

NOUS I JUNE 1967



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WAITING FOR³ TO GO

BY

JEAN BERMAN

The people at the bus-stop stood and shivered to themselves. They all watched the on-coming traffic - waiting.

Comes a car, comes another car, comes another car," Merle counted to herself. "Oh, won't it ever come?" she said aloud. The others turned to look at her a moment, and then resumed their watch. The lady with the Kinney's shoebox hugged it closer, and moved a few steps away from Merle.

"Is the bus on time?" Merle asked. Her breath formed a white cloud, and the people watched it drift away, but no one answered.

"It always runs late this time of night," a woman answered at last.

The headlights of a bus could be seen down the street, and everyone began moving towards the curb. The truck rumbled by, and they all moved back again. The green and brown slush rose in a surge in the truck's wake, but no one noticed. They had all turned their heads the other way, and continued waiting.

The door of the bar across the street opened, and a man came out. He waved to the people at the bus stop, then turned, and walked down the side street. Merle watched the man as he walked out of the street lamp's pool of light. One could see for blocks. The lamps made a circle of light that faded to a block of darkness, and then into another circle of light. The echo of the highway's traffic could be heard when the street was silent.

A bus turned the corner several blocks down, and again people formed a pack at the curb. The Greyhound passed by, and the few passengers that were awake glanced smugly down at the people on the sidewalk.

A hippy walked by, and unlocked the door to the apartment behind the waiters. Singing, accompanied by the thwang thwang of an out of tune guitar floated down the apartment's steep stairs and out to the bus stop. The wind slammed the door shut, and the corner was quiet again.

"It's not coming," Merle said quietly.

No one answered.

SMALL WONDERS

A COLLECTION OF RACIAL INIQUITIES

BY RUTH BERMAN

It is, presumably, prejudice to claim that nations have national traits—that Germans are thorough, Americans vulgar, and Englishmen urbane and/or thick-headed, for example—but sometimes the traits seem to exist anyway. Here to corroborate one such prejudice are some urbanely thick-headed, English prejudgements.

From The Professor, by Charlotte Bronte (1847):

Flamands certainly they were, and both had the true Flamand physiognomy, where intellectual inferiority is marked in lines none can mistake. Still, they were men, and, in the main, honest men; and I could not see why their being aboriginals of the flat, dull soil should serve as a pretext for treating them with perpetual severity and contempt.

From A Short Account of the History of Mathematics, by W. W. Rouse Ball (5th edition, 1912):

The Hindoos, like the Chinese, have pretended that they are the most ancient people on the face of the earth, and that to them all sciences owe their creation. But it would appear from all recent investigations that these pretensions have no foundation; and in fact no science or useful art (except a rather fantastic architecture and sculpture) can be traced back to the inhabitants of the Indian peninsula prior to the Aryan invasion. This invasion seems to have taken place at some time in the latter half of the fifth century or in the sixth century, when a tribe of the Aryans entered India by the north-west frontier, and established themselves as rulers over a large part of the country. Their descendants, wherever they have kept their blood pure, may still be recognized by their superiority over the races they originally conquered; but as is the case with modern Europeans, they found the climate trying and gradually degenerated. For the first two or three centuries they, however, retained their intellectual vigour, and produced one or two writers of great ability.

From From Virgil to Milton, by C. M. Bowra (1945):

Behind both [Camões and Tasso] lay a tradition of fine literature, popular and courtly, in which love held a paramount place and was not presented as anything to be deplored. To this spirit they felt no natural repugnance. Both of them had passionate Latin natures and highly romantic conceptions of love. But they were uneasy. They knew that their patrons would not approve of too much frankness about love, and they felt that perhaps this was right.

....

Camões did not, however, believe that the Portuguese character was compounded only of virtues. History showed that there were national faults, and Camões stresses two, a voluptuousness which breeds irresponsibility and creates disorder, and a sense of justice which verges on cruelty. The first was all too natural in a Latin and Southern people; the second left ugly scars and memories in the history of India.

