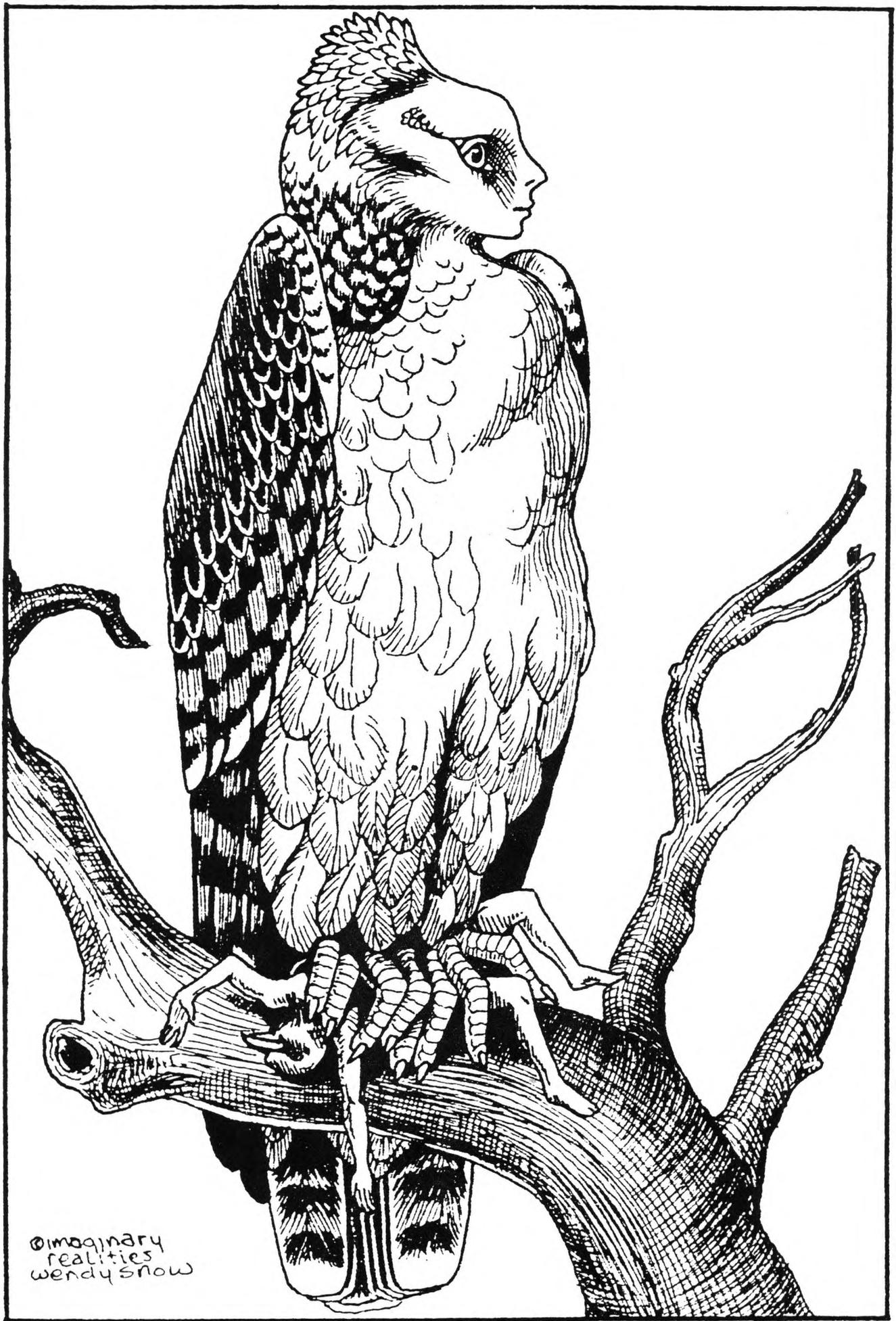




ALLEN H. '81



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NIEKAS

SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

"The Under One Hundred Page Fanzine"

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NED: 5 June 1971 - 17 July 1984

I trained with my dog guide Ned during the month of August 1972, and for the following twelve years he was a faithful companion and servant. We traveled extensively in New Hampshire, New York City and Boston, and to many SF, NFB and Lions Clubs conventions all over the US plus once to Toronto. Ned began to have difficulties associated with one of the degenerative diseases German Shepherds are prone to: demyelination of the spinal cord. Last November when I visited relatives in New York City he could no longer negotiate the steep slippery stairs, tho he still did fine at home. The last convention of any type that I took him to was Darkover in Delaware in November. After that I left him with my mother when I went on overnight trips and used the long white cane for traveling. By May he was having so much trouble getting into cars that I couldn't even use him on local shopping trips. However he was in no pain and still seemed to enjoy life so I kept him home in retirement. On July 13 he began having major problems standing up unassisted, and would fall several times a day, and the vet said things would only get worse with time.

I have seen perhaps 200 other dog guides at meetings and conventions of the National Federation of the Blind and found Ned to be exceptionally even-tempered and well-behaved. Dog guides are selected for non-protectiveness, but I have seen many slip into unacceptable behavior. In the twelve years I had Ned he only barked twice, and both were mild and half-hearted. Of course I corrected him both times.

I had never had a dog as a pet for I never had a particular fondness for dogs; I had always been a cat person. But Ned was not only a good working animal, but a wonderful friend too. And he made friends wherever I took him.

I have given a lot of thought about getting a new dog guide, especially since I do not travel daily the way I did when I first got Ned, and a young young dog does need daily work or it will get restless and act up. It will be an effort but I decided that having the dog for when I must travel will be worth the effort. After this issue goes to bed, but before it is finished and distributed, I will spend 19 days at the Seeing Eye school in New Jersey. There are at least 10 other dog guide schools, like Pilot Dog, Second Sight and Guiding Eyes, around the country, including a new school in Connecticut, but I have decided to go back to Seeing Eye because I was very satisfied with their initial training and their follow-up service. Before you read this some of you will have met my new companion at Darkover Grand Council and the New Haven SCA 10th Night. I only hope my new dog makes as many friends as Ned did.

Friday

FRIDAY'S GULF

I finally got a chance to read Robert Heinlein's FRIDAY, as the Jewish Guild for the Blind recorded it. I had seen and heard a lot of discussion of the book beforehand, so had a little idea of what to expect, but the result was quite different from what I had anticipated. For instance, the review on National Public Radio's ALL THINGS CONSIDERED left me with the impression that at the end she left Earth with a lesbian partner. I can only say that either I totally misunder-

stood the review, or the reviewer skimmed the ending of the book so as to meet a deadline, and missed 80% of the content.

As in all of Heinlein's books since STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, characters are involved in group marriages which include hetero and homosexual lovemaking. (There is one post-STRANGER book that I still have not read, FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD, so I cannot guarantee the universality of this statement.) I think the reviewer, in skimming, saw the lesbian relationship between Friday and a colleague before leaving Earth, then skipped to a minor lesbian incident on the starship, and then skipped the rest of the book.

Reviewers in the field, and fen in conversations and fanzines, have remarked that this is the return of the old Heinlein...a fast paced, well written book that they can enthusiastically endorse. Most have alluded to this book as being a sort of sequel to GULF and that the heroine is some sort of an android.

Discrimination and self image play a big part in the story. Friday is a genetically engineered human being. Germ plasma is taken from a number of human donors and cut apart and recombined to have the desired characteristics. The resultant people have no birth defects, of course, and have a number of preternatural talents which make them physically superior to ordinary human beings. They and their abilities are made to order by genetic engineers for cash customers who then own the product. Just like

slaves in some pre-abolition states, they can be fired by their owners, but are still socially unacceptable. One very moving scene involved a tentative groping for a relationship between Friday and a male...Artificial Person (AP) which broke off with guilt feelings because each was

passing as a standard human and did not know that the other shared the "taint". Of course, because AP's look like normal people, it was easy for them to pass as standard humans.

As a result of some very subtle clues, Sandy Parker thought that Friday might be black. I saw clues when they were pointed out to me, but an incident early in the book makes me doubt it. She is part of an extended family in New Zealand, and is driven out of it when a self-destructive urge takes over and she forces them to realize, against their wills, that she is an AP. In New Zealand the Maori are accepted as equals but one daughter is ostracized for marrying a black from another island. I am not sure whether the racism extends to all non-Maori blacks, or only to those from nearby islands.

GULF, as I vaguely remember, is centered on a super-language that people who had been rebuilt after serious accidents spoke, and which came naturally to them. In fact, they could no longer understand or speak our inefficient unnatural language, hence the gulf between the reconstructs and the rest of humanity. It has been about 25 years since I read this story, and I no longer remember how the problem was resolved. However, reviewers have said that the boss in that story is Friday's boss here. And they have all hinted at or spoken of the lack of the mentioning of the language in this book. One person I talked to... Mike Bastraw?...suggested that this was because the speakers of the language were a dead end and by the opening of FRIDAY had in some way self-destructed. Still, if the story is in the same universe as GULF, I am disappointed that Heinlein didn't clear up the matter. I know real life doesn't answer all questions, but fictional life usually does.

As I said, Friday and other AP's have superstrength and superfast reflexes on demand. This is a part of their genetic endowment. An interesting variation on this appeared in a story in the Feb. 1983 ANALOG, "Seeking" by David R. Palmer. In the latter story the eleven year old heroine has super-control over her body by techniques analogous to bio-feedback. People in an emergency can do superhuman feats such as lift an automobile off of an injured spouse. There is a thorough discussion of this phenomenon in the story, and the heroine can call upon it at will. However this borrows on her future reserve, and she pays for it in physical collapse afterwards. This is very rational as presented, and makes much more sense than Friday's strength.

I had written my remarks about NUMBER OF THE BEAST and other Heinlein books about two months before FRIDAY became available to me. No sooner had I remarked about a seeming preoccupation with descendants and safe birthing than he writes a book without either. Friday does carry a child, of course, but one that is genetically unrelated to her. And she cannot have her own sterility reversed on the colony world, but this does not bother her at all. She is part of an extended family with many progeny and she is content to help bring them up. It does seem a shame that her carefully selected superior genes should be lost, but this brings up the question of the offspring of AP's. They can and do bear children. If two AP's breed, do their offspring breed true, having the speed and strength of their parents? If they breed with mere humans, what are their children like? These are questions I would love to see answered, but I don't think another book in this universe is likely.

THE STUFF OF SPACE

I just read James Michener's novel SPACE. SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW called it the fictional version of Tom Wolff's THE RIGHT STUFF. While the two books do cover much of the same ground, I would say that they diverge more than they correspond. SPACE is a straightforward historical novel with all the trappings of the genre. It is unusual in that it covers the immediate past rather than some period like the Napoleonic Wars, or the Civil War. SPACE covered four decades, from the German rocket research station at Peenemunde in 1942 to the end of the landing of the first flight of the Shuttle Columbia.

I understand that the background of the Horatio Hornblower novels had been meticulous, but Forester made changes in real history to make room for Hornblower and his family. For instance the Duke of Wellington was given an extra sister or daughter to give Hornblower a wife. Ships and even battles were added to make room for the hero and his exploits.

Well, Michener did much the same here. He added a technician to the Peenemunde crew in order to have a viewpoint character there and later at Fort Bliss and Huntsville. An additional group of six astronauts, between the second and third real groups, was added, and one additional Gemini and one additional Apollo missions were added to give them a major role to play. And an imaginary Great Plains state, Freemont, was added, to give a home base to a sen-

ator who played a major role in promoting the space program for his own purposes. The state sounds, to me anyway, an awful lot like Iowa, but I am not familiar enough with geography of the area to be sure.

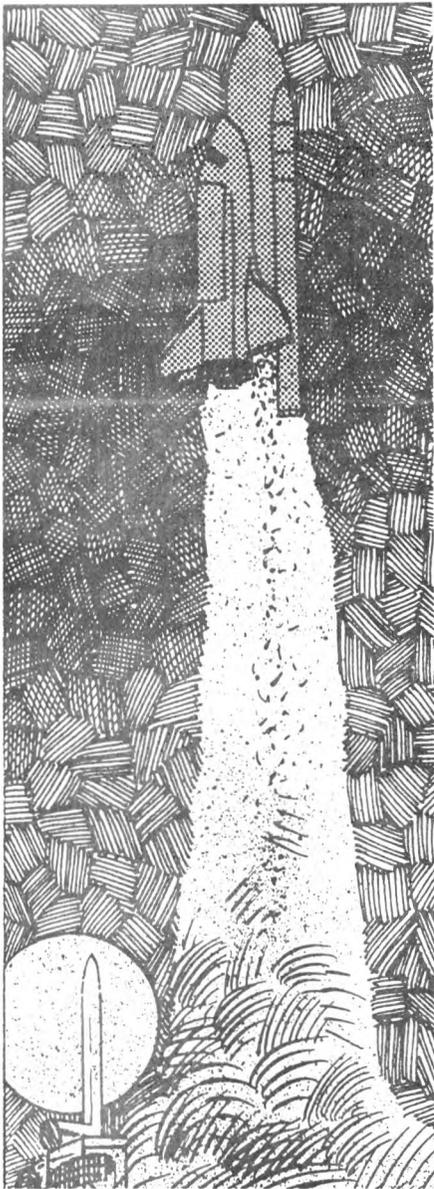
In a historical novel an author can deal with a minor figure who moved among the great, or was on the scene during great events. Thus the innumerable novels about drummer boys in the Civil War, or books like JOHNNY TRAMANE. Second, the author can try to reconstruct the actual thoughts and feelings of the great.

And, finally, he can change history a little bit to make room for the shapers and movers, as in the Horatio Hornblower series, and in SPACE.

Michener's biggest change of reality was his addition of the Apollo #18 mission. I know that initially NASA had planned for Apollo to be an open ended series, and there were even plans for follow-up missions. In this program, modified unmanned LEMs would have carried supplies to the moon's surface which would have allowed astronauts to remain there for weeks, or even months. Unfortunately NASA never had the chance to try this scheme. President Nixon shut down the Saturn Rocket production line even before the July 20, 1969 moon landing. At that point the final mission was to be #20, but late- this was cut back to #17. One of the remaining three Saturn V rockets was used to boost Skylab into orbit, while the other two ended up on public display at Cape Canaveral and Houston.

In this story, a tremendous lobbying effort resulted in the restoration of Apollo #18 as a mission to the far side of the moon, and including a black astronaut. However, a solar flare caused an early return and the death of two of the astronauts. A solar flare such as this was always a constant threat during the Apollo missions, but never happened. And speaking of fiction about Apollo missions, in January of 1970 I saw a movie on TV about a late Apollo mission, also with a black astronaut. I do not remember details, or even if this was a made-for-TV-movie or one meant for theatrical presentation.

Both Michener and Wolfe made the point that the whole astronaut corps was WASP, with no blacks, Catholics, Jews, etc. NASA had been under tremendous pressure to find astronaut candidates who belonged to minorities, but they never did. It was not until the Shuttle brought about non-pilot mission specialists, that minorities have found slots in space.



But back to Michener and SPACE. Fans have talked about this book as being science fiction, but it really isn't unless you greatly stretch the definition and consider this to be an alternate world novel. In this context Fred Lerner mentioned to me an article by Samuel Delaney in which he established a reality/fantasy axis. The most realistic books imaginable would score a 0, say-- a contemporary novel with realistic characterization, while a totally fantastic story, like-- "Jabberwocky" would score 100. Actually it would be almost impossible to find a book with a score of 0 or 100. Even the most realistic book will diverge slightly from reality, while even the most fantastic will have some touches of reality. A near future hard SF novel would score perhaps-- 25, while a Doc Smith space

opera or Lord of the Rings would score about-- 75. Alan Drury's very near future political novels might score a 2, SHOES OF A FISHERMAN a 4, and Drury's THRONE OF SATURN a 6 or 7. In that case I would place this book at a 5. (Incidentally, Fred Lerner suggested that a norm be established for this scale by having many fans assign numbers to 50 or so widely read books and publish the average of the ratings. In that way a speaker or writer, when discussing or writing about a new book, could check the standard list, and assign the new book a number in the fantasy index.)

Michener has shown a considerable familiarity with our field. Not only does he have characters intelligently discuss novels like A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ, but also short stories by writers like Robert Heinlein, Damon Knight and Stanley G. Weinbaum. Almost any literate outsider would have at least a little familiarity with classics of the field, which also had sizeable mainstream circulation, but short stories are another matter. The novels and stories were well chosen and intelligently discussed.

On the other hand, Michener must have been writing off the top of his head, without checking his facts. Weinbaum is constantly referred to as Weinberg. Michener also said, or had a character say, that Weinbaum knew that he was dying when he started to write, and so wrote at a feverish pace to set down all he wanted to say. Well, in his afterward to THE BEST OF STANLEY G. WEINBAUM, Robert Bloch talked of joining the local SF club and meeting already selling writers like Weinbaum. It was only later that Weinbaum developed the symptoms of throat cancer, and did not initially realize what the problem was.

Michener also had characters observe that physicists and astronomers do read science fiction and dream of the distant consequences of their work, while engineers are busy bringing the immediate dreams to fruition to have any interest in the long range effects or SF. One character realizes he is no longer an engineer but a scientist when he finds himself enjoying SF. Thinking about it, I have known engineers who read SF, but also known far more scientists who do. On the other hand, I have always known more scientists than engineers.

That reminds me, in the early '50's I had seen, several times, the story about a drugstore across the street from one of the major nuclear labs, Brookhaven or Oak Ridge, which sold over a hundred copies of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION every

month. Well, I toured both labs while I was in high school. This was in the early '50's when the story was still current, and I asked one of the scientists who was acting as our tour-guide for the day. It was obvious that he did not read SF, and that none of his friends did. He had never heard of the story and he muttered that if there was any truth to it, there were plenty of lower level technicians who would buy the stuff.

This also leads to the "Two Cultures" controversy of a couple of decades ago. In 1965 I read C.P. Snow's book THE TWO CULTURES which claimed that people in the humanities were totally ignorant about science, and people in the sciences were totally ignorant about the arts. This does not match my own experience. The only people I knew in the humanities also read SF and were not afraid of science. And the scientists I know, through work and fandom, had a strong interest in literature, music and art. I knew only a few engineers, and at least half shared these interests too... especially in music. When I went to the World SF Con in London that year, I ran into an engineer on a train to London and asked him about the situation in England. After all, Snow was an Englishman, and things could be different there. This person said that he had had the same experience. Later, when I was teaching at Belknap College I again found a fair knowledge of the arts among the scientists, but found far more ignorance of, and lack of interest in the sciences among the humanities faculty. There were exceptions, but many fit the Snow image.

I wonder if both Michener's character, and Snow, didn't overstate their cases.

The main villain of the novel was an opportunist fraud named Leopold Strabismus. He was brilliant in a non-conventional way, and had absolutely no scruples.

After being kicked out of college he set up a business ghost writing term papers and even PhD dissertations. He retained quite a bit of the knowledge he had gathered while writing these papers, and made extensive use of the information in later life. He then discovered that running a flying saucer cult was even more rewarding... both financially and in his ability to control the lives of the victims. He preyed on gullible and paranoid housewives with frequent bulletins on how the saucerians are secretly occupying high places in government and industry and are about to take over management of the Earth. These

bulletins kept reporting on how his sole intervention with the saucerians, who respected him, kept delaying the takeover, and encouraged large gifts to underwrite his expenses in world travel to meet with the saucerians in various places.

In many ways Strabismus resembled the most flamboyant personalities described in Martin Gardner's *FADS AND FALLACIES IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE*, but, unlike most of them, he didn't believe in his own line, but merely used it to exploit the gullible. Strabismus was very cunning and in his literature and personal appeals was VERY careful not to ask for money under fraudulent circumstances but merely to encourage voluntary donations. One of his major victims was the wife of a Senator who fed him many thousands of dollars. Her husband knew the situation, but no government agency could find the slightest violation of the law on which to hang Strabismus.

Also, like all successful crackpots, he was used to dealing with the critics and could talk rings around them, making them seem like the fools. After all, he had heard their arguments countless times and could prepare slippery arguments that they just weren't used to or prepared to face.

Among other things he established a fake university, licenced in California, to award (for a fee) MS and PhD degrees. His summer school, which involved no physical presence or actual work, saved many a college athlete who paid a good fee for transfer credits to keep him from flunking out of his own school. NASA used his phony PhD's to give a patina of respectability to some of the self-taught engineers who had to testify before Congress. After all, testimony from a Dr. Whozit sounded much more impressive than from a Mr. Whozit, and nobody ever asks where you got your Doctorate. I wonder if anything like this happened in reality?

Then Strabismus realised that even more money could be made from funny-mentalist preaching, especially over the radio. He bought a low power daytime only radio station and set, arranged for a back-dated marriage with his mistress, and set himself up in business. He quickly became a power to be reckoned with, a Billy Graham, or, more accurately, a Jerry Farwell. Again he did not have the slightest belief in what he was preaching, but merely used it as a gambit for money and power.

He especially attacked science, tho he knew better. Here he made special use of geology and biology that he had picked up while ghost

writing, and distorted the facts to fit his needs. He also attacked the gay community and those who lived in sin. The latter especially reminds me of New Hampshire's late and unlamented William Loeb who had been a draft dodger, staying out of WW II on a phony medical excuse (as documented in the book *WHO THE HELL IS WILLIAM LOEB*) and then ranted and raved about the Vietnam era draft dodgers.

He got several states to pass laws that banned the teaching of evolution or geology, at any level, in any school.

Unfortunately the concluding section of the book had Strabismus acting out of character, or at least that is how it appeared to me. NASA called a special conference to explore the possibilities of finding extraterrestrial life. The sponsors had not only invited scientists, but philosophers and religious leaders--including Leopold Strabismus.

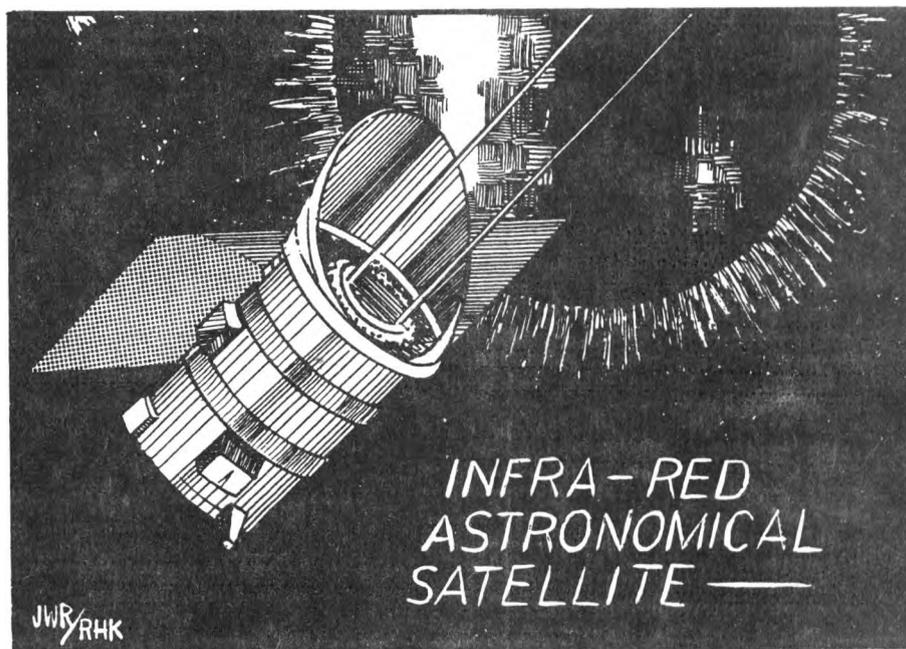
In the slosing scene, Strabismus and a NASA official had a reconciliation of sorts, and came to a philosophical agreement. At this point Strabismus was not acting like the demagogue portrayed earlier, but as a man of true religeous convictions acting for the peace of mind of his followers.

This just does not seem realistic to me, tho it does give the gook a nice up-beat ending and does tie a lot of the loose threads together, I suppose it could be possible that he really came to believe what he was preaching, but Michener simply did not lay the groundwork for this.

Of course Strabismus is a composite of a number of real people, but an exaggerated one. Not even Jerry Farwell had his success in real life. He might share the anti-intellectualism of Strabismus and some of his public prestige. Other media preachers, such as Oral Roberts, might be as wealthy, but they do not have his prestige.

The real Falwells and their ilk are having a disturbing effect on our society, tho thus far they have been turned back by court decisions. But when they can get even the President of the United States to say that he doesn't believe in evolution is SICK SICK SICK! I worry about a rising tide of ignorance drowning us. I have read that some of the funnymentalist sects are even denying that the earth goes around the sun. Next thing you know, they will take a good reading of Genesis and some of the Psalms and say that the earth is flat and covered by a dome-shaped firmament with flood gates in it which cause rain.

L. Sprague de Camp, in his book *THE ANCIENT ENGINEERS*, pointed out that some 700 years ago there were parallel brilliant scholars in the Christian and Moslem worlds. The Christian scholar was Thomas Aquinas and I have forgotten the name of the Moslem. Both examined the question of controversy between faith and a rational quest for knowledge independent of scripture. Aquinas decided that there can be no real conflict, that the Bible was not a scientific textbook and that the two fields of study had no overlap or



conflict. He opened the way for the Western rise of science. On the other hand, the Moslem scholar decided that the two fields were incompatible, and he shut off several centuries of brilliant scientific research in the Moslem world. Ever since it was considered immoral for a Moslem to be a scientific investigator. I have read in NEW SCIENTIST magazine that just now some tentative efforts are being made in the Moslem world to re-open scientific research. Thus it took them seven centuries to make a comeback. If the Jerry Falwells of our society are successful, I wonder how long it would take for us to regain our senses.

At times I can't help feeling pessimistic about the state of intellectual freedom in our society with the rise of religious fundamentalism and the parallel rise in the belief in magic, PSI, astrology and the like.

At the same time I wonder about the safety of our political freedom. Of course in our two centuries we have had many attacks on it from within, the most recent serious one being the McCarthy era. Sometimes things look pretty dark and the forces of repression even had the upper hand for a while but thus far we have always pulled through. Jerry Farwell, or a successor, could become a scudder, I suppose, and then it might take a century or more to regain our freedom.

Our ideal of freedom is purely Western and became a strong force only a century ago. To see its influences on general culture you only have to look at operas like LEONORA or several of Verdi's. In a totally authoritarian state how long would the dream last? Would it ever be forgotten? What would have happened if Hitler had been totally successful in conquering and subjugating the world? What are the chances of the Russians doing so now? I cannot help but feel that even under the worst dictatorship the dream of freedom would eventually emerge. Even in the Russian Empire there have been, until now successfully repressed, movements in Hungary, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland and even Russia itself. Peoples like the Lithuanians have never fully accepted their subjugation. When it looks like America has lost its vitality and will eventually succumb to Russia, I still see hope for a far future day of restored freedom. An even worse fear of mine is of a civilization-destroying war before we establish our first interstellar colony a few centuries hence... and the chances of our surviving that

long look awful slim. Would we ever rebuild a civilization when all readily available resources have been used up?

My, but my thoughts have wandered! I did enjoy SPACE very much, and wonder what the response to it was in the world outside of SF fandom. I know it was a best seller, but did it do as well as, say-- CHESSAPEAKE? Michener is a rabid space enthusiast, playing an important role in the National Space Institute and testifying before Congress on space matters. Has his enthusiasm rubbed off on any of his readers? I sure hope so. As any long time reader of NIEKAS knows, most of its staff is made of educated space activists who belong to organizations and do write the government regularly. Sherwood has put on two very successful public exhibits on the space program to educate t-- general public, and plans to do more.

Wolfe's is straight history and all of the characters are real people. Some of their foibles are very revealing and, of course, were not known when the astronauts were lionized by the American public. I have heard it said that no one who read this book could take seriously John Glenn's run for the presidency.

I have been very interested in the space program from the start and read much about it over the years. However, all of the material, whether books or magazines like MISSILES AND ROCKETS and AERONAUTICS AND ASTRONAUTICS, had been contemporary. It is very good to have a book like THE RIGHT STUFF which is retrospective and can take an objective look at the people and the events.

There were many revelations. Of course we all know that JFK proposed the moon program as a blow for American prestige and as a way to get caught up. However, I hadn't known



Tom Wolfe's THE RIGHT STUFF complements SPACE. The latter looked at government, the NASA administrators, the Gemini engineers, etc. Wolfe's is concerned with the pilots and astronauts and their immediate families. He also gives a lot of space to the experimental aircrafts, the X-1 to the X-15, and the people who flew them, and the rivalries between them and the regular astronauts. Michener totally ignored the rocket aircraft. THE RIGHT STUFF opened with Chuck Yeager breaking the "sound barrier" in the X-1 and ended with him almost dying in an accident 17 years later while trying to push a modified fighter plane up into outerspace. In between came the Mercury program, which Wolfe also covered.

Both Michener's and Wolfe's books are fascinating, and as I said, they complement each other. Of course

that his interest had wained and that NASA was having budgetary problems toward the end of his administration. It was only after the assassination that Lyndon Johnson gave NASA sufficient backing to get the funds from Congress which it needed for the moon program. I would love to read a similar retrospective view on the Gemini and Apollo programs. I hope that somebody has the interest and ability to write them. Books like OF A FIRE ON THE MOON are good, but too contemporary.

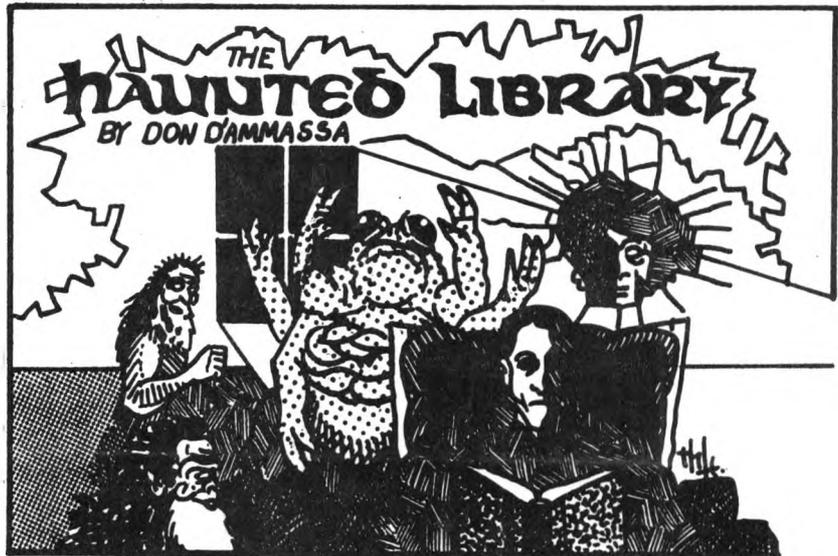
Chuck Yeager appeared at Constellation to help promote the movie version of THE RIGHT STUFF and I wish I could have heard him. Unfortunately I was tied down to the NIEKAS table. Did anyone out there tape his talk? A movie must be much shorter than the book, and I will be very interested in finding out just what did get included.

One of the oldest and most fruitless activities among science fiction fans is trying to find a workable definition of the field. Despite the efforts of many, the end result has always been essentially that SF is what I am pointing to when I say "SF". Not the most satisfactory of conclusions. Is it any easier with horror fiction? I spent some time thinking about the subject, and came up with one workable definition: Horror fiction is what I am pointing at when I say "horror fiction". Obviously my attempt to out-think the thinkers was less than successful.

I did, however, make some (I thought) interesting observations along the way. Horror fiction crosses categories, as do most genres. Theodore Sturgeon's *SOME OF YOUR BLOOD* and the works of V.C. Andrews are clearly horror fiction, although they include no element of the supernatural. Sarban's *RINGSTONES* is a horror novel, even though it is essentially a fantasy. And there are Science Fiction horror novels as well, although they are comparatively scarce, possibly as a reaction against the stigma of the science fiction/horror film. *ALIEN*, for example, is at once a horror film and a science fiction film.

The closest I came to developing a more precise definition was that horror fiction consists of stories heavily dependent upon suspense which are focused upon a breakdown of what the reader/protagonist sees as reality. Philip Dick's SF novels frequently involve the disintegration of reality, but the element of suspense is de-emphasized. For that matter, one might point to disaster novels or atomic war novels as violating reality as we know it, but there the source is a natural one. So perhaps we should say an unnatural violation of reality.

The word "supernatural" has no place in this definition, even though the vast majority of stories in the genre do deal with the supernatural. Not only are there stories without vampires, werewolves, ghosts, and the like, but there are also supernatural stories which are not in the field of horror. Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's vampiric hero is in fact a hero, not a villain. Peter Beagle's *A*



FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE is an excellent ghost story, but could hardly be categorized as a horror novel any more than could Thorne Smith's *TOPPER*.

There have also been a number of stories within the SF field that have attempted, with mixed results, to rationalize traditional supernatural themes. Richard Matheson's *I AM LEGEND* concerned the last normal man in a world of vampires, the result of a bizarre plague. It is, I contend, pure science fiction and not a horror novel at all, although it is certainly on the borderline. James Blish and Clifford Simak have both played with the werewolf legend. Lucius Shepard's recent *GREEN EYES* is a well executed rationalization of zombies. Adam Luken's *SONS OF THE WOLF* projected supernatural entities into a future filled with aliens. Not one of these is really a horror story.

Now we come to the shadowy ground. There have been some very fine SF invasion stories which are also horror novels. There have been other fine invasion stories which are not. The difference may be hard to define. *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* by H.G. Wells, *OUT OF THE DEEPS* by John Wyndham, *THE FURIES* by Keith Roberts, *THE DARK DESTROYERS* by Manly Wade Wellman, and several others are fine, suspenseful stories of Earth in the hands of repulsive looking invaders. They are not horror novels. The aliens operate in purely physical, scientific terms. There are other novels of invasion, whose authors endeavor

with various degrees of success to rationalize, that are nonetheless horror novels. *THE PUPPET MASTERS* by Heinlein and *THE BRAIN STEALERS* by Leinster (our minds are not our own), *THE BODY SNATCHERS* by Finney (our bodies are not our own), *MONSTER FROM EARTH'S END* by Leinster (plants can walk), or *WAR WITH THE GIZMOS* by Leinster and *THE COMING OF THE STRANGERS* by Lyngton (invulnerability is possibly) all violate what we think of as natural laws, and use this violation as the focus of the suspense.

Although novels of ecological horror are frequently marketed as horror novels, they are almost invariably just lousy SF novels. Titles such as *SWARM*, *FERAL*, *THE DOGS*, *THE CATS*, *THE COLONY*, *KILLER BIES*, *RATS*, *LAIR*, *TIDE*, *DEATH CLOUD*, *PHASE IV*, and countless others do not meet my definition of horror, no matter how integral the element of suspense is to the story.

The monster is another traditional horror theme which overlaps into SF. Wyndham's *THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS* is almost a horror novel, but the element of suspense is not the focus of the story, which is rather about existing in a shattered society. Blish's *VOR*, Brunner's *ECHO IN THE SKULL* and *THE ATLANTIC ABOMINATION*, or Charbonneau's *CORPUS EARTHLING* all incorporate elements which might have made their novels ones of horror, had they been handled in that fashion. Indeed, Brunner's *DOUBLE, DOUBLE* truly is a horror

novel, with its strange creature from the ocean bottom.

The clearest example of the science fiction monster horror novel is, naturally, Mary Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN. Kate Wilhelm & Theodore Thomas provided another with THE CLONE, Robert Holden with the excellent but now long forgotten SNOW FURY, and James Blackburn with BURY HIM DARKLY. Dean Koontz, who has left the field theoretically to write mystery and horror novels, recently had published PHANTOMS, marketed quite correctly as a horror novel, but which is also a very well done monster story. On the other hand, Aldiss' FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND very clearly is SF only.

Scientific research is a common background for horror films, but less common in fiction. Nevertheless, DONOVAN'S BRAIN by Siodmak, and the two novels by William Sloane, TO WALK THE NIGHT and EDGE OF RUNNING WATER, both have feet in each camp. THE POWER by Frank Robinson, sometimes marketed as a horror novel, is not. And there are several novels set within research establishments where our version of reality seems to have lost its coherence, such as Compton's THE STEEL CROCODILE, THE MAIN EXPERIMENT, and THE EGG SHAPED THING by Hodder-Williams, and BEYOND EDEN by David Duncan.

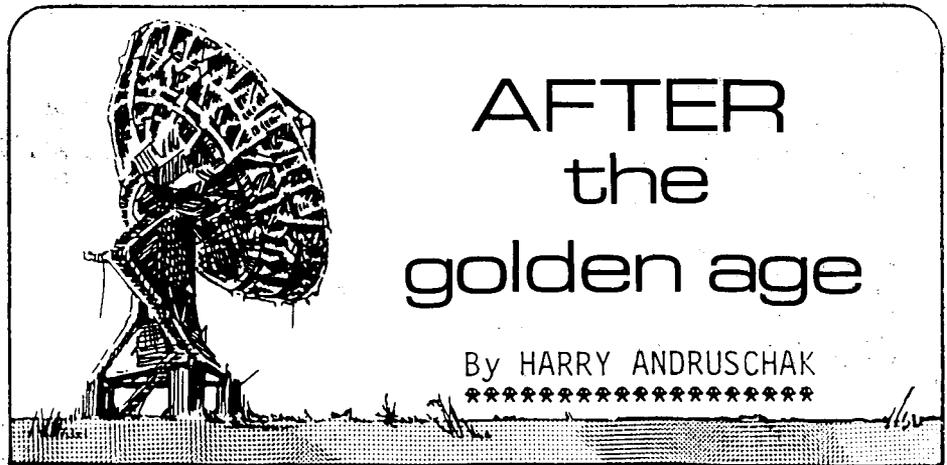
Stories of strange mental powers are perhaps the trickiest to categorize. Stephen King's first novel, CARRIE, is both horror and SF, but his later novels on similar themes, FIRESTARTER and THE DEAD ZONE are not. A STIR OF ECHOES by Richard Matheson and THE KILLING GIFT by Bari Wood both are, but ESPER by James Blish, THE WHOLE MAN by Brunner, and such mainstream novels as CIRCUS by Alistair MacLean and TOUCH NOT THE CAT by Mary Stewart are not. In the latter books, the telepathy, clairvoyance, or precognition are plot elements, and suspense -- if present at all -- is caused by other factors entirely.

