





# NIEKAS the KOOKS fanzine

[ya don' believe us?  
Well, take a look at  
the table of contents!]

is published quarterly to satisfy the N'APA activity requirements of Ed Meskys (Belknap College, Center Harbor NH 03226)\*and Felice Rolfe (1360 Emerson, Palo Alto Calif 94301). This is issue # 15, intended for the 28th N'APA mailing, 15 March 1966. We were planning to make this bimonthly, putting 4 issues thru N'APA and 2 thru FAPA, but Ed's move East has put these plans into suspended animation for now, at least. Therefore we are probably also putting this issue thru the May 1966 FAPA mailing. Copies are available to non-members for 35c (3 for \$), no subs for more than 3 issues please), material, letter of comment or trade. Send money & letters to Felice, artwork & tradezines to Ed tho a second copy of your zine to Felice would be appreciated. Please make checks payable to Felice Rolfe. British agent is Graham Hall, 57 Church St., Tewkesbury, Glos, England where NIEKAS costs 2/6 per.

Back issues are available as follows. 10, 11, and 14 at 35c. 13 at 50c. 6, 9, & 12 at 75c and a few others at \$1 each. Also, we recently reprinted #1 from the original ditto masters (but on white paper instead of the original colored) and copies will be available at 50c each as soon as they are collated. This is for completists ONLY as #1 was nothing more than a dozen composed on master pages of N APA mailing comments. The first printing was an edition of 50 copies despite what it says within.

The prices we are asking are based solely on the number of copies we have left and are completely independent of the quality of the contents. For an indication of the latter, I (ERM) would put them in the following order of decreasing quality: 12 & 14; 9; 11 & 13; 6 & 10; 7; 5; 8; 4; 2; 3; and 1. We also published three "fractional" issues, #8.9, #10.5, & #11.5 which consist of mailing comments by the various editors and are available to completists at 25¢ per. Still available is the ELOCH BIBLIO at 25c.

Deadline for all material for NIEKAS 16, including letters of comment, is 1 May 1966. (This does not apply to overseas readers.) This issue is a very unusual one and things should be more normal with #16. That will be our gala 4th Anniversary Issue which will be larger than usual. We already have material on hand by Marion Zimmer Bradley, Andre Norton, Alexei Panshin, Dainis Bisenieks, and Dick Eney. This will be a special "all fantasy" issue with (the usual) emphasis on Lord of the Rings.

We always need small pieces of art to break up the solid pages of text. Please draw them in black ink on thin, white, lineless paper to allow us to trace them easily or have electronic stencils made. (If you want to use layout lines, please do them lightly with a hard blue pencil; the scanner on the Gestefax machine won't pick that up.) Particularly useful are very small bits of art, art which is only an inch or two high but quite wide, and art which is narrow enough to fit in one column on our two column pages but comparatively tall.

Again about letters of comment; we have found it necessary to me more stingy about what we regard as an adequate LoC to get the next issue free. Reasons were given lastish. If you are in doubt about the adequacy of yours include the money--if we consider the letter the money will be held over for the next issue & we'll try to indicate this on your mailing sticker.

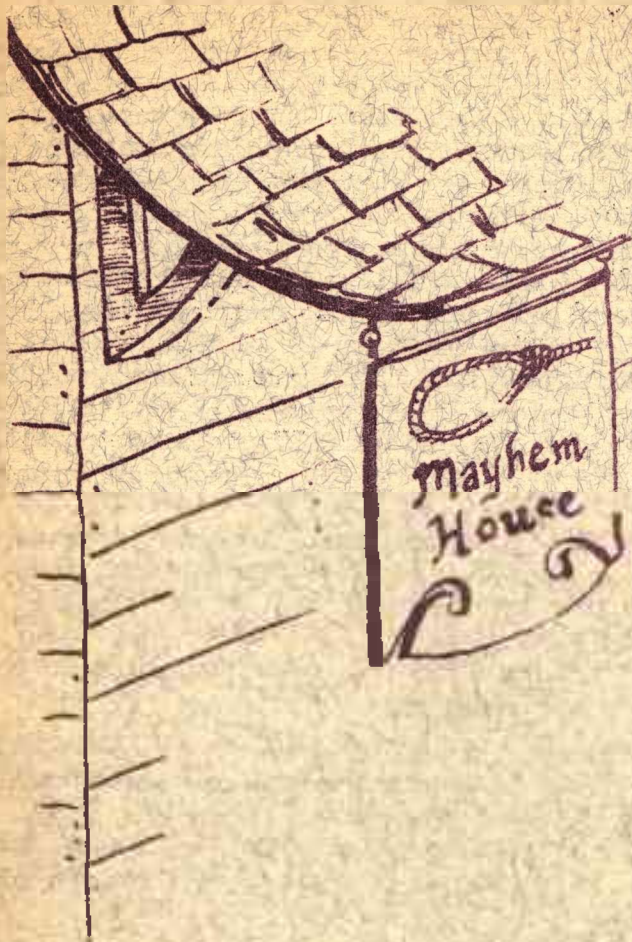
## \* I M P O R T A N T   N O T I C E   \*

During the summer Ed Meskys will have a different address. (See Bumbejimas for explanation.) After June 10th he will be reached at 723A -- 45 St., Brooklyn NY 11220. This address is ALWAYS good and any mail send there will reach him no matter where he is.

TABLE OF CONTENTS, as usual, on the last page.

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## STONE AGE ENGINEERING

The Little Men went to Stonehenge recently (Diana tells you all about it in "Patterns"). The planetarium in Golden Gate Park had a program on Prof. Hawkins' theory of Stonehenge as a computer. (Karen Anderson, more correctly, says "almanac". Hawkins is a victim of modern jargon.) The program was great. Believe it or not, I've never been in a planetarium before. That big black spidery machine is one of the most croggling devices I've ever met. Lordy, what a way to study astronomy! Gee, to lean back and watch the celestial pole precess from the present to 4,000 years ago...the back of me sense of wonder to all time machine stories.

CBS, I think it was, had a program on Hawkins' theory last spring. It was agonizing, in a way. After listening to Hawkins give his theory, which makes sense once you wade through the computer-oriented verbiage, CBS consulted several Stonehenge experts. All said (in more polite terms, of course) that Hawkins was crazy in the head; the proof thereof lay in the fact that his theory is based on the sun's rising over the Heelstone on midsummer morning, which (they claimed) it doesn't. 15-20 minutes of this is painful, because it's so easy to check. Finally, CBS stationed a camera at the Altar Stone before dawn on Midsummer Night, thus proving themselves to have

more of the spirit of scientific inquiry than all of the venerable experts put together (a disturbing thing in itself, given the nature of TV networks)/ Sure enough, up came the dawn and out popped Old Sol from behind the Heelstone. How can a man make a statement like that, over world-wide TV, unless he's checked it himself? Words fail me.

Incidentally, Hawkins has published a book, *STONEHENGE DECODED*, in which he presents not only the theory and evidence, but tells how he became interested in the question, and the kind of response he got to his published articles on it. (Kooky, that's what kind.)

## OTHER NEWS FROM THE BAY AREA

Oakland has had a "Peace in Viet Nam" march:

BEAT THE DRAFT

and a countermarch:

DRAFT THE BEATS

The latter is not necessarily a "War in Viet Nam" march, in spite of popular opinion (or unpopular opinion, depending on your viewpoint.) A propos, there's a list of instructions for beating the draft circulation; one of the items begins: "Not all of us are lucky enough to have a felony record, but if you have one, use it." To this the San Quentin prisoners' newspaper observes that there are about 3500 people there who would gladly forgo their "luck" in this matter; in fact they'd be happy to go to Viet Nam and leave room in Q for other "lucky" people, preferably demonstrators. ...I wonder; other societies have let their criminals redeem themselves by courage in war. Are we missing a bet?

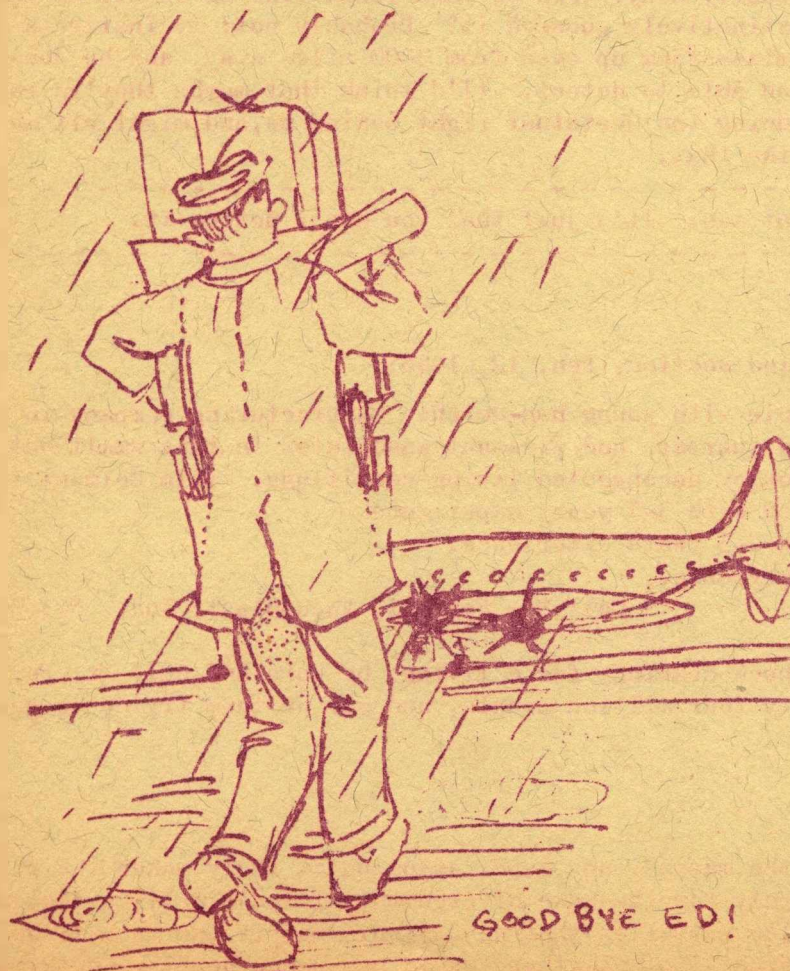


## HOW TO GET CAUGHT UP IN ONE EASY LESSON

Recently I spent three days at home with a strep throat, and it seemed like a fine time to get to the bottom of my pile of unacknowledge fanzines. So I tackled them, taking notes dutifully as I read...and even though I read every word, at the end of three days I had about four sentences of comment -- the kind of comment you'd expect from someone who felt lousy. So I did the only humane thing stuffed them all into the attic and tore up my notes. So here is some Unabashed Egoboo, namely the zines I enjoyed most:

KRONOS, Paul Gilster, 42 Godwin Lane, St. Louis, Missouri 63124  
 SOL, Thomas Schluck, 3 Hannover, Altenbekener Damm 10, Germany  
 THE SCARR, George L. Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave., Bangor, Northern Ireland  
 ERGO SUM, Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Canada  
 DOUBLE:BILL, Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron, Ohio 44313  
 YANDRO (of course!), the Coulsons, Rt. #3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348  
 FOCAL POINT, rich brown, 236 Mulberry St., #12, New York, New York  
 STEFANTASY, William M. Danner, RD #1, Kennerdell, Pennsylvania  
 HAGGIS, Ian T. Peters, 292 Southend Lane, London SE 6, England  
 METV CAMP, Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Knaresborough, Yorkshire  
 England  
 QUIP, Len Bailes (with Arnie Katz), Box 14, Rieber Hall UCLA, Los Angeles, Calif.  
 TRUMPET, Tom Reamy, 1709 Debbie Drive, Plano, Texas 75074  
 ZENITH, U.S. agent Al Lewis, 4600 Caster Ave #D, Sherman Oaks, Calif 91405

I hope that will make up, in some measure, for the lack of Locs which seems to be endemic with me. ...Those ONPA certainly do some nice work, don't they?



## ED'S GONE

It took seven people to put Ed Meskys on the plane to New York.

We had dinner at the Oakland Airport restaurant. With Ed's usual luck, his plane was not announced; we sat around over dinner until Joe got concerned enough to check. We had about minus one minute to make it. So Ed took off down the concourse, coattails flying and hands full. (He had already checked 8 suitcases over his baggage allowance.) The rest of us trailed after him -- and four of us were carrying stuff he planned to take with him. Picture us at the gate, frantically trying to cram things into his pockets and hands...things like several boxes of stencils, an amplifier, a framed painting ("What has it got in its pockets?" would have been a most appropriate question for the airline to ask.) At last in desperation he shoved the stencils into my hands, to be mailed later. (They haven't



been.) No matter what, every time I see Ed I wind up with an armful of stencils.

We hung around to make sure the plane could lift; it did, but was obviously straining. Ed has called since then (3000 miles seems to be a practical limit, no matter how much he raises his voice), so it seems there were no impromptu landings between here and there.

It was a typical Meskys Leavetaking. (Maybe by next issue I'll have uncovered Nan Braude's letter about Adventures with Ed, and can print it for your amusement.) Now we must survive the seismic shock caused by the West Coast's return to a pre-Meskys state -- which involves about a one-foot rise -- and the concurrent settling of the East Coast when all his gear finally gets there. Any day now, friends...

AND I'M WORKING

Yup. Been working at Sylvania for a week now. Going to get a secret clearance, even. Getting a job isn't really worth filling out all those papers, you know? And if I'd known about the physical exam they require...Oy. I'd never have considered it. I'm to be a combination data analyst, jr. programmer(unless I can get out of it), and technical editor. NIEKAS was one of the prime factors in my getting the job, so don't forget to put on your applications that you "engage in amateur publishing". But if you're Ed Meskys, don't tell them about your spelling.

AT LEAST TWO PEOPLE --

-- Steve Perrin and Steve Henderson -- will notice in the lettercol that we have the damndest time telling Steve Henderson and Steve Perrin apart! Not only are they both swell people (after all, they're willing to work on NIEKAS); not only are they roommates at college; but for some strange reason which they both will stoutly deny, each of them looks like he should be the other! Is this a hoax, and have I instinctively guessed it? Probably not; my instincts don't run in that direction. Then too, Ed mixes them up even from 3000 miles away, and he doesn't have any instincts atall that I've been able to detect. (I'd think that maybe they're really one split personality, but they're running the Gestetner right behind me, and might hit me over the head with it if I said anything like that.

-----  
He's a very intelligent man. It's just that you don't notice it.  
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AND YOU THINK WE'VE GOT TYPOS?

From the Palo Alto ~~Times~~ Times classified section, Feb. 12, 1966:

"Following permanent positions available with young non-defense manufacturing company in Belmont. Enjoy spacious, air-conditioned quarters and pleasant associates in this small but growing firm. Avoid the commute and enjoy uncongested living conditions. ((In Belmont?! --FR))

ELECTRICAL ESTIMATOR-DESIGNER with 3-5 years experience.

DETAIL DESIGN DRAFTSMAN with 2-3 years experience.

DRAWING CHUCKER, 2 years experience.

Call Mr. Ferrari, Vacu-Blast, Inc., 593-7658"

There; any of you who would like to chuck drawings for a living, be sure and call Mr. Ferrari. Live in the uncongested Bay Area...only four million people, and all of them trying to get in your way at quitting time.

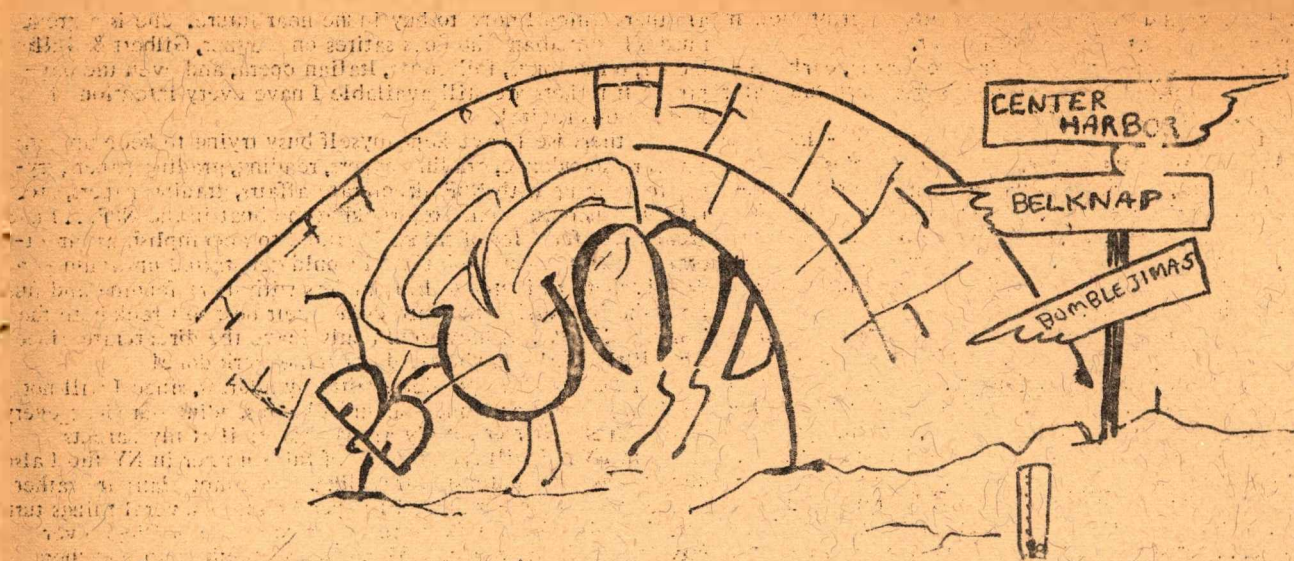
A QUESTION FOR YOU

What's wrong with an opiate for the masses, any type, assuming it truly makes their lives more satisfying? The assumption is purely for the sake of argument; I don't believe that any present drug, religion, or anything else satisfies that condition. But if one were to be found, there would be great outcry against it (sure there would be; wanna bet?) -- but what's wrong with it?

And on that happy note, I'll sign off as I do in APA L -- stay wicked.

*Tolson*





As I write this it is now two months since I left California. I had a very strange feeling on that flight for this was a major change in my life. I had drifted out to California only intending to stay for a brief interlude but extended my stay again and again until a total of three and a half years had elapsed. Well, this time I knew I would be staying for quite a while tho I do dream of returning to California some day. Also, I would be leaving a number of very good friends whom I would see again seldom if ever. I have been trying to keep up a correspondence but it is near hopeless. I never was a very good letter writer and there are just too many people I want to stay in contact with. I tried doing a 2-page non-fanzine printed letter (it was to go to a number of non-fan friends and so had to be kept general) but the stencils tore before I got 2 dozen good copies run off. I think I'll try again when I get this NIEKAS out.

I like it here and expect to stay for several years... perhaps even quite a few. It's too difficult to plan that far ahead. The school is new, less than three years old, and has grown a tremendous amount in that short a time span. It isn't accredited by the regional conference yet (it is by the state), but no school in the New England conference is known to have been accredited in less than three years, and the one that made it in three years had over a million dollars on hand before starting. Belknap, on the other hand, started with nothing at all as a boot-strap operation, but I wouldn't be surprised if it were fully accredited in another two or so years.

The school has a full physics major program which includes courses in quantum mechanics and general relativity. The course in elementary physics uses one of the most sophisticated texts available, Sears & Zemansky's University Physics. This uses calculus right from the start and covers more material than most texts, and in a considerably more rigorous fashion. Also, in our one year course we are covering the entire book, and not skipping a number of chapters as is often done.

The school is on a quarter system with ten weeks of class & one of exams each term. No holidays are observed except Thanksgiving, and then we get the whole week off. We are isolated in the middle of nowhere so the students couldn't go anywhere on a holiday, and it simplifies the timing of the school year. The first quarter ends shortly before Christmas at which time we get two weeks off, and the second ends in late March when we get a week off. School ends June 11th.

Center Harbor is on the north shore of Lake Winnepesaukee, a large lake in the exact center of New Hampshire. The campus itself is about 3 miles outside the town and is a former farm plus a former estate. The mansion is the main building and houses the administrative offices and four classrooms. An ex-garage was expanded and made into two classrooms. The only new building is right behind these and houses the library. The other buildings are about a quarter mile away; the former farm-house holds 5 classrooms, bookstore, and student organization offices. Its ex-garage

holds the chemistry lab, and the former workshop has the physics lab. The students' dormitories are in the town itself and consist of mansions and hotels purchased by the school. (This was once a major resort town.) It is inconvenient to have things so spread out but the school runs an hourly chariot... er, bus, connecting the various parts. We hope to have quasi-accreditation from the association within a few months (the inspecting team was just here) and then we will be eligible for government loans. Plans for several buildings are ready and just waiting for the money. Also, I hope to be able to expand the physics laboratory since much of the equipment is makeshift and/or second hand. One thing that we desperately need is more books for the library. It only has 10,000 volumes and can use more in every field. If you have any scholarly books you no longer need, they would be appreciated very much. Former texts, complimentary copies from publishers of books you already have (if you are a teacher), references you find yourself not using, anything along those lines in just about any field.

Center Harbor is a very small town--I was told that it contains only 60 families! I live just across the line in Moultonboro which is of like size. A couple of miles past the campus is Meredith which has a number of stores and 2000 people. Laconia is the regional shopping center and lies some 20 miles south of here. It has 10,000 people, less than half the number in Livermore. I'm about 60 miles from Dartmouth University, but it is in the drainage system of another river so is accessible only by twisting back roads. I haven't gotten around to taking the two hour trip out there yet. The nearest big city is Concord, the state capital, about an hour's drive south, while Boston is about 2 1/2 hours away.

The weather can best be described as miscellaneous. We seem to get a snowfall a week, about 6 inches each time. However things don't get too deep for there are strong winds which push it into holes or somewhere and occasional warm spells which melt some of it. We've had cold spells when the night-time temperature fell to minus 20, and warm spells when it was up in the 50's. California was nice but I don't find this at all intolerable. But then I am rather adaptable and can manage under most circumstances.

I suspect the worst of winter is over. We've had two warm spells now and most of the snow has melted and we've even had a precursor of the





muddy season. I understand we can still get quite a bit of snow in March, but I expect the worst of the cold is over.

Next will come the muddy season in late March, early April, when the snow is melting but the ground is frozen so the water can't go anywhere. And then S\*P\*P\*R\*I\*N\*G!

The two big social events of the area are the dog-sled races & the riots. All during the winter there has been a series of races, one in each of the towns, which culminated in the world championship races in Laconia last week. (They had participants from Canada and far-off Alexandria, Va.) The riots come in the late spring in Wiers, a suburb of Laconia, where several thousand motorcyclists congregate. Last year they tried to, and almost succeeded in, burning down the city.

Naturally one of the first things I did after settling down was check the various libraries. The school library has nothing Tolkienish and only Lewis' Screwtop Letters. The Center Harbor library has no books by either man, but I nit (a comparative) goldmine in Meredith. They had no Tolkien either, but did have a half dozen or so books by Lewis including several I haven't read. I immediately checked out The Discarded Image which is a discussion of the cultural background in Medieval literature and was very interesting. I started to do a review but couldn't finish it in time for this issue... perhaps next time. I have yet to inspect the Moultenborg or Laconia libraries.

I've met one fan, probably the only other one in the entire state. Tom Cheung, a former member of ESFA & occasional attendee of the City College club, is a student here. One of the faculty members, Robert Nilson, is a fan of T. H. White and is now reading my set of Tolkien. Also, I heard that another, Robert Duncan, is an enthusiast of C. S. Lewis but I haven't spoken with him about this yet. And I even have an article in this issue from a colleague on the faculty... Stan, Riukas. (A Lithuanian, no less.)

I've been to New York two times since starting here and will be going in again next weekend. I also passed thru N. Y. on my way out here and was able to drop in on Ted White's New Years party for a few hours.

The first time I went back was two weeks after I arrived here, when my car arrived in NY and I flew down to pick it up. I arrived late Saturday and was in town for less than 18 hours before I left for here again. But I did manage to drop in on a Lunarian meeting for a little while. It was a 350 mile drive up here, which took me 7 hours including several meal & rest stops. From then on I drove into Boston & flew to NY--I didn't save much time & it is fairly expensive, but I was far less tired.

The next time I went into NY I did it to attend the annual meetings of the American Physical Society just two weeks later. I was given a couple of days off in order to go so that I could inspect and purchase laboratory equipment. I saw quite a bit of Carl Frederick, John Boardman & Ken Lazara for they were at the meetings too, and attended the Fanoclast meeting Friday night.

It was at the latter that I finally met Jack Gaughan, and we had a lengthy conversation. He remembered seeing me at ESFA, probably before I had moved West & had acted as ticket seller at several open meetings. Anyhow he told a rather amusing story of his experiences as a cover artist. He was assigned Shiel's The Purple Cloud, a hoary old classic on which the movie World, Flesh & Devil was based. He did a portrait of one of the lead characters against a suitable background but when he took it to the publishers they bounced it. "Doesn't look science fictiony enough... put a futuristic city in the background." But, but... "Well, after considerable fruitless arguing he did as he was told. When he brought it back it still didn't look steinal enough so he was asked to add a rocket blasting off from the city! This book was written several decades ago before men seriously dreamed of achieving space travel and the entire story is set on earth. Jack complained that the editors didn't seem to believe it possible to convey to the potential buyer the fact that the story is SF without the use of rockets. Anyhow, when the book finally appears this is the explanation of why the cover looks the way it does. Jack read the book but the editor wouldn't let his illustrate it accurately.

I'll be going into NY next weekend for the Open ESFA meeting where I'm supposed to be one of the speakers. I just got the program and I see I am down for 5 years of West Coast fandom. Good grief!

As a marvelous coincidence that very same weekend, on Friday night, Anna Russel is giving a "recital" (if you can call it that) at Carnegie Hall. I have one of her records and heard several

others which I hope to buy in the near future. She is a great musical comedian who does satires on Wagner, Gilbert & Sullivan, Lieder, torch songs, folk songs, Italian opera, and even the bagpipes! If tickets are still available I have every intention of making this recital.

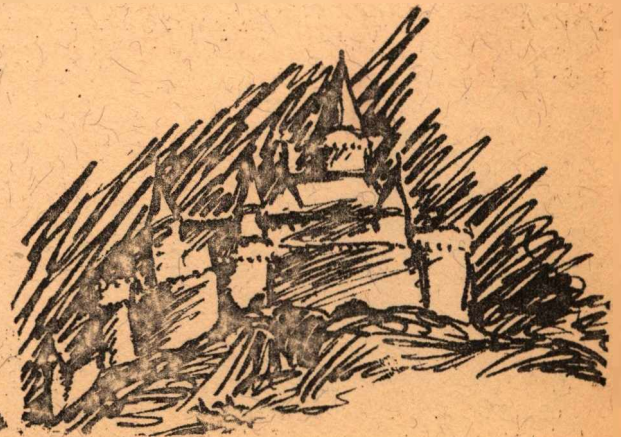
Otherwise I have kept myself busy trying to keep up with my correspondence, grading papers, reading, grading papers, trying to keep up with N3F directorate affairs, grading papers, etc. I do wish people would stop rocking the boat in the N3F... I had great plans for a lot of things I wanted to accomplish as directorate chairman but each time I would get started up would pop Fred Lerner or his stooge Jim Sanders with more feuding and fuss. I get the impression they are doing their best to wreck both the N3F and NAPA. If they would only leave the directorate alone for a little while maybe we'd get some work done!

I expect some problems with my address, since I will not be living here year round. Should I keep sending out CoAs every June & September or simply always get mail at my parents' home in NY? I will spend much of this summer in NY tho I also hope to do some extensive traveling. My exact plans are rather vague at the moment and will depend on how several things turn out. I would like to take in the Westercon in San Diego over July 4th weekend, visit my friends for a month or so, and then head east slowly seeing the intervening country for the first time. Ideally I would arrive in Cleveland just in time for the Tricon. I'm particularly anxious to head out west since I just heard that the Lamplighters will FINALLY be doing Sorcerer, one of the two G&S operettas I still haven't seen. However I have too much reading, sorting and such to catch up on to flit away the whole summer like that, and I wouldn't make the trip unless I had a companion. My library is at my parents' home and hasn't been touched in years. Everything is in a complete state of chaos which hasn't been helped by the 30 boxes of books which I shipped back from California. In fact, I'll also have to build several new book-cases. Perhaps I will go West for the con, just stay for a little while, and only take a few weeks for touring. This would leave me with a whole month in NY before the Worldcon.

I am thinking of finally going back to school for the doctorate some day soon. Whether I stay at Belknap beyond '67 will depend somewhat on what I can find in the way of graduate schools around here. I believe UNH is fairly close at hand but Dartmouth & the Boston area universities are 2 or 3 hours away.

Anyhow, if I do go back I expect I will spend the following summer preparing for the various required exams; if not, then working at some regular job. Anyhow, I do not expect I will be here that summer, either. And after that? Who knows. It's simply too far away to even speculate.

Also, this still is a resort area and rent skyrockets then. I am now paying almost as much as I paid in Livermore, and it doubles, at the very least, during the summer months.



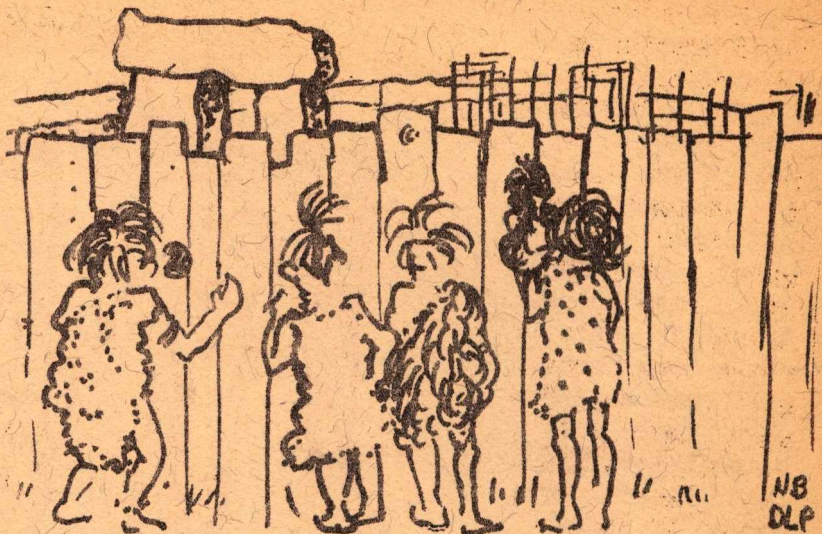


# PATTERNS

by Diana L Paxson

It should have been obvious from the beginning that the Real Meaning of Stonehenge (it is a Stone Age computer) would be discovered only when civilization had again advanced to the point of using computers too.

It was, all in all, a rather nice evening. Ed and Ruth Berman and Nan Braude and I all went over to the planetarium together, found a parking place, and went in to join the rest of the Little Men. The show (titled, strangely enough, "Stonehenge") was quite well done, and if I discount the cricks I got in my neck from trying to watch the sun rise immediately behind my head, I enjoyed it.



The sun rose behind my head as part of a preliminary explanation of basic astronomical time telling designed to give the audience the necessary background for the main presentation. I never knew that the sun moved back and forth on the horizon before, and now that I do I may even remember it for awhile.

Preliminaries over, the silhouette of the San Francisco skyline was replaced by a projection of Stonehenge as seen from the inside--very effective. Of course the best way to see the place would be to go on a stormy or moonlit night, or when there was a lurid sunset behind it. But on the other hand, the way most people do see it is with ten million other tourists whose children are all using it for a Jungle Gym. Nowadays the guards keep one from scratching "Kilroy was here" into the stone, but names chiselled neatly in 18th century script are a reminder that tourists haven't changed.

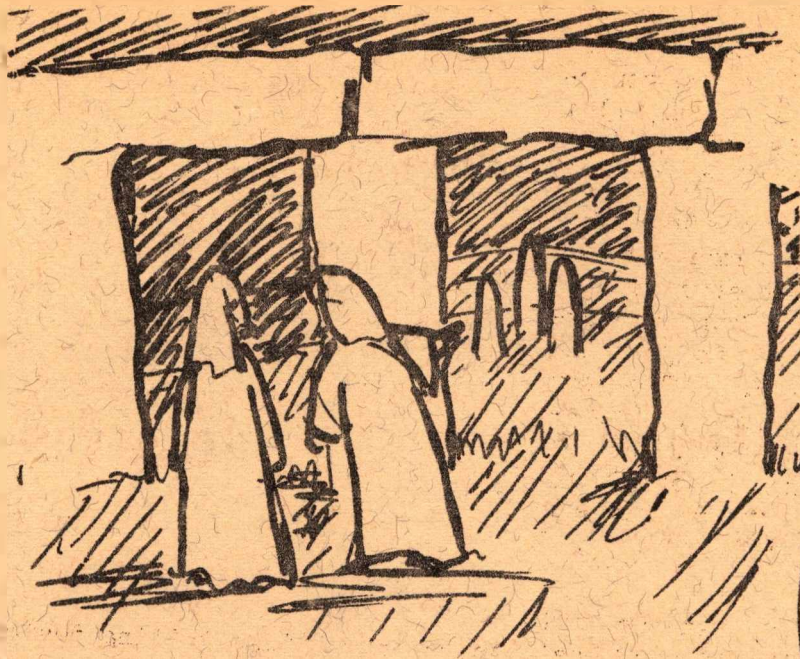
The planetarium narrator described Stonehenge as it is, and Stonehenge as it probably was, at various times, and outlined some of the various theories it has inspired. Many of these deal with the means by which Stonehenge was built. The more or less final conclusions on this are presented by Professor Atkinson (I don't remember the title of his book, it's probably *Stonehenge*, anyway it's published by Penguin). He discusses the sources of the stone--north of Salisbury for the sarsen and south Wales for the bluestone, and the means of transportation--rafts and dragging over log rollers by teams of men. Professor Atkinson is the one who discovered the incised daggers on some of the stones from which he deduces a connection between Stonehenge and the civilization of Mycenae; the narrator went farther and proposed a Mycenaean construction engineer.

The other main type of theory about Stonehenge is the kind which queries its purpose. One of the oldest and most exotic (and almost certainly untrue) of these is that Stonehenge was built by the Druids. At the moment this theory is held most enthusiastically by the English Druid Society? Church? (?), which has ceremonies there on Midsummer Eve (white robes and mistletoe, but no human sacrifice). You can buy postcards showing this ceremony at the site and in Salisbury, the nearest town, and some people (like me) write messages on the lines of--"Went to a rather interesting church service the other day...."

There are other theories of course, based on different religions, the positions of the stones, numerical relationships, mathematical mysticisms, etc., but now, or so we were informed, the Truth has been discovered. Stonehenge was designed to compute the movements of the celestial bodies, hence its interest for the planetarium. The author of this theory is a Mr. Hawkins, who worked it out one summer vacation with a tape measure, and got the university computer to make sense of his calculations, and, at least as it was presented there, it is very very convincing.



At this point in the narration the projection of the stones became very useful. It was quite easy to demonstrate how they show where the sun will rise on a specific date, where the moon will come up, and when there will be eclipses. This last would of course be especially useful in a primitive society.