On the other hand, it makes a nice target for the (English) satirist. For example, from Byron's Don Juan:

'Tis a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,
 And all the fault of that indecent sun,
 Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,
 But will keep baking, broiling, burning on,
 That howsoever people fast and pray,
 The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone:
 What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
 Is much more common where the climate's sultry.

Happy the nations of the moral North!
 Where all is virtue, and the winter season
 Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth
 ('Twas snow that brought St. Anthony to reason);
 Where juries cast up what a wife is worth,
 By laying whate'er sum, in mulct, they please on
 The lover, who must pay a handsome price,
 Because it is a marketable vice.

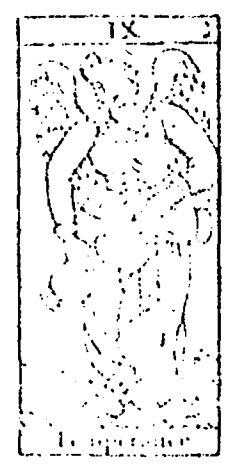
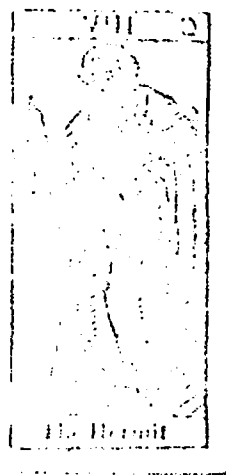
TAROT SYMBOLISM IN CHARLES WILLIAMS' THE GREATER TRUMPS

BY NAN BRAUDE

The Tarot deck of seventy-eight cards is generally considered one of the most ancient codices of mystical knowledge. Its origins have been variously ascribed to Egypt, India, and China. Actually, its beginnings are unknown, and the deck did not appear in anything like its present form until the fourteenth century. The first systematic study of the Tarot and its symbolism was made by the French archaeologist Court de Gebelin in the eighth volume of his Monde Primitif, published in 1781, but the deck was primarily of interest only to students of divination or of the history of playing cards until the appearance of "Eliphas Lévi" (Alphonse Louis Constant). Lévi published a number of books on occultism and magic during the latter half of the nineteenth century. He emphasized the importance of the Tarot as an esoteric key to all mysteries, by contemplation of which the initiate in mysticism could attain supernatural knowledge and understanding. Lévi has since been discredited for charlatanism and deliberate falsehood, but his influence on students of the occult has been considerable.

The best known twentieth-century exponent of the Tarot is A. E. Waite, whose writings were studied by Charles Williams. Waite concerns himself primarily with the symbolism of the twenty-two cards of the Major Arcana, or Greater Trumps. Paul Case, in An Introduction to the Study of the Tarot, generally follows Waite's interpretations but goes into more detail about the symbolism and gives an explanation of the use of the cards for mystical contemplation.

The figures of the Greater Trumps are mainly universal symbols—Emperor, Empress, Death, the Wheel of Fortune, the Sun, the Moon. They therefore express concepts to be found in all cultures and religions. They have been linked traditionally with the Hebrew alphabet and with Cabalistic doctrine. Paul Case, a Cabalist, explicitly connects the Fool, the Magician (or Juggler), the Hermit, the Hanged Man, and the dancer of the World with the Persons of the Trinity. But the Tarot is a tool of the occultist and belongs by nature to the world of magic and gnosticism, searching for a secret doctrine to be revealed only to the initiate. The basic hypothesis of the occultist is that



God and man differ not qualitatively but quantitatively:

In humanity are the potencies of Divinity, to be evolved by climbing the steep steps of experience, and the end of the Path is union with our Source.

