

התעוררות





The Emerald

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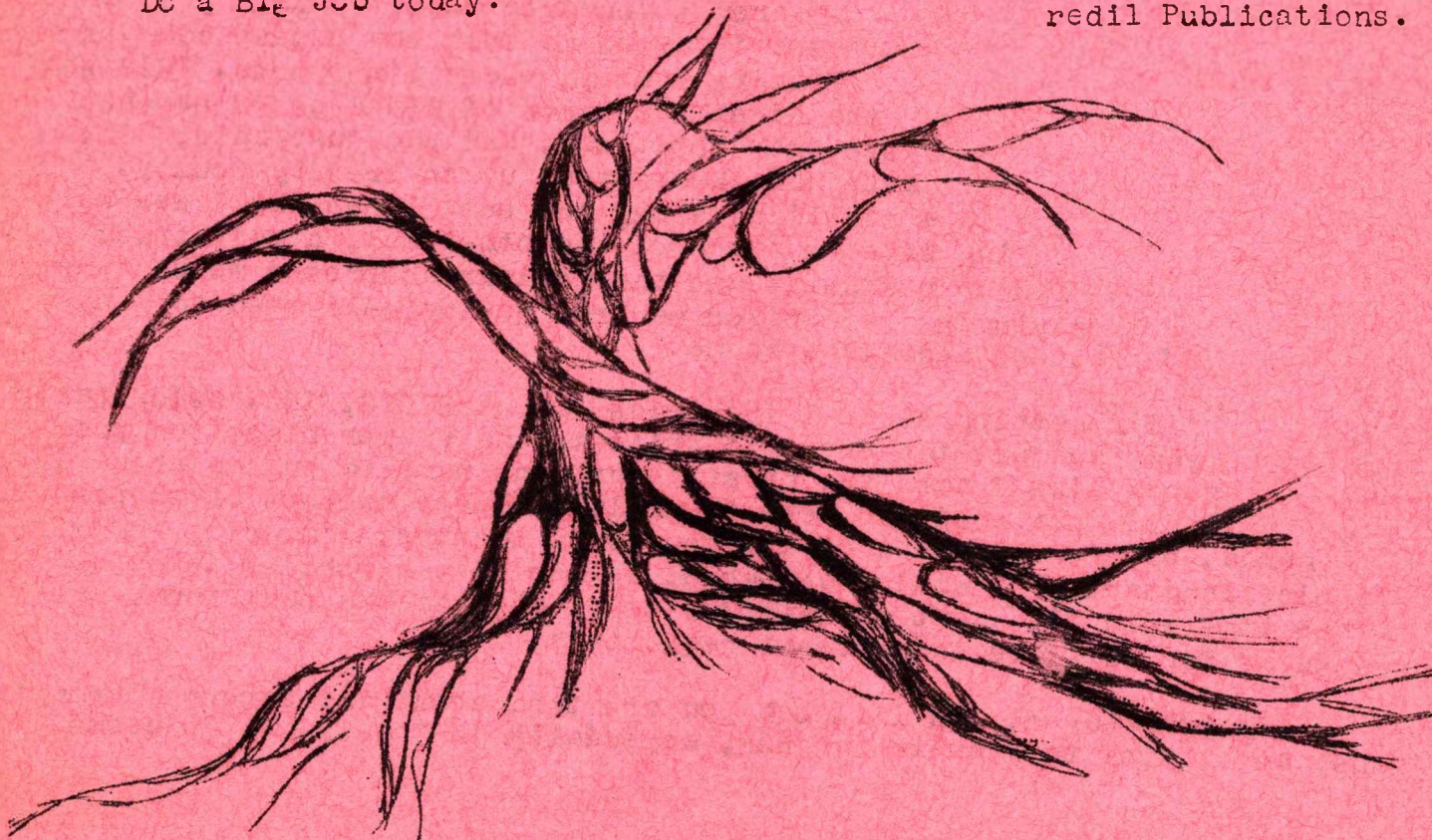
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Our Motto for This Issue:
"Do a Big Job today!"



Edited, Published,
and all the rest of it
by Greg Shaw, 2545
Lexington Way, San
Bruno, Calif. 94066
This is issue #2 of
FEEMWLORT, my gazette,
which is naturally
going thru N'APA.
This issue is dated
June 1965 and #3 will
be September, and is
25¢ to non-N'APA.
This is Oatmeal Pub-
lication #3, and is
of course Copyright
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dictionary is also
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Eventually I will probably end up scaring all of you to death by proving that this world isn't the simple, safe, secure place you think it is. It isn't. Even at the tender age of 16, I've had experiences that few people would believe. I shudder to think of what dark and forbidden secrets I'll have stumbled across by the time I'm in my old age. I had intended to tell you this issue about my first experience with The Underworld, but I get frightened just remembering it and so will put it off. Meanwhile I will tell you about my less strange experiences.

Like my fame. Did you know I was famous? Yup, I am. In Trinity County. I'm not sure just where that is, but I know I'm famous there. I'm all anybody ever talks about, in Trinity County.

That's the strange thing about my fame. People, wherever I go, seem to know who I am on sight, but I've never seen any of them before! I've been on radio and in the papers, but my picture has never been made public. This

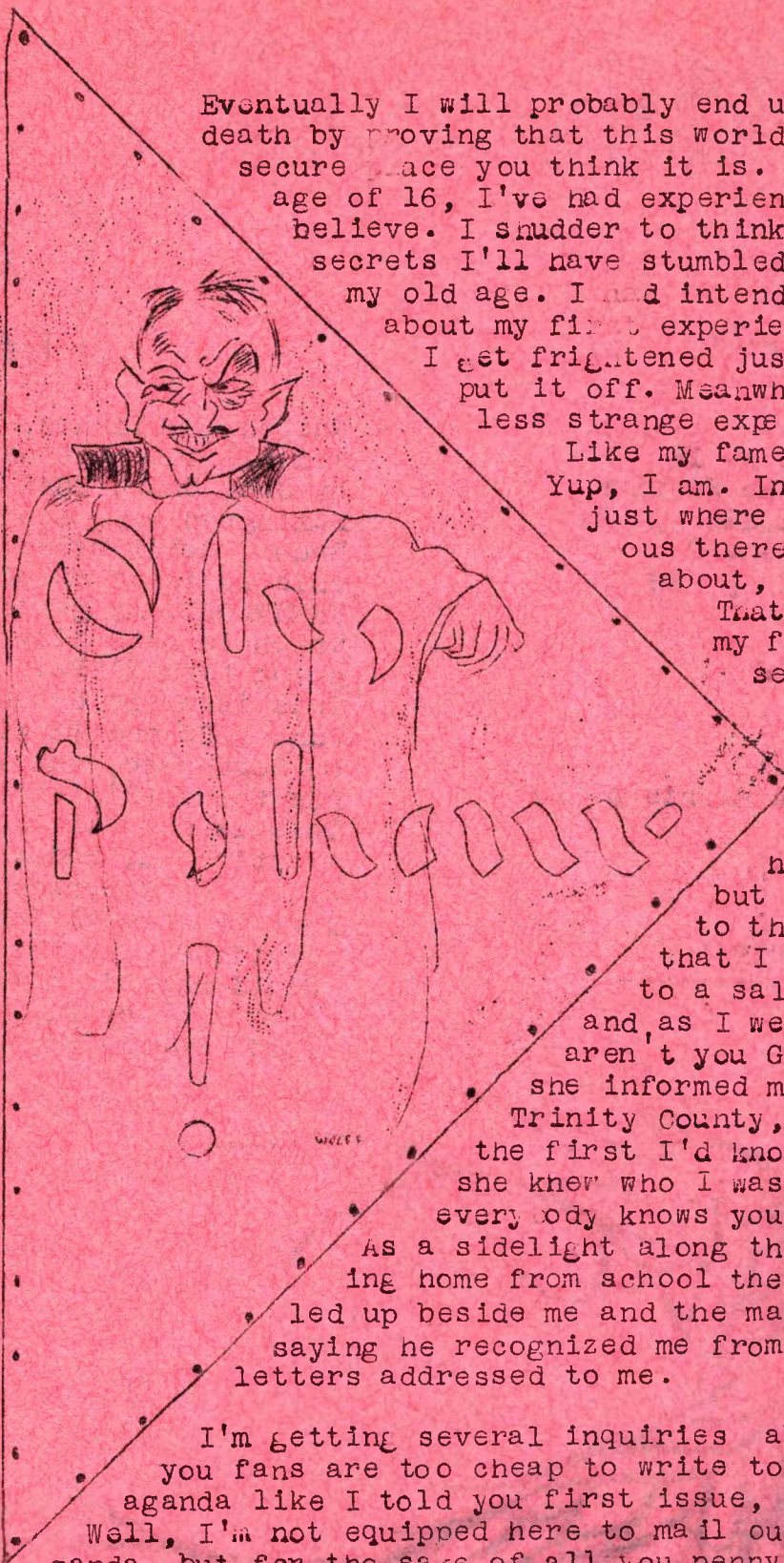
has happened countless times, but most recently, I walked up to the checkout counter in a store that I seldom visit, gave my money to a salesgirl I'd never seen before, and, as I went to leave, she asked, "Say, aren't you Greg Shaw?" I said yes, and she informed me that she'd just come from Trinity County, where I'm famous. This was the first I'd known of it. I asked her how she knew who I was, and she just said, "Oh, everybody knows you, up in Trinity County."

As a sidelight along the same lines, as I was walking home from school the other day, a mail truck pulled up beside me and the mailman addressed me by name, saying he recognized me from having delivered so many letters addressed to me.

I'm getting several inquiries about PLOTS, INC. Evidently you fans are too cheap to write to the proper place for propaganda like I told you first issue, and have to bug me about it.

Well, I'm not equipped here to mail out large amounts of propaganda, but for the sake of all you pennypinchers, I'm going to write a nice long article telling all about it and either publish it here some time when I'm short of material or give it to the next faned who asks me for it (I've had several requests.)

I'm bebothered, and I'll bet you are too, about the sercon movement they are trying to push in the N3F, especially in TIGHTBEAM. It seems



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awfully silly to me, especially after seeing the first sercon issue of TB. Take a look: the last few issues of TB have been quite good, haven't they? Nice, thick issues, interesting letters, debates, &c., well-reproduced, artistic covers. Then they announce that in the future only letters discussing science fiction will be accepted. And what better editor do do a sercon zine than Norm Metcalf? So Metcalf's TB arrives: late, 6 pages of dull letters except for a couple of good points made by Dave Bradley and John Boston. I can honestly say I prefer the "faanish" type of letterzine. I really doubt that anyone who has something constructive to say about stf will have a hard time getting it printed. And in case nobody has any interesting stfnal ideas at the time, there are still lots of interesting subjects being discussed so that people don't have to self-consciously make up trivial points to pick over. It is said that the NSF shouldn't pay to publish political and religious discussions... but the membership is paying it, and if that's what the membership wants to read, that's what we should print. I'm not going to say too much more about this except that I think fandom is, and should be, not totally sercon, and not totally faaanish, but a pleasant mixture of the two. It is, conventions are, and so are good fanzines. I think TB should be.

I found particularly interesting a comment by Felice Rolfe in the latest NIEKAS. She said: "Is it true...that "business reply mail" stamped (first class) enclosures are not billed to the company unless they are actually mailed?"

Yes, Felice, you are right. And, as you went on to say: I suggest that all "business reply" cards and envelopes be returned--blank. I've been doing this for almost a year now. I've gotten over my original fanaticism--at one time over a dozen cards a day left my house--but I still send in all the ones I come across. But I don't leave them blank --O no! I take it one step further. Those that want to send their literature, I give them my address, and a strange name. The names are the most fun. All these big stodgy companies with Hobbit names on their mailing lists, it's wonderfful! And I get dozens of packets of information every day. Particularly valuable are the cards in some specialized magazines with 200 numbers on them that represent their sponsors--you circle the numbers who you want to send their propaganda to you, and they do. I sent in one from the Athletic Journal as E. Grabcheek, Analyzer, of the Neitrincher Institute. And dozens of companies believe this, and write warm letters inviting me to use their products. You often receive valuable things this way too. One company send me their professional sign-making kit to make as many signs as I want for 1 month and send back their kit if I dont want it, keeping all the signs I've made and I can even send it collect. I made hundreds of signs. And it's not illegal or anything--they wanted me to!

Then it's always fun subscribing to defunct magazines, and the most fun form of all was the most ancient postpaid card of all time, found in a 1941 Amazing Quarterly, ordering a copy of THE NEW ADAM. I sent it in, 34 years too late. I wonder what they think.