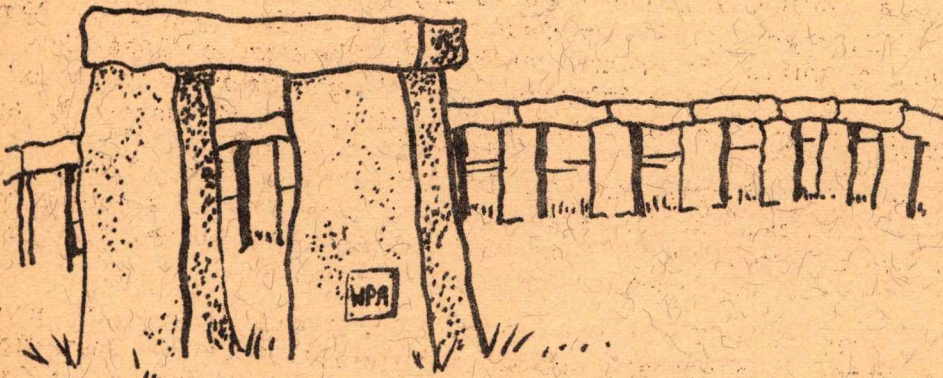
Whadaya mean, Daylight Saving Time?

But the Lost Religion people should not despair. The use of Stonehenge must have been administered by a priesthood. Only such a class would have the leisure to think up such a thing, & incorporating a procedure into the religion of a people would insure that it would last as long as the culture did.

The presentation, whose poetico-

scientific language was marred only at times by such phrases as "the computer works real good", ended with a glorious sunrise to the music of Rite of Spring--very appropriate and eerily impressive too.

The cartoons which accompany this account happened when Nan and I got to Brennan's. She had the ideas and I drew them--we are thinking of setting up as a team--and they provided a good deal of innocent merriment.



NB  
DLP



# MARCHIN' BARNACLES

Carl Frederick?

This quarter we have heard nothing from Our Man in New York except for the following communique:

## FABLE FOR PHUZZY PHYSICISTS

Mary had short curls...  
...always the same length  
A sort of permanent wavelength, so to speak  
Mary had a little  $\lambda$

Faced with this feeble effort instead of the usual elaborate Zehrgut, we were in a quandary. (Not QUANDRY; at least I don't think so.) We didn't want to deprive our loyal readers of this particular form of Pop Art (though perhaps we would be better appreciated if we did). We have an old, old set of one-line puns -- you may think Carl has done his worst in these pages, but believe me, he hasn't -- and we thought of printing those; but Carl would never forgive us. For that matter, neither would I. So after much consultation and putting together of heads (which isn't easy with Ed in New Hampshire), and considering the fact that Nan Braude offered me a Wiegehts three days before we went to press (she later complained that her hand wasn't part of the deal, and I should give it back), we decided to

# THROW HIM TO THE BARN

LEADBELLY  
OR,

Zehrgut Meets Wiegehts: An interlude of Fleming passion which was Bond to happen sooner or later

by Nan Braude

As I entered the office of Dr. Sieglinde Wiegehts, beloved professor of Aesthetic Philology at Lacuna University, I was greeted by an unexpected burst of laughter. I perceived that the Professor had been entertaining her two visitors with a droll imitation of one of her favorite Oxford dons. I stammered out an apology for my interruption.

"That's all right, Witsend," said the Professor kindly. "Next time, however, please try not to interrupt while I'm Tolkien."

She introduced me to her visitors, Inspector Gregshaw of Scotland Yard and the famous Siegfried Zehrgut.

"You may speak freely in front of Witsend, gentlemen. She is my trusted associate in my little errands on behalf of Higher Authority, as well as being my prize student and indefatigable research assistant."

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"Indeed, Professor," I said modestly, laying a sheaf of paper on her desk, "I have just finished typing up the manuscript of your new book on behavioral patterns among culturally conservative Latvians."

"Good, good. My publishers have been waiting for three weeks for the final copy of A Study in Square Letts, and if one submits one's manuscript a little later than their arbitrary and unrealistic deadline, they have a habit of uttering rude noises."

"Who are your publishers?" asked Zehrgut.

"Meskys, Rolfe, and Gestetner, of course -- best known for that scholarly journal of the arts and sciences that they put out. They're changing the name, you know; it's going to be called Webster's Unabridged Fanzine from now on.

"But we have a more serious problem before us. Witsend, have you noticed anything odd about the departmental pencil supply lately?"

"Why, yes, now that you mention it," I replied wonderingly. "I seem to have been losing a lot of pencils recently, and whenever I go to the supply room for another, they are inexplicably out of stock."

"Aha!" cried Gregshaw, flourishing his heavy feemwlort walking stick. "Even here the tentacles of this fiend have reached. No one is safe!"

"Do you mean that someone has been stealing our pencils?"

"Not just your pencils, Miss Witsend," continued the Inspector more calmly, "but everyone's pencils. Within the last month over 68% of the world's supply of manufactured lead pencils have vanished -- 94% if we omit mechanical pencils, which have inexplicably not been affected."

"How dastardly!" I exclaimed.

"But there is worse to be told," said Zehrgut. "My department, after all, does not usually involve itself in affairs of merely Earthly magnitude. But the latest disappearance is so staggering in its implications that Inspector Gregshaw called us in."

"Indeed," said the Professor dryly, "I should have thought an epidemic of pencil thefts, however widespread, beneath your notice. But what has disappeared now?"

"Pennsylvania," replied Zehrgut simply.

"Have you any clues?" she asked.

"No, but we have two thin leads. One is a tiny transmitting device planted by Gregshaw in a box of Faber Soft Leads which disappeared last week from Fort Ticonderoga. It is now somewhere in the Mediterranean, still signaling faintly. Our other hope is the possibility you suggested to me just now, Sieglinde -- that the criminals' modus operandi may involve some kind of ESP, such as telekinesis, since they leave no clues and are never caught. I shall leave at once to consult Dr. J. Banks Rhine at the Duke University Parapsychology Laboratory. Gregshaw, keep tracing that box of pencils, but wait until I come back before making any move."

All might have been well had we but listened to him. But events were to move too fast. On the next day, as the Professor and I sat in her office correcting the proofs of her most recent article, a review of Carl Frederick's book HOW TO TRAIN YOUR BAGPIPE TO ATTACK STRANGERS, Inspector Gregshaw burst in.

"We know where the pencils have been taken!" he exclaimed.

"Where?" we chorused.

"The transmitting device has been traced to a tiny island in the Aegean, some 50 miles from the mainland of Greece -- the island of Corflu. It is owned by a mysterious multibillionaire called Blumbleigh Leadbelly. And -- " he paused dramatically, "it is a perfect hiding place for stolen goods. The island is honeycombed with old graphite mines!"

"Leadbelly," mused the Professor. "The very name is suspicious. Witsend, pack at once."

"But, Professor," I protested feebly, "Mr. Zehrgut said not to do anything until he



came back from seeing that professor at Duke."

"We cannot afford to wait," said Professor Wiegehts briskly, "for the results of Siegfried's Rhine journey. He was simply worried about our safety -- and what harm could befall a couple of innocent reporters?"

"Reporters? What do you mean?" asked Gregshaw.

"It is simple enough. I am prepared for such eventualities. Witsend, if you will look in the top drawer of my desk, you will find credentials identifying us as reporters and photographers for the world-famous magazine National Geographite."

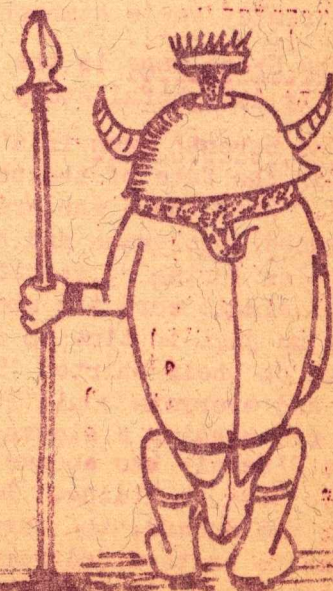
\* \* \* \* \*

The Professor and I caught the next plane for Athens, where we had to stay overnight before chartering a helicopter to Corflu. While she was closeted with officials of the Greek Secret Service (in a private cloak-and-dagger closet), I occupied myself by sightseeing. When we met again at our hotel, I asked her about one thing I had seen which puzzled me.

"Tell me, Professor, why is it that the streets, cafes, and historical monuments of Athens are crowded with students from the University of California at Berkeley -- all elegantly garbed and exquisitely mannered, too?"

"Elementary, my dear Witsend," said the Professor sleepily. "If you had managed to stay awake during my lectures in Aesthetic Philology 100, The Ideological History of the Rise and Fall of the Whole Damn' World, you would remember my observation that Greece is full of classy Cal scholars."

Desunt cetera<sup>2</sup>



<sup>1</sup> You mean all the rest stayed in Berkeley? -- FR

<sup>2</sup> This genuine Latin phrase is sponsored by the Committee to Prevent Lithuanians from Taking Over the World, a non-prophet organization. --NB



# FANTASIES FOR CHILDREN

## & OTHER PEOPLE

One of the unstated (and almost unthought-about) aims in NIEKAS is to provide a place where obscure discoveries and little-known books in the realm of fantasy could be turned up — both in the sense of "from the bottom of the box in the attic," and in the sense of "turning up a stone" to see what strange creatures and ideas lie beneath. Mark Walstead's article on "Children's Fantasies" seems to have started the ball rolling; with this issue's contribution from Marsha Brown, which discusses books for adults as well as books that sound like they'd be wasted on children, we've decided to make a sometime department of it. The "sometimes" will be every time we have enough material, so take note -- and take notes (sending them to us, of course!)

PR

(largely) MARSHA BROWN (with a bit from Charlie)

I note that there has only been one mention of the books of Nicholas Stuart Gray and since I rate them quite highly I've decided to enter my two cents worth of comments to the children's fantasy discussion.

Nicholas Stuart Gray is the author of four (so far) children's fantasy novels and one collection of fantasy shorts that I don't really think are for children (maybe I just underrate today's children). The novels are Down in the Cellar, the Seventh Swan, the Stone Cage, and Grimbold's Other World. The collection is Mainly in Moonlight. There are two other books by him, the Apple Stone and Over the Hills to Fabydon that I have been unable to get any information on.

Down in the Cellar is the story of four children who discover an old, unused cellar to the house they are staying in and use it to shelter a young man from someone, or something, that is chasing him. The children are hampered in their efforts to help the young man by the fact that only Deirdre, the youngest, can see and hear some of the pursuers. The cellar, while a wonderful place to hide someone, turns out to have an interesting complication of its own; a door that isn't always there that sometimes leads into a fairy mound that hasn't been there for over a hundred years. While the two middle children do, eventually, learn to see the pursuers, Bruce, the oldest, never does and the matter of fact way in which he tells the story, including the parts which he has to take on faith, adds to the really eerie atmosphere.

The Stone Cage is the story of Rapunzel as told by Tomlyn, the witch's cat. It is a perfectly delightful story which anyone who loves fantasy and/or cats should enjoy.

The Seventh Swan is a continuation rather than a retelling of an old fairy tale. It tells of the fate of the seventh brother from Hans Christian Anderson's story "The Wild Swans". (For those who aren't familiar with the HCA story, it is about seven brothers who are turned into swans and how their sister, to rescue them, must make each of them a shirt of nettles during a specified period of time (I really don't remember how long) and not utter a single word the whole time. At the end of the period of time the seven brothers showed up just in time to scatter the fire in which she was about to be burned as a witch and put on their shirts. They were then turned back into men and explained the whole thing and everyone could live happily ever after.) Unfortunately the youngest brother's shirt was missing a sleeve and so he had one arm and one swan's wing. When the story starts Alasdair has become convinced that people can only pity or jeer at him and spends all his time in hiding. Fenella, the daughter of a neighboring chief, Even, his bodyguard, and Hudard, the castle bard and perhaps its brownie, decide to help him by giving someone to protect and Fenella allows herself to become enchanted into a toad so that he can rescue her. Unfortunately Alasdair can't stand toads and keeps avoiding her until it is too late and when she regains her body she is left with a toad's head. The resulting complications make for a very interesting and absorbing story.

Grimbold's Other World is the story of Muffler, a boy who was found in a hen's nest



as a baby, who is taken by Grimboid, a large black cat, into the night world to help rescue Gareth, the sorcerer's son, from a particularly nasty spell. Having once been into the night world, Muffler is able to open a gap to it any time he chooses and on one of his trips into the night world he is given a ring which allows him to understand the talk of all living beings. Sable, Gareth's father, is determined to have the ring but cannot take it unless it is freely given and between evading Sable and helping Gareth out of the trouble he is almost always in, Muffler has a rather busy time. He does, however, find time to attend to a few minor matters like rescuing a lost baby dragon who comes through a gap by accident and who doesn't believe in humans.

In Mainly in Moonlight the stories range from the very bitter in "The Star Beast" to the lightly amusing in "A Message in a Bottle", another story of Muffler. In it he finds a message from a princess in a bottle which says that she has been kidnapped by a \_\_\_ and wants to be rescued. Muffler sets out and finds the home of the \_\_\_ who turns out to be a mild mannered little man who has taken up sorcery. He kidnapped the princess because it is the thing for wizards to do but is regretting it because she is so hot tempered and nasty. When Muffler walks in both of them appeal to him to save them. In both "The Sorcerer's Apprentices" and "Mainly in Moonlight" we see what happens to those who take magic too lightly. "According to Tradition" shows how the younger son will always succeed and the oldest is always doomed to failure. The rest of the stories in the collection are every bit as good as the ones I have mentioned.

Down in the Cellar, the Stone Cage and the Seventh Swan are published by Dobson and the other two books by Faber. I believe that all of them can be obtained from Ken Slater.

Two books which I enjoyed a good deal are Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard and its sequel Martin Pippin in the Daisy Field by Eleanor Farjeon. I don't recall having seen any mention of Andre Norton's Huon of the Horn which I enjoyed very much or its sequel Steel Magic in which three modern day children find their way into Avalon to help recover Huon's horn, Arthur's sword and Merlin's ring which have all been stolen. Steel Magic is beautifully illustrated by Robin Jacques, an artist I've never heard of but who does a lovely job. I do think that Moon of Gomerath deserves more of a mention than just as a sequel to Weirdstone of Brisingamen. In some ways it is a better book than Weirdstone although it is almost too tightly written. Garner does a very effective job of making one see the dangers in the world of magic as well as the advantages without having to preach about it. Several fantasies I read seemed to feel that either there were no limitations to magic or that the rules had to be explained, preferably in words of as few syllables as possible. I am really quite eager to see Gerner's next book which I assume will be a sequel to the first two. The John Masefield books have never appealed to me very much. They have all the elements of interest I could ask for but somehow they just don't hang together well enough. Does no one like Mary Poppins (in spite of the Disney version) or Winnie-the-Pooh any more? They are among the first things I think of when thinking of children's fantasy and I haven't seen a mention of either of them during the three issues this series has been running.

I too collect Rackham illustrated books and find it a very expensive hobby. Another illustrator whose work I like very much is Edmund Dulac. His work does not have the lightness of Rackham and his style is simpler. His best work is done almost entirely in shades of blue and when working in color he can, I feel, easily equal Rackham.

ERM

I too enjoyed Moon more than Weirdstone. It got such brief mention first time around because none of had had read it but had merely heard of its existence. Andre Norton mentioned in a letter that a third book has been published but said nothing of its content. I've written Ken Slater inquiring about it. As for Poppins & Pooh, did they need mentioning?

RUTH BERMAN

I have an addition to the Children's fantasy list for NIEKAS. Carol Kendall, who wrote The Gamage Cup, has brought out a sequel, The Whisperer of Glocken. It was reviewed in the Times way last fall, but something held up distribution. Sather Gate Bookstore wasn't able to supply me a copy till after I got back from vacation. The reviewer implied that it wasn't as good as the first book, but now at last I've been able to read it for my-



self, and I think the reviewer was mistaken. It seems to me to be as good as the first book -- or even better. I marvel at Mrs. Kendall's characterization. In the first book there were five heroes, all quite distinct and all fascinating. In this one there are five New Heroes (their title -- a title they accept reluctantly, since they feel, like any sensible person, that heroes ought to be brave people who enjoy adventures, not scruffy scared people like themselves who would much rather not cross the wasteland beyond the mountains). And these five are all different from the previous characters.

Of course, partly Mrs. Kendall manages to create so many characters by using cardboard. Her heroes are easily recognizable types. But there is more to them than the types. Mingy is more than a Loveable Crusty Penny-Watcher in the first book, and Gam Lutie is more than a middle-aged lady with a sense of Family Pride, in the second; and one reason for the "more" is that they are changed by their adventures. One of Mrs. Kendall's virtues, along with character-creation, is the ability to show character-change -- her characters learn things from their adventures, and yet she never gives the impression of didacticism, because the "lessons" are so completely part of the action.

## MORE MAYHEM

HELP! I'M A PRISONER IN A CRUDSHEET FACTORY!

Ed's fears, which you have read or will read in Bumbejimas, depending upon whether you read things back to front or not, are not entirely unfounded. (Ed's fears, remember? Way back there at the beginning of the sentence?) We don't have six pages numbered twenty-two. We may not have any pages numbered twenty-two, for all I know. But we do have two pages numbered 59 (although one of them is really page 58; which one, we will leave to the reader as an exercise.) Numerous other gross mistakes were made; I hope they have all been corrected, but I know that about a third of page 60 will be upside down, unless I find time to run both stencils again -- which isn't very damn likely. All told, we've managed to ruin more paper than I like to think about.

Then there's the ink. You'll notice we're two colors this time. That's because I thought we were out of black ink, so went to grape which is the next best thing. Turned out that one of my helpful helpers (see Contents) had brought the ink upstairs to the High Dudgeon, without anyone else's noticing. So I went black to back...er...back to black. Now we're really out of black. Incidentally, I'll be glad not to run purple ink on puce paper, if whoever objected will tell me what color puce is.

TYPING A LOOSE END INTO AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE KNOT

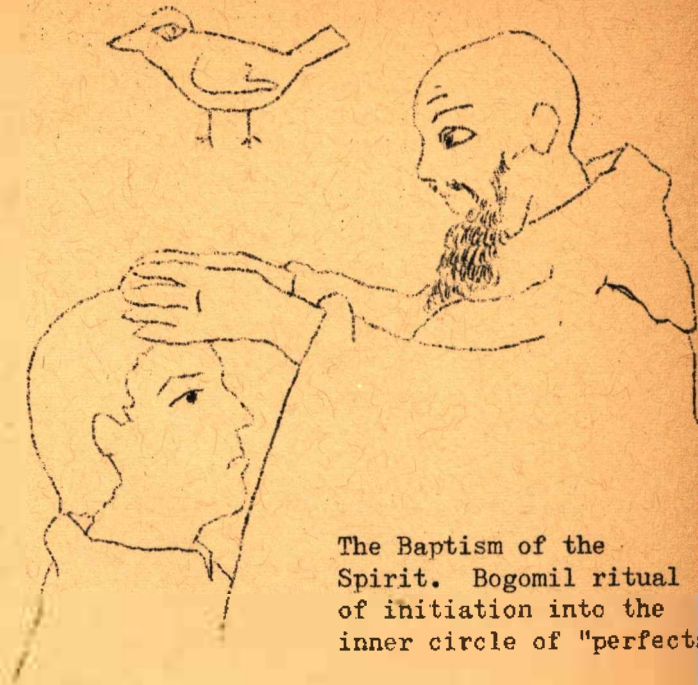
On the Two Cultures, as I promised...Snow feels, and so do I, that the literary intellectual needs to be persuaded to learn the language of science at least to the fourth grade level. The average technologist, you see, is not proud of his ignorance in any field, including the arts. ...And by the way, Ray; yes, scientists do employ expensive, complicated equipment in their enjoyment of music. Equip like pianos, violins, etc... Those are two comments I felt I must make. Ed wants to know why I didn't make a full rebuttal; well, maybe next issue. --PR



WE HAPPY

FEW

JOHN BOARDMAN



The Baptism of the Spirit. Bogomil ritual of initiation into the inner circle of "perfects"

A frequent theme in adventure fiction is that of a small group of people, far-reaching in influence and dating back through many generations, who secretly exert an influence far beyond their numbers upon a world ignorant of their existence or their true purposes. Sometimes this group is evil of purpose and action, like Rohmer's Si-Fan or Howard's Seers of Mount Yimsha; sometimes it is benevolent, such as Tolkien's Wizards. More rarely such a fictional group is an assortment of fallible human beings, who mix high purpose with low action and have some inkling of the philosophical conflicts thus caused. This elite group is often presented as transcending boundaries of creed, nationality, or race. Its purposes, as befit a society of immemorial antiquity, are beyond the transient issues for which wars and revolutions are fought. Its members are found in all classes of society, and on opposite sides of conflicts of lesser moment.

Behind these fictional secret societies stand secret societies in real life, societies of real or assumed antiquity, with ritual and secrecy quite as elaborate as that which characterizes the fictional brethren. In his novel Masters of the Maze, Avram Davidson combines real and fictional brotherhoods; in the story are two opposed secret orders, fictionally derived from the Freemasons of real life. But how do the real secret societies compare with those of adventure fiction?

Among the aboriginal peoples of America and Australia there are, or were, such societies, transcending tribal lines. When warriors of opposing tribes met each other on the battlefield, they recognized each other by certain signals. We may safely infer that such societies existed in the more distant tribal savagery of the European peoples.

The existence of such societies does fulfil a need in some men. It undoubtedly gives the member or prospective member of such an Elite a thrill to believe that he and a little band of fellows exert a tremendous influence on the unknowing mass of humanity, that his group extends back into deepest antiquity, and that he is privy to secrets which lie near to the heart of his universe. Some of these secret societies, in fact, may have no more reason for their existence than a wish on the part of their members to cultivate this feeling in themselves.

In ancient times, the Greek "Mysteries" and the Druid priesthood constituted such groups. The secrets of the Greek Mystery cults were highly guarded, and men faced death penalties in the civil courts for divulging them. (This was the charge against the courtesan Phryne, at the famous trial in which she won acquittal by displaying her charms to the judges at a crucial



moment.) The Mysteries admitted men of all nations, provided they met requirements not related to nationality or the formal Olympian religion. Alexander the Great was brought into the Eleusinian Mystery by his mother Olympias, and may have picked up his radical notions about the brotherhood of all men from this source. About the best description we now have of the Mysteries appears in the latter chapters of Apuleius' The Golden Ass.

Within the Mysteries there were various orders and degrees, some of which Apuleius described. The Druids are also known to have possessed such ranks. The Mysteries may have been influenced by the matriarchial fertility religion which preceded the worship of the Olympian gods, but this was accomplished so that a member of, say, the Orphic Mystery would see no contradiction between the rituals of that group and his public devotion to Zeus and Apollo, or to Osiris and Isis. (The Jews were more perceptive; the dietary proscription against eating a kid stewed in its mother's milk was originally designed to keep Jews out of the Orphic Mystery, in which communicants took part in such a ritual meal.)

It was a credit to the efforts of the early Christian missionaries that they did not present their faith as just another Mystery. Where the Mysteries admitted only a certain elite, and kept their beliefs and customs secret, Christianity presented itself as the sole religion for all mankind. Instead of seeking worthy acolytes for initiation into a complicated ritual with higher degrees for the more promising of the Elect, Christianity presented a simple and straightforward doctrine, to which any human being might express his allegiance. Instead of claiming to have been founded in the immemorial past by a god or king, the Christians dated their origin from a man in the recent past who had met a felon's death. The Mysteries could not stand against such competition.

Of course, the Mysteries had some influence on Christianity. Several early Christian sects organized themselves as mysteries, and presented a secret wisdom to their initiates, adapting Christian doctrine to the format of a little group of the Elite. These sects, collectively described as the Gnostics, were also influenced by a philosophical Dualism which had its origin in the Persian worship of Ahuramazda and Mithra. This view explained the universe as a continual struggle between equally powerful forces of Good and Evil. Orthodox Christianity rejected this view, believing that Evil was not a power of itself, but simply the lack of Good.

The universal (or "catholic") approach of Christianity outlasted the Gnostics as it had the Mysteries, but Dualism and the idea of an Elite lingered on. In Europe these ideas cross-bred with the native witch-cult, and produced heresies throughout the Middle Ages. Of these, the most prominent was that variously called Bogomilism, Catharism, or Albigensianism. The center of the heresy, which flourished from the 10th to the 13th centuries, seems to have been in Bosnia; for a while the spiritual authority of a Bosnian anti-pope was recognized by the Albigensians of southern France.

The Bogomil heresy was based on a belief in a dichotomy between spirit and matter. Spirit was good and matter evil; it therefore followed that it did not matter what the body did as long as the spirit was uncontaminated. Among the Bogomils was an elite called "the perfects", who were believed to have achieved salvation of their souls while still on Earth. They practiced celibacy, vegetarianism, and other forms of asceticism, though their enemies attributed to them certain fleshly indulgences which may have had some foundation in fact. Bogomil doctrine was probably used to justify certain orgiastic customs left over from the pre-Christian fertility cult, whose religious ceremonies had been presided over by their death-god and resurrection-goddess incarnated in human beings.

After vigorous persecution drove the Bogomils underground in the early 13th century, their ideas kept cropping up with surprising tenacity. One offshoot, the Skeptsii, carried their abhorrence for the flesh so far that they mutilated themselves. Remnants of this pathological sect still exist in odd corners of Slavic Europe. Bogomil influence also seems during the 13th century to have entered the Knights Templar, a group which had begun as Crusaders but which by this time had become bankers to half of Europe. The introduction of a fertility cult into an all-male order had a predictable effect, and in 1314 the Templars' Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, was burned at the stake for heresy and buggery. The order's immense wealth went to the ecclesiastical and secular authorities who had been instrumental in its suppression.

The Templars in their turn went underground, and may have kept themselves going for many



years after their original suppression. Certainly there were Templar priories alive in the early 18th century, when another version of the Elite Few arose. This was the Freemasons — originally a medieval workingmen's organization like the other guilds. But the initiation of new members as apprentices, journeymen, and masters gradually became the initiation of an Elite into a secret society. During the 18th century, the original workingmen's character of the Masons was abandoned, and the group became instead a center for political action and philosophical deliberation. (Some modern labor unions seem to be following the same path, though without the Elitist trappings.)

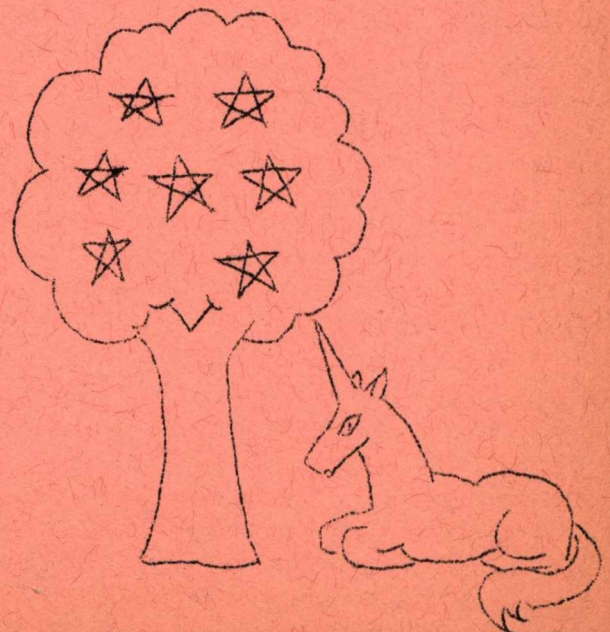
The Knights Templar were incorporated into the Freemasons, and remain to this day a Masonic order. Since popes and kings had collaborated in the downfall of the Templars, the Masons were Protestant in religion and mildly liberal and anti-clerical in politics. The American revolutionaries, the British Whigs, and the French Girondins all had a heavily Masonic character. George Washington and Benjamin Franklin belonged to this society, and the Great Seal of the United States of America is heavily laden with Masonic symbolism. (See the back of any dollar bill for details.) Mozart was a Mason, and his opera The Magic Flute is so thoroughly Masonic that a brief education in the group's beliefs is necessary to understand the plot.

The 18th century saw a great proliferation of Masonic groups, some of which went underground in the more authoritarian states. Best-known of these was the Illuminati, a secret revolutionary organization founded in Bavaria by the Jewish Mason Adam Weishaupt. (Jews had been eligible for membership in the Masons for several decades, a remarkable example of tolerance in that day and age.) The Illuminati were broken up by the secret police, but not before a myth of a wide-spread secret revolutionary society had been well established. This myth caused much political anti-Masonry in the 19th century, and persists to the present day in right-wing tracts. In this propaganda, the Illuminati are linked with the Zionists and Communists as having been responsible for every political turmoil from the French Revolution to the Civil Rights movement.

During a series of meetings among various Masonic factions at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries, most of these groups were brought into one organization, the present-day Ancient Free and Accepted Masons. The Templars and the Shriners are part of this structure, and its young men's organization is named after de Molay. The first three degrees of the group reflect the original guild organization of Apprentice, Journeyman, and Master Masons; the higher degrees were invented during the 18th century and carry a generally spurious antiquity. Masons pretend that Kings Solomon and Hiram, the Emperor Constantine, and the Anglo-Saxon King Athelstan were members or patrons of their order, and during the 18th century documents of these monarchs were forged to give weight to these claims.

Since the early 19th century, the political and philosophical character of Masonry have largely disappeared, and the group has become another of the many "lodges" and "orders" which provide middle-class men with a night out with the boys. In 1878 the French lodges were expelled from the Masons for continuing their political activity; so anti-clerical had they become that they even admitted Atheists, which the Masons of the Anglo-Saxon world would by no means countenance. Later, the Uruguayan Masons were excommunicated for the same reason. The tradesman or army officer of a present-day Masonic lodge would be shocked to realize his order's kinship with the heretical Bogomils or the self-gelded Skeptsii.

The Roman Catholic Church found the notions of a secret Elite brotherhood to be as uncongenial in their Masonic form as they were in the time of the Gnostics. Almost every element of Masonry was antithetical to Catholicism: the notion of a society of Elite initiates, the



Adoration of the Tree of Knowledge by the Spirit

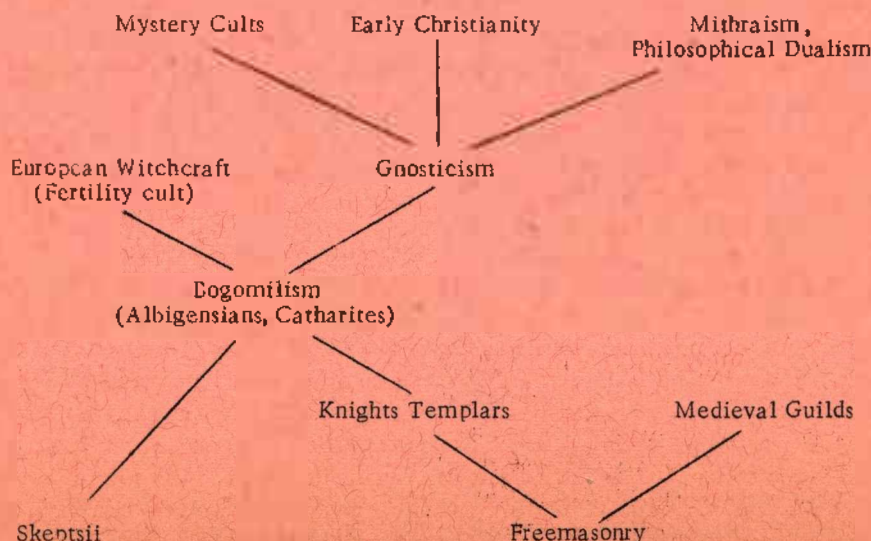


dualistic and heretical ancestry of the Masons, and the secrecy which conflicted with the secrecy of the confessional. The Masons reciprocated, and 19th-century Masonic literature is stuffed with anti-Catholic bigotry. But perhaps the greatest liability to Masonry in the eyes of Roman Catholicism, and also from the point of view of modern Communist and nationalist movements, is the incompatibility between the idea of a small influential Elite, and the holistic world-views of these philosophies.

Perhaps the greatest single contribution of Christianity to philosophy was the idea that everything in the universe from the motions of the stars to the ordering of individual lives can be subsumed into one philosophical system. Ever since the beginnings of Christianity, philosophical and religious inquiry has been largely a search for a proper system, and its propagation and establishment. Christianity in its various sects claims to be such a system, as do Communism and Fascism, and so do the more thoroughgoing nationalistic movements of the present day. Such a holistic system has no room for a secret society composed of a small Elite, transcending all human boundaries. During the American Revolution, a British officer rescued an American officer from being burned at the stake by Indians, because he recognized from certain signs made by the captive that he was a brother Mason. Such an act would be inconceivable in the ideologically motivated conflicts of our time, and the very notion of a secret society having members among American liberals, Chinese Communists, South African racists, and feudal Arabs is preposterous.

Also, a society of the Elite is placed at a disadvantage in competing with a mass movement. The Gnostics learned this in the 2nd century, and it is no less true today. The various holistic movements, particularly Christianity and Communism, offer membership to anyone who will accept their tenets. (Except, of course, in regions where they are persecuted and must beware of infiltration.) And the Elite group, while professing to recruit its members from men of all races and creeds, in fact is affected by the society in which it moves. Masons bar women\*, atheists and agnostics, and many American lodges also bar Negroes. (Several years ago, almost all American Grand Lodges broke off fraternal relations with the Grand Lodge of the state of Washington when the Washington group admitted several Negro Lodges.) Masonry in America today is largely a group of upper- and middle-class men with no aims beyond fraternal mummery and charities, who spend more time reminiscing about their order's years of activity and controversy in the 18th century than in continuing the philosophical and political speculations and actions of their predecessors. This is the age of holism, and against its democratic ideals the concept of the secret and initiated Elite cannot be maintained.

\*There is, however, a women's auxiliary to the Masons, the Order of the Eastern Star, with a girls' group called the Rainbow Girls. --TR





# THE FUNCTION OF MYTH IN THE PSYCHIC ECONOMY OF MODERN MAN

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Thank you, Ed, for inviting me to contribute to the colorful pages of your imaginative publication. As I was leafing through it the other day, my eyes lighted upon an interesting discussion entitled "Patterns", by Diana Paxson. The statement that particularly arrested my attention there was the following one: "One of the ways in which science fiction and fantasy are useful (yes, they are useful) is in evolving new patterns -- myths through which to perceive the reality we know, and in imposing familiar patterns on the unknown". Since I have been interested in the problem of the usefulness of myth for the last several years, I welcome the opportunity to comment on the above statement.

First of all, after carefully examining a number of representative theories on the origin, function, and fate of myth as a factor of man's psychic structure, I was forced to the conclusion that the theory developed by analytical psychology is perhaps the most adequate. Consequently, it is quite to be expected that my remarks should be in basic agreement with the fundamental insights of that psychology. One of these fundamental insights concerning the nature of myth is that myth not only represents or expresses the psychic life of man, both primitive and modern, but actually and ultimately constitutes that life. The substance of mythical life in the most sophisticated modern rationalist or empiricist, who is quite convinced that he has outgrown the mythical stage of humanity, is the same as in the primitive caveman. Only the form of that life is different. For while the mythical life, living myth, in primitive cave man is the genuine embodiment of the basic psychic laws of human nature -- laws parallel to those of a physical nature, the observance of which has led to the unfolding of life -- the mythical life in modern western man is an essentially distorted expression of these same basic psychic laws, a systematic and yet fully unconscious violation of these existential laws, which threatens us most effectively with the self-destruction of the entire human race.

An illustrious example of such a modern man for whom the traditional myth has lost entirely its meaning, is Sigmund Freud. For how else could he have written his Die Zukunft einer Illusion, in which he advocates -- and that in the midst of the 20th century! -- the thesis that the central myth of humanity, namely, the God-myth, is an illusion, which is destined to disappear as humanity progresses and reaches the mythless stage of maturity? With all due respect to Freud for his achievements in the psychology of the unconscious, one must suspect him of an excessive bias in favor of technical progress as an unmingled blessing. This bias must have forced him to declare man's whole past, which is essentially mythical, as an illusion.