Finally we come to the rarest category of all: straight science fiction, without monsters, that cause us to doubt reality. THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND by William Hope Hodgson achieves this, but the book also involves monsters. THE SOUND OF HIS HORN by Sarban, essentially an alternate world novel, achieves it through its

concentration on the bizarre world and unrelenting suspense. Michael Moorcock, of all people, has written the best of what we might think of as "hard science horror" in THE BLACK CORRIDOR. The crew of a spaceship realizes that someone aboard was not there when the voyage started, but they can't figure out who. Louis Charbonneau did a good, but less interesting variation of this theme in DOWN TO

EARTH.

It's a shame that horror as a theme has received so little attention from science fiction writers, but it is perhaps understandable. The basis of science is that everything is explicable in rational terms, and stepping outside of that framework is likely to be just as difficult for the author as for the reader.



AFTER the golden age

By HARRY ANDRUSCHAK

We are entering the hot days of July here in Los Angeles. It seems to be the month for first-stage smog alerts and fires in the mountains. Soon the Summer Olympics will start and we may also have second-stage smog alerts. I myself plan to have nothing to do with the olympics, preferring to stay home around the swimming pool reading books related to recovery from chronic alcoholism. I now have over three months of sobriety. An expanding waistline is fighting against a size 34 Speedo.

So what is the situation on the planetary exploration program at JPL (which is the reason Ed asked me to do this regular column)? Quite good, actually, considering how bad it could have been. The primary focus remains the Galileo mission to Jupiter, still scheduled for a May 1986 launch to arrive at Jupiter on 24 August 1988. Complete details are available in the August 1983 issue of the magazine SKY AND TELESCOPE, which is subscribed to by most libraries. This gives a good outline of what we plan to do at Jupiter.

However, since that article was published, a few problems have cropped up. I am not sure if they will be resolved by the time you

read this, but at least you will know we are working on them. The four problems are the Shuttle, the upper stage for launching Galileo, the Spacecraft itself, and the supporting computer systems. All have the potential of delaying the launch yet another year, at an additional cost of \$100 million. I am not sure how Congress will take that.

The first problem is the Space Transportation System itself. On 25 June I was watching the countdown of Discovery as it proceeded to minus 4 seconds and the engines were cut off. As I lounged in my nightshirt, I thought to myself that the Department of Defense was going to react badly to this new failure. And indeed the next issue of the magazine SCIENCE carried an article about the DOD wanting money from Congress to develop a new rocket for launching payloads. Ten of the satellites originally scheduled to be launched on the shuttle would be transferred to the new rockets.

NASA, as you might expect, is very unhappy at this prospect. It is bad enough that we still have no reliable upper stage. Last year saw the failure of the IUS in launching

TDRS-A. February of this year saw two satellites lost when the PAM-Ds failed and the removal of the Atlas rocket. Last June this Centaur stage failed, and the INTELSAT V satellite failed to achieve orbit. Just what NASA needed, right; Another upper stage failure. NASA had hoped to market the Centaur as a powerful upper stage to compete with the European's Ariane rocket. Investigation into the cause of failure is underway, of course, and maybe the fix will be in time for the May 1986 launches. If not, yet another delay.

Problem #3 is with the spacecraft itself. I am going to have to get a bit technical, please be patient. Galileo uses several computers to run operations on the craft. One of these is the ATTITUDE AND ARTICULATION CONTROL SUBSYSTEM, AACS. Every big technical project will have a few breakdowns in Quality Assurance, or QA. In the case of Galileo, some sub-standard chips were used in the AACS. I am not sure how this blooper occurred, and in any case it is too late to point blame. The problem is how to correct it.

The reason we need a fix is the problem of Single Event Upsets, or SEU. This is when a heavy ion or cosmic ray comes along and zaps a chip in a spacecraft computer, changing a bit from 1 to 0, or from 0 to 1, in a random manner. Galileo will be operating inside the Jupiter magnetosphere, one of the heaviest radiation environments in the Solar System. Should that computer get zapped, it may take hours for the fact to be known at JPL, and correcting commands to be sent back to the spacecraft. In that time, who knows what damage could be caused by the malfunctioning computer?

Two fixes are in hand. The first Canadian ANIK satellite from the manifest. The loss of ten payloads from the DOD may make it impossible to recover development costs for the IUS, and for the Shuttle itself. NASA sold the shuttle to Congress on the grounds that the shuttle could launch satellites cheaper than using expendable rockets.

No way.

And how about the 1982 RAND report that estimated that NASA would lose one to three shuttles during the lifetime of the program? The DOD cited that report in its request for the new rockets. Congress will obviously be reluctant to fund the fifth shuttle spacecraft, and 1984

is the last year in which this can be done. If not started this year, the shuttle production line closes down for good. The question of the future of the shuttle hangs over the Galileo mission.

Problem #2 is the Centaur Upper Stage that is planned to be used to launch Galileo from the Shuttle. The present plans call for both Galileo and the International Solar Polar Mission (ISPM) to be launched within one week of each other at the end of May 1986. Modifications to the launch pads to enable two shuttles to handle the liquid hydrogen/liquid oxygen stage are in progress. But what if they are not finished in time? Well, the ISPM has priority. If it turns out that only one spacecraft can be launched in the May 1986 window, Galileo will be bumped to 1987.

But a new problem has appeared. The Centaur stage that will launch both SIPM and Galileo is to be a modification of the Centaur stage now in use as the upper stage of the involves new chips from the Sandia National Laboratories, especially radiation hardened for the Galileo spacecraft. This has strained the budget but has the advantage that if it works it will not be necessary to delay launch of the spacecraft.

There is another fix if that one doesn't work: substituting a Radiation Hardened Emulating Computer (RHEC) developed by the Air Force. Alas, this will involve redesigning parts of the spacecraft, and a delay to 1987 for the launch. You will not read about this in NASA handouts, since the official line is all smiles and optimism. If you do read in the papers that the launch is delayed, but no real explanation

is given, you can be sure that the RHEC is going in. Remember: you read it first in NIEKAS, the Hugo winning fanzine.

The fourth and last problem involves the ground computer system used for the Galileo Telemetry System. We have bugs. This is where I and the rest of the Maintenance Shop come in, as it is our responsibility to maintain the computer systems once they have been checked out and approved for use. Well, yes, but they have not been checked out.

There is a big problem in one of the computer subsystems, and our shop cannot track it down. Neither could the Maintenance Engineers that were called in. So now we have what is called a "Tiger Team" in action, trying to locate and fix the problem. No one is quite sure if the problem is hardware or software. It may be in the data lines. But one thing is for sure. If not fixed in time for the launch of May 1986, we will delay the launch. What else can we do? The official word is that all is going well and the problem should be fixed in plenty of time. We have over two years, or we have ONLY two years, depending on your outlook.

And that is the way it is in July 1984. In the next column I hope to bring you a more complete description of the computer facilities that I work in every day. At the moment we are still in the process of overhauling Building 230, the Spacecraft Flight Operations Facility, SFOF, where all the computer systems are housed.

PART II

I am not too sure if I should use the pages of NIEKAS to talk about my program of recovery from alcoholism. After all, Ed Meskys wanted a columnist from JPL when he asked me to contribute. I will take this opportunity to mention that I have written a fanzine about my experiences. INTERMEDIATE VECTOR BOSONS is free for the asking, just drop a postcard to me at P.O. Box 606, La Canada, CA, 91011 USA.

And I will take up a few inches of column space to thank all fans who have supported me. With the exception of one insignificant fan, I have had nothing but encouragement as I work hard to maintain sobriety. I am now in my fourth month of recovery, and am starting to loose some of the physical craving for alcohol that sweeps over me at times. But I still intend to keep on taking the drug ANTABUSE as a maintenance aid. I also attend at least five meetings a week of an amateur self-help group ((I am not supposed to tell you the name in print)), as well as participate in out-patient therapy at the hospital where I received treatment.

And JPL, in addition to paying those hospital fees, gives me counseling from its Employee Assistance Program. It also has two meetings a week of that self-help group I mentioned.

True, recovery from alcoholism is hard... very hard indeed. But it can be done with help. Your Help. Again, thanks.

THE GAP WIDENS

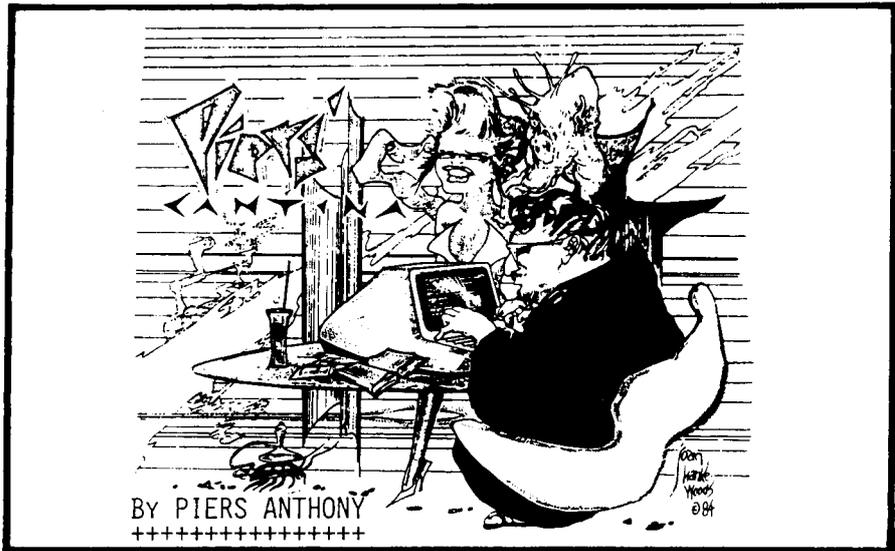


I get, on the average, about one fan letter a day, and about one invitation a month to attend a convention or similar function. I answer the mail because I feel it is proper to do so, and I turn down the invitations because I don't like to travel. But on rare occasions I do step out. In 1966 I went to the Milford Writer's Conference in Pennsylvania, where I met a fair number of SF writers and editors. Sixteen years later I thought it time to meet some more writers, so I went to the Science Fiction Research Association annual meeting in Kansas.

Why do I travel so rarely, and why did I attend these particular affairs, where I had to pay my own way and take my place in line, when I could have much more attention at minimal expense at almost any convention I choose? It is not that I am shy or nervous about facing an audience; I have spoken or performed before audiences many times, ranging from half a dozen people to two thousand, and I really don't suffer from stage fright. In fact, in one of those oddities of personality, I would prefer to address an audience of hundreds than to make a long-distance telephone call; I am nervous about phones. And I am nervous about traveling. I understand Isaac Asimov is nervous about air planes; I share his concern, and extend it to cars, buses, boats and the like. Trains don't bother me -- but you don't see many of them these days.

Perhaps this relates to my special awareness of death. I know I am going to die; I just don't happen to know when or how. I think about it daily and often hourly. I don't take unnecessary risks. Fate has her eye on me, and takes potshots at me when I venture out. She did this time, too; I flew from Florida to Kansas on a PAN AM plane on July 7, and returned on the 11th; on the evening of the 9th, while I was presenting my concern with death to a Kansas audience, a PAN AM flight crashed in New Orleans, killing 153 people. New Orleans is about halfway between Florida and Kansas; note the artistic symmetry of distance and timing. I am conscious of such warnings. If I sound a little crazy -- well, what else is new?

Why, then, did I rouse myself from my haven in the wilderness to go to this particular gathering? It must have taken some pretty com-



BY PIERS ANTHONY
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elling inducements. Well, I do things in my own ornery fashion, which accounts in part for my success as a writer, and for my own peculiar reasons. I go after what I want. I saw that a number of writers whose work I had admired were going to attend, and I wanted to meet them -- but not in the context of a screaming mass of fans. And I owed my younger daughter Cheryl a fancy trip. I like my children to get experience while they are young enough to enjoy it, so if I do travel, I arrange to take one along. It was Cheryl's turn -- and a few days in a fancy hotel in Kansas seemed appropriate. So my motive was 50-50; to meet certain writers, and to give my daughter a suitable trip. Had she not been welcome in Kansas, I would not have gone. Yes, it was that simple. I had Cheryl read one novel by each writer we expected to meet, so she would be prepared, and we went.

The SFRA meeting turned out to have fewer academic trappings and more convention-like aspects than I expected, but basically it was all right. I did meet the writers, and Cheryl got to swim in the fancy pool and eat in restaurants and view uncensored TV, along with the airplane ride to a foreign state.

So the trip was a success for us. But this is not a trip report so much as a commentary on several writers, so I'll get on with it. Let's take them in roughly chronological order of my awareness of them. This is not a scientific survey, understand, and hardly a thorough one; it is more of a random sampling of some of the writers who have impressed me over the years, plus some other figures.

Jack Williamson: he's an old timer, now in his seventies, who first appeared in print over half a century ago. I first encountered his work strictly by chance, but it was a chance that changed my life. As a lad of 13 I was at the office where my mother worked, waiting for her to conclude her day so we could go home. Naturally time hung tediously on my hands. There was an old magazine lying about, ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, dated March 1947 -- This was around December of that year -- so I picked it up and started reading the first story, titled "The Equalizer," by one Jack Williamson. It fascinated me. I hadn't finished it when the office closed, but they said I could keep the magazine, so I took it home and read the rest of it. It has been said that the Golden Age of Science Fiction is that moment when each person first encounters it. Surely this is true, for that was some issue of the magazine! It contained stories like "Child's Play" by William Tenn, which is perhaps the definitive artificial-man notion, and "Little Lost Robot" by Isaac Asimov, perhaps the best of his robot series, and I can't remember what else, apart from the lead story that so captured my imagination. I was hooked; that was the commencement of my involvement in science fiction -- an involvement that has never ended. It seems that I owe my subsequent professional career to Jack Williamson. I have never since reread "The Equalizer," knowing I would find flaws that did not exist then; it is impossible to compete with the fond memory of first discovery.

Naturally I looked for the next issue of ASTOUNDING, but I was not free to shop myself. The one I

obtained was for April, 1948 -- containing part two of a serialized novel, ...And Searching Mind, by Jack Williamson. It mesmerized me. If I hadn't been hooked before, I was locked in now! Later I got the book in its changed paperback form, The Humanoids, and read it to my older daughter Penny when she was 9 years old, since there was a girl of that age in it. But I was almost 30 years older by that time, in my 40's instead of my teens, and my tastes had changed, so while I still enjoyed the novel I was no longer sent into oblivious orbit by it. That's one of the problems of age. I liked Williamson's Seetee novels too, and The Humanoid Touch, but none as much as that first story that brought me in to the genre. My childhood was not what I consider happy, and I feel that in a fairly literal sense science fiction stabilized my sanity, by providing me with a compelling alternate reality. I thank Jack Williamson for opening the door to that alternate for me. My fan mail informs me that today my own novels are doing a similar service for today's mixed-up teenagers; that pleases me, and I really do understand.

Theodore Sturgeon: The man had such magic in the 50's that I regarded him as the top master of the art, and was almost afraid to reread More Than Human lest the cynicism of age and experience degrade it in my estimation. I do know more about writing than may show in my light fantasy, and am a more critical reader than most of the so-called reviewers who publish their comments. But I did reread it -- and confirmed my earlier impression that Sturgeon was the master stylist of his day, and the writer with the greatest insight into human nature. He hasn't written much recently, so I regard him as one of the giants of the past who vacated the field to writers like me in the present, perhaps in the way the dinosaurs gave way to the mammals. The dinosaurs would have trouble re-establishing themselves today, but they were matchless in their day. Ted Sturgeon was the one I most wanted to meet, and it was my pleasure to have him autograph my copy of the novel. That is the only autograph I have sought from anyone. Recently he reviewed one of my own novels favorably, and I like to think that he perceived in it some measure of the style and perception I have so much admired in his own work. I did not set out to imitate his style -- I imitate

no one -- but I was surely influenced by it.

As chance would have it, I sat between Williamson and Sturgeon on a panel when Tom Claeson directed a single question to each writer present: Did we write to entertain? Williamson answered yes, and of course his old space operas did exactly that -- though perhaps, for readers like me, they did more than he knew. Sturgeon answered no, and it is evident that his writings appeal on a more intellectual level. One does not, for example, read the fine discourse on the distinction between Morals and Ethics in More than Human for simple entertainment. Here, this is too significant to leave to memory; here are the nucleus definitions he gives:

Morals: Society's code for individual survival.
Ethics: An individual's code for Society's survival.

Thus, for example, slavery or cannibalism may be moral in certain societies, but not ethical for the individual. Wars have been fought over this sort of thing, and these concepts will reward those who care to work out their implications carefully. Entertainment? Hardly.

What, then, of me seated between these philosophies, both of which I value? My answer had to be a compromise: I write to entertain -- and to put on record my world-view, the things I value.

Thus, physically and intellectually, we align. I'm glad it happened.

James Gunn: This name may be less familiar to readers, because Gunn has pursued more of an academic career and is now president of the SFRA, but he was and is a capable writer too. In the winter of 1952-53, I had a job in a Philadelphia warehouse, between college semesters (college closed down in the winter, to save on heating bills and to give students a crack at real life), and in the evening in February I read a story in SPACE SF, my favorite magazine, whose editor Lester del Rey later was to become my editor for fantasy -- you can see the roots of my present situation again -- and that story was "Breaking Point" by James Gunn, then one of the bright young new genre authors. It affected me profoundly. When I finished it, I looked up -- and the universe began turning, and I turned too, but the

elements of it and of me spun simultaneously in different directions. Then the world started to shake, with increasing violence, until I grew alarmed and broke the spell by getting to my feet and walking about. And "Breaking Point" became my favorite novelette. Perhaps I had suffered the same kind of experience the author explores in his fiction; it is a thing that seems to fascinate us both. What is reality? What is illusion? We never quite know.

More recently I read Gunn's novel The Mind Master, and found the theme continuing. In "Breaking Point" the matter of the members of the crew of a human spaceship is tested by illusion; in Mind Master the test is more subtle, since the illusion is under human, not alien, control. Most people, it seems, would choose perpetual illusion if they could get it, much as a rat will keep depressing the button that completes the circuit that stimulates the pleasure-center of its brain, until it starves to death. It is a sober warning, for we are indeed questing for such power. The illusion sponsored by the printed pages of the sort of fiction we write is comparatively mild; we can handle it; what of direct and total dream-worlds? It does befit those of us who deal in controlled illusion to consider its ultimate ramifications.

I had another odd experience in illusion when reading the novel. My reading is done in snatches of spare time, as my working time is devoted to work, so confusion is possible. On page 63 of the paperback edition I read this dialogue:

"I plead truth."
"He is a good teacher."
"You don't know him. He is a bad teacher, a poor scholar, and probably he would not have won tenure anyway. My voice was only one among many. In the end, he had no support from anyone."

Brilliant satire! Of course Truth would not be welcome at a modern university, and students would not consider it a good teacher, and no one would support it. It takes someone who is a teacher to recognize this, and to have the courage to present it in print. One of our most persistent illusions is that universities are primarily interested in truth, when in fact they will crucify it in the name of public relations.

I reread the sequence, to get it

down straight -- and discovered that I had misread it. The dialogue related not to Truth, but to the truth about a poor teacher. The satiric brilliance was all in my own mind. Sigh. My own perception had been clouded by illusion.

James Gunn himself is not at all steeped in illusion. I have a copy of his ALTERNATE WORLDS -- THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION, an excellent volume. Gunn in person is a handsome, neatly organized man, well-spoken, obviously no liability to his university. I have wondered what happens to writers who do good work and fade out of the public scene; Gunn has not faded so much as shifted emphasis. I think he is rendering more service to the genre now by legitimizing it in academic circles than he could have by continuing merely as a writer. For decades the academics looked down on science fiction; that, thanks to the efforts of such people as Gunn, is changing.

Harry Harrison: I, like many others, loved Deathworld when it was serialized in ASTOUNDING. My daughter Cheryl loved The Stainless Steel Rat series, and made me read the first one. It is certainly fun-fiction. Over the years relations between Harry and me have been strained, and he is not one of the ones I came to meet, but it cannot be denied that he is a fine entertainment writer and sometime didactic writer. I understand he began as an illustrator, then shifted to writing; my own career as an artist was stifled by inadequate talent before I got into writing. Creative people often seem to find more than a single avenue for their expression. In person Harrison is an almost dapper, white-haired gentleman, delivering continuous humor and practical insights. I understand he is one of the arch-liberals of the genre; I am another. He gave the keynote address for the Annual Meeting, commenting on the relation between fantasy and science fiction and making a case for "Data Base Expansion" in the SFRA. So we met, and it was interesting. Harrison was one of the first to review my first published novel, Chthon, and his comment was favorable; too bad we didn't get along.

Frederik Pohl: I was not an early fan of Fred Pohl's writing or editing, though he was kind enough when a mischievous high school student of mine mailed an awful story to GALAXY under my name with an arrogant cover letter; Pohl accepted my embarrassed followup

with an anecdote of a worse trick that had been played on another writer, who had been offered a bogus job as editor and had showed up to claim it. I felt his early writing lacked cohesion and that his mode of editing smacked of hypocrisy. I have been blacklisted elsewhere for expressing lesser concerns than that, but Pohl never seemed to act in a vengeful manner and slowly my respect for him grew. In recent years he has emerged as perhaps the leading writer of the genre, in my estimation. I gave my daughter Planets Three, the collection of three early Pohl space opera stories, and she found it compelling. I read the first story and set the volume aside. This shows the difference between twelve and forty-seven -- and the progression in Pohl's writing. My daughter never got into Gateway, but I regard it as a major work. Thus Pohl was one of the authors I came to see. Once I shook hands and said hello, there wasn't much else to do, and after saying that Gateway is the novel to read to see what the field can be today, there's not much else for me to say. Pohl has made a phenomenal progression from hack writer to master craftsman, and I respect him for it.

There was discussion of the merits and demerits of reviewing, in the course of the Annual Meeting. I tend to hold reviews in a certain contempt because of the asinine confusions that can be printed in the guise of criticism, but it was evident that other writers take it more seriously.

I have Pohl's next novel Starburst, on order from SFBC; I will verify with interest whether LOCUS or SF & FANTASY BOOK REVIEW (SFRA's own publication) is more nearly correct about that novel. The former says "STARBURST adds considerable weight to the proposition that Pohl is one of our greatest living SF writers." The latter says "Unfortunately, it fails in terms of plot and character development" and uses such terms as "illogical," "boring" and "Pohl ... at his worst." They can't both be right, can they? Probably both are wrong, that being the nature of reviewers.

Lee Killough: I had not read anything by this author, though she has several books out. Lee is younger than the malefolk I have been discussing -- have you noticed how women tend to be younger than men? -- and broke into print more recently: about 1970. Thus she was relegated to the "Beginning Writer"

panel, which I thought unfair. I attended it, though I told her severely "You are taking me away from Tanith Lee!" -- that is, the competing program where a paper about Tanith Lee was being read. But Lee Killough was eloquent and entertaining there. I chatted with her at other times and learned that she had met my mother randomly in a Philadelphia train station. It's a small world. I have a question I like to put to the female writers I meet: "It has been said that the man desires the woman, while the woman desires the desire of the man. Is it a fair parallel to say that the reader desires the writer, while the writer desires the desire of the reader?" I think that was the first question to stall her ready eloquence. She gave me a pen saying AVENTINE -- DEADLY SILENTS -- FROM DEL REY BOOKS -- BY LEE KILLOUGH (no, I see I misquote it, having reversed the order of the books listed; memory is treacherous), so I used it to sign all my autographs, and now use it to sign letters, contracts and such at home. It's a good pen. Thus it seemed only fair to read and comment on one of the books advertised.

Easier said than accomplished! I live in the backwoods, where no one can find us without complex instructions, and weeks pass between my visits to civilization. The closest good book store is a half hour's drive, so I checked that. They had 15 Anthony titles on display, but none of Lee Killough's. Sigh. So later I went 50 miles to Tampa (That's Castle Roogna on the map of Xanth) and checked the B. DALTON store there. Twenty Anthony titles, no Killough titles. This points up the problem of being "new," even if you've been selling for a decade. Your work is not on sale. The late Robert Moore Williams spoke of the big fat hogs hogging the trough, taking all the swill, so the little pigs starved; the fat hogs were not about to make room for others though they had more than enough already. As I gazed at the enormous display of Anthony titles, I felt like a hog. It took me about 20 years to work my way up from obscurity to the front of the trough, but it bothers me to take up more space than twenty Lee Killoughs. Do I deserve all that swill? Am I twenty times as good a writer as she is? Since I couldn't find any of her work to read, I couldn't tell, but the question was disquieting. Suppose one of her novels were put in the best-seller trough at the front of the pigpen (hogshed?) -- would the sow sell as well? Just how much of a given pig's success is due to factors unrelated

to the quality of his/her work? Are success -- and failure -- self-fulfilling prophecies? These are pretty hefty philosophic questions. I don't have the answer, but I do know it is hard to sell copies when none are on sale. I understand that the runt of a litter of pigs is called an "Anthony" and don't like to think that an accident of timing or placement could have been responsible to think that an accident of timing or placement could have been responsible for letting me get my snout in the trough. I had to read a Lee Killough book!

So I cheated. Finding no legitimate avenue of acquisition, I begged a copy of a Lee Killough book -- any LK book -- from the publisher, with whom I happen to do business. In due course came a package, which I opened eagerly. Ogre, Ogre, by Anthony, first copy. God, the hog was still at it! Later another package: Pawn of Prophecy by David Eddings, distributed free to hogs in the hope that they would get hooked into the series. OK, I would read it -- and it appears I am hooked into that series -- but it wasn't the book I was looking for. Finally a third package: Deadly Silents by Lee Killough. Glory be!

So how did I find her novel? I like the title; that's my kind of pun. But my reaction to the story itself is mixed. It's good enough, competently written, with a number of rather nice examples of original thinking, but it is no best-seller. Why not? Let's retreat into analogy. In a general and imperfect way the typical female writer is apt to take the reader by the hand and gently lead him to view her wonders. A male writer, in contrast, is more likely to take the reader by nape and crotch and heave him into the maelstrom. This

is a more effective way to get the reader's attention -- and that reader typically returns eagerly for more. This has nothing to do with literary excellence or significance of material, though it is theoretically possible to incorporate elements of quality in such a narrative. It has to do with immediate impact.

Lee Killough has a situation with real potential: human cops trying to keep order on a world where most natives are telepaths and one of them is a murderer. The alien society is well worked out, and the problems of human adaptation to lack of mental privacy and the natural conventions of a telepathic culture are nicely explored. The murder mystery is competently handled. This novel is worth reading. But the narrative is not as compelling as it could be; it is indeed a leading-by-the-hand, in contrast to something like Death-world by Harrison. There is nothing wrong with this -- but the mechanics of mass-marketing are cynical, and I suspect it explains why this author remains at the back of (or out of) the store. She is simply too polite.

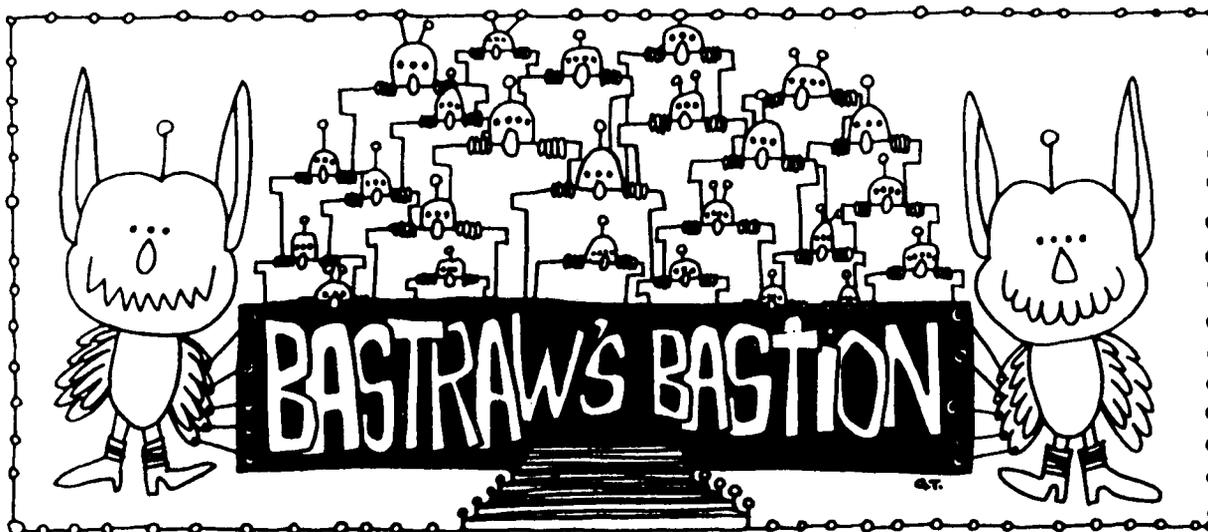
Charles Brown: he is not a fiction writer, but I regard my meeting with him as significant, so I include him here. He produces non-fiction, in the form of a newszine, theoretically an amateur publication. It's called -- I'll remember in a moment -- COCKROACH -- no, that's not quite it; don't help me, I'll get it in a moment -- GRASS-HOPPER? Ah, now I've got it! LOCUST! At times it has been a real pest for me. I have issues from No. 1 through 262-and-on. I met Charles in 1966, before my first novel was in print and before the first issue of LOCUS (Brown's printer typically forgets the terminal T) appeared. Now I have 40 novels out, and he has become a

celebrity among fans. But I had some pointed questions for him, such as why did LOCUS run the British Fantasy Society awards every year except the year Anthony won? Why does LOCUS pan my novels, though they receive both critical and popular success elsewhere? (As we spoke, Anthony novels of a LOCUS-panned series were ranked No. 1 on both hard and softcover LOCUS bestseller lists.) Why does LOCUS misquote me about the number of novels in a trilogy and poke fun at my supposed ignorance? I was accused of racism in a LOCUS review, and blacklisted by that reviewer/editor, Dave Hartwell, when I protested. I was called Fughead in a LOCUS column, obliquely. On and on, for a decade. This sort of thing does become annoying. Charles Brown blithely assured me that such discrimination was all in my mind, and brought an armful of my novels for me to autograph with Lee Killough's pen (dare I call it a pig-pen? No, of course I don't), and took a squintillion pictures of me, so I gave him some news of my doings. Maybe the imaginary discrimination will stop now; certainly I am satisfied that it is not his doing. Charles was on a panel or so, and had good input about current trends in publishing.

And what useful thing did I do in Kansas? Well, I saw the hotel personnel putting up a sign: SCI FI RESEARCH. So I complained to the manager, and they changed it to SCIENCE FICTION RESEARCH. Thus did I strike a mighty blow for the dignity of the genre. How did this excursion affect my life? Well, it may have had a beneficial effect on my career, because Charles Brown wrote me up in LOCUS, and an editor read about my inability to get my non-fantastic-genre projects published, and asked to see one. Maybe nothing will come of that -- but I regard it as a worthwhile try. My personal life has been changed, because my daughter Cheryl discovered the ping-pong tables at the hotel, and wanted to learn to play. Now it happens that was the one sport I was good at in my youth; I was better at it than at writing. So I showed her, and when we got home she remained eager to play, so we bought a ping-pong table and paddles, and now, after more than 20 years, ping-pong is back in my life. That's pretty significant, as hardly a day goes by that we don't play. Maybe my daughter will be a champion -- all because of Kansas.

But no, I have no present plans to travel again. Maybe in another 16 years





"Robot Monsters Versus the Aztec Bastion"

Yes, folks, there is a column after death.

This one-pager is a heck of a way to make a comeback but it will serve an extra purpose beyond my being able to get a few last words in before the pages of NIEKAS 33 are locked away forever.

This entire page, excluding illos, has been generated using Apple's Macintosh computer driven by their MacWrite word processor. This particular unit is owned and operated (when he can get it away from friends who are too cheap to buy their own) by Steve Wood of Belmont, New Hampshire.

The lure of this unit is that it not only generates several different type styles (this one here is called New York, a very legible Roman face) but it can enlarge and reduce this type between 9 pts. and 72 pts., can generate several versions of each style, and merge with graphics developed using the MacPaint program.

I demonstrate:

This line is NY Italic which can be then underlined.

The text can come out in an outline style or a shadow style or an almost illegible combination of both.

These examples point out a minor caveat which has to be expressed with this system. As the printout does have a finite resolution based on a certain number of dots that can be generated per character, the legibility changes drastically not only with the font but with the style and the size which the letters are displayed.

If financial matters take a more favorable trend (if I can knock off a medium-sized bank) I would very much like to acquire a Mac for NIEKAS use. Its flexibility is astonishing considering that a unit, ready to run, printer included is only (sic) around \$2300. A lot of money? Sure, but not when

you consider what even the most inexpensive type setting apparatus costs.

And software developers are already coming out with better type forms which cut down on the phenomena that manifests itself as notching in letters such as this:

Aisling is the term used to describe this annoyance.

On to other matters. If anyone has further questions about this marvelous machine contact your nearest Apple dealer and supplement his knowledge by checking out a monthly called MACWORLD which is available at just about any newsstand.

The publishers of NIEKAS have decided to get back to our roots a bit and to start going with smaller issues at a more frequent rate. We have set a not-totally-arbitrary page limit of 60 pages. This will allow us to continue our regular columns, reviews, and letters and still leave us room enough for new articles and art. This seems to be a more reasonable course given the fact that we do have interaction between contributors and correspondants. The shortened length will also be a lot less labor intensive than 100+ page besties such as the last NIEKAS.

My ramblings now turn to the the movie scene. I don't have the space to do my usual incisive, perceptive, and biased type of review but I will mention a couple of things in passing. *Dune*, the movie, is not as bad as almost every reviewer would lead you to believe. Considering the difficulty inherent in cramming this book of ideas and introspection onto slightly over 2 hours worth of celluloid is a credit to producer Raffaella Di Laurentis and director/screenwriter David Lynch. It must have been Robert Heinlein who said (and I paraphrase) that the amazing thing about a dancing bear is not how well it dances but that it dances at all. *Dune* is a dancing bear of a movie.

I'll also pass on a sentiment expressed by Robert Silverberg in re: film SF. He points out that

movies such as *Alien*, *The Road Warrior*, and *Blade Runner* have been taken to task for being somewhat simple-minded in the story department. While this may be true (I'll argue either side) he makes the point that film, being a visual and audible medium, is better suited to creating before our very eyes entire environments. Take *Blade Runner* and *Alien* for examples. Both films were directed by a fellow by the name of Ridley Scott. This newcomer not only to SF but to feature length movies has gotten to the nub of the matter. He hasn't tried to produce a movie creaking with multiple story lines, intricate plotting, and long exposition guaranteed not only to enlighten but to drive most genre fan to ripping of the felices. What he has done is created a couple worlds that resonate with realism. While experiencing either movie this writer was locked into this new environment.

Dune is a similar film even though it had to cope with many more plot elements and characters. Movies is movies; books is books. And you can quote me on that.

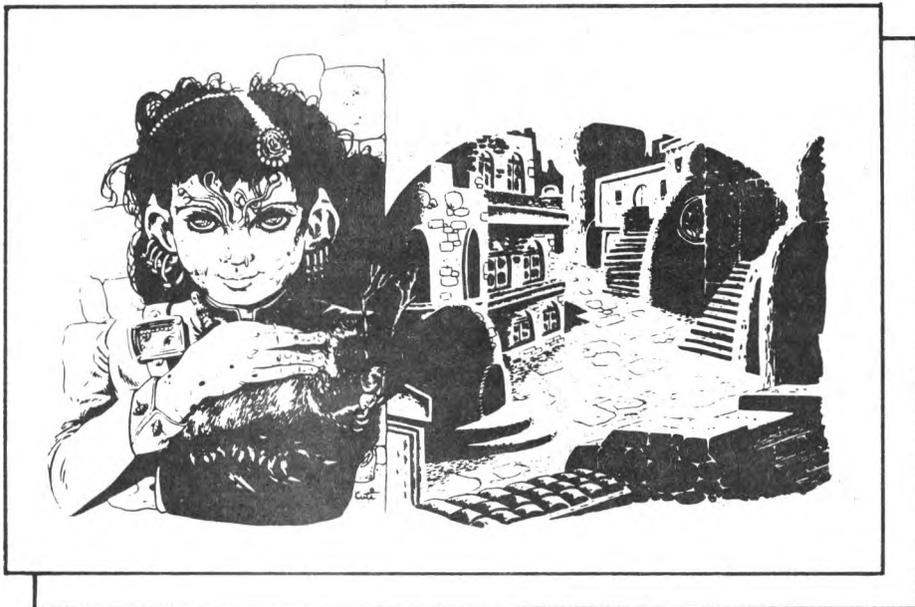
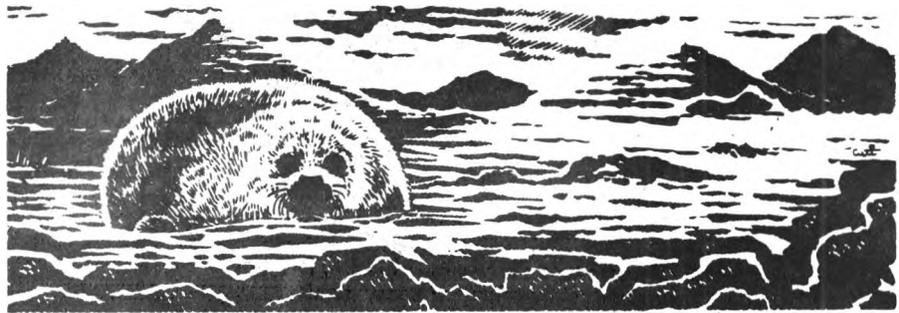
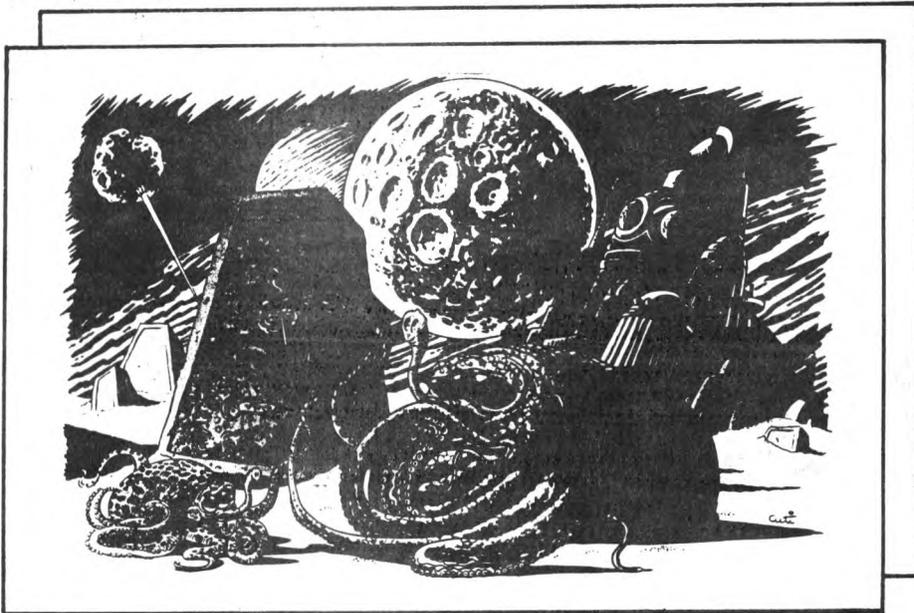
Sherwood aquired a video tape of a film that I have been looking forward to seeing ever since I saw *The Elephant Man*. Both are directed by David Lynch. The film is called *Eraserhead* and it would be a disservice to summarize this movie as the story is the least important part of this black and white *Midnight Marquis* offering. It is a fine example of how powerful film can be as its own medium. It is not trying to be a book - or even a typical movie for that matter. Most of the film works on a subliminal level, playing with emotions rather than logic. It is a very depressing film so be sure and see it with a friend who doesn't own a gun.