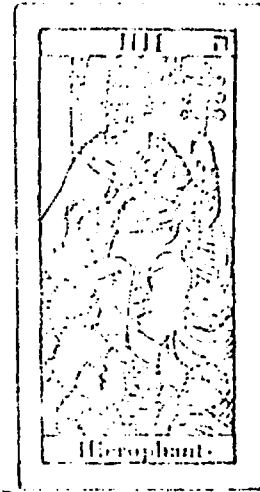
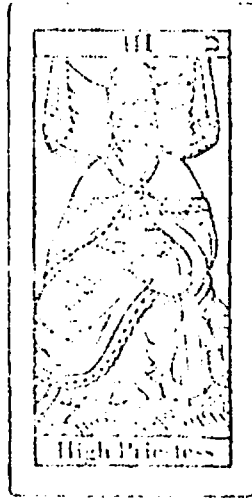
[Case, An Introduction to the Study of Tarot, p. 37.]

This mystical pantheism is in direct contrast to Christian doctrine, which insists on the essential difference between Creator and created and on the ultimate individuality of the human soul. A Christian novelist, like Williams, must ultimately either reject or redefine the Tarot tradition.

Williams' approach is a redefinition of the Tarot symbolism in explicitly Christian terms, but it would perhaps be more accurate to say that he does not really make use of the whole doctrine at all. He extracts the symbolic meanings of certain cards without developing the relationships that are assumed to exist among the Greater Trumps as a system of meditation. He uses the Tarot in constructing plot and characterization, and he adds an original legend to the Tarot, the Great Dance, the three-dimensional counterpart of the figures on the Tarot cards.

The Tarot in The Greater Trumps is a plot device of the sort that Alfred Hitchcock called a McGuffin, a supernatural gimmick whose presence motivates the action of the characters. The characters' use of the Tarot in divination and in raising the snowstorm is also primarily related to plot. The McGuffin technique is characteristic of Williams' novels. He typically introduces some highly symbolical object (such as the Grail, or Solomon's crown) into a peaceful contemporary English setting, whereupon the characters divide into good and evil sides in an effort to protect the object or to gain control of it. The action is swift-moving, exciting, and sometimes hilarious; the supernatural plays a prominent part. Most of Williams' villains and some of his heroes and heroines are possessed of magical or spiritual powers.

The main interest in this type of novel lies in the conflict of opposing moral forces on a battleground of daily life, rather than in characterization. The characters in general are accurately sketched types. It is only fair, however, to point out that Williams analyzes the psychology of their salvation or damnation with insight and credible accuracy. But they are ultimately part of the larger spiritual struggle, the pawns in the game rather than the players. And the results are always the same: those who seek power and glory for themselves are destroyed and

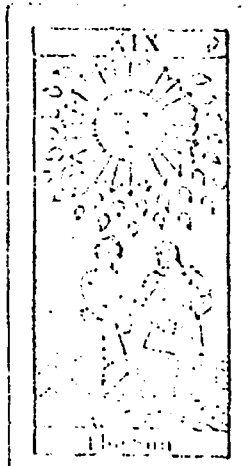
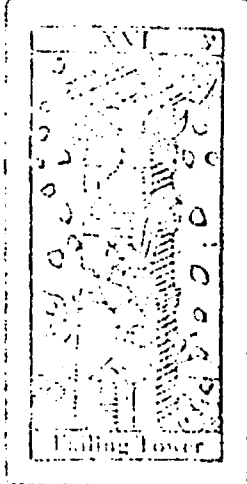
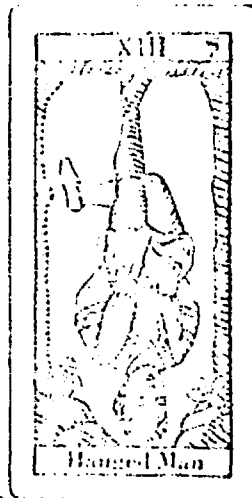
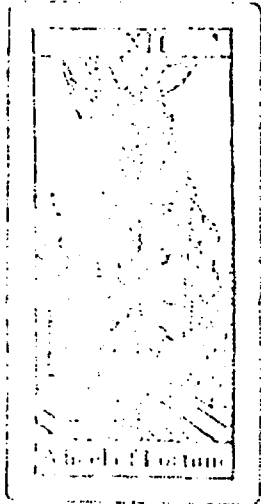


damned, or else surrender when they understand the vanity of their schemes; those who offer true obedience to the divine power preserve themselves and defeat the magicians.

