



Sept 1964

NIEKAS is [usually!] published quarterly to fulfil the N'APA activity requirements of Ed Meskys, Felice Rolfe & Anne Chatland. (Sorry we're a bit late this time, but mundac and all that, you know.) It is available to non-members for contribution of material, trade, letter of comment, or (if you really insist) 35¢ cash.

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BUMBEJMAS

First of all, please excuse any goofs in spelling, etc., and don't blame the Poorf-readers. Over half the stencils were not checked by them.

LiSFS, ANYONE?

Until recently, Bill & Liz Lokke were the only other fen in Livermore, but things have changed markedly in the last few months. Oh, there always were a few SF readers that I ran into at work who had had some marginal contact with fandom, but they weren't really interested and I could never get them to come along with me to meetings. Well, first of all Liz' parents, Dana & Grace Warren, moved into town. But the dam really broke when James & Joyce Quigg moved here about two months ago. They knew Bruce Pelz and the Rolfes when they all went to college together in Gainesville, Fla. Jim belonged to the Speleological club there together with Bruce. Anyhow, they're not fans but occasionally read the stuff and Felice has been bringing them to some Little Men meetings. Also, they will be coming to the G&S party in a few weeks. And right after them, three SF readers turned up who had heard about the upcoming Pacificon thru some outside publicity. Two got in touch with Ben Stark before the con and came to the Little Men's picnic a few weeks earlier. I suspect all three will eventually become active in local fandom. And these are only the ones that I met. I wonder how many other Livermorianians are on the con roster. Then, there's Len Fisher who on rare occasions attends a fan party with me, and finally Al Halevy will probably be taking a job at the Rad Lab and moving to Pleasanton, a town 5 miles West of here. As I said, LiSFS, anyone?

THE CON THAT JUST WOULDN'T QUIT

I suppose that most of the Pacificon attendees recovered by now, but for a time I wondered if I ever would. The con went on and on and on and just wouldn't quit. This is the first time since I've become really active in fandom that one has been

my area. (I attended the Newyorkon in '56 but was quite naive fannishly at the time and went home each evening after the program!) but I imagine that things are like this in every city.

It all started with a well-attended party at Donaho's Wednesday night, with about a dozen East Coast fen present. Thursday night started the parties at the Leamington itself, and they continued, of course, thru Monday night. There was a large party at the Ellingtons Tuesday night, but I was simply too tired to try to make it. Wednesday a party started at the Andersons at 1 PM, but I didn't arrive until 8. That one finally ended at 10:45 whereupon the five of us still there decided to drive to the top of Mt. Diablo. For some strange reason we couldn't talk the Andersons into coming along. (This is a hill about 25 miles from Orinda that sticks 4000 feet into the air. It always reminded me of "the Lonely Mountain" for it stands alone. You have to go quite a ways to find anything significantly more than half its height. But unlike Mr. Tolkien's creation it is not of volcanic origin.) None of us could learn of anything interesting doing on Thursday, but Friday was the regular Little Men's meeting. Quite a few con holdovers were there, and the program was a sort of postmortom on the con and a discussion of cons in general.

And I don't know what happened to me during the con. I wasn't so tired during any past con that I can think of. Each morning at about 1 or 2 a wave of drowsiness would hit me and I would sit there in a sort of stupor for about a half hour until I woke up again. At Charlie Brown's party Monday I actually fell asleep for a little while, and really passed out at the Andersons' party for a few hours. If I don't watch out, I'll take over...oh blast! I have a mental block...is it Wally Gonser's? reputation/title of official con doormouse. That, on top of the corflu business, would really be the end.



Speaking of Corflu, During Donaho's pre-con party Phil Salin dug up some blue food coloring and put it in my drink. I got a few wild glances...especially when my teeth turned blue!

The con itself was an awful lot of fun. There were some unpleasant incidents but none of them happened in my presence and they had little effect on my enjoyment of the con.

For the third year in a row I made only a small portion of the program. (On the other hand I was there for most of it at both Westercons and the Lunacon that I attended during the same period.) There was always something else going on that I wanted to be at, and if the program item itself looked interesting I still felt that I could read it later in the Proceedings. I realize that for really good items, such as Fritz Leiber's talk on monsters and monster lovers which I did make, the printed text is but an emascul-

ated shadow of the actual talk...the delivery can add so much! Then too, there is no opportunity to ask questions of the printed text. At times I have doubts about the desirability of making the Proceedings available -- especially as I have yet to read those for the Chicon! They might lead to people speaking to microphones only in an empty hall.

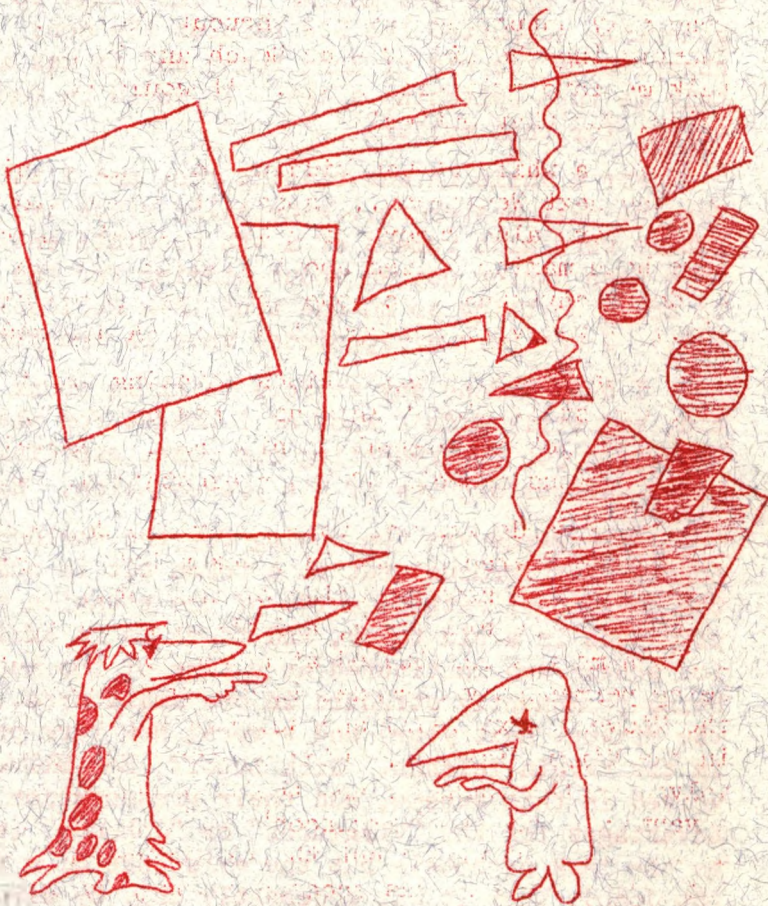
On the other hand, I was glad to head that Advent would probably bring out a set for the Pacificon. The committee had been considering sponsoring a set, but shortly before the con they announced that there would be no proceedings. On the other hand Advent can get ahold of tapes of the con and they say that there is a g-od chance that they would issue a set even without the committee's cooperation or financial support. [This was as of the Monday of the con...I haven't heard any further news since then.]

Monday was the day I really stayed away from the hotel. Ellie Turner is a corrousel fan and wanted to see the one in Tilden Park above Berkeley, and I had promised to drive her and her group there. (If you are fortunate enough to have read that truly superb fanzine of yore, GAUL, you know about the informal carousel appreciation group consisting of Ellie, Bjo, Blake Maxam, & a number of other LASFen.) Anyhow, about noon 8 of us left in two cars --my VW & Alex Bratman's 2-passenger sports car. After many last minute changes the group consisted of Ellie, Blake, Alex, the Lupoffs, the Webberts & me. I have no clear memory of having been on one of those things before, and it was fun to drop all inhibitions and pretensions. One time we all crammed gizmo which counter-rotates rapidly, and went staggering away afterwards.

I hope the group has some other excursions at a time I am visiting LA.

Blake and Ellie wanted to visit "Fairyland" in Oakland while we were at it for Bjo had recommended that as a fun type place. Unfortunately there wasn't time because Paul & Ellie had reservations of an afternoon plane back to LA.

No sooner did I get back to the hotel than it was time to dress for dinner. "The Pot Luck" restaurant has special gourmet dinners on Mondays, and I had long wanted



WHY ARE ATOM
AND ROTSLEK
STILL FEUDING?

THEY STILL HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO FIND A PAPER
BAG TO DRAW THEIR WAY
OUT OF YET.



Harneal

to try it so I got a little group together. As originally conceived it was to consist of the Rolfes, the Bouchers, Charlie & Marsha Brown & Tom Saidman. However both the Bouchers & Rolfes had to back out and Ben Jason and the Chazens came in at the last minute. We left early so as to return in time for the showing of the Czech film, "Baron Munchausen," but still we missed the first half of it. What I did see of it was superb and I am sorry about the loss. (They showed the first third again a little later but I was tied up at the time and missed that too.) And that was the final item of what was undoubtedly a very good program...at least those parts of it that I saw were quite good.

I had been corresponding with San Diego artist Dennis Smith about artwork for NIEKAS [I now have some superb stuff from him which should start to appear in the next NIEKAS] and cheap offset printing in Tijuana. In the course of this he asked me to second the bid he was making for San Diego to have the 65 Westercon. I agreed and generally supported the bid thruout the con. The Turners, on the other hand, were championing the bid of Long Beach and it was an awful lot of fun to have her try to talk me into switching sides. It would be fun to have her try to talk me into anything, for that matter!

For a while LA was bidding too, and I think it was fun to have a three-way race for the next Westercon...especailly since two were from the same metropolitan area! (There were also rumors of a 4th possible entry, Sacramento. However the fen there have been making noises about bidding for the last few years and never getting around to doing anything so no-one took them seriously. And of course they didn't enter a bid.) I was very disappointed when LA dropped out in favor of Long Beach.

I hadn't done any serious thinking about what I would say when I seconded the bid, and still didn't know as I headed for the rostrum. I don't think Dennis did a very good job of presenting his case, especially when considering the stress he placed on various aspects of his presentation. However I did far worse myself!

Afterwards was the voting for the Worldcon sight. The only serious bid was from London, but Syracuse put in a token bit in order to present its case for considering the occasional setting aside of the rotation scheme for con-sites (usually only one city puts in a bid today, and there is no excitement of competition, while the rotation scheme was instituted at a time of too much competition, and to keep the con from being permanently stranded in one small area...that's why they intend to bid against the Midwest next year) and several New York people put in a bid for a con to be held in the Virgin Islands. Dick Lupoff, Bob Silverberg, and a number of others were involved in this scheme, and their presentation was quite funny. They stressed such advantages for the "Virgincon" or "Johncon" (they hadn't decided which to call it) as the lack of hotels but the existence of a fine campground on the selected island (St John), that it was accessably only by air, and a round trip ticket from NY cost \$700, etc.

London took it, of course, but the V.I. got a large number of votes. Several people guessed that if the show of hands would have been for the V.I. first, and then for London, there would have been many more votes than there were.

Dannie Plachta wanted to nominate, and I was going to second Blanchard for the Worldcon voting, but when Dannie brought the petition over to the committee well before the deadline they refused to accept it because they felt that the business meeting was going to be a long, hard one and there was no time for frivolity. Howard DeVore had printed up publicity cards like such: + + + + +

to publicize the bid. [I guess that the joke is a bit esoteric, tho I might have said something about it in a previous NIEKAS. Anyhow, for those of you who came in late, Wrai Ballard used to live in Blanchard, N Dakota, where he was a dairy farmer.

[Continued at the end of this zine]



THE MARCHIN' BARNACLES

CARL FREDERICKS &

THE GRAZZDIPPLE BONK

POOF!

WHEN PUBBING A ZINE
SERCON OR OBSCENE
AVOID AT ALL COSTS THIS FIX
NOW HEED WHAT I SAY
KEEP MESKYS AWAY
'CAUSE MESKYS AND CORFLU DON'T MIX

WHEN NEFFERS ASSEMBLE
IT MAKES TRIMBLE TREMBLE
WHEN MESKYS COMES IN THEY'RE IRATE
THE LOCS ARE FEROCIOUS
'CAUSE THE GOOFS ARE ATROCIOUS
FOR MESKYS DRINKS CORFLU AND STRAIGHT

NOW IT'S BOURBON NO MORE
THAT SENDS ED TO THE FLOOR
FOR CORFLU'S A PERFECT ERASER
HE QUAFFS IT ALL DOWN
AND WITH HARDLY A FROWN
DRINKS MIMEO INK AS A CHASER

FROM MACHINES HIERONOMOUS
TO "CORFLU ANONOMOUS"
WE CHRONICLE ED MESKYS' DESSERT
PLEASE THINK OF OUR STENCILS
TAKE UP SMOKING PENCILS
WE IMPORE YOU ED MESKYS, REPENT!



UNITED!
of the WORLD
BARNACLES



DTC

SIGFRIED ZEHRGUT or

A Martian Idiocy

(PART 1)

Bang bang, said the chief without looking up from his desk, speaking of cannons, where will you be on the Fourth of July?

Don't know chief, replied agent Sigfried Zehrgut.

I do. You'll be on a case.

It's about time, said Zehrgut hoping for a case of scotch.

It's about space, interrupted the chief. You are being sent to Mars.

Mars!!! I've always wanted to visit the red planet bars, I mean Mars chief.

Please! Don't call me chief.

You are being sent to investigate what may well be the most unusual case which I have had the opportunity to have by chance encountered in the whole of my long career yet.

I am your man, chief, said Zehrgut lapping his hand affectionately.

Cut that out! And STOP calling me chief.

Mars, thought Zehrgut. That means I'll be able to attend the 74th Worlds Science Fiction Convention, which this year is being held on Mars. (The Marsy Gras.)

Give me the details chief....

Grrrr Snarl

....ly because....

Silence when you're talking to me, barked the chief.

All we know is that settlers on the most valuable Martian lands are disappearing, and when we search for them, the most we find is a large red blotch on the ground.

You mean, asked Zehrgut incredulously, The Best paid lands of missing men often grow a stain?

Yesssss, hissed the chief.

The trip to Mars on the ship, far too appropriately named The Boomerang, was uneventful, and Zehrgut suffering the aftereffects of too many "Purple Twisters" [1/2 vodka, 1/2 ditto fluid], could again travel according to that old dictum "ad astra per asperin."

Zehrgut had previously arranged to meet his old friend Michael V. Smith, water commissioner of Mars, at the spaceport. From there, they would ride by traindeer to the Hilton Fiddle which, tho a vile inn, was where the convention was being held.

Sig!, said Michael V. Smith.

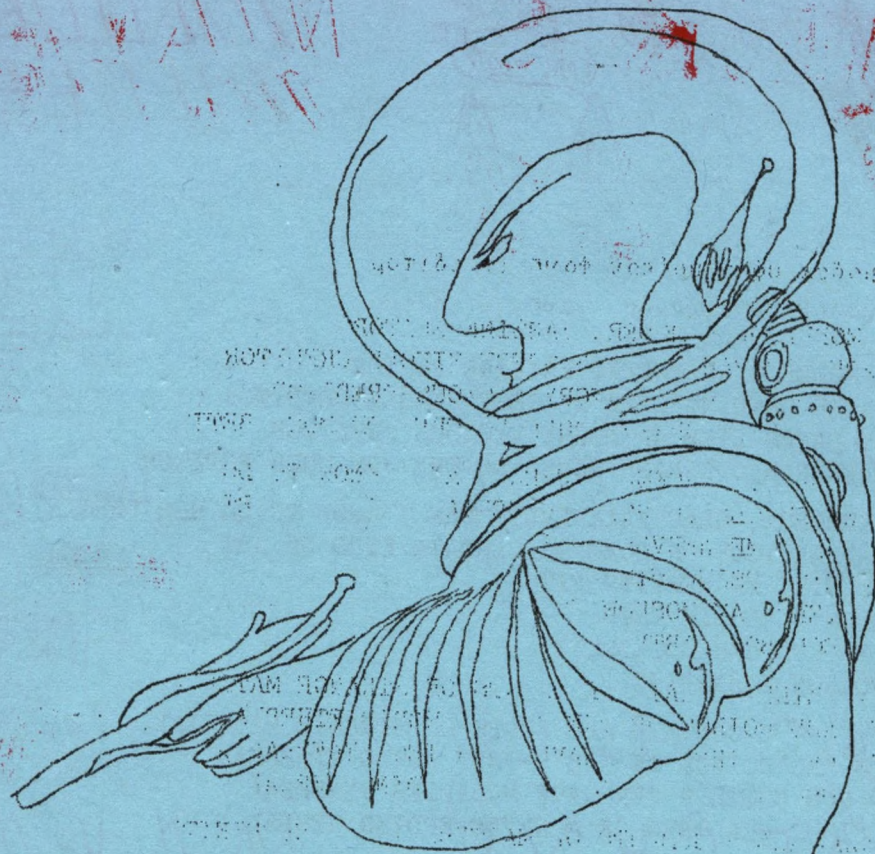
Mic!, said Sigfried Zehrgut.

And they, fully in accord with each other's habits, walked, as one, into the spaceport bar where Zehrgut ordered a scotch with water, and Smith a water with scotch. We should arrive at the hotel, explained Smith between swigs, about in time for the M3F beer party. I've been down to the Gazelle Gesellschaft. We have two healthy

The utility of fandom is that it is the only place where one can meet fen. Alf Erickson traindeer reservåd for the trip.

The Martian traindeer is actually an African antelope with the singleminded habit of following the tracks of fellow antelopes. The Martian settlers utilize this habit with great effectiveness by affixing plastic hoof prints along well-traveled routes. A Martian need only add a saddle or carriage, set his traindeer along the right path, and he is carried automatically to his destination. The traindeer, so called because they pull carriages and follow tracks, are docile and tractable when in good health, but when ill or uncomfortable they are quite unmanageable.

Smith and Zehrgut had been riding for several hours on saddled traindeer, when Zehrgut had to stop. His saddle which was old and brittle was badly chafing his traindeer.



Harmes

After Zehrgut had attempted to soften the saddle by rubbing it with oil, the trip resumed. Zehrgut was now muchly desirous of a beer. Soon thereafter, as they were crossing the semicircular canal, Zehrgut was seized with a desire to sing--

200 bottles of blog on the wall
200 bottles of blog
If one of these bottles should happen to fall
Good old Ed Meskys would slide down the wall.

--and as Zehrgut did not have a well trained dear, he was bucked into the canal, where he was set upon by a school of eels. Smith!, he cried, help, help! As he was fighting off the eels, Zehrgut was reminded of a similar set of events which befell that B.N.F. of long ago, John W. Hamlet, who said at the time--

To beer, or not to beer
That is equestrian
Whether there's no blur in the mind
to soften the slings and saddles of outrageous horses,
or to take arms against a sea of guppies,
and by opposing, end them.

Smith, inquired Zehrgut from under a blanket, what are those creatures in the water?
They're called kangeroos.

Why???

Because their only utility is as an ingrediant in soups.

I see, saw Zehrgut, You call them kangeroos because the kangaroo is a Mars soup eel.

(to be continued)

A MEŠKYS

MALADY MEDLEY

CARL WHO??

ι αμ θι νερι μοδελ υφ α μοδερν φανζιν εδιτορ

I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN FANZINE EDITOR
THE CENTRAL PAPER COMPANY'S MY BIGGEST SINGLE CREDITOR
MY MIMMO MAULS PAPER LIKE AN ANGRY VICIOUS PREDITOR
I'M SURE THAT EVEN HECTOGRAPH COULD DO THE JOB MUCH BETTITOR

I BROWBEAT, BLUDGEON, BLACKMAIL EVERY FAN I KNOW TO DO HIS PART
BY GIVING ME AN ARTICLE OR POEM OR CERTAIN KIND OF ART
WHICH WILL NOT GIVE ME NERVOUS FITS
AS ONE OF FANDOM'S LESSER WITS
WHO MADE OUR FRIEND SAM MOSKOWITZ
LOOK LIKE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

THE PAGES OF MY ZINE CONTAIN ALL SORTS OF STRANGE MATERIAL
OF CON REPORTS AND DOINGS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD ETHEREAL
AND WHO AMONG OUR BROTHER FEN HAVE MALADIES VENEREAL
AND MORE ATROCIOUS CHAPTERS OF A NEVER ENDING SERIAL

OF FANNISH FEUDS AND ARGUMENTS OF MATTERS MOST INDEFINITE
FROM LETTER HACKS WHO WISH TO SEE SOME TALK OF N3F IN IT
HOWEVER I WON'T TOLERATE
THOSE FEN WHO'S ANGRY LETTERS STATE
THEY THINK IT WOULD BE SIMPLY GREAT
WERE THERE SOME TALK OF STEF IN IT

I CUT THE STENCILS TO THE VERY BEST OF MY ABILITY
AND EXERCISE GOOD JUDGEMENT AND PERCEPTION AND HUMILITY
IN CUTTING LOCS FROM LETTERHACKS WITH GLEE AND GREAT FACILITY
AMID THE CRIES OF TYRANNY, INCOMPETENCE, SENILITY

I WORK ALL DAY AND HALF THE NIGHT AND FINALLY GET THE PRINTING THROUGH
AND CAREFULLY I COLLABORATE IN THE MEMORY OF THE NEOS WHO
HAVE WRITTEN LETTERS PLAINLY
INFORMING ME THAT NIEKAS 3
HAD HAD AS FAR AS THEY COULD SEE
SIX PAGES NUMBERED TWENTY TWO

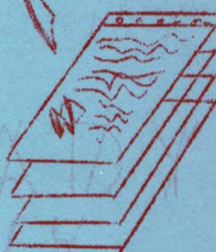
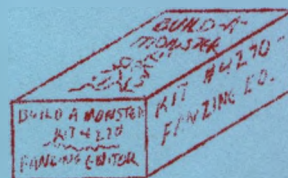
DESPITE THE BLOOD AND SWEAT AND TEARS AND PUBBING COSTS THAT GREW WITH THEM
I'VE RUN OFF 50 EXTRAS AND DON'T QUITE KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THEM
I SING THEN SONGS IN PRAISE OF GHU
AND THEN I HAVE A DRINK OR TWO
OF SCOTCH AND BOURBON AND CO-RE-FLU
GOOD GRIEF I'M FINALLY THROUGH WITH THEM

FOR HE IS A BIG NAME FAN
FOR HE HIMSELF HAS SAID IT
IN THE FANZINES HE DOES EDIT
THAT HE IS A BIG NAME FAN

FOR HE IS A BIG NAME FAN

AND HE NEVER WILL BE MISSED
HE NEVER WILL BE MISSED

TRA LA LA LAHA, TRA LA LA LA LAHA, TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA



MAILING UNCOMMENTS

FROM MAYHEM HOUSE

BOOTS AND SADDLES, FRENCH STYLE

FELICE ROLFE'S

Mesdames et Messieurs, bonjour. I had intended to devote these uncomments to reviews of fan fiction, so as to make up somewhat for last time's complete disregard of N'APA. Unfortunately, I've just spent several days -- nay, weeks -- with Messieurs Porthos, Athos, Aramis and D'Artagnan. In our home library we have the Heritage Club edition of THE THREE MUSKETEERS and its sequel, TWENTY YEARS AFTER. One Friday evening, desperately in need of reading material, I took up THE THREE MUSKETEERS in spite of having read it before....It was Tuesday before anybody here got a decent meal.

Mindful of the struggle it had been to regain the real world -- wondering, indeed, if I really had -- I carefully avoided any further Dumas until after my final exams. (About 10 minutes after.) Immediately upon finishing I repaired to the Palo Alto Public Library, an institution which consists of beautiful buildings containing rude librarians and very few books. I expected little. I found a marvel. Did you know that there is a further sequel? It's called THE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE, or TEN YEARS LATER. The subtitle is a little confusing; THE VICOMTE is set ten years later than TWENTY YEARS AFTER -- de Bragelonne is Athos' son. This book also differs from the first two in that it doesn't have a happy outcome, and it's longer -- to be precise, five volumes of fine print! (I believe it leads to THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.)



This is a bug.

It is not an insect-type bug

It does not have six legs.

It does not have any legs at all.

It is called a bug because it bugs

the hell out of Detroit.

Color it inexpensive.

I must confess that my heart warms more to the daring young D'Artagnan than to the wily old D'Artagnan, and that de Bragelonne is too honorable and too pure by half to be entirely interesting. Even so, I strongly recommend all three to the sword and sorcery fan. You won't find any sorcery, but there is plenty of swordplay and affaires d'honneur.

By the by, you may notice on these pages a couple of excerpts from the Mayhem House Coloring Book. There may or may not be more later, according as I get or don't get any ideas. The original impetus came from a Programmer's Coloring Book, which remarked that "a computer is a machine which is dumber than a human, but smarter than a programmer."

EN GARDE

You who aren't interested in fan fiction will want to skip this section, since these are the fan fiction reviews I mentioned.

"The Screen Scene" -- Dian Pelz. This one-pager shows a breadth and depth of erudition seldom demonstrated in fandom; or to be more direct, it is funny as hell. It is fiction, Dian?

"Year of the Earthman" -- Morgan. A moving story, with pictures well drawn, words well chosen. I can only pick one fault with it, and that is perhaps a matter of definition; how could the Earthman be fertile, if he was a robot?

"Kathy's" -- Koch, I think. This is immature in plot and in phrasing. Too many unexplained gimmicks and events, although since this is only Part I, they may be cleared up in Part II to come. One serious complaint; too many thoughts in one sentence. That's OK occasionally, in chit-chat such as this column, or in a stream-of-consciousness passage in a story. Overdone, however, it derails the reader's attention. Why did you shift back and forth between first-person narrative and third-person?

Note: When I say immature, it isn't necessarily a condemnation. (Not unless you're gray-haired and still write like a teenager.) It's something that time cures, of course -- but a little conscious effort can hasten the cure, and that's why I bring it to your attention.