2001: Odyssey Two is a very faithful representation of the Arthur C. Clarke novel of the same name. If you liked the book, you will almost certainly like the movie. Please don't go into the theatre expecting to see another Kubrik-type saga. It is more in line with conventional film styling but this is not a drawback by any means. After such dubious SF efforts as *Capricorn One* and *Outland*, director/writer Hyams has finally come up with a rigorous effort. It never hurts to start with good material now, do it?

nicola



cuti





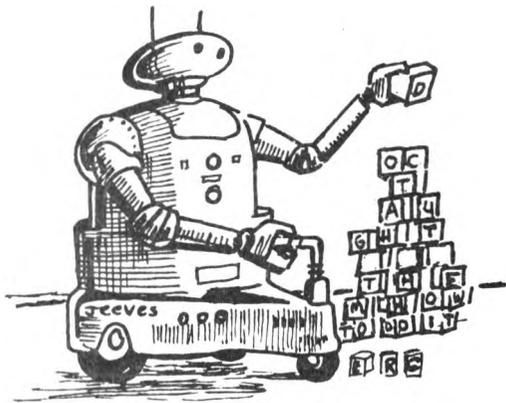






NICK CUTI has for many years been recognized as a notable talent in the comics field, but in the last few years his unique illustrations have graced the pages of a host of SF/Fantasy publications, such as STARLOG, ASIMOV'S, HEAVY METAL and TWILIGHT ZONE. Nick's work can also be seen in HOKA, by Anderson and Dickson, and P.J. Farmer's GREATHEART SILVER, both from Tor Books. Many of Nick's drawings are done on scratchboard, a relatively uncommon and certainly challenging medium which is perfect for fantastic illustration. The results speak for themselves; NIEKAS is proud to bring you these unpublished examples of Mr. Cuti's artistry. Nick currently works in the Editorial Department of DC Comics in NYC.





Regarding your comments about myself and Robert Heinlein in your Bumbejimas column in NIEKAS 32:

I had begun publishing in Leo Margulies' Satellite SCIENCE FICTION a series of critical/historical/biographical pieces centered around authors that would eventually be collected in my book EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE (World, 1963). When SATELLITE SCIENCE FICTION discontinued publication, I had several articles already written and a number of others in the planning stage and was looking for another market that might be interested in publishing them. Henry Morrison, then working for the Scott Meredith Literary Agency suggested I try AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION whose editors, Norman Lobsenz and Cele Goldsmith, had told him they were looking for material to give the magazines a more serious tone. In 1960 they agreed to buy six articles from me on the following literary figures: Hugo Gernsback, H. P. Lovecraft, Ofal Stapledon, M. P. Shiel, Karel Capek and Philip Wylie. Beginning in 1960, the Gernsback article was published in AMAZING STORIES and the other five in FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION. That was presumably to be the end of it. However, in January, 1961, Lobsenz and Goldsmith asked me to drop by the office and talk to them. They said the circulation on the issues of FANTASTIC with my five articles had increased roughly four thousand copies and held. Apparently I had pulled that many former readers of SATELLITE SCIENCE

Heinlein and Me

by Sam Moskowitz

FICTION who had read the earlier articles in that magazine. They wanted me to do twenty-four a year, twelve for each magazine.

I was working full time supervising a staff of five editors

for E. W. Williams Publications and told them I simply couldn't do more than six a year, since each article involved reading every work the author covered had written and every known bit of information about them, in addition to personally contacting them if they were still alive. We agreed on six a year to be run every other month in AMAZING STORIES and these were to be on contemporary leaders such as Robert A. Heinlein, Ray Bradbury, Arthur C. Clark, Isaac Asimov and so on. I also agreed to select a reprint a month and supply an historical introduction for each magazine.

The first author to be profiled was Robert A. Heinlein. I owned and read everything by Heinlein published through to 1961 as well as everything written about him. I had first personally met him at the June 2, 1940 meeting of The Queens Science Fiction League Chapter in Astoria, New York. At that time he gave a talk outlining his career to that date and comparing the Queens Chapter to the one in Los Angeles. I met him again in 1954 and had minor business dealings involving books which tied in with Vol Molsworth, an Australian fan.

I wrote to Heinlein in Colorado Springs, Colorado on January 22, 1961, explaining what I was doing. In the course of the letter I made statements very much like those which Ed Meskys remembers: "It is a touchy thing to work on moderns (writers)," I said,

"for two reasons. First, many of them are still writing and there is no assurance that their most important contributions are behind them. Secondly, most of them are still alive and I am personally acquainted with them. While naturally, you don't select anyone to write about who isn't a top-grade performer to begin with, still, it seems to be human nature to resent any allusions to weaknesses even after you have spent thousands of words exalting their genius."

I enclosed a list of fifteen questions with the following disclaimers: "I have been reading on it (the Heinlein article) for the past five weeks, starting all your stories in chronological order and at present am up around 1947... I am writing you, just in case there is some point you want to underscore in the event that you might fill in any gaps. You don't have to reply if you are too busy. You don't have to answer any questions you don't want to for personal or business reasons."

The question might reasonably be asked, how can one cover a subject like Heinlein with only fifteen questions. The answer is that I brought almost 30 years of background of science fiction to the subject, including everything by or about Heinlein known to exist. The answers were hopefully to give me fresh material previously not published or to provide missing elements of incomplete but possibly very important knowledge. Furthermore, I was dealing with an important and busy writer. If I wanted to get any cooperation I had to minimize the amount of work he had to do. If he voluntarily wished to give me more, that was my good luck, but if he did not wish to, I would gracefully bow out and go ahead with what I had.

The reply, only a few days later on January 25, 1961, was surprising. The first line was: "Biographies are for dead people."

"I wish you would postpone this until I am dead; I don't like it, I don't want it, and I won't help. Criticism of my published works I cannot object to... but I wish to Christ that you would not discuss me the person."

He then proceeded to answer all my questions at a length of 5,000 words, with the proviso that none of it be printed. His purpose was to make certain that my facts

were accurate for material I obtained elsewhere that might be wrong.

He also asked that I not refer to his first wife for very strong personal reasons.

I replied to him in a letter started February 5, 1961 and concluded March 30, 1961, by which time the article had been completed and sent to the printer. I let him know that I was well aware of the clever trick he had played by answering all my questions with the proviso that the information not be used. "In one respect your letter is very unfair to me," I said, "inasmuch as it presents a certain amount of material, not of a personal nature, concerning the background of your stories which I not only knew but in greater detail, but which, if I now use, I will appear to be breaking a confidence. You rope off areas of material, none of which I can print, request special treatment, and give me nothing in return."

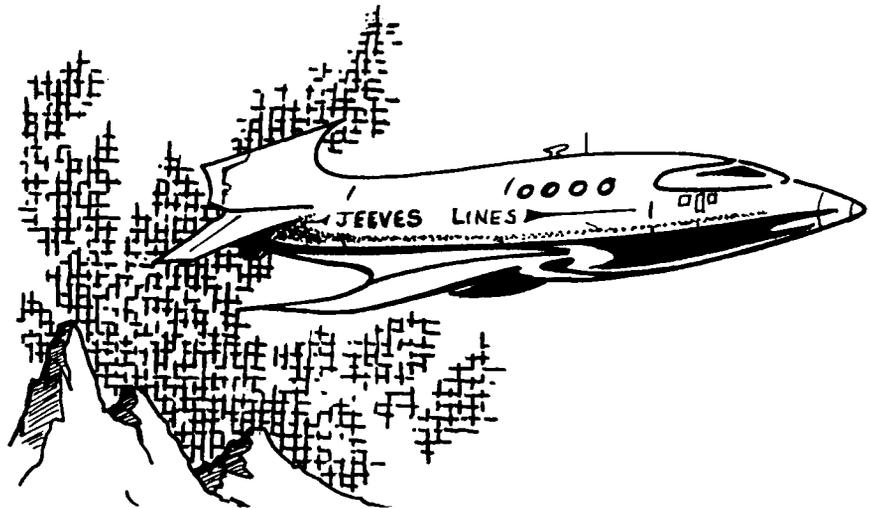
The truth was that his cleverness had elicited admiration, and that I understood his particular problem. As an upfront leader and a controversial one in science fiction, the amount of incredible error, stupidity, envy, outright viciousness, outrageous assumptions, invasion of privacy he had been subjected to through the years--and I had read a very large percentage of it--turned sour even the generous praise and appreciation that he also received. It reaches a point where one is forced to say, don't praise me, don't damn me, and whatever you do stay out of my personal life and read my stories if you like them, and don't read them if you don't.

The original magazine version of my article was roughly 5,000 words in length, the book inclusion was expanded to about 8,000 words. I could never have done an exhaustive biography and criticism in that space of an author who had written so much and made so important a contribution and influence on the field. I had more than I needed without the material in his letter. Yet, for the record, my piece was the longest and most comprehensive done on Heinlein up to the date of its publication. This is not so much a boast but a criticism of the field.

On July 22, 1961, Heinlein, having read the article wrote:

"I thought that your article about me and my writings was a swell job." He also enjoyed the expanded version which appeared in 1966. More important, we became good friends. He has, on a number of occasions, invited me and my wife to select little gatherings when he was in New York, which were memorable not just for him and his wife Ginny, but for some of the unusual people he knew. As a host he is difficult to top. One time, when my wife was taken ill during a vacation in Colorado Springs, he took her in the house until she felt better without any prior notice of our arrival.

Heinlein's sensitivity is all the more understandable when one faces the fact, that even in your commentary, Ed Meskys, you made an error which would certainly



irritate him. You said his first wife died in childbirth. Now I don't know whether his first wife is alive or dead, but I do know that it is impossible that she died in childbirth, if only for her age, but you go right ahead and relate an absolute incorrect assumption that you picked up somewhere and show that it influenced his stories.

In the case of Alexei Panshin, he was young and overzealous and pursued information about Heinlein's personal life like a bull in a china closet. He learned about relatives, either borrowed or tried to borrow their personal correspondence of Heinlein's from them. Heinlein was horrified, after all he was scarcely dead and fair game for researchers. Personal information obviously can sometimes be the source of legal, social or eco-

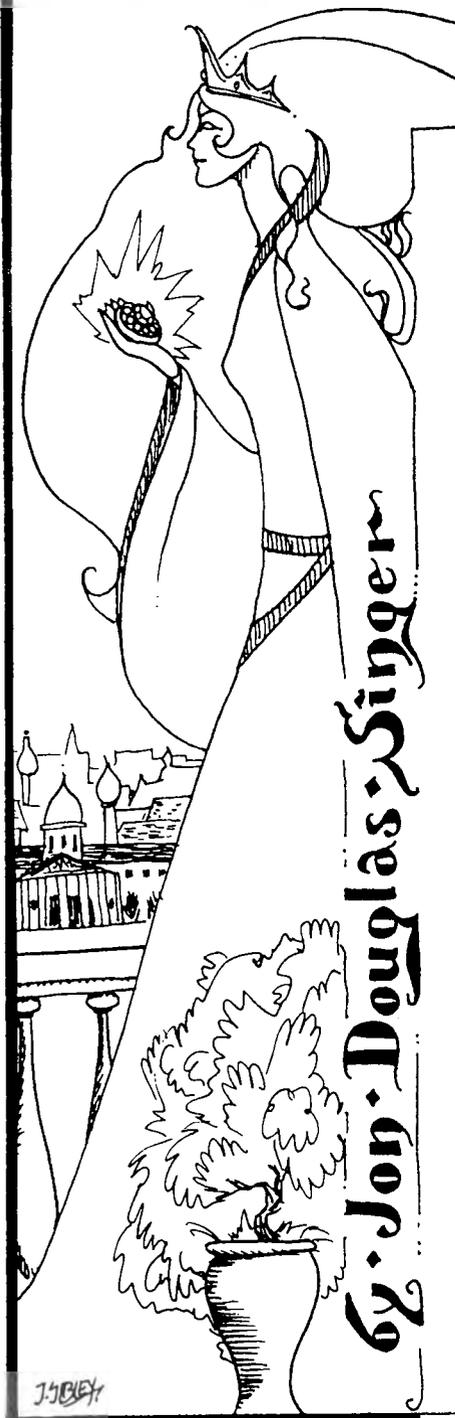
nomie trouble to one or more of the persons involved. My personal first contact with Panshin was when he wrote me a letter asking me for everything I had about Heinlein for a book he planned to write. When he did not receive a reply he attacked me viciously in Yandro. Yet, in his letter, he not only did not bother to sign his name, but did not include a return address and I had never heard of him previously. I still have the letter. He is older and more considerate now, but this explains his earlier problem with Heinlein.

In recent years, Heinlein has granted very important interviews to Neil Schumann, Bruce Franklin, Frank M. Robinson and several others, but with the understandable attitude that he only wants to give information

to responsible individuals under civilized conditions.

If I were to position the SF reader politically, I would say that they tend to be a little left of center, though not in the sense that the Futurians were back in the late thirties and early forties. More accurately, they tend to be humanists, leaning more toward human needs than toward religion and politics. Therefore they tend to frequently resent some of Heinlein's viewpoints, which tend to strike them as provocative. Those, like myself, who have some association with Heinlein, discover a considerate, generous, thoughtful human being. I have known other writers and critics whose works are the soul of humanity, but who act like bastards. It is not difficult for me to make a personal preference.

TOLKIEN'S CARDOLAN: A THEORETICAL HISTORY



Prologue

Since 1966 when I was given my first copy of *The Lord of the Rings*, I have been an ardent Tolkien fan. At first I was unsure of the mention of elves and dwarves and soon found that it wasn't just a fairy story but a mythical epic of Homeric proportions. What distinguished this epic from others like it was the inclusion of the lengthy appendices of historical matter. Since I was a history buff, I was particularly fascinated by the more obscure sections of the history of Middle Earth. What Tolkien left out fascinated me as much as what he included.

One of the items omitted from the appendix was the history of Cardolan, the lost Dunedain kingdom between the Barrowdowns and the Greyflood River. Tolkien gave little of its history and it fascinated me. I even attempted to write a fantasy story based on Cardolan's valiant struggles against Angmar and Rhudaur. The doomed line of its kings and their loyalty to Arnor despite great odds would have made a stirring saga. I dropped that project because of the copyright difficulties. Then I learned that it was perfectly permissible for fans to "invent" or "hypothetically reconstruct" aspects of their favorite yarns. This has been done for Conan so why not for Middle Earth? What follows, then, is a reconstruction of Cardolan's history, based on the L.O.T.R. appendices and on Robert Foster's *A Guide to Middle Earth* (Mirage Press, Baltimore, 1971).

Cardolan was founded in T.A. 861, after the death of King Earendur. Earendur's two sons, unnamed by Tolkien, founded Cardolan and Rhudaur to its northeast (*Guide*, King List No. 3). Tolkien implied that the line

of Isildur ruled in Cardolan, meaning the same family, but he didn't say that the founders of Cardolan were the heirs of the son of Earendur. In my own history of Cardolan, which is a part of the *History of the Edain* colloquially known as the *Brown Book of Brandy Hall*,¹ the name of Cardolan's first king is said to be Aradol (T.A. 861-890). He was the second son of Earendur. The third son, unnamed by Tolkien but called Angmir Ironstar in the *Brown Book*, took control of the area that became the kingdom of Rhudaur. Amlaith, the only son of Earendur named by Tolkien, ruled Arnor's remaining territory, which was called Arthedain. On page 43 Foster wrote that Cardolan means Red Hill Land. He added (p. 14) that Arthedain means realm of the Edain. He didn't translate Rhudaur but I think it means East Forest, as Rhu is probably a contraction of Elvish Rhun for east (*Guide*, p. 215) and Taur for forest (*LOTR*, Vol. III, p. 515).

Cardolan's boundaries were at first extensive. Tolkien wrote that it included the area from the Brandywine River to the Greyflood River in the East, and north to the Great Road. Its capital city isn't named but as the map in the first volume of *LOTR* shows a city called Tharbad at the junction of the Glanduin and Mitheithel Rivers, we can assume that this was its main city. Another locality marked on Tolkien's map but hardly referred to in the text is the land of Minhiriath. Foster wrote that Minhiriath was part of Cardolan (*Guide*, p. 174). It was on the southern coast and extended from the Gwathlo to the Bruinen Rivers. Tolkien implied this also (*LOTR*, Vol. III, p. 398).

The early history of Cardolan, the

time of the Isildurian Dynasty, was one of warfare against Rhudaur. Both kingdoms tried to seize Amon Sul, Weathertop, with its castles and its tower containing the miraculous palantiri or vision stones, the crystal ball of occult lore. It was one of several brought by the Dunedain from Numenor. The land west of Amon Sul was also fought for by Cardolan and its neighbors, but Bree itself seems to have been unaffected by the fighting.

Here is a list of the first kings of Cardolan. In them the blood of Isildur flowed. Later, it thinned and the line was doomed to extinction because of the wars. The names are all taken from the Brown Book of Brandy Hall, also known as the Meriadoc Manuscript.

Aradol (Third Age 861-890)
Aracalim (T.A. 890-935)
Arasuli (T.A. 935-1010)
Araglas (T.A. 1010-1090)
Aranor I (T.A. 1090-1170)
Aradol II (T.A. 1170-1230)
Arcormar (T.A. 1230-1280)
Aranor II (T.A. 1280-1356)+

That was a golden age, a period of great deeds. It was also a time of tragedy, for brother kings warred against each other in Rhudaur and Cardolan. Isildur's heirs perished in Cardolan and Rhudaur by the time of Argeleb I of Arthedain. The latter reinstated his dynasty's claims to the high kingship. Nobody in Cardolan challenged the claim, and it no longer had kings of its own.

The year 1356 was a momentous one for Cardolan and indeed for all the northern Dunedain. In Rhudaur, the Dunedain were few because of the strife, and an invading tribe of Hill-men took power there. Perhaps these were of Dunlandish stock. Tolkien didn't name the usurper but the Brown Book said that his name was Rotgol, a Dunlandish-sounding name. In LOTR, Vol. III, p. 397, Tolkien wrote that Rhudaur resisted Argeleb's claims of high kingship. The Hillmen and their allies, the tribes of Men at Carn Dum in Angmar, swept down from the Misty Mountains and war flamed around the Weather Hills. Orc hordes also streamed into the battle and King Argeleb was slain. Aranor II of Cardolan, last of Isildur's line, had died earlier in the same campaign and his throne was claimed by Argeleb.

This death of kings would have meant the end of the northern Dunedain as the dark shadow of Angmar and its puppet state of Rhudaur surged westward. But then a great rallying occurred and Cardolan joined with the Elvish host summoned from Lindon. The

days of Gil-galad were recalled as Arveleg, son of Argeleb, came forth with a mighty army. Spears skewered the savages and the Hillmen were driven back in a bloody route to their fog-shrouded valleys. Peace was restored and for a while fear was driven from the land. Now the second era of Cardolan's history began.

The Brown Book said that Pharnithil, son of Baradol, was the first Prince of Cardolan. He was given the title as a reward for rallying the country in the 1356 war. Tolkien wrote that Cardolan had a powerful army at this time, guarding in alliance with Arthedain the line extending from the Great Road to Weathertop and thence to the Hoarwell River. In LOTR, Vol. III, p. 397, Tolkien wrote that although Rivendell was besieged, for a while the kingdoms of Men had peace.

Pharnithil died in 1380 and was succeeded by his son Malrindor. Tharbad was a trading center at this time, and there was much coming and going along the Old South Road. Merchants, couriers, soldiers, and wanderers of all types passed up and down the roads from Tharbad to Bree and thence to Fornost, Arthedain's capital.

In 1409, however, stormclouds again rose out of the darkness in the east and once more unleashed the fury of war. The onslaught from Angmar was ferocious, and the Witch-king, who was really the chief Ringwraith and minion of Sauron, sent forth the slave-soldiers of Rhudaur with their Orc and Hillmen allied. The barbarous hordes were thunderbolts crashing through the shieldwalls of the Dunedain. King Arveleg of Arthedain was defeated and slain.

Cardolan was invaded and, one after another, its villages burned. Refugees fled in cowed streams to the Barrow-downs of Tyrn Gorthad and the Old Forest. Amon Sul's palantir was rescued even though the Tower was destroyed by invaders. The crystal was taken back to Fornost. Malrindor was killed in battle, and although Tolkien didn't give his name (LOTR, Vol. III, p. 398) it was his grave that the hobbits blundered into during their misadventure on the Barrow-downs.

Finally the Elves broke the power of Angmar, for Elrond wielded his mighty wizardry. With the aid of Elves from Lindon and Lorien Angmar was again defeated. Once again the Elves had united in one of the last great surges of armed power. But these military deeds were becoming more rare as the Elves became fewer in numbers. Meanwhile, peace returned to the mortal realms.

Cardolan's history was now mostly a blank, according to Tolkien, but it still existed. Tharbad had not been ruined and was probably fortified against Dunlandish or Orc attacks inspired by Angmar. Indeed, a third era can be postulated. A new line of rulers was founded by Halladol, a great warrior who had commanded the refugees in the Barrow-downs and the Old Forest. Tolkien does not refer to him but his tale is preserved in the Brown Book of Meriadoc. Minhiriath and a part of Cardolan were still populated. Halladol dwelt in Tharbad but went on Orc hunting patrols throughout the east. The Brown Book recounts his adventures in Dunland. He revived the trade to Bree and Fornost, and sent missions to King Eldacar of Gondor after the latter regained the throne in 1447 from the usurper Castamir.

Aside from a few Orc raids and Dunlander raids, there was peace and prosperity of a sort for the next 227 years. In this period Halladol's dynasty ruled strongly and wisely. They acknowledged the rule of the kings of Arthedain and kept the title of prince, without claiming the kingship themselves. Here is a list of the heirs of Halladol from the Brown Book of Brandy Hall. Tolkien doesn't name the rulers of the Cardolan region of this era.

The Heirs of Halladol

Halladol (T.A. 1409-1470)
Cordolmir (T.A. 1470-1523)
Mirsuilglas (T.A. 1523-1550)
Calimdol (T.A. 1550-1587)
Belegmir (T.A. 1587-1636)+

The plus sign means that Belegmir died in mid-life, at the height of his power. He was slain not by enemies or traitors but by the vile Plague of 1636 that began in the east and swept over Gondor to Enedwaith and thence to Cardolan. Untold thousands died, and perhaps this was a sort of "germ warfare" conducted by Sauron. King Telemnar of Gondor and almost his whole family were wiped out. Tolkien wrote that the Dunedain of Cardolan died out at this time but that a few other people remained in that realm. Minhiriath was depopulated and abandoned. It should be noted that Tolkien said that most of Cardolan was depopulated. He didn't say where the rest remained (LOTR, Vol. III, p. 398), but I believe that some people must have remained in Tharbad. A new era began. Cardolan as a state no longer existed, insofar as the Kings of Gondor and Arthedain were concerned, but the Brown Book of Brandy Hall says that Tharbad became a semi-isolated city-state, somewhat similar to Esgaroth on the Long Lake in the far northeast near Mt. Erebor.

Belegmir died but his son Belegsuil took over the rule. He used the title of Lord of Tharbad. In this period, by the way, a new event occurred that was at first deemed insignificant but ultimately far-reaching. A small people called Hobbits had been granted land beyond the Baranduin (Brandywine) in 1601 by King Argeleb II of Arthedain (LOTR, Vol. III, p. 4-

II of Arthedain (LOTR, Vol. III, p. 457). This new land was called Suza or the Shire. It was a peaceful region of villagers, farmers, and tradespeople who were isolated from the great events of the northeast and the south (LOTR, Vol. III, p. 515).

The next stage in Tharbad's and Cardolan's history is almost unknown, but it was filled with increasing tragedy and doom. Wars flamed upon the eastern borders, and barbarous hordes of Orcs and Hillmen swarmed down from the North. Tharbad was in an almost constant state of siege and received almost no help from distant Arthedain and Gondor. However, in 2510 the Gondoric province of Calendrhdon was devastated by the Orcs and Easterlings. Eorl, a Northman, led his tribe down from the upper valley of Anduin and defeated the invaders. As a reward his people were granted the land as an independent kingdom by the Steward, Cirion of Gondor. The Rohirrim of the new land of Rohan sometimes aided Tharbad. For an account of Rohan, see the second section in Appendix A of LOTR. The tale of the Rohirrim and Tharbad is recounted in the Brown Book.

Here is a list of Belegsuil's heirs, the Lords of Tharbad. (Dates in T.A.)

Belegsuil (1636-1650)
 Andorath (1650-1672)
 Coranor (1672-1730)
 Thindolmir (1730-1774)
 Celebdil (1774-1792)
 Celebmir (1792-1835)
 Haelvir (1835-1870)
 Cordolmir II (1870-1889)
 Belegmir II (1889-1910)
 Caramir (1910-1950)
 Pharnithil II (1950-1976)
 Rothgorn (1976-1990)
 Belegsuil II (1990-2057)
 Halladol II (2057-2071)
 Andomir (2071-2118)
 Faragil (2118-2150)
 Calmandor (2150-2179)
 Haelvir II (2179-2194)
 Beleguial (2194-2246)
 Caramir II (2246-2282)
 Belegthin (2282-2327)
 Dolmircor (2327-2382)
 Celebmir II (2382-2431)

Calmandor II (2431-2462)
 Suilvirdil (2462-2498)
 Suilcalmand (2498-2520)
 Rothgorn II (2520-2577)
 Celebdil II (2577-2615)
 Mirsuilglas II (2615-2660)
 Andorath II (2660-2710)
 Andomir II (2710-2790)
 Faragil II (2790-2800)
 Morcardol (2800-2839)
 Caramir III (2839-2850)
 Belegdol (2850-2873)
 Haelpharn (2873-2892)
 Andosuil (2892-2912)+ Last Lord of Tharbad.

He died in the 'Great Flood' of 2912. End of the House of Halladol.

These years were momentous ones for Eriador and all the Dunedain-settled lands of Middle Earth. In 1974, when Pharnithil II was Lord of Tharbad, Angmar rose up in all its fury as the Witch-king hurled his hordes westward and southward. Arvedui the King of Arthedain was overwhelmed. He escaped with faithful followers but Fornost was sacked and burned. He then fled north to the Bay of Forochel and was drowned in a storm, wherein the palantiri of Annuminas and Amon Sul were finally lost. Arthedain was finished but its heir, Aranarth, survived with some warriors and they became the ancestors of the Rangers, a small but resolute guerilla force. Where the Rangers dwelt is not stated by Tolkien. The Brown Book says they dwelt at Tharbad or nearby, and drew recruits from it. Perhaps the chieftains even claimed lordship over the city or at least shared in its governance, by right of being direct descendants of the great Isildurian kings of Arnor.

It is more likely that Tharbad was increasingly isolated by the swirling tides of war as Orc hordes and Dunlandic or Carn Dum raiders swept continually over Enedwaith, the Ettenmoors, and old Cardolan south of the Great Road. The old castles on the Barrowdowns were abandoned and seldom visited because of the terror of the evil spirits called Barrowwights. However, in 1975 the Elves of Rivendell, Lindon, together with King Earnur's soldiers sent from Gondor, rallied for one more time and the Witch-king was soundly defeated at Fornost. He was hunted down but lost in the Ettenmoors and vanished. Thus, in its last era of history, the remnant of Cardolan's folk had some vengeance and a measure of peace, marred by the savage raiders.

In this era, trade was restored at times with Bree and Fornost until the latter's ruin in 1974. There also was a new trade route to Gondor via Rohan. Rohan knights sometimes aided Tharbad,

and vice-versa. Tharbad was increasingly isolated as Orcs lurked along the eastern borders in greater numbers and took over Moria. In 2740 a great wave of Orcs flooded through Eriador and seven years later, they were resoundingly defeated by a Hobbit army led by Bandobras Took in the Northfarthing of the Shire. Cardolan's last outpost was saved by that strange diminutive people. But Tharbad could not beat back the forces of Nature even if it could withstand armies. In 2912 there occurred the terrifying flood. The waters of the rivers and the sea surged in horrific might. Enedwaith as well as Minhiriath were devastated. At this time, Tharbad was struck by a cataclysmic upwelling of water from the Glanduin and Mitheithel. The city was flooded and its buildings were ruined. Hundreds died from drowning. As refugees tried to cross the great ford, Andosuil the Lord himself drowned while attempting to save stragglers. At last the storm ended and the few sad survivors made their way to Rohan and Gondor, as is told in the Brown Book. This was the doom of Tharbad. Finally, the remaining people of the once proud kingdom of Cardolan were cast away.

Addendum--

Since completion of my conjectural history of Tolkien's lost kingdom of Cardolan, new information on Middle-Earth and on portions of Cardolan and Eriador has come to light. First, I will summarize general information on Middle-Earth history and then I will present the details on Cardolan and Eriador. Tolkien said in THE LETTERS OF J.R.R. TOLKIEN (pg. 376) that Middle-Earth was our own world, at a more ancient era than the present age, when the continents had a different shape. Hobbiton and Rivendell were at about the latitude of Oxford. Minas Tirith, 600 miles to the south, was at about the latitude of Florence, Italy. The Mouths of Anduin and the ancient Numenorean city of Pelargir were at about the latitude of Troy (I should point out the resemblance of Mordor to a map of modern Turkey).

If Middle-Earth was our world, then how long ago did it flourish? Margaret Howes, in her classic essay, "The Elder Ages and the Later Glaciations of the Pleistocene Epoch", in TOLKIEN JOURNAL Vol. VIII #2 (my copy donated to me by NIEKAS editor Mike Bastraw), compared Tolkien's maps to maps of Ice Age Europe and concluded that his lands may have existed around 95,000 B.C. when Morgoth was overthrown to 85,000 years ago. Then Mordor and Gondor perished in a last cataclysmic war and the volcanic eruptions which destroyed those lands, formed our own lands.

Unfortunately for Ms. Howes' elaborate theory, Tolkien seems to have worked out the chronology of Middle-Earth and our own world some time after he had published LORD OF THE RINGS, altho no editions of that book (or THE SILMARILLION and UNFINISHED TALES) contain that information. On pg. 283 of LETTERS, Tolkien wrote a letter to a fan named Rhona Beare and said that the gap between our time and the end of Middle-Earth as we know it, is about 6,000 years. He added that we are now at the end of the Fifth Age. I assume, then, that the Fifth Age began with the rise of Egypt and Sumer, 6,000 years ago. Then the Fourth Age ended around 4000 B.C., which is one of the traditional dates for Noah's Flood. Let us assume that Noah's Flood destroyed Tolkien's world and we can come to the conclusion that Tolkien's Middle-Earth existed at about the same time as Robert E. Howard's fictional Hyborean Age. In the same book, THE LETTERS OF J. R. R. TOLKIEN (pg. 283) Tolkien added that the lengths of the Ages may have shortened and that we may be at the end of the Sixth Age or even the Seventh Age. Perhaps the Fifth Age was the Age of Egypt and Sumer and the Sixth Age was the Classical Age of Greece and Rome. Then the Seventh Age is that of Christianity, the Dark, Middle, Renaissance and Modern Ages.

Here is some more information on the Numenoreans. Tolkien says that the Numenoreans of Gondor were like the Egyptians in their love of gigantic construction projects, especially tombs. Their kings' crown is modeled on the Egyptian crown except that Tolkien added wings and removed the serpent symbol. However, from my reading of his books, I get the impression that the Numenoreans were more like the Romans and Greeks. Their empire was like that of Rome (remember the references to pillars in the city of Minas Tirith), but their seamanship was un-Romanlike and more akin to that of the Greeks. Gondor in the age of the Stewards was rather like Byzantium but with the warlike spirit of Dark Age Britain. Of course, Tolkien, being the author, has the last word. Perhaps the early Numenoreans were Egyptianlike in appearance but later evolved a Graeco-Roman Byzantine culture. Remember that there were domed Byzantine-style buildings in both Osgiliath and Minas Tirith. Boromir was more like a Dark Age Romano-Briton and not a Viking (despite his horn). The Edain of the First Age were rather like Mycenaean heroes (in my vision of Middle-Earth). They lived in fortresses like Bronze Age Mycenae but



not in true cities, as far as I could tell. The Elves, then, were the city-builders. Perhaps the Elves, and the earliest Gondorians and Numenoreans, were rather like the seafaring Cretans of King Minos, who loved the sea but were not usually warlike, until they were attacked. In that same letter to Rhona Beare, Tolkien wrote that the Rohirrim were rather like the Anglo-Saxons in the Bayeux Tapestry.

UNFINISHED TALES has more data on Middle-Earth which was not published in the appendices to THE LORD OF THE RINGS or THE SILMARILLION. It has the first official map of Numenor, not counting the conjectural maps in THE TOLKIEN BESTIARY and in Margaret Howes' essay. There is also new information on Eriador and its inhabitants.

There is also some additional data on the people of Eriador. That land, in the Second Age, was occupied by some tribes related to the Edain tribes of Beor and Hador. These men spoke a language related to Numenorean and lived near Lake Evendim, the North Downs, Weathertop, and as far west as the Brandywine. No details about their names or the names of their settlements are given. They had not crossed into Beleriand in the First Age. Presumably, they were the bulk of the population of Arnor after the Faithfuls' fleet escaped the sinking of Numenor, since the nine ships mentioned in Tolkien's rhyme would not be able to contain enough people to found a nation. These tribes are described on page 214 of UNFINISHED TALES.

There were other inhabitants of Eriador besides the Edain-like tribes. These inhabitants were related to the Dunlanders and lived in

what used to be cast forests in Minhiriath and Enedwaith. They were tribes of forest-dwellers and fishermen. They were very numerous, lacked central leadership and many were warlike. They lived in small communities, had no cities, and were probably like the Woodmen of Mirkwood in lifestyle (although the Woodmen were related to the Rohirrim). The Men of Eriador who lived in Enedwaith and Minhiriath fought against the Numenoreans who chopped down their forests for timber to build ships and forts. Finally, after many guerilla-style battles, the Numenoreans with their superior organization and weaponry defeated the tribes, who migrated away from them and fled to safer homes. Those in Enedwaith fled to what later became Dunland. Other natives fled from Minhiriath to the land of Eryn Vorn, the Dark Forests south of the mouth of the Baranduin. They apparently remained neutral in the War of the Ring, as nothing further has been published about them. Perhaps they were some of the refugees in the Prancing Pony in Bree.

Yet another native tribe of Eriador, which is described in UNFINISHED TALES, is that of the Pukel-men. These were the men whose statues were carved on the road to Dunharrow. They were of a different race from the "proto-Dunlanders" as I call them, and were like the Woses, probably related to the Woses' ancestors. For the Woses or Druwaith see pages 382-4 of UNFINISHED TALES. It is explained that Druwaith Iaur (Former Pukel-land) was the original home of the Woses of Anorien, a much more widely spread people in the past. In the time of the War of the Ring, some Woses still remained in Druwaith Iaur. Some also lived in the peninsula of Andrast, the westernmost (and mostly deserted) region of Gondor.

There are many passages in UNFINISHED TALES about the Woses, so I will summarize only a few details, here which are of relevance to our story of Cardolan. The Woses originally came from the lands south of Mordor, but turned north before arriving at the coasts of Haradwaith. They then passed through Ithilien and moved up to the Anduin Valley, which they crossed at Cair Andros. From there they moved into Anorien. There they met the Ancestors of the Men of Dunharrow, who built that fortress and the partially artificial caves beyond. As we know from the appendices of LOTR, the Men of Dunharrow were related to the Dunlanders and their ghosts were the infamous Dead Men of Dunharrow. It is said of the Woses that they were allies of the Halladin of Brethil in

Beleriand in the First Age, and some even accompanied the Dunedain to Numenor. The Woses in the First Age were skilled wood carvers, like the Indians of the Northwest Coasts of the United States and Canada. In war, their favorite weapon was the poisoned arrow. They lived in scattered bands and did not have large towns or kings, although they had chiefs like Ghan-buri-Ghan in LOTR.