However, nothing could be further from my intentions than to blame Freud for his prognosis of the ailments of mankind. The tragic thing is that Freud might have been perfectly right in it. The evidence that the mythical life of humanity is in eclipse, that even the central symbol, the God-myth, is slowly receding to the position of a lifeless and meaningless symbol for ever larger masses of humanity, is converging upon us from all sides. Suppose we agree with Freud's prognosis of the forthcoming -- we may even say, of the directly imminent -- tragic fate of humanity through the explosion of man's psychic structure. What attitudes could we adopt toward such an unprecedented development? It would seem that there are only two types of attitudes possible. One alternative would be to ignore the Freudian prognosis and blindly bury our heads in the sand of the modern pseudo-myth which maintains that technological and economic progress can get us out of any predicament. A second alternative would be to find a doctor who is able not only to make a prognosis but also to give a prescription that renders the prognosis merely conditional.

Should we opt for the second alternative as more human and holding greater promise, a difficult question arises. We must ask: Where do we find such a doctor and how do we determine the criteria for his qualifications? The most important criterion for his qualifications would seem to be that he recognize the obvious fact that there are laws which govern man's psychic life, just as there are laws which govern his physical existence. Anyone who fails to recognize the operation of psychic laws in their own right should be called an inferior veterinarian, not a doctor of humans, and certainly not a doctor fit to make prescriptions for the ills of an entire civilization. In a word, a competent doctor should possess a high regard for myth and the mythical life of humanity, since it is precisely this mythical life which constitutes the embodiment of the psychic laws.

To the student of history it is obvious that, in the past, such a competent doctor of the psychic ills of mankind was exemplified in the institution of religion -- from the most primitive to the most highly developed. Religions analyzed the psychic ills of humanity and made the necessary prescriptions. They were able to do all this, since they themselves were living myths, essentially unconscious conglomerations of universally valid human myths, interlaced here and there with skeins of rationality and systematizing efforts of the consciousness. Religions, as long as they were taken seriously, i.e., as long as they were living myths, effectively upheld the mythical life of man, fostered his mental (and physical) life, and maintained a healthy creative balance of his inner psychic forces. Dogma and ritual, since time immemorial, have been the two most important channels along which flowed the creative psychic energy of humanity.

But the great religions of the past are no longer living myths today for ever-growing numbers of people. Religious myth and ritual have shrivelled down to a few pitiful remnants without the life and substance they once had. Instead of helping the individual to create a healthy balance between his inner psychic world and the outer world impinging upon him from all sides, today's religions seem to be intent upon fostering only his adjustment to the outer world, upon making out of him a smoothly functioning cog in the industrial and social machinery of the outer world. Thus today's religions seem to have become merely another factor in further increasing man's already catastrophic unbalance between his inner and outer worlds.

The above remarks should not be construed as critical of religion as such. Rather I attempt in them to describe the almost contemptible role which it has come to play in the minds of its adherents and its official spokesmen. It is not religion, the expression of man's mythical life par excellence, which has failed, but the modern attitude toward myth, which has disintegrated to such tragic proportions.

In the light of the above remarks concerning the inefficacy of religion against the psychic ills of modern man, the following question becomes highly relevant: If the institution of religion has in practice lost all of its effectiveness, how can we believe that it is a competent doctor for the ills of modern man? Can we reverse the process of history and rehabilitate religion to its previous position of the doctor of humanity? Can we restore to religion the dignity and efficacy of the truly living myth? At the present time this question perhaps cannot be answered; even some of the greatest analysts of our civilization, like Carl Gustav Jung, don't see much hope for this reversal, although they do not exclude that



possibility at all.

In his The Secret of the Golden Flower, Jung gives us a profound analysis of the present frame of mind of western man, who prides himself more and more upon his emancipation from myth and religion. On page 111, Jung writes:

It must stir a sympathetic chord in an enlightened European when it is said in the Hui Ming Ching that "the shapes formed from the fire of the spirit are only empty colors and forms". That sounds quite European and seems to suit our reason excellently. We, indeed, think we can flatter ourselves at having already reached such heights of clarity because such phantoms of gods seem to have been left far behind. But the things we have outgrown are only the word-ghosts, not the psychic facts which were responsible for the birth of the gods\* We are just as much possessed by our autonomous psychic contents as if they were gods.

One might never have read the above statement, and yet one could sense immediately upon reading it for the first time that Jung is an optimist concerning the fate of mankind. Man can develop and outgrow "the word-ghosts", lose faith in the gods of his fathers, but his inner psychic life remains essentially the same. The new myths through which, like patterns, he perceives reality, are new only in their form, not in their substance. The fundamental psychic structure remains the same, and after one form of myth dies or disintegrates, another form arises. Myth is alive and effective only as long as it is believed to be not a mere myth, but an expression of reality. This is why it is an offense of the first magnitude to suggest to an orthodox believer (in whatever field) that his dogma and ritual are "mere" myth. And such a reaction is perfectly understandable, since the whole spiritual life, its whole meaning, of a believer is based on living myth as a most faithful expression of the ineffable reality that is so dear to him.

Fortunately, this psychic structure embedded in myth is not exclusively characteristic of "the true believer" in religious matters. It is universally human. In his The Symbols of Transformation, Jung describes the universality of man's mythical structure in the following words:

One could almost say that if all the world's traditions were cut off at a single blow, the whole of mythology and the whole history of religion would start all over again with the next generation. Only a very few individuals succeed in throwing off mythology in epochs of exceptional intellectual exuberance\*—the masses never. Enlightenment avails nothing, it merely destroys a transitory manifestation, but not the creative impulse.

And in another place (Collected Works, Vol. 10, p. 92) Jung says again that "Today the God of

\*Italics are mine. —S. Riukas





the West is still a living person for vast numbers of people, just as Allah is beyond the Mediterranean, and the one believer holds the other an inferior heretic, to be pitied and tolerated failing all else". And in still another place (Collected Works, Vol. 10, p. 369) Jung adds: "The Middle Ages, antiquity, and prehistory have not died out, as the "enlightened" suppose, but live on merrily in large sections of the population. Mythology and magic flourish as ever in our midst and are unknown only to those whose rationalistic education has alienated them from their roots".

As one can easily see from the above remarks, Jung, unlike Freud, is very far from suggesting that God is an illusion that is destined to be "outgrown" by mankind. God for Jung is the quintessence of man's mythico-psychical structure. In his Two Essays on Analytical Psychology, Jung points to this in the following words:

That is why the primitive mind, from deep psychological necessity, begot religious instruction and embodied it in magician and priest. Extra ecclesiam nulla salus\* is still a valid truth today -- for those who can go back to it. For the few who cannot, there is only dependence upon a human being, a humbler and a prouder dependence, a weaker and a stronger support, so it seems to me, than any other.

Jung is far from being blind to the fact that there are people today, whose numbers are constantly increasing (by his own admission, elsewhere), who cannot go back to Church or religion or God, much as they might like to do so. For them religious myth is completely dead; God is dead; and religion an outlived form of the inglorious past of mankind. And it is at this point that we begin to perceive the outlines of another great physician approaching mankind, to make a prescription against the psychic ills threatening its very existence. The name of this physician is modern depth psychology; a humble name and a human name, to paraphrase Jung, but it is a physician giving a strong and proud support when every "divine" assistance has failed. In actual fact, it is the same divine "shape formed from the fire of the spirit" (Hui Ming Ching) by which our ancestors were protected since their prehuman beginnings.

This second great physician of humanity, for those for whom religion has collapsed, is assuming all the essential duties of genuine religion and providing a new mythology, a new dogma, and a new ritual for its followers. I may conclude by saying that depth psychology itself is a myth which has not yet lost the character of numinosity, and which for that reason is perhaps the highest form of religious and living myth in existence. At any rate, it is (at least) the latest, if not the last form of man's expression of his relatedness to the cosmos.

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\*"There is no salvation outside the Church."



# THE TWO CULTURES

RAY NELSON

FOREWORD: . The book reviewed in this article is THE TWO CULTURES: AND A SECOND LOOK, by C.P. Snow, Mentor Books, 1964; from a lecture delivered in May 1959. According to the back cover, Snow "is an outstanding novelist, author of THE AFFAIR, THE CONSCIENCE OF THE RICH...He is also a first rate scientist". In this lecture and book, Snow discusses the growing chasm between the technologically-oriented intellectual and what he calls the "literary intellectual"; he sketches possible reasons for the development of these "two cultures", tells why he feels that this separation is an intellectual impoverishment of our society, and urges creative people, especially the literary intellectual, to cooperate in bridging the gap. (See Mayhem House for Snow's reason -- and mine -- for thinking it's the literary intellectual who needs convincing.)

—Felice Rolfe

C.P. Snow is not an objective observer. He is a religious fanatic of scientism who thinks he is an objective observer. He feels that there is a vast gap between the world-view of the modern scientist and the modern literary intellectual, and he is right, of course, but only other scientists will agree with his means of bridging this gap. The solution, he seems to feel, is for the literary intellectuals to stop acting so silly and swallow the scientific world-view whole.

And quick!

And why all the hurry? Because, he says, the Poor of the world demand it. "Most people," he says on page 74, "whenever they are being given the chance, are rushing into the scientific revolution." To him this is such a self-evident fact that anyone who doesn't accept it must be either a boob or a monster or both.

The only trouble is that this self-evident fact just ain't so. In the Russia he so admires it was necessary to slaughter the poor people (Kullocks in particular) by the thousands in order to get them to accept this scientific revolution. If this revolution is so wholeheartedly longed-for by the poor, why is it necessary to shove it down their throats with bayonets?

Actually, it has often been the case that primitive peoples who were given any choice in the matter, such as our American Indians and Europe's Lapps, have resolutely turned their backs on our much-vaunted "scientific revolution" and continued to follow the ways of their fathers.

Even in our own country, the industrial scientific revolution was bought at the price of mass slaughter of the people who, according to Snow, are most likely to benefit from it. As documentation for this, I could cite almost any history of the period, but especially recommend a recent history of the IWW.

C.P. Snow, in passing, tells us something about the world-view of these scientists we all, he says, should listen so carefully to. It is a rather chilling picture for anyone outside the scientific fold, including, as it does, next to no literature or art, except for music and color photography. (These two arts are included, I suspect, largely because they both involve expensive and complex scientific hardware, like hi-fi sets and developing rooms,



which the scientist can clutch like a security blanket if he feels he's getting too "dangerously subjective".) Most chilling of all, to anyone who supports the Free Speech Movement, is the passage on pp. 62-63 where Snow says that the overwhelming majority of scientists believe, almost as an automatic reflex, that "research was the primary function of a university". Clark Kerr ((Chancellor of the University of California — FR)) would, no doubt, hasten to agree, particularly since that's where the big money is. "This attitude is automatic" says Snow; "It is part of their culture."

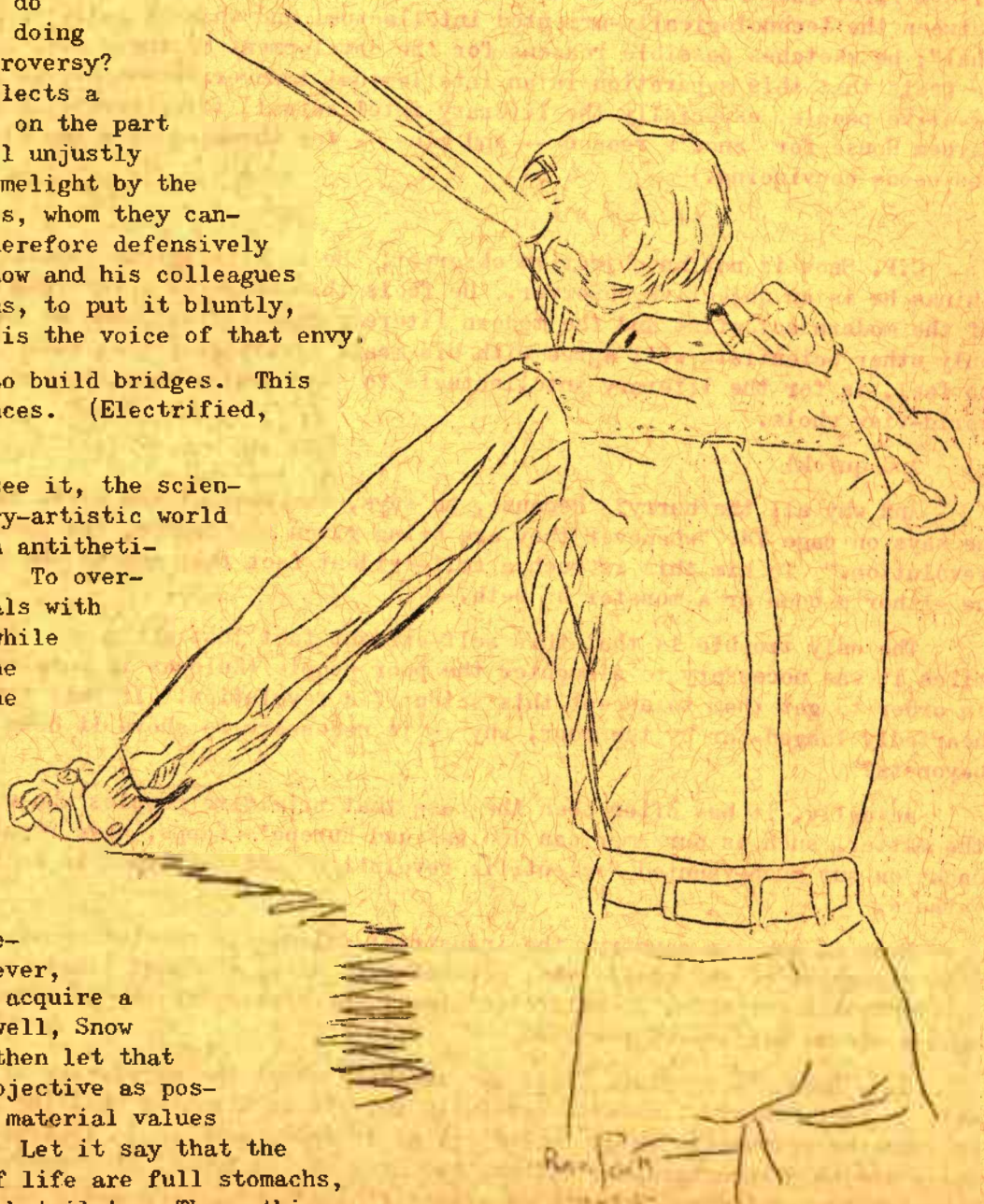
He then goes on to specify an attitude which is supposed to be equally typical of the literary intellectual. "Not the slightest censorship of the printed word is, under any circumstances, permissible." It is clear from his snide reference to how literary intellectuals have, as he puts it, "got their way," that this is an attitude he himself certainly doesn't share. He leaves little doubt in one's mind as to which side he and his fellow scientists would be on in such a conflict as the Free Speech controversy, and all I can say is, I certainly hope he's wrong but I rather suspect he's right about the minds of his friends from the labs.

Actually, it seems to me that THE TWO CULTURES is nothing more nor less than a vigorous attack on the literary intellectual world in the guise of a plea for understanding.

Now, why does he do this, and why has his doing it raised such a controversy? I think he simply reflects a widespread resentment on the part of scientists who feel unjustly elbowed out of the limelight by the literary intellectuals, whom they cannot understand and therefore defensively regard as frauds. Snow and his colleagues are just plain jealous, to put it bluntly, and THE TWO CULTURES is the voice of that envy.

This is no way to build bridges. This is a way to build fences. (Electrified, of course.)

Actually, as I see it, the scientific and the literary-artistic world views are not so much antithetical as complementary. To oversimplify, science deals with the objective world while the arts deal with the subjective world. The world of science excludes from consideration questions of value, of good-and-bad, while the arts deal with these questions before all else. In order to become a religion, however, science must somehow acquire a value system. Very well, Snow seems to be saying, then let that value system be as objective as possible. Let it place material values ahead of all others. Let it say that the first requirements of life are full stomachs, good doctors and flush toilets. These things





can be weighed and measured and are therefore real. Faith, detachment, a tragic sense of life... even a sense of the absurd cannot be weighed and measured. Therefore they come last.

It is true that the religion of scientism will probably dominate our age, as Snow says, but not because it is so passionately longed-for by the poor, but because science places in the hands of those who use it the means to impose it on others by force, whether those others like it or not.

In the heat of his polemic, Snow seems to forget that the great religions of the world originated in the impoverished east, and that it is these religions, unscientific as they may be, that the poor people of the world embrace, not scientism. Scientism is always and everywhere imposed on them from above. It's saints, not scientists, that they love.

Snow formulates what he regards as the fundamental themes of modern art and literature. "Rejection of narrative objectivity, dissolution of the personality; ahistory; a static view of the human condition." I wouldn't make the same list, but I would say that a good argument could be made for all these themes.

For me, the fundamental theme of modern literature is the absurd, beginning with Alfred Jarry and coming down to the latest "Pop Art" and "Theatre of the Absurd". The modern artists' quarrel with the scientist is mainly with his excessively serious and constructive attitude. The scientist is a figure of fun to the artist or literary intellectual simply because the scientist, having excluded (as much as possible) the subjective from his world, is unaware of how silly he is.

The literary intellectual is only too painfully aware of his own absurdity, whether he reacts to it with the glee of a Jarry or the nausea of a Sartre, and to him the pompous posturing of the scientist can hardly seem otherwise than the antics of a Dr. Faustrol or a Father Ubu come to life.

We are all playing games. None of us really has the ultimate truth, but the C.P. Snows of the world like to forget this as best they can. There's nothing absurd about creating a weapon that can finish off the whole human race, then handing it over to the politicians and generals like a moronic big brother handing sharp knives to a baby to play with. Certainly not! And nothing absurd about inventing rockets for Hitler and then, when Hitler manages to lose anyway, going over to the other side and inventing rockets for the Americans. Heaven forbid! And who could possibly question a research project into human motivations financed by an advertising agency? And isn't the wholesale creation of a class of chronic unemployed by the advent of automation just the most wonderful thing that was ever done for the poor? Of course it is! And isn't it comforting to know how much progress there has been of late in the techniques of brainwashing? And germ warfare?

This is indeed the heroic age of science, as Snow says. With luck, we may actually survive it.

--Ray Nelson





# KEEPINGISM

In answer to your suggestion that I discuss the sociological and other ideas behind The Bird of Time:

First, let me say that Bird is part of a much larger canvas starting with Lords of Atlantis (the cover of NIEKAS 12 makes a wonderful illustration for that one), including Outposts in Space and The Time Lockers and ending (chronologically, that is) with The Memory Bank. Right now I'm filling in a gap in the series by expanding "Glimpse of the Moon" (June Analog) into a book. (Another piece is upcoming in Magazine of Horror, Lowndes tells me.)

In all of these stories I simply create characters whom I like, turn them loose to do what comes naturally, and grind away at two axes:

- 1: Conquest is always a losing proposition in the long run. No nation (as distinguished from a few of its grasping citizens) has, or ever will make & keep so much as a thin dime by bending another nation to its will, even for "their own good."
- 2: Such endlessly repeated, nonsensical attempts at "Keepingism", as John Campbell calls our mania, is draining the United States and, in fact, the earth, of its irreplaceable raw materials. Iron, copper (silver from coins is now being substituted for that metal), petroleum, topsoil, and even our supplies of fresh air and clean water are going down the drain at a great rate. This has got to stop, and quick!

I wonder how many of my readers "get" my underlying themes. (Horace Gold did. Years ago he told me to "get off my soapbox" if I wanted to get into Galaxy.) On the other hand, Avram Davidson classified my books as juveniles while Walt Disney said they were "too adult" to be filmed for the juvenile audience to which he caters. Wurah! Wurah!

Nowadays, as we turn into a goldplated have-not nation, people are beginning to catch on to what's happening. I spend almost my full time these days working on air and water pollution abatement problems, and find little opportunity for SF writing. Among other things I've written articles on "Conserving Our Waters" and "Clearing the Air" published by the Committee of Public Affairs of the American Petroleum Institute.

Sincerely,

Wallace West



# SF AROUND THE WORLD

## ITALY REVISITED

RICCARDO VALLA

Dear Mrs. Rolfe: I was delighted at seeing in print that rough article of mine (and I should add 'translated' -- hope that my English has improved since then), and I saw in the further NIEKAI some interesting LoCs to which I would like to reply, although commenting on the comments is a thing near to a chain reaction.

First comes Mr. Leiber. The Italian SF Book Club is a 'captive creature' (as Blish did say with regard to the U.S. SFBC) of the publishing group that formerly was publishing the Italian edition of GALAXY magazine (the U.S. edition goes on with saying that Galaxy is still translated into Italian, but this is far from right: Mondadori has got the rights of the three Pohl mags, his choice mostly falls on items from IF and WoT, though). The group of the Italian SFBC has raised both the mistrust and the boredom of the more active fen here owing to their editorial policy. They seem to be looking for giving a political aim to any crack-pot ideas and are very prone to any idea that could be retained as an idea of the left political wing (their forerunner is Roberta Raubelli; who never did hide her sympathy for left-wing parties and that her aim is to show that SF is a left-winged kind of literature). The utterly annoying thing is that writers are managed like puppets; usually charged of being retriive ((can anyone out there translate that? --FR)) anytime another SF-publishing firm has issued a sought-after book, gifted of being up-to-date and "progressive" when the group of the SFBC is issuing a work by them. For instance: when this group saw published STARSHIP TROOPERS by Mondadori, they did say that they had refused it because it's a Nazi novel. After two years, the SFBC could get STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, they said that Heinlein had changed his mind and had written a Kennedian novel. These latest months FARNIAN'S FREEMOLD has been published in an anthology by Mondadori, and in SFBC's reviews Heinlein is labelled as a Negro-hater Nazi-Goldwaterian.

Don't let Mr. Leiber be too proud of his Italian translations for he also underwent some mis-introductions in the foreward of the paperback GATHER, DARKNESS!, where it was said that THE BIG TIME is a worthless yarn. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the hero is a Deutsch a Deutsch official is unbelievable to our "progressive" editors, in their opinion Deutschmen and Nazis are the same. These statements are only opinions, of course, but they are presented as though they were facts or opinions commonly held in the U.S.; not a single time did the editors take the care of saying which is a guess, which an opinion of theirs.

Owing to some forewords quite personal and fanciful, many a fan here believes Blish to be a retriive Catholical, Heinlein a shimsical banner-changer, Pohl to have been the teacher of Gold ((water? --FR)) and Charbonneau to be a lot of writer.

\*If that's misspelled, it's my fault. --FR



I beg pardon for not having listed the yarns quoted by Mr. Leiber; they were issued in early 1964 and the article was listing yarns from December '64 through summer 1965. The Italian SFBC has indeed published many good yarns, but the opinionable editorials, the price (about \$3.50, perhaps the dearest SFBC in the world), the hack translations (sometimes abridged; most of the stuff against the Church was left off STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND), and the snobbish policy with regard to fandom made things so tense that hardly you could find an Italian fan magazine without some charges against SFBC and SFBC-ers.

Dr. Dupla says that he has got the first 112 issues of our collection URANIA and that he quit buying it because it was running awful French items. That's right. The best issues were the first fifty-odd ones; yarns like DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, DARKER THAN YOU THINK, THE PUPPET MASTERS, THE LEGION OF SPACE, SLAN, THE DREAMING JEWELS, TIME AND AGAIN. An odd thing is that in the forecasts for 1953, GATHER, DARKNESS had been scheduled, and never published until now, by another editor. With issue 50, URANIA started publishing juveniles: Vance's VANDALS OF THE VOID, Clarke's ISLANDS IN THE SKY and yarns from the famed French collection FLEURE NOIRE. Some French yarns were quite readable. CEUX DE NULLE PART, by Francis Carsac, was a good action novel, with a good portrayal of alien races and some mythos-making images. It was concerned with a struggle of the humanoid races against the Mislik, whose life originated by electric conduction in supercooled metals and who were extinguishing suns to cool planets. LA DIXIEME PLANETE by C.H. Badet was also good, concerned with the story of a rogue who lands on a tenth planet, Earth-like and haunted by men, where rules a technocracy. There are some bursts of good-humored satire about our habits and the remarkable idea of puppets to be used as sexual mates, treated in a very laughable vein. LA TENTATION COSMIQUE was also good; in it a scientist who discovers how to get para-physical powers is deeply involved in the underworld and finally finds his balance in doing good and leaving off his "superman" aims. Here there is a strong portrayal of a character's drama and it's a good piece "mature" SF, not limited to the usual appeals of SF but on a far more "literate" level.

Just during that period, began to appear the works of the most interesting French authors, the team Charles and Nathalie Henneberg. Charles Henneberg has passed on since then (in a car-crash, I'm told) and his wife is still writing, although, in my opinion, with lesser results. The first book by the Hennebergs was LA NAISSANCE DES DIEUX. It's not a novel, it's an epic, a rather Wagnerian epic, where characters are ideas rendered incarnate, symbolizing the trends that have been called "human constants". In a few strong acts we guess an entire culture of the future and its fall. A civilization deeply divided into classes, whose rulers are the Technocrats, whose life is devoted to speculation, and Astronauts, devoted to action and adventure and to provide emotions to the lower classes. The only survivors are a Technocrat (Sibelius), an Astronaut (Bruce Morgan) and the wicked Goetz, the last poet, deformed because his bottle had been contaminated during his foetal period of incubation. The three are marooned on another planet through a forgotten spaceship. The planet is uninhabited, there is only a kind of mist that, they soon are able to discover, can be turned by willing into animal forms. And Sibelius forms with the mist any higher form of life; the great mammals, the cave men; Morgan becomes their God of War and Hunting; Goetz conspires up all the old fears of men: every monster and demon that man has dreamed of during the ages. Mars, Diana, Jupiter, Prometheus, Helen of Troy and their mythos appear; this new setting of man returns on the tracks walked by our civilization. The ancient and doomed symbols revive until in a last struggle good wins and evil is defeated.

Although most of the appeal of this yarn results to be on a symbolic level and half-conscious, it's a magnificent and absorbing yarn.

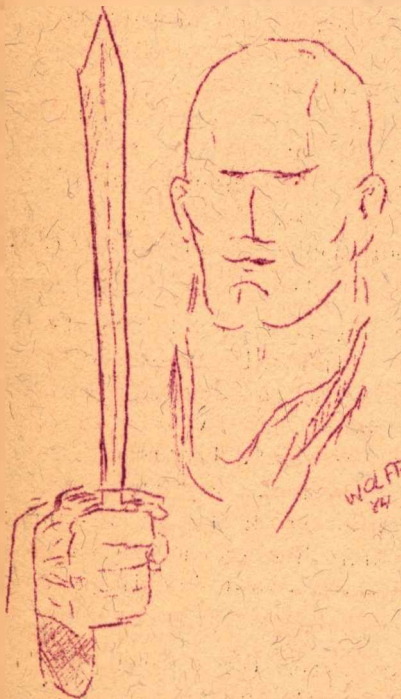
In the same period, URANIA was also publishing a few Italian yarns. A good offspring of writers has never been able to flourish here in Italy until a few years ago. This is due to the small amount of the running; a little number of copies in print cannot sustain the staff needed by a magazine and it's cheaper to buy translations. The first novel by an Italian writer to appear in a collection devoted to SF was L'ATLANTIDE SVELATA (THE DISCOVERY OF ATLANTIS) by Emilio Walesko, one of those historical mystery writers; it was soon followed by C'ERA UNA VOLTA UN PLANETA... (THERE WAS A PLANET, LONG AGO...) by Prof. Luigi Rapuzzi Johannis. This is concerned with an old hat; the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter consists of fragments of a fifth planet that was destroyed by the use of g-fields as



be careful, Earthman, lest you make another one. But the writer manages the stuff without falling into great mistakes and it sounds quite believable. L'ASTRO LEBBROSO (THE LEPROUS PLANET) was the third Italian yarn to be printed, by Franco Enna, a murder novel writer who occasionally writes some SF, with small results; this one is an unpalatable gathering of sillinesses and the other ones by him are no better, full as they are of third-rate sentimentalism.

Another yarn by an Italian is QUANDO ERO ABORIGENO (WHEN I WAS AN ADORIGINAL), a collection of two novelettes by L.R. Johannis. The first novelette is something of a follower to his novel C'ERA UNA VOLTA UN PLANETA: the few who escaped death in the blowup of the fifth planet set themselves on the desert of Gobi, with the help of some Martians "from Argyre". The other is a yarn about cave men, in the vein of ERB's THE ETERNAL LOVER, or perhaps of that part of London's THE STAR ROVER which is concerned with men of those early days.

After Dr. Dupla quit it, URANIA published a lot of trash, but among the mess there have been a few good novels by Italian and French writers. The most interesting Italian yarn was I FIGLI DELLA NUVOLE (SONS OF THE CLOUD) by Adriano Baracco. Sometimes reminiscent of Clark's THE CITY AND THE STARS, it tells about Alvin, a Venusian grown to become the ruler of his world, who has been taught all the powers of his race -- that is, of course, our race; Earthmen came from Venus long ago -- and who has some opportunities to help both Earth and Venus. There is good background on Venus and most of the emotions seem sincere, although the plot is a very old one indeed. While this one is worth a reading, the further work by Baracco, and most of the other works by Italians, who used to be published under exotic pen-names, are potboilers. Among the French production, we have been infasted by the worst (Bessiere, Limat, Guieu), but among them there have been some little pearls. A good novel was L'ENFANCE DES DIEUX by Christine Renard, a novel in the vein of her LA CHAINE ET LE COLLIER that damon knight reprinted in his anthology 13 FRENCH SF STORIES. Good novels were also two further yarns by the Hennebergs, LA ROSEE DU SOLEIL and AN PREMIERE, ETE SPACIALE, although they are less absorbing than LE NAISSANCE DES DIEUX. Henneberg is indeed a great stylist, something reminiscent, as pointed out by P.S. Miller, of Cordwainer Smith, although in Henneberg we cannot find a common background, as in Smith, that might relate his stories among themselves. It's a pity that they are limited to a small number of fen; they are indeed good and worth an English translation.



Returning to the LoCs, Archie Mercer is quite right when he is puzzled about what Italian pulps look like. I should have said that they are half magazines, half books, instead of saying that they are neither mags nor books. Like mags, they appear periodically, but most of them print only a novel, like books. Their category is puzzling.

With regard to the English Division of the Venetian Association, the Centro Culturale SF, the news had been given to me by Mr. Gian Paolo Cossato who those days was living in London (103, Philbeach Gardens, SWS.) At present perhaps Mr. Cossato is again in Italy; CCSF quit replying to my letters six months ago. Try and ask Francis Joseph Arnold. Perhaps Mrs. Doreen Parker of the BSFA may have heard about them.

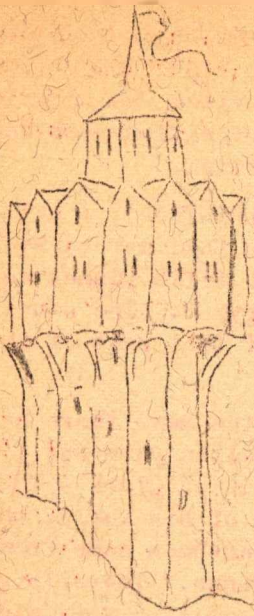
Terry Jeeves points out that our URANIA used to have covers re-drawn from the original editions. URANIA's cover artist has been "c-caesar", who, I'm told, was Deutsch and formerly an engineering designer and who was very prone to this vice. At present any cover is done by Karel Thole, a very talented artist and less prone to stick to models.

Did you notice that there has appeared a new fantasy book by Italo Calvino (THE NONEXISTENT KNIGHT, THE DIVIDED VISCOUNT, THE BARON IN THE TREES\*), with the title LE COSMICOMICHE, that is, THE COSMIC-COMICAL TALES. It's a collection of short stories, inspired by some scientific divulgation books. Nothing serious, but quite entertaining. Calvino says that it will appear in English.

---Riccardo Valla

\*These are the titles under which the books were published in English. ---FR





BEN SOLON:

# THE IVORY TOWER

A HORNBOOK FOR FANZINE REVIEWERS

or

THE POOR FAN'S GUIDE TO INDIGESTION

This article should have accompanied the first installment of IT; but I suppose this would be as good a time as any to set forth my philosophy of fanzine reviewing. Better late than not at all...

A good fanzine review column should be about two notches above a shopping list; it should do little more than give a prospective buyer an idea of what he's letting himself in for. I can think of few things more useless than a fanzine critic -- if I want to criticize, I can jolly well write a letter of comment. So could the Critics, but they're afraid the editor wouldn't print their Revelations and they'd miss their helping of egoboo.

Fanzines rate comprehensive reviewing if only because they're important enough to be created (whether or not they really are is immaterial; you and I evidently think they are or else I wouldn't be writing this and you wouldn't be reading it). But, obviously, a fanzine shouldn't be judged by the same standards one would apply to a novel by Robert Heinlein -- or even one by Robert Moore Williams. Fanzines should be judged in terms of other fanzines; but don't misunderstand me, judging fanzines on their own terms doesn't mean encouraging fuggheaded ideas, slovenly language, childish feuding or poor grammar. We have, in fandom, superior writers such as Warner and Willis, perceptive editors such as Bergeron, knowledgeable critics such as Breen and Lupoff, and humorists such as Berry and Tucker. These examples make it plain that there is a high enough standard within fandom for us to make judgements on our own terms. At the Ivory Tower, fanzines are judged by their own merit (or lack of it).

Completely unbiased reviews are probably impossible; and like everyone else, I have my prejudices...Fuggheadedness and verbosity will invariably be greeted with derision--I have nothing but contempt for the writer who won't call a spade a spade when he can call it an instrument for the implementation of terrestrial excavations. I do, however, try to be fairly non-committal; and when I comment on the worth of a fanzine's material, I attempt to differentiate between its worth to me and its possible worth to someone else. Nor am I overly concerned with reproduction; all I ask of a fanzine is that it be readable. Consequently, I won't mention a fanzine's reproduction unless it's far above the fannish norm, as in the case of TRUMPET or AMRA; or well below average as in the case of----- (fill in your own choice, if you really care).

And in case you're wondering why I don't use a numerical rating system (or even if you're not); it isn't because I have a guilt complex and want to be less bastardly than I am. It's just that I feel numerical ratings to be redundant. If I can't get my feelings about a fanzine across by using words then I'm wasting your time and mine as well.

Meanwhile, back at the salt mine...

AI #1 (Jim Keith, 2834 Santez Dr., Pomona, Calif. 91766, and Jim Schumacher, 418 Kenoak Dr., Pomona, Calif. 91766; monthly; 50¢ a year)

Not much here; this seems to be more of an announcement that the editors are going to publish a fanzine. What there is, isn't bad; but it isn't good enough to rave over, either. An article on "The Case Against Heroic Fantasy" makes some good points despite its one-page length. However, the author seems to think there's something wrong with reading fiction for the sake of entertainment. Well, maybe there is... but if that's the case, why do you read it? To



learn about \*L\*I\*F\*E? If you want to put down sword and sorcery (or any other genre of fiction) get yourself a stronger argument.

DOUBLE:BILL #13 (Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron, Ohio 44313; irregular; 30¢ ea., 4/\$1.00. British agent: Charles E. Smith, The School House, Village School, Culford, Nr. Bury St., Edmunds, Suffolk, England)

This is D:B's special fiction issue; but how can one have a "special fiction issue" when only 10 pages out of 52 are devoted to fiction? Not that I'm complaining or anything...The two short stories are poles apart, quality-wise: Joe Fekete's "The Box" isn't of professional calibre, but it's well above the fannish average. On the other hand, Charles E. Smith's "Autumn Leaves" is pseudo-Bradbury at its slushiest. Lewis Grant writes of the possible effects of birth control pills upon society; Lew's writing is competent, but he has more faith in human nature than I do if he thinks disgust at menstruation and fear of cancer will keep women "on" birth control pills. ((Maybe not that, but fear of getting pregnant will sure do it. —FR, certified woman)) How many people have given up cigarettes, despite the established link between smoking and lung cancer? Stephen Pickering manages to write a fairly straightforward (for him) review of TALES OF THE INCREDIBLE -- he doesn't really say anything, he just comes to his non-existent point with a minimum of verbosity...Lloyd Biggle criticizes poetry with an eye toward improving fan verse; and for those of you who like that sort of thing, Buck Coulson had four pages of fanzine reviews.

