





NIEKAS 18, late Spring 1967 [Sorry we're late, but an unbelievable number of things has happened to us] from Ed Meskys (Belknap College, Center Harbor NH 03226) & Felice Rolfe (1360 Emerson, Palo Alto Calif 94301). Note: during the Summer communications for Ed Meskys should be sent to 723A 45 St., Brooklyn NY 11220) NIEKAS is available for 50c, 5 for \$2 from Ed, material or published letter of comment. Next issue out sometime this summer.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover (by) Warren Preston.....	1
Contents (this her now page, luv).....	3
Mayhem House (A curried column by) Felice Rolfe.....	4
Mother Goose Rhyme (a perpetration by) Nan Braude.....	6
Fascism for Fun and Profit (b) Ben Solon.....	7
Bumbejimas (an incredibly microelite column by) Ed Meskys.....	10
The Marchin' Barnacle Returns (by) Carl Frederick et <u>conspiratorii</u> .....	12
The Lizard of Lemuria (a cartoon feature by) Johnny Chambers.....	14
A Glossary of Middle Earth (by) Bob Foster.....	17
Dust Jacket for THE HOBBIT (by) Diana Paxson.....	after 22
Interference on My Wavelength (a speech by) John Brunner.....	23
SF in Denmark, Part 2 (by) Jannick Storm.....	29
An Interview with Tolkien (by) Henry Resnick.....	37
Review and Comment (by) Mark Walsted, Emil Petaja, Martin Pitt, Steve Perrin, & me.....	48
Laiskai (a letter commul...er...column).....	56
Bacover by Diana Paxson	

## ART CREDITS

Diana Paxson: 4 (with Felice's inept help), 10, insert, 48  
 Johnny Chambers: 5, 25, 32, 35, 51, 66  
 Jurgen Wolff: 13, 59  
 Jerry Jacks: 17  
 Hannes Bok: 36  
 Jack Gaughan: 58  
 Glen Primm: 62

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Ed Meskys, Editor and Business Manager  
 Felice Rolfe, Editor and Publisher  
 Jerry Jacks, Production Manager Who Ran Off that @#%&\*! microelite  
 Assisted by John Trimble, Master Mimeographer, and  
 Janet Dottery, who apprenticed last time and is now Journeyman, at least  
 Diana Paxson, art and poetry editor  
 Bjo Trimble, minestrone maker and slave collarer

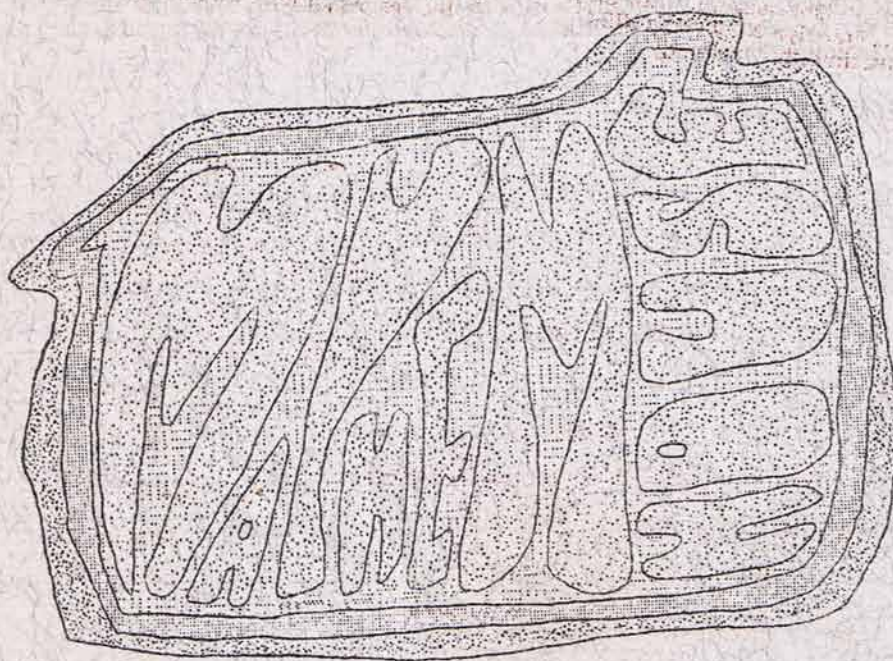
AND TO ALL WHO WILL SHOW UP FOR THE COLLATING PARTY TOMORROW, MY MOST GRATEFUL APPRECIATION.

Goodbye, Steve Henderson.

Hello, Clint Bigglestone.

Good lord, it's done!





I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S  
NEARLY DONE

A while back one of our letter-writers asked me to tell him how we manage this coast-to-coast editing. Well...as you can see from the 3-month delay in this issue, the answer is 'Not very well'. Apologies are due to you, dear reader, for the almost complete lack of proofreading this issue. (With an extra three months you'd think we'd have time for that; but we didn't.) And many and exorbitant thanks are due to John Trimble, Master Mimeographer, and Jerry Jacks and Janet Dottery, Willing Mimeo Slaves.

#### OFF ON ANOTHER TANGENT\*

Last summer when I was slaving over a hot NIEKAS 16 (it was hot mostly because of the things I told it regarding its conception, application and general legitimacy), Joe decided I needed some diversion. The way he put it was, 'You're going to take time out from that damn fanzine and go somewhere with me!' (Typical fanspouse.) So he dragged me, almost literally, to see something called the American Conservatory Theatre do 'Charley's Aunt.' I didn't want to go; I wanted to finish that damned fanzine. I'm not (or wasn't) terribly interested in theater, except for G&S and such light things. I was particularly not interested in 'Charley's Aunt'. However, Joe is a powerful personality. We went.

Then we saw everything else they still had tickets for. (If you'd told me a year ago that I'd actually enjoy an Edward Albee play, I'd have said you were wiggy.)

The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce saw the play too, and the next thing I knew they were having a big drive to bring ACT to S.F. and I was in the middle of it. A few months afterward, somebody told me they were moved in and snowed under. So I volunteered. When you tell that outfit you want to work, be prepared to do so; they'll use every instant you can spare them.

In the happy meanwhile I'd volunteered to mimeograph for the Stanford Repertory Theater (I really went on a theater kick, and am still on it). NIEKAS Press ran off about 2000 study guides for SRT, and has been reproing the SRT Volunteers' Newsletter all along.

Incidental time-taking events were the ACT plays (which I nearly forgot to see because I was having so much fun helping!). Would you believe all four acts of 'Man and Superman', including Don Juan in Hell, in one evening? And naturally when friends come to town we have to take them to see the ones we like. Sylvania still requires 40 hours a week, too...

#### ALRIGHT ALREADY, WHAT IS ACT?

ACT is both a teaching company and a true repertory theater. Both aspects are going to be vital in American theater, I believe. Let me explain...

Most 'repertory' theaters will do four or five plays a year. They're offered one at a time, and maybe the company takes a break after one to mount the next. ACT is presenting 16 plays in 22 weeks, using two theaters. The plays range from 'Charley's Aunt' through Moliere's 'Tartuffe' to Beckett's depressing 'Endgame'. They're not given sequentially, either; if you were going to the theater next weekend, you'd have a choice of four different plays on Saturday alone. They do 20 performances a week. ...Then there's the fall season coming...

\*Would you believe 1/cosecant?



The standard ACT working week is 72 hours or more, counting rehearsals, performances, and classes.\* The Conservatory part of the company teaches everything from voice and the Alexander method (whatever that is) to theater accounting. As one actor put it in an interview with The Voice of the West (otherwise known as the San Francisco Chronicle), 'I'm finally learning why I'm doing what I was doing, and how to do it better.' The idea seems to be to build a body of technique, a solid base for the actor to work with, and judging from the quality of their work, they are succeeding. They are really fin. The so-called 'professional' shows I've seen before, such as the road show of Camelot, can't hold a candle.

But you bet your morning cup of coffee that that's not enough to send me into the City almost every weekend to spend the day filing. And, more surprising, enjoying it. One of the major reasons I'm a volunteer is because of

the people at ACT. Their professionalism and competence command, in a literal sense, my deep respect -- from the director, William Ball, right down to the kid I taught to run their Gestetner 320. (He picked it up in nothing flat and now turns out beautiful repro.) I'm even more impressed that they don't counteract this respect by being Oh So Artistic, if you follow me; they're craftsman, not phonies, and have given me a new and growing appreciation of art and artists. ...That's getting a bit muddy, I'm afraid. The only company members I've spent any amount of time with are the box office people, and they are quite delightful. That's particularly astonishing when you consider that the public's behavior at the window is not always conducive to the keeping of tempers, the hours are long and exhausting, and the work isn't the world's most interesting.

In fact one gets an interesting view of the public. It seems to me that an awful lot is asked of the theater, and of theater people in general, if I may include the Lamplighters in this generalization. The public wants perfect service -- Bill Grunch may forget to put his name on his ticket order, but the guy who processes it had better get it right anyway! -- accomplished entertainment, personal attention (lots of that), and composed graciousness in the face of rudeness, to name a few things. ACT members give it, too, or as close as is humanly possible. I certainly couldn't.

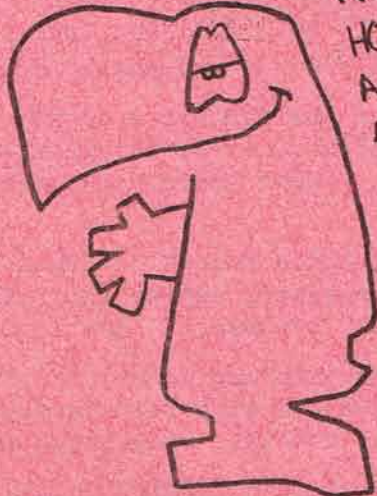
#### FILBERT AND WHAZZIZNAME IN INTERSTELLAR SPACE

We had a party for Clint Bigglestone the other Sunday, because he was drafted in spite of a slipped disc. Singing 'They're Coming to Take Me Away, Ha Ha' and giggling didn't do a bit of good, but by contracting German measles (he signed them for a three-day run) the day before his induction he won a slight reprieve. He was in just over two weeks according to the ancient Hebraic prophesies and me and this old calendar, when the Army doctor decided he wasn't faking. He should be back with us by Westercon, which means either a hell of a lot of paperwork or they're making him walk from Seattle. But back to the party.

One of the tournament people, Dorothy Jones, came down. This girl is absolutely gone on STAR TREK. You wouldn't believe the scrapbook she's got; it includes correspondence with Roddenberry and Nimoy, transcriptions of conversations when she visited the studios, and an

\* Non-performers just work. Twelve hours a day. It's slightly appalling.

AS I'VE OFTEN SAID  
FELICE, NO ONE REALLY  
READS NIEKAS... SO  
NEXT ISSUE  
HOW ABOUT  
A COVER AND  
459 BLANK  
PAGES...





interesting composition in the Vulcan ni var mode for two voices and Vulcan harp. This form is a counterpoint between light and dark, both in theme and in melody.

During the afternoon Astrid Anderson called for some Gilbert and Sullivan, as usual -- and as soon as Dorothy heard the opening bars of I Am the Captain of the Pinafore, we were off and running on a G&S STAR TREK!

The hero of this space operetta\* is a being called Stackstraw. He looks very much like Cousin It from The Addams Family, which is to say a walking haystack with sunglasses, until he's clipped. Then he looks like a tenor (the Conans of musical comedy -- courageous, heroic, occasionally pure, and nearly always stupid).

Spock takes most of the Captain's songs, for example; '...And he never, never looks at girls./What, never?/No, never./Not even on Omicron Ceti Three?/Well, hardly ever.' And the crew responds: 'Give three point one four one six cheers/For the Science Officer with pointed ears!'

At this point Poul and a couple of other people practiced giving .1416 cheer. Joe refrained...er...declined, saying that giving pi cheers was irrational and Mr. Spock wouldn't like it. ...Frankly, I don't think any of them will like it...

Kirk has (oh joy, oh rapture undefined) Sir Joseph's songs, such as 'I am the Captain bold in space/I have a most heroic face...' The G&S piercing soprano is Yeoman Rand, and Uhura has Buttercup's waltz, though (as any male can plainly see) not Buttercup's shape.

The drift of the plot, and I think we may call it that, at least in comparison with Pinafore, is that Kirk is being chased by Rand. He tries to persuade her to transfer her affections to another -- any other. First Stackstraw is encouraged to woo Rand (which he doesn't mind at all), but when our shaggy friend is repulsed, Kirk becomes desperate enough to suggest that Spock marry her. Spock is appalled. (From observation of the program, we've determined that even though it is an emotion, Spock is permitted to be appalled.) In fact, the Science Officer is so shocked (though he wouldn't admit such an emotion) that he takes the clippers to Stack...I can tell you that Stack, being the tenor, gets the girl, without giving away the real surprise ending. How 'bout that?

Besides, since when has it been a surprise ending that the tenor gets the girl?

And now, to brighten (or dim, depending) the lives of all you fine fen out there in NIEKASland (think about that for a minute), here's a poem by Nan Braude.

#### MOTHER GOOSE RHYME

Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet,  
Cranking her mimeograph.  
Along came the spider and sat down beside her  
(He was brought over by TAFF.)

He said, very mean, 'I've been reading  
your zine,  
And I'm sorry to tell you, my dear,  
That it's full of such slush it makes  
MESKYS blush!  
In short, it's a crudzine, I fear.'

'CRUDzine!' she said, as she turned very red  
And gave her propeller a spin,  
'I'm not that un-fannish; just look at my annish --  
It's the very best CURDS I put in!'

MORAL: Ye, who egoboo have tasted,  
Never heed what scoffers say:  
To some, on whom your curds are wasted,  
Fandom is a life of whey.



by Ben Solon

## FASCISM FOR FUN & PROFIT OR DOES ROBERT A HEINLEIN BEAR THE TWISTED CROSS?

One can always spot the second-rate critic -- he attacks the author instead of the book. That is, he is often a victim of what P. Schuyler Miller has called the Oliver Wiswell syndrome: the automatic assumption that an author's fiction must necessarily reflect the man's own convictions. And while an author's fiction, more often than not, does reflect his views, the principle of proof positive beyond a reasonable doubt should be invoked in the writer's defense -- especially when the opinions in question are of a nature that the critic finds loathsome and irrational. Nor is the fact that the author himself, at one time, may have expressed similar opinions as his own to be considered as proof positive; a previously held but now rejected viewpoint may certainly be useful to an author for the purposes of fiction.

In NIEKAS 17, Roberta Rambelli gives us her reasons for declining to publish Robert A. Heinlein's FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD through the auspices of the Italian Science Fiction Book Club: 'We had the option on FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD, and rejected it, preferring the same author's GLORY ROAD. (...) As for some novels by Mr. Heinlein, we are not the first...who have found, in his writings, a somewhat Nazi slant.'

(I might note that Miss Rambelli's statement brings to mind a question that has puzzled me for quite some time; Why is Heinlein, more than any other science fiction writer, always accused of personally advocating the particular philosophy he presents in his fiction? Because of STARSHIP TROOPERS he is pictured as being a neo-Fascist; because of FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD he is charged with racism. What everyone seems to ignore is the fact that Doc Smith's Lensman and Skylark novels, as C. M. Kornbluth ably shows in THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL (Advent), are far more unrelievedly bloody and war-like than the sum total of Heinlein's fiction; but, to the best of my knowledge, no one has ever accused Smith of being a warmonger and a neo-Nazi. Is it because we realize that Smith's novels are little more than juvenile wish-fulfillment fantasies -- fairy tales written large -- whereas Heinlein's recent novels, for the most part, are grimly anchored to present-day realities and are logical extrapolations of the same? Of course, both STARSHIP TROOPERS and FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD are fair game for critical examination. But I wonder: when is a work of fiction simply a story and when is it a tract? Can anyone really tell with Heinlein?)

Whether or not there is a 'Nazi slant' in Heinlein's recent fiction (I presume Miss Rambelli is referring to STARSHIP TROOPERS as well as FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD), it has no bearing on the quality of these works. A story may set forth a repellant doctrine -- Kornbluth's 'The Marching Morons', which gives a rationale for mass murder if not genocide, for example -- and still be literate and compelling; an author's message has no bearing on his story-telling ability. A work of fiction should be evaluated by how well the author succeeds in his intentions -- not by whether or not the critic agrees with the author's views on God, Country, and Mom's Apple Pie.

It is unfair almost to the point of an ad hominem to attempt to measure the worth of STARSHIP TROOPERS and FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD by affixing them with a label marked 'Nazi propaganda', an emotional tag at best, and then proceeding to damn them (and their creator?) to the Seventh Circle of Hell. As Alexei Panshin, in Riverside Quarterly Vol. II, No. 3, points out; 'Moral judgements are not in (the critic's) province -- they ... merely reflect the state of (his) mind, not the significance of a book.'

As far as I'm concerned, the only truly honest and meaningful literary criticism is that which skirts the issue of moral judgement on the part of the critic; technical criticism.



As James Blish illustrates in THE ISSUE AT HAND (Advent):

'The function of a critic in this field...is two-fold: First of all, he must ask that editors and writers be conscious of the minimum standards of competence which apply to the writing of all fiction; secondly, he must make reasonably clear to his non-professional readers what these standards of competence are.'

Had Miss Rambelli stated that she, acting for the Italian SFBC, decided not to publish FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD on the grounds that it is a dismal book, peopled by sick, incompetent characters performing senseless actions, I would have no cause to disagree with her. Instead, she chose not to release the book through the auspices of the Italian SFBC on the grounds that the novel has a 'Nazi slant' -- an accusation which simply does not hold water.

## II

Before I can deal with the charge of pro-Nazism leveled at Heinlein through STARSHIP TROOPERS implicitly and through FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD explicitly, it is first necessary to set up a working definition of the term:

Nazism was a German nationalistic movement that arose after World War I. Like Italian Fascism, it was dictatorial, nationalistic and terroristic; it added to Fascism fanatical racism and a policy of ceaseless internal and international aggression. It is doubtful if one can speak of a 'theory' of National Socialism: when the Nazis rejected the political traditions of the 19th century, they abandoned not only libertarian democracy but rational politics as well. They saw conflict and violence not as extreme measures but as basic laws of life. Such 'philosophies' of National Socialism as those expressed in MEIN KAMPF make it clear that theory served the Nazis only as a rationalization of their highly irrational beliefs.

The Nazi Party took its name in 1920 and struck out on a distinctive line of development under the leadership of Adolf Hitler and Ernst Roehm. It enrolled nationalistic war veterans in a para-military organization, the Storm Troopers or S.A.; these 'troops' -- they were actually little better than goon squads -- were used primarily to terrorize and intimidate those who opposed the Nazis. The Party itself was organized on the leadership principle; all authority devolved from Hitler; the Party's rank-and-file was required only to hear and obey. Thus was established the pattern which was later extended to the entire German state. The Party's program, as laid down in the Twenty-five Points of February, 1920, was a deliberate appeal to the German lower middle classes. (The lower middle classes, as Eric Hoffer points out in THE TRUE BELIEVER, are the traditional breeding grounds for all mass movements.)

The Nazi government can best be described in terms of the changing relations between the conservative and revolutionary elements that combined to make up the Nazi Party. On one hand, the Nazis shared with the conservatives the belief in authority and an aggressive foreign policy. On the other hand, they departed from the conservatives in refusing to set any limits on either means or ends in the realization of their beliefs.

To the Nazi, authority was unbounded; the individual Party members existed only to serve the Party -- and often, as in the case of Roehm, who was purged in 1934 -- they continued to exist only as long as they were useful to the Party. The Nazi hierarchy was grounded in a ceaseless struggle for survival; no criticism was tolerated; all critics of Nazi policies were ruthlessly silenced; all political opposition to the Nazi party, within the Reich, was eliminated by the most expedient means -- the first victims of the concentration camps were not Jews but anti-Nazi politicians. The Nazis carried the argument of 'the ends justify the means' to its ultimate logical extension.

The Nazi foreign policy, if it may be termed as such, served no calculated national interest but was simply a naked drive for power -- albeit one necessary for the preservation of the status quo; Hitler fully realized the need for diverting the attention of the masses from the shortcomings of the Nazi leadership. It was for this reason and no other that Hitler made the Jew his devil and started World War II; he used anti-Semitism not only to unify Germany -- he used the war to keep the nation unified -- behind the Nazi movement, but also to sap the will to resist of Jew-hating Poland, Rumania, Hungary, and finally even France. He made a similar use of fanatical anti-communism.



## III

The charge that Heinlein's recent fiction contains a 'Nazi slant' may now be dealt with.

If there is one theme implicit in all of Heinlein's contemporary fiction, it is this: The State exists only to serve the individual; the State has no right to place its welfare before that of the individual.

It is a statement of the obvious, but this attitude is nearly -- if not completely -- impossible to square with the complete and total sacrifice of individuality that adherence to Naziism demands. It was not sheer hypocrisy when the rank-and-file Nazis declared themselves innocent of the atrocities they had committed. They considered themselves cheated and maligned against when made to shoulder the blame for obeying orders. Had they not joined the Nazi Party in order to be free from such responsibilities? And despite the seeming anthill regimentation of Heinlein's military society in STARSHIP TROOPERS, the individual is regarded as being of infinite worth; one unreleased prisoner is sufficient reason to start or resume a war.

Heinlein's military utopia is not unflawed, however; and I do not wish to give the impression that I am ignoring these flaws for the sake of expediency. Perhaps the most telling criticism which can be leveled against the society postulated in STARSHIP TROOPERS is the unconvincing nature of the assertion that it is the most democratic the world has seen to date. We are told nothing about one of the most vital aspects of any social order; what manner of redress is open to the citizen, voter or non-voter, who is victimized by failings of the administrative and judicial process itself? What about the individual who is wrongly accused of a crime? Is a man accused presumed guilty until proven innocent, or innocent until proven guilty? This is one method of assessing the true measure of 'democracy' in any social order. It is stated explicitly that civilians in this military utopia enjoy full democratic rights, to a larger measure than in any former society. But Heinlein's failure to make clear, by means of an example, whether or not civilians have as full a measure of civil redress against official injustice as we have today makes this contention unconvincing.

Another point that may be held against Heinlein is the complete and total lack of corruption -- or even of the possibility of it -- of his ideal army. I am not speaking of crimes committed by military personnel, or of errors in judgment, or of just plain stupidity. These are granted. I am speaking of the possibility of corruption in the system itself.

However, the ceaseless and irrational violence that is inherent to Naziism is conspicuous by its absence in STARSHIP TROOPER:

"...war is controlled violence for a purpose. (...) The purpose (of war) is never to kill the enemy just for the sake of killing him...but to make him do what you want him to do. Not killing...but controlled and purposeful violence."

Compare Heinlein's attitude toward war and violence, as expressed in STARSHIP TROOPERS, with the attitude implicit in Hitler's 'justification' of the invasion of Poland:

"The destruction of Poland has priority. The aim is to eliminate active forces, not reach a definite line. Even if war breaks out in the West, the destruction of Poland remains the primary objective."

Simply stated, the difference between Heinlein's publicly expressed attitude toward violence and that of the Nazis is this: To Heinlein violence is the last resort; to the Nazis it is the first. Heinlein obviously believes that while violence is occasionally necessary to the enforcement of a government's policy decisions, the violence should not be indiscriminate terrorism -- that only increases the enemy's will to resist -- it should be no more than is absolutely necessary 'to make him do what you want him to do'.

The Nazis, however, apparently felt that if some violence was good, more was even better. Note well: it was not the defeat of the Polish military forces that Hitler demanded in the statement quoted above -- it was the complete and total destruction of the Polish national entity.

(continued on p. 65)



BLEJMAS

# WOULD YOU BELIEVE THIS IS A HURRIED IS-

sue? You only have to look at the lack of proofreading to see! Our apologies to the authors, especially Bob Foster since correct spelling is most important there. Also, in order to get this issue out after innumerable delays we had to leave out several items that had been scheduled. Most of these will be included in the next issue which (we hope!) will be published in the very near future.

Again, please check your address sticker to make sure we typed your address correctly. I just bought an addressing machine like that used by AMRA & YANDRO and am automating my mailing list. Typos are always possible, especially in the zip code. Also, I usually mark the reason you are getting this issue on the upper right hand corner of the sticker.

## A BARNACLE IN THREE ACTS: ACT II

Diana just gave the story of how a certain tape was made in Berkeley some 18 months ago. Well, this had its repercussions. Carl Frederick & I were talking in a restaurant in NY early last December and I suggested it was time we made an answering tape. Lucy Weed immediately offered the use of her place for the project. This was most remarkable as we had only met her a couple of hours ago. (More about her later.)

One day during my Christmass vacation Carl, Sheila Brown & I met at NASA and headed down to Lucy's apartment on Thompson Square. After we spent a little time exploring her book-cases and cat, Carl scared the blazes out of the latter (and for all I know, the former) with his bagpipes, tried to fix a broken key on her piano, and we had something to drink, we finally got to work. Our first idea was far too ambitious... a cross of Die Gotterdammerung, Lord of the Rings and Gilbert & Sullivan (Nazgûl singing Hoyataho, etc)...and we got bogged down. About then Fred Lerner arrived and organized things effectively. Carl had some notes for a Zehrgut which we decided to adapt, and we wrote the script as we went along. Barry Green arrived just as we were getting started.

This was the fourth such tape made on the East Coast. The trade mark on each was the Kyeie theme from the movie "Lord of the Flies," and Carl & Barry did it on their bagpipe practice chanters. We did many things deleted from the version printed here. For instance, right after the "pure white line Barry interrupted with 'Ahs frum di N double A CP and ah protests.' Later variations on the theme were 'Ahs frum Bhait Bhitt and ah protests,' 'Ahs frum di Hindu Association...' & 'Ahs Harlem Ellison....'

There were a number of other gags in there, most of them spontaneous. We ran the Basingstoke business into the ground with variations. A number of these involved sound-effects and could not be adequately transcribed.

As I said, the original concept was by Carl, and he also wrote the version printed here. However much of the credit must go to Fred Lerner for contributing ideas and doing an ex-

cellent job of directing.

I understand that California is preparing to take reprisal measures.

-ooo-

Let's see now, I'd promised to say something about Lucy Weed. Late Sunday night Carl & I met after I saw the D'Oyly Carte production of Patience, and we decided to go to a Times Square paperback bookstore open seven days a week until midnight. Carl went to browse thru the Egyptian section while I looked for a C S Lewis book I wanted. Lucy was there for she wanted some background information for her appearance in Aida. She asked Carl if he could recommend a book and they fell into a conversation. She sings with the Amato Opera Company in NY, and Carl had once been in the Metropolitan Opera's children's chorus, the Carmen Brats. When I rejoined Carl they were in the middle of regaling each other with hilarious stories of disasters and pranks on the lyric stage. A little later we discovered she was also interested in such items as Tolkien, C S Lewis, children's fantasy, and Georgette Heyer. Dan Goodman, who works at Bookmasters, joined us, and we went to a cafeteria when the store finally closed.

We talked long into the night, standing out in the street for an hour after we were thrown out of the cafeteria. She was quite taken with the whole idea of fandom but so far has only attended one Tolkien Society meeting. She is tied up with the opera on most weekends, and had to go out of town on business the weekend of the Luncheon.

Anyhow, I expect she will soon start appearing in NIEKAS, and if she got it in time will have a review in this issue. She now has a glossary of Silverlock in her hands for additions and organization of the manuscript which has been worked on by a half dozen people.

## HELP! IT'S CATCHING!

At supper today I was speaking with Dr. Frye about holography, and he asked me whether I knew what hodography was. I didn't so he explained that it had something to do with graphical representation of gyroscopic motion.

"What?" said Dr. Brigham. "It has nothing to do with Saturday dinner at the cafeteria?"

We looked at her with puzzled looks.

Ho dogs, of course.

## GEORGETTE HEYER

is an evil abomination inflicted upon the sanity of mankind.

## EVERYTHING HAPPENS AFTER I LEAVE CALIF.

First the Lamplighters finally get around to doing "The Sorcerer," but that wasn't so bad for I saw it in NY about a year ago. But now I read in Opera News that the San Francisco Opera is preparing to do the complete Ring cycle! \*Sigh\*

## CARL FREDERICK INVADERS BALKNAP

not once, but twice. The first time was in the middle of November. He arrived in Meredith by bus about 6:30 PM on Wednesday, a short time after the faculty started its weekly dinner. This particular week a dozen had gathered in an Italian restaurant in Meredith, and joined us there. Carl was expecting a dignified, staid meeting and was most shocked by our informality and joking insults. Three hours later he left muttering something about "drunken fraternity party."

