



"The Awfset Fanzine"

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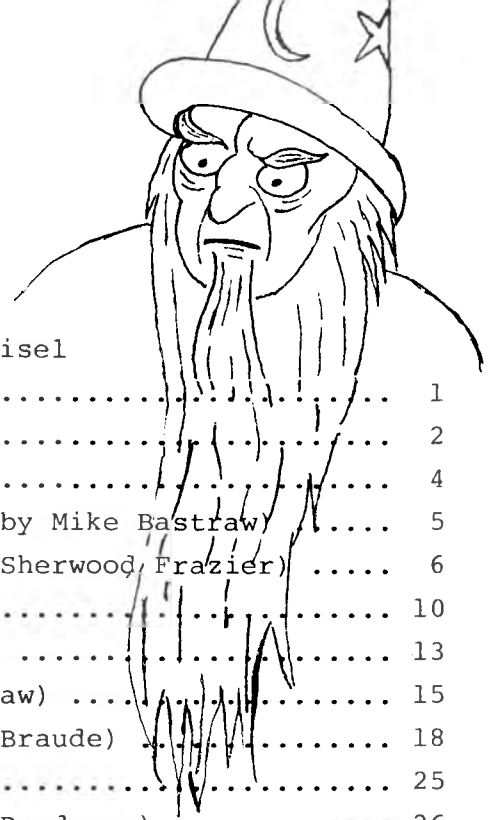
(P.S.: Ed did all the proofreading so you'd be pretty petty to notice the typos.)

Dedication

This issue is dedicated to John Boardman on the event of his 1000th fanzine.

NIEKAS is available for the usual fee: letters, art, trade, material for review, articles, or \$1.50 + 50¢ for postage (\$5/3 issues). Send all money to Sherwood; everything else goes to Ed.

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OPENING REMARKS

Welcome to NIEKAS 23. With this issue we announce a three a year schedule with issue appearing on or about the first of April, August, and December. Closing dates for LoC's and reviews will be February 15th, June 15th, and October 15th. Other material we really need earlier to start typing and layout. We are looking for unsolicited articles, reviews, and art.

As you can tell from the last issue, the old NIEKAS Gestetner mimeo machine is dead. We had to hurriedly find a substitute with disastrous results. The Gestetner agency said it would cost \$250 to repair the old #160, and that even then they couldn't guarantee that it would work or for how long. Then we found an A.B. Dick 320 offset press plus a Scriptomatic 120 plate maker, both in good condition, for a total of \$250.

So guess what we did.

On March 11th they became the property of this motley crew. With the very able assistance of John Bancroft we got everything adjusted and learned how to operate it. On May 14th the first two pages of NIEKAS 23 were run off. We are not using the plate maker right now because it will not handle reductions. Happily, a friend of Mike's has the necessary equipment for shooting reduced negatives and burning the plates. As we become more proficient in the use of the equipment we hope to restore color illos and the old quarterly schedule.

We also continue our search for old subscribers.

THE MAD BLINK OF MOULTONBORO

Again this early section of Bumbejimas has to accomplish several contradictory goals without boring or confusing anyone. NIEKAS is, as was pointed out on the last page of #21, a personalzine run amok. It is the expression of the personalities and current interests of it's multitudinous editors. Each has his own column to express his current obsessions, and this is mine. I want to mention at this point that most of Bumbejimas for the last NIEKAS was written in the late summer of 1978, a good 18 months before it was printed. Since then an awful lot has changed. My son, Stanley, keeps growing and will start Kindergarten this fall. I am still part of the leisure class tho I have fair prospects for getting a half time teaching job this fall. My interests in Gilbert and Sullivan and Georgette Heyer continue, tho at a less than feverish pace than a dozen years ago. I have always been interested in space exploration and have become very enamoured with the concept of O'Neill space colonies and solar power satellites. To further my interest I have joined the National Space Institute and the L5 Society.

I continue to make about three SF cons a year, all in the northeastern corner of the continent. I am planning to go to Noreascon II this Labor Day (my first worldcon since 1973) and hope to start attending them regularly after that. I want to get out to visit California again some day, and Mythcon will be in the San Francisco Bay area only two weeks before Denvention 2. The 7th World Fantasy Con will be in Berkeley two months later but there is no way I forsee being able to stay on or return for that.

I make Boskone and Lunacon virtually every year tho a blizzard the morning I was to leave for the latter kept me away this year. I had even bought a membership and Mike, Sherwood, and Todd had worked like crazy finishing NIEKAS 22 for me to take along.

Last October the World Fantasy Con returned to Providence and Mike Bastraw, Sam Shepard, and I drove down. As you probably read elsewhere, the hotel situation was a mess. There are only three downtown hotels in Providence and they had booked two other large conventions for the same weekend. Even people with confirmed room reservations with a deposit were bumped from the hotels and had to stay in motels 20-40 miles away. We were in a very expensive motel at the Providence airport which started us off in a very bad mood. None of us are horror fans and there was very little general fantasy programming this time. The only program event I really enjoyed was a talk on the vampire in history and legend and the one hour film which followed on the subject. I had not realized that there was a panic over vampires last century akin to the flying saucer flap of the 50's. Bodies of many suspected vampires were exhumed and mutilated. Another highlight of the con was meeting again Fritz Leiber and chatting with him. The film program was minimal which greatly disappointed Mike. One of the few films shown was *The Wicker Man*, and they could only get the mangled print of that. It was still a rather interesting movie and I hope to see the restored version some day. They only had 120 seats available at the awards banquet while con attendance was about 700. Needless to say, we did not eat there tho we found an excellent Italian restaurant about a block away. We returned for the awards and GoH speeches, but those were disappointing. The toastmaster just wasn't up to the precedent set by Robert Bloch four years earlier. The GoH speech [Stephen King] was all right, but nothing to get excited about.

We just got a flyer for a regional fantasy con to be put on by the same people in mid-July and are debating whether to go or not. Again this program does not look very exciting but it will be on a college campus so the expense is quite low. On the other hand, it will be only 5 days

after I get back from the NFB convention in Minneapolis.

All in all I enjoyed myself and was glad I went, but it was far from the best con I had ever attended. If I were more into horror fantasy I would have had a better time I expect.

BoskLone was a totally different story. Because of the impending Worldcon it was a lower keyed convention in Danville, Massachusetts, formerly known as Salem. Many people didn't come thinking it was to have no programming at all; but to NESFA, low key means only two tracks of programming instead of the usual three or four, and no live musical.

Memorable moments included the two tall tales read by the co-GOH Spider Robinson, his GOH speech, the film version of *Watership Down*, and the panel on children's SF and fantasy called "What Do We Tell the Children". Spider's speech will be published in DESTINY magazine this fall, and deals with many criticisms of Robert Heinlein and Spider's answers to them. It was interesting to learn that Ace Books would be publishing, this fall, a half-drawn RAH collection *Expanded Universe*. Half of the material had appeared in an old Ace collection [*The Worlds of Robert A. Heinlein*], but the remainder was new to book form, some previously unpublished. This would include material of a more personal nature wherein RAH would reveal himself more than ever before.

As I said, later this year will be NECON (New England Fantasy Convention) and Noreascon II. Then will come the 6th World Fantasy Convention in Baltimore over Halloween weekend. That is getting fairly far away and transportation is beginning to get very expensive. Also Mike disliked the last fantasy con so much that he is not likely to be tempted to drive down and share a room. I doubt that any of the other four Lakes Region fans (Sherwood and Todd Frazier, Sam Shepard, and Larry Leflam) are likely to go.



My interest in Gilbert and Sullivan is not totally gone, but I have seen only two plays in the last five years. Four years ago I saw UTOPIA LIMITED in New York. This is only the second time I had seen that one. Then, last labor day weekend, a local group put on PATIENCE in the Center Sandwich town hall. This group does one play a year at about this same time; usually MIKADO, PIRATES, or PINAFORE. I had not got around to seeing them before. This year the director got to do PATIENCE elsewhere a little earlier in the year so he used his preparation to do it again here. All in all he did a very nice job of it.

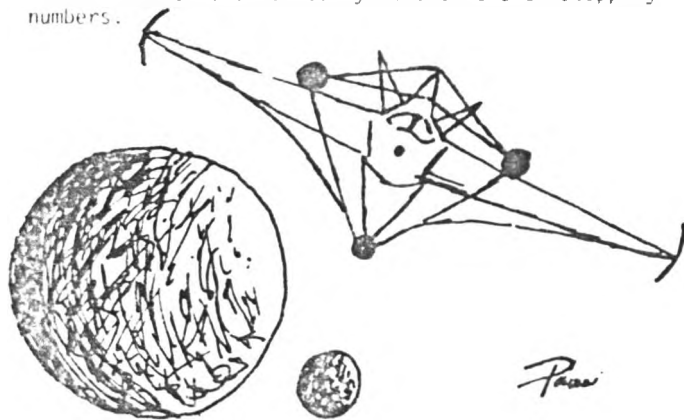
Three years ago in Boston I saw a new Gilbert and Sullivan-like musical by Daniel Pinkham called GARDEN PARTY. This was performed by The Handel and Haydn Society. It was only about a half hour long but very delightful. I do hope it is recorded some day for I could like to hear it again. I first heard about it when the composer was interviewed on Morning Pro Musics, a 5 hour classical music program carried by all public radio stations in the northeast seven days a week. The composer described it as a cross between Stan Freeberg and Gilbert & Sullivan. I phoned Rafe down in Boston to get tickets and we went with tow friends.

The plot is of Adam and Eve in the Garden, told in a very whimsical fashion. Adam wears a casual white suit, Gabriel a black tux, and Eve a pastel gown. (After Eve is created, Adam has a great big band-aid over the front of his shirt.)

After Adam goes off to work the Serpent appears to beguile Eve. He wears pale green pants, a red top, slightly darkened sports jacket with a large pink applique rose, rhinestone rimmed sunglasses, and white patent shoes. My companions described his general appearance as Truman Capote-like, or faggish. The heavenly choir which comments on the scene is a barbershop quartet in traditional garb. After the Serpent fails to tempt Eve, Gabriel comes along and says she is messing up the whole future. Not much can happen until she gets it over with.

She does and they are out.

The dialogue was enjoyable and the music appropriate. However there were no really memorable show-stopping numbers.



NUKE THE WHALES

At the 1980 BoskLone someone was wearing a t-shirt emblazoned "nuke the whales" which had the more doctrinaire eco-freaks and Clammies in a tizzy. I get a kick out of seeing various establishments bent out of shape. Ecology and nuclear proliferation are serious problems but it is all too easy to lose perspective.

I just read *The Bridge* by D. Keith Mano which was a pretty vicious satire on the ecology movement. It was published in 1973 and issued as a three cassette talking book (#RC7727). The book is a framed story. The opening and closing scenes take place about 500 years in the future and the main part of the story early in the next century.

The opening shows the strange society and religion that has grown up with its arenas of ritual execution of deviants and ritual cannibalism. One misfit has his own theories about the origin of the society but is not believed. Then the body of the book, set in 2035, shows the events of a few days which led to the state of affairs. It is the "garbage men take over the world" plot milked by Pohl/Kornbluth and their imitators 25 years ago. Advertising agents (*Space Merchants*), insurance salesmen (*Preferred Risk*), etc. are becoming more and more important in society. What would happen if they took over? Well, here it is the eco-freaks who take over, ban the automobile, destroy all other forms of transportation, ban the killing of any animal or plant for food, and have everyone eat a special drugged glop which is totally absorbed by the body. This has the double bonus of stopping human elimination and its resultant pollution. All life forms have rights equal to that of man, or better. It is a capital offense to swat a mosquito; very obnoxious and busybody police enforce these rules. The hero is in jail for having slugged an enforcer who raped his wife.

The eco-freaks have been wrestling with the problem that every time a man takes a breath he inhales numerous bacteria and virus which kills them. They decide the only option for mankind is to commit mass suicide. The hero protagonist is given a poison pill and told he must take it in less than a week or the enforcers will get him. He tries to get back to his wife and infant in New Jersey but must cross the Hudson River. The bed of the George Washington Bridge has collapsed, and his central feat is walking the cable which still stretches across the span. He has many problems with wild and feral animals, crazies of various persuasions, and the enforcers. He gets back to find his wife dead. He then kills and eats the enforcer responsible. Nearby is a commune of 10 lesbians preparing their graves for their final pill-popping. The implication is that he sways them to his way of thinking and, with them, fathers a new human race--an Adam with ten Eves.

Then we return to the world of 2500 and see more details of the strange society and religion that has grown up.

Continued on page 52



MATHOMS

Anne Braude

This is a perfect day for writing--it's pouring. And it's all my fault, too; I had my car washed. It's a good thing that I didn't wash the windows, too, or we'd probably be having a blizzard.

Edward Gorey is now on TV. PBS has a new suspense anthology series called "Mystery", and Gorey has done animated opening and closing title sequences, very similar to scenes from his books. He has also designed a set for the host, Gene Shalit, which is cozy, Early Poe.

Georgette Heyer's Simon the Coldheart has finally been published in the U.S.; there is a forward by her son explaining that this is one of several of her books that she didn't want to see revived, which explains why no one has brought it out before. It is, indeed, only second- or third-rate Heyer, but that's still better than first-rate stuff by a lot of authors.

I've read hardly any science fiction lately, except Poul Anderson's The Avatar, which was interesting but didn't really turn me on, and Karl Alexander's Time After Time (Jack the Ripper escapes in H.G. Wells' time machine to 1970 San Francisco, hotly pursued by Wells), which is a pretty good book but was made into what all the reviews say is a terrible movie. I have also been reading some science non-fiction, primarily dealing with evolutionary biology: Lyall Watson's Lifetide and Carl Sagan's Dragons of Eden and Broca's Brain. Dragons is too famous to need further comment by me; Broca's Brain is concerned with the "romance" of science. There is a discussion of science fiction (he likes it, in a rather patronizing way) and an extended refutation of Velikovsky, with shorter treatment of other wacko theories. I would disagree with his inclusion of parapsychology among them; some of it qualifies for serious scientific undertaking. His point is that what real science is doing is even more thrilling than fiction or crackpottery, and he proceeds to give instances, mostly from planetology. Sagan is in his usual form, lively and witty. Watson is rather a wild man; some of Lifetide, and most of the only other one of his that I've read, Supernature, deals with ESP and occult phenomena, but he seems to be pretty scientific and skeptical about such things--at least as much so, if not more, than Ivan Sanderson.

I have been reading some fantasy. I just finished Poul Anderson's The Merman's Children, which the jacket blurb describes as the "one great fantasy" that he's wanted to write for years, about the passing of Faeire and its conflict with Christianity. It's not all that great, but it is pretty good, with an unusual setting: Denmark and Dalmatia at the end of the thirteenth century. A city of merfolk is destroyed by an exorcism, and the dispersed survivors look for a new home. Separate parts of the book deal with the merfolk proper, led by their king, and the king's four children by a mortal woman. After numerous adventures, and some very good, if grim, descriptions of the gruelling hardship of life at sea, most of the survivors wind up in Dalmatia, where they are permitted to remain if they submit to baptism and thus gain a human soul, which all but one do. My chief objection is that although Anderson tries to show the acquisition of a soul as an ecstatic experience, well worth the loss of Faeire, he doesn't succeed very well. Someone--I think C.S. Lewis--

once said of Charles Williams that he managed to make salvation more interesting than damnation; Anderson doesn't. Although there are a few decent Christians, the view of Christianity that he presents is basically a grim, intolerant puritanism. There is little of the love and joy found in Williams and Lewis or, for that matter, in the thirteenth-century St. Francis of Assisi. I am also annoyed by Anderson's way of making almost all of his heroines cheerfully promiscuous sexually: he did it in Tau Zero and The Avatar too, to take just the books I can remember off-hand. According to much of what I have read in psychology and biology (Desmond Morris), this is not even scientifically sound: sex evolved as a biological mechanism for pair-bonding, especially for the female, and promiscuity is an aberration. If he wants to present it as normal, he should show a society which has evolved another optimum method of parenting than the family, which he does not do. Although I have dwelt on the things I didn't like, I really did enjoy Merman's Children, but chiefly for aspects that are non-fantastic. For instance, the description of a sea voyage under the primitive conditions of the time was very well done, as was the treatment of the merfolk as refugees in a hostile human world (which could just as well be written about Jewish immigrants, for example). I guess I expected more of Poul, partly because he is so good at fantasy and partly because the buildup on the jacket made it sound like this is the greatest fantasy of the age.

I also have very mixed reactions to two fantasies by Tanith Lee: Night's Master and Death's Master. I haven't read her other fantasy and sf novels, which have made her one of the top new writers. Each of these two is a series of interconnected tales set in a vaguely Arabian-Nights universe, primarily in Underearth, the realm of the demons, but also on Earth and occasionally in Uperearth, where the gods dwell. What bothers me about these books is that they are extremely good, well written, plots and characters both fascinating--but they are set in a completely immoral universe. Lewis once called E.R. Eddison's universe morally objectionable from his point of view, meaning that it was pagan and presented good and evil as equally balanced; but Lee's universe is authentically depraved: evil more or less consistently triumphs over good and innocence and virtue are horribly punished. What goes on in the books is abhorrent to me, but I enjoyed them very much! Lee must be a very good writer indeed to get such a reaction from someone like me, who finds it very difficult to suspend moral judgement when reading fiction, though I am perfectly willing to suspend disbelief (except for what is psychologically contrary to reality, vide my comments on Anderson above).

I was much happier with Diane Duane's The Door Into Fire, which got a very good review from the Panshins in F&SF, which I wholeheartedly endorse. The best thing here is the description of the working of magic. The hero is an adept of sorcery, which is power over the world by manipulation, but also possesses the Flame, which is more or less the ability to induce the world to go along with you in what you want to do (he compares it to raping the universe compared to making love to it). His Flame is useless to him, however, because he cannot focus and control it; his

attempt to find out how to do this is the main story line. The book is particularly good in showing magic being done and in characterizations and relationships; Duane is also successful at the very iffy business of introducing humor into serious fantasy. (Incidentally, the hero's main love interest is homosexual--said relationship done as well as I've seen it anywhere outside of Mary Renault--whatever happened to Boy Meets Girl?)

I was completely satisfied with Richard Purtill's The Golden Gryphon Feather, but it is a much less ambitious book. The introduction compares it to Thomas Burnett Swann, but the resemblance is primarily in material drawn from Greek myth/prehistory, in this case the legends surrounding Crete: the Minotaur, the Labyrinth, Daedalus, etc.

I was reminded less of Swann than of the Theseus novels of Mary Renault and, in theme and style, of the fantasies of Andre Norton, with one substantial difference: the typical Norton protagonist is a young adult alienated from, or a misfit in, his surrounding culture, who possesses gifts or talents that draw him into integration with a different, usually superior, group. Chryseis, Purtill's heroine, is not all that alienated, nor does she, like Norton's characters, suffer from doubts of her own worth because others disapprove of her; she simply goes her own way and forces others to approve of her. The daughter of a master craftsman who is related to the Athenian king and a rather mysterious priestess who disappeared when she was a child, she is one of the first group of Athenian young people sent as tribute to King

Minos, to be trained to participate in the ceremonial bull-leaping in honor of the god Poseidon. She possesses some supernatural gifts (it turns out that her mother was actually a goddess) and a great deal of natural ability and winds up leader of the performers. She is befriended by Ariadne and earns the enmity of Phaedra (who is always a villain in these things) and Minos, and has various adventures in this world and the realm of the gods. Both Theseus and Dionysus are introduced as minor characters, and the scene is set for a sequel. I wonder which version of the Ariadne legend he plans to use: the one where Theseus takes her home, or the one where he abandons her and she is wooed by Dionysus?



"Hector and Ajax"

by Michael Bastraw



A dragon, name of Ajax,
came down the road one day.
Scaly trunk and step:
Ker-THUNK!
Saurion in May.

(in a tree he saw)

Hector was a Roundbird;
he had no song to sing.
The notes were there,
both high and fair,
but meaning he could not bring.

(Ajax said)

A Roundbird that does not sing?
How curious a thing.
You warble thus,
but not discuss,
whys, or whens, or wheres.

(Ajax sang)

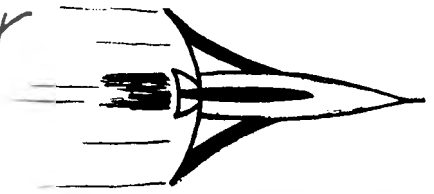
Day in Spring
Night in Fall
Dew on ground
Beyond recall

Loved ones die
Dreams undone
Cold hearts live
the endless lie

(Hector said, with a smile)

With song so sad,
the somber bliss;
that which I leave unsung
will not be missed

Sherwood Frazier Science Fiction



GADGETS, WIDGETS, & WHATCHAMACALLITS

My first understanding of gadgets in science fiction stories occurred while I was reading Heinlein's "Waldo". It was this book that unconsciously (at that time) aroused my interest in the gadgets and widgets that have played such an important role in the writing of science fiction.

If you remove all the whatchamacallits from science fiction and space opera, you end up with nothing more than a shootum-up bang-bang adventure story that in all probability is what we set out to read in the first place. Nevertheless; gadgets, widgets, and whatchamacallits are one of the mainstays of science fiction writing. We all have a certain appreciation or passion for the above mentioned thingies or we would be reading mundane mainstream fiction.

You have to say that GWW's go back to the very first stories that fit the genre; e.g. Cyrano De Bergerac's *L'autre Monde* ("Voyage to the Moon"), where space travel is attempted by several absurd methods. One of these was to sit on a plate of iron and throw a magnet into the air, as the plate arose to meet the magnet, it was thrown higher. Another method was to stand naked in the morning sunshine wearing a harness thickly studded with glass phials, each filled with morning dew, which would rise with the sun; hence flight.

There seems to be, in early science fiction, a fascination for magnetism; not only does Cyrano use it, but the writer he most influenced, Jonathan Swift, also used it. In the Swift story, most significant to science fiction, Gulliver's third travel story, we learn of the Island of Laputa which floats in the air due to the repulsion of a giant magnet located in a cave.

"...the greatest curiosity, upon which the fate of the island depends, is a Load-stone of prodigious size, in shape resembling a Weaver's Shuttle. It is in length six yards, and in the thickest part at least three yards over. This magnet is sustained by a very strong Axle of Adamant, passing through its middle, upon which it plays. And is poised so exactly that the weakest hand can turn it.

By means of this Load-stone, the Island is made to rise and fall and move from one place to another. For...the stone is endued at one of its sides with an attractive power, and the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the magnet erect with its attracting end towards the earth, the Island descends; but when the repelling extremity points downwards, the Island mounts directly upwards..."

Although the majority of Swift's stories were satires of man and his institutions, they can be read as science fiction and indeed they are today. His GWW's are well worth mentioning though his biggest contribution to science fiction will turn out to be his influence on future writers.

The author to which I usually associate the first mechanical GWW's has to be Jules Verne. In his series of extraordinary voyages--*Five Weeks in a Balloon*, *Around the World in Eighty Days*, *From the Earth to the Moon*, and *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*--he introduces many such mechanical contrivances. His most notable being the submarine Nautilus which wooed the world to the marvels of science in the 19th century. Though his "voyages" stories introduced many new and unusual GWW's, they were simply a means by which Verne could take his readers on a nature study.

His finest attempt at GWW's was in his three volume novel *The Mysterious Island* (1875). The novel tidied up two previous novels: *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* and *The Children of Captain Grant*. The story begins with the escape of five prisoners during the Civil War from Richmond in a hot air balloon. They are blown out to sea (the Pacific) in a week-long storm and end up on a desert island. Here is where we see the second type of science fiction that Verne wrote: the invention. These castaways outdo Robinson Crusoe ten-fold by redeveloping virtually every accomplishment of 19th century technology.

They receive help (a chest containing just what they need) from an unknown source; on a neighboring island they find Captain Grant; and when attacked by pirates are inexplicably saved; finally, in a cave, they find the Nautilus and Captain Nemo. With this story Verne really tied up both earlier novels and gave us a wealth of GWW's that still, to this day, leave some people scratching their heads.

The ability of Verne to use science and technology successfully in his stories is easily understood when one realizes what was occurring during his most prolific writing years. From the early 1870's into the 1890's many major technological breakthroughs occurred: the first four-cycle gas engine (1876), electric welding and the first microphone (1877), the incandescent lamp (1879), and the first plastic fiber, rayon (1883), only to mention a few.

Jules Verne was a man very much involved in his time; he not only accepted science, he understood the usability of it and, because of this, he glorified it in his stories.

During the last two decades of the 19th century many writers were making contributions to the history of GWW's; Mark Twain in his time travel novel *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889) predicted television, he called it "teleelectroscope". In a collection of stories by Ambrose Bierce, *Can Such Things Be?* (1893), Bierce introduced one of the very first robot stories, "Moxon's Master". In the Professor Challenger series by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle many GWW's were introduced to aid the good professor in his treks to the far corners of the world.

The most notable author of this era, sometimes referred to as the father of science fiction, is H.G. Wells. Wells not only introduced many first to the history of GWW's, but developed a sub-genre that has given us some of the finest gadgets, widgets, and whatchamacallits that the

imagination can conceive. This sub-genre begins with the story The War of the Worlds (1898) in which we get our first look at intelligent aliens and their far superior GWW's. Because of Wells enormous interest in evolution he continued to develop aliens which in turn give us more GWW's. In his story, The First Men in the Moon (1901), he reaches the ultimate expression as applied to GWW's, The heroes of the story land on the Moon to find an intelligent race who has taken GWW specialization to the limit. The Selenites (the intelligent race) have done better than social insects when it comes to specialization; the thinkers are all brain and workers are all hands.

Wells successfully blended the best of two early writers, the artistic merit of Jonathan Swift, and the scientific thought of Jules Verne. He gave science fiction plausibility, which may prove to be more important than all the GWW's he could have possibly dreamed up.

I have failed to mention many writers from the late 19th century and early 20th century that have contributed to the history of GWW. As I dig up their stories and/or articles about them I will include them in this column in future issues. I will also be talking about certain GWW's in depth; such as Heinlein's waldoes, A.C. Clarke's communication satellites, and Asimov's robots, to mention a very few.

SOMETHING NEW

Have you ever picked up a book by an unknown author, read it, and knew immediately that this author was going to be BIG? I'm sure you have at one time or another, I have on a couple of occasions, the most recent being a book entitled Inherit the Stars. That was in 1977, since then I have read 4 more books by James P. Hogan and have been excited by this man's ability to tell a story.

James Patrick Hogan was born in London in 1941, received his education from the Cardinal Vaughan Grammar School, and studied general engineering at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough. He specialized in electronics and digital systems. After being a systems design engineer for a few years, he got into sales and later joined the computer industry as a salesman. He worked for several large firms: ITT, Honeywell, and Digital Equipment Corp., finally ending up in the United States. He is currently living in Florida where he has turned to writing full time.

To my knowledge Inherit the Stars (Del Rey, 1977, \$1.50) is Hogan's first novel. He handles this speculation with superb finesse. This is not a new idea but Hogan makes it as fresh as the first science fiction book you read. The future world that Hogan has set this story in is very real. You feel that you could easily become a citizen there. Because of this you are as interested in the outcome of the story as are the characters.

The sequel which appeared almost 2 years and one book later was an extraordinary example of tying two books together. The choreography of theory and countertheory is executed beautifully in both books. The Gentle Giants of Ganymede (Del Rey, 1978, \$1.75) is one of the first sequels that I have ever read.

The Genesis Machine (Del Rey, 1978, \$1.75) appeared between the two stories I talked about above, yet was unrelated. Hogan uses his wealth of knowledge in the sciences to awaken the scientific mind of his readers. From a theory of applied mathematics he constructs a machine that is just as the title implies. The construction of the machine is a trivial matter compared to the nose-dive that it causes in science and technology. This is when Hogan is at his best, he can wreak havoc as well as any author I have read. But his reconstruction process is on a grand par with the likes of Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov, and Fred Pohl. This is the type of science fiction that I like to recommend to young readers because of its ability to induce a real appreciation for science.

His 4th book, The Two Faces of Tomorrow (Del Rey, 1979, \$1.95), is decidedly his best and is my favorite. As in The Genesis Machine an idea is born, a theory is formulated, and an apparatus is constructed. But the real story is in the characters and their relationship to the

apparatus; a computer so human-like in thought as to be self-aware, self-programming, and equipped with the ability to make judgements. A computer with this capacity is obviously a potential threat to the world if not handled properly, therein lies the cath-22.

As far as I know the last book he has done is Thrice Upon a Time (Del Rey, 1980, \$2.25). It takes a lot more to understand the theory, but the reading is well worth it. Again Hogan demonstrates his ability to build strong, believable characters. I have known people like the people that Hogan characterizes; we all have at one time or another.

You have probably guessed by now that I'm sold on James P. Hogan; I like his stories, I like his characters, and most of all I like the freshness of his style. His science is both believable and plausible. At the beginning of his book The Two Faces of Tomorrow Hogan gives an acknowledgement to a Professor Marvin Minsky for advice received in which he makes the statement: "A popular notion holds that science-fiction writers see today were science-fact will be going tomorrow; in reality, more often, the process tends to work the other way round."

Read Hogan, he is one of the best, I highly recommend any and all his stories.



"We are a scientific civilization," hails Jacob Bronowski. "That means a civilization in which knowledge and its integrity are crucial...knowledge is our destiny."

Unless an effort is undertaken to demonstrate the need for, and the understanding of science and technology in our society, we will be denying that destiny. It is extremely difficult to lift a nation into the next cycle of experience without the forward thrust of science and technology.

In the final chapter of The Ascent of Man Bronowski confesses himself saddened "to find myself suddenly surrounded in the West by a sense of terrible loss of nerve, a retreat from knowledge". I define this "loss of nerve" as a loss of spirit. This spirit is as important to the life's blood of a nation as are the people that populate it. I seriously doubt that there is a man or woman in this country that believes we have lost our spirit or that we are back-sliding as a nation. For some reason, let's call it self-deception, we feel this cannot happen to us.

We are not by all means immune to this. To think so is to deny history. Many countries at the apex of their development fell because of their inability to invoke the proper leadership, which in turn failed to assess the

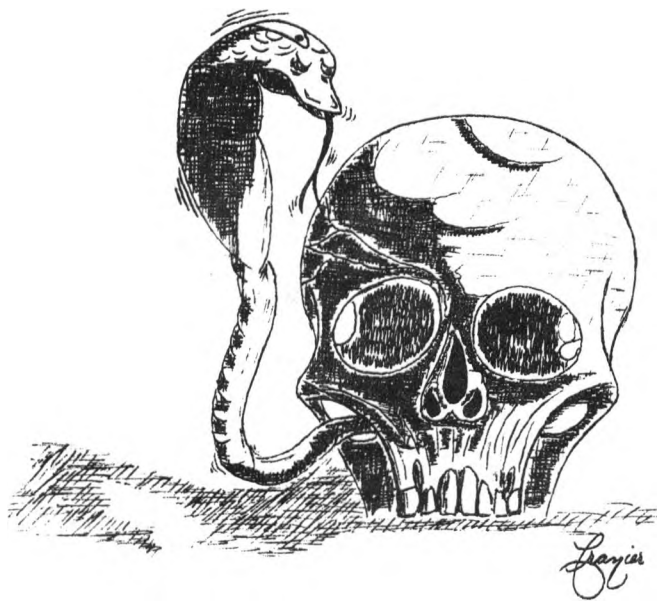
adequate goals. This failure of assessment is the single most dangerous problem that can confront a nation the size of America. If a nation is unable to make the proper assessments at the proper time, it is left without a reasonable foundation on which the next cycle of experience can begin.

We can trace this failure of assessment to a loss of spirit, without national spirit we suffer a kind of apathy which in time will render us hopelessly deficient as a world power.

Do not read me wrong, lifting our spirits will not mean an end to all the problems that face us. It will be merely a catalyst. Once we have regained our spirit, which will help us to gain back our self-confidence, we will have the psychological edge to tackle the physical problems. This can be seen on a small scale. Each and every one of us at one time or another has had a psychologically depressed period in our lives. When your spirit is lifted, when you regain your self-confidence, your attitude changes completely. You become almost zealous in your willingness to tackle problems. This receptive frame of mind usually renders the problems null.

I cannot for a minute pretend that I have the answer. I do not know what will collectively lift the spirit of a country this size. But I do know that we can affect the people around us. This can be accomplished by reading about and understanding new trends in science and technology, by studying the political picture and invoking the proper leadership.

Let us communicate better. We cannot afford to "retreat from knowledge". Our world is based on knowledge, without it we will surely become an endangered species.



COMMUNICATIONS

In reference to what I say above about communicating better to help educate each other, I would like to pass on some info I received from NASA. Before I get into the items I would like to give you the address of the NASA News: NASA, Washington D.C., 20546 (ask to receive the NASA News. This publication is done by NASA for release to the media, they are infrequent, but I have received as many as 4 or 5 a week, and seldom go a week without receiving at least one. The information is up to date as you might expect with this type of publication, but what I liked best is it is first hand, never a chance for a misinterpretation. I will present them verbatim to diminish any chance that the paraphrasing will be misunderstood.

BOEING TO STUDY SPACE DISPOSAL OF NUCLEAR WASTE FOR NASA

The Boeing Aerospace Co., Seattle, Wash., has been awarded a \$296,000 contract by NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center, Huntsville, Ala., to study and analyze systems concepts for the possible disposal of nuclear wastes in space.

This supports the Department of Energy's program to develop technology for managing radioactive wastes in a safe and environmentally acceptable fashion. The space disposal option could supplement Earth disposal by removing from Earth the long-lived radionuclides which remain radioactive over tens of thousands of years.

A joint NASA/Department of Energy working group has prepared a preliminary four-year concept for a development and evaluation study plan detailing the activities necessary to reach an assessment of the space disposal option. The Boeing study will provide input for the first year of activities in this area.

If the program plan is adopted, the Marshall Center will continue space system studies over the next four years, while the Department of Energy will be conducting parallel studies in the areas of nuclear waste systems, associated domestic and international concerns, and related assessments.

The four-year space option program is expected to provide a systematic approach resulting in a thorough assessment of and plan for the space disposal option. The first year Boeing study will build on previous study results with emphasis on identifying, defining and assessing reasonable space systems concepts.

Studies of space systems concepts will include nuclear waste payload protection approaches, identification of space destinations, options for type of space transportation and launch sites, and payload retrieval techniques. The Boeing study is to be completed by December 1980.

COLUMBIA FLIGHT ENGINES RETEST SCHEDULED

The retesting of the Space Shuttle Columbia's main engines, announced early this month, will consist of a single, 520-second, static firing for each engine.

Two test stands at the National Space Technology Laboratories, Bay St., Louis, Miss., will be used for the tests. Engine 2007 has been mounted in test stand A-2 and is scheduled for static firing in late May. Engine 2006, to be mounted on stand A-1, will be tested in mid-June. Engine 2005 is to be tested on stand A-2 in late June.

NASA has scheduled reacceptance tests for the main engines because of modifications made to the engines since the original acceptance tests were conducted in April and July 1979.

Testing is conducted by Rockwell International's Rocketdyne Division, Canoga Park, Calif., for NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center, Huntsville, Ala., which is responsible for development and testing of the Space Shuttle main engines.

ORBITAL FLIGHT TEST PROGRAM EXTENDED

NASA has extended the date for completion of the first four Space Shuttle orbital flight tests to April 1982. The extension of the flight test program has made it necessary to reschedule the first optional flight of the Columbia, STS-5, from March 1982 to September 1982.

The decision to extend the flight test program and reschedule STS-5 is the result of several factors, the major being continuing engineering assessment and improvement of the Thermal Protection System.

