



NIEKAS the CONFUSED fanzine

is published quarterly by Ed Meskys (summer address is 723A, 45 St, Brooklyn NYC 1220, winter is Belknap College, Center Harbor NH 03226, tho mail sent to either address will be received eventually) and Felice Rolfe (1360 Emerson, Palo Alto Calif 94301). Phone #s are 2124380009 or 6032536623 (I[ERM] have no phone of my own in NH and this is my landlord's #; it is to be used only for infrequent, brief and important messages and in no case are calls to be received after 10PM) and 4153266328.

This is issue #16, dated "late June 1966," and is the fourth anniversary issue. NIEKAS #1 was published in June 1962 and a quarterly schedule has been maintained ever since (except that #9 was published 3 months late so that there was no June 1964 issue), tho occasionally issues like this one have been a few weeks late. Copies are normally circulated thru NAPA and sometimes through FAPA. REVIEWERS PLEASE LIST THIS ISSUE AS COSTING 50c or 3/6. (See next section) Other people can normally get copies for 35c (3/4), no domestic subs for more than 3 issues, please) or 2/6 (4 for 10 bob; from our BRITISH AGENT, Graham Hall, 57 Church St., Tewkesbury, Glos, England), material, either written or drawn, published letter of comment, or trade. Please send money & letters to Felice, art & tradazines to Ed, tho a 2nd copy of your zine to Felice would be appreciated.

Some back issues are still available from Felice. She has just inventoried our stock and we were shocked to find that many issues are close to being sold out. Therefore we have raised our prices on many back issues, and, as before, this list supercedes all previous ones. Also, our prices are based on scarcity alone, no consideration being given to quality.

#1 (reprint) 50c. [Last I heard from Felice she still hasn't found the copies so orders will be held until she does.] #3, \$1. #6, 75c. #8, \$1. #9, 75c. #10, 50c. #11, 75c. #12, \$1. #13, 75c. #s 14 & 15, \$1 each. We might have one or two other issues at \$1.25 each. Note that because of the extra expense involved in producing this issue we will shortly be asking 50c or 3/6 for it, tho advance orders at the regular 35c price will be honored. As an aid in deciding whether or not to get back issues, I [ERM] maintain a sequence to indicate the relative quality of the issues. #16; 12 & 14; 9; 11, 13 & 15; 6 & 10; 7; 5; 8; 4; 2; 3; and 1. We have also published three fractional issues containing nothing but NAPA mailing comments by the various editors. These are #s 8.9, 9.5, and 10.5 (erroneously listed as 8.9, 10.5 & 11.5 last quarter, to the confusion of several -- sorry!) and are available to completists at 25c each.

The MITSFS has duplicate copies of several early NIEKAS which they are selling, perhaps at more reasonable prices. Write Mike Ward (he moved to 116 Broadway, Cambridge Mass 02142 since I stencilled his letter) for info.

A few copies of the BLOCH BIBLIO are still available at 25c each.

A number of people have asked for a list of the previous installments of the Glossary of Middle Earth. They are: 1(Hobbits, reprinted from RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST) in #9, 2(Dwarves) in #10, 3(Men, published in two parts) in #s 11 & 12, and 5(Other Creatures) in #14. Part 4, Elves, has not been compiled yet.

SUBSCRIBERS PLEASE NOTE: Not all copies are mailed out at the same time, but are actually sent out over a three week period. Thus it is quite likely that some friend will receive his copy somewhat earlier than you will get yours. Also, the Post Office might well delay some more than others. So please don't panic! Several people who wrote Felice complaining about non-receipt of copies wound up with two for she, being the nervous type, immediately sent off a second copy. Overseas readers, in particular, can expect a considerable delay between ordering a copy and receiving it -- usually of the order of two months -- because of the vagueries of the international mails.

Please note also that we are somewhat slow in sending out back issues if the order comes in at a time we are pressed by mundane matters or are trying to meet a deadline. We are not infallible, however, so if you have not received your back issues four weeks after you ordered them (giving us two weeks to get them out and the PO another two to deliver them) please inquire.

DEADLINE for material for NIEKAS 17, including letters of comment, is 1 August 1966, tho the earlier the stuff comes in the better. The next issue will be a bit smaller and we HOPE to finish early enough to have copies at Tricon. (The deadline does not apply to overseas readers.) And we will, as usual, use any late material that we can, tho letters won't end up in Gincas in all probability.

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 so as to allow us to trace them easily or have electronic stencils made. (If you want to use layout lines, please do so lightly with a hard blue pencil; the scanner on the Gestafax won't pick that up. Check with an art-supply store for the proper type of pencil.) Particularly useful are very small bits of art, art which is only an inch or so high but very wide (about seven inches), and art which is narrow enough to fit in one column on our two column pages.

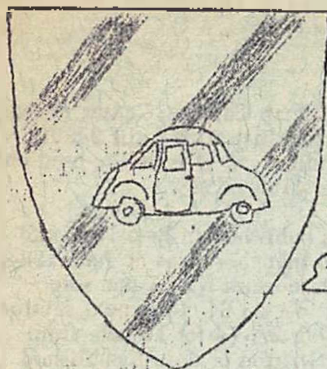
Again on the matter of letters of comment; we have found it necessary to be more stingy than in the past about what we regard as an adequate LoC to get the next issue free. This is due to our declining financial resources and the increase in cost involved in producing a transcontinental (and after September when Diana is in Africa, intercontinental) fanzine. If you are in doubt about the adequacy of yours, please include the money -- if we count the letter the money will be credited towards the following issue and we'll try to indicate this on the mailing sticker. The upper right hand corner of the sticker usually indicates the status of your subscription and/or the reason you received this issue. In the case of back issues, it indicates which issues should be in the envelope.

REMEMBER!

During the summer Ed Meskys will be in NY at 723A 45 St, Brooklyn 11220. This is a permanent address in the sense that where-ever he may be in the future, mail sent there will eventually reach him. He will return to Belknap about Sept 20th. Also, two of the regular contributors to NIEKAS have recently moved. Nan J Braude is at 6721 E. McDowell, Scottsdale Ariz 85207 indefinitely, while Diana L Paxson is at c/o Peace Corps Training Center, Cambridge Friends School, 5 Cadbury Rd, Cambridge Mass. This last address is good through the beginning of September and a new one will be published in the next NIEKAS.

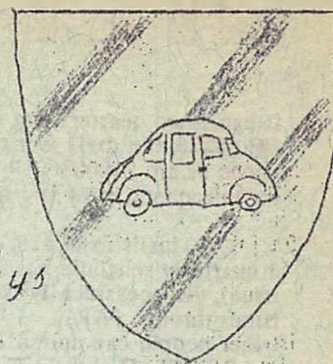
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BUMBEJIMAS

Editorial Ramblings by Ed Meškys



Well, we're quite late this issue and missed the NAPA deadline. Felice & I have some differences of opinion as to what we should do with this issue in re NAPA and we haven't settled matters yet. About a week before the deadline I got a note from her saying that she still had a lot to run and wondering if we should miss the deadline to be sure we have a good issue and don't wreck it by hurrying. I still had 8 or 10 stencils to type so I phoned her and we decided on that course of action.

This issue is hopefully far less confused than the last one tho I have found some errors on the run-off sheets Felice has sent me. Well, I hope there will be no blank pages, except on the backs of some offer pages, or five pages numbered 58. Speaking of confusion, we didn't notice until after we had sent off the NAPA copies of 15 that we had left a caption off of one of Diana's cartoons. For the remaining copies Felice typed the caption onto a separate stencil & ran it off in purple ink, tho it is conceivable that a few copies slipped thru the Gestetner without printing. If you have such a copy, the caption on the picture of the hooded figures standing around Stonehenge at night should have been "Whadaya mean, Daylight Saving Time?"

Somewhat related to the matter of confusion is that of intelligibility to new readers. One person who has known me for 6 or 7 years, is a very long time fan, and has gotten NIEKAS since about #6, has written "My praise is not unadulterated, though: there is a cliquish tone about NIEKAS which somehow gives me the feeling I'm an outsider looking in." I have gotten several comments along these lines, and even Diana mentioned in a recent letter, "Does [NIEKAS] seem to grow in interest because I am getting to know some of the people mentioned? I remember thinking last year that fandom was an awfully in-group kind of thing."

This raises the matter of what I am trying to do with NIEKAS and how successful I am. I am trying to do two almost contradictory things, but hope that there is room for both in a publication the size of NIEKAS. I want a magazine which has interesting and informative articles on and discussions of various branches of imaginative literature. My personal tastes run towards fantasy, especially the works of Tolkien, and this is reflected in the pages of NIEKAS. However, neither Felice nor I reject articles because they are not about something which interests us, nor do we accept an article just because it is on a pet subject.

However, this is not enough. I do not want to publish a mere anthology of articles, the way the long-defunct NEW FRONTIERS did. I feel that for a publication to be a real fanzine it must have a real personality of its own, and that is just what I've tried to give NIEKAS. There are a number of people who participate in the production of NIEKAS and this first section of the magazine is largely devoted to them. Others are invited to join in the fun and it is NOT required that they take on a part of the work.

I realize that this is rather confusing to the new-comer, especially the person not familiar with fandom, but I hope that these people can be satisfied with the remaining portions of the magazine until such time as they pick up the esoteric references. We certainly don't want to be cliquish and we do wish more would join us. Not all people are confused at first sight, tho; see Graham Charnock's letter towards the end of Laiskai, for instance.

Since I am getting a fairly large number of new readers, mostly through the Tolkien Society, who are totally unfamiliar with the jargon and myths of the original audience I am beginning to wonder if I ought not tone things down. I have rather mixed feelings about this. I think that at least 2/3 of the magazine is perfectly intelligible to any fantasy fan (on the average, that is, neglecting such anomalies as the current arguments on ancient re-

ligions) and that the new reader oughtn't mind too much these opening pages. Also, doing away with this would totally change the nature of this magazine, and into something I personally wouldn't find as interesting. But then there ARE the complaints and the fact that many of the people who send for a sample copy never write again. . . .

Speaking of esoterica, I suspect it is time I explained again the meanings of a few of the titles in here. Because of the great number of fanzines published over the years it is extremely difficult to come up with something original in the way of a title. I therefore fell back on my Lithuanian heritage and selected the word for "nothing." The department titles are merely the obvious words translated into Lithuanian. Bumbejimas means muttering or complaining under your breath, Ginčas is discussion or argument, and Laiskai is letters.

The pronunciation is as follows: nye-kus (ye as in yes, us as in we, accent on first syllable), bum-bay-i-mus (i as in it, accent on second syllable), gin-chas (hard g, ch as in church, accent on first syllable) and luy-skuy (uy the diphthong ai, but with a as in 'account' rather than as in 'ask', accent on first syllable). While I'm at it I might as well mention for the benefit of those who haven't met me that my name is pronounced mesh-keyss (as in the two words, plus soft s, accent on second syllable).

OF RECENT DOINGS

Things continued during the last three months much as they had during the previous quarter, and I am now a week into my vacation. I had only 12 students in one of my classes, and two in the other. Tho I could get away with spending less time grading papers and the like I was still kept quite busy with other things and fell behind on my correspondence and didn't find the time to complete my portion of NIEKAS by the deadline.

The other faculty members are very friendly and we often get together socially. This is a new and quite small school (about 33 faculty & 325 students last term) and I have seen none of the factionalism and intrigues that I've often heard are a part of campus life. Finally, all are very enthusiastic about the school and administration and are working very hard to make sure it is a successful venture.

(Incidentally, the school is in need of a French teacher, 2 psychology teachers, and maybe a librarian (the position is probably filled by now) and I would love to have some other fans on the faculty with me. Any of you out there qualified and interested?)

The situation around the school is much like it was reported in the last issue. We had snow quite late this year, into early May, but it melted within hours of each of the late falls. After it was gone the grass was marvelously green and the trees finally started to bud. From the middle of May until I left on June 12th it was most beautiful. It was a pleasure to just sit at home and look out the window. Most of the windows in my apartment look out onto a very large wooded hill with a lake at its base, while the others onto a quite dense evergreen forest. In no direction do I see any signs of civilization.

Grania Davidson in her letter of comment wondered if I didn't find it very lonely there. No, not in the least. I made friends rather quickly with a number of the other faculty members and I did get into NY about once a month for more activity. As I remarked before, I am quite adaptable and could probably live under just about any conditions, but it doesn't take the least

amount of strain to adapt to Center Harbor. Because of the stimulating company available and the possibility of getting to Boston or Dartmouth rather easily for more formal entertainment, just about anyone could thrive here. There are also a number of other smaller schools close at hand which put on plays, films, etc.

I've now been back in NY for a little over a week and, aside from resting, got a lot of work done on NIEKAS and getting things in order, and did a lot of reading. I had planned to visit California this summer but changed my mind about a month ago. Shortly after I did I learned that Diana would be spending the summer in Boston training for the Peace Corps so I expect to be visiting that city several times. I've been there only a couple of times but only briefly and without a chance to look around. I understand that in character it is something like a poorer version of San Francisco.

I have a long list of things to get done this summer, enough, in fact, to keep me busy for a year or two. I want to sort out my library so that I can find things when I need them, and build several more book-cases to hold it in an orderly fashion. Having my collection scattered across the continent for the last four years has done little to enhance its order, and I have acquired many, many books over that time which simply will not fit into the shelves in my basement study. I hope to get the books in order and keep a large part of them here when I return to NH simply because I don't have room for them up there. Then, when I need something particularly fast I can write my parents and ask them to mail it to me, and I can tell them just where to find it. Otherwise I can wait for my next monthly visit to NY and get it myself without hours of hunting thru boxes or among the back rows of books on the doubly stacked shelves.

I want to get in a lot of reading, too, both light and professional. In the latter category, I want to prepare for some new courses and read the Feynman Lectures in Physics, a modern classic in the field. There is also an awful lot of sci & fantasy that I want to get through.

I expect to spend a lot of my time in New Jersey, perhaps a third of it. My parents have a small shack in the woods just out of Newton, 60 miles West of Manhattan. It's a very pleasant, quiet little place lost in the woods and I expect to be up there with a stack of books plus this typer. In fact, most of Bumbejimas was first drafted there, and would have been stencilled too if I hadn't been so lazy.

Since I'm not going to California, it seems to be coming to me. I already mentioned about Diana's being in Boston. Grania Davidson will be passing thru NY on her way to Europe in about a month, and a mundane friend, Genia Pauplis, will soon be in Boston for a brother's wedding.

Anyone else headed this way?

ON BOOKS 'N SUCH

I seem to go off in spurts of reading about various odd subjects. For instance, a year or so ago I read Freud's *Moses And Monotheism* which presented some rather interesting theories about the origins of Judaism. Since this book was written almost 30 years ago, and was an excursion outside of his field, I wanted to know what current historians thought about this. That's what lead me to read *Path Through Genesis* mentioned in "Gincas", and also Bob Silverberg's biography of Akhnaten (or any of a dozen different transliterations of his name). I also read a few other items on early Judaism, and while I was at it, on the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Similarly, I had heard several references to Mike Girsdan's book *Adventures in Language* (or something like that--I'm no longer certain of the exact title) and when the school library acquired a copy I took it out. This book amplified upon the remarks made by Diana in her first installment of *Patterns* quite a bit, showing in considerable detail the marked differences in structure of non-Indo-European languages.

Diana also mentioned in her item Hall's *The Silent Language* so when I came across a copy of that on a news-stand I bought and read it. It was mostly on the cultural backgrounds which color conversation and so explained such fiascos of American diplomacy as the Ashwan Dam business of a decade back.

Girsdansk mentioned a book by David Diringer called *The Alphabet, a key to the history of mankind*. He traced the

developments of a few alphabets but said Diringer traces them all and shows that all true alphabets have descended from the same common source. This sounded interesting so I had the school librarian get it for me from the state library. The book has 600 pages of quite small type and what with other obligations I didn't have time to finish it before it was due back at Concord. I skipped the 150 pages on the Middle East, India and Indo-China but read just about everything else.

The first part of the book is on non-alphabetic forms of writing. It is really flabbergasting to consider some of the forms of writing that have developed. Many make Chinese and the Hieroglyphs of Egypt seem normal in comparison.

The authors considers every known form of writing, including some developed in the last century. He is so thorough that I'd bet if he were writing the book today he'd include Tolkien's runes & Elvish letters. Apparently this very century some African tribes heard of our writing, and just taking the idea of writing itself but not our system invented one of their own. This has happened several times and places in the last century.

For each form of writing, he gives an indication of the history of the people, a survey of the archeological work done, discusses the language, gives the main form of writing, its history, and if it is no longer current, how it later evolved or died out.

There are a number of stages in the development of a system of writing. Three of the stages are: variations on drawing pictures, syllabic forms, and the true alphabet.

The first is obvious. In the second one symbol would mean 'ba', another 'be', and so forth. In the third there is (ideally) one letter for each sound and vice-versa.

A South Semitic tribe developed the first alphabet, possibly from an Egyptian syllabic form. For them vowels were unimportant so they had none. They merely wrote the consonants and the reader knew what vowel sound to fill in. I suppose you could consider this analogous to the 'th' in English. It could stand for the voiceless sound of thin or the voiced sound of the. English has no word pairs whose only difference is whether or not the th is voiced or voiceless so we don't have to distinguish it in writing. When we come across the word thick we know that it is voiceless and read it that way. In the same way, without any indication the users of the first alphabet knew what vowels to put in. This feature has survived to the present day in such alphabets as the Hebrew.

Hebrew and Greek, among others, descended from this, Cyrillic and Etruscan descended from Greek in various stages of its evolution, and Nordic runes & Latin descended from Etruscan.

He similarly traced countless other alphabets and made a point that all descended from this one invented by the Semites. However it struck me that he was stretching things a bit in a few cases like the Korean alphabet. There he found no direct link but argued that the Koreans invented a true alphabet after hearing of the one in use in Tibet. This strikes me as being almost as extreme diffusionism as that practiced by those who claim that the Mexican pyramids are copies of the Egyptian ones, and thus there was some form of contact between the two peoples.

This book certainly aroused my sense of wonder. Perhaps only six inscriptions, all less than a score of words long, have been discovered and yet (if they were lucky) the archeologists were able to read them and pronounce them. In some cases, when the letters were closely related to known ones, the words could be pronounced but not understood. In other cases they could be understood but not pronounced. And in still others they could be neither understood nor read. In many ways this reminded me of LotR, especially the apendicies. The knowledge of this has been lost for all time, etc. Great kingdoms which stretched over thousands of miles represented by only a half dozen inscriptions, and so forth.

My main complaint about the book was the author's not explaining his key to pronunciation. He would list these various letters as equivalent to certain English ones, but these would have all sorts of diacritical marks about them, such as a dot under the letter, which were never explained.

Anyhow, I did enjoy the book very much and wanted a copy to keep as a reference. However it was published in 1948 and is now out of print.

The author has also written a book on the history of writing, [Cont. pg. 95, right after Laiskai]



JUST CALL ME "SMUDGE"

Red, blue, green and black smudges all over. Tonight I learned to change colors on the Gestetner; on purpose, this time, not just because I ran out of black ink. Though that happened too. Would you believe that our usual wholesaler, King Paper in San Francisco, lost all their mimeo ink in a warehouse fire? And I had to pay retail price for this stuff you're reading now.

Enough of that. Don't dry off your shoulder yet, though; I want to talk to you about NIEKAS.

BUSINESS FIRST

I'd like to apologize to Ross Chamberlain. He did some lovely lettering for the title page of MZB's article -- and I lost it. Had to do my own, which didn't turn out too badly, thanks to my draftsman neighbor and his trusty Speedball lettering manual.

When Ross sent me the drawing underneath the above-mentioned lettering, he had carefully cut out the black area of the inside of the cape. Now I ordinarily wouldn't try to second-guess an artist; but in this case I figured he'd considered how hard it is to run solid black areas. So I swiped some Zip-Tone from work (Ed calls it "sticky dots") and simply laid a square of it under the cut-out sections. It looks good and it ran beautifully. (If you meant it to be white, Ross, I apologize again.) On the other hand, Tony Glynn's little guy on the bacover, with his solid black beard, had to be hand-cranked and each copy peeled off the drum. It was worth it -- I think -- but I'd sure hate to have to do it again.

So why don't you artists look into this "sticky dot" stuff? It can give some beautiful results -- Diana's ship illo on the title page of her folio was done with that -- it makes it easier to run, and the reproduction is better. You'll notice that the little guy's beard is often underinked, and Diana's campfire illo in "Patterns" was impossible to keep black.

One thing more before I leave the subject of art. I realize that no fanned can afford to be choosy about artwork. However; we had some awfully nice sketches to go with the Norton article, but unfortunately, they were in pencil. They were also fairly complex. They couldn't be electrostencilled, and when I tried to hand-stencil them on the light table at work, I couldn't see them. I tried to ink them in but it just didn't work. Now I would rather have an artist mad at me for not using his work than for ruining it; it's a less permanent mad. Ed, as you may know, needs contact lenses to see as far as his glasses, and I myself have to have help finding them in the morning. So if you want us to do your work justice, please, please make it visible. How Ed feels about pencilled work, I don't know. I'm not even going to try to handle it, myself.

While we're talking business, what do you think about correcting that #9&*! microtype? Should I correct it by hand or in a different typeface, just to show you that at least one of our multitudinous staff can spell, or should I leave it alone? All three routes have been taken in this issue, so you should have enough evidence to form an opinion. (Yes, I know you don't like the microtype. Think of the paper costs it saves. We'll use about 50 reams for this issue as it is.)

Speaking of staff and costs and like that -- we're going to have to add to the first and cut down on the second. This was a special issue and I wouldn't have missed it for a million dollars -- but I wouldn't do another like it for anything less than a million! ...We don't have any firm ideas on staff yet, but there's a growing Bay Area group of young fans upon whom I hope to seize. Steve Perrin and Clint Bigglestone you've met in the letters section; Paul Moslander has a wicked review or two in this issue; Johnny Chambers, an extraordinarily talented young man, has had a couple pieces of art in the Big N, and I hope for lots more; Janet Dottery (also in R & C, with the first comment we've had yet), doesn't write much but is sure becoming a capable mimeographer; Steve Henderson, the last in the group, doesn't write much either and I think it's a damn shame. All of these people publish their own zines too -- but somehow they seem to come to the rescue whenever I holler "Help!" And I'm not forgetting Greg Shaw, who published a FEEMWLOOT and an ENTMOOT and a TIGHTBEAM and still had a weekend to spare for NIEKAS. In the future I hope to introduce you more effectively to these people; I think you'll enjoy them as much as I do.

MY OWN PRIVATE LETTERCOL

Last issue I asked a couple of questions, but didn't really expect any replies. However, a couple of people seem to have given them some thought, which pleaseth me no end.

Ben Solon writes: "What's wrong with an opiate for the masses? Oh nothing, nothing at all; there's nothing wrong with an opiate for the masses. If you don't mind having someone else do your thinking for you, that is. ((But Ben, don't the majority of the "masses " prefer to have someone else do their thinking for them?))

"There's far too little thinking done now (You



doubt me? Read the 'letters to the editor' section of your newspaper; if it's anything like the letter sections in the Chicago Tribune and Sun Times, you'll see what I mean. O boy, will you!) ((O boy, have I!)) People accept the unproven -- and often unfounded -- accusations of rabble rousers at face value. They make no attempt to think for themselves but are content to let someone else think for them; all too many liberals mindlessly repeat the outpourings of Fulbright and Morris ((Morse?)) without questioning the validity of their statements; likewise conservatives prattle about the Communist Menace and about the immorality of the new Left -- not because they themselves are actually concerned with these subjects but because William Buckley happens to be concerned with them. Fulbright, Morris and Buckley are thinking for themselves; the trouble is, their followers aren't. And all this goes on, mind you, without an opiate for the masses; can you imagine what things would be like if someone should discover a short-cut to Nirvana?"

((I was thinking more of some substance, or combination of substances, which would make the ordinary guy's life sufficiently comfortable and satisfying that he would be able to spare the time and effort to do his own thinking. However, you raise an interesting point. These people, followers, whom you mention, believe that they are thinking for themselves. Wouldn't we be better off if they didn't believe so, and didn't feel that they ought to? Or would we?))

Off on another topic, Steve Perrin (whose address for the summer is 150 Rose St., San Francisco) writes: "Should we use criminals in warfare, giving them a chance to redeem themselves? There are two ways of going about that. One would be to take them, willy nilly, and stick them in uniforms and send them off, which I doubt you had in mind ((right -- I didn't)), having great confidence in your reasoning faculties (and isn't that a hell of a thing to tell a beautiful young woman.) ((Now, Steve, you don't have to mislead our readers like that. You'd get your NIKKAS anyway...and as a matter of fact, it would be quite a compliment to a "beautiful young woman", and one which she wouldn't hear too often. By the way, folks, he knew damn well I couldn't resist printing that; there's more than one way to get a late LoC published!))

"The other, of course, is to ask for volunteers, and you just might pick up a few that way. Of course, while their mental outlook might be favorable for the basic use of soldiers (i.e.; killing), you don't want to accept murderers, but there are others who might very well do, and willingly.

"There is the problem that most criminals are, as a matter of fact, anti-social, and could be an overly destructive influence on the general morale. However, I'm sure any number of drill sergeants wouldn't worry about it in the least.

"How would you handle that kind of deal, though? They are in military service, in lieu of imprisonment, and you have to be damn sure they'll stay there. They could be a lot more skilled at the gentle art of AWOL than a lot of regulars, and perhaps even more likely to bug out once they realize they could get themselves killed out there. We might hope for, but could hardly count on, a Pirates of Penzance reaction from them in favor of Country, God, and Mom's Apple Pie (since it was probably the Apple Pie which drove them to crime in the first place). You'd have to police these volunteers, taking up MPs which would take other soldiers into the MP ranks to fill the holes, meaning that more men would be off the lines and frankly, on due consideration, I don't think the whole thing is worth it. And now many crooks are fit enough physically for it?"

((Well lessee now. I have known a few people, kids and still at an impressionable age, I'll admit, who would probably have gotten into serious trouble if they hadn't gone into the Service. Men who were born for a more violent and dangerous life than is generally available, like one of the guys Dave Van Arnem and I knew in high school; or, as another example, the boy I dated who had dropped out of school in 8th grade, not because of intellectual limitation but simply because he could see no reason to go on. He already had a minor record when he was drafted; he finished high school and the first two years of college while in the Army, and I think it was at least partly because he was good as a soldier, and it was his first taste of success at anything for a long time. ...In sum, I bet we'd gain more than we'd lose, if we tried it. 'Twould have to be voluntary, though, and on a pretty stiff honor system. What say, people? Roy Tackett? Jerry Pournelle? Earl Evers? Anybody who has done some soldiering? --Felice))



Patterns

THE LAST TOURNAMENT (?)

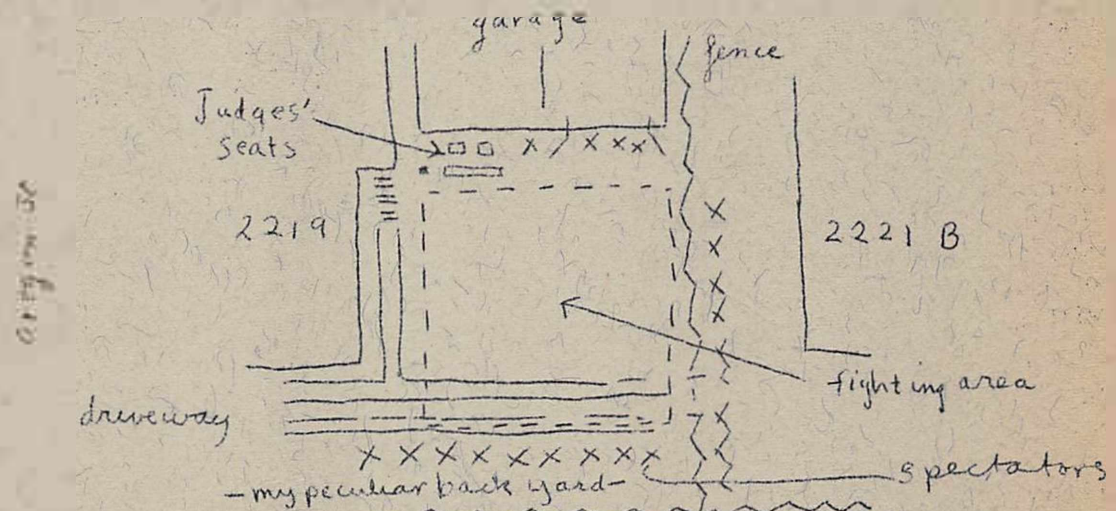
Diana Paxson

To students of English Literature, "The Last Tournament" refers to an event which took place in Scotland in 1839. The Earl of Eglanton, a high-minded young nobleman, complete with castle, serfs, and a head full of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, decided to dramatize the values of the Middle Ages, which were Scott's and his own answer to the problems of the Industrial Revolution, by having a tournament. Costumes were prepared, banners sewn, and the springs of the London hansom cabs broken by the weight of men in armor being borne to practice. It was the social event of the year. The Great Day arrived, the splendid procession processed, the jousting commenced. And then it began to rain.... Do you know what happens to armor in the rain? And banners? And respectable English gentlemen without any shelter? That was the end of the Romantic Period in England.

But that Tournament, ill-fated as it turned out to be, cannot truthfully be considered the last. Chivalry is not dead — my backyard bears proof of the same!

Sometime towards the end of February, Dave Thewlis and Ken de Maiffe came over to practice swordsmanship in my back yard, and the Great Idea was born. The May Day Tournament owed its existence to this, to the peculiar nature of my backyard, and to the fact that instead of telling me I was crazy, my roommates said, "Let's do it!"

It really was planned, carefully and in advance, but, as when one is cooking and discovers that the ingredients on hand are not exactly those one had planned to use, the result was marvellous, but somewhat unexpected. Felice has asked me to tell her how one of these things is planned. Ha! Little does she, or I, know! But I think I can remember what actually happened...



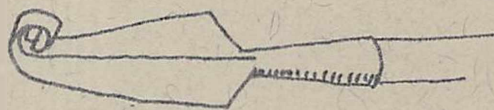
At twelve noon (official starting time) there were about four people standing around admiring each other's costumes, one of my roommates was still finishing her dress, and I was wondering what else you can do with four people in costume. Then it was 2:30, and there were people in medieval clothing all over the yard. The official Judge, Dr. Elizabeth Pope, head of the Mills College English Department and incidentally the one who told me about Tolkien, had arrived. She was wearing her academic gown and hood (well, they haven't changed since the 15th century!). She was seated next to the official archbishop and second Judge, Sir Jon de Cles, on a red-covered throne in front of a purple hanging. Beside the judges, the crown, to be awarded to the Champion's lady, reposed on a purple cushion. (see illo on facing page -- and about that illo, one note -- it is an evocation, costumes are correct, but the faces obviously have no relation to the people who actually wore them.)

A triumphal march was heard (Processional from the Play of Herod -- 13th century) and around the corner appeared a procession of knights and ladies. Two by two they paced forward, bowing to the judges and parting to circle round and join again. The long note of a horn... the Herald, resplendent in a green satin cloak, announced the blessing of the swords. At this, the Archbishop rose and let the sonorous Latin roll forth, "Ecce Eduardus ursus scalis nunc tump-tump-tump occipite gradus pulsante, post Christophorum Robinum descendens...", and the assembly chorused "Amen".

The first combat was announced, Sir Seigfried X. Hofflichkeit and Sir Kenneth, with mace; then a gladiator, Aeginius, and Nathan the retarius (net and trident). While the dust settled and the knights caught breath, singers hailed the season with the ancient "sumer is i-cumen in". Another combat, a challenge, then rest again, and this time there were four dancers doing a pavanne. The combats again: Sir Frederick of Holland, Sir Aeginius, Sir Henderson, Sir Paul, 'Sir Deutsche Bursenschaft, Sir David the Herald, who was knighted on the field, and many more.

What swords were splintered that day! What cries of exultation and anguish, what sounds of blows and what good knights struck to the earth, and what resplendent ladies looking on! No tongue can tell the glory of it, or pen write, but the fame of that day will be bread to the poets for as long as men love to hear of knightly deeds! (And that last is a direct lift from Layamon's Brut, 13th century -- the first version in English of the story of King Arthur.)

To speak truth, I rather lost track of events after those first few fights, since challenges were being issued right and left and everyone was more or less transformed, making recognition difficult, but the preceding lines are straight -- no ironic asides, because that's the way it was, incredibly real. Intermixed with the combats were things like a reading from "The Battle of Brunanburgh" in Anglo-Saxon by Nan Braude, and my rendering of a bit of the Chanson de Roland in Old French, a language which rings and clangs and is in my opinion the only tongue in which to speak of battles. Then there was the father of one of the singers, who took one look and rushed home for his cross-bow and long-bow, with which he gave an exhibition. It was very impressive, and gratifying to Dave and Ken -- an arrow from the longbow took some paint off one of their shields, but the arrow-head curled right up! Some Spanish friends of one of my roommates, glorious in 16th century plumed hats, did a scene from a Cervantes play; there were various sorts of food and drink (we are all good hobbits here), and of course the Maypole dance by the ladies of the company, which we actually managed without tangling.



The costumes were very good. Astrid Anderson came as Queen Lucy of Narnia in a red velvet dress with a bird on her arm, and David Bradley, in green, was her knight. Marion Breen was Dona Ximena (wife of El Cid), but Walter was a "hairy hermit wild", or friar of the Chaucerian sort, complete with wine-skin. Sir Seigfried's lady wore a 14th century dress of blue and grey satin and gold brocade. Mary, in a flowing leopard print with high dressed hair and monkey, was something Sir Kenneth found on the Crusades. My roommate Molly Titcomb, who has long golden hair, wore the white dress and midnight blue cloak of the Lady of Rohan. Felice was gorgeous in turquoise satin, Suzanne was a princess in blue, and Benjy, in a russet cloak, was a hobbit. Enough of who wore what -- the style of this has become depressingly like that of the Women's Page, and it would be impossible to do justice to everyone anyway.

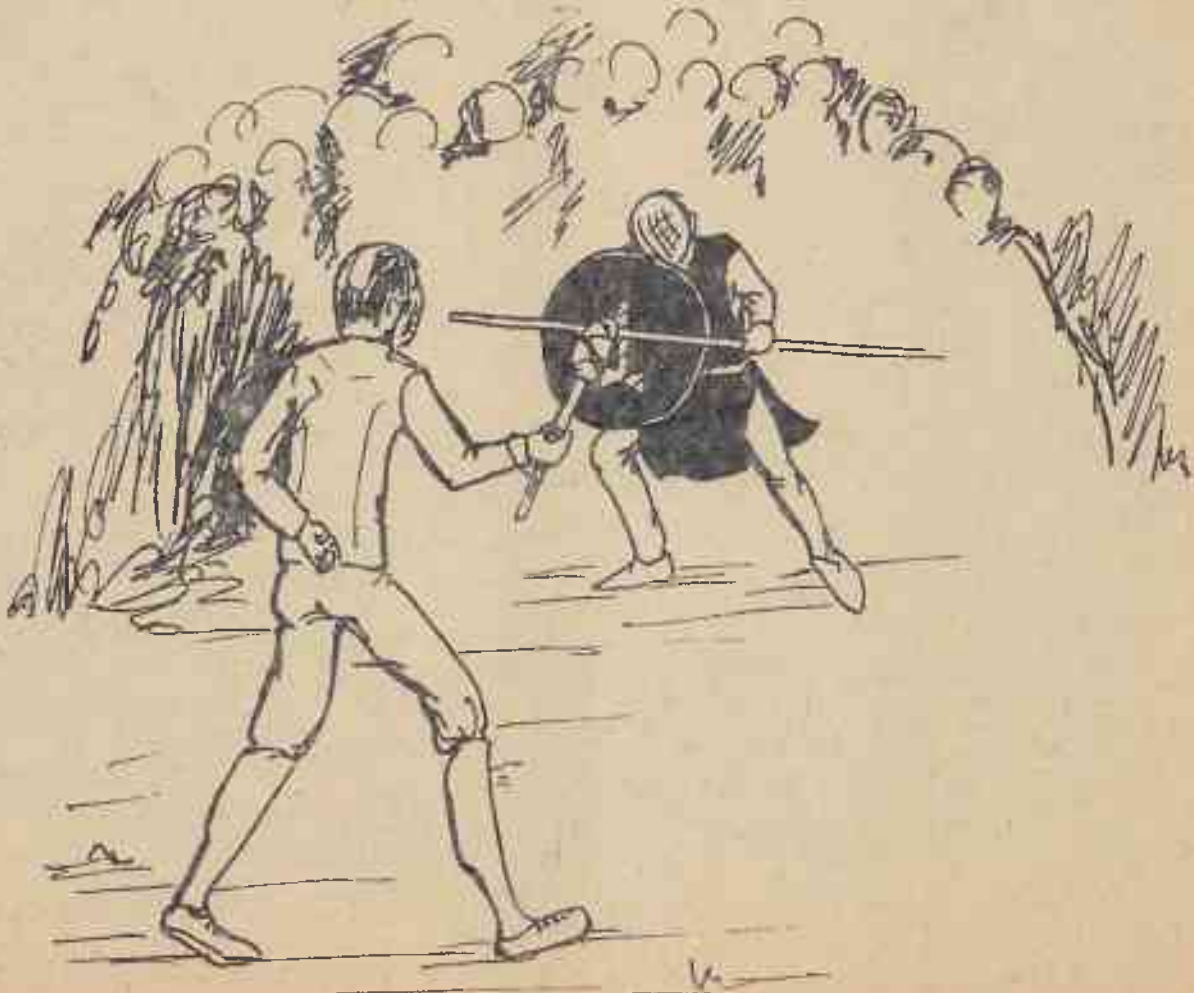
Arrowhead after meeting Dave's shield

By 4:30 the judges' list showed that six people had won two or more times -- the judging was rather intriguing; foil bouts were judged by normal fencing rules, but for those who fought with medieval weapons we had to find another method; when someone landed a blow, the judges (plus an informal committee composed of all the other fighters) calculated what effect the blow would have had if a real weapon had been used; i.e., if the shield arm were hit, the fighter had to drop it, if the sword arm, he changed the sword to his other hand, if the head, he staggered around (that wasn't acting), if a leg, he dropped to his knees. When he was considered to have been completely chopped up he was adjudged defeated. This sounds rather comic, but the fighting was for real -- one knight managed to put a dent in a fencing helmet,

which is almost impossible to do, and this with a wooden sword! That same knight is now sporting a broken finger (I wonder how he explained that up at Cowell Hospital?!) -- he tried to parry with a sword of which both blade and hilt were gone! Actually, and to my great relief, no one suffered anything more serious than welts, minor cuts, and bruises...

The finalists were Sir Aeginius and Sir Deutsche Bursenschaft -- Dick Barnhart, a student at San Anselmo Theological Seminary, and Paul Wolfgang, from Germany, a graduate in linguistics here at Cal. (Believe it or not, we were in the same fencing class a year ago, and I even got a few touches on him at that time. I insert this bit of self-egoboo in view of the result of the tournament.) Sir Aeginius' "helmet" -- the clear plastic facepiece of his motor-cycle helmet -- had been cracked by a blow from the same wooden sword that dented the fencing mask a little later, wielded in each case by Sir Deutsche, but Sir Aeginius finally managed to shatter that sword and mash the hand which had held it so that Sir Deutsche could no longer even carry a shield. The final combat -- Sir Deutsche in complete white fencing costume, with a mace in one hand and the other held behind his back; and Sir Aeginius, in black, holding a spear and crouching behind his black, silver-blazoned shield. They circled round, scuffling in the dust, Sir Deutsche wary, and Sir Aeginius feinting with his spear. He thrust. Sir Deutsche avoided the blow. They circled again; then Sir Deutsche darted in. We heard the "clonk" of a blow caught on the shield, then the mace swung up, fell, and hit Sir Aeginius between neck and shoulder and brought him to the ground. If the weapon had been sharp...?

Sir Deutsche Bursenschaft was the winner. He placed the crown on the head of his lady, a "simple peasant maid".



Marching Barmacles
by
Carl Frederick



Dear Ed Meskys

Although you have printed many of the exploits of my uncle Seigfreid Zehrgut, you do not seem to be acquainted with the fact that the Zehrgut family tree contains many famous people although it is not generally known.

I have compiled a partial list of these illustrious personages below

Wolfgang Amadaus Zehrgut	The Magic Fluke
Leonardo DeZehrgut	The Moaning Lisa
George Bernard Zehrgut	Legs and the Woman
Johan Sebastian Zehrgut	The B Minor Mess
Ralph Waldo Zehrgut	Grades of Bass
Ludwig Von Zehrgut	Symphony Nr 6 (The Casteroil)
Arthur Conan Zehrgut	A Library in Chartruse ((sic --FR))
Galileo Zehrgut	(Discovered the rings of Jupiter)
Edgar Allan Zehrgut	The Stark Ravin

I have enclosed a copy of Edgar Allan Zehrgut's last poem before they took him away.

I enjoy your fanzine very much (with mustard and relish)

Yours
Arthur Lionel Zehrgut

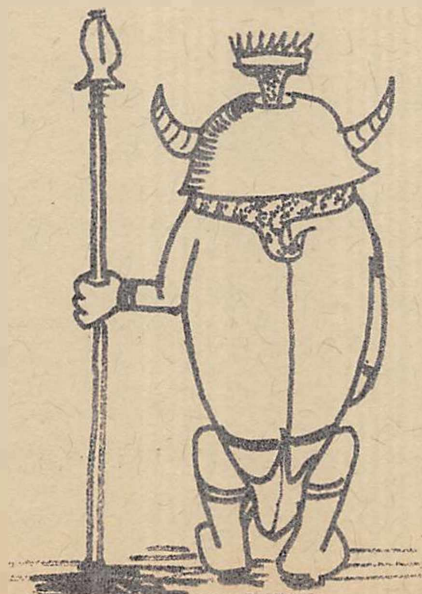
THE FANS

See the mighty herd of fans
Neofans
They are swinging from the rafters like insane orangutans
And they litter litter litter
All the floor below with zines
For there is no fannish critter
Not attracted to their glitter
If he's still within his teens
And those crimes crimes crimes
Those insipid fannish rhymes
With inept alliteration and which hardly ever scans
It's the fans
Neofans fans fans fans fans fans fans
It's those scheming beaming dreaming neofans

See the dark and furtive fans
Bit name fans
They are sitting in dark corners hatching monumental plans
And they mumble mumble mumble
All the schemes that they will hatch
But as in the past they'll fumble
And their fannish plans will crumble
And they'll start again from scratch (continued, unfortunately!).

And they're glum glum glum
And their minds are turning numb
From the anesthetization caused by draining Rheingold cans
It's the fans
Big name fans fans fans fans fans fans fans

O'er the world there are fans
Faanish fans
And you soon shall count their number
As the grains of desert sands
From the arctic to the veldt
Be he Bushman be he Celt
He exists within a mundane world of gloom
As of now they're furtive bands
Yet each day their strength expands
And they're forming dark alliances
In many distant lands
For the single fannish purpose of your doom
And in secret, Russian fans, Asian fans
They are whittling wood propellers for
Their native astrakhans
And they're waiting for the signal
From the leaders of their clans
It's the fans fans fans
Here a fan
There a fan
Everywhere a fan fan fan fan fan fan fan
They will build the world of fandom and destroy the world of man
It's the fans
It's the fans fans fans
They'll arise with deadly ray guns and with rolling pins and pans
It's the fans
It's the fans fans fans fans fans fans fans fans fans fans
Stop them fans fans fans fans fans before it's too late fans fans
Fans fans call out the army fans fans fans fans fans zaap



the

BARNACLE SKOUE

THE EDYSSEY

Tune: Thais

1. One time in California, in kooky California,
There dwelt in wildest Livermore a man of modest fame:
An ardent science fiction fan -- and rabid Lithuanian!
The pride of California -- Ed Meskys was his name.

REFRAIN! (The song doesn't have one; this is an
interjection directed by the audience at the singer --
or perhaps at the composer.)

2. Though his job was laboratorial, he'd yearnings professorial;
He thought that teaching physics would be balm unto his soul;
So pausing not a minute, he departed this vicinity
For a college in New Hampshire, just below the Northern Pole.
3. But before he changed his residence, he had to pack a quite immense
Incredible collection of what purists know as trash,
And before he'd finished crating it, his friends were all berating it,
For we had to store the excess so that Ed's plane would not crash.
4. He packed paraphernalia from Alberich's regalia,
A hundred million stencils and a microtyper too,
Installment number ninety-three of Al Halevy's Glossary
And a large cut-glass decanter full of vintage old corflu.
5. There were letters for the lettercol; discussions theological;
A note from Michael Moorcock in a prose style very dense,
A rather clever limerick (unprintable) from Philip Dick,
And Greg Shaw's latest theory of the Elvish future tense.
6. He was even forced to jettison the works of Eric Eddison,
And also an extensive file of Science Fantasy's,
Which were entrusted to such fen as Paxson (D.) and Braude (N.) --
The Gestetner he inflicted on a long-suffering Felice.
7. Our hero nearly missed the plane: departing in the pouring rain,
He had to make a run for it, still scattering debris.
A seizure seismological seemed imminent and logical --
When Meskys left, the continent was tilted 4 degrees.
8. Here ends my song Barnacular composed in the vernacular,
I cannot write another line for honor or for pelf;
I've learned my lesson for all time not to write in triple rhyme --
If anyone wants more of this, just make it up yourself!

