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Special thanks to Harry Habblitz for the lettering on pp. 239, 240, 250, 258, 266, 272, 279, 300; Gretchen Schwenn for pp. 257, 289; and (last issue) Kevin Berland for lettering on p. 194.

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RQ MISCELLANY

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Listed here, in chronological order, are just the essentials:

Eurcon I, Trieste, 12-16 July, 1971; supporting membership is $4 and attending membership is $7, the latter including admission to the S-F Film Festival. Write to Paulo Cossato, D-4000 Wittlaer, Wittgatt-85, West Germany.

Noreascon (29th World S-F Convention), Boston, 3-6 Sept., 1971; respective costs are $4 and $6. Send queries to Anthony Lewis, 33 Unity Ave, Belmont, MA 02178.

"CURATOR OF THE COMICS"

Our new columnist was subject for a one-page interview in the 10 December San Francisco Examiner, from which I quote:

> Bill Blackbeard...is founder-director of the...Academy of Comic Art [2076 Golden Gate, San Francisco 94115], a treasure house filled with examples of that unique American cultural phenomenon known as the comic strip.
>
> That San Francisco should have the world's largest private collection of comic art is entirely appropriate. The comic strip was invented here in 1893...by Examiner artist Jimmy Swinnerton...
>
> ...Blackbeard is convinced the comic strip is art--and art of great cultural significance. "Only the tasteless and uninformed consider comic art trivial," he said...Ironically, the comic strip is taken seriously by European scholars but largely ignored in this country because..."the comic strip is the only wholly indigenous American art form."
>
> Blackbeard, currently writing...the definitive history of the comic strip, is of the opinion that the...art is in sad shape today. "Comic art has been in decline in this country since 1940, and today is probably at its lowest ebb," he said. He attributed this in large part to the fact that when the original artists died, the strips often were taken over by artists without the same "feel" and imagination.
>
> Much of the best comic art today is being created in France and Italy, Blackbeard said. But, like Krazy Kat, Blackbeard is a perpetual optimist. He thinks the [comic strip] will come back strong within the next 10 to 15 years.

RQ's columnist made out much better than its editor, who once visited a Triple-Fan Fair and received in the Toronto Telegram (2 July 1968) a write-up that began, "Why would a mathematics professor of Saskatchewan travel to Toronto's Markham St. Village to look at pictures of Tarzan, Thor, Frodo and Lillian Gish?"

(continued on page 314)

Animism & Magic in Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings

Patrick J. Callahan

The world of J.R.R. Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings is a world literally alive. It teems with life, life not restricted to the animal and vegetative, but proper also to earth, rock, metal, tree, and river. In Middle-earth, all of existence is in vital flux, giving and taking among its many forms, communicating and participating in a kind of continual, creative transformation. Tolkien's imaginary universe encompasses a pyramid of vitality which begins in the very foundation-rock of Middle-earth, and which extends through a hierarchy of living forms towards higher and higher centres of vitality. Death, always present, is more than the absence of life. It is sinister, a dark antipart to life that strives for life's destruction like blight in wheat. The forces of life and death find their ultimate expression in those great archons of magical power, Mithrandir and Sauron, who more than any other agents control the destiny of their world.

In Tolkien's panvitalistic world, it is no surprise that "all the dogs were yammering and all the geese screaming"[1] when evil creatures passed through the village of Bree, nor is it surprising that the very vegetation should have retreated from those lands swayed by the evil Sauron, to leave only vestigal shapes, twisted, diseased trees and shrubs, almost as vegetation's protest against the horror which occupies that land. The rock of the mountain Caradhras has its own grim life. The mountain sends snow and storm as weapons against those who intrude on its domain, and is capable of gloating over its victims, as the company of the ring discover: "With a deep rumble there rolled down a fall of stones and slithering snow....With that last stroke the malice of the mountain seemed to be expended, as if Caradhras was satisfied that the invaders had been beaten off and would not dare to return. The threat of snow lifted; the clouds began to break and the light grew broader" (I, 383). The ladder of living things--from rock to tree to beast to the intelligent--is at its every level capable of expressing a beneficent or malific will.

Mother earth has her own kind of vital spirit. She stirs with a sinister life in the deeps beneath her mountains, as Gandalf, who visited them, attests to the hobbits. Gandalf says that he fell into "the abyss spanned by Durin's Bridge" downward "beyond light and knowledge" to the "uttermost foundations of stone." There, "far under the living earth," Gandalf told the hobbits, "the world is gnawed by nameless things....Now that I have walked there, I will bring no report to darken the light of day" (II, 134).

If the bowels of "the living earth" teem with frightful life-forms, the earth's bosom--the natural landscape--shows a living face throughout The Lord of the Rings. Tolkien's descriptions of the change of light on landscape continually re-enforce an impression created throughout that landscapes possess a kind of independent life. For example, as the members of the ring fellowship enter Rohan they see the world awakening like a living presence:

> Turning back they saw across the river the far hills kindled. Day leaped into the sky. The red rim of the sun rose over the shoulders of the dark land. Before them in the West the world lay still, formless and gray; but even as they looked, the shadows of night melted, the colours of the waking earth returned: green flowed over the wise meads of Rohan; the white mists shimmered in the water vales; and far off to the left, thirty leagues or more, blue and purple stood the White Mountains, rising into peaks of jet, tipped with glimmering snows, flushed with the rose of morning. (II,29)

As though to re-enforce the impression of vitality created in such descriptions, Tolkien's characters frequently credit natural landscapes with a genuine life. Faramir says of a setting moon: "Moonset over Gondor. Fair Ithil, as he goes from Middle-earth, glances over the white locks of old Mindolluin. It is worth a few shivers" (II, 371). To Faramir, the moon, the mountain, are presences--almost personalities--whose independent and vital existences are unquestioned. The primitive's vision of nature is here suggested, that it is a living organism comprised of vital natural forces. Were Tolkien's attitude in The Lord of the Rings that of a contemporary realist, Faramir's remark would seem at best quaint, at worst ludicrous. But Tolkien's attitude is Faramir's, and it has been his business as a writer to bring this animistic world alive. Middle-earth is a gripping world simply because that primitive universe which we have all glimpsed occasionally in our childhood, that living universe thought to have retreated irretrievably before the rise of modern naturalism, has been refound and reinhabited by Tolkien's imagination. Yet Tolkien's panvitalistic world extends its implications far beyond matters of mere descriptive technique or mood. Magic, omnipresent in The Lord of the Rings, is the means by which the intelligences of Middle-earth interact with their living world.

Both the magic and the panvitalism that characterize Tolkien's Middle-earth are common to the romance tradition, of which the fairy tale is part, a tradition traceable from the pre-Christian culture of northern Europe.[2] Both romance and the magic so commonly a part of it depend for their credibility upon the literary creation of an animistic universe, and to create such a universe is to recapture a primitive world-view. To the primitive, as E.E. Hartland explains, "conscious personality and human emotions are visible...everywhere and in all things."[3] The elements of his world, a world subject to seasonal change, are seen by the primitive as enlivened by a common vital power, a mana, a spirit of life. In such a world, according to Rony, man views "the external universe as a blown-up image of the psychological universe" and[4] views "the human soul as a reflection of the soul of the world." Magic depends for its very basis upon such a cosmos. As Hartland defines magic, "connection of thought, even though purely fortuitous, is taken to indicate actual connection of the things represented in thought" (op. cit., 28). A world such as Middle-earth, in which magic is a major principle controlling events, must of necessity be an animistic world. So must the world of the fairy tale, a world where it is quite common for objects to come to life and speak, giants to be turned to stone, charmed swords to have personalities.

The many magicians of Middle-earth can be divided into two categories, agents of benevolent and of malevolent magic. The benevolent magician elicits responses from nature by establishing a sympathy--a rapport--with it. The malific magician coerces nature and thereby foregoes any sympathetic relationship with it. The works of the benevolent magician ultimately tend to aggrandize life; the works of the malevolent magician tend to life's destruction.

The benevolent magicians of Middle-earth are characterized by an intimate relationship with their living universe. Some, such as Bombadil and Goldberry, suggest those characters of traditional romance who trace from Pre-Christian nature deities--characters such as the Green Knight. Other benevolent magicians, such as Aragorn, suggest the priest-kings of pre-Christian Europe[5] whose role was to intercede with nature for their people. The most powerful benevolent magicians in Lord of the Rings call themselves "guardians." They are visitors in Middle-earth, emmissaries from the mysterious "West"; their role is to preserve Middle-earth and its inhabitants from destruction. In general, all benevolent magicians have in common an empathy for, and devotion to, the life of the land and its peoples.

The sympathetic alliance between the benevolent magicians and the life of their world can nowhere be more clearly seen than in the character Tom Bombadil, one of the most enigmatic and yet one of the most interesting magicians of Middle-earth. He seems an apotheosis of natural forces. He wears the colours of the sun and sky, yellow and blue. His wife is Goldberry, "the river's daughter," whose description suggests her role as a goddess of life:

> Her long yellow hair rippled down her shoulders; her gown was green, green as young reeds, shot with silver like beads of dew; and her belt was of gold, shaped like a chain of flag-lilies set with the pale-blue eyes of forget-me-nots. About her feet in wide vessels of green and brown earthenware, white water-lilies were floating,[6] so that she seemed to be enthroned in the midst of a pool.

The marriage of Bombadil and Goldberry is the marriage of sky and earth, a marriage of deities common to the pantheons of fertility religions. Goldberry is a Persephone figure, a feminine spirit who brings life to the land. After rescuing the hobbits from Old Man Willow, Bombadil makes clear that he does not visit the woodlands from autumn to spring: "not till the merry spring, when the River-daughter dances down the withy path to bathe in the water." Thus the retreat of Bombadil and Goldberry from the land marks the coming of winter, their return marks the coming of spring. Moreover, Bombadil and Goldberry are the husbandmen of nature and control its powers. Tom is "master of wood, water, and hill," and Goldberry brings rain for her "washing day...and her autumn cleaning."

Bombadil's magic is centred in a close sympathy with the forces of growth. He frees Merry from Old Man Willow with an incantation that reveals his close kinship with vegetative life: "Eat earth! Dig deep! Drink water! Bombadil is talking!" (I,169). His advice to the hobbits, to avoid the ghoulish barrow wights, contain the implication that his power extends wherever grass grows: "Keep to the green grass. Don't go a meddling with old stone..." (I, 186). When he comes to the rescue of the hobbits, who are trapped by the barrow-wight, he comes "framed against the light of the sun rising red behind him" (I, 196). But his elemental link with life, and his inability to grasp any situation beyond its most elementary effect of fostering and destroying life, limit him in the extent to which his magic can serve the cause of good in the impending wars of the ring. Aware of this limitation, Gandalf says of him, "The power to defy our Enemy is not in him, unless such power is in the earth itself" (I, 348). While on one hand Bombadil is the most primitive of Middle-earth's magicians, on the other he may be seen as the most powerful and sophisticated of a large number of "dawn creatures," creatures who seem relics of an earlier aeon of the land. The "dawn creatures" are semi-intelligent, but are very near to brutes in many respects. They are similar to the nature-daemons of European folklore (ibid. 93-145). They share Bombadil's kind of magic, a magic that seems to be derived from their brutish kinship with the environment. Among the "dawn-creatures" can be placed the beorns, a kind of were-bear, the wergs, half-intelligent wolves under Sauron's power, and the heorns, animate trees without the developed personality and intellect of the ents, who nonetheless are capable of a limited amount of intelligent behavior. One might also include the woses, the "wild men of the woods," who are so primitive one questions their grasp of the moral crisis precipitated by the war of the ring, and yet whose help is recruited by Theoden of Rohan.

The dawn creatures are animate links between the intelligent races of Middle-earth and the panvitalistic universe which they inhabit. But they, together with Bombadil, lack the moral sophistication to play an effective part either for good or for evil in the wars of the ring. They are anachronisms in Tolkien's fictional "present." The battles that end the third age of Middle-earth are given to creatures who have come after, whose more sophisticated culture, intellect, and morality have served to place the battle against evil on a plane that beorns, heorns, woses and wergs scarcely understand. Certainly they become, by the third age of Middle-earth, either irrelevant to the main action or, at best, instrumentalities of higher powers. The same may be said of Bombadil, oldest of all, the most primitive of all magicians of Middle-earth.

In replying to a suggestion that the ring be entrusted to Bombadil, Gandalf replies that Bombadil would not understand its power or its peril. He would perhaps keep it for a while, then throw it or give it away (I, 348). His time has so far passed that he cannot comprehend the state of the world.

Between the natural magic of Bombadil and the awesome spiritual powers of the "guardians" must be placed the magic drawn upon by the "mixed natures" of Middle-earth, those mortal races struggling between good and evil who are really at centre-stage: dwarves, hobbits, and the races of men. By and large, Middle-earth's mortal peoples possess no magic power in their own right, but use magic created by the elves. For example, Denethor, Steward of Gondor, is able to use the crystal palintir, but he uses it imperfectly, and he would not have been capable of making one. The dwarf kings and the nine ringwraiths all make use of magic rings, but the magic in the rings is not fully comprehended by their users and tends to their destruction.

Though as a general rule, the mortal races command no magic of their own, the one exception is Aragorn, Tolkien's version of the legendary king. Aragorn, king of Gondor, descended from the heroic ancient race of Numenorians. His magical powers are not externalized in a ring, a sword, or a palintir, but are his patrimony as charismatic king. His blade Elendil is magical, but can only be wielded by the rightful prince of the line of Gondor; thus its magic power is an extension of his own. His magical gifts of healing are so much proper to him as heir of the Numenorians that they provide evidence for his claim to the throne (III, 180). It is his right and power to assemble the ghoulish army along the Paths of the Dead, a deed which plays such an important part in the eventual rescue of Gondor. Moreover, he possesses the charisma of "far-seeing," and is able to use the palintir with a power that Denethor cannot hope to claim. To the pre-Christian peoples of Northern Europe, the king was also priest and magician, possessor in special measure of the people's "mana"; so was Arthur and so is Aragorn, a character sensitively drawn from the most authentic sources of romance.

The most powerful benevolent magicians in Middle-earth are the elves and the wizards. Neither people is native to Middle-earth. The Elves came across the great western sea at the beginning of the first age, and as the times of old pass from Middle-earth, they again betake themselves to the sea and return to that homeland from whence they came. They are the most wise and farsighted of the peoples, but perhaps in part because they are always detached from a world that is not ultimately their own. They rever their woods and their forests, but do not seek to take their place as participants in the events of Middle-earth until forced to do so by that terrible crisis, the rediscovery of the ring of power.

Elven magic is dedicated to the conservation of beauty, because as immortals the elves do not wish to permit all the beauties of the world to fall before ruinous time. But precisely because Middle-earth is a mortal world, continually fading, renewing, altering, they cannot achieve the permanence of beauty to which they devote themselves. Their eventual passing is foreordained by the very nature of their world.

Galadriel, the Elfin enchantress of Lothlorien, is a "preserver"; she sustains the remnants of beauty in the wood of Lothlorien through the exercise of her magic power. Her powers are in such rapport with the forces of life that Sam wonders of the elves of Lothlorien "whether they've made the land, or the land's made them" (I,467). The ring which gives Galadriel her special power is of a different kind from the ring of the Dark Lord. Gandalf says of the Elven rings: "Those who made them did not desire strength or domination, or hoarded wealth, but understanding, making, and healing, to preserve all things unstained. These things the Elves of Middle-earth have in some measure gained..." (I, 352). Galadriel's gift to Sam is representative of the nature of her powers. He receives a tiny box of dust, which, scattered on the winds, makes the whole region of the Shire blossom into a luxuriance of trees, flowers, and crops.

The wizards share with the elves an origin in the Far West. They are emissaries sent from the spiritual powers of the West (the Valar) and charged with guarding the land and peoples of Middle-earth from "the outsider." The situation is a complicated one. Bombadil says that "the Dark Lord came from outside," a power of evil not native to the creation of Middle-earth. Had the "outsider" not intruded, bringing corruption and evil, the presence of the wizards would not have been needed. As it is, they pit their wisdom and power to assisting the peoples of Middle-earth in purging the land of evil. They remind one of the archangel who visited Tobias, to all appearances manlike and mortal, but in moments of crisis showing themselves as emissaries of the highest powers, possessed of stupendous spiritual resources. Once the archetypal form of evil--Sauron--is defeated, the wizards leave Middle-earth, and leave the destiny of Middle-earth to those to whom it belongs. The Wizards are as powerful in their magic craft as they are mysterious in their origins. Like Galadriel and the elves, they are guardians, but their goals are much broader than those of the elves. They are not so much dedicated to the preservation of life and beauty as to the preservation of the freedom of the peoples of Middle-earth to forge their own future.

Mithrandir, or Gandalf, is the central figure among the White Council of wizards. His role is more to bring wise advice than to directly use magical powers against the forces of evil. Except in exceptional circumstances--to avert the direct use of power against the West by such evil magicians as the King of Angmar--Gandalf does not enter directly in the combat of the Great War. In this sense, he preserves utmost respect for the freedom of the peoples of Middle-earth. Because he is an agent devoted to the fruition of life, he is able to elicit the cooperation of nature's agents. He is assisted in his labours by Windhover the Eagle, and by Shadowfax, prince of horses, without the need of coercing them by any charm or spell.

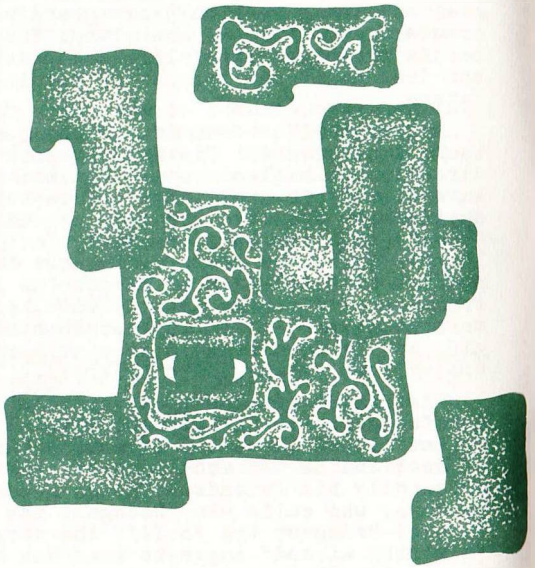
His fellow wizard Radagast, like Gandalf, holds magic power insofar as he is in sympathy with natural forces. Gandalf describes him as "a worthy wizard, a master of shapes and changes of hue; and he has much lore of herbs and beasts, and birds are especially his friends." Though Radagast is held in scorn by Saruman, who calls him "Radagast the Bird-tamer! Radagast the Simple! Radagast the Fool!", the very fact that Gandalf calls him "a worthy wizard" suggests that his magic of natural sympathy is common to all the wizards.

The magic of all the benevolent magicians of Middle-earth is characterized by its unselfish motives. Benevolent magic is not worked for the power and aggrandizement of the magician, but for the protection of growing things, the beasts, and the peoples. The benevolent magicians are priestlike, whether they take on the "guardian" role of Gandalf and Galadriel, the "preserver" role of Bombadil, or the "protector" role of Aragorn. They all work for "the good," in a metaphysical sense of the word, by bringing the forms of life to fruition, by preserving natural process from the incursion of evil forces from "outside." To find an historical equivalent one must look to the "natural magic" of primitive European religions in which priest-magicians used magic to insure health, good crops, and prosperity for their tribesmen. Magic of a different kind altogether is used by the malevolent magicians, Sauron, Saruman, and the nine ringwraiths. It is not selfless, but egomaniacal. In historical terms, it most clearly approximates the "ritual magic" of mediaeval sorcerers.[7]

Ritual magic is characterized by the magician working for his own aggrandizement. He does nothing for his people, if indeed he has a people. Rather, he controls the forces of the universe to extend his personal power. The malevolent magician may be thought of as a corrupted priest-magician risen to a Faustus. Rather than working through benign sympathy with nature to enhance its beauty or productivity, he makes use of ritual spells and charms to bend it to his will. Unlike Gandalf and Galadriel, who share an almost painful respect for the freedom of the peoples in whose name they work their magic, Sauron is determined to rob peoples, nature, the very mountains, of any power to resist his control. Yellow, reptilian, Sauron's eyes represent his reduction to pure, craving, power-mad ego. Frodo sees the eye of Sauron in the mirror of Galandriel:

Suddenly the Mirror went altogether dark, as dark as if a hole had opened in the world of sight, and Frodo looked into emptiness. In the black abyss there appeared a single eye that slowly grew, until it filled nearly all the Mirror. So terrible was it that Frodo stood rooted, unable to cry out or to withdraw his gaze. The eye was rimmed with fire, but was itself glazed, yellow as a cat's, watchful and intent, and the black slit of its pupil opened on a pit, a window into nothing.

(I, 471)



The mad egotism of Sauron is linked in this passage with the ultimate nature of evil: nothingness. The eye of Sauron is "a window into nothing," just as evil itself is a deficiency or emptiness in the plenitude of existence, a kind of malignant, existential vacuum, bent to the annihilation of the content of existence: beauty, life, love, freedom.

Sauron's body was destroyed at the fall of Numenor. Ever since, he has been forced to assume mere spectral shapes to house his malicious spirit.[8] Likewise, the characters in Lord of the Rings who become accomplices of Sauron are, horribly, robbed of their very substance. Just as Sauron is represented in the mirror of Galadriel as a disembodied eye, his lieutenants, the nine ringwraiths, are represented as disembodied garments. When the leader of the ringwraiths throws back his cowl at the gates of Gondor, his crown sits on flames; he has no substance (III, 125). When he is finally slain by Merry, all of his being is but a thin scream which vanishes into air. Likewise, when Tom Bombadil banishes the ghoulish barrow wight, earlier in the narrative (I, 197), its substance evaporates in a thin scream on the wind. The ghost-armies who are forbidden to die until they have followed Aragorn from the Paths of the Dead are equally without substance, "for they had worshipped Sauron in the Dark Years" (III, 64).

