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ART CREDITS

Diana Paxson: pp. 2, 3, 4, 8 (I think), 19-20, 27, 57, 63
 Johnny Chambers: pp. 5, 6, 14
 Jack Gaughan: pp. 28, 35 -- and Jack is a Good Man!
 Jurgen Wolff: p. 57
 Arthur Thomspon (ATom): p. 74
 Unidentified: pp. 9, 50, 53

I apologize abjectly for not having the last three credits. Ed carefully identified them for me but I've lost the information...that's why I plead, Artists, please sign your work! By next time we should have these credits.

STAFF

Editors: Ed Meskys, Felice Rolfe	Production Manager: Jerry Jacks
Poetry Editor: Diana Paxson	Staff Artist: Diana Paxson
Overseas Mss. Editor: Liz Løkke	
Proof Readers: Marsha Brown, Judy Commisso, Bob Foster, Felice Rolfe	
Assorted Miscellaneous Staff: Steve Perrin, Steve Henderson, Bob Baer, Johnny Chambers, Janet Dotter, Paul Moslander, Clint Bigglestone	

DEADLINE

Deadline for letters and material for NIEKAS #18 will be February 1, 1967. You don't want another five-month lag between issues, do you?

PATTERNS

Diana L Paxson

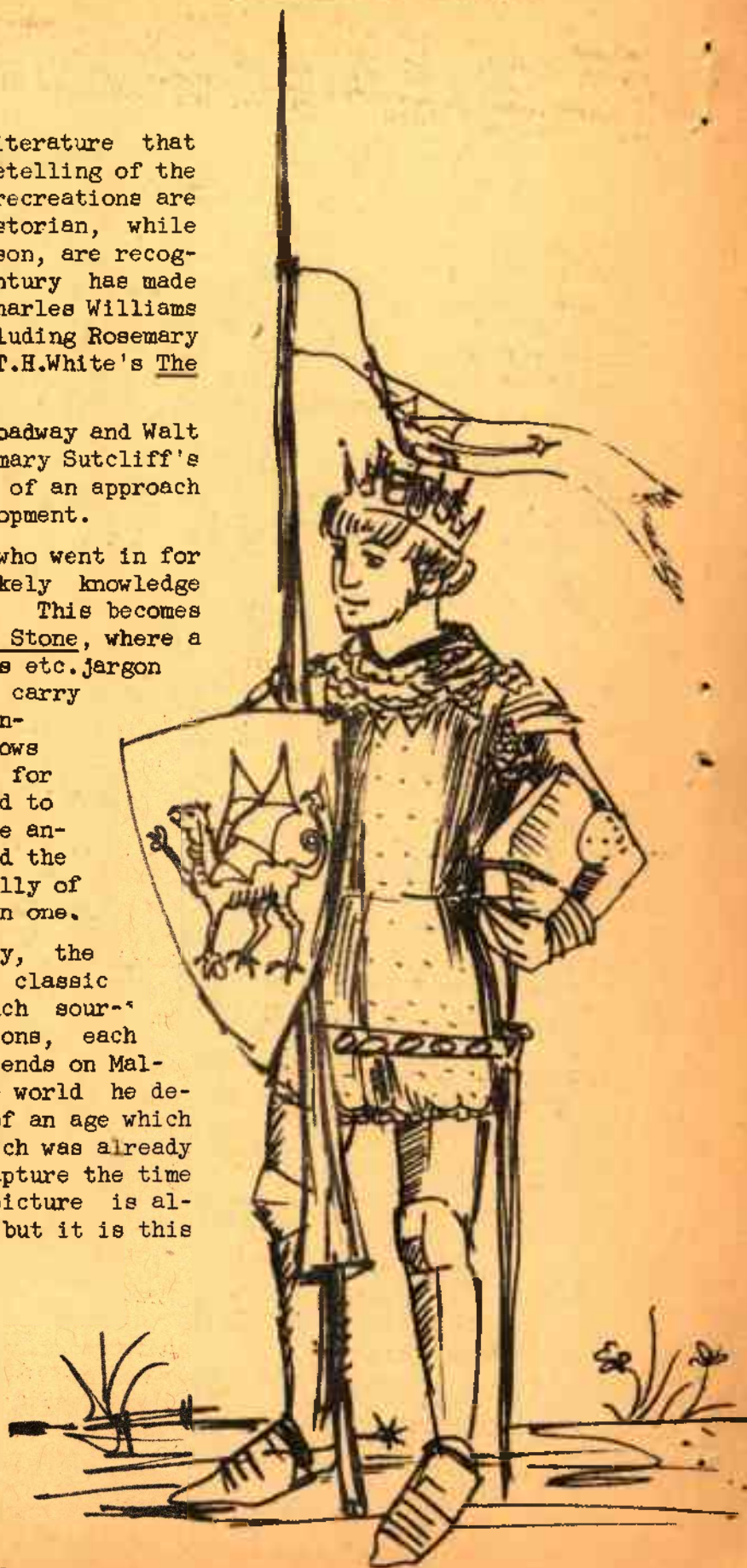
It seems to be a law of English Literature that each period shall produce its own retelling of the Arthurian legend. Some of these recreations are of interest only to the literary historian, while some, like those of Malory and Tennyson, are recognized classics. The twentieth century has made its own attempts; E.A. Robinson and Charles Williams in poetry, and a host of others, including Rosemary Sutcliff's A Sword at Sunset, and T.H. White's The Once and Future King, in prose.

White's book is unique and, since Broadway and Walt Disney used it, famous as well. Rosemary Sutcliff's version is the best example to date of an approach which is particularly a modern development.

T.H. White was a very fine scholar, who went in for the same kind of detailed and unlikely knowledge that would attract his own Merlin. This becomes quite apparent in The Sword in the Stone, where a wealth of hunting, fowling, armorer's etc. jargon gives the story a solidity which can carry the comic relief provided by anachronisms. It is obvious that White knows the proper procedure and vocabulary for everything from the making of a hound to the making of a knight. And yet the anachronisms are always there to remind the reader that it is a question not really of the medieval world, but of the modern one.

White leans very heavily on Malory, the writer who cast the legend into its classic form. Like Malory and Malory's French sources, he divides his story into sections, each of which can stand alone, and he depends on Malory for the details of style of the world he describes. Yet Malory himself was of an age which was no longer medieval, an age which was already idealizing even as it tried to recapture the time that was gone. Therefore Malory's picture is already an unreal and artificial one, but it is this very artificiality which White wants to use.

The shape-changing episodes in the first Book, and in the second, the discussions of the first decisions of the young king, are obviously didactic. What the fish, swans, ants, badger, etc. teach Arthur is not natural history but political theory. The society of



the ants, where the individual exists only for the sake of the nest, has been imitated too often in our times for it to go unrecognized. The lesson continues when Arthur, having realized that Might does not make Right, decides to make Might serve it. The remaining two books describe the progress and fate of this attempt at Utopia. Because the purpose is so clear, and because the characters are all so immediately sympathetic and familiar, this is one of the few books I have never been able to bear reading through a second time.

If T.H. White leaves no doubt as to his message for our age, yet Rosemary Sutcliff, though less direct, is nonetheless typical of our time, since her approach is one which came into use comparatively recently. Like Mary Renault, she draws heavily on the techniques and discoveries of cultural anthropology, and more especially on the kind of speculation made popular by Jessie Weston.

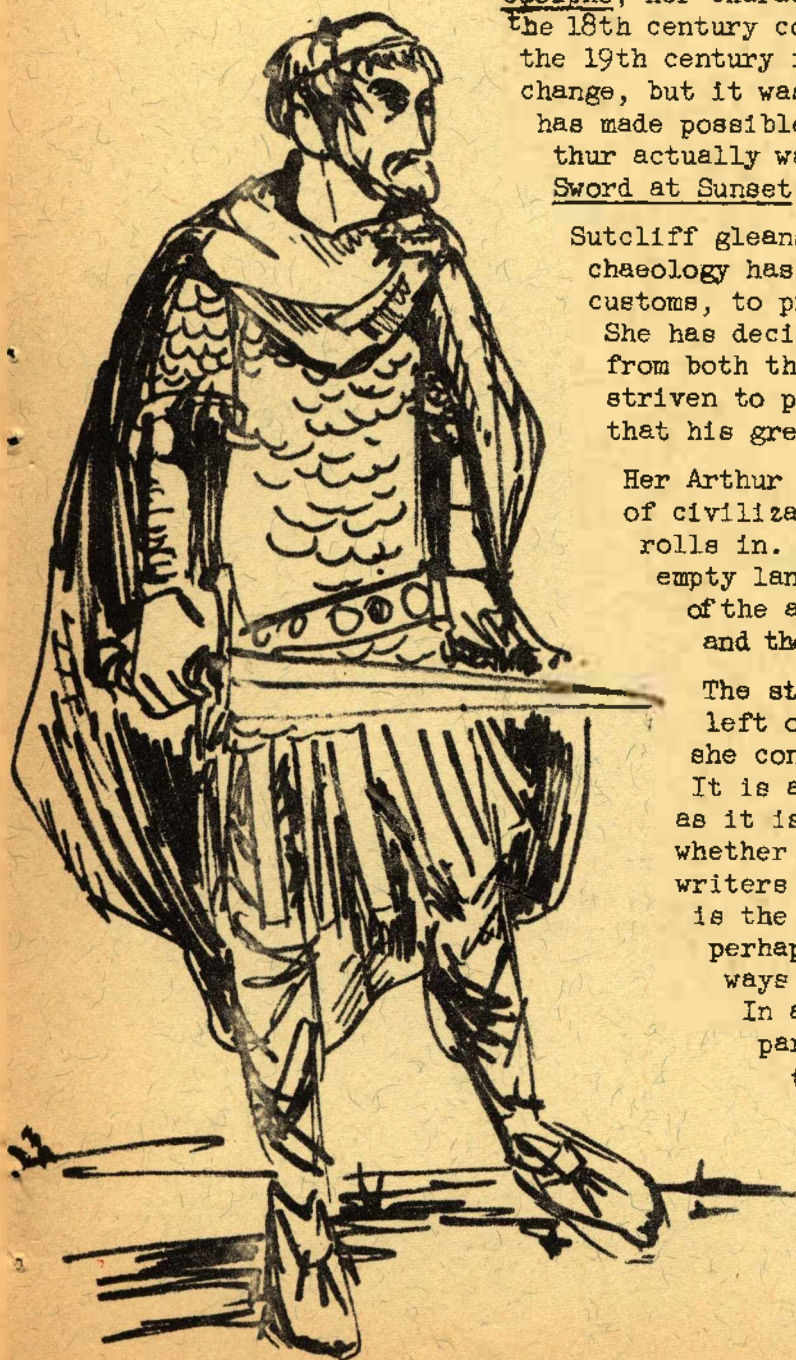
Sutcliff's scholarship is in its way no less painstaking than that of Mr. White, but its object is different. When Mrs. Radcliffe wrote about the 15th century in the Mysteries of Udolpho, her characters thought and reacted exactly as did the 18th century contemporaries of the author. By the end of the 19th century it began to occur to people that manners change, but it was not until the present that scholarship has made possible an educated guess as to who and what Arthur actually was. It is on this educated guess that A Sword at Sunset is based.

Sutcliff gleans what History knows of events and what Archaeology has discovered of places and Anthropology of customs, to present a world as alien as another planet. She has decided that Arthur must have been descended from both the Roman Emperors and the British princes, striven to preserve the best of both heritages, and that his great enemy was the Sea Wolves -- the Saxons.

Her Arthur also has a dream, to strengthen the light of civilization as he may before the barbarian dark rolls in. She sweeps the reader back to a wide and empty land where no names are the same and the weight of the ancient gods is still heavy on men's souls, and the reader is seized by a rending sadness.

The story is told continuously, and the author has left out a great many themes and characters which she considers extraneous to the original legend. It is also exceedingly realistic. But thrilling as it is, the question one must ask at the end is whether or not this is King Arthur. Sutcliff and writers like her seem to assume that the true story is the one which is most historically correct, or perhaps the assumption is only that all other ways of treating the story have been exhausted. In any case, the things which have become a part of the story of Arthur since his death, the things which in fact have made that story of importance to more than his own time, are ignored. Insofar as is possible, this technique preserves the truth of history -- but if that truth were so important perhaps it would not be so quickly forgotten. What it does not do is preserve the truth of the myth.

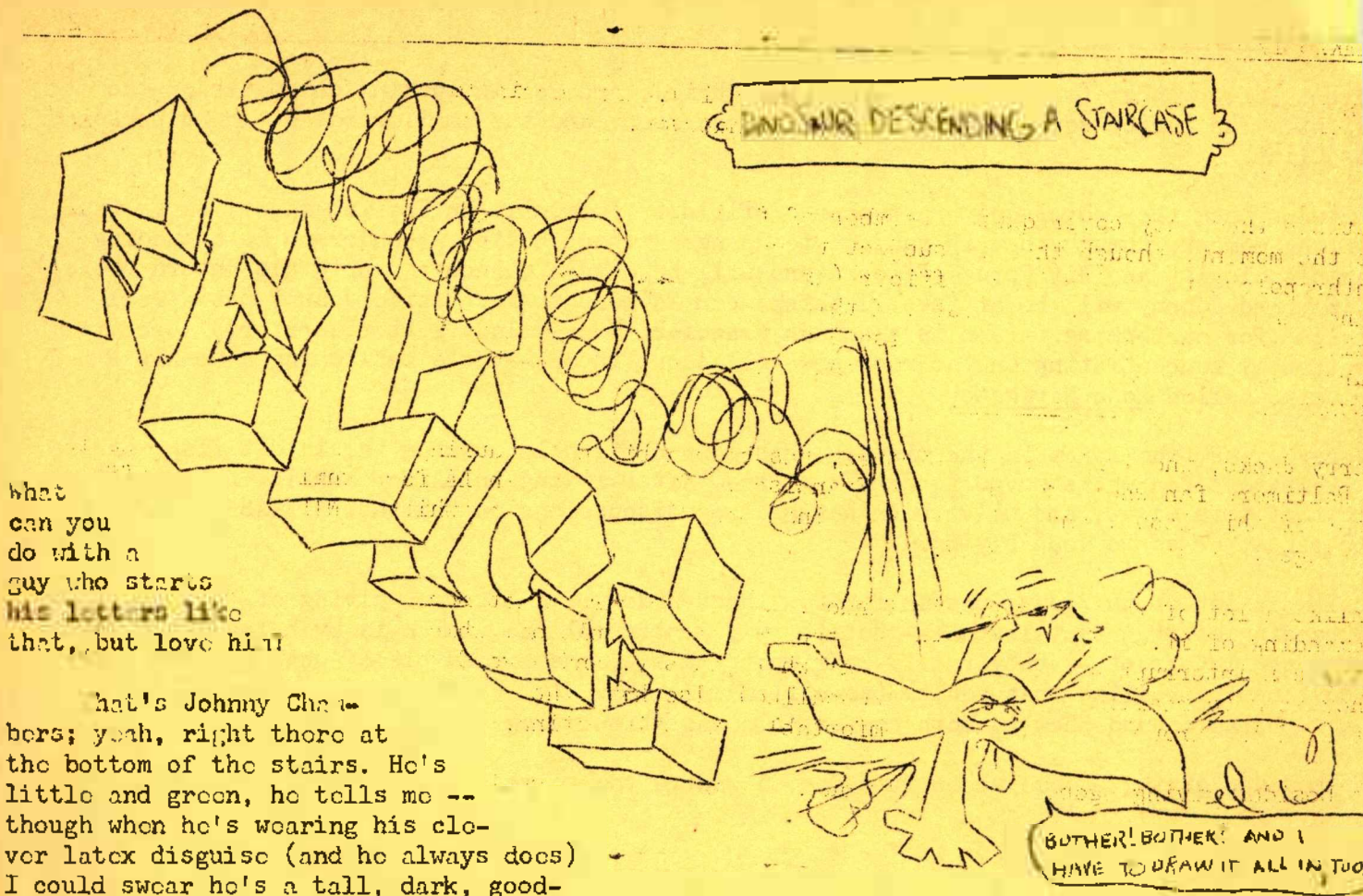
In essence the legend of King Arthur is the story of an attempt to create a



Utopia which for various reasons fails. A successful attempt to retell that legend should then be one which deals successfully with this theme. The King Arthur of T.H.White is frankly trying to create such an Utopia, Rosemary Sutcliff's Artos tries to hold the remnants of a civilization together as long as possible so that as much as possible may survive -- a more realistic but less exalted aim. I think this is why the blurbs on the cover of A Sword at Sunset say things like "...the distant time glows with present reality," (Elizabeth Goudge), while of The Once and Future King the Saturday Review says, "Intensely contemporary and pungent... not only better...and richer for being a re-telling, it is also more original."



DESCENDING A STAIRCASE



What
can you
do with a
guy who starts
his letters like
that, but love him

That's Johnny Cha-
bers; yeah, right there at
the bottom of the stairs. He's
little and green, he tells me --
though when he's wearing his clo-
ver latex disguise (and he always does)
I could swear he's a tall, dark, good-
looking seventeen-year-old.

One day well over a year ago I got a long, friendly, relaxed letter from Steve Perrin, who explained that he and some friends had seen a NIEKAS at Johnny's place; and since they lived in the area, could they drop in next Sunday? Collating fodder! I exclaimed, and wrote back, "Sure".

Sunday the doorbell announced several carloads of college-type men, who sorted themselves out into four; Steve Henderson, Steve Perrin, Clint Bigglestone and Paul Moslander. "And Johnny will be late. He always is." (Johnny, when he arrived, was another couple of carloads of young man -- and I mean railroad carloads.)

Thus I met the Terrible Five. They brought briefcases and boxes and armloads of fanzines, and several kilos of chicken for lunch. (This thoughtfulness is typical of them.) The biggest of these housefillers -- about 7'8" in his stocking feet, I would have said at that point -- introduced them all, handed me several tons of fanzines, and chatted very easily all afternoon as if we were old friends. Naturally I assumed that this was Steve Perrin who had written me the we've-been-friends-all-our-lives letter. It wasn't, of course. It was Steve Henderson.

By the end of the day I had been completely charmed (even to the point of coming out from under the piano), though it was several months before they settled down to life-size in my mind and I got the two Stoves straight. Ed still has trouble with that. Perrin is the one who writes letters, Ed.

Johnny has sketched the Terrible Five on the next page. Actually, their number varies considerably; as you can see, there are seven in the picture...Starting from the left, there's Johnny, damn his eyes; I asked for a picture of him "with" his latex disguise when I should have said "in", so he's carrying it. Next is olvish Greg Shaw, who is looking rather less olvish and more hippy these days; Paul Moslander at the back, baring his fangs;

Janet Dottery next (she's the one with long hair), and Perrin looking enigmatic on the right. The larger square-jawed person is Henderson, and the smaller square-jawed person is Clint.

Between them they cover quite a number of fields. Perrin is an English major; so is Paul, at the moment, though that is subject to change without notice. Henderson is a budding anthropologist and Air Force officer (and will he have a chance to apply his anthro there!). Janet and Johnny will be artists, I think; Jan is more serious while Johnny has a real talent for cartooning. (Jan is also San Francisco's only lady letter carrier!) Greg is currently concentrating on the rock and roll scene in SF -- he's publishing a weekly R & R newzine called Mojo Navigator.

Jerry Jacks, who isn't in the picture, has been a big help during the latest flap. He is a Baltimore fan who's moved to San Francisco, after living in LA for awhile; he ran off most of this issue, and we've been having long discussions on "whither NIEKAS". (Back to 50 pages; or so we keep saying.)

Unlike a lot of the young'uns in fandom, these kids are a lot more giving of attention than demanding of it. They listen -- not the way most people do, which is by being quiet until they can interrupt -- they really hear what you say, and a good bit of what you don't say. They seem to realize that adults (so-called) also have their naiveties, moments of insecurity, etc. Being around them is both comfortable and stimulating.

So besides giving ogoboo where it's due, I wanted you to meet them.



ON SEMANTICS

I call the high-school-and-college fans "young'uns" or "kids" merely for want of a better word. After all, I'm 32 (and at their age, I wouldn't have known how to talk to anyone my age). On the other hand, until last year I was in college myself; in a very real sense these are my intellectual peers.

Besides -- they all have to look down at me; and it's impossible for me to really think of someone who is taller than myself and knows more than I do about something as immature. (Boy, am I confused by Astrid Anderson, who is 12, two inches taller than I'm, and knows more Euclidean geometry!)

PHILOSOPHY CORNER (artless and naive subcategory)

Have you ever noticed how hard it is to accept friendship if it's offered too freely or too overtly? We seem to feel that friendship must be worked for, sought after, merited in some way. If a person is simply warm and open right from the beginning, without caution or reserve, we tend to back off hastily, muttering "What's he after?" (And of course if it's a member of the opposite sex, we know what he's after. With the absolute assurance of a closed mind.)

And the funny...sad...thing is that if you're lucky enough to run into someone like this, and secure enough to respond just as warmly and unreservedly -- as often as not, he'll back off hastily, wondering what you're after.

While we're philosophizing, there's another thing I don't understand. How can a person justify labelling another and then mentally shelving him because of the label? I mean the guy who says "Oh, he's just a (beatnik/square leftist/rightist religious nut/atheist homo/hetero*: circle one or add your own)." Never mind the ethics of it -- think what he's missing!

It's supposed to be easier to think in stereotypes, but actually it's a lot harder. There are so many counterexamples to any stereotype that it requires active withdrawal, carefully maintained isolation, and thorough filtering of evidence to fix the thing firmly in one's mind. Why bother?

A very amusing experiment, especially if you have a well-established stereotype for yourself, is to violate it and watch the reactions of the people around you. E.g., a hippy with a haircut. (I know one.) Or a little suburban housewife with an interest in amateur publishing...(I know one of those too.) It's also a very useful experiment; you find out who's thinking and who's not -- or, at the very least, who among the people you consider friends is willing to think if you behave unexpectedly.

JOE FOUND THE FOLLOWING attached to the coffeepot in the lab.

1. Grasp cup firmly with all five (5) thumbs of upper left forefoot.
2. Extend right upper forefoot. Operate dispenser handle to OPEN position.
3. Repeat steps 1 and 2 above with cup under dispenser spigot. (Reference Section 3.5.7.6.4.2, "Coffee Resorption Techniques".)
4. Fill cup. Release operating handle. Remove cup from under dispenser spigot. (Do not reverse order of operations. Reference is made to the Section cited above.)
5. Dilute contents of cup with adulteration agents as necessary.

Lelise

*Since these things seem to come in pairs, I may as well throw that in. How can one use two-valued logic on people, who so obviously form a multi-dimensional continuum?!

ABOUT NOTHING

First of all I must mention that an entry was accidentally left out of the current installment of the Glossary of Middle Earth and this was impossible to correct without retyping several pages. The missing entry is:

BROWN LANDS, THE -- The desolate and treeless area between Mirkwood and the Emyrn Muil at the time of the WR. Of old the Entwives had their gardens here, but war between Sauron and the Men of the Sea (the Last Alliance?) ruined the land and drove away or killed the Entwives.

Also called the Noman Lands. (I 17; II 100)

-000-

Please check the address stickers on the envelopes in which your copy of NIEKAS came. The upper right hand corner should indicate the reason you are getting this copy, and the status of your sub if that is the reason. Also please make sure that we have your name and address correct, and if not give us both the version on the sticker and the correct form.

If you live in the US we **MUST** have your zip number because after Jan 1st the PC will no longer accept printed matter without it. I suppose we MIGHT manage to slip a copy or two past the sorters but the PC has announced that it will return as incompletely addressed all mail lacking the number. Since returned copies cost us 18c postage due we plan to terminate all subscriptions to people for whom we do not have the number. (I would guess that this involves some 20 subscribers and thirty people who get NIEKAS for other reasons.)

If you write letters of comment, we are far more interested in letters dealing extensively with one of the articles than ones which mention briefly each item in the issue. Both Felice & I were most disappointed that neither John Brunner's article in #14 nor Marion Bradley's Men, Halflings and Hero Worship in the last issue received the comment and discussion they deserved. Both of these articles had controversial things to say and should have been meat for discussion in the letter columns for several issues. We are still interested in discussion of both of these despite their age. Also, we welcome comment on the art at all times for the artists are generally neglected by the letter-writers.

I guess this is as good a place to mention that there WAS an art folio which accompanied many copies of NIEKAS 16. Unfortunately nothing in the issue indicated that it was supposed to be accompanied by this folio, nor did anything in the folio indicate that it would accompany NIEKAS or even how many sheets were in the folio. There were six sheets, one a cover and one printed in white ink on black paper. All of the drawings were by Diana Paxson, and two were on Ring themes. If your

set is missing one of these please send either of us a description of the ones you do have and we will send the missing one. We were rather erratic about including it with copies but generally didn't include it with copies mailed after the initial mailing. Both Felice & I have copies of this (tho only she has those back issues which are still available) and if you want a set you can get it from either of us for 15c + 5c postage. (If it is ordered together with other things forget the postage.) We also have some extra copies of Diana's picture of the blessing of the swords at the tournament at 10c + postage.

You will notice that we raised the price of NIEKAS to 50c, 5/\$2. The original price was set back with #6 and since then the magazine has increased in size and the cost of ma-



terials. Also Felice & I swapped some of the work and I will be handling the subscriptions from now on. Felice will, however, continue to handle the back issues.

If you've looked at the colophon you've probably noticed one other change; trade by arrangement only. I am afraid that we have been rather erratic with trades until now, largely because we never did come up with a suitable way to handle the book-keeping. Also, neither Felice nor I has an appreciable interest in films, comics, E R Burroughs, H P Lovecraft or several other topics common to many fanzines, and with notable exceptions like COMIC ART we don't find the specialized fanzines too interesting. It is simply a matter of taste; I know there are many people who don't find our material about Tolkien interesting. And this doesn't mean that we wouldn't publish occasional articles on these subjects ourselves provided they were well written and interesting to the non-specialist.

NIEKAS FLOATS DOWN THE CHARLES

Come to think of it that's a pretty revolting idea! Anyhow what I tried to convey is that one of your editors, nemely me, has recently made several visits to Boston.

As I mentioned last time Diana Paxson, NIEKAS columnist, poetry editor and chief artist, spent the summer in Boston and I made a couple of trips up from New York to visit her.

First time up I went alone and spent a whole week there, from July 7th to the 14th. I didn't just visit Diana -- in fact I only saw her on four of the days I was there, usually for a short time. Another friend from California, Genia Pauplis, was vacationing in Boston that same week and a friend from the faculty of Belknap, Henry Muse, lives in a suburb of Boston. But I spent most of my time with the SF fans who live in the area, many of them MIT students.

All year round the MIT Science Fiction Society meets late Friday afternoons. The meetings themselves are brief and no business is accomplished, but afterwards everyone goes to a good Chinese restaurant in Boston, the House of Roy. Afterwards many return to the club library for chatter and reading.

These are the active minority in the club. Most of the members merely belong in order to be able to borrow books the club's 10,000 volume library.

When Diana was done with her classes later that evening I dropped by for a little while and we talked about what happened in Berkeley in the seven months since I left.

Next afternoon Henry, Diana & I visited Rockport at the end of Cape May. This artists' colony is a bit smaller than its California model, Carmel, but has the same assortment of artists studios, gift shops and restaurants. On the way back to Boston we made a detour to pick up Molly Titcomb, an old friend of Diana who was preparing for the Peace Corps at Brandeis University, and Henry dropped us off in Cambridge. We met Tony Lewis, Sue Hereford and several other fans at a Japanese restaurant and later adjourned to the MITSFS library. Tony really knows the local restaurants and is an excellent guide if you want to eat out in Boston or Cambridge.

Next day I met Diana & Molly for lunch at an excellent Greek restaurant a short distance from Diana's dorm, the Acropolis. Their salads are out of this world!

For the third time since I've had my car I locked my keys inside of it. With the help of some friendly neighbors, a piece of wire, brute strength and Molly's long slender arm we managed to get it open after an hour, Diana went back to her studies, and I drove Molly back to Brandeis. Molly had been Diana's room-mate thru 5 or 6 years of college and graduate school in the Bay Area. She, like Diana, is a great fan of Tolkien & Lewis. She studied Spanish while Diana took English & French.

I got back to the apartment where I was staying (that of Mike Ward and Filthy Pierre, occasionally referred to as Erwin Strauss) just before Mark Walsted arrived from Providence RI... much to Mike's surprise! I had once worked with Mark for NASA and we had kept in touch ever since. He has contributed two articles to NIEKAS and is working on a third. I had phoned him that morning after I left Mike's apartment and he said he'd drive up to see me. He also wanted to meet Diana & Molly because of their common interest in fantasy and Silverlock but schedules didn't permit. We talked of Tolkien and such and Mark went home after dinner.

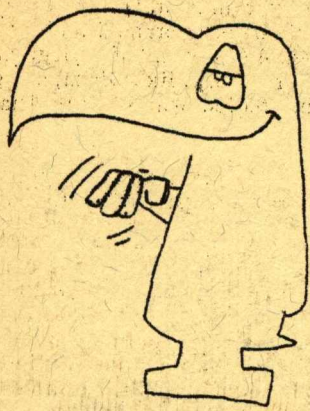
I spent the rest of the week rather quietly with Henry, Genia & her sister Joan, the fans, book hunting, etc... except Wednesday! When I called Diana to see if she'd be free later that evening she was already done and dying to escape from studies for a while. The intensive work and stifling Cambridge heat were really getting her down. She, Mike & I went to the House of Roy for dinner and then retired to the library. She did some artwork for NIEKAS and TWILIGHT zine and suggested we put out a one-shot fanzine. Everyone who walked into the library that evening was trapped into doing something for the abomination and we printed several hundred copies. It was distributed thru three of the amateur press associations (APA-L, N'APA & TAPA) but I believe the remaining copies were -- fortunately! -- destroyed. This proved to be only the first of two awful one-shots that I participated in during the summer. Anyhow, we worked until very late into the night and Diana didn't get back to her dorm until 3 tho she had to be up by 6.

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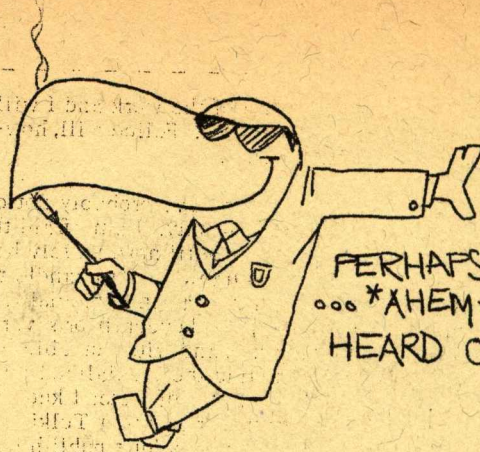
I had originally planned to visit Boston 2 or 3 more times that summer but because of Diana's and my schedules only made it once, on the weekend of August 12th. Several other people planned to come along on one or another of my trips and when Dave Vanderwerf said he could put up a mob we decided to all come up at once and make a small convention of it. After the usual shuffling around and last minute changes in plans the final crew consisted of Frank Prieto and his VW bus, Frank Dietz, Charlie & Marsha Brown, Carl Frederick (without his bagpipes), Barry Greene and Fred Lerner. As will happen when so many people travel together we suffered many delays en route and didn't arrive in Cambridge until after midnight. I figured it was too late to try calling Diana so we went straight to the MITSFS library where we met our hosts. We were all rather tired and dispersed rather quickly. Dave had been an optimist and only put up the two Franks. Carl & Barry stayed with Mike while Fred Lerner, the Browns & I went to Tony Lewis' place in Brookline.

Tony shares a truly monstrous apartment with several other MIT students (I never did get an accurate count) and still had several spare rooms. The house only had three apartments and had obviously once been very luxurious. Charlie & Marsha browsed thru Tony's collection of bawdy ballads while
[continued at end, right after Laiskai]

НЭ ВНЛРНК FTIYK YATYK



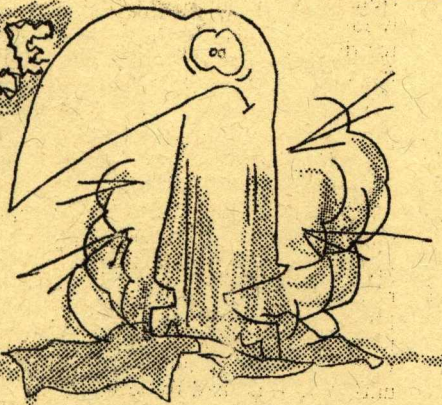
HI THERE...
I'M THE FAMOUS
LITTLE GREEN
DINOSAUR...



PERHAPS YOU'VE
...*AHM*...
HEARD OF ME...

YOU HAVEN'T?

CRUMBLE



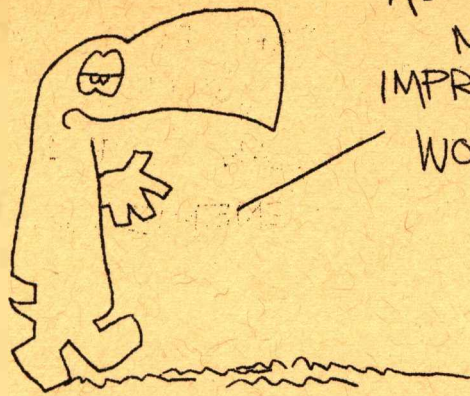
NOT EVEN
A FEW SCANDELOUS
RUMORS?

THE LITTLE GREEN
DINOSAUR...

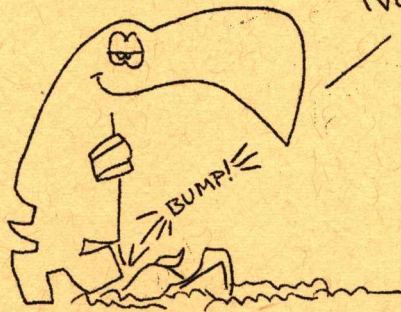
"IN THE MIDDLE OF...

NOTHING... DD

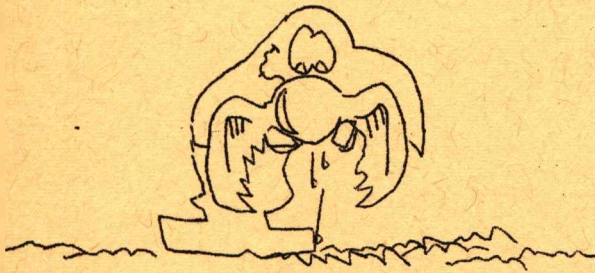
by The Little
Green Dinosaur



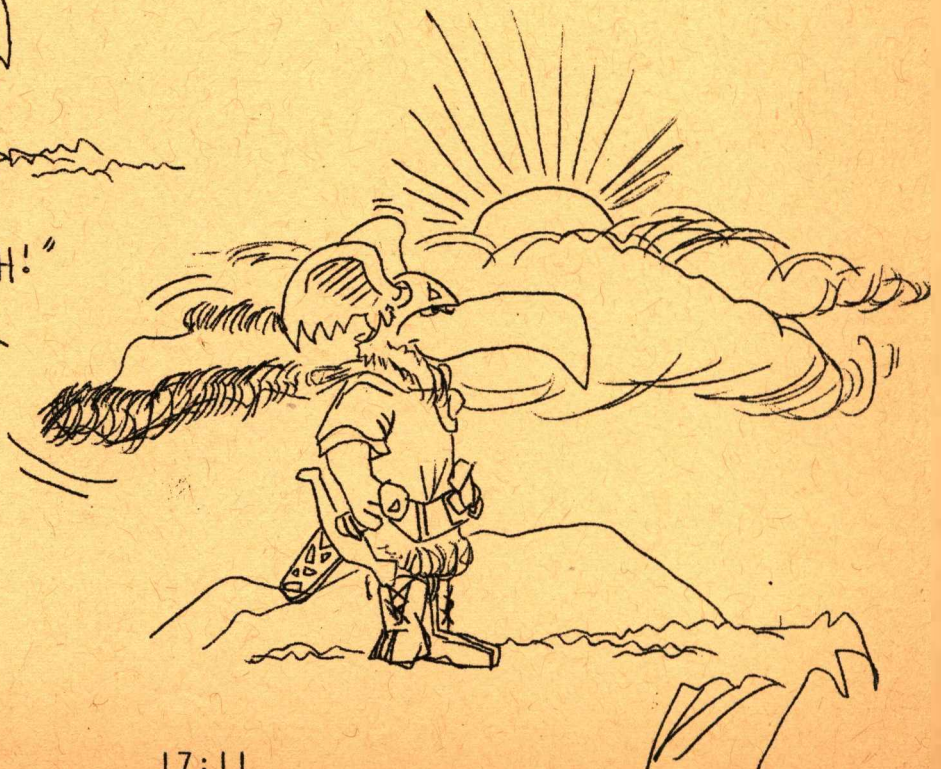
"AS I'VE SAID BEFORE...
MAN IS MUCH TOO
IMPRACICAL TO RULE A
WORLD..."



"NOW THE DINOSAUR..."

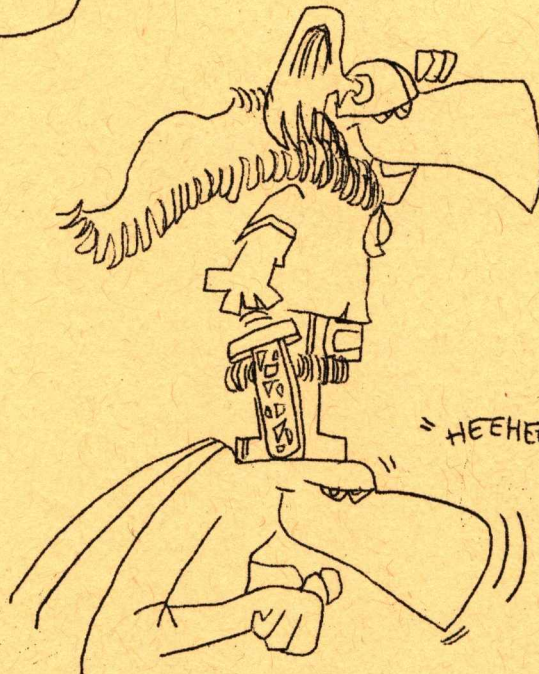


"AAAAHHH!"

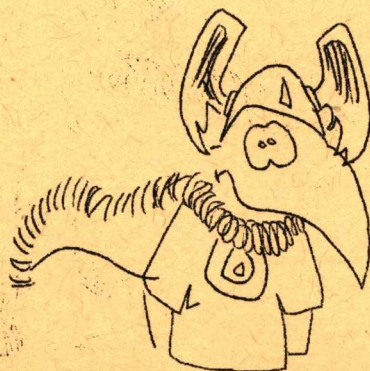




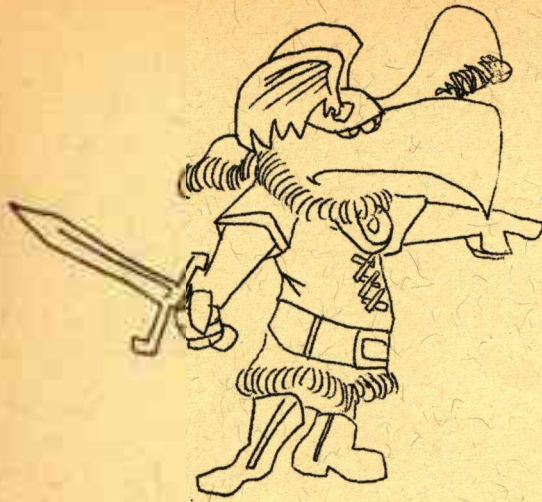
"AH! FROM THIS
VANTAGE POINT I
CAN SPOT ALL MY
ENEMIES..."



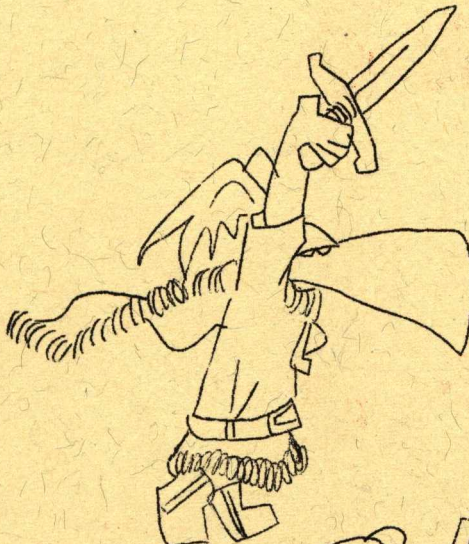
"HEEHEEHOHOHOHAHAHAHEEHEE..."



"WHO SAID THAT??"



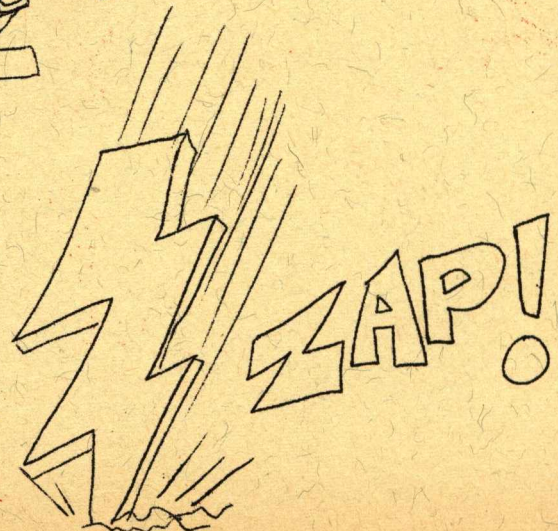
"ADVANCE MEN!
TAK'EM BY SURPRISE!"



SHOW THEM NO QUARTER!
SWEEP 'OR THEM LADS!

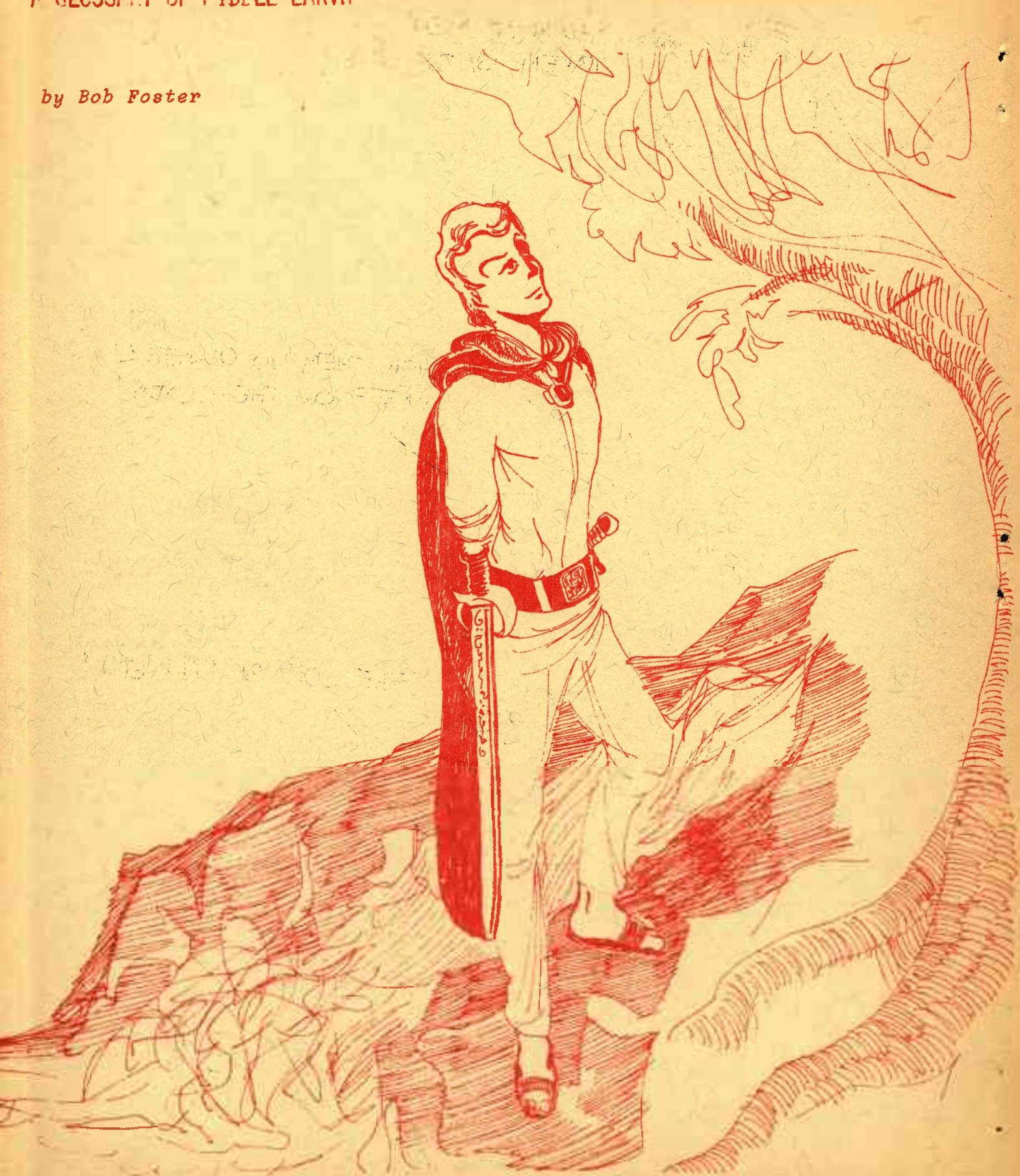


"THE GODS BE DAMNED!"



A GLOSSARY OF MIDDLE EARTH

by Bob Foster



Here are included all place-names in the Ballantine trilogy (I, II, III), Ballantine *The Hobbit* (H) and *Tom Bombadil* (TB). I have included separate entries for all genuine names in all languages; including Westron and that of Rohan. In most cases, Westron actually means Prof. Tolkien's Anglicized names, as Rivendell for Karningul. Where the Westron names are untranslated, I have noted this by writing "Genuine Westron."

In general, the main entry occurs under the most common name. I have made an exception to this in Dwarvish names: although "Moria" was more common in the Third Age than "Khazad-dûm," the main entry is under the latter name out of respect for the Dwarves and the greatest dwelling of Durin's Folk.

Immediately after the name, in most entries there is a translation of its meaning. If this is in parentheses, it means that the translation is given in one of the books; if in brackets, it means that I have attempted my own translation. As my Elvish dictionary is not yet complete and I have not had a chance to examine any of the already published ones, my personal translations are not complete and may not always be accurate.

When page-references are given for any of the maps in the trilogy, it is occasionally a good idea to look instead at the hard-cover maps, as they are clearer, larger and more completely labelled. I have given cross-references only when the reference contains material directly elucidating the main entry; eventually there will be entries for everything with a capital letter and much else besides.

Besides abbreviations for the books, I have abbreviated the War of the Ring as "WR", the First Age, Second Age, Third Age and Fourth Age as "FA", "SA", "TA", and "FA" respectively. It is usually easy to tell the differences between the First and Fourth Ages; in cases where confusion is likely, I have spelled them out. Sindarin has been abbreviated "Sind."

Also, I have occasionally used phrases of Prof. Tolkien's without quotation marks; in a work of this type it's hard to think up an original description for a place using as a guide nothing except the books.

Finally, in the darkest recesses of *The Hobbit* I have discovered a previously overlooked constellation: WAINTHE--Hobbitish name for The Big Dipper (actually a modern British name).

P. S. I have just seen Cory Seidman's excellent Sindarin Dictionary in the 5th TAPA Distribution, and have made some use of her theories of translation, especially with respect to "gul", which is a really helpful and not that obvious (at least it wasn't to me) piece of work. Also, my thanks to Mark Mandel for his comments and suggestions on several entries.

ADORN -- River in western Rohan, flowing from its source in the Ered Nimrais westward until it joins the Isen. (I 16, III 431)

AERIE -- Supposedly an Elven-realm, in "Errantry." The name is merely an imitation of Elvish, and thus probably bears no meaning in terms of Middle-earth geography. (TB 8, 25)

AGLAROND (Sind.: "the Glittering Caves") -- The caverns of Helm's Deep, used as a refuge and storage-place by the Rohirrim. During the Battle of the Hornburg, Gimli was driven there from the Deeping Wall and discovered their great beauty. After the WR, he settled in Aglarond with some of the folk of Erebor and became the Lord of the Glittering Caves. The Dwarves of Aglarond did great works for Gondor and Rohan, including the forging of the new Great Gate of Minas Tirith (q. v.).