Mr. Clarke is doing research in General Relativity and



since Carl is interested in the field we had Mr. Clarke come over to my place to talk for a little while. After he left Carl felt restless and suggested we drive into town. As we drove around the block holding most of the dorms at 3MPH two times Carl played his pipes just to see what reaction he would get, but got almost none at all.

We then visited the public library and candy store, and just as we were leaving for home Carl remarked at the intensity of the meteor shower. A minute later he realized it was snowing! (Observers on the entire seacoast were disappointed because the weather hid the shower, while those further west reported the densest shower of the century.)

We talked very late into the night, and I had an awful time getting him going in time for my 8:15 class next morning. I didn't have to go to UNH that Thursday and was free until the faculty meeting at 1:15 so we just spent the time looking over the place and talking with others in the faculty lounge. The latter is in the same building as the administrative offices and, unbeknownst to Carl, several faculty members had organized a pool on how long it would take the Vice President, Dr. Brigham, to get down there when Carl played the pipes. A lot of labor had gone into calculating this but the greatest uncertainty seemed to be whether she would have to come down from the second floor, where her office is, or would have gone thru the ceiling to the third floor first.

With feigned reluctance Carl played his piece but all bets were off. The stairway became so clogged with students that he couldn't get thru for several minutes. All bets had been on the order of 10 or 15 seconds, depending on whether he took the direct route or went via the third floor.

That night the two of us drove out to the home of one of the faculty members, Miss Keyes, for dinner and sat around talking until 12. Otherwise nothing particularly interesting happened until we left for NY via Boston Friday afternoon. Carl explored the school and spoke with faculty and students.

We left Center Harbor about 2:30, with student Tom Cheung as an additional passenger. In Meredith we picked up a student who was hitch-hiking as far as Concord. None of us knew him then, but Eric Ives was destined to eventually become one of the officers of the Belknap SF/Tolkien club that Tom would found.

Shortly after we got on Interstate 93 we met another VW full of students and Tom recognized one of them. On impulse Carl pulled the chanter off of his bagpipes and played the Greyhound commercial theme as we passed them. They thought it was a fancy horn and honked back so Carl played another theme and pulled out his full stand of pipes. The shock-wave almost pushed the other car off of the side of the road, and then they recovered Carl serenaded them with gentle melodies as we barreled down I-93. We lost them when we pulled off the road to throw Eric out and the rest of the trip was uneventful except for when Carl tried to serenade a passing police car. Fortunately he ignored us.

-o0o-

We hit Cambridge just in time for the MITSFS meeting, and went right in. First Tom, who was totally unknown to them, went in quietly and sat down. Then Carl & I came in, him playing the pipes. However, since their sound does carry somewhat and it takes a half minute or so to get them going right the members had a warning of our approach.

The MITSFS has unbelievable "business" meetings. Somebody made a motion to commend the potted plant in the room for having grown a foot since last year and a half hour of tongue in cheek wrangling ensued. When one person observed a lack of any feet whatsoever on the plant the motion was amended to one of condemnation for not having grown a foot, etc.

This was the 2nd of 4 regular (ie, school year) MITSFS meetings that I have attended. The first was a superb example of taking Roberts rules of order and making them say "Ouch!" The second was almost as good, but the third was poorer and the 4th a dismal flop. The last occurred during Intercession so few members were around, and two former members were visiting after an absence of one year and their chatter with old friends upset the feeble attempts to get things going.

After dinner a number of us went to see the MIT production of "The Gondoliers". The three of us went, Mark Walsted had come up from Providence, and there were several MITSFS people, including Russ Seitz [whom I keep calling Dick for some strange reason] and Mike Ward. This was only the third time that I've seen "Gondoliers" and it was a very good production.

After the show we returned to the MITSFS library to talk, and after a while went outside again. At 1 or 2 Carl played his pipes for a while. On our way back to the clubroom/library on the 4th floor of the student union building we completely filled an elevator and Carl wanted to test the acoustics of this unusual situation. He was the last to get in so he stood there facing the door and playing the pipes when the elevator stopped at an intermediate floor.

I have NEVER seen such a look of surprise in my life. The jaw of the person who had wanted to get on literally dropped, and was still open a couple of seconds later when the door closed and the elevator resumed its trip.

The three of us finally got to Tony Lewis' place long after all had gone to bed, and they had left for work by when we got up. After I had a couple of Pastrami sandwiches for breakfast at the Essex Deli we did some book hunting and drove down to NY in time for the Lunarian meeting.

[A radically different version of the above appeared in NAPA several months ago.]

-o0o-

After much procrastination Carl finally visited me right after the Lunacon. I was there with 3 Belknap students, two of whom were traveling with me. We were to take the 6 PM bus to Boston Sunday evening, and Carl, Tom & I got there on time. Eric, however, wasn't there. The fact that there was a large mob and we couldn't get on saved our solving the problem of what to do. They put on extra sections of the bus, and we were able to get on at 7, and still no Eric. We reluctantly got on, not knowing what else to do. We sat with a MITSFS member who was returning at the same time, and wondered what to do. Eric had missed three busses, and there was no way of knowing that he wouldn't also miss the 4th, 5th & 6th too. If we could be sure that he'd be on the next one I had no objections to waiting another 45 minutes when we got to Boston, but I couldn't sit around all night. I had an 8 AM class to teach, and it was a 2 1/2 hour drive to Belknap.

[Concluded at read of issue, I hope! --ERM]



H65



# The (ugh!) Marching

## Barnacle Returns (sigh) carl frederick et conspiratorii

The following Zehrgut installment is re-written from a tape recording made in response to a similar atrocity committed by some members of California Fandom. The tape was transcribed by Ed Meškys and slightly impurgated by Sheila Brown.

Upon reading the transcription I turned several shades of bright colors which, upon mixing, yield black. Therefore to set an upper limit to nausea I thought that perhaps I had better re-write the thing.

This talk of standards may sound odd (if you read aloud) to those acquainted with previous Zehrgut installments, so to illustrate the point the opening segment of the transcription is reproduced below.

[Kyrie on two bagpipe chanters]

Fred Lerner: From New York Flicks Gang Radjo presents: the Further Adventures of Wordsworth Zehrgut. Tonight, the first Wordsworth epic, "Time Travail," starring Ed Meškys, Carl Frederick, Barry Green, Lucy Weed, Sheila Brown, and a cast of thousands. The cast of thousands is played by Fred Lerner, slightly plastered. This program was NOT produced in the WKCR studios in New York by order of the Federal Communications Commission. Before we begin tonight's drama, this message.

[Sound of papers rustling, and a voice stuttering]

Barry Green: We regret that our narrator cannot deliver his scheduled announcement. He has sold his message for a broth of potage, so to get him out of the soup, on with our play!

Q. E. D.

Once upon a time machine Wordsworth Zehrgut stumbled, and then he stumbled home to tell his wife.

"Matilda!" he shouted enthusiastically, "I have found a time machine."

"Siam?" she said.

"Siam!? No... not a Thai machine, a time machine."

So Zehrgut and Matilda travel into the future, into the Golden Age of Science....

-----  
Science is Golden  
-----

.... where-  
in Zehrgut intends, with his profound knowledge of technology, to make his living as an itinerant poet. It is a world of crystalline towers and golden spires, prismatic colors gleaming in the sun, and so, while Matilda goes window shopping Zehrgut, on a busy street corner, begins to recite.

"I think that I have never seen  
A book as ovely as a 'zine  
For in its pages recondite  
Bound with staples sharp and bright  
Find we dated fannish news  
And fannish fiction to peruse  
A log of every fannish trip  
A lot of misspent scholarship  
An incoherent diatribe  
And art too awful to describe  
O eons long you'd have to look  
To find this joy within a book."

Perhaps Zehrgut might do better to make his living manufacturing sunglasses. Undaunted, though, he proceeds. "To beer or not to beer, that is equestrian. Whether there's no blur in the mind to soften the slings and saddles of outrageous horses or to take arms against a sea of guppies, and by opposing end them."

What is your name?

Zehrgut looked around at the man with the grey flannel haircut who was his audience.  
"My name is Zehrgut, Wordsworth Zehrgut, because a word's worth a thousand pictures. Who are



you?"

"I represent the firm of B V D & O. We handle the advertising campaign of the Urthair Firewater Co, 'the Fundamental Spirits.' Perhaps you would like to join our firm as a senior punster of copywriting? You would handle Urthair's Blank Beer."

"???" said Zehrgut.

"You see, in our society all advertising slogans must have a double meaning; it's illegal not to."

"???" said Zehrgut again.

"It all started back in the 20th century when punning adds became popular. Then every one used punads and when an add was not a pun people still thought it was and went crazy trying to figure it out. So the government outlawed non-punads as unfair advertising."

"???" asked Zehrgut again.

"Look across the street at the fur shop." Zehrgut looked. Over the shop was the sign, "The hue is ermine, the fur gift devine."

"I understand," said Zehrgut with a tear in his eye.

"Now look across the street at that bill-board," said the adman. "What do you see?"

"What do I see? There's nothing on it. It's pure white."

"Yes, it's lead white, and you're supposed to think of the lead-white and brew, and when you think brew think beer, and when you think beer go Blank."

"Would you like to come and see the Urthair brewery?...."

....And so we come to the ob-

servation room."

"Observation room?" said Zehrgut with a worried tone.

"Just look through that picture window. That's beer being made. Now let's see what you can do. Recite some poetry, please."

Zehrgut paused, drew himself to his full height, and intoned, "What light through yonder window breaks...."

Suddenly the picture window exploded and crashed tinkling to the floor. "It is the yeast!" shouted the adman. "The yeast vat has exploded. We are ruined!"

"Can't you make beer without yeast?" said Zehrgut, who would drink anything.

"No!" shouted the adman, laughing hysterically, "I'd be a hops gyp and a skunk away from bankruptcy."

At this point the door was flung open and a police officer ran in shouting, "Wordsworth Zehrgut, who is Wordsworth Zehrgut?"

"I am he," said Zehrgut, from behind a beer can.

"I have just arrested your wife," explained the officer.

"???" said Zehrgut.

"She stole a car...a beige colored car."

"What? My wife arrested?" shouted Zehrgut hysterically, "Oh no!"

"Basingstoke," said the adman.

"Beigeingstoke it is," said Zehrgut, fighting for composure.

"Then make it so," said the police officer. "Your wife is in the state workhouse," he went on, "making prisms to work off the price of the beige car."

"How long will that take?" asked Zehrgut with interest.

"Fifty four years and six minutes," answered the officer.

At this Zehrgut flung himself on his knees before the adman. "Mr. Adman," he implored, "Will I earn enough money at this to earn a beige car?"

"Yes, yes," said the adman, "hundreds of beige cars. And stop licking my hand."

"Take me to my wife," said Zehrgut.

And so Zehrgut rushed down to the state workhouse and burst in upon Matilda, who was in the midst of polishing a prism. "Oh Matilda," he shouted, "Waltz, do not a prism make, for I earn cars of beige."

This talk of standards???????



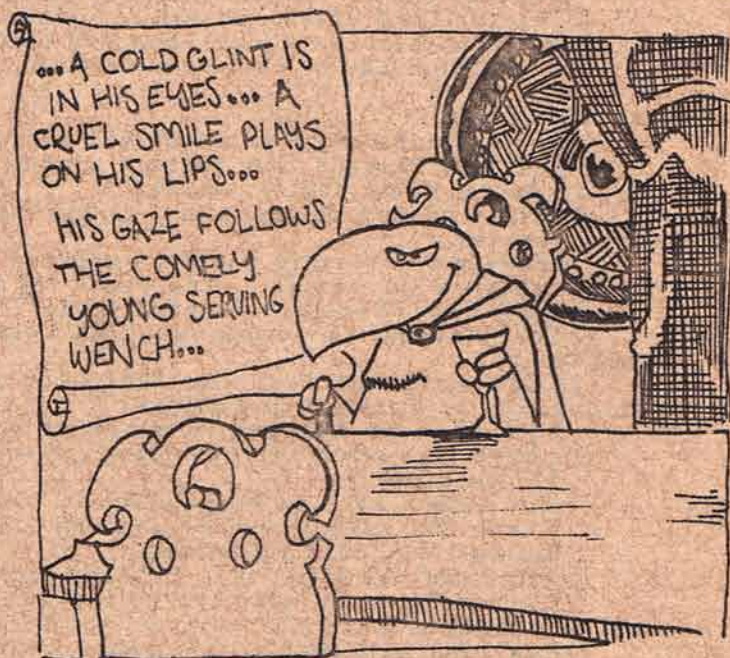
WOLFF '65



# THE LITTLE GREEN DINOSAUR

...his mighty thews of iron were,  
his sword a fiery brand,  
mighty Thongork the Barbarian,  
the champion of the bland...

Thongork's Saga's Song  
Stanza XIXII



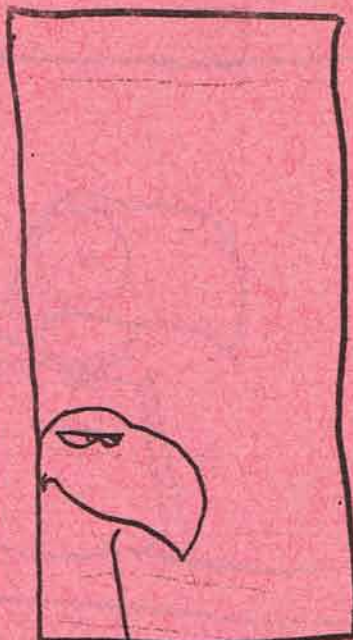
...SHE RETURNS HIS GAZE...



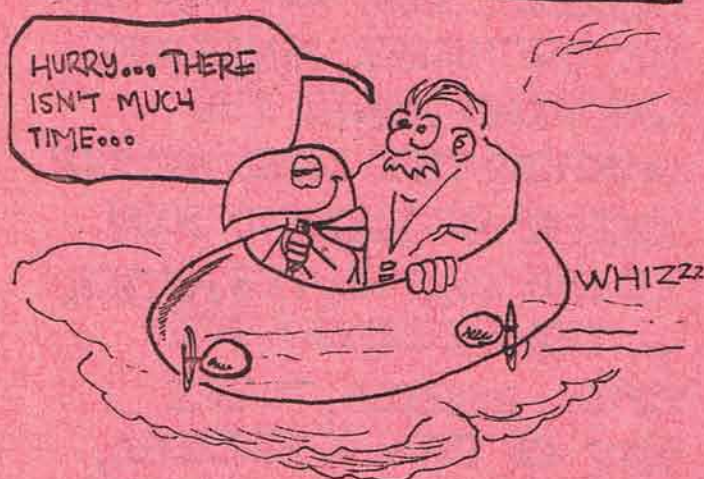
...COOLLY HE APPROACHES  
HER...



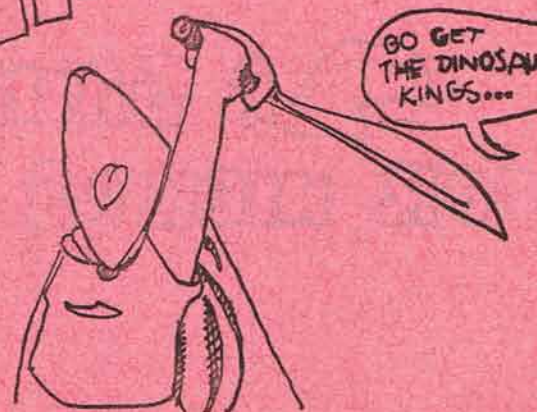




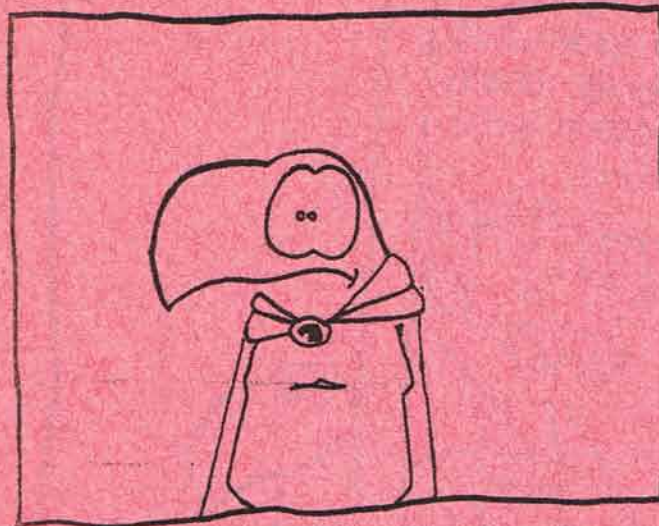
HOURS LATER...



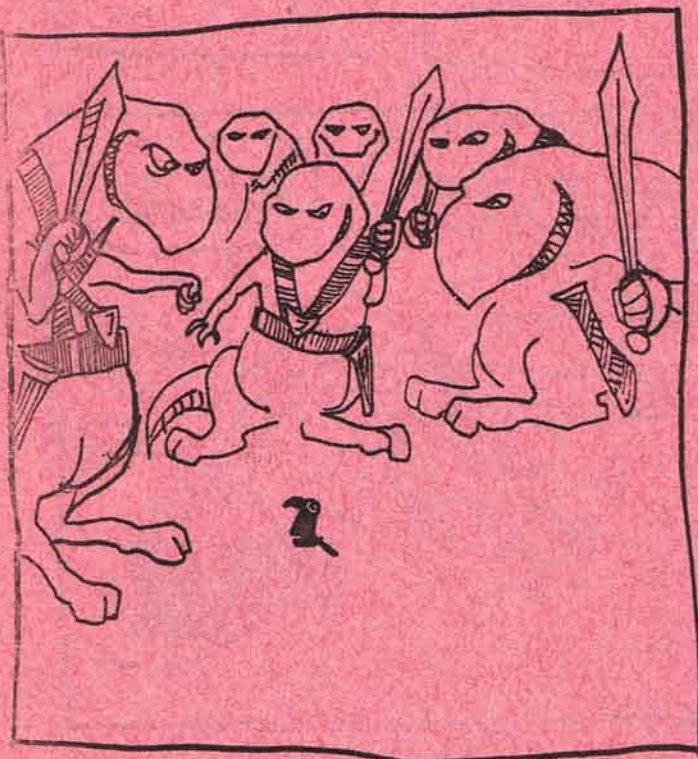
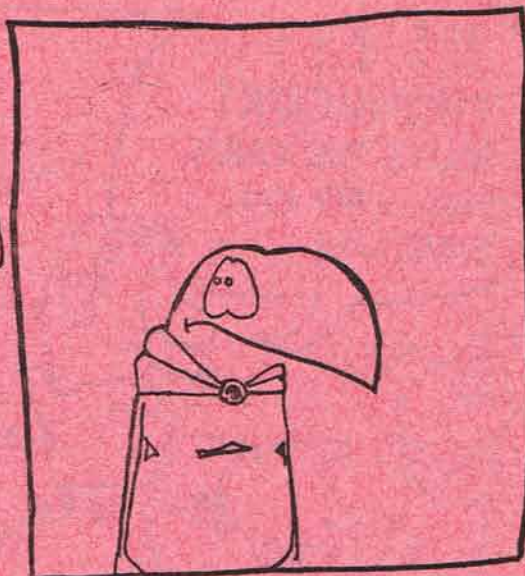
CHAA\*







DINO-  
SAUR  
KINGS  
???  
???



NOTE:

...THIS IS AS FAR AS THE  
THONGORK SAGA WAS WRITTEN...  
THE UNFINISHED MANUSCRIPT  
WAS FOUND BESIDE THE  
SMASHED TYPEWRITER AND THE  
CRUSHED AND BLEEDING BODY  
OF LON CRETIN, THE AUTHOR  
... THE POLICE ARE MYS-  
TIFIED BECAUSE, TO THE  
BEST OF THEIR KNOWLEDGE,  
THE AUTHOR HAD NO ENEMIES...

A SAURIAN ARTS CREATION  
FOR NIEKAS



**FORSAKEN INN** -- Inn one day's journey east of Bree at the time of the WR, on the Great East Road. It was the easternmost inn on that road. (I 253)

**FOUR FARTHING, THE** -- The Shire, q. v. (I 306)

**FOX DOWNS, THE** -- The Far Downs, q. v. The Fox Downs seems to have been the older, Dūnedain name. (I 24)

**FROGMORTON** -- Village in the Eastfarthing on the Great East Road, where the Floating Log, a famous inn, was located. During the WR, the Travellers were "arrested" here by a band of Shirriffs. (I 40; III 345-6)

**FRONT GATE, THE** -- The main gate of Erebor, by which Smaug entered the mountain. The River Running flowed out of it. The Front Gate was fortified by Thorin & Co before the Battle of Five Armies, and during the battle they sortied out from it. In the WR the Gate was defended by the Dwarves and the Men of Dale against the Easterlings, and before it both King Brand and King Dáin II fell with honor.

Also called "the Gate of Erebor" and "the Gate." (III 449, 468; H 33, 195-6, 230, 246-8)

**GALABAS** (Genuine Hobbitish: "game-village") -- The real name of a village in the Shire, translated as Gamwich (qv) (III 520)

**GAMWICH** -- Village in the Shire, home of Hamfast of Gamwich, paternal great-great-grandfather of Samwise Gamgee. From the name of this village came the name Gamgee.

"Gamwich" is a translation of the genuine Hobbitish "Galabas." (III 477, 520)

**GAPOF ROHAN** -- Area in Rohan between the White and the Misty Mountains. (I 338)

**GATE OF EREBOR, THE** -- The Front Gate, q. v. (III 449)

**GATE OF KINGS, THE** -- The Argonath, q. v. (II 24)

**GATE OF THE DEAD, THE** -- The Black Door, q. v. (III 69-70)

**GILRAIN** -- River in Lebennin, Gondor, flowing from the Ered Nimrais into the Bay of Belfalas just west of Ethir Anduin. Its principal tributary was the Serni. (III 14, 185)

**GIRDLEY ISLAND** -- Island in the Brandywine just above the Bridge of Stonebows. It may have been part of the Shire. (I 40)

**GLADDEN** -- River flowing east from the central Misty Mountains and emptying into Anduin in a marsh. At its source was a pass over the Mountains. (I 17, 359)

**GLADDEN FIELDS** -- Marshes at the meeting of the Gladden and Anduin. Here, in TA 2, Isildur and his army, returning to Arnor from Minas Anor, were attacked and slaughtered by a band of Orcs. Isildur and his three oldest sons were slain, the One Ring was lost, and only three men returned to Arnor. Near the Gladden Fields in the 25th Century of the Third Age lived a group of Stoors that had not gone to the Shire; among them was Smēagol. (I 17, 83, 320, 359; III 456)

**GLANDUIN** [Sind.: "--- river"]<sup>1</sup> -- River flowing west from its source in the Misty Mountains and emptying into the Mitheithel above Tharbad. The combined rivers were then called the ~~W~~Gwathlo.

Also called "Swanfleet" in Westron because of the many

<sup>1</sup>: "[ ]" represent compiler's attempt at translation.

2  
Glossary  
of  
Middle  
Earth  
By  
Bob  
Foster



swans that lived on the lower portions of the river; the two names may be linguistically identical. (III 325, 396)

GLITTERING CAVES, THE -- Aglarond, q. v. (II 195)

GOLDEN PERCH -- Inn in Stock at the time of the WR, reputed to have the best beer in the Eastfarthing. (I 128)

GOLDEN WOOD -- Lothlórien, q. v. (I 439)

GONDOLIN [Sind.: "stone-hill---"] -- City and kingdom of Elves in Beleriand in the First Age, ruled by Turgon. Here Earendil was born, and here were made the swords Glamdring, Orcrist and Sting. Gondolin fell to the forces of Morgoth in the first age. (I 319, 412; III 389; H 61, 72)

GONDOR [Sind.: "Stone-land"] -- One of the Dūnedain Kingdoms in exile, founded by Elendil in SA 3320, and committed to the joint rule of his sons Isildur and Anarion. At the height of its power, c. TA 1100, Gondor extended north to Celebrant, east to the Sea of Rhûn, south to the river Harnen inland and Umbar on the coast, and west to Gwathlo. Its chief cities were Osgiliath, Minas Anor, Minas Ithil, Dol Amroth and Pelargir. Yet from its founding Gondor was constantly attacked by Sauron or his allies; Ithilien (q. v.) was taken a number of times, until in 2002 Minas Ithil was taken and held until after the WR. This sapping of the strength of Gondor was furthered by the decadence of its people: the Kings married late and had few (if any) children, there was internal strife, and precautions against the enemies were often inadequate. Three great blows to Gondor's power were the Kin-strife, the Great Plague and the invasions of the Wain-riders (qq. v.). In 2043 King Earnur, answering a challenge from the Lord of the Nazgûl, rode to Minas Morgul and was lost. The kingdom was then ruled by the Ruling Stewards, until the time of Elessar. Also called "the South-kingdom"; "Stonelanding" and "Stoning-land" were Rohanish names. (I 16-7, 319, 321; II 363; III 394-6, 402-19, 454-62).

For more detailed historical information see also: Minas Anor, Minar Tirith, Minas Ithil, Minas Morgul; Calendarion; entries for individual Kings and Stewards (III 394-6 gives the names).

GORGOROTH [Sind.: "Haunted ---"] -- The great plateau of northwestern Mordor, a desolate land pocked and scarred with countless foul pits. Points of interest include Orodruin and the Barad-dûr. Gorgoroth was crossed by Frodo and Sam on their way to Orodruin. (I 519; II 308; III 15, 245-67)

GRAM, MOUNT -- Home of the Orcs that attacked the Shire and were defeated in the Battle of Greenfields, TA 2747. Mount Gram was probably in the Misty Mountains. (H 30)

GREAT BRIDGE, THE -- The Bridge of Stonebows, q. v. (III 402)

GREAT EAST ROAD, THE -- The road running from the Grey Havens to Rivendell, passing through the Shire and Bree. It crossed the Brandywine and Mitheithel by bridge, the Bruinen by ford.

Also called "the Great Road," "the Old Road," "the East-West Road," "the East Road," and "the Road." (I 16, 72, 189, 202ff.)

GREAT GATE OF MINAS TIRITH -- The gate in the east part of the first level of Minas Tirith, broken by the Lord of the Nazgûl during the WR. After the War, the Gate was rebuilt of mithril and steel by Gimli and the folk of Aglarond.

Also called "the Gate of the City" and "the Gate." (III 24, 25, 125, 301, 451)

GREAT GATES, THE -- The eastern gate of Khazad-dûm, facing the Dimrill Dale, built most probably in the First Age. Here Dáin II slew Azog during the Battle of Azanulbizar

(TA 2799). The gates were broken when when the Orcs retook Khazad-dûm and slew Balin's folk (2994), and had not been repaired by the time of the WR.

Also called "the Dimrill Gate" and "the Gate." (I 430; III 441, 443-4)

GREAT HALL OF FEASTS -- Merethrond, q. v. (III 312)

GREAT HALL OF THRAIN -- The main hall of Erebor. Here dwelt Smaug on his golden bed. (III 440; H 205ff.)

Also called "the Great Hall." The early British editions of H have a color plate of the Great Hall and Smaug.

GREAT HOUSE, THE -- The dwelling of the Master of Esgaroth. (H 189-91, 236)

GREAT PLACE OF THE TOOKS -- Room or hall in the Great Smials (q. v.) where the Old Took lived. After his death it was left untouched. (II 80)

GREAT RIVER, THE -- Anduin, q. v. (I 17)

GREAT ROAD, THE -- The Great East Road, q. v. (III 396)

GREAT SEA -- See: the Sea. (I 452)

GREAT SHELF, THE -- The dwelling-place of the King of the Eagles, in the Misty Mountains near the Old Forest Road. Thorin and Co. were taken here after being rescued from the Orcs and Wargs. (H 112-3)

GREAT SMIALS, THE -- Chief dwelling place of the Took, a vast series of tunnels at Tuckborough in the Green Hills begun by Isengrin II in SA 1083.

Also called "the Smials." (I 27; II 80; III 357, 459)

See also: Great Place of the Took, which may have been its chief room.

GREAT WEST ROAD -- The West Road, q. v. (III 14-5)

GREEN DRAGON -- Inn in Bywater on the Hobbiton side of the village, frequented by Hobbits from both villages. (I 72; III 350)

GREEN HILL COUNTRY -- Wooded area in East- and Southfarthing. (I 40, 107ff.) Hypnotized on I 40.