Sauron and his agents tend to lose their very existence because they are at war with basic principles of existence. That is, in a panvitalistic universe, they dedicate themselves to effacing life wherever and in whatever form it may be found. By seeking to bend all to their will-to-power, they seek to reduce all to objects which they can control. Yet in doing so they contradict the central principle of their living world--that all entities have their own independent principle of subsistence, growth, or will. Thus evil in The Lord of the Rings always seems to show itself in desolation. The same landscapes that seem so alive and communicative to Faramir, and to the benevolent peoples of the West, are left blasted and wasted by evil. The Brown Lands, visited by the company of the ring, represent a typical blasted landscape:

> ...they saw long formless slopes stretching up and away toward the sky; brown and withered they looked, as if fire had passed over them, leaving no living blade of green; an unfriendly waste without even a broken tree or a bold stone to relieve the emptiness. They had come to the Brown Lands ....What pestilence or war or evil deed of the Enemy had so blasted all that region even Aragorn could not tell. (I,492)

One has no difficulty in thinking of other blasted regions of Middle-earth that show evil's blighting effect: the northern wastes, Mirkwood, the dead marshes, or the entire region of Mordor.

Tolkien's account of Saruman's rise as a tyrant serves to illustrate in microcosm the anti-vital bias of evil magic. Saruman, once head of the wizards, is converted to evil by his lust for power. Once having gone in league with Sauron, he defaces the beautiful valley of Isengard with mines and furnaces. Moreover, he at once begins the wholesale cutting of trees, in part to feed his furnaces, in part out of a mindless impulse to destruction (II, 96). Eventually Isengard becomes a lifeless, blasted valley. As one of the "guardian" wizards, Saruman must once have had the sympathetic rapport with nature characteristic of Gandalf or Radagast. But he has lost it, and Treebeard can wryly say of him, "He has no woodcraft" (II, 129).

It is an irony that the eventual defeat of evil is linked to its very nature. The motive of Saruman's defection to Sauron is the same motive urging his reptilian master: a craving for absolute power. Saruman seeks the ring for his own finger, to overthrow Sauron and make himself master of Middle-earth. His treachery to his master is characteristic of evil, and of the magicians who spread it. Evil tends to anarchy and disorder. The "hierarchy" of evil cannot be compared to the interdependent hierarchy of life in Middle-earth, for, finally, it is only an ineffectual mock of that order. Sauron's allies are all treacherous, for absolute power cannot be shared. And in Sauron's inability to control his forces lies the seeds of his defeat.

Magic in Tolkien's world acts as a reflex of moral decision, the fruits of the magician's craft being proportioned to his moral bias--to the state of his soul. Thus magic assumes an importance as thematic device, linking moral and metaphysical themes throughout the novel. Moreover, magic becomes a window into character. The strengths and weaknesses of a magician's character are expressed by strength or limitations in his magic power. Bombadil's control over plant and animal life is supreme. In such matters Goldberry rightly says that he is "master." Yet as a "vegetation god" Bombadil has no power over the ring, nor the ring any power over him. Gandalf's magical power is immense, and one time he tells the hobbits, "I am dangerous, more dangerous than anything you will ever meet, unless you are brought alive before the seat of the dark lord" (II, 131). Yet Gandalf's power is limited by his conscience. He uses his vast power only by indirection, because he is aware that a magical power struggle with Sauron would cost the beauty, freedom, and life of Middle-earth as certainly as if Sauron were to win unopposed.

Sauron's evil magic likewise reflects the bias of his will and the limitations of his nature. His egomaniacal craving for power finds concrete form in the ring, but, symbolically, the ring separated from its master is possessed of an obstinate will of its own. Though Sauron sways those under him with heartless cruelty, they cannot be fully controlled because they tend to take on their master's egomania. (Saruman, the Orc-captain Shagrat, Gollum, and the ring itself, all take on enough of their master's wilfulness to frustrate him at crucial points in the novel.) Finally, Sauron's monomania limits him to a "tunnel vision." Galadriel is able to read Sauron's designs in her magic mirror, but he is blind to hers. He has become so insulated within his own power-lust that he has doomed himself, despite his terrible power, to operate in a blindness not shared by his antagonists.

Magic in Middle-earth is thus an extension of will, and is proportioned to the quality of the directing will. It is, in short, a moral force. Because it is so, it is capable of being counteracted by other moral forces such as love, loyalty, or courage. Because Frodo stands up to the ringwraiths on Weathertop, their knife is turned from his heart. Armed only with courage, Meridoc the hobbit and the girl Eowyn slay the terrible King of Angmar, captain of the ringwraiths, on the fields of Pelennor (III, 143). Courage, it seems, is in Middle-earth possessed of a terrible power of its own.

A kind of moral, symbolic and metaphysical perfection is thus to be found in Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings. The forces of growth, light, and life that animate the very hills of Middle-earth are the font of courage, love, and goodness in the hearts of the land's peoples. Such virtues are one with the forces of life, and together they are forces expressed in the benevolent magic of those wizards, magicians, and powers which love the land. The priest-magicians of Middle-earth evoke the land's vital power against the mad ego who would control earth's very bones, and destroy its beasts and peoples. The evil which has come from outside and has created its government-in-exile eastward in Mordor is an antithesis of the land's plenitude of vitality. It is nothingness, the shrill scream of malice only, heard in the air as the ringwraiths' captain collapses into a pile of empty garments before the courage of a girl and a hobbit. Magic reflects will to creation or to destruction, will to fertility or sterility, will to life or death. It thus functions as a moral mirror, reflecting good or evil, and in its operation interacting with but not superceding the power of other moral forces, such as love, loyalty, and honour.

FOOTNOTES

1) J.R.R. Tolkien, The Lord of the Rings (New York: Ballantine Books, 1965), I,28. Subsequent references are to this edition.

2) Numerous studies have linked the roots of romance to pre-Christian religions. Among those especially helpful are John Rhys, Studies in the Arthurian Legend (Oxford, 1891), and Roger Loomis, Celtic Myth and Arthurian Romance (New York, 1927).

3) Edwin S. Hartland, The Science of Fairy Tales (New York, 1891), 26.

4) Jerome Rony, A History of Magic (New York, 1962), 40.

5) No study of the traditional king-priest has ever surpassed Sir James Frazer, The Golden Bough, 12v. (London, 1930-1936), although Jessie Weston, From Ritual to Romance, 3rd ed. (New York, 1941), is excellent.

6) Goldberry appears to be a "water-nymph" from European folklore; see Arne Runeberg, Witches, Demons, and Fertility Magic (Helsingfors, 1947), 121-123. As such, she is a type of the fertility goddess, or earth goddess.

7) Rony (op. cit., 41-96) holds that the change from primitive, or natural, magic to ritual magic, or sorcery, was a major watershed in the history of magic.

8) See III, 393: "Sauron was indeed caught in the wreck of Numenor, so that the bodily form in which he long had walked perished; but he fled back to Middle-earth, a spirit of hatred borne upon a dark wind." Also, in I,82 Gandalf explains that "...always after a defeat and a respite, the Shadow takes another shape and grows again."

ROOM 402

Steven Saffer

When Croft realized that Vinson was approaching his desk he had the immediate urge to get up and walk away. He didn't have time to think about it further, however, for within a few moments Vinson was upon him. He had a bland pasty-faced aspect; it always seemed to Croft that his skin would crumble to the touch, as if it were rotting plaster or the flaky crust of a pie.

"Did you hear that Mr. Lyle might be leaving us?" Vinson asked in a high pitched voice. He reminded Croft very much of a woman gossip. "He hasn't formally notified the Central echelon Board yet, but it seems quite apparent that he's leaving. Do you know anything more definite about it?"

"No, as a matter of fact this is the first that I've heard of it."

He tried to answer Vinson as casually as possible. He had been expecting Mark Lyle to quit the Department of Records for over a month now. Vinson wanted something else. He usually had an ulterior motive.

"I thought that you might know exactly when he's leaving," Vinson said, "seeing as how you two have been such good friends over the years."

Croft felt that he had been vaguely accused of something. "Why don't you ask Mr. Lyle yourself?"

Vinson hesitated, then looked away for a moment. "Well...you know...we thought that you being closest to him and all, it would seem less abrupt and rude if you asked him."

Croft caught Vinson's switch to the "we" and, as if on cue, Mr. Taub and Mr. Gonder appeared from behind the large file cabinet near Croft's desk. Croft wasn't especially surprised to see them, for Vinson, Taub and Gonder were invariably huddled together, discussing one or another aspect of Room 402. Each of them had been with the Department of Records for over fifteen years, and it was clear to Croft that this protracted association had shaped not only their social habits, but had also determined their physical characteristics.

To be sure, they did have individual physical differences. Vinson was tall and surprisingly well built for a man with his matronly qualities. Taub's squat body combined with an acutely protruding nose, shrublike mustache and eyebrows, and sleepy, incessantly blinking eyes to give him the appearance of a baby polar bear. Gonder was the youngest of the three and he was possessed of a bay window, well-rounded shoulders and a bull neck.

Nevertheless, there were many ways in which they looked frighteningly alike. Over the years their faces had been cast into numb immobile replicas of the blank manila paper and the stiff cardboard time cards that recorded the endless trivia of their days. Even when they betrayed an emotion it was inevitably veiled, as if it could be revealed only through an intangible screen that neutralized all life and feeling.

In Croft's five years at the Department he had looked upon them as oddities--men whose entire lives revolved around the mechanical procedures of Room 402: thousands of records to be filed, statistical dossiers to be recorded and re-recorded, folders to be alphabetized, correspondence to be typed.

"You know, Mr. Croft, that we all must cooperate in matters such as this," Vinson said with a pleasant, almost seductive, smile. "It is most important that we replace outgoing workers as soon as possible, and with as little interruption in the work process as possible. Smoothness, uniformity, and an unwavering continuum are essential to our established policy in the department."

"Mr. Vinson is correct," Taub chimed in. "We must know Mr. Lyle's exact plans so that we can train someone to succeed him."

"If we know precisely when he's leaving," Vinson said, "we can have people ready to take over his records. Disruption will be held to a minimum."

Croft was waiting for them to get to the point. "Why can't one of our own administrators here, or even somebody from the Central Echelon Board, ask Mr. Lyle about his resignation?" he asked.

"But what about the party!" blurted Gonder. "He's gonna get suspicious with everybody running around and asking questions. Last time, Baxter must have suspected that we were..."

Gonder suddenly stopped himself. Vinson and Taub glared at him narrowly.

"What party are you talking about?" Croft asked, annoyed at the silent communication that was taking place among the three.

"What I actually meant was..."

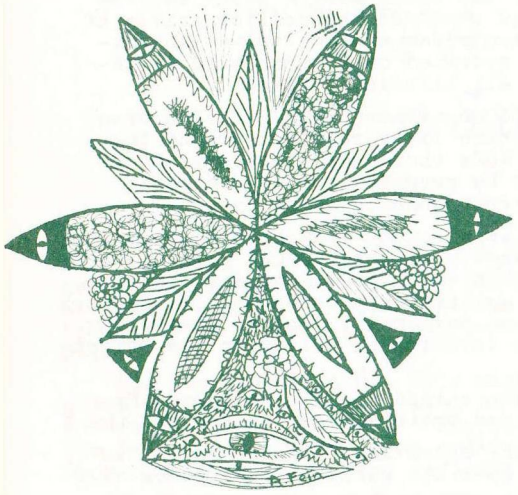
"What Mr. Gonder actually meant," Vinson interrupted, "was that we usually throw a little party for those workers who leave us."

"It's something of a tradition here at the Department," Taub said.

"I must really apologize for Mr. Gonder," Vinson said. "So few do resign these days that Mr. Gonder apparently forgot that we are not in the habit of inviting new workers to our parties. We like them to be quiet and informal, with people who have known each other for some time."

"We don't want anyone to feel uneasy," Taub added.

"That's why you weren't invited to our last party," Vinson continued in a soft, consoling tone. "But now that you've been with us for a little while and have moved upstairs to Room 402, we feel that you should be a part of it."



Something bothered Croft, something which he didn't fully understand or perhaps didn't want to understand. Wasn't he too much a part of all this? By moving up from a first floor office to a "prized" desk in Room 402, by faithfully filing records and jotting statistics for five years, by gaining the confidence of his senior workers, wasn't he tacitly giving his approval to the methods and traditions of the department? Nonsense!! He wasn't going to stay here for the rest of his life. For quite a while now he had been taking advanced courses at night in order to prepare himself for a position in the university, and he was almost through. This job paid his rent and tuition. That's what it was good for. Why should he worry...

"Mr. Croft...Mr. Croft...Mr. Croft..." Through what seemed an interminable vacuum, Croft heard his name being repeated--first softly and then in increasingly louder tones. He was startled to realize that he had been daydreaming, and he looked up sheepishly at the amused faces of Vinson, Taub, and Gonder.

"You must have been overwhelmed by our good news," Taub said cheerfully.

Croft stared at him and realized that he wasn't kidding.

"I really don't know what to say," he replied sarcastically.

"That's okay, Mr. Croft," Vinson said, delivering a petite bow in his direction. "Just as long as you understand why we were so anxious for you to speak to Mr. Lyle. We not only have the problem of replacing him, but we would like the party to be as much of a surprise as possible."

If it was really up to these guys, Croft thought, all surprise and spontaneity would be eliminated from existence by a mass institution of their "unwavering continuum."

"This will probably be Mr. Lyle's final week here," Vinson said, "so we'll tentatively schedule everything for Friday afternoon."

"If you find out about any change in Lyle's plans you'll notify us, of course," Taub half-commanded.

"I think it would be better if you people took care of the arrangements," Croft replied.

"Don't be silly," Gonder said. "You're his good friend, aren't you?"

"Well, there are personal reasons."

"Never mind," said Taub. "It won't be that much trouble. Just make sure that he's at one of the downstairs offices between two-thirty and three. Make believe you're taking him for coffee, or something. Bring him back up at a little after three. By that time we should have everything arranged. That's all there is to it."

Croft didn't see any way out of the situation and hesitantly agreed to do his part. As Vinson, Taub, and Gonder walked away from his desk, however, he inextricably felt closer to them and he knew that he would be depressed for the rest of the day.

II

Croft put off speaking to Mark Lyle at all until Friday afternoon. He had officially given notice of his resignation on Wednesday morning, so Croft felt that it wasn't necessary to talk to him until the afternoon of the party. Although Vinson had intimated that they were close friends, actually their relationship of late had deteriorated into what, at best, could be described as a cold stalemate. Over the past three or four months Lyle had quietly confided to Croft his enthusiasm over a small business deal in which he was planning to invest, and in which he was willing to risk any amount of money to insure success.

Croft was happy enough when Lyle first told him about his plans. It was only when he began asking him questions about his own future that Croft became offended. They had been friendly over the past few years and Croft could understand his being elated over this business deal, but he didn't see where Lyle came off suggesting that he was afraid to leave the security of the department.

"Aren't you ready for the university yet?" he had asked Croft recently. "You've been studying for some time. Shouldn't you think seriously about applying for a position there?"

Croft felt that Lyle was badgering him. Why should he be pushed into anything. He wasn't quite ready yet. After all, the more courses that he took the better prepared he would be when he finally did decide to apply. In the meantime, it wasn't so bad. He had adjusted to the routine of Room 402. There was nothing wrong with that, as long as he wasn't going to make a lifetime thing of it.

But now Croft was interested only in manoeuvering Lyle downstairs for about a half hour, and then getting the party over with. Lyle would be gone Monday and he could go about his business without any second thoughts. As he walked towards Lyle's desk, however, Croft noticed that he was hunched over, whispering feverishly into his telephone. When he saw Croft he immediately hung up.

Croft thought it strange, for he had never seen Lyle so flustered. His straight black hair, which was invariably neatly combed, looked like he had been running his fingers through it. His sport jacket was draped sloppily over the back of his chair, and his tie was crumbled on the top of his desk.

"What do you want!" he snapped.

"Calm down," Croft implored, looking around. "Take it easy." People were already staring at them. "Do I need a formal invitation to speak to you, or something?"

"You've hardly spoken to me for the last month," Lyle said sharply, momentarily regaining a semblance of his composure. "Why should you come to me now?"

"Well...since it's your last day I figured we could take a break for some coffee and talk awhile," Croft said. He was growing steadily uncomfortable. It wasn't only Lyle's suspicion that bothered him. Everyone was now staring at them unabashedly. He even noticed Vinson and Taub, talking with one of the administrators, looking over in his direction and nodding.

"Look...Croft...let's get out of here," Lyle said, also noticing the unusual amount of attention they were getting. "I've something to tell you."

By the time they got down to the second floor canteen, Croft was thoroughly confused by Lyle's condition. Every time the poor guy brought the cardboard cup of coffee to his lips, his hands shook violently. Finally he just let it stand untouched on the table.

"Croft, I'm telling you that there's something wrong around here," Lyle whispered. "I know this might sound crazy, but for the last couple of days everybody's been looking at me funny."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know...I couldn't really explain it in words. It's just the feeling I get when they look at me--like I've done something to hurt them..."

The business deal must have been too much for him, Croft thought. It was obvious now that Lyle was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Well...going into business for himself was a big step. He had probably lost all of his money already, or something like that. He had wanted to warn Lyle to be more careful. You don't throw away a good job just like that, for nothing.

"Come on now, Mark," Croft said softly. "Relax. You'll be out of here in a couple of hours and everything will be fine."

"Damn it, Croft, I'm not crazy!" Lyle shouted. He sprang to his feet. "I know what I'm talking about, so don't talk down to me like that. Who in the hell do you think you are..."

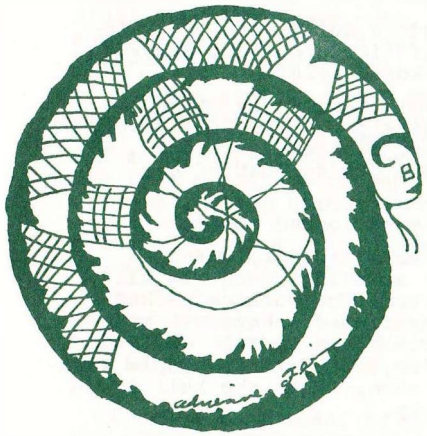
"Easy, Mark, easy..."

"You think I don't know anything, huh? You remember that guy ...about five years ago...Mr. Baxter?"

"I think I remember somebody mentioning him."

"He suspected something," Lyle said, lowering his voice again and looking around him. "He told me...told me something was happening. He wanted me to get help, but I thought he was some kind of crackpot. I was new then...on the first floor...like you. I didn't know...didn't think...He was right...right..."

"We'd better get back upstairs," Croft said. He had glanced at his watch. It was after three, but he was beginning to think that it would be better if he took Lyle straight to a hospital.



As they emerged from the elevator, both Croft and Lyle were surprised to see that Room 402 was completely empty. No one was at his desk. Even the administrators' and senior supervisors' offices were empty. It was so quiet that they could hear their footsteps echo as they walked a few feet forward. They really outdo themselves in this sort of thing, Croft thought. The desolation of the office seemed to indicate a concertedness of effort that he had hardly expected. Lyle, frantically looking at the empty desks, stopped short and then slowly backed away from Croft.

"Okay, what's going on? You better tell me. You're a part of it, aren't you?"

"Mark, stop this, will you!" Croft shouted. "There's probably a meeting in the conference room. I heard that some new filing procedures just came out. Let's go see."

"Oh no you don't..."

Before Croft could stop him, Lyle turned and ran towards the stairway about twenty feet from the elevator. Croft chased after him and saw him bolt halfway down the staircase. Then he heard a loud hollow thud. It sounded like the building's steel door entrance was being shut, and Croft wondered why it was being closed at this time of the day. Apparently Lyle had heard it too, for he stopped just as abruptly as he had run a few moments before. He stood limply on the stairway, as if he were in a hypnotic trance.

Croft approached him cautiously, and slowly escorted him back up to the landing. He would bring him to the conference room and get some help. Perhaps someone could call an ambulance.

When they reached the entrance to the crowded conference room, Croft was dismayed that no one immediately grasped the seriousness of Lyle's condition. As far as he could tell, every worker in 402 was there. And it was stifling. The air was heavy with cigarette smoke and the turgid vapours of almost a hundred pressing bodies. Curling, wispy mists explored the impenetrable mortar ceiling in a vain attempt to escape and dissolve themselves in fresh air. A kaleidoscope of iridescent decorations --balloons, streamers, tinsel and baubles--hung garishly over the walls, and competed with the thickening haze for predominance. Croft noticed an immense table at the rear of the room. It was laden with hors d'oeuvres, meats, pastries, and an ornamental flowing punch bowl. Nobody said a word. They just stared impassively at Lyle. All Croft could hear was the shuffling of feet as everyone pressed forward in order to see what was going on up front.

"Please come in Mr. Lyle," intoned a soft familiar voice from the midst of the crowd. "This is all for you."

Vinson stepped forward, flanked by Taub and Gonder. People were bunching around them, now with expressions of eager anticipation on their faces.

"Come over here, Mr. Lyle, and have a drink with me," Vinson continued in that sultry voice of his. His right arm was extended and his willowy fingers beckoned Lyle.

Lyle, his head slumped, submissively took a few steps towards Vinson. He was sobbing convulsively now and Croft could see his shoulders heaving up and down. He seemed withered, as if every bit of fear and rage had been drained out of him.