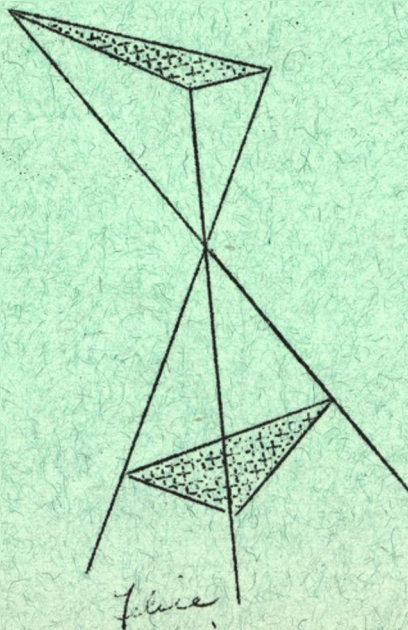
"The Shadow Slayer" -- Katz. My comments on this will be somewhat restricted, since I don't have pp. 34-35 or the end of the story. From what is here, however, it seems to be a standard sword and sorcery tale, with many of the faults of that type. To be specific, the sorcery is used both for setting up artificial dangers and for knocking them down again -- something I find most unconvincing. (As a matter of fact, that was one of my major gripes about Heinlein's GLORY ROAD.) In addition, although "The Shadow Slayer" is fairly long for a fanzine story, it gives the impression of having been pushed too fast in order to fit the space available. In short, not bad, but not real good. Stay with it, Arnie.

"Food Bin" -- Evers. A short gimmick story, and unfortunately the title gave away the gimmick.

No poetry here, for the excellent reason that I don't know a thing about it. Don't take these remarks too much to heart; I can't write worth a damn myself; but you do want some notice taken of your work, don't you?

CORNE DE BOEUF

...which is an exclamation used by Porthos in THE VICOMTE, and while I'm reasonably sure that my instinctive translation of it as "corned beef" is inaccurate, I do hope that if it has a more embarrassing meaning nobody will tell me.



WHAT RIDICULOUS
HAIRDOS THEY'RE
WEARING NOWADAYS.

Lucie

I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm enjoying Phil Kohn's contributions immensely.

Another zine I enjoyed was Richard Mann's. Your editorial nattering, sir, was enjoyable, and delightfully free of the adolescentisms one expects from the high school fan. (See, I'm not always indulgent.) Three personal comments:

1. You asked why do the kids at your school score high on intelligence tests? Probably because the tests are highly biased towards exactly the kind of experience that service brats get plenty of, since they're continually shifted from place to place.

2. I recently subscribed to Recreational Mathematics Magazine, and don't entirely agree with you -- it's too number theoretic; I like analysis better. I wish it lent itself more to this kind of fun -- and if any of you mathematicians in the woodwork know of a mag where it does, let me know!

3. To the very good question from your mother, "is fandom limiting?", the answer is "it depends". Of course there are people who quit everything (even sf.) in order to concentrate on fanning. But I think that the main reason so few other references show up in fanzines is that we don't think our readers would be interested. Meskys has written quite a bit about Gilbert and Sullivan and opera excursions, but most of our non-sf activities don't show up in print. For example, I mentioned THE THREE MUSKETEERS earlier because I thought it might be of interest, but didn't mention that it had led me to read the two volumes of Durant's HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION which deal with that period. (THE AGE OF REASON BEGINS and THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV.)

By and large, the fans I know are less homogeneous and thus represent, as a group, a larger range and depth of cultural interests, than the other two major in-type groups I'm in contact with. My husband is a "rising young executive/engineer", and he teaches at Foothill College part time, so we touch on both the industrial and academic worlds. The industrial social group is extremely limited and quite shallow in its interests. (Collectively, they bore me to tears, although individually they're widely-educated people. It's beyond my understanding.) The "academicians" might seem to offer greater diversity, but actually they segregate themselves by department, and there's little to choose between the two. The fans, on the other hand (and living in the San Francisco area, I'm able to meet quite a few), seem willing to range far and wide in their interests and in conversation. At least they don't confine themselves to shop talk.

My apologies to all of you who aren't Richard Mann. Originally I meant to do by personal letter. But I don't seem to get around to it, do I?

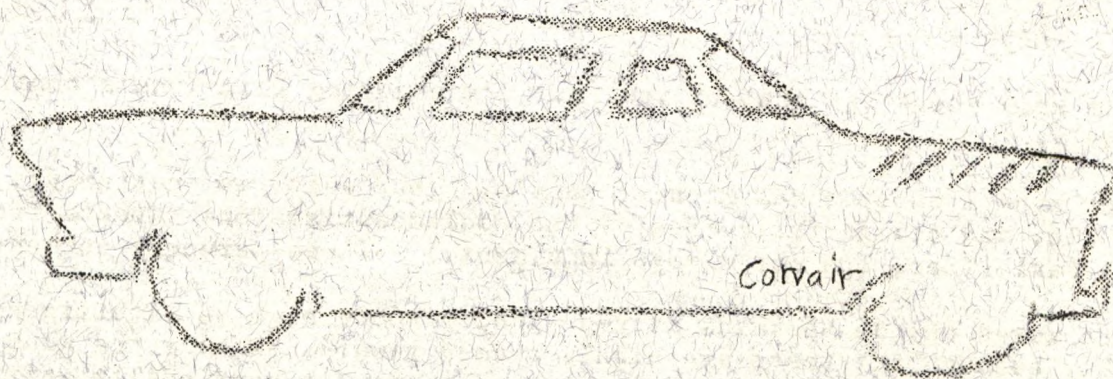
Bruce, I'd like to write more, and on more varied subjects (and thank you.) But the feedback in this business is lousy. Three months before I can read most of the comments on my column, and three more before I can talk back...it's discouraging.

I have two suggestions to make to N'APA at large, and especially to Pile 1;

a) Put three staples in the spine, pretty please?

b) Don't apologize for the quality of your material or repro. If it's good, the apology is unnecessary; if bad, it's redundant, because we all know that nobody wants to put out bad stuff. Apologies are embarrassing to read, and a sure sign of a beginner.

Benjamin: "Mommy, it's sunday and winday outside!"



This is a VW.
 It is a VW that looks like a Chevy.
 It is the world's longest, lowest,
 widest VW.
 Color it imitation.

NUMBER, PLEASE

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company has been trying to switch this area to all-digit dialing, and there is considerable resistance locally. The S. F. Chronicle ("The Voice of the West", it says in fine print) printed the following story awhile back. An anti-digit dialler signed his check to P T & T with his phone number -- typed. The company returned it to him "for signature." Still rebellious, he wrote in the number by hand and sent it back. At that point the joke backfired; P T & T accepted the check and his bank honored it.

The Rolfes feel that if you can't fight 'em, join 'em. We make our checks out to 7 8 & 8.

There are pitfalls for the fan, too, if names ever really are suppressed in favor of numbers as some fear. We'd not only have to recognize our favorite author by his number, but also by pseudonumber, or nombre de plume. (Is that good French?) Many old-line fans would have to scramble for appropriate nicknames; Welly Wastebasket Weber would have it easy, we could just call him 13 -- but what about Ron "Squirrel" Ellik?

My husband has a natural solution to this problem. His initials are j j, and any electrical engineer will tell you that that is -1.

Anne has just reminded me that the following unlikely-looking things are perfectly good numbers:

$$* \quad \lim_{x \rightarrow 1} \frac{(x-1) \ln x}{\sin^2 (x-1)}$$

$$** \quad \int_0^{+\infty} x^2 e^{-x} dx$$

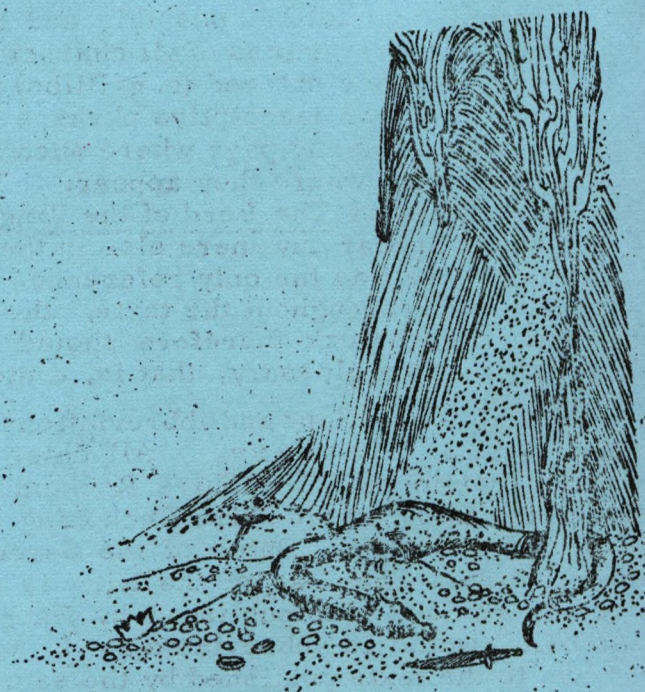
Aren't you glad you found out?

* = 1

** = 6, or 3!; it's the gamma function for $\alpha = 3$.

A GLOSSARY OF MIDDLE EARTH

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Al Halevy

INTRODUCTION

"A Glossary of Middle Earth" is a work which I have been in the process of compiling over the past several years. This work, which contains all the names and descriptive phrases found in J. R. R. Tolkien's fantasies The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings is now recorded on about 3,000 file cards. I have not finished the work as each card must still be checked, and additional cards must be prepared for items which have been omitted. Two years ago, I started to run the Glossary in a serial form in the now-defunct RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST. I am now resuming the publication of this work in NIEKAS. I am starting with a slightly revised version of the already published installment because back issues of RHODO are not readily available and Ed Meskys wants to keep the whole in print at least until it has been published in its entirety.

Putting together a glossary is not easy; it is similar to putting together an annotated bibliography. Instead of books, however, the items are names and phrases. Tolkien's texts had to be read and re-read carefully, and each mention of a character or place had to be cross-checked with the information which had been already noted. In many cases this turned out to be very difficult as the incidents being described resided entirely in Tolkien's mind, and it was impossible for me to supply information which he had withheld from the reader.

The items chosen for inclusion in this glossary are: (1) all the proper names, whether of people, places or things, (2) all events which have a descriptive title, such as battles, (3) terms which describe such things as days of the week or months of the year, and (4) certain other terms and phrases which appeared with capitals or in italics in the texts. I have tried to make the work as nearly complete as possible and have used extensive cross-indexing. For instance, the first names of all characters which either appear or are mentioned in the texts are entered (e.g. Bilbo) as are last names (Baggins), nicknames (Burglar), and descriptive phrases (Thief in the Shadows). References are given to the book and page where such items are either defined, or if they are never defined, where they appear. Thus the genealogies of the Hobbits (in the appendices of The Lord of the Rings) mention a large number of Hobbits who never appear anywhere else in the texts, and these are itemized with the genealogy itself as the only reference. If an item is explained on certain page(s) and used throughout the texts, the page(s) on which it is explained is given only. This work therefore should not be considered to be an index or concordance; it is a glossary, that is, a dictionary of terms.

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

PART I. THE HOBBITS

The first part of the Glossary contains the names of all Hobbits mentioned in the texts. Every bit of information available on all the Hobbits is included, except in the cases of five of the chief characters. Only the primary information for Bilbo, Samwise, Frodo, Meriadoc, & Peregrin is included. You will have to read the books to find out about them.

Adaldrida Bolger The wife of Marmadoc Brandybuck, & mother of Gorobadoc, Orguldas, & 2 daughters. (R3 382)

Adalgrim Took (2880-2982) Son of Hildigrim & Rosa (Baggins); father of Paladin II, Esmeralda, & 3 other daughters; & grandfather of Peregrin & Meriadoc. (R3 381)

Adamanta Chubb Wife of Gerontius Took; mother of 12; & grandmother of Bilbo Baggins.

Adelard Took (2928-3023) Son of Flambard & father of 5. He was a Party-guest & received an umbrella from Bilbo. (R1 45; R3 381)

Amaranth Brandybuck (2904-2998) Daughter of Gorbodoc & Mirabella (Took). (R3 382)

Asphodel Brandybuck (2913-3012) A daughter of Gorbodoc & Mirabella (Took); wife of Rufus Burrows; & mother of Milo. She was a Party-guest. (R3 382)

Andwise "Andy" Roper (b. 2923) Son of Roper Gamgee, & father of Anson, who lived in Tightfield. (R3 383)

Angelica Baggins (b. 2981) Daughter of Ponto, was a Party-guest & received a mirror from Bilbo. (R1 46; R3 380)

Anson Roper (b. 2961) Son of Andwise. (R3 383)

Baggins A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Angelica; Balbo; Belba; Bilbo; Bingo; Bungo; Daisy; Dora; Drogo; Dudo; Fosco; Frodo; Largo; Lily; Linda; Longo; Mungo; Pansy; Peony; Polo; Ponto; Porto; Posco; Prisca; & Rose)

Balbo Baggins The earliest Baggins mentioned, who was born in 2767. He was the husband of Berylla Boffin & father of Mungo, Pansy, Ponto, Largo, & Lily. (R3 380)

Bandobras "Bullroarer" Took (2704-2806) Son of Isumbras III (not Isingrim II), who had many decedents including the North-tooks of Long Cleve. He was one of the tallest Hobbits (4'5") & could ride a horse. One of the leaders of the Hobbits in the Battle of Greenfields, he is said to have knocked the head of King Golfimbul (of the Orcs) off with a wooden club--the head sailed a hundred yards through the air & went down a rabbit-hole. It is this was the battle was won & the game of Golf invented. (R1 12, 15; R3 381; H 27-8)

Banks A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire & in Bree-land. (See: Eglantine & Willie)

Bearer The Ring-bearer; hence Frodo. (R1 309)

Belba Baggins (2856-2956) Wife of Rudigar Bolger; daughter of Mungo & Laura (Grubb); & sister of Bungo, Longo, Linda, & Bingo. (R3 380)

Belladonna Took (2852-2934) Daughter of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb); wife of Bungo Baggins; & mother of Bilbo. (R3 380, 381)

Bell Goodchild Wife of Hamfast Gamgee, & mother of Hamson, Halfred, Daisy, May, Samwise, & Marigold. (R3 383)

Berilac Brandybuck (b. 2980) Son of Merimac, & a Party-guest. (R3 382)

Berylla Boffin Wife of Balbo Baggins, & mother of Mungo, Pansy, Ponto, Largo, & Lily. (R3 380)

- Bilbo Baggins (2890-3021) (Also called Burglar, Mad Baggins, Ring-finder, Thief Barrel-rider, & Thief in the Shadows) Son of Bungo & Belladonna (Took), who never married, but adopted his nephew Frodo. In 2941, he accompanied Thorin Oakenshield, Gandalf & the 12 Dwarves to Erebor, & later fought in the Battle of Five Armies. While on this adventure he found the One Ring. In 3001 he left the Shire & went to live with Elrond in Rivendell. In 3021, he, together with Frodo, Gandalf, & many of the Elves, departed from Mithlond. (H, R1, R2, R3)
- Bilbo Gamgee (b. 3036) Son of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- Bingo Baggins (2864-2960) Son of Mungo & Laura (Grubb); brother of Bungo, Belba, Longo, & Linda; husband of Chica Chubb; & father of Falco Chubb-Baggins. (R3 380)
- Blanco See Hobbits [in future installment] (R1 14)
- Bodo Proudfoot Husband of Linda Baggins, & father of Odo. (R3 380)
- Boffin A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. An unnamed number of this family lived in Overhill. (R1 53; see: Berylla; Folco; Griffio; & Hugo)
- Bolger A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Adaldrida; Fastolph; Filibert; Fredegear; Gundabed; Odovacar; Ruby; Rudigar; & Willibald)
- Boss, the See Lotho Sackville-Baggins. (R3 284)
- Bowman Cotton (b. 2986) (Also named Nick) Son of Tolman "Tom" & Lilly (Brown) (R3 287, 383)
- Bracegirdle A family of Hobbits who lived in Hardbottle (the Shire). (R2 301; see: Hilda; Hugo; & Lobelia)
- Brandybuck A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. The family was founded by Gorchendad Oldbuck in Buckland in 2340 who changed his name to Brandybuck. They lived there in Brandy Hall. (R1 108; see: Amaranth; Asphodel; Berilac; Celandine; Dinodas; Doderic; Dodinas; Gorbodoc; Gorbudas; Gorchendad; Gormadoc; Ilberic; Madoc; Marmadas; Marmadoc; Marroc; Melilot; Mentha; Meriadoc; Merimac; Merimas; Orgulas; Primula; Rorimac; Sadoc; Salvia; Saradas; Saradoc; & Seredic)
- Brockhouse A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire & in Bree. (R1 36, 167)
- Brown A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (R3 383; see: Lily)
- Brownlock A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Gilly)
- Bucca of the Marish The first Thain of the Shire, who became Thain in 1979. The Oldbucks claimed decent from him. (R3 323, 367)
- Bullroarer See under Bandobras Took.
- Bunce A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Mimosa)
- Bungo Baggins (2846-2926) Son of Mungo & Laura (Grubb); brother of Belba, Longo, Linda, & Bingo; husband of Belladonna Took; & father of Bilbo. (H 13; R3 380, 381)
- Burrows A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Milo; Minto; Moro; Mosco; Myrtle; & Rufus)
- Burglar A name given to Bilbo Baggins by Gandalf. (H 27, 29)
- Camelia Sackville Wife of Longo Baggins, & mother of Otho Sackville-Baggins. (R3 380)
- Carl Son of Cottar. (R3 383)
- Carl Cotton (b. 2989) (Also called Nibs) Son of Tolman "Tom" & Lily (Brown). (R3 287, 383)
- Celandine Brandybuck (b. 2995) Daughter of Seredic & Hilda (Bracegirdle), who was a party guest. (R3 382)
- Chica Chubb Wife of Bingo Baggins, & mother of Falco Chubb-Baggins. (R3 380)

The Chief See Lotho Sackville-Baggins. (R3 277)

Chubb A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Adamanta; & Chica)

Chubb-Baggins A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Falco; & Poppy)

Cock-Robin See Robin Smallburrow. (R3 281)

Cotman (b. 2860) The son of Cottar; husband of Rose (the daughter of Holman the Greenhanded); & father of Holman Cotton (who founded the family of Cotton). (R3 383)

Cottar (b. 2820) A Hobbit who had two sons, Cotman & Carl. (R3 383)

Cotton A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire which was started by Holman "Long Hom" Cotton of Bywater. (R3 383; see: Bowman; Carl; Holman; Rose; Tolman; & Wilcome)

Cotton, Mrs. See Lily Brown. (R3 287)

Daddy Twofeet A neighbor of Gamgee's on Bagshot Row. (R1 30)

Daisy Baggins (b. 2950) Daughter of Dudo; wife of Griffio Boffin; & a Party-guest. (R3 380)

Daisy Gamgee (b. 2972) Daughter of Hamfast & Bell (Goodchild). (R3 383)

Daisy Gamgee (b. 3033) Daughter of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)

Diamond North-Took (b. 2995) Wife of Peregrin I "Pippin" Took (m. 3027), & mother of Faramir I. (R3 377, 381)

Dinodas Brandybuck Daughter (?) of Gorbados & Mirabella (Took) who was a Party-guest. (R3 382)

Doderic Brandybuck (b. 2989) Son of Seredic & Hilda (Bracegirdle) who was a Party-guest. (R3 382)

Dodinas Brandybuck Daughter of Gorbado & Mirabella (Took). (R3 382)

Donnamira Took (2856-2948) Daughter of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb), & wife of Hugo Boffin. (R3 381)

Dora Baggins (2902-3006) Daughter of Fosco & Ruby (Bolger); sister of Drogo; & aunt of Frodo. She was a Party-guest & received a wastepaper basket from Frodo. (R1 46; R3 380)

Drogo Baggins (2908-2980) Son of Fosco & Ruby (Bolger); brother of Dora & Dudo; husband of Primula Brandybuck; & father of Frodo. He was drowned together with his wife in a boating accident on the Baranduin. (R1 30-31; R3 380, 382)

Dudo Baggins (2911-3009) Son of Fosco & Ruby (Bolger); brother of Dora & Drogo; father of Daisy; & uncle of Frodo. He was a Party-guest. (R3 380)

Eglantine Banks Wife of Paladin II Took, & mother of Pearl, Pimpernal, Pervinca, & Peregrin II "Pippin." She was a Party-guest. (R3 381)

Elanos the Fair (Gamgee) (b. 3021) Daughter of Samwise & Rose (Cotton); wife of Fastred of Greenholm; & parent of unidentified Hobbits. In 3082, she was the last to see her father, & received the Red Book from him. (R3 378, 383; see: Fastred of Greenholm)

Erling (b. 2854) Son of Holman the Greenhanded. (R3 383)

Esmeralda Took (b. 2936) Daughter of Adalgrim; wife of Saradoc Brandybuck; & mother of Meriadoc. She was a Party-guest. (R1 39; R3 381, 382)

Everard Took (b. 2980) Son of Adelard who was a Party-guest. (R1 38; R3 381)

Fairbairns of the Towers See Fairbairns of Westmarch (R3 383)

Fairbairns of Westmarch (Also called Fairbairns of the Towers) A family of

- Hobbits who lived in Westmarch near the Tower Hills. They were decedents of Fastred of Greenholm & Elanor the Fair (Gamgee), who, in 3062, became Wardens of the Westmarch (a region newly inhabited). They inherited the Red Book & made several copies and revisions. (R1 7; R3 378, 383)
- Falco Chubb-Baggins (2903-2999) Son of Bingo Baggins & Chica Chubb, & father of Poppy. (R3 383)
- Faramir Took I (b. 3030) Son of Peregrin I("Pippin")& Diamond North-took,& husband of Goldilocks Gamgee. He was the 21st Thain of the Took line.(R3 381,383)
- Farmer Cotton See Tolman "Tom" Cotton. (R3 286)
- Fastolph Bolger Husband of Pansy Baggins. (R3 380)
- Fastred of Greenholm Husband of Elanor the Fair (Gamgee). In 3062 he and his wife went to live in Westmarch, a country then newly inhabited (being a gift of Aragorn), & made their home on the slopes of the Tower Hills. They were made the Wardens of this area by the Thain. From them are derived the Fairbairnes of Westmarch, who inherited the Red Book & made several copies with various notes & later additions. (R3 378, 383)
- Fatty See Fredegar Bolger. (R1 77)
- Ferdibrand Took (b. 2983) Son of Ferdinand who was a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- Ferdinand Took (b. 2940) Son of Sigismond, & father of Ferdibrand, who was a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- Ferumbras Took II (2701-2801) 12th Thain of the Took line; son of Isumbras III; brother of Bandobras; & father of Fortinbras I. (R3 381)
- Ferumbras Took III (2916-3015) Son of Fortinbras II who did not marry. He was the 18th Thain of the Took line, and a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- Filibert Bolger Husband of Poppy Chubb-Baggins, & a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- Flambard Took (2887-2989) Son of Isembard, & father of Adelard. (R3 381)
- Flourdumpling See Will Whitefoot. (R3 281)
- Folco Boffin A friend of Frodo. (R1 51)
- Fortinbras Took I (2745-2848) Son of Ferumbras II & father of Gerontius. He was the 13th Thain of the Took line. (R3 381)
- Fortinbras Took II (2878-2980) Son of Isumbras IV & father of Ferumbras III. He was 17th Thain of the Took line. (R3 381)
- Fosco Baggins (2864-2960) Son of Largo; husband of Ruby Bolger; & father of Dora, Drogo, & Dudo. He was thus a grandfather of Frodo. (R3 380)
- Fredegar Bolger (b. 2980) (also called Fatty) Son of Odovacar & Rosamunda (To Took), who was a close friend of Frodo & a Party-guest. (R1 51; R3 381)
- Frodo Baggins (2968-3021) (Also called Bearer, Ring-bearer, & Mister Underhill) Son of Drogo & Primula (Brandybuck) who never married but went to live with his uncle Bilbo. In 3001 he became the owner of Bag End when Bilbo left the Shire. In 3018-3019 he fled from the Shire and went on a quest to destroy the One Ring. After the WR, he returned to the Shire, but in 3021 he, together with Bilbo, Gandalf, & many of the Elves, departed from Mithlond. (R1; R2; R3)
- Frodo Gardner (b. 3023) Son of Samwise Gamgee & Rose (Cotton), & father of Holfast. He was the founder of the line of Gardner of the Hill, which was later famous and influential. (R3 379, 383)
- Gaffer, the See Hamfast Gamgee. (R1 30)
- Gamgee A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire, & founded by Roper Gamgee, the son of Hob Gammidge. (R3 383; see: Bilbo; Daisy; Elanor; Goldilocks; Hal-

fred; Hamfast; Hamson; Marigold; May; Merry; Pippin; Primrose; Robin; Roper; Rose; Ruby; Samwise; & Tolman)

Gambridge A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (R3 383; see: Hob)

Gamwich A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (R3 383; see: Wiseman)

Gardner (of the Hill) A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. It was founded by Frodo Gardner, the son of Samwise Gamgee. (R3 383; see: Frodo & Holfast)

Gerontius Took (2790-2930) (Also called The Old Took) Son of Fortinbras I; husband of Adamanta Chubb; father of many children; grandfather of Bilbo; & great-grandfather of Frodo. He was the 14th Thain of the Took line, & was surpassed in age only by Bilbo. (R1 31; R3 381)

Gilly Brownlock Wife of Posco Baggins, & mother of Ponto, Porto, & Peony. She was a Party-guest. (R3 380)

Goldilocks Gamgee (b. 3031) Daughter of Samwise & Rose (Cotton), & wife of Farmer I Took. (R3 381, 383)

Goldworthy A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Hanna)

Goodbody A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Togo)

Goodchile A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Bell)

Goold A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Menegilda)

Gorbadoc "Broadbelt" Brandybuck (2860-2963) Son of Marmadoc & Adaldrida (Bolger); husband of Mirabella Took; & father of Rorimac (a grandfather of Meriadoc), Amaranth, Saradas, Asphodel, Dinodas, Dodinas, & Primula (the mother of Frodo). (R1 31; R3 381, 382)

Gorbulas Brandybuck (b. 2908) Son of Orgulas & father of Marmadas (R3 382)

Gorhendad Oldbuck (Brandybuck) The head of the Oldbuck family, one of the oldest in the Marish & the Shire, who c. 2340 crossed the Baranduin into what is now Buckland, began building Brandy Hall & changed the family name to Brandybuck. (R1 108; R3 382)

Gormadoc "Deepdelver" Brandybuck (2734-2836) Husband of Malva Headstrong, & father of Madoc, Sadoc, & Marroc. (R3 382)

Greenhand A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. The line was founded by Halfred, the son of Holman the Greenhanded. (R3 383; see: Halfred; & Halman)

Griffo Boffin Husband of Daisy Baggins & a Party-guest. (R3 380)

Grubb A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Laura)

Gundabald Bolger Husband of Salvia Brandybuck. (R3 382)

Hal See Halfast (R1 53-54)

Halfast (b. 2972) (Also called Hal) Son of Halfred of Overhill, & cousin of Sam Samwise. (R1 53-54; R3 383)