FANXIETY #1 (Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle, Garden Grove, Calif 92640; bimonthly; 25¢)

Those of you who bemoan the passing of crudzines should love FANXIETY; it has everything. Poor art, miserable reproduction, and written material which consists of attempts to be clever, witty and fannish at the expense of the English language. Norman Masters has a short story which is either some sort of ultimate parody or the worst example of fan fiction to come my way in a long time. If it's the former, it's overdone; if it's the latter, the editor should have known better. There is also a symposium on STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND...This could have been interesting if the participants knew anything about the "how" of writing criticism; but as it stands, it's a dismal failure. The only item worth reading, Rich Mann's review of a recent issue of RANCH ROMANCES, will irritate those people who think fanzines should be devoted exclusively to science fiction, but what the hell...

FEEMWLORT #4 (Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, Calif 94066; quarterly; 25¢, 4/\$1)

Hmmm...there must be a new fandom upon us...YANDRO's been featuring articles on mysteries and mystery writers recently, and now Greg brings out an issue of FEEMWLORT containing articles on Graham Green and John D. McDonald. Both articles are well written, although I disagree with Milt Stevens' belief that Graham Green is the world's greatest living author. Green is good, but not that good. Clint Bigglestone's article on McDonald's Travis McGee is probably the best item this. It's one of the few attempts at analyzing a fictional character I've seen that has something to say about how said character stacks up as a person. There is also a somewhat over-done column from Steve Barr; it's a good idea, but I think Robert Nathan milked that idea dry in "Digging the Weans".

<sup>2</sup> Vol. 5 #4 (Joe and Robbie Gibson, 5380 Sobrante, El Sobrante, Calif. 94803; monthly; 4/50¢, 8/\$1, 12/\$1.50. British agent; Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Knaresborough, Yorks. England)

Joe seems to have a knack for rubbing some of the more sensitive members of our microcosm the wrong way — all in fun, of course. All kinds of wild stuff this — from faan fiction to a running battle between the editor and the letterhacks. I should be able to say more about this mag, but I've been sitting here for five minutes with this sheet of paper and my brain equally blank...a blessing, no doubt.

THE GAMESLETTER Vol. 2 #5 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Maryland, 20906; monthly; free for interest)

The OO of the N3F Games Bureau. Mostly news of Bureau activities and listing of various Bureau sponsored publications (like Diplomacy bulletins). For games nuts and interested bystanders.



GRIMOIRE #1 (Dave Hall, 202 Taylor, Crystal City, Mo. 63109, and Jim Turner, 104A Cramer Hall, Pershing Group, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo. 65202; irregular; 20¢)

"GRIMOIRE", says Dave Hall, "is an illicit cross between ANRA and MATHOM". Maybe so, but GRIMOIRE is not an ANRA imitation, although the same aura of light-hearted scholarship is present. Thish features an article on the chronology of the Trojan War that brings to light some rather ~~interesting~~...For example, did you know that when Paris abducted Helen, her husband Menelaus got screwed? Hmmm...Menelaus got screwed? Well, I've always said the Greek myths were nothing but fairy tales...

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #s 5 & 6 (John Boston, 816 S. First St., Mayfield, Kentucky 42066; every 4 to 6 weeks; 4/25¢)

A bulletin of professional news and book reviews; SPECBUL is fast becoming the best place to get information about forthcoming sf books and associated items. Recommended.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #s 40 & 41 (Robert Franson, PO Box 1568, San Diego, Calif 92112; monthly; 15/\$2.00.)

Why anyone would bother to copyright SFR is beyond me. The quality of the reviewing has been somewhat improved, but not enough to justify the zin's continued existence...

#40 features the usual SFR stuff...In his review of Simak's ALL FLESH IS GRASS, Franson speaks of the book as being "quietly written"...Now there's a metaphor to reckon with!

#41 is better, as a long article by James H. Schmitz on his "Hub" series leaves little space for the reviews.

STARLING #7 (Hank Luttrell, Rt. 13, 2963 Barrett Station Rd., Kirkwood, Mo. 63122; quarterly; 25¢ ea., 4/\$1.00.)

Thish contains one of the most unusual items to come my way in many a moon: a conreport completely set to verse. The other material ranges from an article on "intellectual" sf which presents J.G. Ballard as one of the greatest writers of the century, to Joe Sanders' dissection of Bantam's Doc Savage books. There are also some mediocre reviews of old pulps and a fairly good column from Dave Hall.

THE COMPLEAT BASTARD (Ron Wilson, N. 3107 Normandie St., Spokane, Washington -- free for interest)

I don't know what I did to deserve a copy of Wilson't Cult-zine, but... Surprisingly, TCB is intelligible to an outsider -- Wilson makes some particularly acid commentary on the James Wright-NBF fracas of not too long ago. Wright, if you remember, was practically run out of the NBF on a rail when he casually announced he was an active member of the Communist Party; and apparently he was dropped from the Cult waiting list as well. As it turned out, Wright wasn't a commie; but someone hollered "Cop!" and the FBI paid a visit to Wright's parents with the result that he's no longer an active fan. Ron feels someone who would libel himself as Wright did, would have few qualms about libeling someone else if the mood so struck him. I can't say as I agree with Wilson 100% on this; while I agree that Wright's actions were childish, the antics of the NBF Directorate were far more childish than anything Little Gimmie Wright said or did. Aside from the Wright business, the material is quite well done; something called "The Compleat Bastard's Questionary" provided me with considerable amusement (and if you must know, I got a score of 5 -- "typical bastard". So there.) There are also a couple of short stories and a book review by Steve Barr, all three of which seem somewhat out of place in an apa zine.

TRUMPET #3 (Tom Reamy, 1709 Debbie Dr., Plano, Texas 75074; irregular; 50¢ ea., 5/\$2.00. British agent: Desmond Squire, 24 Riggindale Rd., London SW 16, England)

TRUMPET #3 is probably the best single fanzine to appear so far this year; and the most improved one as well. There's an excellent ERB satire by someone named Greg Gabbard. A note at the bottom of the page informs me that "Salvarzan of the Apes" was ~~reprinted~~ reprinted from the TEXAS RANGER...THE TEXAS RANGER? That certainly is a wonderful thing. There's also an utterly pointless article by Ray Bradbury on his Pandemonium Theater Co. (Well, not utterly pointless; after all, Bradbury is a Big Name...) Ray Nelson contributes a mildly amusing item called "Zen and the Art of Cooking". Of special interest is Kent Noomaw's "The Broken



Blade"; it's a pretty general rule that fanzine review columns (including this one) are pretty much the dregs of fannish talent, yet such was Moomaw's ability that even after eight years, "The Broken Blade" is completely readable. If you have a long memory for trivia, you'll remember the last time I reviewed TRUMPET, I was rather hard on Andy Offutt's column therein...the current installment is something else again. For one thing, Andy manages to say something; and for another, he attacks one of my pet peeves: those godawful Italian beefcake epics. Reamy reviews films, and Alex Eisenstein ~~attacks~~ criticizes fanzines. And despite his habit of flying off on a tangent and being overly sensitive about artwork (only natural from an artist), Alex's reviews are well written and critically sound. There's also a WesterCon report, but the less said about that, the better...Not that I'm against con reports per se, it's just that I'm not especially interested in what Reamy did before and after the con.

YANDRO #s 152, 153 & 154 (The Coulsons, Rt. 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348; monthly; 30¢ ea., 4/\$1.00, 12/\$2.50. British agent; Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England)

#152 is one of the few recent issues of YANDRO that has left me less than happy. Banks Mebane's article on "England's Deadly Ladies" (the female practitioners of the "classic"-type mystery as opposed to the blood-and-guts Chandler/Hammett-type mystery) is about the only thing worth reading -- even Buck's book and fanzine reviews lack their usual zing. There's an overdone Feghoot by Lewis Grant ((Do you suppose he's been reading NIEKAS? --FR)) and pointless reviews of Andre Norton's THREE AGAINST THE WITCH WORLD by Richie Benyo -- I'd say more about it, but I fear my stomach would revolt...I mean, writing like, "And in that land, they discover peace -- for a price! And the price is an all-out war against the evils of untold magnitude that have smouldered and bred for eons and eons of time and change-until now they are beyond recognition." is from nowhere. Ugh!

#153 is an improvement. If you'll recall, in YANDRO #150, Ted White made some rather (rather? I'm being kind...) cutting remarks about Ace Books' policies toward writers -- in fact he pulled out all the stops...Anyway, Bob Tucker has taken Ted's tale of woe and turned it into one of the wildest parodies I've ever read...thus demonstrating the perils of taking yourself too seriously. On a more serious note, Ed Gorman writes of his own experiences with editors...Ed gets his point across loud and clear: beginning professionals can't afford to be touchy over minor-points -- especially if writing is their sole support.

#154 is mostly odds and ends -- I guess Buck's files are running low...There's a fannish article by John Berry on a meeting with Robert Bloch, but the usual Berry wit is sadly absent. The other material is somewhat better: Stephen Pickering reviews KING KONG; and for once he manages to say something. I don't agree with his conclusion -- I think the book is almost as bad as the movie -- but at least Pickering has finally come down from his Ivory Tower and stopped writing purple prose. There's also some thoughts on the Hugos by Bill Bowers, an article on space stamps and the usual reviews and editorials.

ZENITH SPECULATION #s 10 & 11 (Peter Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, England; quarterly; 30¢ ea., 5/\$1.00. US agent, Al Lewis, 4600 Caster Ave. #D, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91405)

#10 features an evaluation of Christopher Anvil by the editor; it is quite well done, but, personally, I don't think Anvil's worth all that trouble. An article by J.P. Patrizio puts forward the thesis that humor is unsuited to science fiction...maybe so, but hasn't he ever heard of L. Sprague de Camp? As usual, the best thing about ZENITH is the lettercol. This time, we have NEW WORLDS editor Mike Moorcock\*saying: "To me, the difference between a writer like Aldiss and a writer like Anderson is the difference between good drama and bad melodrama." And I've been wondering why the British sf mags have produced so few readable stories since Nova went broke... #11 contained the second installment of Weston's evaluation of Christopher Anvil, a dissection of Ballard's DROWNED WORLD by J.P. Patrizio and a short article by John Brunner on his THE WHOLE MAN (TELEPATHIST on the other side of the pond). There are also book reviews by Archie and Beryl Mercer, but they are so vague as to be almost useless. The letter column isn't as good this time. Cover art is lovely; interior work leaves something to be desired.

--Ben Solon

\*Incidentally, most of the British mags (and many back issues of everything) can be gotten from J. Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Road, Berkeley, California.





F.S.C., by Con Sellers (Novel Books, 1963), and ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE, Dave Wallis (Bantam, '65)

From Noah to the Big Bomb, the destruction and/or the rebuilding of civilization has been a staple theme of literature. Utopias and anti-Utopias abound from left to right field. The Superman theme is a constant.

Nelson Algren remarked that had Orwell thought more about Tarzan and less about Stalin, he would have turned out F.S.C. This tale by Con Sellers takes up the story of Jon, the bronze giant, reared away from the corrupting bureaucracy of the great city-states. This idea, an amalgam of left and right persuasions for the greater good of a functioning society, is left unexplored. An Orwellian touch is needed here.

But anyway, into this maze stalks our Conan-like hero in search of a mate. Yes. Mayhem ensues as his free-wheeling individualism collides head on (crack) with the police guards of the Genetic Control Board. Lustful, endowed lady senators (gasp) fancy him. He is drugged, surrounded by all the houris of the male imagination, but like Lord Greystoke, preserves his virginity through it all. For the right one. Of which there is one.

No Federal Sex Commission controls the lads and lassies of ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE. The English from W. L. George's CHILDREN OF THE MORNING to LORD OF THE FLIES love these romps of childhood. This time there is no coming home -- the adults commit suicide. Period. Dave Wallis weaves a literate fable, of good characterization, without the tediousness of Sellers' slam-band action.

The kids play it cool in a materially disintegrating world. Being "cool" is to believe in nothing; do not get involved emotionally; adults have had it (and look at it). The end result



is alienation and non-communication, non-participation.

Book one sets the scene. The second part recounts the raid on the castle of a rival gang for those who want action. Castles being those perfect fortresses, the Cinema. The best section is the last, "Northern Spring", recounting the flight of the gangs from plague-ridden cities to the newly-emerging outer world.

Like THE CLOCKWORK ORANGE it ends on a note of hope. The children will survive. One gets the feeling from Burgess' book, do they have to? The kids in ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE do.

--Lester Anderson

We have another review of ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE (Bantam #H3029, 60¢, says Steve). It doesn't repeat Les' review, but augments it; so here it is. --FR

Steve Perrin:

British writers have a habit of destroying worlds, or at least human populations, each time from another angle. This time everyone over the age of twenty "does it" (i.e., commits suicide), and would seem to take every sane younger person with them. Only the "Lovers", strangely without the accoutrements of the feuding "Mods" and "Rockers" of the English teen scene, stay alive, by staying cool in a materially disintegrating world. By the end of Book One, the kids are in control. Book Two deals with battles for survival in the decaying world of London, a battle doomed to failure for all participants -- since by not being involved, the kids have no idea of how to maintain the adult world. Book Three takes them into the country, to devolve from gang to the basic family/tribe and, for the leader of the gang, to the leadership of the new civilization.

Characters are built up to be dropped again (Julia the practical whore is a case in point, as is her boyfriend Robert, the stuttering scout she makes a man of), and the author has an unfortunate way with descriptions. Our heroes are coming home to the girls with a wild ram they've run down and killed after a day-long chase. The girls have managed to make some bread, and the reader is weary with the boys and exultant with the girls and his mouth is watering and all of a sudden the author describes the loaves of bread as, "...swelling and firm like the buttocks of women". Gastronomic ecstasy becomes a rather sick semi-voyeurism.

Still, it comes short of Wyndham, Maine, and McIntosh, but not by much. It's been compared to LORD OF THE FLIES and CLOCKWORK ORANGE, neither of which I've read. It passes time, reads well, but you've been there before.

--Steve Perrin

AND A TERRY OTELLALL REVIEW FROM BRUCE ROBBINS:

There's an sf reference item that's not been at all adequately publicized, either in this country or its country of origin. You could consider this paragraph a review of the book and put it with your regular book review section, or in the letter column, or just forget it, as I have absolutely no idea where one can get a copy of the TRANSGALAXIS KATALOG, compiled and published by one Heinz Bingenheimer, now deceased. (Also, the fan who supplied me with a copy has died too.) This unpretentious softbound volume (20x15, 174 pp) is, to my knowledge, the first and only attempt to list all the sf and fantastic literature published in Germany up to 1960 -- the German equivalent of Bleiler's CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE. Bingenheimer's listing differs in nature from Bleiler's in that the majority of listings are merely the translations of American, British, French and other foreign sf. The German and original titles are given, but bibliographic detail (which is far more complete than that which Bleiler, or I, give) is given about the German edition only. The earliest entry is that of a book published in 1460. The book is labeled as being merely Vol. 1 -- it was intended to issue supplements every five years (1965, 1970, etc.) mainly to list the five years' accumulation of entries, but also to make any additions missed in previous volumes. As I understand from the fan who supplied me with the first volume, who wrote letters entirely in German, which I understood 90% of the time, Bingenheimer died before the 1965 supplement got off the ground. While I have no idea where one can get copies, they undoubtedly exist -- the first printing (and I assume the only one) was of 5,000 copies. I'd try to find a supplier of the book if



I had the time for the correspondence and the slow and careful composition of letters in German. For those with the time and desire, any German fan could probably pass along names and addresses to get you started on the hunt -- any book dealers in the audience?

--Bruce Robbins

LORD KALVAN OF OTHERWHEN, H. Beam Piper, Ace Books, 1965; 192 pp.

Jerry Pournelle

Despite the Tolkien bit, I do read Ace Books. I passed up giving a set of the Tolkien books to our priest this Epiphany((! --FR)) because I couldn't find the Ballantine edition in time, and I won't buy the Ace Tolkien, but I can't really quit buying Ace altogether.

This book has an interesting history and an interesting paradox. The first third of the book was published in Analog before Piper's death. The second third came out in Analog with the teaser "H. Beam Piper's last science fiction story." Query: who wrote the final third?

The answer, of course, is that Beam wrote it. If he didn't, somebody has done a very good job of copying his style, and worked from Beam's own notes; and the book has been out since last Spring that I know of. He would have had to write pretty fast.

I know, in any event, that the book ends as Beam once told me the story was supposed to end. One of the last letters I had from him mentioned a couple of incidents which take place in this mysterious final third. That, plus the style, makes me think that Campbell has either set things up so that he can "discover" one really final Piper yar, or else he was just taking a lot of license with his editing.\*

I am assuming that everybody has read the "Gunpowder God" and sequel which appeared in Analog, and knows the drift of the story. A Penn State trooper -- a character Beam would have known quite a lot about, having been one himself at one time -- gets caught up in a Paratime conveyor and lands in Otherwhen, Fourth Level, Aryan-Transpacific Sector, Styphon's House Subsector, to be exact. There follows a blood and guts yarn of the kind Beam loved to write -- and read -- and like all of Beam's stories, the characters are believable, the plot is consistent (it may be corny, but it's very good Grade A corn), and the military strategy and tactics quite well worked out. If you like adventure stories, you ought to read the whole book. I know Beam had fun writing it, and them what likes his kind of stuff will have fun reading it.

On the subject of Beam Piper, this may be the last of his science fiction stories; but somewhere among his effects there must be a nearly finished lulu of a historical novel. The setting is 1502, Spain and France, with the scene of action mostly taking place in Naples, where the two Houses are battling over who gets what out of the disintegrating Neapolitan kingdom. As Beam puts it, "King Ferdinand (Spain) is a smart crook, and King Louis XII is a stupid one. Louis' commander, Gonsalo de Cordoba, thinks the purpose of war is the destruction of the enemy's armed force. In addition, the Spaniards have a new and terrible weapon, so dreadful as to make war unthinkable; it is called the arquebus.... Figure it out for yourself from there."

Well, I figured it out for myself, and I think it ought to be one whale of a tale. Somebody ought to take Beam's material and finish that book. Poul Anderson would be my nominee for the job. I know Beam was writing it, and I haven't seen it published; I sure would like to read it. From the letters I have, I got the impression that it was well over half done in 1964.

--Jerry Pournelle

\*Maybe he made an honest mistake? --FR



SCIENCE FICTION TITLE CHANGES, Michael Viggiano and Donald Franson, National Fantasy Fan Federation, 1965, 47 pp., 13.8 cm x 21.5 cm., \$3.00, offset.

This excellent little pamphlet can be obtained from Donald Franson, 6534 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, California, 91606; additions and corrections should also be sent to him.

This is a listing of title changes of books and stories in the field of science fiction/fantasy. Listing is by title alone. It fills a very bad bibliographic gap. Mr. Franson's unpretentious three-page forward very properly credits some of the previous workers in this neglected field and clearly outlines what this effort is intended to do and what it does not do.

Ace Books\* although not the only ones, have been particularly bad in trying to disguise previous publication by using words like "First Book Publication", "Complete Novel", and "Complete and Unabridged" in microscopic type on the covers. They have not been scrupulous in keeping these terms separate. As Franson points out, it wouldn't hurt anyone to indicate the original publication source on the copyright page. It would aid the bibliographer immensely and the loss in sales would be trivial.

I have not previously gone into a big song and dance over the errors to be found in the reference material I have reviewed for fear that even a minor chiding would prevent the purchase of a worthwhile work. All who labor in this field know that error is a constant companion.

I myself contributed to one error among others in this work. "The Air Trust" by George Allan England is not the same as his "Empire of the Air", even though I so indicated in my article about Famous Fantastic Mysteries in a 1963 YANDRO. A correction was made in a later issue, but evidently was missed by the eagle eyes of Franson and Viggiano.

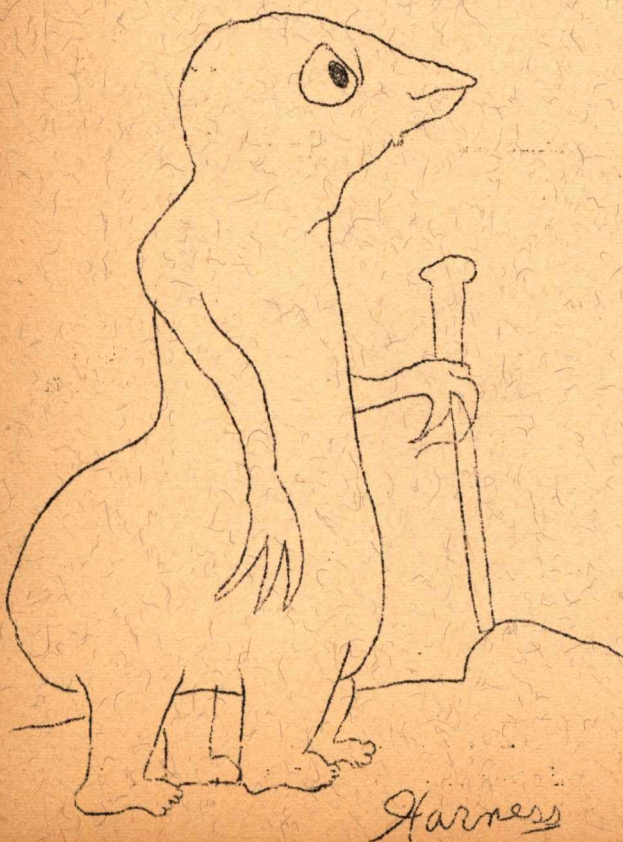
A few omissions which the reader might want to pencil in:

"Ultimatum in 2050 A.D." by Jack Sharkey is the same as his "The Programmed People" in Amazing Stories, June and July 1963

"Lords of the Psychon" by Daniel F. Galouye, see "The City of Force" in Galaxy Apr. '59

"Rithian Terror" by Damon Knight, see "Double Meaning", Startling Stories Jan. '53

"The Space Time Juggler" by John Brunner; same as "The Wanton of Argus" by Kilian Houston Brunner in Two Complete Science-Adventure Books #9, Summer 1953



There are others, but the suggestion is made that the reader purchase this pamphlet and try his own memory and skill. The compilers have done a truly beautiful job. Future editions will take care of present errors and omissions if all concerned will contribute just a small portion of their time to this valuable task.

This is the best reference buy of recent years, and easily worth triple the price.

--Ed Wood

Just a reminder, folks, as they say in radio commercials -- we're always happy (to put it mildly) to receive reviews, and even comments, for this department.

--Felice

\*This seems like a good place to state unequivocally that NIEKAS is not on a "get Ace" campaign. We don't "get" anybody. It isn't Us.



THE WATCH BELOW, James white, Ballantine Books

With such novel/collections as HOSPITAL STATION, STAR JUNGLE, and DEADLY DUTY, James white has shown himself a master of environment and alien psychology. In this new novel, he takes two situations of survival, undersea and in space, and manages to weave them into a morality tale of understanding.

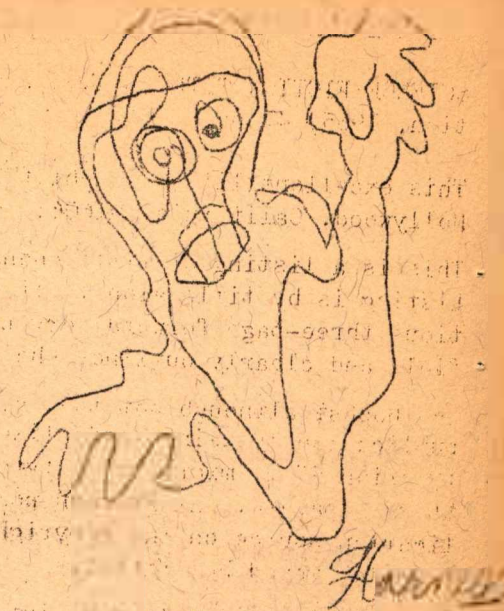
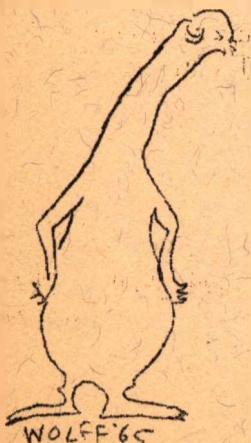
In 1942, a tanker is sunk in the mid-Atlantic. In its hold two burned and battered nurses, a doctor, the first officer, Dickson, and the First Mate, Wallis, survive. (It's an experimental ship, with a duplicated crew of Merchant Marine and Royal Navy personnell, and a mixed cargo instead of fuel.) In space, the representative population of a planet of water breathers is taking the cold sleep route to a new home, from a world being broiled slowly but surely by a flaring sun. But their crew discovers they cannot take the periodic sleeps they'd intended, waking up every few years to make course corrections, for the cold-sleep process cumulatively destroys brain cells. All they can do is set up a generation ship (a la Orphans of the Sky) and hope their descendants will retain enough knowledge to wake the alternate crew for the landing on the planet they've chosen for a new home.

Meantime, the five people in the hold of the tanker manage to survive. The hulk grounds off the Spanish shore, bean plants in the hold provide oxygen, and the stores are good for generations, so generation survive. For survival of the intellect, they devise The Game, in which they tell every tale they've read, and rack their brains for memories of more. In this manner, they build eidetic memories by the time the originals die of pneumonia, and their descendants continue the Game, despite long disputes over the reality of the stories and technical treatises. Among those things remembered are Grey Lensman, with its fearsome looking and gentle-acting aliens, and the aforementioned Orphans of the Sky. Also included are psychology texts, Shakespeare, and all the rest five intelligent people could be expected to have read.

The final upshot of the story should be obvious by now, but you won't be disappointed by being right. White is speedily turning into a master writer, and his aliens and people are well drawn and alive. Buy it.

--Steve Perrin

--typing and typos by Steve Perrin--





# GINČAS

## JOHN BOARDMAN & THE GNOSTICS

RAY NELSON

I almost didn't illustrate the article\* you sent me because I found that in those fields in which I have some special knowledge, it is grossly inaccurate. It is in those places where he deals with the Gnostics and the Cathars that he goes completely off the deep end. I hope this letter will give good documentary evidence of the falseness of John Boardman's interpretation of Gnostic ideas, particularly his oversimplification of their dualism into one of good vs. evil. The secondary God, Jehovah, was not regarded as evil, as my reading of the original documents will prove, but only as lower than the Lord of Light, the God of Spirit. Moreover, the idea that Catholicism is a "simple and straightforward doctrine" is absurd, as even a casual reading of the first century controversy will show. Actually, I am of the opinion that Catholicism is a corruption of early Christianity resulting from attempts to reconcile it with Judaism and various other cults of the time, and that true Christianity comes down to us today through the so-called "secret societies" John takes so lightly.

The reason these societies have been secret is simple. The Catholic Church exterminated as heretics all those who would not bend the knee to the Pope. However, there was nothing secret about the Albigensians where they were permitted, for a while, to live in peace. Security was the only defense the Cathars could permit themselves, since they were forbidden by their religion from fighting, even in self-defense.

To link, as John does, the Albigensians with the witch-cults and fertility cults is, I think, unjustifiable.

Magic is something the Albigensians and related groups would simply have no use for. Magic aims for effects in this world, and the Albigensians were interested mainly in the next, holding that the God of the material universe holds sway here, and that the primary God, the God of Spirit, has no power here, except to illuminate the spirit within us all.

And fertility cults? What on earth could a religion that aimed at liberation from the flesh have to do with fertility cults? For the perfects, sexual intercourse was forbidden, even with their own wives. And what interest would a spirit that aimed for liberation from the material world have in continuing the fertility of the Earth, as the fertility cults aimed to do?

John Boardman ascribes the secrecy of the groups he mentions as due to a "thrill" the believing is supposed to have as a result of knowing he is one of the elite, but there is a simpler and more obvious explanation than this. Religious minorities have learned one bitter lesson from the established churches. They have learned that if one casts one's pearls before swine, the swine will turn and

rend them.

Anyhow, what does the Bible really mean? What did Jesus really say?

These are questions that today divide those who call themselves Christians into a multitude of mutually antagonistic sects. We tend to think that this division dates from the breakdown of the authority of the Roman Catholic Church in the late middle ages, but actually sectarian division began even before Jesus was dead, according to the New Testament. There we read how these men, who knew Jesus personally, disputed with each other as to who would have the higher rank in the kingdom of heaven. With the death of Jesus, these conflicts became more, rather than less, intense. The first century after the death of Christ was marked by a period of controversy even more radical than that which marked the rise of Protestantism.

The early Christians had no official record of the life and teachings of Jesus. The New Testament was yet to be written. Moreover they had no standard rituals, no standard dogmas, and as new converts entered the still-small but growing body of Christians, these new converts brought with them every imaginable sort of belief & attitude. Finally the founding fathers of the Catholic



\* See pg. 15; "We Happy Few" by John Boardman



Church sorted out this vast confusion and set up a certain set of beliefs and practices as standard, condemning all other practices and beliefs as heretical and false. The decisions made by these men constitute Christianity as we know it today. Even the most militant Protestants have not disputed the interpretation of these men in any really fundamental way.

We must now ask ourselves this question. Were these founding fathers correct in their interpretation? Or were some of those they condemned as heretics more truly followers of Christ in thought and action?

If "by their fruits you shall know them," we certainly have reason to doubt that the church of the inquisition and the bloody crusades, of rich and corrupt Popes and superstitious multitudes deliberately kept in ignorance of the Bible could have anything to do with the pacifistic preacher of love found in the gospels, the man who said "blessed are the poor" and "it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom."

Nor can we greatly admire any of these Protestants who, though rebelling against Rome, retained the Roman taste for the burning of heretics, for worldly riches, or for war. No, if we wish to understand what Jesus really meant, it is not to these butchers that we should turn. Perhaps it is the heretics, after all, who are the real Christians.

But what did these heretics believe? This question, too, is hard to answer, and the Catholic Church has not made it any easier by centuries of burning both those books and those men who disagreed with them. Patient research in the writings of the early Church fathers, together with recent discoveries of ancient lost documents, has made it possible now to reconstruct in some detail the beliefs and practices of these so-called "heretical Christians."

Perhaps the most radical and astonishing of these first century heretics were those who were called "Gnostics." Their interpretation of the Old Testament and of the teachings of Jesus are so radically different from those we are accustomed to that we are tempted simply to dismiss them as nonsense at first sight, yet before doing so it is well to remember that in the first century a great many people regarded these ideas as unquestionable truth. . . indeed some histories of the Catholic Church suggest that a majority of those calling themselves Christians were, at that time, Gnostics of one sort or another.

For instance, they believed that Jehovah, the God of the Jews, was, at best, a secondary God and at worst a monster identified with the devil himself, and that the Old Testament is actually a record of His crimes. Fantastic? Perhaps, but still it is a conclusion that has been often arrived at by modern humanist critics of the Bible.

Robert G. Ingersoll, a militant American agnostic, questions whether Jehovah could possibly be called a God of Love. He quotes from the Bible, "When the Lord thy God shall drive them before thee thou shalt smite them and utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, or show mercy unto them."

"I will heap mischief upon them. I will send mine arrows upon them; they shall be burned with hunger and devoured with burning heat and with bitter destruction."

"I will send the tooth of beasts upon them, with the poison of serpents of the dust."

"The sword without, and terror within, shall destroy both the young man and the virgin; the suckling also with the man of gray hairs."

"And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and daughters."

"I will make my arrows drink with blood."

"I will laugh at their calamity."

Ingersoll asks, "Did these curses come from the heart of love or the mouth of savagery? Was Jehovah god or devil? It is doubtful if he knew it, but Ingersoll was only rediscovering something

that had already been pointed out by the Gnostic Marcion in the second century A. D.

Marcion had, however, done it by a tour de force terrible in its simplicity. He had simply listed, in parallel columns, the accepted sayings of Jesus and the sayings from the Old Testament attributed to Jehovah. There was no need for Marcion to add a word of his own. The quotations spoke for themselves. Jesus and Jehovah could not possibly be the same God. The only relationship that could exist between two beings so vastly different was opposition.

If Jesus was not Jehovah, then who was he?

"Jesus was the serpent," answered the Gnostics.

For us, accustomed to think of the serpent in the Garden of Eden as the devil, such an answer seems incredible. Yet let us look a moment at the passage in Genesis, trying as best we can to see it through the eyes of a first century Gnostic. There is a little detail in Genesis 1:26 that has long puzzled Biblical commentators. During the entire creation of the world up to the point where he decided to create man, Jehovah simply says "Let there be . . ." and there is. Now, suddenly, his manner of speech changes. He says "Let us make man in our image." Just who does he mean by "us"? The Jehovah's Witnesses explain it this way.

When God said "Let us make man" he was speaking to someone in heaven. To whom? To a mighty spirit creature he had made long before he began creating the earth. Through this "spirit creature God had created all things. John 1:2, 3 says, "By means of him all other things were created in the heavens and upon the earth, the things visible and the things invisible. So it was to his spirit creature, who was later to become Jesus Christ, that God said "Let us make man in our image."

Looking at this passage from a Gnostic viewpoint, we see that Jehovah was perfectly able to create the entire material world by himself. It is only when he comes to create man that he must begin saying "we." And why is this? Because man, unlike the material world, contains an immortal spirit, and Jehovah, who created and rules the material world, has no power over the spirit.

This unexpected plural turns up again in Genesis 3:22.

"And Jehovah God went on to say: Here the man has become like one of us in knowing good and bad, and now in order that he may not put his hand out and actually take fruit also of the tree of life and eat and live to time indefinite. . . ." With that Jehovah God put him out of the Garden of Eden to cultivate the ground from which he had been taken.

One of us?

Clearly there was more than one God in the Garden of Eden.

It is also clear that, while Jehovah took care of the material needs of Adam and Eve, the serpent was the one who took an interest in giving to the first man and woman the secrets of the gods. He succeeded in giving them knowledge of good and evil, and the reason they were excluded from the garden was that they might also have gained eternal life. Jehovah gave them the material world, the world He had created, and forbade them to ask for more, but the serpent, representing that other God in the Garden, the god of the spirit, gave them of those things that Jehovah could not, the things of the spirit. Unlike Jehovah, who wants nothing for man but blind, slavish obedience to his brutal power, the serpent wants to share the knowledge and perhaps the power of the Gods. For this both man and the serpent must suffer, so long as they remain in the material world governed by Jehovah.

The Gnostics did not love the cross the way their Catholic brothers did, but where they showed the cross, it was the serpent they showed nailed to the cross, or more exactly the skin of the



serpent. In this way they showed how the physical body was left behind by Christ on the cross, just as a serpent sheds his old skin.

Some of the Gnostic sects, the Ophites and Naasenes in particular, are reported to have carried this worship of the serpent to the extreme of actually handling live poisonous snakes, as do members of Fundamentalist Southern Snake-handling churches today. (It is worth noting in passing that, as the Bible promised, these snake handlers are seldom bitten and the poison, when they are, does not seem to harm them.)

Not only Genesis, but the whole Bible can be read from the Gnostic viewpoint, as a record of the war between Jehovah, the god of power and the material world, and the nameless god of light, of spirit and of love. The Gnostics identified this god of love and knowledge with that highest God of Jewish mythology, that God whose name it is forbidden to utter and who is higher than Jehovah. In the New Testament this higher God is called only "the Word." It would be considered blasphemy to write down what exactly that "word" was, even in a holy scripture.

