

NARGOTHROND No2

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p26,29.....	Billie Thompson
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30¢ a copy or 4 for \$1.00 - approved trades accepted by either publisher or editor. Articles and subscriptions accepted by Rick, artwork and fiction by Alan. Letters, of course, to either.

In regard to artwork, WE NEED MORE desperately! I like to have a picture on every page to help break up the printed matter. I had to "lift" some pictures from other sources (which I really don't like to do) and still didn't have enough for every page. As with this issue, all further issues will be done with mimeograph. Artwork should be done in black ink on one side of ordinary white paper. Artwork submitted in this way will be cut on to stencils electronically and be exactly as submitted. I do, however, reserve the right to alter the size of any picture. If you wish you can submit artwork already cut on mimeo stencil material. Be sure to leave a half inch border for glueing on to the final master. Not responsible for the reproduction of material not submitted as above.

TYRN GORTHAD

-Rick Brooks

We have decided by popular request (would you believe one letter) to run advertisements in NARGOTHROND. Since the traffic wouldn't bear much, rates are \$1/page, 50¢/½page, 25¢/¼ page, and 3¢/line. As for page and line sizes, guesstimat from a few pages in this issue.

Since both classes and this issue are demanding my time and since I'm dedicated enough to write half the issue anyway, the editorial wouldn't be very long.

For those of you who are ST fans, we are starting a STAR TREK dept. and will have at least one ST item per issue. Contributions will be welcomed. This issue has Sandra Miesel's ST - HMS PINAFORE pastiche. Next issue as planned will have another article by me, sort of an expanded Random Jottings study of various aspects of the ST universe.

Next issue will probably also see my Captain Future article and various book reviews and the letters of those of you who care to write. The lettercol in this issue is unfortunately short as of this writing, because I have only about ½ of NAR 1 mailed out due to a foul-up over envelopes and others too numerous to go into.

I have read various places statenents in praise of John Maynard Keynes, the great economist (who incidentally believed in a balance budget...over a period of years, tho), and how much modern economics owes him. Overlooked is the man who did more than anyone else to revolutionize the 20th century economic picture...Henry Ford.

Now Henry spent most of his life as a radical of the most reactionary type and would have ruined the Ford Motor Company if he hadn't been eased out of control, but he started much differently. Henry Ford came up with the idea of mass producing cars, but at the time there was no mass market for cars. So he decided to pay his workers high enough wages so that they could buy his cars. The other companies considered him a damn socialist and waited for him to go broke, but when he began making a good profit the rest of the industry was forced to follow suit.

And so good old Henry Ford, tho I doubt that he intended to, also saved us from Marxist-Leninism by exploding the Marxist theory that a capitalist economy either had to colonize new markets or collapse. And the Model T was a damn good car too. I wonder when Detroit will forget gadgets and go back to making cars again.

Social complexity as a measure of cultural evolution
The more complex, the more pollution

-Sharon Noble

TEMPO 1966

B=D
U=O
O=C

J=T
I=R
R=1

Z=Y

X=U

B=K

N=A

G=N

H=P

A=B

P=E
W=S

F=L

FUN & GAMES DEPT.

-Alan G. Thompson

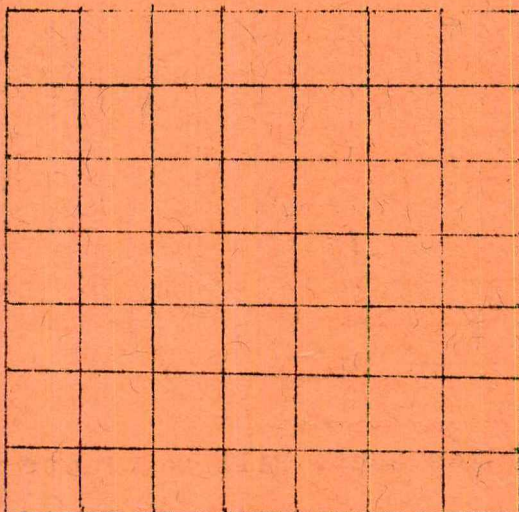
The Fun and Games Department has a couple of items this issue. First, a cryptogram provided by one of you readers, B. A. Johnstone. The sentence has to do with a couple of characters from ST and is not necessarily the opinion of anyone connected with this magazine. Second, a little number game. Study the 5 by 5 matrix of numbers. All the rows, columns, and diagonals add up to the same number (65). There is a set method, or order, the numbers follow which will work for any odd-number square matrix. A 7 by 7 is drawn for you to try. Each row, column, and diagonal should add up to 175. On the next page is the solution to the 3-D maze. I would like some new ideas for this column and would appreciate any ideas you might have.

1. BUOJUI ROOUZ RW NFTUWJ HIRTRJRKPFZ XGWNJRJNIZ NGB ONEHJNRG
SRIS RW NG RIIPWHUGWRAFF QRUZ DUXGB.

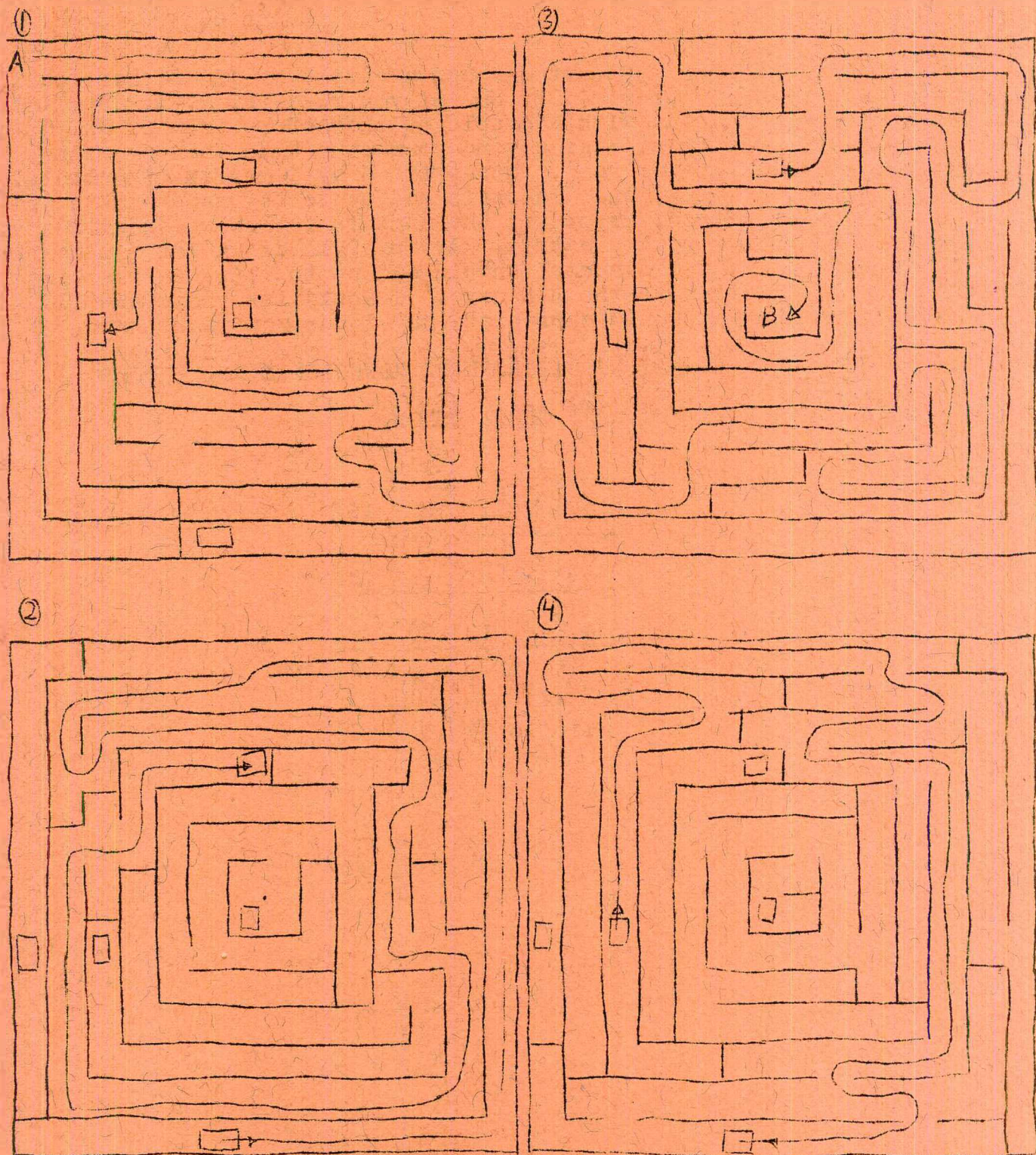
First R should be T
Last R should be F

2.

17	24	1	8	15
23	5	7	14	16
4	6	13	20	22
10	12	19	21	3
11	18	25	2	9



Solution to 3-D maze



Next time Fun and Games Dept. will be electronically cut too!

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

or

THE LASS THAT LOVED ELECTRONICS

-John and Sandra Miesel

I

"Captain to all hands: The Enterprise has been chosen for a special mission. We are to transport Supreme Starfleet Commander, Admiral Joseph Porter, from Earth to Starbase 12. The admiral will be beamed aboard at 1600. He will occupy my quarters for the duration of the trip. Kirk out."

This announcement sent a whirr of excitement through the starship. After one of the Enterprise's infrequent calls at Earth, a routine two weeks' voyage would seem almost like an extension of liberty.

II

Several hours later, Ensign Josephine Corcoran, promising junior communications officer, approached the Bridge. A deceptively fragile-looking beauty with mahogany-red hair, Miss Corcoran was always far too absorbed in electronics to notice the concernment she aroused in the bachelor crewmen. In her wake trailed an uncommonly persistent admirer, recreation officer Lt. George Power.

"Captain Kirk, Captain Kirk, sir," she began excitedly, "Would it be possible to present a small entertainment for Admiral Porter while he is our guest?"

"Just what did you have in mind?"

"While on leave I purchased some musical tapes in England. Among these was a series of nineteenth century operettas. You are of course familiar with the works of Gilbert and Sullivan?"

"Gilbert and Sullivan?" the captain repeated blankly.

"William Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan were notable British operetta composers in Victorian times. Their most popular work, a satire on the navy, was called H.M.S. Pinafore. I think it would be most amusing to stage this for the admiral, and Mr. Power agrees.

Mr. Power nodded without undue enthusiasm.

"In a crew of this size," she continued not pausing for breath, "there are certainly enough talented people to fill the cast. With our modern mnemonic techniques, role learning would not present a problem. While no area on board is large enough to serve as a theater we could broadcast the performance to all hands over the ship's internal communications network."

"You seem to have anticipated all my objections."

"Such was my intention, sir," she replied primly. "Do you not agree that this gesture would give Admiral Porter an even more favorable impression of the Enterprise?"

Across the control room, Mr. Spock slowly raised his right eyebrow.