Halfred Gamgee (b. 2969) Son of Hamfast & Bell (Goodchild) who "removed to North-farthing." (R3 383)

Halfred Greenhand (b. 2851) Son of Holman the Greenhand, & father of Holman Greenhand. He was the founder of the Greenhand family, & a gardner. (R3 383)

Halfred of Overhill (b. 2932) Son of Roper Gamgee & father of Halfast. (R3 383)

Ham Gamgee See Hamfast Gamgee. (R1 30)

Hamfast Gamgee (2926-3082) (Also called The Gaffer & Ham) Son of Roper Gamgee; husband of Bell Goodchild; & father of Hamson, Halfred, Daisy, May, Samwise, & Marigold. He assisted Holman Greenhand at Bag End, & after Holman's retirement,

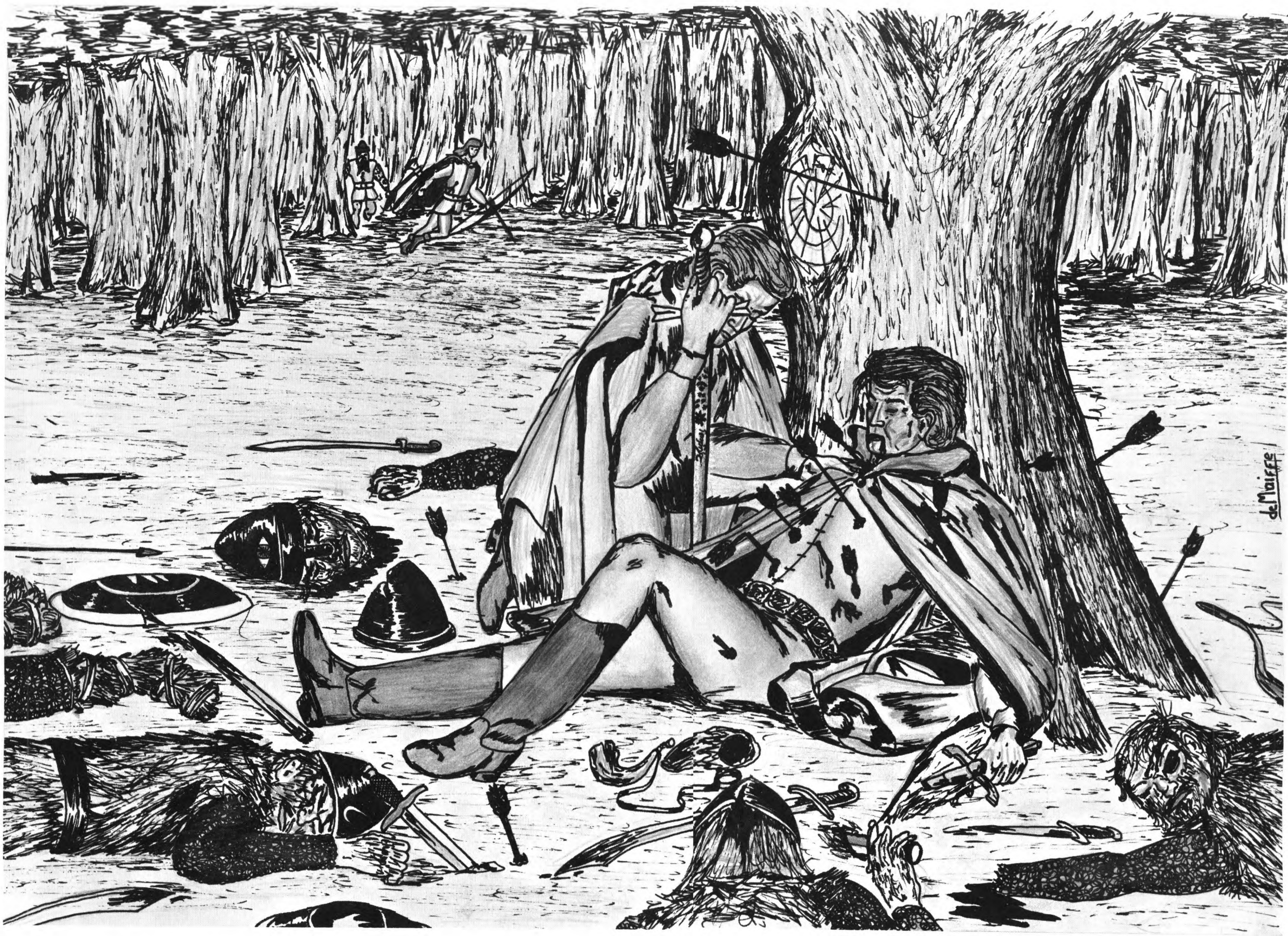
- he became the gardner at Bag End. He was a Party-guest & received a present from Bilbo. (R1 30-32, 46; R3 383)
- Hamfast Gamgee (b. 3032) Son of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- Hamfast of Gamwich (b. 2760) Father of Wiseman Gamwich. (R3 383)
- Hanson Gamgee (b. 2965) Son of Hamfast & Bell (Goodchild) who went to live with his uncle Andwise Roper. (R3 383)
- Hanna Goldworthy Wife of Madoc Brandybuck & mother of Marmadoc. (R3 382)
- Harding of the Hill (b. 3101) Son of Holfast Gardner. (R3 383)
- Hayward A family of Hobbits who lived in Buckland. (See: Hob)
- Headstrong A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Malva)
- Hending (b. 2859) Son of Holman the Greenhanded. (R3 383)
- Hilda Bracegirdle Wife of Seredic Brandybuck, & mother of Doderic, Ilberic, & Celandine. She was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- Hildibard Took (2849-2934) Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chobb), & father of Sigismond. (R3 381)
- Hildifons Took (b. 2844) Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb), who is said to have gone on a journey & never returned. (R3 381)
- Hildigard Took Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb) who died young. (R3 381)
- Hildigrim Took (2840-2941) Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb); husband of Rosa Baggins; & father of Aldagrim. (R3 380, 381)
- Hob Hayward A Hobbit who lived in Buckland & was the gate-keeper on the Hay Gate. (R3 277)
- Hob "Old Gammidgy" Gammidge (b. 2846) (Also called The Roper) Son of Wiseman Gamwich; Husband of Rowan (daughter of Holman the Greenhanded); & father of Hobson (Roper Gamgee). (R3 383)
- Hobson See Roper Gamgee. (R3 383)
- Holdwine The name given to Meriadoc Brandybuck in Rohan. (R3 313)
- Holfast Gardner (b. 3062) Son of Frodo Gardner & father of Hardinf of the Hill. (R3 383)
- Holman Greenhand (b. 2892) Son of Halfred Greenhand who was the gardner at Bag End before Hamfast Gamgee. (R1 30; R3 383)
- Holman the Greenhanded (b. 2810) The father of Rowan, Halfred Greenhand, Erling, Hending, & Rose, who lived in Hobbiton. (R3 383)
- Holman "Long Hom" Cotton (b. 2902) Son of Cotman & Rose, & Father of Tolman ("Tom") & Wilcome ("Will"). He was the founder of the Cotton line & lived in Bywater. (R3 383)
- Hornblower A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Tanta; & Tobold)
- Hugo Boffin Husband of Donnamira Took. (R3 381)
- Hugo Bracegirdle A Party-guest & recipient of a bookcase from Bilbo. (R1 46)
- Ilberic Brandybuck (b. 2991) Son of Seredic & Hilda (Bracegirdle) who was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- Isembard Took (2847-2946) Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb), & father of Flam-bard. (R3 381)
- Isembold Took (2842-2946) Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb), who had many descendants. (R3 381)

- Isengar Took (2862-2960) Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb), who was said to have "gone to sea" in his youth. (R3 381)
- Isengrim Took II (2620-2722) The 10th Thain of the Took line, & father of Isumbras III. It was during his life that the Shire-reform was made. (R3 381,387)
- Isengrim Took III (2832-2930) Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb), & 15th Thain of the Took line. Because he had no children, at his death he was succeeded by his oldest surviving brother, Isumbras IV. (R3 381)
- Isumbras Took III (2666-2759) Son of Isengrim II; father of Ferumbras II & Bandobras; & 11th Thain of the Took line. (R3 381)
- Isumbras Took IV (2838-2939) Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb); father of Fortinbras; & 16th Thain of the Took line. (R3 381)
- Jolly See Wilcome Cotton. (R3 286)
- Iargo Baggins (2820-2912) Son of Balbo & Berylla (Boffin); husband of Tanta Hornblower; & father of Fosco. He was a great-grandfather of Frodo. (R3 380)
- Laura Grubb) Wife of Mungo Baggins; mother of Bungo, Belba, Longo, Linda, & Bingo; & a grandmother of Bilbo. (R3 380)
- Lily Baggins (2822-2912) Daughter of Balbo & Berylla (Boffin) & wife of Togo Goodbody. (R3 380)
- Lily Brown Wife of Holman (Long Hom) Cotton & mother of Tolman (Young Tom), Rose, Wilcome (Jolly), Bowman (Nick) & Carl (Nibs). (R3 383)
- Linda Baggins (2862-2963) Daughter of Mungo & Laura (Grubb); sister of Bungo, Belba, Longo, & Bingo; wife of Bodo Proudfoot; & mother of Odo. (R3 380)
- Lobelia Sackville-Baggins (Bracegirdle) Wife of Otho & mother of Lotho. She disliked both Bilbo & Frodo Baggins as she felt she was the rightful heir of Bilbo. She was a Party-guest & received a case of silver spoons from Bilbo. In 3018 she bought Bag End from Frodo, but at the end of the WR she gave it back, & retired to Hardbottle. (R1 36, 46, 75; R3 301, 383)
- Longfather-Trees The family lines of the Hobbits. (R3 383)
- Longhole A family of Hobbits in Bree-land. (R1 167)
- Longo Baggins (2860-2950) Son of Mungo & Laura (Grubb); husband of Camellia Sackville; & father of Otho Sackville-Baggins. (R3 380)
- Lotho Sackville-Baggins (2964-3019) (Also called the Boss, Chief, & Pimple). Son of Otho & Lobelia who was a Party-guest during the time of Saruman's tyranny over the Shire he was the chief Hobbit, but was murdered by Grima. (R1 77; R3 277, 284, 299, 380)
- Mad Baggins A semi-legendary Hobbit who "...used to vanish with a band and a flash and reappear with bags of jewels and gold..." (R1 51; see: Bilbo Baggins)
- Maggot A family of Hobbits of the Marish. (R1 100)
- Madoc "Proudneck" Brandybuck (2775-2877) Son of Gormadoc & Malva (Headstrong); husband of Hanna Goldworthy; & father of Marmadoc. (R3 382)
- Malva Headstrong Wife of Gormadoc Brandybuck, & mother of Madoc, Sadoc, & Marroc. (R3 381)
- Marcho See Hobbits [in future installment] (R1 14)
- Marigold Gamgee (b. 2983) Daughter of Hamfast & Bell (Goodchild), & wife of Tolman Cotton (jr.). (R3 383)
- Marmadas Brandybuck (b. 2943) Son of Gorbulas & father of Merimas, Mentha, & Melilot. He was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- Marmadoc "Masterful" Brandybuck (2817-2910) Son of Maddoc & Hanna (Goldworthy);

- husband of Adaldrida Bolger; & father of Gorbodoc, Orgulas, & 2 daughters. (R3 382)
- Marroc Brandybuck Son of Gormadoc & Malva (Headstrong) who had many decendents. (R3 382)
- Master Samwise See: Samwise Gamgee. (R3 383)
- May (b. 2928) Daughter of Roper Gamgee. (R3 383)
- May Gamgee (b. 2967) Daughter of Hamfast & Bell (Goodchild). (R3 383)
- Melilot Brandybuck (b. 2985) Daughter of Marmadoc; & a Party-guest. (R1 38; R3 382)
- Menegilda Goold Wife of Rorimac Brandybuck; mother of Saradoc & Merimac; & a grandmother of Meriadoc. (R3 382)
- Mentha Brandybuck (b. 2983) Son of Marmada, & a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- Meriadoc "the Magnificent" Brandybuck (b. 2982) (Also called Holdwine & Merry)
Son of Saradoc & Esmeralsa (Took) who did not marry. He was a friend of Frodo's, attended the Party, was a member of the Fellowship of the Ring, & fought in the WR. In the Battle of Pelennor Fields, he helped Eowyn kill the Lord of the Nazgûl. Well known in Rohan (where he was known as Holdwine), the material on Rohan in the Red Book is derived from him. In 3084 he left the Shire, and went to live in Gondor. There he died and was buried in Rath Dinen. (R3 31, 116-117, 351, 378, 380, 381, 382)
- Merimac Brandybuck (2942-3030) Son of Rorimac & Menegilda (Goold), & father of Berilac, who was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- Merimas Brandybuck (b. 2981) Son of Marmadas who was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- Merry See Meriadoc Brandybuck. (R1 47)
- Merry Gamgee Son of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- Messrs. Grubb, Grubb, & Burrowes The Hobbits who sold by auction some of the effects of Bilbo Baggins at Bag End. (H 311)
- Milo Burrows (b. 2947) Son of Rufus & Asphodel (Brandybuck); husband of Peony Baggins; & father of Mosco, Moro, Myrtle, & Minto. He was a Party-guest & received a gold pen from Bilbo. (R1 46; R3 380, 382)
- Mimosa Bunce Wife of Ponto Baggins & mother of Rosa & Polo. (R3 380)
- Minto Burrows (b. 2996) Son of Milo & Peony (Baggins). (R3 380)
- Mirabella Took (2860-2960) Daughter of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb); wife of Gorbodoc Brandybuck; & mother of Rorimac, Amaranth, Saradas, Dodinas, Dinodas, Asphodel, & Primula (the mother of Frodo). (R3 381, 382)
- Moro Burrows (b. 2991) Son of Milo & Peony (Baggins) who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- Mosco Burrows (b. 2987) Son of Milo & Peony (Baggins) who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- Mungo Baggins (2807-2900) Son of Balbo & Berylla (Boffin); husband of Laura Grubb; & father of Bungo, Belba, Longo, Linda, & Bingo. He was thus grandfather of Bilbo. (R3 380)
- Mugwort A family of Hobbits who lived in Bree-land. (R1 167)
- Myrtle Burrows (b. 2991) Daughter of Milo & Peony (Baggins) who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- Nibs See: Carl Cotton. (R3 287)
- Nick See: Bowman Cotton. (R3 287)
- Noakes A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Old Noakes)

- Nob A Hobbit employed by The Prancing Pony in Bree. (R1 165)
- North-Took A family of Hobbits who lived in Long Cleeve in the Shire, & descended from Bandobras Took. (R3 381; see: Diamond)
- Odo Proudfoot (2904-3005) Son of Bodo & Linda (Baggins) & father of Olo, who was a Party-guest. (R1 39; R3 380)
- Odovacar Bolger Husband of Rosamunda Took & father of Fredegar, who was a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- Oldbuck A family of Hobbits who used to live in the Marish, and later became the Brandybucks of Buckland. (R1 108; R3 382; see: Bucca; & Gorhendad)
- Old Noakes A Hobbit who lived in Bywater. (R1 30)
- Old Rory See: Rorimac Brandybuck. (R3 382)
- Old Toby 1. See Tobold Hornblower. (R1 18) 2. A brand of pipe-weed. (R1 18)
- Old Took See Gerontius Took. (R1 31; R3 381)
- Old Will See Will Whitfoot. (R3 292)
- Olo Proudfoot (2946-3035) Son of Odo & father of Sancho, who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- Orgulas Brandybuck (b. 2868) Son of Marmadoc & Adaldrida (Bolger) & father of Gorbulas. (R3 382)
- Otho Sackville-Baggins (2910-3012) Son of Longo Baggins & Camellia Sackville; husband of Lobelia Bracegirdle; & father of Lotho. He was the founder of the Sackville-Baggins & a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- Paladin Took II (2933-3034) Son of Adalgrim; husband of Eglantine Banks; & father of Pearl, Pimpernil, Pervinca, & Peregrin I. He was the 19th Thain of the Took line & a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- Pansy Baggins (b. 2812) Daughter of Balba & Berylla (Boffin), & wife of Fastolph Bolger. (R3 380)
- Pearl Took (b. 2975) Daughter of Paladin II & Eglantine (Banks); sister of Peregrin; & a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- Peony Baggins (b. 2950) Daughter of Posco & Gilly (Brownlock); wife of Milo Burrows; & mother of Mosco, Moro, Myrtle, & Minto. She was a Party-guest. (R3 380, 382)
- Peregrin Took I (b. 2990) (Also called Pippin) Son of Paladin II & Eglantine (Banks); husband of Diamond North-took; & father of Faramir I. He was a friend of Frodo's, attended the Party, was a member of The Fellowship of the Ring, & fought in the WR. 20th Thain of the Took line, in 3084 he left the Shire and went to live in Gondor. There he died, and was buried in Rath Dinen. (R1, R2, R3)
- Pervinca Took (b. 2985) Daughter of Paladin II & Eglantine (Banks) & sister of Peregrin. She was a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- Pimpernel Took (2979) Son of Paladin II & Eglantine (Banks) & brother of Peregrin- He was a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- Pimple See: Lotho Sackville-Beggins. (R3 291)
- Pippin See: Peregrin Took I. (R1 51)
- Pippin Gamgee (b. 3029) Son of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- Polo Baggins Son of Ponto & Mimosa (Bunce) & father of Posco & Prisca. (R3 380)
- Ponto Baggins (2816-2911) Son of Balbo & Berylla (Boffin); husband of Mimosa Bunce; & father of Rosa & Polo. (R3 380)

- Ponto Baggins (b. 2946) Son of Posco & Gilly (Brownlock) & father of Angelica, who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- Poppy Chubb-Baggins (b. 2944) Daughter of Falco; & wife of Filibert Bolger, who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- Porto Baggins (b. 2948) Son of Posco & Gilly (Brownlock) who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- Posco Baggins (b. 2902) Son of Polo & Mimosa (Bunce); husband of Gilly Brownlock; & father of Ponto, Porto, & Peony. (R3 380)
- Primrose Gamgee (b. 3035) Daughter of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- Primula Brandybuck (2920-2980) Daughter of Gorbado & Mirabella (Took); wife of Drogo Baggins; & mother of Frodo. She was drowned together with her husband in a boating accident on the Baranduin. (R1 30-1; R3 380, 381, 382)
- Prisca Baggins (b. 2906) Daughter of Polo & Mimosa (Bunce) & wife of Wilibald Bolger (R3 380)
- Proudfoot A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Bodo; Odo; Olo; & Sanch)
- Puddifoots A family of Hobbits who lived in Stock (the Shire). (R1 101)
- Reginard Took (b. 2969) Son of Adelard & a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- Ring-Bearer See: Frodo Baggins & Samwise Gamgee. (R1 237; R3 309)
- Ring-Finder See: Bilbo Baggins. (R1 237)
- Robin Gamgee (b. 3040) Son of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- Robin Smallburrow. (Also called Cock-robin) A Hobbit who lived in Hobbiton. (R3 281)
- Roper A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. The line was started by Andwise. (R3 383; see: Andwise; & Anson)
- Roper, The See: Hob Gamidge. (R3 383)
- Roper Gamgee (2885-2984) (Also called Hobson) Son of Hob Gamidge & Rowan (daughter of Holman the Greenhanded), & father of Andwise Roper, Hamfast Gamgee, May, & Halfred of Overhill. He was the founder of the line of Gamgee. (R3 383)
- Rorimac "Goldfather" Brandybuck (2902-3008) (Also called Rory & Old Rory) Son of Gorbado & Mirabella (Took); husband of Menegilda Goold; & father of Saradoc & Merimac. He was thus a grandfather of Meriadoc. He was also a Party-guest & received a gift from Bilbo. (R1 39; R3 382)
- Rory Brandybuck, See Rorimac Brandybuck. (R1 39)
- Rose Baggins (b. 2856) Daughter of Ponto & Mimosa (Bunce); wife of Hildigrim Took; mother of Adalgrim; & great-grandmother of Peregrin & Meriadoc. (R3 380-1)
- Rosamunda Took (b. 2938) Daughter of Sigismond; wife of Odovacar Bolger; & mother of Fredegard. She was a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- Rose (b. 2862) Daughter of Holman the Greenhanded & wife of Cotman. Her son was Holman Cotton who founded the line of Cotton. (R3 381)
- Rose Cotton (2984-3082) (Also called Rosie) Daughter of Tolman ("Tom") & Lily (Brown); wife of Samwise Gamgee; & mother of Elanor the Fair, Frodo Gardner, Rose, Merry, Pippin, Goldilocks, Hamfast, Daisy, Primrose, Bilbo, Ruby, Robin, & Tolman (Tom). (R3 378, 383)
- Rose Gamgee (b. 3025) Daughter of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- Rosie See: Rose Cotton. (R3 287)
- Rowan (b. 2849) Daughter of Holman the Greenhanded; wife of Hob Gamidge; &



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- mother of Roper Gamgee. (R3 383)
- Ruby Bolger Wife of Fosco Baggins; mother of Dora, Drogo, & Dudo; & a grandmother of Frodo. (R3 380)
- Ruby Gamgee (b. 3038) Daughter of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- Rudigar Bolger Husband of Belba Baggins. (R3 380)
- Rufus Burrows Husband of Asphodel Brandybuck & father of Milo Burrows, who was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- Sackville A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Camellia)
- Sackville-Baggins A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire, and who were descended from Longo Baggins & Camellia Sackville. (H 311-2; see: Otho; Lotho; & Lobelia)
- Sadoc Brandybuck (b. 2779) Son of Gormadoc & Malva (Headstrong); & father of Salvia & 2 sons. (R3 382)
- Salvia Brandybuck (b. 2826) Daughter of Sadoc & wife of Gundabald Bolger. (R3 382)
- Sam Gamgee See: Samwise Gamgee.
- Samwise Gamgee (2980-c. 3082) (Also called Master Samwise, Sam, & Ring-bearer) Son of Hamfast & Bell (Goodchild); husband of Rose Cotton; & father of 13. He was a member of the Fellowship of the Ring, and went with Frodo in the latter's quest to destroy the One Ring. After the WR, he returned to the Shire & was elected Mayor for 7 times. The Red Book was in his care until 3082 when he gave it to his daughter Elanor, and then, it is said, went to the Grey Havens & passed over the Sea. (R3 377-8, 383; R1, R2, R3)
- Sancho Proudfoot (b. 2990) Son of Olo & a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- Sandheaver A family of Hobbits who lived in Bree-land. (R1 167)
- Sandyman A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. A Hobbit, not further identified, was the Hobbiton miller. (R1 31-2; see: Ted)
- Saradas Brandybuck (2908-3007) Son of Gorbodoc & Mirabella (Took) & father of Seredic who was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- Saradoc "Scattergold" Brandybuck (2940-3032) Son of Rorimac & Menegilda (Goold); husband of Esmeralda Took; & father of Meriadoc. He was a Party-guest. (R3 381-2)
- Seredic Brandybuck (b. 2948) Son of Saradas; husband of Hilda Bracegirdle; & father of Doderic, Ilberic, & Celandine. He was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- Sigismond Took (2890-2991) Son of Hildibrand & father of Rosamunda & Ferdinand. (R3 381)
- Smallburrow A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Robin)
- Tanta Hornblower Wife of Largo Baggins & mother of Fosco. (R3 380)
- Ted Sandyman Son of the Sandyman who was the miller in Hobbiton. (R1 53; R3 296)
- Thief Barrel-Rider See: Bilbo Baggins. (H 237)
- Thief in the Shadows See: Bilbo Baggins. (H 235)
- Tobold Hornblower (Also called Old Toby) A Hobbit of Longbottom who was the first to plant pipe-weed in the Shire (c. 2670). (R1 18)
- Togo Goodbody Husband of Lily Baggins. (R3 380)
- Tolman Cotton (Jr.) (b. 2980) (Also called Tom & Young Tom) Son of Tolman ("Tom") & Lily (Brown); & husband of Marigold Gamgee. (R3 383)
- Tolman Gamgee (b. 3042) (Also called Tom) Son of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)

Tolman "Tom" Cotton (2941-3040) (Also called Farmer Cotton) Son of Holman "Long Hom" Cotton; husband of Lily Brown; & father of Tolman (Young Tom), Rose, Wilcome (Jolly), Bowman (Nick), & Carl (Nibs). (R3 286, 383)

Tom See: Tolman Cotton (Jr.); & Tolman Gamgee. (R3 383)

Took A family of Hobbits who lived in Tookland in the Shire. The chief Took was Thain & was called The Took, having received that honor from the Oldbucks. They were a very numerous & wealthy family. (R1 19-20; see: Adalgrim; Adelard; Bandobras; Belladonna; Donnaimira; Esmeralda; Everard; Faramir; Ferdibrand; Ferdinand; Ferumbras; Flambard; Fortinbras; Gerontius; Hildibrand; Hildifons; Hildigard; Hildigrim; Isembard; Isembold; Isengar; Isengrim; Isenbras; Mirabella; Paladin; Pearl; Peregrin; Pimperial; Pervinca; Reginard; Rosamunda; & Sigismond)

Took-clans See under Took. (H 13)

Took, The See under Took. (R1 20)

Tunnelly A family of Hobbits who lived in Bree-land. (R1 167)

Twofeet, Daddy See under Daddy Twofeet

Underhill A family of Hobbits who lived in Staddle (Bree-land). A member of this family was killed in the WR. (R1 167; R3 271)

Underhill, Mister An alias used by Frodo in his flight from the Shire to Bree in 3018. (R1 72)

Whitfoot A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Will)

Widow Rumble A widow who looked after Hamfast Gamgee. (R3 305)

Wilcome Cotton (b. 2984) (Also called Jolly) Son of Tolman ("Tom") & Lily (Brown). (R3 383)

Wilcome "Will" Cotton (b. 2946) Son of Holman "Long Hom". (R3 383)

Wilibald Bolger Husband of Prisca Baggins. (R3 380)

Willie Banks A Hobbit who lived in Bree, & who was killed in 3019 in the WR. (R3 271)

Will Whitfoot (Also called Old Will & Flourdumpling) A Hobbit of the Shire who was Mayor of Michel Delving during the years preceeding the WR until 3027. (R1 168; R3 377)



a hornbook for critics

JOHN BAXTER

I have a theory. To be specific, it is a theory about literary criticism and its application to science fiction. Like most of its breed this theory has a lot of rough edges and there may even be a few basic flaws that the writer cannot see. And as if its unformed nature were not sufficient drawback it is further handicapped because it deals in absolutes, and, as I have been told a number of times, absolutes are for adolescents. However, for all this, I think there is a grain or two of truth in the theory, and I hope some of you will take the trouble to dig for it.