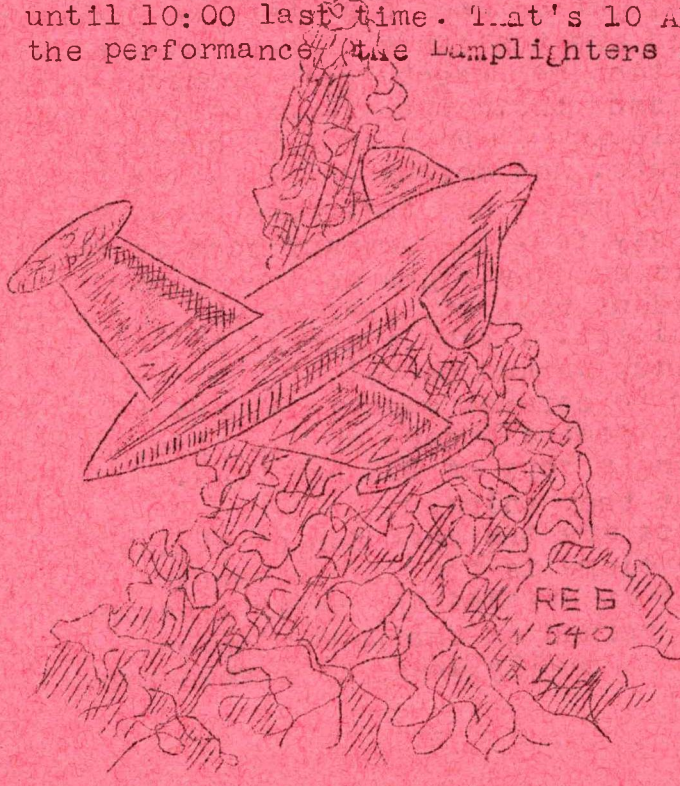
And of course postpaid envelopes are the most fun of all. They usually go to magazines, and the envelope is for your subscription \$\$\$. Well, I write them a long letter either criticising their magazine as one would a fanzine, or demanding a refund on the subscription I sent in for a year ago. In both cases they usually award me a free sub.

Yes, I'm on a new subject now. The reason this issue's editorial is so disjointed is that I'm writing it in spurts over a period of a month. I'm trying to get as much of FEE[™] on stencil as early as possible, because I know for sure that 2 of my feature articles won't be arriving until the last minute and I wouldn't want to miss my first deadline. Also this is likely to be quite a long editorial, since I'm not only forgoing mailing comments as a source of speaking my mind (why do all apazines have mcs? They're not required, and they're really wasted in terms of response value; they are usually ignored. I think that if I have comments to make on a zine, I'll send him a LoC, which he usually likes better anyway.) but over a 3-month period a great many things go thru my mind that I feel like sharing with the public. Maybe when I'm pubbing 2 or 3 zines per quarter I'll settle down to the regulation 3-page editorials. Also I had hoped to hit 40 pages with this issue, or come darned close, and to do so I will probably have to write many of them myself. As you can see, this looks more like a genzine than an apazine, and I hope to keep it that way. I don't believe in going to all the trouble of pubbing a magazine merely to stay in the apa; I personally think that if I'm going to pub a zine, it will have to have some general merit, that is, be interesting to fans outside the apa also. Which leads me to the subject I planned to write about when I began this page 25 lines above.

THAT CRAZY FILBERT AND HOROWITZ STUFF

Whenever a new Nickas arrives, I turn immediately to Bumble Pajamas and Ed Meskys' G&S report, first to see if by some miracle he mentioned me, and second to see if I recognize any aspect of the affair as seen from his point of view. The answer to both is invariably negative. So I ought really to tell you what actually goes on at one of those strange minor conventions (which is what they are; we had over 100 last time) but I suppose that the party doesn't need any describing, being like any other fannish party, only more so (for us it lasted until 10:00 last time. That's 10 AM...) and it's no use describing the performance (the Lamplighters are splendid of course) because if

you're not familiar with G&S you have to see it yourself. So I'll tell you what happened to me on the way to the thing, which should be different. First of all, as I write this, it is mid April, and I am talking about the next-to-the-last G&S convention, for THE GONDOLIERS. It is possible that the next one will occur before this issue is published, so I don't want you to be confused.



Charles Harris and myself spent the afternoon in the City waiting for showtime. We were on our way to North Beach when we met Phil Balin's mother in a bookstore, looking for her son who she had lost but she knew he was at the St. Francis seeing Mary Poppins, 4 blocks away. So she drove us there and sent me in to look for him.

I took one look inside; it was pitch black and there must have been a thousand people in there. I stayed and watched the movie a few minutes then left. We sat in the car an hour and finally Phil showed up. We went off to have dinner. The Balins went to the Rathskeller to eat and we were directed to Fosters across the street. Naturally we didn't waste our money on food; we went upstairs and attended the Esperanto convention.

No, Fosters doesn't have a floating Esperanto convention for those who aren't hungry. The second floor of the building they're in contains restrooms and a meeting hall off to one side. It was a small room, about 20x12, and contained a regional meeting of Esperantists numbering about 40; we walked into the middle of it, and stood in the hall outside and look like we understood what they were saying; there were a few other people standing outside too, but we were the only Outsiders. There was a very interesting event taking place. They had prepared a dramatized tape similar to the INVASION FROM MARS thing that so shocked people back in '38. This had to do with a radio telescope or something establishing contact with an alien race somewhere. The drama builds as the world's greatest language experts try to break the communications barrier; it turns out the aliens are speaking Esperanto. That was the highlight. The rest of it was dull speeches like you'll find at any convention. (Later there was a remarkable demonstration by some small children. What a waste! They could be learning High Elven or something...) We brought Phil and his mother back there later to watch, and Phil was amazed that Ackerman wasn't there. #Later yet, before we took off for the Harding, I looked up at the sky, which was clear-looking but had many high cirrus clouds that couldn't be seen in the dark, and remarked that nearly all the stars were gone. As I spoke the last one was disappearing. They said So what, and I went on to comment: "It's as if God was destroying them and this is the end of the universe. Like in that (Asimov?) story about the Billion or whatever names of God". As I finished by saying "I might believe that if it weren't for the big bright moon right there", right at that second the moon disappeared. I suppose somebody up there got a big laugh out of that.

After the performance (yes I'm skipping ahead) we had managed to secure a ride to Brennan's with Ernie Scullessinger and as we crossed the street to his car, we noticed a little shop with a big window and neon signs. In the back could be seen an old Negro, obviously drunk and trying to sleep it off. It was a shop specializing in records and phonographs, but as we looked up there was above the door a large sign saying: "CLEANING AND PRESSING". We got into a big discussion over whether the shop was large enough to contain pressing facilities, and whether it was legal to charge for cleaning records, and other points, and managed to collect a good-sized crowd outside this shop. During the commotion the poor man awoke (it was after midnight) and came shambling toward the door to see what we wanted. Imagine what he must have been thinking when he awoke after a hard night of drinking, obviously very sodden, to see a big crowd in front of his store at midnight arguing and gesturing and pointing to his sign! Anyway, we found out that the sign referred to a dry cleaning establishment somewhere else (which we had known all along, but we were arguing for the fun of it).

I had had a long argument with my mother convincing her that "brennan's" was a restaurant or something, and not a bar. Well, it was a bar. We spent a couple of hours there, which I considered wasted, before going on to Boucher's. Nothing much happened there. I watched a game of Mongolian chess, I met a few people, for example Fred Patten (who came up and said "Aren't you Greg Shaw?", another example of what I was talking about before. I'd never seen Fred before. I had an interesting talk with a very friendly person who in the course of an hour's talk would not reveal who he was, while evading none of my questions. He claimed to be "an old Berkeley Brody" but revealed that he knew absolutely nothing about fandom, fanzines, what fans are, etc. He was not connected with the Lamplighters (who were there with us this time) either. I saw him later at Boucher's. Oh, well.

At Boucher's the most wonderful thing was a folksinger who in the course of the night earned 186 points from The Judges. He had come with Lauren Exter's party, but nobody else knew him: "He's shown up at a few parties. Nobody knows who he is". But anyway he is probably the only true genius I've ever met in person. He looked like a Neanderthaler who had escaped from a zoo; hairy, dirty, unkempt, dashing about the house making animal noises, threatening to bite people; I thought he was a madman at first. Later, when he was making up songs for us I realized he is as good a songwriter compared to Bob Dylan as Dylan is compared to whoever writes the Shangri Las' songs. He managed to increase my vocabulary also by the word pelf, which popped up in a song when he needed it for a rhyme-it made sense there too. It seems he's been pretending to be a sub-moronic animal to avoid the draft, which was after him. He can do it, too. He's a brilliant man, and a marvelous actor. I'd like to see him again.

Another very interesting thing was Astrid Anderson. I had seen her about before, but never realized what a genius she is. She probably has the highest IQ in fandom; at 10 she can hold her own in any conversation on any subject. A truly remarkable child; I don't happen to agree with the Andersons' policy of Libertarian child-raising, but I won't go into it, since I heard about that in a conversation that I had no right to be listening in on; anyway, who am I?

Anyway, we all owe a great debt to Ed Meskys for putting on these marvelous affairs; it won't be the same when he's gone. One of those G&S parties is as much fun as any 3-day convention.

Yes, I'm typing over these illos on purpose. They're just background decoration.

Being a young philosopher, I do a lot of philosophical thinking, and lately I've turned to fandom as a subject for thought. It is really a curious institution if you give it any thought. It is so much more than the sum of its parts. To me fandom is mainly a social group, like any other group of people who like to get together and have fun. We are of course more in that we are greatly widespread and are involved in communication by mail; but still, the main function of fandom is the Cons. Correspondence and publishing are merely means of keeping in touch between cons. Local club meetings naturally are just "cons" on a smaller scale. So fandom is mainly a social group and consists of personal friendships between the various fans. And as a social group I'm mighty proud of fandom. It is to me the ideal social group and it is hard to find any faults with it speaking generally of course.



When a person first "joins" fandom, no matter who he is, unless he goes out of his way to get on people's nerves, fandom will accept him and make him welcome and will provide him with many lasting friendships. There is some sort of strange almost tangible sense of fellowship that is felt whenever two or more fans are together, whether they know each other or not even. And it's nice to know that no matter where you go, you need never be alone, there will always be fans somewhere who will make you welcome and treat you like a long lost friend. This is a curious phenomenon, especially in a group so large as ours. I have seen similar situations, but have observed that it always occurs only in groups whose membership is based in some way on intelligence. Ours is not really--a dull or average person can like stf and become involved with fandom sometimes too--but for that matter, consider that

fandom is no longer based on stf. Or it needn't be, at any rate. So we have in effect a group that doesn't necessarily have anything in common but with a great amount of Brotherhood within it. This to me is a curious but commendable thing; I am forced to conclude that that fandom is just People, but "better", friendlier, gooder people than usual. Someday we ought to get a really good psychologist to examine us and write a book all about fandom.

Which reminds me, to change the subject, of something I've been wanting to know. Throughout fandom's history there have been rumors of an observer or something among us preparing a great expose of fandom in some big magazine. It always gets to the point where the newszines say that it will be in such-and-such mag within a month--and then nothing more is heard. Would some old-timer please tell me, has the expose ever occurred?

Great Greeb! This is my sixth page of editorial. At last, I can quit at the bottom of this one, having protected myself in case Circumstances should prevent me from publishing in September.

Well, I'm back. Yes, I've been gone for 2 days. Hadn't you noticed? As I type this in the evening, the one-shot party that Jurgen reports on this issue has just taken place. It really amazes me that we managed to put out an entire fanzine in one day--in this tiny crowded room, with 6 people, and only 1 typer, with nobody knowing what to do, what's been done, or who's doing what. It was a singularly rewarding session however, resulting in a fine fanzine. And we all had a wonderful fannish time, which is amazing considering only half of us were fans.

Well, I'm finally thru. Here's where I shut up, even though I'll be tearing my hair out two months from now when this is going out and I know everything in this editorial is terribly dated. Anyway, read on and enjoy yourself. And then contribute! We need

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How dark your thoughts must be
To lower your brow so!

What ancient horrors do you think of?
What must I not know?