GREEN HILLS, THE -- Hills in Sough- and Westfarthing, the center of Tookland. (I 40; III 357)

GREEN HILLS, THE -- Pinnath Gelin, q. v. (III 50)

GREENHOLM -- Town or village in the Shire, on the Far Downs. Fastred, husband of Elanor Gamgee, came from there. (III 471)

GREENWAY, THE -- Name given to the road running south from Fornost through Bree to Tharbad and thence into Dunland, so called in the latter part of the Third Age because it wasn't used very much after the fall of Arnor and the desolation of Eriador.

In previous times it had been called the North Road (q. v.). (I 17, 29, 210, 336)

GREENWOOD THE GREAT -- The vast forest east of Rivendell. About TA 1050 a shadow fell on it and it was named Mirkwood (q. v.). After the WR, during which the shadow was driven out, a semblance of its old name was once more given it: Eryn Lasgalen (q. v.), which meant "the wood of green-leaves." (III 404, 408, 456)

GREYFLOOD -- Gwathlo, q. v. (I 268)

GREY HAVENS, THE -- Town and harbor of Círdan, in the Gulf of Lune, the place whence most of the grey ships set sail. It was founded TA 1. Here Gandalf landed, and here



he and the Keepers of the Rings set sail at the end of the Third Age. It is said that Cirdan stayed there until the last of the Elves sailed over Sea. Since LotR ends with Celeborn, Thranduil and the sons of Elrond still in Middle-earth, the Grey Havens must have remained in existence into the Fourth Age.

The Elvish name was the Sindarin "Mithlond," of which "Grey Havens" is a direct translation. Also called the Havens. (I 72, 74, 315; III 383, 453, 456)

**GREY MOUNTAINS, THE** -- The Ered Mithrin, q. v. (III 440)

**GREY WOOD** -- Area of greyish thickets east of Amon Dîn, in Anorien. Behind them the Rohirrim rested and assembled before their final ride to the defense of Gondor in the WR. The Grey Wood may have been part of Druadan; the map and text are not clear. (III 15, 132, 313)

**GRIMSLADE** -- Place in Rohan; home of Grimbold who fell in the Battle of the Pelennor Fields. (III 152)

**GRINDWALL** -- Village in extreme southern Buckland, outside the High Hay. (TB 9n. 1, 19)

**GULF OF LUNE** -- See: Lune, Gulf of (II 259)

**GUNBAD** -- Mountain in the northern Misty Mountains, at the time of the War of the Dwarves and Orcs (TA 2790) the northernmost Orc-hold in the Mountains, sacked by the Dwarves. It may have been the northernmost Orc-hold in the Mountains, but this is not stated. At the time of the Battle of Five Armies (2941) it was the capital of the Orcs. (I 17; III 442; H 266)

**GWATHLO** (Sind.: "Greyflood") -- Large river in Eriador formed by the meeting of the Glanduin and Hoarwell at Tharbad.

The Westron name was "Greyflood;" both were commonly used. (I 268)

**HALIFIRIEN** (Sind.: "tall-Firien") -- The seventh and last of the northern beacon towers of Gondor, located in the Firien Wood on the border of Rohan. (III 14, 20)

**HALL OF FIRE** -- Great hall in the house of Elrond, where was held the feast the evening before the Council of Elrond. Although used only on high days, a fire was kept lit there at all times. (I 303-12; II 430)

**HALL OF THE KINGS, THE** -- The Tower Hall, q. v. (III 304)

**HALLS, THE** -- The area behind Minas Tirith where were laid to rest the Kings and Stewards of Gondor, and other great of the realm. The entrance to it was the Fen Hollen (q. v.); its main street was Rath Dînen (q. v.). Here were the House of the Kings and the House of the Stewards (qq. v.).

Also called "the Tombs." (III 121-2, 153-60, 305, 313)

**HALLS OF EREBOR** -- The halls of the Kingdom under the Mountain (q. v.). (III 440)

**HARAD** (Sind.: "South") -- Name for the lands south of the River Harnen. The only things said about the lands are that it was hot there, and oliphaunts lived there. Harad seems to have been organized into many separate kingdoms, number of which were at one time or another allied with Mordor; the only one of these kingdoms names was Umbar (q. v.).

Also called Haradwaith (Sutherland in Westron). Harad was divided into Near Harad and Far Harad (qq. v.). In the Shire it was called the Sunlands. (I 17, 325, 518; II 322, 338-9; III 456)

See: Haradrim (in Races).

**HARAD ROAD** -- A road going from Ithilien into Harad, passing

over fords at the Poros and Harnen. The Harad Road was probably used by all of the land forces from Harad (and some of the Wainrider armies also) that attacked Gondor. (I 17)

**HARADWAITH** (Sind.: "south land") -- Harad, q. v. (I 17; III 403)

**HARDBOTTLE** -- Village in the Shire, home of the family of Bracegirdles of which Lobelia Sackville-Baggins was a member. (III 372)

**HARLINDON** (Sind.: "South Lindon") -- The portion of Lindon south of the Gulf of Lune. At the beginning of the Second Age Celeborn made his dwelling there for a time. (I 16; III 452)

**HARLOND** (Sind.: "south haven") -- Harbor on the southern shore of the Gulf of Lune. (I 16; III 411)

**HARLOND, THE** (Sind.: "south haven") -- Quays and landings on Anduin near Minas Tirith, used by ships coming from the lower Anduin or the Sea. Here landed Aragorn and the folk he led during the Battle of the Pelennor Fields. (III 23, 150)

**HARNEN** (Sind.: "south water") -- River flowing from the southern Ephel Dûath westward to the Bay of Belfalas, formerly (in the early TA) the boundary between Gondor and the Harad Kingdoms. (I 17; III 403)

**HARONDOR** (Sind.: "South Gondor") -- Land between the Poros and the Harnen, once part of Gondor but deserted because of Haradrim invasions. (I 17)

**HARROWDALE** -- Valley in Rohan, above Edoras and below Dunharrow. Here was held the Muster of Rohan during the WR. (III 66, 76ff.)

**HAUNTED MOUNTAIN, THE** -- Dwimorberg, q. v. (III 81)

**HAUNTED PASS, THE** -- Cirith Gorgor, q. v. (II 308)

**HAVEN OF THE ELDAR** -- Harbor and probably cith in Eressea, probably Tirion (q. v.). (III 390)

**HAVENS (OF UMBAR), THE** -- The sheltered bay in Umbar, where Ar-Pharazôn landed and humbled Sauron. Also called the Haven. The Elvish name was most probably the Sindarin "Umbarlond." See: Umbar.

**HAY, THE** -- The High Hay, q. v. (TB 9n. 1)

**HAY GATE, THE** -- The Buckland Gate, q. v. (III 342)

**HAYSEND** -- Village in southern Buckland at the mouth of the Withywindle, so called because it was at the end of the High Hay.

Also spelled "Hays-end." (I 40, 142; TB 18, 19)

**HEDGE, THE** -- The High Hay, q. v. (I 40, 155-7)

**HELM'S DEEP** -- Coomb winding into the Ered Nimrais below the Trihyrne. It was fortified and stocked with provisions, and the men of Rohan used it as a refuge in time of war. It was used during the Long Winter (TA 2758-9) by Helm, whose defense of it gave it -- and half the geographical features of the area -- its name. During the WR it was defended during the Battle of the Hornbure. In its depths were the Aglarond, and out of it flowed the Deeping Stream. Helm's Deep is sometimes used when reference is made to the whole system of fortifications in the area. (II 169ff.; III 432)

**HELM'S DIKE** -- A trench and rampart about a mile long at the upper end of the Deeping Coomb, before the Hornburg.



Over the Dike fell the Deeping Stream. (II 169ff., esp. 171)

HELM'S GATE -- The entrance to Helm's Deep, across which the Deeping Wall (q. v.) had been built. (II 169ff.)

HENNETH ANNÚN (Sind.: "Window of Sunset" or "of the West") -- Hidden refuge in Ithilien for the Rangers of Ithilien. It was built behind a waterfall, facing west, by Túrin of Gondor in TA 2901, and was manned until the WR. Frodo, Sam and Gollum were brought here during the Quest.

Both "Window of the Sunset" and "Window of the West" are good Westron translations; although both were used, the Elvish name was the most common. (II 357ff.; III 103, 416) Henneth Annún is shown only on the hard cover ROTK map.

HIGH COURT, THE -- The Court of the Fountain, q. v. (III 25)

HIGH HAY, THE -- A twenty-mile long hedge separating Buckland from the Old Forest, built by the Brandybucks to keep out the evil in the Old Forest. Also called "the Hay" and "the Hedge." (I 40, 142, 155-6)

HIGH PASS, THE -- Pass over the Misty Mountains used by Thorin and Co. It was kept open by the Beornings after TA 2941, and was used for commerce between Dale and Erebor and Eriador. The High Pass was one of the chief passes over the Mountains, about as important as the Redhorn Pass. (I 301; H 64-7, 122)

HIGH SEA, THE -- The Sea, q. v.

HILL -- One of the westernmost hills of the Barrow-downs. Under its western slopes was the house of Bombadil. (I 168, 171; TB 11)

HILL, THE -- Hill in Westfarthing, the Shire, between Hobbiton and Overhill. Bagshot Row went up it, and Bag End was built into it. (I 40, 44; H 15)

HILL OF ERECH, THE -- See: Erech. (III 73-4)

HILL OF GUARD, THE -- The eastern spur of Mindolluin, on (and out of) which Minas Anor was built. It was joined to the mountain by a narrow, well fortified ridge. (III 25)

HILL OF HEARING, THE -- Amon Lhaw, q. v. (I 510)

HILL OF ILMARIN, THE -- See: the Mountain. (I 309)

HILL OF SIGHT, THE -- Amon Hen, q. v. (I 510)

HILL OF THE EYE, THE -- Amon Hen, q. v. (I 517)

HILLS OF EVENDIM, THE -- Hills west and north of Nenuial (q. v.), or Lake Evendim, in Arnor. Probably called in Sindarin "Emyn Aduial." (I 16; III 411)

HILLS OF SCARY, THE -- See: Scary, the hills of. (III 372)

HITHAIGLIN [Sind.: "mist-mountains"] -- The Misty Mountains, q. v. (I 16-7)

HITHER SHORES, THE -- Middle-earth (q. v.), in poetical references. (I 311)

HLOTHRAN (Genuine Westron: "hloth" two roomed dwelling, plus "ran(u)", a collection of these dwellings on a hillside) -- A fairly common village-name in the Shire. No specific village is mentioned as being an Anglicization of Hlothran. (III 520)

See: "Hlothran in 'People'."

HOARWELL -- Mitheithel, q. v. (I 268)

HOBBITON -- Village in the Shire, in Westfarthing north of

the Great Road. Hobbiton was the home of Bilbo Baggins, and later Frodo. Sam Gamgee and his family also lived here. Places of note also included Bagshot Row, Bag End, the Mill and the Old Grange (qq. v.). (I 40, 43; III 365ff.)

HOBBITON ROAD -- Road running from Bywater to Hobbiton. Actually it was part of the Bywater Road (q. v.). (I 40; III 349)

See also: Pool Side.

HOLD OF DUNHARROW -- See: Dunharrow. (III 80ff.)

HOLLIN -- Eregion (q. v.). Hollin was the Westron name, and seems to be related to the fact that holly was the token of the people of that land. (I 369, 395)

HORNBURG, THE -- Fortress of Rohan in western Rohan near Helm's Deep, built by Gondo in the days of its power on the Hornrock. Such was the cunning of its construction that it was said that no enemy could take it if it were defended. Helm was besieged here in TA 2758-9, and Théoden fought the Battle of the Hornburg (q. v.) here during the WR.

The Hornburg was so named because a horn sounded from its tower echoed loudly in the winding depths of Helm's Deep behind. In times of peace it was the dwelling of the master of Westfold, who at the time of the WR was Erkenbrand. (II 169ff.; III 432)

HORNROCK, THE -- Rock upon which was built the Hornburg. The Hornrock was at the end of the black spur of the Thirlyrne which formed the northern wall of Helm's Deep. (III 6)

HOUSE OF THE KINGS, THE -- Building in the Hallows (q. v.) of Minas Tirith where were laid to rest the Kings of Gondor. Here was kept the crown of Gondor, on the breast of Earnil, until the coming of Elessar.

The beds of Meriadoc and Peregrin were set beside that of Elessar in the House of the Kings when he died (FA 120) (III 427, 472)

HOUSE OF THE STEWARDS, THE -- Building in the Hallows (q. v.) of Minas Tirith where the Stewards of Gondor were laid to rest. Here during the WR Denethor II burned himself but was prevented from doing the same to his son Faramir. (III 122, 155-61)

HOUSES OF HEALING -- Building in Minas Tirith where the ill and wounded were tended (also known as a hospital, but the circumlocation sounds more elevated). It was built against the east wall of whatever level it was on, and had a fair tree-girt garden. During the WR Aragorn treated Eowyn, Faramir, Merry and a multitude of the soldiers of Gondor and Rohan here, and in the garden Faramir and Eowyn plighted their troth. (III 161, 165-80, 291-300)

ICE BAY OF FOROCHEL, THE -- See: Forochel, the Ice Bay of. (I 17)

ILMARIN [Sind. ? -- "home--"] -- In the Undying Lands (q. v.) either the palace of the Elder King, the land including Tirion and the Mountain, or possibly the Mountain itself. (I 309, 310, 482)

See: the Mountain.

IMLAD MORGUL [Sind.: "Valley of Black Magic"] -- Valley in the Ephel Duath in which was Minas Ithil (or Morgul) (qq. v.). Down it flowed Morgulduin (q. v.), and on either side of the stream were pale noisome flowers. A path on north side of the valley led to Cirith Ungol; Frodo, Sam and Gollum passed that way. During the WR the Captains of the West set fire to the meadows and broke the bridge across Morgulduin leading to Minas Morgul, but even after the fall of Sauron the terror of the valley was such that it could not be occupied.

The Westron name was "Morgul Vale" or "Morgulvale", which was a direct translation of the Elvish name; also cal



led "the Valley of the Wraiths" and "the valley of Living Death." (II 388, 397ff.; III 15, 197-8, 305)

IMLADRIS [Sind.: "Valley-river"] -- Rivendell, q. v. (I 323)

IMLOTH MELUI [Sind.: "--flower---"] -- Valley, perhaps in Lossarnach, in Gondor, noted for the fragrance and excellence of its roses; the home of Ioreth and her kin. (III 173)

INLAND SEA, THE -- The Sea of Rhûn, q. v. (III 43)

IRENSAGA -- A saw-toothed mountain of the Ered Nimrais. It formed the north wall of Dunharrow. (III 81)

IRON HILLS, THE -- Hills east of Erebor, first settled by Grór third son of Dáin I after the desertion of the Ered Mithrin because of dragons (TA 2590). The Dwarves of the Iron Hills under Náin, coming late to the field, turned the tide of the battle of Azanulbizar (TA 2799). In 2943, 500 Dwarves under Dáin II came to Erebor to support Thorin's claim to the hoard of Smaug, but ended up fighting in the Battle of Five Armies instead. Dáin then became King under the Mountain and the Iron Hills passed out of record, although they may still have been inhabited at the time of the WR. (I 17; III 440, 443-4, 448; H 246, 256-7, 263-5)

ISEN -- River flowing from Nan Curunír south through the gap of Rohan, then west to the Sea. During the WR, the Ents diverted its waters for a while in order to flood Isengard. (I 16; II 198-202; III 431n, 1)

See: Fords of Isen; Battle of the Fords of Isen.

ISENGARD -- Fortress built by Gondor in the days of its power in Nan Curunír. It consisted of a natural circular stone wall, strengthened by the Dúnedain, inside of which was a broad plaza and Orthanc (q. v.). It had only one gate, facing south.

When Calenardhon was given to the Rohirrim, Isengard was kept by Gondor, but it was deserted. Around TA 2700 it was taken by the Dunlandings, but they were driven out in 2759. In that year Saruman (q. v.), with the permission of Beren the Steward of Gondor, went there to live, and in 2963 he took it for his own and began to fortify it. He replaced the grass of the plaza with stone walks and hidden pits, and smoke rose into the air above Isengard. There he housed Orcs, evil Men, wolves, etc., until, during the WR, Isengard was attacked and demolished by the Ents. They renamed it the Treegarth of Orthanc after planting trees in the broad plaza.

Called in Sindarin "Angrenost," of which "Isengard" was an exact Westron (?) translation. Also called "the Ring of Isengard," which seems to refer to the walls, specifically. (I 338; II 203ff.; III 317, 416, 417, 432, 433-4, 460, 462)

ISENMOUTHE -- Pass in Mordor between Gorgoroth and Udûn, at the meeting of the Ephel Dûath and Ered Lithui.

Called in Sindarin "Carach Angren," of which Isenmouthe is a direct Westron translation. (III 15, 241, 251)

ISLES OF THE WEST, THE -- See: the Undying Lands. (III 424)

ITHILIEN [Sind.: "Moon-land"] -- Fair land in Gondor between Anduin and the Ephel Dûath, bounded in the south by the river Poros, probably once the fief of Isildur (cf. Anárion and Anórien). Ithilien bore the brunt of the attacks on Gondor from the east and south, beginning in SA 3429 when Sauron took Minas Ithil and forced Isildur to flee. In TA 2002, the capture of Minas Ithil by the Nazgûl caused many of the inhabitants of Ithilien to flee, and more fled in 2901 when Mordor-Uruks began to attack them. The desertion was not complete until 2954, when Mount Doom burst again into flame. Before this time, secret refuges like Henneth Annûn had been built, and the Rangers of Ithilien fought a guerilla war against the forces of evil. By the time of the WR, the devastations of the Orcs were readily noticeable, and the Shadow was thickening over Ithilien, but much of

the land was still fair and pollen-perfumed. Frodo, Sam and Gollum walked through the northern half of Ithilien on the Quest. After the WR, Faramir became Prince of Ithilien and dwelt in Emyr Arnem, and Legolas and some of his folk dwelt there and Ithilien became once more the fairest country in all the Westlands.

Ithilien comes ultimately from the older Sindarin name "Ithiliend." (I 322; II 325ff.; III 14-5, 413, 414ff., 451, 461, 462)

IVY BUSH, THE -- Tavern on road between Hobbiton and Bywater. (I 44)

KARNINGUL -- Genuine Westron name for Rivendell (q. v.), meaning "riven-dell." (III 515)

KELOS -- See: Celos. (III 14)

KHAND -- Realm southwest of Mordor, whence came the Vangriags (q. v.) that fought against Gondor in TA 1944 and during the WR. (I 17; III 148, 409)

KHAZAD-DÛM (Dwarvish: "Dwarves' mansion") -- The caves and excavations in the Misty Mountains near Azanulbizar, delved beneath Barazinbar, Zirak-zigil and Bundushathûr, first settled by Durin early in the First Age. There he and his folk made their homes, delving deeply and carving fair halls. At the end of the First Age Khazad-Dûm was enriched by skilled Dwarves coming from Ered Luin. In the Second Age mithril was discovered and the Noldor came to Erebor to trade for it. About this time the West-gate was built. When Erebor was destroyed the gates were closed and Khazad-dûm survived through the Dark Years (but how did they get food?). In TA 1980 the Dwarves, following a vein of mithril beneath Barazinbar, released a Balrog from his prison there. He slew Durin VI and his son Náin I, and the next year Khazad-dûm was deserted. About 2480 Sauron began to people it with Orcs, who in 2790, under their king Azog, murdered Thrór when he returned there. Seeking revenge for this, three years later the Dwarves fought the Battle of Azanulbizar outside the East-gate, but Dain II, after looking inside, sensed the presence of Durin's Bane and refused to enter. Balin recolonized Khazad-dûm in 2989, but the Orcs counter-attacked and the colony was destroyed in 2994. The Fellowship passed through Khazad-dûm in January, 3019, recovering the journal of Balin's colony; Gandalf cast down the Balrog. There is no record of a resettlement of Khazad-dûm in the Fourth Age, even though Durin's Bane was gone.

The main part of Khazad-dûm consisted of many high halls on a number of levels; halls mentioned include the 21st hall of North end (on the 7th Level), the 2nd Hall (in the First Deep, one level below the gates), and the First Hall (in which were the gates).

In olden times the kingdom of Khazad-dûm included also Azanulbizar. The Elvish (Sindarin) name was "Moria," which meant "black chasm." Westron names were "the Dwarrowdelf" ("Phurunargian" in genuine Westron), "the Black Pit" and "the Black Chasm," translations of the Dwarvish and Elvish names. Also called "the Mines of Moria" or "the Mines" by Elves and Men. (I 316, 370, 402-3; II 134-III 438-9, 442, 444, 458, 459, 462, 519)

See: West-gate, the Great Gates, Durin's Bridge, Chamber of Mazarbul, Durin's Tower, Endless Stair, Durin, the Balrog

KHELED-ZÁRAM [Dwarvish: "the Mirrormere"] -- Lake in Azanulbizar. Here, in the First Age, Durin I looked into the lake and saw seven stars in the pattern of a crown reflected over his head. These stars could be seen at any time of the day ever after, and the lake was always smooth. Although the surrounding mountains were also reflected in the lake, the faces of those that looked in could not be seen. Frodo and Gimli looked in Kheled-záram during the Quest.

Called by men "Mirrormere," which perhaps was a direct translation of the Dwarvish. (I 370, 411, 412, 432-4)



**KIBIL-NĀLA** (Dwarvish) -- Either the River Celebrant (q. v.) or the springs in Azanulbizar that gave it birth. These springs were icy cold. (I 370-1, 461)

**KINGDOM UNDER THE MOUNTAIN** -- The Dwarf-realm in Erebor (q. v.). (III 448)

**KING'S COURT** -- Court in Númenor in the royal palace, where grew the White Tree, Nimloth. (III 484)

**KING'S HOUSE** -- The royal palace of Gondor, originally in Osgiliath but removed to Minas Anor by King Tarondor in TA 1640. (III 457)  
See: the White Tower.

**KIRIL** -- See: Ciril. (III 14)

**KIRIL UNGOL** -- See: Cirith Ungol. (III 15)

**LAKE-TOWN** -- Esgaroth, q. v. (H 172)

**LAMEDON** (Sind.) -- Part of Gondor, the land around the headwaters of the Ciril. The chief town seems to have been Calembel. (III 14, 50, 75)

**LAMPWRIGHT'S STREET** -- Rath Celerdain, q. v. (III 46)

**LAND OF SHADOW** -- Mordor, q. v. (I 526)

**LANGSTRAND** -- Anfalas, q. v. (I 16)

**LAST BRIDGE, THE** -- The Bridge of Mitheithel, q. v. (I 268)

**LAST DESERT, THE** -- Probably imaginary place mentioned by Bilbo to show his bravery. According to him it was in the far East, and had wild Were-worms. (H 31)

**LAST HOMELY HOUSE (EAST OF THE SEA), THE** -- The house of Elrond in Rivendell, so called because it was the easternmost house of the Eldar in Middle-earth. It was a perfect house for anything one wished to do.  
Called also "the house of Elrond." (I 296-7ff.; H 60)  
See also: the Hall of Fire.

**LAST MOUNTAIN, THE** -- Methedras, q. v. (H 92)

**LAST SHORE, THE** -- The shore of Eressea, in Legolas' song about the Sea. (III 289)  
See: the Undying Lands.

**LAURELINDORINAS** (Sind.: "Land of the Valley of Singing Gold") -- The original name for Lothlórien, q. v. (H 88)

**LEBENNIN** [Sind.] -- Area in Gondor, roughly comprising those lands watered by the Gilrain, Serni, Celos, Sirith and Erui. Its folk were of mixed blood, and many looked more like the short, swarthy original inhabitants of Gondor than the Men of Númenor. (III 14-5, 23)

**LEFNUI** [Sind.] -- River in western Gondor flowing south and west from the western Ered Nimrais into the Sea. (I 16)

**LHÛN** [Sind.] -- River in western Eriador flowing south from the northern Ered Luin. It and its tributaries drained all the land between the Ered Luin and the Hills of Evendim. It flowed into the Gulf of Lune at the Grey Havens, and marked the western boundry of Arnor.  
"Lune" was the Westron name, and was an alteration of the Elvish name. (I 16; III 396, 515)

**LIMLIGHT** -- River flowing from Fangorn into Anduin. It marked the northern boundry of Rohan. (I 17, 493)

**LINDON** [Sind.: "singing -- or song -- plus 'on'"] -- Elvish lands of the Second, Third and Fourth Ages, located west of the Ered Luin. Lindon, divided into Forlindon and Harlindon (qq. v.) by the Gulf of Lune, was all that remained of Beleriand (q. v.), and was founded S. A. 1. Most of the High-elves remaining in Middle-earth lived here, where they were led by Gil-galad and Círdan. The Grey Havens (q. v.) were in Lindon.

In S. A. 1700, Gil-galad, fearing an attack from Sauron who had overrun all of Eriador, appealed for aid to Númenor, and Tar-Minastir sent a fleet to Lindon which drove Sauron out of Eriador. During the Third Age Círdan helped the Dúnedain of Arnor as best he could in the wars against Angmar. (III 383-4, 396, 452, 453, 454)

**LINHIR** [Sind.] -- Town in Lebennin, Gondor, above the mouth of the Gilrain. Here, during the WR, men of Lebennin contested the fords with invaders from Harad and Umbar; the battle ended when the terror of the Dead, who were riding with Aragorn, came upon both sides. (III 184-5)

**LITHLAD** [Sind.: "ash-plant"] -- One of the great plains of Mordor, either in the southwest (Nurn) or the east. (II 308)

**LITTLE DELVING** -- Village in the northwest Westfarthing. (I 40)

**LOCKHOLES, THE** -- Storage tunnels in Michel Delving. During the Occupation of the Shire they were used as a prison for dissident Hobbits, and also as a storage-place for much of the looted food taken by the ruffians. The name seems to have been given by the ruffians. (III 348, 356; TB 42)

**LONE-LANDS, THE** -- Name given the lands between the Forsaken Inn (?) and Rivendell. (H 43)

**LONELY MOUNTAIN, THE** -- Erebor, q. v. (I 366)

**Longbottom** -- Village in the Southfarthing, the Shire. About SR 1070, Tobold Hornblower here grew, for the first time in the Shire, pipe-weed. A famous strain of week, Longbottom Leaf, was grown here. (I 28)

**LONG CLEEVE** -- Village in the Shire, birth-place of Diamond Cleeve, wife of Peregrin Took. (III 471)

**LONG LAKE, THE** -- Lake east of Mirkwood, into which flowed the Forest River and the River Running. The River Running flowed out again over a waterfall at the southern end of the lake. On the lake was built Esgaroth (q. v.).  
Perhaps called in Sindarin "Annen." (H 13, 184-5, 194)

**LÖRIEN** -- See: Lothlórien. (I 300)

**LOSSARNACH** -- Area of Gondor, comprising probably the mountain vale or vales just southwest of Minas Tirith.  
Also called Arnach. "Arnach" was of pre-Númenorean origin; perhaps Lossarnach was also, although it could be a mixed name. (III 23, 152, 508)

**LOST ISLE, THE** -- See: the Undying Lands. (III 289)

**LOTHLÖRIEN** (Sind.: "Dream-flower") -- Elven realm of Anduin, around the meeting of the Celebrant with the Great River, ruled by Celeborn and Galadriel, who dwelt in Caras Galadon (qq. v.). The mallorn (q. v.) woods of Lōrien were protected from the Shadow by the power of Galadriel, and here alone in Middle-earth was the true beauty and nature of Elvenhome preserved after the First Age. (And that's as much as I can say about the nature of Lōrien.)

[cont. page 28]

Page references are to the Ballantine paperback editions of The Hobbit, the Lord of the Rings, and the Tolkien Reader.

