

BUT WHAT POSSIBLE
MOTIVATION?

OH, NO!
YEES!

IT'S NOT TECHNOLOGICALLY FEASIBLE!
WELL, HER HUSBAND IS AN
ELECTRONICS ENGINEER

SHE DIDN'T?

ACH, MEIN GHOTT!!

YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY.....

BAZAI!! (CRACKLE,
CRACKLE)

~~SECRET~~

WHERE COULD SHE HAVE
GOTTEN THE MONEY?

HAVE THAT WHIF
FRIEND COULD HAVE HEARD
HER, STILL...

SHE COULDN'T VE!

BOING! BOING! BOING! OUI, MAMA!

~~SHE SHE SHE~~

YES, SHE DID!

THE WORK IS ON

Now that Ed Meskys is putting all mailing comments into Fred Lerner's fractional N'APA mailings, it is with great glee that I shorten the name of this jabberwock to "Mayhem House."

By Ghod, from now on I type my own stencils.¹ Not only does Ed misspell words I've spelled correctly for him, but in NIEKAS 9.5 he corrected two words that I wanted to spell wrong! Hanging's too good for him.

THAT CRAZY GILBERT & WHAZZISNAME STUFF, AGAIN

On Friday before the convention, Joe decided to go to Seattle. (He left at 9:00, and again at 9:30.) He drove the Corvair, of course, and left me with the second car, which is a '48 through '56 Chevy surnamed The Tank.² Old reliable is ugly as sin, can accelerate from 0 to 10 in 60 seconds (hi Dave), cruises at 50 and peaks at 60.

For Saturday night Ed had organized a Gilbert & Sullivan party, J.G.; the Lamplighters doing Pinafore at the Oakland outdoor theater. I decided to take my kids. (Who's crazy?)

That afternoon we headed for San Francisco, where I wanted to pick up a dagger for my Pacificon costume. Now 50 mph will get you to your destination; it takes longer than 75, but you have lots of time to see the scenery and the cops. (One must speed up The Tank upon seeing a cop. There's this law about obstructing traffic.) Eventually we got into the city; that's easy; it's getting out that's hard. I had never driven alone in SF before. Ordinarily that's no problem, because I have an oddball ESP talent -- if I turn off my cerebrum and rely on what's left, I can get to any place I've been before. People who ride with me find it a bit disconcerting because I have to warn them, "Don't ask me how I'm going, or I'll forget." It's also unpleasant for me because my cerebrum isn't really turned off; it's wringing its hands and crying, "Losst, losst, never see home again."

To keep it quiet, I asked the man at Union Square how to reach the Bay Bridge. He said go up Mason. Now Mason goes over Nob Hill, and I mean straight over -- none of this namby-pamby curving up a mountainside for your true San Franciscan.³ I don't mind hills. But I got stuck on the downhill side of a red light. There was a moment of sheer panic while I stood on the foot brake and yanked the emergency on full, while the Tank slid gently backward anyway. Then my perspective shifted slightly, and I realized that the car next to me was creeping gently forward. (Feeling of great relief.)

Mason does not lead to the Bay Bridge.

About an hour later than necessary, due to the fact that all SF streets

1: Except maybe this time. (Heh heh heh heh heh! ER!!)

2: Because it has all the ease of handling of a.

3: SF streets are aggressively rectangular for such a hilly city. In a few cases a street that looks continuous on the map has a vertical discontinuity; that is, you dead-end against a forty foot retaining wall, but if you're driving a helicopter or have an extra-long jack you'll find the rest of the street at the top of the wall.

are one way the wrong way, in relative safety, I reached Troll's Haven (Mary's apartment). Even my temper was intact; the children had constructed a fort in the back seat (don't ask me how -- I'd rather not know), and had not made any more noise than an occasional giggle.

The party consisted of Ed, me & kids, Fred Lerner, Phil Salin, Dave, Ken and Mary. Phil is the only person I know who eats styrofoam cups.⁴

As for the operetta, Ken summed it up beautifully; "Being as charitable as possible, it was rotten." The Lamplighters did their best, but the orchestra played as if its members had never seen one another (or the music), while the conductor seemed to think that G&S should be played slowly and with dignity.

On the way home over that sea of concrete called the Nimitz Freeway, The Tank found a resonance with the paving seams that made it behave like a rather spirited rocking horse. Further down we hit a reef; another resonance, but this one almost jarred the wheels off. Old Reliable got us home, though, none the worse except for a few chipped teeth and a touch of seasickness.

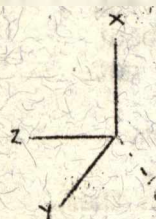
QUOTE WITHOUT COMMENT

(—) "A Russian-born travel agent with an American passport recounted his difficulties in arranging deliveries of gift packages sent by his clients in America to their relatives and friends in Russia.

"Soviet officials refuse to deliver packages containing toy guns or other playthings and games that suggest war," he said. "They point out such toys are immoral and teach the children evil."

Quoted from the San Francisco Chronical. Monday, October 12, 1964.

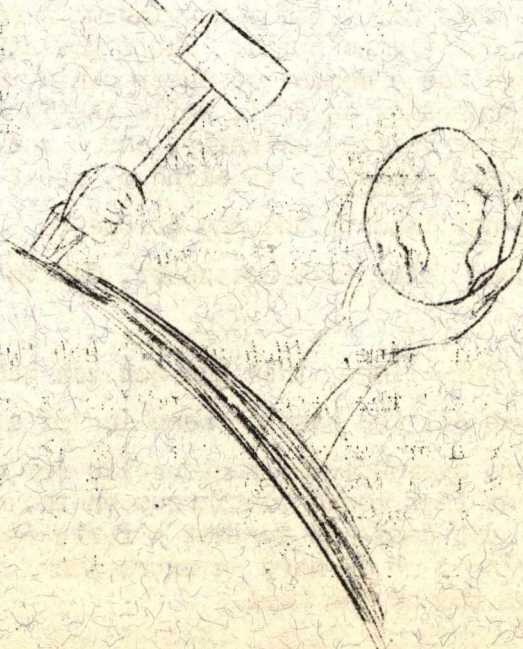
MATH CORNER — NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY



Talking to my new advisor, I was medium surprised to hear him predict that basic calculus will be taught in high school in another ten or fifteen years. And even more surprised to find that he's not too happy about it. Says the high schools aren't doing a good job with the subjects they teach now; 85% of students with 4 years of high school math fail a placement exam based on those topics. What will the high schools

4: Waxed paper cups are rather tasty, but I don't care for styrofoam.

SHE'S GOT THE
WHOLE WORLD
IN HER HANDS...



going to do when faced with teaching calculus?

The obvious solution -- obvious to everyone but educators -- is to give prospective teachers more math and less "education." California requires a full year of education courses after the bachelor's degree. In my case, it's a nearly insurmountable obstacle. The thought of spending a whole year on that, when I could be taking math, almost literally turns my stomach; and nobody can convince me that 20 to 30 hours of such courses as "Learning and Living" will make me a better math teacher.

-0-

One of these days I'm going to write a book called Math for the Mediocre Student.⁵ My professional friends think I'm kidding, but they're wrong. Many of the things that give me trouble (like parametric equations of a curve) do so mostly because they're considered too easy to dwell on for long. I'd like to make a collection of such troublemakers, and treat them in exhaustive detail. If any of you mathematicians in the woodwork have a pet peeve or two, tell me and I'll put it in (provided I can learn it). And if you banged your head against some aspect of math badly enough to make you give it up entirely, I would be particularly interested in that.

Make your name immortal. Give me some topics. I'll credit them to you. (Do you want to be known for, say, "the Bailes difficulty," or "the Meskys problem"?)

I PASSED THE QUALIFYING!



Yes, friends, I am now officially (as Sir Joseph would say) admitted to candidacy for the Master's. It will take me only four more years. One course a semester, y'know. I plan to celebrate my Ph.D. simultaneously with our golden wedding anniversary.

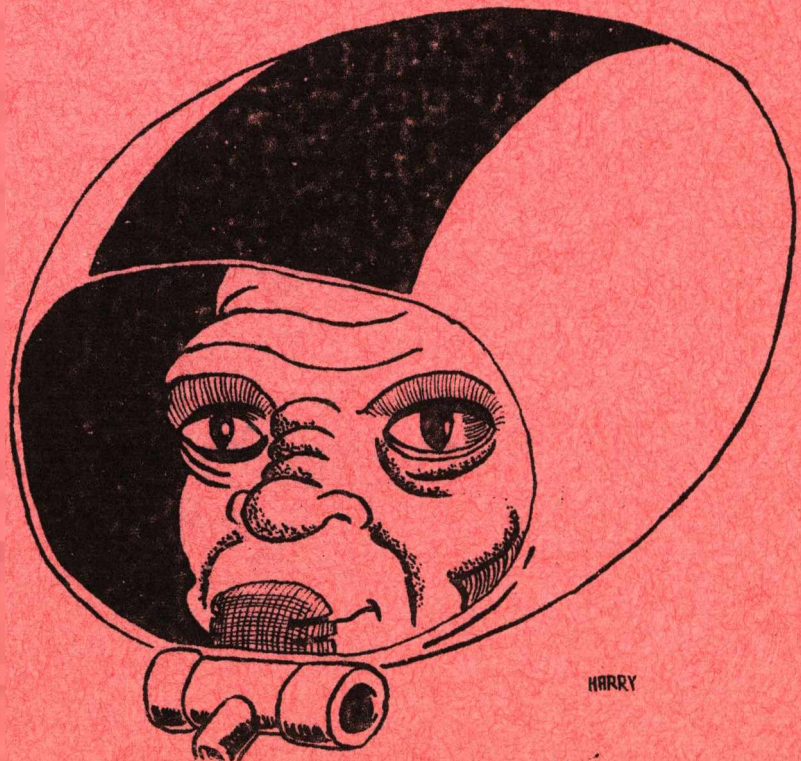
CONVENTION VIGNETTES

Gentle readers, I won't bore you with another convention report, especially one which would be three months and one NIEKAS after the fact. But here are a few scattered highlights....

...Karen Anderson's delight when I introduced her to Poul Anderson, the hotel's bartender (no relation to Poul Anderson, Karen's husband).

...John Brunner, elegant in a red corduroy jacket, the picture of the Continental gentleman. I hope he sets a style in fandom, both of dress and manner.

...In contrast, the unbelievable, unpardonable rudeness of half the audience during the performance of the Dancing Feathers. Perhaps fans aren't aware of it, but it is customary for at-



4: I feel qualified to write such a book, because I've probably failed to understand everything in math that's difficult, and most of what's easy.

tendees at a performance who don't like it either 1) to be quiet, for the sake of those who are interested and in courtesy to the performers, or 2) to leave quietly.

...And the kids. At most conventions some young'uns who haven't had much practice in handling liquor manage to get drunk enough to be objectionable. The Pacific-on had very little of that. I've always wondered at teenagers (even when I was one); they think drinking to excess is so very sophisticated, but they are so worried about making fools of themselves.

...Tom Seidman; "I suppose you could call us an Abelian group, because we all commuted."

...Astrid Anderson, probably the world's most poised 10-year-old, taking a bow at the banquet. She is the most delightful child I know; she is welcomed by adults because she behaves like one (better than some), and yet she perfectly savors childhood.

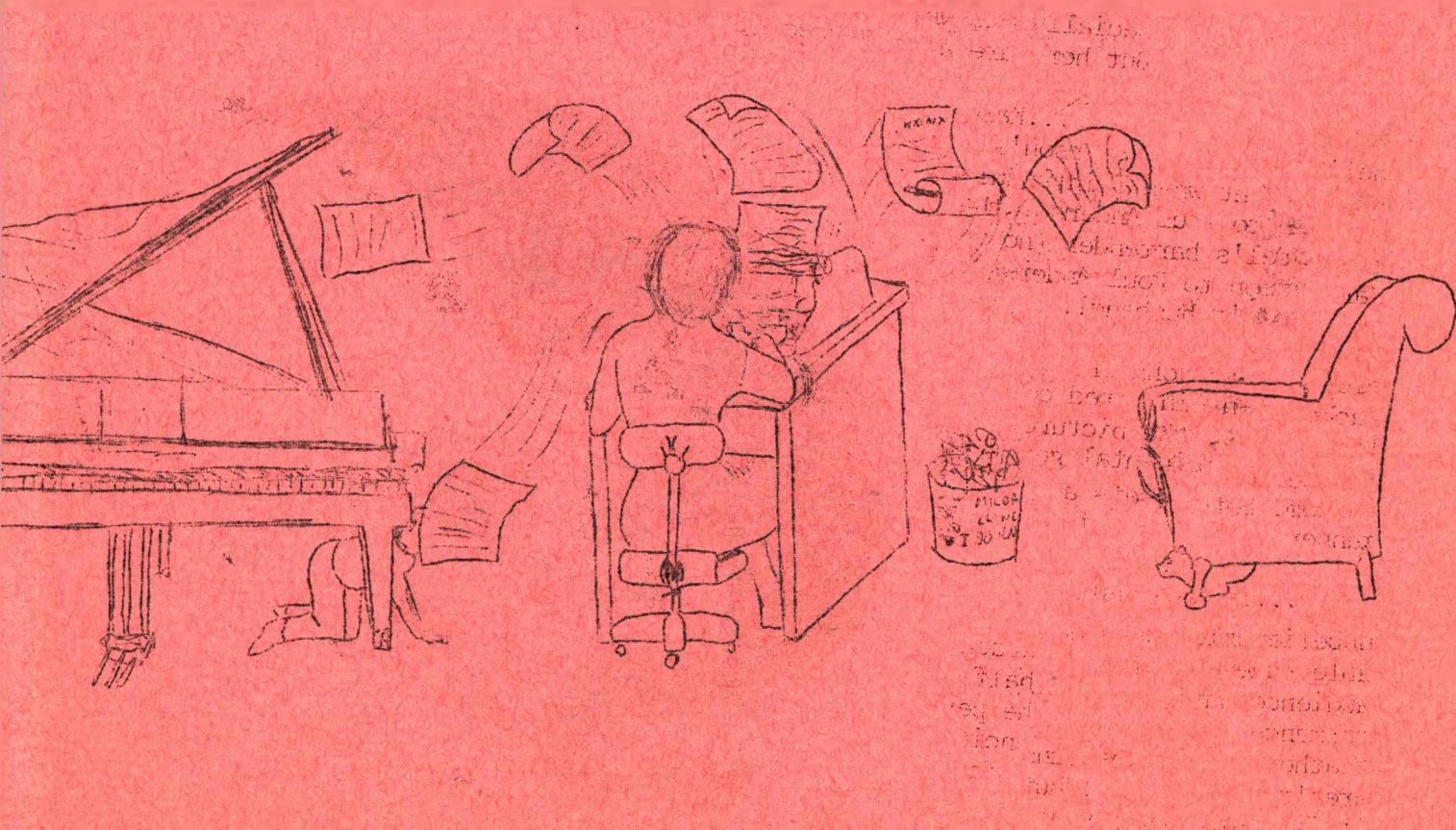
...the fan who asked Joe "What does your company make, Mr. Rolfe?" and was bewildered by his answer, "Data recording equipment, both astounding and digital." (Now you know why I'd like to kill the guy who introduced Joe to elephant jokes.)

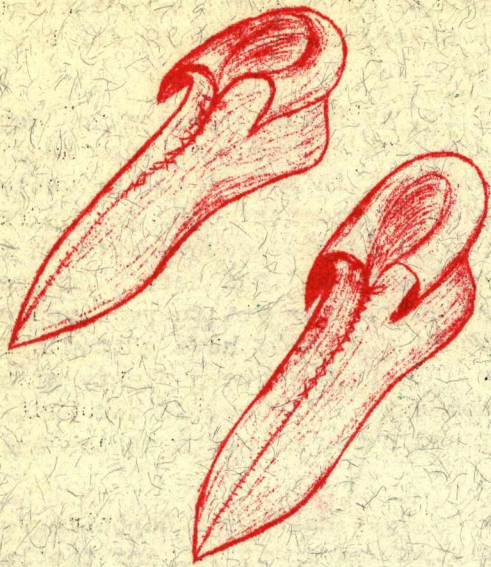
...Greg Benford's astonishment when I thanked him for the dollar his twin Jim had given me the night before. Or was it the other way around?