The captain was spared the necessity of a reply by the approach of Dr. McCoy who had been listening nearby.

"Couldn't help but overhear the ensign's request. Her idea isn't so far-fetched. It might be fun. I had a roommate once in med school who was an antique music buff. I remember him playing H.M.S. Pinafore and it really was sort of cute. Let her try it, Jim."

"Your choice still seems quaint to me, Miss Corcoran, but then I've never heard the operetta. If the admiral gives his permission for the performance, you have mine."

"Oh thank you, sir. I am sure I will be able to secure the Admiral's agreement." She and her escort hurried away.

"I'm sure you will, too," muttered Kirk at the two departing officers. Then he turned to McCoy. "Miss Corcoran's a brilliant engineer, Bones. Now we'll see how brilliant she is at theatrics."

"She's brilliant, all right, but a little too intense for my taste. Not for Mr. Power's though or so I've heard."

"You shouldn't listen to ship's gossip, Bones," reproved the captain, barely suppressing a smile.

III

Promptly at 1600 Admiral Joseph Porter and his aides materialized in the Transporter Room



and were greeted with all due ceremony. The Supreme Starfleet Commander proved to be a lumbering woolly mammoth of a man who assiduously cultivated an image of hearty friendliness toward the lower ranks. Not even an icy stare from Mr. Spock could stay the tide of jolly familiarity that swelled about him.

As the First Officer remarked later in private, "No doubt the good admiral possesses many excellent qualities which escape our casual observation."

"Yes," replied Dr. McCoy, "I understand his political connections are superb. And not a blemish on his record. He never had the imagination to make any major mistakes."

As might be expected, the admiral was delighted by Miss Corcoran's proposal. Although most of the Enterprise's crew did not share his enthusiasm, enough volunteers were found to mount a production of Pinafore. Chief Engineer Scott was chosen to play the Pinafore's captain while Ensign Corcoran sang the role of his daughter and long-suffering Mr. Power her lover, Ralph Rackshaw. (During tryouts Mr. Chekov made a valiant bid for the latter part but was gently turned down. Once parts were mastered via hypnotic techniques, the operetta was taped piecemeal to avoid disrupting ship's routine.



Miss Corcoran's happy absorption in her project was ruined when she began to hear disparaging remarks about it. Some of the crew looked upon the entertainment as a shameless attempt to curry favor with the admiral; others that it would be a monument to her vanity and Mr. Power's complacency. All agreed that Pinafore was hopelessly outdated and irrelevant. They could not conceive of enjoying an operetta about the wooden navy of centuries past. Betting pools had sprung up, wagering on the magnitude of the expected disaster.

Ensign Corcoran was deeply wounded. "We will see about that," she vowed. "They are going to madly enjoy Pinafore whether they wish to or not." She spent every spare moment in the electronics laboratory but confided her plans to no one.

IV

Finally broadcast time arrived. The performance was scheduled to catch the minimum number of crewmen on duty. Although signals would be carried to the Bridge, vital stations, and every other part of the ship, most of the audience would be watching on large viewcreens set up in the recreation lounges.

Visibly nervous and exhausted from lack of sleep, Ensign Corcoran was making last minute adjustments in the circuitry of a control console. Her anxious fingers slipped--there was a blinding blue flash and the unlucky girl was knocked flat. While Mr. Power applied mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, other crewmen summoned Dr. McCoy to the scene. Although her condition did not appear serious, he ordered her carried to Sick Bay. Mr. Power felt that the broadcast should proceed on schedule and so ordered. After gingerly turning off the control which had stunned Miss Corcoran, he hurried off to check on her injury.

McCoy dismissed everyone from Sick Bay once the unconscious girl had been placed on the examination table. "She's in no danger," he said. "I can manage this alone. Better if I'm not stumbling over worried friends. No reason for you all to miss the show."

After shoos the others out, he switched off his own view-screen to avoid distraction. His first estimate was correct: a dose of neuroregulators, a sedative, dressings on her burned hands, and the effects of the shock were corrected. Assured by his instruments that all had returned to normal, McCoy filed his report on the injury and its treatment.

Only then did he remember to turn on the operetta. The announced channel was dark. "Damn, the performance must be over. Let's see what they're doing on the Bridge." He flipped the control knob and gasped at the grotesque sight the screen revealed.

Surrounded by serried ranks of crew, Captain Kirk struck a melodramatic pose in his command chair and proclaimed in a pleasant tenor:

(tune: I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THE SEA)

Kirk: I am the Captain of the Enterprise!

crew: And a right good captain too!

Kirk: You're very, very good
And be it understood,
I command a right good crew.

crew: We're very, very good
And be it understood
He commands a right good crew.

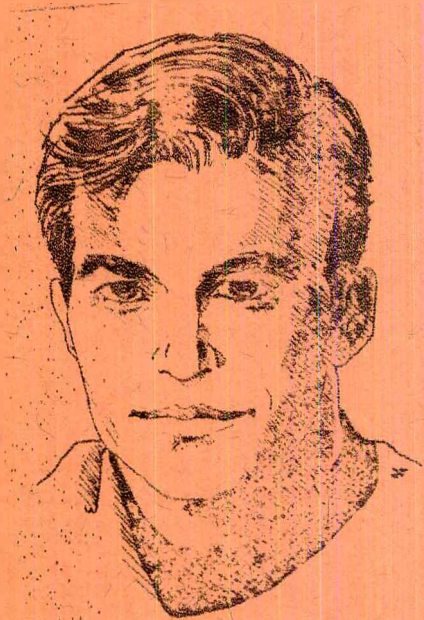
Kirk: Not a terror I can't face
In n-dimensional space
Throughout the galaxy.
I am never known to quail
At any fierce ionic gale,
And I am never space-sick, you see!

crew: What never?

Kirk: No, never!

crew: What never?

Kirk: Hardly ever!



crew: He's hardly ever space-sick, you see!
Then give three cheers and a reprise
For the hardy Captain of the Enterprise!
Then give three cheers and a reprise
For the Captain of the Enterprise!

"What in the name of heaven's going on? Is this some kind of joke?" One glance at his sleeping patient and McCoy dashed off to investigate.

V

All along the passageway clusters of crewmen were merrily echoing the song of their mates on the Bridge:

We're very, very good
Be it understood
He commands a right good crew.

The doctor's arrival disturbed them not at all and his frantic questions brought no reply other than:

Give three cheers and a reprise
For the hardy Captain of the Enterprise!

The ensembles melted into orderly choruses, nearly blocking his path to the elevator. Just then a mighty bull elephant roar shook the corridor:

(tune: I AM THE MONARCH OF THE SEA)
admiral: Known throughout the galaxy,
Commander of the Space Navy,
Whose praise the Federation chants...

A happy malfunction of the elevator intercom blotted out the rest of Admiral Porter's bellowing.

As McCoy reached the Bridge, the stage-set atmosphere still prevailed. But now the lovely senior communications officer held the spotlight. For some reason, McCoy did not choose to interrupt her.

(tune: I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP)
Oh, I'm called Miss Uhura,
Lieutenant Uhura,
For I'm a little bit shy.
Always say: 'Miss Uhura,
Lieutenant Uhura',
If you should ever pass by.
I've pretty resistors
And micro-transistors,
Too small to be seen with the eye.

I've whole banks of switches,
But my skirt never twitches,
For you see I'm modest and shy.

Scarcely had she curtsied and relired when another young lady bounded forward. This was Yeoman Janice Rand, who had worshipped Captain Kirk from afar. She grasped the captain's hands, spun him out of his command chair and drew him close.

Janice: Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks and therefore:
Though your station's high and mighty,
Though stupendous be your brain,
Though my tastes are light and flighty,
And my rank so poor and plain.

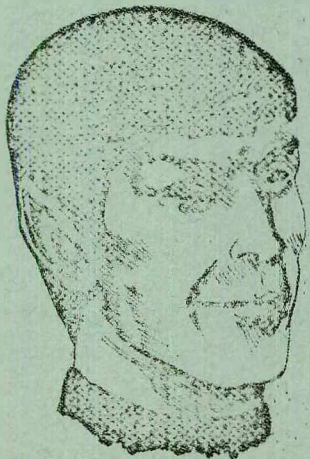
A warm and beatific glow spread over Kirk's face. He responded:

Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks and therefore:
I admit this sweet affliction,
Ably have you played your part,
You have carried firm conviction,
To my hesitating heart.

McCoy repressed an urgent desire to retch and was nearly deafened by the jubilation of the answering chorus:

Let the air with joy be laden,
Strike with song the Stars above,
For the romance of our captain
With the girl who owns his love.

"Jim! What the hell's gotten into you? Won't somebody tell me what's going on? No reaction. McCoy could not penetrate their persistent euphoria. Now the group's attention swung to Mr. Spock. As might be expected, the Vulcanian possessed an excellent voice.



Spock: Kind Captain, I've important
information,
Sing hey, the kind commander that
you are,
About a new enlarged computer station.
Say yes, O kind commander that
you are.

"Wouldn't you know it--all the others sing of love but Spock about his computer. But if even Spock's been caught by this delusion, I'm wasting my time here." He withdrew in dejection. Then an alarming thought galvanized the doctor: "Good grief!" he yelled, "Who's minding the ship?" and sped off to the engine room. There was some basis for his anxiety since automatic controls were not entirely foolproof.

Alas, the situation was no different in Engineering Section. Oblivious to their control panels, Scotty and his crew were cheerily proclaiming:

(tune: WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE)
We sail the sea of space
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
A smile's on every face,
We're attentive to our duty.

"Why don't you pay some attention then! You might start checking those warning lights." McCoy shouted himself hoarse but the chorus continued undisturbed.

Our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're attentive to our duty,
With a smile on each face
We sail the sea of space.

By this time the doctor was reeling with anxiety and frustration. As he wearily turned back to Sick Bay, he began to question his own sanity. Was he the one listening to the sound of a different drummer?

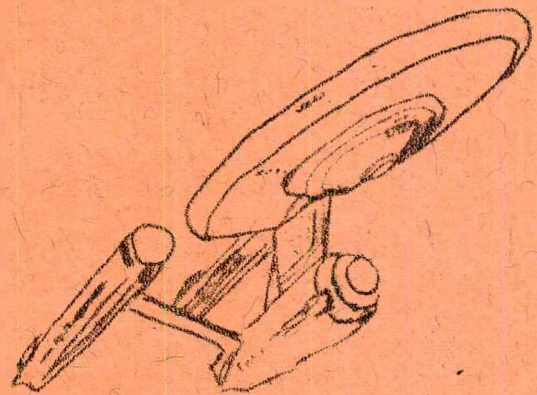
As McCoy passed Mr. Spock's cabin, he found his chief nurse leaning against the door. Her tear-streaked face kindled a brief hope that she was untouched by the mass delusion. "Christine, girl, are you all right?" he cried with relief. But her sob-wracked answer was:

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly.
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

McCoy shook her by the shoulders, "Stop mooning over Spock and come to your senses!" But she only wailed the louder:

When love is alive and hope is dead!