"Can't you see that he's a sick man!" Croft yelled. But it was as if he were not there. No one even looked at him.

Taub and Gonder walked up to either side of Lyle and brought him over to where Vinson was standing. Suddenly all four of them were engulfed by the crowd. The workers packed closer and closer together until they formed a huge swarming mass. Still, no one said a word. Croft found himself at the periphery and he couldn't see anything, except that people were straining towards the centre of the room. "What the hell is going on here!" he shouted desperately.

Then he heard a piercing shriek which shot through his brain and down his spine like a bolt of lightning. He momentarily forgot his confusion and head down, fists flying, charged furiously into the mob. He was aware of people falling and bouncing off him, when he was grabbed firmly and held upright by what seemed a pair of enormously powerful arms. As he struggled futilely, he heard another scream and then a long deathly gasp. He was not far from the sound. His subduer released him as everyone scurried forward. Croft rushed towards an opening in the middle of the crowd and pushed several people aside.

Lyle's lifeless body was stretched out on the floor. Strangely enough, it was unmarked. Yet, Croft had never seen such a horrible sight. He couldn't imagine that this limp puckered form had once been human. It seemed completely hollow, as if its inner organs had been somehow removed. It reminded him of a department store mannequin, and he had the impression that if he put his foot on its chest the figure would shatter.

Vinson bent down and began lifting the thing. As the crowd moved towards him in one great wave, Croft was shoved to where he was only a few feet from the body. Vinson turned to the mob and yelled hysterically for them to stop pushing.

Croft, impaled in their midst, had to grasp desperately at arms and shoulders in order to prevent himself from being knocked down and trampled. They finally halted before the large well-provisioned table. It was made up of several movable sections, and Taub and Gonder recklessly wheeled away half of it, smashing glasses and plates of food over the floor.

Vinson, clutching the body from under its arms, motioned towards the rear wall. It was bare, except for a bulletin board which displayed the latest directives from the Echelon Committee. Gonder carefully removed it. The crowd tightened. A thick shiny object was revealed protruding from the wall. Everyone strained forward. Croft thought that the object looked like a steel handle of some sort. Gonder pulled down hard on it and a massive block of the wall jerked open. Gonder was thrown backwards and almost fell to the floor.

A thick gaseous cloud rolled out from the rectangular opening. Soon a nauseating odour pervaded the air, as if something were rotting. Croft, however, held a handkerchief over his face and moved a few feet closer. He spotted Vinson and Taub carrying Lyle's body to the aperture. He strained further and was able to steal a glance within the cavernous structure. In back of the dancing mists he saw various slabs of long, bony greyish matter. His mind went blank for a moment. Then he automatically thought of Mr. Baxter!

Croft felt a tremendous revulsion in his stomach. He managed to find a side exit and make his way to the men's room. He burst into a stall and began to retch violently. He was down on his hands and knees and he thought that his insides would explode.

After a long time, he got to his feet, stumbled towards the row of sinks and splashed some cold water over his face. Then he looked at himself in the mirror. Aside from his wrinkled and shaken appearance, there was something else that alarmed him. His skin seemed to have taken on a waxen hue, which blended in with the plaster walls around him. His eyes appeared glazed, and he thought that his hair was thinner and had lost a bit of its jet-black intensity. He was staring straight at himself in the mirror, yet he had the impression that somehow he wasn't there.

Croft tucked in his shirt, straightened his tie, and combed his hair. As he stepped out of the bathroom he sensed immediately that Room 402 was back to normal. Everyone had returned to his comfortable routine. Files were in their proper order and workers toiled busily at their desks. He looked over at Lyle's desk and saw that his replacement was already there. A few people noticed him and smiled warmly. One worker got up and shook his hand. Vinson, who was flitting around the office with various folders, stopped abruptly when he saw Croft and asked him if he was feeling better. He squeezed Croft's shoulder affectionately. Croft walked back to his desk amid more smiles and nods of encouragement. He realized, not unhappily, that he was now one of them.

CONCERNING HORSES; CONCERNING APES

Stephen Scobie

One of the satirist's favourite devices is to construct a fictional society, similar enough to human society to allow comparisons or inferences, but also with some decisive points of dissimilarity, to produce a distancing effect. This effect is intended to protect the reader's self-esteem; since the criticism is being made of another society or another species, it can be more easily accepted than a direct attack (cf. Fielding's Preface to Joseph Andrews and Swift's to Tale of a Tub). The points of dissimilarity may involve the use of non-human characters, such as animals, or the idea of a great journey in space or time. The work that most fully combines all these elements is, of course, Gulliver's Travels.

This particular mode of satire is still very much alive. Recently, it has met a large measure of popular success in two very interesting films, Planet of the Apes and its sequel Beneath the Planet of the Apes.[1] (Since the latter ends with the total destruction of the world, there seems to be no prospect of a "Return to Beneath the Planet of the Apes.") While the films in no way approach Swift's intensity of vision and command of his medium, they are strikingly intelligent as well as entertaining, and they suggest certain comparisons with Gulliver's Travels and some comments on this particular mode of satire.

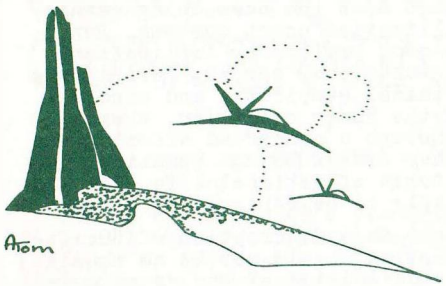
The first is that satire must be regarded from an aesthetic standpoint. The didacticism of satire--its intent to instruct and reform--is simply one element of its form/content, an element as arbitrary as that of "beauty" in a lyric poem. More important is the creation of a total "Image," of which the satiric meaning is an organic part; that is, the society created must have an internal coherence as an aesthetic image, it must not be simply a series of illustrations for pre-existing satiric "points." In the creation of such a society, a few thorough impossibilities (talking horses or talking apes) will not matter; indeed, they are part of the game. But from these basic assumptions the details must be developed within the laws of probability. One reason why the original Planet of the Apes is better than its sequel is that Schaffner (a director of some creative power, as opposed to Post, who is more the competent craftsman) is able to fill in the details of the ape society and to present it, and the surrounding wilderness of the planet, in strong and compelling cinematic images. Both films, however, suffer from one major implausibility: that their heroes never express any surprise at the apes' speaking English. The weakness of Book III of Gulliver's Travels may also be attributed partly to Swift's not fully realising the images of the societies he presents there; the didactic intention rather overrides the aesthetic, whereas in Book IV the satirical conclusions emerge subtly and naturally from the complex balance of viewpoints within the image itself.

Much of the satire in the films is on a simplistic, even a whimsical leval, and consists mainly of presenting human mannerisms and follies in ape form; Swift does the same thing rather better in his descriptions of Lilliputian court customs. But underlying this trick there is a much profounder implication, perhaps present in all satirical works that use it. This is the notion that ignorance, folly, criminal stupidity, and mindless evil are not simply accidents of the human condition, aberrations which can be disposed of through a concerted effort by men of good will, but rather, that they extend beyond humanity, that they are perhaps endemic to all forms of rational life. The mistakes of one race are just as likely to be repeated by another.

Swift would have recognised this as a description of "Original Sin"; but Swift, being a Christian, could not be as wholly pessimistic as the films are. His definition of man as an animal "capable" of Reason is at least an open one. Behind Gulliver's Travels there is always the vision of the man who has fulfilled this capacity, who has achieved a balance between intellect, emotion, and the spiritual apprehension of the Divine. This ideal does not appear directly in Gulliver's Travels, but it is always to be inferred. (The closest we get are Don Pedro and the King of Brobdingnag; the Houyhnhnms, far from being perfect, are deficient in two of the three elements of this ideal balance.) The films, however, take a more pessimistic view. The ape scientist, Dr. Zaius, recognises the essential character of man, the destroyer, the worshipper of death; but the apes also, inheriting human pride and folly, are headed on the path to destruction. The "good" apes are weak and helpless,[2] and can be presented only through the medium of whimsical humour. In Gulliver's Travels there is present, if only by inference, a positive viewpoint from which all actions can be judged; but the films present only a blank nihilism.

The question of viewpoint necessarily involves that of the persona, and it is here that some of the most interesting comparisons can be drawn. The satirical "voyage" needs a voyager; and the audience's attention, and their instinctive urge to empathy, are thus focussed upon Gulliver, and upon Taylor. (Brent, the nominal hero of the second film, is only a colourless echo of Taylor.) In both cases there is more need for critical attention than for an easy acceptance or identification; in both cases the central satiric points are made by passing judgment on the protagonist's reactions. This is something that the authors cannot do directly; they can only suggest inferences which it is up to the audience to draw.

Thus, critics have drawn attention to Swift's progressive dissociation from Gulliver; to Gulliver's pride and naive patriotism; to his exaltation of gunpowder as the greatest achievement of his civilisation (a matter also pursued to its grim conclusion by the films' ending); to his infatuation with the Houyhnhnms' cold logic; to his rejection of human society on his return. The reader arrives at his own estimation of events by differentiating it from Gulliver's.



A similar process can be seen in the films' treatment of Taylor; and the key to this lies in the casting of Charlton Heston in the role. Heston is associated (unfairly, but perhaps irrevocably) with a certain kind of role: the grand heroic type, supreme in physical action and noble in character.[3] The point is that Taylor clearly thinks of himself as a Charlton Heston character, and goes around trying to behave like one, whereas the script (and Heston's acting) make it quite obvious that Taylor is in fact a heel

We first see him mouthing pretentious platitudes about how, somewhere in the universe, there must be something better than man: but in fact his estimation of his own species, and of himself in particular, is just as naively proud as Gulliver's. He takes great pleasure in mocking his fellow crew-members, and his attitude towards the dead female scientist, like his later attitude to the girl Nova, has an unpleasantly leering undertone. When he first sees the docile herds of humans, he exclaims in imperialist tones, "If this is all this planet has to offer, we'll be running things inside two weeks!" -- and is promptly captured by the apes, with a wound depriving him of the one thing, speech, which distinguishes him from the creatures he so easily despised. It is a reversal as complete and shattering as Gulliver's transition from Lilliput to Brobdingnag. In captivity, Taylor develops a fierce pride in his humanity and a revulsion from the apes that make his attitude, even to Zira, somewhat less than generous; in the excavations, he displays an almost childish pride in the fact that "Man was here first," remaining wilfully blind to the further implications of this fact. Zaius is quite correct in identifying him as a killer; but even when Taylor discovers the truth, his pride holds out. "You bloody fools!" he cries in the last line of the film. "You finally blew it!" His refusal to accept his share of the responsibility is paralleled by Zaius' refusal to recognise the extent to which the apes have inherited man's destructiveness; both these motifs reach ironic fulfilment in the final scene of the second film, when Zaius is still unable to see the true situation, and Taylor himself "blows it," for a second and somewhat more final time.

The configuration of characters at the end of the second film presents an interesting variation on the configuration at the end of Book IV of Gulliver's Travels. In Swift's work we have the traveller (Gulliver) poised between two groups (Houyhnhnms and Yahoos); in the film, Taylor is poised between the apes and the death-worshipping race of surviving humans (who furnish the most chilling image of the second film, though I feel that their parody of church prayers and hymns is overdone and unnecessary). Gulliver's sympathies are with the Houyhnhnms, but he accepts their identification of him as a Yahoo; Taylor reacts with revulsion from both sides and will not identify with either. Swift refuses to ratify either Gulliver's choice or his self-identification, maintaining instead that there is an alternative between Houyhnhnm and Yahoo; the film refuses to ratify Taylor's lack of choice, but strongly implies that he is to be identified with the humans as inherently destructive, and that there is no alternative.[4]

With all this in mind, we can return to the question of the audience's attitude towards the persona-figure, or traveller. An audience will always start out with an instinctive empathy for the "hero" and will tend to identify with him; this impulse is strengthened in the prose narrative by the use of first-person narration, and in the film by the personality of the "star." Gulliver's Travels evokes a gradual dissociation of this empathy, and eventually calls upon its audience to define their own attitudes and personalities in contrast to Gulliver's. The films follow a similar course, but end with a devastating twist: you may wish to dissociate yourself from Taylor, as Taylor wishes to dissociate himself from the humans, but you cannot: for you, like Taylor, are human, and the distinctive feature of humanity is its worship of destruction. The films' manipulation of its audience's identification with the hero is, it seems to me, even more subtle than Swift's manipulation of attitudes to Gulliver.

This approach to the films is perhaps more complex than that of the average commercial audience, and their popular success is probably due to the originality of the conception, the cleverness of the ape costumes, some of the more obvious jokes, and one or two well-staged fights. (The success of the first film can be judged from the fact that it was considered commercially viable to make a sequel that would be largely unintelligible to anyone who had not seen its predecessor.) But even so, the films' highly critical attitude towards society and their deeply pessimistic view of man himself are inescapable, so their popularity may be viewed as another example of the general audience's ability to absorb and transmute satirical criticism, the same process that has metamorphosed Gulliver's Travels itself into a children's fairy tale.[5] This brings up, of course, the old problem of the effectiveness of satire, a problem to which Swift himself makes a humourous allusion through the naive persona of Gulliver:

> ...instead of seeing a full Stop put to all Abuses and Corruptions, at least in this little Island, as I had Reason to expect: Behold, after six Months Warning, I cannot learn that my Book hath produced one single Effect according to mine Intentions.

Neither has the widespread popularity of these two films resulted in any public outcry for disarmament. Satire preaches largely to the converted; the parodies of military rhetoric and the double-talk on "peace" in the second film will be appreciated best by those who have already come to the same conclusions.

So perhaps the public reaction--that the films are witty and attractive pieces of entertainment--is the best reaction after all. We return to our first point, that satire must be regarded from an aesthetic standpoint. The true intent of the satirist, as of every artist, is to create a "thing," an aesthetic object, which exists both in the world and out of it, whose "relevance" is irrelevant, which entertains and pleases the aesthetic sense. This "thing" is created in accordance with certain formal rules (of content) that are fairly arbitrary (as indeed they must be, to give the object its unconnectedness). For the lyric poet, these rules may involve the notions of "beauty," "passion," etc.; for the satirist, they involve notions of social correction. And since no work of art exists in a vacuum, since there is a social context, satirical works appear to be more involved with the world than, say, lyric poems. But insofar as they are works of art, we admire them, not really for what they say, but for the precision, wit, coherence, and passion with which they say it. And this, I believe, is the response most honestly aroused by all good satire--be it Gulliver's Travels or Planet of the Apes.

FOOTNOTES

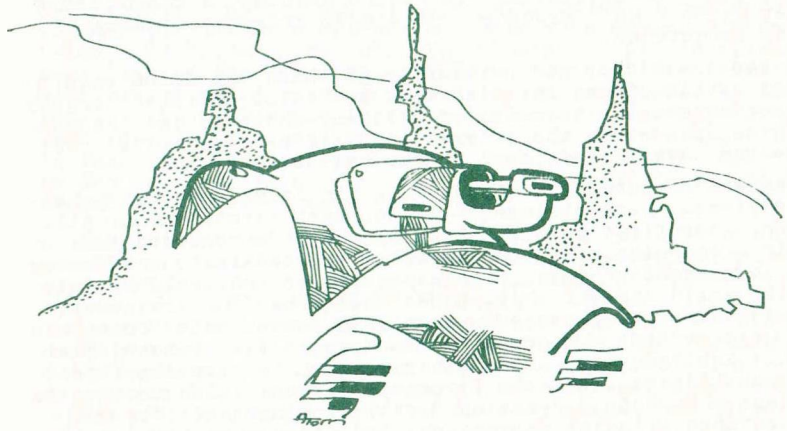
1) The two films maintain a remarkable consistency of viewpoint, considering that there is no single creative mind behind them. They derive from a novel by Pierre Boulle, but even the first film, directed by Franklin Schaffner and scripted by Rod Sterling, bears very little relation to it. The second film is directed by Ted Post and scripted by Paul Dehn.

2) This is perhaps a little hard on the delightful Zira; but the inevitable progression towards destruction in the second film necessarily leaves her completely out of the picture. It should also be noted that, especially in the first film, the whimsical humour renders tolerable a great deal that would otherwise be painfully pretentious.

3) This is the type that finds its purest, almost mythical image in El Cid. Franklin Schaffner had previously utilised Heston's image by playing him slightly against it in The War Lord.

4) The final destruction is brought about by all three parties: by the humans' evil, by the apes' stupidity, and by Taylor's pride. Incidentally, the line with which Taylor and Brent set out on their mission of destruction -- "Why not?" -- seems like a blatant steal from Sam Peckinpah's The Wild Bunch, where it introduces a climax almost equally violent, yet imbued with tragic dignity.

5) I recently set an exam-question on the reasons for this metamorphosis, and was solemnly assured that all children liked stories about talking horses.



song for a child at the winter solstice

They are building the subway north.
On the shores of Hudson Bay
an Eskimo listens,
ear to the ground.
Hearing the chrysalid earth hum,
sleddogs scratch polished air.

Circuits close upon themselves.
An African wind
rushes before your carriage,
stirring the poster faces.
In the steel rails
magic lives.

Fierce missionaries attack the Amazon;
technologies fester in prayer books.
Jungle cultures
fly from the equator,
breeding in polar climates.
A mutant ecology ripens.

Plague attacks the city
with forgotten rhythms.
Sailors search the sky
for a new route to the east,
the harbour abandoned
under a new moon.

They are building the subway north
but you came south
to watch the gulls
and will return tonight
for your own purposes.

-- Angus M. Taylor

the flowers of spring

for cena

The sky yellows to evening,
and new footprints pass the dark house.
Abandoned now,
the tulips and crocuses I gave you last fall
are green spears beneath a mid-April snow.
There is so little time anymore
and so much.

-- Peter W. Warren

frostop pam & the lost lady mining co.

for chris ammerman

"So gloomy down there,
that I needed to go kite flying.
I'm feeling awful dusty."

Above the thick Cocheco River
a lone gull rides the currents.
And, to the south, a fat chestnut gelding
gallops silently across fields of new snow.

Yellow stones
shine in the morning sun.

-- Peter W. Warren

afternoon

Long the sun was murdering the town
browning the grass, wrinkling the sweet-peas.
Sister Joe said something to me
I can't remember exactly,
but as we sat on the porch,
drinking bourbon and
watching the boys playing ball on the street
it was hard to listen closely.
then a laundry-truck pushed up the road.
the boys scattered and the driver
ran over their old baseball
with a laugh.
the factory whistle signaled five o'clock
and a cloud moved across the sun.
the boys sat and looked at the ball
trying to wrap up its stringy insides
with the torn leather cover.
then it began to rain,
just like Sister Joe said.

-- Kenneth Decker

The God Figure in Dystopian Fiction

Mary Weinkauf

In most of the finest dystopian novels there looms one huge, overpowering figure who dominates the society and serves as a rallying point for loyalty. Usually he personifies all the ideals of the perverted, anti-utopian society and has been invested with all its authority. Rather than being merely a paternalistic chief of state like Lincoln, a national hero like DeGaulle, or a wise man like Solomon, the dystopian central figure is, for practical purposes, a deliberate parody of the Judeo-Christian God. In this paper I would like to outline how the God-surrogates (to adapt a Huxlean phrase),[1] are characterized in some of the best-known dystopian novels.

A government's setting up one figure as a god is a practical step since man seems to be able to accept suffering and deprivation so long as he feels that it has a purpose of some sort. And so, like D-503 of We, Professor Burden of One, or Winston Smith of 1984, he desperately seeks assurance that all misery is for the greater good. Only for the sake of a greater being more enduring than himself will man subjugate or even efface himself. None of the novels examined here exhibit any belief in a creator god similar to that of Utopia, Christianopolis, The New Atlantis, or City of the Sun, although some have a sort of religious obligation owed to the dystopian god. In David Karp's One a universal religion of self-denial that encourages thoughts of complete equality and avoidance of the personal pronoun is fostered by the state to keep the people under control. Ape and Essence's devil worship is promulgated by the priests of Belial who preach a doctrine of man's humiliation. To win approval of the citizens the surrogates are created with the qualities attributed to God, and are to be loved and worshipped in organized rituals. Thus in dystopian novels religion is intentionally used to control man.

The traditional characteristics of deity--immensity, omnipresence, immortality, immutability, incorruptibility, omnipotence, omniscience, incomprehensibility[2]--are also the qualities used by dystopian novelists to characterize the god-figures. Big Brother's pictures are immense, a face a meter wide staring out at his people all over Oceana. He knows no bounds of space. Although he is circumscribed by his public appearances and private audiences, the Well-Doer is also described as a gigantic form associated with the powerful machines of the United State, much as the Old Testament God appeared as a manifestation of natural phenomena like the burning bush or the whirlwind.

Of course, President Raleigh of Comus (short for Communications, U.S., but ironically the name of the ancient god of revelry) is a plain human being who began his reign within popular memory. Although the people actually think of him as a god, he makes no pretense to eternal life. Darling Dictator, The Well-Doer, Big Brother, Belial, and Our Ford, however, have been in control for as long as most people remember. In the case of Big Brother--through the process of Doublethink--those who remember before 1914 recall that he was in control then too. Similarly, Darling Dictator's people have only vague memories of being brought out from the horrible underground to which they will be returned for serious infractions of the law. And the new supreme beings, Belial and Our Ford, have long replaced any previous concept of God, who name has been forgotten even for purposes of profanity. The name of Oceana's number one enemy is Immanuel Goldstein, suggesting an intentional fostering of hatred for the defunct Judeo-Christian tradition. In most cases, then, the god figures are carefully designed to give the illusion of immortality.