Additionally, it is felt that there should be more time allowed for necessary engineering tasks during the orbital flight tests, and that a concerted effort should be made to effect a smooth and structured transition from the orbital flight tests to the operational phase of the Space Shuttle Program.

The first operational flight will launch the Tracking and Data Relay Satellite-A (TDRS-A) into a geosynchronous orbit according to Space Transportation System operations manifest currently being revised.

The operational launch schedule, reflecting the extended

test program adjustment will be discussed in detail with Shuttle users at a conference to be held May 29 and 30 at Kennedy Space Center, Fla.

Changes in the operations manifest have been coordinated with the Department of Defense, a major user of the Space Shuttle.

During the transition to full Space Shuttle operations, NASA will employ the Delta 3910 and the updated Delta 3920 launch vehicles. In addition to NASA, other organizations expected to use these launch vehicles include Telesat of Canada, Indonesia and Hughes Aircraft.

To provide timely launches and to accommodate 3900-series Deltas for these and other Delta users, modification of Launch Complex 17-B at the Kennedy Space Center is being considered.

March 1981 is now the most probable time for the first launch of the Space Shuttle (STS-1). The completion of the Thermal Protection System and its mechanical integrity remain the prime technical concern of the Shuttle development program.

A DAY ON SATURN IS LONGER THAN EARLIER ESTIMATES

A team of scientists working for NASA has determined that the rotation period of Saturn--the length of a day of the planet--is some 24 minutes longer than had previously been estimated.

Using bursts of radio noise from Saturn, recorded by the two Voyager spacecraft, the length of one day was determined to be 10 hours, 39.9 minutes long.

Previously astronomers using Earth-based observations of the ringed planet, had calculated the length of a day at about 10 hours, 15 minutes, but admitted their measurements lacked great accuracy.

The determination of the new length of a Saturn day was made by Michael Kaiser and Michael Desch of NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Md., and James Warwick and Jeffrey Pearce of Radiophysics, Inc., Boulder, Colo. They are members of the Voyager Planetary Radio Astronomy team headed by Warwick.

The lack of accuracy of earlier measurements was due in part to the fact that Saturn does not have a solid surface. Observers can see only the tops of the planet's clouds, which have no sharply defined features to allow accurate determination of rotation.

Dr. Warwick's team recorded radio signals from a variety of sources in the sky during January 1980, when Voyager 1 was more than 380 million kilometers (236 million miles) from Saturn, and Voyager 2 was more than 554 million km (344 million mi.) from the planet.

By gradually eliminating signals coming from the Sun, Jupiter and other sources, the investigators determined that the signals they were receiving every 10 hours, 39.9 minutes originated at the north pole of Saturn, and were precisely controlled by the planet's rotating magnetic field.

Several years ago radio astronomers were able to pin down the rotation rate of Jupiter using this same method. Scientists feel it is the most accurate method of determining rotation. Although Earth, Jupiter and Saturn are all emitters of radio signals, scientists do not as yet understand how these signals are generated.

Voyager 1 is scheduled to make its closest approach to Saturn Nov. 12, 1980. Voyager 2 will pass the planet Aug. 25, 1981.

The Voyager Project is managed for NASA's Office of Space Science by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, Pasadena, Calif. It is a government-owned facility operated for NASA by the California Institute of Technology.

EARTH MAY HAVE HAD SATURN-LIKE RING 34 MILLION YEARS AGO

A ring similar to the rings surrounding Saturn today may have existed around Earth 34 million years ago, according to a scientist at NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Md.

Dr. John A. O'Keefe, of Goddard's Laboratory for Astronomy and Solar Physics, calculates that the ring, composed of tektites (glass meteorites), lasted one to several million years. The shadow of the rings on Earth's surface caused climatic changes in the temperate zones.

The sudden climatic change 34 million years ago has been known to geologists for many years as the terminal Eocene event.

This change is considered to be the most profound climatic event to have occurred during the entire Tertiary period between 65 million and 2 million years ago. (The Eocene era represents the earliest part of the Tertiary period in the Earth's Geological history.) Through botanical studies, geologists already had found that the temperature changes occurred at the end of the Eocene, but until now, there has been no acceptable explanation for the occurrence, according to O'Keefe.

During the terminal Eocene event, he explained, winter temperatures in the northern hemisphere dropped approximately 20 degrees Celsius (35 degrees Fahrenheit).

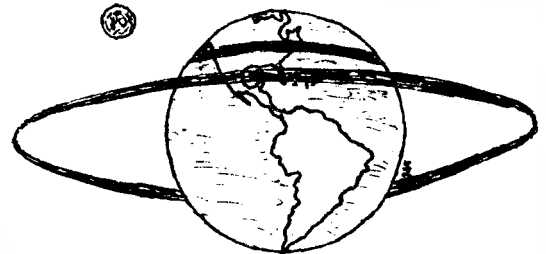
The basis for O'Keefe's belief lies in the fact that the biological changes coincide quite accurately with a massive fall of tektites from outer space. While the precise origin of the tektites has not been established, O'Keefe thinks that they might have come from an eruption on the Moon. Studies of the tektites, he said, show that some of them have similarities with rocks brought back from the Moon by American astronauts in the NASA Apollo program. Whatever their source, these tektites crashed into the Earth, leaving a path, or strewn field, extending at least half way around the Earth, from the eastern United States westward across the Pacific to the Philippines.

O'Keefe suggests that the tektites that missed Earth went into orbit around our planet and organized themselves into a ring like the rings around Saturn. Once formed, the ring blocked out the rays of the Sun in the northern hemisphere in the winter, due to the Sun's location below the plane of the equator. The shadow cast by the ring resulted in the lowering of winter temperatures.

The ring disappeared, O'Keefe believes, when forces in space, such as the pressure of sunlight or the drag of the atmosphere, pulled the particles out of the ring. They were pulled either downward into the atmosphere, where some burned up and others fell to Earth, or upward into space away from the Earth.

O'Keefe, who has been a NASA scientist since 1958, reports his findings in the May 29 issue of the British journal, NATURE.

Until recently, Saturn was believed to be the only ringed planet in the solar system. However, rings have been discovered around both Uranus and Jupiter over the past few years.



In future issues I will be continuing with this type of info as well as other data from other sources. I will try to respresent material verbatim whenever possible, I feel as I said before that paraphrasing can present problems.

If anyone is in need of any material about the space program or NASA please drop me a line, if I can't help you directly I might be able to give you an address or phone number where you can receive an answer.

Notes from Elfhill:

by Diana L. Paxson

General Systems Theory, Science Fiction & Magic

I am a convert.

Having successfully resisted the seductions of various radical religious and political movements such as abound in the San Francisco Bay area, I now have to admit that I have succumbed at last to a new and outre enthusiasm-- General Systems Theory (GST-- us systems types love acronyms). The fact that I encountered it not on a Berkeley street corner nor in the steamy intimacy of a Marin hot tub, but in the respectable confines of my office at Far West Laboratory for Educational Research and Development (somebody once wrote to us as Far Out Lab., but that was a long time ago), may have contributed to my susceptibility.

However my boss is a charter member of the Society for General Systems Research (SGSR), and after several years of resisting it because systems thinking is generally expressed in such poor prose style, I got ahold of a few lucid articles, and got hooked. Indeed, I am now about to enter a Ph.D. program in Human Systems Sciences. For those who have known me through my previous incarnations as a medieval scholar and officer of the SCA, or as a fledgling fantasy writer, this may seem wildly out of character. But all the time I've been doing those things, I've also been earning a living by trying to do something about the contemporary educational system. (What, you mean you haven't noticed any improvements in the system? Now you know why I'm frustrated).

I'm still living in Elfhill, and I'm still looking for patterns... I want to know how things fit together, and why, and how to figure out what's going on! But is General Systems Theory the Answer?

What is the Question?

Many of those who read NIEKAS will already be familiar with GST, and with the SGSR, which got started around ten years ago. However it is still very much a developing discipline, and there is considerable question about what it is, what it should do, and how. I look upon it as a sort of intellectual LSD, since it seems to give some people the same kind of feeling of simultaneous part/whole perception, the sense of being about to understand the Meaning of It All, as has been reported by people under the influence of various mind-expanding drugs. But (I think) it's a lot safer, unless I open my mouth on the subject once too often and get beaned...

For several years I have been trying to be the compleat intellectual on the job and the complete creative artist the rest of the time. I started writing fiction as an antidote to R&D jargon, and eventually almost lost my job because the book I was writing started to take over my life. Everyone kept telling me to choose between them, but why can't I have both? I like hard science fiction and fantasy. I believe in both science and magic, in art and analysis. What I need is a basic conceptual framework into which I can fit them both!

Zen and the Art of Thinking-- the Problem of Reality

Heisenberg once observed that one of the major tasks which modern science faces in dealing with today's complex problems is the development of a "really different attitude toward the problem of reality." Systems thinkers feel that GST offers a way to develop such an attitude and use it to devise methods for dealing with complexity (dealing with, not solving-- first we have to understand the problems).

GST recognizes that analyzing parts without recognizing their relationships in a larger whole leads to dead-ends, and the tendency of disciplines or groups to evolve their own "languages" cuts off communication (which inevitably leads to intellectual gangrene). In response, it offers the systems perspective-- a way of looking at reality in terms of commonalities rather than differences, and an exploration of metalanguages which can be used to communicate what is going on.

As the astronauts discovered, a lot depends on your point of view.

To avoid confusion, at this point I ought to emphasize that there is a difference between what is meant by "systemic" and "systematic", between General Systems Theory and Systems Analysis. The latter is something you use to figure out the most efficient way to get your missiles from hither to yon. The former is what you use to figure out the consequences to humanity if the missiles arrive.

Writers on General Systems Theory often have an almost messianic fervor. They propose that we are moving into a new intellectual epoch-- a "systems age" which is gradually transcending the Machine Age and its ways of thought. The two approaches can be contrasted like this--

Machine Age	Systems Age
* analytic	* synthesizing
* reductionist/ particular	* expansionist/ holistic
* specialized	* interdisciplinary

The Systems Movement is said to have begun twenty-five years ago with the publication of Norbert Wiener's Cybernetics. But I suspect that its growth in the past fifteen years is at least partially a result of the proliferation of computers capable of performing vast quantities of specialized analysis. Freed from the labor of reducing the data, scientists have begun to realize that the quality of the answers depends upon the quality of the questioning (is there a parallel between this and the effect of household laborsaving devices and the development of feminist consciousness?).

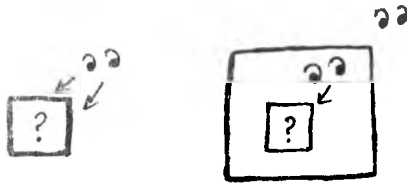
But just because Systems is a developing field, and because it tries to focus on the broader view, attempts to firmly define it resemble trying to catch trout with one's hands-- just when you think you've got it, it slips through your fingers and you're left with a handful of mud. At this point, the critic of GST unkindly suggests that maybe there was nothing there in the first place but mud, or moonshine...

But what does all of this have to do with science fiction? Well, with all its fumbings, GST does attempt to deal with the problem of reality, and if I didn't have a problem with reality I probably wouldn't read so much science fiction.

Actually, it's not so much that I have a problem with reality as that I have trouble believing in it, so naturally I am attracted to people who are willing to consider the question objectively. I find a certain similarity between considering alternative world views and alternate worlds.

Psychology and Philosophy both worry about the nature of perception. Why can some people see only the black or the white patterns in a figure-ground design, while others can see either, or both at the same time? Can a man step in the same river twice? (If two men step into the water at the same time, are they both standing in the same river?) How can a hypnotist touch a subject with a cold knife and produce a real burn?

There is plenty of evidence that the "reality" we perceive is determined as much by our cultural and linguistic conditioning as by external phenomena (at this point I wouldn't dare guess what proportions of "reality" result from which source). Even the concept of time may be vulnerable when considered from this point of view. Does a clock measure Time, or only an Indo-European version of some more general phenomenon? As particle physics develops, our ability to define such concepts as time, space, and matter is becoming less and less sure. This has important implications for science, since it means that there is no such thing as an independent observer. We are all participants.



But what if one could develop a point of view large enough to embrace all seeming inconsistencies?

Some people do this, and we call them mystics, or masters, and between them and the scientist there is a great gulf fixed. For centuries, Zen masters have trained their students by overloading their senses with apparently meaningless questions. By bombarding their intellects with masses of divergent data, systems thinkers may do something similar. The mystic says, "No man is an island:" the systems thinker says, "Everything is connected to everything else," with the same sense of awe. The rest of us look at both of them and say, "Well that's all very true but what does it mean?"

C3PO, where are you now? The Problem of Communication

One of the more endearing areas of research within GST is "fuzzy system theory" defined by Lotfi Zadeh as being not merely a theory of fuzzy systems (such as almost any system involving human beings) but also a theory which allows one to make fuzzy statements about systems ("System X is slightly nonlinear...") Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear. Another writer refers to a system of problems as a "mess".

Unfortunately, such lighthearted moments are rare in literature. Systems concepts may be simple, but they are usually presented in terms of monumental obscurity, viz. "The system of physics is committal for any rational being ...by a process of deanthropomorphization it approaches a representation of certain relational aspects of reality." (Von Bertalanffy).

What he means is that our language, culture, and scientific history have led us to develop a system of physics which may be internally consistent, but which is not necessarily the best or only model for reality. He then considers the kinds of physics that might be developed by creatures on other planets who had other sensory equipment.

Even most science fiction writers don't question $E=MC^2$ or the second law of thermodynamics-- FTL drives are allowed by tacit suspension of disbelief. But systems writers question everything. Spyros Makridakis has in fact proposed the Second Law of Systems, "that things tend to become more and more orderly if they are left to themselves," to balance the Second Law of Thermodynamics and provide a more credible theory to explain the phenomena we observe in the universe.

The vision of a universe which is inevitably running down was depressing, and the idea of one progressing towards some unimaginable apotheosis hard to believe. But what about a universe that recycles itself? Maybe the totality consists of universes in various stages of entropy and negentropy until they are sucked through a Black Hole and turned inside out.

In order to think differently, we need new languages, which will not constrain us to linearity and polarity. Systems struggles along with scientific prose and jargon; a set of mathematical tools is being evolved; the possibilities of computers for such work are still being explored. But computers are based on an "either/or" logic. What if we want "either/and"?

So systems people draw a lot of pictures, whether they have any artistic talent or not. The two dimensions of the printed page present certain problems. I have often sighed for computer read-outs like those in Star Wars. Better still would be a holographic representation in three dimensions that would project before the reader's eyes when she turned the page.

But even such visual representations may be inadequate. Instead of scientific jargon, why not try poetry? Instead of a diagram, how about a dance? The Robinsons' book Stardance suggests what such a multidimensional, kinesthetic system of communication might be like. Interestingly enough, it also has a lot to say about altered worldviews and the importance of perspective.

If we find our words too limiting, we need to learn how to use images instead-- the intuition as well as the intellect. Each of us possesses an internal computer that synthesizes everything we receive, and which, if we allow it, will respond with insights so unexpected they might have been provided by somebody else-- the invisible collaborator. We need to learn how to use both sides of our brains in a constructive partnership if we are ever going to understand Reality and communicate what we learn.

Physics, Metaphysics, and Magic--May the Force be with You!

I know little of physics, something of metaphysics, and enough to know how little I know about magic. And the more I study, the more I suspect that they may all be aspects of the same thing. As physics moves from the study of the palpable, observable world around us to the study of forces so large or small that they can be apprehended only by hypothesis, it seems to move closer and closer to philosophy.

Scientists work with models of reality-- by changing and manipulating the model they alter what they can perceive. Systems takes this approach a few steps further and applies it to the comparison of systems, using physically different and spatially separate systems as models of each other. This means that if you want to study a large and complicated system which cannot be fitted into your laboratory, try extrapolating from the behavior of a small and simple one instead. Depending on how accurately you have identified the correspondences between the two, the results may be surprisingly applicable.

One systems writer points out, "...to many empiricists and experimentalists...it seems somehow outrageous, or dishonest, to acquire information about these systems

through arguments; they regard it as akin to magic." (Rosen, 1979)

Well, actually, that's what it is. "As Above, so Below," has been a basic tenet of Magical Tradition for centuries. There are many schools of magic, from Wicca to Kabbalism, which vary in their goals, methods, and common sense. However most of them do share two characteristics--they manipulate symbols to produce changes in external reality, and they use reason, ritual and other practices to produce changes in the consciousness of the practitioner.

In other words, they use modeling techniques, and they seek to gain access to the intuitive capacities of the brain. Most mystical or magical traditions that actually get results appear to do so by changing the way the initiate perceives reality. Surely, when faced with the vastness of our ignorance (for an analysis, see The Encyclopedia of Ignorance), we cannot afford to despise any tradition through which men have sought knowledge...

The preceding is by no means an exhaustive survey of General Systems Theory and its implications. I am still

among the newest of neophytes, and anything I say on the subject must be considered as the burlblings of a tourist in the Galaxy. I am not only not always sure what the Great Minds I am studying mean, I am not often very sure what I mean.

But I am sure having fun...

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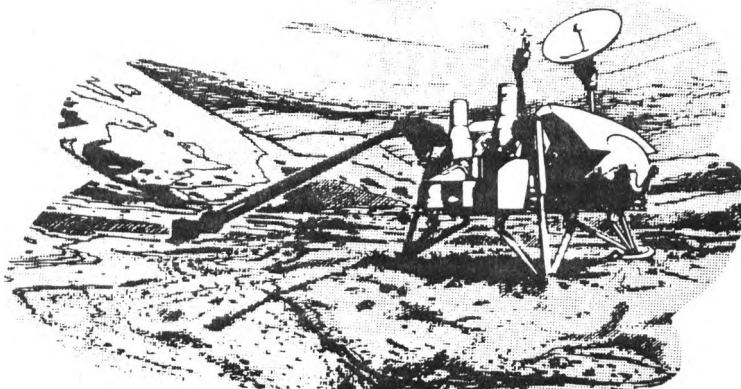
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WANT TO EXPLORE MARS?



The Viking spacecraft is exploring Mars, and for as little as \$1 million of private funding, its robot intelligence can provide a wealth of information on which to base further explorations, and perhaps solve the riddles of Earth's weather.

Private funding is the key, and in an era of rampaging inflation and competing budget pressures, the sharing of costs between the government and private sources is desirable as a means to greatly increase the scope of explorations such as Viking. NASA intends to bring back Viking's valuable data through 1990, and a fund has been established by the San Francisco Section of the American Astronautical Society to help share this responsibility, and directly fund both private and government research into the mysteries of Mars on a year to year basis through the mechanism of a trust fund. By contributing to the Viking Fund, you can show your support for these programs, as well as help set a precedent for private funding of such space activities. The Viking Fund has as its goal the raising of \$1 million for Viking operations by July 20, 1980.

And not to be overlooked in an election year are the political implications of such a graphic demonstration of public interest in the space program. Privately raising \$1 million for a space project would be a tremendous signal to Washington D.C. of the public willingness to support space activities. The time for talking is over; it is literally time to "put your money where your mouth is," and unequivocally demonstrate your support for the space program.

If you want to explore Mars and support your space program, do not delay in making your contribution. Donations (minimum amount \$1 — made payable to the Viking Fund) should be mailed to: THE VIKING FUND, P.O. BOX 7655, MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA 94025. All contributions are tax deductible, and all contributors will receive acknowledgement of their gift, and regular up-dates on the Fund's and Viking's progress. Also, all contributors will receive an invitation to the dedication of the Fund to NASA, in Washington D.C., during July 1980.

The Viking Fund
P.O. Box 7655
Menlo Park, CA 94025



ACROSS THE RIVER

Fred Lerner

THE TWO CULTURES

When a proposition is discussed in terms of its profitability rather than its possibility, it is more than halfway toward realisation. The industrialisation of Space has become as much a concern of accountants as of visionaries, and BUSINESS WEEK is as likely as ANALOG to examine its prospects. The important question has ceased to be, "Is Space industrialisation possible?" The real question has become, "How will we make money at it?" From now on, it is the boardroom rather than the laboratory that will shape the future of Space exploration.

Space industrialisation implies the colonisation of Space: the establishment of permanent human settlements off the surface of this planet. And this will bring about some significant technical, political, and social developments. The technical problems of Space colonisation will perplex generations of engineers, but the financial and administrative ones may prove to be even more interesting.

Who will pay for the colonisation of Space, and who will control its development? Early science fiction stories, such as The Skylark of Space and Rocket Ship Galileo, had amateur inventors constructing spaceships in their backyards; more realistic stories, such as "The Man Who Sold the Moon", suggested that giant corporations would finance the exploration of Space. As it happened, governments took up spaceflight as an outlet for international competition, and political rather than economic considerations determined the course of Space exploration.

But governments concerned more with short-term results than with long-run can lose interest in Space research and development, and that's just what has happened in the United States. The continued interest of the Soviet Union in Space exploration has influenced the American government to continue a limited Space program, but it seems that Russian competition is more significant in the minds of American policymakers than the intrinsic benefits of Space research.

Regardless of the American government's actions, American involvement in Space exploration will continue. The growing sensitivity of corporations to the profit potential of manufacturing activities in Space will see to that. Even if the American government were to substitute hostility for indifference, the corporations could easily get around that. Following the precedent set by flags of convenience and offshore banking, countries such as Nauru or Costa Rica or Bermuda may launch their own national Space programs, lending their sovereignty (for a healthy fee) to corporate Space venturing. Just as the convention that all nations are equal in sovereignty protects the Panamanian merchant marine and the banking industry of

Grand Cayman, so the mini-states of the world will be able to fly their flags in Space with impunity.

But their flags will not stay up for very long. Once Space settlements are established, their inhabitants will see little gain in being ruled from a distant mother planet. The story has often been told (Robert Heinlein has based at least three novels on it) of the rebellion of the Lunar or Martian colonies from the tyranny of Earth. A revolt of the orbital space colonies is even more likely.

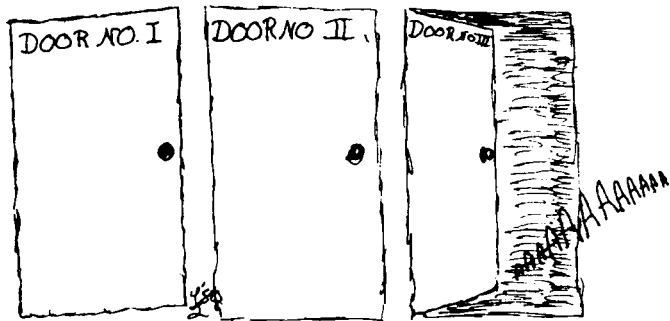
An L5 colony, in order to survive, will have to be designed for self-sufficiency. Its economy will provide for the production of necessities from initial capital resources or from material mined on the Moon or in the Asteroid Belt. Luxuries, both tangible and intangible, will be imported from Earth: but the colony would be able to survive and prosper even if all intercourse with Earth were cut off.

The revolt won't come until a second generation of Space-born colonists takes over the management of their miniature world. For by that time, the transition from colonist to Spaceman will have been made. Just as the first and second generations of British emigrants to Canada and Australia thought of themselves as transplanted Englishmen, but their descendants knew little of England and identified themselves as Canadians or Australians, so Earth will be to Spacemen a place mentioned in textbooks and family memories, not a meaningful part of personal experience.

These Spacemen will know little of Terran life and customs, and will feel misunderstood by those who remained on the homeworld. They will see no reason to pay much heed to the unenforceable policies made down below, and may well pass through indifference to an active contempt for Terrans, their institutions, and their government. Pace Heinlein, pace Asimov; all this is nothing new.

Let us consider some of the societal implications of all this. First, we should look at some of the things that the colonisation of Space will mean to those who remain on Earth.

So far, Homo sapiens has established that it has the capability of landing on the Moon and establishing bases in orbital Space. But these were successful experiments, not ongoing activities, and they seem to have made little impression on human consciousness. We can expect to see a greater psychological impact from the establishment of permanent self-sufficient colonies in Space. For the first time it will have been established that Man can survive and thrive outside the environment in which he evolved--and, by implication, that he can live anywhere in the Universe that he chooses. It follows from this that the destruction of Earth as a habitable planet for Man, be it by natural disaster or his own hand, will no longer



automatically cause the extermination of the human race. Perhaps those who remain on Earth (and they will of course form the vast majority of Humanity) will then become even more careless than they are now about despoiling its treasures, in the feeling that there will be other worlds to settle after this one is used up. Or they may instead, considering the difficulties faced by those who must construct and maintain their Space environments, become more deeply aware of the value of their own inheritance. Either way, it's hard to imagine that the colonisation of Space will not have some significant effect on the human population of Earth.

The Space colonist will face strong temptations to regard themselves as a new and substantially improved breed of Humanity. They will be at least partly right: it costs a lot of money to send someone into Space, and nobody will leave Earth unless he or she has something valuable to offer. Provided the colonies are large enough to provide a diversified gene pool (and sperm and egg banks may eliminate that constraint), the health and skill requirements imposed upon the original settlers will bequeath to their descendants a high standard of personal fitness. It's not only in the fiction of Isaac Asimov (*The Naked Sun*, "Mother Earth") that such conditions can lead to notions of racial superiority: consider American attitudes toward Europe immediately after the establishment of the Republic.

What will happen when Spaceman meets Earthman? There will always be motivations for trade and contact between Terra and the Space settlements (though some colonies might deliberately decide to avoid all such contact for religious or ideological reasons). Trade is likely to remphasize intangibles: ideas, arts, experiences. Pleasure travel, for those who can afford it, would offer to Spacemen the opportunity to see and experience places of historical, religious, or scenic interest; and for Terrans, the artistic and sensual potentials of zero-gravity will provide good reason to holiday in Space.

It would be tempting to predict friction between natives and tourists, but travel between Earth and space colonies will probably be infrequent enough to make travelers more of a novelty than a nuisance. To a small space colony, the occasional Terran visitor might be welcomed with the same enthusiasm as a traveler passing through an isolated back-country village in colonial America. And Terrans might come to look upon visitors from Space as delightful exotics, much as a foreign student is sometimes taken up by a small college town.

Just as foreign students at isolated universities are often thrown together although they have only their differences in common, so Spacemen may well find themselves united in their diversity from Earthmen. They will have much in common, actually: for the experience of growing up on a small, self-sufficient world will surely shape each one, regardless of cultural and organizational differences among their colonies. Their attitudes to Terran phenomena so common as to be taken for granted by

natives (weather, gravity, the ocean) will seem bizarre or ludicrous to the average Earthman, and they will be misinterpreted by even the most cosmopolitan natives. At the end of a difficult day in a Terran classroom, laboratory, or conference room, a visiting colonist might well repair to the Galaxy Room at the Interplanetary Hotel for a few drinks with his fellow-Spacemen, even if no two of them have ever been on the same space colony.

This division of humanity into two cultures will offer both a challenge and an opportunity. The challenge will lie in maintaining a spirit of kinship between Terrans and Spacemen; and this will require substantial effort on the part of statesmen from both worlds. But this effort will pay off when we finally encounter a truly nonhuman race. When that day comes, we will be able to seize the opportunity to meet our new neighbors--secure in the experience of having dealt successfully with an alien culture.

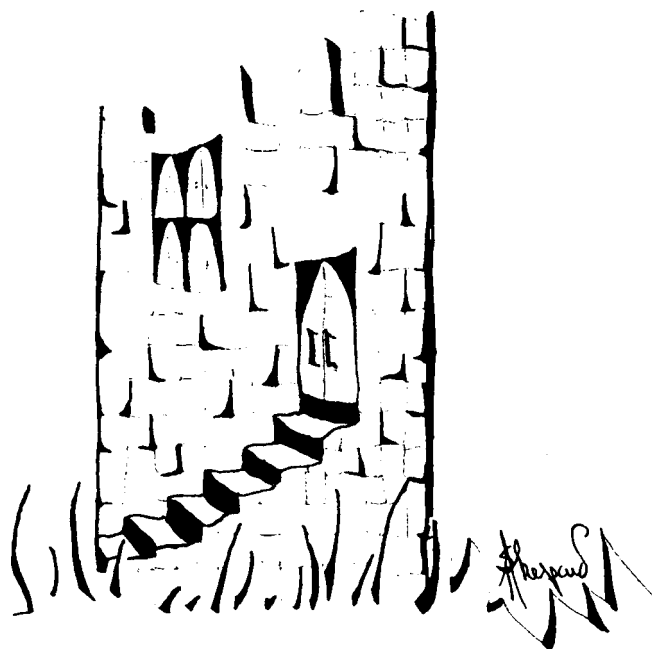
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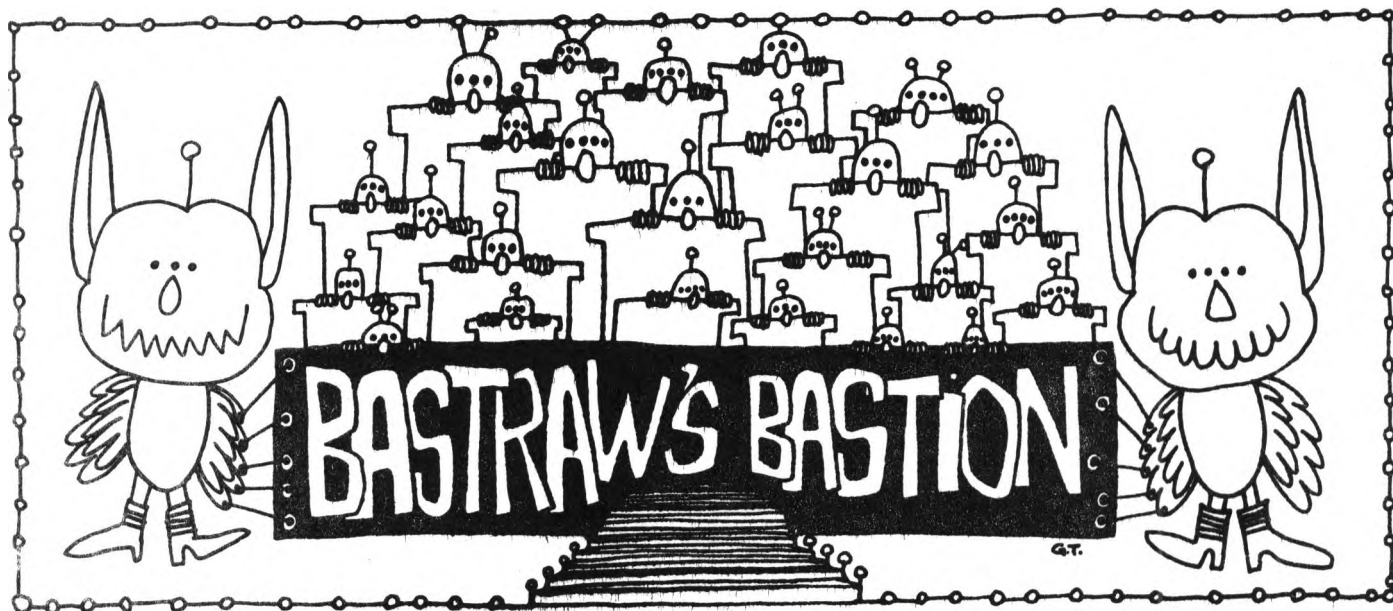
Seventeen years--half my life--ago, I first got into Fandom. One of the very first people I met there was Ed Meskys, editor of NIEKAS. Another was a young physics teacher and polymath called John Boardman. My first appearance in a fanzine was a letter of comment in John's KNOWABLE, and John helped me print most of my first fanzines.

When I lived in the New York area, I spent a lot of time with John, and we manage to get together on most of my infrequent visits to New York nowadays. It's not a matter of reestablishing communication, because over the years I've read literally hundreds of John's fanzines--KNOWABLES and POINTED VECTORS, GRAUSTARKS and ANAKREONS, PILLYCOCKS and DAGONIM. John's generosity in printing comments from his readers makes reading his fanzines an experience in two-way communication; and for several days after each bundle of publications comes in the mail my leisure hours are filled with amusement and intellectual excitement.

For John Boardman is a witty and skillful writer, an erudite and eclectic scholar, and a prolific publisher. The latest of his fanzines which I've seen bears his imprint: "Operation Agitation #999". John has published more fanzines than anyone in the history of fannish amateur journalism. I've read a lot of them, and I have always felt that the time I have spent in reading them has been time wisely invested.

To John Boardman, on the occasion of his thousandth fan publication: my congratulations, and my thanks.





Gosh Ma!
I've got my own bastion!!
What I really wanted was a trampoline but this isn't bad either.

This will be a personal column that I hope to run each issue. It's content will be based on what I find interesting, amusing, puzzling, and/or nauseating. I promise not to write too many wrongs or make any bad puns. You must remember, however, that the Selectric is off very much quicker than the eye.

β β β β β β β β β β

In this my twentieth year of absorbing F and SF, I find that I have grown accustomed to being a pariah because of my taste in literature. Every now and then I will take a sounding in the murky waters of public opinion to determine what the vox populae has to say about my supposedly aberrant reading habits. Know thy neighbor as the enemy he might be.

The following is a random sampling:

"Doesn't interest me that much"
"I think it (deleted)"
"Only (deleted) fools would read it"
"You must be kidding! People really read that (deleted)"
"Plain foolishness"
"Only wimps like Mike Bastraw would read that (deleted)"

I have expunged the expletives as there will be no profaneing in this column (except by the author). As much as I would like to comment on each of these (ahem) opinions, I have better things to do; like read a good book.

What does all this mean?

I'm not exactly sure but it does seem to indicate that simian mentality isn't restricted to the primates.

β β β β β β β β β β

Someone once said that it might not be perfect but it's Wednesday.

So should read the epitaph of NIEKAS #22.

We tried to be out in time for BoskLone. No luck--trouble with the art reproduction. Once again we shoot for another con: Lunacon.

Made it!

Unfortunately Ed didn't. The weather was so bad (how

bad?) that the trip would have been an undue hardship.

I almost committed suicide after having lost so much sleep trying to get N22 printed in time and then not being able to get it into the hands of all those deserving fans in New Jersey.

C'est le niekas.

Because of this head-long rush, a lot of things that should have been re-done were not. We had to rely heavily on the good auspices of the Flynts of Gilford, for the use of their Gestetner, and John Bancroft for his invaluable advise and paper cutter.

Enough with the apologies already.

This issue will mark the first use of our new A. B. Dick offset press (tentatively called the "Philip K.") It is about 25% bigger than a mimeo machine and 100% more difficult to get good copy from. Happily the results are 200% better. Now that we have a machine of this caliber at our beck and call we will have the time and ability to be more painstaking.

A note to artists:

We are still having a little trouble with full reversals at this time so we would appreciate it if no more than 50% of your total illo is black. Also we can now do half-tones so dig out your charcoal.

Because we can do continuous tone printing, all you shutterbugs can get into the act. Please have all submissions printed on glossy stock and include any cropping suggestions. If it is already cropped the way you like it this will of course save us some time.

Sometimes an item will cross our desk that is not particularly suited for inclusion in NIEKAS but is still a worthy piece nonetheless. In the future we hope to print limited editions of these writings which will be advertised in future NIEKU.

While our type size is 75% of normal, we believe that our new two column format will be easier to read. If not, let us know.

Onward to a bright and cleaner future.

β β β β β β β β β β

While I found ERM's editorial comments on the Nuke the Whales movement mildly interesting and almost lucid, I don't believe that he has given this group of public spirited individuals the credit they deserve.

(He completely ignored another fine organization: Dynamite the Darters.)