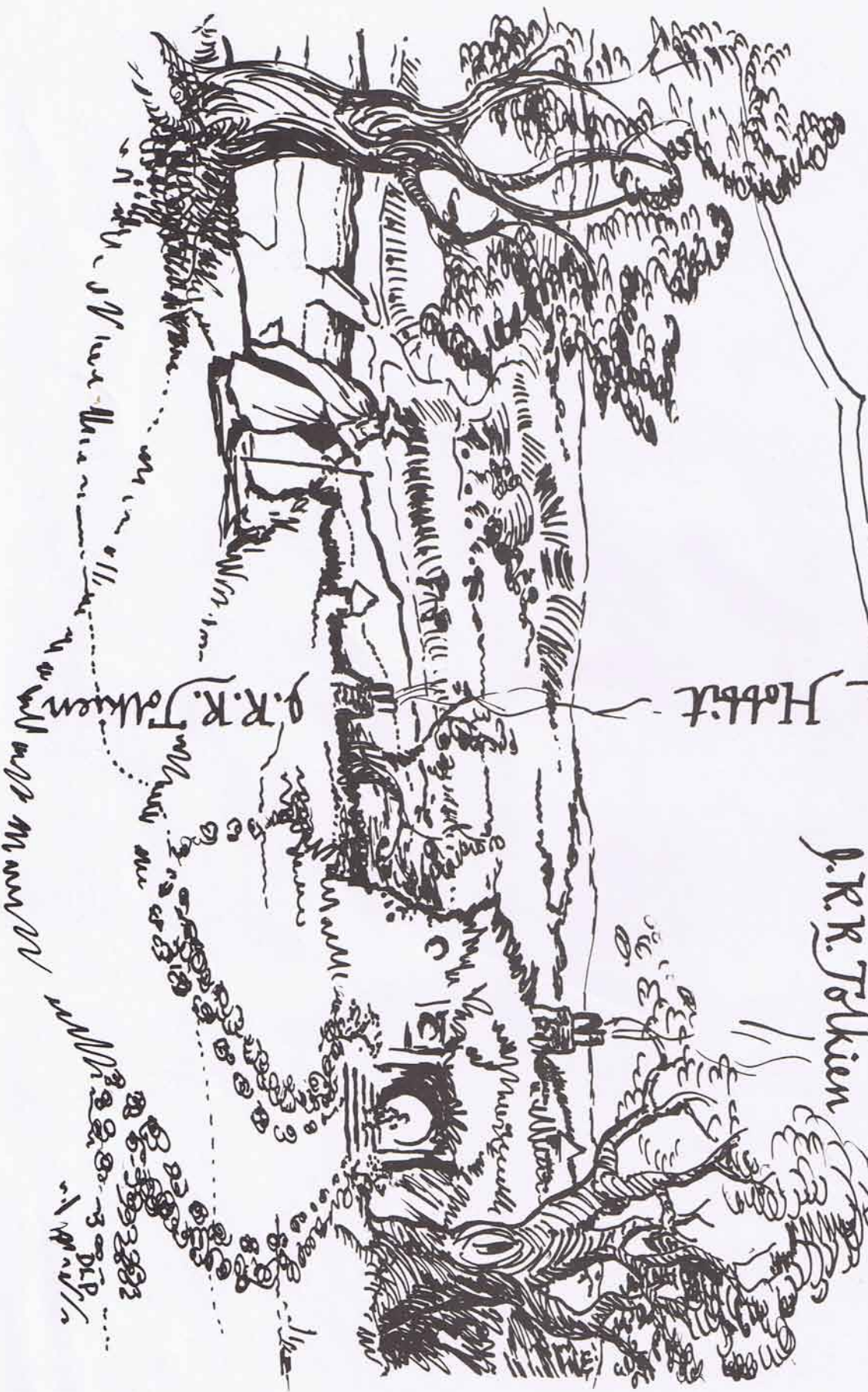
On the next page appears the first of a set of 4 dust-jackets drawn by Diana L Paxson, designed to fit the paperback edition of LotR. Others will appear in future NIEKAI, and sets printed on larger paper will be made available for those who don't want to cut up their copies of NIEKAS.



cut or fold here

# The Hobbit

J.R.R. Tolkien



cut or fold here



# INTERFERENCE on my WAVELENGTH

John Brunner

*An edited and slightly abridged version  
of an address given at the 24th World SF Convention*

Last time I spoke at an American convention, when I stood in for E.E. Smith at Oakland in 1964, I was directly succeeded on the platform by Harlan Ellison, who said it was like trying to follow a performing seal act. Doubtless that's why this year he beat me to it -- though, of course, he does have local contacts and knows what strings to pull.

In any case, he talked a great deal of sense the other day, and covered a lot of points I was planning to make. I'm still going to make them, nonetheless.

If you're expecting something meaty and philosophical like the talk I gave in London last year, you'll be disappointed. This time I'm proposing to talk about personal matters. The favourite subject of virtually all writers is themselves, and I'm no exception.

Buried out there among you lot are a few people who actually read SF, and I'm sure you've often wondered why there's such a lot of half-good material in the field. By half-good, I mean -- e.g. -- a good idea poorly plotted into a story, or a good plot let down by inadequate characterisation. Well, one reason for this is that I'm so prolific... Another is the natural incompetence of authors; as channels for inspiration we make good drinking straws. But there is one additional contributing factor I want to bring to your attention, because unless you're familiar with the mechanics of the publishing business or hear authors utter a complaint like this one you may not realise just how much interference goes between you and what the writer originally put on paper.

The fact is, some of our finest writers have had their work mucked about nearly as badly as say Harlan and other Hollywood writers suffer from producers and directors. (Scripts, of course, aren't really written; they proliferate by fission -- unclear fission.)

Here's James Blish on the subject of editorial interference in science fiction: an extract from pp. 76-77 of The Issue at Hand (Advent: Publishers).

"I have said enough about Bradbury... to make it plain that I am not unqualifiedly admiring of his work... I now find myself in the position of feeling required to defend him from one of his most passionate admirers -- and not only Bradbury, but any writer of minimal competence.

"... We find (Kendell Foster) Crossen wishing upon Bradbury the services of some 'creative editor', like Maxwell Perkins, the man who gave Thomas Wolfe's novels what small shape they possess. This is about equivalent to saying that Crossen loves Bradbury so much that he can wish him nothing better than an advanced case of smallpox. The fact of the matter is that for every writer like Wolfe who could be helped by a Perkins, there must be a thousand who wish that Perkins had been torpedoed in his crib... Actually, of course, not one editor in 600 knows enough about writing to justify him trying to explain,



even to a beginning writer, anything more complicated than which end of the sentence is supposed to have a period on it...

"The science fiction field is no more overrun with these prickamice than is the rest of the book and magazine industry, but it's no less infested, either. Every time an established editor leaves a magazine and a previous underling ascends to the gold-plated potty, the former office boy gets the Perkins fever (one major symptom of which is a tendency to refer to Thomas Wolfe as 'Tom'), and decides that every writer he deals with is going to have to relearn the craft in order to satisfy him."

I once read out that excerpt at a PEN meeting in London, on the subject "Editing the Writer -- Is It a Danger?", and everyone, including some very distinguished names, applauded it.

From speakers earlier at this Convention we've had sundry examples of editorial idiocy in SF; let me just cite three which appear to me particularly horrible, and add some personal experiences which are not generally known. It was away back in 1933 that Edmond Hamilton wrote a fine short story called What's it Like Out There?; it did not appear in print until 1952. (If you look it up in Damon Knight's anthology A Century of Science Fiction I think you'll at once appreciate why this neglect was so disgraceful.) Philip Jose Farmer's The Lovers, which established him as a major figure in the field, was returned from Galaxy in Horace Gold's day with the comment: "I'll publish this if you can get rid of the sex -- I run a family magazine!" And never let it be forgotten that Ray Bradbury first achieved print not in any of the field leaders, but in that rock-bottomest of pulps, Planet Stories.

I suffered at Horace Gold's hands, too. I sold him precisely one story, Elected Silence (which he called Silence). It had a switch ending when it left my desk, which gave it its entire point, and as it appears in my collection of short stories, No Future In It (Doubleday) it still does. But Horace took the switch out, leaving the story without any point whatsoever... Nothing else of mine appeared in Galaxy until there had been a change of editors.

But I'm aiming my shafts primarily at book editors, because I write so little short material nowadays. By courtesy of Dick Wilson, I've been loaned one of the MSS which Ace have mucked about with: a prime example of how to turn MS into MESS. (This was the book which appeared as Day of the Star Cities, the key plot-element of which was the return through time of one of the characters from the mid-point of the action to the moment at which the love commenced. The editor responsible for preparing it for the printer cut out the first three pages in toto, removing along with the rest of my introduction the description of this character's journey through time, thus making the associated passage in the middle of the story wholly incomprehensible and irrelevant. What is more, he had the gall to argue with me later on during the Con!

The title, incidentally, is banal, inappropriate, and not my own. Ace once received from me a novel which I called The Spy from Earth, and renamed it The Super Barbarians. The next one was called Usurpers' Planet, and they changed that to Secret Agent of Terra!

The worst of all, however, was a thing called Castaways' World, the only book I've ever had published with the title misprinted on the spine. This was so mercilessly chopped to bits that I wrote to all the SF reviewers disclaiming responsibility for it and begging them not to notice it.

To select but one of many disasters that overtook that book: I populated the alien planet on which the refugees from Zarathustra landed with an elaborate flora and fauna, including a sort of bird which left gummy droppings everywhere. Those birds were carefully planted during the opening section so that when a trouble-maker among the refugees threatened to force a split at a general discussion meeting one of them could save the



situation by shitting on his head. Every last reference to those birds was taken out, so that when the big scene arrived they materialised from nowhere as though I were an incompetent hack grabbing a notion out of thin air.

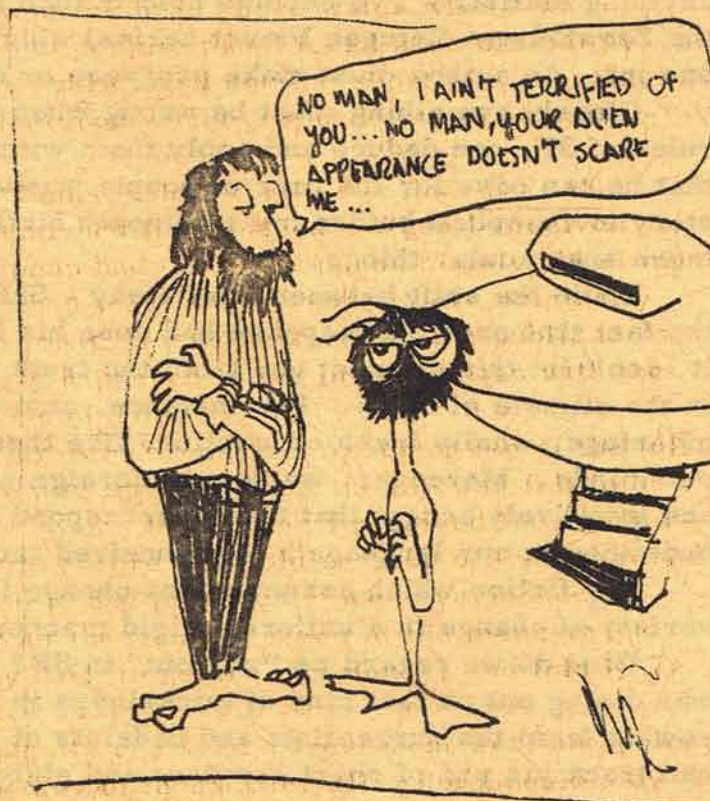
I owe a good deal to Ace, whose money kept my head above water when I was scuffling to make a living as a neophyte author, but despite that I feel I have ultimately been driven to make the nature of my complaints public, and nothing short of a guarantee that my books will appear in print uncut and undoctored would persuade me to submit to them again.

They were not, alas, unique, however. I once sold a thriller called Wear the Butcher's Medal to Pocket Books, a very distinguished firm indeed. When I received proofs, I discovered that some editorial nincompoop had changed approximately 124 of my punctuation marks, and in 120 of these 124 cases had made them wrong where originally they were right. Fortunately I was able to insist that they be restored at the publisher's expense. And a worse case yet was what recently happened to me in connection with the book version of my F&SF serial, The Productions of Time.

On this, I received from New American Library a contract assuring me of the full advance on signature -- a sure indication, one would imagine, that the MS was felt to be in perfectly satisfactory shape. However, a few weeks later when I received the counter-signed copies of the agreement, I was told that they were withholding \$500 of the promised advance until I'd made some changes which (quote) "had previously been overlooked" -- changes which would have involved rewriting about the first 30 pages of the manuscript. I tore the contract in half, instructed my bank to return the money, and told NAL to go to hell.

I'm pleased to report that I have subsequently received a fresh contract, an apology and the original advance in full. There won't be any changes after all. But I could only afford to do this because (a) I had some money in the bank to tide me over, and (b) I had sufficient confidence in the book to be certain it would place elsewhere. A less well established writer would probably have had to submit to this cavalier treatment, despite the fact that the publisher was proposing to renege on a contract which the firm, not the author, had drafted.

At this point I should remark that not all editors are either bad or stupid. I was once a publisher's editor myself for a couple of years, so I know there must be exceptions. And indeed I once had first-rate treatment from Don Bensen at Pyramid Books, to whom I submitted the MS of a serial from New Worlds. He returned it with many pages of cogent comment, on the basis of which I rewrote it completely and added about 10,000 words of fresh material, making the end product much stronger than it had been before. (This was The Dreaming Earth.) I only wish I could have had similar co-operation from all the editors I've dealt with; it would have saved me from publishing much of that half-good material I was talking about earlier.





Essentially what I'm driving at is this. Unless an editor is more literate, more cultured, better educated, more intelligent and preferably handsomer than me, I don't see why he should muck about with my work to the detriment of my intentions and your enjoyment.

You've probably caught on to the fact that I think SF is less good than it ought to be, less stimulating, and less vigorous in its adaptation to the changing climate of ideas both literary and technological. If I seem to be echoing Harlan, that's because to my mind this is the most burning subject in the field today.

One reason for this shortcoming lies in interference, not only on my wavelength but on that of every working SF writer, and not only by editors but also by you lot out there. Pay attention! I love you madly, but I'd love you with even wilder passion if the sad truth were not that the hard-core SF audience is woefully conservative and indeed introverted.

I'm prolific. I'm a wordsmith, and an entertainer. And because I'm lazy the thing I need like a pair of extra elbows is encouragement to stay as I am instead of working to become a better writer. Here's an instance of what I mean when I talk about introversion in SF. You all know and respect the work of Jack Williamson, Ed Hamilton, Sprague de Camp and the other "senior citizens" of our field; in this year's programme booklet there's an obituary essay on the late Doc Smith. WHERE IN HELL is the centenary essay on H.G. Wells, who was born just 100 years ago, who if he were alive could give cards and spades to most of our leading writers, and whose spiritual heirs we all are? It appears to me that if I hadn't offered a \$10 prize for the best costume based on a Wells story he would not have been mentioned at all, despite my having written three times to the Con committee with ideas about how they could commemorate the occasion. And the final straw for me has been that the committee forgot to award the prize I'd donated! (I hereby apologise, again, to everyone who was inconvenienced by this; it was not my fault, I promise you.)

It is stifling for authors to be judged wholly by the internal standards of the field, never by those applicable to fiction in general. That's introversion for you... As to conservatism: I'd exemplify that by the fact that the rules and forms of the genre are so rigid that merely by being exposed to them as a reader - not by taking a writing course, or anything similar - I've become able to turn out books on a standard pattern (for example, the Zarathustra Refugee Planet series) which as a writer do not advance my craft ability one jot. An author must make progress or die his creative death.

Clearly something must be wrong when someone like myself, never having studied the rules of SF, can deduce and apply them within a short time of commencing so successfully that he can pass for the peer of people who've been doing it for years. I sold my first story to Campbell before my eighteenth birthday, and Cyril Kornbluth did similar but far more spectacular things.

While the shift between - let's say - Shakespeare and Shaw can be partly attributed to the fact that once Shakespeare had done his bit there was no point in someone else rehashing it, don't let this distract you from the truth that there exists a real change, a real advance, in the climate of ideas. For instance, new words enter the language, old words shift their meanings, wholly fresh conceptions like those derived from Freudian psychology enlarge our minds. Moreover, we borrow foreign words like sympathique, ambiance and gestalt, and intuitively accept that these correspond to a real area of human experience hitherto undefined in our language's preconceived terminology.

Any fiction which assumes that change is confined to externals, and treats that single variety of change in a uniform, rigid manner, is moribund.

What do we regard as "way out" in SF? Bester's Demolished Man? But Philip Wylie was dining out on that kind of tricksiness in Finnley Wrenn, vintage 1934, and he was borrowing from the surrealists and dadaists of an earlier day! Vonnegut's work? But you can trace his use of short chapters and elaborate flashbacks clear through to Sterne's



Tristram Shandy, of which Volume 1 appeared on the 1st January 1760!

Granted, Sterne was still in a position to help invent the form of the English novel -- it wasn't yet fixed. Nonetheless he used gimmicks (chapters consisting of only the heading the rest of the page being blank; a marbled endpaper integrated so deeply into the structure that the current British paperback edition which I have has to print a facsimile of it) which we are still deceived into thinking of as "new".

And we've taken away from our writers precisely that freedom which Sterne enjoyed: that of unbridled, exuberant inventiveness. This is not true of the mainstream to anything like such an extent. About the most advanced item, speaking technically, that I've ever sold was a stream-of-consciousness short story (Protect me from my Friends) told in the first person by a telepath; F&SF bought it. I think I might now conceivably sell a similar story at novel length, but only as a book - serialisation would probably be dismissed out of hand. Yet in the mainstream Protect me from my Friends would be recognised - rightly as falling into an established category, perhaps even as being "old hat".

We are unbelievably heavily conditioned by the old pulp traditions; we still accept that if you shoot the sheriff on the first page you can't go wrong. (Note, incidentally, that I'm strictly concentrating on literary form, not on subject matter - the question of taboos is outside the scope of this talk.)

And when I say "we", I mean readers as well as writers. The full title of the Hugo, to take a glaring example, is "an achievement award". Can you imagine something like Anthony Burgess's A Clockwork Orange making the short list for the Hugo? I can't. Yet I'm damned certain that that novel is more of an "achievement" in the literal sense than the books which do get Hugos!

Take this as an illustration of the fact that unless we're careful a lot of our really able writers are going to drift out of the field because they feel their writing muscles are not being properly stretched. I've already indicated that my own reaction is of that type. Though SF possesses a unique fascination for me, I also think it puts me on familiar, inflexible, commuter-train rails, whereby one may cover a vast mileage yet never actually do any travelling.

What I need is not rails to guide me, but a compass, which will keep me on the right heading and still allow me to follow any side route which may take my interest. Currently I'm trying to invert some of the standard SF assumptions, merely to free myself from my own ingrained habits. You'll perhaps have noticed that The Productions of Time is structured differently from the conventional SF novel, which begins at an arbitrary future point and follows arbitrary lines of development to a tied-with-a-ribbon conclusion. Instead, in Productions and my next novel Quicksand (due from Doubleday in the States), I'm trying to work outwards from a perfectly contemporary setting to an SF payoff dictated by the logic of the argument, which tips the reader over a precipice and leaves him falling.

But if a writer, however unsuccessfully he - like myself - may be trying to explore new pathways, is to have any hope of fulfilling his intention, he does need guidance, of a calibre which at present seems not to be available.

I must make one tentative exception to this generalisation. When Samuel R. Delany was in London recently he went to see Michael Moorcock of New Worlds, and reported that this was the first time he'd ever come away from visiting an editor with his head so buzzing with ideas he couldn't write them all down. Compare what writers of what one may now call the earlier generation say about John Campbell; it is not inconceivable, to my mind, that Mike Moorcock may eventually be as great and fruitful an influence in his own fashion as John has been.

You see, SF must go where the speculation is fiercest, or die. "Engineering" SF is a thing of the past; the rockets are off the drawing-boards and up there in orbit, and the



speculation has shifted towards the "soft" sciences - psychology, anthropology and sociology. The coming writers and the most adaptable of the established ones recognise this truism. Perhaps that's why New Worlds is better loved by writers than by readers; they realise that even if it isn't a great magazine, its disappearance would leave a New Worlds -shaped hole, and nothing else could fill the gap.

I wouldn't regard myself as a member of the (so-called) British School of SF - I haven't a tenth of the originality of J.G. Ballard, for instance -- but I'm convinced that this is an important, indeed indispensable, trend, and I want people to know how I as a craftsman feel about this pressure on me to repeat what I've already learned how to do, almost in my sleep.

I'm not denigrating SF. Please understand that if I didn't love my field I'd quit it. But, as with anything one cherishes, one cannot help feeling wistful about its imperfections. While one may appreciate the reasons for them, one must also hunt around for ways to amend them without impairing the appeal of the field. I assume this is your attitude also, and I hope I've given you a little insight into the viewpoint of one writer who's been a reader and fan of SF since he was six years old.

Thank you for being such an attentive audience.

#### POSTNOTE

I was taken to task by Lester del Rey after delivering the above address, for laying excessive stress on experimentation; essentially, Lester argued, the successful experiment is not recognised as such, but as an advance.

Damned right, and I'm sorry I didn't discuss what I was going to say with him before I got on the platform! That's such a valid point I'd have loved to incorporate it.

Nonetheless, what I said about going where the speculation is fiercest remains what it was: a truism. And if it's necessary, in tackling fresh subject matter, to try one's hand at correspondingly fresh techniques, there are bound to be some blind alleys. I'm merely suggesting that we should accept this as inevitable, and learn to recognise the genuine advances.

-- John Brunner

#### GLOSSARY, Cont. from page 22

• Lorien was founded, either in the First Age or early in the Second, by Galadriel. Although most of its people were Silvan Elves, Sindarin was the common tongue. Sometime after TA 1409, Elrond received aid from Lorien that helped him to subdue Angmar. In 1981, due to the appearance of the Balrog in Moria, many of the Elves of Lorien fled south; among them were Amroth and Nimrodel. For the rest of the Second and Third Ages Lothlórien remained isolated from the outside world, protected by the power of Galadriel, who wielded one of the Three Rings, and the vigilance of the border-guards; although Galadriel and Celeborn were of great power, and the former perceived the mind of Sauron, they did nothing. During the Quest

the Fellowship rested there for a month; this was the first time in over 6000 years that a Dwarf had come to Lorien. In the WR Lothlórien was assaulted three times from Dol Guldur, but Galadriel's power was such that only the Dark Lord himself could overcome it. With the passing of Galadriel the wood became almost like any other wood, but the mellyrn still grew there.

The original name for Lothlórien was Laurelindórinan, the Land of the Valley of Singing Gold. Lorien, a shortened form of Lothlórien in frequent use, was ultimately of Silvan origin, adapted to Sindarin. Also called 'the Golden Wood' and the 'Hidden Land' by Men, and 'Dwimordene' by the Rohirrim. (I 17, 434ff.; II 88; III 428, 468-9, 506n. 1)

See also: Cerin Amroth, Egladil, and Naith.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



## SF IN DENMARK

part 2

jannick størm

## I

The comments on my first article on Danish sf complained -- among other things -- that I concentrated too much on the contents of a few books instead of giving an outline of the sf field. When I wrote the article, however, I made it perfectly clear that I was going to describe a historical development as a sort of basis for an account of the present situation.

In the preceding article I told you about the types of sf stories which have appeared in this country since 1741. This article will describe the market today; and I will also take the opportunity to answer a few questions raised in the LoCs.

## II

During the last year only one Danish sf book has been published; "3 døgns frist -- Danmark og den næste krig" ("Three Days' Time -- Denmark and the Next War") by Preben Wolstrup. It describes a nuclear attack on Denmark, and it is not meant to be read as a novel, I suppose. The book is more a treaty, discussing our membership in NATO, and raising the question if we are going to have nuclear warheads in Denmark.

One of our best sf novels has been reprinted; "Manden der tænkte ting" ("The Man Who Thought Things") by Valdemar Holst (cf. NIEKAS 13). Unluckily the reprint as pocket book has left out a brilliant foreword by the Danish poet Otto Gelsted.

As for translations, "Commander One" by Peter George and "Epp" by the Norwegian author Axel Jensen have been published. We have got a few reprints too: "The Martian Chronicles" by Bradbury and "The Tunnel" by Bernhard Kellermann.

Apart from these you wouldn't be able to buy many sf books in Danish. You will get Orwell, Huxley, and Niels E. Nielsen -- of course -- but the bookstores do not care for and neither do the critics. For instance, the above-mentioned "Epp" was published some three weeks ago, and I haven't seen a review yet. And this is very unusual, as books normally get reviewed the day they appear on the market.

I can give you two other examples, which show the ignorance: Isaac Asimov's "The Human Body" was translated about a year ago with a nice introduction telling you who he was, but failing to mention that he has written God knows how many sf stories. About the same time a book on astronomy by Fred Hoyle appeared in Danish with a list carefully describing what other books the author has written, but, naturally, you didn't find a single sf title.

And, by the way, for more than a year now Penguin has published its sf series, and finally, in May, a review appeared in the Danish newspaper POLITIKEN. It was a review of two Penguins: Hoyle's "Fifth Planet" and Pohl & Kornbluth's "The Space Merchants". 36 lines were dedicated to the first one, 23 lines to the last one.

If the selection is small in the book stores, the number of sf titles in the public



libraries is nothing to boast of either. You will find the books by Orwell, Huxley, Bradbury, Niels E. Nielsen, Werfel, Capek, Friedell; further, two children's books by Clarke, Vi by Samjatkin, "Voice of the Dolphins" by Szilard, and "Planet of the Apes" (or whatever the nonsense is called) by Pierre Boule. If you are lucky you may get one or two books by Wells and -- mostly in the children's libraries -- Jules Verne. Then we have got two anthologies in Danish, "The Other Side of the Moon", edited by Jørgen Rothenborg, and "Stories from Other Worlds", edited by Tage la Cour. The latter is the better of the two, containing short stories by Katherine McLean, Bradbury, Niels E. Nielsen, Weinbaum, Van Vogt, and Asimov.

And yet, even if the sf material is scarce (the only other sf review I have seen was on David Benedictus' "This Animal is Mischievous" and Ali Mirdrekvandi Gunga Din: "No Heaven for Gunga Din", the term "science fiction" seems to be known in Denmark. POLITIKEN in its funny column runs a sf parody at the moment, "Der blir engang" ("A Time will Come"). The fellow who is writing it obviously has read Fohl. Just for the fun of it I'll try to translate the first chapter.

### A TIME WILL COME

Our reader (joyously excited): Aha...in a moment a little green man with eight arms will come...

We (shrugging our shoulders, giving up): No, in a moment no little green man will come. This is not a novel about abominable monsters from Mars. This is cool future nonsense, a literary three step rocket with soft landing and a navel string to our time, in the following called the past.

Our reader (wisely): Yes!...the past is what is passing, the rest is in future present before past future tense...

We (wearily, but always politely obliging): Well, yes, we'll agree on that. And then SHUT UP, please!

2566, a flat-shouldered virumite\* without a little toe sneaked in onto the free floating sitting-disk in front of the push-button table in United Idleworks, Inc. The head clerk, Moon-shiver, came gliding into the room upon the selfrolling plastic runner. The third eye in the middle of his forehead flashed ominously:

"2566. You are again coming at the wrong time to the office!"

2566 bowed his head, blushing. Moon-shiver continued, hissing:

"This is the third time this week you are coming too early! It won't do. In this way you cannot keep your six hour week. It is improper."

"The sun was up," 2566 mumbled, guiltily.

"The sun was up, ha!" Moon-shiver cried. "The old excuse. But it won't do. If you are not on time in the future, we will reduce your working hours by half an hour!"

2566 trembled with fear. Half an hour less work, he couldn't stand it.

"And with HIGHER PAY," Moon-shiver bellowed and slid out through the window to get his morning oxygen.

### III

I should like to say some words about the translations.

The sf printed in Danish has been published mainly by two firms, "Hasselbalch" and "Skrifola". The first one has printed "The Man who Remembered" by Eiler Jørgensen, the books by Niels E. Nielsen, "451° Fahrenheit", and "The Martian Chronicles", to mention

\*Virum, a suburb to Copenhagen.



some. The second firm some years ago printed some fifteen novels and short story collections; among these were "The Martian Chronicles" (as a pocketbook, before pocketbooks became common on the Danish market), "The Illustrated Man" by Bradbury, "Brain Wave" by Poul Anderson, "The Day of the Triffids" by John Wyndham, and "The Other Side of Here" by Murray Leinster.

The translations coming from Hasselbalch are very fine; those coming from Skrifola are very bad. I shall give you three examples of the books printed by Skrifola.

About two years ago the firm printed "The October Country" by Bradbury. Without telling the reader, they had cut the book into two parts in Danish, one called "Gys i oktober" ("Shudder in October"), the other "Manden med leen" ("The Man with the Scythe").

When the first one appeared, I compared the text with the original. I found the translation so bad that I wrote an article about it in the newspaper "Information". I quote:

### SHUDDER IN FEBRUARY

Or: Variations of Bradbury's Short Stories

In the year 1955 the American writer Ray Bradbury published a short story collection, "The October Country". It is a book full of superstition and cruelty, enchantment and poetry, and everything is told with a richness of joy of telling and imagination.