He left her to her lament. Clearly then, the only ally he could hope for would be Miss Corcoran. It was time to rouse her.



VI

An injection of stimulant quickly revived the ensign. She stared blankly at the doctor, then noticed her bandaged hands. "I had an accident?"

"You took quite a jolt of current from a piece of your broadcasting equipment."

"But how was Pinafore received?" she asked with a touch of her usual animation.

McCoy's face turned grim.

"Did something go wrong, Doctor?"

"Go wrong? Go wrong? Oh, nothing much!" He replied with exaggerated gentleness then savagely flicked on his viewer.

Admiral Porter appeared on the screen declaiming to an enraptured audience of Mr. Sulu, Mr. Chekov, and other young officers:

(tune: WHEN I WAS A LAD)

Porter: I polished up my record so carefully,
That now I am commander of the Space Navy!
crew: He polished up his record so carefully,
That now he is commander of the Space Navy!
Porter: Now spacemen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule:
If you show too much initiative, you're a fool
crew: If you show too much initiative, you're a fool
Porter: Stick close to your posts and you all may be
Great future commanders of the Space Navy!
crew: If we stick close to our posts, we all may be
Great future commanders of the Space Navy!



"JUST THAT THE WHOLE DAMN CREW THINKS THEY'RE JOLLY THEN!"

"You need not shout, sir!"

"It so happens I feel like shouting! I've been all over this ship trying to find one sane person who can still speak!" Then more softly: "Why did your program trigger a mass hallucination? Answer me, Ensign."

In a comparatively meek voice she replied: "A great many of the crew laughed at my plans. Nevertheless I was determined to insure an overwhelming success for the operetta. So I prepared tapes of aural and visual sedimnal signals to be broadcast simultaneously with the performance. These were designed to elicit reactions of delight and...identification from the audience. I

was working on the modulator control for these tapes at the time of the accident. With it damaged, the suggestion must have been transmitted far more intensely than I intended."

"Far more intensely. They even affected Mr. Spock. Do you have any ideas on undoing the damage?" he inquired drily.

"I could devise counter-suggestions. It would take perhaps an hour to cut the tapes, my fingers not being at their nimblest."

"But how can we attract the crew's attention?" McCoy objected.

"If they cannot reply to speech, we shall have to break into their Gilbert and Sullivan world by singing to them."

"Afraid my voice won't be much help. Strictly a whiskey base."

"So it seems is the admiral's. That is irrelevant." She was rapidly regaining composure. "Captain Kirk, being an authority figure as well as your close friend will provide the focus for our efforts."

"Well, what are we going to sing to him?" he was still unconvinced.

"There is a song in the real Pinafore score which might serve." Now she became slightly patronizing: "Dr. McCoy, as a physician, you must have been liberally educated. See if you can modify this libretto for our needs. To the studio now." She unwisely broke into song.

"Carefully on tiptoe stealing..."

A single glower from McCoy struck her silent.

VII

An hour and a half later after some judicious nudging and trilling had enticed Captain Kirk from the Bridge, the great experiment was ready. As the beaming commander stood before a live camera, McCoy began self-consciously:

McCoy: Things are seldom what they seem.
Synth-milk masquerades as cream.
Plastics look just like real leathers.
Sparrows strut in peacocks' feathers.
Kirk: Very true, so they do.
Stern conviction's o'er me stealing
That the mystic doctor's dealing
In oracular revealing.

McCoy: Very true, so I do.
You require illumination:
This is all hallucination.
Here's the fact that you must face:
We can't sing our way through space!
Kirk: Is this so?
McCoy: I should know.
Tho' a mystic tone I borrow,
You will learn the truth with sorrow,
Here today and gone tomorrow.
Kirk: Is this so?
McCoy: I should know!

Then he gently turned the captain to face a monitor screen while Miss Corcoran played back the new recording with her subliminal signals superimposed. Kirk's smile faded to mild puzzlement.

"Bones, what am I doing here?"

"Were you daydreaming or something, Jim? The ensign has just been showing us the studio. Been having memory lapses lately? Any other symptoms? Maybe I should look you over. Let's go down to Sick Bay right now."

As McCoy steered the baffled captain out the studio door, Miss Corcoran began broadcasting the rigged duet to all hands.

VIII

Captain Kirk once more sat in his rightful place on the Bridge. "Now that everything's back to normal," he said, "I'm going to recommend that Ensign Corcoran be transferred to the Intelligence Corps".

McCoy chuckled, "I can see her now, beaming peaceful thoughts at the Klingons and the Romulans."

"Such would be an apt utilization for her talents," Mr. Spock observed. But I still should like to see exactly what transpired during those four hours. All records seem to have been mysteriously erased."

"Oh, come on, Spock. A little uncertainty's good for your soul."

"You Vulcanians do have souls?" asked McCoy innocently.

"Humpf!"

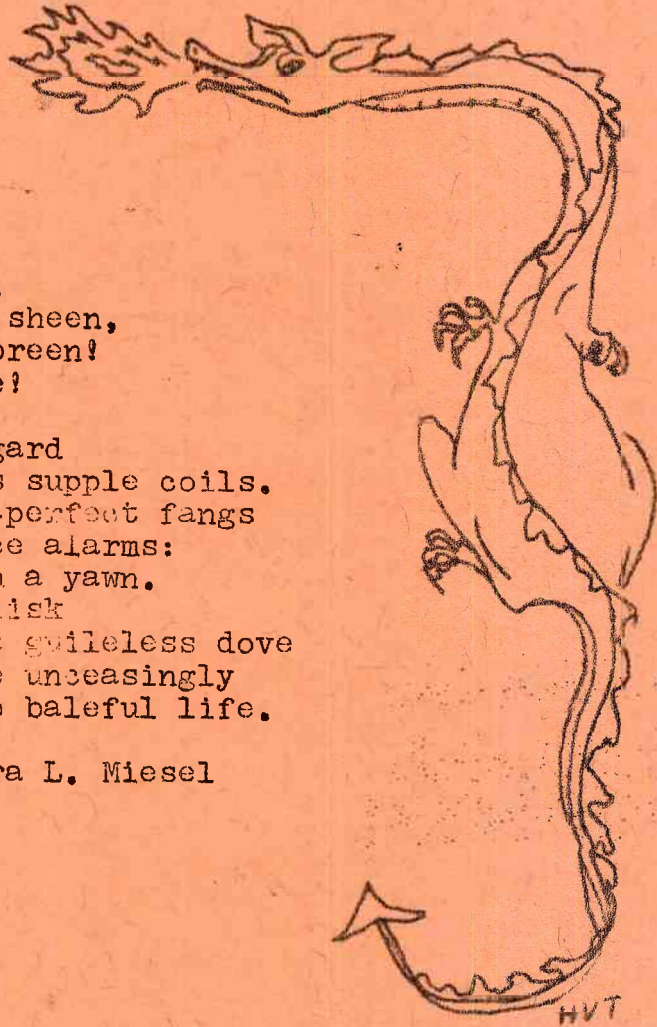
The Enterprise raised Starbase 12 without further incident.

CONTEMPORARY DRAGON

Scales of psychedelic green,
Well-kept claws fluorescent sheen,
See him glisten! Watch him preen!
Sleekest dragon on the scene!

Ingenuous eyes languidly regard
Admirers thronged around his supple coils.
No smoke besmirches his too-perfect fangs
Nor reek of vulgar cockatrice alarms:
He dissapates suspicion with a yawn.
This lolling polyvinyl basilisk
With fluid malice feigns the guileless dove
And wields his subtle tongue unceasingly
To lick the ancient myths to baleful life.

-Sandra L. Miesel



TOLKIEN: A SURVEY

-Rick Brooks

"The Lord of the Rings is probably the most original and varied creation ever seen in the genre and certainly the most self consistent; yet it is tied up and bridged to reality as is no other fantasy."

-Douglass Parker, "Hwaet We Holbytla" HUDSON REVIEW, Winter 1956-57

"For Tolkien's fantasy does not obscure, but illuminates the inner consistency of reality. There are very few works of genius in recent literature. This is one."

-Micheal Straight, "Fantastic World of Professor Tolkien", NEW REPUBLIC, January 16, 1956.

"We have released fires hotter than the breath of the Worm, but we have never once achieved the lonely, nostalgic splendor of Lothorien, that elven land which has passed away from Middle-earth. I say we have not achieved it or its dignity, but one man has created it in one thought - Tolkien."

-Loren Eiseley, "The Elvish Art of Enchantment", HORN BOOK, August '65.

Tolkien, in the minds of most people, is known for his magnificent three-volume work, THE LORD OF THE RINGS. I first read LOTR while a lowly GI stationed in Bangor, Maine. As memory serves, I checked the three volumes out of the public library on a Thursday evening and finished the narrative part of the third volume at about 6 AM Saturday morning. It still fascinated me almost as much on the latest reading. The progress of this article has been held up many times by my inability to put the book right back down after checking a point. From LOTR, I became interested in Tolkien's other works and his sources as well as what others had gotten out of his works.

THE TOLKIEN READER - which contains THE ADVENTURES OF TOM BOMBADIL, TREE AND LEAF, FARMER GILES OF HAM, "Tolkien's Magic Ring" by Peter Beagle, and a play and essay on "The Homecoming of Beornthoth Beornthelm's Son" - is a handy collection for the budget minded, but I would like to see another kind of Tolkien Reader made up of articles on Tolkien. Such studies as Marion Zimmer Bradley's "Men, Halflings and Hero Worship", "Hwaet Weholbytla" by Douglass Parker, "Ethical Patterns in The Lord of the Rings" by Patricia Spacks, and "The Elvish Art of Enchantment" by Loren Eiseley are among the ones I'd select. The Tolkien epic has inspired quite a bit of prose even to a "second-generation" article on Dick Plotz (first head of the Tolkien Society of America) in the April '66 SEVENTEEN.

Even THE HOBBIT, while not the book that LOTR is, still comes in for some comment. Douglass Parker, who from his article is probably the most informed about speculative fiction of any outside our cosy field who have reviewed LOTR, considers hobbits "Tolkien's first, and I think his greatest creation." William Blissett finds hobbits to be "of a clear-eyed innocence that will remind a North American reader irresistibly of Pogo."



HOBBIT

The epic Wars of the Ring are filled with "deeds that only one skilled as Tolkien is in Anglo-Saxon, in the bardic tradition of Beowulf, could re-create and at the same time make meaningful, even to the supplying of the proper songs." (Loren Eiseley, "The Elvish Art of Enchantment") The scope and sweep that Tolkien gives the story are impressive. The vast history stretching back for eon upon eon gives the book a "third dimension" and convinces the reader that he has only scratched the surface of a much greater story.