- - - Charles Harris

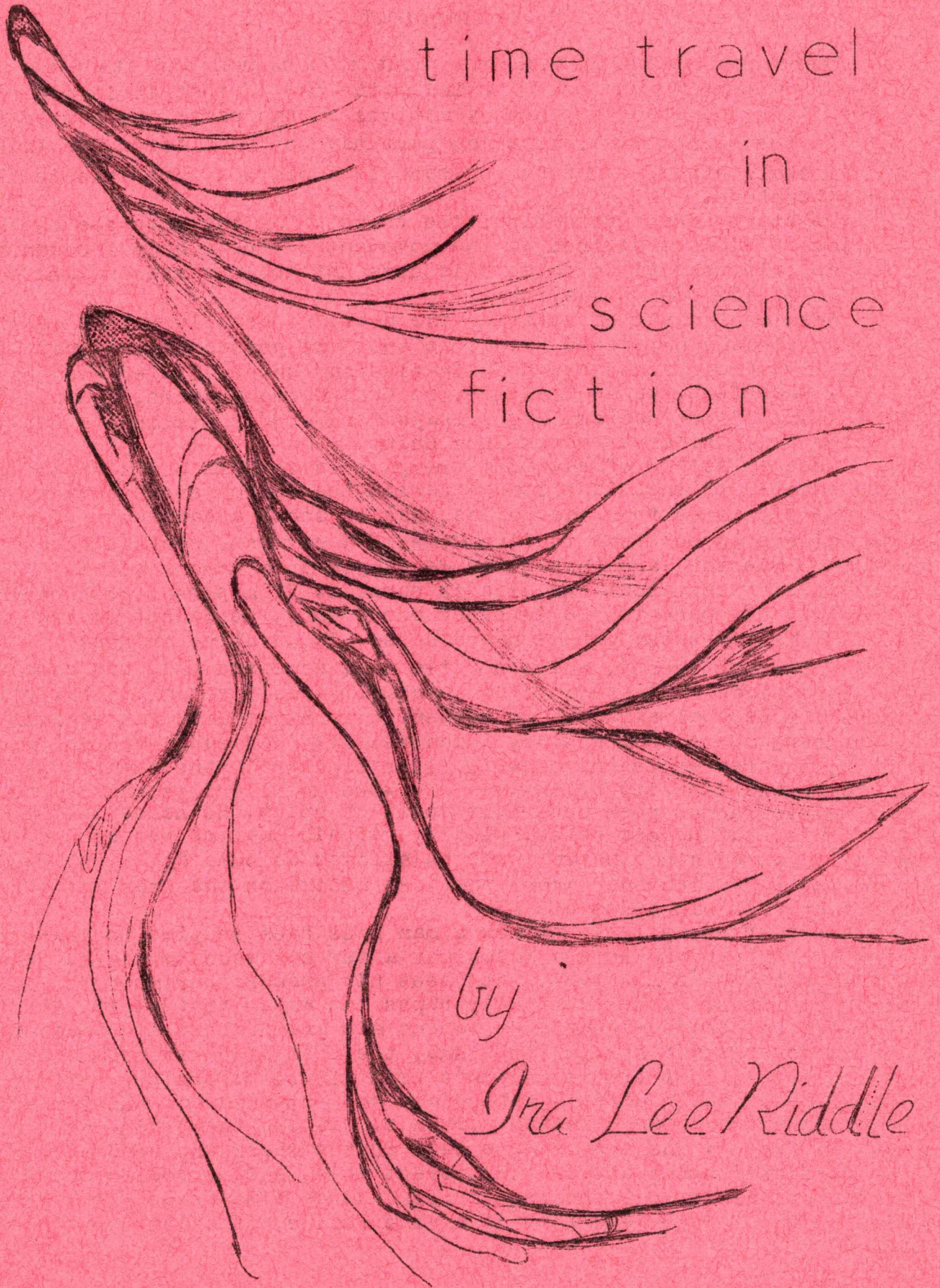
time and
time travel

in

science
fiction

by

Ira Lee Riddle



I- INTRODUCTION

There are two basic thoughts about time travel and its paradoxes in modern science-fiction writing. The main idea is that it is a definite possibility to alter the past by actions in the past; the converse of this is the second idea: that the past may not be altered. In this section I shall attempt to show how each idea plays a part in science fiction literature.

To start, one must define time travel. For the purposes of this section it will be defined as the movement of one's body through time to a certain prescribed date. This does not include viewing the past through special apparatus, etc.

When one thinks of altering the past, he usually thinks of righting some previously committed wrong, as the Nazi persecution of the Jews. To right this wrong, one goes back in time and shoots Hitler when he was a youth. Therefore, without Hitler, no Nazi Germany arose, and the Second World War did not happen. Or, perhaps Marx and/or Stalin are eliminated, and the U.S.S.R. never comes into being.

Another method of changing the past is to kill one's ancestors. A good example of this is a story wherein the "hero" escapes back into prehistoric times from the police, has to shoot a caveman to survive, and returns to our time to find himself a caveman, because he had killed his own ancestor, and thus never developed into homo sapiens.

This brings about the classic paradox. If a person goes back in time and kills his parents, he is never born. Thus, he cannot go back in time to kill his parents, but he has done so. Is he alive or not?

The other theory, while not the most accepted one, has come up more and more times in "recent" s.f. stories. (Recent refers to after 1955.) There are several examples to augment this statement. The easiest one to understand comes from a story which recently was published in IF magazine. In it, the reader learns of an English scholar in the future who wishes to learn the identity of the man who woke up Coleridge, as he was composing his famous poem under the spell of opium. He hides in the bushes for hours, but no one comes. Finally, afraid that he has come on the wrong day, and since he will not be allowed to come again, he decides to at least talk with the famous poet. He knocks on the door and wakes Coleridge up from his opium dream.

Another story tells of how a man goes back in time to learn why his grandfather ran off to sea the night after his wedding night. He watches his grandfather's marriage, then sees his grandfather murdered in cold blood by his wife. He eventually rapes the woman that night, and then runs off to escape capture. He buries his grandfather and takes his name, and is never heard from again. Thus, the past is unalterable.

However, what if the Scipio's were killed before the battle of Hannibal. After their defeat, father and son returned to Rome to gather a new army which later defeated Carthage. Without them, history would have been different. The same may be said of the Greek who brought word of the Persians' sneak attack. To prevent this, a Time Police would have to be set up, as in Poul Anderson's book, since time travel will come some time in the future, and with it a Time Police, it exists now in our time.

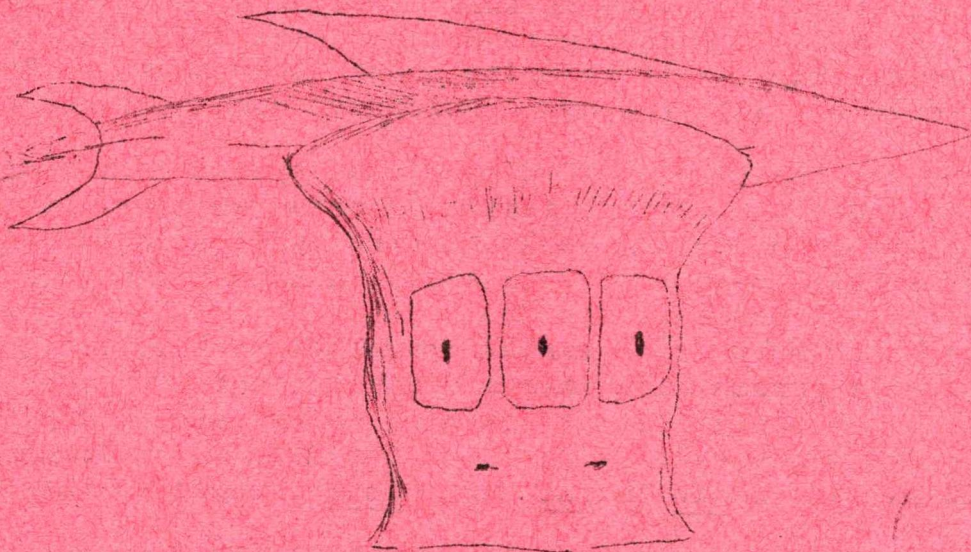
II - USES

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There are many ways in which time travel may be used. Aside from attempting to correct wrongs, police could use it to prevent crimes before they happen (another example of the classic paradox; if they are stopped before they occur, are they crimes?), students could pack many extra hours of studying into a small space of time by going back 12 hours and then coming back to the present, etc.

In science fiction, time travel may be used as an easy way to conquer space. If a trip would take 20 years, go back in time 20 years and start out. You will arrive at your destination with no objective time lost. Subjectively, 20 years may have passed for you, but to the outside world hardly any time at all has passed. A good way to send messages at the speed of light around the universe also comes out of this method.

Another good use of time travel is shown by the writing of Edgar Rice Burrows and Otis Adelbert Kline. Burrows used a form of time travel to send his heroes off to strange places. His trilogy about the moon is told to him by a person from the far future. The rest of his stories are set in the present. Kline, on the other hand, shifts the minds of men



back through time to Venus and Mars of 10,000 years ago. There, the Earthmen's brains inhabit bodies of Martians and Venerians, whose brains now inhabit the Earthmen's former bodies.

A.E. Van Vogt, in "The Weapon Shops of Isner" tells of a war fought across the span of the universe, and through time. He introduces the idea of a time barrier, a force field through time which no time-traveler may pass. Edmond Hamilton, in the "Legion of Super-Heroes" series appearing in the Superman DC Family of Comics, uses this idea of a time barrier very effectively.

III - PARADOXES

The classic paradox of time has already been discussed. There is only one other kind of paradox used in science fiction today; can a person meet himself? The classic story of this sort is Robert Heinlein's "By His Bootstraps". In this story, a man is sitting in his home when a circle appears before him, and a man emerges from it. This man warns

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him about a villain named DIKTOR; then he disappears. Diktor then appears and offers our hero a job in the future at a fabulous salary. He naturally accepts. In the future, he finds that the warning was correct. Diktor mistreats the slaves he keeps. Learning how to operate Diktor's time machine, our hero goes back in time to warn himself. He is not able to stay long enough, so he returns to the future, only, he is 10 years ahead of himself, and ends up in the "past" of Diktor's time. Through circumstances beyond his control, he becomes Diktor. Thus, one man is 3 characters at one time.

IV- A NEW DIMENSION?

Science fiction writers disagree over the possibility of time being the fourth dimension. The majority of writers seem to believe that it is, with interesting possibilities, which are discussed in this section.

Assume that there is a race which lives only in two dimensions, length and width. Its world would exist as a plane in space. If a "flat-land" inhabitant came upon a line, he would have to go around it, not over it. He would have no concept of "above" or "below".

Next, assume that, 1 mm. above this plane of existence, there is another plane, on which a race lives. Neither race would know of the other's existence. They might theorize about other possible "parallel worlds", but could not either prove or disprove such "science fictional" ideas.

Now, translate the previous 2-dimensional system into 3 dimensions, height, length, and width, as the system in which we live. We truly have no concept of time, and for all we know, other worlds could exist along with ours just a small amount of time away. This is known as a "parallel time-stream", or just parallel worlds.

There are other methods to explain parallel worlds, etc., by use of time. Whenever a person must make a decision, one theory says, he creates two distinct possibilities, each of which sets up a parallel world. Thus, there might exist a parallel world in which Germany won W. II. Phillip K. Dick's Man In The High Castle explores this possibility.

Poul Anderson, in a series of stories about the Time Patrol, has different time-lines set up as experiments by scientists in the first time-line.

V- TIME VIEWING

In this section I shall show what time viewing is like, and what its danger is. Time viewing is simply seeing events which happened in the past, but not being present "in corpus". By this definition, the newsreels are a form of time viewing, which is correct. However, most s.f. authors consider time viewing to refer to an event more than 50 years in the past.

How could time viewing be used? Arthur C. Clarke, in Childhood's End, uses it to destroy all religions, as people learn the truth about the origins of their respective religions. Or, we could learn if Lincoln, or any other well-known historical character, is all that we think he is.

This last idea shows the danger in time viewing. No political figure has a spotless past, and this would be opened to anyone with a time viewer.

Another little-thought-of danger is shown in Isaac Asimov's "The Dead Past". This danger is that people with guilt complexes over lost children could easily associate the viewer with the lost child and use it to the exclusion of everything else in order to again see it.

Thus, it can be seen that time and time travel play important parts in science fiction.

So What?

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title and author may be found at End of story!
(Eat at Joe's)

CHAPTER ONE

From the Ginneswog DAILY TIMES-NEWS-SUN-REPORTER, April 7, 1964:
Wanted: Three able-bodied Halmiers for Special services.
Phone OG 1-3958.

CHAPTER TWO

It was late winter when Uncle Herbie came to town. He had walked right into the room without so much as a by-your-leave and proceeded to take over the household. Uncle Herbie was always a democratic man and he held elections first thing the next day, for the entire family. All eight of us children voted as he told us to because he promised that we wouldn't have to go to school any longer if we did.

Mother was elected Minister of Interior Affairs. Father was elected Minister of State and Foreign Affairs. We were elected Presidential Assistants. Uncle Herbie of course was elected President.