...Joe, looking at me thoughtfully (at four in the morning); "My dear, you are a nontrivial woman." I wonder whether he meant profound -- or difficult?

AND IN CONCLUSION...

...is it true that some people have trouble making their three page minimum?





THE
IMMENSE

LITTLE

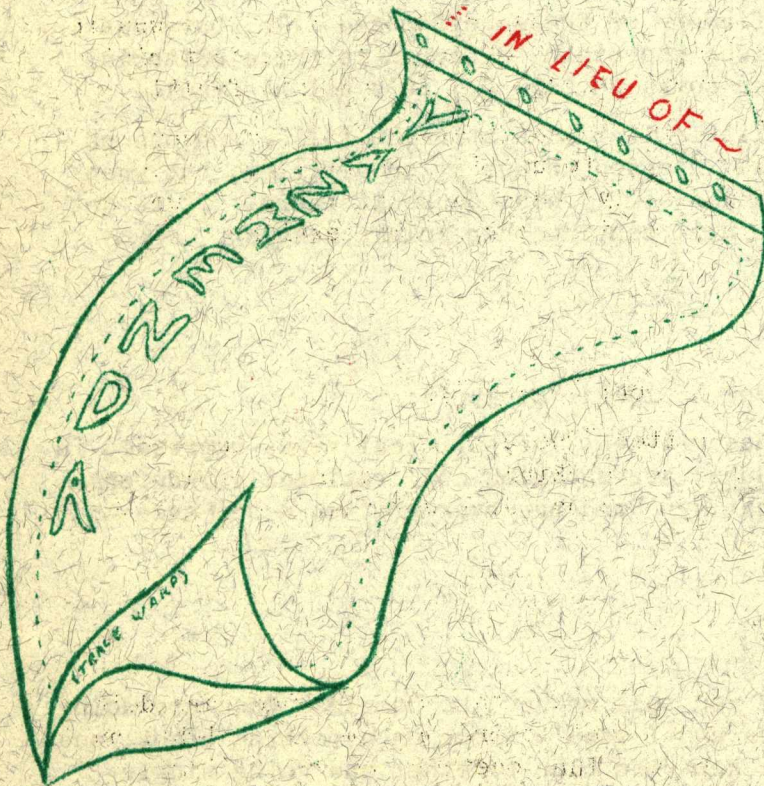
FAN

OR

WHERE HAS
ALL THE

FANAC

GONE?



AN ATSAKIMAS OF SORTS

Decided to try for a small NIEKAS for a change of pace, and I expect this ish to be under 50 pages, under 40 if I'm lucky. On the other hand watch out for the next one 'cause it'll probably be bigger than the last!

If you're wondering where "Atsakimas" itself is, as Felice implied in "Mayhem House," it had appeared in NIEKAS 9.5. This is due to a rather good idea that Fred Lerner came up with, tho I don't know how it'll work out in practice. He wanted to see a more rapid response and conversation via mailing comments so he set up fractional N'APA mailings, the first being #22.5. Felice & I contributed comments on the 22nd mailing and our intention was to comment on all postmailings here. However it is very close to the deadline for the 23rd mailing, and I have yet to receive my copy of the fractional mailing. (I have heard from others that they have gotten theirs, so I suppose the PO goofed or Fred is being funny.) There have been plenty of other postmailings but none of them have inspired any comments. Anyhow, if the bundle does finally show up before it's too late I might add a few comments at the end of Bumbejimas.

I just wanted to remark on the fantastic things that have been happening with N'APA of late. As of a few weeks ago the waiting list was up to 18, and the last mailing together with post-mailings received totals 490 pages. Since Felice & I have 10 in the fractional mailing, the total page count will pass 500! I never thought I'd see the day when this would happen to N'APA!

If you're wondering about the significance of the superimposed illo, Dave was inspired to do it by Dave Locke's LOC lastish, wherein he referred to these editorial remarks as "Bumble pajamas." So send your bombs to Dave L. it's all his fault!

Finally, Dana Warren submitted his little item as a straight filler and has no idea of what is being done with it. I had intended to use it as a filler, but when Mary saw it she got her idea for a column and simply had to use it there. If we get any more useable problems in the LOCs she will continue her column nextish.

TONY DOUCHER SAID

on his radio program (Pacific Network, Nov 15 1964; "Escape"):

"In the Objectivist Newsletter she has written 'The political views expressed in this novel [Micky Spillane's Day of the Guns] are shocking and rationally indefensible,' which I think is the first time that Ayn Rand has ever written a sentence that Anthony Boucher could agree with."

THE UNNAMEABLE

Gem, or some other Seattleite; could you tell me how the Nameless Ones are doing now? When I passed thru Seattle two years ago I wasn't there on a meeting night, and Buz told me that Wally Weber more or less kept the club together and going single-handedly. What's happened now that he's exiled in the Deep South?

EDUCATIONAL MATTER

I get sent the weekly "Calendar of Events" for the UC Berkeley campus. This lists the expected seminars & lectures ("Practical Consequences of Transients in the Neutron Slowing Down Spectrum," "Selectivity for Hydrocarbons of Polar Organic Solvents," "The Ironic Innocence of Emily Brontë," etc) concerts (Dwight Peltzer, pianist; Narciso Yepes, guitarist; string quartet concert, etc) and exhibits (photo-

graphic, art, anthropological, etc). But that isn't all. The same one from which the above samples were taken also lists "Can I Live on Borrowed Organs?", "On the Differential Equations of Electric Networks" (a very narrow field...I don't see how he could find enough on that topic to talk for a whole hour!), "Sex Determination of Mites and Ticks" and "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Franz? Kaika Behind the Iron Curtain."

ANOTHER LEGEND SHOT TO HELL

There is a legend of long standing in fandom that since Anthony Boucher has a detective fiction column in the New York Times Book Review ("Criminals at Large") and, until recent times, had one in the national Book Week (distributed with the N.Y. Herald Tribune, S.F.Examiner, etc.) as H.H.Holmes, he had an ideal opportunity to review his own books. If "H.H.Holmes" wrote a book, Anthony Boucher would review it, and if Anthony Boucher wrote one, H.H.Holmes would review it. When we met before one of the Opera last Spring I took the opportunity to query him on this point. He commented that it is a delightful legend, but unfortunately it is quite impossible for anything like that to have happened. It turns out that he had quit writing fiction long before he began to review. Another fannish legend shot to hell!

THE PERFECT PEOPLE POISON

The following appeared in the S.F.Chronicle a few months ago:

The Perfect Rat Poison

A Pennsylvania laboratory has developed a new weapon against one of the oldest and costliest scourges of mankind--the rat.

The weapon is what appears to be a perfect rat poison.

The compound is cheap, potent, fast-acting, and --most important--it kills rats and, apparently, rats only.

No other animal of more than 30 tested so far has succumbed to the poison or showed the symptoms that produce death in rats, developers of the compound reported here yesterday.

But new drugs are tested on animals before they are used on people. When will one of these turn out to be a "people specific" which will kill only people? And especially what if it is a slow acting poison which will kill only a few years after exposure?

FROZEN TIME

The old gimmick of freezing or slowing down time permitting the hero to wander about the world at will is still used occasionally, viz MacDonald's The Girl, The Gold Watch, and Everything. I remember reading one such story in a pulp in the early '50s, but no longer remember the title or author of the story, or even the zine it appeared in. The hero, a scientist behind the Iron Curtain, is a scientist about to be executed. At the last moment he thinks of some principle and is able to stop time by some sort of mental power. The author had one clever idea, but it certainly raised a lot of problems. It happens that because time is frozen, so is the air about the hero. Thus, as he walks away from where he had been standing against the wall he

SONG OF THE RING

You wore me like a wound,
from Shire to Khazad-dum;
you bore me through Moria,
and the place called Shelob's Lair.
Now you stand dismayed,
before the Cracks of Doom.

--Place me on your finger,
and let the world beware!

I wait to wear your finger.
Do not, do not delay!
Even now, the red red eye
is turning, turning -- this way!

For I am the Ring of Power--
A whole world lives in me!
I sing within your soul and mind;
I burn eternally.

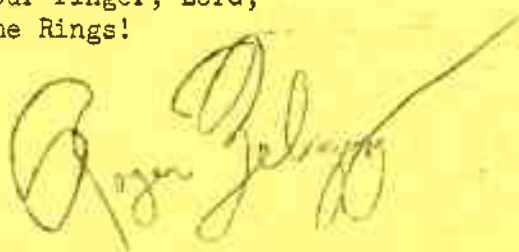
You are Lord of the Ring,
and mighty Sauron's bane.
Wear me now, forfend his will,
and his darkling reign!
End it here, begin your own,
revise a world this day--
I am the Ring of the Power
That Will Not Pass Away.

I am the Cry in the Night,
and binder of the Three--
and the Seven, and the ^Nine--
then Dwarves and Elves
and men to me.
I rule the nineteen Rings,
from here in the Land of Shade.
I am the Wheel of Fire--
Be all the world afraid!

I am the so the Nazgul sings,
soaring high, on leathern wings;
and I the Shadow, and I the Smoke;
I, the blacking of the day...

Place me on your finger now,
not in the flames below!

Yea! Place me on your finger, Lord,
my worthy Lord of the Rings!

A handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to read "Roger Zelazny". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping line extending from the end of the name.



Name: GIMLI
Occupation: DWARF

De Moiff's

A Glossary of

Middle

Earth



Al
Halvay

PART II THE DWARVES

- BALIN** (2763-2994) Son of Fundin and brother of Dwalin who in 2841-2845 accompanied Thrain II in the latter's fatal trip to Erebor. In 2941 he was a member of Thorin and Company in their expedition to kill Smaug and regain Erebor; later he fought in the Battle of Five Armies. In 2989 he led a group of Dwarves to Moria to found a new colony, but 5 years later the entire Dwarf-colony was destroyed by Orcs. (H; R1 253-254, 334-336; R3 358, 361, 371)
- BIFUR** A Dwarf, not of Durin's Folk, who in 2941 was a member of Thorin and Company and accompanied Bilbo Baggins in their expedition to kill Smaug and regain Erebor; later he fought in the Battle of Five Armies. (H; R3 361)
- BOFUR** A Dwarf, not of Durin's Folk, who in 2941 was a member of Thorin and Company and accompanied Bilbo Baggins in their expedition to kill Smaug and regain Erebor; later he fought in the Battle of Five Armies. (H; R3 361)
- BOMBUR** A Dwarf, not of Durin's Folk, who in 2941 was a member of Thorin and Company and accompanied Bilbo Baggins in their expedition to kill Smaug and regain Erebor; later he fought in the Battle of Five Armies. (H; R3 361)
- BORIN** (2450-2711) The second son of Nain II, brother of Dain I, and father of Farin. After the Dwarf-kingdom in the Fred Mithrin came to an end in 2590, he returned to Erebor with Thrór, Dain's heir. (R3 353, 361)
- CHILDREN OF DURIN** See Durin's Folk. (R1 253)
- DAIN I** (2440-2589) A King of the Dwarves in the Fred Mithrin, son of Nain II, brother of Borin, and father of Thrór, Frór, and Grór. He was killed together with Frór by a dragon the year before the kingdom came to an end. (R3 353, 361, 368)
- DAIN II IRONFOOT** (2767-3019) A King of the Dwarves in the Iron Hills, son of Nain III and father of Thorin III. He killed Azog, the King of the Orcs in Moria, at the Battle of Nanduhirion. In 2941 he fought in the Battle of Five Armies, and afterwards became King Under the Mountain. In 3019 in the WR, he was killed in the Second Battle of the Dale. (R3 356, 359-360, 361, 369, 370, 374, 375)
- DIS** The daughter of Thrain II, sister of Thorin II and Frerin, and mother of Fili and Kili, she is the only Dwarf-woman named in the Red Book of Westmarch. Though born in Erebor, she lived in Dunland and in the Fred Luin. (R3 357, 360, 361)
- DORI** A remote kinsman of Thorin II who in 2941 was a member of Thorin and Company, and accompanied Bilbo Baggins in their expedition to kill Smaug and regain Erebor; later he fought in the Battle of Five Armies. (H; R3 361)
- DURIN III** A King of the Dwarves in Moria who was said to have been given the first of the Seven Rings. (R3 357)
- DURIN VI** (1731-1980) The father of Nain I and King of the Dwarves in Moria who was killed by the Balrog. (R3 352-53, 361, 367)
- DURIN VII** The last King of the Dwarves in Erebor. (R3 361)
- DURIN the DEATHLESS** (also called The Eldest) The eldest of the Seven Fathers of the race of Dwarves, and the founder of the line known as the Longbeards. In the First Age he came to Nanduhirion and made his home in the caves above Mirrormere in the eastern Fred Hithriglin where later Moria was located. When he died he was buried there. His son was also called Durin (II?). (H 64; R1 329-330; R3 352, 361)

DURIN'S FOLK (Also called Children of Durin, House of Durin, and Longbeards) The race of Dwarves descended from Durin the Deathless. (H 64; R3 352)

DURIN's HEIR The heir of Durin the Deathless, and hence king of the Dwarves of Durin's Folk. (R3 356)

DWALIN (2772-3112) The son of Fundin and brother of Balin, who, in 2841-2845, accompanied Thrain II in the latter's fatal trip to Erebor. In 2941 he was a member of Thorin & Company in their expedition to kill Smaug and regain Erebor; later he fought in the Battle of Five Armies. (H; R3 358, 361)

ELDEST, THE See Durin the Deathless. (R3 355)

ELF-FRIEND See Gimli. (R3 360)

FARIN (2560-2803) The son of Borin and father of Fundin and Groin, who, in 2590, returned to Erebor with his father when the Dwarf-kingdom in the Fred Mithrin came to an end. (R3 361)

FILI (2859-2941) The son of Dis and brother of Kili who was born in the Dwarf-kingdom in the Fred Luin. In 2941 he was a member of Thorin and Company in their expedition to kill Smaug and regain Erebor; later he fought and died in the Battle of Five Armies. (H; R3 357, 359, 361)

FOLK OF THE MOUNTAIN The Dwarves. (R3 246)

FOLK UNDER THE MOUNTAIN The Dwarves of Erebor. (R3 353)

FRAR A Dwarf who accompanied Balin to Moria and who died there. (R1 336)

FRERIN (2751-2799) The second son of Thrain II and brother of Thorin II and Dis, who escaped from Erebor when it was destroyed by Smaug, but was later killed at the Battle of Nanduhirion. (R3 355, 361)

FROR (2552-2589) The second son of Dain I and brother of Gror and Thror killed by a dragon in the Fred Mithrin with his father. (R3 353, 361)

FUNDIN (2662-2799) The son of Farin, brother of Groin, and father of Balin and Dwalin killed at the Battle of Nanduhirion. (R3 355, 361)

GIMLI (2879-3121) (Also called Elf-friend, Lockbearer, and Lord of the Glittering Caves) The son of Gloin II, who, in 3018, came with his father to Imladris and sat in on the Council of Elrond. He then became a member of the Fellowship of the Ring and fought in the WR. After the war, he brought a part of the Dwarves of Erebor south to Aglarond, and became Lord of the Glittering Caves. At the death of Aragorn he sailed with Legolas down the Anduin and went into Eldamar. (R1 253; R3 360-362)

GLOIN I (2136-2385) A King of the Dwarves in the Fred Mithrin, son of Thorin I, and father of Oin I. (R3 361)

GLOIN II (2783-3036) The son of Groin, brother of Oin II, and father of Gimli who in 2941 was a member of Thorin and Company in their expedition to kill Smaug and regain Erebor; later he fought in the Battle of Five Armies. He was present at the Council of Elrond in 3018, but nothing is known about his activities in the WR. (H; R1 252; R3 361)

GROIN (2671-2923) The son of Farin, brother of Fundin, and father of Oin II and Gloin II. (R3 361)

GROR (2563-2805) The third son of Dain I, brother of Fror and Thrór, and father of Nain III. In 2590, after the death of his father, the Dwarf-kingdom in the Fëred Mithrin was abandoned. Gror took many of the Dwarves to the Iron Hills where he established a Dwarf-kingdom. (R3 353, 361, 368)

HOUSE OF DURIN See Durin's Folk. (R3 361)

