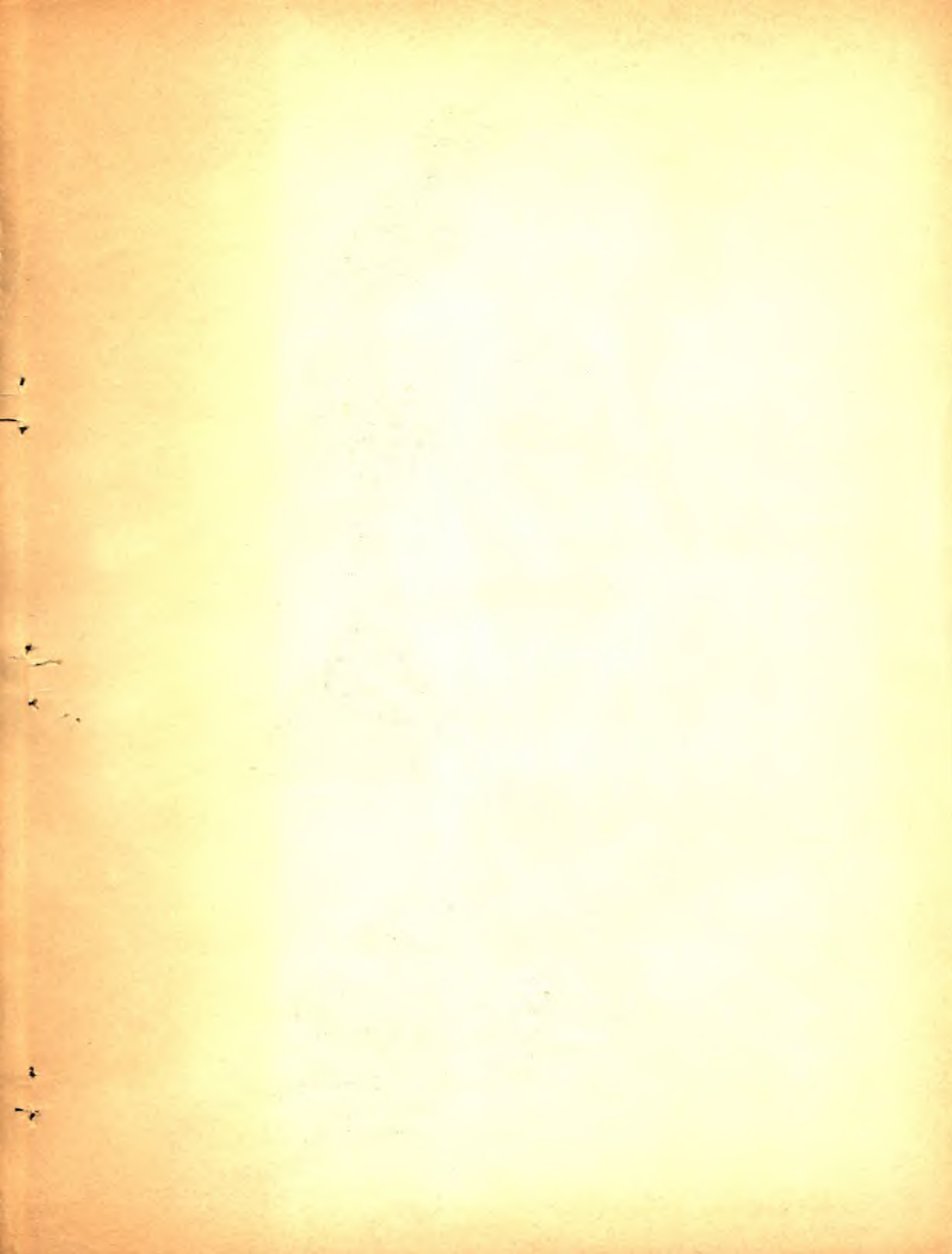


NEERAS





NIEKAS *the gaudy fanzine*

This is #20 for Fall 1968, published by the Tolkien Society, Belknap College, Center Harbor NH 03226. Edited by Ed Meškys [Box 233, Center Harbor NH 03226; 603-253-6207], Felice Rolfe [1360 Emerson, Palo Alto CA 94301: 415-326-6328] and Charlie & Marsha Brown [2078 Anthony Av, Bronx NY 10457; 212-872-7997]. This produced almost singlehandedly by the Brown Menagerie. Copies for 60c, 4 for \$2 (to Ed) or 5/-, 5 for \$1 (to Archie Mercer, 10 Lower Church Lane, Bristol BS28BA UK), material (to Ed), or published LoC (to Felice). Sent fanzines for review to Charlie. BACK NUMBERS: #s 6, 9 & 10 from Felice at \$1, #18 from Ed at 75c. ADVERTISING: \$10 per quarter page of typeable copy. Inquire about ready stencils or sheets & special non-commercial rates.

CORRECTION TO COLOPHON -- send mss & LoCs to Ed, art to Charlie

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help! HELP! HELP!!!

I just got a phone call from the Browns & they say I have been dropped from the staff of NIEKAS. Talk about the camel & the tent...sheesh! Not only have they taken over NIEKAS, but the Tolkien Society, and ME too! The first step in their vile scheme came a little over a year ago when they volunteered to take over NIEKO repro to give Felice more time to type the material. Number 19 was the first issue produced under this set-up, and Marsha also stencilled a few last minute things because I didn't have a functional elite typer. Also, Charlie decided to start a column of his own.

This summer the Browns visited me two weekends in a row. First they, including Sheila, came up for the 4th with me, and we were joined for a day by the Lewises plus Cory Seidman and a Galvin. Marsha decided it was time my life was organized, so she put everyone to work sorting tons of artwork, manuscripts and unopened TSA mail [I had been away for a month, & had been behind when I left], and started preparing a TOLKIEN JOURNAL for the printers. One mss was already typed by Claire Howard, so Marsha started on the other one and put Cory to work on the lettercol. Next weekend I had 35 people invade the house for a NESFA (New England SFS) meeting -- to quote Sheila, next morning the line for the bathroom was enough to make a brave man quake -- & the lettercol & article were finished. It remained for me to paste everything up, do the editorial, & mail it to Al Shuster for printing. This represented about 10 hours of work, but I got it out in a week or so and the TSA members finally got their TJs.

While they were at it they started in on NIEKAS too. Cory typed the first 2 pages of Laikai and, with Tony Lewis, edited all the letters & poetry. Charlie went thru the mss & art files while I stood in the middle of the confused mess and whimpered.

It really had been a very productive weekend and we also collated some back issues of NIEKAS and mailed out over 2000 Tolkien Conference flyers. And actually, this issue of NIEKAS has gone to the Browns by default. Felice had problems of her own and I have badly over-extended myself with many projects, both fannish and academic. As I cut this stencil the Tolkien Conference is less than a week away, and that has been the biggest time consumer of recent months. It looks like about 100 people will attend, and 20 will present papers.

The Tolkien Society is doing rather well. Membership has increased by some 400 in the last year, and (thanks

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BOMB E JIMAS

to the Browns) finally got a TJ. I will publish some of the proceedings of the Conference in TJ until all are edited & ready for book publication, and I have several other manuscripts on hand, so I have...hopes? dreams?...of getting several TJs out in rather short order. My biggest problem with the TSA is keeping the mailing list up to date. Every month some 30 members move & something is bounced back by the PO. It is time-consuming & costly to process these changes and have the addressograph stencils changed. But slowly I am licking the problems of the TSA and turning over to others come functions to leave me with more time for the fundamentals of running the TSA -- editing the JOURNAL and holding meetings. If anyone out there who is not a member wants to join, just send me a check for \$2 made out to the Tolkien Society of America, and you will get the next 4 issues of TJ, plus other benefits.

For a while I was involved with still a third fanzine, LOCUS. Dave Vanderwerf, Charlie & I started a bi-weekly news-zine in May, and, counting 2 trial issues, put out a total of 11 issues. It started off rather roughly but most bugs are now out of the production, including Dave & myself who were dropped with the current issue (#9) for non-participation. I still send Charlie all the news that I get, especially Tolkien type, and hope to get back into the production end after I have recovered from the conference.

Heidelberg in 70! Boston in 71!

As you can see from the ads elsewhere in this issue, NIEKAS is supporting these bids, as well as LA in 72. Felice is rabidly non-partisan in all matters of fan politics, so this really represents the Browns & myself...and I want to wait & see before committing myself to LA.

HEIDELBERG. German fandom is active with several English language fanzines and of course Tom Schluck was a fabulous

TAFF representative. You have probably met several other German fans who paid their own way over to cons & found them interesting people. And language is no problem; I was at the 1965 Frankfurt Con & just about everyone spoke English. English is the international language in Europe -- for the British, Swedish, etc, fans too, the program would have to be in English. Another consideration -- this will probably be the last chance ever to attend an SF convention anywhere in Europe. Paradoxically the internationalization of fandom will probably lead to such a re-organization of the World SF Convention by 1975 that no convention as we understand the term will ever leave the North American continent again. (See Tony Lewis' article elsewhere in this issue.) And the only alternative to Heidelberg in 70 is Jack Chalcker's spoil-sport bid for Bermuda. There is no fandom whatsoever there, and the bid is being put in by the Baltimore fans merely to take advantage of a loop-hole in the current rotation scheme. The only reason for wanting the con there is to cut travel costs. Going to Heidelberg WOULD cost more, but if you start saving now just think of the vacation you could have while there. And there is a very good chance that the con itself will be held in the Heidelberg Castle which is being restored. It was already marvelous three years ago when they had hardly started to work on it. And imagine 3 to 5 weeks in Europe, touring the castles, meeting British fandom on its home ground, etc...or a whole summer, if you can swing it! When I went to LONCON 2 I spent 5 weeks there and am really looking forward to returning.

Boston. A good city, and a good bidding group. I hear rumors of a number of rival bids, but the only serious competition that has come to light thus far is DC, and they already had a con in 63. Admittedly either group would put on a good con, and I know I would enjoy myself. So why do I pick

Boston? Well, I know the people involved, who are good friends, and am totally convinced of their abilities. (Also, they asked me to be on the bidding committee.) Tony Lewis is a strong willed leader, just what you need to get things organized. Cory Seidman, the living bottle of Corflu, is the secretary. [Wups! Is that a recommendation?] Hal Clement is treasurer & Elliot Shorter parliamentarian. Charlie Brown joins me & others as coolie & advisor. ¶ Boston itself the the San Francisco of the east -- a good looking city with fine restaurants, book stores, etc! If you combine your con with a vacation there is a lot to see & do there.

1972. LA should have had it in 68, and will be trying again. Runor hath it that Denver, Oakland & Seattle will be bidding too. Voting is still 2 years away, so I want to see how the bidding committees hold up. All else being equal I would vote for LA, for they have been after it for so long. On the other hand, while LA had it in 58, the con hasn't been in Denver since 1941!

CALIFORNIA!

Despite my harried existence I have gotten in some relaxation & travel. I've been to NY & Boston many times, and had mobs of fans up here. I went to Flint Michigan in June on school business, & will return next June. I also got to the Secondary Universe Conference in Milwaukee in May. But most important of all, I finally got back to California. After many false starts I made it & spent 3.5 weeks there. I flew out Tuesday Aug 13 & spent my first few days with the Rolfes. Then I set up base at Jerry Jack's in San Francisco & traveled all over the place. I was out to Livermore 3 times (& was interviewed by a local paper there) and saw most of my friends. Passed thru Pleasanton & the Kaiser sand pits, visited Philip K Dick in San Rafael, climbed all over half-completed Bay Area Rapid Transit structures (I am a subway fan, too), got to meet many of the Anachronists (members of the Society for Creative Anachronism, founded after I left), and finally attended the BAYCON. The was the third mob-scene convention in a row so I guess this means there will be a tremendous crush at St. Louis next year and 500 or 600 even at Heidelberg. The con was the usual mixture of the good and the bad, but despite the few bad scenes I had a very good time.

My last day in California was Wednesday, Sept 4th. It was a bit more extreme, but did typify the kind of schedule I tried to keep up. About 8 of us were still together at the hotel that morning & we decided to chip in & rent a VW bus. There were complications & we didn't really get going until close to noon. First we picked up Nan Braude about a dozen blocks from the hotel, & then headed for Muir Woods in Marin County via San Francisco & the Golden Gate Bridge. I had to make a brief stop at a store along the road on some unfinished business and suggested the others stop next block to pick up a take-out breakfast. Marsha vetoed breakfast saying her stomach was too unsettled for a meat dish (I had suggested a Yummers, which gives excellent roast beef sandwiches on sesame rolls--their only entre), so we continued on across to Marin.

There we stopped for breakfast at a road-side greasy-spoon & just about everyone (including, I think, Marsha) had steak & eggs. It took a long time for our large mob to get served so we weren't out of there for well over an hour. As a result we got to Muir Woods way behind schedule, and had one more stop to make before meeting Cory & a friend at the Concannon Winery in Livermore. We didn't explore all the trails in the park but did get a good feeling of the Coastal Redwoods. (I wonder what Tolkien would feel could he walk thru a grove of Coastal Redwoods, or even better Giant Sequoias. He has always had a deep love for trees, and I'd bet it would have quite an influence on some scenes in his next work. Fangorn must have felt something like these woods.) To the right of the trail one tree seemed to be about 6 feet in diameter, & Charlie sent Suford over for comparison in

taking a picture. One lost perspective because the ground was uneven and couldn't really judge distances, so she walked and walked and walked and looked smaller and smaller and smaller. It looked like trick photography in a movie.

We then drove to Fairfax, just outside San Rafael, where Hal Bertrum has his bookstore. Hal deals in SF & is an old friend of Charlie's. After brief conversation & a hasty perusal of the stock we took off for Livermore. However we were so far behind schedule at this point that we didn't arrive at Concannon until 5, just as they were closing, and there was no sign of Cory. Charlie & Tony didn't get the chance to pick up some special wine they wanted (I'd gotten myself a case the previous week), so the whole side-trip was wasted. (Next stop was Palo Alto where we were invited for dinner and I had to pick up some luggage.) Actually, they got their wine a few days later, on the way to Yosemite, but it wasn't worth the bother. It was supposed to be a vintage year for Cabernet Sauvignon and they had a special limited bottling but the wine was MUCH poorer than their regular bottling of 4 years ago. Maybe if I store the rest of my case for 5 or so years it will improve.

While I was in a phone booth to tell Felice we were on our way the others decided they couldn't wait another hour to eat and went into a pizza place. While waiting for our order I ducked next door to the Books Universal store and gave the proprietor a promised handful of TJs for him to put out on his magazine rack.

One hour later we took off for Palo Alto. I was distracted & not giving very good directions, to the great annoyance of Tony. I directed us onto a short-cut to Holmes St, but since I didn't remember the name merely said take 4th St until it ends & turn left. Unfortunately 4th St has been extended & I wasn't looking towards the front, so when I realized the change we had to make make a very sudden turn. I didn't want to take the new freeway, but the more scenic Vallecitos Rd & Niles Canon Rd, but since all the signs & new ramps were designed for the former we made made a few wrong turns. Well, we got to Felice's an hour later than announced, and found Cory & friend waiting. I tied up my parcels in the garage (including the long lost color kits--they had been on top of Felice's refrigerator the last year!) and cleaned up while the others went on a tour of the artificial intelligence center at Stanford. Wish I could have gone too, but I had too much to do, and was beginning to feel tired. Ted White, Andy Porter & a few others dropped by shortly before Tony Lewis drove me to the San Francisco Airport. He dropped Paul Galvin & myself off in plenty of time for our plane to Boston, and I checked my 200 pounds of luggage (and I'm not exaggerating, either). In Boston I caught the morning flight to Laconia on Winnepesaukee Aviation. Their airliner holds the pilot & 5 passengers (they've since gotten a plane which takes 9 passengers), so I was lucky I was the only one that morning for they were then able to get all my stuff on board. A friend had left my car at the Laconia airport, so I drove straight to school, just in time to start counseling new students as part of the registration procedure.

From Claremont Hotel to Belknap College was a hectic 22 hours and at points frustrating in its futility, tho if we hadn't lost so much time at breakfast I think we would have accomplished all. The trip to California was very successful in that I did have a great time and did see almost everyone I wanted to. The only people I missed were Anne Chatland, my first co-editor on NIEKAS with whom even Felice has been out of touch for 1.5 years, Al Halevy, and three non-fan friends at the Lawrence Radiation Lab.

Well, I wonder when I'll get back to California again. I dream of next summer, but business will again take me to Flint in June & I will probably have to teach summer school in July. Well, we shall see....

Ed Meskys

THE MARCHING BARNACLE MEETS THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

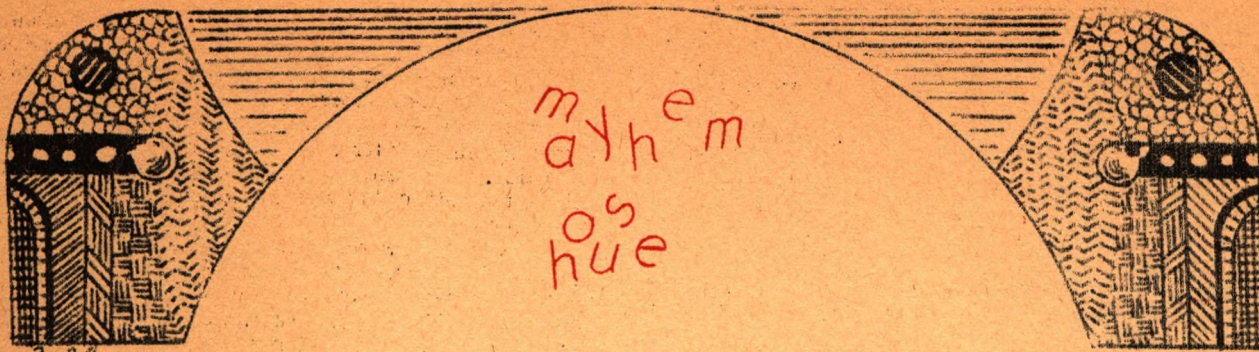
CARLTON L FREDERICK

I say, do you know what time it is?

I left my watch upstairs.

Aren't you afraid that it will run down?

No, it's a winding staircase.



THE NATURE OF MATHEMATICAL PROOF, AS MODIFIED BY EXPERIENCE

"I have an observation," said Joe this morning (the significance of this morning being that Suzy spent the night with a friend). "If you halve the number of children, you reduce the noise level by at least a factor of ten."

"That holds only for the first case," I replied, "And induction does not follow." (After all, it was only 9:00 on a Sunday morning, and if I can't be pedantic then, when can I be pedantic?)

"Why not?" asked Joe.

"In the first place," sez I, "In order to halve a greater number of children than two, you have to start with an even number of children."

"True," sez Joe. "Otherwise you may hear from the fuzz."

"Secondly," I continued (yes, I really talk like that when still asleep), "Your observation doesn't hold for numbers of children greater than one after halving; because if there's more than one child in the house, they will fight."

And what kind of bedside conversation do you have on a Sunday morning?

Bad Guy: "Undeniably you have been committing espionage."

Good Guy: "What do you mean, undeniably? I deny it!"

NATTERINGS ON NIEKAS NINETEEN

W

I was reading over Diana's piece on modern sculpture. Now I know from nothing about this field. But our gentle readers might be interested in Stanford's "junk" sculpture piece entitled "Variations on a Theme by Remington." It's a typewriter, carefully expanded into a rectangular figure about 3' x 3' x 4'. Ever wish you could do that to Ed's microtyper?

Foul Anderson's remarks about critics in his "Writer Wrong" last issue remind me of an article about the American Conservatory Theater that was run in The Reporter Magazine a while ago. Since I'm very interested in ACT, I read it eagerly. About half way through I remarked to Joe, "This man likes theater but he can't stand plays." Somewhat further along the author admitted that he doesn't even like theater; he prefers movies, but he doesn't think that should prevent him from writing about theater. I think it's a very good reason not to write about it. I feel that only a critic with a very real liking for the field he's reviewing can do a good job. In the first place, the man who likes the

FELICE ROLFE

field and is knowledgeable in it will be able to differentiate with some reliability between the good and the bad; while someone like this Reporter author won't find anything good. Which brings me to the second point. With all his attempts to be fair -- which came across as attempts to be charitable; not a very flattering impression -- this guy panned ACT heavily in a nation-wide publication. And the quality of the productions he saw had very little effect on what he said. Now theater, like any other art form, exists through public support, and the public has been cheated of an objective opinion. Tony Boucher was one of the best critics science fiction ever had, and, at times, one of the most severe. I think he may have done more to erase the "crazy Buck Rogers stuff" and "flying saucer nuts" image than any other critic we've had. He wasn't trying to shape sf over into another genre, nor was he trying to freeze it in the past. He knew sf and he knew good writing; and though he was sometimes a little partial to his friends' work, his was the closest thing to an objective opinion the field has had.

Darling! You've brought me an envelope full of circuits!

OF HEROES AND ROGUES

The kids were watching TV the other night, some true adventure program. This one was about bullfights. From the other room my ears picked out one thought-provoking phrase: "...ask of the matador courage and style."

Now, never mind what you think about bullfights. I don't much like the idea of tormenting an animal with pics and banderillas, not to mention the inevitable end. But as an exhibition of courage and style, both of the man and the beast, it is stirring. Why do we so much enjoy stories about the Three Musketeers, Cyrano, Scaramouche? Or, in sf, Captain Nemo of the Nautilus, Kimball Kinnison the Lensman, the Grey Mouser, and even (much as I hate to admit it) Conan?

Courage and style are basic characteristics of the hero, and in spite of modern writing theory -- no matter how much we may identify with the poor-joker protagonist -- I like best the books which show these two qualities, and I think a lot of people do.

Come to think of it, the hero is frequently a rogue as well, while a protagonist can't often be much more than a knave.

AND SPEAKING OF WRITING...

I've had a (seemingly interminable) consulting job lately, editing and preparing for production a huge final report for a rocket outfit. (This is known as a NEIKAN's holiday.) It isn't so much pasting 500 page numbers on 500 pages; it isn't so much changing the figure numbers for 200 illustrations because some nitwit decided he had to have pretty pictures in Section I; it isn't so much having 50 figures pulled from my book for a proposal three hours before I'm ready to start printing. No, friends, that's not what gets me.



It's the engineer who has "new and novel" ideas. It's having five authors, each of whom refers me to the other four when I have a question. It's the engineer who is determined to, whenever possible and with complete disregard for the length of the intervening clause, the total frustration of the editor, or the sensibilities of his (possibly theoretical) readership, split every infinitive. It's people who write things like: "It is not advisable to attempt to adjust the measurement of the quantities involved by means of the upper right-hand instrumentation calibration dial, distinguished from the others by its red color, because of the adverse effect which any change in position of this dial will have upon the accuracy of the desired measurements"; when they really mean, "Don't twiddle the red knob."

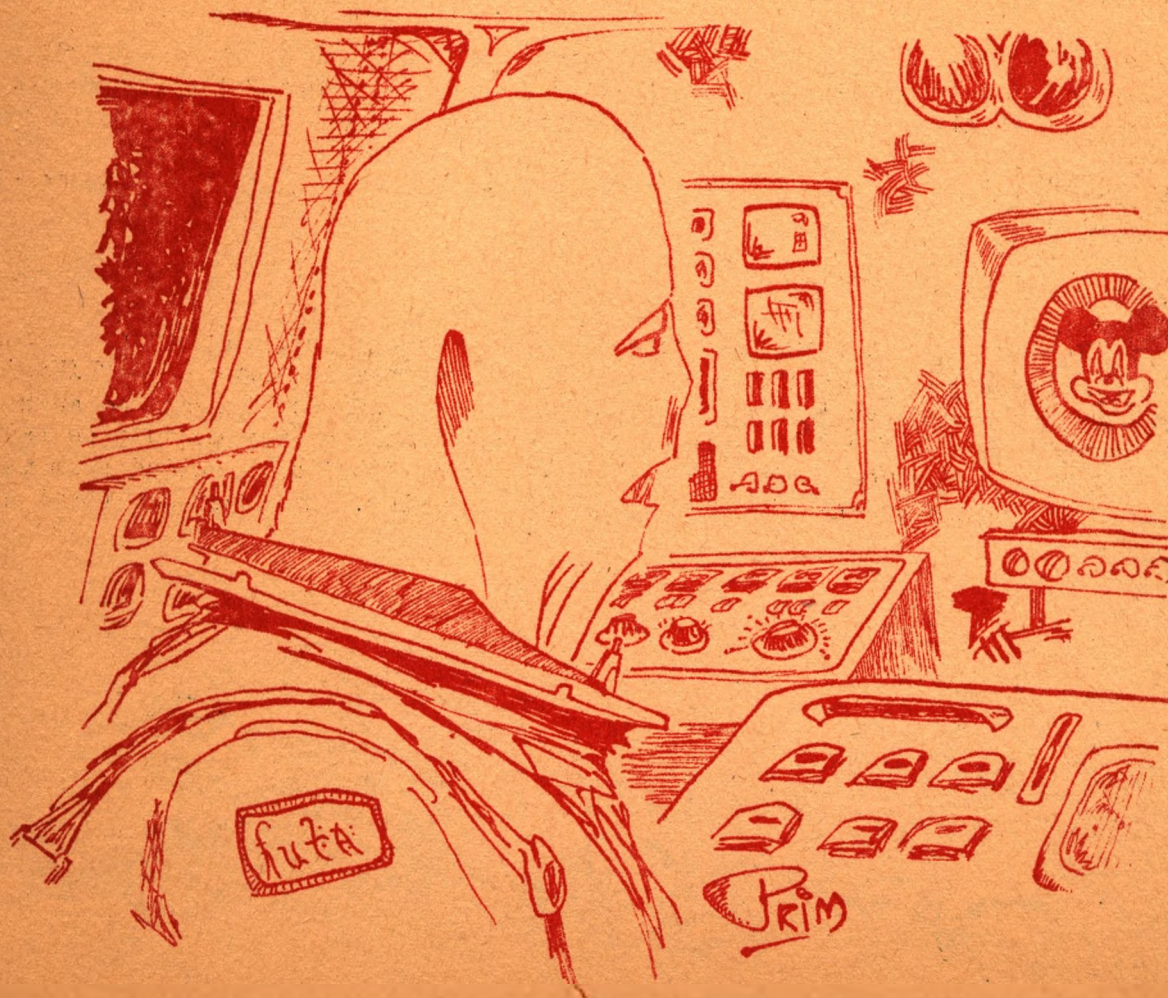
IT'S A LONG COMMUTE OVER THERE TOO

and the local auto repair shop tells me that the proper mode of operation of an internal combustion engine is

suck
squeeze
pop
foole

Notice that "pop". A gentle, unargumentative noise. Under no circumstances, says the man, is it supposed to go

suck
squeeze
kaBLOOM!ftftftftft
foole



CARGOES

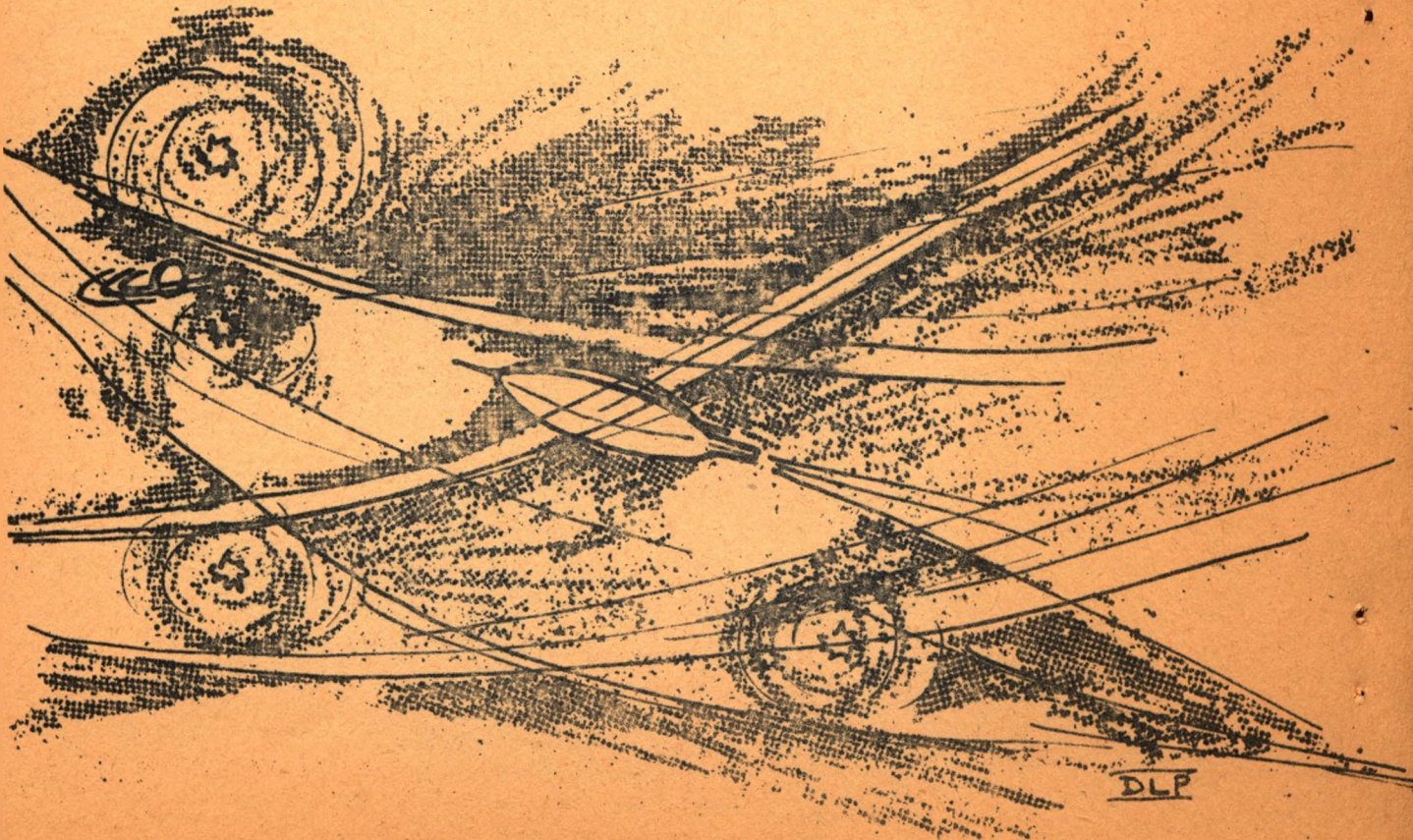
(with apologies to John Masefield)

Ion-stream of old Earth from far Neogea,
Skimming home to cradle in domed Heinlein,
With a cargo of bissentusk,
Fluttersprites and bluejacks,
Gathawood, goshenwood, and goldensap wine.

Mettorean longliner coming from the Rim-worlds,
Gliding through the Clusters by the Rainbow Suns,
With a cargo of rosegleams,
Carmiri and heavenblooms,
Comet-eyes, quinnaleaf, and gold myrions.

Dirty system-scudder with a dust-burned main tube,
Beating through the Rubble in the sun-storm weeks,
With a cargo of fuel cells,
Dun-steel and slash-butts,
Shuttle-bars, pitchblende, and refractory bricks.

— M. Handel



DLP

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

DIANA DECLES

It is interesting to note that for the most part the reviews of the Kubrick-Clarke film 2001 in the national magazines and press were not particularly good. In fact, most of the reviewers missed the point. Strangely enough, the aspects which bothered these gentlemen were not scientific but artistic, and so should not have presented any difficulty to professionals in the arts. Perhaps the trouble was that the work of art in question was a film which fits into none of the neat categories into which critics have divided that genre. 2001 is a commercial film, yet where, or what, was the plot? The film is scientifically meticulous, yet where is the evidence on which Clarke based the final scenes? The film is full of symbols, yet where are the gutsiness or preciousness of the art film? The scientist might be excused for saying, "can this be science?" The art critics are asking, "...but is this art?"

Perhaps what confused the critics was the surface conventionality of the first two "acts". "The Dawn of Man" strongly resembled one of Walt Disney's "True Life Adventures", whereas part two was as carefully presented as a NASA publicity film....and as banal as a travelogue. 2001 is not, however, all that far away from 1968 either temporally or technologically, philosophically or artistically. The kids who are graduating from college this June will be the parents of the astronauts who fly to Jupiter...

...which is where the third part of the film becomes important. Having read the novel which Clarke compassionately released, I am certain of what I suspected after having only seen the film -- that the comprehensibility of the plot makes little difference to the understanding of the message. The book clears up most of the mysteries left by the movie in terms of who did what to whom, why, and when, yet it does not change the theme in the least, nor does it add to our comprehension of its essential mystery -- the mystery of growth.

In the last scenes Clarke attempts to present the transformation of scientific man -- man the toolmaker, into something new and strange, something as unimaginable to him as he was to the hairy ape, his predecessor. This is obviously a step beyond anywhere that a reference to contemporary logic and experience can take us. Therefore, if the presenta-

tion of this transformation were logically comprehensible, it would be, in terms of Clarke's purpose, a failure. On the other hand, if it were totally alien it would be ineffective and, therefore, a failure in terms of communication, one of the purposes of art, and a failure as a piece of art this film is not! The audience may leave confused or angry or simply stunned -- but never unmoved -- the usual comment is that 2001 "blows your mind".

The film does this not by appealing to the mind, but rather by an assault upon the senses, an artistic technique calculated not so much to blow the mind as to bypass it, invading every other portion of the psyche and drawing it all into the vortex of a total experience. This, as a matter of fact, is also the goal of those who present Rock concerts today. It is by no means so simple a thing as hearing a blast of sound over the radio. The bands are trying to make more than noise and money; they are attempting to go beyond the confines of inner space. This is why, upon consideration, I think Rock bands and a light show an extremely appropriate accompaniment to the costume ball to be held at the Baycon this year.

The costume ball is the event at the usual con most capable of letting the participants leave behind their non-fannish, 20th century identities and in donning costumes, don new ones, thus affirming the power of the imagination. What the light show can do is intensify this effect, which is produced visually when the wearers of the costumes mingle on the floor and imaginatively when they are displayed on the runway. It ought to func-



tion much as does a good film score -- to emphasize, intensify, and sometimes clarify the action. Thus the play of lights will be appropriate to the atmosphere of the ball, and, of course, will be adjusted to illuminate rather than obscure the costumes as they appear on the runway.

The music is easier to justify. It is intended primarily for those times when the costumes are not being formally exhibited. To those who don't like Rock music I can only say that the groups which will be at the Con may provide a few surprises. "Notes from the Underground", who have recently released an album, draws upon the total 20th century tradition of popular music, while "Dancing, Food, and Entertainment" has several very literate musicians, and their numbers are likely to include purely lyric interludes and rhythms from jazz to the pavanne. If they do a piece called "Slow Motion Ocean", listen -- it is a unique and sensitive portrayal of the sea. (And after all, what is to be expected of a convention in Berkeley, across the bay from Haight-Ashbury and the Avalon ballroom! One of the advantages of shifting the Con location each year is the opportunity thus offered to sample the local folor of each city.)

I believe that "psychedelic" art is more likely to survive and develop than any of the other recent artistic movements, such as pop art, which represented (in many cases consciously) an artistic dead end. The new art is once again performing its proper function -- to reflect the attitudes and extend the perceptions of its time. The mind-expanding drugs are said to make the user preternaturally aware of beauty and significance in the world as it is (that is, if it's a good trip!) -- total environment art produces what is perceived as the same effect by transforming the environment, thus awakening the mind to new possibilities within it. Such an artistic experience serves as a unifying force, a counter to the modern fragmentation we are all so worried about.

I would call a novel like CTHON an example of this concept of art, since the plot consists basically of the hero's development in perception, and the language is so vivid as to make the novel almost a visual experience. More obviously, THE BUTTERFLY KID is built on the hippie dream of the possibilities if the imagination were turned loose. THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION builds heavily on the significance of Rock music, and LORD OF LIGHT draws heavily on the culture of India, to which so much attention has been drawn by "The Beatles" and others. I have not yet read THORNS, so I cannot say whether the fifth of this year's Hugo nominees is also in some way related to the psychedelic scene, but anyone who has read the others should be extremely interested by what this convention has to offer.

To "turn on" is to become aware of new ways of perceiving the world and relating to it. Progress occurs when some genius sees a Gestalt -- a new pattern to the universe, always inherent in it but somehow never perceived by anyone before. This is how man has always moved into the future, and isn't the imagination what fantasy, and the future what science fiction, is about?

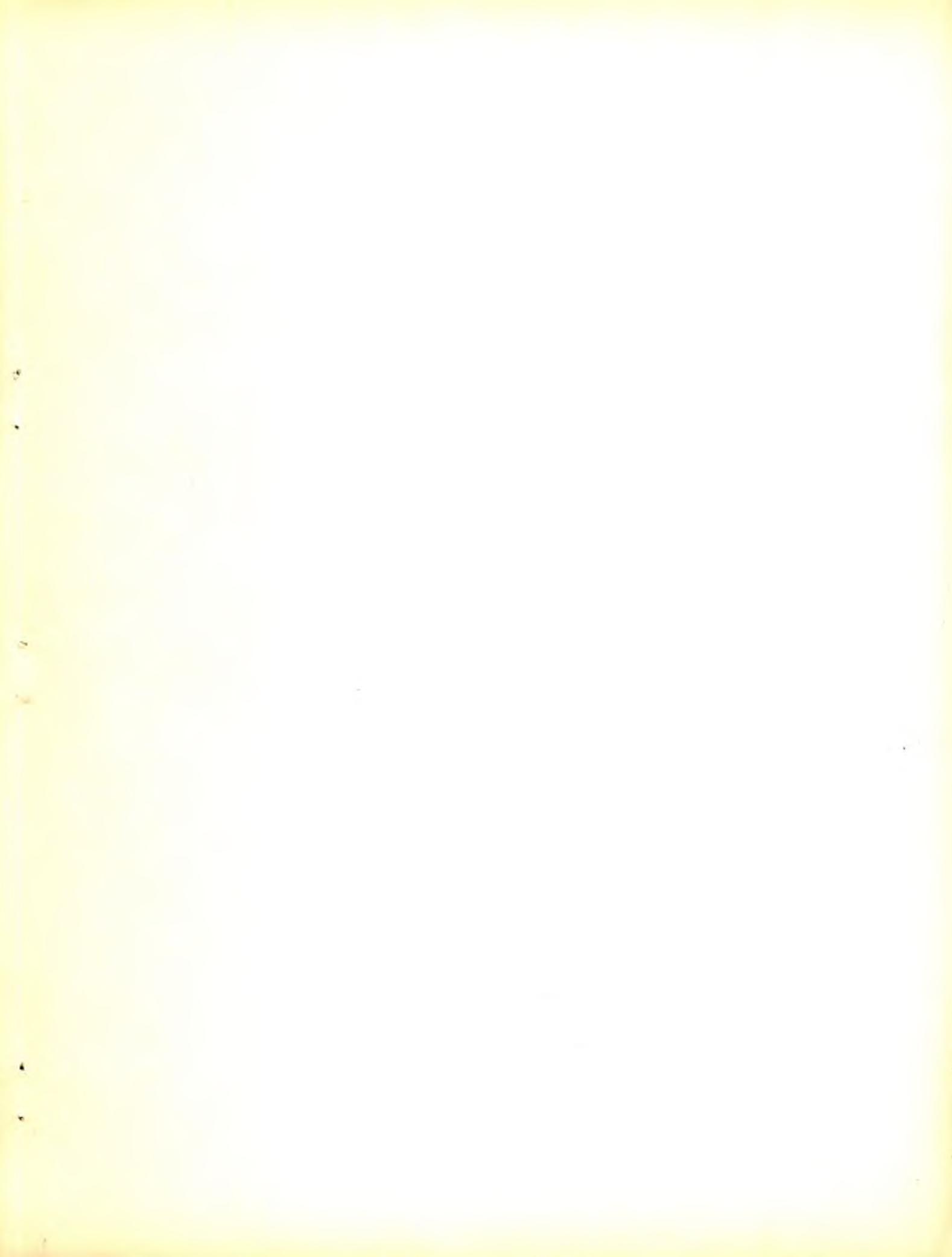


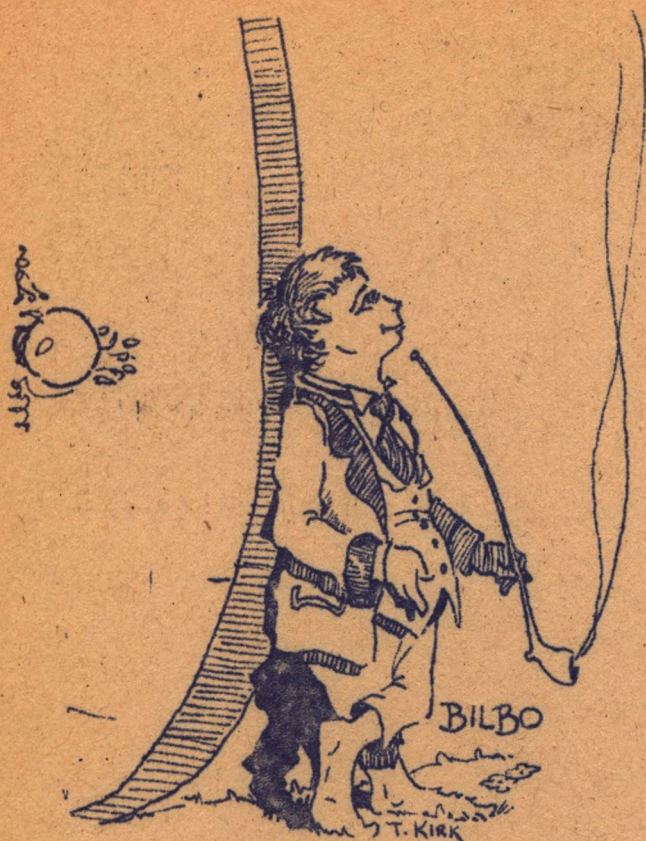
The Fellowship of the Ring

J.R.R. Tolkien

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ROHAN [Sind: "Horse-land"] -- Kingdom of Men bounded by the Ered Nimrais, Misty Mountains, Fangorn, River Limlight, Anduin, the Mouths of Entwash and the Mering Stream; its western boundary was not exact. In TA 2510 Eorl the Young saved the northern army of Gondor, and he and his folk were given the province of Calenardhon (q. v.) in return for a perpetual alliance with Gondor. The land was named anew Rohan or the Riddermark. The Rohirrim led a simple life on the green plains of their country, and their chief love was their horses. In 2758 the country was overrun by Dunlendings under Wulf (q. v.), but the next year was freed by Fréalaf. About 2960 Saruman began to aid the enemies of Rohan and harass its borders, and soon after Orcs from Mordor made raids across Anduin. This continued until the WR, when Saruman's forces were decisively beaten in the Battle of the Hornburg (q. v.). Rohan, under the personal leadership of King Theoden, then sent an army to the aid of Gondor; Theoden was killed in the Battle of the Pelennor Fields, but his sister-son and heir Eomer was instrumental in the victory and in the later affairs of the WR. After the WR, the kingdom remained independent, but in close friendship and alliance with the Kings of the West.

The capital and perhaps only city of Rohan was Edoras, for the Rohirrim loved the earth and the grassy plains and dwelt in small communities.

The Rohirrim called their land "the Riddermark" or "the Mark of the Riders" or the Mark; "Rohan" was the name given the country in Gondor, coming from the older Sindarin form Rochand. (I 16-7, 343; II 30ff; III 14, 428-38, 459-72)

See: Easternnet, Westernnet, the Wold, Dunharrow, the Hornburg, Eastfold, Westfold, Helm's Deep, Meduseld, etc; entries for individual kings give more detailed history, especially Helm.