In The Greater Trumps we can see how the plot turns on the symbolic object in question, the original Tarot deck. In the story, the first Tarot deck was created centuries ago by a gypsy adept, who endowed it with the same magical power that moved the golden figures in the miniature Great Dance, which he also made. Henry Lee, whose grandfather Aaron is the keeper of the golden figures, discovers the long-lost Tarot in the possession of Lothair Coningsby, his prospective father-in-law. The plot turns on Henry's efforts to get possession of the cards, first by inviting the Coningsby family to his grandfather's house for Christmas in order to show them the dancing figures, in the hope that Lothair will be persuaded to give him the cards as a wedding present. At his refusal, Henry uses the Wand and Cup suits, which control the elements of air and water, to raise a snowstorm to destroy him. Nancy, Henry's fiancée, interrupts him, and the cards are lost. The remainder of the plot involves the effort to regain the cards and control of the storm before it destroys the world. To complicate matters, Aaron's mad sister Joanna tries to obtain the cards for her own purposes.

On the symbolic level, Williams develops his characters by relating each of them to one or more of the Tarot Trumps. The six main characters compose two families and correspond to three Trumps according to their positions in the family structure, which is the same for both: a sister, a brother, and the brother's child (Henry is actually Aaron's grandson, but the distinction is unimportant). The two sisters, Sybil Coningsby and Joanna Lee, represent different aspects of the second card, the High Priestess, who symbolizes the mystery and hidden doctrine of the Church, or the Church itself. In the Cabalistic tradition she is Chokmah, or Wisdom. Sybil, who is the High Priestess in the positive sense, is truly a sibyl, a Christian and a mystic who has inner knowledge of God. In Henry's words, she is "strange... maiden... a mystery of self-possession." She is the only one who is able to see the movement of the Fool in the Dance. Joanna, who has been mad since the death of her child years before, believes herself to be Isis searching for the dead Osiris and her child to be Horus. She seeks power and godhead and is overthrown, while Sybil, desiring nothing for herself, triumphs and restores order in the magical chaos.

Aaron Lee and Lothair Coningsby can be related to the card of the Hierophant, representing the ruling power of external religion. The attribution is not too clear in the case of Lothair, but he is the head of a hierarchy as paterfamilias (and as an

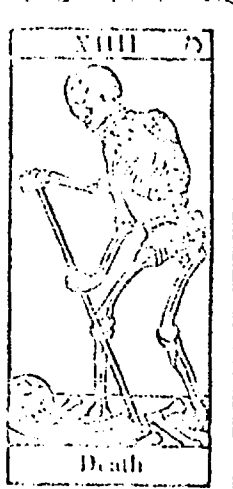


official, a warden in Lunacy); he is a figure of reason and intellect and, in his rescue of Nancy from Joanna, a protector and a preserver of order. Aaron, in his desire for knowledge of the meaning of the Dance and his eagerness to control it and to use it for divination, is a renegade Hierophant whose high designs, lacking grace, turn into a terrified search for self-preservation when the magical storm escapes from Henry. In his fear he turns to Sybil for comfort and protection.