As I see it, by "nuking" the whales we would accomplish

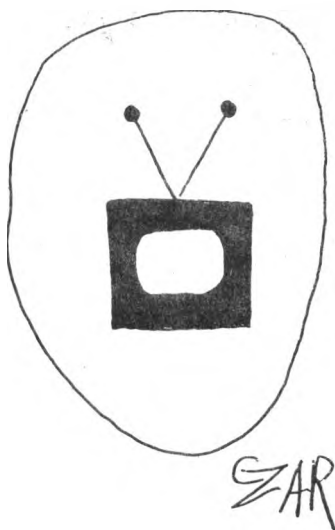
three decidedly noble ends.

Firstly - We would get rid of all the whales which will give the conservationists one less thing to worry about.

Secondly - It will be good practice for the various nuclear powers who have been itching to use their titanic toys anyway.

Lastly - The resulting radiation might disturb the earth's ecological balance enough to get rid of most of the people. Although this will mean another endangered species to worry about, the conservationists would probably be bored by not having the whales around. So it's just as well.

β β β β β β β β β β



What the Hell is wrong with *Galectica 1980* (ABC) and *Buck Rogers in the Twenty-Fifth Century* (NBC)?

More money than ever has been poured into the physical production of these two TV shows. The spacecraft have never looked better. Ditto costumeing and interiors. The acting perhaps? Warm, but not quite.

I know!

IT'S THE WRITING.

Sad but true. It's so often the tale itself that falls short of what most of us want out of our visual SF.

But!

DON'T BLAME THE WRITERS.

I don't believe that the quality of Hollywood writer is any less than it used to be in the halcyon days of *The Twilight Zone* and *Outer Limits*. It's just the quality of writing which is being bought that is going downhill on a greased banana peel.

If you, as a teleplay writer, want to put Wonderbread on your table, you have to sell your stories. Who buys stuff for TV?

Now we're getting somewhere.

It's often the producer of the show who has the final say on what will appear on the air. Naturally he wants stories that will please the greatest number of people as this is what makes his sponsors happy. The number of viewers is determined by various types of rating systems. Unfortunately, more often than not, this means appealing to the lowest common denominator.

Granted, the almighty Nielsen polling system isn't the where-all to end-all it once was. Demographics are now considered in more discerning studies by the networks and their advertisers. (They still remember cancelling *Star Trek* which went on to be a bigger success in syndication.)

Every once and a while the Big Three will let something of quality slip through their net of mediocrity. NBC's production of *Brave New Worlds* is an example of what can be done but so often isn't. More's the pity.

β β β β β β β β β β

"Archaeologists are underpaid publicity agents for dead kings."

Laszlo Gorgor

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Let me tell you of one of the more bizarre cases that I have seen while in the employ of the Belknap County Sheriff's Department.

It was a warm Saturday night in October. I was working the 1600-2400 hrs. shift and was psyching myself up for some late night galooping when we got a call from the West Bestern Motel. The manager, Justin Tyme, was nearly hysterical with fright.

Lt. Robert Phrogg and myself rushed to the scene.

Upon arrival, Mr. Tyme explained that the BPOSJ (Benevolent Protectorate of Soda Jerks) was having their annual convention there. They had rented the whole fifth floor of his hostel.

We took the elevator up. The door opened.

We stepped into a hallway right out of Dante's Inferno.

It was the same in all the rooms.

Men, in full party regalia, complete with plastic name pins and rubber whoopee cushions, were all stretched out on the floor--dead.

What made all this doubly astounding was the fact that all the faces were twisted into characatures of infinite laughter. What could have caused such intense humor at the instant of their deaths?

The answer was in Room 508.

Inside of the room's closet was a large cylindrical object which shown bright orange. Being a SCUBA diver and former coke (read Coca-Cola) salesman I recognized it as a high pressure gas tank. I also knew that the orange paint meant that it had contained helium; not a very dangerous gas at all. Around the open valve was a tag which read:

"He + N₂O".

Absolute zero played a tune up and down my spine.

It was suddenly, chillingly clear. I realized what had killed these poor unfortunates.

They had been snuffed out by an ever-tightening circle of mirthful madness.

Now I'm sure you're all familiar with the effect that helium has on the larynx when inhaled. Add to that the uncontrollable fits of laughter that results when nitrous oxide (N₂O), commonly known as "laughing gas", is breathed in.

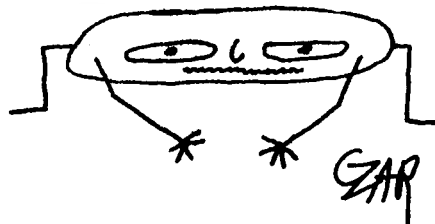
Can you picture these people after they had received a whiff of this particular noxious gas? Their voices making them sound like Mel Blanc doing a Donald Duck impression. Then reacting to this sound with gales of laughter; also up in pitch stratospheric.

They literally laughed themselves to death.

Death so gruesome.

If only someone would have had the presence of mind to run out and get a newspaper.

So ends the Case of the Malt Tease Fall Con.





Once again S has finally caught up with SF.
In 1942 Robert Heinlein's story "Waldo" was published. The story dealt with a future society which had developed a form of wireless power transmission. These emanations are found to be causing psychological and physiological deterioration in the people of that world. These breakdowns were, in turn, causing the failure of their system of energy transport.

Today, in our world, we may face a similar crisis.
In this country alone there are over 250 million sources of electromagnetic radiation that did not exist in the 19th century. The average person today receives 200 million times more radiation than his great-grandparents did.

These radiations, produced by such diverse apparatus as kitchen appliances, radar, and color television, run the frequency scale from 60 cycles (typical household current in the U.S.) up into the microwave range.

Is this cause for alarm? Research would indicate yes.
The main factors to be considered are: type of radiation, intensity, proximity, and duration of exposure. Any EM wave follows the inverse-square rule; the effects diminish greatly as the distance from the source increases.

People living directly under power lines suffer immediate and apparent debilitating effects. Headaches and dizziness have been reported as common symptoms for these people and long-term studies have indicated an actual stunting of growth in plants and animals. A thousand feet away from high-tension wires the major observable effect is a slowing down of subjects' reaction time. Experiments have been conducted on mice who were exposed to this same 60 cycle radiation for extended periods of time. By the third generation there was a 50% mortality rate of new born.

At the other end of the EM spectrum are the microwaves. This frequency range is being used more and more for data transmission throughout the world. It is also useful in scrambling various detection devices as the U.S.S.R. demonstrated from their use of this technique on our embassy a few years ago. Staff members, employed within the embassy during this irradiation, have displayed an alarming increase in the incidence of cancer. Is it just a coincidence that the Soviet Union's restrictions on allowable levels of radiation are a thousand times more stringent than the United States'?

Probably not.

While we won't see too many people wearing lead-lined clothing as espoused by Dr. Grimes in "Waldo", I do think we ought to be aware of the effects of this insidious electric smog.

β β β β β β β β β β

I had a great time at this year's Boskone--the BoskLone. This was only my second convention of any type; the first being the Fifth World Fantasy Convention in Providence, Rhode Island last fall. Now I have an accurate, if brief, set of datum to evaluate future cons.

"I" will stand for conventions of the caliber of the 5th

WFC and "IO" will stand for cons of BoskLone excellence. Being a ravid (avid + rabid) film buff(oon?) I was especially delighted with the selection and presentation of the movies throughout the whole of BoskLone. The were, as advertised, as advertised; that is--on time and as scheduled. Most of the panels and other events also were kept pretty close to the planned itinerary which helped me in my jumpings from program to program.

High points of the con for me:

- seeing *Watership Down* for the first time
- hearing Spider Robinson deliver his soliloquy to Robert Heinlein and read the latest story out of his Callahan's Crosstime Saloon series
- getting a look at some excellent art in the various displays

I can hardly wait for Noreascon II.
See you there!

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DRAGONS FOR HIRE - see Gale Turner.

Oh, yea, they're scaley and have dorsal plates; but how can you think of such lovable-whimsical creations as the mythological equivalent of the Terrible Lizards?

Gale and I hearken back to the turbulent days of the North Country Design Group over Dexter Shoes which used to be a laundry and is now a music-paraphenalia store. She with her Dr. Martin Dyes and me with my Ektaflo.

The Turner home is reminiscent of a well-painted Addams Family mansion. Step into her abode, which she shares with her two boys, Eric and Mike, (also assorted rabbits, guinea pigs, gerbels, fish, and awk) and you are immediately transported into her land of skating--, singing--, laughing--, critters of various and far from sundry aspect. Gale is trained in many media and my most recent acquisition is a sculpted pipe of a Turner-dragon.

A side note not totally apropos: she has come up with the perfect collective for dragon--a "slew". Ain't she smart?

In re: to the prose on page 5 of this ish--her drawing of the then-unnamed Hector and Ajax was the direct inspiration for the text; not vicey versey.

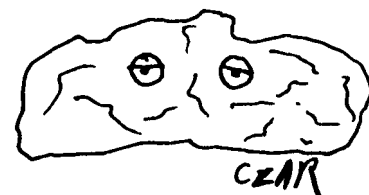
Well, that's about all the press I can give you, Gale, and you'd better have that stuff done by the end of the week.

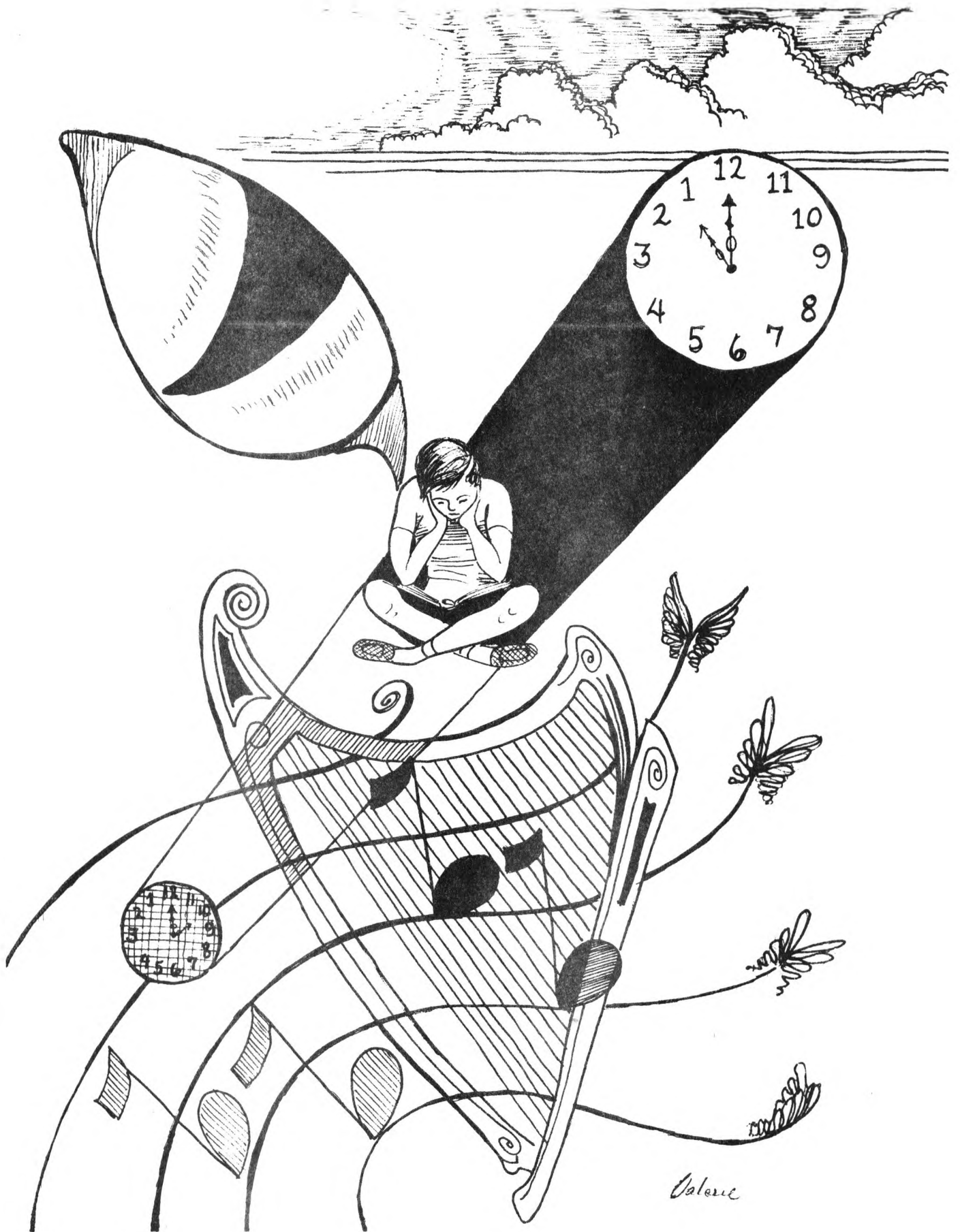
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"Hard of Stone"

We oft consider the oolite
no more than an earthy parasite.
On ground it squats from night 'till morn;
not drawing, not hoeing, nor gathering corn.

Slugabedrock--
Indolent sloth--
Unsuitable for cobble
and tends to gather moss.





Interview: Lloyd Alexander

Anne Braude

The author of a variety of juvenile and adult books, Lloyd Alexander is probably best known for the five books which compose the Prydain cycle: THE BOOK OF THREE, THE BLACK CAULDRON, THE CASTLE OF LLYR, TARAN WANDERER, and THE HIGH KING, the last of which won the 1969 Newbery Medal. Other fantasies include THE MARVELOUS MISADVENTURES OF SEBASTIAN (1971 National Book Award winner), TIME CAT, THE WIZARD IN THE TREE, and THE CAT WHO WISHED TO BE A MAN. He lives in Pennsylvania and is interested in cats and playing the fiddle.

I first met Lloyd in the summer of 1968. That year fantasy was the topic of the University of California Extension's annual conference on "Excellence in Children's Literature", and he was one of the guest speakers. Through the kindness of Mae Durham, of the UC Library School, and Ann Durell, his editor at Holt, I was able to arrange for this interview, which was taped in Berkeley on July 31, 1968. I have edited the tape for coherence and to remove certain digressions and interruptions.

AB: One thing that people have often asked Tolkien is "Did you know, when you started, how it would come out?" Tolkien said--in LEAF BY NIGGLE, I think--that midway he had no idea who Strider was. Did you know when you started what Taran's secret would turn out to be?

LA: I've got to tell the truth, or my shoestrings will break or something. No, I didn't, except to this extent: it was almost as if I had acquired a debt at the beginning of the cycle, and I knew that somehow I was going to have to pay that debt in the last book. I knew first that Taran was going to have to be more than an assistant pig keeper, and I knew somehow in the back of my mind--pretty much made up my mind-- that he was going to have to end up as king of the country.

AB: Otherwise all that education would be wasted.

LA: Exactly! The whole thing was driving toward that and I knew this was going to have to be, but what I didn't know--and this is the honest-to-God truth--I didn't know in detail how I was going to work it out. Because first I didn't want him, under any circumstances, to be the long-lost prince, the son of this, that, and the other thing, because this is not what the sense of the book is about at all. At the same time, I couldn't have him an orphan-commoner-foundling kind of thing because this didn't seem to fit right to me either. I began to get very worried sort of halfway through: how am I going to express the idea so it will make sense without cheating? I've got to pay the debt. This is what the whole thing is driving toward: and I was pretty scared when I began the last book 'cause I knew I was finally going to have to face up to it. And I guess by sheer brute thought or intellect or the unconscious or whatever you want to call it, somehow it came to me that he can't be either one; it's got to be ambiguous...

AB: ...and prophetic...

LA: That's right. The thing that I was sort of tickled with myself, in a way, when I thought of this idea of having him found as an infant, is that it is ambiguous and you don't know whether he's one or the other, and the great thing, in my mind, was that it doesn't matter.

AB: Right! C.S. Lewis says that stories start for him by seeing a series of pictures. How did you come to pick the story of Taran and Eilonwy...how did it pick you?

LA: Now this is a long answer to a short question. I don't know whether you know the real story behind these books or not.

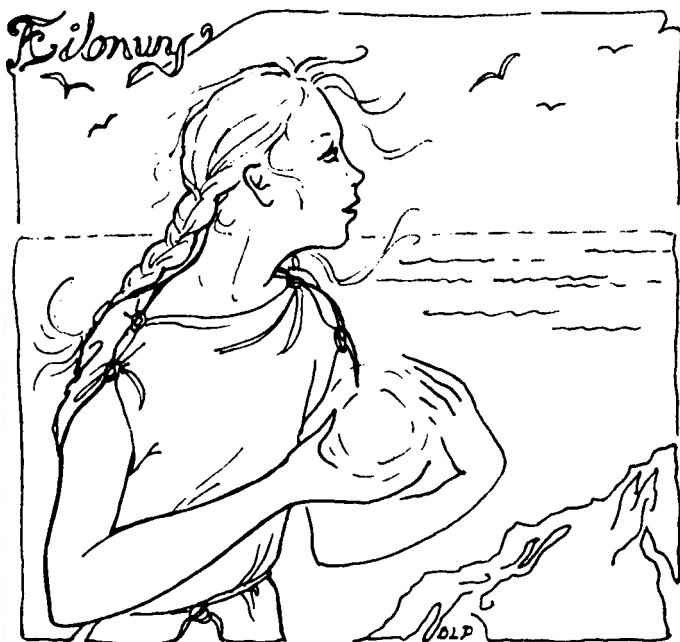
AB: I know a fair amount about Welsh myth.

LA: Well, no, I mean how I personally came to get started on it. I've told it before and I don't want to bore you in case you know.

AB: I didn't come to the first lecture.

LA: Oh, no, this was a couple of years ago. I had an article in THE HORN BOOK. All right, I'll tell you the story, 'cause this is unbelievable but it's the truth. I had at a certain point in my life become interested in children's books, which I hadn't been, ever, and this was the last thing in the world I ever felt that I would ever do. I started out writing adult books and this was going to be it. And I don't know exactly, and I haven't been able to figure it out too much, and I've sort of given it up at this point, what there was that happened to me. I suppose that I felt that there was something I could do in the children's book as an art form. I have no children. I don't know that many children. In other words, why would I want to write something that's going to amuse my next-door neighbor? I went at it almost as an art form. This was something that I hadn't tried but wanted to express. Well, anyhow, to make a long story short, the first children's fantasy that I wrote--and it was for Holt and the first time I met Ann Durell--was a book called TIME CAT, if you know the story, where the boy and the cat travel back into time. Actually, this was the only fantastic thing in it because really, once they were in Egypt, and Japan, and Italy, it's real. I was doing hard research on it as realistic fact. So one of the guiding ideas in the book was to choose countries where cats had some kind of significance--for example, Egypt, where they were worshiped, and Japan, where they were considered toys. I dug around and I read books about cats and the history of the cat, dozens of them, science and mystery and all this kind of thing; and I found out that St. Patrick was not Irish, as everybody might think, but was Welsh, or whatever we would call that area, and his original name meant "good cat". This is enough of a little grabbing device that will justify a story about St. Patrick, because he is interesting himself. He was kidnapped as a child and taken to Ireland and so on. So, good, I'll have my adventure and my chapter, and one of the nine lives that they go through will deal with St. Patrick. The boy and the cat, Jason and Gareth, will meet St. Patrick, and they'll get kidnapped together, and

they'll be taken to Ireland. I began my research from the Welsh side of it. I started reading all kinds of things: Robert Graves' *THE WHITE GODDESS*, which I had read before but came back to again to really understand more of what was going on, and I read history and anthropology and this, that, and the other thing. And the more I read, there was something funny that happened inside my head somehow. There's something that turned on or clicked and I thought, my God, you know I can't just use this in one chapter, and I began to fell all kinds of things. I mean, talking about pictures, I began to see pictures that didn't have anything to do with this episode at all; names came into my mind and I thought, ah-ah, there's something moving here. I'm gonna have to let this one stew for a while. I'll forget the Welsh side of it and I'll start the story right in Ireland and St. Patrick will be there and then we'll have some different kind of adventure and that will take care of that. Which I did, and went through and finished *TIME CAT*; and then, when that was over, I said to Ann--and this was so incredible, even as I think of it, I met her for the first time around that time--I have a funny idea that I want to do something with this Welsh mythology that I've stumbled across, and she said, "What do you have in mind?" So I said, I don't know. I want to do something with it; it stirs me in some way. Maybe I can retell these legends because they're in very bad shape in the *MABINOGIAN*. They don't make too much sense, and they're not exciting or put in the form that children would read them; but now what I could try to do is retell them, synthesize them, make some coherent story out of it; and I began doing my work in preparation on that basis. This would be pretty much a retelling, sticking very close to the text. I started, and it wasn't working out too well; somehow in my own mind I wasn't satisfied. There was something else I wanted to do, and finally it struck me that, by God, what I want is to make up my own mythology. I'm going to forget the Welsh text and just go ahead and feel completely free to invent and improvise and do anything that I want to do. And the funny part is that you can see a little bit of this in the first book, in *THE BOOK OF THREE*, which in a way sticks--at least maybe through the first half of it--a little more closely to the basic sources, to the research, to the things I felt obliged to do or say. I even tried to work in a couple of the authentic myths, for example...



AB: ...Hen Wen...

LA: Yes, that came out of Robert Graves, as a matter of fact; that's where I first came across it.

AB: I came across it in Gwyn Jones' retelling.

LA: Ah, yes, and later on when I got hold of the *Everyman MABINOGIAN*, and the one I was working with, unfortunately in a way, was the Charlotte Guest translation, the old one; but the best part of it was that it had all the notes in the back. I don't think Gwyn Jones has.

AB: The one I'm thinking of is the children's book, I think in the Oxford Myths and Legends series, on Welsh mythology. I have been trying to get the *Everyman MABINOGIAN* for some time without success. But they usually don't have notes.

LA: I think there's one you can get: it might be a two-volume thing with notes in it. But I got more out of the notes from the *MABINOGIAN* in a way than I did from the texts themselves. So, in any case, after a certain point I just said, no, this is going to be my personal thing. I don't care what the text says as long as I don't violate the spirit of it. I'm going to feel absolutely free to change, to invent, to add things that weren't there. And once that idea came into my mind, the whole thing opened up for me. And this was a tremendous experience because after that, then the thing began to get longer and I began to see all kinds of developments in things that I wanted to say, and it became a personal kind of work; and I think the great thing for me was that these books certainly have been the most rewarding personal experience that I've ever had in writing. This was an amazing thing for me.

AB: I'll toss in one of the questions that was asked of Tolkien: What part moved you the most when you were writing it?

LA: Let me see. Let me see. I think I can answer that one in a couple of ways. First, in my own mind, the five books are all one story, but even at that, as I think of the books separately, I think in each of the books there were moments that I was personally moved. You've got me on the spot, 'cause I have to remember back. I think one of the moments in *THE HIGH KING* that moved me terrifically was when Fflewddur broke his harp--that moment at the end of the chapter where the harp was being burned up--it's dying song, and at the end there was only ashes and this one twisted piece of harpstring which had turned to gold. This somehow moved me. As a matter of fact, I was almost tearful at that point.

AB: It is obvious too, I think, that in *TARAN WANDERER* the part about Anllaw Clayshaper...

LA: Oh, yes indeed. At the end of that I was pretty well moved. It's a funny thing, I'll admit it, I have the impression that if I don't feel moved, and I mean deeply moved, something's wrong with the work; and I don't mean it quite the way it sounds. I don't mean that it's like laughing at your own jokes. But I think that if you really have to put yourself into it, you're going to get a kind of realation and you've got to feel moved inside.

AB: Something that can stand on its own rather than being attached to yourself.

LA: That's right. It's hard in a way to think back, 'cause there have been a lot of moments and sometimes they aren't necessarily scenes. They may be little phrases or turns of images or things that wouldn't even mean anything to a reader and very likely not to a child.

AB: I think that I felt most strongly about the part where Taran had to give up Adaon's brooch.

LA: This is another one that I was going to mention. Yes. To me this was somehow a peculiarly personal kind of thing, and I think the reason that happened was that in a way this must resonate something in ourselves. What can move one person may not move another, but I think that what does move us under any circumstance must have some resonance that goes very deep. As a matter of fact, I think that this accounts in a way for my own tremendous interest in the thing, because somehow I have a feeling that I was able to link up my own childhood feelings--I was a big reader of King Arthur and all the hero tales and all that--and I think that's what happened to me, what moved in my head at that moment, was that somehow this childhood feeling had suddenly come back. It's almost as if doing the...stumbling by accident on the Welsh research and the hero tales had triggered off this childhood kind of thing, and that all of a sudden I was half a child again; and I can't think of anything else that would have that much emotional impact.

AB: Could you have written this book for adults?

LA: No, I could not have done it, and I've often thought about that myself. I've always considered myself as a writer for adults. Could I have done it? No indeed. And I think this one of the things that I love about writing for children: there are certain things that I want to do or say or try to express which can only come out as children's books. It has to do with the material of what you have in mind.

AB: Of course, Tolkien wrote the major part of his book for [adults] and things like Spenser and Malory were originally written for adults. Rather strange that this sort of thing can't be done as adult fiction.

LA: Well, of course...here's an idea: how about T. H. White?

AB: Well, that, I think, progresses. Think that THE SWORD IN THE STONE could easily be considered a children's book, but the rest certainly aren't.

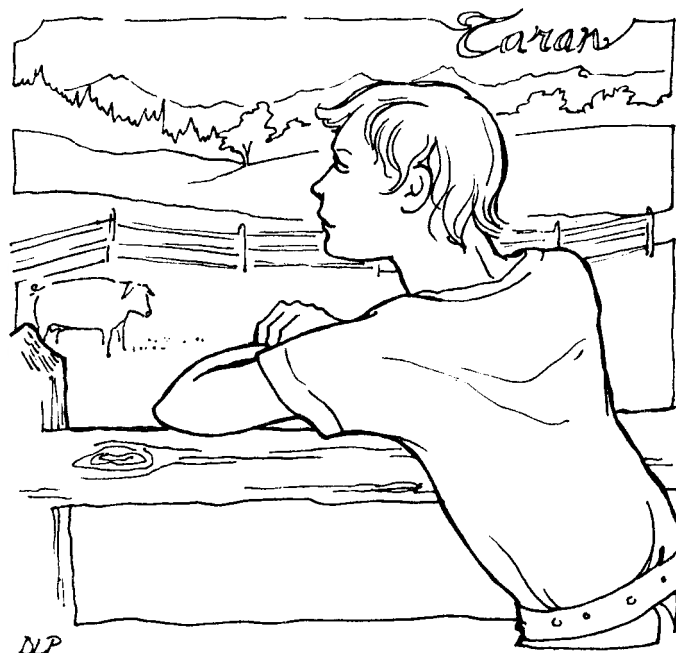
LA: Yes, and yet I have a funny feeling that THE SWORD IN THE STONE is more accessible to adults.

AB: All the people that I know who are so fond of your books are all adults!

LA: And this amazes me. It delights me and amazes me, but I never expected that a grownup would be that interested. I was sort of hoping that they would like it.

AB: Of course, many of them are people like me who are medievalists and studying this sort of thing as a life work anyway.

LA: As a matter of fact, this is an interesting point that you raise, and this is something that I consciously did when I began. I thought there were two ways of going at this. Here was the basic decision that I had to make. You can write pretending to write for children but you aren't really. You're sort of looking over your shoulder at the grownup and in a way saying, now look, this is supposed to be for kids, but look how clever I am. Do you catch on to this? Do you see what I really mean? And I didn't like that approach and I think there are books that in a way are disguised as children's books, and yet the author has his eye on the grownup and he says certain things, and certain ideas, and certain attitudes, which I think only adults will catch on to, and I don't like that somehow for myself. So I said no, this is going to be, as far as I'm concerned, for children; and it doesn't matter whether adults will like it except as a good work. This was the attitude that I took, and I think that sort of directed the whole thing. I'm delighted if adults enjoy it, but I still say they should enjoy it as a book written for children, which is a little different thing.



AB: Something on the order of what Lewis says--that you had something to say which could only be said in the form of a children's book.

LA: Exactly so. If it had been something else, it might have been in the form of a poem, or a variety of things. Lewis is right. Exactly!

AB: Fantasy that is written for adults is usually classified, or frequently anyway, as a subspecies of science fiction. Do you think this is valid?

LA: No, I don't. Fantasy has existed long before science fiction, so if you're going to try to get a subspecies, I've got to say that science fiction is a subspecies of fantasy. Fantasy is a larger field. Science fiction is a specialized branch or off-shoot of it.

AB: But, of course, it's a kind of literary ghetto. Science fiction magazines and the science fiction audience are who fantasies are often aimed at. What I was getting at is, do you think that they're really akin? Do they appeal to the same impulse?

LA: I may be entirely wrong, and I may regret my words later, but no, I don't think so. I have a hunch that science fiction is more a play of the intellect than a play of the emotions. I think the enjoyment we have in science fiction is the same delight that we have in intellectual games.

AB: Detective stories...

LA: Detective stories are a very good example. This is again a play of the mind--which is fun. This is a delightful thing. But I don't think so far that science fiction has been able to strike the same resonances and move us as deeply as fantasy has, and I don't say the form precludes it. I just seems to me that no one that I can think of offhand has quite pulled it off. I think some people have tried, and the first thing that comes to mind is a book that I read call DUNE. I think a book like DUNE is approaching this. This is on the right track; so I can't say that the form of science fiction or science fantasy will preclude forever this kind of thing. As a matter of fact, my sense is that modern science fiction is quite different from what it was even five years ago, and I'm trying to think of another writer who is dealing with very deep and strange...

AB: ...Philip Dick...

LA: I think so. I think what began as what we used to call science fiction years ago is becoming much more of an art form than it ever used to be, and I think that this can get to be something very good.

AB: Would you say that science fiction approaches fantasy insofar as it tries to create a secondary world? Like in DUNE.

LA: Oh I think so; sure!

AB: So that would be the point of contact? One point, anyway?

LA: Well, yes, it's surely one point, but you know that I think that one of the hangups for the science fiction writers, let's say the old-style science fiction writers, was that they were too involved in the science end of it.

AB: Technology.

LA: That's right, hardware, and somehow they couldn't see to believe that the hardware didn't matter that much; and I think this might be a little bit of the mistake, in a way, that some of the sword-and-sorcery books fall into. They are a little bit more interested in the furniture than they are in other things--and the furniture, I believe, is the least important of it. In science fiction, the writers seem to try to be both good scientists and good fiction writers; and this, so far, until fairly recently, has been a problem for them. I think they've been putting too much thought on justifying it scientifically. They could just throw that out, almost the way you can throw out your original text, and just sort of swing loose on the thing. Then we might get something really good.

AB: Who are your favorite authors?

LA:

AB: Who are your favorite authors?

LA: In general?

AB: In general, and particularly in fantasy and science fiction.

LA: Oh, my, this again puts me on the spot. When I was teaching school in the past year, the kids always asked that question. I always tried to prepare myself for it and never could. Well, let's see, just for quick grabs, in general my favorite authors, all right, Shakespeare, Dickens, Mark Twain, Anthony Powell--that I've been reading and I wish he would finish his seventh or eighth book so I can read that, because I'm waiting very impatiently.

AB: This is something your readers are familiar with?

LA: All right...I know how it feels now...

AB: Do you like C. S. Lewis?

LA: Yes, now getting back to the fantasy. First, Tolkien. I think I've got to say he's more than one of my favorites. I think THE LORD OF THE RINGS is one of the great masterpieces of English. I'm so pleased that I'm alive at this time to have seen the books come out, to be, in effect, his contemporary, and this is happening when I'm here to see it. THE LORD OF THE RINGS is such a great work; I think it ranks with one of the masterpieces of the language. Oh, yes, by all means Tolkien, Lewis, and... let's see...Eric Eddison in a way, and yet I've had trouble with him. I tried to read through the things, THE WORM OUBOROS, FISH DINNER IN MEMISON, MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES,

and I'm not through with them. I want to go back and read them a few more times. The first time I read them I had a terrible problem with the language, and it took me a while to kind of break through that, and I haven't got everything out of those books that I want to get out of them.

AB: Charles Williams?

LA: I have been trying to get hold of Charles Williams' books, and I have not read any one of them.

AB: [Brief guide to Berkeley bookstores and the availability of Charles Williams paperbacks therein.]

LA: I've looked all over Philadelphia. About a year ago someone said, "You've got to read Williams." I said, "All right." They said there was a paperback edition and I've looked around. I asked the bookseller if he had it or knew anything about it, and he didn't, and I drew a complete blank. And then I sort of stopped looking and got involved in other things. Williams I have yet to read.

AB: Well, they're all in print from Wm. B. Eerdmans if you can't get them here. The one I wouldn't recommend is SHADOWS OF ECSTASY, but the others are all very good.

LA: All right, that's going to be my next project.

AB: Have you read any of Andre Norton's books? The Witch World series?

AB: You see, she is doing something similar there to what you're doing--in other words, dealing with the maturing process in a fantasy background.

LA: The funny thing is--and I hate to admit it but I guess I'll have to, because it's all too obvious--I didn't know that much about children's literature when I started, and I didn't know that much about fantasy when I started writing my own, and I have still so much to learn. You see, this is the thing: it sort of took me unawares. It wasn't that I had known the field as closely as, let's say, an expert on this, who had always loved it, but I have read more extensively than what you would say the normal course of reading would be; and I would pick up certain things that I would want to read as literature, as an adult--MARY POPPINS and WIND IN THE WILLOWS.

AB: What about E. Nesbit?

LA: E. Nesbit I think is great, and yet these I read, well, some years ago, as an adult, without any thought of ever going into the same field; so that in a way I don't know that much about the whole field. I begin to see pleasures that I still have to discover.

AB: You can take home a copy of the bibliography that they've got here [at the conference].

LA: That's exactly what I'm going to do.

AB: What do you think about the current Tolkien fad?

LA: Oh, let's see if I can say it right. Two things--I feel both positively and negatively about it. First, yes, I think it's one of the greatest things that could happen to a great work, and I think this is superb--that a work of this stature should get such acceptance, such readership--this is wonderful. All right. Negatively, I have a funny feeling that probably a certain percentage of the readers are reading it because it is a fad rather than because the work in itself is worth it. You know, I don't think that matters. I'm so glad to see as many people as possible read it that I don't really care what their particular motives are in reading it. I think that as long as they do read it, this is all that matters. I think this is a tremendous thing, but there is something

unfortunate that can happen if they lose sight of the real value of the work and turn it into a fad. In other words, I can see people wearing buttons that say "Frodo Lives" without having any idea who Frodo is, and this is a little bit of the negative side of it. But I still think this is a minor consideration. No, I'm delighted.

AB: There's a persistent tendency to read fantasies allegorically, to discover a religious meaning, and at least one author--C. S. Lewis--has deliberately written allegorical fantasy. Do you see a natural affinity between fantasy and religion, or do you believe in separation of supernatural powers?

LA: No, I don't say there's a natural affinity between fantasy and religion at all, any more than there is a natural affinity between art and religion. Oh, I want to say this first: I don't think we need to separate fantasy too much from any other kind of literature. Of course, we have to because in a technical sense it's a specialized thing. Sometimes I think all works of literature are fantasy, to the extent that once you tell any kind of story, as realistic as it may seem, nevertheless it is not real; it is fantasy, it's a reshaping of reality. All works of art in a sense are fantasy. Of course that's a large philosophical idea, but be that as it may. Therefore I don't see why fantasy has any affinity with religion, why it should be a form particularly suited to expressing religious ideas, and even then I almost don't want to separate religious ideas from human artistic ideas. All right, put it this way: religion in the sense of sectarian religion. In other words, Lewis is expressing a Catholic theology, I think...

AB: Anglican.