For a long time you have been waiting for this book -- as for so many other books by Bradbury -- to be translated. On the whole it is four or five years since you last saw a Bradbury translation in this country, so you are pleasantly surprised by seeing a pocketbook entitled "Shudder in October".

It is hardly as pleasant, however, to read the contents. The stories have been translated by Mogens Cohrt, who -- according to a statement from the publishing firm, Skrifola -- is used often as a translator. His translation gives occasion for several comments. I will naturally lead too far to go through the whole book, but some examples from the short story "The Dwarf" will be sufficient.

(I then quoted 13 passages of wrong, misunderstood or unfair translation. It is impossible to translate this nonsense back into English, so you will have to take my word for it.)

The translation is full of incorrectness, errors, misunderstandings, unfounded insertions, and abridgments. Sometimes you have the feeling of reading quite a different book.

Inversions cause the translator almost insurmountable difficulties, so he cut Bradbury's long, intricate sentences to small, smart main clauses. Possibly Mogens Cohrt is used to translating bad western novels and detective stories. He does not know, I am sure, the difference between penny dreadfuls and Ray Bradbury; to him it is the same; something you can translate while watching tv.

Where has gone the poetry and atmosphere of Bradbury's style? This author is one of the finest prose stylists in the USA. Should his works to such a degree be spoiled and hauled down to the level of pulpish westerns for word-blinds?

In comparison with this I hardly find it worth mentioning that the book does not give information of the illustrator of the stories, Joe Mugnaini, and that the short story "The Next in Line" on the cover is called "Far Down into the Depth", and finally that the book is stated to be translated from "October Country" instead of "The October Country".



The whole of it is such a damned scamped work that your stomach turns upside down. In this place, nine months ago, I wrote an article in which I called Bradbury "the story-teller of our age". These words are quoted on the cover of Skrifola's botch. I am very sorry to have to stand as a guarantor for that book.

The book only brings nine out of nineteen short stories from "The October Country". In a month the publishing firm will send out the "second half" of the book. Then why can't you find the least hint of this in this edition? Could it be because the publishers don't want people to know that it is one and the same book in English? This is bad business morals.

I hope with this article to have warned you.

You never heard a word from the publishers, of course. And it certainly would have been hard defending what they had done.

When Ray Bradbury was notified by me of this crime, he answered that he had informed his agent for the Scandinavian countries, in Oslo, so that she "perhaps may, in future, be able to get a better translation made."

To return to the series: One of the books published was The Day of the Triffids by John Wyndham. This book had been published as a hardcover by the firm Haase & Søn, and two years ago I had the opportunity to compare the two editions.

As this text has "only" been abridged -- the translation in the hardcover was very nice -- I shall give you a few examples.

The sizes of the books alone make you suspicious. The hardcover contains 260 pages, the pocketbook 96! And this is not due to difference in types.

On the first page we meet this one:

"After all, the odds were that it was I who was wrong, and not everyone else -- though I did not see how that could be. I went on waiting, tinged with doubt."

The Skrifola edition has: "After all, the odds were that it was I who was wrong, and not everyone else."

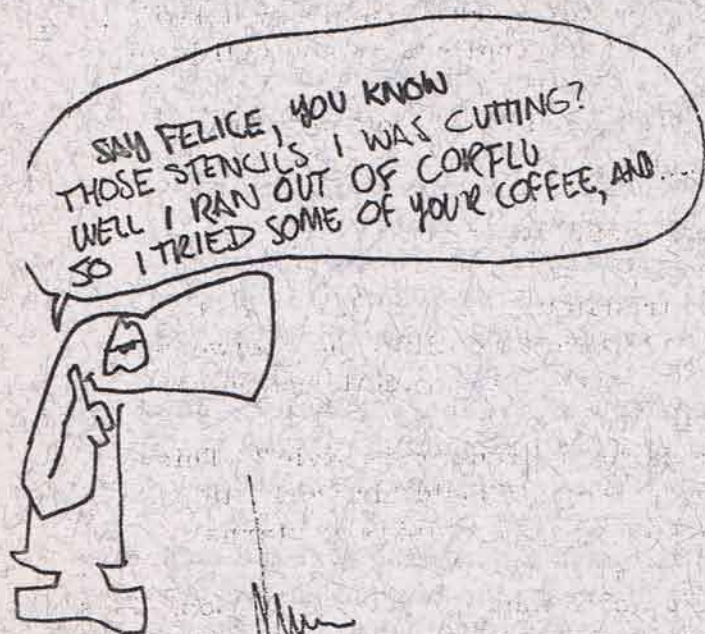
(Alone in the text which in the hardcover fills pages 6 to 9, 96 lines have been cut in the pocketbook text.)

What about this one:

"I didn't have any choice of entertainment, for the hospital radio system gave only one programme, take it or leave it. After a bit I gathered that the show had begun to wane. The announcer advised everyone who had not yet seen it to hurry up and do so, or regret all his life that he had missed it.

"The general idea seemed to be to convince me that I was passing up the very thing I was born for. In the end I got sick of it, and switched off. The last thing I heard was that the display was diminishing fast now, and that we'd probably be out of the debris area in a few hours.

The pathetic simplification by Skrifola runs as follows:





"After a bit I gathered that the show had begun to wane. The announcer advised everyone who had not yet seen it to hurry up and do so, or regret all his life that he had missed it. The last thing I heard was that the display was diminishing fast now, and that we'd probably be out of the debris area in a few hours."

I cannot resist giving you one more:

"When I was a child we lived, my father, my mother, and myself, in a southern suburb of London. We had a small house which my father supported by conscientious daily attendance at his desk in the Inland Revenue Department, and a small garden at which he worked rather harder during the summer. There was not a lot to distinguish us from the ten or twelve million other people who used to live in and around London in those days.

"My father was one of those persons who could add a column of figures -- even of the ridiculous coinage then in use locally -- with a flick of the eye, so that it was natural for him to have in mind that I should become an accountant. As a result, my inability to make any column of figures reach the same total twice caused me to be something of a mystery as well as a disappointment to him. Still, there it was: just one of those things. And each of a succession of teachers who tried to show me that mathematical answers were derived logically and not through some form of esoteric inspiration was forced to give up with the assurance that I had no head for figures. My father would read my school reports with a gloom which in other respects they scarcely warranted. His mind worked, I think, this way: no head for figures = no idea of finance = no money."

The Skrifola text has:

"When I was a child we lived, my father, my mother, and myself, in a southern suburb of London. We had a small house which my father supported by conscientious daily attendance at his desk in the Inland Revenue Department, and a small garden at which he worked rather harder during the summer. My father would read my school reports with a gloom which in all respects they scarcely warranted. But I had no head for figures."

Because of this fantastic contraction it is necessary to put together some of the chapters. The hardcover edition has 17 chapters, the pocketbook 12. An example: chapters 3-12 in the hardcover fill 73 pages, in the pocketbook 13!

When I told John Wyndham about it, he said he would forward my letter to his publisher and he was sure "they will be most interested to hear what has happened."

How interested they were, I never knew, but as a matter of fact the pocketbook was withdrawn from the public libraries -- whether this was due to John Wyndham's interference or to my writings in "Information".

Then there was Brain Wave by Foul Anderson. This book has been cut down with about 40 out of 150 pages. For instance, all the parentheses -- which Foul Anderson invented to describe the highly intelligent people's way of communicating -- have been omitted, and that causes a lot of bad connections and lousy explanation to avoid breaking the continuity. Also most of the parallel story about the hero's wife is not to be found in the translation.

When I notified Foul Anderson, he replied in a long letter from which I should like to quote a few lines:

"The fact of the translation being faulty comes as no surprise. It happened before, in an earlier book. A Danish friend who has sometimes been in the business himself once explained the problem to me. According to him, the demand for translations, and hence the volume of work, is simply too great; the famous translators must sometimes farm out jobs to 'ghosts'; and at the same time, in a small country there isn't enough profit in the enterprise to pay for the time, effort, and skill that would be required for really good work."

"I don't know how accurate his explanation is, but it sounds reasonable, and on this account I don't know if Danish publishers can be blamed for occasionally skimpy work. At that, they manage to turn out many beautiful books.

"All in all, it's hard to see what can be done about the problem."



I know as well as Poul Anderson that it is difficult to translate and that you get paid very little for it. But that is no excuse!

It is no excuse for doing things on the borderline of crime that the publishers haven't the money -- or won't pay the money -- and haven't the time needed to do a good job.

I see why the publishers do it, and I see why the translators do it, but I don't see why the writers allow it. It is difficult to control people who are thousands of miles away, as Bradbury wrote to me a week ago (about a cut story in the English "Reveille"), but this could be done. And if the publishers AND the writers continue to cheat their readers, it is no wonder that sf never entered the Danish market.

Nobody who has read the Danish translations of Brain Wave or The October Country would wish to read another book by the same authors. Don't you blasted writers see that you are ruining what might become a promising market? I know the money from Denmark doesn't count much to you at the moment; but I think it might, if we got good books instead of nonsense.

#### IV.

In a LoC Leif Andersson wondered why I hadn't written more about Niels E. Nielsen, as this writer is the only sf writer in Denmark. (I prefer calling Eiler Jørgensen a science fiction writer, too -- while he himself prefers not.)

I shall gladly explain why. In Denmark the works of Niels E. Nielsen are supposed to be synonymous with sf. But Niels E. Nielsen in my opinion (and in the opinions of the critics) is a bad writer. He may have his bright moments and produce a good story, but this is very seldom. (Harry Harrison, I know, has translated one of the best. I don't know if he got it sold.)

This is a deplorable fact, and I thought it unnecessary to demonstrate Nielsen's bad writing, as his stories have not been translated into English (with the above-mentioned exception.) Also I wouldn't have been capable of making it clear to a foreign audience wherein his failures lit.

Nevertheless, as he belongs to the picture of Danish sf, I shall give the plots of two of his novels, "Byen der ikke adlød" (The Town Which Did Not Obey -- 1960) and "To sole stod op" (Two Suns Did Rise -- 1961). I am aware that nearly all novels seem bad when you retell the plot, but it might give you an idea of the nature of his stories.

The first one: A well-known television commentator, Peter Daniel, awakes one morning to see his country invaded according to plan by the central union (the author always is against the communists) under cover of peace propaganda and disarmament. The conquest of the means of communication causes the rest of the world to hear nothing of the coup but to think it is a question of alliance.

Some young people get Peter Daniel into an underground movement with the purpose of getting him into the television studio so that he can tell the world what really happened.

While carrying out the plan, Daniel gets caught by the enemy and is given some sort of psychological treatment to break down his personality. Thereafter he is sent to the television station to make a speech in favour of the enemy, but he breaks the psychological block and gives the rest of the world an account of what has happened before he is shot.

The second one: The time is the third world war, a nuclear war in the Ural Mountains. We get some detailed descriptions of the effect of the atom bomb, which, I think, is the best Nielsen has ever written. Colonel Geryt van Groote survives the nuclear attack and gets away. He is found by a helicopter and taken to Trieste, where the ship owner, Ragazzi, plans to move 1500 men to Mars in a rocket ship to come back later when the radiation has died away. This man is the bad fellow in the book, the man who does not



think of the rest of the human beings but only of himself. Geryt makes the rocket explode shortly after take-off. The world is saved from Ragazzi at least. Geryt then travels back to his native country, Holland, where he finds a Christian-fanatical life, where the people have destroyed all machines and burnt all books except the Bible.

Most of Nielsen's novels are amazingly similar to each other. In his future vision you mainly hear about technical wonders such as thorium tanks, and so on. Unlike Bradbury -- whose attitude toward science he shares -- he is unable to write about human beings. He has not, either, Bradbury's eminent imagination.

Nielsen keeps close to the ground. His novels nearly all tell of atom bombs and radioactive destruction. In his books you find too much engagement and too little ART. It looks like he is afraid of writing just one single line without a "message".

## V.

Another question was brought up by Leif Andersson, who wished to know why I was the only fandom of Denmark. Between his question and my answer lies the Swedish sf congress in Malmo last Whitsun, at which congress Leif learned that Denmark has at least four other sf fans, two of whom actually showed up at the meeting.

Naturally, I am not the only person in Denmark interested in sf, but I suppose I am the only one writing regularly about it. (Apart from an occasional article by Nielsen, and one or two journalists.)

As I wrote in my first article, Denmark has no organized fandom, and the communication between the few fans whom I know is small and abrupt. Last year I participated in a meeting in Ringsted (a town in the middle of Sealand) with three lecturers to bring enlightenment to the people. The meeting was attended by eighteen (18) young people.

Also last year I collaborated with a small film club. That resulted in the showing of three sf movies: "The Incredible Shrinking Man", "Mysterians", and "Village of the Damned". I think some 80 persons came to see the movies.

I do not know if the time is ripe for starting a fan club and printing a fanzine. However if it is, someone else will have to do the job, as I am not interested in using my spare time on such things. My main interest in the sf field lies in writing articles for the fanzines and the newspapers.

It would be nice, though, to have a fandom in Denmark. I have enjoyed the Swedish one very much. Yet I consider fandom just a station on the road. When sf is acknowledged fandom will have had its day. May Denmark won't even get a fandom working before this

--Jannick Storm







## BOKANALIA FOUNDATION

### What is it?

BOKANALIA FOUNDATION is a small but fierce organization dedicated to the fulfillment of the Astrological Prophecy of HANNES BOK. Shortly before he died, Bok wrote: 'My recognition star burns low now, alas, but it is destined to rise high and bright by 1970.'

HANNES BOK was the finest fantasy illustrator of our time. We of BOKANALIA deplore the fact of his wonderful creations mouldering in a few dwindling collections of magazines, as well as that his greatest masterpieces, his unpublished color oils, remain hidden in private collections. How about locating and making prints of these available?

BOKANALIA FOUNDATION is non-profit. Every penny we receive from the sale of BOK MEMORIAL FOLIOS will be put back into furthering his name and making new unpublished HANNES BOK masterpieces available.

BOKANALIA MEMORIAL FOLIO #1, 15 glorious drawings, is available for only \$3.00. Printed on fine art stock, strictly limited edition. Write us your ideas, suggestions, and moral support!

BOKANALIA FOUNDATION: Emil Petaja, Chairman. Sponsored by the Golden Gate Futurian Society. Address, 225 Diamond t., San Francisco, California 94114.

### JOIN NOW!

NYCON 3, the 25th World Science Fiction Convention, held September 1,2,3 and 4 in New York (where else?).

To join, send \$2.00 to:

Nycon 3  
PO Box 367, Gracie Station  
New York, NY 10028

NyCon Art Show Agent:

David Kyle  
RD #4, 'Skylee'  
Potsdam, New York

### PAS-TELL

PAS-Tell, the Art Show magazine, is published by John and Bjo Trimble at 243 Santa Rosa Avenue, Oakland, Calif. 94610.

PAS-Tell contains a great deal of material of interest to the fan artist, in addition to information about the Art Show itself. There are articles by both fan and pro artists -- e.g., Fred Hollander on solder sculpture in a past issue and Jack Gaughan answering questions in the latest one. The non-artist fan who is interested in PAS will also be interested.

Subs are 5 issues for \$1, to Bjo.

HUGOS & PONGS are discussed (and your opinions invited) in THE HUGO REPORT, published by Hugo Study Committee member John Trimble, 243 Santa Rosa Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94610. Send a 4¢ stamp for your copy of issue #1; extra stamps for future issues. HUGO REPORT #2 is now being prepared for publication.



## AN INTERVIEW WITH TOLKIEN

HENRY RESNICK

DATE: March 2, 1966

R: Professor Tolkien, thank you very much for letting me call. I appreciate this opportunity. I'd like to start by asking you some rather basic questions. First of all, nobody over here is exactly sure how to pronounce your name.

T: It is pronounced Tolkien as if it were spelled with two E's.

R: Also, I wondered if you can tell me some facts of your present life. Are you now teaching at Oxford?

T: I am retired. The retiring age in Oxford now is 66.

R: You are 74; is that correct?

T: That's right, so I am retired for a great many years.

R: Well, then, what is your position there now -- a resident fellow?

T: No. I remain here a fellow of my college as a kind of honor; I am entitled emeritus professor.

R: You do live all year round at Oxford?

T: Oh yes, I live here.

R: Do you have a family, Professor Tolkien?

T: I do, but they are now all grown up. I have four children; the eldest is 48, and the youngest 36.

R: Now I'd like to proceed with the phenomenon of the explosion; that's what the editor on the Saturday Evening Post called it. I guess you're familiar with some of the statistics; the sales of the paperback editions are extremely wide, and there is a constant demand for the books. What is your reaction to this, if I may use the word, "explosion"?

T: Well, I think it's been building up, you know; I think it's an error to say that it was really related to the Ace Books edition -- I think that simply the Ace Books were very wisely advised to bring it out at the right time, whereas the other people did not.

R: You mean the Ballantine edition?

T: It's Houghton Mifflin of Boston, really, but I think it was building up steadily, you know, and the book was really making its own way. There was a very large fan mail long before this so-called explosion.

R: Was this large fan mail from America as well as England?

T: Yes, it has gone on for years.

R: In America the books have become so widely available to people who might not have



been able to afford to buy them in the hard cover edition that they have actually become something like a fad. It isn't exactly a fad, because it doesn't involve any of the fanatic frenzy that fads usually have; however, it could be called an "underground fad"--there are certain groups of bright young people who enjoy reading and who have taken these books under their wings, made a sort of cult out of them. I don't know if you're aware of some of the things that are going on, but you know, of course, of the Tolkien Society here.

T: Yes I do. I shouldn't call it a fad; I wouldn't call it underground. I'd call it a game.

R: A game?

T: Yes, because there is a whole lot of stuff that amuses people -- alphabets, history, etc.

R: Then I take it you approve of the game?

T: I don't mind it, as long as it doesn't become obsessive. It doesn't obsess me.

R: Have you noticed any similar widespread game-playing in England?

T: No, I don't think things catch on like that here quite so much.

R: I wonder if you have any suggestions about why it has caught on so widely in America; could it be anything other than the paperback edition, which came along logically?

T: Why I've even had letters from children who have saved up, you know, who have gone to some work to get the hardback edition. I think it is, if you really want to know my opinion, a partly reactionary influence. I think it's part of the fun after so much rather more dreary stuff, isn't it?

R: What sort of dreary stuff are you referring to?

R: I should say The Lord of the Flies, wouldn't you?

R: Many people I've spoken with have told me they enjoy the sheer fun of being in Middle-Earth.

T: It's meant to please; it doesn't horrify.

R: The game seems to be going further afield, however. For example, there are at least two men presently working on doctoral theses at universities, and I have myself read a master's thesis on The Lord of the Rings.

T: That's gone on for some time. I have had endless requests for help over there for some years.

R: I see. Do you approve of this sort of very intense research?

T: I do not while I am alive anyhow. I do not know why they should research without any reference to me; after all, I hold the key.

R: Have you seen any of these theses?

T: Yes, and they are very bad, most of them; they are nearly all either psychological analyses or they try to go into sources, and I think most of them rather vain efforts.

R: Some high school teachers have decided to teach the books. Do you feel that they should be taught in high school or anywhere else?

T: No. I am rather against that; I think that a lot of damage is really done to literature in making it a...method of education, but I'm not sure about that.

R: I think that some of your readers would certainly agree with you; they view the books as a pleasant escape and don't want to "tear them apart". That seems to be the common phrase.

T: Yes, I know. I think very often in the letters I get the influence of teachers who



test me for sources, allegory, and all that kind of thing.

R: We're all aware of your opinion about allegory, and most of your readers have told me that they won't even consider the possibility. I wonder if you can tell, Sir, why the books have such a strong appeal for younger people. It seems to be mainly the younger college and the more mature high school people who have taken to them so.

T: Well, it wasn't, of course, so before; I suppose that was a matter of expense. In England my fan mail is very largely adult, even without professorial letters.

R: But in America it is largely young people -- although there are people now in their thirties who read the books when they first came out, of course.

T: Yes, well I don't know about that.

R: I'd like to ask a few questions about you personally. How often do you read a newspaper?

T: Every day.

R: Do you read more than one?

T: Yes, I think we have three. Why?

R: As a matter of fact, a very perceptive girl at Radcliffe College suggested to me that there might be a correlation between liking The Lord of the Rings and not liking to read newspapers. I found that she was right, that many of your readers, although they are certainly not badly informed, tend to view the real world with a certain amount of dismay. They try to get away from it when they can.

T: No, I'm not one of those chaps. No. Neither am I obsessed by my own work. I read newspapers...they're there, and I read them when I'm interested. I take a strong interest in what is going on, both in the university and in the country and in the world.

R: I know that you're very busy working on the Silmarillion and that you have many other things occupying you, but do you have time for "extra-curricular" hobbies of any kind?

T: I am still a professor and expert in my subject and I'm still producing articles on it, and so on...

R: Are you writing any books on philology now?

T: When the Ace Books swept me away, I was just about to produce one, but it has been delayed -- two translations of medieval works, Sir Gawain and the Green Knight and the other poem called the Pearl.

R: When do you expect to be finished with those?

T: In going to the press I don't know. I suppose that now it's so delayed that I doubt it might come out this year. I doubt it.

R: You said in your introduction to the Ballantine edition that one of your intentions in writing the books was to "deeply move" your readers, also to produce excitement. I wonder what parts of the trilogy move you most.

T: Well, I don't know because I take a very external view of it now. I don't remember writing a lot of it. One of the things I remember moving me most in quite different ways was the sound of the horns in the morning when the Nazgul sat in the gate of Rohan of Minas Tirith. Another one which I think is the most moving point in the story for me is when Gollum repents and tries to caress Frodo and he is interfered with by Sam. The tragedy is that the good people so often upset the not-so-good people when they try to repent and it's a tragic moment.

R: You also named excitement as one of your goals. Do you remember one passage in the book, or any single moment, that you find most exciting?

T: No, I don't. I thought I made a steady driving climax, that things mount in excitement. And one of the problems in writing the book was to go one better.



Interview with Tolkien 4

R: You also said in the introduction to the Ballantine edition that you were aware of certain defects in retrospect. Would you care to name those?

T: Well, I did name one. I said that one of my chief feelings was that it was too short.

R: I think most of your readers would agree with you on that.

T: I think some of the appendices might well be cut down, however.

R: Could you name two or three of your favorite books? Do you have favorite books, either at the moment, or books that have endured over your span of reading?

T: No, I don't think so. I think I was born with what you might call an inventive mind, and the books that have remained in my mind remain as those things which I acquired and don't really seem much like the book itself. For instance, I now find that I can't stand George MacDonald's books at any price at all. I find that now I can't take him. The same with most books that I've read. I suppose as a boy She interested me as much as anything -- like the Greek shard of Amarynatas, which was the kind of machine by which everything got moving.

R: Do you read the work of Charles Williams these days?

T: No.

R: Have you ever enjoyed his books?

T: I've read a good many, but I don't like them.

R: The one thesis that I've read on The Lord of the Rings attributes a very deep influence on you to Williams and MacDonald.

T: Well, that's quite wrong. Williams had no influence on me at all; I didn't even know him very well. I'll tell you one thing on that point, one of the things I remember Lewis's saying to me -- of course, Lewis was very influenced as you may know -- was, "Confound you, nobody can influence you anyhow. I have tried but it's no good."

R: Why did he say that?

T: After someone had criticized me I just went on my own sweet way and took no notice of it.

R: Have you been a loner and a rebel?

T: No, I've been isolated, not a rebel. Williams had no conceivable influence on me; I disliked his whole Arthurian business with great intensity and considered it rather nonsense.

R: I'd like to move on to a few questions that were put to me by readers of yours whom I've interviewed. First, from Dick Plotz; he asked me how did Middle-earth develop? Now, I guess you could talk for hours on that and maybe you won't even want to answer it, but...

T: It's only an old-fashioned word for "world". That's all. Look in the dictionary. It isn't another planet.

R: I think what Dick was getting at was how does an imagination do something like this?

T: It takes a long time. It began a long way back, and it slowly boiled up. Of course you go on producing and adding to it, but it never gets quite finished...but you see an imaginary country.

R: Could you possibly estimate how long it took you or when you started -- when you conceived Middle-earth, say the seed to the reality?

T: No, I don't know. It was during the war, during the first war, when I was just growing up. You asked me what books move me; mostly mythology moves me and also upsets me because most mythology is distasteful to people. But it seems to me that we miss something by not having a mythology which we can bring up to our own grade of assessment. That's what I always wanted to do -- mythological things like Greek or Norse myths; I tried to improve on them and modernize them -- to modernize them is to make them credible.



R: I wonder, though, if you can name anything that might be the actual seed of Middle-earth. Could you narrow it down? You have mentioned, of course, the philological origins; was it Elvish that began the entire thing?

T: The seed is linguistic, of course. I'm a linguist and everything is linguistic -- that's why I take such pains with names. The real seed was starting when I was quite a child by inventing languages, largely to try to capture the esthetic mode of the languages I was learning, and I eventually made the discovery that language can't exist in a void and if you invent a language yourself you can't cut it in half. It has to come alive -- so really the languages came first and the country after.

R: I have another question from a girl in Boston, Massachusetts, who used to go into her garden and imagine that she was in Middle-earth; she asks what is east of Rhun and south of Harad?

T: Rhun is the Elvish word for 'east'. Asia, China, Japan, and all the things which people in the west regard as far away. And south of Harad is Africa, the hot countries.

R: That makes Middle-earth Europe, doesn't it?

T: Yes, of course -- Northwestern Europe where I was born -- well, I wasn't born there actually; but where my imagination comes from.

R: Where were you born?

T: I was actually born in Bloemfontein, South Africa.

R: W. H. Auden once said that some people have the northern thing and some people have the southern thing, but you have the northern thing. How did you get the northern thing?

T: Oh, well, my parents both came from Birmingham in England. I happened to be born there by accident. But it had this effect; my earliest memories are of Africa, but it was alien to me, and when I came home, therefore, I had for the countryside of England both the native feeling and the personal wonder of somebody who comes to it. I came to the English countryside when I was about 3 1/2 or 4 -- it seemed to me wonderful. If you really want to know what Middle-earth is based on, it's my wonder and delight in the earth as it is, particularly the natural earth...and I also was born with a great love of trees.

R: Has the study of trees been a hobby of yours?

T: Yes it has.

R: This is from a young man at Harvard: Do you think that trying to carry over the values from the books to the real world is an 'evasion of responsibility'? To elaborate he made the point that Galadriel would be wasted in our world. I think the implication of his question is that somehow the ideals of the trilogy are beautiful to see from afar but might not be too effective in a real world.

T: Well, no, it is the real world; while you're inside the book it does exist -- that's the whole point of literature, isn't it?

R: Excuse the poor phrasing. In our world.

T: As a matter of fact, insofar as...without harping or preaching on the side of various rather old-fashioned things like humility, valor, and so on...and courage, you can carry those over and I think it has rather an effect on people -- young folks are ready in their attitudes to rather be changed. But I didn't intend these things, because I didn't write it for children. That's why I don't like George MacDonald very much; he's a horrible old grandmother. That's a very fine woman figure, of course, really -- the Queen is rather a mother.

R: Another reader has asked what is the likelihood of more books in addition to the Silmarillion?

T: All this kind of stuff -- Ace Books, correspondence, fan mail -- all this interferes



you know. That's why I answer some of them very briefly or not at all. I'm an old man now, and I've got a short working day. I cannot go on working until two, as I used to.

R: Do you have any idea when the Silmarillion might be in print?

T: Not at all. Most of it is written, of course, but when I offered it to the publishers first and they turned it down they were too high and mighty. But now The Lord of the Rings has been a success they want it and of course now it has to be made to fit The Lord of the Rings. I am hoping to get it out in the course of next year. Because of the market and the interest I shall probably try to publish it bit by bit.

R: Do you expect to publish it simultaneously in England and America?

T: Yes. My publishers have always been Allen and Unwin and Houghton Mifflin in Boston. Houghton Mifflin will take the things right away. They're only too much desirous to get on with it.

R: I have a question, to backtrack a little bit. I gather that the Fourth Age is really our own, that we are in the Fourth Age.

T: It isn't necessarily quite that. It's the beginning of what you might call history. What you have is an imaginary period in which mythology was still actually existing in the real world. Let's say you would have...abstract figures -- not abstract figures, but myths incarnate; but once that's gone, scattered, dispersed, all you get is the history of human beings -- the play of good and evil in history.

R: We're in the age of the domination of men?

T: That's later on. That can apply to many ages. This is the beginning of history, when there are no more devils or angels to be seen walking about.

R: I wonder how you view the current world. Do you think that man is meeting up to the promise that he might have had at the end of The Lord of the Rings, or at the beginning of history?

