; Karen, also a dog-lover but not so much of huge dogs, was dubious and would not accept our fond description of your beautiful guide. (My own mutt is a month shy of 18, very old, senses gone, frequently "makes" in the kitchen, where we are therefore forced to keep her--it is linoleum, after all--Dr. D.H. Keller once wrote about the washable qualities of linoleum! but she is content enough, enjoys a morning walk, and if, when I am annoyed, I curse and talk about "the gas chamber", the ladies will not hear of it! Well, for that matter, neither would I.)

I any event, your point is well made, even though some bulkhead seats have seemed roomy to me (lacking folddown trays as you say). Still, I can understand your desire to be as free of seat choice as sighted passengers. So give 'em Hell, Ed! And also do give the readers these insightful articles.

I wish I could share the total mole-enthusiasm of your editor, but, although I enjoyed Dunston Wood very much indeed, I could be no means admit it to the realm of Watership Down. The former is by far a more concrete book (in spite of the quasi-fantasy elements), very real, very touching; Adams, however, reaches the mythic level, the ultimate poignancy of a Tolkien. There is no real need to praise or denigrate either, and to each, his/her opinion, so I'll leave it at that. I can only add that I really do not have a major desire to reread Dunston, whereas, in that great bye-and-bye when I have time and energy, I would love to reread WD.

...Once again, I'm admiring a fanzine which dares to be handsome & almost formidably intellectual, as well as interesting and challenging. And I feel almost patronial toward my own artists Pat McCormack & Jerry Collins. Poor Pat's work is unidentified on the contents page as to page number ((he illustrated Don D'Amassa's entire column last issue. ed)).

Ms. Paxson's con report is very nice. The affair sounds so genteel, so raised-pinkyish! But it is obviously filled with love for the subject and will excellent guest speakers.

Noting Marsha Jones' words on the BBC LotR production, I am reminded--did no one else hear and note USA/ Public Radio's STAR WARS? In 13 episodes it added some new characters, but while well enough done, seemed aimed at a kiddie audience. Hopefully, BBC's series, utilizing a more mature book to begin with, found its beauty, its horror, and its poetry.

Anne Braude's useful compendium of Tolkien-elaborating books is excellent, although I have given up these things. JRRT's Letters, written before much of the text appeared indicates he must have been impatient with them. His positive allergy to the work "allegory" is indicative of this; frequently he states he is merely telling a story intended to please at least himself and his friends. He would surely have preferred such exegeses on his beloved Silmarillion; however, although Ms. Braude's list has a few essays on the latter, few writers have devoted significant space and thought to it. I hope in time they will; lack of popularity at a given time does not necessarily infer a work is shallow (alas, sales do not, in this instance, equal love and popularity. However, perhaps its time will come.)

It is good to see Don D'Amassa back (maybe he's never been away! However, I have, from so many fanzines). It is interesting that neither Don nor Ray Nelson (in his discussion of Polidori) mention what many consider the finest of vampire stories, J.S. Le Fanu's Carnilla. Of course, for sheer lasting power & endurance, no one can Stoker. I disagree at the very heart of the matter with Ms. Yarbro's entertaining Hotel Transylvania, but I'm going into that elsewhere.

Fred Lerner's argument works either way; pros & cons vis a vis govt. operation of schools are easily found. Governmental abuse is found in Arkansas' "Creation Science" law; however, were it a privately run school system, the ACLU could not battle it at all! Also, of course, finances would quickly doom the underprivileged to even a greater extent than what has happened today. Finally, would the dropout rate rise? It seems to me it would.

I can say the ubiquitous Anne Braude's article on Romance is remarkable, a beginning for a MS degree, may I say? In any event, there is a lot of insight here, and I would recommend to her E.A. Robinson's beautiful Tristram as an interesting by-way of the legend, while I would caution her not to think of Scarlett & Rhett as the great lovers of all time, when what they are doing is offering a colorful quasi-historical American version of Thackeray's Vanity Fair. (Scarlett is not a lady of the camellias--she is Becky Sharp!).

Cheers for sentimentalist Terry Jeeves & realist Philip Dick!

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By now I think I've recovered from Philcon: three evenings of total flakeout, not even going over to see the Tree at Rockefeller Center. I saw Ned and Ed there; it's always good to meet them. They're letting me chair panels these days...had Christopher Stasheff, Shariann Lewitt, and F. Paul Wilson on one, which was fairly heavy going. Why, why, why do they schedule these things to coincide with the Army-Navy game and total hangovers?