The Caverns of Helm's Deep was the Westron term; "the Glittering Caves of Aglarond" is a bi-lingual redundancy. (II 193-5; III 451)

ALDALOMË [Quenya: "Tree-shadow"] -- One of the names or epithets given Fangorn Forest (q. v.) by Treebeard. (II 91)

AMAN THE BLESSED [Sind.: "Blessed"?] -- In the Undying Lands (q. v.). It was the landing of Ar-Pharazôn and his fleet on Aman that caused the destruction of Númenor. Aman may be Eressea, since the latter was within sight of Númenor. (III 392)

AMBARONA [Quenya?: "World----"?] -- One of Treebeard's names or epithets for Fangorn Forest (q. v.), or perhaps for Middle-earth. (II 91)

AMON AMARTH (Sind.: "Mount Doom") -- The name given Orodruin (q. v.) by the people of Gondor when it burst into flame before Sauron's attack on Isildur and Anarion, SA c. 3429. (III 393)

AMON DÎN [Sind.: "Mount ----"] -- The first of the northern

beacon-towers of Gondor, located east of Druadan Forest. Called "Din" by Ghan-buri-Ghan. (III 20, 130)

AMON HEN (Sind.: "the Hill of the Eye") -- One of the three peaks at the southern end of Nen Hithoel, on the western shore or Anduin. Here of old the Kings of Gondor built the Seat of Seeing (q. v.). On its slopes the Company of the Ring was broken, as Boromir was killed and Merry and Pippin taken prisoner.

"The Hill of Sight" was the more common Westron form, although "the Hill of the Eye" was also used; the Sindarin form was the most common. (I 509-26)

See also: Parth Gelin.

AMON LHAW [Sind.: "the Hill of the Ear"?] -- One of the three peaks at the south end of Nen Hithoel, on the east bank of the Anduin. Here of old the Kings of Gondor built what was probably called the Seat of Hearing; cf. Amon Hen and the Seat of Seeing.

The Hill of Hearing is the only Westron form given; Amon Lhaw was the more common name. (I 509-10, 526)

AMON SÔL [Sind.: "Mount ----"] -- Weathertop, q. v. (I 250)

ANDUIN (Sind.: "the Great River") -- The longest river of Middle-earth, flowing from its sources in the far north about 1500 miles to its delta at the Bay of Belfalas. It and its many tributaries drain the area between Mirkwood and the Misty Mountains, such as Rohan, Anôrien and Ithilien, and parts of Lebennin. Its principal tributaries are the Gladden, Celebrant, Limlight, Entwash, Erui, Sirith and Poros. During the Quest, the Company floated down Anduin from Lórien to Amon Hen. "Anduin" and the Westron "the Great River" were both used commonly. (I 17, 483, 488ff.)

See also: Carrock, Sarn Gebir, Rauros, Nindalf, Etþir Anduin, Cair Andros.

ANDONË [Sind.: "great west-land"?] -- Fief in western Númenor where dwelt the Faithful (q. v.). Its first Lord was Valandil (q. v.). (III 391)

ANFALAS (Sind.: "Long Coast") -- Coastland of Gondor between Lefnui and Moriond.
Called in Westron "Langstrand." (I 16; III 50)

ANGBAND -- Dwelling place of Morgoth, in the First Age, in the North of Middle-earth. (I 260)

ANGLE, THE -- See: Egladil. (I 450)

ANGLE, THE -- The land between Mitheithel and Bruinen, containing Rivendell. Between TA 1150 and 1350 many Stoors lived there, but left because of the threat of war and the terror of Angmar. Although not a part of Arnor, the Angle was included in Rhudaur (q. v.). (III 396, 457)

ANGMAR (Sind.: "Witch-home") -- Witch-kingdom on both sides of the northern Misty Mountains, north of the Ettenmoors, ruled by the Lord of the Nazgûl, going under the alias of the Witch-king of Angmar (q. v.), and peopled by orcs, hill-men and other creatures necessary to a well-equipped Witch-kingdom. Angmar arose about TA 1300 and, for the next 700 years, attempted to destroy the Dunedain of the North. Cardolan and Rhudaur fell soon, the former effectively destroyed by 1409 and the latter infiltrated even earlier, but Arthedain held out until 1974. In that year Fornost was taken and Arvedui later died trying to get to Lindon. The next year, however, armies from Lindon (led by Círdan and Eärnur and strengthened by the latter's army from Gondor) and Rivendell (led by Glóin) routed the forces of Angmar, drove the Witch-king from the North and destroyed his servants west of the Misty Mountains. Those few who survived east of the Mountains were destroyed by the Men of Eortheod (q. v.). (I 270; III 397-400)

See also: Arthedain, Rhudaur, Cardolan, Fornost; Eärnur, Arvedui.

ANGRENOST (Sind.: "Isengard, q. v. (II 95)

ANNUMINAS (Quenya: "Tower of the West") -- City on the shores of Lake Annúin built by Elendil, the first capital of Arnor. It was deserted sometime between TA 250 and 861 because of the decline of Arnor, and the court removed to Fornost. Annúminas was rebuilt in the time of Elessar.

A palantir (q. v.) was kept here until its loss. (I 320; II 259; III 402)

ANÖRIEN (Sind.: "Sun-land") -- That part of Gondor north of the Ered Nimras, west of Anduin and east and south of Rohan. It was probably originally the fief of Anáron (cf. Ithilien and Isildur). It contains the Drúadan Forest (q. v.).

Called by the Rohirrim "Sunlending." Anórien comes from the older Sindarin form Anóriend. (III 14, 19, 127)

ARCHET -- Village in the Eree-land on the northern edge of the Chetwood. (I 205, 245)

ARGONATH, THE (Sind.: "The Stones -- or Pillars -- or the Kings") -- The carved rocks at the upper end of the chasm at the northern entrance to Nen Hithoel, on Anduin. They are two immense and awesome statues of Isildur and Anarion, one on either side of the river. The Argonath was built by Romandacil II about TA 1340 to mark the northern boundary of Gondor. By the time of the Quest it was weather-beaten but still retained its great majesty and awe; only Aragorn could avoid covering when the Company passed through it.

Also called "the Pillars of the Kings," "the Gate of the Kings," and "the Gates of Gondor." (I 508-9; III 405)

ARNACH -- See: Ossarnach. (III 152, 508)

ARNOR (Sind.: "King's Land") -- Dunedain Kingdom of the North, founded by Elendil (q. v.) in the SA 3320. At its greatest it included all the lands west of the Misty Mountains between Gwathló, Mitheithel and the Lune. Unlike Gondor, Arnor did not prosper, and its people grew ever less, but throughout all its troubles the line of Isildur Elendil's heir was preserved.

When the tenth High King, Eärndur, died, the kingdom was divided among his three sons, the eldest becoming king of Arthedain (q. v.) (TA 361). About 1350, the Kings of Arthedain claimed lordship over all of Arnor, since the Dunedain had become few in the other two kingdoms, Cardolan and Rhudaur (q. v.). Although this claim was contested by Rhudaur, Arnor was often used after this time when, strictly speaking, Arthedain was meant. The North-kingdom finally failed in 1974, but the royal line was maintained, although perilously, and Arnor was re-established by Elessar after the WR.

Also called "the North-kingdom." (I 181; III 394, 296, 454, 456).

For a more detailed history, see: Arthedain, Rhudaur, Cardolan; entries for the individual High Kings, Kings and Chieftains of the Dunedain of the North.

ARTHEDAIN (Sind.: "Men") -- Kingdom, one of the divisions of Arnor, founded TA 861. It included the land between the Lune and the Brandywine, and also the land north of the Great East Road as far east as Weathertop. The Kings of Arthedain were descended from Amlaith, eldest son of Eärndur, last High King of Arnor, and in them the line of Isildur was maintained. Beginning with Argeleb I (crowned 1349), the Kings of Arthedain claimed lordship over all of Arnor, but they could not enforce their claim, for Arthedain was periodically attacked by Angmar, and these wars sapped the already-waning strength of the Dunedain. Sometimes aided by Cardolan, Lindon and Rivendell, Arthedain held out until 1974. In that year Fornost was overrun and King Arvedui fled. The next year he drowned in the Bay of Forochel, but Angmar was defeated. The North-kingdom, however, was not re-established until the time of Elessar. (III 394, 396-400, 410-11)

See also: individual entries for King of Arthedain, especially Arvedui.

ARVERNIEN (Sind.: "King's-land") -- A dwelling-place of Eärndil. (I 406)

ASH(EN) MOUNTAINS -- The East Lithui, q. v. (I 17; III 245)

AZANULBIZAR (Dwarvish) -- The valley outside the east-gate of Khazad-dûm, containing the Kheled-zâram and the springs of Kibil-nala (q. v.). In TA 2799 the Battle of Azanulbizar, the final battle of the War of the Dwarves and Orcs, was fought here, and Dáin Ironfoot killed Azog and the Dwarves finally obtained their revenge for the murder of Thrór. During the Quest, the Fellowship passed through the valley after escaping from Khazad-dûm.

Of old Azanulbizar was part of the Kingdom of old Khazad-dûm.

Called in Elvish "Mandubilion" and in Westron "the Dimrill Dale"; the three names probably mean the same thing. (I 370, 432-4; III 442)

BAG END -- Dwelling place of Frodo and Bilbo, at the end of Bagshot Row, Hobbiton. The Sackville-Bagginses had designs on it for a long time, but were thwarted until Frodo sold it to them before departing on the Quest. During the Occupation of the Shire it was Bof's and later Sharkey's headquarters. After Frodo went over Sea, it seems that Samwise inherited it, and perhaps also his heirs. Bag End was a typical, if more luxurious than the ordinary, hobbit-hole.

Spelled Bag-End in H. (I 443; III 356, 367-71, 376; 15-20)

BAGSHOT ROW -- Street in Hobbiton, leading to the Hill. The Gamgees dwelt at #3, Paddy Tookfoot next door and the Bagginses at Bag End at the end of the street. The Old Grange also seems to have been on Bagshot Row. Sharkey had the street torn up & made into a sand & gravel quarry; after the expulsion of the ruffians, Bagshot Row was rebuilt & named "New Row" (q. v.). (I 44, 45; III 359, 366, 373-4)

BAMFURLONG -- Location in the Marish, near Farmer Maggot's

house. (TB 21)

BARAD-DÛR (Sind.: "the Dark Tower") -- The fortress of Sauron, built by him beginning about SA 1000 and completed, aided by the power of the One Ring, about SA 1600. During the Last Alliance it was besieged and captured (SA 3434-41), but its foundations could not be destroyed while the Ring survived. Rebuilt by Sauron starting TA 2951, it was destroyed March 25, 3019 by the destruction of the One Ring.

Barad-dûr was located at the southern end of a great spur of the Ered Lithui, and was adjudged the greatest fortress of Middle-earth in its time. It was also an armory, furnace, palace and prison of great dread and power.

In Orkish it was called "Lugburz," which means the same as the Westron the Dark Tower; Barad-dûr was also used by Men. (I 519; II 422; III 245, 276, 453, 455, 462)

BARANDUIN (Sind.: "Golden-brown River") -- The river in Eriador flowing from Nenuial through the Shire and passing into the Sea, so named for its color.

The Hobbitish name was "Branda-nin" (genuine Hobbitish or Westron for "border-water"), which was corrupted to "Bralda-him" ("Heady Ale"), translated as "Brandywine." This last was the name in most common usage, at least among Men and Hobbits. (I 16, 40; III 520)

BARAZ -- Barazinbar, q. v. (I 370)

BARAZINBAR (Dwarvish: "Redhorn"?) -- The furthest west and north of the Mountains of Moria. It has sheer, dull-red sides tipped at the summit with a silver crown of snow. It was underneath Barazinbar that the Dwarves of Khazad-dûm found a vein of mithril and released the Balrog imprisoned there.

The Elvish name was "Caradhras" (from caran "red" and "rass" horn), the Westron "Redhorn"; the Dwarvish name probably means the same thing. Baraz is a shortened Dwarvish form in infrequent use. Also called "the Cruel" by the Dwarves because of its treacherous weather. (I 370, 374-84, 432; III 439)

See: Redhorn Gate, Redhorn Pass.

BARROW-DOWNS, THE -- Downs east of the Old Forest. On them were many burial mounds, some very ancient and containing the remains of the forefathers of the Edain before they passed into Beleriand, and thus dating from the First Age. Other barrows contain the remains of princes and kings of the Dûnedain, for they had great reverence for the resting-place of their ancestors. During the wars with Angmar the last of the Dûnedain of Cardolan took refuge here, and it was said that the mound in which Frodo and his friends were imprisoned was that of the last prince of Cardolan, who died in battle in TA 1409. After the death of the Dûnedain the barrows became infested by evil Barrow-wights (q. v.) aroused by the power of Angmar. In 3018, the Hobbits of the Fellowship were captured there, but released by Bombadil who drove out the wight and broke the spell on its hoard. From this hoard the Hobbits took swords forged by the Dûnedain for the wars against Angmar. Frodo's was broken by the Lord of the Nazgûl at the Fords of Bruinen, but Merry used his to break the spell that kept the Lord in one piece, and he was then killed by Éowyn.

The Sindarin name was "Tyrn Gorthad." (I 188-202; III 398)

BARROWFIELD, THE -- Field outside Edoras where were buried the Kings of Rohan. There were, after the death of Théoden last king of the Second Line, the nine barrows of the Kings of the First Line on the west side, and the eight barrows of the Kings of the Second Line on the east side, and over all the simbelmyne grew white as snow. (II 142; III 314)

BATTLE PIT, THE -- An old sand pit near Bywater where all the ruffians slain in the Battle of Bywater were buried. (III 365)

BATTLE PLAIN, THE -- Dagorlad, q. v. (II 265)

BAY OF BEL, THE WINDY --

BAY OF BELFALAS -- See: Belfalas, the Bay of

BELEGOST (Sind.) -- A Dwarvish city of the First Age, located in the Ered Luin. It was ruined at the breaking of Thangorodrim, and many of its folk went to Khazad-dûm at the beginning of the Second Age. (III 439)

BERERIAND (Sind. ?) -- In the First Age, the land west of Ered Luin, where dwell the Sindar, the Exiles and the Edain, and perhaps also Morgoth. At the end of the First Age, probably because of the breaking of Thangorodrim, most of Beleriand was broken or drowned, leaving only Lindon (q. v.). Galadriel speaks of its being lifted again above the waves sometime, but the legends of the Elves and the foresight of Galadriel are not readily understood by Man. (I 319; II 421, 422; III 438)

Called also "the Land of the Elves in the West."

See: Doriath, Neldoreth, Gondolin, Nargothrond, Esgalduin, Mountains of Terror. All of these are places in Beleriand.

BELFALAS [Sind.: "---coast"] -- Coastline of Gondor, between the Morthond and the Gilrain. Its main city was Dol Amroth. Its people had some Elvish blood in them, and were tall, fair and grey-eyed. (I 16-17; III 14, 23, 153)

BELFALAS, THE BAY OF -- The great bay of Middle-earth, extending between Gondor and Umbar.

Also called "the windy Bay of Bel." (I 493; TB 8, 36)

BELMARIE -- A country, in "Eranury." The name is an imitation of Elvish, and Belmarie probably is an imaginary land. (TB 8, 25)

BEORN-LAND, THE -- My term for the land under the rule or influence of Beorn and his descendants, more or less the area between Mirkwood and the Misty Mountains, north of the Old Forest Road, and also the High Pass.

See: Beornings (in Races)

BINDBALE WOOD -- Wood in Northfarthing, the Shire. (I 40)

BLACK CHASM -- Khazad-dûm, q. v. (III 579)

BLACK GATE OF MORDOR, THE -- The Morannon, q. v. (I 319)

BLACK LAND, THE -- Mordor, q. v. (I 208)

BLACK PIT, THE -- Khazad-dûm, q. v. (I 370)

BLACK PITTS, THE -- Somewhere in Mordor, a place of punishment and torture used as both a threat and a curse (like "Go to Hell") by the Orcs of Mordor. The Black Pits were possibly the dungeons and pits of Barad-dûr. (III 222)

BLACKROOT -- The Morthond, q. v. (III 73)

BLACKROOT VALE, THE -- The upper valley of Morthond, containing Erech. The Grey Company rode down the Vale during the WR after traveling the Paths of the Dead.

Also called "Morthond Vale" (in Sindarin probably "Imlad Morthond"), but the Westron form was more common. (III 49, 73)

BLESSED REALM, THE -- Valinor, q. v. (III 388)
See also: the Undying Lands.

BLUE MOUNTAINS, THE -- The Ered Luin, q. v. (I 16, 72)

BONFIRE GLADE, THE -- A glade in the Old Forest, caused by the burning of many trees by the Hobbits during the attack of the Forest on Buckland. No trees grew there afterwards, only grass and tall plants. During the Quest, the

- Travelers passed here. (I 157, 158-9)
- BRALDA-HÎM** (Genuine Westron or Hobbitish: "heady ale") -- Nickname given the Branda-nîn in the Shire, translated as "Brandywind." (III 520)
See: Baranduin.
- BRANDA-NÎN** (Genuine Westron or Hobbitish) -- The Baranduin, q. v. (III 520)
- BRANDY HALL** -- Chief dwelling of the Brandybucks, under Buck Hill, in Bucklebury, Buckland. Its excavation was begun by Gorhendad Oldbuck about SR 740. Brandy Hall was Merry's home, and Frodo seems to have lived there in his youth. (I 40, 45; III 476)
- BRANDYWINE, THE** -- The Baranduin, q. v. (I 24)
- BRANDYWINE BRIDGE, THE** -- The most common name for the bridge of Stonebows (q. v.) at the time of the WR (III 341)
- BREE** -- Town of Men and Hobbits in the Bree-land, one of the earliest (c. TA 1300) Hobbit settlements in Eriador. Its famous inn was the Prancing Pony (q. v.). Bree was infiltrated by agents of Saruman as early as TA 2953 (see: Bill Ferny), and they seem to have been friendly with the Black Riders who invaded the town Sept 30, 3018, in search of Frodo. Later, however, Bree fought off an attack by the ruffians from the Shire. (I 23, 29, 205 ff.; III 457, 462, 509)
- BREE HILL** -- The big hill of the Bree-land, north of Bree. Also spelled "Bree-hill." (I 205; III 332)
- BREE-LAND, THE** -- Wooded area at the intersection of the Greenway and the Great East Road, inhabited by Men and Hobbits. Chief features include Bree-hill, the Chetwood, Bree, Archet, Staddle and Combs (q. v.)
Bree-land was a very prosperous area when the North-kingdom thrived and the roads were busy, but after the fall of Arthedain its importance diminished until it became almost as provincial as the Shire. After the WR, its economy, which had always been at least self-sufficient, improved with the Reutrn of the King. (I 205ff.; III 332ff.)
- BREREDON** -- Village in southern Buckland, near Haysend. (TB 9, 11)
- BRIDGE INN, THE** -- Inn in Eastfarthing, on the west bank of the Brandywine on the Great East Road. It was torn down during the Occupation of the Shire. (III 344)
- BRIDGE OF MITHEITHEL** -- A three-arched bridge on the Great East Road across the River Mitheithel. During the Quest, Glorfindel drove off three Black Riders who were guarding it (Oct 11, 3018), and two days later Frodo crossed it in peace.
Also called "the Last Bridge" because it was the easternmost bridge on the Road. (I 269; III 464)
- BRIDGE OF STONEBOWS, THE** -- Bridge across the Baranduin on the Great East Road, built in the days of the glory of the North-kingdom and kept in repair by the Hobbits.
Also called the Great Bridge and the Brandywine Bridge; the latter was the name most commonly used, at least by the Hobbits. (I 23; III 341, 402)
- BRIDGEFIELDS** -- Area in Eastfarthing near the Brandywine Bridge north of the Great Road. (I 40)
- BROCKENBORINGS** -- Village in Eastfarthing by the hills of Scary. During the Occupation of the Shire Fredegard Bolger made it the headquarters of his band of rebels.
Also called the Brokenbore. (I 40; III 372)
SEE PAGE 8, "Bumbejimas," for omission!
- BRUINEN** (Sind.: "Loudwater") -- River flowing westward from the Misty Mountains into the Mitheithel. It was under the control of Elrond who could cause it to flood if an enemy tried to cross the Ford of Bruinen (q. v.).
Also called "the River of Rivendell." (I 16, 268-9, 283-6)
- BUCK HILL** -- Hill in Bucklebury in which was built Brandy Hall (q. v.). (I 143)
- BUCKLAND** -- The area between the Brandywine and the Old Forest, settled by the Oldbucks (later Brandybucks) about SR 740. It was outside the Shire, but was added to it by the gift of King Elessar in SR 1462. (I 30, 40, 141-2; III 459; TB 8-9)
See also: Eastmarch.
- BUCKLAND GATE, THE** -- Gate in the High Hay on the Great East Road at the entrance to Buckland.
Also called the "Hay Gate." (III 341, 342)
- BUCKLEBURY** -- Chief village of Buckland, on the Brandywine. Here was Brandy Hall. (I 101, 142)
- BUDGE FORD** -- Ford across the Water north of Whitfurrows in Eastfarthing. (I 40)
- BUDGEFORD** -- Village or town in Bridgefields, Eastfarthing; the home of Fredegard Bolger. (I 153)
- BUNDUSHATHÛR** (Dwarvish: probably "Cloudyhead") -- One of the three Mountains of Moria (q. v.),
In Sindarin "Fanuidhol" or "Fanuidhol the Grey"; in Westron "Cloudyhead." Also called Shathûr by the Dwarves. (I 370)
- BYWATER** -- Village in Westfarthing, on the Great Road. In TA 1419 it was the site of the Battle of Bywater (q. v.). (I 40, 48, 72; III 349ff.)
See: Pool Side, the Pool of Bywater, the Green Dragon.
- BYWATER ROAD, THE** -- Road going from the Great East Road through Bywater and up to Hobbiton, where it is also called the Hobbiton Road (q. v.). On the Bywater Road was fought the Battle of Bywater (q. v.). (I 40; III 364, 366)
- CAIR ANDROS** (Sind.: "Ship of Long-foam") -- Island, shaped like a great ship, in Anduin north of Minas Tirith. It was fortified by Gondor about TA 2900 to protect Anórien from an attack from the East, but was taken by the army that marched from the Morannon during the WR. (III 103, 199, 416, 466)
- CALACIRIAN, THE** -- Location in Eldamar between Tirion and the Mountain. In the Song of Galadriel a mention is made of "Calaciryo mîri," the "jewels of Calacirya." (I 310, 489; III 544)
See also: the Undying Lands.
- CALACIRYA** -- The Calacirian, q. v. (I 489)
- CALEMBEL** -- Township in Lamedon, Gondor, near the Ciril River. The Grey Company and the Dead passed through it on their way to Pelargir during the WR. (III 15, 75)
- CALENARDHON** (Sind.) -- Area of Gondor between Anduin and the Isen, and possibly extending beyond that. Largely depopulated by the Great Plague of TA 1636 and the invasion of the Balchoth, Calenardhon was given to Eorl the Young and the Rohirrim in 2510 in return for a perpetual alliance and in gratefulness for the aid of Eorl on the Field of Celebrant. For the further history of this area, see: Rohan. (III 406, 430, 459)
- CALENHAD** -- The 6th of the northern beacon-towers of Gondor (III 20)
- CARACH ANGREN** (Sind.: "Mouth (of) Iron") -- The Isenmouthe, q. v. (III 241)
- CARADHRAS** (Sind.: "Redhorn") -- Barazinbar, q. v. (I 370)
- CARAS GALADON** (Sind.: "City of the Trees") -- Chief city of Lothlórien, consisting of a walled grove of very tall trees with many flets in them. Here was the court of Celeborn and Gal-



adriel, where they received the Fellowship during the Quest. The city was deserted at the beginning of the Fourth Age, for Galadriel had gone over Sea and Celeborn had removed to East Lórien.

The name is probably of Silvan origin, adopted (or adapted) to Sindarin. The Westron form is 'City of the Trees', but was not used frequently. (I 457-80; III 468, 506 n. 1)

CARCHOST (Sind.) -- One of the Towers of the Teeth (q. v.). (III 215)

CARDOLAN (Sind.) -- Kingdom; one of the divisions of Arnor, founded TA 861, including all the land between the Brandywind, Gwathlo, Mitheithel and the Great East Road. The Dúnedain of Cardolan defended it against Angmar until 1409, when the kingdom was overrun and the last prince perished. The remaining Dúnedain took refuge in the Barrow-downs or the Old Forest. The final blow came with the Great Plague of 1636; Minhiriath was depopulated and the last of the Dúnedain perished. (III 396, 397, 398)

CARN DUM -- The fortress of Angmar, located at the far northern end of the Misty Mountains. It was deserted (and perhaps destroyed by the armies of Éarnur, Círdan and Glorfindel) after the defeat of the Witch-king in TA 1975.

Carn Dûm may originally have been a Dwarvish settlement; 'Dûm' is Dwarvish for 'dwelling'. (I 198, 201; III 412)

CARNEN (Sind.: 'Redwater') -- River flowing from the Iron Hills and joining the River Running east of Mirkwood. The combined stream then flows into the Sea of Rhûn.

Both the Elvish 'Carnen' and the Westron 'Redwater' were used.

CARROCK, THE -- Great rock in Anduin in the Beorn-land, in which steps and a high seat were carved by Beorn. (H 12, 116-7)

CATBARION -- Village in Northfarthing, the Shire. (I 40)

CAUSEWAY, THE -- Road in the Shire going through Stock and Rushey. (I 40, 133; TB 9 n. 1, 20)

CAUSEWAY, THE -- Road in Gondor, going from Osgiliath to the Rammas Echor, and perhaps on to Minas Tirith. (III 23, 97)

See also: Causeway Forts.

CAUSEWAY FORTS, THE -- Fortifications in the Rammas Echor at the time of the WR barring the passage of the Causeway. During the WR they were defended for a time by Faramir against the Morgul-army, but were captured March 12, 3019.

Also called the "Guard-towers." (III 23, 97, 110, 467)

CAVERNS OF HELM'S DEEP, THE -- Aglarond, q. v. (II 193-5)

CELDUIN (Sind.: "Running River") -- The River Running, q. v. (III 405)

CELEBDIL "the White" (Sind.: "Silvertine") -- Zirak-zigil, q. v. (I 370)

CELEBRANT (Sind.: "Silverlode") -- A fair and icy-cold river flowing from springs in Dimrill Dale through Lothlórien and into Anduin. Into it flows Nimrodel and other mountain streams. During the Quest the Fellowship walked along it going from Khazad-dûm to Lórien.

Also called Silverlode in Westron. A reference is made to the Dwarvish springs of Kibil-nā la; this may refer either to the river or the springs themselves. (I 370, 434 ff., 449)

CELOS (Sind.) -- River in Gondor, flowing into Sirith. (III 14, 185)

Spelled 'Kelos' on III 14.

CERIN AMROTH [Sind.: "the Mound? of Amroth"] -- Hill in

Lothlórien, where bloomed the elanor and the niphredil amidst circles of trees. Of old (before TA 1981) Amroth had his house there. It was on Cerin Amroth that Aragorn and Arwen plighted their troth, and it was here that Arwen came to die. During the Quest, Haldir took Frodo and Sam to see it, and Aragorn called it 'the heart of Elvendom on earth.' (I 454; III 425, 428)

CHAMBER OF MAZARBUL ("Mazarbul" is Dwarvish for "Records") -- a large chamber in Khazad-dûm, where Balin's tomb was made and the last remnants of his colony slain (TA 2994). During the Quest the Fellowship recovered the journal of the Dwarf-colony, but was attacked by Orcs. Gandalf defended the east door against them, but in his struggle with the Balrog to keep it shut, it and the roof of the chamber collapsed. (I 415-425)

CHAMBER OF FIRE, THE -- The Sammath Naur, q. v. (III 269)

CHETWOOD, THE -- Wood in the Bree-land, taking up much of its area. (I 23, 205, 245-6)

CIRIL (Sind.) -- River in Lamedon, flowing into the Ringlô. Spelled 'Kiril' on III 14. (III 14, 75, 184)

CIRITH GORGOR (Sind.: "The Haunted Pass") -- Pass into Mordor at the meeting of the Ered Lithui and Ephel Dûath, across which the rampart of the Morannon (q. v.) was built. The pass was further guarded by the Towers of the Teeth on either side of it.

Both the Elvish and the Westron ("the Haunted Pass") names were used, but the former seems to have been more common. (II 308; III 258)

CIRITH UNGOL (Sind.: "Pass of the Spider") -- Pass over the Ephel Dûath just north of MINAS Morgul, guarded by the Tower of Cirith Ungol (q. v.). In TA 2000 the Nazgûl used this pass to issue forth from Mordor and besiege Minas Ithil. During the Quest Frodo used this pass, which, despite Shelob and the Tower was the least guarded of all the routes into Mordor.

The pass is actually only the road east of Shelob's Lair (q. v.), but in general usage refers to the entire path from Inlad Morgul to the Morgai, including the Stairs (q. v.).

Spelled 'Kirith Ungol' on III 15. The Pass of Cirith Ungol is a bi-lingual redundancy that was in common usage. (II 380-1, 382, 403ff.; III 15, 212ff.)

CITADEL, THE -- The seventh level of Minas Tirith, containing the Place of the Fountain and the White Tower (qqv.). (III 25, 26ff.)

CITADEL OF THE STARS -- Osgiliath, q. v. (I 321)

CITY, THE -- Minas Tirith, q. v. (I 330)

CITY OF THE CORSAIRS, THE -- The city of Umbar (q. v.). (I 17)

CITY OF THE TREES, THE -- Caras Galadon, q. v. (I 458)

CLEFT, THE -- The topmost ridge of Cirith Ungol, marking the boundary of Mordor at that point. (II 435, 436; III 213-4)

CLOSED DOOR, THE -- Fen Hollen, q. v. (III 123)

CLOUDYHEAD -- Bundushathûr, q. v. (I 370)

COLDFELLS -- Region north of Rivendell. Here Arador grandfather of Elessar was slain by hill-trolls. (III 420)

See: Ettenmoors.

COMBE -- Village in a valley in eastern Bree-land. (I 205, 245)

CORMALLEN, THE FIELD OF [Sind.: "Ring---"] -- Place in North Ithilien, near Henneth Annûn, where the celebration of the downfall of Sauron was held. (III 284-90, especially 289)

COURT OF THE FOUNTAIN, THE -- Plaza in the Citadel of Minas Tirith containing a fountain and, in the middle of this fountain, the White Tree (sometimes the Dead White Tree).

Also called "the Place of the Fountain" and, perhaps, "the High Court." (III 26, 27)

CRACK OF DOOM, THE -- The great vent in the floor of the Sammath Naur (q. v.) of Orodruin in which was the flame by which the One Ring was forged, and the sole heat by which it could be destroyed. At the end of the Quest Gollum, after biting off Frodo's ringfinger, fell into the Crack, and thus Frodo's mission was completed.

Also referred to as the "Cracks of Doom." (I 94; III 274-6)

CRICKHOLLOW -- Village in Buckland, in the country beyond Bucklebury. Frodo, after selling Bag End in TA 3018, announced he was going to dwell here, but actually stayed only one night, then went off on the Quest, leaving Fredegar Bolger to cover for him. Five nights later Crickhollow was raided by Black Riders searching for "Baggins." (I 40, 101)

CROSSROADS OF ERUI -- Fords of bridge across the River Eruí in Lebennin, Gondor; site of a major battle in the Kin-strife. (III 15, 406)

See: Eruí; Battle of the Crossings of Eruí.

CROSSINGS OF ISEN -- See: Fords of Isen. (III 432)

CROSSINGS OF POROS -- Fords across the River Poros on the Harad Road; site of a victory in TA 2885 of Gondor over the Haradrim. (III 15, 416)

See: Poros; Battle of the Crossings of Poros.

CROSS-ROADS (OF THE FALLEN KING), THE -- The crossing of the Morannon-Harad and Morgul-Usgiliath roads. In olden times the Men of Gondor had grown tall trees about it and had set up a statue of a crowned king. The latter had been despoiled by the servants of Sauron when Frodo saw it on the Quest, but it was restored by the Army of the West. (II 395; III 196-7)

DAGORLAD (Sind.: the Battle Plain) -- The great open plain between the Dead Marshes and the Desolation of the Morannon. It was the site of the great battle between Sauron and the Last Alliance (SA 3434), and in the Third Age was the path into Gondor taken by many of the Easterling invaders and also the place of their great defeats in TA 1899 and 1944.

The Westron name is "the Battle Plain," but Dagorlad was more common. (I 319; II 294; III 409, 455, 458)

See also: The Battle of Dagorlad; The Battle of the Camp.

DALE -- City-kingdom of Men on the southern slopes of Erebor, destroyed by Smaug the Dragon in TA 2770. After the death of Smaug, Dale was rebuilt by Bard the Bowman (2944), who became its king. With the re-establishment of the Kingdom under the Mountain, Dale again became famous as a commercial center and a city of great beauty. During the WR it was attacked by Easterlings allied with Sauron, but the Dale-men, although defeated, took refuge in Erebor with the Dwarves, and their combined forces routed the enemy, who was dismayed when he heard of the downfall of Sauron. Afterward, Dale came under the crown and protection of the King of the West. (I 51, 301, 302-3; III 440, 460, 461, 468-9; H 195, 234)

DARK DOOR, THE -- The northern entrance to the Paths of the Dead (q. v.), at the foot of Dwimorberg just above Dunharrow, a door with great dead surrounding it.

Also called "the Door," "the Forbidden Door" and "the Gate of the Dead." (III 69-70, 85, 459)

DARK TOWER, THE -- The Barad-dûr, q. v. (I 320)

DEAD MARSHES, THE -- Marshes south-east of the Eryn Mui, where dead faces and lit candles show beneath the surface of the water, but cannot be reached. The dead faces are those of the slain in the Battle of Dagorlad whose graves were engulfed by the ever-growing marsh. Many of the Wain-riders' routed in the Battle of the Camp died in the Dead Marshes, and some of the faces may be theirs. In TA 3017 Aragorn captured Gollum there, as the latter was peering into the water, possibly looking for a good meal. Frodo, Sam and Gollum passed through the Dead Marshes during the Quest. (I 332; II 294ff., esp. 296-7; III 409, 458)

"The Mere of Dead Faces" may be another name for the Marshes, or it may refer to the lake where most of the faces were seen.

DEADMAN'S DIKE -- Name given to Fornost (q. v.) after its desertion and ruin. (I 321)

DEATH DOWN, THE -- Area outside Helm's Dike, a great stony mound where the Orcs killed by the Huorns in the Battle of the Hornburg were probably buried. (II 201; III 58)

DEEPHALLOW -- Village in Eastfarthing near the outflow of the Shirebourn. (I 40; TB 9)

DEEPING COOMB, THE -- Valley near Helm's Deep down which the Deeping Stream passes on its way to Westfold Vale. The steep end nearer the Hornrock was called Helm's Dike. (II 170)

DEEPING STREAM, THE -- Stream in Rohan coming from Helm's Deep, passing around the Hornrock, over Helm's Dike and through the Deeping Coomb into Westfold Vale. (II 169-70)

DEEPING WALL, THE -- Wall across Helm's Gate, the entrance to Helm's Deep, twenty feet high, broad enough for four men to walk abreast on it, and unscalable. Its only flaw was that there was a rather big culvert in its base where the Deeping Stream flowed out. In the Battle of the Hornburg soldiers of Saruman, mostly Orcs, entered twice through the culvert, and eventually the defenders of the Wall retreated to the Hornburg or Aglarond. (II 169, 173ff.)

DERNDINGLE -- Great bowl-shaped hollow in Fangorn Forest where Entmoots were held. (II 103, 104-9)

DERRILYN -- Supposedly a river, in "Errentry." The name is an imitation of Elvish, and Derrilyn probably has no relationship to real Middle-earth geography. (TB 8, 24)

See: Shadow-land.

DESOLATION OF SMAUG, THE -- The waste around Erebor, made that way by Smaug's extravagant breathing habits and appetite. (I 303; H 13, 195)

DESOLATION OF THE MORANNON, THE -- A foul and reeking area between the Morannon and Dagorlad, despoiled by the servants of Sauron. During the Quest, Frodo crossed the Desolation, and spent a night here. Later in the WR, the Army of the West made its stand on two slag-hills in the Desolation and fought the Battle of the Slag-hills (q. v.). (II 302-4; III 200-1, 278-80, 466, 467)

DIMHOLT -- Small forest of black trees before the Dark Door, in Dunharrow. (III 69, 81)

DIMRILL DALE -- Azanulbizar, q. v. (I 370)

DIMRILL GATE -- The Great Gates, q. v. (I 430)

DIMRILL STAIR -- Path leading from the Dimrill Dale up the Misty Mountains to the Redhorn Pass, going along the bank of a swift & many-falled stream. (I 359, 370, 432)

DINGLE, THE -- The valley of the Withywindle, the center of

the evil there. In it dwelt Old Man Willow and many other willow-trees. The Travellers were forced to come here when they entered the Forest on their way to Rivendell, and were rescued from Old Man Willow by Bombadil. (I 163-70; TB 8-9, 11)

DOL AMROTH [Sind.: "Hill of Amroth"] -- Castle and chief city of Belfalas, Gondor. From here, until about TA 1981, sailed the grey ships of the folk of Lórien. It was said that the Men of Dol Amroth had Elven-blood in them. (III 23, 50, 181, 301; TB 8, 37-8)

See: Morthond, Sea-ward Tower.

DOL BARAN [Sind.: "golden-brown hill"] -- The southernmost foothill of the Misty Mountains, rounded and covered with heather. During the WR Gandalf and Théoden and his escort, returning from Isengard, made camp here, and here Pippin used the Palantir of Orthanc and was revealed to Sauron. (II 248)

DOL GULDUR [Sind.: "Hill of Necromancy"] -- Hill, or the fortress on that hill, in southwestern Mirkwood. It is first mentioned about TA 1100, when the Wise discovered that an evil power, believed to be one of the Nazgûl, had made a stronghold there. It was probably this that caused the shadow to fall on Greenwood (c. 1050). A thousand years later, the power had grown stronger, and in 2063 Gandalf went to Dol Guldur to investigate. Sauron (for the power was he) fled to the East, but in 2460 returned in increased strength, and from Dol Guldur commanded all his vast enterprises of evil. In 2845 Thrain was captured and tortured in Dol Guldur, and the last of the Seven Rings was taken from him. But five years later Gandalf entered the fortress, discovered its master was indeed Sauron, received the key of Erebor from Thrain, and left. His advice to attack Dol Guldur was over-ridden by Saruman, but in 2941 the White Council did attack. Sauron retreated to Mordor and later sent three Nazgûl to occupy Dol Guldur. During the WR, armies from Dol Guldur attacked Lórien and the kingdom of Thranduil, but were defeated in both cases. After the fall of the Barad-dûr, Celeborn attacked and took Dol Guldur, and Galadriel threw down its walls and cleansed its pits; thus passed the shadow on Mirkwood. (I 328, 336; III 415, 448, 456-9, 460, 461, 462, 467-9)

DOMES OF THE STARS, THE -- Building in Osgiliath where the palantir (q. v.) of Osgiliath was kept. It was ruined, and the palantir lost, during the Kin-strife (TA 1437). Also called the "Tower of the Stone of Osgiliath." (II 259; III 406, 457)

DOR-EN-ERNIL [Sind.: "---prince"] -- Area of Gondor, on the coast west of the Gilrain. (III 14)

DORIATH -- The Hidden Kingdom of Thingol Greycloak, a Sindarin realm in the forest of Neldoreth, in Beleriand. Lúthien dwelt here, and later Beren. Called "Elvenhome" on I 258. (I 258-60, 319; III 506) See also: Esgalduin; Thingol.

DARTHONION (Sind.) -- Highland in Beleriand where grew pine trees. Also called "Orod-na-thôn" (q. v.). (II 90)

DORWINION (Sind.) -- Somewhere in Middle-earth, whence came the wine used by the Elven-king of Mirkwood. (H 172, 175)

DOWNLANDS -- The area of the Barrow-downs. (I 223)

DRUADAN FOREST [Sind.: "---man?"] -- Forest in Anórien, just northwest of Minas Tirith. In it dwelt the Woses (q. v.). During the WR, the Rohirrim rode through the Stonewain Valley (q. v.) in Druadan to avoid the Orc-armies guarding the West Road. After the War, King Elessar gave the forest to the Woses and forbade anyone to enter it without their permission.

Druadan seems to have been just a regular forest, with nothing unusual about it except the Woses. (III 15, 127-32, 313)

See: the Greywood.

DUNHARG -- See: Dunharrow. (III 492)

DUNHARROW -- Refuge of Rohan above Harrowdale, built in the Dark Years by forgotten men. It is easily defended, for it could only be reached by a switch-back path that led up a cliff from Harrowdale; each section of the path was open to attack from the levels above it. During the WR Eowyn led the folk of Edoras and Harrowdale here while Théoden fought the Battle of the Hornburg.

Dunharrow is a modernization of what the Anglicized name should be, namely "Dunharg," and seems to refer to the area generally, while the "Hold" or the Hold of Dunharrow refers to the refuge specifically. (II 163; III 14, 65, 76ff., 492)

DUNLAND -- Country west of the Misty Mountains and south of the Glanduin, at the time of the WR not too prosperous, civilized or organized, being largely a perhaps-federated group of herdsmen and hillmen. In the centuries before that, however, it seems to have been more civilized. About TA 1150 some Stoor came to live here, and from about 2770 to 2790 Dwarves fleeing from Erebor, led by Thrór, lived here. It is not said whether they returned after the Battle of Azanulbizar, but it seems that they didn't. At the time of the WR northern Dunland, though a fair, green country, was not inhabited. (I 16; II 168, 180; III 322, 325, 441, 457, 505)

For more about the history of the people of Dunland, see: Dunlendings (in Races).

DURIN'S BRIDGE -- A single arch of stone 50 feet long spanning the great abyss in the Second Hall of Khazad-dûm, built as a last defense against invaders at the East-gate. Its width was such that only one person could walk across it at a time. On it Gandalf made his stand against the Balrog during the Quest, and he broke it. Also called "the Bridge of Khazad-dûm" and "the Bridge." (I 419, 427-30; I 134)

DURIN'S TOWER -- Chamber carved in the rock of the pinnacle of Zirak-zigil, reached by the Endless Stair. It was ruined in the battle between Gandalf and the Balrog (TA 3019). (II 135)

DURTHANG -- Castle built on the ridge of the Ephel Duath west of the Udûn by the men of Gondor as a guard on Mordor. It was deserted by them and later occupied by Orcs, who had made it one of their strongholds at the time of the WR. (III 15, 251)

DWALING -- Village in northern Eastfarthing. (I 40)

DWARROWDELF -- Khazad-dûm, q. v. (III 519)

DWIMORBERG -- Mountain in the northern Ered Nimrais just above Dunharrow, in which was the Dark Door.

Also called "the Haunted Mountain," which is the Westron form; "Dwimorberg" is the Anglicized Rohanish form. (III 69ff., 81)

DWIMORDENE -- Name given to Lothlórien in Rohan. (II 150)

EASTERNET -- The eastern half of Rohan, east of the Entwash. (I 17; II 35)

EASTFARTHING -- One of the four Farthings of the Shire. Its inhabitants had much Stoorish blood in them. (I 26, 40)

EASTFOLD -- Area of Rohan bounded by the Maring Stream, Entwash, Snowbourn and Ered Nimrais. (III 14)

EAST LÓRIEN -- Name given to the portion of the Eryn Lasgalen south of the Narrows, ruled by Celeborn who founded it after the WR. Nothing is recorded of its history after Cele-

born went to Rivendell, which he did early in the Fourth Age. (III 468)

EASTMARCH, THE -- Buckland (q. v.). Eastmarch was the name under which it was added to the Shire by King Elessar in SR 1462. (I 30)

EAST WALL OF ROHAN, THE -- Name given to the cliff marking the western edge of the Eryn Muil (q. v.), because it was the eastern boundry of Rohan at that point. At its feet suddenly began the grasslands of Rohan. (II 29-30)

EAST-WEST ROAD, THE -- The Great East Road, q. v. (I 72)

EDORAS [Anglicized Rohanish: "the Courts"] -- The capital of Rohan located at the foot of the Ered Nimrais. Behind it are Dunharrow and the Paths of the Dead. Edoras was built by Eorl the Young and his son Brego. The royal palace was Meduseld (q. v.). (I 343; II 141, 144ff.; III 430, 432, 433)

EGLADIL [Sind.: "the Angle"?] -- The heart of Lothlorien, the field toward the meeting of Anduin and Celebrant.

The Westron name is "the Angle"; this may not be an exact translation. Perhaps also called "the Tongue." (I 450, 482-3)

ELDAMAR [Sind.: "it should be Quenya--: "Elvenhome"] -- Land in the West that the Eldar sought at the beginning of the First Age, and all except Sindar found. Many of the Elves of Eldamar left it to return to Middle-earth after the Silmarils were stolen, but most of those that survived returned to Eldamar at the end of the First Age.

Called "Elvenhome" in Westron; also known as "Eressea" (q. v.), and "Faerie" in H. (I 309, 482; III 289, 506; TB 63)
See: the Undying Lands.

EILENACH -- The second of the northern beacon-towers of Gondor, located in Druadan Forest.

The name is of pre-Númenórean origin. (III 15, 20, 137, 508)

ELENNÄ [Sind. or Quenya: "Star---"] -- Island, the furthest west of mortal lands, in the Great Sea within sight of Eressea. Upon Elenna Númenor was founded in SA 32. In SA 3319, the landing of Ar-Pharazôn on Aman the Blessed caused the One to change the world, and Elenna was sunk beneath the waves. (III 390)

ELVENHOME -- Eldamar, q. v. (I 309; III 289; TB 63)

See also: the Undying Lands.

ELVENHOME -- Doriath (q. v.), in the "Lay of Luthien." (I 258)

ELVENHOME -- Probably the Elven-realm somewhere in Beleriand, possibly (although there is no evidence except the preceding entry to justify this) Doriath. The poem contains echoes of the tale of Turin and Mim the Dwarf, and could be identified that way; the Dwarf-cave, incidentally, may be in the Ered Luin. (TB 8, 52)

ELVET ISLE -- Island in the lower Withywindle where dwelt Old Swan. (TB 19, 23)

EMYN ARNEN [Sind.: "the hills of the king's water"] -- Hills in South Ithilien across Anduin from Minas Tirith. After the WR they became the dwelling-place of the Prince of Ithilien. (III 15, 23, 305)

EMYN BERAID (Sind.: "Tower Hills") -- The Tower Hills, q. v. (III 471)

EMYN MUIL, THE [Sind.: "Hills----"] -- Rough hill-country crossed with many deep gullies on either side of Anduin above Rauros. During the Quest, Frodo and Sam crossed the eastern Eryn Muil, and there they captured Gollum. At the same time, the Three Hunters were crossing the western Eryn Muil in pursuit of Merry and Pippin. (I 16-17, 492,

498; II 27ff., 265ff.; III 14)

ENCHANTED RIVER, THE -- River in Mirkwood, flowing from its source in the Mountains of Mirkwood north until it joined the Forest River. The Elf-path used by Thorin & Co. crossed it by a wooden bridge, but by TA 2941 this bridge had fallen apart. Anyone who drank of or bathed in the water of the Enchanted River (as Bombur did) fell into a deep sleep and dreamed of Elven-feasts in the Wood. (HI 3, 133, 142-5, 149)

ENCIRCLING MOUNTAINS, THE -- Mountains, in the younger days of Middle-earth, where Thorondor, the sire of the Great Eagles, built his eyries. Perhaps in Beleriand. (III 278)

ENDLESS STAIR, THE -- Spiral stair in Khazad-dûm going from the lowest dungeon to Durin's Tower in the pinnacle of Zirak-zigil. It had long been lost by the Dwarves, who did not know if the Stair existed in aught save legend. The Balin took Gandalf up it during their battle, and it was ruined. (II 134)

ENDORE [Quenya: "Middle inhabited lands"] -- Middle-earth, q. v. (III 490)

ENEDWAITH [Sind.: "Entland"?] -- Land south of the Gwathlo, perhaps including Dunland. Once part of Gondor, it was devastated by great floods in TA 2912 and deserted. (I 16; III 461)

ENNOR [Sind.: "Middle inhabited lands"] -- Middle earth, q. v. (III 490)

ENTWADE, THE -- Fords on the Entwash northeast of Edoras. (II 45; III 14)

ENTWASH, THE -- River flowing from the eastern Misty Mountains through Fangorn and Rohan to Anduin, where it joins the larger river by many mouths in a large marsh. (I 17; II 38; III 14)

See: the Mouths of Entwash.