Since immutability is assumed of most gods, Winston Smith's department sees to it that although rations are lowered instead of raised and war is with Eastasia instead of Eurasia, the records still show Big Brother's unchangingness. Changing written records to correct earlier predictions and to reconcile past policies with present contradictory ones, Big Brother is the god of time and history. The past is destroyed, and those inconvenient persons who disagree with the state are not only killed, but become "unpersons," never having existed. Most of the dystopian gods have assumed control after cataclysmic events and have altered history to suit their own needs.

The incorruptibility of these gods is also an illusion. Propagandists do their best to convince everyone that everything is done for the greater good of all, using solidarity services, two minute hate periods, annual sacrifices of mutant babies, periodic wearing of sackcloth, and various other rites adapted from previous religious ceremonies to keep people so emotionally stirred up that they will not uncover the basic evils of society. The actual corruption of Rohan's wife and of Comus is an obvious motif throughout Doomsday Morning; Rohan clings to the belief in Miranda's and Comus's goodness, finally realizing that both, while efficient, beautiful, and hypnotic, are totally corrupt. Yet, particularly in the case of Big Brother and the Well-Doer, this type of god will endure in spite of its evil nature. This corruption at the centre of society is what makes dystopian novels so horrifying.

Each dystopia perpetuates the myth of omniscience and omnipotence by figures and devices such as guardians, inspectors, thought police, youth groups, telescreens, glass apartments, pontifical voices issuing from central places, and vast computer systems to keep records on each citizen. One of the most striking parallels of dystopian gods to the general concept of God is that "Big Brother is watching you" at all times and knows your every movement.

Now, a believer in God feels that He knows each man's innermost thoughts: "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do I not fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord" (Jeremiah 23:24). It may well be that the dystopian novelists intentionally remind the reader of the Christian symbol for omniscience, a large eye staring out from a triangle within a circle. The Psalmist describes God's omniscience thus:

O Lord, Thou hast searched me, Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising, Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word on my tongue but, lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether.

(Psalms 139: 1-4)

To a Christian, however, this is less terrifying than it might be to a dystopian citizen. President Raleigh, for example, earned his reputation as a "god" by establishing order after a state of anarchy struck the United States, and once he came to power his Comus agents knew everything that went on in the nation. It is no coincidence that the term guardian is applied to those who are assigned to keep people out of trouble for their own good and the state's stability. Hidden cameras and microphones are everywhere in 1984's world, and in We even lovers are assigned so that no-one is too eccentric. In Facial Justice Darling Dictator is commonly felt to be a "spirit" because she knows everything that goes on in her world. Throughout these novels there is a continual acceptance of the fact that eventually the non-conformist, whether in thought or deed, will be caught by the all-knowing dictator.

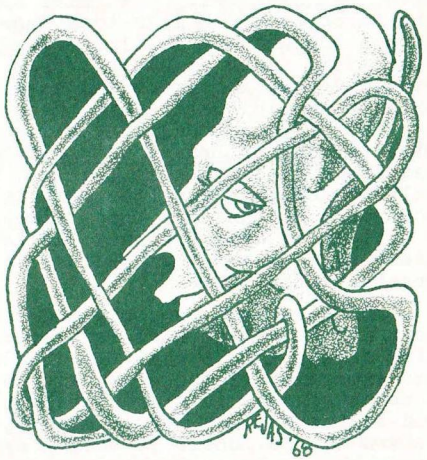
The dictator is also omnipotent, capable of capturing any "criminal" and of transforming him into a loving citizen. Big Brother has, as noted before, the power to change history and to wipe people out of existence. Less ominous, but just as powerful, Mustapha Mond quotes that "beautiful and inspired saying of Our Ford's: History is Bunk." Then he whisks away with his hand Thebes, Babylon, Athens, Rome, everything and everybody that ever existed (Brave New World, 24). Big Brother's word is law and his law is forever. As O'Brien tells Winston, "If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face --forever" (Orwell, 118). The agency of Newspeak proposes to narrow man's whole thought process so he can only think the way the Inner Party wants him to. In short, the dystopian god controls men's minds. What greater power can any god have?

Reshaping men's thought processes makes it possible for the dictator to seem just. Even Plato's Republic, which is the answer as to how to ensure justice, is extremely regimented and requires a philosopher-king to facilitate its system. None of the dystopian gods, however, fits the philosopher-king category, and the best of them is an old lady approaching senility. Although Darling Dictator is the most just in so far as there is no deliberate torture in her world, she does, nevertheless, break down people's egoes by giving them names of notorious criminals (except for the inspectors, who are named after angels) and by insisting that they wear sackcloth to remind them of their Patient and Delinquent status. Darling Dictator may be mild, but ordinarily the chief aspect of dystopian justice is its severity, much like that shown by the Old Testament God. In One there is no justice or logic in the government's selecting every tenth envelope from a truckload of mail and giving its sender an inquisitorial examination. Instead of rewarding ability and initiative, it executes Professor Burden for heresy, that is, for realizing his superiority to others. The subtler tyranny of Brave New World sends those who will not forget their discontent in feelies, sex, and soma to islands where only non-conformists (the most interesting people in the world, according to Mustapha Mond) live without interference. But once a citizen of a dystopian world is accused of any wrong doing, there is no legal redress. Nor is there mercy, one of God's greatest attributes.

Qualities such as mercy and compassion are unheard of except in the sentimental fashion of Darling Dictator, and unmerited favour and love in the theological sense are, again with the exception of Facial Justice's kindly tyrant, non-existent. Interested only in the superficial well-being of society, the god-figure expects love, loyalty, and ritualized worship, and refers to his people as erring children. The dystopian god sends men to their deaths arbitrarily. Although he has been a model of fervid loyalty to the state all his life, Winston Smith's neighbor, Mr. Parsons, is brought into the Ministry of Love for allegedly saying "Down with Big Brother" in his sleep. Proud of his son who betrayed him, he is happy to be sent to torture and death rather than live any longer to defile the name of Big Brother. His attitude is a parody of Paul's "...our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin" (Romans 6:6). This is dystopian grace. It is no accident that O'Brien's phrase "God is Power" replaces the discarded "God is Love."

All the dystopian god-figures are thought to be incomprehensible. Not for a moment does anyone expect Darling Dictator to be an old woman. D-503 is so vague about the Well-Doer that even after meeting him face-to-face he gives no very clear picture of him. He speaks as if he were Saint John before the throne of God. Even the most dedicated rebels have no clear concept about the figurehead of the government they oppose, not even knowing whether he is human. Naturally, this makes the god-figure a great deal less vulnerable than an easily-assassinated mortal ruler, and from this standpoint is another practical aspect of placing a god at the head of a bad government.

So it becomes clear that the dystopian dictators are dramatically conceived caricatures of the Judeo-Christian God traditionally accepted in the British, American, and Russian societies of the novels' audiences. With the disappearance of God in twentieth century society, men already have turned to seek new commitments to ideologies or science. Big Brother, the Well-Doer, Our Ford, and the rest are necessary for stability and sense of direction in an otherwise irrational society. In "The Book" of Immanuel Goldstein, Winston reads:



> Big Brother is infallible and all-powerful. Every success, every achievement, every victory, every scientific discovery, all knowledge, all wisdom, all happiness, all virtues, are held to issue directly from his leadership and inspiration. Nobody has ever seen Big Brother. He is a face on the hoardings, a voice on the telescreen. We may be reasonably sure that he will never die, and there is already considerable uncertainty as to when he was born. Big Brother is the guise in which the Party chooses to exhibit itself to the world. His function is to act as a focussing point for love, fear, and reverence, emotions which are more easily felt toward an individual than toward an organization. (Orwell, 92)

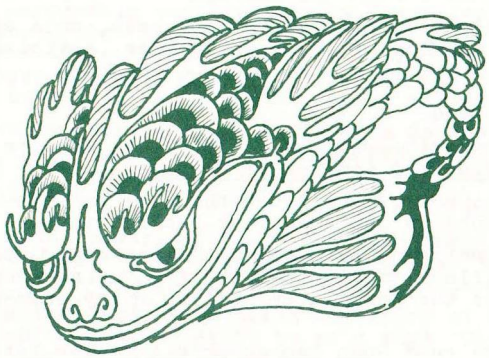
Man can be just as humble under the inscrutable control of an evil tyrant as he can under the mysterious ways of God; the collar remains but the leash changes hands. Mustapha Mond believes that in all probability there is a God but that man is better off not to believe in Him and instead worship good times and Our Efficient Ford. In Anthony Burgess' dystopian novels God becomes Mr. Livedog, a comic-book character, in The Wanting Seed, and Bog in A Clockwork Orange. The benediction of Evelyn Waugh's society in Love Among the Ruins is "State Be With You." Naturally, "God" is out of use even for oaths in several dystopian novels, since a statement like "God damn you" or "So help me, God" implies that God has immense power over every human being, including the temporal ruler, and thus is supreme. Since man honours God even in cursing, the state's or the dictator's name must be used instead. For the control and loyalty that would not come naturally to the inhabitants of a dystopian world, God must be replaced by a figure who can command the attention, respect, and submission of the people and who can personify the wisdom and practicality of force.

Behind this technical device is a serious warning for today. Believing in God, or in government, makes men comfortable. So long as God or Big Brother controls the world men cling to the hope that meaning and coherence must exist. Thus there is less to worry about while the major ills of the world can be left to The Well-Doer or accepted as being for the best. The actual oppression and deadness of such a society cannot be conveyed in a book on political science or sociology or in a political party platform. In such masterpieces as We and 1984 the writer gives abstract concepts emotional impact. Each dystopia is an explicit warning about what life will be like when man clings to an illusion of truth and allows his individuality to be sacrificed for security and deceptive happiness. The full horror of man's subservience to a politically created idol can be dramatized only through the vivid medium of speculative fiction.

FOOTNOTES

1) George Orwell, 1984 (New York, 1963); Eugene Zamiatin, We, Gregory Zilboorg, trans. (New York, 1929); Aldous Huxley, Brave New World (New York, 1965); Aldous Huxley, Ape and Essence (New York, 1948); L.P. Hartley, Facial Justice (New York: Garden City, 1960); C.L. Moore, Doomsday Morning (New York, 1957); David Karp, One (New York, 1953). Other works cited are: Anthony Burgess, A Clockwork Orange (New York, 1963); Anthony Burgess, The Wanting Seed (New York, 1962); Evelyn Waugh, Love Among the Ruins (London, 1962).

2) For these particular aspects of divinity see Luther's Small Catechism and Chapter II of De Doctrine Christiana in The Works of John Milton, Columbia Edition, eds. James Holly Hanford and Waldo Hilary Dunn (New York, 1933), XIV, 25-61.



The Gernsback "Magazines" No One Knows

Sam Moskowitz

Those outside the commercial magazine publishing field may not be aware that before a new title is issued, a dummy issue is published and registered with the U.S. Patent Office to trade-mark the title. This opens a little known field of collecting in which the published titles are many, but copies few and rare. It may come as a further surprise to learn that most of the titles registered never materialize on the news stands. So there quite probably are a score of dummy science fiction magazines that most of us have never heard of, with copies filed in the Patent Office.

Customarily only a few copies, rarely more than a dozen, of any one issue of such dummy magazines are produced, for the law requires only that you must show proof that you were paid for three copies in order to register the trademark.

The best known dummy issue of a science fiction magazine (and it is not common) is probably Scientific Detective Monthly, November 1929, issued by Hugo Gernsback as a prelude to an actual magazine by that name. In the case of Scientific Detective Monthly, Gernsback decided to use it as a promotion piece so he ran off an undetermined number of copies, probably several thousand. The dummy magazine was 11½ x 8½ inches, 16 pages, printed on slick stock, and carried a black and white cover by Frank R. Paul showing a man strapped to a chair with three different devices attached to him for measuring his physiological responses to questioning. The issue was professionally printed in the same style as Science Wonder Stories and Air Wonder Stories, and featured the first instalment of "The Bishop Murder Case" by S.S. Van Dine.

The inside back cover of the magazine carried this message:

This is a
DUMMY EDITION

For copyright and trade-mark purposes, this sixteen page dummy edition of the new magazine, entitled

SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE MONTHLY

has been issued.

The new magazine will be a sister magazine to Science Wonder Stories and Air Wonder Stories.

In all respects, it will be the same in make-up, paper, and typography as our two other publications.

We are sending you this dummy edition only to acquaint you with the title of the new publication, and ask you to be kind enough to use the postal card below for any comments you wish to make.

Be sure to read Hugo Gernsback's circular letter enclosed with this dummy edition.

THE PUBLISHERS

On the same page, a no-postage-required two-side card was printed, asking whether the reader would be interested in buying such a magazine and requesting him to fill his name and address in, glue the two pieces together as a card, and mail it in. The copy in my possession was initially sent to Julius Schwartz, today editor of Bat Man comics, who would have cut off his right arm rather than mutilate the collector's item.

The first issue of Scientific Detective Monthly appeared dated January, 1930 and the first instalment of S.S. Van Dine's novel was at least a third longer than that in the dummy. The Paul illustration was not reproduced.

How many dummy magazines Hugo Gernsback registered I do not know and it is quite possible no one will ever know. However, I have recently unearthed several which have a considerable interest to the science fiction and fantasy fan, and will pass the information on for the value it may have to dyed-in-the-wool collectors.

In 1934, Hugo Gernsback attempted to broaden his pulp line, which then included only Wonder Stories, by issuing two sea story magazines, Pirate Stories, whose first issue was dated December, 1934, and High-Seas Adventures, whose first issue was dated December, 1934. Both magazines were bi-monthly and High-Seas Adventures was combined with Pirate Stories with the July, 1935 issue, at which time that magazine went monthly, expiring with the August, 1935 issue. Pirate Stories, which ran a complete novel every issue, was of superior quality, but the interesting thing is that Gernsback had tinkered with the title Buccaneer Stories, subtitled "Unusual Stories and Novels Full of Adventures" and had issued a dummy dated July, 1934, which was priced at 15 cents, ran eight 10 x 7 inch pages, and reprinted, complete, Captive of the Crater by D.D. Sharp, cover-story of the June, 1933 Wonder Stories. There were no illustrations, though there was a logo design, probably done by Frank R. Paul, who did most of Gernsback's magazine cover lettering. Inside, the subtitle carried was "A Monthly Magazine."

It is of special interest to note that Gernsback had not intended to confine his sea story magazines to traditional pirates. In his editorial in the first issue of Pirate Stories he stated:

> When we say pirates, we also include that type which is not necessarily confined to the Seven Seas. There are, as you know, even today, air pirates; and in a few years more, when space flying becomes a commonplace thing, and space-ships will fly between the earth and the planets, we will have with us, no doubt, space pirates too.
>
> Understand then, that this magazine is devoted to piracy on land, sea, in air and in space, and that in future issues all these phases of piracy will be portrayed to your full satisfaction.

In the companion magazine, High-Seas Adventures, he had made the policy statement: "High-Seas Adventures aims to bring you sea stories of all ages, past, present, and future."

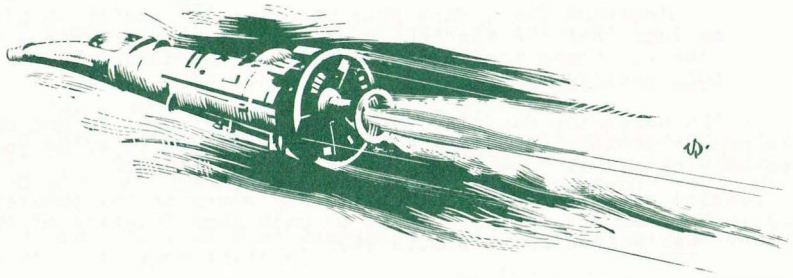
Neither magazine ever did publish any story of the future, but in Gernsback's defense let it be said that "Captive of the Crater" was a true space pirate story.

The same month, July 1934, he filed a dummy issue of a magazine titled Exploration Tales, with the sub-title "Thrilling Stories and Novels of Past and Present Soldiers of Fortune." The dimensions of this publication were identical with those of Buccaneer Stories, and contained"Traders in Treasures" by E.T. Snooks, D.T.G., reprinted from Wonder Stories, May, 1934. The story is an ironic episode in which explorers from the interior of the earth meet explorers of the Antarctic, with neither party recognizing the encounter--but both inadvertently gaining from it.

Probably the most attractive item of this period, from the standpoint of the collector is True Supernatural Stories, dated October, 1934. Beyond the provocative notion that Hugo Gernsback, for years one of the world's greatest opponents of the concept of the occult (featuring a series of exposes of spiritualism by Dunninger in his magazine Science and Invention), would ever be reduced to the desperate state where he would consider publishing a magazine of this stripe, the contents are particularly desirable. It contains three stories: "The Epiphany of Death" by Clark Ashton Smith, "The Ghoul" by Clark Ashton Smith, and "The Other Gods" by H.P. Lovecraft. This item will make all bibliographers of Clark Ashton Smith and H.P. Lovecraft groan, since they have no knowledge of its existence.

There is little question, though, of how the stories happened to be selected. Charles D. Hornig, then editor of Wonder Stories, was also publisher of The Fantasy Fan, and the three stories had all appeared in that fan magazine, in the July, 1934, November, 1933, and January, 1934 issues, respectively.

There are many more dummy issues of interest to the fantasy lover published by Hugo Gernsback; among those are a November, 1952 issue of Science-Fiction Plus, Prescience Fiction, Telefiction, and Popular Atomics. Add to these the scores of special booklets and Christmas cards, and there is room not only for a major opus on Gernsbackania, but unquestionably an unrealized new field of collecting.



i am no longer afraid of the skies

I am no longer
afraid
of the skies
for beyond the horizon
where the air meets the sea
and the sun drowns
in a cloud of foam
the water is wider
than my eyes

the landscape dissolves
in a mesh of sand and salt
the sea-line glistening softly
with the light of stars

I am no longer
afraid
of the skies
for the skies are water
and the water land
their distance catching my shadow
the sun touching my hand

-- Peter Finch

movement

Birds flew, darting briefly between
Hedges, and in the warm air
Insects and midges singly ascended.
Lazy turning circles in the sun
Under high cloud castles,
The towering heights piling upward
In uncharted aer-scape.
Invisible rivers have crossed
Oceans, continents, carrying their cargoes
Of dust, vapours, ice crystals;
Highways for migrant geese,
Untamed wildness above neat fields.

Patterns --
We passed, rising
Above fields of snow
Where the sparse grass, the skeletal bushes,
The trees were black ink smudges
Against the crumpled white.
And only our shadows moved
Mysterious dark travellers, silent.

And felt the presence of mountains
Whose massive bulk said only
Down.
Feet slipping on grey rock,
Grasping heather and coarse grass
Until sky and land became mingled
And only the deep stone beneath reminded
Down.

Came, and paused in the rain damp
Evening air of cities;
Above the linear, empty streets close
With the high-gabled rococo roofs of an older age.
And by them, on a corner
Saw the dark church within its low wall
The wet blackened tree by it, and
Uncomprehending, saw the glistening
Reflection of stained windows;
Catching the ghost-angelus of a quiet choir.

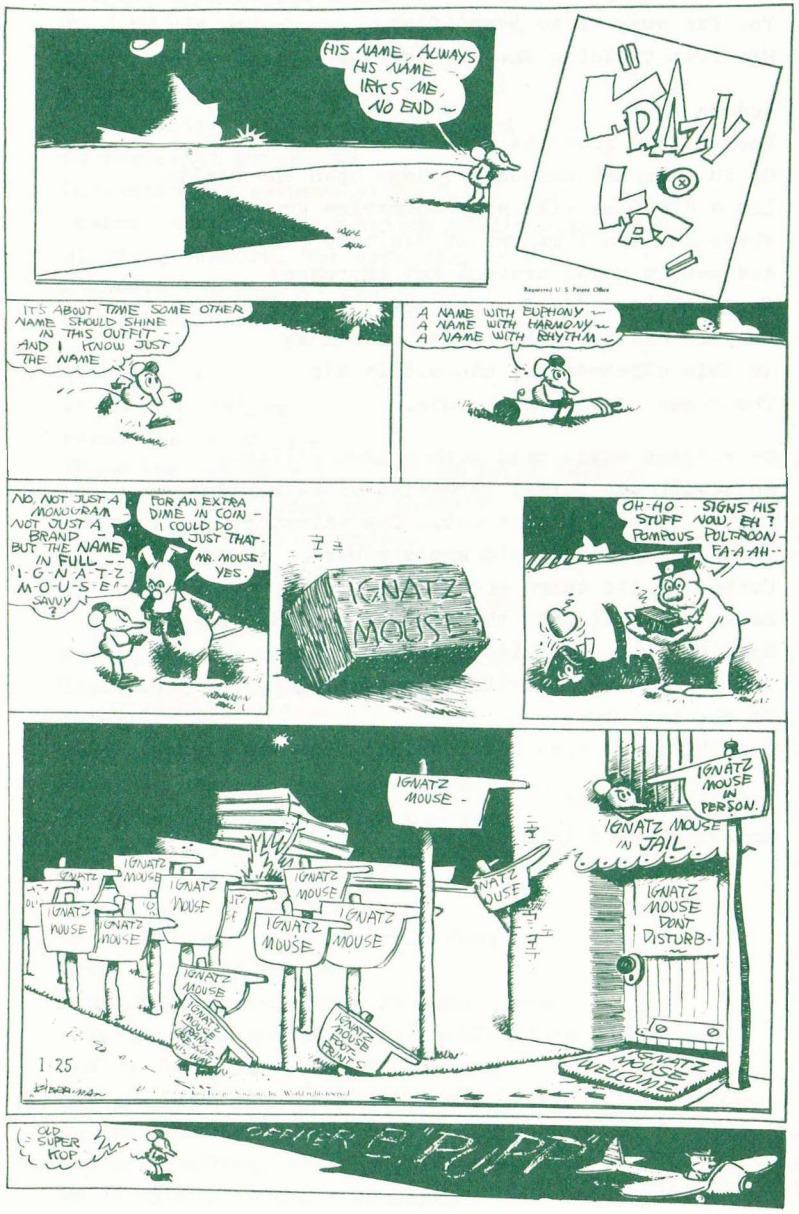
A man moved, alone, below
Along the damp pavement
Past the doors of the close set grey houses
Too far away to be identified,
His feet treading the wet leaves.