Within a month we had erected a chicken-wire fence around the borders of the house, which included almost an acre of land. Uncle Herbie had bought a \$28 printing press and we began printing notices and proclamations which were duly posted on the fence for passers-by to read.

Once we asked Uncle Herbie where the great amounts of money that he often received by mail came from. "My Boy!" He exclaimed in his gentle, somber tones, "I have many and varied enterprises!"

CHAPTER THREE

The Auditorium contained twenty-six thousand spectators, all in a very emotional state. In the center was a raised dias, upon which stood three Halmiers. The first was a Grez, wearing a pince-nez and a fez, named Simon Sez. The second was a tall, European gentleman with grey eyes that seemed to hint at forgotten recipes. The third stood behind them, dressed in a green suit with spats and a miniature trout tattooed on each fingernail. He was grinning broadly, but nobody ever touched him.

Milton hurried through the corridor, opening every door he came to. Finally he met General Wendible.

"Sir!" he enunciated slowly and clearly, "Although it is too soon to make definitive statements of posture, the general hypotheses might be arrived at, on the basis of past, present, and future data relating to mundigracious spectroscopy, that the time has come for all good men to come to the aid of the women!"

"Lieutenant Eppppppppg, you are talking nonsense!" barked the General, slapping Milton across the nose with his glove.

At that moment a seductive redhead undulated out of the next doorway and began running her fingers lovingly through the dog's tail.

The general turned on his wrist-TV and began to watch the ceremony. A skylight had opened in the vaulted ceiling to admit a small helicopter. It descended slowly and sinisterly, as everyone in the auditorium tried to bolt through the one exit. Of the twenty-six thousand, only seventy-one escaped alive.

CHAPTER FOUR

The first time the police arrived we were ready. We hadn't paid any taxes in the five years since Uncle Herbie came. Neither had any of us kids gone to school. Uncle Herbie always kept his word.

The fence, which by this time was eight feet high, three feet thick, and reinforced with stone, was adequate to keep the sherriff out. The state police managed to break down the gate, but were met inside by a moat filled with striped bass, behind which was a trench containing our Army, which consisted of us boys older than 11. The house, in the distance, was of course heavily barricaded and blacked-out. Uncle Herbie shouted to the officers through an electronic megaphone from the House.

"You are violating my national sovereignty. Remove yourselves immediately or I shall be forced to take this incident before the United Nations. Or maybe even begin negotiating with the Kremlin!" he added ominously, his voice pregnant with implied meaning.

We took advantage of their momentary shock to fire a few rocks at them from the trench, at which they turned and left.

When the army arrived three months later, led by a famous retired general, A.T. Wendible, we were better prepared. We had rocket guns, trench mortars, anti-aircraft guns, bazookas, a catapult with buckets of burning oil, and an old tank.

They didn't want to fight, though. They gave us a document from the President granting us national autonomy, but stipulating that we must remove our country from United States land.

Since we were living on a small island off the California coast, we merely waited until the army had left, and then burned and pillaged the rest of the island. It was fairly simple, since it contained only one town which was a vacation resort consisting of hotels and souvenir shops, and it was the off-season. We set the people adrift in the few boats that were moored in the harbor, and raised our flag over the island, declaring it the Republic of Wokambruim.

We were no longer on U.S. soil.

CHAPTER FIVE

"My god, professor, you've got to do something, or we'll all be killed! We're doomed!" shouted Tim hysterically!

"Are you there, Alexey?" he whined in his reknowned voice, that was so famously nasal that it had once appeared in Ripley's BELIEVE IT OR NOT. Few people had believed it.

Alexey was a madman. He stood in the corner constantly contemplating a bowl of pears on a tray before him. This time he raised his head as might one participating in an advertising stunt, and said:

"It's not the meat; it's the stupidity!"

"He's got it!!" cried Slammont joyfully.

The professor pushed the button.

They all stood in a circle as the tubes began to hummmmm.

On the note "?", they all began hopping in unison.

The results were startling, to say the least.

THE END

"the first two pages of a
four-hundred-page novel,
the rest of which will
never be written" //

By Leroy Razi etc.

JOHN BOSION, 816 South First Street, Mayfield, Kentucky 42066

20

Thanks for FEEMWLORT. Is there any significance to that title? More Tolkien? That man is getting to be an infernal nuisance. I've not read any of his books, have no intention of buying them, little opportunity to borrow them, and any fanzine that arrives without even mentioning Tolkien is a cause for peering distrustfully out the window to see just what a blue moon looks like. But... "Burrows fans"? Did you send a copy of this thing to Steve Barr? If you did, beware; he'll probably hop the first bus out of Nocona and come for you with a revolver or a broadax or whatever these Burroughs fans fancy. Maybe he'll have you trampled by a rabid thout. You never know with these Burroughs fans.

←(Yes I did send Steve a copy; he mailed me a dead lizard. Seriously, when he shows up with his broadax he'll be held back by the Elf-runes over the door. If he gets thru them, he will have to face my old gaffer with his Family Heirloom: an actual ancient Drarf-hammer. Really, I am opposed to E.R.B.'s name appearing in any fanzine of mine, but if it happens to come up, the least I can do is correct the spelling. The -oughs ending is just corrupted from the Hobbit name Burrows (see your glossary in Niekas). If every zine you see mentions Tolkien, and everybody seems to love him so much, John, don't you imagine there might be something to it? One thing you've got to admit: there is no group of Tolkien-haters like Burrows has.→)

JAMES TOREN, 7236 Kellogg Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230

The other day I got an envelope, a large one in the mail since I hadn't sent for it, I figured it was something from the Fanzine Appreciation Society. I guess it was, when I opened it I let out a gasp another new fanzine I cried, just what we need. When I started it I was prepared for the worst and nothing perturbed me, or ruined that opinion for a few pages. I really enjoyed Nate Bucklin's CON-NOTATIONS, but then I'm a sucker for those con reports, I eat them up never having been to one. But the real gem of the issue was Tommy Foster's A VISIT TO HUGO GERNSBACK. This was funny, funny, funny. These two things would have made FEEMWLORT worth the 25¢ I didn't pay for it.

But what really grabs me is your bit on N3F Benefits. I guess you know, I hope somebody does, that I was responsible for the starting of the N3F Games Bureau. It all came about when I asked another fan if he wanted to play a game of Jetan, being a Burroughs fan I'd wanted to play but couldn't find anybody but another fan wacky enough to want to play. But lo and behold the thing spread and now we have a budding Games Bureau, but this whole rather round about bit brings me to what I wanted to say, that maybe one of those carpers was right when he said that the club was full of cliques or groups and no new fan had a chance to break in. Well, I think he was right but what the club really needs is new departments where the new fan can join and rise to the top. Give him something to do someplace to anchor himself, then maybe we wouldn't have so many drop outs. Most fans just don't have anything to keep them in the club.

←(I assume you're referring to my creation of a new Bureau so that I could be in charge of something. I didn't mean the article that way. It was meant as a sort of satire. Personally I don't have any interest in performing any bureaucratic functions. However I'll admit your point; the best way for a neofan to be in charge of a Bureau is to create his own bureau. I've used that philosophy in other forms often myself.→)

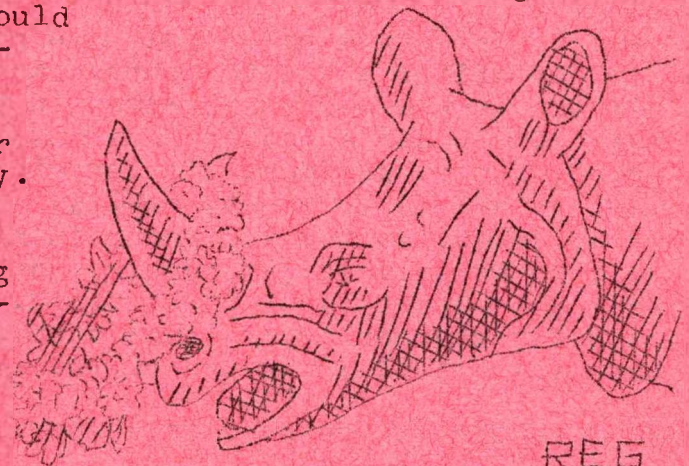
HARRY WARNER, JR. 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740

21

The first issue of FEEMWLORT was good reading, partly because there were so many surprises and partly because much of the material was good. It's always a relief to find a fanzine in which all the material isn't the work of the two dozen fans who provide most of the words and lines for today's fan publications. In this particular case, there was the added encouragement of discovering that someone else out there in fandom has a typewriter whose letters aren't aligned with military precision. There was a time when about half of all fans used typewriters that showed some independence in this respect. I'd begun to fear that I was the only fan left with a machine whose typing doesn't look like that produced by the very latest improved model of an IBM electric.

You seem to have done a rapid job of learning the secrets of mimeography, too. You apparently didn't notice that the type on your machine was getting clogged up with gunk after about half the stencils were cut, but I'm sure that even your best friends have told you about this probable cause of the poorer reproduction in the final pages of this issue. You have a sure hand at stenciling art, fortunately; if your stylus wavered like that neld by some fans, the result would be frightful in the extreme, what with all the little illustrations you used. I feel flattered to have received one of the copies with your own full-pager. It's good, except for a compositional defect: the large partly shaded area extending from one-fifth down the page to two-thirds of the way down has the effect of splitting the drawing into two halves. Possibly you could have kept a sense of unity by snowing just a little more of the face at the left, or by lowering an inch or two the whatchamacallit that is blasting off toward the upper right hand corner. I'm not even going to try to read the message on the other side; my admiration for Tolkien is too restricted for me to have made efforts to figure out his scripts, if that's where it comes from.

The Neofund article will undoubtedly produce a detonation or two among people who feel more strongly about the project than I do. The whole controversy about the Neofund seems to me to have arisen from too much publicity-seeking on both sides. The best charity is that which is done quietly. Most of the potential flaws in the Neofund plan would vanish if the whole project were kept on a semi-confidential basis, raising funds through some casual hat-passing and correspondence, in order not to encourage neofans into running through all their money at a con with no way to get home. At the same time, it's really not necessary to be too critical of a project that is purely voluntary in its financing. If the Neofund sought money in ways that would force fans to support it involuntarily, we'd have reason to complain about it: if it got donations from convention profits, for instance, or contributions from the NFFF treasury. I'm pretty sure that the whole project will collapse when the backers get disillusioned by a couple of big unpaid debts, but I can't conscientiously see any reason why the Neofund people shouldn't continue to plan as they've been doing, if they feel that this is the proper procedure.



REG
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The Tommy Foster item was very funny. The in-group jokes are so numerous that it will undoubtedly go unappreciated by some fans, but I think I spotted most of them. However, people shouldn't be too critical about Sam Moskowitz's fondness for Hugo Gernsback. If it weren't for this admiration, the Pacificon II would have gone down in history as an event which appeared differently to every observer, a con that was described differently in every conreport. But despite all the various versions of the Gretchen Schwenn incident and other highlights, all the con attendees were in agreement on the question of whether Sam talked too long about Hugo Gernsback.

The final installment of Nate's report told me a few things that I hadn't known about the late event and this is the best justification for conreports that appear six months late. (This is not intended as criticism of you for publishing a conreport months after it happened; everybody does it. For that matter, the next FAPA mailing will probably contain an entire publication containing a 40-page report on the first Chicon of 1940.)

I can think of several reasons why the New Yorker rejected the S. R. Compton poem. But basically the fault is that it's three poems, not one poem. The first stanza seems to have some slight connection with the second stanza and the second stanza seems to lead into the third. But it's impossible to find any logical progression of thought or emotion from the first through the third. In a long, long poem it's quite all right to wander all over the problems of the universe in various sections, but when there are only fifteen lines, the reader is left with the suspicion that the poet didn't quite know what he was writing about. The last five lines, by themselves, would probably make a better poem than the entire three sections do as a whole.



Many other things in this issue were very pleasant to read but almost impossible to comment on. I hope you don't get so much material from other people that you refrain from putting your own stuff into future issues.
Yrs., &c., Harry Warner, Jr.

((I wonder how many of you have noticed that Harry is probably the only fan who writes a LoC for every fanzine he receives. As I think back over all the fanzines I've received in the last year, I can't think of one that hasn't had a letter from him in it. You ought to get some sort of award, Harry. #Anyway, I'm surprised that everybody thinks Foster's so sophisticated. He's not, really. And he is not the type who knows in-group jokes, so any you found in his article were accidents. But since he's so well-liked I'm running more of his stuff, as you can see. My next con report won't be so dated. The September issue will most likely have a Westercon report that's only 2 months old (or 3 I guess. I'll have to wait till the end of the month because of N'APA laws.))

FRED LERNER 926 Furnald Hall The Monastery Columbia College NY NY 10027

C O N G R A T U L A T I O N S!