ENTWASH VALE -- The valley of the lower Entwash, a green, fenny place. (II 30)

See: the Mouths of Entwash.

ENTWOOD, THE -- Fangorn (q. v.), to those of Rohan. (II 197)

EOTHEOD -- Land near the sources of Anduin, settled and named by the followers of Frungor (TA 1977) who emigrated north from the area of the Carrock and the Gladden because of over-population and the fear of Dul Guldur. After killing off the Orcs of Angmar remaining east of the Misty Mountains, the Men of Eotheod settled down to their life of herding, grazing and (probably) farming. In 2510, answering the call of Cirion of Gondor, Eorl of Eotheod led an army south that saved the Gondor army at the Field of Celebrant. Eorl and his folk then settled in Rohan. (III 428-9, 458)

See: the Eotheod (Races).

EPHEL DUATH [Sind.: "outer fences---"] -- The mountains on the west and south borders of Mordor, a great chain perhaps 800 miles long. In the north they meet the Ered Lithui at the Isenmouthe and the Morannon. It seems that the only passes over them were Cirith Ungol and Morgul Pass.

Called in Westron "the Mountains of Shadow"; Gollum called them "the Shadowy Mountains." (I 17; II 308, 402-47 passim.; III 236)

EREBOR [Sind.: "Lonely Mountain"? or pre-Númenórean name?]

-- Mountain east of Mirkwood and west of the Iron Hills, standing by itself (which is how it got its Westron name). First settled by the Dwarf Thrain I who came to it while fleeing from Khazad-dûm (TA 1999), the Kingdom under the Mountain became a prosperous Dwarf-realm inside Erebor. It was for a while (c. 2190-2590) deserted as the Dwarves dwelt in the Ered Mithrin, but dragons caused Thrór to return to Erebor, which soon became famous for its richness and its beauty. Such was its renown that, in 2770, Smaug the Dragon considered it worth plundering. The Dwarf-kingdom was scattered

until 2941, when Smaug was slain as a result of the expedition of Thorin & Co., and Dain II re-established the Kingdom under the Mountain. During the WR the folk of Dale and Erebor were besieged in the Mountain, but they had the victory after the news of Sauron's downfall disheartened their Easterling foes. Erebor then came under the crown and protection of the King of the West.

The Mannish city-kingdom of Dale was on the southern slopes of Erebor.

Called in Westron "the Lonely Mountain"; also called "the Mountain"; all three names were in common usage by everyone. (I 302-3; III 439, 459-61, 468-9; H 196-271)

See also: Great Hall of Thrain, the Lower Halls, Ravenhill.

ERECH -- Hill in Lamedon, Gondor, upon which stood the Stone of Erech. Here the King of the Mountains swore allegiance to Isildur in the early days of Gondor. However, he broke his oath during the Last Alliance, and was condemned, together with his people, to haunt the Paths of the Dead (q. v.) until called to Erech by Isildur's heir to fulfill his oath. During the WR, Aragorn did this at a touching midnight ceremony at the Stone.

Also called "the Hill of Erech." "Erech" is of pre-Númenorean origin. (III 14, 64-5, 73-4, 508)

ERED LITHUI (Sind.: "Ash Mountains") -- Mountains on the north border of Mordor, stretching eastward from Udun about 400 miles.

Called in Westron "the Ash Mountains" or "the Ashen Mountains"; the Elvish form is, however, more common. (I 17; II 308)

ERED LUIN (Sind.: "the Blue Mountains") -- Mountains running north and south from the Gulf of Lune; the border between Beleriand (later Lindon) and Eriador. Dwarves dwelt there from the First Age (at the end of which their cities of Belegost and Nogrod were ruined at the breaking of Thangorodrim) through the Fourth. In the Third Age the deserted Dwarf-mines in the northern Ered Luin were for a time (1974) the hiding place of Arvedui. Thorin Oakenshield was one of the many Dwarves who dwelt there in exile from Khazad-dûm or Erebor.

Called in Westron "the Blue Mountains." Also known as the "Mountains of Lune," which seems to be an adaptation of the Elvish similar to "Lhûn" and "Lune." (I 16, 72; II 90; III 396, 398, 439, 445)

ERED MITHRIN (Sind.: "the Grey Mountains") -- Mountains north of Mirkwood, whence came the dragons. About TA 2200, most of Durin's Folk gathered there to dwell, but the rise of dragons and cold-drakes forced them to leave by 2589, the year Dain I was slain in his halls by a cold-drake. (I 17; III 430, 440, 459)

Called in Westron "the Grey Mountains."

ERED NIMRAIS (Sind.: "the White Mountains") -- Mountain chain of Gondor, running westward from Minas Tirith almost to the Sea. Individual peaks include Mindolluin, Dwimorberg, Starkhorn and Irensaga (qq. v.).

The Elvish and the Westron ("White Mountains") forms were about equally common in the Third Age. (I 16-17, 338; II 167, 371; III 14-5, 416)

See also: the Thrihyrne.

EREGION (Sind.) -- Land around the West-gate of Moria, settled early in the SA by Celebrimbor and other Noldorin craftsmen who had heard of the discovery of mithril in Khazad-dûm. About SA 1200 the smiths of Eregion became the pupils of Sauron, and about 300 years later they began the forging of the Rings of Power, which work was completed about 1590. Ten years later Sauron forged the One and Celebrimbor perceived his designs. The War of the Elves and Sauron began, and in 1697 Eregion was laid waste and Celebrimbor slain. Elrond, who had been sent to Eregion by Gil-galad, led the survivors to Imlandris.

The Westron name was "Hollin." (I 76, 318, 369ff.; III 396, 456-4)

ERELAS (Sind.: "leaf") -- The fourth of the northern beacon towers of Gondor. (III 15, 20)

ERESSEA [Ouenya? "elves"] -- Eldamar, q. v. (I 321; III 289, 390, 452)

See also: the Undying Lands.

ERIADOR (Sind.) -- The land between the Misty Mountains and the Mountains of Lune, bounded on the south by Gwathlo and Glanduin. Once a prosperous and well-populated area, Eriador was decimated by the wars with Angmar and the Great Plague, until by the time of the WR only a few people lived in scattered areas such as Dunland, the Shire, Rivendell and the Bree-land (qq. v.). (I 17; III 398, 454, 467)

See: Enedwaith, Minhiriath, Eregion, Arnor, Rhudaur, Arthedain, Cardolan, Angmar.

ERUI (Sind.) -- River of Gondor flowing from Losarnach into Anduin. (III 15, 185)

See: Crossings of Erui, Battle of the Crossings of Erui.

ERYN LASGALEN (Sind.: "Wood of green-leaves") -- Name given Mirkwood after the cleansing of Dul Guldur, TA 3019. The southern part was ruled by Celeborn and called East Lorien; the part north of the Mountains of Mirkwood was the realm of Thranduil; the central portion was given by the two Elven-kings to the Woodmen and the Beornings. (III 468)

ESGALDUIN (Sind.: "green river") -- Enchanter river of Doria Doriath in the First Age, beside which Beren first saw Luthien. (I 260)

ESGAROTH -- City of Men on the Long Lake, formerly probably part of the Kingdom of Dale. Its location was good for commerce, being on the trading routes between the Elven-kingdom of Mirkwood, Erebor and the produce areas of the South. Esgaroth was attacked and destroyed by Smaug in TA 2941, but was rebuilt soon after with the use of gold from his hoard.

Esgaroth was ruled by a Master, who seems to have been elected by some portion of the populace.

Also called "Lake-town." (I 55; H 13, 172, 185-93, 234-8, 286)

ETHIR ANDUIN (Sind.: "Mouths of Anduin") -- The delta of Anduin, where the river flows into the Bay of Belfalas. Called in Westron "the Mouths of Anduin." (I 518; III 14)

ETHRING (Sind.) -- Fords or town on the Ringló, in Gondor. Ethring was passed by the Grey Company during the WR. (III 15)

ETTENDALES -- The Ettenmoors, q. v. (I 271)

ETTENMOORS -- Troll-fells north of Rivendell, the source of the Mitheithel.

Also called the "Ettendales"; perhaps the Goldfells were the same place. (I 268; III 458)

EVENDIM, LAKE -- Nenuial, q. v. (I 320)

EVFIVEN -- A place or something in the West.

Also called "Ever-eve." (I 310, 482; III 544)

EVERHOLT -- A place, perhaps in the Firien Wood, where dwelt the great boar of Everholt until he was slain in TA 2864. (III 435)

EVERNIGHT -- See: Night of Naught. (III 309)

EVERWHITE, MOUNT -- Oíolossca, q. v. (I 489)

FAERIE -- Eldamar, q. v. (H 164)

FAERIE -- Name of an Elven-realm, in *Errantry*. Any relationship to real places, past or present, East or West, is probably accidental. (TB 25)

FANGORN FOREST (Sind.: "Tree-beard's Forest") -- Wood of great age east of the southern Misty Mountains watered by the Limlight and Entwash. Fangorn was the eastern remnant of the great forest that once covered all of Eriador and perhaps extended into Beleriand; the Old Forest was another such remnant. In Fangorn dwelt the Ents. During the last part of the Third Age Orcs of Isengard had done great damage to the trees of the forest, but the Ents and Huorns were revenged when, during the WR, they tore down Isengard and destroyed an army of Orcs at the Battle of the Hornburg.

Ambarona, Tauremorna, Aldalome and Tauremornalome are all names or epithets (most of them Quenya) applied to Fangorn by Treebeard. They are probably epithets, but they could be part of the forest's long name. Fangorn was called "Entwood" by the Rohirrim. Westron names included Fangorn, Fangorn Forest and the Forest of Fangorn. The pure Elvish name was probably *Taur Fangorn*. (I 17, 484; II 55, 80ff., esp. 89, 90-1)

FANUIDHOL [Sind.: "Cloudyhead?"] -- Bundushathur, q. v. (I 370)

FANTASIE -- Name of a land, in *Errantry*. Any resemblance to real places of any age, East or West, is probably accidental. (TB 25)

FARAWAY, THE HILLS OF -- Home of the Lonely Troll, presumably near the western end of the Shire. Any resemblance to real places may be accidental, or at least unidentifiable; the Shire place-names in the poem, however, are accurate. (TB 41, 43)

FAR DOWNS, THE -- Downs marking the western boundary of the Shire until SR 1452. They were originally called the Fox Downs. (I 16, 24; III 383, 471)

FAR HARAD -- The southern part of Harad, allied with Sauron in the WR. (III 15, 148)

FAR WEST, THE -- The Undying Lands, q. v. (III 452)

FEN HOLLEN (Sind.: "the Closed Door") -- Door in the west side of the sixth level of Minas Tirith, beyond which lay the Hallows. It was so called because it was locked at all times, except during funerals, and was guarded by an armed porter who kept the key. During the WR, Beregon slew the porter in his haste to save Faramir from Denethor. Called in Westron the Closed Door or the Steward's Door. (III 121, 123, 160)

FENMARCH -- Area in Rohan west of the Mering Stream and between the Entwash and the Firien Wood. (III 14, 93-4)

FIELD OF CELEBRANT -- The green plain between Limlight and Silverlode, site of the Battle of the Field of Celebrant. (I 17; III 429)

FIELDS OF PELENNOR, THE -- The Pelennor, q. v. (III 426)

FIERY MOUNTAIN, THE --

FIRE MOUNTAIN, THE -- Orodruin, q. v. (I 94, 95)

FIRE OF DOOM, THE -- The flames of Orodruin in the depths of the Crack of Doom. The Fire of Doom was the heat by which the One Ring was forged, and the only heat great enough to unmake it. (III 272)

FIRIENFELD, THE -- The meadow of Dunharrow. (III 80-1)

FIRIENWOOD, THE -- Oakwood at the foot of the Ered Nimrais on the border of Rohan and Gondor. In it dwelt the boar of Everholt until it was slain by Folca of Rohan in TA 2864. The last of the northern beacon-towers, Halifirien, was built on a high hill in Firienwood.

Spelled "Firien Wood" on III 14 and 435. (III 14, 92, 94, 435)

FLOATING LOG -- A good inn at Frogmorton, Eastfarthing, closed during the Occupation of the Shire. (III 345-6)

FOLDE -- Area in Rohan, in western Eastfold. (III 14, 92, 93)

FORBIDDEN DOOR, THE -- The Dark Door, q. v. (III 459)

FORD OF BRUINEN -- Ford across the river Bruinen, on the Great East Road. On their way to Rivendell, Frodo and his companions were ambushed there by the Nine Riders, but the Riders were defeated by a flood sent from Rivendell. (I 16, 269; II 12)

Also called "the Ford of Rivendell."

FORD OF CARROCK -- Ford across Anduin in the Beornland, kept open for trade by the Beornings in the period preceding the WR. In H, the ford only goes from the Carrock to the east bank of the river. (I 301; H 116-8, 131)

FORD OF RIVENDELL -- The Ford of Bruinen, q. v. (I 283)

FORDS OF ISEN -- Fords across the River Isen in western Rohan. In TA 2758 it was the site of a battle between Helm of Rohan and Dunlendings led by Wulf in which the former was defeated. During the WR it was the site of the Battle of the Fords of Isen (q. v.) between Rohan and Saruman's forces, in which Prince Théodred of Rohan was killed.

Also called "the Crossings of Isen." (II 168, 198-9; III 432)

FOREST GATE, THE -- Entrance to an elf-path through Mirkwood, on the western eaves of Mirkwood read the Beorn-land. Thorin & Co. were shown the Gate by Beorn and they used it to enter Mirkwood. (H 13, 140)

FOREST RIVER, THE -- River flowing from the Ered Mithrin through northern Mirkwood and flowing into Esgaroth. (H 13, 172, 180)

FORLINDON [Sind.: "North Lindon"] -- That portion of Lindon (q. v.) north of the Lune. During the Second Age Gil-galad dwelt there. (I 16; III 452)

FORLOND [Sind.: "North Havens"] -- Harbor on the northern side of the Gulf of Lune. (I 16; III 411)

FORNOST ERAIN [Sind.: "Northern Fortress of the Kings"] -- City on the North Downs, second capital of Arnor and later capital of Arthedain. It was captured and occupied by Angmar in TA 1974, but the next year the armies of Eärnur, Círdan and Glorfindel drove out the evil creatures; Fornost was left deserted by the Dunedain.

A palantír (q. v.) was kept here until removed and lost by Arvedui.

Called "For_nost" for short, and much more often, "Nor-bury (of the Kings)" was the Westron form. "Deadman's Dike" was the Brce-name given it after its ruin. (I 16, 320-1; III 337, 398, 411)

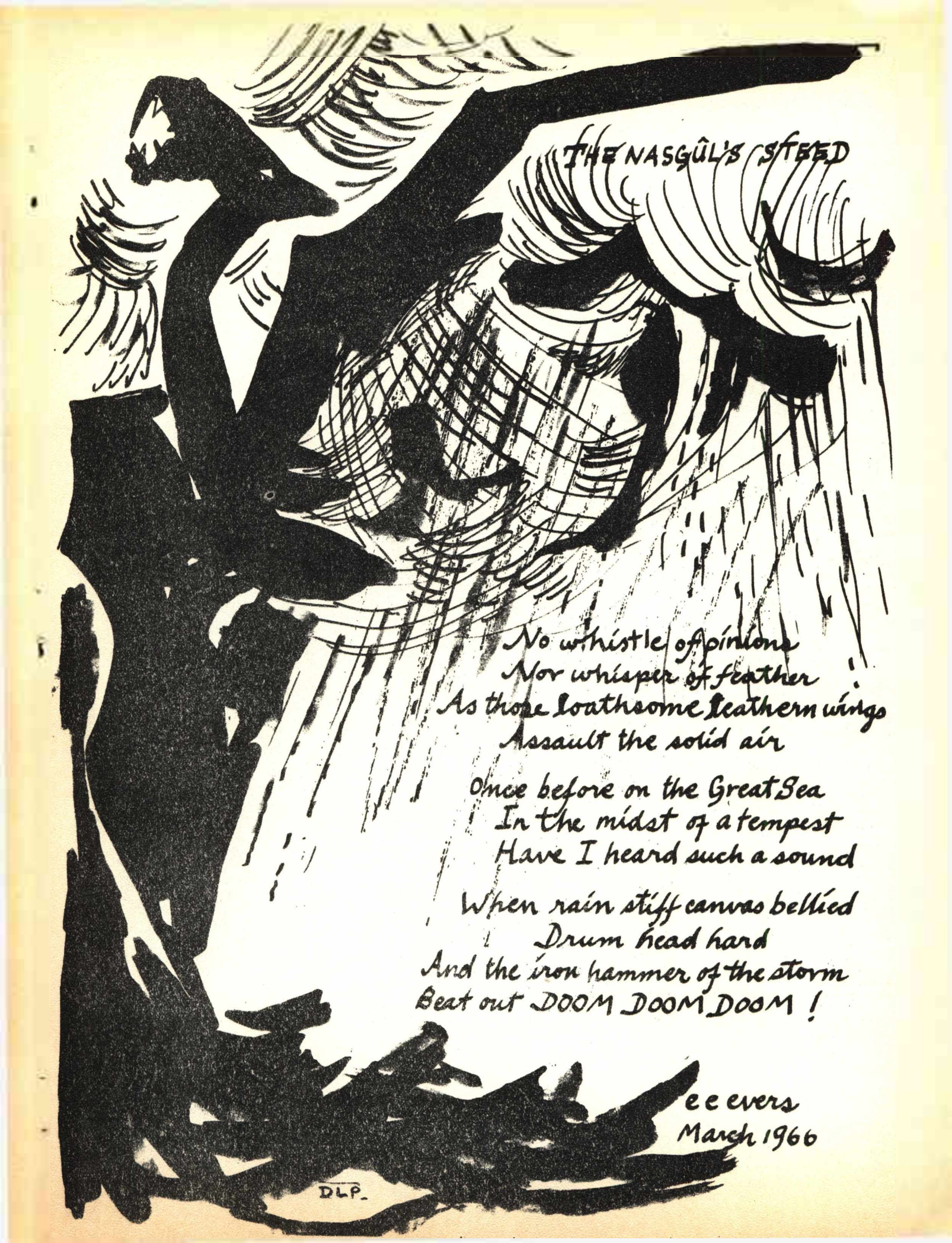
FOROCHEL [Sind.: "North---"] -- Coastal area in the far north of Middle-earth, about 250 miles north of the Shire. It used to get very cold there. It was sparsely inhabited by the Lossoth. (I 16; III 398-400)

See: the following two entries.

FOROCHEL, CAPE OF -- Cape coming down from the north and shutting off the Ice Bay of Forochel from the northwest. It is shown in the hard-cover map only. (III 399 n. 1)

FORDWAITH [Sind.: "Northern Land"] -- Area north of Carn Dum. Perhaps equivalent to the Northern Waste (q. v.) geographically.

Called in Westron "Norland" (q. v.). (III 399)



THE NASGÛL'S STEED

No whistle of pinions
Nor whisper of feather
As those loathsome leathern wings
Assault the solid air

Once before on the Great Sea
In the midst of a tempest
Have I heard such a sound
When rain stiff canvas bellied
Drum head hard
And the iron hammer of the storm
Beat out DOOM DOOM DOOM !

ee evers
March 1966



أَلَمْ يَلْمِزْكُمْ فِي الْمَدِينَةِ
وَمَا يَلْمِزْكُمْ

ALF LAYLAH WA LAYLAH

(A fan essay by Piers Anthony)

Many people have heard of the adventures of Ali Baba and the forty thieves, Aladdin and the magic lamp, and Sindbad the sailor. Fewer realize that such stories are parts of a larger framework known variously as The Arabian Nights, A Thousand Nights and a Night, or the stories of Scheherazad. Most readers have given up these childhood fantasies and graduated to adult fantasies by E.R. Eddison, T.H. White and J.R.R. Tolkien,¹ which are more realistic and contain stronger medicine.

Let's put this on the right foot. If the foregoing is your conception of the true Arabian Nights, you are sadly misinformed. Neither Aladdin nor Ali Baba is a proper part of the Nights, and while Sindbad the Seaman does belong, he is not a charter member. Shahrazad (note spelling) is something more than a mere storyteller, as we shall see. And the Tales themselves are neither for children nor for the conservative reader; they constitute more than a million words of romance, adventure, sex, magic and philosophy ranging in mood from idyllic poetry to "How Abu Hasan brake Wind". Those who crave unadulterated fantasy and a realistic portrayal of an intriguing culture should graduate from the adventurous but essentially sexless worlds of the authors mentioned, to the fabulous saga of the unexpurgated Nights.

Come with me, for a moment, into the land of powerful kings, beautiful women, insidious enchantments and undeflowered nights. Picture a young King as he returns to his apartments unexpectedly and discovers his lovely wife in the most intimate embrace of a greasy kitchen slave. He promptly draws his sword and with one stroke creates four bodies from two, as any discriminating king would do. Somewhat chastened by the experience, however, he visits his older brother, Shahryar, who has more power, greater wealth, a better stocked harem and a better stacked wife -- which wife, it develops, prefers to spend her afternoons with a better endowed slave. Shahyar is distressed when he learns of this; after verifying his brother's report by careful observation, he sets off with that brother on an expedition to locate, if possible, a greater cuckold than either of them has been.

They happen across an enormous jinni -- one of those magical creatures who can move mountains or squeeze into little bottles, depending upon their mood -- who carries from beneath the sea a fancy locked chest. The two kings disappear into a convenient tree, and the jinni, as luck would have it, settles down beneath the tree and opens his treasure. It turns out to be a beautiful woman -- a damsel he stole away on her wedding night, so that none might tumble her but he. He lays his ugly head in her lap and falls asleep.

This is the opportunity she has been waiting for. She sets her lover's head on the ground and summons the two kings, who have not escaped her notice. When they demur, fearing the jinni, she informs them that they will either do her bidding promptly or she will wake the jinni and tell him a little story...about mashers in trees. They descend. Next, she makes them both a little proposition, which they are obliged to consider seriously on pain of the story mentioned before.

¹Authors of The Worm Ouroboros, The Once and Future King, and The Lord of the Rings, respectively -- as if you didn't know.

After both, manfully, have bedded her, she compliments them on their performance and takes their signet rings as souvenirs of the occasion. She adds these to a string of 570 similar rings.

Shahryar, having learned something new about cuckoldry, decides that there is no way to preserve honor in a wife -- except to kill her before she has opportunity to pursue her natural inclinations. He therefore returns to his kingdom, marries a lovely and highborn maiden, and has her executed on the following morning. He does this every night, until a shortage of eligible damsels develops. At last the clever daughter of his wazir², Shahrazad, volunteers to marry the king. She arranges to tell him a story, during the wakeful period before the summons to dawn prayer; it is still in progress when the night ends. Now understand: the Arabs didn't have much in the way of TV in those days (800 A.D.), and storytelling was a highly regarded occupation. No man of intelligence could bear to be denied the conclusion of an entertaining tale. What is the king to do? What can he do; he postpones the execution one day, in order to hear the end of the story.

This, to make a very long story very short, continues from night to night for a thousand nights -- and a night. This is, in fact, the framework for the Arabian Nights, whose content we have not yet begun to discuss. Shahrazad, between the lines, gives birth to three beautiful sons, and is finally forgiven her sentence of execution. It is fortunate that the king never caught on to her alternate plan, in the event her tale-telling ploy failed; she was prepared to kill him, and thus end for certain the destruction of innocent maidens. "These learned and clever young ladies are very dangerous in the east," remarks a translator.³

II

What was the true origin of this remarkable collection of stories? The individual Tales are too varied in nature and content to be the work of a single author, or even of a single period, however gallant it would seem to assign the entire credit to Shahrazad. They were assembled and recorded in their present form somewhere between the tenth and the sixteenth centuries A.D., but derive from scattered and ancient locales throughout Asia and the Arabian world. Scholars do not agree on their several origins, since the stories were circulated verbally for centuries before being recorded (which is the reason I date Shahrazad as I do, despite anachronism), and even then were subject to the blatant modifications and errors of copyists and editors.⁴

But if the pedigrees of individual tales are obscure, their unifying scheme is not. It is Arabic -- and this is more significant than the casual reader might suppose.

When the Western Roman Empire collapsed, say about 400 A.D., barbarian tribes overran many parts of the Mediterranean world. The Franks moved into France, the Vandals and Goths into Spain, the Goths and Lombards into Italy, and so on. The Eastern Roman Empire persisted in Greece and Turkey, but it had problems of its own. Europe advanced from decadence to darkness.

²Wazir: prime minister, secretary of state, or some such

³Evidently he lacked experience with western girls

⁴Modern writers will sympathize

By 600 the Eastern Roman Empire had expanded to dominate large sections of the old territory, including most of the coastline of Asia Minor and North Africa. It hardly seemed that any enduring threat existed from the unorganized desert nomads of the Arabian peninsula. Yet the downfall of the Eastern Romans was to be as dramatic as that of the Western, and it began in Arabia. By 700 the Arabs had burst forth and conquered not only the entire southern section of the Roman Empire, but also the civilized Sassanid Empire that bordered it in Mesopotamia, and were already reaching for Europe via Spain. By 800 the Arab Empire extended from southern France to western India, embracing more actual territory than the Roman Empire at its height.

How had such a thing come about? Briefly, through the Prophet Mohammed. The Bedouin tribesmen of central Arabia ate scorpions and beetles as delicacies, used camel urine as hair tonic, cared little for religion of any kind and were fiercely independent; but in 622 the cult of Mohammed, Islam, was growing, and within a decade it controlled much of the peninsula. Like Christianity, Islam was spread largely by virtue of the sword. Economic considerations drove the Arab marauders out of their parched homeland and into the rich surrounding territories, and though they did not at first urge religious conversion upon their new subjects, the favored status of True Believers inevitably led to this. Islam gave them unity and strength; they were not afraid to die, knowing the rewards awaiting in the afterlife, and thus became formidable warriors. Allah conquered.

The Arabs did not impose their culture upon their conquests. Instead, they avidly absorbed all that their civilized subjects had to offer, and thus benefitted themselves both economically and esthetically. A golden age was in the making -- but in the name of Islam. More slowly, the Arabic language also dominated, creating another unifying bond that perhaps outweighed, historically, both those of conquest and religion. For communication is the lifeblood of civilization, and the common language encouraged greater organization and exchange of information.

It is interesting, however, to note the sequence: the peoples of Asia, Africa and Europe yielded first their politics, then their religion, and finally their several languages in favor of the offerings from Arabia. Does this indicate what is truly important to man -- the things he gives up last?

In the year 800, Charlemagne was making history in Europe, carving out an empire that was to make his name the subject of grandiose legend for many centuries to follow. That same year another ruler was making history in the Arab world: Harun al-Rashid. Of the two, Harun may have been the better man; he controlled a far larger and more civilized empire and was himself more cultured. A commercial, scientific and literary renaissance was sponsored by his court, while, it is said, Charlemagne was learning to write his own name.

It is about the court of Harun al-Rashid that the Tales of the Arabian Nights center. He lends the flavor of his court to the entire collection, even though many of the stories concern other figures and other times. Thus these diverse stories are unified threefold, in the manner the Arabs unified the then civilized western world: they are Islamic in religion, Arabic in language, and their setting is the golden age of Harun al-Rashid.

The Nights are remarkable in one other respect: they are among the most accurate reflections of Arab history and culture available. There is generally some kernel truth to legend -- but these tales offer a better guide to life in the ninth century than many supposedly factual texts. To read the Arabian Nights is to be educated...far more than one anticipates.

III

What of the Tales themselves? What are they about, and what is their manner of presentation?

Generally, there are three types: the historical narratives, the beast fables, and the fairy tales. The histories, though containing fantastic elements and obscured by anachronisms introduced by later editing, offer a reasonable guide to the expansion and mechanisms of Islam. Actually, the great majority of wordage of the Nights is of this type, whether intended historically or not. We see the Arab as he lives and works and loves and dreams, and only occasionally does the text become ribald or fantastic. (But what occasions!)

The beast fables are the oldest tales. They are usually brief and establish some moral point, much as Aesop's Fables, to which they may be ancestral. Animals are granted human minds and tongues, and are often mere vehicles for inconsequential bits of philosophy. One example will illustrate this type: herewith, entire, is Burton's rendition of "The Cat and the Crow".⁵

Once upon a time, a crow and a cat lived in brotherhood; and one day as they were together under a tree, behold, they spied a leopard making towards them, and they were not aware of his approach till he was close upon them. The crow at once flew up to the tree-top; but the cat abode confounded and said to the crow, "O my friend, hast thou no device to save me, even as all my hope is in thee?" Replied the crow, "Of very truth it behoveth brethren, in case of need, to cast about for a device when peril overtaketh them, and how well saith the poet,

'A friend in need is he who, ever true
For thy well-doing would himself undo:
One who when Fortune gars us parting rue
Victimeth self reunion to renew.'

Now hard by that tree were shepherds with their dogs; so the crow flew towards them and smote the face of the earth with his wings, cawing and crying out. Furthermore he went up to one of the dogs and flapped his wings in his face and flew up a little way, whilst the dog ran after him thinking to catch him. Presently, one of the shepherds raised his head and saw the bird flying near the ground and lighting alternately; so he followed him, and the crow ceased not flying just high enough to save himself and to throw out the dogs; and yet tempting them to follow for the purpose of tearing him to pieces. But as soon as they came near him, he would fly up a little; and so at last he brought them to the tree, under which was the leopard. And when the dogs saw him they rushed upon him and he turned and fled. Now the leopard thought to eat the cat who was saved by the craft of his friend the crow. This story, O King, sheweth that the friendship of the Brothers of Purity delivereth and saveth from difficulties and from falling into mortal danger.

⁵There is no copyright on this translation

The fairy tales are the best known, and the examples usually selected for expurgation and presentation in juvenile format. The story of the Fisherman and the Jinni will be familiar, although the episode of the bottled Jinni is merely an introduction to the main tale, which is less familiar and more phenomenal. Aladdin, perhaps the best known, is, as I have said, not a proper part of the Nights; but it is similar to them and may be considered typical. Let's run through one of the major fantasies in detail: "The Tale of Kamar al-Zaman," otherwise known as "The 'Efreet's Beauty Contest".

A certain prince, Kamar al-Zaman, refused to marry, since he did not trust women. His father became angry at his adamance⁷ and imprisoned him in a tower, leaving him to think over his attitude. Now the tower was inhabited by a jinniyah (female jinni), who spied Kamar sleeping and was enchanted by his handsome features. She flew off and gave the news to an associate, an Ifrit⁸ who protested that he had seen a certain Princess Budur, a hater of men, in China, who was even fairer than this lad. This resulted in a contest; they carried the sleeping damsel to the tower and placed her beside Kamar. But certain difficulties of comparison arose, since there are differences between male and female, and the argument continued. At last they woke Kamar, keeping Budur under sedation, and stood invisibly by to observe his reaction. The idea was to let the subjects decide the issue.

Kamar looked upon Budur and forgot about antifeminism:

And when Kamar al-Zaman saw the Lady Budur, daughter of King Ghayur, and her beauty and comeliness, she was sleeping clad in a shift of Venetian silk, without her petticoat-trousers, and wore on her head a kerchief embroidered with gold and set with stones of price; her ears were hung with twin earrings which shone like constellations and round her neck was a collar of union pearls, of size unique, past the competence of any King. When he saw this, his reason was confounded and natural heat began to stimulate him; Allah awoke in him the desire of coition and he said to himself, "Whatso Allah willeth, that shall be, and what He willeth not shall never be!" So saying, he put out his hand, and, turning her over, loosed the collar of her chemise; then arose before his sight her bosom, with its breasts like double globes of ivory; whereat his inclination for her redoubled and he desired her with exceeding hot desire. He would have awakened her but she would not awake, for (the Ifrit) had made her sleep heavy; so he shook her and moved her, saying, "O my beloved, awake and look on me; I am Kamar al-Zaman." But she awoke not, neither moved her head.

⁶I suppose I'd better explain. You see, the formal structure includes exactly 1,001 sections, or Nights, each set off and numbered. Sometimes several tales, like the fables, are covered in a single Night, while at other times a single Tale takes many nights. There is no room for a long story that hasn't been carefully fitted into this format. Aladdin and Ali Baba are not included in these numbered Nights -- at least, not in authentic editions. They are merely fellow-travelers.

⁷As well he might. Arabs are permitted four wives and innumerable concubines, and are encouraged to beget. The prince was setting a very bad example.

⁸These spirits are given many names and ranks; it would take many thousands of words to clarify the entire range.

Whereupon he considered her case for a long hour and said to himself, "If I guess aright, this is the damsel to whom my father would have married me and these three years past I have refused her; but Inshallah! -- God willing -- as soon as it is dawn, I will say to him, 'Marry me to her, that I may enjoy her.'"

So he restrained himself and did not molest her. He took her ring as a token and went back to sleep. "The young man must have been a demon of chastity," says a footnote. The jinniyah then awoke Budur, who also had a prompt change of heart. But she was unable to wake the prince, and

she opened the bosom of his shirt and bent over him and kissed him and put forth her hand to him, seeking somewhat that she might take as a token, but found nothing. Then she thrust her hand into his breast and, because of the smoothness of his body, it slipped down to his waist and thence to his navel and thence to his yard, whereupon her breast ached and her vitals quivered and lust was sore upon her, for that the desire of women is fiercer than the desire of men, and she was ashamed to her own shamelessness. Then she plucked his seal-ring from his finger, and put it on her own instead of the ring he had taken, and bussed his inner lips and hands, nor did she leave any part of him unknissed; after which she took him to her breast and embraced him and, laying one of her hands under his neck and the other under his arm-pit, nestled close to him and fell asleep by his side.

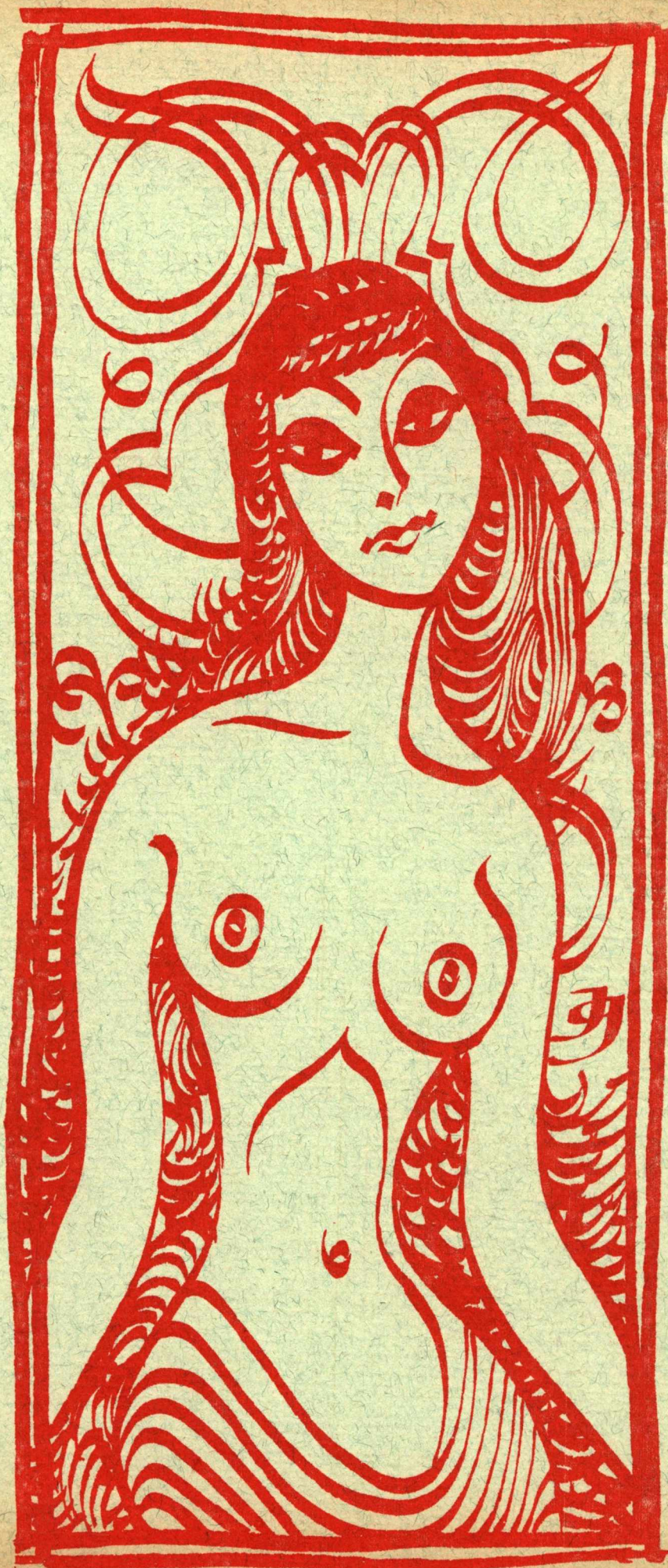
This little show won the bet for the jinniyah. They returned Budur to her home in China and forgot about the matter.

We pass over the painful scenes awaiting the lovers the following morning, though the Nights describe these in detail. After much trouble Kamar succeeded in locating and marrying Budur, and the two lived happily ever after...for a good two months. Then Kamar happened to be led a merry chase by a bird, one morning during their journey, and became, after just ten days, magically lost near a city a full year's march from the cities of Islam. There was nothing he could do except take service with a kind old gardener, while waiting for a ship to carry him back.

Budur, meanwhile, woke to find herself deserted. Realizing that it would be dangerous for her to admit she was alone, men being the brutes they are, she donned her husband's clothes and masqueraded as him.⁹ She continued the journey until she arrived at the Ebony City, whose king admired her masculine demeanor and offered to present the prince with his kingdom and beautiful daughter, provided the prince stay to rule the one and wed the other. Budur was on the spot; she had either to admit her subterfuge, or leave at once, which impoliteness might irritate the old king and bring destruction upon her anyway. Accordingly, she accepted the offer.

The marriage proceeded without a hitch...until the nuptial night. Budur elected to say her prayers so late that the young bride fell asleep. But after a few nights of this things approached a crisis, since of course the princess reported in full detail to her eager parents, as good brides do. The king swore that if the wedding were not suitably consummated forthwith, he would take back his kingdom and settle fittingly with the prince who was too snobbish to do his duty by his bride.

⁹Remember, she resembled him in beauty, and the Arab clothing, boots, turban, and veil (worn by men to prevent breathing desert dust) served as effective concealment.



Budur finally confided her problem to the princess, telling her everything, and the girl had pity on her and agreed to set up a little show that would stall the denouement somewhat.¹⁰

Kamar, meanwhile, had discovered an underground vault filled with gold. He informed the old gardener, and they arranged to share the wealth. Kamar packed several bags of gold and covered the top of each with a layer of olives so that thieves would not comprehend their value. As luck would have it, the gardener fell ill when the ship arrived, and although Kamar got his bags loaded he missed the boat himself while he tended and finally buried the gardener.

Budur craved some olives, and bought the bags when the ship arrived at the Ebony City. But when she poured the olives into a plate, she discovered the gold, as well as a talisman her husband had taken. She sent the ship back to the gardens, and the crew siezed Kamar and hauled him back to the Ebony Isles. Budur recognized him, but did not see fit to make herself known, and Kamar failed to penetrate the disguise. He accepted service with this strange prince, and was rapidly elevated to high position. But he grew suspicious of such inexplicable generosity, and requested leave to depart. Budur instead made him a proposition which he, still thinking her to be male, found objectionable. She pursued this elaborate "joke" to the point of taking him into her bedroom and insisting upon satisfaction. She was much amused by his distress, but at last revealed her identity for a happy reunion. Kamar agreed to take the princess of the Ebony Isles for his second wife, and the three lived happily ever after...for eighteen years.

Each queen had a beautiful son by Kamar, but as these boys grew to manhood each queen conceived a non-maternal passion for her sister-wife's son. Since both sons were honorable young men, this eventually led to conflict. The queens, fearing exposure, got together and saved themselves by accusing the boys of the immoral advances. Kamar was furious, and ordered the execution of his sons; but the man assigned to do the job had compassion for them and set them free instead.

Whereupon is launched another major adventure involving the fortune of each youth. In the end, all is for the best; but this should suffice to indicate the complex nature of these tales, which can span generations and contain subtales and subtales. It can be a challenge to maintain one's conceptual equilibrium. Consider the story of the "Fisherman and the Jinni", mentioned before:

The hapless fisherman casts his net, hauls in a bottle, and inadvertently releases the jinni inside, who then declares he will kill his deliverer. The fisherman protests by telling the jinni the "Tale of the Wazir and the Sage Duban", intended to illustrate the danger in doing a disservice to a benefactor.

¹⁰The Arabs are conversant with such devices, which involve realistic exclamations and the smearing of pigeon's blood upon the nuptial sheet.

Within this sub-tale are three sub-sub-tales: "King Sindibad and his Falcon", "The Husband and the Parrot", and "The Princess and the Ogress", after which the narrative returns to the main sub-tale of the Wazir and the Sage. All that is still only the beginning of the main story, which involves colored talking fish, a prince whose lower half is stone, and a vindictive sorceress.

IV

There have been a number of translations of the Nights into English, and many adaptations from these, so that it is scarcely surprising that the average person has heard of the jinn, Sindbad and Allah. But my contention (and the point of this essay) is that few comprehend the scope and power of the original, unmutated tales. Some conclusions can be drawn from comparative excerpts of different editions.

Return to my summary of the basic Nights framework. Remember how it all started -- the king killing his faithless wife, only to discover that his brother's wife was even worse? Let's focus on that discovery, and see what several renditions have to say.

On hand is a paperback obviously slanted for children: The Seven Voyages of Sindbad.¹¹ This presents five tales in simple language, three of which are questionable for the reasons discussed in footnote #6. As for the episode: nothing. No mention is made of the Nights framework, and the Tales become merely isolated stories. So much for that.

On the other hand is a larger hardcover children's edition, The Arabian Nights,¹² which contains all the selections of the softcover and as many more. This does cover the setting, in a manner of speaking:

The King of Tartary being thus left alone, shut himself up in his apartment, and sat down at a window that looked into the garden. In this place, where he could see and not be seen, he soon became a witness of a circumstance which attracted the whole of his attention. A secret gate of the Sultan's palace suddenly opened, and there came out of it several persons, in the midst of whom walked the Sultana, who was easily distinguished from the rest by her majestic air. This princess, thinking that the King of Tartary was gone a-hunting with his brother the Sultan, came with her retinue near the windows of his apartment, and the prince heard her hold treasonable conversation with some of her companions.

Treasonable conversation! This is grounds for the murder of a wife every day? One wonders whether the inculcation of such an idea into the mind of a child is not more dangerous than the straight sex would have been.

¹¹Gladys Davidson, The Seven Voyages of Sindbad and Other Tales from the Arabian Nights, New York: TAB Books, 1959. 156 pages.

¹²(No editor or translator listed), The Arabian Nights, New York: Grosset & Dunlap, Inc., 1946. 337 pages.

On a third hand: A larger, more adult-looking book, The Arabian Nights' Entertainments¹³ which contains a greater number of selections. This explains about the apartment overlooking the gardens, and "Schahzenan had" from thence accidentally observed several interviews between that lady and a favored gallant." Well, at least we have a more sensible hint of that woman's little indiscretions; but interviews?

On another hand: The much larger, well known Lane translation¹⁴ which runs about 700,000 words and is complete with copious footnotes. These are neatly assembled at the end of the volume and represent a most useful guide to Arabian custom and belief. Some notes are merely clarifications of particular words; others are complete essays as long as this one, or summaries of material omitted from the main text. Here, for the first time, verse appears, and we learn that this is a characteristic of the original Nights. But what does Mr. Lane have to say about the queen's gallant?

Now there were some windows in the King's palace commanding a view of his garden; and while his brother was looking out from one of these, a door of the palace was opened, and there came forth from it twenty females and twenty male black slaves; and the King's wife, who was distinguished by extraordinary beauty and elegance, accompanied them to a fountain, where they all disrobed themselves, and sat down together. The King's wife then called out, O Mes'ood! and immediately a black slave came to her, and embraced her, she doing the like. So also did the other slaves and the women; and all of them continued revelling together until the close of day. When Shah-Zeman beheld this spectacle, he said within himself, by Allah! my affliction is lighter than this!

A footnote explains the meaning of the name "Mes'ood" ("Happy"), while another delivers a lecture on the notions the Arabs have about female beauty -- a matter they are most particular about, in the Nights.

Next comes the Mardrus/Mathers¹⁵ translation, comprising about a million words but no footnotes. This is generally the sexiest of the editions available, with one qualification which I'll get to shortly.

Now there were in the King's palace certain windows that looked on to the garden, and, as King Shahzaman leaned there and looked out, the door of the palace opened and twenty women slaves with twenty men slaves came from it; and the wife of the King, his brother, was among them and walked there in all her bright beauty. When they came to the pool of a fountain they all undressed and mingled one with another. Suddenly, on the King's wife crying: 'O Masud! Ya Masud!', a gigantic negro ran towards her, embraced her, and, turning her upon her back, enjoyed her. At this signal, all the other men slaves did the same with the women and they continued thus a long while, not ceasing their kisses and embraces and goings in and the like until the approach of dawn.

¹³(No editor or translator listed), The Thousand and One Nights or the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Philadelphia: Porter & Coates(no date), 540 pp.

¹⁴Lane, Edward William, The Arabian Nights' Entertainments -- or The Thousand and One Nights, New York: Tudor Publishing Co., 1927. 1260 pp.

¹⁵The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night, translated into French by Dr. J.C. Mardrus and thence into English by Powys Mathers; London: Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd., 1964 Distributed by Dover Pub. Inc. Four vols., 2300 pp.

And finally, the notorious Burton translation,¹⁶ a million and a half words comprising every numbered Night, pithy footnotes, and a terminal essay; this edition also has a supplementary million words or so to cover the tales like Ali Baba that are also of interest.

So King Shah Zaman passed his night in the palace and, next morning, when his brother had fared forth, he removed from his room and sat him down at one of the lattico-windows overlooking the pleasure-grounds; and there he abode thinking with saddest thought over his wife's betrayal and burning sighs issued from his tortured breast. And as he continued in this case lo! a postern of the palace, which was carefully kept private, swung open and out of it came twenty slave girls surrounding his brother's wife who was wondrous fair, a model of beauty and comeliness and symmetry and perfect loveliness and who paced with the grace of a gazelle which panteth for the cooling stream. Thereupon Shah Zaman drew back from the window, but he kept the bevy in sight espying them from a place whence he could not be espied. They walked under the very lattice and advanced a little way into the garden till they came to a jetting fountain amiddlemost a great basin of water; then they stripped off their clothes and behold, ten of them were women, concubines of the King, and the other ten were white slaves. Then they all paired off, each with each; but the Queen, who was left alone, presently cried out in a loud voice, "Here to me, O my lord Saeed!", and then sprang with a drop-leap from one of the trees a big slobbering blackamoor with rolling eyes which showed the whites, a truly hideous sight. He walked boldly up to her and threw his arms round her neck while she embraced him as warmly; then he bussed her and winding his legs round hers, as a button-loop clasps a button, he threw her and enjoyed her. On like wise did the other slaves with the girls till all had satisfied their passions, and they ceased not from kissing and clipping, coupling and carousing till day began to wane; when the Mamelukes rose from the damsels' bosoms and the blackamoor slave dismounted from the Queen's breast; the men resumed their disguises and all, except the negro who swarmed up the tree, entered the palace and closed the postern-door as before.

This, then, is the full story. One now begins to understand why the King was so upset; the Arab racial prejudice and contempt of slaves is here superimposed upon its fanatic comination of royal women. Adultery was bad enough; but with a negro slave...! Burton has a footnote explaining that debauched women prefer negroes on account of the size of their parts; this is typical of his remarks on the text.

In general, the children's renditions are strictly for children, and are innocent and inaccurate. However, there is a case for expurgation, as may be understood when I admit that I edited out some of the grosser details in my discussion of the Kamar al-Zaman tale. The Nights at times lack artistry; the injection of the genital aspects of pederasty does not improve a pleasant romantic adventure, for example.

Lane, Mardrus/Mathers, and Burton are the major translations I have found available in this country, though this is not to say these are the only or even the best ones.

¹⁶Burton, Richard F., Alf Laylah wa Laylah, The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night; privately printed by the Burton Club. 16 volumes, about 6000 pp.

Lane edited his edition heavily; it was intended for the drawing-room table, and is suitable for it. He has omitted both objectionable and uninteresting material, and his footnotes are a boon to the serious reader and not obtrusive for the casual one. It is not expensive; I believe I bought my copy for five or six dollars.