--Nan Braude

LIFE WITH MESKYS...IS IT WORTH IT?

Here beginneth he chronicle of how Ed Meskys and Nan Braude journeyed from Palo Alto to Berkeley by way of the Chorp Dimension.

It all started shortly after we left Mayhem House that evening; we were bowling merrily along when Ed suddenly was ware that he was doing 75. I suggested coffee, so we stopped at the Hyatt House. After a piece of cheesecake, ditto pecan pie, and three or four cups of coffee, he began drawing diagrams on the placemat to explain to me the difference between physical optics and geometrical optics. This indicated (I thought) that he had regained consciousness. I should have realized that anyone who would try to explain physical and/or geometrical anything to me...

But all unwary we resumed our journey. About three miles farther on, in what is probably the most deserted stretch of the whole highway, or so it seemed, the engine began failing (pocketa-pocketa-queep-pocketa-queep). We were just passing a truck-weighing station turnoff, so Ed pulled off the highway; naturally, being Ed, not into the turnoff but with the right side of the car resting atop the curb. The problem did not long baffle his highly trained scientific mind; with the speed of light (lecture on optics, remember?) he discovered the source of the trouble -- an empty gas tank.

So here we sat, at about half past midnight: benighted, betrayed, and canted at a 45° angle. What to do? Ah, what indeed, gentle reader? There was a telephone at the weighing station, about 50 yards behind us; I wanted to walk back and look through the Yellow Pages for a gas station with an address that sounded close. Ed replied that the highway was well patrolled and we would be better off to sit in the car and wait for the Highway Patrol to spot us. We compromised by sitting in the car and waiting for the Highway Patrol to spot us. After about 20 minutes of spotless waiting, I decided to go to the phone booth, if only because the exercise would break the thin crust of ice that was beginning to form upon me. It also occurred to me that a highway phone booth might have an "In Case of Emergency" number for stranded motorists to call. This proved to be the case. I made contact with a slant-like being known only as the Highway Patrol Emergency Dispatcher, a cool, disembodied feminine voice which dispassionately extracted location data from me (no mean feat in itself, since I can't tell left from right, much less north from south) and promised to Emergency Dispatch a patrol car with a can of gasoline.

Returning to the VW, I found that a patrol car had already stopped. The police offered to take one of us to fetch gas while the other stayed with the car. Ed offered to go for the gas. I gently intimated that I did not care to be left alone on the highway in the wee small hours with nothing but sheer force of personality to protect me from the truckload of ravening homicidal maniacs that according to Gumperson's Law would inevitably appear as soon as the patrol car left. Ed gave me (insufficient) money for gas and we left.

The ride in the patrol car was goshwow Dick Tracy. They really do say "10-4"! The minions of the law were kind but not about to go out of their way to be courteous or to seek to put me at my ease. I did, however, achieve one small triumph; when we left they were addressing me as "Lady", but when we returned they were calling me "Ma'm". I also regard as a not inconsiderable feat the fact that I accomplished the whole transaction without once d gning to remove my white gloves. Of course, I ruined the gloves.

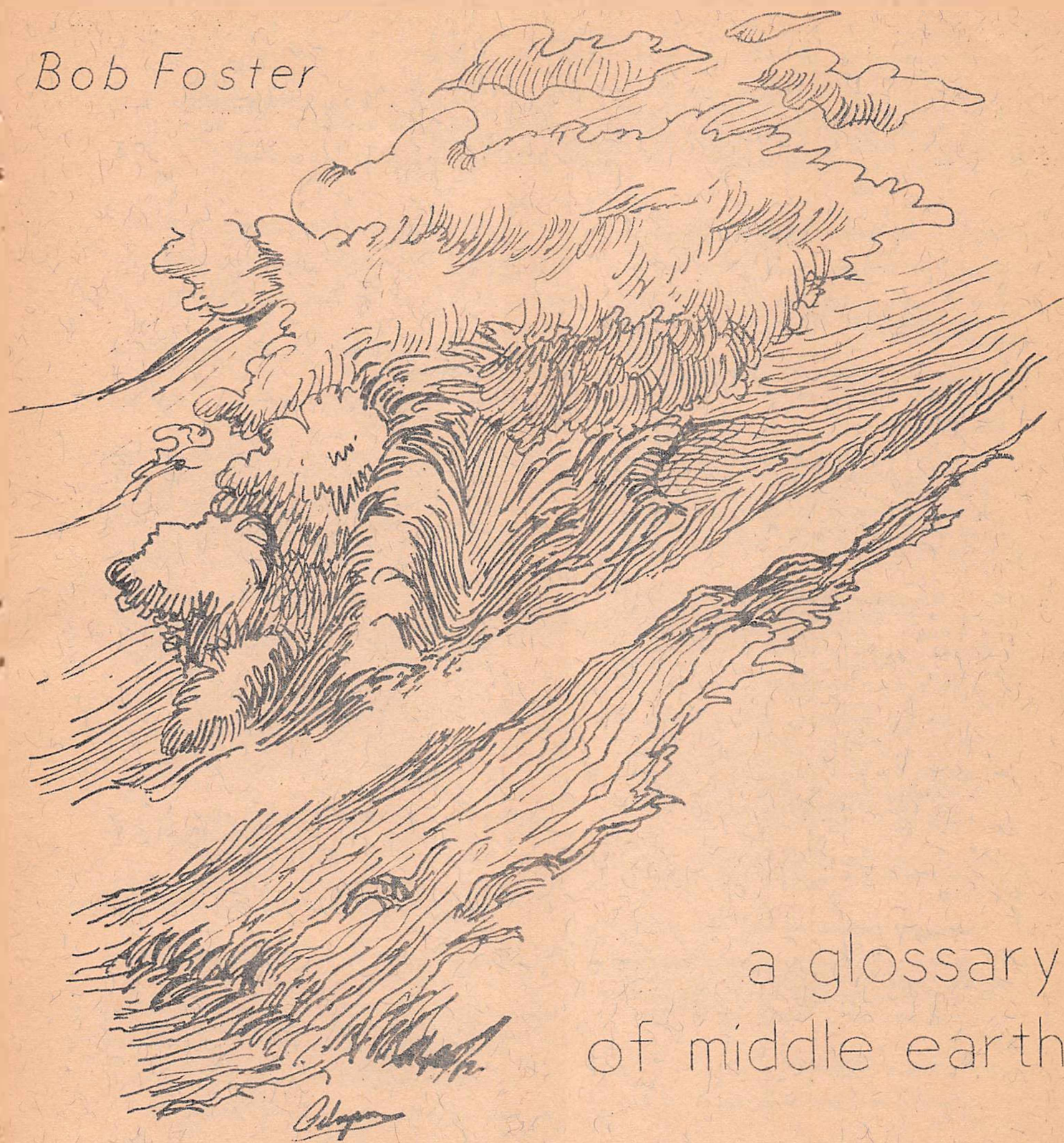
Once the VW was refueled, we went back to the gas station to return the tin and fill the tank. The attendant presented Ed with a batch of Green Stamps and a free steak knife, which I promptly annexed as a reward for my patience, courage, quick-wittedness, and gloves.

Nothing more happened -- at least between there and Berkeley! -- but as I stood on the sidewalk before my apartment, listening to the lonely beat of the VW's engine as it chugged off towards the remote fastnesses of Livermore, I derived a certain melancholy aesthetic satisfaction from the reflection that Ed's departure from Bay Area fandom would not be of the nature of the quiet snuffing of a candle, but rather in the manner of a blazing comet, followed by a tail of ruin and disaster for the hapless mortals drawn into his orbit.

— Nan Braude

((Pronounced "Brody", by the way. --FR))

Bob Foster



a glossary
of middle earth

THE ASTRONOMY OF MIDDLE EARTH

This article represents the first completed section of my Index of The Lord of the Rings, The Hobbit, Tom Bombadil, all letters by Prof. Tolkien that I have been able to get my hands on, and any other sources of material relating to LotR etc. that I've read. In "Astronomy" is included all information pertaining to the heavenly bodies, as well as some of the basic Elvish words associated with them.

The page-numbers shown are for the Ballantine LotR (I, II, III) and The Hobbit (H). If this disturbs people who only have the hard-cover, I refer them to ENTMOOT #3, where there is an article on conversion of the page-numbers for the different editions. The hard-cover Tom Bombadil is abbreviated TB; letters are identified by date and person to whom sent.

ATI dates are given according to the Hobbit calendar unless otherwise noted.

===

ANAR (Quenya) -- the Sun (q. v.), as in Anarion, etc.

ANOR (Sindarin) -- The Sun (q. v.), as in Minas Anor, etc.

BORGIL -- a red star, seen about Sept. 24. Probably meant to be identified with Bethelgeuse in Orion. See: Menelvagor. (I, 120)

CORANAR (Quenya) -- "sun-round". The term used for solar year in astronomical contexts. (III, 480)

DAY -- see "re" (III, 479)

DURIN'S CROWN -- a pattern of seven stars first seen by Durin I reflected in the Mirrormere. It seemed to him that they formed a crown about his head, and was thus adopted by him as one of the symbols of his house. It could be seen at all times, day or night, reflected in the Mirrormere, as it was by Gimli and Frodo. (I, 411, 412, 433-4)

EARENDIL -- "the Mariner". With the aid of the Silmaril of Elwing that he bore on his ship, he sailed to Elvenhome and obtained the assistance from Elbereth and the Elder King whereby Morgoth was overthrown. Afterwards, he was set in the sky, with his Silmaril, as a star, to give hope and comfort to all those oppressed by the Enemy or his servants.

On I, 472, Earendil is called the "Evening Star, most beloved of the Elves." Yet on I, 310 and in a letter to Dick Plotz (1/12/66) Earendil is called the Morning Star. This would imply that Earendil is a planet, probably, because of its brightness, Venus.

See Phial of Galadriel. (I, 308-11, 468, 472; II, 244, 389; letter to Dick Plotz, 1/12/66)

ELBERETH -- a very noble and beloved Elvish power. For her connection with the stars, see "Stars of Elbereth" and "Varda".

ELEN -- (Quenya and Sindarin) -- "star." As in Elenil, etc.

ELENATH (Quenya and Sindarin) -- "Ath- ending makes a collective plural referring to the whole concourse of visible stars; the genitive of" is commonly expressed by mere juxtaposition. . . (Letter to Dick Plotz, 10/26/65)

ELENION -- plural of "elen" (q. v.)

ELENTARI (Quenya) -- "Queen of the Stars". Varda (q. v.) (I, 489)

EVENING STAR, THE -- Earendil (q. v.) (I, 472)

FLAMMIFER OF WESTERNESSE, THE -- either Earendil as a star or the Silmaril he bore. (I, 311)

GIL (Quenya and Sindarin) -- "star." As in Gilraen, etc.

GIL-GALAD (Quenya) -- "starlight." (I, 257)

GILION -- plural of "gil." (q. v.)

HUNTER'S MOON -- a bright full moon seen in the sky in mid-November. Our Hunter's Moon is the second

moon of Autumn; the times coincide. (I, 358-9)

ISIL (Quenya) -- "the Moon" (q. v.). As in Isildur, etc.

ITHIL (Sindarin) -- "the moon." (q. v.). As in Minas Ithil, etc.

MENEL (Quenya and Sindarin) -- "the heavens." As in Meneltarma, etc.

MENELMACAR (Quenya) -- the Quenya of Menelvagor (q. v.). (III, 488).

MENELVAGOR (Sindarin) -- "the Swordsman of the Sky." This very bright constellation is found close to the Remmirath (q. v.) and probably contains Borgil (q. v.). It was seen by Frodo and Gildor's band of Elves about Sept 24, at 9 or 10 PM. Menelvagor is meant to be identified with Orion, but the latter is not visible in the sky at Middle North Latitudes until January (our time).

Also called Telumentar (q. v.). (I, 120; III, 488)

MAN IN THE MOON -- mentioned in LotR (I, 218) and throughout TB, but only in Hobbit songs. Perhaps no more than folklore.

MOON -- Always referred to as "he." In the "Lay of Khazad-Dûm," when Durin the Deathless awoke,

The world was young, the mountains green,
No stain yet on the Moon was seen, . . .

See also: Iil, Ithil, Man in the Moon, White Face. (I, 411; II, 371).

MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON, THE -- referred to only in Hobbit-songs, and may be only a figure of speech or folklore. (H, 233; TB, 38)

NAR (Quenya and Sindarin) -- probably, "the sun" (q. v.). Found in two Quenya and two Sindarin month-names. (III, 481).

NETTED STARS, THE -- "the Rammirath" (q. v.). (I, 120; III, 490)

PHIAL OF GALADRIEL, THE -- given by the Lady of Lórien to Frodo. "In this phial is caught the light of Earendil's star, set amid the waters of my fountain. It gave off a bright, star-like white light, as well as inspiring courage in its bearer. (I, 467; II, 418-22; etc)

QUEEN OF THE STARS -- see: Elentari.

RE (Quenya) -- a day (one rotation of the earth), reckoned from sunset to sunset. (III, 489).

RED STAR, THE -- a bright star seen in the South by Frodo when he was at Rivendell. First appearing in mid-November, it became brighter as the Hunter's Moon (q. v.) waned. It is probably meant as a symbol of Sauron's growing watchfulness. (I, 359).

REMMIRATH, THE (Sindarin) -- "the Netted Stars." Seen in the sky about Sept. 24th, they could be a star cluster or a compact constellation. See: Menelvagor. (I, 120).

SHIP OF EARENDIL -- The Morning Star. See: Earendil. (Letter to Dick Plotz, 1/12/66). Also, the vessel bearing Earendil and his Silmaril in the sky. (I, 310).

SICKLE, THE -- the Hobbitish name for the Great Bear, Ursa Major. (I, 237).

SILME (Quenya) -- "Starlight." (III, 500).

STARS -- see: elenath, Varda, and individual entries.

STARS OF ELBERETH -- either a particular configuration or the elenath (q. v.). Seen in late October. See: Varda. (I, 213).

SUN, THE -- received little astronomical mention. Always referred to as "she" by Elves and Hobbits. See: Anar, Anor, Nar, Yellow Face. (I, 218).

SUN-ROUND -- see: coranar. (III, 480)

SWORDSMAN OF THE SKY, THE -- see: Menelvagor (q. v.). (III, 488).

UNDOMIEL (Quenya) -- "Evenstar." (I, 300).

VARDA (Valinorean or some such) -- the ultra-high-Elven name for Elbereth. She is Elentari, Queen of the Stars. (q. v.). The stars are closely connected with her. It is possible she created them, or preserves them, or gives them their light, or something like that. The "blue vaults of Varda" are the sky. (I, 489).

WHITE FACE -- Gollum's name for the Moon (q. v.) (II, 299, etc.).

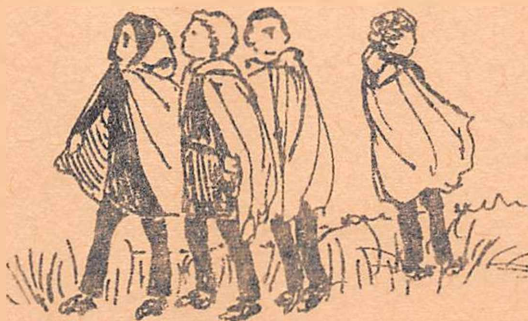
YELLOW FACE -- Gollum's name for the Sun (q. v.) (II, 289, etc.).

Bob Foster, as is obvious, has compiled a Glossary much like Al Halevy's. There are some differences. For instance, Bob has gone in far less for listing epitaphs and nick-names, but has included much more background information on the origin and meaning of the names. When I first heard of this I hoped to use these as a check against each other. However I have not heard from Al in six months now and before I left California he had been losing steam on the project. I do hope that he will resume work on the project so that this collaboration can be arranged, or if not that at least his card file can be rescued so that Bob could make use of it in checking his compilation. In the mean time, we hope to continue publishing installments by Bob.

Perhaps something should be said about the letters of Prof. Tolkien referred to in the text above. Dick Plotz is president of the Tolkien Society and has been corresponding with Prof. Tolkien. He has received two or three letters, one quite long, and a good portion of these were replies to questions about the Canon and the various Elvish languages. Bob is a close friend of Dick's; in fact, it is Bob who introduced Dick to the works of Tolkien. Bob has seen these letters and used the information contained therein to help him compile his glossary and an Elvish dictionary he has compiled. Unfortunately there are personal letters and are specifically NOT for publication.

In reply to a question from Felice, Bob wrote: As far as astrology goes, there aint none in LotR, altho Orthanc might possibly have been used for such. Any influence the stars have is quite tangible -- like Earendil (and how can you make bets on the peregrinations of your 247-times removed grandfather) and the Phial of Galadriel. ¶ Actually, Astronomy is a bit -- hopefully, less than a year -- premature. As is all things, of this matter the Silmarillion tells. But I can't wait. I'm dying of ignorance.

ERM



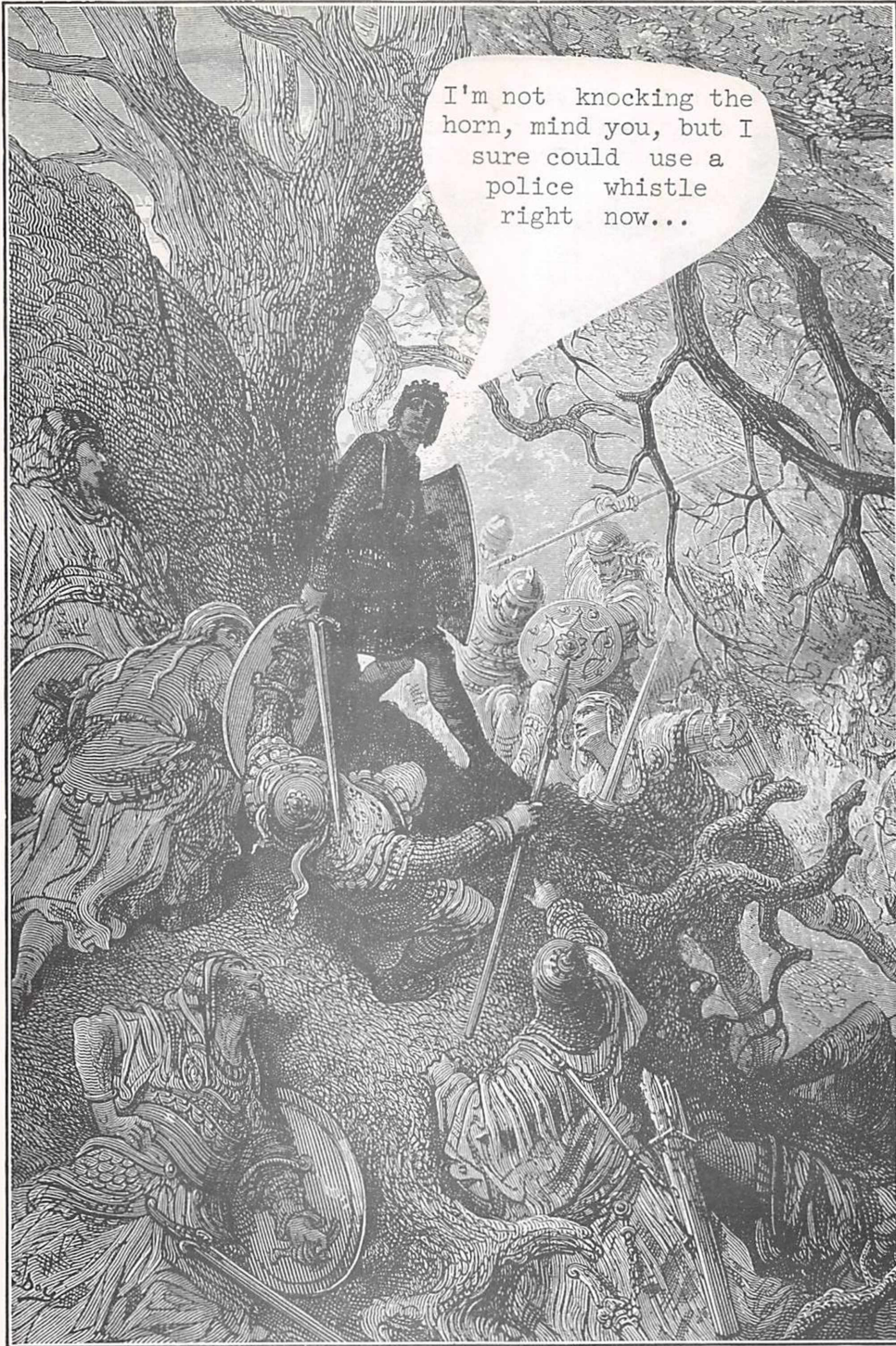
DLF

Through
a Ring
.. *darkly!*

DICK ENEY



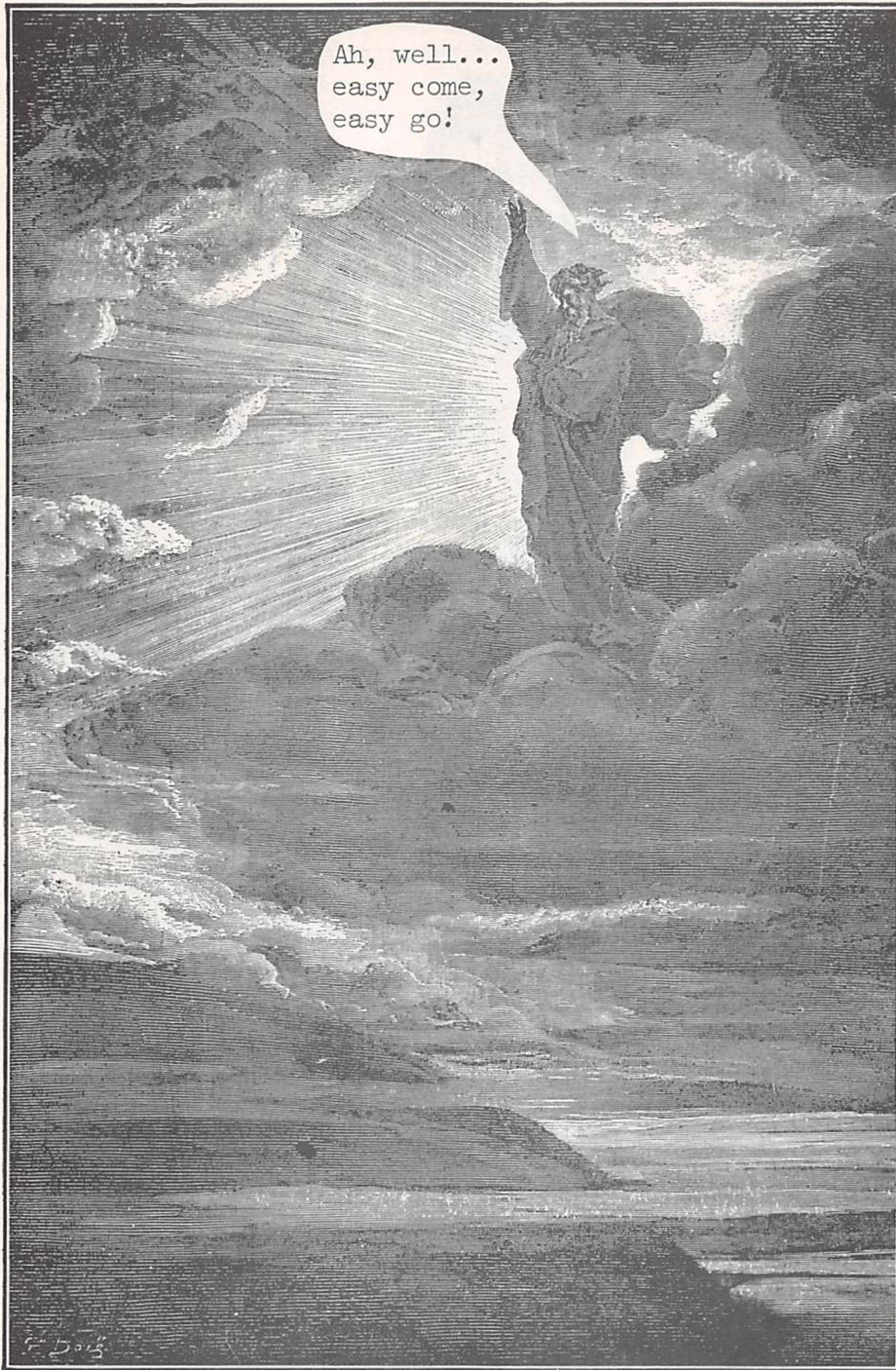




But I tell you Saruman has
organized us as a National
Liberation Front of Rohan --!

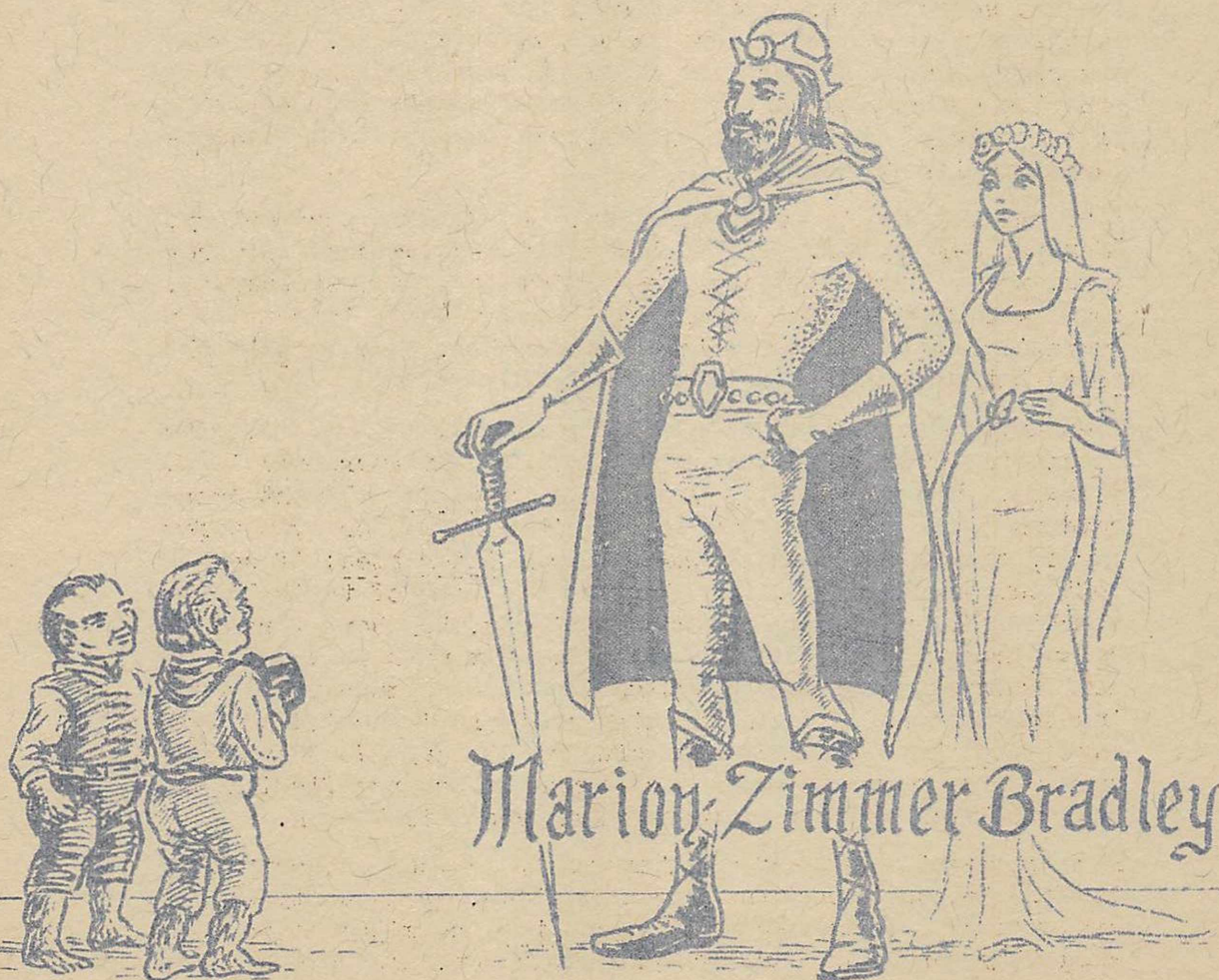


Ah, well...
easy come,
easy go!





Men, Halflings & Hero Worship





One of the curious aspects of our society's changing tastes and manners is the shift -- of recent years -- in the definition of what constitutes a novel or magazine of interest to men. The book aimed primarily at a masculine audience is no longer the novel of heroism or high adventure; a "man's book" now connotes, rather, one of unsubtle sexual treatment.

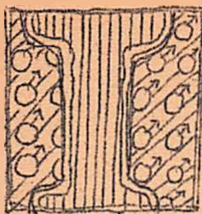
This is stranger than it seems. The pornographic we have always with us, but I am not here speaking of pornography.

In the past, the novel whose main interest lay in the relations of the male with the female characters, be these courtly, or undecorously erotic, was by definition a woman's book. Novels for men dealt with other drives than Eros. Moby Dick and The Ivory Trail are men's books. Wuthering Heights, and Gone With The Wind, are women's books. Zane Grey, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Talbot Mundy and the purveyors of air-war, detective and sea stories, wrote largely for men -- or for women impatient with romantic, erotic or domestic tales. But even a cursory glance through the racks of "men's magazines" will show the extent of this shift -- and I am not here speaking of the "girly" books but those which purport to be "adventure" stories for men.

I am not yet wholly convinced that, in fanzine phraseology, "Sex and S-F do mix." In the lost letter-columns of the pro-mags, there were many young and articulate readers (adults, too) who kept saying in effect, when a story introduced a romantic, sexual or domestic element, "Yes, yes, we know all that, but what else did they do and think about?"

They have been shouted down by the frustrated adults moving in on the last outpost of the fiction of adventure and idea. A small, but regrettably articulate anxious element among readers seem afraid that if sex is ignored for even a few pages, someone will think they are not interested; if sex is left out of one story, it might be left out of their lives. Reaching for their own insecure virility, they have forced on us an anomaly; sexy science fiction. Now mark me well; I am not denouncing serious investigation of alien manners, including the sexual. I am questioning the mere incursion of sexy adventures into the escape reading of the day. We should be ware of how we seek "wider acceptance of science fiction" in that audience which seeks only vicarious stimulation.

Else we deprive s-f of a major value; a last outpost where youth, in our increasingly sex-anxious, sex-guilty world, can inquire into matters lying outside the miasm of anxious sexuality pervading our fiction. Sturgeon, his novels heavy with sex, parodies this element. Tolkien, ignoring it, causes perhaps more introspection than Venus Plus X.



It is probably a very considerable compliment to the ability of Dr. Tolkien at weaving a spell; not until weeks after I had completed reading his monumental saga¹ and was lovingly working through the appendices did a curious fact strike me. In four volumes, comprising substantially over a thousand pages of unlarge type, there is almost nothing which could be construed as love interest. The books are, in fact, almost womanless. There are at least thirty major male characters, and at least as many more about whom we know something, who are described briefly and given a line or two to speak. But even including the supernumeraries, there are exactly seven female characters in the entire trilogy.

This is not unusual in children's books of a certain kind. But these are not children's books. They have, it is true, a great appeal to some children, particularly the precocious and imaginative; but they are genuinely adult novels, adult in thesis, concept, manner and structure. Edmund Wilson, it is true, in his disparaging review of the trilogy², after commenting that he had just completed reading the whole thing to his seven year old daughter, remarked that "except when he is being pedantic and boring the adult reader, there is little...over the head of the seven year old." If Mr. Wilson is sincere, then he must read even more superficially than the average critic is sometimes accused of doing; undoubtedly a seven year old could follow the story and might enjoy it, but a book which does not yield up all its complexities even to the educated adult on first reading could hardly be said to be wholly comprehensible even to the possibly precocious little Miss Wilson.

The critic is possibly deceived by this curious fact; they are probably the only books written for adults in the past 20 years or so which are almost devoid of overt sexual motivation.

Now of course the English novel is traditionally more decorous than the American. There are no Faulkners or Mickey Spillanes among British writers (for which I am sure the British sometimes offer up thanks); but if English novelists do not in general go in for the open-bedroom-door techniques of the fifties, they have displayed an adequate awareness of basic drives; all the way from Malory, whose Tristram and Isolt have become the stereotype of passionate lovers, through the in-its-day shocking emotional frankness of the Brontes, to today's Colin Wilson and Mary Renault; the English novel for adults has shown adequate understanding of the fact that life consists of a few basic patterns, and that the pattern of relating ones-self to womankind is too basic to be ignored, or left to the purveyors of sensational stuff. Even that most proper of novels, now assigned as required reading to pre-adolescents, *Ivanhoe*, derives much of its force, not from the battles and adventures but from what lies behind the battles and adventures -- the desire of *Ivanhoe* to win not only his father's forgiveness but the hand of Rowena, the desire of the Templar for Rebecca.

How then do we explain these books, wholly adult (as will be shown) in emphasis, and written midway through the twentieth century, and yet as devoid of ordinary love interest as *The Wind in the Willows* or *Mary Poppins*?

Edmund Wilson, quoted above, has a ready and pat answer. Comparing them unfavorably with the "Poictesme" tales of James Branch Cabell, ("who at least writes for grown-ups") and trying to explain Tolkien's popularity among the literate, he comments that some "otherwise intelligent people...retain all their lives an appetite for juvenile trash."

If this is so we should note in passing that the "otherwise intelligent" people include Naomi Mitchison and W.R. Audin, in whose company even a literary snob might feel more comfortable and secure than in Mr. Wilson's; but I do not think so. I think he is dead wrong.

For he calls the four books, with their "intricate maps, glossaries and runic inscriptions", a "children's book that has somehow gotten out of hand."

And this is where he both makes and misses the point he set out to seek. For the age of intricate maps, private worlds, of allegory and daydreams and the weighting of all relationships with forces intricately spiritualized, is NOT childhood. The age of "maps, glossaries and runic inscriptions" is the long latency period of adolescence, when the weight of the entire libido -- not sexual instinct alone, but the entire creative drive -- forms a cluster of images from which, later, emerges the total personality.

1: Tolkien, James Ronald Renel, *The Fellowship of the Ring, The Two Towers & The Return of the King*; Houghton, Mifflin, 1955, 1956
2: Wilson, Edmund, "Oooh, These Awful Orcs!", *The Nation*, April 14, 1956

These books, then, have the universality of an adolescent period which, in our increasingly anxious culture, pushing the age of physical maturity lower and lower as we push the age of social maturity and responsibility higher and higher, is losing its force as an incubation period ideational and creative experience. As we become more and more preoccupied with teen-agers, more anxious to keep them out of trouble on one hand and push them toward healthy non-symbolic and premature relations with the opposite sex with the other, we lose sight of true adolescence and its function as a bridge between childhood fantasy and adult realism.

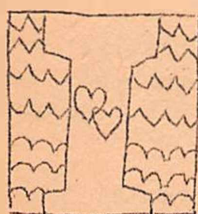
One reason, I think, for the widespread appeal of the Tolkien books is the relentlessness with which ordinary fairy tales have been banned from the nursery and psychoanalyzed from the classroom. The young no longer grow up with a mental powerhouse of Gods, heroes, and demons to act as foci for their latent emotions. Yet these images lie, universal stereotypes, at the back of most human thought. For those, then, who have spent an almost fantasyless childhood, Tolkien's books have an immense emotional power to mobilize these dormant archetypes of the psyche.

Yet they contain, in themselves, little which is new. Michael Straight says³ that Dr. Tolkien has prepared himself by "immersion in Welsh, Norse, Gaelic, Scandinavian and Germanic folklore." -- in short, by the elements and sources of our language and the roots of much of our culture. Which are, as most students of philology will admit, the very tools of concrete thought. More fortunate adults, reared on ample folklore and fantasy, admire the ingenuity with which Tolkien has woven his component elements into a pattern of his own; but they see the sources behind the pattern, and thus it is sometimes hard for the detached reader to understand the fantastic spell which these books cast over the youthful and often ill-read reader who is meeting all these looming images for the first time.

Michael Straight, quoted above, also quotes Dr. Tolkien directly about the value of fairy tales; and defines the four elements of their value as fantasy -- the purest of art forms; escape -- from oppressive and meaningless detail; recovery -- of true perspective; and consolation -- the joy of the happy ending. Obviously the illuminations about the nature of thought, revealed by the universality of such a structure of legend and archetypal image, is of greater psychological value to adults than to any child.

In the course of this paper, then, I hope to prove, first, that The Lord of the Rings is adult in structure, thesis and emphasis; that the human relationships are adequately motivated; and second that the trilogy has a valid, basically self-consistent theme and progressive development in character and style, documenting a universal experience illuminated by fantasy; the end of the Heroic Age in the individual, as well as in Middle Earth.

two



In the 1086 pages of The Lord of the Rings there are exactly five romantic attractions. They occupy somewhat less than a chapter apiece. (Compare that with even a child's 300-page edition of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table)

They are, in the order we shall discuss them: Aragorn's long love for Elrond's daughter Arwen and their eventual marriage; the unreturned passion of Eowyn for Aragorn; the romance of Eowyn and Faramir; and the adoration of Gimli the Dwarf for the Elf-queen Galadriel.

The fifth is the unprepared-for, but necessary marriage of Samwise to Rose Cotton; which will, being in a class by itself, be dealt with separately.

Let us first examine Aragorn, the classical Hero of the trilogy from his first appearance as the careworn, grim Ranger, to his final crowning as King of Gondor and Arnor and his marriage to the Lady Arwen. The love of Aragorn and Arwen runs like a skeinwork through the trilogy; yet it takes place offstage, as it were, and in the wings of the action. Arwen actually appears only three times in the story. At Elrond's feast, Frodo sees her in the distance; again when the quest is over he sees her come "glimmering in the evening" on Midsummer Eve as a lovely, silent pawn; and the third and last time when Frodo asks leave to depart from Gondor, in the court of the White Tree; here she appears queenly and gracious,

3: Straight, Michael, "The Fantastic World of Professor Tolkien", New Republic, Jan 16, 1956

giving Frodo a gift. She is mentioned, apart from this, in a few mirror-glimpses; Aragorn purposely remains away from a feast where she is present; in Lorien he picks a flower and speaks as if she were present; and before his decisive battle Halbarad brings him a banner she has made.

The supplement gives a slightly more thorough account of their love story, but even there it seems more courtly/conventional than passionate. Aragorn is shown as a man devoted rather to the restoration of his Kingdom than the winning of his Lady Fair. Even there, the conflict is shown more in the light of Aragorn's struggle to win Elrond's consent to their marriage. It is true that Elrond has made Aragorn's success a condition of that consent -- "Arwen...shall not diminish her life's grace for any man less than the king both of Gondor and Arnor..." but there is no very clear idea that Aragorn accomplishes his long tasks for the sake of his love. He does so, rather, because he is simply that kind of man. Many times in the course of their long adventures he shows himself willing to follow, if need be, a course which would end all his hopes of kingship or love.

This is emphatically not a criticism. In the context of Tolkien's work, and for reasons presently to be made clear, any strand of romance other than the courtly would be grotesquely out of key.

Aragorn, as a lover, is obviously (to the author) a less comfortable figure than as a hero. This will be more fully discussed when speaking of Eowyn. (But then, heroes of adventure fantasy are rarely comfortable figures among the ladies; and I don't know which pleases me less; the treat-em-rough tactics of Conan and Tarzan* or Aragorn's embarrassed courtliness.)

Dr. Tolkien sometimes veils this in more or less obscure symbolism. Freudians in the audience have probably already drawn their various conclusions, slipshod or significant, from the manner in which Aragorn carries, during all his years of eclipse as a shabby, grim wanderer, the shards of a broken sword; which he rather portentuously displays, early in their acquaintance, to Frodo and Sam, remarking "Not much use, is it?" Yet before he sets out on his great adventure the sword (as in Siegfried) is re-forged and given a new name; after which Aragorn treats it as a thing of great value, displaying touchy reluctance to lay it aside even briefly (in Theoden's hall) and submitting, with great anger and annoyance, only to Gandalf's paternal co-ercion. Of this subjection to Gandalf, more will be said later. It is only from Gandalf that Aragorn will accept any check on his authority; and significantly it is during this time when he has laid his leadership aside that Aragorn first meets Eowyn and is disturbed at her reactions to him;

... he looked down at her fair face and smiled; but as he took the cup his hand met hers and he knew that she trembled at the touch..."Hail Lady of Rohan," he answered, but his face now was troubled and he did not smile.

Aragorn's general unease in such situations, and his hesitancy in final acceptance of them even when he has come to the successful end of all his labors, is also shown clearly in one of the very few directly traceable allegories in the entire story; that of the Dead Tree in the court of the Kings. Despite his repeated emphasis on his age ("I am older than I look" "I am no longer young, even in the reckoning of the men of the ancient houses",) Aragorn delays his marriage to Arwen while he seeks a sign:

"...And who then shall govern Gondor and those who look to this City as their Queen, if my desire be not granted? The Tree in the Court of the Fountain is still withered and barren. When shall I see a sign that it will ever be otherwise?"

"Turn your face from the green world, and look where all seems barren and cold," said Gandalf.

And there Aragorn finds a seedling of the White Tree, and not until it is planted in his courtyard and bursts into flower does he accept the sign he has been given and receive Arwen's hand.

As this study progresses I hope to show how right it is that Aragorn should be the only one of the Fellowship to have a lady love in the wings of the action and the first to

*I am no Burroughs fan. My brother, who is, added a footnote after reading the first draft of this article; "The treat-em-rough tactics appear only in Tarzan movies. In the books he is almost as diffident a courtier as Aragorn himself." We apologize.

marry. Gandalf is the idealized father-image, the wise Counselor; retaining the staff of his authority when even Aragorn surrenders his weapon. But among the Fellowship, Aragorn is the Eldest and the Hero.

Age, of course, is relative in this fantasy. In years, Legolas and Gimli are both older than Aragorn. Gimli is over a hundred; Legolas speaks at one point of events five hundred years past. Yet neither are more than striplings in the reckoning of their own people.

Now we turn to the second of these affairs; Eowyn's unreturned love for Aragorn. To me, the scene in which Eowyn pleads with Aragorn not to ride the Paths of the Dead, or to let her ride with him, seemed at first reading the only really awkward, poorly written one in the whole trilogy. It is not a good scene. It is positively embarrassing.

At first I blamed my dislike for this scene on the stilted language used by both. Dr. Tolkien, attempting to portray a change in mood or manner, often takes refuge in a sort of high-flown story-book speech. Yet elsewhere this is accomplished without the jarring sense of wrongness which this scene produced in me. Aragorn in particular often lapses into bookish archaisms and yet manages to sound convincing. Also, in charity, I wondered if this were a masterstroke of the author's genius in making me share Aragorn's discomfiture and Eowyn's abandoned distress. But I do not think so. I think that the scene is a failure because it is an attempt to introduce a false note of romantic passion into the story in the wrong place.

For of course Eowyn's attraction to Aragorn as is clearly shown later (and understood by Dr. Tolkien very well, when Aragorn discusses it at ease with Eomer, brother of Eowyn) is neither romantic or passionate. Eomer, who has immediately fallen under the spell of hero worship, says of Aragorn elsewhere that no man can know him long without loving him and desiring to follow him to high deeds of valor. And Eowyn's attraction to Aragorn is of this nature, and essentially masculine: Aragorn understands this very well when he says;

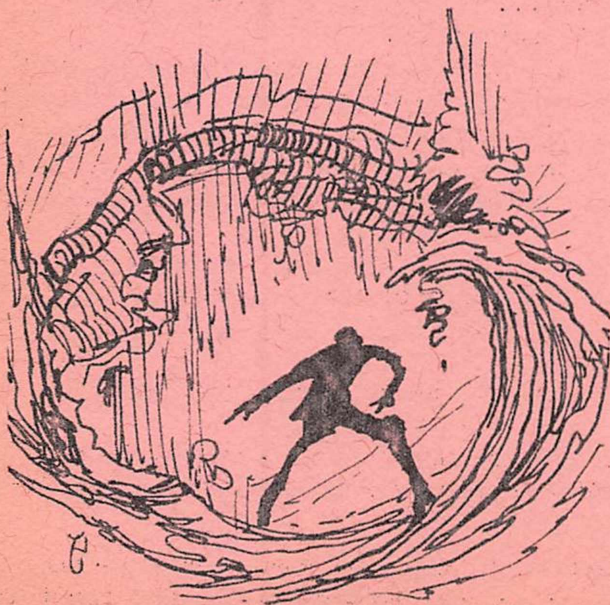
"...In me she loves only a shadow and a thought; a hope of glory and great deeds, and lands far from the fields of Rohan."