((Snurd))

JURGEN WOLFF, 1234 Johnson St. Redwood City, California 94061

Congratulations on a fine job on FREMWLORT #1. It was well-done all the way through, especially the cover. The idea of cutting out sections of the stencil is kind of interesting--sort of a do-it-yourself Rorschach test. Its use in your first attempt at art was also good. That picture wasn't bad, especially the thumb-like design at the bottom. I think the only thing that detracted from it was the eye on the left--it should have been either more stylized or more realistic.

As for the Neofund, I think Dwain Kaiser has some good points. The final decision on whether it should be discontinued, however, should probably be made on the basis of past performance. If it has been reasonably successful, and has broken even, then it could be continued.

Was the author of that speech being paid by the word? Shame on you, slipping in one of Eisenhower's old campaign speeches!

A "Visit to Hugo Gernsback" was also well done. Now let me see, what did you say that address was?

Nate Bucklin's con report did an excellent job of presenting a personal viewpoint of what was going on. As you know, I missed it, so at least I am getting pleasure out of experiencing it vicariously.

For R'KKNW (if I may call him by his first name): which one of the five words would you use to answer the question, "Who are you?"

I think you were mistaken in calling Nate Bucklin drunk or nuts for sending that LoC. It duplicates an English lecture we had the other day...also a History lecture...mmm, I wonder if it represents an educational pattern?

Until nextish, may the fleas of a thousand mice put extra flavor in your rice.
Best, Jurgen Wolff

((If I were one of R'KKNW's followers, I would answer that question with: "Furniture" or "?". Either would work equally well))

ED MESKYS, L71, LRL, P.O.Box 808, Livermore, Calif. 94551

Is Jurgen familiar with Boucner's ROCKET TO THE MORGUE, a detective novel set among LA fans & pros circa 1940, which was responsible for getting me into fandom (oh, horror!) & Mack Reynolds' somewhat poorer CASE OF THE LITTLE GREEN MEN set at a Worldcon circa 1950?

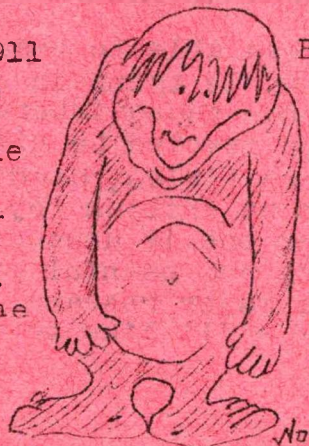
Ed

((Yes, no. I've never been able to find a copy of the latter.))

CUYLER WARNELL BROOKS, JR. 911
Virginia 23605 Dear Greg,

Briarfield Rd. Newport News,

Yes, I know it's been a while (gaaad!). It got stuck over crud until I had to do something threw me off was the rather Most of the illos were good. and enjoyed it very much. The looked.



Wolff

since I got FREMWLORT with a bunch of other thing about it. What bad repro in your text. I read the thing tonight text wasn't as bad as it

(continued)

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Your Sindarin is pretty good, at least I could make it out. But a zine in Sindarin?! The whole thing would have to be handlettered, unless you plan to have a Sindarin typewriter made. There's an idea - find a rich Tolkien fan and get him to pay Remington or Royal or IEM to make one! Who is it that makes that electric typer where the letters are on a sort of golfball for easy change of typeface? You could get a ball for Sindarin and Quenya and another for the Angles.

Fraxier sounds like a real monster fan - 6'1", 163#!

Kaiser is probably right about the Neofund

N

NEOFUND

NEOFUND

NEOFUND

NEOFUND

Gee, that's fun. You could go on forever. As I was saying...BUT I don't expect Saint Harriett to be daunted aught by such quibbles. As to who will administer the fund, well who do you think! St. Harriett, which seems only right.

Foster's VISIT TO GERMSBACK is too good to be true. Reality is never that pleasing! It's the sort of thing you would like to believe. I can hardly believe it was done by a 13-year-old.

Those rhyming curses scattered through the zine seem to point to a certain hostility toward the readers. Which is Freudian.

Your illo on the back of the Sindarin looks to be a turnip fleeing from the turnip greens, but that's probably because I'm just an old country boy. What old country? you ask, ah, well, that would be telling.

In re the letter from the esteemed R'KKNW VV-G'DDF, it is no trouble at all to think of a question that cannot be answered suitably by WHY NOT, HEKK NO, L2, ?, or FURNITURE. Consider any question to which a suitable answer must be some person's name such as "Who is that over in the corner drinking corflu?"

What is this "SNODGRASS-King, Soloman was a wise man" bit? What Snodgrass really said, when queried in regard to the wisdom of Soloman, was: "Not knowing, I would feel a vast amount of delicacy in articulating, for fear of deviating from the line of rectitude, thereby endangering my reputation for veracity." Old Snoddy (as we used to call him) was nothing if not laconic.

Your piece on NFFF Benefits was excellent and I hope you carry out the program. Inclosed is my contribution, a very rare little item, one of Gandalf the Grey's buttons. Since it is somewhat in the nature of a holy relic, I hope you will treat it with the proper reverence, and award it only to the most devout of fans. If not: MAY THE ESSENCE OF OBSCENE FLEA FLAVOR YOUR NEXT POT OF TEA. Ned

(Ah! One person at least was able to read my Sindarin. Actually, I don't plan to publish the whole thing in script. Oh, for you who didn't read it, it was a request for those interested in Tolkien and perhaps the publishing of a fanzine devoted to him, printed in Sindarin, to contact me. Anyway, only the titles, headings, an editorial, and a minor feature or two would be written (by hand. I enjoy doing it) in script. I realize that when one is unused to working with the language, transcription can be a long and painful process. And of course the main feature each issue, a major research article or the like, would be in English. And I would still like to hear from more Tolkien fans.

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Since there have been several complaints similar to yours, R'KKNW himself has decided to make a few statements. I am empowered to speak for him here, and will do so. First of all, by the time he's over in the corner drinking corflu rather than doing it with everybody else, you-know-who will be in such a condition that "?" would be a perfectly legitimate answer. Or so would "furniture" for that matter. ("Who's that over in the corner drinking corflu?" "Oh, that's just Ed Meskys. He's part of the furniture"). But it has been decided that a sixth word, "WASHINGTON IRVING" will be added to the list, to deal with persons. That satisfy you? →→

GREGG WOLFORD 9001 Joyzelle ,Garden Grove, Calif. 92640



First of all, I'd like to give a (very) brief description of the appearance of your mag. Artwork nice in most places...repro good (for \$250 it better be!). So much for that. Whether you like it or not, I'm going to review FREEMWLORT in the next issue of DREADFUL PANCTUARY- my fmz. Don't worry, it'll be largely complimentary. Heck, for the price I paid for FREEMWLORT it gave me the Most For My Money than any other fmz ever.

As for your "le, recon" joke, you will probably have an enemy for life in one Jean Wilttrout of Austin Texas. Jean was planning to pub the exact same joke in the 1st ish of his "INFANITY", but you beat him to the punch.

The best pieces in your zine were VISIT TO HUGO GERNSBACK and Bucklin's CON-NOTATIONS.

I can see why PAUSE was rejected by the NEW YORKER--why wasn't it rejected by FREEMWLORT? Actually, I never cared for poetry much. Never. As far as Kaiser's NEOFUND article, it's just a summation of everything that's ever been said against it. Personally, I would like to find out the exact statistics--how much money has been loaned and how much money has been paid back. THAT's what would prove--or disprove--the theory of the Neofund.

Gregg Wolford

(And they tell me that I wasn't the first to see that pun either. I hear somebody used it ten years or so ago. When it occurred to me, I was doubtful that it was original. Such things are too good to be true. #First issues are hard, you know. I wanted to have a little of everything, to get an idea of just what sort of things suited me. Steve was the only person I knew who hadn't contributed, so I asked him, and he sent a poem. It wasn't THAT bad a poem, and it was the only one I got, so I ran it. In the future I don't plan to have much poetry, unless it's exceptionally good. →→

Now before we go any further, I think it's time we settled this NEOFUND business. So next I give you Harriett Kokcnak's answer to Dwain Kaiser. Personally I think it's as weak a defense as Dwain's was an attack (you see, I DO have opinions) but as in his original article, there are a few valid points. I wish Harriett had sent some statistics, it would make it easier for me to make a judgment (which I do plan to do).

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HARRIETT G. KOLCHAK, 2530 N. Hancock St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19133

"Don't Have Money, Travelèd"

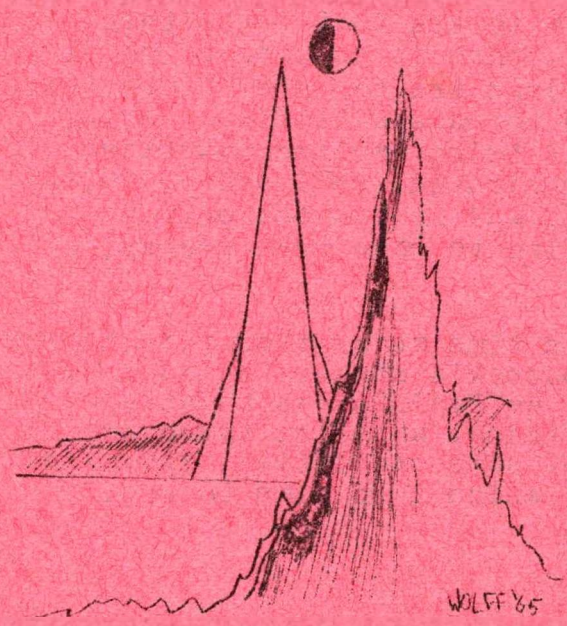
Dear Dwain;

I am glad to see that you are one of those few people who are so financially stable that you can have, or get, enough money at any time to see you through tight spots. I only wish I was. If I ran short at a convention or conference and had to send home for money I would have to find some way to eliminate the extra day it would require for the hotel and food. You know it takes time to get to a telegraph office here and have the money sent. They also require that you arrange for some sort of pass word between sender and receiver. Not everybody has a phone you know, and some people live way out in the sticks. Some young fen don't even have parents to send to, or they may be away from home when they are needed most and cannot be reached. Besides, I am sure that most of them would not appreciate the extra bill for hotel, etc. if the check out time is gone and another day's rent is required. I don't know where you live, but it just might be that you could also get a ride into your home town, thereby eliminating more than half the regular train or bus fare, if your plight became known ahead of time. If you have to wait to wire home, and get an answer, you will find it is too late for this too, because most of the fen have already left the con site.

Something else you mention is that older fen may need aid more than the younger ones. This is true and if you read the charter, you would see that provisions have been made for this also. The further the fund grows, the more ground we can cover and such things as aiding the N3F hospitality room (Now covered) and aiding fen with other needs for fannish activities are also in the offing. If the fund grows the way I would like to see it grow, we would be able to make mundane loans to fen for any necessary needs they might face at any time. We may even be able to cover such things as S.F. libraries which are now being set up, thereby aiding them over rough spots.

If it is known that a fan has spent the money for books etc. that he or she did not really need, we will hold these said articals for collateral, or demand that they try to sell them to someone first. Otherwise we cannot make the loan they need.

If it is known that a fan has attended a con without sufficient funds, anticipating a loan from the fund (we have one such case on hand now) we cannot make a loan & they will have to find some other way of raising the money. Since most of these cases would be fen connected with fandom in some way, I get this information well



beforehand. For instance, the case on hand was planned for the Lunacon in April & I was tipped to it way back in January. There is one thing they overlooked in planning this. The fund is not available for a one day con. and since the parties are not a planned part of the "Lunacon" which is a one day affair, but are an outside part of fandom, each night by a different club too, this puts it out of the Neofund jurisdiction. Our charter states "At recognized gatherings and cons of two or more days duration."

There is another point connected with this that you are apparently not familiar with. We have a clause that allows the borrower more time if just cause can be shown for his or her not paying within the allotted time. As far as the Gafia fen rate,

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I have two fan who borrowed from the fund and went fasia shortly after. They did pay back the money though and they both added a substantial sum to the repayment. I also have found that most fan are honest enough to tell their parents of the shortage. If they are not, they will find that the parents will know it soon enough anyway.

Any fan, attending a two day con, must register into the hotel or the con committee. This fact alone makes it easy to check addresses, etc. An unknown fan is as eligible for a loan as a known one, but we deem it advisable to check them out first with registration at the desk of one of these two points or both.