The Mardrus/Mathers edition is another matter. This appears to be impugated; that is, passages which are not unusual in other translations become sexual or scatological here. Since Burton made it a point to omit nothing, my suspicion is that the Frenchman sought to improve upon his text. About the only place this doesn't happen is in the passage I quoted for comparative purposes. This edition is attractively bound and is easy to read, but unsuitable both for scholars and those who are easily offended by sexuality. Those who are looking for entertainment rather than education will find this a delight, however. Dover sells it for \$22.50.

Burton is for the scholar rather than the casual reader. He preserves everything in the original, whether of interest to English-speaking readers or not. Some tales are best described as tedious; others are pornographic. The great majority, however, are fine stylistic entertainment that duplicates the spirit of the Arabic original. Burton's footnotes are infamous;¹⁷ they explore in detail things that many people don't even like to think about, such as the mechanisms of male and female castration, and in this respect do exceed the genital content of the Mardrus/Mathers edition. The Heritage Club has made available a handsome, illustrated three-volume edition at a very low price, for Club members, which covers the 1001 Nights and the terminal essay; but for the complete translation which includes the Supplementary Nights, additional discussion, and quotes and refutations of early reviews of the series, it is necessary to go to the Burton Club editions. Some can be found in libraries, while a good reprint may be had for about \$45.00 at one of the mail-order book distributors. This is well worth the price, for the serious reader.

V

It is obvious that Burton is the dominant name when the Nights are discussed. A note on him seems to be in order. He has been called "The Arabian Knight", but this true and humorous description hardly does him justice. He was one of the more remarkable Englishmen of the nineteenth century, a scholar but no recluse. He wore a satanic black mustache and spoke with a directness and flavor shocking to the Victorian society of his day. (He lived from 1821 to 1890.) He was an explorer and a statesman and a philosopher and a linguist and a man who apologised to nobody. Consider:

Burton led the expedition that discovered the source of the Nile, though illness and betrayal cost him his place in the record-books. He served as consul for the British government in South America, Africa and Asia Minor, and wrote numerous books on African, Arabian and Indian geography and culture.

(Continued on p. 89)

¹⁷A note on footnotes: Burton lambasted Lane for the overuse of these, and for converting "Arabian Nights to Arabian Notes," but Burton himself is the most celebrated employer of this form. Lane used almost 1,500 notes; Burton almost 10,000. Lane had a single note exceeding 10,000 words; Burton had one over 80,000.¹⁸ You will note that notes are used throughout the present essay; their nature, serious and facetious, is intended to suggest the flavor of Burton's.

¹⁸This is the Terminal Essay on the Nights, which in turn has footnotes; thus

HARLAN'S WESTERCON

Repent, Harlan,
said the
Big-Name-Fan

Over the last Fourth of July weekend, Harlan Ellison had a Westercon. To be precise, he had it in the palm of his hand. (Short pause while cartoonists in the audience picture Harlan with a hand big enough to hold 300 Westerconners. Thank you.)

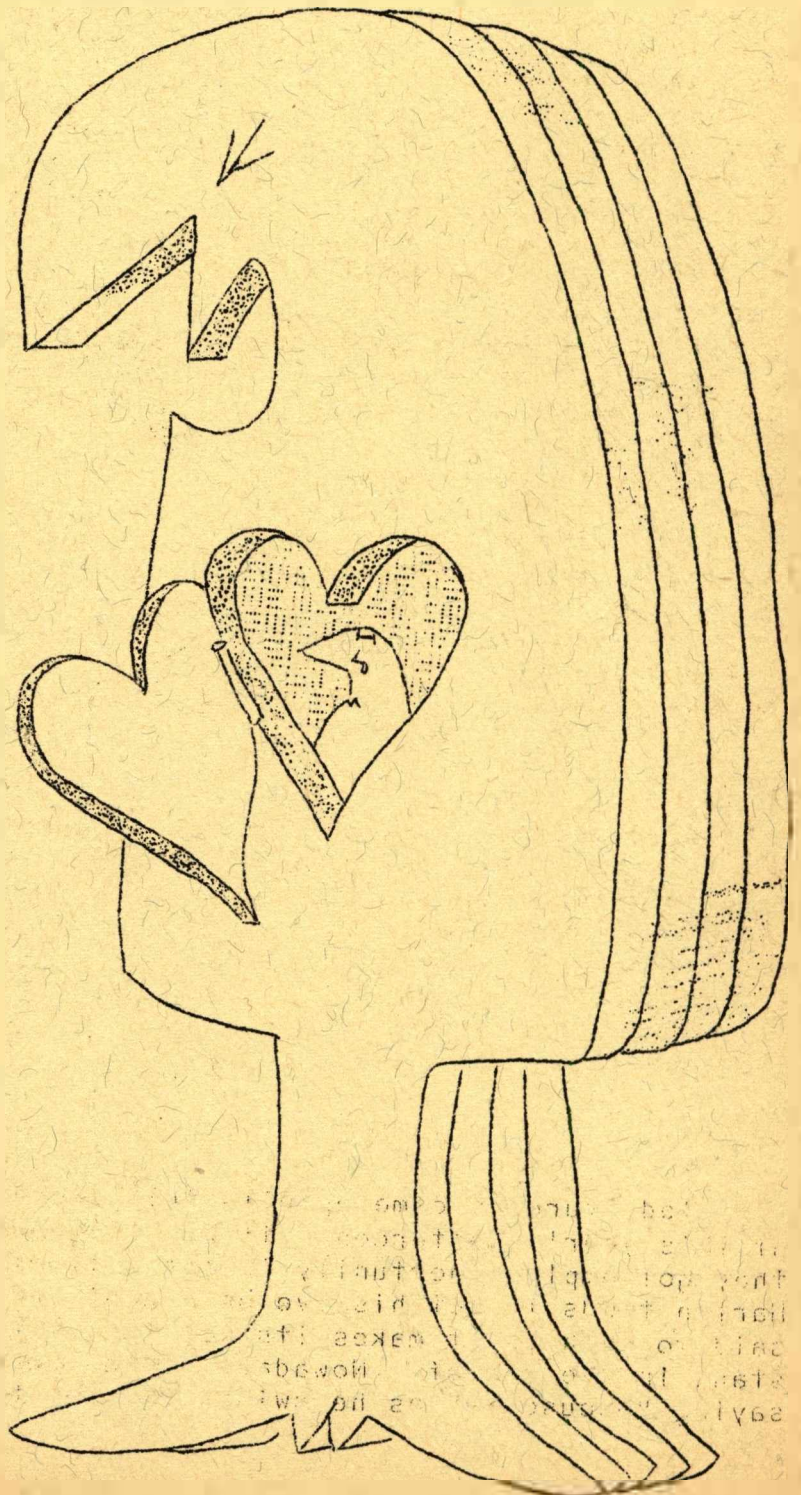
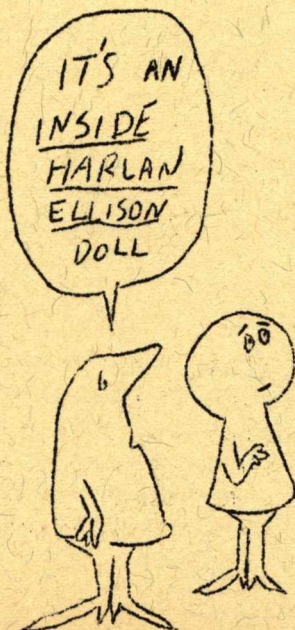
Harlan played, flamboyantly, Guest of Honor, stand-up comedian, auctioneer, gadfly of fandom, panel chairman (or possibly dictator) -- whatever there was that involved Harlan and an audience. (And I mean involved; no audience of Harlan's is ever uninvolved.) He took a lot of ribbing, and he made a lot of sense.

The points of view contained on the following pages are, I suspect, quite different from each other.

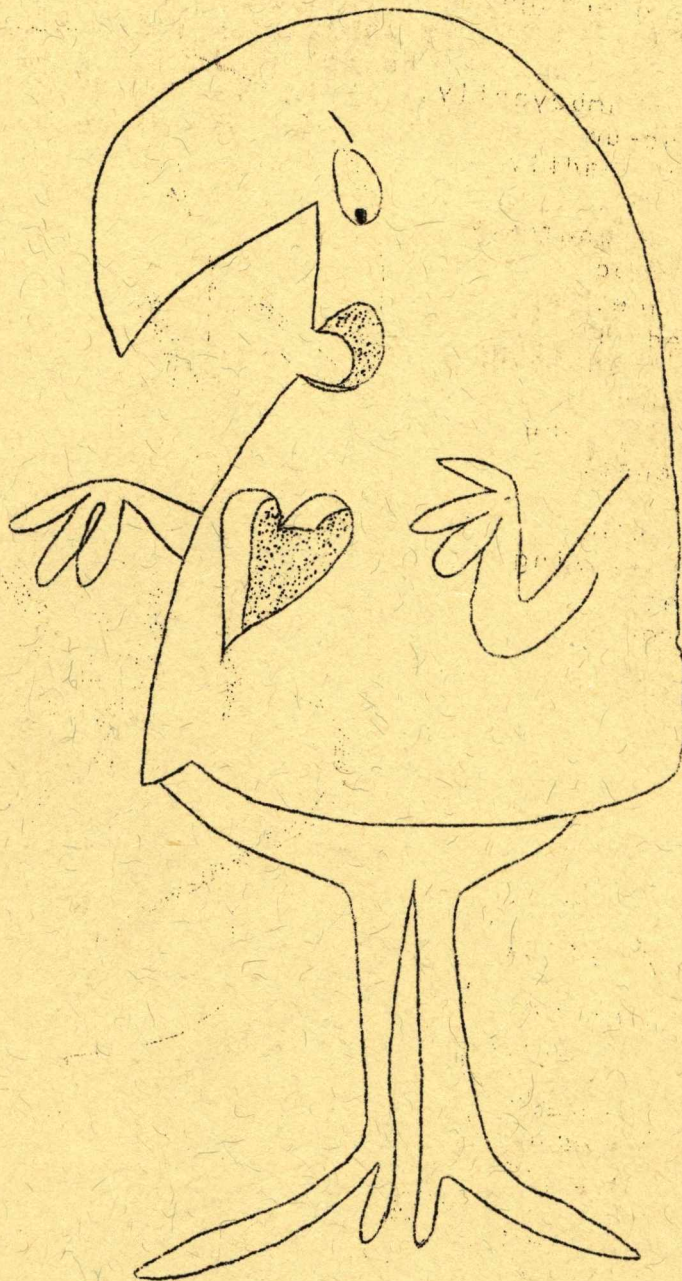
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Perrin



I'VE GOT A HARLAN
SIZE HOLE IN ME!



Ted Sturgeon came up with this expression in his address as Toastmaster at this year's Westercon. If his listeners hadn't realized this until then, they got ample opportunity in the following minutes, not to say days. Harlan tends to set his eye on a goal and push, much as a bullet may be said to push as it makes its way to a target. Neither is too healthy to stand in the way of. Nowadays Harlan seems to have mellowed somewhat, saying "excuse me" as he swings the hatchet.

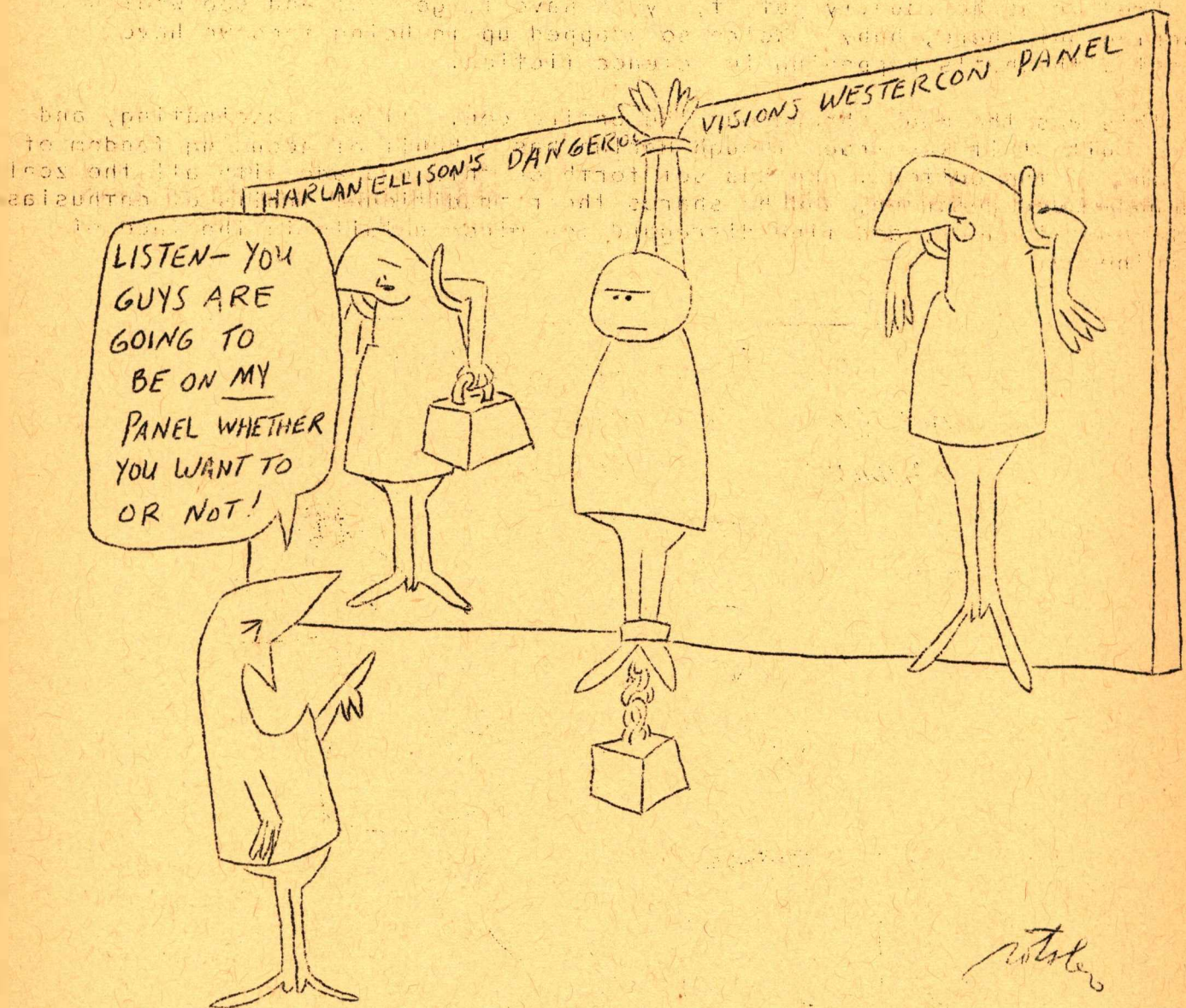
Harlan Ellison stood up, let the microphones to the multitudinous tape recorders be switched on, and launched himself into a hole-punching speech, directed at us, the good people attending the con. It would seem that fandom is far too in-directed and conservative in its actions. We all claim the title of "Star-begotten", but reject any progress in the literature itself. We're still thinking PRINCESS OF MARS, when another Burroughs is putting out NOVA EXPRESS.

"We" or as he usually put it, "you" have to get out and see what's happening out there, baby. We're so wrapped up in being fans we have no contact with what's happening in science fiction.

This was the mode throughout the entire con. It was fascinating, and quite a bit of it was true, though Harlan has a habit of accusing fandom of the sins of the editors. He has set forth on this crusade with all the zeal of a new-found reformer, and he shares their traditional traits of enthusiasm, stick-to-it-iveness, and fine disregard for minor details in the face of grand theory.

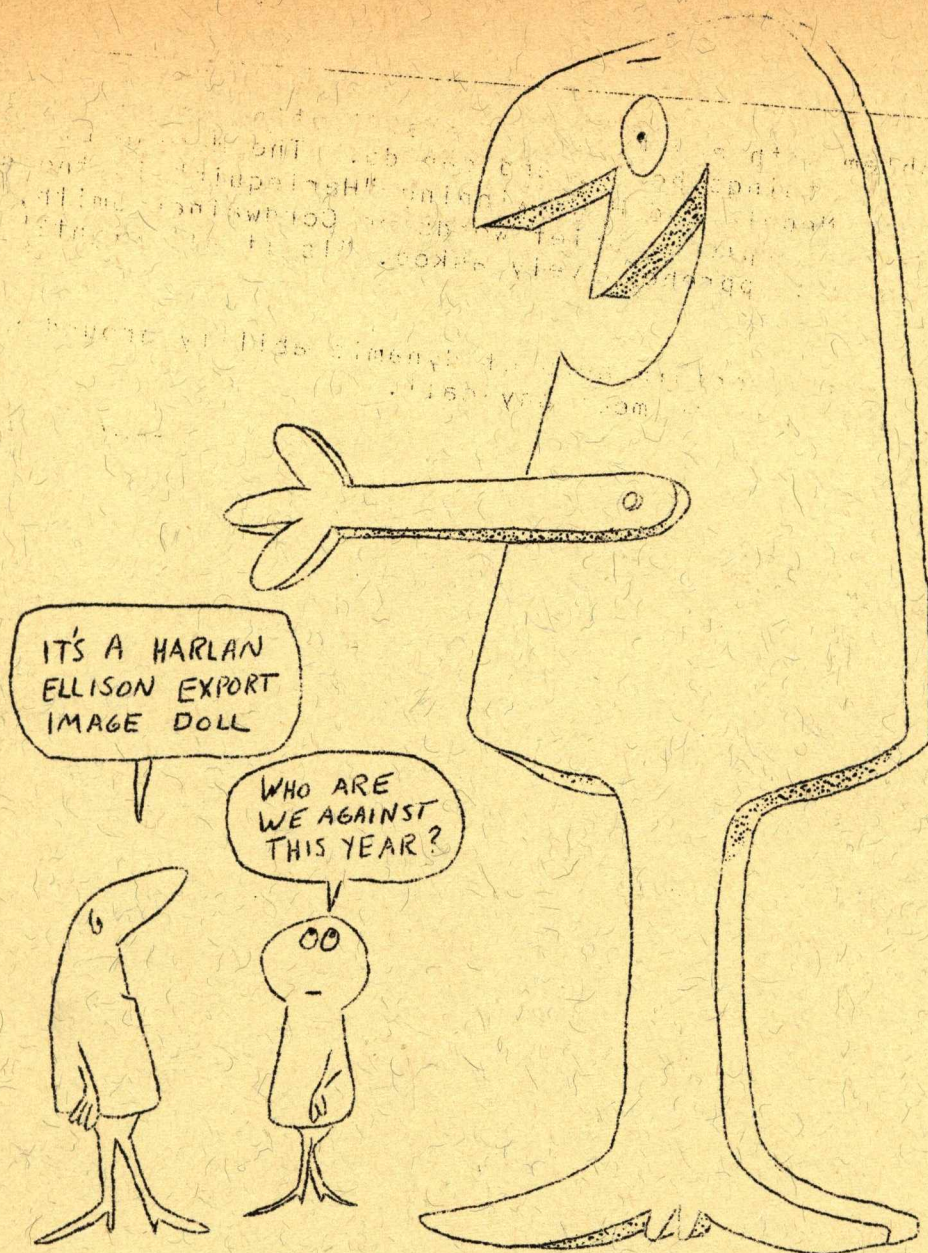


And Harlan has made a book. By dint of tremendous artistic effort, he's convinced Doubleday & Co. to invest their money in his idea, and the result is Dangerous Visions, a collection of stories theoretically unsalable to the Big (i.e.: Only) Three sf editors, Pohl, Campbell, and Ferman. It's a move to "break away" from the old ideas which are holding science fiction hide-bound to spiritual descendants of Galactic Patrol. And, to give fandom the benefit of the info on this labor of love, Harlan had a panel on it.



The panel consisted of Harlan, of course, and five others, four of whom contributed to the anthology. Poul Anderson, Larry Niven, Norman Spinrad, and Phillip Jose Farmer found themselves, by virtue of their participation in the book, trying to say something about their stories and why they wrote them. Ted White spent his time up in front telling everyone how he didn't like "experimental garbage" but thought Harlan's ideas had bypassed that stage.

It was, in fact, a fascinating panel, and the book seems well worth buying. Buy the hardcover, it's a long time 'til the paperback.



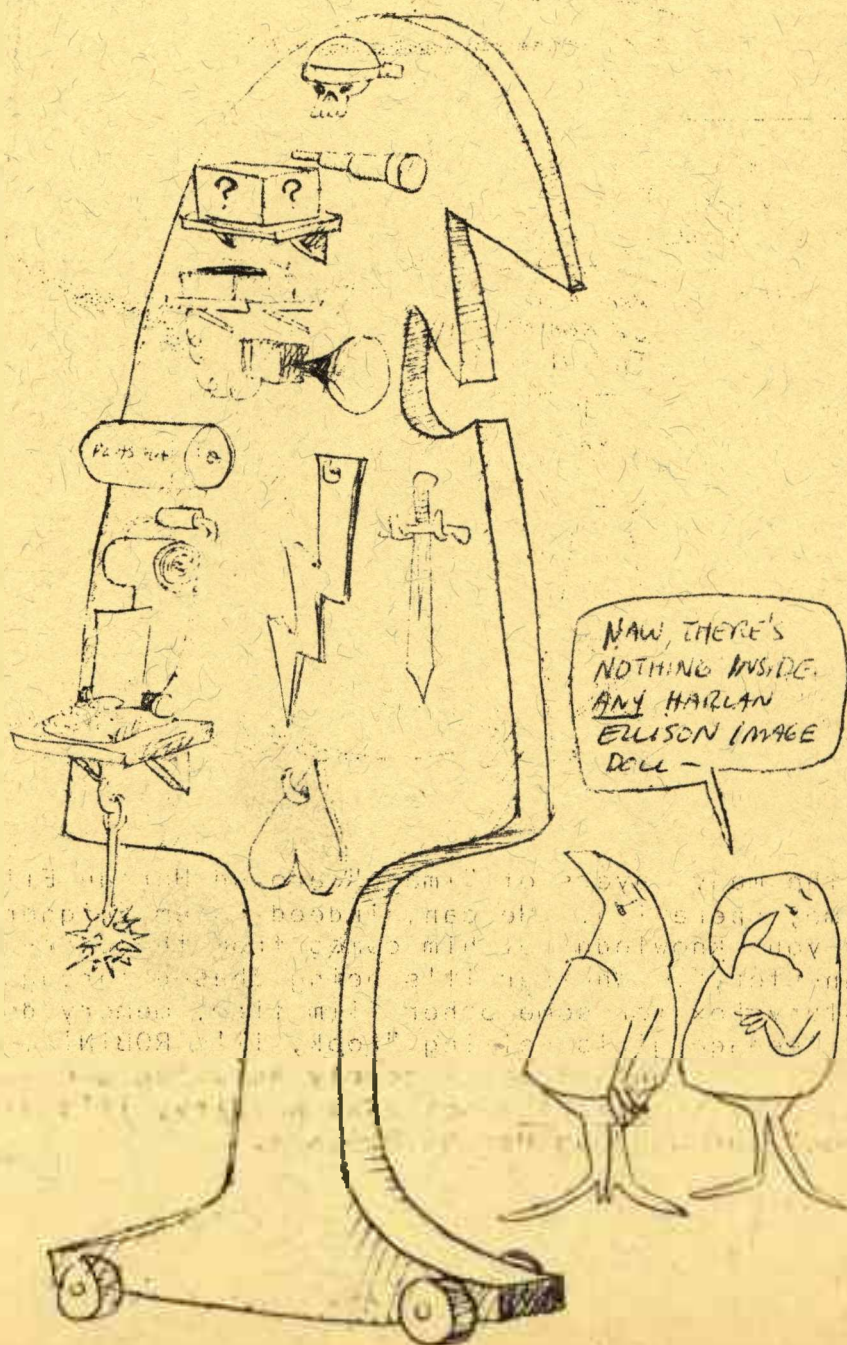
Probing the many layers of "image" around Harlan Ellison is a fascinating, albeit lifetime, operation. He can, indeed, seem "bigger than life", especially as your knowledge of him comes from the ever-expanding waves of the "Harlan-story". Whether it's being chased through the halls of Twentieth-Century Fox (or some other film firm, memory does not serve) by a horde*of teenage girls yelling "Look, it's ROBIN!", or making a date with the colonel's daughter, or sincerely assuring a California Highway Patrol Officer that he doesn't look like a fairy, it's all part of the amazing "mythos" surrounding Harlan Ellison.

*Here Steve had typoed "hoard" of teenage girls; and in view of Harlan's promise to have a "double sixpack of girls" at the next Westercon... FR

But the main problem with any kind of classification of Harlan Ellison is that there are so many things he is, and can do. The Harlan Ellison who ceaselessly promotes his Nebula and Hugo winning "Harlequin" is the same one who, when asked for a couple of brief words on Cordwainer Smith, instead wrote a two-page speech and apprehensively asked, "Is it all right?" ((It was beautiful. --FR))

In any case, there's a certain aura of dynamic ability around Harlan, so that he can seemingly adapt to meet any call.

--Steve Perrin



ROBERTA RAMBELLI

Harry Harrison, who is an old and precious friend of mine (and an sf writer I admire greatly) sent me a copy of NIEKAS, where an article by Mr. Riccardo Valla appeared about Italian sf and about the series I now edit and I have edited in the past.

Since, of course, sf writers and experts who live and work in the States can't be necessarily informed about what happens in Italy, and can't be obliged to read Italian, I believe that you have accepted what Mr. Valla writes as correct. It is not, so I need to say something about his statements.

1) I still edit two sf series, a hardcover one, SFBC, and a softcover one, La Rus-sola, and I edited till last December a monthly magazine, Galassia, which is really a series of sf novels. Galassia is now edited by a disciple of mine, Ugo Malaguti, who is also a good sf writer and an excellent translator. (By the way, in discussing Italian sf writers, Mr. Valla ignored Mr. Malaguti's novels, although he is so appreciated that, even being Galassia's editor, he is published by his fiercest competitors, and this is the first time that such a thing has ever happened in Italy.) Whatever detractors may say, those three series of ours publish only unabridged translations of sf novels; when a novel is somewhat too long, we use a smaller typeface or add pages, we never abridge. We only abridged Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land (and we honestly admitted it in a short forward) because some lines in that novel might have hurt the feelings of a Catholic audience. This is a very queer thing for a so-called Communist to do.

2) We don't hack translations. We have the most scrupulously prepared translations in Italy, so much so that it occasionally reaches the point that I myself refuse to do mainstream translations for the best known Italian publishers (from Garzanti to Rizzoli to Bompiani) who pay much higher fees, in order personally make translations of the most important sf novels and stories, even if, in doing so, I lose money.

3) The introductions are often written by mainstream critics and writers, who are not Communists. Among those who have contributed introductions have been a newspaperman of the daily La Notte, which is a well known conservative newspaper, and a newspaperman and well known TV master of ceremonies, Enzo Tortora, who also works for conservative magazines and newspapers. Ugo Malagute, editor of Galassia, is a Socialist, yes; but Socialist has a different meaning in Italy: the Socialist Party is a twin of the British Labour Party (is the Labour Party a Communist one?) and it is a part of the Italian government. The President of the Italian Republic, Giuseppe Saragat, is a Socialist, as is the Vice-President, Pietro Nenni. But that does not mean at all that Italy has a Communist government. And, Socialist as he is, Mr. Malaguti publishes not only progressive American novels, but also ones which are clearly anti-Communist like Hubbard's Final Blackout and Kornbluth's Takeoff. Mr. Valla is playing on the different meaning of political terms: he calls Communist what we call in effect Socialist; and Socialism is no more than the equivalent of the Liberal Wing of the American Democrat Party, while the Italian Liberal Party is in reality much more conservative than the Conservative Party of England. So much to clarify definitions.

4) We never called Mr. Blish a Catholic writer. We simply stated that in A Case of Conscience, we thought that the anathema launched by the main character against Evil might have as well destroyed the corrupt civilization of Terra, and not the innocent world of the saurians, even if they did not know the Grace. In our own Catholic-influenced opinion, we are more inclined to favor a story like the one (that I anthologized) written by Robert Presslie, "Another World for Man," where the e-t was recognized by the

priest because of its goodness and unselfishness, even if it was not a Christian being.

5) Mr. Valla states we attacked Heinlein's Farnham's Freehold because it was published by Mondadori. We had an option on it and rejected it, preferring the same author's Glory Road. This has indeed appeared in the SFBC series last February. As for some novels by Mr. Heinlein, we were not the first ones in the world who have found in his writings a somewhat Nazi slant. And we in Italy have suffered enough because of Nazis and Fascists so that we don't like any such slants, even in writers we admire immensely like Heinlein.

6) About Mr. Leiber, an author I judge absolutely delightful and intelligent: this is the translation of what Malaguti wrote in his introduction to Destiny Times Three: "Fritz Leiber is an unpredictable author. He writes what is a 'minor' novel (The Big Time) compared to The Silver Eggheads and to that real gem, Gather Darkness, and he wins a Hugo, an award sometimes assigned in a slightly questionable way, but undoubtedly much more serious and much more in accordance with the opinions of audience and critics than the majority of other literary, picture and artistic awards. It is true that Leiber has just won the Hugo again with a novel which is one of his best works, but those are the facts. The Big Time is a novel perhaps not outstanding, but we judge it so in comparison with his other works which are more important. Taken by itself, it is anyway a good novel." Is this such an outrageous opinion? By the way, the opinion about The Big Time is not biased because it was the same publisher of SFBC and Galassia who published it, and not a competitor.

7) SFBC series are not expensive. The top price of 2000 lire (that is \$3.30) has been reached only by Stranger in a Strange Land, 550 pages long. Since SFBC series is a hardcover one I don't see how it may be considered too expensive. The prices are higher now, because of higher costs, but chiefly because the publisher also sells the series through bookstores now, and he must give them a 50% share. Anyway, no SFBC book costs more than the equivalent of \$4.40 and the prices more frequently range from \$2.00 to \$3.00 (for hardcover books, I repeat... American prices are not lower, and I don't know why they should be lower!)

8) As for the "captive series", please ask Mr. Valla to show me a series which does not follow the tastes of its editors. We have often published authors we appreciated less than others, and this only because we are sensible enough to follow our readers' tastes. Our readers write letters asking for their favorite writers; we tabulate these and act accordingly.

9) As for SFBC activity, when I took over Galassia (which was dying) and then when I launched the SFBC series there were, still ignored, a lot of really excellent sf novels and stories. In the mean time other Italian magazines were publishing the worst French stuff. I, at first alone, and then with the help of Mr. Malaguti, did my best to dig out masterpieces, to discover outstanding new authors; not only through the series we edit, but also through the mainstream publishers we use as sf advisers. So I made Bompiani (the Italian publisher of John Steinbeck) publish in the same mainstream series where Steinbeck and Caldwell and Heller appear, Asimov's I, Robot, a collection of stories by Bob Sheckley and now The Worlds of Clifford Simak. As for the SFBC series, please notice that it published all the Hugo winning novels since 1961, including Miller's A Canticle for Leibowitz. Other books include Harrison's Bill, the Galactic Hero, Pohl's The Case Against Tomorrow, Dick's The Man in the High Castle and The Simulacra, del Rey's Eleventh Commandment (which our Catholic readers praised as a Catholic novel, to the point of being shocked when they read, in an anthology I edited for Lerici Publishing House, del Rey's "For I am a Jealous People"), Sturgeon's Venus Plus X and Aldiss's The Primal Urge.

10) SFBC, La Bussola and Galassia have their fans. Galassia gathered so many fans that instead of dying, it begat SFBC, and SFBC gathered in its turn so many fans that it was possible to launch another sf series, La Bussola. SFBC was the first experiment, in Italy, with a real book series of sf, because before SFBC, sf was published only in pulp magazines in Italy and only seldom in some mainstream series (and then publishers denied strongly it was science fiction!). Now we have so many readers and fans that the publisher is thinking of further expansion. And this is happening now, when Urania, pub-

lished by a real publishing giant, Mondadori, has passed from weekly issues to fortnightly. SFBC and Co. are published by a small company, but even lacking advertising and power they are fruitful and multiply. This would not be possible if SFBC and SFBCers should have disgusted readers.

Mr. Valla is dead right when he states that scarcely a fanzine, in Italy, can appear without an attack against SFBC. This happens because Italian fanzines are not fan magazines, but show-windows where would-be-writers try to make themselves noticed by pro magazines and series. Some fanzines are sponsored by authors who had their works rejected by pro publications, and therefore they can't treat any of them kindly. What Mr. Valla does not say is very interesting: the main charge of Italian "fandom" (but they are not real fans) against me is that, when I took over Galassia, instead of choosing the worst Italian trash, I tried hard to find the best American and British science fiction. We have some good Italian sf writers, by the way, but the Italian audience was so disgusted by some tries at writing of the worst ones that now Italian readers simply don't buy Italian sf, except for a few significant cases. Besides Calvino, mentioned by Valla, and bought chiefly by mainstream readers, since Calvino is a mainstream writer and editor, we have Ugo Malaguti, Giorgio Scerbanenco, and few, very few, others.

The Venetian fan group has accused, and still accuses me of being a kind of fifth column of the worst American and British writers (Vonnegut, Harrison, Heinlein, etc) who rob Italian geniuses of the right to be published by magazines and sf series.

Possibly Mr. Valla and his friends don't like my policy, but readers do, and publishers also. I have been just appointed as adviser for the sf part of a new series of a major publisher. I would like to hear from an American expert whether the titles I have mentioned as edited or launched by me are such horrible trash to be rejected on some low-rated Italian author's behalf. What I don't understand at all is why in the world Mr. Valla, who has joined the enemies of American and British science fiction, is trying to weep on an American shoulder! I have several friends among the American and British writers I esteem, from Harry Harrison to Ike Asimov, from Bob Sheckley to Kurt Vonnegut, from Pete George to Brian Aldiss, and as far as I know they have ever approved of my work and my struggle (and it is not too strong a word) to impose good American and British science fiction on Italian audiences. A struggle which, I am glad to say, has been completely successful.

-oOo-

I recieved your letter with the utmost delight; but I had not hoped that my first letter might deserve to be published in NIEKAS. I would ask you to "edit" it; since it was not meant originally for publication, I wrote it giving some pieces of news which ought to remain a secret for the time being. Here in Italy advisers and experts have to be protected by Publishing Houses with the most severe secrecy, lest they be sieged by would-be authors. When a newspaperman wrote an article in La Notte about science fiction and Italian editors, he mentioned incidentally the street where my flat was, and some youngsters had the guts to walk the whole length of it, going from door to door, because the number was not mentioned, until they discovered where I was...and they buried me under tons of manuscripts. Since NIEKAS has an Italian audience, to let Italian fen know what I am doing might cause a little mess. I have discovered, at my expense, how risky it is to overlook secrecy. Harry Harrison, who knows very well the Italian entourage of science fiction, might explain to you how to act secretly is the first rule here. During the first Italian SF Film Festival in Trieste, I stated uncautiously I was planning to edit the first European sf-anthology in the world...and then someone made up in his turn a hurried European anthology to have that published before mine. So you see how cautious we have to be.

Clarke's "The Star" had a curious story here in Italy. It was anthologised in a version which gave just a slightly different shade to the last lines, so everyone was convinced it was a very religious story, and only when Isaac sent me the newly published The Hugo Winners edited by him, could I read the original text and I discovered that it was not so religious a story after all. In Italy, anyway, religious and anti-religious writings are impartially welcome, provided they are good. Readers accepted in the same way novels as A Canticle for Leibowitz and Davy, stories as "The Quest for

St.Aquin" and "The Man" and "For I am a Jealous People."

Mr.Leiber's Gather Darkness is very probably his best novel, and Galassia's readers hailed it as the best sf novel published in Italy during 1965. I myself enjoyed immensely also his The Silver Eggheads; I hear it was not a resonant success in the States. But that novel seems to laugh at the most shocking faults of the Italian way of living and at some aspects of the Italian publishing world, and it looks as if it were meant to criticize Italy. Therefore I find it so delightfully biting and wicked.

Italian postmen are on strike more or less continuously, and letters are delayed or never reach their destination. When we mail a letter we never know whether it will reach its address. I hope anyway that this letter of mine may reach you.

RICCARDO VALLA

In NIEKAS #16 I read Mr.Harrison's criticism of my article "Italy, Revisited" and I agree with him that I ought not to have let Italian fannish gossip slip into US fandom. I was aiming toward showing some of the current opinions of Italian fandom and the thing resulted in an unprovoked attack, out of place and rather demagogical. When one has been feuding for some time he loses his sense of good taste.

My only plea is that it was not intended to be an article; it started as a LoC.



For the sake of the truth I wish to add that everyone in Italy is aware of the main role Mrs.Rambelli has played in spreading SF in our country. Even if not everyone may agree with her opinions or the way she manages her job, she does it in the best possible way. Most of the job is always beyond the knowledge of a fan; small budgets, low sales, lousy publishers, sharkish competitors.

This I realized too late. I hope to write more in the future, more serene than tossing silly attacks at our pros.


ED MESKYS

Well I am glad this has been settled amicably. I suppose that conflicts like this between fans with aspirations of turning pro and editors is inevitable. And aren't American fans always attacking the top editors' policies? Analog and F&SF have won virtually all of the Hugos, and have come in for more criticism than all of the other magazines. As news items develop in Italy we will be glad to carry them in this department but Felice and I hope there will be no recurrence of this bitterness in our pages.





Review and Comment



THE BACK SHELF

Larry Janifer

Last issue, I seem to recall, I made vague noises about promising you a look at one particular book. Since I haven't received a copy of that issue yet (a condition which seems, at the moment, to be endemic among readers of NIEKAS), and since, due to illness, busyness and plain simple confusion, I can't find my own carbon of the article, I do not remember which of the several items resting in the back of my head got itself, however tentatively, nominated. Groddeck's The Book of the It? H.G.Wells' Mr. Britling Sees It Through? Charles Einsteins' The Last Laugh or Dostoevski's The Double or Trollope's Orley Farm? Or maybe the detective novels of A.E.W.Mason or of "Anthony Berkeley" (A.B. Cox)?

Or

Well, I have been mulling about this, and a book leaped out of a shelf here and hit me in the eye, and this month's column is going to be devoted to a book by a best-selling author. His name is Robert Paul Smith and his biggest seller to date is Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing. Unlike every other author mentioned so far (except me, if I count in this multitude of beautiful people), Smith is still alive, and still writing.

A few years ago he wrote a book called Crank (W.W.Norton hardcover, 1962: Popular Library Eagle Edition, 1963). Its subtitle follows:

A Book of Lamentations, Exhortations
Mixed Memories and Desires,
All Hard or Chewy Centers, No Creams.

Now, even including Dostoevski's Winter Notes on Summer Impressions, the essays of John O'Hara or Virginia Woolf, and --well, you name it-- I know nothing quite like Crank. I think I have given six or seven copies of the book away to various people --which mounts up, even for the forty-cent paperback edition-- and I know perfectly well that I've recommended it to over a hundred others. Maybe two hundred.

- It is not very difficult to be unique, in this peculiar field we're in. Writing a novel in which every third word is Polish would do the trick, if you managed to get it published as written by an American publisher for sale here. As many of the beatniks have discovered, it is not even necessary to make sense in order to be unique.

Crank is, as I've indicated, unique. Its value lies, though, in the fact that it

does something I have very often wanted to see done, and have seen approached only once before, in Wells' immense The World of William Clissold: it's a book written-while-writing-it, if you see what I mean, and I'm reasonably sure you don't.

Sample:

"I have been hitting the machine for over twenty-five years now, and I have been cudgeling my brain for forty-six. Some messages have come through, but they have been significant only for the time and the place they appeared. I have changed in some respects, but not nearly as much as the world has changed, and perhaps the only message that has lasted all this time is a question. 'What in God's name is going on?'

"The news this morning is that the Russians have sent a man into space, and the Israelis are, sixteen years later, trying Adolf Eichmann for the murder of six million people."

It appears to have been written day-by-day (some of the sections are dated) and to be a first-thought, irritable and thorough response to every day. It stops when it stops, and that's all, brother. In the course of the book Mr. Smith reads a lot of papers and meets a lot of people: he buys (and sells) a country home: he gets a busted wrist: he discourses on anything that happens to occur to him: his younger son (there are two children in the Smith household, not counting both parents, who are also, thank God, children where it counts) learns to play the Beale Street Rag on the piano

And all of this day-by-day material is used, thought about, conveyed. The style is easy, calm, and remarkably funny when it wants to be: the matter is the matter of your world, and of anybody's, but, because it is sort of permanent and because it is filtered through the mind of a thinking man (honest, even some best-seller writers think), it is not only eventful but meaningful. Let's pick up Eichmann again, a few days and a few pages later.

"... can you conceive of six million corpses?

"A friend of mine has shown me how.

"Freda says, first think of all of Manhattan. Slowly, stop, really think of all of Manhattan, how long it would take you to walk it. Take your time.

"Then think of all the Bronx. Slowly, not in a car or a subway train, but on foot up and down every street.

"Then Brooklyn.

"You are to walk down every street, into every house, up every staircase, down every hall, and everywhere there is a door you are to ring the bell, and wait until someone answers. You are to go in every room of every apartment, and count every person, whatever color, whatever age, in bed, in front of a television set, in the bathroom in the hall, in the basement and on the roof and walking on the street. If they are not at home, you are to find them in the movie house, the bowling alley, the laundromat, the drugstore, the subway, the bar and grill, checking the men's and the ladies', you are to enter the churches and the synagogues, the coffee houses, the political clubs, the settlement houses, the French, Italian, Chinese, Indian, Korean, Philippine, Mexican, Cuban restaurants, the gymnasiums, the hospitals, the pool-halls, the social clubs, the floating crap games and the Union League, the public baths and the orgone boxes, the revival meetings and the seances and needlework classes; the juke joints and the ballrooms. All weddings, wakes, funerals (deducting, in the last two cases, one), all bar mitzvahs, first communions, testimonial dinners.

"It will take you a very long time just to do it in your head. I think it could not be done in several lifetimes in reality.

"That's six million people.

"This man standing in the bullet-proof booth in Israel is on trial for murdering that many people.

"They were Jews, but I think that when you get up to six million, it does not mean anything to say they were anything but people."

OK? Begin to see what I mean?

But I said that this man (this style, anyhow) could be funny when the occasion called for it. We have not been so funny this far along. Here's a reaction on the flight, and interviewing, of Alan Shephard -- again, some days further along.

"They kept asking him how he had felt, and he kept saying he was too busy to feel

and did not have time enough to have emotions.

"Which is why he is in the capsule, not me. (Why, outside of my having bad vision, bad muscle tone, no patience, slow reflexes, and a great reluctance to get into anything which is going very fast in a very dangerous way.)

"It seemed to me awful; it seemed to me dull; no whoops, no hollars, no little twiddle, just for kicks, on the retro-whatevers, no great whopping increase in the pulse rate, no piddle in the pants?

"Didn't they let him, or didn't he want to, all in top secrecy, order up half a dozen dancing girls on the half shell when he got back, get outside all the booze in Cape Canaveral?

"Did he have to be so nice to all those people asking him questions? Because surely I am not the only one who detected a great impatience, a quite proper contempt.

"I mean, don't these guys ever want to bust anything? Besides themselves, that is."

Or Mr. Smith on lying, as practiced these days:

"The commercial on television says it's complete for \$4.95. What's it? Almost anything. And we don't even react with anger or surprise when we find out it's complete except for the roto-cleaner, thirty-five feet of garden hose and just a quarter pound pinch of butter. What's more, we don't ^{really} to buy it because it's not complete, because right next to it on the counter is the kit containing the turbo-filter, the extension cord and the gallon of buttermilk that we knew in the first place was going to be there to make the complete \$4.95 kit a comparative steal at a grand total of \$16.72, and we're moderately sure when we get home it will not lay gold eggs with turquoise filling anyhow. Which is really all right for by this time we've forgotten what we wanted gold eggs for anyhow."

There is not room for Mr. Smith on writers (one of the very few honest statements I remember seeing anywhere on the subject), on busting his wrist and having a cast put on it ("I figure if I wiggle my thumb a whole lot, I can break my way out by morning and have a whole day to myself before they catch me and stucco me again."), on the Seven Deadly Sins, on buying and selling a house, on....

On, flatly, whatever happened to happen to Robert Paul Smith while he was writing this one. (Including a quiet, accurate and relaxing discussion of sex in literature, it now occurs to me -- and a somewhat less quiet one on the lies told by the U.S. Government to the U.S. citizen.)

I advise you, strongly, to go out and find this one and read the stuff for yourself. I have space for one more quote here (this has been a very easy piece to write, because Mr. Smith wrote it for me), and I think it ought to be Mr. Smith's definition of a Crank, as it applies to the book.

As a closer, then:

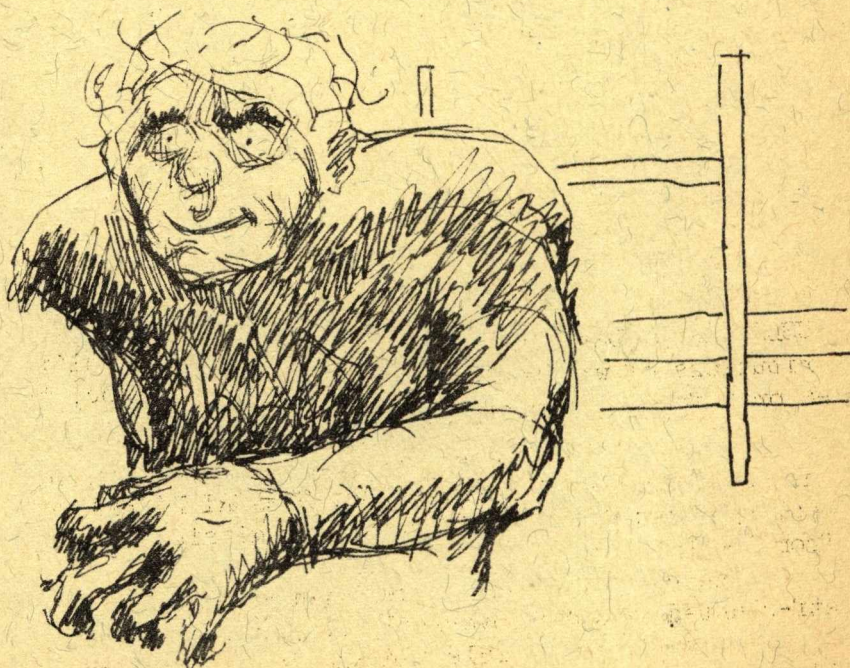
"I am a crank, with my own wheel. It is my business to answer the question that appeared on my typewriter yesterday, to wit, 'What the hell is going on?'

"I am a crank.

"I do not see all the sides of a question. I see one. It is, at the moment, more than enough."

And....