And we
Looked down from the dome in reverence
Of that hushed cathedral, down upon the marble
Lit a dim blue like some submarine grotto,
Where the small groups of visitors paused,
And men in gowns crossed and recrossed
The patterned dim fluorescence of that floor.
Prayers and incense drifted, mingling
In thin streamers in the middle air.
The tones of an organ, mute.

Or visited halls tall with golden pillars,
Soft with the formal urgencies of telephones
Like a ritual, played out. The vibrancy only felt
Of hidden dynamos; old men's power
Curbed of its surge and violence. The processions
Heavy and dull with the pomp of gold and jewels,
Marking at one precise point in time
The repetitive, inevitable returning
Of the pendulum.
Possibilities open and possibilities are closed.

Left this behind
And set course into night.

-- Bob Parkinson



From a Corner Table at Rough-House's

Bill Blackbeard

George Herriman died in 1944. The comic strip he drew for the better part of four decades, and which expired with him, the poetically-fanciful, raucously-charactered Wind in the Willows of the comic page called Krazy Kat, stood apart from the other great strips of its time like one of the mystic, moving mountains on the sunny plains of Krazy's Coconino County. It was unique, beyond imitation, almost beyond the average reader's comprehension. It simply existed, to be admired, to be enjoyed, to be loved--or to be shunned as hopelessly oddball. Some critics of his time compared Herriman to Chaplin, but a better comparison would have been to graphic fantasists like Harry Clarke or Sidney Sime: after all, the earthy Chaplin enjoyed enormous popularity on the screen, while Herriman, as a cartoonist--like Sime and Clarke as illustrators--was much too alert to the horns of elfland for any lasting appeal to common clay. Chaplin could get away with a single Sunnyside; but all of Herriman was Sunnyside, and a puff of pot besides.

Two years after his death, however, some Herriman afficionados at Henry Holt & Co. in New York decided to put together a hardback collection of his work. It was a big, generous book, embracing 171 daily episodes and 135 Sunday pages from Krazy Kat, but as a bibliophilic tribute to Herriman, it was sadly undistinguished, marred at the outset with wartime-thin paper and threadbare reproduction. Worse, there was no attempt at chronological order, episode dating, or even page numbering. This slapdash book, with a cheap, unappealing jacket, sold poorly through the Christmas of 1946, despite some solid Holt promotion in the literary magazines (Krazy Kat, after all, was James Joyce, Henry James, and Samuel Beckett all rolled into one so far as the average book reader was concerned: possibly every bit as admirable as these writers, but certainly to be every bit as much avoided), and was remaindered--with difficulty--in the summer of 1947.

And that was that. No other Krazy Kat anthologies followed, of course. The occasional interested later reader was in a bad way. Not many libraries bought the Holt volume--after all, librarians of the time reasoned, what difference was there between a book like this and the latest issue of Famous Funnies? Both were collections of comic strips, and comic strips were as obviously out of place on the dignified shelves of a public library as Edgar Rice Burroughs and L. Frank Baum. Low sales, of course, made the anthology scarce in second-hand book stores.

The persistent Herriman enthusiast had no remaining options but to join the ranks of the old comic page collectors--a hectic and virtually full time commitment--or to dig into hefty newspaper volumes at his local library, provided he happened to live in one of the handful of cities where a local paper ran the Krazy Kat strip during some part of its thirty six year life. Mostly, he was out of luck.

Now, a full quarter of a century after Herriman's death, a second publisher has decided to try a new Krazy Kat book. Grosset & Dunlap put up the publishing money and went to press with a collection assembled by a group of (presumable) Herriman experts and collectors.* The new anthology came out in time for Christmas, 1969, and remains on general sale. The Kat konnoisseurs are in luck for the first time in decades. They grabbed (one supposes) at George Henderson's Toronto reprinting of a few pages from the Holt book when it appeared early in 1969; now they have a brand, spanking new collection to read.

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*George Herriman's Krazy Kat, Madison Square Press, Grosset & Dunlap, 1969, 9" x 12", 168 pp., $7.95; introduced, researched, edited, captioned, designed, etc., by Barbara Gelman, Woody Gelman, Dave Kaler, Ron Goulart, Ernie McGee, Joseph Greene, Rick Varisi, Rex Chessman, and Lois Wallace. A second title (Krazy Kat, followed by a Herriman byline), used on the flyleaf and title page, is also the title of the earlier Holt collection; so it is likely that librarians and bibliographers will resolve this mild confusion by adopting the external title.

I hope most of them have a happier reaction to the book than I did. Obviously, of course, no compilation of Krazy Kat reprints could possibly be criticized to the extent that Herriman work is present (and the new collection contains 298 daily episodes and forty-four Sunday pages, eight in colour); the strip is invariably fine, no matter what the date or sequence. Nor is the $7.95 price a problem; it works out to about three Herriman panels per penny, which is damned good value. (Though not, as we shall see later, as good a value as Grosset & Dunlap could have supplied at the same price.) The difficulty lies in the arrangement and presentation of the Herriman work in this book--in the sort of frame, in short, that these nine editors have chosen for the pictures. It is months since I first paged through the book (after donning dark glasses to reduce the chromatic impact of the tinted pages), and I still feel as though I'd like to sock everyone concerned with a fresh-baked brick out of Kolin Kelly's choicest kiln.

Those of you who have seen the book (and probably coined a few rousing epithets of your own for the people involved) need no further details. For the rest of you, who are not unreasonably wondering what could be so infuriatingly bad about this long-awaited new collection, I'll try to itemize and analyze the damage, point by point, starting with a wistfully comparative outline of the book we might have had.

With the errors and oversights of the Holt collection so long established and discussed by collectors and researchers of comic strip art, there was every reason to believe that this new Grosset & Dunlap anthology, with its sturdier paper, sharper printing, and the addition of colour for a few pages, would have been a great and remedial improvement on the earlier book--that it might, in fact, have been well enough handled to provide the basic, representative Krazy Kat anthology so sorely needed by critics, students, and preservers of the comic strip as an art form.

Assuming, as I think we logically can, that those responsible for the selection and order of the episodes reprinted in the new book had access, through the extraordinary Gelman collection and the extensive facilities of the New York Public Library, to virtually complete runs of the daily and Sunday Krazy Kat strips, here are what seem to me the minimum contents one might reasonably have expected to find in an anthology compiled by knowledgeable and normally tasteful Harriman devotees:

(1) An arrangement of the strip selections in simple chronological order from beginning to end, so that the interested reader could examine the developing Herriman style through the years represented; (2) the printing of each episode's original date of appearance beside or below it, for the benefit of collectors and/or individuals interested in pursuing a story line or style further in newspaper files; (3) a full selection of historically and sequentially relevant episodes from the strip's start; i.e., the first Mary episode; the first appearance of the kat and dog in this strip; the first instalment of the Dingbat Family strip; the two pairs of episodes that bridge the change of this strip to The Family Upstairs and back to The Dingbat Family again; the little-known first large-size Krazy Kat episode of 1/1/11; the first strip appearances of Ignatz, Offisa Pupp, Mrs. Kwakk-Wak, Kolin Kelly, etc.; the first formal Sunday page, etc., on to the last daily and Sunday sequences Herriman drew for publication; (4) an accompanying selection of as many of the most visually striking and poetically imaginative daily and Sunday pieces from the strip as would be necessary to make up the bulk of the book; (5) a careful search through the colour Sunday pages for eight of the numerous instances in which Herriman made markedly effective use of colour and design, so that the eight pages of colour available for the book would be put to the best possible use; and (6) a four or five page appendix in which daily and Sunday examples of other Herriman strips, such as Major Ozone, Baron Bean, Embarrassing Moments, Stumble Inn, and so on, would be included.

Such a book was--and is--so obviously, so achingly necessary as a basic reference and guide to one of the most wrongly but consistently ignored parts of the American heritage in the popular arts that it is difficult to believe that any Herriman afficionade (let alone as many as the nine such involved in the assembly of this book) could have failed to seize so golden an opportunity as this collection offered to produce it. Certainly, the minor scholarly aspect of such an anthology couldn't have worried Grosset & Dunlap as a sales threat, even if a purely camp-appeal work was what the firm wanted, since virtually all of its research value would have been intrinsic: on the surface, the collection would have looked to the casual purchaser pretty much like any other collection of Krazy Kat episodes. Only a fairly comprehensive knowledge of the strip, after all, plus a reasonable amount of good taste, would have been required to find the necessary examples in a full run of the strip; the whole job could have been done by a competent Herriman scholar in a day's steady digging, annotating, and arranging. I know; I tried it with the Academy files here the day after I bought and read the Grosset & Dunlap betrayal, and found my only difficulty was in choosing among the hundreds of great episodes these nine experts somehow overlooked in choosing the continually routine examples they used.

Instead, then, of the obvious, easy, and excellent book that might have been produced, we have been tossed a garish novelty-counter number which 1) opens with a hit-or-miss selection of early, mostly sub-par Dingbat Family and Krazy Kat episodes, and then sprawls into a confused jumble of daily and Sunday specimens from all dates; (2) ignores the listing of original dates of publication, except where these are incidentally discernible on the actual episodes themselves; (3) contains no initial title or character introducing episodes of any kind, except for the sequence of 11/20/11 on page 28 (dating courtesy of the reviewer), which arguably might represent the first foreshadowing of Offisa Pupp; (4) actually duplicates a number of episodes from the Holt collection, to no apparent point except in a happy enlarging of the Tiger Tea continuity slighted in the earlier book; mixing them with hundreds of perfectly unexceptional new daily and Sunday sequences, selected to the seemingly deliberate exclusion of innumerable high points of Herriman's works often only days away from the routine examples printed here; (5) gathers as generally undistinguished an octet of Herriman's Sunday pages for colour reproduction as it would be possible to find in the whole of his work (except for the one episode on page 85);* and (6) ignores the interest of the Herriman-oriented reader in having a look at a representative display of Herriman's other strip work over the years.

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* The Grosset & Dunlap colour, palely printed on glossy paper, is not generally on a level with that used in the old Ace Comics' reprints of Krazy Kat, let alone comparable to that of the original Sunday pages.

The new book, then, in terms of its selection of strip examples and the arrangement of these examples, mindlessly and inexplicably duplicates the careless, disinterested handling of the Holt volume. This sorry fact is enough to make any good Herriman reader weep. But there is worse yet to tell.

Much worse...

The preceding Holt anthology, despite its major drawbacks, did at least manage to present Herriman's strip with reasonable dignity. The Holt editors sensibly assumed that Herriman's work was strong enough to stand alone on a plain white page, without captions, lifted vignettes, sketches by other hands, or--Outcault save us--brightly coloured borders to enhance its appeal. These sound assumptions, however, were not apparently shared by the nine Grosset & Dunlap experts. They have vigourously messed about with their book's layout, doggedly painting it and fancying it up, until it resembles nothing so much as a sheaf of whorehouse wallpaper. Their own monstrously bad taste clashes with Herriman's gentle good taste on every gaudy page; nakedly clipped or redrawn personae from the strip jig pointlessly about the yellow margins; inane captions and chapter heads yammer endlessly at the reader; a full colour page is diseased with some dreary scrawl by an editor, while the Herriman page that properly belonged on it is exiled from the book itself to the ultimately fingered and wrinkled Chateau d'If of the book's paper jacket--but no catalogue of horrors can adequately mirror the lurid reality of the book; it literally has to be winced at to be believed.

Is there an explanation for this debacle? How could so many presumably able admirers of Herriman's classic strip make such a botch of a book apparently intended to commemorate it? Is it just another case of too many kooks spoiling the broth? Or is it possible that many, if not all, of the people involved here were more opportunists than enthusiasts, more bandwagon riders then researchers, more vogue-conscious camp-followers than cognoscenti of any comics older than Batman or Mary Worth? On the evidence of the Ignatz of a book these nine Wind Witches of Wunanji have brewed, the answer seems self-evident. Yet at least two of the individuals involved, Ron Goulart and Woody Gelman, are known to be sensitive and thoughtful researchers and writers in the comic strip field, and it is difficult to believe that this book received their approving imprimatures in anything like its final, published form. Joseph Greene and Rex Chessman are cited as actual editors; is theirs the dull taste reflected in the episodes chosen and the episodes ignored? Didn't some intelligent, tasteful member of the group insist on checking the selections made for the book? One hopes that the disturbing enigmas engendered by this blatantly mishandled book will be clarified by one or more of the parties concerned--and soon.

The compilers of the new book, to return to our recital of horrors, have sinned as much by omission as by commission, startling as this may sound to someone whose stomach is still tossing from an initial peek at the book. Here again, they have repeated one of the insensitive mistakes of the preceding Holt editors--that of wantonly wasting space. On a number of the Holt pages, those familiar with the work will recall, four daily strip episodes were widely separated on a space that could clearly have accomodated five; this loss of an episode a page, when multiplied by the total number of such pages in the book, amounted to some forty-six episodes--a month and a half of otherwise unavailable sequences lost in limbo. Obviously, it is one of the paramount purposes of any such collection of hyperscarce graphic art to include as much of the rare work as feasibly possible. Questions of well-balanced arrangement on a page are irrelevant in such a case: pages crowded with precious rarities, as so much of Herriman's work has become, are signally relished by those excited by the work, while the reaction of anyone else (i.e., effective non-purchasers of such a collection in any event) hardly matters.

Once more, the Grosset & Dunlap anthologists have failed to grasp an obvious point. The multitude of Krazy Kat episodes left mired in yellowing newsprint by their mishandling of this collection makes the penny-ante Holt suppression pale by comparison. By the time the perceptive purchaser of the new book has counted the wastelands of empty space to be seen on almost every one of its 168 pages, he is likely to be ready to reach for a good solid Offisa Pupp-style club if anyone unfortunate enough to be connected with the book wanders within whopping range. For he has been, only too evidently, most rawly wahooed. Again and again as he looks, he sees vacant yellow expanses gleaming across pages of wide, deep dimensions that hold only three or four daily episodes but could easily accomodate six; he sees Sunday pages senselessly tilted sideways to sprawl across parts of two full book pages, although the majority of the Sunday pages reprinted in the book seem to do perfectly well in upright positions on a single page each; he sees pages entirely squandered on childish scrawls from a contemporary pen or on pointless enlargements of Herriman figures; he sees three full pages thrown away in the elaborate laying-out of the long, dithering, reprinted E.E.Cummings introduction that opens the book--and by the time he has finished adding up the waste he realizes he has been skinned out of no less than 330 daily episodes (or 28 Sunday pages) which the presently vacant yellow swamps of this book's pages could easily have held.

That is, more daily sequences of Krazy Kat have been pointlessly excluded from the Grosset & Kunlap book than are actually to be found in it.

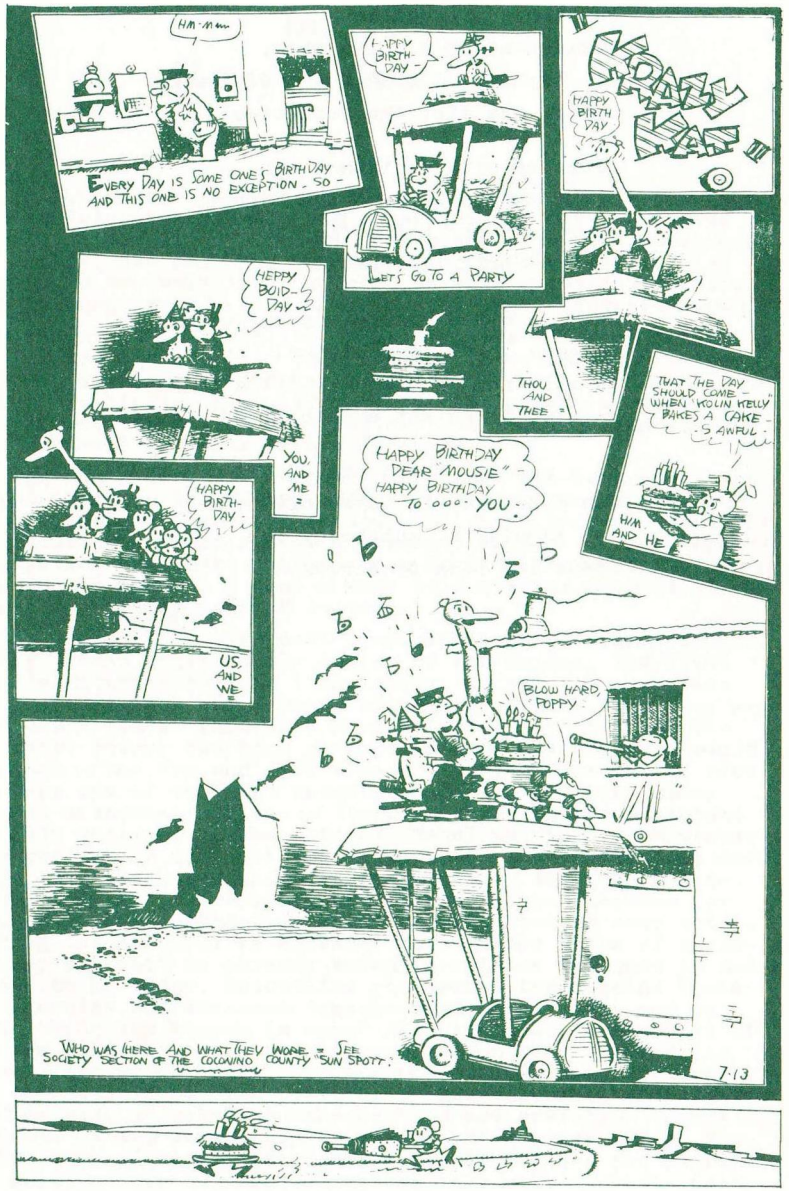
The Cummings introduction just mentioned was as irritating a factor in the Holt book, where it first appeared, as it remains in the new collection. It is a strained and windy work, uncharacteristic of Cummings at his poetic best, and has little of import or insight to say about the Herriman work it supposedly introduces. Katherine Anne Gaus, in her review of the Holt Krazy Kat, summed up the nature of this introduction with good sense and quiet distaste. Writing in Harper's Magazine for January, 1947, she said:

> You may well wonder why E.E. Cummings wrote the odd introduction he did, or why--once he had written it--Holt published it. (The jacket copy has it all over the introduction as a piece of interpretive criticism.) Mr. Cummings can do, and sometimes does do, better. But lit'ry folk these days seem to get all over goose-pimples whenever they get a whiff of something they can imagine to be folk-myth or folk-art or whatever. They become profound and polysyllabic and sometimes--as Cummings does--cute and whimsical to boot. It sounds like a preposterous combination, and it is...

A pity, for the evidence is clear that Cummings, like a wide range of intellectuals and artists of the 1920's and 1930's, from Gertrude Stein and the enchanted Picasso who called to read the American comics mailed her regularly from the States, to James Thurber and Igor Stravinsky, enjoyed the comic strip at the height of its power and poetry, and even the most fugitive piece that might tell us what such people admired or enjoyed in the strips would be of value. Cummings, however, chose to write a poet's set piece in his Krazy Kat introduction, replete with ethical symbology and such, instead of enlightening us--as he might easily have done--with a comparative discussion of the comic dialogue of Herriman and Segar, or the casual birth the comics were then giving to new and popular American turns of phrase, from De Beck's "Sweet Mama" and Segar's "I Yam What I Yam!" to Herriman's immortally graphic "Zip...POW!" The loss is ours, and a felt one.

I have, alas, by no means concluded the roster of disaster this new Herriman collection represents--a jaunty caption refers knowledgeably to the Dingbat Family strip under an episode reprinted from that strip's Family Upstairs incarnation; a two-page foreward preceding the Cummings piece says little or nothing new or relevant about Herriman or Krazy Kat, at length; a dust jacket inspired by the poorer grade of cereal boxes seems designed to repel as many potential purchasers of the book as the Krazy Kat title is likely to attract; the two commendable non-Herriman features of the book --the endpapers and the binding design--are largely overpowered and swept from notice by the blatant vulgarity of the rest of the volume--but there is an end to the number of shabby idiocies even an angrily unsympathetic reviewer can stand to cite. It is grim enough to have to face the fact that this grievous atrocity of a book is likely to be the only means by which tens of thousands of young people, sparked to an interest in Herriman's classic work by the continual references to it made in discussions and studies of comic art, are going to encounter Krazy Kat for another quarter of a century.

Nothing worse, I'm afraid, can be said about the book than that.



above the battle

Far above the battle
a rifle makes a quite turn,
the bayonet cutting a graceful arc
out of the air, the cool steel

glinting with a distant sun.
Light shoots through the barrel.
Over and over the rifle is falling
in love with its freedom

away from the little company of men
running in all directions.
It will not be missed. It is going
so slow it is not even noticed

by a peacock which has cocked
its head and with eyes all over
its exquisite, quivering fan
opens its beak to scream.