In UNFINISHED TALES, on page 387, we learned that some of the Woses in Druwaith Iaur west of Rohan took part in the War of the Rings. They lived in caves at that time and when the remnants of Saruman's army fled near their land, they issued forth and destroyed the wizard's soldiers. A final note of interest concerning those people is the fact that their own name for themselves is Drughu, which was borrowed by the Sindarin Elves, who changed it into Druin and later, Druedain. This is a case of the Elves borrowing a foreign word, which is quite interesting, considering the fact that most place-names in northwestern Middle-Earth are of Elvish origin. Lastly, I should note that the names Andrast and Druwaith Iaur were not published until Tolkien gave them to Pauline Baynes, artist of the 1969 Middle-Earth poster map (UNFINISHED TALES, pg. 261). The ruined city of Lond Daer, and the forest of Eryn Vorn also first appeared on that map although they were not mentioned in the early Ballantine paperback edition of LOTR. Edhellond, an Elven seaport in Gondor west of Dol Amroth, first appeared on that same map, although it was not mentioned in LOTR. There are, though, references to Lond Daer and Edhellond in UNFINISHED TALES.

A note on the Numenorean horses on page 278 of UNFINISHED TALES says that some Numenoreans who had settlements on the coasts of Middle-Earth bred horses but did not use them much for war, but rather they used them for sport, as in hunting. Messengers used horses as well. However, the Numenoreans sometimes employed non-Numenoreans as mercenaries. The latter fought as units of light-armed archers. The names of those mercenary tribes are not given, nor are the locations of the Numenorean settlements. It is possible that some of these people, who probably became "Westronized" like the Dunlanders of Bree, formed a large portion of the population of the later North and South Kingdoms.

Yet other non-Numenorean tribes of Men lived further north in Eriador. After the realms of Arnor split into the three kingdoms of Arthedain, Cardolan and Rhudaur, the men of Rhudaur often raided by tribes

called Hillmen (LOTR, III, PG. 397). The Hillmen later made peace with Rhudaur but their chief then seized control of that realm. His name is not given by Tolkien. However, details on the history of Rhudaur will be given a forthcoming conjectural history of that realm, which continues the story in my own fictitious Brown Book of Brandy Hall. It is likely that the Hillmen were distant relatives of the Dunlanders. Foster, in A GUIDE TO MIDDLE-EARTH, says that the Hillmen were allied to Angmar and that they lived in the Ettenmoors and the region west of the Angle of Rhudaur. They apparently lacked towns and may have been seminomadic shepherds, hunters and fisherfolk fishing in the mountain meres and streams.

Still further north were the people of Angmar. That evil realm was ruled by a Witch-king, the secret ally of Sauron. It is possible that he was originally a mortal man who received a Ring of Power from Sauron in the Second Age and became



ensnared by its magic. He then "mutated" and became a Nazgul. He was probably one of the Nine Kings of Men mentioned in the rhyme about the history of the Rings of Power. The people of Angmar were probably of Dunlandish stock, having migrated to the north in the First or Second Ages, when the Men of Bree settled in their town near the Shire. Practically nothing is known of the people of Angmar except that they had a capital city of Carn Dum. In Book I of LOTR, when the hobbits are trapped on the Barrowdowns, one of them awakens from a nightmarish coma caused by a barrowwight's spell. He seems to have been possessed by the

memories of the last prince of Cardolan (who died in the war of 1409). The hobbit, talking in his sleep before being rescued and awakened by Tom Bombadil, shouted something about the men of Carn Dum who attacked him in the middle of the night and threw spears at him. It seems that the Men of Angmar used spears in battle and that sometimes they liked to make "sneak attacks" under cover of darkness. Darkness, of course, also enhanced the powers of their evil leader, the Nazgul. A further note on the people of Angmar says that in the year 1975 of the Third Age, the Northmen of the middle vales of Anduin and their kinsmen, the newly-arrived Eotheod, drove away the last survivors of Angmar, some of whom lived on the eastern side of the Misty Mountains (UNFINISHED TALES, pg. 313).

The northernmost tribe, or tribes of Men in Eriador (and perhaps in all of known Middle-Earth) are the Lossoth or Snowmen. Their culture was described by Tolkien as being rather eskimo-like. As a good account of that folk is given in the Appendix of the LOTR, we will not tarry amidst their icy wasteland around the great Cape and Bay of Forochel.

Let us now return to the Dunedain of Middle-Earth, especially those of Eriador. I have already mentioned tribes of Edain-like people who lived there in the Second Age (and probably in the First). What of the Numenoreans? Tolkien frequently refers to many of their harbors on the coasts of Middle-Earth but only a few are known by name and until recently, next to nothing was known of their history. Pelargir, Tharbad, the mysterious ruined city of Lond Daer, Dol Amroth and probably Umbar were the earliest of their colonies, and the most important. There are vague hints of other ports, but these are nameless. Perhaps Christopher Tolkien may one day shed some light on these settlements, such as the ones defended by the horse-archers.

As Pelagir and Umbar are discussed in detail in LOTR, we need not call on those ports. Let us drop anchor instead, at the enigmatic ruin of Lond Daer. To the best of my knowledge, Lond Daer first appeared on the Pauline Baynes poster map on 1969, and again on the 1973 J. R. R. TOLKIEN CALENDAR's map. None of my editions of LOTR mention it. I first saw a discussion of Lond Daer in J. E. A. Tyler's THE TOLKIEN COMPANION (and again in the revised edition, THE NEW TOLKIEN COMPANION, pg. 343). Tyler suggested that the name meant Harbor of Daeron and that

it was an Elf harbor which had been destroyed by an inundation of the sea. Tyler implied that Daeron, the Grey-elf of the First Age who revised the Certhas runes, may have founded Lond Daer after he was exiled.

The true story was revealed by Christopher Tolkien in UNFINISHED TALES (pg. 239 and pg. 261 et. seq.). It seems that in 1695 (Second Age) Sauron invaded Eriador. Gil-galad, the great Elf King, sent messengers to Numenor for aid, but the Numenoreans could not assemble a strong enough force until five years had passed. During that time, all Eriador, except Rivendell and Lindon, was under the Dark Lord's rule. Then, in 1700, the Dunedain fleet arrived and their army joined with the Elvish forces. Sauron was defeated after a great battle at Sarn Ford south of the Shire and his force retreated to Tharbad (which was apparently already founded at that time but it fell briefly under Sauron's rule during his invasion). The Dark Lord then decided to retreat back to Mordor, but, on the way from Tharbad, a Numenorean force under Admiral Ciryatur defeated him in the Battle of the Gwathlo (Grey-flood). Sauron escaped, though, with a few followers. Tolkien said that at that time there already was in existence a small Numenorean harbor at the mouth of the Greyflood. This harbor was probably Vinyalonde (New Haven) which had been built by King Tar Aldarion of Numenor in c. 800 (Second Age). Tolkien, in UNFINISHED TALES, said that in around S.A. 1800 the Numenoreans began to build permanent havens (note use of plural) on the western coasts, but no details about the names or locations of these other colonies are given.

The port of Lond Daer seems to have arisen after Vinyalonde fell out of use. It arose on the long-abandoned ruins of Tar-Aldarion's port. Lond Daer was sometimes called Lond Daer Anedh, the Great Middle Haven, because it was roughly halfway between Pelargir (founded in Second Age 2350) and the Elven havens of Lindon. At one time, the River Greyflood became so important to the Numenoreans that they even gave it a name in their native Adunaic language, Agathurush, one of the few placenames in that tongue which have been printed. The chief purpose of Lond Daer was the defense of the coasts and a staging point for logging operations in the forests to the north. The date of its final abandonment is not given, but it was presumably destroyed by the cataclysm which sank Numenor.

The next major Numenorean city in

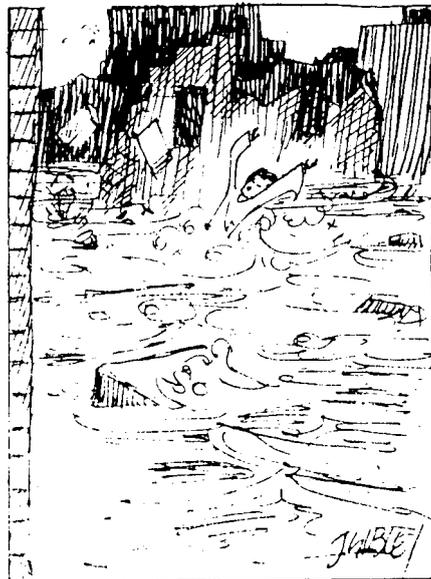
Eriador was Tharbad. There are only a few brief references to it in LOTR. Boromir passed it on his way to the conference at Rivendell, for example. There are more details in UNFINISHED TALES (pgs. 264-5). The date of Tharbad's foundation is not given, but it was already in existence in the time of King Tar-Aldarion, who met Galadriel there. Tharbad probably replaced Vinyalonde after that unfinished port was ruined by floods which took place even during that king's reign. Tyler (pg. 561) wrote that the name Tharbad is of Sindarin Elvish origin and comes from tharapata or Cross-way.

Christopher Tolkien published a brief description of Tharbad and a few notes on its history. At the time of the War of the Ring, only the remains of its great bridge and crumbling walls on mounds were visible. Much earlier, though, it had been a flourishing port. There was a fort with earthworks on both sides of the river. Inside the space enclosed by the walls were a garrison of soldiers as well as engineers and mariners. They lived there at least until the Great Plague of Third Age 1636. However, a note in LOTR and on page 265 of UNFINISHED TALES says that the city was not finally destroyed until the great floods of 2912. The people were mostly Numenorean or "westronized" Dunlandish people who spoke Numenorean and the Common Speech. On page 264 of UNFINISHED TALES Tolkien wrote that both the North Kingdom and Gondor shared the maintenance of the Bridge, the Port, the fort and the North-South Road (which became the Greenway after the city's ruination). However, after Arnor broke up the maintenance of the city, it probably was inherited by the kings of Car-

doIan, in whose realm the city, Tharbad, was located.

Was Tharbad the capital of CardoIan? The capital of that realm is not named in any work of Tolkien known to me. However, Karen Fonstad, in THE ATLAS OF MIDDLE-EARTH, made a guess as to the location of CardoIan's capital. She claimed that it was Tyrn Gorthad (the Barrow-downs) but as far as I know, there were no cities there (or none are shown on the published maps in my possession). Tom Bombadil did say that there were castles on the Downs which were ruled by kings of little kingdoms (see Book I of LOTR) but while these castles could have also been fortified towns, the date at which they flourished was not given by Bombadil. Aragorn said that the "Forefathers of the Edain" built some of the structures in the Barrow-downs before they crossed the Blue Mountains and entered Beleriand in the First Age. It is known that some of the Dunedain fortified the Barrow-downs during the wars with Angmar and lived in the Old Forest as well. However, nowhere in LOTR is the name of the capital of CardoIan given. I suspect, though, that it was indeed Tharbad, because that was the largest city in the realm. Also, it was not ruined until 2912, so its fortifications must have protected a considerable population. Tharbad's population, though, was still lesser than that of Arthedain (which had two cities-- Annumenas and Fornost) but it had more Dunedain and half-Dunedain than Rhudaun.

What did Tharbad look like? It had a population of sailors, engineers, and soldiers and their families, as I stated above. There were probably inns near the bridge. One can guess that there may even have been inns named Royal Inn, the Bridge Inn, and the Harbor Tavern as well as the Great Road Tavern. Other inns fronted market squares and were possibly near the gates. There were undoubtedly shops of all kinds where goods were sold or produced. The average people probably lived in medieval-style tenement blocks while the wealthier merchants, officers, and officials probably lived in larger mansions of stone. Many of the buildings were wood, but probably many more were of stone, so that the hazard of accidental fires (or fires set during a siege) would be diminished. It is likely that some of the largest mansions even had towers like those in the medieval Italian city of Sienna. Since Tharbad was an extremely ancient city, there were probably great Numenorean buildings with domes and white pillars, but as Tharbad was



much smaller than either Minas Tirith or Fornost, these large palazzo-type buildings were rare. They were undoubtedly owned by the richest merchants and generals who ruled the city. The Lords of Tharbad and the earliest Ranger Chieftains may have had castle-like palaces but after the city was destroyed by the great floods of 2912, the Rangers became a nomadic people.

This brings us to the question of the last of the Mannish peoples of Eriador. Where did the Rangers live after the 1975 war with Angmar destroyed their cities? In the TALE OF ARAGORN AND ARWEN it is said that the Rangers' Chieftains and their families lived in Rivendell, where their heirlooms were guarded by Elrond. However, it is not said where the rest of the Rangers lived. Did they all live in Rivendell, or somewhere else? That is possible, but I suspect that most of the Rangers lived somewhere else. In Book I of LOTR, it is said that Rangers occasionally stopped to rest in the Prancing Pony Inn in Bree. However it is not stated that the Rangers lived there. Some may have camped in the border regions of Bree-land. One known Ranger camp was near the Shire, at Sarn Ford, but that was a sentry post only. The women and children didn't live there. Perhaps all the Ranger women and children lived in Rivendell. In Book III of LOTR (pgs. 55 and 152) Aragorn's cousin, Halbarad, with thirty other Rangers rode to the Battle of the Pelennor Fields. They said they came from the Northlands but did not name their homeland (they did not say that they lived in Rivendell, although Elrond's sons came with them.).

If most of the Rangers did not live in Rivendell, then where did they live? I have several possible places. On page 398 of Book III of LOTR it is written that Arvedui, last king of Arthedain, fled to the old dwarf mines in the Blue Mountains after his defeat by Angmar. He then fled north to Forochel, where he died. His son, though, escaped and founded the Ranger line. Did the Rangers live in the Blue Mountains or in the lands between them and the Hills of Evendim? Did they live in the Hills of Evendim, (certainly a fortifiable position)? Did they live in the Grey Havens in Cirdan's city of Mithlond? On page 401 it is said, in Book III of LOTR, that the Rangers became a secretive and wandering people, but is not clear where their women and children lived while the chiefs and lesser Rangers were out on missions. It is my theory (as stated in Part I of the ar-

ticle) that the Rangers probably lived in Tharbad until its destruction in 2912. After that date they probably wandered to Rivendell or to the empty lands between the Shire and Lindon, which were far from the threat of Orc or Dunlading raids.

Before we leave the lands of the Men of Eriador, I should add some details about Cardolan which are derived from Karen Fonstad's THE ATLAS OF MIDDLE-EARTH. Fonstad calculated the size of the realms of Eriador in square miles. Arnor, before its division, had an area of 245,847 square miles. Rhudaur had 48,880 square miles. Arthedain had 113,957 square miles. Cardolan had 83,299 square miles. The Shire had 21,400 square miles, but as its people were not usually involved in the affairs of the kingdoms, it is perhaps the best to consider the Shire as an autonomous or semi-autonomous region.

The non Mannish peoples of Eriador were mostly Elves, Hobbits and Orcs, as well as a few Dwarves who occasionally settled in the old mines in the Blue Mountains. The latter dwarf-mines were the remains of part of the ancient cities of Nogrod and Belegost of the First Age, which were destroyed by the cataclysm which sank most of Beleriand. The dwarf-mines were sporadically reoccupied in the latter part of the Third Age by dwarves or by refugee Men, such as Arvedui the last king of Arthedain. The history of the Elves and Dwarves is so well known that I need not repeat it here. The same holds true for the Hobbits. Besides these people there were occasional visits by Ents, the tree-like beings, who were probably searching for their long-lost Entwines (Samwise's cousin saw one, as is told in the beginning of the first book of LOTR). There was also the curious being known as Tom Bombadil (probably an absent-minded or pacifist Valar). Lastly there were trolls in the Trollshaws and Ettenmoors. These seem to have resembled Apemen except that they had scales.

This concludes, for the moment, our history of Cardolan and Eriador in the Second and Third Ages of Middle-Earth. It is hoped that more details about these lands will be published in the future by Christopher Tolkien. It would be interesting indeed to see how close Tolkien's history is the history of the lost kingdom of Rhudaur. But as that is a separate realm, its tragic saga will have to be in another tale.

Addendum II: Robert Foster, in A GUIDE TO MIDDLE-EARTH, wrote that some scattered settlements of Cardolan's people survived to the time of the War of the Ring but he did not give the source of his information. Perhaps the Rangers lived in those settlements. In Book I of LOTR (pg. 212) there is a reference to a few strangers who had come up the Greenway. If these were not Dunlading refugees, they could have been people from the last Cardolan settlements. They appear to have understood the Common Speech and were thus at least partly "westronized" (Numenoreanized) in culture. The evil men in the Battle of Bywater in the Shire were probably partially "westronized" Dunlanders. The ruffians who had tried to invade Tookland were their kinfolk. They were probably remnants of Saruman's army who had escaped into the Shire after Frodo's departure, on the Quest. They were all expelled when Frodo and his friends organized the Hobbit Rebellion upon their return.

Addendum III: On page 267 of the first hardcover edition of THE SILMARILLION it is said that three Nazgûl where originally Numenorean lords (their names were not given). However, on page 2 and elsewhere in UNFINISHED TALES, the name of the Nazgûl lord of Dol Goldur was Khamul. He was a Black Easterling.

1. The Brown Book was given to Meriadoc by Pippin, who got it from King Elessar Aragorn's library in Minas Anor. Merry added his own marginalia to it. It deals with the Edain from the First Age until the end of the Ring War.

This ends the hypothetical history of Cardolan. The Brown Book of Brandy Hall is my own invention, an answer to Tolkien's own Red Book of Westmarch. The kings and lords of Cardolan and Tharbad are also invented. Perhaps we may yet see the real history of Cardolan in a possible book by Christopher Tolkien, Tolkien's son and the editor of The Silmarillion. In his introduction to the latter, Christopher Tolkien hinted that there was a wealth of historical notes that were omitted due to a lack of space. Perhaps Tolkien really wrote a history of Cardolan, and one of Rhudaur, which may one day appear. At any rate, I hope I have not stepped on the toes of other Tolkien fans. I hope that the old don's spirit forgives me for writing this. I did my best, given the scanty available material. Perhaps the real history of Cardolan is a saga of valiant deeds and mighty heroes.

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THE LAWS OF
* MAGIC *

White Magic

by Prof. Wayne Shumaker

When I was a graduate student at the University of California at Berkeley, I was a research assistant to Professor Wayne Shumaker on a project which resulted in the book *THE OCCULT SCIENCES IN THE RENAISSANCE: A STUDY IN INTELLECTUAL PATTERNS* (University of California Press, 1972), a summary and analysis of five esoteric "scientific" systems: astrology, natural or white magic, witchcraft, alchemy, and the meditative philosophy associated with Hermes Trismegistus, a shadowy Egyptian figure of the remote past. (I quote from the book jacket.) Excerpts from the third chapter of the book, "White Magic," are reprinted here with the permission of Professor Shumaker and the University of California Press. ajb

I. Preliminary distinctions

In one of its two main senses, white magic is *magia naturalis*, a pre-modern form of natural science. Natural magic is Giovanni Baptista Della Porta's subject in the first of the three treatises we shall examine. Not only is there no question of an explicit or implied pact with a devil but no daemonic powers whatever are solicited. What Della Porta describes is magic because it operates through occult properties and qualities, but it is natural because the forces through which it achieves its effects are objectively present in nature: elements, qualities, properties, "virtues" of several kinds, "forms," proportions, and intrinsic sympathies and antipathies. No invocations are offered, no implorings made; whatever consciousness exists in non-human nature is not constrained by ceremonies to be helpful. If *magia naturalis* is not continuous with modern science, the reason is that its preconceptions, like those of alchemy—was we shall see in a later chapter—were subsequently abandoned.

At its opposite extreme, white magic is allowable spiritual magic, something different from black magic or *goëtia* only because it stays clear of bad daemons and does not endanger the operator's soul. It uses rites, incantations, cabalistic names, mystical characters and symbols, fumigations, and significant objects of various kinds, and the magician may invoke not merely the members of the Holy Trinity but also other "gods" through whom the High God was supposed to perform His will. The operator's state of mind may be of crucial importance, so he may prepare himself by repentance, expiation, fasting, ablations, solitary meditation, and other ceremonies. Indeed, he must sometimes "sacrifice." Not surprisingly, opinions differed about the legitimacy of such behavior, and in time the English Puritans were to regard as culpably superstitious the sign of the cross, the use of a ring in marriage rites, and even kneeling for communion. We shall, however, follow the controversies as in the preceding chapter but instead will give the available space to explication and commentary. The third of the three treatises, Cornelius Agrippa's *De occulta philosophia libri tres*, covers the whole range of possibility from natural magic to ceremonial or religious magic and will receive much attention in the pages to follow. Beyond it, but verging on, and almost certainly falling into, the area of black magic were the efforts of such men as Tommaso Campanella and Giordano Bruno to constrain bad daemons without incurring guilt. This has been discussed by Frances Yates and D. P. Walker¹ and will not concern us because it is implicitly covered in the discussion of witchcraft.

Between ceremonial magic and natural magic was still a third kind, celestial or astronomical magic. This is not excluded from natural magic, since astrological forces could be construed as a part of nature, but its emphasis might shift toward ceremony if the heavens were thought—as Ficino thought them—not merely to exert influence by means of rays and heat but also to be endowed with intelligence and will.

Spiritual or ceremonial magic and Cornelius Agrippa's *De occulta philosophia libri tres* (1531)

With the *De occulta philosophia libri tres* of Cornelius Agrippa of Nettesheim (an early version completed about 1510; first printed version apparently 1531, first dated edition 1533) we are in the intellectual universe of a man who although at times somewhat aggressively pious² was suspected of forbidden arts and popularly believed to have a familiar spirit in the shape of a black dog that plunged into a river at his death.³ Like Paracelsus, he had a prickly character that embroiled him with his associates and kept him moving restlessly about Europe; but he was capable of writing modestly, and the *De occulta philosophia* is calmly declarative rather than combative. Nowhere is there a fuller compendium of all the kinds of magic which stopped short of witchcraft. Discussion of it has been postponed here because of the intention to work up to it through more skeptical or limited treatises;⁴ but it might have engrossed our attention throughout the whole chapter, and no single work is a better introduction to the subject.

A doubt is raised about Agrippa's commitment to occultism by a work called *De incertitudine et vanitate omnium scientiarum et artium* and published in 1531, either simultaneously with the *De occulta philosophia* or a little earlier. Since the latter was written about 1510 and the former, presumably, much later, the *De incertitudine* can easily be interpreted as a recantation. The problem, however, is complicated. If the magical work had come to be regretted, why did the author permit its publication? and if for money only, why did he not add a warning at

the beginning or end? Further, the *De incertitudine* is by no means directed wholly, or even chiefly, against magic. It attacks also grammar, poetry, history, oratory, disputation, the art of memory, arithmetic, music, dancing, dueling, the arts of courtly and domestic economy, ethics, metaphysics, and much else. Indeed, it appears to be indiscriminately skeptical: all human knowledge is riddled with error. (From this point of view, magic may be as "true" as anything else.) Again, in Chapter XLVI we are told that theurgy, or the invoking of superhuman powers other than devils, is not forbidden. This is not to say that the two works do not often conflict directly. For example, astrology, assumed in the earlier work to be trustworthy, is strongly attacked in the later. Nevertheless it may be doubted that Agrippa ever really abandoned faith in magic. For one thing, the denunciatory tone appropriate to diatribe tends, by an internal momentum, to distort actual beliefs. Everything drawn into discussion must be treated as contemptible; and the occult sciences could not be omitted from a treatise intended to seem exhaustive. The result is less a sober confession than a massive rhetorical achievement. A second reason is the strong possibility that Agrippa wanted to safeguard himself against accusations of heresy (which were in fact made) by providing himself in advance with a defense. If criticized, he could point out that his orthodoxy was on record. But in any event *De occulta philosophia*, which was much reprinted, was not in its own century regarded as a compendium of exploded superstitions. It was rather a *summa* of esoteric wisdom, and as such we shall consider it here.

The three books are given over, respectively, to natural, celestial, and ceremonial (or religious) magic. Of these, the first is much like Della Porta's *Magia naturalis* and Ficino's *De vita coelitus comparanda* together but more orderly, more specific, and less defensive. It discusses the elements; the occult virtues in things; sympathies and antipathies; the dominance of *superiora* over *inferiora*; the powers and influences of the planets, the signs, and certain fixed stars; how to attract "the divinities who rule the world, and their ministers the daemons"; poisons; fumigations; unguents and philters; rings; lights and colors; fascination; divination and auguries; presages and prodigies; geomancy, hydromancy, aeromancy, and pyromancy (one divina skill for each of the elements); the revival of the dead; dreams; passions and their effects on the body; the virtues of words, including proper names; incantations and enchantments; the relations of letters in several languages (Hebrew, "Chaldaean," Greek, and Latin) to signs and planets; and much else. Although parts of this go beyond Della Porta and Ficino and not all the magic seems "natural," some of the new themes are taken up later in the books upon which we can most usefully focus our attention.

We shall begin with a consideration of numbers, which had been highly significant in Plato's *Timaeus*, almost the only writing by Plato known in the Middle Ages, and the subject-matter—though the emphasis there was different—in the entire *quadrivium* of arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, and music. The subject had already been introduced in Book I, in which we are informed that the order, the numbers, and the shapes of letters "are not arranged by chance or accident (*non fortuito, nec casu*) or by the caprice of men, but are formed divinely, so that they relate to and accord with the heavenly bodies, the divine bodies, and their virtues." Of all languages Hebrew is *sacratissima* not only in its shapes (*figuris*) but also in its vowel points and accents, "as if consisting in matter, form, and spirit, having been produced in God's seat, which is Heaven, by the positions of the stars."⁵ Aspects in the correspondence of the Hebrew letters with planets and fixed stars are determined by such qualities as forms, separations, reversals, twistings, directions, sizes, openings, closings, and order.⁶ Briefly, the letters are not, as is understood today, conventional symbols chosen from an almost unlimited range of possibility but are so representative of the actual structure of the universe, or its parts, that manipulations of them have intrinsic power. The belief requires no explanation. It is still common among illiterate people and among children, who, if told that "eau" means "water," may say, "But it's really 'water,' isn't it?" With what degree of seriousness I do not know, C. S. Lewis plays with a similar idea in his cosmic trilogy, *Out of the Silent Planet*, *Perelandra*, and *That Hideous Strength*, in which the "Old Solar" spoken beyond the sphere of the moon not merely expresses but contains the real nature of things. A primitive awe of letters is testified not only by anthropological reports but also by Homer's sole reference to writing (*Iliad* vi, 168-70). Accordingly, we are to be instructed first in that part of the total science of numbers which is described by the term "numerology."

The Hebrew alphabet has three parts: twelve letters are simple, seven double, and three are *matres*, "mothers," "parents," or "sources." The simple letters correspond with the twelve zodiacal signs, the double ones with the seven planets, and the *matres* with the three elements (excluding air, which the Hebrews regarded as a bond and spirit of the others). In a way which is not explained, the vowel points and accents also fit into the system. The result is that the characters are like

secrets or sacraments and are vehicles, as it were, of their material referenda and of the "essences" and powers these contain (*rerum explicatarum, illarum essentiam & vires ubique secum ferentes*).⁷⁸ For this reason Origen believed that Hebrew names lost their force when translated.⁷⁴ "Accordingly the twenty-two letters are the basis of the world and of all the creatures which exist and are named by them."⁷⁶ The Chaldaean alphabet has the same three divisions, and the alphabets of other languages have also been related to signs, planets, and elements. The equivalences are explained in a table; but the Hebrew letters, we are reminded, are most efficacious and have deepest meaning.⁷⁶

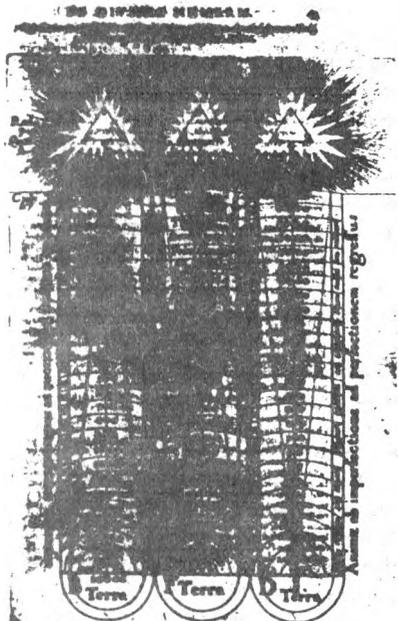
Book II, in which numerology is especially developed, opens with praise of mathematics and a claim that "everything which is done in terrestrial affairs by natural energies is accomplished, led, or governed by number, weight, measure, harmony, movement, and light."⁷⁷ This is proved by Aristotle's mention of self-moving effigies and by descriptions elsewhere of speaking statues of Mercury, a flying wooden pigeon, and a hissing serpent of brass. All these and similar wonders, of which vestiges still exist, were produced through a knowledge of natural science and of mathematics.⁷⁸ Further, the Pythagoreans, other pagan philosophers, and Hebrew sages agree that because mathematical concepts are more "formal" than physical ones they have greater actuality:⁷⁹ a notion compatible with philosophical realism and a preference for stable concepts over mutable physicality. Through numbers "we succeed in discovering and understanding everything knowable. Through it we come nearest to natural prophecy; and Abbot Joachim himself arrived at his prophecies in no other way than through formal numbers."⁸⁰

These assertions are immediately supported by more authorities: Jerome, Augustine, Origen, Ambrose, Gregory Nazianzenus, Athanasius, Basil, Hilary, Rabanus, and Bede, all Catholic doctors whose opinions coincided with those of the pagan authors already named. The fundamental principle can be seen in the herb *pentaphyllon*, or cinquefoil, which by virtue of its five leaves resists poisons, drives away demons, and assists expiation. One of its leaves taken twice daily in wine cures the ephemeral or one-day fever, three cure tertian fever, and four cure

quartian fever, the cause being a "proportion" of numbers with "things." Simple numbers—those from one to nine—signify divine things, the tens heavenly things, the hundreds terrestrial things, and the thousands things of ages to come.⁸¹ Here follow chapters on the numbers from one to ten (Chaps. iv-xiii), one on the numbers eleven and twelve, and one on numbers above twelve. We shall be able to afford space only to one of the simpler chapters and the *Scala*, or ladder, which accompanies it, that which treats of the number two.

Two signifies knowledge, memory, light, man (the microcosm), charity, weddings, and society. Although the first three of these equivalences are partly obscure, the remaining four offer no difficulty. The microcosm is the second and lesser of the two *mundi*; in charitable actions one person extends loving help to another; a marriage is the union of two souls, also of male with female; society begins with the association of two persons. Two also represents sex (there are two sexes); a middle place marked by man's capacity to participate in good and evil; the principle of division (as Adam, by a divine act, produced Eve from his side); also, some times, discord and confusion (division again), misfortune, impurity, and matter. Jerome observed that God did not say the second day's creation was good, and Pythagoras, and Eusebius also thought two a bad number. On the other side, there were two tables of the law, two cherubim regarding the mercy-seat of the Ark, two olive-trees distilling oil in Zachariah, two natures in Christ, two Mosaic visions of God—one of His face, one of His back parts—two testaments, two precepts of charity, two *primae dignitates*, two first parents, two kinds of daemons (good and bad), two intellectual creatures (angels and human beings), two great heavenly luminaries, two solstices, two equinoxes, and two poles. Moving from the text to the table, we discover a series of additional equivalences. Archetypally, two stands for Iah and El, names of God written with two Hebrew characters each. In the elemental structure of the universe, two of the four kinds of matter, earth and water, produce living souls. In the lesser universe, the microcosm, the two principal locales of the soul are the heart and the brain. In the infernal world, the two chief daemons are Beemoth (Behemoth) and Laviathan, and the two punishments predicted for the damned by Christ were weeping and the gnashing of teeth.

The significances of other numbers are more elaborate. The *Scala* for two has only four columns; that for nine has eleven columns and that for twelve has fourteen. For example, nine represents the nine orders of angels, the nine celestial spheres, nine precious and semi-precious stones, nine internal and external senses (the five usual ones plus memory, thought, imagination, and common sense), nine orders of devils, and three nine-letter names of God.⁸³ The numbers above twelve must be considered in terms of their origins and parts: the numbers of which they are the sum or the product, and also the numbers these are less than or exceed.⁸⁴ Extraordinary knowledge of Biblical history is displayed. The star which led the



Robert Fludd, *De supernaturali, naturali, praenaturali et contranaturali microcosmi historia*, (Oppenheim: Hieronymus Gallerus, 1619), p. 45.

Numerology and the heavens. This figure is badly printed and hard to reproduce clearly. On the facing page, the decades (10, 20, 30, etc.) are said to be like lines, the hundreds like surfaces, and the thousands like solid bodies. "For this reason the composition of the highest heaven is simple, like a line drawn out from a divine point, or like a decade—a number equal to that of simple fingers flowing from superessential unity. The composition of the middle heaven is like a surface, related to the higher as a surface is related to a line or a square to its root. The lower heaven is related to the middle, from which it proceeded, or to the composition of the middle, as to a square, or as a body is related to its surface, by the multiplication of which it has been produced." That is to say, a line moving laterally produces a surface, and a surface moving forward or backward produces

a solid body. "Thus the third heaven is the height and length of constructed objects, the middle heaven their breadth, and the lowest heaven their depth. And this is what the Sacred Scriptures testify when they say, 'All things are established by number, weight, and measure.' . . . In the supersubstantial world, the Two have emerged in this way from the One, and from the Two, the Third; which Three, indeed, by their ineffable disposition, look down from their supersubstantial world and burst forth as a joyful harmony into the material world. . . . In this way everything was produced from nothing by number, measure, and weight."

In the left-hand column of the figure we read, from the top downward, "Radicals or tens," "squares or hundreds," and "cubes or thousands." These same phrases reappear in reverse order at the right of the third column. At the left of the middle column appear "The nine orders of angels," "The nine celestial spheres," and "The nine elemental regions." The last are those of fire; higher, middle, and lower air; salt and fresh water; and the vegetable, mineral, and earthly kingdoms. Along the left margin is written, "The immersion of the soul from the perfection of unity into multiplicity"; along the right, "The return of the soul from imperfection to perfection."

Apparently the three columns are to be thought of as superimposed, not as separate. For example, the soul descends from heaven and in due time, if all is well, reascends to it, passing, as it does so, through the elementary regions, the celestial spheres, and the spheres of the orders of angels.

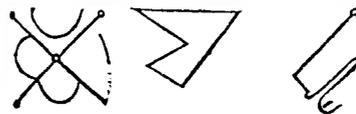
LIBER SECUNDUS.

Tabula Martis in abaco In notis hebraicis.

11	24	7	20	3	מ	כ	ו	כ	ו
4	12	25	8	16	ד	ב	ב	ה	ז
17	5	13	21	9	ו	ח	ג	כ	ט
10	18	1	14	22	י	ה	א	ה	כ
23	6	19	2	15	כ	ז	ט	א	ח

Signacula five characteres.

Martis. Intelligentiæ Martis. Dæmonii Martis.



Tabula Solis in abaco.

In notis hebraicis.

6	32	3	33	9	1	ו	כ	ו	כ	ו
7	11	27	28	8	10	ד	ב	ב	ה	ז
19	14	16	15	23	24	ו	ח	ג	כ	ט
18	20	22	21	17	13	י	ה	א	ה	כ
25	29	10	0	26	12	כ	ז	ט	א	ח
16	25	13	4	23	1					

Signacula five characteres.

Solis. Intelligentiæ Solis. Dæmonii Solis.



Henry Cornelius Agrippa of Nettesheim, *Opera* (London: 1531), 1, 179.

The square of Mars appears at the top in Arabic and Hebrew numerals. Beneath it are "Symbols or Characters"—of Mars, of the intelligence or planetary angel of Mars, and of the daemon of Mars—which, since the good daemon is the intelligence, must be evil. The lower part of the illustration gives similar information about the sun.

Both the difficulties and the ingeniousness of numerologists are illustrated here. In the upper square, the total of each vertical and horizontal column and of the two diagonal columns which contain five figures is 65, and each of the numbers between 1 and 25 appears only once. The lower square—of the sun—is less successful. Although ten of the fourteen columns total 111, two (the bottom horizontal column and the second vertical column from the left) total 131, and two (the top horizontal column and the fourth vertical column from the left) total 80. Also, the numbers 3 and 25 are repeated, and 5 and 34 do not appear.