LA: All right, let's say a Christian theology as opposed to Mohammedan, Buddhist, what have you--I think this is his personal way of going at it. I don't think the form is more conducive to that.

AB: You don't find it objectionable? Some people do.

LA: No, I don't find it objectionable, because this is what he personally wants to do, so I can't possibly object to whatever devices he uses to express his religious feelings; but what I prefer is the way Tolkien went at it. I think it was in the introduction to the Ballantine paperbacks, if I remember, he takes up the question of allegory.

AB: Right.

LA: And he answers it there: he says people have been asking him, "Is this an allegory?" and he said, "No," and he points out the difference between the allegory, the one to one relationship...

AB: Of course, the definition of allegory is a vexed question in scholarship anyway, but certainly wouldn't you say that fantasy is is akin to religion in, say, the general religious feeling in human beings disassociated from any particular religion. Trying to impose meaning on experience...

LA: Oh, yes, in that sense, sure, because Tolkien himself is a very religious man. I mean religious in the deepest, best possible sense.

AB: He is a Catholic.

LA: I didn't know, didn't know. All right, I don't know if I could have told. I was trying to understand that, because reading "Leaf by Niggle", I swear that he's talking about the three persons of the Trinity toward the end. I was trying to understand, and just find out really what point of view he was expressing. What was it he said in that? He said he didn't like the word "allegory"; he

liked "relevant" or "applicable". I think that was the term he used. Whether he did or not, I think this is the best way to put it, but symbols--no, it's sort of no fair to talk about symbols in a concrete sense--that this symbolizes this and that symbolizes something else--because when you do that, you have a peculiar kind of work in which everything means something else. So I like the idea of relevance and applicability.

AB: Of course, something can be symbolic, I think, without having to have the symbol defined as equalling a particular thing.

LA: Yes, this is what I'm trying to say. I sort of wheel out of that in a way. I was writing an article for LIBRARY JOURNAL a while back and the editor wanted me to talk about the symbolism involved and I was sort of reluctant and very ambiguous, double-dealing and the whole thing--I raised the question...for example, you can say, if you want, that Ffleddur Fflam's harp represents his conscience, in a way, but at the same time it can also represent the poetic spirit; it can represent a kind of artistic exuberance which stretches the facts, which colors them, and there are so many ways else to grab. You can say that Eilonwy's bauble represents enlightenment, if you want, because when it shines she can see things in its light. That represents a kind of intelligence, if you want. And you can say that Doli's axe represents craftsmanship, but it represents a dozen other things too, depending on how you personally respond to it.

AB: There are some symbols, I think, that have meaning, definite resonance for people without necessarily meaning the same to all of us. Of course, Northrop Frye has written a great deal on this. There are certain symbols like the City, the Knight, the Sea...

LA: ...Oh, yes; yes indeed...

AB: ...Mountains...

LA: Sure, but this again is a little different from the strict allegorical type of thing.

AB: True. Of course, I could argue with that because I'm coming up with a new theory of allegory myself in the course of my dissertation. There's a lovely one by Thomas Roche, a theory of Spenser's allegory, which is quite useful because he says it can mean anything you care to make it mean as long as it fits!

LA: Hey, that's interesting, because I'm always thinking about...the first grab I have talking about allegory is PILGRIM'S PROGRESS--I guess you would call that strictly an allegory--in which the characters and events do indeed almost one to one represent other things...I wonder if the key difference between an allegory and another type of art--applicable, symbolic work, what have you--might deal with the characters in a way. The allegorical characters--could you say they are flat, in other words they each have one quality, and this is how they define themselves?

AB: Like some of Dickens' minor characters?

LA: Ah, yes indeed. This is what they are, and when I say flat, I'm not using it in a bad sense, because it can be just as colorful and real, convincing, as any other kind; but the allegorical characters don't have the ambiguities and complexities of another, non-allegorical character.

AB: Of course, it differs; for example, in Spenser, Sansjoy is simply that aspect of unfaith which is joylessness, but Una is Truth, and Troth, and the Anglican Church...and a woman in love!

LA: Hey, yeah, you've got something going there.

AB: That's my dissertation again! I'll give you one last



question: books like the Taran cycle, or, let's say the pentalogy as an overall name...

LA: That's exactly the name I was going to give it, too.

AB: ...are usually described as heroic fantasy. Do you think there is a particular need for this kind of fiction in what's often been described as the age of the anti-hero?

LA: Ah, yes, I personally do, and I think for children particularly, and I might as well say for grownups too. I think one thing we've lost--certainly in adult books, where we so concentrate on anti-heroes--we've lost a sense of delight and exuberance, and I'll even put it this way: we've lost the thrill of winning. Sometimes you have to win. I don't say that every story has to have a happy

ending, but life can't be all one thing; it can't be all defeat and anti-heroism. Sometimes I think it really is, but even so I think in dealing with the heroic romance form we do have an emotional need to have a real hero who tries his best and wins at the end--doesn't lose at the end. If we can have that experience in ourselves of going through this tremendous, horrible ordeal and yet, by God, coming out at the end of it, you have a lift to the spirit that I think is very important in art. And I think it is particularly important from children. The grownups, in a way, need it just as much; the grownups can take both. The grownups can enjoy the anti-heroism; they can recognize defeat, unhappiness, because it's in our own lives, and they can accept it, understand it, in a kind of tragic catharsis, if you want. Fine, but this is still only half of the picture, and there's got to be another part of it. It can't be all one thing, and I think the mistake that the adult writers make is in settling for just one thing. They don't have to; you can have the best of both worlds. This is the great thing about art: one doesn't preclude the other.

AB: C. S. Lewis says somewhere, I think in THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS, that if you have an exalted experience someone will say to you, "Oh, all that really happened was that you heard some music, and saw some light coming through stained-glass windows. The rest was just your emotions; it wasn't real!" But if you have a horrible experience, they say the pain, the sense of ugliness, the emotional side was real. I think one of the important things we get from fantasy is that the good is just as real as the bad.

LA: Yes, this is the great thing about it, and I think this is so important: again, first for children, and certainly for adults.

AB: Anything else?

LA: No, I can't think of any profound remarks.

AB: Thank you very much.

This interview was transcribed by Mrs. S. N. Miles and then edited and retyped by Anne Braude.





George Allen & Unwin (Publishers) Ltd

23rd April, 1980

Mr. Edmund R. Meskys,
RFD 1 Box 63,
Center Harbor NH 03226,
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Meskys,

I am delighted to hear from you again and am most interested that you have decided to revive NIEKAS.

The Tolkien industry proceeds apace and the next major project which we shall publish this fall, and Houghton Mifflin will almost certainly also publish, will be Unfinished Tales. This consists of several pieces, some long and some short, some from the First Age and some from Numenor, and even from the Third Age that were omitted from one of the existing books or proved to awkward to include, or were background which the author needed in order, as it were, to prove himself.

These fragments, which will constitute a book as long as The Silmarillion, but without the unified narrative throughout, have been edited by Christopher Tolkien most scrupulously and for those who read (as distinct from those who bought) The Silmarillion, the publication of Unfinished Tales will be a very important event indeed. I think it is probably this book that you have caught wind of, but it will be a single unified volume, albeit of ununified pieces.

After Unfinished Tales, I think we must look forward to the publication of Tolkien's letters. This is actively in preparation, the collection, selection, and editorial apparatus being in the hands of Humphrey Carpenter and Christopher Tolkien. But this volume, which in many ways is just as interesting as any other aspect of Middle-earth, will not happen this present year.

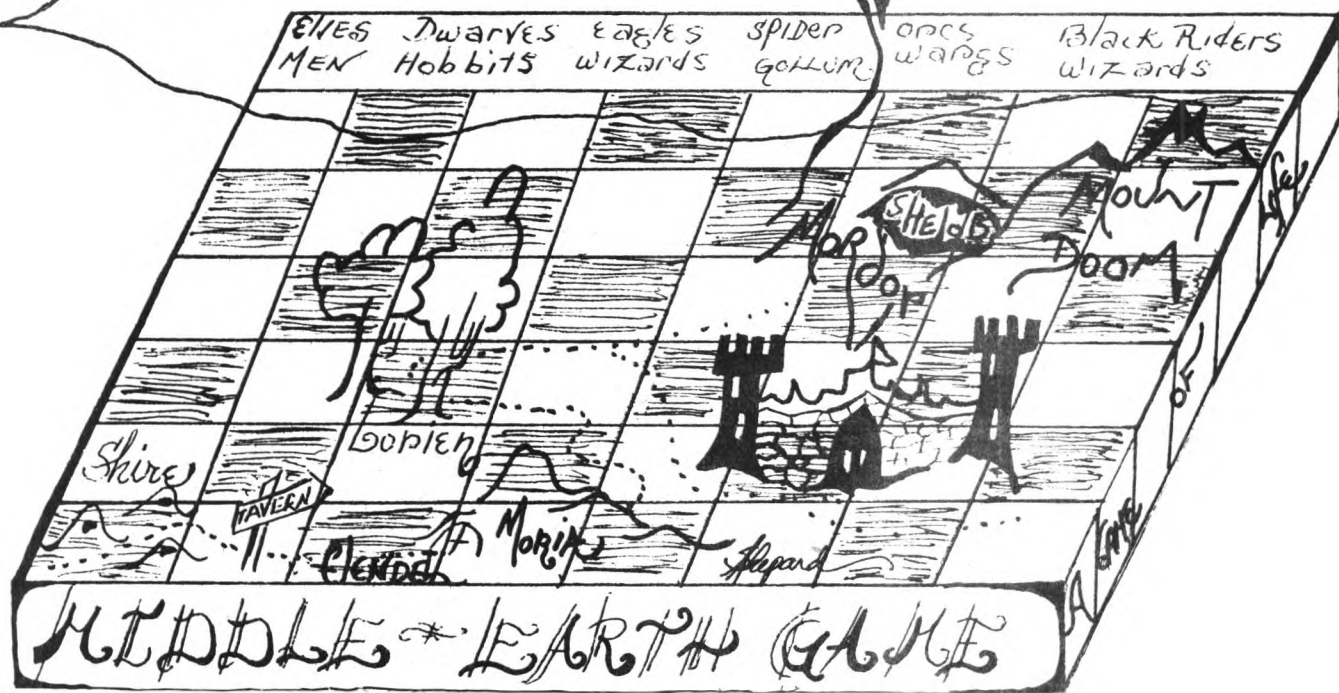
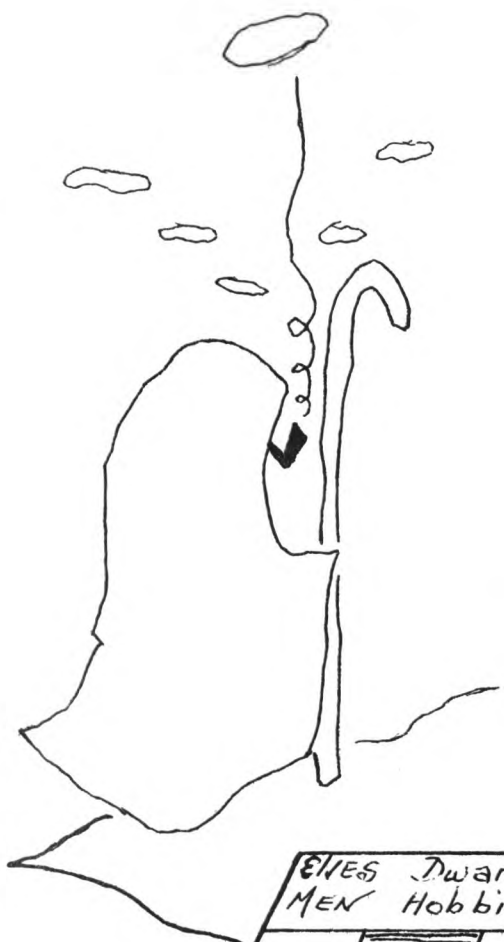
We, over here, having published, without conspicuous success a calendar based on the artwork of the film of The Lord of the Rings, have decided to give calendar production a rest, partly because we have used up all J.R.R. Tolkien's own original artwork and because we did not much want to venture into fields of other people's pictures. We did bring together all the Tolkien pictures that had appeared in print hitherto and this, calling Pictures by J.R.R. Tolkien, was produced by us and Houghton Mifflin last year.

We have an anniversary coming up soon which is the silver jubilee of the publication of the last volume of The Lord of the Rings in October this year and rather later than that we shall be producing our first book of criticism on Tolkien, not that we have not been offered many, but this particular one is the first that seems to tap the spirit of his strange literary product by dealing with it linguistically rather than as literature. The author is Professor Tom Shippey who, curiously enough, has just occupied Tolkien's old chair at Leeds University in this country. I think his book is well worth looking out for and you will find it intellectually very stimulating.

That is about all on the horizon at the moment. I shall look forward to seeing very much the copy of NIEKAS in its revived form when it reaches me.

Yours sincerely,


Rayner S. Unwin.



OF THE

ARCHETYPES

[This article, which we received in 1975, is the middle section of a three-part exposition titled: "Beyond the Fields We Know: An Essay on the Mythico-Religious Nature of the Fantasy". Upon approval by the author we hope to publish this work, in its entirety, as a separate item. Underscoring is added by the author. Unless otherwise noted, italicized entries are by Dr. Carl Gustav Jung and items in quotes are from J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*.]

An author of Fantasy must necessarily transcend the merely tautological functions of consciousness. Dr. Jung ponders this situation thusly:

The fact that the sun or moon, or meteorological processes do appear allegorised, points to an independent collaboration of the psyche, which in this case can be no mere product or imitation of environmental conditions. Then, whence this capacity of the psyche to gain a standpoint outside itself? Whence its capacity for achieving something beyond or different from the verdict of the senses? We are forced to assume, therefore, that the given brain structure does not owe its particular nature merely to the effect of surrounding conditions, but also and just as much to the peculiar and autonomous quality of living matter, i.e. to a fundamental law of life.

At this point we must acknowledge that there is a matrix upon which consciousness is founded; and that it is this matrix which is responsible for those processes which are not contained within the tautology of consciousness. Dr. Jung calls this matrix the "Unconscious"; and divides it into two fields, which are determined according to contents: the Personal Unconscious, which *...comprises contents which are integral components of the individual personality*; and the Collective Unconscious, which *...forms an omnipresent, unchanging, and everywhere identical quality or substrate of the psyche per se*. The personal unconscious contains *feeling-toned complexes, or psychic fragments which have split off, owing to traumatic influences or certain incompatible tendencies*. These complexes endow the eruptive contents of the Collective Unconscious with a feeling-tone. Entire spectra of feelings, and their concomittant emotional values, are instilled into the up-welling denizens of the Collective Unconscious, the "Archetypes".

Jung defines an Archetype as ...an irrepresentable, unconscious, pre-existent form that seems to be part of the inherited structure of the psyche and can therefore manifest itself spontaneously anywhere, at any time. Furthermore, he finds them to be instinctual: Moreover, the instincts are not vague and indefinite by nature, but are specifically formed motive forces which, long before there is any consciousness, and in spite of any degree of consciousness later on, pursue their inherent goals. Consequently they form very close analogies to the archetypes, so close, in fact, that there is good reason for supposing that the archetypes are the unconscious

images of the instincts themselves, in other words, that they are patterns of instinctual behavior. They are thus primordial, a priori, pre-dispositional pathways of psychic energy; innate propensities of and for psychic activity. Jung compares them to the axial system of a crystal, which ...performs the crystalline structure in the mother liquid, although it has no material existence of its own. He emphatically asserts that we do not inherit the specific image--the crystal itself--but the tendency to form it. Only when this 'tendency' approaches consciousness does it assume symbolic content, and become imagistically concrete.

Therefore, when an author writes of matters "beyond the fields we know", beyond mere consciousness, he directs his thought, not outwards towards external events, but inwards to imagination, intuition, and Fantasy; attributes of the Unconscious. Dr. Jung asserts: Since everything psychic is preformed, this must be true of the individual functions, especially those which derive directly from the unconscious predisposition. The most important of these is creative fantasy. In the products of fantasy the primordial images are made visible, and it is here that the concept of the archetype finds its specific application. Since, to reiterate, when engaged in the dynamics of active, directed Fantasy, an author is brought into contact with the oldest layers of the human mind, long buried beneath the threshold of consciousness, we must admit that J.R.R. Tolkien's Lord of the Rings operates on a level beyond the literal story itself. But if we grant them (i.e. the Archetypes) any reality at all it becomes clear that a fantasy such as the Rings differ from an ordinary novel in that it takes place on a different level of consciousness. Character development would be largely inappropriate in such work because the main characters (except for the Shire-folk) do not represent the flesh and blood people we know, each participating in a complex constellation of Archetypes. Rather, the characters are themselves images of the Archetypes.

To analytically demonstrate that Tolkien's triple-decker is indeed characterized primarily by the eruption of Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious into Consciousness that I will explore five Archetypes manifest in the narrative. These are: the Shadow, the Anima, Wise Old Man, Quaternity, and the archetype of the Mother. The first three of these I chose because ...*the shadow, the anima, and the wise old man - are of a kind that can be directly experienced in personified form.* The last two are included because they are both fairly obvious in the work to be analyzed.



Each of the major action carriers in The Lord of the Rings is foiled and contrasted with another character who represents that character's "Shadow"; the hidden and repressed part of the personality:

The inferior part of the personality; sum of all personal and collective psychic elements which, because of their incompatibility with the chosen conscious attitude, are denied expression in life, and therefore coalesce into a relatively autonomous "splinter personality" with contrary tendencies in the Unconscious. The shadow behaves compensatory to consciousness; hence, it's effects can be positive as well as negative.

Frodo, the Ringbearer, represents "Hobbitness" at it's finest. Of all the Hobbit race, he is the one chosen as the representative of his kin the counsels of the Wise of Middle-earth. Throughout LotR he displays only the very best intentions, and does only the finest of deeds. (Except at the very heart of darkness--the Cracks of Doom--where he claims the One Ring as his own.) Compassionate, reflective, he purchases moral integrity with great pain, yet it is pain and sacrifice he has freely chosen to endure; he makes his own decisions and acts upon them. A true hobbit, delighting in comfort, and the basic pleasures of the senses, he is never-the-less different, unlike others of his kind: "Frodo was more thoughtful and moody than Hobbits were wont to be, and eagerly sought out news of other lands...he was also uncommonly perceptive of the hearts of those he met."

Contrasting Frodo is "the Gollum", Smeagol, "Hobbit of the Stoor strain", who has also carried the Ring and suffered because of it. Frodo's mastery of his desire to wield the Ring is sharply contrasted with Gollum's enslavement (to the Ring). His enslavement, viciousness, and hate for Middle-earth are a foil to Frodo's mastery, compassion, and love of those good things indigenous to Middle-earth. Frodo realizes that Gollum also is a victim of the Ring's power, and that 'there but for the grace of God go I'. Yet it is Gollum, paradoxically, who fulfills Frodo's quest; at the heart of Orodruin, poised at the brink of the Cracks of Doom, Frodo--contrary to his purpose and against the wishes and counsels of the greatest minds in Middle-earth--claims the One Ring as his own. Gollum, for the first time, physically attacks Frodo, gains the Ring, and falls into the Flames of Doom. In this is seen the autonomous nature of the Shadow. Also, by struggling with Frodo, Gollum is acting in a compensatory manner to Frodo's decision to take the Ring unto himself.

By this deed, Gollum, Frodo's Shadow, succeeds in destroying the Ring of Power: "...hence, it's effects can be positive as well as negative.", "Gollum...is Frodo's 'dark' side, the depraved outcast and slave to the Ring."

Aragorn, the most important man in LotR, is the mythical 'True Prince', the summation of all human virtue. He is the rightful heir to the lost realms of Gondor, the King Elessar, whose task it is to recreate and refound the legitimate, lawful order of men in Middle-earth. As such, he is portrayed as a man of action who undertakes great deeds against the forces of chaos in Middle-earth. However, his portrayal as a warrior is tempered by the fact that he wields his sword only for what is just and good; he fights as a healer and peace-bringer, as one who appreciates and loves other created beings, and as one who respects the subtlety, complexity, and beauty of Middle-earth. Most importantly, he engages in action of his own free will. It is the exercise of will, tempered by the urgings of his heart, and the strict adherence to their dictates, which differentiates Aragorn from other men. This assertion of will is the assertion of his true self; through it he fulfills his destiny, transcends the enslavement to baser desires which results from neglecting the moral imperatives of such exercises of free will.

As a foil to Aragorn is the Witch King of Angmar, Lord of the Nazgul. In contrast to Aragorn, he has ignored the moral imperatives of free will, thus negating the autonomy of his individuality and opening himself to the will of Sauron. He is the ancient enemy of the Heirs of Elendil, of whom Aragorn is the legitimate king. Also, he was a man of the Race of Numenor (as is Aragorn), yet of the type called "Black Numenoreans", who became enamoured of the teachings of Sauron, and were corrupted. He wields one of the Nine Rings Sauron forged, with which he intended to ruin the race of men; he is therefore Sauron's most deadly tool. His deeds are executed with a livid hate, a desire to warp and destroy; these are attributable to his enslavement to the will of Sauron. As with Frodo and Gollum, the Witch King's enslavement, hate, and vicious cruelty are the foil, the Shadow, of Aragorn's mastery, love, and compassion. Most significantly, the Nazgul Lord has no will whatsoever, nor does he make freely chosen decisions; he is an utter slave to Sauron, and the Ring Angmar wears is under the dominion of Sauron's own, the One Ring. Gandalf constantly refers to him as "the Shadow", or "Lord of Despair"; conversely, Aragorn's elvish name, Estel, means 'hope'.

Gandalf the Grey, Mithrandir, is one of the five Istari of the Order of Wizards, who were sent to Middle-earth by the Valar (the angelic powers or beings of pure spirit who are the guardians of Middle-earth) to contest the powers of Sauron. As with Frodo and Aragorn, his chief characteristics (excluding his quick temper, laughter, and wit) are his mastery, compassion, and love of all Middle-earth. As a messenger of the Valar, his powers are of a divine origin: he is a servant of the Secret Fire, which burns eternally in Valinor, the Undying Lands. He is the physical manifestation of eternal good in Middle-earth. However, he is only one of the Five Istari; his direct superior and the most powerful wizard, is Saruman the White.

Here then we have the basis of Jung's "Shadow" archetype. For Gandalf and Saruman share a common heritage; both hail from Valinor on similar quests, both are almost immortal beings, both wield supernatural powers. Most importantly, both are under the same edict: "They were forbidden to dominate the peoples of Middle-earth, for to match Sauron's power with power." Yet despite their wisdom and almost divine origin, they are left the capacity for free choice. Gandalf chooses wisely, though not infallibly; he does not permit his powers to lead him into condescension and pride. Contrarily, Saruman becomes enamoured of his own knowledge and power. Thinking himself, in his pride, infallible and invincible, he is ensnared by Sauron, falls into bitter hates and deceitful ambitions, and sets out to dominate Middle-earth. Thus, Gandalf foils Saruman, and vice-versa. After Gandalf falls in battle with the Balrog of Moria and undergoes a ritual rebirth, he is sent back,

increased in power and wisdom, as Gandalf the White, mightiest of all beings--barring Sauron himself--in Middle-earth. He becomes what Saruman should have become, as Gandalf himself recognizes: "Yes, I am in white now. Indeed, I am Saruman, one might almost say, Saruman as he should have been."

Saruman is therefore Gandalf's Shadow. However, his actions cause, unbeknownst to Saruman, positive effects. By setting himself in opposition to both Sauron and the Men of Westeros, he inadvertently causes Sauron to show his hand in battle before he is prepared. This draws his ever-seeking Eye to leave the borders of Mordor, thereby enabling Frodo and Sam to slip into his land and fulfill their mission. Saruman, Gandalf's Shadow, thus "...behaves compensatory to consciousness; hence, its effects can be positive as well as negative."

There are other instances of the Shadow Archetype; but the major illustrations have been covered in the examples of the primary characters and their concomitant 'Shadow-selves'. Other manifestations of this archetype are: Old Man Willow, of the malevolent Old Forest, who foils Fangorn, the benevolent Father of Trees; Boromir, who in pride falls prey to the One Ring, who foils the merely human (as opposed to the archetypal 'True Prince') Aragorn, who resists the lure; and Theoden, King of Rohan, who in the teeth of despair fights on, and thus is the foil to Denethor, High Steward of Gondor, who--despairing utterly--commits suicide. More overtly, the Nine Walkers of the Fellowship are the foil of the Nine Nazgûl; Orcs are the Shadow of Dwarves and Elves, and Trolls the Shadow of Ents. The distinguishing characteristics of these will not be analyzed, for the subtlety of such an analysis pales beside the forthrightness of that given Frodo, Aragorn, and Gandalf.

THE ANIMA



Throughout his works Dr. Jung reiterates again and again the vital significance of the Anima and the Animus. (The former for and in the psychic life of women, the latter for and in the psychic life of men.) We are interested in the Anima, in so far as it relates to the life of Aragorn.

Every man carries within himself the eternal image of woman, not this or that particular woman, but a definitive feminine image. This image is fundamental-unconscious, an hereditary factor of primordial origin...an imprint or 'archetype' of all the ancestral experiences of the female, as it were, of all the impressions ever made by a woman.

Furthermore:

The natural function of the anima (as well as the animus) is to remain in (their) place between individual consciousness and the collective conscious. The anima and animus should function as a bridge, or door, leading to the images of the collective unconscious.

The Anima is, in simple words, a psychic motivating force; the function of which is to lead its carrier towards self-hood.

In Aragorn the concept and actuality of the Anima is clearly evident. When we first meet him in the first book, he is a wanderer, a Ranger of the wild places of Middle-earth. He seems to merely a man undertaking to guard the good of Middle-earth from the forces of evil which threaten it. There is nothing unusual about this. Yet there is more to Aragorn than his life as a Ranger. He is also the Chief of the Dúnedain, the last members of the royal houses of the once great Kingdom of Numenor. As such he is, though dispossessed, the true king of all the mortal realms of Middle-earth. However, his kingdom was, long before, torn by war; and the greatness of it lives only as embers of the fire it once was. Aragorn's is heavy doom: either he must live his life as a wandering, warrior-nomad, always aware that he is a king, yet unable to found a kingdom; or, he must undertake to refound that kingdom through labors such as no mere man would initiate with any hope of fulfillment. Further, it is only by assuming the throne of kingship that he may become his true self; that self which is his inherited right. Only by recovering all his ancient inheritance will Aragorn ever be a complete, fulfilled self. Now, The Lord of the Rings begins at a point past which Aragorn has shouldered his fate. He has already begun the seemingly hopeless task of regaining his kingship; re-establishing the Ancient Realms of Gondor and, through this process, becoming his true self--the High King of Gondor, Lord of all the mortal realms of Middle-earth (as distinct from the immortal realms of the Elves and Dwarves).

Yet this is not, in itself, satisfactory motivation. What man would devote his life to an endless labor, without even the slightest hope of gaining that which he works for? Aragorn's inheritance lies in shards and pieces; his rightful kingship has been a mere title for some two thousand years; and those same forces which toppled his ancestors from their seats of power are now moving to sweep even the remnants of past glory into oblivion. What force could possibly bring him to even think of attempting the resurrection of his birthrights? It is Arwen Undomiel, the Elven princess, who supplies Aragorn with the lasting strength with which he sustains himself during his immense labors. She is the primary, though by no means the only, motivating force in Aragorn's labors. Yet their is not always a joyous love: "In the light of later revelations it can dawn on us that the longing for Arwen is a torment, a joy, a despair, a comfort to Aragorn in time of little hope." She, as an immortal elf, was born at a time when the kingdom to which Aragorn is the legitimate heir, was still, to a great extent, the glory of Men in Middle-earth. Thus, she supplies Aragorn with an emotional basis for his labors in that she makes manifest and real those events and glories of his past (which had been, previously, for Aragorn only a title and a matter of masculine pride). Simultaneously, she is the living past, immediate present, and hope for the future. She personifies all that Aragorn wishes to be; and, due to her elven, immortal life and living past, all that he could and should be. All of Aragorn's true self is found in Arwen; for, by making him aware of the greatness of his inherited legacy, she not only drives him to be as the kings of yore, but also gives him strength to do what must be done in the present so that the past be made vital and real in the future. Dr. Jung writes:

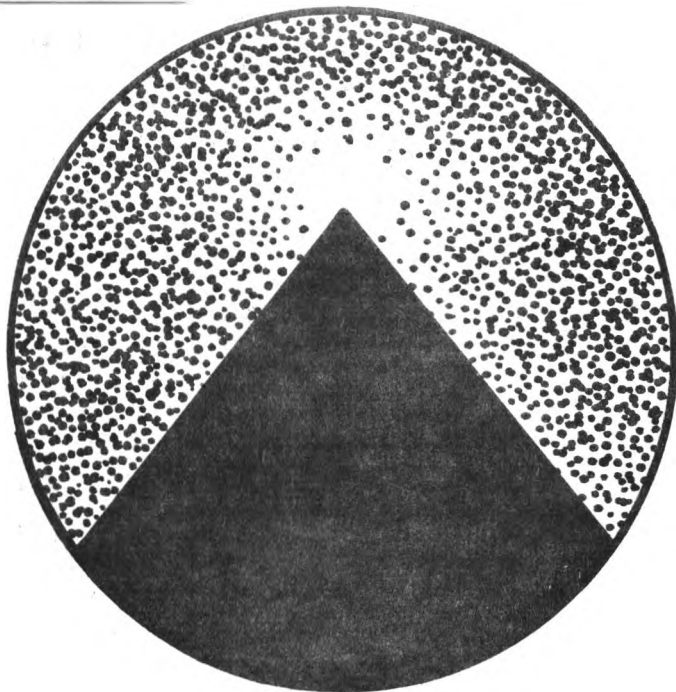
The anima of a man has a strongly historical character. As a personification of the

unconscious she does back into prehistory, and embodies the contents of the past. She provides the individual with those elements that he ought to know about his prehistory. To the individual, the anima is all life that has been in the past and is still alive in him. In comparison to her I have always felt myself to be a barbarian who really has no history--like a creature just sprung out of nothingness, with neither a past nor a future.

Arwen's immortality foils Aragorn's mortality; in Aragorn's mortal, singular history is linked with an immortal, collective past. In this manner he finds strength to become his whole, true self.

Aragorn, after being crowned king and assuming the entirety of his inheritance, bids Frodo stay with him for a while longer when Frodo asks leave to depart. "At last all such things must end but I would have you wait a little while longer for the end of the deeds that you shared in has not yet come. A day draws near that I have looked for all the years of my manhood." (emphasis added) This "end" is Aragorn's marriage to Arwen. His kingship does not completely fulfill him; it is only when he has married Arwen that he finds fulfillment. In this is seen the literary manifestation of Jung's Archetypal Anima.

THE WISE-OLD MAN



Dr. Jung has shown that there exists a ...speaking fountainhead of the soul. Through the experience of this archetype one ...comes to know that most ancient form of thinking as an autonomous activity whose object he is. The symbolic content of this archetype takes the form of a male figure: He is an immortal demon that pierces the chaotic darkness of brute life with the light of meaning. He is the enlightener, the master and teacher. Therefore, Jung calls this primordial image ...the archetype of the wise-old man, or of meaning. Like all archetypes, it has a positive and a negative aspect.

Gandalf the Wizard is the literary manifestation of the Wise-Old Man archetype in The Lord of the Rings. He is the instigator of those great deeds against Sauron with which the story deals and acts as a catalyst for all the free peoples of Middle-earth who would battle the forces of evil: "Gandalf can be said to have been the person most responsible for the victory of the West and the downfall of Sauron" (A Guide to Middle-earth).

In Frodo's specific case, the wizard brings the

Ring-Bearer out of the placid, comfortable innocence of the Shire, and leads him through the first stages of Frodo's journeys into the Wilds. These regions of violent agitation, pain, and action are literal in terms of the plot. Yet they are also figuratively symbolic: Frodo undergoes a process of encounter which, symbolically, displays the autonomy of forces and individuals which Frodo had previously been unaware of. He is made aware of and consorts with beings beyond his experience, powers beyond his ken. Thus, the journey to the Cracks of Doom is also a journey into himself, in that it opens entire vistas of physical and psychic activity Frodo had hitherto been protected from: "His spiritual center of gravity is changed to an unknown zone of fantastic tortures, impossible delights. Taken psychologically, the journey means that he must move away from the secondary and the derived, from the merely phenomenological, and break through to those causal zones of the psyche where the difficulties really reside." (Good News from Tolkien's Middle-earth) And Gandalf is his guide.

Also, Gandalf is immortal: he hails from Valinor, the Undying Lands. Though he undergoes death in the Mines of Moria, he is re-born. As a wielder of the Secret Fire of Valinor, his is the only power great enough to bring light into the darkened, oppressive places: his staff is the torch to be followed in the Moria Mines, into Theoden's vast hall, wrapped in darkness and gloom, he brings the healing light; the darkness of Sauron's fumes, with which he would cover Middle-earth, is negated by Gandalf's innate brightness ("the heavy shadows gave way before it"); and even the physical incarnations of evil, the Nazgul, flee from the white light he commands. Also, as a master of earthy lore and history, and divine knowledge, he is the counsellor of even the wisest of the Elves, themselves tutored by the Valar. At the Council of Elrond, during which the fate of the One-Ring is discussed, Gandalf is called upon last, by Elrond (one of the wisest Elves, and for that reason one of the beings - Elven or otherwise - in Middle-earth): "For it is the place of honor, and in all this matter he has been the chief." Gandalf is the ... enlightener, the master and teacher, as in Jung's definition of the Archetype of the Wise-Old Man, or of Meaning. The archetype...appears in a situation where insight, understanding, good advice, planning, etc. are needed but cannot be mustered from one's own resources. The archetype compensates this state of spiritual deficiency by contents designed to fill the gap. In addition to these positive aspects, Gandalf displays the archetype's "negative aspects" in the form of his Shadow, Saruman.

THE QUATERNITY

The quaternity is an archetype of almost universal occurrence. It forms the logical basis of any whole judgement. If one wishes to pass such a judgement, it must have this fourfold aspect. The ideal of completeness is the circle or sphere, but its natural minimal division is a quaternity. A quaternity or quaterion often has a 3 + 1 structure, in that one of the terms composing it occupies an exceptional position or has a nature unlike that of the others.

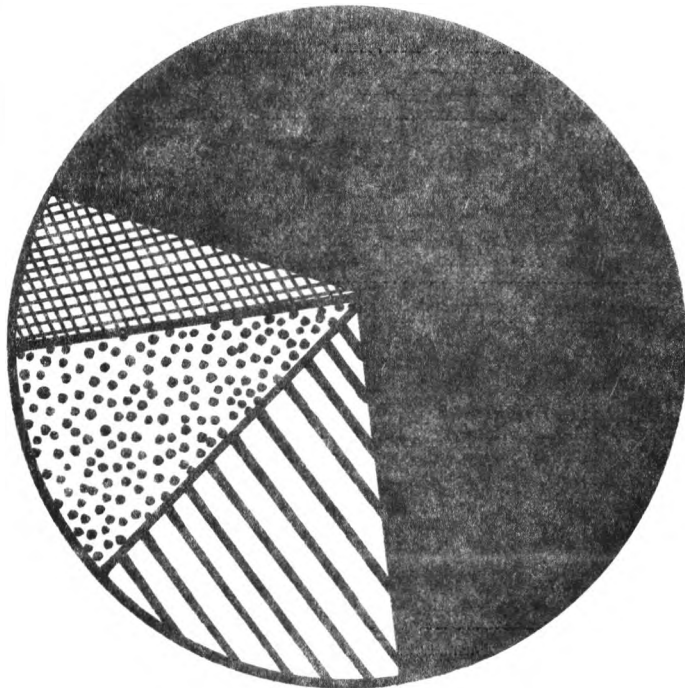
Prof. Tolkien provides ample illustrations of the Quaternity Archetype. Of the races indigenous to Middle-earth, there are four which take an active part in the plot, and carry the action against Sauron: Elves, Men, Hobbits, and Dwarves.