HOUSES OF OTHER FATHERS, THE Refers to the Dwarves of other than Durin's Folk. (R3 355; see Durin the Deathless)

KILI (2864-2941) The son of Dis and brother of Fili who was born in the Dwarf-kingdom in the Fëred Luin. In 2941 he was a member of Thorin and Company in their expedition to kill Smaug and regain Erebor; later he fought and died in the Battle of Five Armies (H; R3 357, 359, 361)

KING UNDER THE MOUNTAIN Title taken by the king of Dwarves in Erebor. (R1 241)

LOCKBEARER See Gimli. (R2 107)

LOBGBEARDS One of the two races of Dwarves; Durin's Folk. (H 64)

LONI A Dwarf who went with Balin to Moria in 2989 and died there. (R1 336)

LORD OF THE GLITTERING CAVES See Gimli. (R3 360)

NAIN I (1832-1981) The son of Durin VI and father of Thrain I who was king of the Dwarves in Moria from 1980 until his death at the hands of a Balrog. (R3 353, 361, 368)

NAIN II (2338-2585) A King of the Dwarves in the Fëred Mithrin, son of Oin I and father of Dain I and Borin (R3 361)

NAIN III (2665-2799) A King of the Dwarves in the Iron Hills, son of Gror, and father of Dain II. He was killed by Azog, the King of the Orcs, at the Battle of Nanduhirion. (R3 355, 361)

NALI A Dwarf who went with Balin to Moria and died there. (R1 336)

NAR A Dwarf who accompanied Thrór on his fatal journey to Moria in 2790, and who lived to tell about it. (R3 353-354)

NARVI A Dwarf who made the Gates of Moria. (R1 318-319)

NORI A remote kinsman of Thorin II who in 2941 was a member of Thorin and Company, and accompanied Bilbo Baggins in their expedition to kill Smaug and regain Erebor; later he fought in the Battle of Five Armies. (H; R3 361)

OIN I (2238-2488) A King of the Dwarves in the Fëred Mithrin, son of Gloin I, and father of Nain II. (R3 361)

OIN II (2774-2994) The son of Groin and brother of Gloin II, who, in 2941, was a member of Thorin and Company in their expedition to kill Smaug and regain Erebor; later he fought in the Battle of Five Armies. In 2989 he accompanied Balin in the latter's ill-fated attempt to found a Dwarf-colony in Moria. (H; R1 253-254, 334-336; R3 361)

ORI A remote kinsman of Thorin II who was a member of Thorin and Company in their expedition to Erebor to kill Smaug and regain that empire, and who later fought in the Battle of Five Armies. In 2989 he accompanied Balin in the latter's ill-fated attempt to found a Dwarf-colony in Moria. (H; R1 253-254, 334-336; R3 361)

SEVEN FATHERS The ancestors of the race of Dwarves of whom only Durin the Deathless is mentioned. (R3 352)

THORIN I (2035-2289) A King of the Dwarves in Erebor and in the Ere Mithrin, son of Thrain I and father of Gloin I. In 2210 he left Erebor and went north to the Ere Mithrin where most of the remnants of Durin's Folk were gathered. (R3 353, 361, 368)

THORIN II OAKENSHIELD (2746-2941) The son of Thrain II and brother of Frerin and Dis, who escaped from Erebor with his father in 2770 when Smaug destroyed it, and settled in Dunland. He received his name Oakenshield in the Battle of Nanduhirion when he used a branch of an oak as a shield. After that battle, he migrated with his father to the Ere Luin, and became King of the Dwarves after the death of Thrain. In 2941 he set off with a number of other Dwarves (Thorin and Company), Gandalf, and Bilbo Baggins to kill Smaug and recapture Erebor. He was killed at the Battle of Five Armies, and was buried with the Arkenstone on his breast. (H; R3 353-359, 361, 369, 370)

THORIN III STONEHELM A King of the Dwarves in Erebor and son of Dain II (b. 2866). After the death of his father in the Second Battle of Dale and after the fall of Barad-dûr (in the WR), he led his Dwarves in a victory over the Easterlings. (R3 361, 375, 376)

THORIN AND COMPANY Thorin II Oakenshield and the other twelve dwarves (Balin, Bifur, Bofur, Bombur, Dori, Dwain, Fili, Gloin II, Kili, Nori, Oin II, and Ori) who accompanied Bilbo Baggins and Gandalf in their attempt to regain the kingdom of Erebor by killing Smaug. (H 39; see Thorin II Oakenshield)

THRAIN I (1934-2190) The son of Nain I and father of Thorin I who fled from Moria to Erebor with his people after the death of his father, and who became King Under the Mountain in 1999. It was there he found the Arkenstone. (R3 353, 361, 368)

THRAIN II (2644-2850) The son of Thrór and father of Thorin II, Frerin, and Dis who escaped with his father after the destruction of Erebor by Smaug, and settled in Dunland. He was the leader of the Dwarves in the War of the Dwarves and the Orcs (2793-2799); after the war he returned to Dunland and later settled in the Ere Luin. In 2841 he set out with Balin and Dwain to visit Erebor. Pursued by the servants of Sauron, he wandered around until he was captured by Sauron in Mirkwood in 2845 and taken to Dol Guldûr. There, the last of the Seven Rings was taken from him. In 2850 Gandalf entered Dol Guldûr and found Thrain alive. The latter gave Gandalf the map and key to Erebor and then died. (H 35-36; R1 281-282; R3 353-358, 361, 369)

THROR (2542-2790) A King of the Dwarves in Erebor, eldest son of Dain I, brother of Grór and Frór, and father of Thrain II. Born in the Dwarf-kingdom in the Ere Mithrin, he returned to Erebor with his uncle Borin after the end of the kingdom there, (2590) and became king. In 2770 Smaug destroyed Erebor, and Thrór, together with Thrain and his children escaped to settle eventually in Dunland. Later Thrór gave Thrain one of the Seven Rings which he possessed. Taking a companion, he then traveled to Moria where he was killed by Azog, King of the Orcs. (H 33-35; R3 353-354, 361, 369)

NOTES

1. The conventions and abbreviations used in this part of the Glossary are the same as those used in Part I. All dates are of the Third Age unless otherwise mentioned. The Shire Reckoning is not used, and all dates described in the texts as of the Shire Reckoning have been translated into the dating used by the Dunedain. Dates of the Second Age have the abbreviation S.A. following them. The War of the Ring is abbreviated as WR. Page references are to the revised text published by Houghton Mifflin, Boston in the case of The Hobbit, which is abbreviated as H, while references to The Lord of the Rings are to the texts published by the same firm, and are abbreviated as R1, R2, and R3 respectively for The Fellowship of the Ring, The Two Towers, and The Return of the King.

2. Starting either in the next issue of Niekas or the following issue, this Glossary will be published in alphabetical order instead of breaking up the work into categories. It was originally my intent to do so, but the fact that a few items need to be worked on a bit more has precluded my printing it in a purely alphabetical order. In effect this means that parts of the Glossary published in the last issue and in this issue will be repeated, but these items are only a few of the many that are still not printed.

3. A number of people have asked me if this work will be published in a single book. The answer depends upon whether there is enough interest in my attempting find a publisher. In other words, do you want to see this work published as a book? If so, would you please drop a line to me in care of Niekas. I will make no promises, but I must admit that I wouldn't mind seeing my little labor of love published in book form.



AUTUMN'S END



Wind-swept October days, when the hills are brown with a dull-gold sheen, when the lakes are dry and the stones tumble without a splash down the ravines...when everything has gone to seed, including dreams.


October, a month of waiting; the land is waiting for the rains, for the stirring of life again within the soil; the spirit is waiting too, for what? What will bring the stirring of life within the heart?

It has been October in my thoughts for many months; a waiting time, brought by a hurt that is unfelt now but not forgotten. My hopes and dreams have been as brown as the October hills, not dead, not growing.

I walked in the hills last spring, happy, as I thought, beyond bearing. I walk there now, seeking peace in the beauty I learned to love in that time.

An ancient oak, pushing rocks before it like a bow wave as it grows...the jumbled rocks on the brow of a hill remind me of Land's End -- only this must be Autumn's end; it overlooks the bare, denuded Hallowe'en hills. The sun is still warm on the leeward side, but when I stand silhouetted on the ridge, the cold Bay wind stings past my ears. Some find the October hills barren and uninteresting; not I; for as soon as the winter rains come, they'll be enfolded in grey mist as in a magician's cloak -- and when the cloak is lifted, they will have begun again.

Will I?



Felice Rolfe

JOHN BAXTER

FILMS, FANDOM and the FUTURE

EXTERIOR, CEMETERY, DAY

1. Long shot of a small country churchyard from above, as from a steeple. At right a man and woman are standing at the front of an old grave. After a moment they move left along a path between the graves. Camera moves in to medium shot, panning along to follow them.
2. Medium shot, still panning, of man idly glancing at graves as he passes.
3. Tracking shot, knee height, of graves. Keeping pace with the couple camera shows headstones left frame, walking legs right frame, then moves slightly ahead, stopping at new grave and stone. Legs move into frame again, then stop abruptly, obscuring stone.
4. Camera begins moving again, around legs and in across grave onto stone and inscription.

"Here lies my wife between poverty and vulgarity."

Zoom continues until frame is filled with the edge of one carved letter. Grain of stone becomes apparent.

Superimpose credits:

THE GRAVEYARD READER

by

Theodore Sturgeon.

- o -

There was a time, many years ago, when I wrote for the fun of it and not for publication. The quotation above is extracted from one such labor of love, a film script based on a favourite fantasy of mine. It is not such a bad script and if I can find two actors I'll gladly shoot it in 8mm just for practice. However I mention it here not in an attempt to find volunteers but rather as a preface to some remarks on the cinema and its present role in science fiction.

Unlike many colleagues I have never had the overwhelming prejudice against science fiction films that is supposedly the mark of a 100% fan. Naturally I share their contempt for the poor technique that mars so many such movies but usually one can make allowances for the fact that no sf film made by outsiders can ever come up to the standards set by long-time readers. How could any producer succeed with us when we look on "It's been done before" as the supreme insult, the critical atom bomb? In the cinema "It's been done before" is often an accolade. Many modern US and European films depend almost completely on references to and parodies of other films to make their point (eg. Malle's *L'été de la Metro*, Richard Quine's *Paris When it Sizzles*). To complicate the problem further we all have preconceived ideas about settings and characters that make it impossible to adapt any established sf story to the screen without alienating almost everybody who has ever read the original. One imagines the cries of "It doesn't look anything like him" that would greet the first appearance of a Gully Foyle or John Amalfi on the screen, rather like the reaction drawn when an actor tries to play Jesus Christ without a beard.

Nevertheless, a great many good sf films can and have been made. The script for "The Graveyard Reader" was relatively easy to write, characters and settings dictating their equivalents almost automatically. In part this indicates that the treatment is poor work;

masterpieces always take time. However, it also suggests that some science fiction and fantasy is easily adapted for use on the screen providing care is taken to choose a suitable subject. The film's long slide into oblivion keyed by the introduction of tv has now slowed and, if anything, the trend is towards more and better pictures, though of a different type to those shown before television. Science fiction is no longer taboo. In films, on tv and even occasionally in the theatre we are seeing a new attitude to science and science fiction. The result of this combination of new attitudes has been a resurgence of sf in the cinema and the production of the finest science fiction films ever made. Yet the fanzines are empty of sf film reviews except those panning the duds. The current newszines list few if any promising productions. Tv shows like *The Outer Limits* are damned almost universally. Although I can recall at least a dozen superior sf films which I've seen in the past year, as well as a similar number of excellent tv adaptations, I can think of only one or two other fans who have also seen them and in all cases they are, like myself, as keen fans of the cinema as they are of science fiction. The general reaction from fandom has been zero.

Part of this negative attitude may stem from the fact that some of the films are British and therefore not on general exhibition in the US, but this hardly explains why Joseph Losey's *The Damned* received little or no praise from English fans, nor why *The Day of the Triffids*, *The Day the Earth Caught Fire* and *Children of the Damned*, the last one of the most intelligent sf films ever made, were almost totally ignored. As for America, the output has been much larger than that of Britain while the reaction has, if possible, been less. Films like Ray Milland's *Panic in Year Zero* and *The Man With the X Ray Eyes*, George Pal's *The Circus of Doctor Lao*, John Frankenheimer's *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Seven Days in May* might almost have never been made if current fan publications were to be taken as evidence.

The only explanation for this attitude that suggests itself is an increase in the snobbishness of fandom. The unprecedented reaction to Resnais' *Last Year at Marienbad* and Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*, both of which had fantasy aspects but were not science fiction films by a long chalk, and the eventual nomination of *Marienbad* for a Hugo seem to bear this theory out. "Acknowledge your bastards" is a rule science fiction has never clung to with any consistency so it is to be expected that the field, in entering what may be called its "maturity," would turn its back on the more disreputable parts of its output and search for a more intellectually acceptable substitute. Curiously, however, this rejection has been followed by a sharp increase in the popularity of science fiction films in the cinema world generally. There is now a Science Fiction Film Festival annually at Trieste, though organized by people unconnected with fandom. Roger Corman, the producer of most fantasy films based on Edgar Allen Poe's work, is revered by French and British critics but ignored by sf fans everywhere. The articles and reviews in film magazines examining modern sf films are written and read not by fans but by cineastes. It's curious that the people who most enjoy sf films are those whose interest should be least.

Fans, of course, have every reason to dislike sf films. The cinema, like almost all the other arts, including fiction, has never taken science fiction very seriously. Invariably it has been used as a basis for parody and satire, and where a success d'estime has been scored (eg, *Metropolis*, *The Shape of Things to Come*) it has been at the expense of science. True to traditional Hollywood values a humanistic solution to the world's problems has always been preferable to a scientific one. The same is of course true of literature in general. Books like *1984*, *Atlas Shrugged* and *On the Beach* succeed not because they are better written than science fiction novels -- they seldom are -- but because they present a story in terms of human situations, whereas science fiction deals in Things, some of which happen to represent People. Any work of imagination presented in humanistic terms will almost certainly find a following, and sf films despite their often crude technique are no exception.

However during the past decade we have learned to live with the popular version of science fiction. We no longer howl at the green plastic Martian in the corn flakes packet or wince at the inanities of a B-class Hollywood space opera. The years to come will force

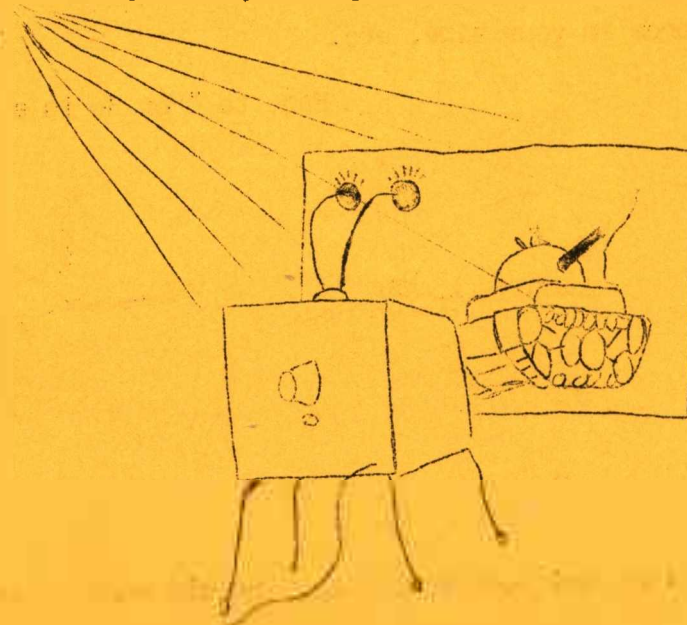
us to compromise on an even more ambitious scale. Whether this is good or bad must be decided by those whose bent is towards sociology more than cinema, though there seems to me to be little point in maintaining the fiction that sf is an independent intellectual force in literature. Science fiction succeeds commercially and artistically in direct proportion to the amount it compromises with current social attitudes. The time when science fiction might have changed things is long gone. We exist now as entertainers, not prophets.