RUSHEY -- Village in the Marish, Eastfarthing, on the Causeway. Spelled Rusny on the Shire-map. (I 40, 142; TB 9n. 1, 21)

RUSHOCK BOG -- Bog in Westfarthing, on the Water, a few miles above Bywater. (I 40)

RUSHY -- See: Rushey. (I 40)

SAMMATH NAUR (Sind: "the Chambers of Fire") -- Chambers high in the cone of Orodruin (q. v.) in which was the Crack of Doom. Here the Quest ended as Gollum seized the Ring from Frodo and fell into the Fire of Doom. It was probably here, at an earlier time, that Sauron forged the One Ring.

The Westron name, which was less common than the Elvish, was the Chambers of Fire. (III 265, 273-6)

SARN FORD -- Ford on the Brandywine south of the Shire, where the road leading to the Shire from the south crossed the river. Sarn Ford was guarded by the Rangers as part of their ceaseless struggle to preserve the Shire. In September 3018 the Black Riders drove off the Ranger-guard and thus entered the Shire. (I 16, 234; III 464)

SARN GEBIR (Sind) -- Unnavigable rapids in Anduin above the Argonath. Around them on the western shore was a portage-way. The Fellowship, travelling at night, came upon Sarn Gebir unexpectedly and, while trying to get upstream, was attacked by Orcs on the eastern bank.

Also called the Rapids. (I 499-500, 505-6)

SAURON'S ROAD -- Road leading from the Barad-dur to the Sammath Naur. Leaving the Dark Tower by a great iron bridge, it went across the plain of Gorgoroth to Orodruin, and then spiralled up the mountain counter-clockwise. The road was often obstructed by the eruptions of Orodruin, but was always repaired. Frodo and Sam used part of this road to get to the Sammath Naur, reaching it on the northern side of Orodruin and following it to the Crack of Doom. (III 269-74)

SCARY -- Village in Eastfarthing, the Shire. (I 40)

SCARY, THE HILLS OF -- Hills in the Eastfarthing north of Scary. (I 40; III 372)

A GLOSSARY OF MIDDLE EARTH: GEOGRAPHY

by
BOB FOSTER

SEA, THE -- The body of water west of Middle-earth, of indefinite size. On its western shore, until the end of the Second Age, were the Undying Lands, and they could be reached by simple navigation. After that time, however, they were removed from the circles of the world; the western limits of the Sea, for mortals, is uncertain.

Also called the High Sea, the Great Sea and the Sundering Seas (q. v.). (I 452; III 384)

See also: the Night of Naught.

SEA OF RHÛN, THE -- Great inland sea northeast of Mordor. According to the maps, only the Calduin-Carnen flowed into it; it had no outlet. On its northeastern edge were woods, on its southwestern were mountains. The Kine of Araw were found there.

The Sea of Rhûn marked the western boundary of Rhûn, and probably the eastern boundary of the lands known to the Men of Gondor.

Also called "the Inland Sea" (I 17; III 395, 404, 405, 438)

SEAT OF SEEING, THE -- The throne on Amon Hen (q. v.), built by the Kings of Gondor. Anyone who sat on it could see all the lands for hundreds of miles around. During the Quest, Frodo sat here and was nearly spied by Sauron. The same day, Aragorn expressed a desire to sit here, but it is not recorded if he did so.

Also called "the Seat of Amon Hen." (I 518)

SEA-WARD TOWER, THE -- The tower of Dol Amroth (q. v.), looking toward the Sea.

Called in Sindarin "Tirth Aear," which means "Sea-watch" or "Sea-guard." (TB 8, 37)

SERNI -- River in Lebennin, Gondor, flowing into the Gilrain above Linhir. (III 15; TB 8) Also called Sernui (TB 8)

SERNUI -- See: Serni. (TB 8)

SEVEN RIVERS, THE -- The rivers in southern Gondor: Lefnui, Morthond-Ciril-Ringló, Gilrain-Serni, and Anduin. (TB 8, 64)

SEVEN RIVERS OF OSSIR, THE -- Rivers (guess how many) in Ossiriand (q. v.). (II 90)

SHADOW, THE -- According to Gandalf, where the Balrog should go back to. The meaning of the term is highly uncertain, but I don't think the Shadow of Mordor or the Shadow of Sauron was meant. (I 429)

SHADOW-LAND -- A land mentioned in "Errantry" as a dreamy place, near the river Derrilyn. Any resemblance to real places of any period, East or West, is probably accidental. (TB 24)

SHADOWMERE -- Lake in Eldamar in which were reflected the lamps of Tirion. (I 309)

SHADOWS, THE -- See: the Night of Naught. (III 389)

SHADOWY MOUNTAINS, THE -- The Ephel Dûath (q. v.), as called by Gollum. (II 316)

SHARKEY'S END -- New Row, q. v. (III 374)

SHATHÛR -- Bundushatûr, q. v. (I 370)

SHELOB'S LAIR -- The dwelling-place of Shelob (q. v.), a foul and many-tunneled lair under the Ephel Duath near Cirith Ungol. It was necessary to pass through the Lair to get to Cirith Ungol, and Shelob acted as an almost infallible guard on any who tried to enter or escape from Mordor by that route. The Orc-path taking the safest path thru Shelob's Lairs was the swiftest way from Cirith Ungol to Minas Morgul, but it was always guarded by Shelob.

During the Quest Frodo and Sam went through Shelob's Lair, and here great evil befell them from the treachery of Gollum.

Called in Sindarin "Torech Ungol," ----(of the) Spider"; "Shelob's Lair" was an approximate translation of this. (II 414 ff)

SHIRE, THE -- Area in Eriador between the Brandywine River and the Far (or Fox) Downs, originally a farm-land of Arnor. In TA 1601 it was ceded by Arthedain to Marcho and Blanco, two Hobbits who founded the greatest Hobbit-community of the Third Age there, and gave it its name. The Shire grew as the scattered kin of the original settlers joined them, and soon most of the Hobbits in Middle-earth lived there.

The Hobbits lived comfortably in their new land; in 1400 years the only adversities they faced were the Great Plague (SR 36), the Battle of Greenfields (1147), the Long Winter and Days of Dearth (1158-60), the Fell Winter (1311) and the Occupation of the Shire (1418?-19). Indeed, the Hobbits in the Shire managed to ignore the troubles of the outside world for so long that they almost forgot that it existed; after the fall of Arthedain their innocence was maintained by the ceaseless vigilance of the Rangers (q. v.).

Because of over-population, in SR 740 the Oldbucks of the Marish crossed the Brandywine and settled Buckland. In SR 1452 King Elessar added Eastmarch (Buckland) and Westmarch (between the Far Downs and the Tower Hills) to the Shire.

Before the death of Arvedui, the Shire acknowledged the rule of the King, but the Hobbits were so divorced from outside affairs that the rule was symbolic. After the end of the North-kingdom (SR 374), the Hobbits elected a Thain to rule until the return of the King; by 740 the Thainship, a largely ceremonial office, was hereditary, in the Took family. The only official with active duties was the Mayor of Michael Delving, who had charge of the Watch (q. v.) and the post. With the return of the King, the Shire came under his rule, but in 1427 Elessar issued a decree making the Shire a Free Land under his protection and forbidding any Men to enter there; he made the most influential Hobbits his advisors and honored them well.

The economic-social structure of the Shire seems to have been rather simple: an independent agricultural community with landed gentry (Bilbo Baggins was an example) as the aristocracy. Other classes were the farmers (Farmer Maggot) and the hired hands, artisans and laborers. There were poor people in the Shire, but their plight does not seem to have been very severe.

Also called "the Four Farthings." The genuine Hobbitish name was Sûza. (See esp I 17, 23-5, 29-31, 40, 43ff; III 457-71)

SHIREBOURN, THE -- River in the Shire, flowing from its source in the Green Hills south, then eastward to the Brandywine, into which it flows below Deephallow. Its major tributary was Thistle Brook. The Shirebourn fed the Overbourn Marshes. The outflow of the river into the Brandywine was called the Mithe. (I 40; TB 9)

SILVERLODE -- Celebrant, q. v. (I 370)

SILVERTINE -- Zirik-zigil, q. v. (I 370)

SIRANNON [Sind: "the Stream (of the) Gate"] -- Stream coming from near the West-gate of Khazad-dûm and flowing along the ancient road from the gate to Eregion. The Sirannon was dammed by the Watcher in the Water to block the West-gate.

Called in Westron "the Gate-stream"; both names were commonly used. (I 392-403, passim)

See: the Stair Falls.

SIRITH [Sind: Stream (of the) Moon] -- River in Lebennin, Gondor, flowing from its sources in the Ered Nimrais southward to Pelargir, where it joined Anduin. Its principal tributary was the Celos. (III 15)

SLAG-HILLS, THE -- Two hills of wasted stone and earth made by Orcs in the Desolation of the Morannon (q. v.). On these hills the Host of the West was attacked by the armies of

- Sauron in the Battle of the Slog-hills (q. v.) during the WR. (III 200, 206, 467)
- SMIALS, THE -- The Great Smials, q. v. (II 80)
- SNOWBOURN -- River in Roian, flowing from Dunharrow to Edoras, and thence to the Entwash, into which it flows. (III 76, 78, 91, 93)
- SNOWMANE'S HOWE -- The grave of Snowmane (q. v.), built in the Pelennor at the end of the Third Age. On it grew long, green grass, and over it was set a carven stone. (III 146)
- SOUTH DOWNS, THE -- Dreary, partially wooded downs of the Great East Road between the Greenway and the River Hoarwell. After leaving Weathertop, the Travellers and Aragorn went through the Downs to escape detection by the Nazgûl. (I 16, 252, 255, 267-8)
- SOUTHFARTHING, (THE) -- One of the four Farthings of the Shire, the warmest and the only one suited to the growing of pipe-weed. Southfartling was the first area of the Shire to be taken over by Saruman's forces, for he kept agents here as early as TA 2953, and Lotho owned much property here. (I 28, 40; III 360, 462)
- SOUTH GONDOR -- Harondor, q. v. (I 17)
- SOUTH ITHILIEN -- That portion of Ithilien south of Morgulduin. (III 15)
- SOUTH LANE -- Lane leading south from Bywater. Here dwelt the Cottons at the time of the WR. (III 353)
- SOUTH-REALM, THE -- Gondor, q. v. (I 315)
- SOUTH ROAD, THE -- Road from Minas Tirith to Pelargir, crossing the Erui at the Crossings of Erui. Up the South Road marched the captains of the Outlands to the aid of Minas Tirith during the WR. (III 15, 48)
- STADDLE -- Village in the Bree-land on the southeastern side of Bree Hill. (I 205, 245)
- STAIR FALLS, THE -- Waterfalls in the Sirannon near the Westgate, next to steps in the road from Eregion to Knazad-dûm. (I 393)
- STAIR OF THE HOLD, THE -- Steep, coiling road in Rohan, leading from Harrowdale to Dunharrow, built long ago by forgotten men. As the top overlooked each section, and each section overlooked the one below, it was almost impossible for any of enemy to take Dunharrow by that road. At each turn of the road were the Pukel-men. (III 80, 85)
- STAIRS, THE -- The two flights of steps, the Straight Stair and the Winding Stair (qq. v.), leading from Imlad Morgul to Shelob's Lair and Cirith Ungol. Frodo, Sam and Gollum mounted these stairs during the Quest. (II 442)
- STANDELF -- Village in southern Buckland. (I 40)
- STARKHORN -- Mountain in the Ered Nimrais overlooking the southern end of Dunharrow. (III 14, 76, 81)
- STEWARD'S DOOR, THE -- Fen Hollen, a. v. (III 160)
- STOCK -- Village in the northern Marish, south of the Brandywind Bridge. (I 40, 142; TB 9)
- STOCKBROOK, THE -- Stream in Eastfartling, flowing from its source in the Woody End through Stock and into the Brandywine. (I 40)
- STOCK ROAD, THE -- Road in the Shire, leaving the Great East Road west of Bywater and running through the Green Hills and Woody End to Stock. On this road Frodo and Sam met the Last Riding of the Keepers of the Rings in Woody End, Sept 22, 3020. (I 40; III 380)
- STONE HOUSES -- Minas Tirith (q. v.) to the Wild Men. (III 129)
- STONEWAIN VALLEY, THE -- Valley running through or behind Druadan Forest. In it the Men of Gondor had built a great road which, though overgrown with shrubs, was used by the Rohirrim during the WR to escape detection by the Orcs guarding the West Road. (III 15, 131-2)
- STONINGLAND -- Gondor (q. v.), in Rohanish poetry. (III 152)
- STRAIGHT STAIR, THE -- The first stair in the ascent to Cirith Ungol, a long steep flight of (at the time of the Quest) aged and worn steps. Frodo, Sam and Gollum ascended it during the quest. (II 403-4)
- SUNDERING SEAS, THE -- What separates Middle-earth from the Undying Lands. It seems to have been apportion of the Sea that could not be passed (or found, perhaps) by mortal men. (I 260, 261, 482; II 260)
- SUNLENDING -- Rohanish name for Anórien (q. v.) (III 92)
- SUTHERLAND -- Haradwaith, q. v. (I 17)
- SUZA -- The genuine name of the Shire (q. v.), either Westron or Hobbitish. (III 515)
- SWANFLEET -- The Glanduin, q. v. (III 325)
- TANQUETIL (Quenya: "high white peak") -- Another, but later less common, name for Oiolosse, q. v. (TSG)
- TARLANG'S NECK -- In Lamdon, Gondor, about 60 miles northwest of Calembel. It was probably a tall, thin outcropping of rock or a narrowing of the way near the pass through which the Calembel-Erach road ran. The Grey Company passed it during the WR. (III 14, 75)
- TARMENEL [Quenya: "King (of the) Heavens"] -- From Tarmenel came the "wind of power" that blew Earendil to the West. Tarmenel seems to have been in the West, beyond the Sea, but don't winds from the West blow eastward? Perhaps cf. Meneltarma, the great mountain in Númenor. (I 309)
- TASARINAN [Sind: "Willow?-valley"] -- Willow-meads in Beleriand, in the First Age.
Also called Nan-tasarion (Valley (of the) willows?). (II 90; III 321)
- TAUREMORNA [Quenya: "Forest-black"] -- Epithet applied by Fangorn to Fangorn Forest (q. v.) (II 91)
- TAUREMORNALOMÉ [Quenya: "Black-shadowed forest"] -- Epithet applied by Fangorn to Fangorn Forest (q. v.) (II 91)
- TAUR E-NDAEDELOS (Sind: "Forest of the Great Fear") -- See: Mirkwood. (III 515)
- TAUR-NA-NELDOR (Sind) -- Neldoreth, q. v. (II 90)
- TEETH OF MORDOR, THE -- The Towers of the Teeth, q. v. (II 308)
- THANGORODRIM [Sind: "---mountain-people?"] -- Fortress of Morgoth, broken by the Host of Valinor at the end of the First Age. (I 319; III 388, 452)
- THARBAD (Sind) -- City in southern Eriador at the meeting of the Glanduin and Mitheithel. The Old South Road crossed the Mitheithel (or Gwathlo) at a ford here. In TA 2912 Tharbad was ruined by great floods and deserted. (I 16, 359; III 461)
- THELLAMIE -- A country, in "Errantry." The name is an imitation of Elvish, and Thellamie probably never existed in Middle-earth or elsewhere. (TB 8, 25)
- THISTLE BROOK -- Brook flowing into Shirebourn near Willowbottom; its source was in the Green Hill Country. (I 40)

THREE-FARTHING STONE, THE -- Stone on the Great East Road marking the place where the East, West and Southfarthings meet. It was more or less in the center of the Shire. Here Sam cast the remaining dust of Lórien into the air, TA 3019. (I 40; III 349)

THRIHYRNE, THE -- The three tall peaks of the Ered Nimrais behind the Hornburg. Helm's Deep (q. v.) wound into these mountains, and the Hornrock was the end of one of their northern spurs. (II 167, 169)

TIGHFIELD -- Village in the Shire, where the Gamwiches, Gammidge and Ropers (relatives and ancestors of Sam Gamgee) lived from c. SR 1240 to the time of the WR. (II 276; III 477)

TINDROCK -- Tol Brandir, q. v. (I 483)

TIRION (Quenya: "great watch-tower") -- Eldarin tower and city upon the shore of Valinor-Eldamar. Its fashion, when Earendil beheld it, was a white, lamp-lit tower in a sheer valley; at its foot was the Shadowmere. It is possible that the valley was the entrance to Calacirya, that is, Calacirian. * Also called the Haven of the Eldar and Tirion the Fair. (I 309, 482; II 260; III 390; TSE)

TIRITH AEAR (Sind) -- The Seaward Tower, q. v. (TB 8)

TODE -- A marsh mentioned in "The Mewlips" as being on this side of where they dwell but on the other side of the Merlock Mountains.

Probably any resemblance to real places, past or contemporary, East or West, is purely accidental, but portions of Mirkwood, the Dead Marshes or the Gladden Fields are possible identifications. (TB 46)

TOL BRANDIR [Sind: "Rock-pointed"] -- A steep mountain-island rising out of the waters of southern Nen Hithoel. It was said that no man or beast had ever set foot on it, because of its steepness.

Called in Westron "the Tindrock." (I 483, 509-10)

TOLFALAS [Sind: "Coast Rock"] -- Island in the Bay of Belfalas as off the Ethir Anduin. (I 16-7)

TOMBS, THE -- The Hallows, q. v. (III 152)

TONGUE, THE -- Egladil, q. v. (I 482)

TOOKBANK -- Village in Eastfarthing, in the western Green Hills. (I 40)

TOOKLAND -- Folkland of the Took, in the South and Westfarthings in and around the Green Hills. Most of the Took in the Shire still lived there at the time of the WR. (I 30; III 357)

TORECH UNGOL [Sind: "---(of the) Spider"] -- Shelob's Lair, q. v. (II 414)

TOWER HALL, THE -- The great audience-hall of the White Tower (q. v.) of Minas Tirith, an awesome room with tall pillars, stone statues of the Kings of Gondor, and, behind the marble throne, a carved and gem-set image of a tree in flower. The Ruling Stewards used the Tower Hall, but sat on a chair on the lowest step of the dias leading to the throne. * Also called the Hall of the Kings. (III 28, 95, 304)

TOWER HILLS, THE -- Hills marking the western boundary of the Shire after SR 1452. On the Hills were built the White Towers (q. v.).

Called in Sindarin "Eryn Beraid," of which the Westron name was a direct translation. (I 26-7; II 259; III 471)

TOWER OF AMON SUL, THE -- The watch-tower on Weather-top, built by Elendil in the Second Age. It is said that he waited here, watching for the arrival of Gil-galad and his army during the Last Alliance. The chief palantir of the north was kept here, and the Tower, on the border of Rhudaur

and Cardolan, was desired greatly by both countries for this reason. In TA 1409, the combined forces of Rhudaur and Angmar took and burned the tower, and killed Arveleg I who was defending it; the palantir, however, was saved. By the time of the WR, all that remained of the tower was an uneven ring of stones like a crown on Weather-top. (I 250; III 397)

TOWER OF CIRITH UNGOL, THE -- Tower, originally built by the Men of Gondor as a guard of Mordor, on the Cirith Ungol. Later, it was deserted and then manned by Orcs. It was built in three tiers against a mountain-wall and, at the time of the WR, the main gate was guarded by the Two Watchers (q. v.). There was an Under-gate which led to a path thru Shelob's Lair.

After his capture in Cirith Ungol, Frodo was taken here, but the garrison and a company of Orcs from Minas Morgul annihilated each other fighting over his mithril-mail; Sam then rescued him. When they left, the Two Watchers were so shook up by the Phial of Galadriel that the gate-way crumbled. A Mazgûl answered their alarm and took over the command of the Tower. (II 405-6, 446-7; III 15, 214-5, 217-35, 248)

TOWER OF ECTHELION, THE -- The White Tower, q. v. (II 24)

TOWER OF THE STONE OF OSGILIATH, THE -- The Dome of Stars, q. v. (III 406)

TOWERS OF THE TEETH, THE -- The two towers, Narchost and Carchost, built on either side of Cirith Gorgor by the Kings of Gondor as a guard on Mordor. Deserted and later re-occupied by creatures of Sauron, the Towers became strong orc-holds until they were ruined at the unmaking of the One Ring.

Also called the Teeth of Mordor. (II 308; III 200, 215, 279)

TOWN HOLE -- Building in Michel Delving, the residence of the Mayor. (I 214)

TREGARTH OF ORTHANC, THE -- Name given to Isengard by Fangorn after his landscaping program during the WR. (III 317)
See also: the Watchwood.

TROLLSHAW, THE -- Woods in the Angle north of the Great Road. Of old Rhudaur had built castles here, and, though long deserted, they still had an unpleasant air about them. Here Bilbo had his first adventure with Thorin & Co, when he tried to pick a troll's pocket. The travellers and Aragorn went thru the woods on their way to Rivendell, and saw the trolls (now stones) that Bilbo had met. (I 17, 270-9; H 43-53)

TUCKBOROUGH -- Town in Westfarthing, in the Green Hills, site of the Great Smials (q. v.). (I 40; II 80)

TUMLADEN (Sind) -- Valley in Gondor south of Minas Tirith, near Lossarnach. (III 41)

TWILIGHT, THE -- Figurative name for the Undying Lands, deriving from their darkened state after the rebellion of Morgoth. (III 425)

TYRN GORTHAD (Sind) -- The Barrow-downs, q. v. (III 398)

UDÛN -- The circular plain in Mordor between Isenmouth and Cirith Gorgor. (III 15, 251)

UILOS (Sind: "Snow-white") -- The Sindarin name for Ofolosse, q. v. (TSE, TSG)

UMBAR -- Coastal area in Harad, consisting of a cape, firth, havens and fortress, as well as the surrounding land. The harbor was first developed by the Númenoreans, sometime after SA 600, and by 2280 it was a great fortress and the chief Númenorean harbor in Middle-earth. In 3261 Ar-Pharazôn landed here to contest the power of Sauron; but the latter humbled himself and was carried back to Númenor. After the fall of Númenor (and perhaps before that time as well), the Edain of Umbar fell under the influence of Sauron and became known as the Black Númenoreans (q. v.); they hated the followers of Elendil above all things. In the Third Age, Gondor and the Corsairs of Umbar (q. v.) often contested the ownership of this

harbor and control of the Bay of Balfalas. King Eärnil I took Umbar in 933, but the Corsairs, with aid from other of the Haradrim kingdoms, besieged it until 1050, when Ciryaher Hyarmendacil utterly defeated the enemy. In 1448 the rebels of the Kin-strife took Umbar and made war on Gondor's coasts for many years, until in 1810 Telumehtar Umbardacil retook the havens. They were lost soon after, in the invasion of the Wainriders, and back came the Corsairs. Their power was not contested until Aragorn, serving Ecthelion II in disguise, attacked Umbar about 2970 or 2980 with a small fleet, burned many of the ships of the Corsairs and slew the Captain of the Haven in personal combat. Umbar's power had sufficiently recovered by the WR to send a fleet consisting of 50 great and countless lesser ships to take Pelargir. Aragorn again saved the day by loosing the Dead on the Corsairs, and then he sailed their fleet up Anduin to the defense of Minas Tirith. During his reign he totally subdued Umbar and made the coastlands safe.

At Umbar until its destruction c. 1700 was a great beacon of crystal that commemorated the landing of the fleet of Ar-Pharazôn.

Also called "the Haven" and "the havens of Umbar." The name Umbar was of pre-Númenorean origin; umbar in Quenya means fate. (I 16; II 339; III 42, 186, 392, 403, 406-7, 408, 417, 454, 456, 457, 508)

UNDERGATE, THE -- The brazen lower gate of the Tower of Cirith Ungol, opening into Shelob's Lair. Frodo was taken into the Tower through this gate. (II 438)

UNDERHARROW -- Hamlet in Rohan located in Harrowdale. (III 91)

UNDER-HILL -- A neighborhood in Hobbiton, consisting of those holes which, like Bag Eng, were built in the Hill. (II 28)

UNDERTOWERS -- The home of the Fairbairns, Wardens of Westmarch, on the Tower Hills. Here was kept the Red Book of Westmarch. (I 37; III 471)

UNDER-WAY, THE -- Orc-path in Shelob's Lair, probably the tunnel between the Undergate and the stone door that blocked Shelob. (II 440)

UNDYING LANDS, THE -- General name given the lands west of the Sea. Here lived for all time the Valar and, most probably, Eru, the One. It seems that until the end of the Second Age the Undying Lands were theoretically accessible to all, although Earendil was unable to achieve them the first time he tried, and only the Eldar had the right to go there. The only mortals known to have gone there during that time were Earendil, who was permitted to come because he bore the Silmaril, and Ar-Pharazôn, whose country was broken when he landed on Aman the Blessed. At the ruining of Númenor, however, the Undying Lands were removed from the circles of the world, and seem to have become known as "Over-heaven." The route to them seems to have become a hidden one.

Places mentioned in the Undying Lands include Arda, Eldamar and Elvenhome, Aman the Blessed, Faerie, Valinor, Valimar, the Uttermost West, the Blessed Realm, the Far West, the Isles of the West, the Last Shore, the Lost Isle, Evereven, Ilmarin, Tirion, the Shadowmere, Calacirya, Calacirya, the Twilight, the West, Mount Everwhite-Oiolosse-Tinquetil-Uilos-The Mountain, the Mountain Wall-the Pelóri-the Mountains of Valinor, and World's End, qq. v.

All of these except Aman the Blessed, the Uttermost West, Ilmarin and World's End can be clearly -- or at least non-ambiguously -- determined. Aman the Blessed probably refers to the Undying Lands as a whole, or possibly to Eressea, or Valinor. Ilmarin is discussed in its own entry. The Uttermost West may be the dwelling of Eru, or perhaps merely Valinor. World's End may be synonymous with the Uttermost West, or may be the boundary between earth and sky.

The geographical set-up seems to be that west of Elenna lies Eressea and west of Eressea lies the shore of Valinor. The shorelands of Valinor and Eressea comprise Eldamar. Tirion is probably on the coast, with the Shadowmere nearby. The two trees, and therefore Valimar, were west of the Mountains of Valinor, the great chain that divides Valinor. (The golden

tree on I 482 is not one of the Two Trees, therefore.) Calacirya was just east of Calacirya. Oiolosse is one of the Mountains of Valinor. West of western Valinor is the Uttermost West &/or World's End, or neither. The Silmarillion will no doubt shed more light on the matter.

The Undying Lands were also called the Far West, the West, Evereven and the Twilight (figuratively), Arda (by the Valar), and perhaps the Isles of the West, the Uttermost West and Aman the Blessed. (III 390, 392)

UPBURN -- Hamlet in Rohan located in Harrowdale. (III 91)

UTTERMOST WEST, THE -- Someplace west of the Sea. From here came Telperion, q. v., in the Day Before Days, and it is perhaps here that Eru dwells. However, Earendil is said to have come to the Uttermost West, so it may be merely Valinor or the halls of the Elder King. (I 321; III 389)

VALES OF ANDUIN, THE -- The lands between Mirkwood and the Misty Mountains. Here of old dwelt many men, including the Beornings, the Rohirrim and men of related races. The Hobbits of the area emigrated to Eriador when the Shadow grew, but some Stoors later returned from the Angle; Gollum was of this folk. Although a fertile land, by the time of the WR it seems to have been largely deserted, perhaps because of the evils in the forest and the mountains. (I 21; III 404, 429)

VALIMAR (Quenya: "dwelling of the Valar") -- Properly, the city of the Valar in (probably western) Valinor, the mound upon which the Two Trees stood. However, it was later used to signify Valinor as a whole. (I 489; TSG)

VALINOR (Quenya: "land of the Valar") -- Part of the Undying Lands, where the Valar dwelt. It consisted of the land between the Sea and whatever is west of Valinor, and so included mainland Eldamar, Calacirya and the Pelóri.

The Valar settled here after their demiurgic labors in the very beginning, and prepared the eastern portion, plus Eressea, for the Eldar, who eventually arrived after a great migration from Middle-earth. However, the rebellion of Morgoth, q. v., caused great grief and dissention, for he poisoned the Two Trees and stole the Silmarils as he left; this removed Valinor's sources of light. Elbereth, under command from the Elder King, summoned up dark shadows and Valinor became darkened, except for light from the stars Elbereth scattered in the sky forever. Fearon and his Noldorin followers left Eldamar to fight against Morgoth in Middle-earth. Those who survived returned mostly at the end of the First Age, but the Exiles, like Galadriel and perhaps Círdan, stayed on until they were forgiven or their tasks accomplished.

Also called the Blessed Realm and "Valimar." "Evereven" and the Twilight refer to Valinor &/or Eldamar as they were after their darkening. Arda was the name given to the region by the Valar when they first came there. (I 309, 489; III 311, 388, 452; TSG)

WATCHWOOD, THE -- Forest, containing Ents and trees, in the Ring of Isengard, so called because it was intended to guard Saruman, who was a prisoner in Orthanc at the time (TA 3019) (II 245)

WATER, THE -- Stream in the Shire, running through Needlehole, Hobbiton and Bywater and emptying into the Brandywine just above the Bridge. On the Water were Rushock Bog and the Pool of Bywater. (I 40, 106; III 365; H 16)

WATER-VALLEY, THE -- The valley of the Water, extending northward from the Green Hills. Through this part of the Water valley passed the Great East Road. (I 107)

WAYMEET -- Village in Westfarthing on the Great East Road, 15 miles from Bywater. During the Occupation of the Shire the ruffians made it one of their headquarters. The main Shire-road to Sarn-Ford left the Great Road here. (I 40; III 356, 367) Spelled "Waymoot" on the Shire-map.

WAYMCOT -- Waymeet, q. v. (I 40)

WEATHER HILLS, THE -- Hills north of the Great East Road bet-

ween Brec and Mitheithel. In the days of the North-kingdom they were fortified against Angmar, but were taken in TA 1409.

The chief peak was the southernmost, Weathertop. (I 16, 247, 249; III 397)

WEATHERTOP -- The southernmost of the Weather Hills, on which was built the Tower of Amon Sûl (q. v.). Here Gandalf went to look for Frodo, but he was besieged at night (Oct 3, TA 3018) by all 9 Nazgûl in the ring of the Tower. 3 days later, Frodo's camp on Weathertop was attacked by 5 Nazgûl, and Frodo was wounded.

Called in Sindarin "Amon Sûl," of which the Westron "Weathertop" was an approximate translation. (I 16, 233, 250-67, 346; TB 41)

WELLINGHALL -- A dwelling of Fangorn near the roots of Methedras and the source of the Entwash. Its walls and roof consisted of the branches and trunks of evergreens, and in the back fell a little faterfall diverted from the Entwash. (II 91-103, 216)

WESTERNET -- That portion of Rohan west of the Entwash. (I 17; II 42)

WESTERNESSE -- Westron name for Numenor, q. v. (I 23)

WESTERN SEAS, THE -- Either the Sea (q. v.) or that portion of it on the shores of the Undying Lands. (I 117, 412; III 381)

WESTFARTHING -- One of the four Farthings of the Shire, and seemingly the most important. Here was Michel Delving, the main township and "capital" of the Shire, and here was held the Free Fair. Places of note include Hobbiton & Bywater. Westfarthing extended from the Three-Farthing Stone to the Far Downs. (I 40)

WESTFOLD -- Area in Rohan near the Ered Nimrais in the vicinity of Helm's Deep. The master of Westfold dwelt in the Hornburg. (II 168, 170)
See: Westfold Vale.

WESTFOLD VALE -- Valley in the Westfold of Rohan, north or east of Helm's Deep; thru it ran the Deeping Stream. (II 169)

WEST GATE OF MORIA, THE -- Gate in Khazad-dûm built by Narvi the Dwarf and Celebrimbor in the early Second Age to facilitate trade between the Noldor of Eregion and the Dwarves. When Sauron overran Eregion it was closed, and remained so until the coming of the Fellowship and Gandalf. Before that, they had been blocked by the Watcher in the Water (q. v.), who prevented Balin's Dwarf-colony from escaping by the West-gate (TA 2994). When the Fellowship got it, the Watcher closed the gate and barricaded it with boulders and the two holly trees that had marked the entrance.

The West-gate was inlaid with ithildin (q. v.), and, once visible, did not open unless the password "mellon" (Sind: friend) was spoken. (I 388, 394-403, 417)

WESTMARCH -- Area, added to the Shire in the SR 1452 or 1462 by gift of King Elessar, between the Far Downs and the Tower Hills. In 1455 Fastred and Elanor moved to Under-towers (q. v.), and Fastred was named Warden of Westmarch by the Thain. His descendants, the Fairbairns, kept that office and had in their possession of the Red Book of Westmarch. Westmarch became a populous area for many Hobbits went there when it was opened because of overpopulation in other parts of the Shire. (I 30; III 471)

WEST ROAD, THE -- The road leading from Minas Tirith to Edoras, over part of which the Rohirrim rode on their way to the Battle of the Pelennor.

Also called "the North-way." (III 14-5, 93-4, 127-9, 193, 306)

WETWANG, THE -- Nindalf, q. v. (I 483)

WHITE DOWNS, THE -- Downs in Westfarthing, on which was built Michel Delving. The Free Fair (and the election of the

Mayor) was held on the White Downs every seven years. (I 31; III 383)

WHITE MOUNTAINS, THE -- The Ered Nimrais, q. v. (I 16, 321)

WHITE TOWERS, THE -- The tower in the Citadel (q. v.) of Minas Tirith, built by King Calimehtar in TA 1900. In 2698 it was rebuilt by the Ruling Steward Ecthelion I.

The White Tower seems to have been the King's House from the time of its construction. In it was the Hall of the Kings (q. v.), & in a chamber under the dome, the palantir of Minas Anor was kept.

Also called "tower of Ecthelion" or "the White Tower of Ecthelion," after the builder. (III 24, 25, 115, 458, 459)

WHITE TOWERS, THE -- Towers on the Tower Hills of great age, built probably by the Elves. In the tallest of these was kept a palantir (q. v.). From them one could see the Sea.

Called also "the Towers." (I 74, 349; III 383)

WHITFURROWS -- Village in Eastfarthing on Great East Road (I 40)

WHITWELL -- Village in the Shire near Tuckborough where Paladin Took owned farm-lands. (III 47)

WILD, THE -- The area east of an imaginary line drawn north & south thru the Ford of Bruinen, where nothing was safe or "normal." Altho only used in H, the term deserved comparison with Rhovanion, which, tho it only covers lands east of the Misty Mts, seems to have the same meaning. (H 12, 65)

WILDERLAND -- Rhovanion, q. v. See also: the Wild. (I 17, 330; H 14)

WILD WOOD, THE -- The wood whence came the first Elf-children "in the deeps of time." (II 78)

WILLOWBOTTOM -- Village in Eastfarthing near where Thistle Brook flowed into the Shirebourn. (I 40)

WINDING STAIR, THE -- The 2nd stairway in the ascent from Im-lad Morgul to Cirith Ungol, zig-zagging up the face of the Ephel Dûath. (II 404-5)

WINDOW CURTAIN, THE -- The waterfall behind which Annûn (q. v.) was built. Also called the Curtain. (II 358, 370)

WINDOW OF THE EYE, THE -- Window high in the western side of the Barad-dûr whence watched the Eye of Sauron. The Window was originally built to look straight back at Sammath Naur (III 270)

WINDOW OF THE SUNSET, THE -- Henneth Annûn, q. v. (II 358)

WINDOW ON THE WEST, THE -- Henneth Annûn, q. v. (II 358)

WITHERED HEATH, THE -- Area in the eastern Ered Mithrin whence came dragons & cold-drakes. (I 17; H 13, 32)

WITHY-WEIR -- Weir in the Withywindle above Windle-reach, made most probably by the Hobbits of Buckland. It was not an absolute bar to navigation, as Bombadil floated over it, altho with some discomfort. (TB 19, 23)

WITHYWINDLE -- River flowing from its source in the Barrow-downs thru the Old Forest (q. v.) & into the Brandywine at the southern end of Buckland. In its valley, the Dingle (q. v.), grew many willows, and this area was the center of the "queerness" of the Old Forest.

The Travelers were forced down to the Withywindle when they entered the Old Forest, and were waylaid by Old Man Willow. Goldberry, Bombadil's wife, was the daughter of the River-woman (q. v.) of the Withywindle. See also: Withy-weir, Windle-reach. (I 40, 160, 163-71, 176; TB 8-9, 11-23)

WINDLE-REACH -- Straight portion of the lower Withywindle, between Grindwall and Withy-weir. (TB 19)

WOLD OF ROHAN, THE -- The grassy upland plain of northeastern Rohan. (I 17; II 38ff.)

WOODHALL -- Village or dwelling in Eastfarthing on the northern eaves of the Woody End. (I 40)

WOODLAND REALM, THE -- The Elven-realm of Thranduil (q. v.) in northern Mirkwood (q. v.) (II 42)

WOODY END, THE -- Woods in Eastfarthing. Frodo passed thru here on his way to Buckland at the very beginning of the Quest, and here he met the Last Riding of the Keepers of the Rings. (I 40, 107, 109ff; III 380-1)

WORLD'S END -- Somewhere west of Ilmarin, seemingly the border between earth & sky, in the First Age. (I 310)
See: The Undying Lands.

YALE, THE LOWLANDS OF THE -- Lowland area in the Eastfarthing west of Stock. (I 114)

YAVANNA (Sind) -- Site of famous gardens of undying flowers, either in Middle-earth or in the Undying Lands. It was believed that miruvor was made from these flowers.
Yavanna could also be a person. (TS61)

ZIRAK -- Zirak-zigil, q. v. (I 370)

ZIRAK ZIGIL [Dwarvish: "Silvertine" ?] -- One of the three Mountains of Moria. In its pinnacle was built Durin's Tower, and here Gandalf threw down the Balrog.

Called in Sindarin Celebil the White and in Westron "Silvertine". All 3 names were commonly used by the respective races, and all were probably identical in meaning.
Also called by the Dwarves Zirak. (I 370, 432; II 134)

ADDENDA These entries add material from The Road Goes Ever On (TS) left out of early installments and also gives specific references for such material. TS stands for Tolkien Songbook, which is how I originally heard of Road, and which I still usually call it.

ARDA ("The Realm") -- The land where the Valar came at the beginning of time, later called Valinor. (TS 66)

BLESSED REALM, THE -- Valinor, q. v., or perhaps only that portion of it west of the Pelori.

See also the entries under "Things" for the following: EVERNIGHT, NIGHT OF NAUGHT, and THE SHADOWS. The entries for name-bearing things are scheduled to start in the next issue.

See also: the Undying Lands. (III 388; TS 62)

CALACIRIAN or CALACIRIANDE (Q: "region of Calacirya")
That part of Eldamar near and in the entrance to the Calacirya. Here the light from Valimar (before the poisoning of the Two Trees) was brightest & the land the most beautiful.
The name is orthographically anglicized from Q. Kala-kiryan(de). (I 310; TS 62)

CALACIRYA (Q: "light-cleft") -- The great ravine in the Pelori. Thru this ravine, before the poisoning of the Two Trees, the light of the Blessed Realm had flowed eastward into Eldamar. The Calacirya was the passage between Eldamar & western Valinor. (I 489; TS 62)

ELDAMAR (Q: "Elvenhome") -- The true home of the High Elves in the West. It comprised the coastline of Valinor (that portion east of the Pelori) & Eressea. The chief city of Eldamar seems to have been Tirion, q. v.

Called "Faerie" in the Hobbit. The Westron name, Elvenhome, was also commonly used.

See also: the Undying Lands. (I 309, 482; III 289, 506; H 164; TB 63; TS 62)

EREGION -- [add to entry:] Galadriel & Celeborn came here at the beginning of the Second Age before they went to Lorien. (TS 60)

ERESSEA (Q: "the lonely island") -- The island close to the shore of Valinor, an important part of Eldamar.

Also called the Lost Isle (reflecting the meaning of the name and its remoteness from Middle-earth). (I 321; III 289, 390, 452; TS 62)

EVEREVEN -- Valinor after it was drowned in shadow by Elbereth. Also called Ever-eve. (I 310, 482)

OIOLOSSE -- (TS 60, 61)

PEROLI -- (TS 61)

TANEQUETIL -- (TS 61)

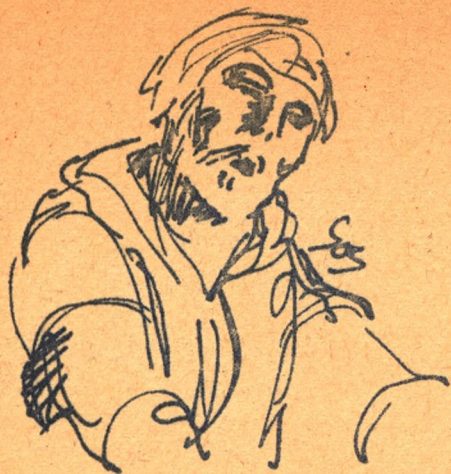
VALIMAR -- (TS 62)

VALINOR -- (TS 60, 62)



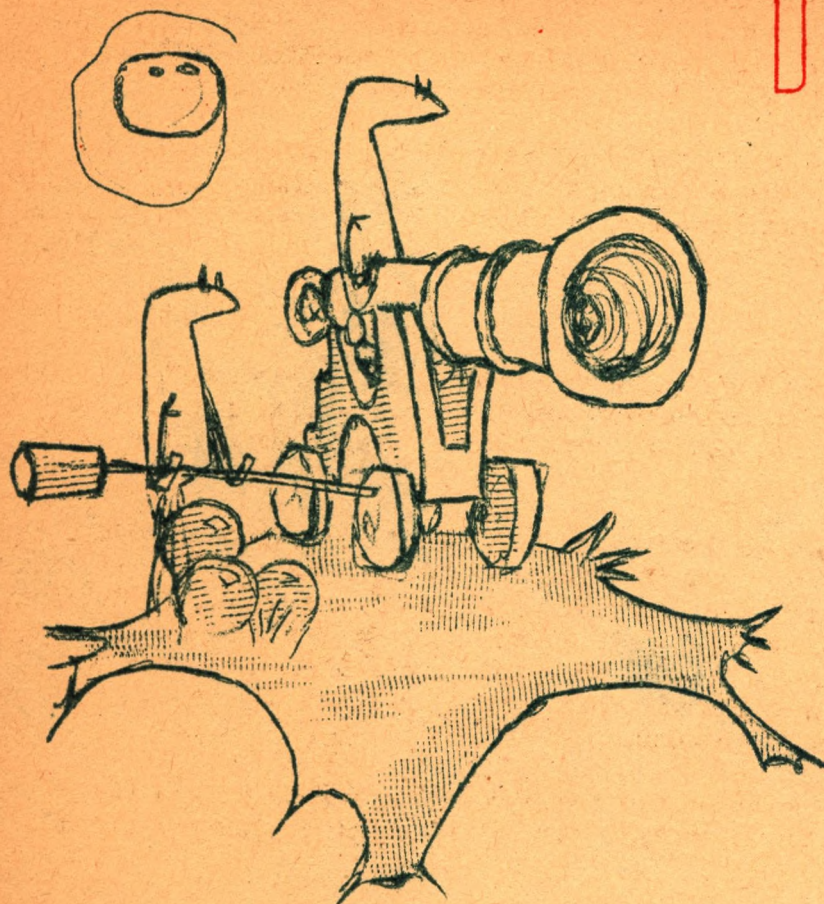


Preliminary
sketches for
SOS the
Rope
by
Piers Anthony



DONALD

WOLFFHEIM'S



GUEST
OF

HONOR

SPEECH

1968

LUNACON

IT'S hard for me to believe, even up here, that I started being a science fiction fan over thirty-five years ago. That, I suspect, is a lot longer than many of the people in this audience have been alive on Earth. It gives me a perspective that startles even me. Because I do not feel that all that time has passed. And though science fiction has become a lifetime career for me, I still get the same kind of kick out of the visions of these stories as I did back when I was still in my teens.