Arrayed against the Hosts of the West are the Hosts of Sauron: orcs, trolls, men, and the Nazgul.

Also, the four Hobbits who take part in the Fellowship (i.e. Frodo, Sam, Pippin, and Merry) represent a Quaternity.

There are four major stages during Frodo's quest: from the Shire to Rivendell; Rivendell to Lothlorien; Lothlorien to the very heart of darkness--Mt. Doom in Mordor; and from Mt. Doom (Orodruin) back to the Shire.

The Council of Elrond is the most significant and telling,



as well as clinically analyzable, instance of the archetypal tendency of the Quaternity in LotR. For it is due to the determinations and resolutions resultant from the Council that the subsequent actions, and the ultimate victory of the Hosts of the West, transpire. Previous to the Council, the free peoples of Middle-earth had battled the Black One, Sauron, tribally; each, except for the Elves, knew nothing about the One-Ring, and thought their troubles to be singular instances of strife. Yet a representative of each of the four races journeys to Rivendell, each singly yet all simultaneously, to seek the "long wisdom of Elrond". And it is at Elrond's council that each learns the vast scope and subtle nature of Sauron's designs, as well as the truth about the One-Ring. Elrond muses:

"What shall we do with the Ring, the least of Rings, the trifle that Sauron fancies? This is the doom that we must deem. That is the purpose for which you are called hither. Called, I say, though I have not called you to me, strangers from distant lands. You have come and are here met, in the very nick of time, by chance as it may seem. Yet it is not so. Believe rather that it is ordained that we, who sit here, and none others, must now find counsel for the perils of the world."

It is from this point that the story truly unfolds, in the literal sense. Yet on the figurative, symbolic level, also there is an unfolding. For, by the very nature of the undertaking (i.e. the overthrow of Sauron), a complete and harmonious alliance of the four free peoples is vital. And this becomes an actuality. Elrond asserts that the meeting of these representatives is "ordered"; to the critical reader, accepting Jung's premises of the Quaternity, would have to agree; in this ordering is evident the pre-dispositional tendency of the archetype of Wholeness, the Quaternity. Furthermore, the '3 + 1' structure of the quaternity is made manifest: Frodo and his Hobbit friends hail from the Shire, a paradisaical land of blissful--though ignorant--innocence; they occupy an *exceptional position* in this, and they share little, have few bonds, with the other three races. They have a *nature unlike that of the others* in that hithertofore they neither had known nor cared for the dealings and actions which take place outside the borders of the Shire. Yet, they are absolutely vital to

the literal and figurative-symbolic Wholeness of the epic. As Elrond states: "I think that this task is appointed for you, Frodo; and that if you don't find a way, no one will. This is the hour of the Shire-folk, when they arise from their quiet fields to shake the towers and counsels of the great. Who of all the Wise could have foreseen it?" It is only when Frodo the Hobbit accepts the task as Ring-bearer that the Quaternity is complete, and from this moment the true unfolding of book--both on the literal and the Archetypal levels--dates. In this is evident the pre-dispositional tendency of the Archetype of Wholeness, the Quaternity.

THE MOTHER

Dr. Jung, despite the vast dimensions of his clinical research and scholastic investigation into alchemy and mythology, asserts:

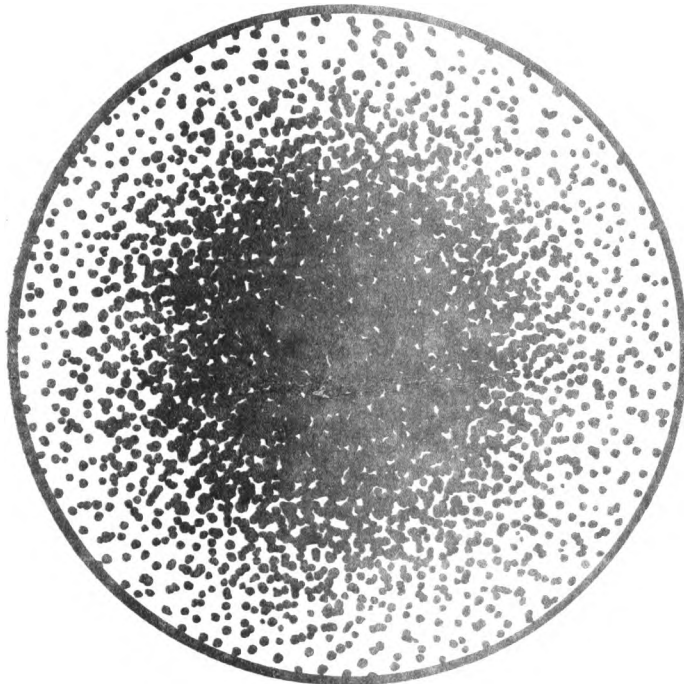
I have tried in the foregoing to give a survey of the psychic phenomena that may be attributed to the predominance of the Mother-image. Although I have not always drawn attention to them, my reader will presumably have had no difficulty in recognizing those features which characterize the Great Mother mythologically, even when they appear under the guise of personalistic psychology. These analogies take us into a field that still requires a great deal of elucidation. At any rate, I personally do not feel able to say anything definite about it.

This 'inability' is due primarily to the fact that the Mother Archetype is primarily and primordially a pre-conditional psychic fact which lies at the very heart of the structure of the Collective Unconscious, clothed in mystery, beyond scrutiny. This is basically true of any archetype. But the Mother archetype is of even greater psychic import, representing as it does, the source, the receptacle, and structural modifier of all other archetypes. Dr. Jung further states: *Whether this structure and its elements, the archetypes, ever 'originated' at all is a metaphysical question and therefore unanswerable. The structure is something given, the pre-condition that is found to be present in every case. And this is the Mother, the matrix, the form into which all experience is poured.*

Applying this to Tolkien's story, it is obvious that the Mother is Middle-earth itself. For it is upon and beneath the firm soils and rocks, the very fabric of Middle-earth, that the dynamics of the plot transpire. Of the soil is the serene and pastoral Shire, as is the stark and barren Mordor of the Nazgul. Arcane, primeval Lothlorien is of and from the soils, waters, and rocks of Middle-earth herself; so too are the eldritch, moribund Dead Marshes. Noble Shadowfax, raised on the free and open plains, derives his strength from the grasses of Rohan, which are especially nourishing--containing as they do special virtue drawn from the fabric of the earth. Shelob, the vast, swollen spider, lives in the secret, foul, nightmare tunnels of Mordor, devouring only rotten flesh. But both the aristocratic horse and the virulent, gangrenous spider acquire their innate strengths, their natures, from the very structure, the rocks and bones--the essential fabric of Middle-earth. Fangorn the Eldest Ent is inherently of and from the earth, as is Old-Man Willow. Magic Rivendell, the enchanted valley, derives much of its virtuous elven strength from the earth. Barad Dur, also magical, derives a malignant strength and depraved nature from the stone upon which it is built.

This brief survey of the qualities intrinsic to Middle-earth in the form of places and living things, lends credence to the statement that Middle-earth itself is the Mother, the matrix--the form into which all experience is poured. Dr. Jung writes further of the Mother Archetype:

The qualities associated with it are maternal solitude and sympathy; the magic authority of



side, the mother archetype may connote anything secret, hidden, dark; the abyss, the world of the dead, anything that devours, seduces and poisons, that is terrifying and inescapable like fate. These are the essential aspects of the Mother: her cherishing and nourishing goodness, her orgiastic emotionality, and her Stygian depths.

Only Middle-earth in her fundamental, organic wholeness displays all these qualities. The most obvious hierophonic and eruptive manifestations of the three essential aspects of the Mother are: the cherishing and nourishing goodness of the Shire, Lothlorien, and Rivendell; the orgiastic emotionality of Tom Bombadil, and Orodruin's violent eruptions; and the Stygian depths of Moria, Dunharrow, and Mordor (especially Shelob's lair). And it is into and through the Stygian depths that the three major characters go. Gandalf falls into the abyss in Moria, in battle with the Balrog, finally falling into the primordial waters at the very heart of Middle-earth. There he grapples with and overcomes his foe, and pursues it back into the upper world, finally destroying it, Gandalf dies. But he undergoes a rebirth, and is sent back, increased in magical powers and wisdom. Aragorn passes into the depths of Dunharrow, following the horrific Paths of the Dead, and emerges renewed, strengthened, and increased in stature. Frodo penetrates into the regions of uttermost despair and evil anywhere in Middle-earth, where death and stark horror reign. He returns transformed beyond his mere Hobbithood; at the tale's end he is more Elf than Hobbit.

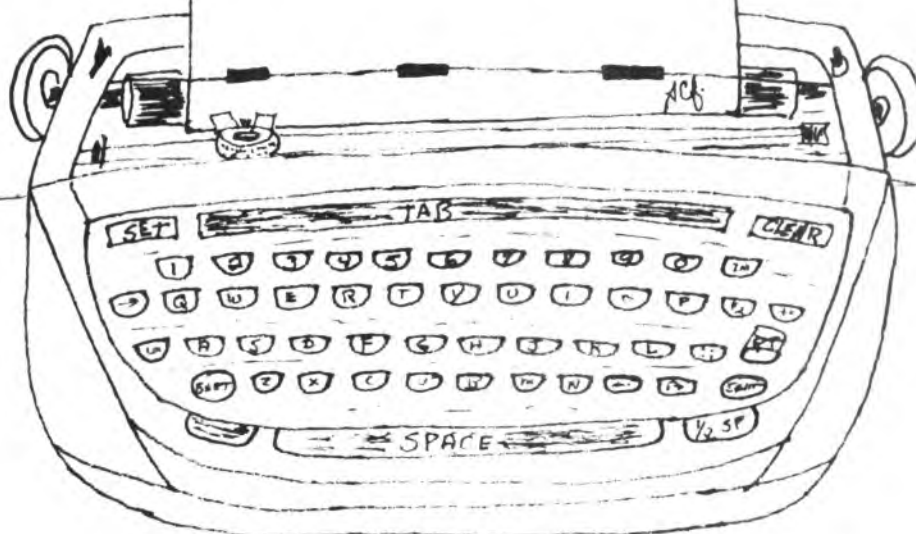
Tolkien's heroes descend into the womb of the mother-matrix, Middle-earth, and are symbolically re-born. This theme of Separation and Return is characteristic of the Mother Archetype: The place of magic transformation, together with the underworld and all its inhabitants, are presided over by the Mother. Thus Middle-earth is the Mother Archetype of Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings.

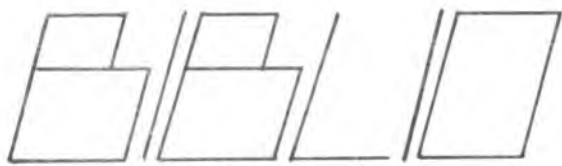
the female; the wisdom and spiritual exaltation that transcend reason; any helpful instinct or impulse; all that is benign, all that cherishes and sustains, that fosters growth and fertility. The place of magic transformation and rebirth, together with the underworld and its inhabitants, are presided over by the Mother. On the negative





MICHAEL BASTRAW
ANNE J. BRAUDE
SHERWOOD C. FRAZIER
FRED LERNER
ED MESKYS
DIANA L. PAXSON





Dark Is the Sun, Philip Jose Farmer, Del Rey Books, 1980, \$2.25

Their are few ajectives left which can describe Farmer's imagination. It will suffice to say that there are not many writers that are better. Farmer blends SF and fantasy with great ease; his narrative style is smooth and energetic.

The story takes place fifteen billion years from now. The Earth is near death, it's core has cooled, and the skies are darkened by the ashes of long-dead stars. The hero is a man named Deyv who is sent afield to find new blood in the form of a mate for his tribe. While on this quest his Soul Egg is stolen by Yawtl, a wretched creature sent to this task by Feersh the Blind. In an attempt to track down the Ywatl, Deyv meets and befriends Vana, a girl from another tribe, and the plant-man Sloosh; both victims of the same thief. The trail takes them across a jungle-laden Earth populated by unimaginable creatures and traces of a once-technologically great civilization.

The trail finally takes them to the lair of Feersh the Blind, a witch who's greed has kept her alive beyond her time. There they learn of the reason for the thefts and what they must do to get back their Soul Eggs. The new quest takes them to the Bright Abomination and the jeweled wasteland that harbors the Shermibob, the ageless being from another star that knew the Earth's end was near; she also holds the keys to the only means of escape.

Farmer's narrative style permits the reader to zip from one perilous encounter to another with smooth determination. You want to keep reading till the words become entangled with eyestrain. Because of the story setting, it lends itself well to fantasy. But one must credit Farmer's ability to write when pointing out his blend between SF and fantasy; he is well versed in his trade.

This story is not without blemishes but they are few and far between. On the whole, this episodic novel is an exercise for the imagination; a fine read for all. It will no doubt be as popular with Farmer fans as was *Riverworld*.

scf

The Fountains of Paradise, Arthur C. Clarke, Del Rey Books, 1980, \$2.50

I predict that Arthur C. Clarke will never write the ultimate SF story (assuming that such a creature can be created). On the other hand, he has never written a bad story.

And probably won't.

TFOP is more of the same. It is a very, very good story. But not a great one.

Vannevar Morgan, engineer extraordinaire, wants to build "an elevator system linking the earth with space". One of the first of many problems to be overcome is that, as in *The Earth to the Moon*, the Space Elevator has to be anchored to the Earth at one particular location. This position is already occupied by a religious order on an island modeled after Clarke's own Sri Lanka. From there it's all uphill but half the fun's getting there.

TFOP is the most serious competitor, along with JEM by Fred Pohl, for this year's Hugo award for best novel. ACC's name may give him the edge he needs to cop the prize.

mb

JEM, Frederik Pohl, Bantam Books, 1980, \$2.50

Pohl does it again. Just when you think he's hit the top with something like *Gateway*, he comes up with this exciting story of Man's newest extraterrestrial dystopia.

Earth's governments are now broken up into three divisions of power nicknamed the Peeps, the Greasies, and the Fats (People, Fuel, and Food). An inhabitable planet is found around "Kung's Star" and it's a race to the finish between the power blocs for control of the planet and woe to the indigenous crab-creatures, balloon-creatures, and gopher creatures who are naive allies of each of the Earth forces.

Every sentence in this tome drips with flavor. Pohl writes in detail and with an eye ever-forward. This particular future is disquieting indeed; if only because, given certain developments, it is a chillingly possible extrapolation of things to come.

JEM will get my vote for best novel even though Arthur C. Clarke will probably beat him out of it with The Fountains of Paradise.

Nonetheless.

JEM is SF at its best. A Must Read.

mb

The Best of L. Sprague de Camp, introduction by Poul Anderson, Ballantine Books, 1978, \$1.95

De Camp has long been one of my favorite writers and I have read most of his books and stories before this. An advantage of a collection like this is that there are no constraints against reusing stories from previous collections and anthologies. You get a well-rounded summary of a writer's career.

I enjoy de Camp mostly because of the humor in all his stories, both actually funny scenes which will make the reader laugh and wry twists which will make him smile.

I was surprised to find that of the 14 stories, I had read only seven previously, and had read neither the one article nor the 3 poems. Poul Anderson's introduction and de Camp's afterword were both interesting and revealing.

All of the stories but one had at least some humor, and some were hilarious. My favorite story in the book is "Nothing in the Rules" about a coach of a woman's swim team getting a mermaid and entering her in the meet. It is strictly logical...a mermaid would be a mammal like a dolphin, not a fish like a tuna...and loaded with broad comedy. I hate humor where the hero is simply put in horribly emarrasing situations, like so much of TV comedy of a decade ago, and de Camp does not do that. Some of the humor is slapstick, like when the mermaid gets drunk on fresh water or the competing coach enters a seal, while in other places it is ironic as when in "Two Yards of Dragon" the would-be knight is arrested for killing a member of a protected species out of season.

The one serious story is "Judgement Day" about the cruel treatment of an introverted misfit by children. In his afterword the author explained that some of the incidents in the early part of the story are based on his life, and that talking to other writers after the story was published he found that many of them had suffered similarly.

"Language for Time Travelers" was the first article in

- an SF magazine to apply the rules of linguistic evolution to modern English and speculate what it will be like 500 years hence. In his afterword he mentioned that he did a similar article for F AND SF a couple decades later; "How to Speak Futurian". I have not read that other article and am now interested in finding it.

Only two of the stories are from after his decade-long hiatus in writing SF and fantasy, and are different in tone. The humor is much more subtle and the world-view seems a bit more cynical.

I enjoyed every piece in this book and recommend it most highly.

erm



A Note from ajb--

My book reviews are not full-dress critical examinations after the manner of Piers Anthony, but rather introductions such as you would make for a couple of your friends to give them sufficient information to decide whether they wished to pursue the acquaintance. ("Helen, this is George. He's a stockbroker and a 32nd degree Mason who keeps an eldritch horror in his hall closet. George, Helen is a Scorpio who is heavily into macrobiotic lycanthropy.")

A Spell for Chameleon, The Source of Magic, Castle Roogna, Piers Anthony, Ballantine, (As a boxed set, The Magic of Xanth, \$5.85)

Combining the humorous and the heroic in fantasy is a very iffy proposition. If your hero is to have funny things happening to him all the time, you tend to do it by making him a fool or a blunderer, which rather spoils him as a hero. (That is why I don't care for most of deDamp's fantasies, and even Harold Shea narrowly avoids falling into this trap.) In this trilogy, Piers Anthony has managed the combination brilliantly.

Xanth is a land in which everything is magic or has magic. A lot of the magic is merely funny or convenient, and no more serious than a pun. In fact, much of it is a form of pun: shoes grow on shoe trees, cottages are hollowed out of cottage cheese, etc. But there are more powerful gifts, such as those of the Good Magician Humfrey and the exiled Evil Magician Trent. Every citizen of Xanth has some talent: the failure to demonstrate one before reaching the age of 25 means automatic exile into Mundania. This is the fate of threatening Bink, the hero of A Spell for Chameleon. After a series of hair-raising and rib-tickling adventures in and out of Xanth, Bink finds not only a Magician-class talent of his own but an heir to the throne of Xanth and a wife for himself.

The Source of Magic takes Bink and his friends--Chester the irascible centaur, Crombie the soldier transformed into a griffin, the Good Magician Humfrey, and Grundy the golem--on a quest for the wellspring of Xanth's magic. Said quest is fraught with the usual unusual perils, such as dragons and other monsters, vicious nickelpedes (five times as nasty as centipedes), and even hostile constellations, but they eventually find the source, only to destroy it inadvertently. By the time they manage to restore the magic of Xanth, Bink has learned a great deal more about its rationale.

Castle Roogna's hero is Bink's son Dor, born at the conclusion of the previous volume and now twelve years old. As the possessor of a Magician-class talent, the ability to converse with inanimate objects, he is heir apparent to the throne of Xanth. To prove himself and to gain experience, he undertakes a mission into the Xanth of 800 years in the past, where he inhabits the body of a Conan-like barbarian warrior. Aided by his talent and by Jumper,

a spider accidentally sent back with him and transformed to giant size, he searches for a potion that will revivify Jonathan the zombie and restore him to his true love, Millie the ghost. (Millie, brought back to life in Source, was Dor's nurse.) This is my favorite of the three books, principally because of the delightful character of the spider. Although I am a howling arachnaphobe, I loved Jumper. He is in many ways the real hero of the book--brave, resourceful, loyal, and affectionate. The friendship that develops between him and Dor is very well depicted.

Each of the books is basically a linear quest, but characters and events relate to one another both backwards and forwards. The reader is left not only with the enjoyment of three lively adventures and of getting to know a number of interesting characters and watching them develop, but also with the picture of a well conceived, if not highly serious, secondary universe.

I have on hand a copy of Anthony's Arabian Nights novel Hasan (Dell, \$2.25) that I have not yet gotten around to reading because I keep having to finish my library books first. (Which presents an interesting question for Piers: Would you rather have your books bought and not read or read and not bought?)

ajb

Urshurak, Brothers Hildebrandt and Jerry Nichols, Bantam Books, 1979, \$8.95

The Brothers Hildebrandt are popular illustrators of heroic fantasy; their paintings may be seen on many book covers and wall calendars. They conceived of Urshurak as both a book and a film, and made a thousand storyboard drawings before the first word was put to paper. The result is a lavishly-illustrated, beautifully-designed volume containing an unexciting story unskillfully told. The color plates and abundant black-and-white drawings make it easier to visualize the characters and the landscapes they traverse than could be the case if the reader had to rely solely upon the authors' lackluster prose. But this exposes the great flaw of Urshurak--the imaginative impoverishment of its creators.

Urshurak tells of the fulfillment of an ancient prophecy: the overthrow of the Death Lord's thousand-year reign and the coming of peace and freedom to the continent of Urshurak. This is accomplished by a young prince newly emerged from hiding, aided by a company of elves and dwarves and men, guided by an ancient and beneficent wizard. The quest to retrieve the Crownhelm and rally the free peoples of Urshurak is hampered by enemy swords, the guile of traitors, and the obstacles of nature. The whole thing is as depressingly familiar by now as a fifties Western.

Almost everything in Urshurak has been done, twenty years ago and fifty times better, in The Lord of the Rings. (A possible exception is Oolu the Gwalpy, who seems to be a by-blow of Gurgi from Lloyd Alexander's Prydian series.) This is not to accuse the Brothers Hildebrandt and Jerry Nichols of plagiarism--merely of incompetence. Most heroic fantasy writers draw from a common pool of images and legends, just as potters work with common clay. Their craft lies in the design and the shaping, not in the raw materials.

In the great heroic fantasies of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, and Lloyd Alexander, the true heroes start out as innocents, who have heroism thrust upon them. They are simple folk, reluctant to enter into the affairs of the wide world. At the moment of fulfillment, they may lack the will to accomplish the quest: it was not Frodo Baggins who cast the One Ring into the Crack of Doom. It is precisely this transformation that captures the imagination of the reader.

This doesn't happen in Urshurak. Prince Ailwon is consistently noble and courageous; but that's what princes in heroic fantasy get paid for. His companion elves and dwarves and amazons are all credits to their races. Hugh Oxhine, the first and last character

encountered in the book, is unwaveringly brave and loyal. None of these folk appears to be changed significantly by his experiences.

It's hard to tell just who is the hero of Urshurak. The authors divide their attention among several principal characters. Their omniscience becomes intrusive as they reveal the inner thoughts of too many people, rather than letting their words and deeds tell the tale. A minor character's action is described as "typically ill-timed"--a judgement that should be left for the reader to make, based on his own analysis of that character's behavior. The reader is told too much and shown too little--leaving him immune from surprise, and from concern.

A tale of great deeds should be recounted in noble language. Heroic fantasy should not be written in pseudo-Spenserian or mock-King James; but neither should it be slangy or ungrammatical. One does not speak to a queen of "a rap on the skull", and "for the umpteenth time" is an inappropriate phrase (even if the subject matter is Indian-wrestling among inebriated dwarves). The consistent misuse of "hopefully" betrays the unprofessionalism of authors, and editors alike.

The most charitable thing that can be said of Urshurak is that it might make an exciting film. But that will be a triumph of cinematography, not of storytelling. As a book, Urshurak is an ignoble and unworthy descendant of The Lord of the Rings. It is worth neither the reader's time nor his money.

[This review originally appeared in the VERMONT SUNDAY TIMES-ARGUS and SUNDAY RUTLAND HERALD.]

f1

Masters of Space, E.E. "Doc" Smith, Jove Books, 1979, \$1.75

Zap! Zam! Boom!!

Doc is back and he's discovered S*E*X in interstellar space. Kim Kinnison in shock!

Smith's newly-released interest in steamy and lurid (for him) love interest goes hand in hand with his usual retinue of galactic empires, superhuman men and women, cosmic leaps in knowledge, and juvenile patter.

If you're a Smith fan (like I am), you'll love this book. (Wow! Doc is really getting dirty.)

Did you know that the Lens is the ultimate aphrodisiac?

mb



The Silver Eggheads, Fritz Leiber, Del Rey Books, 1979, \$1.75

Fritz is only the second writer to ever get me to laugh out loud while reading one of his SF books; and it's entirely unfair that he doesn't let it go at that. He insists on repeating this feat every page or two.

In this off-center world of the/some future, fiction writing is done by the Wordmills. These are computers which are programmed by the Authors. By placing the first word of the proposed story into the machine, the Authors cause the 'Mills to churn out a form of literary pabulum, which may be considered the ultimate in mainstream fiction. One day the Author's decide that they don't need the Wordmills anymore and destroy them in a revolt as humorous as it is disastrous. You see, no one knows how to write anymore without machine assistance.

Well; almost no one.

The love for Language that Fritz has is evident throughout. While the book has its moments of out-and-out slapstick, he never lets it go overboard to the point where the actual story-line degenerates into paragraph-length "one-liners".

NB: Don't read this book in a public library.

mb

Beware of This Shop, Carol Beach York, Thomas Nelson Inc., 1977 (talking book RD 12005, 1 disk)

This suspenseful book, set in a small city late last century, deals with the encounter of two girls in their early teens with some very sinister magic. The dwarfish proprietor of a trinket shop had been hounded all his life because of his deformity...much like Dick Deadeye in H.M.S. Pinafore, and took up black magic to wreck vengeance on the world. The girls found many cabalistic books with strange hieroglyphs in his workroom, and came to realise that in some unspecified manner his whole power resides in an ugly brass toad he keeps locked up in bolted down cage near the sales counter. The mood is very sinister, much like that in Nicholas Stuart Gray's Down In the Cellar, one of my favorite children fantasy books. The plot is very straight-forward. Two girls, Hestor and Isabel, buy some trinkets in the shop and start to suffer dire consequences. Hestor deduces the cause and saves them by destroying the items. Isabel leaves town for a month or so with her family leaving Hestor alone to cope with the situation. Hestor is forced by circumstances to take a part time job in the shop and finds that she has no will to resist the evil proprietor. The proprietor reveals to her his complaint and hints at his intended revenge on the road, and that he plans to use Hestor and Isabel as pawns. Upon returning Isabel suggests that Hestor destroy the brass toad, but she can offer no physical help. The feeling of menace is well done, but not as effectively as in the Gray book.

erm

Homeward to Ithaka, Leonard Wibberly, William Morrow and Co., 1977 (talking book RC 11928)

While the dust jacket says that Wibberly has written over 100 books, mostly novels but also some non fiction and poetry, the only ones I had read before this were The Mouse That Roared and The Mouse on the Moon. The book was not a light comedy but was a straight fantasy adventure like that of Damp and Pratt, or Anderson's Three Hearts and Three Lions. Only here the hero slips back and forth between this world and that of Bronze Age Ireland a number of times.

In a lengthy forward the author explains that he took several Irish myths and combined them, and set them in the Bronze Age about 2500 BC. He also added another side adventure for Ulysses in addition to those chronicled by Homer. He has Ulysses spend some time in Ireland during the time of Cuchulainn shortly after Diedre's death. He then starts the book with a lengthy excerpt from the Odyssey, giving many of Ulysses' adventures between the Fall of Troy and his return home to Ithaka (Wibberly's spelling).

The story is told in the first person and the hero is not named. He is a professor of Comparative Literature at Columbia Univeristy, a bachelor prone to daydreaming about Ulysses. After trying to show some parallels between incidents in Irish mythology and the Odyssey, and even western cattle rustling in the last century to an uninterested class, he is seduced in his office by a student from another course. Because of his mood he identifies her with the goddess Circe. After she leaves he has a hallucination or really visits a magician who transports him to Bronze Age Ireland for a few hours where he finds himself to be Ulysses still seeking his way home to Ithaka.

The next day he cannot find the building with the magician and wanders the campus like a lost soul. A few days later "Circe" moves into his apartment and after lovemaking he again has a vision of being Ulysses in Ireland and having a few more adventures. Finally, while she is away to her parents over Christams recess he flies to Ireland and visits an ancient burial site. While in a tunnel he is again transported to ancient Ireland and experiences a very long series of adventures. It ends with him fighting Cuchulainn against his will, and sparing him, when Queen Medb is attacking Ulster to gain the Brown Bull of Cualnge she must have in order to outdo her husband in possessions. Wibberly has Cuchulainn turn out to be Poseidon's son who earlier in Ulysses adventures had been the Cyclops (Polyphemus) whom Ulysses had bested and insulted earlier. The previous necounter had brought down the curse on Ulysses which had been the cause of his misfortune ever since and his rectification allows him to return home. There is one more brief encounter with "Circe" back at Columbia, for she has now found a new professor to seduce for upping her grades, before he finally returns to Ithaka.

I know very little of Greek or Irish mythology. I have vague memories from bits I had picked up from one of the de Camp/Pratt books and from Stephen's novel Diedre, and from talk at Charlie Brown's apartment in the Bronx many years ago. Charlie was lending or selling me many fine historical novels at that time and I remember talk of other books, titles long forgotten, which I had never gotten around to reading. There was one famous siege which appeared in two different novels by different authors, as seen from the two sides.

I found this novel very enjoyable and hope to eventually learn more of Irish mythology.

I recently reread the two Mouse books (were there any more?). These are delightful bits of froth, but my, how they have aged. The world was concerned about Russian spies and the Berlin Wall, and so much else that is now forgotten.

erm



Lifeboat, James White, Del Rey Books, 1980, \$1.95

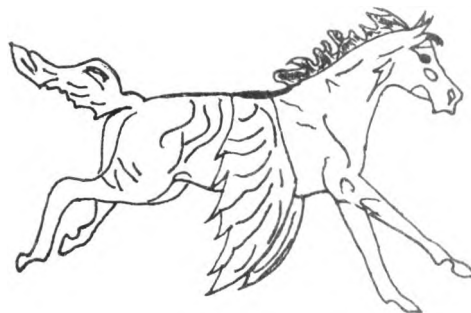
This painstakingly detailed tale of an interplanetary disaster and subsequent hardships of the survivors might have been a little more exciting if it had been trimmed a bit. Like by about a half.

White has the mechanics, the humanity, but he left out the pizz-azz. In a story as linear as this there has to be something to hold our attention and it just ain't there. Condensed, this would have been a much better story segment than a 184-page "novel".

I understand that White has written much better.

I hope so.

mb



Rose Price

Harry and the Seaserpent, Gahan Wilson, Charles Scribners and Sons, 1976, \$6.95

This delightful fantasy is a sequel to Gahan Wilson's first children's book, Harry the Fat Bear Spy published in 1973. The island nation of Bearmania is inhabited by talking bears who have a civilization that parallels our own but with a wry Wilsonish twist.

This book has a far younger audience in mind than does Beware of This Shop. And the mood is totally different. There is no gloom or terror, but only delight and whimsy. If Mr. Wilson had written the other book I would not have been suprised in the least. It is obvious that this was done as a change of pace, like Boris Karloff doing children's fairy tales on TV or Ian Fleming writing Chitty Chitty Bang Bang.

Harry is enormously fat and has a scrawny side-kick named Fred. They wear regulation black spy outfits with hats that cover most of their faces and carry regulation spy telescopes. While on vacation at an ocean resort they are directed by the most improbable of secret messages to investigate the recent appearance of a sea serpent. At the harbor they make contact with an eccentric brilliant scientist, Professor Waldo, who has traced the serpent to an offshore island, uninhabited except for a lighthouse, which they proceed to visit. They have a fight through an infestation of sea-tulips which were recently imported by a tourist returning to Bearmania, and which choke the ocean the way water hyacinths choke our southern rivers. On the island they meet a crazed hermit bear who is white from age and who hasn't enjoyed a macaroon in decades, and the two antisocial lighthouse keepers Big George and Little George. Needless to say Harry and company solve the mystery of the sea serpent and at the same time the problem of the sea tulips.

I especially appreciated the fact that Professor Waldo was not the Disney type characature of a scientist like the Absent Minded Professor who is totally stupid about everything except science. It was a very refreshing change.

I enjoyed this book very much and intend to look up the first in the series and any others that might have appeared since.

erm

Beauty, Robin McKinley, Pocket Books, \$1.95

I suppose the film freaks out there have seen Jean Cocteau's silent version of Beauty and the Beast, which knocks anything Disney ever did into a cocked hat. This retelling of the legend is even better, though totally different in tone and style.

The setting is more or less England, the time apparently 16th or 17th century. The heroine, Honour, nicknamed herself "Beauty" at the age of five; the name is now an embarrassment to her as she is the ugly duckling of the family. She is a tomboy who prefers studying Greek and riding her horse Greateheart to the pursuits of a fashionable young lady. Her two sisters are as good as they are beautiful. (McKinley has taken liberties with the original story, obviously, but no more than Cocteau did.) When business reverses wipe out their father's fortune, they move north to settle in a small cottage at the edge of a wood with a dubious reputation. The father returns to his first trade, carpentry, and sister Hope's husband thrives as a blacksmith. All is snug and cozy until the father's visit to the Beast's castle and plucking of the rose. (In this version, the elder sisters' requests for jewels is only a family joke.) Beauty goes to live in the castle, and the story reaches its predictable end, with marriages galore and all living happily ever after.

The resemblance to such novelized fairy tales as Eleanor Farjeon's The Glass Slipper is not accidental; Beauty was originally published as a juvenile. It is at once a romantic and a domestic story: all the characters are likeable. The heroine has enough tartness and wit to keep her from being a goody-goody. While the enchantments of the castle are real, the primary interest is not in magic but in characterization. (There are some sly touches: the Beast's library contains not only the expected literary classics of the time but also Sherlock Holmes and The Screwtape Letters.) Beauty is very well done--a rave review from Peter S. Beagle is quoted on the cover--but probably would not be of particular interest to science fiction fans. Its appeal is to lovers of fantasy and of romance in general.

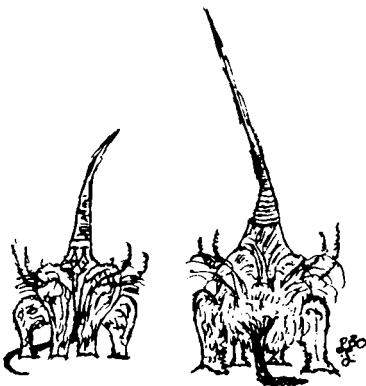
(N.B. My bookstore shelved Beauty under Gothic romance for some reason. I think this is the same bookstore that put Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask under science fiction.)

ajb

The Empire Strikes Back, Archie Goodwin, Marvel Comics, 1980, \$2.50

If you liked the movie (and who didn't?) you'll enjoy this illustrated version of the fifth chapter in George Lucas' "Star Wars" saga. The art is reminiscent of the 1950's illustrated horror pulps which were the forerunners of mags like CREEPY and EERIE. Of course this edition is in or with only the usual number of flaws in the repro. The drawings are faithful to the movie even though the faces seldom are.

(They could have used Mort Drucker.)



The Dragon and the George, Gordon R. Dickson, Ballantine Books, 1976, \$1.95.

Jim Ekert is a dragon. He didn't used to be but that was before he got involved in an astral projection experiment which goes sour.

Dickson's pace is fast and entertaining as he weaves the story of this poor soul's odyssey through this medieval alternate world where he must a. - rescue his sweetums from the bad guys, b. - return to his original human form, and c. - return to their world of Century 20.

A better than average sword-and-sorcery with excellent and interesting characters.

Class G-Zero, Walter B. Hendrickson, Jr., Major Books, 1976, \$1.25

This is a public service announcement to NIEKAS readers. Do not buy this book. It contains large quantities of Word Die #3.