This attitude should be extended to cover science fiction films. Once we might have demanded with some justice that the producers comply with our ideas of what good science fiction was. We wouldn't have been heard but we could have demanded. Now we should be grateful that there is still science fiction in the cinema, good or otherwise. There is one course left to us now; to look at the films which are being made and try to understand why they are as they are, and what they are trying to say. A B-picture will still be a B-picture; there is no point to trying to get anything more than a laugh from *I Was a Teenage Martian* and *Horror Beach Party*; but we can find something to chew on in *The Damned* and *Seven Days in May*.

Does it matter if these films are basically anti-science? I think not. The intellectual climate today is against uncontrolled technology and the better films follow this trend. Good directors are saying in their films what we should have been saying twenty years ago. Losey in *The Damned* and Stanley Kubrick in *Doctor Strangelove or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* show us the total absurdity of giving fallible human beings the ability to tamper with creation. John Frankenheimer goes deeper, into the nature of science, the meaning of it all. He sees in the instruments of destruction a hint of the "terrible beauty" that Yeats perceived in war. Aircraft carriers, helicopters, tanks, even military bases and the eerie war machine of the Pentagon become in his hands the pieces and settings for a twentieth century power game. Just as a medieval knight in armor seems at least part machine, so Frankenheimer's machines seem partly sentient. After seeing *Seven Days in May* one never again looks at a tv set without the passing fear that, Kuttner-like, it may open a big blue eye and look back.

Frankenheimer's films represent a significant breakthrough in science fiction cinema. Without ignoring humanist values they make science an integral part of the story, although not in the way that most critics of sf writing would prefer. All science fiction is a romanticising of technology but it is seldom adequately allied to the human beings to whom this romance means anything. Frankenheimer has at least partly completed this amalgamation by making his machines partly human and his characters recognisable adjuncts to if not extensions of the science they serve. His films are also, incidentally, fine entertainment, beautifully shot and directed. But regrettably science fiction fans are ignorant of them and their quality. Nobody cares, nobody watches.

Except perhaps the tv sets.



When I was a lad I turned the crank/Of an ancient mimeo whose name was Frank,
I fed Frank ink and I wiped Frank's spills/And I always surrendered in a clash of wills;
I turned that crank so carefully/That now I am the chairman of the NYCon Three!

Chorus: He turned that crank, etc.

As I grew up and my ambitions fused/I went out and bought a Gestetner (used);
And on this mimeo put out a zine/That was better, oh, by far than any ever seen;
That kind of zine so suited me/That now I am the ruler of the NYCon Three!

Chorus: That kind of zine so suited me, etc.

There were poems from Karen Anderson and articles by Poul/And a fanzine section run by
Jerry Sohl;

We had books reviewed by Boucher, who condensed them down so small/That I have had to
read them for myself at all!

I read so little they rewarded me/By making me the chairman of the NYCon Three!

Chorus: He read so little, etc.

C.S.Lewis let us reprint and we had Phil Dick to quote/And even Robert Heinlein sent a
three-line note;

Our contributions were so very good, I ween,/That we almost won the Hugo as the best
prozine!

Those contributions did so well for me/That now I am the ruler of the NYCon Three!

Chorus: Those contributions, etc.

Of organizing methods I acquired such a grip/That I even had the time to take a little
trip;

I went to London as the TAFF delegate,/And afterwards I did the Fund administrate;
I dished it out with a hand so free/That now I am the chairman of the NYCon Three!

Chorus: He dished it out, etc.

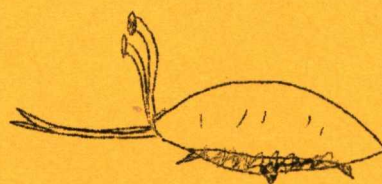
(slowly)

Now neofans all, wherever you may be,/If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul is fettered to a dittograph,/And your biggest kick in life's to make your
readers laugh;

Get pros in your zine, of your own work keep it free/And you all may be rulers of a
con, like me!

Chorus: Get pros in your zine, etc.

Fade to "For He is a Big Name Fan"...



BUT, THEN, HE HAS AN ASSET

HE'S A GENIUS

(((Fisher Price)))

Dedicated to the Pacifcon committee, who did none of these things.



DEAR CRABBY:

I find that the moral problems of old age are more complicated than those of my youth. The other night I dreamed that the little man who wasn't there was making love (upon the stair, of course) to the daughter I never ~~had~~ had.

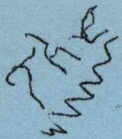
I felt some responsibility in the matter, but I never did figure out what to do about it.

Dana W.

Dear Confused:

I can certainly sympathize with a problem like the one you don't have. I didn't have one like that myself once, and it wasn't horrible.

My advice to you is to wait upon the stair and eavesdrop upon the sinful, lascivious little devils. Find out just what they're not doing up there. Then confront that little man at the next meeting of the E.G. and L.M.'s C. and M.S. Tell him if he doesn't stop what he's not doing, you won't have him arrested and locked up as he doesn't deserve. Filthy Prevert!



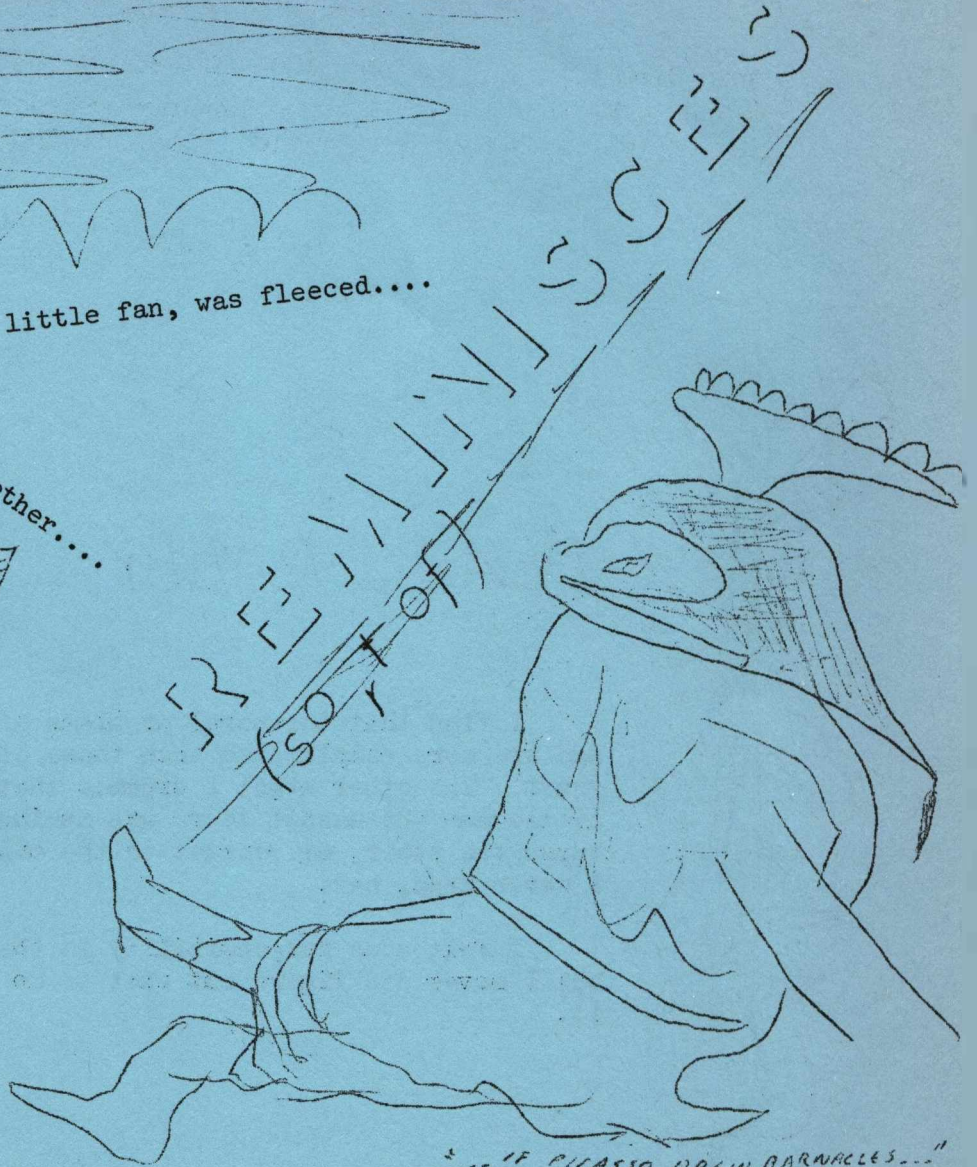
ELCARRAB 'MICHRA M

slid down the wall....

Mary was a little fan, was fleeced....
When pubbing a zine, whether....

We bid you hearty welcome to ψφ CCNY

see very model of a modern fanzine editor



... IF PICASSO DREW BARNACLES...

There's no Zehrgut this time, for after seeing the last one,

Del Rey, he said Oy Vey
and Van Vogt, he almost choked
and although the pickles spiked it
I think Camble would have liked it.

But maybe next time,...

Were this Ditto'd,
it would be corn on
the carbon-

TAILS OF STRANGE ANIMALS # 1

Semper is a real live dinosaur.

He lives in a zoo on Venus.

But the Venusian weather makes him ill.

SICK SEMPER TYRANOSAURUS

He is also very destructive.

TYRANOSAURUS WRECKS

THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM, A NU FRONTIER

Mary was a little fan,
Was fleeced of all her dough,
For fanzines took up all her geld
At thirty bucks a throw.

She Ditto'd it in school one day,
Which was against the rule.
The one who dared to interfere
Was found drowned in the pool.

Mary's father punished her --
He made her read some sti;
And to her everlasting shame,
She's in the en three off.

To terminate this awful tale
I voice this urgent plea --
Don't ever publish fanzines
Or join the en eff three.

[Ed's note: the following feghoot was started by Carl almost four years ago, but he stopped half way through and refused to finish it, saying it was too awful to spring upon an unprepared fankind. I present the fragment here and challenge the readers to submit a conclusion. It is presented exactly as written, but Carl spells worse than I do so I have no way of knowing which misspelling were intentional.]

I am an old man with many vices, gambeling, drinking, women, s.f. fandom and an overwhelming passion for oriental jade. I am an old man and I know where my sole will go when the end comes.

I have but one earthly wish. I want to be added to my jade collection. So after many months of dilegently burning young vergins to the stake at mid-night and dissolving the bible in boiling sulfer and ignoring keep off the grass signs, I have managed to summon forth satin.

The merit of a man is measured by his fan activity. Fandom is a weigh of life.

Dedicated to the memory of the City College of NY SF Society as it
was during its first year

A PARABLE

QUIET BABBLED JUDI BEATTY
(city college called back, quiet)
QUIET ROARED MARSHA ELKIN
(city college called, pipe down)
QUIET SHOUTED ELLIOT SHORTER
(city college began to riot)
QUIET BELLOWED STEWART BROWNSTEIN
(city college crumbled down)

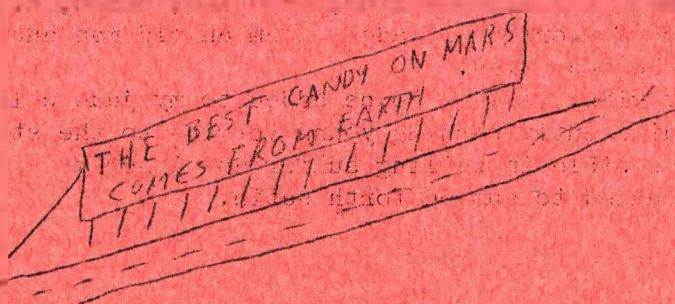
WELCOME TO PSI PHI

We bid you hearty welcome to Psi Phi C C N Y
But please don't be melancholic
If the meeting is chaotic
For the president's psychotic
And the members are neurotic
And decidedly bucholic
And it makes me want to cry

Yet we bid you hearty welcome to Psi Phi C C N Y
But please stop your futile pouting
And come join this insane outing
With the bellowing and shouting
And the clabbering and clouting
Till your mind's no longer doubting
That this noise will reach the sky

And we bid you hearty welcome to Psi Phi C C N Y
But please let's forget your bruises
And your dreams of one way cruises
And let's hunt for where the booze is
For I'm getting sort of dry

Still we bid you hearty welcome to Psi Phi C C N Y
And you may continue hoping,
While the President is groping
With her brow far forward sloping
For a principle for coping
With the paper clips that coping
That this whole confounded noxious mess
Will shrivel up and die.



But I thought this was supposed to be a prose-zine!

THE WORLD OF ANTHONY BOUCHER

John Baxter

I liked Boucher's survey of last year's sf. The plug for A Clockwork Orange was especially welcome. For more than a year I've been pushing that book with everybody who might conceivably have been amused by it. Those that got started on it became admirers almost immediately but getting them started, that was the problem. Until you get the feel of Burgess' slang it can be a bit frustrating. But when eventually it hits you, it'll make you smuck, and bratty too. The Wanting Seed disappointed me a little, but his next book but one, No Brighter Than the Sun, made up for it. This is a biography of Shakespeare based on what few facts we know or can guess at and jazzed up with some high-tension language that sounds fresher than anything I've read this year.

An interesting facet of Boucher's remarks was the number of British writers and books represented. Burgess, Amis' Spectrum, Gorey, Graham Greene ("A Discovery in the Woods" was originally published in London Magazine long before Rogue picked it up) -- also the classics of sf series that he mentions -- Voyage to Arcturus, Weigher of Souls etc, were originally published by Gollancz as part of their science fiction series. For years I've extolled the superiority of British writers; now perhaps a few more people are coming around to that point of view. If they do, I'll just have to start praising American writers again.

Charles Wells

Anthony Boucher praises Heinlein highly and I agree with him. There are perhaps a couple of places where I differ. In the first place, perhaps Heinlein is indeed tops in getting across to the reader the nature & customs of a future civilization. But Boucher should have pointed out that Heinlein is also tops in creating interesting future civilizations. He pays more detailed attention to language, to differences in attitudes between the sexes, to children, to old people and to social status, and makes these details more interesting, than any of the modern writers of the Mack Reynolds school; and although Andre Norton goes sometimes into very detailed descriptions of her fantasy civilizations, her worlds all seem to differ mostly in external trappings and types of magic used and so on. And too many other authors, old and new, make their characters behave just like 1960-style Americans or Britishers (except Simak, whose characters behave like 1910-style Americans).

Perhaps I will make a partial exception with Tom Purdom, whose I Want the Stars came close to equalling Heinlein in this one respect.

Another place where I disagree with Boucher is about the propriety of the tacked on ending of Glory Road, and, he might well have added, of Farnham's Freehold. I agree it is not standard novel form, the way he does it, but I sort of enjoy it. Just when his more recent books begin to drag, they change in some way. I find it refreshing, though I imagine that Great Literature could not be written that way.

C W Brooks, Jr.

I don't agree with Boucher about the Heinlein novels. Podkayne was a good juvenile, but that's about all. The picture of a future society was good but I thought

the plot and characterization (other than of Podkayne) rather poor. As for Glory Road, I would have quit after the first twenty pages if it hadn't had Heinlein's name on it. I didn't understand this business about it being an "AMRA novel." For one thing, all the sorcery was explained away as pseudoscientific nonsense, much as in the "Harold Shea" books by de Camp. The great difference is that GR seemed to take itself seriously, while the Shea books don't. To my mind, a true "sword and sorcery" novel will have some true sorcery in it. Heinlein seems unable to accept, even for the purpose of a story, the possibility of the various varieties of magic. Or to put it another way, Heinlein seemed to be trying to expound some weird philosophical viewpoint, using as a vehicle a form of writing that he does not take seriously and cannot do right. When I think of true "sword and sorcery," I think of something like Tolkien's "Ring" books, or Leiber's stories of Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser. In these books, the sorcery is integral to the nature of the universe in which the action takes place, it is not wrung in to advance the plot, or explained away by pseudo-science. And as far as an entertaining tale... I much preferred Howard's Almuric, with all of its obvious faults, to Glory Road.

I'd like to have the Edward Gorey books that Boucher mentions but they're so damn expensive! The bookstore here at U. Va. has Gorey's The Willowdale Handcar, which is maybe five inches square and has about thirty pages, and costs \$1.50. If it were just that one, the cost wouldn't matter so much but I don't want to get started on them, twenty in all I think, and not all by the same publisher.

Harry Warner, Jr.