Briefly, my thesis is this: -- that the main trouble with literary criticism is a lack of consistent standards, and that this lack is even more noticeable in the criticism of science fiction. After documenting these assumptions, I'll suggest a possible standard for the evaluation of science fiction and show it in action. Let's start with a consideration of the various standards that are being used at the moment both in mainstream literature and in science fiction. To be truthful, there are as many standards as there are critics, but most mainstream criticism falls into three general classes: HISTORICAL, EVALUATIVE and INTERPRETATIVE. We'll examine these one by one.

Historical criticism, as the name suggests, is concerned mainly with the literature of the past. J. Middleton Murry has summed it up as an effort "to establish a definite heirarchy among the great artists of the past as well as to test the production of the present." Not unsurprisingly this is an unpopular school at the moment since most modern writers do not care to be judged by the same standards as are applied to Milton or Fielding. The standard used by historical criticism then is consistency. One asks "Is this work in the spirit and tradition of the great classical artists?" A good example is Grierson and Smith's A CRITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY. It may be dull but I feel that the writers are able to gauge true worth more accurately than most other critics because of their sound unvarying standard.

Evaluative criticism probes, dissects, peels away the covering of a work to find the kernel of meaning inside. It operates on the assumption that there are at least two separate levels of appreciation; a hypothesis that the narrator is putting forward and a reality that the reader is supposed to guess from what he is told about the events of the story. The evaluative critic deals in ambiguity, symbolism, allegory. His standard is "How complex is this work? How many intellectual indian clubs has the writer managed to juggle at one time?" Some of the most brilliant and admirable work in the history of English letters has been produced by this approach to criticism, but one often wonders whether it has been worthwhile. William Empson's SEVEN TYPES OF AMBIGUITY might help you to make up your mind, if you can get through it.

Interpretative criticism has been defined as "that discipline of analysis which defines for the reader standards of taste and gives examples of that taste in operation." To be blunt, it educates. It assumes that the reader does not understand the work in question and goes on from there, explaining and teaching. The idea is that by pointing out subtleties the critic will encourage people to be aware of such things and thus aid the reader and writer as well. In some ways it is an amalgam of the other two schools with the addition of some consideration for human frailty. The interpretative critic asks "Is there some truth in this thing that is likely to enrich human experience? Is it more than an intellectual exercise?" A good example is Cleanth Brooks' and Robert Penn Warren's UNDERSTANDING POETRY, one of the basic books that no library should be without.

Now what does science fiction have to offer? This is a hard question to answer because the few critics who have worked in the field seem completely innocent of standards. When called upon to discuss them, almost all critics just fold up and admit complete ignorance.

Damon Knight*once committed himself to making a few generalisations on the subject but could come up with nothing better than "Entertainment...isn't enough. Let's try it this way. If the scientific error or lapse in logic serves a purpose and if what comes out the other end is art -- okay. If it's an unnecessary error -- pure and wilful ignorance or carelessness -- nix."

As a standard this is worse than useless because it assumes that science fiction can only be judged on the basis of mechanics. Knight is saying, more or less, that what is important in an sf story is the relationship of the elements; the science mechanism ('gimmick' if you like) that makes it a science fiction story, the characters, style, setting ('art') -- all these must be in balance. If the story is light on science, then a preponderance of 'art' will level the scales, and presumably vice versa. Of course this is true in that a story can be faked with just this sort of balancing, but Knight is supposed to be talking about aesthetic worth, not the mechanics of pulp fiction. A story written to Knight's pattern may sell, but it will certainly not be a good story. He has missed the point. True criticism is not technical; it is philosophical and aesthetic.

Check back over those three types of criticism. When you think of it, the relevant philosophical basis of each is obvious. Historical -- pure Aristotle. The pursuit of excellence, self-control etc. Evaluative -- the epistemology of Strawson, Wittgenstein, Ayer, the study of the learning process and the meaning of meaning. Interpretative has, I suppose, some echoes of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche with its insistence on a greater range of experience and the education of man to higher levels of existence. Literary criticism stems not from technique, as Knight would have it, but from the mind and heart, from a man's basic belief of what is worthwhile in life and art. There is no philosophical basis for Knight's standard, and so his criticisms can never be more than personal opinions of worth. The flaw in his approach is shown time and again in IN SEARCH OF WONDER, but especially in his comments on the late Cyril Kornbluth. "I think these three stories explore a dangerous dead end in science fiction" he says (p. 103), "but I'm unable to wish they had not been written." The admission that his intellectual standards and his emotional opinion do not agree is one that no good critic should ever have to make.

The core of all controversy over science fiction criticism is, I feel, the aesthetic basis, the appreciation of its real reason for existence. Dozens of writers have tried, unsuccessfully, to "define" science fiction, but I don't believe anybody has tried to isolate the essence of sf, the central axle on which the whole thing turns. Knight skimmed the surface when he used the word "art" in his attempt at definition, but he didn't follow it up. What is "art" in science fiction? Good writing and felicitous style? Characterisation? Sound dramatic flow? Scientific accuracy? Surely it's all of these, and one thing more: An aesthetic contemplation of technology, a "romanticising", if you like, of science.

This point -- that science fiction is based on a belief (some might say realisation) that science is beautiful -- is one that often escapes critics of sf. Some (Kingsley Amis in particular) have gone so far as to say that sf is motivated by a desire for scientific accuracy, a contention that seems at the very least the result of severe misreading. Science is a plaything to most sf writers, and there seems no good reason why they should not have the right to distort scientific ideas as they like providing they retain the essential spirit of science that provides the basis of good science fiction. We see nothing wrong in allowing Picasso to distort natural human features to his ends, Brecht or Anouilh to mock reality, Resnais or Rivette to twist even photographic images -- why then should we demand that science fiction writers remain slavishly true to the factual basis of science? Watching a rocket rise into the air, one seldom thinks

of the sight as an interesting illustration of some natural law or other, but one does think of the ideas and hopes embodied in the sight, of the sheer brute power of the machine, or the possibilities that stem from its launching. In short, we look at the rocket emotionally, aesthetically, much as one looks at any natural object. We subconsciously measure its proportions and its emotional associations and it registers as a beautiful thing. Science fiction writers try to catch this impression, to convey it to readers and to express it in as concrete a way as is possible with such quicksilver. Sometimes their description is flat, nothing more than a dull photograph deprived of its romance and glamour. Sometimes it is all glamour and some of the subtleties are lost, as in the case of Bester's work. But often it is a synthesis, an evocation of the mystery and beauty of science that makes the heart stop. Blish's *BRIDGE*, Aldiss's *SHARDS*, Clement's *MISSION OF GRAVITY* -- these hold the essence of all that is best in science fiction because basically they are not concerned with science itself but with its spirit.

Finally, the critical standard I mentioned earlier. It is this. How well has a writer captured the spirit of the science in his story? Has the plot been allowed to intrude or has the blending of science and story been a good one? Is his work a free and honest expression of his feeling for the theme? If it is, then he has succeeded.

Let's consider an example of the standard in action. I've chosen two books at random -- Arthur Clarke's *PRELUDE TO SPACE* and Isaac Asimov's *THE CAVES OF STEEL*. Both are recognised classics, yet there is very little similarity in plot, theme, approach, style or attitude. Which then is the better book? We can start by comparing the themes, the basic scientific mainsprings of the stories. In *PRELUDE TO SPACE*, it is the story of the first flight to the moon. *THE CAVES OF STEEL*, on the other hand, tells of a claustrophobic future humanity and the difficulties of living in a society so perverted. The two themes seem to have little between them. However, when we examine the approach of each author, definite differences are noted. *PRELUDE* is told through a disinterested observer, historian Dirk Alexson, who has little to do with the plot. The action takes over completely and Alexson is nothing but a cipher, a convenient focus for the attention of the reader. In *CAVES*, a powerful conflict is set up right from the outset. The friction between the hero and his robot assistant does nothing to improve our understanding of the society. If anything, it acts as a barrier to understanding. There is a vast difference in the density of the shadow that the writer casts over his subject and therefore in the amount of the original premise that can be seen by the reader.

As the stories develop we see the effect that varying approaches can have. Clarke builds deliberately, alternating blunt narrative with imaginative description and avoiding



any conflict of character. The moon launching is the point of the story -- everything else is superfluous. The story of the organization of the trip comes out without any muffling by intermediate factors. On the other hand Asimov gets more and more tangled in his plot as the book progresses. Conflicts crop up continually -- hero v. robot partner, hero v. society, hero v. wife, hero v. "Spacers". On top of this there is an involved whodunnit vying for attention with the rest. As a result we find out nothing about the society, nothing about the robots, all of which are anthropomorphosized in order to fit the necessities of the plot, and very little about what Asimov had in mind when he set out to write the book. In short, it is a failure because the science is allowed only a technical role in the story, while PRELUDE TO SPACE, by setting its sights low and concentrating on the essential romance of technology, succeeds brilliantly.

Perhaps this seems like a storm in a teacup to many of you, and the distinctions I draw rather fiddling. But I believe that the lack of self-criticism is one of the really serious deficiencies of the sf field. Other writers more competent than I agree. On the surface, it may appear to be nothing more than a lack of trained observers and completist collectors with the libraries necessary to compile worthwhile critical articles, but it goes deeper than that. You only have to examine the pages of any reputable literary review to see the importance and prestige of critics in mainstream fiction. Science fiction is desperately in need of the perceptive analysis that only the competent critic can supply. Without this it can never hope to relate itself realistically to contemporary fiction nor gauge from its current progress the direction in which it would be most rewarding to move in future. Lacking such guidance, science fiction will become further and further separated from the world of mainstream fiction, to the detriment, I believe, of both fields.



the Science Fiction

Books of 1963

A Survey

This will be a somewhat less compendious and comprehensive report than some of my previous ones have been, because I do find, as years go on, that I have more and more difficulty in reading science fiction. I think even to some extent this is becoming something that is perhaps the matter with me, rather than with science fiction; but I keep getting these paperback novels about some kind of antropologically-derivative society on an alien planet, and I spend 20 pages or so on it, and I just do not see any particular reason why I should go on. I do not feel in the books any narrative imperative; which is something that I must say I think used to be more present in science fiction than it is today.

But there have been an enormous number of books this year -- oh, not enormous perhaps, compared with other fields of literature; certainly not with the mystery, or even perhaps with the western. Science fiction -- which by now as you know is chiefly in paperbacks; hardcover publication is about where it was before the boom-- science fiction is below the mystery and the western; it may be running about with the nurse novel or possibly with the lesbian novel. It is one of the standard commercial lines, but one of the lesser ones. We do, of course, have Pyramid and Ace bringing out paperback novels, with great regularity. And as I say, these I find extremely hard to read. This is partly me. But, as I have said before on this occasion, I think, I worried for awhile about the fact that I am more tolerant of the

second rate in crime fiction than I am in science fiction. And I finally figured out the reason. I think it is perfectly sensible. Science fiction by its very nature must be creative and stimulating. It is its only reason for existence. Therefore, second-rate, non-creative, non-inventive, non-stimulating science fiction is intolerable in a way that the perfectly routine crime story or the perfectly routine western is not. There really, so far as I can see, is no place for the routine science fiction novel. If the science fiction novel is routine, what you have to say in it can be perfectly well said in some other form than science fiction. Science fiction is for stirring people up and saying something exciting.

I therefore will be talking about perhaps fewer books this year than I have sometimes, because -- I came across recently a fine quotation from Algernon Charles Swinburne; and how I came across it is a lovely example of serendipity. Some 50 years ago there was a very good tenor named George Hamlin, a man who has not become famous and has not been remembered; but a man with a really exquisite



A talk before the
Little Men, given
January 64 by —

ANTHONY BOUCHER

tenor quality which has happily been preserved on ancient Victor singles. My wife gave me for Christmas a fascinating, privately printed biography of Hamlin, in which the renowned Boston critic Philip Hale indulges in a quote from Swinburne that struck me as a wonderful sort of credo for the reviewer. Swinburne said, "I have never been able to see what should attract men to the profession of criticism but the noble pleasure of praising." This I agree with. I do not see the popular idea of "criticism", meaning nasty criticism, which is so easy to do. To pan books is so simple; and to be amusing, even to be witty, panning books is reasonably easy. But you accomplish nothing, because reviewing, criticism, whatever you wish to call it, but particularly in the technical sense reviewing, is a matter of trying to establish communication between a book and its public. If you write a very amusing and witty panning of a book, you may have entertained your reader for 3 minutes. If you write a very communicative praise of a book, you may have entertained your reader for something like 3 hours, as he acquires the book and reads it, and enriched the rest of his life. "The noble pleasure of praising", I think it's perfectly true, is the important function of a reviewer.

So this year I have found extremely few books that stirred me to this. But still, 1963, I think, may be remembered in science fiction for at least two reasons: it was the first year in I don't know how long that we have had two novels by Robert A. Heinlein, which in itself is a cause for hossanahs; and it was the year that Anthony Burgess entered science fiction.

The Heinlein novels I am sure I need to say very little about; I am sure you are all well acquainted with both of them. Podkayne of Mars, early in the year, was in a way historically very important as being the first of the so-called juvenile science fiction novels -- as you know, the juvenile science fiction novel, as practiced by its really good practitioners such as Heinlein and Andre Norton, means simply a novel which has a young protagonist. They are otherwise no different from the major science fiction novel--- this is the first of these ambiguous young-or-adult novels that has had a female protagonist. It's influential, too; the new Norton, that's coming out in April, also has a female protagonist. This I look forward to with a great deal of interest. I'm very curious to see what a female author will do with a female protagonist. Personally, I found Podkayne a very entertaining book. I think it illustrates at its very best Heinlein's superlative skill of the indirect prediction of a future civilization. Nobody knows better than Heinlein how to outline an entire future with no direct exposition. This is one of the trickiest points of technique in all science fiction; nobody has ever mastered it better, and he shows it superbly in this book. As a male, I found Poddy completely enchanting; I found her a very successful creation. Although the novel has no plot at all for 50,000 words, and then all of a sudden gets into plot, and changes its tone rather remarkably toward the end, I did not find these difficulties particularly bothersome. The combination of Poddy herself and the great Heinlein skill at exposition of the future held me completely. I was delighted, I must say, by the absence of overt sermonizing.

My feelings on Glory Road -- both of these novels, by the way, were published by Putnam -- were mixed, in that there is a wonderful novel there, and a rather unfortunate postlude. The novel itself I liked very much. It is Heinlein saying to himself, almost deliberately, (in fact, quite deliberately) "Look, I am going to write a novel for the swords-and-sorcery boys." This was very apparent; the dedication, as you'll remember, was "for George H. Scithers and the regular patrons of the Terminus, Owlswick and Ft. Mudge Electric Street Railway." In other words, this is strictly an AMRA novel. Heinlein just wanted to show that he could do that, too. And, by God, he can! It was a splendid AMRA novel. With the literal yellow brick road, it was magnificent. He has a wonderful novel going -- and he gets to a point where he needs maybe 5,000 words for wrapping things up, and he goes on for 30,000 because he hasn't said quite all that he has to say. This seems so characteristic of so much recent Heinlein, that his plotting and his thinking are not correlated. He has a certain amount that he wants to say in a novel, and he works out a plot that does not cover

all that he wants to say; then he just goes on and says it anyway. I feel that it's unfortunate, I feel that somebody at Putnam's should have talked to him severely about this, I feel that Avram Davidson, who published the serial version -- which is cut, but not cut in any significant way; the proportions are just as bad -- I feel that Avram should have argued with him. However, with this objection, which as I say has been growing on me with a number of Heinlein books, there is no doubt at all that Heinlein is the old master, that he can do absolutely anything in the field of science fiction and fantasy, and if he sometimes chooses to do a few other things on his own, I am even willing to grant him that. Because, in the parts where he is good, nobody else is that good, and we should be happy for this much. And certainly the good parts of Glory Road are as fine in pure adventure entertainment as anything that's appeared in the science fiction line in years.

The other really exciting news of the year was Anthony Burgess. I'm not sure if this is indicative or not, but I think possibly that there is some evidence that the excitement in science fiction is now coming from outside the field. I mean, the people inside the field are becoming more and more conventional, and the writers outside the field can bring occasional freshness. I'm not sure -- I advance this as a possible hypothesis. But Anthony Burgess published in January of 1963 a novel called A Clockwork Orange, which I think is the most stimulating novel of the imagination that I have read in a number of years. This is a novel of a juvenile delinquent in -- the time is not specific, but I would guess the early 21st century -- in a welfare state, a very completely state-dominated society. It is a very interesting novel in the extrapolation of crime and the extrapolation of penology, which is among the neglected subjects, on the whole, in science fiction. There has been very little good science fiction on penological and criminal sociological problems. But more than that, it is a fantastically interesting novel in that it is written in the vernacular of its period. It is completely told by the first person juvenile delinquent, in the teen-age slang of his own era, which is a very curious and interesting language. Quite obviously, at some point in this cultural interplay of socialist states, there has been a very strong Russian influence upon English, and an awful lot of Russian words have been picked up in slang usages. (I imagine this is sort of the way Norman French began creeping in.) The language is in sort of a transitional stage, obviously, where a lot of Russian roots are used, but used in a very Anglo-Saxon manner. The Russian words become distorted in an almost Joycean manner so that "khorosho", the Russian word for "good" or "well" or "okay", becomes "horrorshow". And "lyudi", "people", becomes "lewdy". A number of other words attain quite fascinating and curious distorted forms. The novel is simply presented in this language. I do not know another attempt in all science fiction to write a story in the language of its period, with no compromises with the present, and it is brilliantly done. So nicely done that you gradually, with no footnotes on the part of the author, with no explanations, you still begin to understand it, as it goes along, and finally become so wrapped up in it that it takes you several weeks to stop thinking in this language. This is Anthony Burgess' A Clockwork Orange, and it has been published in paperback recently by Norton; the paperback is interesting because it has added an afterword by Stanley Edgar Hyman, who is an important New Criticism critic, a very interesting essay on Burgess and his earlier non-science fiction novels and his general literary trends and quality. I would recommend getting the paperback edition for this essay. However, it also has added a glossary of the language, and I strongly recommend that you pay no attention to this whatsoever. For two reasons; one, that I think that the author's original intention, of letting the language sneak up on you, is the right one. If you go looking up words in the glossary as they come up, you will not get nearly the effect of living within this language that the author tries to create. The second point is that the glossary is sometimes plain wrong. He says that he had a Russian collaborator working with him on the glossary, but some of the errors in the glossary are mistakes in Russian.

This same Anthony Burgess came out later in the year with a much more conventional but still very interesting novel called The Wanting Seed, which is also published

by Norton. This is a more standard anti-Utopia, a novel that in fact might have been written by a number of people, although possibly not in the same manner, a study first of a world in which sterility is so highly prized that homosexuality becomes a far more acceptable social custom than heterosexuality; and then of a shift in the world towards fertility, and a joyfully fruitful society which controls its own fruits by staging artificial and nonexistent wars for the pure purpose of killing. All the wide sociological background is well thought through and very plausibly and interestingly presented, and well tied in to a perfectly straight novel of human characters and emotions. It is not a broad-view novel, essentially; what you are essentially studying is a few human beings and their own interactions and reactions as conditioned by the society in which they live -- which I think most of us agree is one of the higher forms of science fiction. The writing is of extremely high quality. The general tone of the novel is, as I say, conventional as an anti-Utopia, reminiscent of Huxley and Orwell and Pohl-Kornbluth and so on. The writing is decidedly distinctive. Although he does not pull off such tricks as the language he used in The Orange, Burgess displays an extraordinary sensitivity for words, a very fine sense of English prose style. It is a novel perhaps somewhat overconventional, but written with such quality as to make it outstanding in the field; and I think that the advent of Anthony Burgess to science fiction -- and apparently this is more than a one-shot, since he has done two novels in succession, I think we possibly can hope for more -- this is almost as if...well, as if Huxley, when he wrote one book in our field, had decided to make a career of it. I think we have some hopes definitely coming from Mr. Burgess.

Of other novels in this year, I should mention three that I mentioned last time but that was because they came out so extremely late in 1962 that they really hardly qualify as 1962 novels; they should be considered as 1963. These, I am sure, are familiar to all of you, but do deserve mention as bright, fresh and original novels; Robert Sheckley's Journey Beyond Tomorrow, by Signet, which appeared in F&SF as Journey of Joenes; Ward Moore & Avram Davidson's Joyleg, which appeared abbreviated in Fantastic; and, which had no magazine serialization, and which, I think, is another instance of the cross-fertilization I mentioned, the freshening of the field by writers outside it, (because although he has written a trifle professionally in the field, he hardly is of us) -- John D MacDonald's The Girl, The Gold Watch and Everything, which appeared, I think, December 31st of '62 and therefore certainly should count as a '63 novel. But The Girl, The Gold Watch And Everything is what a Philip Wylie magazine serial would be like if Wylie were that good. It has a very Philip Wylie hero, in the intelligent, recessive young man who suddenly gets plunged into things, including sex, and comes out a hot wire. It is a science fiction story, it is a melodrama, it is a farce, it is almost anything you can think of, and to my own taste, it is plain damn wonderful. It is not, in any sense, serious science fiction, though it does play very nice games with the idea, which I think H.G. Wells first used, of a temporal stopper and accelerator. Its science fiction-fantasy logic is good; it's a good Unknown story, if not strict science fiction, and a fine absurd caprice. It's very nice to hear that the original edition sold out completely.

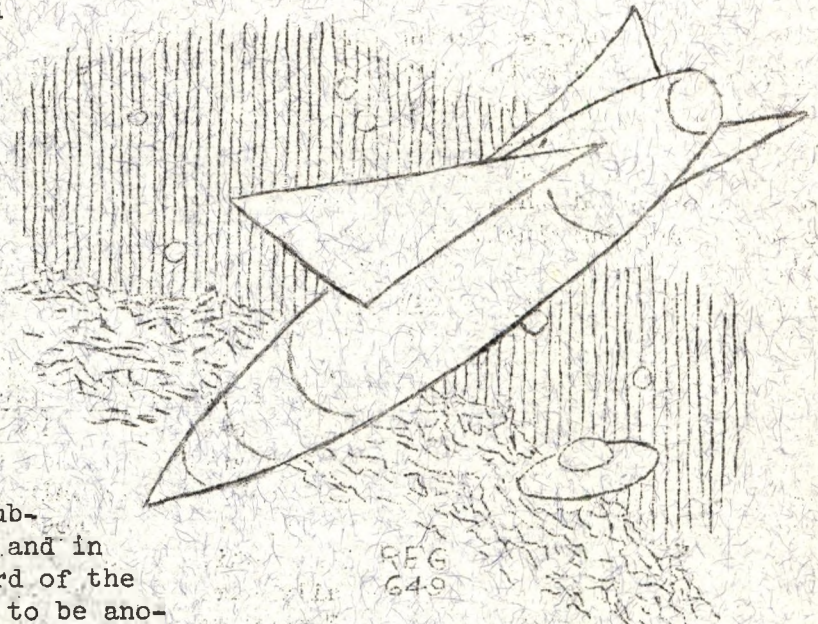
One other novel of the year, again really from outside the field -- although the author has written a hell of a lot of science fiction, he's appeared hardly ever in any of the science fiction magazines--is by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., who is a science fiction writer definitely; I would say at least 2/3 of his writing has been within the field. But he regularly sells either to hard cover or to slicks; he is not a science fiction writer in the technical publishing sense. His Cat's Cradle, which is published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, again is not good, serious science fiction. It is not for the fans of Hal Clement, let us say. It is science fiction, in a broad, technical sense, and certainly a vastly entertaining novel. It is a Voltairian satiric look at humanity, through a combination of two factors, a miracle chemical invention which will turn all water into ice, -- which you can see the danger of the use of, because any water which you touch may communicate with other waters, which

in turn may communicate with -- and so on; and a new religion invented in the Caribbean, called Bokononism, which is sort of like a Zen gone swinging mad. The interplay of the chemical, and the Bokononism, and the politics of a small Caribbean republic, and the reactions of characters (the basic quality of a novel), makes a vastly entertaining book; and with many, I think acute, satiric insights.

I would say the novel that disappointed me the most in the year was one by Richard Wormser called Pan Satiricus, published by Avon. This, I hoped, and in fact even hoped for about a third of the way through the book, was going to be another example of cross-fertilization. Wormser is one of the very best men in the paperback crime field. He has written a number of B+ and solid A novels of suspense and detection. He was again trying the Voltairian thing, and this was a Micromegas-type satire, of a chimpanzee which comes back from an orbital flight, speaking and working itself within the realm of Man -- this is the standard thing of the use of the satiric viewpoint character -- the thing is that nothing that he had to say was at all fresh or interesting and there was no story, and even though the chimpanzee himself was very nicely written, there just was nothing there. The book was a hollow shell. I was tremendously disappointed from the work that Wormser has done in other fields.

I was also somewhat disappointed this year with the Andre Norton, Key Out of Time, which is simply a moderately good science fiction novel. Usually Norton is wonderful, as you know, and it is disappointing to get a rather routine book, which includes a large number of devices which she has used in other books. She is beginning to repeat even herself.

Interesting, in the novel field, was the series of reprints that MacMillan has launched, called Science Fiction Classics. They're somewhat erratically chosen, but not at all uninterestingly. They have so far included Jules Verne's Dr. Ox's Experiment, David Lindsay's A Voyage to Arcturus, André Maurois' The Weigher of Souls, R.C. Sheriff's The Hopkins Manuscript, and Jack London's Star Rover. It's a very mixed batch, but a very interesting batch; there is nothing there that is dull, although the Maurois is well below Maurois' best. They did this very short Maurois, and one other short piece added as counterweight; I don't see how they omitted The War Against the Moon, which is the great Maurois classic in science fiction, the one that has been rewritten by 15 other authors since, the great germinal story. But the others are certainly very well chosen, and the bookmaking has been very good on them; they've had interesting prefaces -- sometimes a little bit too fancy -- the one on the Maurois is really a dilly. A man named Jacques Choron, who is a PhD from Leipzig and is a professor at the New School for Social Research; and boy, if you think you have seen people -- like Shapiro -- write seriously about science fiction, you just haven't seen yet. But on the whole the bookmaking is very interesting in this MacMillan series, particularly the Dr. Ox's Experiment which is designed by William Pène du Bois; the book opens from the top, like a stenographer's notebook or manual. A very entertaining experiment. This MacMillan series is well worth keeping an eye on. It's important early stuff, and particularly I would put in a word for The Hopkins Manuscript, which I think most science fiction readers don't know at all. I think it is a very fine study of a small mind. It is a study of big events seen completely through a



man who sees only his own small interests. THIS, I think, is very true, and very nicely done.