There are two views in the world of fandom about this sort of thing. One says that fandom is just a god-damned hobby. The other says it is a way of life. Well, I know that for different people one or another attitude is right. For me, there can't be any question that it's been a way of life.

And for me a good one.

By becoming an active science fiction fan in my teens, I first developed my ability to express myself on paper, to handle correspondence on controversial subjects, and to feel at ease in print. Believe me, that's invaluable to anyone who is due to end up in publishing.

I met my basic circle of friends. I learned to differentiate character and to contest egos -- as well as the fine fannish art of acquiring that mysterious substance known as egoboo. I developed into more muscular form my world views and my social attitudes -- through fan activities. Through science fiction fandom I met the girl who became my wife, and through the same channels I found my life's profession and mastered it. Though I have risen very comfortably into the world of general publishing, it is still science fiction which is the keystone of my career.

I have even raised a daughter who shows all the signs of being an active fan -- and if that doesn't prove that fandom is not only a way of life, but an inheritable one, I don't know what does.

Back in those days, back in the dismal thirties, science fiction was a dream that sustained us through some very gloomy perspectives. It was usually restricted to three poorly circulated pulp magazines with lurid titles and lurid covers -- and nobody took it seriously save the handful of fans. But we believed in it because those stories spoke of wonders to come which we desperately longed to see. The elders about us scoffed at these Buck Rogers visions but we believed in them -- a tiny stubborn minority.

Now, here in 1968, look back and see what it was we believed in. We believed in space flight. We believed in television. We believed in robots and mechanical brains. We believed in communicators which could be carried around in your pocket and we believed in universal aviation in common use. We believed in messages from the stars and in the exploration of the sea bottoms. We believed in some world-wide system of government... and we believed in atomic power.

Above all, we believed in the universality of life -- that other planets were inhabited. Even to believe in other planets outside this solar system was daring then -- most astronomers denied them. We even believed in heat rays and death rays and suspended animation.

Sounds banal, doesn't it? Boring, everyday stuff, isn't it? Especially if you were born in the forties. That's just the world of today and what of it? Nothing to get excited about. Certainly no grounds to read science fiction.

The fact is that this world of today is really and truly a world created by science fiction. The ideas that were dreamed up then are the living substance of life today. In short, what I see from my perspective is that I am living in a science fiction story. This is it -- this is a science fiction world.

It still thrills me. But it doesn't mean much to the fans of today. I can still get a kick out of the story that was on the front page of the New York Times a month ago about



the pulsating star-points that had just been discovered. In cold print, a perfectly sane astronomer advanced the suggestion that perhaps these radio pulsars were interstellar beacons of an advanced star-navigating confederation.

Pure Edmond Hamilton! And nobody blinked an eyelash about that theory. It didn't rate any blue pencil on the part of some skeptical editor. It didn't even rate an excited editorial or a scarehead in some tabloid. Everybody who read the paper had already been indoctrinated in the pure science fiction concepts involved. Of course, there could be advanced star civilizations -- and, of course, they could be setting up beacons for their starship routes. Just common sense. Take it for granted. Newspaper story. Don't

call it science fiction. Not worth a minute's conversation.

As I said, I got a kick out of it. It bore out once again just how thoroughly our world has become a science fiction one. People born and raised in it take all this news for granted, greet each new invention with matter-of-fact indifference. Atomic submarines, laser beams, Mohole projects...poof! What's new in the sports page today?

The fact is that this has seeped into the imaginative stratum of society. Science fiction reading is a big thing. It sells hundreds of thousands of books every month -- not like the piddling sales of three decades ago. It's standard fare for television and in the movies.

Something therefore is still making people read science fiction. And that is strange. Where the basic ideas of new inventions are concerned, there are not many that haven't either been realized or have had a foot stuck in the door. Time travel we don't have -- but that seemed always a gimmick rather than anything we seriously expected to materialize. It was a gimmick useful for future projections and for exploring the past -- but I don't think anyone ever expected it. Transportation of material objects by radio... that hasn't come about yet -- but when it does there won't be any surprises in it that haven't been anticipated in long-published stories.

We haven't met any interplanetary civilizations yet -- not really -- though there are already tens of thousands -- maybe hundreds of thousands -- who believe we have through the medium of the so-called "flying saucers". Wish fulfillment perhaps, but surely, even if delusion, a product of this science fiction environment we breathe in every minute of the day.

So what's keeping young people reading science fiction? What is the compelling attraction?

It's obviously not the thrill of new inventions. It's not the first space flight. That's as obsolete as *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*.

I know what it is for me.

It's the grand adventure. It's the lure of other worlds. It's the wondrous vision of days to come and the land on the other side of the mountain. It's escape reading, sure, but escape into something one would love to be involved in. It's the road away from the humdrum world of cold reality. It's the inborn human desire for the victory of good over evil. The glorious trek on the Golden Road to Samarkand. The crusade for right against wrong. It's an innate belief in the rightness and goodness of mankind. A belief that all too often must be sustained through fantasy as a barrier against the ugly cynicism, shoving and pushing, and crass commercialism of daily life.

Science-fiction fans, and I here include all habitual readers, perhaps several million of them, are still idealists down deep. That's where the compulsive attraction lies. Science fiction is the last bulwark of idealist literature, of the wondrous vision.

That's the only way you can account for the phenomenal popularity of Middle Earth and Frodo's marvelous quest. It's not science, not invention, but it is the pure depiction of pure good against pure evil. It tells of a sacred crusade to right a wrong... and of victory in that crusade. The success of the Tolkien trilogy was no accident.

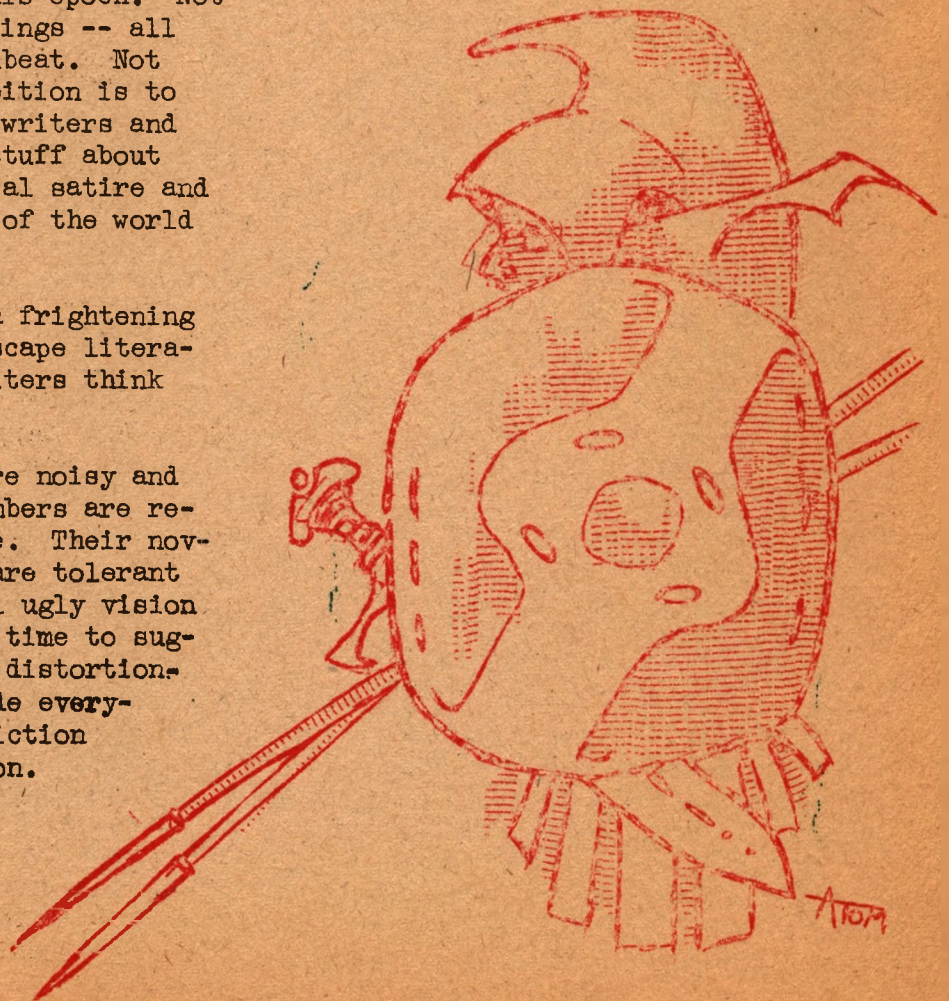
Nor is the continuous success of the novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs and Andre Norton -- to mention but two among many -- any accident. Both writers, in their own ways, carry the same ingredients. Good will triumph, the wondrous vision will be justified.

This is the key to the reading of science fiction today. This is what really sustains science fiction in this epoch. Not smart-aleck "New Wave" writings -- all stylistic claptrap and downbeat. Not writers whose desperate ambition is to be mistaken for mainstream writers and abandon all this childish stuff about idealism to wallow in cynical satire and hold up distorting mirrors of the world about us.

We all know this world is a frightening one. That's why we read escape literature. So what do these writers think they are doing?

Fortunately, though they are noisy and self-advertising, their numbers are restricted to a little clique. Their novels get published -- fans are tolerant and will take an occasional ugly vision in their stride. But it's time to suggest that these embittered distortionists stop trying to persuade every one else that their sick fiction is the right science fiction.

If they ever succeeded in persuading the majority of writers to turn out only their ugly satires, their thorny futures of sadistic societies and Freudian anti-heroes,



you would see how rapidly the sale of sf would dwindle. There is no nourishment in such visions. Science fiction cannot survive incarceration in a Coney Island house of mirrors.

A couple months ago Terry Carr asked me to read the first installments of a novel entitled BUG JACK BARRON. I read them and the outline of the rest of the novel and sent Terry a memo, as follows:

"There isn't a nice thing I can say about this depraved, cynical, utterly repulsive and thoroughly degenerate and decadent parody of what was once a real science fiction theme...except that it is a shoo-in to be the 'in' thing with the so-called science fiction literati and may very well stand a good chance of being the 'in' thing with the college crowd and the would-be young intelligentsia. If that happens we may make a lot of money with this packet and you may even be right about it as a candidate for a Hugo or a Nebula..."

As you see, I did not block the possibility of our publishing this work. Ace Books has a large enough output to enable it to publish all varieties of science fiction -- and to do well, too, on a work as highly publicized and notorious as this one is going to be. It's just good publishing business -- even if it is abominable science fiction.

Well, just for the record, we are not going to publish this nauseous epic, for the thing was sold to another paperback publisher on terms no different from ours -- save one: the other publisher offered to do the abomination without any editorial changes, suggestions, or alterations, not even for the betterment of the plot. This we could not in all ethical decency agree to. So you may see this work in all its revolting splendor from someone else's imprint. It may even win a Hugo -- who knows? -- but it's garbage just the same. It is worse than that -- it is the sort of thing that is a true counter-current to science fiction. It is anti-idealism; it is in opposition to the Wondrous Vision that alone sustains this whole field of literature.



Another good example of this counter-current is the much-touted anthology called DANGEROUS VISIONS. A remarkable book, have no doubt, and I am not knocking it when I say that I regard it as a superlative horror anthology, but not as a science fiction collection.

We don't read science fiction for dangerous visions -- we read it because we are irresistibly attracted to wondrous visions.

There were a few such among the contents -- but too few. By and large the so-called dangerous visions consisted of attempts to shock sensibilities rather than to charge the imagination. What the anthologist proclaimed as the best thing in the book turned out to be thirty thousand words of Freudian nonsense. The sun-glass bedecked, weirdly accoutred editor of the book himself presented a future world story thoroughly unappetizing -- a reflection no doubt of the notorious sewers of Hollywood he unfortunately has to dwell in.

As a horror collection, it was quite impressive. Terrific, in fact. The clique contrived to vote honors to a lot of the stuff in it -- though it is to be noted that the prize-winning short story, taken from that book, was a winner perhaps because it was an exception -- a piece of poetic imagery and a refusal to surrender idealism even amid so bitter a collection.

If there is any danger to science fiction today, it is that the influence of embittered writers will be allowed to dominate. People do not read science fiction because they want to be told how lousy the world is or how rotten people are. That's exactly what they want to get away from. And because these particular writers -- and I include much of what is not humorously called the Milford Mafia -- themselves have become sour on the wondrous vision doesn't mean the rest of us are. If they want to write sick mainstream literature, let them. Only don't clothe it in the garments of fantasy.

It was remarked to me by a writer whose first contact with this group was through attending the recent awards banquet of the Science Fiction Writers of America that he never felt so many cross-currents of hatred, feuding, and back-biting in any similar group. And that is a most true observation.

I belong to several professional writers' associations, such as the Western, Mystery, and the Aviation writers, as well as the SFWA. In the journals of meetings of these other organizations you do not encounter the curious continuous undertone of bitterness and vituperation and sheer nastiness that continuously peeps out of the pages and records of the SFWA.

I say that's a bad sign. These writers are mainly the purveyors of the Wondrous Vision. It is only a handful among them that scoff at that, that pander to the Dangerous Visions of disillusionment. Fortunately the readers know what they want. And the success of such a fan as myself in picking for publication what pleases me -- the wondrous visions that can still attract and delight me -- is evidence that all such counter-currents, however loudly publicized and momentarily successful, are just minor eddies that do not and cannot reverse the inner drive that keeps science fiction as the natural reading of our age, founded on science fiction and living it in every aspect.

This is a science fiction world and the Wondrous Vision still leads us all on. I am happy to have played and to be playing my small part in that. Thank you.

Feyer Criticism

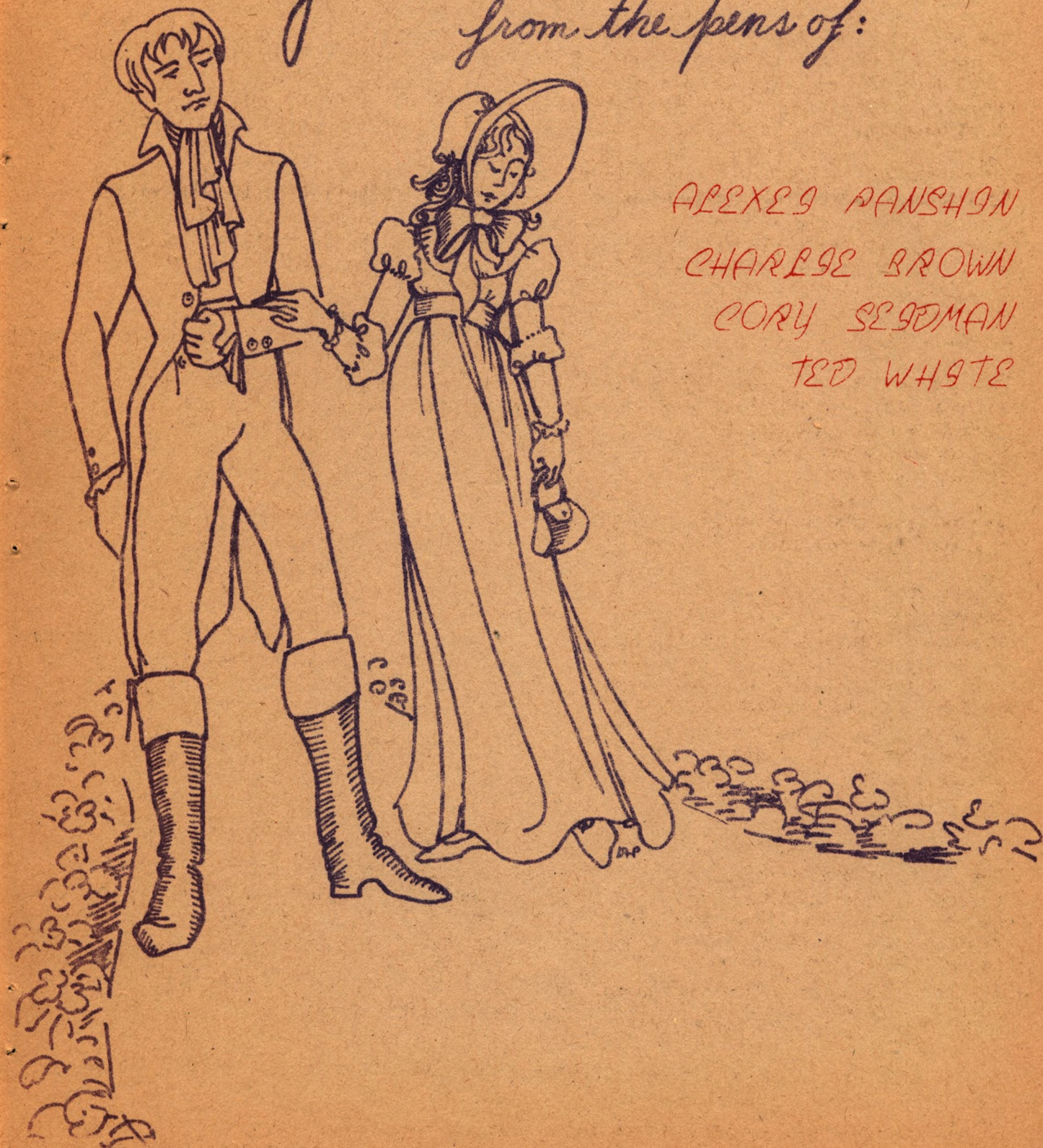
from the pens of:

ALEXES RANSHIN

CHARLES BROWN

CORY SEDMAN

TED WHITE



A NEW STANDARD

Alexei Panshin

There is a paradoxical situation that arises whenever someone recommends a thing he likes to others. He wants it adopted, but not too widely. If it is adopted widely, he ain't happy.

Thus we can have Harlan Ellison finger a jacket of mine and advise me to shuck it and spend my first story check on a Continental-cut suit. (That was nine years ago and I still have the jacket.) That's on the one hand. The other hand is that last year we can have Harlan look at me with a pained expression and say that when people like me start wearing velours, it's spoiled for people like him.

This syndrome applies to a lot of things--games, eating places, the Tolkien books. It's fine if new people like them, as long as too many new people don't get to like them.

It strikes me that this is the way that literary stock is taken these days. It's an in-group thing. And to insure that too many people don't take up what is in, the literary arbiters pick the deliberately obscure, the deviant, and the sick to endorse. I don't deny that some of this stuff is well-written indeed. Intelligent people who want to be in write it.

But this stuff isn't what the majority of intelligent people, who aren't playing the in-and-out game, are reading and continue to read. Imperfect as it is, TO KILL A MOCKING-BIRD is a book that has been read and continues to be read by far more people of intelligence than ever read Leslie Fiedler's fiction, or LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL, for that matter.

So what standard do we use? How do people who like a good story well told determine--practically--what writers are worth reading?

Never fear. In the past couple of months I have developed a standard of the first water, a truly excellent standard, compromised in its value only by the relatively unimportant objection that it is impossible to apply. Or close to impossible.

Ah, but the standard is excellent. I have yet to reduce it to mathematical terms, as no doubt it ought to be, but I can explain it. In essence, it is a used-bookstore standard. Go to fifteen or twenty used-bookstores looking for an author. If he has written twenty books and you can't find any of them, and when you do at last find one you have to pay an outrageous price for it, then you know you're in the presence of someone in genuine demand.

As an example, look in the "W" section. Sir Hugh Walpole (1884-1941) wrote novels by the tens. You can find them wherever you go. You can pay a dollar a volume or you can pay fifty cents. You can even pay less. On my Arbitrative Scale (Arbitrarily Derived) he rates as a low, low .0002. On the other hand, look next door at Maurice Walsh. He wrote a total of about twenty books, and though I've been looking for some years, I don't have half of them. And when you find a book by Walsh, you have to pay for it. I just laid out \$4.50 for a second copy of SONS OF THE SWORDMAKER to pass on to friends, and considered myself lucky to get it at the price. On my Arbitrative Scale, Walsh rates at about 8.73. Very good rating, that.

One of the persons who would rate highest on my scale is a English novelist named Georgette Heyer. An amazing woman.

She has written mysteries of which Anthony Boucher apparently thinks highly. They are of the school in which a Scotland Yard inspector demonstrates to the assembled house-



guests that the murder that has just taken place could not possibly have happened, and then proceeds to solve it anyway. Not to my taste, I'm afraid.

She has written four "modern" novels--in the 1920's. I haven't read them, and you never see them among the used books.

The bulk of her work, however, is historical novels. Her first, *THE BLACK MOTH*, was written when she was seventeen, and published in 1921, when she was nineteen. The book is a gas. It is an 18th Century melodrama involving British lords, highwaymen, the abduction of beautiful young ladies, and cheating at the gaming tables. I have not the least idea of how a girl of her age could have written a book like this: it is full of the trappings of the period, it is satisfyingly complex, it is as long as *STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND*, and it reads as well after forty-five years as it must have when it was written.

Since 1921, Miss Heyer has published an average of about one historical novel a year. She has written an excellent novel about William the Conqueror, a medieval romance, a privateer story set in Elizabethan England, two novels of Charles II, and a half-a-dozen novels of 18th Century England. In the middle '30's, however, she came to the Regency Period--the years from 1811 to 1820 when George III was incompetent and England was ruled by the Prince Regent--and with one exception she has stayed there ever since.

Her historicals fall into three categories: melodramas, serious novels, and comedies of manners. She did one of each to start out with in 1921, 1922, and 1923, and she has done examples of each in the last five years. But this is a relatively unimportant categorization because plots are not Miss Heyer's basic appeal. Her plots are predictable--and this is the thing that is most likely to put people off when they first encounter her. In fact, at first glance, the Heyer books seem shallow.

Her plots, as I say, are predictable. Most usually they are simply devices for getting an eligible heroine married to an eligible hero. Her heroes are always well born, as often as not, nobility. Her heroines are gently bred too. The world they circulate in is one that includes dancing at Almack's, boxing lessons with Jackson, carriages, morning visits, high fashion, shooting boxes in the country, gaming, drinking, racing, and profligate waste of money. Of the seamier base on which this golden world rests there is hardly ever so much as an indication.

Ah, but the books are not shallow. The world is shallow and so are many of the people within it, but the books are not because Miss Heyer realizes quite as well as any of her readers the true shallowness. She asks you to enjoy, not to admire. She sees her characters clearly, she obviously loves them, and she enjoys writing about them, but she also knows them for what they are. If some are useless, or stupid, or not particularly nice, she knows it quite as well as you do.

Many popular writers--Heinlein or John D. MacDonald, for instance-- leave clear pictures of themselves in their writings, but this is not true of Heyer. I think there are at least two reasons for this. One is that Heyer never writes in the first person--which is more likely to reflect the author's mind--but in a quite objective third person. The other, and the more important, is the historical separation of her characters from the present. They do not think in present day modes. They are genuinely people of their own time. Characterization is one of Heyer's strongest points. The ability to write about the genuinely different is as rare in historical novels as it is in science fiction, and Heyer has it.

Miss Heyer's greatest gift, however, and the one thing that makes her worth reading and will continue to give her writing appeal, is her abundant wit. The happy end--the happy marriage--that marks the end of every book is completely unimportant except as a period. What is important is the fascinating, genuinely urbanely funny way she gets to her end.

If you are an impatient reader who has to know what happens next, you probably won't like Heyer. If you enjoy situation, and character, and beautifully realized wit, you will. I don't like every one of her books myself. It is strange, though, that the ones I'm not fond of keep getting mentioned as other people's favorites, and my own choices are shrugged aside. Miss Heyer appeals to a range of taste. I cannot recommend her too highly.

The trouble with my used-bookstore standard of literary immortality is that if an author is genuinely good, you won't find him in a used-book store. You either have to know the author ahead of time, or have friends who know their way around. In the case of Heyer, though she is the author of over fifty books, you are most unlikely to find them for sale. If you are offered for sale a copy of *SIMON THE COLD-HEART*, for instance, I would appreciate being informed.

Fortunately, however, all but a few of Miss Heyer's books have been in print in England through all these years and are available. Ace, Avon, and Bantam are reprinting them here in softcovers. And Dutton has reissued five titles in hardcover this year alone.

Go ahead and read Heyer. I promise you I won't be angry.

II

AN ADICT'S TALE

Charlie Brown

It was a cold and dreary February evening. I came home from work about a quarter to six and, as is my wont, put some music on the hi-fi (early baroque), grabbed a book (science fiction), and stretched out on the couch. About fifteen minutes later Marsha came in. She looked a little preoccupied. She was carrying a stack of funny looking orange volumes. Little did I know...

"When's dinner" I asked. "In about three chapters" she answered. I nodded and went back to my book.

About half an hour later, when I was getting up to change the record, I noticed an absence of noise in



the kitchen. I investigated. There was Marsha reading one of those orange volumes, and there were no preparations for dinner visible. She looked up guiltily as I walked in, murmured something about being engrossed in her book, and quickly started to make dinner. I glanced at the book she had put down. Its title was SYLVESTER, OR THE WICKED UNCLE. I shuddered and went back to something normal like SPACE HAWK by Anthony Gilmore. Forty-five minutes later I smelled something burning. I rushed into the kitchen, and there was Marsha still reading her book with dinner being overcooked on the stove. I took away her book. Only then did she look up and realize that something was wrong. She apologized profusely. I forgave magnanimously. I opened the book she had been reading at random and skimmed through a scene where the heroine seemed to be covering in fear of her stepmother who was forcing her to listen to a proposal from the villain. I shuddered again.

"What is this?", I said.

"Well," answered Marsha, "you see, it's this way. Our hero is very rich and blase, and has decided to get married. So he asks his mother which of the five young ladies that he considers most suitable she would prefer to have as her daughter-in-law. She suggests that he marry someone he is in love with and he says that he isn't in love with anyone, but he feels that it is his duty to marry and produce an heir. She mentions a goddaughter of hers and his godmother also mentions the girl who just happens to be her granddaughter. Sylvester goes down to look her over, and Phoebe runs away from home because she has written a novel and used him as the villain..."

"That's enough," I said, "make believe I didn't ask you."

The following week was rather hectic. Marsha did nothing at home but read Georgette Heyer novels. She'd lay there on the couch and giggle to herself all evening. I asked her to recount a couple of plots to me and each one sounded stupider than the one above. One night, in desperation, I picked up one of them and read it all the way through. I too found myself giggling in the middle. Life hasn't been the same since. The name of the book was THE UNKNOWN AJAX and I'm now a fully fledged addict. In the next few weeks I read all I could get my hands on. If there wasn't a new one in the house I reread an old one. A friend of ours had a nearly complete set and was very happy to lend us any we wanted to read. (This seems to be standard procedure with Georgette Heyer fans. They're always happy to lend copies of her books and try and recruit new readers.) I must have read about twenty-five books in two weeks.

In the past year and a half I've read them all at least four or five times. We not only bought our own set, but we still pick up all the used copies we find to sell or to give as gifts. I refuse to attempt to tell you what Georgette Heyer books are about or why I like them. You'll just have to find out for yourself. The only thing I can do is to give you a short list of my own personal favorites: THESE OLD SHADES, THE DEVIL'S CUB, THE MASQUERADERS, ARABELLA, SPRIG MUSLIN, SYLVESTER, VENETIA, THE UNKNOWN AJAX, THE NON-SUCH, FALSE COLORS, and FREDERICA. This list probably doesn't agree with anyone else's list of favorites but they're the ones I would unhesitatingly recommend.

Georgette Heyer novels may not be your dish of bohea, but I hope some of you will at least give them a try. By the way, I just happen to have a stack of duplicate copies that I'd be glad to sell you...



III

GEORGETTE HEYER'S SECONDARY UNIVERSE

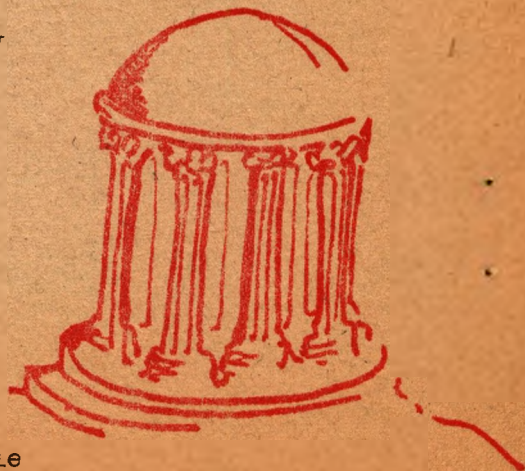
Cory Seidman

The following remarks are intended largely for the Tolkien and general fantasy fans who, I know, make up such a large segment of the Niekas mailing list. Specifically, I would like to argue that even beyond the amusement that can be obtained from Georgette Heyer's books in themselves, they should hold a special interest for a certain class of Tolkien fan. At first the two authors appear to have nothing in common except for the relatively superficial quality of being one of the older and more self-confident generation of Englishmen with a sense of Empire. (Tolkien was born in 1893, Miss Heyer in 1902.) But beyond that, Tolkien's aristocrats are honestly dedicated and sincere, Heyer's frivolous and artificial. And while both draw on ancient traditions of narrative, Tolkien has chosen the Epic, while Heyer (except for her few attempts at "straight" historical novels on such themes as the Norman Conquest or the battle of Waterloo) adheres to the Comic, with its almost ritualized sequence of deceptions or misunderstandings, unveilings, and happy endings in marriage or the consummation of marriage with the discovery of true love.

And yet, Miss Heyer shares with Tolkien the rare quality of being able to create a secondary universe so complete and self-consistent that it extends beyond the boundaries of her books. This ability is often over-looked in the historical novelist, since it appears on the surface that there is no need for an author to "create" what is already history. But the sense of reality is too often missing in even the better class of historical novel. I am speaking not of blatantly inaccurate trash (which can usually be identified by the fact that even the hardcover features deep decollatage on the cover), but rather of reputable, accurate, well-researched historical novels. The facts may all be there, the leading characters may be completely free of anachronism, and yet the era as a whole fails to come to life. An example of this might be Forester's Horatio Hornblower books. I'm not trying to knock the series; they are probably the outstanding set of seafaring novels of our generation. Yet, except for a few social attitudes, such as opinions on the necessity of flogging for discipline, Hornblower might almost as well be fighting Charlemagne as Napoleon. We know, because we are told, that the action extends from 1793 to 1823, but of the vast social changes in manners and morals which Miss Heyer sketches so well in her books of the same period, there is scarcely a hint. It's an interesting world, but not one into which I find myself able to enter independently.

What is missing is that sense of historical depth which Tolkien praises in regard to Beowulf in his essay "The Monsters and the Critics". No matter how well researched a novel may be as to internal fact, it cannot be true to life unless it is also amply seeded with external fact, with the detailed background of everyday references and concepts. Moreover, this background can be handled poorly or well. REGENCY BUCK, one of Miss Heyer's first (1935) Regency novels, abounds with awkwardly cobbled-in anecdotes of the life of Beau Brummel. In the thirty-odd years since then she must have, I am convinced read every autobiography, diary, periodical, and newspaper of the years 1813-1818 at the very least and learnt the material contained therein to the extent of being able to draw on it with ease, grace, and subtlety.

One need only read the opening chapters of any of several novels that commence with a first journey to London to realize her knowledge of highways and durations of travel, of the geography of London (which was undergoing a fair amount of urban renewal at the time) and what landmarks would be likely to catch the eye on the drive to a reputable



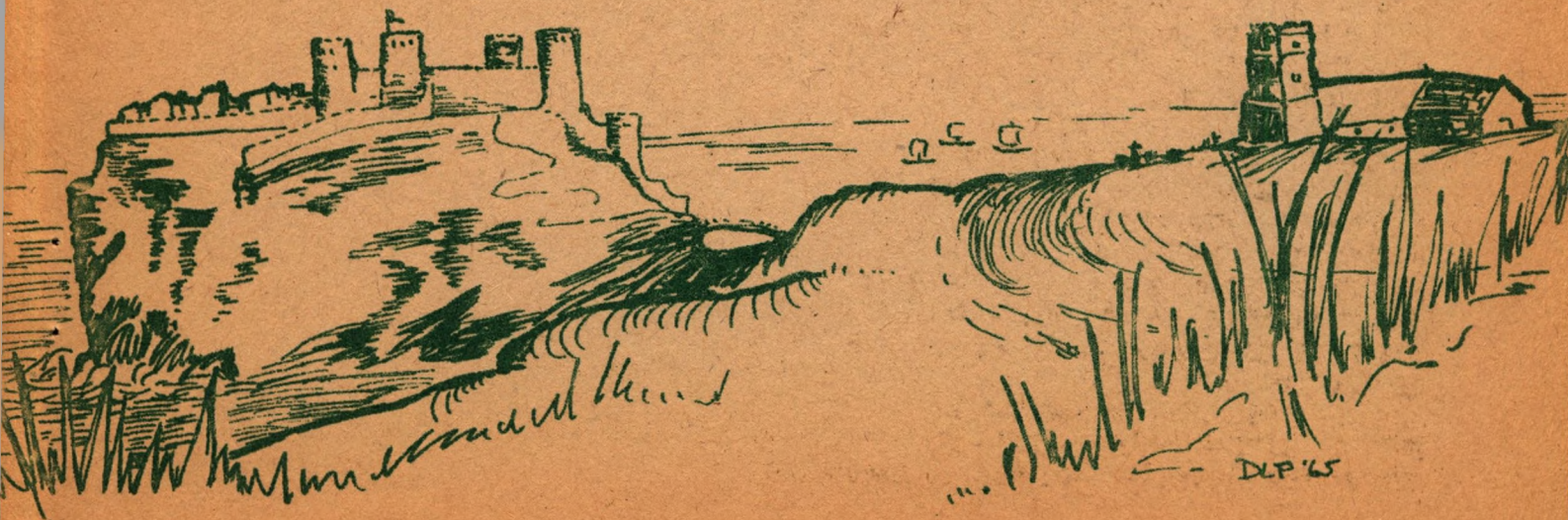
hotel or the house of a socially prominent aunt, even of how baggage was packed and carried. Her references, moreover, to yearly changes in fashion, to fashionable poets and novelists, to current gossip and how much of it would be repeated in mixed company and with how much indiscretion; all these contribute to the sense of a larger frame of reference. Also profound is her knowledge of the styles of language at the time, covering not only the colorful slang of the fashionable or of the underworld, but also the variations in everyday vocabulary and syntax, which give a subtly obsolete tone to much of the dialogue and help draw the mind of the reader into the slightly different frame of reference which is the one mark of the secondary universe.

Another mark of the successful secondary universe is the extent to which the readers absorb themselves in it. And it is a notable fact that Heyer fans are often caught up in the search for Miss Heyer's primary sources and in experiments with Regency dress, food, drink, card games, and whatever else can help them identify with this very real other world. One rather basic endeavour of this nature upon which I, the Browns, Alex Panshin, and Barbara Boynton have spent some time is the attempt to date all of Miss Heyer's books to some fair degree of exactitude.

In this study, thus far only in its earliest stages, two broad divisions distinguish themselves. Aside from a few early works, all of Miss Heyer's historical novels are set either in the Eighteenth Century or in the Regency Period (1811-1820).

The members of the former group, including most of her earlier, more melodramatic works, tend to occur roughly areound the year 1750. This is the era of enormous skirts, knee breeches, of inconveniently high heels and powdered wigs, of fashionable frivolity, infidelity, and triviality. In France--the model for all that is modish-- Louis XV rules while Madame de Pompadour reigns, while in England, George II holds the throne, although many Englishmen still regard Charles Stuart (whose uprising of 1745 remains fresh in their memories) as rightful king. The wits of society are such men as George Selwyn and Gilly Williams; and the beautiful Gunning sisters (who took London by storm in 1751, rising from insignificant gentility to marriage into the ranks of the nobility) are the model for every doting mama for sixty years to come.

In contrast to this, the tone of the Regency period novels is one not of fashionable intrigue but rather of romantic comedy of manners. Straight, high-waisted dresses and poke bonnets for women, and long, tight trousers (frequently "of a delicate biscuit hue" and covered to the knee by "gleaming Hessians") and tall, curly-brimmed hats for men are now current, while the hair of both is powder free and cropped relatively short. Politically, the insanity of George III has left the obese future George IV as Prince Regent (although not even Beau Brummel can quite bring him into fashion), and the doings of Napoleonic



France can not be admitted to be a model for anyone. There have been varying amounts of upgrading in morals, sanitation, and highways, and hints of the advancing industrial revolution are everywhere, from balloon ascensions to improved water closets.



I could continue indefinitely in listing changes of this nature--the decline of Bath as a fashionable resort, the rise of the Gothic novel, and so forth--but I must consider myself wiser to leave the reader to discover such delights for himself and return to matters of chronology. For the mid-Eighteenth Century, the dates of 1745 and 1751, as given above will serve quite admirably. A few works set in the 1790's are fairly well located in time by references to the unhappy plight of poor Marie Antoinette. It is only in the Regency period that the extent of the chronologists' skill (which, alas, I do not possess in as full a measure as I might wish) is best displayed.

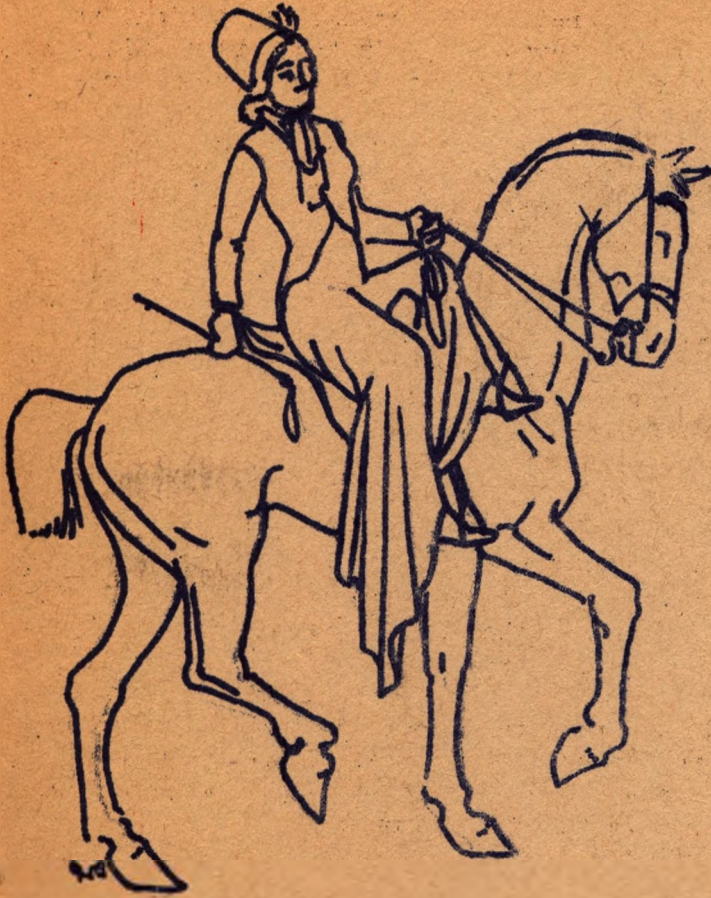
Here the great guide is the Napoleonic Wars, and specifically the Peninsular War, which began in Portugal in 1808. By 1811, Wellington was in command; in 1812 he launched a full-scale invasion of Spain. Spain fell in the summer of 1813, and by the end of the year, the English were crossing the Pyrenees. Napoleon met defeat in April of 1814, returned from Elba in March 1815, and met his Waterloo that June. All these rather dull dates, which may be ascertained in more detail from any fairly comprehensive textbook, for those who are so minded, are really quite valuable. There is scarcely a Georgette Heyer book in which at least one character does not have a younger brother serving in the Pyrenees under so-and-so or recovering from a wound received at Salamanca (1812). These years are thus fairly well defined.

After the fall of Napoleon, dating becomes more tricky. References to politics and social events are frequent but difficult to track down. Some dates, however, do present themselves. 1816, for example, saw the fall from preeminence and self-exile in France of Brummell, as well as the publication of Caroline Lamb's GLENARVON, a sort of faan novel of high society, in which the hero is Lord Byron in clever plastic disguise. The death of the old Queen Charlotte in November 1818 is another useful reference point, since the approach of this unhappy event impelled many mothers to advance the comings out of their daughters lest society be plunged into general mourning before this could be accomplished.

As the fruit of this research, together with Charlie & Marsha Brown, Alexei Panshin, Barbara Boynton, and Sheila Elkin, I present below a complete listing of Georgette Heyer's historical novels, together with such exact and approximate dates as we have thus far been able to establish. It is to be hoped that this effort will add to the enjoyment of many and, perhaps, encourage some few to delve further into this new and rewarding field of research.

SIMON THE COLDHEART - 1400-1418
THE GREAT ROXHYTHE - 1668 - 1685
THESE OLD SHADES - 1755
BEAUVALLET - 1586
POWDER AND PATCH - Sept. 1753 - Feb. 1754
THE BLACK MOTH - Fall 1750 - Fall 1751
THE CONVENIENT MARRIAGE - Summer 1776
THE DEVIL'S CUB - 1780
THE MASQUERADERS - Summer 1746
REGENCY BUCK - October 1811 - June 1812
THE TALISMAN RING -- February or March 1793





THE CONQUEROR - 1047 - 1066
 AN INFAMOUS ARMY - 1815
 THE ROYAL ESCAPE - Sept. - Oct. 1651
 THE SPANISH BRIDE - 1813 - 1816
 THE CORINTHIAN - 1812 or 1813
 FARO'S DAUGHTER - Fall 1795
 FRIDAY'S CHILD - Summer 1816 - Winter 1817
 THE RELUCTANT WIDOW - Winter 1813
 THE FOUNDLING - September 1818
 ARABELLA - Spring 1817
 THE GRAND SOPHY - Spring 1816
 THE QUIET GENTLEMAN - March 1816
 COTILLION - Spring 1816
 THE TOLL GATE - Fall 1817
 BATH TANGLE - Sept. 1815 - July 1816
 SPRIG MUSLIN - July-Aug. 1813
 APRIL LADY - Spring 1813
 SYLVESTER - Dec. 1817 - April 1818
 VENETIA - Fall 1818
 THE UNKNOWN AJAX - Fall 1817
 A CIVIL CONTRACT - 1814- 1815
 THE NONSUCH - ?
 FALSE COLOURS - June-July 1817
 FREDERICA - Spring 1818
 BLACK SHEEP - 1817
 COUSIN KATE - 1827 ??

IV

MANNERS, LOVE, AND SEX

Ted White

Have you ever had the experience of standing at the focus of two very diverse sets of experiences, and wondered if it had all been arranged--by the Almighty, Fate, or Karma, as you might choose--specifically for your benefit alone?

Last week, after having stayed away from them since first hearing of them years ago, I started reading Georgette Heyer's books. I'm told this is a common experience. Certainly, since I am one of those people who will cross a street to avoid the Current In Fad, all the recent noise about Miss Heyer was one of my reasons for delaying so long. However, in the last ten days or so I've read an equal number of her books, and I imagine that I am familiar enough with the basic Georgette Heyer style.

Tonight my reading (of THE QUIET GENTLEMAN) was interrupted by a phone call from Alex Panshin, who told me that Harlan Ellison was on the Les Crane Show on Channel 5, and that I ought to tune in.

.I did so.

The topic of the program seemed to be modern vs. older-fashioned Love, and the format was to present four 'panellists' before a live audience, with Les Crane moderating.