You are speaking of a complete trip cost when you say, "The fan may have saved all year to get enough money for this trip". That may be true, but the fact remains that if we know in time to negotiate a lift home with some other fan and estimate the cost of necessary meals, the cost of one way fare and meals home can be kept at a minimum. We are not talking about extremely large rate loans right now because we only have a little over a hundred dollars to work with. The most that has been borrowed thus far was \$10. Seven of this went for fare and three for meals. This loan was made at Chicago and the ride was arranged for as soon as we knew. The money was paid as soon as the borrower could arrange. Since the borrower was well known to the fund, and was vouched for by several people, there was no question of his needs.

You ask if "We can really expect the fan to add a small sum to the borrowed amount". I will answer that by saying that all but one have done so. There are cases where a fan could not be expected to do this, but I believe they are few. Besides, who said they HAD to, We only ask that they do so if they can. Most people who borrow the money, and figure up the savings they make in arranging with the fund, instead of waiting for money from home, will be grateful enough to add something to aid others in the future. They will also have the foresight to see that, if this goes according to plan, we will be able to loan them money under the same terms later for other needs, instead of them going to a bank and paying two to six percent interest on funds borrowed.

A neo fan is "A fan who has been in fandom less than two years." But any fan is eligible for a loan if they present their case to the committee and are found to be within ~~fandom~~ the jurisdiction of our charter. The charter will expand to include all needs of fandom, as the funds expand. You are bragging of being able to get enough money for all your needs right now. Good! I hope it never changes. I am over the 45 year mark & have found that there were many times in my life that I was down at the heels and could not have found aid from anyone. There was once that I could not even borrow 15 cents for carfare to send my husband to work because he had not gotten his pay the day before & was waiting on a check from his former job in Ohio. The check was only for \$350 and was one day overdue in the mail. I got the check in the afternoon mail, but meantime he had to walk to work, a distance of 47 long blocks. He was late too and so was docked for the extra time. I also had occasion to find out what it was like to be stranded without funds when someone stole the money I had in my purse on one trip I made. I stood all night in a R.R. station waiting for funds from home and did not even have money for coffee.

As far as anyone playing "Ghod", this would mean one person alone would control the workings of the fund. This is not true either as we have a committee of eight at the present time and hope to add two more representatives shortly.

Neo-Ficially yours,
Neofund Sec-Treas.
Harriett G. Kolchak

←← As for myself, I would like to see some actual facts and figures as several readers have suggested. But From what Harriett says, the fund is not losing money, and it is functioning, so I think we should withhold criticism until they do have a scandal. But Dwain's article did contain among the criticism the basis for several suggestions which if followed would make the fund less vulnerable to disaster. I think the idea of the Neofund is a good one, and hepp to see all of Harriett's plans for it reach fruition. So much for that.→→

Notes @

A Meeting

OR

"let's put out a one-shot!"



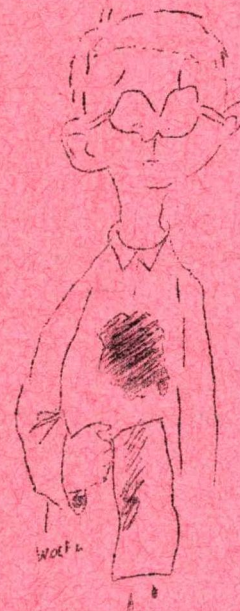
by Jürgen Wolff

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To me, one of the more interesting aspects of fandom is its fanzines. They are usually the unabashed expression of the personality (or ego) of the editor and, if he is lucky, of a number of contributors. Nevertheless, I decided that I'd like to put out one of my own. The guy who made this possible through the use of his mimeo is Greg Snaw, and he decided to make a "one-shot" event out of the publishing of the first issue of Lucifer.

His room is weird enough without people in it. It features wall-to-wall books, dangerously protruding shelves, and covered-up windows (Freddian implications there, no doubt). However, the scene that greeted me and a friend (Jim Littlefield) reminded me of a scene from "The Snake Pit". Into this small cubicle were crammed (in addition to the books, the mimeo, an old dead frog, and other assorted dross) Greg Snaw, Sally Horner, Laura Illies, and Charles Harris...a motley crew, to say the least. In the background glared records (obscene and otherwise) whose volume was only a gnat below being able to puncture eardrums. Charles was conducting the record, Laura was groaning in time to the music, and Greg and Sally were in the midst of a fantasy of an undetermined nature. In other words, it was fannish.

Bowing to the large bottle of corflu that stood upon an altar in the midst of the room, we decided to start to get to the business at hand. Greg's setup for drawing on stencils is great--for the average master of Yoga. For me, though, it was rather difficult, since there was about a three-foot space, and I am 6'4". However, through patience, perseverance, artistic drive, and contortion, I managed to get the cover on stencil and, with help, run it off. Then I learned my first lesson in publishing a fanzine...even if you are ecstatic over getting your first page run off, do not clutch the used stencil to your breast...especially if you are wearing a white shirt.



The next few pages went much the same: they were typed off at dazzling speed (sometimes approaching 10 words per minute), swabbed liberally with corflu, endowed with shakily-drawn pictures (that glass gets not!), and rushed into the loving cylinders of Mimi O. Graffe.

All went slowly but relatively smoothly, except for an occasional outburst from Mimi, at which time she would try to tear up the pages and fling them in my face. However, I am told this comes from being heavy-handed and not knowin' which way is clockwise, and thus turning the crank the wrong way.

Of course, this was not all that was going on...since there was only one typewriter, tended by Lightning-Fingers Snaw, and one light table for stenciling art, which I used, that left four people to do what they wanted. And they did. The girls periodically burst into laughter, song, weeping, groaning, or snorting, emoting in time to the tones of Bob Dylan. Charles Harris contemplated the cracks in the ceiling, no doubt gathering material for a novel. And Jim, having severely cracked his head on a shelf a number of times, found out he liked it, and went back several times. This was interrupted a few times by Greg's brother, a gnomish chap of about 10 years, whose burning eyes betrayed the fact that he is a dope addict, bearing cheese sandwiches that smelled of cyanide.

The fun (?) part being over, people began to depart (making sacrifices to the altar of Corflu on the way out), leaving about 500 loose sheets, waiting to be collated, stapled, addressed, and mailed. Everyone except Greg, Jim, and I having left, and Greg having to take time out to eat dinner, I gathered the sheets into a large paper bag and slipped out the nearest exit, with Jim at my heels.



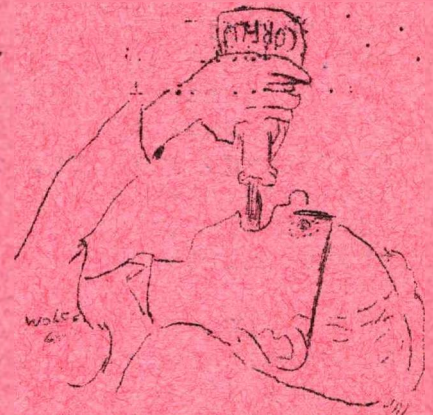
I can truthfully say that it was a unique experience. It must have shown on my face, for on the way home on the bus, a little old lady offered me her seat (I took it). My friends, upon seeing the product of this session, have become convin-

ced that I have fallen in with evil companions. However, I withstood it all...and if you were to ply me with liquor, or drug me, or even just ask,....I might just admit that I enjoyed it.

The proof of the fact that I've got Corflu in my veins is the fact that Lucifer #2 (Yes, Virginia, there will be a number two) will be out within the next couple of months. And this time, I might even number the pages.

THE END

⚡ (Editor's note: Lucifer is available from Jurgen at 1234 Johnson St. Redwood City, Calif. at 15¢ per copy. Buy it or contribute to it. It's the second best magazine I publish, and well worth whatever it costs you. ⚡)



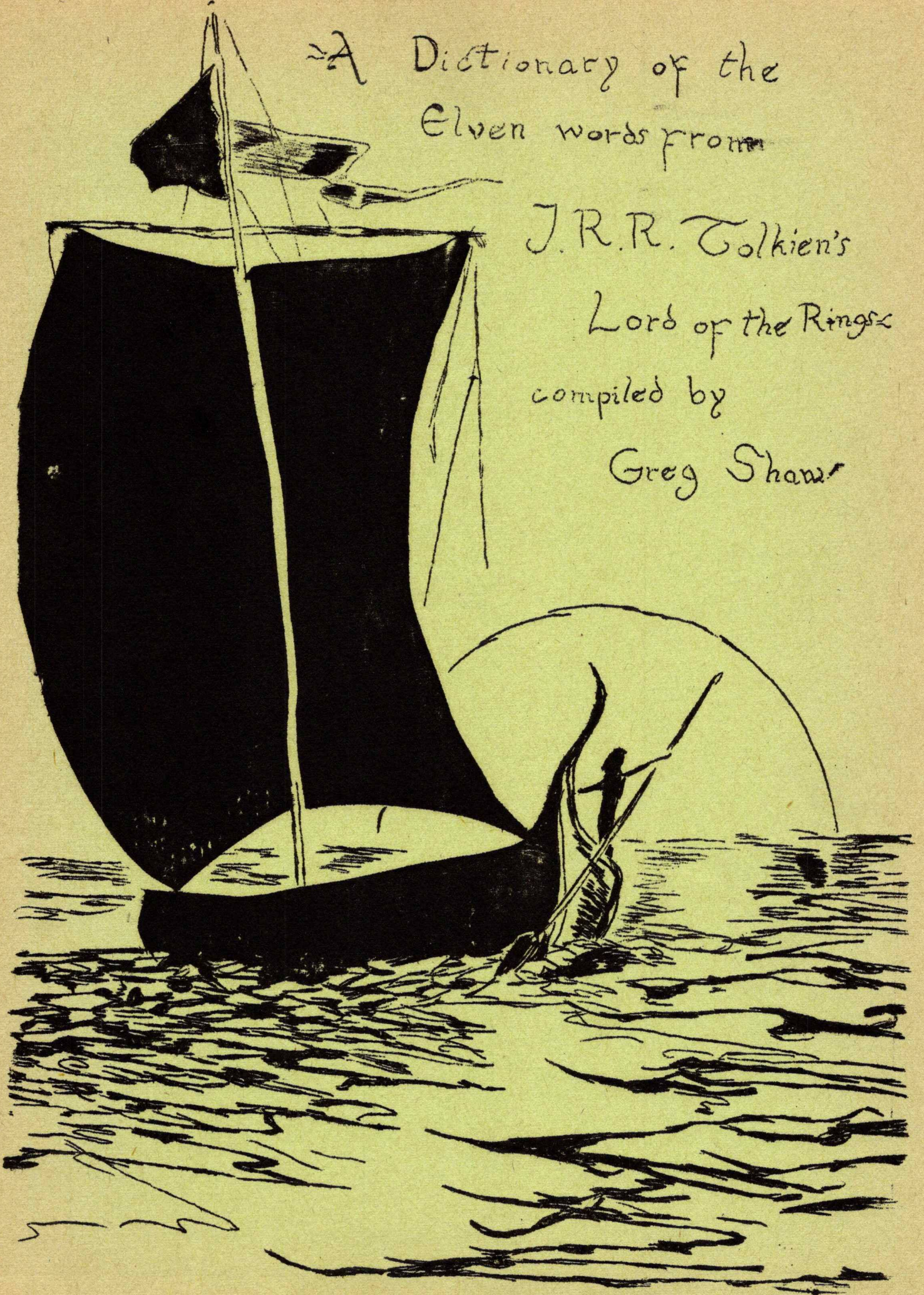
A Dictionary of the
Elven words from

J.R.R. Tolkien's

Lord of the Rings

compiled by

Greg Shaw



In this dictionary I have tried to compile all words in J.R.R. Tolkien's LORD OF THE RINGS that are of Elvish origin. For all words whose meaning is either given or implied, I have included a brief description, choosing not to tell everything that is known about the word, but just a simple definition. Place names are included that are either not on the maps or are defined in the books. Personal names too are listed only when defined.

Since this is primarily meant to be a dictionary (and not an index or an encyclopedia, which it could so easily turn into) I make no claim that the pages I list are a complete listing of every appearance of every word. For words that are used quite often, I list only the pages on which it is defined and/or significant information about it is given. Those that appear a few times have most or all of their appearances listed.

The symbols /Q/, /S/, /B/, and /E/ refer to the modes, Quenya, Sindarin, Belariand, and Entish. If none of these appear, it is uncertain whether the word is /Q/ or /S/.

Nearly all the words whose meanings I could not infer from context occurred in various phrases, sayings, and songs that appear throughout the books. Immediately following this introduction and preceding the body of the text is a reproduction of all these, each one numbered and with page references and definitions when known. Each word from these groups is listed in the dictionary with an asterisk and the number of its reference phrase in parenthesis, and definition whenever I could come up with one. Definitions that I am unsure of are followed by a question mark. Definitions that are precisely given are enclosed in apostrophes.