John Campbell in his introduction to THE BLACK STAR PASSES touched on "sense of wonder." John used an anthology of the following sort to make his point. "When a young man goes to college, he is apt to say, 'I want to be a scientist,' or 'I want to be an engineer',...By the sophomore year, a student may say, 'I want to be a chemical engineering.' At graduation, he may say, 'I'm going in to chemical engineering construction.' Ten years later he may explain that he's a chemical engineer specializing in the construction of corrosion-resistant structures, such as electroplating baths and pickling tanks for stainless steel. Year by year, his knowledge has become more specialized, and much deeper. He's better and better able to do the important work the world needs done, but in learning to do it, he's necessarily lost some of the broad and enthusiastic scope he once had." The SF field has followed the same process. As the field matures, it tends to lose a sense of scope and limitness, i.e. a "sense of wonder."

But LOTR doesn't share this shortcoming. The writing is mature with as much a sense of wonder as any. Tolkien goes into his background in the appendices of the final volume until the book seems realer than real life. The main appendices deal with the history and the languages of Middle-earth. Even with an expert in languages such as Tolkien, the variety of languages is still impressive. There are two elven languages - High Elven or Quenya, a sort of elven-latin, and Grey Elven or Sindarin, the language of the elves of Middle-earth - and from what we have of the language of the elves/gnomes of Gondolin, their language was much like High Elven. Westron was a mixture of Anglo-Saxon and elven words used by the men of the west. The Hobbits also used the Westron or

Common Speech, having no native language of their own, and borrowing those of their mannish neighbors. The Ents a slow ponderous language suited to beings who counted the years as little as men counted minutes. The Dwarves had a language which none outside their race had ever learned more than a few words of. The Black Speech was devised by Sauron for the use of his servants during the Dark Years. Few terms of the Black Speech are given besides the Ring-inscription, "but Tolkien shows his genius by making these lines so regular that we can analyze from them a number of elements of the Black Speech grammar and vocabulary." (Mark Mandel, "The Ring-Inscription", THE TOLKIEN JOURNAL 1)



The most nearly complete language in these pages is the elven dialects of which 19 pages have been compiled from THE HOBBIT and LOTR by Greg Shaw... (Feemwlort #2 & #3) However the most interesting to many people is the Westron that Tolkien based on the early Anglo-Saxon language which he was highly expert in. The names and the sources form another area of considerable interest. In the words of Douglass Parker, "Gollum's original name ('Smeagol') and that of the brother he murdered ('Deagol') seem to evoke the crime of Cain. I preserve my reasoning on this point to show the fascination which Tolkien can exercise on the susceptible. He admittedly (Vol. 3, p. 413) made up their names to 'translate' two names in the Hobbit-speech meaning 'burrowing, worming in' and 'secret'... i.e. 'Smeagol' from AS (Anglo-Saxon) smeagan 'examine, peer in,' 'Deagol' from AS deagol 'hidden, secret'... But the more the names are looked at, the more they seem to have another dimension. They might... explain the etymologies of 'Cain' and 'Abel' - the first from cunnian 'investigate, find out,' the second from a (intensive prefix) and behelan 'conceal.' As I say, the fascination is considerable."

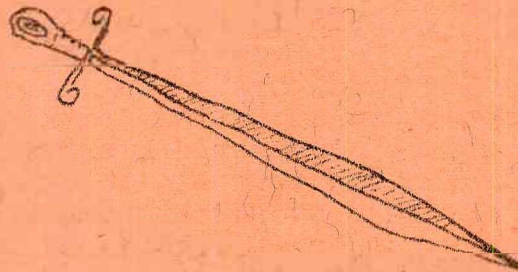
Lin Carter did a three part article ("Notes on Tolkien", XERO #7, 8, & 9) in the second part of which he traced most of Tolkien's names. A great deal of the personal names being found in the Norse EDDAS; nearly all of the dwarves' names being found in a few verses of the VOLSUNGA SAGA.

To me the thing that gives Tolkien's work a sense of fascination is the vast sweep of history it encloses, and the way the Quest of the Ring is made to seem an integral part of this long and varied history. In fact, Douglass Parker sees LOTR as "the story of the end of an age, an age which the author has gone to a fantastic amount of effort to make specific, to make real. And it is from the varied reactions of races and individuals to this and to the ends of other ages, past and future, that the meaning of the work arises."

LOTR has many links with the ages of the past, some of them living beings such as Sauron who was the servant of Morgoth in the First Age, Elrond the half-Elven whose "memory reaches back even to the Elder Days" and who has "seen three ages in the west of the world," (FR, p256, HM ed., p319 Ballantine ed.) And with him, many of the immortal elven kind still walk Middle-earth. Gandalf the wizard was already aged and bent when he entered Middle-earth some two thousand years before the final act of the War of the Ring. He came as a messenger to unite the forces of good. For Gandalf "is forbidden to dominate...in the First and Second Ages of Tolkien's world, the Gods interfered in man's fate and so obscured it; in the Third Age their emissary is present, but as a helper only." (Michael Straight)

The book dealing with the First Age (and now the Second also) is THE SILMARILLION which is in the process of being written by Tolkien. This book will deal even more than LOTR with "the idea of death and the thought of immortality on earth - Swift's Struldbrugs - (both) equally intolerable. The whole thing will be dominated by three jewels (the Silmarils), symbols of beauty rather than power." (Tolkien quoted by Anthony Curtis, "Hobbits and Heroes" I PALANTIR 1).

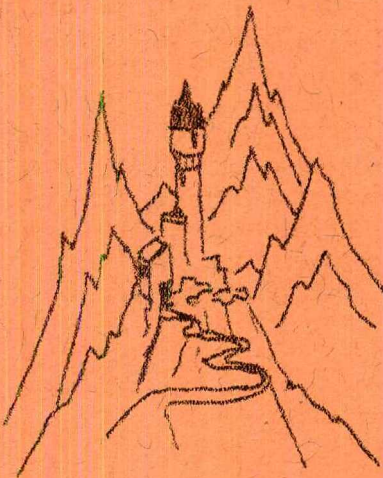
Tolkien divides his lengthy history into four periods. The First Age begins beyond the scope of any in LOTR and ends with the overthrow of Morgoth and the loss of the Silmarils. The Second Age as chronicled in THE AKALLABETH (meaning The Downfall of Numenor, now to be part of THE SILMARILLION) starts with the settling of the Edain in Numenor near to the Undying Lands of the immortal elves in the far west and ends with Sauron corrupting the Numenors and leading them to conquer the Undying Lands. Then "The Valar laid down their Guardianship and called upon the One, and the world was changed. Numenor was...swallowed in the Sea, and the Undying Lands were removed forever from the Circles of the World." (RK, p317 HM ed., p92 Ballantine ed.) The Third Age started with the settlement of Gondor and ended with the departure of Elrond and most of the elven kind with the declining of their powers brought on by the destruction of the One Ring. Then began the Fourth Age - that of Man.



Margaret M. Howes has a nice article in THE TOLKIEN JOURNAL (Vol. III, No.2) on "The Elder Ages and the Later Glaciations of the Pleistocene Epoch" on the configuration of Middle-earth during the various ages.

The lands of Middle-earth from the Shire to Lothlorien to Mordor are many and varied. A strong part of the effect of the story rests on the hobbits' progress from their comfortable Shire to the almost absolute perfection and beauty of Lothlorien and from there to the desolation and waste of Mordor. The closer Sam and Frodo approach the mountain walls of Mordor, the more sparse and stunted the vegetation. Within the mountain valleys only twisted and bent thorn bushes cling to existence. The land of Mordor when they reach it is a blasted and twisted waste of solidified lava and ash.

Tolkien took painstaking care with all the details of Middle-earth as he believed that this type of writing was the most difficult as it had to induce in the reader "that state of mind (which) has been called 'willing suspension of disbelief.' But this does not seem to me a good description of what happens. What really happens is that the story-maker proves a successful 'sub-creator.' He makes a Secondary World which your mind can enter. Inside it, what he relates is 'true', it accords with the laws of that world. You therefore believe it while you are, as it were, inside."
(TREE AND LEAF, p36)



Tolkien continues that "anyone inheriting the fantastic device of human language can say the Green Sun. Many then can imagine or picture it. But that is not enough...to make a Secondary World inside which the Green Sun will be credible, commanding Secondary Belief will...demand a social skill, a kind of elvish craft. Few attempt such difficult tasks. But when they are attempted, and in any degree accomplished, then we have a rare achievement of art...indeed story telling in its primary and most potent mode." (TREE AND LEAF, p45)

Tolkien has succeeded in this aim in LOTR in the opinion of most of his critics. Douglass Parker feels that "Tolkien has made his world a prodigious and, so far as I can judge, unshakable construction of the imagination." C. S. Lewis says that "no imaginary world has been projected which is at once as multifarious and as true to its own inner laws...Here are beauties which pierce like swords or burn like cold iron; here is a book that will break your heart...good beyond hope." ("Dethronement of Power" TIME AND TIDE Oct. '55)



The one critic that does unfavorably look upon the Ring volumes, Edmond Wilson, does a thorough hatchet job of it. Even the fall of Mordor is nothing more to him than "the climax to which we have been working up to through exactly 999 large closely printed pages... (and which) proves extremely flat...The kingdom of Sauron 'topples' in a brief and banal earthquake that sets fire to everything and burns it up, and so releases the author from the necessity of telling the reader what exactly was so terrible there." Breathes there a man with soul so dead... Besides critic Wilson hasn't done his homework. He omits the fact that his "fire" is a volcanic eruption and that there isn't much in the wastes of Mordor to burn.

And as Douglass Parker points out, with the squalidness of the orcs, the spider-like Shelob (incidentally Tolkien denies in EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: MASTER OF ADVENTURE by Dick Lupoff that the Siths of Apts of the Barsoomian caves were the source of Shelob.) who nearly traps the Ring-bearer in the mountains of Mordor, and the squie-like Balrog who almost destroys Gandalf in the pits of Moria, "Tolkien has surrounded his Dark Lord with such an aura of utter malignity that any presentation, no matter how horrible, would be anti-climatic. For Evil here is and must be unspecified, nearly allegorical." (Douglass Parker)

The questions of good and evil and of power in LOTR are quite complex and have aroused a varied amount of comment. Lewis J. Halle views the central theme of the three volumes as "power, and its onsequence, suffering." (History Through the Mini's Eye, SATURDAY REVIEW, Jan.28, '56) Micheal Straight sees the problem as one of "power unmatched by responsibility corrupts, and therefore is potentially evil. The power conferred by the Ring is without parallel. Therefore its capacity to work evil is unlimited. In the presence of limited good and corruptible man; what is the responsibility of the ringbearer? Is it to use present evil on behalf of present good and thereby to ensure the continuation of evil? Or is it to deny present gain in an effort to destroy evil itself?" Contrast this viewpoint with that expressed in the Elric of Melnibone series where "It takes a strong evil to battle a strong evil." (STORMBRINGER, p60) It would be interesting to know if this theme in LOTR influenced Moorcock to look at the other side of the coin,

Patrica Spacks in an excellently worked out essay feels that "reference to...two themes - freedom of will and order in the universe, in the operations of fate - are...strongly recurrant...Early in

The Fellowship of the Ring after Gandalf has told Frodo the dreadful nature of his Ring (it partakes of too much power and brings about the 'fading' of its wearer into final submission to evil), the wizard comments that always after defeat the Shadow takes another shape and grows again. 'I wish it need not have happened in my time!' said Frodo, 'so do I,' said Gandalf, 'and so do all who live to see such times. But that is not for them to decide. All we have to decide is what to do with the time that is given us.' (FR 60)(HM ed.) The necessity for free decision is thus early affirmed; it is to become a central issue of the trilogy (sic)."