-- Phyllis Janik

OPERE CITATO
by
Harry Warner

Two months after the Heicon, I haven't heard a North American or British Isles fan express his determination to learn German for easier conversation the next time a worldcon goes to Germany. That's a pity, not only for the wasted opportunity for fannish intellects to get exercise, but also because it continues to doom English language fans to know little about German-language fanzines.

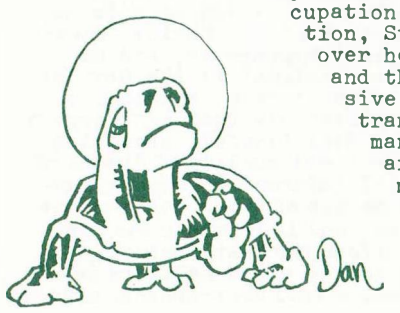
It's dangerous to generalize about fanzines anywhere in the world. But cautiously, it's safe to describe several of the biggest German fanzines as scholarly in general tone, constantly on the verge of slipping into informality or downright absurdities, and the source of a lot of information that English language fans can find nowhere in their native language.

But there are German fanzines that are as fan-centred as anything published in the United States, there are sometimes fanzines published in English language editions in Germany or Austria, and an occasional article from a German language fanzine appears in translation somewhere or other in an English language fanzine to give fandom in general a hint of what it's missing by inability to read that forbidding-looking language.

Munich Round Up is the least predictable of the big, regularly appearing German fanzines. In honour of the Heicon, its 114th edition is international in linguistics, offering its complete text in both English and German, besides providing a Russian version of one article. This is a more sedate MRU than some editions, whose humour has been picture-centred and probably would come across to the fan who didn't know a word of German. The back cover shows one of the most fetching models since Baby Leroy nursing on an enormous bottle of Vurguzz, there is a description of the 2070 worldcon in the Asteroid Hotel in picture and prose, but the meat of the issue is Heicon material. Many pages are devoted to fine black-and-white reproductions of the colour pictures shown at the convention, from a Russian publication for young people. None other than Yuri Gagarin provides some notes, describing the pictures as showing "through the prism of artistic perception what is already known to science and what is not yet known to it today. Scientific research often obtains 'unexpected' results and advances 'unexpected' hypotheses, and so the same thing can happen in art." Also included is the text of Jurgan vom Scheidt's talk on science fiction as a psychedelic influence. Two more beautiful pages of halftones lead off a report on the latest Trieste film festival by Gary Klupfel, providing page after page of details on the content and quality of dozens of old and new films, absolutely essential information for any fantasy film buff. I've nominated MRU a couple of times for fanzine Hugos, knowing it to be a futile gesture, and if it isn't the best fanzine in the world, it consistently offers the best picture pages, usually montages of convention scenes whose halftone reproduction is infinitely superior to most actual photographic prints.

Andromeda probably comes closest to what the American fan would expect to find published by a group of people inheriting the German traditions of thoroughness, scholarly traits, and following-through no matter how long it takes. Its 76th issue runs to more than 100 pages, each a couple of inches higher than normal American letter-size, almost all of them densely covered with words. There are few illustrations or large headings, although one article spawns several full pages of startling art. The article is a translation of Charles Platt's New Worlds review of the art of M.C. Escher. I have the oddest feeling that Steve Fabian's art work will resemble closely after a few more years the style of the Escher art that is reproduced with the article and on the cover. Andromeda is solely in German, but some people whose devotion to science fiction is greater than their linguistic capacity might want it simply for the solace of knowing they possess information about otherwise unsung stories and authors, whether or not they can read it. Here in this one issue, you'll find a discussion of Slavomir Mrozek's science fiction, which is described as little known even by European fans, even though it has been translated into more accessible tongues than the original Polish and even converted into television dramas. Plus reviews of exotic new science fiction by German, French, and goodness knows what other varieties of science fiction authors, not to overlook one of the remarkably few fanzine reviews given to a novel that might as well be in Sanskrit for all the attention it has received, Crichton's The Andromeda Strain. If you're anxious to tantalize yourself with the science fiction productions you could see on television if you lived in antenna reach of German stations, you can find them reviewed at length in this issue, and you can even discover the latest tapes available from the Science Fiction Club of Germany, like a stereo production of "Leviathan 99" by Ray Bradbury or a six-hour version of the club's 1969 gathering in Dusseldorf or a talk by Winfried Petri on H.G. Wells's travels in Russia.

Quarber Merkur is pretty much a one-man production, in contrast to the other two large German-language fanzines. Franz Rottensteiner, who has been keeping things lively in several English-language fanzines, publishes it. Its appearance is spasmodic in the highest degree--none arrived for a year or more, then three large issues came within a month or six weeks. But it is probably the closest thing in the world to an uncompromising unalloyed scholarly science fiction journal, keeping a centimetre or two ahead of Riverside Quarterly in this respect, I hasten to add, only through its failure to stoop to such trivia as a fanzine review column. The 23rd issue symbolizes Rottensteiner's best known preoccupation, the Polish author of science fiction, Stanislav Lem. Lem is little-known over here, because of translation problems, and there seems to be little hope of massive breakthroughs because he opposes translations into English from the German versions of his fiction. But there are people who consider him one of the most important authors of science fiction in the world, and he has produced an impressive list of published works: a bibliography runs to a dozen pages of this issue, not counting eight more pages devoted to a list of translations.



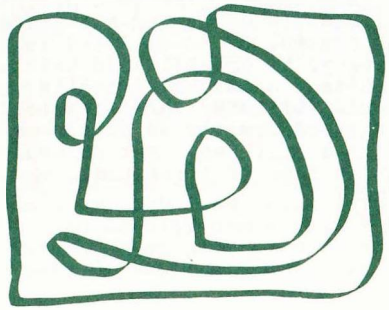
Even though Rottensteiner identifies his fanzine as an Unillustrated Literary Journal, he publishes this time a striking full page photograph of Lem, who somehow reminds me of Ira Gershwin, holding a beautiful dog. The editor also writes at length in this issue about Franz Spunda, a German author of fantasies who probably isn't very well represented in your book collection, and there are such other learned goodies as some Lem non-fiction and a description of some Rumanian science fiction novels. It's all in German, of course Other recent issues reviewed Spanish and Hungarian science fiction, older novels about the future written in German, and offered sections of a long article by Albert Ludwig about homunculi and androids.

I got into trouble recently by stating publicly that it's easy to obtain stuff from German fans by buying an international money order for the price involved. Apparently post offices have little up to date information on how to translate German currency into American dollars. If you are interested in these or any of the less massive German language fanzines, I still believe that the international money order is the most convenient way to pay without the risk involved in sending American dollars which are otherwise quite welcome in Europe or the high fees that banks may impose on handling cheques between two nations. But before assaulting the post office, you might like to ask the current value of the German mark at a bank, if you live in a large city, or at a travel agency. You can always check the latest edition of a reference work like the World Almanac and add a little extra to the total to cover recent fluctuations.

Munich Round Up: Waldemar Kumming, D 8 Muenchen 2, Herzogspitalstr. 5, West Germany. Special price for 114th issue, 55¢ or two DM; normal subscription price, ten DM for 12 issues. Published more or less every other month.

Andromeda: Hans Langsteiner, A-1020 Wien, Bocklinstrasse 110/19, Austria. No price or publication frequency listed, but $3 or so should get you several issues.

Quarber Merkur: Franz Rottensteiner, A-2762 Ortmann, Felsenstr. 20, Austria. "Solely irregular" appearance, cost is two DM per issue, no subscription price listed.



The Seasonal Fan:

by

Jim Harmon

(What follows is an approximate re-creation, from notes, of Mr. Harmon's Guest of Honour Speech at the 1970 Oklahoma Multicon.)

Most of us here at the Multicon are in love with certain aspects of the past. That goes without saying for the fans of radio drama, the movie serials starring Buster Crabbe, for the people hung up on the "Golden Age" comics of Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, Superman and Captain Marvel. The love of the past can even be applied to many of the hardcore science-fiction fans among us. Some may follow the work of R.A. Lafferty, Roger Zelazny, Harlan Ellison, and others, but many may be more interested in the 1930's novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs and the 1940's stories of Heinlein and Bradbury -- those were published twenty-five years and more back, remember -- than in man's landing on the Moon.

Does this mean that all of us here are reactionary when it comes to social and political innovations? In some cases, it does. I know of one comic collector (not in attendance) who belongs to the John Birch Society in spirit, if not in name. I'm sure there are many others who share his views.

In my own case, I hope it does not mean that I am reactionary or even conservative. I consider myself a liberal, or even a radical on some points, when it comes to politics.

You may not be pleased to hear this. You may not even be interested, but I have spent time and money to come here, and as part of my performance fee, so to speak, I intend to tell you about my views. So far we live under a government where another's political views do not have to please anyone else.

Sometime back [RQ, III, 306] I expressed my opinion that we had reached a critical point in the history of the human race, one where we are in a race between the revolution for human rights and the Establishment's achieving a chemical or electronic means for true thought control of human life. This statement achieved a modest currency. My friend, Kris Neville, doubts that this type of thought control is technologically or sociologically possible. I think he underestimates the mechanical ingenuity of the race. Even if my statement reflects only a paranoid nightmare of my own, I think it is significant that so many others share my nightmare. Even if the fear is irrational, what kind of society produces such a fear?

Of course, someone such as myself over thirty years of age finds it difficult to accept all of the elements of the youth-orientated rebellion against the Establishment. Nothing so sets the tone of young people in thought and deed as their music. With my background and my physical make-up, I do not care for most of Rock music. My musical tastes were formed by listening to the William Tell overture, Valse Triste, and Bing Crosby. However, just because I do not understand Rock or like it, I don't have to hate it. I think it is time for people to stop automatically hating everything we do not understand. Considering human limitations, we understand very little about anything, and we understand all about no one thing. That gives us far too wide a latitude for hate.

I might say that some of my best friends are Rock music performers -- Ron Haydock, Don Glut, and others have been professionals in the field at one time, and I am friends with at least one well-known popular music personality, Johnny Tillotson. Of course, our friendships are not based on an interest in Rock, but on other mutual interests. Unfortunately, many young people today have no other interest in life but Rock. Not in revolution, humanity or anything but Rock. In that case, Rock music becomes nothing but an avoidance of living and thinking.

Drugs are another such instance of escape in some cases. In other cases, who knows what some people with certain metabolisms need just to feel as "normal" as some people do without taking drugs?

I do not agree with young people in everything, but I do think their generation is more nearly right than my own. I am with them in opposition to the war in Southeast Asia and to War in general, in preservation of our environment -- if that is possible -- and in the brotherhood of the human race.

What does this have to do with nostalgia -- the theme of my talk and of this convention? What do these possibly censurable (to some minds) liberal ideas have to do with early science-fiction, old radio, old movies?

Quite a lot, in my opinion.

We are a product of the culture that produced us.

Most of us at this convention spend a lot of our time trying to justify our love for what others may regard as trivial. The word "trivia" itself has been applied to our field of interest by many.

In our attempts at justification to ourselves and others, we may say that Carlton Morse, author of radio's I Love a Mystery, was a fine writer of adventure stories; that Buster Crabbe was more than an actor -- that he contributed one of the archetypal figures of the screen and of childhood fantasy in general, the final distillation of all pulp and comic strip heroes.

Our tastes as children were true. Children begin as the most unconditioned of human beings. They infallibly detect crap, and reject it. In the end, it is the adult world that corrupts us grown-up children.

I believe in many of the same things I did as a child. The adult world may tell me that I am being naive in still believing these things. That usually means that I have not been reprogrammed from my natural instincts by a capitalistic, self-destructive society bent on turning the planet into a radioactive pile.

A few years ago, Kris Neville pointed out to me a story in one of the underground newspapers, the Los Angeles Free Press. One of the early demonstrators against the Viet-Nam war stood on the Capitol steps and told how he had been brought up listening to the Lone Ranger on radio. There he had learned it was wrong to kill people, and that it was right to help them; to expose fraud and dishonesty, and to accept people of a different colour as being potential "faithful companions," not as "gooks" to slaughter. Now grown-up, the demonstrator still believed in those things.

The demonstrator went on to say that he was not being un-American. He was practising the American ideals he had been taught as a child.

Far more than from American history books in school, we learned our American ideals from our popular culture. From the Lone Ranger we learned selfless dedication; from Flash Gordon we learned that his love of Dale and his friendship for Zarkov were more important than simple survival; from all the others, we learned those clichés. But there had to be something there. Children can't be fooled. Captain Marvel comic books, done with love and humour, outsold Superman's mechanical manipulations that did prosper and survive only because of the spark of genius that had created the original concept. Radio's Tom Mix told us "Straight Shooters always win" and we children believed it for many long years, because there was a spark of something in the real man and in the creation of the radio series. Grown-up, we may have to qualify the statement with, "To thine own self be true" -- and then "Straight Shooters always win." As children, we quickly forgot "G-men never forget" because before we got very old, we saw that G-men do forget -- their oath to the Constitution, even the very existence of organized crime.

One of the more naive of my objections to the Viet-Nam war is that it causes people to die. After all, death is a process of life. Every day people die and are killed in many ways. So long as there is life, there must be death. But among all of Earth's creatures Man may choose a style to live and a style to die. And even a time to kill, or not to kill.

I do not choose to select a style where I kill in a war against any group of people fighting for the right to live their lives as they choose.

I am not un-American. I am American. It is the bastards in Washington -- the bastards all over the world -- who are un-American. I am as American as the Lone Ranger, Jack Armstrong, Buck Rogers, John Carter, the Gray Lensman. It is Richard Nixon, Spiro Agnew, Hubert Humphrey who are un-American. Worse, they are fictional creations.

Editor's note: Later the speaker was accosted by a well-groomed young man, trembling with anger, who said: "Yuh make me sick to mah stomach, yuh god-damned long-haired foul-mouth hippie!" I can only hope that this did not reflect the sentiments of anybody else in the audience.

The Worst S-F Story Ever Told

rescued from deserved oblivion

by Darrell Schweitzer

As I was considering the idea for this article, I asked myself, "What exactly is a terrible story? What characteristics differentiate it from a merely mediocre one?" I concluded that a terrible story, especially one deserving the title of all-time worst, must be memorable. It must stand out below its peers, and not merely be bad, but so incredibly awful that the reader can never forget it.

Next I had to choose a candidate. I wanted to limit myself to short stories and novelettes (i.e., something too short to be printed separately in book form), which eliminated First Lensman. Now I didn't want to look through my magazines for such a story, because that would defeat my purpose. A mediocre story you forget. Analog is full of them. Besides, a truly wretched story is never forgotten, like I said. So the first story that came to mind is "The Pirates of Eros" by Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr., published in Amazing Stories, November 1938. (It might have been the particular issue--a candidate for worst issue of all time--that sparked the memory of this story.)

I couldn't help but think as I read the story that Kummer was plagiarizing from an old Walt Disney movie called The Mooncussers, but considering the dates, I have to give Kummer credit for doing it first.

The Mooncussers concerned a gang of pirates who set up fake lighthouse beacons along the American East Coast during the early 19th century, in order to cause sailing ships to crash on reefs and spill their cargoes, whereupon the Moon cussers (so called because they couldn't work on a full moon) hopped in a long boat and went out to loot the wreck.

"The Pirates of Eros" was about a gang of interplanetary pirates who set up fake beacons in the asteroids so treasure-laden spaceships will crash and the pirates can loot the wreckage. (Eros is also a fine example of a story that is science fiction only because it takes place in Outer Space.)

Kummer had a talent for cramming almost every cliche imaginable into this eight page story. We have the disgraced hero, Dave Saunders, a spaceship pilot who is blamed for the wreck of his ship (which was thousands of miles off course when it crashed into Eros, right on top of the radio beam station), the beautiful girl who isn't about to wait all these years while Dave is on Eros and is on her way to Earth to marry someone else, plus a sympathetic boss who can't help, plus a bunch of very clumsy villains.

As the story opens, Dave is told by his superior that although he wrecked a valuable company ship, he'll be able to stay on as a beam-tender on Eros. (The idea here--a common misconception of the day--is that the asteroids are so close together that a spaceship must be guided through in order to avoid a collision.) When told of this he experiences deep anguish as he realises that he won't see his fair Mary for a long time.

> "A-- ray tender!" Dave gasped. "I..... I....."
>
> "It's a hard life," Ross went on. "A lonely, bitter life. But if you stick it out for two or three years, I'll have your case reviewed, try to get you reinstated."
>
> Two or three years! Dave's eyes were dim. Three years away from Mary Ross! And then only a chance of being reinstated as a pilot! Men, they said, went mad on lonely little asteroids and satellites...
>
> (page 92)

Of course, Dave gets homesick after a few months on Eros:

> Visions of Mars, his home, with its dusty red plains, its fiery blossoms, its whispering canals, tore at his brain. And Mercis, the brilliant capitol of Mars, with its white crystalloid buildings, its gay little cafes, its traffic-jammed waterways! More poignant than all else was the memory of Mary Ross... Mary of the raw gold hair, the Mars-red lips, the soft, incredibly blue eyes. Dave gripped the arms of the chair, mercilessly.
>
> (page 92)

Now by a funny coincidence the next spaceship going by Dave's station is the Stellar, a new luxury liner that just happens to be carrying a million dollars in gold, plus Mary Ross and her father, the captain who isn't quite sure that Dave is innocent.

Dave is out for a stroll when the pirates land, smash up the station. Overhearing their radio messages he realises their fiendish plan. So he climbs down a rocket tube of the pirates' spaceship (which landed nose down, "due to the uneveness of the rocky plain") to hide. But things don't go right and they take off before he can get out (he was planning to get free of the ship, then destroy the pirates' fake beacon)--to the bewilderment of more attentive readers who undoubtedly wondered why the asteroid's gravity didn't make him fall out when the ship took off and its tail was pointed toward Eros. (We had been told that Dave was trapped there in the first place because there were no handholds for him to climb out on. Therefore, there would be nothing to prevent him from falling out.) He keeps himself from getting fried by stuffing a rag in the fuel valve, and when the pirates come to see what's wrong with the engine he beats them all up with a space-ax. Finding that he cannot radio the Stellar because the cabin is depressurised and he can't take off his helmet to speak, he drives the ship into the asteroid and the explosion warns off the Stellar. The pirate ring is finished (this being the story's second space wreck of which Dave is the sole survivor), Mary and her father and the million dollars are saved, and Dave is reinstated as a pilot, gets the girl...

So for its outstanding performance in the areas of contrived melodrama, flat and irrelevant "love-interest," scientific implausibility, wooden dialogue, and cliché-cramming, "The Pirates of Eros" is hereby nominated for first place in the Science Fiction Hall of Shame.

YOBS AND DROOGS

by Wayne Connelly

Anthony Burgess, A Clockwork Orange, Ballantine 01708, 95¢
John Christopher, Pendulum, Hodder, 5/-

To begin with superficialities, Anthony Burgess and John Christopher are both Englishmen. Christopher (C.S. Youd) has gained a deserved reputation with what he calls "olde Englishe" catastrophe novels, but he's also -- according to a blurb -- a "serious" writer. I suppose that would make Burgess the obverse: a "serious" writer who also writes science fiction -- The Wanting Seed as well as Orange, although the latter isn't labelled as such. (Neither, in fact, is Pendulum in its recent American edition.) But to judge from Burgess' praise of Aldiss and Asimov, he wouldn't be offended by the science fiction label.

Both Orange and Pendulum are Tomorrow novels that concern the "Youth Revolt." Burgess writes of a future England in which the streets after dark become the preserve of teenage gangs, in which youthful hooliganism is becoming the way of life, and in which the "generation gap" is a linguistic chasm. Christopher's vision is equally disagreeable. Student and "yob" riots join with a British economic crisis to produce a national catastrophe. The result is a new feudalism in which suzerainty is exercised by young warlords and their marauding motorcycle gangs.

Ultimately, however, the "Revolt" in both instances produces a reaction. As Christopher's title suggests, there's always a reverse swing. In Pendulum it's the appropriation of power by a militant religious movement founded on its opposition to the youth tyranny. In Orange it's the curbing of the anti-social behavior of the narrator by a new correctional system, one that prohibits by auto-suggestion all "evil" acts and thoughts.

The point made by both writers is that the reaction goes too far. Neither is for a moment condoning the youthful excesses. What both are arguing is an important philosophic paradox--the necessity of evil.

At one stage Christopher says something about "good people always being insipid." He's right. The mechanical organism (the clockwork orange of the title) that is Burgess' narrator, post-conditioning, is the final proof of the proposition. Christopher's students have a just cause, but to achieve it they must go too far; the religious reaction is also justifiable, but can only come as a crushing totalitarianism. So too with Burgess' young recidivist and his correction. His freedom must have the possibility of licence; his reform can only come by his virtual destruction.

For Christopher then, the rationale of "evil" is Progress, for only the dissatisfied, the ruthless, the not-good can produce it; for Burgess, it's Free Will--better the choice of evil than no choice at all.

Up to now I've dwelt on similarities. Actually, the two novels couldn't be more different. Pendulum is a traditional novel with at least half a dozen viewpoint characters. The result is a social narrative of breadth and scope. All the points of view, moreover, are those of the "over-thirties." The closest we come to the minds of the young rebels is the mistress of one of their middle-aged sympathizers. In Orange, however, Burgess takes a more personal approach. His is a first person account, written from the youth standpoint and in a remarkable future slang idiom (Nadsat). Both styles and approaches are, of course, equally valid.

Still, the question of which is the better novel seems unavoidable--though somewhat unpleasant if it simply means panning one book in order to boost the other. Purely on the basis of the success achieved within the preferred modes, I'd have to prefer The Clockwork Orange. There's a credibility about Burgess' book that is lacking in Pendulum.