In short stories during the year, I guess the most important volume of science fiction stories was the first collection by Kate Wilhelm, The Mile-Long Spaceship, which was published by Berkley; and in the borderline of science fiction I found completely delightful Jack Finney's I Love Galesburg in the Springtime. I am, as of course you know, a hopeless, devoted Finney fan. I'm not sure that everybody feels so strongly about this, but it seems to me that he does the nostalgia-recapture bit so much more charmingly than Bradbury. I do not get nearly so tired of the theme; he's more inventive in his variations. There are a number of very good stories in I Love Galesburg in the Springtime, particularly a remarkably good science fiction detective story. As you know, these are scarce -- a story which is definitely science fiction, and can also be purely, strictly called a detective story -- "The Face in the Photo", which of all things appeared in the SatEvePost, which largely has published very bad science fiction. Finney has such enviable pure professionalism in narrative that he regularly sells slick. Anything less than slick rates, Finney just is not interested, and rightly, with the craftsmanship that he has. [Here there was an interjection by Norm Metcalf who said that the Post version was much more interesting; that there were much more credible motivations for the characters and the plot buildup was much more believable.] Usually the serial version is inferior and I usually don't bother to check. Also, in the Finney volume, I have a great weakness for the story called "The Love Letter"; a story about a man who finds a love letter in an old desk and there's time travel through exchange of messages in this desk; it's one of the most charming versions of the "frustrated love across the centuries" theme that I have ever encountered.

I don't know if one classifies this as science fiction, or what -- I suppose in the underground-worlds realm it might be classified as science fiction -- there is an extraordinary story in Graham Greene's A Sense of Reality. This is a collection of four stories of Greene's; one of them is a crime story of a curious sort, one of them is a very interesting essay in Catholic theology; at least to judge from the reviews I have seen of it, it is a story that a non-Catholic simply cannot understand. It seems to have thrown reviewers very badly, and I know exactly what it's about and it's wonderful. And then there is a perfectly straight science fiction story in the collection, which is good -- it's called "A Discovery in the Woods" which appeared in Rogue last year, which is on the good old "waters of Babylon" theme; the degenerated descendants rediscovering the ruins of Man. Simply as an idea it's too tired, but the writing is so very good that it's well worth reading. A Sense of Reality also includes an extraordinary story called "Under the Garden", which is very hard to describe. It is the efforts of a man to analyze and recover a childhood experience of penetration into an underground world, which may have been real, may have been fantasy, may have been neither but may have been a fantasy that his adult mind built up that his child mind never knew. This has all kinds of levels of reality. The handling of the levels of reality and of the nature of reality is absolutely extraordinary. I think this is one of the best things of Greene's I have ever read. The title of the collection of stories, A Sense of Reality, applies most particularly to this one story, which I strongly recommend to you.

Going on to anthologies, -- incidentally, Judith Merrill's anthology, although technically published in 1963, reached me well into 1964; there were all kinds of difficulties with the publication of that this year. We will not consider it among the '63 books. Let's just hope there are two Judith Merrill books in 1964. I would say probably the most interesting of the 1963 anthologies was Robert Mills' The Worlds of Science Fiction. On the whole, the gimmick of having authors pick "my favorite story" is a dangerous one; you get some dreadful things that way, but this time it seems to have worked out pretty well. I rather gather that Mills had firm conferences with the authors on their picking their favorite stories; I know he did suggest to me, "Tony,

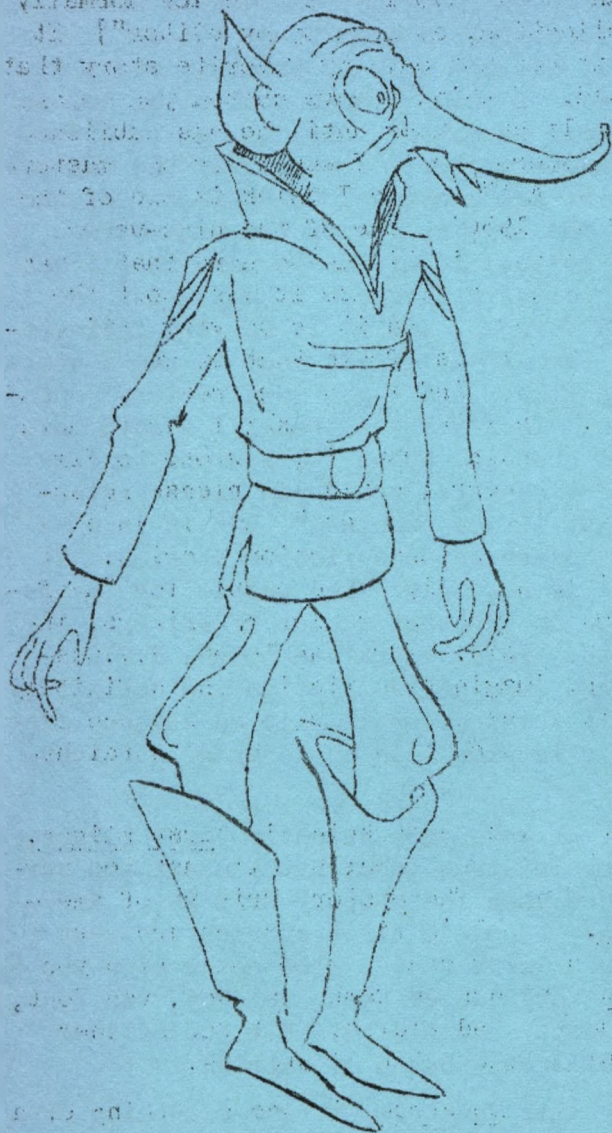
don't you think this might be your favorite story?" I said, "Well, yes, I think I can think up reasons"; so it is much better than a "my favorite" collection normally is. [Remark from the audience; "My favorite collection, as seen by my editor"] It has some very fine stories in it; particularly it has not only my favorite story that I wrote, it has my favorite story I ever rejected. I think I have quoted you before Marie Rudell's remark that "No one can call himself an editor until he has published at least one stinker and rejected at least one masterpiece." I would say the masterpiece that I rejected was James Blish's "A Work of Art", which I think is one of the very finest short stories of science fiction of the 1950's, one of the high-water marks. I will tell you honestly; I rejected it because it hit me so hard that I was scared. There are ways in which it hits me very closely, because it was about the future of opera, about a resurrection of Richard Strauss, and it is so very intimately connected with the creative nature of opera, that I was afraid that it was a story that maybe Jim and I would understand and nobody else. And I got some readers' opinions, and they all said no. So I turned it down. This was a mistake; I should have trusted myself. The story lived with me; I kept brooding about it; I wrote to Jim and I said "Look, I was crazy, the hell with those readers; would you please resubmit?" And he said, "No, I'm sorry; Lowndes bought it for pennies." But it is a great story; I think it is one of the very fine modern science fiction stories. It is particularly interesting, I think, because Mills not only asked people for "my favorite story," and controlled them, but he picked an interesting lot of writers, including a number that you don't think of as in the field. Mark van Doren, R.V. Cassill, George Elliot, people who do write excellent imaginative fiction and definitely belong in such a collection, but whom one doesn't think of ordinarily as science fiction writers, so that it is a more stimulating collection than the average straight-from-the-magazines volume.

Another very interesting anthology of the year was Damon Knight's First Flight, published by Lancer. It rather surprises me that this was good; but I'm not too surprised, because the same thing happened once before when The Mystery Writers of America published a collection called Maiden Murders. People's first stories are very good in a large number of cases. It is quite surprising what a good collection you can get out of first stories. This First Flight includes de Camp, del Rey, van Vogt, Heinlein, Clarke, Sturgeon, Anderson, Merril, Budrys and Aldiss. Not one of them fell on his face as a debut; this is a very considerable batch of stories.

Also to be mentioned is the second Kingsley Amis Spectrum; it was something of a disappointment -- I think it is a good batch of stories, but it's very few stories -- only 8 in a very large book; these are novelettes to novellas -- and an awful lot of them have been reprinted before. I think, for this large a book with that few stories, you would like a high percentage of stories that you have not come across since they first appeared in magazines; but it is an interesting and intelligent collection. That was published by Harcourt, Brace and World.

I would like to mention, with a brief shudder, one of the year's anthologies, which is certainly historically important, and that is John W. Campbell's Analog I; which really left me with my flesh crawling. John Campbell is one of the greatest editors I have ever worked with; but he simply is not applying the standards now that he did when I was working with him. This may not even be John's fault; it may be the quality of what is coming in -- I'm not sure. But certainly, he is buying stories now that by purely technical standards -- I mean matters of construction, logic, and so on -- he would have rejected, without any question, in the days, some twenty-odd years ago, when I used to work with him and knew him well. This anthology is supposedly the best of Analog during the first two years of its publication under that name. And Analog, there is no question, is the most successful science fiction magazine, as far as circulation goes, as far as income goes; I'm not speaking critically, this is the successful science fiction magazine. If these are the best stories of the top science fiction magazine, the field has declined even more than I have ever thought even in my worst moments.

Two other collections could be mentioned, with reservations. On the first one,



the reservations are purely my own personal ones. I am not mad about the swords-and-sorcery type of tale. When it is done extremely well, as by Heinlein or by Anderson, I can love it. But I am not an addict of it. So it is purely personal reservations that draw me back at all from L. Sprague de Camp's anthology, Swords and Sorcery, which is published by Pyramid. This is, in every other respect, an absolutely marvelous anthology. He has chosen stories extremely representative of a wide range of the swords-and-sorcery field; he has written very interesting introductions to each author; the illustrations, by Virgil Finlay, are exactly right; this is the AMRA book of all time. Within its range, this is an absolutely perfect book. I strongly commend it.

For any of you with small libraries, I would recommend Stuart H. Benedict's Tales of Terror and Suspense, published by Dell. This is the laziest piece of editing I have ever seen; there is not a story in the book that has not appeared in fifteen other anthologies; I think there are only two stories in the book which are not public domain. And yet, I have to admit Mr. Benedict's taste is faultless. There is not a less than wonderful story in the book. So as I say, if you have very small libraries, I strongly recommend Stuart H. Benedict's Tales of Terror and Suspense. If you have libraries of any size at all, you already have all the stories in it, and the hell with it.

A mixed collection, partly fantasy and largely crime, but with some very good fantasy in it, is Alfred Hitchcock's Stories My Mother Never Told Me. This is an enormous book from Random, which costs \$5.95, but it runs to over 400 pages, and almost 200,000 words, and the price is not ridiculous. It includes the complete text, for the first time in hard covers, of Theodore Sturgeon's Some of Your Blood, which is not fantasy but is decidedly of interest to all fantasy readers, and a fascinating novel; and it includes a number of very good fantasy stories, particularly the first publication, I believe, since the magazine, of Gerald Kersh's The Secret of the Bottle, which, although it got the MWA Edgar for short story of 1957, I would place definitely in the fantasy rather than the crime category. This is the story of what became of Ambrose Bierce; and Mr. Kersh has the daring to write it in Bierce's first person. And I must say I think he gets away with it. It is a very fascinating "lost race" story, and the daring of the literary experiment is extremely effective. That is in Alfred Hitchcock Presents Stories My Mother Never Told Me.

We should briefly mention, in fact rather than in fiction, Poul Anderson's Is There Life On Other Worlds? which is published by Crowell-Collier. I am sure all of you know about it already. Let us simply say that there has never been quite such a comprehensive study of all current speculation on the subject, and all the current necessary background for speculation, and that Poul is, as always, articulate and interesting throughout.

A few notes completely away from science fiction, on pure fantasy. A book that is not wholly successful, but that it is even mildly successful is astonishing -- the fact is that an artist from South Africa decided to write a sequel to Alice. It is called More Alice, by Yates Wilson, in which Alice goes this time through the wall-paper; and it is really the greatest of compliments to say that this is not a fiasco. That it is at all even moderately successful is astonishing. There are parts of it that are dull. There are other parts of it that really capture a great deal of the crotchety kind of logical absurdity that infests the original. It is well worth a glance; it is a short book, and an amusing one. The logic is occasionally exactly as perverse as it should be. Yates Wilson's More Alice, published by Roy.

There have been two important books in Lovecraftiana, both published by August Derleth's Arkham House. One is the Collected Poems of Lovecraft, which is very well illustrated by Frank Utpatel, whom I don't know at all but who fits very nicely into the mood of the "arcane horrors". The poems are exceedingly variable, as you know, and are very well analyzed in an introduction by Derleth. At times, they are simply very bad 18th century pastiche; at other times they are quite fresh and original, and sometimes a single sonnet will have as much plot and as much horror impact as a total 5,000 word Lovecraft story. Those of you who have any fondness for the Lovecraft kind of horror at all should certainly look into his poetry, which at times are [that's what he said--FR {my!--TB}] better than his prose. For the prose, the best Lovecraft volume to appear since the wholly unobtainable original Outsider, is The Dunwich Horror and Others, which again is published by Arkham House. This is a large collection of Lovecraft, containing one short short, 13 short stories, and two long novellas, totalling almost 200,000 words; very well edited, of course, and the introduction by Derleth is, I think, the best essay that he has written on Lovecraft yet; For the first time, Derleth, who really knows more about Lovecraft than anyone else, writes about him from a point of view somewhat this side of idolatry. It is a somewhat more objective and analytical essay on Lovecraft than he has ever attempted before, and a very good one.

In paperback, from Lancer, has appeared a shorter edition of The Dunwich Horror and Others. This runs to only 60,000 words. The stories in it are interesting and good, and this, of course, at 50¢ is the cheapest way of getting hold of the Derleth essay, which is decidedly one of the best recent critical essays on fantasy.

And, in pure fantasy fiction, to my mind, the volume of the year was Manly Wade Wellman's Who Feared the Devil, also published by Arkham. This is, at last, a full collection of the stories of John the Ballad Singer; not only the stories, but a lot of pleasing bridge interludes, as well, building it into a very attractively packaged book.

For fantasy going beyond the fiction into the pure absolute abstract, I must commend to you the works of Edward Gorey. I don't know how to define Mr. Gorey. He draws pictures. He writes verses that go with them, too -- sometimes. He draws and writes about a strange and wonderful Edwardian horror world. [Gormangast without the plot -- Karen Anderson] Yes, that conveys a little of it, although there's some very good plotting to some of them. I think possibly the best thing that Gorey has produced yet -- all Gorey is worth your investigation -- he came out this year with a triple book, three volumes boxed as one, called The Vinegar Works, which contains The Gashlycrumb Tinies, which is an alphabet of couplets of the deadly ends of the young, which ranges from "A is for Amy who fell down the stairs", to "Z is for Zilla who drank too much gin." The fates of children are something that always interests Gorey. Extraordinary things go on, even in the most apparently placed pictures. The second of these three volumes is The Insect God, which is a long tale in verse of the ghastly fate of Millicent Frastly who was kidnapped and sacrificed to the insect god. The most Goreyan lines in the poem are, "Oh, feelings of horror, resentment and pity/For things, which so seldom turn out for the best." This is the philosophy which underlies his works. The Vinegar Works also contains, as its third volume, I think THE great Gorey book, The West Wing. The West Wing has no plot, no text. It's simply 29

TREE AND LEAF presents unusual problems to a reviewer. The book consists of two different and almost unrelated items. Part one is an essay, "On Fairy Stories," which was originally composed as an Andrew Lang Lecture and delivered, in shorter form, at the University of St. Andrews in 1938. Part two is a story, "Leaf by Niggle," written in 1938-39 but not published until 1947, in the "Dublin Review."

Mr. Tolkien remarks, in an Introductory Note to the volume, that "Though one is an 'essay' and the other a 'story,' they are related: by the symbols of Tree and Leaf, and by both touching in different ways on what is called in the essay 'sub-creation.'" Even allowing for the connection between the two, the essential difference of the two parts almost requires two reviews. Another problem in reviewing this work is that there is not too much that can be said without going into a mass of detail that would be a good bit less interesting than, and might detract from the latter enjoyment of, the book itself.

The essay "On Fairy Stories," according to Mr. Tolkien, attempts to answer a few questions about them: "What are fairy stories? What is their origin? What is the use of them?" He answers these questions in a simple and direct style that is a delight to read. By simple and direct I do not, of course, mean "childish," any more than--according to Mr. Tolkien--fairy stories are written for children.

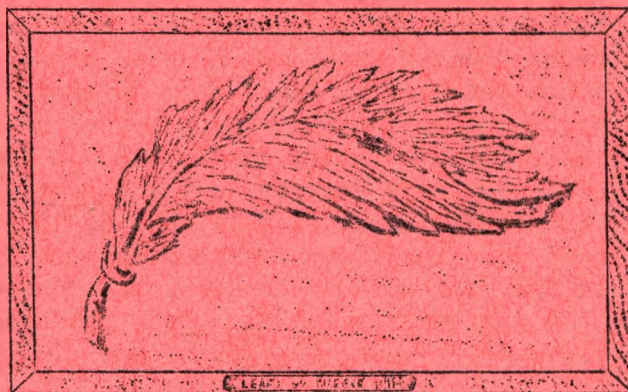
Rather than go into the basic points of the essay itself I will simply mention that, among other things, he attacks--successfully--the idea that fairy stories are for children, and that they have no other use than for their enjoyment. He gives an excellent definition (by example and deletion) of the term "fairy story," and includes a long and enlightening section on Fantasy. The concept of "sub-creation," which Mr. Tolkien regards as essential to (and the primary duty of the author of) fantasy or fairy stories, alas! too often neglected or not accomplished, is one of the basic themes of the essay.


This is all that I intend to say about the essay, other than that it is very interesting, whether you agree or disagree with him, and "food for thought." The realization of which in no way detracts from the enjoyment of the essay.

"Leaf by Niggle" is a story. It is also an allegory. Indeed, it appears to be a very simple allegory. However, upon finishing the story one finds that it is not quite as simple as it appeared while reading it to decide exactly what the allegory was or what the story "said." Or even whether the story had any intrinsic meaning on a larger scale.

Looking for the larger scale or not, it is a very good story and, as in the case of the essay, worth reading even if for no other reason than the beauty of the author's English prose. But, as was also true of the essay (and is true of all his other works), there is more to it---just what that more is, other than to say that, as Mr. Tolkien remarks in the Introductory Notes, it involves "sub-creation," I will leave to the reader.


In finishing, it might be said that I have not really reviewed the book at all. Too many book reviews, however, seem to be written with the idea that the review should be so comprehensive that, having read it, the reader has neither interest, need nor reason to read the book itself. Rather than tell a reader what to expect, I would far rather whet his curiosity to the point where he will get the book, read it and, in forming his own opinions, review it for himself. — *DT*





NAZIISM

AND



THE HIGH CASTLE

PHILIP K. DICK

Many moon have passed since white man (i.e. Poul Anderson) review my book Man In The High Castle and fen (e.g. too many to note, with, however, one exception. a certain John Boardman) have commented, not on the book nor review per se, but on Naziism -- which is right and proper, because that is the true topic, far more so than any novel or any review, and only proves that I am right: we are still very much afraid, still rightly so very much disturbed, and, as Harry Warner so correctly said, "...we might identify with the war guilt of the Germans because they're so similar to us...."

However, although these comments, etc., took place back in March, I have just now seen them, and would also like to comment.

John Boardman calls Dr. Friedrich Foerster "the greatest modern critic of Germany." There is no one "greatest modern critic," etc. of anything; this is just a way of saying that you believe your source, and it is right that you should believe your source; however, I will dispute his uniqueness, or any claim to his P...tonic Ideal-type perfection as a sole and utter source. Even though, as a matter of fact, I agree with the quoted passage from him (v. John Boardman's comments March '64 NIEKAS). In fact it is just this sort of thinking that worries me (however, it is early in the morning, I have not had breakfast yet, so everything worries me; let it go). Anyhow, we just cannot say for sure if there are "two Germanies" in the sense of two traditions of thought, or that Naziism is the absolute culmination, the logical fulfillment, of all that is German; we don't know; please, let's admit our ignorance. We know what they did, we know what their stated ideologies were... but we do not actually know why, in the deepest sense, they -- i.e. the Nazis -- did it. Truly. I have talked to some of them. All they knew was that they were afraid -- afraid as we are, but not afraid of the same things: they were afraid of us, of the U.K., of Russia (which we are, too, now), and -- most of all, of the Jews, which we are not, and which we cannot comprehend; i.e. this fear. To us, a Jew is, for example, a nice tall guy with a glass in his hand next to us at a party. To them -- well, there the curtain falls. But a Nazi friend of mine, living in the United States after the war, started to enter an apartment with me, and I said, "By the way, this fellow who lives here is named Bob Goldstein," and my Nazi friend actually paled and blanched (i.e. drew back); he was literally afraid to go into the apartment -- and, in addition, he felt somatic, horrible aversion. Why? Ask Hanna Arendt, whom I regard as the "greatest modern critic of Germany," a Jew herself. I feel even she, raised among them, does not know. It is sub-rational; it is psychological, not logical. Why do some people fear cats or street-cars or read-headed goats? They themselves do not know. Phobia is phobia; it springs as Freud and Jung and H.S. Sullivan showed, from depths of the self unknown to the

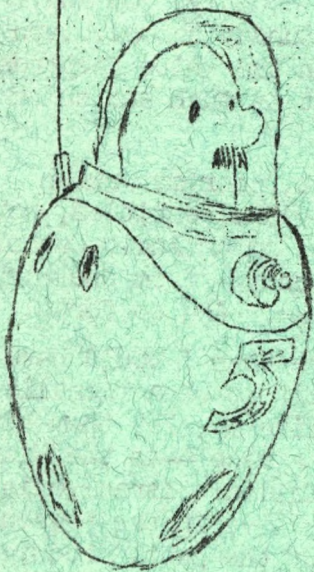
self. Ipse dixit.

Please forgive me if I ramble, but you see: I feel that simple, clear "answers" to this question ("Why the Nazis did what they did, and will we do it, and are we also guilty") defy us; they cannot be had. Are we guilty of what the mad subrational "planners" in Washington, D.C. are doing right now? I don't know. Was some old village German lady in 1939 "guilty" of a decision at Eichman's bureau in Berlin? There are a few established facts, however, which we should remember. (one) When Himmler asked for and got the chance to witness an execution of innocent, harmless Jewish people (by firing squad) he had a convulsion of horror; he fainted, fell to the floor, rolled in a spasm of anguish; his aides had to drag him to his feet; and, there and then, Himmler decreed that no more Jews "were to be shot, but that some merciful method, painless and instant" had to be found. Remember, mark, this. So even this unman, this thing, reified into the top-ranks of Nazi officialdom, had "feelings." (Hitler would neither have cared to watch, and if he had, he would not have had any emotional, ethical reaction; mark that, too.) Also, the Wermark Soldaten (the average German soldier) hated the Schwarzers, the SS...knew them as murderers. Mark that. German citizens poked bread into the sealed cattle cars carrying Jews to their death through the Reich; read that and ponder. Remarque records a German playing the theme from Beethoven's Fidelio that depicts the prisoners — unjustly held by a tyranny — as they are at last, for a moment, let up to see the light — playing this as a team of Jewish concentration camp victims are led down the street past his house. Even German whores came to the walls of the death camps, hoping "to do something for" those within. In other words, good (and I will not put quotes around that word) impulses broke out constantly among average Germans as and when they became aware of what was being done to the Jews; many, admittedly, spat on, kicked, jeered at, Jews being hauled off... but not all. "Die Stille im Lande," the Nazis called these Germans who did not approve of the Racial Policies; these Germans knew that if they showed themselves they, too, would be killed; mark this: the first inhabitants of the concentration camps were non-Jewish Germans. And it did mean death, during the war, for a German citizen to show any dissent from official policy; a German woman, for example, was imprisoned because the newspaper with which she lined her garbage pail had on it a photo of Hitler; this was decreed by the court (the so-called Reichs Gericht) a "crime against the state." They made it stick!

Yet, the German people, or a good part of them, better than half, voted, legally voted, Hitler into power, and knowing his racial views. Read Goebbels' early diaries; the Partei had the support of the working class — not the bourgeoisie. Mark that, too; the working class swung from supporting the Communists and the moderate socialists to the Nazis. Why? Well, I can hazard a guess. The Nazis, like the big city political bosses that used to run Chicago and New York and Boston, were always "open," always there and ready to listen, to help, to dole out food and support...and the Germans were starving, dying, being evicted, being deprived; it was the depression, remember, and the people, as our people, were desperate. One of our favorite folk singers of today in those days (late '30s) not only sang against our support of the U.K. and defense plant activity but drawlingly spoke of being listed as a "Japanese spy"; in other words this "now liberal, one of us" great folk singer — his initials are P.S. — was for Nazi Germany — because of the German-Russian Pact. World-Communism and Nazism were cooperating, for a time; the Nazis were not "rightists"; they were co-leftists — at least until the Nazi tanks entered the Russian-controlled half of ex-Poland.

In his comments in NIEKAS George H. Wells speaks of "Jewish nationalists", and that they "were overlooked." This is a point, too; at the time of the rise of anti-Jewish ideology among non-Jewish Germans, the Jewish-Germans were beginning, in great part, to think — as, not Germans or even Europeans, but as nationalists of the soon-to-be-reborn national state of Israel. (Moses Mendelssohn pleaded with the people not to accept this, but to "come out and be part of the European community"; generally, he failed). So: we saw Jews, in Germany, arrive at the same idea as the pre-Nazi "racists," such as Wagner, and it always seems that Richard Wagner is the goat in this;

he invented the idea that Jews were aliens, hostile to Germany. Catcrap. A thorough study of Wagner's ideas shows that he broke with Nietzsche in the end, saw a redemption of Germany (i.e. of man per se) in Christian love, not in military bombast (vide Parsifal). So even among the famous pre-Nazis theoreticians we don't find the uniformity of outlook; what we do find, however, is the Englishmen Stuart House Chamberlain, and Carl Rhodes...and of course Nietzsche; but we find English madmen-thinkers right at the "heart of darkness," so to speak. Teaching the idea, as Hannah Arendt says, of a small, world-wide elite of Nordics who will run things: a top caste who will tell the "darkies," i.e. the rest of us, where to go...and "where to go" may be into the false shower baths which are really cyanide gas chambers. Yes, Harry Warner, writing in NIEKAS, is right: we squirm and we remember because it is not "them" but "us" who thought those awful thoughts, and hence instigated those awful deeds; and the "us" includes the Jewish nationalist fanatics, some of whom live today in Israel, who invade schools, break up grammar school class meetings with their quasi-military (I think the form is paramilitary) thugs...because the teacher of the class is not racially "correct." In this case, however, not sufficiently Jewish, rather than sufficiently German.