In fact, we cannot now receive any grace or favor from heaven without the consent of the name, as is clear from the inability of Jews and cabalists to perform marvels with the other names since Christ's incarnation. Also, it is known that no Hellish power can resist that name if it is pronounced to honor Him; and even insensible things (what has happened to the conviction that the whole world is alive?) revere it and tremble when the name is spoken faithfully and truly and accompanied with the sign of the cross made by innocent hands.¹¹¹

From the subject of God's names Agrippa proceeds to a consideration of His members, which are specified in Biblical texts. In *The Song of Songs* we read, "Thy head is like . . ." "The hair of thy head . . ." "Thy throat . . ." *Isaiah* says, "You have not questioned my mouth." From the *Psalms* we learn that "The eyes of the Lord are on the just." God has nostrils with which He savors burnt offerings. He has shoulders ("The principality is founded on His shoulders"), arms ("Who knows the force of the Lord's arms?" and hands ("Thy hands, O Lord, have made and formed me"). He also wears garments: "The Lord is clothed with beauty, and covered with light as with a garment"; "I have extended my cloak over thee." He carries symbols of royalty: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." It follows that "our members, clothing, adornments, and whatever is on or about us is ruled, directed, preserved, governed, and judged by these divine members and adornments, according to the saying of the Prophet, 'He has put my feet upon the stone and has directed my steps.' And He says elsewhere, 'Blessed is the Lord my God who directs my hand in battle and my fingers in war.'" If something is needed for one of our members, we can often obtain help by invoking the name on which the member depends.¹¹²

The next chapters dwell on the subject of God's ministers. The heavenly bodies are possessed of souls, as is testified by *Ecclesiastes*, Jerome, Origen, Job, Eusebius Pamphilus, Augustine, Albertus Magnus, Aquinas, John the Scot, Nicolaus Cusanus, Aureolus, Plotinus, and William of Paris.¹¹³ Some of the souls are intelligences, which are intelligent substances free of the weight of a solid body subject to decay and are immortal, without senses, present in and exerting influence upon everything. Their nature is the same as that of spirits and daemons.¹¹⁴ They are of three sorts: *supercoelestes*, which are wholly without body and, as it were, intellectual spheres who serve and adore the One God but have nothing to do with the lower world; the celestial intelligences or worldly daemons which preside over the skies and luminaries, including the signs, triplicities, and segments of the heavens consisting of ten, five, and single degrees; and the *daemonnes quasi ministros* which govern the lower world, some of these being fiery, other aerial, watery, or earthy.¹¹⁵ Of this last order, some are assigned to the cardinal directions, some to the day, noon, or night; or, again, the ministering daemons are situated in special places—the forests, the mountains, the fields, houses—and were anciently called fauns, satyrs, Pans, nymphs, naiads, nereids, dryads, muses, genii, and lemurs. According to the Platonists there are as many of this third order as of the others: as many as there are stars in the sky.¹¹⁶

After further discussion of angels (Chapter xvii) and of daemons and their bodies (Chapters xviii-xix), Agrippa turns to the subject of guardian angels and the bad daemons it is their duty to combat (Chapters xx-xxii). Next follows consideration of the language used by angels in speech among themselves. It is certainly Hebrew, but the use of it does not involve the lungs, tongue, or lips. Instead thought is passed from mind to mind silently, as a corporal body produces an image in the eye or in a mirror (Chapter xxiii). Much else is added. Because the animation of the entire universe was so basic to the mythical world-view we are examining, and because magic relied so heavily on the inviting or repelling of the conscious or half-conscious energies with which both physical and spiritual universes were permeated, a compilation such as Agrippa's required a thorough canvassing of nonhuman spirits in a book devoted to supernatural magic. Chapter xxiv lists the names of the spirits which preside over signs, stars, the twenty-eight houses of the moon, the four winds and the four parts of the world, the elements, and much else. Chapters xxv-xxviii concern ways of deriving the names of angels from Scripture, again, and from celestial bodies, cabalistic calculations of various kinds, and the names of the objects over which the spirits preside. In Chapters xxix-xxxi the subject is the characters and seals of spirits: hieroglyphs or symbols, geometrical shapes, a special alphabet left by Petrus Aponus or Aponensis and transmitted by Honorius of Thebes, and other alphabets, characters, and marks drawn from revelation (by Constantine, Judas Maccabaeus, and even by pagans, from oracles).

After this exhaustive survey we are ready to learn how good spirits are attracted and bad ones repelled, a topic which owes its importance to us, I think, by this time even without assertion, to the fact that "The efficacy of religion has its effects by means of the presence of daemons."¹¹⁷ Although good daemons cannot be forced, we can invoke them by sacred things like stars, infernal deities (this verges on being, or is, illicit), the elements, the silence of night, the overflowings of the Nile,

the mysteries of Memphis, and the sacred rattles (*stira*) of Pharos. If the daemons come, they do so "willingly, through a kind of habit." Bad daemons can be fought through the agency of good daemons provided we are in a state of grace and combat them with sacred words and terrible incantations, or through the Divine power, or by the names and character of supernatural virtues, or by the naming of miracles, sacraments, and mysteries.¹¹⁸ The lesser powers—fauns, naiads, lemurs, and the rest of the pagan semideities—can be drawn by going to their haunts and soliciting them with perfumes, songs, poems, and incantations, the mind all the while being kept innocent, credulous, and quiet.¹¹⁹

At this point we return to the *ordo anamasticus* of blessed spirits and heroes. This includes the *Issim*, or *viros fortes & robustos*, called heroes by the gentile images. Fulgentius included among them Priapus (a Roman god of fertility, depicted lewdly at Pompeii and elsewhere), Hippos, and Vertumnus. Many, or perhaps all, were the offspring of a daemon and a human being, like Merlin and, perhaps, Plato, who was said to have been born of a virgin and the phantom of Apollo. Such beings have no less power over the lower world than the gods and daemons, as appears from the dedication to them of temples, images, altars, sacrifices, and vows.¹²⁰ Our own Christian heroes are, of course, the saints, whom Jesus uses to distribute the gifts of His grace in the lower world. Each saint has his own special gifts, benefits, and graces to confer, and these are bestowed by them not only more promptly than by the angels but also more abundantly, since the saints have a nature more like our own. Of these the twelve principal ones are the Apostles, who are seated on twelve tribunals judging the twelve tribes of Israel at twelve "foundations" situated at the twelve gates of the celestial city; and they also preside over the twelve zodiacal signs and are represented by twelve precious stones.¹²¹ After the Apostles come the seventy-two disciples, who govern each a five-degree segment of the sky (one wonders often about overlappings; it will be recalled that identical segments are ruled by the celestial intelligences or worldly daemons) and also tribes, peoples, nations, and languages (the number of which after the confusion at Babel was seventy-two). Beneath these, in turn, come innumerable other saints, each with his peculiar assignment of office, place, nation, and people.¹²²

We are not yet at the end, for there remain to be considered kings, princes, and pontiffs, "by whom this world is ruled, and by whose laws it is disposed." God said to Moses, "I have made thee as a god over Pharaoh," and again, "If the thief is hidden you shall take the master of the house before the gods" or—apparently—the judges. In *Psalms* we read, "The princes of the people are assembled with the god Abraham, for the powerful gods of the earth are raised very high." This is the reason why "all antiquity treated its princes as gods and honored them as divinities." Cities, provinces, mountains, rivers, seas, and isles have been named after them (the name, we recall, contains something of the object); pyramids, colossi, arches of triumph have been raised to them; their names too have been given to stars, days, and months. They can sometimes cure diseases merely by touch. Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, Moses the Red Sea to divide, Joshua the Jordan; and Alexander did as much for his army. Accordingly we should obey, supplicate, honor, respect, and revere the Supreme God in their persons.¹²³

In the final chapter of Book III, "Conclusion to the Whole Work," Agrippa remarks that the structure of his treatise is in some places orderly and in others not.¹²⁴ Whether the discussion of how God made man in His own image follows in an orderly way here is not certain, for Agrippa's perceptions were sometimes strangely unlike ours; but the succeeding chapter, on man's soul, grows naturally enough out of such comments as that memory, understanding, and will are the image of the Trinity.¹²⁵ The soul, we are told, is "a number which is substantial, uniform, returning upon itself, and rational. . . . It is not a quantitative number but a number independent of all corporeal laws, wherefore it is not subject to division or to multiplication by its parts." The substance of the soul is divine and emanates from divine sources, bringing its number with it: "not the number by which the Maker (*opifex*) has disposed all things, but a rational number which allows it to understand everything by the proportion it has itself with all things." In other words, although man's faculties are several his soul is a unity, and its rationality derives from the unity and indivisibility which is God. The soul is "clothed with a little celestial and aerial body" and is infused into the middle of the heart, which itself is the middle of the body, and from thence it spreads throughout all the corporeal members and parts, the bond being that between its own natural heat and the heat of the body and the medium being the humors. Illness or evil causes it to retire to the heart again; and if the heart loses its warmth the man dies and the soul flies away with its ethereal vehicle under the guidance of its genius and its guardian daemons, who take it before its judge. It is then conducted, quietly, either to glory or to punishment.¹²⁶ Agrippa does not believe in the reincarnation asserted or implied by many of his Oriental sources.

Here we return to the planets, the intelligences, and the angelic choirs. Gifts

and virtues are bestowed on man through the seven planets acting as instruments: for example, through Saturn high contemplation, profound intelligence, the ability to judge weights, a firm rationality, stability and fixity in keeping resolutions; through Jupiter, unshakable prudence, temperance, benignity, piety, modesty, justice, faith, grace, religion, equity, clemency, and regality.¹²⁷ But these gifts are derived more distantly from the seven intelligences who stand before the face of God, the function of the planets being that of making the body receptive by affecting its "complexion" or the mixture of humors within it. As for the angelic choirs, these too are deeply involved. The angels make man a messenger of the divine will and an interpreter of the divine mind; the archangels give him domination over animals, fish, and birds; and so on through the intermediate ranks up to the cherubim, who give him "light of the mind and energy of wisdom regarding the high images and figures by which divine things themselves can be contemplated," and, finally, the seraphim, who bestow upon him a burning love.¹²⁸ Persons who do not understand these mysteries but rely wholly on things of the lower world do so in vain;¹²⁹ but if we do understand the mysteries and yet fail to obtain the gifts, the fault is sin, which is an unreasonableness and intemperance of spirit.¹³⁰

The remainder of Book III can be summarized still more quickly. Living creatures lower than man are struck by a kind of *terror* when they see him and recognize him instinctively as their master. This is because of a seal (*signaculum*) impressed upon man by God, called "Pahad," or "left hand," "sword of God," by the Hebrews. But man also inspires love because of his "Haesod," which means "clemency," "right hand," and "scepter of God." These numerations use the ministry of the intelligences and the stars and were stronger before the Fall; but a good man, like Daniel among the lions, or like many hermits, receives no hurt from animals.¹³¹ After death man's soul remains near his body if it love: the body beyond the grave, or if the corpse is unburied, or if death has come by violence, and it can be evoked by vapors, liquors, and smells together with chants, sounds, and other means of reawakening its native imaginative and spiritual harmony. The fumigations used in such ceremonies should include eggs, milk, honey, oil, water, and flour to provide a medium within which a semi-material body can take shape.¹³² The soul's power resides in its three parts, thought, reason, and imagination (*mente, ratione & idolo*). By the force of intense thought a soul can transport its body into a distant place, cause it to pass through doors as Peter did in escaping from prison, impress its conceptions or desires on other minds, and cause the face or body to become luminous, as did those of Moses, Socrates, Zoroaster, Elijah, Enoch, Alexander, and even Theodoric, who threw out sparks.¹³³ Of the three parts of the soul only thought is immortal. Reason is long-lived, but the imagination or *idolum* is material and mortal, being the sensible and animal soul. Nevertheless the entire soul is immortal in so far as it is united with thought. Unfortunately some men have not acquired thought, which comes only through struggle, and these die utterly until the resurrection. Middling souls, which are not devoid of thought but have not been wholly absorbed into it, are relegated to secret places at death, where they rejoice or suffer through the imagination and the irascible and concupiscent "virtues."¹³⁴ All this bears in one way or another on man's soul and places it firmly above animal nature and above the body but recognizes within it a hierarchy of faculties or principles of which thought, *mens*, is highest.

Agrippa is nothing if not thorough, and a series of chapters follows on the four furies (*Jurores*), fury being defined as "an illumination of the soul coming from gods or daemons."¹³⁵ The first fury is that of the muses, who are the souls of the celestial spheres and appear not to have much in common with the familiar muses of the arts. The muse of the moon governs vegetal creation, that of Mercury animals, and so on through the other seven according to a scheme like one already noted.¹³⁶ The second fury is that of Dionysus and purifies the mind while agitating it; the third is of Apollo, "the mind of the world"; and the fourth is of Venus, who is ardor or love.¹³⁷ There is also another kind of abnormal mental state called ravishment (*raptus*) or ecstasy, in which the spirit is withdrawn from the senses and sometimes from the body. This happens to epileptics and sometimes to people suffering the extreme of some passion.¹³⁸ Dreams are often prophetic: their source is then a union of the "phantastic spirit" with the understanding in a pure and quiet mind, or else simple revelation. Preparation for such dreams should include fasting and other rites of purification, expiation, and sacrifice.¹³⁹ Still another kind of divination—the implicit subject also in the chapters on the furies—is by the drawing of lots, the throwing of dice or bones, and other similar sporting with chance.¹⁴⁰

What remains has to do with purifications, expiations, adorations, vows, sacrifices and oblations. Abstinence, fasts, chastity, solitude, and tranquillity are recommended, and much is said about the proper way of presenting sacrifices and offerings. We hear of many pagan practices, including sacrifices to deities other than God, and even—described quite factually and without any suggestion of horror—of the killing of an especially bad man as a communal scapegoat.¹⁴² The Jewish detesta-

tion of idolatry is missing from Agrippa, and like many other scholars of the period he tends to accept everything ancient as true and right. If we sacrifice to God, we should commemorate some "work, miracle, sacrament, or promise drawn from the Holy Scriptures." For example, if we wish to destroy enemies—no implication is offered that this is improper—we may remember how God destroyed the giants by the flood, ruined Babel, Sodom and Gomorrah, and engulfed Pharaoh's army in the Red Sea. If our desire is to avoid perils by water, we may recall the saving of Noah from the flood, the passage of Israel through the Red Sea, and Christ walking on the waves, saving the imperiled boat, and rescuing Peter from drowning. Also, it is well to use all the divine names, or at least those which are related to the object of our petition.¹⁴³ Objects sanctified by the preference of God or of daemons should be used in the ceremonies; the cross, the images, idols, paintings. For example, Christ may be represented as a lamb, or the four evangelists as a lion, a bull, an eagle, and a man. Genuflections, barings of the head, ablutions, aspergings, incensings, processions, music, candles, and temple and altar decorations are also sacred, being like "pacts between the gods and us, under the form of praise, respect, and obedience." Spoken or written enchantments, names, figures, characters, and seals are recommended; and there is efficacy also in barbarous words and in Hebrew, Egyptian, Greek, and Latin words.¹⁴⁴ The times of the sacrifices must also be chosen with care. Lucky days should be used for petitions, unlucky ones—as, to illustrate, June 17, when Moses broke the tablets—for *piacula* or sin-offerings. Magicians observe such times in the same way they observe the days and hours of the planets and other celestial circumstances. Jesus Himself encouraged a choice among times by saying, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?"¹⁴⁶ And at last, with a "Conclusion to the Whole Work" in which Agrippa asserts that mysteries he has not explained clearly will be understood by readers of discerning minds, the extended and astonishing farrago of superstitions from all the known countries and religions comes at last to an end.

V. Conclusion

Whether the reader will have been disappointed by the foregoing pages I am unable to foresee. On one side, the magician's circle and the pentagram have been mentioned only once, and then allusively; and no specific charms have been offered for removing warts, or quieting storms, or averting bad luck incurred by breaking a mirror. Neither has anything been said about the sticking of pins into images, or the ruining of a neighbor's crops by hail, or the drying up of his cow—operations which belong within the sphere not of white magic but of witchcraft. On the other side, white magic appears sometimes to be simply misunderstood physics and chemistry and botany and zoology, sometimes to be identical with astrology, and sometimes to be like elaborately ceremonialized prayer. It may be any of these; but parts of it occupy an intermediate area between natural science and religion, and these may be looked at more closely.

What intervenes between purely physical forces which, like the sympathies and antipathies described by Della Porta, work automatically and purely spiritual forces like those of the higher angels and of the Trinity is a whole range of more or less "natural" phenomena in which the dissociation of matter and spirit is difficult. In the heavens, for instance, are luminaries which radiate light, heat, and perhaps moisture or dryness. Insofar as they do no more, the magic which turns their energies to human uses was conceived to be "natural." Even Della Porta, however, the least mystical of the three authors, believed that the "forms" he regarded as crucially important derived immediately from the sky, medially from the intelligences, and finally from God, and both Ficino and Agrippa write fairly consistently as though nothing in the entire universe lacked soul, or at least nothing above the vegetable kingdom. The nine celestial spheres are intimately connected with the nine orders of angels; the planets are "gods"; spirits preside over the signs, the poles, and the elements; and responsibilities are assigned also, by Agrippa, to demi-gods like the pagan fauns and satyrs, to "heroes" like Priapus and Vertumnus, and to legions of Christian saints. The three orders of spirits, supercelestial, celestial, and mundane, are, indeed, innumerable, even the lowest containing incalculable numbers of spirits. What is at work might be called the Hermetic principle that no part of the world is devoid of consciousness, but it is, I think, more accurate to call it a primeval tendency, still operative in savage cultures and among very young children, to imagine everywhere a consciousness very like our own. The phenomenon, I suggest once more, is what psychologists call "projection." But because an enormous literature had developed and the educated mind was still backward-looking, the formulations given animistic religion by "Chaldeans," Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and other less influential nations, like India, which were known about chiefly by allusions, were all poured into a mixing bowl with Christianity and consolidated into the preposterous but fascinating *mélange* we find in Agrippa.



THE LAWS OF MAGIC

INTRODUCTION

The two parts of Bumbejimas in NIEKAS #31 were pasted up by different people and the tail end of my piece on "Laws of Magic" was accidentally omitted. NIEKAS #32, at 100 pages, was already too long to include the correction, so I decided to rerun the piece complete in #33. In the meantime I got some LoCs commenting on it, so I decided to rerun it here with the comments. Anne Braude had made some comments in a phone conversation so I asked her to write these up for inclusion here. However she decided to discuss the matter at greater length in her column "Mathoms" and also asked a mutual friend to do something more on the matter, and a "NIEKAS Special Section" was born. I have asked three other people to do pieces for it but as I type this I do not know which of them will come through. ERM

ED MEŠKYS

I just read for the first time Poul Anderson's OPERATION CHAOS (recorded as talking book TB 4274) & re-reading de Camp & Pratt's Harold Shea stories, recorded for me by Sherna Comerford. When I mentioned this to Sandy Parker, she commented that the Shea stories opened up the whole genre of laws of magic and the like and made way for stories like this one and Heinlein's MAGIC, INC. (aka THE DEVIL MAKES THE LAW). I have been mulling this over and wish I knew more about the history of SF and fantasy. Sandy's point was that "The Roaring Trumpet" was the first story to imply that magic had its own rules, namely the laws of

Similarity and of Contagion, and that most spells were based on these. She likened this to Asimov's formulation of the Three Laws of Robotics, which were so complete and so logical that they had to be reckoned with by all subsequent writers of robot stories. Is Sandy right? Were de Camp and Pratt the first to formulate these laws? And were they the first to come up with the idea of alternate worlds where laws of nature are different?

Alternate worlds where history is different have a long tradition in our field: stories of the South winning the Civil War, etc. But it seems to me that this is the first presentation of the concept of alternate worlds where the very laws of nature are different. There have been many other such stories both fantasy, such as the Harold Shea stories, and SF, such as Asimov's THE GODS THEMSELVES.

I thought the Harold Shea stories were very well known, especially since Ballantine recently re-issued the first three as THE COMPLETE ENCHANTER: but several knowledgeable fans I have talked to have not read them. The first one, "The Roaring Trumpet," appeared in UNKNOWN for May 1940. In it Harold Shea visits the land of the Norse Gods. At about the same time Lester del Rey also wrote a story about the Norse Gods, but John W Campbell rejected it because it was too similar to "The Roaring Trumpet." A decade later Lester brought out DAY OF THE GIANTS, about Ragnarok (the Norse Armageddon) and the Fimbulwinter coming to OUR Earth, the Norse Gods appearing and a human being getting entangled with them. This has nothing about laws of magic or alternate

universes, but I wonder if it is a rewrite of the story Campbell bounced. If it is, the story must have been drastically rewritten, as the hero solves his problems by building an atomic bomb, using technical data that would not have been available to Lester in 1940. Anyhow, it is one of my favorite del Rey stories; and I hope one of my volunteer readers will tape it for me.

In the Harold Shea stories, technical devices do not work in the other universes he visits just because their laws ARE different. The atomic bomb works in Lester's story because it is in this universe and there is no talk of others. The Shea stories are humorous. Shea is brash and slow to adjust to the alternate worlds; and there are running gags throughout the stories, such as the guy who is in a dungeon with Harold and once every hour runs up to the bars of his cell and yells "Yngvi is a louse!" This has become a fannish catch phrase.

De Camp and Pratt wrote two more Shea stories for UNKNOWN "The Mathematics of Magic" in the August 1940 issue and "The Castle of Iron" in the April 1941 issue. They wrote other delightful fantasies too, THE CARNELIAN CUBE (my least favorite) and LAND OF UNREASON among others. Just as Lovecraft and his circle often played games with each others' characters, so did the writers for UNKNOWN.

In "The Case of the Friendly Corpse" (August 1941), L Ron Hubbard had Shea meet a horrible death off-stage, without mentioning him by name but making it clear that the author did mean it to be Harold. UNKNOWN folded in 1943 and there was no more market for stories of this type. Around 1950 Prime Press issued "The Roaring Trumpet" and "The Mathematics of Magic" as THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER, Gnome Press issued an expanded version of THE CASTLE OF IRON. (Recently Ballantine issued all three stories as THE COMPLETE ENCHANTER.)

Around the same time de Camp and Pratt got together to write two more Shea stories "Wall of Serpents" and "The Green Magician." These were eventually combined in the book WALL OF SERPENTS, published by Avalon. Unfortunately the rights could not be regained from the original publishers for inclusion in THE COMPLETE ENCHANTER. In the series Shea and companions visit literary worlds those of Spenser's FAERIE QUEENE and mythological ones. In several of these stories someone is left behind, creating an opening for another story.

Fletcher Pratt died in 1956 and there will be no more Harold Shea stories. Sprague de Camp has said on many

occasions that he alone had one style of writing and Pratt alone had another style, but when they got together they wrote in a third style which neither could achieve alone.

In an afterword to THE COMPLETE ENCHANTER de Camp mentioned that he and Pratt had started to plot a sixth Shea story, in the world of Persian mythology, but had never finished the project.

Sandy lumped Heinlein's MAGIC, INC. in with this genre. I read it over a quarter century ago and have only the vaguest memory of the story. I do remember that magicians were trying to organise into a labor union, and restaurants featured magic meals which vanished after consumption for the weight conscious. Were laws of magic discussed? Sandy said nothing of alternate universes, but did these play a part? When I discussed the story with Mike and Sherwood they mentioned that WALDO was really quite similar, tho neither remembered about the laws of magic. I read the two stories around 1951 in the combined volume but assumed they had just been pumped together because each had been too short to stand alone in a book. MAGIC, INC. had appeared in UNKNOWN while WALDO had appeared in ASTOUNDING.

But Mike pointed out that WALDO could be considered fantasy because the plot involved airplanes that started crashing because people no longer believed in the principles by which they worked. Incidentally, WALDO is supposed to have given the name to manipulators used in handling dangerous substances or materials in a sterile environment. I have never seen a technical publication which calls them that, and back when I was in high school on a group tour of the Brookhaven National Labs, I had even asked the engineers operating them manipulators about it. None of them had ever heard of the work "Waldo."

OPERATION CHAOS is set entirely in a world where magic works; there are witches, werewolves, incubi & succubi devils and the like. It is a collection of four stories with a framing narrative in which the hero sends his reminiscences telepathically to our world, which is threatened by the same evil powers. Our worlds are supposed to be fairly close for the transfer to occur. In that world some of the laws of physics are valid: explosives exist and are used in warfare, for instance. Einstein lived in that world, too, and developed his work on the photoelectric effect and special relativity, tho there is no mention of his work on Brownian Motion and General Relativity. While explosives are in use, as mentioned before, General Electric is working on a containment spell that can be recited by a

machine in microseconds to prevent detonation.

The Second World War involved a heretical Islamic sect which had conquered much of the world, including part of the US. The first story deals with the tail end of this war, the second with a salamander that is set free during a college prank and destroys half the city before it is stopped. In the third, an incubus/succubus almost seduces the hero and heroine on their honeymoon. I had read this story before, as well as the last and longest story. In that one, Hell sets up a Gnostic church to try to gain control of the world. Its minions abduct the protagonists' daughter, who is replaced by a changeling and transported to Hell as a result of a spell. The hero and



heroine mount a rescue operation and wind up thwarting the forces of Hell.

The culture in this story is similar to our own, but magic is an integral part of it, as in Randall Garrett's Lord Darcy stories. Broomsticks and magic carpets are normal modes of transportation, crystal balls are used instead of telephones, etc. Garrett had some technology in his stories too, such as coal-burning trains in the 1970s -- ones that look like trains from our 1890s. The Garrett characters use horses and coaches for routine transportation, as we did a century ago, instead of magic.

There were many delightful pieces of business in the Anderson book. He made the magic really self-consistent and explained (given the premises) many bits of superstition from ours. On the other hand, I found one or two one or two of the parallels to our world just a bit too cute.

I really don't know whether Garrett's world should be discussed in the same context as these other stories. His stories are set not in another universe, but in an alternate time-line to our own. Here magic works because its laws were discovered in the 13th century or

thereabouts instead of the laws of science. The laws of magic operate as in the other stories: for instance, the telephone looks like ours but works on magic. Garrett started writing these stories for Campbell for ANALOG, when JWC was in the middle of his PSI craze. I was fed up with Campbell and PSI by that time and therefore tended to reject the stories. Then Garrett started writing them again for FANTASTIC and IASFM and perhaps elsewhere, and John Boardman read them to me. I did find them to be enjoyable fantasies when I could disassociate from Campbell and PSI.

[Karen Anderson had written a folk song in 1962, to the tune of "Sons of Toil And Danger" from THE VAGABOND KING, which appeared in a VERY early NIEKAS (#2?). It went:

Fans of Science Fiction
Campbell's dereliction
Fills his mag with fantasy.

From extrapolation
turned to incantation
now he's pubbing fantasy

For sense of wonder that knocks you
on your can
Sub to SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

Fans of Science Fiction
Fight his foul addiction
And to hell with fantasy!]

In the Darcy time line Richard the Lion Hearted wasn't killed in 1199 but recovered after a long bout of illness and lived to become the good king he never was in our world. I'll buy that; but in the Garrett stories his line is still on the throne, and every bloody one during the last 7 or 8 centuries was a good and wise ruler. National borders are vastly different and the East and West blocs are dominated by Poland and the Angevin Empire. Sandra Miesel did a very good analysis in Andrew Porter's STARSHIP #35.

One of the best of recent stories in this tradition is Poul Anderson's MIDSUMMER TEMPEST, set in an England in which Shakespeare's plays are non-fiction. Both science and magic work, though the laws of magic are not explained and the history of science has some surprising twists and turns-- at least I never heard of Oliver Cromwell's using steam locomotives!

ARCHIE MERCER

This isn't a full letter of comment but since Ed brings the "Harold Shea" stories up I'd like to point out something that doesn't seem to be generally realised. The three original stories in UNKNOWN were what was to become known as novella-length. The first two--"The Roaring Trumpet" and "The Mathematics of Magic" were simply clapped together virtually un-

altered to make a book, but the third -- "The Castle of Iron," originally (I thought) the lightest-weight of the three for plot/interest, was expanded into book-length in its own right. In the process, several additional characters were introduced, and carried forward at the end. The fourth story, "The Wall of Serpents", took up the thread from the book version of THE CASTLE OF IRON, not from the magazine version. If one tried to follow through all the magazine versions consecutively, therefore, it just doesn't flow. You need the book versions of the first three adventures, whatever version (it doesn't seem to matter) of the fourth and fifth you have.

RUTH BERMAN

De Camp and Pratt weren't the first to formulate the laws of magic, but they were probably the first to do it in fiction and systematically. The system is taken, I think, from Frazer's turn of the century study of mythology, THE GOLDEN BOUGH. Also around the turn of the century people like E Mesbit and F Anspey (odd that they should have such similar bylines, isn't it?) were writing comic fantasies which turn on finding and mastering the exact rules of operation of particular magical talismans.

Wayne Shumaker

If I were to discuss the subject, I would do so in my usual pettifogging and logical way. Imitative magic, I would say -- by far the most usual kind -- assumes that things which resemble each other affect each other, as pouring water induces rainfall and the beating of the drums causes thunder. Going on from there, I would say that the rule, JUXTA HOC, ERGO PROPTER HOC determines that things once adjacent continue to affect each other when separated. Thus magic can be effected on a glove that has been in contact with the flesh of an intended victim. Spatial separation thus becomes irrelevant. Again, the part equals the whole: operations performed on a fingernail, a lock of hair, excreta, even footprints have their effect on the human source. And so on. In general, so far as verbal conjurations are concerned, the principle seems to be that the word IS the thing (medieval realism VS. nominalism), and so is any other symbol of the thing -- a picture, a crude image. In any complete account there would be more principles than I have mentioned, and also a fuller description of common operating

procedures, which usually involves not merely the thrusting out of fingers toward the person or object to be affected (as in a bad movie) but the laborious collecting of feathers, sticks, substances thought to contain a special MANA, and so on, and then the faultless carrying through of a complicated ritual, which can be vitiated by any error of wording, pronunciation, gesture, properties, and so on.

All this might, I supposed, be said to relate to NATURAL magic as that is understood by ill-informed persons who accept primitive conceptions. Daemonic magic, in contrast, involves the conscious and willing cooperation of invoked spirits, either angelic or diabolical. Here the only "law" I can think of at the moment is that the magical operation has to be within the power of the spirit whose help is invoked.

((From a later letter)) I am returning Diana Paxson's "The Meaning of Magic" ((see "Patterns" also in this section)) with thanks for letting me see it. Her general thesis, that our understanding of nature is incomplete, is of course sound, and it is even conceivable that, as many a philosopher has said or implied almost from the beginning of philosophy, nature may be more like mind than we had thought. The notion that magic is proto-science, however, leaves me, as you probably expected, cold. Except in fiction, there is no record that magic has ever succeeded except sporadically, and probably by accident. There has always been, and will always be, the excuse that something went wrong: the magician wasn't in the right frame of mind, or his emotions were too weak, or he fouled up one or more of the formulas, or omitted a necessary gesture, or mispronounced a nonsense word, or used, say, the wrong kind of salamander, or, in alchemy, has misinterpreted the vague hints in his "authorities" about the material with which to start, and so on. The nice thing about de Camp and Pratt, by the way, is that they knew the magician had to make elaborate preparations, which included the gathering of sometimes not easily accessible props -- for flying, for example, a stick, feathers, and so on -- and couldn't merely point his fingers while making a grim face, as in movies and TV shows about witchcraft. When magic is construed as requiring nothing more than the projection of will, it regularly (in my opinion ALWAYS) fails. Faith healing is an example. My father used to take me to faith healing

services, and I have heard and read about them all my life, including here in Fundamentalist Florida. But I have NEVER seen evidence of a faith healing that seemed really creditable unless the disease had no organic basis: for instance, a cure of stammering or of temporary depression. Even if this conviction is mistaken, a manipulation of nature that fails almost always can make no claim to being a science, even on a claim that we still don't know enough about how to do it. Similarly, when I watched him, Uri Geller failed to start most of the stopped watches and, when he tried to bend a gold ring held in a girl's hand, failed on at least three girls and, when at last he succeeded, did so with a girl who, because she squealed with delight and kicked up one heel while giving him a charming kiss of thanks, appeared to be a stooge who had been trained and held in reserve for use in the event of necessity...I have known Christian Scientists too, and have never found reason to believe that they are healthier or live longer than non-Christian Scientists. Christian Science derived from Eastern philosophies, I think chiefly Hinduism, and when watered down and Christianized became Mary Baker Eddy-ism. But it starts with the belief that matter is illusion and has no ontological reality. In a word, alas, I fear that if we are to discover that matter is really like mind we must arrive at that conclusion through authentic science, which unlike magic has criteria for tentative acceptance and the positive rejection of hypotheses, and not by starting at the other end and seeing whether we can't alter other people and our environment by projecting our desires at them.

Sorry -- but by this time you know my skeptical bent. I find magic fascinating because it has a great deal to do with how people used to think and act, and I find many of its proponents, up to at least the Renaissance, intelligent and sometimes attractive. But I never wanted to reinstate magical beliefs or practices in the modern world.

((Professor Shumaker has asked Ye Editors to point out that these remarks were off the cuff, so to speak, and not intended to be more than suggestive. For a more definitive statement of his views, see the excerpt from THE OCCULT SCIENCES IN THE RENAISSANCE also in this section. ajb))

 CZAR

THE MAGIC OF HERNE

M.R. Hildebrand

I am fascinated by the figure of the Horned Hunter or God as it appears in modern fantasy. I had, emotionally and without any real foundation, indentified it, as used by many authors, with a personification of nature. So when I began to write this article I found myself approaching it from that bias.

Using Robert Graves' THE WHITE GOODESS as a reference, I found that Herne was either an aspect of, or synonymous with, Arawn, King of Annwn. He was a corn king and a god of divination, but his kingdom was the underworld. As both Herne and Arawn his duty was to take souls there. Again according to Graves, Gabriel = Herne = Hermes = Anubis, are all responsible for summoning or guiding souls. He even suggests that Annwn may be a corrupted form of Anubis.

There were three cults with figures of horned gods: the bull-headed gods such as Minos of Crete, the goat-headed such as the Greek Pan, and the stag-headed such as Herne. The bull-headed figure is usually only used in terms of the Minotaur. The goat-headed figure is usually associated with either the Christian Devil or sexual adventures (which may say something about the nature of goats). The stag-headed figure seems to be associated with the myth and folklore of ancient Britain.

Perhaps the writings of Evangeline Walton, Lloyd Alexander, Susan Cooper, et al, are the reason that present-day fantasy writers have centered primarily on the stag-headed figure. He is shown as a strong defender in Susan Cooper's THE DARK IS RISING, when he and his pack of supernatural hounds hunt the agents of the Dark to the ends of the earth. He is shown as the power of male fertility and the defender of good in Andre Norton's HORN CROWN, where he defends and strengthens the hero, or as destruction and death personified in the dark side of himself in the same novel when he threatens to kill the

hero or impregnate the deluded victim. In Diana Wynne Jones' DOGSBODY he is described as one of Earth's dark children and depicted as both the quarry and the leader of the Wild Hunt. This is very much in keeping with his dual role as the bringer of death and ruler of the underworld and as the sacrifice from whose blood or semen comes forth new life. In THE LAST OF DANU'S CHILDREN he is shown as the natural enemy of the god of the sun and Light and as such is evil. This too is logical if the replacement of the mother goddess and her consort by a patriarchal sun god is considered. As far as I know no modern writer has dealt with the Horned God as a source of divination.

Horned Hunter is an ambivalent figure; his power does seem in many ways related to nature. The same rains which nourish a crop can in excess or in the wrong time equally well destroy it. The angry rage which is a bull's reaction to the invasion of his territory may defend his herd from wolves or cause him to gore the farmer. In the same way the Wild Hunt which The Hunter leads may defend the land against evil or harry some poor soul to madness or death. The Wild Hunt, which is almost always accompanied by strong winds, is usually depicted as a pack of white dogs with red eyes and ears. This seems to be the original form of the hunt, although Alan Garner in MOON OF GOMRATH has the Hunter leading a group of warriors and some later versions have Oberon leading the fairy court. Late Christian tradition has either the Devil or an evil monk leading a pack of dogs (sometimes black) to harry the souls of the damned.

Many modern writers focus upon the more positive aspects of the horned figure. Although Herne is the personification of the soul-snatcher, he only hunts those who are evil. His powers are called 'Wild Magic' and shown to be opposed to a neatly ordered Apollonian rationality; but one is not led to believe that such neatness is

necessarily a good thing. His sexual aspect as a fertility figure is almost always either ignored or accepted as an essential aspect of life, as in Patricia McKillip's STEPPING FROM THE SHADOWS. In FLESH, by Philip Jose Farmer, the extreme sexuality of the horned hero is used to poke fun at the lingering puritanism in U.S. society. It can, however, be seen as demonic, as in HORN CROWN where he is seen in his dark aspect attempting to impregnate an innocent girl. In DOGSBODY Herne's quarry is shown to be himself, and the figure seems to represent the sacrificial death which leads to new life. However, in THE LAST OF DANU'S CHILDREN by Alison Rush, the figure of the horned god (Cernunnos) represents death not as an essential part of the cycle of life but as the total extinction of life -- as ultimate entropy. He is opposed by the Sun God, Lud, symbolizing the source of life. In Lloyd Alexander's Prydain cycle Arawn is called Deathlord and is again the enemy of all life and joy and loveliness. His kingdom is a gray realm and he is served by zombie-like soldiers resurrected by means of an enchanted cauldron, which is destroyed when a living man flings himself into it.

After reviewing all of the books I could think of which used the figure of the Horned God or Hunter, I found that while some of the figures could possibly be interpreted as nature incarnate, many of them could not. But in all of them the figure of the Horned One was a powerful force for good or evil. Even in the books where a positive aspect was used, however, there was an ambivalence to the figure as if control was foreign to his nature and therefore he was always someone to be wary of.

* * * * *

Some books referred to in this article:

DOGSBODY by Dianna Wynne Jones, (1975) Dell 1979
FLESH by Philip Jose Farmer, (1960) Signet 1968
HORN CROWN by Andre Norton, (1973) DAW & Science Fiction Book Club 1981
THE DARK IS RISING by Susan Cooper, (second in the sequence of the same name) Atheneum
THE LAST OF DANU'S CHILDREN by Alison Rush, Tor 1982
STEPPING FROM THE SHADOWS by Patricia A. McKillip, (1962) Berkley 1984
THE WHITE GOODESS (expanded and annotated) by Robert Graves (1958) 1980 Farrar, Strauss, & Giroux

MATHOMS



by Anne Braude

MAGIC—ACCORDING TO HOYLE?

The questions raised by Ed about magic and its laws have inspired me to devote a column to the subject, the more especially as I did a research project on magic in graduate school, which ultimately proved abortive, and I hate to waste effort (or to miss a chance to display my erudition).