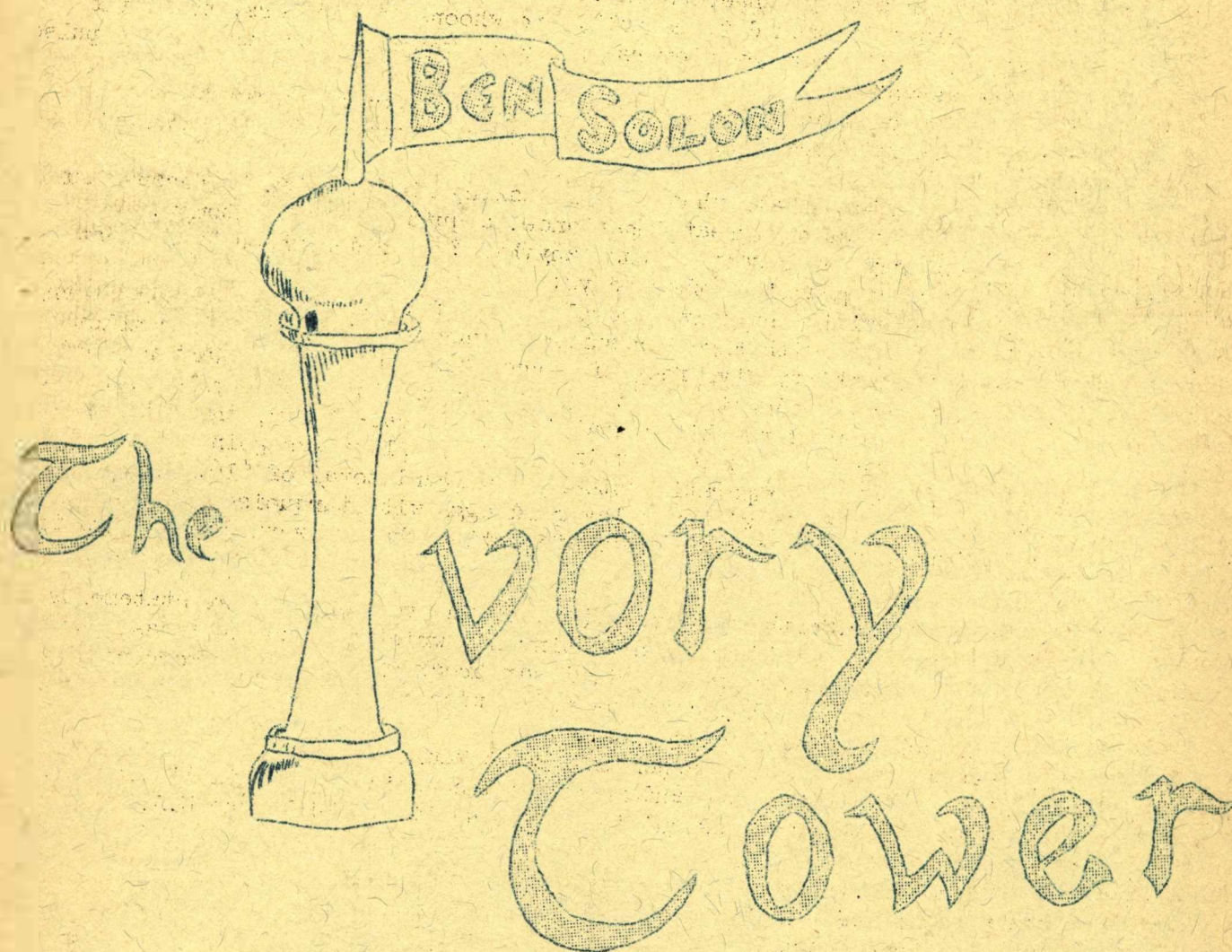
I'd like to congratulate Norton and Popular Library for



going this far into left field, and doing the book. I've congratulated Mr. Smith several times -- every so often I read Crank again, and write him a note which says, in essence: "Yup. It still does." We met once, briefly and uneasily, which doesn't matter.

Crank does.

Go hunt it up, will you?



AUSLANDER 3 (Dave Hulan, PO Box 422, Tarzana Calif 91356 & Ed Cox; available for contributions of written material and artwork, loc, trade (by prior arrangement only) 20 ¢ ea or 6 for \$1; bimonthly; mimeod)

Though the editors have gone to Great Lengths to deny it, AUSLANDER is obviously the most recent reincarnation of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES. And as such, I wish it a long and healthy life: if there is one thing missing from present-day fandom, it is a genzine from the LASFS.

The current issue is well reproduced and neatly laid-out; the material is strongly stf-slanted, but not overwhelmingly so.

In their editorials, Ed and Dave ramble on such topics as current fanzines, the identity of the author of "Horror" (an in-depth study of horror films and fiction) -- EdCo suspects Bob Bloch of lurking behind the "Drake Douglas" pseudonym-- and the problems that publishing a bi-monthly genzine presents. I found Cox's editorial the more interesting of the two; Hulan's tale of woe --dealing with the Trials and Tribulations

of putting out the last issue-- this is only of marginal appeal. He's a good enough writer, but I'm somewhat jaded; I'd venture to guess that everyone who had published more than one or two fanzines has been confronted with the same problems that Hulan faced in producing AUS 2 and has written about them -- in detail.

Ed Cox's review of Analog's 1965 short fiction offerings is the best thing in the issue. Ed's comments are both cogent and competent; he is able to get his reactions to each story under analysis across to the reader clearly and with a minimum of verbosity. However, I, for one, wish that this review had been published earlier. None of the stories that Ed lists as possible Hugo nominees wound up on the final ballot, and several of them deserved it -- most notably James H. Schmitz's "A Nice Day for Screaming"; a far more worthy effort than, say, Fritz Leiber's "Stardock." It is not inconceivable that had this review seen the light of day at an earlier date it might have jogged a few memories and thus influenced the voting.

Speaking of Hugos, a three-way Hugo discussion between John Trimble, George Sci-there and Roy Tackett contained more sound and fury than constructive criticism of the current Hugo set-up. Trimble, I think, makes the best case:

"And then there's the seeming minority' the group which feels we've been doing pretty well so far, and...by merely standardizing the categories, and perhaps going over the proportional vote system, most of the defects ...in the current system could be corrected."

The other material is well-written and inspires little comment: Lon Atkiné's comparison between soap-opera fandom and stf fandom is only mildly amusing as is Richard Hulan's "Chu is Dead" message. Dave Hulan's book reviews are pithy and informative, likewise Cy Condra's article on Lovecraftian source-material. The lettercolumn is competently edited, representative, and features such people as Norm Clarke, Len Moffatt and Harry Warner.

All things considered, AUSLANDER has the potential of becoming one of the top fanzines going; recommended.

ALGOL 11 (Andy Porter, 24 E.82 St., New York NY 10028; available for contributions of written material and artwork, loc, trade or 30c ea; irregular; dittoed)

ALGOL is a large (72 pages), excellently-reproduced and assembled fanzine; the ditto work is some of the finest I've seen, surpassing even Mike Domina's INTROSPECTION in technical perfection. The material is good, too; a balance between serious and fan-ish items is maintained throughout.

In his editorial, Andy makes a Big Thing of that fact that "Beatle-Juice is being composed directly on-master," a fact that is obvious to even the most casual observer. Porter is not by any means a bad writer -- quite the contrary -- but his editorial comments suffer from a lack of polish and coherency that could have been avoided had he gone to the trouble of first-drafting them.

"En Garde," Ted White's column, is a moderately well-written account of his adventures and misadventures at the 1965 Newport, RI Folk Festival. White is not at his best here; slice-of-life reporting is evidently not his forte. Still, his knowledge of pacing and anecdote add lustre to what is otherwise a rather mediocre trip report.

Dick Lupoff's book reviews are concise and penetrating for the most part; and, generally, his suggestions are worth following. However, I would rather he reviewed fewer books in greater detail; many of his remarks are of no more use to a prospective buyer than a publisher's blur^b.

Banks Mobane's "Notes On Another Fandom", dealing with sports car fandom and liberally sprinkled with accounts of his experiences therein is one of the better items in this issue. Banks makes several pointed comparisons between stf fandom and sports car fandom and finds, not surprisingly, that there is little difference between the two genres.

Bob Tucker's "Beard Mutterings," a one-shot revival of his BANE column, is up to BT's usual high standard of hilarity. His rambling account of spies and spying is, indeed, a gem; Bob begins by pointing out that fandom would make an excellent "cover" for an Evil Spy, and progresses into a general summary of modern intelligence-gathering

techniques". Delightful.

Stephen Pickering's "A Question of Skepticism" is anything but delightful; it is a typical Pickering article: an ill-conceived and clumsily-written diatribe against "anti-intellectual fannish fans." The only reason I can ascertain for this article's being published in ALGOL at all is the fact that it gives Ted White an opportunity to demolish Pickering's non-sequitur attack on fannish fans and fanzines.

Also included in this issue is a reprint of Kent Moomaw's "The Adversaries," a truly outstanding faan-fiction story. Judging by "The Adversaries" and "The Broken Blade" (printed earlier this year in TRUMPET), Moomaw was as good a writer as his reputation would lead one to believe. Certainly the characterization found in "The Adversaries" is superb by any standard, the dialogue is excellent --the characters talk and act like people-- the situations with which these characters are confronted and their reactions to them aren't the least bit contrived.

I don't know any higher praise.

Of the other material, Milt Stevens' "Notes Towards a Motif Index" is interesting and informative without being especially commentable; Andy Porter's fanzine review column suffers from the same lack of polish and coherence that afflicts his editorial.

The letter column is reasonably good, although it could be improved if Andy would be a bit more selective in his choice of letters; and would go to the trouble of eliminating extraneous and/or redundant sections from those locs he chooses to publish.

At present I'd rate ALGOL among the top ten, and it appears to be on the rise; it is indeed a fmz worthy of your attention.

HABAKKUK Chapter II, Verse 2 (Bill Donaho, P O Box 1284, Berkeley Calif 94701 available through FAPA, OMPA, for contributions of material and artwork, loc or trade; quarterly; mimeod)

In February of 1960, Bill Donaho published a fanzine; by the end of that year, it was the bulkiest and most popular fmz in fandom. Then Donaho got into FAPA and HABAKKUK languished.

In May of this year, HABAKKUK Chapter II, Verse 1 put in a much belated appearance; it was a good issue by anyone's standards, but because much of the material drew heavily from previous issues, the fmz was less well-received than it might have been. With this issue, however, Donaho seems to have regained his touch; the revived HABAKKUK bide fair to outstrip its previous incarnation; indeed it may well develop into one of the all time great fanzines.

Physically, HABAKKUK is impeccably reproduced via Gestetner mimeo, and is one of the few current fanzines to feature color mimeography. Lay-outs are excellent; Donaho possesses knowledge and instinct equal to that of a Bergeron. The art-work is of a high quality also, sprinkled throughout this issue are fillos by ATom, Steve Stiles, William Rotsler, Johnny Chambers, Ray Nelson and others.

Donaho's "Meanderings" are superb. He touches lightly on fan-parties, a visit from Anglo-fan George Locke, movies and the current issue of HABAKKUK, but mainly just rambles extemporaneously in a most jovial manner.

Gordon Eklund's column, "the Gordian Knot Untied" is written in a free-flowing, apparently effortless style that undoubtedly required considerable effort to produce. Eklund's account of his sundry adventures at a rock and roll concert, recent films and the Hazards of Life in the Air Force are presented in a manner that is sharp, witty and just plain funny.

Donaho's account of the 1965 and '66 Westercons is sprightly and informative. Bill is a good enough reporter to have avoided the pitfall of trying to relate everything that happened at the Cons, and instead has covered only those items he feels are of interest to the Outside World.

"New Trends in SF...And All That Jazz" is an attempt on Greg Benford's part to analyze the New Directions the sf field appears to be taking. As such it is an interesting if somewhat less than integrated essay; Greg makes several valid points, a few less valid ones and doesn't allow himself enough space to tie the article into a coherent whole. He feels that "the New Wave...is trying to achieve new effects in science fiction through the use of new techniques...and new ideas. My chief complaint is that

they don't seem to realize that ideas are not a side product, but, when properly developed, their main stock-in-trade "

This is true enough, but what he doesn't seem to realize is that while stf is a literature of ideas, ideas are not an end in themselves; style, story construction, and characterization are all of equal importance.

From the first issue of Amazing until the dawn of ASF's Golden Age, stf was a genre in which ideas came before story-telling ability. And for 13 years the field went nowhere. It wasn't until men like Heinlein, deCamp, Kuttner and Sturgeon came along --men who wrote science fiction instead of science fiction-- that the stf field began to mature.

George Locke's "Britannia Rules The (New) Waves" is similar in scope and intent to Benford's article: George vents his spleen on Mike Moorcock and New Worlds' stable of writers. Needless to say, I agree completely; NW has sadly degenerated since Moorcock assumed the editorial helm.

The letter column is surprisingly poor; though it features such people as John Berry and Bob Smith none of them say anything that is worth quoting. A pity.

In short, then. HABAKKUK is well-reproduced, neatly laid out and features some excellent material. You could do worse...

...And that, good people, is fanzine reviews for this issue. Send all fmz for review to Ben Solon / 3933 N.Janssen / Chicago Ill 60613.

I don't promise to review every fanzine, but anything that lands in the mail-box is subject to review unless there is clearly marked somewhere in the fmz "Review this and I'll kill you" or some similar notation. S'okay?

Son of Children's Fantasy Meets the WOLF Seal Man

Talargain by Joyce Gard is the story of a wereseal of seventh century England told by him to a girl on a beach in the present day. The story mainly concerns his growing friendship with the seal herds near the coast of Northumberland. The thing that makes the book so interesting to me is the way the author tells of Talargain's growing preoccupation with the seals. His life with them becomes more and more real as his life with his family becomes more remote and hazy, until for a time it seems as though he only lives for the time he can join the seal herds and swim with them. The writing is quite smooth and there is enough action to keep the story from getting bogged down. This is mainly provided by the efforts of King Aldfrith (an obvious Arthur figure) to secure a lasting peace with the Picts. He uses Talargain as his messenger to their king Bridei. The book is well worth adding to the growing list of good children's fantasy being written today and I intend to watch out for anything this author turns out in the future.

Cross Sword in the Stone with The Hobbit and the effect would be rather like Lloyd Alexander's Book of Three and The Blakk Cauldron. I was particularly charmed with our hero Taran's encounter in Black Cauldron with the three witches Orddu, Orgoch and Orwen who seem to be Madam Mim in triplicate. They were having a fascinating, if rather confusing, argument as to who was entitled to be



Orddu that day while trying to persuade Taran and his companions that they really would like being turned into toads. Sauron makes an appearance in the first volume under the guise of the Horned King and Saruman turns up in the second book as King Morgant. (The trouble with epic fantasy is that there seems to be only one basic plot for it.) Frodo or I should say Taran starts the story as a boy filled with day dreams and ends up a hero even if he does remain an assistant pig keeper. There is a charming princess who instead of swooning keeps insisting that she can do anything as well as Taran can if not better and she's right about 50% of the time. The third volume has just come out and we ordered it sight unseen which is as good a recommendation as we can give to a series.¹

Eldor, Alan Garner's newest book is rather a disappointment after the last two. It starts off well but is never finished. As it stands, it is as though The Lord of the Rings (funny how it keeps being used as a yardstick) had stopped just as Frodo lost consciousness approaching Elrond's house. You are left wondering what has happened in Eldor while the four children have been guarding the treasures in this world and what will happen now that the treasures have been returned to Eldor. There is also the matter of what the children will do now, go back to their everyday life as though nothing had ever happened or go on to further adventures in Eldor. If Garner ever decides to finish the story it might be quite interesting but it would need a lot of development since I felt that the four children had about as much character between them as Sue and Colin did. Unless you are a completist, I would advise you to pass this up.

John Aiken has turned out four very amusing children's books. Two of these, Wolves of Willoughby Chase and Black Hearts in Battersea, are not fantasies in the sense of magical events occurring but are set in an England that is just a little different from the one I studied about. (I'm sure I never learned anything about Hanoverian wars during the reign of either King James). Wolves is about two young girls who manage to turn the tables on a wicked governess who has stolen their inheritance and Black Hearts deals with a friend of theirs who manages to foil a plot against the life of the king and in doing so proves himself the rightful heir to the Duke of Battersea. Both are a lot of fun to read and, if you don't think you'd want to buy them, you can probably find them in the children's section of your public library. (I've found all of her books in all three branches I borrow from). The Kingdom and the Cave is a real fantasy which deals with the efforts of Prince Michael and the palace cat, Mickle, to save their father's kingdom from the underpeople who are about to invade them. While it is not an exceptional fantasy the writing in it is smooth and the story itself is amusing and fast moving. More Than You Bargained For is a collection of short stories, all of which are fantasies. While none of them are outstanding they are all fun to read.

John Keir Cross, who turned out two very bad juvenile science fiction novels, has done much better with his one fantasy novel. Other side of Green Hills is a very enjoyable story except for the first two chapters. In these, the person who is telling the story spends her time explaining, very self consciously, why she had decided to tell about this strange thing that happened to her and three friends about ten years earlier. Green Hills is a very old farmhouse that the four children are staying at over a Christmas holiday and on its other side there are two fascinating people who are completely unknown to the inhabitants on this side of Green Hills. They call themselves Owl and Pussycat and are engaged in fighting a sorcerer who lives on the other side of the other side. (I know it sounds ridiculously complicated this way but it really is much clearer in the story.) The story runs smoothly and has a very dramatic climax. If it wasn't for those first two chapters it would really have been a first rate book. As it is, it comes quite close in spite of them. It is nicely illustrated by Robin Jacques, the illustrator who did such a nice job with Steel Magic.

MARSHA BROWN

I'm glad Norton Juster's The Phantom Tollbooth has been mentioned but don't think it's been praised enough. It seems to me one of the most outstanding fantasies written, comparable to "Alice" in quality. Walter de la Mare's The Three Royal Monkeys is a fine work in the quest tradition (and older children as well as adults would enjoy Arthur

¹: Castle of Llyr is even better than the first two! ERM

Waley's translation of the Chinese "Monkey"). Eric Linklater has written two children's books, The Wind on the Moon and The Pirates of the Deep Green Sea, as well as the adult fantasy, A Spell for Old Bones. The first of these is about two girls who are turned into kangaroos; after various exploits at the zoo they return to human shape and with animal help rescue their father from a tyrant's dungeon.

Arthur Calder-Marshall's The Fair to Middling is about a fair where the children receive various rewards and punishments. Alistair Reid has written two Thurberish tales, Allth and Ounce Dice Trice, a delightful book of words used usually and unusually (ounce, dice, trice is a new way of counting) made even better by Ben Shahn's drawings.

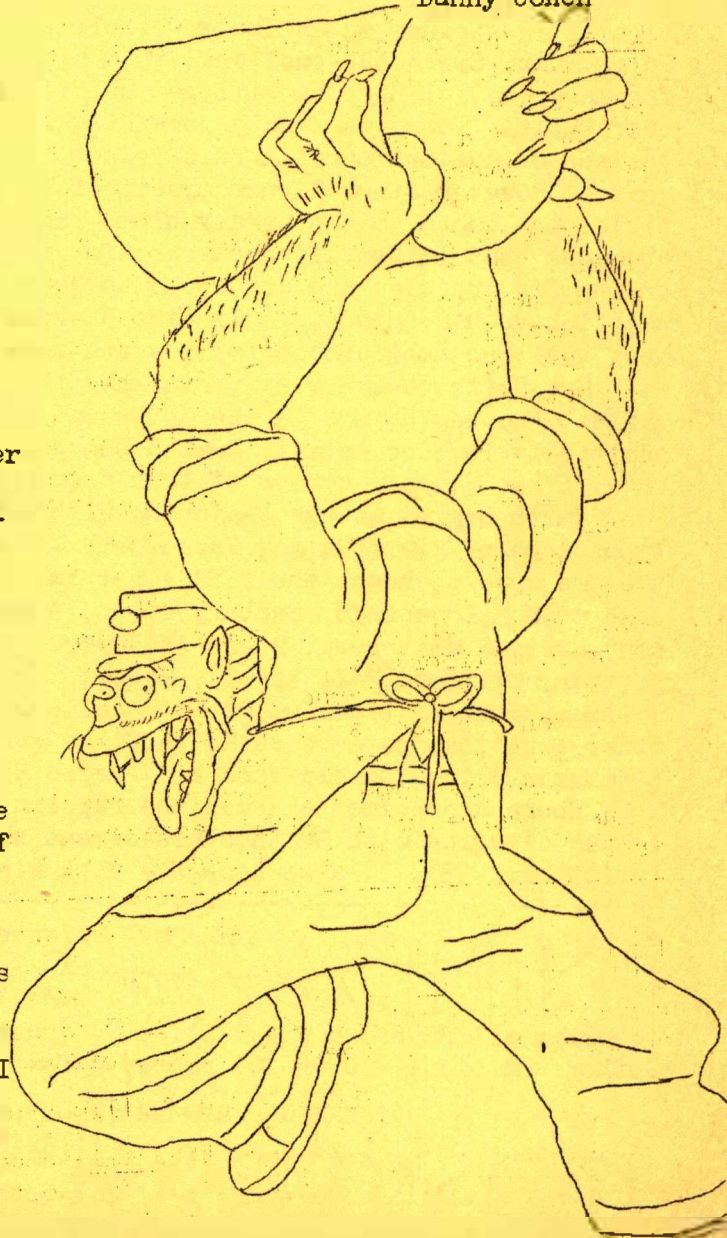
Eleanor Farjeon has written several fantasies apart from the ones mentioned, including the two plays "The Glass Slipper" and "The Silver Curlew." Naomi Mitchison, apart from her many historical novels, has several fantasies. One, whose title I forget, is a version of Tamlin, the ballad of the girl who rescues her lover from the fairies. Her short stories include one or two fantasies, and she has also written To The Chapel Perilous, an Arthurian tale not for children, and Travel Light.

I don't think that the Victorian The Rose and the Ring by Thackeray and The King of the Golden River by Rushkin have been mentioned. And Andrew Lang wrote the delightful Chronicles of Pantouflia, the first story about a prince who was given many magic gifts but didn't believe in Magic, the second about his son who insisted on using magic even when inappropriate.

Danny Cohen

MAY I add a post-script to the discussion of religion in children's fantasy? Given an active, Bishop Pike-type, Christian belief and given a five-year-old son, I ventured experimentally into reading the Narnia books out loud and, to my surprise, Lewis needs little simplification and evokes lovely attacks of wonder and understanding in the young. (I strongly believe that we do kids a big disservice by leaving them in nursery books too long -- no wonder they need Batman!) (The Hobbit also works.) In re whether Lewis' allegory is too contagious (and I agree that too emotional or irrational religion is dangerous at any age), my son doesn't link up any of the Christian symbolism. He does, however, see that "truth, bravery and honor are Good Things," as you so rightly said, Felice. Further, he seems to grasp not the meaning but the feeling of how Aslan's sacrifice worked, why Aslan took Beast form, what was so neat about the world "farther on and deeper in." I don't think I have any clearer grasp of the parallel concepts of the atonement, the incarnation and the life ever-lasting.

Lewis' gift is that he lifts the theological smog and gimcrackery from many tenets I think important. While I systematically abstain from showing the allegory to my kids because I agree that would be bad for them, I hope that, someday, the freshness of Aslan will help un muddy my kids' understandings of Christianity's self-inflicted obscurity. (While it isn't "fair" to say -- "See, Peter,



Aslan is supposed to be Jesus and that stone table, why, it is the cross," it is per-
versely cricket to wait 'til you're talking about Christ. Then you may say, "Well,
isn't that sort of what Aslan did, too?") Enough; that's the view of Lewis from my
particular bridge.

Still on children's literature! I'm fond of Kate Seredy's writing and magnificent
illustrating in The White Stag. This is a myth-oriented, quasi-historical narration of
the origins of the Hungarian people -- Nimrod, Hun, Magyar, Atilla, the whole bit.
Sorcery, swords and truly epic prose. Is she still around? She could illustrate LotR!

Despite Lewis' lure, my primary hang-up is Tolkien. I share your contributors'
frustration when trying to imagine an orc. Last night I found the orkiest orc I've
seen in the New Yorker Album. I enclose a tracing [see preceding page]. (You have
to undress him mentally for it to work -- whoops, my dear!) Sue Hautzinger

GENERAL REVIEWS

WEIRD TALES IN THE THIRTIES by Reginald Smith [1509 Mar-Les Drive, Santa Ana Calif
92706], 1966, 21.6 cm x 27.9 cm, 25c, mimeographed.

It is strange to think how little has been written in fan magazines about Weird
Tales. Mr. Smith has published this brochure himself instead of putting it into some
fan magazine. I hope he will get sufficient publicity to make this course of action
profitable. There is surely something sadly wrong in a fandom that proliferates fan ma-
gazines of dubious merit. This is not to say that all are evil and have nothing of solid
worth. However since I know myself of the long delays (up to 8 years!!!) in getting ar-
ticles published, I can hardly blame fans for not straining themselves to do the research
and work that is usually necessary for the good article. For the whiners who are always
crying for articles and are about to jump on me for not sending them something, I can
say, I have had an article listing a short selected bibliography of science fiction/fan-
tasy awaiting publication for 3 years now. This from a fan I respect!

Mr. Smith covers very thoroughly the 1930s in regard to Weird Tales but he doesn't
neglect the beginnings in the 1920s and goes through to the final September 1954 issue,
admittedly in less detail. Smith contends that the decade of the 30s was the great de-
cade in the 31 year career of this tremendously important American fantasy magazine.

Smith begins at the beginning with the March 1923 issue and indicates quickly the
importance of Edwin Baird, Farnsworth Wright (editors) and the writers who starting in
the 20s were to reach their full popularity in the 30s. He spends a number of pages
each on H P Lovecraft, Seabury Quinn, August Derleth, Clark Ashton Smith, Edmond Hamil-
ton, Harry S Whitehead, Robert E Howard, Carl Jacobi, H Warner Munn, C L Moore, Henry
Kuttner, Clifford Ball (ech!), Robert Bloch, Paul Ernst, Frank Belknap Long, Manly Wade
Wellman, Jack Williamson, David H Keller, and there are short comments about many of the
other contributors such as Ralph Milne Farley, Robert Barbour Johnson, Thorp McClusky,
E Hoffman Price, Donald Wandrei, Amelia Rynolds Lang, etc.

There are comments about the reprint section in addition to the poetry and artwork.
I must disagree with Smith's assessment about Virgil Finlay as being a "very mediocre
artist" (pg 35). I also disagree with his harsh opinion about Margaret Brundage's

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BOSKONE

the semi-annual science fiction convention. Next con-
set for Boston April 1-2, 1967. Write Leslie Turek,
56 Linnaean St. Cambridge Mass 02138

work. Considering some of the miserable artwork that had appeared before her in Weird Tales, her work was to WT as H Rogers' was to say Timmins in ASF. To be fair, Smith does make many astute comments about the artwork and fully appreciates Finlay's interior work. He says, "...the man was a genius at pen-and-ink drawing." (pg 35)

After covering the reader department "The Eyrie" in 4 paragraphs, Smith deals with editor Farnsworth Wright's capabilities noting both his deficiencies and his merits. On the whole, fair and accurate. Smith brings in facts about the competition that Weird Tales had to deal with and why it really had no chance against the incredible flood of science fiction. Another page and a half about Dorothy McIlwraith and her editorship and we are at the end of the career of the most important American fantasy magazine of the first half of the 20th Century.

The reader of Smith's work will get a very good picture of Weird Tales and in addition to discussing certain stories, that issue is identified, so that the lucky reader who has access to a collection of WT can read the particular story and render his own judgement. Unfortunately the price of old issues of Weird Tales (as indeed all old pulps) is prohibitive today. The number of complete sets of WT is estimated by some fans to be on the order of 10 or 20. The one at the Library of Congress and also the one at the British Museum are both incomplete.

Mr Reginald Smith has done a splendid first rate job. Highly recommended.
Ed. Wood

BOOKS FROM THE MABINOGIAN..."from" for I am not discussing the Mabinogian but two books which are derived from it. These are:

The Fates of the Princess of Dyfed by Cenydd Morus, published by the Aryan Theosophical Press in 1914

The Book of Three Dragons by Kenneth Morris, published by Longmans, Green, and Co in 1930.

The two are connected and by the same author. He has taken a story from the Mabinogian, and from this story he has woven a wonderful thing. It is not just the retelling of the story, but adding and changing and putting in background.

I do not know if the cosmology of the two books is the actual Druid idea. I don't care either. It is splendid and inspiring.

At that time, when the Deity, waking in Ceugant from the Universal Night (which had been preceded by other universal days and nights) sounded his own Threefold Name in order to waken the Universe, so that the stars and suns and systems flashed into manifestation more swiftly than lightning reaches its home; the Blessed ones or Gwenfydion, who are ourselves, awoke in Gwynfyd, and looked forth over the gulf of Abred, the Great Deep; and saw the heights of Ceugant unattained; and determined to ride forth through space and take Ceugant by storm. On that expedition we are still traveling; for passing through Abred we were unable to withstand its tempting hosts, and fell into matter and incarnation; and it is with the gathered spoils of the deep, the experience of ages upon ages, that we shall come at last to the peaks of Ceugant, victors.

The Gods are constantly striving to raise men to godhood, in order to recruit fighters to aid in the war against Chaos on the shores of space. They therefore tempt men, give the men tasks, fight against the men, so if the men overcome all obstacles thrown in their paths they will put on Immortality and aid in the war against Chaos.

The first book is the retelling of the first branch of the Mabinogian, the story of "Pwyll Prince of Dyved," against this new background. It is the story of how Pwyll married Rhianon of the singing birds, the goddess. She married him in the hope of raising him to godhood, and put tasks on him which he failed at, so her birds were stolen, their son Pryderi was stolen the night he was born, and Pwyll had his memories taken away so he wandered nameless and cursed with misfortune in the hope that he would eventually win to godhood. The second part tells of how Pryderi found the birds and succored his mother, who had refused to resume godhood in order that Pwyll and Pryderi might eventually put on immortality.

The second book starts with Pwyll gaining a new name, Manswyddan and tells how he went on a quest for the wonderful head of Bran the Blessed. This is considerably different from the second and third branches of the Mabinogian. Here, when the quest failed, the breastplate of Plenydd Splendid and the harp of Alawn of the Songs were lost. The story is of how Manawyddan recovered these from Tathal Cheat-The-Light, and Gwiawn

Llygad Cath the Sea-Thief.

Sword and sorcery fans should find these books fascinating, for here are battles by heroes, fought with a high heart and perfect courtesy; heroes for whom the greater the opposition the greater their delight in the battle, and the more honor they considered done in them. ("...clearly the yard was full; the five of them would be against a whole host, and there was no resisting the allurement of that.")

I would be glad to know of any other books by this author, or by others, which are similar in nature.

--Mark Walsted

NIEKAS, Review & Comment Section (we'll publish reviews of anything! --FR), excerpted from a letter by David Joshua.

You do have problems in the Review & Comment section of NIEKAS. However, I don't think that the material isn't of basic stock, just simply that it's not terribly readable. I come from the school of thought that denounces lengthy essays on subjects that deal in strict verbatim with a work of esthetic taste as dull, vague, and highly incongruous (whoops!).

Reviews are basic, simple, and damn profound. They appeal to people of certain discretions...active people who haven't the time to forage through every show, film or novel they'd like...and consequently they would like to be able to rely on reviewers to give them creditable summations of what is good and what is bad. Depending on the reviewer's reliability, and the conciseness of his review, should be the reader's final judgement.

The major problem with your book reviews, for instance, is that they are lengthy -- yet vague -- and as interested as I might be in the reviews, I would seldom ever have that much time to read them. Otherwise, I think the material contained within them is of basic, noteworthy stock.

It's the same with your magazine. If I were to review it, as a whole, I could very easily say that it was worth a nomination for the HUGO Award on the basis of literal content alone. But I could not say that it was presented in its best public form.

Many or most of the articles, while having much worth saying, are very poor in the physical sense. And when you're writing you have to remember the important essence of grammar. Beyond just the basic rules of essay production there are certain very pronounced ways to form a journalistic face on an article.

-- David Joshua

THE THIEF OF LLARN, by Gardner F. Fox (ACE Book F-399, 40¢; 158 pp.)

Reviewer: Alexis A. Gilliland

In the WARRIOR OF LLARN, Alan Morgan was a pawn in a game of cosmic chess played by the Ephelos, Vann Tar, a strange immortal being with inscrutable purposes and mysterious powers. After appropriate heroics, he married a princess and settled down.

In this story he becomes a pawn in a game of cosmic chess played by the Xuxul, Vool Pan, a strange immortal being with mysterious inscrutables and powerful purposes. The Xuxul is a god under the clouds, but his arm is short and he needs an agent for out there. It seems someone has been stealing verdals...so under threat to his wife, Morgan volunteers.

Thus Alan Morgan becomes the legendary thief of 10,000 years ago, Uthian the Unmatchable, and trots off to (a) make contact with the Thieves Guild, and (b) find out what their employer wants with all those expensive verdals.

Not being very bright, he needs all the help the author can give him, which is plenty. An example: The Great Verdal of Zaxeron hangs suspended within a hollow shaft of light which disintegrates everything save its impervious base. As Alan M. (for Heathead) Uthian is about to despair, he stumbles on the trapdoor in the roof which leads to jewel...which is his entree to the local chapter of the Thieves Guild. We meet:

The Princess of Thieves, Marga, short, loyal Ghan Karr, and tall, treacherous Evrann Dekk. What happens? Dekk picks the pouch of Uthian and bugs out, leaving the others to die on the polar ice cap. (?! --FR)

(Continued on p. 89)

GINCLAS

SECRET SOCIETIES, ELITISM, & SUCH

RICHARD ROBERTS

"We Band of Brothers"

This is a longish comment on Boardman's article in N14, "We Happy Few." He uses this phrase to characterize modern day Freemasonry, and concludes, "Masonry in America today is largely a group of upper- and middle-class men with no aim beyond fraternal mummery and charities, who spend more time reminiscing about their order's years of activity and controversy in the 18th and 19th century than in continuing the philosophical and political speculations and activities of their predecessors. This is the age of holism, and against its democratic ideals the concept of the secret and initiated Elite cannot be maintained."

The article, and particularly the last paragraph, is based upon a misconception of both the present and past of Masonry which must be corrected. Nevertheless, it is a view with a sizeable number of adherents, and I felt it better that it be expressed and replied to than that the focus of the article be modified, if, indeed, it had been within my power to convince John to modify his article. Knowing John, I doubt it.

To begin the article properly, at the beginning, the phrase, "We Happy Few," the title of John Boardman's article has, after all, a context; in that context, its meaning is both different and greater than that given it in the article, in much the same regard as Freemasonry is from the society that is portrayed in the article. Let us, therefore, start by giving, first, the background of the speech in which the phrase belongs, and, then, the speech itself. The rest of the article will follow logically from this beginning.

The speech is located in William Shakespeare's play, King Henry V, in Act IV, scene 3. At this point in the play, the English army has crossed the English Channel, has travelled to Rouen, and is tired; the French soldiers on the field, on the contrary, are fresh, and the French forces in the field outnumber the English, it is estimated, five to one. The battle of Agincourt, in short, is about to occur. At this point in the play, one of King Henry V's chief officers, by name Westmoreland, stated:

O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
Who do no work today!

lows:

King Henry V's reply is the speech in question. It fol-

What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? -- No, my fair cousin.
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if we live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for Gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. I would not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convey put into his purse;
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian,
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, Tomorrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, These wounds I had on Crispian's Day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day; then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words, -
Henry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, -
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. -
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered, -
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
For he that to-day sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

What sort of band does this speech portray? Is it not a fellowship based on merit, on value, on honor? Whose name comes not from being few, but from having done much? In short, akin to those whom Winston Churchill spoke when he said, "Never have so many owed so much to so few." For in that the "so much" is far more important than the "so few." As for the "middle- and upper-class" comment, there is no truth in it. There is no financial limitation in membership in Freemasonry; certainly there is no explicit or implicit ban or limitation on membership in the lower economic strata. As a result, Freemasons come from all economic, social or whatever types. The Freemasons whom I have met, for example, come from many different walks of life: actors, lawyers, barbers, people in the building trades, movie projectionists, government employees, etc. In no case is a person's background or line of work or his wealth or poverty accounted important -- in the Lodge. What is important is what sort of man he is.

Thus, he must be of such caliber that he will follow, of his own free will and accord, that ethical life prescribed by Freemasonry, and he must -- therefore, join the Lodge of his own free will and accord. Thus, no Freemason may ever ask or pressure any prospective member to join; the prospective member must ask him. Thus, too, any person who, for some reason, is not capable of freely consenting, of his own free will and accord, cannot join Freemasonry.

There are many other societies loosely modeled after Freemasonry. In many of these, such as the Greek Letter Fraternities on college campuses, the essential bond is one of shared secret rites. Of these societies, and of their members, it may be said, as Mr. Boardman says of Freemasonry, that it is mainly or merely a matter of mummering. It might be added that those societies are dying out.

None of this is true of Freemasonry, where the chief bond between the members is not one of shared ritual; what is central to Freemasonry is, not ritual, but the meaning of ritual. Its central concerns are designated, in this order, as Morality, Charity, and Brotherly Love, the most important being Morality.

In this connection, Charity is chiefly a state of mind, an attitude towards one's fellow creatures; money-giving is, at most, the result of this point of view. This point of view gives to one's fellow-people too high a regard to indulge in indiscriminate money-giving; money is given only to those worthy to receive it.

As for morality, I would like, for the only time in this article, to quote from the ritual. This quote will be made because I believe it not to be secret, and because the quote is, in my belief, central to the Masonic view of morality.

Barring all sectarian debate from the Lodge, Freemasonry takes all good men by the hand, and, leading them to its sacred altar, points to the Holy Bible thereon, bidding them to lead their lives by the Light they there shall find, as they there shall find it.

That quote may sound "square" to some, it may sound like some sort of joke to others. To prove that it is neither, all you need do is to read the Bible some time.

Allow me to define what I mean by the Bible. It was once said that the Bible is the Ten Commandments and the command to love one's neighbor as oneself, the rest being commentary. To define, in terms of this statement, the various levels of commentary: The first would be the next chapter of Deuteronomy. The second level would comprise, first, the rest of Deuteronomy, the Law and the morality of the Five Books of Moses, and, if you are a Christian, the words attributed to Christ. The next level would comprise the rest of the Five Books. From there on you proceed to parables and the connecting links between the story, which contains these parables of the Law. If

you are a Christian, this is equally true of the New as of the Old Testament.

Once you have read and digested this, try to follow the morality in the Bible, and you will find that it is no joke; on the contrary, it is difficult. It is square, if by that you mean honest, but it is far from joyless, or foolish, or unpleasant (after a while) or not with it, whatever to the contrary you may have been told.

None of this is to prescribe your conduct; it is merely by way of defining the Masonic point of view. This is my major point: Freemasonry is not a smug fellowship whose main links are secret ritual and the memory of past deeds; it is a way of living, even a Way of Life; one with more latitude than that first appears, but which is limited by the bounds of Ethic. If your life is modelled after that Ethic, then you are likely to be that type of man who has graced the ranks of Freemasonry over the centuries.

I shall not continue at length praising Freemasonry and Freemasons; I shall merely mention a few. Presidents Washington, both Adams, Jefferson, Jackson, van Buren, both Roosevelts, Truman, Lyndon Johnson; Simon Bolivar, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Jan Sibelius, the Marquis de Lafayette, Frederick the Great, Baron von Steuben. This is merely to mention the first few Freemasons whose names come to my mind. If I were to continue, such a list of famous Freemasons might fill many pages and not be complete. To take merely two of the more famous Grand Masters of Masons, who have graced that post in the past, both Presidents Washington and Truman were Grand Masters of Masons: Washington, of the State of Virginia; Truman, of the State of Missouri.

What makes such men Freemasons? What leads them to devote so much of their lives to its service? For consider: To be Grand Master of Masons means that a man must give up more than half of his total living time for several years. Of those years, but the last two are spent as Grand Master, the others being spent in the posts which must be served on the way there. In addition to the time taken from business, the money involved is considerable.

What leads such men to give so much to Freemasonry? It is not, I assure you, either self-satisfaction, shared mummery or living over old embers of past action by predecessors in the Fraternal Order that leads such men to the service of Freemasonry. It is far, far more than any or all of those things. It is, on the contrary, a Way of Life: demanding, yet ennobling; limited to a Morality, yet unlimited within it; difficult, yet joyous; and, finally, demanding much yet giving far more. Properly lived by, it is the most pleasant and the most satisfying Way of Life that one can live in the proper sense of both those words.

Thus far I have given a response to the article as a whole. Let me now proceed to individual points within the article, concluding with Boardman's last sentences once again.

John Boardman talks in the article as if the only religious choice in Europe had been between the Mystery religions and Christianity. There was also the choice of the public worship of the ancient pagan religions. These finally gave way to both the Mysteries and Christianity and Judaism because their morality was implicit whereas the morality of the latter religions was explicit.

Thus, in paganism, the morality gradually disappeared because, being implicit, it was ignored by all who did not desperately want to follow it. Such a religion came to resemble a morality tale where the moral is not explicitly pointed out, or not in one place. Such a religion, without a consistent morality, must eventually fade away to fall to a younger, more sturdy, religion.

None of this applies to the ancient Mystery religions, the chief one being Mithraism. These, and especially Mithraism, continued to grow until the time of their bloody suppression by Christian Emperors of the Roman Empire. For the details of the suppression, see, for example, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, or any of the books written about the Emperor Julian, called the Apostate.

All indications are that the success of Mithraism arose from the morality preached within it. All indications are, also, that that great success led to its ultimate suppression by the Christians. They feared, probably rightly, that if another Em-

porer became a Mithraist, and was not successfully assassinated by a Christian as Julian had been, he might succeed in helping it to win out, even in numbers, over Christianity. The Albogentians did not disappear through failure of membership, either. They too, like the Mithraists, were suppressed bloodily, through the Albogentian Crusade, together with its horrible sequel, the Inquisition. In fact, the ranks of the Albogentians were growing until the suppression, and caused the suppression: Boardman mentions a Bogomil anti-pope in his article.

Please note that neither the Mysteries, especially Mithraism, nor the Bogomil-Albogentian movement, failed before their bloody suppressions. A religion need not have a majority of adherents in an area, or become the state church of a land, to be considered successful. It seems to me that continued increase of membership is enough, if not more than enough. Nor is suppression by killing off all the worshippers failure. If it were, then some natural calamity wiping out the earth, leaving only a small number of survivors on other worlds, would then condemn Christianity as a failure, if the survivors were all other than Christians, such as, for example, Buddhists or Moslems. Incidentally, the Emperor Constantine forbade all conversion to Judaism. Probably only the kinship between the two religions prevented the suppression of the latter.

Now, to the origin of Freemasonry. There is a reasonable argument for holding that the Masonic Guild is older than the other Guilds: the nature of the Building Trades. They, in fact, have lingered on as a Guild-like trade, with apprenticeships, etc. and only prefabrication is likely to change the nature of the trade, and that slowly. Thus, it is entirely possible that the building trades were the trades on which the other Guilds were modelled in the first place.

Another reason for believing that the Masonic Guilds are more ancient than the others is the existence of builders' marks on stones, similar to the marks made by Masons during the middle ages. This is a practice that goes back at least to the Pyramids. The Freemasonic guild may be even older, or it may be no older than the other guilds; no one knows, no one can know. There is no proof. Surely the stories about King Solomon, etc. are no proof. They are oral tradition. Oral tradition is not worth the paper it isn't written on.

When we come to the Middle Ages, however, we are on far firmer ground. Here we have records of Lodge meetings, Constitutions, etc.

At this point we have records of non-builders joining Masonic lodges from the 13th century on. It is most interesting that that time was, more or less, the same time as the suppression of the Knights Templar. Both the Scottish and York Rites claim to be descended from the Knights Templar. Both may be right. If this is true, then the dualistic tendencies of the Knights have disappeared, save as a point of view no longer adhered to.

When, in the year 1717, four lodges met in London and formed the first Grand Lodge of Freemasons, what happened was chiefly codifying a long oral tradition, and not, as Boardman can be read as saying, starting a society *ab ovo*. Thus, it was in 1717 that Freemasonry took its present shape (for the shape of an oral tradition changes every generation); Masonry, however, did not arise in 1717. The difference between the two ways of stating it is the difference between evolution and mutation.

By the time of the Protestant Revolution, Lodges had come to exist that were chiefly speculative. They having taken an active part in said revolution, incurred all the strictures of the Catholic Church against Freemasonry which last to the present day. Perhaps Freemasonry as a movement apart from the Guild did not come to the attention of the Church authorities until then, but I doubt it. The forms of these strictures are against secret organizations, a description which fits all of the Guilds to the same degree as it fits Freemasonry. In fact, the Catholic organization called The Knights of Columbus has exactly the same degree of secrecy, namely ritual, as the Freemasons, but the Catholic Church is not likely to proscribe that.

To the best of my knowledge, no Grand Lodge has any official ban against colored Masons. If by colored, you mean non-white, then one of the officers of my Lodge is Chinese. If by colored black is meant, then there is, for example, Alpha Lodge, No. 1, New Jersey. This Lodge at one time admitted a few Negro members. Over a period of time it became all-black. Members of Alpha Lodge, when they come to Pacific Lodge, to

which I belong, are admitted to Lodge meetings; furthermore, they are treated with the same warm fellowship and exactly the same as any other Freemasons.

As to the number of Grand Lodges which did or did not withdraw recognition from the Grand Lodge of Washington: I did no research on this, because it had nothing to do with the answer. First: New York Grand Lodge recognized and still recognizes the Grand Lodge of Washington. I am certain the Grand Lodge of, let us say, Alabama, did not, and maybe, does not.

That a Grand Lodge did or did not recognize the Grand Lodge of Washington at that time has nothing to do with whether or not it recognized Washington State Grand Lodge as of today. The reason is simple: any act of one Grand Master may be reversed by any of his successors. That is my second point.

For my third and final point, I revert to history. By now you probably see this one coming.

George Washington was offered a throne and refused it. He was then offered the position of Grand Master of all Freemasons in the United States. He turned this down as well, and stated that the Grand Lodge in each state should continue to be autonomous. This continues true to the present day.

Hence I have no reason to doubt that several Grand Lodges withdrew recognition of the Grand Lodge of Washington when it admitted a number of Black Lodges. New York did not. Probably the Deep South did. How many Grand Lodges still do not recognize Washington is certainly another matter; I explained that, too.

Let us now return to the final statements in John Boardman's article. Holism is not a democratic movement. Democracy treats people as individuals, with the integrity of their persons and their aspirations, and not as members of a faceless mass. It is on the contrary the dictatorship, whether Fascistic or Communist, that treats humanity in this manner, which are holistic in outlook. Democratic holism, then, is both a fiction and a contradiction in terms.

In fact, those lands where Freemasonry is continually suppressed are the lands where tyranny rules and where the rights of men are set at naught. Predicting the failure of Freemasonry and the triumph over it of holism is predicting the final victory of tyranny over democracy. For Freemasonry is a democratic, not an oligarchic, movement; it seeks equality of opportunity, not rule by a small Elite.

Naturally, it does not mix with Fascism or Communism. Equally naturally, they attack it as an avowed enemy. They recognize their enmity; they are entirely incompatible.

One more thing is obvious. I am a Freemason. From this, you may conclude, properly, that I do not believe in the final triumph of tyranny over freedom, but quite the reverse.

I do not believe in the final triumph of ignorant hordes over the intelligent citizens of democracies, but rather that the democracies will triumph. Finally, I do not believe in the ultimate extinction of Freemasonry. It is in the vanguard of the fight for freedom, for enlightenment, for justice and for morality; it will triumph with them, and share the fruits of that triumph.

LAURENCE M JANIFER

The new NIEKAS has at last arrived, and despite a vague feeling that I am surrounded by idiots, a comment or two manages to force its way through the gloom induced by reading some of those letters.

Ray Nelson's, for instance, in Gincas. It is fascinating to speculate about the idea that in order to know God (the verb being used, according to Nelson, as meaning to be able to speak meaningfully about, unless he has lost touch not only with logic but with the English language) I am going to have to be God. Is this true of everything, or only Gnostic-religious structures? Because, in spite of my occasional interest in, and knowledge of, some of the following, I resolutely refuse to be: an African violet, a spider, a parietal fissure, a King's Pawn opening, or the number 7. What sort of nonsense is this of Nelson's? It is perfectly clear that in order to speak meaningfully about God I am going to need: a) a definition of what I mean when I use the word, and b) a set of deductions from that defi-

nition. If I have to be God in order to get either, I can not speak meaningfully about anything, since the same requirements exist for any subject.

I am a little tired of seeing simple falsehood parading around. I make, God knows, no accusations: it's my impression that Nelson, like most people, picks this stuff up where he finds it and never does any looking at it afterward. But the collapse of religion seems to have been happening for a long time now, and it is a bit more specialized than either Nelson or (apparently) Stasys Riukas seems to notice. The churches are half-empty, or worse--and so they are, around here, except for the R C churches, which are SRC a good deal of the time. This odd little division is visible in every neighborhood I know: is it not visible in yours? Or Nelson's? And, once again; ...Catholicism...demands of its followers, first and foremost, faith.

Can we get something straight? The R C church says, and quite plainly, (check it in Canon Law) that your final guide and your final deciding factor is --after checking it with everyone you can, and checking the situation as thoroughly as possible-- your own conscience. I'm quite sure a number of Roman Catholics neither know this nor care about it. It doesn't often come up. But when you talk about the Church you might get your facts straight.

All men are not equal," Nelson tells me, and I have to brush back the weeds and try to see what, if anything, he means. That all men have not equal intellectual capacities, or physical capacities, I know already: that their perceptions differ in strength, accuracy and very nearly every other way I also knew. That, however, all men are alive, and will die, and are (potentially) time-binding organisms, I knew too: the Church, and the Declaration of Independence, seems to have meant something like that. The question is; are the things which separate men more important than the things which bind them to each other? I have no hatred for the Elitist, for whom, apparently, the answer is "Yes: I consider him a moral idiot, but I don't know what to do about this." Perhaps a reading of Shylock's speech might help?