Ironically, the economic crisis in Pendulum and its subsequent disaster are less believable than either the death of all the Earth's graminae or the coming of a new Ice Age, both of which Christopher describes in his earlier catastrophe novels, No Blade of Grass and The World in Winter. The failure is explained, I suspect, by the very nature of such a crisis, that is, by both its remoteness and at the same time its familiarity. A disruption of the economy is too abstract. The newspaper recapitulations that fill in the necessary background are well executed but are not concrete enough to involve the reader. Yet, simultaneously, the commonness of such a crisis is also a shortcoming. Usually the mechanism in a catastrophe novel forms part of the story's backdrop; the reader isn't overly concerned with its validity. But with an economic crisis such isn't the case. Its mundane character, in practise as opposed to theory, open it up to amateur expertise. Questions come to mind -- Aren't economic crises cyclic rather than cumulative? Why in this instance should the government and military be so completely ineffectual? -- the sort of doubts that with an Asiatic virus or a climatic alteration seem to go unthought.

On the other hand, The Clockwork Orange, even though superficially a more fantastic book, attains a surprising plausibility. The reasons are of course various: a more tightly plotted narrative, more demanding characterization. However, the cardinal one has to be the teenage patois. Burgess hasn't merely dropped a bizarre word here and there to create the illusion of a secret jargon. He has fabricated an entire vocabulary and used it throughout the novel, so that the language becomes the total expression of Alex, reflecting not just his speech patterns, but also his mind and his world. The reader, moreover, by his very act of reading and becoming initiated into the meaning of Nadsat is himself introduced into this clockwork orange world; willingly or not he becomes a participant in Burgess' future England.

Two s.f. novels by two Englishmen: quite similar, quite different...yet both worth the reading. In spite of its flaws, I moderately enjoyed Christopher's Pendulum; I had to pony and kopat Burgess' The Clockwork Orange, though -- a nice quiet horrorshow book.

Stitches in Time by Ted Pauls

Robert Silverberg, Up the Line, New York, Ballantine, 1969. 75¢

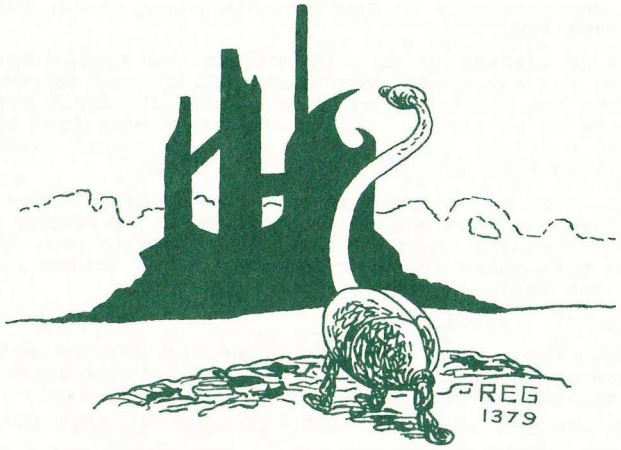
At first, I thought Silverberg was putting us on, playing it for laughs. But by the time I reached the final pages, with still no glimpse of a mischievous authorial grin between the lines, I most regretfully concluded that Up the Line was intended as a completely serious work.

Silverberg has written a cleverly-plotted novel about time travel, with some of the most interesting paradoxes I've ever encountered, but it is marred throughout by some unbelievably inept sex and sex-talk passages. I was embarrassed, not because of the sex, of course, but because it was done so poorly and so crudely. I kept hoping for some indication that these passages were intended as some sort of grotesque parody of the garbage that fills the masturbation rack of your friendly neighborhood drugstore. Passages like: "When we got back to our hotel room, Flora took all her clothing off, and sprawled out wildly on the bed with legs spread. 'Do me!' she shrieked. 'I'm drunk!'" "In anguish I ran down the street, aimlessly, my mind and my crotch inflamed with the vision of Pulcheria." "...I felt like kicking furniture around, and I did. The noise woke up Miss Pistil, who gasped and murmured, 'Are we being attacked?' 'You are,' I said, and to ease my rage and anguish I dropped down on her bed and rammed myself into her. She was a little startled, but began to cooperate once she realized what was up. I came in half a minute and left her, throbbing, to be finished off by Bilbo Gostaman." And more. Many more.

The pity of it is, this infantile soft-core pornography manages to fuck up (you'll pardon the expression) what would otherwise be a thoroughly excellent science-fiction novel. The story concerns one Jud Elliot and his experiences as a novice Time Courier in the year 2059, when time travel is commonplace and employed routinely for tourism. A courier is essentially a tour guide, whose job is to conduct a group of paying customers on a tour of some past incident or sequence of events and keep them out of trouble. The Couriers are a pretty hairy bunch, including those who go in for a little transtemporal smuggling and others who get their kicks from bedding their own remote ancestors. Elliot, in addition to several other minor adventures, falls in love with one of his Byzantine ancestors and manages to hang himself up on a paradox that permanently exiles him (or one of "him") from 2059 and ultimately results in his poofing out of existence (in a final paragraph that is altogether too obvious).

In many ways, Up the Line is a book that I could heartily recommend. Silverberg sketches in his background--the society of 2059--with casual skill. There are segments in which the writing is immensely effective, notably his description of a guided tour through England during the time of the Black Death, and the monologue by Elliot on the end of Byzantium. A lot of research apparently went into the long passages on Byzantine history. And the logic of the time travel process, and its attendant paradoxes, is worked out with admirable skill and ingenuity, including a paradox that is, so far as I know, original to this novel. (It involves the cumulative audience for certain historical events. Tour groups keep going out from various times, converging on certain dates and places, and each adds to the total audience, so that, for example, there will ultimately be an audience of billions at the Crucifixion --an audience spilling over into Iran and Tunisia!) But the author insists upon dragging Up the Line down to another level by having Elliot "prong" some moaning chick every nine pages or so, or at least talk about it in crude monosyllables. There is one exception to this, at the end of chapter 47, where the abstract running commentary on the bout in bed is both effective and funny. But elsewhere it's simply inexplicable crudity.

--Ted Pauls--



Selected Letters

4106 Devon Lane
Peoria, Illinois 61614

Dear Leland:

I was sorry to read Blish's remark about the attention paid to ERB in RQ being a waste of critical effort...I imagine that there are plenty of avenues open, scholarly journals and such, which give all the opportunity the Joyceans need to express themselves. So I can't see why Blish should be against us ERB-fans having fun when we don't object to his joys in working out the four-dimensional crossword puzzles of Finnegans Wake. If his main objection is that there isn't much ore to be mined in ERB, then he obviously doesn't know what he's talking about. If he objects on the ground that Joyce is so much more "literary," so much more complicated, and that the education to be derived from working out the FW crossword puzzle is so much broader than that from working out ERB, then he has valid objections. But I believe that ERB is as deeply "mythic" as Joyce, although Joyce was a conscious mythographer and ERB wasn't. I submit that the unconscious mythographer may go deeper even than the conscious (and self-conscious) mythographer. He may not cover the same territory; he may not appear to claim so much horizontal territory. But vertically he is greater; his roots go all the way into the cerebellum....

All this is leading up to a dream I had two nights ago. I'd been sick for two weeks, very sick, and started to convalesce. Then we had visitors, and I injudiciously drank some vodka. And I woke up at three o'clock with a headache from the recent smog and a slight buzz from the vodka. I stayed awake for an hour and then fell asleep. And I had a dream.

Somebody--some misshapen pale and blurry old man, the thing that alternates with various female figures in my dreams as my mentor--was explaining to me just who Bloom really was. Bloom, according to this shape-shifting somewhat nasty old man, was an allegory of Oom Paul.

How is that? I asked.

Easy. Take Bloom apart. That is, take the letters of his name apart. Rearrange them. Oom bol. Devoice the initial bilabial of the second syllable. Oom pol. Equals Ooom Paul.

But, the old man said, Oom Paul, in turn, is only an allegory representing Jesus Christ.

How's that? I said.

Bloom was the Wandering Jew, or the wandering jewgreek. Oom Paul went on the Great Trek. Bloom and Oom Paul belonged to groups which were oppressed by the British. Oom Paul was a wanderer. And a wonder. Er.

And J.C. is only an allegory for St. Paul. Jesus was Jewish, and he wandered around Dublin for God and was, in a sense, the father of Paul. Uncle Paul, once known as Saul of Tarsus (tarsier? tarsal? connected with that part of the body which enables one to wander) did not die in Rome but led the Lost Tribe of Israel to Britain, where the Israelites became the British.

But Bloom is descended from the Israelite British and is now disjected and rejected from their main body, he having lost his ancient faith. And so the allegory comes around fullcircle, and Bloom has circuitously become an allegory of himself.

Believe it or not, this is how the dream went. The logic therein is tenuous and distorted, but that is how a dream works.

What origins does this dream have? I don't know, except that I had been trying to connect Joyce with ERB. You probably know that ERB, when writing Tarzan of the Apes, originally titled Tarzan as Bloomstoke. Later on, he changed Bloomstoke to Greystoke.

It doesn't take long to establish that ERB published Tarzan of the Apes before Joyce published parts of Ulysses. So ERB couldn't have intended to connect the Wandering Tarmangani of Africa with the Wandering Jew of Dublin. I had played with the idea that ERB was splitting up the world of humanity with Joyce. ERB was showing us the Superman; Joyce, the Everyman. But I've failed to establish that either writer knew of the other, let along collaborated in secret or otherwise. Certainly, if there is any derivation, Joyce would have derived from ERB, who is clearly prior in time of creation (and publication).

My theory is that ERB coded certain names so that scholars could some day ascertain, if they were detective enough, the identities behind the coded names. So Bloomstoke did lead me into strange paths (as did Greystoke) but not towards Joyceland. Where it led me will be the subject of an article, "That Extraordinary Greystoke Family."

However, it seems improbable to me that a writer with the cosmic scope of Joyce could have overlooked Tarzan. Surely, somewhere in the universe of Finnegans Wake, there is a reference, however ingeniously concealed beneath a multileveled pun, to a hero even greater than Finnegan. I'm not competent (in 1970, at least) to dig this out. But I wonder if some learned Joyceans, such as Mr. Blish and Judy-Lynn Benjamin, couldn't ferret out this reference for me? Perhaps they've actually read it a dozen or a hundred times and never realized what they were seeing because they weren't looking for it. One of the beauties and the joys of Finnegans Wake is that something many times reread may suddenly blaze with a hitherto concealed revelation. The relays click, and the covert circuit is operating. Calloo! Callay!

I await the disclosure of the passage about the Immortal Ape-Man. And if the Joycean scholars won't take up the challenge, then I'll have to do the work myself. Our exagmination round his tarzanification for ingumination of Work in Regress...

May your Doublends jine. Vah!

Philip Jose Farmer

ERB's mythic implications are explained more completely in Mr. Farmer's "Riders of the Purple Wage," via the "Pellucidar Breakthrough" of sculptor Winnegan, whose creations, "...though absolutely modern in one sense /are/ archaic in another." For, just as Burroughs' hero pierces Earth's crust to find a prehistoric world, so "Winnegan has discovered an inner world...and.. has returned with a stunning narrative of psychic dangers and explorations"--Dangerous Visions, Harlan Ellison, ed. (New York: Doubleday, 1967), 51-2.

Box 16168
Long Beach, Calif 90806

Dear Leland,

Richard Mullen's criticisms of "Out of Time's Abyss" are well taken. However, the piece is intended as the first of a series about Edgar Rice Burroughs. Others will treat the "Victorian Zeitgeist," "Haggard's tortured personal life," and "Burroughs' philosophical purposes" at considerable length...To have discussed these areas in detail...would have increased the length inordinately, yet I felt they should be spoken of /so/ that the reader should have a sense of the ground to be covered in later "chapters."

Sam Moskowitz' absorbing article in ERB-dom 29 offers compelling evidence that the idea for The Gods of Mars was created by All-Story editor Thomas Newell Metcalf. After examining ERB's correspondence, Moskowitz tells us that Metcalf wrote Burroughs he was fascinated by the implications of the Martian religion (described in the first Martian novel) and asked him to write a sequel based on the River Iss, the Valley Dor, and the Sea of Korus. Two days later, on March 6, 1912, ERB wrote Metcalf that he would do the novel on the idea, as requested.

My initial reaction was to doubt the speculations I'd outlined in "Out of Time's Abyss"--but further thought suggests that Moskowitz' discovery confirms those speculations.

The argument of "Out of Time's Abyss" is that internal evidence in A Princess of Mars and The Gods of Mars indicates the Martian series had its origin in an earlier story /derived from Haggard's work/ that was later incorporated into those books.

If the argument fails, the puzzles in the structure of the Martian series remain: the mummified body of the little old woman in the cave, in Princess, is still without explanation--for although the cave, in the opening sequence, is a symbolic womb in which Carter is reborn, the closing episode in the cave scarcely seems to fit the same story. On the other hand, both cave sequences would provide an excellent frame for Gods; i.e., they would have relevance to the larger story too, not merely to the rebirth. In addition, the narrative line would be strengthened. In Princess Carter exchanges the Arizona wastes for the Martian deserts, and it is an effective transition; but the transition from one valley of gold to another (from the valley of Carter's mining claim to that of the Valley Dor, with its outcroppings of gold) would seem an even more effective blending of reality and dream. The curious form of astral projection employed by John Carter in Princess remains unresolved--without the connecting links Cleopatra and Isis can seemingly provide to Gods and Issus. Nor is there any clear resolution to the problem of Carter's apparent immortality, if the link to She is broken.

(I tend to reject the idea that the protagonist of Phra the Phoenician is the prototype of John Carter. Phra is not immortal in the sense Carter is, but rather an early-day Man Who Awoke, whose inspiration would seem to be the Arthurian legend. Carter, however, is a male analogue of the better part of She: the Eternal Man.)

Did Metcalf create The Gods of Mars? Or is it possible that Burroughs had previously suggested storylines for the sequel to Princess, one of which Metcalf selected? Or that Burroughs had planted the references to the River Iss and the Valley Dor and the Lost Sea of Korus in Princess to set the stage for Gods (even as he created the initial atmosphere plant episode in Princess to set the stage for the concluding sequence on Mars), and Metcalf responded to those references with the instincts of an editor? Or that Burroughs, though he had daydreamed that proto-Barsoomian tale (bringing together elements of She and Cleopatra and perhaps King Solomon's Mines) and conceived of the Martian religion in detail, did not plan to actually use that tale in the published Martian series until Metcalf suggested it?

I believe the last is the most likely, though it remains possible that Burroughs planted the references to provide a "springboard" for a later novel.

Consider A Princess of Mars: What are the probabilities that Burroughs could have created the River Iss without reference to Issus (who first appears in Gods) or to Isis? And the Lost Sea of Korus without reference to She's lost city of Kor? And then, in the next book, weave them into a story which contains elements of Haggard's Isis and Haggard's Kor?

It is worth noting, too, that the Green Martian encampment to which John Carter is taken after his capture in Princess is an ancient city, long deserted by its original inhabitants--Korad. The geography strongly echoes that of the Valley Dor, which encloses the Lost Sea of Korus, and Haggard's lost valley of Kor... And in Korad, John Carter, like Haggard's characters in She, finds walls decorated with art depicting the activities of the original inhabitants.

Each of these elements--Iss, Korus, Korad, the geography, and the art--could be coincidence. But in the aggregate it becomes improbable. When the other similarities are considered, the only solution would seem to be that ERB did read She and Cleopatra and maybe King Solomon's Mines (as he had certainly read The Prisoner of Zenda before he wrote The Mad King) and daydreamed about them, fusing their often complementary story lines, and altering the narrative to fit his own philosophy (again as he did in Zenda). But as he did this, he became interested in the world external to Dor/Kor--and having destroyed Issus, he set about creating a new Barsoom/Amenti, relegating Issus' world to the past.

That new Barsoom, the one depicted in Princess, still retains elements of ERB's earlier world. However, like ancient Korad, they have been greatly transformed...In Princess ERB used the religion of the Valley Dor for background purposes only, and possibly he intended nothing more--the psychological relationships dramatised in Gods have already been substantially resolved in Princess. Perhaps only when Metcalf sensed that deeper story was Burroughs impelled to resurrect it.

To sum up: It seems sure that The Gods of Mars was derived in part from She and Cleopatra. It seems equally sure that a detailed conception of the Valley Dor existed at the time A Princess of Mars was written. Consequently, it seems probable that events of the Valley Dor in The Gods of Mars were devised before the first Martian book was written.

(Incidentally, this may explain--in part--the location of the Valley Dor and the River Iss. If Iss is derived from Issus, and Issus from Isis, then the original pronounciation of Iss, regardless of whatever one was assigned later, would have been "Ice." And, of course, the Valley Dor lies at the south pole of Barsoom, and the River Iss passes beneath a great ice barrier before it flows at last into the Lost Sea of Korus in the Valley Dor.)

All this is speculation, of course. Many of the symbols and images employed by Haggard and Burroughs are fundamental ones, common to all our psyches, and it would be a mistake to assert as truth a structure built on so much intuition and interpretation. But those symbols and images are employed by Haggard and Burroughs in ways that often seem unique--and intuition and interpretation are a storyteller's tools, as well.

Whatever the case, I've come to admire a man who was much more complex, talented, and creative than his critics realize. He was a flawed writer but a remarkable man, with a remarkable and curiosly subtle mind. His narratives are often primitive; the stories beneath them are not.

Best,
Richard Kyle

Without denying Metcalf's role in motivating the Barsoom series--or "influences" from Homer to Gustavus Pope--I think Mr. Kyle's argument on H.R. Haggard and ERB is indisputable, there being just no other way to explain the many correspondences between them.

8744 N. Pennsylvania St.
Indianapolis, Indiana 46240

Dear Leland:

Derek Carter's historical entry oozed authenticity but I don't think it was quite as hilarious as his contributions on the history of Canadian transportation to The New Captain George's Whizzbang. Do get him to do more for you.

Surely you will not be beset by outraged ERB fans for publishing Richard Mullen's statistics? In case the irony of his "identification" is lost on readers outside Indiana, it should be noted that Terre Haute enjoys a deserved reputation as a Sin Citadel in this state. (For example this year the mayor forbade the police to raid brothels--on the grounds that they forstalled wild-eyed Indiana State students from molesting Our Women. When the police raided anyway, they were suspended.)

Fritz Leiber's article is beautifully written and wisely recognizes that real human societies are far more complex than cliché anthropology allows.

Backwards through the issue: Re your comments on the fallacies of precognition: I am fond of citing the following example. When John Kennedy was elected President, a college friend flatly predicted that an assassin would shoot him down in late September of 1963. No Jean Dixon ambiguities, just a plain public statement. How had she arrived at this conclusion? Not by ESP but simply by averaging the term-lengths of presidents who died in office, guessing a violent death, and deciding the weapon would be a gun. Given the way the media exploit these matters, I think the man elected in 1980 is very likely doomed. In the event he's Ted Kennedy, he's certainly doomed. Remember, you heard it here first.

Dr. Wertham has made a singularly novel interpretation of Lord of the Rings: the eradication of Evil. Unfortunately, this is a distorted view. Then what does he make of the Scouring of the Shire and predictions of future wars and tragedies after destruction of the Ring? I thought Tolkien was saying that Acute Evil (Sauron and his Ring) could be conquered but Chronic Evil (results of sentient beings' sins) would continue until the end of time. Tolkien is a traditional Christian and the conflicts described in LOTR must be examined in this light. (Somehow it's amusing that at a time when Christian theologians are busily denying any genetic formulation of Original Sin, scientists like Raymond Dart et al. are affirming one--of sorts.)

Mr. Boak's comments on Poul Anderson are most unjustified. Obviously he did not permit the documentation in my essay to disturb his previously held opinions. But at the risk of becoming tiresome, may I point out: Mr. Boak identifies Socialism with Anderson's "domestication." Anderson does no such thing. In fact, his utopias invariably have some socialist features. It's Socialist dogma he dislikes, not its techniques. (For a compact critique of Socialism vs Capitalism, see "The Last of the Deliverers," 1958) Anderson has every bit as much feeling for environment as for heredity. He creates an endless variety of social and physical environments to demonstrate their interaction and integrates their effects with commendable thoroughness.

Anderson heroes "never question their basic assessments"? They most certainly do: right down to core philosophical questions: "What is being? Why is being? How do we know? How do we judge?" Anderson is acutely aware the world is not simple; his heroes are acutely aware they are not noble. And if Compleat Anderson Heroes like Holger Carlsen, the UN-Men, the Cordys, the Time Patrolers, and yes, even Flandry are predatory wolves, then I'd rather be a bitch in their pack than anybody's else's contented cow.

I hope it was sufficiently clear that "Challenge and Response" was intended as an authentic summary of Poul Anderson's published opinions. It was a necessary foundation for preparing a systematic critique of his work. I was in no way attempting to explore his psyche or reconstruct his voting record. While some personal tastes such as his fondness for cats and Mozart could be deduced from his fiction, it was irrelevant to mention them. My long-term goal calls for additional articles on his View of Nature, style, etc.

(.../concerning/ Patrick McGuire's letter...maybe I should have stressed persistent point of view, since sane and sensible people can't be 100% consistent. And while the questioned Flandry quote was used simply because it was convenient, Flandry is phrasing his complaint the way anyone would. When he says: "We don't care," he really means "They don't care but I do.")