The first thing to know about the rules of magic is that there aren't any—or rather that there are too many, and that they conflict. The second thing to know is that works of fiction are not the places to find such rules. The abortive project mentioned above was my original proposal for a doctoral dissertation: I wanted to analyze the magic in Spenser's *Faerie Queen* (and, to a lesser extent, in other Renaissance epics) in terms of black, white, and natural or morally neutral. The project proved unworkable because such a classification simply couldn't be applied with any consistency, since the poets themselves were inconsistent on the subject. The great age of magic in Western Europe was not the "credulous" Middle Ages but the "enlightened" Renaissance; and the period abounds with theory as well as practice. The problem is that the theorists tend to disagree. For example, the theological position was that magical power was a gift from the Devil, obtained in return for the magician's soul in a pact—rational witchcraft. The practitioners of ritual or High Magic claimed that by means of their Art they could obtain power over demons without surrendering their souls. The two positions were never reconciled; each side simply denied the other's premise. Moreover, magic, as opposed to witchcraft, tended to shade off into alchemy and astrology, which in turn evolved into chemistry and astronomy. Magical herbalism shaded off into botany and medicine (witness the oft-repeated story of digitalis). These sciences did have workable, testable rules, so they were pursued; the vague and confusing purlieu of magic—which, let's face it, didn't get results—were left behind in the hands of charlatans, eccentrics, and folklorists.

Some of these latter did in fact attempt to formulate rules of the Art, for example Frazer, as cited by Ruth Berman in *Gincas*, and such modern magicians as Aleister Crowley, Arthur Edward Waite, David Conway, and Isaac Bonewits. But in general writers of fiction dealing with magic tend to take from magical theory whatever suits them, seldom worrying about logical consistency or historical or theoretical accuracy. Nevertheless, one can generalize about how magic works in fiction, as there are several broad categories into which these works fall. The classifications must, however, remain tentative; and it will be noticed that many works can be discussed in terms of more than one of them.

One last preliminary point: the actual laws and principles by which magic operates tend to be dealt with in detail, logically enough, only in books in which characters are learning to be magicians or to perform some specific magical operation, such as lifting a spell. Many of these are juveniles, such as Ursula K. LeGuin's *A Wizard of Earthsea* and Diane Duane's recent and excellent *So You Want To Be A Wizard*; adult books in this area include Duane's *Door Into Fire* and *Door Into Shadow*; Piers Anthony's trilogy *Split Infinity*, *Blue Adept*, and *Juxtaposition*; and (sketchily) Jack Chalker's *River of Dancing Gods*, to cite only a few of the most recent.

Perhaps the most consistent and coherent attempts to codify magic relate it to language, a method which has its roots in real-world religion (Adam's naming of the creatures, Christ as the Word) and superstition (the belief, common among many primitive peoples, that one's true name must be kept secret because anyone who learns it will gain power over the name's owner). The ability to write was once a religious/magical monopoly: "rune," the name of a character in the Norse alphabet, also meant "secret" or "mystery"; and the words "grammar," "gramarye" (magic), "glamour" (originally an enchantment), and "grimoire" (a workbook of magic) all have a common root. There is even a sense in which we might say that this principle works. Mathematics is also a language, and it is the ability of scientists to describe the universe accurately in its terms that has given us knowledge of its true nature—and power over it. DeCamp and Pratt's Harold Shea stories utilize precisely this premise: the mathematical formulations of the laws of magic, intensely visualized, provide the "sylogismobile" by means of which characters travel from our world to universes in which magic works; and once there, Harold uses the formulas to perform magic himself. In some stories, such as Duane's three novels cited above and LeGuin's *Earthsea* trilogy, there is a particular absolutely accurate language (often called "the Speech") in which everything has its true name, knowledge of which gives power. LeGuin discusses it extensively in *A Wizard of Earthsea*; Charles Williams uses a variation of it in a scene in *Place of the Lion* based on the Adamite naming; and there are echoes of the concept in the Old Solar of C.S. Lewis's *Deep Space Trilogy* and Tolkien's languages of Middle-earth, especially High Elvish and Entish. The ability to formulate spells precisely and with some degree of poetic skill also comes into play here: Anthony's *Stille*, in the Proton/Phaze trilogy, is an especially powerful magician because of his poetic and musical abilities (or perhaps vice versa); and Harold Shea gets much more dramatic results from spells using the words of great poets like Shelley than from those based on his own doggerel. In *So You Want To Be A Wizard*, when a change is made in the book which describes our universe in the Speech, the nature of reality itself alters.

The largest classification is probably that in which the magic is simply there, which may be loosely called natural magic (a term which has a different and more precise definition elsewhere). Into this group fall all those stories in which the magic is limited to an object of power which works simply because the author has decided it will—magic swords, wishing rings, seven-league boots, fountains of forgetfulness, cloaks of invisibility, and the like. These will work for any nerd who chances to get hold of them, and there are seldom any rules except the traditional three-wish limit. (The underlying concept here is probably the primitive belief that everything that exists possesses "mana" or is inhabited by an elemental or minor deity.) The children's books of E. Nesbit and Edward Eager belong here, as do most aspects of Piers Anthony's *Xanth* and much sword-and-sorcery of the less sophisticated variety. Becoming a magician in such a book usually involves acquiring a great many such objects (or a few particularly powerful ones) and/or learning how to operate them when the triggering involves ancient and long-forgotten words of actions—thus the research activities of wizards in Conan's *Hyboria*. This sort of magic may tie in with the other classifications, as when a particular magic word must be learned, when a certain moral stature or spiritual strength must be gained before the magic will obey, or when psi powers are involved.

Magic-as-psi particularly tends to blur into natural magic, as in many stories "magical ability" is simply what other frames of reference define as psychic ability. Andre Norton's *Witch World* immediately comes to mind here. The ability to communicate with animals (when *Talking Beasts* are not natural magic), which gives McCaffrey's dragonstories their fantasy aspect, also counts as psi magic. Stories that fall on the borderline of this and the previous category include all those in which someone is able to do magic not because of what he knows, or what he can do, but because of who or what he is, such as the Old Ones in Susan Cooper's *Dark Is Rising* series, Merlin (because of his supernatural birth), and Tolkien's Gandalf. When this sort of magic operates by any sort of system of laws, that system tends to be devised by the author in terms of his own concept of parapsychology. The borderline between magic-as-psi and psi-as-sf is also rather indeterminate.

Most of the above magic tends to be morally neutral -- that is, there is no essential difference in nature between the magic used by the good characters and that used by the evil ones, just as a fire will burn according to the chemical and physical laws of combustion whether it is started by a cook or an arsonist. (Isaac Bonewits, in *REAL MAGIC*, insists that this is true of real magic.) Before turning to the discussion of the sort of magic that can be classified as black or white, it would seem appropriate here to deal with the special case of *Faerie*.

The magic of *Faerie* can best be described as morally perverse. It does indeed appear to operate by laws, but it seems impossible for humans to discover or to understand these laws. *Faeries* may sometimes punish evil (or only acts which offend them personally, such as cutting down their dancing graves), or reward virtue (or only deeds by which they themselves benefit, such as not cutting down their dancing graves); but they have also been



known to play tricks on innocent passersby, making them vanish for a hundred years and the like. Elizabeth Pope's *THE PERILOUS GARD* deals with some of the perplexities of human-faerie, notably in Poul Anderson's *THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS*, as a general rule we can count on only a few random precautionary precepts: never eat or drink anything inside a fairy mound; fairies cannot abide the touch of cold iron; fairy gold turns to withered leaves at sunrise; you can force a leprecaun to surrender his gold if you seize him and refuse to let go (but he will usually manage to trick you); brownies will do your housework if you leave food out for them; and the like. Some rules more appropriate to evil spirits, such as fear of Christian holy symbols and the inability to cross running water, apply in some fairy-tales but not in others; it usually depends on whether the author conceives of Faerie as ultimately part of Hell's domain, as in many Scottish ballads, or as an independent realm. Faerie seems to be a self-consistent but ultimately incomprehensible world tangential rather than parallel to our own -- witness the time differential: three days there may prove to be a century here. It is possible to pass between it and our world fairly freely, and fairies and mortals sometimes marry and have children; but in the last resort neither of us can truly understand the other. In tales of Faerie, the matter is complicated, as there are many different folklore traditions of that realm -- compare, for instance, the too-numerous-to-mention stories based on Celtic fairy-lore with Elizabeth Boyer's novels set in a world of Scandinavian/Icelandic legend or Patricia Wrightson's fantasies using the mythology of the Australian aborigines.

In many tales, the distinction between the ordinary and the magical is subordinated to the conflict between good and evil, and we have black and white magic. Before getting into this category too deeply, I want to mention a special case, found primarily in juvenile fantasy, which blurs the distinction between moral and natural magic. I refer to the many stories in which the protagonist has in his possession an object of power but is unable to use it effectively until he attains mastery over himself, either in terms of self-knowledge or by conquering his own shortcomings. Here magic functions more or less as a symbol of personal growth and the power and freedom consequent on the attainment of true maturity -- Jung's concept of individuation. A

particularly good example of this is the magical sword Dyrnwyn in Lloyd Alexander's Prydain series. In the first book of the cycle, *THE BOOK OF THREE*, the would-be hero Taran rescues the sword from the evil forces of Annwyn but is nearly killed when he tries to draw it; only the hero Gwydion can wield it. In the concluding book, *THE HIGH KING*, Taran, now grown up both physically and spiritually, succeeds Gwydion as hero; Dyrnwyn and its power are now his to use in the climactic battle. Diana Wynne Jones frequently uses this theme: see, for



instance, the magical musical instrument inherited by the hero of *CART AND CWOIDER*.

Moral magic -- that divided into black and white -- in the fiction of the Western world is defined more often than not in terms of Christianity. In this framework there are supernatural forces of Good and Evil, and characters obtain magical powers by aligning themselves with one or the other. When the morality (if not necessarily the actual supernatural beings) accords with Christian theology, it will usually be found that those who choose the Light are free allies prepared if necessary to sacrifice everything, even life itself, with no hope of reward, if only Evil can thereby be defeated; while the servants of Darkness make their moral choice out of desire for personal gain and wind up being enslaved or devoured by that Darkness. Such are the decisions of the mortal characters in Susan Cooper's *Dark Is Rising* series. Andre Norton's *Witch World* stories are set in a world once inhabited by supernatural Old Ones, powers of

Light and Darkness, which have now withdrawn from that world but are sometimes accessible by invocation; certain places retain residual power. Places once under the dominion of powers of Light can protect travelers from evil beings, who are in turn drawn to places once ruled by Darkness. Humans who come upon talismans left behind by the Old Ones are drawn to or repelled by them, and able to use them, according to their own moral alignment.

In explicitly Christian magical worlds, the supernatural Powers are God and His angels and Satan and the legions of Hell. Most novels involving traditional witchcraft, and novels of the occult such as *ROSEMARY'S BABY* and *THE EXORCIST*, belong here. Not all of these, however, are theologically sound. (Nor, for that matter, are the real-world superstitions and cultist/occultist notions on which they are frequently based.) Christian theology and tradition state unequivocally that God and the Devil are not equal and opposite powers fighting a war of which the outcome is in doubt; Satan is a rebellious subject and owes his very existence, let alone any power he may possess, to God's permissive will. (The morality of the operation of God's permissive will in this context is another matter, less frequently the theme of fiction; but then the problem of evil and its existence is one of the most basic and most debated questions in Christian moral theology. I don't propose to resolve it here -- I COULD, you know -- but merely refer anyone interested to *MIRACLES: A PRELIMINARY STUDY* and *THE PROBLEM OF PAIN* by C.S. Lewis and *THE THIRD PEACOCK* by Robert Farrar Capon.) In altogether too many of the occultist-type novels, including those cited above and James Blish's *BLACK EASTER* and *THE DAY AFTER JUDGEMENT*, the forces of goodness are helpless before seemingly omnipotent Evil. The novels of Charles Williams are a rare and welcome exception to this pattern.

Aid lent to the servants of the Light by God and His angels generally comes as a free gift, either in response to prayer or as an unexpected rescue, the latter more common in stories where characters who are not Christians are serving God and resisting Evil out of individual moral choice, not knowing or believing that supernatural aid is available. C.S. Lewis's *Chronicles of Narnia* and Charles Williams' books are among the few modern stories in which this happens; the pattern occurs

expressed in non-Christian terminology in some of George MacDonald's fantasies and in Tolkien's LORD OF THE RINGS. All these authors were deeply committed Christians. Explicitly Christian fantasy is much rarer in the modern world than in the earlier, more universally Christian ages which produced the Grail romances, SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT, Tasso's JERUSALEM DELIVERED, and numerous allegories such as THE FAERIE QUEENE and THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Aid lent by the Powers of Darkness to evil characters comes sometimes as the result of a pact and sometimes from alliance rather than allegiance on the part of the magician. More rarely, he is able to draw on evil forces by some sort of ritual magic, without establishing a personal relationship with the Evil One. As postulated by the medieval and Renaissance theologians, all these usually come to the same thing in the end -- namely, the total absorption of the black magician by his Master. Since that Master is a subject, however unwilling and rebellious, of God, from whom all power is derived, the fundamental principle of black-magical operations is reversal. Just as Satan denies God, the black magician raises power by denying the efficaciousness of the rituals of submission to God: the classic

example is the Black Mass. This explains why the most effective objects for black magic are defiled holy objects like the Communion Host; the most powerful celebrant of its rituals is an unfrocked priest; and the most potent liturgy for such a celebration is a reversed or blasphemous Mass. In a recent "theological thriller" in the manner of Charles Williams, Christopher Bryan's NIGHT OF THE WOLF, a would-be black magician invades Salisbury Cathedral by night and performs a mighty act of reversal by reciting backwards all the liturgies celebrated at its altar, starting with the most recent revision of the Anglican Book of Common Prayer and proceeding through all earlier versions to the Catholic Mass. One of Williams' characters attempts an act of reversal upon the Holy Grail itself. Neither fully succeeds, as the power required is beyond the magicians' strength, though each is far advanced in the mysteries of Evil. Since Satanic magic is derivative from valid Christian rites, that which is hallowed by Christian association has power to rout it -- the sign of the Cross, the consecrated Host, holy water from the baptismal font (and, by extension of this last, running water, which things of Evil may not cross). Thus the laws of black magic are defined by Christian theology, of which they are the negation,

rather than being original.

In conclusion, there is unlikely ever to be a Unified Field Theory of Magic, or even a Hoyle's Rules of Thaumaturgy. The laws of physical science can be codified because they are experimentally verifiable and, more importantly, falsifiable; the rules of games can be codified because everybody can agree on how to play them. Hindus and Anglicans can compete in Test Matches because they play cricket the same way, and Marxist Russians have the same number of players on a basketball team as American devotees of democracy and free enterprise. But the rules of magic are not subject to experimental validation -- if your ritual fails to raise the Devil, that doesn't prove that there isn't one, only that there was a flaw in your technique. (If your ritual DOES raise the Devil, write it up and submit it to the JOURNAL OF EXPERIMENTAL AND THEORETICAL DEMONOLOGY.) And there is no universal agreement even on how the laws of magic should be formulated, or how they should operate. This doesn't look promising for a comprehensive theory of magic, despite the attempts of practicing magicians to produce one; but it does open the way for a marvelous variety of stories about magic and magicians. Personally, I find the prospect enchanting.



PATTERNS & Notes from Elfhill
by Diana L. Paxson

A great deal has been written in previous issues of NIEKAS about the Laws of Magic as set forth and applied by writers from the golden age of pulp fiction. But whatever else may be said about these codifications, it is a fairly safe assumption that they were written by authors who did or do not necessarily believe these laws apply in our everyday world. The premise is the same as for science fiction -- "If such and such were true, what would happen?" In either SF or fantasy these "what ifs" can disobey the laws of nature as we know them, as in travel faster than the speed of light or dragons whose flight defies the square cube law.

In her letter, Ruth Berman suggests that De Camp and Pratt derived their systematization of magic from Frazier's GOLDEN BROUGH. The customs described by Frazier were presumably believed in by their practitioners -- but not by the writers who translated them into fantasy. In fact even now fantasy novels are usually set either in our own misty past or in some parallel world with a medieval or "primitive" culture, enabling both writers and readers to distance themselves from the story and suspend their disbelief more easily.

But what about those people who, with varying reason, practice magic in our world today? Is there such a thing as Real Magic, whose laws can be stated and applied predictably?

Magic has been variously defined as "the art of creating changes in consciousness at will" (Fortune, Crowley, and others), or "science that hasn't been accepted yet" (Bonewits). Perhaps one should ask whether magic is a science or an art The word "science" suggests the study and manipulation of objects external to the experimenter in order to produce predictable results, while an "art" works upon the external environment, but draws its essence from the mind and spirit of the artist. Interestingly, a study of the biographies of great artists and great scientists reveals a substantial similarity in the process by which creative

achievement occurs. At that level, perhaps there is no difference between the two.

It seems to me that both definitions of magic are in some sense true, and as in other areas of human endeavor, the effectiveness of an operation depends to a great extent upon the will and skill of the operator. It might be more appropriate to call magic a "discipline" -- an area of knowledge and practice requiring training, comprehension, and application. In fact, magic could be regarded as the ultimate discipline, since a disciplined imagination and will is one of the magician's primary tools.

Unfortunately, in common usage "magic" means the irrational or impossible -- an occurrence that breaks the laws by which our universe works. A better meaning might be "the art of extending the boundaries of possibility." Of course, a great deal depends on how you define reality. Philosophers are quite at home with this kind of question, but at least until recently, most scientists have not realized that the sanctity of the scientific method and the Newtonian world-view are only another paradigm.

In THE STRUCTURE OF SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTIONS, Thomas Kuhn shows how physical evidence has been reinterpreted as one scientific paradigm has replaced another, and how the introduction of a new paradigm enables scientists to see previously "invisible" evidence. Chemistry, pharmacology, medicine, and psychology are some of the many disciplines to emerge from the realm of medieval magic (and I'm not entirely sure the last on that list has made it yet). If you define magic as undiscovered (or unrecognized) science, perhaps a paradigm shift must take place for us to understand its laws.

It is my belief that this new paradigm will include the idea that the universe consists not of a collection of objects in different sizes and relationships, but of energy moving in a variety of speeds, patterns, and rhythms.

Capra's TAO OF PHYSICS makes clear that there is a point at which the language of mysticism and the language of physics become alarmingly similar. A quote attributed to Gerald Hawkins states, "The universe is not only stranger than we believe, it is stranger than we CAN believe . . ." If the difference between material and non-material entities is one not of kind but of degree, then the idea that changes in consciousness can change external reality becomes easier to understand.

It follows from this that a large part of magical practice will consist of learning how the part of the consciousness that communicates with our senses can speak to the other part -- call it the unconscious, the spirit, or what you will -- which is in contact with the internal or non-physical world(s) (this distinction is a philosophical one, depending on whether you are a Realist or a Relativist). Jung presents some convincing evidence for a collection of patterns and archetypes which were programmed into the human brain at some early stage in its evolution. The triggering of response to these symbols, and to other associations programmed in by personal or cultural history is one of the basic techniques of magic. Another is the use of sensory input -- color, scent, sound, and movement, to stimulate changes in consciousness. Physical practices such as Yogic breathing may cause changes in body chemistry which have a similar effect.

Some of these effects can, and have, been achieved by the use of drugs. The difference between the experience of most recreational drug-users and of magicians is that the magician understands the meaning of the visions so produced and can use his or her will to interpret and control them.

It is just the fact that so much of magic takes place within the mind of the magician that the scientific method is so difficult to apply. Even in the world of physical science everyone knows cases of people whose mere presence can

"jinx" machines, or who have a knack for making them work again. In a discipline where the basic tool is the human mind, the possible number of variables is enormous.

The reasons there are so few competent magicians is not (necessarily) any flaw in the theory of magic, but the fact that it takes so much training and application to properly operate the "tools". The greatest adepts have no need of external props or devices. For those less advanced, it becomes a moot point whether the paraphernalia is itself efficacious, or merely serves to focus the imagination and will. A watchword quoted often in occult literature is, "Remember that the symbol is nothing and the reality is all."

Another basic premise of magic is that everything is connected; that operations performed at one level of reality can cause changes at another -- "As above, so below . . ." This theory underlies a variety of practices, from Positive Thinking and its contemporary incarnations to sticking pins in wax dolls.

Which leads us inevitably to the question of Black versus White Magic, Satanism, and the other mainstays of horror literature.

Briefly, Satanism is a Christian heresy, and is fairly meaningless to anyone who does not have some emotional response to the Christian faith and symbols. Discussions of the colors of magic are as meaningless as a discussion of "Good" or "Bad" science would be. Magic, like science, consists of skills, techniques, and procedures which can be applied for good or for ill.

However there is one qualification to this statement. Just because so much magical work is internal, using it to do harm is likely to be dangerous to one's mental health. It may be argued that the scientists

who designed and built the bombs dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki were sufficiently distanced from the act itself to avoid its spiritual repercussions, though I would not guarantee it, but it is as certain that filling one's mind with the kinds of images required to do harmful magic will pollute it, as that filling a bottle with sludge will leave it dirty.

This little discussion of ethics may sound as if it should belong to a discourse on religion, and there has always been a considerable overlap between religion and magic. In the more "primitive" religions the connection is usually open and accepted, while it is largely unconscious in the standard brand sects that still dominate America today. This is more apparent in high church faiths such as Roman Catholicism, where the music, incense, robes and candles and a sonorous liturgy separate the sacred from the mundane very effectively, and where considerable expertise is available to train people in the art of prayer. It is also true of more Apollonian religions such as Christian Science, which has developed a very effective mental discipline, and Evangelical sects where their singing and clapping can raise a level of psychic energy any coven would envy.

In such cases, magical techniques serve specific theologies. But most people who are on the "path" or who think of themselves as magicians work alone or with small groups of fellow-seekers, bound by the oaths they have sworn to each other or to the Power they serve. This is not a road for those who like their faith pre-packaged. The more inspiring occult texts state clearly that the goal of magical practice, like that of religion, is self-mastery, self-realization and perfection, and union with the Ultimate, Divinity, however defined.

The individual who chooses such a

path is motivated by a need to find his or her own answers, to understand things which conventional scientific or religious theory cannot explain, and perhaps to solve problems (their own or those of others) against which conventional methods are ineffective. One magical order requires its members to affirm that they seek to know in order to serve humanity.

Unfortunately, this unregulated thinking, combined with the secrecy that unfriendly public opinion often requires, can create some strange and sometimes festering growths. Where there is no external, accepted authority, and the sunlight of public testing does not fall, a truly astonishing array of crackpot ideas and muddle-headed thinking flourish right along with works of unrecognized inspiration (in plain language, this means your local metaphysical bookstore can well be worth a visit, but take along your bullshit filter).

On the whole, freedom of expression is a good thing, but it does make the student responsible for evaluating what is offered and choosing wisely what, and from whom, he or she will learn.

Some of the more useful materials I have encountered on my journey from science to magic are listed below.

* * * * *

Thomas S. Kuhn, THE STRUCTURE OF SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTIONS, University of Chicago Press, 1962

Fritjof Capra, THE TAO OF PHYSICS, Shambala Publications, 2045 Francisco St., Berkeley, CA 94709, 1975 (or other editions)

Michael Talbot, MYSTICISM AND THE NEW PHYSICS, Bantam, 1981

Gary Zukav, THE DANCING WU LI MASTERS, Bantam, 1979

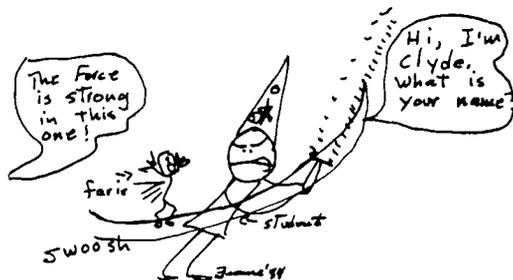
Itzhak Bentov, STALKING THE WILD PENDULUM, E.P. Dutton, 1977

Isaac Bonewits, REAL MAGIC, Creative Arts Book Co., 833 Bancroft Wy, Berkeley, 94710, 1979

Marion Weinstein, POSITIVE MAGIC -- OCCULT SELF-HELP, Phoenix Publishing Co., P.O. Box 10, Custer, WA 98240, 1981

Dolores Ashcroft-Nowicki, FIRST STEPS IN RITUAL, The Aquarian Press, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, Great Britain, 1982

Israel Regardie, THE TREE OF LIFE, Samuel Weiser, Inc., 1973.



Runes in Print

by Jane T. Sibley

Quite a number of books dealing with runic subjects have appeared on the market. I have done graduate work on the subject at the University of Oslo, in Norway, and have seen and translated many inscriptions throughout Scandinavia; reviews of some of these books follow.

THE RUNES OF SWEDEN, Jansson, Sven B.F., P.A. Norstedt & Soners Forlag, Stockholm, Sweden, 1962, (translated by Peter G. Foote)

This book was written by one of Sweden's foremost runic experts, and is one of my treasures. Professor Jansson presents a survey of Swedish runic inscriptions, with a profusion of clear photographs. It is highly recommended to anyone with an interest in runic studies; I don't know if it is still in print. Prof. Jansson even points out where certain runemasters of yore made mistakes on the stone and tried to correct them, leading to later confusion since the original paint on the stones has worn off over the years. A Must Have for the runologist.

THE RUNES AND OTHER MAGICAL ALPHABETS, Howard, Michael, The Aquarian Press Ltd., Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, England, 1978

Again, a very interesting book, well researched, and factual. A commentary on the runic interests of Nazi Germany (the Thule Society and Guido von List) was particularly interesting. Other "secret" scripts (medieval magical alphabets) are also discussed. One point: Howard calls the runic alphabet a "fupark", when "futhark" would perhaps be a better spelling. He does point out that the "p" is pronounced "th", but he should have specified the letter "thorn", þ, or stuck to the "th" to avoid confusion. All-in-all, a good edition to the runic bookshelf.

RUNE GAMES, Osborn, Marianne and

Longland, Stella, Routledge & Kegan Paul, Boston, 1982

These authors are primarily interested in English runes, but have made several basic mistranslations of some of the runes. For example, the rune "ᚠ", given as "mouth" is actually "divine one" (the singular form of Aesir, the Old Gods, is as, standing for "divine power on the divine plane"), "ᚡ" is "horse", not "yew" (which is the rune "ᚦ"), "ᚢ" should be the Old God Tyr (I don't know how they reached "star" for the meaning), etc. If you do not follow their interpretations of the runes, but read the book for rune use (such as divination), it is quite interesting. A tie-in with the Kabbalah is explored, but I feel that they are reaching a bit. Entertaining theories, but I wish that they understood the runes better. Gorgeous celtic calligraphy and patterns.

THE BOOK OF RUNES, Blum, Ralph, St. Martin's Press, NY, 1983

This book comes with a pouch of "stones" inscribed with runes, for oracular use. While I feel that the author has done a creditable job reconstructing a runic divination technique, he sometimes misses slightly on the meanings of several runes. He also assigns Germanic names to English Runes, and presents an I CHING-like table of meanings for them. Runic divination was generally more terse and to the point; the philosophical, slightly overblown meanings given are not consonant with this type of divination. I also disagree with "reversed" readings (like in Tarot). However, the system has value, and can be used as a general oracle. A reasonable job for someone who has not studied true runic divination from a runemaster, but has derived a system for himself which works for him. A last note: Contrary to what the author states, runes have been used in (rural) Sweden (texts were written in Runic) into the last century, and runic divination did

not die out and become lost between the heyday of the runes and the present times. I would like to see what Ralph Blum could do given instruction under a true runemaster.

FUTHARK, A HANDBOOK OF RUNE MAGIC, Thorsson, Edred, Samuel Weiser, Inc., 1984

Thorsson is named "vitki" in the Asatru, a Norse-oriented group interested in occult studies. He uses the runes after the Germanic tradition, and he stresses the "Germanic" influence. After reading the book, I was quite uneasy about it, a condition which was not helped by perusal of the bibliography; he relies heavily on Guido von List, Helmut Arntz, Wolfgang Krause, and others who were also basic references to the Thule Society in Nazi Germany. I was amused by the "stadhir", which are meditative postures assumed in the forms of various runes (O.K., I laughed out loud); the Norse certainly didn't do that! If one is interested in Germanic, as opposed to Norse runes, the book is quite interesting. I do not recommend it as a guide for serious runic study, however. I suspect that a great deal of the contents have been developed by Asatru for their own workings, and that Asatru has not seen a REAL runic magician at work.

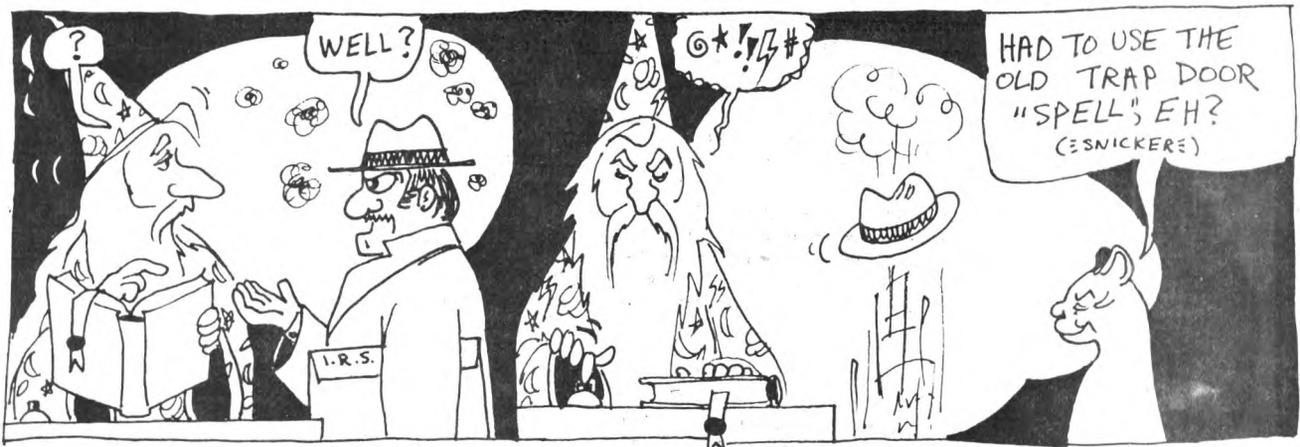
ANCIENT NORSE MESSAGES ON AMERICAN STONES, Landsverk, O.G., Norseman Press, Glendale, CA, 1969

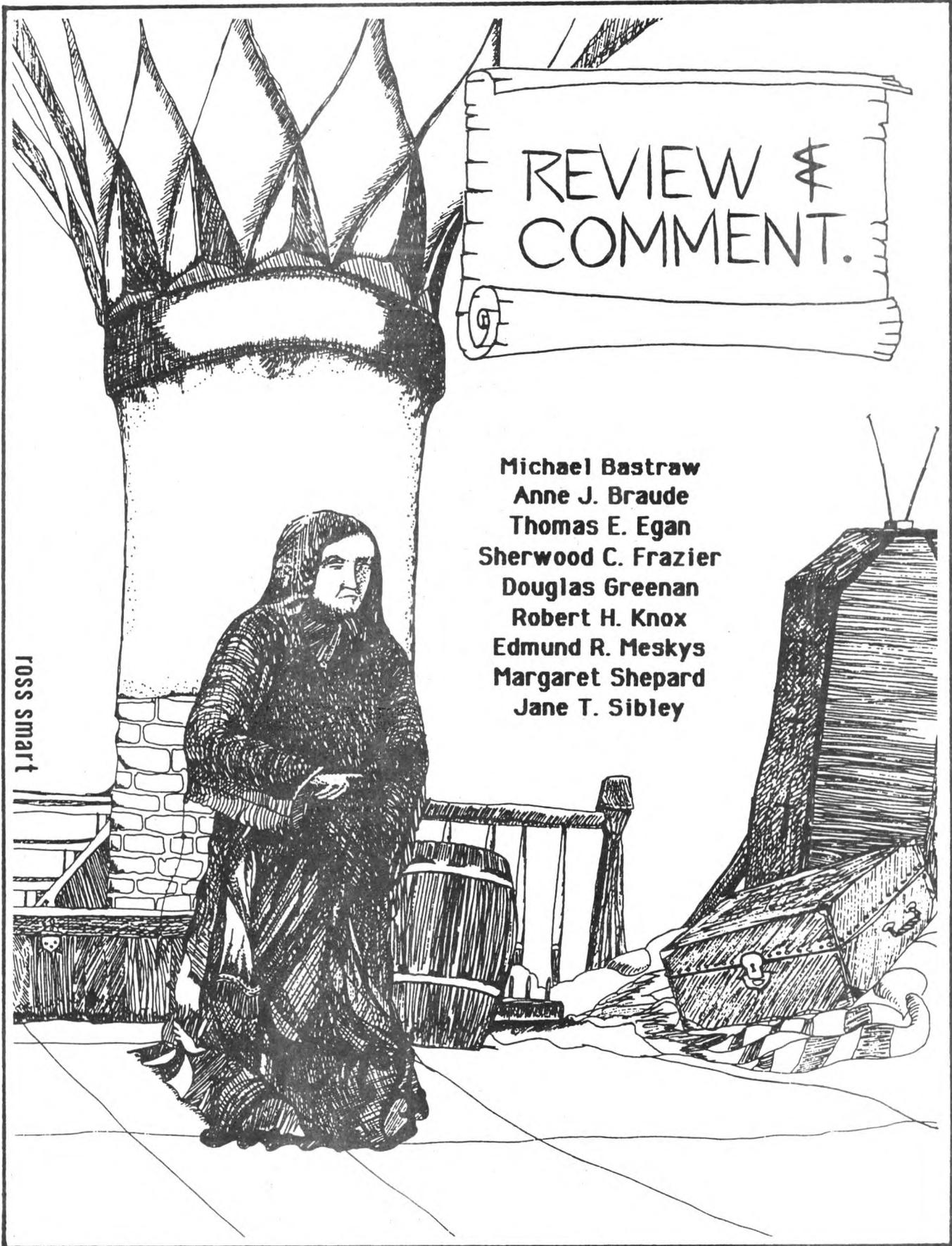
Dr. Landsverk has been in the forefront of interpreters of inscriptions found in the New World; he is fascinated by puzzles (the more complex, the better) and considers that most inscriptions found on these shores are just that. He has constructed elegant interpretations of a number of writings, but has been taken in by what have later been proved as hoaxes.

Certainly, some Swedish (and other Scandinavian) immigrants who arrived on these shores knew Runic, especially if they came from remote or rural areas where runic was still the accepted form of writing. Some of the American inscriptions were carved by them, and later have, in the flush of discovery, been attributed to their Viking forefathers who had visited North America centuries before. Be that as it may, Dr. Landsverk's books point out the use of runes as a method to encode information, and is quite a scholarly effort. Recommended for the runic scholar.

Varlak the Wizard

by Jane Sibley ©85





REVIEW &
COMMENT.

- Michael Bastraw
- Anne J. Braude
- Thomas E. Egan
- Sherwood C. Frazier
- Douglas Greenan
- Robert H. Knox
- Edmund R. Meskys
- Margaret Shepard
- Jane T. Sibley

ROSS SMART

UNFINISHED TALES OF NUMENOR AND MIDDLE-EARTH, by J.R.R. Tolkien, edited by Christopher Tolkien, Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1980, 472pp \$15.00

John Ronald Reuel Tolkien (1892-1973) began to create his strange and beautiful mythos of Middle-earth during his leaves from Army service in the trenches of WW I. His life for the next half-century was that of an Oxford teacher and scholar of ancient languages-- and again it was his leisure hours which bit-by-bit built up the wonderful and yet terrible glory of a primordial fantasy history of a strange pre-human beings and their world of ancient Earth. His achievement in such works as THE HOBBIT and THE LORD OF THE RINGS created millions of reading fans by the late 1960's, a powerful literary cult of fan clubs, scholars, and college students-- and an avid thirst for more things Tolkien.

This book is one answer to that thirst-- as was the compendium THE SILMARILLION (1977) before it. Like that work this has received some harsh pummeling from the critics for its fragmented character. There is no central focus in character or in theme here. There is a sense of confusion in the innumerable, and overlapping stories shown. It can't be read as you would read a regular novel. The "jaggedness" in UNFINISHED TALES is even worse since the book admittedly is a collection of fragmentary notes and uncompleted stories by Tolkien-- with an abundance of explanatory comments by his son Christopher. The latter has become chief guardian and interpreter of his father's literary estate-- and indeed, his academic career and studies have closely paralleled "The Master of Middle-earth". His quiet enthusiasm is evident even in the reserved scholarly style he uses in the lengthy introduction and his side comments appearing in nearly every chapter of the four parts of the book.

For Tolkien fans there is no understanding the importance of this book. All kinds of odd and wonderful tidbits of information on how Tolkien gradually worked and reworked, again and again, at his various characters and parts of his stories. Thus we get some real information on why Gandalf chose Bilbo Baggins for the focus point in helping the Dwarf-folk recover their lost treasure and

defeat the dragon, Smaug. Surprisingly, Gandalf shows himself a wizard with quite a sense of humor in Tolkien's original speculations (as seen in Part III, ch. IV: "The Hunt for the Ring"). Do you want to learn the names of the two unknown 'Istari', and where they went in the ancient world of Arda? Or how the Elf princess Galadriel was courted by her lover, and how she really acted in the far off days of The Second Age? Numenor's secret history is given a much richer field of scope here-- Tolkien's own sketch of it is included as one of the two original maps in the book. Gondor and Rohan also are given more "flesh" here-- as well as some of their notable heroes. The Ring of Power of Sauron appears here, as well, with all its corrupting influence.