Primm '63

The Zionists drove one million Arabs out of Israel, and those Arabs, supported --i.e. kept from starving-- by the Quakers, are the greatest single lot of displaced persons on earth today. And don't let anyone tell you that those Arabs (i.e. non Jews and hence aliens, although their people had lived there for two thousand years) wanted to leave. They were terrorized into leaving, and they cannot return.

So the victims of World War Two have become the arrogant nationalists, ready to go to war (vide the Suez crisis) with their neighbors as soon as assured of adequate military support (and again it is Britain who gives it, Britain and GFrance).

This is all dreadful. In the Jewish refugee settlements in the Far East under the Japanese during World War Two, many Jews set up Hitler Organizations, including the Nazi (or Roman, if you prefer)salute.

We like to think of the victims of tyranny and cruelty as innocent (e.g. Chessman). But often the victim is blood-stained, too; i.e. he has participated actively in the situation which has at last claimed his life.

Many Jews today won't ride in a VW, and some won't even listen to the music of Beethoven; is this not as neurotic and "sick" as was the 19th century ideologies of blood, race and land being taught by both Germans and Jewish-Germans? Personally, I enjoy telling fanatical nationalistic, blood-oriented Jewish friends a fact they generally don't know: many of the Medieval German knight-poets, the Minnesingers, were -- Jewish.

So, Dr. Friedrich Foerster, "the greatest modern critic of Germany" to the contrary, there are now, have always been, at least two, and probably three, seven, nine Germanies; i.e. Worldviews held by Germans. J.S. Bach considered himself a Pole (his monarch was under fief to a Polish king). But we call Bach a German because he spoke German. Tony Boucher speaks German, and perfectly; is he, therefore, a German, hence a Nazi? The German Jews spoke German...and remember, a Jewish violinist's hand was broken by a Zionist fanatic swinging a lead pipe because that violinist dared to play a Richard Strauss piece in concert in Israel...is this not the Brown Shirst of the '30s once more, or is it not?

When a Jewish fanatic friend of mine calls me a "gentile" I simply say, "Call me a goy and let it go at that." Because, if I am a "gentile," then two thousand years

of evolution in human thought has been abandoned.

And if he won't ride in my VW --which was probably made in New York, not Germany, and was certainly, for sure, sold me by a Jewish person, Leon Felton of San Rafael-- then I will not allow him to eat a bagel in my presence (I am, of course, joking; I am trying to show this: that we can no more hold a people responsible than we can hold any other mythical, semantic, non-actual entity responsible; German₁ is not German₂ and German₂ is not German₃ and so forth. Just as, in this country, you and I did not bomb those little negro school children in that church Sunday school...you know god damn well we did not, and if we, you and I, could catch the white bastards --or rather just plain bastards-- who did it, we would work just as much and quick vengeance on them as any Negro mob would or could).

I am not a "white man." My German friends are not "Germans," nor my Jewish friends "Jews." I am a Nominalist. To me, there are only individual entities, not group entities such as race, blood, people, etc. For example, I am an Anglo-Catholic; yet my views differ from those of my vicar, and his do --enormously-- from the Bishop of the diocese -- whose views I happen to agree with, Bishop Pike. And so forth.

I will not walk out of a room when a German enters any more than I would have walked out of a room when a Jew entered. Nor will I allow myself to be a "gentile," i.e. a member of a race, to my Jewish friends. If they don't like me, let them hit me, as an individual, one right in the eye; let's see them hit a race --as the Nazis tried to do-- one right in the eye. It won't work; the Nazis failed: Israel exists, and Jews exist. And -- let us face it: Germany exists. Let's live in the present and for the future, not dwelling neurotically on the outrages of the past. Ludwig von Beethoven did not light the fires at Dachau. Leonard Bernstein did not hit that Jewish violinist on the hand with a piece of lead pipe. Okay? And salvé, as the Romans used to say. Or, as we Anglo-Catholics say, may the peace and love of God be with you. Germans included. And, please, Jews, too.



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SWASH,
OR TWO.

MOREE

In line
with my
current fas-
cination with
D'Artagnan &
Cyrano de Ber-
gerac, I'd like
to review a few
books that I've
run across while
indulging this mono-
mania. Some of them,
at least, will be of
interest to the sf fan;
for example, Cyrano's
Voyages to the Moon And
The Sun, (translated by
Richard Aldington), which
is often cited as an example
of early science fiction, but
probably seldom read.

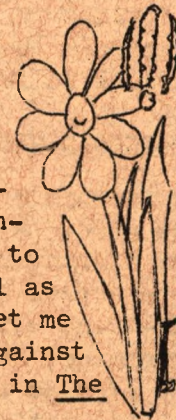
Aldington gives a short life of
Cyrano, which shows him to be
quite different from the de Ber-
gerac of Rostand's play -- but ev-
en so, he's plenty swashbuckling e-
nough by modern standards. The trans-
lator also comments that when first
published, in Cyrano's lifetime or sho-
rtly after his death, much of his writ-
ing was expurgated because it was offen-
sive to the Church; Aldington claims to
have recovered as much of this material as
possible. As a possible example, let me
quote from the indictment brought against
the narrator by the Court of the Birds in The
Sun:

(Speaking of the pretended superiority of
man over beasts) "Moreover this empire on
which they flatter themselves is an imagin-
ary right. On the contrary they are so inclined
to servitude that for fear of failing to serve,
they sell their liberty to each other. Thus the
young are slaves of the old, the poor of the rich,
the peasants of the gentlemen, princes of monarchs,
and even monarchs of the laws they have establish-
ed. But with all this the poor serfs are so afraid
of lacking masters that, as if they feared that lib-
erty would come to them from some unexpected quarter,
they made themselves Gods everywhere, in the water, in
the air, in fire, under the earth. They would rather

MAY

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FROM



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make them of wood than lack them; and I even think they caress themselves with false hopes of immortality not so much because they are terrified by the horror of annihilation as because of the fear they have of not being commanded after death."¹

The translation itself is well done, not pedantic in the least. Cyrano writes with that preoccupation with the turn of a phrase which was so common in his century, and is so regrettably lacking in ours. (I must confess that I do enjoy even the most trivial remark, if it is well said.²

If you want to read this book, you shouldn't try to take it all in one gulp as you would a light novel. As with most such things of the period, the story is merely a vehicle for the expression of Cyrano's views on science, religion, philosophy; and it's much more interesting if read a little at a time -- bearing in mind the character of the author, who was a "famous duellist and brave soldier". It is very pleasant to read slowly and digest the views, which weren't at all what you might expect from such a man. The science, of course, is quaint to us, but advanced for its time -- though I got the impression that Cyrano was a somewhat superficial scholar.

Incidentally, apparently even in those days the best way to sell a book was to ban it; for Cyrano says in his Voyages to the Moon, in the first part of The Sun, "...This contest of opinion between the men of wit and the idiots³ increased its reputation. Very soon manuscript copies were being sold secretly."

ooOoo

Incidentally, The Man in the Iron Mask, which I mentioned last time as possibly being derived from The Vicomte de Bragelonne, certainly is. It consists entirely of the parts of Bragelonne which dealt with the Iron Man, with a few bridges inserted by the excerpter.

A couple of other books you might find interesting are The Non-Existent Knight and The Cloven Viscount by Calvino. They're two of a trilogy, the first of which is The Baron in the Trees. (I haven't read that yet.) The non-existent knight is nothing more than a suit of armor held together by willpower. The cloven viscount is a cavalier who was divided in two by a cannonball; of course, all the good in him settled in one half and all the bad in the other. (Either half was unbearable.) They are very pleasant satiric fantasy.

IT BUCKLED WHEN IT SHOULD HAVE SWASHED

In browsing through a library on such a quest as this, one must run across the bad as well as the good. A novelist named Paul Feval has written a number of books joining Cyrano and d'Artagnan in various adventures. He has certainly been inaccurate, both as to the actual histories of these men and as to the histories invented by Dumas and Rostand -- and with characters as famous as these, that ought to be taken into account. Of course, Pavel is simply not as good a writer as the two he's imitating. Perhaps some of this is due to an unskillful translation, but it isn't just the words that limp -- the action does too, and the characterizations are faulty.⁴ If Pevel had not taken on the formidable job of writing about heroes who are too well known to give him any latitude, he'd have had reasonably good adventure stories; not ranking with the best, but worth reading. As it is, they don't succeed in any way.

I PROMISED NOT TO GET PERSONAL, BUT SOMETIMES ONE MUST

A couple of issues ago, Anne Chatland took G.M. Carr to task as being sometimes illogical. GEM "replied" by suggesting that Anne had "attacked" her for the same

1 p.232, The Sun, Aldington translation

2 e.g., "...the witty notions you use to tickle time to make it run the faster." p. 46, The Moon.

3 No conceit here, eh?

4 What Bruce Pelz would call a swishbuckler? ERM

reason that a female dog attacks another bitch.

What a perfectly charming example of logical reasoning.

OUR OVERLAP CAT

A French friend of ours keeps calling our cat, John Michael, "mon petit chat". Now J.M. is so big that he can't get both ends into my lap at once. But he's determined to be a lap cat. He tried curling up nose to tail, but his back hung out into space and as soon as he went to sleep, he fell off. Now he marches with his front feet on my chest until I slide down into a position he can make use of. Then he's comfortable, but I'm not.

I won't argue with him, tho. He's bigger than I am, and has claws.

HEY YOU BEHIND THE COUCH -- MOVE OVER!

Recently I've been subjected to a number of quite frightening experiences. They all run about like this: Ed calls me up and says, "Bill Grunch is in town -- he's been reading your column and wants to meet you." Now that is an association of ideas which gives me a warm glow, because I can't see why anyone who has been reading my column would have the slightest -- but to continue. The next time I'm at a Little Men's meeting, Ed says in a soft voice that can be heard for miles, "Felice, this is Bill Grunch."

I stand there trying to think of something to say.

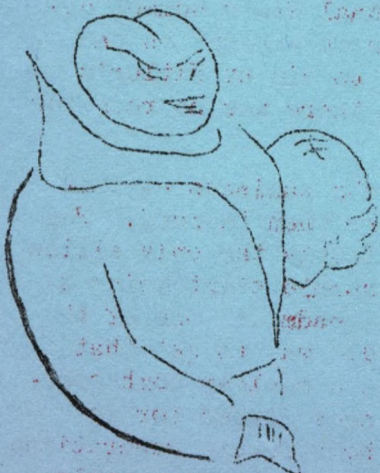
If Bill is someone I've never heard of, I may -- just may -- succeed. If he happens to be someone I've been wanting to meet myself, all I can croak out are banalities -- which are even more banal than you might think possible, because I seldom use politenesses and am woefully out of practice.

However, if Mr. Grunch (never mind now whether he wanted to meet me or not) is a pro -- then I must give the impression that the only reason I'm out there in the open is because I can't possibly fit behind the nearest piece of furniture.

While I'm standing there speechless, or relatively so, I'm putting myself in Grunch's place. No doubt, since he read my column and wanted to meet me anyway, he's waiting for me to say something warm and friendly, or make some penetrating remark about the latest Campbell editorial (and I haven't read Astounding in years), or begin a sparkling and witty conversation about world/fannish affairs. In a few minutes I'll have to end the impasse with a lame "Happy to have met you." Then what will Grunch think? He'll see me laughing and chatting easily enough with the regular members of the Little Men. He knows I can run on for pages in NIEKAS, so he's sure it isn't that I don't have anything to say. Obviously I don't want to talk to him. Obviously I have no use for anyone who isn't in my own little clique.

I tell you, every time Ed says "Felice, meet Bill Grunch, he's in the N3F," I can already see that bitter letter in the next TIGHTBEAM.

If only Bill could think of something to say to me.



Boucher [concl]..... pictures of what goes on in the west wing of a house -- very little happens for the best. One remembers Noel Coward's Statley Homes of England -- the "baby in the guest wing, that crouches at the gate/was walled up in the west wing in 1548."

[NOTE: After the recorder was turned off and in the follow-up discussion it developed that Tony intended, but forgot, to mention Andre Norton's Witch World (Ace), and D.R. Benson's anthology, The Unknown (Pyramid).]

POUL ANDERSON, NAZIISM, & THE HIGH CASTLE (cont)

(See also Phil Dick's article on page 45)

A: MARC CHRISTOPHER

I write in defense of the German people. Seems that they've suffered some pretty slanderous attacks in your zine lately and I've taken type-writer in hand to write in their defense.

First, the German people are no more blood-thirsty than any other people in the world. England has tried to rule the world innumerable times, as has Italy, Spain, France, Greece, etc. I can sight injustices on the same scale as the massmurders in the gas chambers, like the inquisition of France, Spain, New Spain, Italy and so forth [not to mention that in England, Switzerland, etc...ERM], the witch trials in England and its colonies, etc. But don't come to the conclusion that I'm defending the deeds done in those black ages. I'm defending the German people.

By accusing the German people because of what a few did you accused an entire portion of humanity for the deeds of a few. This is like accusing the entire Jewish people for the crucifixion of Christ because of the deeds of a few on that Friday so long ago.

The Germans are a very emotional people. They are capable of deep feelings about most anything. How can we blame them for being swayed by so eloquent a speaker as Hitler? And he was one. Despite his rantings and ravings he knew the masses. He understood the feelings of the crowd and he could speak to it. He swayed them into his way of thinking. It is too bad that such a gift should have been wasted on such a warped personality.

The old English slogan of "The Germans are Huns" is grossly incorrect. The Germans aren't Huns, and if they were so also would be the English, for the English are of the same stock as the Germans; Jutes, Saxons, etc.

We may laugh at the stupidity of the German people for adopting such a government. We point out that they should have gotten rid of Hitler once they knew how bad he was. But they did try! The number of thwarted attempts on his life is numerable.

Critics of the German people also say they shouldn't have fought for Hitler but should have defected to our side. Now if that isn't a ridiculous statement I don't know what is. There are all sorts of people who did just that, but try to put yourself in their shoes and see how you come out. You are brought up in Germany, your homeland no matter how bad it is, suddenly your country is in a war. Wouldn't you also fight on Hitler's side? Gladly?

But you see that even the greatest fighters against us tried to kill Hitler and his kind. If you'll remember Field Marshal Erwin Rommel almost won the war for Germany and he was involved in an attempt on the madman's life. He took poison when it was offered to him by Hitler's agents. He was a chivalrous man but it seems that there was no room for chivalry in our modern warfare.

This not trusting the West Germans with nuclear bombs business -- that sounds awful sick to me. I trust Germany, now, more than England. Why the Germans and the Greeks and the Turks are practically the only allies which haven't stabbed us in the back somehow. We should start doing something about the French and quick! DeGaulle's a madman! One of the most noteworthy things our late President Kennedy did was to get that test ban thru. And now DeGaulle's going to explode a nuclear bomb someplace in the South Pacific and blow everything Kennedy worked for to pieces! How can we trust a man that's willing to bomb future generations to mutation and death and p'haps toss the whole world into thermonuclear

chaos, just to satisfy his own self-centered egomania?

B: ELLIOT K SHORTER

John Boardman deplores the fact that there are "ex" Nazis holding positions of importance in the Gov't of West Germany. This most definitely should not be, says he. Once upon a time the U.S. was torn by Civil War. The North won and the radicals eliminated the Southern leadership from positions in the Southern state and Federal governments. Eventually it became obvious that this was a grievous error, in that now there were not enough able men to govern the South. You cannot, unless you are using the Machiavellian technique of entirely eliminating the opposition so as to feel entirely secure, prevent all the leaders of the losing side from participating in the reins of Gov't. They are the best qualified to govern.

Also, John, aren't the Eastern Provinces of Germany under Polish administration pending the signing of a peace treaty? They can't be conquered territories because Poland was a loser. "East" Germany is occupied by the Russians and the Gov't set up there is illegal according to the treaties that set up the occupation zones of Germany.

You can deplore the fact that Transport Minister Seehofer heads an organization advocating the reconquest of some Czech regions Hitler conquered. So what? Let's see now. The idea was to instill some democratic ideas into Germany. One of these key ideas of democracy is that a man has the right to his own beliefs and the right to state them. If one were to ban Seehofer from active participation in the Government of West Germany then aren't you reverting to a totalitarian idea?

The Second World War it came to an end
We forgave the Germans and we were friends
Though they killed 6,000,000
In the ovens they fried
The Germans now have GOD ON THEIR SIDE

-- Bob Dylan

Mike Deckinger: "The crimes of Hitler were...beyond comprehension." What about the Turkish extermination of the Armenians? 20th century pre-Hitler but everyone forgot about it.

C: RICK BROOKS

I wouldn't worry about West Germany, either. They are getting to be a fat, soft consumer nation like us, and fat soft consumer nations don't start wars,

John Boardman is more worried about West Germany than he is about the USSR. I happen to think that the Red Chinese are the ones to worry about. I cannot see a well-to-do country going to war in the nuclear age.

D: C.W. BROOKS, JR.

It has always seemed logical to me that Naziism was a natural outgrowth of the old Prussian militarism and nationalistic tradition but I never saw it put as clearly as in John Boardman's letter in Gincas. This does not necessarily mean, though, that today's Germany is headed in the same direction. Surely by now the Prussian ideals have been discredited and Germany has turned towards a more "liberal" and democratic way of life.

E: JAMES WRIGHT

Why oh why do liberals hate the Germans? John Boardman's ideas and his quotes struck me as entirely ridiculous. I admire and like the Germans more than any other people. As for Naziism running the country, etc., give me proof. Certainly looks democratic to me. And as for the hogwash that the Germans plan a mass invasion of Europe as soon as the Communists move out, I have one comment: BLAH! The British are more of a threat to us than the Germans.

F: ROBERTO FUENTES

First of all, let me apologize for the delay in writing. You see, I am a Cuban

exile, pretty active in trying to give back freedom to my country. I work with MRR, the ones who raided Southern Cuba and stopped a sugar mill recently, so you can imagine that I have not had too much time to write.

I see that Seth Johnson, as usual, sees things through rose colored glasses. As one having known first hand about Communism (at least 20 close friends shot or hung, more than 100 imprisoned) and having fought actively for freedom for 5 years (I have been imprisoned, set free, later was a chief of an action and sabotage group in Havana, went into exile through the Mexican embassy, later returned clandestinely to fight as a guerilla only to leave once more, this time through the Uruguayan embassy) I can say that I wish we had a few more allies like West Germany, and that it is a pity that some Latin American countries do not have a Nazi government.

As for John Boardman and the matter of which way the West European people would go if left to themselves; I have lived under and fought both a fascist dictatorship (Batista) and a Communist one, and the rightists are children compared with the Communists. [Perhaps this is because the Communists knew all the tricks of an underground movement and took steps to prevent these from being used against them in turn -- a matter of more experience rather than more innate viciousness? On the other hand, didn't Batista himself enter as a rebel against a previous dictatorship? ERM]

About the counter pogrom if the Communist regimes fell down, you can be sure there will be one. For example in Cuba, there will be a gigantic killing. It has to be because the Communists have sown a legacy of hatred that can only be placated with blood. One small example -- through the treason of a person I knew one of my best friends was shot and a girl I loved as a sister is in prison (along with 30 others he fingered). The greatest irony is that he defected and is somewhere in this country under the protection of the USA. He was a captain of the G-2, the secret police, posing as a member of the underground. But despite his defection several exiles have sworn to kill him on sight.

+++++ Bruce Reiz is a Button Snatcher +++++ Paid political announcement. +++++

DEMOCRACY

A: TOM SEIDMAN

A word to Betty Kujawa with reference to her comments in NIEKAS 7, though -- Successful democracy does not seem dependent on Protestantism but rather on a "Scandinavian" background. Scandinavian culture had its "things" well before there was any Christianity there at all (nor, for that matter, anything one might call a middle class in the modern sense). There have also been at other times and places various democratic institutions -- e.g., Israel under the "Great Assembly."

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stupid



Recently Pastor Borchsenius (a Lutheran pastor from Denmark who, when the Nazis came, was quite active in saving Jews and has since become somewhat of an expert on anti-Semitism and Judeo-Christian relations) gave a talk at Seattle U. (our local Catholic college) and was asked afterward by Rabbi Jucabowitz (of the U. Wash. Hillel Foundation) why the Danes reacted so differently from the Poles, etc. (who by and large cooperated enthusiastically with the Nazis in exterminating Jews). After retorting that one should not "mention those barbarians in the same breath with the Danes", Borchsenius noted that the people of Holland and the Scandinavian

countries have a strong tradition of democracy & education and then asked Jacobowitz whether he (J-) thought that, if such a situation were to arise in the U.S., his neighbors would try to help him. The rabbi guessed some of his neighbors would probably be delighted with an opportunity to turn him in to get his car and the pastor agreed saying that in general, whereas Scandinavia & the Netherlands "live their democracy," the US only "plays at democracy." On thinking the matter over, I am inclined to agree with the radical-right-wingers who assert that "the US is not a democracy -- it is a republic" -- I differ with them in that I don't approve. But we need only see how many people in this country tolerate the US constitution only so long as it is ignored and, in fact, deride as a "Communist front" that organization (the ACLU) which most actively and consistently attempts to keep pertinent the constitutionally guaranteed rights (whether of Communists, fascists, or anyone else) and how many go so far as to vilify the US Supreme Court for daring to hold up the Bill of Rights as a standard. For that matter, the US constitution & the Bill of Rights were snuck through originally when no one was looking (they certainly could never be passed now) -- a group representing various state governments met to negotiate modifications in the Articles of Confederation and exceeded their authority in tearing it up and writing the Constitution. It is only about 10 years ago that we came damn close to a right-wing coup here and, given a depression, could yet get it -- I am told that there was a "generals' plot" to replace FDR & the US has had more of its chief executives assassinated in the last 100 years than any other nation. Pardon my pessimism, but is the US really so democratic and law-abiding (How many schools do you know of which still have official prayers?), so idealistic and righteous (as opposed to self-righteous), so devoted to the rights of the individual as to have any right to look down on the newest nations or South America?

Looking over the above, it makes me seem a fire-breathing radical -- yet sometimes (eg -- when talking to Boardman) I come out all libertarian-conservative. So goes it.

B: ALAN BURNS

I get giggled when someone stands up on a soapbox in your zine and proclaims British and American Democracy as something no-one else should be without, quite honestly if you asked me to name the leading totalitarian states in the world I'd stand up immediately and say America, with England a close second -- the most democratic, but naturally, Soviet Russia. Before someone howls "Commie!" at me let me say that I'm not, but the effectiveness of the US and British totalitarianism is well bespoken by the fact that they can allow their people to travel abroad, with no fear of losing them. Now let me say plainly that standards of life in the Iron Curtain countries is low not because of government mismanagement or politics, but because they caught the entire brunt of the war, and it takes a lot more than twenty-five years of rebuilding to undo that. You can put up new buildings, but you can't eradicate the scars on the minds of people. No wonder there's a bit of sabre-rattling from Russia. They know what war is, and they don't want it to happen again, whereas England, and the US, escaped relatively untouched. Imagine if you can how you'd feel if Washington D.C. were levelled so that nothing higher than three brick levels was left. That's the sort of thing that makes me think that if a button is pushed, it will be on our side of the iron curtain.

~~Who is Mildred Clingerman?~~

~~Anon~~

ELRIC, MIKE MOORCOCK, & PSYCHOANALASYS

A: CHARLIE & MARSHA BROWN

Mike Moorcock's letter certainly left us with mixed feelings. It is the first time we have ever found someone we disagree with 100%. In Science Fantasy #53 Moorcock lists what he thinks are the four best illustrations of the various sub-bran-ches of fantasy. They are The Drowned World by Ballard, the Titus trilogy by

Peake, The Naked Lunch by Burroughs and Two Sought Adventures by Leiber. The first one we found completely unreadable. I like some of Ballard's early short stories, but his attempts at longer works leave me cold. They're much too slow and plotless for me. The same holds true with Brian Aldiss. The Dark Light Years was one of the dullest books I've ever attempted to read. This covers a lot of ground since I've read just about every science fiction book and magazine published in the last thirty years.

The Titus trilogy had some very interesting parts and some really fascinating atmosphere. There was however too much wasted wordage to plow through to leave much of an impression on me. The grotesque atmosphere which makes reading parts of the book so fascinating defeats itself in the end because it's such a steady diet with no glimmerings of light in between. Steerpike starts out as an interesting Dickensque character (he's obviously modeled after Steerforth) but becomes nothing more than a caricature by the second book. The second book is easily the best of the trilogy although still overlong. The less said about the third book, the better.

The Naked Lunch was garbage.

Two Sought Adventures is a book I like very much but is neither the best of Leiber nor the best of the Grey Mouser stories. Adept's Gambit is my favorite Leiber story. It has humor, color and liveliness that none of the other Grey Mouser stories (with the possible exception of "Lords of Quarmall") have.

Moorcock's casual dismissal of Tolkien, Dunsany and Howard is quite a surprise to me. I wonder what he thinks of E.R.Eddison. Howard was a poor writer but his stories had a color to them which no writer with the exception of A.Merritt has ever equaled. Tolkien has many faults but still managed to turn out a truly outstanding piece of work. Dunsany was easily the best writer of the lot although not the best story teller of the lot. Clark Ashton Smith is much too windy as a writer. About the only writer who we seem to agree on is Lovecraft who I find unreadable.

Moorcock's comment about "believing" what he writes is incredible. After reading his comments about what a dead end science fiction is, I'm looking forward with trepidation to his editing of New Worlds. Enough on that subject!

B: JOHN BOSTON

I would like to see one sentence of Moorcock's letter expanded and expounded upon: "I feel that writing SF can ruin and bleed dry a writer's talent." Is this based on some defect he sees in the field, or just on the overly commercialized air of most current SF?

C: RICK BROOKS

The Elric stories are the best I've read in quite a while. Elric's disregard for danger seems to be that of despair. The Mouser evaluates danger and then acts. Conan is a fatalist, but he has pride. If his time has come as many of his enemies as possible will go to hell with him. It seems that most swords-and-sorcery heroes have very mixed natures. Few of them are lily-white as John Carter. In fact, most of them tend toward thievery. Examples are Conan, Gray Mouser and Fafhrd, & North-west Smith. On the other hand, most SF heroes tend to be honest.