And significantly the move of Eowyn's desperation is to ride to battle with Theoden, in male disguise as Dernhelm.

Aragorn gratefully accepts the affection, the love and hero worship, of most of his young followers; yet for all his understanding and pity of Eowyn he shows no signs of being flattered by the compliment, much less of being even briefly attracted in return:

"Few other griefs amid the ill chance of this world have more bitterness and shame for a man's heart than to behold the love of so fair and brave a lady that cannot be returned."

Nor will he willingly confront her again, though he puts forth his skill to call her back from the shadows: and this is in sharpest contrast to his warmly personal dealings with Faramir and with Merry; with Faramir he waits until "...a light of knowledge and of love was kindled in his eyes"; later, in one of the best and most fascinating scenes of the book, a tiny self-contained masterpiece of sparkling, deft changes in mood and spirit, Aragorn first consoles the heartbroken Merry in his grief for Theoden, then light-heartedly teases him in a satirical speech which parodies the pedantry of the lore-master who had delayed and exasperated Aragorn in the course of his weary work. But with



Eowyn (sandwiched between these two), he "...laid her hand in Eomer's, and stepped away. 'Call her' he said, and passed silently from the chamber."

Aragorn, for once, has met his match.

We will say more of Eowyn's deeds in male disguise later. For the moment let us turn to Faramir and Eowyn. To me this romance seemed at first perfunctory; as if Dr. Tolkien, like Aragorn himself, wanted Eowyn out of his hair at all costs, and shoved her into the nearest pair of male arms. Yet on closer examination this romance is well structured. Faramir is, of course, in a sort of emotional style, more Gandalf's son than Denethor's, and more brother to Aragorn than to Boromir. He is, in fact, a slightly paler Aragorn; of all the romances in this book this is the most conventional, and the most straightforwardly delineated, without the murk of symbolism. Eowyn is more compelling than Arwen if only because she experiences action and emotion in the direct line of the story and not offstage. There is excellent reason for this. Eowyn, for reasons which will be made clear somewhat later when speaking of Merry, is personally involved not in the action alone, but in the broad basic theme of the trilogy...which Arwen is not.

Viewed only in the light of "story value", of course, Faramir's gentleness and Eowyn's positive, aggressive courage complement one another so well that even if this was a handy contrivance of plot, it is an inspired one; the reader, like Aragorn, (with, I am sure, a great inner sigh of relief) says:

"I have wished thee joy since first I saw thee. It heals my heart, to see thee now in bliss."

Now we turn to the fourth major romantic attraction; told again lightly and in few words, but with depth and emotional tension: the adoration of Gimli for Galadriel.

The antagonism of Elf and Dwarf runs all through the books. Common foes of a common enemy, they have little love for one another and much suspicion. Gandalf must beg Legolas and Gimli not to disrupt the Fellowship by their bitter quarrels; in Lorien they come nearly to blows. But from Gimli's first sight of Galadriel his heart is overcome and his stubborn distrust melted. From that moment he and Legolas become inseparable comrades, and their disputes become the teasing, affectionate squabbles of brothers. It is to Legolas that he voices his pain on leaving Lorien;

"...I have looked the last on that which was fairest...henceforward I will call nothing fair, unless it be her gift...Tell me, Legolas, why did I come on this Quest? Little did I know where the chief peril lay! Truly Elrond spoke, saying that we could not foresee what we might meet upon this road. Torment in the dark was the danger I feared, and it did not hold me back. But I would not have come, had I known the danger of light and joy. Now have I taken my worst wound in this parting, even if I were to go this night to the Dark Lord."

And in this we have the beginning of a clue to the whole psychological puzzle of the story.

For this worship --distantly courtly, untinged by desire or possessiveness-- is not merely conventional and chivalrous. When Galadriel's riddling message is later given...

"To Gimli son of Gloin, bear the Lady's greeting. Lockbearer, wherever thou goest, my thoughts go with thee...."

she does not mean, by "Lockbearer" only the one to whom she has graciously given a lock of her hair. For Gimli is indeed the "lock-bearer" -- it unlocks, when you understand it rightly, the key to the whole psychological "age" of the whole story, the "Third Age", the Heroic Age.

For what is the age in which the young conceive these passions for women incredibly distant and high, longing only to achieve worth in their eyes, and win their respect, not their love? There is, of course, in the by-play where Gimli threatens Eomer with his axe if he will not acknowledge the Lady Galadriel fairest of all living creatures, some hint of chivalrous antecedents; Lancelot sending every conquered knight to bow before Guenevere. [And a careful reading of the early chapters of the book The Ill Made Knight from T.H. White's trilogy consisting of that, Sword in the Stone, and Witch in the Wood, sheds light on Gimli and vice versa.]

But in Gimli we see this in essence, untouched by desire; it is a "pure passion" in

the truest sense of that currently derided tradition. Forgotten in this "realistic" age, and surviving, unmocked, only in the emotional upheavals of early adolescence.

Which brings us round to awareness that, devoid as it is of love affairs and "passions" in the sense in which that word is used in current fiction, The Lord of the Rings is nevertheless pitched in a high key of emotional tension. Nor are these emotions only the fevers of achievement or glory, or the love of home and country. They are intensely, often emotionally personal. But the major threads of these emotions are not concerned with women; they are drawn between men.

Care --great care-- should be taken in drawing any too obvious inferences. For these relationships are Platonic in the real, and classic sense of that word. Like the novels of Talbot Mundy (cf the later chapters of The Devil's Guard) they fall into a category once predominating in adventure fiction; that in the best and most worthy masculine lives, women and the romantic emotions are irrelevant, to be taken and enjoyed, as it were, in the intervals of real life and real companionship.

At one time this was a manly and respectable viewpoint, conceded even by women. "Togetherness" and too much popular psychology have almost chased it from the scene; such books are now gravely suspect, as are those who stubbornly cherish such a viewpoint. (cf William Rotsler's "Are Stf Heroes Queer?" reprinted in a recent AFFAMATO). It has become a popular parlor game to interpret them in terms of sublimation and latent homosexuality and what-have-you.

But unless we are willing to concede the validity and force of this viewpoint --that in certain frames of reference women are mere marginal commentary on the procession of events, and the adventure story is one such frame of reference-- it is useless to pursue this study further.

three

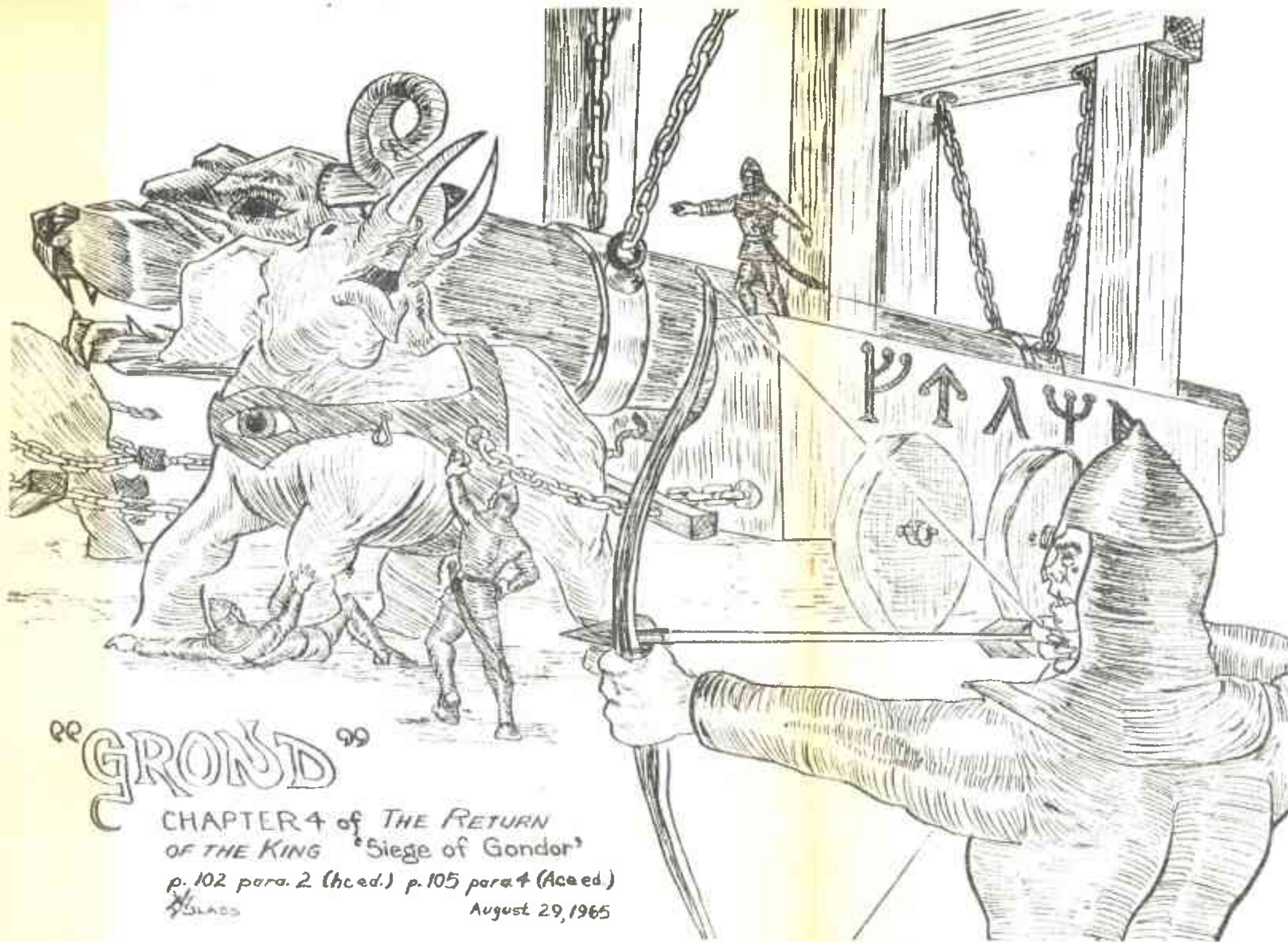


As stated above, only seven of the thronging characters in the trilogy are women, and we may omit as unimportant the brief comic relief of Lobelia Sackville-Baggins or the sparkling, deft portrait of the loquacious old beldame Ioreth. Rose Cotton does not appear until the very end. Arwen stands poised and beautiful in the wings. Eowyn plays a definite part in the story, but, as will be more fully shown later, not a romantic one. But the other two female characters are uncompromisingly maternal ones.

Goldberry is described as young and lovely, and even the inarticulate Frodo waxes poetic when he greets her. Yet she is a maternal figure providing shelter, food and beds for weary men (in exactly the way Eowyn rages against later). Galadriel, who appears perhaps in the greatest depth of any female character, also inspires distant filial admiration rather than feminine. Gimli adores her only with the most circumspect reverence. When she shows Frodo and Sam her mirror, she is now a kindly, now a stern motherly figure, but motherly none the less; and to these two, her gifts are later the very stuff of life, so that she is an apotheosis of that watchful maternity which occasionally provides an anchor on 'Quests worse than theirs; the cloaks, the lembas which feeds their will as well as their bodies (another of the very few direct allegories) and the light which shines "when other lights go out". Aragorn is high in her confidence, but even to him she displays a maternal aspect. And this is not surprising, perhaps...she is, after all, the grandmother of Arwen.

The women thus dealt with, we proceed.

It should first be noted, briefly and in passing, that Tolkien's self-consistent world, along with an alien geography and ecology, has its own appropriate manners, in general those of the heroic ages; explicitly they are NOT the stiff-upper-lip unemotional ones of the modern English-speaking peoples. Affectionate and emotional displays are permitted not alone to women and children, but to men; thus Legolas trembles with terror and wails aloud before the Balrog without his courage or manliness (if this word may be used of an Elf) being suspect; Boromir weeps in passionate repentance after his attack on Frodo, and when he is slain, Aragorn kneels at his side so "bent with weeping" that Legolas and Gimli are dismayed, fearing he too has "taken deadly hurt". The men display affection freely, as when Faramir



“GROND”

CHAPTER 4 of THE RETURN
OF THE KING “Siege of Gondor”

p. 102 para. 2 (hced.) p. 105 para. 4 (Acad.)

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parts from Frodo with an embrace and kiss; this is simply a pattern of manners and does not in itself merit mention as ballast for the thesis that the major emotional threads of the story are drawn between men.

The prevalent emotion in general is the hero worship of a young man for one older, braver and wiser. It has already been mentioned (and will be again) that all the company treat Gandalf as an exalted Father-figure. But the major object of hero worship, as opposed to paternal veneration, is Aragorn himself. With the single exception of Boromir, the actual leadership is resigned to him by all; Frodo, a hero in his own right, immediately yields to him;

"...yes, it was Strider that saved us. Yet I was afraid of him at first. Sam never quite trusted him, I think...."

Gandalf smiled. "I have heard all about Sam," he said, "he has no more doubts now."

"I am glad...for I have become very fond of Strider. Well, fond is not the right word. I mean he is dear to me; though he is strange, and grim at times...he reminds me often of you."

Eomer and Faramir, too, quickly fall under Aragorn's spell. The only one who does not is Boromir, and one of the subtlest threads of the story is Boromir's competition for Aragorn's place. In many small episodes he attempts persistently to maneuver things his way, not Aragorn's; not in petty jealousy, nor, at first, for any base motive. He is brave and valiant, and well worthy of the admiration he gets from the young hobbits; he fights for them and defends them and at least in Pippin's case he partially succeeds (and this is very carefully, deftly studied; for Pippin is the persistent rebel against Gandalf); slain in the first chapter of Volume II, Boromir is nevertheless a compelling force of emotional motivation all through the book. He is emotionally present in Frodo's meeting with Faramir, and Pippin's with Denethor; and Pippin's memory, his admiration for Boromir, lies behind his service to Denethor which, at last, saves the life of Faramir.

If Gandalf plays the ideal Father, and Aragorn the heroically loved Elder Brother (and there is some hint of the sullen rivalry between Achilles and Agamemnon in Boromir's jealousy of Aragorn) then Peregrin Took, the hobbit Pippin, is most emphatically the spoilt Youngest Child. Here we re-emphasize the peculiar chronology of fantasy, for Peregrin is 29 years old, but four years short of his "coming of age", and thus equivalent to a boy in his teens.

And he is literally treated like a child. He falls asleep and is carried to bed while Frodo talks with the Elves. Elrond's "heart is against his going" on the dangerous Quest. Gandalf, who lets him come, nevertheless, in Pippin's words "thinks I need keeping in order", and singles him out, several times, for testy rebuke. He is in fact the childish mischief-maker of the company. Yet even Gandalf treats him indulgently when he is not squelching his bubbling spirits. And this subtle study of Pippin as the "naughty rebel" against Gandalf's kind authority culminated in his logical resentment against being treated like a child; so that his theft of the Palantir --which is treachery in essence-- is motivated and at last understood simply as an act of purely childish mischief and devilry.

[Somewhat apart from this line of thought we should point out that Gandalf fears and refuses the challenge of the Palantir, pointing out to Pippin that "even your folly helped, my lad" -- he might otherwise have dared to use it himself. He cautions Aragorn against looking into it; but Aragorn later makes up his own mind. And the "moral" of this seems to be that sometimes the young have their own answers, as they grow toward independence, for what their elders fear.]

But this father-son relationship remains; during the sequence of the Great Ride, when Gandalf flees on the wings of the wind of war, he bears Pippin with him on Shadowfax quite literally like a small child,... "Aragorn lifted Pippin and set him in Gandalf's arms, wrapped in cloak and blanket", and Volume III opens with the sentence "Pippin looked out from the shelter of Gandalf's cloak. He wondered if he were awake or still sleeping, still in the swift-moving dream in which he had been wrapped...since the great ride began." As Pippin slowly recovers, Gandalf first scolds, then lectures, and finally forgives him in true father-fashion. Their relationship in Minas Tirith continues to be that of loving, if stern father, and wilful, but no longer rebellious child.

The character evolution of Meriadoc, Merry, the other of the young hobbits, is less obvious and at a somewhat deeper level. Merry, older than Pippin, more sensible and quieter, seems less vital at first and, until Pippin draws attention to himself by the theft of the Palantir, seems to have remained in the background. Yet on a second evaluation of Merry it becomes obvious that, like a perfectly cast supporting actor, all of his quiet background activities are of a perfectly consistent kind. It comes slowly to the readers notice that Merry has, in fact, played a very quiet part in all their adventures. It is Merry who provided ponies for their flight, who led them into the Old Forest, and after the attack on Weathertop it is consistently and logically Merry on whom Aragorn calls for help to bring them (quietly, without credit) through dangers. Frodo being wounded and too burdened, Sam too hostile and too absorbed in Frodo, Pippin too irresponsible.



After Pippin's escapade, while the others show concern Merry simply turns away; he shows all the earmarks of the neglected "good" child resenting the kindness shown to the naughty one who has drawn attention to himself; as Gandalf rides away, his bitter comment to Aragorn is almost his clearest utterance yet;

"A beautiful, restful night! Some people have wonderful luck. He didn't want to sleep, and he wanted to ride with Gandalf, and there he goes. Instead of being turned into a stone himself to stand here forever as a warning."

And it seems significant that after the two are separated, they follow paths similar on the surface but differing greatly in emotional motivation. Both offer their sword and service to a mighty King. Pippin impetuously to the Lord Denethor, "in payment of my debt" to Boromir, slain defending him and Merry; Gandalf is astonished, saying

"I do not know what put it into your head, or your heart, to do that...I did not hinder it, for generous deed should not be checked by cold counsel...."

But Merry's choice, though equally impulsive, is not motivated by pride:

Filled suddenly with love for this old man, he knelt on one knee and took his hand and kissed it. "May I lay the sword of Meriadoc of the Shire on your lap, Theoden King?" he cried, "Receive my service, if you will!"

"Gladly will I take it," said the king; and laying his long hands upon the brown hair of the hobbit, he blessed him....

"As a father you shall be to me" said Merry.

When ordered later to remain behind Merry reacts with almost childish desperation..

"I won't be left behind, to be called for on return...I won't be left! I won't!" and he disobeys with the connivance of the other "disobedient son", in this case Eowyn in her male disguise as Dernhelm.

Together Eowyn and Merry face and slay the Nazgul over Theoden's dead body, both striking an enemy far beyond their strength for the love of one who has been like a father to them. Later Faramir, Eowyn and Merry all lie in the shadow of the Black Breath and it

...should be said in passing that Faramir, too, lies in the shadow of a father's displeasure. Gandalf has had to counsel him when he goes in desperation on his last mission;

"Do not throw your life away rashly or in bitterness...your father loves you, and he will remember it ere the end."

When recalled by Aragorn it is apparent that Merry, at least, has been through a profoundly maturing experience;

"...I would like supper first, and after that a pipe." At that his face clouded.

"No, not a pipe. I don't think I'll smoke again."

"Why not?" said Pippin.

"Well," answered Merry slowly, "He is dead. It has brought it all back to me. He said he was sorry he had never had a chance of talking herb-lore with me. Almost the last thing he ever said. I shan't ever be able to smoke again without thinking of him, and that day Pippin, when he rode up to Isengard and was so polite."

"Smoke then, and think of him!" said Aragorn. "For he was a gentle heart and a great king and kept his oaths... Though your service to him was brief, it should be a memory glad and honourable to the end of your days."

Merry smiled. "Well, then," he said, "if Strider will provide what is needed, I will smoke and think."

I noted, on a previous page, the excellence of this scene between Aragorn and Merry; not only for wit and warmth but because Aragorn here appears wholly human for once; he consoles the grieving Merry, teases him, then confesses weariness and for the first time Merry speaks in realization of Aragorn's real stature;

"I am frightfully sorry...ever since that night at Bree, we have been a n sance to you..."

and this change in Merry is made more emphatic when, left alone with Pippin, the irresponsible younger hobbit says

"Was there ever anyone like him? Except Gandalf, of course. I really think they must be related...."

and, of course, spiritually, they are. Then he adds

"Dear me...we Tookes and Brandybucks, we can't live long on the heights!"

And here it is apparent that, if Pippin has changed from a rebellious child to a loving one, Merry has been far more deeply affected by his service to a beloved King;

"No, I can't. Not yet, at any rate. But at least, Pippin, we can now see and honor them...it is best to love first what you are fitted to love, I suppose... still, there are things deeper and higher...I am glad that I know about them, a little."

Few clearer statements could be made of the way in which the young come to the simple, but deeply affecting, discovery of worlds far outside their own small selfish concerns and events greater than the small patterns of their lives. The experience is universal, even though Tolkien has cast it into heroic mold and scorned obvious moral or allegory.

Whatever hobbit chronology, neither Merry nor Pippin quite achieves full adult stature until they return to the Shire to set their own country in order, when Gandalf finally resigns his authority, saying in so many words "You do not need me...you have grown up." Then Merry's firmness and Pippin's courage show echoes of Theoden, of Aragorn, even of Denethor and Gandalf. They have to some extent become what they admired.

And it is Merry who sheds light on why Eowyn belongs to the story and why Arwen does not. For Eowyn, too, achieves the passing of the "Heroic Age" -- the age in which girls rebel against their sex and their limitations and dream of male deeds; Gandalf says with pity:

"She, born in the body of a maid, had a spirit and courage at least the match of yours...who knows what she spoke to the darkness alone, when all her life seemed shrinking and the walls of her bower closing about her, a hutch to tram-mel some wild thing in?"

She does indeed achieve great deeds in male disguise, and chafes at her "imprisonment in the Houses of Healing; yet when she meets Faramir she is abashed, after she complains to him, thinking that he might see her as "simply wayward, like a child."

Faramir it is who sees Eowyn most clearly and her love for Aragorn in unmistakable terms; simple hero worship on a masculine level;

"And as a great captain may to a young soldier he seemed to you admirable.

For so he is..."

and Eowyn, suddenly understanding, accepts what she is, as is not;

"I will be a shieldmaiden no longer, nor vie with the great Riders...I will love

all things that grow and are not barren...no longer do I desire to be a queen."

In other word, no longer does she desire to be a king...ie, identify with Aragorn...but to be a woman. This is no new theme --Wagner, at the end of Siegfried, puts such words into the mouth of Brunhilda-- but it is apt to the picture of the passing of the Heroic Age.

four



have reserved for last, because most intense, the strong love between Frodo and Samwise, and the curious part played in it by the creature Gollum.

Frodo and Sam reach, toward the end of the third book, an apotheosis of the classical "idealized friendship" equivalent in emotional strength to the ardor of Achilles and Patrocles or David and Jonathan; "passing the love of women". Wilson speaks with some contempt of the "hardy little homespun hero" and the "devoted servant who speaks lower-class and respectful and never deserts his master" thus displaying a truly cataclysmic ignorance of the pattern of heroic literature. Both Frodo and Sam display, in full measure, the pattern of the Hero in Quest literature, although of another order than the shining gallantries of Aragorn.

Aragorn of course is the "born hero" -- son of a long line of Kings, born to achieve great deeds in his time. Frodo is the one who has heroism thrust upon him, as it seems, by chance; and to complete and fulfil the analogy we might say that Sam achieves heroism undesired, and unrecognized. Frodo accepts the charge of the accursed Ring because it has come to him, as it seems, by chance; and because the great ones --Elrond, Gandalf, Galadriel and even Aragorn-- are afraid to trust themselves to the lure of its power. Sam cares even less for heroic deeds; he simply wishes to guard, and remain with Frodo, and Elrond realizes this even before they set out;

"It is hardly possible to separate you from him, even when he is invited to a secret council and you are not!"

It is in Elrond's house that the intensity which will eventually enter this relationship is first shown;

Sam came in. He ran to Frodo and took his hand, awkwardly and shyly. He stroked it gently and then he blushed and turned hastily away.

Frodo, as a hero in his own right, displays slightly less helpless hero-worship for Aragorn than do the others, though while Aragorn is with them, he bows to his judgement. Sam, during this time, is little more than, as he calls himself, "luggage in a boat", and at first appears to be little more than comic relief. This early element of comedy is doubtless what misled Edmund Wilson; and caused Hal Lynch⁴ to identify him with the type made immortal by Sancho Panza. [Note, however, on second thought; this is not as grotesque as it appears. Lynch comments that Sam "turns the whole master-servant relationship inside out." Sancho Panza, at first, followed Quixote cynically, for pay and amusement...just as Sam, at first, wishes for adventure and to see Elves. Later Sancho comes to follow his demented old master out of love; to defend him, and to enter into the spirit of his fantasies, at times even speculating oddly on the nature of reality and wondering whether his master, or the world, is truly sane.]

It is also traditional in Quest literature that the Hero should have a comic-relief satellite; but Sam, though occasionally witty, is not really a figure of comedy; not in the sense that Papageno, in The Magic Flute, is a comic figure. He is blunt of speech, and there is the humor of incongruity when he faces down the wise and valorous; as, for instance, when he defies Faramir, twice his size; But he is far less of a comic figure than Butter-

4: Lynch, Hal, "A Faithful Servant Named Sam". I PALINTIR #1, 1960. [Note: this was incorrectly attributed to Richard Eney in I PAL-ANTIR #1, but a correction was published in the next issue. ERM]

bur, or even Pippin.

Frodo makes his own choice, and proclaims his emancipation from the others, at the end of Volume I -- as even Aragorn clearly realizes when he says: "Well, Frodo, I fear that the burden is laid upon you...I cannot advise you", and Frodo also realized that even if Gandalf had not been taken from them, he too would have refused to make the final decision. Aragorn has offered to guide him to Mordor, and to the bitter end; there is no doubt whatever that Aragorn would have carried out his word; he had committed himself at first;

"If by life or death I can save you, I will."

Yet Frodo realizes that Aragorn's Quest is not really his;

"I will go alone. Some I cannot trust and those I can trust are too dear to me; poor old Sam, and Merry and Pippin. Strider too; his heart yearns for Minas Tirith, and he will be needed there...."

But it is Sam who has courage to speak up and explain Frodo even to Aragorn; to read Frodo's heart, disobey Aragorn (the only time ANY one does so) and slip off alone with Frodo.

In the second volume Sam has begun to foreshadow the eventual conflict and denouement. Still insensitive, seeing only his own fear for Frodo, he wishes to kill Gollum; Frodo, having come through his own first sufferings to compassion, protects the wretched creature from Sam. And from that moment Sam's love and Gollum's hate become the millstones between which Frodo is eventually broken; both victor and vanquished.

Sam's emotional growth is spotlighted briefly the second time he watched the sleeping Frodo; not helplessly as in Elrond's house. He muses on how he loves him "whether or no", though this is still shown in terms appropriate to the simplicity of the character, as when he coaxes-threatens Gollum to finding better food for Frodo, and cooks it for him. And as Frodo is weakened by the cursed Ring and his Doom, Sam grows ever more fiercely protective; and this curious, triangular relationship reaches its apex in Gollum's treachery at Cirith Ungol.

In very strong emotional relationships, particularly among the weak, hate and love are very much akin. Gandalf, describing Bilbo's first encounter with the wretched, lonely, miserable old Gollum, says;

"Even Gollum was not wholly ruined; ...there was a little corner of his mind that was still his own, and light came through it, like a chink in the dark. It was actually pleasant, I think, to hear a kindly voice again, bringing up memories of wind, and trees, and sun on the grass, and such forgotten things. But that, of course, would only make the evil part of him angrier than ever, in the end -- unless it could be conquered. Unless it could be cured...."

Gandalf points out too that Gollum "loved and hated the Ring, much as he loved and hated himself..." and in this fearful ambivalence, Gollum --like a terrible shadow of Frodo himself-- comes to have dual love and hate for him as well.

To me the most poignant moment in the three books is where Gollum comes on them sleeping; Frodo with his head in Sam's lap, Sam himself fast asleep. And anyone who has noted the small threads running through the story will be reminded of a time very obviously present to Gollum; when he, then Smeagol, had a trusted and loved friend, Deagol, who shared his wanderings and searches, whom he called "my love" and whom he killed for the sake of the cursed thing he later came to hate.

And in this ambivalent sway of emotions "...an old starved pitiable thing" he touches Frodo humbly, fleetingly "almost the touch was a caress..." but Sam, startled awake, uses rough words to him. And Gollum's momentary softening (it is worthy to note that he is never called Smeagol again) is once more overcome by a blasting hurricane of hate and rage equal to the pitiable impulse of despair which it displaces.

Sam too is cheated by his own hate; later he delays to try and kill Gollum, and Shelob has a chance to attack Frodo; Gollum escapes and Frodo lies apparently dead.

And here at the apparent bitter end of this relationship, Sam's anguish is difficult to read without emotion; I have yet to see a child or adolescent read it without tears, and few adults who have gotten into the story can read it without being badly shaken. So com-

elling is it that only in retrospect has it become apparent how Sam's choices here are a shadow of his final status. One by one he forsakes the other possibilities...vengeance, suicide ("that was to do nothing, not even to grieve!"), return for wiser counsel, and he finally accepts what is laid on him; to take the Ring undesired and complete the Quest, knowing its full terrible power -- which no one else has dared to do. Aragorn and Gandalf had feared even the test. Elrond would not take the Ring even to guard it. Galadriel, confessing temptation, finally renounced it. Frodo, when he took it, had no knowledge of its awful power. Sam knew...but accepted.

This is the decisive moment in character development.

From this moment in essence the Quest is Sam's. It is significant that when he believes Frodo dead, for the first and last time he drops the formal "Mr.Frodo" and cries out "Frodo, me dear, me dear" ...but though after rescuing him he returns to the old deferential speech (partly to restore his own sense of security) he has become, not the devoted dogsboy of Volume I, or the sometimes fierce, but simple and submissive watchdog of Volume II, but the "tall, towering elf-warrior" of the orc's vision. He renounces the temptation to use the Ring for his own; then flings his defiance against the shadows;

"I will not say my day is done,

Or bid the stars farewell..."

and when he finds Frodo, beaten, naked and unconscious in the orc-tower, their reunion sets the tone of their relationship from that moment;

Frodo ,...lay back in Sam's gentle arms, closing his eyes, like a child at rest when night-fears are driven away by some loved voice or hand.

Sam felt that he could sit like that in endless happiness; but it was not allowed....

Instead he gently takes on himself the task of bringing Frodo to the end of his Quest. And here, again Sam achieves what no one else has been able to do. No one but Bilbo has ever given up the Ring of his free will, and Bilbo, who did not know its power, could only do so with Gandalf's help. Yet Sam, with only momentary hesitation, ("reluctant...to burden his master with it again") immediately takes the chain from around his neck and hands it over; wounded but without anger when Frodo, maddened by the thing that is destroying him, turns on him and calls him "thief".

And the surrendered-sword symbolism returns when Frodo allows Sam to keep his elvish sword Sting, saying that though he has an orc-knife, "I do not think that it will be my part to strike any blow again." From this point he places himself unreservedly and passively in Sam's hands; allowing Sam to clothe him, to deal out their food, to choose their road. As his will and endurance are sapped by the destructive, tormenting power of the Ring he speaks of himself as "naked in the blind dark" while every thought and movement of Sam's reaches an almost religious devotion and tenderness toward easing Frodo's path...even though he cannot share his torment or even share the burden.

This lessening distance and growing devotion, increasing as Frodo weakens to "dying of will and spirit", continues to the end of the Quest. When they cast away their arms and gear, Frodo throws away even the orc-knife, saying "I'll bear no weapon, fair or foul," and lets Sam clothe him in the grey Lorien cloak. But Sam, even at that edge of desperation and despair, retains some spark of hope; and though casting away his own treasures, he retains the gifts of Galadriel and the elvish sword which Frodo had given him.

Once again, watching awake for the last time while Frodo sleeps, Sam fights his own battle with despair and gives up his own last hopes, realizing that all he can do is accompany Frodo to the Crack of Doom and die with him there, fights the temptation to abandon the Quest, knowing that without his insistent courage Frodo cannot complete it either; and in his own unguarded moment of despair he shows how he now regards their death;

"You might have lain down and gone to sleep together, days ago, if you hadn't been so dogged."

This last stage, where nothing matters and they may never return, is significantly the first time when his thoughts turn to Rose Cotton --who has never been mentioned before-- but "The way back goes past the mountain, if there is one." And at the very last of their Quest Sam "held no more debates with himself" -- he knew all the arguments of despair and had absorbed them. He takes Frodo in his arms "trying to comfort him with his arms and body" so that

"the last dawn of their Quest found them side by side."

This growth in intensity, this ever - lessening distance, with each change documented and studied, is surely one of the most compelling of its kind.

And Sam's emotional growth is shown at the final meeting of love and hate, when Gollum appears at the last moment. Frodo, far past all pity or humanity (in Sam's vision only a tall figure, with a wheel of fire at its breast) only curses Gollum and threatens him with the Fire of Doom; and here it is Sam the inarticulate who achieves the height of pity and compassion for Gollum's agony, and in his own rough, painful manner, only bids him...

"...you stinking thing! Go away! Be off! I don't trust you, not as far as I could kick you; but be off. Or I shall hurt you, yes, with nasty cruel steel..." even at this moment of desperate danger still mocking Gollum's whining speech.

And Frodo at the bitter end cannot destroy the Ring and fulfil his Quest; and Gollum's tormented love and hate does what even the Dark Lord could not do; he tears Ring and finger from Frodo -- but his fall into the Crack of Doom, glossed as an accident of his exaltation, is more, far more than accidental. It has been too carefully prepared by this studied hate and love.

Gollum loved the thing which destroyed him -- and destroyed it in revenge. In "saving" his "precious" from destruction, he genuinely saves Frodo (whom, obviously, he loves as much as he hates) from destruction too; in seeking to save and destroy what he loves and hates, he saves himself, and Frodo; by bringing the accursed Ring and his own long agony to an end; so that Frodo, rather than meeting the total destruction of his own curse, loses only his Ring finger.

When the Quest is finally completed and it seems that nothing remains but death, Sam's attitude is still distinct from Frodo's;

...In all that ruin of the world for the moment he felt only joy, great joy.

The burden was gone. His master had been saved; he was himself again, he was free....

but even so, it is Sam who does not abandon himself to resignation;

"Yes, I am with you, Master," said Sam, laying Frodo's wounded hand gently to his breast, "and you're with me...but after coming all that way I don't want to give up yet. It's not like me, somehow...."

And Frodo replies;

"...but it's like things are in the world. Hopes fail. An end comes...we are lost in ruin and there is no escape...."

But nevertheless he allows Sam -- passively, still -- to lead him out of the Crack of Doom, and even there Sam makes jokes, asking if some day they will sing the song of Nine-fingered Frodo and the Ring of Doom, ... "to keep fear away till the very last" ... and still his eyes search the sky to the north, from whence their rescuers finally come.

And when Sam and Frodo are led before Aragorn it is to Sam, not Frodo, that Aragorn says

"It is a long way, is it not, from Bree, where you did not like the look of me?

A long way for us all; but yours has been the darkest road."

As indeed it has; Frodo has known torment and agony and terror, but Sam has endured them voluntarily, with no great Cause to strengthen his will, and only for the sake of one he



loves beyond everything else.

Edmund Wilson has said in his critical review that Frodo is "unchanged" by the Quest. This is manifestly ridiculous. If nothing else the compassion he shows to Saruman, even at the moment when Saruman has attempted to stab him, is in great contrast to his insensitivity when Gandalf first told him the Gollum story and he cried out "How loathsome...what a pity that Bilbo did not kill the wretched creature"? Saruman recognizes this; he says "You have grown very much, Halfling...you have robbed my revenge of sweetness."

Frodo shares for a time in the rewards of their labors, but he bears forever the three wounds of his folly (the knife-wound of Weathertop) overconfidence (the sting of Shelob) and pride (the finger torn away with the Ring).

The recoil of the wounded Hero is mainly, however, on Sam. He longs to stay with Frodo forever, but Sam has achieved true maturity; and as the Heroic Age passes, he longs to put down roots into the soil of the Shire and raise a family. (It has been said that significantly this dream comes, first, during the dreadful last stage of the Quest; when Sam, denying himself water so that Frodo may drink, daydreams of the pools of Bywater, and of Rosie and her brothers.)

Aragorn, the Eldest and the Classic Hero, was shown achieving his Lady Love as the reward of all his labors; but Sam is the only one of the characters who truly passes out of the Heroic Age into the world of today; Aragorn becomes a King, but it is aptly Sam who is shown making the actual, personal choice, at the end, between that early flame of true, prime, single devotion which burns up the whole soul in a passion for heroic ends, and the quiet, manful, necessary compromise to live in a plain world and to do ordinary things.

Merry, too, has achieved high adult stature; for him, the return to the Shire is like "a dream that has slowly faded" but for Frodo it is like "falling asleep again". Yet Frodo's quiet dream of peace is never achieved; he has given too much of himself to the struggle to cast away the curse; suffered too much in the achieving of this peace for others. He has won through to nobility and compassion, but hardly.

And Sam is torn by divided loyalties; to raise his family, to remain always with Frodo; but for Frodo there is no real return, while Sam has returned in heart and soul. It is partly this, as well as the "memory of fear and darkness" which Arwen, in her one clear moment of emerging from the mists, had foreseen would continue to trouble him, brings Frodo to his final choice. (And to me one of the most beautiful and poetic symbols is Arwen's white jewel, even though she lies outside the story; it has a dreamlike coherence, the fantasy of inner understanding). Arwen has given him another gift; the gift she herself has foregone for Aragorn's sake: and Frodo chooses the course which Arwen cannot:

"Someone must always give up things, so that others may have them...."
and how many young, young men had that choice forced on them, in the desperate England of Dunkirk and the Blitz, though the allegory is nowhere that crude?

At their last parting, Frodo shows how clearly he understands the nature of Sam's growth, his change and his conflict;

"You cannot always be torn in two, Sam; you were meant to be one, and whole; and you will be, for many, many years."

So that he departs with the others, removing the need for Sam to feel "torn in two" by his divided loves and loyalties; and Sam, though grieving and in pain, returns to Rose and his children, to make the Shire even more "blessed and beloved."

Sam cannot be compared to Jurgen entirely, who also endures adventures and renounces them; nor to another famous adventurer who decides in the end to "cultivate his garden"; for Jurgen, and Candide, belong to anti-Quest, rather than Quest literature. A truer parallel would be to Papageno in the Magic Flute; Tamino achieved his quest and stood with Pamina before the Sun, but Papageno asked only for a nice little wife and his birds. Yet Sam is a true figure of the Age; as he recognized that Rivendell, the Refuge, had;

"...something here of everything, if you understand me. The Shire and the Golden Wood and Gondor and king's houses and inns and meadows and mountains all mixed..."

*Somewhat outside the scope of the story, in the Appendix dealing with Aragorn and Arwen, the contrast may be noted between Aragorn's quiet acceptance of mortal doom, and Arwen's bitterness. She, too, bore a Doom, unwilling.

Gandalf, too, after his return from death has said:

"...indeed I am Saruman. one might almost say; Saruman as he should have been."

So Sam, in becoming Frodo's heir, is retaining and passing on and keeping alive the memories of the days that are gone. He retains also in himself much of what he has become and known; enriched by the Heroic Age through which he has passed, retains some --though sadly not all-- of its glory; he has become, in a way, the beauty of the Elves, the hardiness of the dwarves, the wisdom of the wizards, the gallantry of men, and the sound staunchness, at the root, of the halflings.

And so this final relationship, even its failure (for all of Sam's selflessness and love could not save Frodo from his destiny, any more than the downfall of evil in Sauron could save the good things achieved by Elrond and Galadriel) reflects the symbolism of life, and the passing of the Heroic Age. Sam's heroism and devotion is in curious contrast to the humdrum marriage and life he accepts and desires ("one small garden was all his need and due, not a garden swollen to a realm"). The only way to achieve maturity is to leave behind the Third Age with its dreams and desires, its emotions and needs and glories; the only way to remain forever young is to die young.

Yet Sam names his daughter for the flowers of Lorien; and the Golden Tree blooms, forever, in the Shire.

five



the author of The Lord of the Rings has been quoted as saying that his book is not "about anything but itself; certainly it has no allegorical intentions, general, particular or topical, moral, religious or political."

I am sure of it. I am also sure that when Shakespeare chronicled the adventures of the Prince of Denmark, he had no idea of contributing anything to literature of psychology dealing with the Oedipus Complex, and even surer that when Sophocles retold an episode from the Odyssey he had few allegorical intentions. Probably Milton is the only artist who ever consciously desired (or at least would admit desiring) to "justify the ways of God to Man." And he was not the best who ever did so.

I do not quite go along with all those vociferous youngsters who, losing all perspective, proclaim Dr. Tolkien as the greatest writer of the century. His "infatuated admirers" often defeat their own purpose. One young admirer of the trilogy wrote me, presumably in all seriousness,

What do you mean, one of the greatest writers? Tolkien is the greatest writer of the century! What other writer can give the same cosmic sweep and grandeur as Stapledon, the same glorious personal adventure as Burroughs, the same sense of cosmic terror as Lovecraft, and wondrous beauty that surpasses Merritt, bound up in a single package with poetry that would make Longfellow and Kipling --aye, even Spenser and Milton-- blush with envy?

Faced with this sort of thing, Edmund Wilson's reaction is possibly automatic. Yet it seems to me that he is equally blind in assigning its true level to the "seven year old daughter". He has fallen into a common fallacy; that "adult" fiction is necessarily that which deals with matters specifically improper or unsuitable (by his standards) for children; and that if a book may be safely or wisely placed in the hands of a child by a conscientious person, it is ipso facto unsuitable for adult attention, and beneath their notice. But this is a dangerous premise, leading to its inescapable premise; that only those books which deal with matters out of the province of childhood (again, by his standards, which I suspect are those which involve sexual matters) are truly "adult" and thus, for some reason, Lady Chatterly's Lover is somehow more adult than David Copperfield. From here it is a very short step to saying that any indecorous book however poor, is "adult" and any non-sexually oriented one is "childish".

Certainly there is nothing in The Lord of the Rings which would make the most careful of parents, or for that matter nursery-school teachers, hesitate to hand it over to any child who had the interest and persistence to read it all the way through. But, although I have just finished reading the whole thing aloud to my own ten year old son, I do not

deceive myself that he, even though he enjoyed the story very much and found in it much food for discussion and thought, has gotten out of it all there is to get. I read David Copperfield at the age of nine, and Dostoevsky's Crime and Punishment at thirteen, but not until I re-read both in my late twenties did I get more out of them than the story alone; I had read them as a child and understood them as a child. But a "children's book" which a child will outgrow is, nine times out of ten, a book on which he should not waste his time in the first place; as I understood when I re-read Dostoevsky and Dickens and found them worthy of attention, which I could not do with Sue Barton, Student Nurse. I hope that my son will re-read them when he is sixteen, and perhaps again when he is thirty-six.

The passage quoted above from the young admirer of Dr. Tolkien represents a typical seventeen-year-old reaction; and because some of my infatuated-admirer letters about another writer, Henry Kuttner, at seventeen, are still in print over my name in the letter columns of vanished pulp magazines, I will not embarrass him by identifying him any further than this. And quite obviously, among the writers of science fiction and fantasy with whom he compares Dr. Tolkien, all of whom are second or third rate, the professor makes a very fair showing, displaying competence and facility as well as power and imagination. Compared with mainstream writers, which is perhaps unfair, he makes a showing less imposing.

W.H. Auden, otherwise one of Tolkien's loudest admirers, speaks of his "bad poetry". As poetry, Tolkien's is very bad indeed; though, as verse and in the context of the story, it is interesting and sometimes moving. About all one can say about Tolkien as a poet is that his poetry is better than that of Edgar A. Guest, Rudyard Kipling and James Greenleaf Whittier -- which is as little a compliment as saying that his prose is better than that of Zane Grey and Gene Stratton-Porter. Certainly it is of more interest to most young people than that of Longfellow, Wordsworth and the other dreary rhymesters read in the average high school, but the question here is not so much whether this makes Tolkien a great poet, as why such wretched versifiers should be permitted to form, or to deform the tastes of school children. The great mass of abundant verse in The Lord of the Rings, if detached forcibly from the books and analyzed only as poetry, would appear at a level with that of any other scholarly, sensitive amateur with a feeling for words, conscientious about rhyme and metre, imaginative and vivid; but neither artistic nor great.

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

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

What more can anyone ask?

the

WITCH WORLD

Novels

Andre Norton

There is an axiom which was carefully instilled in me at the very beginning of my writing career--series books are weak; sequels are the downfall of many writers.

Only twice when writing in the science fiction - fantasy field did I deliberately plan for sequels -- the Solar Queen adventures (which appeared under the pen name of Andrew North), and the Dipple series of three volumes, CATSEYE, JUDGEMENT ON JANUS and NIGHT OF MASKS.

The others simply grew of themselves, with no fore intent but because reader interest and a sparking of ideas from one to another spontaneously occurred after the appearance of the first volume.