If the matter of relativity is kept in mind, I think that the Boucher item is a superb job of criticism. If we could have two or three summaries of this type published in time for Hugo nominating and voting, there might be less danger that the best items would be overlooked and that the awards would go to writers with a general reputation.

Elliot K Shorter

The impression that I got out of Key Out of Time, having just read it, was that it was analogous to Walt Disney's short "The Old Mill." ("The Old Mill" was the experimental application of the techniques used in Snow White.) A matriarchal society, a stranded hero, the language and style, these are comparative features of Witch World & Key Out of Time. Even parts of the descriptive narrative in Key evoke the thought of improved passages in WW. What thinkest Thou?

Ruth Berman

Incidental note: More Alice did not come in 1963. I bought my copy in summer, 1962, and had seen it advertised at least a year (I think more like two years ago.)

(See pg 39)

Donald A Wollheim

Boucher's speech bears out the lack of really significant and worldshaking sf novels these days. Gone are the days when a Skylark of Space could come along and outshadow everything. On the other hand his talk was distinctive for what he seems to have overlooked, namely Clifford Simak's Way Station, a really movingly fine novel.

PHILIP K DICK AND THE GERMANS

Ruth Berman

Yes, Jewish hatred of Germans for genocide is as unwise as, say, Christian hatred of Jews for deicide (although it is more understandable, since the memory is still so fresh). We need a little more of Father Brown's attitude towards crime: it is hateful not because it is monstrous and unthinkable in normal people like you and

me but because it is monstrous and quite possible in normal people like you and me.

Tom Dupree

"Nazism & the High Castle" was the high point of the issue. But is Mr. Dick trying to tell us that the Germans voted Hitler into power? The Communists can vote too--a great majority of them do. But your vote doesn't do much good when there's only one man running (shades of Alabama '64!!). But...but...then how did Hitler get in the first time? ERM

Seth Johnson

Of all the terrific contents of NIEKAS 9 though I think Philip K Dick's was tops. He really put racism and nationalism in its proper perspective and more power to him. Not only that but I agree one hundred percent with everything he had to say.

Alan Burns

This is a kind of advance reply to the comments you'll get on my letter last issue, clarifying what I had said.

There is no such thing as freedom. There is only potential freedom, which decreases exponentially as civilization advances until a point is reached where it too has reached the vanishing point. We are almost at that point in the West today. Potential freedom can be defined as the hope in the heart of shaking off the trammels of civilization, yet "Wish to God we were back in civilization" says the explorer hacking his way thru the jungle. In other words, the freedom which he has--which he thinks he has--is a stench in his nostrils. The explorer reaches civilization, but wishes he hadn't his form-filling and other social duties to do.

The first man had no freedom. Driven by hunger and stronger animals he was trapped in as miserable a rat-race as any wage-slave today, only our wage slave is much better cushioned against natural disaster than primitive man. But if you want to be cushioned then you must accept the restrictions. More than ever a civilization depends upon individuals. Think of a man pressing the wrong button in a powerhouse or putting the wrong chemical in the soft drink concentrate.

But another cushion is in the making; automation. This will restrict men further, of course. People automated out of work can't be told to run away and play. They will have to be controlled, for unfortunately there is a deadly fear in the minds of those in control that people will start to think! The average type being automated out of work today couldn't think to save his life. The sole reaction of this type is a vague grudge against authority...a feeling that he is being done out of something as far as he ever gets. What it is he is feeling he isn't quite sure, and if ignored the feeling never comes to anything. It is only when notice is taken that the trouble starts.

But the two leading totalitarian states in the world, the US and England, have this business of public control well-taxed by an organisation generally known as the Establishment. The object of the Establishment is to confuse thought so that it cannot cohere; to set man against man and woman against woman by giving privileges to one and not the other. In this way no concerted action ever comes to anything.

If a group resists the Establishment the instigators are instantly given excellent posts within the organisation and so are brought off. On the contrary, in the Iron Curtain countries, potential freedom is increasing exponentially due to the nature of the political organisation. Now a parrot cry of the totalitarian states against the Iron Curtain countries is "Secret Police." Indeed, the volume of propaganda directed against the Curtain countries would appear to hinge on this, although lately it has diminished. The Establishment, ever careful not to overdo matters, has altered the slant from direct accusation to vague insinuation. But let it be considered; what does this supposititious secret police force do? Well, the idea seems to

be that if Comrade X is heard uttering against the leader he is whipped away as a dangerous man, beaten up, and sent to a prison camp. The actual fact is that he is whipped away and sent to a camp, but a research camp as organiser or chief assistant. Men and women who can think are at a premium in the Curtain countries and as fast as one is shown up he or she is instantly put in position of use to the country generally. But the Curtain countries' governments are staffed by energetic people who got there by outworking those above them. The latest example is the toppling of Krushchev. These energetic people, who came up the hard way and were educated on a diet of practical politics, have a clear notion as to where they intend to go and how they intend to get there. Let it not be said life in the Curtain countries is easy, yet. It's like the morning cold bath, shuddersville until you get out, but then comes the glorious tingle, and feeling of wideawakeness that sets you up for the day.

So finally the question can be asked, "Will we ever know true freedom?" The answer is "perhaps." If we eventually develop our mental powers to the stage where they can shape things for us as we need them then possibly each man may be free to strike out for himself. But even then, suppose two telepaths clash? There will have to be an arbiter and that means....

[But...you described essentially the same thing as an EVIAL facet of Western culture and a GHOOD one of Eastern culture!ERMI

Rick Brooks

Alan Burns is out of his everlovin' mind when he says the standards of living in the Iron Curtain countries is low not because of government mismanagement, but because they caught the brunt of the war. It seems to me that West Germany caught a little of that war. As for our putting money into rebuilding West Germany, Russia still owes us a good bit for loans made them during and after the war.

It also seems to me that there would be more scars on the minds of the Germans. After all, they lost. The Russians, who are the guiding power behind the Iron Curtain, (tho not as much now as they used to be) were on the winning side and got a lot of territory in the bargain. The scars on the minds of the Russians come mainly from having Stalin and his successors in power.

C.W.Ned Brooks

I haven't had time yet to read Man in the High Castle, but I do agree with Dick's last paragraph. I don't care to belong to any group on the basis that "We're us and better than you-all and you can't come in." I don't care to be a Man on this basis, or an American, or, as for that matter, a fan.

I find Alan Burns' logic rather peculiar to say the least when he says "the effectiveness of the US and British totalitarianism (gad, what a word!) is well bespoken by the fact that they can allow their people to travel abroad, with no fear of losing them." This appears to mean, if it means anything, that I would be freer if I lived in Poland, because then I would be free to want to leave, whereas living here I am not. By this reasoning, we should insist that the government make things harder on us so that we would be free to want to defect when we travel abroad!

John Boardman

Philip K. Dick is correct; many of the Arab inhabitants of Palestine were terrorized into leaving--by other Arabs. Any Arab who expressed a desire to live at peace with the Jews was rubbed out in short order by the Grand Mufti's terrorists. And the invading Arab armies ordered Palestinian Arabs to get out of the way of their "liberators" so the troops could clean up the Jews. They obligingly got out of the way and they're still out of the way.

And, in the subsequent 15 years, the Israelis have settled almost a million Jewish refugees in Israel. In the meantime, the Arabs have not begun to re-settle their fellow Arabs from Palestine, but have callously abandoned them to live on charity in

Cancas 5

the refugee camps. Anyone who, in the face of this evidence, attempts to establish a moral equivalence between German treatment of the Jews and Jewish treatment of the Arabs is acting in ignorance of these historical facts.

In stating that he wishes "we had a few more allies like West Germany, and it is a pity that some Latin American countries do not have a Nazi government" Roberto Fuentes confirms the impression I have obtained of Cuban exiles. During the Batista dictatorship, high Batistianos ran their own private armies. One of these was Senator Rolando Masferrer, who still has a private army--in Miami, where he plots counter-revolution. During Batista's time, Masferrer's men captured three teenage boys in a town in Oriente, tied them to stakes in the town square, and blinded and gelded them in the sight of their families and neighbors. THIS IS NOT COMING BACK TO CUBA no matter how many Miami exiles dream about Nazi governments in Latin America. [And you think there have been no comparable atrocities under Castro? That his regime has eliminated them? What of, for instance, the thousands upon thousands of executions in the stadiums presented to cower and amuse the populace? ERMI

John Boston

Hmmm. In the third paragraph Marc Christopher commendably condemns sweeping generalizations about the German people. In the first sentence of the fourth paragraph, he says, "The Germans are a very emotional people."

As for the ex-Nazis in the West German government, that reminds me of the English clergyman who, during the religious shakeup, changed from Catholic to Protestant, to Catholic to Anglican without once losing his job.

George Scithers

The Germans aren't all that sweet and loveable; around here, when the streetcar motorman feels he's been at a stop long enough, he'll just start, and to Hell with the passengers still climbing onto the car.

Donald A Wollheim

And of course I read Philip K Dick with bemused interest. Essentially most of what he says is true, and curiously enough much of what is said in opposition is also true. To attempt to go through it and pick nits in disagreement would take more pages and more documentation than it could be worth, and everything said could in turn be rebutted. The way I feel about it now is that having lived in the USA of 1945-1964, none of us are in a position to criticize where the question of individual guilt is concerned.

However, personally I am numbered among those who found The Man in the High Castle irritating, outmoded, and sick. Whatever its merits as literature, it was a totally wrong choice for a Hugo. It is questionable by what definition or standard it could be called science-fiction. Dick has written some great science-fiction, stories, but this wasn't among them.

And, I think, we ought to end this discussion on this note of calm sanity. Little new has been added this quarter, and I can't imagine anything new being said. From here on in it would degenerate to vitriol and/or nit-picking. With this in mind I already cut a good bit of the discussion of side issues in this. For instance, in reply to James Wright Boardman sent a one page list of people he considers to be Nazis in German government; I'll send a photo-copy of this letter to Wright and anyone else who is interested, but cannot see publishing it in MIEUS. Phil Dick said many of these gross misinterpretations, and I could foresee a great debate based on this list in the next 10 MIEUS! Let the interested parties argue it out in personal correspondence...or if John wants to, in the pages of POINTING VECTOR, which is already politically oriented. But even there I doubt that it would accomplish anything...no matter what is said, for instance, I cannot see

John Boardman ever believing that not all Germans are intrinsically evil or that not all Jews are the essence of human perfection...or the other debaters changing their opinions.

On the other hand, Don has raised an interesting issue himself. He claims Man in the High Castle is not science fiction...what conceivable definition of sf would exclude it? The novel has the familiar alternate universe theme used in such classics as Sideways in Time, Bring the Jubilee, What Had Universe?, Destiny Times Three, House of Many Worlds, and even several books by Phil himself which were published by Ace! And the fact that Don is responsible for the publication of more sf novels than any other man makes his opinions particularly important...they have a marked influence on what we read! What do you think of the consequences of his ideas? ERM

ART

Harry Warner, Jr.

Both the covers were exceptionally good. The simple little trick of making things the wrong size is one that fantasy art almost never uses, and the front cover shows how enormously effective it can be. Maybe the back cover was intended to be completely distinct, but whatever the intent, I think it's better this way, with enough faintness about the individual and the contents of the chest to create an atmosphere of mystery that goes well with the slight contrast between paper and ink and with the comparatively small picture in relation to the large amount of vacant space. [It was supposed to be clear, but the electronic stencil came out "poorly." It's supposed to show the monk finding the relic of Leibowitz, but was transformed to the outdoors for artistic purposes. ERM]

John-Henri Holmberg

The cover is eye-catching and in my opinion good. I like this sort of light-darkness style, and the composition mountain-Saturn-demon is also good. But that demon resembles one of the daemon-statues on Notre Dame de Paris very closely.

But I think Ken de Maiffe has failed miserably in illustrating the scene which I at least think he means to paint; the death of Boromir. In my opinion the drawing/painting as a whole is plain bad; naturally a few things in it are not entirely bad as details, but the over-all effect isn't very good, I'm afraid. Boromir himself is, however, not at all bad; his legs and hand are very good, as well as his whole body; the main fault here lies probably in the fact that Boromir is too tension-filled, too tense to give the impression of death. The Orcs don't look at all the way I thought Orcs should look, and neither does Gimli, but that's an entirely different matter.

Otherwise the illos weren't particularly special: I do know that stencil is a very difficult means of artistic reproduction, but one or two of your illos were even worse than what can be excusable with the repro difficulties in mind. As for the good ones, I especially liked Dick Schultz's on page 33, and maybe Jack Harness' one on page 7.

Earl E Evers

Artwork greatly enjoyed -- if it doesn't get crottled in my duffle bag, the Ring scene is going on my wall when I again have one to call my own. Those Orcs are positively Orcish!

C W Ned Brooks

Burge's cover was great, except for the lower right-hand corner, just below the idol, which had too many horizontal lines. I got the impression of speed, or something rushing to the left, when I first looked at it. Of course, the impression is

supposed to be one of absolute stillness.

De Maiffe's fold-out is instantly recognizable as the scene where Boromir is killed by the Orcs, but I'm afraid that's about all that can be said for it. The lay-out is not bad, but the detail, especially the faces, is awkward and crude.

The Kafka illo on page 48 is about the most horrifying thing I've seen since the Resnais movie, "Night & Fog." Ghu! How does Kafka sleep at night?

John Baxter

Nice cover, though perhaps it does beg a little too loudly for the caption "Oh, my aching head."

Graham M Hall

All I can say about the cover is "That'll teach him to eat cheese before going to bed." This fold-out illo shocked me. I didn't know you took your feuds that far. D'you think he's hurt real bad??

Miles MacAlpin

The cover illustration is the best and most significant I ever saw on a fanzine. That well-done "Finalist" sitting there in a thoughtful mood...does he see the slinking critter that is creeping along the wall of the right-hand iceberg hoping to escape before he gets crushed? Has nobody told the lone survivor about that hungry brute with all those bones around him? The monster's expression is truly good...almost like Mona Lisa in the halls of Hell, what? Makes one wish to send a telepathic message warning the lone survivor!

And does the Finalist not have delicate hands for such a masculine creature? Is it possible that this picture is a preview of conditions 500,000 years ahead, when the old androgyne status shall exist again in nature? Or is the sturdy Finalist also merely a violinist in his spare time?

Mezentian Gate in '68

THE CRITICS OF JOHN BAXTER

Ruth Berman

Seems to me that John Baxter's "Hornbook for Critics" demonstrates in itself precisely what is wrong with standards of criticism: the standards take precedence over the actual reaction of reader to book (or viewer to picture, etc.). Aristotle builds a good theory by observing works of art, and neoclassic critics cannot recognize the greatness of Corneille's Le Cid because they compare it first with the theory instead of observing the given work of art. Possibly Baxter does find Caves of Steel a confused mess of conflicts plus "an involved whodunnit vying for attention with the rest." If that is his reaction, he is justified in calling the book a failure. My reaction is that it is a beautifully organized mass of conflicts. It is true that "the science is allowed only a technical role in the story," but even if the book were a failure, I cannot see why Baxter should say "it is a failure because" of the lesser influence of science. My own reaction to the book makes it impossible for me to believe that someone else could think the book a failure for not using science in more than a technical role unless he started with the arbitrary belief that science must play more than a technical role in science fiction. It is, of course, possible that Baxter really does dislike Caves of Steel--but he does not define any standards of criticism in this article which plausibly explain his dislike.

George H Scithers

The point that Demon Knight was making, and which Baxter was fussing about, was

that a reasonable attention to consistency is important; and that science fiction stories all too often overlook it. An 'historical novel set in Central Europe in the 13th century would be a hopeless mess if the author hadn't bothered to find out that the Holy Roman Empire was a monarchy, but not a hereditary one. And a Western written by someone who thought that cattle were branded with a tattoo needle would be instantly rejected by any publisher. Oh, sure, that description of the power and beauty of an ascending rocket ship is important -- but the whole effect crashes into shards if the author is stupid enough to toss in a remark about the importance of getting all course-corrections made while the ship is still in the atmosphere, because out in space, there isn't any air to push against, and so . . . Unless, of course, this not-truth is introduced for deliberate purpose, and not because the author is too stupid to know better. And, unfortunately, many authors in the SF field are that careless. In fact, it's the same order of witlessness as Baxter's, in suggesting there should be more criticism in SF; the poor cobbler hasn't realized that SF is the most intensively self-criticized field of literature going. Perhaps Baxter should be excused though -- could be he's just escaped from a horde of carnivorous Koala bears. Or something.