Songs and Phrases

1. Elen síla lúmen! omentielmo (a star shines on the hour of our meeting.) (I-90)
2. Ai na vedui Dúnadan! Mae govannen! (I-222)
3. A Elbereth Gilthoniel
silivren penna míriel
o menel aglar elenath!
Na-cnaered palan-díriel
o galadhremmin ennorath,
Fanuilos, le linnatnon
nef aear, sí nef aeron! (I-250) (III-308)
4. naur an edraith ammen! Naur dan i ngaurhoth! (I-304, 312)
5. Ennyn Durin Aran Moria: pedo mellon a minno. Im Narvi hain echant:
Celebrimbor o Eregion teithant i thiw hin. (I-319)
(The Doors of Durin, Lord of Moria. Speak friend and enter.
I, Narvi, made them. Celebrimbor of Hollin drew these signs.)
6. Annon edhellon, edro hi ammen!
Fennas nogothrim, lasto beth lammen! (I-320)

7. Ai! laurië lantar, lassi surinen!
Yéni únótíme ve ramar aldaron,
yéni ve linte yuldar vanier
mi oromardi lisse-niruvoreva
Andune pella Vardo tellumar
nu luini yassen tintilar i eleni
ómaryo airtári-lirinen.

Sí man i yulma nin enquantuva?

An sí Tintalle Varda Oiolossëo
ve fanyar maryat elentári ortane
ar ilye tier undulave lumbule,
ar sindanóriello caita mornië
i falmalinnar imbe met, ar nisie
untupa Calaciryó miri oiale.
Sí vanwa na, kómello vanwa, Valimar!

Namárië! Nai hiruvaye Valimar.
Nai elye niruva. Namárië!

(An! like gold fall the leaves in the wind! And numberless as the wings of trees are the years. The years have passed like sweet swift draughts of the white mean in halls beyond the West beneath the blue vaults of Varda, where the stars tremble in the song of her voice, holy and queenly. Who now shall refill the cup for me? For now the Kindler, Varda, the queen of the Stars, from Mount Everwhite has up-lifted her hands like clouds, and all paths are drowned in shadow, and out of a grey country darkness lies on the foaming waves between us, and mist covers the jewels of Calaciryá for ever. Now lost, lost to those from the East is Valimar! Farewell! Maybe thou shalt find Valimar. Maybe even thou shalt find it. Farewell!) (I-394)

8. Laurelindórinan lindelorendor malinornélión ornemalin (II-70,
III-208)

9. Taurililómëa-tumbalemorna Tumbaletaurëa Lómeanor (II-70, III-409)

9. (Forestmanysnodowed-deepvalleyblack Deepvalleyforested
Gloomyland)

10. Aiya Eärendil Elenion Ancalima! (II-329, III-192)

11. O Elbereth Gilthoniel
o menel palan-díriel,
le nallan sí di'ngurutnos!
A tiro nin, Fanuilos! (II-339)

12. Cuio i Pheriain anann! Aglar'ni Pheriannath!
Daur a Bernael, Conin en Annûn! Elerio!
A laita te, taita te! Andave laituvámet!
Cormacolindor, a laita tarienna! (III-231)

13. Et Eärello Endoreenna utúlien. Sinome maruvan ar Hildinyar tenn'
Ambar-metta! (Out of the Great Sea to Middle-earth I am come. In
this place will I abide, and my heirs, unto the ending of the
world.) (III-245-6)

14. Yé! utúvienyes! (III-250)

15. A vanimar vanimálion nostari! (III-259)

16. Ónen i-Estel Edain, ú-chebin estel anim (I gave Hope to the Dunadain, I have kept no hope for myself) (III-342)
17. noro lim, noro lim, Asfalota! (Ride on, ride on)? (I-225)

TEXT

a- (3*)(5*/B/ 'and') (12*) (15*)

Adorn- a stream or river which flows into Isen from the west of Ered Nimrais (III-346)

aduial- /S/ the time of twilight in the evening; /Q/ undómë (III-389)

aear- /S/ sea; the sea; /Q/ eäre (3*) (III-388)

aearon- /S/ of the sea; having to do with the sea; /Q/ eären (3*)(III-388)

aglar- (3*)

Aglarond- the Glittering Caves in the caverns of Helm's Deep (II-154)

aha- /Q/ 'rage' (III-400)

ai- (7* 'ah')

Aiglos- the Spear of Gil-galad (I-256)

airetári- (7*) contains tári 'queen'

aiya- (10*)

Alcarin- /Q/ 'the Glorious' as in Atanatar II Alcarin (1226-1294), King of Gondor. (III-318, 324)

alda- /Q/ 'tree'; /S/ galadn (III-391, 401)

aldaron- /Q/ - (7*)

Aldalómë- /E/ (II-72) alda: 'tree'; lómë: 'night' ; another name for Fangorn.

aldëa- /Q/ the fourth day of the week as altered by the Numenoreans from Aldúya 'the Two Trees' to mean only the White Tree; /S/ Orgaladn (III-388)

Aldúya- the fourth day of the Eldar week, 'the Two Trees'; /S/ Orgaladhad (III-388)

alfirin- a type of flower that grows in Lebennin (III-151)

alph- 'swan' (III-392)

Aman (the Blessed)-one of the many names of the lands in the Far West (III-317)

Ambar- (13*)

Ambarona- /E/ (II-72) another name for the forest of Fangorn.

ammen- (4*)

amon- 'hill'; pl. emyn (III-393)
Amon Amarth- 'Mount Doom' (III-317)
Amon Hen- the 'Hill of Sight' (I-410,406,416)
Amon Lhaw- the 'Hill of Hearing' (I-410)
Amon Sûl- Weathertop (I-197, III-300)
ampa-/Q/ 'hook' (III-400)
Amrûn- /S/ 'sunrise'; used as a synonym for rhûn 'east';/Q/rómen
(III-394,401)
anann- (10*)
Anarya-/Q/ the fourth day of the Eldar week, 'the Sun';/S/Oranor
(III-388)
anca-/Q/ 'jaws' (III-400)
Ancalima- (10*)
andaith- 'long mark' (the 'acute accent' mark in the Elven-scripts)
(III-400)
Andave- (12*)
ando- /Q/ 'gate' (III-400)
Andros- 'long-foam' (III-334, 393)
Andúne- (7*)
Andúnië- ("the Sceptre of Annúminas was the silver rod of the Lords
of Andúnië...") (III-323)
Andúril- 'Flame of the West', as Aragorn named Narsil when it was
reforged (I-290)
anga- /Q/ 'iron' (III-400)
Angband- the place in the North where the Great Enemy dwelt, in the
First Age (I-206)
Angerthas- 'Long-Rune-rows' (III-397,401,404)
Angrenost- /E/ Isengard (II-77)
anim- (16*)
anna-/Q/ 'gift' (III-401)
ann-thennath- a mode of song among the Elves, as used in the song of
Beren and Lúthien. (I-205)
annon- (6*)

Annúminas- an ancient city of the Númenoreans beside Lake Nenuial(I-257)

annûn- /S/ 'sunset'; was used as a synonym for dún 'west';/Q/númen
(III-394,401)

anto-/Q/ 'mouth' (III-400)

ar- (7* 'and'?) (13*)

aran-/B/ 'Lord' (5*)

arda- /Q/ 'region' (III-401)

aré- /Q/ 'sunlight' (III-401)

Argonath- the Pillars of the Kings, being two immense statues of Isildur and Anarion on either side of Anduin just North of Rauros at the entrance to Nen Hithoel (I-258,281,405,409,III-320)

Arthedain- One of the three kingdoms of Arnor after Eärendur (the others were Rhudaur and Cardolan. Arthedain was in the North-west and included the land between Brandywine and Lune, and also the land north of the Great Road as far as the Weather Hills).
(III-320,321)

Arvernien- a place in the First Age whence Eärendil came, according to Bilbo (I-246)

asëa aranion /Valinorean/-athelas or kingsfoil (III-141)

astar- 'months' (III-386)

Atani- (also called Edain) 'Fathers of Men', being especially the people of the Three Houses of the Elf-friends who came west into Beleriand in the First Age, and aided the Eldar in the war of the Great Jewels against the Dark Power of the North (III-406)

atendëa- 'double-middle' or leap-year (III-385)

athelas- an herb with great healing powers that the Men of the West brought to Middle Earth. Also called Kingsfoil (I-210, III-140,144,145)

aur- /S/ 'day' as reckoned from sunset to sunset; /Q/re (III-385)

aurë- /Q/ 'day(light)';/S/calan (III-385)

Balchoth - a fearful people from the East who under the shadow of Dol Guldur threatened Gondor during the rule of Cirion; they lived in Rhovanion, between Mirkwood and the River Running (III-333)

baran- 'golden brown' (III-416)

Belegost- one of the ancient cities in the Blue Mountains that were ruined at the breaking of Thangorodrim (III-352)

Beleriand- a region of Middle-earth that extended west of Lindon and which sank beneath the sea in the First Age(I-256,III-321,393, 395,406)

Berhael- (12*)

beth- (6*)

Borgil- a phenomenon that used to glow red in the night sky (I-91)

burárum-/E/referring to orcs (II-76)

Cair Andros- 'Ship of Long-fóam' (III-334)

caita- (7*)

Calacirian,(the)- a place through which Eärendil passed to get from Elvenhome to 'the hidden land forlor...where...reigns the Elder King in Ilmarin' according to Bilbo (I-248)

calan-/S/ 'day(light)';/Q/aurë (III-385)

Calenardhon- the province of Gondor also known as Rohan (III-319,327, 333,334)

calma /Q/- 'lamp' (III-399,400)

calmatéma- the second series of the Tengwar (III-398)

Carach Angren- the Isenmouthe (III-197, 205)

Caradhras- 'Redhorn' (one of the Misty Mountains) (I-296,III-263,391)

Caras Galadon- the city within Lorien wherein lived Celeborn and Galadriel (I-368, III-341)

Cardolan- one of the three kingdoms of Arnor after Eärendur (III-320)

Carnen- 'Redwater' (III-353,375)

celeb- 'silver' (III-391)

Celebdil- 'Silvertine' (one of the Misty Mountains) (I-296,III-263,391)

Celebrant- 'Silverlode' (the stream that flows from Nanduhirion to where it meets Nimrodel before entering Lorien and flowing through it to Anduin) (I-355)

Celduin- the River Running (III-353)

Cerin Amroth- 'the fair hill...in the midst of (Lorien)' (I-365,III-341, 343,344,371)

Cermië-/Q/ the month of July; /S/ Cerveth (III-388)

Certar- (Cirth) 'runes' (III-395)

Certh- 'rune'; pl. cirth (or certar)

Cerveth- /S/ the month of July; /Q/ Cermië (III-388)

Cirith Gorgor- the 'Haunted Pass' between the Teeth of Mordor, at the Morannon (II-339)

cirth- 'runes'; pl. of cerna (III-395,397,401,404)

coirë /q/-the sixth season in the calendar of Imladris, 'stirring', between winter and spring. /s/ echuir (III-386)

Conin- (12*)

coranar- 'sun-round', meaning a solar year, as used by the Eldar. More common was the term 'loa'. (III-385)

cormacolindor- (12*)

Cormarë - 'Ringday', a fourth middle-day used in leap years on September 22 to honor Frodo (III-300)

crebain- the black crows that live in Fangorn and Dunland (I-298)

cuie- (12*)

Curunír- 'Man of Skill'- the Elvish name for Saruman (III-365)

dacil /w/ 'victor' ((III-324,325)

dan-(4*)

Daro- down(?) (I-356)

Laur- (12*)

di'nguruthos- (11*)

Dol Baran- the southernmost hill of the Misty Mountains (II-194)

Doriath- one of the lands in the West that lie beneath the sea, in which Lúthien Tinúviel lived (I-256, II-332)

Dorthonion- a highland region of one of the Sunken Lands (II-72)

duin- '(large) river' (III-416)

dûn-/s/ 'west' (also called annûn) /w/ númen (III-394,401,408)

Dúnadan- 'Man of the West'; 'Númenorean'; as Aragorn was sometimes called, especially at Imladris. (I-245)

Dúnedain- the Edain or Elf-friends who lived in Númenor (III-406)

eäre- /q/ sea; the sea /s/ aear (III-388, 13*)

Eärello-/w/ (13*)

Eärenya-/w/ 'Sea-day', a seventh day added by the Númenoreans to the six-day Eldar week; /s/ Oraearon (III-388)

echant- /B/(5*)

echuir- the sixth season in the calendar of Imladris, 'stirring',
between winter and spring. /w/ coirë (III-386)

Edain- (also called Atani) 'Fathers of Men', being especially the
people of the Three Houses of the Elf-Friends who came west
into Beleriand in the First Age, and aided the Eldar in the
War of the Great Jewels against the Dark Power of the North.
(III-406,407)

edhellen- (6*)

edraith- (4*)

edro- 'open' (I-321)

Egladil- a part of Lothlorien (I-361, 389)

Eglerie- (12*)

elanor- yellow flowers that grew in Lórien (I-365, III-306)

Eldamar- a part of the Undying Lands in the Far West (I-247,389,III-
405)

Eldar- the West Elves (the East Elves were those of Lórien and Mirk-
wood) (III-405)

elen- 'star';(pl.eleni) (I-90)

elenath- (3*) probably means 'of stars' or something close to that.