T: Oh, but he wouldn't. I did write a continuation story, taking place about one hundred years after the end of The Lord of the Rings. Of course he'll go bad because he's sick of peace.

R: What is the name of that story?

T: Well, I haven't finished writing it because I didn't want to go on with it; it's called 'The New Shadow'. The people cannot bear peace for one hundred years. After a hundred years of peace and prosperity people would all be going into every kind of madness.

R: I gather, then, that you think that war is an inevitable fact of history?

T: Not necessarily war, but there are other evils just as bad. War is only the outbreak of these. My view of current affairs is not as depressed as some people's. I should say that I'm a bit frightened that the Greeks hadn't got something in the saying that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first drive mad.

R: Is there a parallel in our modern world?

T: It's like the tower of Babel, isn't it? All noise and confusion.

R: Then you think we're either mad or on the brink of it?

T: Yes, but I think that a little history cures you -- the only thing is that the press of numbers makes everything bigger. I should have thought that living at the end of the 16th century would have been just as bad -- but there weren't as many people around.

R: I noticed in the index that the company of the ring leaves Rivendell at dusk, December 25th, 3018. I'd also like to quote a passage: 'I tried to save the Shire and it has been saved, but not for me. It must be so, Sam, when things are in danger. Someone has to give them up, lose them so that others may keep them.' Also the element



of Frodo's concept of pity, which was dictated, of course, by Gandalf, but in which Frodo believes very much -- his pity for Gollum. All these things struck me as a parallel to Christ. How do you feel about the idea that people might identify Frodo with Christ?

T: Well, you know, there've been saviors before; it is a very common thing. There've been heroes and patriots who have given up for their countries. You don't have to be Christian to believe that somebody has to die in order to save something. As a matter of fact, December 25th occurred strictly by accident, and I let it in to show that this was not a christian myth anyhow. It was a purely unimportant date, and I thought, Well, there it is, just an accident.

.....

*And, at a meeting of the Tolkien Society of America...*

Last year Henry S Resnik was commissioned by the Saturday Evening Post to write an article about Tolkien and his fans. A number of you were contacted by him for information, and his article finally appeared in the July 2nd, 1966 issue. As part of his preparations for writing the article he spoke with Professor Tolkien on the telephone on March 2nd for about a half hour. A transcript of this conversation begins on the next page. Unfortunately it is not complete, for as Mr. Resnik explained to me in the covering letter on the manuscript,

"It is very edited. There are several deletions -- passages that I simply couldn't make out from the static filled tape (we had a bad connection). Also a long elision at the end that consisted mainly of thanks from me. We actually talked for half an hour."

A few days after the issue with the article appeared Mr. Resnik gave a talk about his experiences at a meeting of the Tolkien Society of America. This talk consisted of introductory remarks, an annotated reading of excerpts of his interview, and a long question-and-answer/discussion session. I am including below his introductory remarks, plus a few excerpts from his reading in order to include some of his comments. Finally, I have appended the discussion because of some of the interesting points raised. Since then there has been one more TSA meeting, and I have it on tape. Time does not permit the transcription of the more interesting highlights, so that will have to wait until next issue.

ERM

I don't want to repeat what I wrote in the article. I don't know if you've all read the article or not. It's in the SEP, the July 2nd issue. They have John Steinbeck on the cover, well, for publicity reasons. My article is obviously the most important one in the magazine.

I'm not here, incidentally, to publicise the Post. I think they do fairly well for themselves. I'm here as a friend of friends of Tolkien, and a friend, sort of, of Tolkien. The only thing I have on you is this interview. You could have done it too, if you had shelled out \$140. I didn't pay for it, obviously. The Post did.

Let me tell you how I went about it for it has a note of sort of Hobbit quiet charm to it. I was warned by everyone that I was not to interrupt Mr. Tolkien's work. I was not, for example to go to England and take any of his time. I would not have heeded that warning at all if the Post had been willing to send me to England. But it was their idea for me to telephone him. I wrote him in advance, naturally, and I told him that since everyone told me I was to take as little of his time as possible I wanted to have tea with him, and that I would have tea with him over the telephone. He was going to take a break, I assumed, at 4 O'clock, so I told him that I liked tea and I'd have it at eleven O'clock. He wrote back, very pleased, and anyway, on the appointed Sunday the call went through.

I wasn't drinking tea, as a matter of fact. I had to rent a special kind of recorder and I won't tell you about that! I kept changing those discs and was quite busy enough just trying to think.

First of all he pronounces his name tul-KEEN and that settles something which I've been debating with people. Of all the Tolkien sort of things to debate, the pronunciation of his name. His American publisher pronounces it TUL-kin, and I took him as the leading authority, but apparently Tolkien knows.

I don't know if you're aware," I said, "of some of the things that are going on. You know of course of the Tolkien Society here." "Yes I do," he answered. "I wouldn't call it a fad. I wouldn't call it underground. I had. I had called it a sort of quiet underground fad, since obviously you're not raving maniacs like the Baker Street Irregulars."

Do you approve of the scholarly sort of very intense research into your works?" "I do not while I'm alive anyway. You do not?" I had this way of repeating things in this sort of horrified, shocked and amused way. "I do not know why they should research without any reference to me. After all, I hold the key." "Have you seen any of these efforts?" "Yes, and they're very bad, most of them. They're really all either psychological analysis or they try to go into sources which I think most of them rather vain efforts." I, sort of mumbling, "Vain efforts."



Well, I've enjoyed working on the article from first to last and I think that anyone who reads it will know that. I don't know if I can quite classify myself as a Tolkien person because it's difficult to draw the line between what I did as a professional and what I did as a reader. Anyway, I'd like to tell you how much, really, it's meant to me, and it's something that will always be part of me, just as Tolkien will always be part of you. With this very humble statement in mind I'll ask for any questions I might be able to answer with this sort of superficial knowledge I have of just about everything Tolkienish. Or criticisms of the article, if you like -- we might have a little wrangle right here.

?: Did he say anything about how far he's gotten on the Silmarillion?

Resnik: Well, I didn't want to bring this up because, if there's any distortion to the article, it's that I did not mention how really peevisish Tolkien has been about the Silmarillion and the Ace controversy. He resents, as I'm sure we'd all agree, rightly, the time that the Ace controversy has taken. But I have a feeling that he has fretted about it more than was absolutely necessary, but then he has been bothered by it. Now, he told me that it's held him up considerably but that he has written the Silmarillion and that he has to revise it in order to tie it in with LotR. So he expects to have the first volume out towards the end of 1966.

?: How many volumes, do you know?

Resnik: He didn't say how many volumes, but it's obviously several.

?: A friend of mine who couldn't come tonight, Jim Munson, head of the NJ Smial, got ahold of the Silmarillion as it is currently, and he's read it. I haven't had a chance to yet, but he said it's in four volumes. It will cover the period from the first rebellion of Morgoth to the foundation of Gondor.

?: How did your friend get it?

?: He wrote to the publisher and said he liked the LotR very much, and apparently they're looking for people who have read LotR to read this and get their comments.

?: What is the average Tolkien fan like? I feel myself very much in the minority here tonight. Over 40, grey haired, and a high-school teacher of English. It seems to me that I am very much in the minority.

Resnik: Well, you're sort of a back-fire effect, I think. It's hard to generalize too much of course, but only because of the dates of publication, and now the paperbacks. The readers tend under 35. Now there are all sorts of new fans, I grant. You're one of them. I met people mostly who are in the Tolkien Society when I was interviewing people and they were people to whom I was introduced thru Dick Plotz. Most of them fit into this generalization of being either in the vanguard, the 1956 readers who are now in their 30's, or the present college generation. I didn't answer your question, tho. But I think the article tried to do that.

?: To comfort the gentleman who just spoke, I first heard of Tolkien from a professor at Columbia University who is considerably over 40. He told his class, in children's literature, to read the Hobbit, and then he said we might read the LotR even tho it's not a children's book. So there is a following among older people.

Resnik: Right. I don't know if I made this clear enough, but a lot of the 30 year old generation had read the Hobbit as children and thus were waiting for the LotR. Now there were older people who read the Hobbit even tho it was a children's book, of course.

John Closson: In further consolation of the gentleman, the first Tolkien fan I ever met, in 1955, was a man well into his 40s by the name of Hammond who'd corresponded with Tolkien. He had composed music for some of his songs, and received a very polite letter in response.

Ed Meškys: In your article you spoke of people who discovered Tolkien by way of SF fandom. I have been a science fiction fan for about ten years and I read Tolkien about five years ago as a result of discussions in fanzines.

Also, SF fans have conventions and every so often these conventions are written up in newspapers. Occasionally they make the news magazines, and once even made Life. In general the writeups of these conventions have been extremely patronizing, emphasizing the juvenile, and in general mocking the fans for their interests. I would say yours is the finest article dealing with any type of enthusiasts of fantasy literature which I have seen in a non-fantasy publication.

?: Some people have expressed the opinion that too much research on fantasy deadens it. Did Tolkien ever express himself on this?

1: Professor Kilby, who visited Dr. Tolkien last summer to help him on the Silmarillion, has since implied that it would be several more years. For more details, see the next issue of NIEKAS.

2: This is just as fishy as it sounds. Dick Plotz confirmed my guess that this was just a loudmouth playing a hoax. I am sure that as a result of this some 20 years from now it will be an accepted story that several people have seen versions of the Silmarillion in the middle 60s as a result of articles written by attendees at some future date.



Resnik: I think Tolkien very clearly agreed with that view. This didn't appear in the article but was cut.

I'd also like to mention this. Many of you know W H Audin. I had the great luck and honor of interviewing him and to talk with him for quite some time. He made the distinction between the mythopoetic imagination (that is, myth making) and, well, the... I think he called it the character developing imagination. And he said that the great triumph of Tolkien is his ability to create worlds and myths. Shakespeare couldn't do this at all... his triumph was with character.

?: What was Tolkien's purpose in writing the book?

Resnik: I tried to make that clear, but I wonder if I could just ask you something about your question. I can't decide whether you mean why did he write the books, or what effect did he have on his readers?

?: Should we read it just as a story or look for a meaning?

Dick Plotz: Read it just as a story. That is the way Tolkien intended it to be.

?: But you would read things into it, as opposed to reading things out of it, that the author put in intentionally.

Plotz: You can draw any conclusions you want, but don't make the mistake of thinking that Tolkien had intended them.

Resnik: Well, I'd sort of like to call on an English teacher because I have a feeling I know what's going to happen.

?: On this problem of meaning. I think that there is a structure to the LotR but I don't think it is an allegory at all, and in the Ballentine edition you remember Tolkien denies that there is any allegorical structure. But I think that if you look at the characters you will find that they go in triads. In the Hobbit triad there is Frodo, Sam and Gollum. Roughly, not absolutely but roughly, good, a mixture, and evil. These are not absolute, and these are a major point of the whole book. To go to another range, there are Tom Bombadil, Treebeard and Sauron. You can also take Gandalf, Saruman and Sauron. These are all triads of good and evil.

And I think there is another point of structure in the work as a whole. This is the correlation of good, generally, with light in all its signification. You see this physically and intellectually in the elves. And there is light in many other respects with its Biblical correlations of substance on the side of the West, and then darkness, shadow, lack of substance, essentially obscenity, on the wide of the East. There is this structure that operates throughout the work.

John Boardman: This identification with light might be related to the eldila in Lewis' work. And also this contrast of the West as being familiar and known, with the East being mysterious, glowering and evil, comes out of much Medieval myth. However, I think that the entire discussion reminds me of a story that is told about Karl Marx. In his old age he attended, with his daughter, a meeting of French Marxists and listened to his theories being discussed among them with great vigour. After the meeting his daughter asked him what he thought of it. He replied, "I am not a Marxist. I am Marx." I think Tolkien might react in the same way to some of the ideas that have been put forth with regard to his works.

?: I would like to know if he was influenced by Wagner's operas and Scandinavian mythology.

Resnik: Well, you know that there is plenty of evidence for this. I don't know if this is really a convincing answer at all, but I would like to say that he didn't mention this. I didn't start firing sources at him and saying "Did this influence you? Did this influence you? Did this influence you?" So it's possible that he was. But many people have speculated on this.

?: My first introduction to Tolkien was thru his scholarly works, and there's no doubt about it. He is very expert both in Anglo-Saxon literature and Medieval literature, and more generally on European Medieval life. He has an outstanding essay on Beowulf called "The Monsters and the Critics." It was written in the late 30s and you can see a lot of elements in The Hobbit. I think you can also tie in the Germanic myths, particularly the Valsunga myths.

Resnik: He did say to me, incidentally, that the LotR reflected his two main interests in life: languages and myths. So naturally his background is not going to try to evade this.

Plotz: In the Tolkien Journal I published a statement by Tolkien to the effect that the part of Middle Earth shown on the map correspond to Europe, East of Rhun is Asia, and South of Ha is Africa. Aside from that you get no definite symbolism. Numenor is definitely Atlantis. I hate to think this makes Valinor America!

?: Avalon is to the west of Europe.

?: Ireland?



?: This is a question to the group at large. If he feels that this intensive researching and deep analysis, and especially the drawing up of complete chronologies and so forth, deadens the fantasy, don't his extensive appendices and chronologies themselves lead up to it? It gives the opportunity for the Baker Street Irregular type of mania.

Resnik: You've brought out something very interesting. If anybody ever gets to him again you might ask him about this. It just occurred to me that if pressed I would certainly have difficulty in drawing a line between the sort of game playing which he approves, such as chronologies, alphabets, names and translations, and the sort of intense research of which he disapproves.

?: I think I can draw the line. The games which he approves are researches within the structure of the work, taking it as though it were history. The things of which he doesn't approve are vivisections treating it as psychology, as a fictional work with all sorts of subtle and underhanded intentions thrown in thruout. If it is treated as reality, and completely within its own context, if the bounds of the secondary roles are not violated, then it is a game and completely all right.

?: He also does not like the kind of analysis which tries to analyze his motives.

Resnik: I think that that is a very good distinction and wish I had had it in my article.

?: There is some justification for things of this sort no matter how much he may dislike it. As in many great works of art there is a lot more there than the author intended. So, tho he may not have intended allegory it could still be there.

Plotz: That's not allegory.

?: For example, the composer of a symphony is not the interpreter. There is more to this than the composer gave it.

Plotz: Well, Tolkien does draw a distinction between allegory and symbol. In the Ballentine preface he implies that allegory is a pattern of the author's mind, whereas symbol rests with the reader. Any reader can interpret a phenomenon in a work of literature to symbolize something in the real world. It's allegory only if the symbol was intended by the author, and if it fits into a pattern.

?: There are likely to be things in a work which the author did not intend to be there, but this sort of discussion is fruitless. You can never really tell whether it's in the mind of the author or not.

Plotz: Well, the only way you can tell is by asking him. In any case, I think you can get some indication. The more people that can agree on it the more likelihood there is of its having been in the author's mind. But this isn't always so.

?: When I went to High School one of my English teachers had said that Melville was once asked if there was any allegory in Moby Dick, and he had said no. I don't think you can always take a writer at his word. Sometimes what a reader gets out of it is even a little more important than what the writer puts in. Whether it's what the writer meant or not doesn't matter. He wrote it and that's his presentation of himself. What he says about it is less valid than the work itself.

Plotz: The important thing, as a matter of fact, is whether a sufficiently large number of people can agree on the interpretation. After that it doesn't really matter whether the author intended it.

?: The thing is, the more people agree the worse. The whole point of a really great work of art is that many different people can get many meanings from it.

Resnik: As a former English teacher myself, I would like to suggest that the very fact that where-ever I go this question emerges indicates that some people are finding interpretations and managing to relate LotR as fiction to their own lives. Now it seems to me that if they can do that then there might be some justification for it, and the more intense this debate grows the more reason I can see for allowing both sides. But it has been a very hot debate. One boy in Columbia said he would be downcast if there were any social meaning at all. I've never seen anything quite like that reaction but it was an overstatement of what I found to be common.

Bob Foster: As for allegory in Tolkien's work, the problem is it isn't finished yet. After Tolkien is dead everyone who has read him will have to decide whether or not there is allegory. Now it is up to him, while he is still writing books about Middle Earth.

John Closson: It seems that there will be a sort of Ecumenical Council of people who have read Tolkien to decide....

Plotz: Tolkien has said "I hold the key" which means that most of what's been written about Middle Earth only he knows.



?: Well, I think one of the most beautiful things about Tolkien, and lacking, for instance, in the Narnia tales, is that Middle Earth -- well, you can always enter into it. Narnia is always connected to this world -- you always have the door and there are references to the other world. But Middle Earth is an entity unto itself. And even tho you can say that England is this part of Middle Earth, etc., you have to accept that it is NOT part of this world. I don't think allegory belongs there at all -- it ruins it.

?: I think one reason we tend to infer an analogy in Tolkien's work lies in the devices he uses to describe Middle Earth, which refer directly to our experience. And it is only one step from that to saying This is something with which I, the reader, am familiar. And so it is very easy to construct an analogy even if the author didn't intend one.

John Boardman: I think we could make a comparison with another work which ought to interest everyone who enjoyed the LotR, and that's Eric Rucker Eddison's Worm Ouroboros. Now this book makes an attempt in the beginning to take the reader from this sublunar existence up to the planet upon which the war between the Demons and Witches is taking place. But it limps. That's the lamest part of the book, and once the author gets you there he completely forgets about his narrator who took you there. Apparently this business of having a mundane connection is not really important in a work at all.

As for the criticism of Professor Tolkien's claim that there is no allegory built in, I am reminded of a question someone asked Ravel. What had been his inspiration for the "Bolero"? He said that it had been a water pail operating near his place... an interpretation which no one else who has ever heard the thing confers upon it.

Resnik: It appears we are reaching a resolution of this. Could the distinction be that Tolkien has expressed in several contexts that what might be called a (and this is no criticism) sort of possessive attitude. He holds the key. He created all this. Maybe it's been aggravated by the Ace controversy, but it IS his creation, from beginning to end. Maybe the distinction is between the complete work that he put out and what each reader puts on it. Each reader is perfectly valid in putting on whatever construction he wants, reading in any allegory, any symbol. But for the reader then to enlarge upon that and say this is what Tolkien meant is not only wrong, it's -- in my mind it's almost immoral. Because it IS his work. And while he's alive any statement he wants to make about his books has to be pretty well accepted. You don't have to believe it -- it doesn't have to go along with your interpretation.

?: What happens to the words of the work itself? Are those nothing? Can't you look at the work itself, and if there is a structure, if you see an allegory there (I do not) isn't it there?

?: Are you trying to divorce the work from the author?

?: Where does Tolkien enter his own work? He's divorced it from himself. Even in the appendix on translations he says in effect "I have put these in an Anglo-Saxon context. Of course they are not Anglo-Saxon, but this is the only way the translator, etc."

Resnik: I will interject something here because I found that I certainly have my own view of this, and I didn't want to get into arguments each time I wanted to interview someone. My feeling is that some of you (this is the first time I have made a personal statement but I feel that since we have gotten into this argument I am entitled to it as much as anyone) are just too fiercely adamant about the whole question of interpretation. I think that most of you adamant ones would probably agree with Susan Sonntag's essay in her book against interpretation. But in all these anti-interpretation theories, certainly Susan Sonntag's, there are flaws. It seems to me that as you read you possess your own vision of whatever you read, and I mean this quite actively. It is inevitable for anything that comes in thru your eyes and into your brain and into your imagination is in some way affected by the way you are. You have thus interpreted reality as you constantly do every minute you are alive. And it seems to me that for you to claim any sort of direct pipeline to Tolkien without any interpretive values whatever is a fallacy... a literal fallacy!