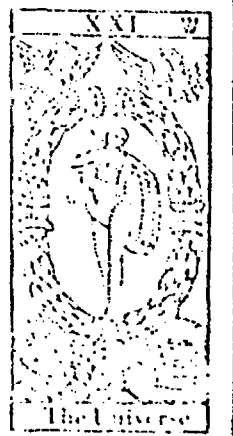
The young couple, Henry Lee and Nancy Coningsby, are the Lovers both literally and figuratively. Nancy is not related directly to any other card, but at least three are used to illuminate Henry. Williams momentary identification with various Trumps, as well as permanent identification with a single Trump, Two of the main figures, Sybil and Henry, are identified with various cards according to the aspects of their personalities that are being emphasized. Early in the story, on the trip to Aaron Lee's home, Henry, as the driver of the car, is also the driver of the Chariot of the seventh Trump, a card which is generally held to represent man's victorious will. And certainly it is Henry's will which dominates not only him but the progress of events until the loss of the cards. He loves Nancy, but his love is partly deliberate, in the hope that their relationship, corresponding to the symbol of the Lovers, will enable him to know the Dance from within. His desire for power is so strong that he uses Nancy, who assents in the obedience of pure love, to divine by the cards; and he eventually attempts the murder of Lothair, who is the obstacle to his possessing the deck.

With the loss of the cards Henry is totally broken and defeated, and it is Nancy who takes the lead in the effort to recover the missing suits, helped by the Greater Trumps and the figures of the Dance. In the room of the images she surrenders her will to the Dance in order that whatever is necessary to save the world from the storm may be done. Henry, whose mind is still on how he had meant to control events, loses sight of her and is trapped among the loosed figures of the Dance. He becomes part of the Falling Tower, the symbol of the overthrow of man's will by the power of God. Williams vividly represents the Tower as being made of moving hands. After a struggle he surrenders his will to the principle of Love which has motivated Nancy, and he is set free. Shortly after, he meets her father in the midst of the golden mist which shrouds the escaped Dancers. Lothair, looking over his shoulder, sees Henry apparently upside-down—i.e., as the Hanged Man, the figure of sacrifice and suffering and acknowledged submission to a higher will than his own.

Sybil, in addition to her correspondence with the High Priestess, is closely related to four other cards: Strength, or



THE
GREATER TRUMPS



Fortitude, when she closes the door against the storm; the Hermit, because she attains perfection of spiritual knowledge through solitary search; and the Sun in her transfiguration in the last chapter. The Sun and the Moon represent two stages of the spiritual progress of the adept, according to Paul Case. The last figure with which Sybil is identified is the Fool, the most mysterious card in the Tarot. It bears no number, but is signified by zero, and experts disagree on its meaning and its proper place in the card sequence. In the Dance, the Fool appears to all eyes but Sybil's to be standing still in the middle, but she sees him as constantly in motion and completing all the figures of the Dance. Sybil, too, according to Henry, "never seems to move" because of her spiritual balance [p. 58]. The stray cat which she rescues from the storm plays ceremonially at her feet like the Tiger at the feet of the Fool.

The Tarot deck is also used thematically in the relation of the Moon to Nancy's quelling the storm and of the Sun to Sybil's role in the dispersal of the magical mist. Paul Case says that the Moon represents the fourth stage of the unfolding of spiritual consciousness, in which the initiate is consciously seeking the Path but has not yet gained illuminated understanding. Thus Nancy, not yet truly understanding Love, is given power because she has surrendered her will and is actively obedient. The Sun, which is identified with Sybil as she controls the loosed Dancers, is the card of the fifth stage, the illuminated will of the adept. There are two further stages, symbolized by the Last Judgment and the World, in which the adept understands and finally attains his essential union with the absolute, but Williams could not make use of these without abandoning the Christian concept of the created nature of man.

Thus far we have seen how Williams has used the traditional meanings of the Tarot to develop plot and character. What remains to be examined is his adaptation of the tradition, the most notable features of which are the concept of the Great Dance in which the golden images of the Tarot participate, and the identification of the Juggler and the Fool with the first two Persons of the Trinity. For the latter he has an example in the Cabalistic interpretation, but the Cabalists regard an unlimited Absolute, Ain Suph, as the primary reality of which the Creator and the Christ are only manifestations. But for the Christian Williams they are two aspects of the Godhead, and in the dance the Juggler, forever tossing his golden balls in the air, is also God creating the stars and planets, and the Fool, who fulfills every figure of the Dance in constant, perfectly timed motion, "is sovereign or it is nothing, and if it is nothing then man was born dead" [The Greater Trumps, p. 227].