The never-ending appendices might daunt some readers with their helter-skelter mix of information. But once involved, one will not be able to draw back. Literary scholars cannot fail to be impressed as they can draw on Tolkien's letters here, and private notes, as he shows the alternate versions of things which finally appeared in the Ring Epic and in Christopher Tolkien's edition of THE SILMARILLION. The language is still an archaic Biblical style as in the latter. Dialogue used to draw forth characters and their temptations is still beautiful and haunting in its impact-- even when the story itself is never completed. This is especially so in the tragic horror of the career of the human warrior Turin Turambar. He could destroy a monstrous dragon-- but not his own stupid pride. It's surprising that with all this use of a convoluted and archaic word style that Tolkien's sense of realism in portraying characters comes through all the more.

Beyond the Valar and the Elves, and the demons and monsters, Tolkien gives us something unique here. The critics were always snide about the handling of women and the relationships between men and women in his fiction. Too innocently romantic, too naive. His unpublished tale, "Aldarion and Erendis: The Mariner's Wife" is based on the conflict between a husband and wife and how that spills over into the second generation. Tolkien shows in this tale of the monarchy of Numenor, how men use their prerogatives over women-- and how the latter react in their marriage life to the loneliness oft imposed upon them. There is nothing like this in LotR or in any of Tolkien's

other works. The contest between the sexes is well-handled, and how each man and woman seeks to preserve their own independence-- with unending bitterness the result.

This is a grabbag for all who have the slightest interest in fantasy literature. It will annoy many, tease all, with its constant whirl of unfinished stories and speculations-- but it's worth the price and effort involved. There are treasures here-- come and dig for them. Like the 'palantiri' you will see much and marvel more.

tme

PHILIP K DICK: IN HIS OWN WORDS by Gregg Rickman, Fragments West/Valentine Press (3908 E 4 St. Long Beach CA 90814), 256pp, \$9.95, 1984.

Several years ago Gregg Rickman read a Philip K Dick book for the first time, was fascinated and read everything else he could get his hands on. Then he made a point of meeting the author and they became good friends. During the next two or so years Gregg recorded a number of interviews with Phil planning to write extensively on him. When this was done both expected the resultant material to be published in Phil's lifetime and Phil even made some joking references to it helping his reputation and sales. Gregg has taken these taped interviews and edited and arranged them into logical order. There are portions on Phil's life, on his books in order of publication, and on his reactions to the filming of BLADERUNNER.

During the year 1965 I had gotten to know Phil quite well and visited him at his East Oakland home weekly. I thought I knew a lot about him but I learned a lot about his books, his goals in writing, his problems with publishers and Hollywood, and his whole philosophy of life. On the other hand I see that I remember things that never came up in this book, and I plan to write some more reminiscences of 1965 in Bumbejimas next time. I had had a little right after Phil's death, and much has been published in LOCUS, SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE and other fanzines. And long time readers of NIEKAS will remember that Phil had several items here in the 60s and shortly before his death.

I recommend this book most highly to any person who admired Philip K Dick the man or the author. He or she will learn a lot about both aspects of the man. Also the book will refer him to other books and

specialised fanzines about PKD. Gregg is also preparing two additional volumes about PKD to be published soon by Valentine. ERM

CLAY'S ARK, Octavia E. Butler, St. Martin's, 1984, 201pp., \$12.95

I found this novel competently written (though too heavy on the dialogue), but tiresome in its over-familiarity. How many post-holocaust stories can one read without repetition setting in at some point? (rhetorical question)

Actually, CLAY'S ARK isn't a post-holocaust tale per se, but does take place in a Bleak-'n'-Barren 21st Century- a lousy place for raising yr kids. Dr. Martin and his twin daughters are the unwitting/willing links in the unpleasant chain of events: In one corner we have parasitic/symbiotic aliens who infect humans and compel them to breed prolifically in order to create a new pseudo-human race. These viruses were picked up by the crew of Clay's Ark, a starship, and brought to Earth by Eli, the sole surviving crew member. In the other, seedier corner are slimy hordes of degenerate scum, ready to Rape-'n'-Mutilate at the drop of a raw swine pancreas; these are the Car Rats, in many ways akin to today's Grease Rats. For that matter, the viruses are not unlike The Swarm (from the Dr. Who segment, THE INVISIBLE ENEMY), only not as funny -it's close, tho...

Consider CLAY'S ARK an allegorical war between Highbrow and Lowbrow, with wishy-washy MOR's getting the shit end of the stick. Only then will it have any real interest.

rhk

DARK COMPANY: THE TEN GREATEST GHOST STORIES, Linclon Child, Ed., St. Martin's, 1984, 334pp., \$6.95

The execrable term 'ghost story' ill befits most selections in this diverting though ultimately unremarkable paperback. (e.g.: H.P. Lovecraft's THE SHADOW OUT OF TIME: This is a ghost story?) No use quibbling about nomenclature, tho; DC contains some essential horror stories which are difficult to locate elsewhere. The best of these is Arthur Machen's THE GREAT GOD PAN, a splendid and unjustly obscure tale. Another corker is William Hope Hodgson's

THE VOICE IN THE NIGHT, a fore-runner to both Lovecraft's THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE and the Toho film, MATANGO, FUNGUS OF TERROR. Also included, predictably enough, are Poe's THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER and W.W. Jacobs' THE MONKEY'S PAW, two classic, though, alas, overly familiar tales. Others, such as Henry James, Algernon Blackwood and Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu are thrown in for good measure; all the authors in DC sprang from the 1800's.

I recommend DARK COMPANY to the casual horror reader, or to those who may not have certain selections elsewhere in their collection. The cover, incidentally, is naught but a pedestrian pastep of hackneyed imagery, including FJA's fave Carroll 'Luna' Borland, bat, skull, clutching claw, etc. St. Martin's needs Art Dept. help!

rhk

THE ROMANTIST #4/5 (combined issue) 84 pp, qto (F. Marion Crawford Memorial Society, Saracinesca House, 3610 Meadowbrook Ave., Nashville, TN 37205) \$8.00 (includes postage)

The latest issue of this periodical is devoted to the late fantasy writer H. Warner Munn, with an unpublished segment of his novel THE LOST LEGION, as well as a fine essay on his fantasy locales, ranging from Atlantis, to Arthurian Britain, to strange realms in pre-Columbian America. The rest of the essays, reviews and poetry range from the horror stories of J. Sheridan Le Fanu, H. P. Lovecraft's thoughts on music, Bram Stoker's writing achievements, to pieces on Poe, Hawthorne and Algernon Blackwood.

This issue is finely crafted (as they all are) in its high quality typography, graphics and paper. Illustrations range from pen and ink of F. Marion Crawford (dating from the 1880s) to the macabre collages done in a Victorian style and setting, to ornate borders that have a Baroque flavor. The art is not abundant, but it is good- and appropriate to the pieces chosen.

Not the least interesting is the published section of letters dating from the 1880s by Crawford (who boasted of friendships with figures as far afield as Henry James and Pope Leo XIII). Here we see the Romantist toiling

as an editor for a newspaper in the India of British Raj, noting the horrors and stupidities of the life around him, as well as its more humorous aspects. His art 'doodles' are wonderful to feast the eyes on.

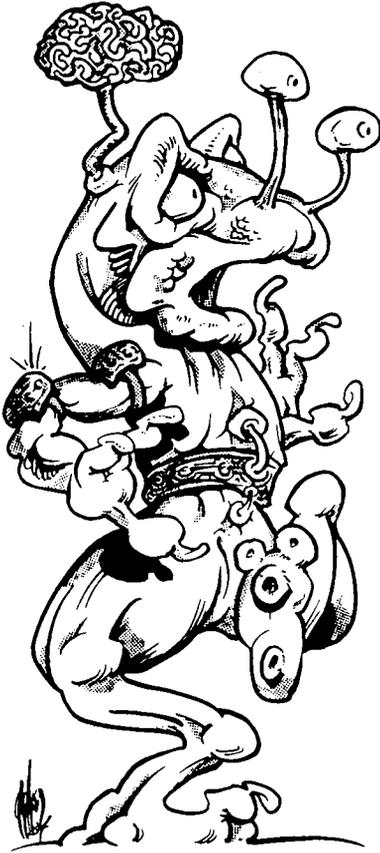
THE ROMANTIST generally avoids the stilted prose styles which are the curse of the scholarly publications, and also the unbounded enthusiasm which tends to mar the field of fanzines. Its contributors know their subjects, and clearly love them, too. The poetry featured has a wide appeal, from the macabre to the melancholy to the valedictory. Not as high in quality as the essays, but above average in superior fantasy imagery, it invokes many clever techniques. All in all, a feast of reading for those wishing to explore the Romantic traditions.

time

JOB: A COMEDY OF JUSTICE, Roert A. Heinlein. Ballantine/Del Rey, 1984, \$16.98 hc (376 pp.)

One need read no farther than the title to know that Heinlein is up to something tricky: not only is the Biblical Book of Job not a comedy, it is, according to no less an authority than John Milton, the model for Christian TRAGEDY; and far from being about justice, it is an attempt to justify INjustice. Milton wrote an epic intended to justify God's ways to man. Heinlein has written an ironic, sometimes farcical sf novel intended to prove that God fails the test of human justice.

The hero, Alexander Hergensheimer, a fundamentalist Christian clergyman vacationing in the South Pacific, is watching some Polynesian villagers firewalking when he is dared by fellow passengers on his cruise ship to try it himself. He successfully crosses the bed of red-hot coals but finds that he has arrived in another universe, one in which he is Alex Graham, with a million dollars (also red-hot, in the gangland sense) in the ship's safe, who is having an affair (also red-hot) with Margrethe, his stewardess. He is just beginning to cope with all this successfully when the ship is hit by an iceberg (yes, in the South Pacific) and he and Margrethe are catapulted into still another universe. He decides to head for his home in Kansas, taking his lover along; but every time they seem to



be making progress, they are flipped into yet another universe and have to start over from scratch. (In the various alternate universes, the physical world is always the same, give or take what man has done with it, but everything else is subject to change without notice.) These events seem to Alex definite evidence that the End-Times are here and the Second Coming of Christ is imminent. To Margrethe, a pagan, they are signs of Ragnarok, the great battle between the forces of good and evil which will be followed by the creation of a new world and another chance for mankind. Alex, by now in love with her, is desperate to convert her to Christianity so that she will be saved along with him; Margrethe is perfectly satisfied with her own faith.

As one might expect in a Heinlein novel, the unexpected happens: the Second Coming DOES take place. Alex is caught up in the Rapture and goes straight to Heaven, where quite a few surprises await him (not the least of which is that saved humans are second-class citizens and have to ride in the back of the bus). He has acquired sainthood, much to his own and the reader's surprise, but lost Margrethe. His search for her

leads him to Hell (where, by the way, they take American Express) and beyond; events are not resolved until he has gone over the heads of God and Satan and appealed to their supervisor. (Readers of "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag" will find themselves on familiar ground here.)

Critics of the "Heinlein is a fascist/Communist/reactionary/pervert / (name your own poison)" persuasion will probably conclude after reading this book that Heinlein is anti-Christian, if not Antichrist in person. He has taken the Biblical literalism of extreme Christian fundamentalism and dramatized it, filling this essentially two-dimensional universe with characters rounded enough to burst its seams. As a non-fundamentalist Christian myself, I cannot accept his picture as an accurate portrayal of what I believe; but there are certainly many who do believe it.

And the questions he asks, and some of the accusations he levels, are valid ones which any Christian must come to terms with. But it would be a grave mistake to draw conclusions about the author's personal beliefs from his fictive construct. (I do, however, remain convinced that Heinlein is a practicing lecticubicularist.)

There is a lot of old-fashioned Heinlein here, with fast action, intricate plotting, well-realized characters, and dazzling inventions. Perhaps surprisingly, given the theme, there is not all that much of the "new" didactic and dialectic Heinlein, though there are of course a number of debates and from time to time a lecture. JOB is indeed a comedy, in both the common and Dantesque senses, and justice is delivered at the end -- in unexpected fashion. Although I found the main characters reasonably sympathetic, I did have certain problems with them. Margrethe at first seemed too subservient, a male chauvinist's dream; but she turned out to be both strong and strong-willed. Since her mode of handling disagreements with Alex was in general to say nothing and seem to agree while keeping her own counsel, she came off as more passive than Heinlein perhaps intended. My real problem was with Alex. Although he is presented not as a religious fanatic but as someone who went into the ministry because he flunked engineering, he reminisces proudly about his contributions to implementing a Church agenda which might make even

Jerry Falwell blanch: it includes making abortion a capital offense, making contraception a major felony, persecuting astronomers, and a final solution to the Jewish problem which is not specified but which is debated only IN CAMERA. At the same time he is a nice guy, who is perfectly ready to renounce the injunction to persecute witches when he meets a charming teenaged girl who happens to practice Wicca, and whose qualms over his adultery with Margrethe (he has a wife in his native universe) disappear with suspicious ease. The Alex we meet in the book is never convincingly the same person as the Alexander Hergensheimer he tells us he used to be. Compare, for instance, everybody's favorite bigot, Archie Bunker. Archie was a bundle of prejudices which dictated his behavior, except -- and this is what made him lovable -- when they came up against a real human being whom he knew personally. This dichotomy was perfectly convincing, thanks to excellent acting (and excellent scriptwriting): we had no trouble believing in an Archie who spent half the show fulminating against blacks and the other half trying to help his son-in-law's black friend Lionel out of trouble. He also had going for him the fact that the viewing public believed that anyone whom Edith could put up with for all those years couldn't be ALL bad. Heinlein's Alex is apparently intended to be a similar figure; but he is not all that believable as a born-again right-wing Fundamentalist, because with his departure from his native universe he is born again in a different sense entirely too easily. His past, except for strictly eschatological beliefs, seems to have very little hold on him. To see what I mean, read the book and then try to imagine Jerry Falwell or Jesse Helms as protagonist.

I have described the characterization of the hero as an artistic flaw; it may, on the other hand, be an artistic necessity. Having made the leap of imagination I advocate at the end of the preceding paragraph, I can see that not even the ability of Heinlein could make a sympathetic character out of an authentic New Right type, whose psychological spectrum contains too much hate. Heinlein has, despite my specified qualms, given us an engaging hero, a slam-bang action tale, and a provocative novel of ideas. JOB is another winner from the Grand Old Man

ajb

HORROR MOVIES, Daniel Cohen,
Gallery Books, 1984, 80pp., nlp

A visually pleasing, tho not any too informative, volume geared toward the FAMOUS MONSTERS-type readership. Two special sections, both terribly incomplete, list horror stars and notable films in the genre. Not surprisingly, SF/Fantasy films are grouped together with Horror; Joe Blow doesn't make the distinction, so why should we?

HORROR MOVIES's main fault, apart from an utterly banal title and rather low page count, lies with the author himself. Mr. Cohen apparently doesn't take his Fright Flicks too seriously, and has obviously not seen all of the films he discusses. As a result, the text is crawling with the sort of picayune inaccuracies that plague serious buffs to no end. This is an all-too-common problem with books of this nature; one wonders why the publishers couldn't have hired a knowledgeable writer in the genre. At least then we'd have a book which has more going for it than the illustrations therein.

For those who may be interested in a truly nice book on the subject, Carlos Clarens' AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HORROR FILM is still in print. What we need is a book of this quality with plenty of rare stills, posters, etc.- something Clarens' work is sadly lacking in. Anyone knowing of such a tome is urged to make me aware of it.

rhk

THE CREATURE FEATURES MOVIE GUIDE, John Stanley, Warner, 1984, 304pp., \$7.95, pb

John Stanley hosts a West Coast horror movie program known as CREATURE FEATURES, presumably in which the grotesquely made-up host cracks fatuous jokes at the film's (and often the viewers') expense. Old formula, to be sure, but it still works for TV stations nationwide.

The basic format of CFMG is also not new, dating back to the late '50's with the MOVIES ON TV-type volumes full of capsule reviews with star ratings. For horror/SF films, the format was used in CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN (a monster mag from the 60's) as a series, running alphabetically issue by issue. Sadly, though, CASTLE bit

the dust before the series could be completed. The next notable use of the capsule review format was in HORRORS: FROM SCREEN TO SCREAM, by rock critic Ed Naha. Though inaccurate and incomplete, this was the only book of its type until CFMG came along.

Reviewed here is the second, revised edition; there's a great cover this time, and over 3000 reviews, with stills and drawings in strategic locations. Stanley fails to list studio, running time and director, which irks me somewhat. His text, though highly readable, is repetitious and pun-laden, with a noticeable tendency toward humiliating the Japanese. It's par for the course and can be overlooked. Mr. Stanley has produced a well-nigh indispensable reference work covering everything from the most revered gems to the scummiest nadir of cinematic endeavor. Where else can one be made aware of such hyper-obscuros as GOKE, BODYSNATCHER FROM HELL, THE WORM EATERS, and the infamous CALTIKI, THE IMMORTAL MONSTER? Buy this book. BUY IT.

rhk

DRAGON SONGS composed and performed on cassette from Performing Arts Press (P O Box 3181, Taos NM 87571; also available through NIEKAS and Off Centaur.) \$8.

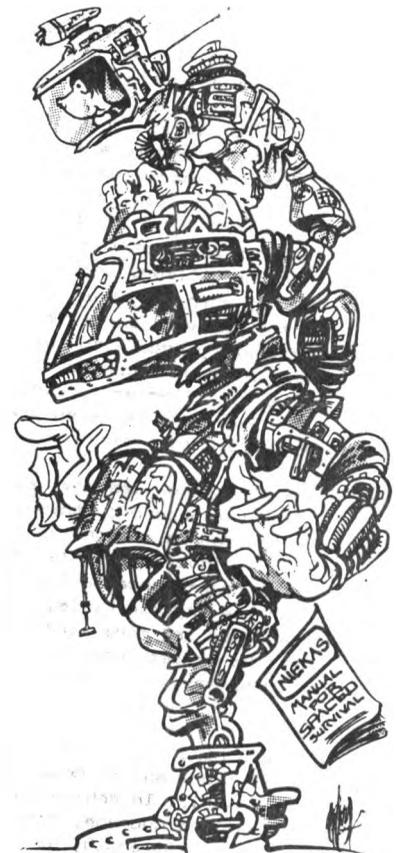
Joanne Forman has taken the stories of DRAGONSONG and DRAGONSINGER and told them as a narrative bridged by songs. Most of the actual text is from the books and Anne McCaffrey has specially written some new material for her. The musical form is something like an oratorio but is narrated and sung by one person. It is called a "chantefable."

The story is well told, and the musical settings work very well with Anne McCaffrey's words. The singing is beautiful and soaring. I only wish the individual songs between the narrations were a little longer. I first heard Joanne sing this cycle at Constellation and have listened to the tape many times. I recommend it very highly for lovers of good filk and art songs, and for fans of Pern.

ERM

THE BEGGAR QUEEN, Lloyd Alexander, E.P. Dutton, 1984, \$11.95 hc

WESTMARK, the first volume in this trilogy, was a Ruritanian adventure with an underlying serious theme:



law and order vs. justice in an unjust state. The sequel, THE KESTREL, was much darker, as it dealt with war and considered many of the moral questions of the post-Vietnam era. The concluding volume, THE BEGGAR QUEEN, is the grimmeest yet. Instead of Vietnam, it seems shadowed by the issues raised by El Salvador and Nicaragua, with echoes of the Paris Commune of 1871. It opens with the same situation that existed in the opening of THE KESTREL: Mickle, now Queen Augusta, supported by her friends Theo and the revolutionary Florian, as well as other characters from the earlier books, is trying to reform the government of Westmark to provide economic and social justice, over the opposition of the powerful aristocracy and the military officer caste. This time her rule is overthrown by a military coup, led once again by the evil Gabberus, and she and her friends hide in the capital city and operate as urban guerrillas. Florian, the liberal revolutionary willing to compromise with a well-intentioned monarchy, goes to the neighboring kingdom of Regia to organize a counterinsurrection. Justin, once Florian's disciple but so fanatical that he now sees Florian and Mickle

as no better than Cabbarus, leads a partisan band in the countryside. Theo has promised Florian that he will lead an uprising in the city timed to coincide with the latter's return; in order to win Justin's support, he is forced to spend the lives of his followers recklessly. In the final event, Justin refuses to cooperate with Theo and the city uprising takes place at the wrong time, when the citizens take up arms spontaneously when they hear of the death of the beloved journalist Keller. The story ends with the defeat and death of Cabbarus and, ironically, with Florian forcing Mickle and Theo into exile so that Westmark may become a democracy.

Where the first book was dominated by plot and the second by theme, characterization is central to THE BEGGAR QUEEN. Theo and Mickle bear a superficial resemblance to Taran and Eilonwy of the Prydain Cycle, but the differences are more significant than the likenesses: Taran began as a naive idealist with a tendency to look at complex issues too simplistically; he developed into a fully mature hero able to accept his own imperfections and to deal with a problematic world. In achieving wisdom as well as courage, moral as well as physical strength, he appropriately takes his place as High King of Prydain. Eilonwy is a simpler character, as she is not troubled by self-doubt: it is not that she is simple-minded but that she tends to concentrate on clear-cut issues. She acts as Taran's conscience, at first as a nagging nuisance and later, as he matures, as a supportive comrade in adventure and his eventual mate. Theo also begins as a naive idealist but, although he becomes capable of seeing complexities, he does not mature as Taran does but remains single-minded, like Eilonwy but in inappropriate circumstances. His response to a challenge to his attitude and action is usually not a broader perspective but a tendency to go to the other extreme, as when in THE KESTREL moral outrage turns him from a pacifist into the most violent of guerrilla fighters. He is poised between the wise Florian, his spiritual father, and Justin the fanatic, to whom he is bound by a sense of guilt, as his hesitation to kill once almost cost Justin his life, and who also represents the dark and dangerous side of his own idealistic nature, his Jungian Shadow. In THE BEGGAR QUEEN he repeats the same mistakes of judgement that he made in THE KESTREL, with even more tragic consequences for himself and his

followers, just as in that book he made the same errors, with worse results, that got him into trouble in WESTMARK. Although his exile at the end of the book is dramatically ironic, as he is not allowed to live in the free Westmark he has fought for, it is thematically appropriate as, unlike Taran, he has still not achieved the maturity to rule himself, let alone a nation.

The truly mature character here is Mickle, the queen who spent her childhood years as a street urchin among the outcast of Westmark and who recognizes that the destiny of the country ought to be in the hands of ordinary people, not princes and potentates. Like Eilonwy, she is not plagued by self-doubt; but she resembles Taran in her ability to appreciate complexity and ambiguity, although they never deter her from direct action. But she does not grow in the course of the book: when we first meet her, she already possesses mature judgement and moral strength. She only becomes in the course of the trilogy even more what she already is -- which is why Theo and not she is the protagonist. Ambiguity colors the lesser characters too: Dr. Torrens, a healer and an honest man who finds himself forced to be a fighter and a propagandist; Sparrow and Weasel, the "water rats" whose actions are based on appalling ignorance of the realities of the situation and who ought to fail utterly in what they attempt, but are instead wildly successful; Keller, the satiric journalist who refuses to be a man of action until a final emergency, when his would-be heroism has the most bitterly ironic consequences; the charlatan Las Bombas, a conniving rascal interested only in his own profit, who as a result of his affection for Theo and Mickle turns into a heroic military leader of the Westmark resistance forces; and even the archvillain Cabbarus -- our glimpse of him through his own eyes, of his unassailable image of himself as a wise, just, and compassionate father of his people, is the most chilling scene in the book.

THE BEGGAR QUEEN is a very good book, but it is not an enjoyable one to read. Its dark portrait of a world in which good triumphs over evil only by the skin of its teeth and at a terrible price in suffering and death is a far cry from Alexander's earlier books, in which evil, however formidable, was at its worst supernatural and capable of being destroyed once and for all, leaving only lesser and less

damaging mortal wickedness which the characters were strong enough to deal with. The evil in the Westmark trilogy is the evil of the real world, the evil of Dachau and My Lai and this morning's top news story: it is recurrent, and it is very nearly beyond the capacity of people to resist, let alone overcome. And even the good people are flawed, misled, or trapped amid untenable choices. In my review of WESTMARK I suggested that Alexander had abandoned fantasy for this world because of a feeling that fantasy tends to present a world in which problems were solved with oversimplified, magical ease. This book is about as far away from such a world as one could imagine. The best fantasy, however, is always about moral choices, and the Westmark trilogy is concerned precisely with those -- in fact, it tests them to destruction. The trilogy, especially this last volume, is a long way from the sunny world that the term "children's book" evokes in the average reader's mind -- but so is the world that today's children have to live in. Lloyd Alexander took a risk in writing it, in departing from a form in which he had won a Newbery Medal and a National Book Award. The risk has been rewarded, not only in honors (Westmark won the American Book Award and THE KESTREL was nominated) but in the successful presentation of a fictive world through which young readers can apprehend the complexities of contemporary reality. I have no idea in what direction he will turn next (the only appropriate moves after Westmark would seem to be to enter a Trappist monastery or to become and organizer for the Hobbit Socialist Party); but in consideration of his track record, I for one am willing to follow anywhere he leads, in certain expectation of finding something rewarding at the end of the road.

ajb

E PLURIBUS UNICORN, Theodore Sturgeon, Pocket Books/Simon & Schuster, 1953, \$2.95 (Canadian), pb

New releases take longer to reach the bookstores here in Ottawa; I just bought this in March as I am always on the look-out for more Sturgeon material and this one was a mind-twister consisting of thirteen tales to sit and stun. Mr. Sturgeon has not disappointed me yet and these older tales are a bit like good aged wine that is to be savored.

"The Silken-Swift" is a story of justice in the allegorical form of the Unicorn and it is a good beginning for a mind-trip that we're sometimes pleased to be on and sometimes rather reluctantly taken to the last page. Sturgeon's descriptive writing is all too perceptive of the "human emotions" whether they be the honest confessions of the lonely men as in "Scars" or the single-minded ones of revenge of Kelley in "A Way of Thinking".

This book was one of short stories but I had the feeling that none of them were too short. They were just right. Good reading.

ms

THE OLD-NORTHERN RUNIC MONUMENTS OF SCANDANAVIA AND ENGLAND, Stephens, George, John Russell Smith, London, 1866-67, 1868, 1884, 3 vol., 4c

Although not currently available, the keystone of my Runic collection are these three bulky volumes of incredible research on runic inscriptions. I suppose that these are classified as "rare books", for I don't know anyone else who has copies of them. These books objectively present everything that was known about the runes to that time (and it was a lot!), with a minimum of theorizing and a maximum of good, hard facts. Manuscripts, as well as artifacts, jewelry, and stones were studied, and easily 150 to 200 separate futhorks have been presented. This is THE classic reference set on the runes. Profusely illustrated by masterful engravings, these books are a scholar's joy. If you ever see these books for sale, grab them!

The text is in a slightly archaic English, but fascinating to read. Another thing: if Stephens did not know the meaning of something, he did not hesitate to say so, instead of coming up with some theory and presenting it as fact, the way so many of the modern runic books do. If he held a theory about something, he clearly labeled it as such, and even presented other theories if applicable. I only wish that today's would-be runic scholars would emulate him. There is nothing like solid research!

jts

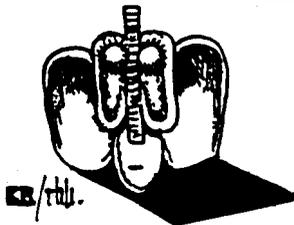
THE NEW ATLAS OF THE UNIVERSE by Patrick Moore, Crown Publishing Inc.

When I think of an atlas the first things that come to mind are the maps--maps of highways, states

and countries, Mercator Projections and Rand McNalley. I do not normally think of planets, moons and suns. But the new ATLAS OF THE UNIVERSE by Patrick Moore has changed my thinking. Since receiving this book the word "atlas" has taken on a new meaning. With over 300 pages of lavish illustrations, spectacular photographs and charts Patrick Moore has given us the definitive meaning of the word "atlas."

The ATLAS is a compendium of the most recent knowledge obtained from NASA, the Royal Astronomical Society and Patrick Moore's own collection of material as well as other sources. He begins with a history of astronomy and goes on to every aspect of the solar system and the universe.

The atlas covers the star systems through the discoveries of our many unmanned probes, earth based telescopes and radio astronomy. With this atlas Mr. Moore describes in depth the new data from the Voyager spacecraft concerning Jupiter and Saturn. He explains the impact that the Viking landers on Mars had on understanding the Martian soil and weather. Why the sun is just an ordinary star yet is the single most important element of our Solar System. It covers all the moons, ring systems, asteroids and comets that go into the makeup of the Solar System. With charts, diagrams and maps a new Solar System unfolds in front of us.



Mr. Moore's ability to explain his subject to both scientists and laymen alike makes the mysteries of pulsars quasars and black holes clearer. His understanding and enthusiasm for the subject are clearly evident on each page. The star maps, catalogs of stellar objects and the glossary are of great value and enhance the use of the atlas. The special section on future exploration and the search for extraterrestrial life I found most informative.

I have few complaints with his explanation of the subject matter and will not attempt to find fault with his facts and figures. The material is clear and concise. He draws appropriate conclusions and asks

pertinent questions. Mr. Moore is amply qualified, having been an astronomer and a member of the British Astronomical Association since the age of eleven. He has written many books and has lectured on astronomy throughout the world. I recommend this book to anyone who has an interest in the fascinating and ever-changing science of astronomy. SF

FORTY MINUTE WAR, Chris and Janet Morris, Baen Books

Most serious fan will agree that a book should be fun to read. Janet Morris agrees: "if it's not fun to read it should be a text book."

With that in mind I can seriously recommend FORTY MINUTE WAR. This book has everything: fast pacing, a steady interest level, well-defined characters, imagination, twists, shocks, good technical background, and it's FUN.

The book has some excellent cover art and if there is anything at all to detract from the total it is the feeling that it might be a little too fast paced. It gives you the feeling towards the end that there should be more story to go because of a real involvement with the characters.

It may read a little like mainstream but it has enough SF to satisfy most genre enthusiasts. A 5-Star book; my bet for a Nebula nomination.

(Janet is best known for her DREAM DANCER & SILISTRA series and this is a far departure from them. Chris is just now coming on the scene with this book and some co-authored stories with Janet in the THIEVES' WORLD anthologies.

dg

THE NAME OF THE ROSE, Umberto Eco, trans. by William Weaver from the Italian, Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, NY, 1983, 502 pp., \$15.95, Warner pb, \$4.95, NY

Beautifully illustrated with a medieval art theme on the cover, this book is becoming a powerful and disturbing link of the way medieval culture has prepared the whys and wherefores of our "modern" world. Written by an Italian author renowned in history and philology (the study of words, language, and literature), it has been hailed since 1980 as a masterpiece of literary acumen and knowledge of its

subject. In form, it is a murder mystery set in the 14th century. In subtle ways, it is a parable of different paths for the ordinary reader. A garden of words where beauty and terror both hide.

Its sense of the concrete gives this novel, the first by the author and a best-seller with many prestigious literary awards in Europe, a sense of immediacy, and fascination for the reader. Its limited locale is a wealthy Italian monastery torn apart in a searing week of bloody murders, leading an astute Franciscan monk, Brother William of Baskerville, to investigate. He uses all his medieval scholastic learning to pry into men's souls and learn secrets of unbelief and immorality that will jolt the reader, no matter what his faith is. Yet, the very structure of the novel is a buffer against the cynical sensationalism too many fictional works have had about the Middle Ages, so unjustly maligned still in our mass culture. The novel, written as a lost memoir by a participant, Adso of Melk, uses language and the monastery format to introduce us to a lost world of Christendom when monks' cells were the real heartbeat of European culture. The frequent use of Latin will try the reader, but the context always leaves the meaning clear -- and there is no sense of pretense, or a "facade" of phoney environment so many medieval and Gothic novels have.

There are no nights or kings in

battle here, nor any romance quests of high princesses seeking to overturn dynasties. These seven days are full of monastic prayer-hours and serious intellectual debate as Brother William lets us see the incredibly rich and complex culture that the Church had developed over so many centuries when it shaped a new world out of the ruins of Classical antiquity and the decaying Roman Empire. Aristotlean logic, the self-sufficient structure of the monastery-as-institution, the nature and importance of naturaliter Christians in non-Christian learning, the wonderful symbolism of flowers (such as the rose) and even stones is brought before the reader's eyes. The Holy Roman Empire argues over supreme authority with the Papacy, as bloody cults rise and fall. Popes live at Avignon and are torn by the temptations of greed, while Christian Rome is torn by riots. As the murders accumulate in such a weird grotesque fashion, William lets the reader see the corruption of a reigning Pope, and the fierce divisions of honest Franciscans over the meaning of wealth and poverty.

The arguments seem so impassioned as the monks gradually show us their human and sometimes humorous side. Brother William tries to stand above it all as names like the Fraticelli and Fratolcino appear to link into the murders.

The terrible apocalypse of the final fire is a fitting climax, but even

more so is the blow it brings to these monks as individuals. It can be either a hell or a purgatory in the reader's final reaction -- a damnation or a purification process that we learn from. The heritage of the medieval Church was a complex thing, but one rewarding to explore.

tme

CONCORDANCE TO CORDWAINER SMITH, Anthony R. Lewis, NESFA, Inc., POB G, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge, MA, 02139, 1984, 90 pp.

While being a big fan of the writings of Cordwainer Smith, I see by this concordance that I am familiar with only a fraction of his output and have read only part of that. I will therefore refrain from commenting on its completeness. The entries I did recognize were certainly cogent and informative.

Forty-four of his stories are covered omitting two contemporary novels and a spy thriller. Lewis admits that "where dates or comments are in contradiction, ((he has)) selected those which best serve ((his)) purpose." Along with the people, places, things, and ideas in the Smith universe are brief descriptions of the works covered.

Certainly a competent reference work for those inclined or an interesting read for Smith fans.

mb

THE LAST WORD

NIEKAS is available for the usual: publishable letters, art, trade, material for review, articles, reviews, or --

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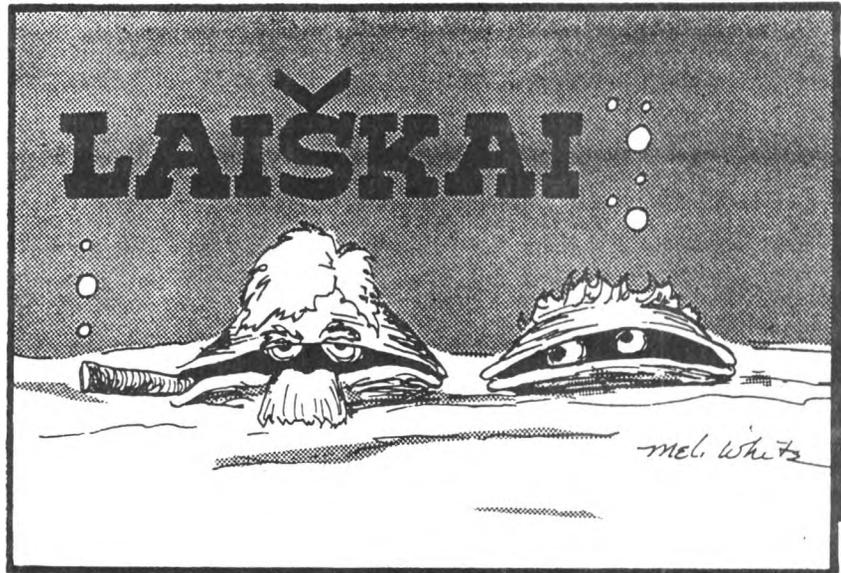
Ruth Berman
5620 Edgewater Blvd
Minneapolis MN 55417

Dear Ed,

Just read a fantasy novel by a young Minnesotan, Patricia Wrede, THE SEVEN TOWERS. It's entirely charming--even if a good deal of the humor is imitation Georgette Heyer (but then Heyer isn't at all a bad model and using it in a sword and sorcery story is unusual). This I think is her third book. I feel quite jealous. Still, my own writing is coming along pretty well. The last some months I have been busy researching mermaids and sirens for a book on fantasy beings that a fellow named Malcolm South is putting together for Greenwood Press.

A Star Trek fan brought up an interesting question in a fanzine called INTERSTAT recently. I don't know any answers to it, but perhaps you do. Lynda Carraher wrote: "I've recently become involved in a tape correspondence with a ST fan who is visually handicapped, and have been taping an occasional story from one of my fanzines to send her. In all honesty, I don't feel this is abusing anyone's rights or violating anyone's copyright any more than the very common practice of lending out or trading zines. The basic question I'm posing here is: A at what point does the practice stop being friendly sharing and becomes zine piracy? Suppose the tape is passed on to a third party and beyond? Or suppose someone should decide to produce multiple copies of tapes for general distribution? Obviously, at some point, permission to use the material is necessary. At what point? And who is authorized to give it--the author, the zine editor, or both? There is also the question of reimbursement. If multiple copies are made, is a contributor's copy in order? If the tapes are sold at a profit, are royalties to be expected? And in either case, who is entitled to that reimbursement--again, author or editor? I'd really be interested in hearing thoughts on the topic.

[The initial taping of the fanzine item is, as suggested, equivalent to loaning or selling second hand the print copy of the fanzine. If the recipient passes it on to a third party this is the same as the recipient of the loaned or sold fanzine doing likewise. Multiple copies depends on the circumstances. If the tapes are sold for a profit, whether to blind or sighted listeners, royalties are due. How they are split between the author and editor depends on the contractual relationship between them. This is parallel to the case of a professional



anthology reprinting a story from a fanzine. In my case, when a story from 50 EXTREMELY SF STORIES was re-sold to a professional anthology the entire payment went to the author. On the other hand, the way I understand the copyright laws, if the tapes are loaned free or sold at cost to print handicaps (blind, dyslectic, and people with other problems that keep them from EASILY reading conventional material), permission is not even needed though it should be requested as a courtesy. Most tapes and records are done in special long playing formats that cannot be played on conventional equipment, so the recordings would only have curiosity value to the author. Also as a precedent, the Library of Congress does not give authors copies of their own books in Braille or recorded form.) ERM]

Annette S Crouch
P O Box 5099
Lancaster CA 93539

Dear Ed,

I am editor along with Ron L. Lemming, of THE BEAR ESSENTIAL and the DAMNATIONS anthology series. I request that you carry an announcement in your fanzine of our anthologies.