In any case, progress report. The talk at Smith went well; Jane Yolen's students are a total delight. I just barely managed to escape with my copy of NIEKAS. If Jane isn't on your comp list, she ought to be.

Anne Braude. Do you know that the Conference on the Fantastic has acquired FANTASY NEWSLETTER? If not, I should think it's just your sort of thing. Address: Professor Robert A. Collins, Department of English, Florida Atlantic, Boca Raton, FL. Hurry up or the nihilists will take it over, for heaven's sake.

I've been listening to as much of the NPR LotR as I can get to; things like Thanksgiving, ballets or operas, etc. keep intervening. I think it's excellent.

Regarding that book on Tolkien ((J.R.R. Tolkien - The Shores of Middle Earth, ed.)), naturally, the author can fault us all for not having read the thing. And then go on virtuously to pick holes in people's idiosyncratic style and syntax...mine, of course, included. I'm glad he thinks that "throwing up" is a poetic locution. I don't probably won't do it, even if I read his book; I hate barfing. After all, as a renegade, who am I to criticize academics who have stayed within the fold? Just one with the Archpoet and a few others. But no one wants to hear the history of my calamities.

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I enjoyed Don D'Amassa's "The Haunted Library" and am looking forward to the next installment. One thing (he will probably hear from many people on this); The Wolfen did make an excellent movie. It was not a financial success (too intelligently done for the mundanes, I guess) but I thought it was the best "horror" film I've seen in a long time. There were major and minor plot changes, but the film stands on its own away from the book. The only disappointment was

the fact that the "werewolves" in the film were just wolves (if you can say "just" wolves) and did not have the articulated hands and bulging foreheads of the novel's creatures, nor did the movie convey much of the fact that they had their own language. But the film is so well done that this does not detract from it if you have read the book. I usually find horror movies funny (probably due to the fact that as a very young child my father would read me Edgar Allen Poe bedtime stories), but The Wolfen had me on the edge of my seat and it wasn't very fun walking home alone in the dark after the film.

Concerning W.R. Benedict's review of Dragonslayer, I also found the book routine, but the movie was a little more fun, because it is basically one-of-a-kind. There are a lot of dragon books (as I've said before, I still think Gordon R. Dickson's The Dragon and the George is the best), but there aren't too many dragon movies and Vermithrax Prejorative in the movie is magnificent.

I have to agree with Nan C. Scott's view that Ed's review of The Borrowers doesn't give it the credit it deserves. As a children's fantasy it is very well done. If you're going to review a children's book, review it for children ((?!)). I was fascinated with that whole series as a child (though I admit I hadn't thought of them in a long time) and found that the danger in heret in their lack of size was a major excitement (how would you like to be the mouse the cat plays with?) and for a child's book to actually deal with mortality is a unique thing. This subject set me to wondering about our fascination with the theme of miniature intelligent life. There is so much of it: The Borrowers, Stuart Little, Tom Thumb, and other children's fantasies I can't remember the titles of (like the one about the little boy who shrinks and gets a ride in a little cockpit that is strapped on the back of an albatross, Land of the Giants, The Incredible Shrinking Man, The Micronauts, James Blish's fantastic "Surface Tension", and so many more.



NO FU LIKE AN OLD FU



THE LAST WORD

The Official NIEKAS Molepoll

As I made clear in a review in NIEKAS 25, I think that Dunston Wood by William Horwood is a marvelous book and destined to become a classic of modern fantasy. I have now been joined in that view by one and one-half of the senior editorial staff. (Mike also loves the book; Ed likes what he has heard so far, which is installments included in my taped letters; I don't know how Sherwood has escaped.) Therefore the magazine has decided to adopt officially my private molepoll, which is a survey of the favorite characters of those who have read the book (which abounds in marvelous personalities--and don't try to tell me a mole can't be a person). The primary reason for this ploy is to encourage all of you Out There to buy and read the book. The statistics at present are four votes for Boswell and one for Rebecca (whom our Resident Curmudgeon, Professor Shumaker, found "ravishing"). The lack of votes for Bracken, the hero, can I think be explained by the fact that for most of the time the reader is looking out through his eyes and not at him as a character. (Bastraw cast his original vote for Rune; he has been Dealt With.) If you want to know what we are going on about, get hold of the book; and then send in your vote to me or, if more convenient, to Mike. Don't send it to Ed; he has already revealed himself as a Closet Mole Poisoner. (Why does he have to be so chauvinistic about his lousy tomatoes, anyway?)