As a last comment on this thing: I shall take seriously the comments of any person who, maintaining an Elitist philosophy, considers himself not to be one of the Elite. I don't recall having met one. Ever.

Ed, I have no quarrel with A Path Through Genesis: I suggested an answer and you, and the author, have suggested another. I marketed neither as Final Truth: I pointed out, merely, that mine is (and yours is) a lot simpler than the sort of tangled mess Nelson got himself into.

JOHN BOSTON

Larry Janifer's statement that "Protestants, as a group, do not appear to have done any thinking in some time now" demands comment. As a practicing agnostic on such topics as God, the afterlife, and flying saucers, I think I qualify as fairly non-partisan in any Catholic-Protestant dispute. First, I doubt that any religious group has ever done any thinking as a group; abhorrent as Ray Nelson's ideas are to me, his description of Catholicism and by implication all present-day organized religion as "sign-on-the-dotted-line" ideologies is excellent. That's irrelevant, however. The thinking that Protestantism has produced is the Christian new morality, which has been denounced by at least one Pope and banned from Catholic schools by the Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office. What it amounts to is keeping the Christian ethic of love and throwing away the rule-book that has served as mankind's moral crutch for so many centuries. It also involves the metaphysics that Nelson and Janifer have been bandying about, and I think it is leading inescapably toward the joyful day when enlightened Christianity will roll up the intricate cat's-cradle of supernaturalism --the afterlife, transubstantiation, resurrection, original sin, miracles, the Trinity, the Immaculate Conception, the whole sorry mess of theological web-spinning-- and throw the silly business out the window and get on with living as free beings in this world.

RAY NELSON

Last month I took LSD for the last time. It was a strange

experience, in a way, the strangest LSD experience I ever had, and yet, in another way, absolutely nothing happened. Unlike my previous experiences there were no wild visions, no fantastic insights, no supernatural colors or sounds. It was almost a trip of disillusionment. I lost even those delusions I have when in my ordinary state of mind.

It was also, in another way, a graduation trip. The LSD showed me, one by one, all the things I had been through in previous trips, as if checking them off on a list, saying of each, "well, that's over." It was saying to me, "I am a boat. You have used me to cross a river. Now you no longer need me."

It left me very quiet, as if there was nothing left to say. Life was something that, in the final analysis, you can't talk about, like the taste of something. You can't tell another person what a certain soup tastes like, if he hasn't tasted it himself.

Just because this was a trip that was not a trip, I don't think I'm ever going to come down from it. From now on, life itself will be my trip, life just as it is, naked.

What I have learned is simple things, like how to talk without lying, and how to listen. How to listen with more than just my ears.

Some people have asked me, "What comes after LSD? Where does LSD take you?" In my case it has led me into a kind of non-verbal philosophy, a world of smiles and frowns, of touching or not touching other human beings, of a way of looking at a man, not as a good guy or bad guy, not as someone who agrees with my political and religious ideas or someone who does not, but as an infinite universe of feeling, thought and awareness. Each man, no matter how seemingly unimportant and insignificant, is too vast to be contained within any philosophy, religion or political system, even the most lofty. Each one is greater than any abstract ideal, no matter how perfect that ideal may be. And each man has something important to teach me.

But what if he is a fool, a madman or a monster?

If he is a fool, I know that there is enough foolishness in me to produce a hundred years of situation comedies. If he is crazy, I know there is enough madness in me to fill up every madhouse in the country. If he is cruel, I know that there is, in the darker parts of my own inner being, enough evil to stock a dozen hells. I can tell him, at least in part, what it is like to be me, and he can tell me, as best he can, what it is like to be him. This is the most we can do for each other. I sometimes think that it is to learn how to do this that we were born into these wonderful but perishable bodies of ours.

ROY TACKETT

Ray Nelson's assertion that the LSD Movement (Movement?) is a modern variety of Gnosticism provokes the biggest chuckle since Dear Abby's column this morning. Fancy a bunch of hopheads in search of a fix being a movement. Ah well, I suppose there is a similarity what with the hallucinations and all and one assumes that the Gnostics, while denied the soul-liberating qualities of LSD, at least had hashish. As for the great mystery of "I and We" in Genesis, it is most likely the result of a translation goof.

ED MESKYS

L Sprague de Camp made some interesting comments about Gnostics and such in his recent book, Spirits, Stars and Spells.

In time the new religion of Christianity came to Alexandria and, like many other religions, was there infused with Greek philosophy. Thus, early Christianity became an active rival of the family of syncretic sects called Gnostic.... These Gnostic sects combined in various ways the religious and magical ideas from Jewish, Christian, Greek, Egyptian, Babylonian and Persian sources. Several of the Gnostic sects, being heavily magical, have had a lasting influence on modern magic and occultism, in spite of the fact that, of the once large Gnostic literature, little survived the fourth-cen-

tury book-burnings of the triumphant Christians. One work that escaped destruction was the *Postis Sophia*, a group of five documents in Coptic, a late form of the Egyptian language. Judging from the nonsense recorded therein, the loss of the rest of the Gnostic literature does not seem too profound a tragedy.

Gnosticism declined in the third and fourth centuries. After the triumph of Christianity, it survived only in little secret cults, one of which still exists in Iraq. Yet Gnosticism has an enduring fascination for many magically-minded moderns. In the late 19th century, several Neo-Gnostic organizations were formed in France, some of which may still exist. [pg 169]

Some people fall into trances spontaneously. They retain the power of self-hypnosis so common in children. Many trances are related to sleep-walking, to hysteria, and to dissociation of personality.

Other people induce trances by artificial means, the best known of which is the use of narcotic drugs. Opium... causes dreamlike visions, profound sleep, and, in sufficiently large doses, death....

Hashish, or marijuana, derived from the hemp plant and used for thousands of years, likewise produces strange hallucinations. It distorts a person's sense of time and space, given a temporary feeling of great power, and splits the personality in two. The ancient Scythians indulged in hashish trances; so did the Assassins, a cult that terrorized the Middle East in the 12th century.

The Tunguses, Koryaks, and other Siberian tribes induce similar trances by chewing fly agaric, the deadly, orange-topped, white-spotted mushrooms so beloved by illustrators of children's fairy tales. The Indians of Mexico have long induced trances by eating the dried tops of the peyote cactus. A new chemical compound, popularly called LSD, has been used since 1943 for medical research into the causes of schizophrenia, into the mechanics of the human mind, and incidentally into the various reactions of individuals in the trance state.

Men can also induce trances without drugs. Music, dancing, howling, and flagellation can cause a trance-like state; so can long periods of fasting or concentration. In India and Tibet, concentration takes the form of focusing the mind on one single thought -- perhaps the mental image of a spot of light, perhaps the sound of a word like *om*. The Quietist monks of Mount Athos in Greece contemplate their navels. In the West, trances are often induced by staring at some shiny object, such as a crystal ball. [pg. 184]

As usual, this discussion has meandered all over the place. About a third of the readers of this issue didn't see the original article by John Boardman which started it all. Believe it or not, that was on secret societies in science fiction and reality. As an example of the latter he took the Masons but also discussed the Gnostics. Ray Nelson tied in the ancient Gnostics with today's users of LSD, and all of the above comments are related, directly or indirectly, to the original articles.

Perhaps it is getting close to the time when I should cut off discussion on this topic, just as I did that of Nazism a few years ago, because it is spreading all over the place and getting rather disjointed. I can't help wondering what sense the new reader is making of all this.

TOLKIEN, ETHICS & THE GLOSSARY

PERISTAR FORMELLO

Bob Foster's index is, on the whole, quite good. There are one or two minor faults, however, which I feel it is my duty as a Lehring wizard to point out.

First, I would like to know what evidence there is to confirm the fact that *elen* and *gil* are both Quenya and Sindarin? The word *elen* appears only when the speaker is using Quenya. For example, on page 119, vol I, Frodo uses the word *elen* of the high elven-speech. Other examples could be cited. But where does it say that *elen* is Sindarin also? Possible confusion could result from the word *elenath* in the poem to Elbereth, but Dick Plotz has told me that this is a word common to both tongues and bearing no relation to the Sindarin *gil*. What is more, *gil* exhibits the usual Quenya-Sindarin morphological changes, as Sindarin has a tendency to prefix a *g* to a word be-

ginning with a vowel. (cf. *alda* compared to *galadh*)

Based on this theory of mine, I would reject *Gil-galad* as being a Quenya name. *Bregalad*, Quickbeam, is certainly not Quenya, and it contains the word *galad* also.

As for *elenion* and *gilion* being the plurals of *elen* and *gil*. I don't know who originally deduced this, but I have met with it everywhere and have had to enlighten the followers of this misguided creed. Again, I may be wrong, but evidence in the text does a great deal to back up my theory. Elvish is not Welsh, and *-ion* does not, to my knowledge, represent a plural ending. Rather it is the genitive plural, especially in Quenya. (Sindarin likes to express genitive, as Bob said, by juxtaposition.)

Plurals in Quenya, and sometimes Sindarin are expressed merely by adding an *-i* to words ending in a consonant and an *-r* to words ending in a vowel. (cf. *silmariilli*, *palantiri*, *Valar*, *Eldar*, and *Noldor*.) *Aldar* is the plural of *alda*. What, then, is the meaning of *aldaron* in Galadriel's song, vol. I, p. 489? It is part of the prepositional phrase, *ve ramar aldaron*, and means as the wings of trees. Clearly, *-on* is a genitive ending. *Eleni* and *gili* (*Usgilath*) are the proper plurals of *elen* and *gil*.

One final point. *Varda* is merely Quenya for Sindarin *Elbereth*. I suspect that the Valinorean mentioned by the herb-master, vol III, p. 172, is merely Quenya as opposed to Sindarin.

Please understand. I am not usually so fussy about minor flaws such as these. For all I know, I may be way off base. But, since this is going to be published some day in book form, I would like everything in it to be as accurate as possible. I am merely submitting my views for consideration.

PATTI BOONE

I have some questions on Bob Foster's installment on astronomy. He states that both *Gil-galad* and *silme* are starlight in Quenya. Incidentally, this glossary is great, but how long is it going to take to get it all published in NIEKAS? [Well, we've now been running it for two years and had hoped to finish it in another one, but Bob's installments are running a lot longer than I expected. At this point I wouldn't even venture to guess. ERM]

RICK BROOKS

Bob has a good point on Menelvagor that an old astronomy bug like me should have noticed. From the description Menelvagor must almost be Orion. Maybe the earth has done one of her famous axes changes since then?

One fan who has always bugged me by his statements is John Boardman. In the lettercolumn, he has what I consider to be his most fuggheaded statement to date. In fact, I was surprised to see that anyone of John's age had made it. I refer to his calling Poul Anderson "inconsistent" because Poul condemns Ace Books in the Tolkien matter, and has also written a series featuring an underhanded hero, Nicholas van Rijn. Or maybe John is just insinuating that Anderson is incapable of depicting any character but himself. In either case, John is a fugghead.

"Men, Halflings & Hero Worship" by Marion Zimmer Bradley is the best thing in the issue and one of the best articles that I have ever read. It is very rare that I read an article that moves me, but this one did. Marion has written a very well constructed argument which seems to be the best summing up for *LotR* that I've read.

BANKS MEBANE

I have a few quibbles with Bob Foster's Middle-earth astronomy. From Professor Tolkien's description of the sky on Ballantine I-120, I think the Remmirath are the Pleiades, and Borgil is Aldebaran rather than Betelgeuse: Borgil shows above the mist, but Orion itself is not visible until the mists are swept away. If the red star that Frodo saw in the south

when he was at Rivendell is meant to be other than a symbol, it is probably Fomalhaut: Fomalhaut is not red but it can appear so when seen low on the horizon or through mist. It is the brightest star in the south during the fall (and from Tolkien's descriptions, the Third Age of Middle-earth must have been in the same stage of the equinoctial precession as our own age).

Marion Zimmer Bradley's article was an excellent analysis. She did not mention two female characters who each have one speaking line in the LotR: Farmer Maggot's wife and Mrs. Cotton (Rosie's mother). However their roles are perhaps too minor for them even to be called supernumeraries. Nevertheless it is with the Maggots, the Cottons, and particularly with Tom Bombadil and Goldberry, that we get the only portrayals of married life that can be found in the books. Galadriel and Celeborn are married, but we learn nothing of their life together, and Celeborn remains a shadowy figure. The principal characters are all bachelors or widowers. Indeed the males of Middle-earth seem uniformly to survive their wives: Theoden, Denethor and Elrond (whose wife, Celebrian, departed overseas, the elvish equivalent of death). After the story is over, Celeborn remained behind when Galadriel departed, and Sam, Merry and Pippin apparently all survived their wives. Arwen seems to be the lone exception.

HARRY WARNER

Marion Bradley's article made interesting re-reading. Accidentally, Marion was responsible for my delaying a year or two my first reading of the Tolkien books. I was so repulsed by the direct quotations in this essay, when I got it through FAPA, that I changed my mind about getting the books, and didn't re-change my mind for quite a while. I still feel that it's unwise to quote directly from Tolkien in critical writings: his style isn't obtrusive when you're reading through the books but its deficiencies are shattering when you suddenly run across samples. Of course, this essay makes much more sense now than it did when I read it without the knowledge of what was in the books, and I find some excellences in it that I missed then. But I still feel that Marion is awfully rash in her claim that the Tolkien books are virtually unique among recent adult novels for lack of overt sexual motivation. What of *The Caine Murders*, *Look Homeward Angel*, *A Death in the Family*, much of the Faulkner whom she cites for the opposite reason, many first rate murder mysteries?

Some of the elder NIEKAS readers must have shared the same wide-eyed expression when he came across John Boardman's remark that "twice during his career in science fiction" had Don Wollheim been a storm-center of controversy. John should have been around when Wollheim was screaming and threatening legal action because Gernsback hadn't paid him for his fiction. Or when other pros were screaming because Wollheim was editing two prozines that paid nothing to some of the authors for the stories it published (in this case, with the authors' consent).

GRAHAM M HALL

"Men, Halflings & Hero Worship" poses a few questions. Upon what basis is MZB making the (complimentary but untrue) statement that English novelists do not in general go in for the open-bedroom-door technique of the fifties? I thought we started that trend. One only has to think of Amis and Braine -- the archtypical fifties writers, to see that.

And "Shakespeare was not a superlatively great poet" is a pretty ridiculous sort of statement to make. Firstly, no-one has given a definition of "poetry" that works -- just like the shortage of a science-fiction definition. Secondly, those that admit that you can't define poetry still swear that Shakespeare and Blake had more of it more pure than any others. I could quote various authorities on this (but frankly the only one I can remember off hand is A E Houseman, and who'd take his word?)

Anyhow, I thought *Lord of the Rings* was just four volumes of sexual sublimation, anyhow???

The only use I've ever found for LotR and JRRT is as an

example of one particular style of writing. To me, JRRT is the pure explicit writer. He uses pure English and says exactly what he wants the reader to think.

As a contrast T S Elliot is the pure implicit writer. He uses impure allusion-riddled English and writes what he thinks and hopes will trigger off the correct, or anyhow powerful, trains of thought in the reader's mind.

Tolkien uses words as bricks; Elliot uses them as keys. Depends what you want, really. Me? I guess I'll stick to Micky Spillane. Now there's a writer; if he wants to make you sick, he damn well makes you.

ROY TACKETT

Ed says he is primarily a Tolkien fan and that is apparent from the contents of this issue. I can weed out half the issue by ignoring all the verbiage about Tolkien and the Rings. I have read LotR once, for entertainment, which is the primary reason I read any fiction. Certainly Tolkien has written a marvelous story but I simply cannot see the word by word analysis and interpretation that is being attempted on the story. This is not, of course, anything new as the ERB fans and the Sherlockians and others have all done the same thing.

In Men... particularly in the short preface, Marion Bradley reminds me muchly of Astra Zimmer. Let's explore this a bit further.

An "adult" movie generally means the film is a skin show. Publishers, being cut from the same cloth, have carried this over to the written word so that a story blurbed as "adult" means one loaded with graphic sex. It carries on to stf -- "adult" stf means sexed up stf. The term is, of course, double-think inasmuch as spelled-out sex in book form is really juvenile. The mature adult doesn't have to have it spelled out for him. Stf situation: brilliant young scientist and beautiful female assistant are hard at work developing the inter-spatial, extra-temporal blivit. Adult assumption: brilliant young scientist is going to tumble beautifully female assistant at regular intervals -- outside of working hours -- it being the natural thing to do. This is granted and has nothing to do with the development of the blivit which is what the story is about. The immature, however, cannot accept this and let it go at that. For them the development of the blivit is secondary to the scientist tumbling the assistant. Like, man, who gets kicks from a blivit? Besides they don't know what a blivit is and wouldn't understand it if they did.

BEN SOLON

I found little enough to disagree with in Marion Bradley's analysis of LotR; I am, however, going to take exception to her opinion of why the Tolkien books have such "vast appeal." She says, "The young no longer grow up with a mental powerhouse of Gods, heroes and demons to use as foci for their latent emotions. Yet these images lie... at the back of most human thought. For those... who have spent an almost fantasyless childhood, Tolkien's books have an immense emotional power to mobilize these dormant archetypes of the psyche."

Frankly, I doubt it.

Few children -- other than fan-type children, of course -- read LotR; 1036 pages is a lot of book for most children to delve into; it takes someone with an adult's powers of concentration to follow the twists and turns of the plots and sub-plots running thru tLotR. It's an adult book; albeit one that children can enjoy -- even if they can't comprehend portions of it. And by the time an individual is old enough to read and comprehend tLotR, he will (hopefully) have outgrown the need for a mental powerhouse of Gods, heroes and demons to use as foci for [his] emotions, and will be able to accept -- or reject -- a story on its own merits.

Personally, I think the reason for tLotR's "vast appeal" is simply the fact that it's a rattling good story, well told. In these days when an author's "m*e*s*s*a*g*e" has become more important than the vehicle for that message, when Significance has become more important than story-telling ability, it is refreshing to find one that is simply a story told for the sake of

the telling.

DON MARTIN

I finally did locate that article that I'd paraphrased from memory. It was by Phyllis Meras, in the Feb 6, 1966 Providence [R.I.] Journal. The last 3 paragraphs are (Tolkien speaking):

"I think if I had not been born a Christian, I would have been a tree worshiper. I have always had a theory that a man isn't the same on the top of a hill as in a wood. You can see that in The Lord of the Rings, I suppose. I know that I'm not the same person, for example, on the top of a hill as at the bottom. I may not even act the same way."

Are there more Tolkien tales in the offing? The father of the Hobbits shook his head. "I'm doing all of the things now that I ought to have been doing in the 14 good years I was writing the Rings," he said.

Namely, he has abandoned Middle Earth for Middle English and is preparing new editions of the 14th century romance of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight and the mystical poem, the Pearl.

My one complaint on the [MZB] article is the fact that, in the gushing letter she quotes on page 43, four fantasy authors are mentioned, all of whom she later says are second or third rate. Now, I'd be the first to agree on Burroughs, but certainly not the others. Odd John and Sirius are a pair of excellent novels, although Stapledon's more sweeping works do not appeal to me. Not everyone likes horror stories, and some of HPL's work was poor, but he certainly wrote some effective stories. As for Merritt, I consider him one of the true greats in the field. Certainly such novels as Ship of Ishtar, Creep Shadow & Conquest of the Moon Pool are 1st rate. Merritt's characterization may not have been great, but his vivid imagination transferred itself very well onto the printed page.

DAINIS BISENIEKS

Ed, in your remarks accompanying the glossary, p. 17, you mean epithets, not epitaphs. An epithet is, like, Morgul-rats, which for some silly reason is in the Ballantine index; an epitaph is, like, Snowmanes.

And on the subject of spelling and such, Tolkien's full name, as I copied it from Who's Who, is John Ronald Reuel Tolkien, not as in the footnote on page 27. The Library of Congress, in its printed catalogue cards for LotR (and maybe earlier; I haven't checked), made it Renel and has spelled it that way ever since. I should take Who's Who to be authoritative: it's revised every year. By the way, the same authority gives January 3, 1892, as his birth date; anybody for sending him a greeting on his 75th birthday?

MZB's piece was as I remembered it, a first-rate work of criticism: really the best defense of LotR that I know of. I think it's a bloody waste that writing as good as this should be circulated only within fandom. The world needs you, Marion! Though perhaps not so much to refute Edmund Wilson's criticism, which I think refutes itself. In other words, it reveals that the man has a blind spot. So, for example, he finds Max Beer-holm's Zuleika Dobson incredible. (See the feature article on that book in NY Review of Books earlier this year.) Confronted with a work of fantasy, he cannot suspend his disbelief.

PROF. R A ZIMBARDO

A colleague of mine and I are co-editing a book of essays on Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings. We would like to include in it Marion Zimmer Bradley's Men, Halflings and Hero Worship which appeared in NIEKAS. I should like your permission to reprint the article, and I should be very grateful for Mrs. Bradley's address, if you have it, so that I can get personal as well as editorial permission to reprint. Thank you for whatever help you can give me.

ALEXEI PANSHIN

The letter commenting on the Ballantine Tolkien covers

as separate bits of art struck me as strange. I've had the hardcover editions since they were first published so I've barely examined the two paperback sets, but it was apparent to me at one glance -- perhaps because the books were arranged so that it was obvious -- that all four Ballantine covers show one continuous scene, they fit together in one picture. I don't see how you can consider them as separate works.

John Boardman's comment on the relative consistency of Poul Anderson's actions as an individual and the morals of Nicholas van Rijn struck me as irrelevant. But there is certainly consistency between Anderson's position here and the general attitude of his fiction, if you have to test the relationships. Anderson's general position in his fiction is that men are responsible for their conduct and that it is preferable to have men responsible than governments. But this means that men must be responsible. If you don't want to depend on governments to legislate morality, you have to make moral decisions, you have to exercise your personal sense of responsibility. This applies in two ways to the Ace quarrel. He thought Ace did not exercise moral responsibility (legal questions aside) and he exercised his own sense of responsibility in not doing business with them. I suspect that politically I am closer to Boardman than I am to Anderson, but I found Boardman's whole letter struck me as screaming, not argument, and that prevented me from listening to him with any sympathy.

LIN CARTER

I enjoyed Jack Gaughan's bit on the Ace Tolkien covers: he forgot to mention that I posed for Gandalf on the cover of the first vol.

The most mature note in all the foofaraw over Big Bad Ace Books was struck by John Boardman in his letter on p. 80. You're right, John, where were all the up-in-arms idealists when Ace gave them those lovely [?!ERM] ERB titles? And where was #1 crusader Poul Anderson when Lancer lifted Candy off the top of the bestseller list? Why don't those same people, who are eager to castigate Wollheim in the name of JRRT, utter any complaint over Ace's editions of The Blind Spot and the other Homer Eon Flint things?

To be sincere, they must be consistent; and to be consistent ... well ... there are 16 editions of Treasure Island in print here in the States, and Stevenson's heirs or descendants are not getting a cent from all those bastard publishers (Heritage, Scribners, Doubleday, et al). The yarn was first published in 1861, but what difference does that make?! It's a matter of principle -- either you believe in the regulations covering public domain of literary properties, or (like P Anderson and other hotheads) you don't.

I believe that the only significant or talk-worthy thing about the Ace edition is the simple fact that if it hadn't been for Wollheim (or his boss, Wyn, rather, for I happen to know it was his decision, not Don's, to publish the Tolkien books) you chaps would still be paying \$15.00 to read it, instead of the \$2.25 Ace is charging. Think of how many of these Tolkien-struck college kids would be unable to afford the set, if Ace hadn't brought it within everybody's reach. (Minor correction: kindly, sweet-hearted old Houghton Mifflin just kicked the price up to \$5.95 per volume for the hardcover.)

and MARK WALSTED sent a long excerpt from the Benjamin Thorpe translation of the Elder Eddas. The section from the Volupsa tells of the creation of all the dwarves and lists their names; many are recognizable as being used by Tolkien, such as Durin and Gandalf.

A new issue of the TOLKIEN JOURNAL came out recently and as usual contains much of interest. The journal comes with membership in the Tolkien Society of America, \$1.50/year from Dick Plotz, Pennypacker 38, Harvard Ave, Cambridge Mass 021?? (The address in Brooklyn is his parents' and mail sent there will reach him eventually, also.)

Also, the fourth issue of I PALANTIR has just been published by Bruce Pelz (Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, LA Calif 90025) & is available for 25c. Well worth it! This is very infrequent (every 2nd year) so he doesn't take subs. ERM

PICKLED CONVICTS

DON LUNDRY

Your discussion on the use of criminals in the army happened to reach me at a most pertinent time...just as I started two weeks Army Reserve summer camp.

Now, during a spectacularly boring lecture, I'll try to get off a few comments. If a line of thought ceases abruptly, it will probably be due to some colonial with an overactive thyroid wandering about looking at my ambitious note taking.

In the past some judges have given youthful offenders the "option" of going in the Army in lieu of some other sentence. This has intrigued judges who perhaps recall how the Army made a man of them. They remember how they started in the Army as an immature kid and came out a mature adult. What they overlook is that they went in at 19 (or some other age), and came out two years later. In those two years, they got lots of exercise and came through different types of stress. Just from being two years older, they are more mature. The healthy exercise and the spirit of the fighting man, the Army imbues in you make a young person feel capable of meeting any challenge. Even if they don't feel this way when they get out, nostalgia lets them think they felt this way when they look back at it.

There are quite a few success stories of people who have been straightened out by the army. Usually the stories are about a person who was not basically bad but got into a few escapades. A hundred years ago these escapades might have been considered pranks, but in today's society such things as dumping empty whiskey bottles on the tee-totalers or minister's front lawn arouses indignation rather than laughter. But these people involved in such escapades encounter two things they have probably never encountered before. The most immediate thing is a very clearly delineated, authoritarian structure. The pecking order is very clearly defined to them. Associated with it is a very clearly defined system of punishment. Now, instead of parents who don't care what they do and a system of justice which is randomly harsh and lenient, they now have someone who cares for them. And oh boy, do they care! A person is made to realize, quite abruptly, that if he steps out of line for one instance he can expect instant and massive retaliation (to borrow a phrase). No longer does he have to prove anything to himself or his buddies since to do so can prove disastrous. Retribution will be swift and sure. So you will generally reform the chap who might have turned to crime, but you probably wouldn't touch the man whose attitude is definitely set towards crime. (Incidentally, these people are usually booted right out in 6-8 weeks with a "medical discharge" or a "released for the good of the service" discharge. The modern army doesn't want them.) Quick, before anyone gets the wrong idea, let me say that I'm not referring to Army life in general but to the initial basic training which sets the whole tone for the rest of the stay in the army.

Another factor to consider is the Army (Navy, etc) uniform. For the first time in their lives, they are told to dress neatly and take pride in what they wear. Uniformity of dress is required but uniformity in neatness is impossible to attain. They are encouraged to gloss their shoes and apply a brilliant polish to their brass, but as long as shoes are shined and brass is not yellow no one will object too violently. So each person is encouraged to be just a little neater than the others with shiny shoes, less wrinkles, etc all within the limits of the same uniform. The result is a pride in dress without resorting to the flamboyance of some wild colored or outlandish suit.

These are just a few rough thoughts which a lot of people will probably take exception to. Generally, the idea of taking criminals into warfare will work, but only with careful screening. The primary question is "Why are they criminals? And does the army have anything to offer them that will help towards reform?" It's a good idea, but not a universal panacea.

ROY TACKETT

What do you mean by Criminal, Felice? Speck's alleged slaughter of eight girls in Chicago is criminal...to set him

dancing on air would not be. Oswald's murder of Kennedy was criminal but who are the criminals in the murder of Oswald? Is Ruby the criminal? How about the publicity hungry police whose laxity permitted it? Is a numbers runner a criminal? How about a money lender? Are kids shooting craps in the back of a garage criminals? How about a real estate agent?

Well, all right, we'll stick to accepted criminals, gangsters, racketeers, and whatever. The answer to the question depends on the individuals I should think, though, that if we are considering the professional, if you want to call it that, criminal, yes, we would gain more than we'd lose. A pro is a pro no matter what the game and I've known some professional criminals in the military who were just as professional as soldiers as they were at their less legal civilian pursuits.

The problems that Steve Perrin envisions would come from the amateurs, the punks who think they are big shots. They would be of no more use to the military than they are to society in general.

The only way I can answer your question as to value of allowing criminals to volunteer is by asking myself would I feel that I could rely on them in the dill. A hardcore professional mobster, yes. A penny-ante street corner JD, no.

Ah me, we've reached the stage where we even have to be selective with our criminals.

JOHN BOSTON

I think the idea of using convicts in war is good, but I do not agree with Steve Perrin that convict soldiers should be segregated from the rest and specially guarded. Insofar as the individual is concerned the chief advantage of military service is the opportunity it provides for one to be recognized on his merits. Before all the embittered draftees in fandom jump on me, let me explain: unlikely as it may seem at first, the armed forces provide much greater opportunity for achievement, and certainly a higher standard of living, than civilian life for some elements of the population--notably the poor and racial minorities, as witness the enlistment rate of the Negro poor, considerably higher than that of whites. Now, the chief reason that so many convicts return to crime and eventually land back in jail is the way society treats them; many employers would sooner hire a leprous orc than an ex-con. Given the opportunity to be treated as all the other recruits are, many convicts could pull out of the criminal tailspin and take a place in society.

STEVE PERRIN

If I may continue to discuss the subject of convicts as soldiers, the point you [Felice] bring up about kids who were "straightened out" by being in the service is true enough. I've seen it myself, many times. I wasn't talking about them, however.

I was talking of the real cons, the ones who are up for major crimes, planned and carried out in their adult (theoretically) minds. These are men who have already crossed over the line. They aren't headed for a fall, they're fallen. In many cases, they've also been hooked (how's that for a change of metaphor?) by the wanting of the "easy way out." AWOL is a remarkably easy way out. [Wanna bet?--FR]

Sure, military service may give these types a "feel of success," but that's only if they give it a chance. The MPs would be still needed to make sure they availed themselves of the opportunity.

A SNOW JOB

JAMES SUHRER DORR

I have now read Ray Nelson's review of C P Snow's The Two Cultures in NIEKAS 15. It strikes me that it fails for the same reason that Snow's Rede Lecture failed: both take Snow far too seriously. If, though, it is looked upon as a sort of parody, an answer to Sir Charles in his own terms, it is rather in-

teresting (I happen to disagree with much of it -- partly because my 'literary culture' may not be the same as Ray's, I suppose) &, presumably, constitutes a legitimate reply. I, however, shall hold to my original thoughts -- in substance, what I had written down after reading NIEKAS 16 and before reading 15 -- & present them as as much a critique of Ray as of Sir Charles.

Snow's argument fails on two major points. The first, which, as Larry Janifer points out (NIEKAS 16), science-fiction fans should certainly recognize, is that two cultures simply do not exist as Snow sees them. Snow is, to be sure, only trying to simplify matters -- establish a convenient fiction -- for the sake of discussion, but he then goes on as if this convenient fiction were really fact.

This shifting causes some difficulty. Ed, you pointed out a real difference between science & technology in your comment, on Grania Davidson's letter, but, if we are to accept Snow's terms, technology is simply a sub-group of the scientific culture (see *The Two Cultures: and a Second Look*, New York, 1964, pp 64-65). A group more difficult to assimilate consists of the so-called social sciences which (lest one be tempted to say 'Oh, they're not sciences at all -- must be part of the literary culture') Snow himself is forced to say are 'becoming something like a third culture' (Snow, p. 67) although, to have his basic premise, he imagines this new culture as no more than a sort of bridge between the two he has already postulated.

Should one then put philosophy of science into this third bag? It was, remember, quite manifest in Britain long before the original Rede Lecture so Snow can hardly claim ignorance (as he does with the social sciences, they being phenomena found chiefly in far off America) as his excuse for not considering it. Is it science? Well yes, but, after all, it is philosophy...

Snow's real complaint must be against the increasing specialization in all branches of knowledge which, if one must talk of incommunicability among the highly educated in varying disciplines in terms of cultures, indicates far more than just two cultures. And this, indeed, is a real fact despite Snow's claim that

This attempt at excessive simplicity, the "two thousand and two cultures" school of thought, crops up whenever anyone makes a proposal which opens up a prospect, however distant, of new action. It involves a skill which all conservative functionaries are masters of, as they ingeniously protest the status quo; it is called the technique of the intricate defensive. (Snow, p. 64)

Brave words, these, but this excessive simplicity remains the fact and it would hardly do to condemn evidence as a 'conservative functionary' just because it refuses to support Snow's claim at prophecy.

Mike Ward, in his comparison of the foremost authority on the German dative with the leading investigator into the gravitational mass of the electron (& it would be quite fair to add, say, the foremost authority on the minor poems of Spenser) suggests a splitting along different lines -- let us say scholastic and non-scholastic cultures -- & the second major flaw in Snow's argument seems to bear this suggestion out.

C P Snow, you see, apparently does not know what the field of literature -- a rather complex field composed of research scholars and quite serious critics, as well as creative writers, as well as in reviewers and perpetual-undergraduate dilettantes, as well as matrons' tea circles that fancy they might try another best-seller this week, as well as quite a few other things -- is. What he seems to think it is is a sort of pop-culture which, when it impinges upon serious literature, may well deserve Mike's comparison to the Parisian dress designers who brought us the Sack, the balloon, et al. It is this mis-identification, I think, which has brought the wrath of true literary scholars down upon him for, according to F R Leavis in his Richmond Lecture, his 'literary culture' is something that those

1: Note that Snow has given no indication whatsoever as to what this new prospect is, how it is to be carried out, unless, as Ray says, it is 'for the literary intellectuals to stop acting so silly and swallow the scientific world-view whole.' Surely this cannot be right! Michael Yudkin, a bio-chemist at Cambridge at the time of Snow's Rede Lecture, suggests that it might be for scientists to read more Dickens (article in *Cambridge Review*, bound in the edition of Leavis cited below in my text) but then he (and I) cannot really see the point of it.

genuinely interested in literature can only regard with contempt and resolute hostility. Snow's literary intellectual is the enemy of art and life. (*Two Cultures: The Significance of C P Snow*, New York, 1963, p. 35.)

Snow says, in his 'Second Look' defense, that he had at one time thought of calling his Rede Lecture 'The Rich and the Poor' and, he adds, he rather wishes that he hadn't changed his mind (Snow, p. 74). I rather wish that he hadn't too because he then might have avoided the temptation to stray from what seems the only valid point of his lecture -- the observation that technology can, and perhaps should, be used to raise standards of living all over the world. If, in so doing, he had struck some response among more humanistically oriented scholars, he might have received some of the guidance that you, Felice, feel the philosophers should be offering science (I am not entirely sure that some of this guidance is not already available).

Snow, however, is not asking for guidance, but rather asking to be guided himself. When he is offered advice his reaction is to shove it aside in the most cavalier manner.

Man doesn't live by bread alone -- yes, that has been said often enough in the course of these discussions. It has been said occasionally with a lack of imagination, a provincialism, that makes the mind boggle: for it is not a remark that one of us in the western world can casually address to most Asians....

But, though our perception may be dim, it isn't dim enough to obscure one truth: that one mustn't despise the elemental needs, when one has been granted them and others have not. To do so is not to display one's superior spirituality. It is simply to be inhuman, or more exactly antihuman.

(Snow, pp 73-4)

Leavis, however, if Snow was attempting to answer Leavis, was certainly not despising the elemental needs.

Don't mistake me. I am not preaching that we should defy, or try to reverse, the accelerating movement of external civilization (the phrase sufficiently explains itself, I hope) that is determined by advancing technology. Nor am I suggesting that Snow, in so far as he is advocating improvements in scientific education, is wrong (I suspect he isn't very original). What I am saying is that such a concern is not enough -- disastrously not enough.

(Leavis, p. 45)

Snow's position is that we must fill our bellies today and, if we get around to it, we might worry about human values sometime in the future while Leavis feels that both beliefs and values must be attended to now; Leavis at least senses that our intellectual society must work as a whole -- realizing that the members of one particular part of this society will be concerned with different aspects of a problem than those members of another part -- while Snow, not understanding his literary colleagues, seems to refuse to work with them unless they agree to put down whatever they might be doing and play the game his way. Although Leavis, in his attack on Snow, is hardly playing the White Knight, I do feel that Snow is the true villain: insofar as there are difficulties in communication between highly specialized fields -- and there are many -- one can hardly expect to improve the situation by setting his own group up as The Most Important Of All and using this artificial height as a platform for dropping mud on the others. And while there are difficulties these have not, after all, proved insurmountable as yet -- despite Snow's efforts at raising artificial barriers.

2: Leavis does strike somewhat below the belt by going on to cite Snow as a specific example of the inadequacy of an approach to the world that is blind to art. I suspect that Leavis is quite right in doing so.

ROGER CLEGG

I presume that Ray Nelson's article on the two cultures was thoroughly and efficiently demolished in NIEKAS 16, but as a South African I have something to say that may not have been said by your other readers.

There is unfortunately a good deal of anti-Americanism

in the poor countries of the world. This is usually totally unjustified and motivated mainly by the fact that the U S A is the richest country in the world -- the poor always spit at the rich. Since the U S A will remain the richest country for the indefinite future, anti-Americanism is just something that Americans will have to learn to live with. But there is no reason to make the situation worse by providing reasons for detesting America. After reading Ray Nelson's article I was glad for the first time that NIEKAS is an obscure magazine, with virtually no subscribers in the underdeveloped world. I hate to think of how the average African would react to the statement that what he needed was religion and faith instead of a full stomach. Parts of Nelson's article reminded me irresistibly of Dr. Verwoerd preaching (with total lack of success) the virtues of tribal life to the Africans. (Although this comparison is unfair to Verwoerd who at least recognises the necessity of full stomachs, good doctors and flush toilets.) This kind of sanctimonious cant is bad enough when it comes from a Nationalist politician; when it comes from a smug, self-righteous, well-fed American who has obviously never seen a famine in his life and who styles himself a literary intellectual, it is the sort of thing that makes mobs attack US embassies.

One wonders how such a literary intellectual would have reacted if he had been in Bechuanaland during the famine last summer. Nobody died, but this was due entirely to the scientific revolution which Nelson so despises; in the old days at least 80% of the population would have starved to death. One gathers from the article that such a literary intellectual would have denounced the famine relief workers and preached the virtues of "faith, detachment, a tragic sense of life... even a sense of the absurd." And if the Bechuanas decided that the best use for such an intellectual would be to put him in the stewpot, I for one would sympathize with them.

I am probably being unfair. I doubt very much whether Nelson is as inhuman as the article makes him appear; probably he is just totally lacking in the sort of sensitivity and sympathy which would be necessary for him to put himself in the place of someone whose family was starving, or dying of an epidemic caused by the lack of the good doctors and flush toilets he so despises. A tragic sense of life is small compensation in such a situation.

It may be, of course, that "literary intellectuals" don't realise that famines and epidemics still occur in Africa. (Although if they think these no longer exist, we might ask whether they think it is the scientists or themselves who were responsible for the eradication.) If such statements about the poor people's preference for their traditional way of life are any indication the intellectuals are certainly incredibly ignorant about Africa. These views are the same sort of parody of reality as those of the African who thinks that America is inhabited by cowboys, sheriffs and Red Indians. In an African this sort of ignorance is excuseable; in a self-styled literary intellectual who presumes to tell us what poor people prefer, it is not.

I hope that I have not seemed to be attacking literary intellectuals in general. I do not regard myself as either a literary intellectual or a scientist, but most of my friends are literary intellectuals. The one point on which I agree with Nelson is that science and the arts are complementary.

[NOTE: the above was drastically censored before publication, and might appear a bit erratic as a result. ERM]

ROY TACKETT

Since I am neither a literary-intellectual nor a scientific-intellectual, but only an observer who doesn't want to get himself involved in the wider aspects, I will comment only as the discussion pertains to stf. The decline in the quality of science-fiction has taken place since the discovery of our literary backwater by the literary-intellectual and the departure from the field of the scientific-intellectual. Literary-intellectuals, unfortunately, are, more often than not, neither literary nor intellectual.

STEVE PERRIN, I guess... the bloody idiots who don't put their names on the letter... mumble... 70-β mutter...

Taking anthropology gives one some whole new ideas on things said in fan articles. Boardman's little discussion of Australian aborigines recognizing each other as clan members during battle is all very well, except that the aboes don't fight among themselves. They have no reason to fight, because each tribe's land is so tied up with the tribe that even if a tribe died out another wouldn't move into their territory, simply because spiritually as well as physically the land is the tribe's. However, the clan setup is there.

Also, when this comes up with other primitives, it usually doesn't mean a thing. Unless it is a battle of lineages, in which the subject just doesn't apply because the lineage is the clan, village or locality loyalty means far more than clan loyalty, and they cheerfully cut another clan member's throat, if he's of another village or locality. Then again, most native warfare anywhere is a matter of ambushes and assassinations. The object of primitive warfare is to not get hurt. Plains primitives are an exception largely because a true ambush is a lot harder to pull off, and they still are guerillas, not regulars.

Strikes me that these Mysteries are largely derived from the usually matrilineal clans of the primitives, but I'm sure the members thereof would be in high dudgeon at the idea.

An interesting writer to read in view of these thoughts is Robert Graves, of Watch the Northwind Rise and Hercules My Shipmate. His stuff (or at least these two books) revolves around the Triple Goddess which he claims comes before the Gods of man. A theory many others hold, for that matter. Both are wild books, though I haven't finished the latter yet. I think Vardis Fisher also follows the theory of the historical priority of the Goddess.

However, I think Boardman has the right idea and conclusions.

As a matter of fact, it is true that several tribes have refused to have anything to do with the white man's culture. They are dead and dying because they couldn't adapt. Others, like the Zuni, have gone through what is called an "antagonistic acculturation," learning enough of white ways to survive and still keeping their culture pure. These are small, out of the way, groups. And then there's the example of "high steel" Mohawks. Has anyone tried to bring modern civilization to the Lapps?

Also, the people who tend to reject scientific civilization may very well do so because they have a firmly organized culture already, and don't need science. This, again, is the Zuni people. Being entirely wrapped up in their religion, and totally group oriented, they have no real need of a globe-spanning awareness and technology. They already have a civilization, what more do they need? The Kullocks were slaughtered because the Commissars charged in and said "thou shalt" rather than, "Look what you can do with this." They naturally got their hackles up, and the Communists slaughtered them. Political, not technological. Primitives with unsatisfactory cultures do want to embrace the scientific revolution, largely to their sorrow, but they want it.

Perhaps if Nelson's literary intellectuals were more aware of what's happening in science, we'd have a lot better chance of surviving.

And you know, it strikes me that Ray's argument, and my argument, and I suppose Snow's argument though I haven't read the book, go entirely too far in assuming that a rapport between science and literature would win the world. I really can't see the politicians in either camp, and what about those poor downtrodden masses both seem to toss about? I feel that literati should know at least as much about science as the scientists know of their subject for if they feel it's unnecessary, it strikes me they're really saying that literature and writing and just plain creativity is not worth the studying and doing. The scientist is saying that there are two important fields, both worthy of study, while the "intellectual" feels that science is a field, impossible to study and not worth it, and insults his own field in the process. We are in a scientific age, and those who chronicle it must know what's happening, rather than make in-

spired guesses from Sunday suppliments.

JOHN BOSTON

Only Felice & Ed show any great appreciation of what it is he is attacking or defending. My dictionary says science is "Knowledge obtained by study and practice and gives its derivation from the Latin to know. Science is nothing but reason applied to man's environment, and man suffers not from an excess of science but from its lack. He has applied scientific methodology -- which amounts to looking for evidence before believing, and believing the theory supported by the best evidence -- to the physical world but not to the humanities. There anyone who can read can hold his own little opinion and build up his own socio-economic system independent of anyone else. Much of the literary intellectual's distaste for science stems from the ignorance of it, the difficulty of learning it, and the fact that if an idea is wrong it is wrong -- now and forever, without regard for anyone's opinion. Example: Ptolemaic astronomy is dead as the dinosaurs, along with almost all medieval science. On the other hand, medieval philosophy seems to be still with us; where the evils of the world were once blamed on Satan (or God -- divine and infernal agencies sometimes seemed interchangeable) they are now blamed on science by the ignorant. Scientists did the work that made the atomic bomb possible (also cancer research; also practical space flight, the good Congress willing; also atomic power when the coal and oil run out); but who directed the building of the bombs and their disposition? The political leaders of humanity. So what do we have now? France and China polluting the atmosphere with nationalistic fireworks, Israel declaring it must have a nuclear defense against Jordan (or is it the other way around?) We won't mention the US and the Soviet Union. That is the problem -- politicians, not scientists, thinking with their glands, not their brains. Science ultimately is a method -- a method of determining facts by deduction from other facts; and the attitude of science is applicable to any field of human endeavor. If it doesn't work, throw it away. That maxim is applied to some extent in the field of economics, because people put money ahead of principles; they were perfectly willing to throw out the doctrines of laissez-faire capitalism after being almost ruined by them in the Depression and being pulled out of their hole by mild socialism. Likewise the Russians have not paid more than lip service to the doctrines of Communism as revealed by Marx because it doesn't feed them. So what do we have in both countries? Pedestalled Principles thrown out because they don't work. Now, if principles were subject to the same pragmatic scrutiny, limited and reluctant as it is, in other fields, just as a scientific theory is target for the scrutiny and examination of all interested investigators, our social, moral, religious, and governmental theories and practices would be much saner. That's the methodology of science. It's the best tool we have. Let's use it.

Another point of controversy between the sciences and the literary set is that much current literature is dedicated to the proposition that life is meaningless -- "absurd" is the term used -- and that man is a pawn in the hands of environment; one of our most respected -- or, at least, well-known -- literary critics, Leslie Fiedler, has stated that the only valid novel form today is the black comedy, which could be described as an absurd book about an absurd world. This is not derogatory; Kurt Vonnegut, one of my favorite writers, specializes in this. Here in the person of the scientist we have a man who says that for him at least there is a purpose, and whose lifework is understanding and manipulating his environment. No wonder he incurs the wrath of the proponents of absurdity.

ED MESKYS

Looking over the above I feel some people are losing the point of the discussion. It is an observed fact that many in the arts are proud of their ignorance of the sciences. You can even find this among the science fiction writers, the last place I would think of looking. See, for example, the back cover of... I think it was The Girls From Planet Five. . . published by Bal-

antine Books some 10 years ago. (My copy is in NY & I don't remember the author or exact title.)

Despite what Snow says in his book, virtually every scientist I know is interested in music, literature, the theater, etc. For a time I thought Snow might be speaking of engineers but I asked several, here and in England, and found that they, too, have these interests. Naturally the scientists feel somewhat irritated by these airs of snobbery on the part of the literati, but their nose isn't clean either. Mathematicians look down on physicists as dirty, applied grubbers, while the physicists accuse the mathematicians of living in an impractical ivory tower. The same relationship exists between the physicists and engineers. And I wouldn't be surprised if it also existed between the engineers and the technicians and practical builders of the things designed by them. Usually this is merely a friendly rivalry and takes the form of insulting jokes over a beer after work, but occasionally the insults are meant seriously. (This, generally, is due to a jealousy of an imagined prestige.) Also, some mathematicians are proud of the fact that they don't know how to do arithmetic, and some theoretical physicists that they can't handle a soldering iron. As if one could ever justify pride of ignorance!

Anyhow, Snow was in both camps and noticed this lack of appreciation for science and claimed to notice a reciprocal one. I can't imagine where he found it, but let us say for the purpose of argument that he did. This, I feel, is his main point.