Harry Warner, Jr.

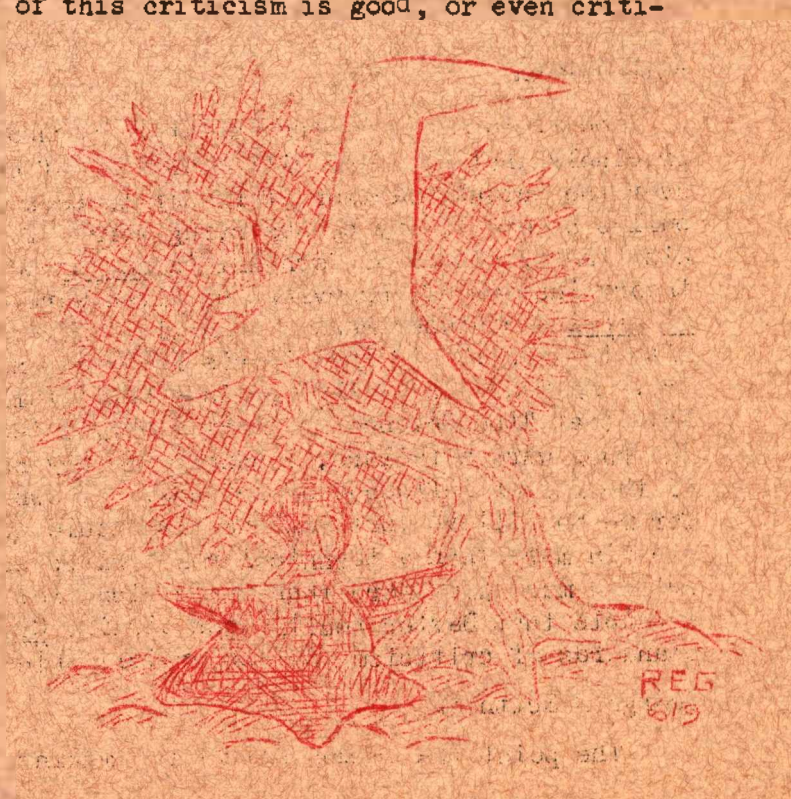
John Baxter makes out a convincing case for his theory, except for one important matter. I think it's impossible to try to find critical methods for science fiction equivalent to those applied to mainstream fiction, until we get some science fiction novels and short stories written and published regularly that are close to mainstream fiction in quality. Clarke writes fine science fiction and Asimov wrote pretty good science fiction but it is preposterous to except those novels to meet the tests that are withstood by the fiction that general literary criticism works with: the "fine" and "good" are only relative in comparison with the utter trash that constitutes 99.8% of all science fiction published today.

Earl E Evers

It seems funny that John Baxter could say "lack of self-criticism is one of the serious deficiencies of the SF-field" when half the pros have shown themselves to be competent reviewers and critics, and even some of the amateurs turn out some pretty valid criticism once in a while. Not all of this criticism is good, or even criticism at all in the sense Mr. Baxter intends, but I still think the field, with the only truly organized amateur following and one of the more closely-knit groups of professionals in literature at this time, is adequately covered by criticism. I should be sarcastic, I guess, and say what the field really needs is less criticism, but I won't. What it does need is competent, aggressive advertising of SF books and magazines, leading to higher rates for the writers and hence to more good writers and works in the field.

Tom Dupree

Historical criticism not only is concerned with the literature of the past, but also its effect on the literature of the future. That's one of the reasons we study history in school. The past events in history have a di-



rect bearing on the events of the future. For instance (and this is a groaty example, but), when an infant touches fire and pulls his hand back in pain, he has a subconscious tendency to stay away. He might forget this several times, but if he is not killed first, the lesson in the past of the fire has taught him never to stick his hand into fire in the future. Science fiction has, generally, its eye on the future. But it draws many of its technological conclusions from events of the past. So one cannot dismiss the historical criticism of any form of literature as being in the past (e.g. John Baxter's article itself, p.32: "Historical--pure Aristotle.").

Rick Brooks

"A Hornbook for Critics" was puzzling. If criticism is so important, how come most mainstream fiction is getting worse? I get this impression from the few times I read the critics.

C.W.Ned Brooks

Baxter's "Hornbook" is very interesting, and I was agreeing with him until he applied his theory to Clarke's Prelude to Space and Asimov's Caves of Steel. I much preferred Caves of Steel myself. I thought Prelude was too dry and factual. The Clarke Against the Fall of Night was more like my idea of good sf. I think Baxter is right about the necessity for a standard, but I'm not sure he has it. All of my favorite sf has an element of fantasy, of the presently incomprehensible, in it. I mean, there is nothing in Prelude to Space that is not clearly understandable from our current technology. Asimov's robots, on the other hand, are still a great ways off.

Archie Mercer

I thought that John Baxter's "Hornbook" was rather heavy-going. Eventually I tumbles to why. He not merely rolls abstruse philosophical theories and terminology off his typewriter with a facility that is in itself wonderful to watch, but he then chucks in the names of a bunch of philosophers of whom, I'm sure, I have never before so much as heard. In such circumstances I think I can fairly admit that he's talking way over my head. Anthony Boucher's highly interesting talk serves as an excellent makeweight, though.

John Boston

John Baxter's article proved highly interesting, although I greet any attempt to set up Standards for science fiction with raised eyebrows. Merit is in the eye of the beholder; I despise Burroughs, but can't consider the ardent Bibliophile as being "wrong." There can be no absolute standards for something which depends so entirely on individual interpretation and judgement as science fiction or any other form of literature. There are, of course, points of general agreement; there are, I gather, few fans who would question the classic status of More Than Human, Childhood's End, or Mission of Gravity.

Literary criticism can serve two purposes. It can serve as a guideline, or to enhance the enjoyment of a work already read. In the former case, all depends on how consistently the individual involved agrees with the critic. Although P.Schuyler Miller's book column in Analog won the Hugo Award, for some it will be totally useless as a guideline. His reviews are useful to me only to the extent that he describes what a book is; not being overly fond of space opera, his praise of one of them doesn't recommend the book to me. (Dangling participles don't recommend my writing style, either.)

The major premise of the article--that sf's main raison d'etre is its aesthetic contemplation of technology--is a commendable insight, but still isn't quite a large enough broom to sweep generalizations with. It leaves out some of the best science fiction, such as More Than Human.

SCIENCE FICTION BUFFS HUDDLE HERE

They talk of weird out-of-this-world events. They love to read about about amazing and astounding adventures. Some even sketch a write about unbelievably wild things.

But they are very real people, human in every way, just enjoying their hobby of science fiction. Some are professionals. Most are just fans.

A large group of them descended on the Leamington Hotel yesterday for the 22nd World Science Fiction Convention. They'll be around for a few days.

So don't be suprised at what you hear or see in the vicinity of 19th and Franklin streets this weekend. Just remain calm. They may be serious, but they're harmless.

SPACE CREATURES

Tonight, for example, there will be a wide variety of "creatures from outer space," accompanied by astronauts of diverse types passing through the hotel's lobby. There might even be an old-fashioned "Tarzan of the Apes" or "Stone Age" man strolling about.

We know for sure that there will be a group of real Indians.

The occasion is the convention's Masquerade dance at 8 p.m. in the Regency Room. Of course, the costumes must have a science fiction or fantasy theme. Prizes will be awarded for the most outstanding.

The Indian group will be led by Chief Red Feather and will provide the entertainment.

BIG ART EXHIBIT

An extensive art display is being shown in the Holiday Room on the mezzanine floor of the Leamington as part of the convention, designated Pacificon II.

Included in the exhibit are a number of original drawings used to illustrate the writings of Edgar Rice Burroughs, still considered by many as the master of adventure. Some are by J. Allen St. John, who illustrated the author's early works, and others are by John Coleman Burroughs, the author's son and an artist of note.

There is a section devoted to sketches by Arthur Thomson of England, who signs his works "Atom," (disclaimer - ERM) and is attending the convention as a special exchange guest.

from the Oakland Tribune, Sat, Sept 5 1964

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave.,
Hagerstown Maryland 21740

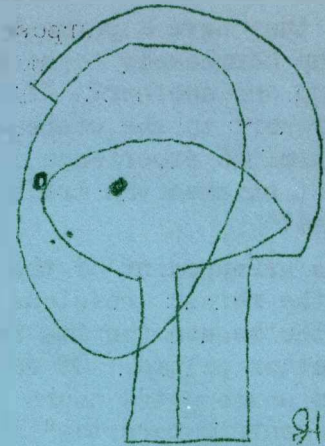
Reports on the Pacificon have been extremely scarce up to now, so the facts contained in your narrative were new and welcome to have, even though the brief mention of certain events of apparent importance left me anxious to know more details. But the only specific comment that occurs is that I can't imagine anyone wanting a return to the old days when 2 or 3 cities were fighting desperately each year for the right to stage the next worldcon. Maybe such conflict is nice nostalgia for fans who

have come into the field since the recent lack of competition began to prevail. But I hate to remember the hatreds and permanent scars that were left by those contests, even from my isolated position as a fan who didn't attend the cons in person and had no direct participation in the feuds that sprang up. Valuable fans were driven into gaffiation by some of those wonderful old contests.

The Middle Earth glossary stuns me for the amount of work that must have been involved. And I'd be willing to bet that nobody except possibly Al Halevy will be able to find any inaccuracies or omissions in it. However, I've now read the our big Tolkien books and I don't feel that they were quite worth so much scholarship. I enjoyed The Hobbit but the three volumes that followed began to get on my nerves. My reaction wasn't the result of first contact, either, because I read The Hobbit last, through an accident of shipping. Tolkien displays in it a sense of humor that abandons him about halfway through the first volume of the Rings. A couple of irrelevant other thoughts inspired by this glossary: what would fandom have done if by some accident Tolkien had invented Goldwater as the name of a character? It's a name that he certainly might have used, with the proper Anglo-Saxon roots and all that. And has anyone ever asked the author if the Took family is supposed to be a sly commentary on his own forebearers? I don't know how Tolkien is pronounced in England, but I suspect that the "l" is hard to hear & that the first syllable of the name sounds quite a bit like Took.

I hope that the Thewlis review of Tree & Leaf was supposed to be a parody of the typical neofan's review. He certainly couldn't have been serious in that reference to whetting the reader's curiosity.

Felice's little plaint about what to say when suddenly confronted by an intelligent someone might be the best possible excuse for the jargon & catch phrases that afflict most professions & fields of interest. We laugh at the banalities that we hear when a couple of American Legion members meet or the stock phrases that are trotted out when one advertising man is introduced to another. But



Harnessed

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couldn't they have a purpose in the universe, after all; that of breaking the ice, filling up harmlessly those dangerous first moments, permitting the conversationalists to size up one another? If there is no common interest or profession, the two people usually resort to the weather, which serves just about as well. As far as I know from my limited experience in personal fanning, the only fannish equivalent to these convenient cliches and truisms is: "Well, what do you think of Campbell's latest crazy idea?"

This arrangement of the letter column is an excellent system that has been tried only on the rarest occasions by fanzines in the past. Probably the large amount of work is the reason for its scorned merits. Or, rather, this arrangement of the start of the letter column. Of course, you must realize that you've just caused future indexers to waste extra hours trying to decide what to do about this procedure in their lists of contributors to NIEKAS or in their scorecards on letterhack activity credits.

Richard Brzustowicz shouldn't be so disgusted at a mezzo-soprano Rosina in "Figaro." Giorgi-Righetti, who created the roll, was a mezzo-soprano, and a glance at any published score of the opera will show that the music lies lower than a normal soprano part. When someone like Roberta Peters sings it today, there are all sorts of changes made in the original music to permit the soprano to use her normal range. One aria is even dropped, as a rule, the one in the lesson scene, and the Rosina substitutes for it anything she pleases.

I agree with Anne Chatland that the Wagner operas are too long, but I blame myself rather than the music for that. Wagner was pretty close to a genuine superman and I imagine that he possessed powers of concentration and endurance that are more than most of us can summon up. Of course, back here in the hills, I almost never have a chance to attend an actual performance, but I know that one act at a time is about all that I want to hear from my record collection. And you'd have to go several hundred miles to find anyone who possesses more unadulterated love for Wagner's music. Maybe I'll see a performance of "Parsifal" before I go blind over light-colored ink on dark-colored fanzine pages, but meanwhile this description of the War Memorial staging is very interesting. Anne is instinctively guessing the real truth about Parsifal's "wandering": it's more spiritual than geographical, and the thing that he must find is not so much the home of the Knights of the Grail but the status of "Mitleidvoll Duldender, heilthatvoll Wissender" that he attains in the third act: the exact opposite of the first thing that we see him do, his senseless slaughter of the swan. All this has been foretold at the end of the second act, when Kundry lays a curse on him to "wander" as the English translation of the libretto says, although I believe that "go astray" would be closer to the German verb irren in this particular context.

I'd also like to see the production of Siegfried that Anne apparently mentions when she writes about the hero's discovery of the "Nude, sleeping Brunnhilde." Wagner's stage directions say quite emphatically that the poor girl is wearing "soft, feminine garments" that are revealed after Siegfried takes off the outer shell of armor.

This may be the last LoC I ever write. I'm going out at midnight to rake up autumn leaves in the moonlight, and I'm sure that someone will decide that such eccentricity is sufficient grounds for certification to the booby hatch. Last fall, I never did get around to cleaning them up until the snows came, and then in the middle of March after the spring thaw I was dreadfully embarrassed by the way people stared at me the afternoon just before Easter when I raked up the autumn leaves. I sense snow in the air so I'll try to get it done nice and early this fall. Yrs. & c. Harry

Archie Mercer 70 Worrall Rd Bristol 8 Great Britain

One takes it that NIEKAS means "nothing" then, I presume? Pity--I was beginning to come to the conclusion that it was what women wore under their petticoats in cold weather. (In the same way as "bumbejimas" would be ordinary bejimas with the top half missing--only Dave Locke's beaten me to it.) You still haven't explained how come Andriuskevicius is longer than Meskys & Budrys laid end to end. (Can you explain why,

say, Metheringham is longer than Mercer & Jones? ERM] Hey--if you're so careful with your own Australian circumflex, why do you deny Liz Løkke her oblique stroke? Fair's fair. I just asked Liz about that ø and she said that while it's proper in Norwegian no one in Bill's family here uses it. ERM]

I have one serious fault to find with this NIEKAS, and that is in the spelling. It's atrocious and is particularly to be regretted in the Tolkien glossary, where even I can spot sufficient errors largely to nullify the potential utility of the thing altogether. Not that the glossary has all that much interest for me--all hobbits, as you know, look much alike to a mere human. But it does seem a pity that a task of such high scholarship should be spoiled by careless typing and/or proofignoring.

I enjoyed the Pacificonrep. The bit about Bruce Pelz' one man exhibition had me in near-hysterics. Mesdames Rolfe's and Chatland's sundry ramblings are all eminently readable--if one has to be singled out for particular praise, let it be the former. But all three of you seem to have appealing personalities.

And I do so absolutely agree with Philip Dick. Each human being should be considered on his or her personal merits as an individual, not arbitrarily assigned by reason of ancestry, appearance or environment into the handiest watertight compartment. Dick says it so well and so thoroughly that the coverage by other people in Gincas (a crate or box, of wood or other material, for holding bottles of gin--usu. in multiples of half-a-dozen) is rendered mainly irrelevant. The outstanding exception of course is Roberto Fuentes, who has got something special to say. As for Alan Burns, his argument that Soviet Russia is "the most democratic" country and our respective homelands "the leading totalitarian" may possibly make sense--but it doesn't seem to, and I think that the onus is on Alan to prove that what he's spouting isn't utter nonsense. Merc as ever Archie

Norman Metcalf Box 336 Berkeley Cal 94701

This is a letter of comment on NIEKAS 8 '9. You can have it back. I'd like a copy of any fanzines you publish but don't bother sending me papers that should be in NAPA.