The 'panel' consisted of two women and two men. On one side (at least in terms of seating positions were Harlan and a Miss Romney from England. On the other side were a young man with a baby face, too much teased hair, and long sideburns, named Elliot, and a youngish woman whose name I missed.

It was Miss Romney's plaint that Romantic Love had disappeared from the world. THE NAKED APE had been written, she stated, to show us we were still animals, but in point of fact, she thought we were in the process of becoming too much animals. Romantic Love --the love of ROMEO AND JULIETTE, CAMILLE, et al; the sort of love which seems born of frustration and often dies frustrated as well--was gone. She missed courting, flirting, and the like. (Miss Romney was a handsome woman whom I shall charitably describe as being in her late thirties; one could without straining the imagination easily place her in a Regency period drawing room.)

The first rebuttal was offered by the other woman on the panel. She was introduced as an author of advice on love-relationships for the hippy press, and she was at pains to state that she saw no reason for women to be attractive or reasonably good-smelling. I can't vouch for her odor, but she looked like a pig. So I can understand her position. Not having washed her hair in months (it looked like), and having a face which would dignify a Mack truck, as well as brawny arms and quarterback shoulders, she could hardly believe otherwise. "We've gotten rid of all that stuff," she said, but she added, in her only telling point of the evening, that the idea of Romantic Love as frustrated love struck her as "sick".

What followed was young Elliot's admonition for everyone to "do his own thing" coupled with his scathing condemnation for the "thing" of the older generation. He said, quite rightly, that he preferred honesty to game-playing in his relationships, and added that he didn't think much of a love affair which demanded the suicide of its participants. However, he also stated that since kids are maturing ever younger these days, he thought the "micro-boppers" (nine to thirteen year olds) should be allowed to do their own thing (have sex) since the younger you were the more innocent and more honest about sex you would be. (This drew a sharp comment on the homefront, as both Robin and I recalled the callowness of our days of youth...)

After patiently waiting all this out, Harlan awarded poxes on both houses, and said he thought that everyone was refining his position to include only the worst points of those positions. He was right there, but I was disappointed in Harlan because he didn't offer much else.

Too quickly the entire discussion broke down into the 'younger' camp against the 'older' camp, (Harlan allied thusly with Miss Romney) the latter favoring a courtship of some duration while the former saw nothing wrong with hopping directly into bed with someone as soon as they met. ("I'm not advocating promiscuity," Elliot added; "I'm not saying you should be indiscriminate, but that if you develop your thing and are



grooving, there's no reason you shouldn't.")

Throughout, the censor was kept busy: everyone mouthed a silent word at least once, and all such words were obviously synonyms for sexual intercourse.

It quickly became tiresome, for "Love" had somehow become interchanged for "Sex", and there it remained, despite the suggestion of one member of the audience that there might be more to Love than just Sex

It was hard to overlook the fact the Miss Romney was advocating a position commonly held during the Regency Period and periods both earlier and later--the concept of elaborate courtship, of High Manners, and the almost poetic reverence for Love in which sex played (supposedly) a very small part.

Not having lived in the period Miss Heyer writes about, I can only take her at face value on details of customs and costumes, but I do wonder about the actual relationships of the day. Perhaps they were as she describes them; perhaps she is only making use of a convenient set of devices to contrive her romances. But I will assume that within the rather rigid framework she uses that she is being true-to-life as we understand it to have existed.

If this is so, she supplies an excellent model of all the faults and virtues of the Romantic Love of that period.

I must exclude sex from this discussion. It is an unstated fact in the Heyer books, but it plays (in and of itself alone) no role of its own. At least, thus far in my reading I have encountered no heroine who actually sleeps with and loses her virginity to the man of her choice. Heroes are sometimes rakes, and often have alluded to "experience", but this is without exception with prostitutes and courtesans, and always off-stage. The fact that pregnancies have been a common cause for marriage in all strata of society throughout history is one which does not intrude upon the Heyer Cannon, and which we must also ignore.

The basic Heyer plot is this: young woman (often very young: teenaged) is brought into inadvertant and sometimes antagonistic contact with an older man who is quite often bored, cynical, and known as a rake, but who has the saving grace of a sense of humor. One or both will become attracted to the other, but the conventions of society and/or the actions of other parties will frustrate the obvious and ultimate culmination of this attraction until the close of the book. (The fact that SPRIG MUSLIN violates this formula in part is only a sign that Miss Heyer is well aware of it and delights in playing all its variations.)

Thus, 'Comedies of Manners.' The right people will be aligned by the end, and the trials and tribulations they suffer along the road to the final chapter only enhance their ultimate fate. Some, like THE GRAND SOPHY, are broadly humorous, while others, are more melodramatic in plot. But the body of each book deals with frustrated love.

In every case I've yet read, the frustrations of love are the direct result of the Games These People Play. From the early POWDER AND PATCH, with its crude manipulation of the characters (I found young Phillip's transformation into a Gentleman unbelievably swift; remember it took not six months, but a fraction of that time, since he spent the greater part of those six months in Paris consolidating his reputation as a Gentleman) who love each other into quarrels and disagreements, to much later books such as SYLVESTER,





where the lovers are still unwilling to properly admit their love until it is almost (one fears) Too Late--in each and all these cases, their greatest fault has been that of playing games and being dishonestly polite.

These books border on becoming Idiot Plots--for the characters all too often do behave as proper idiots (in the Regency idiom), avoiding direct and honest confrontation until the fruits of their prevarication and procrastination have all but sundered them completely.

However, I can't rightly consider this a fault in the books. It is a necessary device, and not one of Miss Heyer's own invention. (Lack of communication is what Romeo and Juliette is really all about.) And furthermore, I suspect that in a society as rigidly mannered as in the Regency period, this sort of game playing was excessively common. (It survives in diplomatic circles even today, where antiquated conventions and the same sort of well-mannered politeness mask honesty and lend themselves to ambiguity and innuendo -- perhaps one reason why the world's affairs are so shockingly disordered.)

But Miss Heyer's books are only works of fiction; they are divertissements, but not our life-style. How well do they relate to the reality we live? Would we really like to join Miss Romney in returning to such an era of manners?

Probably we half-wish we could. We would like to imagine ourselves titled, dashing, a little cynical, amazingly well-schooled and apt at the manly arts . . . or, if not beautiful young women at least a woman of attractiveness and common-sense, capable of snaring one of those handsome heroes. (I note that this is Miss Heyer's major concession to her market: assuming most of her readers to be female, and many of them to be less than ravishingly beautiful, she often picks for her heroine the wallflower whose abilities have not yet been recognized, the Cinderella not yet visited by her Fairy Godmother, and then waves her own wand over the girl in the course of the story. What female reader could resist?)

And in our own fantasies, we rejoice at Adventure, even at tribulations along the road to winning our Love. But this is the stuff of fiction, and those who have indeed lived real-life adventures rarely enjoy them until able to view them entirely from comfortable retrospect. I imagine none of you reading this has avoided at least one instance of unrequited love or frustrated love--most likely in your school days. Who can forget that pretty girl he used to stare at in Eighth Grade English? I have my own vividly painful memory of a girl I shared my Seventh Grade class with. She went to another high school and I didn't see her again until I met her at a dance some three years later. We danced together, drank warm cokes, and that night I could not sleep a wink; my stomach was a pit of agony. I dated her once after that, both of us incredibly shy; I was told later by a friend who went to her school that I was the only date she'd ever had and I was the talk of her school. What ever happened to her? Her parents moved soon after that and I never saw her again. If anyone knows what happened to Caroline Sue Houghton, formerly of Falls Church, Virginia, I'd love to hear about it--she's haunted my dreams and memories for years.

She was also the first girl I was ever physically sick over, and she caused me (inadvertantly) more actual anguish than any girl I've ever know since. Obviously she liked me a lot to go out on that date with me, and I was totally stuck on her. But we were both too shy to communicate with each other--both bookish introverts, both horribly afraid of rejection. I never did any of the things I should have done, and neither did she. We were perfect Heyer lovers except that in our case the games we played created the more inevitable result.



The one word which was never mentioned on Les Crane's show, for

reasons I know not, was maturity.

Each of the 'panelists' defended his own position as one misunderstood by the others, while attacking those other positions out of sheer ignorance of them. Each raised valid points, but lost them again because no framework was ever raised for the discussion. No one defined 'love' or attempted to find agreement on a common definition. And no one made the effort to contrast mature love with immature love.

Miss Heyer usually sets out examples of both and varying shades in between. And she very often adds an outstanding example of a loveless marriage for contrast. And since maturity in love does not require explicit sex, I think her examples hold good for the real world. Most certainly she would have raised the point had she taken Miss Romney's place.

Miss Romney seemed disinterested in the real and working mature love that exists between married lovers. For her were the mannered trappings, the chivalry and courtliness of dashing gallants, herself the center of attention. In the Regency Period I fear she'd have been an outrageous flirt who eventually made a bad choice of husbands. She seemed too interested in being flattered, and her concept of romance was honestly medieval: the songs of frustrated troubadores who sang to Lady-Loves they could only admire from the distance.

Sick: quite rightly sick. For her all the immature tragedy of adolescent love, endlessly repeated. Romeo and Juliet were rather young teenagers and can just possibly be forgiven their over-dramatisations and senseless suicides (surely the most idiotic of all idiot plots: a true comedy of tragedies): to see a woman of 'mature years' yearning for the restoration of such 'love' as a commonplace in society is ludicrous.

But equally so is the young man (who appeared to be on the young side of twenty-one but who, I'm told, is twenty-eight) who defended the rights of all nine-year-olds to a full and unencumbered sex life.

I recently met a cousin on my wife's side who was a charming eight years old. She was bright and she was cute and she was a child, and the notion of her bedding down a recent acquaintance when she's a year older is so foolish as to be impossible to believe. She is a child and she thinks and (more important) feels as a child. Teen-aged sex games, to say nothing of those we adults play, are not for her, and won't be until after her glands have started to mature.

Kinsey pointed out the accuracy of Freud's observation that all children, even infants, are sexual. But the sexuality of children is not directed outside themselves to any extent, and sexual contacts with their peers are largely exploratory and, at the most advanced, masturbatory or effectively such. Pre-adolescent children are not preoccupied with meeting their opposites for a night on the couch, and their love is, by any definition, totally immature. In fact, romantic love in any real sense is beyond them: they are not yet ready for it.

What everyone on that program overlooked is that the human animal goes through a process of emotional maturation which cannot be hurried and for which all bases must be touched. There is no such thing as an emotionally precocious child (this was once codified as White's Law About Sixteen-Year-Old Girls, and boiled down to, "They're too young no matter what you think"), and any evidence to the contrary is misleading. Intellectual precocity, yes; sexual and generally physical precocity, yes. Emotional precocity, no.





Force any child to grow up too quickly, to 'skip' a phase of development, and you leave that person stranded, emotionally, in later years upon the sandbar of that missed moment of childhood. (Nine tenths of all psychotherapy concerns itself with this single problem.)

Right now we're watching our youth attempting a mass leap in its emotional development. Every year our social dating/sexual patterns work into a slightly lower age group. When I was a kid, dating started in the seventh grade, and didn't become common until the ninth. Nowadays it begins in the sixth or fifth -- with ten-, eleven-, and twelve-year-olds, and is common among thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds.

These kids aren't emotionally ready, or equipped to handle the sort of relationships a fifteen- or sixteen-year-old has, but the pressure of peer-groups is enormous (no one wants to be last off the starting line), and so they try. There is no leisure to adolescence any more; too often it is a massive treadmill, a case of running as hard as you can to stay where you are. And if you slip off, or miss getting on in the first place, you're side-lined and Out Of It -- which may or may not be a Good Thing in the long run. I never thought it was when it was me, but maybe I was wrong. Certainly the fact that I was hung up on my missed adolescence until I was twenty-five or twenty-six must indicate something.

In her These Old Shades (and, to a lesser extent in its sequel, The Devil's Cub, and other books written in her early period) Miss Heyer locks directly into an adolescent fantasy. I'm told she began writing while young herself, and I have no idea what her own youth was like, but I must suppose that her preoccupation with historical periods and romantic trial and fulfillment is at least in part the product of her own adolescence and its perhaps unfulfilled dreams. It is either that or Miss Heyer is a remarkably calculating woman.

One might make much of the recurring theme of a young woman and an older man (common among many adolescent girls seeking security in father-images coupled to romantic swash-bucklers), but what strikes me as remarkable is the sex-switch of Leon/Leonie. It pops up again, much later, in The Corinthian, and is no more believable there, but while I could never believe in a supposedly nineteen-year-old boy not betraying him/herself by his/her voice, it is an effective device and one much beloved by romantics since medieval days. (In this century, L. Frank Baum showed a strong liking for it in not only the popular The Land of Oz, but also the lesser-known Enchanted Isle of Yew; in both cases a female is enchanted into a male, thus escaping problems of detection inherent in a masquerade.)

The girl who disguises herself as a boy and is thus discovered by the hero is a theme rich in romantic potentials, as Miss Heyer recognized. The first use (in These Old Shades) is far more melodramatic, but also more moving in its exploitation by the author. It is an impossible situation, but, once accepted, very involving.

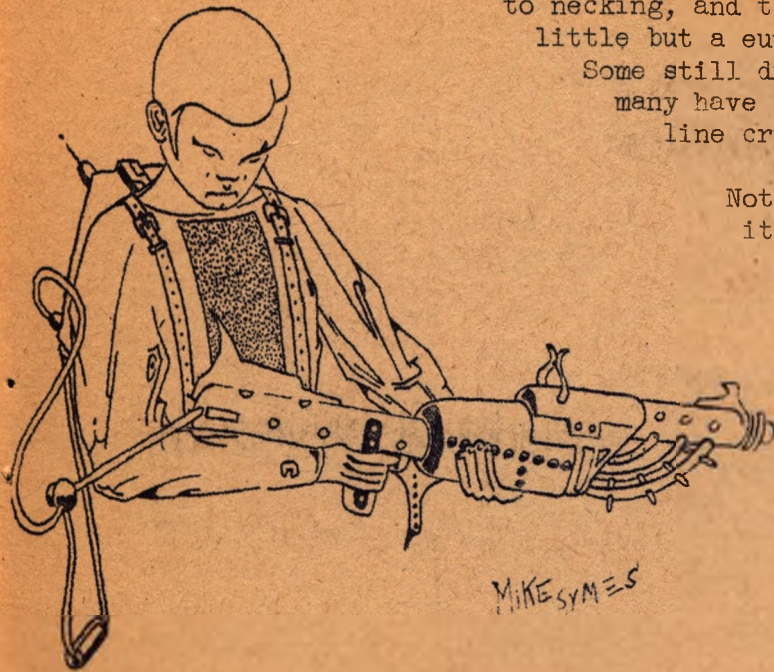
Many girls think they would like to have the freedom to be boys (but not men), while many boys would love to discover an attractive hoyden playing at being a boy. How embarrassing if the boy were to speak too freely (or more) while thinking the girl his chum -- but how delightful the twist of the romantic screw in his discovery and subsequent events!

But not in Real Life.

Today the girls are, Miss Romney fears, becoming boys. And vice-versa. Equality of the sexes has had unexpected (although I don't know why) results: girls now pursue boys as hotly as ever boys pursued them.



Courtship is now shockingly direct. Kissing leads quickly to necking, and that to petting--and 'petting' today is little but a euphemism for sex that does Everything But. Some still draw the line at sexual intercourse, but many have discovered the Pill, and have let that line crumble, forgotten.



Nothing wrong with that. Maybe. Certainly it was what we all lusted for when I was teenaged, and the kids in the Eighth Grade made lists and compared the girls who'd Do It with those who Wouldn't. (I'm sure we all grossly maligned these girls; I doubt as many as 5% had lost their virginity--ah, but those were innocent times!) We talked about Sex, we boys, increasingly from the Fifth Grade on. First it was dirty jokes, and then it was contraband pornography, usually so old and passed on that it was ready to disintegrate from wear. Those of us who even knew the correct biological facts were sought-after for advice and

knowledge, specifically about female anatomy. Girls who forgot to lower their shades while undressing were often spied upon, and many bragging lies were told by all concerned. But, as I sift through those lies and tall tales of adolescence, I am fairly certain that better than 95% of the boys I knew graduated from high school their virginity still resentfully intact--and quite a number of them was nowhere near so shy as I. Times change.

I met a girl once who told me a story about a girl she knew. This girl had lost her virginity to a boy when she was eleven and he was presumably not much older. They 'went together' as the saying goes throughout high school, enjoying a regular and consistent sex life, splitting up only when he graduated and went on to college.

This girl had enjoyed a good sex life (if regularly achieving orgasm is a criteria) for some six or seven years before suddenly being cast out upon the open dating market. And the punchline, I was told, was that she was only now learning to kiss! They'd been too young, you see. An eleven year old doesn't care much for kissing and such 'mush'. They'd taken pleasure in genital contacts, probably masturbating into each other much more than 'making love' in any mutually giving sense. Quickly their sex life had fallen into a habit. It never included kissing.

It's a different world when you're eleven than it is at thirteen, and different yet at fifteen, and at seventeen, nineteen, and twenty-one. The adolescent years are the Hostile Years, the years when one is least understood, most fearful of others, eager to reject parental values and The Old Ways that had been forced upon one. Turbulent years, fondly remembered perhaps, but unpleasant to endure. Years of change, and, hopefully, of growth. Years in which to begin maturing.

Nobody proved anything on that Les Crane show except that he (or she) was not sufficiently mature to recognize that each was criticising the others for espousing immature concepts of Love. And each, for better or worse, equated Love with Sex, accepting or rebelling against this notion in turn. It was frustrating to watch. I wished all four had recently shared my reading of Georgette Heyer. It might have lent them a common ground.

-- Ted White

ON THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF HEYER FANDOM

Cory Seidman

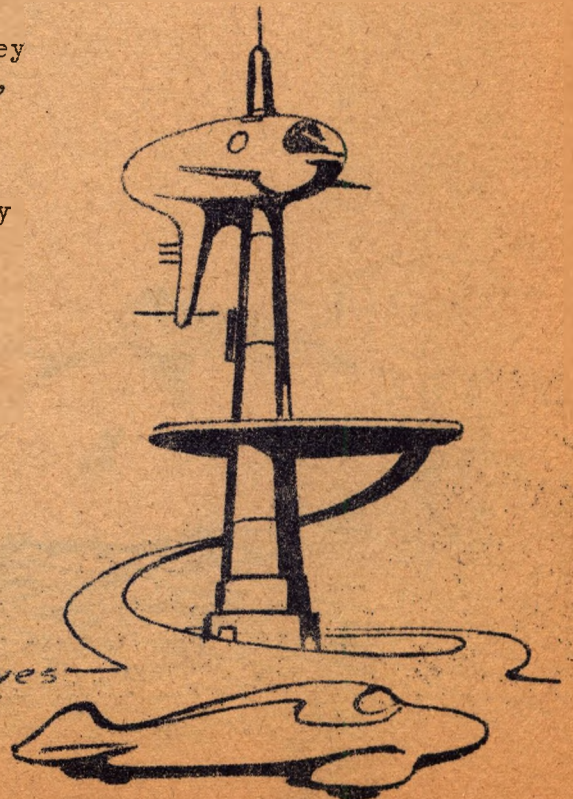
(being originally a letter written to the Brown Household and now presented to the public at large in the hope that they will give it their earnest consideration)

I have just realized an incredibly strange phenomenon. Namely, I have not felt the slightest urge to read a Georgette Heyer book in some time now, specifically, since all the rest of Boston fandom became infected. This fact becomes even more startling when one considers that the same thing happened to me with Tolkien when that boom started. I have been giving this matter careful consideration (for all of the past two minutes), and have decided that the only possible conclusion can be that this kind of addiction to certain forms of literature is an infectious disease.

Moreover, in order to explain all of the observed symptoms, we must postulate it as a sort of parasite, a single organism that invades the central nervous system of the host and feeds upon a surfeit of its chosen brand of fiction. Given sufficient nourishment, the parasite becomes capable of reproduction. Carefully, it incubates its eggs until the proper moment arrives. At that time, a host of invisible spores is flung outwards, landing, with some luck, in environments that have been properly prepared for them by an infusion of paperback editions or the like. If it is observed that they have found fertile ground, the parent goes into an orgy of reproduction, in most cases exhausting itself so that it becomes completely comatose, leaving the victim apparantly cured, yet immune to further attacks. If its efforts prove fruitless, however, it may either continue as before or enter a state of dormancy, in which it does not take in nourishment, but can with only mild stimuli be aroused to its former activity.

One must ask oneself what can be the origin of such strange beings, for their existance cannot have been possible before the invention of printing and can only have become widespread since the proliferation of paperbacks. The possibilities are two. Either they evolved on Earth from some earlier, more primitive, less specialized form, or else they are of alien province.

Admittedly, phenomena of this sort are not entirely unknown in human history. Crazes of one sort or another, in fashion for example, have frequently swept through a social group, being dominant everywhere for a time and then dying out as swiftly as they have come. Yet it seems to me that such fads are of a fundamentally different nature. For one thing, when such a craze becomes epidemic, it does not die out in the originators, but mutates into more and more extreme forms, the variants engaging in a battle for survival until all perish in a final catastrophe. But with the bookworm, as we may call it, each species, once evolved, remains fundamentally unchanged, while its members, after a lengthy period of withdrawal following reproduction, may revive somewhat and maintain mild activity throughout the lifetime of the host.



Furthermore, the effect of the organism on its host appears to be such as to insure much greater chances of survival and reproduction. For one thing, the bookworm does not live by egoboo alone, as would be necessary if it were merely a matter of influencing the host's physical appearance, but can draw nourishment from the act of reading in the host. The emotional feast that derives from having the host regarded as an expert in the field then acts merely to provide the orgasmic stimulus for sporulation.

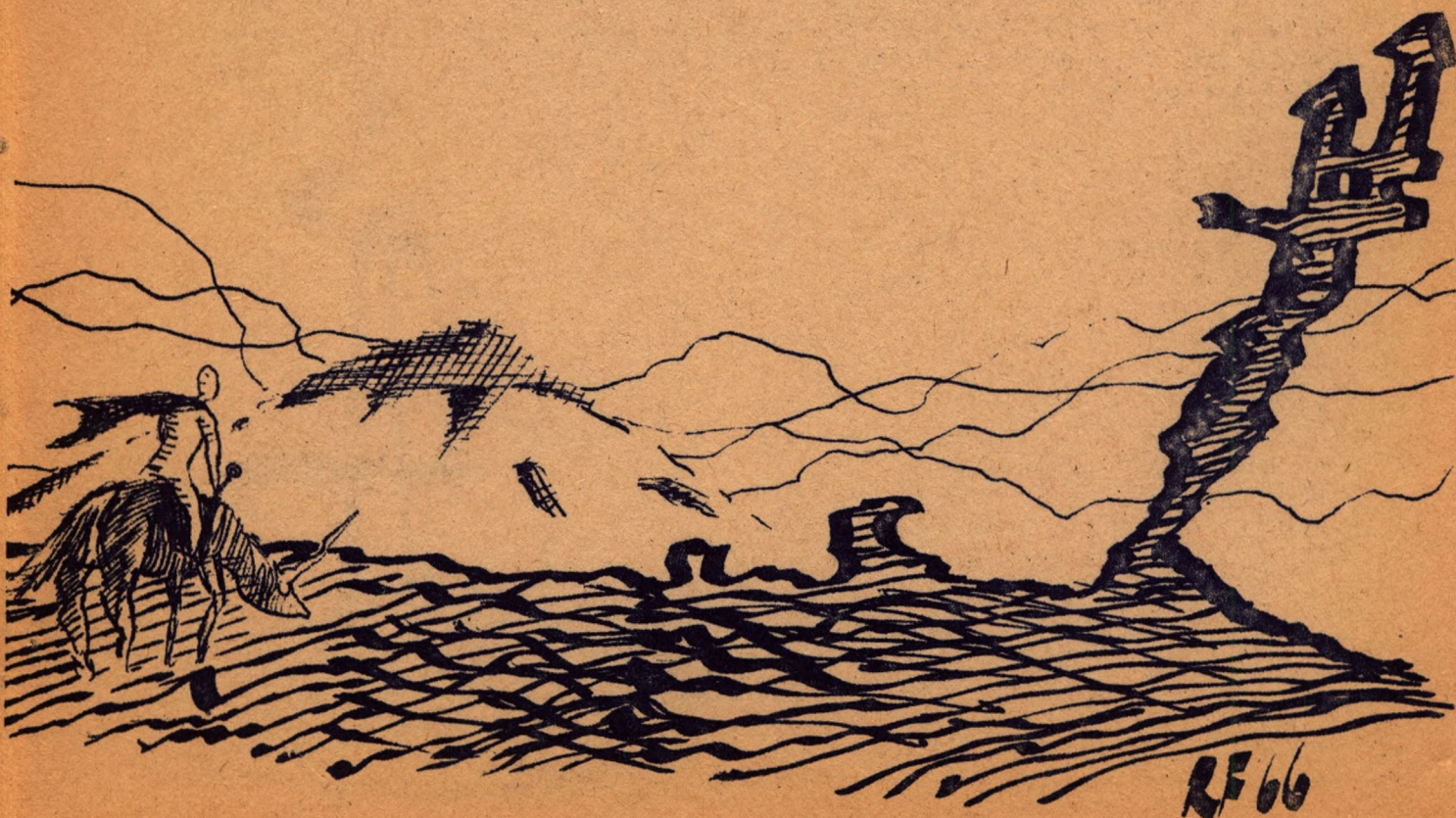
From these two characteristics, we can speculate that the bookworm is evolving in the direction of becoming more human. For one thing, it now apparently exists not only to reproduce, but can enjoy a quiet, uneventful existence in its host for many more years. For another, it has advanced to a level where it derives its nourishment from the intellectual rather than the emotional. In this it is indeed more than human, and almost seems to be attempting to bring man up to its own level. It is rather difficult to see how he could have brought about this evolution.

In addition to this problem, there is the fact that the germs of crazes in other fields still exist in their chaotic state of wild mutation and inter-specific competition; indeed, they have grown even stronger as the McLuhanistic media of communication become more prevalent. When we perceive that such crazes include the hysterias of political -isms, the matter takes on a more serious tone. Indeed, one might almost conclude that the bookworm has been sent to save us from ourselves.

In summary, I may mention these points:

- 1) it is difficult to see how the bookworm could have evolved in natural conditions on earth;
- 2) the bookworm appears to have as an eventual goal the intellectualization and pacification of the human race;
- 3) one must therefore conclude that it was introduced from outside with the aim of making man into a fit inhabitant of the universe.

I beg you to consider these conclusions with care and decide whether or not they are not the result of inescapable logic and inflexible deduction.



THE STORY TO END ALL STORIES

FOR HARLAN ELLISON'S ANTHOLOGY

DANGEROUS VISIONS

BY PHILIP K. DICK

In a hydrogen war ravaged society the nubile young women go down to a futuristic zoo and have sexual intercourse with various deformed and nonhuman life forms in the cages. In this particular account a woman who has been patched together out of the damaged bodies of several women has intercourse with an alien female, there in the cage, and later on the woman, by means of futuristic science, conceives. The infant is born, and she and the female in the cage fight over it to see who gets it. The human young woman wins, and promptly eats the offspring, hair, teeth, toes and all. Just after she has finished she discovers that the offspring is God.





IN OTHER WORDS

BY
HARRY
WARNER
JR.

My first attempt at translating a fantasy story from German to English involved a short-short by the 19th Century author Theodor Storm. I put my translation of "Der Kleine Häwelmann" into my FAPA magazine, Horizons. It produced only one comment from the readership. A German fan, Tom Schlück, was flabbergasted to find it there, because he had almost grown up on the story as a three-year-old. I gathered that he had been on the point of feeling no surprise at anything that he found in fanzines, until I shattered that insouciance. There's hardly anything in American Literature, for three-year-olds, to equal Storm's account of how a small boy gets bored, one night, and persuades the moon to help him go traveling in his cradle.

So with this background, I agreed to tackle some translations for people in Germany with a better-paying market than FAPA publications in mind. Three stories that resulted from these efforts were published in the first two issues of INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION. So far, I haven't received any comments on them from any of the readership, evidence that a fellow is better off when he writes for the fanzines, unless he thinks about money all the time. But it occurred to me that few readers of the new prozine may realize the special problems that are involved in translating Science Fiction and Fantasy Fiction.

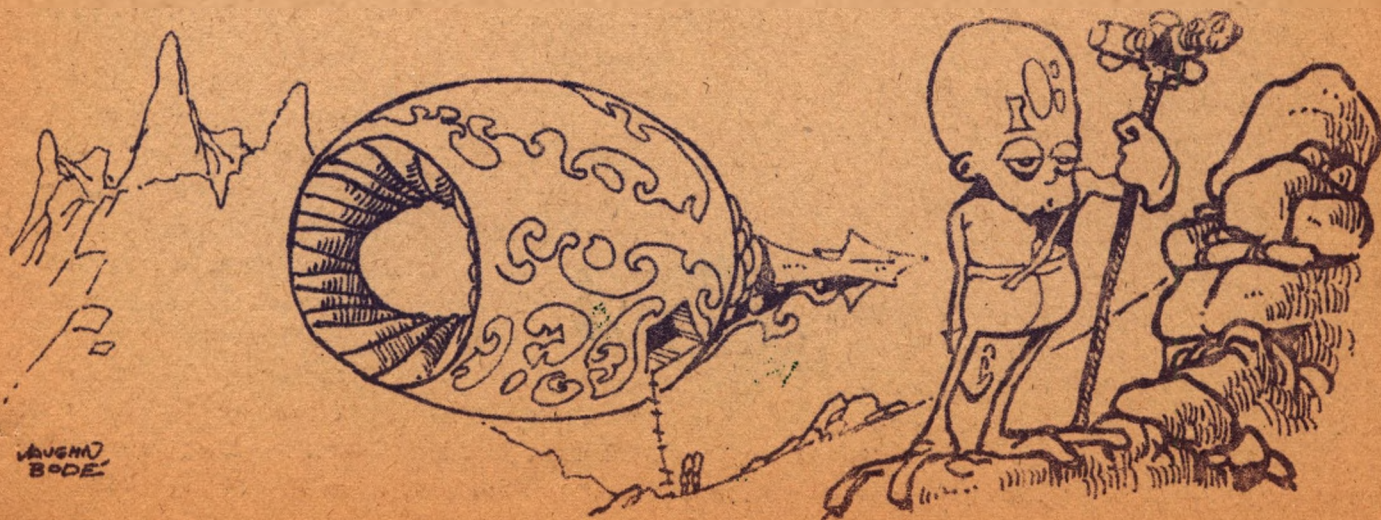
For instance, there's the constantly recurring question that confronts a translator like me, who hasn't used the foreign tongue in years and years and therefore still mistrusts the extent of his knowledge of that language; "Is that strange word, that I've just run across, the German version of some abstruse term that isn't used often enough to be in my 600 page German dictionary, or is it a recent slang word that has come into use in German-speaking nations since my dictionary was published, or is it simply an invention by the author meaning some article, or activity, that won't be invented for another 300 years, or a fragment of the patois spoken by the inhabitants of Vega IV?" You won't encounter that particular problem very often, if you're doing translations of mundane fiction. A related problem: When the author has given unorthodox combinations of letters as the name of a Bem, or as a stray word from the Bem's native tongue, did he choose those particular spellings because he liked the way the letters looked on the page, or because he was

thinking about the way they would be pronounced? On the answer to that question depends the choice the translator must make: He can either copy down the German words without change, or he can make whatever changes are necessary to make the English reader pronounce them approximately as they would sound in German.

Then there's the more abstract problem for the translator of Science-Fiction: Since it's usually a case of earth-against another race or some threat of universal destruction, how provincial should the translation be? Should it convey literally little shades of meaning that reveal the European origin, or should they be erased so that the American reader will understand that this is a story of mankind in the future? I've been lucky so far because most of the stories I've handled were decidedly neutral in such matters as given names for the humans, and free from embarrassing passages that might arise from differing terms for educational status, for example.

If the readers of these translations from the German thought about the matter at all, they must have wondered if the translator had gone too far in the procedure of breaking endless German sentences up into short American sentences. On my honor as a former member of the Futurian Federation of the World, I swear that I almost never found it necessary to do this. All the German science fiction I've seen runs quite consistently to those short, snappy sentences, except in occasional philosophical digressions. The real temptation was to turn periods into commas and semi-colons once in a while, because I had the constant mad suspicion that I was suddenly back in the middle 1940's, writing hack stories for AMAZING STORIES, which specialized in sentences that wouldn't fare any but the most stupid second graders.

Then there are the translation problems that are common to any fiction, not just to science fiction. German writers can convey to the reader a sudden change in the relationship between two people by shifting into or away from the second person singular pronoun. In English, we use such pronouns only in church and in historical fiction, and it's surprising how many intelligent persons don't even know the rules for whether it's thee or thou in certain places. When you're translating from the German, you must try to get across somehow the sense of intimacy or condescension that the *du*, *dich*, and *deine* convey to the German reader. I did my best, but it's not easy to try to retain an overall style in a short story and still make a conversation between two men sound natural and unstilted, yet not too casual, in line with the fact that they were using the formal third person pronouns in the text.



So far, I've heard nothing from the authors, so I don't know if there are some people in Germany and Austria gunning for me because of spots where I exercised freedom in translation. Titles are always a problem, of course, because a tiny phrase in one language may not work very well if it stands all by itself in literal translation. The original title of the Claus Felber story was "Blumen in den Augen." It means, literally, "Flowers in the Eyes." That wouldn't do, of course, because German usually substitutes an article for a pronoun when there's a reference to a part of a person's body. It could mean in English either "Flowers in His Eyes" or "Flowers in Their Eyes." I chose the former, hoping it was closer to Felber's intention. When someone in "The Epsilon Problem" said "Hallo!" in the original, should I have translated it "Hello" or let it go as written, since it's not a regular German word and might have been meant more as a shout than as a formal greeting? I took a chance and made it the usual English word of greeting, hoping that Mommers and Vleck meant it that way and encouraged by the fact that they used "sagen" as the verb in the sentence, "to say", rather than German words for "shout" or "call".

I experienced one odd personal experience while I was doing these translations. About a dozen years ago, I sold some of my own stories to the prozines, and the biggest difficulties I suffered while writing them involved the dialog. I don't know if it impressed the readers as badly as I found it; I simply couldn't make it sound natural. For some reason, I found the dialog the easiest thing to translate in these German stories, even though direct quotations were usually the areas that required the greatest amount of freedom of choice for the translator, who couldn't possibly get away with literal translation for most of the spoken lines. Reading the published versions of these translations, I think the dialog is smoother and more natural-sounding than any other areas of my labors, and I can't imagine why translating should create such a difference in my ability to handle this phase of story-telling.

I can't pose as an expert on German science fiction. But on the basis of the stories I've read, including a fair quantity of yarns I haven't attempted to translate, I consider it somewhat higher in quality than it's rated by most fans in Germany and Austria. It's obviously derivative from English language traditions in science fiction writing, and Germany undoubtedly needs a Wells or a Heinlein who can turn out new traditions in his own language to inspire the talented writers who always follow the lead of a genius. But it's a shame that so few fans in the United States and Great Britain can read German fluently, because the German language fanzines publish a great deal of good science fiction, some of it high quality amateur work, part of it decidedly professional in every way. If INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION is to appear only a couple of times each year, and can run only one or two stories from a given language in each issue, it's high time that some of the more serious fans worked out arrangements to get some of the German fanzine fiction translated and published in English language fanzines. There's also an enormous amount of non-fiction appearing in German fan publications that shouldn't be lost to English speaking readers, much of it covering writers, films, and books that are almost completely unknown over here, some of it dealing more comprehensively with a particular writer of science fiction in English than anything in English.

So how long must we wait for the first issue of INTERNATIONAL FANTASY COMMENTATOR or INTERNATIONAL RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY?







WITHER THE WORLCON

BY
TONY LEWIS

At the Baycon business meeting Jon Stopa was appointed to select a committee to study the feasibility of holding a national (or, more strictly, a continental) convention when the World Science Fiction Convention (WSFC) is held outside North America. This action is the result of two trends in fandom. First, the growth of fandom outside North America and second, the desire of many North American fans (who, for divers reasons, cannot travel overseas) not to have a year pass without a really major convention which they can attend.

When the World S F Conventions began, the great majority of fans were located in North America. This is no longer true. Large and active fandoms exist today in many places including Australia, Japan, Germany, England, and Scandinavia. These fans can rightfully ask how the WSFC can be a world convention if it is restricted almost entirely to North America, being permitted to go overseas only at the wish of the North American fans. If the convention is to be truly a world convention then it must be held in places other than North America on a regular basis.

However, for numerous good reasons (such as age and money) many North American fans cannot attend conventions held outside North America. (In all fairness, it should be admitted that it is even more difficult for overseas fans to come to North American conventions.) To many fans, the World SF Convention is the high point of the year, something to be looked forward to with much pleasure. Therefore, it is a truly disappointing year for them when the WSFC is not held in North America.

The study committee was set up at the Baycon in an attempt to reconcile these two viewpoints. A report will be made at the St. Louiscon business meeting, Labor Day Weekend 1969.

In order to establish a framework for consideration of the problem, five possible plans are discussed briefly below. It should be noted that there is no pretense that these plans are completely detailed or that this is an exhaustive list of the possibilities, but they should serve as a starting point for discussion.

- No. 1: The World SF Convention could revert to the old rotation scheme. In this plan, the WSFC would rotate across North America following the three-region rotation plan and would go outside North America only when the North American fans desire to consider an overseas bid. For reasons previously discussed, I believe this to be manifestly unfair.
- No. 2: Retain the present system. Under this system, adopted at the Baycon, the WSFC automatically goes outside North America every fifth year, beginning in 1970. Obvious modifications of this plan could alter the time period between overseas conventions. Again, this present system seems to be unfair to those North American fans who cannot travel to an overseas WSFC and who would thus face a year without a large convention.
- No. 3: Retain the present system with the following addition. In a year when the WSFC was being held outside North America, an established North American regional convention would be designated as the North American Continental Convention. Site selection could be made at the WSFC where the site for the overseas convention was determined or by some other agreed-upon plan, such as automatic rotation. Eligibility of a regional convention for this title could include such factors as longevity and size. However, this convention should not conflict with the overseas WSFC in either time or intent. This regional convention would be expanded in size and content. Safeguards would have to be established to prevent any region from getting an unequal number of conventions.
- No. 4: Retain the present system with the following addition.
At the convention where a site is to be selected for an overseas WSFC, a site would also be chosen for a North American convention to be held the same year. This site selection would follow the three-region North American rotation plan, and it might thus be possible to shift the overseas convention to every fourth year. The North American Science Fiction Convention would be held over Labor Day weekend, which is exclusively a North American holiday, and the WSFC during some appropriate holiday period overseas.
- 4a. the overseas WSFC would pick the site for the coming WSFC (for two years in advance) to be held in North America.
- 4b. the North American SFC held during the year the WSFC is overseas would select the site and offer its choice to the WSFC for approval. Ratification might not be desirable.



If the WSFC was held before the NASFC this would amount to asking for a blank check approval anyhow.



No. 5: This plan seems, at first, to be the most radical but it is also the simplest to administer. Essentially what will be done is to abolish the WSFC. The WSFC will be ended as a continuing convention, but not as a title. The world would be divided into a number of zones through which the title "World Science Fiction Convention" would travel. The number of zones and the length of time the title would remain in each would have to be worked out. Whenever the title "WSFC" is resident in a zone, the fans of that zone would decide, in the manner they feel to be most fitting, which con-

vention of their zone should bear the title : World Science Fiction Convention. In North America (one of the zones) the NASFC, rotating under the traditional three region plan, would automatically assume the WSFC title when the title rotated to the North American zone. This would eliminate the necessity for fans in all parts of the world to decide between cities about which they have insufficient information. It would also remove the stigma of patronization now present in the award of overseas WSFC conventions.

It would be necessary to arrange the timing so that no region of North America is consistently phased out of the WSFC title.

Under plans Nos. 1 - 3, the Hugos would naturally remain with the World Science Fiction Convention, but if plans 4 or 5 are adopted, the Hugos should remain with the North American Science Fiction Convention.

First, the Hugos have always been an English language award and, in the vast majority of cases, a North American award.

Second, most North American fans cannot read fiction adequately in languages other than English and so cannot reasonably vote upon such works for awards.

Third, the time differential between original publications and translations into other languages raises the question of just when is a work of fiction eligible for the Hugo.

It would be best if each zone or country had its own awards and the WSFC had its own set of awards. The WSFC awards would not be given for any specific writing but rather for some general contributions to the field. They could be specifically limited in number or left to the discretion of the WSFC Convention Committee. Voting could be done in the same manner as for the Hugos once criteria for eligibility in the categories

selected had been established.

The study committee needs as many ideas and inions as possible from fandom in general in order to be able to adequately formulate solutions to the present problem under consideration. We earnestly solicit your ideas and opinions. The committee members listed below will generally be available at regional conventions for discussion and/or mail may be sent to the following members:

WESTERN REGION: mail drop - Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, CA. 90024

other members - Earl Kemp
Al Lewis

CENTRAL REGION: mail drop - Jon Stopa (Chairman), Wilmot Mountain, Wilmot, WI 53192

other members - Bob Tucker
Leigh Couch

EASTERN REGION: mail drop - Anthony Lewis, 33 Unity Avenue, Belmont, MA 02178

other members - Elliot Shorter
George Nims Raybin
Banks Mebane

Overseas fans should send mail to Jon Stopa.

The opinions expressed in this article are those of the author and do not necessarily represent those of the other committee members or of the publisher.