The Time Agent series was in the beginning intended only to be THE TIME TRADERS. I had devoured with fervor Paul Herrmann's magnificent survey of the Bronze Age merchant adventurers in CONQUEST BY MAN, and from that built up a tale with the background of that time and place. Then I discovered that this was only the beginning of such exploration for me. Letters from readers urged for more -- and so came GALACTIC DERELICT. Then THE DEFIANT AGENTS effectively disposed of one hero but left the second unaccounted for -- hence KEY OUT OF TIME. The only problem now is that letters still come asking for the return of Ross Murdock and Travis Fox.

THE STARS ARE OURS! required, I discovered, a follow-up to settle the future of the Terran colonists on Astra and to answer whether or not they ever did encounter the to-be-dreaded Others. BEAST MASTER, in the same fashion, needed at least one more adventure for Hosteen Storm to make sure he had truly taken root on his new planet -- thus LORD OF STORM.

ORDEAL IN OTHEERWHERE presented a slightly different problem. It was my desire to write a story centered on a heroine instead of a hero. For reasons of plot her entanglement with the Matriarchate of the Wyverns of Warlock was ideal, making a sequel to STORM OVER WARLOCK which had certainly never been foreseen by me when I wrote the first book.

There remains the Witch World series which has now jumped to four in number and may grow even further. This was not planned either. Much of the story idea and material in the first volume was accumulated in fragments over a number of years, intended for a historical novel dealing with the Crusaders in Outremer, but never written except for a scene or two. Then I discovered that such material fitted easily into the concept of a sword and sorcery adventure. However, once on paper, it was plain that WITCH WORLD was by no means the end of the sagas to come out of Estcarp. The Kolders had to be adequately accounted for so -- WEB OF WITCH WORLD.

Warrior and Witch, what would come of a mingling of their diverse inheritances and backgrounds? Speculation on this subject led to the emergence in turn of the three Tregarths of the next generation and THREE AGAINST WITCH WORLD.

While YEAR OF THE UNICORN is not directly a sequel, in that it deals with the same world but not the characters introduced before, it was intended to fit into the Estcarpian tapestry with the rest.

I seldom mean to write sequels, they just grow, sometimes in spite of me, and many times because of the continued demand from the readers for more. I know that this is a pit into which any writer may easily fall, to the detriment of his or her work and I trust that I shall be able to resist temptation in the future.



the Ace

TOLKIEN COVERS

Please let me attempt to clarify this business about the errors in the Tolkien covers. Mind you, I accept the responsibility of having made the errors, but you may look upon the following as a sort of cop-out. I'm a victim of bitter, bitter circumstance.

I can't cite you chapter and verse on dates and like that but here's how what happened happened. I'll see if I can keep it consecutive and coherent.

First I was called by Ace to do a cover. I went in to their offices and was handed the book Fellowship of the Ring. It was a book I had never read but various people have been after me for years to read. It was impressed on me that this was to be a top secret project... (correction...I DID NOT go into their offices at that time...if I remember correctly they needed the book for their type-setter...I said I could get hold of a copy and as a consequence it was not necessary that I should go in to New York at that time. I went across the street to the house of a neighbor...a Mr. Horace Judson, who at that time was a book reviewer for Time magazine. He is a very enthusiastic RING fan and is one of those who had been after me to read the books. I borrowed the book (The Fellowship) from him and got The Hobbit from the local library. I read both. Mr. Judson had by this time figured out that the only reason I'd want a copy of the RING trilogy in such a rush was that I was doing a cover for the book.)

Now...I read the books and began making up sketches...first pen and ink scribbles in a sketchbook; then I began doing color sketches. If I remember correctly I had a weekend in which to do this. Ace hoped to get it out as soon as possible...that meant setting the type and making the plates RIGHT NOW. That also meant I was to do the cover right now so as to be coincident with the rest of the schedule, obviously. After a little consultation I, ME, JACK GAUGHAN, made the decision to do the covers as I did them. I decided that Tolkien fans would buy it if it were printed upside down and backwards, but how were we to get this book to people who were not Tolkien fans? So it was ME who eliminated the hairy Hobbits from the covers and the fairy forests. I was afraid that should I have illustrated the stories as I think they should be illustrated, we'd miss the market...the S.F. and fantasy reader who hadn't read the books. So I chose scenes wherein I could minimize the fairy-tale visual qualities and play up those which related to S.F. as it is now being sold. You see, my job isn't complete if a cover doesn't sell the book. For display reasons I made Gandalf yellow rather than grey. (I offered to change it later but the production juggernaut had rolled too far by that time.) I made up three color sketches; one similar to the finished cover, one in pearly, shadowy greys, and another of the fairy forest and the little people. The other two were to soothe my conscience, I suppose, because I knew which sketch would be chosen. Lin Carter owns the Fairy Forest Sketch, and Mike McInerny the grey sketch. (I later did a larger version of the forest which I gave to Lin on the occasion of his birthday.)

Here's the sequence as accurately as I can recall. I read the books (Hobbit and Fellowship) and did the sketches over a weekend. The sketches were submitted in the early part of the following week and one was chosen. (This all applies so far ONLY to work on the Fellowship). Within the period of the following week -- perhaps less time was allowed -- I painted the cover. While the cover was being painted, all, I must remind you, in the strictest

Jack Gaughan



secrecy, my neighbor Mr. Judson dropped in and caught me painting (as he had guessed) the cover for the Fellowship. I almost lost a friend. No amount of consoling would satisfy him that it was (I thought and still think) more important to get the books into the hands of those who HAD NOT read it rather than merely to provide a new package for old fans. I had not foreseen that this thing would make such a noise and that it probably would have sold no matter what I did or did not do. Nor had it occurred to me to be particularly bothered over any moral issues. So while I'm trying to keep all this business secret Mr. Judson called (from TIME's offices LONG DISTANCE!!! He called TOLKIEN! Now, whether or not he mentioned what I was doing and what Ace was doing I do not know. He told me later that he called to see if there was indeed going to be a sequel to the trilogy. Of all the blankety blank people to discover this particular secret it had to be one capable of getting through to Professor Tolkien on the bloody telephone!*

HOWEVER...I painted the cover and delivered it. After some slight revisions it was approved and as far as I knew that was that. At that time no one intimated to me that the rest of the books would be done...as a matter of fact it seemed very unlikely. A flood of other work hit me and I had no opportunity to read the other

books.

To my surprise, after a few weeks had gone by Ace called and wanted a cover for the second book. This one I picked up from them and was reading (I hadn't begun to sketch it yet) when I was called again and told that I'd have to do the third book on the same schedule.

Digression: No matter what goes on in the editorial offices, the art and production schedule for Ace does not begin until after about the fourth of each month. One has, usually, a week in which to read the book and make sketches and another week in which to do the finished cover-painting.

...meanwhile back at the easel... It seemed that word had gotten around and that LANCER was going to do the third of the trilogy to be produced at the same time as ACE's second production, thus killing the sale of the third for Ace. So we were to produce the second and third books at the same time, thus scotching Lancer's scheme. Now, I'm a slow reader...I love words and read them. I do not speed-read and I don't think these books should be read that way. The language is so juicy and round and colorful. I COULD NOT POSSIBLY have read those books in one weekend and have sketched them during that same time. So, unbeknownst to Ace, I took my problems to my very good friend Lin Carter who had read the books and was a real fan of them. Still is. Lin and I retired into his study and he gave me a thorough rundown on the books, both from his capacious memory and by referring to the books. We spent some time lining up cover scenes. Lin told me that the flying steeds were probably pterodactyl-like but

*From Ace's press release announcing the signing of a royalty agreement with Tolkien: "Ace Books has been on record from the start as willing to pay royalties to Dr. Tolkien, but not to his publishers who had forfeited his copyrights in the United States." From which start? --FR

I had this fixed idea (when I read or am told a story I "see" as on a screen this thing unfolding in front of the inside of my eyes) of flying horses and promptly forgot his instructions. Not on purpose, I just forgot them. Sauron's finger got lost in the rush. Unfortunately I was unable to have Lin check the paintings before I submitted them, as typographic and engraving beasts were panting to be fed. This would, I'm sure, have solved many technical difficulties. However, it couldn't have been done.

To sum up. I myself do not like the covers I did for Ace. They are not illustrations of the story. I do not, however, regret what I did, as I'm convinced we sold that book to hundreds or thousands of people who might not otherwise have read it. I made a small attempt at making up for the covers in the title pages. (Incidentally I resent your remark that I was influenced by those rather fey, "fey" in the contemporary sense of the word, covers on the Houghton-Mifflin edition. I was not. The title page on the first is an attempt at drawing the woods and is a caricature of myself.)

As I said earlier, I and only I am to blame for those covers, but I hope to cop-out somewhat by claiming to be victimized by circumstance, in the persons of typographers, engravers, distributors and L.A.N.C.E.R. who really dictated the production schedule on these books. Ace was not sitting around with their feet on their desks, nor was I merely cleaning my nails and going, "Ho hum".

I shall not say I have no opinions on the morals involved in this business (which made themselves known to me as this whole thing blossomed after the production of the first volume), but I intend to keep my unlettered opinions thereon to myself. But I rather doubt I could have passed up the opportunity to work on books like those were it handed to me by the devil himself. (Incidentally, in spite of what some people tell me they think, it was not handed to me by the devil himself.)

---Jack Gaughan





SF Around the World:

Italy Revisited — Again!

Harry Harrison

When I speak of fandom. I speak from inside knowledge. I was a founding member of the Queens Science Fiction League in 1939, and during my fanac period I helped Sykora toss Moskowitz out of a meeting, and a bit later helped Moskowitz toss Sykora out of a meeting, which should give some hint that I know as much about fan feuds as the next man.

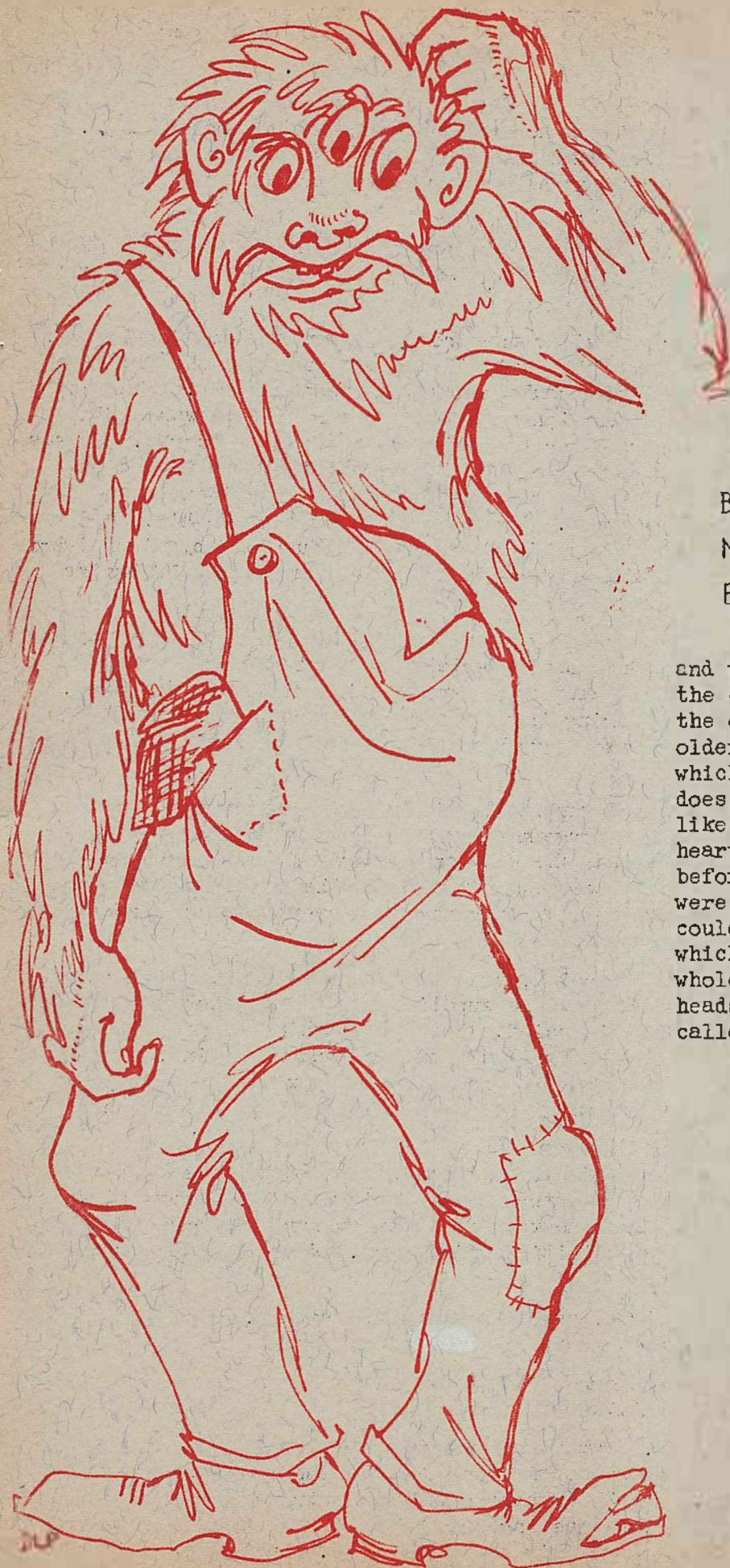
I also know a bit about Italy. I have lived there for over two years, read and speak the language a bit, have been at two SF film festivals in Trieste, and am invited back to speak again this summer. I have met and talked with fen, pros, editors and publishers, and generally had a wonderful time. All of my books and most of my short stories have been published there, well received and reviewed and I have nothing but the warmest of feelings for the Italfen and their land.

But you must understand that fandom and prodrom overlap in Italy and fanfeuds and profeuds go on as in other countries. Vitriol and venom! They hate with the mighty hatreds and the wheels within wheels in publishing are beyond imagining.

This is all background for a blanket statement. The blanket statement: Riccardo Valla's "Italy Revisited" piece in the March NIEKAS is a tissue of lies from front to back. Strong words? Valla is peddling strong stuff. He lies by omission, exaggeration, the works. What he says about Roberta Rambelli does not come near the truth at any time. I was interested to see that he tries to use the Communist label which he knows is potent insult in the States, though no one bothers with it in Italy. Really, Riccardo! Save this stuff for the home market -- why drag helpless Americans into it.

I have sent Valla's piece to Signora Rambelli in Italy, and I hope that she does write to set the publishing history straight about all the American SF Valla mentions. The thing I would like to comment on is his personal attack on her.

I --and my family-- have enjoyed the hospitality of Roberta and her husband and will not soon forget their friendship. I have corresponded with Roberta for many years and have had many discussions with her. She is enthusiastic about American and British SF, reads everything, enjoys the good, deplores the bad; is a very capable editor, a fine translator, and all in all does a first class job of getting the best SF translated in the best way and published in Italy.



BRIGHT SAM, CHARMING
NED, AND THE OGRE
BY ALEXEI PANSHIN

There was a king who had two sons, and they twins, the first ever born in the country. One was named Enegan and the other Britoval, and though one was older than the other, I don't remember which it was, and I doubt anyone else does, either. The two boys were so alike that not even their dear mother's heart could tell one from the other, and before their first month was out they were so thoroughly mixed that no one could be sure which to call Britoval and which Enegan. Finally, they gave the whole thing up as a bad lot, used their heads and hung tags on the boys and called them Ned and Sam.

The boys grew up tall and strong and as like each other as two warts on the same toad. If one was an inch taller or a pound heavier at the beginning of the month, by the end of it they were all even again. It was all even between them in wrestling, running, swimming, riding and spitting, all the pursuits that go to make the compleat young prince. By the time they were grown-up young men, there was only one way to tell them apart. It was universally agreed that Sam was Bright and Ned was Charming, and the people of the country even called them Bright Sam and Charming Ned.

"Hark," they would say as a horse went by on the road.

"There goes Prince Charming Ned," Or, alternatively: "Hey, mark old Bright Sam thinking under yon spreading oak."

The boys did earn their names, and honestly. Ask Sam to do a sum, parse a sentence, or figure a puzzle out and he could do it in a trice, whereas Ned just wasn't handy at that sort of thing. On the other hand, if you like charm and heart, courtesy and good humor, Ned was a really swell fellow, a delight to his dear mother, and a merry ray of sunshine to his subjects, while Sam at his best was a trifle sour.

Then one day the Old King, their father, died and the question arose as to which son should inherit, for the kingdom was small and the treasury was empty, and there simply was not enough for both.

The Great Council of the Kingdom met to consider the problem. They met and considered, considered and voted, voted and tied. At first they said it was obvious that the elder son should inherit, but they found that no one at all could say which was the elder. Then an exasperated soul proposed that the younger should inherit, and all agreed that was a fine way out until they discovered that it was equally problematic which was the younger. It was at this point that they decided to vote to settle the question -- but the vote turned out a tie, for half said, "A king should be bright so as to be able to rule intelligently and deal wisely with the friends and enemies of the kingdom. Nobody really has to like him," and the other half said, "A king should be beloved by his subjects and well thought of by his neighbors and peers. The council can always provide the brains needed to run things if brains are ever required."

At last, finally, and in the end, it was decided by all that there was only one way to settle the matter. Charming Ned and Bright Sam must undertake a Quest and whichever of them was successful would become King of the Realm, and take his fine old father's place. If neither was successful, they could always bring in a poor second cousin who was waiting in the wings, hat in hand. Kingdoms always have second cousins around to fill in when they're needed.

The Quest decided upon was this: it seems that many miles away --or so the story had come to them in the kingdom-- there was a small cavern in which lived a moderate-sized ogre with a fine large treasure, big enough to handle the kingdom's budget problem for some years to come. It was agreed that whichever of the two boys could bring the treasure home where it belonged would have proved to the satisfaction of everybody his overwhelming right to be king.

The two young men set off the very next morning, when the sun was up and the air was warm. Sam, intelligent as always, had loaded food and supplies into a knapsack and put it on his back, and buckled a great sword about his waist. Ned took nothing --too heavy, you know-- but simply put his red cap on his head and walked down the road whistling. Everybody in the kingdom came down to the road to wave and see them off. They waved until the boys were around the first bend in the road, and then, like sensible folk, they all went home to breakfast.

Sam was loaded so heavily that he couldn't walk as fast as his dear brother, and Ned was soon out of sight ahead of him, without even the sound of his whistle to mark him. This didn't seriously bother Bright Sam because he was sure that preparation and foresight would in the end more than make up for Ned's initial brisk pace. When he got hungry, not having any food would slow him down.

But Sam walked a long time, day and night, and never saw his brother. Then he came on the skinniest man he'd ever seen sitting by a great pile of animal bones.

"Hello," Sam said. "I'm looking for an ogre I've heard of who lives in a cave and owns a treasure. Do you know where I can find him?"

At the question, the man began to cry. Sam asked him what the trouble was, since sour or not he hated to see people cry. The man said, "A young fellow stopped a day or two ago and asked me the same question exactly. And he brought nothing but trouble on me. I had a flock of sheep, and fine ones, too, and I was roasting one for my dinner when he stopped, and he was such a nice, pleasant fellow that I asked him to eat with me. He was still hungry af-

ter the first sheep, so I killed another, and then another, and then another. He was so friendly and charming, and so grateful, that I never noticed until he had gone that he had eaten every last one of my sheep. Now I have nothing at all. And I'm starting to get hungry myself."

Sam said, "If you will tell me where the ogre lives I will give you some of the food that I have with me."

The man said, "Give me some of your food and I will tell you just what I told that other young fellow."

So Sam gave him food and when the hungry man was done eating, he said, "The answer is that I don't know. I don't have any truck with ogres. I just mind my own business."

Sam went on down the road with his pack a little lighter than before. He walked a long time, day and night, and never saw his brother. Then he came on a little castle in which lived a princess -- well, perhaps not a princess as most people reckon it, but since she lived there alone there wasn't a single person to say she wasn't. That is how royal families are founded.

This little castle was being besieged by a very rude and unpleasant giant. As a passing courtesy, Sam drew forth his sword and slew the giant, lopping off his great hairy head. The princess, and pretty indeed she was, came out of her castle and thanked him.

"It was very nice of you," said she, "but I'm afraid that the giant here," and she nudged his head with the toe of her dainty slipper, "has seven brothers and the whole lot take turns besieging my castle. This will no doubt make them a bit angry. I used to have a charm that kept my land protected from all such creatures, but alas no longer. A young man with a red cap came whistling down the road last week looking for an ogre and he was so sweet and charming that I gave him the charm to protect himself with and keep him from harm, and ever since, these horrid giants have been attacking my castle."

"Well, why don't you move?" asked Sam. "There aren't any giants where I live, though we do have a dragon or two, and we have some very nice castles looking to be bought."

The princess said that sounded like a very nice idea, and she just might take his advice.

"By the way," said Sam, "do you know, by chance, where I can find the ogre you were speaking of just a minute ago?"

"Oh, certainly," she said. "It's not far at all. Just follow your nose for three days and nights and you'll be there."

Sam thanked her, slew a second giant come to look for his brother, and went on his way. He followed his nose, and after three days and nights it told him quite distinctly that he had found the ogre's cave. He knocked politely and the ogre came out. The cave was a bit small for him. He was covered with hair, and he had three red eyes and two giant yellow fangs. Other than his appearance, he seemed friendly enough.

Sam drew his sword and said, "Excuse me, but I've come for your treasure."

"Well, if you can tell me a riddle I can't guess," said the ogre, "I'll give all I have to you. But if I do answer it, I want your money and all that you do have."

Sam agreed. It was common knowledge that ogres are not bright as a rule, and Sam knew some very hard riddles indeed.

He thought, and finally he said, "What is it that is not, and never will be?"

The ogre turned the question over it his mind. Then he sat down to really think about it. For three whole days and three whole nights they sat there, and nobody thought it odd of them because nobody lived near by. The ogre tried a dozen answers one by one, but each time Sam said, "I'm sorry, but that's not it."

Finally, the ogre said, "I can't think of any more answers. You win. But don't tell me the answer. Write it on a piece of paper. I can think about it after you're gone."

So Sam wrote his answer down on a piece of paper and gave it to the ogre. Then he said,

"And now, could . . .

The ogre said, "you won all that I have fair and square. I'll be back in a minute."

He went inside the cave and in just a moment he was back with a single brass farthing. "I'm sorry, but that's all there is. There used to be more, but I gave it all to a nice young man who was here just a week ago. I had to start all over again after he left, and now that you've beaten me, I'll have to start all over one more time."

Because he knew his brother well, Sam asked disbelievingly, "This young man didn't ask you any riddles you couldn't answer, did he?"

The ogre drew himself up and said in a wounded tone "Certainly not. But he was such a nice young fellow that I couldn't bear to let him go away empty-handed."

Well, that left Sam with something of a problem. He'd beaten the ogre and won his treasure, but nobody was likely to take a single brass farthing as proof of this. So he thought for a minute, and then he said, "And how do you find your cave for size, my friend?"

"Cramped," said the ogre. "But good caves are hard to find."

"And do you have much company here?"

No " said the ogre. "I think on my riddles to pass the time"

"Well," said Sam, "how would you like to come along home with me? My mother has a spare room to put you up in, and when I'm king at home I can provide you with a fine large cave and pleasant neighbors, and send people with riddles to you from time to time. How about that?"

The ogre could hardly turn down an offer like that, so he agreed readily and they set out together. When they got near home, it was apparent to Sam that a celebration was going on in the kingdom."

He said to his ogre friend, "How would you like to go to a party?"

"Oh, fine," said the ogre. "I'm sure I'd like a party, though I've never been to one."

"Well, I'll go in first, and then I'll come out for you in a minute," said Sam.

He went inside to find that there was a double celebration in progress. Not only was his brother Ned about to be crowned king, but he was about to marry the sweet little princess who had taken Sam's advice and moved here in the meanwhile. Sam thought that was most unkind.

"Stop the wedding," he said. They stopped the wedding and looked around at him. He said, "I succeeded at the Quest, and I claim the right to be king."

Everybody laughed at this. They said, "Charming Ned brought home the ogre's treasures. What did you bring?"

He showed them the single brass farthing. "I brought this," he said and they laughed all the more.

"And I brought one more thing," he said, and threw open the doors. In walked the ogre, looking for the party he'd been promised.

Sam explained to the ogre that the party would begin straight away the moment he became king. Since the ogre was standing in the only doorway, Sam was made king in no time at all.

Well, after that, Sam set the ogre up in a cave of his very own, and after the neighbors found that he wasn't a bad sort, he got on quite well. The ogre became a regular tourist attraction, one of the finest in the kingdom, and brought in a nice regular bit of revenue. Sam opened a charm school with his brother Ned in charge, and that brought in even more money. Sam married the princess himself and everybody lived quite happily from then on. If they haven't moved away, and I don't know why they would, they'll be living there still.

Oh, yes. It took the ogre a full ten years to decide he couldn't answer Sam's riddle, because while ogres may not be smart, they are patient. Every week he would bundle the answers he'd thought of together and send them to Sam and Sam would send them back. Finally the ogre decided he would never find the right answer to the question, "What is it that is not, and

[cont pg57]

THE COINAGE OF GONDOR AND THE WESTERN LANDS

INTRODUCTION. This brief history seems to derive from notes by Peregrin Took (as indeed does most of the lore of Gondor known to us). There are intimate references which must have come from him, but also there are additions by later hands. Since the days of King Elessar the study of coins has found a succession of devotees. At their hands this text has suffered abridgement and paraphrase and repeated translation, yet we must be grateful to have so much, for even the first who made himself a copy would not have had the coins. They suffered the fate of all the silver and gold that is not lost in the deeps or buried: to be worn down, melted, worked anew. In that way only do some of the treasures of Middle Earth survive today unless things buried chance to be found. In our gold coins and rings the gold of Gondor mingles with that of Egypt, Rome, the realm of the Aztecs, and the mines of California and Alaska.

Before the return of the King no Hobbit took much notice of the history of coins. Few indeed handled much money in their lives. Most gold and silver in the Shire reposed in household coffer and changed hands only when land was to be bought, or cattle or stores of goods. Accounts with tradesmen and innkeepers were tallied up and settled as the occasion arose. There was no authority to issue and regulate coin, and what money circulated was of the most diverse weight. Only in Bree could coins be tallied by count. Travelers from the outlands brought them: silver pennies which were made by all folk to the old Kings' weight, and other coin. But in S.R. 1422 came agents of the King with great wains to the Shire, bringing new coin in precious metal and bronze; and they bore away to his mints the gold and silver that the Hobbits exchanged for it. Scarce any hoard was not converted to King's money then. Now that there was small coin of guaranteed value, money came into common use, and workers in leather had to meet a sudden demand for purses.

There came to light then a diversity of coin such as no other land could have produced: scarce any less than a hundred years old, and many pieces worn smooth even with the scant handling they got: coins of Dwarves and Men and of the Kings of Arnor and Gondor that had passed away over a thousand years ago. The best of them, and others from hoards newly come to light, the moneyers sent to the King, who had them arrayed in glass cases in a room of the treasury. There all who desired might come and read on them the names of the kings who had reigned in the western lands for an Age of Middle Earth. Even coins of Elendil were there, which were then over three thousand years old.

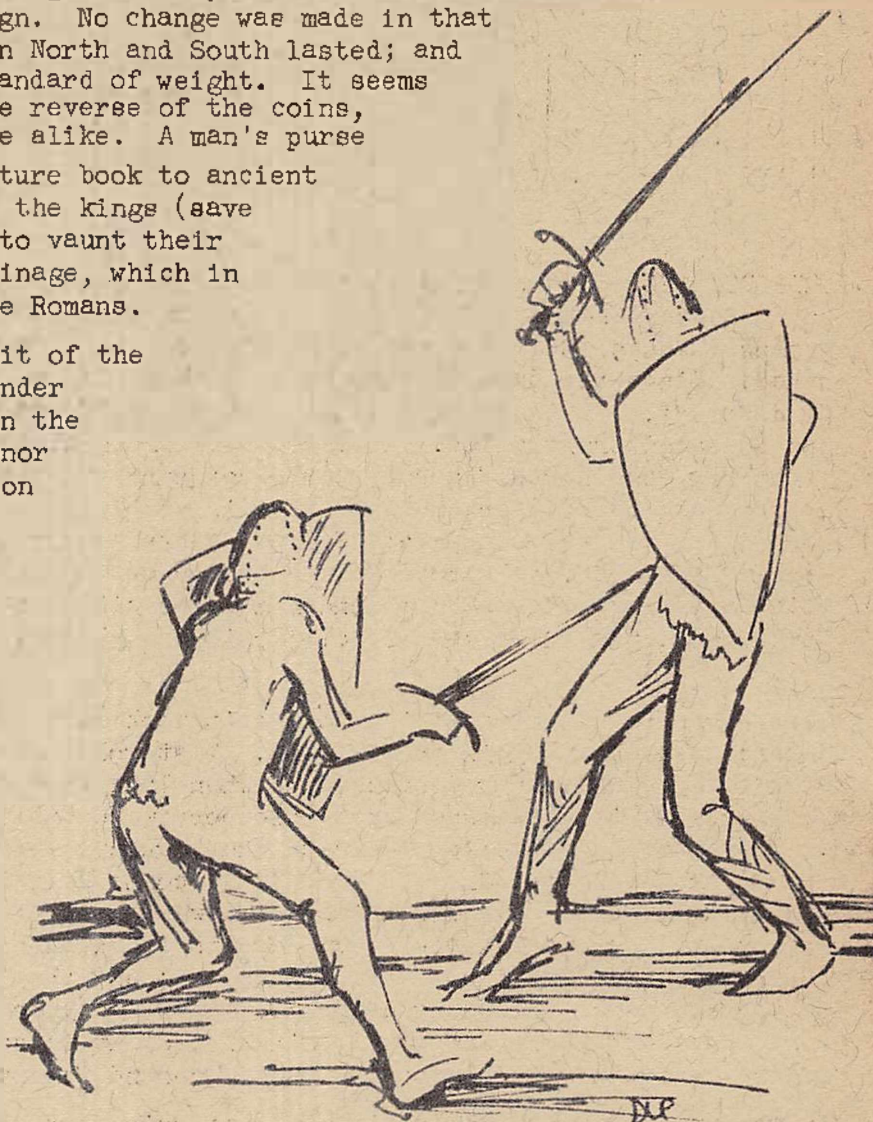
What King in Elder Days first set his seal on gold and silver, no chronicle records, and none of their coins survive that might tell us. Númenor and all its treasures are sunk beneath the sea. The history of coinage must be chronicled from the coming of Elendil, though in his time it was already an ancient art. The men of other lands, in Rhûn and Harad, all that had commerce with his realms, began in his day to strike coins after their standard.

DAINIS BISENIEKS

Some such may be seen in the King's treasury. Only their likeness of form and weight lets us guess at their history, since they bear no writing.

The kings of Gondor and Arnor had coins struck in both gold and silver; they bore as warranty of true weight the royal seal with the name of the king and the year of his reign. No change was made in that form while the lines of the Kings in North and South lasted; and both kingdoms kept ever the same standard of weight. It seems that no image was prescribed for the reverse of the coins, for no two of those that survive are alike. A man's purse in those days could serve for a picture book to ancient tales and scrolls of lore. None of the kings (save Castamir the Usurper) ever saw fit to vaunt their deeds or decrees by means of the coinage, which in our age was most notably done by the Romans.

Nor did any coin bear a portrait of the king, as they have done since Alexander the Great. What the practice was in the days of the glory and pride of Numenor cannot be known. Whether in reaction or by tradition no kings of the Westlands caused themselves to be portrayed on their coins, and a long weight of tradition came to weigh against such an innovation. It seems indeed a queer act of pride, for a king's face is scarcely ever noble and imposing above the ordinary run of men. Even if it were, artisans who had to cut new dies for every few thousand coins could not be expected to do it justice. So passed nigh on two thousand years of kings, and few are those whose features are known to posterity.



Mardil the Good Stew-

ard continued to issue

coins in the name of King Earnur, and with the royal seal, but his successors used only the Tree as seal, and their coins read usually, "Of Gondor, under the authority [this formula came to be abbreviated] of the steward __", with the year of the Third Age. But in the years toward the final conflict, the seal was a city turreted and guarded: Minas Tirith, the Tower of Guard.

As a poem tells us, "There was an old dwarf in a dark cave, / To silver and gold his fingers clave; / ...and ~~red~~ coins he made, and strings of rings...." The dwarves did indeed coin both gold and silver, though not under the seal of any king. Their smiths would strike whatever coin was needed for commerce, and took great care that it be of true weight. Dwarvish money circulated widely in all the West and was eagerly sought after, for its beauty as well as its value. For dwarvish smiths adorned their work with many fair and curious devices, and scarce two coins might be found alike. A necklace of these was the pride of many a fair lady. Indeed, dwarvish coins were in origin rings and ornaments made to standard weights, but they grew accustomed to make them of the form and weight of the coins of the Kings.

When King Elessar took office, one of his first edicts was to have struck anew all the

gold and silver in the coffers of Minas Tirith and all that passed in commerce through the city. In the course of only a few years all the coinage was renewed. His coins bore the White Tree in blossom with a crown above it and seven stars; they were inscribed, "Of Elessar, Isildur's heir, King of Gondor and Arnor." So his name and lineage were borne (as intended) into all corners of the world where the commerce of the kingdom passed, and few became the lands that had not heard of the King.

In celebration of the great victory, the coins bore for some years representations of the King's friends and allies and other tokens of the conflict that had passed. Riders of Rohan there were; an Elf with a bow; a Dwarf with an axe; a bear striking down a wolf, that was for the Beornings; a longship sailing up a broad river; and others besides. The Ents were not advertised to the world, which was as they wanted it, and neither were the Hobbits. The King thought long how he might represent them, but his friends made him see how foolish it was.

Coins in bronze were issued, too, bearing images of birds and beasts. The largest, worth an eighth of the silver penny (which we must think of as equalling a drachma or a denarius), showed a mumak with a man on his back, flanked by two trees. For though these beasts had been the bane of many warriors, they were not evil in themselves, and the terror of the folk soon turned to wonder and pity. The coins were very popular in the Shire, but Sam found that nobody wanted to hear about oliphaunts any more.

Rohan now coined its own money, though coin of Gondor was current there too. Dwarves struck coins at need, as ever, but now many of their best artisans entered the service of King Elessar. Never had any prosperous realm, needing coins by the million, had so much fair and well-struck money. Dwarves worked, too, in the mints of Dale, whose small silver coins bore a thrush. Few Dalesmen knew why, though they loved their coins. Their largest coin was called a Daler.

After some years the King ordered the devices on his coins to be replaced by others less warlike. These were taken from ancient lore, but many events of the conflict recently ended were great matter for legend. A Hobbit first appears on the coinage in the guise of a gardener planting a tree, and for the Ents there was a tree-root growing over an axe. No fierce bear, but a bee on a blossom now stands for the Beornings.

By a decree of the King many coins were struck every year showing the White Rider, Gandalf on Shadowfax; for Gandalf had now his place in the songs and tales of Gondor, as much as any hero of old. For all the years of the kingdom the heirs of Elessar continued the tradition.

In the last years of King Elessar appeared a coin showing two small figures, toiling up a mountain path. So were the Ringbearers at last made immortal, after the fashion of men, in gold. Indeed, gold may outlast the tales of men. It will, perhaps, shine brightly in the hand of one (man, or man's successor) who chances to find it a million years hence, and wonders what matter of legend were these small unassuming folk.

[PANSKIN, concluded from pg]

never will be?" He opened the paper Sam had given him so long before and took a look. The answer was, "A mouse's nest in a cat's ear" -- and silly as that may strike you, it is, in actual fact, the only real, true answer there is.

"Oh, hell," said the ogre. "I was just about to guess that."

DAY OF DOOM

Niekas 16:58

A very misunderstood person,
Lord Sauron,
did,
in his time,
attempt
an incontrovertibly impossible feat:
i.e., the unification
of all nations and peoples
into a single, world body
(admittedly headed by himself)
for purposes of
eliminating national boundaries,
abolishing war,
and assuring domestic tranquility.
He failed, of course.

It was that damnable Ring
that hung him up.
When cast into the flames
it showed its true colors:
like a donut --
hole surrounded by small substance --
empty as an election promise
or an unloved woman --
it didn't rule and find
or bring or bind:
it flared brightly,
then went out,
taking with it
Lord Sauron,
his mounted police,
his Great Vision,
and the Land of Mordor
where the shadows used to lie,
not to mention
the final gesture
of a finger slowly roasting,
right before the closed-circuit closing
of Mordor's bleak, Big-Brother bloodshot eye.

An Orc band began playing
the Mordorian national anthem
when the lights went out in Khazad-dum.
Saruman was heard to say,
"Thus does life repay its patrons."
Gamagee cried.
Gollum fried.
Gandalf blessed the troops.
A sad time was had by the trolls.



--Roger Zelazny

S F IN GERMANY

harold fischer

This article is not a complete list of all the sf novels ever published in Germany. I include only the most important books, pocket books, and paperbacks. I list year of publication, author, contents (if necessary), title, publisher, how many books (if it is a series), first and last dates of publication, and the highlights. If, after reading this article, you have any question or you want to know more about something, please write to me. You'll have the answer by return mail.

1. 1704-1900

About two hundred years after Thomas MOORE wrote his "Construction of a Human State: Utopia" the first fantasy was published in Germany. In 1704 in Dresden the German translation of Gabriel FOIGNY's "La Terre Australe Connue" came out. The German title was "A Very Odd Description of a Voyage through the New-discovered States in the South". In 1722 Graziani Agricola's AULETTI's novel "Voyages in Opir and Crapulien" was translated. In 1755 the first fantasy-novel of an East-European was published in Germany: Stanislaus LEZINSKI's novel was titled "Discussion of a European with an Inhabitant of the Island Dumocala". All three novels treated the escape from this world to another in which social conditions were better.

The next title treated a real fantasy topic: Man's dreams of flying like birds. Nicolas Edme Restif de la BRETONNE's "The Flying Man" was translated in 1784. Three years later this topic reappeared from Robert PALTOCK in "The Flying Man, or, The Wonderful Adventures of Peter Wilkins". In the same year the German W. HEINSE wrote "Ardinghello and the Lucky Islands", a fantasy like Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe". A similar fantasy appeared in 1788 from Graf zu STOLBERG; the title, "The Island". In 1794 D. G. G. MEHRING published a long prediction, "The Year 2500, or, Alradi's Dream".

Now we turn to the 19th century. At its beginning Cyrano de BERGERAC* wrote one of the first real science-fiction novels, "The Voyage to Other Sun-Empires" ("Voyage to the Sun" and "Voyage to the Moon"—FR)). Then passed over 70 years during which no science-fiction novels were written or published in Germany. Finally, in 1879, the well-known Kurt LASSWITZ offered two stories published at Breslau under the title "Pictures from the Future: Two Tales from the 24th and 39th Centuries". Then someone under the pseudonym LUCIFER wrote "Cometletters". The last fiction in this period is Otto Henne am RYN's "Aria". Published 1895, it shows an empire with eternal freedom.

2. 1902-1933

This century begins with an exciting science-fiction novel called "The Superman", which was written by Alfred JARRY. This book gave a detailed view of the future, to the year 1920. In the same year, 1902, Theodor HERZL wrote his "Old-Newland: A State for the Jews". At that time it was only fiction; today the Jews have their own state of Israel. 1908/1909, Weber, Inc., published two tales translated from the Russian of Valeriy BRUSSOW: "The South-Cross Empire" and "Eve of Destruction".

Another giant of German sf was P. SCHEERBART. His most famous fiction was published under the title "Lesabendio: an Asteroid Fiction", in 1913. In 1922 H. H. EWERS compiled a few stories from O PANIZZA and published them under the title "Phantoms in the Dawn". One year later he had written stories himself; six horrible stories were brought out under the title:

*I don't know when de Bergerac's books were published in Germany, but they were written about 1645-1650. —FR

"The Spider". In 1925 Joseph DELMONT's "The City Under the Sea" was published. In this story we have some parallels to WYNDHAM's "The Kraken Wakes". Before the Hitler regime arose in Germany a young man called Hans DOMINIK began to write sf novels. This man is the most famous German sf author. Some of the novels he wrote between 1930 and 1933 include: "Fly into Space," "Atlantis", "The Power of Three".

3. 1933-1955


Only one man wrote an sf novel during the Hitler regime. The title of his book was "Adolf Hitler in the 20th Century".

After the second world war a new type of story was discovered by authors like Böll, Brecht, and Borchert, the short story. But there were some more inventions in Germany at this time -- pocket books. These two formed the platform for a new era in the literature.

4. 1955 - today

In 1955 the biggest boom of German sf started. It began with dime novels published by Pabel. And it continues today with paperbacks published by Heyne. But it is better for me to tell all this chronologically.

1955: Pabel starts with dime novels. Alf TJØRNSEN writes 30 novels called "Jim Parker's Adventures in Space". The edition amounts to 10,000 copies. That is a great success for Pabel. Then their first series is born. It is called "Utopia". It is published first monthly, then bi-weekly, and since 1960 weekly. By now Pabel has brought out 500 novels. The edition runs over 40,000 copies. 60% are by German authors. The other 40% are by American and English authors. 70% of the Anglo-American novels are abridged. Highlights: Ed HAMILTON's "The Comet Kings", Adam LUKEN's "The Glass Cage", Richard WILSON's "Thirty Day Wonder", John E. MULLER's "In the Beginning", John FALKNER's "Untrodden Streets of Time", James BLISH's "Titan's Daughter", P. J. FARMER's "Cache from Outer Space", Thornton BELL's "Space Trap", Marion Zimmer BRADLEY's "The Colors of Space", Donald A. WOLLHEIM's "One Against the Moon", and Jerry SOHL's "Costigan's Needle". Eventually Pabel starts a new format within the Utopia series. Each fortnight we have a complete novel plus a short story; e.g. Damon KNIGHT's "Turncoat" plus A. E. Van VOGT's "Film Library" or Murray LEINSTER's novel "Fifth Dimension" plus his story "Dead City".



1956: One year later than Pabel, the publishers Moewig start a new series of dime-novels. It is called "Terra". It has come out every week since then. This series begins with an enormous success because Moewig holds the copyright for some of the best novels ever written by such famous German authors as Clark DALTON, Kurt BRAND, K-H SCHEER, or Kurt MAHR. The edition was about 20,000 copies in 1956 and is not over 60,000 copies each week. By now they have published some 500 novels, 30% by German authors with funny names like: Wayne COOPER, R. J. RICHARD, Richard OLIVER, Frank WILLIAMS, George HAY, etc. The other 70% are U. S. or British authors. 10% of the issues are filled with stories. ((As opposed to novels, I think he means. --FR)) Highlights: Brian W. ALDISS' "Non-Stop", Jack VANCE's "Slaves of Klau", E.E. Smith's "The Lensmen" (six novels), Hal CLEMENT's "Needle", Robert SILVERBERG's "The Thirteenth Immortal", A.E. Van VOGT's "The Mind Cage", E. E. SMITH's "Skylark" (four novels), Jack VANCE's "Space Opera", John BRUNNER's "Listen, The Stars!", James WHITE's "Star Surgeon", Jack VANCE's "Five Gold Bands", Daniel F. GALOUBE's "Tonight the Sky Will Fall" and "Kangaroo Court", Fritz LEIBER's "Destiny Three Times", Murray LEINSTER's "Operation Terror", John BRUNNER's "Echo in the Skull", H. K. Bulmer's "No Man's World", Jack WILLIAMSON's "The Cometeers", Ed COOPER's "Tomorrow Game", Robert A. HEINLEIN's "Tunnel in the Sky", Ed HAMILSON's "The Star Kings". 40% of the foreign novels

are abridged. I'm sorry to say that the translators here in Germany aren't the best.

1957: Moewig starts another new series called "Terra-Sonderband", which means "Better than Terra". These novels are much more expensive and a little bit better. This series went until 1965, 99 numbers at one each month. 90% were by British or U.S. authors. 40% of the numbers included stories. Highlights: A. E. van VOGT's "The Mixed Man", "Siege of the Unseen"; E. F. RUSSELL's "The Wasp", P. K. DICK's "A Handful of Darkness", Fredric BROWN's "Space on my Hands". In 1965 they were printing over 20,000 copies each month.

1958: Lothar HEIECKE, a good man in fandom, tries to publish a German edition of Galaxy. He translates many stories and sells them to Moewig. Moewig prints 15 numbers (one each month) in an edition of 15,000 copies. But in 1959 it was discontinued. Highlights: stories from Fredric BROWN, Fred POHL, E. F. RUSSELL, Cyril JUDD, Robert SHECKLEY, Isaac ASIMOV, Willey LEY, Fritz LEIBER, Gordon R. DICKSON, and more. (I can't tell you the names of the stories because the original English title is not mentioned in the issues.) Also printed were fine illustrations by EMSH, BARTH, HUNTER, ASHMAN, PEDERSON, and KIRBERGER.

1959: Other publishers, seeking to copy Moewig's and Pabel's successes, begin series. Four are started, and all four die in the same year.

1960: Moewig again, a new series called "Terra-Extra", which means a special "Terra". In this series, published fortnightly, the authors returned to using successful novels. They printed 20,000 copies. As of today there have been 90 numbers. 50% are by German authors, the others by U.S. and British authors. Highlights: Andre NORTON's "Terra", A. E. van VOGT's "Masters of Time", Jack WILLIAMSON's "Legion of Time", "Legion of Space", "Dragon's Island"; P. K. DICK's "Crossroads of Time" and "The World Jones Made".