Towards the end of the Quest, "Sam...realizes how many opportunities they have had of turning back, and understands that heroism, in legend and in fact, consists of freely and repeatedly making the choice of good (TT 321). In his moment of crisis, he knows that destiny has put him in this dilemma, and that his most important responsibility is to make up his own mind. (TT 341)

At the climax, Frodo weakens and puts on the Ring by the fires of Mount Doom. But Gollum takes the Ring (with the finger in it like Isildur did) and while dancing in triumph, he slips into the Crack of Doom and the Ring is unmade in the fires of its forging.

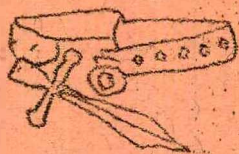
"Dramatically this final twist is quite unnecessary. It prolongs the suspense by barely a page; the dilemma raised by Frodo's failure is immediately resolved. Thematically, however, it is essential. In the presentation of this event, the idea of free will intimately involved with fate receives its most forceful statement...Free choice of good by the individual involves his participation in a broad pattern of Good; individual acts become a part of Fate. Frodo has repeatedly chosen to behave mercifully towards Gollum, even in the face of treachery on the other's part, his merciful acts determine his fate and, because he has by acceptance of his mission come to hold a symbolic position, they also determine the fate of the world he inhabits...(Frodo is) free at the cost of physical maiming, the emblem of his human (or Hobbit) weakness-like Lewis' hero, Ransom, who is in Perelandra successful in physical struggle with the Devil, but emerges from it with an unhealable wound in the heel." (Patrica Spacks, "Ethical Patterns in The Lord of the Rings", CRITIQUE, Spr.-Fall '59, I Palantir #3) And like Beren in THE SIMARILLION who loses his hand in the war against Morgoth (RK p229 HM ed., p281 B. ed.) or Tyr the Norse god who put his hand in the Fenris Wolf's mouth as a pledge of faith while the other gods chained the Wolf.



There is also a variety of opinion on what Tolkien has accomplished. William Blissett feels that LOTR is a "parable of power for the atomic age." Colin R. Fry feels that Tolkien "has tapped the roots of North European mythology, and made old legend new again and accessible to a much wider public than they were before; and he has also, in doing this, uncovered the roots of European personality." (Tolkien and British Culture" NIEKAS # 13) Douglass Parker gives Tolkien credit for "recreating Beowulf - Beowulf as he understands it and has criticized it so well. And he has done this...because he feels that only in this way can he attain what the author of Beowulf attained, a sense of man's...impermanence, his perishability."

Perhaps the best analysis of Tolkien's accomplishments is Marion Zimmer Bradley's. She sees LOTR as symbolic of adolescence and "its function as a bridge between childhood fantasy and adult realism." At the end of the story, Sam - whom MZB sees as the true hero of the story and cites among other things that he was the only character able to freely give up the Ring and in the land of Mordor to boot - Sam "has achieved true maturity; and as the Heroic Age passes, he longs to put down roots into the soil of the Shire and raise a family...(his) heroism and devotion is in curious contrast to the humdrum marriage and like he accepts and desires... The only way to achieve maturity is to leave behind the Third Age with its dreams and desires, its emotions and needs and glories; the only way to remain forever young is to die young." (Men, Halflings, and Hero Worship" FAPA '61, NIEKAS # 16)

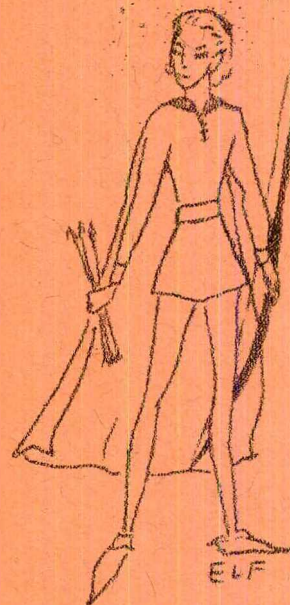
Most critics agree that Tolkien has created a work of exceptional worth. Anthony Boucher stated after the novel won the International Fantasy Award that it "is one on the major achievements of epic imagination in our lifetimes, and your life is the poorer if you have failed to read it." Arthur C. Clarke says "I have read Professor Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings not once but twice. In the highest and most complimentary sense, this is escapist fiction at its finest, yet at the same time it has profound relevance to our troubled age." (inside blurb, THE HOBBIT, Ballantine ed.) Loren Eiseley feels that "these are sure to remain Tolkien's life work, and are certainly destined to outlast our time. They stand as a major creative act."



Patrica Spacks describes LOTR as "gigantic in effect, unique in conception, his trilogy (sic) must assume a central position in the canon of serious supernatural literature...(for) Tolkien removes his fiction from the realm of 'real life' only to be enabled to talk more forcefully about reality. A serious reading of The Lord of the Rings must produce the realization that its issues are profoundly relevant to human problems."

Marion Zimmer Bradley has, perhaps, the most unbiased summing up of the epic. "The great mass of abundant verse in The Lord of the Rings, if detached from the books and analyzed only as poetry, would appear at a level with that of any other scholarly, sensitive amateur with a feeling for words, conscientious about rhyme and metre, imaginative and vivid, but neither artistic or great.

"Wilson also calls (Tolkien's) prose on a 'similar level of professorial amateurishness.' We must concede his disinterested accuracy. Dr. Tolkien's prose is often awkward, stilted, pedantic. He comes off poorly when compared with James Branch Cabell, Charles Williams, or even Robert Graves. But this ignores one great fact; great prose, or great poetry, does not make a great work of art. Shakespeare was not a superlatively great poet, yet his plays have more power than many more "poetic". Jewelled prose, and artistry with words, often hides that the writer has nothing to say. Tolkien has a great deal to say; and he has sufficient command of the English language to say it well, compellingly, truthfully and spell-bindingly.



"And this alone will make The Lord of the Rings a great work, and give it lasting place in literature when his critics, and the great prose and poetry they admire, have passed away into the nothingness of changing tastes. Possibly Dr. Tolkien has written THE definitive Quest novel. Certainly he has written a great masterpiece and one which will long endure...to seize on generations of children, adolescents and adults with its pity and terror, its catharsis and consolation."

Since the above was written before the Tolkien books became a national craze, it overlooks the point that now Tolkien's poetry has introduced many who otherwise wouldn't touch it to its beauties. And I rather like the fannish craze for setting Tolkien's poems to music, but I have little information on this except for the fact that Marion Zimmer Bradley has set many of them to music.

Douglass Parker faults as do many critics, the characterization in the novel. He holds that "though (LOTR) labors under two almost impossible literary burdens - reams of interpolated bad verse and an utter lack of more than surface characterization - it leads to a preception, a valuable one, and one which depends greatly on the tremendous amount of sympathy created for its characters. In fine, its success is due, in part, to its shortcomings."

How it is possible to have a "tremendous amount of sympathy" for cardboard characters is something Douglass Parker skimmed over very hastily. The characters in LOTR are well enough depicted to gain our interest and yet not overly developed so that they get in


the way of the story. I feel that the modern emphasis on characterization to the point where novels take place almost in an actionless void is very unhealthy. It is like very carefully fitting on one leg of a stool then trying to sit on it. It will be interesting to see how long it takes for the modern school of writers to fall on their backsides.

William Blissett feels that "the persons of the story are not fully rounded individuals defining themselves through existential choice, but aspects of mankind and of the self manifesting their essence...Only two persons are given rounded and unpredictable characters and it is significant that they both typify types of psychic disintegration."

But Blissett overlooks the most developed character in the novel. At least, to me, Middle-earth is the main character. The visible part of Middle-earth's fascinating "character" is the wide and varied array of lands and peoples of her surface,

but this character has developed for countless ages and time seems almost to attain substance in some of her dream-wrapped ancient lands. Scattered throughout Middle-earth in song and in legend, in substance and in person are reminders of a great and majestic past stretching back countless years. It is this sense of a vast, almost brooding history that gives Middle-earth such an attraction for me. And we will have a chance to see this character at an earlier stage of her development when Tolkien polishes up the final draft of THE SILMARILLION.

UGLINESS

Nothing is more disgusting
than to find a spider
hanging from my washcloth
the first thing in the morning,
Because murder is a sad thing in the morning.
But there are no guilt feelings,
just a gob of paper
a smash
a flush.
Then everything is back to normal
except
somewhere  there's an empty web
and
nobody's coming home.

THE SITE OF DARKNESS

-Jerry Barich

I

Around them the stench of muck and stagnant water caused them to gag and cough incessantly. The air, polluted by the abhorrent odor of the decadent surroundings, was close, muggy and sticky under the overcast Louisiana skies. The temperature and humidity both ranged in the high nineties and the dark, overhanging clouds foretold of a coming storm. The heaviness of the saturated air had stilled all life. The swamp was silent...still. The only sound came from the two wandering explorers who toiled laboriously in the stifling heat.

"How in the hell did you manage to get us so lost?" cried an exasperated Wayne Thompson as he fought his way through the dense marsh bog, his clothes covered with thorns and burrs.

His brother, Ken, using a shirtsleeve to wipe away the perspiration which flowed freely down his face, flashed a big, easy grin and retorted with complete indifference, "It was easy. All it took was three years of expert scout training as well as some natural instinct."

Wayne glared at his older brother, his face flushed with anger and frustration, his jaw set firm as he hissed between clenched teeth, "You're a real comic, you know it, Ken. We spend all day hiking through this Goddamn slop and you crack jokes. Suppose we can't find our way out of this swamp, then what are you going to do, funny man? Sit here and laugh yourself to death?"

Ken, amused by his brother's concern, grinned even more as he answered in the same unconcerned manner as before, "Take it easy, little brother. Bradbury is around here somewhere within a mile or two. My short cut is just a little rougher than what I thought." Darkness crept in quickly, and with the darkening night came the awaited storm.