The meeting was adjourned at this point. ERM

~~~~~

SAW IT TODAY  
SILVER ON BLUE  
SPELLING TO ME  
LIFE

A STAR  
FROM MY CHEST





THE PALACE OF LOVE and other Demon Prince stories, by Jack Vance: reviewed by Mark Walsted

Kirth Gersen is in trouble.

Kirth Gersen is the hero of a series of stories, The Star King, The Killing Machine, and The Palace of Love, by Jack Vance. For several reasons he is trying to hunt down and kill the five Demon Princes. If you haven't read the books I recommend that you do so. They are fascinating, and filled with the exotic backgrounds for which Jack Vance is so justly famous. I am not writing a review of these books, but am considering some aspects, past and future, of the series. This leads back to my original statement.

Gersen has killed three of the demon princes; Malagathe the Woe, Kokor Hekkus, and Viole Falushe. We can expect two more books, I hope soon, for he must still kill Lens Larque and Howard Allen Treesong.

One characteristic common to all the demon princes is that they are tremendously able persons. However, they all have hidden traits of personality which are individual to themselves, but which, when understood, lead to an understanding of their goals and behavior. Consider Malagathe the Woe. He has been described as inscrutable. Yet, once it is known that he is a star king, his purposes become obvious. The star kings are an alien race, driven by their instinct to best a competing species. Man is a competing race, and some men choose to become criminals. It is completely logical that a star king would be driven by his instinct to become a super-criminal and beat men at their own game.

Kokor Hekkus has other drives, and ones with which I am more in sympathy. He is a romantic. He is just what all of us sword and sorcery fans would like to be. He may very well have had a sheltered childhood, spent reading the equivalent of Tarzan, Conan, Gandalf the Gray, and Huck Finn. I can believe that one day he decided that he would no longer just read about such adventures, but that he would make his own world to live them in. We now know that that is just what he did. I know nothing of the vast and incredible outrages that he has visited upon mankind, and this ignorance makes it easy to regard him in a very sympathetic light.



Viole Falushe is another matter. An unhappy childhood, and a fixation upon one particular girl who rejected him, has driven him into psychic impotence. His monomania is to find the cure for the impotence. It is certainly possible to feel sorry for him, just as one feels sorry for any criminal when the defense presents him as the victim of an unhappy childhood, and gives that as the reason for his crime. However, Viole Falushe is the most hateful personality in the series so far. To move into metaphor, Kokor Hekkus is a tiger burning bright; Viole Falushe is a spitting cobra. Both must be killed, for self protection, yet the tiger is beautiful, while the cobra arouses only disgust.

Of the other two, we know little, but we can speculate. Lens Larque is a megalomaniac. I can imagine him on a golden throne, surrounded by worshipful subjects, waging war upon the rest of mankind. Howard Allen Treesong is more puzzling. The only information we have is that he glories in chaos. There is one possible explanation that has occurred to me; he is in some way connected with the Institute.

The Institute is a collection of scholars with a tremendous amount of knowledge that is withheld from general circulation as being too dangerous. I imagine that the methods Kokor Hekkus used to prolong his life would be known to the overcentennial fellows of the Institute. If one such fellow broke loose from the restraints of his training he would indeed be a formidable criminal. From the remarks of one member of the Institute, two things are clear. First, the Institute knows a lot about the demon princes. Second, some of the byproducts of their activities are good. It may be that Howard Allen Treesong is an overcentennial member who has fallen into the common trap of doing evil that good may come of it. It may even be possible that the Institute has deliberately created a demon prince, and the socially desirable side effects are their true goals. The Institute cannot move openly. Yet, if it wished to influence events and initiate social changes, it might well create a tool like Howard Allen Treesong.

Gersen may have an easier time finding leads to the remaining demon princes, for he has the papers of Viole Falushe. The princes know each other, and could reach each other when necessary. I don't imagine that they do so too often, since each has his own territory and interests. It is quite probable, however, that there are clues to the location of the remaining two among the papers.

Yet, when he killed Viole Falushe, Gersen placed himself in a dangerously exposed position. The death of Malagate the Woe passed unnoticed. This is not surprising, since the administrators of the Sea Province University would hardly admit that he had been on their staff. Kokor Hekkus was killed on a remote and isolated planet. His death will not be noticed for awhile. The death of Viole Falushe will be reported immediately. Even were none of the other guests at the Palace of Love to talk (and who can resist a good story), there is one guest who will certainly tell her story to the news reporters. She is Margray Liever, from Earth, who won a trip to the Palace of Love as a television prize. It is to be expected that on her return, the television company will wish to get her story of her visit; and they will certainly get more than they expect.

The death of Viole Falushe will not perturb the remaining princes immediately, for they will probably regard it as an opportunity to extend their interests into his territory. If, however, one of them attempts to communicate with the others to arrange a division of interests he will certainly become very worried. The princes have a tender regard for their own skins. There will be an immediate investigation, possibly even a conference (with adequate safeguards) to discuss this situation.

The most obvious possibility is that the IPCC has finally started to move against the demon princes. All weazels that are caught from now on will be interrogated on this and other related points, with negative results. However, other researches will show the surprising possibility that a single man, for some reason, has killed the three princes. Let us consider the main lines of investigation, and their results.

The investigation on Grabholm planet will give no clues to Malagate's slayer. However, it may disclose his secret identity, if it is not known already. If the search for information reaches Sea Province University it will turn up very interesting data. Detterras and Kelle



will be kidnapped and questioned exhaustively about Gersen. His IPCC dossier, and that of his grandfather, will be examined. Gersen's dossier will reveal that he had been a member of the Institute and had reached the eleventh degree. His grandfather's dossier may or may not reveal that he had lived in Mount Pleasant at the time of the sack. It is not important except as corroborative evidence. Gersen admitted his motives in the presence of Detteras and Kelle at the time he killed Malagate. It will be obvious that this is a simple revenge feud by one man for the Mount Pleasant massacre.

Since the location of Thamber may not yet be known, it is possible that there will be no investigation there. If there is, what will be revealed is the fact of Kokor Hekkus' death, a lead to the Patch Engineering Works, and the name Alusz Iphigenia Eperje-Tokay. If she can be found and questioned she will corroborate the Mount Pleasant motive. A questioning of Patch will reveal that Gersen-Wall once admitted that his interest in Kokor Hekkus was to kill him. The same leads can be found from the investigation of the last project of Kokor Hekkus, the series of kidnappings and the ransoming of Alusz Iphigenia. Also to be found is the fact that it was Gersen-Wall who swindled Kokor Hekkus and Interchange, and he is consequently a very wealthy man.

Navarth, the mad poet, is certain to be questioned about the killing of Viole Falushe. He can reveal little beyond the name Henry Lucas. However, Henry Lucas is a man who can afford to spend a million SVU to hold a party, and is associated with the magazine Cosmopolis. An inquiry at the magazine will show the circumstances of his hiring.

There are very few direct leads to Gersen, and none to his location. However we can be sure that Gersen will soon be actively hunted by two very capable men with widespread organization. Furthermore, some traps can be set. I can easily imagine some of the more obvious orders for the search for Gersen. Let Pallis Atwode be discreetly watched and questioned, and investigate any of her associates who resemble the elusive Gersen. Gersen may revisit Navarth. Release him and set a watch on him. He may return to the Palace of Love. Watch for him. Is his spaceboat distinctive enough that a watch can be set on the major spacefields in the Oikumene and Beyond? Watch the financial world for signs of new and great wealth.

Some lines of search may be very difficult, especially as they must be discreet. What are the relations of Gersen with the IPCC? What does the Institute know about him? Where is the ultimate ownership of the magazine Cosmopolis? As for traps, Gersen may well be interested in the fate of the people enslaved in the Mount Pleasant massacre. Let knowledge of their location be discreetly published and examine the people who try to buy them. Gersen is hunting for the remaining demon princes. Publish false information giving a hint or lead to the location or the interests of the princes, and see who responds. Gersen has the papers of Viole Falushe. What information will they give?

Above all, be careful. Anyone resembling Gersen who shows any unusual interest in the demon princes or is found in unusual circumstances is to be questioned. Gersen has shown himself to be a capable and ruthless man and it would be disastrous to underestimate him.

Gersen has now lost his most potent weapons, his anonymity and his enemy's ignorance of his goals. Had Malagate been more suspicious, he would have kidnapped Gersen instead of Pallis, even at the risk of losing the locator filament. Kokor Hekkus would have questioned Howard Wall before turning him over to Interchange, and when Henry Lucas intruded upon Viole Falushe he would not have gotten off with a beating. That someone would dare to hunt the demon princes is probably the most shocking knowledge that has come to Lens Larque and Howard Allen Treesong in some time. However I have complete faith that they will adapt themselves to this knowledge.

Now do you see why I said that Kirth Gersen is in trouble?

-- Mark Walsted



## THE ENEMY OF MY ENEMY, by Avram Davidson

Reviewed by Emil Petaja

This is my first book review I think since The Black Arrow in high school, and I hesitate for two reasons (at least). I'm a little allergic to reviews of any creative or performing effort because they either (a) tell me all the book is about and preclude the pleasure of reading it, or (b) they destroy my interest by a nitpicking review whose purpose seems to be to show how 'clever' the reviewer is. I prefer to make up my own mind. As a writer I am all too aware of the sweat that goes into any piece of writing and jabbing 'cutely' at the 10% that's not up to snuff is not my idea of playing fair.

Not that reviewing intelligently is any cinch!

Actually, with Avram Davidson's The Enemy of My Enemy (Berkeley Medallion) the task is all too easy. Davidson is such a master of the complexities involved in creating an alien world and peopling it with fascinating characters who do interesting things that it would be difficult to find nits to pick.

Enemy at once flings one headlong into the middle of a ranchy lilieu called Pemath Old Port (place and person names are always evocative) and the rogue-hero Jerred's immediate problem of escaping death by leeri; Davidson does this so smoothly that you don't care for the moment where Pemath Old Port is or what kinds of fiends the leeri-masters are. You are availed to find out more, though. One thing among many Davidson does so well is to keep the plot bubbling and driving forward while at the same time inserting bits and pieces of locale, the present situation, and the ultimate problems to be resolved.

His detail is rich and fruity. You see, smell, taste, feel, and beyond that you believe in a kind of continuity -- historical and sociological -- of his countries Pemath and Tarnis. The story is merely a plucking-out from the middle of a particularly fascinating section. This is one of the things Davidson gives you that many excellent writers can't, somehow. It tucks in casual hints of past history and change, the kind of writing that has a sense of reality and is so difficult in science fiction. On good old Terra you already have a past history to go on; you know what Man's roots were and what he has been doing for the past few thousand years. Achieving this sense of continuity in an alien environment takes a masterful touch, since you can't take time to give the reader a lengthy rundown, especially within the word-lengths restricting modern novels.

To give you a teaser trailer sort of preview of what gives, Jerred Northi wants to get out of overpopulated hungry Pemath and escape his personal debts and become a high-living Tarnisi, so he undergoes a Craftsman transformation to make him over physically. The Tarnisi are soi disant superior-race types who despise the bastards they produce by raping poor Outland women, and rob the underdogs blind in the guise of punishing them for making the desperate foraging raids their poverty demands. One horribly vivid scene among the subjected Volanth -- 'Not people, no. This is what made them...beds of warm muck, fermenting forever in the sun until the first ones crawled out up on the land to dry...' -- shows a woman lying on her back, looking at them, one hand entangled in her dress as if to pull it down. She seems to wink, then Jerred realizes that it is a maggot wriggling in her eye. 'There were maggots crawling...in her ears and mouth





and nostrils and in her vagina.' The self-justification of the Tarnisi for their vicious treatment of those they oppress is bland and vomit-making and has counterparts on Terra, I am sure.

Yet, in the fullness of time, when the hot and heavy battles are over, even these wretches learn, as Davidson tells us, from their own victims. New generations will come who must not be charged for the old ones' mistakes or there can never be progress. Biology cannot be refuted; there are inferior specimens who must take longer to reach their fulfillment, nor is downgrading them on biological bases helping them to do so. Yet the Tree of Consultation still stands.

Avram Davidson presents us with an important premise as well as with a damn good story. There are so many delicious little hints and raw little turns of phrase to make you chuckle inwardly, too. He can get bawdy as well as poetic. Enemy of My Enemy not only bears reading, but it bears careful reading.

-- Emil Petaja

ART IN NIEKAI 16 and 17, with imperialistic asides

Reviewed by Martin Pitt

Dear Felice,

Good heavens! What's this I hear? We've lost the colony of Virginia? That's the trouble with the Empire today -- give these damn colonials a bit of leash and they start getting ideas.\* They're only the lower and criminal classes out there (dammit, what gentleman would wish to inhabit the Americas?), so there should have been more care taken. I mean, they are our own people in a sort of way, so one can hardly send a gunboat. The only way would have been to nip the trouble in the bud. I said that stamp tax would cause trouble, and some lawyer feller was kicking up a fuss almost straight away. The whole affair has been handled disgracefully and I shall very probably write to the Times.

Mind you, I doubt we've lost much there. It's a pretty wild country, and hardly likely to make a go of things. In a year or so they'll beg us to organize a decent government. I suppose we shall have to retain the Canadian provinces, if only to stop those Frenchies getting 'em. Not that I've anything against the French, mind you. Quite fine people, I suppose, in a foreign sort of way -- but not British. I mean, I'd as soon let my daughter marry one as marry a banker's horseman!

Ah well, there's still India.\*\* ...

KNEECAPS is one of the few American fmz I've seen and I am so far impressed with American fandom...KNICKERS is in many ways a model zine, containing a certain amount of just about everything worth having; reasonable a/w ((what's that?! --FR)), serious articles; humour ((you've got to be kidding. --FR)); verse; ramblings; authoratitave locs, and actual useful information. Moreover, it still manages to retain a characteristic flavour, which is highly surprizing considering what a hotch-potch you would expect.

With regard to the front cover of #16 -- I'm amazed you printed it. Aren't there laws about sending things through the US Mail? It takes very little psychology to reckon DNS has problems -- there's nothing even subtle about it. ((?? --FR)) And your readers who liked it but didn't know why had better have a good think. ((!! --FR)) Bacover excellent -- wouldn't have minded doing that myself.

#17 -- Quite an impressive cover (presumably scrapeboard). One or two technical flaws, maybe; hands are always difficult in this sort of technique. A rule might have helped on the border, and the background is a little messy -- it tends to look simply not cleaned up rather than giving the atmospheric effect Jack is fairly obviously after.

Further to Jack Gaughan's work. When I first saw the illo in p. 35 I could hardly contain my apathy. The nude in fanart is an overworked theme, largely, I suspect, because the

\*I would have said we stopped getting that sort of idea some time ago. --FR

\*\*Thanks, it's nice to hear from a modern liberal at last. --FR



majority of fanartists are male. It didn't take me long, however, to realise that this was an unusual case. The subject-matter of the article it accompanied (The Arabian Nights) positively demanded such an illo, and, moreover, in a style something like that used. The body is beautifully distorted in exactly the correct manner (a difficult thing to do) and necessary lines and only the necessary lines are employed. (Jack has picked out some of the most crucial delineations, which many people would have missed out, and obviated the need for a multitude of other lines one would be strongly tempted to add. The ed's use of red ink on green paper looks as if it is actually an improvement -- a very unusual thing, since eds have a nasty habit of ruining good illos by a desire to go wild with the colored ink and paper.) The bearded man (p. 28) is nicely complementary.

About Arthur Thomson: I was going to say 'Atom -- 'nuff said', but further opinion may be of some value. ATom long ago realised that fine cross-hatching, thin lines, and large areas of black have a tendency to repro badly and this has been one of the secrets of his success. ATom's successful style, however, is starting to have a sameness about it, in particular the open-work space suit and ray-gun sort typified by the #17 bacover. It's still highly competent, and it's only because I believe ATom to be a good artist and one who can still develop that I would make the criticism of possible staleness of approach.

Little Green Dinosaur seems a pleasant enough chap, and I loved the first page, especially the 'crumble' pic. My one criticism would be that he does seem to vary rather violently in shape although it looks as if he may be done directly onto stencil, in which case great praise and all credit for reproing your a/w by the most difficult (albeit cheapest from a faned's point of view) method of all.

I should comment that fibre-tip pen is a medium in its own right and should be treated thus with respect. That is, it has limitations and possibilities not fully shared by other artistic methods and is not (as there is a strong tendency to believe) easier to produce good illos. Its principal advantage is probably sketching speed, which means that one can have a much higher ratio of discards to illos sent up for publishing. An individual illustration can thus be developed through about a dozen stages before the final one, instead of perhaps only four or five steps in a pen-and-ink drawing. If, of course, you have the steady hand and line control of Pablo Picasso or Salvador Dali you can do good firm-line drawings in one stage. You are then called a genius and do not bother with fanzines.

All praise for Johnny Chambers for a fine sensitivity in his p. 14 illo. His 'Samwise Running' came off quite well, too, particularly the leaves, etc.

Fold-out: OK. Quite nice. Why bother? ((We've stopped. --FR))

Back to the generalizations. Of the NIEKAI I've seen, the art varies from the pretty good (which has a strong tendency to be Jack Gaughan) through the competent and mediocre to the downright bad. ...Should this be pubbed I trust no one will take offence, since I'm vehemently on the side of the fan-artist, as one myself (but of such small standing as to be scarcely visible under an electron microscope). I feel that reasonable (I hope) criticism is better than no reaction at all. ((You're right! --FR))

Martin Pitt

((Awright, awright, people: I know this should have gone in the lettercol. But that section's closed already, and since art does get so little comment I wanted to include Martin's comments. To finish the form, Martin's address is 84 Wood Lane, Handsworth, Birmingham 20, England. --FR))

Dannie Plachta (I think), 9147 Roselawn, Detroit, Mich., says: Dear Felice, Please plug: Roger Zelazny, Guest of Honor at the Triple Fan Fair, Park Shelton Hotel, Detroit, 17-18 June. For info contact Jack Promo, 4662 Toledo, Detroit, Mich. Also: Roger Zelazny, Guest of Honor at the Ozarkon II, St. Louis, the 28-30 July.

Best,  
Dannie



ALPHAVILLE (Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, starring Anna Karina,  
Eddie Considine, and Akim Tamiroff)

Reviewed by Nan Braude

It is, of course, possible to turn a non-sf character into an sf hero; but, unless it is Sherlock Holmes, why bother? The hero of this French film -- which, if not nouvelle, is certainly vague -- is Lemmy Caution, the hero of a series of British thrillers. I read one or two of them years ago, and I remember Lemmy as basically a Len Deighton type who kept winding up in Ian Fleming situations. The plot of Alphaville, however, resembles something that might have been whomped out by Anton Chekhov during an LSD trip.

Lemmy is a secret agent from 'the Outlands' who is trying to figure out the situation in the city (planet? Galaxy? We never find out) of Alphaville, which has isolated itself. It seems the place is being run by a giant supercomputer, Alpha 60, designed by the apparent ruler of Alphaville (or is he merely another slave of the computer?), 'Dr. von Braun (~~slk~~ sic). Eventually Lemmy shoots von Braun, whereupon most of the population of Alphaville drops dead (honest!), and escapes to another galaxy with von Braun's beautiful daughter Natash -- in a white Ford Mustang, for reasons which still escape me.

Most of the 'action' of the film consists of pointless wanderings and interesting camera angles. But I think the crashing boredom bothered me less than the obtrusive illogic. Why, for example, didn't von Braun have any bodyguards? And why was Lemmy, once detected as a spy, allowed to run around loose and unbrainwashed? And to retain his gun?

The film was even borying to look at, being shot in Lifeless Black and White, with nothing much in the way of scenery. There were a few pretty girls who kept volunteering to take their clothes off, but practically no one was interested. (There was one nude young woman in a bell jar who seemed to be serving, as far as I could determine, as a sort of room divider.) The only really beautiful girl in the picture, Natasha, played by Godard's wife Anna Karina, remained chastely garbed throughout. All the interiors appeared to have been shot in the lobby of the same Miami Beach motel, except for one, which was obviously Parisian -- but I refuse to believe that, in the 22nd century, even a French hotel would have a potted palm in the lobby.\*

Oh, I almost forgot -- Alphaville does have what must be the cinema's first combination public execution and water ballet.

The message of the film apparently is supposed to be Humane Values vs. The Evils of Technology: Lemmy converts the brainwashed Natash by reciting from the poems of Paul Eluard. There must be an easier way. (Now, if it had been The Lord of the Rings...

This film has received rave reviews as a specimen of avant-garde art, but I suggest you put it at the top of your miss list.

-- Nan Braude

TARNSMAN OF GOR, by John Norman (Ballantine, December 1966,  
U6071, 75¢)

Reviewed by Steve Perrin

((On the bacover blurb, it says that John Norman 'has read little fantasy but has found that he likes to write in the genre...'. That he has read little, shows. However, for what it's worth, I'm not a sword and sorcery fan particularly but I liked the book a little better than Steve seems to have liked it. I think the writer shows promise, once he has learned more about the assumptions behind s&s plotting. When the sequel comes out -- Norman has obviously left it wide open for a sequel, though not as blatantly as Burroughs did -- I'll be interested in seeing whether it's an improvement. ...Now to Steve. --FR))

Occasionally, even today, one runs across one of those stories which must have inspired Edgar Rice Burroughs to say, 'I can do better than that.' Such a book is the one under review. It is, in point of fact, Burroughs-derived, no doubt because the 'little fantasy'

\* So nu, where else would you keep one? --FR



literature he has read was Burroughs. Comparisons come to mind between TARNSMAN and PRINCESS OF MARS, and, as a rule, Tarl Cabot comes in a poor second to John Carter (and that is going some from the viewpoint of this writer).

Basically, the fault of the book is in its hero. He has none of the heroic/aristocratic aura of John Carter, Virginia gentleman/soldier who cannot remember a childhood. He's just an English (that is to say, British --FR) professor of history with some mystery as to his father's whereabouts. This is a prime consideration in any heroic character. John Carter could not remember parents, Conan's parents had long been left and forgotten, Aragorn's father died heroically long before the actual story began, etc. Great heroes have no real roots. They must make them, and it is the fight/search for these roots, carving out a place for themselves, which makes them heroes. Cabot comes into a deal, readymade, his father ready to hand him the reins.

The world of Gor is not a bad creation, aside from its totally ridiculous existence in our Solar System. My own feeling is that Norman should have gone to the alternate world/paratime idea, but that's second-guessing, and quite possibly outside the 'little fantasy' which he has read. Basically, the world is an extension of Mars, or rather a different tack. We use birds instead of airships, etc. The social customs are different, but have the same surface plausibility of Barsoom, with the same opportunities for our blundering earthman to make semantic boobies and bring scorn down upon his head.

All the Burroughsian elements are present. The scornful princess, the great (but not as great)warrior-sidekick (who was initially an enemy) for Our Hero, the evil tyrant, and all the rest, including the mysterious 'Gods' who live in the mountains and rule the lives of the people. However, in his workmanlike portrayals of some of these characters, Norman makes a few mistakes. Heroic fantasy needs absolutes. Even if the hero ends up with the villain's daughter, the villain has to be evil through and through. But, in many ways, the 'villain' of this piece is the most civilized and intelligent person going. He's simply trying to unify the constantly warring city-states (strange similarity there. I've heard it before) into one great empire, and perhaps even challenge the mysterious beings who rule Gor. So, naturally, our hero must put a stop to this, because dear old dad is the ruler of one of the city-states. See what having roots can do for a hero? But I don't care about this silly unification project. The first fourth of the books deals with a great question I couldn't care less about. Then, when the hero himself gets into trouble, you at least have the interest of 'how does he get out of this one?'. But, on the whole, there is nothing particularly earth-shaking, or even Gor-shaking, about the problem.

For an hour's light reading, say on a Greyhound going from San Francisco to San Jose, pick it up in a second-hand bookstore. Seventy-five cents is too much.

--Steve Perrin

DOLPHIN BOY, Roy Meyers (Ballantine, June 1967,  
U6100, 75¢)

Reviewed by Felice Rolfe

This is another Tarzan book, only with dolphins instead of apes. Due to a series of happy coincidences, John Averill becomes a man who can live in the sea. First, his mother, a brilliant mathematician, is exposed to radiation while in the critical first or second month of pregnancy. This causes the baby to be born with a respiratory rate of about one breath a minute, and the ability to secrete a fine film of oil on his skin when exposed to water. Second, the explosion which kills his father and mother (wiping out their lab) blows the boy into the sea. Third, there's a herd of dolphins nearby, containing, fourth, a mother dolphin who has borne a dead baby. A good deal of time is spent on his learning to live like a dolphin, and his life undersea when he has. I found this part of the book very interesting, though I certainly can't vouch for its marine-biological accuracy. 20 years later, by a strange accident, a girl is washed overboard from a ship which John is bow-riding with his herd. He rescues her, of course. She turns out, oddly enough, to be the daughter of the man who took over John's father's company. He goes ashore to find her, and his identity as Sir John, Sir Arthur's son, is established. (Knighthood isn't inheritable. Ballantine authors really should do more homework.) He's also wealthy, it turns out.

In spite of its faults, I rather liked the book, and shall probably read the next one.





DLP

[SORRY, BUT THE LATENESS OF THIS ISSUE NECESSITATES THE DROPPING OF GINCA'S THIS TIME AROUND]

HARLAN ELLISON | 3484 Coy Drive | Sherman Oaks Cal 91403

Dear Ed: Thank you very much for the lovely NIEKAS 17. It is a handsome thing indeed. And thank you even more for the delightful piece about me. Perrin was too kind, as were you. I was genuinely delighted at the entire jellybean shtick. It at least meant people had read the story. And you're quite right. I didn't blow up...why should I? People were being friendly. You'll find, as many have, that the entire facade of viciousness on my part is a delusion of people who came on with me like jerks, and expected me to be polite in return. No one would act differently if they were set about with blunt instruments. To people who are friendly, I've tried always to be friendly in return. I'll grant you I have a low boiling point, and tend to be erratic, but only a schmuck slaps people who are kind to him. I like to think I'm not a schmuck.

Additionally, may I publicly make an oblation to Bill Rotsler? Aside from being one of the most inventive wits we've ever been blessed with, in fandom, he is a helluva good guy. His humor is guillotine, but behind it is genuine affection. Once I admired the title of a sketch he had done. I asked him if I might appropriate it for a short story I was contemplating writing. He said by all means, and so when the March Hugo issue of If comes out, a story I'm exceeding fond of will be titled "I Have No Mouth And I Must Scream," and so will the book that follows the story in March or April 1967. He is unselfish and always ready to send a fan something for a fanzine. He is good to be with, stimulating company, and just generally all-round a winner.

Now get your knee off my chese, rotsler.

Again, Ed, thank you, and thanks to anyone who reads NIEKAS who was in attendance at either the Westercon or the Tricon, who helped make them such wonderful days for me. Jeezus, the world is a golden and lovely place.

And that's enough sloppy sunshine for now!

Harlan.

PIERS ANTHONY

Dear Ed, I resolved that the next time a NIEKAS showed its colors, I would read it from colophon to index and time myself. While it is possible that I am not the world's slowest reader, I may be able to make a case for the western hemisphere. At any rate, I moved through everything except the Glossary installment. Time: eight (8) hours. No man can do more.

The most pressing problem was the misplacement of the table of contents. Not since issue #8, which arrived in mid '64, has it occupied so peculiar a location. I kept flipping to the back and smacking into somebody who spoke 29 languages and made a dictionary of the apes. Tarzan? My mind is close enough to the brink already without that sort of jolt, thank you. I hope you get the next issue straightened around. [What is the general reader's reaction to the location of the table of contents? I started putting it in back, along with the title of the magazine on the back cover, as a sort of trade mark. However a number of people have complained that this gives the magazine a careless appearance...as if we ourselves didn't know what was going to be in it until we finished. If that were the case we could still run the ToC last, even if it is the front page, so it doesn't seem to me that it signifies. Anyhow, last issue & this issue we are experimenting with it up front and will watch for response. ERM]

Otherwise it seemed a fair issue. I noticed the real gone cover -- ugh! That eight hours has snapped my -- real Gaughan cover which so nicely capsules the fantasy of the Nights; but my chief delight is his illustration on page 35 which not only is relevant and pretty to look at, but is a genuine Arabian Night type girl. This would be the Lady Budur, of course, since she is shown exposed: that is, without her veil. No, I forget; Shahrazad also has her moments. At any rate, such details as the heavy hips and large navel are exactly what are stressed in Night descriptions, and I sincerely appreciate the care with which this picture has been stylized.

I am a trifle curious why the second page of Patterns is headed "NIEKAS 16:8," when I make it "17:3" and wonder why the following sheet is blank except for the illustration, but presume it was simply my turn, since I haven't had a fouled-up issue hitherto...I'm now able to recognize Ed's VW on p. 8, es-



especially by the tilt as he spins around a corner; I will not soon forget that 3 A. M. career through the streets of Bumbejimas.

As for comment on Brunner's and Bradley's prior articles, I am one of the culprits. Seldom have I felt so guilty as the moment when Ed inquired what I thought of the Bradley article and I said I hadn't read it yet and he said "oh. So I went back and read it, and will append a comment. P. 10--I just spent a month in the Age of Reptiles (researching a novel) and I have news for somebody: THAT'S NO DINOSAUR (wrong hip structure, mainly). [He's back in N17, talking about Chambers cartoons. ERM] ... Children's Fantasy--I've been glancing through these regularly, but am saving them for serious perusal at such time as I have children to read to. Has *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry been reviewed yet? Talk about children's fairy tales for adults! Gincas--allow me to recommend the *Saturday Review* to those who feel science & literature don't mix. I'm surprised there is a conflict. My chief interests are science and literature, and I reconcile them by reading science fiction. I appreciate both the poetry of William Butler Yeats and the impact of Quasars on astronomy. Surely I'm not alone? No, as I look at the work of such new and spectacular writers as Zelazny and Delany, I know I am not.

Bradley article in N16: first I'm going to explain why I didn't get through it last time, then I'll explain why I don't have too much to say this time. Fair enough? 1) I started in on it before, but being pressed for time, glanced ahead to see how long it was. I was frankly fazed by 18 pages. That's a good hour and a half or a poor two hours for me, and I have to be pretty sure I'm interested before investing the time. 2) I perceived that it was a five-year-old reprint. This prejudiced me, because it gave me the impression that the editors had to scratch pretty deep if that was the most current and original material they could find. 3) I did get far enough into it to discover that it was a straight LotR article (more correctly an essay). Now I happen to be more of a Hobbit fan than a LotR fan. That is, I read *The Hobbit* as a child and was entranced. Later I read the trilogy and found it comparatively ponderous. The magic was gone. There are lots of things I'd rather read 18 pages of than yet another LotR discussion (and yes, W. H. Audin and James Branch Cabell are numbered among those). 4) If something is compellingly written and significant enough, even the forgoing would not have prevented my finishing the piece. But the first few pages struck me as the mutterings of one of those females who are looking for a sophisticated way to say they Don't Like Sex. Damn it, I'll take sex any day to the sadistic violence that grossly lards too much of even such a backwater as science fiction. True, LotR is a series which carries no sex and precious little romantic interest (male-female variety; I'm aware that romance as applied to literature has a considerably broader meaning) -- but is 18 pages required to make that point clear?

That, anyway, is why I didn't finish it the first time. Now that I have gone back and read all of it, I can amend my impressions. 1) Lack of time is the excuse most people use for not doing something they don't want to do anyway, so let's strike that. 2) NIEKAS has not seemed to be hurting for material too much recently, what with 90 or 100 page issues, so it is more reasonable to assume that if he elects to reprint something, it is because he sincerely believes it is well worth the space and effort. 3) This point stands. 4) The author does such a careful job of exploring the personal motives of the characters of LotR that I must conclude that she means no more than what she says in the first page: that she doesn't want sex rammed into SF as it has been into everything else. I believe she is overly cautious here; very little sex gets into SF, assuming that this is an evil, which I don't. Still, it's a fair enough opinion.