THE BEAR ESSENTIAL is a collection of science fiction, fantasy and horror tales about Teddy Bears. 1985 is the year of the Teddy Bear. We'd like to celebrate with this literary salute to the Bear Essential. We want stories that show the bears as major characters, central to the essential plot, so that without ehe Teddy Bears the story collapses. The Teddy Bears in these stories can fly, walk, talk,

do just about anything that the writer wishes, with one exception. We do not want to see Teddy Bears used as villains unless it is in a purely comic manner. We also do not want to see Teddy Bear as ET or Teddy Bear as Gremlin type stories, unless you can come up with a truly original twist. We ask you to remember all of the things Teddy Bears stand for, all that they could represent in the future. This is an anthology for both adults and children so please write accordingly and with good taste. We want quality stories legitimately representative of the respective genres, not just stories with Teddy Bears tacked on. We want serious stories, or funny stories, but above all we want good stories. We will look at short-short stories to stories of 12 to 13 thousand words. We will also look at samples of art for assignments. Payment is on a pro rata share of 50 percent of royalties. Deadline is February 1985 unless it is completed sooner. Only Teddy Bear lovers need apply. We want to celebrate the Teddy Bear and the many contributions it has made to the world and our lives: its heroism, its love and devotion, its acceptance of us without judgement, its essential being. But above all we want to present the Teddy Bear is all its glory as humankind's best friend. And remember, when all else fails, like YOUR Teddy.

As for DAMNATIONS, it is an ongoing horror anthology which is published yearly. This year it was published by the Strange

Company. The second issue is full and due to be published in May 1985, but we do have DAMNATIONS 3 open to submissions, which should have a publication date of May 1986. The theme for DAMNATIONS 3 will be science fictional horror, so please keep that in mind

Michael Gilbert
203 Gatzmer Ave
Jamesburg NJ 08851

Dear NIEKAS,

NIEKAS 31 brings some material to comment on: Al Nofi on Hyborian armies ignores one of the best sources available, to wit: a set of war games rules titled, "Royal Armies of the Hyborian Age". Scott Bizar and Lin Carter (Fantasy Games Unlimited) which has complete unit descriptions and national organizations, along with any other data you might need.

Harry Andruschak's brush with the Big Diabetes was interesting to say the least; I got the Big D a little over three years ago--mine was due to extreme overweight and lead to hospitalization and two months of insulin injection until I lost enough weight for my cells to function. However, as any dieter knows too well--once the terror was gone I gained back much of the 70 pounds I lost, so back on the diet and keeping up the exercises. Fat wasn't comfortable but skinny was dull and not fun at all--somewhere there is a medium channel.

Also interesting to see the review of Margot Adler's book on witches--she has a weekly show on WBAI--Pacifica Radio out of NYC. Hope to see your publishing pick up.

William Horwood
30 Hamilton Rd
Oxford OX2

Just a brief note of appreciation for publishing Anne Braude's poem on my book DUNCTON WOOD in your last issue. Much enjoyed by me.

Terry Jeeves
230 Bannersale Rd
Sheffield S11 9FE

I was particularly tickled by the "Two Sestinas for Terry Jeeves" even if I couldn't tell a sestina from a cess pit or a siesta. However by coincidence I just got a catalog which aptly illustrates my point. A third of the ghastly titles have the words 'star', 'sword', etc in them.

Liked the front cover, not the back cover, I'm afraid, but the interior art was better than ever. Judging by the standard of this issue you have an excellent lineup of artists permanently chained in your dungeons.

Oh-NOOOO!
YOU PROMISED AND NOW
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE
A LETTERCOL AFTER ALL!



Have just seen RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK on TV. I enjoyed it as a send-up of the 30s genre but the ending was disappointing. I shall wipe the video I made of it, not worth seeing again I'm afraid. [Evidently you wanted something a little grander than the wrath of God wiping out the Nazis...MB]

Funny your editorial should mention Alva Rogers' superb REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING. Only yesterday I was browsing through my copy very kindly and effusively dedicated by Alva and Bill Donaho, one of my most cherished items. Reason for browsing, I'm in the middle of compiling a complete crosschecked index linking the US edition to the IK one. Computer printouts will be available at a nominal fee once it is complete.

I was saddened to hear that Heinlein was booed at one con when he got up to speak, but sadly this is a weakness of the modern attitude. Unless you support THEIR side you are to be attacked when and where and at every opportunity. Free speech is ONLY to be allowed to those who say what you want to hear, is the modern (left wing) trend I am very afraid. Over here I have heard two different (left wing Labor) Party speakers both say the following at different times and places. One asked if elected would he support a referendum on the Common Market to see if the people really wanted out, "No, because you can't rely on them to vote the right way." Number two, asked about giving the striking miners a chance to vote on the strike

"Of course, provided they vote in the right way and support us." We all talk about the freedom of speech and opinion but I notice that the left wing in particular howl their heads off at me each time I try to plug for my side. [Extremists on both sides seem intolerant of dissenting opinion. Rightists say liberals are closet Communists, and look at Reagan's behavior in Latin America!...ERM]

Best item in NIEKAS for me was the book review section; just the right length, informative as to what the book is about and not too much personal bias of the "This is great but this is trash" kind. I'm one of the "give me a clue as to content and I'll make my own decision whether to buy and then decide whether it is a good book for me"--good for me isn't necessarily good for Tom Dick and Harry and vice versa.

Production much better this time around and in response to Ms. Salmonson on having pride in the zine, whilst agreeing with her point of view I must add that in NIEKAS you have something of which I am sure you very proud despite the occasional printing hangup.

Ray Nelson
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Robert H Knox may feel that "the comics industry has seen better days" I'd agree but for a few brilliant exceptions. Matsumura's GALAXY EXPRESS and the Hernandez brothers' LOVE AND ROCKETS. LOVE AND ROCKETS in particular is breaking new ground in characterization, the very thing that is weakest in comics. The Hernandez women set a standard that is stratospheric not only for comics but for all popular arts. Nobody in the science fiction field at least can equal them. [I hadn't seen LOVE AND ROCKETS when I wrote the column but I would tend to agree with you...RHK]

Robert Bloch
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Many thanks for NIEKAS. it never fails to deliver hours and hours of entertainment! Your comments on Heinlein were very interesting; now I await your reaction to JOB. Also glad to see that I'm not alone in my distaste for the "Drake Douglas" film book. How such a piece of misinformation came to be published without editorial correction is beyond me, tho there are others equally as bad.

Atexei & Corey Panshin
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Our best guesses at solving the riddles of NUMBER OF THE BEAST are to be found in our essay "The Death of Science Fiction, a Dream" in the paperback edition of SF IN DIMENTION. Washington area fan John Field points out that one riddle we didn't solve was the identity of Mellrooney which is an anagram of Lyle Monroe. In this explicitly solipsistic book Heinlein is both the good guys and the bad guys. Very strange stuff at work with Heinlein's last four novels. He's playing some sort of highly complex metafictional game. He's producing best sellers and nobody seems to be examining the implications of these stories.

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Joris Bell
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I did like the way my poem "Juggernaut" appeared in NIEKAS 32, printed in my handwriting with the border around it. Altho when you told me it was being done that way I was not favorable to it. Other than that you omitted my name and the poem title on the table of contents. [Several items were accidentally omitted from the ToC... sorry!...ERM]

My only other complaint is that the only drawing by Farwell among the ones I sent you which was in this issue was reproduced so small that his captions and balloons have some blurring together so that they really can't be read. I realize that this was because it was needed to fill a space which was determined by the verbal content of the page, but what is the point of destroying the work of the best artist in the magazine by making it so small that it cannot be comprehended? In other words, it was used as a mere filler. I think there is a possibility that Robert Knox is not overly excited but John is five to ten percent better than he is, not in imagination or creativity, but in artistic talent and virtuosity of execution. To compare them for you I would have to say that whereas Robert is excellent John is a master. John is better than most of the new professionals. In his felt pen drawings John has the free fluid quality that is found in Rembrandt but completely controlled and with no flaws.

[I wasn't 'destroying' Farwell's piece, as his lettering was virtually illegible to start with; it was suggested that I insert typed lettering, but I wanted to preserve the drawing as it was done. As to my alleged lack of excitement, I do enjoy Farwell's work, however, yr

statement as to his being the best NIEKAS artist is strictly one man's opinion, and comparing his work to that of Rembrandt is hyperbolic at best. And if John wants to submit suitable cover illos (which he hasn't as yet), his current status as a 'mere filler' artist could very well change. I'm sure that few of our artists find their 'filler' status demeaning in any way, and I doubt if M. Farwell would, either. I also wonder why yr complaint wasn't voiced in yr recent letter to me. By the way, yr magnanimous praise of my own wretched efforts is noted and appreciated...RHK]

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Ben Indick
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I am pleased to see the name of the magazine on the front cover at last. Three cheers for iconoclastic Bob Knox who has proven to be an outstanding art director as well as artist. His Alice in Space-land is a delight presenting beloved and familiar figures in rather an unusual setting. Alice will not mind. She has been seen in stranger surroundings but this is at least warm and loving. By chance PBS recently presented its TV adaptation of the recent Broadway revival of the Eva Legalliene version and it was surprisingly good, mostly because of Kate Burton, no child at all but a pleasing young woman with a glorious and winning smile. At last! A non-lugubrious Alice! Bob Knox's Alice is appropriately bemused by her Dutchess baby pig turned what'sit.

In regard to Heinlein I have a shocking admission to make. I have not liked any of his recent novels, even hating a few. But at least the memory of earlier works glowed. Recently I read many of them over and some for the first time and they were pretty awful I thought. Good concepts, terrible writing. I felt rotten. I guess I'm just getting old and cranky.

Bob's review of comics is quite a departure but not unwelcome in these pages. However altho I am devoted to ancient comics (not super heroes) it is quite unlikely I shall ever see one of these issues and if I did that I would read any. Still it is useful for fans and Bob is knowledgeable on the subject.

All else being OK I will just skip to ISLANDIA which I was altogether delighted to see here. The book is one of my indispensible favorites altho I do not think I have reread it. After many years I

should. So large a book with so many ramifications must necessarily strike various readers in different ways. Yet none of your writers has struck what seems to me its essence, that it is a love story. After all else vanishes I am left with the undying memory of John Lang's loves. The politics, the adventure, the philosophy and statecraft, the geographical fancies all fade, but Dorna, cool and beautiful as Grace Kelly might have portrayed her, she is alive. Even his final loving wife, the rather business like and almost priggish American Gladys (I see her in 1900sish getup, attractive but no nonsense clothes) is alive bringing American technology to Islandia. Most of all, passionate warm fiery, the love that had to singe Lang's heart most, Hytha Mat-tana. The one saving grace of Mark Saxton's ISLAR is that she is mentioned, already an old lady, in a book otherwise devoid of the love passion and verve of the original. It is well intentioned but it is altogether unnecessary. And Dainis Bisenieks is entirely correct in so far as I am personally concerned. Incidentally, that little book Saxton mentions, AN INTRODUCTION TO ISLANDIA, is advertised on my inner back flap of my third edition wrapper at \$1 and of the 1500 copies he mentions I am happy to say that at least one survives, which copy I treasure along with the opus itself. I hope that successive generations will continue to read Wright's great masterpiece and sometime or other I must find the time to revisit this mysterious continent. Perhaps this article will be the impetus. Thank you.

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Suzette Hayden Elgin
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Huntsville AR 72740

I was glad to get NIEKAS 32 and was, as always, impressed with its contents and its execution. You put out an extraordinary publication. My congratulations.

I want to thank Anne Braude for her review of my third Ozark trilogy volume. As was the case with her review of the two previous volumes she clearly understands precisely what the books are about and has a great talent for making that understanding clear to others. Not all reviewers are so blessed and writers who encounter the exceptions are grateful...I am grateful! The ethical reservations and expressions about the planet Ozark universe; I understand and I agree. However there's a new Ozark book called YONDER COMES THE OTHER END OF TIME.

It's at my editor's now and being read and--provided it's accepted which is certainly not anything I can guarantee--will answer those objections. Since I hope that it is accepted and published I'd rather not spoil the plot by commenting any further on the problems that Braude raises. (I should also note that in YONDER I have Coyote Jones and Responsible of Brightwater at cross purposes on Planet Ozark which turned out to be a lot of fun.)

Finally I'd like to reply very briefly to Braude's letter. She takes issue with my comments about poetry, especially my demand that it be free of cliches. I don't know exactly what I said in the item she is objecting to because I don't have that issue of NIEKAS BUT I've said the same thing in enough other places to be able to reconstruct what I probably said and I am not sufficiently an expert on poetics (as is evidenced by my mistaking her work for a sonnet when she didn't intend it to be one!) to say anything as a rebuttal, but if I understand her correctly she and I are in full agreement, not disagreement. There is a vast difference between someone using a linguistic sequence (the French term Phrase figee works a lot better to express what I mean and what she means than does the other French word cliche, now Anglicised) already much used DELIBERATELY in doing so by accident. If I spell the word "gray" as "grey" because I don't know how to spell it, that's one thing. If I spell it as "grey" because I am aware of both spellings and want the particular stylistic effect achieved by the form "grey" rather than "gray" that's quite another. Similarly to use a Phrase figee deliberately for a reason--as in the ballad tradition or any of the oral poetic traditions to which she refers--is not failure of creativity but a display of technical skill. When I write lyrics for folk songs they are often stuffed with such sequences but they are put there for specific and definite technical reasons. I therefore am entirely in agreement with Braude and am sorry to have muddled it so before.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Roger Waddington
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I don't know whether it's made me more open to the aims of the woman's movement but the books that Anne Braude mentions all formed part of my childhood reading as well (maybe not quite all; I didn't come across Daddy Longlegs until the film version with Leslie Kerone). Not that I

was a peculiar child; at least not in that way; just that being so omnivorous a reader I soon used up my own library and had to start on my sister's (also the family bookcase; but that's another story). So as well as the boys' classics like TOM SAWYER and SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON I had an extra grounding in the other view. Not only LITTLE WOMEN but LITTLE MEN and JOE'S BOYS. Not only ANNE OF GREEN GABLES but ANNE OF AVONLEA and ANNE'S HOUSE OF DREAMS (never did get to INGLESIDE); and together with WHAT KATIE DID together with WHAT KATIE DID NEXT, tho I can't remember whether she did enough to be counted in the same canon but I was impressed from an early age with the thought that women could do as much as men and deserved as much recognition; and it's a view I can still hold today tho dispairing at some of the excesses that the women's movement has gone to, the way their extremists act such as their demand for Lesbian creches, for headquarters in buildings totally unsullied by the hand of man, for women alone. Their mindless hate of men only helps to drag the rest of the movement down with them.

Appreciated the feature on ISLANDIA, the more so because it's a book I've long wanted to read but never been able to track down. With the coverage that ISLANDIA gives of tables and population, of crops and livestock and gazetteer its time might have come today. Can't you just see the games playing addicts falling on it with cries of glee when Dungeons and Dragons begins to pall. Perfect for the intricate detail they work in. In fact it may go better in the game shops than the bookstores.

Well, when the greatest benefit of the space program is reckoned to be non-stick frying pans NASA has a problem. [Teflon is a product of the Manhattan Project, developed to handle the corrosive UF6. Corningware was developed as an ablative heat shield, so THAT is the major household spinoff of space. We can thank the atomic bomb for non-stick frying pans!...ERM) Maybe it's our fault that we're stranded here on the edge of the Milky Way with possible planets for habitation far out of reach. There was that burst of enthusiasm for the first landing on the moon but when the rest of the planets were revealed as hostile and dangerous, when even if we landed we couldn't live, the public do tend to look askance at any further probes to planets that they know are useless. No wonder we're relying on flying saucers to come and take us away. Tho with

Reagan holding the reins for another term is there any more hope for the space program? I'd like to hear Harry's views on this. From here he seems more interested in space as another battlefield, the Star Wars scenario, a means to achieve dominance rather than an area to be explored. Certainly not the future envisioned by James Blish with his Cities in Flight sequence where the West left the Earth to the Russians. Now it looks as if we're going to be left with the Earth while the Russians colonize the stars at this rate and that'll be little enough compensation.

On the rebuttals of Heinlein, I didn't know that STAR DWELLERS was among their number, and I think the other one you're searching for is BILL THE GALACTIC HERO by Harry Harrison. Maybe a piece of propaganda but it's one of the few funny books that can be put among the classics of SF. Might even outlast STARSHIP TROOPERS itself

Especially appreciated the Narnia lecture. It is interesting to see what is happening with comics these days. I had a period of collecting back when Jack Kirby returned to DC with the New Gods, the Forever People and Mr.Miracle.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Phyllis Anne Karr

Thank you for the copy of NIEKAS 32 with the kind and perceptive review of IDYLS OF THE QUEEN. Writers don't always get feedback. Being an old Alice fan I especially liked the cover and look forward to extensive browsing through the issue.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
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To Gincas for #32, pace Mr. Palter. I wasn't comparing the quality of the writing of Tolkien and Howard. They were so different in background, outlook and intentions that it would be comparing apples with potatoes, but both have a substantial influence on the revival of fantasy in the 1960s. As to which deserves to be called great, come back in a few hundred years to see if either is still read. That's why we call Homer and Praxiteles, Shakespeare and Velazquez, Beethoven and Dickens great. Simply because they outlasted their contemporaries in public esteem. I once wrote a story called "Cornzan the Mighty" about having a TV series combining the campier aspects of Conan and Tarzan.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
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My article on Victorian Dragons was accepted by CHILDREN'S LITERATURE AND EDUCATION. You had published two spinoffs in NIEKAS 30 and 32.

I enjoyed Robert H Knox's spacey version of a Carrollian cover.

Joe Christopher's comparison of the Father Christmases of Tolkien and Lewis in his comparison of T&L reminds me that I have sometimes wondered how it happens that Father Christmas shows up in their work. According to THE SANTA CLAUS BOOK by E Willis Jones (1976) altho St. Nicholas has many cognate figures all over Europe the developed mythology of the jolly fellow who lives at the North Pole and drives a team of reindeer is mainly the creation of the American Santa Claus, showing up briefly in Washington Irving, mainly created by Clements' "A Visit From St. Nicholas" and then elaborated by Thomas Nast's drawings. Various other commercial publications (especially the founding of the children's magazine ST. NICHOLAS) along with a few other, probably less well known literary versions, such as L Frank Baum's THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF SANTA CLAUS. All that material is 19th century edging over onto the first years of the 20th century (Baum's LIFE (1902)-- odd sidelight: the illustrator of Baum's WIZARD OF OZ, W W Denslow brought out an edition of Moore's poem the same year. Also one not mentioned in Jones book was THE CURIOUS CRUISE OF CAPT. SANTA by Baum's successor in Oz, Ruth Plumly Thompson in 1926.) Jones identifies as the last element in the creation of the legend of Santa Claus legendry the 1931 Coca Cola advertising campaign with illustrations all over the highway billboards and magazines of Santa drinking Coke. The artist was Hayden Sundblom who showed Santa as a tall man instead of an "elf" as Moore had called him (Baum's Santa is of medium height.)

It would be interesting to know which (if any) of these American sources were used by Tolkien and Lewis. Tolkien's FATHER CHRISTMAS LETTERS began in 1920, too early for Sundblom, but he could have known most of the others. Lewis's Father Christmas is partly a reaction against the emphasis on jollity--"some of the pictures of Father Christmas in our world make him look only funny and jolly but now...they didn't find it quite like that. He was so big and so glad and so real that they all became quite still. They felt very glad but also solemn." But he's

incorporating the jollity, not rejecting it.

Another European Father Christmas was Jean de Brunhof's BABAR ET LE PERE NOEL (1936) the last of the original Babar books (the series was continued after Jean's death by his son Laurent)

Are there other non-American stories of Santa Claus/Father Christmas by authors of similar stature?

(I suppose in a way one could count in Dickens' ghost of Christmas Present as a cognate since Dickens' character--a giant robed in green fur and wreathed in holly--was partly derived from Father Christmas and was one of the influences on Moore's characterization of St.



Nicholas. But Dickens probably would not have had any familiarity with Santa Claus as such.)

A suggestion on the reference in THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST to "both Heinleins" --I thought that what was meant there was both Mr. and Mrs. Heinlein. I think you are probably right in identifying "Isaac Arthur and Bob" initially as Asimov Clarke and Heinlein himself even tho later references make them Sir Isaac Newton Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and unidentified. The reference is probably a species of pun as the midway references to Isaac's dislike of travel and the distance Arthur has to come strongly suggest your earlier identification. Poul Anderson's SCA name is Bela of Eastmarch but no

doubt Heinlein made it "Holger" in this context because of Holger the hero of THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS.

The children's book you describe sounds rather like THE OLDEST SECRET by Patricia Gordon/Joan Howard (one of those is her pen name, the other her real name, and I always forget which is which) altho I don't think there are any Hobbits in it. In that story a boy gets to a wooded island and realizes that it is the prototype of the legends of magic islands (as in THE TEMPEST) and also of magic woods (as in A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM). He gets out with the help of Robin Goodfellow. (I am not sure whether this is the book I am trying to remember. Marsha Jones got it from a library and reviewed it in NIEKAS 18 or 20 or so, and lent it to me before returning it. There was only one passing reference to Hobbits being on the floating island, is a list of many other literary figures to be found there, tho they never appeared on stage...ERM]

Jessica Amanda Salmonson
Duck's Foot Tree Produc.
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Jerry Pournelle does a classic red herring argument with the banal and cliché routine about "more people die on our highways, therefore war ain't so bad". The ruin that Viet Nam put on our doorstep has nothing to do with percentages and highways. It is as well to say that more people died on our highways so it doesn't matter that Martin Luther King was murdered, or more people were killed last night in Los Angeles alone than Kennedys in 40 years, or drugs have killed a lot of musicians, so who cares if someone killed John Lennon?

The highway deaths justification can be used for any argument, to justify our efforts to overthrow Nicaragua, or Russia's efforts against the Kurdish people. More people die on the highways, ipso facto, war is no big deal.

I can't believe anyone of Jerry's intellect (no matter what we would disagree on things, I would think we would disagree on an intellectual basis in most cases, would use such a sunbelt or hillbilly argument.

There are a lot of people starving to death right now in Ethiopia but most of us were more profoundly surprised by the assassination of Indira Gandhi. The flu epidemic of the teens followed by contagious Perkinsons like disease was more devastat-

ing to populations than the first world war and in fact constituted the worst plagues since the Middle Ages, but is hardly mentioned in history books. It could be ((and this is a point of profound philosophical, not political, debate)) that our seemingly careless acceptance of plagues, starvation, highway deaths, is a systematic way of protecting our cultural sanity. It could be that war is better remembered because it is LESS devastating and EASIER to remember. But I suspect this isn't the case. Famine and disease are natural occurrences. To a degree even our highways, however man made, are part of our natural environment. When the environment kills us what can we be but resigned? We're only part of a world in which everything has transience but when we kill ourselves and each other--suicide or war--doesn't this seem to be something that ought to be in our power? Shouldn't we be able to stop at one dead Kennedy, one John Lennon, a Ghandi or two, a 'mere' multiple thousands of Americans in Viet Nam or, to come, the mid East and South and Central America? These are crippling to our psyches because we really ought to have some controll over ourselves as a nation, as a species. But whether it is random incidence of assassination or government sponsored wars it seems we just don't have that controll. The thing that made Viet Nam so bad I think is that for the first time most Americans had to admit it was a war of economic rivalry, not a war to save Europe from tyranny and Jews from ovens, but a war over minerals. And the wars we are planning now have more to do with mineral rights than human rights. America has for 20 years now realised that even if we're the best of nations it is a lesser of evils, not inherent decency. We were never fighting Communists, we were killing people and they were killing us. We were not sponsoring less tyrannical governments, we were sponsoring the governments that protected our economic investments.

Then to a bloody well pull-out--why even the gung ho crazy bastard patriots had nothing to toot about. And I'm sorry there isn't a word that "patriot", which ought to mean pacifists and revolutionaries as much as anyone else but it doesn't. It means kill Commies and queers, wave the flag and join the KKK. Those people were so hungry for a military victory that they are even deluded into believing it was a great achievement to take over a little tiny vulnerable island--boy that really showed the Commies how cool

we are! Anyhow Viet Nam taught us cynicism. It held the mirror to our faces and we knew Walt Kelly was right...the enemy is us. We knew wars were murder and suicide, not good versus evil. Evil was in Cambodia but we lacked capital investments so it didn't matter. Viet Nam stole our pride, not because we won or lost, but because we were assholes to be there in the first place. Now all we can say--even if we're militaristically minded like Jerry--is that more people died on the highways so it didn't matter anyway. That's a pretty sad replacement for a premier nation and what it ought to stand for.

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 Thomas M Egan
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NIEKAS articles are fine enough but the reviews are a bit sloppy in handling. I enjoyed your gossipy approach of Bumblejimas. [Now that misspelling of Bumblejimas brings back memories. I think it was Grania Davis who first used it around NIEKAS 15, and said it made her think of a bumblebee in pyjamas. For several issues the header included such a creature in its design...ERM] Sorry to hear of Marty Walsted's death, so much wasted for his life. Joe Christopher is great on Narnia.

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 Spider Robinson
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I understand, God do I understand! Everybody's burning curiosity to know more about Robert. But I suspect we will all have to wait until hell freezes over--I'd say "until Robert dies" but I am not at all sure he ever will. He has no slightest intention of making the details of his private life public domain and I have to go along with his wishes. Most of my communication with him is through Ginny (he is always working, bless him) and I'd never dare to ask her about his previous marriage or the intimate details of theirs. Comes down to it, it is simply none of my Goddamned business, is it?

Of course I still want to know and some day some jerk is going to go digging and write it up and feeling disgusted with myself I will buy the book and read it and wonder which part he got fucked up and wish he could have gotten the straight skinny. (Oh God, Alexei Panshin's book was an awful mishmash of min-information and misinterpretation some of which I believed for years after I read it.) I begged Robert

for permission to write his authorized bio while he is around to critique and correct it, cited all the obvious arguments and he flatly refused. I must respect his wishes as I respect everything else about him. I don't think my burning curiosity is wrong or shameful in any way. I just love the man and you always want to know your loved one better so that you can love them better. But I have to recognise that this confers no obligations on Robert to satisfy my curiosity. Why don't we just leave him the hell alone if we claim to love him so much? It is what he wants.

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 David Palter

I am pleased that Piers Anthony was able to appreciate the novel THE SILVER METAL LOVER and to give Tanith Lee the credit she deserves as a first class writer, in spite of the handicap which Piers imagines her to suffer as a female. However, Piers Anthony's criticisms of THE PRIDE OF CHANUR by C.J. Cherryh, are annoying. He states that it is NECESSARILY a bad novel because it does not contain the elements of romance or humor. It sounds like any novel in which we do not have a male protagonist who meets a pretty young girl, falls in love with her, and eventually marries her in the course of the novel has failed its most important obligation to the reader. In fact, it really sounds like Piers has mistaken the novel for a TV sitcom.

Actually the most successful aspect of THE PRIDE OF CHANUR lies in its ability to completely escape from fictional cliches and present something fresh -- a novel in which human beings appear, but only as minor characters, in a world dominated by alien races who are in fact truly alien, not merely human beings dressed in funny costumes. While this originality is delightful to the perceptive reader, it disappoints those who crave the familiar and cliché. It contains no romance because it is not intended to be a romantic novel. It is dramatic and enormously successful in its drama. To insist upon romance at this point is ridiculous. It is as if one were to dine at a great restaurant and be served a magnificent preparation of veal and mushrooms, and then complain to the waiter, "What? No whipped cream?" Fie upon thee, churlish reviewer.

Next we come to Jerry Pournelle. He

has a reputation in fandom as a right wing militarist, which his current letter appears to confirm more than adequately. He protests the assertion that an entire generation was devastated by the Vietnamese War, and proves this protest to be valid by presenting elaborate statistics showing quite clearly that most of us were not, in fact, killed in Vietnam and that, indeed, more people were killed during that period by other lethal agents (notably automobiles).

Sorry, Dr. Pournelle, you have missed the point. An entire generation -- the one to which I belong -- WAS devastated by the Vietnamese War. You see, even those of us who were not killed were nonetheless devastated. There do exist other forms of devastation besides death. What about those who returned from Vietnam poisoned by Agent Orange? What about those who have lost faith in America and even in democracy itself? What about those who can't stand senseless killing, even of non-Americans? What about those who struggled to influence the American political process in an entirely legal manner and received tear gas in the face for their pains? Is the cost of the Kent State massacre measured only by four students dead? Do we laugh off the My Lai massacre and the thousands of others less well reported because American casualties were low? And what about the waste of one trillion dollars on destruction, leaving America in its current state of massive indebtedness?

I could go on but the topic is an old one and should not be over rehearsed. The devastation is real and most people can see it plainly even if Dr. Pournelle does not.

Anne Braude
Mole End
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NIEKAS 32 for Winter 1983 has arrived, just in time for Fall 1984; I think you should get together with the people who decide to sell winter woollens in Arizona in August and split the difference.

Ed, I was interested to see your comments on CHILDREN OF THE ATOM by Wilmar H. Shiras, which I just reread in the 1978 trade paperback reissue from Pennyfarthing Press. I read it first when I was about twelve years old, long before I was

aware that there was something called "science fiction," and it has stayed with me (if only as a vague memory) ever since. On rereading, I was struck by the book's emphasis on Thomistic theology and on psychology, both subjects I was beginning to be interested in at that age. There has recently appeared a series of "theme" anthologies of stories from ANALOG/ASTOUNDING, one of which, CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE, was devoted to superkid-type stories; it included the first of the Shiras stories and the first of the "children of the flu" stories you mention. It would seem that the theme itself has a perennial appeal. Marion Zimmer Bradley suggests the reason why in her Afterword to the Shiras reissue: young fans tend to indentify strongly with the superkids, as they find themselves surrounded, as a rule, by kids who do not share their interests and are less intellectually oriented and (at least apparently) less intelligent than they are. The young fans therefore feel very isolated -- until they discover fandom. I myself was a bookish, unpopular teenager whose ability to get good grades was sneered at by my peers and taken for granted by my parents (which I particularly resented when other kids were offered generous bribes by their parents if they got B's, let alone A's) -- until 1956. Sputnik changed everything; all of a sudden it was "in" to be elected to the National Honor Society and college recruiters were coming out of the woodwork. And my mother decided that I should become a scientist, even though I explained to her that I was much more interested in literature and history. I didn't find friends who shared my interests until I was a sophomore in college (and they were almost all juniors and seniors) and didn't discover fandom until graduate school, where I met Ruth Berman who introduced me to the NIEKAS crowd, around 1965-66.

In your comments on THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, I think you are being overly picky and are therefore confused. There are not six Kennedys mentioned, but six elections won by Kennedys -- two terms each for John, Robert, and Edward. And I took it for granted that "both Heinleins" meant Robert and Virginia, not two different Roberts. As for the ending of the book, where the hero says, "We've seen the last of IT" and someone answers, "...are you SURE?" I think it simply another fannish joke. After all, how many "B" sf and horror films ended with just that cliché (preparing the way for a

possible sequel)?

With respect to some of your other questions, I believe the children's book set on an island that you ask about is Patricia Gordon's THE OLDEST SECRET, which Ruth Berman mentioned in her article on Shakespeare in children's books in NIEKAS 26; and Poul Anderson's SCA nom de guerre is Bela of Eastmarch, though Heinlein has him fighting under the name of Holger, the hero of THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS. Perhaps he is disguised, the way the top knights in Malory used to be in tournaments in order to prove themselves without trading on their reputations.

Fred Lerner's proposal for nationwide contemplation of the Constitution is a lovely dream -- until one remembers the various experiments in which enterprising researchers have rephrased the Bill of Rights in contemporary language and polled the citizenry to discover if today's voters would pass it...only to find that a large number of them would vote against it! In recent years there have been movements to call another Constitutional Convention, coming mostly from the Right (the issues being constitutional amendments to ban abortion and require a balanced budget); many thoughtful people who oppose such a movement do so because they fear that the mood of the country today is such that a Convention might take the bit in its teeth and REPEAL many of the traditional protections all the way back to and including the Bill of Rights. That Norman Rockwell vision of the American Dream that Fred correctly characterized as symbol rather than reality is just what Reagan & Co. would like to restore as reality -- complete with invisible blacks and Hispanics and Mom restricted to the kitchen baking apple pie. As for Fred's suggestion of academic associations to preside over such a constitutional study, my experience of Academe has not inclined me to believe that they would do it very efficiently; I propose for the job a more pragmatic group, equally concerned with the Constitution, equally nonpartisan, and with a proven track record of organizing affairs such as Presidential debates -- the League of Women Voters.

Joe Christopher on Narnia is always interesting. I think that the importance given to eagles by both Lewis and Tolkien derives from their interest in and knowledge of the

medieval concept of the Great Chain of Being, which included the belief that all orders of created beings were arranged in hierarchies, with correspondences between the hierarchies and Man as the microcosm reflecting the macrocosm of all creation. Thus the king, the head of the body politic, corresponded to and could be symbolized by the sun (chief among celestial bodies), the lion (king of beasts), the eagle (chief of birds), the oak (greatest of trees) etc. The eagle is also the symbol of St. John the Evangelist, which may be why it is so frequently appears as a bearer of news. An excellent and very readable description of the Great Chain of Being and related concepts is E.M.W. Tillyard's THE ELIZABETHAN WORLD PICTURE, which also has a useful chapter on the Cosmic Dance. (The eagle is also one of the traditional "beasts of battle" in Old English epic, another interest shared by Lewis and Tolkien.)

Joe also wonders about the historical background of Wardens of Marches. The word "march" (more common in the plural) comes from the Anglo-Saxon MEARC (boundary); it is also the root of the title "marquis." In English history, the Scottish Marches -- the border counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham -- were divided into wards and placed under the governance of Lord Wardens of the Marches, charged with protecting them from incursions by the wild Scots. The Welsh Marches were the debatable lands between Wales and Norman marcher lords themselves. The great castles and earldoms of the Welsh Marches were Chester, Shrewsbury, and Hereford. I don't think the term "Lord Warden" was in use in this area; but the Mortimers, one of the greatest marcher houses, took the title Earl of March. I suspect that the colorful history of the Welsh Marches contributed as much to Tolkien's and Lewis's fascination with the title Warden of the Marches as the real Lord Wardens of the Scottish Marches (who probably appear in the Waverly Novels).

Two corrections for "Two Sestinas for Terry Jeeves": the quotation on page 51, attributed to me, is actually from Terry's article "Starsword, Mistfire, Dragonwind, and Shadowquest" in NIEKAS 27, which inspired me with the notion that if one of these words in a title would get a book on an award list, six of them used repetitively in a sestina would guarantee fame and fortune. My original proposal was to use all the

words Terry listed in sestinas, but other versifiers approached dropped out of the project and only Joe and I delivered. We are proud to dedicate fan poetry to Terry because he HATES it so (cf. Matthew v.44). In my sestina, "Lancelot in Winter," two lines in the third verse got conflated; it should read:

My limbs are feeble and my hair is silver.
My bones are bitten by the chill of snowdance
Beyond the casement, gleaming in the starlight.

The irony here is that I read the proof for pages 2-62, and the poem appears on p. 63. **Sigh**

Speaking as one of the NIEKAS proofreaders, I would like to say a word on behalf of that maligned horde of faceless munchkins. It is very frustrating to read and correct proof conscientiously -- sometimes going over it three times -- only to have our kind friends doing the layout and printing decide in their wisdom not to bother to make the corrections. I think that the moles have been eating the wrong people. (Right, Fred? Right, Jane?) From now on I'm planning to do my proofreading under an assumed name, like serious writers hacking out pornography or detective stories.

David Palter, defending Conan against my strictures, states that there is usually some element of ingenuity involved in his foiling the monster or evil wizard before he runs it/him through. Maybe so, but I think the ingenuity is Howard's, not Conan's. Ol' Iron Thews usually gets out of scrapes by means of luck or coincidence, provided by the author, rather than by good planning (except in pitched battles: I'll grant Conan competence in military strategy and tactics). He just happens to have found, or more usually stolen, some weapon or talisman, or befriended someone with useful knowledge or magical ability, that turns out to be just what is needed to disarm or counter his foe, whom he then dispatches with cold steel. Conan does have the cunning of a skilled fighter and thief; but for a hero who really uses his brains, see Tanith Lee's Cyrion, who is also adept at swordsmanship and sorcery -- and who is not, by the way, a barbarian.

It was somewhat weird to see the Magic Lantern Reviews which I wrote in a hurry to meet the deadline for NIEKAS 29 or 30 surfacing now. Only one of the shows I reviewed is still

on the air, Erik Estrada and Loni Anderson are no longer the reigning TV sex symbols, and I've traded the senescent '74 Mustang in on an '83 Escort. Does the group insurance for NIEKAS contributors include coverage for getting one's copy caught in a time warp?

Thanks to our proof gremlins, my letter in Laiskai contains a reference to the "baffekabukuty of the professional policeman in detective fiction." A casual glance at a typewriter keyboard will reveal that what I wrote was "baffleability"; but "baffekabukuty" is such a lovely word that I am holding a contest for the best meaning for it. My own suggestion: the stomach sensations experienced when eating dinner aboard an airplane that encounters sudden air turbulence.

My plan for starting a business in my own home by breeding pedigreed moles and selling them by mail isn't working out very well; this may have something to do with the fact that my breeding pair consists of two stuffed toy moles. I've decided instead to go into partnership with a blacksmith and open a boutique for barbarians.

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John Brunner

Thanks for NIEKAS 32 which I read with enjoyment, and in particular for the first and still the only review I've seen for NEW SETTLEMENT OF OLD SCORES.

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NIEKAS

SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY



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