"In the beginning the Word was with God, and the Word was a God."

Here we see once again a clear indication that there were two Gods present at the creation of the world, not just one.

"This one was in the beginning with God. All things came into existence through him, and apart from him not even one thing came into existence."

In Genesis Jehovah is granted the power to at least create the material world on his own. Here, in John, we see that even this power was ultimately derived from "the Word."

"What has come into existence by means of him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light is shining in the darkness, but the darkness has not overpowered it."

This light meant, to the Gnostic, the holy spirit that is within each one of us. The darkness was the material world, ruled by Jehovah.

It is interesting, but not particularly important, to look at the Bible from the Gnostic viewpoint, but we should not lose sight of the fact that neither the Old nor the New Testament were regarded with much awe by the Gnostics, though they claimed that only they had the key to a true understanding of them. They did not hold the Old Testament in high regard because it was, to them, mainly a list of the crimes of Jehovah, and in the place of the books of our New Testament, they had other "Gospels" which they regarded as much more authentic than those included in the official Bible of the Catholics.

One of these is the "Gospel According to Thomas," a collection of the sayings of Jesus unadorned by any interpretation or even by any narrative of Jesus' life.

Some commentators, particularly those attached to some orthodox religions, have tended to question the authenticity of this gospel and to belittle the viewpoint expressed in these sayings. I, however, think that they are probably just what they appear to be, a loose-knit collection of the sayings of Jesus at least as authentic as any of the now-officially recognized gospels and

perhaps more authentic than any of them, due to its earlier date & its agreement in spirit with the earliest of the gospels and epistles.

Some of the sayings in "The Gospel According to Thomas" duplicate those included in the New Testament, particularly the Sermon on the Mount, now thought by some Biblical scholars to be, not one single sermon, but a collection of sayings tossed together rather arbitrarily and inserted in the narrative. Other of the sayings duplicate quotations of Jesus found in early church writings but not in the New Testament. Those that remain are in no way different in style or content from those which receive Biblical or early Christian support.

There are many reasons for recognizing these sayings as reasonably accurate quotations of the actual words of Christ and only one for rejecting them. That one is that they do not easily fit into the interpretation of Christianity accepted by the orthodox churches. In my mind, considering the history of these orthodox churches, this is almost another point in favor of these quotations.

There is another point in their favor which I hesitate to bring up for fear of ridicule, but will mention anyway, because it is in keeping with the Gnostic spirit to do so. That is, these sayings seem to me to be true, and to be powerful insights into life very poetically stated. They are, in short, the sort of things I would say if I were Christ. If Christ didn't say them, he should have.

The ultimate authority for the Gnostic was, you see, the spirit within himself, not any book or spiritual leader, no matter how holy. For the things of the spirit, go to the spirit, they believed.

My spirit certainly quickens in response to these sayings. They seem like an unlooked-for confirmation of things that have come to me in what I call my "peak experience." I'll quote some of them that strike me most forcefully.

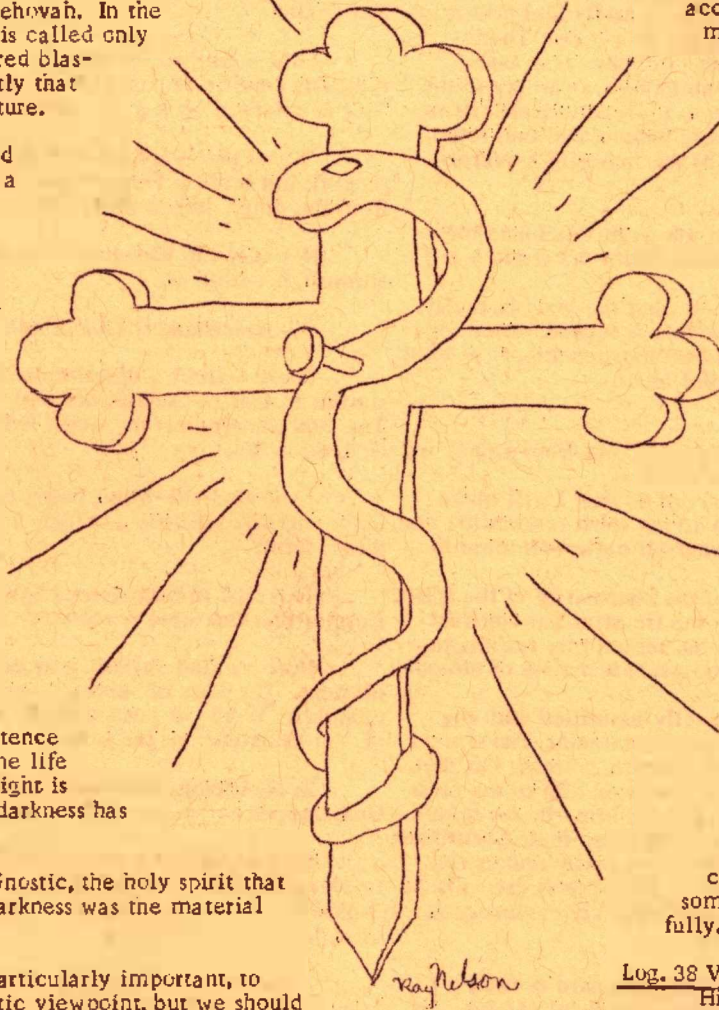
#### Log. 38 Verse 27

His disciples said: When wilt Thou be revealed to us and when will we see Thee?

Jesus said: When you take off your clothing without being ashamed, and take your clothes and put them under your feet as the

little children and tread on them, then shall you behold the Son of the Living One and you shall not fear.

Robert Grant, in "The Secret Sayings of Jesus," interprets this as meaning that the kingdom will come when they strip off their bodies and are no longer trapped in the flesh. This is in keeping with Gnostic doctrine, but I feel there is no reason not to take this expression more literally. The "kingdom" will come certainly when we can take off our clothes without shame or fear in front of each other. Perhaps the best interpretation is a combination of these two views, i.e. in order to attain the kingdom we must learn to stand naked with each other both in body and spirit, completely without protection or pretense. This would be in line with the mention of "little children" and the overall Christian attitude of "turn the other cheek" defenselessness. Such an attitude would be very difficult if we thought ourselves to be mortal bodies, but if we were immortal spirits what would we have to fear? Is there anything on Earth that can harm an immortal spirit?



The Gnostic Serpent Cross



## Log. 21, Verse 34

Mary said to Jesus: What are thy disciples like?

He said: They are like little children who have installed themselves in a field which is not theirs. When the owners of the field come, they will say: Release to us our field.

The children take off their clothes before them to release to them their field and give it back to them.

Here again Robert Grant favors an identification of clothing with the body. I agree with him that the field is the world, the owner Jehovah and His servants, and that the spirit should be naked, but in addition feel that, in the light of other mentions in the gospel of Thomas of the "discovery of the body," this saying also has both a literal and a figurative meaning at the same time. The full meaning of these sayings can become clear only if you look at them with enough imagination to actually feel how it would be to be an immortal spirit trapped in a body. There would be no more point to the wearing of clothes than there would be to putting clothes on your automobile. We play in the field of the world for an afternoon, and when night falls we go home, leaving both clothes and world behind, and thus return both to their original owner, the lord of the material universe.

## Log. 80, Verse 12

Jesus said: Whosoever has found the world has found the body, and whosoever has found the body, of him the world is not worthy.

As I see it, this means finding out what the body is, really. The body is a trap only so long as the door is locked. Once we know we are free to leave, the prison becomes a home, or at least a temporary shelter, and we are grateful for it.

## Log. 112, Verse 18

Simon Peter said to them: Let Mary go out from among us, because women are not worthy of the life.

Jesus said: See, I shall lead her, so that I will make her male, that she too may become a living spirit resembling you males. For every woman who makes herself male will enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Here again we have the idea of the bisexuality of the spirit.

The kind of love advocated by the Gnostics was spiritual love, not sexual love. Thus there was no reason why one might not love someone of one's own sex as well as someone of the opposite sex.

The Mary referred to here is usually identified with the Mary Magdalene mentioned in the New Testament. The Gnostics held Mary Magdalene in very high esteem, pointing out that, of all the followers of Jesus, only Mary followed him to the cross and only Mary never denied him or betrayed him. It was from Mary that the Gnostics claimed to have received their Christianity, and they further believed that only Mary really understood the heart of Christ's teachings. For them the Gospels can only be read as Christ's patient and loving, but ultimately unsuccessful, attempt to get the twelve to shape up.

Another Gnostic scripture which, though hard to find, is still available to the student today is the "Shepherd of Man" by "Thrice Greatest Hermes." According to Latourette's A History of Christianity this book was once read as if it belonged to the official canon of the Catholic Church and might perhaps have been included in our present Bible except that, because it is a prophetic book somewhat in the same spirit as "Revelations," it (along with a lot of other similar post-apostolic mystical writings) was excluded and even, eventually, put on the blacklist of heretical works.

Latourette explains the situation as follows.

The Montanists, with their assertion that Spirit-inspired prophets continued to arise in the Christian community, were a challenge to the administrative regularity represented by the bishops, and their rejection by the Catholic Church may have accentuated the distrust for the prophets and their writings. Certainly prophets, accorded a place in the early Church next to the apostles, were no longer granted recognition by the Catholic Church. Inspiration through prophets was supposed to have ceased with the apostolic age.

In "The Shepherd of Men" we move from the simpler indications that man is a spiritual being found in the "Gospel According to Thomas" into questions of just what sort of spirit, what is the spiritual world like, and how is the universe constructed. The Gnostics, like the Catholics, were not content with the words of Jesus alone, but felt that the need of an elaborate philosophy and theology based on these words, and the result was a series of theoretical revelations, differing from one another in detail but all following the same broad general pattern.

In "The Shepherd of Man" we read, "That Light, He said, am I, thy God, Mind, prior to Moist Nature which appeared from darkness, the Light-Word (Logos) that appeared from Mind in Son of God."

Once again we see how God is a "Light-word" and another typically Gnostic idea appears... that God is also our own mind. This is enlarged upon a few sentences later.

"Know that what sees in thee and hears is the Lord's Word (Logos); but Mind is Father-God. Not separate are they the one from the other; just in their union rather is it that life consists."

Not only the Kingdom of Heaven, in other words, but God Himself, is within us.

"So understand the Light and make friends with it."

There follows a description of the creation of the world similar to that in Genesis, but with one important difference. The God who creates the world is Himself created by the higher God, the Word.

"And God-the-Mind, being male and female both, as Light and Life subsisting, brought forth another Mind to give things form."

This God in turn creates Seven Rulers "who enclose the Kosmos that the sense perceives."

Here we find an idea very common among Gnostic speculations. The idea of "eons," or stages of Godhood, with the nameless "Word" or Lord of Light at the top and our own world of "moist nature" at the bottom.

In his earthly incarnation, man is a pure spirit, a part of God, trapped in "moist matter," or the physical body.

Both the Light-word and the secondary God of Nature fall in love with man and Nature took the object of her love and wound herself completely round him, and they were intermingled, for they were lovers.

"And this is why beyond all creatures on the Earth man is twofold; mortal because of body, but because of the essential Man immortal."

"Though deathless and possessed of sway o'er all, yet doth he suffer as a mortal does, subject to Fate."

"Thus, though above the Harmony, within the Harmony he hath become a slave. Though Male-female, as from a Father male-female, and though he's sleepless from a sleepless Sire, yet is he overcome with sleep."

G. R. S. Mead in "Fragments of a Faith Forgotten" supplies us with a number of other translations of Gnostic texts, one of which is quoted in "The Wisdom of the Serpent" by Joseph L. Henderson and Maud Lakes.

This is a 2nd century revelation called "The Mystery of the Cross."

It begins, "Our Lord stood in the midst of the cave and filled it with light and said, 'To the multitude below, in Jerusa-



I am being crucified, and pierced with lances and reeds, and gall and vinegar is given me to drink; to thee now I speak, and harken to thy words. 'Twas I who put it in thy heart to ascend this mount, that thou mightest hear what disciple must learn from master, and man from God.

Christ then explains to his disciple the mystical meaning of the cross.

"This is not," he says, "the cross of wood which thou wilt see when thou hast descended nor am I He that is upon the cross, whom now thou seest not but only hearest a voice."

It is instead the "marking off (delineation) of all things, the firm necessity of those things which are fixed and were unsettled, the harmony of Wisdom."

The cross is to be understood as a sort of map of the spiritual universe, with "Right and Left Powers, Principalities, Sources, and Daemons, Energies, Threats, Wrath, Accusers, Satan, and (below) the Lower Root from which hath proceeded the nature of the things in Genesis."

It is from this idea of the cross as a map of the spiritual world that the symbolism of the Tarot cards is derived, though there are several ways of laying out the cards, each one implying a different map of the spiritual world.

"The Mystery of the Cross" also exhibits another characteristic Gnostic idea. They did not believe that Christ really suffered on the cross or that he rose again in the physical body. They also did not believe he had a virgin birth or was visited by wise men led by a star or any other portion of that story we now celebrate every Christmas. As in Mark, the earliest of the gospels in the New Testament, they begin the story of Christ with his baptism, not with his birth.

It is at his baptism that the holy spirit entered the body of Jesus. Before that he contained no more of God than anyone else. The Christ-spirit remained within his mortal body only up until the time when, on the cross, Jesus shouted, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" This shout signals that the Light-Word has already departed, even though Jesus, the man, still had a few moments of life remaining to him.

Some Gnostics, according to attacks made on their doctrine by Catholic writers, went so far as to claim that Jesus had no physical body at all, but only seemed to be a man, or that someone else was crucified in his place.

Of the major doctrines of the Gnostics, only one remains to be commented upon. That is the doctrine of reincarnation.

In the Gnostic "Pistis Sophia" we read, "The discarnate soul which has not solved the mystery of the breaking of the bonds of the seals is brought before the virgin of light, who, after judging it, hands it over to her agents, who carry it into a new body."

Their attitude towards reincarnation was quite similar to that of Buddha, though without the rejection of the world we have come to associate with the Enlightened One. For the Gnostics the material world was not good or bad in itself, though it was certainly inferior to the world or worlds of the spirit. Even Jehovah, though cast in the role of a villain, is not an altogether unsympathetic character. It is, according to the "Shepherd of Men" Jehovah's love for man that causes Jehovah, the Jealous God, to wrap himself around man, shutting out the sight of the world of light and spirit.

If the Gnostics knew about Buddha (and it's entirely possible that they did), then I think they would have recognized Buddha's Enlightenment as being the same as their own. Certainly this teaching from Pistis Sophia sounds more like Buddha's doctrine of the wheel of rebirth than anything in modern-day Christianity. Unlike the Catholics, the Gnostics did not regard themselves as the owners of the Truth. For them the truth was something available to anyone who looked for it long and hard enough. If Christ

discovered a truth, why couldn't Buddha discover it too? Or you or I? The truth belongs to everyone and no-one.

With the Gnostics as with Buddha and many other founders of religions, the highest good was not to be reborn, but to rise to the highest sphere, to return to union with the Lord of Light from which we all came.

Towards the end of "The Shepherd or Men" we find this passage.

"Well hast thou taught me all, as I desired, O Mind. And now, pray, tell me further of the nature of the Way Above as now it is for me."

To this the Man-Shepherd said: When thy material body is to be dissolved, first thou surrenderest the body by itself unto the work of change, and thus the form thou hadst doth vanish, and thou surrenderest thy way of life, void of its energy, unto the Daimon. The body's senses next pass back into their sources, becoming separate, and resurrect as energies; and passion and desire withdraw unto that nature which is void of reason.

And thus it is that man doth speed his way thereafter upwards through the harmony.

To the first zone he gives the Energy of Growth and Waning; unto the second zone Device of Evils now de-energized; unto the fourth his Dominating Arrogance, also de-energized; unto the fifth Unholy Daring and Rashness of Audacity, de-energized; unto the sixth Striving for Wealth by Evil Means, deprived of its aggrandizement; and unto the seventh zone, Ensnaring Falsehood, de-energized. [note: comments on any 3rd zone were missing from the mss. ERM]

And then, with all of the energizing of the Harmony stripped from him, clothed in his proper Power, he cometh to that nature which belongeth unto the Eight, and there with those that are hymneth the Father.

They who are there welcome his coming there with joy; and he, made like to them that sojourn there, doth further hear the Powers who are above the Nature that belongs unto the 8th, singing their songs of praise to God in language of their own.

And then they, in a band, go to the Father home; of their own selves they make surrender of themselves to Powers, and thus becoming Powers they are in God. This is the good end for those who have gained Gnosis... to be made one with God.

JOHN BLARDMAN

The difference of opinion between Ray Nelson and myself is far more basic than any question of the real doctrine of Christianity. We appear to differ on the way in which an ideology ought to be propagated. Throughout the course of history two methods for propagating an ideology have been tried. One tries to bring in everyone as a convert; the other establishes a hierarchical order with successive degrees of secrecy as the member ascends higher. For the sake of discussion I will call these approaches universal and elitist.

Universal ideologies proclaim that a single system explains the entire universe, man and his deeds and thoughts included. The doctrinal basis of this system is made quite simple, but for the learned man there are refinements by which he can get a fuller understanding of this broad, universally comprehensive structure of belief. Christianity--Roman Catholicism in particular--and Communism are two examples of universal ideologies. The creed and the sacraments are the same for the most learned theologian as they are for the Apulian peasant, and the theoretician on the Soviet Presidium is not in possession of any Marxist-Leninist teaching which must be kept secret from a Ukrainian kolkhoznik.

Liberal democracy, insofar as it is a world-outlook, must



be classed among the universal ideologies. Liberal democrats have faith that their system is the proper one for the entire world, that freedom of inquiry and speech must be upheld in the political, the religious, and the academic realms, and that eventually their way of life will be adopted by all men. However, the structure of their ideology is not so bureaucratized as are those of Catholicism and Communism.

By contrast, elitist ideologies deny to the great majority of mankind the ability to understand the truths of their beliefs. Persons initiated into their society, frequently a secret society, are made privy to secrets which it is not considered wise to broadcast to the general public. The further the initiate advances into the secrets of this society, the more he is set apart from the vulgar. Sometimes, indeed, the secrets revealed to the higher degrees are directly contradictory to those which are taught to the members of the lower ranks. The preposterous Illuminati of the XVIII Century provide one example of this practice.

It is not difficult to see that, in any competition between a universal and an elitist belief, the universal belief must ultimately overcome. The universal ideology proclaims, as its potential membership, nothing less than the entire human species. The elitists, on the other hand, often rule out large segments of humanity as unfit for their sacred brotherhood. Barbarians were forbidden many of the ancient Greek Mysteries (though some did rise above Hellenic chauvinism); pre-Makabian Judaism did not seek converts; racial elitists frequently slam the door on the overwhelming majority of humanity.

Furthermore, since it must keep its doctrines secret from outsiders, the elitist ideology operates under all the difficulties which inhere in secrecy. If the secret was not adopted out of fear of persecution, it often becomes an excuse for persecution on the part of a jittery government. The elitist cult lives a hole-and-corner existence, until its inevitable infiltration and dissolution by a government acting in the name of a universal ideology. Or, if the elitist cult functions in a democratic society which is not interested in such persecutions, it is the prey of innumerable schisms and sub-schisms, as the history of Freemasonry in the English-speaking countries illustrates.

In the early years of Christianity, there was a question as to whether it was to take the universalist or the elitist road. The "Jewish Christian Church" headed by Jesus' brother James was apparently an attempt to limit the teachings of Jesus to Jews; Paul argues very strongly against this approach in his epistles, and it was the views of Paul and his followers which prevailed and made Christianity a universalist ideology. However, the elitist Greek Mystery cults cross-bred with Christian doctrines and, perhaps, Mithraism, to produce the innumerable Gnostic sects. These sects, which after their persecution by the early church propagated underground all through the Middle Ages, are ancestral in form and often in ideology to the Templars, Rosicrucians, Bogomils, and Freemasons of later times.

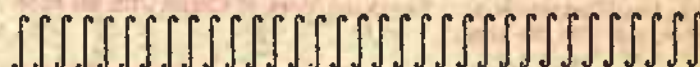
This is not to defend, as Nelson imputes to me, the practices of the Roman Catholic Church in persecuting these sectaries. I have no doubt that the fanciful ocean which Cabell locates in Hell, and describes as containing all the blood which has been shed in defense of Christianity, is indeed the largest ocean in the universe. Nor will I take issue with the texts Nelson quotes, which place a plurality of deities in early Jewish myth. No one not blinded by religious partisanship can read the book of Genesis without realizing that here are monotheistic glosses made on a basically polytheistic document.

I stand on my original statement that Gnostic/Bogomil dualism regards the body as evil--and cite the Gnostic scriptures quoted by Nelson in support of this. The Bogomils carried this one step further, and said that since the body is irretrievably evil, it doesn't matter what it does. Now that the long centuries of persecution are over, modern witches frankly admit the sexual element in their beliefs and practices. Bogomilism may have provided a philosophical rationalization for the natural lecherousness of mankind.

Nelson cites Marcion as a Gnostic thinker. This Marcion was a sly rascal, and Robertson has some interesting things to say of him in his Origins of Christianity. He was a wealthy ship-builder, who tried to reconcile the revolutionary and popular elements in Christianity with the power structure of the Roman Empire. He eliminated from his expurgated version of scriptures all texts which might represent Jesus as a revolutionary leader at odds with the existing temporal authorities. Instead of Jesus the man of the people, the convicted and executed felon, he had the Son of God floating sublimely down from Heaven on a cloud to pronounce judgement on humanity. His emasculated Christianity would never have been regarded as a threat by the secular authorities--but neither would it have caught on among the restive masses of the empire, whose imaginations could find no mooring places in Marcion's pallid idealism. The Marcionite heresy is a perfect example of the failure of the elitist approach.

#### ED MEKYS

Whew! I thought I'd never get finished with this. We seem to have a way of getting off onto tangents. A book-review of Man in the High Castle resulted in a year long discussion of Nazism; now a discussion of secret societies in fact & fiction flies off into Gnosticism. Well, most fans are not interested in religion, even archaic ones like Gnosticism, so I don't expect too great a response. In fact, I wonder how many will read thru this entire discussion. I ought to mention at this point, out of fairness to Ray, that I had cut from his mass the equivalent of about one page of microtyping, consisting exclusively of further examples and quotes by Ingersoll and from the Gospel of Thomas. He had already made & proved his point and I felt the article was already long enough.



TOLKIEN, GILBERT & SULLIVAN, AND POUL ANDERSON

ROBERT BLOCH

NIEKAS arrived while I was in the final stages of recuperation from a long siege of virus, and perusing it helped speed my recovery immeasurably. You may use this as a testimonial if you wish, despite the scoffings of medical science.

The opening remarks in Harry Warner's perceptive article on "And yet another fandom" seem to tie in directly with his letter-column comments regarding the future status of Tolkien's work. I don't know if I missed someone else's comments to the same effect, but just in case no one has mentioned it yet, I'd be inclined to classify Tolkien's status, arbitrarily and in rough parallel, with that of Gilbert & Sullivan. I.e., I believe there'll always be a group of enthusiasts over the coming decades who will eagerly explore, annotate, and exchange erudite references to Tolkien's writing, just as Savoyards conduct themselves concerning G&S--and for similar reasons; not only because they have a personal affinity for the work, but because they achieve and enjoy status as members of a very special in-group, enjoying all of the pleasures of scholars in a recondite field, or members of a fraternity or secret society employing secret passwords.

This is not an attempt to put down such pleasures or their practitioners; almost everyone has a profession or hobby which requires a bit of specialized knowledge and terminology, and almost everyone enjoys displaying this esoterica, together with the feeling of being "in" which accompanies the process.



But I'd posit that such enjoyment constitutes a great part of the unconscious appeal for such a sub-fandom; just as surely as the specialized knowledge of pros and prozines, fans and fanzines, enhances the enjoyment of members of fandom proper (or improper, as the case may be--and usually is).

Such interests are rewarding to those interested, but I must agree with Harry that it is possibly a mistake to extrapolate from the minor resurgence of awareness of Tolkien's work any imputation that he will become an important literary force in the future. It may be so--heaven knows, no one living as late as 1900 would have thought that Moby Dick would rank as one of the major contributions to American literature--but the odds are greatly against such a conclusion. The frame of reference necessary to a full appreciation of the Tolkien books is one not commonly engendered by mass-educational emphasis today, and (heretical as this may seem) the techniques employed by both Gilbert and Sullivan are becoming more and more foreign to contemporary music. Again, with G&S, I've noted that their principal appeal seems to be to those individuals who (a) possess a semblance of a singing voice, and (b) a highly-developed memory--both of which they are proud to display in social gatherings at a moment's notice. [I can't speak for every lover of G&S, but I for one can't carry a tune even with the help of a bucket and don't have a well-developed memory. I enjoy Gilbert's wit and Sullivan's music, but couldn't quote more than a few consecutive lines of even my favorite operetta, Iolanthe. --ERM]

Again, no denigration implied; this too is a harmless display of specialized knowledge and ability, which affords pleasure to many and egoboo to the elect.

G&S did influence musicians and lyricists--for a time. Tolkien may well influence some writers, but to a lesser degree, since his audience is more select than that which originally received G&S. But here I think the importance ends--except as a source of interest and entertainment to their sub-fandoms. Of course, in some future and intellectually-oriented era, Tolkien might possibly become "camp", whereupon his work will become translated into comic-strips and television, and Mr. Disney or his successors may make a film (which God forbid!)

Anyhow, it's fun and that, I think, is where the emphasis should lie. Again, my thanks for NIEKAS #14. --

Beb Bloch

#### DANKS MEDANE

Omitted from this installment of the Glossary were Smaug the Dragon of Erebor and Grip, one of Farmer Maggot's dogs; both are probably on cards and just got left out in the shuffle. Wandilrib is another name for Fimbrethil; this is confirmed by the index in the Ballantine edition. If she is to be defined as Shelob, then He ought to be entered for Sauron (R2 241). I Don't think Tom and Tim (R1 219) are trolls; they are men (or Hobbits) and the only troll in that song is the one who was gnawing Tim's shinbone and whom Tom kicked.

Ed: some comments on your comments on the Glossary. I agree with the changes Greg made, except that Frodo was called Lord of the Ring once by Pippin in jest (R1 238). I agree with Liz about "dwymerlaik"; I suspect it is one of the words in the language of Rohan which Tolkien translated into Anglo-Saxon roots, but I don't know any Anglo-Saxon, so I can't be sure. [Icing Nar Daudel: Comments? ERM] However, dwimmer apparently has something to do with sorcery and/or ghosts; Eomer says that Saruman is "dwymer-crafty" (R2 39), and then there's Dwimordene (Lorien) and the Dwimorberg (Haunted Mountain). No, I don't think the Ents were originally trees; I don't think Fangorn's account (R2 71) can be so interpreted. Some Ents became treesh, and some trees, awakened by the Elves, became Entish, but Fangorn likened that to sheep and shepherds. I should think that Old Man Willow was one of the awakened trees who turned to evil; even Tom Bombadil, who ought to know, referred to him as a tree. Also, Shelob was not necessarily killed when Sam wounded her: on R2 339 it says: whether she...in the slow years of darkness healed herself...this tale does not tell.

Al Halevy: some comments on your comments on my comments (could this go on forever?). I understood the reason why you were extending the years of the Third Age, just didn't think it was warranted. As for the short entries, I lamented them but realized that there were limits to the size of the Glossary. I agree with you in your point 7 that Tolkien shouldn't be reinterpreted, but I think you have been doing that in places, as in your point 6; however any Tolkien readers could probably argue for hours as to just what is warranted and what isn't by Tolkien's writing, so I'm not really quarreling with you on these points! (Aside to ERM: the Balrog was destroyed and I don't see why the creatures in the lower depths should bother the dwarves any more than they had done before; apparently they were always there. The Watcher, in the Water might give some trouble, but I should think they could dispose of it.) One thing I'd like to see included in the Glossary: so far all the entries are for individuals; I think there ought to be generic entries for creatures like Ents, Orcs, Elves, Trolls, etc. Otherwise creatures of whom no individual was named will not be mentioned: like the stone giants (from The Hobbit), huorns, wargs, crebain, etc. This shouldn't require much additional work. [I understand that such a list has been compiled by Al and will be a forthcoming installment--if he ever gets off the sick and gives me more to publish!--ERM] I think doing the final version in one overall alphabetical list rather than broken down into categories will result in a more useful work--and it will solve the problem of names of uncertain category, like Beruthiel and Telchar. Let me express again my admiration for the tremendous amount of work you've put into the Glossary.

Ben Golon: where did you get that bit about the word "orc" applying only to the Uruk-hai? It applies to all of 'em, as does the alternate English word "goblin". You may be thinking of the statement on R3 409 that "uruk" was applied as a rule only to the great soldier-orcs, but that does not mean that "orc" and "orch" also only applied to them. In LotR "orc" is used for all kinds of them, and "goblin" is seldom used, while in The Hobbit "goblin" is used almost exclusively.



MIKE KLASSEN

In Bumbejimas, Ed asked several questions about Tolkien which inspired me to check up on them. To his question on Sam killing Shelob, Tolkien only gives an ambiguous answer but in my opinion Shelob did survive--tho this isn't based on any reasonable evidence. I don't think Old Man Willow is an Ent. It is never stated exactly that he is a tree, but the assumption can be made from the passage "The countless years had filled them [the trees] with pride and rooted wisdom, and with malice. But none were more dangerous than the Great Willow." (R1 141) By this quotation, Old Man Willow is a tree.

Ed also wondered if the Ents or Tom Bombadil was the oldest. I believe I have found a quote to cover this. First, when Treebeard is telling the Hobbits about Ents, he sings a list that includes the line "Eldest of all, the Elf children..." (R2 67) This definitely makes the Elves older. Now as to which is older, the Elves or Tom Bombadil, Tom says that he was in Middle Earth before the Elves appeared. (R1 142) He also says he was here before the first acorn or raindrop. (some page) Therefore, he must have been around before the creation of Middle Earth. The age of the Elves is not knowable with the present data, but from what I could get from the appendices, they evidently started out in Middle Earth, and then the Eldar went over the sea; only to be exiled to Middle Earth (according to the Ballantine edition this was self-imposed).

Oh, also, Bruce Pelz has mentioned the possibility that the LotR will be nominated for a Hugo at the Tricon since the first paperback edition came out this year. [It might end up on the ballot in two places, since a temporary category of "best series of all time" has been created for this year only. The series must consist of 3 stories & the Middle-Earth saga only has two STORIES, but since one was published as a hard-cover serial in 3 parts it will probably be considered eligible. ERM]

MICHAEL MOORCOCK

I admire Anderson's taking that standpoint regarding the ACE Tolkien.

BEN SOLON

All this hullabalou over the Ace edition of the Ring books has turned me off; to judge from the fannish reaction one would assume the Dark Tower has indeed arisen again. And Poul Anderson's action strikes me as being a case of "cutting off his nose to spite his face." Who stands to lose the most, Anderson or Wynn & Co? It's a noble gesture, but not a very sensible one. [First, Poul has said that this IS little more than a gesture since most of his sales are to better paying markets than ACE; it only means the possible loss or a resale of some old pulp serial of his or the re-issue of some old title. Poul does feel very strongly about this and I must admire his acting on his principles. ERM]

And now we come to Earl Evers' letter in Gincas; really Earl, I expected better from you. In the first place, the Ring books are not presented from a modern perspective, but as the views of the Hobbit chroniclers many thousands of years ago. You can't expect them to have seen their contemporaries as we look at ours. The Haradrim were not hated because they were black, but because they were barbarically ferocious and in league with Mordor.

Nor is there anti-mechanical propaganda in The Hobbit. JRRT is speaking out against the mis-use of machines and scientific developments; not against machines per se. The technology of the Goblins in The Hobbit and of Mordor in Lord of the Rings is nothing more than an ancient version of the chemical technology which today pollutes atmosphere and water, destroys growing plants and generally disrupts the sociological balance--the kind of thing that has turned the North Branch of the Chicago River into a quagmire and made the beaches along the Indiana shore line unfit for swimming.

The Elves are nowhere in LotR presented as symbols of the powers that be; Tolkien intended for them to be taken literally--they are strangers who migrated from another world. They aren't humans any more than the orcs are, and thus can't be judged by human standards.

GRAHAM M HALL

The morality of the ACE edition of Tolkien is unquestionable, if one accepts the modern ethic: Take what's going. The book trade is one of the last bastions of the gentleman's code of honor. It is only a matter of time before the new "morality" sweeps that away too.

Morality and big business are basically incompatible. ACE has probably done themselves more harm than good by publishing this edition. On the other hand, if a mainstream publisher--say an English firm--had pinched the rights of an ordinary book--say Catch 22--it would have been a scoop. It would have been good business. A dishonorable edition of Catch 22 in England would have sold as many copies as a legal and honourable one. Wollheim's judgement (if it was his) was wrong in that SF is such an in-group that people get to know about such underhanded business, and tend to feel more emotional about them to boot.

And although I admire Anderson for the courage of his convictions in boycotting ACE in future, I can't see that many businessmen (not sf-editors as such, but men of business) would have missed the opportunity to make a fast buck because of someone else's negligence and carelessness.

PHIL HARRELL

I was most interested by "The Paperback Tolkien". There are several good points raised. I don't agree with Poul as much as I respect him. Now it's a known fact that Ballantine is half owned or so by Houghton Mifflin and it has been stated (forceable at times) that tLotR was most



definitely not for paperback publication. I still fail to see (and if anyone can point it out to me I will gladly retract my statement) how we would have gotten tLoTR in paperback if ACE hadn't done it. Then there are the Yetch! Ballantine covers which Tolkien has stated in print that he doesn't like. Some don't care for the ACE covers either but I have yet to run across ONE that didn't like them 50 to 100% better than the Ballantine covers. In fact I have yet to come across one person who did like the Ballantine covers! Then there's the point of the Ring inscription upside down on page 80, transposed lines, misspelled words, and a multitude of errors of which ACE has none. [But, at the very least, ACE left a line out of a poem & made a complete mess of the foot-note references in the appendices, ERM] Yet people praise the Ballantine and damn the ACE. It really makes no sense at all. Myself, I bought both; the ACE for the covers and the Ballantine for the new info. I like the ACE a bit better than the Ballantine, mainly because the errors in the BB keep popping up to bug me.

DON MARTIN

In an article in today's [6 Feb 1966] Providence Journal Tolkien says that he is now doing all the things he should have done while spending 14 years on the Rings and has abandoned (cruel word!) Middle Earth for Middle English, and is now working on new editions of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight and The Pearl.

He says that he came to write The Hobbit and thence the Rings by creating a new language; then he had to create imaginary maps, lands and peoples. Also, he mentioned that he is a 3-finger typist (which may explain the 3 volumes of Rings), and writes his first drafts in illegible long-hand, and "I typed that whole damn Ring two times." Wow!

C. W. BROCKS, Jr

My impression was that "dwimmerlaik" meant something like "evil spirit".

RICK BROCKS

I agree with Ed on how the entries for Shelob and Old Man Willow ought to be. I do have some doubts on the latter, tho. The Ents, like the Elves, liked to wake up the trees. An Ent that had gone bad could awaken trees in the wrong manner. The Huorns (which should be in the Glossary, too) were either Entlike trees or treelike Ents that Merry characterized as dangerous (Ballantine R2 217). So it could be either way.

Erl Evers' remarks on Tolkien rubbed me the wrong way. Nan Braude does a better job of answering than I could. I think that what we need is not to be pro or anti-mechanical, but to reconcile our anti-mechanical roots with nature and our pro-mechanical culture. Many thanks to Nan for giving me the location of an inexpensive copy of Tolkien's Beowulf criticism. I have been wondering for quite a while where I could find some of Tolkien's non-fiction works cheaply.