Under the torrents of rain and wind sludged the two exhausted travelers whose intended camping expedition had begun on a somewhat sour note. Although both were relieved by the driving rain which cooled their sweat soaked bodies, each searched in vain to locate a shelter where they might rest for the night. They walked on, their heads bent low in an effort to shield their faces from the biting, stinging rain. Then a flash of lightning lit the entire sky, and a tremulous clap of thunder resounded in the night



air causing both boys to jump with a start. In the brief instant the countryside was lit by the flash of lightning, they lifted their eyes from the ground and saw not a hundred yards from where they stood, the shelter they were seeking. There, alone in the middle of the swamp stood a single, dark, ominous house.

The house was perched on the top of a small knoll which rose above the muck of the surrounding swamp. A black iron fence seven or eight feet high encompassed the entire house with the only entrance being a single iron gate at the foot of the stone walk. Flanked by huge century old windows which moved lustily in the blowing wind, the frame house rose a full three stories high. The drain troughs were apparently missing, for as the rain ran down the roof it fell in the same manner as a waterfall, forming a huge wall of water. As another flash of lightning lit the sky, the once white paint, could be seen chipped and cracked on the old windows, most of which were surprisingly still intact, were small and even spaced. It appeared odd, however, that in gazing at the house there was on the left but one long, second story window. The porch, apparently made of cement, had on either side a large stone pillar which supported the overhanging roof. Between the pillars were two giant wooden doors which closed off the house from the rest of the world.

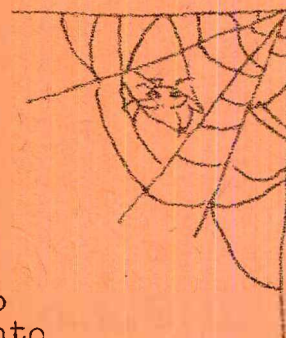
The two boys stood erect with their heads up, and their eyes fixed intently on the house. Both were silent as the rain streamed down their blank, frozen faces, and each felt the same weird tingling down the back of his spine. As the torrents of wind and rain raged through the night, heightened by the spiderlike fingers of streaked lightning, the ominous house gave a feeling of something evil...something forbidden. The two stared at each other, but said nothing. As they turned to face the house, they began the long, slow walk through the iron gate...up the stone walk...and to the front of the two great oak doors. They stopped and stared at each other once again, but neither moved to try to open the door. Then Ken drew a deep breath, let out a long, apprehensive sigh, put his hand on the rusted iron doorknob, and turned...

The massive oak door groaned and screamed in eerie high-pitched shrieks.

"Needs oil," Ken whispered in hushed tones trying to coax a smile from his stone face. The open door revealed the inside to

be as black as the horizon of a moonless ocean night. Behind the two trembling invaders, the rain had stopped; and the moonlight was shining through the dispersing clouds. They stepped inside, and Ken closed the crypt door behind them. Inside, the dead musty odor smelled as though the same stagnant air had resided in the house for centuries. As they stood silent, waiting for their eyes to become adjusted to the darkness, Wayne cursed himself vehemently for having forgotten to pack the flashlights. In a few moments their eyes had accustomed themselves to the darkness, and with the added grace of moonlight which now shone through the cobweb covered windows, they were able to distinguish the features of the house.

They were standing in a large vestibule. To their right was a square-arched entrance to a large room, and to the left was a series of closed, rotted French doors. Straight ahead and rising to the second floor was a winding, circular stairway, at the top of which was a long and narrow hall.



"Might as well look around," Ken whispered.

The house was empty. No chairs, no sofas, no lamps, no tables...nothing. They walked slowly into the large room to their right, which was apparently at one time the living room, but now was black, hollow, and empty. A huge marble fireplace stood directly across from the living room entrance and above the mantle hung a single oil portrait, covered with cobwebs and thick with dust. The portrait was of a haggard old woman, stooped and bent from what looked like centuries of age. She was dressed entirely in black, her face was a maze of lines and wrinkles, and her hands showed large varicose veins which protruded from her scaly brown skin. In gazing at the portrait, all other surroundings faded into oblivion as from out of the picture stared two black, empty, hollow pits which revealed that the woman had no eyes!

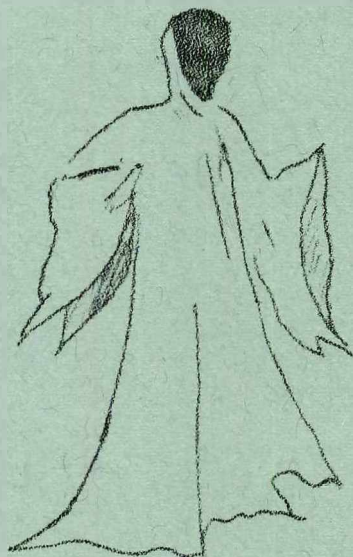
"Ken! Ken! let's get out of here!" cried Wayne frightened and trembling. "I don't like this place. I don't like it at all."

"Don't be silly! A picture is nothing to be afraid of. Besides we're both tired, and we still don't know where Bradbury is. We would be better off staying here for the night and starting off tomorrow morning."

Wayne turned his head away in disgruntled anger. He had no logical or reasonable argument for wanting to leave. It was just that the house was so dark, eerie and frightening. He looked back at his older brother and nodded his agreement. Ken managed a half-hearted smile, jabbed his brother on the arm, and spoke in

a low but firm tone, "Okay, that's better. Right now I'll see if I can scrounge up some wood for a fire. No use freezing. You spread out the sleeping blankets in front of the fireplace, hop into some dry clothes and I'll look for the wood."

Within minutes Ken had returned holding a large wooden crate. "Looks as if someone has been here in the last few years," he remarked almost casually. He broke the crate into pieces, threw them in the fireplace, took from his pocket a small can of lighter fluid which he poured over the wood, and stuck a match to it. In seconds the blaze was burning steadily and the warmth and friendship of the glowing fire seemed to ease the tensions of the day. Still however, as Wayne lay awake in his sleeping blanket he held to his fear and apprehension of the old house. He had been determined not to close his eyes for a second, but the warmth of the fire, and the trying ordeal of the day closed his eyes in uneasy slumber...



II

Wayne tossed and turned in his sleep. He fidgeted restlessly and his body was never still for a moment. He kicked, growled and cried out in his sleep. His body, possessed by a fear that wouldn't let him rest, turned, crawled and screamed.

"No! No! Don't!" ... Wayne awoke with a violent quaking jerk. His body was feverish and his clothes hung limp, soaked

with sweat. The fire had gone out and he peered around in the impenetrable darkness unable to remember where he was. Then the fog clouding his mind lifted and he knew. He brought his watch close to his face so he could see the radium dial. Two o'clock. He stared at Ken's sleeping bag and squinted hard to see if Ken was asleep.

"Ken...Ken," he whispered almost silently. His body began to quake with fear and his stomach knotted into pain. He reached a trembling hand forward and shook the blanket. Ken was gone!

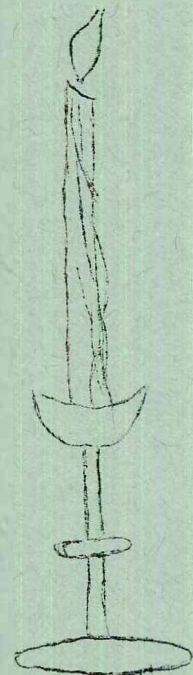
The only sound was that of his own breathing as his chest rose and fell heavily with fear. His heart pounded fervently as though it would burst from its confines, and a feeling of nausea and sickness smothered his entire body. He rose slowly to his feet and walked slowly, carefully into the hall. His eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, stared through the black interior of the room, but still he could find no sign of his brother. His eyes caught sight of the stairs and in an hypnotic trance they followed the curling, winding stairway to the top and then down the long, narrow hallway to the single door at the end. Only now the door was open!

Wayne started up the stairway never taking his eyes off the single open door. He walked slowly...his feet heavy, wanting to turn and run the other way...,but still he went up...up. When he reached the top of the stairway, he gazed down the long, narrow passage into the open doorway. At the end of the hall, inside the room, he could see in the blackness the flickering of a single candle. He started toward the light. His body trembled and his knees buckled beneath him, but still he went on. He came to within ten feet of the open doorway, stopped and saw that above the light of the candle was a face.

"Ken...Ken," he whispered in silent tones, praying for an answer. He stepped closer... closer.

"Ken...Ke...Oh my God Ken! No! No! No!" Wayne turned and ran. His eyes bulged and his face was bleached white with terror and horror. He ran down the stairs stumbling, falling as he ran. As he fell to the bottom of the stairs he half crawled, half ran to the door to escape... to find help...to escape the horror...the horror.

In the single room at the end of the hall the candle still flickered. In a hard, straight backed chair sat Ken, his body rigid, never wavering. His head was extended above the flame of the candle and staring into his blank, expressionless face he appeared to be alive, except for the two empty, hollow eye sockets.



III

Bradbury is a quiet, sleepy little town of about eight hundred. It is set well back from any main highway or road and consequently keeps pretty much to itself. Most of the families in Bradbury date back past the Civil War. The people who are born there usually die there, not many escaping the clutches of the reactionary little town. The businesses are all privately owned and have also been in the same family for generations. Thus the son of a tailor or carpenter already had his life and career awaiting him before he entered the world. As no one had moved in, or out, of Bradbury for quite some time, all marriages were between those families which had resided there for decades. In this way if one searched back far enough, he would be almost certain to find himself in some way related to everyone else in Bradbury. This inter-relationship made for a harmonious atmosphere but at the same time created many family feuds and arguments. The settlement of such disputes came under the jurisdiction of one Andrew Cartwright, sheriff of Bradbury.

A man of thirty-five years of age, Andy stood about 5'10" and weighed about 170, most of which is deposited around his middle. Once owning the title of Town Loafer, Andy's position as sheriff is as about as secure as a pillar of the Lincoln Memorial. Not really knowing what to do with Andy, the people of the town gave him a position where they thought he could get into the least amount of trouble as well as earn a living. So Andy was made sheriff, and with the exception of settling family arguments and every once in a while quieting down Mrs. Mercades' chickens to keep Mr. Stuart's cows from getting riled, he had plenty of time to loaf and dream. His peacefulness was, however, shattered when Wayne Thompson stumbled into Andy's office, stunned and in shock.

Andy carried the delirious boy to his cot, covered him with a blanket and poured hot coffee into him to try to bring the boy back to some degree of sensibility. At first Wayne was unresponsive, only able to stare into space and repeat his brother's name again and again. But the warmth of the office and the sheer relief of seeing and talking to another human being brought some semblance of coherence back to Wayne, and he was able to tell in mumbled, broken sentences the story of what had happened in the house.

Andy listened intently, never taking his eyes off the boy. When Wayne had finished, Andy, looking grave and sullen, walked over to his desk and picked up his hat and coat. "C'mon, we had better be going," he said.

"Where?" Wayne's voice trembled as he spoke. His mouth hung open waiting for the answer he did not want to hear.

"Back to the house," Andy answered, buttoning his coat. "If your brother is there, we had better get him."