Maybe a better title would be No Class D-.

The plot synopsis on the cover says it all (and better than the author does in 192 pages): "Forced to change their course, the humanoid expedition chose to land on the Moon while awaiting repairs. But the Moon was inhabited by humans--terrified and hostile!"

There.

Now you have the best part of this book.

mb



The Lover Talker, Elizabeth Peters, Dodd, Mead, 1980, \$8.9

Fairies in Maryland?

Elizabeth Peters is one of the leading practitioners of a genre that is hard to define. Such books are often described on the jacket as "a novel of romantic suspense", but that's not too helpful; so are Gothics. I shall use the term "romantic thriller". Like the Gothic, the romantic thriller has a female protagonist, a love interest, and a mystery/suspense plot, but its tone is the opposite of Gothic. Whereas the atmosphere and action of the Gothic are usually somewhat claustrophobic (confined, for example, in the sinister castle familiar with the covers of so many paperbacks), and the heroine is usually oppressed, either by social factors (she is only a governess or poor relation) or by psychological problems (she was an unwanted child, or overshadowed by a beautiful sister), the romantic thriller plot is usually one of pursuit and adventure, and the heroine is strong, independent, and intelligent, often capable of rescuing the hero. The unquestioned mistress of the genre was Mary Stewart, before she took to retelling the Arthurian legends. The literary antecedents of the Gothic are the Brontes and Rebecca; Stewart's work seems to me to be rooted in the adventure novel, especially as practiced by John Buchan.

The Lover Talker is really more of a Barbara Michaels novel than standard Peters, which tend to have an archaeological theme. Michaels writes either very good occult thrillers or conventional but superior Gothics. (They are, of course, the same person: Barbara Mertz, who writes non-fiction about archaeology.)

But...fairies in Maryland?

Laurie, the heroine, and her half-brother Doug are summoned to the family estate by a worried Great-Aunt Ida. Great-Aunt Lizzie, who has always gone in for freaky enthusiasms, has taken to seeing fairies at the bottom of the garden. Has Lizzie finally gone 'round the bend? Is she, for some obscure reason, the victim of a plot? Or is there really something out there, something malevolent and other-worldly? Laurie is not prepared to believe the last--until she sees the photographs...

The answer is more complex than any of these, and finding it nearly costs Laurie her life. The book is full of references to the classics of fairy tale and folklore, and some of the traditional themes are paralleled and played with in the plot. Doug is able to solve the mystery of the photographs by virtue of being a fan (fairly convincingly portrayed, even if he does call it sci-fi). The mystery is well plotted, with plenty of suprising twists, and the romantic resolution may come as a surprise despite the clues provided. (Regular readers, however, should be able by now to spot a Peters hero by the second page of his appearance.) Characterization is lively, and there are some very funny moments. (Another defining quality of the genre: humor in the Gothic is unthinkable.) Here is a good author near the top of her form, with a book that readers of either sex should find entertaining.

ajb



An Hour With Fritz Leiber, a taped interview conducted by Randall Garrett, Hourglass Productions, 1979, \$6, 10292 Westminster Ave., Garden Grove, CA 92643

Both Randall Garrett and Fritz Leiber are good talkers and they are familiar with each others' work and background. Thus Mr. Garrett knows what questions to ask Mr. Leiber, which makes for an entertaining and informative interview. I have been reading SF for 30 years now and have read many books and stories by Mr. Leiber, and seen the accompanying blurbs and biographical sketches. I have met him at several conventions: the 5th World Fantasy Con most recently. Even tho I now know a good bit about his background I learned a lot more from this tape. For instance, he initially was attracted to the horror story and felt comfortable writing something only if it had a horror element to it. Thus his first sales were to UNKNOWN and WEIRD TALES. He wrote his first SF novel, Gather Darkness, at Campbell's urging for publication in ASTOUNDING, and he around his tie to horror by working it into the SF story by making it a tale of a scientifically based pseudo-witchcult overthrowing a scientifically based theocracy. He explained the origins of his fascination with horror, and I found this an interesting suppliment to my reading of Frank Belknap Long (see my remarks about Long and King in Bumbejimas).

Other topics covered in this interview include Mr. Leiber's correspondance with Lovecraft, his reaction to several Lovecraft stories and his feelings of the directions HPL was headed in just before his death, the origins of a number of his own stories including Conjure Wife, Destiny Times Three, The Wanderer, The Silver Eggheads, A Spectre Is Haunting Texas and many more. Also discussed were the origins of the Fafhrd/Mouser series, the game of Lankhmar, Mr. Leiber's science writing and editing career, the use of pseudoscience in SF, the invention of a new form of occultism for a story, and the Garrett sponsored Gray Mouser awards.

This interview was very enjoyable and is well worth the price. I hope the other tapes in the Hourglass series are as good. I hope to be reviewing them in future NIEKU.

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The Best of James Blish, edited by Robert A.W. Lowndes, Del Rey Books, 1979, \$1.95

With one or two exceptions, the Del Rey "Best of" books comprise a variegated cross-section of each author's short story career. Considering that most are 300+ pages long; you certainly get your money's worth. This compendium of Blish's writing is overdue and is one of the best in this series.

From "Citidel of Thought" (1940) to "A style in Treason" (1970) we travel through worlds seen through the eyes of a master. As the intro, written by Lowndes, points out: JB always did write the "hard way"--certainly nothing this good ever comes easy. A favorite of mine is "Surface Tension" (1952) which deals with the struggles of genetically diminutive descendants of a doomed expedition on the planet Hydrot.

There's a little something for everyone in this collection: fantasy, science-fantasy, hard and soft SF, and some non-fictional musings written under his pen name of William Atheling, Jr.

And you thought all he wrote was *Star Trek* novelizations. Enjoy.

Jesus on Mars, Philip Jose Farmer, Pinnacle Books, 1979, \$1.95

When it comes to Philip Farmer's books I'm prejudiced. I like the way he writes and the stories he tells.

The first manned mission to Mars discovers an underground civilization. Enough for a story? Obviously PJF didn't think so. His astronauts discover Jesus Christ has a townhouse there.

Theology and Faith have always been favorite themes of Farmer's and they are, once again, in the fore here. The scene where one of the earthlings has breakfast with God's son(?) is one of the more gripping scenes in recent SF. The ending is great; the pay-off is well worth the price of admission.

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Alright now. How many people have read The Hobbit? Hands?
Quite a few I see.
How about The Lord of the Rings? About the same.
The Silmarillion?

Where did everybody go?

If you haven't read The Silmarillion you're missing a rich part of Middle-earth history. For those who find TS a bit too laborious to stick with, A Tolkien Bestiary is just the thing for you.

ATB takes an encyclopedic overview of Middle-earth and the Undying Lands of J.R.R. Tolkien. Illustrations throughout the book are rendered in black and white and color by Ian Miller, Michael Foreman, Allan Curless, Lidia Postma, John Blanche, Pauline Martin, Sue Porter, Linda Garland, Victor Ambrus, John Davis, and Jaroslave Bradac.

The text is simple without being simple-minded. Day is not averse to re-covering ground if it is germane to his explanation; therefore each item is self-contained. (If you have yet to read LotR--shame on you--save this book for later. Hunks of the story are presented in several of the entries as, in addition to basic explanations, various characters' roles are discussed in context.

There are about four-score color plates depicting significant events in the history of Arda (the World). These range in quality, as do the b&w's, from evocative to merely acceptable. The styles vary (as one would expect with 11 contributing artists) but clever placement makes for a smooth transition from page to page. Ian Miller (the major contributor) displays his typical stylistic approach. At the other extreme, Victor Ambrus opts for a fine-line realistic look. Interestingly there is not whimsical art a la Tim Kirk et al.

For most I would definitely recommend this as your next Tolkien-related reading after LotR. It will extend and expand and draw-out for at least a little while longer the magic that is Middle-earth.

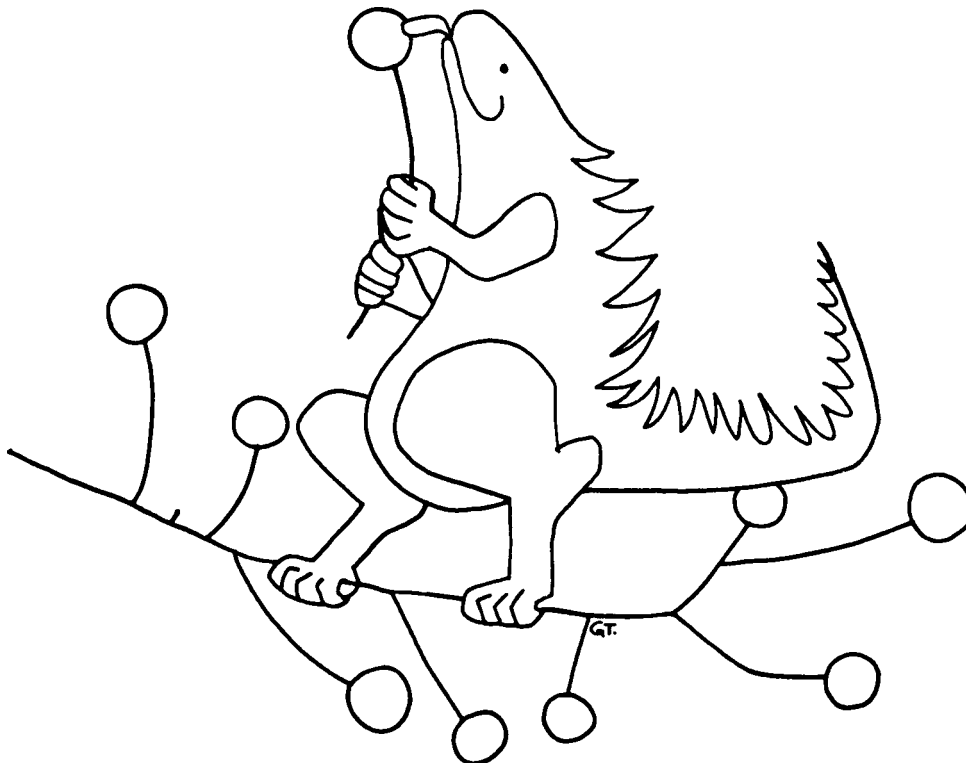
Then you might try The Silmarillion.

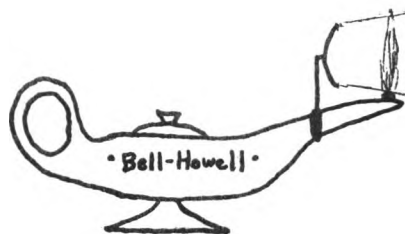
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At twenty bucks, this book is a real bargain. More than a bestiary, it includes monsters, races, deities, and flora as well as beasts. It is not as comprehensive or as fully indexed to the sources as Bob Foster's Guide, but the entries are much fuller. There is a lot of repetition, as the same information is given under alternate names for the same beings (e.g., Teleri, Sindar, Grey-elves), but this is certainly erring in the right direction. I caught no major errors, but then I am no expert in Tolkien minutiae. The style is somewhat irritating, as Day aims for Tolkien's epic height but misses far more often than he connects. There is an original composite map of all the lands of Arda throughout the ages, chronologies of the various ages, charts of the races and kingdoms of Elves and Men, and an index of principal sources as well as a general index. The Bestiary is a valuable reference work for the Tolkien fan and indispensable for the Tolkien scholar.

But to hell with the text. Buy this book for the illustrations. This is the largest collection of high-quality Tolkien art I have yet seen in one volume. There are eleven artists represented, ranging from established major talents to rising new artists. In addition to well over 100 black and white illustrations, half-tones as well as line drawings, there are 36 paintings in color dealing with the history of Middle-earth and the Undying Lands from Creation to the Departure of the Ringbearers. Possibly no artist can successfully compete with one's own inner vision of the characters, but there is a high degree of satisfaction to be found here. As an admirer of Victor Ambrus as an illustrator of juveniles, I was not too surprised at his ability to capture the quality of the Elves, especially Galadriel and Feanor; but I was equally impressed by John Davis' Eowyn and Ian Miller's Trolls. Among the color illustrations, the standouts are Linda Garland's "Destruction of the Great Lamps" and Allan Curless's "Death of Smaug the Golden". Unreservedly recommended.

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MAGIC LANTERN REVIEWS

THE SHINING

To read or not to read; that is the question.

Whether tis nobler to read the book first or see the movie is a question which has plagued some of the greatest minds throughout very recent history.

In the case of Stephen King's book, The Shining, and the subsequent film of the same title by Stanley Kubrick; I read the novel first.

Big mistake.

I enjoyed both for what they are. But it wasn't easy.

The novel I consider a competent fusion of mainstream and horror which found me hard pressed to set it down for more than a few minutes at a time. King's focus on a small cast of characters makes for much livelier storytelling than, say, his epic-length book The Stand which fairly creaks with its plethora of persons.

THE SHINING, the movie, is lean, trim, and in fighting form. It would be hard to imagine anything less from Mr. Kubrick.

The highlight of any Kubrick film is the cinematography. If, as Orson Welles once said, a movie studio is the best toy a boy could have; then the camera is certainly the Everready that makes it go. Stanley Kubrick does so love his 35 mm playthings. From his aerial exterior work over the countryside around the Overlook Hotel to his endless dollying in the Hotel and the Maze, we are treated to a master's work every step of the way. The proof of his incredible vision is that any freeze-frame from the film is a perfectly composed entity.

The visuals were about all I enjoyed the first time through the film. I was still too wrapped up in the book which I had read within a week of seeing the film. On the second showing I was able to concentrate more on the movie itself and I discovered some other treats.

Like the acting.

Obviously Jack Nicholson never got over his lobotomy he received in ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST. He is a perfect Jack Torrance through all the phases of that character's development. While at times he goes overboard with his humorous adlibs ("Here's Johnny!") it does show the amount of confidence that Kubrick has in his players to leave such in the final cut. Shelley Duval doesn't fit King's vision of Wendy Torrance as far as hair color goes anyway but she has the moves down from her wide-eyed stareings to her suburban banalities. Little Danny was just cute enough without going too far.

Kubrick's direction makes one wriggle with delight. The scene in the Gold Room with Lloyd, the bartender, and the conversation with Grady in the men's room were brilliant. Nothing less. The underplaying in the interview scene and the remarks of ironic forshadowing were also terrific.

As in 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, Kubrick turns to the classical and neo-classical to enhance the mood of a given scene. Bartok's frantic "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celeste" reminded me a lot of the Lyeti pieces from 2001. (Is TS Kubrick's 2001 for the horror set?)

The ending seemed a bit of a cop-out though. Wendy and Danny take off in the SnowCat without even the briefest of encounters with Jack at the end of it all. Mr. King's

climax and following sub-climax are much more satisfying. (If anyone has heard what Stephen King thinks of this film please let me know. He will probably emphasize the word based in his opening credit.)

I was disappointed more with what was left out of the movie than what was put in (an error in omission...). While I was reading the novel, keeping in mind that I would be seeing the film, I anticipated a great rendering of such things as the topiary animal scenes, Danny in Room 237, and the attack on Dick Halloran on his way up to the Overlook. The topiary animals might have proved a bit difficult to bring convincingly to the screen but that fact that they weren't even included as inanimate set pieces disappointed me. They were such strong symbols in the book.

In answer to my opening question I would say read the book first then see the movie.

Several times.

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SATURN 3

SATURN 3 is a visual and visceral tour de force which... Wait a minute. That's what I said about ALIEN.

I must have got carried away by S3's own delusion.

The visuals aren't half bad and there is certainly plenty of viscera. But calling it a tour de force is far too charitable.

The producers of S3 should have seen ALIEN just one more time to try and get it right.

The promo says, "Something is wrong on Saturn 3". This is true only if you believe that Kirk Douglas and Farrah Fawcett-Majors can be menaced by a robot with an average walking speed of 1.5 mph which clanks through the metal cloaca of a research station on one of Saturn's moons.

Basic plot and screenplay notwithstanding, S3 is a mildly entertaining bit of cinema. If you can swallow the illogic and scientific inaccuracies you will probably be able to go ahead and enjoy the flic. (What's the bit about not being able to call for help while the moon is in "shadow"? This is a major plot point and assumes that they have never heard of relay stations or satellites. And why put a nutrition research station on a barren moon in the first place. Maybe they thought it was made of green cheese.)

The story begs many questions but never follows up. Interesting concepts are cast forth but never reeled back in. Tantalizing glimpses of Earth of this period are brought forth by Benson's (Harvey Keitel) behavior. Is his psychosis typical or atypical? Hector the Robot evidently has something in mind for Farrah; but what?

Set design is pleasing to the eye and if the direction had been a little more adroit it may have even evoked the proper atmosphere. Hector, I understand, is supposed to be a technological innovation. Terrific; but good plumbing does not a movie make.

Save your money until ALIEN comes around again.

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THE LATHE OF HEAVEN

This movie is to your typical prime-time, Big Three fare as "...a Bach Fugue is to Mary Had a Little Lamb."

The above quote is delivered by Dr. William Haber (Kevin Conway) to protagonist George Orr (Bruce Davison) as a comparison between the normal dream state and Orr's somnambulant sophistries which change reality.

TLOH is unusual TV in several respects.

This is the first time that a film has been made of a Hugo award winning novel. Not only that but Ursula K. Le Guin, author of the story, was also utilized as a creative consultant. The originator of the tale also involved with its visual conception? What an extraordinary idea. Who wouldathunkit?

Also. Despite, and maybe because of, their relatively small budget, the producers of TLOH have gathered together relative unknowns to work the various departments and the result is remarkably good cinema. It's refreshing to see that someone has faith in the novice and is willing to let some new blood in (even though there is always the risk of the patient bleeding to death).

The acting ranges from good to brilliant. The rapport between Davison and Conway (Orr and Haber) especially seems natural and as inevitable as the outcome of the story.

Existing interiors and exteriors are used for the most part with little set decoration. The Portland, Oregon of the near future is shown to be a city of sterile collapse; a 1970's shopping center gone bad. Into this environment are placed the faceless, yet despairing multitudes of this cheerless society of the future.

The music, by Michael Small, is reserved mostly for occurrences out of the ordinary: the dreams, moments of crisis and confusion. Electronic effects are intertwined with orchestrations which feature several themes which recur throughout the movie.

Special visual effects are economically achieved with various combinations of laser, smoke, and assorted combustibles. The alien attack of the Moon is almost stylized because of its simplicity, once again probably due to the budget. This however enhances the dream-like quality of the manufactured reality.

A lot of the credit for this film's excellence must go to screenwriters Roger Swaybill and Diane English. Within the two hours allotted they have managed to include the salient points of the novel into a saffron-smooth blend which doesn't muddle too much.

The dream sequence at the banquet table where Orr is busily engaged in wiping out most of the Earth's population struck a particularly bizarre chord. The rush of silent sound as the door opens at the end of the room presented that seldom seen moment of exquisite terror just before the hideous unknown is revealed.

If TLOH has any major defect at all, it would have to be that the story is far too subtle for the screen. This again is unusual TV where every point is usually driven home with sledgehammer accuracy. (If you hadn't read the book you might have trouble discerning, for instance, the points at which different people perceive the change in realities.)

Worth the price of admission and then some.

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A.C. Clarke
J. Hagan

RETURN OF THE PIRATES

I was struck by the credits of the TV version of Tolkien's The Return of the King; the announcement that it was based on the first edition of The Lord of the Rings. Of course it was based on the first edition that went into public domain because of bungling on the part of the publishers. A decade and a half have passed since that mixed tragedy. Many have probably forgotten the furor that spread throughout the literary world. Paperback houses had approached Houghton Mifflin about possible reprint rights but had been cold-shouldered. There was no market for adult fantasy at that time. Ace Books had brought out one Conan book which was a financial disaster. Then someone at Ace noticed that there was no copyright statement in the books and brought out The Fellowship of the Ring as a trial balloon. It sold well and caused considerable turmoil in the industry. There were rumors that another paperback house would beat Ace to the punch with the third volume, so Ace hastily brought out both The Two Towers and The Return of the King. About the same time a piece of literary pornography, published in France, was found to be in the public domain too. I remember items in SATURDAY REVIEW discussing the two cases in the same breath. I always wondered how Tolkien felt about having his booked linked with porno.

Houghton Mifflin hastily signed a contract with Ballantine Books and Tolkien made minor revisions to make the second edition copyrightable. In the meantime The Lord of the Rings, after a slow but steady sale for a decade, became a bestseller, which could not have happened were it not for the pirated edition. And, of course, adult fantasy became a viable commodity in the marketplace.

I wonder if this is a case of "here we go again". Film rights to The Hobbit and LotR have changed hands several times; and several attempts were made to start production. An east European company had actually made a 20 minute film call THE HOBBIT just before its rights to the work expired. This film was never released and only a few people in the Tolkien publishing industry saw it. I spoke to one who said it had no real resemblance to the book. Some pre-production drawings were published in DIPLOMAT Magazine at the time and all I remember is that the orks were bird-like monsters with chicken feet.

Rankin-Bass ended up with the rights to The Hobbit which was a TV movie with very mixed reviews. Bakshi did the first half of LotR for the theatres, also with mixed results. I had heard that Bakshi was going to complete LotR but it looks like Rankin-Bass jumped the gun by using the public domain version. I could be wrong of course, about the rights business and am eager to hear more. The Hobbit was filmed in Japan...I wonder if RotK was too. And will any books or calendars appear with stills?

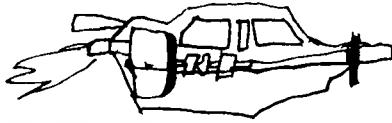
THE HOBBIT was filmed with at least one additional sequence which was not shown on American TV; the scene with the were-bear Beorn. These scenes were, however, used in the illustrated book of THE HOBBIT. Was the complete film shown in other countries?

Of course I could not see the animation and, knowing Tolkien fans, I am sure it will be roundly condemned. However I was satisfied with the plot. It was faithful to the original and worked dramatically. The songs were a bit much, tho: "Where There Is a Whip There Is a Way" got me. If I remember correctly Saruman was omitted entirely, as was the cleansing of the Shire. While it was important to the book I can see leaving it out of the film for there is simply no opportunity to include everything. Perhaps LotR should have been done as a 5 or 6 part mini-series of two hour installments.

I noticed that they gave the credits for the TV version of RETURN OF THE KING they emphasized that it was based on the first edition of Tolkien's book. Of course it is the first edition that lost its U.S. copyright because of an error on the part of Houghton Mifflin. 15 years ago this resulted in stonewalling on requests for paperback reprint rights and the eventual publication of the pirate Ace

Books edition. Tolkien did do some minor rewriting which resulted in a copyrightable second edition, but the first edition remains in the public domain. Now Bakshi has the rights to the complete LotR tho so far he has only released the first half. I wonder if the TV producers used this public domain version as a pretext for filming the book without getting permission. By showing RotK on TV they have greatly undercut Bakshi's potential market for the second half of his LotR.

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STAR WARS ♦ THE MONSTERS AND THE CRITICS

Like a good proportion of the rest of the population of the known universe, I have waited eagerly for the Empire to Strike Back. I was lucky, and got to attend a preview screening held for Bay Area writers and book store and magazine people, offered in hopes of inspiring reviews. Since then I've seen it with my family, and can attest that it's even better the second time around.

Ordinarily, I would hesitate to impose my interpretation by reviewing the film, however after reading some of the mainstream media reviews, I feel that someone ought to answer back.

As I recall, the major critics were slow to recognize any worth in Star Wars, and when sales figures forced them to admit that it must have something, they concluded that its value lay in the special effects and comic-book plotting. Having developed a brand-new niche for the "Star Wars phenomenon", they seem determined that any subsequent additions fit. The special effects in Empire are exquisite, therefore they praise them. The film also dares to suggest that the triumph of Good over Evil is not always either simple or painless. This strikes perilously close to being Meaningful, and George Lucas, having been type-cast as a Saturday Serial director, is therefore criticized for stepping out of line.

This is the same kind of mentality as that which concluded that since the Lord of the Rings was set in a fantasy environment with pint-sized protagonists and fer-Ghods-sake magic, it must be escapist and insignificant (who says escapism is insignificant?)

Of course it remains to be seen how the Great American Public will react to The Empire Strikes Back. Certainly everyone will see it once or twice... I don't know if it will inspire the addictive repetition that made Star Wars such a gold mine. In the first place, the impact of the effects technology has been diffused by its use by other space operas. This may be unfortunate, but it was inevitable, similar to the way in which the impact of the Apollo moon landings wore off.

Therefore, although the special effects in Empire are marvelous (indeed they are in some cases so perfect as to become invisible, which may be a mistake-- the high-wire performer teeters on

purpose to make the audience realize his danger), if that is all that the saga of Luke Skywalker has to offer, before Lucas ever completes his magnum opus audiences will falter and the wolves of the establishment will gleefully pull him down.

The Empire Strikes Back is not just like Star Wars-- you'll be disappointed if you expect that. It has strengths, but they are not quite the same. I loved Star Wars, but even in the midst of my first excitement I was aware of a certain frustration, because the thing that fascinated me the most was scarcely more than implied-- something mentioned in passing in those brief moments when the shooting let up, like a woodwind theme submerged in a blare of trumpets and a rolling of drums.

What is the Force, anyway? How do you master it? How do you tell the dark side from the bright? As Frodo and Sam discovered in LOTR, it's not always as easy as one might think. One reviewer criticized Lucas for suggesting (via Master Yoda) that Good and Evil cannot always be differentiated by rational analysis, that there are times when the intellect must sit back and let intuition lead the way. And although Darth Vader is black and ominous, and Luke Skywalker is a young Parsifal, which should be simplistic enough for anyone, the reviewer felt that in daring to suggest ambiguity, Lucas was touching on territory reserved for the kind of art which is euphemistically described as a "critical success" because the critics are the only ones who can stand it.

In The Empire Strikes Back, Han Solo, Princess Leia, and especially Luke Skywalker, discover that being on the right side doesn't necessarily mean you'll win, that Bad Things do happen even to people you love, and that sometimes the closest you can come to a happy ending is simply retaining hope. In short, they're beginning to grow up.

And now that George Lucas has got the eye and ear of America, he's beginning to come out of his philosophical closet, and although he still depends on action and image far more than on words (and the novelization of this one is just as disappointing as the book of Star Wars), to show a little more of what's behind it all. No wonder people who see spirit and science as irreconcilable poles, who are in fact too "sophisticated" to accept the idea of a spiritual force at all, are made uncomfortable. Unfortunately they are not sophisticated enough to recognize the venerable oriental and occidental religious,



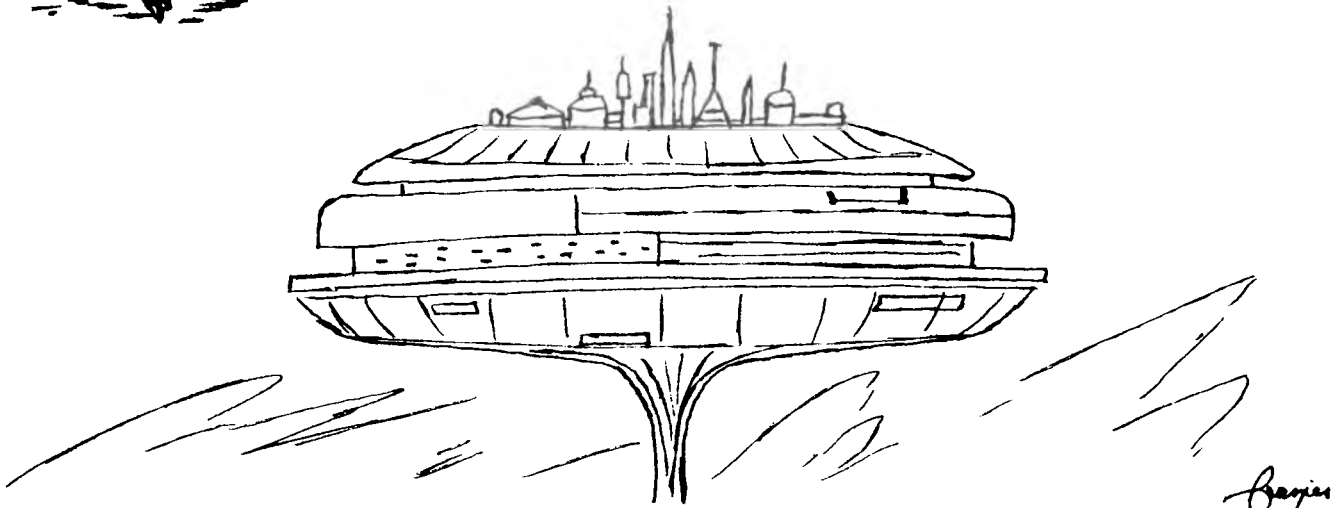
and magical traditions which are providing Lucas with raw material (whether consciously or unconsciously is irrelevant).



I must say that the contemplation of what a subliminal dose of Taoism is going to do to the psyches of an entire generation of Americans is fascinating. Lucas' goal of producing not only one trilogy of major feature films, but three of them, fills me with awe. He does indeed seem to be attempting the role of the Tolkien of film. After so many years of being in a cultural side-channel, I can only pray that this time I'll belong to the majority, and that the Star Wars phenomenon will continue, and the epic continue to unroll.

May the Force be with us all!

Diana L. Paxson



MORE ON THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

I am sure by this time that you will probably have seen all the reviews you care to on THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK. But please allow me a few personal observations and reactions.

We (Sherwood & Sandy Frazier, Steve Wood, and Himself) descended on the premier showing of TESB at the Sack Charles Theatre, Boston, this May. At \$15 a throw (champagne and hors d'oeuvre's included) most of the audience had to be ravid STAR WARRIORS. There was the obligatory promo "Darth Vader" strutting around the lobby (at 5' 9" you couldn't actually call him menacing but he seemed to amuse the wee ones). One thing about seeing a film with ready-made fans is that you don't have to have a score card to tell the good guys from the not-so-good guys; each initial appearance of a character brought appropriate cheers or jeers.

Basically if you liked STAR WARS you will like this. It is more of the same. This, if nothing else, makes good business sense.

On the plus side:

Visual effects are more varied and better executed. This is attributable to the fact that Industrial Light and Magic (what a great name for an FX house) is more familiar with their motion control system and that they have developed a new quad printer which will, in camera, coordinate four separate elements onto a single piece of film.

We start to get into the "whys" more this time. It's nice to know that Darth Vader isn't being rotten just because it's his nature. Evidently he does have a master plan even if it's nothing more exciting than taking over the universe.

It's good to see, even though the temperatures on Hoth were sub-artic, that the Princess forwent the use of her " earmuffs".

Director Kirsh's taste for shadowy lighting.

Seeing Luke Skywalker get the shit kicked out of him once and awhile. It almost made me think that maybe he wouldn't make it to the next sequel.

There wasn't another Cantina scene.

There weren't anymore cute robots.

It wasn't scripted by Lorenzo Semple Jr.

On the minus side:

Sad, but true--I have to agree with one reviewer who observed that except for Vader and Solo the other characters come and go without leaving a mark on the screen. This is strange but I suppose not inconsistent with the comic-book nature of the movie. It is not so important who Luke is as what he does.

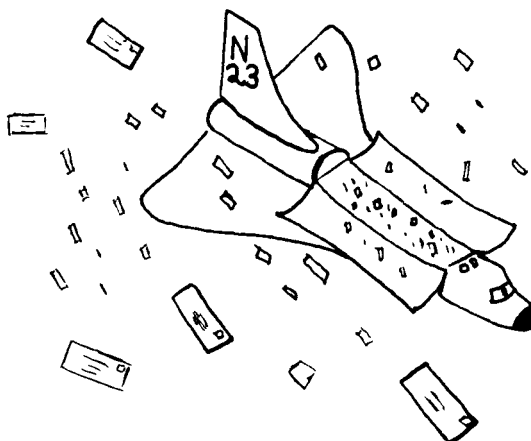
Some of the FX involving the stop-motion animation were a little dicey but passable.

Awkward love interest.

My first thought as I left the theatre was "We gotta wait another three years to find out what happens?" While STAR WARS left a few questions unanswered, TESB leaves a whole skein of them behind. I just hope that George Lucas can keep the storyline interesting enough to support the SFX. If not, he may find that, as a series, it may end up as ignobly as the James Bond films.

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LAISKAI



A LoC has been due you for weeks on the plump 22nd issue of NIEKAS...I know how Mark Twain felt, when he wrote about once having been able to remember everything, both the things which happened and everything that never happened, but after he grew old he could remember only the later events.

...This NIEKAS is crammed with things I could seize as comment hooks. But it's so big and issue that inevitably a lot of potential comments will die unborn. So, to take up matters as they occur to me:

I just don't have the time to do my duty by Diana Paxson's proposal and fill out the grid. But I think it's a promising start for an effort that is badly needed. I suspect that there's a lot of different ideas about the basic matter of what "fantasy" means. In the old days, it seems to have been considered by at least some influential fans as a term which covered science fiction, weird fiction, the UNKNOWN-type stories, and lots of other stuff; witness the fact that FANTASY MAGAZINE covered both the science fiction prozine world and WEIRD TALE's following. It runs in my mind that "pure fantasy" was the term which many fans used to consider proper for the kind of fiction Campbell bought for UNKNOWN. But, beyond the matter of major definitions, I wonder if Diana's grid is adequate for the multitude of themes which are used in fantasy fiction. There have been at least two ingenious conversions of the Dewey decimal system of indexing non-fiction books to the purpose of classifying science fiction. Jack Speer worked one out and I can't remember the identity of the other fan. [Dr. A.G.W. Cameron] Just as in the non-fiction library catalog, minor theme differences could be separated by extending the index number by another decimal or two, and a story could be catalogued under two index numbers if it was complicated enough to justify getting a primary and a secondary catalog number. Maybe something similar could be worked out for fantasy fiction exclusive of science fiction. One advantage of such a system would be the invitation for one pro to sue another if he found that the other's brand new story had been classified identically to his down to seven decimal points under separate theme numbers.

Fred Lerner could have saved himself some trouble if it had occurred to him to check the contemporary musical setting of that old Latin poetry collection by Carl Orff, "Carmina Burana", which has been recorded quite often. Most of the recordings have attached either the Latin and German texts which Orff set or the English translations. Part II of the musical work begins with about one-fourth of the poem which Fred became so interested in. I believe that there also exists several recordings of the medieval verse in their original musical settings but I own none of these and don't know if that particular poem is included on any of those discs.

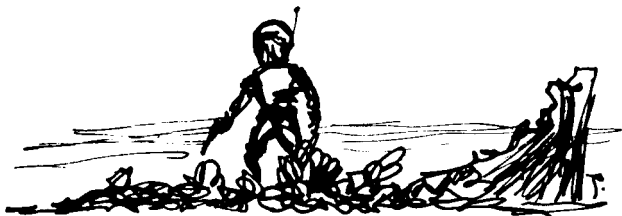
I think I'd like to know more about this "moon treaty" before I actively oppose it. I doubt if it will be harmful as far as exploitation of the moon is concerned: if we develop the technology to start mining and shipping the ore back to earth, such technology in itself should be advanced enough to make it unnecessary to hunt materials that way. Space is so vast that I can't see how the treaty could limit the explorations of it which the United States seems unlikely to accomplish anyway. And some sort of international government of mankind's activities on other planets seems essential to prevent a repetition of the messes which came out of colonization of the New World. If the United States doesn't want its activities to be hampered by all those Third World nations, the United States might consider another approach: one that would renounce the hogging or energy and possessions which has put this nation in such a bad international light up to now. When I was a small boy and relatives used to take me to Washington to see the Senators play the St. Louis Browns, my uncle used to point to the streets of the Capital and tell me that within my lifetime, there would be more blacks than whites living in the city, only he didn't say blacks. I was given to understand that this would be the ultimate cataclysm. My uncle was right about the population growth trend but Washington didn't vanish in a thunderbolt or suffer any other awful fate. Its crime rate is higher than it used to be but so is the crime rate in Hagerstown which is about 95% white. An international body governing some phases of space activities dominated by Third World nations might not be so awful, either.