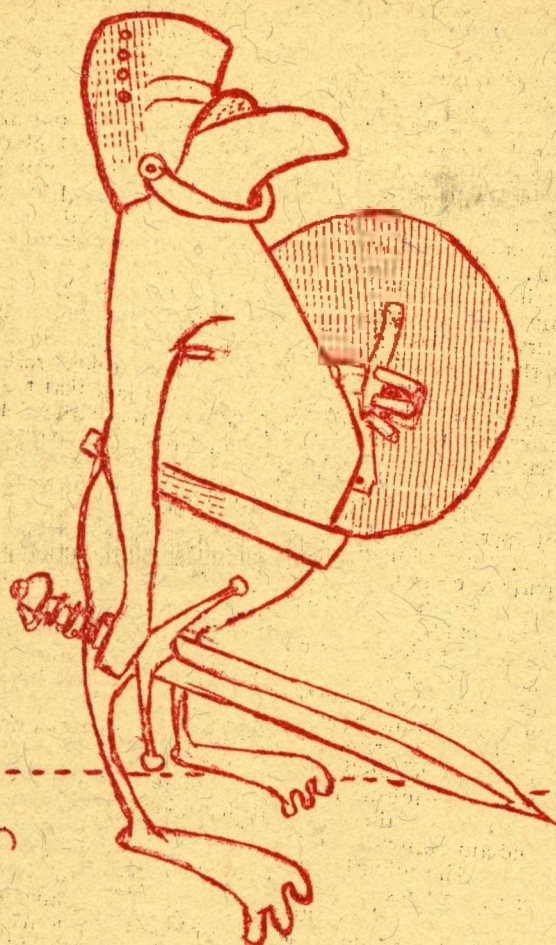
Now a lot of silly verbiage has poured forth from people who should have known better, and I refer to the books and magazine articles. Dorr pointed out a misunderstanding of the nature of the other camp by the scientists. This would, quite naturally, lead to antagonism on the part of the literati. But really, just what IS the nature of the field? I just finished reading C S Lewis' An Experiment in Criticism and I gather that there is considerable faddishness in the field and debate over the nature of criticism and even the reason for reading literature! I will be the first to admit that I know little about this field and am curious as to how this book was received.

The scientists have an apparent advantage for literature, or at least just knowing how to read, is a part of our culture. But the literati have studied literature for many years, in college and then in graduate school, which given them a tremendous advantage. They practiced dissecting works for their meaning under a watchful mentor, studied history of ideas and influences, and learned powerful techniques of analysis. I suspect that if I were to walk into the middle of a 3rd year graduate course in some field of literature and listen to a random lecture I would feel about the same way as one of the students there would feel were he to go into a lecture on general relativity where the lecturer was calculating the gravitational red shift with tensor calculus. This was really brought home to me recently when Diana, Molly & Eric visited for a weekend [See Bumbejimas] and on several occasions got into rather excited discussions of certain films or novels.

This issue several people mentioned and sneered at the current fad for the absurd. On the surface this doesn't seem to be worth serious consideration, but then I am an outsider and do not understand it. Outsiders who know nothing of physics can look with equal contempt on some of the more esoteric things discussed by the physicist: a body moving to the right when pulled to the left [negative mass interpretation of positrons]; things being in two places at the same time [electron diffraction]; two things being in the same place at the same time [Tunneling model of Alpha-decay]; $1/2 + 1/2$ being $4/5$ [relativistic addition of velocities], and the like. Physics is getting more and more esoteric, especially branches like Quantum Field Theory where the results can only be described mathematically and it is impossible to form a mental picture or model of what is happening. The mathematics might give the right answer, the outsider will say with justification, but aren't the scientists going too far with their esoteric abstractions? And don't many of the things discussed violate common sense?

-o0o-

The main topic at the annual conference of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society will be SF And the Two Cultures. I don't know whether I'll be able to go, but if not I'll try to get a report for NIEKAS. It's being held Nov 12 & 13.



Third, while The Star Fox does admittedly contain some propaganda, it is of a rather general nature, to the effect that implacable enmities do arise from time to time and had better be dealt with early. In this yarn, the enemy is not a caricature of the Communists; I've known far too many Communists myself, and anyway it would have been a cheap trick. So I went to some trouble to make him as non-human as I was able. True, in the magazine version his culture called itself the Great Society. But this was written before the 1964 election and the launching of that particular slogan. In the book version, I changed it to the Final Society for the precise purpose of avoiding any reference to current domestic politics.

Nor is my picture of the militant pacifist a caricature. It was drawn from contemporary life. Of course, I do not refer to the majority of those people who believe war must be avoided at any cost whatsoever. They are perfectly decent sorts, and in fact I was careful to make one like that a major character. I refer to the fanatic. Look around and you'll see him. A friend of mine still carries a scar from a wound inflicted by one of that ilk who heard him talking. Or consider Bertrand Russell's contempt for truth and logic, beautifully displayed in his correspondence with John Fischer as published in Harper's two or three years ago.

What is propaganda, anyway? Is it not simply the advocacy of a viewpoint and the attempt to convince other people that this viewpoint is right? Much propaganda does consist of lies. But much, also, amounts to nothing more than a writer or speaker reporting the facts as he sees them, as honestly as he can. In my own case, I don't recall that anyone objected to the anti-McCarthyism in Sam Hall or the internationalism in Un-Man. (Views which I still hold, by the way; I have merely gone on to examine some of the complexities involved in approaching such ideals.) It seems to be a matter of whose ox is being gored.

All in all, Boardman should stick to areas he knows about, like physics or Conan.

POUL ANDERSON 3 Las Palomas Orinda Calif 94563

Dear Ed, Experience has taught most of us the futility of arguing with John Boardman, but at least the record can be set straight as regards certain personal allegations made by him. I'll try to keep this short, finding myself a dull subject, but a certain length and incidence of the vertical pronoun is inevitable.

Let us just take his letter point by point. First, I resent his innuendo that I wrote Thermonuclear Warfare as a ticker of admission to C. Wright Mills' power elite. I resent it on two counts. (a) The fact is that I was simply calling my shots as I saw them, on a matter too important for veniality. Anyone is free to disagree with my conclusions, but how about keeping disagreement within the bounds of common courtesy? (As Linus Pauling, for instance, did.) Then, (b) I am annoyed at being called paranoid enough to take Mills seriously. Besides, no 'power elite' ever approached me, before or after the book was written. No such luck.

Second, Boardman seems to think that I regard Nick van Rijn as a glorified version of myself, and approve of everything the old bastard does. On the contrary, he's about as unlike me as possible. Boardman has fallen into the common error of confusing the author with his characters. So Stevenson was identical with Long John Silver?

The idea behind the series is simply that, under certain circumstances, unfettered capitalism may return in the future. I never said this would be good or bad, only that it might happen. Given such an assumption, it follows that people will think and act quite differently from us citizens of a nascent welfare state.

It might be added that van Rijn and his cohorts are not literally ruthless, but have a certain rough-and-ready ethic. See the stories for evidence. It might also be noted that, in this particular future history, the Palesotechnic League finally disintegrated through its own shortcomings and, after a time of troubles, is followed by the Empire in whose old age Dominic Flendry has his misadventures. If there is any thesis at all behind this, it is

LAIŠKAI

With no resentment whatsoever (she's a good friend, and besides, she's pretty), I must also express some surprise at Felice's characterization of me as "consistently Rightist." I don't think those words "Right" and "Left" refer to anything real. Jerry Pournelle's two-dimensional representation of the various schools of political thought, where the axes are rationalism and authoritarianism, makes sense, though doubtless the problem is much more complex than that.

Me, I'm a very moderate chap: who likes the idea of individual liberty but is not rabidly against all authority; who believes that human reason exists to be used, but at the same time recognizes -- through study, experience, and reason itself -- that man is essentially a creature of emotion and that most of our problems do not have neat logical solutions.

Nuff said. What started out to be a small corrective has become a long and probably boring lecture.

Very fine issue otherwise. Too bad you weren't at the Westercon. However, you did escape the, uh, urkh, banquet. Hope to see you in Cleveland, if not before. Cheers,

Poul

DIANA L PAXSON

To whom it may concern, especially Bob Irving, I feel I ought to say something about that backcover illo, since so many people disliked it. (On the other hand, at least they noticed it.) Anyway, Dear Bob -- do you mean the Morgul Vale impressed you but without effect (to no end) or that it impressed you endlessly (no end). My vanity makes me hope for the latter, since I am rather proud of that piece. As for the back cover... To a point, I will agree with you. I originally drew that one in pencil, and the intensification of values caused by using ink and sticky dots instead did something rather drastic to the effect. Sticky dots can be used -- in the ship illo on the folio for instance --, but not substituted. And to Dainis Bisenieks I will say *mea culpa!* There is one extra hobbit in the picture, whom I have just erased from the original. Anybody else catch that? On the other hand, Bob, you seem to be thinking of LOTR I:111 (Ballantine), while I had I:129 in mind, viz. They all looked, and on the edge high above them they saw against the sky a horse standing. That was in the daytime. As for their looking like hobbits, as I said, I'm not entirely happy with that illo. The drawing on p. 17 of that issue is closer to my ideal, but I am still open to suggestion. If any two people will agree on hobbit physiognomy and anatomy and tell me I will be delighted. For instance, how close does Ross Chamberlain's drawing on p. 25 come to most people's concepts?

Oh yes--the technique of using dots might be called pointilistic, pointilism per se is Seurat's method of painting with dots of pure bright color.

Lastish Archie Mercer said he thought "Patterns" was a rather dull title for the column. Any suggestions Archie? "Patterns" was of course the obvious title for the first essay, and with the vague feeling that the concept expressed something of my interpretation of life I let it stay. I am rather uninspired about names. I spent my childhood making up exotic equine names like Rosedawn and Maleficent, but when I finally got a horse I named her Golden Girl (which was at least better than Morning Glory the name she came with). I also had a cat with the unusual name Tommy (although a few epithets like "King John", "Krushchev" etc. were added when I got to know him better). Perhaps I will think up something incomprehensible in Amharic.... That is if I finally get to Ethiopia and get anything written after I get there. I am leaving a year's supply with Ed. After that there may be a series on Ethiopian culture (Did you know the old capital was called Gondor?), or else may temporarily gaffiate.

RUTH BERMAN 5620 Edgewater Blvd Minneapolis Minn 55417

Dear Felice, "Mayhem House," and Diana's accompanying Stonehenge cartoons are delightful. Did you know that E. Nesbit had one of her children's stories take place in Stonehenge (it was a short story, of course -- you couldn't very well set a whole novel in a non-wooden O)? She postulated it as a place of sun-worship built by a colony from Atlantis. Now that it's been sug-

*Well, Poul, you're certainly right of Boardman! (Yes, I know that's no excuse.) --FR

gested that it was built by Cretans (or in the style of, anyway), I wonder how long it'll be till someone writes a sword-and-sorcery story with --oh, for instance-- Theseus as the hero and taken with the other Athenian captives away from Crete to provide Vacation Amusement for evil King Minos, and the Labyrinth turns out to be Stonehenge. No? Would you believe Odysseus and his son, Telemachus, getting caught in a storm and blown to Britain and building Stonehenge to prove to those phlegmatic Beaker People that Odysseus really is as crafty as he's said to be? No? Well, would you believe Tros of Samothrace?

Nan Braude's Essence of Pun is very funny. Best, Ruth

CHARLIE & MARSHA BROWN 2078 Anthony Ave Bronx NY 10457

Dear Ed: The best thing in issue #16 was Marion Zimmer Bradley's article on Lord of the Rings. It struck me pretty much the same as John Brunner's article did. The two items are easily the best things NIEKAS has ever printed (even counting my own work).

The only trouble with trying to comment on it is that I can't find any flaws and can't think of anything to add to it. All I could do is praise it.

I wish you had skipped Dainis Bisenieks' article. I doubt very much if more than 20% of NIEKAS' readership is that fanatical about Tolkien. I can see the purpose of having a glossary of Tolkien because it is handy to be able to check names and places.

Good grief, is NIEKAS getting involved in an Italian fan feud?

I eagerly turned to Larry Janifer's column because you had told me that he was going to discuss little known books that would probably be of interest to fantasy fans. Dammit, he didn't say anything about the books he was supposedly discussing. I like articles about little known books but at least describe the book so I'll know if I'm interested or not! Just throwing out a title and saying read this automatically erases any thought I might have of reading it.

Please don't print short things like the one by Andre Norton but put them in the letter column. I refuse to comment on Carl Frederick.

While I [Marsha] think that the cover picture is very good technically, it unfortunately leaves me completely cold. It doesn't make me imagine anything or remind me of anything. The last cover, while not obviously science fictional or fantastic, had at least reminded me of lots of things I'd read.

I rather like the face-sketch by Jurgen Wolff on page 5. My opinion of Eney's captioned pictures is the same as my opinion of the ones he did in the Discon Proceedings: it's very clever, but why bother?

As for Ross Chamberlain's picture at the head of the Bradley article, the critters are not hobbits. If you were to put beards on them they would make fine dwarves. They were also too short. I would have thought Aragorn to have a more ascetic look. I don't know why but I pictured Arwen as being as tall as he was... I suppose it's because I'd always pictured Elves as always being very tall and slender. I like that part of the picture; it's just that they don't look like I'd supposed them.

Diana's ogre is just delightful, and Atom is Atom. I like the technique of Diana's night scene on the next to the last page very much. I would like to see more of it. I also just plain like the picture.

Tolkien fans might be interested in an article which recently appeared in Time. [About the middle of July--ERM] The description of the craze for Tolkien which has sprung up is quite good (including a description of the buttons) but the plot was summarized in one paragraph and was simplified practically out of recognition in spots.

I notice I wasn't given credit for having done the Proofing. Readers please note: I didn't proofread Bumbejimas and that's why it is the way it is.

[Sigh--not an issue seems to go by where we don't goof up at least one of the credits. ERM]

Au revoir,

Charlie & Marsha

HARRY WARNER, JR 423 Summit Ave Hagerstown Md 21740

Dear Felice: The last tournament sounds like fun and I hope that the title is a lie. But I wonder if the local tradition, also called tournament, is maintained in many other sections of the country? People around a little town a dozen miles east of Hagerstown still hold a tournament each year, the only local survivor of events that were once staged in almost every community around here a generation or two ago. It's not as interesting as it sounds because it consists almost solely of a contest to determine who is most skillful at spearing a small ring suspended from a piece of twine, while galloping at full speed aboard a horse. There are no costumes and there are very few other rituals except for a coronation ceremony in which the winner puts a garland or something on the head of whatever girl he chooses. The entrants give themselves fancy names, usually Knight of Something or Other, and the spectators just sit around getting sunburned and eating and gossiping. I was bored stiff the last time I attended the thing and yet I feel guilty when I skip the tournament each summer because it's probably going to be discontinued as soon as a few of the elderly persons who are so fond of it die off.

Alexei Panshin's little story was a delight to read except for a few unfortunate fancy spots in the writing that got in the way of the generally plain and rollicking syntax. There was a king who had two sons and they twins, for instance, or the compicatt young prince. Fortunately, these minor blemishes are mostly in the earliest stages of the story and they don't spoil the ending.

Harold Fischer sounds as if he's authoritative on the last few years, but he's astonishingly weak on the earlier years. I assume that he uses fantasy as a synonym for science fiction, so I won't complain about the omission of the enormous amount of fantastic fiction written during the 19th century romanticism in Germany. I'll even give him the benefit of the doubt and assume that he didn't want to cover fiction on the borderline between fantasy and science fiction, all the way from E T A Hoffman to Kafka. But what of those German science fiction stories that Gernsback published in the early 1930s in English translations? What about Bernhard Kellermann's *Der Tunnel*, which got published in 25 languages and was turned into a movie in this country? What of all the mainstream writers' famous science fiction novels that got translated into German and published in cheap editions during the 1950s? How about the book version of *Metropolis*? Or the German novel which got translated into English under the title *Contagion in this World*? There must be dozens or hundreds of other important German science fiction stories that should be mentioned. It's also too bad that he gave little information on the approximate quality of the German science fiction stories. The greatest series in the world, he says of the Perry Rhodan novels, but does this refer to quantity or to quality? I get the impression from German fanzines that they're approximately on the level of dear old Captain Future novels.

It's foolish to defend something that first appeared so many years ago. But I feel compelled to point out the obvious reason why the fanzine index that Harold Piser has reprinted is inaccurate and incomplete. Nobody is going to create a complete and accurate index covering all fanzines of all time, for the same reason that you can't climb out of a well if you slip three feet every time you ascend two feet. The more obscure publications are so elusive that even a full-time worker could not possibly track down the essential facts on all of them while still keeping up with the outpouring of new stuff. The same built-in trouble applies for dictionaries of slang or family trees. So criticism of fanzine indexes should be made with at least open acknowledgement of this situation, and strong rebukes only in the case of obvious faults that could have been remedied like the RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST situation. Despite its faults, I can't imagine any fan trying to get along without the Piser reprint, and I hope desperately that he succeeds in producing a new fanzine index at least as nearly complete and as nearly accurate as the Evans-Pavlat effort. Remember, it's now approximately as long since the E-P project as the time that elapsed from the first Swisher index to the E-P publication. If too much more time should pass without an updating of the index, the backlog of new publications

to be indexed might prove too formidable for anyone to cope with.

The use of fannish slang dictionaries by a neofan would spoil half of the fun of discovery, it seems to me. Few of us want to work crossword puzzles by using one of those dictionaries published for the purpose. Most fannish terms can be figured out easily either by the context in which they appear or by using the intellect on possible derivations, and it's always easy to ask someone else for help on those that resist solving immediately. Fandom certainly isn't as burdened with esoteric terms as the conversation that you'll hear when a few ardent baseball enthusiasts get together, yet it's easy to pick up comprehension of the special baseball terms just by going to a few games and keeping your eyes and ears open.

I feel as if I should take that vacation coming in the last week of August to travel to New York and warn Ed Meskys not to do it. I'm only a semi-ardent collector, but I've never yet thrown away anything without wishing I still had it, two or three months later. I still shudder when I think of how I destroyed some of the Ken Slater catalogs of fantasy material for sale. Now I've come around to the philosophy that as long as there are still a few cubic inches unoccupied in the house, it's best to save everything. If I drop dead, there will be plenty of people who won't feel pangs at throwing away the accumulation and I'll never know about it.

Tony Glynn must be Fandom's equivalent of the renaissance man, capable of doing almost anything and doing it superbly well. I think that his back cover stands out far above even the generally high level of art in this issue.

L SPRAGUE DE CAMP

Dear Ed: I was much impressed by MZ Bradley's analysis of the Rings. I think she is perhaps a little too hard on Tolkien's poetry, which I consider seldom really bad and occasionally good, even though he often uses an unvarying iambic tetrameter to the point of monotony. :: The first two volumes of Lancer Books' paperback series of R E Howard's Conan stories are now in print. Frank Frazetta is painting the covers. *Conan the Adventurer* is to be published Nov 22 & *Conan the Warrior* Dec 27. It is hoped that *Conan the Conqueror* will follow in Jan or Feb '67. [I understand that a half dozen or so Conan manuscripts were recently found among Howard's papers. Most are incomplete but will be finished by various people and included in the books. ERM]

Kaor, Sprague.

R CLEGG 16 Newlands Rd, Claremont, Cape, South Africa

Dear Felice, I finally received NIEKAS 15 two days ago. Why NIEKAS takes so long to get here I can't imagine. *Scientific American* takes only a month or so. Of course, *Scientific American* is mailed on the East Coast. So either it takes NIEKAS a month to get to the east coast, or your mail sorters in California think it would be quicker to send NIEKAS via the Far East, where little men in conical bamboo hats peer suspiciously at the address and send a memo to headquarters asking whether the post office has joined the Boycott Apartheid campaign and whether they should throw NIEKAS into the Irrawaddy or just send it back to California. A top level decision is made that NIEKAS should be deported on the next mailship, which unfortunately is on strike in Southampton Docks. A few months later a bedraggled NIEKAS arrives in Cape Town and is promptly sent to the Censorship Dept. because I'm a Subversive Student. After four censors have been totally baffled and a fifth has been sent to Valkenberg Mental Hospital for observation, NIEKAS is gingerly deposited in my mailbox and the cops strike me off their subversive list because I'm obviously mad.

I greatly enjoyed both Boardman's "We Happy Few" and (particularly) Ray Nelson's article on the Gnostics, which I found utterly absorbing. It's a great pity that, as Ed says, so few fans are interested in religion; I would like to see more articles on the subject.

[later]

Don't worry about censorship, Ed. The post office does open certain people's mail. (This is illegal, but of course one can't prove that they do it.) I don't think they're opening mine. And in any case, criticising the government isn't illegal. (80%

of the South African press is opposed to the Government, and there's still no trace of press censorship.)

Whether the cops have really got my name on a list somewhere I don't know. I think I've done more placard-holding than anyone else at the university, but for personal reasons I've tried (successfully, I think) to keep my name out of print.

As for Verwoerd's assassination, the only permanent effect has been that visitors to Parliament are more carefully screened. The country took the assassination very calmly. Sporting events were cancelled, the cinemas closed for a day, and the radio played some decent music for four days, but apart from that things went on as usual. I have always admired and liked the Afrikaners, despite my detestation of their nationalism; considering that Verwoerd was almost a god to them, they took the blow with great courage. One remarkable aspect of their reaction has been the complete absence of any anger towards the assassin, whom they seem to pity rather than hate.

And as for our new Prime Minister, the only consolation I can think of is that if he's assassinated, we'll have to get someone more reasonable. Yours, Roger Clegg

LAURENCE M JANIFER

Dear Felice: Grania Davidson's letter can neither be described nor commented upon.

Boardman's two can be, but my comments, and my description, could not legally be printed.

I'm not quite sure I see the force of Jack Gaughan's defense: is it that he did something he now feels to have been wrong, or that (within the professional world) right and wrong, in the sense required, do not exist?

And Astra (Zimmer) Bradley has done the impossible: written an article contra Edmund Wilson with which I disagree even more violently than I do with Wilson. All this depth...and no potatoes. Yrs., Larry

ARCHIE MERCER 1st FLOOR FLAT "ROSEHILL" 2 COTHAM PARK SOUTH BRISTOL 6 GB

Felice. On the first page, there's a mis-spelling that's sneaky-worth -- vagueries and vagaries.

I am, of course, a fandom-fan of a good many years' standing by now, so I can't take a frankly neoish look at the thing. Bay Area fandom is not one of those in whose minutiae I'm terrifically well-read, and even so I feel myself entirely at home in the ingroupishness to be found in NIEKAS. And as far as slanting the zine unmistakably in the direction of such weighty questions as those concerned with Messrs. Gilbert, Tolkien, & Sullivan is concerned although these fields of interest are not among those closest to my heart I know enough about the matters under discussion to be able to read with interest pretty well everything that's thrown at me via N's pages. So I, for one, would be very sorry to see N's personality watered down in any way.

"Patterns" clears up a minor mystery that had been haunting the establishment since a month or three back. One bit of it remains -- is Diana herself "Marynell Hodghead", or if not, who is? (NCT. Marynell Hodghead is Marynell Hodghead. FR Well, actually she's Marynell Thewlis now. ERM)

"They are swinging from the rafters like insane orangutans" is a glorious line in a piece of verse not much less glorious all told. This is part of N's personality. Nan's piece which follows is also well worth a long continuous chuckle.

Larry Janifer makes what looks like a fuggheaded statement almost at the end of his Fearing-thing. "I know," he says, "without any doubt whatsoever... that it will please you. That it will/would please anybody who might chance to peruse NIEKAS 16, somewhere, some time? I doubt if it'd please me, for a start, and his (Janifer's) air of cocksure certainty certainly doesn't.

Here's Janifer again [in Gineas], comparing Messrs. Boardman, Nelson & Meskys to the three well-known brothers Marx. I find myself unable to resist extending his analogy to include Zeppo, whom I equate with Larry himself. The point about Zeppo of course is that he's entirely redundant. When he's there, he's there, and big enough to be seen clearly by all. When he's not there, nobody even notices his absence.

Long may your kas niek.

Archie.

LIN CARTER

Hi Ed. I'm sorry to hear Ben Solon felt my Wizard of Lemuria and its sequel, Thongor of Lemuria, were "godawful" and sorry that Paul Moslander felt these first two novels of mine were "amateur fiction." Perhaps these gents will think more highly of my third novel, a sort of "sword and sorcery and spaceship" swash-buckler called The Star Magicians, just published by Ace. Or my 4th novel, straight science fiction this time, and with some things to say about the limits of patriotism and the citizen's higher obligation to rebel against a corrupt state, called The Man Without A Planet, which Ace will publish this December (unless Campbell decides to take it for a serial after all, in which case my agent will ask Ace to postpone till 1967).

Or my 5th novel, another s&s job out of Hanet Stories by way of Flash Gordon, called Tower at the Edge of Time, just contracted for by Belmont.

Or my 6th novel, a fairly serious fantasy about Atlantis called The Black Star, which Lancer has returned for some revisions.

Or my 7th nov -- but, no, Solon & Moslander probably won't like that one...it's called Thongor Against the Gods, and Ace is thinking it over right now.

I am glad, though, that Ben Solon thought my Dreams From Rlyeh in AMRA was quite well done for fan poetry. Arkham House, it seems, agrees, and we are discussing a hardcover edition now. (You will tell Bep, Ed, that it really isn't a sonnet but more properly called a sonnet sequence a la the Amoretti of Spenser, the Shakesperian sequence, Petrarch, George Meredith, etc?)

Say hello to my old Florida chum, Felice!

Happy magic, Lin

KEITH FREEMAN c/o Sgts. Mess RAF Gatow, BFPA 45 ENGL

Dear Felice & Ed, I liked the front cover illo when just glancing at it but the more detailed my inspection of it the worse it seems to get. What exactly I like and/or dislike about it I'm not sure. Having looked at it for 5 minutes and almost torn it up I'll turn to the back cover for light relief. As artwork I'm not qualified to judge (but watch me try) but as a picture I like it. Only thing, I'm still not sure whether NIEKAS is coming out of the bottle like a genie or whether it's a smoking bomb about to be placed under NIEKAS.

The last tournament I attended was in 1959 -- whitsun -- when a good part of the London Circle visited the Cheltenham Circle. We found the most dangerous weapon was a morningstar made with a hard ball, rope and handle. Once that got swinging it became dangerous to everyone including the wielder. My last memory of that occasion was on the following day, when a party of us went back to clear up. In front of the club-room, in the middle of a small patch of lawn, stood two silver shoes, stiffly at attention! As you might guess, the above occasion was held under the auspices of the Most Noble and Illustrious Order of St. Fantony. Nowadays though we hold no tourneys, keeping our strength to strike non-fen and fake-fen (eg those who don't seem to be able to enjoy themselves by any means except by acting as a wet blanket for everyone else).

DAINIS BISENIEKS 1033 Pomona Ann Arbor Mich 48103

Gentlebeings, Eney, you kill me. The last of the pix was the funniest, but maybe you will tell us where they came from? I recognize Socrates and Moses, but what are the other scenes? There must be more where these came from. Someday, we should get a whole book -- the counterpart in pictures to the Orcs Marching Song.

Ed: if you thought Hall's The Silent Language was good, don't fail to read his latest, The Hidden Dimension.

Amateur(ish) artwork in fanzines is almost always forgivable, but I am never happy with unsatisfactory pictures of Hobbits. Those on p. 25 look too old! They have receding hairlines, and the hair isn't curly. Also the feet -- I can't picture hair growing that far down the heels. Hmm...haven't got the books by me but in The Hobbit does it say something about the hair on Bilbo's heels being so oiled as he fled from Smaug? Even so. It don't look natural.

Sauron buttons? The perfect motto is, of course, BLACK POWER.

Finally, I don't know how Tolkien's verse from *Tom Bombadil* got misquoted in my factual article. That the breaks the scansion, as anyone can see. I'd swear it wasn't in my MS, which I haven't seen since I sent it to MZ Bradley several years ago. I would have made a few stylistic revisions if I'd had a chance to look it over once more. Dain

BEN SOLOM 3933 N. Janssen Chicago Ill 60613

Dear Felice: The Tricon was a blast. Of the NIEKAS crew, I met Ed and Carl Frederick, and renewed my acquaintance with Charlie & Marsha Brown; good people all of them.

Alexei Panshin's story is excellent; Bright Sam, Charming Ned add the Ogre has a certain charm about it -- something that is very rare in fanzine fiction. It is also noteworthy for the manner in which Panshin is able to make his point about the value of intelligence within the framework of the tale he is telling. All in all, an excellent item.

Dill Glass' rendering of Grond is somewhat better than Bill Reynolds' version, but it still lacks...something. Like movement. The entire scene is entirely too static. And I'm afraid I'm not very impressed by Glass' orcs; they look more like fanged Irishmen than anything else. [And what did you think orcs were, if not fanged Irishmen? ERM]

I'm rather reluctant to tell anyone what to do with their fanzine, but...the fold-outs you've been using have been for the most part, shall we say, uninspired. Certainly with the many good artists available in your areas (both NYC and the Bay Area seem to be blessed) you should be able to scare up more worthwhile foldouts. [Matter of fact we had been considering discontinuing the feature. We have several rather good drawings on hand, but nothing really spectacular...and I think the spectacular presentation should be reserved for spectacular artwork. How would we go to get a foldout of quality comparable with Jack Gaughan's in this issue...ERM]

Paul Moslander's review of *The Wizard of Lemuria* is somewhat irritating; certainly Lin Carter's pastiche of the Conan stories is more worthy of condemnation than it is of the half-praising damnation Moslander gives it. From where I stand, the fact that *Wizard* is amateur fiction should have automatically kept it from being professionally published. I have a Sneaking Suspicion (I keep it chained in the basement) that Lin Carter knows where *The Corpse Is Buried* in Don Wollheim's or A. A. Wyn's family -- there is no other way in which I can account for the professional publication of either *Wizard* or *Thongor of Lemuria*. [Actually I think stories of this type & quality are popular with the E. R. Burroughs fans and sell well--ERM]

Best wishes, Ben

RICK NORWOOD 111 Upperline Franklin La 70538

Dear Felice, I'd like to reopen the discussion of a definition for Sword & Sorcery from a few issues back. Charles Rein proposed any story set in any setting except the present or the real past that includes as an integral part of its plot one or both of the elements of the definition of the term.

By this definition the S&S category includes Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, Stoker's *Dracula* (both sorcery), Charles L. Harness' *The Paradox Men* (swords) and Randall Garrett's *Lord Darcy* series for *Analog* (both, and yet not an S&S story in tone and treatment). The definition also excludes any heroic story in which the hero happens to use an axe, pick, arrows, spear, mace, and knife but never a sword, and in which the sorcery is really a super-science; This hyperfalmic subterfugitizer enables me to turn you into a turnip.

Obviously the definition is much too narrow. It takes the term Sword & Sorcery too literally. I asked myself what the S & S stood for, as plot elements, and came up with the following definition, which somebody will undoubtedly tear apart in his turn.

An S & S story is a story set in a strange and wonderful land in which a hero fights valiantly, on his own initiative, and with his own skills and weapons, an enemy who can accomplish things which, in the light of the technology of the society in which the action takes place, are clearly impossible.

I think this definition takes care of the setting (fantastic), the characters (larger than life) and the pace (full of action). Also it avoids the pretense that there is any difference in kind between Conan (sword and sorcery), John Carter (sword and super-science) and Vance's *Big Planet* (spaceship and superscience).

[I wonder if there is any point to a definition of such a genre. It might be useful for someone who wants to read all of the fiction in this category, or read nothing else, but I expect few people have such desires. My tastes in heroic fantasy are quite limited, and I have little use for stories of Brak the Barbarian (what a wonderfully appropriate name the author has selected! at least he has no pretensions about the quality of his stuff) or John Carter. As is obvious from the pages of NIEKAS my tastes run to Tolkien, Pratt/de Camp (Shea stories, *Lest Darkness Fall*, etc.) del Rey (*Day of Giants*), Anderson (*Three Hearts & Three Lions*), Leiber (*Gather Darkness & Conjure Wife*, but I am beginning to lose my taste for the Fafrd stories), etc. ERM]

Youalls truly, Rick.

MIKE VIGGIANO 1834 Albany Ave Brooklyn NY 11210

Dear Felice: I think that Ed has pretty well succeeded in his aims for NIEKAS: it is unique in fandom. It is personality oriented in some sections, and strictly serious in others. It is more than one fanzine; yet these separate fanzines are woven together. I think that the greatest advantage of NIEKAS is that there is room to experiment, for instance the set of Envy illos in the current issue.

Andre Norton's article was interesting as far as it went; I wish however that she went into more detail in the problems of writing a sequel. The biggest advantage to the author, of course, is that series are profitable: once you have a sure winner you want to keep it going. One of the reasons I think I like science fiction and fantasy so much is the many series. And I think it is appropriate that the Hugo Committee has finally gotten around to giving an award for the Best All Round Series.

Ed Wood once again does a good job; he makes a review of something I have no intention of getting interesting. And he makes his reviews informative.

Forester's Hornblower novels are not good historical novels; what they are are good adventure novels. Once again the idea of the series character comes up. To like the novels you have to like (or identify with) Hornblower; it is something similar to the James Bond books. Ian Flemings' poorer books are still enjoyed by the JB fanatics because James Bond is in it. I think Fleming got tired of his hero, however. Arthur Conan Doyle admitted being tired of Sherlock Holmes, and he killed him off. Fleming knocked Bond off in *From Russia, With Love*. But a dirty green five-letter word brought these heroes back.

The thing about the Hornblower saga is that you actually see Hornblower grow, and proceed through life, first as a midshipman, and all the way up to Admiral. [Grow, or advance?ERM] And each promotion is due to his own merits, as he battles against ambitious colleagues who have contacts. Forester really writes a satire on the British navy, and its Articles of War, disciplines, etc. The Hornblower saga is not historical fiction but modern fiction. One guy against everyone else and everything else. Maybe it can't be called modern fiction either, because this guy generally succeeds.

This time the internal art award goes to Diana Paxson, with Tony Glynn getting an honorable mention for that terrific back cover. Mike

OSWALD JOHN ELLIFF, La Plata SF & Fsy Club, Calle 2-270, 2° La Plata (BA) Argentina

Dear Felice Rolfe (& Edmund too): I want to thank you for sending NIEKAS to our Club, which is no longer the La Plata Science Fiction Society for we have changed it to the La Plata Fantasy & Science Fiction Club, which we consider more appropriate.

I cannot tell you very much about Club activities. We have a library and try to get more books for it by getting some from friends and members and also by buying them from time to time. We meet once a month, have a conference twice a year, and go to the movies when some new horror, sf or fantasy film is exhibited. There is no real enthusiasm in this country for science fiction. We are just a small group of fans and do our best to increase our membership. Oswald.

OSWALD JOHN ELLIFF, La Plata SF & Fsy Club, Calle 2-270, 2° La Plata (BA) Argentina

B T JEEVES 30 Thompson Rd. Sheffield 11 England

Dear Ed, The cover was very good (but why no title?) and the same goes for the Glynn bacover. When we used to run his illos in --via brush stencil, not electronic-- in the old TRI-ODE, I used the layout method coupled with slow cranking. This gave beautiful blacks and no offset, but was very tedious. However for a good illo, I feel the effort was worth it.

In my last letter I suggested more work by Paxson. Sorry, but after the display this time I retract. The folio was a waste of paper, and the interior illos while often of good composition, were very poorly executed.

Tolkien still remains a mystery (as to his popularity) to me, but if people like his trolls, gnomes and little men, I suggest they also try another English author, Enid Blyton, who deals with similar beings.

As for the Tolkien 'Pax Mordor' buttons mentioned in the lettercol... it seems to me, someone has lost all his buttons. However it gives me an idea... maybe I could form a Kimball Kinnison society, and we could get some dealer to flange us up a bucket of plastic lenses. We could also invent a new soft drink called 'fayalin', and would not go but flit when leaving our fellow lensmen. Yes, I feel a worthy cause hidden here. [Cough! --ERM]

I drooled over the period illustrations with up-to-date speech balloons. Far funnier than the Tolkien hoo saw. Poetry, particularly the stupid pretentious faanish kind usually leaves me colder than -273 Kelvin, Centigrade or what have you... BUT, Carl Frederick's piece made up for everything. This was terrific. MORE MORE MORE. It is so rare to meet (a) a well written piece, and (b) a fan who can laugh at some of fandom's antics. We all do daft things. Basically, pubbing a finz is a daft thing, but we enjoy it and get fun from it. The snag comes when we think such hobbies are sacrosanct. This usually happens when someone digs our particular love... be it Tolkien, Bradbury or Ballard. Hackles rise, feuds begin, and we treat some stupid little bit of amusement as if it was a first edition (on papyrus, parchment, or whatever) of the Bible. At such times a little deflation is good for the soul... such poetry can supply it. Bess twitches. Terry

RICK BROOKS RR #1, Box 167, Fremont Ind 46737

Dear Felice: I liked both covers of NIEKAS, but hardly any of the interior illos. ZAAP! to you, too Carl Frederick. You have hit a new low (or would you call it a new high?) The 'Coinage of Gondor and the Western lands' is a well-thought-out article that reads almost like Tolkien. Bisenieks has done a good job.

Ray Nelson makes a couple of telling points. Science is an elitist group in the sense that not everybody is capable of being a scientist. [Listen pal, if I can be a mathematician, anybody can. All it takes is hard, driving work. --FR] All men are not created equal is plain flat true. I can't play the outfield like Willy Mays or slice up people like Ben Casey does. And there aren't many people that can, either. The main trouble with the statement that all people are created equal is that most people draw the inference that they ought to be rewarded for what they do like a millionaire is because only circumstances kept them from producing like their "equal" does. (Assuming a self-made millionaire, ie, a member of a very small elite.)

Harry Harrison's rather harsh rebuttal of Riccardo Valla's article interested me, but not for the usual reasons. Even tho I identify myself as a conservative, the remark about Roberta Rambelli being Commie went by me. I suppose that the fact is that the only Commies I look under my bed for are the unwashed ones. I feel that the declared Reds need keeping half an eye on, but for the most part they are rather naive idealists.

Yours, Rick

JOHN BOLAND

Dear Felice, Seth Johnson obviously didn't think too hard on placement of the mammary glands on female centaurs. They'd be on the human torso, of course. Since the critters have arms, it wouldn't be any more difficult for a baby centaur to reach them than it is for a baby human. Besides, think what it'd do to all the fantasy drawings to have it the other way around. Ugh!

I don't know whether it rates as a bargain or not, but I bought a January 1945 Fantastic Adventures for 10c. And having read the issues on TRILL for 6.

Do you know what I'll get on the soapbox about one of these days? Anti-air-pollution (poverty, disease, highway-litter, smoking, drinking, loving) committees: damn them all. There are so many people like Wallace West, worrying the hell about what's going to be left for the next generation, that pretty soon we're all going to have to just curl up and croak to satisfy them. Better idea -- let them do it. Best, John

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

Dear Felice, There comes a time when a person sits down at the beginning of a monumental task. For some it is the writing of a thousand page saga of hobbits and elves; for some the compilation of a glossary, or a bibliography of fanzines. For most of us, however, it is the writing of a LoC to NIEKAS.

I visited Stonehenge and Land's end recently and was equally depressed by both. Each had the same aura of awe and ice-cream. With kiddies and others cutting their initials on one and throwing stones off the other...

The cromlechs and dolmens of Dartmoor, and, even better, the Penzance-St. Ives peninsula are infinitely more atmospheric than Stonehenge. You can just wander across desolate countryside and suddenly stumble on stones half as big as Stonehenge, and fee-free and guide-free to boot!

Unwin has re-issued The Hobbit here in a dollar paperback. ENDS.

DANNY COHEN 11 Wolsey Ct., Harben Rd., London NW 6 Eng.

Dear Felice, Someone asked about an obscene opera by Gilbert & Sullivan. This is discussed in Gershon Legnam's The Horn Book, studies in erotic folklore which includes a slashing attack on science fiction. He says that a work by someone else has been attributed to them in the way all famous writers have obscene works popularly attached to their names (Did Kipling really write The Good Ship Venus?) Yours sincerely, Danny.

STEVE SUMFINGRUVER

Hadn't realized, except peripherally that Wallace West's stuff is all connected. Sometime I'll get them all and read them as a series. However, I fail to see where The Time Lockers fits in, though all I've read is the novellet in Science Fiction Quarterly, and not the full novel. Also, I refuse to believe Rivers of Time fits into the series. Very interesting philosophy, though, and one I fully agree with.

I do like the Barnacles, whether by Frederick or Braude. Steel yourself to the challenge Felice, and continue to print them. Remember, the pun is the only true, intelligent, form of humor. Pocketa-queep?

I notice that Andre Norton (with Quest Cross-time and Steel Magic) has continued her mad, unintentional, sequelizing, this time with stories that did not in any way, cry out for a sequel. Certainly, Huon of the Horn didn't need one, and the other (Crossroads of Time) was perfectly all right, as is. It's like doing a sequel to Star Rangers (and that's a horrible thought!). And I say this having read neither of the sequels mentioned above.

Alexei Pangin has a good touch with the story. If NIEKAS had to break the 'no fiction' tradition, it was a good story to do it with. [We had a story in NIEKAS 4, also, and do NOT have a no fiction policy -- but it had better be a superb story before we will even look at it! --ERM] Charming; bright, witty, and charming. Yours, Steve.

JOHN BOSTON 816 South First St. Mayfield Ky 42066

NIEKAS 16 contains two of the funniest things I've ever seen in fanzines. First is Carl Frederick's 'Marching Barnacles' poem, which is an evocation of absolute lunacy unequalled even in previous installments of the column. And in secret, Russian fans Asian fans / They are whittling wood propellers for / Their native asraknans..... The image that conjures up is not to be described. If I were an artist maybe I'd try to draw it, but I'd likely wind up, like Zehrgut and Ralph Wollstonecraft Hedge, carried

away by the squirrels and secreted for the winter.

The other item is Eney's depiction of Tolkien as Moses hurling the Commandments; I laughed aloud at that one, delicious, even though I do side with Tolkien in the copyright hassle.

I doubt that the Bradley article will enhance my enjoyment of the books for I shall use them for medicinal purposes rather than read them as closely for symbolism and whatnot as she has. I first read them last summer when the Ace paperback appeared; then again this summer after finally breaking free of a school/work/etc schedule, plus a cockeyed assortment of personal difficulties, that together nearly drove me over the edge. Rereading *The Hobbit* and the *Ring* proved as healing a prescription as a month in the country; I recommend Tolkien as a specific for depression, overwork, and anxiety. The common factor of such ailments is a feeling of isolation from past, future, and the meaningful things of life in an absurd present straight out of Sartre. The world of Middle-earth gives the reader a sense of history and of expectation that carries over into his own world and renews his sense of perspective. I plan to read Tolkien not with an eye to symbolism or the intricacies of Elven-lore, but to help sweep out the accumulation of nervous cobwebs that we all manage to acquire. Catharsis and consolation are the words used in the article; they are the single most valuable feature of the books.

An opiate of the people is perfectly all right in terms of the individual. As long as he is happy and meets all responsibilities he has accepted (such as supporting his family, if he's married), no one has any business criticizing him as an individual. In terms of man's survival it is something else again. A culture providing easy fulfillment for everyone is not going anywhere. *Demon Knight* had a story called *Satisfaction* in *Analog* a little while back; it concerned an electronic equivalent of soma, and ended with one character's salute to posterity: "The hell with them." If everybody is busy tending his dream world, who'll mind the real one? John.

MIKE McQUOWN 3449 Durden Dr NE, Apt 5 Chamblès Ga

Dear Ed, Dear Felice, Concerning the discussion of religion in NIEKAS, one is speaking of personal and institutional, as well as social area of thought. On the personal side, there is any man's relationship to that which is his personal conception of something greater than himself, and his attitudes toward it, his reactions to it and his subsequent action because of it. This is, to me, the only religion worth pursuing.

I feel that organized religion is a social evil of the worst sort. Any arbitrary division which sets man apart from his fellow men and convinces him that he is morally right and justified in persecuting the other on the ground that the other is morally and spiritually wrong, cannot conceivably be to the good of humanity, nor in the spirit of the religious traditions of the major faiths, particularly Christianity and Buddhism, which are supposed to be based on love and tolerance.

One party I know of holed up in Charlestown reading the *Ring* books while on pot; really blew his mind out. I dunno if this is a recommended way to groove the books, but I'd be curious to see if anyone gets anything out of them while on LSD or Peyote.

I am always running into people interested in s-f, Tolkien, and related subjects who don't know fandom exists; I didn't, really, until I met Rich Brown at Tyndall AFB when we were both stationed there. I really think there should be some sort of attempt made to bring new blood into the fold...if only to provide willing hands to put on conventions and such. I have noticed a rather insular tendency in fandom as it is, and this shouldn't be. Inbreeding tends to produce an inferior animal. Besides, the interests and enthusiasms to be found in fandom are far too catholic to permit much of this sort of thing. [I have doubts on several points. Most fans have missionary tendencies and I suspect every long time fan around has brought at least a dozen others into the fold at one time or another. Also, right now fandom is growing at a fantastic rate as evidenced by convention attendance. The 850 people who mobbed the Tricon made it quite difficult for the long time fans to find each other and to set up the parties they wanted. Seemy remarks in Burnbejimas. ERM] Sincerely, Mike.

JANNICK STORM Ejbyvej 142 Vanløse Denmark

Dear Felice: I nearly wrote *Fanmark*, which is decidedly false. Steve Perrin remarked that the Danish SF writers are a bunch of mainstream writers trying to adapt their themes to strange adventure fiction. He is right about their being mainstream writers for none have written SF exclusively. But they are not trying to adapt anything, see? The writer Eiler Jørgensen once told me that he wrote a book not thinking of its genre at all. I think this is a most common attitude. Of course someone who has been writing SF for 20 years becomes used to thinking in SF terms, and writers usually discover in which genre they work best. Eiler Jørgensen has written much adventure fiction or fantasy, but *Manden der Huskede* (The Man Who Remembered) is the only one that could be called SF to any degree. The author himself does not share my view of the book. He likes to think of it as a religious book.

We have in Denmark only one author, Niels E. Nielsen, who has written more than one or two SF books, but even he writes much mainstream stuff in between.

I don't know what Steve Perrin means by calling the *Elder Edda* fantasy. This isn't because I haven't read it, but because I am uncertain about the applicability of the term fantasy. This is why I haven't told you about Danish fantasy, which does exist, and to a far greater extent than science fiction.

I am fully aware of the danger of making an article up almost exclusively from plot synopses, but I found no other way to give you an idea of Danish SF as I am rather inexperienced in the field and therefore a bit uncertain about the terms.

Harry Warner wrote that he imagined Ace will get around to publishing these SF novels if copyright conditions are right. I am a bit worried about this as I don't know if it is meant ironically or not. In the same number you find Poul Anderson's description of Ace, and it doesn't sound good. But it would be nice if Danish SF novels were translated. I know Harry Harrison translated a short story by Niels E. Nielsen once, but he couldn't get it sold. It was a rather good story, but obviously the American editors didn't want foreigners. [I wouldn't say that is true. In the early days of *Amazing* that magazine was almost filled with translations from German and French. Today the *Magazine of Fantasy And Science Fiction* prints stories translated from the French by *Demon Knight*. Finally, early next year *Galaxy* will acquire still another sister-magazine, this one consisting entirely of stories imported from Europe and (if necessary) translated into English. (Some will be from the British magazines.) Perhaps Harry will be able to sell this story to that magazine. ERM]

I know Eiler Jørgensen is planning a translation into English of some of the chapters from his books in order to try to get American publishers interested. I feel they should be.

Best wishes, Jannick.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM MANY PEOPLE, including: Bill Danner, Norman Stewart (the only criticism I have is of the ballooned woodcuts. They are nice to look at and were the best printed item in the magazine but they served no real purpose, except to break up the print. The space could have been put to better use by picturing some of the people talked about... At Home with Mr. Tolkien, frinstance) Michael Moorecock, Don Smith, Roger Zelazny, another zancy letter/package from Amelia Alstrom, Diana Paxson again (By the way, did you notice the similarity between the drawing of Strider on the AMRA 40 cover and my drawing last year? Definitely the same person; probably the right interpretation. Hooray!), Bill Bowers, Jim Young, George Hay, Jerry Kaufman (Marching Barnacles ought to be turned into a humor department), Dick Flinchbaugh (One regret... why'd Ed tell what Gincas, and Laishai and NIEKAS mean. Here I thought NIEKAS was the name of some beautiful scantily clad woman of some adventure novel. Shucks!), Mike Symes (Enjoyed Andre Norton's article, though it should have been titled *My Series Books* or something like that, since only half of it was about the *Witch World* series [it was originally but was accidentally changed--ERM]), and Art Hayes.

I pursued his fine collection of rapid transit materials. Fred Lerner was torn between the two and kept skipping back and forth until we quit several hours later.

Tony's cat, Eowyn, is young but no longer a kitten. But she still hasn't learned to move quietly, but when jumping from a table to the floor tends to land on all four feet at the same time and make a loud KLUNK! Marsha promptly renamed it Clunky Cat but Tony wasn't too enthusiastic about the name. Like most cats, this one was a roamer and visited each of us that night. The cat has a hair fetish and stayed longest with Marsha pulling at her hair.