Elendil- 'Starlight'

Elendilmir- the Star of Elendil (III-323)

elenion- (10*)

Elenna- the great Isle, westernmost of all Mortal lands, upon which
the kingdom of Númenor was founded. (III-315)

Elenya- /Q/ the first day of the six-day Eldar week, 'The Stars'
/S/ Orgilion (III-388)

Elessar- 'Elfstone' (I-391, III-139,406)

elye- (7*)

emyn- 'hills' pl. of amon 'hill' (III-393)

Emyn Beraid- the Tower Hills (III-322)

enderi- 'middle-days'; the extra days added in the middle of the year
to make a total of 365. (III-386,390)

Endóre-/w/ 'Middle-earth /S/ Ennor (III-393)

Endoreenna- (13*)

ennor- /S/ 'Middle-earth /Q/ Endore (III-393)
 ennorath- /S/ 'of Middle-earth (3*) (III-393)
 ennyn- /B/ 'doors' (5*) (Singular: annon) (6*)
 enquantuva- (7*)
 enquië- the Eldar 'week', which had six days. (III-385)
 enquier- pl. of enquië (III-385)
 Enyd- the Ents (also called Onodrim) (III-408)
 Ephel- 'outer fence' (III-392)
 Eregion- the ancient name of Hollin (I-255, III-363, 5*)
 Eressëa- one of the lands in the Far West. (I-257, III-315, 322, 363)
 Ernil- 'prince' (III-40, 80) (erníli- princess)
 Eryn Lasgalen- 'The Wood of Greenleaves' as Mirkwood was renamed after
 the War of the Ring. (III-375)
 Esgalduin- an enchanted river in the forest of Neldoreth (I-206)
 esse- /Q/ 'name' (III-401)
 estel- 'hope' (III-338, 370, 342, 16*)
 Et- (13*) out(?)
 ethuil- /S/ the first of the six seasons of the Calendar of Imladris;
 spring. /Q/ tuilë. (III-386)
 Falastur- 'Lord of the Coasts' (III-325)
 falmalinnar- (7*)
 Fangorn- /S/ 'beard-(of)-tree' (III-325)
 Fanuidhol- (the Grey)- 'Cloudyhead' (one of the Misty Mountains above
 Moria) (I-296, III-263)
 Fanuilos- (3*)
 fanyar- (7*)
 fennas- (6*)
 Fimbrelthil /S/- 'slender beech' (III-409)
 firiel- 'mortal woman' (introduction to Tom Bombadil)
 firith- /S/ the fourth of the six Eldar seasons, 'fading', between
 Autumn and Winter. (often called Narbeletn) /Q/ quellë (III-386)
 formen- /Q/ 'north'; /S/ foroa (III-400, 401)

forod- /S/ 'north'; /Q/ formen (III-401)
fuin- /S/ 'night'; /Q/ lómë (III-385)
galadh-/S/ 'tree'; /Q/ alda (III-391)
galadhremmin- /S/ 'tree-woven lands' (III-393, 3*)
Galadrim- 'Tree-people', as the Elves of Lorien were called (I-355,364)
galenas- pipeweed (I-19, III-146)
Gil-galad- 'Starlight' (I-203)
Gilthoniel- (3*, I-88,89,208,250)
Girithron- /S/ the month of December; /Q/ Ringarë (III-388)
Glamdring- /Gondolin/ 'Foe-hammer' (the ancient blade, once worn by the
king of Gondolin, that Gandalf took from the trolls' hoard)
(Hobbit, 63, I-293)
Gondolin- one of the great western Elf-kingdoms in the First Age (I-256)
govannon- (2*)
Gwaeron-/S/ the month of March; /Q/ Súlimë (III-388)
Gwirith-/S/...the month of April; /Q/ Vïressë (III-388)

hain- /B/ (5*)
halla- 'tall' (III-401)
harad- /S/ 'south'; /Q/ Hyarmen (III-393,401)
haranyë- 'century' (III-386)
harma-/Q/ 'treasure' (III-400)
hi- (6*)
Hildinyar- (13*) my Heirs (?)
hin- /B/ (5*)
hiruva- (7*) probably contains the infinitive 'to find' in some form
hiruvalye- (7) same as above
hisië- (7*)
Hisimë- /Q/ the month of November; /S/ Hithui (III-388)
hithlain- a type of nettle-plant used by the Elves, as in the making of
ropes (I-388)

Hithui- /S/ the month of November; /Q/ Hísimë (III-388)

hrivë- /Q/ the fifth season of the Calendar of Imladris, 'winter';
/S/ rhîw (III-386, 389)

hwesta- /Q/ 'breeze' (III-400)

hyarmen- /Q/ 'south'; /S/ narad (III-393,401)

Iarwain Ben-adar - Bombadil as he is called by the Elves (Oldest and
fatherless?) (I-278, 280)

iavas- /S/ 'autumn'; /Q/ yávië (III-386)

Ilmarin- a hill or mountain in Eldamar. (I-247, 389)

ilye- (7*)

Im- /B/ 'I' (5*)

imbe- (7*)

imlad- 'valley'

Imlad Morgul- 'the Valley of Living Death' along the western side of
the Ephel Duath (II-303, III-213)

Imloth Melui- (III-142)

Isil- /Q/ 'moon'; /S/ Ithil (III-392)

Isilya- /Q/ the third day of the six-day Eldar week, 'the Moon'; /S/
Orithil (III-388)

Istari- 'Wizards' (III-365)

ithil- /S/ 'Moon'; /Q/ Isil (III-392)

ithildin- /S/ 'starmoon' an alloy of mithril that would reflect only
starlight and moonlight (I-318,331)

Ivanneth- /S/ the month of September; /Q/ Yavannië (III-388)

laer- /S/ 'summer'; /Q/ lairë (III-386)

lairë- /Q/ 'summer'; /S/ laer (III-386,389)

laita- (12*)

laituvalmet- (12*)

lambe- /Q/ 'tongue' (III-400)

lammen- (6*)

lantar- (7*)

lasse-lanta- /Q/ 'leaf-fall'; another name for quellë 'fading', the
season between autumn and winter; /S/ Narbeleth (III-386)

lassi- (7*) leaves(?)

Laurelin(the Golden)- 'the other (of the Two Trees), of which no likeness remained in Middle-earth' (III-314)

Laurelindórinan- 'Land of the Valley of Singing Gold' - the ancient name of Lothlórien. (II-70)

laurië- (7*) gold; like gold (??)

le- (3*, 11*)

lebethron- a type of tree which grow in Gondor and had the virtue of 'finding and returning'. (II-339,303, III-245)

lembas- 'waybread'; a type of food made by the Elves used by travelers to sustain them for long periods (I-385)

leuca-/Q/ 'snake'; /S/ lÿg (III-393)

lim- on(ward) (?) (I-225)

lindelorendor /E/- (8*)

linnathon- (3*)

linnod- a brief saying, perhaps containing a conundrum (?) (III-342)

linte- (7*)

lirinen- (7*)

lisse- (7*)

Lithlad- one of the plains of Mordor enclosed by Ered Lithui and Ephel Duath (II-244)

loa- 'growth'; the word usually used to mean 'year' (also used was Coronar) (III-385,386,390)

loënde- the extra day in the middle of the year (the 183rd day);2. the second Middle-day in the New Reckoning; and 3. one of the 5 days outside the months in the Stewards' Reckoning (III-386, 387, 390)

lómë- /Q/ 'night'; /S/ fuin (III-385)

Lótessë- /Q/ the month of May; /S/ Lothron (III-388)

Lothlórien- 'the Dreamflower'

Lothron- /S/ the month of May; /Q/ Lotessë (III-388)

luini- (7*)

lumbule- (7*)

lúmenn'-/Q/ (1*)

lúva- 'bow'; one of the two parts of the primary Fëanorian letters (III-398)

lÿg-/S/ 'snake'; /Q/ leuca (III-393)

Well, that's the end of it for this issue. The dictionary will be concluded in the next issue, I hope. In any case it will be continued then. I'll bet you didn't realize there were so many of the things, did you? And I'll also bet that many of you are thinking that the whole thing is a waste of time. Before you say so, let me answer you in advance. It is not a waste of time for me, because I actually enjoyed all of the many man-hours that I have put into compiling the thing, in the course of which I had to read the trilogy four times. I consider it a valuable experience for myself, because as a side effect of doing this dictionary, I have improved my Eldarin vocabulary by several hundred words. And I think that to Tolkien fans it will be a very valuable piece of reference material. I know that before it occurred to me to do it, I have always wanted more than anything a dictionary of the Elf words, even more than I wanted a glossary of names (in fact, I hardly ever use Al Halevy's Glossary). This dictionary will make it much simpler for those interested to study grammatical patterns and other such things. And of course you anti-Tolkien fans can just ignore it.

Naturally in any work such as this there are mistakes. I caught several, mostly effects of reproduction: phrase #16, Dunadain should read Dunadain; Amon Sul, the last p.# is III-320; anann-(12*); Lothlorien- (II-70). However I'm more concerned with whether or not I left out any words (which is entirely possible out of so many) or gave a wrong definition, or left out a definition where one was possible. I hope attentive readers will bring such errors to my attention.

oo

And that about winds it up. Looking back over this issue, I find I don't like it as much as I did lastish, but I do consider it an improvement nonetheless. I believe the repro is much better (for which I hope Buck Coulson will give me a 3) and the Dictionary should give it a little more class. I think the art this time is better, too. But I would have liked to run more fiction and/or poetry, and something by Tommy Foster (by far the most popular contributor lastish). But you'll be finding all those things nextish. I have a couple of Foster items on hand, such as another 'story', and a spoof on pro-Burrows articles; a cover by Gilbert that will probably have to be printed; some other art so detailed that I shall be forced to experiment with electrostencil; and a couple of other rather interesting things. If Jurgen Wolff can make it to the con, there will be a Westercon report; I promise that any fiction I publish in the future will be better than the Frazier piece thisish; the only reason I ran it is that we made a deal a while ago that every issue I publish must have something by him, and that's the only thing I had on hand. But I guess some of you will like it.

And in case you were wondering about the cover thisish, let me say that it is a peculiarity of my mimeo that it just Won't Do That Sort Of Thing: I had to hand-color all 130 of them. Gloorpl. Who says an editor's job is easy?

(Continued from) IAWRLPCAOWNFTEFPWWDNHRTPTI (page 27)

(In Addition We Received Letters, Post Cards And Other Assorted What Not From The Following People Which We Did Not Have Room To Publish This Issue)

Rick Brooks, Bernie Kling, Mike Irwin, Bob Coulson, Nate Bucklin, Dave Hall, the Olson Rug Company, Stephen Barr, Jean Willtrout, Eileen Dover, Mal Funkshun, Sharon Apartment, Clara Voyant, Pete Moss, Sir Loyne, and Count Doun.

ART CREDITS

(who's he?)

COVER by Bill Reynolds

Page 3 by Sally Horner
 Page 4 by Jurgen Wolff & Greg Shaw
 Page 6 by REG
 Page 7 by Greg Shaw
 Page 8 by Sally Horner
 Page 9 by REG
 Page 10 by Bjo Trimble
 Page 11 by Sally Horner
 Page 13 by Charles Harris
 Page 15 by Sally Horner
 Page 21 by REG
 Page 22 by Jurgen Wolff
 Page 23 by Jurgen Wolff
 Page 25 by Jurgen Wolff
 Page 26 by Jurgen Wolff
 Page 28 by Jurgen Wolff
 Page 29 by Jurgen Wolff
 Page 30 by Jurgen Wolff
 Page 31 by Bill Reynolds
 Page 45 by Sally Horner
 Page 46 (Bacover) by
 Jurgen Wolff

My apologies to Lynn Pederson
 who was responsible for pages
 2 and 3 lastish.

 Never trust a man whose eyebrows are
 connected

For all of you who are anxious to
 give me material, art, money, etc.
 but can't afford the postage, I'll be
 in southern Califragilisticxpiali-
 dornia for the Westercon and most of
 July. Hope to see you there!

And so for the nonce,
 (whatever that might be)

Namarië!