Yours truly,
Sandra Miesel

In dealing with actual historical fact, you understand, Mr. Carter couldn't afford the frivolity of his Whizzbang articles.// Since we presently know more about social than genetic determinants of individual behavior, I'll stick with the New Theologians. But I agree that Dr. Wertham's interpretation of LotR has to be qualified.// To-date, Mrs. Miesel's fault-finders simply have failed to study her essay or the author she discusses.

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8 Perry St.
Union City, PA 16438

Dear Leland,

I would like to...tear down the thinking that John Campbell seems to feel is so well thought out. I'd really like to know where he gets the idea that he (or the U.S.) knows what is best for Viet Nam (hell, the U.S. doesn't even know what's right for the U.S.). He tells us time and again that anything we can say about the South Vietnamese government is just what we think, while on the other hand he is qualified to tell the people of South Vietnam..."what's good for them." (In the Dark Ages physicians frequently bled patients...to the point where the patients succumbed from loss of blood. They were doing what they thought was best for their patients.) To put it on an s.f. level, Mr. Campbell must necessarily support Big Brother's administration in 1984: after all, the citizens did prosper, even if it did mean the loss of rights and freedoms. Big Brother was "good for them." ...

"Edgar Rice Burroughs and the Fate Worse than Death" was an article about right for something on Burroughs...I notice that there was a comparison /in Bill Blackbeard's letter/ between ERB and Robert E. Howard, and I'd like to say something in REH's defense: the guy was not a hack. He said what he wanted to say... Burroughs, on the other hand, was writing for a general audience and had to water down his story lines. You will notice that in none of Mullen's 76 instances was a successful rape pulled off. General audiences might accept Tarzan eating raw meat, but raping Jane wasn't something that they would stand for (I went into this matter in greater detail in my article in Freon #3). Burroughs, then, was writing for a "silent majority" audience while Howard was working as a true artist, writing for Weird Tales for ½¢ a word, but still able to say what he wanted...

Best,
Gordon Matthews

In connexion with the topics just discussed, note that Howard's literary inheritors, the writers of Sword and Sorcery (or Space Adventure), e.g., L. Sprague de Camp, Robert Heinlein, Larry Niven, Fred Saberhagen, in a recent F&SF poll voted yes to U.S. war in Southeast Asia; whereas the part-time critics, Jim Blish, Terry Carr, Damon Knight, Ted White, etc.--all voted no. The Blood and Guts crew, regardless of cerebral capacity, habitually conceive brute force as a resolution to problems, whereas members of the Brain Trust analyze problems and naturally reject jingoistic solutions. It's to the credit of Fritz Leiber, the one author in both camps, that he also voted no.

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12 Glengariff Dr., Mulgrave
Victoria 3170, Australia

Dear Leland,

I think that in simplifying the situation with regard to our bid for a 1975 World Convention Harry Warner accidentally does us a disservice. The supposed tension between Sydney and Melbourne just isn't there. The situation is rather simpler, but almost incredible in terms of fannish politics: we all appreciate the opinions of others. But it goes like this. If one is bidding for a convention in five years' time, one has to be aware of some fairly straightforward facts of life. The present balance in the sizes of fandom in the two main cities, Melbourne and Sydney, may drastically change in the next five years. At the moment, Melbourne swamps Sydney 3 to 1--so "obviously" Melbourne is the choice for the convention site. Obviously. Except that in five years many things can change. That is perhaps the major consideration, but also we are trying to remember that those presently running the bid may well not be running it in five years' time. Sure--we expect to, but the lives of the individual members may take them away from such things. In six months, despite the size of the committee, we have had two mear things. In the light of this situation, we have taken what seems to us the only intelligent course: to bid for Australia now, and then let the committee of the time (1973) decide where and when that convention will be.

Why is it that Fritz Leiber's article does not have a single reference to the more recent editions of Watch the North Wind Rise? No doubt the intent was to interest readers in the work: surely it would not have been terribly unfair to indicate that /it has been/ republished several times? As for the people who dislike speculative fiction, to whom Mr. Leiber is so condescending in his opening paragraphs, I should think that the problem would be better viewed from the other side: what shall we say of those who require that their fiction take them away from the real world? Andrew Sarris raised this matter...in his review of 2001 and I would guess from your remarks about the war in Vietnam that you take a view not greatly different from Sarris'. Too many of the science fiction fans I know can't get it up for the starving or the tortured because they are too pre-occupied with the wonders of the cosmos (as served up by a retired short-order cook).

Best,
John Foyster

Whether Melbourne or Sydney, it's Australia in '75! // Concerning Escape, various answers are possible, from that of Jim Ballard, who says that s-f is the only way to ingest contemporary reality, to that of C.S. Lewis, who points out that the easiest escape, via "egoistic castle-building," is not that generally offered by s-f.

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125 Garrard Street
Covington, Kentucky 41011

Dear Leland:

John W. Campbell's remarks in RQ 4:3 taking issue with the characterization of the South Vietnam regime as a "U.S. puppet government" raises nothing, clearly, that can count toward settling the dispute between you and him, since your view does not stand or fall upon the usefulness of assimilating South Vietnam to, say, Britain in 1943 or Japan since 1945 (to mention only two of Mr. Campbell's many examples). What Mr. Campbell has attempted to do is to put a strain upon the concept of "puppet government" as used in a strictly descriptive sense, and in so doing he quite correctly, I think, draws out the way in which the term also carries considerable evaluative force.

However, there is a statement of Campbell's which is simply a mistake, and since it is representative of remarks offered in social and political contexts--often, but by no means exclusively, by writers with scientific interests chiefly in mind--perhaps your readers would like to look more closely at the logic of the slip:

Mr. Campbell writes: "In other words, whether an individual considers the government of a nation X a 'puppet' government or a 'popular' government depends upon what he thinks. Not on any definable facts. It's a subjective, not an objective conclusion--and almost invariably rendered by someone who doesn't live there, doesn't know the people, and doesn't understand their philosophy."

Readers who find something vaguely peculiar about this passage will perhaps be helped to fix, at a stroke, just what has gone wrong: Certainly, if there is any point to the suggestion of credentials in the last half of the final sentence, then what precedes it is misleading, and if what precedes it is flatly true, the remarks following the dash are unnecessary. And yet Campbell was moved to make them.

His entire discussion, in fact, argues against, not for, the proposition that applying the concept of 'puppet" to particular governments is a subjective matter, since Campbell simply by means of the examples he cites suggests that such applications are governed by criteria. His letter rests upon the assumption that this is so.

What has been missed by Campbell is that a distinction between "objective" and "subjective" conclusions obscures rather than illuminates the logic of usage for political and social concepts, as it does for many other fields as well. Though it is possible to construct a model of "objective" judgement in the political-social domain (by asking what a "finding" might be like here similar, for example /to/ a "finding" that there are X number of moons around Jupiter), the failure of actual inquiry to measure up to the model does not require a conclusion to the effect that such judgements are "subjective."

It is true that what one "considers" in this domain depends upon what one thinks, but that remark happens to be trivial.

Think of its being said about scientific inquiry, and perhaps it is possible to see how it is oddly neutral to the dispute Campbell is urging. The point is that wherever criteria can be coherently suggested (and I am not proposing that Campbell's criteria are wholly satisfactory, though I do think he offers them coherently), it is at least logically possible for a person to be mistaken about how he applies a concept. And if that is the case, then it cannot be true that the accuracy of what he considers depends upon what he thinks, though it is certainly... tautologically so, that what he considers depends upon what he thinks.

Without laboring this further, let me simply add that...many of our everyday concepts do not come equipped with the necessary and sufficient conditions for their correct use.

That is not to say, however, that the use of such concepts is merely "subjective," and hence not arguable. Obviously (and Campbell's own letter is a case in point), we do argue them. That we cannot identify the "objective" or "factual" ingredients in cases at hand--features which would enable us to use the concept comfortably without bothersome border-line cases cropping up--does not in itself warrant a conclusion that the use of the concept is "subjective." Much like the ways that argument is conducted in the higher courts, we are more concerned with the point...of linking a case at hand to a range of precedents, than we are to subsume cases under closed concepts in some indisputable way. The latter, in fact, is simply impossible where a concept is flatly not of that sort--that is, does not mark off neatly and in advance a domain of cases, but is rather used in such a way as to point out, through the reasonable extension of the concept, features of the case that we might heretofor have overlooked. It is precisely this which Campbell does when he asks us to regard Britain in 1943 as a puppet government of the United States. He makes this suggestion not because he thinks it is correct but because our (and his) tendency to reject the suggestion shows something about the concept of "puppet government," not merely, as Campbell seems to think, showing a flaw in his proposed definition. It is true that the definition is inadequate, and his examples bring this out. But it becomes clear as one reads the /letter/, with the practice of testing-out concept extension in mind--as contrasted with Campbell's mistaken assumption that the business here is to subsume cases incontrovertably to a closed definition--that the examples are interesting because of our willingness or reluctance to link them up with "puppet government" on a variety of features. There is a point, certainly, to calling Britain in 1943 a puppet government, but the point is not so strong as our reasons for not doing so. Important to my argument that this matter is not merely subjective is the obvious relevance of reasons to be offered in this and similar disputes.

Writers of science fiction need to be intellectually more sensitive...to the nature of evidence and the logic of concept-application of the sort I've tried to outline. The matter comes up importantly in dealing with, to list a sampling, time, personal identify (as in instances of bodies occupied by alien minds, speculative accounts of organ transplants...and so forth), whether some machines are entitled to citizenship, and the broader issues of freedom, war, and justice in elaborately technological settings.

Writers have been misled to dash off uninteresting, or downright incoherent, proposals in these provinces often, I think, because their familiarity with standard practices of inquiry in the behavioral and social disciplines does not nearly match their acquaintance with the physical sciences, where the practices of arguable extension--as contrasted with stricter deductive-inductive models--are less central or appear in more subtle form...

George Thompson

Mr. Thompson's argument--that the impossibility of "counting" doesn't imply the subjectivity of all judgements--has many implications, from American rationalizations of the Viet Nam murders to occasional statements in the fan press that owing to the lack of sharply defined literary criteria, the merit of a story depends entirely on whether or not the reader happens to like it.

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617 East Lincoln Ave.
Mount Vernon, NY 10552

Dear Lee,

I suppose that you and your contributors could consume endless pages of your otherwise valuable magazine, quibbling over the intricate details of the conflict in southeast Asia. Whether it is Campbell's indictment of your use of the term "puppet government" or someone else questioning the validity of your remark that black marketeers, Saigon harlots and native employees of U.S. bases are the only beneficiaries of the U.S. presence in South Vietnam, it all seems rather irrelevant. Staring at each other across the nebulous vapor of opposing dogmas is an exercise in futility. To debate the validity of one set of notions founded on a framework of stilted information as opposed to another is, at the very least, a waste of time. Surely, there is a certain degree of truth in each, but because of the distillation of facts by those who represent the various opposing views, it is impossible to establish any positive conclusions.

What we do know is this: (1) the U.S., (whether we choose to accept or reject the allegation that its purpose in Vietnam is specifically to defend asian democrary) considers the spread of communism throughout southern asia as a formidable threat to its own security, (2) that, in Red China, thousands are starving because of an ailing economy and a significant lack of suitable farm land with which to feed its ever expanding population, (3) the Soviet Union, by virtue of its military aid to asia, wishes to deter asian communists from alignment with China, and also to frustrate U.S. involvement there.

More basic than that, however, is the fact that the U.S. and the Soviet Union have sustained almost half a century of peaceful, if not altogether friendly, coexistence at China's expense. China was kept out of the world market, among other things, by policies of flagrant neglect extending from both sides. Compounded by the U.S. attitude of non-intercourse with communist countries, the Chinese were compelled to make a choice between death as a nation or waging a campaign to acquire the fertile southlands by either alignment or conquest (as evidenced by North Vietnam and North Korea, respectively)...Communist China in control of Southeast Asia...would be in a position to paralyze the world market by cutting off valuable export commodities to both the East and West. Perhaps it is what we've deserved all along...

The problem with those who endorse the war is that they tend to regard the opposition as being made up of two basic groups: (1) those who fear the loss of their own lives and therefore must rationalize their cowardice by pointing out the inhumanity of war, and (2) those who are forthright communists. The problem with those who oppose the war is that they tend to regard all opposition as being made up of: (1) over-the-hill wasps who, because they fear the loss of their virility, must stand up for Motherhood, Apple Pie, and a host of other "American" institutions, and (2) right wing hawks who are pushing U.S. imperialism in Asia. The problem with the whole damn lot of them is that the majority of the people on earth fall somewhere in-between...

I, for one, am looking forward to the day when RQ decides to get off the soapbox of political expostulation and devote itself full-time to examining the "escape fantasy" that these troubled times compel us so diligently to seek.

Regards,
Vincent Di Fate

"The failure of...inquiry to measure up to the model" (in George Thompson's phrase) doesn't imply that positive conclusions are impossible, especially when independent inquiries all point the same direction. In the present instance, the preservation of Asian democracy is exactly why the U.S. should leave, since (as noted last issue) at least 80% of the Vietnamese support the NLF. // Hawks' views of the opposition are simply false; e.g., it requires the most courage of all to refuse induction and risk consequent jail sentence. Doves' views at least have historical basis in the U.S.'s first occupation of the Philippines, which was viewed by Brain Trusters like William James with the same contempt we now feel toward current American activities in the Orient.//For a different reason I also think further political expostulation (on this subject) is useless, and in future issues intend to give no more space to it.

2111 Sunset Crest Drive
Los Angeles, Calif.90046

Dear Leland,

There is a Writers' Guild strike in progress--if that is the word--and I write you from the daily picket line to commend you for the latest RQ; most particularly for Fritz Leiber's article on Watch the North Wind Rise. There was a time, shortly after its publication in the United States, when I had the feeling only Fritz, the late Henry Kuttner, and myself had ever read this book--my recommendations fell on deaf ears. But then I lacked the eloquence with which it is described here: I hope many fans are encouraged to embark on a Graves-trip. He's one of the great neglected members of fantasy literature.

All best,
Robert Bloch

If the Writers' Guild strike is anything like the last Canadian post office walkout (which lasted 6 weeks), then Mr. Bloch is still walking, and will have travelled some 300 miles. // For Graves' latest pronouncements on Drugs, Sex, and War the reader can consult the December '70 Playboy.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM...

Joe Krolik (490 Cordova St., Winnipeg-9, Manitoba), who justifies his letter (III, 228) on the U.S. space program:

> Basically, I agree with Dave Lewton. "Elastic Dick" is ...utilizing the...accomplishments of NASA to laud his administration, which has lacked in accomplishments, and to disguise this failure. However, the...lack of enthusiasm over the /Moon/ landing is an indication that people are not being fooled...

Mr. Krolik then answers critics who say that Apollo money should be spent to "better purposes like relief." This argument is omitted because few RQ readers, I think, are naive enough to suppose that money not spent on space exploration would be used for the general welfare--about which the present U.S. government shows little concern.

Sam Long (Bolney Lodge, Shiplake near Henley-on-Thames, Oxon, UK), who agrees with Fritz Leiber that

> ...nowhere can you say more in less space than in fantasy because the best fantasy is sheer poetry. Graves and his books have done more to cure me of my former Tolkienomania than even my own laziness has...

After noting the similarity of Derek Carter's "Saskatoon Explorer Project" to historical articles in American Heritage, Mr. Long continues:

> ...the essay I...got the biggest chuckle out of was "ERB and the Fate Worse Than Death." It was so beautifully written, so straight that it could easily pass for a scholarly article if the title were changed to, say, "Predicaments in the Novels of ERB." Would Richard D. Mullen, the Elder, like to become Professor of Moral Philosophy at Osteen University?

Since the RQ participates in the MLA Abstract System, Mullen's article, title and all, is necessarily recognized as "scholarly." Likewise for his nephew's opus, "Sex and Prudery in E.R. Burroughs and H. Rider Haggard," scheduled for a future issue.

Dave Gorman (3515 Lauriston Dr., New Castle, Indiana 47362), who counters Gray Boak's reprimand (III, 224) of J.G. Ballard with his own impression that

> ...Ballard was saying that each individual is responsible for his own life first. Don't go on holy crusades trying to straighten out other people's messes until you've found your inner self, soul, purpose, God...and work for the Truth for yourself, which should benefit the world also...

While not attributing any message or didactic function to this author, I do agree that the customary "dropout" criticisms are meaningless.// Mr. Gorman's remaining comments are self-sufficient:

> I'm sorry that the Free Enterprise government in Saskatchewan is taxing local folk to subsidize U.S. manufacturers. At least they haven't demanded youthful lives as our government has in Vietnam and on the campuses...I will record my vote for Socialism also, in that Capitalism was meant for a frontier nation, and class ownership of the means of production...must be ended before any peace can be obtained.

Andrew Platizky (129-67th St, WNY, New Jersey 07093), who quotes statistics and pronouncements on the Viet Nam war--including two from General Westmorland:

> This war is not a stalemate. We are winning it...North Vietnam is paying a tremendous price with nothing to show for it in return. (7 July, 1967)
>
> None of us ever felt a military victory in the...traditional sense was attainable in South Vietnam. (16 July, 1970)

William Linden (83-33 Austin St, Kew Gardens, NY 11415), with an objection to David Gorman's request (p.227) that he "get off his justification kick"--

> Will you tell Mr. Gorman to get off his "murder" kick?.. If /he/ approves of an action it is a Just War, if he does not...it is Murder. Either Mr. Gorman...regards all warfare as "murder" or he does not. In the former case, he must apply this judgment impartially to all warfare, whether it is Communists killing civilians in Hue, Dak Son, Binh Hung... or the killing...of civilians in Dresden, Hamburg, and Berlin.

Bill Blackbeard is then requested to explain:

> 1) How the CIA is responsible for Duvalier, especially in the light of withdrawal of all American aid from Haiti... and recent U.S. refusal of Duvalier's demand for planes from Guantanamo to put down the latest revolt against him?
>
> 2) What the "horrors" of Laos are, apart from...fighting foreign Communist troops invading it?
>
> 3) Whether he classes the Philippines among those imposed horrors?

There's a difference between inflicting civilian casualties during the bombing or occupation of a town and inflicting them after it's occupied--as at Mai Lai. The first is war; the second is murder. Our correspondent didn't read attentively Mr. Blackbeard's letter, which (p. 231) alluded to "...various horrors imposed...with or without aid...of the CIA."

Jeffrey May (Box 204 MPO, Springfield, MO 65801), who considers Dr. Wertham's letter to be "another mind joggler" and claims to possess information "on how much one's culture can teach...violence or /other/ character traits."

> While...there are some peaceful cultures, I can't think of any that don't contain some form of violence, either overt or subliminated. That sounds more like man learning to control something that is a part of his nature. Furthermore, such peaceful cultures are a very definite minority.

To say aggressive behavior arises from innate bellicose tendencies is to utter a tautology--like that about opium putting you to sleep because of its dormitive properties. This, as Dr. Wertham emphasizes, is not the direction of modern psychology.

S-F HALL OF SHAME

Since Darrell Schweitzer's "The Worst Science-Fiction Story Ever Told" (294-5) does not "elect" but only nominates, readers are welcome to send in their own candidates, which must be accompanied by full particulars. (Something more constructive is wanted than mere lists of dislikes.) Mr. Schweitzer's article forced a one-issue postponement of my own "Clichés in the Early Super-Science Story" (on the Clayton Astounding), whose publication at this time would have meant two Hall of Infamy sequences beginning simultaneously.

Issued with different intentions is the recent SFWA anthology, Science Fiction Hall of Fame (vol. 1), Bob Silverberg, ed., Doubleday, $7.95. Anything claimed to be the "Greatest Science Fiction Stories of All Times" [sic] invites negative criticism, but I'd prefer not to name the various poetic talents excluded and the second-rate items that represent either immature (or mischosen) efforts by first-rate authors or best efforts of second-rate authors. The folly of this particular "greatest" is shown by its neglect of pre-'35 s-f (save for two stories that already have been anthologized many times) and its mindless conformity to popular taste, as in the preference of a routine Henry Kuttner opus to his unforgettable but still less-known story on the same theme (the "demoniac" mentality of children). Hall, then, exemplifies the truism that the efforts of a literary "committee" are inferior to those of a single intelligence, since they reflect the ignorance and misjudgement of everybody, not just those of one person. However, Mr. Silverberg, who just tallied votes, can't be blamed.

For an anthology of twice the quality and half the cost, see Strange Ports of Call, August Derleth, ed. (New York: Pellegrini and Cudahay, 1948). From its date the reader will surmise that the Derleth volume is out of print and hence more expensive than originally--but even at twice the old price it's still twice the value of the Silverberg. (Two reputable dealers who still may have copies: Richard Witter, Box 415 Staten Island, New York 21302, and Howard de Vore, 4704 Weddell, Dearborn, Michigan 48125.)

WHO'S WHERE

Because of the yearly Academic Sweepstakes there is yet another obligation--to list university affiliations of contributors: Patrick Callahan, University of Notre Dame (South Bend); Stephen Scobie, University of Alberta (Edmonton); and Mary Weinkauf, Dakota Wesleyan University (Mitchell, South Dakota). There's still enough space to note the fortunate congruence of the Derleth title given above to that of Professor Callahan's latest review, "Toward Yet Unvisited Harbors" (Prairie Schooner, Summer, 1970), on the poetry of Robert Graves.

This second edition of RQ #16 corrects one error in the first, the misspelling of Stephen Scobie's name on page 258, and includes Howard de Vore's zip-code (page 314), which was omitted the first time. (The three advertisements on the back cover page are not included in this corrected edition, however, since otherwise the RQ would lose its sales-tax exemption for printed non-commercial material.) But the worst error, which pushed the Trieste convention one year ahead, is left unchanged-- for reasons not to be explained here.