IN MEMORIAM 1968

Anthony Boucher

Rosel George Brown

Groff Conklin

Ron Ellik

Lewis Grant

Dale Hart

Lee Jacobs

Max Keasler

Gerald Kersh

Ken McIntyre

Mervyn Peake

Barbara Pollard

Charles Lee Riddle

George Salter

Arthur Sellings

Harl Vincent

Cornell Woolrich

A.A. Wyn

TWO POEMS
BY
TOM PURDOM

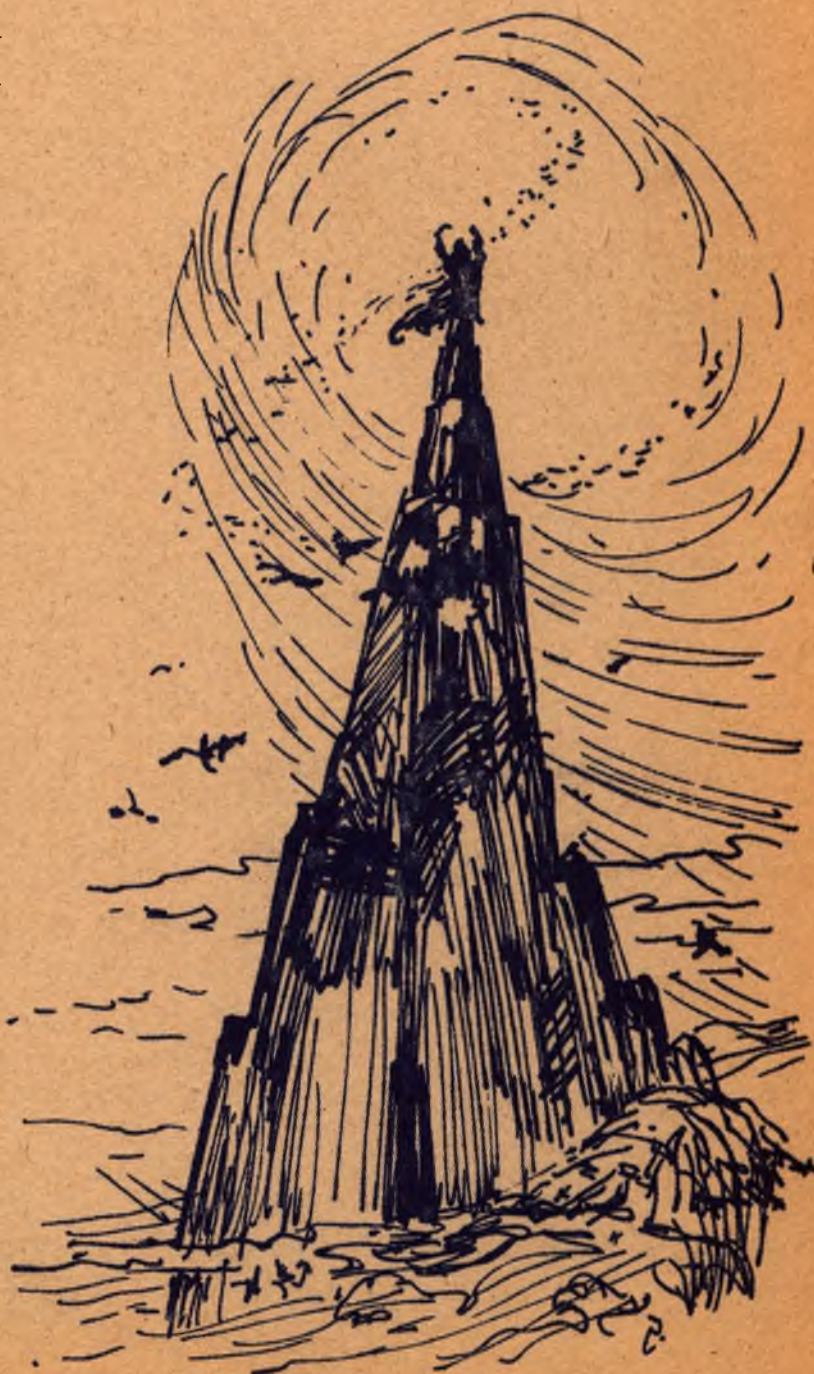
I would like to meet death
In a dark, quiet place
And cut his throat.

(On welcoming a new person to a
special place in one's life)

One more prize for death to take,
One more joy for time to kill,
One more pleasure to regret
When the heart is almost still.

One more hour splashed with sun,
One more hunger to attend,
One more face to make you sorry
Every feast must have an end...

Loving men are valiant men,
Cold men have no fears,
Lovers die with raging hearts,
Ascetics shed no tears.





Review and Comment

THE BACK SHELF : Five Lost Books

by Laurence M. Janifer

This time round, O Best Beloved, let us talk about Einstein.

Now there are several famous Einsteins. There is the violinist with much hair, otherwise Albert; there is the musicologist with less hair, or Alfred; there is the magniloquent Harry (known, for you other aged crocks out there, a bit better as the comedian, Parkyakarkus); and then there is Harry's son Charles, subject of this essay. Harry's son is, perhaps, best known for his sports anthologies, sports biography ghosting, and the like.

My purpose this issue, dear old pals, is to inform you that, as almost nobody seems to know, Charles Einstein is a novelist.

Somebody, of course, must know. The books, five of them, were published by Dell during the time, some years ago, of their first hysteric Dell-Original paperbacking. One of them was even made into a fifth-rate movie ("While the City Sleeps", which, when the thing was unreeling all over town, it did). Knowing just how massively paperbacks do circulate through the arteries of our national trade in literacy,

I suppose a goodmany/people bought the novels. Or stole them from paperback racks. Or found them by serendipitous accident in second-hand bins.

These days, the only availability I can think of would be those bins. That is a horrifying fact: I think there may be as many famous Einsteins as there are good novelists, and, on a small scale, it's tragic to lose one. (On any larger scale, nothing whatever is tragic except those situations directly and primarily human, and those connected with theology; certainly not art--or business--or science.)

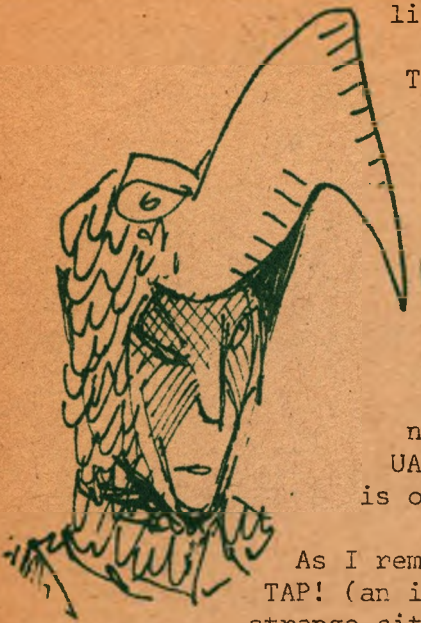
Please: go and find the books. They are called THE BLOODY SPUR (also WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS, when that movie came out, saw its own shadow, and very sensibly went back in again), THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN, WIRETAP!, THE LAST LAUGH, and NO TIME AT ALL (which was also a Playhouse 90 show, in the dear departed Old Days--a show, as it happens, with a good cameo part written in for Parkyakarkus). Of these five, WIRETAP! is the only unnecessary volume, though NO TIME AT ALL, despite some fine bits, is definitely a lightweight. But ... let me hand you one quote, the opening paragraph of the book I think Einstein's finest, THE LAST LAUGH (though THE BLOODY SPUR comes close to it, and there are days when I have a weakness for THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN):

"My name is Sam Prior and that is one of the few things I am sure about. I don't mean to be flip about this. In the lives of many men there is only one woman, and in the lives of many other men there are many women, but in my case it comes down to exactly two women, the one I married and the one I didn't, and it can confuse the hell out of you if you give it half a chance. The one I married was named Rachel and the one I should have was named Abbie, and if I loused it up, all I can say is a lot of other people helped, and most of them were comedians."

Getting that opening, that conversational tense style, work and fascinate you is one hell of a lot tougher than it looks. If that paragraph does not make you want to read paragraph #2, and so on into the book, I guess it's not you I'm talking to, but all the other readers of NIEKAS, over there in the shadows. I'm sorry, but it might be best if you went away now and read something else.

For those left: THE LAST LAUGH is the story of a newsman--wire service, to be exact--whose marriage has gone to hell and who finds himself a) a new girl (one of the most touching, appealing, and absolutely real heroines in fiction), b) the middle position in a complex blackmail-and-publicity gimmick involving some TV comics, and c) behind more eightballs in the wire service, among the TV comics, and with Rachel and Abbie, than you would believe possible--except that all these eightballs are a part of your





life too, old friend; yours, and mine.

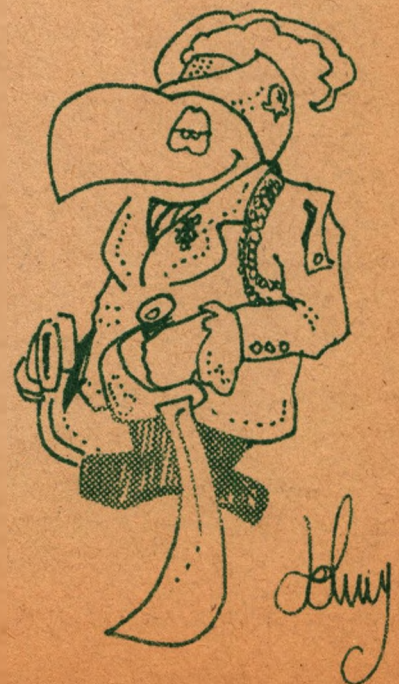
There is very little else to say about it. I can praise the heart-breaking accuracy of dialogue and observation, the sustained perfect tone, the motion of the book; but this is litcritic talk, and useless. Nobody but a critic, and very occasionally a writer, is driven to read a book through talk about technique.

I will say, though, that it reminds me of something else, this passionate restrained ritual of a novel; more than any other book except the original, it reminds me of *THE GRADUATE*. If you have seen, and been touched by, that movie, no other word will be needed. (If you have not seen *THE GRADUATE*, by the way, in the name of God do so.) *THE LAST LAUGH* is one of the lasting novels; that, I know for sure.

As I remember the order of publication, the second one out was *WIRE-TAP!* (an investigation into wiretapping and criminal practices in a strange city--most of the material of which is used better, later, in *THE LAST LAUGH*). The last of the five was the one about a plane accident (except that it isn't the kind of accident you're thinking of, and it for sure doesn't have the same results; it's one of those small books which provide a few scenes so complete, and so new, that after reading it you will never be the same again). That was *NO TIME AT ALL*. As I've said, those are the weak sisters--in so far as any novel by this extraordinary man is weak.

But his first, *THE BLOODY SPUR*, was simply astonishing. Einstein spent nine years with the old INS, and he seldom lets his news and wire service background go to waste; in *THE BLOODY SPUR* he forces together, with fine results, the succession-to-the-kingship novel so familiar to us all since *EXECUTIVE SUITE* laid its pall over the nation, and a lovely fictional version of the (Chicago) Heirens murder case. Here, the head of a news and wire-service empire dies, and his successor is to be chosen from among four men--possibly, just possibly, based on how the four departments these men head perform on the headline case of an unknown character who is going around killing children, and writing (like Heirens) *STOP ME BEFORE I KILL MORE* on adjacent walls.

The four men, some subordinates (one of whom, a newsman in the removed, sardonic mold of Ed Murrow, is the actual hero of the book; and another of whom is an addition to that smallest of coteries, accurate and engaging portraits of women in American fiction), the killer, whose credibility is total, frightening, and pathetic--there's a whole portrait gallery here, and not a blank canvas in the bunch, or even much out of drawing. (I have some faint objections to a publisher's wife and to a young girl known by the killer; American male writers can't draw women much, and even Einstein nods. I think O'Hara can do the job dependably, though James Jones, on the latest evidence, is learning with great speed.) The book was a natural for movies: it moves like lightning, it is clear, simple, organized as perfectly as a Sherman tank, and impossible to put down. The movies, naturally enough, ruined it. But the book, under either of its titles, goes marching on, and ought to march straight to your shelf.



THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN is, I'm afraid, a personal oddity, and I request a little time to set up the background.

Since I was a small child, I have been surrounded by sports. For some time I was a catcher for a local baseball team (this was the days before Little Leagues--say 1942-44), but not a very good one and not a terribly interested one. My brother was, and is, the athlete of the family. I got involved in handball for a time, and was a decent quarter-miler, sometimes the half (reflexes too slow for anything much shorter, where the jump off the gun is all-important), until I got bored and winded. I watched a lot of baseball games, and learned to keep score, and even now transfix myself with the Mets now and then.

Mostly though, sports contain blank areas for me. The result is that--among other, and possibly more arresting, results--even so fine a book as Hans Ruesch's THE RACER, let alone the stuff that normally makes up the novel in this field, has rough sledding when it gets to me. Outside the works of Ring Lardner, for whom baseball was a communicable universe, and even a meaningful one, I know exactly one baseball novel I can bear to read, let alone reread and recommend.

Background over, and no surprise: that novel is THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN. It is the story of a bush-league manager who gets back into the majors, who has lost his wife because of his total devotion to his job and his players... there is gambling, a kidnapping, and a lot of other stuff including some more very real women, but mostly there is baseball. I hope this statement has the earthshaking sound it ought to have. I sit and read the book and find myself enthralled, openmouthed, tense, before pages of detailed description of baseball games--descriptions of the ball-one, strike-one, he-steps-out-of-the-box variety. Briefly, while immersed in this novel, I not only kid myself that I understand baseball, I even manage to become convinced that I love the silly sport.

The effect of a novel can be no greater.

Since NO TIME AT ALL, Einstein has been doing some slick shorts, some sports anthologies... almost anything but novelwriting.

I suggest that you get hold of one, or all, of the books mentioned here. They are available second-hand, as I know. I've bought several copies of each, over the years, since when I loan them out I do not get them back--they're that sort of book. Then I suggest that you write to Dell asking for republication of the five. Even WIRETAP! by God.

Enough letters might get them back into print--and maybe get novel number six out of Charles Einstein.

Admittedly, he has nothing to do with science fiction (but why should he? This column digs up stuff from everywhere, as you will have noticed). What he has got something to do with is humanity, and good prose.

Both of which, in their different ways, may turn out to be worth preserving.





AND STILL CHILDREN'S FANTASY REVIEWS GO
ON, AND ON...

Marsha Brown

John Hollander's *THE QUEST OF THE GOLE* is one of the books that ought to have an enthusiastic audience among fantasy readers. Unfortunately, most of them will probably never hear of it. It was published in 1966 by Atheneum and is listed in their catalog as "a classic medieval quest story told in poetry and prose." This description, while definitely concise, does not do justice to the book. Mr. Hollander has written an excellent quest story in a difficult form and has carried it off beautifully. He has gotten around the difficulties imposed in telling the story as a poem by treating it as if it were an extremely old epic poem. It is perfectly reasonable to find that fragments of old poems have been lost, and a conscientious editor could reasonably be expected to try to

fill in the gaps by searching through other material of the same, or later, periods for mention of the events occurring in the missing sections of the poem. What is not reasonable is that Mr. Hollander, writing a made-up epic taken from made-up sources, has managed to make it work. This is the sort of book that would be perfectly dreadful if it had been written by anyone else, but for Mr. Hollander it comes off marvelously. The illustrations, by Reginald Pollack compliment the story perfectly which is a welcome novelty when one considers how many books are either badly or inappropriately illustrated these days. Oh yes, the story is about a kingdom with a curse on it, and the three sons of the king who set out, one at a time, in search of a mysterious object called the Great Gole in order to lift the curse.

SEASON OF PONIES by Zilpha Keatly Snyder (Atheneum 1964) is a beautiful, rather dreamy fantasy about a very bored girl who is given a magic charm. Pamela didn't know what the charm was for, she only knew that it wasn't for anything obvious like three wishes. The charm said, "Give the searching heart an eye, and magic fills a summer sky." This was encouraging though not particularly informative, but after she started seeing the herd of weirdly beautiful ponies and the strange boy who travelled with them she didn't have much time to wonder about it. This isn't one for the adventure fans, but it is a fine book and just right for those who like a smooth, low-key fantasy.

BLACK AND BLUE MAGIC (Atheneum, 1967), also by Zilpha Snyder, is a distinct change of pace from *SEASON OF PONIES*. It is the story of Harry Houdini Marco, a boy who seemed to be gifted with two left feet and ten thumbs, and a small but fascinating bit of magic that is given to him by a strange salesman who, if he can be believed, travels in magic. Harry rather dubiously rubs one drop of oil on each shoulder and recites the spell that goes with the oil and, when the room stops spinning, is delighted to find that he has grown wings. Between learning to use the wings, keeping them a secret, and trying his hand at a bit of match-making between his mother and one of their boarders, Harry's summer moves a lot faster and is far more complicated than he ever expected it to be. The story is a pure delight to read, and my only complaint about the book is that the illustrations are rather poor.

EYES IN THE FISHBOWL, Zilpha Snyder's third juvenile fantasy (Atheneum, 1968), is

quite different from her first two, though quite as interesting in its own fashion. Dion, the hero of this one, has grown up in an easy-going, unconventional household and is desperately eager to lead what he considers to be a more normal life. Life becomes even more upsetting than usual for him when Alcott-Simpson's (a department store), his ultimate symbol of normality and respectability, seems to have acquired some resident ghosts. There are a few spots in this one that could have used some clarifying but these don't detract much from the book as a whole. It is a more complex book than the other two and not quite as successful as either of them, but it is still very entertaining.

Ruth Arthur's *A CANDLE IN HER ROOM* (Atheneum 1966) is probably her best fantasy to date. It concerns a strange wooden doll called Dido and an evil influence it exerts on three generations of a family. The story is told in the first person by the one in each generation who is most affected by the doll and somehow, instead of breaking up the continuity of the book, the switch from one first person narrative to another simply enhances the feeling of evil that centers around the doll.

DRAGON SUMMER (Atheneum 1965), also by Ruth Arthur, is a mildly pleasant but forgettable story about a summer vacation and a quiet ghost who likes to come back and listen to the music boxes he had loved. There is nothing at all memorable about the book but it does make a pleasant hour's reading if nothing better is available.

REQUIEM FOR A PRINCESS (Atheneum 1967), again by Ruth Arthur, is a much more interesting book than *DRAGON SUMMER*, though not nearly as good as *A CANDLE IN HER ROOM*. This is another of those stories in which time gets mixed around just a bit. A modern girl, who discovers that she is adopted and feels quite shaken up by the discovery, has a series of dreams about an adopted girl in Elizabethan England. She finds out what really happened to the girl in these dreams and evidence is later found to back the dreams up. She manages to solve her own problem in much the same way that the adopted Spanish girl did. There's nothing terribly new or different about this book, but it is done well and, if you like this type of story, you'll enjoy it.

PORTRAIT OF MARGARITA, the latest Ruth Arthur novel (Atheneum 1968), is also primarily the story of a girl's adjustment to some unpleasant facts. There are occasional touches of fantasy, such as the heroine's having premonitions about things, but these are very minor and don't really affect the story. Interesting if you like girl's stories, but probably not otherwise.

Robert Newman's *THE BOY WHO COULD FLY* (Atheneum 1967) is something else again. I avoided reading this one for nearly a year because both the title and the jacket put me off. It is a pity that a book as good as this one is has been so well camouflaged. It is the story of a young boy who is, at the very least, a genius and is more probably a sort of superman. The story is told by Joey's older brother who is faced with the job of taking care of Joey (their parents are dead and they have just gone to live with an uncle), and running interference between him and the rest of the world until he can make Joey understand that people are a long way from perfect and are more likely to jump on someone who is more talented than they are than to allow that person to help them. The situation is handled excellently and the characters are very well done. This is one that deserves to have some fuss made about it.

KNEE-DEEP IN THUNDER (Atheneum 1967), by Sheila Moon, is a book that I have very mixed feelings about. The book is unusually long for a children's book (307 pages) and it



is very unevenly paced. The action should either have been more evenly spread through the book to avoid the feeling of jerkiness which is created, or the book should have been cut by about fifty pages. There are too many loose ends which are never tied up and the motivations of many of the characters remain obscure all the way through the book. One thing which I found particularly annoying was that Maris, the heroine, seemed to get nothing out of her quest. It has always seemed to be a sort of unwritten rule that one always gains something from a quest, even if it's not something that was expected, but Maris goes back to the same situation she left when she started on the quest without anything having changed. Despite these annoying points, the book cannot be written off as a total loss. There are some interesting characters, some vivid descriptions, and many interesting incidents, and the illustrations by Peter Parnall are excellent. It is just a pity that the whole book doesn't quite hang together.

Lloyd Alexander's *THE HIGH KING* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1968) provides a fine ending to the adventures of Taran. The book is certainly as good as the other four volumes in the series and is, in many ways, the best of the lot. The action stretches across all of Prydain and into the hall of Arawn Death-Lord. The story is even more tightly plotted than the first four books, just as the urgency of Taran's quest is more desperate than any of his earlier adventures. After reading *THE HIGH KING*, I sat down and reread the entire series and was even more impressed by what Lloyd Alexander has accomplished than when I read the books one at a time as they came out. The Taran of *THE HIGH KING* is a far cry from the assistant pig keeper who wanted to be a hero in *THE BOOK OF THREE*, and yet, in reading through the five volumes, I found that the transition from Taran the boy to Taran the man was smoothly and almost unnoticeably done. Lloyd Alexander is a fine story teller who can also create real characters for his stories and the combination is a very rare one. I look forward to seeing what he tries his hand at next.

OVER THE HILLS TO BABYLON, Nicholas Stuart Gray's children's fantasy, recently reprinted by Dobson, is quite pleasant but also quite disappointing. It is a series of short stories about some of the inhabitants of Babylon, a city which had been gifted with a powerful spell long ago. Whenever the city was in danger, the reigning monarch could use the spell to transport the city across the mountains until the danger was past. Of course, if the king happened to be feeling somewhat nervous even a plate being dropped behind him could startle him into using the spell. For this reason, the Crown Prince Conrad has decided to become extremely calm and unemotional. His friendship with the scatterbrained Corrie, which grows in spite of all he can do to remain unemotional, deserves better than the rather sketchy treatment it gets. So does the courting of Princess Rosetta and the story of the apothecary's wife and the inefficient wizard's familiar. What we actually have here is a series of very short stories which could easily have been written into about three full length novels and which should have been. It's a bit too late for that now but perhaps sometime in the future Gray will continue the history of Babylon and this time will do more justice to it.



((The following review of *LORD OF LIGHT* was written by Piers Anthony nearly a year ago and just missed the last issue of *Niekas*. Piers does still stand by the opinions which he expressed in this review and feels that the review is still relevant though a trifle belated.))

LORD OF LIGHT, Roger Zelazny,
Doubleday, \$4.95, 257 pages.

Reviewed by Piers Anthony

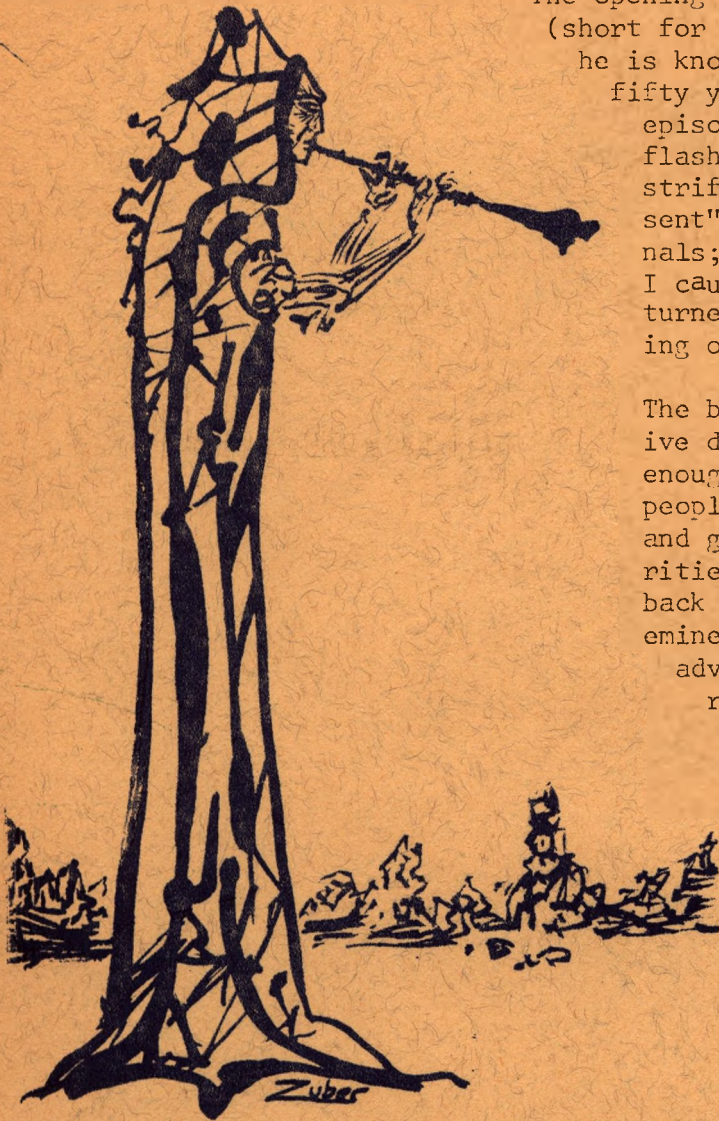
Zelazny is not the only one to attempt oriental-mythology adaptation to science fiction as such. My somewhat similar project, whose supplementary researches were summarized in NIEKAS not so long ago, received warm encouragement from this author but was promptly bounced by this publisher as "an interesting but not very exciting or inspiring interpretation." Perhaps one day the readers will have the opportunity to pass on that point; meanwhile the experience may lend a certain bias to my consideration of this novel, since it evidently was what was desired.



Be all that as it may, Zelazny is a writer of astonishing maturity whose talent actually approaches his reputation, and LORD OF LIGHT comes as close to genuine quality as Doubleday seems capable of permitting. It consists of seven chapter/episodes, the second and third of which appeared in F&SF, and the whole is, I infer, only the initial volume of a series. The jacket blurb compares it to "the great tradition of J.R.R. Tolkien," and for once the reference is valid. Zelazny is a craftsman who is, overall, superior to Tolkien, and this series just may become a fitting counterpart to the one the name emulates. This is not Tolkien-fabric, understand, but many of the fans of the one will react with favor to the other.

The situation is drawn from Hindu/Buddhist legend, according to the F&SF note, which statement I take on faith since despite researches into oriental folklore I remain distressingly ignorant here. Such comprehensive adaptation is certainly ambitious, since the mere acquisition of information on the subject is a complex matter. The annotated editions of Vedic Hymns, Upanishads, and other religious works run to thousands of pages and are by no means easy reading; the grammatical nuances alone threaten to swamp this reviewer, who happens to be an English teacher on the side. Much more is involved than straight transposition; unless my own experience is atypical, it requires more effort to adapt suitably even from simple mythology than to invent one's own framework.

How has the author succeeded? I am not sure. I feel that it is best to retain as much of the flavor and essence of the original works as is feasible, but know that in this case too-close adherence would be unreadable. Judgements are precarious. If one changes too little, the piece is no more than an updating and clarification of an exhisting story; if too much, there is no point in maintaining the original nomenclature. Though I am not conversant with the source material in this case, I can say that the author has changed far more than I would have, and the result is irritating in certain respects. For example, he sets up pseudo-identities of Earthly semi-deities (oriental religious conception is not precisely analogous to our own) such as Buddha -- but has them smoking cigarettes and talking colloquial American in off-moments. This, to me, is an atrocity. If such contrast is necessary to make the piece conform to a publisher's notion of the medium, I'd prefer to exclude it from the field. It is not fair to claim that these are merely space travellers masquerading as gods, because though this might be technically true it is the least of the story, possibly only inserted for verisimilitude. I may be misreading the author's intent -- but I say that these people are deities, however they began, and have developed considerable depth of godhood. Let's preserve that quality, rather than destroying its beauty -- and there is much beauty -- by artificiality.



The opening story takes place as the protagonist Sam (short for Mahasamatman, one of half a dozen names he is known by) is being revived from a kind of fifty year stasis. The second through sixth episodes, if I am not confused again, are flashbacks to the earlier period of godly strife, and the seventh returns to the "present". I would have preferred stronger signals; I had to check back perpetually, until I caught on, since people I thought had died turned out to be living, and some were fighting on the wrong side.

The basic episodes, though clothed in impressive description and philosophy, are simple enough. Gods of any type are very much like people; they do have their little ambitions and grievances, their greatnesses and mediocrities. These particular gods seek to hold back progress so that they can maintain their eminence, while Sam prefers to let civilization advance naturally. Their various encounters range from straight swordplay to advanced scientific techniques, many of which are more readily described as magic, all clothed in Zelazny richness and literacy.

If there is a message in the novel, it should be that progress is inevitable...but I question whether the author is concerned with that. He has discovered some fascinating lore and seeks to adapt it for our pleasure -- and isn't that enough?

This is, in summary, a novel that is not entirely to my taste -- but is a major piece of writing. It deserves to be read, debated, nominated for Nebula and Hugo -- but not, to win. I suspect this is what will happen.

STAND ON ZANZIBAR by John Brunner
with comments on the commentary by John Brunner...

Being commentary of a sort by Piers Anthony

CONTEXT (CXT 1)--507 page count with about 500 words per page, making this novel appear to be about 250,000 words. But if the white spaces are lumped together they amount to about 90 pages. Still, SOZ is over 200,000 words net: not exactly a vignette.

THE HAPPENING WORLD (THW 1)--SCIENCE FICTION WRITER TRIES FOR IMMORTALITY London: John Brunner, celebrated local author of more than forty books, this year unveiled his most ambitious novel to date. When mobbed by reporters and others Brunner said

TRACKING WITH CLOSEUPS (TWC 1)--Piers Anthony opened the package with a sinking sensation. It had happened at last: SOZ had come, and demanded reading and shipping to the next member of the circuit within a week.

The tome was unconscionably massive, but somehow he managed to hold it in one

hand while keeping his active progeny from major mischief with the other. Now and then he was even able to make scattergun notes.

Three weeks later he began formulating the commentary. He examined his notes and was appalled. How could he ever assemble a coherency from this melange? But if he reneged, Niekas would surely cut him off without a copy...

CONTINUITY (CTY 1)--The essential plot of SOZ concerns the roommates Donald Hogan (white) and Norman House (black) who share a succession of shiggies (girls) for several years. Neither man really knows much about the other, and each is irritated by the other's preference for flesh of complementary hue. That is, Norman prefers the fair Nordic type, Donald the Afram type. This has its comical elements, but does help illustrate a facet of the society of America, year 2010.

CXT (2)--But in fact the novel is not as haphazard as first appears. Indeed, one might draw parallels to that momentous trilogy by another John, Dos Passos' U.S.A.. The "newsreel" "camera eye" and biographies of U.S.A. become "the happening world", "tracking with closeups" and "context" of SOZ. That was America of fifty years ago; this is America of forty years hence...

excerpted from a 1970 review

THW (2)--Clarke had bad reviews of the book version of 2001; Aldiss seems to be entering the long afternoon of his talent. The question before us, gentlemen, is this: is John Brunner now Britain's best writer of speculative fiction?

from the minutes of SSSS(Solar System Speculation Society, Limited)

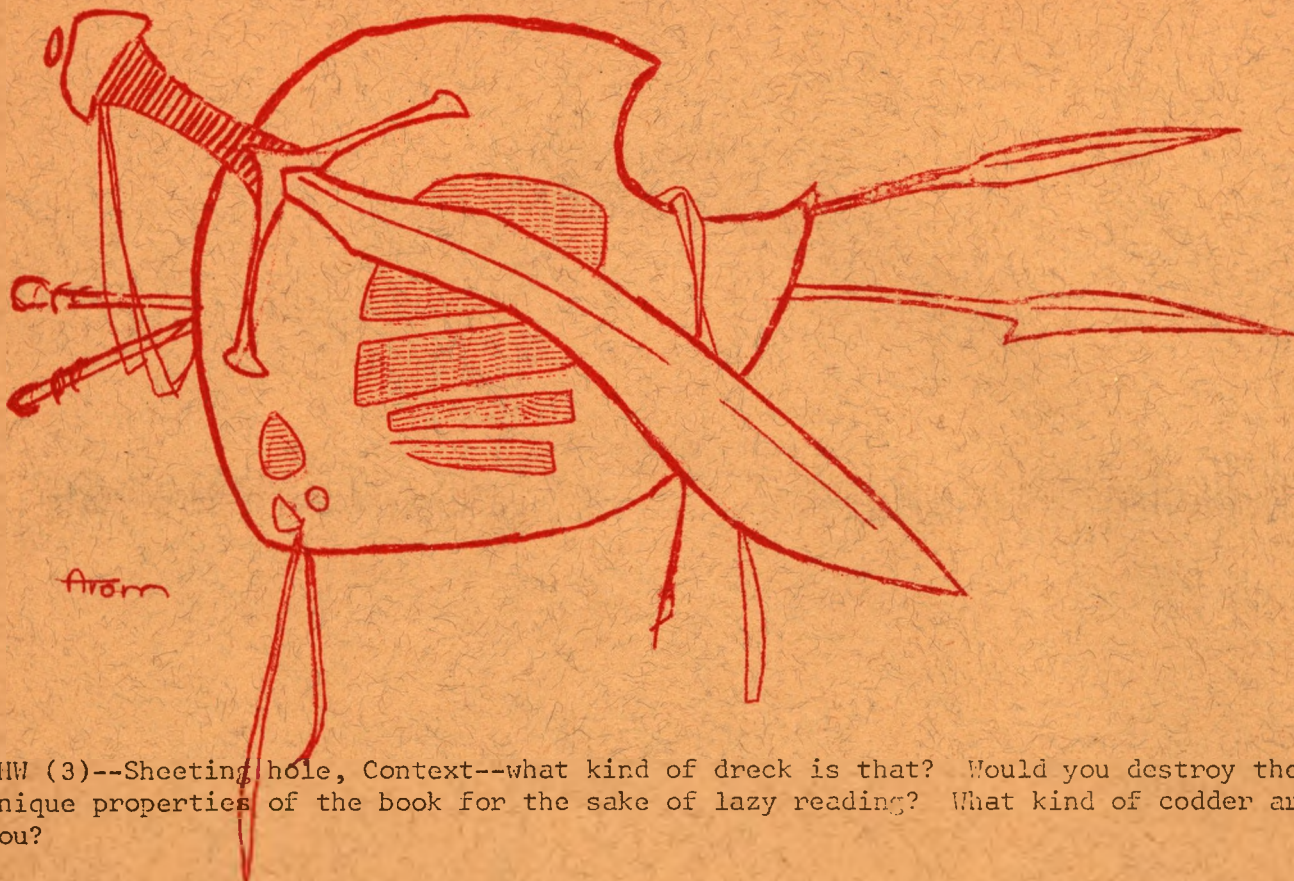
TWC (2)--Jets blasting, Bat Durston came screeching down through the atmosphere of Zanzibar, a small planet at nine o'clock on the galactic rim rich in zilch ore. A tall, lean spaceman stepped out of the tail assembly, proton gun-blaster in a space-tanned hand. "See anything new?" the stranger lippled thinly. "You'll never see it in the galaxy again..." And he fired, frying Bat Durston's three eyeballs. Thus was precipitated the alien siege of Zanzibar, and the heroic defense by its colonists: the stand on Zanzibar. It was the episode that triggered galactic war.

mainstream critic's anticipation

CTY (2)--Norman House is a vice president of a major corporation, and on the rise. Donald Hogan has a kind of military commission in the military, activated during the story. In due course the plot line diverges: Norman becomes involved in a computerized plan to upgrade the backward African nation of Benina, somewhere in the vicinity of Togo on the present map. Donald is sent on a spy mission to Yatakang, something like Indonesia. Their separate adventures are parceled out in the course of forty-two continuities. Norman's are more cerebral, Donald's more bloody. Always in the background is Shalmaneser, the super-computer, alternatively helpful and baffling. One terminus is tragic, the other optimistic.

(CXT (3)--Actually it would be possible to skip Contexts, The Happening Worlds, and Tracking With Closeups, reading only the continuities. This would convert the book effectively into a good hard-core SF adventure with thoughtful detail and philosophy: a worthy novel not too difficult to comprehend.





THW (3)--Sheeting hole, Context--what kind of dreck is that? Would you destroy the unique properties of the book for the sake of lazy reading? What kind of codder are you?

CXT (4)--Mind your own happenings, THW. As I was saying: the Continuities alone would make a decent novel, fit to join the ranks of the many other decent novels appearing in the field today. But it would not be a great novel. Neither would its inordinate length make it important, per se. As a matter of fact, SOZ's size and structure do not promote a corresponding depth and breadth, they demand it. Mere padding or section juggling would only interfere. One expects an ocean to be deeper than a lake, not simply wider.

THW (4)--Well, a number of writers have tried to improve their product, Context. But they generally fail. Ellison and Silverberg tend to mistake morbidity for characterization; Ballard confounds description with style; Zelazny interprets mythology as meaning; Delaney believes style can substitute for plot; Spinrad--

CXT (5)--Exactly my point. Several of these are New-Wavists--

THW (5)New Thingists.

CXT (6)--New Wavethings. It has occurred to me that New Wavething writing should not be done exclusively by its party regulars, who can be as narrow in their newness as the regulars of the Old Thingstuff are in their oldness. Better that an Old Stuffwave take a shot at New--

THW (6)--Old Stuffwhat?

CXT (7)--Well, Brunner once told Ellison to--

THW (7)--Yes, I remember. Page 349, wasn't it?

CXT (8)--At any rate, STAND ON ZANZIBAR represents such an Oldist attack on the Newist genre, and for my money Brunner has brought it off. This book may not receive the

rave reviews the Newist clique reserves for its own, but it is better material than--

TWC (3)--If you two will quit hogging the numbers--

CTY (3)--Interspersed with the Continuities are numerous lesser adventures of other characters, each illustrating some other facet of the world's society. The frustrations of genetic control are evident everywhere. People are limited in size of family, or forbidden to have children (prodgies) because of recessive abnormalities, or compulsorily sterilized. Those permitted to breed at all are fiercely resented by those denied. Drugs are universal, from tranks to hallucinogens. Advertising is fierce. Indeed, the entire world of 2010 is spelled out in rich detail through these diverse mechanisms, and the novel, taken as a whole, is as effective a presentation of our likely future as the science fiction field has seen.

CXT (9)--Yet, strangely, Brunner falls down in elementary ways. He appears to have set up an elegant framework in which Context presents historical backdrops, philosophic commentary, relevant essays, quotes from the almanac, and even poetry; Tracking With Closeups has the alternate character-episodes; The Happening World has quotes from various sources, headlines, excerpts and more poetry; and Continuity, of course, has the main-sequence plot featuring Norman and Donald. But after a while he forgets which section is which, and puts a long party scene in THW when it more properly belongs in TWC, and TWC's #17 should have been either a THW or CXT. Quotes of similar nature from Chad Mulligan's works (and pithy, provocative, penetrating thoughts they are, too!) are spread across CXT, THW, and TWC as though the author couldn't remember or figure out where they belonged. If such an intricate framework as this is going to be employed at all, it should at least be consistent. Otherwise it loses its validity.

THW (8)--Why nitpick such an ambitious work? Give the author credit for courage in attempting it. We haven't exactly kept our balliwicks straight in this commentary, simple as it is in comparison. It's hard to juggle so many notions simultaneously.

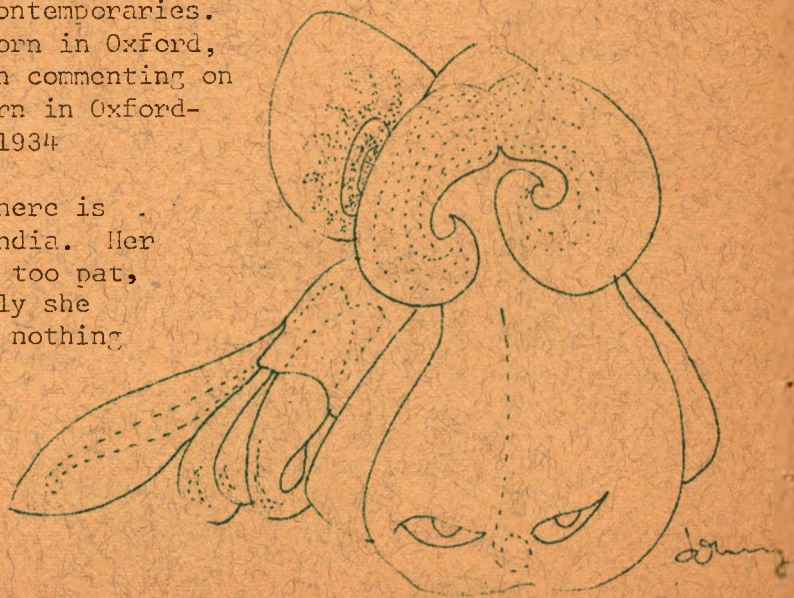
CXT (10)--But there are also weaknesses in the plot. Too many minor characters are conveniently killed off. Coincidence plays so strong a part that the author even remarks on it in the text, when Donald meets the famous geneticist he seeks in Yata-kang. That a berserker should choose that particular moment and spot to--

THW (9)--I have this thing about my contemporaries.
Piers Anthony, born in Oxford,
England, 1934, in commenting on
John Brunner, born in Oxford-
shire, England, 1934

CXT (11)--Shut your hole! And then there is Bronwen, the intriguing shiggy from India. Her meeting with Donald at the airport is too pat, and her pursuit of his favor--naturally she had to be a plant, a counterspy. Yet nothing is made of this.

TWC (4)--The Reader put the novel regretfully aside. "Very well. This is not the perfect novel. But it probably is the best science fiction to be published in the year 1968 1968. Therefore it should win an award."

The SFWA member contemplated



him thoughtfully. "That does not necessarily follow, Reader." The Fan nodded agreement.

The Reader's brow furrowed, for he wasn't bright about politics. "I thought there were awards called the Nebula and the Hugo that went to the best science fiction novel of the year. And if this is the best--"

SFWA and Fan exchanged knowledgeable glances. "Hardly that simple," SFWA said. "Chances are only a third of my group will read it, if that."

"But why? I thought the publisher even sent free copies out to you lucky fellows!"

"A number of hardcover copies are provided, yes," SFWA admitted. "These are circulated through established chains of members, each of whom must read the books and pass them on to the next. The books remain the property of the SFWA, however. But only a minority have signed up for this circulation program, and many participants don't have time to read everything that comes through, since it amounts to something like thirty books a year. So--"

"So the hardcovers are still at a disadvantage," Reader said. "No matter how good they are. I see that now. Last year your first four places were taken by paperbacks, weren't they, while excellent books like Brunner's own QUICKSAND were passed over. But at least the situation is better for the Hugo."

The Fan shook his head. "How many of us do you think have the money to buy expensive hardcover books?"

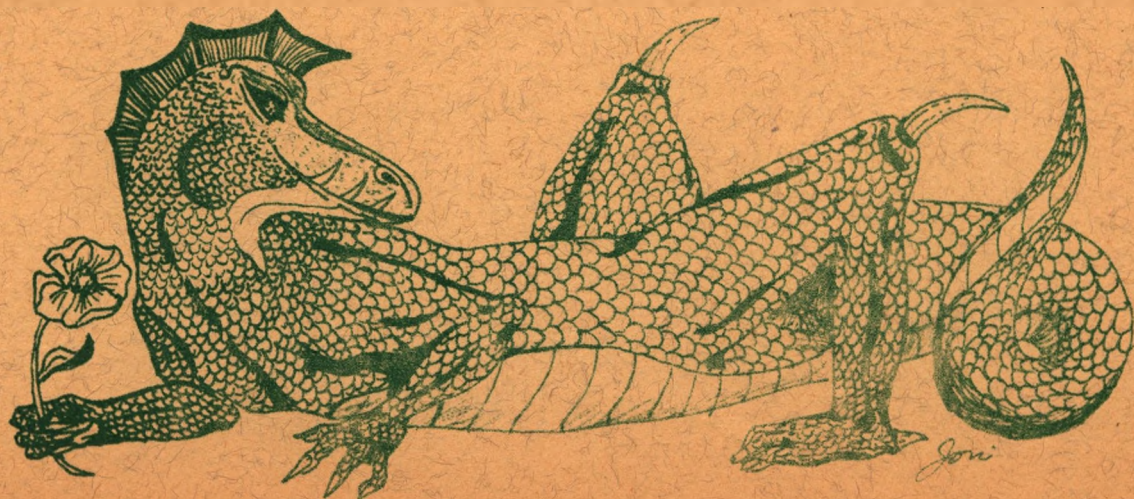
Shaken, the Reader protested: "But doesn't that make your awards meaningless? I mean, if the best novels don't win?"

Fan shrugged. "The banquets and conventions are fun, and sometimes a hardcover gets talked up enough to attract a following. Why only a few months ago--"

CTY (4)--This novel has everything from the hilarious to the shocking to the sublime. It illustrates a truly wide-ranging intellect and a handsome arsenal of skills. It must have been a long time in the making; the nicity of detail and structure mitigates against any hasty rendering. There is simply no other science fiction in sight in 1968 that approaches its scope. It is required reading for anyone who takes science fiction seriously. It must be judged as a unit; the plot is merely a vehicle. Buy it, borrow it, circulate it--but read it before you commit yourself on 1968.

((The following are John Brunner's comments on Piers' review, which were included in a personal letter to Piers.))