KEITH FREEMAN

To add yet another point to the "Paperback Tolkien" I'm enclosing a cutting from the [London?] TIMES (a very superior fanzine) which my boss gave me knowing of my interest in Tolkien. It has several points of interest, apart from the basic one of Ace's apparently revised attitudes; it also mentions some very interesting facts and figures on the sales of the various editions.

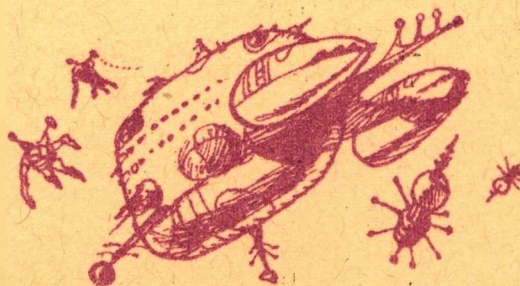
TIMES, 12 Feb 1966:

Professor J. R. R. Tolkien [...] is nearing a settlement in an international publishing dispute which, he says, has delayed his work on the successor to his Ring trilogy for over six months.

Professor Tolkien, who is 74, said today that he was likely to accept terms offered by Ace Books, an American firm which last summer published an estimated 100,000 unauthorized copies of the trilogy without paying any royalties.

The edition, described as "moral piracy" by his English publisher, has unleashed a Tolkien craze on American university campuses. New York subways have been painted with runic slogans celebrating the chief characters in the trilogy and saying "Gandalf lives" and "Frodo is God". Fan letters say the 1,500-page fairy tale has become "the drug dream" for some students.

Professor Tolkien said the edition was legal because of an accidental failure to establish his copyright in America. The official United States edition of 2,000 copies, imported in 1955, was 500 above the limit allowed by the restrictive and controversial manufacturing





clause of the American Domestic Copyright Act.

His American publishers, Houghton Mifflin of New York, retaliated with a big official paperback edition in which Professor Tolkien wrote: "Those who approve of courtesy (at least) to living authors will buy it and no other."

He said today: This edition has recaptured the market. Since Ace Books' letters to me are now courteous, and they have made a generous offer, I shall probably accept it.

As for the new book, heaven knows when I shall finish it. Six months is a long time to lose at my age. I am also delayed because I can get no domestic help and my wife is ill. [Here's a project for Tolkien fandom: Find someone to go over and nurse Mrs. Tolkien so the good doctor can finish his book. (I'd do it myself if my husband would let me: a chance to see England and to help with the Silmarillion is too good to pass up!)-ER]

The new book, The Silmarillion, is, like the Fellowship of the Ring, set in his imaginary world of Middle Earth, but happens earlier in its history.

It tells of the first meeting between men and Elves, the marriage of Beren and Luthien, ancestors of Aragorn in the Ring trilogy, and their war against Morgoth the Dark Lord, to recover the three great jewels of power, the silmarils. I do not know whether it will be popular. It has no hobbits and the ending is very dark and disastrous.

The Fellowship of the Ring has sold some 200,000 copies in its three-guinea [1 gn = £ 1/1/- or \$2.94--ERM] British edition, published in 1954-55. Only Professor Tolkien's early tale The Hobbit has appeared in paperback [in England].

EDMUND R. MEKYS

I want to start off by quoting the following letter from Donald A. Wollheim in YANDRO 154 (R&J Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City Indiana 47348; they have published much on this controversy during the last half year):

The most astonishing feature about this Tolkien controversy is the curious nature of the actual protests emanating from the British parties most concerned. In quotes reported from Tolkien himself, his complaint never mentions money, but is always made on the basis of courtesy. It is not that he stands to lose royalties, but that he was offended by our failure to tell him in advance of our intentions. No reference to money. And the Unwins (there are two of them who have written letters to U. S. newspapers) started with the same tack: Ace did not give the author or his British publishers the courtesy of notifying them in advance.

This apparently is a British upper class gimmick. It would be crude and rude to mention vulgar cash--you aim your published protest on the basis of what bores these Americans were, they lacked the breeding to write a polite letter telling them what they were going to do.

Of course, behind this scream of discourtesy lies the fact that had we told Tolkien in advance, they would have acted to rush out an edition of their own (presumably through Ballantine) a lot earlier and quite probably have beaten us to the draw with the second and third volumes (since we did not start production of these until a month after our first was on sale). This is where the canker gnaws.

Add to that the report that Tolkien, in a BBC interview early in August, said that he would not accept an honorarium or royalties from Ace (and how could he have honorably have done so after having put his name to that statement on the BB editions?), then cunning old Unwin and his son wrote letters a couple of months later complaining that regardless of what Ace has said of our desires, not a farthing had actually been received. But they took good care not to write a word or a request for same directly to Ace. Having made sure that any offer or check would be haughtily turned down by the duped author, they then sought to bludgeon us publically for not opening ourselves to their insults.

I must give these British aristocrats credit--they know how to make themselves look like poor pitiful martyrs. It would all be very sad if I had not a brief discussion with a certain well-known British writer while in London. He told me that when Tolkien submitted The Lord of the Rings to Allen & Unwin, they refused to publish it unless the author put up his own money to underwrite the publishing costs. In short, they had no faith in the work and they turned themselves into what the U. S. publishing trade regards as the lowest type of publishing, a vanity house. This contempt for Tolkien may well have been carried into the question of the American edition and probably accounts for the original indifference to protecting his rights over here.

I can honestly say that I am genuinely sorry for Tolkien. He is obviously a wonderful talent tucked away in an academic Ivory Tower. What he needed for contact with the commercial world was a tough American-type literary agent. What he got was the impeccably well-mannered modern equivalent of the old empire-builders, who could plunder a kingdom barren while making the dazzled natives think they were being done a favor.

In a way I must admire the sheer virtuosity of Wollheim's letter. It shows him a true veteran of the various fan wars of the late '30s. I haven't seen anything like this since Sam Moskowitz' blast of Harry Warner in the pages of S F TIMES 5 or 6 years ago. (Remember? Harry had written an article finding fault with what points Sam had chosen to emphasize in The Immortal Storm in an article in Terry Carr's fanzine INNUENDO. Sam replied, essentially, by saying Harry didn't like the Storm because it showed him to be involved with Communism.) Notice the implications, innuendo and emotionally loaded language he used? How he made himself the poor martyr?

This, like any non-trivial question, has many ramifications. I find it very difficult to take a univocal stand supporting all of the actions of any participant in this fracas. First and clearest of all the people at Ace were wrong in what they did regardless of the good or evil that may have come of it or the prior wrongs committed by Tolkien's publishers, either in England or here across the water. One of the most fundamental principles of ethics is that a good end never justifies a means which is morally wrong. Regardless of any subsequent offers of compensation (and more on this later) the people at Ace took the product of Professor Tolkien's labors and used these for their own ends without his leave. This, without any room for equivocation whatsoever, is wrong.

While we are at it, let us look at some of the actions of the Ace management peripheral to this matter. Don Wollheim, who is acting as spokesman, has made a big point both in fandom and the mundane press, of the honorarium offered Tolkien which has been turned down. Well, as I think I mentioned before in the pages of NIEKAS, Wollheim said to a number of people last June that Ace Books had no intention of making any sort of gratuitous payment. This was at a party in San Francisco at the home of Emil Petaja in Don's honor as he was passing thru the city on a business trip. The first volume had just appeared and everyone was wondering whether sales would be good enough to justify their publishing the other two. Don's big news was that they were, and he had with him proof copies of the covers. Anyhow, the Tolkien enthusiasts at



the party were clustered around him asking all sorts of questions and he made a number of interesting remarks. Among other things he said that he had never read the books himself and dipped into one volume on the plane out to California, which he didn't find too exciting. He didn't expect to make any money on this book itself, but Ace was publishing it for they figured it would get their line into many places like college bookstores which they hadn't been able to crack before. Also, they were giving it rather limited distribution, concentrating on university towns. Almost all the mail Ace had gotten up to that point was from people who had long since read the books but were shouting with joy for now they could easily buy sets for friends whom they wanted to introduce to the series. He commented with astonishment upon the missionary zeal of the enthusiasts. And, of course, the remark about not offering any payment, putting the "blame" for this on Mr. Wynn saying he was too good a business man to spend money where he didn't have to.

What made them change their minds? Certainly not the yelps in fandom for as has often been pointed out we fen really have a negligible effect on the field. A great hue and cry has also arisen in the mundane press; see, for instance, Saturday Review for Oct 2 & 23 and Nov 6, 1965. I have heard of some book-stores refusing to handle any Ace books tho I have no idea of whether this boycott was extensive enough to hurt. Anyhow, Ace Books & the parent company were coming in for quite a bit of very adverse publicity and I would GUESS that this is why they finally set about to make some sort of peace-offering.

As for whether and how such an offer was made, I think the following letter from Nan C. Scott in Saturday Review for Oct 23 will shed some light on the matter:

Since I have reason to believe that I am the intermediary referred to by Ace Books, I hasten to inform SR readers of the true facts. . . . Having learned from Professor Tolkien that the Ace edition [...] was published without his authorization, I attempted to persuade a local book-seller on whose shelves I had seen it to remove the volumes, even showing him my correspondence with Professor Tolkien on the subject. I was assured that this would be done. Thus, when I saw the offending books still in the store some two weeks later, I wrote to the manager of the business, informing him that my husband and I would no longer patronize an establishment which clearly had little regard for ethics. I had not thought it my place to write to Ace Books, but the manager of the bookshop evidently forwarded my correspondence to the publisher. Mr. Wollheim [...] saw fit to answer my letter with an explanation of the legality of the firm's action. Its tone was a mixture of the suavely apologetic and the insolent, and the letter contained the suggestion that, if I were in touch with Professor Tolkien, I ask him to write to Ace Books about arranging a royalty, though the firm had no obligation to pay one! I did indeed send the letter on to Professor Tolkien, in hopes that he or his publishers might be able to make some legal use of it, but they may well regard Mr. Wollheim's letter as beneath their contempt and hardly the "polite note" referred to in your article. In any case, . . . I am not eager to be regarded as an intermediary serving Ace Books!

Taken together with Don's letter quoted above, this makes sense. (Incidentally, I don't envy Don's position, having to be apologist (in both senses of the word) for Wynn's policies.) No man wants to be rebuffed and directly insulted and so would make indirect overtures first and only if these were favorably received would he make a more concrete offer. And of course he was rebuffed. Again I agree with his opinion that, after the statements published in the Ballantine edition, he could do little else. What sort of agreement could they have come up with approving of the Ace edition? So it looks like all the published statements made by both sides are empty posturings made for public relations purposes. There remains the statements quoted in that clipping from the British newspaper sent by Keith Freeman. If this report is to be trusted (and I have seen so many contradictory statements in newspapers that I am getting to the point of trusting none) it would seem that Professor Tolkien is on the verge of coming to terms with the people from Ace. This is mere speculation on my part, but perhaps Ace was put under such pressure by public opinion that they had to make a direct overture which was extremely conciliatory which Professor Tolkien is now contemplating accepting.

It would be good to see this whole mess settled and if it is let us not forget that this in no way changes the fact that the initial actions of Wynn & co were wrong. This will merely be a matter of restitution for a wrong done. Also, I cannot help wondering about what the Ace & Ballantine editions would have marked on them in future printings. Well, they do seem to be living with each other in the case of E. R. Burroughs so perhaps they will again. I do find it interesting that the same two publishers who split the ERB books between themselves wound up in this altercation. I do wish it were Pyramid and not Ballantine which had been granted the contract for the authorized edition. I wonder if there is anything to Phil Harrel's statement that Ballantine is some sort of subsidiary of Houghton-Mifflin.

Now let's look at the effects of the Ace edition, both good and bad, remembering that these effects in no way affect the morality of the Ace actions. A very bad effect is the confusion caused by the fuss, the time it has taken from Professor Tolkien's labors on the Silmarillion and the disgust with human nature it must have inspired in him PERHAPS discouraging him in his work on the project. On the other hand, indications are that he is working on it and it might actually be published in the foreseeable future. Those of you who were reading NIEKAS two years ago will remember the letter I had received from C. S. Lewis shortly before his death in which he said "When you'll get any more in print from him, Lord knows. You see, he is both a procrastinator & a perfectionist. You have no idea with what laborious midwifery we got the Lord of the Rings out of him!"

I also consider the existance of the paperback editions a good thing and am convinced that there would have been none at all had not the Man from A.C.E. acted. It is a known fact that for many years Don Benson of Pyramid sought authorization for a paperback edition but was rebuffed. There could be two reasons for this; the book was still doing very well in hardcovers--hell, if it sold 200,000 copies in England alone it was doing very well!--so there was no reason to cut into sales with a cheap edition. I really wonder about the validity of this reasoning for the LotR goes to a special market and the pb edition might well increase sales of the hardcover edition. After all, I am sure that the special gilt-edged, buckram-bound, box-





ed edition sells largely to people who already own the standard hardcover edition. So many are being exposed to LotR by the two editions that I am sure a large number will want a permanent edition to keep. Even if only 1% of the pb purchasers react this way a large number of copies will be sold. The other is one suggested by Don Wollheim at the party mentioned above. He suggested that H-M was afraid to enter negotiations because of the lack of a copyright and didn't want the "secret" to get out. If they entered into any negotiations they would have to admit to the lack of copyright protection and then, they were afraid (ac. to Wollheim) that the publisher would break off negotiations and rush out with a pirate edition. Well, this assumes that all paperback houses have the same ethics as Ace which (hopefully) isn't the case. So both possible explanations don't seem to hold water; of the two I'd say the first was the more likely. But whatever the explanation it is known that H-M nixed any pb reprint until ACE went ahead and did it. Only then did they give a contract to Ballantine.

The BB edition is good because it has new material, particularly the expanded beginning and appendices. In order to have something copyrightable the new edition had to contain new material so this material was added. Most of the stuff in the appendices was probably edited out of the original edition to save space and now became "economically feasible" for the first time because of the need to have something new to "sell" the authorized edition.

ition. As for the changes in the body of the text, most appear to be minor fiddling with words. In ENTMCOT # 3 (from Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno Calif 94066) Banks Mebane says "In the body of the narrative, exclusive of the introductory material and the appendices, I have found 244 points on which the texts differ, but only 52 of these are substantial changes. The remainder are either typographical errors or minor variations in usage; no doubt there are more of these, since I wasn't particularly looking for them. It would seem that these are minor changes that Professor Tolkien accumulated in an annotated copy of his book over the years by re-reading and noting things which bothered him. He probably never expected to see these changes in print but again this new edition made it possible. Writing the new introduction and going thru his notes to make final decisions about the textual changes were probably the causes of his 'lost six months'."

Until now I confined myself to the wrongs perpetrated by the management of Ace Books; I feel that George Allen & Unwin and Houghton Mifflin have acted as badly if not worse. First of all if Wollheim's charge that Unwin acted as a vanity press in publishing LotR, they are most emphatically to be condemned for this act of boorishness far, far worse than that of Ace--IF they did this and the charge isn't merely a bit of fan-feud invective. In the latter case they would probably have grounds for action against Don Wollheim.

But their handling of the copyright matter is extremely callous. No respectable publisher could plead ignorance of so vital a law so they imported the extra 500 copies knowing it would destroy the copyright. WHY did they do this? I can see merely importing the legal number of copies if they didn't expect to sell many copies, and in the case of the first volume when these were gone bringing in a few hundred more thinking that would be the end of the sale and the book would go quietly out of print. But since the second and third volumes were imported considerably later, by then they must have had an indication of the lasting popularity of the books and arranged for the domestic publication of at least ONE volume. If only the third were properly copyrighted a pirate edition of the first two would have been economically impossible.

To summarize, I would say that Professor Tolkien was the victim of two callous hardcover publishers and an unscrupulous paperback publisher, and all three are equally culpable in this very sorry state of affairs! [If this is the case you might wonder why I devoted so much space to Ace and so little to the others. Well, the latter was a very simple case of wrong-doing on the part of Mifflin and Unwin which could be stated completely in a short paragraph while that of Ace had many potentially mitigating side issues which had to be examined.]

COMPLETELY CHANGING THE SUBJECT, there is the matter of the (possibly) forthcoming Silmarillion. Also, is Tolkien doing a radical re-write of LotR? The only statements indicating the latter



originated with Jack Chalker (see ENTMOOT 3) who claims to be in contact with someone who is in contact with the Good Professor. The only possible reason for this would be inconsistencies which developed as he worked on the Silmarillion--resulting in changes akin to those made in The Hobbit when LotR itself came out. On the other hand this could be just another of the wild rumors that keep circulating about Professor Tolkien & his works. Dick Plotz--could you possibly clear this matter up for us?

The information given on the Silmarillion is quite contradictory. One year ago I had written GA&Unwin to try to clear the air and they answered that it was far from complete so don't expect it for several years. The letter had a tone of frustration to it. (It was reprinted complete in NIEKAS 11) It also mentioned that they hoped to bring out in about one year a new translation of two major medieval poems done by Tolkien... Sir Gawain and the Green Knight and The Pearl. The news-clipping cited by Don Martin above said that Tolkien abandoned Middle Earth and was concentrating on Medieval scholarship such as these two translations. Other sources indicate that he IS working on the Silmarillion, such as the British clipping above and news in The TOLKIEN JOURNAL (Dick Plotz, 159 Marlborough Rd, Brooklyn NY 11226). The latter contains the passage "Prof. C. S. Kilby of Wheaton College plans to go to England this summer to help Tolkien finish this task of fifty years. THERE IS A CHANCE [my caps--ERM] that the first volume of the Silmarillion will appear by the end of this year. How to explain these discrepancies? I can understand some of the stupid rumors that have spread thru fandom. Two fans are talking about their favorite subject and one says "Wouldn't it be wonderful if the Silmarillion were done and about to appear in a few months" or "Wouldn't it be horrible if Tolkien died before completing it" and a week later the other fan says to someone else "Joe Phan said he heard the Silmarillion was finished/Tolkien had died," etc. But how to explain the statements appearing in newspapers?

I think a few words should be said about the quality of the two pb editions. Neither set of covers has met with much approval. The latest issue of the TOLKIEN JOURNAL says that soon Ballantine will put a new cover on their Hobbit. I wish Ace would give Jack Gaughan a chance to re-draw his covers. The glaring error in the second, he said, was due to their not giving him time to read the books. I find this rather strange as there was a lengthy wait between the first & second volumes. Couldn't they have told him, or couldn't he have even guessed, that he might be called upon to illustrate the remaining volumes? From remarks in fanzines I gather there aren't too many typographical errors in the Ace edition. The most serious seems to be leaving a line out from the poem Earendil was a Mariner. However they carried all page references in the indices and appendices over without revision so that they refer to the hard-cover edition. In later printings these should definitely be corrected. The Ballantine edition is notorious for the myriads of errors in it. The most publicised of these is the inverted ring inscription on page 80. I bought the third printing hoping that some errors would be corrected by then but they are still present. Plotz says in the TJ that at least this one will be corrected soon. Since he is in touch with Ballantine I guess he would know. I do hope they correct the other errors, too. I haven't read the Ballantine set myself, yet, but Dave Thewlis commented to me while writing the review for the last NIEKAS that some of the textual errors were very bad. For instance at one point "Or" is typed for "For", at the beginning of a line of poetry completely changing the meaning of that line. (I don't remember which poem this was in.) Also, Banks Mebane says in ENTMOOT that while the page references in the footnotes were adjusted in the Ballantine edition those in the text weren't. I browsed thru quickly looking for such textual references but couldn't find them. But if they are wrong they too should be corrected.

I just finished re-reading The Hobbit for the first time in a year or so. (Shortly before I left California KPFA played the BBC tapes of it being read out loud and I listened to virtually every installment of this. They also played readings of C. S. Lewis' Narnia books but at an inconvenient time and I only heard a few installments.) Perhaps one shouldn't make too much of information from this book as it was probably written long before the myths took on its final shape. However I couldn't help noticing a number of creatures mentioned in passing which (as far as I can remember) are nowhere in the other 3 volumes. For instance, on pg 31 [Ballantine edition] Tolkien mentioned the "Were-worms of the Lost Desert," on pg 164 Wood, Deep and Sea Elves were mentioned, and the fact that the Deep Elves were called Gnomes. On pg. 61 Gandalf couldn't read some runes and needed Elrond's help, which really surprised me. Hobgoblins were mentioned on pg 138, and "decent giants" on 99. On page 19 there was a reference to the "Other Side" and one to Faerie in the West on page 164. And I hadn't realized that the dwarves had such colorful beards. Blue, silver and yellow ones were mentioned on page 20. I had never noticed this before and had always assumed that all were grey. Oh yes... pg 32 refers to the part of the map at the beginning being printed in red... which it wasn't in the Ballantine edition!

Now let us finally get on to other matters. Please forgive the incoherence of this but it was composed on stencil and hardly a paragraph was written before I was interrupted one more time. Thus I often lost the train of my thoughts when I resumed writing.

## GETTING HIGH WITH JOHN BRUNNER

J. SANDERS

John Brunner seems to show a magnificent knack for nonsense. After reading this, and his comments in The Squares of the City, which show an utter lack of perception, I wonder how he was ever able to write a novel like The Whole Man. Let us look at what he said and see if, in



essence, he has said anything. Most of what he says is supposed to be comments about the literary world around him, that literary world being defined by what SF fans read, including both SF and non-SF. Having had no contact with English fans I cannot say how apt his remarks are in relation to them. I can't even speak for a majority of the U.S. fans, but on the basis of those with whom I have come in contact and have had long literary discussions with--a considerable number--I think he has missed the point about 80% of the time. Either he has failed to note the facts or he has drawn false conclusions from them. I cannot take the 12 pages that would be required just to show up the nonsense in this article, but let's give it a try.

Brunner starts by giving two examples from two separate books and somehow gets from these passages to a discussion of fiction liked by SF fans. This may be defended, somehow, but then we notice the looking-glass is turning into a mist, and we pass beyond it. You see, the next thing that is said is that the SF book selected is written in a simple style, while the non-SF selection is filled with lush imagery and alienness. Admitted, but why this is a contradiction is lost on this reader.

Brunner then makes the unheard of and shocking (to him only) conclusion that SF may not be fenced off by itself without doing it a disservice. This conclusion may be argued back and forth, but that Brunner can imagine that this would be new to the audience implies that he has never heard of Judith Merrill, a blissful state, if true, but one that the hearer cannot easily credit.

He then starts with the main thesis. He attempts to define what qualities of SF attract people to the field and keep them there. He chooses four--four which are admittedly characteristics of SF, but as for their holding readers, well, let's see.

1) The impersonal, "mills of the gods," forces portrayed therein. Now this is certainly an attribute of some SF, and certainly it does cause admiration when well done. But this makes SF readers? Hardly, Mr. Brunner. It appears in a few stories only, and the reader looking for this would be as unlikely to remain with the field as would the hardware seeker that he dismissed earlier. And as for the fact that this is not unique in SF, this is admitted, but I still don't draw his meaning. Ah well, onward.

2) The exotic backgrounds used. Here Mr Brunner comes slightly closer to the mark. He only gets it backwards. First, his reason for this type of background's existing is not that SF has taken this from the "Haggard school", but rather, I think, a historian could show (first) that some parts of SF, off-earth stories, require this type and (second) that many of the early SF writers (eg, those in the Clayton Astounding) were brought over from the adventure field and told to write SF.

The rise of modern SF took place at the same time as the final extension of the boundaries of the known world. That would depend on Mr. Brunner's definition of modern SF (mine would place its beginning at 1935) and his choice for the time of the closing of the boundaries. Some would claim these boundaries are not yet closed, some would close them in the middle 1800's or early 1900's.

But even if we concede this chance occurrence, can we give it anything more than the significance of chance? I can't, and if Mr. Brunner can, he doesn't show it. However, if we can give him any points here, we must remove them next for the following: "Another [strand of exotica--JS] is to be found in the contemporary novel." This is a strand of exotica comparable to the ones Jack Vance weaves in his stories. Now, except for the Bond books, which do not seem to be what he is talking about, I can think of nothing exotic in the current stream of novels. Certainly nothing comparable to Vance or Clark Ashton Smith, or even E. E. Smith.

The next statement is a mishmash about fans and pros showing interest in relatively unstudied periods of history. This shows something about fans, it is true, if this statement has any validity (certainly I have seen little evidence of it in my contacts) but any conclusions of the type Mr. Brunner draws are doubtful.

I could continue with this point-by-point examination, but I don't think it is necessary, and anyway, I want to get to other subjects. However, I could not let his absurd comments on detective stories pass. In the first place, he passes this by as unimportant--yet since it seems to be the single favorite secondary reading of fans<sup>2</sup> I would give it considerably more importance. However, it interferes with Mr. Brunner's thesis, thus it gets bypassed. He admits that Asimov's robot stories are analogous to the locked-room detective story, an observation obvious to one who has read both, yet one which I am surprised the dense Mr. Brunner has made. Then he attempts to ring in parallels between the detective story and the alien-planet story which casts doubts on his ability to read, much less to draw parallels. Enough! I am tired of Mr. Brunner, as I imagine you are.

<sup>1</sup> I don't agree that John Brunner said this. His example, *Earth Abides*, doesn't lack imagery. FR Lock, John Brunner starts out by saying, opposite to what one might first expect, the essence of SF does not lie in its exotic nature. He uses the two quotes to demonstrate this. It is YCU that can't read. I'll leave it to the other readers to demolish your letter. ERM

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps because it's the only other type of genre fiction with any pretensions of intellectuality? There can be no snobbish rationalization for reading westerns, nurse-novels, soap operas, etc. ERM

BEN SOLON

Brunner makes some good points in his article. It is indeed dismaying that our "literature of the future" is so deeply anchored in the past. But let's not go too far in the opposite direction, either. Don't know about you, but I remember those horrible "modern" stories *Amazing* used to run, and with loathing! They were experimental. So were the pseudo-Bradbury yarns. F&SF used to run when Avram Davidson was at the helm. Experimentation is all right, but let's not forget the rules of good story-telling.

ALAN SHAW

Brunner brings up an interesting point about choice of words & the feeling generated. (But "pile of faggots" has strange (to say the least) connotations.) There's an excellent book by Lawrence Perrine, *Sound & Sense*, that shows just how the sound of a poem aids in getting the idea across. It also tries to define poetry.





## LATE NIGHT IMPRESSIONS

Harry Sanders

Sometimes while watching a play, or even while reading an absorbing book, it is possible to get caught up completely in the magic of the moment. For a time, everything else ceases to have meaning or even existence.

Paranoids and children possess this faculty to a high degree, and so do science fiction fans. I'm not at all sure but that the latter category should be included in one or the other of the former.

I stood in the living room of a strange house after a science fiction fans meeting one night, still feeling some of the magic. Our Littlemen & their ladies had largely departed, leaving behind a sort of party. A few of us remained out in the living room, listening to a woman as she played a cheap Mexican guitar and sang haunting, haunted ballads from another age. The songs were old, for the most part, but had a timeless witchery. Words of courage and heartbreak. Humor and pathos in an earthy blend. A girl who loved too well and how her apron strings wouldn't tie. These songs would have meaning a thousand years from now -- in either direction.

From the other room came the muffled slam of a refrigerator door, a tinkle of ice cubes, followed by vagrant bits of laughter. The party was still going strong. I wandered around the room, inspecting old, nearly forgotten, paperbacks, some forty-year-old magazines lovingly preserved, a few framed original illustrations. I looked out the window, still caught up with the evening's feeling of unreality.

The moon washed street outside was a topologist's delight, curving through at least three dimensions. Split level house fronts, darkened in these after midnight hours, and an air of unreality, as though they might be only props on a stage. Or maybe they were an isolated segment of a static landscape, fixed in space while past and future rushed together to blend with our now.

Someone came in with a drink and the singer, a teacher from Moraga, glanced up hopefully. Then she sighed and bent back over her guitar. Songs, some familiar, some not. First to the card house, and then down to Rosie's. With just a little imagination one could smell the horses and the dust of Loredos. A mathematician sitting across the room carrying on a sort of sing-along, interrupted to tell everyone about Goldie's, up in the Yukon, where his son caught syphilis. The echo of sled dog harness and honkey-tonk piano seemed to spill into the room. A girl in a tight sweater wearing a silver starfish at her throat might have been a dancehall girl. A massive fan, unfamiliar without his beard, might have been a miner in town, pockets laden with gold dust, eager to see the sights of the Yukon of '95. Imagination!

\*\*\*  
A voice at my shoulder brought me back. My hostess had been talking as people do at parties. Most of it I had missed. Now she waved a half empty glass at the moon, and maybe at the world in general.

"Science Fiction fans," she said, "are Nuts!"

\*\*\*  
Maybe she is right. I wouldn't know.





CHARLIE & MARSHA BROWN | 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx NY 10457

Dear Felice; (and/or Ed)

First I'd like to criticize my own article. I reread Gray Shapes recently and found it a much better book than I remembered it as. I guess I just wasn't in the right mood when I read it for the first time. There is a long section in the middle of the book dealing with Irish & Celtic mythology of particular interest to Tolkien fans. A number of mythological races inhabit a place called, appropriately enough, Middle Earth. I've seen the name used before in connection with Irish mythology so I guess that's where Tolkien got it from.

Speaking of Tolkien, I wonder how many other people had the problem I had with The Fellowship of the Ring. I first read The Hobbit in 1944 and remembered enough of it so that I picked up Fellowship when it first appeared in this country in 1954. I had to wait two additional years for the second volume and about nine months after that for the third. That's a hell of a long serial!

Au revoir for the moment,

Charlie & Marsha Brown

ANDY ZERBE | P. O. Box 6206, Montgomery Alabama 36106

Dear Felice, & Ed, Back during the mid fifties Boy's Life ran a very long serial called, I believe, Space Conquerors which featured the same idea as that found in Pilgrim Project. Three explorers were sent on a one way trip to the moon and had to stay there until we could come up with a way to get them down. They were supplied from earth with supply rockets homing in on a radio beacon and were in constant communication.

Yours,

Andy Zerbe

ARCHIE MERCER | 1st Floor Flat, 'Rosehill', 2 Cotham Pk So, Bristol 6, G. B.

Felice. In Patterns, Diana says something that is so obvious that it takes somebody like her to isolate it for us and hold it up for our inspection. Patterns are indeed all around us, and every so often I suddenly recognise another bit of one, file it away happily, and consider myself that much the wiser as a consequence.

Fantasia Coloris had me positively cackling as I read it. Zehrut I found precisely that, likewise Bride of Zehrut -- in fact Nan Braude seems to be a first-class acquisition to your house.

I missed most of the Loncon programme, partly by design and partly by accident. John Brunner's talk was one of the items I'd least wanted to miss, but having it set out for me to read at my leisure is better still. So thank you and him.

The Ivory Tower -- here I experienced an almost-deja-vu. Ben reviews a zine called THE VERMILLION FLYCATCHER thus:

I haven't seen a FLYCATCHER for, lo, these many months, and was beginning to believe the rumors that it had folded. . . . Now for my part, I'm substantially sure that I've never seen nor even heard of a zine of that title, ever. One only has to turn one's back for a moment and fandom moves on a few squares--when I was a neo, that was precisely the sort of thing that would be said about fanzine after fanzine of which I'd equally never heard. But--I haven't turned my back for even an instant. I've been here all the time, actfanning as hard as ever. Fandom, I'm tempted to suppose, isn't quite such an in-group as is oft-times claimed. {Perhaps it is because the publisher lives in a space-warped sort of way on several occasions I tried sending trade copies of NIEKAS and each one was returned by the P. O. claiming No Such Person. And I've checked my card-file; the address is the same one as given by

Ben in his review. Well, I just made another attempt--perhaps he's come back from hyperspace. [ERM]

I've never (of course) seen Utopia, Ltd performed, but I have read the libretto and I consider it to be of pretty high standard. Which therefore surprises me that it is not among the duo's better known works, unless perhaps the music isn't up to it or something. But what Ed has to say at the top of P. 71 about cruel humor does ring a loud, clear bell in this direction. Such humor--depending for its effect on somebody's embarrassment--embarrasses me, too. Which is why mundane comedies appal me rather than simply boring me.

Archie.

LEIF ANDERSSON | Stenastorp, Felkenberg, Sweden

Dear Felice, Please send future communications to the above address--I will only stay in Italy for another month. Best things in NIEKAS 13 were your Mayhem House and Jannick S's article on Danish SF. It probably mentioned all the important works and authors, though I would have thought it better to expand a bit on Niels E. Nielsen, who is after all the only real SF author of Denmark. There will be another part of this Denmark survey, won't there? Jannick should at least try to explain why fandom in that country mainly consists of himself. Speaking of things Danish: at this time you probably know that the correct spelling of that city is København, and that you can cut any corner of those tetrahedral milk containers when you want to drink (those containers, called Tetra Pak, are actually Swedish, manufactured in Lund, my university town. They are in rather common use all through Europe.)

In a way it is very advantageous to be born in a medium-sized language region like Sweden. You get, at first, one language with its culture and its literary world. But (unless you are content with being a ditch digger) you will have to learn at least one of the important languages of the world. English is studied in the compulsory school in Sweden, and when you pass your maturity exam (qualifying you for University) you will have studied English, German, and another foreign language, usually French. This doesn't necessarily mean that you really can use any of those tongues, of course, but in Sweden a person like me is certainly not remarkable for having good knowledge in languages. I know English reasonably well (I believe), German not quite so well although enough for all purposes I need, and I have some slight knowledge of French (from school) and Italian (learned the "natural way"). That I, as most Swedes, understand at least written Danish and Norwegian doesn't count.

Best wishes,

Leif Andersson

JIM SANDERS (no address on letter)

Dear Felice and frozen Ed: It is impossible to edit a large sized language transcontinentally. It can't be done and this will prove that Ed is a hoax. But tell us how it is being done anyway. [If we succeed I'll tell you my secret, FR] As to layout, I DON'T LIKE DOUBLE COLUMNS! A lot of good that comment is going to do, but I wanted to get it on record. It seems somehow unfannish, but it is also distracting, and, to me at least, ugly. The single-column micro-type was annoying but bearable. This is the first, but not the second.

As always, my favorite section was Carl's, with Mayhem house second. Felice, you and Carol Murray seem to both have a way with writing light chatter and making it interesting. I

LAI S KAI



refuse to believe that there is a pun left on "a rolling stone etc". If there is please don't disillusion me and tell it. PLEASE! [Carl said that he had several others which he left out because they were too bad so I'm sure they're different from Nan's. ERM]

SF Around the World; this article, or actually, this list is a considerable comedown from the other two, which I really liked. What SF is being published in Japan? What reprints, what new stuff? Is the SF in Japan equivalent to the Smith-Campbell era, as it seems to be in most non-English speaking countries, or is it up to the American-English level? What activities does fandom take part in over there? These are the questions I want answered.

Laishai--hmm, it seems as if a lot of people are blasting G&S this time. How much of his hair has Ed pulled out? By the way, another of the continuing series of NIEKAS lettercol goofs, you reprinted one paragraph of Harry Warner's letter in 13 & 14. Tsk, tsk, tsk. I was rather surprised that there was no follow-up to the comments on Pickering's article. I personally thought that I would have provoked a little comment, especially since I said what I believed, but what I didn't think was too popular. Oh well. [Pickering did reply, but somehow we missed it when typing the lettercol]

Yrs.

J. Sanders

SETH JOHNSON | 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall NJ 07088

Dear Ed and Felice, The bacover was real cute. I wonder though if a female centaur would have the mammary glands on the human torso or the equine torso. Baby might have trouble reaching the thing if on human torso.