The Great Dance can be regarded as an image of Williams' theory of coinherence, the belief that through the union of God and man in Christ, the divine and the material natures are related in all times and places. Thus, all the Londons of the past, present, and future coinhere in the City in All Hallows' Eve, and Godhead and manhood and all the aspects of nature and supernature can dance together. The Dance is also the natural hierarchy of the universe, reflected by individuals. The traffic policeman and the dutiful servant Amabel are both members of the hierarchy of order and discipline represented by the Emperor, and the nurse Nancy seen on a street corner is also the Empress.

The mysticism of the doctrine of the Tarot, combined with the mysticism natural to Charles Williams' imagination, makes it difficult to interpret this novel exactly, and I suspect that I have not been entirely innocent of oversimplification. But I think it is possible to conclude from this analysis that Williams has used the symbolism of the Tarot deck, in some cases unchanged and in others explicitly Christianized, to present imaginatively his own Christian beliefs. His interpretation of the Tarot is on the whole consistent with the implicit meanings which the occultists have found in the cards, but he has rejected their pantheism and gnosis to make the Tarot symbolic of concepts in accord with traditional Christian knowledge accessible to all believers. What had been the secret doctrine of a few becomes the property of all who wish to understand.

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Gresham. New York: Noonday Press, 1962.
First published 1932.

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A T I M E R I C K S E Q U E N C E

BY N A N B R A U D E

"Your arguments...explain the appeal of fantasy by assuming the truth of Christianity....It's a deniable truth."

—Ruth Berman, December 30, 1966

A fantasy fan yclept Ruth
Dared to scoff at The Immanent Truth:
For which a large Orc,
Sans napkin or fork,
Devoured her in manner uncouth.

Lo! see what the punishment due is
That befell this unfortunate Jewess,
Who rejected God's plan
(As revealed unto Nan,
Tolkien, Williams, and Lewis).

For wise men will have to agree
That she sinned most unpardonably.
Behold ye her error
With pity and terror:
SHE VENTURED TO CONTRADICT ME!

BRAIN-PANS AND CLOCKS

A COLUMN BY LEN BAILES

Cleaning up is always a problem. For instance, there's my desk. To outsiders it might seem very disorganized, what with correspondence and fanzines swimming in a colloidal dispersion of books, science fiction magazines, and copies of the UCLA Daily Bruin, but I know where everything is. On cleaning days the maids like you to take all your papers off the desk so that they can dust. Usually I don't bother, because of the bulk of the task and because I'm in a hurry to get to campus in the morning, but once I slept right through till the maid knocked.

"Would you like me to clean your room?" she said Sarcas-
tically. The translation was "I've finally got you, you SOB,
now you're going to wipe that garbage off the top of that desk."

I stumbled out of bed and swept the junk off the desk into nearby drawers and the closet. Whipping a napking around my nose to avoid choking in the ensuing dust storm, I staggered out to sleep in the floor lounge. When I came back, my room-
mate was looking astoundedly at the clean grey surface now exposed for the first time in weeks. I don't think he knew there was anything under the paraphernalia.

I clomped a stack of papers about six inches from the corner, laid a book on it at a forty-five degree angle, and began redistributing things.

My room-mate screeched, and I jumped. "My god!" he said, "you're putting it all back the way it was!"

"Huh?" I said, as I sprinkled some envelopes three inches from each other, placed two pens across a photograph of myself in my Award-winning Ted Johnstone disguise, and placed a fanzine half open on top of the typewriter. "Of course I'm putting it back the way it was. How else do you expect me to find anything?"

"Oh," he said, and went off to the corner to gibber. I finished recreating the mess by laying a program of the Savoy-
Artes Gondoliers production neatly across last week's APA L.