Many thanks for sending me the carbon of your review of SOZ. I'm delighted that you liked the book so well. Your invocation of dos Passos is, of course, a hundred per cent accurate--in fact, before settling to the five months' work the novel involved, I went and reread MIDCENTURY (not his best book, but the one which presents his personal technique at its most developed, I think) because there seemed to be no point





in trying to re-invent something which had already been done extremely well, and remained capable of fresh exploitation.

Tom Disch spotted that, too, by the way; when he saw the book in manuscript form, he said, "Marvelous! Why hasn't anyone adapted dos Passos to SF before?" -- to which I could only reply that I hadn't the least idea, because he'd been faced with some of the same problems as an SF writer, and solved them with admirable ingenuity.

I have a couple of minor carps: the party scene "Be Kind to your Forfeited Friends" isn't in the Happening World sequence because I forgot it belonged in Continuity, but because it's the episode in which the real world does what Chad Mulligan says it's capable of and... well, happens. (The characters are also a part of the whole-world web of event, and this is the nexus of the world's interaction with them; since the world is dominant, I felt it should take precedence and usurp control of this section. I was half-minded to do the same with the riot chapter, but there I was more concerned with Donald's private reactions than the public scene.)

And Tracking with Closeups #17, the one about Shalmaneser, is so in the right place because in the upshot it turns out that Shal is a personality rather than a mere machine. The broad division between the categories goes like this: Contexts are concerned with the forces shaping the "time" (in the sense that the word is used in the I Ching, to mean the general situation); TWC's are concerned with the events contained by the time; and TWC's with the people affected by the forces and events. But the whole thing turned out to be so tightly interlocked that the divisions became blurred. Which didn't worry me in the least. McLuhan has rightly pointed out that the only element of continuity in a newspaper is its masthead; two copies a week apart may well have nothing else in common. So I regarded the above-mentioned broad categories as the equivalent of mastheads, and let the development of the book dictate the precise content of the individual sections.

A matter of minor interest: why does Bronwen have to be a plant or counterspy? Someone else assumed that she was going to turn out that way: I seem to recall that it was Marc Haefele, of Doubleday. But I put her in to perform a wholly different function -- I wanted a character, young, attractive, and intelligent, who was faced with the threat of death, in order to complete the process of conversion which was begun by eptification in Donald's mind. (He never consciously recognises how her company has affected him, but I think it can be deduced that there is an element of desperation in her love-making which is still colouring his awareness when he encounters the mucker.) This is also, incidentally, the reason for the inclusion of the section entitled "The Old Lady under the Juggernaut"; if it were not for the public's subconscious acceptance of official dehumanization -- old folk compulsorily transferred to "homes", young men forcibly drafted and turned into name/rank/number -- there would be nothing in Donald's mind for the eptification process to get a grip on, as it were. However, that's a digression.



THE WORM OUROBOROS RETURNS

A review by Dainis Bisenieks

The first paperback edition of THE WORM OUROBOROS was published by Xanadu Library in 1960, but it was neither popularly priced nor widely distributed. Then came the Ace and Ballantine paperback editions of Tolkien's books. That was a hard act to follow, but various publishers have brought other fantasy adventures before the public. In a brief correspondence with Don Wollheim, I proposed MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES, but he declared it was boring. Since then, Ballantine has stepped in where Wollheim feared to tread, and I still wonder whether Don's taste and his business sense are in agreement or not. I do not doubt that Eddison's books will continue to find readers, but a taste for them must be acquired. This is scarcely true of THE LORD OF THE RINGS.

I have been a reader of Tolkien's masterpiece for about as long as that has been possible. I have known THE WORM OUROBOROS just as long -- since 1955, when with trembling hands I paid 25¢ for it at a St. Vincent De Paul store. Alas, I got stuck halfway up Koshtra Pivrarcha. My disappointment led me to swap it for some 1947 Astoundings, and now they are gone, while I have Eddison's book again. For I returned to it some years later, and finished it -- and soon I was reading it again. Now that the excitement (or boredom) of the plot was no longer of great importance, I could read it for the sake of the characters and the style. If the experience of other young readers is like mine, will they recover from their disappointment? Few young people, I think, can admire a finely wrought style, and fewer still can share Eddison's concerns, particularly in the later books.

What is more, they have nobody with whom to identify. There are other important reasons why literature is read -- but can you imagine LORD OF THE RINGS without any hobbits? Can you imagine Boromir right in his estimate of himself? Take away the corrupting power of the Ring, make Sauron and his crew the most interesting characters, and you have a fair approximation of THE WORM OUROBOROS. Its heroes, the Lords of Demonland -- Juss, Goldry Bluszco, Spitfire, and Brandoch Daha -- are the kind of men Boromir thinks he is. They differ in character as little as, in Keith Henderson's drawings, they differ in appearance. Despite the author's descriptions, I cannot visualize them individually, and I must strain my memory to recall which deeds were whose. The other characters, including the "villains", the Witches, are far more interesting. Everybody has his faults, as the Duke said in Thurber's THE THIRTEEN CLOCKS; theirs happens to be being wicked. They are wicked in quite individual ways and I can easily distinguish Corsus, Corund, and Corinius despite the likeness of their names.

I am reminded of what Sam said about adventures as he and Frodo prepared to enter the Dark Land:

"The brave things in the old tales and songs, Mr. Frodo; adventures, as I used to call them. I used to think that they were things the wonderful folk of the stories went out and looked for, because they wanted them, be-

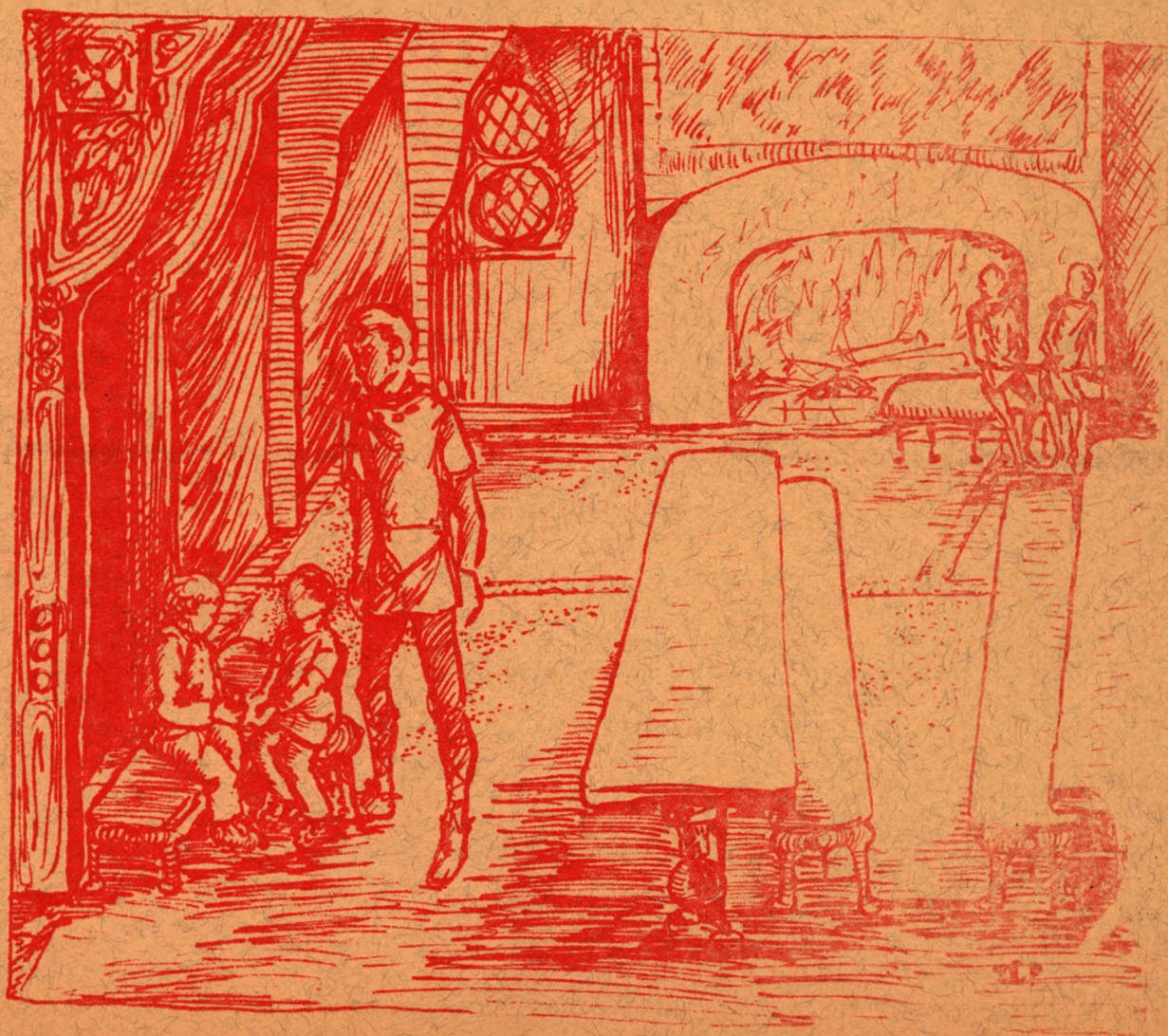
cause they were exciting and life was a bit dull, a kind of sport, as you might say."¹

As the story opens, the Demons don't seem to be looking for adventure. It comes to them through the insolent challenge that Gorice XI of Witchland sends through his ambassador. Their reply is to challenge the King to single unarmed combat. The King, who:

"hath in his palace in Carcè the skulls and bones of ninety and nine great champions whom he hath vanquished and slain in that exercise...and folk say it is a grief to him that none hath been found in this long while that durst wrestle with him, and woefully he pineth for the hundredth..."²

accepts, tries foul play, but only provokes his opponent to berserk rage and is killed. The kingship passes by metempsychosis to Gorice XII, who with the aid of the philosopher Lord Gro summons up an evil spirit and sends it against the Demons. War is joined, and there follows a story of invasions by sea and land, battles, epic journeys, and palace intrigues. At last the Demons are before Carcè, and after a hard-fought battle the Witches win their way back to the city. They no longer have the strength to challenge the invaders. The King in his iron tower tries sorcery once more and fails; tower and wall are shattered, and the Demons fight their way in. Their greatest enemies are no more.

They return home to repair the damage wrought by the invading Witches and to enjoy their victory. But they have this discovery to make, the very opposite of Sam's:





"...We, that fought but for fighting's sake,
have in the end fought so well we never may
fight more; unless it should be in fratri-
cidal rage each against each..."

Would the Gods might give us our good gift,
that should be youth forever, and war;
and unwaning strength and skill in arms.
Would they might but give us our great
enemies alive and whole again. For
better it were that we should run
hazard again of utter destruction,
than thus live out our lives like
cattle fattening for the slaughter, or
like silly garden plants."³

Are they given this gift? Well, the tale
terminates not with "The End" but with "The Worm
Ouroboros" -- the serpent eating its tail, ancient
symbol of infinity.

Heinlein's GLORY ROAD, come to think of it, is a comic
version of this same story. "Oscar" Gordon gets the same gifts -- not by the grace
of any gods, of course, but through otherworldly science. How seriously Heinlein
took his theme I don't know. Eddison was at all times serious about heroism. In
the introduction to his edition of EGIL'S SAGA, he expressed his admiration of the
Saga time. I am almost convinced that he believed in the old gods. In the same
preface the personal pronoun referring to Odin is capitalized, and MISTRESS OF
MISTRESSES is evidence for the quality of his interest in the goddess of love.

In a letter to his brother which serves as a perface to the posthumously published
fragments of THE MEZENTIAN GATE, Eddison wrote:

"A very unearthly character of Zimiamvia lies in the fact that nobody wants
to change it. Nobody, that is to say, apart from a few weak natures who
fail on their probation and (as, in your belief and mine, all ultimate evil
must) put off at last even their illusory semblance of being, and fall away
to the limbo of nothingness. Zimiamvia is, in this, like the saga-time:
there is no malaise of the soul. In that world, well fitted to their facul-
ties and dispositions, men and women of all estates enjoy beatitude in the
Aristotelian sense of...activity according to their highest virtue."⁴

Unearthly is indeed the word for Eddison's worlds. That his heroes live for their
deeds is everywhere obvious: so with Lessingham in MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES. He has
engaged himself to serve his cruel and ambitious cousin Horius Parry, Lord of Laimak
and Vicar of the King in Rerek. He replies to his lieutenant's expostulations: "He
is meat and drink to me. I must have danger." Lessingham is a Hero, who lives only
to match himself against his equals, risking his life no less than they.

There are complexities to this work which are absent from the more straightforward
WORM OUROBOROS. A FISH DINNER IN MEMISON promises to have more of them. Of the
incarnations of the Goddess in the story, and of the link of...brotherhood? equality?
identity?...between Lessingham and his great opponent Barganax, I will not speak.
The hero enjoys -- but must continue to deserve -- the favor of the Goddess. As was
true of "Oscar" Gordon, he must be unaware of any guidance or special protection.
Only so can his deeds be real deeds.

In the Zimiamvian trilogy it is hinted that Zimiamvia is the real world and ours is but a dream or a spoiled creation of the Gods.

"But a cheap frippery of a world it was, take it for all in all: made tolerable, as I bethink me now, but by rumors and fore-savourings of this."⁵

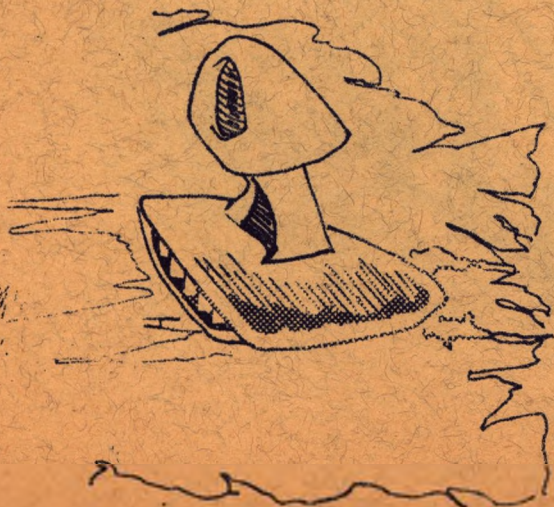
Speaking in his own person of his villains, the fictional world, and the world we live in, Eddison wrote to his brother:

"'God's adversaries are in some way his owne.' This ownness is easier to accept and credit in an ideal world like Zimiamvia than in our training-ground or testing-place where womanish and fearful mankind, individually so often gallant and loveable, in the mass so foolish and unremarkable, mysteriously inhabit... When lions, eagles, and she-wolves are let loose among such weak sheep as for the most part we be, we rightly, for the sake of our continuance, attend rather to their claws, maws, and talons than stay to contemplate their magnificences. We forget, in our necessity lest our flesh become their meat, that they too, ideally and sub specie aeternitatis, have their places (higher or lower in proportion to their integrity and the mere consciencelessness and purity of their mischief) in the hierarchy of true values."⁶

Yes: in proportion to their integrity, etc., in which I cannot bring myself to believe. In the same proportion, the deeds of Eddison's heroes are performed for their own sake. His villains happen to be wicked; his heroes happen to be heroic. In Tolkien's fictional world, the distinction between good and evil is always clear. The actions of his characters must be informed actions: they become heroes through their choices. (True, there are characters whose wisdom and courage are "given", but the education of a hero, and of his teacher, and so forth, cannot be traced back forever. A beginning must be made. Compare Heinlein again: in CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY, we cannot learn how Baslim came by his devotion to duty. What matters is that Thorby learns from his example.)

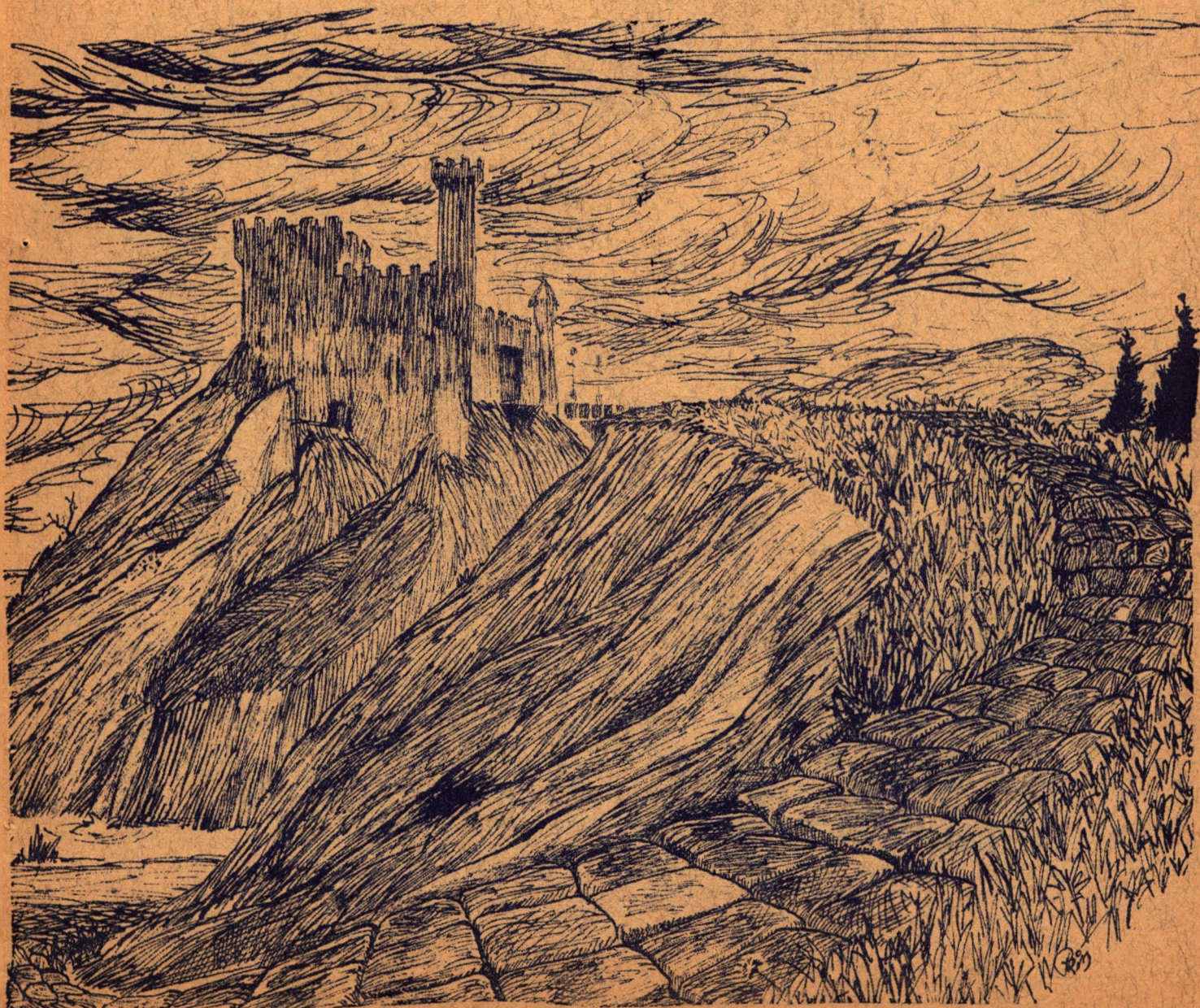
The dilemma of choice never lies before one of Eddison's heroes. His villains, yes: but the moral is only that villainy is the least intelligent choice. Acting on behalf of the Vicar, Lessingham fights an honorable war and makes an honorable peace on terms which will be displeasing (to say the least) to the Vicar. With perfect self-assurance he rides to see the Vicar, who consigns him to prison and execution on the morrow. But Lessingham's self-assurance is such that the Vicar releases him and asks for an explanation. "I would have you, as a politic prince..." says Lessingham. Time and again he plays this dangerous game, and in the end loses his life to a hired killer of the Vicar's. Or does he lose it? His identity seems to be merged with that of Barganax -- and there the story comes to a close.

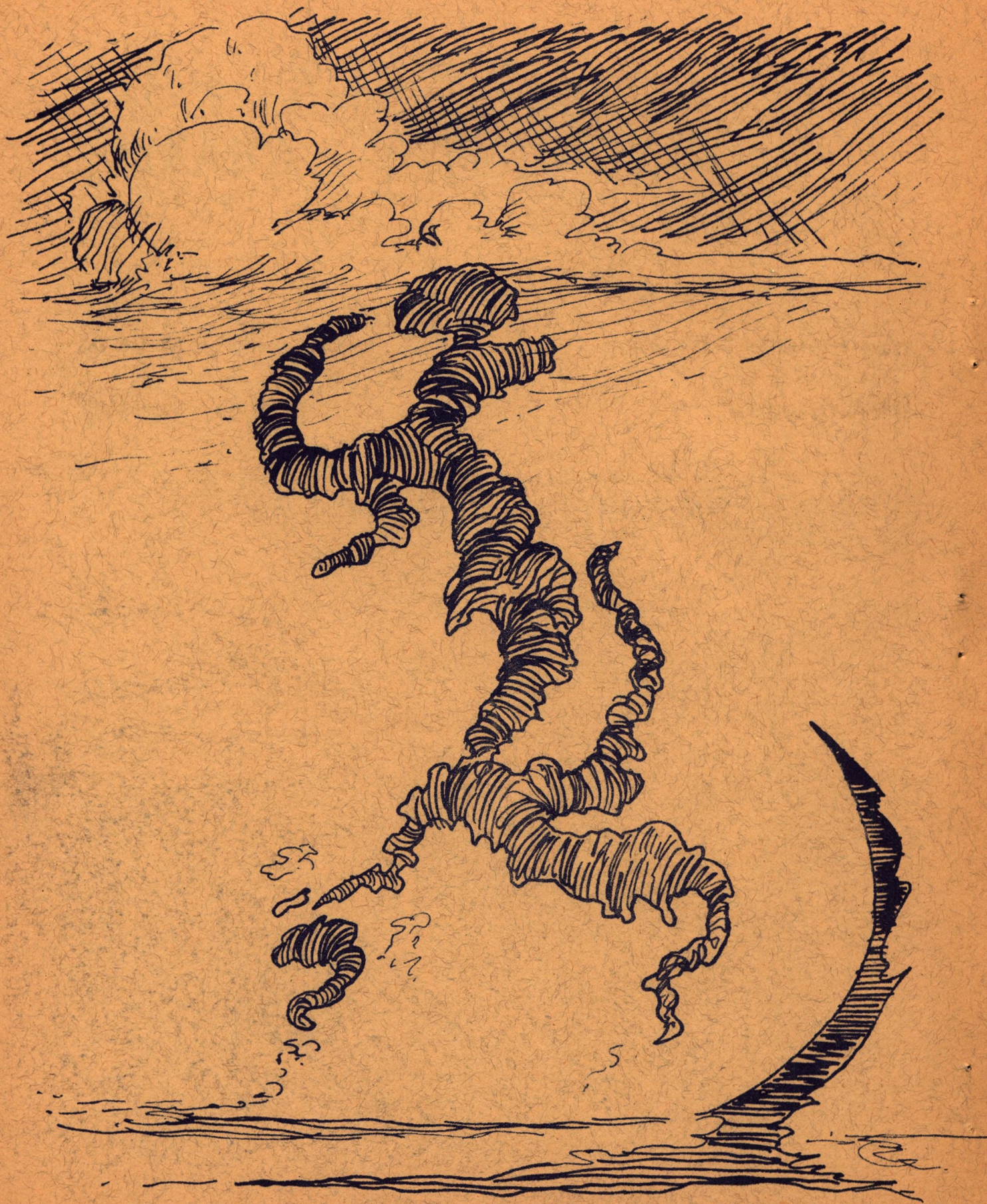
As long as Eddison keeps his characters in motion, his books are no less exciting than



Tolkien's. They will never lack for readers. But while they are exciting, they are not moving. Momentarily, perhaps, as in the encounter of the Demons with Queen Prezmyra in the banquet hall of Carcë. (One of the best lines there is stolen from Burnt Njal's Saga.) Or is anyone moved by Lessingham's grief at the death of Queen Antiope? From there the story moves too quickly to its rather puzzling conclusion. No, Eddison's characters are not like us; they do not grow or suffer from bad conscience or experience grief or joy as we do. The exhilaration of adventure (which we can feel and wish for) is theirs only by the special grace of gods in whom men have ceased to believe. Tolkien's is by far the greater work; its range of effects includes far more than Eddison's. Yet it is no dishonor to lose out here. I am glad people have the chance to read these books. Why, I even hope that somebody will re-print a few of the fantasy adventures of William Morris... But that is another matter.

1. LOTR, V, P. 407 (Ballantine)
2. WORM OUROBOROS - P.13 (hardcover ed.)
3. WORM OUROBOROS - P. 431 & 433 (hardcover ed.)
4. THE MEZENTIAN GATE - P. xii
5. MEZENTIAN GATE - P. 177
6. MEZENTIAN GATE - P.xii





Colony

FANZINE

CHARLIE

This isn't really meant to be a fanzine review column. It's more of a buying guide to fanzines published in 1968. This is dictated by the sheer number of fanzines, laziness, and the sneaking suspicion that long reviews are fairly useless as fanzine reviews. Their main attraction is to tell you something about the writer and his personal prejudices. In order to save a lot of space, I'll talk about my own prejudices all at once.

I haven't tried to cover everything because a) I don't get everything, b) I think one-shots, apazines, and single pagers are of limited interest, c) there are whole classes of fanzines I have no interest in at all, I.E. Star Trek, Burroughs, monsters, comic books, political, etc.

As for contents, I skip fan fiction but sometimes enjoy faan fiction. If a story is good enough to be professional it belongs in a professional magazine (I don't read the shorts in those either). Since criticism of fiction in fanzines seems to be of the I-like-it, I-don't-like-it variety, it's of no use to a beginning writer anyway. He would do better collecting rejection slips.

Book reviews are the easiest thing an editor can write, and one of the hardest things to do well. There are some competent book-reviewers around, but not many. Most reviews are too short to show anything but a preference. This is only useful if you know the writer's likes and dislikes and how well you agree with him beforehand. The same is true for fanzine reviews, movie reviews, record reviews, etc.

The heart of a fanzine for me are the short essays on any subject under the sun, editorials, and the letter column. All of the above, either consciously, or unconsciously, show something about the writer -- his personality and his attitude towards life. Fandom to me is just a collection of people, and the more I can learn about them the better I like it.

Good reproduction and layout are the things that have to be mastered before anything else. After all, what good is the best material if it's illegible, full of typos, or just too badly laid out to follow. Artwork is both the joy and the bane of fanzines. The best is much better than the stuff appearing professionally, and the worst can make even the best material look unappealing.

Serious criticism is even harder to do well than book reviews. Once it gets literary or pseudo-literary, it's unreadable. College magazines are the worst offenders in this respect.

Up until a year ago, I would have said that poetry is a waste of space. Now, all of a sudden, interesting poetry seems to be springing up in the strangest places. I wonder if it's me or the writers who have changed.

O.K. here we go...

REVIEWS

BROWN

ALGOL 13, 14 (Andy Porter, Box 367, NYC 10028) 60c, 5/2. 50, quarterly. Fine repro in mimeo, Ditto & offset, 64pp each. Serious articles on SF, mostly written by professionals. Live-ly, informative & very good #14 has the speeches from last year's SFWA banquet. A top fanzine which should get a Hugo nomination. Recommended highly.

AMRA 46, 47, 48, 49 (George Scithers, Box 9120, Chicago IL 60690) 50c, 10/3. 00. Irregular. 20pp ea. Perfect printed repro. They really mean irregular. 46 was in April, 47, 48, 49 all came out in August. The fanzine of sword & sorcery. Highly specialized -- if you don't like s&s, forget it. This fanzine has already won 2 Hugos, mainly I think because it has a circulation of 900. Written material is mostly short notes, reviews, & articles by professionals. The written material is overshadowed by the artwork by such artists as Krenkel, Cawthorn, Kirk, Barr, Morrow, etc.

ARGH! #1 (Chester Malon Jr, 4413 Blair Av, St. Louis MO 63107 & Ron Whittington, 308 Park Dr, Festus MO) No price listed, good mimeo, 20pp. It says quarterly, but I've never seen a second issue. Mostly humor, all written by the editors. Readable, but not much of interest.

ARIOCH! 3 (Doug Lovenstein, 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens OH 45701) 2/75c, good mimeo, 65pp. Material of a light, fannish nature as well as interesting stuff on art & pop music. The Jack Gaughan article is worth the price of admission. Good artwork & layout. The writers' personalities come through very well. Recommended.

BEABOHEMA 1 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St, Quakertown PA 18951) 25c, 18pp., barely legible mimeo, general. A first issue that lets people know that the editor exists. I'm convinced the editor exists.

BIBLIOGRAPHICA FUTURICA/FANTASTICA Vol 2 #5 May 1968 (Drew Whyte, 221 Mt. Auburn St, Riverview, Apt 303, Cambridge MA 02138) 32pp, no price listed, no schedule listed, good mimeo. Bibliography of new & forthcoming SF & fantasy books.

CINDER #8 (Jim Ashe, Box 461, Ithaca NY 14850) 20c, 6/1. 00, monthly? 8pp photo-offset reduced. Editor written articles on anything that strikes his fancy. Highly obscure at times.

COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN 9 (Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St, Newport News VA) N3F publication -- free to interested members. Fair ditto, 42pp, short lists & bibliographic material of interest to book & magazine collectors.

CONVENTION ANNUAL #4 Tricon Edition (J K Klein, 302 Sandra Dr, Syracuse NY 13212) 100pp, printed, \$4. 50. Convention photos & identification. If you're a convention fan, you're probably in it. If you want to know what people look like, you should get it. Well worth the high price.

COSIGN 16 (Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy St, Columbus OH 43202) 35c, 4/1. 00, fine mimeo, 54pp, usually general. Excellent artwork, repro, & layout. This issue is devoted to 2001. Well written.

COSMOPOLITAN, May 1968 (available on most news-stands) 50c. I think it was Jack Gaughan who recommended this to me as the finest example of soft pornography published in the US today. He's right. The issue has articles on how sexually

generous a girl should be, how to be a lady while living with a married man, nude fashions, a letter column devoted entirely to sex, and even better underwear ads than the New York Times Magazine. Recommended if your interests are purient.

CRY #175 (2852 14 Av W, Seattle WA 98119) 25c, 4/1. 00, 18pp, printed. CRY is back! One of the better publications of the late 50's and early 60's. Mostly humor & a bargain at the price, this issue is mostly a re-introduction. Watch for future issues. Recommended.

DE PROFUNDIS 23 (Chuck Crayne, 1050 W Ridgewood Pl, Hollywood CA 90038) Printed, 4pp, 6/50c. Newsletter of the Los Angeles SF Society.

DECAL #1 (Don Cochran, 151 Valley St, Jackson MI 39209) 35c, mimeo, 12pp, fiction. Well printed crudzine. It may get better.

ENNUI (Creath Thorne, Rt 3, Box 80, Savannah MO 64485) 25c, mimeo, 16pp. Another first issue completely editor written. Mostly humor & personal. Very well done. A fan to watch out for.

EUROPEAN NEWS 5 (Jean Muggoch, 15 Balcombe House, Taurton Pl, London NW1 England) Free for postage, 5pp printed. A European newzine.

EXTRAPOLATION: A SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER, Vol 9 #1 & Vol 9 #2 (Thomas D Clareson, Dept of English, College of Wooster, Wooster OH) 75c, 2/1. 25. 63pp, 23pp, Xerox.

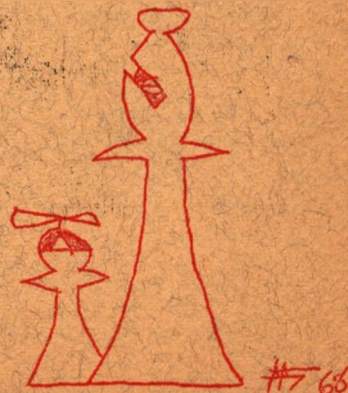
The newsletter of the conference on science fiction of the Modern Language Association published twice a year in the Department of English at the College of Wooster. English Lit course type papers on old SF. Unreadable.

FANTASY COLLECTOR 109-117 (C Cazedessus Jr, Box 550, Evergreen CO 80439) Write for sample. Mimeo, about 40pp of ads. A magazine of ads for books, magazines, comic books, etc. Also some short checklists. Prices mentioned vary from the ridiculous to the sublime. For collectors only.

FOOLSCAP #5 (John Ferry, 35 Dusenberry Rd, Bronxville NY 10708) 25c, fair mimeo, 40pp. A faaanish fanzine. Sercon fans need not apply. Good cartoons & artwork. Writing is interesting if you're interested in fandom. Lively letter column. It gave me an enjoyable half-hour.

FUNCON II PROGRESS REPORT (Box 1, Santa Barbara Cal) Con membership \$3 regular, \$1 supporting. First Westercon 1969 progress report.

GERMANCON NEWS #1 (Fred Lerner, 98-B The Boulevard, E. Patterson NJ 07407) 10pp, mimeo, free. Info sheet on German fandom & the 1970 con bid for Heidelberg.





KARATE CHOP

THE GILBERT & SULLIVAN JOURNAL Vol 9 #8, May 1968. (Gilbert & Sullivan Society, J Anthony Gower, 23 Burnside, Sawbridgeworth, Herts, UK) 20pp, printed. Short G&S articles & reviews. Of no interest unless you are a fanatic & must have a review of every G&S production in the world. [2/3 of the contents are] deadly dull, but I find the remainder well worth the approximately \$1/yr subscription cost. Can also be gotten by joining a branch society; there are 5 in North America. ERM]

GLAMDRING 4, 5, 6, 7 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Pl, LA CA 90024) 2/25c, excellent mimeo, 6pp ea. A list of the fanzines the editor received. Unfortunately, it hasn't appeared since April. Covers APAs, CULT, etc. For reference only.

GO NAKED #4. 75 pages of photographs, professionally printed, \$2.50, bi-monthly. I get the strangest things in trade. (It's put out by a fan) I won't give an address because I doubt that the thing is available. The contents page says, 'An educational publication of cultural & sociological commentary & documentation, dedicated to the belief that the practice of physical nudity, in private or in the company of others sharing or sympathetic to this belief, whether for relaxation, exercise, or other ends of good health, or for documentary or dramatic demonstration of nudist principles & ideals within the artistic frames of print & film, is a vital & necessary adjunct to life if full personal & community health of body & mind is to be achieved. Don't you believe it. This is good solid hard-core pornography.'

GOLANA 10 (Polytechnic Institute Science Fiction Club, Box 439, 333 Jay St, Brooklyn NY 11201) 60pp, professionally printed, 4 color cover, no price listed. Unreadable fiction, horrible poetry, terrible artwork beautifully printed. The layout isn't too bad.

GRANFALLOON 3, 4 (Linda Eyster & Susanne Tompkins, Apt 103, 4921 Forbes Av, Pittsburgh PA 15213) Excellent mimeo, 50c, 3/1, 00, 42pp, 57pp, general. Excellent artwork by Connie Reich well reproduced. Lots of short humorous pieces. I wish there were fewer longer works, but what there is is well done. Editorial personality comes through very well. A fine fanzine which should get even better. I just hope the editors don't lose their freshness & become jaded like the rest of us.

HAVENINGS 32, 34, 35 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Av, Surbiton, Surrey, UK) 12pp, fair mimeo, 6/1, 00 Short fanzine reviews very well done. To be used as a buying guide for fanzines.

HOOP 4 (Jim Yung, 1948 Ulysses St NE, Minneapolis MN 55418) 40pp, fine ditto, 25c, general fanzine leaning mostly towards humor & personality. Well done. Excellent poem by Joyce Fisher, the editor is also a very good artist who knows how to get the most out of ditto reproduction. Recommended.

HYDRONICAL 1 (Terry Romaine, 17455 Marygold, Bloomington CA 92316) 25c, ditto, 34pp general. Well done artwork by the editor. Too much see through to be considered good repro. Contains mostly fiction. Pleasant but not much to it yet.

IMPRESSIONEN V3 #4 (Hans-Warner Heinrichs, 129 Frankfurter St, 6079 Sprenglingen, W Germany) 4pp Xerox. German news in English.

INFINITE FANAC #10 (Mike Ward, Box 45, Mountain View CA 94040) 3/\$1, printed, 13pp. Photo reduced almost beyond the point of readability. Equivalent to approx 40pp. Main item is a talk by Randall Garrett. Editorial, letter column, good artwork, interesting filler. Enjoyable even though it gave me a headache.

INSTANT MESSAGE 17, 22, 23, 24 (NESFA, Box G, MIT Sta, Cambridge MA 02139) Ditto, 6pp. Newsletter of the New England Science Fiction Association.

IT AIN'T ME BABE/L'ANGE JACQUE 1, 2 (Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd, Stamford CT 06902) 44pp, 22pp, headache producing multi-color ditto, 35c for both. The first is general, the second is personal, although he says they will be combined in the future. Extremely lively (but many times silly & uninformed) opinions on just about everything. Badly layed out (things are continued on pages I can't find), terrible artwork, badly reproduced (NO, NO! Not red & green text!) & very enjoyable. A LoC writer would have a field day.

JDM BIBLIOPHILE #10 (Len & June Moffatt, 9826 Paramount Blvd, Downey CA 90240) 22pp, mimeo, 25c. A fanzine devoted to the works of John D MacDonald.

KALIKANZAROS #5 (John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Av, Columbus OH 48224) 50c, mimeo, 60pp. General, although leaning mostly to serious articles & unreadable fiction. A fine column by Jack Gaughan, transcriptions of speeches at the Marcon, poetry, pop music, etc. Varied & interesting. Good artwork well reproduced. Recommended. There seem to be a lot of good, new fanzines coming out of the midwest.

KALKI 6, 7, 8 (James Blish, 579-A 6th St, Brooklyn NY 11215) 20pp, 20pp, 40pp, printed, half-size. \$5 a year, \$1.25 per issue. Devoted to the works of James Branch Cabell. Very serious studies of a wry humorous writer. For Cabell fanatics only. Overpriced.

LES SPINGE 20 (Darroll Pardoe, 96 E 12 Av, Columbus OH 43201) 30pp, printed, half-size. Purple ink on white paper. Half reprints from earlier issues. The earlier issues were better.

LOCUS trial 1, 2; issues 1-15 (Charles N Brown, 2078 Anthony Av, Bronx NY 10457) Mimeo, 4 to 8 pp, 8/\$1, bi-weekly. News of the SF field & related topics (fandom, Tolkien, movies, etc) I publish it &, of course, recommend it highly. A sample on request.

LONDON NEWSLETTER 9, 10, 11 (Jean Muggoch, 15 Balcombe House, Taunton Pl, London NW1 Eng) 1-4 pp, printed, free for postage. Goings on about London.

LUNACON PROGRESS REPORT #1 (Frank Dietz, 1750 Walton Av, Bronx NY 10453) 4pp, printed, half-size. Info on the Lunacon to be held April 11-13 in NY. Membership \$2 in advance; write for information.

MUZGASH #2 (George Heap, Box 1487, Rochester NY 14603) 2pp, mimeo. An explanation of the CULT which is almost comprehensible. (The explanation, not the CULT).

NARGOTHROND 1, 2 (Rick Brooks, RR1, Fre-



DUTCH FAAN

AF

MONT IN 46737) Mimeo, 41pp, 30c, 4/1. oo. General, but a lot of Star Trek. Well printed, poor artwork. Dull material.

NOTHUS #0 (Mike Symes, 26 Cedar St, Mattapan MA 02126). Ditto, 8pp, 20c. A personalzine which leans heavily to artwork since Mike is an artist. ~~It~~ promises larger issues in the future. It should get better. It can't get much worse. As Mike described it, a nicely printed crudzine.

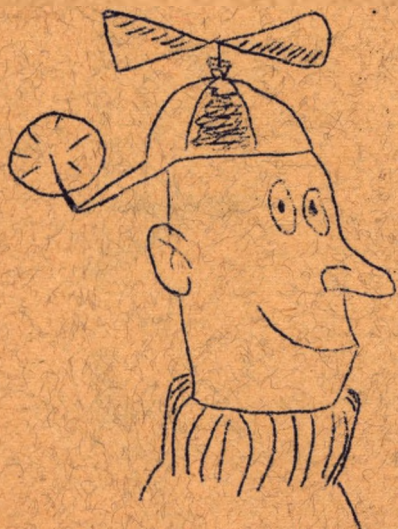
NYARLATHOTHEP 6 (Ben Solon, 3933 N Sanssen, Chicago IL 60613) 82pp, excellent mimeo, 30c (no subs). General. Another year-late fanzine. Ben doesn't seem to know about inflation. The price should be at least 50c. Fine artwork, good layout, some excellent material by Solon (an editorial), Modrian (an excellent poem), Katz, Eisenstein, & Bowers. Panshin & White are OK, but don't measure up to the fannish items. The letter column is dated. Overall, an excellent fanzine. Highly recommended.

ODD 18, 19 (Ray Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis MO 63108) 125pp, 97pp, printed, 75c, 4/2. oo. An incredible fanzine. Eye-popping layout & artwork. Some of it doesn't quite come off, but what does leave me awed. The material is varied enough for there to be something of interest for everybody. Joyce Fisher is one of the best poets I've ever read anywhere. Her work belongs in professional publications with much wider audiences. The rest of the material is good too. Get a copy. You won't regret it.

ORCRIST (Richard West, 614 Langdon St, Madison WI 53703) 90pp, printed, \$1.25 ea. The annual bulletin of the University of Wisconsin J R R Tolkien Society. Very good & very readable unlike most college issued journals. A must for Tolkien fans. (Future issues will be included in Tolkien Society of America memberships--EM)

OSFAN 35-41 (Hank Luttrell, the Basement, 1108 Locust, Columbia MO 65201) 8pp, mimeo, 15c, 12/1. 50. Monthly newsletter of the Ozark SF Association. Club news, outside news, reviews.

PEGASUS 2 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct, Lake Jackson TX 77566) Ditto, 40pp, for NAPA. General. Reviews, fiction, editorial, letters & transcriptions of talks by Fritz Leiber & H H Hollis at the 68 Southwestercon. The Hollis piece was interesting. Material: good, repro: fair, artwork: awful.



HELICOPTER
FAAN

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PENNONCEL 3, 4 (Marion Breen, 2 Swain Av, Staten Island NY 10312) 9pp, ditto? Newsletter of the east coast chapter of the Society for Creative Anathroism. Number 4 contains most of the basic information & background of the society. The repro, alas, is poor but readable if you don't mind a little eyestrain.

PERIHELION 5 (San Bellotto Jr, 87 Hicks St, Apt 3C, Brooklyn NY 11201) 40c, 6/2. oo, printed, 40pp. A college (Long Island University) fanzine. Like many college fanzines, it tries to be a little magazine. Beautiful printing, lots of unreadable fiction & articles, & dull departments. The artwork is pretty good.

THE PHOTOGENIC ONION 2 (George Foster Jr, 7140 Linworth Rd, Worthington OH 43085) 20c, good mimeo, 20pp, general. Short & pleasant material by Foster, Lovenstein, a couple of others, & a letter column. Good reproduction, but not much content. The editorials should be longer.

PLAYBOY Oct 1968 When I got this in the mail, I wondered if Hefner was trying to trade. Alexis Gilliland set me straight. Seems he has a fanzine type article in it & arranged for the free copy himself. Sigh. My moment of Glory shot to hell. The article involved is called 'The Perilous Plight of Sir George,' & is good fannish humor.

THE PROPER BOSKONIAN #1, 2, 3 (Cory Seidman, 20 Ware St, Apt 4, Cambridge MA 02138) Good mimeo, 35c, 3/1. oo, apx 35pp. Don't let the title fool you. This is pretty much a continuation of the editor's MIT fanzine TWILIGHT ZINE. General material leaning mainly towards the humorous. Very well done of course since every issue mentions me.