Anne Braude

Anyone for Dragons?

Delirious from the success of the Science Fiction and Religion issue, we are now planning another special issue for NIEKAS 30. The chosen subject this time is dragons: a logical selection as all of us enjoy reading about dragons, several of us have written about dragons, and one of us is a dragon. (Also, we are hoping for lots of artwork.) Now is the time for all you fantasy fans to get in your licks: send in your artwork, poetry, parables, and prose --we will even consider using fiction if it is very short and very good--to:

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UNREVIEWED NEW AND OLD RELEASES

Ace:

Voorloper, Andre Norton
In Iron Years, Gordon R. Dickson
Strength of Stones, Greg Bear
Warrior's World, Richard S. McEnroe
Direct Descent, Frank Herbert
The Evil, Hugh B. Cave
Galactic Effectuator, Jack Vance
If the Stars Are Gods, Gregory Benford, Gordon Eklund
Bard, Keith Taylor
The Best from Fantasy & Science Fiction, Edward L. Ferman (ed.)
Lost Dorsai, Gordon R. Dickson
Fuzzy Bones, William Tuning
Survey Ship, Marion Zimmer Bradley
Spacetime Donuts, Rudy Rucker
Red Sonja--The Ring of Ikribu, David C. Smith, Richard L. Tierney
Water Witch, Cynthia Felice, Connie Willis
Madwand, Roger Zelazny
Dragons of Darkness, Orson Scott Card (ed.)

Ballantine:

A Choice of Gods, Clifford D. Simak
Deadly Litter, James White
Iceworld, Hal Clement
At the Mountains of Madness, H.P. Lovecraft
The Wizard in Waiting, Robert Don Hughes
The Case of Charles Dexter Ward, H.P. Lovecraft
The Prophet of Lamath, Robert Don Hughes
A Greater Infinity, Michael McCollum
The Worm Ouroboros, E.R. Eddison
The Moon of Gornath, Allan Garner
Camber the Heretic, Katherine Kurtz
Long Shot for Rosinante, Alexis A. Gilliland
The Breaking of Northwall, Paul O. Williams
The Broken Sword, Poul Anderson
Red Shift, Alan Garner
The Ice Is Coming, Patricia Wrightson
Police Your Planet, Lester Del Rey
The Weirdstone of Brisingamen, Alan Garner
The Elves and the Otterskin, Elizabeth Boyer
The Tomb and Other Tales, H.P. Lovecraft
Cerberus: A Wolf in the Fold, Jack L. Chalker
The Dark Bright Water, Patricia Wrightson
The Ends of the Circle, Paul O. Williams

Lilith: A Snake in the Grass, Jack L. Chalker
Space Skimmer, David Gerrold
The Dome in the Forest, Paul O. Williams
Out of the Everywhere, and Other Extraordinary Visions, James Tiptree, Jr.
Tomorrow Is Too Far, James White

Due Dates

March 1, 1982 - articles
March 15, 1982 - columns
April 1, 1982 - reviews
April 15, 1982 - LoCs
May 15, 1982 - NIEKAS 30 mailed

Back Issues

#21: CAROL KENDELL interview, Notes on Lord of Light by ROGER ZELAZNY--\$4

#23: Jungian archetypes in The Lord of the Rings by Edward R. Boudreau, interview with Lloyd Alexander--\$4

#24: "Air of Righteousness" by HAL CLEMENT, "The Barnacle Strikes Back" by ANNE BRAUDE, "A Tale of Two Novels" by PIERS ANTHONY, "01 Man Heinlein" by SPIDER ROBINSON--\$4

#25: Religion and SF issue, special art 'folio section--\$4

#26: Shakespeare in children's literature by RUTH BERMAN, WAYNE SHUMAKER looks at MADELEINE L'ENGLE'S Time Trilogy, SF illustrating with TERRY JEEVES--\$4

#27: ANNE BRAUDE surveys witchcraft, "Michaelmas and Me" by ALGIS BUDRYS, MARGARET SHEPARD looks at AYN RAND, "Reading About Robert Heinlein" by FRED LERNER--\$3

#28: "Isn't It Romantic - Part I" by ANNE BRAUDE, "Another Passion" by PHILIP K. DICK, "Nostalgia-Stage Lensman" by TERRY JEEVES, "The First Fanzine" by RAY NELSON, "Trite Old Mars" by RAYMOND Z. GALLUN, "Time Barrier" by Joe R Christopher--\$3

\$29: \$2.25

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NIEKAS

TWENTY NINE