Diana Paxson's bit on language was positively fascinating. I wonder how familiar she is with Semantics. Also I wonder if there is any language in the world which could capture in translation the finest nuances of any other language? This is one of the things I'd require before accepting any artificial language such as Esperanto or Globaq as the official international language.

Congratulations on Brunner's talk. I do wish more fanzines would report on the talks, speeches and panels instead of all this silly name dropping sort of commentary that seems to be the sole report on cons in most fmz. This I am most enthusiastic about and do hope you'll go on to report all worldcons in that style. [John was kind enough to give us the typescript of his talk--we'll be delighted to print any speeches we can get copies of. FR] Also I'd like to see both of you keep up the running personal narratives of the fanish fun you've had. This, after all, is what lends personality and color to a fanzine and is essential if said fanzine is to be a true expression of the editors' personality, spirit and character. In other words it's giving a little bit of yourselves to the readers. And here is one reader who really wants a little bit of both your estimable and rather lovable selves. Even if neither of you ever write a letter. [After NIEKAS, you want letters too? FR. You have a taper? I've started trading tapes with friends back in Calif. & find it a lot easier than writing letters. ERM]

You have been very generous indeed in supporting the fanzine clearing house. However I need more support of FCH is to serve its true function of recruiting newcomers to the N3F in particular and fandom in general. Of course I intensely desire more & more bundles which you have been so generous with in the past, but what is even more important I need your moral support in urging other faneds to also send bundles to FCH. If 10 would send 3 or so fanzines a month then there would be no problem and I could expand the advertising and double the sales and recruits. But Ed & Felice, worthy though this project is I simply cannot do it alone. I can afford to advertise the FCH in prozines and even take a slight loss every year on the deal. But I simply must have presentable fanzines to send these people or the bundle is useless. If the bundle is to consist of nothing but crudzines and the products of neos & games zines then it is less than useless as a recruiting medium for it would probably repel more than it would attract.

In the meantime my condolences to Meskys up in snowbound frigin New Hampshire. My heart quivers and my skin goosepimples in sympathy with the poor man. To think of quitting a job in wonderful sunny California for the rigors of New England winter climate. Ugh! I can just imagine poor cheerful Ed with icicles hanging from his nose and chin, his lips blue with the cold and white frostbite patches all over his anatomy originating from the flying snowballs of the students.

Seth A. Johnson

BILL GLASS | 350 De Neve Circle, Los Angeles Cal 90024

Dear Felice, One dozen variations on "a rolling stone gathers no moss" are just TOO MUCH. Leaving it with "A Roc in motion gathers no Algae" would have been bad enough, but it would have been less intolerable.

Write anything that comes to mind," Earl Evers says his counselor told him when he came to a blank on his college entrance applications. Well... I have this friend who was told he had to declare a major when he registered last fall at UCLA. But I'm still undecided, he said. You have 30 units, you have to declare, the girl said, put down anything, you can always change later. So he wrote down a major and was registered. Four weeks later the office called him in. What they said boiled down to: there is no such major in Letters and Sciences or anywhere at UCLA; and nobody likes a wise guy. You can remain undecided for the rest of the semester, they told him, just declare in the Spring; and play it straight this time.

The major he put down? Oh, it was Ly canthropy.

What's the use of Tolkien, people ask. Well, like any other author, he provides marvelous opportunities for parody. Despite the objections of purists who have never learned that nothing is so serious that it can't be made funny (and vice versa) or that scholarship isn't half as enjoyable as humor to the majority of readers, serving as a basis for parody is probably one of the higher functions of any famous author.

People who can't read James Bond still receive enjoyment from his sundry takeoffs ranging from Alligator to Pussy Lamour and the Three Bears. Same holds for ERB-phobes who split a side on "Yes Men of Venus" or "Mike Mallett of Mars," and other authors provide other parody examples I'm sure you can dredge out of your own memory.

I think the funniest Tolkien parody I've seen is Kathleen Huber's 14 page operetta "Hello Frodo, or Whatever Happened to Sauron's Ring." Besides being funny the play is also settable. The musical high point of the play, in my opinion, is the song whose chorus is:

Superspecial Fellowship, you'll fall into my clutches,  
For the hand of Sauron conquers everything it touches.  
When I'm through with you, you'll have to hobble home  
on crutches!

Superspecial Fellowship, you'll fall into my clutches!"  
Then there is the exchange in scene two, while the Fellowship is lost in Moria:

GANDALF: I think we're lost.

FRODO: What makes you think so?

GANDALF: Particularly the fact that I haven't the foggiest notion of where we are.

LEGOLAS: (Breaking up) I'll tell you where we are. We're in Hell. That's where we are. For the love of Elbereth, I'm an Elf! You know? An Elf. A sun-sea-skytongin Elf! I didn't want to go through this Black Pit. Oh, I'll do it. It revolts me but I'll do it.

GIMLI: Black pit is it? The Mines of Moria. The Halls of Durin. The greatest achievement of Middle-Earth. And just because it's fallen into disrepair, it's a Black Pit.

LEGOLAS: Disrepair! I can't see my hand in front of my face!

GIMLI: Ah well, sharp are the eyes of the Elves, they say.

And later in the same scene:

LEGOLAS: Yrch!

PIPPIN: What?

LEGOLAS: Yrch! Yrch!

GANDALF: You have to shout at him, he doesn't speak a word of Quenya. (Shouting.) Orcs! Orcs! You Tom-fool of a Took. We're doomed!

Those aren't exact quotes 'cause I don't have the MSS to check with. For those readers who would like to see the rest of it, it has been in APA-L 66 and 67, and will be reprinted in I, PAL-INTIR 4 when it comes out.

Why is the Gaughan cover signed Jonbrian? [I don't have his covering letter handy, but as I remember he said something about doing it from nostalgia; he used that name for art in the old SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER in the early '50s, ERM] Good Smith bacover. The Gaughan spots and Diana Paxson's Gaughan-like rendering of Evers' poem "Morgul Vale" are the best interior



illos. I hadn't realized the double meaning of the tag line of my last letter. Because of its appropriateness to my name, I always sign off. ...

Translucently yours,

Bill Glass

GEORGE HAY | 411 West Green Rd, Tottenham, London N15UK

Dear Ed and Felice, This letter anent NIEKAS 13 is sadly delayed, due to Christmas, parties, decorating and what have-you. There are some particular points I want to raise, so my comments on this issue are going to be limited to (1) my appreciation of Garrison's article on Edward Gorey, which I think got the feel of Gorey very well, and (2) a word in favor of chatty letters. I know some people don't care for these, as they are seldom world-shaking, and sometimes dull--but from the point of view of one over here wanting to find out what the beetles are doing in the grassroots over there, they are just what is wanted. It is a sad fact that official utterances--here and there--are less and less to be trusted, either because the utterers are dishonest, or ingenuous, or both. The letter-writer on a casual basis is less likely to have these defects, and so he or she is the one I can learn from. This is no world-shaking statement either, but it matters to me; I hope it matters to you and your contributors also. What the hell, I know it does!

NOW: I want to tie up Felice's comments on the school debacle with Nelson's on Scientology. I must declare my interest; I am a Scientologist of long standing, and well conversant with the subject. However, I am not taking up any of Nelson's points here, strong though the temptation is. What I would like to point out is that the shock Felice has had to withstand comes of being exposed to a teaching system (sic) that has long been parted from its philosophical roots. The set-up may be worse in the States than here, I know not, but this I know; the same things that worry her at home would worry her here, and for the same reasons. The Greeks had a phrase for it: A fish starts to stink from the head. Teachers have themselves to be taught, and if the people who teach them don't know, and don't care, how can their pupils be any better? In Britain, a small group of elite intellectuals started in about 1920 to demonstrate that nothing means anything, so why worry? The people they taught were pretty high-up on the social and political set-up--40 odd years on, these beliefs have become so widespread that there are many educational authorities who seriously hold and teach that, in fact, nothing matters. (When it comes to their salaries and privilege, of course, that's another matter.) Well, obviously, the same process has been at work chez vous. It's a standard historical phenomenon--see ancient Rome, Alexandria, etc. For example, this ferocious Two-Cultures debate took place in old Alexandria in the same way it takes place with us.

What has this got to do with Scientology? Well, like Henry Miller, we Scientilogs have a motto. Our motto is, A CIVILIZATION CAN SURVIVE. Nowadays, even those who want it to survive--a minority, if one were to take facts at their face-value--doubt if it can.

Felice, the experiences you have had are pretty downputting. One gets the feeling of being surrounded by THEM, all callous and mean and stupid, and proud of it to boot. I know that feeling, well. When experiencing it, one should recall Charlie Chaplin's account of how he came to capture a German regiment: "I surrounded them." All the best,

George Hay

MIKE KLASSEN | 350 DeNeve Circle, Los Angeles Cal 90024

Dear Felice, I agree with you on your editorial policy as stated in Mayhem House. I have heard various people scream "It's too big, and My God, look at all that crap." I like it big and full of as many articles as possible. Since my tastes are encyclopedic, NIEKAS is fine. I think that the lettercol should be switched back to the old style, tho. For one thing, it is easier to read and it looks better.

-mpk-

Mike Klassen

CARL J. BRANDON, Jr. | Sällskapsvägen 7, Stockholm 48 Sweden

Dear Felice, Thanks for NIEKAS 13, which I received recently.

It's still too big, of course, but aside from that I find that I'll have to acknowledge a few positive improvements, especially so in the lay-out which was rather terrible last issue but which is really not bad this. Your editorship seems to have a good influence over the fmz--keep Ed Meskys out of the country and be a full-time editor. If Ed wants something from you, he can always raise his voice a bit... that should be enough for you to hear what he says, wherever he may be.

Jannick's article was kind of interesting, but I have the same complaint here as I had to the one on Italian stf; he's concentrating too much on the contents of a few books, when he should try to convey the over-all impressions of stf as literature in Denmark. Very best, etc,

Carl J.

MICHAEL VIGGIANO | 1834 Albany Ave, Brooklyn NY 11210

Dear Ed: Well, I found one neat typo in Felice's "Mayhem House" [in NIEKAS 13], which was pretty good for an unintentional error. To quote: "We have several articles which, though short, should bring in lots of comment." I should probably mention that NIEKAS probably is the best typo-proof fanzine around. And for a 50 page fanzine, that's some kind of a record. In NIEKAS, the contents page seems perfect at the end of the fanzine, whereas in most other places it would seem odd. Anyway, having a contents page on the first pages of a fanzine is just a convention, and most fans seem to like to break conventions (except World Conventions, of course). Keep up the colored interior illustrations, please.

When you reject material, please inform the contributor that they will find a helping hand at the MssBureau.

Sincerely, Mike.

STEVE [either Henderson or Perrin--doesn't say]		
Box 331A, Merced Hall	Box 331A, Merced Hall	Box 331A
802 Font Blvd.	802 Font Blvd.	802 Font
San Francisco Cal 94132	San Francisco Cal 94132	San Fran

Dear Felice, NIEKAS impersonal? Hmm, suppose you could say that, if you didn't know you, and Ed, and Joe and Diana and all the other hangers-on of the mob. Knowing you, I can't help finding you and Ed on every page, and you make it quite easy. Seems those initials, FR and ERM, keep popping up... [Bless you, me blog. FR ???ERM] ((Bhoy, Ed. Sheesh. FR))

I feel rather left out. I can see no-one mentioning us at the Halloween party [especially since you left before Diana & I got there, & Felice wasn't there--ERM], but I figured we figured fairly prominently in Ed's little expedition to Les Anderson's.

Diana has a hell of a lot to say in her little piece. Patterns are ever present in fan activities, as well as the rest of the world. Why else the mania for indexing, collecting, and naming? With us, in this hobby of ours, we consciously pattern the material in forms we can recognize from mundane sources. The mundane patterns we don't recognize; we aren't consciously looking for and making them. Of course, you can recognize them once you look, but we don't bother to look. And we tend to adopt fan patterns into normal life, making a cross pattern to others around us. Imagine Diana, with her preoccupation with poetry, up against one of the types who know every car ever made in Detroit, plus every foreign make to come to our shores. Entirely different vocabularies, right? Well how about the jargonese of the scifi fan? I don't mean words like fanzine, Pacificon, and the like, but the use of sheer scientific jargon in our everyday writing and talking. I had an instructor mark me down for the use of the word "empathic", because it is psychological jargon, though I use it at every opportunity with little sense of saying anything out of normal context. I'm sure you can come up with many similar examples. Through our reading of technically (whether hard science or social science) oriented material, such words are a part of our usual vocabulary, but are esoteric to others, even (shudder) English instructors!

Still, I would say that Diana is right in saying that scifi fans have a wider range of patterns, and, due to steadily expanding boundaries of SF, we continue to accumulate more. Are the astronauts science fiction readers?

Hey, speaking of patterns, extraterrestrial contact, and the



use of language, have you read James White's new novel, *The Watch Below*?

There is quite a Carl Barks fandom growing, already, more or less separate from outright Disney worship. Barks, of course, is the one who draws and writes the Donald Duck adventures in most of the Walt Disney Presents comics and the main Uncle Scrooge stories for that comic. He used to do much more, and better, but he's been slacking off. One can now become a collector since his best stuff is already done. That seems to be a prerequisite of collecting, the assumption that everything to be done in that field has been done, so there is a finite limit to the material to be collected. Still, some of it has to be very rare, or it has to be available in nearly infinite varieties so as to make being a complete collector both difficult and satisfying. I've often thought collecting is just another form of masochism.

Yours as long as nothing is really something. Steve.

PETER SINGLETON | Ward 2, Whittingham Hospital, Mr. Preston, Lancs, England.

Dear Felice, The main highlight of # 13 is definitely Jannick Storm's entertaining resume of the Danish SF scene and I like his way of describing the plots of prime examples of the genre.

I have a good slice of news for Narnia fans: Penguin Books have just re-issued the entire set together and these are available in a specially designed full colour slipcase for a total outlay of 24 shillings [\$3.36]. This info lifted from the latest issue of *Penguin Book News*, a very useful reference catalogue published monthly and getting this is the sole reason why I immediately spotted Bill Glass' noax when he reviewed the bogus Penguin edition of LotR.

Mr. Frederick amused me for a change. This lad is definitely improving but then he couldn't possibly have gotten any worse than his abortion in the lastish! Or was the abortion in the ish before that? My memory is mercifully hazy on this point.

Best wishes, Peter.

MATS LINDER | Antunavägen 3, Rotebro, Sweden

I don't know if I have ever thought any of your issues were too big. The bigger the issue, the bigger the chance that the reader will find something to suit him. And besides, I wouldn't want to throw bricks when I'm sitting in a glass house (that's a common Swedish expression, and even if it has no equivalent in English, no one should have any trouble catching the meaning of it) myself. I just published a 116 page fanzine, including a translation of

"The Enchanted Duplicator". [note: the letter was typed on a machine with a smaller typeface than this!ERM] That was one hell of a job. Now I think I'll never publish a fanzine any more.

In re: Fry's article. First you take a look at the heading: "Tolkien & British Culture." That's really something. You then expect a long, penetrating talk on the connections of British culture with the works of Tolkien and vice versa, and a lot of other things as well. (I know I am obscure here, but I hope you get my point anyway--it's hard to make it clear without being lengthy.) Anyway, you don't expect one-and-a-half pages of how Tolkien has tapped the roots of North European mythology and now he has laid bare the dreams and urges that pushed European civilization ahead. Not as much as a word of explanation as to why he believes that and in the article he doesn't even mention British culture.

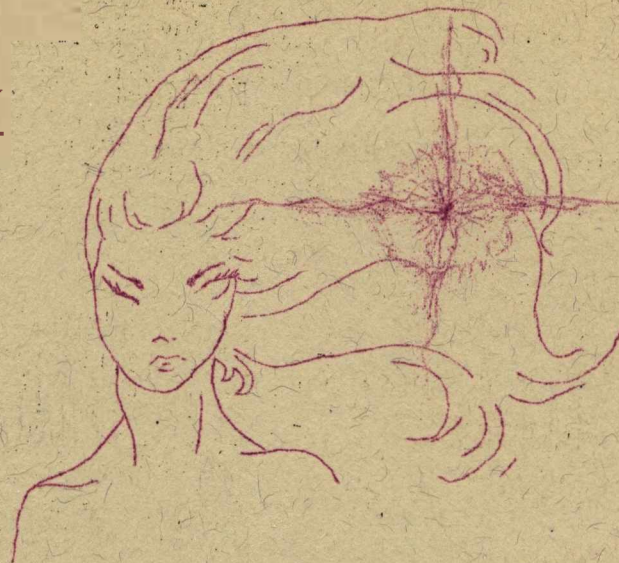
According to the readers' response to Philip Dick's article, it seemed to be good. So I read it. So what? So I couldn't make head or tail of it, that's what.

Best,

Mats

DON MARTIN | West Main Rd., Little Compton RI 02837

Dear Felice, Best thing in # 14, to me, was Charlie Brown's "Novels of Jack Mann" because Mann-Vinian rates very near the top



on my all-time list. His lost-race fantasies were splendid, and his Gees novels were even better. I only have four of the Gees yarns and would give my left arm for the other three. The Nazis' destruction of the stocks of these books was one of the most heinous (no pun intended) crimes. Why, oh why, doesn't some pb publisher reissue these splendid novels? There is an upswing of weird material in p.b. both here and in the U.K. --now can they overlook these fine novels? Sincerely, Don Martin

BANKS MEBANE | 6901 Strathmore St, Chevy Chase, Md 20015

Dear Felice and Ed: I see that NIEKAS #14 is back up over 70 pages, which suits me fine. I do believe it's the best one yet.

Carl Frederick manages once again to be so outrageous that he passes completely through bad to some realm beyond good and evil. I met him at the Philly Conference and still don't see how such an in-person-quiet character can explode so in print. Nan Brande makes a heroic effort but she can't quite march Carl's fine frenzy (except for one perfect touch: Alimentary, my dear witsend.)

When I was a kid we also had some of the Disney Character Christmas tree lights that Bjo mentioned. As I recall, the decals began to peel off after a few years, probably because we stored them in an attic that got awfully hot in the summer. I remember Clara Cluck. (Does Richard S. Shaver?) Who remembers Horace Horsecollar and Clarabelle Cow, two other archaic Disney characters (I don't know if they were on the light set or not)?

No doubt many hundreds of thousands of words have been written or spoken about science fiction, but I can't remember seeing any that made more sense to me than John Brunner's talk. Reading it was one of those experiences when I said to myself, "That is just the way I would have thought if I had ever gotten around to thinking of it." Of course I would never have thought of it myself, but his observations seem so obviously true now that they have been made.

Gee, I didn't know that last year's fanzine Hugo winner had been around so much. Reckless Coulson indeed! Maybe that could start a fad for titles: Coulsonfinger. How Green Was My Coulson. The Coulson in the Rye. How about it, Carl Frederick?

Roger Clegg: no, I am not an African. Mebane is a Scotch-Irish name and, despite its spelling, is pronounced MEBbin. The Scotch-Irish were the Scots who emigrated to Ulster, stayed there for a couple of generations, then came to America. My Mebane ancestor came over here about 1750 and settled in North Carolina, where the family proliferated and the name is not uncommon now. My name gets mispronounced so often that I hardly bother now to correct the most common error, which is MehBANE.

Regards, Banks

BEN SCULON | 3933 N. Janssen, Chicago Ill 60613

Dear Felice: Right now [after rushing to make an Ivory Tower deadline] I know how Coulson feels after finishing a Strange Fruit col; in fact, I'm beginning to share his legendary dislike for fanzine reviews. And no, I don't have any taste. Who ever heard of a fanzine reviewer with taste; all one needs to review fanzines is a strong stomach and a weak mind. Best wishes,

Ben

GRAHAM M. HALL | 57 Church St., Tewkesbury, Glos, England

Dear Felice, After an 18 months' romance with NIEKAS at last we come face to face, the beastly ERM having moved thousands of miles nearer to the English continent, attracted, no doubt, by me



and myriad other Engfen.

Friends, I have the news of a lifetime for you. I, Graham M. Hall, have set *The Lord of the Rings* to music. A comic opera! Nirvana for hundreds of NIEKAS subscribers up and down the world. [Send the man a copy of "Hello, Frodo." --FR]

What with all the Orks and Ents and Hobbits, the Ghash's, the Deagols and Smeagols and Bombadillos, it's a ringer for a Gilbert Libretto anyway. A bit of fiddling to get it all into lam-bics, the theft of a few tunes from Lionel Bart, and I'm away.

Tentatively entitled *The Pixies of Peyton Place*, I've offered Tolkien an honorarium. He turned it down, though. Snob-bish old fuddy-duddy.

In his letter, Banks Mebane seems to have hit the real reason behind the glossary. If you really love a work, you want to get in there and glean everything from it you possibly can. I mean, look at Kingsley Amis with his *James Bond Dossier*. I, personally, would like to read the whole of the *Books of Bokonon* that Vonnegut refers to in *Cat's Cradle*. Or, for that matter, the *Necronomicon*.

Not that it is likely to persuade me that JRRT holds anything from which I can benefit. We have a crazy University entrance paper over here called "Use of English." It largely consists of long questions of logic. "If a banana is six inches long, and you can get 24 oranges into a yellow box, what price are apples?" I get the same feeling about these as I do when I try to read the *Rings*. I, e. Why the hell should I bother? It seems such a waste of mind-effort, such pointless mental masturbation, otiose onanism....

The mind boggles at teachers who can afford two I. B. M. typewriters. [He wasn't a teacher then, and they are very used, FR] Here's me hacking this out on the firm's old Underwood trying to save up the week-and-a-half's wages for a second-hand and battered standard.

Harry Warner's comments about drunks feeling that the world is a wonderful place are valid. To a certain extent. But, to the drunk, the world is a wonderful place and everyone is his buddy. If everyone were drunk all the time, presumably we would have a peaceful world. [Yes, but only some people are cheerful when drunk; others become belligerent & obnoxious. ERM] To this end, I am working. And contributions to my World Peace Fund would be gratefully received.

The shield and defender of the world's press strikes again. I suppose hypocrisy is my business. Half the things I write I don't really believe in. This week, take. I did a story of a talk of a man from Rhodesia. Rhodesia is at present a big thing with our group of papers. They support Smitty. I don't. I don't support anyone, except the local brewer. (In journalism it doesn't pay to have your own opinions--only someone else's.) But I still gave it five folios, all of which have been published in two or three papers.

Mind you, I'm not such a hypocrite that if it had been against Smitty, I would have cut it down... I wouldn't have had to. The editors would have.

I could name a hell of a lot of instances. When the local police bungle something, we can't expose them. Primarily because we'd never get any cooperation from them again if we did. Secondly because they could persecute the life out of me.

I stick it because I know I'm fairer than some people would be. Journalists on the whole aren't people of warped intelligence. They're just unintelligent. This came as a shock to me, since I came into the trade because I thought the people would be a bit brighter than most. Half are. The rest--they're just thick.

See you.

Gray

MICHAEL MOURCROCK

Dear Ed, To hell with work and pressing business. I must write you a decent letter of comment on NIEKAS for a change. I'd write an indecent one, but you couldn't publish it.

The Tolkien Glossary can be useful, even to someone who doesn't particularly care for Tolkien like myself, in that when one is involved in a detailed argument or conversation about *Lord of the Rings* it acts as a handy reference if memory fails (as mine does most of the time). This kind of bibliographic effort is admirable in itself and useful to anyone who takes a constructive interest in the field. So more power to all your elbows.

I'm not sure I have much empathy with the obsession with

juvenilia that seems to run through NIEKAS these days (Children's Books, Tolkien, G&S, etc.), though I find the stuff on juvenile fantasy useful, also; in this case when buying books for my kids. There doesn't seem to have been much about E. Nesbit, whom I find the best of the children's fantasy writers. As I recall, she never sinks into whimsy and there are aspects to her work which show a developed social conscience that comes out in odd ironic references through her books. There is a certain hard to pin down streak of morbidity in most Victorian children's writers--and some later ones like C. S. Lewis--which I find distasteful. But it's never present in Nesbit. Even E. Nesbit, unfortunately, I find I can't read for long nowadays. I have no bias against reading kid's books, but I can't help feeling that they were meant for kids and they just don't hold my attention.

Diana Paxson's article was more to my taste, though I wish she'd developed it more. It would probably be quite easy to sort out most sf and fantasy under various myth sub-headings and also trace the development of various popular myths to where they became assimilated by sf which, of course, contains many of the elements of the western, thriller and historical tale). There seems to have been a rather disappointing rejection of strong myths and myth-figures in modern sf, as if the writers are embarrassed by them. The trouble is, of course, that crude myth-making is identified with pulp fiction and rather than produce more sophisticated myths, the writers chuck the lot out and borrow more and more from the modern social novel. This seems a shame--a rejection of the powerful elements that attracted the authors to the stuff in the first place. I suppose it's something to do with their trying to make sf and fantasy respectable. Too big a sacrifice, I'd say--and an unnecessary one, of course. Even social novels are at their most popular when using strong mythical elements (Iris Murdoch's *Flight from the Enchanter*, for instance). What sf has lacked so far, it seems, is real genius that can produce a myth like Melville's *Moby Dick*. A fictional myth of the *Lord of the Rings* kind seems to me to be too removed from reality to have much relevance to my life, at any rate--too many elements of escapism in it that make me suspect it. Too whimsical--like a Disney version of Oedipus might be--or indeed, like the Disney version of *Morte D'Arthur*. Whimsy tends to denude the myth of its original power. I've always been surprised that T. H. White just managed to get away with what he got away with in *Once and Future King*. The story of Lancelot and Guinevere still came across. A myth I find more enduring and without the falseness which seems to me to permeate *Lord of the Rings* is the trilogy often linked with it for some reason--Peake's *Titus Groan* trilogy. Peake is full of humour, warmth and sentiment, but never whimsy. It still surprises me that his favorite listening was G&S....

Having just read John Brunner's article while marking it up for publication in *NEW WORLDS*, I'd better skip comment on this, save to say that I enjoyed it, wished there was more of this sort of thing in fan magazines, and don't quite share John's admiration for some of the sf writers he mentions. For instance, while I admire Dick, I don't find the depth of *Dr. Bloodmoney* staggering--except in terms of most sf. Reading it, I had the satisfied feeling that at last sf was getting somewhere and was pretty sure I couldn't do as well as Dick myself. Observation was sharp but not, I'd say, profound. Maybe I'm splitting hairs.

Disney is disgusting. I hope that it is not because he is popular that most fans aren't interested in him. I hope it is because they have better taste. I have admiration for Disney's technical ability, but only loathing for the way in which he has perverted it to produce possibly the most unpleasant brand of sentimentality ever to make a big commercial success. Even his nature pictures suffer from this--possibly most of all. What a perfect man to make a series of G&S cartoon operas, though....

I'm not sure (re. letters about autohypnosis) that a good test of the usefulness of drugs, autohypnosis, etc. is whether they help you write a few bars of music or communicate clearly (though I know this isn't exactly what Harry Warner was getting at) but, having used drugs and autohypnosis myself, I'm inclined to agree that their effects are often similar to ordinary drunkenness and that, while you believe at the time you are seeing much more clearly, as often as not you are just seeing crooked. It depends a lot on your state of mind when you're using the drug or autohypnosis. I agree absolutely with Ray about polishing the mirror of



your mind, but am not sure that psychedelic drugs and autohypnosis are particularly useful in doing this. I know that I'm inclined to make associations under autohypnosis which might exist when things are looked at from a certain angle but which aren't particularly relevant or useful to me in polishing the mirror. For instance, you know my feelings about ERB these days, but one day last autumn a friend came round unexpectedly to find me reading some ERB paperback I'd found and babbling about its profundity and understanding of the fundamental drives governing human behavior. This was, in its own way, a totally subjective judgement involving me reading things into the book that weren't there, we weren't intended to be there, and could only be there if you believed that all fiction, no matter how unconsciously, is concerned with the fundamental drives governing human behaviour which, of course, in a very broad sense it is. I must admit, on the other hand, that on other occasions I have been able to see relationships which have added to my own understanding of myself and the way the world works. However, this understanding doesn't necessarily make me a better writer--though to some extent it helps me produce drama and symbols which cohere better than, perhaps, they otherwise would have done. It doesn't supply talent, unfortunately, or skill. It just helps me select subject matter. While autohypnosis (which I use in favor of drugs and, in fact, wouldn't use drugs now under any circumstances that I can imagine) gives me, I think, a clearer view of the world, I'm not altogether sure that it gives me a clearer view of myself. I'm almost certain that it does--but there's a grain of doubt. As an afterthought, I've found that a combination of extreme physical tiredness and intellectual stimulus produce in me exactly the same state as that experienced under drugs (even to the point where I can't stop talking, but on the other hand can't hold a normal everyday sort of conversation.) I find prolonged experiences of this sort are also detrimental to my health and general well-being (I'm still trying to catch up on the work I couldn't find any reason for doing last time I took the journey in) which wouldn't matter a damn if I were a bachelor, but although I believe wholeheartedly in every point Ray makes, I still believe wholeheartedly in certain of the bourgeois virtues--like supplying your kids with a stable home-life and so on. However, this sort of experience does help one achieve a balance and--perhaps most important of all--an understanding of the purpose of certain basic ethical drives which would tend otherwise to be obscured by so much superficial morality that I might be inclined to reject them as unimportant. Knowing yourself and the world better by use of autohypnosis doesn't mean you become an anarchist (in the true sense of the word) automatically. In my experience, it leads you in the opposite direction. It involves you in more responsibility towards yourself and others rather than less. I'll join with Ray in saying, I'd like to see A Crystal Ball in Every Home by 1990. It doesn't have to be a crystal ball, of course. A custard pie would be better. It serves the same purpose as a focus--and helps you keep a sense of proportion.

Zie dreamlife und zie lifedream  
Was ist der symboliknatur of zie eiscreme?

Also Sprach Antonio

Time, unfortunately, is pressing. Wyndham Lewis would appeal to Dick Ellingsworth, of course. He goes well with Dick's other great literary obsession which he doesn't mention in his letter. The work of Gertrude Heyer. Dick may only have heard the radio version which was actually much better than the original. Somehow Lewis' distorted view of life, his bitterness and need to involve everyone in his petty hates didn't come across and the radio version of *The Human Age* was, because of this, superior for it. Lewis had a vision and a splendid one--unfortunately his everyday personality taints the vision in almost everything he produced. I don't think it's a great work--the shame is that it might have been. I forgot to mention Dick's other musical love--Country & Western and the Rolling Stones. I suppose by his standards I do have bad taste, yes. ... But enough of Ellingsworth, the Last of the Brownshirts. I must close, still feeling I haven't done NIEKAS justice, and look forward to the next issue, wish you and everyone concerned lots of energy for producing it.

Very best wishes, Mike

DAINIS BISENIEKS | 1033 Pama, Ann Arbor Mich 48103

Gentlebeings: How do... just thought I'd say howdy to you at

new address. I'm still here at the University of Michigan--on the theory that this world needs more Latvians who can teach English literature. That is a few years in the future yet, but I dream of the day when I can assign *Lord of the Rings* to a whole damn English class. You have read *Talk of the Town* in the New Yorker for Jan 15th? They reported on a meeting of the Tolkien Society in New York. W. H. Audin was present. Meanwhile, the good word is spreading around here in geometrical progression.

With reference to my article which you will be running in NIEKAS 16; my interest in coins was revived when I went to Israel. What I found there was mostly the common coinage of the 4th and 6th centuries. Even that, trite as it is, is more interesting than today's coins. The material is nowadays heedlessly treated... completely conquered... by machines. It makes a difference, I tell you, when you can see how the dies had to be cut in metal (the outlines of letters, faces, etc., have a distinctive form) and the coins stamped out of malleable metal. My favorite coin is the an Arab-Byzantine piece about the size of a cent with the image of a little man. There is (accidental) artistry in the impress of the die on an irregularly shaped blank; an effect impossible today. I enclose 35c in today's artistically uninteresting coin.

Yours, Dainis Bisenieks, a secret dragon sympathizer.

STEVE PERRIN | Box 331A Merced Hall, 802 Font Blvd, San Francisco Calif 94132

Dear Ed. So now's the glorious teaching profession? Everytime I see that name, Belknap College, I start thinking about Frank Belknap Long, which immediately brings thoughts of Lovecraft to mind and then I picture you teaching at good old Miskatonic U. And how do you teach physics to a ddp one? I'd think the lack of familiarity with fire would prove a traumatic block to learning, wouldn't you? Yours,

Steve Perrin

ROGER CLEGG | 14 Newlands Rd., Claremont, Cape, South Africa.

Dear Felice, I'm in favor of the fanzine review column; keep it up. I don't agree with Ben Solon that Terry Jeeve's magazine reviews in *Zenith* are a waste of time. They're not intended to give advice on whether a particular issue is worth buying, but rather to indicate Jeeve's opinion of the usual quality of the magazine. If for no other reason, they are worth publishing for their entertainment value--in my opinion they're the best department in *ZENITH*.

"From Dianetics to Scientology" was delightful. So were the imaginary book-reviews.

Piers Anthony says he bought a June '44 *Astounding* for 20c. I can beat that: I bought a first edition of Campbell's *The Mightiest Machine* for 20c, and several other valuable first editions for 30c.

I was interested and surprised to learn that Stanford hasn't got a high academic standard. I hadn't actually read anything on the subject, but I'd assumed that a university so well-known would have a high standard. Maybe Stanford is well-known only because of its nuclear physics dept.

I don't really know what the standard here is; the professor who is a Princeton graduate and who visits the Institute for Advanced Study occasionally, told me that the standard at Cape Town is about the same as at Princeton, but he may be prejudiced. The other S. A. universities are definitely not as good as Cape Town in maths. Willivatevsand used to be good until a couple of lecturers got arrested for sabotage and a couple more hurriedly left the country.

I'd better explain that S. A. follows the British tradition in faculty titles. There is one Professor and one Associate Professor per department. Everybody else is a senior lecturer, lecturer, or junior lecturer. To enable you to make a comparison, I'd say that in the local maths dept. all the senior lecturers, and 2 of the 4 lecturers have PhD's from well-known foreign universities like Cambridge and M. I. T. We also follow the English custom of saying 'maths' instead of 'math'.

Yours,

Roger

[NO name on letter] | 20-35 Seagirt Blvd, Far Rockaway NY 11691

Dear Ed } "Patterns" started to say something about the effects of bur language structure on thought patterns,



and got sidetracked into mythology. But then, it is an elusive subject because even when talking about patterns one is bound by them. [Only one paragraph was on language structure; rather than the rest of the column being a digression from this subject, that paragraph represented but the first of a list of different ways in which patterns affect us! --ERM] Closely allied to this, in fact another basic influence on our thought patterns, is what we regard as basic physical dimensions--mass, length and time. [In an abstract point of doing that with any piece of fiction... what I'm interested in more than anything is ideas. If the stuff I do for NW is interesting & maybe even exciting then I'm satisfied. I'm at the Graphics school of Manchester College of Art now, the first term of a 3-year course. One thing we have to complete for a final assessment this year is a thesis on some aspect of graphics. I'm hoping to do something on the superhero strips in American comics. But information is very hard to come by, and any help I could get would be very much appreciated. I've written to several people, including the BSFA, asking for the loan of material, and have had wonderful daydreams of them all responding with loads of fanzines, comics & magazine articles. If you can't help yourself, I'd be grateful if you could suggest where else I could write. [Can any of the comic fans in the audience help him? Also, now that he's in England why not contribute to the Disney fandom? I've always loved him, and tact Harry Harrison; he used to draw for the comics way back when. ERM] Anyhow, last year on the foundation course here I wrote a 7500 word piece on army advertising & got a great response: an interview, a load of material, posters, etc. from Manchester Chief Recruiting Officer, and 30-odd photos of 1914 posters from the Ministry of Defense. They asked for the stuff to be returned it was. If they'll trust me with irreplaceable stuff maybe fans will too. I'm hoping... Best wishes,

Robert BARR [no address on letter]

Dear FR (pronounced "fur" or "far") --RE autophony (or how to drive yourself out of your mind); Ray is right--I am you, or put differently, we are LNE. And...you are right--I'm unique, or put making it plain. If you understand. And THAT is the key-- UNDERSTANDING. And you say you don't, C.K.