Sincerely, Norm

Ruth Berman Interhational House 437 Piedmont & Bancroft Berkeley Cal 94721

Note to James Goodrich: there is an unpublished pornographic operetta by Gilbert, but not by Sullivan, whose proper Victorian soul would probably shudder at the thought. Its title is "The Old Sod." I don't know if a copy is extant or not--if there is a copy extant, no one is admitting it.

Jerry Burge's cover is a beautiful picture of desolation.

If this letter reaches you in time for inclusion in NIEKAS 10, will you put in these notes on possible Hugo winners? 1. London has left "Best Dramatic Production" out of the categories. I suppose they did so because usually there are so few candidates. This year there happen to be at least two outstanding candidates. I suggest we put either "Suggested Special Award for Drama: Walt Disney's Mary Poppins" or "Suggested Special Award for Drama: Doctor Strangelove" or both. Then London can take their choice of giving two special awards or adding "Best Dramatic Production" to the list of categories on the final ballot, whichever seems simpler to them. 2. Boris Artzybasheff is an artist who is so good that he can ask and get fees which no sf mag can pay. Therefore, he never appears in sf mags, and we don't think of him as a possibility for "Best Artist." Let's consider him this year (see, for example, his cover on Time, November 27, 1964, of the head of Du Pont next to a bunch of mischievous chemicals). Best, Ruth Berman

PS: I asked Tony Boucher about More Alice, and it turns out he is correct in listing it as a 1963 book--I was thinking of the first (British) publication, whereas he

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groups according to first American publication.

Bob Tucker Box 478 Heyworth, Ill

Enclosed, the program of one of your favorites, which played here yesterday. I wonder if this is the same company you saw some months ago (& which was mentioned in STARSPINKLE)? This company did play in San Francisco and Los Angeles, they told me.

William Green ("Rackstraw") came down with laryngitis before the second performance, and understudy Petroff did a botch-up job. He had not only the principals, but the orchestra conductor too on his neck before the final curtain. Tempermental people!

You may not remember it, or perhaps no one ever told you, but I'm a stagehand and work these traveling shows when they come to town. I was one of a crew of 22 men (and one woman) who handled the show yesterday, at a local university auditorium. It's nice to see G&S and get paid for it too. Best, Bob.

[Yes, I did see this production by Tyrone Guthrie of "Pinafore" when it passed thru S.F. in early October; they were quite good, but not as lively as the local semi-pro group. ERM]

Piers Jacob 800 75th St. No St. Petersburg Florida 33710

Not long ago I received NIEKAS 9 in glorious technicolor. Read it? What do you think I am. I don't read a monster like that; I use it for an encyclopedia!

- I wish the Glossary had been on hand a couple of years ago. I read Lord of the Rings in toto in the month of November, 1962 (and I never would have made it in a short month) and only recently recovered sufficiently to read Worm Ouroboros. More recently yet I got to Jurgen (perhaps because the election campaign rubbed my nose forcibly in the fictional past...thank ghod for the present) and can offer a reply of sorts to C.W.Brooks: I would say by no means regulate Middle Earth to limbo, but James Branch Cabell is a monstrous clever fellow compared to the interminable Tolkien. To my way of thinking, there is about as much to appreciate, albeit of a different nature, in Jurgen as in the Hobbit books--and the former is so much easier to read.

Somewhere recently I read that Don Day had disbanded his 51-60 index, and that it had to be started over. Can you tell me what you know? As it happened, I paid for both indexes back in '59, and have been waiting something less than patiently for the latter volume since then. I want to be damn sure of my ground before I send Day the sort of letter I'm likely to send if... Or would my payment be transferred to the new compiler, so that I'm still due to receive it whenever and wher ever it comes out? [Metcalf implied that Day did something to the mss which necessitated Norm's recompiling it, and that it will be published by Ben Stark. I don't know whether Day has forwarded moneys received to Ben...]'Twould be best to check with Ben for all details on the index. ERM]

Jim Cawthorn 4 Woolston St Gateshead 8 Co. Durham England

The thought of compiling a Glossary of Middle Earth is appalling! What especially interested me was the double-page illo of the death of Boromir; although Bjo Trimble has done some attractive artwork on the Rings, it usually deals with the more peaceful aspects; this is the first battle-scene I can recall seeing outside of my own Rings folio in BASTION. And it's gory enough even for my liking! The only real fault is that the artist has shut out the sky, giving the appearance of a cave interior rather than a forest. Best wishes for the drinking season, Jim.

PFC E-3 Elliot K Shorter US51517420 CoA 793 MP Bn APO NY 09696

Carrousel fans--well, why not? I got out of the habit, unfortunately, years ago, and

I haven't seen a good one in Germany yet. But then I haven't noticed anything new, original, or quietly startling.

Felice Rolfe - "number please" - have you heard Shelly Behrman's devastating routine on "All-Digit" dialing, and did you see Al Capp's hilarious episode in the life of Lil' Abner, where Abner tries to phone his next door neighbor? Area codes and all digit dialing and everybody has a number. Who will stop this nonsense?

Core & suchlike - did you know that the Army attempts to follow the 15% Negro to White ratio in all units, and that all-Negro Military Police patrols are verboten? The last I consider rank discrimination since all-White patrols are allowed. (That's about the only time you'll ever hear me scream discrimination, but one of our better MP's, before he rotated back to CONUS, was a Negro, and I was unable to gain from his knowledge since I was not allowed to work with him.)

Laiskai re Andre Norton. But, John Boston. Star Rangers does have some of that "something rich and strange" quality. Have you read Miss Norton's treatment of Huon of the Horn or some of her non-SF books yet? If not, read some carefully and you will find that off and on, she has run in a thread of her "delicate near fantasy style" and those are the book that tend to be, at least for me, most satisfying.

And before I get bombed by Andre Norton fans over my comment on the technical error in Star Rangers, let me state unequivocally that I like the book. It is the keystone of my hardcover SF collection, the first book I collected. I reread it at least once a year, and my favorite scene is where the Rangers enter the Hall of Leave Taking and Read the Roll. Until the coming of Witch World, it was second only to her Sword in Sheath as my favorite Norton story.

C W Brooks Jr & the various meanings of Horns. Ed, I hope you get some definitive answers to his questions on Horns. My information, what little I have, says that the relation is like that of two words, with different meanings, that come from the same root-word. However, after diverging over the years the terms horns, cuckold, and the hand gesture again became associated. There's even a reason for it. The two separate meanings still continue but as the word Horns = cuckold becomes obsolete, the secondary meaning of the hand gesture also fades away.

Nate Bucklin, your idea that you have to be a highland born Scot to like bagpipes is untrue. I like them, and a close friend of mine likes them. She tells me that she has a record of Dixieland Jazz played on the bagpipes. I haven't heard it yet but hope to. By the time I return home I hope Carl Frederick has learned to play them more seriously. He was, and I gather has increased the practice since I left, often playing as a gag. But still a problem will remain. Have you ever heard the pipes played in a room 12'x12'x8'? That's a typical new, modern NYC apartment.

UNIONS! Down with UNIONS! Now they're even invading fairy tales. CURSES!!! Actually, that was a very subtle, sneaky "letter" by Felice. It took a few days to get me.

Did you get a couple of the Atom-Rotsler cartoon to print in NIEKAS? (No, drat it! ERM)

"Fantasia" is, was NOT, I repeat, NOT, made for a standard projector and screen. In 1936 Disney got this insane idea that was 20 years ahead of its time technically, and that was 1) do a Feature length cartoon illustrating music of all types from abstract "Tocata & Fugue" to program. This all grew out of doing "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" as a vehicle to bring back Micky Mouse, who was in a slump. (This explains why that particular sequence is standard screen size. It was in the process of being filmed when "Fantasia" was conceived and implemented.) 2) Do this feature in a wide, curved screen & stereophonic sound. Make it long enough to have an intermission and mix cartoon and live action.

"Fantasia" when released in 1938 required 7 vans of special equipment for showing. A curved screen had to be set up, the speakers had to be placed so that the sound

would be stereophonic. I think it is shown through a standard lens, not a special one. And the sound section...this was the tricky part. "Fantasia has a 7, that's right, 7, track, keyed sound track. 7 tracks. Yeah!

Thanks to the war, "Fantasia" did not make money on its first and second showings. Most of the second showing was from a standard non-large screen print. But people remembered it and in its first post war release, oddly enough after wide screen came in, it cleaned up moneywise. (Film historians seem somehow to have lost sight of the showing of "Fantasia" during the 40's, circa '43-'45. However I wasn't born for its first release, and I saw it during the war years, so they goofed.)

If, Ed, you say there was distortion, it could have been caused by an incorrectly curved screen, ie a standard wide screen curve. However in most cases if this were so, you would also suffer a loss at the top and bottom of the picture, standard was not being the correct bit for "Fantasia." If, on the other hand, the place you saw this was at a small modern theater on 3rd Ave, I think in the 70's, then, Ed, you saw it the way it was made, cause the showing there used the original equipment and original prints. [I saw it at a small modern theater on the lower East Side...about 23rd St & 2nd Ave, if I remember, and about a year before that in LA called something like "Grumman's Chinese Theater." Both times the sound had only 2 or 3 channels. ERM]

The sequence with the orchestra was shot for normal screen. This was done intentionally. As you may have noticed in Modern Films, an orchestra looks much better in small screen. Disney realized this then and set up the contrast of going from small screen, interlude, to large screen, feature, except for the afore mentioned "Sorcerer's Apprentice." Elliot.

Mark Walsted 580 Chalkstone Ave Providence, RI

I see Felice Rolfe has just found out that The Three Musketeers appear in more than one book. Aside from the three main books, there are two others, not as good. They are worthwhile reading. They are D'Artignon, the Kingmaker and The Son of Portbos. This last takes us up to the death of Aromis.

Since she likes this series, let her get some more Dumas. Try another series, namely "Mogersite De Valois," "The Dame de Mouserou," and "The Forty Five Guardsmen." These form a different series of stories, equally absorbing. There also are a bunch of sequels to "The Count of Monte Christo."

I heard a short time ago that Tolkien died, and even worse that he died before making a start on the Silmarillion. Is this so? I got it from a book store clerk. I haven't heard any verification. [I heard a similar rumor from Phil Salin about 4 months ago, but that's all. Since he does have a reputation, both literary and scholarly, in the outside world his death would have gotten a substantial play in the mundane press. Why even Kornbluth and Sax Romar had received 8 or 10 column inches in the N.Y. Times! Anyhow, if he died we'd know about it! Also, some British fan had written Tolkien's publisher about Silmarillion about a year ago, and they said that they had seen a rough draft typescript, and told him to write again in about a year. This news had been published in NAZGUL8S BANE # 4. ERM]

I also would like information on Farmer's I Owe for the Flesh, a novel about all of huminity resurrected on the banks of a river 10 million miles long. Has it been published, or will it be published? Yours, Mark Walsted

Donald A Wollheim 66-17 Clyde Street Rego Park 74 New York

Many thanks for NIEKAS 9 which turned out to be a fascinating compilation of many things, all in themselves of interest.

"The Glossary of Middle Earth" is impressively useless...a labor of love, perhaps, but why all the bother? On the other hand, I'm afraid, I am not yet one of the devotees of Tolkien. In a more peaceful day, perhaps....

I briefly note the reference to the Gretchen-Buechler incident, with the passing observation that Gretchen was not the only one assaulted by the idiot the con placed on watch. He practiced on me a little earlier that evening. Had I been 20 years younger and 30 pounds heavier I might not have been so gentlemanly about being nearly strangled from the rear and almost thrown to the ground. I hope Gretchen bit him.

Anyway, all-best wishes, Don.

Pvt Earl E Evers, US 51533159, Stu Co T,
3rdBn, USASESCS, Fort Gordon Ga 30905
Box 23

Bumbejimas: This was the first Pacificon report I've read: it sounded pretty good... just like every other con. I have this theory, see, that if you know the hard core of interesting fen, manage to get into the good parties, and generally work at it, any con is pretty swinging. Even a Phillycon can be all right...if you've got Carl Frederick (Fandom's only really ethnic windbag?) to play his bagpipes on the Philly subway.

The Grazdibble Bonk:

When all of the plonkers have plonked
And Meskys is finally tonked
On duper spirit and corflu
Until his head you can see thru
Then you can say
In the trufannish way
That the Grazzdibble bonk has been bonked!

Mailing Uncomments: Sure, all fen like recognition of their work, and I'm sure most, especially fan-fiction writers, don't even mind having their work panned. As for "Food Bin," I wrote it quite a long time ago (11/59 or 1/60 I believe) and hardly recognized it in BATYA. As for poetry, you don't have to "know about it," you just feel it. Which is why most poetry is and has to be a small, special interest field.

A Glossary Of Middle Earth: I am glad to see such an ambitious Tolkien project--it seems the ERB books and other, much less complex, fantasies have indexes, glossaries, etcet while the Lord of the Rings has none (at least that I know of). Of course the sheer volume and complexity of facts in the Ring and the seeming hordes of Tolkien fandom will probably guarantee an "addenda and erratta" column almost as long as the glossary. Now if NIEKAS doesn't fold before the final installments... (Why do faneds choose the middle of some particularly ambitious piece of fanac to gafiate anyway?)

The Tony Boucher book surely struck me as exactly what the title stated--a set of sketches on the best books of 63. Regrettably so, here: you can't expect a speech to be a masterpiece of cohesion and organization, but Boucher made no single point or expressed any coherent theme at all. (While he did make a few pointed comments about the sorry state of the field, they were just disjointed opinions thrown in without proof or development.) Faanishly, Earl

Graham M Hall 57 Church St Tewkesbury, Glos England

.....so I opened the envelope...and there lay an unsolicited U.S. fanzine! I felt as chuffed as Moses with the Graven Tablets. So I sat down, and said "God, is this some fanzine!" After five minutes of repeating this magic catechism, He appeared and speaketh unto me, correcting my grammar, and admonishing me for disturbing his Eternal Rest.



It's good to see such a balanced critic as Boucher praising Vonnegut and Burgess --to my mind, two of the most original and refreshing writers in any field today.

Yours, Graham M Hall

Tom Dupree 809 Adkins Blvd Jackson Miss 39211

"The Marchin' Barnacles" was really terrific. This gave me some of the biggest laffs I have ever had--especially the poem about the fanzine editor. I don't know if this is a regular feature or not, but I'd suggest your keeping it up, if it is. What is corflu? [It's a solution of wax in ether used for covering mistakes over on stencils.]

"Tree & Leaf" I skipped, because I know nothing of the book in question.[?!!?]

Sincerely, Tom

Rick Brooks R R # 1 Freemont Ind 46737

Al Halevy's "A Glossary of Middle Earth" was well received. The only thing that disconcerted me was the observation that the foldout didn't have a staple thru her bellybutton.

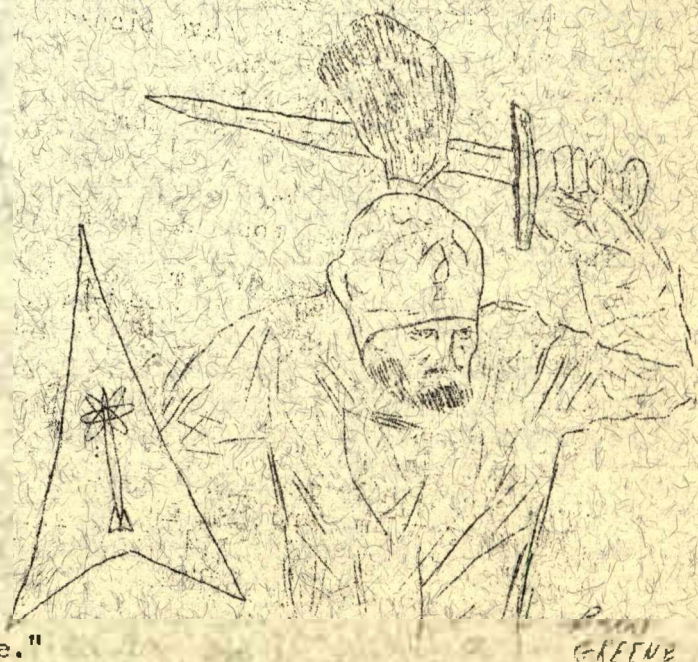
Mike Deckinger has the wrong slant on swearing. People largely swear from force of habit. I picked up the habit in the air force, and have been trying to kick it for a year and a half. I have been fairly successful, but every time I get in company where I can relax, profanity starts creeping back into my conversation. Yours, Rick.