I continue to be amazed at the wonders Ed describes in print-to-voice technology and the scope of material with fantasy content that is recorded. Who knows? If a bookless future such as the one Bradbury wrote a novel about should actually come into existence, a lot of literature might survive not because people had memorized it but because so much of it had been transferred to tape which can't be readily distinguished from music-bearing tape, tape used to preserve college lectures, and other things.

I read the reviews even though I've acquaintance with very little of the material reviewed. The deadpan remarks on the Gor books must establish some sort of fannish record, since hardly anyone seems able to mention that series without becoming either incoherently excited or launching into a lengthy explanation of reactions.

The cover is striking. It has an odd effect on my eyes of being a sort of combination of positive and negative images. The legs look like a negative, so does the light colored faceplate, but the costume and background seem to be positive. I suspect that it's all-negative but that's the impression it makes on me.

Yrs., &c., Harry Warner, Jr.



The results with the new press are very handsome indeed. Now if only some modern Theseus would slay the Microtype...

I like the illo [page 18]: it rather resembles the drawings Lloyd does himself for his Christmas Cards. If I had thought of it, you might have asked him to do the illo (if, after a ten-year delay, you could have summoned up the nerve!). I gather the totality of the design is meant to suggest a cat's face...

I also thought Watership Down wonderful. It was apparently published as a children's book in England, as it won their Carnegie Medal (equivalent to the U.S. Newbury--our Carnegie is for the best picture book). It is unique, as far as I know, among "talking animal" stories in that it presents a civilization and culture that are completely Lapine (not Lupine, Ed, that would be wolves). For instance, the animals in The Wind in the Willows, as C.S. Lewis pointed out, are recognizable English social types, and the incongruities involved in presenting them as animals are simply ignored. (Where, for example, do they get their tea and marmelade?) People usually create talking animals for the imaginative fun of it (Grahame, Beatrix Potter, the Animal-land Lewis shared with his brother in childhood--or, for that matter, every toddler who ever held a conversation with his teddy bear) or to make a moral or satirical point (Aesop's Fables, Orwell's Animal Farm); the characters, under their fur or feathers, are really human, and display human traits, tastes, and motivations. Watership Down is unique in that the characters, though talking like people, generally think and behave like the rabbits they are.

You didn't mention my favorite aspect of the book: the Lapine religion (if that is the correct term). I guess it would be more accurate to call El-ahrairah a culture hero instead of a god. But what a perfect supernatural embodiment of Rabbit he is! It was a stroke of genius to give rabbits a hero whose only power is cleverness, since that is naturally the quality that rabbits would deify, it being their only weapon against their enemies. El-ahrairah may owe something to the character of Trickster in American Indian mythology--and possibly to Uncle Remus' Br'er Rabbit, who is supposed to be derived from African folklore--but he is the perfect Prince for that hunted people, and the stories told of him are original as well as delightful.

I never read Shardik because all the reviews I saw panned it, and your comments certainly don't incline me to change my mind. As for the setting, I seem to recall a reviewer mentioning Siberia, but since you say there are jungles, that wouldn't work out. Perhaps he said that the religion of the book was based on Siberian shamanism--would that fit?

I found Adams' third book, The Plague Dogs, a disappointment. A lot of it is polemic against vivisection in its least defensible form, which gets in the way of the story. Two dogs escape from a government "scientific" research establishment in Cumberland--from the description of what does on in the place it is presumably funded by the N.I.C.E.--and revert to the wild. They are not too successful until they fall in with a fox, who takes them under his wing, so to speak, and teaches them the tricks of survival. The evocations of the wild, rough, desolate fell country and the grim and desperate plight of the dogs are extremely well done; and the fox, unsavory as he is, is the most interesting character in the book.

Meanwhile, the entire countryside, including Army units, is out on a shoot-on-sight hunt for the dogs, due to an

unfounded rumor that they were exposed to bubonic plague germs while escaping from the lab. The journalist responsible for the scare campaign is another well-drawn character, though even more despicable than the fox. There is a very creakily contrived happy ending.

Adams' prose style is pretty good of its kind, which is highly mannered, though not as far-out as E.R. Eddison's. What ruins the book for me is Adams' chief interest in the story, which does not interest me at all. One of the dogs has had his ability to distinguish between the subjective and the objective destroyed by experimental brain surgery and keeps having mystical visions, which are for Adams central to the story; but they are so incoherent as to be boring and do not really get anyone anywhere (least of all the reader). He seems to have taken what he did with the character of Fiver (whose visions were pretty standard ESP stuff and well integrated into the story) and tested it to destruction. The Plague Dogs did not strike me as a book that one would want to read more than once.

...By the way, I hope you people improve the quality of your proofreading to match the beautiful new press; at present it looks like the staff of NIEKAS has adopted the medieval scribes' motto, "Sic semper etaoin shrdlu", which may be freely translated, "Never spell a word the same way twice". I am waiting for the normalized West Saxon version of NIEKAS.

Vale, Anne [Braude]

[Anne--Unfortunately our proofreader has been down for repair for quite awhile. We have since then fallen back on human correction of errors. Needless to say, this simply compounds these mistakes. Hang in there!--Mike]



I got backlogged on correspondence, so am typing nine letters today, of which this is the 9th. Tomorrow I get back to work on the submission typing of summaries of prospective novels: an easier business than commenting on fanzines. But, hastily, some remarks on NIEKAS 22...

Isaac Asimov's comment on The Gods Themselves reminded me that one element of that is the three-sex species. I had a three-sex situation in my novel Cluster. Now I thought of it independently--but Asimov's novel was published first, before mine was written, and I read it while writing Cluster, so I'd be hard put to prove I didn't copy the notion. That sort of thing annoys me.

I started checking off categories for my own fantasy novels when reading Diana Paxson's taxonomy article. But my Xanth series fits the first four of her seven horizontal categories, and three of her six vertical ones. So I'm passing up her survey form; it is too difficult for me. I do have one novel I can't place on the grid, but she can't tackle that one because it was never published. It didn't fit any publisher's grid either, you see. It is titled 3.97 Erect and is highly erotic fantasy relating to an organ that was very short in a certain state, and what happened when it was stolen. Magic and demons get involved, and all manner of unmentionable occurrences; Playboy Books rejected it as "too gross for words". So maybe you need a new category on the grid: gross.

Glad to see someone reviewing the Oz books. I offered to review the first 14 of them for SF REVIEW once, but Geis wasn't interested, and now I have forgotten their details. But I did enjoy them while reading them to my daughter, as well as the Narnia series of seven and a number of Raggedy Ann & Andy books.

...I question the taste of your front cover; seems to me he should have closed the bathroom door first. I can't quite follow the football schematic on your back cover. I must be getting jaded.

Piers Anthony (etc)

...You know, it's remarkable how this world has changed in the past few years since your first NIEKAS. Who would have believed, back in the innocent old 1970's, we'd see the Skylab left to burn and nobody on the Moon in 1980; the Iranians holding American diplomats hostage and getting away with it, etc., etc.? But here is a genuine NIEKAS despite it all, and that's good. It also offers me some connection with Fandom, which I've missed.

I particularly noted Rafe's review of *Wizards*. I saw that a few months ago, and it seemed to me a flawed jewel. The crucial moment in the story was, to me, the duel between Avatar and Blackwolf. Avatar produced a pistol from nowhere, shouted "Die, you bastard!", and shot Blackwolf. Incredible! I thought that in that act, Avatar became Blackwolf. A host of possibilities opened up as to what might happen next. Well, it turned out that nothing happened. Good seemed to have triumphed over evil. But I wasn't so sure that was what came of it all.

I haven't seen *Alien* yet. I was here at MIT but I had to do something else. I do have a most remarkable book here. It is H.R Giger's *Necronomicon*. This book is a distinct shock to everything from the forebrain to the liver or thereabouts. One of these days I'll bring it out and try to understand it in some depth.

...I have come across a most interesting book. It's *The Delikon* by H.M. Hoover (a woman). It has some remarkable passages, some of almost poetic beauty, some slow and deep in meaning, and some that simply strike you. Try this: "Three children played in the garden; Alta was ten, Jason was twelve, and Varina was three hundred and seven." That's not a misprint. You need it to understand the book.

I'll explain briefly, since I need to get back to my textbook. Varina is not human; she is a long-lived alien structured into human form. She is one individual of an alien culture trying to change the culture of the human race to a more, I would say, mentally healthy outlook. This is the poignant story of the book; that Varina has been in human society so long she is no longer alien, but neither is she human. She is caught in the tension between these two and must choose between them. I really should write you a review of this book. It ends in this way. "Are you coming back?", she heard Jason call, but she could not answer because she did not know." In imagery and meaning, I think this book has great strength and I expect some truly great writing from H.M. Hoover.

Something else I have noticed happening over the past few years is that Jack Vance has exceeded by far the promise of his "Dying Earth" stories. I've read "Emphyrio", and "Masque: Thaery", his Star King series, which seems a good chance to finish now, and of course his Planet of Adventure books. I am going to become a Jack Vance collector.

By the way, I was recently reading a paragraph by Heinlein that greatly expanded my conception of what he can do. I would never have imagined in advance he could have written what you'll find in *Time Enough For Love*, in the chapter "Variations on a Theme, XI, The Tale of the Adopted Daughter". It begins: "Stand with me on Man's old planet, gazing north when sky has darkened." I'd like to know what you think of that.

...I am also thinking of starting a fanzine, tentatively titled GEAS, but I do wonder if people might confuse that with Geis. Would trufans do that, or wouldn't they? Oh well, back to that 275,000 word textbook.

Love, Martha Adams

...Yes, NIEKAS 22 reached me. I was pleased to find my poem in it. And I enjoyed the issue, too; I found Diana's article especially interesting, although I'm not convinced that the schematic approach of classifying is likely to be useful. But if it isn't it might lead to some other approach that would be.

Best, Ruth Berman



[cc of a letter to Bill Rotsler plus comments]

Will you for heaven's sake get your finger out and answer this letter instead of ignoring it like the last? A laid-back attitude sometimes has serious limitations, and I think you just pushed past mine.

I want to get in touch with Hourglass [Productions] - who, you have doubtless forgotten, so I'll remind you - recorded an interview by you of me at the Nevilles' house last year, and promised a fee, NOT so I can claim my payment, but because I want them to make over my fee's worth of tapes to an organisation for the blind. (Remember Ed Meskys, and his fanzine NIEKAS? I met Ed again after he was obliged to acquire a seeing-eye dog! And his fmz is back, in spite of all, and publishing a directory of SF recorded for the blind, and in the last issue is a LoC from me stating the bald truth; that when I offered to record my short material as it was written for blind people's use, I was met with a flat refusal. Seems wrong to me, somehow.)

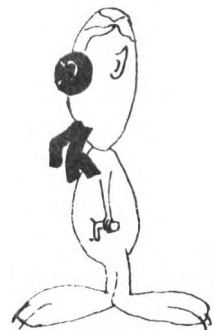
Hourglass are not answering letters. I am in Britain, you are not only in California, but actually within shouting distance of their last address. I want you to find out what the hell they did with that tape they made and get them to issue to a blind organisation as many as my fee will cover. And how about your fee, come to that? You don't need the money any more than I do!

Despondently, John Brunner

[re: NIEKAS 22]

Has it not crossed the mind of Sherwood Frazier that our current attempts to get into space involve Big Government and Big Finance and everything that's wrong with them? "If you want an image of the future, picture a boot stamping on a human face - for ever!" Are the crews of the first starships to be condemned to look back on a billion of their own kind starving to death? If I were to be one of them, I wouldn't like it...!

J.B.



...What a nice fat issue! I like fanzines one can heft in one's nad. A large ish means longer articles, more short essays to chose among, and (usually) a fair number of LoC's, reviews, and illos. I am a little baffled by your editorial statement that NIEKAS is a perzine; it has all the markings (and content) of a good old regular genzine, with a fair amount of personal material; but if perzine you say, so it is. [See last page of NIEKAS 21 for an explanation...ERM]

OK, so after reading your [ERM] personal natter I think I have some sort of idea as to the conflict of the various organizations for the blind with the one you represent which is of the blind. I recall that the Minneapolis Society for the Blind was struggling with some national organization recently, and the whole matter even wound up with one side placing full page ads in the local papers soliciting people to "join" for the token amount of \$1 so that they could vote for a particular slate of candidates for the board or something--in other words, an old fashioned proxy fight, just as big business indulges in. I am confused as to what is what, but I earnestly wish you luck in winning and keeping the kind of representation you seek. If I would not be guilty of oversimplification, I would say that I perceive your struggle as one of greater self-determination. So long as I am going to use stock phrases, I'll just say "more power to you"! [The MS for B has been one of the major agencies seeking to repress the independent blind movement and for many years refused to allow blind consumers on its board. They spent over \$150,000 of contributors' funds fighting the NFB's efforts for fair representation; but Federationists from Minneapolis are now on the board. MSB still works to oppose NFB projects in Minneapolis and elsewhere in the nation, and will not give the NFB board members access to the minutes of the old meetings. Nor will they allow them to sit in on important committee meetings as observers or to see the minutes. The fight goes on. If anyone is interested in learning more about this and other struggles of the independent blind movement I will be glad to provide details...ERM]

You certainly have found an eager bunch of fans to bring out NIEKAS on a cooperative basis. I am sorry I seem to have missed the "revival" issue, because I am sure that you've recounted some of the actual mechanics involved in getting the zine done. But I suspect that even these original methods have altered now that you've done it a few times. I realize that the zine bears the stamp of a mix of personalities, not merely your own, but I hope your fellow editors will forgive me when I address this letter specifically to you. NIEKAS has always been you, for as long as I've been in fandom; it is a great measure of praise to Sherwood, Rafe, Michael and the others that they are able to meld your efforts with their's and produce that good, hefty fanzine.

I am an Asimov fan, so I was mostly interested in Isaac's article, reprint tho it is (albeit from a magazine I'm not likely to have seen). It's a shame he couldn't have adapted it a bit for the fannish audience; we all know it was Silverberg who made the plutonium 186 gaffe, and we as fans could have taken a bit more kidding from the Good

Doctor. But it is interesting to see Asimov in a fanzine for a change, and not merely in a letter. He keeps claiming he's a fan, so it's good to see him do some form of fanac not directly derived from his prodrom! (I mean, sure he attends cons, but as a pro, and what kind of fanac is that? I ask ya...

A couple of real whoppers on the Asimov article, by the way, remind me to suggest gently that one or more of you coeditors be designated proofreader. Even cursory glance of the ish caused many of these to jump out at me (I am one of those nearly-perfect spellers [at least when I'm typing!]; would that there were more of me in fandom!). Still, no use beating it into the ground, but I would appreciate a bit more effort in future issues, please.

I'm also not sure if I really liked the page heading format. It's attractive in its own way, but I find that including page numbers within the individual articles is superfluous and confusing...

...John Boardman's catalog (fragment) of SF/fantasy recordings for the blind seems a useful tool; would that I had NIEKAS 21 so's I could check out the Asimov listings, or at any rate see the key and figure out what all those mysterious numbers are! And once again, please, proofreading! When did McComas have a sex-change?! [A few copies of NIEKAS 21 are available for \$3 each...adv! The numbers are classification codes used by Recordings for the Blind...ERM]

Some of the reviews are quite minimal. I would appreciate something meatier, but you iz da boss. Also, science fiction enthusiast that I am, I would like to see the SF reviews (and articles) predominate over the fantasy, but of course that is a matter of taste.

Fannishly, Matthew B. Tepper

PS: Oh yes, could you please include addresses of LoC writers, at least of those who ask or consent to have their letters included? I'm always interested in having people who like my letters send me more genzines to LoC... [Until now we haven't printed addresses because NIEKAS was very irregular and too many people moved between the time the letters were written and published. Starting next ish we will resume printing addresses as in the old NIEKAS...ERM]

Just letting you know that I received your NIEKAS and please excuse me for not replying sooner but, as Sir Time dictates, you go as one foot after the other, as two put together slows one down...

I've read so much Sci-Fict etc. that I'm at the point that most stories are just like detective stories, all the same (categorizing) except for the settings. It seems that I prefer reading other people's comments on the stories which takes in both the resume and commentary.

In some ways, your NIEKAS has the same attributes that I stated.

A poem here & there may say as much as a 3" novel!

My contribution may help or be discarded, but here goes-

Oh Niekas, list thine lines,
Unveil what thou containeth,
Pacify the thirsty souls that search
For mental salvation in the sections that remaineth.

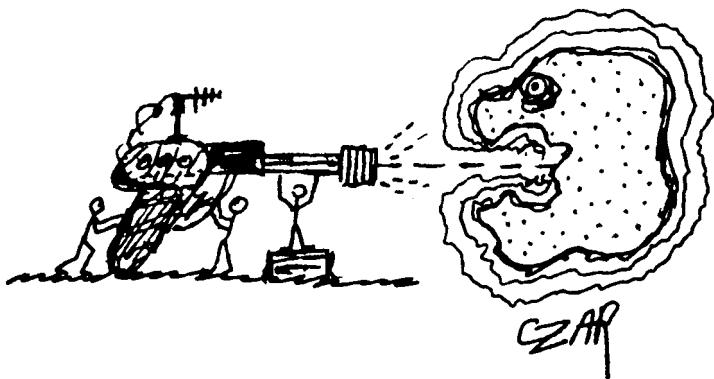
Revealed, like God, to Christians
Are the proverbs in 'Niekas'
But, to the uninitiated on its pages,
They will find cypherability 'kietas'

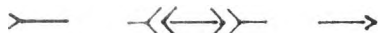
Niekas, like a meandering stream
Seems to have a whole lot to say,
But, like the stream, it has a goal
as it wanders along its way.

When observed from afar, you'll find,
That Niekas is very informative,
Its many facets are all glimmerings
of a totallity that is all conformative.

Kietas - Niekas. I know any writing is tough.

Su Dieva, Visus Peter Shulin





Ed, you are right about Falstaff's dying at the beginning of Henry V. Shakespeare has him die offstage but Olivier's film version shows the deathbed scene.

There was no historical Falstaff. The character is vaguely based on Sir John Oldcastle, a companion of Prince Hal's unregenerate youth who died a reformer-martyr. The name is borrowed from the cowardly knight Sir John Fastolfe in Henry VI, Part I. Falstaff is Shakespeare's most popular character and (with the possible exception of Hamlet) the one most written about. He is really an obnoxious type--liar, braggart, cheat, and thief. The "pranks" he and Prince Hal indulge in include actual crimes, several of which were punishable by the death sentence in his day. But along with his genuine viciousness is a capacity for being honest with himself (revealed in soliloquies, especially the famous one on honor) and a haunting awareness of his own age and mortality that resonate a chord in each of us. However much he cons others, he rarely deludes himself.

One delusion, which proves fatal, is that he is leading Hal by the nose and will continue to do so. When the old king dies, Falstaff believes "the laws of England are at my commandment" and posts off to London, only to be told by the reformed Henry V, "I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers"--a rejection which breaks his heart and causes his death, but sets up Henry to become the hero-king of Agincourt.

One particular reason I remember the Falstaff death scene is that it contains one of the most famous editorial emendations of a Shakespeare text. Shakespeare's plays exist in a number of variant versions. Elizabethan publishing did not work like modern publishing where drama is concerned. Acting companies did not want their sole acting rights was to keep a lock on the only extant script. But plays were popular reading, so publishers got hold of copies any way they could. The publishing trade was controlled by a guild called the Stationers' Company, who maintained a sort of primitive copyright system through the Stationers' Register. If, for example, John Hall, at the King's Head, Southwark, entered an intention to print Hamlet by William Shakespeare, no other stationer could publish Hamlet. (Sometimes a company of players would get a friendly stationer to enter a play with no intention of actual publication, just to prevent anyone else from printing it: this was called a blocking entry, and it created endless confusion for later scholars trying to establish the textual history of the plays.)

The first real effort to establish authoritative texts was made in 1623 when Hemings and Condell, friends and fellow actors of Shakespeare, published a collected edition of his plays, the First Folio. The quartos, or editions of single plays, vary in reliability and origin. Sometimes a stationer would have someone in the audience taking down the play in an Elizabethan variety of shorthand. Sometimes they would buy (or steal) an acting version. If a quarto gives all of one character's speeches in full but abbreviates the other parts, or if the stage directions call for Kemp or Burbage instead of Bottom or Hamlet, you can bet they were printed from actors' copies. (Incidentally, this is how we know one of the parts that Shakespeare himself took: in one Hamlet quarto, instead of "Enter Ghost", the stage direction reads "Enter Shakespeare". We know the other by tradition, as an old man, one of Shakespeare's descendants is said to have recalled seeing his illustrious ancestor in a performance in which he was carried in on the shoulders of another man. The only part this fits is Adam, the faithful old retainer in As You Like It.)

The First Folio editors did what they could to establish correct texts, but they weren't always able to do so, and editors have been working on the problem ever since. There are passages in The Winter's Tale that are still hopelessly corrupt, and Anthony Boucher found ⁴¹ variant readings in the "Poor Tom" speeches in King

Lear a fertile source for demons' names. The Falstaff death scene contains a brilliant shot-in-the-dark emendation by the early editor Theobald (Pope's "piddling Tibbald"). Mistress Quickly, describing the knight's dying delirium, says (incomprehensibly) "a table of green fields". Theobald, realizing that "a" was a Cockney pronoun, came up with the now-standard reading, "A" babbled of green fields".

As for potatoes and Irishmen: Shakespeare, I think, would have known the potato, though it was not yet a staple of the Irish diet, but Falstaff/Oldcastle, who predated Columbus, could not have. The Elizabethan English thought about the Irish much the way slave traders thought about Africans--as subhumans. Even Edmund Spenser, advocate of the Christian virtues in The Faerie Queene, as a civil servant stationed in Ireland wrote a pamphlet advocating genocide as the solution to the Irish question. Unlike Swift, he wasn't kidding. A sane and rational view of the Irish in the England of 1580 was as rare as a sane and rational view of the Ayatollah Khomeini in the U.S. of 1980.



...I can only agree with you that N22 is something of a mess, but was nevertheless of considerable interest. Regarding your own bits about the extra handicaps under which blind people exist in the States, I must say I was and am under the impression that governmental and private organisations leaned over backwards, as it were, to smooth blind people's way over here [England], and would have assumed it applied over there too. I don't know any blind people over here to check with, so perhaps their lot too is somewhat less easy than non-blind tend to think. But, as I say, I don't know.

It's a pity that Diana has changed her column-title from "Patterns"...

All the very best from us both, anyway

Archie Mercer

This is just to say that I thoroughly enjoyed NIEKAS 22, found it excellent as ever, and to send compliments to you and all the staff.

With warmest greetings,

Lloyd Alexander





Delighted to see NIEKAS again! In view of your current efforts on behalf of the NFB, you might be interested in the activities of Audio-Reader, a closed-circuit radio service for the visually handicapped that covers much of the state of Kansas. I've been doing volunteer broadcasting for them for over a year now, about 3 hours per week, mostly taping current books (not enough SF and fantasy to suit you and me!) but also doing a regular program with a partner, called "See You in the Funny Papers", in which he and I read-cum-dramatize the Sunday funnies with a whole lot of different voices, like old radio comedy. The daily newspapers are read too - but not by me, as the live broadcasting hours interfere with my children's school times. Tony, our oldest, now 10, hopes to start volunteer work for Audio-Reader soon too, though they don't do much children's broadcasting at present.

I'm glad people enjoyed my interview with Carol (Sizzy) Kendall. Joe Christopher was correct in finding an error on pg. 19 - actually none of her responses were eliminated, but one of her speeches - about the "Lucia" books - was mis-attributed to the interviewer. Update on Kendall: last year she had a new book out, but not the long-awaited "pre-quel" to The Gammage Cup & The Whisper of Glocken. Her latest book published is called Sweet and Sour, Tales of China, retold by Carol Kendall and Yas-Wen Le; the Bodley Head brought it out in England, and Houghton Mifflin published it as a Clarion Book in the U.S. at \$7.95. As for the "volcano book", referred to in the interview and worked at on and off for 12(!) years, it's now called The Firclings and Sizzy hopes that it is in its final trimming and paring stages. She had trouble finding "just the right name" for her chief character, found it after yet another draft of the ms. had been typed, and now has to type it again.

I'd like to put in a plug for another fantasy author - an adult one this time: Vera Chapman, whose Arthurian "Damosels" trilogy has been published in England in hardback by Rex Collings and in American paperbacks by Avon. In order of events (but not of writing) they are The King's Damosel, The Green Knight (the first written and probably the most powerful), and King Arthur's Daughter. Other books of hers are Blaedud the Birdman (about an early British chieftan who yearns after the secret of flight) and The Wife of Bath (not a fantasy, but a fleshing out of that character's story from The Canterbury Tales), and one children's fantasy, Judy and Julia (not available in the U.S.), involving time-travel by two girls, one of modern Britain and one of the Roman occupation of Britain. Vera, a.k.a. Belladonna Took, is the founder of the Tolkien Society in England, one of the first women to be granted an Oxford degree, she is a Druid, a Free Mason, and a wonderful person. She has been writing for years, but only after she reached 75 did she get her first novel published and she has brought out a book every year since then. I think NIEKAS readers would enjoy her work.

I've been working the past three years as a teaching assistant to James Gunn in his science-fiction course at the Univ. of Kansas, but next fall I will be teaching my own class there in children's literature.

Sincerely, Nan C. Scott

I received NIEKAS the other day, and found it very interesting - although a bit puzzling. Not the zine itself, but the reason I got it.

Since I originally wrote to you because of the announcement in FILE 770, my initial thought was that you were sending me a zine to tape for you. However, when I saw that you [Ed] were the editor, that seemed to wash out that idea.

So...I am assuming that NIEKAS is just an unexpected side benefit, from my viewpoint. (One result may be an attempt to corral several friends in the area to fill in Diana Paxson's fantasy map, which could lead to quite a discussion/argument...but I digress.)...

Rose Beetem



Many thanks for NIEKAS 22; and as I seem to have said before, but in a different way, it's like being back in those heady days of my first fandom; who says you can't go home again?

On tape and cassette recording, have you ever sampled the old and nostalgic radio programmes, and in particular the science fiction shows like DIMENSION X? I've just resurrected my taping interests by buying a new radio/cassette recorder, and have also joined a club that's distributing these old recordings over here [England]; though having seen an advert in the New Yorker of a few weeks ago offering them at about \$2.95 each, I think I'd be better served by going direct... [While I'm not involved with them, I am aware of several clubs which dubbings of old radio shows are available at cost. The fannish one is, of course, the tape bureau of N3F...ERM]

Though this time round, I'll probably be going more for the spoken word, and for recording classical music; the first, because it'll be more interesting for posterity, and the second because I have this yen for soft and melodious music to be playing as background while I LoC, rather than the folk music of my first taping interest, and which demanded it be heard!

Though re radio shows, I have the feeling that the American radio isn't what it was; I hear depressing news of all-news, all-country, and all-rock music stations, and never a word of the variety that those airwaves used to carry, which we still carry today; apart from the echoes of the future in the arrival of Radio One, a station devoted to pop music twenty-four hours a day... which is one American custom that I'd like you to take back as soon as possible! Anyway, let me know if there's anything on our airwaves that you'd like to listen to; I've got cassettes to spare, and the GPO has advantageous rates for sending them your way.

A Goliard Christmas reminds me of the current furore the Race Relations Board is having with the jam & jelly

making firm of Robertson's about the children's gollywog that they've been printing on their labels since the Thirties, and which the RRB now say is demeaning to black people; strikes me that they could put a Goliard on their labels, and still have the diminutive, 'Golly'...but if Penguin Books still have it on their stock list, and if it can be obtained over there, I can recommend Medieval Latin Lyrics, edited by the foremost scholar of that period, Helen Waddell, with the lyrics in their original Latin, and her English translation side by side. I was one of the first paperbacks that I ever bought, and it's still a very treasured possession in my library, due mainly to the D-I-Y binding kits they brought out back then, did you ever see any? Hardback covers with a tube of glue, and gold foil to print your own title...?

Now, I've been having a go at Robert Nye's Falstaff as well, though all I remember of him is the account of his death, and echoes of his fame down through the ages of literature; much like that other stout man of letters, i.e. Nero Wolfe...it's actually one of those books that I'd rather read in cassette form; it's virtually a monologue, and so obviously geared to the aural, that it must surely lose something, being presented like this in cold print. Robert Nye has since written Merlin, which I suspect might be more of the same (about Merlin of King Arthur) but which I haven't been able to find yet, in paperback or the library, which is my cost criteria. And I must admit my sense of humour has been quietly tickled

The Moon Treaty editorial first drew my attention. My first reaction is that it makes me uncomfortable. It draws upon several words which do not seem to fit. America does not have a system of free enterprise any more than it is a democracy. Free enterprise remains only as a value word. Laissez-faire economics seem to be pretty well dead. As far as the end of capitalism, I don't think so. The beastie has such remarkable powers of adaptation wherever human greed flourishes.

You speak of keeping up with demand but it seems [that] not making demand keep pace with production is the problem. Finally, the problem seems to be the same one that there was with the Panama Canal. We cannot give away or refuse to give away something that was never ours in the first place. With the present military situation, if we do not have some type of understanding, the Soviet bloc will take it.

L5 still has many questions to answer before I can be at ease with their proposed programs.

Wayne Hooks

Please forgive the hideous delay in replying; it's been kinda crazy out lately. In fact, it still is--but I decided I needed a pause.

Yes, I did receive the latest copy of NIEKAS--as good as the last one I saw, which is high praise. Thanks for sending it--and I do NOT say that to everyboy who sends me a fanzine. (Nor even to 10% of them.)...

...Enclosed is a copy of "Ole' Man Heinlein", the song I sang at BoskLone. But you can't print it until NIEKAS 24, because it won't have had time to appear in DESTINIES by this summer (I'm pretty sure) and they own the copyright.

Hope to see you at Noreascon II.

Figuratively yours,

Spider Robinson

OK, here's how the script goes. . .

INTERIOR: the library of Sherwood Frazier, bon vivant, piled high with books, booze, air and what he considers memorabilia - it is a hot/humid Saturday night on School St., Sherwood and Mike Bastraw work feverishly over ruler and scribe, sweat drips, tempers flare, the volleyball players are outside making a lot of noise and the caterpillar are in bloom on the vine. . .

by the thought of the Jewish Guild recording, as you say, such an obscene and scatological book.

I'll be filling in the Fantasy Map as soon as I've posted this, but I'll admit to you that I'm having great difficulty in putting my particular favourites, the fantasies of Robert Nathan, up there on the board. My other choice, Thorne Smith has been easy enough, but where can I place the bitter-sweet treatment, the absolute truth that he seems to convey? Anyway, I'll do my best to fill it, though I wish that, like SF, I could enjoy the discussion as much as I enjoy the reading; and then again, maybe fantasy is more will-of-the-wisp, more subjective, and can't be pinned down as easily as SF. Certainly, criticism is often beyond me; I mostly read for entertainment, for pleasure, and much of what I read might not survive if subjected to that harsh light!

And with those thanks up front comes an especial one for the packing-case type staples that you've come up with, to hold NIEKAS together; sheer joy, after the toy-size takers that most fen can only afford...and as a keen upholder of the English language (which might not be so apparent after this LoC) I'm dreading typing the address; think of Center Harbor, and in our eyes, two faulty spellings for the price of one! One of these days, I'll find out why there's been so much divergence...

best wishes, Roger Waddington

SHERWOOD: ...ya, he's probably sitting at home in front of a fan and sipping on a Chocolate Brandy.

MIKE: Who? (he said numbly)

SHERWOOD: Our illustrious leader - Edmond Ramos Meskys!

(peel of thunder, lights go out, children scream)

MIKE: There you go again; taking HIS name in vain.

SHERWOOD: Why isn't he down here busting his ass with these layouts with us.

MIKE: I think it has to do with the fact that Ned won't give him a ride to Laconia. Gimmie another beer...

SHERWOOD: You know; that dog isn't even a good interpreter.

(Inexplicable? Of course!

On that high note...enter the Toronto journeywoman.

Two days on the back of a Harley doth a tired Margaret make).

Clyde, Margaret and Thunder Child rolled into town about 9:00 pm this humid night and I've just walked in on two strange people who want to take over the zene scene.

I'm exhausted and Mike wants three more inches...some people are never satisfied!

Quoth the Sherwood, "it should be the other way around"... so much for women's lib.

My goodness Sandy, we're into an obscenezene.

Per a party who has to remain anonymous, we can be as obscene as we want but any mention of drugs will cost him a job. I have to stay up late to type a resume for good ole' what's his name.

Looks like Clyde got the best of this deal. He and The Thunder Child are parked at Sam's drinking.

Speaking of drinking...

Yours truly,

Sherwood the Laid (Layed???)--out

Mike "I know it's crazy, but" Bastraw

and

The Lady of the Lake(Ontario)-Margaret.

The book has many flaws in it's logic. How would the enforcers get everyone, down to the last Australian aborigine and Eskimo, to take the pill? If they were so efficient how did the hero survive so easily? If they were not so efficient why weren't there other survivors? Of course the ecological movement could never go to that extreme, but by considering the book as satire rather than SF I was able to ignore these points.

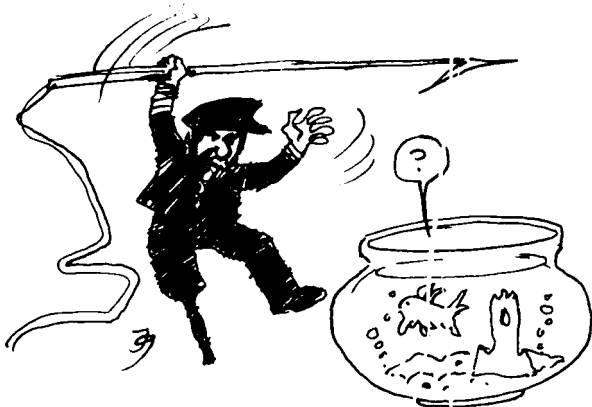
It's fun to satirize the excesses but there are real ecological problems. Unfortunately there are too many people who are using the ecological laws to further their own selfish purposes. This destroys the general confidence in these laws.

This strikes me as irresponsible use of the Endangered Species Act. Both dams should rise or fall on their own merits. Use of the law in a nit-picking fashion endangers the law where it is really important. More thoughtful environmentalists were very worried that Congress would repeal or seriously weaken the Endangered Species Act because of the Tellico Dam incident. (By the way--the TVA has successfully transplanted the Snail Darter to another stream so that is no longer a factor even though they had the leave of Congress to let it die off.)

Meanwhile in places like Hawaii, hundreds of species of birds and plants are facing extinction because their domains are being encroached upon by Man. There is nothing that can be done about it. Preserves have been set aside, but a certain amount of territory is needed for each species that is to survive but there is just no way to set aside enough land. Elsewhere in the world the same is happening in the Amazon Valley and the Serengeti Plane.