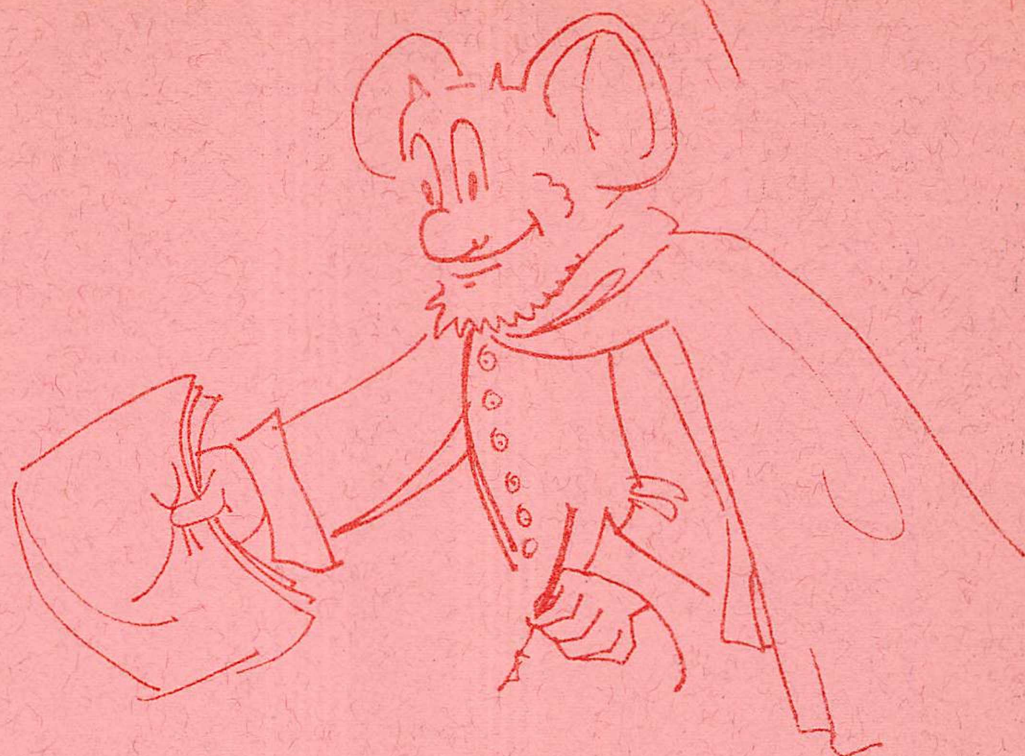
1961: Moewig starts a series of originals. Five German authors, Clark DARTON, K-H SCHEER, K. BRAND, Kurt MAHR, and H-G EWERS write the story of "Perry Rhodan". Every month four new adventures come out, to a present total of 250. The edition amounts to 100,000 copies each week. The greatest series in the world. This series is translated into French and English, and I hope you can read it soon. Here is the story of "Perry Rhodan", the Heir of the universe. Perry Rhodan is a major in the USAF. In 1971 he is the first man to go to the moon. There he finds Atlan, a man who is 10,000 years old, who has enormous technical knowledge. So the two of them unite the earth and discover the galaxy. As of number 250 they are on the way to the next galaxy. Every week they have new adventures with monsters, rockets, people.

1962: A new publishing firm arises in the German sf market. Goldmann publishes one science-fiction pocket book each month, in an edition of 30,000 copies. 90% are U.S. and British authors. Best translation. Highlights: Isaac ASIMOV's "The Currents of Space", "The Martian Way", "The Stars Like Dust"; Arthur C. CLARKE's "Islands in the Sky", "The Deep Range", "The City and the Stars", "Sands of Mars", "The Other Side of the Sky", "A Fall of Moondust", "Expedition to Earth"; James BLISH's "The Seedling Stars", Jack WILLIAMSON's "Wind 4", John WYNDHAM's "The Kraken Walks", "The Seeds of Time", "The Chrysalids"; Clifford SIMAK's "The Worlds of Clifford Simak", "Time is the Simplest Thing", "All Traps of Earth", "City", "Way Station"; R. A. HEINLEIN's "Revolt in 2100", "Podkayne of Mars", "The Green Hills of Earth"; Daniel F. GALOUE's "Dark Universe". To the present they have published 70 of the finest books.

1963: Now Heyne comes, an affiliate of Moewig, with more pocket books. But they publish faster -- two each month, in editions of 50,000. 80% are American or British authors. Highlights: Isaac ASIMOV's "The Naked Sun", A. E. van VOGT's "The War Against the Rull", "Space Beagle"; Richard MATHESON's "I Am Legend" and many more. Every month we have alternately "Galaxy" and "The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction".

In 1964 Heyne came out with the first paperbacks in Germany. Every year there are three sf paperbacks with 7-20 stories per number. In 1965 Moewig came out with two new series of pocket books; the "Perry Rhodan" pocket book (a supplement to the dime novels), and the "Terra" pocket book.

That is the situation today. Three publishers have said that they plan to come out with new sf publications this year. The market is overstocked; all these magazines cost about \$10.00, and as a real fan I pay it. But about fans and fandom in Germany will be my next article.



Review and Comment



DLP

THE BACK SHELF

I'm awfully glad I ran into the Tolkien books many years ago and read them before the current fooforaw reached its height: if I hadn't, I almost certainly wouldn't now. The sight of a great many people roaring around a book is usually enough to make me go and read something else: I'm like the man quoted by Vincent Starrett (can anybody locate this quote for me? It's in my memory, not in my library) who felt that if he could not get to the pool to drink before the other animals he wanted to wait until they had gone and the muddied water had settled again. A small backwater eddy of what has now become Tolkien Fandom, here in Greenwich Village, pushed me into the books and I read them and went round saying Look Look, but most people were too busy with something else.

This happens to me fairly often. I read something and go round asking people to read it and most people say Well ... and the subject is dropped. Once in awhile I get response. After *COMPULSION*, which is a second-rate novel, made Meyer Levin famous, a good many people decided they did, after all, want to borrow my copy of Levin's *THE OLD BUNCH*, which I had been recommending for years. I have loaned the book out nine times. I have bought seven replacement copies (all hardcover). I call this success: the book found seven good homes. Recently I persuaded Jim Sanders that it would not damage the pristine purity of his mind if he read *FULLY DRESSED AND IN HIS RIGHT MIND* by Michael Fessier, or the very recent *THE LEGION OF NOBLE CHRISTIANS* by Gerald Green, and he came back wonderstruck from both voyages. (If you, whoever you are, have not read these three books, please put down this page and go out and get the books and read them. They are all much better than this column is going to be. I am recommending Gerald Green's novel as the finest single novel of any sort I have read in several years -- well, finest new novel, anyhow. My editions, in order: *THE OLD BUNCH* is the Citadel Press edition, marked Fourth Printing, April, 1946. I think there was an uncut paperback of this last year, but can't check just now. *FULLY DRESSED AND IN HIS RIGHT MIND* is the Lion paperback edition of 1954: original publication was by Knopf, of all people, in 1935. Gerald Green's *LEGION* is Trident Press hardcover, 1965, sells for \$4.95 and is worth much more.)

There are many bad books which are kept alive by a sort of legend, or a rather useless nostalgia. (There seems to be a fad for Gene Stratton Porter around a few colleges lately, and I expect revivals of Elinor Glyn any year now.) There are also some awfully good books which get lost, somehow, and are never heard of more. I'm beginning a series of pieces meant to pry into that dusty Back Shelf of literature, where a lot of fine stuff lies hidden -- oh, Thomas Love Peacock's novels, and Rhoda Broughton's stories, Gorky's novel *MOTHER*...

And, this time round, the work of a man named Kenneth Fearing.

Fearing wrote two very oddball mysteries (*THE BIG CLOCK*, which has no real connection with the Ray Milland movie of the same title, and *DAGGER OF THE MIND*), two straight novels (*THE HOSPITAL* and *THE GENEROUS HEART*) and two prose books I've never seen: *LONELIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD* and *CLARK GIFFORD'S BODY*. Of the ones I know, *THE GENEROUS HEART* is the easiest to ignore. Both the mysteries are savage, economical and somehow manage to be both lucid and surreal, not an easy combination -- but see the Fessier mentioned earlier. *THE HOSPITAL* contains two or three scenes I am never going to forget. Ballantine brought this one out the other year, along with the mysteries, and you might try hunting there. But where you are going to go for large quantities of Fearing's poetry I do not know for certain. I own a *NEW AND SELECTED POEMS* put out by Indiana University Press in 1956, and have seen none of the other books.

Larry Janiter

Fearing was a poet whose acquaintance it seems to me imperative to make. Let me, out of the single volume I have, display a choice bit or two...

One line from a poem, HOLD THE WIRE:

Are you someone very famous from the Missing Persons Bureau but you can't recall the name?

The last of three stanzas of CRACKED RECORD BLUES:

Because the mind is a common sense affair filled with common sense answers
to common sense facts,
It can add up, can add up, can add up, can add up earthquakes and subtract
them from fires,
It can bisect an atom or analyze the planets --
All it has to do is to, do is to, do is to, do is to start at the beginning
and continue to the end.

Or one poem, entire: it's called BEWARE.

Someone, somewhere, is always starting trouble,
Either a relative, or a drunken friend, or a foreign state.
Trouble it is, trouble it was, trouble it will always be.
Nobody ever leaves well enough alone.

It begins, as a rule, with an innocent face and a trivial remark:
"There are two sides to every question," or "Sign right here on the dotted line,"
But it always ends with a crash of glass and a terrible shout --
No one, no one lets sleeping dragons sleep.

And it never happens, when the doorbell rings, that you find a troupe of houris
standing on your stoop.

Just the reverse.

So beware of doorbells. (And beware, beware of houris, too)

And you never receive a letter that says: "We enclose, herewith, our check for
a million."

You know what the letter always says, instead.

So beware of letters. (And anyway, they say, beware of great wealth.)

Be careful of doorbells, be cautious of telephones, watch out for genial strangers,
and for ancient friends;

Beware of dotted lines, and mellow cocktails; don't touch letters sent specifically
to you;

Beware, especially, of innocent remarks;

Beware of everything,

Damn near anything leads to trouble,

Someone is always, always stepping out of line.

Kenneth Fearing is dead. When he died, quite suddenly and without warning, a few years ago, I organized a reading of twenty-five of his poems in an East Side coffee-house. I got four other people who knew, as I thought, what poetry was and what reading in public was, and the five of us took five poems apiece. A few of them were vaguely familiar to the audience: Fearing's PORTRAIT turns up, unexpectedly, in the SUBTREASURY OF AMERICAN HUMOR, a few colleges tend to throw his DIRGE at students, and TRAVELOGUE IN A SHOOTING GALLERY, KING JUKE and REQUIEM have all surprised me by their appearance in Richard F. Niebling's 1964 anthology of poetry for Dell, A JOURNEY OF POEMS (Dell 4271, one of their Laurel-leaf Library, I'm afraid, but publishers do get whimsical about series titles.)

All the same, after the reading I was approached by a number of people who wanted to know where they could get their hands on sizable portions of this guy's stuff. I hope I am stimulating the same reaction in a few readers out there. He is not a cheerful poet, but he is a violently accurate one and ought to be read widely. I can only suggest libraries, second-hand stores or, despairingly, the Indiana University Press (the book costs \$3.95, or did when it was printed. Maybe they have some copies left?) ... the book contains 143 pages of his poetry and a fierce 24-page preface, and the price is a surprisingly low one.

Who was this guy? I knew him by phone: because I've never frequented bars, and because he seldom frequented coffeehouses, we never met. He was born in what was then a small town, Oak Park, Illinois, and came to New York to try to crack the publishing world in a big way. THE BIG CLOCK was perhaps his greatest financial success. He wanted, I understand, to be known as a novelist rather than a poet, and I apologize to him for putting the poetry at the head of the procession, but it isn't the first time that a writer has managed to mislabel himself. I think the poetry is major stuff, and the novels -- always with the exception of a parade of startling scenes -- brave and sometimes successful attempts. I tried to write an obit for him after his death, and recall (dimly) only the last line of it: "He never recovered from his removal to New York ... out of Oak Park, Illinois." The fact that the world was full of hypocrisy, of evil dealings and of real hate is, I think, what he never got used to. The lack of any ability to compromise with this world did not make him happy. He drank, and he went on drinking. But he went on writing, too. The last conversation I had with him, three weeks before his death, was devoted to an attempt to buy a short story of his for a magazine I was editing (under a pseudonym, for a variety of reasons) at the time. He sounded the way he always seemed to sound: slightly slurred, very remote, and entirely warm. The lung cancer which killed him had undoubtedly begun its work by then.

Fearing, like others -- like Robert Schumann, like Keats, like Gauguin -- simply never gave up. The awe I have for such people is unmixed. I've admired his poetry for some years now, and few are the guests in this house who do not get a Fearing poem or two read to them. (They read, as you'll discover if you try out BEWARE and if you know how to read aloud, startlingly well: perhaps only Browning reads better.)

Please do try to hunt up the acrid, accurate and entirely first-rank work of this man on whatever Back Shelves are available to you. I know no poet quite so unjustifiably neglected, and I hope this short piece sends some people out to look him up.

..... This piece can go on forever, entirely because I am fighting the temptation to use up the next ten pages quoting more Fearing to you. But -- well, look it up yourself. And then tell some other people.

I think it would please Fearing. I know, without any doubt whatever, that it would please me, and that it will please you.

What he has, and what he does, I can't describe. But maybe the last line of RADIO BLUES will begin to do the job. As a description of his work, and as a close to this piece, then:

Would you like to tune in upon your very own life, gone somewhere far away?

shelob

I saw the eyes there
Like clusters of cold diamonds
a vague bulk behind

--Steve Henderson

IVORY TOWER

AMRA #s 37, 38 & 39 (AMRA, PO Box 9120, Chicago, Ill. 60690; British Agent: Archie Mercer, 1st Floor Flat, "Rosehill", 2 Cotham Pk. So., Bristol 6, England; irregular but frequent; 35¢ each, 8/\$2.)

AMRA, as everyone should know, is devoted to bold, heroic fantasy in general; and to the exploits of Robert E. Howard's Conan in particular.

#37 features a review of Edwin L. Arnold's GULLIVER OF MARS by Sprague de Camp; like most of de Camp's AMRA work, it is an excellent review, but...he seems to have gone to a great deal of trouble to prove a very minor point; i.e., that ERB didn't "lift" Barsoom from Arnold's hoary old classic. There is also a review-in-depth of James Branch Cabell's JURGEN by Fritz Leiber; again, it is a well done critique -- AMRA seems to get better reviews from Leiber than the promags do -- so well done in fact that I got as much enjoyment from Leiber's commentary on JURGEN as I did from the novel itself.

#38 is mostly a long (and very good) analysis of T. H. White's THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING by Fritz Leiber. As I mentioned above, Leiber seems to be doing better reviews for AMRA than for F&SF; usually it's the other way around -- a professional will generally send material that is, ah, somewhat less than his best work to a faneditor -- after all this is for fun and for free...(Yes, I know there are exceptions; but in most cases, these exceptions -- Bob Tucker is one who comes most readily to mind -- are fans who sell professionally; not vice-versa.) Fritz's study covers some ground that the mundane review journals seem to have overlooked; as far as I know, he is the first commentator to compare White's KING with Mark Twain's A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT. All this aside, Leiber's critique successfully captures the spirit of the book and is just plain fun to read.

Sprague de Camp is present again; this time with a report on a visit Alan Nourse and he made to Cross Plains, Texas -- Robert E. Howard's home town. Usually de Camp is, at the very least, interesting; even when he's writing on a subject I couldn't care less about, he manages to hold my attention by dint of sheer writing ability. Not so here; his account -- like all too many fannish con, trip and visit reports -- is deadly dull. O well, at least the editorial multitude saw fit to scatter some Roy Krenkel illos through de Camp's tale, and anyone who uses Krenkel drawing can't be all bad.

#39 contains some editorial commentary on the Ace/Tolkien fracas. I concur with the anonymous editorialist's (George Scithers?) remarks, but he doesn't say anything that hasn't already been said, and personally, I'd rather he hadn't said anything at all -- there is nothing duller than dated opinionating. The rest of AMRA 39 consists of the third installment of Lin Carter's pseudo-Lovecraftian sonnet, "Dreams from R'Lyeh"; several of Robert E. Howard's letters and an artic-letter from de Camp on weapons. Carter's sonnet is quite well done for fan poetry -- he evidently possesses more talent than his godawful WIZARD OF LEMURIA and its sequel, THONGOR OF LEMURIA, would lead one to believe; the de Camp and Howard items are interesting but uncommentable.

Sprinkled throughout these issues of AMRA are illustrations (other fanzines use illos) by Ray Garcia-Capella, Dan Adkins, Roy Krenkel, Bob Sheridan and Jim Cawthorn. Even if you don't give a damn (or even a dam) for saberhacking fiction, AMRA's artwork is worth the price of admission by itself.

EEN SOLON

to & C --- Solon

DYNATRON #27 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87017; British agent, Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langely Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England; irregular; 20¢)

DYNATRON is a fanzine that I find almost impossible to review adequately; I enjoy it, but when I analyze my reactions in an attempt to find out why, mind and paper are left equally blank. I know that doesn't make much sense; well, neither does DYNATRON.

This issue, for example, contains reviews of TARRANO THE CONQUEROR by Les Sample and THROUGH THE ALIMENTARY CANAL WITH GUN AND CAMERA by Buck Coulson (the reviews are by Sample and Coulson you numbskull!). Both are good reviews -- good because they held my attention despite my lack of interest in either book. There is also a horrible, Feghootian pun ~~printed~~ reprinted from AMPERSAND, a '52 Willis oneshot -- if there is one thing worse than an original Feghoot, it's a reprinted Feghoot -- by Sam Umbrage; a short essay on Robert Sheckley by Rich Mann; a bit of satire at the expense of fandom's Harassed Bibliographers by Dennis Lein and a long, rambling editorial by Tackett (you were expecting John W. Ghod, maybe?). In other words, DYNATRON is a pretty average fanzine; neither incredibly good nor horribly bad. It's got something, though; something that makes DYNATRON one of the few fanzines I read as soon as they arrive.* It doesn't make sense at all.

It does make some pretty fine nonsense, though.

ERB-DOM #15 (Camille Cazedessus, 3145 Craft Way, Westminster, Colo. 80030; quarterly; 5/\$2.)

ERB-DOM features impeccable offset reproduction, lovely art by the likes of Roy Krenkel and Read Crandall, and written material of negligible value -- at least to anyone except the most fanatical of Burroughs fen. Being a person who can take Burroughs or leave him alone, there was little to interest me in this; but even if I were possessed of a mad passion for ERB, I definitely would not be moved (save in the direction of the bathroom) by "A Glossary of the Pellucidar Books" or a listing of how many times Variety mentioned Tarzan. Why anyone would devote himself to such a close study of the collected works of Edgar Rice Burroughs is quite beyond me; but those of you who faunch for such items will probably find ERB-DOM quite worthwhile.

FANTASY ILLUSTRATED #5 (Bill Spicer, 418-H W. Stocker St., Glendale, Calif 91202; irregular; 5/\$3)

60¢ is a bit much to pay for a fanzine, but... FI is perhaps the only literate comics fanzine in existence.** In fact, it's almost too literate...

The main feature of FI is Richard Kyle's "Graphic Story Review", and, while his writing is competent, I can't help but feel that he has brought some awfully big guns to bear against material that is worth neither the time nor the trouble to analyze via the critical method.

Kyle vents his spleen on Blazing Combat (a pseudo-EC comics mag) for being unrealistic... As though comic books were anything but unrealistic! This is a bit Too Much; I have no quarrel with anyone who wants to use the critical method on serious fiction (and yes, Virginia, I consider sft to be serious fiction -- some of it anyway); but to use it on comic books is downright silly.

Comic books are trash, and to consider them in any other light is ridiculous; they aren't serious literature and they don't deserve the same kind of analysis one would devote to a novel by Truman Capote. And to treat them as such is only foolish pomposity.

There also are a couple of comic strips; one, by Jeff Jones, is incredibly uneven in quality -- brilliant in some places and sloppy in others. Jones has talent, but his execution is careless: figures are out of proportion and perspectives are awry. The other strips, a rendering of Fred Brown's "Necktie Party" by Bob Foster, and Ambrose Bierce's "One Summer Night" by Landon Chesney, are flawless.

*I think what it's got is Tackett. --FR

**From here on, Solon's opinions are definitely his own. Too many of my faithful collators are comics fen! --FR

NIEKAS 16:68

R & C — Saton 3

FOCAL POINT #s 18, 19, 20 & 21 (Mike McInerney, 250 W. 16th St., Apt. 5FW, NYC and rich brown, 250 W. 16th St., Apt. 5FE, NYC; British agent, Peter Singleton, Ward 2, Whittingham Hospital, Near Preston, Lancs., England; supposedly bi-weekly; 3/25¢, 12/\$1.)

A fanzine of news, views and occasional reviews, most of which are somewhat, ah, dated by the time rich and Mike get around to publishing them. Oh well, at least the news is there...

FAN-FIC #2 (Dave Dewsnap, 4 Elderedge St., Newton, Mass. 02158; semi-annual; 20¢ each, 3/50¢)

I dunno...There really isn't much I can say (write, rather) about this fmz; not because the material is over my head but because there isn't much of it. However...there is an article on the reality of Barsoom; a review of Walter Wentz's A Merritt bibliography; an essay on the "new trend" in comics and a few filler squibs by the editor. Not bad -- not good either -- but not bad.

FANXIETY #2 (Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle, Garden Grove, California 92640; irregular; 20¢)

Sometimes I get the feeling I'm living in an alternate universe. I mean, it's somewhat jolting to receive a fanzine dated December in the middle of March (not to mention writing a review in May that won't be published -- if at all -- until June). Anyway, FANXIETY 2 is improved over #1 reviewed last ish; it's a fairly good light-weight fmz; there isn't much to it -- Gregg's editorial natter, Fred Phillips' FISTFA report and some letters -- but what there is, is reasonably enjoyable.

LUCIFER #3 (Jurgen Wolfe, 1234 Johnson St., Redwood City, Calif. 94061; quarterly; 15¢ each, 7/\$1)

Another light-weight, though not as much of a personality-zine as FANXIETY, LUCIFER is amusing without being particularly memorable (that may be a blessing in disguise, Jurgen; the producers of memorable early fanzines often spend the rest of their fannish careers trying to live them down). Mike Viggiano reviews books, Mike Hill and Earl Schultz have a fairly good short story and Duncan McFarland is present with some intelligent nonsense about chickens and eggs.

THE PULP ERA #62 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, Ohio 43567; terribly irregular but bi-monthly from now on; 5/\$1.50, 10/\$2.75)

THE PULP ERA is probably as well known for the quality of its artwork as it is for its written material, and #62 is fully in keeping with tradition. There is art by Terry Jeeves, Joe Staton, Dave Prosser and George Barr, impeccably reproduced via multilith and Gestetner mimeo. The written material is first rate, too. There is an all-too-short article on The Shadow by Dean Grennell; it isn't as funny as his earlier Shadow piece (reprinted from GRUE in TPE #61), but it has its moments. There are also book reviews by various people, and other odds and ends. Maurice Gardner writes of "Why I Wrote the Bantan Books", but seeing as how Lynn used this item as an excuse to publish some (*sigh*) Prosser Nudes, I'll forgive him...

As in the case of AMRA, THE PULP ERA's art is worth the price of admission even if you don't especially care for the subject matter.

THE RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY Vol. 2, No. 1 (Leland Sapiro, PO Box 82, University Station, Saskatoon, Canada; 35¢ each, 4/\$1.25)

As I've remarked previously, the RQ's editorial personality tends to Turn Me Off; but I can't deny that it features some excellent material. The best single item is, of course, the second installment of Alexei P. Shin's HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION. Most of Panshin's criticisms are well-founded, but I take exception to the idea that "His ((Heinlein's)) last stories will be only psychologically interesting." It may well be that RAH's more recent stories offer considerable insight into their creator and that they -- most notably STARSHIP TROOPERS and FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD -- are sermons Written Large, but they are not completely lacking -- with the exception of PODKAYNE OF

MARS -- in entertainment value. And to provide entertainment is a writer's principal concern.

The other material is of somewhat uneven quality; the second installment of Barbara Floyd's analysis of THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING is good, but it suffers by comparison with Fritz Leiber's KING commentary in AMRA. For one thing, Miss Floyd doesn't seem to be doing much more than outlining the book's plot -- this isn't a bad thing by itself, you understand, it's just that she makes me feel cheated by opening up various critical insights and then not following them to their logical (or illogical, as the case may be) conclusions. Jim Harmon is present with some in-depth book reviews; they're somewhat dated, but they wear their age well.

And Leland Sapiro editorializes... I agree with his conclusion that most con reports are dull; but I Bare My Fangs and Growl at the idea that fans are becoming preoccupied with their navels. I mean, where does he get this becoming stuff? Fandom has been given to self-analysis ((and self-absorption --FR)) ever since it was spawned (and I use the verb advisedly) in the 30's. Seriously, Sapiro seems to think that fannish writing is Evil because unlike Serious Constructive writing, fannish writing is concerned with the writer's own self. Yeah. I have news for you, Leland; anything you (or I) write is a reflection of ourselves; how could it be anything else? If you want to put down fannish writing, get yourself a stronger argument.

SATYR #1 (John D. Berry, 35 Dysenberry Rd., Bronxville, N.Y. 10708; 25¢; no schedule listed)

Not much I can say about this issue...it seems to be a fairly innocuous first issue; a couple of thoroughly unmentionable stories, a fairly good movie review and a longish editorial. Nothing extraordinary, which makes reviewing it rather hard.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #42 (Robert Franson, PO Box 1568, San Diego, Calif. 92112; monthly; 15/\$2)

As I've probably said too many times before, SFR's book reviews leave a good deal to be desired; this time, however, the quality of the reviewing seems to be on the upswing. While they still aren't of the same quality as the book reviews found in NIEKAS (I said book reviews, Charlie) ((I hope this issue bears you out, Ben--FR)), they certainly aren't any worse than those found in most fanzines.

SKYRACK #s 87, 88, & 89 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Dr., Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England; US Agent, Robert Coulson, Rt. #3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348; 6/35¢ or 70¢ for 2nd class airmail)

The British version of FOCAL POINT (and before FANAC folded, SKYRACK was known as the British version of it -- you can't win, Ron); with listing of the various croggling Brithish ((sic -- FR)) fan and pro news items. Recommended to Anglophiles.

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #s 9 & 10 (John Boston, 816 S. First St., Mayfield, Ky. 42066; British agent, Peter Weston, PO Box 1, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, England; every four to six weeks; 4/25¢)

Another news-zine, and probably the best place to get news of forthcoming stf books.

YANDRO #s 155, 156, & 157 (Robert & Juanita Coulson, Rt. #3, Hartford City, Ind., 47348; British agent, Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England; 30¢ each, 12/\$2.50)

#155 is the YANNISH and, quite properly, it's the best single issue of YANDRO to come along in quite a while. Reginald Smith gives L. Ron Hubbard's FINAL BLACKOUT the once over and Alexei Panshin analyzes the writings of Kurt Vonnegut; both items are well done -- Smith cured me of any desire I might have had to read FB, and I enjoyed Panshin's piece in spite of the fact that Vonnegut is one of those writers who fails to Turn Me On. Jay Gerst is present with a reasonably good short story; not of professional calibre of course, but good fan fiction; and Derek Nelson writes of Canadian anti-Americanism.

And, as usual, Buck reviews books and fanzines in his own inimitable style: "'First Publication Anywhere' states the cover blurb...The novel was serialized in Science Fantasy last July (Great Britain, according to Berkeley Books, is nowhere)."

#156 is a let-down after the YANNISH; Thomas Stratton lists the chess moves in John Brunner's THE SQUARES OF THE CITY which, I suppose, is interesting to chess nuts, but which leaves me with a "so what" feeling. The editorials, letter and review columns are as lively as ever, though, and nobody could ask for more than that. (Well, they could ask...)

#157 is uneven. Dave Jenrette has a piece on "How to Write Science Fiction" which had me in stitches. But good as Jenrette's article is, it can't compensate for a revolting though mercifully short story by Bill Wolfenbarger; most fan fiction suffers from bad writing, but Wolfenbarger compounds the felony by penning a yarn that is not only clumsily written but pointless as well. Thank goodness for Buck's review columns, though even they're hard put to save this.

ZINGARO #7 (Mark Irwin, 1747 Elmwood Dr., Highland Park, Ill. 60035; quarterly; 25¢ ea., 5/\$1.)

ZINGARO strikes me as being an unsuccessful attempt to combine an apa zine with a general circulation fmz. It has the advantage of reviewing a considerable number of hard cover stf books and the disadvantage of not saying very much about them. There's also an article on "The Case for Going to the Moon", but I'll ignore that if you will.

--Ben Solon

REUSEW

8

COMMENT

GREG SHAW

EARLY BIRD #0, Jan 1966; "a monthly and bilingual news and commentzine about sf, horror, fantasy and comics --- misschien zal het soms drietalig zijn". Edited and published by Michel Feron, 7, Grand-Place, Hannut (Belgium). Prices: 12 numeros/issues: 50 FB -- 5 FF -- \$1.00.

EARLY BIRD #0 consists of two pages which contain several news stories -- mostly relating to the magazine itself, and pointing out the interesting fact that EB is "the first of its kind in the French speaking fandom." Feron wants this fanzine to be a link between European and American fandoms. The only way to get the zine is to pay for it, and the sub rates will be halved as soon as he receives 80 subs. There is also a notice of intention to review short films.

EARLY BIRD #1, Feb 1966; Lives up to the expectations of the editor and contains several interesting items, such as advertisements for the VIENNA CON 66, news of French prozines, news of comix, a well-done review of a short film by the National Film Board of Canada called "Christmas Cracker", and a "Prozine of the Month Dept" about "Famous Monsters", followed by a "Fanzine of the Month Dept".

I'm not particularly interested in monsters or comics, and I don't know French so better than half of Early Bird is lost on me,* but I like the idea of the thing immensely; I suppose some will even be excited by it. I have often wondered whether or not foreign fandoms exist, and what French I know suggests that the French parts of EB are translated into English. --FR

Review & Comment

here is proof. The goal of linking European and American fandoms is a noble one, and I hope to see a German equivalent of Early Bird (for Deutsch is my language). There are unlimited possibilities in this, and Michel Feron deserves our utmost encouragement. It's about time foreign fandoms lost the image of groups of incomprehensible aliens performing our rituals in weird babbling voices and became real people, sharing the same experiences and interests as we.

---Greg Shaw

JANET DOTTERY, with a comment (it says Review and Comment, y'know)

THE THREE STIGMATA OF PHILIP K. DICK

Sitting here after having just finished reading Philip K. Dick's THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH, I have come to a conclusion. Reading Dick is an experience, not only an experience but a damned emotional one. I could easily read the book, sit back and conclude that the author is stark raving mad. But if that were so, his book would never have been published and he would have been quietly removed to Napa State Hospital long ago.

And besides, this book and the others of his that I have read do make a disturbing kind of sense. The feeling engendered by them nags at something inside me that won't let me dismiss it as so much science-fictional claptrap. I am driven to analyze just what he meant by saying what he did about such things as the place of God and Man in the universe of the future. Having mulled this over for some considerable time, I have formulated a theory, based on what I got out of "Three Stigmata" and some previous books of his.

My theory is this: I believe that Philip K. Dick is searching for God, as so many people who use LSD are. I believe that he found what he thought was God and through "Three Stigmata" tried to present it to the world. What he wrote was mysticism, thinly disguised as science fiction. I enjoyed parts of the latter stages of his book when he brought his spiritual theories to the forefront and pushed them at the reader. I enjoyed them because I have been searching for God for a long time, unaided by any church, or LSD. His theories almost jibed with what I've worked out so far, and for awhile I thought I had found a kindred soul, one who was searching and had come to the same conclusions as me. But then he wandered off on strange paths and lost me. I didn't catch up again until the book was nearly over and he was tying the loose ends together.

As a book I enjoyed it very much, but as an emotional experience, I was left thoroughly drained, but with a curiously unfulfilled feeling that resulted more from my own misunderstandings of Dick's theories than from his presentation of them. Maybe it was because he tried to present the whole concept of God at once. I must admit that my mind boggled at the entirety of it all being plunked in my lap like that. I have a feeling that as a seeker of the Final Truth I am past the LSD-Perky Pat stage, but not yet ready for its replacement as Dick presents it.

---Janet Dottery

ED WOOD with another of his fine index reviews

FANZINE INDEX, Bob Pavlat and Bill Evans, republished by Harold Palmer Piser without corrections, 1965, 141 pp., 24 cm x 28.2 cm, \$2.50 mimeographed

As a forerunner to his BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FANZINES, Mr. Piser (41-08 Parsons Boulevard, Flushing, New York 11355) has republished the Pavlat-Evans index to fan magazines which was published in five parts at a total cost of \$1.00 over the years 1953-1959. The information for the original publications are listed:

Part 1	a-Conto	20¢	dated December 1952 pp. 1-16
2	Conto-Fan-Tods	10¢	January 1955 pp. 17-40
3	Fantop...-L	20¢	February 1958 pp. 41-64
4	M-R	25¢	August 1958 pp. 65-92
5	S-Z	25¢	November 1959 pp. 93-141

Naturally for the person interested in fan magazines, this is an essential tool. However the republication without corrections of any kind will probably hurt the sales, since the original parts are fairly common and easily obtained. Still, the addition of cardboard covers and index tabs is welcome.

The corrections and cross-indexing by Pavlat originally promised for 1960 never materialized. Al Lewis (East Coast) announced in 1964 that he was going to publish a list of corrections. Another sad example of promises larger than deeds. Now Mr. Piser, who is not a fan, has said that he was interested in indexing all fan magazines from the beginning of fandom through 1965. With the cooperation of fandom, he could probably do it. However I am not hopeful. I wish him luck. There is no need to condemn fandom. When someone from outside the field has to come in and do the job that fandom should and could have done, it is evident that fandom has condemned itself.

The deficiencies of the FANZINE INDEX are many. The original idea was to list all fan magazines from the beginning through 1952, indicating numbering, date, pages, size, and method of reproduction. A little over 2000 titles are listed in the 141 pages. There are many omissions and errors. Also, in part two they tried for some peculiar reason to save space, and the format was changed so that one has under FANTASY TIMES (II) James V. Taurasi the brilliant "umpteenth issues", a feeble attempt to list the number of issues each year and ending with, "Usually standard size, 4-25 pages, mimeo; some printed issues". Not exactly useless to the bibliographer but not very informative. With part 3, the informative format was reinstated. There are many VAPA mailings which were missed and that can be forgiven, but the paucity of information about what I consider the third greatest American fan magazine, RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST, is hard to understand. Considering the period during which it was published and the handicaps of the editors, FANZINE INDEX was and remains a useful but unreliable publication. If your name happens to be Buck Coulson (who mimeographed this version) you have an advantage over this reviewer. Coulson claims he can tell if a fan magazine is worthless just by its title. In fact, he once stated in a letter to me that Laney's THE ACOLYTE was worthless because Laney himself once stated this. Since that is the most egregious mistake of the decade, my opinion of Coulson's judgment hit a new low. The owner and reader of this INDEX is advised not to make snap judgments. Some of the silliest titles can and do disguise fan magazines containing worthwhile and interest material. For those who care, the earliest title I could find was the May 1930 issue of the COMET which was later called COSMOLOGY. A number of New York fans insist that the club journal of The Scienceers appeared in 1929 but this publication lists THE PLANET #1 issue as July 1930, so until someone actually comes up with a 1929 issue, the COMET will have to take the honor as the first fan magazine. THE RECLUSE by W. Paul Cook is listed on page 90 as being dated 1927, but this was one of Cook's many ventures in amateur journalism and that the bulk of the material was devoted to fantasy is merely an accident of choice. If you want to get some idea of the extent and variety of the "wasteland of fandom", get this INDEX.

--Ed Wood

PAUL MOSLANDER TAKES ON THE NEW YORK CREW

Ted White's ANDROID AVENGER is a pleasant little composite that combines the superman extravaganza with an attack-on-controlled-society theme all wrapped up in a Van Vogtian style all-hell-is-breaking-loose-around-me-just-who-the-bloody-blue-blazes-am-I-and-what-am-I? plot. If White hasn't quite gotten away with all of it, he at least made a nice try.

The plot itself runs nicely, with a basically good, but misprogrammed Games Machine (herein called The Complex) controlling society in accordance with rigid rules of sanity that someone decided to set up, mistaking conformity for sanity in the process. Being innately inquisitive and fatherly, the noble computer wants to learn about this society he's running, particularly to find out just what's going wrong with the experiment. As any beat-philosopher worth his pot could have pointed out, like, the scene just does not swing. Folk are stagnating instead of becoming non-Aristotelian supermen.

So the computer comes up with his only-begotten son, a humanoid robot with a variety of exotic functions and apparati, including a laser beam that fires from the mouth. Naturally, the

Good Scientist Corrupted By Power Into An Evil Scientist starts getting his foot into things, and when the Evil Scientist's Good Daughter crops up...

The plot has nice twists and action, though. My main point of irritation is White's glowing, eager style of exuberant prose. "If I were to pinpoint the moment in space and time that I became overtly anti-social, it would be then." "The whispering of the tunnel walls shooting past joined with the sibilant sound of the air-conditioning, soothing and lulling me." Frequently things get a little thick and usually they seem more like Simon Temmlar writing his memoirs in fiery purple Latin intestinals, than like a more human being telling a story. Of course, perhaps the son of a sheltered computer might be forgiven if he sounds like one.

If White mellows a little more naturalness into his style and makes more of an effort to scuttle the pulp school of aged story devices, he'll be quite an up-and-coming talent. Imagination is there, with adequate enough ability to coagulate into solid form. Polishing remains necessary, though, if White wants to go beyond the ACE school of pulp extravaganzas.

CONAN GOES BARSOOM (WIZARD OF LEMURIA appears on the cover and title page, but that's an obvious misprint) roars forth from Lin Carter like a crimson-eyed, thousand-toothed ngzsnyt from the doubly fearsome beast-pits of hoary M'lch, last crusted stronghold of the trice-sinister Ancient Age Ones, old and senile but still deadly in their cups. as many a shag-haired barbarian lad slit guggle to zatch for their pleasure, or loose-tressed, saucy wench bounced upon their brown-stained altars could testify...

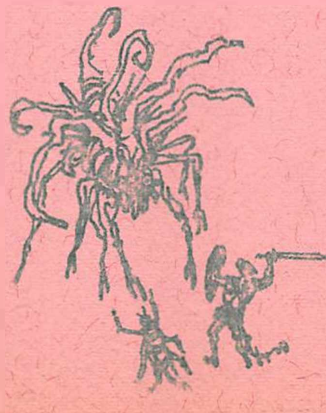
In short, WIZARD is an outstanding example of the sword-and-sorcery school of skalding as practiced by contributors to Cortana and other notable s&s fanzines. I enjoy writing the stuff myself, and liked pounding it out even more when I was 15 and yet more impressionable. It's wonderful corn, with the earth tang of mountain dew, as distinguished from the charcoal-filtered peat-toasted zest of the pro vrew.

Lin Carter does a smooth and readable job, far better than most amateur practitioners of the barbarian-hero line. And that could be the one glaring problem. There may be those who don't realize that WIZARD is amateur fiction, to be judged in its own category, not alongside Howard, de Camp, Leiber, or the rest. Therein Carter has a problem.

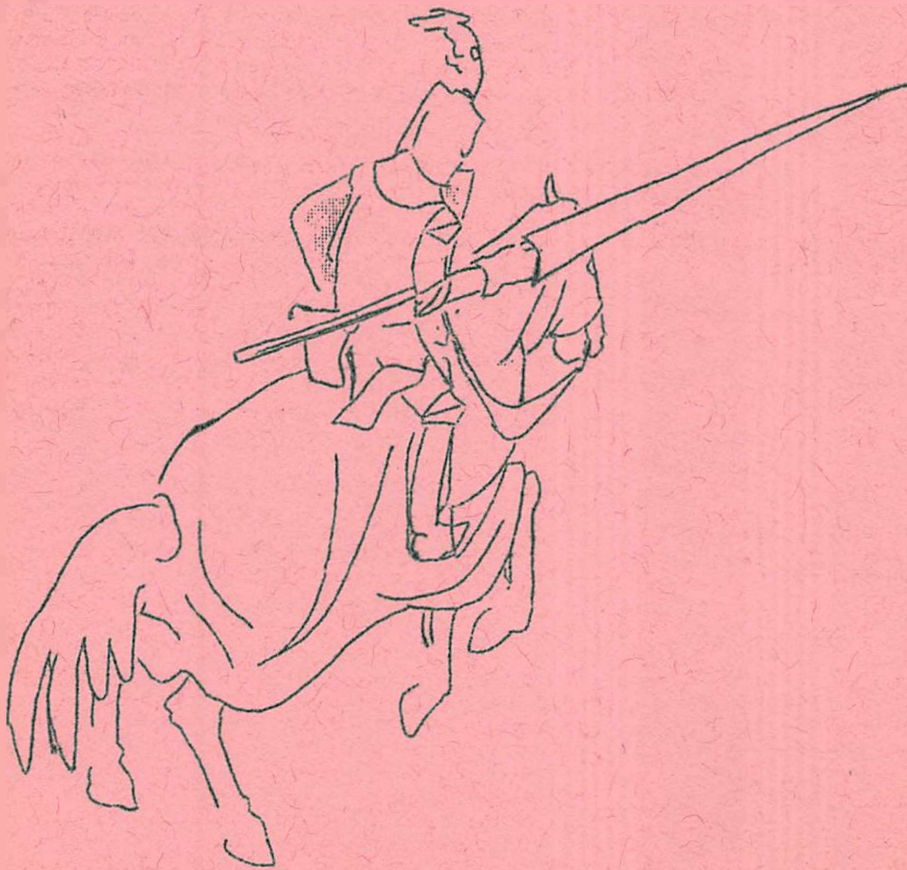
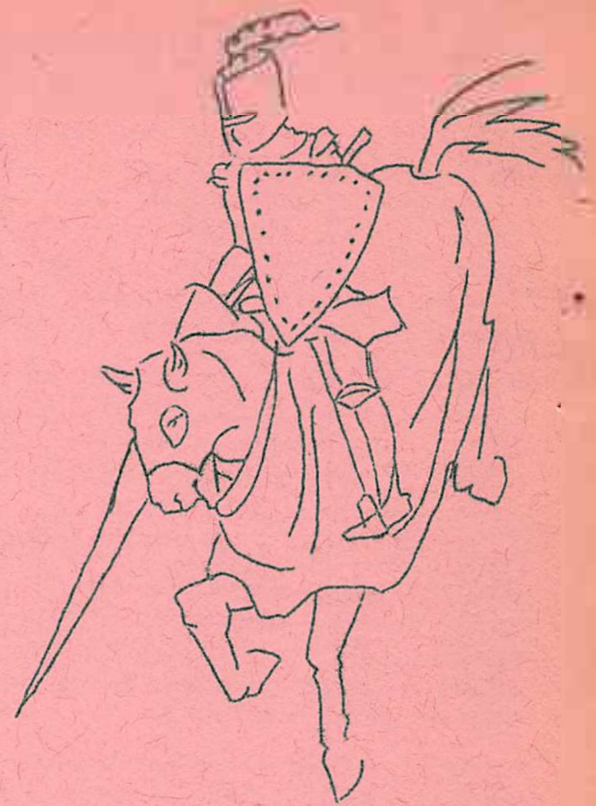
He is apparently solving it, though, by using IF to identify himself firmly with fandom, rather than with the pro world. Most particularly, he concentrates on a masterfully crafted image of gung-ho fannishness delightfully in keeping with the bold, vigorous adolescent tones of WIZARD. His only danger is of being stereotyped into this mold so that in ten, fifteen years, when his talents ripen, he may find himself not being taken as seriously as he should be -- then.

In the meantime, anyone who can come up with sizzling goodies like: "Why, Wizard, I shall return to Patanga, where a filth-hearted Druid soils the throne of my Princess -- and that throne I shall win back for her -- aye, and a place beside her for myself! -- unless my right arm and my Northlander steel have both lost their strength" bears long watching for pure nostalgia's sake, remembrance of Amazing, Planet Stories, and the other exuberant pulps of yore.

--Paul Moslander



Ginças



GNOSTICISM, ELITISM & LSD

RAY NELSON

John Boardman has recognized, correctly I think, that the differing attitudes that he and I have toward the early Christian heresy, Gnosticism, and Gnosticism's later offspring stem from a differing attitude towards "the way in which an ideology ought to be propagated." He presents the case for what he calls "the universalist system" quite effectively in political terms. The universalist approach, he says in effect, is best because it is politically the most effective. I would like to argue that the universalist approach is the most effective for the propagation of simple things, but that for things that are complex or require special training or gifts, the elitist approach is not only more

effective, but is actually unavoidable.