Fairly early next morning we went bookhunting. Everyone else was still asleep as Charlie, Marsha & I snuck out of the house and cut over to the nearest trolley stop. (In Boston it costs 10c to ride a bus, 20c to ride the subway, and 30c to ride a trolley.) Charlie remembered a good delicatessen at Essex & Washington streets from when he was in the city 10 years ago and we found it with no trouble. He said he'd never had better Pastrami than that served there and we each ate two large sandwiches for breakfast. They were good!

The Brattle Book Store was only a few blocks away and we went wild with our purchases. I have yet to walk out of that den of iniquity without having first bought a big stack of books. This time there were so many that there was no question of even trying to carry them. Piers article in this NIEKAS got me interested in the Arabian Nights and I picked up an almost complete set (only the first volume was missing) of the Burton translation in a fine binding for only \$1 a volume!

After a few hours I took the subway to pick up Diana and Charlie & Marsha went on to the Starr Book Store where we were to meet them. I got lost at Harvard Square and took the wrong street, thinking it was Mass Ave. The Boston area is very bad for travelers for they do NOT put signs on the main streets; they figure you should know where you are. Thus you can go 10 or 20 blocks before you will see a sign which indicates you are on the wrong street. I realized something was wrong well before that but it still took me quite a while to FIND Mass Ave. Anyhow, we got back just a few minutes before the store closed. That didn't save us, however, for we ended up with one book each. I picked up a very fine illustrated edition of J G&S libretti (Patience, Princess Ida & Yeoman of the Guard) with countless color plates, published around the turn of the century.

I have been in Boston four times in the past nine months and on three of those occasions I visited both of these stores.

Diana had to pick up something in a department store so we went into a 5&10 across the street to wait for her. It was a hot day and we each had two large 16 oz cokes each to the amazement of the counter girl. She really began to look at us wildly when we debated a third, but Diana came and saved her from us.

We took the subway out to our place to dump our stuff & change and split a cab out to MIT where we met everyone else. Mark was up from Providence and offered to drive Diana & me out to Brandeis to pick up Molly. Fred Lerner decided to come along for the ride.

We met an hour later at the House of Roy and indeed had a mob there. (As you might gather this is a favorite place of the local fans.) The Browns had had some very bad experiences with Chinese restaurants outside of NYC and were rather reluctant to go, but it met with their approval. Boston does have a small China-town and this was in it. It makes a point of stating on its menu that it does NOT serve either Chop Suey or Chau Main, a boast that not even Johnny Khan's in San Francisco can make.

We went straight from the restaurant to Pat O'Neil's house which turned out to be only a couple blocks from Diana's dorm. The place was a very tasteful and quite modern apartment. We got there after dark and I never did get a look at the outside so I'm not sure how big the building was. I suspect it held a half dozen apartments, each with a separate entrance from the street. He has since moved to New York and is now working on his doctorate in Math at Rockefeller University.

What can you say about a party? Thirty or so people were there and I got into several interesting conversations. Hal Clement (or Harry Stubbs to give his real name) was there and as usual he was at the center of some interesting discussions.

After a couple of hours when we were sure everyone was

we got ready to show some films but ran into trouble. Diana had gotten hold of movies taken at the Tournament she wrote up in the last issue, and another held a few weeks after she left Berkeley. She had written me that it was 6mm film and taken with an instomatic camera. Well, she is rather vague about numbers and details so when Mike phoned me a few days before we came up we decided she must have meant 8mm film for there is no such thing as 6mm. Mike Ward had a projector there and Hal was to run it as he had the most experience. Try as he would the film just wouldn't go. We found that the film was 8mm all right, but Kodak had just come out with a new form with non-standard sprocket-holes so that the film could not be shown on a projector less than 4 months old, and made by Kodak. I suppose they figure they are so big they will be able to force people to buy new equipment and ruin the market for 2nd hand equipment. This makes as much sense as the variation in speeds and groove direction in the early days of phonographs. . . if you had a brand X phonograph you had to buy brand X records for you couldn't play brand Y on it. Kodak is trying to introduce this nonsense into the home movie field now... a field that had been well standardized for many years. I have no particular interest in home movies, but were I ever to decide to get a camera I know I would get ANYTHING but a Kodak. What nonsense!

So we put the film back with a sigh and Diana passed some still pictures around for us to look at. The party got back to the small knots of people in conversation, the group off in a corner singing bawdy ballads, and all drinking. As usual Diana & Molly spent some time browsing thru the library and reading some of the stories.

Pat was acting as agent for someone selling his collection and I picked up the only non-historical novel of de Camps that I was still lacking. This was Land of Unreason which I got for a high but not unreasonable price.

I also made arrangements with Hal to publish a speech of his from several years ago that I had on tape. (This will be done after I run something of Boucher's for I got permission for the latter first.) He agreed to go over the typescript when made, and add some notes if he's had any change of heart about any things that he said. After all six years have passed since then.

The party broke up about two, an unreasonably early hour for such things, and we dispersed. This time Tony had still another guest, a MIT graduate who was finishing up her MD in Baltimore and had come up for the weekend. Unfortunately I forgot her name tho I did talk with her for some time.

Next morning Tony drove me over to Cambridge to pick up Diana and Molly and the other guest made some fine muffins for breakfast. Then she, Tony & Sue Hereford took off for parts unknown leaving the six of us in the apartment. (We would occasionally see one of the other inhabitants wander past but they generally kept to their rooms.)

Fred Lerner suggested taking a ride on the MBTA's new "Riverside" limited tramway which passed only two blocks away but the Browns weren't interested and we just sat around and talked.

While changing trains in downtown Boston we inspected the graffiti on the posters in the station and decided to add some of our own. Diana still hadn't met Dick Plotz, founder of the Tolkien Society, despite several planned encounters. She also found the idea of a high school student actively corresponding with Tolkien and knowing Audin somewhat incredible. On a round-robin tape we have going Nan Braude suggested that Dick Plotz is a hoax. . . that in reality Greg Shaw (a Bay Area fan who publishes Enrmoor) steps into a phone booth and changes to his Dick Plotz suit. So Diana put on the wall "Dick Plotz is a hoax!" The other graffiti was the combined effort of Fred, Diana & Molly, "Old ring-bearers never die--they just fade away."

We met the others at the library and had dinner at a good German restaurant at Harvard Square. Diana went back to her dorm at Radcliffe and we took off for NY. Since Brandeis is right on the road we dropped Molly off on our way.

Carl & Barry had taken the bus to Boston for they had wanted to get there earlier, so we had a lot more room in the car going up. And it was really crowded for the first



half hour when we had Molly with us. The fact that the middle seat was missing and several of us had to take turns sitting on the floor didn't help, either.

The trip itself was quite uneventful, tho it did begin to rain very hard about halfway back & I got soaked just running a few steps from the car to the subway entrance. The others scattered in various directions while Barry & I took the long subway ride to Brooklyn. All in all a most enjoyable weekend.

AND BOSTON CAME TO NY TOO.

Two weeks after my second trip up Molly came down to New York for the weekend and brought along an SF-reading fellow Peace Corps volunteer, Eric McDonald. They flew in Friday evening and I drove them straight to the Fanoclast meeting at Ted White's. Molly had had some brushes with fans before, back in Berkeley and then thru my two visits to Boston. She was present when a mob of us made a certain tape a few weeks before I left California (Diana has written that incident up and it will appear in the next 'Patterns') and the first tournament, half of whose attendees were fans. Eric, unfortunately, didn't know what to expect and I am afraid he was rather bored with the whole proceedings.

The Fanoclast meetings are usually rather interesting but this one proved the worst possible introduction to fandom for him. Lee Hoffman brought around a lot of rare old fanzines she decided to sell and everyone sat around and read these for the first hour or so. Then Arnie Katz showed up and he had the stencils for the next issue of his fanzine, QUIP, with him so they proceeded to read that! It was the dullest meeting I had ever attended and both Molly and Eric resorted to reading themselves. Molly is like Fred Patten in that she will often spend several hours at a party reading so this was nothing new for her. She started in on Ted's new novel Phoenix Prime and was fascinated by it. She didn't finish it before we left so Ted gave her a copy.

But it was obvious that Eric was completely bored, and I wasn't enthralled by the proceedings myself, so we left about midnight. Next morning we were awakened quite early by a call from Diana. It turned out she was done with school earlier than she expected and would be heading back for LA the next day or so. We suggested she go by way of NY and made arrangements to meet her at the airport that evening.

Molly fixed breakfast and we spent the day at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Like many New Yorkers I had never been there before and found it very interesting. They have a nice collection of medieval armor and of Egyptian antiquities. They also had quite a few Rodin sculptures and castings which I studied at length. We went our separate ways and occasionally ran into each other. All too soon it was time to leave and I'd like to get back there some day, preferably with someone who knows something about the more esoteric points of art. (I had really learned a lot about Impressionistic painting when I had gone thru a special museum of such art in Paris with a relative.) We had dinner at an outdoor restaurant in Rockefeller Plaza and went home so that they could rest up a bit. They didn't get enough sleep the previous night for we had talked until fairly late and were wakened rather early by Diana's call.

We met Diana at LaGuardia and drove up to the Browns' home in the Bronx for a party. Bruce Pelz had just arrived from LA and many had come to see him, including Dick Plotz, so Diana did finally meet him.

Bruce had copies of the new issue of 1 PALINTIR with him & huckstered these. People milled around and talked and when I wasn't with them, every time I looked Diana & Molly seemed to be talking with someone or another. But Eric was bored again and went into a corner and read until we finally left. Also, it appears that I had failed to introduce them to everybody. When I asked Mike McInerney why he hadn't mentioned Diana's presence in his FOCAL POINT he said he didn't even know she had been there.

Both Diana & Molly are fairly high church Episcopalians and had been rather unhappy with the low-church situation around Boston. I investigated the situation and thought I found THE high church in NY, which was supposed to be the highest church in the states. Well, I made a mistake but it was high enough for them. The only Communion service was quite early so we left the party about 2 and rushed off the next morning.

We went to St. Bartelemew's in mid-town NY, and after that went to St. Patrick's Cathedral which was only a couple blocks away. We still had some time before we were to meet some people at the Cloisters and it was on the way so we also stopped at the Episcopal cathedral back of Columbia University. Now that was an impressive place! It was still unfinished tho work had been going on for over 50 years but what was there was really awe-inspiring. The only American cathedral I had seen was St. Patrick's and it was really nothing special. This place really captured the spirit and feel of the European cathedrals. We came in at the end of High Mass which surprised me. The sign outside only referred to services so I had assumed this was low-church.

We spent much too long there and after a hurried lunch were late in arriving at the Cloisters. This is a branch of the Metropolitan Museum in a park overlooking the Hudson River. The place specialized in medieval art and it, like the Metropolitan itself, doesn't charge any admission. Late Sunday afternoons they have recorded concerts of medieval music in one of the out-door gardens. Again, I had never been there before.

We were supposed to meet Bob Foster (he of the Glossary) and Carl Frederick who was to bring his bagpipes. As so often happens with him Carl didn't show up. Several other people, like the Pelzes, had said that they might join us but none did. Well, we met Bob anyway and thoroughly explored the place. We had dinner at a Ukrainian family style restaurant in the East Village section (the overflow of Greenwich Village into the former Ukrainian neighborhood) and returned home for them to get their things together.

Eric & Molly had to catch their plane back to Boston at LaGuardia, while Diana had to get her plane west from Idlewild Airport, and all at the same time. Of course it was best to allow plenty of time in case of traffic problems so I left Molly & Eric off in time to catch an earlier plane, and continued on to Idlewild. We had extremely good luck and got there a good half hour before her check-in time or an hour before her plane left so we went into the coffee shop and had a long relaxed talk.

Diana is back in Berkeley now and I'm getting letters from her telling of such doings as still another Tournament. Molly is presumably in Columbia now. Last I heard the PC had her in Puerto Rico for a trial period, and that should be over by now. And Eric, I haven't heard anything from or about him.

THERE HAD BEEN ANOTHER VISITOR FROM BOSTON,

too, in what proved to be just about the most hectic weekend of the summer. Mike Ward showed up Thursday, August 4th, a week before the 'Minicon' for a long weekend in the city. He had been in NY for the 'Lunacon' in the spring but didn't get a chance to see or do anything. He arrived about 11:30 and we talked for several hours before calling it a night.

Mike is a rapid transit enthusiast, like me, and I took him on a tour of Brooklyn's elevated system. Barry Greene joined us for the first few hours until he had to leave us. We traveled over virtually the entire elevated system excluding the Coney Island lines and I pointed out the stub ends of such long gone lines as the 5th Ave El, the Fulton St. El, the Lexington Ave El, etc. We ended the tour at the downtown Brooklyn end of the Myrtle Ave El, visited the Transit Authority building to pick up the latest Annual Report, and walked across the Brooklyn Bridge into Manhattan. We then visited a cut-rate stationery store for some \$1/quire stencils and took the Staten Island Ferry. We rode the Staten Island Rapid Transit out to the end of the line and returned to New York for the FISTFA meeting at Mike McInerney's place. Mike W thought he settled certain misunderstandings with Mike Mc over the rival bids for next years World SF Convention but that proved to not be the case. We stayed til after 3 and took the subway back to Brooklyn.

Mike went into the city early on Saturday in order to get a look at the Museum of Natural History while I took care of some errands around the house. We met with Fred Lerner and a friend of his for lunch at McSorley's Ale House which has managed to make itself infamous by not admitting women.

I'm sure there are plenty of bars which don't allow women but this one has a good PR man. Anyhow after lunch we hit most of the stores on Book Row, about 30 in all, and went on to Sam Goody's record store while Lerner & friend went elsewhere. After dinner we dropped in on Charlie & Marsha Brown for a while and were surprised to find Mark Walsted there. So were the Browns, for that matter, for he hadn't phoned ahead (I think he had tried to call me but never at a time I was in)...and they had been counting on a quiet weekend for a change! So we sat around and talked until after 5 AM and finally Mike & I headed back for Brooklyn. Marsha is beginning to show her age and had to quit at 2.

Sunday we continued our tour of the NY rapid transit facilities by taking the Hudson Tubes to Newark. We were a little late for the ESFA meeting so we just went downstairs to look at the Newark Subway without riding it and then walked across Military Park to the meeting hall. I don't remember what the program was that month but it hadn't been anything particularly good. Oh yes...it had been a panel discussion of some sort which Sam Moskowitz managed to dominate even tho he wasn't there! He had someone read what was essentially the manuscript for his article on *The Jew in Science Fiction*. There is nothing worse than having something read to you so I guess Mike was lucky that he had to leave early to catch his bus to Boston.

Mark Walsted & Carl Frederick were at the meeting also and after it broke up we drove out to Jack Gaughan's home. Mark gets lost very easily and we circled the hills of NJ for a half hour until we finally found the place. This was the first time any of us had been to Jack's home. His and his wife's paintings covered virtually every foot of every wall...a wonderful sight. As we talked Jack played records of Sibelius and bagpipe music.

My main reason for wanting to see Jack then was to show him the Arabian Nights manuscript and ask him if he would do some illustrations around it. Well, you see the results in this issue of NIEKAS.

Mark bought the original of the F&SF cover illustrating *Rogue Dragon*, just about the finest picture in the house. I got a color rough sketch for a rejected cover design for *Silverlock*. (Terry Carr, Don Wollheim & Jack himself had hoped that this picture would be used but Wynn vetoed it and picked another.)

We stayed for only a few hours and went back to NY. Mark stayed over at my place for we intended to drive out to Warwick NY the next morning. Ruth Berman was there for a special camp/writers workshop and Mark wanted to meet her. I first met Ruth, if I remember, at the Pitcon in 1960 but we really got to know each other when we were both in California. Long time readers of NIEKAS know that she, Diana, Nan Braude & I were always doing things together. It was Ruth who met them at the University of California and introduced them to me, and now the four of us keep in contact via a round robin tape.

When we got to the camp Mark was very tired and dozed while Ruth and I did most of the talking. It was 8 months since I had last seen her in California and we largely gossiped about the people we had known out there.

Mark & I drove back to NY that evening, hit some book and record stores the next morning, and he went back to Providence.

It WAS a long weekend...From Thursday evening thru to Tuesday afternoon.

AND THAT WASN'T ALL

I had two other visitors that summer, and several other fans passed thru New York and stayed with others, usually the Browns. About two weeks later Ruth spent a night in NY when the Institute ended. She arrived in the early afternoon, we hit book row, and went up to the Browns for dinner. Next morning I drove her to Pennsylvania Station and she went on to visit relatives in Philadelphia.

And a few weeks after that Piers Anthony spent a day in New York on his way to the Milford Science Fiction Writers Conference. I met him at a ridiculously early hour at the bus terminal Friday morning and we spent a few hours looking over

my book collection, discussing an index project we are working on, etc, etc. We then hit book row, visited Carl Frederick at work at NASAs Institute for Space Studies and had dinner with him, and went up to visit the Browns. Poul & Karen Anderson and Alexei Panshin were also there, as well as Jock Root, Marsha's sister Shiela, and (if I remember correctly) Corey Seidman. Since most of the people there were professional writers the conversation tended towards shop-talk, but otherwise things were as usual. Next morning I put Piers on his bus to Milford. The Andersons were the only other people traveling out by bus; everyone else attending had managed to snag a ride from someone who was driving.

Two other visitors were Al Lewis from California and Daphne Sewell from London who converged on New York about July 30th and stayed at the Browns. That weekend was the usual party for honored guests, and I joined Al & Daphne when they visited the UN Tuesday. That evening we joined the Browns including Shiela, plus Carl Frederick for a picnic in Central Park followed by a free concert by the NY Philharmonic. A strange mood was upon all of us, and then the concert was interrupted by a shower. Charlie & Carl didn't care for the concluding items on the program and decided we should all leave and we were lucky we did for just as we got to Al's bus the skies opened up with a real down-pour. Carl went home but the rest of us went up to the Browns' place in the Bronx where we proceeded to produce a one-shot fanzine, ICEWATER, telling of the day's events in a wildly exaggerated manner. I can't decide which one-shot was worse -- ICEWATER or the obomination perpetrated in Boston a few weeks earlier. Neither was a publication to be proud of and in a rational moment the stencils would have been destroyed.

No, I didn't spend the entire summer visiting and entertaining visitors but did quite a bit of reading, spent a fair amount of time relaxing at my parents' summer place in NJ, and in general having a good time. This was the first summer I had free since 1954; every one since then I had either had a summer job, gone to summer school, or been working regularly at the Radiation Lab.

And yet everything I've mentioned so far pales in insignificance when compared with the main event of the summer,

THE TRICON,

otherwise known as the "24th Annual World Science Fiction Convention" which was held in Cleveland over the Labor Day weekend.

The last time that I drove from NYC to a Worldcon was in 1963 when Matt Chlupsa, Carl Frederick, Barry Greene and I went down in Matt's car. That trip had been quite an adventure and I had described it in humorous detail in NIEKAS 7. Unfortunately no wild anecdotes came out of this trip.

We met in front of a diner in East Patterson NJ and Carl Frederick played his bagpipes as we loaded the luggage into Bob Whalen's car. Fred Lerner and Mike McNerny rounded out the crew of five. We left East Patterson at 9 AM on Thursday.

Carl slept with his pipes curled up in his lap while Fred Lerner and I worked with our practice chapters. Not to be outdone, Mike tuned the radio to a "pop" station and followed the maudlin ballads on a harmonica.

Carl played his pipes during a gas and lunch stop to the stares of the other customers. We were in a hurry and got by with a minimum number of stops. When not otherwise occupied I spent the trip writing, and reading *Up the Down Staircase* which Diana had recommended to me.

After a quiet and uneventful trip we arrived at the Sheraton Hotel at 6:30 PM. Bob did all the driving in both directions, which, perhaps, is why the trips were uneventful.

It was a big convention, the biggest in 10 years according to the estimated attendance figures. Membership was

over 1100 and attendance 850. And this was the first time I ever heard of a convention selling out completely on banquet tickets and being unable to arrange with the hotel for more. In fact, tho in general convention/hotel relations were very good this was a major point of stress. The hotel had told the committee that it could sell 670 tickets to the banquet, which it proceeded to do, selling the last one well before the banquet. Then the hotel informed the committee that there was only room for 660 people in the hall and denied ever giving authority to sell 670 tickets. The hotel was quite obstinate about this and refused to budge so, with considerable difficulty, the committee found 10 people who were willing to sell back their tickets. Also, several people wanted to attend rather badly and didn't get around to buying tickets until too late. The con committee was most helpful and did its best to put them in contact with others who had tickets but didn't feel that strongly about attending. Thus Carl Frederick sold his ticket to Don Grant.

Things were still fouled up at the banquet itself, however. I heard that some people who were seated at the back end of the hall didn't get served even tho they had tickets because the waiters ran out of food before they got to them. I believe one person to whom this happened was Ann Ashe.

The program was good, the hotel was fine otherwise, and the whole convention was good. The only other complaint could arise from the innate nature of a large convention. So many people were there that it was hard to find those you wanted to see. There were official sponsored parties open to everyone each night which is particularly useful for the new fans who have no contacts. However they were so mobbed and noisy that the old-time fans arranged and drifted out to private parties as fast as possible. Since everyone was in mortal fear that his party would be invaded by 150 people when his room could only hold 30 he was very careful about not letting the room number get out...but he often couldn't find the people he wanted to invite, because of these same crowds.

This brings up the problem of what should be done about convention attendance. Should the committees eliminate all publicity in order to keep the attendance within manageable limits? That way only those already active in fandom would know of the conventions so only they and their friends would attend. But fandom has been growing lately and I suspect that were not one word said about the upcoming convention in NY outside of the various science fiction and fantasy magazines and fanzines the NYCON would still have an attendance of a thousand or so, and were prozine publicity eliminated too the number would only be cut to 900. Fandom is too strongly concentrated on the east coast and just word of mouth would bring in that many people. And an extensive campaign involving newspaper and radio publicity (several SF writers appear regularly on all-night talk programs and could easily publicise the convention) could easily bring 1500 or 2000 people, many of them flying saucer nuts, reincarnationists, Fortean, and other crackpots. (It's happened before tho on a small scale with regional conferences!) And that would be chaos indeed!

Still, outside of NYC a lack of publicity could keep the attendance down to manageable proportions, despite the size of fandom, but I can't help feeling that it wouldn't be right to act that way. Not only does it have a taste of snobbishness, but it keeps out new blood and leads towards an inbreeding in that new ideas and talent would not come in from the outside.

(How many of you remember the soul-searching back around 1960 when everyone was crying that fandom will wither away and die in the next few years because, with the professional magazines collapsing left and right, there will be no source of new fans.)

Perhaps the solution lies in a reliance on the large regional conferences. The Lunacon/Eastercon in NY, the Philadelphia Conference, the Midwestcon in Cincinnati and the Westcon in various California locations each draws 150-300 attendees, including quite a few people who travel large distances. Attending two or three of these a year would give you an opportunity to see most of your friends in a fannish setting but with a relaxed atmosphere.

Most of the events took place on the Mezzanine Floor, accessible from the lobby by a large staircase. The registration

desk was set up close to the stairs, and just a little further was the hall for most of the program events. It seemed about 3/4 full during the voting for the site of the next convention and 450 ballots were cast so I guess it could hold 600 people. A short hall connected the registration-lobby to the huckster room where all the book-dealers had their tables set up. The now traditional hospitality sweet sponsored and manned by the National Fantasy Fan Federation was off this hall. Hot water, instant coffee, and cookies were available here 24 hours a day during the convention, together with a place to sit and talk with your friends. I had the impression that this was used less than in the past few conventions, especially in the middle-sized hours of the morning -- 5 or 6 AM. The amateur art show was set up in a very large room just past the huckster room, and several hucksters tables were crowded out into this room.

Main program items were, as usual, the banquet, the costume party and the voting on the site of the next convention. There were the usual speeches, panels, etc and (unexpectedly) several films. And of course there were the discussions in the halls during the day, and at the parties at night.

Let's see -- some general impressions of the convention. The program booklet seemed to be unrelated to the actual program. It almost wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that less than five of the program items were presented at the published time. Every day a large blackboard listed the changes for that day. However all but one of the items (a panel on "Potboilers of SF that I remember" about intrinsically bad stories which are still remembered as favorites) was held eventually.

This was a convention for film-fans. We were shown *Fantastic Voyage*, a film of an installment of the TV show "Time Tunnel" and that of the third installment of "Star Trek". All but "Time Tunnel" were well received by the attendees, which is doubly surprising, for usually SF fans have little use for movie or TV versions of science fiction. We were also shown the first pilot film made for "Star Trek", which was rejected by the networks as being too far out. I thought both weren't bad, tho the rejected version was a little better. The main difference seemed to be that it was aliens, and not human beings changed into monsters with super psychic powers by radiation, that were the villains in the rejected version. I suppose that if I had a TV set I would occasionally look at the show, if I had nothing better to do.

I missed both the movie and other TV show because I was doing something else at the time. I hear the movie had several basic faults in logic which Isaac Asimov removed when he novelized the screen play, but was still enjoyable. Again, had I the time I would have gone to a theater to see it but I'm not sorry I didn't get around to it.

This was also a jelly-bean convention. Several fans got together a little plot to bug Harlan Ellison, all in the spirit of good, clean fun of course. If you read his story "Repent, Harlequin!" said the Tick-Tock Man, you know that it is about a clown who fouls up a regimented society by pulling various jokes, and while the story says nothing that hasn't been said in a hundred other stories it is an experiment in style and does have the desired effect of jangling the nerves of the reader. Anyhow, one of these jokes is dumping \$150,000 worth of jellybeans from a helicopter onto a moving sidewalk during rush-hour and...er...gumming up the works. Well, the instigators of this plot asked everyone to walk up to Harlan and say, "I didn't mind about the jellybeans. Really." [That's taking your life in your hands all right -- FR [Felice made these comments when she saw an early draft of this report -- ERM]] When I said it to him on the second day of the convention he groaned, buried his face in his hands as if in great pain, and said as he turned away "Oh God! You're the 900th one...." A few hours later when I saw him near me at a party I commented in a stage whisper "There goes the jellybean that walks like a man" and he blanched.

The conspirators also brought several pounds of black jelly-beans which they broke out on the next day and divided up into a number of small packages in baggies. (They knew that while Harlan did like jelly-beans, he didn't like black ones.) I forget how the first one was presented to Harlan, but

after that people were to walk up to him and give him the bag saying "I think you lost this..." When I finally ran into him in the huckster and gave it to him he said "Ed, I'll bet you were waiting all day for this chance!"

A New York fan, Stu Brownstein, told me that when he saw Harlan, he had 6 bags of the things in his hands and was standing there uncomfortably wondering what to do with them. So Stu got his bag out of his pocket, walked up to Harlan, and without saying a word dropped the bag from about eye level into his hands on top of the other bags. With Harlan, of course, eye level is only about 4 1/2 feet off of the ground.

I heard another story and would have loved to be there when it happened. Harlan was talking to one of the "Star Trek" actresses wandering around the convention in her futuristic Geisha costume, and trying to impress her. Some fan called his name so that he turned away for a moment while another slipped her a bag of jelly-beans. She held it out before his face as he turned back to her.

The climax came at the banquet when the Hugo awards were announced. When Asimov announced that Harlan won one for "Harlequin" he said the winning story was "Repent Harlequin Said the Jelly-bean," and instead of handing Harlan his Hugo he handed him another bag of jelly-beans. (Now I'm glad Harlan got the Hugo, if only to make up for such a vile joke. (But then, I was glad anyway.) FR)

Harlan had to take a lot of joking during the convention, both about the jelly-beans and the very bad script he did for the movie "The Oscar." I must say that he took it all admirably and in the spirit of clean fun as it was meant. A thing like this could get on a person's nerves after several days but as far as I know he didn't blow up once.

This was the con at which I met Andre Norton. She was there for only a little while on Friday and on Saturday, and then she usually went around quietly without her name badge. Early Friday afternoon as I was helping the Browns man their huckster table Marsha pointed her out to me as she was inspecting the art show. A little later we ran into each other in the main part of the huckster room and she recognised my name badge. I had heard that she doesn't like to discuss her own works or SF in general, but does like to talk about fantasy. Anyhow, I let her take the conversation where she wanted to and for about 15 minutes we talked mostly about Mundy and Haggard, with some other writers, especially T B Swann, thrown in.

She had invited a score of people to have brunch with her next morning at 10, myself included. (This is why I missed seeing Fantastic Voyage.) The others there were Charlie, Marsha & Shiela Brown, Doc Barrett, Don Grant, Mrs. Donald (a newspaper reporter and friend of Andre's, who had given fandom and the convention several nice writeups in the local paper), Roger Zelazny & wife, Basil Wells & wife, Robert & Juanita Coulson, Ed Hamilton & Leigh Brackett, L Sprague de Camp and Don Wollheim and family. (I think that's everybody, and I didn't leave anyone out.) The table provided was monstrous so I only got to talk with the people close by, but stayed with the group around her for the two hours she wandered around the convention before leaving for the last time. She was a very friendly and interesting person and I was very glad to have met her.

There were plenty of bagpipes at the convention. Not only did Carl have his, but our convention again coincided with that of the Canadian Legion and they had 4 bands -- 60 pipers -- present. I gather that there was a little friction between our conventions, but not much. One good effect was that with the noise they were making we were left alone by the hotel no matter what we did.

I think Carl spent half his time with them. Anyhow, it was great having them around and the pipers were very popular with the fans. When one of their bands played in the hotel lobby a hundred or so fans accumulated within minutes.

John W Campbell saw Carl with his pipes and invited him up to his hotel room to play them. Somehow Fred Lerner and Belle Dietz wound up there too. Already in the room were JWC and his wife and two others whose names neither Carl nor Fred could remember. They wound up spending a whole

evening there and talking about many things. Carl found that Campbell does speak just like his editorials, is very enthusiastic about a number of questionable items like PSI, and is still very enthusiastic about Dowsing. Naturally the latter got brought into the conversation and before you knew it Campbell was trying to prove his point experimentally. They all took turns trying to find under which of three newspapers a dime was hidden. Carl was rather nervous as he stood in the hall waiting his turn, holding the twisted wire-coat-hanger while they hid the dime. He didn't know how he would explain what he was doing if someone were to find him in the hall.

What bothered Carl even more was the results of the dowsing. While everyone else got the expected 1/3 right answers Carl got the first two in a row right and began to fret a little. Well, the chances were only 1 in 9 against it so he didn't worry too much, but was still relieved when he got it wrong on his third try. He really came close to panicking when he got it right on the 4th try and was really relieved when he got the next few wrong.

Carl remarked on how it is impossible to win an argument with JWC. At one point Campbell said something and Carl was sure he had him. He carefully maneuvered him thru a number of steps of logic but just when he was about to force Campbell to say something contradictory to his original statement JWC realized what was happening and insisted the conversation had gotten off of its original point and wouldn't let Carl continue.

They got on rather well despite this, and both Carl and Fred have an invitation to return engagement by visiting his home. Well, Campbell's favorite occupation is debate and argument so it's not surprising.

There was one other incident with the pipes that was worth noting. This convention Carl generally didn't bring them to events. I only heard him play them once during a party, and that was in one of the mob scenes in a very large hall packed tight with people so the sound didn't carry. People only a few feet away were able to carry on their conversations without raising their voices any more because of the pipes. Bjo Trimble wanted to hear them so when we went to my room the last night of the con to do a scroll for Jack Gaughan I asked Carl to come along in order to play them for her. It was about 10:30 PM and no sooner did Carl begin than we got a phone call. "Cut that out or I'll write you up in my con report!" bellowed the irate voice. I thought I also heard it coming directly from the room to the left of ours, which was Fred Patten's. "If you're going to play them, couldn't you at least have the decency to play 'Melancholy Baby'?" CLICK! Well, Carl made a valiant try to play the requested tune but I'm afraid that it sounded like nothing at all. We got another call asking us to please cut it out because he had to leave for home very early the next morning. I already had my lettering pens out so I wrote in my fanciest hand and with my widest point "Fink!" and we slipped it under what we thought was the right door. If it wasn't I wonder what the recipient thought. So I then finished lettering the scroll and we returned to the party where we collected signatures.

Perhaps I ought to say something about this scroll and the reasons for it. The idea originated with Lee Hoffman, Bjo carried it thru and saw to it that it got done, and I did the lettering. Jack has done many things for fandom. For instance, he DONATED many pictures to the auction while other artists, like Freas, demanded 3/4 of the take plus all shipping expenses. His feeling was that he already made his money on those pictures when they were printed so why not help the convention. (What probably really hurt was when some young kid walked up to him after one of the auctions and said, "Boy, you are sure cleaning up at this convention.") He has helped on countless projects, such as drawing NYCON COMICS and contributing to many fanzines, NIEKAS included. The only money he made during the convention was for the few pictures he exhibited at and sold thru the fan art show, and then he paid his commission to Project Art Show just like everyone else. Lee found that all the fans she had spoken to had voted for him for the Hugo, also, and the general feeling was that he would have gotten it too were it not for block voting

on the part of the Burroughs fans. (And no, we didn't vote for Jack out of any sense of obligation to him, but because we did feel that he was doing more good artwork than anyone else this year.)

So Lee & Bjo felt we ought to give him something as a sign of our appreciation for all he'd done for us. Bjo set the wording, "To Jack Gaughan -- in appreciation of his art -- and for the many favors performed for fandom. We collected signatures from everyone still at the party, about a hundred, and Bjo left it in Jack's mailbox.

The various awards presented during the convention were:

HUGO "SF ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS"

Professional magazine: *If Worlds of Science Fiction*.

Novel: tie between Frank Herbert's *Dune* & Roger Zelazny's *And Call Me Conrad*.

Artist: Frank Frazetta

Amateur magazine: *ERB-DOM*

Short fiction: "Repent, Harlan! Said the Jellybean"

All-time series: *Foundation* by Isaac Asimov. (Many Tolkien fans, myself included, refused to vote for the *Lord of the Rings* because it wasn't a series of novels but was a single novel published in three parts. Now were they to repeat this category when & if the *Silmarillion* is published....)

COSTUMES AT MASQUERADE

Beautiful: Karen Anderson as the Adjutant Dragonmistress, Amphycrionic Force of Aerlith (Coralynne Garrison).

BEMish: Harriett Kolchak as the Rose Monster from *The Green Girl*.

Authentic: John & Mary Patterson as the Snake Mother and the Lord of Fools from A. Merritt's *The Snake Mother*.

Audience vote for best of show: same.

Group: The Curtises as *The Birds* (that SF is for)

Delivery: Bruce Pelz as Chun the Unavoidable from Jack Vance's *The Dying Earth*.

Humorous: Larry Niven as an "Explosion in the Time Machine." Judge's special award: A. C. Kyle III & Robert Fass as St. George and His Dragon.

ART SHOW

SF illustration: *Lower Away* by Jack Wilson, *Metro Sutric* by Yoshio Ikemori & *Asteroid Belt* by Joni Stopa.

Fantasy: *Opener of the Way* by David Prosser, *Hall of the Damned* by Jack Wilson and *Death of a Man* by Mario Castillo.

Cartooning: *VOID* cover by Ted White

Solid entries: *At the Mountains of Madness* by Don Simpson, *Solder sculptures* by Fred Hollander & *stone carvings* by Don Simpson.

Open award (all 3 of equal standing): *George Barr*, *Jeff Jones* & *The Eraser Eater* by Ron Cobb.

Judges' Choice (each picked his favorite):

Hank Eichner: *The Magician* by George Barr

Jack Gaughan: *The Eraser Eater* by Ron Cobb

Barbi Johnson: *Battle of the Thipdars* by Neal MacDonald Jr

Dian Pelz: *The Blue Forest* by Jeff Jones

Harry Stubbs: *Dragon in Blue* by Linda Kalmon.

Children's section (an experiment for this year only): *Something About the Sea* by Bruce Elmer, *Mars* by Jenny Clarke, *Tiger-fosaurus Bird* by Sandra Skal & (hon. ment) *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* by Adrienne Jordan.

There was also a popular award, voted by the audience, but I forgot to write down the results & they weren't reported in *RAT-ATOSK*.

OTHER AWARDS & HONORS

First Fandom Hall of Fame for a major breakthrough in the field, & E E Evans Memorial Award for service to fandom, were independently awarded to David H Keller by the respective committees shortly before his death and were presented posthumously.

Order of St. Antony inducted Fritz Leiber (John Trimble stood in his proxy for he couldn't attend) and Bjo Trimble.

The National Fantasy Fan Federation awarded life memberships to Fred Pohl & Janie Lamb for services rendered.

CONVENTION SITE SELECTION

This year groups from four cities put in bids; and two run-off elections had to be held. On the first ballot, NYC [158], Syracuse [115], Baltimore [97], Boston [28].

Second ballot,

NYC [214], Syracuse [149], Baltimore [91]

And finally,

NYC [250], Syracuse [201].

You will note that the number of abstentions varied for the totals of ballots cast were 398, 454 and 451.

Some comments on the above--

The charge of block voting doesn't make sense for it isn't a matter of a minority voting for one candidate for the Hugo while all the others split their votes among two or three popular candidates, for under the new rules used this year the winner had to get more votes than all the others put together! The Burroughs Bibliophiles did bring the charge down on their own heads with the add they took out, but that isn't fair to Frazetta who really is a good artist.

There are several quite large groups of people on the fringes of fandom itself and whose numbers can swamp the rest. I can think of four...the Burroughs fans, the Tolkien fans, the comic book fans and the horror movie fans. I do hope this year's Hugo voting is not a precursor to a battle of numbers between these (and perhaps other similar groups I didn't think of) to manipulate the awards and conventions for that would make a complete mockery of the awards. If many will start to vote for symbols of ones special interest...for that writer because he also does comic book scripts, for that prozine for it carries a movie review column, for that fanzine because it is about Tolkien, for that artist because he illustrates Conan or Burroughs...the award will no longer be for the best story/magazine/artist/whatever of the year. It will mean there are more people who are interested only in comic books than there are people only interested in Tolkien, etc.

There were, as always, more good costumes at the masquerade than there were prizes to be awarded. And the situation wasn't helped by the judges forgetting to award one of the prizes! John Brunner sponsored a special award for the best costume based on an H G Wells story in order to celebrate his centenary but, as I said, the judges forgot about it.

Two costumes which come to mind are Mark Walsted's as Oden and Lois Lavender's as some sort of elfen creature (I never did catch the title she gave it).

The convention site elections brought out considerable acrimony. First of all both the NY & Syracuse bids were under severe attack. The last convention in NY, in 1956, had been a fiasco in many ways and had resulted in many permanent hatreds and lawsuits. However the chairman of the Syracuse bid had been the chairman of the 1956 convention and he was largely blamed for the difficulties.

To help them get their bid, a Boston hotel gave them free meeting rooms for local conferences...a common practice. The NY hotel, in that same chain got a garbled report of this which they passed on to the NY bidding committee, and these people rushed into print with a charge of dishonesty against the Boston fans. This was circulated primarily in a wide-circulation news-zine, *FOCAL POINT*, but was also pushed in personal conversations and correspondence.

The Boston fans explained the situation and requested a retraction, and were promised one. However, tho the charges were published in the late spring no retraction was forthcoming. For personal reasons the publishers didn't get around to putting out another issue of *FOCAL POINT*.

The situation was greatly aggravated when some anonymous person or persons published a hoax issue of *FOCAL POINT* and repeated the charges in it. The hoax issue was a good copy of the publishers' style and the Boston fans had no reason to doubt its authenticity so they were really fit to be tied. They learned the real situation several weeks later but still there was a natural overtone of resentment on their part...especially since no retraction was forthcoming.

They brought leaflets giving their side of the situation

and started to distribute them at the Tricon but the New York fans talked them out of it on the grounds that they did finally publish the retraction, some 4 or 5 months after the original statement, and only a day or so before the balloting.

I do not know what happened next but some of the Boston representatives at the convention felt they had been wronged by the NY bidding committee. They demanded further retractions, didn't get them, and Dave Vanderwerf attacked NY strongly over this matter in his nomination speech for Boston. Dave is anything but a good speaker and offended more people than he won over to the cause...this being one of the reasons Boston made such a poor showing in the voting.

They intend to bit again the next time the convention is to be on the East Coast, as does Baltimore. I haven't heard either way about Syracuse.

Right now Boston's chances are slim because the fans there aren't too well known by the others. However they are holding a series of semi-annual local conferences (next is April 1-2) and have started a new service to circulate announcements to all of fandom at nominal cost, and if they work at it they just might make it. Two years ago people laughed at the very idea of another convention ever being held in NY again, including one of the co-chairmen of the NY convention, which demonstrates that the dark horse does have a chance of winning.

The only definite bid for 1968 is from Los Angeles tho I hear grumblings from Seattle and Oakland. I might decide to support the Seattle bid if they run, but will otherwise support LA. St. Louis is making vague noises about 1969, and thus far Baltimore & Boston have announced for 1970.

It will be time for another overseas convention again about that time, and a combine of German fans is planning to bid for 1970 to hold the convention in Heidelberg. This is a small town and doesn't have many fans so most of the activity is in near-by Frankfurt, but if they get the convention they now plan to hold it in Heidelberg.

I like the idea of occasional overseas conventions; London in 1965 was a lot of fun. If fares drop some more in the next few years I would like to see Europe added as a fourth zone so that they wouldn't have to bid out of sequence. Anyhow, Heidelberg in 70 & Boston in 71!

But back to the Tricon....

I missed much of the program, some of the items by choice, others by accident or conflict. L. Sprague de Camp reminisced about his experiences in a most entertaining manner in his Guest of Honor speech at the banquet. Isaac Asimov was as funny as ever as Toastmaster. Trans Atlantic Fan Fund delegate from Germany, Tom Schluck made a few pleasant remarks. Both Sam Moskowitz and Perry Ackerman were mercifully brief in making the First Fandom & E E Evans awards, unlike 1964 when both went on far too long.

I made a point of attending the panel on religion in SF, a topic that is of particular interest to me. After the panel got off to a most interesting start Harlan Ellison started heckling Randy Garrett from the audience, and the rest of the hour was wasted with an exchange of insults. A number of points had been raised which I wanted to see followed up but there was no chance for that. Lester del Rey had said, for instance, that he considered the treatment of religion in A Canticle for Leibowitz to be very poor and I wanted to know his reasons. Or perhaps he was just being his usual iconoclastic self and trying to start an argument.

Because Harlan and Asimov are famous for their humor the convention committee scheduled them to swap jokes right after this panel, but their jokes were very dull when compared with the insults just bandied about. I left after 15 minutes.

Galaxy Magazine sponsored a "fashion show of the future" Sunday afternoon. It was very well done. However because the convention was running behind its schedule the models were rushed thru very quickly. It was a shame to waste all that preparation on such a brief presentation. Anyhow, the show was a great success and there will be another at NYCON 3.

John Brunner's talk was good, but not quite as good as his speech at Loncon reprinted in NIEKAS 14. I won't describe this one for it will be printed in NIEKAS 18.

There were two business sessions, one Monday morning to thrash out all of the suggestions for changing the convention

rules and to arrive at a final wording for the proposed amendments, the other to select the next convention site and vote on the proposed rule changes. I had to miss the first session and could only stay for the start of the second, but I understand they voted to eliminate the provision for a story to be eligible upon second publication as well as first. They did take care of the story that appeared in mutilated form the first time around (as in the case of magazine serialization, which is usually abridged) by allowing the author to select which is the definitive version of his work. Thus, Swann's Day of the Minitaur will be eligible even tho a badly mutilated version had appeared in Science Fantasy some time ago. Unfortunately this means that had the magazine version been complete or competently edited it could never have gotten the Hugo for its first appearance was in a magazine of very small circulation.

So the next convention will be in NYC, Labor Day weekend 1967. You can join now by sending \$3 to Nyecon 3, Box 367, Gracie Sq. Station, New York NY 10028. This will get you progress reports, plus some special publications late joiners will not get. Also, you will get the convention program book whether or not you attend, and be eligible to vote for the Hugos. This year they are trying to make it a real memory book that you will want to keep, with articles, photographs of past art show winners, and the like. They need the memberships as early as possible because most of the expenses involved in putting on a convention come up well before the con itself. If you don't intend to come to the convention itself but only want to get the publications and vote for the Hugos you can take out a non-attending membership for \$2. If you change your mind you can pay the extra \$1 at the door.

Guest of honor will be Lester del Rey, so expect a real fiery speech! Also, Harlan Ellison will be toastmaster and Bob (Wilson) Tucker will be fan guest of honor, so expect a lot of laughs. The committee members are all very excited and are making many plans. Watch for some real innovations -- and expect a lot of fun!

MORE ON BOSTON

They have held three conventions since September 65. I attended the 2nd last March & the third this October. The fourth, as I said, is scheduled for early April.

The second was really a purely local affair and they didn't expect any out-of-towners at all. They went after local publicity in the newspapers and on TV in order to bring out new potential fans. Also expenses were kept at a minimum and they made a \$90 profit to use in preparations for the next convention. They had planned such a convention for sometime in the fall, and hastily scheduled it to take advantage of a visit by John W. Campbell, Jr.

They sent announcements out of town, but quite late and merely to let everyone know they are holding conventions. Mark Walsted & I were the only people who came in from out of town for it, tho several would have driven up from NY were not a major party scheduled for the same weekend.

The Boston fans are also using these conferences to prepare for their next worldcon bid by having different people run each one and thus they will gain a large base of experienced people.

They have just started a new service, S F BULLETIN, which will be mailed free to every fan they can locate in the US. They have a non-profit org. mailing permit so postage costs very little. Their initial list is 900 people and they hope to have it up to 2000 rather soon. They hope to support it by carrying announcements at \$2 a page, a rate that is very hard to match, much less beat. Hopefully these announcements of conferences, fanzines etc would interest the readers, and it would be the cheapest way possible for a local conference to spread publicity for the upcoming event. If they get sufficient response they hope to publish monthly. I like the idea very much and will lend them the NIEKAS mailing list to check for people they don't have on condition that they agree to remove anyone from their list who objects. I can't see anyone objecting, however. Till next quarter, *CLH*

He spoke 29 languages, and even compiled a dictionary of sorts of the language of the apes. He wrote poetry. He married a conservative Roman Catholic girl ...but when an American cowboy pulled a gun and demanded that Burton "dance", Burton killed him.

His most notorious adventures occurred in India and Arabia. Asked to do a report on a male brothel in India, Burton turned in one so specific that it cost him his career as a British officer there. The officials felt that such a shocking report could not have been written unless the author himself had been a participant...

Burton was the first white man every to make the Moslem pilgrimage to Mecca in the guise of a native. Infidel intrusion is strictly forbidden in that Holy City, and he would have been brutally tortured and mutilated had his disguise been penetrated.

Burton had comments to make on everything; nothing was sacred. "There is no more immoral work than the 'Old Testament', he said, and went on to give examples and describe the astonishing origins of the Old Testament mythology -- Burton being an atheist himself. The Flood, he said, was caused by the continuous masturbation of God; Eve, created not from Adam's rib, but from the foreskin excised when he was circumcised. He was able to document these and other shockingly specific examples through established religious writings.

He also translated the Kama Sutra, the Hindu love-manual, and has a fifty page discussion of pederasty in the terminal essay to the Nights. When prevented from borrowing certain material from a particular library, Burton, not to be balked, obtained it elsewhere, published it, and dedicated the volume (the fifth of the Supplementary Nights) to the two curators of that institution: "Gentlemen, I take the liberty of placing your names at the head of this Volume which owes its rarest and raciest passages to your kindly refusing the temporary transfer (of the material!)..." This volume contains such stories as "The Whorish Wife Who Vaunted her Virtue", and must have embarrassed the gentlemen named exceedingly. But Burton was not a man to be trifled with -- as anyone who reads his work will understand.

REVIEW & COMMENT, continued

And then? They find a 10,000-year-old frozen city, complete with edible food and workable outboard motors.

And so it goes. They escape from the slavery of the air mine of Avuvava, are overpowered by giant Yuuls (Ghan Karr dies heroically), and escape from the pit of the Great Yu to at last confront Dekk in the court of their double-dealing employer. Etc., etc., to the Tower of Ten Thousand Deaths and 216 escape hatches.

All the while Uthian the Unders*xed has been resisting the overt advances of Marga; but he has become rather fond of her. How does he reconcile his love for her with his love for his wife? Wool Pan, the Xuxul, is always happy in the role of doux ex machina.

The verdict is hackwork, a la Barsoom. Still, it is engaging hackwork, and gives a couple of hours of pleasant unpretentious reading.

--Alexis A. Gilliland

*Alec's asterisk, not mine...Why is it that science fiction writers invent mostly one-syllable, Chinese-type names? Couldn't they model their names on the Japanese once in awhile? --FR

NIEKAS 17

winter issue