Wayne could do no more than stare dumbfoundedly at the sheriff. He quaked in repulsive fear of returning to the abominable house and staring into the appalling and horrifying face of his brother. Andy put a consoling hand on the boy's shoulder, lifted him to his feet and led him out the back door. They climbed into Andy's old pick-up and roared out of town without speaking to a soul.

As Andy drove along the dark back roads not a word was spoken. Wayne sat perfectly still, his hands folded in his lap, and his mind oblivious to the world around him. The sheriff looked at Wayne with a frightened, pained expression of sorrow, bit his lower lip and drew a deep breath.

"I guess...I guess this is all kinda my fault," the sheriff injected apologetically. "That old house should have been destroyed long ago, if I'd only had the courage to do it. You see, I own that place. My great-grandfather built it back before the Civil War, and it's been in the family ever since. No one ever goes there anymore though; ground has settled, and nothing around there now but swamp. Course no one would go there anyway because of the old stories."

"Stories?" Wayne asked, turning his head to Andy and speaking in a tone scarcely above a whisper. "What...stories?"

Andy shook his head in dismay and tightened his lips in a thin, straight line. "I shouldn't of said anything about that," he said, irritated with himself. The sheriff looked solemn and grave. He said nothing for a few moments, and then he spoke in a soft, quiet voice, the words having to be dragged from his throat.

"Well, as I've heard it, seems there was an old n----- woman who was a favorite slave of my great-grandad's. During the War, some Union soldiers came to take great-grandad, but the old n----- woman warned him before they got to him and hid him in the cellar. The Bluecoats took the old woman and tried to beat her into telling where the old man was, but she was a stubborn one and never said a word. Finally, the soldiers gave up, took out their bayonets and poked her eyes out. When they left, my great-granddaddy, like the brave man he was, came outta hidin' and saw the old woman laying on the flour still alive; kickin' and screamin' and beggin' for help. She knew he was there, and she begged him for help...but he wouldn't. He walked off and left her to die." Andy paused, his head bowed, apparently ashamed of the cowardice of his great-grandfather. He continued, "Anyways, as she lay there dying she cursed him and swore she'd return from the grave to take vengeance on him and anyone else who come to the house. After the War ended my great-grandad returned, and perhaps with some small spark of regret he had a painting made of the old woman. Only so he wouldn't forget what she'd done for him, he had the woman painted without any eyes. Still my great-grandad was afraid of the curse set on him so he left the place. Since that time no one has ever lived there,

and even the curse was forgotten until about a year ago when we found the Hobkins boy layin' on the steps with his skull cracked open, and his eyes gouged out."

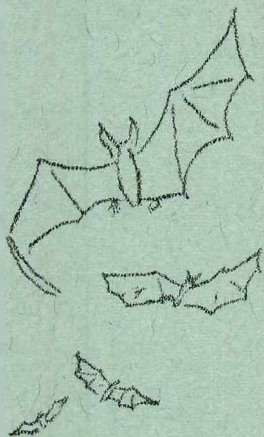
Andy shook his head in despair. "Right then I shoulda gotten rid of that place; shoulda burnt it right to the ground. Townspeople even offered me a thousand dollars to burn it, but I turned 'em down. Kinda hoped to fix the old place up someday...but now..." Then he added even more emphatically, "I sure do wish I'd burnt that God-forsaken place."

Andy pulled his pick-up to a halt in front of the iron gate and stared at the dark, menacing house, knowing what he was to find. Wayne's eyes grew big, and his entire body shook in terror of the hideous phantom dwelling in the house.

"Let's go," whispered Andy as he clutched the boy by the arm.

"No! No!" Wayne pulled away from Andy's grasp and crawled to the far corner of the seat seeking to escape.

"It's either stay here alone, boy, or go in with me. I don't know what's in there, and I ain't hankerin' to find out, but I figure we're both safer as long as we're together. Now are you comin' with me, or you gonna stay here?" Andy stared at him with his jaw firm and his face rigid. Wayne looked at Andy, then at the house which he feared so much. His hand slid to the door handle, he jerked it upward and stepped out.



IV

The hinges on the oak door again screamed out in a mourning, wailful warning as Andy pushed the door open, revealing the pitch blackness of the interior. Andy took out his flashlight, and the beam cut through the darkness. They walked slowly, carefully

trying not to make a sound. They walked past the entrance to the living room where the sleeping blankets still lay. Andy shone his light around the empty room, finally coming to rest on the portrait of the old woman. Wayne clutched Andy's arm and suppressed a cry as he looked at the empty eye sockets. Wayne tapped Andy on the shoulder and pointed to the long circular stairway. The sheriff threw his light on the stairway and followed it up...up ...up to the top, and then down the long narrow hallway to the door at the end. Wayne gasped in disbelief. The door was closed!

They started up the stairs. Each was breathing in barely audible sighs. Underfoot the stairs creaked and moaned in warning to the old woman. From the top the spiral stairway wound down and down until it dissolved into the blackness. Andy centered the beam of his flashlight on the door ahead. They walked slowly, each step more excruciating than the last. Each step bringing them closer and closer to the clutches of the living dead. Each step bringing them closer to the terror which lay on the other side of the door.

They stopped a foot from the door. Andy's hand trembled as he reached forward to grab the ice cold, iron doorknob. As he turned the knob with an audible click, Wayne drew back, his body shaking violently in expectation of witnessing the horrifying sight of his brother's mutilated face. The door opened silently, without a sound. Nothing but complete and impenetrable blackness.

"Where'd you say your brother was," Andy whispered in a cracked, mumbled voice. Wayne did not speak but pointed straight ahead. The light beamed across the room and showed nothing but a blank wall. Andy started forward, and Wayne grabbed his arm to pull him back, but Andy merely shook his head and motioned to go forward. Wayne clutched the sheriff's arm and followed in numbness.

They reached the center of the room, stopped, and Andy began to shine his light over the room. Then without noise, without warning, the door behind them closed with a faint, but distinctively audible click.

Wayne spun around in a flash, but as he turned he knocked the flashlight from Andy's hand, smashing it on the floor and putting to an end any ray of light. Wayne was on the verge of hysteria.

"Listen," cried Andy, "That weren't nothin'. Nothin' at all. Just the wind. We're all right." They stood there together, unable to move.

"Listen, son. I'm going to open that door." Andy's voice trembled and cracked. "Now you stand right here and don't move. I'll only be a few feet away."

"No! No! Don't leave me! Don't leave me!" Tears streamed down Wayne's face as he fought to control himself. He clutched to Andy's shirt, but Andy grabbed the hand and shook himself loose. Wayne stood alone staring into darkness. Frantic with uncontrollable spasms of fear. He heard Andy's footsteps behind him. One step...two...three...then came the shriek:

"No! No! Oh, my God, no! Let me go! Let me go! My eyes! My eyes! My eyes! Help me God! Help me! Ah-h-h-h-h!"

Wayne, sobbing beyond control, waited for the old woman to come and tear out his eyes. He whined, cried, and fell to his knees in uncontrollable fear. He rolled to his side and brought his knees up to form a human ball. He rolled and rolled around the floor, screaming and wailing. He started to crawl. Not knowing where...just to crawl, crawling to escape...crawling... crawling. As he reached out, his hand came across something. It was a hat! The sheriff's hat! He reached out in the darkness.

"Sheriff! Sheriff!" he whimpered. He crawled forward and as his hand reached out he felt the body of a man. He could not see a foot in front of him, but his hands could see for him. He touched the man's chest...his neck...his lips...his nose...as he reached higher his fingers plunged into two empty wells filled with slimy, sticky mucous. His eyes were gone!

The screams became louder, the sobs deeper. He screamed in anguish, in terror, in expectation of the pain which never came. Then the door opened, and a faint glimmer of light shone through the darkness. He stared at the faint light coming through the doorway, and the screams subsided. He began to giggle...to laugh. He rose to his feet and half walked, half stumbled through the open doorway. He made his way down the long, narrow hall toward the spiral stairway, tears streaming down his cheeks, his eyes glassy, wild, and unintelligible, his uncontrollable screams of laughter and hysteria echoing and reverberating through dark halls...

V

An irate and frightened Jeb Stuart, Mayor of Bradbury, slammed his fist on the desk. Behind him there stood in silence the members of the village council. Jeb Stuart glared into the eyes of the men seated behind the oak desk and raised his voice to a piercing scream. "This town's about had it. First it was ole lady Mercades' boy, and the other lying stone dead with his eyes tore out. Cain't have no more of this. It's time we did somethin'! The old house has to be destroyed! It has to be burnt right down to the ground. That's the only way we're ever going to rid ourselves of whatever's in that ole spook house. Ain't one to tell others what to do with their property, but this is somethin' that has to be done. We're set to triple our last offer. Three thousand dollars! We figure it's

got to be done for the good of the town, Three thousand. Whatta
ya' say, Andy?"

Andy Cartwright stared into the eyes of the mayor, drew a
long, deep breath, settled back comfortably in his desk chair, and
nodded his silent approval.

TEMPO 1964



MENELTARMA

Devra Langsam
250 Crown St.
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225

The reason mainly for no lettercol in SPOCKANALIA, aside from the fact that I don't care for them, is that there is such a delay between issues that people forget what the hell the letters are responding to. I find this difficulty in reading NIEKAS, and that is supposedly quarterly. We, on the other hand, are irregularly semiannual.

The repro on yourzine was generally quite good, altho I object to print in pure turquoise, since I find it hard to read. The artwork repro was not as well handled as the typing, but was good, too. The ones by Helen Tunison were particularly good, and Sandra Miesel's archaic Celtic designs were a delightful change from BEMS.

Eat spinach - it gives green blood.

((Actually I find the lettercol in NIEKAS to be one of the best parts of the zine. And I still think that one would improve SPICJANALIA. The colored lettercol was due to the fact that we underestimated the number of purple masters needed. RB))

((We're glad that you like Helen's creative art work, since this is the first time she has ever drawn for a zine. We're sorry we don't have more from her in this issue (tho what we have is excellent), but she went to Europe this summer; and then to top it all off she is getting married this September! Congratulations, Helen! AGT))

Phyllis Eisenstein
3030 W. Fargo Ave.
Chicago, Ill. 60645

What would you think of throwing out the con banquet and having, instead, for the Hugo awarding, a buffet of coffee, cake, hors d'oeuvres and all that jazz? Banquet food is so often overpriced and underflavored...I wonder if we could find a hotel willing to go for an idea like that?

((I wonder, too, but it sounds like a very good idea to me, even if I'm not a coffee hound. RP))

Sandra Miesel
4108 Independence Drive
Indianapolis, Ind. 46227

Yes, we enjoyed NARGOTHROND. And if you care for the accolade of a two-year old child, our little Chirp was quite taken with it, carried it around all day, and picked out the pictures of people and spaceships. We especially liked your article on the Max Brand fantasy because we know nothing about the generic western. The character sounds a bit like Moorcock's Elric.