I do not intend to argue over the technical questions or historical problems of what the Gnostics believed or whether or not Marcion was, as I believe, an important figure in the formation of Christianity or, as John believes, a sly rascal. It would probably be true that, like Abelard, he was both. I continue to think that the idea that Gnostics believed the body was evil is false. They simply placed it on a lower level than the spirit, and I could quote many gnostic texts for proof that this does not mean they condemned it. Their attitude is summed up very well in The Gospel of Philip.

The holy man is holy altogether, down to his body. For if he has received the bread he will make it holy, or the cup, or anything else he receives, purifying them. And how will he not purify the body also?

It is only fair to admit, though, that the majority of writers on Gnosticism agree with John instead of with me. I put this down to their accepting without question the charges made against Gnosticism by its enemies. The Gnostic scriptures themselves may be searched in vain for some support for this supposed hatred of the body.

John names, as Universalist ideologies, Roman Catholicism and Communism. In both cases he chooses organizations that are political in nature. One either is a member of such a group or one is not, and membership is decided on the grounds of loyalty to the institution as a whole. You sign on the dotted line and you're in.

I would like to name, as an example of an Elitist ideology, modern science. One does not become a scientist simply by signing on a dotted line. One becomes a scientist by long study and hard work. It is not anywhere near enough to simply believe in science. It is absurd to even think of accepting, say, Newton, as your personal savior. Science does not aim at the political conversion of vast masses of people. It aims at the search for truth for that small minority of people who are deeply interested in the search for truth.

An institution like Catholicism or Communism claims to already have all the answers. It demands of its followers, first and foremost, faith.

A religious or philosophical movement like Gnosticism claims that the individual can, like the scientist, find the answers for himself if he searches long enough and hard enough. It rejects faith and demands instead knowledge. Gnosis means, in fact, knowledge. It is doubtful if absolute knowledge is possible while living as an incarnate being, but science and Gnosticism both provide elaborate systems of discipline for getting as close to knowledge as possible. Where it is a question, not of faith, but of knowledge, an elitist approach is inevitable. One must be a junior before one can be a senior. One must be a freshman before one can be a sophomore. A gifted person can climb the ladder more rapidly than someone without special gifts, and some people will not be able to climb the ladder very far, but the ladder cannot be done without.

The Universalist approach is only possible where the thing to be propagated is superficial, dogmatic and authoritarian. It is always more popular for the simple reason that it is easier, at least in the short run. However, both Communists and Catholics have found it impossible to avoid a certain degree of elitism, as have all other Universalist institutions. It is paradoxical but true that Universalist systems, though they start from a promise of equality for all members of the system, have always ended up with a rigid and tyrannical hierarchy, while groups who have started with a premise of inequality, such as the Gnostics and Albigensians, have had little use for either popes, priests or inquisitions. (Exclusionist movements such as racial or national facism are not truly elitist. A true elitist sets up a ladder and invites anyone who wishes to climb it. A false elitist prevents some portion of humanity from climbing it, and will usually be found to be defending a universalism that grants theoretical equality to all members of the in-group, while defining members of the out-group as being non-human.)

All men are not equal, and any ideology that claims that they are must sooner or later resort to the use of force to keep the lie from falling apart. All men are, however, capable of infinite degrees of improvement. Even a moron can learn something, can perhaps become a useful, functioning member of society. What the world needs, then, is not universalist ideol-

ogies that drag down the best men to the level of the lowest common denominator, but elitist ideologies that encourage each individual to develop himself to the greatest extent possible for him.

In 'The Function of Myth in the Psychic Economy of Modern Man', Stasys Riukas notes the collapse of religion in our time and proposes that depth psychology can take its place. This would certainly be true if modern depth psychology was based on knowledge, but unfortunately modern depth psychology is almost as wrong-headed and misinformed about the true nature of man as the universalist religious systems that are now undergoing a long-overdue decline.

In order to understand microbiology, one can hardly do without looking through a microscope. For the same reasons, in order to understand religion, one cannot do without actual direct religious experience. It is not enough to simply go to church and accept Christ or Buddha or Karl Marx as your personal savior. To speak meaningfully about God, you must have experienced God directly. You must know God from your own personal experience. In fact, I would say that you would have to be God. To speak of the Spirit, you must have experienced yourself what it feels like to be a spirit. To speak of Christ, you must have experienced what it feels like to be Christ, or Buddha, or whoever it is you think is worth listening to. This is the Gnostic approach, as valid today as it ever was.

The LSD movement is a variety of Gnosticism that has sprung up all by itself among us, without being handed down to us from some ancient savior or sect. LSD makes possible personal visionary experience, the raw material for any religion that is worthy to bear the proud name of a Gnosticism. It offers a means of exploring one's own subconscious mind, the precondition for any depth psychology that is more than a combination of guesswork and prejudice. And, predictably, our universalist society is now moving to suppress psychedelic drugs. The LSD movement will be forced underground. It will become a secret society in the same way and for the same reasons that Gnosticism and Albigensianism became secret societies. The Universalist majority has always had to resort to force to combat the Elitist minority. There is no reason to suppose that the situation will change in the near future.

The Universalist man, of whatever ideology, hates the spiritual Elitist, because the spiritual Elitist takes full responsibility for himself in a way that the Universalist does not dare to. The spiritual Elitist, though he may learn from a master, is only an apprentice, never a follower. He is, in the end, his own pope, while the Universalist has abdicated his responsibility for his own moral life to some outside authority, be it the head of the Communist Party or the Dalai Lama. He, like Eichmann, is prepared to live by simply doing what he is told. And, because he is really miserable under his painted smile as he crawls along on his belly, he cannot help but hate the man who dares to stand up and walk, trusting in his own vision to find the way, head held high as befits a being made in the image of God.

LARRY M JANIFER

I leafed carefully through the latest NIEKAS, tiptoeing over the Tolkien arguments and the lists of forgotten children's books for forgotten children, and ran smack into a long piece by John Boardman. I was enormously pleased, reading it: struck me I hadn't seen anything so funny in a fanzine since the days of the old New York INSIDE in which Ron Smith and the departed Foley worked their will. The piece was high comedy of a very special order, and I didn't think Boardman had it in him.

Then I read the long Nelson letter attacking Boardman. Improbable as it may be, the Nelson letter topped the Boardman piece. Humor of an entirely new scale of magnitude. And right after it -- well, nothing could top the Nelson letter for laughs, but the Boardman reply did, somehow or other. I was rolling around on the floor here and getting dusty.

As something of a specialist in humor, I refused to believe the words of others who told me that Boardman & Nelson were not a new comedy team but were perfectly serious. Nevertheless, the notion finally did penetrate. At the risk of sounding just as funny myself, I want to enter this whirling idiosyncrasy of an argument. I do not want to attack anybody. I only want to make a little sense. To date, in this discussion, nobody has.

Boardman (to begin with Groucho) makes a neat distinction

between Christianity and the various Mysteries, which unfortunately will not stand examination. The Mysteries were available to anybody, on the bottom-level, who was well-disposed (it seems to have been just about as easy to join such a cult at the bottom as to become a Catechumen in the early Christian Church). As for upper levels ... not everybody in early Christianity was baptized: it was not easy to get baptized. Even by the time of Tertullian, there seems to have been in the Christian setup an adumbration of the various "grades" in the Mysteries, so that further learning under a Master would set you up a bit higher, etc. The Mysteries did have (sometimes) divisions between Male and Female meetings -- like the Jews. No, they did not look very different. Some of them were even based on historical characters (Apollonius of Tyana, for instance). There was, of course, a difference, and there still is. The Gnostics are alive today, as are the Manichaeans.

The difference was, and is, that the various Mystery sects went wrong in two ways. First, they provided a total, entire and complete explanation of the world and all events in it. Judaism does not do this (see Job): Christianity doesn't, either, at least when, as in Roman Catholicism, it makes any sense. In the simplest possible statement of this case, the Mysteries did not have any mystery about them: Christianity did, and does. Second, the Mystery sects based themselves on a denial of a part of the created world. (The Gnostics had an Evil Principle, mostly, who created all the Bad Things around. The Manichaeans were simpler about it, as expected: they stated that the entire physical world and the entire sensorium were evil. The latest Gnostics are the Rosicrucians, I should think: the latest Manichaeans would be the Skeptics sects, or possibly the Western Zen cults.) Both these lines of thought limit the possible growth of a sect. The first is a limitation because it screens out the working intellects, the perceptive and the creative: to all of these people, the Mystery statement is perceptible nonsense. (Compare Aquinas: "Everything that is in the mind was in the senses," and so forth.) The second is a limitation because it screens out everybody except the immediately potential suicide.

What Boardman appears to be seeing, and misinterpreting, is this: that the Gnostics were to the Christians what Ptolemaic astronomy was to Copernican. In order to explain everything and leave no loopholes, the Gnostics kept piling theory on theory, Godhead on Godhead. I am quite sure that I could work out a Ptolemaic description of the known facts regarding the Solar System -- but the thought of the conglomeration of epicycles required stops me. Christianity, on the other hand, was a single-statement system: one law works itself out throughout creation. I will not here argue the truth of this system, but its clarity is, by comparison, obvious. To forestall one of the more obvious idiocies: "clarity" and "simplicity" are not synonyms. Astronomy is by no means simple, but, as it is Copernican, it is clear. As Christianity is a single-statement system, it may get as complex as Aquinas: but as it is Christian, it is clear.

We progress to the Freemasons, who were "Protestant in religion," says Boardman. Well, they are now. But Mozart, as Boardman says, was a Mason, and a Mason of fairly high degree. He was also a Roman Catholic. (In fact, he wrote Masonic Masses now and again.) When the Masons began to get vicious -- they turned into a sort of Know-Nothing Party on a wide scale -- it became both illegal by force of Roman Catholic law, and impossible by force of the contradictions it set up in the mind, to be both a Roman Catholic and a Mason. This, however, took some time to happen. As for "The Magic Flute", maybe you have to know Freemasonry to understand the plot: I wouldn't know. I have never quite been able to disentangle the plot of "The Marriage of Figaro", either.

Let us get on: there is more waiting to be cleared up. Let us get on, in fact, to Ray Nelson, the magnificent complications of whose statement turn on a single, tiny base -- which turns out not to exist.

The use of the plural in Genesis is familiar enough, thanks, and such Biblical commentators as it has puzzled are not thinking very clearly. Let us take a look at the Roman Catholic statement, God as One in Three -- and as existing so before time began. This provides a neat and simple explanation for the plurals, without bothering our heads with the Gnostic Great Chain of Gods, or whatever it is. Yes, say the Roman Catholics, quoting Ray Nelson: "... there was more than one God in the

Garden of Eden. And then again, no, there wasn't. There is One God: He is Three. Roman Catholics have done a lot of thinking about that over the centuries (Protestants, as a group, do not appear to have done any thinking at all in some time now): it is not clear: it is a mystery and is left so: but it is an extraordinarily fruitful mystery. It leads to all sorts of notions regarding the divisions person/nature and substance/accident in the long run. The Gnostic Mysteries (because they can be explained) do not lead to anything, and don't bear thinking about.

With that out of the way, the Gnostic texts do not have anything much to hang on. Is there anything on Earth that can harm an immortal spirit? Nelson is led to ask, and the reply is unfortunate and necessary: Yes, there is. The immortal spirit itself can do so. So can (if allowed) another immortal spirit. Satan, for instance. This is a world full of danger and of battle: the Gnostic texts don't explain that because they don't appear to see it. If we were all Nice People everything would be great. But this is nonsense: the author of Job knew it, and Christ knew it. ("I come not to bring peace, but a sword," among many others.) The Gnostic Christ does not know it -- which means he knows less than I do, and my belief in him therefore is made sufficiently obvious by the non-capitalization of this last phrase.

By the end of all this stuff of Nelson's (oh, all right, stuff quarried by Nelson and cut by Meškys), we have reached Buddhism -- which is satisfactory. We could not conceivably have reached Christianity, I know that -- or Judaism, for both of which the importance of an individual soul is immense. Buddhism melts 'em into a single mass. And making Christ a great Buddhist teacher is about the sort of oddity I would expect of these odd quotes. (Note: on any available testimony His: "I come not to destroy the Law but to fulfill it," has to be reckoned with. But it can't be reckoned with in this Gnostic structure. Certainly not by creating a Christ who destroys the Law...)

Well, we come to the cherry on the top of this fattening if not particularly nourishing Billy Sundae of an argument: we come to Boardman reborn, with a whole new slew of arguments. I will not discuss his second sentence ["We appear to differ on the way in which an ideology ought to be propagated." --ERM], which is so far from anything I recognize as the subject that it's better ignored.

Having made an explanation for the Genesis quotes, I am, according to Boardman, "blinded by religious partisanship. And maybe I am: but what are we to say to the vision of a man who states blandly that the Jewish Christian Church was headed by Jesus brother James? All the information I have points to Peter as the head of what almost became that particular sect -- reports of the arguments between Peter and Paul can be found in the Acts. James was involved, certainly, but ... headed? Boardman, have you fallen among idiots? Or what?

The Marcionists, Boardman, are still with us -- in spite of your predictions of their automatic failure. A good many Protestant churches are Marcionist (in general: any church which says that Christ was God in the appearance of a man is Marcionist).

I really want to get on to something else after all this time ... and so, a fond farewell to Groucho and to Chico (Nelson) and also to Ed, who magnificently emulates Harpo in this controversy by keeping his mouth shut. An example to us all, I'm afraid.

ED MEŠKYS

I'm afraid I'll have to but in here myself and take exception to something Larry said. I am by no means an expert on the Old Testament but have only a mild interest in a few specific aspects. What I have to say is based on a book I read about a year ago, A Path Through Genesis by, if I remember correctly, a Fr. Waters. This book is not a proposal of a revolutionary theory but is a popular book whose purpose is to explain the viewpoint of most knowledgeable Catholics. I would guess, however, that the theories are not universal. In fact, the this recent (as of about 10 years ago) picture of current interpretation of Genesis may seem shockingly liberal to those with only a superficial knowledge of current Church teaching it is already somewhat dated and conservative. The author analyzes Genesis verse by verse, among other things pointing out the inconsistencies and explaining their causes. The person or persons who put Genesis together actually amalgamated many popular myths and legends without worrying about inconsistencies so that there are, for instance, two parallel and

somewhat contradictory stories of the creation. The point is that he/they took the popular tales and added moral points to them. Virtually nothing is taken now as literally true but merely as present for the purpose of making a spiritual point. Also, the people of those times had a very unclear idea of God and the concept of the Trinity was not revealed until about the time of Christ. In fact, the early Jews didn't even have a clear idea of an afterlife for all. The authors of the Old Testament, as well as those of the new, wrote their books using the images and background beliefs of the time so no fore-shadowing of the doctrine of the Trinity is to be expected in Genesis. At this point I do not remember whether [Waters?] said anything about this plurality and do not have access to a copy of the book. Also, this is the most detailed book I had read on the subject. However, as I said, this is somewhat conservative when compared with currently widespread beliefs, and extremely conservative when compared with some current theological speculation. An example of the latter would be the recently published works of a deceased French priest who wondered if mankind didn't descend from a tribe rather than a pair of fore-fathers.

L SPRAGUE DE CAMP

One of the many Gnostic views of the Lord & Creator of This World, which Messrs. Nelson & Boardman seem to have missed, was that this Lord was neither especially good nor especially bad, just stupid. When asked why, they said, well, look at this world! Maybe they had something.

BOB IRVING, JR

A good example of a modern day secret society would be the Rosicrucians. They tried to swindle me out of a \$5.00 initiation fee and \$2.50 a month, in order to learn the "secrets of life." Why don't you use them as a discussion topic in *Ginčas*? There are probably other fens who have had the misfortune of hearing from them. [L S De Camp had an excellent article about them in the March 56 F&SE --ERM]

RICK BROOKS

Ray Nelson has some interesting remarks on the Gnostics, but he and John Boardman are arguing two different matters. Ray is defending the text of a religion. John is complaining about how he feels this religion is spread.

LYLE GAULDING

The connection between the Gnostics and the witchcult concurs with the theory of Dr. Montague Summers, who fully believed in witches and the power of witchcraft. According to Summers, some of the Gnostics considered God the Creator evil and worshipped His opponent, Satan. By that theory the commandments and moral law of the Old Testament were evil and should be disobeyed. Summers' theory is, of course, in opposition to the generally accepted idea that the witch cult is descended from pre-Christian nature worship. Summers was known to deplore the fact that the good old custom of witch burning had gone out of style.

ARCHIE MERCER

The Boardman-versus-Nelson argument I found thoroughly fascinating. It's not the sort of thing I can attempt to join in on anything like level terms with the participants. I found Ray rather more to his point than John to his, mainly I think because he goes into more specific detail. The essential difference between the two is of course that between a materialist and a --, call him a mystic, maybe. With this distinction recognised, it's not so hard to read between the lines to find what they're really talking about.

In particular, Ray's exposition of the Gnostic beliefs, which seem to me to make at least as much sense as does Christianity. I persuaded Beryl (a reincarnationist) to read this part of the zine, and she tends to agree with me. (I'm, I may say, an atheist who accepts intellectually (though not emotionally) that I might just possibly be wrong.)

HARRY WARNER, JR

Masonry is something familiar to me only through visits to lodges in the course of my occupation and through the book by Serge Hutin, a semi-fan in France. But from those limited exposures, I would suspect an additional reason for the church's opposition to it, besides those listed by John Boardman. At its best, the Masons achieve the same ideals as Christianity seeks to accomplish on earth, like brotherhood and adherence to high ideals, without dependence on a promise and a threat of divine reward and punishment. This must have left Rome faced with much the same dilemma as the priest in *A Case of Conscience*. Too successful Masonry would eliminate the most immediate benefit that Christianity had provided, that of persuading some people to follow a course of conduct that was compatible with civilization. [Any ban goes back to before the days the Masons was a service organization, and if that were the reason for the ban then all other service organizations would be frowned upon--which isn't the case. Only those which demand excessive loyalty and secrecy are. ERM]

See also Earl Evers' letter in *Laiškai* which is too well integrated to chop up.

RAY NELSON VERSUS THE SCIENTISTS

LYLE GAULDING

Ray Nelson's article seems to be strong evidence that literary types need to know more about science and scientists. He's taken in by the superstition that scientists are cold-blooded, chrome-plated thinking machines.

GRAHAM CHARNOCK

Ray Nelson's review of C. P. Snow's *The Two Cultures*: "Actually, it seems to me that *The Two Cultures* is nothing more than a vigorous attack on the literary intellectual world in the guise of a plea for understanding," says Ray. Dare I paraphrase this somewhat and say that it seems to me as if Ray's review degenerates into a vigorous attack on the scientific intellectual world in the guise of a plea for self-defence. Furthermore it seems to me that C. P. Snow's plea, at least, is the more worthy. We do need understanding to reach a compromise between these two cultures and it's obvious that we do need to reach some kind of a compromise.

GRANIA DAVIDSON

I was quite fascinated by Ray's article on the Literary-Intellectual vs. the scientific-Intellectual, with which, for the most part I agree wholeheartedly, thinking that science might have done well to stop with flush toilets and antibiotics. [Those, and the gadgets you find more distasteful, aren't the products of scientists who want to find out how the universe works, but of technologists who build things. ERM] Nonetheless, as somebody-or-other points out, the scientist is not satisfied with being merely a scientific-intellectual, but delves into the areas of literature and the humanities. His trouble is that he goes about it in such a pedantic, sercon and heavyhanded way, that the Literary-intellectual is soon fuming with exasperation and impatience.... Like Ed Meškys himself, who spends much time listening to serious music yet has admitted to me that he has never had an "aesthetic experience" in the sense of a blinding flash of joy-cum-awareness-of-beauty while listening to the music... the literary-intellectual would find this intolerable! He would wonder why Ed Meškys listened to music at all... yet Ed is hardly a narrow, parochial, technological automaton... and neither is Sidney Coleman with his interest in the visual arts, nor John Boardman with his consuming interest in political liberalism. [I'm afraid there was a certain amount of non-communication in the past, but first want to try to straighten out some details via correspondence before saying more in the pages of NIEKAS. ERM]

The literary-intellectual, on the other hand, is often quite satisfied to be without any scientific knowledge... he feels that science has brought the world to this sorry state, and thus he will

simply ignore the existence of science, which is unfortunate, since science as a humanity, rather than as a mere technological apprenticeship, would seem quite indispensable in the body of knowledge of a man who considers himself an intellectual of any sort -- and, besides, how can you know for sure until you've tried it?

BANKS MEBANE

Ray Nelson has made no real attempt to write a review of C. P. Snow's The Two Cultures. Instead he has merely launched an ill-tempered and poorly aimed attack on Snow personally and scientists in general, which does little except demonstrate again that Snow (and you, Felice) is right in laying most of the blame for the dichotomy between the two cultures squarely on the literary side of the chasm. Scientists are eager to communicate, as is proved by the enormous quantity of books by scientists and their hangers-on written for the layman at every level of difficulty from elementary school on up. Often the literary man takes pride in his ignorance of science. Nelson says the fundamental theme of modern literature is the absurd, and continues with the modern artists quarrel with the scientist is mainly with his excessively serious and constructive attitude. I doubt that many in the literary camp would accept Nelson's implication that they are mainly destructive, as opposed to the scientist, at there is some truth in it. The more rabid anti-scientific humanists have rejected the present, inevitably throwing the future away along with it, and have buried their heads in the past.

The problems raised by Snow are real and cannot be dispelled by imprecations such as those Nelson is shouting here.

CLINT BIGGLESTONE

Is Ray Nelson kidding? I haven't read C. P. Snow's work, so I can't comment on Snow. However, Nelson is an open target, so...

First of all, in Russian society the Kulacks weren't really poor. They were upper-class farmers who refused to obey Politburo demands for collectivisation (not scientific advances) and who were eliminated for Political reasons, and not because they rejected scientific advancement.

Second, it is the cultural background of a people (and not their inbuilt judgement against the complexities of modern technological existence) which decide upon their acceptance or rejection of that technology.

The American Indian rejected advanced technology because he considered it wrong. But why did he consider it wrong?

This decision came not because he understood that technology, but because he didn't... because it didn't jibe with his cultural inheritance. If technology had been part of his cultural pattern and he had then rejected it, a much more significant testament against technology would have resulted.

Next, I should hardly consider the rough history of the IWW as mass slaughter. The afore-mentioned demise of the Kulacks is mass slaughter. The death of a few members of a small labor organization (the IWW never was very large in the US, its activities to the contrary) can only be viewed as mass-slaughter by one who is emotionally involved with said organization.

I should like to know how we are killing the poor through automation? I should also like to point out that we are feeding the poor through the use of automation on farms and in transportation and packaging. If this were done by human hands, efficiency would drop considerably, the poor would get hungrier, work longer, and probably get paid less. Mr. Nelson should learn something about modern production methods and what happens to wages when full employment supplants other production methods.

LARRY JANIFER

I don't want to get into the two-cultures argument except to say that as both Felice and Ray Nelson have accepted the notion that there really are two cultures no progress can be made. Of course there are not, and if science-fiction doesn't prove this to you what will?

RICK BROOKS

Ray Nelson's review annoyed me. He just gets done criticizing Snow's use of inaccurate 'self-evident facts' when he throws one at me that I find impossible to swallow. Ray says that in Russia the Kulaks were slaughtered because they failed to accept the scientific revolution. I was under the impression that all the Kulaks were starved because they tried to buck Joe Stalin.

I do not feel superior to the literary intellectual. I have just enough background to envy them a little. But when they belittle the science which has given them advantages in communication and creature comfort that no previous age has known, they are being a bit silly. In fact, quite a bit.

Ray makes the remark that we all are playing games. I think the reason he dislikes scientists so much is that they can point to concrete results to their games. When he talks of automation and chronic unemployment, he is wrong. Flat, period, wrong. Right now, skilled labor demands outrun the supply. The big auto companies are willing to take untrained mine workers and train them, the companies are so hard up for workers. All we need to give the chronic unemployed is hope. From there, he can find someone who will train him for a job.

Certainly there is a lot wrong with our brave new world (you know, that might make a nice book title someday). A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, but unfortunately the only cure seems to be more knowledge. At least the scientist is trying to do something about today's problems instead of wringing his hands.

MICHAEL WARD

I have not read The Two Cultures so I am afraid I must limit myself to discussing the conclusions Ray Nelson draws from his quotations from Snow and his own prejudices. For example, if C. P. Snow actually admires the Russian Revolution, and the later dispossession and murder of the Kulaks, as an example of the 'scientific revolution' in action, then I must admit Ray has a point -- but I am assuming he is misinterpreting Snow's opinions. [It is quite a while since I read the book and I don't remember for sure, but I am reasonably certain that Snow didn't propose this. ERM] Bought at the price of the slaughter of the people who are most likely to benefit from it, he says, and then suggests we check a recent history of the IWW! Baloney! (If I may use the expression) I know a bit about recent American history (after 1880) and from going through back files of such diverse publications as the New Republic and the California Technocrat, the New York Times and the Reader's Digest (a spokesman for every possible viewpoint) I think I can say it just isn't so. Some people will always suffer in any technological or social change, but others will suffer if conditions remain the same. What do you use for your source of (mis)information?

If you do any extensive reading you will find that any Expert in any field, or any scholar, will (with a few notable exceptions) claim that Research is the primary function of a university. This is a characteristic of the expert and not solely of the scientist -- all experts, from the foremost authority on the German dative to the leading investigator into the gravitational mass of the electron would rather work full-time on his project, than teach a group of students with little interest in his work. This is why Grad students have so much more status at a university -- the professors actually enjoy teaching them, because they realize that every student in their courses is a potential subordinate researcher. And this holds for any scholastic discipline -- not just the scientific fields that Ray seems to despise.

It is in the lines just before these, however, that we see how Ray is writing from his own biases. In a brilliant fallacy, he confuses cause and effect, assuming that scientists are attracted to music because there are all sorts of shiny gadgets that can be put into use when the scientist feels he is beginning to lose touch with the objective world. It has seemingly not occurred to him that the people he is acquainted with were interested in music, and because of this interest, because they liked the music itself, bought high-quality music reproduction systems to be able to present and hear music as it was meant to be heard. Can you accuse a French Horn artist of being a scientist because he works with an instrument with a lot of shiny gadgets on it? Yet

this converse is true -- it's not that far from assuming effect as the cause. Similarly, with photography, there are photographers and there are photographers; and although Ray blithely assumes that every photo nut with an extensive camera/darkroom setup is a scientist, I claim that the picture is first in importance, and it is followed by a desire for better and more reliable pictures and by a larger and more extensive set of gadgets designed to aid in successful enjoyment of a hobby.

And finally (I'm skipping a lot of stuff, because I just don't have the time to comment on everything), Ray says that the scientist is unaware how silly he looks, having excluded all the subjective from his world and making vain posturings of truth in objectivity. He conveniently ignores the fact that it is the artist, not the scientist, who paints soup cans; and it is the artistic intellectuals who tell the artist and each other what great works of art they are -- it is the literary intellectual, himself lacking any creative abilities, who feels duty-bound to criticize those who can create ideas of beauty and meaning. The only science ruled by fashions and fads, fashion-benders and fad-creators comparable to the ruling artistic and literary intellectuals is psychology, which is still (with sociology, and other social sciences) somewhere on the dividing line between science and art. Even economics, the most physical humanistic science, is subject to the biases and whims of the interpreter; although the idea of an objective economics is always held up as the final goal, it is indeed true that no two economists ever agree on anything. I have more to say on those who fix the opinions in the world of art and literature, but I can summarize by saying that I class them with the Parisian fashion designers -- the ones who gave us the Sack Dress, the balloon dress, the trapeze dress -- who fix a fashion, or fad, and proceed to tell each other how intelligent they are because they are the only ones who can understand the logic of their creations.

ED MEKYS

Several weeks after I got the above letter from Mike he sent me a postcard asking that I not use the above. This is not to say that I don't dislike both his methods of logic and conclusions; I still think he is wrong. But I now feel that my own arguments are poor in quality, also, and that they don't shed any further light on the questions under discussion. He asked that I include a disclaimer from him if I do use it, and I decided to use it for he made a number of valid points that no one else did. However, tho I agree with the spirit of his concluding remarks I must make some remarks in defense of esoterica in art. Most of the people who talk disparagingly of modern art, drama, etc in this manner understand music and do not begrudge it its esoteric language. To most fans music does far more than merely give the pleasure derived from certain sound combinations and the color of the orchestration -- viz the discussions of Walter Green and others in the pages of WARHOON. Other arts can have their own languages, and these will evolve with time just as that of music did. Now I admit that there does seem to be a great amount of faddism and most modern art, Symms' model of the earth or Dianetics. However this doesn't mean that none of the current modes will prove viable and hence meaningful, and thus one should try to understand what the artist is trying to communicate. (In the field of music, I cannot see, myself, what the composers of "random music" are doing. According to Blish in his excellent Playboy article about a year ago, one "piece of music" consists of random blobs of ink on a blank sheet of paper (ie, lineless). It is accompanied by no instructions for interpretation whatsoever and it is totally up to the performer to decide what to do with it. I'm sorry but I just don't see how anyone could say that the "composer" did anything at all. All of the creative effort would come from the performer who "realized" it. I can see using a random process to search for interesting themes, but then you use the random process to generate many trials and use a creative effort to search through this to find something worth while. There seems to be no creativity at all involved in the random music.)

I suppose another corollary of Ray's conclusion would be that all people who have fancy sound systems have no interest whatsoever in music, but merely like gadgetry.

¹ which make as much sense as

LELAND SAPIRO

Ray Nelson's review of Snow's Two Cultures was just a

on material values and about the exclusion of value-judgments by science and scientists--so each of these complaints could have been made without reading the book at all.

Also, it's silly to assume that Snow wrote his book out of jealousy for the literary intellectuals; scientists like Einstein and Fermi, for example, were universally respected, even by those members of the 'booboisie' who failed to understand just what such men had done. The man of letters, on the other hand, gets no respect at all from the people who do not understand his work--as is borne out by Nelson's own comments on the nausea of a Sartre.

ARCHIE MERCER

If the "two cultures" were to intercommunicate in the way suggested, then surely they'd cease to be two cultures and be one culture.

TOLKIEN: THE GLOSSARY, THE FUSS, & OTHER MATTERS

EARL E EVERS

The Glossary [in #14] continues as well as it started. I have only a couple of nits to pick this time. . . . The title "Ringmaker" was also applied (by himself) to Saruman, if I remember his speech to Gandalf when the latter was imprisoned in Orthanc. And I don't think it's accurate to refer to Goldberry as a woman, since she is obviously an immortal, sort of a proto-water nymph.

MARK MANDEL

About the questions raised about the glossary: dwim-merlaik is probably not just an expletive --cf. Dwimorberg = Haunted Mountain (BIL585(index 2))-- and I think I read somewhere that dwimor is Old English (= Markish or Rohirric) for ghost. Sam did not kill Shelob, or at least Tolkien tells us explicitly that he's not telling us (BIL 431). Ben Spion (WAHF, 14:62): the limited word you're thinking of is "uruk," not "orc."

NED BROOKS

Seems to me that last time I wrote, I asked what happened to the Wizards in the Glossary; I can't find them. I may be altogether mistaken about this -- or are you editing out embarrassing questions? [I believe Al intended to put that under Elves, & had cut the question because I was sure he had said so somewhere in the pages of NIEKAS; can't check this now for all my files are already in NY for the summer & I'm still in NH. And all this might be academic as I haven't heard anything from Al in 6 months now. He refuses to answer all his mail. ERM]

Ed's rehash of the Tolkien-Ace affair covered just about all possible aspects of the thing, including current rumors. I guess all we can do is wait and hope. Did Ed really mean there that 200,000 copies of the trilogy had been sold in England? [That's what the newspaper clipping said! ERM] This is indeed fantastic.

I'll be looking forward to that operetta Bill Glass mentions, "Hello Frodo." A bunch of fans ought to get together and tape it! I hope this isn't just another rumor like the one Glass started on the mythical British pb edition of the Ring trilogy. [It was published serially in APA L, and I understand that a revised version is scheduled for I PALANTIR #4, when & if that ever comes out. ERM]

JOHN BOARDMAN

No one should really be surprised to find inconsistency in the doings of Poul Anderson. A few years ago, as part of a futile campaign to stop the adoption of the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, he wrote a non-fiction book entitled Thermonuclear Warfare. The first chapter of this book was a graphic account of the destruction and horror of nuclear war. The remaining chapters told us how we must prepare to fight such a war. The whole book reads as if Anderson accepted C. Wright Mills thesis of a mili-



tary-industrial-political elite, and was writing the book as an application of admission to this elite.

Much the same sort of inconsistency is seen in Anderson's condemnation of the Ace reprints of Tolkien's works. Anderson has announced that, because Ace reprinted books which were in the public domain in the United States, he will publish no more books with Ace.

This is all well and good as far as it goes. Though I disagree with Anderson's interpretation of the Tolkien copyright controversy, I cannot take issue with his seller's boycott.

However, his attitude towards Ace is remarkably inconsistent with the theme of his didactic fiction about the Polesotechnic League. Nicholas van Rijn, the hero of these books, is a fat, ruthless, sybaritic entrepreneur who does interplanetary business under the motto "All that the traffic will bear." The theme of van Rijn's adventures is that anything which the law, or lack of law, can be stretched to approve, is right. I can state with absolute assurance that Anderson's van Rijn would not hesitate to market on the Centaurian planets, for his own profit, a book-film copyrighted only in the Solar System.*

Anderson, like Heinlein, seems to have sold his writer's birthright for a pot of message. In recent years both authors have put their talents -- which are two of the best in the s-f field -- to work in support of right-wing political theories. Heinlein reached his nadir in a Goldwater campaign pamphlet called *Farnham's Freehold*, while Anderson's *Star Fox* trilogy of novelets is a thinly disguised manual of instruction on "How to Fight the Cold War." Anderson's picture of domestic pacifists and cold-war enemies in the latter book comes straight from a Bircher caricature. His enemy aliens are suave diplomats who perpetrate ruthless massacres and then blandly lie about them. Their social order is a genetic hierarchy, meant to be a caricature of Communism. Anderson reaches a new low of political dialog by calling the Bad Guys "the Great Society."

I wonder why people who object to Ace's printing of *Lord of the Rings* have not become so incensed over the way in which Ace brought the Edgar Rice Burroughs books back into print. Is it only the good authors whose copyrights are worth protecting? For years the Burroughs estate sat on the rights to his stories like a broody hen, refusing to permit any reprints. Finally, in one of the most remarkable coups in paperback publishing, Ace discovered that copyrights had lapsed on some of the Tarzan and John Carter novels and proceeded to reprint them. [Sorry to butt in, but as I remember it Dover came out with their editions a good bit before Ace, and Brad Day brought out his hard-cover book a couple of years before that. Some other publishers might have pre-empted Ace, too. I don't remember as I was never interested in ERB. I have read none of his books and I have no interest in reading any. --ERM] You may think what you will about the quality of these books, but they found a great demand to be filled among readers. Stung by this defeat, the Burroughs estate finally permitted the other novels to be reprinted. But, had Ace not broken the log jam, we would still be waiting for them to appear.

The same is true of the Tolkien books. American fans would still be paying \$5.00 a copy for the hard-cover edition if Don Wollheim had not discovered that the hard-cover publishers had not copyrighted the books in the U. S. A. Without the Ace edition at 75c a copy, there would be no Ballantine edition at 95c a copy -- and inferior cover pictures and typesetting. Every fan

who has either purchased Wollheim and Ace a debt of gratitude.

And, after all the turmoil and the shouting, Tolkien has finally accepted a payment from Ace for the books. The hard-cover publisher, who is the real villain of the piece, and the proper target for the wrath of Prof. Tolkien and his supporters, has been cut out of the goodies. With this settlement, there is no longer any reason for the boycott of Ace by either buyers or sellers.

There is considerable irony in the fact that twice during his career in science-fiction as fan, author, and editor has Don Wollheim been a storm-center of controversy. First, he was accused of pro-Communist sympathies; now, he has been accused of following the ethic of laissez-faire capitalism. More remarkably, some of the same people who opposed him in the earlier row have also attacked him in this one.

POUL ANDERSON

I wish you could find room in NIEKAS for the following note: Now that the dispute between Ace Books and Professor Tolkien has been settled to the satisfaction of the latter, it seems best for all of us to forget the whole unhappy business, close ranks again, and go on to something new.

CLINT BIGGLESTONE

My feelings on the Ace-Tolkien-Ballantine controversy are two-fold. First of all, Ace was a bit underhanded to print Tolkien without paying him. Yet, it was public domain in America, and I'm inclined to believe anyone stupid enough to leave himself open in this matter deserves exactly what he got. Not very nice, perhaps, but it's the law.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

I liked best Graham Hall's remarks on the Ace paperbackization of the Tolkien novels. My own course of action is to make no long statements on the topic but to purchase nothing published by Ace from the newsstand. I won't feel any compunctions about buying Ace editions when I can get them in second-hand condition, since my money won't be going to the publishers and his employees in this type of financial transaction.

Music for Tolkien is something that I've written about at length in another fanzine. So I'll content myself this time to asking one question: would it be a support of evil and the forces of Mordor, if settings of the poems or the transformation of the Tolkien books into operas were orchestrated?

DON MARTIN

Won't say much on the Wollheim-Ace against the whole damned world controversy. Let's hope it all dies down now that payment has been made. I like Poul Anderson's stand on the matter much more than I like his science fiction. Has he forgotten that he too once wrote an epic fantasy novel? *Broken Sword* approaches classic status in places. Why does he insist on grinding out competent but uninspired SF? [That was the first novel Poul ever wrote and he has often said that today he thinks very little of it. He has written an excellent fantasy since then, *Three Hearts & Three Lions*. He has said (for instance in that sword-and-sorcery fanzine of about 5 years ago, *ELDRITCH DREAMQUEST*) that he would like to do a sequel to *Broken Sword* someday but is sure he could never sell it. ERM]

Most of the talk in this issue seems to be that we can expect *The Silmarillion* in the near future. I've just looked for the article I quoted in my letter but couldn't find it. I did, however, quote it accurately, but I live in hopes that the good professor has had a change of heart. Perhaps the SEP article will clear up the confusion.

LYLE GAULDING

I don't understand Mike Moorcock derogating *LotR*. Elric isn't bad but certainly doesn't stand much comparison to Tolkien's work. The entire Elric series is available in hardcover, by the way, in two books -- *Stealer of Souls* and *Stormbringer*. The first is a book of short stories, the second a novel.

*Sorry, John; but you haven't shown any inconsistency in Anderson; quite the contrary. He is consistently Rightist, and therefore in disagreement with you -- that's all. --Felice

In my opinion Jack Gaughan's cover illos for the Ace LotR were superior to the "dreamy-cute" covers on the Ballantine edition.

You know, I suppose, that C. S. Lewis plugged LotR in the foreword to That Hideous Strength before the Ring trilogy was published (Lewis had seen it in manuscript, of course). [Yes, it was this plus the info that THS had a slight tie-in with LotR which caused me to read it and so discover Lewis. I do wish, however, that the publishers of the paperback reprint editions would drop the "still only exists in the MSS" and replace it with the title of the published work! ERM] Which reminds me: Lewis remark about admiring Olaf Stapledon's imagination as much as he disagreed with his philosophy fits my opinion of Lewis exactly.

Ace has settled with Tolkien. Ghu grant that the Second War of the Rings is at last over and blessed peace can settle over the battered fanzines.

The Lord of the Rings is, of course, set in the far past, but it occurred to me that with only a few changes in the pseudo-history the story could be just as logically placed in the post-atomic, post-technological future. The Hobbits and dwarves could be the descendants of the shelter dwellers; the orcs, the descendants of a specially bred soldier caste produced by a totalitarian state; Sauron, the well-known mutant psychic superbeing, and so on. Dragons are difficult but might be considered robotized, atomic powered destructive devices. The elves could be either extra-terrestrials or the descendants of human space travelers or what have you.

GEORGE SCOTT

Back in NIEKAS 14 Earl Evers said some things in Gincas to which I must object. Earl, I did not see any of the things in LotR to which you object. Even reading your comments, it is hard to imagine how anybody could gain such a pessimistic view of LotR. Where do you ever get the idea of "worship of hand labor and craftsmanship"? What I saw depicted was an unmechanized society, seen from the viewpoint of the most conservative part of that society, the comfortable country farmers, the Hobbits. In fact I saw a close parallel to the English, or perhaps more properly the Anglo-Saxon farmers. Weren't the travellers admiring of true inventiveness? What is objected to is industrialization at Any Cost, the same thing that Western Civilization is now regretting from its own Industrial Revolution. Witness the current cleaning up of our nation's sewers some sometime rivers. Witness the current worries about international smog. Witness the current book, Silent Spring.

It is not a million-to-one chance on destroying the weapon. It is the only chance. Any other course whatsoever puts the weapon in the hands of the enemy. And while reading the saga, I obediently surrendered disbelief and with it the action or parallelism with the modern world. To me it did not strike close to home. This is a magic tale out of the past. Twilight of the Gods it may be, but that plays only a minor part of it. In the Ring of the Niebelung, the Gods are the story. If you insist on Twilight of the Gods in LotR, then we have a few wandering in and out of the story, playing major roles perhaps, but they are never the story.

But I suppose critics will always be able to see what they want to see in a tale. After all, isn't somebody supposed to have proved that the Iliad and the Odyssey were not written by Homer at all, but by another man of the same name?

BOCK BROOKS

Banks Mebane's comments on the term dwimmerlaik are very good, and of the I-should-have-noticed-that type. Banks makes it seem elementary.

To Phil Harrell: I rather like all three Ace Tolkien covers, find the cover for The Hobbit and The Fellowship of the Ring for Ballantine so-so, and dislike the Ballantine cover for The Return of the King. But I really like the Ballantine cover for The Two Towers. The dark figures on it seem to have an air of menace to them and I can study for ages. It seems to capture the air of the series.

DAINIS BISENIEKS

I have put the people at Mankato State College on to you; they are sponsoring a "Tolkien Festival" (or Conference

to be held on Oct. 28-29. I thought they would be interested in the phenomenon of Tolkien fandom and more particularly in MEZB's article, which I think is good enough for them. As very little fanish writing is. I will try to write something -- not fanish-- for them, but I want to wait for the SatEvePost article to appear. It may need to be commented on. [I too saw the announcement in Saturday Review and planned to send them this issue of NIEKAS because of MEZB's article. As of now (May 27) no communication from them has reached me as a result of your letter. I also wrote Ruth Berman about the conference since she is close enough to get there easily. I believe they also plan to issue a "Proceedings." If anyone is interested in reaching them, the address is simply Mankato Minn. ERM]

[There was also a letter from John Closson, 179 East Houston St. NY NY 10002 in which he mentioned that he was thinking of designing a third Tolkienish button, this one intended for those who feel Sauron was right in trying to unite the world under a "Pax Mordoris" but was betrayed and double-crossed so that his grand plans failed. He is looking for suggestions as to the possible text for these buttons which would sell for 25c each like the first two but might be in 3 colors instead of two. If you haven't seen the first two that John designed, they are:



They are available for 25c each from John or the Tolkien Society by mail (include self-addressed envelope, please) or The Big Store, a little hole in the wall button shop in Greenwich Village, NYC. (112 MacDougal St; no mail orders.) I would have liked to quote John directly but I seem to have misplaced his letter. ERM]

STONEHENGE

JIM LINWOOD

I was very interested in Diana Paxson's piece about Stonehenge, and I hope this blossoms out into a NIEKAS talking point. Stonehenge is a great disappointment the first time it is visited; it is situated at the junction of two main roads, the A303 & the A360, and is visible for some distance as it sits on a flat-topped hill. The enclosure is a quite small site of a mere acre and is surrounded by an electrified fence (to exclude marauding cattle, not latter day druids). After raising two of the stones (and wrongly placing them, according to Hawkins' theory) the Ministry of Works has maintained the relic since 1957, and they charge an admission of 6d. [7c--ERM] On a busy day any mystic effect is spoiled by the hordes of tourists taking photos of their wives, children, and pets in the foreground of the ringstones. A bored guide explains for the umpteenth time that Stonehenge was not built by the druids but "earlier gentlemen" for sun-worship. Before visiting the site I would advise anyone to visit first Salisbury Museum where there is a comprehensive collection of books, models, and paintings of Stonehenge.

Hawkins by no means originated the theory that Stonehenge was a "computer"; that has been suggested by several people for some time. Hawkins just happened to be lucky enough to have access to a computer that could correlate the position of the stars at the time of Stonehenge's construction with the position of its stones. Without a computer such calculations would have taken a lifetime, and no researcher is that dedicated. It is not so well known that a series of similar structures is found along a line to the east on both sides of the Mediterranean. And it now seems obvious that the ringstones of Stonehenge serve exactly the same purpose as the long avenues of columns and pylons in Egyptian temples.