--Think of the whole creation as a large, multifaceted jewel, where each facet is a part of the universe. Rather than the obvious that each one of us is a small jewel made of different facets & man any other, we can say the same thing of our character, personality, and mind--so we are different. But also the obvious--we are a part of the big gem (G--GCD), and were made by him (I am as summing acceptance). That is to say, all of the facets are bound to together by a common force, and are intimately coupled to a common purpose. Nature has shown this, and man's mind-god (Science) recognizes this. The physical is a reflection of the spiritual, and gives man many channels thru which we can explore the creation in its entirety, and more--many paths towards God (whatever he may be like--our minds will never know).

--Ray is merely finding of a few paths that could be used, and each person must find the way that suits him best.

--Hypnosis and LSD are a few ways that can be used to release the mind, or the bonds on the mind that we have put there--partly in our ignorance, and partly for our own edification.

--In any case it is true that "know ye the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

(or is that am?)

DAINIS BISENIEKS again

Dear Ed, You and your magazine are a corrupting influence. When they are prize men--the silly rhymes in that song are funny, and the King are especially delightful (Make way for the wise men, come popping out unexpectedly makes it even better). [How good with two different musically complete recordings of Utopia--a starting thing when the only other Gilbertian opera I have musically complete is "The Mikado". Best,

Live! Youn,

Dainis Bisenieks.

HARRY W. DOUTHWAITE | 21, Stratton Rd, Whalley Range, Manchester 16, Lancashire, England

Dear Ed, Thanks for the copy of your fanzine. I'm grateful you keep sending them to me since I'm really an ex-SF reader now. Dear Felice, You are quite right to ignore those what do you want to print that for? type criticisms. As for the colored inks, The stuff I do for New Worlds is paid for, of course, and I'm very

CUTLER WARNELL BROOKS, Jr | 911 Briarfield Rd, Newport News Virginia 23605

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I never objected to them myself. Unless it was something like red ink on red paper.

Is the Tony Glynn illo on p. 57 new or a reprint? I seem to remember seeing something like it in an old pulp somewhere. [As far as I know it's new. ERM]

I read Alan Garner's weirdstone of Brisingamen and enjoyed it very much. It borrows images and concepts quite freely from Tolkien, but does not have the elaborate background. The heroes are children, a brother and sister, and the story is set in modern England. The children rather take the place of Tolkien's Hobbits, and, as in Tolkien, the great interest in the story comes from the fact that the fate of the world is at stake and the cause looks pretty hopeless.

The new Mercury Press magazine, P.S., edited by the Fermans, is good reading, at least the first issue. All nonfiction by mostly SF writers on rather unexpected subjects. The ones I enjoyed most were Avram Davidson's on old series juvenile books (Don Sturdy, Bomba the Jungle Boy, Poppy Ott, etc.), and Ron Goulart's on Krazy Kat.

Does anyone know if Wyndham Lewis' The Human Age is still in print? I almost got a used copy from Chapman's in London but somebody beat me to it. Best,

Ned

RICK BROOKS | R. R. #1, Fremont Ind 46737

Dear Felice: I feel that there is space in fandom for only a few specialized fanzines such as AMRA. I don't feel, either, that any editor should just print what he likes. He should print what he feels would be interesting to the reader, too. After all, a fanzine is a sort of conversation between editor and readers, and the reader should get some consideration. Not a deciding voice, since the editors are footing the bill, but some say in what goes on. [Yes, the reader should say what he does & doesn't like about a fanzine, but should also take into account the fact that there are many types of fanzines. He shouldn't complain that RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY has no faan fiction, nor that POT POURRI has no scholarly articles on the Freudian implications in Science Fiction Plus. ERM]

Carl Frederick's story was fun the first time, but it got a little boring this time, possibly because he was playing one tune.

I am annoyed. I was going to ask Buck Coulson about the Jack Mann novel, Reckless Coulson, but I forgot it last time I wrote him

As I see it, the scientific method is a systematic means of unbiased attack on any problem and should be valid for any problem. [The scientific method is valid only for problems which do have an effective answer--although it can be used, I suppose, to prove that no objective answers exist. E.g. the question of whether a given abstract painting is good or bad is a function of the guy who's looking at it. The best approximation that can be made to an objective evaluation is a consensus of opinion of the best art critics which can be found. It isn't susceptible to scientific analysis (and why should it be?) FR]

Rather regret Ed couldn't have come here. Physics Dept. is so hard up they're borrowing an instructor from the Electronics Dept. Besides, it would be nice to have another fan in the area full time. [Well, they were one of a half dozen schools which responded to my announcement via the American Physical Society that I want a teaching job and we exchanged a couple of letters, but then they simply quit writing. I don't know what happened--did a letter get lost in the mail in one direction or the other & the intended recipient assume the sender lost interest? Did they lose interest? Well, I'll never know. ERM]

Yours,

Rick.

JANNICK STORM | Ejbyvej 142, Vanløse, Denmark

Dear Ed, I am fully aware that ending my article about Danish SF, I promised a future article about the situation in Denmark now. But as I have to pass an exam this summer, this article has to be postponed until sometime after July 1st.

Best wishes,

Jannick

AVRAM DAVIDSON | 320 Lily St., SF Cal 94102

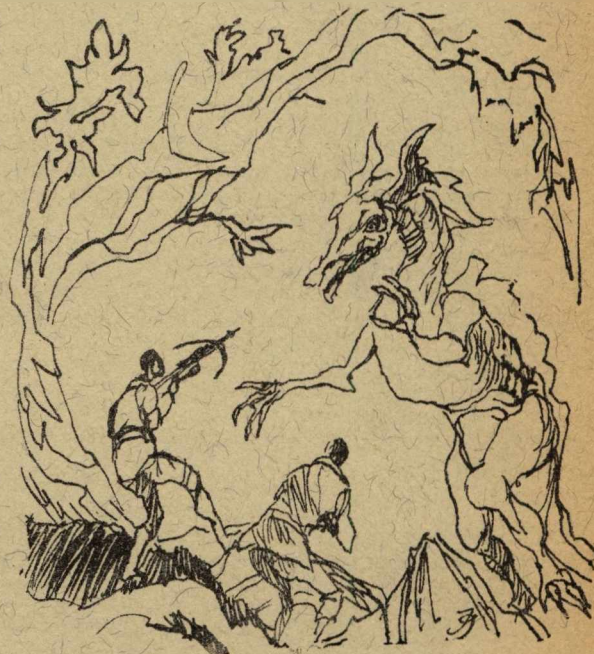
Dear Ed: Well, what did you expect in New Hampshire in

the winter... heat stroke? But listen, you're enjoying your work, what's the difference, freeze-shmeeze, so long as you're happy. Thanks for your micronote and for irregular ALBERICH #1.

Re the questions you asked about Rogue Dragon, no that book wasn't the result of a bull session involving the people thanked. It was dedicated to (1) Grania, because she 1st suggested to me a future Earth novel and because she helped plot it; (2) Damon Knight, for valuable suggestions he made concerning the primal plot-outline; (3) Ted Cogswell, for many concrete and particular and intensely helpful suggestions he made on reading my notes for it.

Phil Dick and the Andersons and Nelsons were in on a skull session or plot-session (we do not, ahem, prefer to call them, ahem bull sessions) to plot a book called The Great Year. Doubleday gave a contract for it, but subsequently agreed to accept instead the book called Micklerede. I haven't written either of them yet. Then Grania & I plotted Masters of the Maze--actually we plotted this before TGY and at about the same time as RD, maybe a bit before. And I started to write it but got badly, terribly stuck. Ted Cogswell had read the notes for it at the time he'd done the same for RD and, as for that, so he made the same helpful suggestions for this. And the Bay Area writers mentioned in the dedication helped me with another skull/plot-session and enabled me to finish the book. I can't acknowledge too much how much they got me out of that blasted Maze....

But to revert to your question, in what order RD was "put together"--the start was Grania's notion of a future Earth. Reverted-to-barbarism is easier to do than complex-scientific-culture is, so I posited a culture along those lines; the game preserve notion fitted in, hence the dragons. The symbiots came last, and grew out of a request of Terry Carr's that in expanding the novel a connection be made between the Kar-chee and the dragon hunts. Which is why the Ace version is a bit different than the F&SF one. A prequel (TC's word), The Kar-Ch Reign, awaits publication, also by Ace. I'm glad you liked the book. [I wondered why the wonderfully appropriate illo I got from Jack Gaughan just before your letter was labeled "Kar-Chee Reign"--I had guessed that that was your original title for RD which then got changed by Ace.--ERM]



Allow me to write something for NIEKAS. I acknowledge the points made by Harry Warner and Ken Lazara to the effect that I generalized unfairly in writing that the NYC police had helped themselves to some of [Hannes Bok's] property and were caught helping themselves to more... and in further writing that They are a notorious pack of ghouls and robbers.... I acknowledge that this was, as I said, a generalization; and, as I said, un-



fair. Of course the entire NYC police hadn't helped themselves, and of course the entire NYC police are not notorious ghouls and robbers. I don't think, though, that a comparison to fans is accurate. The police are entrusted with enforcing the law, they have great powers, and the people have a right to expect that the police will have high standards of conduct and neither abuse their powers nor condone such abuse by any of them. I say, the people have a right to expect-- But in plain, sad fact the people do not expect this. And this is because--and here I generalize deliberately and not in quick heat as before--because the police do not as a body maintain a high enough level of proper conduct. I wonder if anyone will disagree with me on this?

And now to eat my frugal supper by the light of my flickering tallow-dip, and then to bed.

Sincerely,

Avram.

NAN BRAUDE | 2952 College Ave, Apt 4, Berkeley Cal 94705

Dear Ed, The first and most important thing I should probably tell you is that now I am a published author...or about to be. I discussed with you before that I was working on the idea that Shakespeare invented the detective short story, in an episode in Henry VI, part 2. Well, I wrote this up and sent it in a letter to Elery Queen, and I got back an air-mail hand-written letter from Frederick Dannet (who is one half of Elery Queen) saying my letter was a bombshell. They will publish the passage from Shakespeare, and would I accept \$25 to let them publish my letter with it as an introduction. Needless to say I was able to be prevailed upon. So probably an issue of Elery Queen's Mystery Magazine in the near future will have something by me in it. Now that I am a pro I will still speak to you, though.

As for your suggestion that Carl & I "continue" getting each others' characters in trouble in our stories, I suppose it might work out as long as Carl remembers not to get Professor Wiegheits into anything embarrassing because she is eminently respectable. After all, a Professor of Philological Aesthetics (or was it Linguistic Aesthetics?) has to be ultra-respectable.

By the way, I didn't get Zenrgut into trouble in my story. The story was presumably set at a point after Len Stone had escaped, after locking up Professor Zweistein and Zenrgut but before they had escaped. So, at the moment as far as anyone knew Sigfried Zelrgut had vanished.

[later] The more I think about the idea of Carl and me doing this the less it appeals to me, primarily because Carl and I write such different things that I'm not at all sure I could get anyone out of the sort of situation he could get them in. I doubt if I could write the interplanetary adventure sort of thing that he does if I tried.

It's bad enough to have me continuing Carl's stories; if he starts continuing mine, you'll have to combine "Marching Barnacle" and "Barnacle Turns" into one department-- "Barnacles Ouroboros"!

Vale,

Nan

KEITH FREEMAN | 2 Walmer Close, Tilehurst, Reading, Yorkshire, England

Dear Felice & Ed, I was expecting a packet when I got home, lo, there on the mat was an envelope of the right size... the first look at the cover convinced me it wasn't what I wanted; the first look inside revealed NIEKAS 14--and I was disappointed no longer.

So now I've raised your hopes of egoboo let's get down to ripping the fanzine to bits...

I prefer the Bacovert to the front. Still my normal habit of looking at a magazine back to front first time means it doesn't really matter! Funny, I notice in my letter which you published that in NIEKAS 13 I liked the front cover, but not the back. With 14 my opinion is reversed--aren't I an awkward so-and-so?

Like most editorials that I like, Mayhem House covers so much ground in such a loose and relaxed manner that though I like it I have difficulty in commenting on it. Surely however I can bring up your statements about NIEKAS being impersonal. To me your personality (and Ed's in Bumbejimas) is deeply imprinted in the editorials and it is not needed any further (that sounds unkind but it isn't meant to be) in the rest of the zine. [Exactly what I meant--FR] I presume that any article that you really go up in the air about would not be printed? [Not so. See Ray Nelson's review of The Two Cultures this issue, which really sent

me into orbit.--FR]

As in the last paragraph, Bumbejimas I liked but have no comments on. It is always easier, I find, to comment on an article (or editorial or what have you) that you dislike, or the exception to that is something one really gets up and starts shouting over--nothing like that here though, yet.

Having attended the recent World Con I must admit I was still surprised by the John Brunner talk/essay--isn't it surprising how much more one can understand when one can go back and reread a point that isn't quite grasped the first time? Maybe I don't agree all the time with John Brunner, but a lot of sense is always a lot of sense.

The current country in the SF around the World series is, I admit, a country I know little of, and nothing of its fandom. Now I know enough to be interested--you really shouldn't be allowed to whet your readers' appetites like that.

You'll have noticed (there's no need to be polite) several typos in the letter--some typed over, others left--but have you noticed how some typos are better, in context, than the actual word that should have been typed? One example springs to mind--my boss is a Civil Servant but also an embryonic author (first book just accepted by publisher) and I recently read a rough draft of his third book. I won't go into it in detail--but suffice to say it's an historical novel set on the coast of Africa about the time of the American Civil War. Whilst talking of the U.S.A. a character called it the "United States of America". Can you think of a better way of describing a country torn by civil war? [It's still a good way of describing us!--FR]

Is this a letter of comment or a load of drivel? Oh well, please find enclosed not only the cutting [see Gincas--ERM] from the Times but also \$1. Make up your own mind as to whether I deserve a free NIEKAS 15, otherwise you've got the money....

All the best,

Keith

[This is a letter of comment, most definitely; you're now signed up thru #18--but please don't stop writing. FR]

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: STEPHEN E PICKERING who replied to the comments on his article "Space Age Credo" by discussing various aspects of defining SF and concluded with: "One cannot apply strict definitions to science fiction, as one can to the sciences and humanities; science fiction is a composite of all aspects of human existence, and is as dynamic and exciting as life itself. Examples of SF show quite clearly the almost infinite functions of the genre, what it is concerned with, and the propensity of significant social comment and philosophy. [That's saying an awful lot for the field, isn't it? --ERM] However, there would still exist no general agreement as to a definition of science fiction, just as one cannot define 'love', 'life', the 'rights' of man or 'happiness'. It is largely an academic question which, while often fiery, is somewhat informally ignored. Yet, the question of a science fictional philosophy is urgent. Even in the sciences fields are overlapping. A psychiatrist & a sociologist often deal with the same problem, as do a historian & a philosopher. All questions of definitions are, in the final analysis, questions of philosophy, and, conversely, because of their complexity no general agreement can be reached. But, by the nature of SF, any extrapolation, criticism, or definition is liable to be controversial, and one cannot expect one to limit the field of SF by one critic's ideas. These are only as valid as the next person's. That is why I feel that only controversy can be generated; interesting and stimulating discussion, but not necessarily a firmer expression of the science fictional philosophy.

Harriet Kolchak wrote and used much of her letter to plug her "neofund", and we got several other letters which we didn't quote from and which I didn't keep separate for this section.

We were amused by the fact that the last issue was mailed out late and we put an early deadline for response and most of the the quick response came from Europe. ERM

Ed may have been "amused"; I was astonished.

By the way, people, there's a deadline for the next issue too -- May 1, 1966. It was a great help, having a deadline -- although (heh heh) I have Ed at my mercy anyway, since the LoCs come here instead of there... --FR



During our conversation he asked what is probably the most fundamental question in fandom... where can he get material for THE TOLKIEN JOURNAL? I told him how hard it is and that is why I PALINTIR is dormant, which wasn't much help I'm afraid. It IS very difficult to get enough material of sufficient quality!

Oh yes, at the ESFA Open I asked Terry Carr whether the mundane pressures were responsible for Ace's decision to pay. He said that that was one of many causes working together, and another was that both he and Don were unhappy with the situation and were exerting pressure that payment be made. And Dick told me JRRT's new translation of The Pearl & Gawain will be out almost immediately.\*  
ABOUT NOTHING!

I am going to be afraid to look at a completed copy of this issue. Not only are the contents kooky, but they are also completely disorganized.

First we got off to a late start because of my move and re-settlement here. For several weeks, until I got acclimated, I just couldn't get any work done. I was perpetually tired and kept falling asleep early in the evening. Felice is working now so she has a lot less time too.

Well, I finally started turning out large quantities of stencils a few weeks ago and sending off airmail packets every few days. In the mean time Felice was sending me the carbon cushions from the stencils she typed so I could see how things were shaping up. It was murder trying to keep page numbers and such co-ordinated, especially when bums like Carl Frederick didn't get their material in but kept promising it for the next day. (Speaking of Carl, I kept threatening to reprint some really awful puns of his from a one-shot of some 4 years ago which never got wide distribution and I finally told Felice to go ahead and use it. She seemed reluctant because they were that bad and I don't know whether they'll be in this issue or not.) Since I had the microtypewriter I was to do the table of contents but this became impossible. I phoned Felice and we talked for some 20 minutes about this issue and all I can say is Oy Vey! Mayhem House is really living up to its name!

Things are in a very bad state what with kids yelling and Joe yelling and so on. Felice got the help of the Steves Perrin & Henderson, Greg Shaw and Bob Baer and without them this issue would truly have been impossible! [Shut up Carl Frederick!] From what Felice said they put in a tremendous amount of work last weekend. But things were awful confused and rushed. There is no place closer than Manchester, 100 miles away, where I can get electronic stencils made so I sent the pasted up artwork along with elaborate instructions of what is to go where to Felice. Apparently whoever cemented the stencils together didn't have time to read my covering letters and the stuff was used where it would fit approximately, with some it didn't matter, but with some (as in the case of the illo in the middle of Avram's letter) the placing was essential. \*Sign\*

Also I sent several illos and headings set up for a two color run and Felice told me that they had no time for such runs. I don't know what will be used to fill the holes and where the illos will get used. The Atomillos in particular had to be run very carefully and I am afraid that they will rip half-way thru the run if there is text on the same stencil. I do hope Felice remembers my instructions to first run a few copies on clean white paper so that an electronic stencil could be made if something went wrong. If this issue has six pages numbered 22" please be understanding. I hope we now have all the kinks out of our production system for the next issue will probably run about 100 pages! As I've already said several times we have some very good material lined up for our fourth annisn and it will probably be our best issue yet.

Odd things happened with the printing of this issue, as they will when someone who has never used a mimeo before mans the Gestetner. One night Joe "helped" by running off Boardman's article--each stencil on a separate ream of paper!

\*Sign\*

## FINALE

I just finished reading the new Heinlein serial in If, The Moon is a Harsh Mistress. I enjoyed the book very much and consider it the best thing Heinlein has written since Starship Trooper. Since the first installment appeared in the December If I think I \*Actually he wasn't that sure of Pearl, but Gawain will be.

will nominate it for the Hugo this year.

Looking at the other Hugo categories, I haven't decided about short fiction yet. Any suggestions? In prozine category I'd say If, New Worlds & Science Fantasy tho I haven't yet decided on the sequence. Artist, Gaughan, Krenkel & Schoenherr tho again I don't know the sequence. Drama, no award. Fanzine, Amra, Yandro & Zenith, Series--that's a tough one. Tolkien's Middle Earth series if it's eligible. However it would be only if you include the book of poetry, Adventures of Tom Bombadil. Otherwise I suppose I'd pick deCamp's Vlagens Interplanetes series (or however it's spelled--my copies are in NY). On the other hand someone from Baltimore (Mark Owens?) passed out a handbill at the Open ESFA advocating No Award because no-one could have read all the eligible series and this is an all-time award. He listed about 50 series and admitted his list was far from complete. However many such as those by J. R. Fearn can probably be dismissed without reading. However I do see his point--since the award is on an all-time basis the knowledgeable voter would have to be familiar with a substantial portion of these and none would be.

Harold Piser (41-68 Parsons Blvd, Flushing NY 11355) is re-issuing the old Fanzine Index as a preliminary to his attempt to compile an up-to-date one. I doubt he'll be able to do a perfect job on the latter because of APazines, particularly those for the minor APAs like Cult & Apex, but also because of borderline items like fannish Christmas cards and advertising circulars... and even club meeting notices! Whether he completes this or not the re-issuing of the old one is a good thing for it was Ditoed many years ago and is now barely readable. I do hope he received and incorporated a list of errata from the original compilers rather than blindly copied the original. Anyhow it runs 140 pages and costs \$2.50 and I for one will be getting a copy.

Fact is True Confessions for the intellectual

Liz Løkke

As I said I went to the Open ESFA meeting Sunday. This is more of an extra-long club meeting than a con for it lasts only for one afternoon and everyone goes home when it's all over. I wasn't there last year but I understand just about every scheduled speaker failed to show up for one reason or another. Therefore the director, Julius Postal, got several extra speakers lined up this time figuring several won't make it and the program will have exactly the right length. And wouldn't you know it, but every bloody speaker showed up! Also he made the mistake of announcing the meeting for 2PM so by when all were registered (121 people, according to gate-keeper Frank Dietz--tho I don't think this included those who got in free, like the speakers) it was 2:30. At 7 PM we still had several items to go and a vote was taken as to whether we should continue--most said yes so we ran on until 8:30. Only things dropped were Boardman's panel on H. G. Wells because all went home before they got on and some silly announcement Fred Phillips (who he?) was going to read denouncing fandom.

The feature item was Willy Ley and Fritz Lang's movie Die Frau im Mond. Willy was a technical advisor on the movie and told many interesting anecdotes about the filming and had much to say about why various scenes were done the way they were. I have the whole con on tape and his permission to reprint his remarks so if they are intelligible and interesting without the film they will probably appear in NIKKAS 17.

A librarian told how the NY Public Library selects SF and some of her plot summaries of rejected books were absolutely hilarious. I might try transcribing some of these for the next Review & Comment.

Chris Steinbrunner, who is a producer at WOR-TV in New York and ran, with Dick Lupoff, a film club for looking at old serials, had put together a history of SF films of sorts by splicing together a lot of old trailers (coming attractions blurbs). Tacked on to this was a 15 or so minute color film made by the Marvel Comic Group advertising their comics and a forthcoming TV series featuring their characters. This included the complete first installment of a serial adventure of one character, Capt. America, if I remember correctly.

The rest of the con was interesting too... a panel with Ted White, Terry Carr, Jack Gaughan & Henry Morrison on commercial aspects of SF a panel on new writers with Fred Lerner, Banks Mebane, & Jim Sanders and 10 minutes of remarks by me on WC fandom. Well, I couldn't say how interesting the last was. Bye til June--Ed.



editors: Felice Rolfe &amp; Edmund R. Meskys

Diana L. Paxson, art editor  
Liz Løkke, assistant editor

## CONTENTS

Cover by Dennis Smith . . . . .	cover
Colophon, etc. . . . .	1
Mayhem House (editorial natterings by) Felice Rolfe . . . . .	.2
Bumbejimas (more editorial natterings by) Ed Meskys . . . . .	.5
Patterns (a column by) Diana Paxson . . . . .	.7
Marchin' Barnacles (an atrocious department by) Carl Frederick . . . . .	9
Throw Him to the Barnacles! (an even worse one by) Nan Braude . . . . .	.9
Fantasies for Children and Other People (by) Charlie & Marsha Brown, the ERM, Ruth Berman . . . . .	12
More Mayhem (leftover editorial by) Felice Rolfe . . . . .	.14
We Happy Few (by) John Boardman . . . . .	15
The Function of Myth in the Psychic Economy of Modern Man (by) Stanislaugas Riukas . . . . .	19
The Two Cultures: A Review (by) Ray Nelson . . . . .	.23
Keepingism (by) Wallace West . . . . .	.26
SF Around the World: Italy Revisited (by) Riccardo Valla . . . . .	.27
The Ivory Tower (fanzine reviews by) Ben Solon . . . . .	.30
Review and Comment	
Reviews of various goodies by: Lester Anderson, Steve Perrin, Bruce Robbins, Jerry Pournelle, and Ed Wood . . . . .	34
Gincas (discussions)	
Ray Nelson, John Boardman, Robert Bloch, Banks Mebane, Mike Klassen, Michael Moorcock, Ben Solon, Graham Hall, Phil Harrell, Don Martin, C.W. Brooks, Rick Brooks, Keith Freeman, J. Sanders, Alan Shaw, and oh yes, Ed Meskys . . . . .	39
Late Night Impressions (by) Harry Sanders . . . . .	53
Laiskai (letters) . . . . .	54
	(just past the blank one)
Bumbejimas again (by) Ed Meskys . . . . .	.58a
((That's between the first page 59 and the second page 59, y'know))	
Bacover (by) Diana Paxson . . . . .	bacover

## ART

Diana Paxson: 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 25, 34, 53, 54  
 Jurgen Wolff: 5, 21, 29, 38  
 Ray Nelson: 15, 17, 39, 41  
 Ran Scott: 24  
 Jack Harness: 37, 38  
 Jack Gaughan: 47, 61  
 Dian Pelz: 57

ARTISTS! PLEASE SIGN YOUR WORK!

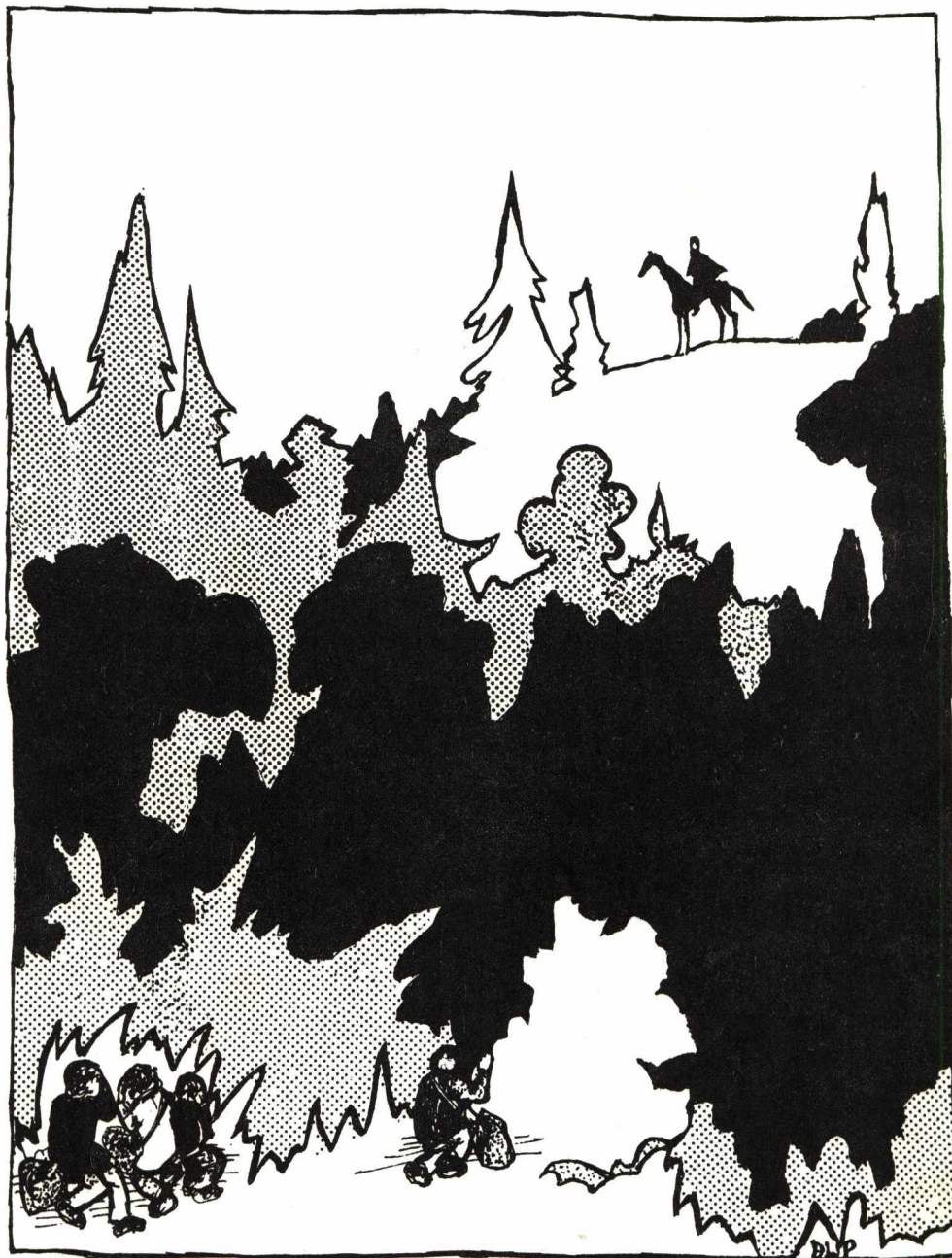
## MSCL

Poorf Reading: Bob Baer, Felice Rolfe, and a lot of good it did us  
 Offset Printing: Dave Van Arnam, Walter Leong  
 Steve Perrin, Electrostencil Cementer Extraordinary  
 Greg Shaw, Lord High Gestetner Runner  
 Bob Baer, Lord High Gestetner Catcher (with aerodynamic paper) and Head Errand Runner  
 Steve Henderson, Assistant Lord High Gestetner Runner and Unmixer-up of Steves

The last four put in a tremendous amount of work, and my gratitude knows no bounds.  
 Joe Rolfe, Chief Cook and Children-chaser (and boy, was that a help!)  
 Felice Rolfe, nominal publisher and Person in Charge of Running in Circles

SUPPORT THE CALIFORNIA DEPOPULATION COMMITTEE!







# ACE SETTLES WITH TOLKIEN

We have just received a press release from Ace Books, Inc. which reads as follows:

ACE BOOKS, INC. announces with pleasure the signing of an agreement with J. R. R. Tolkien for the payment of full royalties on all copies of THE LORD OF THE RINGS in the Ace edition. A check in excess of \$9000 has been sent to him covering royalties payable through 1965.

Ace Books has been on record from the start [ha! -- ERM] as willing to pay royalties to Dr. Tolkien, but not to his publishers who had forfeited his copyright in the United States. This has been accomplished by our agreement.

Under our arrangement, Professor Tolkien receives full royalties from American paperback sales instead of the customary one quarter royalties for an English author. Dr. Tolkien's letter confirming our agreement reads as follows:

Gentlemen:

I am happy to accept your voluntary offer to pay full royalties on all copies sold of the Ace edition of THE LORD OF THE RINGS trilogy, even though you have no legal obligation to do so. You may advise those who may be interested of our amiable arrangement.

Yours sincerely  
(signed J. R. R. Tolkien)"

Affixed to my copy of this release was a Xeroxed copy of Dr. Tolkien's letter which was exactly as quoted. However I also learned that part of their agreement stipulates that Ace is to print no more copies without advance permission, and they do not expect to get such permission. Ballantine has issued a news release to this effect, which goes on to say that they remain the only authorized publishers. I haven't seen a copy of this release but only had it quoted to me over the phone by Dick Plotz. A copy is in the mails to me but won't arrive until the absolutely final deadline for this issue of NIEKAS. I spoke to Terry Carr about this at the ESFA Open Meeting Sunday (March 6th) & he confirmed the truth of these statements.

Before reading any further, please see first the section in Gincas on the Tolkien hassle for the following is being written later and is an amplification of my comments there in view of recent events.

I will let stand just about everything I have said. The fact that the Men from A. C. E. were morally wrong in their initial acts is not changed by these events. They have now made restitution for their act and have presumably been forgiven by Dr. Tol-

kien so the fuss is presumably over and will now die a deservedly quiet death in the public prints. Both original publishers have acted in an even more dastardly fashion and I only regret that nothing can be done about this.

Incidentally, at the ESFA Open Terry Carr told me that they apparently botched the copyright on ALL of Professor Tolkien's books. For instance, altho the first few printings of the Hobbit bore a copyright notice it was left off several intermediate printings thus destroying the validity of said copyright. I have copies of the first & 12th printings myself and, as I remember (my 12th is in NY & I can't check) both had the notice. However it is still possible for Terry's statement to be correct. Does anyone in the audience have a copy of the US edition without such a notice? Also, my copies of the other books are British editions so I can't check the validity of the copyright on those.

What I regret most of all is that after they have shafted him so they are being rewarded with the larger part of the royalties of the Ballantine edition and he is only getting a negligible fraction, and they will get to publish the Silmarillion which will have a large sale regardless of how good or bad it is.

\*Sigh\*

## OTHER TOLKIENISH NEWS

I learned a number of other interesting things while in New York this last weekend. For instance, in September Ballantine will be bringing out the Tolkien Reader which will contain all of the minor works: Tree & Leaf, Tom Bombadil & Farmer Giles. In a few weeks the Saturday Evening Post will probably have a long article about Tolkien by Henry Resnik. The contents as given to me are DNO for now it doesn't really matter for the article will appear just about when you are getting this issue.

This is Nth hand information and so not to be trusted, but apparently Donald Swann, responsible for the snow "At the Drop of a Hat", is in touch with Prof. Tolkien and under his supervision is setting some of the songs to music. Perhaps a record of these will eventually become available. Many fans have set these songs to music but Mr. Swann would do so under Professor Tolkien's supervision so they would, at the very least, approximate what he had in mind when he wrote them.

Apparently there is a horrible "chain of command" among the various publishers. Ballantine must work through Houghton-Mifflin tho they can occasionally communicate with G. Allen & Unwin, but can never, under any circumstances communicate directly with Dr. Tolkien. Similarly Mifflin must work through Unwin, and only the latter is free to communicate with Tolkien directly. Thus things go slowly and information is lost upon transmission just because it does go thru so many hands. The thing about Swann came from someone at Ballantine BUT was given as only a possibly garbled possibility because the source was uncertain, himself, of the veracity.

Speaking of musical settings, one of the best sets extant is that due to Marion Bradley. She wanted to print these in a fanzine and wrote the publishers some time ago asking for permission to print the words along with her music, emphasizing that this was not to be distributed for profit. Tho she wrote several times she never got any answer from them [sound familiar?] and last time I spoke to her she was thinking of publishing without permission since they were being so snotty about it and had no legal rights to stop her.

I understand that Professor Tolkien WAS thinking of Europe when he drew the map of Middle Earth. However the map is rotated thru an angle of 30 or 45°. The Shire would be in France, the Misty Mountains the Alps, Mordor about the present location of the Turkish Peninsula, East of Rhin Asia, South of Harad Africa, etc. The fans have also placed on the world map C. S. Lewis' Narnia and with Lewis have identified Numenor with Atlantis.

The next meeting of the Tolkien Society will be at Dick Plotz' home on April 4th but damit it looks like once again I will have to miss it. I will have to be in NY on other business the weekend before and the two following weekends and it just costs too much to go in every weekend.

I spoke to Dick on the phone for an hour and a half this time and learned a lot of interesting things. Unfortunately I am not interested in writing in Elvish so some of the things he said about that went over my head and I can't remember them in enough detail to repeat here, and others are DNO. He lives fairly close to my parents' home and we will probably get together

((Gee, we have a page 58 after all! --FR))

Cont. on p. 63