D: RICHARD J BRZUSTOWICZ JR

I have not read any of the Elric stories yet, but I certainly will have to now. I think Michael Moorcock might enjoy reading something like Mircea Eliade's The Sacred and the Profane, and maybe Otto's The Idea of the Holy, and, perhaps, Tillich's... well, I don't want to recommend the library, and the number of books about the subjects he touches on is large, and continually increasing. However, Eliade is one of the foremost authorities on the various aspects of religion in the world, and The Sacred and the Profane (which has quite a bit in it about, among other things, the Order vs. Chaos theme) is a very good introduction to his work. To the whole field of "Myths,

dreams, and mysteries" in general, in fact. Take the point about fear of death.... What you fear is what death is to you. To most "primitive" peoples death is nothing but another initiation, a change of mode of being-in-the-world like that they went through in becoming an adult. Of course, for modern man death isn't merely another rite of passage, like being swallowed by the Monster. It is the End -- a thing of chaos rather than order. And Eliade is much better than I. anyway....

I have this horrible tendency to suggest books and things which seem only to exist in the Rochester Public Library and on publisher's lists, but never anywhere else. So I do hope that these books are generally available for they would interest the reader of Moorcock's remarks.

E: JAMES R GOODRICH

I was interested in Charlie & Marsha Brown's letter on Elric in #7. Mike Moorcock had written us that he was never too enthusiastic about Elric to begin with. So -- Marsha was right, except that Moorcock never had too much interest in Elric at the start. Thus the stories seem to lose their spark as time goes on.

Weeell, Moorcock didn't openly state that he dislikes Elric; I got that impression from reading between the lines. Perhaps he just became weary of chronicling his exploits.

F: ALAN BURNS

I can't understand why everyone, Mike included, starts looking for psychological data in what to me is simply a series of sword and sorcery stories written primarily for entertainment. That, I think, is the trouble today, far too many people look for psychological things when they should be doing something practical, like seeing that everyone has enough to eat and reasonable conditions in which to live.

G: C.W. BROOKS

I wish Moorcock would explain why he rates The Broken Sword, the Titus Groan trilogy, and Jurgen so high and then sticks Tolkien and Dunsany off in a corner with Howard, ERB and Smith (I guess he means Clark Ashton). There must be some pattern or common denominator here but I can't see it.

Who will be Mildred Clingerman in 1967?

Anon

GILBERT & SULLIVAN

A: HARRY WARNER JR

Your reaction to "Trial by Jury" seems typical of most G&S enthusiasts. Except, perhaps, the G&S addicts for whom all the works are perfect and it would be sacrilege to react more happily toward one than to the other. The lukewarm enthusiasm for this little opera is pretty good evidence that whatever magic the G&S works possess, it isn't very closely linked to the satirical element in the dramas. This one should be the top favorite with American audiences, if the allusions to the real world were the main thing, because it's the easiest to link up with things that most of us have some familiarity with. The court procedure is close enough to that in the United States to make the American television viewer feel at home in the set. Compare with that the exotic things in "Iolanthe" like wards in chancery that an American must look up in a reference work to understand. But I feel real merriment whenever I play my "Iolanthe" records, time after time, while there are only two things in "Trial by Jury" that create a spontaneous smile for me: when the attorney takes it upon himself to reveal to the judge that there was a case long ago that set as a precedent the fact that a man may not be married simultaneously to two women, and when the counsel for Angelina sings part of his song about the lovers' troubles to the tune of Home, Sweet Home. In any event, I could find only one very minor possible inaccuracy in your description of the work. I think it's the usher who tries to get silence in the court, a

part that apparently corresponds to the bailiff in American lawcourts.

And I think you've caught a paradox {"A paradox, a paradox, a most ingenious paradox!"--ERM} about Iolanthe, but it's possible that the Fairy Queen accepts the Lord Chancellor's suggestion just to get out of the mess. Earlier she indicated she had no power to change fairy laws ("Think you, because / His brave array / My bosom thaws, / I'd disobey / Our fairy laws?"). Maybe she sees a solution that will cause the humans to accept marriage with the fairies, then proceeds to change them all into fairies in order to do things legally by fairy standards. However, the endings of the Gilbert & Sullivan works don't always stand up under close examination. Ralph Rakestraw must be twice Josephine's age, for instance, if he was mixed up as a boy with her father, but there's nothing in Pinafore to suggest that he's a rather antiquated sailor.

B: JAMES R. GOODRICH

Do you happen to know about an unpublished pornographic operetta by Gilbert & Sullivan? I have heard that there might have been one, but can't seem to find any information about it. Thought some more avid fans would know.

C: CHARLIE & MARSHA BROWN

We saw four of the seven productions put on at the N.Y. City Center this past April. Patience and Iolanthe were really terrific. The Mikado was fairly good (although the idea of Koko in a blue plaid kimono and sneakers was a bit much) but Pirates was about the worst production we've ever seen. The actors were poor and didn't seem to know how to handle themselves or their props. The pirate king especially got quite tangled up in his sword and scabbard and they kept giving encores even though there was almost no applause. The costumes in Patience were really great and Lady Jane's (Claramae Turner) performance was superb. Her lament with a bass fiddle was an unforgettable scene. She also did an excellent job as the Queen of the Fairies in Iolanthe. We hope you got to see her in these roles. {I did get to see Claramae in those roles; tho she was good, she wasn't as good as the Lamplighters' June Wilkins,}

D: PETER J MAURER

I've always enjoyed Gilbert & Sullivan. "H.M.S. Pinafore" contains the most delightful music while "The Mikado" most of the "classic" patter songs. "The New York City Opera" gave the best "Mikado" I've ever witnessed. The movie version was outstanding although Kenny Backer sounded too much like the typical Irish Tenor. I saw another version on Broadway a few years back. Not bad. "Pirates of Penzance" has everything musically but only a few really first rate patter songs. Assanine!! is the only way to describe the story. "The Canadian Players" did very well by it. Sullivan was the real talent in the partnership. Gilbert only rose to the occasion several times and never did anything well without Sullivan. For charm, wit and good humor G&S can't be equalled.

E: MIKE DECKINGER

I skimmed briefly over your G&S report. Admittedly there are enough G&S fans withing fandom to constitute a comfortable crowd, but I just don't fit. {Our crowd of 60 or so at the G&S parties is not comfortable if the post-theater party is in a small apartment!--ERM} The little G&S music I've heard has struck me as being singularly unimaginative and superfluous. I would say more except I don't want to arouse any enthusiasts into a fit of frenzy. My musical tastes run more to the film soundtrack line. {And you think G&S is unimaginative & superfluous???--FR} I dig composers like Miklos Rozsa, Ernest Gold, Alfred Newman, and Alex North to name a few of the more widely known ones. I even like a little jazz, but too little to cause em to seek it out in nightspots and jazz bars except on special occasions. In fact, Bruce Pelz and I once openly argued the merits of G&S vs. Rodgers & Hammerstein for a few mailings in N'APA. Naturally no common ground was reached--the most conclusive evidence

unearthed was that any music appreciation stems from the listener's own personal tastes however diversified they may be, and a disappreciation of some facet of music does not necessarily mean the music itself is bad, but is more likely to signify a lack of receptivity in the disliking individual.

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CORE AND SUCHLIKE

A: JOHN BOSTON

Felice Rolfe is so right in her statements on the grocery-store irresponsibility on the part of CORE. Aside from the fact that it does, as she says, interfere with her and everyone else's freedom of choice, it is not doing the civil-rights movement one bit of good in any way. Irresponsible things such as this and the abortive "stall-in," rather than giving the appearance of a dedicated band of fighters for right and rights, make the people responsible, and by association everyone concerned with the movement, look like a bunch of malicious and vindictive asses.

B: ELLIOT K SHORTER

I'm glad to know that, other than a small group in NYC, there are other people who, while civil-rightest, do not agree w/ the action of CORE and other like "Civil Action Groups." So they're pushing that ridiculous percentage hiring plan out there too. The idiots! You are not on the wrong side, Felice, since the right of free choice is what the Negro truly is fighting for. Unfortunately this has been allowed to become lost in the highly emotional fights for sub-categories of this right. Your description of the TV program is perfect example of how this fundamental point gets lost in emotional feelings. A CORE story: Bronx, NY, an Orthodox Jewish neighborhood. A Kosher delicatessen so Kosher that only Orthodox Jews are hired to work there. Clientele is mixed. One of the best customers is a Negro school teacher who teaches at the school right down the street. He has been coming in for over 10 years and has introduced his friends to the place. CORE pickets it as discriminatory because no Negroes or Puerto Ricans are hired. IDIOCY!!! Oh well.

C: MICHAEL VIGGIANO

Of course I know that the majority of the Negroes are not to be blamed for things like the attempted "Stall-in." What I think the Negro people need is a good public relations man. The leaders they have now (except for Martin Luther King) are fanatics.

D: HANK LUTTRELL

CORE is quite active around here. In fact, quite often it is active without any reason for being active. Not so long ago, some representatives of CORE called on a large contractor, Fred Weber Jr. They demanded that Mr. Weber up the percentage of Negro employees to at least 20. So Mr. Weber went out to find just how many he needed to hire, and obtained a negative number. So he fired the 10 extra employees.

E: RICK BROOKS

There was a big flap in Cleveland a while back. A white minister committed suicide by throwing himself behind a bulldozer while others were harassing the driver. Was it a country club being built for some rich types? No. It was to be a school for mostly Negro children. They don't seem to realize that the only way to become equal is thru education.

OUR PRINTING PRESS

L!z Lokke

On my birthday, February 12, this year, I received a little card from my mother which said, "On order: 1 Liberty Press, with instruction book" (or something to that effect.) I was thrilled and excited; I didn't do much more at that time than to think that it sounded like fun, but I did look forward to the arrival of the press.

Not long thereafter, Mom handed me the book of instructions, which contained a little card saying (more or less): "Owing to the unexpected demand for the Liberty Press, we are having trouble filling all the orders. We will send yours as soon as possible; please bear with us and be patient as it will be a little while before we can fill your order."

Naturally I read the instruction book. It had all sorts of fascinating things to say about how simple a press could be, how inexpensive type is, and so forth. It is, in fact, a description of how to make your own simple press, using a wooden frame (with a bottom) to hold the type, and a rolling pin to make the impression. It went into great detail about the techniques of printing. It describe type and told how to set it; it described locking the type into the press. It told how to put layers of paper into the end of the press, so that they folded down over the type. Then, according to the book, one cuts windows over the type (in the bottom sheet), places the paper to be printed above the bottom sheet but under the others, inks up, and prints. There was a nice discussion of proofreading, of inking. The book told how to even up the impression.

While we waited for the press, I read and reread the book. I especially enjoyed the section on censorship and registration, which offend me indescribably. I had all kinds of lovely daydreams of being a pamphleteer (I thought I might publish something called "Common Sense", which would of course shake up the whole town--maybe the whole state!)

A few NIEKAI ago, Ed had some letterpress headings, which he credited to the local bookstore owner. The next time I was in the bookstore, I asked Chuck Speake to tell me where I might find other type fonts and such--"since I'll be getting a press one of these days." I described the press to him, too. He gave me an address to write to for catalogs, and a few days (or was it weeks?) later, I wrote.

Two days later, I had my catalogs. My husband and I pored over them. My, the variety of fonts we admired; the ornaments we sighed over; the drooling we did! (We still had no press, you understand.) I talked about putting out a letterpress fanzine; Bill had ideas of such things as individual castings lists for our Shakespeare reading group. We both dreamed of Christmas cards (or letters). I even thought of putting out my mother's memoirs of her family in the form of a book, to be bound, of course, by my parents. I also thought longingly of letterheads for the Livermore Symphony Auxiliary (of which I am president). I even thought of printing tickets for the Livermore Symphony Association, but perhaps 1000 tickets are too many for one person to take on (the same argument dissuaded me from thinking of doing the programs).

About a week ago, I called our local printer to ask if he had such a thing as an old chase lying around that he might be willing to sell. (A chase is a metal box without a bottom, which is directly adaptable to use as a press.) He said that the one he had needed brazing, as it was broken. I decided that I'd rather not try to have that done. He then suggested that I might try one of the places in San Francisco that might handle used printing equipment.

Well, today I called one of the local amateurs and got the name of the used-equipment place to try. At the rate we're going, we'll be members of a chappel before we have a press, and we'll put together a press before my birthday present arrives!

It's a great thing to have a printing press "on order"!

[The book I mention above is J Ben Lieberman's Printing As A Hobby published by Sterling for \$3.95. The copyright date is 1963.]

Starting with some old comments from Harry Warner: 423
Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Md.

Tom Purdom's experiences in prozine writing were interesting to compare with mine. Like him, I found Gold the editor who did the least changing in manuscripts, among the editors to whom I sold when I was hacking a few years back. Hamling was by all odds the worst in this respect, on the basis of the one sale I made to him. He cut the story so far that the payment for it didn't begin to compensate for the time I'd put into it, then he or someone on his staff rewrote sections with such atrocious grammar that I was ashamed to try to read the published version.

Ed Wood's review of the Moskowitz book is the best I've seen so far. Everyone seems to agree that the history of science fiction needs badly to be written and I hope that the generally good reaction to this volume will encourage him to tackle the whole task. I think that Sam would do a much better job with pro history than with fan history: he has fewer prejudices, is less personally involved in the historic events, and the subject matter is important enough to assure him a good editor in a professional publishing house who could touch up the manuscript where needed.

There's more to style than John Baxter hints in this brief survey but at least it's a start on the sort of criticism that is needed sorely. He might investigate Merritt for rhythmized prose. Years ago I published a page or two in HORIZONS showing how few changes are necessary to turn Merritt's writing into correct iambic pentameter. I used, I believe, either "Snake Mother" or Face in the Abyss and the result was quite impressive, even from a non-poetic adapter like me.

I hope that Felice doesn't carry out her determination to reform English spelling as exemplified by you. Some of your versions of words in this issue are every bit as inspired and appropriate as those of Rick Sneary. I particularly liked backbighting and grizzly in the contexts in which you used them. (Well, I am succeeding in keeping the stencils from her & Liz...most pages of this were run on the day they were typed.--ER!!)

Felice Rolfe reads like an extremely good addition to any a-jay and I wish there were a mechanism by which I could urge her to seek immediate entry into FAPA. {Thanks, but no thanks--FR} Her writing in this issue strikes me like that of Bertrand Russell or Santayana: statements of things that would never have occurred to me to think out so clearly or to realize, even though now that I've read them, I realize that I should have understood such matters long ago, because they're made to seem so reasonable and obvious in this form.

I kept expecting Anne Chatland to ask the question that I've not yet seen anywhere in print regarding the day the president was assassinated. This involves the matter of where the transistor

Handwritten: Harniss

Handwritten: feedback

radios came from. Everywhere I went in the hour after the event, I found people listening to radios in business offices, stores and factories, the sort of people and jobs with which you'd never associate a radio as something close at hand. For a terrible short time, I got obsessed with the suspicion that everyone had known that something was going to happen that day and had taken a small radio along to work to prepare for listening to it. I suppose the only solution to the problem is that most persons hide a transistor radio in the desk or locker and listen to it when nobody is around to know about it, and on this occasion the radios were brought into the open because of the importance of the occasion. It makes me wonder what it will be like if something causes the people of the nation to think they might as well go ahead and commit the crime they've always hidden away in their dreams.

I'm glad to see the Lewis poem, which I hadn't encountered before, but also saddened to think that this may be his only fanzine appearance.

I don't think the television coverage of Kennedy's assassination and the succeeding three days was morbid per se. But I think that the nation demonstrated morbidity by sitting in front of the television sets during most of the waking hours for those three days, seeing the violence rerun endlessly, looking at every old film of President Kennedy that the networks could dig up immediately, staring at the casket and so on. I know of nobody who cried or demonstrated real grief after the first hours that followed the president's death, so it wasn't a real wake. It was just necrophilia, a demonstration of the same unhealthy interest that causes people to put a novel like James Agee's A Death in the Family or John Gunther's true-to-events account of his son's fatal illness onto the best-seller lists.

Grace Warren didn't put anything into her article to cause me to believe that Andre Norton writes good science fiction. However, I was so repelled by reviews and quotations of Tolkien that I refused to try to read his books for years, and I've just ordered the Ring volumes within the past month, now that the excitement has died down and I'm not turned off by things out of context. Andre may be a great writer of science fiction but these quotations sound as if she writes cliché-ridden and lifeless prose based on plot gimmicks and ideas that were used in various famous science fiction stories before she borrowed them. I'm not clear in my own mind about how many of the Norton books were designed for children and how many for adults. It's hard to imagine kids sitting enthralled over the kind of writing that is quoted here.

Charlie & Marsha Brown | 2719 Morris Avenue | Bronx NY 10468

The article on Andre Norton was terrible. It might have gone over as a speech but as a written piece it was a complete bust. Speaking of her, the third Witch World novel has been finished. No date on publication yet. She also mentioned that there were so many loose ends at the end of this one that there may be a forth one.

Dave Locke | PO Box 335 | Indian Lake NY

About profanity (re Felice's article, or whatever it was she called it). Writing sometimes resembles talking when there's profanity involved; that is, some people can 'swear' a lot and it won't be noticed as much as someone else who swears every other alternate Tuesday. In print, swearing usually passes by me unnoticed unless the person using it is self-conscious. I've 'sworn' in print; not for any effect but merely because the curse word finds itself on paper as easily as any other word. I probably should be more careful, but somehow it doesn't seem worth worrying about. Sorry, Felice.... {Don't be sorry. I swear quite a bit myself, in print as well as vocally. My point was that it's useless to make a point of it.--FR}

#8 was a pretty good issue. The front and back covers were excellent, although the only interior worth looking at was Randy Scott's. (How many times have you used

it, anyway?) {Only once, as far as I can remember--in an IPSO contribution of extremely limited circulation. I expect to reuse a number of illos from limited circulation zines like that.ERM} The best material in NIEKAS usually seems to be the editorials; this time they were very good, but what little else you printed I couldn't seem to wade through. Your lettercol, or column (New Dept, excuse me), or whatever you call it now, seemed either to be about politics or heroic fantasy (I say "seemed to be" because I didn't read it completely), and I'm not interested in either one. I'm even less interested in verse like "The Orc's Marching Song", SF checklists, and articles about Andre Norton (who is almost as bad in her own way as Tolkien. Put that in your pipe and bomb me). Like I said, though, the editorials were good....

Everything in Anne Chatland's "Vazhenda" seems to be common-sense, but maybe that's because I agree with it. The only thing I differ with seems to be Anne's reaction to the assassination. She initially felt shock and disbelief. I had only an idle interest; not because of anything against Kennedy but because to me one life is no more valuable than another. I've seen the bodies of too many people who've been killed by a bullet, and not all of them accidentally, to be disturbed when I hear that a man has been shot -- no matter what status he holds. The more important the person is, the more I'm interested, but 'interest' is as much of a reaction as I can attain. Shock or disbelief, no.

Felice's editorial was extremely enjoyable, and maybe when you get over your G&S kick I'll be able to shower you with such wonderful adjectives.... I liked 'Bumble Pajamas' or whatever, but you tell me more about G&S than I really care to know.

Sheila Elkin | 3758, 10th Ave | New York 34 NY

I was surprised to receive a second zine from you because my sister & brother-in-law told me I wouldn't get one if I didn't write after having gotten the first. The trouble is I'm not much of a writer or a critic and so I couldn't find much to say. But the threats kept coming, so I'm writing because I would like to read more fanzines and I don't have too much money (though I suppose I could scrape some up).

The only thing that puzzles me is who all the people that are mentioned in various articles are. Aside from that my active little eyes can read what's going on and the book reviews are quite good although for some strange reason I enjoy them more if I've read the book.

In keeping with the idea of book reviews I've noticed that there is a good deal mentioned, often incidentally, about the Tolkien books. Most of the comment on his writings deals with the Ring books and as yet there has been no mention of Tree and Leaf. {See page 44--ERM} I just read this book and enjoyed it immensely. "Tree," which forms approximately the first 3/4 of the book, is an essay on fairy tales, their origin, their meaning (what is or what is not a fairy tale) & their readers. In speaking on this topic (at least it originally was a speech) he notes the attitude that fairy tales are for children, an idea that is upheld by many people and which he does not consider to be true. He also states that many supposed fairy tales are not that at all, but have merely been so classified. After disclosing the nature of fairy tales he concludes with a short discourse on fantasy & imagination.

In the last quarter of the book, "Leaf by Niggle," Tolkien proves his own mastery of the subject on which he has just spoken. He creates a world which reminds one of certain countries presently in existence and within this world he paints another much more beautiful than the first. And in the first all that remains is a small reminder of the second, and after a time even this small reminder vanishes. On the whole it is lovely and well written. Tree & Leaf combine as perfectly as any tree and leaf that may be viewed with ones eyes.

Mike Deckinger | 14 Salem Court | Metuchen New Jersey

Felice Rolfe has written some nice folksy, readable comments. What she says in

reference to profanity bears a sizeable amount of truth. Profanity is used for effect nine times out of ten, to give the user a more adult (he assumes) character. Grown men swear, ergo, he who swears is a grown man. Unfortunately the analogy does not hold true, and he who swears is more likely to be a foul-mouthed exhibitionalist who can't wait to spring the newest four letter word on his shocked audience, with the proper iconoclastic delivery. Profanity, when used in this sense, has the tendency to bore one, with its blatantly contrived purpose, rather than be viewed as an expression of the user's emotion. There are legitimate instances where naughty words are justified, the extent of the usage depending on the degree of the situation, but I have no patience (or respect) for anyone who consistently punctuates his illiterate speech with all the profanity he knows in a bland attempt to shock or outrage. Rather than attaining the atmosphere of adulthood which he seeks, the effect is just the opposite. He is made to look even more infantile than he is.

The trouble with your Discon report was that too much time was spent on the transportation and too little on the con itself, unbalancing the body of it drastically. Whether it be by bus, car or pogo stick you arrived. This is already assumed from the start, and unless something of cataclysmic proportions occurred on the trip to DC, it's the best to dispense with that intro and begin right with the story. {But...but...the only really important part of the story was the trip to the con. In fact, I now feel that the only amusing incidents were the trip there and the adventures with the bagpipes that night. I should have included only those, and dropped everything else.ERM}

Carl Frederick | 740 E. 32nd St. | Brooklyn NY

Fandom is filled with mice?!

-FII- Fandom IS filled with mice!!

• FANDOM IS FILLED WITH MICE!!!

• HINGVIE is a MOUSE!

e e Ignatz

{Squeak?--FR}

Betty Kujawa | 2819 Caroline | South Bend Indiana 46614

Gene was taken Back to the days of his Youth by that description of Matt's car!! You don't know how that made us chuckle and remember. Gene used paper-clips and rubber-bands to hold his olde Studebaker (a "Dictator" model!!!) together -- 5 on 6 flat tires per week-- ah youth!! Thank Ghod it's over!! {Sigh!! Matt's car is no more: Its motor burned out shortly after the con. We'd also traveled to the Pittcon in that car, and any number of cons and meetings in Philly, Newark, etc. ¶ My typer's something like Matt's car, too. When it works, the motor knocks out every TV, radio (AM or FM), etc within a hundred feet, and the only way I could start it was by wrapping a cord around the shaft and giving a violent tug! To complete the analogy, the motor sounded like an outboard, too! But it too has died. The typer is a good machine... a "black model" IBM, the first model they ever came out with, and built to last...so I'll probably get a new motor for it. ERM).

I did an LOC on NIEKAS 8, and later that evening the dog ate it...I kid not...new puppy chewed it to shreds. I thought it was rather good, but never expected anyone to find it edible. Oh well....

Mike Irwin | 1712 Tulip | Arlington Texas 76010

So Anne Chatland likes to play games....There's one some of the kids I know play. It's about "going to hell." If you've ever lived in the South or some place densely populated with Baptists or somesuch, you'll usually find them always harping about dancing, cards, and other modes of "sin." To begin with, consider who's going to heaven -- it's where all the conformists are going and it's easy to think of some real prudes who are going there -- so go to hell instead. "Better to reign in hell,

At this point, to make sure you really shock those Protestants, you can start rattling off some of your sins and maybe branch into a discussion of Free Love. After all, the only thing wrong with free love is that it's immoral, but this can be ignored if necessary. Then, too, when one considers the virtues of free love (diversity, fun, doesn't cost anything, it's the coming thing, etc.,etc.). there's no objection strong enough to defeat you and you're going to hell anyway. {My only objection to Free Love is that *if* you're not careful, it's not free.--FR George Raybin has always said that he *isn't* particularly interested in free love, but he would like to *see* some price controls.--ERM}

I like Felice Rolfe; she's a damn good writer & much more readable than Anne Chatland, tho actually Anne's pretty good too. {Anne's editorials have all been serious, but I'm just having fun. Thankee.--FR}

I have' over 300 hardcovers, mostly in mint condition, for sale for \$200.

John Goston | 816 South First Street | Mayfield Kentucky 42066

I was very interested in the article on Andre Norton. She seems to be getting quite a big play in the fanzines nowadays; even in the few I've seen there have been three or four in the last month or so. Something that has puzzled me is that her more recent works are getting a great play, while her earlier books are comparatively obscure, much more so than can be accounted for by their age. For some reason her new stories, the Merritt-like fairy tales of "something rich and strange," doesn't go over with me as well as her earlier, more conventional science fiction, most notably Star Guard and Star Rangers. The former was one of the very first science fiction novels I ever read, at about age eight, and I expected to be quite disillusioned when I reread it last year. However, it stood the test of time with me, and it's my favorite of her novels.

Possibly the reason for this preference is that Norton has always been, to me, an intensely masculine, down-to-earth type of writer, much like Robert Heinlein. Her attempts at delicate near-fantasies don't fit in well with her style of writing. Think of what would have happened if Heinlein had tried to write Glory Road in the New Wave Norton manner -- or, preferably, don't. It's like an intrepid explorer treading through delicate ferns in hobnailed boots, although that's a slightly more drastic simile than I intended.

PFC E3 Elliot K Shorter | US 51517420 | Co.A 793 MP Bn | APO 696 NY,NY

Nice article on Andre Norton. Remember your comment on Ralph Rackstraw & Captain Corcoran? Well, a like comment can be made on Andre Norton's Star Rangers. Take a book on Astronomy and open it up to the table of star distances. Then read the Roll from the Hall of Leave Taking. I leave you to your own conclusions in regards to the basic premise of the book.