I wonder what will be made of our cathedrals 4000 years from now. [What's even more fun to think about is what they would make of a faanish fanzine if one, and only one, were to be found after 4000 years. ERM]

ARCHIE MERCER

CLINT BIGGLESTONE

So "Patterns" is to be Diana's regular column-title, is it? Fair (I suppose) enough. I was interested to see that your local planetarium contrives to involve Stonehenge. Well, maybe the London one does too for all I know -- it hasn't done on either of the two occasions I've visited it (the planetarium) though. And I consider Stonehenge to be far more interesting any day than a lot of silly old stars that all look alike anyway. In fact it's high time I paid Stonehenge itself a visit again I think. Re the biz of the sun rising over some particular stone, isn't it being gently overlooked the due to the precession of the equinoxes, or the action of the tides in the Bay of Fundy or something, the midsummer sunrise gradually shifts about the horizon over the centuries? [No, it wasn't overlooked. $40/26,000$ years makes a pretty small shift since 2000 BC--FR] [Most planetaria have a different show every month and after a while they run out of topics directly associated with astronomy. Sometimes they get rather far afield tho this show did seem quite appropriate for a planetarium. Perhaps London did a similar show, once, too. ERM]

I wouldn't say that either "Almanac" or computer are entirely correct with reference to Stonehenge.

If Stonehenge was designed as an instrument of religion (an entirely logical assumption, since no primitive people ever constructed a permanent edifice except for reverential reasons) then neither term applies. Certainly Stonehenge may be used to arrive at a calendar system.

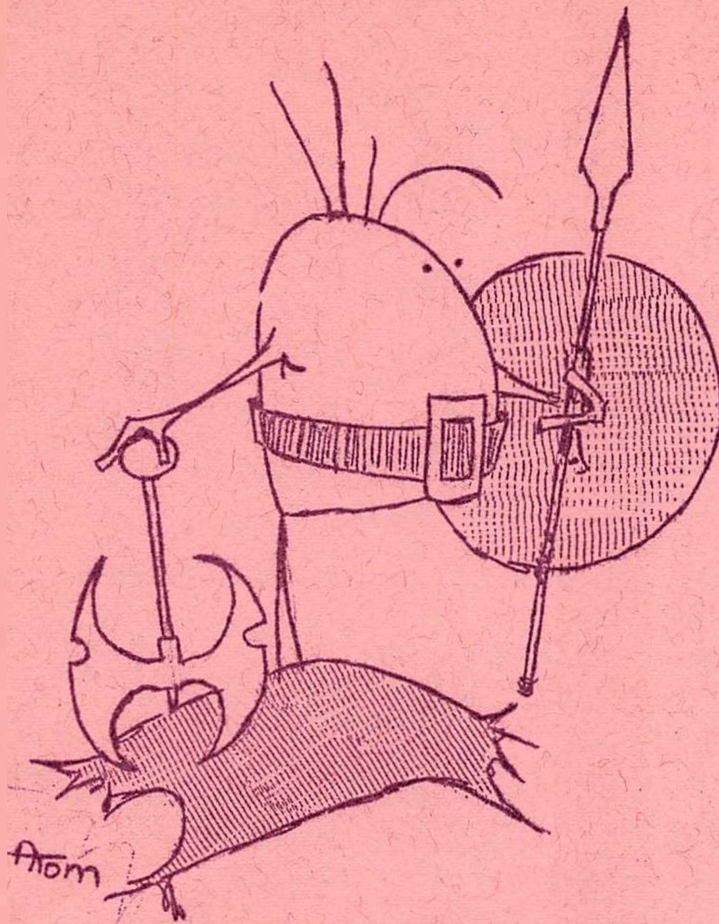
But if that were its only purpose a less durable object could have been used (a system of wooden poles, like).

Primitive societies, however, will go to great lengths to erect permanent object of worship. These can be tombs, palaces, statues, temples, or other objects of reverence. If a practical use for this project exists, so much the better. Thus, Stonehenge incorporates both religion and practicality.

So coming (belatedly) back to our definitions, neither "almanac" nor "computer" has a logical basis (unless you worship your almanac or computer).

"Divine calculator" would probably be better.





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starting with a few late comments on 14:

ROGER CLEGG 14 Newlands Rd Claremont, Cape, S. Africa

Dear Felice, NIEKAS 14 arrived at the beginning of February in the middle of a heat wave, and I left my work and spent the afternoon at the beach alternately swimming and reading NIEKAS. After three hours of this, I reached the last page and read, 'The paper... tends to decompose if left in the open air, especially sunlight. What a time to tell me!' I rushed home and put NIEKAS in the freezer for an hour, and the situation seems to have been saved. It hasn't decomposed yet, anyway.

I suppose I should comment on various departments and articles, but I'm sure you're bored with words of praise by now. NIEKAS has undoubtedly gone from excellent to superb and seems to be getting still better. The standard of production is better than that of some prozines I could mention, and in fact it will be a monstrous injustice if you don't win the next Hugo.

To descend to nit-picking -- I can't find anything else to criticise --, you say in a footnote to one of Ed Wood's reviews that you don't see how Heinlein and Anderson can be called 'inferior'. But most of Anderson's work is inferior. I don't mean this remark as condemnation: the pay is so poor in science-fiction writing that most professionals have to turn out a flood of hackwork in order to earn a living. Anderson has writing ability, and can write excellent stories (such as 'Epilogue' and 'Call Me Joe') when he tries, but Ed Wood is quite right: most of Anderson's work is trash. I don't want to discuss Heinlein because he has been discussed ad nauseam already, but if you don't see how Heinlein can be called 'inferior', then you obviously haven't been reading New Worlds, which slates

Heinlein almost every chance they get. And New Worlds has a far better review department than any other prozine, in fact even better than NIEKAS.

My reason for demoting NIEKAS from first to second place in review departments is the favourable review you gave Hoyle's Fifth Planet. [We disclaim the opinions in R&C--complain to the reviewers--FR] I must confess that I have not read Fifth Planet, since reading any more of Hoyle would drive me up the wall, but unless Hoyle has improved spectacularly -- which Jim Linwood's comments give me reason to suspect-- the book cannot be worth reading. The Black Cloud was, I admit, worth reading for the ingenious idea of an intelligent cloud, although it is a pity Hoyle saw fit to embed this idea in a standard catastrophe novel, and a very badly-written one at that. But Hoyle had only one idea, and used it in his first novel; the plots of the later novels seem to have been aimed at five-year-olds. To judge by Jim Linwood's summary, the plot of Fifth Planet is slightly less puerile than that of A for Andromeda, in which a sinister alien computer and a beautiful blonde zombie try to take over the world, but it is still below the usual level of space operas. Furthermore, Hoyle is probably the worst writer of all in a field which regrettably is not noted for good writing. We are used to cardboard characters in science fiction, but Hoyle's characters are not only cardboard but stereotyped to an extraordinary degree -- every politician, for example, is a pompous ass. Hoyle is slipshod in elementary science (In A for Andromeda he puts satellites into an orbit which passes over the Northern Hemisphere only), he is careless about plausibility (There is an extraordinary episode in The Black Cloud in which a group of astronomers solves by calculus a problem they could have done mentally in half a second), and in fact it is a complete mystery to me why people continue to read him. The news that he has now called in his son to help inject some sex into the story is the final straw which induced me to write this diatribe. Hoyle is a good astronomer [The hell he is if he believes an orbit can be over only one hemisphere of the earth! ERM], as an SF writer, he doesn't even qualify as a hack. It would be better for him if he realized this.

After that last paragraph I feel I ought to say something nice about somebody to even things up, but I've really got to get back to my work. Yours, Roger.

MICHAEL L McQUOWN 1294 Piedmont Ave NE Atlanta Ga

Dear Ed, Dear Felice, Not too long ago some thoughtful soul sent me NIEKAS 13 & 14, which I appreciated more than I can say. Through its pages, full of much interesting material, I was able to locate a group of local fans I would otherwise have never been aware of. And a good group they are, too. Alas, a change in my working hours prevents me seeing them as often as I'd like.

The cover on 14 didn't thrill me too much, but the back cover and then the cover in 13 were, I thought, very good. What was the medium for the 13 cover original? [I'd guess scratch-board the I know little of art. ERM]

I am very much for the s-f in Other Countries bit. I think the more we know about any aspect of another culture the better, and in our own bailiwick, better still. Besides, I think we of the (to use a great man's phrase) English-Speaking Peoples tend to isolate ourselves linguistically from the rest of the world regardless of our political situations. Ideally, we should all have a minimum of one language other than our own which we can use well.

I think the thing that sets NIEKAS apart from other zines I have read is the fact that it has a farther reaching diversity of interests well-expressed. Where else something like an article on Edward Gorey, for instance.

As for the Barnacles series -- what can I say?

Mike

JOHN D BERRY 35 Dusenberry Rd. Bronxville NY 10708

Dear Felice, The most poignant stroke-of-genius-type short piece was Fantasia Cloris, which was practically worth the price of the magazine by itself. "And still another fandom" was a space-waster as far as I was concerned. Your articles on foreign fandoms never seem to pack the wallop that the rest of the stuff in your zine does.

Gincas is a remarkable dept. My favorite of its seemingly regular contributors is Ray Nelson--is he the same one who wrote Turn Off the Sky and The Great Cosmic Donut of Life for F&SF? Must be, there couldn't be two of him.

Yrs,

John

DAVE SZUREK 6328 Perkins St Detroit Mich 48210

Dear Felice, Ray Nelson and I seem to disagree on what an "escapist" is. When I think of an "escapist" I mean the type of person who escapes via books, daydreams, and films, who is bound up in fantasy of one sort or another. He or she would rather think about something than do it, and generally misses out quite a bit on life. Apparently, Nelson and maybe even you consider non-conformists the escapists. The non-conformist doesn't escape life, but rather experiences it in his own special way. He asserts his own free will, and thusly perhaps has even more life than the characters were often led to think of as "middle-class" tho he can exist in any class, from lowest to highest. Some people let life control them. Others control life for themselves. Yours and Nelson's "escapist" definition sounds almost like the latter. [But this holds only few a very few of the really daring non-conformists--the rest merely conform to other standards. ERM] --Yrz,

Dave Szurek

GEORGE SCOTT 4781 Santa Cruz Av San Diego Cal 92107

Dear Felice, The microtype is glorious, but please leave at least two spaces between columns in all cases. With the quality of repro NIEKAS enjoys, I feel that well formatted microtype may be even better than standard for almost all of the zine. After all, you are publishing a magazine, not writing a letter.

Just extrapolating from Bjo's postscript, I think that there is a large Disney fandom already extant, just waiting for mutual awareness to jell into an organized mass like that of sf. The problem, as pointed out by Harry Warner Jr is the tremendous number of non-fandom type fen of Disney (or is that a forbidden usage of the vowel change plural?) keeps the fandom oriented ones from jelling. Besides, what is the MM Club but a juvenile fan organization?

Laiškai: Don Martin, this you have probably been told a dozen times already. In the February 1966 issue of Analog there is a fascinating article by Lee Corey titled Twin Planet Probe which follows your thesis beautifully. It tells of a Mariner type flyby of the twin planets which concludes that Terra has an environment utterly impossible for life.

One of the locs spells out the acronym "gafia" which comes to: if you finish the LotR glossary, would you consider publishing a fan dictionary. In fandom there are many acronyms and abbreviations which are unheard of outside. The neofan and the borderline fan (myself) are sometimes confused by all the terms which come up. And perhaps some of the old timers aren't sure of what some of the terms stand for or where they come from, even though they may know perfectly well what the current meaning is. It may take the mentality of a philologist or a computer programmer to care, but it upsets me a little to see REA Express, which is clearly Railway EXPRESS Agency EXPRESS. And how many of the younger generation know about CONSolidated Vultee AIRcraft? Out of the business world there are many other examples. Fortune ran an article, on it once, and I was entranced. Such an article, glossary, or dictionary would be a nice project. [A truly comprehensive, 200 page, FANCYCLOPEDIA exists. It was published back about 1960 by Dick Eney and went out of print about two years ago. He still has the stencils but isn't interested in re-printing in the near future, unfortunately. There is also a 20 page booklet compiled by Donald Franson & published by the NSF. It was out of print too, but steps were recently taken to reprint it. As the stencils are in LA I am not sure if they have been re-run yet. ERM] Yours,

George Scbt

BOB IRVING, JR 223 Walnut Ave Wayne Pa 19087

Hi Felice, Marchin' Barnacles was the funniest stuff I've read all year. I almost fell on the floor laughing at the cave Itties.

"Morgul Vale" was almost beyond words. The art impressed me to no end, and the poem was depressing, to say the least. I don't mean that the poem was bad, far from it but it just left me unable to do anything constructive for a few hours. The thing that confuses me is, EEEvers states that we don't need those grey skies and cold mountains, then he writes a poem about it. If we don't need them, why write a poem about them?

To be perfectly blunt, the cover of #14 turned me off completely. This may be due to the fact that I never read the Lensman series, but I doubt it. The bacover was excellent [The centaur drawn by Smith] They call that pointillism, don't they? [???--ERM]

In "Mayhem House" you mentioned a small town in Pennsylvania that has a main industry of growing mushrooms. This town (Kennet Square is the name, I believe [It's amazing how many Pennsylvania towns grow mushrooms! According to our readers, anyway -- and so far no one has mentioned the town Joe had in mind. . . -- FR]) is very near (but not dear) to me, and believe you me, It Smells Awful.

Re John Brunner's remark on "The Ubiquitous Mr. Lovegrove", from Secret Agent: I saw it and agree with him wholeheartedly.

[later]

In your editorial, Felice, I noticed your listings of the zines you enjoyed most. STEFANTASY?! The very name makes me nauseous. I received a sample copy of it, and after I read it, the only thing I could say was, "What?" The title is inappropriate. I didn't see anything pertaining to fantasy at all, and I got the idea that the editor's philosophy is "What the hell, I don't care."

"Marchin' Barnacles" didn't seem the same without Carl. But Nan's wasn't too bad. Only one story, tho. I suppose punning can be an art. If so, then Carl's an artist at puns. And a good one at that, too.

Smith's cover this was very good, and not as good as the backcover of his on the lastish. Diana's backcover was terrible! It looks as if it's Frodo and the rest of the crew hiding from the Black Rider. If such is the case, maybe Diana will remember that the Black Rider was not on a hill. (Unless, of course, it's the Weathertop, but it's not that either.) This scene could have been done very effectively, but she fails to deliver the chilling feeling of horror the Hobbits felt as they journeyed along the South Road. It wasn't in the daytime, and these things or whatever they are, don't even resemble Hobbits. Since

Bob Irving

HARRY WARNER, Jr. 423 Summit Ave Hagerstown Md 21740

Dear Felice; I'm very late with this Loc. But maybe you'll forgive this luxury on my part. It has been inspired at least in part by my determination to try to stay out of the letter section of the 15th issue, due to the embarrassing way in which some of my last loc turned up twice in this 14th issue's letter column. You will ruin the whole principle of letter columns for all freedom, if the people who are tired of seeing my loc in almost every fanzine organize and stage an armed rebellion to crush at the outset this sudden worsening of the situation in the form of a double dose.

Maybe the reaction won't please the person who drew the front cover [Jack Gaughan]. But the sketch revives pleasant memories of the covers that Morey did for *Amazing Stories* around 1934. He was perhaps the worst of the prozine illustrators at the time but somehow conveyed a sense of alienness and the future, perhaps because his particular incapacities as an artist were so rarely seen in the pulps. This doesn't mean that I feel the presence of similar inadequacies on the front cover; it's just the different way in which the drawing is done, with those vague foreground lines that could be either waves or rills, the similarity-yet-differentness of the three creatures or machines or whatever that surface may be, and the inexplicable clearness in part of the background to the left. The entire cover makes a nice contrast to the more conventional but really beautiful little creature which occupies the back cover.

I didn't care quite as much for the foldout. The only reason I can find for that lack of enthusiasm is a sense that it's too big. It's the kind of picture done in the kind of technique that I'd prefer to see occupying the bottom half of a fanzine page, rather than enlarged to these proportions. Yes, I know I

need a lot of lessons in the merits of drawings that suggest violent action with these tricks of the trade, and I realize perfectly well that some of the detail would be impossible to get clearly onto a photograph. I think I was a little bit off on lines in size. I still think it's the wrong size.

The John Brunner talk must have been almost impossible to follow understandingly in the tension and confusion of a worldwide. Even after reading it I'm still not sure that I understand just how some parts fit into the overall pattern. But it's a phenomenal accomplishment, whether my lack of understanding is caused by Brunner's wandering or my own attention's wandering. Unfortunately, I don't see how I could comment properly on it without writing about six pages and taking a couple of evenings off to think about what should go on those six pages. Almost every paragraph would be suitable for some comments of considerable length. For instance, I'd like to argue that there's an entirely different reason for the fondness in fandom for the Boyer novels. I've gotten the impression from the Hornblower books that there are really fine travel stories of the Cornwell-Lance- Innes- Rolfe-Enfantin tradition.

modern man can show Fido himself in the British navy five or six generations ago at his old quarters there are conditioned by modern ways of thinking and writing, even if Forester doesn't give us any reason to believe that Hornblower has made any such trip there at all. Incidentally, I hope that no fans are inspired by Al Hunsay's example and going to work on the Hornblower series, because its already been done. Marboro and Publishing General Bureau are currently reprinting Forester's own The Hornblower Companion at \$1.95.

It's too bad that the Occident group didn't continue publication of the English fanzine that saw one issue. It promised to satisfy the hunger for more information about Japanese fans and their works, so that the explanatory articles about basic facts of Japanese fandom can provide. This article serves its purpose pretty well, but it unfortunately provides evidence that people are pretty much the same culturally throughout the world. Look how many people in America and America's colonies have occurred in Japanese fandom. Most of the Japanese fans can't have had enough knowledge of America and American fandom to be conditioned by such knowledge of how things evolved; German fandom has also evolved pretty much like ours, but there was always the suspicion that Germans knew so much about American fandom that they were merely imitating the things. More depressing is the manner in which fans of all ages in the youngsters in every country where it turns up, with the minority of older people included. Maybe the Japanese fanzine are right after all in slanting their fanzine programs for the kids.

...saying that of words that has been used too much, and it's lost any accepted meaning. Like liberal and salary. I don't think that is cheating a little, by failure to admit it has been used, I hope that he says he finds in his mind a "color" which is the result of changing the latter to the "word" of "color", which I think is one of the many "concepts" which he "finds". I fail to see how he can do this. I think a color would be a color to natural laws as the concept is that to give words the force of his mind. There's the foundation of all the problems that the reason I distrust any efforts to get people to use words in depths of the mind without strict scientific regime. I have guidance: my belief that all the experiences of the human mind, drugs and autohypnosis are wrappings of the human mind's ability to function fully. If I may see, colors that he can't describe and that I can't see, I prefer to think it's the result of some kind of short circuiting in his mind, in the absence of any evidence that he discovered a previously unknown section of the spectrum. I prefer to stick to the standard colors because I haven't even started to grow tired of the color. I know and my ability to keep them straight in my mind could save my life someday. If it causes me to perceive a chair 20 feet away as within my reach, I don't feel that this is as exciting or useful as my normal ability to perceive that a chair 20 feet away is within my reach.

I have not read any of the Forester books discussed above but Harry makes them sound like bad historical fiction rather than historical border-line fantasy. So James' remarks on the Arthurian myths scheduled for NIMAS IV is already on stencil. LBJ

I've been to a plantations on y' shore, Hayden variety. It

was an impressive show but more than the wheeling of stars and rapidly moving planets above me, I remember the tremendous battle that the attendants fought against visitors with flashguns on their cameras. In the dark, you'd hear occasionally a scuffling of rapidly moving feet as someone dashed down an aisle and hissed a warning into the ear of someone who had a flashbulb in his gun and his finger on the camera trigger. Such vigilance paid off, because there wasn't a single interruption to the darkness. Then the lights came up and someone shot off a flashbulb. What happened then was something like the final page of *The Lottery*. I didn't dare stay and watch but I defiantly took an existing light picture of a lunar landscape on my way out and underexposed enough to make the gray shadows of the original landscape coal-black on my picture, just as they should be on the moon.

It's high time someone tried to settle a problem brought up indirectly by Riccardo Valla's survey of Italian science fiction. One nation after another that has some tongue other than English as its official language has leaned very heavily on translations from the English when science fiction began to grow popular. Now, does this mean that English-language writers are particularly gifted in creation of science fiction? Or is it just one more manifestation of a more general rule that all sorts of popular fiction have long been dominated by men who wrote originally in English? It would take a lot of delving into literary histories and publishing activities in a lot of nations to make sure. But I'd lean to the latter as the more likely explanation. Isn't it significant that Sir Walter Scott and James Fenimore Cooper, for instance, became enormously popular all over Europe early in the last century, while the German and French novels were mainly read by the students and intellectuals? I can't think of any equivalent in non-English speaking nations to Edgar Rice Burroughs in more recent times, leaving his Mars and Venus stories out of consideration for this purpose.

Ben Solon's rationale for fanzine reviews is satisfactory, except for one fairly important matter. The reviewer can never be sure that any of the fanzines he covers will be available to potential purchasers by the time his reviews see print, both because reviews get hung up before distribution lots of times and because fanzine publishers don't always keep reserve stock of the most recent issues. So I think the reviews have a better justification for existence if they provide in part something more than a clear description. A few quotations of particularly brilliant sentences from the fanzine under review, a comparison of a current issue with previous issues to show how the editor is changing his publication, extremely brief summaries of the points of certain articles would have some usefulness to the readers, even if those readers find they're too late to get a highly recommended issue.

I've tried to school myself in the proper pronunciation of Banks Mebane's name, to prevent harsh looks the first time we meet. It is curious that we've had so many learned discussions of pronunciation in matters involving Tolkien characters, yet this seems to be the first time in many months that anyone has taken the trouble to put into print a hint to the proper pronunciation of an unusual name of a fan. Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner Jr.

LYLE GAULDING 6950 Willis Lane Beaumont Texas 77708

Ed & Felice: Sorry to say I didn't like the cover illo of #15 as well as usual; nice picture, but no fantasy element. The back cover was pure comic strip, and what was it anyhow?

Lords of the Psychon is related to The City of Force but the pseudo-history is entirely different. [???-ERM]

The Ace edition of Alan Garner's The Weirdstone of Brisingamen just went on the stands. I hope the anti-Ace faction of WoR II won't deprive themselves of this -- if they do it will serve them right.

Lyle

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Dear Felice, "Patterns" (in NIEKAS 14) poses a few questions, but doesn't supply the answers. All mental activity does have to follow patterns, and to a great extent these patterns are formed by the language(s) we speak and the knowledge we have acquired. But that doesn't mean you have to be a creature of pattern like the woman in Amy Lowell's poem. After all, patterns are

an arbitrary creation of the mind -- you create them, they don't create you. You don't have to believe or accept anything you don't accept for yourself. True, you have to base your life and thoughts on something, but you still have the power to choose your beliefs from among your earlier experiences. You don't even have to be logical or consistent about it -- if I want to say "I don't judge people in categories or groups of any kind" and then turn around and condemn all members of the KKK as a class, no one can stop me. Sure, this isn't consistent according to the rules laid down by Aristotle, but I'm not Aristotle.

In other words, if I'm condemned by the nature of my own mind to live in a dream-world of my own creation, I'm certainly not going to turn that world into a nightmare by trying to deny it. If the universe is mostly subjective, don't contradict the few objective facts you recognize trying to say the whole thing is objective, and logical, and external.

John Brunner's characterization of SF is an excellent piece of its type -- not that he has said the last word on the subject, nor that anyone has or ever will, but it is possible to list some of the characteristics a piece of writing should have to interest the SF reader. At that, it's merely a personal relationship between author and reader more than it is a choice of subject matter or style. I notice a lot of SF fans steer away from real scientific speculation of the Fred Hoyle type because it tends to minimize the expansive and exotic elements of its subject matter, to make the immense small enough to attempt measurement and classification and description, and to simplify the complex in an effort to understand and explain it. This is the difference between Science and Science Fiction.

And of course the two expansive characteristics of SF did not originate after the birth of SF. So many other forms of literature, non-fiction as well as fiction, have the characteristics and hence are acceptable to the reader who demands them, as typifies the SF fan. (But not the SF reader, I might add -- there's a lot of people who read SF because they are curious about science and technology, but lack a sense of wonder -- these are the same people who buy all those sea and boat novels.)

The two introspective attributes of SF don't strike me as quite as important as the first two. Sure, many SF writers simplify in order to achieve the first two -- over characterization can make the exotic commonplace. There's nothing to damp the sense of wonder like a good description of the sanitary facilities in a spaceship. There's nothing that can destroy an otherwise well drawn alien or man-from-elsewhere/when as well as by having him thoroughly characterized as a twentieth century American. It's better to leave him as a stick figure, but one cut from unfamiliar timber, than it is to make him/her/it a real personality and in doing so to undo all you've done to lend scope and otherness to your story.

Wishful thinking? I don't think it's so much a part of the SF way of writing and thinking as it is a mainstay of all human literature and thought. You can't read too far in any field of fiction or non-fiction without encountering the author's view of the world as would like it to be, or as he is afraid it might become. Look at the current rash of cheap sex novels -- now if that isn't wishful thinking, the authors are all pen names for Superman.

[later]

NIEKAS 15 did have a kooky contents page -- like on my copy at least it was so far out it wasn't there at all. ... The back page was entirely blank, which is merely inconvenient for the average reader or contributor, but an egobooish disaster if you are an artist with an average fanartist's signature, meaning completely illegible. I hope my copy was unique, or nearly so, or you are going to be deluged with epistolary bombs from fanartists everywhere. ...

I didn't see anything of SFnal of Faanish significance to your cover, though the style made me think of a lot of Tolkien art you've been using. But the only mention of deer I can think of in any of JRRT's work is Treebeard's listing of the species in his bestiary poem. I can almost feel the scene as being set in Middle Earth, though, so maybe it's supposed to be a scene Tolkien didn't mention -- perhaps in the restored Orthanc after the time of LotR.

At that I wish the time and care lavished on the front cover had been used to portray the backcover scene -- the art style used simply isn't adequate. The blotchy outline style is fine for scenes with a great deal of action and numerous char-

acters, battles for instance, but it doesn't capture the mood of the Hobbit party meeting the Black Rider -- for such a scene you need lots of intricate detail and subtle shading.

I think the best piece of writing in NIEKAS 15 was Harry Sanders' "Late Night Impressions" -- many's the time I've been a part of such a scene, and looking back it's almost worth all the nostalgia you always feel afterwards. Of course while you're actually there you usually get the impression everyone is simply sitting around telling their troubles in the guise of gossip. But it still captured the mood and essence of the late stayers on at a fanparty, where the "inner circle" sits around till dawn doing nothing much, and all of it faaannish as hell. . . .

I notice you wonder if articles like "Patterns" and the Boardman and Nelson pieces on religion will draw comments -- they sure will from me. I can't speak for all fandom of course, but controversial subjects that are just a little off the beaten track seem to me to be the best possible material for forum-type lettercol discussions. In fact it almost seems as if the writers intended them to be so used -- that's the beauty of publishing a major fanzine; your contributors will start tailoring their contriBs especially for the zine.

"Mayhem House" and "Patterns" both tend to put down Prof. Hawkins' theory of Stonehenge as a stoneage computer, but I can't see why. There's nothing so very far out about such a theory. Such structures designed to indicate and predict astronomical events are found in ancient religious buildings all over the world. There's nothing really so mind-crogling about building a temple to give a line of sight toward sun or moon rise etc on a given day, once somebody gets the idea he wants to do it. The whole thing could be laid out over the course of a year by driving stakes along the lines of sight, then after the years of labor necessary to erect the actual stones on the indicated spots, the priests could have this big solemn ceremony and announce that the sun would rise along the line of sight projected by two particular stones on a certain day and impress the yokels. None of this requires any great amount of thought or any great body of knowledge; you don't have to postulate the priests having access to the "Wisdom of Lost Atlantis" or anything. Designing a Stonehenge, or even getting the original idea for it, requires only a normal amount of observation. The idea could occur to anyone who had spent enough time out of doors night after night to see that the astronomical bodies seem to rise and set in a definite pattern with respect to natural landmarks on the horizon and who was curious enough about the phenomenon to plot the lines of sight and discover the pattern. What interests me in the whole thing is why experts in the archeological field should go to the trouble to put down someone who advances such a theory. I always thought Prof. Hawkins' theory was common knowledge and had been for a long time. (Of course I thought ESP and the existence of Lost Continents were common knowledge till I was about 12 years old too, but that's my parents' fault, I guess.) Sometimes it seems as if anyone who considers himself an "expert" in any field of knowledge thinks he has to be conservative to the point of making a fool of himself, and that he thinks he has to assail any new theory that appeals to the masses and to debunk everything that's common knowledge in his field.

[Don't know about the archeologists, but I don't think Diana was objecting to the theory itself but just to the use of currently popular jargon where it doesn't really fit. And I agree that "almanac" would be a better term than computer. ERM]

The most interesting thing about Stonehenge in my eyes has always been not the "what" (a lignament of the monolith to predict sunrises, etc) or the "how" (where the stones came from, how they were erected, etc) but the "why". Why did the ancient priests who designed Stonehenge lay it out along astronomical lines? Everyone says, "To impress their followers." Fine, but why would this impress the followers? Hell, a priest of any religion can point to the whole "Green Earth under the Sun" and all that's in, above, and under it to impress his following. He can say, "All this is the work of the gods." So why build a Stonehenge? Probably as a stoneage Visual Aid rather than a computer. In other words so the priest can point out to the people how the huge stone structure of the temple merely points out some tiny facet of the way the gods run the Universe, and at the same time "prove" that the gods have revealed some of their knowledge to the priests alone. Especially the latter.

At that, Stonehenge makes more sense than a lot of the more "modern" and "sophisticated" religions which have concocted whole world-systems of pseudo-knowledge to impress the be-

lievers. Numerology for one, esoteric symbolism in names and words for another, astrology. Mythology and human descent from divine ancestors. "Proof" of the existence of Heaven, Hell, or Reincarnation. "Earthbound Masters." Resurrections, Virgin Birth, Speaking in Tongues, Healing the Sick and Raising the Dead, and god knows what else. Even today all the modern sects and divisions of Christianity, Judaism, Islam, Buddhism, and Hinduism still contain large amounts of such crackpottery, fantastic elements that make Stonehenge look like a tinkertoy construction when it comes to useless elaboration of detail to impress the believers with the knowledge of the priestly class. And there have been damn few offshoots or heresies from the major religions that have ever tried to discard all this mummary, in fact, most heretical groups have quickly developed even more grotesque cosmologies and esoteric rituals than the orthodoxies they split away from. Look at the Rosicrucians and Freemasons.

Now why should religions or parareligious organizations be fascinated by esoteric symbolism for its own sake? Answer that and you'll explain the "magic numbers" and the cathedral design written into the Divine Comedy. You'll also explain why so many people use logical patterns of symbolism to "prove" pseudo-scientific theories. Churchward did this rather obviously and crudely in his Mu books, showing comparisons between symbolic art from ancient Egypt, pre-Columbian America, and some of the vanished cultures of Asia and the Pacific. His approach was pretty simple-minded, as de Camp and others have pointed out, but a lot of the debunkers never bothered to notice that Palmer and friends used exactly the same approach to "prove" the Shaver Mystery, only they did it much more subtly, correlating theories and myths as well as names and symbols.

It's almost as if the human mind, on one level at least, tends to believe anything that incorporates a lot of complex symbol juggling into any consistent logical pattern. It seems that if the system uses enough symbols and complex enough patterns of inter-relations to tax the average mind it will impress a great majority of people, regardless of the validity of the whole or any of the parts. It also seems as if every religion I've heard of takes advantage of this quirk of human nature to gain its appeal to the masses. This is the explanation behind the attractiveness of ritual, but it still doesn't make ritual make any more sense or meet any real needs. It's all sort of a con-game, a taking advantage of an almost-universal personality fault. Guess religious leaders will have to join Barnum in saying "There's one born every minute." (Say, that's a good idea for a cartoon illo -- two priests are watching this huge pagan ritual complete with huge temples, great bejeweled idols, human sacrifice, etc and one turns to the other and says, "There's one born every minute.")

Could be it's just the mental exercise in unravelling the "mysteries" and the feeling of elation when you finally grok something. I notice that complex religious mysteries are on the decrease these days. Maybe the people who need them drift into mathematical or symbolic logic studies, or satisfy the urge through complex intellectual games. It would be funny to imagine the cool logical mind of the chess master as the real successor of the ancient priest of the Eternal Mysteries but perhaps it would be closer than the modern father/fiend/psychiatrist clergyman.

I can see how religion drifted into ritual and mysteries. The real questions posed by religion are really quite simple. Is there or isn't there a god or gods, and if so what do they want of man and what do they do for man, and how do we communicate with them. What about an afterlife, and what can we do to insure that we go to a Good Place rather than a Bad Place? What are good and evil, how do we tell one from the other, and who makes the rules here on earth? All of these questions are simple to ask, and impossible to answer. Of course answers can be framed quite easily, but when they are, they are impossible to prove or substantiate. So the priesthood poses other, much more complex questions of ritual that can be answered with absolute finality because they are really only part of an arbitrary human-devised system. Of course everything within a system of ritual falls into place, every question in a religious mystery has an answer because the whole thing was designed that way. And while the believer is figuring out all this complicated mess, you can always slip in your own partial answers to the basic unanswerable questions of religion and he will accept them quite easily.

When I think about artificial symbolic constructions to sugar-coat unprovable dogma, Dante springs immediately to

mind, only I get the impression he had a conscious understanding of all this and went beyond it for his own ends. He just used his symbolism to sugar coat his ideas of human freedom and the purpose of man's earthly life and to help them be accepted by both the Church and the people in general. But while the latter immediately accepted his Comedy as truth, literature, or something in between, the former rejected it pretty violently for a long time, even though Dante's use of symbolic constructions outdid any work of the Church to that date. Maybe they were just jealous.



Maybe all this ties in with SF in a way too. I've noticed certain modern SF writers -- Cordwainer Smith, Phil Dick, Vonnegut, etc. -- try to make their backgrounds come alive by sheer complexity and logical consistency rather than making most of the background resemble the real current world with only a few changes inserted to support the SF elements of plot or theme. These writers usually change everything in a given background into unfamiliar but consistent terms, sometimes they even change man himself, and their stories are usually more rather than less plausible than SF backgrounds where the setting is really here and now with a rocket or aliens thrown in. And maybe this is what Hitler really meant by the Big Lie -- make the lie so outrageous that it can only be assailed in its own frame of reference. Then, by the time people have begun to see through it, it's already too late. Most of the population has grown used to accepting it, and you can always Use Force against the few who finally see through you and oppose the lie.

We Happy Few points out that the Elitist type religious or political group has never been able to compete with the Universalists, but I think John draws some unwarranted conclusions from this admitted fact. I think we will always have both types of groups within a given culture, but that the state of the culture itself will determine which will be the stronger force. If a society has a strong, growing Universalist group, then the Elitists can't compete with it. But when the Universalist groups are stable and stagnating, then a number of strong secret societies will spring up. Right now the Elitists have little chance because we have two young strong political type Universalist movements competing on a world-wide basis, and the only refuges of the Elitists are the specialized uses of an elite, secretive group -- crime, unpopular insurgent politics, etc. But I see no reason why this should be true on a permanent basis from here on to the End of Time. Eventually, one or the other of the present political power groups is going to win out over the other and form a stable world-wide society (either that or destroy the world in the attempt, in which case none of this matters) and then it will stabilize and you will see a new flowering of Secret Societies.

The competition between Universalist and Elitist power groups is strictly a relationship of when the cats away, the mice will play. The latter cannot compete on an equal basis with the former for a great many reasons, but on the same token, an Elitist group is easier to form and to control and it doesn't require nearly the ideas, social conditions, or human genius to start. It takes a great prophet of some kind, acting when society needs his ideas, to found a strong Universalist movement to stamp it out. An Elite group can choose its members carefully so they will be predisposed to agree with the principles of the group and actually have something of value to offer the group while the Universalist has to admit anyone who wants in, meaning the group, like the NSF (which by the way is a perfect example of an unsuccessful attempt to start a Universalist group) will at any given time be composed of a great majority of deadwood. The Elite group can conceal any faults it may have from the public, so it can afford to have more faults than the Universalists whose faults are open to public scrutiny. If necessary, the Elite can go underground in the face of opposition while the Universalists have to stand up to any authority that challenges them and either beat it or convert it. The Moslems did the former, the Christians the latter, but both operated openly. (It's not the Christians who successfully hid in the catacombs that are im-

portant to history, but the ones who allowed themselves to be caught and thrown to the lions.)

Oh yes, and an Elite is by definition easier to control than a Universalist group. The very idea of limited membership permits rigid organizational structure and hierarchies of leadership. The Universalists, on the other hand, always find themselves with an organization that is almost impossible to keep in communication with any central leadership, let alone be controlled by it. The looser structure also means division of authority and constant changes and splits and heresies.

On the face of all that it would appear that an Elitist group would be stronger than a Universalist movement, but this isn't the case because, as John B. points out, the Universalists work on a much larger scale than any Elite group. Maybe they can't control their membership too well and maybe their power structure isn't very rigid, but the membership by definition becomes enough to crush any opposition.

So I still don't think the "Secret Society" as a social force is dead for all time. It will return when the world situation stabilizes itself again. If there still is a world then.

Felice, you ended "Mayhem House" by throwing out a statement about an Opiate for the Masses being a good idea. I don't agree at all. For one thing, I think we get closer to such a thing all the time, approaching it from several different directions. Such an opiate need not be a drug or a religion or any other single entity. It can be a whole complex of factors which combine to produce the desired affect on the majority of the population.

First you have to have a background for the opiate to take hold in, your society has to have certain characteristics which allow it to get a hold on the masses of people. For this, you must first have a high enough standard of living so your masses are not in out-and-out physical need and where they don't have to work to full capacity for mere survival. Second, you need a social and religious framework that doesn't require too much of the populace, one that doesn't make them ambitious and self-searching and questing for social acceptance or religious salvation to the point where they don't want to dull their minds and Get Away From It All. Third, you need a society that is stable and un-challenging, one that does not present a great deal of opportunity for the individual of ordinary ability. You need a world that's free and easy and tolerant with plenty of leisure and the opportunity for boredom. Of course our present society has more of all these things than any previous society, although I don't know if it has quite passed the point where an opiate of the people is possible. If it does, we have a number of things which can combine to become this opiate -- sex, psychedelic drugs, passive entertainment of many kinds. It's not too hard to imagine a future where most of the population does a minimum of work for their livelihood and spends the rest of the time balling and turning on and watching the Eye. No, it's not hard at all.

What's wrong with this? Well, no matter how satisfying it might be to the individual, it's going to be bad for the society. Use of an opiate of the masses would greatly curtail the individual's spiritual and intellectual growth and then weaken and stagnate society. Eventually neither the individual nor the society would be able to adapt to changing environment or outside competition. Then the whole system would break down and a new society would have to be formed.

"The function of myth in the psychic economy of modern man" was well thought-out, assuming you postulate that living myth "is at the basis of all human creativity, and that this myth must be subjective and unrelated to the real world. True, man must have certain fundamental value-standards to base his judgements on, but they don't have to be completely artificial ones. I think the human mind is perfectly capable of creatively understanding and describing the real universe and logically correlating real relationships between man and that universe.

Right now I think we are simply between religions rather than living in a world that has entirely outgrown the need for religion. I think a new major religion will be started this century -- one seems to start whenever society's need for it is great enough, and I think we qualify -- and that the new religion, when it comes, will incorporate a new mythology of its own, one a lot less simplified and artificial than previous ones, and one that can change details of beliefs to keep up with our

knowledge of the real world. Or at least I hope so. I would imagine that such a religion will not be a deist religion, since there is no objective proof of the existence of gods, but it could easily incorporate a lot of the more valuable conjecture about the nature of gods worked out by previous religions, but keeping it as just that -- conjecture.

When the mythology of a new religion starts, and when it is strongest, it is always in keeping with objective knowledge and is a believed, "living" myth. When certain knowledge outstrips the myth, then belief weakens to the point where the religion itself weakens or fails and is replaced, or else there are internal changes in the religion and the myth-structure is changed while the religion itself retains its name and many of its beliefs. Christianity got its start out of Judaism because of the changes brought about in Hebrew culture and thought under Roman rule. This changed thought eventually affected the religion of both Romans and Jews, since the Jews radically revised their own beliefs after Christianity split away. With our present cultural upheaval, I think a new religion is inevitable. All it needs is a prophet to come along and start it. I'll say this: if some guy gets up on a soap box and announces himself the New JC I'll listen to him before I start laughing. I think times are ripe.

I agree completely with Ray Nelson's put down of C. P. Snow. Snow's philosophy strikes me as utterly ridiculous -- what makes scientists think they are philosophers? The two couldn't be further apart. A philosopher deals almost exclusively with the subjective nature of man, while the scientist has to exclude everything subjective from his work in the laboratory, and hence from any philosophy he bases on his scientific thought.

[But, Earl, that's the point. Scientists don't have time to be philosophers, as a rule; keeping up in their own field takes damn near 168 hours a week. But they do need guidance. So where are the philosophers who should be guiding them? They are, first of all, deliberately keeping themselves in ignorance of science, thus ensuring that their philosophy will have little or no relevance to today's world; after doing this (which would, or should, shame any real seeker of knowledge), they brand scientists as monsters who don't adopt a decent philosophy (which by definition would have to be one with which the said philosopher agrees).

[Scientists are trained to ignore theories which disregard large quantities of observed data. The philosophies which have been offered them ignore science (or condemn it, or wish it would go away). Its observable that science exists (is not intrinsically bad, will not go away). Therefore the scientist comes up with a (usually half-baked) philosophy of his own, because what else is he to do?

[Frankly, anyone with technical training gets the impression from literary intellectuals that they are so bitterly opposed to science and technology because it takes so much less effort to complain than to learn, to understand, and to strive to change and direct the path of science. It's a lot easier to call scientists "monsters" than it is to try and see what they're talking about; to call them "uncreative" than to learn the beautiful logic and elegant language (yes, language!) used in mathematical proof; to -- but if you don't see my point by now, forget it. -FR]

I've noticed that most "philosophy" advocated by scientists is greatly oversimplified, mostly because the whole idea of laboratory experimentation is to simplify and isolate one variable at a time and to start by analysing each part separately and work up to the whole, relationship by relationship. But the philosopher, working with human values etc usually has to work with the whole itself because there are no definite parts to isolate, no simplification that is not an over-simplification.

I've also noticed that most scientists seem to have a very poorly developed sense of personal responsibility towards their scientific work and that they extend this toward their personal philosophies. Also, they seem to think that the same methods they use to develop new scientific concepts can be used to "change human nature" so all will be sweetness and light and the great mass of people will be able to use the scientists' shiny, dangerous toys with complete safety. Pardon me while I laugh.

Somehow scientific philosophers seem to think man's ability to handle the observed facts and logically deduced relationships of the universe and to manipulate matter and energy are man's highest and most important ability. They forget entirely that there is another ability behind it which allows men

to handle his intellectual powers themselves. This "higher ability" is the power to understand and work with human motivations, human creativity, human happiness and other "subjective" values. These same scientists almost always work under administrators who specialize in guiding the work of the scientist to some end or other, so how can the scientist say his mental process is the be all and end all of human existence? He isn't even his own immediate boss! But he won't try to see this; he'll run his personal life by "objective" standards of the laboratory, and even go beyond this to try and foist off that same half-baked philosophy on everyone, even the philosophers themselves.

[I'd rather leave the answer to all this to the readers but I just couldn't help but point out one thing. Do you really mean that you consider the social psychologists who are developing the "hidden persuaders" which will bring about the world of 1984 as the flower of our world? Yech! ERM]

The proper study of mankind is man. But please, not with a scalpel, Dr. Frankenstein!

NIEKAS 15 was very thought (and comment!) provoking, and I can see you with a hundred page Gincas next issue. [It sure would have been had everyone gone on like you & Ray Nelson! ERM] Faannishly,

Earl

FRED PHILLIPS 1278 Grand Concourse Bronx NY 10456

Dear Mr. Meskys, My speech at the 1966 Open ESFA was not cancelled but I asked (and received) a postponement of it for the next ESFA meeting. It was not an "announcement", and it contains nothing either derogatory or critical of Fandom. Its title "Scruffnikism in Fandom" can be easily misinterpreted. If you, as a faned, had displayed a trifle more editorial sense of responsibility, and asked to examine the speech out of hand, you would have found that it was actually a satire, with the sub-title, "An Organized Approach to Confusion, criticizing, if it did, only those unfannish elements which fandom justifiably regards with tolerance, slightly colored in some cases with contempt. Your subscription, my Very Dear Sir, has been misinformed. Alan Shaw has graciously offered to publish my ESFA speech so you will see it in SANGREAL LUBLOON when it appears.

Before you are made the unnecessary target for statements similar to this one, which will probably tell you that I am a thin-skinned prima donna who has a tendency to harbor paranoid resentments, please permit me to admit that it is easy to understand how you might have misinterpreted the title of my ESFA speech, and easier still to predict the damage such statements you made can cause me among your respectable subscribers if they are not corrected within at least the next issue of NIEKAS before they have time to jell.