PSYCHOTIC 22-27 (Richard Geis, P O Box 3116, Santa Monica CA 90403) Excellent mimeo, apx 50pp, 50c. When PSYCHOTIC was revived last year, it created a fannish renaissance which is still going on. Excellent, serious, well written articles, an incredible letter column that reads like a Whos Who of SF, biting, witty, & just plain great. Don't miss it. This is where the action is.

QUIP 7, 8, 9 (Arnie Katz, 55 Pineapple St, Brooklyn NY 11201) 50c, 50pp, good mimeo. QUIP is a faanish fanzine and disdains talk about such mundane subjects as SF. It contains humor, personality type writing, fan history & faan fiction. What is there is done well, but there is a certain emptiness about it. I can read & enjoy almost everything in an issue, but I can't read it cover to cover which I normally do with fanzines. I guess I need some beer underneath all that well written froth. Buy it--for all my complaints I find it extremely enjoyable--but don't read it all at once.

SANDWORM #5 (Bab Vardeman, P O Box 11352, Albuquerque NM 87112) 20c, 4/1. oo (he doesn't like subs). Good mimeo, apx 40 pages. A reader complained about unnumbered pages so every page in this issue is numbered 30. Besides humor, the magazine has the usual general items such as reviews, fiction, poetry, & letters. Another of the newer fine fanzines. This one has just the right touch of madness.

THE SCARR 121 (George Charters, 3 Lancaster Av, Bangor, N. Ireland) mimeo, 20pp, no price given. Don't let the issue number fool you. George uses his own system of quasi-binary numbers. This is the only regular fanzine still coming from Irish Fandom & is devoted to humor, con reports & comments on books. It's excellent.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES 451-460 (SF Times Inc, Box 216, Syracuse NY 13209) 30c, 12/3. oo, printed, 16pp. News, lists, &



reviews. The reviews are awful.

SHAGGY 72, 73, 74 (Ken Rudolph, 745 N Spaulding Av, LA Cal 90046) 60c, mucho pages, multilith. SHAGGY is back in all its glory. Doings around LA, reviews, articles both serious & funny, fiction, long letter columns, great artwork, strange exotic layouts, everything completely unedited! There certainly can be too much of a good thing. Highly recommended anyway.

SIRRUSH 8 (Leigh Couch, Room 2, Box 889, Arnold MO 63010) 35c, 3/1.00, mimeo, 44pp. Well produced general fanzine. Also, for a change, it seems well edited. All the material is good & well written. This is my personal favorite of all the fanzines coming out of St. Louis.

SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN #1 (Gene & Chuck Turnbull, 801 Grosse Pointe Ct, Grosse Pointe MI 48230) 25c, 26pp, mimeo. At one point the editors tell us to remember that first issues are never any good. They're right about this one. It's a crudzine.

SPOKANALIA 2, 3 (Davra Langsam, 230 Crown St, Brooklyn NY 11225) 100pp, 75c, mimeo. This is THE Star Trek fanzine. A must if you're a Star Trek fan.

SPECULATION 17, 19 (Pete Weston, 81 Trescott Rd, Northfield, Birmingham BI, UK) 44, 64pp, 35c, 3/1.00, excellent mimeo & artwork. The best of the serious magazines devoted entirely

to science fiction. Reviews, articles, notes by authors about their own work, etc. Very well done & recommended if you like that sort of thing.

STARLING 12 (Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Sta Rd, Kirkwood MO 63122) 25c, 30pp, mimeo. A genzine. Hank Luttrell rambles about the fanzines he's published, Lesleigh Couch talks about girls as fans, book reviews, poetry, bad fiction, letters, & a column on pop music. Hank is his own best writer, and Lesleigh, even though I think she's partly wrong, comes across well. A good zine.

SYZYGY 1 (Art Vaughan, 137 Pennsylvania Av, Bridgeville PA 15017) 28pp, half size offset, official clubzine of Western Pennsylvania SF Association. Short reviews, short articles, short notes, short interest.

TANSTAAFL 5 (John Godwin, 2426 Belvedere Dr, Wilmington NC 28401) 44pp, half size, mimeo. Enthusiastic crudzine. Maybe some day....

TAPEWORM 7 (Jack Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Av, Baltimore MD 21212) 25c, 44pp, mimeo. Humor & poetry -- an elongated oneshot. I liked its wacky flavor, but it takes a lot of salt to follow its tales.

THE THIRD FOUNDATION 84 (Lee Klingstein, 1435 So Bundy #4, LA, CA 90025) 3/55c, 35pp mimeo. Fan faction, humor & fillers -- all very dull. Also has some bad book reviews. (The reviews--not necessarily the books.)

THE TOLKIEN JOURNAL 9 (Ed Meškys, Box 233, Center Harbor NH 03226) 50c, 16pp, offset. Serious articles on Tolkien, news of the Tolkien Society, artwork & letters. A very good summary of Middle-earth prior to LotR takes up most of this issue. Of interest to Tolkien fans only.

TOMORROW AND... #2 (Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr, Pittsford NY 14534) 25c, 58pp, poor mimeo. This is the Uni-

versity of Chicago SF Society's clubzine. The material is readable except for poor reproduction. The artwork is the worst I've seen in years. College clubs seem to produce crudzines in great numbers. This has better writing than most but poorer repro. I found the SF quiz of interest & the fiction unreadable.

TRUMPET 7, 8 (Tom Reamy, 6400 Forest Lane, Dallas TX 75230) 60c, 5/2.50, 42pp, professionally printed, reduced text, color covers. Certainly the best

looking fanzine being published today (or any other day for that matter). The artwork, layout & even most of the material is professional. It leans more heavily to movies than I care for, but is smoothly readable even though the written material is dwarfed by the art & reproduction. One of the 4 or 5 best fanzines being published. It contains some of the best cartoons I've ever seen. Buy it.

WARHOON 23, 24, 25 (Richard Bergeron, 11 E 68 St, NY NY 10021) 54pp, 60c, perfect mimeo, excellent art. This genzine has already won one Hugo & may win another. Serious articles by Blish, Lowndes, Breen & Ted White. Fannish material by Warner, Willis, & Shaw. Mark this the best balanced fanzine around. Don't miss it.

WRR Vol 4 #1 (Wally Weber, Box 267, 507 3 Av, Seattle WA 98104) 20pp, multilith. Another resurrected fanzine, only this time they shouldn't have bothered. It's supposed to be humor but even John (Irish) Berry seems forged.

THE WSFA JOURNAL 52-61 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton MD 20906) 40pp, mimeo, 35c, 3/1.00. Journal of the Washington SF Association issued monthly. Contains news, reviews, more reviews, still more reviews, etc. The reviews are, for the most part, well done. (The bad ones are rare). There is also a very useful list of clubs & conventions. Recommended.

JUST RECEIVED -- SHAGGY Xmas art suppliment (Ken Rudolph, 745 N Spaulding, LA CA 90046) 75c, 32pp + a .7pp calendar. The calendar, with 7 Tim Kirk illos from LotR, alone is worth the 75c. The suppliment itself is the usual mixture of good & bad.

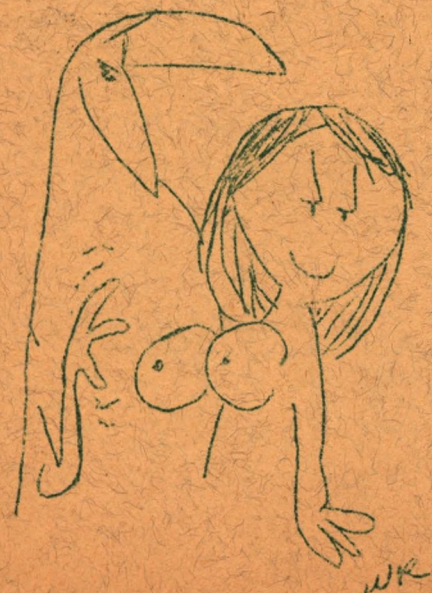
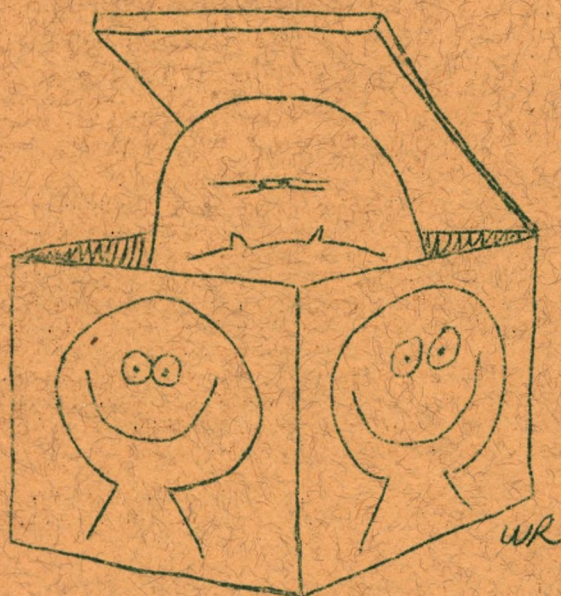
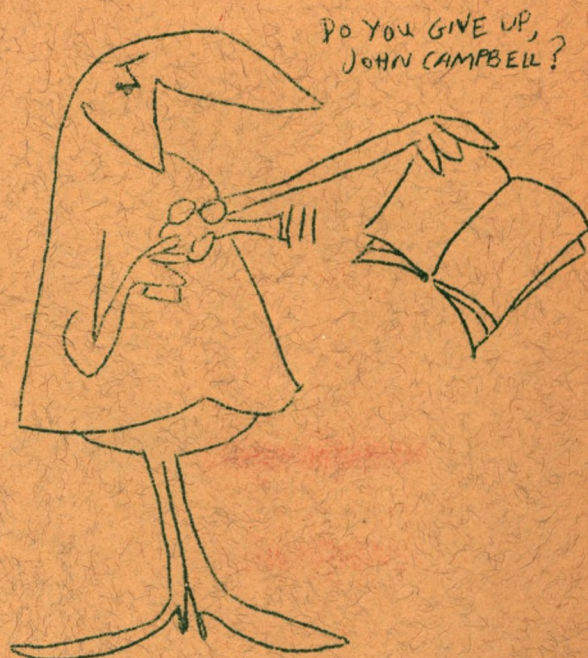


INTROVERT
FAAN



'68





ROBERT W GERSMAN | 3135 Pennsylvania | St Louis 63113

Dear Miss Rolfe, Though I am a little late in sending a
doc, I only just got hold of your zine from Ray Fisher in
St. Louis, when I joined the Osfa, the Ozark Science
Fiction Ass'n, which had its first con in July 66.

But to get back to my letter:

In the famous words of Scrooge: "Ban! Humbug!"
In my words, Pooh to the Estnete

Escape from the numdrum, business-like, boring,
call it what you may, read: ¶ Sword and Sorcery, Science
Fiction, Western, South Sea Adventure, Foreign Legion
Stories, etc. ¶ Lovecraft, E. Hoffman Price, Robt. E.
Howard, C.A. Klein, E.R.B., Arthur Leo Zagat, Talbot
Mundy, Edgar Wallace, Wells, Haggard, etc. ¶ Mad
Scientist, Mad Monsters, Beauteous Maids in distress, Sexy
sirens, Death rays, Villianous Land Baron, Sneeep war,
etc. ¶ Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers, Conan, Dr. Cyclops,
Victor Frankenstein, Dracula, Rupert of Hentzau, The
King in Yellow, Fu Manchu, Beau Geste, Sidney Carton,
etc.

So what? ¶ Read it, Enjoy it, but don't look for
flaws, don't dissect it, ¶ If you need a message, see your
minister, or rabbi, Listen to a soap box Orator, political
speech, ¶ Forget the fact that as far as we know, Mars is
devoid of life. Vas you der Sharlie? Villains are dastard-
ly and double dyed scoundrels. Heroes are virtuous and
noble, fiercely ferocious with evil-doers, relax and forget
everyday cares, what if plots are hackneyed.

So what? ¶ The Prisoner of Zenda, could have been
titled, the prisoner of Atlantis, ancient Egypt, Aztec etc.
Resemblance of a stranger to royalty is the whole basis of
the plot. , The king could have been a caliph, a sultan,
a pharaoh, a land Baron, the villain could have been a high
priest, grand vizier, scheming stepbrother etc. ¶ Self-sacri-
ficing hero, another Sidney Carton, Beau Geste etc. the
old cliché, give up true love, for duty to the throne, used
over and over, but I've read Beau Geste, Prisoner of Zenda,
John Carter of Mars, Conan, over and over thru the years,
I suppose I'm a sentimental slob, or a corn ball, but leave
out the philosophical, stick to the plain talk, and heres to
more of the same, I'm easy to please,

Down with Critics, self-conceited egotists,
just read, read, read, and enjoy, enjoy, enjoy.
Sincerely Robert W. Gersman

CHRISTINE JONES | 19 Prospect St | Summit NJ 07901

Have recently received my second issue of that
wonderful madness you call Niekas. I've sworn to resist
the temptation to bother you with ten million questions and
will wait for enlightenment from succeeding issues (and
preceeding ones if you ever reprint them). I'll pass along
one question, though, that my family keeps bothering me
with: But what does 'niekas' mean? [Nothing -- in
Lithuanian.]

LAISKAI

PIERS ANTHONY

Dear Ed, Roy Tackett, commenting on John Brunner's attitudes, says "It is not the purpose of the science-fiction writer to experiment with literature as an art form." Speak for yourself, Roy; I'm damped if I'll let you tell me what my purpose is! So you don't object to stifled, ghettoized science fiction; there are those of us who do. I object, as you do, to much of the stuff passing as the new wave of science fiction -- but I also object to the repetitive crap passing as the old wave. Still, I want them both available, presuming that thereby there will also be a middle range to suit many tastes. You would improve the field by repressing those elements you personally dislike; I would do the opposite, and give the far-out elements their chance to become readable. Progress will come from increased freedom, not from tighter controls. [Not necessarily true, e.g., one trims off less-promising buds on rose bushes to enable the more promising ones to get more nourishment as they can make better use of the environment. --ARL] I resent the fact that the real advances are being made in mainstream and can't be made in SF; that a general-fiction novel like James Merrill's *The (Diblos) Notebook* not only outshines one like Delany's *The Einstein Intersection* in the use of diary/novelization technique, but does it two years sooner. I would like to see SF set the pace, not follow ineffectively. That doesn't mean it all has to be avant-garde; just that its forward edge should match the forward edge of anything. And this abrogates none of the other values of the field; of course we can't neglect them.

You say your restrictions are not stifling to a writer with scientific imagination. ERM challenges you to name more than 6 writers with a good scientific imagination. What do either of you think you're proving? That stiflement is good for you if you lack such imagination? That stiflement is OK if more than six writers can get around it? Damn it, I like to think that I have good scientific imagination, and I feel stifled. I had to break into novel publication with science-fantasy, when my main interest is science. Only more recently have I felt free to really use the science I know -- and I don't know how much of that will see publication.

Nevertheless, I believe there are more than six writers in the field who demonstrate good scientific imagination when they choose to. If we eliminate those major figures who are no longer writing much fiction, like Asimov, Bester, Clarke, Clement, and Hoyle (or is it no longer non-fiction, for that last? I forget), we still have Heinlein, Delany, Niven, Dickson, Farmer, Pohl, Sabernagen, Wilhelm, Bova, Anderson (am I up to six yet?) who don't do it all the time, but do do it, and also ones like Harrison, Lafferty and Dick who strike me as having much better scientific grounding than usually credited. Even Vance -- remember *To Live Forever*? *The Blue World*? Or just what is your definition?

Sincerely, Piers

TED WHITE 339 49 St Brooklyn NY 11220

Dear Ed: I wonder if Diana Paxson ever heard of Calder or mobiles? They were the original kinetic sculpture, and far more pleasing to the eye than most of the more recent junk sculpture. Calder has also done "stabiles" which sit upon the floor and sometimes don't move, but he's the only abstract sculptor since Jean Arp who says much to me.

I am not impressed by Diana Paxson's Tolkien dust-jackets. I agree with whoever it was among your correspondents who criticized the earlier one. They are crude in technique, and rather ugly. The *Two Towers* cover is the better-looking of the two, but the scribbled technique ignores textures, while the title lettering is all but lost. Return of the King is cleaner, and yet more amateur in its rendering. But then, I haven't been happy with any of the art I've seen adorning Tolkien's books or in fanzines. He needed -- and lacked -- a Sheppard. Too bad, but no excuse for these things.

I can't understand why people were telling me "Writer Wrong" (or part of it) was aimed at critics like Alex



Pansnin. It appears obvious Poul is most exercised about college-professor-type critics; the critics for pretentious little magazines and the like. I can't argue with him there. In fact I don't see much to argue with in the whole piece. It's amiable, and its truths are ones I (as a full-time writer) can't deny.

It does jar me into realizing that I have sold all but two short stories I've written since going pro on a determined basis. I've seen damned few rejection slips. Sometimes I've been convinced an editor was nuts to buy the thing (Terry and I recently sold a 1962 jazz-fantasy, un-updated, to GENT magazine -- the last of our three short-story collaborations from summer, 1962, to sell), but there it is. And I fully intend to rework those two unsold stories into salable items as well.

The inclusion of Diana's bookcovers and *THE GREEN DRAGON* is one reason NIEKAS still looks like a scrapbook.

Marsha Brown reviews *Dear Rat* as a children's fantasy book. But in fact it is a satire on the tough-guy private-eye mystery book, told in Runyonesque prose which I found totally delightful. Shame on Marsha; her other reviews seem much more perceptive, but of course I haven't read those books. [Really, Ted, any book published as a children's fantasy has to stand or fall as that; and I doubt many 8 year olds have read many tough-guy private eye mystery books so it really doesn't seem necessary to criticise it on that basis. --MB]

From internal evidence, I deduce Phil Harrell's "Fan B" was Bob Jennings, of "A Trip To Hell" fame. Do I win a prize?

Whoever stencilled Lip Carter's letter consistently spelled Van Arnam as Vanarnam. That's wrong. [But doesn't Dave keep insisting it's one word?]

I have no sympathy for Molly Tipcomb. If she wants to Save the World, more power to her; the Peace Corps is the right place to be. But to demand of science fiction that it save the world is naive and mistaken. Stf is not read by the Masses -- why not demand of Harold Robbins or one of the other mass-sellers that he Do His Duty and educate humanity or like that? He would laugh, of course. And if he was feeling kindly, maybe he'd point out to Molly that the purpose of fiction is not instructive. The idealistic notion of teaching humanity with our glorious visions of the future is foolish upon reflection.

To begin with, I've not yet read a polemic which was also a good novel. Most don't even come close. Secondly, a book is read only by those who choose to read it. Which is to say, if you start preaching a sermon and your reader isn't



already in sympathy with your topic, he's as likely as not to close your book and put it down (or, if he's Lester del Rey, hurl it across the room in disgust).

More important, people do not want to be instructed or 'improved' through their entertainment outlets. By which I mean, take a good look at tv. Check the popularity of instructive tv, of uplifting tv against mind-rotting popular entertainment. Look at what passes for sf on tv, for ghod's sake, and which so many fans mindlessly support just because it is sf. Start hitting close to home with a man who just wants a few laughs from the boob-tube, and he'll tune you out and switch to another channel.

People have to want instruction.

You want to introduce "our new mythology"? Skip sf. Go to comic books. No kidding. Sf has very little place in the mainstream pulse of society. But comic books reach kids on a basic level while their minds are still forming. In fact, what mass-acceptance we have today of sf-concepts (space, time-travel, hyperdrive, etc) is due solely to the fact that they permeate modern comic books, and have done so for almost 20 years. (Look at Superman -- he goes back 30 years.) It's no accident Marvel comics are a campus rage. Stan Lee is In Touch.

Yhos Ted

PATRICK STRANG | P O Box 567 | Balboa CA 92661

Grädige Felice, Farnham's Freehold still strikes me as having racist overtones, largely because of the cannibalism bit. There is a certain brand of mentality, here and abroad, that equates a black skin with a latent desire to dump people into pots and cook until well done. A great pity that Heinlein had to include that detail. All the same, I am very grateful to Ben Solon's article in NIEKAS 18. It stopped me (I hope forever) from analyzing an author's hidden motives. It's much more fun just to read than to worry about ideology.

Bob Foster may be right about Orcs being immortal, but I hope not. (Did they survive the overthrow of Sauron, then?) Treebeard did say that Orcs were bred in mockery of Elves, but mockery implies imperfection. Also, how could the various tribal dialects of the Black Speech have developed if Orcish memories went back in an unbroken line to their beginning?

Tolkien, as NIEKAS quotes, holds the key, and on the subject of female orcs he is silent. (There is a passage in *The Hobbit* that appears to refer to an immature orc, an 'imp'.) But he does say many other things about orcs that may make speculation easy. Like insects, they possess a sort of functional di-morphism. There are big fighting orcs, Uruk, and smaller general-purpose working orcs. Snaga. The tracking-orc that Frodo and Sam encountered

in Mordor had a wide snout, which may have been a specialization, and the 'Olog-Hai, or the trolls of the Tower's producing, may have been of Orc-kind. (This is doubtful.)

Orcs also seem most at home in underground burrows, their armies and hosts are likened to swarms of ants. On this feeble basis I would like to advance the theory that the female orc, like the female termite, wasp, and ant, is a huge, bloated and mindless reproduction factory. If Morgoth, the originator of the orc race, was as obsessed with order as his pupil Sauron, or Sauron's pupil Saruman, such a course would have great appeal. It offers control of the size and function of the individuals, the rapid replacement of depleted armies, and -- well, it's orderly.

I must have glanced at *Starship Troopers* recently.
Best wishes, Patrick Strang

ARTHUR HAYES | Box 1030 | South Porcupine Ont Can.

Hallucinations: - Most pop art is, to me, more symbolic than realistic and symbolic of what I considered more the beatnik, LSD type of individual in society. In other words, to me, it is SICK art. So I may be considered a square, but remember that an opposite of square is the circle and we make circle signs near our head when we wish to designate that someone is balmy. So, I would say that the opposite of Square is Insanity.

Saturnalians, Inc. Art. Hayes

TIM SCOTT | River Road | Maidenhead Berks UK

Dear Felice, Interest in the Tolkien stories, etc, is slowly rising although it is still nothing like America.

The Hobbit is being broadcast on the radio in 6 episodes of which there have been two so far. Paul Daveman is Bilbo and is excellent. It has been done in great detail and much trouble has been taken, but it is really a case of trying to put a quart in a pint pot. There are so many voices and noises that it is difficult to make things out. After all a vast amount of *The Hobbit* is action which is the hardest thing of all for radio to cope with.

The other main news is that today (10 Oct 68) the Allen & Unwin pb of the LotR came out. It's 8.25 x 5.25 x 1.5 and 1,069 pages, but does not contain any of the appendices except a part of the tale of Aragorn and Arwen, nor the index. JRRT says in the intro though they contain much information that has proved very interesting to many readers, only a small part is necessary to the reading of the tale.

Yours faithfully, Tim Scott

LARRY M JANIFER | New York NY 10025

Dear Felice: Poul's article is the most irritating thing I have seen in years and I wish I knew just how to say what I think needs to be said against it. Trying to boil it down to two statements:

1. Writing is an art; it is also and importantly a craft; if less importantly, a business; primarily it is none of these but a vocation, and demands the same flirting with fanaticism any vocation does; in other words, it is not a job but a life, and in the usual sense not a means but an end. (Usual sense: limited to the nontheological world.)

2. Without the love which defines this, as it does any other, vocation, as a primary fact in the writing, it is just as immoral to be a writer as it is to be (without belief) a priest or (by definition) a prostitute.

Yrs., X

NAN BRAUDE | Nightmare Abby | Berkeley CA 94704

Dear Ed, Piers Anthony sound arrogant, but he displays so much intelligence, talent, and knowledge that he winds up convincing the reader that he's not arrogating anything to himself that he's not entitled to. I am reminded of a story I heard about the great scholar and eccentric, George Lyman Kittredge. It seems that despite his eminence, Kittredge didn't have a Ph.D. One day a friend suggested that he really ought to go through the motions and get the degree: why didn't he submit his next book as a dissertation and take the orals? Kittredge replied simply, "Who would examine me?" The



point is that there probably wasn't anybody else capable of sitting in judgement on Kittredge; and Piers Anthony sounds equally qualified to make his pronouncements.

I enjoyed Mike Klassons article very much: a clear, well-organized overview of the situation. I do wish he had included a bibliography, though. An approach to myth that he doesn't discuss -- it isn't a scholarly one, however -- is that of medieval Christian allegorical interpretation, which flourished in the Renaissance also. This was based on a belief that pagan myth was a misunderstanding of, or a symbolic attempt to present, Christian truth. (This is the same view that C S Lewis takes, but I don't know for sure if he is as serious about it as they were.) It's sort of a cross between euhemerism and allegorization: the Phoenix becomes a type of Christ, the story of Hercules a pagan version of the career of Samson. Some of the farther-out interpretations are pretty ghastly. The great contribution of this school of interpretation was to poetry: by establishing a precedent for drawing Christian morals from pagan myth, they made it possible for explicitly Christian poets like Spenser and Milton to draw on the classics instead of having to reject them totally as pagan lies.

A good children's fantasy I read is titled something like Beneath the Hill by Jane Louise Curry. It is about some eleven-folk who got lost on their way to the West, and wound up in America. They get involved with some children, who help them to thwart an ancient evil and to proceed on their journey. (Incidentally, this happens several hundred years after they get here: it's not that preposterous!) It's quite well done: I think Tolkien would approve of the elves.

In answer to Marsha Brown's question as to why a fantasy almost always has five children, I think it's because it allows a spectrum of the necessary character types:

- 1) one responsible, mother-substitute type girl
- 2) one bossy or tomboyish girl
- 3) one intelligent, leader-type boy
- 4) one aggressive, headstrong boy of action
- 5) one infant, as (a) a responsibility for the others, and (b) a catalyst to embroil them in situations that the older ones would presumably know enough to stay out of.

As you can see, the fifth child is not absolutely necessary, as other plot elements can substitute for his role. C S Lewis and Elizabeth Goudge, for example, get along nicely with the first four types. (Although I think that Peter and Edmund alternate as types #3 and #4.)

I'm not quite sure exactly what Jerry Kaufman means by "the fine distinction between Good and Evil any children's book uses." If he means that the two are very closely intertwined, isn't this a theme of much adult literature as well? If he means that they are very well distinguished, ie that the story is very black-and-white, I would reply that this is also true of most narrative and dramatic fiction written prior to the rise of the novel and "realism" in the late eighteenth century. I deny that Frodo is the only character who has complex experiences. Boromir, Faramir, Eowyn, Denethor, and Saruman are just the first to come to mind of the characters who have to make moral choices in ambiguous situations or to deal with difficult emotional conflicts or problems. And the evil in such characters as Saru-

man is certainly not imposed by the Ring -- it is a fundamental weakness of character which the temptation of the Ring catalyzes. And many of the elements in LotR which he criticizes as childish can be paralleled in many great works of adult literature: in fact, they are all to be found in Shakespeare (comic relief: Peter in Romeo and Juliet, Dogberry and Verges in Much Ado About Nothing; girl disguised as boy; Rosalind in All's Well that Ends Well, Viola in Twelfth Night; father-rescuer: Prospero in The Tempest; over-all charm: most of the comedies, particularly Much Ado and Tempest). My point is that these are the traditional and universal elements, not confined to children's fantasy except in our own rather eccentric and prosaic ear -- and the realistic novel is supposed to be on the awane!

Vale, Nan

JOANNE SWENSKI | 628 Seventh Av | Iron River MI

Dear Mr. Meskys: My copy of NIEKAS 19 arrived, and I found it to be a very literate and interesting publication. (I believe this is the first gazette I've run across lately that didn't have a word about STAR TREK, either pro or con.) [Now it does--ERM] Sincerely yours, Joanne Swenski

TOM PURDOM | 4734 Cedar Av | Philadelphia PA 19143

Dear Ed: I got home from the Boskone and found a nice letter from my agent waiting on our doorstep -- a contract from Berkeley Books for a novel version of the novelette I had in F&SF last year, "Reduction in Arms." I'm beginning to see why SF writers crop up in the fanzines so much, however. When you're involved with something of your own that really involves you, it's hard to get interested in reading. And what are you going to do for entertainment on the nights when you have to stay home?

I liked Poul Anderson's article in NIEKAS 19 very much. I've taken it out, in fact, and filed it among some other stuff on the art of writing I keep and now and then show people when I'm too lazy to explain my own feelings. All in all he says several things that I agree with completely. The point about writing appearing glamorous because you put your name on your work applies to a lot of other fields, too -- sports, politics, entertainment. You can't achieve any kind of success in any of those fields without becoming at least a little famous, even if it's only in your own area. The greatest brain surgeon in the world, however, could remain almost unknown to anybody but his colleagues and his patients.

I've just taped the cover of NIEKAS 19 on the wall of our ping-pong room, by the way, along with some of my four-year old son's brightly colored nursery school work, a map of Mars, a map of the floor of the Atlantic ocean, and a couple of Atom covers from CRY. The fanzine covers look very nice. Does anybody else use them for decoration? Fads being what they are in the art world, maybe I can entice my artistic friends up to play ping-pong and start the country collecting fanzine art. I had never really looked closely at fanzine art before, but it made me realize how much of it is done with real skill and flair. And I'm surprised artists haven't discovered the mimeograph. I gather it's as difficult as wood block prints and at the same time, running off

have been doing that since Classical Rome and quite probably since Ancient Greece because there's a fancy prosidic term for it. I might be allowed to shed a little extra light on that collection.

As Harlan mentions in his introduction to "Judas", that was the third story submitted to him; the first, the Vitanuls, was by far the best from the literary standpoint, but he wanted it changed in a way I thought made it more conventional, not less. F&SF bought it on first submission. The second, Nobody Axed You, was bounced by all the American magazines...but Mike Moorcock took over New Worlds and bought it while the top copy was still bouncing in the States. And I forgot to notify my New York agents that the sale had gone through. So the third one, which he eventually used, was the weakest of the three -- yet at the same time the one which most closely matched Harlan's stated aim, to compile a collection of stories which the magazines couldn't use. That one really had had exactly the kind of rejection which Visions was supposed to put a stop to, on the grounds that it would be offensive to a large section of the magazines' readership.

I think this is a spectacular example of just how badly out of touch with the Big Scene even the most capable SF editors still are. At the conference on SF which formed part of the Brighton Festival of the Arts this year, one of the delegates remarked during his address that our generation had seen two catastrophic changes in our view of man's place in the world. The first he cited was the death of God. Although the audience consisted mainly of local residents who had come in on five-bob tickets, not one single voice was raised in protest. (The second was the failure of capitalism, and that did provoke an audible objection, but no argument to the contrary from any of the subsequent speakers. Interesting.)

Harlan himself has had words like "douche-bag" and "privates" edited out of his stories on the grounds that the parents of the teenagers who buy the Galaxy mags might object. Lord preserve us! I wouldn't write a story like Judas now, because what little surviving shock-value it once had has died away; I wouldn't write a story that attempted to exploit the shock-value of sex, because kids all over the western world are getting more of it in their teens than I got in my twenties. Shock-value is dead, and what happened to Dangerous Visions was that Harlan was busy organising a splendid funeral for it while the actual body was being carted off to a hospital so that the organs could be used in a transplant operation. This I am very happy with! One of the passages in Stand on Zanzibar (that's the novel Piers refers to in his review of Quicksand, the one which I've been unashamedly advertising for the past year or so) which gave me most pleasure to write is half a page of the filthiest insults I could contrive in an imaginary South-East Asian language, and the only reason I enjoyed it so much was that I felt this was what the character would actually say in the real world, not a watered-down and bowdlerised sketch for it into which the reader would have to inject his own guesswork.

This is not to say that Dangerous Visions isn't a hell of a good book. It contains at least half a dozen of the very best stories I've read in the SF context, and two that would stand up in any company whatsoever -- the Farmer short novel, and Chip Delany's little miracle. A trail-blazer it's not, because events overtook it during compilation, but it's the handsomest grave-marker that anyone could possibly wish for.

I'm glad to have been included in it. Even if I'd only been mentioned in a footnote, I'd still have been delighted.

While writing this page I've been looking for an image. I think I've just hit on it, in -- of all places -- The Water Babies. Remember the scene where Tom comes to the mouth of the river and feels the first tingle of sea-salt in the water? Out there, we know, are storms and icebergs and sharks, but -- that's the ocean. If you want to be an eel instead of an elver, if you want to be a salmon instead of a spat, that's where you have to go.

Our present trouble in SF is superbly epitomised by the May issue of Analog which happens to be alongside me as I write: to go no further into it, the lead story is a chunk of a Poul Anderson novel featuring a background and leading characters which he has used three (or is it four?) times before. It shows no detectible sign of the fact that since the settings and underlying argument were evolved the contemporary world has altered appallingly rapidly. What in the hell is going to happen to an allegedly adventurous and speculative mode of writing if it's encouraged by its magazine editors to go on and on repeating itself? Enough! Best -- John



PIERS ANTHONY | St. Petersburg, FL

Dear Ed, Hope you enjoy the Worldcon; I have never attended one and I really don't know when I ever will. This year my novel Chthon is one of the finalists, as you know, and I'd certainly like to be on hand to learn how it does -- but such travel is out of the question for me. By all means read it! I don't promise that you'll like it, though you might appreciate the literary symbolism in it more than the less educated readers do, and I don't require that you vote for it, but I hope that most of the people who do vote, do read all of the contenders. Why don't you pack them into your suitcase and read them in off moments? Meanwhile, I'm glad you like Sos the Rope, though it had to be cut a little in the magazine version and is the simplest of my novels. I wrote the first draft in about ten days.

Homelife: my baby girl is now 8.5 months old, has hair five inches long and is exceedingly cute, and generally precocious. She drives us to distraction with her daylong energy, and she just loves to yank books off of the study shelves and scatter them about. Apart from that we don't really have any home life; she dominates.

I had wondered why you didn't run my Lord of Light review last time, and am glad to know what happened. [Joe Rolfe carried the stencils around for several weeks without mailing them --ERM] However, I'd appreciate it if you would insert a footnote clarifying that the review was written in 1967, rather than recently, since events are beginning to date it.

I have a request from a Chicago fan group for permission to reprint my commentary on Dangerous Visions. I gave it, trusting that you have no objection. You know, a couple of fanzines ran my address recently (not with my approval -- I didn't know they were going to do it) and I have thus had several fan letters, requests for autographs, etc. Consumes my time, but gives me some notion of fan response to my work.

Not that this is important, but if you run short of reading material...I have two other novels coming out soon: the collabo-

native The Ring as an ACE Special in Sept or Oct, and Omnivore from Ballantine in December. I am now at work on The Macroscopic, that may run to almost 200,000 words in final draft; that one, I hope, will be important enough to rate a NIEKAS review, whenever it manages to see print.

Sincerely, Piers

MIKE WARD | Box 45 | Mountain View CA 94040

Dear Ed, Felice, I recall reading your tales of Bay Area fandom in those dead dead days of 1964 and 1965, and find to my amazement that things haven't changed a whole lot since then (in detail, yes; but overall, no). We now have a group on the Peninsula that meets on the weekends the Little Men don't, with (ohwell) me as chairman in name. And unfortunately no one as chairman in fact. However, we have had a good number of interesting programs and bull sessions (it's a pretty informal organization, but western clubs seem to go for this sort of thing). Larry Niven came up from LA two weeks ago, staying with Ed and JoAnn Wood; gave a talk on the 11th of May on Dyson Rings as a theory, and as a medium for an unlimited sweep of STFnal settings. He stayed until the following weekend, when the Little Men's meeting was held down on the Peninsula. The topic was the book Dangerous Visions, and various individual value judgments as to its worth or lack of same. Norman Spinrad and I defended the book as worthy, for differing reasons, and Ed Wood and Bill Donaho tore into the book, also for differing reasons. The unbiased moderator was Harlan Ellison. It was an interesting discussion, especially after Harlan decided I was actually anti-DV and Bill was actually pro-DV. This strange situation came about when Bill admitted he liked the book, and I tried to look at it objectively as an overall success with a few not-abortions in it. Fans don't like objective evaluations--it looks too much like thinking.

Here's another one for an interlination:

Joe: My company makes flutter meters for tape recorders.

Secundus: Oh, really?

*My God! The Marchin Barnacles is...is...isssss...it just is, I guess. As a matter of fact it was good! Those highly involved puns were good. The way in which they were all woven into a single tapestry was brilliant. And the total effect was monstrous. You have blasted any critical faculties I have ever had, washed then down the river of oblivion. I hope you're happy.

There are two major pieces which make the issue, and these are the review of Dangerous Visions and the article by Poul Anderson. I mentioned earlier that I was on the panel discussing the high and low points of Dangerous Visions; while preparing for this ordeal I went over several reviews and discussions, including Piers Anthony's in N19, with a red ballpoint underlining content points and noting statements I disagreed with.

Piers is honest when he says that he gives subjective reviews; it's almost impossible to review a book objectively, if the book makes you think at all. Dangerous Visions, with its strong statements on a multitude of subjects (withal, very few really dangerous visions, but don't ask for everything) is bound to push any reviewer pro or con some stories simply because they say something that draws a response from deep inside him. And Piers didn't believe deeply enough in his story to force it on Harlan (for which he probably kicks himself late at night) so didn't get in. Still, this is no reason for such dishonest tricks as quoting Harlan's intro to Spinrad out of context, turning a friendly punch in the shoulder into a kick in the stomach, and and advertising,

Spinrad, be it noted, is a friend of Ellison's. Anyone who has read the book will know Piers' statements for what they're worth.

And another: Larry Niven, who appears to have bought his way into this volume, He mollifies this somewhat by adding that he has hold of a good notion, then stomps on him again for a minor problem in English grammar.

What I really do not understand is how Piers could possibly misunderstand the meaning of the story "The Day After the Day the Martians Came." Pohl isn't exactly a subtle writer, and this story goes for the jugular, as advertised, with a broken bottle tipped with curare. Explain it to him somebody. You see, there are these things called aces, which in other animals are called breeds, specifying minor variations in the organism below the level at which different species are recognized. And in Man the race of an individual is important to his social standing, and...

The rest of the review is damned good. I disagree with a few individual criticisms, but overall the level is high enough that I wonder just what possessed Piers to throw in the things I mentioned above.

I must agree that "Riders of the Purple Wage" is the heavy-weight of the volume. This one piece makes the whole book worthwhile, and even a DV of this piece and four books by John Russell Fearn would be worth buying. The rest of the book mostly falls into the categories pointed out: Heretical Religion (God as a character, mostly) Strange Sex, and strange effects (hopefully unexpected, else hardly dangerous) of technology, and future social systems. The fantasies, by Leiber, Lafferty, Eisenberg, Rodman, etc range from great to minor, but could have appeared anywhere, stuck in the back pages.

Poul's piece I find interesting for his discussion on the internal workings of the writer's mind. Why would anyone in his right mind want to be a writer? Don't ask me; I can't tell you now, and I'm not exactly successful (it's just a hobby, right?). So why does Poul write for a living? He gives a few reasons, but I think the truest is the last one: the need to communicate. Watch a few people with strong opinions spend hours shooting the breeze or the bull, and you suddenly see why a man would fight years of rejection slips to get a few of his ideas in print. Even in fanzines.

What the heck, if someone left me a million dollars, tax-free, I'd retire, and I'm in electronics because I found a way to make a hobby pay off. MIT was a bit of a drag at times, but now most of it's over and I get to expand the good parts and throw away the bad. I'm in electronics for love, yes, but the pay is good, too.

The rest of the article touches on a few problems the writer faces today, in all fields, but especially in SF. My own feelings of SF reviews and criticism are nasty and mean, both toward the books and toward the reviewers. I like the way Damon Knight could tear a bad book into shreds and stuff it down the garbage disposal. And I think Judith Merrill is doing more harm to the field than Sol Cohen*, by producing what ranks as one of the worst review columns since the days of Henry Bott. But then, I'm prejudiced -- I don't like incompetents telling me which books are good and which are not.

Poul does not touch on the fact that it is almost impossible to find any reviews of SF outside of the magazines and fanzines. SF may be working its way toward a quasi-1953 revival, and we may see more newspaper reviews, but don't expect them to be any better than those of a neofan with a good command of journalese.

78, Mike

*On second thought, I don't mean to insult Sol Cohen. At least he's saving two magazines.

JANNICK STORM | Ejbyvej 142 | 2610 Redovre, Denmark

Dear Ed, News: The book by Sven Holm mentioned in my article in 19, is being published by Faber & Faber in England.

Simak's City is published in my translation the day after tomorrow [ie, 31 July 1968--ERM]. In October/November, Dick's Eye in the Sky and Aldiss Non-Stop will be published.

Best wishes, Jannick

ARCHIE MERCER | 10 Lower Church Lane St. Michael's | Bristol BS2 8BA UK

First Felice, and Eventually Ed. First of all, I'd like to commend your good taste by approving of bagpipes, even when played in a small room. I've been exposed to them under similar conditions, and was demanding request tunes right and left. Not Carl's, of course. Not least among NIEKU attractions has long been the knowledge that one of its regular contributors plays the pipes.



I'd forgotten (since '65) what Ed looked like. And there he is to the life on P. 10 -- brings him all back. I suppose someone couldn't prevail on Jack Gaughan to depict you similarly, in order that non-Califen might see what they're dealing with? Not to mention running a whole series of various NIEKAS regulars. [Jack & I -- and most regulars -- are separated by about 3000 miles. However, if he comes to Baycon I'll see if I can coax him. --FR]

It's been increasingly borne on me that the Glossary's biggest failing, so far as I'm concerned, is that it isn't comprehensive enough. For instance, in the geographical section I'd be interested to see the various mountain ranges compared, the various rivers, towns and so on. And talking of comparisons, I have yet to see a section dealing with the various sentient races, as distinct from individuals of the various kinds.

Damn Martin Pitt. After seeing his review of the artwork in N18, I looked up the covers of same to check what he was talking about. And as regards the front cover, of course, he's absolutely right about the various deformities. I definitely liked that cover until my eyes were opened. As regards that issues bacoover, of course the knight wasn't riding a horse. He was riding a caricature of a horse. Just as the nearer Sir was riding a caricature of a tractor.

Claire Howard might be interested to know that both Beryl and myself are now trying to pursue a long-more-or-less-dormant interest in Celtic mythology. Though it's a hell of a lot to try and take in all at once, and we haven't got very far as yet. I'm particularly crogged by the apparent failure of Gaelic spelling and pronunciation to have any mutual relevance.

"Cuailnge, pronounced Cooley" really threw me -- I went around for days trying to mutter "cuailnge" under my breath until we settled for pronouncing it "Croynge." (A little place between Croydon and Penge" -- dj Sam Costa, some years ago now.) Archie

DICK WEST | 614 Langdon St | Madison WS 53703

Dear Ed, I'm studying Beowulf this semester, and it's amusing, as people have pointed out already, how really instructive this poem is for LotR. The philological joke Tolkien was playing in his term "mathom" becomes clear when you see the word used over and over again in Beowulf, where it means a precious treasure. I am about halfway through the Old English poem now, and a couple of days ago found a delightful half-line, "rīnga þengel" (l. 1507a), which can be translated as "lord of the rings." I vaguely recall this being mentioned already in a TOLKIEN JOURNAL letter column, however, so I suppose it's not news to you, but it's fun for me.