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

I enjoyed your discussions of G&S in NIEKAS, though they make me feel rather ignorant. I have some of the D'Oyly Carte albums and I listen when I can to the excerpts on the FM. They seldom give an entire opera in this area. I've never had the chance to see a performance. I don't see why they don't do some of them on TV, or movies. {Mikado was filmed, starring Martyn Green, in the late '30s, and this film is shown on TV. I saw it for the first time about a month ago. It is very popular and the prints are wearing out, unfortunately. Also, I understand Graucho Marx did a version on TV a while back.--ERM}

As to Felice's question about "jargon," why the engineers said that Ranger "impacted" on the moon instead of simply "hit" the moon, I think the answer is just the same as the reason that fans call themselves "fans" and carry on a lot of other unnecessary jargon: BECAUSE IT'S FUN. As an NASA engineer, I can testify to the irrational joy it gave me when I could say in a report on hypersonic reentry vehicles that "the bow shock wave impinged on the flare." I could, quite as well, have used "hit" or "struck" or "coincided with," but I had heard the phrase "impinged on" somewhere and I was bound and determined to use it. I think I managed to work in "to impinge on" and "impinging on" too! {Yes, but Ned, "impinged on" is correct English, but "impacted" was not.--FR}

I know that the use of "horns" to denote cuckold, but is there any relation between this and the "horns" gesture, fist clenched with the little and index fingers extended, that is sometimes used as a gesture to ward off the "evil eye" or some other magic spell?

And do any of you know this Norman Kagan who wrote that great "The Mathenauts" in the July If? It had a fannish flavor, somehow. It was far and away the best thing in the magazine. Heinlein's latest effort was about the worst he's done yet.

Richard J Brzustowicz Jr | 366 Oakdale Dr | Rochester NY 14618

There is an interesting thing here in Rochester...a sort of institution. The city, the U or R, & the Eastman School (which is really part of U of R, after a fashion) all conspire and each year they put forth a series called "Opera Under the Stars." The first opera I was to in quite some time was the first of this season... "The Barber of Seville." I was talking with a person who knows far more about opera than I do, but she enjoyed pulling the thing apart in such a way that even I understood what she was getting at. Some of it was obvious: they had a mezzo-soprano playing Rosina...and Figaro couldn't sing. I was going to try to get a job with the chorus but I sing worse than Figaro did.

Nate Bucklin | P.O.Box 4 | Dockton Wash 98018

Paul Zimmer wanted to hear Carl Frederick play the pipes??????? This disproves some words I've heard from pipe-lovers; they swear nobody but a true, highland-born Scot can appreciate pipes. Yet I love them, and Paul either also likes them or is a masochist of one degree or another.

Michael Moorcock, up with whom somebody once said he could not put, writes about himself and his stories very well indeed. I'm not even a thinker; when I do think, I think by association--and logic is a form of association, although most association adds, and logic multiplies. {Huh?!--ERN} I don't know whether life after death exists or not. I'd just about decided to kill myself after the Pacificon (to which I'd been looking forward for two years before I could afford the trip) when I realized I was scared stiff of dying, and no matter how distasteful life was I had to stay alive, desperately. Please, Michael Moorcock, never die. There are quite a few writers who decided, apparantly, in fiction, that sometimes death was better than life. I wonder if they believed this. One amateur who tried it, Bill Glass, I shall ask. Maybe he does. Moorcock, from what I read in NIEKAS and Lambda I, shall endure. Rackham is not currently above average, nor does he show promise.

Archie Mercer | 70 Worrall Road | Bristol 8 Great Brittain

A point of information: At the bottom of her second page of "Vazhenda" Anne deals somewhat cursorily and perjoratively with socialism by equating it with communism. Now I'm not exactly a socialist -- politics these days strikes me very much a matter of choice of evils -- but I would like to point out (I've done it before, and it's not original by any means) that whatever the theory may be, there is one vitally important difference between socialism and communism. That is, that socialism is susceptible to democratic processes whilst communism isn't. In Brittain, Australia, New Zealand, and various continental European countries, socialist governments have at times come into office. They attain office by being elected into it-- and when, later on, they are voted out again, they go. A communist government, on the other hand, makes damn sure that however it may attain office it doesn't get voted out again.

How does the Australian circumflex thing that keeps cropping up on the letters c & s affect the pronunciation? {S becomes sha, z becomes zh, and c (=ts) becomes ch as in charlie.--ERM}

James Wright | 1605 Thayer | Richland Wash 99352

Jones' cover was really brilliant. I haven't seen much of his art, but I certainly want to! That space rifle certainly brings up the ole sense of wonder.

Now look, Anne Chatland. Your comments were just as illogical as Gem's were. For instance, you quote "Three real, live, unrehearsed murders complete with grief-numbered widows and orphaned children..." I have not read Gem's article, but it seems to me that you were reading things into that. I didn't get the impression that you got, at

all. And why the fear of being tagged a Leftist? You're not, are you? If you're not, then just because some people do say you are, that doesn't make you one.

The Orc's Marching song was very good. Here's an alternate chorus:
 Fought to no avail, wicked Sauron could not prevail
 Hobbitses one, with help from two,
 Took the wind from Sauron's sail, he couldn't help but fail,
 And the Rings' War was through. {but, but...there were 3 other
 hobbits!}

Two questions: what does NIEKAS mean, and how do you pronounce it? {I explained in #7 that it means "nothing." N-YE (as in yes)-K-US (as in we); NYE-KUS.--ERM}

John Boardman | 592, 16th St | Brooklyn NY 11218

Anent your replies to my letter on the Eastern European situation. Have you ever looked into the claims made by the various exile groups? They certainly support your contention about what would happen if Soviet control were withdrawn. The region around the town of Mukachevo, in the southwestern Ukraine, may be taken as an example. It is claimed by its present government of course (Ukrainian SSR), by exiles from the Ukraine, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, and by something called the "All-Russian Monarchist Front." This situation could be duplicated all over eastern Europe. If Soviet control were withdrawn, these contending groups would precipitate a bloodbath.

And I think that "Soviet" is generally a more accurate term than "Russian." Only about half the people of the USSR are Russians. The distinction is made there between citizenship and nationality. One's citizenship may be Soviet, but one's nationality depends upon the cultural and linguistic group with which one associates: Russian, Ukrainian, Latvian, Jewish, Armenian, Kalmuk, Kirghiz, etc. While a disproportionate amount of the higher officials are Russians, this is due in part to the fact that until the present generation a better education and more exposure to the world of ideas was available to the Russians than to any other nationality save only the Jews. Names like Mikoyan, Dimshits, Yevtushenke, Landau, and for that matter Dzhugashvili ought to indicate that the highest levels in Soviet government, the arts, and the sciences are available to all nationalities. I suspect, however, that the situation there is the same as it is with non-WASPs here. Anyone can reach the top, but the non-WASPs who do it have to be a lot better than the WASPs at the same level.

Michael Viggiano | 1834 Albany Ave | Brooklyn NY 11210

Your cover was excellent--equal to that of a pro's. The cover was better than much inside artwork in a prozine. The back cover was good too, tho not equal to that of a pro artist. But it is not for me to compare a fanzine to a prozine. But then again, maybe it is. I think the best compliment a fanzine editor can receive is one in which someone says that an article or piece of artwork in his fanzine is of pro calibre. I am not much of an art critic. I cannot say brilliant things about the artwork in NIEKAS 8 like...the perspective was fine but the drawing was out of phase or that the focal point of the side view was off center. I can only tell you if I liked a piece of artwork or not. My comments: all of the artwork was good--though not as good as your cover--except one drawing. The artwork (?) on page 7. The face in the drawing is the kind of face my 6 year old sister draws. The drawing looks as if it was hastily done. Anne better improve or stick to her editorials, which by the way, are quite good. My favorite interior, Randy Scott.

"Some Notes on Norton" was good. I have read only one of her books, Sioux Space-man--and I found it poor. But after reading Grace's article, I will give Norton another try. The article was thorough and nice & long. Quoting from Norton's novels was a good idea.

See also page 71

LOCAL 275
TROLL'S GUILD

Mr. William G. Gruff, III
Mountain Meadow
California 31416

Dear Mr. Gruff,

It has been brought to my attention that you have, in the recent past, wilfully mistreated one of our members. Furthermore, it is also known that your brothers, W.G. Gruff I and W.G. Gruff II, have consistently deceived and misled the aforementioned member.

As you know, there is a long tradition of peace and cooperation between our organizations. Therefore I am communicating with you informally in hopes that your cognizance of our awareness of the incident will prevent any repetition thereof.

Naturally, any further occurrence of this type will result in immediate legal action on our part.

Sincerely,

Jm7

I. M. Fierce
Director
Local 275,
Troll's Guild

ANNE Y CHATLAND

NAZHEWDA

This is a case in particular where Ed has been after me for some time for my contribution to NIEKAS. Today happens to be the last possible day I could write this and get it in.

I intend to discuss some opera I have seen and had hoped I could include "The Marriage of Figaro." However, Ed wants to distribute this NIEKAS at the G&S party which is going to take place on the same night as I will see it, so I have to stop with "Parsifal." Perhaps this is just as well, since "Parsifal" nearly stopped me. I remember that "Parsifal" started at 1:30, and that I came staggering out of the War Memorial Opera House at a quarter to six. Herb Caen says in the San Francisco Chronicle that the last act of "Parsifal" carried on into a rehearsal for the following production, "Der Rosenkavalier," causing considerable confusion. Although it certainly was long enough, I rather doubt this. After all, what on earth was "Rosenkavalier" doing with all those monks?

While I'm on the subject of "Parsifal," there are a few other things I should say to be fair. The scenery and effects were marvelous; at one time in the second act there must have been at least five different layers of gauze painted in various ways. The entire opera is set in legendary times, so the mists of legend were quite literally present as wisps of fog that rose diagonally across the stage in front of everything else. Parsifal himself is a...Christian?...Siegfried, although he is given nothing like Siegfried's best line. This, probably the best line to appear in any libretto, occurs when Siegfried discovers the nude, sleeping Brunhilde and exclaims in wonderment, "Das ist kein Mann!", "This is no man!" However, I am straying from "Parsifal."

The second act is concerned with Parsifal's exposure to temptation, his successful resistance to it, his recovery of the sacred spear (i.e., the spear which pierced the side of Christ during the Crucifixion), and the beginning of his travels throughout the world in search of the brotherhood of Knights of the Grail. The characters involved are Parsifal, the "Innocent Fool" (so much so that he was more than occasionally exasperating -- he had no idea that trying to strangle Kundry was a sin), Kundry herself, a woman half damned & half saved--the complexity of her character makes Carmen look two dimensional, Klingsor, an evil magician, Amfortas, the present King of the Knights of the Grail, who has been sorely wounded by the spear when he yielded to Kundry's wiles, and Gurnemanz, Parsifal's mentor. At the end of the second act overture, the mists of legend were rising impressively, and the leafless, semi-transparent branches of the trees of the enchanted forest surrounding Klingsor's castle framed the tormented Kundry. Much further back was Klingsor, visible from the waist up in a lurid crimson light, himself framed by great, moving streamers of white and crimson flames. Almost from the beginning of this act the audience stopped fidgeting (which had been a natural consequence of the too-long, boring first act). Kundry yields to Klingsor's commands, and tries to tempt Parsifal into a sin that will frustrate his mission. During this time most of the crimson light fades to a dirty yellow, which gives an excellent impression of the morally disgusting and evil thing Kundry was trying to do. However, she doesn't do very well with Parsifal, and in desperation Klingsor hurls the spear at Parsifal. He seizes it and destroys Klingsor's realm by making the sign of the cross with it. This was probably the most dramatic moment of the entire opera; the stage was almost entirely dark and the end of the spear was lit by a small, vividly blue spotlight. I did not see the cross-stroke of the sign of the cross very well, but during the long stroke the spear seemed to grow and then shrink as Parsifal swung around himself and the enchanted forest vanished. The final backdrop showed the bleak and crooked road which Parsifal must take in order to complete his mission. There is never any good explanation why Parsifal must do this; af-

ter all, he apparently just came from Monsalvat (the home of the Knights of the Grail). However, in the moment that Kundry kisses him he is no longer innocent, and feels pity and understanding for Amfortas. (Amfortas, by the way, cannot be healed except by the spear which wounded him.) I suppose that Parsifal must do all his wandering in order to gain wisdom as well as compassion. It still seems to be that anyone with any sense would simply retrace his steps.

The first and third acts, though, were disappointing, including even the famous Grail scenes in Monsalvat. All Gurnemanz ever seemed to do was sit on a stump and sing. Kundry was consistently impressive; in fact, she came through as a surprisingly sympathetic character. For me, the Grail scenes were marred by the thoroughly mixed Christian and pagan symbolism. This could be a personal prejudice only, since I know some people like it. However, I'm sure most people still agree that it's too long. And I'm NOT talking about the incomprehensible Wagnerites who go to Bayreuth to sit through the Ring operas, from "Das Rheingold" to "Götterdämmerung" nonstop!

"Parsifal" is the most recent opera I've seen; in addition to "Figaro," I have tickets for "Carmen," "Fidelio," and "La Traviata." I passed up "Rosenkavalier" because I had seen that at the Statsoper in East Berlin in 1960. I don't remember too much about it now except that many people in the audience had scores. On that same trip I saw an almost unbelievable performance of "Aida" on a great outdoor stage in Rome. During the triumphal procession there had been four chariots, with a total of sixteen horses, on the stage, and some pretty spectacular fireworks. I was probably goggling as much as any of the other tourists.

Perhaps this is enough on opera for a while. I had planned to write about the Spring Opera season in San Francisco too. However the only really remarkable one was "Faust" and I suppose I can come back to that some other time.

LAIŠKAI ANNEX

We also heard from an awful lot of other people. Well, that's what happens when you skip the lettercol for an issue. Anyhow, aside from those represented in Gincas, we also heard from Grania Davidson: "Felice, I enjoy your un-mailing comments quite a bit and look with wonder, awe and astonishment at someone who can prepare a turkey dinner for 17! For that matter, who has 17 forks, plates and chairs!!! Trying to cook spaghetti for 6 leaves me weak and trembling for a week. I'd take off my hat, if I had one." {Thanks, Grania. The dinner wasn't too bad -- I had this lousy turkey, and the visitors provided bread and salad; between the various partial sets of dishes & silver/stainless, & the neighbor's chairs, we managed.--FR}, Avram Davidson: "Thanks for Liutas {?} , the thinking man's ethniczine.", Andre Norton: "Thank you very much indeed for the copy of NIEKAS 8 which reached me this week. It was most thoughtful of you to add it to my collection of fan magazines, the more so when it contained the article on my work by Mrs. Warren." Phil Leitch, Amelia Ahlstrom, Piers Jacob, Claire Beck, Bob Brown, Duain Kaiser, Cindy Heap, Andrew Porter, Fred Lerner, Phil Salin, Horace Westbrook, George Scithers, Pete Mansfield, Harriett Kolchak, and Bernie Kling...not to mention those few poor trusting suckers who actually sent some money for the next issue!

*As for next time, I imagine that Phil Dick's pyrotechnics will bring a flood of comment...but please don't forget the rest of the issue when writing, huh? Like, I think that Tony Boucher had some quite significant things to say on the nature of science fiction and of criticism, aside from giving an excellent rundown of the year's books. *zrk**

BLANCHARD IN '66!

concluded from page 4

He once remarked in a fanzine that Blanchard would be an ideal spot for a con. Unfortunately there were no hotels, but the committee should be able to scrounge up several large tents for everyone to sleep in. There were no restaurants in town, but that was all right for there were two bars and with those around who wants to eat? It would be the drunkenist convention of all time. Well, a number of us picked up the banner and have been campaigning for Blanchard ever since.]

On joke bids turning serious...I understand a number of people are beginning to take seriously the idea of a con in the Virgin Islands [christened the "Virg invention by Joe Rolfe], and I wouldn't be surprised if a serious bid did develop at the 66 con.

Every con has it's own series of zany incidents...like the business of the bagpipes at the Washington Manument during the Discon. This time I missed out on most of them, unfortunately.

One night at about 2 AM a dozen or so fen came across someone sleeping soundly on a couch in the mezzanine. The temptation was too much for them, and they piled all sorts of garbage like empty beer cans on him, took flash fotos of him in this state, etc. By when I wandered past he was cleaned off again, and still soundly asleep. They were debating what to do next, and someone got the idea of carrying him, with couch, onto the stage in the con hall. So that's where we left him, behind the curtains. Our thought had been that the noise of the program in the morning would wake him up and he would come wandering out from behind the curtains while he was talking to the monster fen, but unfortunately he woke up an hour early.

But most of the incidents occurred Monday while I was out to dinner. Bruce Pelz was doing some work at the now abandoned registration table, and Dave, Ken & Mary were standing a ways off, talking. They somehow got the idea that it would be a good thing to go over and look at Bruce, so one at a time they went over, stared at him, and came back. About this time they were joined by Dave Bradley and Ron Bounds... a Baltimore fan whom they called "the third mustache" (Dave & Ken have them also). As time went on they were joined by others who also went over to stare. Finally, Mary & another guy went over together, and as they left she said "Is this what it's all about?"

Dave took Mary's lipstick and put a sign up on a pillar saying "Look at Bruce Pelt's --- 25¢." More and more people were staring at Bruce and wondering what's going on. At this point Fred Lerner joined the mob, asked who to pay, looked, came back, said that that's worth another quarter, and went back for a second look. Ron went up to his room to get a silver helmet that he had in order to put it under the sign for the "quarters." In the meantime, Ken put up another sign saying "Look at Bruce Pelz --- FREE!" on a pillar about 20 feet from the first one, and oriented the sign at 90° to the first.

The guy who had gone up with Mary and Fred Lerner went up to Bruce and asked for his autograph. A number of others followed.

Bruce could see this knot of people plotting and was rather confused and irritated over all the goings on, but he was steadfastly ignoring everything. He finally gave in and got up to look around. He found the first sign and was even more irritated, and when he found the "free" sign he blew up. He bounded over to the group, growled "Fred Lerner!!" as if it were the ultimate obscenity, picked Fred up, and twirled him around in the air until a button popped off of Fred's coat. The others were simply in hysterics, largely because this one time Fred had had nothing to do with it.

The loss of the button upset Fred very much [he has so few, you know...] and he organized an "Anti Bruce Pelz who is a Dirty Button Snatcher League," and was planning to publish a one-shot called "The Great Pelz Button Bungle" which would plunge all fandom into war. Fred finally found his button because Bruce hadn't kept it...Dave figured that he probably wasn't hungry then.

And then there was the completely chopped up waste paper basket riding up and down

an elevator one night bearing a sign "I am Mildred Clingerman and I DO know how the Man in the High Castle ends."

There were also a number of just plain pleasant incidents. Such as having breakfast with three fine eofen...Dave Kyle and Claire & Clyde Beck. (Claire had published a fine letterpress zine in the '30s, SCIENCE FICTION CRITIC.) Or watching a battle between ATOM & Rotsler. ATOM would draw half of a cartoon, & Bill would fill in the rest stealing the punchline and/or turning the tables on ATOM's character. Then Bill would start one and ATOM would do the same to it. This went on for hours on end with absolutely marvelous results! And then there were the usual filksings...that's George Heap that Harness sketched in action [pg 2].

Every night the con committee co-sponsored an official party with some group in a suite on the Mezzanine. At the start it would be absolutely mobbed, and the spillover would completely fill the mezzanine itself. People would cram into the suite itself to refill their glasses, and beat a hasty retreat out to where there was more room. Almost everyone would show up there at the start, and then a number would drift off to private parties they heard about. Eventually things would be virtually deserted until some party would break up and a mob would be down again. Most nights I started the evening at Charlie & Marsha Brown's party, and spent an awful lot of time with them during the con and the week after it.

There were some unpleasant incidents too...like the three paintings that were stolen from the art show. I believe this was the first time any fanart had been stolen tho I remember several pro paintings on display at the Newyorkin had disappeared. Of course Bjo and the others connected with PAS are now quite upset about it, and there is talk of discontinuing the art shows since the safety of the work displayed can no longer be guaranteed.



During the con I did sort of feel a strange atmosphere, but afterwards I realized that it probably had nothing whatsoever to do with THAT business...I remembered that each con I was to had a different atmosphere to it and felt strange.

Phil Dick, on the other hand, said that he felt that there was a sort of air of tragedy hanging over the con, and everyone kept waiting for something to happen. He is sure that there were countless private unnoticed personal tragedies...ones that will (at least hopefully) never be discussed for few will have heard about any one and then it will have been of such a nature as not to be discussable in the open. [Well, that never stopped fans before....] He said that it was the best and worst four days ever for him, both at the same time. For him it was a fine, but marred, convention which was somehow epitomized by the fact that the microphone through which he was to speak was dead.

Anyhow, he says that somehow "the stars" spelt strife for that weekend, and everyone could feel it, and THAT business was but a symptom and not a cause. The committee felt, subconsciously, that there was going to be trouble and did what it did do in order to try to head it off. But strife was pre-ordained and nothing that they could do would prevent it.

Phil attributed a number of things to this tension -- Al Halevy's fall and injury, Kevin Langdon's disappearance after the first day, etc.

There was only one incident of any consequence related to THAT business, and I wasn't there at the time. Gretchen Schwenn, a member, refused to pick up her con badge at the registration table and so the Sergeant at Arms tried to get her to leave the con area. The rule was that only people with badges would be allowed to remain on the Mezzanine. Boggs and Langdon were there too, and a scuffle developed between them and the SaA, for they were not members and refused to leave. The way I heard it, Gretchen then pounced on Buechly, the SaA, knocked him over, and started to scratch and strangle him before she could be pulled off.

But despite this it was a fine con and I enjoyed myself. I'm looking forward to London next year, and if everyone who says he's planning to go does the con will be mobbed and should be a real ball!

SON OF THE CASTLE

Great news! Phil Dick just t-ld me that a sequel to Man in the High Castle is in the works. It all started when MEZB's son, Dave, asked him why he doesn't write a sequel showing what the German occupation of the east coast is like. He suggested that it not be a real sequel but take place concurrently with Man.

He will write the book in collaboration with Ray Nelson, and they have the thing just about completely plotted out. It will take place after Man after all, but will be set on the east coast. It will be largely a novel of intrigue dealing with the great power struggle within Germany analogous to the struggle in Russia after the death of Stalin.

The mystecism, "I Ching" and so on will be subdued in this volume, which will be marketed as a novel of suspense and intrigue. Phil said that Man itself sold rather poorly in the trade edition. He has spoken with various people in the trade and they attributed this largely to a goof on the part of someone in the promotion office at Putnams. Right from the start Putnam intended to market it as a mainstream novel and prepared the dustwrapper with that in mind. However the person who prepared the promotional material for the branch offices to use played it up as a SF novel. Thus the non-fan SF reader didn't buy it for it didn't look like an SF book, and most book-stores didn't handle it because they do not handle hard-cover SF...it sells poorly, not only because of the prejudices against it but because of the Doubleday Book Club

and the abundance of SF paperbacks. Also, library sales were hurt very badly because the reviewer in the one publication used as a guide by virtually all libraries on what to buy didn't like it.

Anyhow, the sequel will be properly marketed and will be written in such a way as to help the promoters.

When Phil & Ray got together to work out the plot they kept a tape recorder on for reference use later on. When they started they only had the vaguest idea of what the book was to be about, and at the end of two hours they had worked out virtually everything. I haven't yet heard this tape, but those who have say it is a very graphic portrait of the birth of a novel and is absolutely fascinating. Phil has promised to let me excerpt parts of it for the next NIEKAS so stay tuned for this. If it is everything I understand it to be, this should be a major document.

NEW YORK INTERLUDE

Last April I went back to New York for two weeks and had a wild, wild time. The New York City Center happened to be having its Gilbert & Sullivan season then, so I got to see 5 operettas in the space of one week. They also did two others which I had to pass up because of mundane commitments. Well, you can't have everything. No, don't worry, I won't describe them all now. In fact, I decided to give you a rest and pass up writing anything about G&S this time.

One day Carl, the Greeb and I went to the electrical engineers convention and exhibition at the New York Colosseum. (No, Carl did not have his bagpipes with him!) We didn't want to go home after that, so we walked downtown through the rain to a theater that was showing "Fantasia". I'd seen the picture before, many years ago when it first came out, and about two years ago with Ron Ellik, Peggy McKnight and another Angelino. The first time was too far back for me to remember, and the second time I was too tired to be able to concentrate.

I think they made one mistake...they showed the film, made for a standard projector and screene, through a cinemascope projector. Everything was badly distorted... in the prehistoric scenes (Rite of Spring) the sun wasn't circular, but egg shaped, etc. The only parts that they left alone were "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and the shots of the conductor and orchestra between pieces.

We came in about 2/3 of the way thru the picture, and then saw the short "Foot, Whistle, Plunk & Boom" which explained the principles of the various forms of musical instruments. We sat through "Fantasia" and this two more times. Now the short gave the evolution of each form of instrument from its hypothetical origins in cave man days, and they started each sequence with a cave man combo playing and chanting "Uh Wah Ga Umph!" When we left the theater Carl & the Greeb took up this chant and I hastily went over to the other side of the street. Like, that Carl Frederick can be a nut...especially when he's with the Greeb!

Now Carl doesn't like much of the music by Russian composers. When STokowski said in his introduction to "Nutcracker Suite" that Tchaikovsky detested the piece, thus showing again that an artist is a poor judge of his own works, Carl stood up and shouted "Him too? I knew it was rotten!" (Fortunately there weren't many people in the theater, and we weren't thrown out.) And when the next piece was announced as "Rite of Spring" Carl said "One more Russian and I'll report this to HUAC!"

Carl, Matt Chlupsa, and I were supposed to go down to Philly for one day for a party the Troll was throwing, but Carl finked out at the last minute. Matt and I went down the previous night and stayed with two friends of hers, Dave Thewlis & Ken de Maiffe. This trip was the first time I met them, and now that the three migrated to Berkeley I have gotten to know them rather well. Both are rather good artists, as is

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note: I have a few extra copies of the cover & foldout (uncreased) available for 25¢ ea.

BUMBEJIMAS concluded evident from thish.

Well, I've just run out of time and room, so I'll have to cut it off at this point. Now I must race home and try to run off the last few stencils in order to try to have a few completed copies for distribution at the Gilbert & Sullivan party tonight. (64 people are expected...a new record!)

I've made arrangements to have a collating party tomorrow to get this thing out into the mails. It'll be at the Rolfes home and I'm expecting that triumverate from Philadelphia, Dave Ken & Mary, Phil Dick, Grania Davidson and maybe Anne Chatland to help put this thing together to the accompaniment of beer, wine & fangab. (I haven't told Anne about it yet, hence the uncertainty.)

So until next issue....

Ed Meskys