C W Brooks, Jr. 911 Briarfield Rd. Newport News Va 23605

"The Marchin' Barnacles" was funny, but your "Medley" based on the G&S Modern Major General" was hilarious. And who was responsible for the outrageous "Siegfried Zehr-gut"? It's not in the contents. Maybe the author was afraid to claim those puns? [Sorry I mislabeled things...all three items were by Carl Frederick and were part of a department called "Marchin' Barnacles." ERM]

FR's column is a wonderful thing to read, though I never could plow through Dumas myself. I loved her translation of "corne de boeuf" as corned beef. The real meaning is not at all embarrassing, it's simply "horn of an ox." Does this mean that she is reading the Dumas things in the original French? Or don't they translate the exclamations?

I thought Thewlis' review of Tree & Leaf very well done. I enjoyed the book very much, but if I had read "Leaf by Niggle" without knowing who wrote it I would have instantly said "C. S. Lewis." It is much more like Lewis than anything I've read by Tolkien. The style of argument is very like Lewis and the story is much more firmly based on Christian theology than Tolkien's other books. All of Lewis' fiction is directly used to expound Christian theology, of course. In fact, I've met several people who don't like Lewis for that very reason. I like Lewis very much myself, though I don't think he is as great as Tolkien, perhaps for the very reason that to Tolkien the story is more for its own sake than for any "purpose."



Felice Rolfo, in our discussion of the Ranger engineers saying "impacted on the

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Moon," says this is not "correct English." According to Webster's, "to impact" is a perfectly good transitive verb. Best Ned Brooks

George H Scithers USA R&D Group APO NY 09757

Meskys, old thing, if you don't stop printing with pale red ink on red paper, I am going to do something about you. When will East Bay Fandom realize that black ink is best for legibility, and words are supposed to be read first--illos in pretty colors are for the appearance--but words--nice legible words, in black ink on light colored paper, are for reading.

Boucher the best thing in the ish--Felice a close follower. GeS

James Ashe R D 1 Freeville New York

A point to fight over: Baxter says that in Caves of Steel the hero-robot conflict acted as a barrier to understanding the society. Why? Because it was distracting? It didn't seem so to me. I thought it pointed up the incredible living conditions that would have to be inflicted upon nearly everyone living in such a densely populated area, by bringing out some of the mental attitudes such a person would have to have. Suppose the robot had been a man. Then we would have had a familiar situation of interpersonal conflict--and no arena for description. But by making the partner a robot--a very logical robot--Baily's strongly installed ideas are brought clearly to the reader's attention.

Of course I liked Baxter's article. This sort of critical thinking is in the long run going to make science fiction an even more powerful and meaningful form of literature than it is now. Fantasy has always been with us. But fantasy, based on the human imagination, seems to date rapidly. Gravitation, the behavior of light, the distance of the galaxies, will be with us always, and the use of these and other scientific results will enable us to write a more meaningful and timeless literature.

Best, James Ashe

i also heard from

John Boardman ("The Siamese tomcat is reputed to be ferocious, but it apparently is an individual matter. Judy Glattstein's father once had a Siamese tom who was lazily well-behaved. Of course, maybe this was a matter of survival; it behooves a cat to be well-behaved in the household of a furrier."), John Baxter ("Carl Frederick's poem was one of the best assembled I've seen in a fanzine[...] 1 AM! If I keep going much longer I'll drop. Pardon the brevity, but I just can't write another word. Well, one anyway. Cheers, John"), John-Henri Holmberg ("I do find Halevy's index very entertaining, especially as most of the characters are named differently in the Swedish translation of the Rings than in the original English."), Frederik Pohl ("I enjoyed NIEKAS, and have now sent it on to Norman Kagan so that he can see the letter referring to him to boost his morale--something that is always helpful with new writers. (With old ones, usually it's more important to try to cut him down!)"), John Boston ("Unlike most fanish poetry, 'Meskys Medley' rhymed, scanned, and made sense, in ascending order of rarity. Not only that, but it's quite clever, which is even more anomalous."), Charles Wells, Miles MacAlpin, Alan Burns, Andre Norton, Paul E Hemmes, Michael Viggiano, Seth Johnson, and Roger Zelazny. Many thanks to one and all!

passes the frozen sound-waves of an exclamation he had made moments before and hears the words slowly and backwards.

Fine...the author had realized that when time stops everything stops. But he didn't quite have everything stop, for the hero could see. How if time is going to come to a screeching halt, everything will stop including light-waves! And there are other difficulties, too. For instance, the air is frozen into place so how can he breathe or even move thru it? Assuming that the same psi force which allowed him to stop time also keeps him alive, there is still the matter of the air-barrier. The molecules are hanging there "in mid air" frozen into place. If he pushes past them, somehow, what would happen to them? Would he leave a vacuum-tunnel in the atmosphere lined with a wall of compressed air? Remember, because time is frozen the air would not flow back around him. Thus, where-ever he had passed there would be a tremendous thunderclap when he turned off his power and time resumed.

(If you're curious about the story itself, I'm sorry but I can't even remember what zine it had appeared in. I never bought any of the pulps from that era but once found two among a mess of old mundane books and magazines when I had nothing to do. As near as I can remember one cover had BEMs talking with Stalin via color TV and illustrated a "first contact by visitation" story, and I have a vague feeling the other one showed some white spherical space-ships landing. Anyhow, in the story the hero "wasn't allowed to" make noticeable changes the world about him, and had to return to before the frozen bullets after a half hour or so of subjective time. In this brief span he tried to do two things...one was do something to comfort an old relative (mother?) and the other to leave a record of his discovery but both came to no avail because of things that happened after he died.)

Of course these difficulties concern only those stories where time is completely stopped. But the two similar types of story, where a drug speeds up the protagonists reactions or a "gizmo" sets up a field of "fast time" around him have their own difficulties. Light is no problem in the former, but sound becomes useless as a means of communication for it takes so much subjective time for the sound wave to get anywhere. But there are also the well known and obvious difficulties due to friction and viscosity. Moving thru the atmosphere would be like moving thru molasses, it would be difficult to breathe, and the friction of going past things would tend to burn you. (Well, maybe not you because you would move away too fast, but it might leave everything you touched awful hot!) And all three types of story have the problem of the "wake" left in the atmosphere.

The "accelerating gizmo" type of story presents a number of interesting problems, all dealing with the nature of light. What happens to the photons as they cross the edge of the gizmo's field? First of all, there's the question of the quantity of light. Let's say that in a brightly lit room umpteen thousand photons cross a square inch of space per second (I have no idea of the real numbers involved, but that isn't important to the argument). That is, if you held up a piece of glass, the light moving around in the room would cause umpteen thousand photons to cross each square inch every second. So each second of real time umpteen thousand photons strike the outside edge of the gizmo's field. But if the field accelerates time a thousand-fold, only umpteen photons will enter, or the available light will be cut down a thousand-fold. This might still be all right outside on a bright sunny day, but in a room illuminated with only a hundred watt bulb our hero would be blind. OK, so he carries a flashlight with a...2 watt?...bulb. That means that outside of the field you would have a beam concentrated by the flashlight's reflector coming from, effectively, a two thousand watt bulb! I believe that the bulbs in lighthouses are usually under a thousand watts, so you can imagine what the effects of this would be on the outside world! Fortunately, even if our hero studied an object for a dozen subjective minutes the intense beam would only be on it for $2/3$ of a second. But even so, I imagine the effect would be disconcerting to one of the "statues" around the hero even if he only flashed the light onto its face momentarily.

And all this is assuming that even inside the field light travels at a speed

of 186,000 miles per real second. I'm not too sure which way things would fall, but I think that if there were a marked difference in the real lightspeed across the edge of the field, there would be an effective index of refraction of 1,000! This would cause a rather severe distortion of anything you are looking at thru the edge. (You know how badly things are distorted when viewed under-water with the observer outside of the water, and then the I of R is only about 1.3 or 1.4; here it would be 1,000!) Actually, I'm not positive when there would be the tremendous I of R...when the real lightspeed were unchanged or changed by the boundry, but as near as I can figure it out it would be there when the real lightspeed were changed. Also, because of an impedance-mismatch type deal, the greater the index of refraction, the larger the percentage of light reflected. And with an I of R of 1,000, virtually all light would be reflected. Thus, light could (effectively) neither get in nor out, and the hero would be really blinded.

But aside from the matter of convenience, the change of real lightspeed would have a tremendous impact on theoretical physics. I suppose that someone who hasn't worked with special relativity extensively simply can't even begin to imagine what the impact of this would be! If, inside the field, light were to travel at 186,000 miles per "fast"-second, one could set up a long field between here and there and use it to send radio signals at 1,000 times the speed of light! Communications with the stars would be opened up on a practical basis.

Now relativity is just a theory which will undoubtedly be replaced by a better one some day, but it works so well! It explains so many things so well and so accurately! And a direct part of special relativity is that if you can send a message at a speed faster than 186,000 miles per second, then you can literally have a cause occur after it's effect! In other words, speeds greater than that of light...or even the sending of messages, ships, etc thru hyperspace, leads to logical inconsistencies. (That's why it's all right for Hoyle to say, in his cosmogony, that the universe is infinitely large, and if you go far enough away the stars are receding at the speed of light, or faster. A star going from there to over there faster than light does us no good, for it is too far away for us to use it to carry a message. It is only if something goes from here to there faster than light that we get inconsistencies.)

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO "PICK-A-BOOK?"

It's an awful long time since I got a catalog from them. Anyone know if they went kaput? Or did they just drop me from their mailing list for not buying enough? I was mainly interested in their old Fantasy Press & Gnome titles, and cared little for the current Avalons they were huckstering.

Because of rumors I had heard about the finances of Gnome Press I would guess that they did actually disappear from the scene, but has anyone heard from them in the last year?

SORRY ABOUT THE COVER THIS TIME,

but it was simply a case of mis-judgement in getting it printed. It had originally been drawn for a digest-sized magazine, and was enlarged for printing for NIEKAS. Unfortunately it was enlarged a little too much, and a lot of details which shouldn't have shown up did...things like slightly irregular lines invisible in the original. (Remember it was done by a human being and not a drafting machine!)

THE HUDDLED FANS

Notice how, in the newspaper report on the Pacificon reprinted on page 36 and

the local paper publicity for the Syracon committee the mundane press refers to fans as "huddling." I wonder why...do they think we are exiles from the outside world and afraid of non-fans so that we have to huddle together for mutual protection?

MORE ON OPERA.

In the year or so that has passed since I last discussed opera in these pages I have seen about a dozen: most of the productions of the Spring Opera last year, the free performance in Stern Grove in SF, two of the Fall productions, and one on television.

I was horribly bored by the last (Marriage of Figaro) but still I have concluded that television is the best way to see opera...for me, at least. The production was magnificent; I suspect it was a kinescope or tape of a production for Italian television. It was presented on the local educational station, so they ran the first two acts straight thru with no break, took a half minute to announce the channel, etc, and went on for the other two acts. All together it ran about 3 hours, and with only a single half minute break. Need it be said that I approve of educational TV? I was bored, however, because I didn't have the slightest idea of what was going on. They gave no plot summary on the air, and I only found out about the program a few hours before the fact. I checked the book of plot summaries I have, but that wasn't included, and I didn't have time to check the Livermore library before it was time to go to a friend's house to see it. The plot was awful complicated and I simply never knew what in the ~~AF~~ was going on.

On the other hand, under more favorable circumstances...either it was done in English or I had had time to study the libretto beforehand...TV strikes me as just about ideal. I am extremely nearsighted, and have a hard time seeing things like facial expressions even from the 4th or 5th row of the theater. Whereas I can have my nose practically glued to the set. Also, with closeups and so on, the camera points out the important action on the stage.

A few brief words on some of the others I saw. "Gianni Schicchi" was every bit as funny and delightful as I had hoped it would be. "Carmina Burana" was a very nice surprise (I knew nothing about it before seeing it). The staging was superb! Of the six Spring productions that I saw I liked "Faust", "La Boheme" and "Italian Girl in Algiers" best, despite the fact that the first two weren't in English. "Freischutz" and "Abduction from the Seraglio" were all right, but I was rather disappointed in "Pearl Fishers" after the high praise some friends had given it.

The real knockout, however, was Shostakovich's "Katerina Ismailova." The music was magnificent and the libretto was for the most part quite good too. Production in English also greatly enhanced my enjoyment of this. It's based on a short story written some 70 years ago, and the composer's introduction was rather humorous when discussing it. He went on at great length about how he had to make changes in the plot because the story was written before the Revolution and so the author didn't know anything about the real motivations of people. Therefore he had to bring it into conformity with the truth as revealed by Socialism.

The story as presented deals with the career of the wife of a wealthy farmer. He is a dolt, and goes off on a business trip just as a new hired hand arrives. They have an affair, but he is spotted by her father in law as he is climbing out of her window in the morning. The Fil personally whips Serge (I kept croggling every time this name was mentioned, for it sounded like Sir Gay!) and complains that he is hungry as a result of all that work. She gives him poisoned mushrooms, lets her lover out of the shed, and they resume their affair. Serge is in her room when her husband finally returns, and while they are struggling she smashes a lamp over her husband's head. They hide the body, report him missing, and a while later marry. During the wedding feast a drunk finds the mouldering body & calls the police, and they find themselves

on the road to Siberia. He is no longer interested in her for she can no longer provide him with money, and he takes up with another prisoner. He temporarily makes up with her so that he can talk her out of her woolen stockings, then runs to his new love with them as a gift and they go off into the bushes together. She then mocks Katerina as they are washing at the side of a lake. Katerina drowns her and jumps in herself.

I suppose a word for the whole thing might be sordid.

ERRATA

I'm afraid three major goofs got past the corflu in the preceeding pages, and all in all this is too much to let stand 'til next ish. "Song of the Ring", pg 10, 7th verse: "I am the song the Nazgûl sings". "When I was a Lad", pg 22, 2nd chorus should be "That kind of zine so suited he, etc." Gincas, pg 31, my comments at the bottom, 8th line, "Phil Dick said many of these were gross..." Sorry. Most of these, and a number of lesser goofs, had been spotted by our valient poorf reader, Liz Lokke, but somehow the corrections were never made on the stencils themselves. Also, about one third of the stencils were not poorf read due to lack of time...they had to be run immediately after typing.

And I think I'll end this miniscule NIEKAS on this note. Tune in again next quarter for the next installment of NIEKAS, the "nothing" fanzine! Ed Meskys.

UNIQUE

SINISTER TYPE NOTIFICATION

The East Oakville Freedom of Erotica Activity Circle, consisting of J.G. Newkom and Philip K Dick, having been so happily successful in their own private lives (sorry, no additional members wanted or admitted) announce their Phase One Goal: to destroy the institution of marriage wherever it can be unEarthed. In pursuit of this initial goal (to be followed later by various unnamed but highly busy additional stages along the same lines) the E. G. F. E. A. C. will attempt -- against organized opposition or more archaic individual reactionary efforts -- to invade the tight, high, inner circles of Bay Area Fandom and will spread the doctrine, by words, deeds and WHATEVER ELSE APPEARS NECESSARY in order to achieve such greatly bountiful and useful and attractive reconstructions of present-day degenerate society. Ed Meskys is to be the medium of communication by which the progress of this new and powerful agency makes known, from time to time, to fandom at large its successes and --were they alas to occur-- failures. In hoc signas, et al. Salvé! (Salvé especially to your little helpmate, fella. And lots of luck.)

Signed,

Philip K. Dick

Jack Newkom

It is agreed by the above signed not to sue Ed Meskys for any mention in his influential journal of the activities or intentions of the E. G. F. E. A. C. Und Gott mit uns! (Und mit dir auch!)

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Art Editors: Dave Thewlis & Ken de Maiffe. Chief Proofreader; Liz Lokke. (Note, however, that about 1/3 of the pages were not proofread this quarter, so don't blame her for the typos that got thru.) With many thanks to Al Halevy for stencilling his own material, to Grania Davidson & Felice Rolfe for hosting two (count them, two) collating parties, and to Dave Thewlis for arranging for the offset work and for tracing many of the illos onto stencil.

1: Reprinted, by permission, from the final issue of GAUL
2: See explanation page 8

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DEC 1964