A while back, in l. 1199b of Beowulf (I'm referring to the Klaeber edition), I found the phrase "Brosings mēne, the necklace of the Brosings." I promptly checked Klaeber's notes and was pleased to find that the Norse equivalent is indeed Freyja's necklace called "Brisings men" -- Garner's Brisingamen. The Weirðstone of the Necklace of the Brisings (or Brosings)? I don't think this means anything about Garner's book from a literary critical point of view, but it is interesting.

I recently acquired The Silver Trumpet by Owen Barfield, recently published by Eerdmans; Barfield was a close friend of C. S. Lewis, which is what interested me in his books, but I haven't had time to read it yet.

Vrendi Maleldil Dick West

KEITH FREEMAN | 128 Fairford Rd | Tilehurst, Reading, Berks

Dear Felice, I agreed with the letter that criticised the headings -- if, as I think they should be, headings are meant purely and simply to convey information then let them be clear! Incidentally, whilst on such things may I plead for uniformity within an article? In Piers Anthony's commentary on Dangerous Visions (a good heading except for the likelihood of thinking it was Visions Dangerous.) We start with a sub-heading "1. Through a Glass House Darkly: Pebbles in, which every other letter (or space) is underlined. This I don't mind at all -- but reading on we find subheadings 2 & 3 have no underlining at all. Whilst on the subject of underlining -- on the third page onwards book titles are underlined though on the first page they are given in upper case. As well as for

book titles, underlining is used throughout to give emphasis to a word, or words. Now, as I said, I like such conventions to be consistent throughout an article, if not throughout a whole magazine; I worry not which set of conventions you pick -- just stick to them. Very Best, Keith Freeman

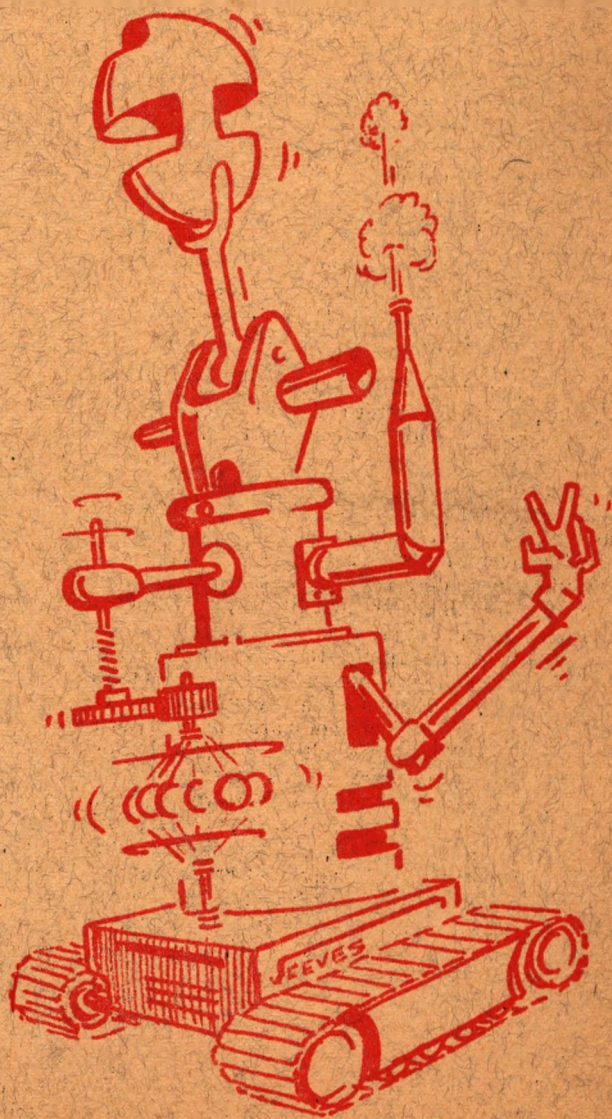
MARTIN PITT | Snerwood Hall, University | Nottingham NG7 2RA Ingerland

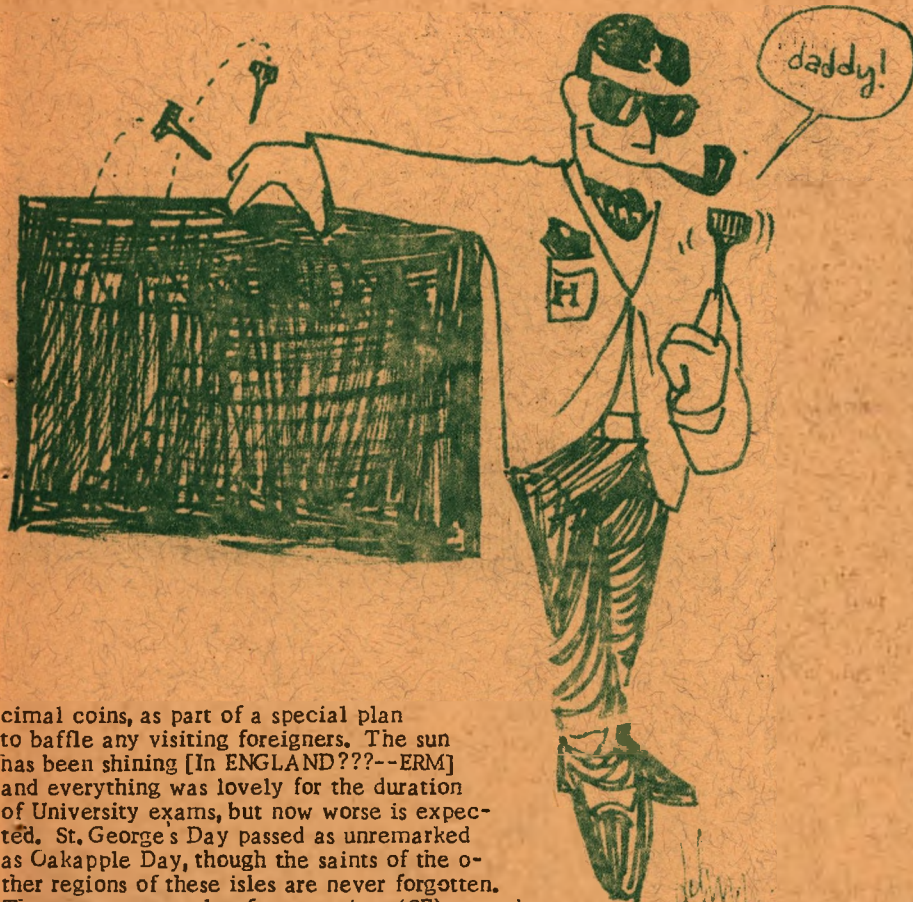
Delicious Fear, Greetings from the cis-atlantic world. And for your information, the official and only pun on my name (due to Archie Mercer, 1966) runs: If Santos shakes hands with you as he leaves, is that a Partin Mitt? (Note: Santos is the other name by which I am generally known: I use it as a pen-name on my drawings.)

A point arises here: would you like me to write my comments intended for publication in the British (or "Superior") system of spelling or the American (otherwise known as the "wrong") method? I shall, for my convenience, use the British till further notice.

For your information, I, and plenty of others, shall be going to Heidelberg in 1970, successful bid or no successful bid. It will be a WorldCon whether or not the USA recognizes it as such.

This country is operating much as usual. Three old-age pensioners beat up a gunman who tried to rob a post-office. Our coinage now contains an interesting mixture of ordinary and de-





cimal coins, as part of a special plan to baffle any visiting foreigners. The sun has been shining [In ENGLAND???--ERM] and everything was lovely for the duration of University exams, but now worse is expected. St. George's Day passed as unremarked as Oakapple Day, though the saints of the other regions of these isles are never forgotten. There were a couple of conventions (SF) around Easter: the BSFA one to which all the fans and almost none of the professionals went, and another to which all the pros went, but nobody told the fans about.

Diana Paxson displays in "Patterns" a surprising ignorance of modern art, and the illustrations were poor, but the exhibition she talked about seemed quite interesting. The Diana's illustrations were inadequate they went well with the article.

It rather rankles when Ed talks of Worldcons in Bumbejimas, and then suggests overseas cons be made every FIFTH year. [I wasn't pushing that proposal but merely mentioned it--ERM] The USA is overseas for an awful lot of fen, and the Americo-centric view of fandom is no fairer than foreigners who imagine that London is England (or Paris France, or Moskow the USSR, etc) The distance argument (ie that NY is nearer Europe than San Francisco) only really applies to those who travel exclusively by air: a few countries are a bigger barrier to ground travel than simple distance. The point of fan populations is also less convincing than it might be if you compare the membership of the various national SF societies with the population of the countries. This would seem to be fairly representative of the number of keen fans. The BSFA has 300 members from a 50m. population. Does the NSF have a membership of 1,000 plus? [But the NSF does not represent US fandom, which probably numbers 2-3,000--ARLewis [But does the BSFA represent British fandom?--ERM]] The size of American cons can be explained by remarking on the general interest in conventions of all kinds displayed: you have the con-goer who has an interest in SF, as opposed to the trufan who is unable to reach these conventions (principally) from a lack of funds. Should fandom (an admitted small minority) look after its own, or serve a greater mass at the expense of its own members?

In fact, only a comparatively few people in fandom can travel these great distances anyway. The problem is surely one of those people whom one might designate dignitaries -- the authors, BNFs etc -- who are essential to a really good con. The better and more important the con, the more and bigger dignitaries are required. These people are generally able to make long

journeys, but very few can afford, or are willing, to make these trips more than once or twice a year at most. Thus, although every fan area could have an annual convention, only one could get the support necessary to make it a really big con, worthy of the name Worldcon.

Two things strike me at this point. (Ed/Mesky's & Felice/Rótté) Firstly, the majority of SF authors are USA based (and in addition, people like John Brunner regularly visit) and regional conventions are very possible, so that American fen regularly get the chance to meet authors. Conversely, the only time European fen get any chance to meet big-name American authors is at European Worldcons. Thus, generally speaking, Europe is, if anything, more entitled to an occasional Worldcon than any USA zone. We have to balance inconvenience for the relatively mobile fen (who are generally good guys that were anxious to meet) with the abilities of the less privileged, but no less worthy fen. Now I want a fair way to include the southern hemisphere in with so-called World Fandom.

NECKERS 19 continues a tradition of an amazing range of quality in artwork. Good, bad or appalling, it all seems to go in there somehow. The f/c was one of the best pieces. I've seen Diana Paxson do: what flaws there were were minor and technical; the bacover was less good, and might easily have been better. As for the LOTR d/j's, they suffer from the "scribble" failing I previously commented on. The Two Towers shows why the hobbits & co were so successful: over countryside like that they were virtually invisible! The Return of the King was by far the best of the covers: much cleaner and less cluttered than the others. One of my more manic friends tells me that some details or other are incorrect, but I'm not sufficiently interested to remember what.

Jack Gaughan's pieces are exactly up to the standard you would expect for what they are: sketches only, but by a professional. As fillos they can't be faulted. Some of the other fillos, however, can easily be. A couple are so bad, I wonder why they were put in: a blank space would have been more aesthetically pleasing. ATom contributed a couple of reasonably good standards, directly stenned by the looks of things, and Tony Glynn's piece was typically nice. LGD continues as a semi-visual and individualistic piece of humour, almost worth the cost of the zine alone.

Not a spectacular issue, artwise, with no unusual merits or demerits for special discussion.

For an Englishman, it is tremendously funny to see all this discussion about the pronunciation of what seems to me to be a perfectly straightforward name (short o, 2nd syllable as 'keen'). The discussion of Tolkien's same looks as strange to me as instructions on how to say Brunner.

Regards, Martin

JIM ALLAN | 10 Kingsgrove Blvd | Toronto 18 Ontario

Dear Felice, NIEKAS was in some way a disappointment and I can't figure out why I feel that way. Each of the separate articles was well written and interesting. Perhaps it is because there was no long article to occupy a starring position so that it was a bit like sitting through a movie showing of nothing but short subjects, albeit well made short subjects.

The installment of Bob Foster's glossary is complete and accurate as far as I can see except under the entry Middle-earth. If we assume that Tolkien's name "Middle-earth" has the same meaning as the term in Old English or "Midgard" of Scandinavian myth, then it refers not just to the area shown on the map, but at a minimum to the entire Afro-Eurasian supercontinent. As Midgard is distinguished from Asgard, Alfheim,

Niflheim, Hel, Vanaheim and other realms inhabited by non-humans, and as the Old English "Middle Earth" is distinguished from Heaven, Hell, and Faerie, so Tolkien's Middle-earth would be merely a convenient way of distinguishing between the mortal lands of men and the Undying lands of Eldamar and Valinor. Also I think it should be mentioned that the name Middle-earth does not appear in The Hobbit, but instead in chapter 8 the term "the Wide World" is used and instead of "Elvenhome," "Faerie" is employed.

Also, if Rob plans to try to translate Elvish names into English, why not do the same for the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon names used for the Hobbits and Rohirrim?

I also checked over the earlier sections of the glossary, and found some apparently un-noticed omissions in the astronomy section. Maybe Bob still has not noticed, and certainly had not when he drew up this section, that the index in the second hard cover edition of LotR contains revisions and explanatory notes not found in the Ballantine edition. For example, Elbereth is explained to mean star-queen and so is presumably the Sindarin counterpart of the Quenya name Elen-tari. Likewise Gilthoniel is explained as meaning star-kindler and as being equivalent to Quenya Tintalle in the poem Namarie. And again under the entry "Star, as emblem" the seven stars of Durin are said to have "represented the Plough, that is the constellation of the Great Dipper. As this constellation is always near the pole, this explains why it is always in position to be at least partly reflected in the Mirrormere."

While on the topic of Tolkien trivia, it should be noticed that the crown on the flag shown in Diana Paxson's third cover is incorrect. The first foot-note on page 401 of the Ballantine edition states that the crown of Gondor was in the form of a Numenorean war-helm and a full description of it is given on page 303 of Vol 3. It is certainly not a spiked coronet.

In regard to Jerry Kaufman's opinion that LotR is a children's book, I think that his basis of classification is faulty. He points out three characteristics that LotR has in common with most children's books, characteristics which are found in children's books because they are easily comprehended by a child. But, by this criteria, most of Dickens' works, Fielding's Tom Jones, and perhaps more to the point, the Iliad and Odyssey would be only Children's books, though complex ones. It seems to me that the only valid way to define a children's book is as one which is of interest to most children, and which a child can read with no great difficulty and get most of what the author puts into it. Thus many adult books could be considered as children's books as well, and some books which are purportedly written for children may actually need adult understanding for their full appreciation, such as Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer. [Huckleberry Finn is perhaps a better example--ARLewis]

Sincerely yours, Jim Allan

STANLEY HOFFMAN | 7657 Orion Av | Van Nuys CA 91406

Dear Felice I was so glad to read Molly Titcomb's letter. I discovered fandom a little over a year ago, and was beginning to have my doubts about whether or not I belonged. As I am not an addict of the pulp magazines --and do not read every stf book I can find-- and as it seemed that everyone else in fandom did-- I didn't know if I really fitted. My main reason for becoming involved in the first place was Tolkien. It is heartening to read such a letter expressing the same things I feel, to find out it's alright to be an enthusiastic fan of only a few books, instead of having to go crazy about everything. I agree completely with her remarks on the horrible in stf. As she says, violence and gore must have something to balance them. Tolkien deals with violence in a much more wholesome way--description of the horrible, of battle, is not bloody or gory, but heroic. The bloodlust type of preoccupation with battle and killing, like in the Conan books, is totally absent. The battles are there for a definite purpose, and gore is not glorified. [IS it really more wholesome to depict battle as lacking in blood, gore, etc, ie, to romanticize them to the point where they appear noble and desirable (except for the poor oaf disemboweled on the field of battle)? ARLewis]

I'm no art-critic, but the cover is magnificent! One of the best covers I've seen, and one of the best drawings I've seen by Diana. It reminds me of Denethor (or is it Theoden? I always

confuse the two), and even if she didn't mean it to be, I will always think it to be. I liked the Gincas title. The little, uncredited man between Gincas & Laiskai [p 60; uncredited for the artist's name was not on the back of it & it got separated from the covering letter--ERM] is fantastic. He really looks real.

I hope one of those horrible dragons Nan Braude describes eats her! How dare she so insult one of the most noble of creatures?! I can't think of any at the moment (it always happens that way, darn it), but I've read many wonderful stories about lovable dragons. Just because a few go and steal some treasure or eat up some villages, people get the idea that all dragons are bad. Every group has its black sheep. Sure Father was pretty bad, but he started out a giant, not a dragon. [He also had a cursed ring working on his mind--ERM] Smaug was pretty bad, but somebody had to be the bad guy. The Chinese dragons are generally very beneficial and are omens of good fortune. Just because a few European dragons go crazy and turn bad is no reason to persecute all dragons. What about the hundreds of dragons who mind their own business, and never bother anybody? How often do we hear of them? [Agreed! ARLewis] Auf wiederschreiber,

Stanley Hoffman

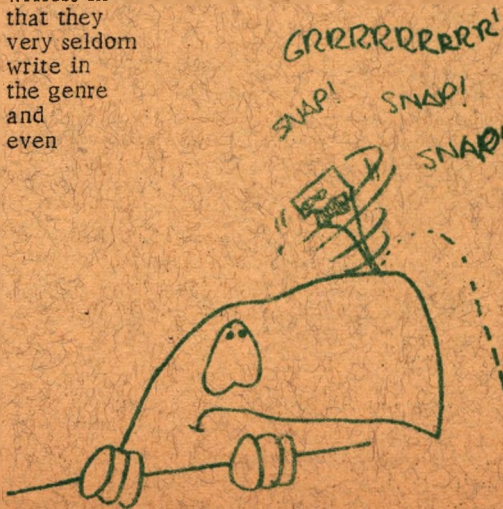
CARL J BRANDON Jr | Norrskogsvägen 8 | 112 61 Stockholm Sweden

Dear Felice The best items were those by Poul Anderson, Piers Anthony and (with an honorable mention) Mike Klassen. I seem to be one of the (at least in Sweden) few people who share Piers' enthusiasm over Harlan's anthology--that is, I think the idea is worth while, and I like the preface/afterword idea even more than the anthology idea of offbeat stories. The only sad thing about the book is that so few of the stories held me. Harlan's did, because even if he's not a great writer by any standard he is an intense, emotional writer and when he gets hold of a story idea he grabs it by the hair and pours everything he has into it--cynicism, compassion, blood and guts and an enormous vitality. This does not exactly make high literature, but it does make a totally entrancing reading, at least to me.

As for the Ganymede Takeover, I rather liked the book (including the sadistic Norwegian major Ringdahl whose name is that of a Norwegian fan: this is certainly one of Ray Nelson's contributions). Also, I believe that Ray should get part of the credit for it: I don't know how much of it he's written, but remembering his brilliant "Turn Off the Sky" in F&SF some years back, I'm sure he is at least capable of writing a book as good as, or better than The Ganymede Takeover.

Molly Titcomb's letter was interesting and unfortunately mostly true: at least as in the treatment of sex in stf which is mostly just awful. I can't think of more than one or two writers offhand who are able to write an even perfunctorily believable love scene. Those I

recall are not even by true stf writers in that they very seldom write in the genre and even



The devil is not dead!
he's alive & well
selling tract homes
in California!



more seldom appear in the magazines: I'm thinking of Edgar Pangborn and of Daniel Keyes. They are also two of the very few sf authors who are able to write of people with compassion -- others being Roger Zelazny and Brian Aldiss. I don't know why this should be so, but possibly it could be because so many writers put the emphasis on the relations between individuals and things (machines, experiences, aliens) rather than on the inter-relationships between people. This in turn might depend on sf's preoccupation with new fields of experience: people in love behave pretty much the same now as they did a hundred years ago or will do in another century, but people facing a Martian simply have to react in a totally new way. But this is only if you try to say the nicest thing possible about the sf writer; a simpler explanation might be that most of them are just incapable of conveying any more subtle emotions anywhere near believably.

As for violence in sf, I really don't think that there is any overwhelming amount of it around. Certainly, much sf contains violence, but at least during the last decades violence has usually been presented as a necessary evil -- with disgust and contempt, or as something which may be legitimately used only in retaliation. I don't find this negative in any way: if nothing else, we are a violent species, and we have used violence through the whole of recorded history: to survive, to gain any advantage and even in order to propagate our beliefs. Heinlein says that sf is the most realistic of all literary forms; I generally disagree, but some sf is highly realistic in that it depicts man and his basic nature in contrast to a changing world. And certainly violence is part of both man and his world.

The news about the Silmarillion is certainly disconcerting but as good as might be realistically expected. I agree with whoever suggested that Tolkien fans should stop bothering him with visits, phone calls, letters and so on: I understand that Tolkien very conscientiously answers and at least tries to be polite to all these requests for his time and energy, and this can only mean that every fan calling on him to learn how the Silmarillion is progressing will have part of the guilt of delaying it.

Otherwise, NIEKAS was enjoyed and pleasant: Johnny Chambers is brilliant and Tony Glynn, ATom and Jack Gaughan are always excellent. But I'm sorry to say that I don't like Diana Paxson's art. I just think that she doesn't draw very well.

Best regards,

Carl J.

PS--Please note new address.

PAUL NOVITSKI | 1690 E 26 Av | Eugene OR 97403

Dear Feliced, The covers of NIEKAS 19 are a classic example of the two extremes in quality an artist can attain. The drawing of Theoden is excellent except for the quibble that the sword doesn't look like it's resting in his hand, but being held up.

Diana's bacover on the other hand seems to be caught betwixt two styles with fairly disastrous result. (Oh, was that a pun? How extraordinary.) Try to draw fairies in art nouveau or not at all.

Believe me it was with mixed terror and masochistic lust that I began turning the first pages of your zine, and lo and behold my deepest darkest fears were horribly confirmed. They say I woke up the whole neighborhood the night after I read The Marchin' Barnacles screaming things like ghaaaah! Kill it quick before it multiplies! and so on. Carl Frederick should be deported. (How about to North Viet Nam? Boy what a way to win a war...or would that be too cruel?) [How about deporting him my way? I think you're too hard on Carl, Paul -- when he visited California last year his deportment was quite proper. FR]

Bob Foster's Glossary is coming along nicely, I see, though why he doesn't commit himself about the meaning of chost (in narchost, carchost) is beynd me. Isn't it obviously tooth?

I agree wholeheartedly with Martin Pitt in R&C except for his criticism of Diana Paxson's Hobbit dustjacket. How can he make such concrete comments on such airy insubstantial art? I'd like to hear from Diana exactly what she objects to in the Ballantine covers and what it is about hers that makes them more desirable. To me the Ballantine covers are...colorful, exciting...and surrealistic enough to represent faithfully the kind of chaeredor Tolkien gives me. (That is to say, each to his own.) But even if I didn't like them I would sooner cover them with plain paper than compound the injury with hers.

Just to pick a nit with William Linder in Laiškai, remember that Pippin was called ernil i pheriannath (BBIII-46) in Minas Tirith. And Claire Howard is right, you know. That interview twixt Tolkien and Resnik was really stupid. The questions were generally petty and fannish and the answers gave me the distinct impression that Tolkien was extremely conceited. Fortunately I have been set straight by reading a more comfortable interview by Daphne Castell that originally appeared in New Worlds SF. It gives a different impression of the Professor altogether. It's funny to read Bob Foster's letter of comment on Warren Preston's 18 cover and then flip back to Martin Pitt's comments. How can two people disagree so utterly? Jerry Kaufman gives a reasonable point of view on LotR, but since it seems to me to be no more logical than M Z Bradley's account I hereby give up and won't say anything. Namarie Paul Novitski PS--Why can't ghosts be included in sf? Re: Babel 17, with the discorporates. If the soul really lives on as an entity after the body's death, isn't this a scientific FACT? It all depends on how you approach it: even space travel can be written up as fantasy if you do it right.

LUIS VIGIL | Spain

I read about the replacement of the four year rotation plan by a five year one [at the Baycon business meeting]. And my question is: how truly can a group of USA fans continue to be called World Opinion? You know, this was true 20 or 30 years ago, when fandom outside of the USA was unknown, but not now. So, by taking decisions that seem binding to the whole world fandom I think that these fans at the Baycon were more or less taking an imperialistic attitude. That comes because I have been working on some articles for the SF prozine on which I collaborate about the proposed 1970 Worldcon in Heidelberg (Germany). Well, if it comes true it will be thanks to the co-operation of the fandoms of Germany, United Kingdom, Italy, France, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Spain, etc.

So, when a group decides to take an "imperialistic action" regarding matters affecting to many people who haven't had any vote...how binding are they on those not present? I ask this because there is already talk in Europe that if the location of the 70 Con is not given to Heidelberg it would be good to have an International Con anyway. ... I think you can see where this will carry us: to two or more WorldCons every year, to the fractioning of the already not-too-much-united world fandom, and so on. ... is it not enough for the American fans to have three of each four Worldcons that they want to have four of every five?

Excuse me if I'm being rude, but I love fandom too much, and I have too many friends in your country to accept these matters without trying to do something about them.

Already you are showing too much selectivity in the WorldCons. When giving the Hugos, for instance, you only take into consideration American works and American pros and fans, the only foreigners being from some of the English-speaking countries. I know the difficulty of judging works and authors not translated, but to what extent can the prizes then be called world-wide? When is a Russian or an Italian going to be nominated for any of the writers prizes, on a Romanian or Spanish magazine for the promag one? These are only some examples of a phenomenon that I don't think has received due thought in the USA: SF, now, is a world wide literature, and fandom isn't limited to the USA frontiers.

I would like to have your comments on my ramblings and, please, give as much publicity as possible to this letter...

JEAN G MUGGOCH | 15 Balcombe House | Taunton Place
London NW 1 UK

The above extract is taken from a copy of a letter circulated by Luis Vigil. I think it puts into words the feelings of many fans this side of the Atlantic, my own for a start.

SETH A JOHNSON | 345 Yale Av | Hillside NJ 07205

Dear Ed I'd like to suggest that Heinlein be accused of promoting cannibalism as in Farnham's Freehold. This would be no less logical than accusations of militarism or fascism.

You might also say that he advocates abandoning monogamy altogether according to Glory Road and The Moon is a Harsh Mistress. You could also accuse Heinlein of Mysticism judging by the stuff out of Theosophy and the ancient religions he pulled in Stranger. Including ritual cannibalism at the end, by the way.

DON HAMPTON | Route 6 | Anderson SC 29621

Dear Felice, I would be the last to come between Roy Tackett and his love of entertainment-value stf. However, I think that he is too dogmatic about the mixing of stf & literature. Where should innovations in style and form be more at home than in the class of stories taking it for granted that the future will have innovations for us all? If the "glorious experiment" fails in stf, it is because it would fail anywhere, not because it offended some cut-and-dried formula. If the stf field claims to be speculative fiction and then rejects a story only because it does not fit the accepted formula, then there is some hypocrisy somewhere. And why should a literature dealing with infinite space and unbounded time consider itself limited and limiting and ask its experimental writers to go elsewhere?

I really enjoyed the ATom cartoon on p. 67. It's the first time I've ever seen an atomic skate-board, complete with wide track tires and the optional windshield wipers.

Don Hampton

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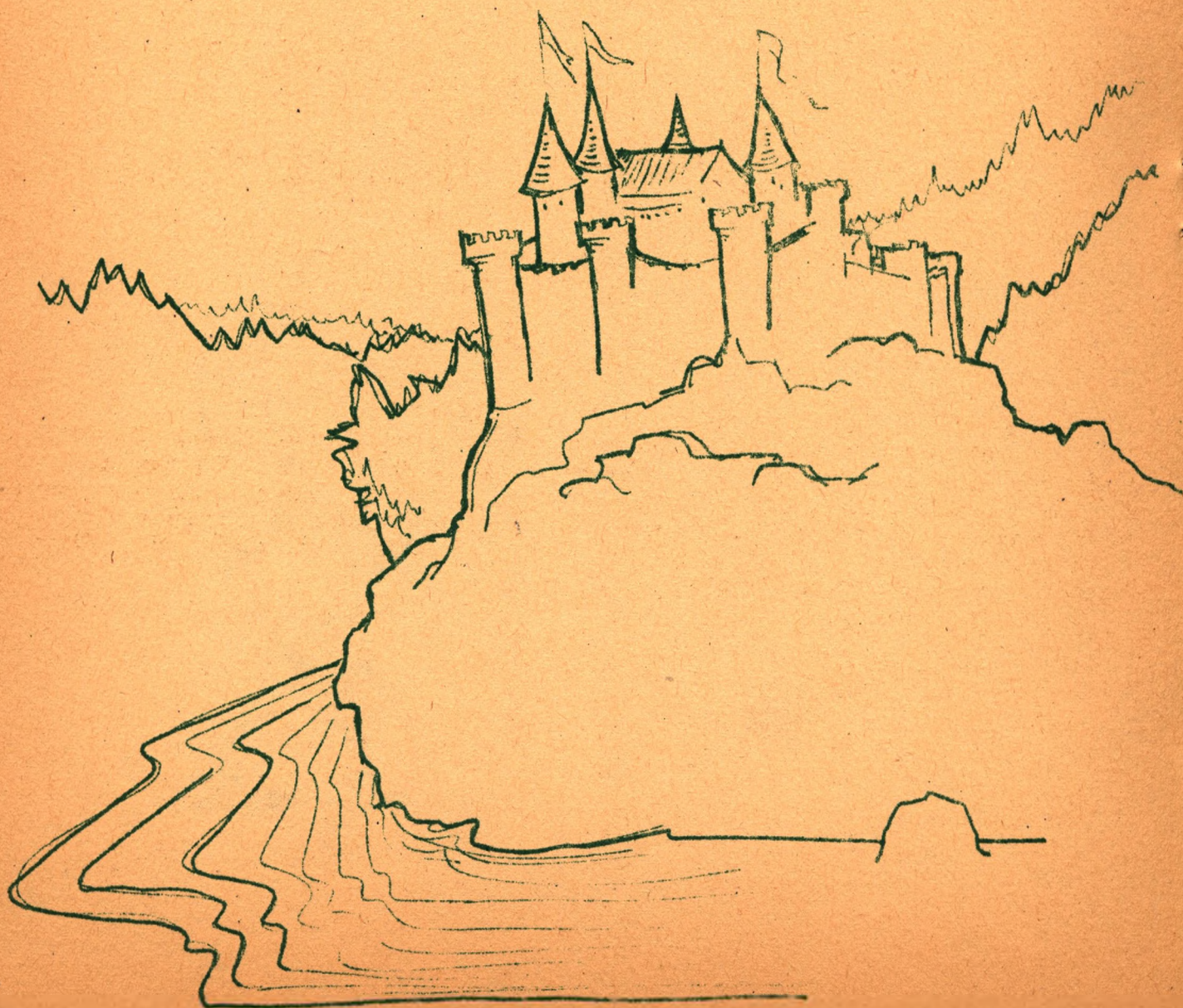
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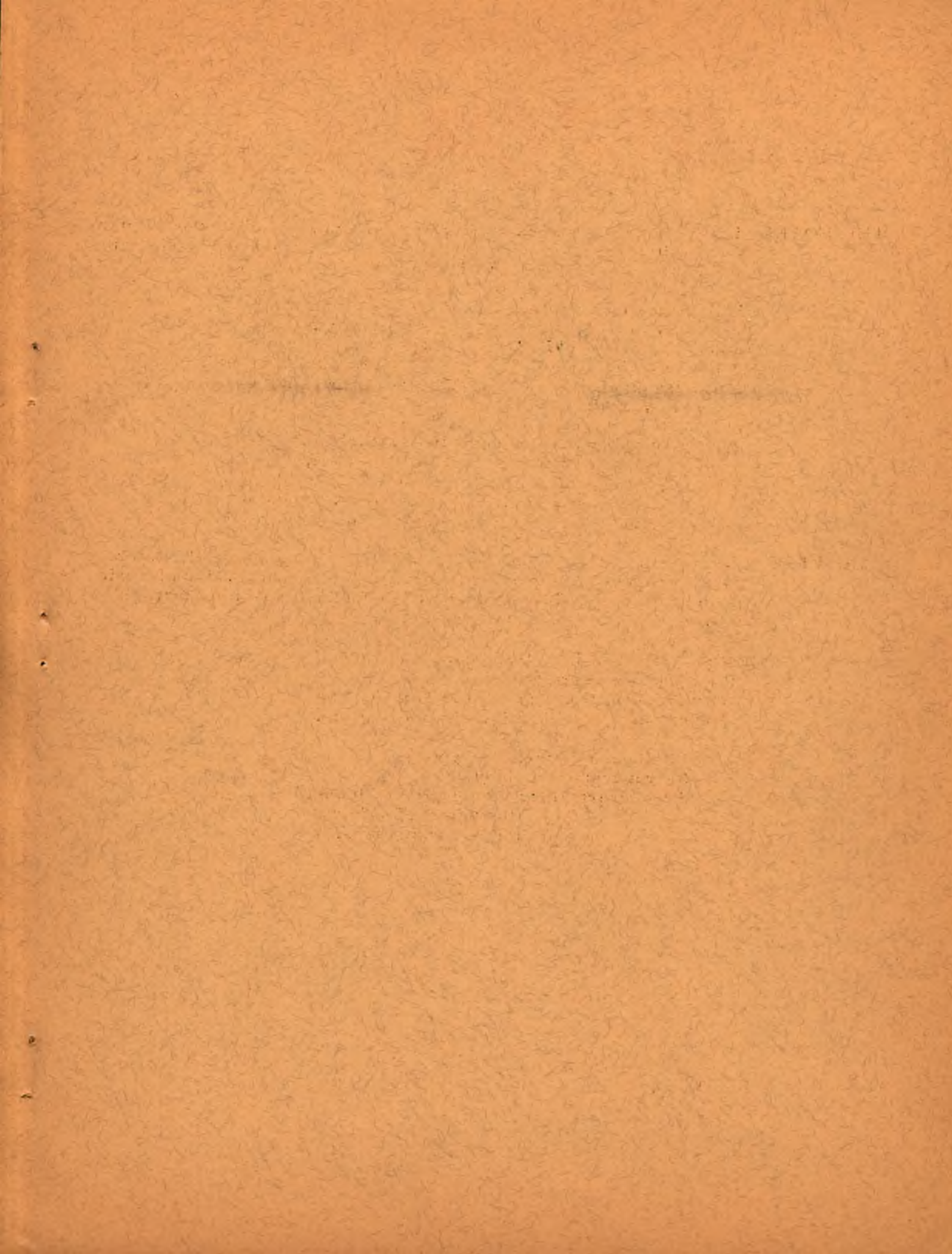
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Secretary: Cory Seidman
Treasurer: Harry Stubbs (Hal Clement)
plus a host of other
hard-working fans.





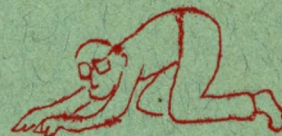
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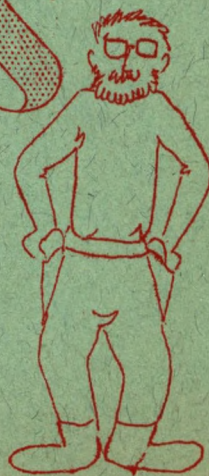
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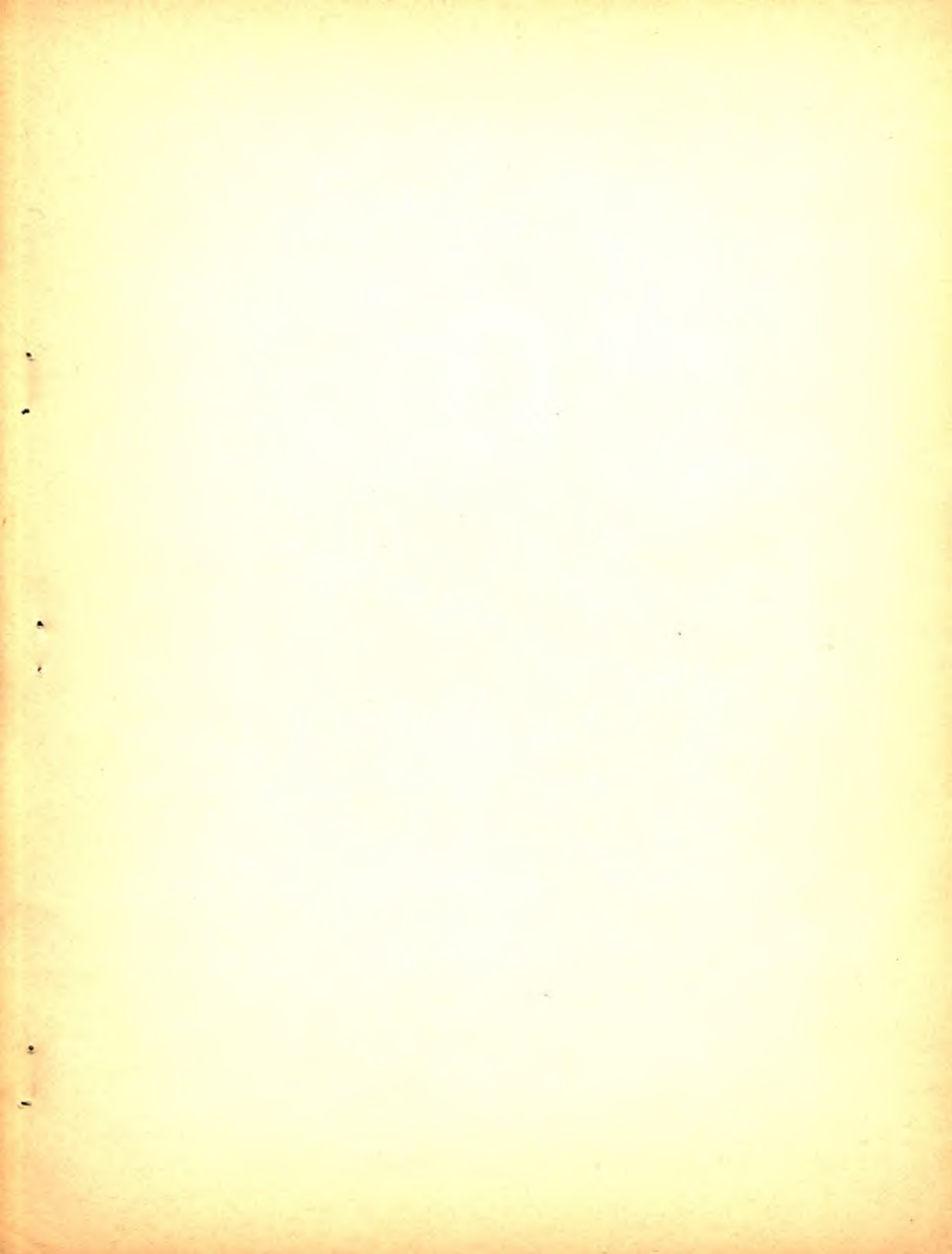
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by
Charlie Brown



I didn't really know what I was getting into when I offered to help Ed with Niekas. I vaguely remember offering to let him store the mimeo at my house and I'd help him run the magazine off. The next thing I knew, I had this mimeo, a room full of paper, and Ed had vanished into retreat in New Hampshire. Now I had never even seen a mimeo before, let alone run one so I had problems. There was no instruction manual so I had Ted White show me how to run the beast. Stencils started to arrive for Niekas 19, and, as I got them, I ran them off. As long as they arrived every week or two, there was no problem. I gradually learned how to run the machine and even hand-inked some colored artwork because Felice had misplaced the color change kits. This is a job I'll never do again. It's virtually impossible to get the inking just right, and the machine has the annoying habit of squirting fluid in all directions. I sure ruined a lot of paper. After a while, the stencils stopped arriving with regularity and Marsha was forced to do some typing on our cranky old IBM typewriter. Ed finally came down to New York, finished the issue, and departed. We got together assorted people and, with Sheila running things, finally got it collated. Ed came, collected the 750 copies, and eventually mailed them out. The issue went out of print in about a month.

We planned on getting 20 out right away because Niekas had been too irregular of late, so I loaded up with paper, girded my loins, and waited for stencils to start arriving. And waited. And waited. The spring slipped by with Ed promising to start work Real Soon Now. We heard nothing from Felice at all. Ed claimed he was too busy with the Tolkien Journal and Society to accomplish very much, so we waited for the Tolkien Journal to come out. And Waited. And Waited. Finally, in July, we invaded New Hampshire and started sorting out all the stuff Ed had in the house. Marsha typed the rest of the Tolkien Journal; Tony Lewis and Cory Seidman edited the letter column; I sorted out all the artwork, manuscripts, and old laundry lists; and Ed managed to get in everybody's way. He also started the fireplace without opening the grate and filled the house with smoke. Do you suppose he was trying to tell us something? Anyway, after two weekends of this, we thought we finally had Ed moving, so we went back to New York and waited for the results. And waited. And waited. Finally, Ed arrived in New York with short editorials from Diana and Felice. He had somehow managed to give them the impression that Niekas was almost finished and just needed

their pieces to complete it. Actually, only two stencils had been typed by Cory and nothing at all had been run. Ed also cheerfully dumped 1500 copies of the Tolkien Journal on us, which we addressed and got some friends to take to New Hampshire and mail. (The permit means it must be mailed from a certain post office.) Ed went off to California.

By this time, it had finally dawned on our harried minds that pushing Ed was like pushing six feet of quivering jello. We were now the proud possessors of a Hugo-Winning fanzine. All we had to do was publish it. Unfortunately, at the same time, again partially thanks to Ed, we were also sole proprietors of a bi-weekly newszine which takes up most of our copious free time. Also unfortunately I have a little too much vanity (or stupidity) to just let something drop once I get involved; and also, I thought we could do a better job than Ed, so we decided to try and put out this issue.

It was a hell of a lot harder (and longer) than we thought, because of the reams of artwork Ed had accumulated. We've tried to use as much as possible, because some of it has been bying around for several years. It may make the issue look overly gaudy, but it's been a lot of fun learning the tricks of using a mimeo.

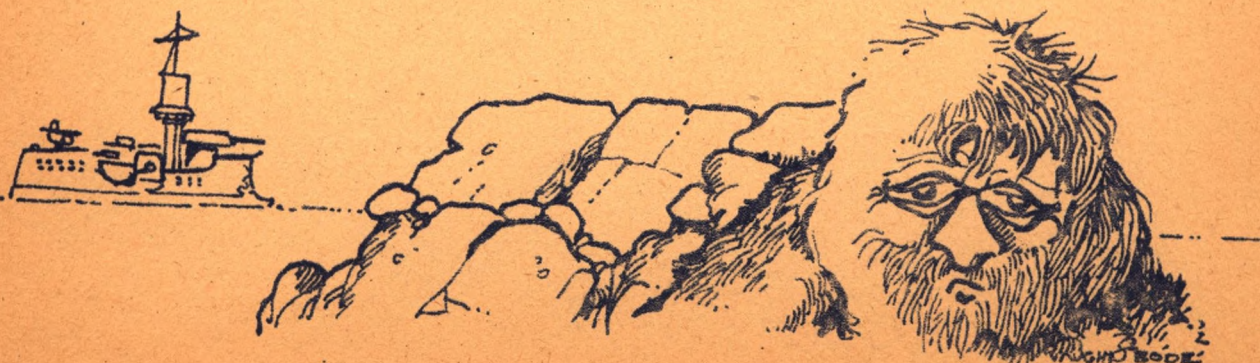
The stencils were typed by:

Marsha Brown (most)
Ed Meskys (the microtype)
Cory Seidman
Fred Lerner
Elliot Shorter

Mimeography by:

Charlie Brown
Elliot Shorter
Ed Meskys

Proofreading by nobody or everybody. We refuse to read, let alone proofread, the microtype.





JOHN BOLAND