Take for instance the Tellico Dam in the Tennessee Valley. This is the umpteenth dam built by the TVA and there is considerable controversy over it's cost effectiveness. It will generate a certain amount of electric power and will bring in money because of it's recreational uses. On the other hand it is flooding a lot of farmland. Also, even though hydroelectric power is cleaner than any other kind, environmentalists don't like it because it destroys scenic valleys. Well, the displaced farmers and homeowners got together with the environmentalists to fight the dam by any means, fair or foul. They discovered that that tributary had a variant species of fish called the Snail Darter, which had a few spots or something a bit different from fish in nearby streams, and found that this particular subspecies would become extinct were the dam completed. They took the TVA to court using the Endangered Species Act to stop construction of the dam. Since the dam was 90% completed and a lot of pork barrel lard was involved, Congress passed a special act exempting the Tellico Dam from the Endangered Species Act.

In Maine the proposed Dickey Lincoln hydroelectric dam is being blocked by pressure groups opposed to it because a certain unique moss is in it's valley. Since the work has not yet started on that dam, Congress has not yet exempted it.



Another major environmental concern is the disposal of nuclear waste. I wonder if any subduction zone is accessible and the wastes could be buried there. That way tectonic plate activities would eventually send these wastes deep into the core of the earth.

Here in New Hampshire the Clamshell Alliance, a fanatical anti-nuclear group, has been fighting the proposed plant at Seabrook. Here too they abuse environmental legislation by saying that fish would be killed at the cooling intake and the warm water coming back out would change the ecology of the bay; killing off native life. This is just one of many ploys they used to stop construction of the reactor. I don't think they cared at all about the fish.

I have some qualms about reactors; especially in the hands of undertrained operators. Also the layout of the various control panels could have been better. The Feb. 23 issue of SCIENCE NEWS ran an excellent article about the situation. They compared a reactor crew to the crew of an airliner saying that of all the crews handling high technology, the reactor crew had the least training. Also, since there were so few glitches due to good reactor design, the crews tended to get dozy on the job...sort of a highway hypnosis. More training, more practice alerts, and better human engineering is the answer. Remember...no one was killed at Three Mile Island. The risk of cancer from escaped radiation is the same as that from smoking one cigarette.

Incidentally, about a year ago SMITHSONIAN MAGAZINE had an excellent article on the risks of various common activities. All of the following caused death in one out of a million cases:

- smoking 1.4 cigarettes-
- driving or riding in a car for 300 miles-
- flying in a commercial airplane for 1000 miles-
- living in a brick house for 2 years (there is a small amount of radioactivity in bricks)-

People keep pushing coal as a substitute for nuclear power. They seem to forget that coal has many, many liabilities, just a few of which are: radioactive radon gas in the coal is released into the atmosphere, hundreds of miners a year die from accidents or black lung disease, the ecological disaster open-pit mining produces, and, worst of all, the acid rain that drifts hundreds of miles downwind from the powerplants. A pair of articles in SCIENCE NEWS (2/289) reported that, because of midwestern powerplants, several hundred lakes in the Adirondacks have the same acidity as vinegar. Because of this all fish and most plants have died in them. Even here the state of New Hampshire is suing concerns in Pennsylvania over this acid rain fallout.

What we need is not screaming fanaticism, but reason applied all around. Implement better scrubbing systems to coal plants, new and old. Use some nuclear power but be more cautious. Perhaps establish nuclear waste repositories in all fifty states so that no one can complain about having to keep someone else's garbage. Push fusion power and solar power satellites, and get us onto a hydrogen economy for cars and factories. Subsidize small wind and solar units for individual homes until mass production makes them economically competitive. Finally, put a really painful tax on inefficient vehicles and appliances.

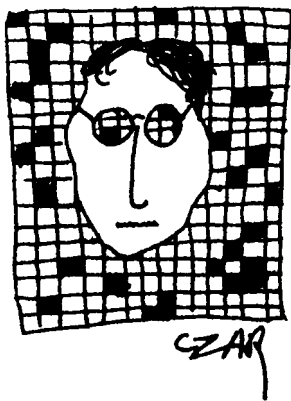
THE BLIND PANTHERS STRIKE AGAIN

Last time I spoke of my increasing involvement with the National Federation of the Blind and my attendance of my first national convention. I wrote and stencilled the item in the summer of 1978, a year and a half before NIEKAS 22 was finally published. Unfortunately I had learned considerably more since then and the material had become somewhat dated.

To reiterate in brief: the NFB was founded in 1940 by some blind men and women who were tired of being treated as second-class citizens; not allowed to compete for meaningful jobs and shunned socially. It is a civil rights activist group fighting for acceptance and equality much like CORE or B'nai Brith. It's goals include:

#1 - The reform of schools for the blind and rehab centers so that all blind people get top training in the alternative techniques they need to function independently. This includes good mobility training using the long cane or guide dog, Braille, handwriting, touch typing, the safe operation of power tools, and, most important of all, the means for doing countless tasks in the home and on the job so that the blind person can do everything a sighted person can do except drive a car.

#2 - Educate the general public to the fact that blindness is an inconvenience that can be overcome, and is not an ultimate catastrophe. Blind people can do virtually any job a sighted person can such as being a tool and die maker doing all his own metal grinding, cutting and measuring safely, operating a radio station which includes taking power readings required by the FCC, teaching an inner city junior high school class, doing secretarial work which includes proofreading one's own typing, etc. as long as he or she has the properly modified equipment and the training. Our goal will be achieved when the average employer stops asking "but how can a blind person even try to do this job?" and asks instead, as he would ask any prospective sighted employee, "are YOU equipped to handle this job?"



The blind have been fought on their road to independence since Louis Braille first invented his system of writing, almost 200 years ago. Back then the professional "helpers" were afraid of the independent communication of the blind among themselves and tried to suppress the Braille system of writing, and today many (but not all) are fighting our attempts at real independence. One cause is probably a subconscious fear of becoming superfluous, though there will always be a need for teachers and counsellors for the newly blinded, and transcribers and readers to produce Braille and talking books. (Even when the Kurzweil reading machine can be afforded by all, there will still be a need for well-read talking books.) What we really need are rehab counsellors who really believe in us. Many "try to train" us but do not really believe that we can be independent.

As I said last time, there has been dissension in the blind movement and we have our "Uncle Tom"'s, but the NFB is, I am more convinced than ever, the only organization doing meaningful work towards the achievement of our goals.

I continue to get more and more involved with the Federation. I have bought my airline ticket to go to my third national convention this July in Minneapolis. I went to a leadership training seminar in Baltimore last November. I am NH coordinator of the Job Opportunities for the Blind program which will help any blind person, member or not, get a job anywhere in the country. (If any reader is in a position to help hire someone for his company and is willing to consider a blind employee, he or she should send me the details for inclusion in a free want ad on tape.) Also I am taking an ever larger role in the state affiliate.

As I said before, the president of the NFB, Dr. Ken Jernigan, is an SF reader from way back, and now I can report that he is also an avid NIEKAS reader.

A week has passed since I wrote the above. I have just finished reading the book Resource Guide for Parents and Teachers of Blind Children by Doris Willoughby, published 1979 by the National Federation of the Blind for \$4.95. This book is absolutely fabulous. It is one of a set of seven reference volumes published by the NFB. The other titles are:

The Blind and Physically Handicapped in Competitive Employment: A Guide to Compliance
\$2.25

Blindness and Disorders of the Eye
Leo J. Plummer, M.D., Ophthalmologist
\$2.00

Handbook for Blind College Students
\$2.25

Section 504 and Blind Employees - A Guide to Reasonable Accommodation and an Illustrative List of Job Opportunities
Ramona Walhof
\$3.95

Why Section 504: Discrimination Against the Blind in Employment
\$4.95

Your School Includes a Blind Student
Doris Willoughby
\$2.25

All are available on cassette on loan from Recording for the Blind. The complete set may be purchased from \$20 from the NFB at 1800 Johnson St., Baltimore, MD 21230.

I am sure other volumes will follow. The NFB has established what it hopes will become a standard reference library on all matters concerning blindness. These books are accurate and based on our philosophy which is that, with proper training in alternate techniques, blindness can be reduced from a tragedy to a mere physical nuisance. We are asking school, town, and university libraries to buy these books. We are also asking special education teachers to keep them for reference purposes, education professors in teachers' colleges to adopt them as textbooks, etc. I have brought copies of the books to civic organizations like Lions Clubs and gotten them to buy them for their own town libraries, just going on my general knowledge of the books. But now that they have become available on tape from RFB I have them and know their contents better. While all are good, the Resource Guide for Parents is unparalleled in its excellence. If every parent and teacher of the blind read and understood this book, 90% of our job would be done. Here is the meat of our message. "The blind ARE ordinary people with an unusual physical characteristic. If children are trained as suggested they will be competent and capable or performing in any job they want to learn, or capable of living completely independently." Our hassles with United Airlines over long canes, or with the stodgier agencies FOR the blind over consumer representation are trivial compared to the loud and clear message of this book. THIS is our philosophy!

If you can help place these books, especially the Resource Guide for Parents, in any library or with any parent or teacher of a blind child, you would truly be helping us. Also, encourage any library of a school of education to acquire a bound set of BRAILLE MONITOR, the official organ of the NFB. This would be an invaluable research tool for faculty and students.



DISNEY AND THE MABINOGIAN

I have finally read 3/4 of Evangeline Walton's series of books based on the Mabinogian and I found them very enjoyable. I read The Virgin and The Swine a dozen years ago as preparation for Alan Garner's The Owl Service and the other came out in the Ballantine adult fantasy line just before I lost my sight. As has happened so often, I got them but never got around to reading them. As I've said before, if there is a book I really want to read all I have to do is get two copies and send them to RFB. Well, I've been sortin my paperback collection and found that I had 2 copies of Children of Llyr and Prince of Annwn, so I sent them off. One was already recorded so they simply returned the books and about a month later they recorded the other. I phoned to inquire whether the remaining two were recorded. Song of Rhianon wasn't but The Swine was, so I just finished rereading the latter (under it's new title of Island of the Mighty). I have only found one copy of Song of Rhianon but as soon as I get a second I will send them off.

I have never read the Mabinogian itself and my only other exposure was in Bullfinch's Mythology. Bullfinch summarized a few tales of King Arthur under that title, which seemed to have nothing to do with what I believe is the Mabinogian itself. I gather that the Mabinogian has been influenced by Christianity, but Ms. Walton tried to weed out all the Christian influences and get back to the original tales of gods and men.

It is interesting to see the number of fantasy books that have been based on the Mabinogian. Of course Lloyd Alexander [see Anne's interview p.18 - mb] started his Pentology as a retelling of the Mabinogian, but just a little way into it he decided to diverge drastically. Comparing the black cauldron in Walton's second volume with that in Alexander's second volume, you can tell they were drawn from the same source. Walton is far more realistic in the portrayal of evil, but of course Alexander was writing for children. But still, I can't imagine why the Disney studios are making an animated film of Alexander's second book. It is the second and is pretty grim for portrayal on the screen unless they drastically change the story.

Another book based on the Mabinogian is The Owl Service by Alan Garner, which I mentioned earlier. It takes place today in the smae valley as Island of the Mighty and deals with descendants of three of the major figures living out their curse. The book won a major award...Newbury Medal?... but I would expect it would be totally mystifying to anyone unfamiliar with the fourth branch of the Mabinogian.

Incidentally, the Red Book referred to by Walton in her prefatory remarks is real and was supposedly the inspiration for Tolkien's Red Book of Westmarch.

One of many unread books in my collection is a very early Ace Double including Sword of Rhianon by, if I remember, Leigh Brackett. I wonder what relation this has to the Mabinogian.

I read the Alexander and Garner books over 10 years ago, when they first came out, and my memory of them is rather vague. If they are ever recorded I will be glad to reread them, but I will not send them off to RFB myself. RFB is intended primarily for students and teachers needing textbooks and I hate to use them for light reading unless I am really desperate for a title and figure that others will probably use those tapes too. I liked all three Walton books very much but would say that the original was the best. The cosmology, as envisioned by Walton, involves a number of parallel planes of existence, the highest one being Annwn. When people die here they go to Annwn, sometimes to return, but eventually forever. However they can suffer a higher death in Annwn and go on to still another plane. The Lord of Annwn is equivalent to the Judeo-Christian Angel of Death, or Lady Death as in the Peter Beagle short story. In the first book the protagonist is tricked by Annwn into offending him and so is obligated to do him a favor. Annwn himself had been

tricked a year earlier into trying to kill someone in a way that would not work, this making him unkillable by Annwn. Therefore the hero must go and fight for him and kill the dastard the right way. On his way he passes many tests and makes useful allies, and eventually accomplishes the deed. This must be some sort of Jungian archetype, the theme recurring so often in myth and story. [More on this later in this ish - mb]

In the second book, the king of the Welch wants to end the perpetual feuding of his people with the Irish and arranges for a marriage between his line and that of the Irish king. As part of the gift involved in this he gives them his most potent weapon, too terrible for anyone to use--the Black Cauldron. This had been brought from Annwn or beyond and will revitalize any corpse stuffed into it, no matter how mangled or decayed it might be. But the corpse remembers nothing of it's past life, and becomes a mindless beserker killing all in front of it. A relative of the Welch king who feels that this peace is demeaning kills a key Irish child in the middle of a great feast thrown by the Irish for the Welch. In the ensuing battle most of the Irish are killed. Many Welch are lost too. The villain sees the error of his ways and reprieves himself by climbing into the Cauldron and destroying it by making it burst by pushing out on it. Island of the Mighty is too complex to even begin to describe, but, by all means, go buy all four Ballantine books and read them.

Another Ballantine adult fantasy that I recently read on tape from RFB was Poul Anderson's Hrolf Kraki's Saga. This is a translation and retelling of a Danish epic in modern narrative form. The nearest thing a can compare it to is the Arthurian cycle without the Christianity. The same sort of fatal flaw works itself out bringing, eventually, and end to the golden age. I would like to know how much Poul translated from the original and how much was his own. Also how much was influence by Mallory or White.



UNDER WAY AT LAST

For a long time I have been talking of starting a project to make more SF available on tape. Well, the first 3 tapes are ready and the first of these have been mailed out to readers and the other two are awaiting final copyright clearance.

John Boardman has started a taped magazine of miscellany he calls THE ATTIC. This deals with SF, the S behind SF, and other items of interest to the handicapped community. The first issue has been duplicated and mailed out as I

write this on May First. Roger Zelazny's Guns of Avalon and Marion Zimmer Bradley's The Bloody Sun have been edited onto 4-track half-speed cassettes and these have been duplicated. As soon as I get final permission from the publishers, they will be mailed out. I have another half dozen books being taped or edited at the moment and these will be available soon. Now that things are actually under way I should find it easier to get volunteer readers to tape fanzines, prozines, and books. (Is Anyone out in NIEKASland interested in lending a hand?) Announcements of new titles will appear in THE ATTIC. Parts of the bibliography of SF titles will appear, in part, there until the whole thing is compiled. Finally, I hope that by the time you are reading this, NIEKAS itself will be available on tape. I have sent copies of #21 and #22 to a volunteer reader in California and am eagerly awaiting the tapes.



PSI AND TERRORS FROM SPACE

I have never been particularly enamoured with horror fiction but now find myself reading more of it. In part it started when my talking book library sent me a copy of Stephen King's first novel: Carrie. I can't remember requesting it so they must have substituted it when everything on my want list was out. As you probably know, this is a very gripping tale of an adolescent with a very repressed upbringing who leashes out with her power of telekinisis and wipes out just about every teenager in her town. I found the book flawed but could not stop reading it. So when the Jewish Guild for the Blind recorded The Shining, I requested it and found it more polished and just as gripping. I have now just finished reading, again from JGB, Dead Zone. This is by far the best of the three, in part because the only lead character is sympathetic. I have noticed a number of strong parallels between this book and Carrie. In Dead Zone we have a man who can sometimes read minds and see the future of people he touches.

A religiously fantatical mother who tries to suppress the sexuality of her only child plays an important role in both books. Carrie's mother regards even dating as a sin, and when Carrie shows her first signs of puberty, the mother goes into hysterics. An insane shrine with a gory crucifix is kept in the home and when ever Carrie shows any hint of independence, she is forced to kneel there for many hours. In Dead Zone there are two mothers. The hero's mother is a religious fanatic in the nut cult fringes; reading tracts about Christ's second coming happening next year via flying saucer, or the angels maintain an underground city in Antarctica, or whatever. She really goes off the deep end when the hero is in a coma for several years as a result of an auto accident and is the only one who ever believes that he will come out of it. Later in the book the hero uses his powers to find a child molester and murderer whose mother had ruthlessly repressed anything even hinting of sexuality in him. In this case there was no hint of religious motivation.

The Shining is a typical haunted house story. A couple, with a pre-adolescent boy, get a job as caretakers in an

old hotel which is completely snowbound for the whole winter. The father, a talented playwright, lost his job teaching in a fancy prep school because of his uncontrollable fits of temper. The boy is a psychic sensitive. I've only read two other haunted house stories; Shirley Jackson's Haunting of Hill House and Richard Matheson's Hell House. Again, this is a genre I am not particularly fond of so I have not read much in it. I would say that The Shining was closer to the Matheson than the Jackson. Of the three King books this is the scariest, and the most gruesome. It was a catharsis to read it. King is a very gripping storyteller but after awhile the blood and gore really got to me. But I can see why his books are best sellers.

There are at least three other King books I have not read. I do not believe that anyone has recorded his second novel, Salem's Lot, while I think that the Jewish Guild has done his short story collection and The Stand but I haven't received them yet. I did get a copy of the collection autographed at the 5th World Fantasy Con.

The Stand has received several reviews panning it for being very anti-intellectual and reading it is a low priority item for me. On the other hand Dead Zone was very critical of the occult movement and it's associated crazies, and the exploiters who prey on them. I imagine Mr. King must have gotten a lot of crank mail from occultists who have taken his books as real.

Until four years ago I had read almost no Lovecraft. A few weeks before the World Fantasy Con I decided to attend and phoned by talking book library asking them to send whatever they had. They only had one collection by Lovecraft, a collection of Cthulhu stories by other authors, and the spoken word record "Rats in the Walls". My Braille notes are inaccessible and I do not remember the titles of the books. I remember one associated story was by a woman and dealt with a Spanish explorer who found an underground world in the Southwest and was given a reiteration of the whole Cthulhu Mythos. The other book included a story of a farmer who got his kicks by butchering human bodies and another about a house in Vermont where aliens keep brains alive in little tanks. Anyhow, most of the stories were moderately interesting but I would not go out of my way to find more.

I recently finished The Early Long by Frank Belknap Long, published in 1975 by Doubleday, recorded on two cassettes in 1977 by the Library of Congress as RC10336. I enjoyed most of the stories and found Long's biographical notes even more interesting. One thing that struck me was his constant fascination with horror. No matter what kind of story he wrote, according to his autobiographical notes, he had to add a touch of horror to it. The early stories in the book are from WEIRD TALES and the later ones from UNKNOWN WORLDS. I thought the latter were better. But the horror motif...in his intro he commented on how he had to add a note of horror to the end of "The Elemental" from UNKNOWN WORLDS. This is a typical UW story of a common man with human frailties who runs afoul of a supernatural or preternatural power, and was fairly humorous. But I found nothing in it which even remotely suggested the scarey.

Long knew Lovecraft very well and seems to worship his memory and talent. But comparing this book to the Lovecraft that I have read, I would say that Long is the better writer. One minor point tho...Long talked of "Hounds of Tindalus" as being one of his very best short stories and yet I found it one of the weakest in this book. But on the whole I found these stories very good, well written, and at times fairly frightening.

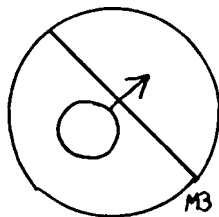
I want to talk about one last book, not because it is in the horror genre, but because Lovecraft is said to have gone through a phase of imitating Lord Dunsaney. I just read Gods, Men, and Ghosts, Dover Books 1971, recorded on two cassettes in 1976 as RC9530. This is a long book, taking almost the full 12 hours available on the tapes. The stories were grouped into several categories, representing the various types of Dunsaney stories. I

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found them interesting but by the end of the book I was saturated and probably will not read any more Dunsaney for quite a while. Perhaps it would be good to try a novel or two, tho, to see how they differ.

There are all sorts of stories, of deals with the devil, of the passing of old gods who are no longer believed in, barroom tall tales, etc. But I would say that the wonderful journey or scene is what I would call the distinctive Dunsaney story. I did not make a copy of the table of contents and returned the book to the library several months ago, so I am afraid I do not remember particular titles. Here are the plots of a few stories that I particularly remember. A London clerk buys a magic window from an Arab and hangs it on the wall in his house. Through this window he sees a marvelous Medieval desert city, and every day after work he watches the wonderful goings-on. He searches books and heraldry and can find no record of any city now, or in the past, which used the emblems he sees. Finally the city is attacked and is being destroyed by invaders. He feels he must help somehow. He breaks the glass to go through but finds only shards and his apartment wall. Or a man from our world who somehow makes a pilgrimage to the headwaters of an Amazon-like river in some dreamworld. There he books passage on a trading ship which sails down to the mouth of the river, stopping at many marvelous cities and where he sees many wild and beautiful things. At one point a crew member asks him about his home world and he tries to describe London, only to be dismissed as having a very dismal imagination. So he is inspired and makes up another fabulous world which is immediately accepted as being worthy of a man's imagination. In other words, these are all dream worlds and flights of fancy.

Lovecraft is, of course, best known for his creepy stories and it is these which are usually reprinted. I have heard it said that he went through a Dunsanian period, I wonder if the critics mean he wrote stories of such dream worlds.



VIKING

By when you read this, the fate of the Viking spacecraft on Mars will have been settled. Because no more funds are available to man the ground stations to receive and analyse data, the transmitters are scheduled to be turned off on July 1st. The American Astronautical Society is trying to raise the half of a megabuck needed to keep the project alive. It looks like they will achieve their goal by the disconnect date but they are now running into legal problems. NASA is not certain it can accept funds for a specific project, but think they have to put the money into the general fund where it would be lost. Alternatives are now being investigated: such as turning the Viking craft over to an independent agency like the Jet Propulsion Laboratory and having the AAS give the operating monies to that agency. In its press release the AAS pointed out that here is a way the general population can indicate to Congress its belief in space exploration.

If this works perhaps the AAS can fund other projects chopped from NASA's budget. I would love to see SEPS (Solar Electric Propulsion System) be funded in this fashion, but that would cost so many millions of dollars that is is probably beyond the reach of AAS...for now.

Anyhow, they might still need a little to push them over the top. What I did was send them a donation and indicate that if any funds are left over they can be used for other publicly supported space projects. The address is:

Viking Fund
P.O. Box 7205
Menlo Park, CA 94026

I am a little disappointed that the two principal space advocacy groups, the National Space Institute and the L5 Society, have given this project so little coverage. If space exploration is to continue we must all work for it.

MORE ON ADAMS

I have now read Richard Adams' third novel, The Plague Dogs. I agree with Anne Braude's comments in this ish's Lettercol. While I did enjoy all three books, I found Watership Down to be the best, TPD second, and Shardik third. The twist at the ending where the men rescue the dogs has the author stepping in as a god and pulling it off, very much like the ending of Gay's operetta "The Beggers' Opera". The sudden turnaround of the reporter is phony and, after all the harm the dogs had done, in all innocence, I cannot see them being accepted by the general public. And while most of the book was strongly antivivisectionist, there was a scene near the end where one of the researchers is home with his invalid daughter, there is hope that legitimate research with animals will eventually help find a cure.

One minor carp. At one point the dogs refer to seeing the blue sky. And if I remember correctly, at another point they refer to the color of a mailbox. Unfortunately no mammals except man and a few primates have color vision.

There was an interesting item on Adams in the July 1979 SMITHSONIAN magazine. It was written by Kenneth E. Green who spent some time with Adams. In it Adams mentions working on the fourth draft of his next novel, The Girl in the Swing, an erotic novel of human sexuality with not an animal in sight. He is very unconventional in that the book is about a married couple. The article said the book would be published "next spring" so I guess it might be out by now.

STICKS, DOGS, AND LASERS

I am the only blind person most of my friends know and they often ask the same questions. I have also spoken to Scout troops, church youth Fellowships, women's clubs, and Lions clubs. There too I get asked pretty much the same questions, so I have decided to start a series in NIEKAS discussing various topics relating to blindness in depth. This time around I will deal with methods and mechanical aids for independent travel.

Canes have been used by the blind since ancient times. The white cane, first with a red ribbon, and later with a red band near the end, was introduced by a member of the Lions Clubs some 50 years ago. This was to serve as a distinctive mark to identify the blind person to motorists.

The current long cane was invented by Dr. Hoover in the late 1940's and is often called a Hoover Cane. He was working with blinded World War Two veterans and wanted to improve the efficiency of the cane. After much experimentation he developed a very light-weight aluminum cane which is about 30 cm longer than the standard walking stick. Each user has his cane cut to the proper length for himself or herself. The cane should come to 5 cm above the sternum bone of the rib cage, tho the mobility instructor might recommend a slight modification either way depending on the individual's stride. It is held at a height just above the navel and the tip swings shoulder width, just barely touching the ground at the end of each arc. When the user steps with his left foot, the cane swings to the right and touches the ground just about where his right foot will touch on the next stride. There are special techniques for stairs, crowd situations, indoor corridors, etc.

When the Hoover Cane was first introduced it was rejected by many blind people because it was held in an unconventional manner; sticking way out front where it might trip up other pedestrians. It also looked a little strange. Now it has become the symbol of the independent blind person and most users would fight than surrender it for even a brief period.

As I said, the cane was originally made of thin, light-weight aluminum tubing, about 1 cm in diameter. A very small crook was placed at the top end for convenience in

hanging it up. It had a standard golf-club grip around it just below the crook. The user could detect subtle changes in the texture and change in height of the walkways because of the resilience of the cane. When I was using it daily and was in good form I could easily detect a drop of one centimeter.

A decade later several folding versions were developed because of the inconvenience of storing the long cane in a crowded theater, restaurant, car, or public transit vehicle. Most fold into six sections, each about 25 cm long. They are held together with a steel cable pulled taught by a lever in the handle, or by an elastic cord. These weigh more than the standard cane and do not have the proper resilience, so they are not as sensitive. Weight is an important factor in the moment of inertia of the swinging cane and in the feel of subtle changes in ones walkway. I have one of each type and use them in crowd situations, but good cane travelers generally reject them. I understand that there is a telescoping model made in England which is just about as good as the single piece cane.

Newer canes are made of fiberglass and are even lighter and more sensitive than the aluminum ones. Instead of a crook these have a small keychain for storage purposes. I can walk very rapidly, a good 7 km/hr, using the aluminum cane. I have met some people who use still longer canes which come to their shoulders and probe the ground two steps ahead, because they feel they can walk faster with these. To try it one would have to develop a new rhythm, and some day I would like to see how this works.

Other variations of the long cane have been tried, but until now most have been unsuccessful. For instance, a handle molded to the users hand proved fatiguing after use for more than a few minutes. The Carroll Rehab Center in Newton, MA has a museum of odd cane designs proposed and submitted by independent inventors. All have been tested and found wanting. One variation that did actually catch on was in the design of the tip. Originally it was a piece of solid nylon shaped like a piece of blackboard chalk and it could be replaced when worn too much. This would wear to a fine point which would then catch in the smallest crack or pothole. Newer canes have a plastic button which is less prone to catching.

Like the cane, the guide dog has a long informal history. The first organized effort to train dogs specifically for the task came in Potsdam, Germany, after World War One. The German government organized the training center for blinded veterans. This center no longer exists.

The first American effort came in 1929 when a socialite with an interest in breeding dogs saw an article in the SATURDAY EVENING POST about the work in Germany. She decided to sponsor a similar project in the United States and hired a dog trainer to learn about the German program and to improve on it if possible. They trained their first dog in Switzerland but then moved operations to the U.S.

As with most new ideas, this was resisted by many of the blind and the public at large. The first dog users had to overcome great hostility from the general public and had to fight to gain admission to restaurants, hotels, and public transportation. Fortunately they had the backing of a number of financial leaders who were supporting the school.

This school took its name from a biblical quotation about "The seeing eye and hearing ear". Initially the trainers prepared a string of dogs and took them to some cities where blind students were recruited and trained. Then the trainers went on to another city. Later the school established itself in New Jersey. It built its current campus just outside of Morristown about a decade ago.

Once the idea caught on, the Seeing Eye could not keep up with the demand. At that time they were training about 100 dogs and users a year, and the waiting list for admission was close to a year. Several people organized a

second school, Guiding Eyes for the Blind, in Yorktown Heights, New York, near Poughkeepsie. Since then, a number of other schools have been organized in the United States, some of which have since been closed. I am aware of the following schools currently in existence:

Guide Dog Foundation for the Blind (Second Sight), Smithtown, NY

Pilot Dogs, Columbus, OH

Leader Dogs, Rochester, MI

Eyes of the Pacific, HI

Guide Dogs for the Blind, San Rafael, CA

International Guiding Eyes, North Hollywood, CA

Guide Dogs of the Desert, southern CA

I understand that right after World War Two the Veteran's Administration maintained a guide dog school in Connecticut. A fan from New Haven, Barty, had a dog trained by an individual trainer from Mt. Diablo, CA. Several schools have currently closed and there are no schools in Canada.

The Seeing Eye helped establish a school in the United Kingdom. I do not know what other countries might have similar programs.

Some individuals have trained their own dog guides. Of course the professional trainers frown on this, but I do not have enough information to judge the matter. The only such individual I personally know, I met after his dog was too incapacitated with age and illness to work, so I had no direct experience of the results. If anyone could pull this off, he could, for he is a man of many accomplishments in other areas. On the other hand, I was forced to have second thoughts when he spoke of not believing in choke-collars because the dog never had to be reprimanded. A dog guide is not a pet to get overly sentimental about. It is a tool, like your cane. Your life depends on the proper functioning of both.

The three largest schools are Seeing Eye, Leader Dog, and Guide Dogs for the Blind; each of which turns out about 200 dogs per year. The schools charge nothing or a minimal amount for the dogs, getting their funds from public donations and, if they are well established, endowments. For many years the Seeing Eye no longer actively solicited funds because its endowments met all of its expenses and allowed it to underwrite various research projects in veterinary medicine and high-technology aids for the blind. However inflation has hurt it and once again they are looking for donations.

Seeing Eye and Guiding Eye charge nominal amounts of \$150 for the first dog, \$50 for replacements. This is to give the owner a feeling of participation in the procurement of his dog, presumably resulting in greater respect for it. Because of this these schools ask that the students pay for the dogs themselves and accept no gifts from individuals or organizations to cover it. On the other hand, the Seeing Eye will reimburse the travel expenses of any student from the U.S. or Canada. The other schools do not charge anything for the dogs, but expect the students to pay their own carfare.

I am most familiar with the procedures at the Seeing Eye since that is where I got my own dog. About half of the dogs used are bred on their own farms. At about six weeks these dogs are put into foster homes through a 4H Club program so that they will grow up in a home, not kennel, environment. At the age of about one year the dogs return to the school for training. Other dogs are obtained as gifts or by purchase. All dogs are tested for 24 hours before being accepted for training to be sure that they have the right disposition. Only German Shepards are raised, but all breeds of gift and purchase dogs are considered. Retrievers of various types are the next favorite. Over 30 breeds have been used, plus some mixed

breed dogs. 90% of the dogs are female and 10% male. All are fixed.

The trainer works with 7 or 8 dogs for 12 weeks; teaching them how to lead, beware of traffic, etc. At the end he walks each of the dogs over each of the training routes while wearing a blindfold.

The teacher's six students arrive on a Saturday before noon. They settle into their rooms, much like motel twins, and the program starts with lunch. The trainer interviews each of his students as to his life-style, type of job, etc. He observes his walking gait and finally hands the student the business end of a harness and pretends to be the dog and observes how the student responds. He does this on the school grounds Saturday afternoon and on an actual training route in Morristown on Sunday. He then weighs and matches the characteristics of his students and dogs and assigns the dogs on Sunday evening. From that point on the students make two trips a day, six days a week, through downtown Morristown over routes of increasing length, complexity, and hazard. At the end students are crossing multi-lane boulevards, with no stoplights; ducking between cars which pass inches in front of and behind the dog, who becomes very good at judging relative velocities. The person getting his first dog has a lot more to learn about technique than the repeater. The latter has to develop a bond with his new dog, learn its idiosyncracies, and unlearn any bad habits or special shortcuts he had developed with his previous dog. The student also gets practice in stores and restaurants, on busses and trains. The repeaters leave after 2 1/2 weeks, the new students a week later, any time after dinner Wednesday night. The three-part series on the Disney TV show a decade ago gave a very accurate picture of the process.

Most of the other schools follow a similar routine. The only major exception I know of is the school in San Rafael where the students stay for two weeks more.

The trainers at the Seeing Eye get their positions by working as apprentices for about a year. Most of the other schools are not sufficiently well-established to have their own apprentice programs and must rely on bidding or inducing trainers from Seeing Eye to come to them.

The dog guide is still only a tool which is used by the blind person. He must still know where he is going, where he is, and make many of his own decisions on safety to proceed. The dog stops at every step up or down and the user must then determine why he has stopped. If it is at a crossing, the user must listen to the traffic to decide if the light is red or green and then tell the dog to proceed. If the dog sees a hazard the user did not detect, he remains in place; otherwise he makes the crossing. If he does not proceed the user praises him for his judgment, listens some more, and tries again. The dog

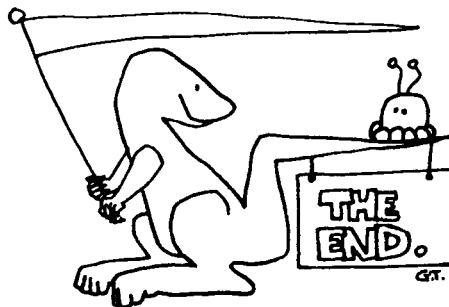
does not pay any attention to the traffic lights. First, it is color blind. Second, at some complicated intersections several different signals might be visible at the same time.

Dogs from the Seeing Eye have a vocabulary of 12 words; ten are commands, one a word of praise, and one for reprobation. The commands are: come, sit, down (lay), forward (go), straight (proceed to the nearest curb), hup (go faster), and steady (go slower). Dogs from other schools have slightly different vocabularies. As one trainer put it, the dogs do not know English and any agreed upon word would do; like 'ice cream' or @#%&\$*()#.

Today the dog guide has a leash and a harness and the user holds both. If he or she is to lead the dog, he uses the leash only. When the dog is in charge, the user holds the harness. While the dog is in harness it is supposed to be as inorganic as possible. It is not allowed to eat, drink, or eliminate. It is on duty whenever the owner's hand is on the harness. Different owners treat their dogs differently. Some feel that as long as the dog is wearing the harness it is on duty and should not even be spoken to by anyone else. Others will let the dog socialize as long as the hand is not on the harness. Of course no one should ever do anything to distract the dog when it is actually working.

Blind people select the long cane over the dog guide by a factor of nine to one. Each person makes his or her own decision over which is preferable. Both have their advantages. The cane does not get sick and have to be taken to the vets or have diarrhea on your living room rug. When you are on vacation or where the weather is bad you do not have to feed and walk your cane, but can simply hang it up in the closet. A cane does not shed hair in your friends' cars or on your rug. (The dogs are trained to keep off of all furniture; so you don't have to worry about hair on your couch or bedspread.) Some blind people or their families have allergies to dogs, or just do not like dogs. Finally, some blind people feel they are dependant on something living when they use a dog and prefer to "be on their own" with a cane. They forget that the dog is no less a tool than the cane is.

This essay has grown to unmanageable proportions and I am leaving off until NIEKAS 24. I will then discuss the various high technology aids for travel such as sonar glasses, the laser cane, and TV input directly into the brain; also the use of other senses such as hearing, sense of turn, and facial vision.



WELKAS