Now for some detailed comments on the Vulcan history article: Are you distinguishing between Vulcan pure science and technology? I think that they haven't done science pure theoretic speculation and derive aesthetic as well as intellectual satisfaction from this pursuit. As an ancient race they may have become bored with gadgetry and thus ceased to innovate further.

Spock might well be a superior representative of his planet. His lofty ethical behavior does not appear to be the universal norm. Vulcans are just as capable of evil as other races as we saw in "Amok Time". They also display the vice of pride conspicuously.

Your point about Vulcan inferiority feelings is well put but you should have mentioned they do have highly superior bodies and possibly a higher average intelligence level than humans. The Japanese (whom they in some ways resemble) suffered from delusions of superiority over the "materialistic" Westerners right up until Hiroshima.

I'd take the position that their rigid and repressed mores are the result of revulsion against the horror of the final war. The empathy bit is concomittant, not casual. It has not been fully established how they control this power among themselves and shield themselves from intrusion. (For one thing, they rarely touch each other.)

As for their attitude toward the Romulans, and element of likeness often intensifies hatred (as with the Arabs and the Jews). The Romulans seem to them unspeakable crude and violent, ie. undisciplined.

I'd agree that Spock's Vulcan traits are partly put on. He tries to conceal his consideration, tact, and sensitivity to others. Vulcans seem to have a need to rationalize their desires.

Sarek seems to be the quintessence of Vulcan manhood, but I think that he wouldn't be especially welcome in polite society there. It was one to participate in a breeding experiment with an earth-woman but quite another to stay contentedly married to her for nearly forty years. His post as ambassador must be viewed as a tribute to his great abilities.

((I found your characterization of Vulcans as a "cultural Combination of Old Roman and classical Japanese" in a previous letter to be interesting along with their probably aesthetic view of science which is almost Greek. I still feel that Vulcan mindtouch has led to the rigidity of their cultural mores. Even young Vulcans are impressionable. RB))

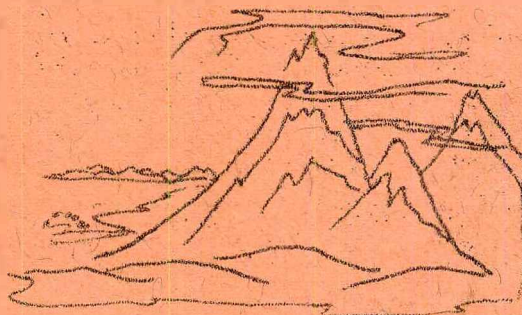
B. A. Johnstone
Box 1695
Saginaw, Michigan 48605

I got a copy of NARGOTHROND in today's mail and thanks, though may I ask where in hell you picked up the title? I'm (obviously!) not a linguist but the title and your editorial "Tyrn Gorthad" seems to be related in some way to one of the Celtic tongues.

The STAR TREK program has often interested me though a 2nd shift job has prevented me from seeing much of it. I have been accused of being either an impertinent quibbler or out-right anti-ST because I have dared to criticise some of the good Dr. McCoy's surgical techniques and have thought that he was posted to the E simply because no earth-side hospital would touch him with an eleven foot pole.

((NARGOTHROND is, as are both "Tyrn Gorthad" and "Meneltarma" too, from Tolkien's THE LORD OF THE RINGS. And he did get his names from a variety of languages. I'm no linguist either so I have no idea where he got them. I'll be glad to see what some of our McCoy fans think of your statement. I know nothing of surgery and pass on the whole affair. The idea of a broken-down doc finding himself aboard the E is fascinating))

Kingdom of
NARGOTHROND



BOOKS BY BROOKS

THE JUDGMENT OF EVE (Dell 4292, 50¢) by Edgar Pangborn is a very promising book. Unfortunately, it is also a very great disappointment. Its shortcomings appear much worse in contrast to its general level of competence. As in DAVY, where Pangborn seemed unable to grapple with the heart of his story and left it out, in THE JUDGMENT OF EVE Pangborn seems unable to end the story and leaves it to the reader. After the build-up Pangborn has been giving the ending all thru the book, I doubt that the greatest writer in the world could have made the end seem as important as Pangborn keeps assuring us that it was.

But the ending is not my main gripe with THE JUDGEMENT OF EVE, as the book has a much worse flaw namely author intrusion. So much "dear reading" has not been seen since Victorian times. The book takes place apparently about 20 or 30 years futureward and is supposed to be written by a 26th century author when all these events in the book have become grand and glorious legend. Every few pages at the start, the author breaks in with something like, "Gee, look how these people are just folks instead of the heroes and heroines of legend!" These interruptions, most of them as annoying as my example, are strung all thru the book. Even the ending is author intrusion. After a while, whenever I got into a long smooth-flowing passage, I'd catch myself mentally flinching in anticipation of the author butting in and spoiling it. As far as I'm concerned, the book is a very annoying failure, and a worse one for its air of betrayed promise.

GARBAGE WORLD (Berkley X1470, 60¢) by Charles Platt is one of the filthiest books ever written. Literally. Kopro, the garbage world of the title is the garbage dump of the whole asteroid belt and, thanks to all garbage capsules dropped on it, the biggest of the asteroids. And it has a population.

Platt either wrote this with his tongue in his cheek, or he has a hell of a hang-up about dirt. The other citizens of the belt are as fanatically clean and antiseptic as the Koproans are incredibly dirty. I find it hard to believe that anyone could be so filthy as to leave blotches of filth on everything he touches. When working, they'd have to wipe their hands once in a while or they couldn't hold their tools. Anyway the hero and heroine get quite a kick out of making love neck deep in a pool of warm mud. GARBAGE WORLD is a pleasant time-passer if you don't take it very seriously.

In THE CLOSED WORLDS (Ace G701, 50¢), the second of his "Starwolf" series, Edmond Hamilton has a quite good undemanding adventure story. Morgan Chane, the Starwolf, is blessed with superior strength and agility due to being born and raised on the high gravity world of the Starwolves, a group of galactic raiders. However his starwolf temper and love of risks just about cancel out these abilities.

The people of the Closed Worlds guard the secret of the Free-Faring which has almost ruined their worlds. In a variant of his Captain Future novelette, "The Children of the Sun," where humans were converted to patterns of force to explore the sun, the Free-Faring has the mind leaving the body and roaming the universe without restrictions of distance...while the body gradually wastes away forgotten.

As in "The Children of the Sun," the hero comes to a world difficult of access to rescue a man. In "Children" Curt Newton tries and fails to rescue a friend who does not wish to return to the bonds of the flesh. But Morgan Chane and his party succeed in rescuing Randall Ashton from a gradual death and they do this strictly for profit.

The character of Morgan Chane is developed enough for the story and rather more than most space opera heroes. Dilullo, the leader of the Merc (Mercenary) force to which Morgan belongs, is even better developed and a complex supporting character. With Hamilton's exotic settings and polished writing, the rest of this series should be well worth your time.

CRYPTOZOIC! (Doubleday, \$4.50) by Brian Aldiss is a well-done New Wave book (classed as "psychological Science Fiction" on the jacket blurb) which I usually tend to regard as a contradiction in terms. The Hero, Edward Bush an artist, is observing things in the distant past. This time travel is a mental sort of thing and a man "travels" back in time using CSD, a drug, and has the same ground reference and the past lies about him as untouchable images. Things that have lasted a long time such as Buckingham Palace (scene of much manoeuvring) presents as much of an obstacle as it would in real life. Then why doesn't the ground, instead of having a reference plane? Anyway the theory is that time is a creation of the human mind and has little relation to what we think of as reality.

The revelations of the last few chapters are fascinating. At first I thought that the last chapter detracted from the story. After thinking it over, I guess that it is necessary after the clarity of the previous chapters to bring back in the theory on the subjective nature of reality to show that things aren't as cut and dried as that; to show that the nature of time and reality are modified by the human mind. A slightly flawed, but a good book. This is the kind of thing Ballard should be doing instead of retracing his steps in book after book that only differ thru each being more obscure than its predecessor.

J. Ramsey Campbell was 18 when THE INHABITANT OF THE LAKE AND LESS WELCOME TENANTS was published by Arkham House in '64. He has turned out a vivid collection of stories and a fine edition to the Cthulhu Mythos created by H. P. Lovecraft. These stories, "The Room in the Castle," "The Horror from the Bridge," "The Insects from Shaggai," "The Return of the Witch," "The Mine on Yuggoth," "The

Will of Stanley Brooke," "The Render of the Veils," "The Inhabitant of the Lake," "The Plain of Sound," and "The Moon-Lens," have their setting not in the haunted lands around Arkham, Mass., but in the Severn Valley of England. J. Ramsey Campbell has tried, with remarkable success, to stake out a corner of the Lovecraft Mythos and dovetail it into his own mythos. His occult book (one of many which various authors have created for the Mythos, (see Lin Carter's "H.P. Lovecraft: The Books" in THE SHUTTERED ROOM AND OTHER PIECES by H.P. Lovecraft and "Divers Hands"), THE REVELATIONS OF GLAAKI, which appears complete only in handwritten form, seems to me to be even the superior of THE NECROMICON which had several complete printed editions. Campbell states in his foreward that "I have not directly utilized the beings of the Lovecraft pantheon, I have but referred to them, for I wished to invent my own, or to clarify inexplicit hints left by Lovecraft and other contributors to the Mythos."

J. Ramsy Campbell writes somewhat in the style of Lovecraft, but he manages to avoid most of the shortcomings of HPL. Campbell manages to keep from succumbing to the overuse of adjectives and exclamation points that Lovecraft was so often guilty of, and he avoids Lovecraft's worst fault, over-foreshadowing - the "Had I but known that..." line which has detracted from my enjoyment of many Lovecraft stories.

I rate Campbell's book ahead of almost anything by Lovecraft except "The Coulor Out of Space," THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH, AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS, and THE SHADOW OUT OF TIME. I'm looking forward to more by J. Ramsey Campbell.

ALIEN SEA by John Rackham/C.O.D. MARS by C.E. Tubb (Ace H40,60¢) is a rather good Ace double. The Tubb half is a minor monster/chase story that is a pleasant time passer. Rackham has a well-done novella that starts with an alien race which completely drowns their world by accidentally melting both ice caps during a nuclear war. The race is rather emotionless, so survivors of two opposing spaceships band together and rebuild. They end up as a major factor in another war that is on the verge of occurring between Earth and a colony of Venusian exiles. The ending is quite convincing and the undersea life of the Roggan is well done.

I cannot help thinking that the Roggans are almost undersea Vulcans. However the Roggans are willing to wipe out Earth if they can get away with it, and the Roggans who are other than spear-carriers are much more emotional than their race is supposed to be.

Be sure to reserve your next issue now! We have some great things planned: including "Captain Future" by Rick Brooks, Sandra Miexel's excellent "A False Historical Nexus", the startling "Psycho Reader", more pictures by Helen, and, of course much more by Rick. It's well worth your money since you never can tell what startling thing we might come up with! Be on the top - read NARGOTHROND