And then there was Fred's moving-out party. Several of us got together to ehlp move Fred Patten out of 1825 Greenfield, lock, stock, and Thrilling Wonder Stories collection. Sally Crayne was somewhat croggled with the way the kitchen ware was packed. Fred had stuck a whole bunch of glasses and plates into an old carton and lined the outsides with old Cocoa-Puff boxes. We paused and satred in awe at Fred's collection of assorted breakfast ceréals.

"He buys them for the comic books inside the package," Al Lewis explained to us.

We found an old can of popcorn, in emptying out the closets, and we wondered whether we should take it with us.

"I remember that," said Al, "Ron bought it when we first moved in." Well, 1961 isn't so long ago.

"Hey," said Fred, "I just found the box of cough drops Ted White left here after the '65 Westercon. I was going to give them back to him last July, but I forgot. Do you think I should save them till next Westercon?"

Sally walked over and without a word deposited the popcorn and the cough drops in the garbage.

"It's incredible the way some people leave old junk lying around," I said to Chuck Crayne. "Some people don't throw anything away."

"Hey, Bailes," called Bruce Pelz from the next room, "What do you want to do with this carton full of the over-runs you made of Quip #1 that we found in the back of the closet?"

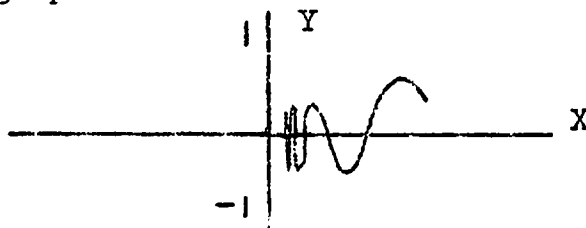
It was sort of like dismantling a museum. I'm going to miss 1825 Greenfield.

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REFLECTIONS ON LEWIS CARROLL
BY LIZABETH APPELBAUM

I have been reading Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass to my children, and am inspired to do a little unwonted literary analysis. I believe that these books reflect the point of view of a mathematical genius at odds with society.

To begin with, let me note mathematical reflections in the works. Alice's expansions and contractions in the size are reminiscent of certain pathological mathematical functions such as $y = \sin(1/x)$, graphed below.



Throughout the books one finds a delight in logic, as in Alice's conversation with the Cheshire cat. She asks:

"What sort of people live about here?"

"In that direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "Lives a Hatter; and in that direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like; they're both mad."

This is an argument by cases, dear to the hearts of mathematicians and lawyers alike.

In both Wonderland and Looking-glass World, Alice is the only being who is rational and the only one who is benevolent; the mathematical genius finds himself in an analogous position in society. It is easy to see that the creatures she meets are self-centered, rude, and irrational. For example, they are inhospitable. Recall how she meets the March Hare and the Mad Hatter:

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's plenty of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.

When they do invite her to a social function, the rubes of behavior are so crazy that she cannot have a good time: viz. the croquet party in Wonderland and the Queens' banquet in Looking-glass World.

Alice, like Charles Dodgson, has trouble finding a sympathetic audience. Witness her conversation with the caterpillar, when she complains about changing size:

"...when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will someday, you know--and then, after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?"

"Not a bit," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps your feelings may be different," said Alice, "all I know is, it would feel very queer to me."

"You!" said the Caterpillar contemptuously. "Who are you?"

Alice suffers from being the only rational being in Wonderland. Remember the trial, when the queen says:

"Sentence first—verdict afterward."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Queen, turning purple.

"I won't," said Alice.

"Off with her head!" the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.

"Who cares for you?" said Alice (she had grown to her full size by this time). "You're nothing but a pack of cards!"

At this the whole pack rose up into the air and came flying down upon her....

At this point Alice wakes up from her dream, which the genius, alas, cannot do.