Patiently yours, Fred Phillips, F. G. S.
[I'll admit that the ESFA report was hastily thrown together, because it was put in to fill out a page. Also, your projected title wasn't helped by the fact that I was told that the talk was scheduled for 1.5 minutes, and a person who had read the ms had commented to me that -that sort of thing does not belong in a SF con & it's a good thing it was cancelled.- ERM]

L SPRAGUE DE CAMP 278 Hothorpe Lane Villanova Pa 19085

Dear Ed: Many thanks for NIEKAS 15. Re Mr. Johnson's query as to where the mammae of a centaurea should be placed, Zeuxis, the celebrated Greek painter (-V) painted one nursing twins. One twin was at her human glands and the other at her equine ones. (Loukianos: Zeuxis & Antiochus, 4.) Kaor,
L. Sprague de Camp

LELAND SAPIRO Box 82, University Station Saskatoon Canada

Dear Ed: Lotsa hot air in NIEKAS, not merely in this issue but in the one preceding.

Starting with the latter, I think Ned Brooks must've been drunk when he wrote that complaint on Ed Wood -- that Ed should do work himself before criticising the MIT Index -- since Ed's done more work during any single year of the past 15 years than the entire MIT semi-group during their collective lives. See, e.g., Woods 1951 Magazine Index in the 3rd issue of the JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION.

Do people draft out LoCs? You can tell from a few paragraphs back that I don't. I feel a letter should be a personal thing, and if one drafts anything it tends to become more and more impersonal as one polishes it. That seems a good excuse for the mess you've just read through and I should leave well alone now and sign off. Very best,

Keith.

[Yes, we do have trouble with our production system sometime. However, people who write about it generally get another (and better--we hope) copy. FR. When I ran the collating parties I tried to have "quality control", as I'm sure Felice does, but that is rather difficult to enforce with a great mass of volunteer help. For instance, I've always tried to set things up so that the collators would look at the back of each sheet too as they work to avoid mis-prints, but still blank sheets do get through. And when two helpers decide to have a race to see who can work the fastest, the results are disastrous! *sigh* This letter, like several others, arrived after I finished Gineas, which is why parts aren't there. ERM]

BEN SOLON 3933 N. Janssen Chicago Ill 60613

Dear Felice: I found John Boardman's article on secret societies interesting (I declare, interesting must be the most over-used and over-worked word in fandom; somebody come up with a useable substitute quick like), but I fear it doesn't inspire much in the way of comment. Perhaps it's because I kept expecting more; a peek into the doings of the various criminal secret societies, the Mafia and its Corsician counterpart (or is that something Ian Fleming made up?), or a glance at some of the put cults who profess to have access to the wisdom of the ages.

Ed's comments on the Ace/Tolkien hassle are probably the most sensible anyone, aside from Buck Coulson, has made to date. Personally, I look upon the entire affair as being a case of the pot calling the kettle black; Ace's unauthorized publication of the Ring novel is an undeniable breach of ethics, but the Unwins smear campaign against Don Wollheim is hardly in keeping with the picture of outraged innocence they've tried to paint. No matter; the Unwins and Ace deserve each other.

Felice, I generally agree with most of your remarks; but I'm somewhat inclined to disagree about allowing anyone to purchase a gun. Mind you, I'm not in favor of Sullivan Laws -- all they do is take weapons out of the hands of people who might otherwise use them to defend themselves -- but I think gun licensing should at least be as strict as auto licensing. [If they model gun licensing on California auto licensing, that should make it easy for anyone to pack a gun! FR] The only trouble is, that while stricter licensing makes it easier to trace a weapon used in a crime, it doesn't make it any easier to trace a stolen gun and could conceivably result in the arrest and conviction of an innocent person on circumstantial evidence. Stricter licensing isn't the answer to the firearms problem any more than Sullivan Laws are; but, short of eliminating criminals and fanatics (and how do we go about that without violating their Constitutional rights?), it's about the only one.

Best wishes, Ben

[I'm disturbed about the growing trend to prosecute citizens who do defend themselves against criminal attack. Shooting an attacker will get you a trial for murder or attempted murder -- which is almost as dangerous as not shooting him. Not too long after the Genovese murder in New York, another NY woman successfully fought off an attacker with a knife -- only to be hauled into court because it's illegal to carry a knife. And a few days ago I read a newspaper account of the arrest of a girl for carrying a teargas gun, which (although relatively harmless) apparently is also illegal. In other words, if you defend your life from a criminal, or are prepared to do so, you are likely to face a prison sentence. I suppose this is civil rights, but the justice in it escapes me. FR]

GRAHAM CHARNOCK 1 Eden Close, Alperton, Wembley, Middx., England

Dear Felice, Most of this letter will probably deal with first impressions. Obviously it should, NIEKAS #15 being the first issue of your illustrious fanzine I've come across (regrettably).

Well, here we go -- your front cover was good. I mean discreet, well-executed and tasteful. I like a zine I can drag out in the tube (subway) without incurring disdainful smirks from fellow-passengers reacting to a vivid, garish, indiscreet, poorly-

executed and distasteful (perhaps semi-pornographic) cover illo. Those are OK for any zine I may produce. After all, I wouldn't read my zines in public!

Your editorials (both yours and Ed's) are spicily, chatty -- I'd use the term "naturally loquacious" but we'd find ourselves asking "how natural is natural?" And how natural, anyway, is a conversational style of writing? I know that whenever I tackle an editorial (or a log for that matter) I try to aim at a deliberately conversational style. But I know that it is a style none-the-less, that in actual conversation I am quite different. Perhaps our conversational pieces (again, both editorials and logs alike -- fanzines seem naturally suited to this style) are idealized conversations; we can eliminate mistakes in draft which might ruin our actual person-to-person, spur-of-the-moment conversation. Perhaps Ed Meskys, for instance, is really a stammering, stuttering, red-faced buffoon in conversation. [Nope-- Ed is loquacious in real life too -- and he talks just like he writes--FR]

I'm curious -- just what did you expect?" Ed Meskys replies to Alan Shaw's letter concerning personal confrontation. Perhaps my rambling may answer the "why" did he (Alan Shaw) expect, if not what.

And while we're on the terrible subject of Ed Meskys -- Why does everyone seem to knock Ed in preference (?) to your good self? [Do they?--FR] Perhaps the age of gentlemanly courtesy, not to mention chivalry, is not yet dead. Or perhaps it's because you stay sweetly in the background and push Ed into the limelight (callous creature) where the tomato-throwers can get a clear sighting of their target, any target. Or, again, perhaps Ed Meskys is one of those people who hog the limelight. Huh, I suspected as much! Certainly, on the subject of an impersonal NIEKAS, Ed seems to inject the stronger sense of personality through "Bumbejinas" and his ERM inserts. Goshwow, even I'm calling him (it) Ed! [Well, after all, it's his zine. FR]

I think Stasys Riukas' article is of fundamental importance. I shall have to read it several more times before I come to any concrete decision regarding the truth of what he says therein. But when I do, I expect that decision to stand for a long, long time. "The Function of Myth..." put me in mind of an article that J.G. Ballard once did called "Myth-Maker of the Twentieth Century." This appeared in the first issue of New Worlds to come under the editorial thumb of Mike Moorcock, when everybody was high on William Burroughs. Now J.G. Ballard nominated Burroughs as the "first mythographer of the mid-twentieth century" and Stasys Riukas nominates (am I right?) Jung and his brethren. How confusing. If you accept both as having a legitimate claim to his title, it would seem to suggest that William Burroughs' books fulfil the same function as an analytical psychologist. If and if.

Otherwise Stasys' article was useful in that it defined, within the context of the article, exactly what a myth is and, of more than passing interest to me, what religion is. Good stuff.

Having just read Brunner's article in New Worlds I wonder if I might be allowed to add my belated two cents worth. I experienced some of frisson John mentions when I came across his reference to Stapledon's Last and First Man and its relevance to his (Brunner's) first "expansive" attribute of sf. I read Last and First Man and found it an absolutely terrible, but terrible "book", in all but one thing -- its scope, which affected me profoundly (and I mean just that). Set against infinity man is a rather pathetically ephemeral creature. I remember I went around with a kind of depressive hangover for at least a month after reading the book (a tragic sense of living perhaps?). May I regard Stapledon as a "myth-maker", in that he awakened me to the total reality of this situation? Oh dear.

So I got high most of the way with John Brunner but was brought down with a thump by that dreadful final statement of his (at least in the New Worlds version): "When someone can talk about the way the kicks obtainable from general fiction are paralleled in sf, instead of the other way around as I've been doing, we shall really have got somewhere." Shall we really? I've got the feeling we shall have got right back to square one, doomed to start the whole ghastly process over again.

Ah well, if NIEKAS #15 did nothing else, it made me uncomfortably aware of the fact that there are a number of books I've got to read but in a hurry! And the first of these is Lord of the Rings. Thanks for that,

G. Charnock.

B. T. JEEVES 30 Thompson Rd. Sheffield 11 England

Dear Ed, Many thanks for the copy of NIEKAS 15. I drooled over the top half of that cover, but the lower half seemed more a case of "How can I finish it?" Pity, it started so well.

NIEKAS is certainly a pretty powerful (near pro) zine but not being a Tolkien fan, the material in that vein was wasted on me I'm afraid. I really must try him again to see if I can find out what everyone sees in him. (But I also can't stick Bradbury, Cordwainer Smith, Ballard, Moorcock, and Burnett Swann, so the fault is likely mine.)

I liked Ben Solon's reviews, but here, as in most reviews and 90% of most lettercols, the artwork never gets a mention -- obviously because it can't be haggled over easily. Even so, it's a pity.

Not being much of a letter writer, I'll content myself by heaping praise on that excellent bacoover illo. You ought to twist more work out of friends Smith & Paxson. All the best,
Terry

DAINIS BISENIEKS 1033 Pomona Ann Arbor Mich 48103

Gentlebeings, Looks like I just have to type my letters: my poetsards (damn, I have to haul out my FANCYCYCLOPEDIA every time to make sure I spell that, ah, right) in N15 are full of errors caused simply by your misreading my handwriting. And even if I had committed a spelling error or two: please, can't you just set it right? I am not fandom's Leaning Tower of Pisa, Rick Sney, whose spelling you must not set straight. Neither do I write the kind of letter that editors print with grammar and spelling uncorrected to show what a fugghead its author is. So, OK?

[Well, Dainis, there's a bit more to it than that. . . like, there's Ed's spelling to contend with too. And mine own is not improving. FR]

If your bacoover shows an incident on the trip to Crick-hollow, there is one hobbit too many in the picture! Only Frodo, Pippin and Sam were on it; Merry and Fredegar were getting the house ready.

Hey! Don't ever use that brown paper (pp 31-32) again -- it's a crime against eyesight. The only thing worse would have been to have microtype on that page. One otherwise first-rate fanzine of half-a-dozen years ago had micro elite on deep pink/red paper. Dreadful.

Howcum the 11966 copyright? y. h. o. s.

Dainis Bisenieks

JIM LINWOOD 213a, Westdale Lane Carlton, Notts Eng

Dear Felice: I sympathise entirely with Mike Moorcock in all he says about Tolkien, G&S, etc. He, but more especially G&S devotees, will be pleased to know that a series of cartoons based on G&S operas are being prepared in Britain. They will be produced by Joy Batchelor who did an adaptation of Orwell's Animal Farm about 13 years ago. Adaptation is about the right word, because it ended with the animals overthrowing Napoleon and his fellow pigs, thus altering the point of the book's ending. They did the same with 1984. I think the first G&S cartoon will be Iolanthe: I wonder if it will get circuit booking? I doubt it, and the few specialised cinemas in Britain barely make these non-commercial ventures worthwhile.

That Mike should sneer at Ellingsworth for liking the Rolling Stones is hilarious coming from someone who likes Zoots Money of all people! Best regards. . . . jhm.

RICK [no last name] R. R. #1 Fremont Ind 46737

Dear Felice: Enclosed find 35c worth of stamps. Aren't you ashamed of your money-grubbing selves? [Well, yes, we are, but have you checked the price of paper? I just bought 500 reams! --FR [Oy Vey! You do get carried away -- that's almost a 3 year supply! --ERM]] Everyone knows that an artist is supposed to be above money matters as it degrades his art. Seriously, you keep the stamps. I always feel ashamed at the length of my LoCs compared with the length--and quality--of your mag.

I enjoyed the Riukas article on Jung, etc. I have a strong mystic element in my mental make-up which makes me respond strongly to most fantasy authors, especially Robert E Howard (he believed in what he was writing about at least when he

wrote it. I can almost feel it when I read him.) and some sf writers such as Arthur C Clarke in his poetic mood. But I find it impossible to respond to other than scattered elements in religion. Psychology even less. Jung does seem to fit better than the others I've read of, tho.

So, according to Wallace West no nation ever gained anything by conquest. It seems to me that two of England's ex-colonies, the US & Canada (not to mention Australia), liberally repaid England's investment in the last war. England was a responsible imperialist who believed in building up her colonies. As a result, she has sired several responsible nations.

However I am 200% behind Wallace on air and water pollution problems. In the prologue to With Every Breath You Take by Howard R Lewis, there is a sobering story. It seems that chemist Eugene Houdry (cracking process) was working for the French government in 1927, when they came across the most devastating hydrocarbon derivative that he had ever seen. Some was leaking from a gasket. A worker attempted to tighten it and fell unconscious. An engineer was surrounded by the fumes for a few seconds. He was blinded for several days.

In 1950 the same hydrocarbon derivative was found -- in polluted air samples collected in this country.

So Ben Solon doesn't think much of Chris Anvil. I think Anvil is one of the best humor writers in sf. DeCamp is good, but his humor is on an intellectual level. Quite a few of Anvil's novelettes, such as Pandora's Planet, Foghead, The Gentle Earth, The Toughest Opponent, and to some extent The Law Breakers have passages in them that get me laughing so hard that I can't continue reading.

Now since we've teed off on everybody else in range, we'll turn to you, Felice. I sort of hate to, it being unchivalrous (and you having the last word), but I am still hep on the scientific method. The rating of an abstract painting is a meaningless question. The rating is largely a matter of convention, anyway. Just like morals and to some extent ethics, the value of a painting or an opus is pretty well set up by present society. There are many paintings and musical compositions that were considered worthless when they were written or painted, but now have become classics. The opus or the painting hasn't changed. Just society's conventions. It may be possible to use the scientific method to discover how the human mind works and thus come at the problem of artistic value from the rear, so to speak, but I rather doubt it. [I dunno who has the last word -- because that's about what I said! -- FR]

Ed, however, gets a pat on the back. I was mistaken. It has taken two teachers from the Electronics department to replace him [because I couldn't come to a mutually satisfactory arrangement with the administration for working at his school --ERM]. Say, Ed, how many of the weaker sex attending up there at Belknap? We have 1800 boys and about 10 girls. [Do you have a graduate school? --FR] Yours,

Rick

ARCHIE MERCER 1st floor flat, "Roschill" 2 Cotham Park So. Bristol 6 G. B.

Felice. First of all, I owe you and/or Ed a deep apology, because after all I now find that this establishment has indeed received its full set of NIEKAL. The trouble is that said establishment now has two rival systems of fanzine-filing. One system is for fanzines that I've read, the other is for fanzines that Beryl hasn't read yet. And they clash, fray/bray, they clash.

I don't care whether Frederick does it or whether Braude does it or whether they both do it together -- I like it.

Oh, I don't care what colour ink you use only so long as the paper is of a reasonably light-coloured shade. One sheet (pp 31/32 in my copy) is too damn dark even for black (which it has) ink. Oh yes, and while I'm about it -- I abhor microtype, and if such appeared in an ordinary fanzine I wouldn't read that part on principle. NIEKAS gets away with it because it's one of my top favourites -- but I still abhor the microtype. Use a larger type-face and scrap the illos -- that's what I'd do. (I don't expect either of you to take a blind bit of notice, but still.) [I'm with you. Talk to Ed. --FR]

The Function of Myth. . . I also found interesting, though heavy-going. Before an article like that is printed, I think the writer should be asked to define precisely what he means by myth. Stasys R seems to be defining it as something which is or was believed to be true but which in fact has never been so. Which isn't precisely as my dictionary defines it.

"Keepingism" I found particularly interesting because I've just recently read/re-read two of West's novels. Conquest, surely, is not always a losing proposition -- particularly if conquerors and conquered intermarry. Or even without -- to quote one instance, Tasmanian Man has not survived European immigration into his island.

And thank you, Riccardo Valla, for clearing up at least some of my queries on the Italian sf scene. Francis Joseph Arnold? A Frank Arnold I wot of, but I always thought his middle name was Edward. I'll try to check with Doreen though, though I think if she had heard of them rumours they would have seeped thru ere now.

Yours in any case,

Archie.

JOHN BOARDMAN 592 16th St Brooklyn NY 11218

Dear Ed, Lee Sapiro has very kindly sent me a carbon copy of his letter of comment on the last NIEKAS, so that I may have an opportunity to reply. It may be true that pre-Christian thinkers developed the idea that a single universal system covers all aspects of the universe, including human living -- but such beliefs did not become known beyond a little circle of philosophers until they were taken up officially by Christianity. In his introduction to his translation of Apuleius's Golden Ass, Robert Graves points out how the ethical and philosophical system accepted in classical times was anti-Christian. One did not, for example, help the unfortunate, but let him suffer his undoubtedly deserved fate rather than take on a share of the divine wrath he had incurred by trying to aid him. The hierarchical religion which Apuleius enters after returning to human form is about as antithetical to Christianity as it is possible to be.

Those of us who know Christianity only as an oppressive barrier to social and intellectual progress do not often realize that at one time it was a progressive force in human affairs. It introduced, though it seldom practiced, ideas of human equality which were quite revolutionary in the first century. By cleaning its own house of Gnostic elitism, it opened the prospect of a single order in which the entire human race could find a place. (Neither Jew nor Greek, circumcision or uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free.)

True, certain Greek philosophers may have anticipated universalist modes of thought. But it took Christianity to make them generally accepted. Stay Well,

John

YUKIKO YESUOKA 666 Yodobaski, Shinjuku-ku Tokyo Japan

Dear Ed, I am very sorry for not having written to thank you for your kind presents. They were truly wonderful fanzines, and I had a very good time with them. I felt very happy to hear about s-f fandom of late in the U. S. A. and the news concerned with the Hugo Awards. If we could get s-f prozines and paperbacks without hopeless difficulties, it would be easy for me to join in the Hugo Nominations. I think it unfair to send the ballot back to you under existing conditions.

The fourth annual meeting of the S-F Magazine (only one prozine in Japan) fan club was held on the 29th of May. More than sixty fans attended it. 10% of them (including myself) were ladies. We discussed three lofty items as follows.

1) How should Japanese s-f fandom be?

2) What should we want of S-F.M?

3) How should the Uchukiryu (fanzine of this club) be?

We talked seriously about them, but the time we allowed had passed at a run and we could not reach an accurate conclusion about each of them. I think these items were too vague and abstract for a discussion by many people. After a toast with Coca-Cola, we closed the meeting. Regular members went to a coffee house. There we talked about more interesting but useless things.

Talking about s-f fandoms on this side of the ocean, teenage fans have increased remarkably in number. Therefore the fanzines they have managed to bring out are going to make the adult s-f fans sick. It seems to be a delightful tendency, but we can not help feeling that the falling in quality will probably be brought on as a result of a flood of so-called s-f. It might be too hasty to argue how this lowering in average age of fans in Japan will influence our future, but it might be no more than a passing phenomenon.

The annual s-f convention of all Japan will be held at the end of August. The pre-arranged place is Nagoya, one of

the big cities in east Japan.

With all my best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Yukiko

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

Dear Felice, NIEKAS was its usual fascinating self, tho there was some evidence of hasty preparation here. Missed Carl Frederick's Barnacles, Nan Braude's piece is not bad, but she just can't attain Carl's level of insanity. ↑ Was the cover supposed to be at the bottom of the page like that? ↑ Harry Sanders' page was good; looks like it got in at the last minute. ↑ I note that in Moorcock's letter he mentions Peake's Titus Groan trilogy, then refers to Peake in the past tense. Is Mervyn Peake dead? I knew he had been very ill but I thought he was recovering. ↑ Best thing in the issue, tho, was the "Gnostic" article by Boardman and the discussion by Ray Nelson. Ed seemed to have some doubts about running it, but I enjoyed it immensely (yes, I know it's not spelled that way!), and I wish he had left in the pages by Nelson that he took out. Maybe he could put it back next time? ↑

Best,

Ned

[1-Yes, as is this one. The artist, Dennis Smith, asked that the various pictures be bled off of specific edges of the paper.

2-Nope, that was one of the first items to be definitely scheduled for #14. Just a last minute foulup in running caused the backside to be blank. 3-It would be meaningless out of context for the deleted portions were only quotes from orthodox & apocryphal scriptures. ERM]

DON MARTIN West Main Rd Little Compton RI 02837

Dear Ed, I've had a windfall since I wrote that letter pubbed in N16, in the form of two more Mann novels -- Grey Shapes & Nightmare Farm, so now I can really hope to complete my collection. As someone said, these books are scarce with a capital S.

Your comments on VERMILLION FLYCATCHER remind me of mine with RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY. I've wanted to subscribe and recently received an envelope of sample pages with a printed envelope for sub money. I sent it off, and it's just come back -- the Canadian post office says no such address. Ah well, I tried.

Delighted to hear "Narnia" is out in pb. I also hope to complete my file of the second-best (non-reprint) fantasy magazine ever -- Science Fantasy. Unknown was tops, of course, but if S. F. had run more novels it would be hard to choose between them, aside from Unk's superior format. (To me, pulp size was so far superior to digest or pb that there's no comparison.)

In closing, one question. Am I the only one in the world who thinks Under Pressure and Green Brain are far superior to the same authors' Dune?

Sincerely,

Don Martin

CLINT BIGGLESTONE 2615 Shannon Dr. South San Francisco Calif 94081

Dear Felice, You think you've got types?

In some western pulp magazine, True Western Tales or the like, during the 30s, the following quote appeared:

"He could smell her heady perfume on her wrists and breasts, carefully placed on the lobes of her ears."

Winnie the Pooh, Eeeeee! The stories are saccharine, excessively simple, and damned unbelievable. Why bother to consider Kanga and Roo when there's E. Nesbit's Psammead to read?

Yours,

Clint

GRANIA DAVIDSON 63 Winfield SF Calif

Dear Ed-who-is-missed-in-the-Bay-area-by-all-but-especially-by-Felice-the-night-of-the-last-Lamplighters-performance-when-she-stood-out-in-the-cold,-bumming-nickles-in-order-to-make-change,-and-trying-to-figure-out-who-was-to-sit-where: A most unusually interesting issue, but I could just strangle you... talk about self-fulfilling prophecies...! Here you print this fascinating dispute between Ray Nelson and John Boardman... which you say no one will want to finish... and you print it in that micro-sized, single spaced print... which OF COURSE no one can finish. They'd go blind if they tried! Now I know all about the difficulties of collating an extra thick zine (god, don't

remind me!) But Ed, do please think of your readers' eyes next time!

Newsbreaks: I had a little run-in [yes, I guess that's the word for it! ERM] with the Bank of America, which, of all people, MELVIN BELL heard about, so now, with Belli as attorney, I am suing the bank for \$650,000.00. [Yes, Felice has been quoting the newspapers about this. Will THEY ever be sorry they put a glass door in your way! ERM]

Also, I am planning (assuming I don't break a leg, or something) to spend six months in Europe this year, July-January, and would like to meet any Dutch, Scandinavian, British, French, Italian, Greek, or Turkish fans who would like to meet me. I would also be awfully appreciative of any invitations, tips on nice cheap hotels and restaurants, or things I MUST see in any of the above places.

Avram and Ethan might go with Lowell Moore to British Honduras during my absence (where Ethan owns a mango plantation [!?! ERM]) or they might stay in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico.

Center Harbor sounds pretty and peaceful, but also, I imagine, deadily dull and lonely. [Yes on the former, no on the latter -- see Bumbejimas--ERM]

Grania Davidson

ROBERT M ALLEN 20 Gardiner Av, Regina Saskatchewan Can.

Dear Felice, I could not help titling the cover "Fawn The Dark Eyed", and hope not to incur Joe's wrath by doing so. Really, you manage to dig up some exceptional coverillos, and the offsetting is marvelous [Take a bow, Dave Vanarnam! ERM].

Solons' fmz reviews came first again, but left something to be desired. Someday, I'd like to see a thick fmz column reviewing unknown zines, we all buy YAN and TRUMPET, so lets have some information about fanzines not too well known. For instance, I got off on the fanzine kick by reading an unknown zine. Some of these little efforts that advertise seldomly are in effect excellent examples of a major part of fandom! Regards, Bob

PAUL MOSLANDER 1206 31st Av, San Mateo Calif 94403

Felicitades, After taking devilishly long to get about it I have at length come up with reviews of sorts of Android Avenger and Wizard of Lemuria. I say "of sorts" because with the exception of special cases like van Vogt, Smith, or whatever, ACE Books never have struck me as being the kind of thing one reviews. One just bloody well reads the stuff, instead of dissecting it. Like any aged pulp, it looks uncomfortable in the light.

I haven't been reading science-fiction of late, due to other pressing genres (the text book field of writing commands much of my attention--I'm thinking of starting a fandom around it), so I was able to go at it fairly fresh and as unprejudiced as possible. The last s-f I read was The Mightiest Machine, in fact, and Lin Carter shows up quite well by comparison. Of course, perhaps reading Lind's Soul of Wood and Other Stories did dent me for Android Avenger. After having your narrator sitting in a locked train compartment with a smiling cannibal, or goggling through the beady mind of a cheerful mass murderer, the sense of disorientation White frequently tried to get across just does not take hold as strongly as it could.

My innate sense of honesty forces me to admit that I did not read all of Wizard. However, my equally innate sense of justice feels that I read enough for objective evaluation. Fortunately or not, I didn't give one. My also astonishingly innate sense of mercy called upon me to exercise restraint. However, my utterly foreign and bewilderingly so sense of maliciousness wouldn't let me go whole-hog. Perhaps I was prejudiced by that If article, which reminded me strongly of some of the things I saw as editor of the school paper, the Zowie-World-Here-I-Come style of enthusiasm in feature articles. Pax vobiscum*

Paul

*Presuming that in these troubled times it might not be deemed unpatriotic, anti-American, and downright subversive to make mention of peace, that commodity which every man says he wants but which no man appears willing to take the initiative towards securing.

Mike Ward 116 Broadway, Cambridge Mass 02142

Dear Ed, While I am still writing I might as well try to com-

ment on NIEKAS 15. Complaints: some of the pages, especially the ones done in grape ink, were faint and a little hard to read. Why did you run that blast from Ray Nelson? And, finally, I still don't understand why you give so much space to the sections on Children's fantasies (although there was only a small section this issue). I met Charlie and Marsha Brown at the Boskone, and realize that they are interested in this type of literature as collectors; but I, not being a collector, have trouble maintaining any interest in these discussions. [The section is popular, and I for one acquired an interest in this branch of fantasy as a result of it. As several people have said, this is where most of the good fantasy is being published these days. ERM]

Keep up the rambling discussions of your adventures in the cruel and heartless mundane world -- they are one of the high points of the zine. (Same goes for Felice, of course.) California was nice, but I don't find this at all intolerable. Maybe NH is tolerable, but I have my own (unprintable) opinions of New England weather. (And masochist that I am, I just agreed to stay around Boston for two more years, working for my Master's degree at MIT and working part time as a teaching assistant. But then, the alternative was two years in Ann Arbor, which is not much of an improvement.) Anyone who would leave California for the snows of New Hampshire must have something wrong with him. Or, to quote from page 53, Science Fiction fans...are nuts! But even with you out in the boondocks, the last issue of NIEKAS is as good as, or better than, anything you have done before -- NIEKAS, the Coast-to-Coast fanzine. Would you say that once more, Ed, for our listeners out on the West Coast?

You already know my opinion of "Marching Barnacles," except in those instances when a song or poem is parodied. "Throw Him to the Barnacles" is, if anything, worse: I would expect something like this from Carl Frederick, but to find out that there are two people so afflicted weakens my faith in the Innate Goodness of Fandom.

I did find Boardman's article interesting, but much less so his and Ray Nelson's arguments over the Gnostics. I feel that the whole latter discussion was pretty much pointless, except as an exercise in different personalities emoting on disputable history. Yes, I read it all, except the last page of Ray's quotations, but now I wish I hadn't -- whether John had all his facts right or not, he wrote a much more convincing piece (I hope he did know what he was talking about, since I don't know too much about elitist groups or the Christian heresies.)

I wish Stasys Riukas had gone a bit further in his article on the function of modern mythology. Does he mean that only the direct religious mythologies are still current, or would he class other, non-divine folklore figures as a part of mythology? I get the impression that he classifies religion as identical to mythology, and mythology as identical to religion -- which I feel is limiting the classification too much. Robert Graves, another champion of myth as a force in modern life, probably has different opinions again; but I don't remember anything of what he does support.

Dennis Guthrie, ~~boy~~ man comicfan, picked up a copy of Donald Duck and Uncle Scrooge. DD was pretty poor, not at all like I remembered him. But Scrooge is still pretty good. And the C. Barks fans claim the 1940's had the best panels. (Not being a comic fan, and 21 at this date, I've never seen them.) Carl Barks fandom may, even at this moment, be organizing around NIEKAS. P.S. magazine, V1#2 has an article by William F Nolan (of Gamma) who used to do Mickey Mouse for Disney.

And I close with the threat that, if Carl Frederick stays hidden in the wilds of NYC, I may write something of the same nature, just so he can see how it feels to read the stuff. (Of course, he got some idea this, but wait till I get my ~~Wahdy~~ pen on him....) Mike

Aha! I found the letter from Closson...]

JOHN CLOSSON 179 E. Houston St. New York NY 10002

Dear Ed... You may if you feel inclined announce to anyone interested that I currently cogitate design for a button appealing to the sympathies of those who feel that Sauron and the boys got a raw deal, what with neglect of property rights on the magic bauble and all. It will be more resplendent than either of the others, but should not cost any more at retail; the additional cost of manufacture for the extra colors will probably not amount to more than a cent per button if I order not less than a thousand, and this is no reason to raise prices. Suggestions for a slogan or legend for this button will be interestedly considered, though I cannot pro-

mise to adopt any of them.

John

JANNICK STORM Ejbyvej 142 Rødovre Denmark

Dear Ed, I liked the article about SF in Italy; this one was much better than the preceding one. I didn't read all the religious stuff -- honestly it doesn't interest me much. I got interested in the Stonehenge puzzle; it looked like it would be worth reading the book by Hawkins. And please notice the

change of postal districts from Vanløse to Rødovre in my address.
Yours, Jannick

WE ALSO HEARD FROM JURGEN M WOLFF (Terrific cover on N15, not too good a cover. Diana Paxson has much better work inside, like the great decorative piece on pg. 25), CHRIS GOUGH (I really must comment on Dennis Smith's cover: this is by far one of the best two pieces of fan art I have yet seen... isn't he appearing in prozines? [He is! ERM]) & ALAN SHAW (Messys, you were right about the Gnosticism discussion; boring as hell)

BUMBEJIMAS CONTINUED

or at least was working on it in 1948. In *The Alphabet* he only traced the development of the alphabet itself and said very little about the forms ours has taken and how it has been modified for the various languages that have used it. These and a number of other topics, including shorthand, are presumably covered in the later book.

Aside from Diringers later book (if ever completed) there is one more book I plan to read along these lines... Herbert Landar's *Language and Culture*. This book was given to me by another Faculty member at Belknap when he learned of my interests. (The publisher had accidentally sent him two complimentary copies) I browsed through it a little and started to read it when I first got it but it is a very difficult book and requires a rather strong background in sociology and anthropology. This is one of three texts for a course to be given this year by the comparative linguistics department, "Language and Thought Interaction in Small Groups." (The department has a rather small offering, giving only that plus "Origin and Development of Language and Social Thought," "Contemporary Language Analysis," "History of Romance Languages," "History of Slavic Languages," and "History of the German Language," all but the last being one year courses.) Among other things this book deals with the nature of language and the relation of reading and writing to the sociology of knowledge. Should the book prove too difficult and course times not conflict I think I'll listen in to the course. Hopefully the professor's lectures would clear up some of the matters of anthropological jargon.

Since getting back from school my reading has turned to considerably lighter matters. I finally got around to reading Ted Johnstone's *Uncle* book, *The Dagger Affair*, and I've read several children's fantasies as recommended by the Browns.

I've only seen 2 or so installments of the TV program because I've never had a TV when in California or NH, and won't see it often this summer for it will conflict with Fanoclast/FIST-FA meetings. I did enjoy Ted's book and gather from those who do follow the show that this was the first book to capture the flavor of the show itself. One line in the book really struck me, "She laughed like a wind-chime in a light breeze..."

In the children's fantasy field I read Kendall's *Gammage Cup and Whisper of Glocken*, and Alexander's *Book of Three and Black Cauldron*. I expect to read *Castle of Llyr* tomorrow.

I enjoyed all 4, tho not as much as Alan Garner's books. On the other hand these have given me more to think about than the latter.

I regard as a very hopeful sign the fact that these books are popular and hence widely read by the children, and the first speaks out so strongly against conformity. There is hope for the world as long as children are not brought up to accept conformity to the norm as the only acceptable form of behavior. The second book had a very good point to it, too -- that "it is hard to help somebody else without doing it your own way."

As Mark Walsted said back in N12 *The Gammage Cup* is about a race of small people much like Hobbits, but who are isolated in a blocked off valley. They are about 20 inches tall, I'd say, and proportioned like people. That is, unlike Hobbits they aren't particularly fat, and unlike dwarves they aren't particularly stocky. They are even more humdrum and conformist-minded than the Hobbits. Everyone lives in a whitewashed house with a scalloped thatch roof and green door, and wears a green cloak. The a dozen villages are strung out along the river, all quite close together and only a few hours apart nobody travels from one to another. A few of the more adventuresome think it

would be wonderful to someday see one of the other villages but to actually make the trip is really unthinkable. Three non-conformists in one village so exasperate the people that they are finally exiled, and two other people, one the heroine Muggles, are swept out with them. In some ways she is like Bilbo in that she isn't adventurous on the surface but does have the proper spirit buried deep inside her which eventually comes to the surface. Also, she actually gets things done while the others only talk. The others had been finally expelled for making nuisances of themselves by insisting that there was evidence that their impenetrable valley WAS penetrated, and by their ancient enemies the Mushrooms. The rest of the story involved their confirming this and leading the battle against them.

Kendall's other story involved 5 New Heros from another village when something stopped up the tunnel through which the river emptied, thus flooding the valley. They have to go out through the old Mushroom tunnels and then run into two other species of creatures whom they name the Diggers and the Hulks. The Diggers are flighty and incapable of speech tho they seem to understand the speech of the Minnipins. The Hulks, I gather, are men. I know this is a fantasy but still I find it a bit hard to accept so many species. I could accept the Minnipins lost in a little valley, but Mushrooms and Diggers too? And how many new creatures will be invented in the following sequels?

It is also very hard to place the time of these stories. Some 900 years earlier they had fled from the Mushrooms into their valley and it was blocked off allowing none to enter or leave. Several hundred years before the opening of these stories a fool had accidentally flown off in a carnival balloon and returned a short time later. Because of his simple-mindedness, the shock of his crash-landing, or both, he remembered nothing of his journey but he did bring back a number of souvenirs. Among these was a slip of paper on which he'd jotted down various abbreviations which he'd seen & which caught his fancy. One was Ltd., less than a century old, which would place the story several hundred years in our future. However, the men who constructed the great water-storage dam on the other side of the mountains, causing the river to back up and flood the Minnipins valley, use cross-bows as weapons. The Ltd. could be a mistake, I suppose, but the dam itself is a large concrete structure and the men use an aerial tramway to move supplies to and from the site. This implies a level of technology less than a century old.

I suppose one ought to just accept things like this and not worry about them or try to match them up with our world but I am afraid that my mind works along these lines. I like to see everything fit into a neat pattern, which is one reason I like Tolkien so much. The sheer self-consistency of his stories is a thing of beauty. But even there I am bothered by some things, such as a story set in ancient Eurasia where potatoes, introduced from the Americas a few centuries ago, are a staple in the diet.

The men are not antagonistic but it was merely a matter of the two races being so different that they could not get along together. The men wanted to irrigate the desert valley on their side of the mountains and simply didn't realize that there was anything on the other side. When they did learn of the Minnipins they immediately proposed to rescue them and re-settle them elsewhere. Because of the differences there was distrust on both sides, and the idea of re-settlement didn't suit the five. Their refusal to accept the help of the men caused a reaction of fury and frustration akin to that of our Government's agents towards the Pennsylvania Dutch. Locking the Minnipins up was very much akin to taking away the horses in punishment for

refusing to go along with the Liberals' policies.

After they escaped and succeeded in (accidentally) destroying the dam they knew that the men hadn't really meant any harm but had merely wanted to help the Minnipsins in their own way. It was then that Glocken made the statement quoted above, and added that were the Minnipsins to try to help the Diggers they would want to force the Diggers to change their way of life and make them live in a way alien to them, and to which they probably couldn't adjust. If only some of our own foreign aid delegations around the world, and our politicians at home too, would realize this!

Finally, I must quote the magnificent opening line of Gammage Cup (It was quite untrue that the Minnipsins, or Small Ones, were a lost people, for they knew exactly where they were) and mention the major pieces of magic in each. In the Gammage Cup it was swords which are normally dull but which glow and become very keen-edged when wielded by someone in a just cause, and also instill a fear in the enemy. Whisper had a magic bell whose sound has powerful psychological and physical effects which could be controlled by the wielder. The five found it towards the end of the book and while exploring its uses destroyed the dam and caused several earthquakes, burying themselves while they were at it.

I don't really have much to say about the two Alexander books. I liked them both, but preferred the second, and am looking forward to reading the third as soon as I finish this last stencil of NIEKAS.

ON COLLECTING

Sorting thru my ten years' accumulation of sf and fsy for the first time in ages in order to arrange them by category I found a lot of things I had bought ages ago when my tastes and motivations were quite different from what they are now. This has caused me to do a little thinking on the nature and motivations for collecting.

Virtually everyone has at one time or another fooled around with collecting stamps and I think a few of the habits acquired there tend to carry over. Stamp collecting seems to be an accepted part of our culture and there are many things which encourage a child to try it because it's educational and the like even if he has no innate tendencies in that direction.

Since an object of collecting is not only to acquire one of each variety within one's specialties, but also to get all of the extant variations (such as imperforate, or with different watermarks, or errors) I think one forms such habits and the sf/fsy completist will get variant editions too. An extreme example is Forry Ackerman who has some 25 different editions of 1984. Now most of these are identical textually but are merely different editions published by different companies and having different covers, etc.

This typifies the form of collecting motivated by pride of ownership. Other reasons for collecting seem to be to have the publications available for reading/rereading and for looking something up.

At one time I was motivated by that which I called "pride of ownership" for I tried to be a completist, especially in certain categories which I felt it was possible to be a completist in. Thus I have most of the short-lived and odd-ball prozines, and I have virtually all of the SF pocketbooks published before 1961, including re-issues with new covers. When I finish sorting thru my stuff this summer I think I will declare a lot of my stuff surplus and try to sell it. I have neither the space nor the money to be a completist like Forry Ackerman, and have virtually lost all of my inclinations in that direction.

I haven't decided what to do about my fanzine accumulation. I have them stored in about 20 special boxes and am slowly sorting thru them, putting them into order, setting aside the duplicate copies I have acquired, etc. The boxes are about 10x12x14 and are specially designed to hold file folders, letter-size in one direction or legal size in the other. There is no convenient way I can store them so that I could easily get at them when I want to find something and I haven't decided what I should do. I am vaguely toying with the idea of only keeping the complete APA mailings and the best of the genzines but my pack-rat nature is fighting this. One thing that I will get rid of is the various non-fanzines that have gotten in with the others, such as

sample flying saucer, Dianetics, etc. publications which had come in, and several dozen early issues of KIPPLE.

Getting back to the books, there is a point to keeping variant editions of some. For instance I will keep both the Arkham & S&S editions of Slan for the texts differ considerably. Also, tho I have the British hardcover of Weirdstone of Brisingamen I will keep the Ace reprint for the Andre Norton introduction and the Gaughan interior illus. I've also kept the British pb for while it has used the same painting for its cover as was on the hardcover book, the latter had only used the small central part of the picture while the former kept much more or perhaps all of the surrounding parts. Somehow the trimmed version looks rather wishy-washy with its great white border while the full version is quite impressive. If the picture weren't as good as it is I wouldn't have kept the pb. I gave away my pb edition of Moon of Gomerath.

I have 4 versions of Lord of the Rings and will keep all of these, tho I might replace (rather than eliminate) some. I got the regular hardcover with the US dustjacket 5 or 6 years ago and it has been read so many times that I decided to get a second set. At this time the deluxe, gilt edged, buckram bound edition came out and I got that. I kept the former for lending purposes. I have the Ballantine edition for the new information, and the Ace just for the different pagination. I normally wouldn't bother about that, but I read and publish so much about LotR that I think in this one case I had best have it for the page references. When the final corrected versions of the Ballantine edition are out I will replace the set I now have. As of now I can think of no reason for retaining the error laden version.

As for the Hobbit, I have the first hardcover edition for its set of color plates & different text, the standard hc, & the Ballantine edition. I just saw a new printing of the last marked "revised" and when I learn what these revisions are I might replace my copy, get the new one in addition to it, or just forget about it. All depends on the nature of these revisions.

SPEAKING OF TOLKIEN,

the Saturday Evening Post with the article about him & LotR has finally come out (July 2nd issue) and the article is very good...not in the sense that it presents a lot of information we don't already know but that it is well written and not in the least patronizing. (Also, Diana got a very nice mention in it.)

Thursday June 23rd was a meeting of the Tolkien Soc and I finally made it. The author of the article, Henry Resnik, gave a talk about his half-hour telephone interview with Tolkien and some of his other experiences in writing the article. He has promised me for NIEKAS a transcript (edited) of the interview, which will probably appear in the next issue. I also have taped the meeting and will transcribe a few other highlights to appear in the same issue.

Interesting news includes; Tolkien himself expects the first volume of Silmarillion to appear before the end of this year. It does not have a unified plot-line like LotR but is episodic. It covers from the first rebellion of Morgoth to the founding of Gondor. (Someone else had heard that it will run 4 volumes.) Elves will, obviously, play a very prominent part.

Tolkien had started a sequel, The New Shadow, set 100 years after LotR, but has abandoned it permanently. Its point was a bit different than reported last time. The point is that after 100 years of complete peace and prosperity the people wouldn't be able to take it any more and would be going for every sort of madness. New disturbances would be bound to break out.

About the only thing Tolkien would admit to being influenced by was Haggard's She.

Some other news/information I learned included the fact that Prof. Rose Zimbardo of City College of NY and Neil Isaacs of U of Tennessee are preparing a volume of articles about JRRT & LotR and are inviting manuscripts. (Write Isaacs at the Dept. of English, U of Tennessee, Knoxville.) Speaking of such things, Marion Bradley and I are vaguely planning to do up an anthology of fanish articles about Tolkien, to be edited & (if necessary) rewritten by her and published by me. This is a long term project for she is very busy and I must get several other things out first, like the Bookreview Index I've been working on & the Glossary.

Ed Marking

What do you do after the Tournament? We, about twenty-four of us, formed into another procession and processed -- all the way up Telegraph to Bancroft and back again. It's the thing to do in Berkeley, protest -- we were protesting the 20th century.

What do you do after the procession? About twelve people were left by this time, so they went to get food, built a fire, and we all sat around eating roast chicken and singing and dancing in its light. The night remained clear, with a moon whose paleness disputed the light of the fire, which flickered over the banners and reddened the violet of the hanging, and gleamed from sword hilts and satin cloaks.



So there was no abrupt ending, no anticlimax. Until after midnight people sat in the light of the fire and the moon, discussing, singing, drinking the wine, and springing up to show how this or this sword thrust would be done.

Does this sound like a purple passage? This is the way it was.

...they are planning another Tournament for Midsummer's Day...

editors: Felice Rolfe
Edmund R. Meskys

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

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WITH MANY AND HEARTFELT THANKS TO: Steve Perrin, Steve Henderson, Clint Bigglestone, Janet Dottery, Bob Baer, Andy Swenson, and Joe Rolfe (Look like a permanent staff by now? I hope so!)

A WORD ABOUT THE REPRO: The Gestetner is having inking troubles, and I apologize for the results. Also, Ed is used to my running the machine slowly, and he tried to get a few extra lines on; we lost some page numbers because of that. I am sorry, people; but I had to speed things up.

NEW DEADLINE! Since this issue won't be mailed out until the middle of July, I hereby extend the deadline indefinitely. Bear in mind that we'd like to hit Tricon; but write, anyway.