There are places where Alice's clear mind makes her see that certain courses of action lead to disastrous consequence. She makes the others see, but they do not care, because they are so selfish and stupid. The Dormouse tells her a story of the three little girls who lived on treacle:

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "very ill."

This reminds me of my argument with the "hawks" about the war in Vietnam. I might say,

"If this war continues, there will be many casualties on both sides."

"So there will. Very many."

The strongest evidence of Alice's loneliness comes in her talk with the White Queen in Looking-glass World:

"The Crow must have flown away, I think," said Alice; "I'm so glad it's gone. I thought it was the night coming on."

"I wish I could manage to be glad!" the Queen said. "Only I never can remember the rule. You must be very happy, living in this wood, and being glad whenever you like."

"Only it is so very lonely here!" Alice said in a melancholy voice; and at the thought of her loneliness two large tears came rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh, don't go on like that!" cried the poor Queen, wringing her hands in despair. "Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you've come today. Consider what o'clock it is. Consider anything, only don't cry!"

Alice could not help laughing at this, even in the midst of her tears. "Can you keep from crying by considering things?" she asked.

"That's the way it's done," the Queen said with great decision. "Nobody can do two things at once, you know."

The White Queen tries to comfort Alice, but I think she is too lame-brained to be really compassionate—she just wants to avoid a scene. The only person Alice meets who is not self-centered is the White Knight (who, I understand, represents Lewis Carroll himself). He is really friendly and sympathetic, the only such character in either book, outside of Alice herself, and he cannot stay with her long: "So they shook hands, and then the Knight rode slowly away into the forest."

I think the conversation between Alice and the White Queen reveals Carroll's viewpoint: the genius is bound to be unhappy in this heedless world, and his only consolation is in rational reflections, as in the development of mathematical proofs (which often begin, "Consider the following..."). This delightful classic for children displays a gloomy philosophy.

A FINAL NOTE FROM JEAN,

Ruth carried a bunch of stencils down to my room, and said to me, "Want to take a look?" I looked through them, and found they were all the stencils for the first issue of Nous. I didn't believe it was really done. When I wasn't looking, Ruth in her own quiet way assembled the whole thing. She deserves all the credit or discredit for this issue.

I never really believed that Nous would actually come out. We first thought of putting out a genzine together a little while after the San Diego Westcon, and we picked this title about a month after the Tricon. Since then we have been procrastinating about putting it out. So now the first issue is completed, and I have no idea when the second one will be.

Supposedly this will be on a quarterly schedule, but that doesn't mean we will stick to the schedule.

You probably got this because we felt like sending it to you. We'd appreciate some kind of response, or more specifically, I'd appreciate some kind of response. I've promised myself that I will do the majority of the work on the next issue, but I really don't like to work that much. So if you were to help me out, that'd be kind of keen, and then all of us can stick with all kinds of work for the third issue. That is of course, assuming that there will be a third issue.

I was flying a kite earlier this afternoon. It was a great big plastic one with a picture of the Jolly Green Giant on it that my cousin brought along for his little boy. (We had a Family Picnic today, heaven help us) I didn't realize which way the wind was blowing, and I ended up running across the street with the kite, and leaving the ball of string on the other side. For a while the string was neatly lying on the street, and the cars were going over it with no problem. But my little cousin picked up the ball of string, thus blocking the whole street with the string being three feet off the ground. The drivers were very happy with us, I'm sure.

It's kind of odd. You associate kite flying with children, but I don't know any child who has successfully soloed a kite. When there is a kid around a kite, either he can't get it up, or he's running along with a parent who is doing the actual flying. On the other hand, I've seen quite a few people my age or older who fly kites. Why then is it considered a child's past time?

I'm going to be working this summer doing computer programming, dittoing and stapling for the U High Math department. The department is writing a text book for computer assisted math, and I'll be doing the busy work for them. I think I'm going to enjoy it. At least it'ss be a lot better than straight secretarial work.

That's all, I hope we hear from you. -jean-