All in all, if I had to do it all over again, I probably wouldn't read the article. Now, as to why I don't have much to say about it this time: it is not the type of thing you can say much about. It is obvious that the author has read Tolkien a lot more carefully than I have and has thought about it more than I ever will. I must either agree with its points, which doesn't make for much controversy (Ed seems to want contro-

versy), or try to take issue with them knowing that at best I will only reveal my ignorance. Well, I don't feel much shame in honest ignorance, but neither do I feel inclined to go to great effort to parade it. Here's a typical example of the way this article mousetrapped me before I bit at the cheese: I note the emphasis on symbolism. Now I approve of symbolism; it makes much possible in modern literature that was never possible before, and can be a fine mental and emotional challenge. But I always understood that one of the selling points of LotR was that it had no overtones or undertones and no symbolism: it was just a good, healthy adventurous escape. What, I am going to inquire, has happened to this unsymbolic work; is it after all just another complex, symbolistic, tortured exploration of Man's basic motivations? But in section five this is rather nicely answered. Bradley had, you see, thought this out more carefully than I, and what use to ask a question that she has answered already?

I daresay a number of readers reacted the same way. It is a good article; too good to carp at readily. The subject is not entirely to my taste, but it would be foolish to condemn it on that ground. Golden rule, y'know. Sincerely,  
Piers.

HARRY WARNER JR | 423 Summit Ave | Hagerstown Md 21744

Dear Felice, Sooner or later it was bound to happen: I would remember to comment on the artwork in a fanzine at the start of my letter. Usually the art comes to mind after I've signed, folded, and licked the flap on the envelope of the letter. I like the front cover for the fine sense of motion that it conveyed by the figure billowing out of the jug and the suggestions here and there of other awful faces trying to materialize, on the far belly of the jug and even at the side of the beard. The resemblance to an extra-elaborate linoleum block cut with particular genius also makes this stand out in recent fanzine art. My only criticism would consist of a complaint that it's just a little too symmetrical to avoid giving an impression of being jammed bodily into too small a frame. If the jug and jinn didn't occupy almost the entire horizontal width of the drawing, there might be even more motion and menace implied. The back cover is one of the better ATOM drawings, although I'm beginning to feel some alarm over the frequency with which he uses this idea of the wrecked spaceship on an inhospitable world, if the frequency of the theme's appearance hadn't caused me to assume rashly that the vague shape and vapor at the extreme right aren't indicative of yet another crash landing.

I'm on the side of those who claim that NIEKAS is better for the extreme diversity of subject matter, typefaces, and formats to be found within each issue. For this reason, I think Ed Meškys' autobiographical material is splendid and absolutely suited to the rest of the issue, because it usually comes to my attention just as I'm growing a trifle dazed by erudition and invective in the articles and letter column involving other topics. One thing in this installment of Bumbejimas needs some comment, though, the remarks about new 8mm movie films. Here is another example of how interested fans are in photography and how rarely a fan will take the small amount of trouble required to find out the full facts about a photographic situation, an odd combination of circumstances. Fans usually aren't happy until they've become fairly expert on any topic that interests them. I've complained about Kodak's new Super-8 film, too, but my complaints have been based on certain technical considerations, not on the theory that if it's different it's bad. [My complaint wasn't so much about the newness per se as the complications it brought about by introducing non-standardization into a standardized field. It has made the loan of films by owners of new and old equipment virtually impossible. ERM] The technical considerations that bother me are the fact that the film is marketed only in a new kind of cartridge, making it impossible to use it in cameras with pressure plates and reducing the number of special effects you can get in the camera because rewinding is impossible with these cartridges. I am also unhappy with the fact that the sprocket holes are so close to the edge of the film, but only



time will tell whether average-type projectors will enlarge these holes in repeated showings the tiny amount needed to cause them to break at the edges. In defense of Kodak, there is the fact that Kodak and several other manufacturers have put on the market projectors capable of handling either traditional 8 mm or Super-8, and at least one of these projectors can handle both films even if spliced together on the same reel; the standard 8 mm film will be available for years to come, as long as people continue to use their old cameras sufficiently to create a demand for it; and if it weren't for Kodak, nobody would be complaining about the new film, because Kodak's popularization of the old 8 mm film made it possible for us to break away from 16 mm home movies which cost three times as much. Incidentally, to add to the confusion, some of the Japanese manufacturers are trying to popularize yet another 8 mm format, different from both the old and from Super-8. It is called Single 8 and worse yet, some advertisements for it plug it as SUPERIOR 8. Now, I think 8 mm movies went to the dogs three or four years ago when zoom lenses began to replace lenses with only one focal length, and I feel that the larger 8 mm frame is justified in the sense that it restores some of the sharpness that was lost when the inferior resolving power of the zooms began to take movies.

No particular commentary on the glossary, aside from the sense of buried treasure that it represents -- it's there for me to use in some future year, if I ever discover the knack of falling completely under the spell of Tolkien. The foldout illustration is a trifle too mundane for this literary company, I suspect. The timing of this issue causes the picture to be construed as something involving a Christmas tree which the father and children are preparing to cut. Artistically, the picture is fine.

Piers Anthony writes superbly well on a subject that I can't remember seeing treated at length in any fanzine article in the past. It's strange, when you come to think of it, how prone fans are to read children's fiction as adult fiction, while the mundanes have just the opposite habit of trying to adapt into children's fiction the most adult fiction imaginable. Surely there must have been enough children's fiction written down through the centuries to make it unnecessary to pull the fangs of the things in the Arabian Nights for the sake of the kiddies. Well, in any event, here is just one more thing to do at that dim future date that will probably never arrive, when I'll have ample time and enough money to investigate for myself all the things I'd like to learn to know thoroughly. The Arabian Nights might not make it until 1998, judging by the number of things that are ahead of them; and I'm not too optimistic of my chances of being on hand when 1998 arrives, the way my belly and my head take turns aching. But at least my hope in this respect is less strenuous than, for instance, Harlan Ellison's quest for a Hugo.

The cartoons and text involving this same gentleman were sheer delight. It's nice to see someone saying nice things about an individual without sounding learned or sycophantic in the process.

Richard Roberts is a new name to me but one that should appear continually in fanzines, on the strength of the interest and style of this letter. I hadn't realized the basic fact about Masonry that he mentions -- the impropriety of a member's suggesting to a non-member that he might like to join up. Maybe this is one of those things about the world that only I have failed to learn in childhood, but it might also be one of the reasons Masonry is not quite the strong and popular movement in today's United States that it was a century ago, when there was much more conversation. When you chatted with a dozen persons or more at some length every day, you might have been more apt to learn from someone about the need to take the initiative to join a Masonic order.

I can't follow Lin Carter's reasoning about Ace's non-payment to Tolkien until the still unexplained change of heart occurred. Of course, nobody writes letters to NIEKAS when ano-

ther reprint of Treasure Island appears, for the excellent reasons that Robert Louis Stevenson is no longer alive and even if he were still alive, he won much worldwide fame and fortune for his writings. The Tolkien case was entirely different from that of Stevenson and Burroughs or any of the other parallels that have been cited; Tolkien is alive, so it wouldn't be heirs who profited from work they didn't do; he hasn't received a great deal of monetary return until the past year or two from books that have made a lot of people very happy and must have taken several years spare time to create; and the paperback edition did not make available to the public out-of-print fiction, a possible excuse for hunting out and reprinting good stuff in the public domain without rewarding the author.

Yrs., &c., Harry Warner Jr.

CARL BRANDON JR | Sällskapsvägen 7 | Stockholm 48 Sweddn

Dear Ed, NIEKAS 17 had some very nice illos by my very favourite sf/sy illustrator these days, Jack Gaughan. (I don't think I've ever said so, but I've been a quiet although ardent admirer of Jack's art ever since I first saw his drawings in the early 50's fanzines like Harlan Ellison's DIMENSIONS. Quite a few artists working in the pro fields these days are more than acceptable, such as Ed Emsh, John Schönherr and Kelly Freas -- or even Bert Tanner, at times, for that sake -- but Jack is probably the only one of them whose individual works I can remember, and who has a really individual style -- there's no possibility of mistaking one of his drawings for someone else's.)

Grateful noises for Marion Bradley's brilliant article in NIEKAS 16. It was the most exhausting and enjoyable study of any aspect of the Tolkien books I've ever seen, including Gina Clarke's wonderful article in a recent LIGHTHOUSE, and if Marion has written anything else on LOTR (or, indeed, on any other books or things of interest) that we non-FAPs haven't seen, why not reprint it, too? NIEKAS might even start a special department, like the Works of Astra or something. At least it must be much more interesting to most of your readers than





things like the glossaries of Messrs Foster and Halevy.



Piers Anthony almost made me go out and read the Arabian Nights, which is probably the highest praise I can give his article, considering the fifty odd books I simply have to read this next month or so and which I certainly can't afford to let wait while I'm studying the Thousand And One Nights. Unfortunately I can't say much more about Alf Laylah Wa

Laylah" than that I enjoyed it: I know almost nothing about the subject and I've never read more than parts of the book. (Though I did get a nice offer from a publisher through the mails a few months back, offering me "The most pornographic book ever written -- special limited edition with photographic illustrations -- unexpurgated translation -- sent privately without sender's address -- only \$75 the copy!" or something like that.)

Ever since the mad dogs kicked Harlan in the groin lo', these years ago, he has been one of the favourite topics for funny articles, and I think Bill Fotsler does a better job of it than Steve Perrin, this time around. But the report is thoroughly enjoyable anyway, especially so since the other reports I've seen were deadly serious. Nothing wrong with that, of course, but I still think Terry Carr's Solacon report in CRY is the ideal con report, both in tone and length.

As for Mrs. Rambelli, her moros may be above reproach and so on but the fact remains, that she has published an anthology of sf shorts from different parts of the world, and that at least the two or three Swedish writers who were represented in this anthology did not receive payment of any kind for their work. Their stories were picked from Swedish prozines, translated into Italian without their consent, published without their knowledge -- and not one of them even got a copy of the book. Mrs. Rambelli may very well be a very ambitious and good sf editor and publisher, but I do think that her way of handling this anthology is open to criticism.

The finz reviews are funny, especially the statement that "ALGOL's ditto work is some of the finest I've seen, surpassing even Mike Domina's INTROSPECTION." Oh well, I guess that's the price we all have to pay for staying in fandom too long... not that many years ago ALGOL would (or could) not have been compared to any other fanzine than Bill Pearson's SATA [or TWIG ILLUSTRATED--ERM] but these days I guess half of your readers wouldn't even know of SATA.

Poul Anderson's letter was very interesting, especially (I'd guess) to Swedish fans who've had a tendency to regard him as a no-good dirty Fascist Imperialist or words to that effect. Since I'm a fellow no-good etc and since I also enjoy Poul's work very much, it's nice to see his giving some of his own comments on this dreary story of political ideas. Actually, I don't really care very much about a writer's ideals: if he's a good writer, he's equally enjoyable if leftist or rightist; if he's a bad writer, not even the Right Ideas can help very much.

(But Poul, how do you explain the closing pages of Ensign Flandry? Only the other day I read a review of it where Mr. Bertil Martensson stated that you've given the first science fictional rationalization for the American Imperialist people mass murders in Viet Nam, or words to that effect.)

Oh, and while you're at it, wouldn't Marion Bradley's Darkover stories make an excellent theme to be discussed in an article or two by some intelligent critic? Tolkien is ok, but there are other fantasy writers around, and I'd live to see something in NIEKAS on them, too. Best, as always,

Carl.

BEN SOLON | 3933 N. Janssen | Chicago Ill 60613

Dear Felice: If this letter doesn't make much sense, don't blame me; it's not my fault. It's like this:

Some time ago I received a thick --89 pages to be exact-- fan magazine which purported to be NIEKAS 17. It obviously wasn't. No. It was an extremely clever forgery. The fabricator, whoever he may be, duplicated the writing styles of Ed Meškys, Felice Rolfe, Diana Paxson, and all the other NIEKAS regulars perfectly; he even drew imitation A Tom cartoons that Arthur Thomson Himself should be proud to acknowledge as his own work. Ah yes, he's a clever devil, that forger. But he made a mistake and tipped his hand. Yes.

The dastardly counterfeiter put the table of contents in the front of the fanzine.

And since the real NIEKAS has yet to arrive, I guess I'll have to go along with the gag and comment on the material included in the hoax issue as though it were the genuine article.

I am awed by the industry and scholarship displayed by Piers Anthony in his article on the Arabian Nights; this may well be the best single item you folks have published to date.

I'm somewhat annoyed by the tone of Lin Carter's remarks in "Ginčas." What he seems to be saying --and I'll publicly apologize if I've misinterpreted him-- is that Ace Books was morally justified in publishing the Tolkien books without the expressed permission of the author. He also attacks Poul Anderson for not going after Ace Books, with hammer and tongs when they published their "pirate" editions of the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs and Eon Homer Flint. He certainly seems unwilling to give the man the benefit of the doubt. Is it not possible, Mr. Carter, that Anderson did not know that Ace had published the Burroughs and Flint novels without the permission of the authors' estates? I certainly do not believe that Ace Books made a public announcement of the fact. Oh well, perhaps one should not expect too much of the creator of Thorogor of Lemuria.

Appros of the Anderson/Boardman fracas, I have one comment to make: Boardman's charge that Anderson is "inconsistent" is a red herring, pure and simple. Who among us is not inconsistent? As one assimilates new information, one's views change; to accuse a man of being "inconsistent," to my mind, is similar to accusing him of being open-minded.

All best, Ben

VIN MANSFIELD | 40-32, 191 St. | Flushing NY 11358

Dear Felice, Evers' comparison of Nazgûl wing to canvas sail was fine, but I would have liked to have seen some words in there which would have echoed the sound of the slapping sail and beating wing.

While I'm all for Harlan Ellison I think he and his panel supporting the existence of "Star Trek" should have taken the hint of Asimov in a recent TV Guide article, and realized that Trek is no "Twilight Zone," and deserves its (hopefully) ignominious fate. While it was technical abortions which irked the Good Doctor, the greatest source of annoyance to me is the leotards which TV substitutes for what scientists tell us actual spacesuits will look like, rather baggy, insulator material. [As far as I can tell, the ship always tests atmosphere & such before transporting any crew off-ship; thus space suits aren't needed. And the tights, etc., are good on-ship wear. FR]

Laurence M Janifer was partly right about Catholicism. It does all boil down to a matter of faith. But this is a case of oversimplification. Within the Church today this matter of faith is being brought to task. While all Christianity (except for one or two branches which are not properly Christian) holds that Jesus Christ was God, the Catholic Church is wrestling with a problem proposed by several outstanding theologians that per-



haps Christ himself was not aware of his divinity -- on a mortal basis and in his human nature -- until the moment of his resurrection. And while it does not want to be prematurely dogmatic on questions such as this, it is even more concerned with preventing a condition which Janifer suggests is its mainstay: the act of conscience in determining a factor (presumably sin?). While it is true that a Catholic must be judicious in determining a course of action, and that indeed conscience must guide him insofar as choosing between two possible courses of action, it (conscience) cannot overrule an existing law of the Church of God (10 Commandments). That is, if, in conscience, a Catholic does not see the necessity of attending Sunday Mass, he still must do so for his is not a policy making right. Then again, if by some stretch of the imagination you allow that on a given Sunday he forgets to attend Mass in the sense that he is not aware that the ordained day for attending Mass is at hand, he does not sin. He sins only when he consciously, deliberately breaks an existing law of God or the Church. Here is where conscience comes into play: Is the "law" he is about to break an actual law to which he is spiritually bound? Regards,

Vin Mansfield

OSVALDO ELLIFF | 2-270, 20 | La Plata (BA) Argentina

My friend: I see you place great emphasis in NIEKAS on the Tolkien books. They are hardly known here. Only the Hobbit has been published in Spanish (El Hobito) and the others were announced they haven't yet appeared. Best regards, OE

JOHN BRUNNER | 17d Frogna | London NW3 England

Dear Ed & Felice, NIEKAS is full of meat as usual -- one piece of which strikes me as having been kept around much too long without even a flyscreen over it. The discussion on drafting convicted criminals into the army really astonishes me. The moment I spotted the letters I remembered a friend Marjorie and I stayed with in Bavaria in 1959 while we were touring Europe with the 'No Place to Hide' exhibition -- a guy who'd been jailed (in Dachau) by the Nazis in 1933 for his Social Democrat political activities, and was let out in 1941 or 1942 to go fight on the Russian front. (Courtesy of this gentleman: much of the background information about the Sudeten deportation which I used in Wear the Butcher's Medal.)

One point of view, I guess, is that people in the army and other services are in a sense criminals already, with a declared willingness to commit murder. This is a superlative oversimplification, yet there must be some instinctually-felt truth at the bottom of it. Charging members of a society who have acted antisocially (ie, betrayed the principles of that society) with defending it would otherwise be so ridiculous a stand that John Boston could never have written this current letter. Some people must clearly feel, even though they don't say so out loud, that there's nothing to choose between army service and jail, and the same types of people wind up in both. Hmmm... interesting! This suggests that the lip-served notion that the defence of one's country is a great and glorious occupation is hollow. As a matter of fact it's been that way for centuries, of course -- think of the way Elizabethan England threw its wounded soldiers on the street to beg and then hounded them as vagrants and miscreants; think of Kipling's verses on Tommy Atkins with all their bitterness about Victorian Britain's two-faced attitude towards the soldier.

But as John Boston himself points out, the army is an escape route for the underprivileged, citing the enlistment rate of the negro poor. Not a very good escape route, though -- is it? It's a matter of constant complaint from the civil rights activists that the proportion of coloured soldiers being killed in Viet-Nam is far higher than the proportion of them to the population of the US. Any escape route which leads to one's demise is going to be abandoned pretty soon.

But here is something highly indicative, nonetheless. The army is one way out of a rural slum, so people take it regardless of possible consequences. Against the setting of an

urban slum, the alternative escape route of crime becomes much more promising: the anonymity of the big city, the nearness of the profit a mere bus-ride away, the cohesiveness of people living outside the strictly legal pattern -- all these combine to make the city, rather than the wilderness, the habitat of our modern outlaws. The urban ghetto leans on the mind more continually and more intensively than the rural slum. Your nose is rubbed in your poverty more often by such petty factors as store-window displays. If you've got enterprise and initiative, but you've never led the kind of settled existence which encourages you to set store by the humdrum virtues (they are virtues) of persistence and application, you're almost bound to try what the rest of the society calls crime. Make no mistake: there are people who go into crime deliberately rather than being pushed into it, and they're not stupid either. In his book The Police the Member of Parliament from my home constituency, Ben Whitaker, points out that you can show statistically that there must be more university graduates in crime in this country than there are in the police force. (At that end of the scale, of course, it's not poverty or a sense of deprivation and exclusion which does the job, but rather a sense of living up to expectations inculcated by background; the graduate criminals don't grab, they plan and exploit.)

No, the idea of using convicts in was is not good -- Mr. Boston, you listening? Nor is the idea of channelling the poverty stricken into the services. How do you support your ideals with a force of people who've been coerced -- economically coerced, sure, but that's coercion, not so? Rome wound up relying on mercenaries who owed nothing to Rome except their fee. When they got the chance to loot, they forgot their bought loyalty. Exit Rome. Giving a man bed, board and uniform won't buy honest loyalty -- not when it comes as late in your formative years as military service. Regards --

John

NAN BRAUDE | 6721 E. McDowell Rd, Apt 309A | Scottsdale Ariz 85257

Dear Felice, Thanks for NIEKAS 17, and I have something for a future issue... a small barnacle for your quarterdeck.

I have acquired -- I think from Ruth Berman -- a perfectly disgusting habit: anagrams. One night when I had insomnia, I was fooling around with the names of friends-and-relations and came up with the following which seem to have a deeper, symbolic significance:

Felice Rolfe -- Frolic E. Elfe

Ed Meškys -- Mess E. Kyd

Mayhem House -- (in view of its generally unenthusiastic attitude toward poetry in NIEKAS) Yah, Muse! Home

NIEKAS itself comes out as I SNEAK, on which I hesitate to comment.

In re Opiates of the People; it seems to me that there are two ways to use opiates. One is to alleviate unavoidable pain, as in the medical use of morphine, etc. An example of this might be the teaching of medieval religion that this life is nothing and all our hopes are to be directed to the next life. This thesis was promulgated in an age of grinding poverty in which the social and economical institutions of the classical world had collapsed and those of the medieval feudal-monastic society had not been developed, with the resulting depression lasting some 400 years. In a very real sense, it was impossible to improve the lot of man; people had to work from dawn to dusk just to survive. The 'Dark Ages' were not the result of medieval theology, but vice versa.

The other possible use of an opiate is as an addictive drug, a means to escape reality and avoid problems and responsibilities. Opiates of the people in this sense could be anything from LSD (depending on how it is used) to the John Birch Society or, conversely, the Vietnam Day Committee -- any group which seeks to "solve" a social problem by denying that there could possibly be two sides to the question: Civil Rights workers MUST be Communist agents; Macnamara and Johnson MUST be genocidal imperialists.



By the way, I have a vague recollection, which I have so far been unable to verify, that the remark "Religion is the opiate of the people" was originally made not by Marx but by Charles Kingsley, who was (when not writing novels) a leading member of a group of clergy out to reform and revitalize the Church of England. It's a plausible theory, but not borne out by Bartlett's or any other authority I've been able to locate.

I swore I'd stay out of the "We Happy Few" controversy, because I can't understand what any of the participants mean, but I will contribute to the extent of mentioning a couple of relevant books. On the whole issue of elitist groups, C. S. Lewis has an essay called "The Inner Ring" that makes the point that they are extremely liable to lose sight of their original purposes and become devoted to no other ideal than that of being exclusive. An example might be college fraternities and sororities.

The Albigenian heresy is often considered one of the main influences on the medieval doctrine of courtly love, and the topic has been discussed extensively, if not always objectively, by Denis de Rougemont in *L'Amour et l'Ouest* (US edition is called *Love in the Western World*; UK [Faber pb] *Passion and Society*). I don't think the book is too scholarly for the general reader (I mean, of course, the intelligent general reader -- but after all, who else reads NIEKAS?)

Nan

JACK GAUGHAN | P O Box 177 | Edgewater NJ 07020

Dear Ed, About the scroll you did for me. Let me say, "Bless you one and all for your kindness and generosity." I must apologize for not having acknowledged this gesture before publicly. Dick Lupoff tells me that the scroll was/is unique in the history of conventions. For this I am doubly grateful but the scroll is somewhat unreal to me because I never received it. As I understand it, it was given to Fred Pohl to forward to me because, like some sort of hung-over Arab I crept away quietly that night and whisked away silently (having folded up my tent and jammed it into the Volvo) the next morning. As it happened however, Fred left the scroll in a NY cab and that was the last of it. Fred has apologized profusely and has made every effort to retrieve the scroll but to date nothing has turned up. Nevertheless thank you one and all. I am genuinely touched though I don't think I deserve anything at all. I enjoyed the convention. The convention should have a scroll from me. [I don't seem to have much luck with scrolls. The only other one I did was for Tony Boucher on behalf of a Westercon and that was lost by PSA Airlines. \*Sigh\*--ERM]

Now, sir! About block voting and about Hugos! All right, on one hand both you (NIEKAS) and I were burned a bit by the Burroughs crowd...on the other hand perhaps not. Indeed I think not. I am not familiar with voting procedures but I do know that both Jack Schoenherr and myself squeaked onto the nominations list when, (after the first nominations were announced in Washington) it was decided to increase the nominations from three to five. If at that point more people had voted the voting could hardly have been accused of being "block" voting. As it happened there were very few nominating votes. Even I, like so many others, waited to join the con until it was too late. It seems to me that if we have a beef coming it is because the Burroughs people VOTED and many others didn't. One can hardly condemn anyone or group for getting up off their fannies and voting. If any other machinations went on I am unaware of them.

As for Frazetta, I've met Frank several times and he's my kind of people and frankly I wouldn't want to come up against him in a painting competition. I'm a fan of his too.

I'm sorry I displayed the bad grace to wish to make it known that those things of mine were donated to the convention but after both Harlan and another little person had intimated that I was "cleaning up" I began to get a wee bit annoyed. I chose not to look upon cons as money making propositions...

(tho now that I've just bought this huge house up the river a piece I may have second thoughts)...and I prefer to consider them fun and a chance to match my capacity with Randy Garrett's (let no one accuse me of having no ambitions).

I just goofed the opportunity of a lifetime when it comes to the Burroughs/Howard people. I'm doing a cover for an L. S. DeC. anthology of sword and sorcery for Pyramid (called at this writing, *The Fantastic Swordsmen*). I sketched one layout with Elak of Atlantis, one with Brak, and one with Conan. The Brak layout was chosen and I shant have to go against Frazetta and his interpretation of Conan. However I'm happy about this because Brak (no matter what you think of him) is written by a good friend, John Jakes, and he's been after me to paint Brak for about two years and I just haven't gotten around to it. I did maps (from Jakes's originals and Bloch's and DeCamps) for all but Mike Moorcock's stories and that was fun. Imagine! Now I have done, in one book, art for Howard, Dunstany, Lovecraft, Kuttner, Jakes and Bloch and an Italian writer whose name I can't recall at the moment. Talk about dreams of glory! PAX Jack.

DEVRA LANGSAM | 250 Crown St | Brooklyn NY 11225

Dear Felice: I'd like to recommend some fairly recent children's fantasies which I feel might be of interest. There is Julia Cunningham's *Dorp Dead...not Drop, but Dorp*. This is really a weird book about a 10 year old genius living with a Kobold. This Kobold character patterns everything into tiny chunks; he tries to make the boy's mind over. The whole thing is most peculiar, with a Hunter (whose gun is not for shooting with) roaming around, making cryptic comments, and the boy being chased up a mountain, and so on. Really cheerful story. Then there is *The Magic Finger* by Rohal Dahl (Harper, 1966) about a girl who points her finger at you and you turn into...well, something. (This is the charming man who wrote *Kiss, Kiss*.) In Joan North's *The Cloud Forest* (Farrar, Strauss, 1965) Andrew, true heir to the Annerlie estate, unbeknownst, chases after a family ring (What! Another!) He is under the protection of this ring, in the presence of which the unreal becomes real, and strange powers and things happen. It has feelings like *That Hideous Strength*, and parts are quite terrifying. (Although it does not moralize, or take time out for philosophical discussions, as that one does.) But very good. If you have not read Jean Merrill's *The Pushcart War* in which NYC pushcart owners sabotage a plan by the big truckers to rid NYC of all pushcarts (as a start of a Grand Plan to eliminate all traffic except trucks) by shooting out truck tires with pea shooter peas stuck with pins, well, DO SO AT ONCE! And for historical fiction, Norse type, Christian Haugaard's *Hakon of Rogen's Saga* is an exceptional book. Devra.

WILLIAM LEE LINDEN | Solebury School | New Hope Pa 18938

Dear Felice: For Bob's Glossary--Elbereth is quite definitely stated to have created the stars, apparently when Morgoth had succeeded in temporarily blotting out the sun, in the hymn of Gildor's band. (O stars that in the Sunless Year/With shining hand by her were sown. [I, 117, Ballantine]) This leads me to wonder if there may not have been friction between Morgoth, a power of the North and ice, and his erstwhile henchman Sauron, one of the East and fire. Also, if he includes coranar and re in the Glossary, I don't see why he left out the various terms for the twilight periods (III 485): the Quenya "tindome" and "undome", the Sindarin "minuial" and "aduial", and the Anglicized-Shire "morrowdim" and "evendim". William

BARRY GILLAM | 4283 Katonah Ave | Bronx NY 10470

Dear Eds (that includes you, Felice), Yes, it's too bad Felice, but actually if you're to describe a person you must use some adjectives which will always have connotations. I was given an assignment to write a poem which was a portrait. I found it very hard to describe a person I knew well for I simply couldn't bottle and shelve him or her into a certain category. Most short portraits (as E A Robinson or E L Masters) show one, occas



sionally two main characteristics in the person which you could easily label with one word. (Of course it's done better than the word could afford and is also enjoyable, pretty and poetry, but it all boils down to that.)

Where is Carl Frederick? (Please don't tell me.) What I mean is, why isn't he in this. After his tour de force in #16 he appears to have puffed into the ether. Please return Carl Frederick. (Don't ask for a ransom though, were not that fanatical.) Jack Gaughan did splendid illustrations for "Alf Laylah Wa Laylah", and Arthur Thompson's drawings have been continually imaginative and striking.

By the way, for Tolkien fans who haven't seen it, there's an article/interview on/with Tolkien by Dick Plotz (pres. TSA) in January Seventeen. It's very interesting and might be worth while trying to find. He talks on the origins of his languages, Middle-earth and the forthcoming (we hope) Silmarillion. Also, the NYTimes magazine section for Jan 15 has quite a comprehensive article on Prof. Tolkien by Philip Norman. This article will probably provide even Tolkien enthusiasts with facts they were heretofore unaware of. [Agreed -- I learned several new things from that article. However it was rather patronizing about the Tolkien fans emphasizing the juvenile aspects. ERM] Yours, Barry Gillam

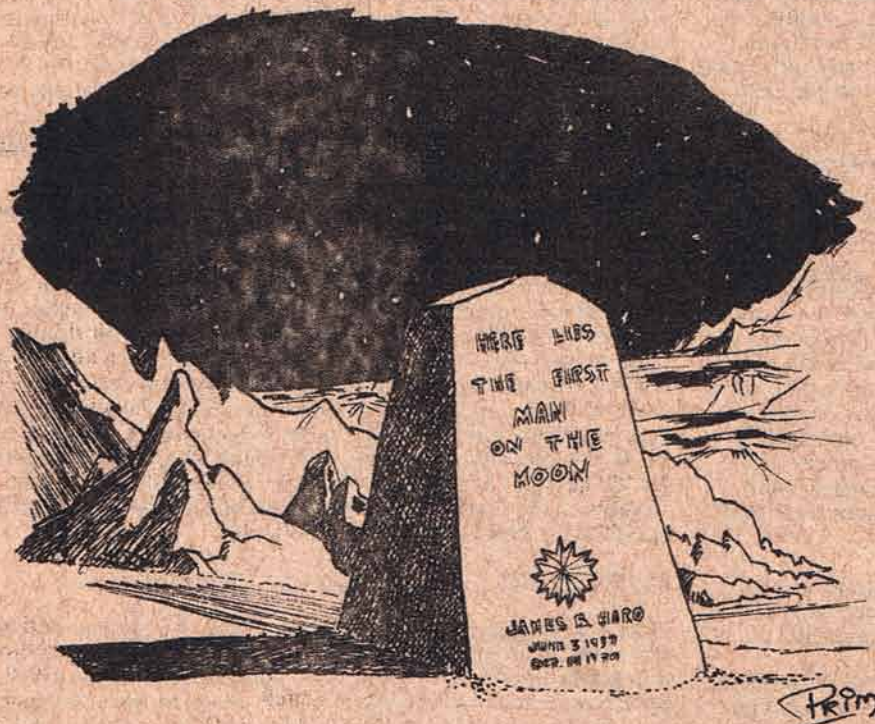
WILLIAM LEE LINDEN, | Salebury School | New Hope Pa 18938

Dear Felice: Bob forgot to mention that Egladil is also known as the Naith, in Anglicized-Westron the Gore, of Lorien. The Shorter Oxford defines "gore" as "a triangular piece of land," and derives it from O. E. *gar*, appear. (Haldir speaks of the Naith as lying like a spearhead between the arms of the Silverlode and Anduin the Great.) And in my opinion "Aman" is a name for the whole of the Undying Lands.

It's a little late to mention this, but I didn't like Dainis Bisenieks' article in #16, "Coinage of Gondor." In my opinion, only Professor Tolkien is entitled to write things like that.

Most sincerely yours,

William Lee Linden



DAVID C PIPER | 102 Abinger Rd, Bedford Park | Cheshire, London W4 England

Just one question please, dear Felice; What does Ed do with Ruth, Diana and Nan that is so well known? [You know how it is, David; coeditors are always the last to know....FR] Cheers, David C Piper

RICK BROOKS | R R #1, Box 2167 | Fremont Ind 46737

Dear Felice: One of the most fascinating things I've run into in a long time is Greg Shaw's account of the rock-and-roll types interested in Tolkien, that he printed in ENTMOOT #4. Somehow one doesn't think of rather irresponsible sorts attracted to the beat and hippie life as going for the rigid ethos of JRRT.

Best art was by Gaughan (who else). Even tho the girl on pg 35 looks like she has a pair of staring eyes in place of nipples, it was still the best pic in the zine. Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned that, tho. It seems that my brother's high school art teacher had an abstract painting that he was quite fond of. A girl in the art class took one look at it and saw a rabbit lying on its back. She was even good enough to point it out to him. Some time later he told the class that everytime he looked at the painting, all he could see was that God-damned rabbit lying on its back.

Diana Paxson does have an advantage over the rest of the crew. I never saw an article so appropriately illustrated. I liked Sutcliffe's book, especially the poem she quotes in the front of the volume. Diana's feelings about the Once and Future King closely parallel mine. It has all the impact of Greek tragedy when man believed in the fates. You don't find that theme handled effectively very much in present day literature, so it has a much greater impact when it is. Or maybe it is closer to the Northern theme of a man trying to withstand powers well beyond his ability. At any rate, a good tragedy is hard to find in this day since it is much harder to convey the image of a man being driven relentlessly to his fates.

So Lawrence Janifer is surrounded by idiots. It's a pity he has finally become aware of what fandom is. We lose more fans that way. I wish he had stated why he disagreed so much with Marion Zimmer Bradley's article. It was so clear and well thought out that I could barely find anything in it that rubbed me the wrong way. Yours, Rick

BOB FOSTER | 376 E. 8 St. | Brooklyn NY 11218

Dear Felice-- I'd like to do what I can to answer the LoCs on my Middle-earth astronomy. OK, so there's no justification for saying "elen" is Sindarin. I know much less linguistics than I should, a situation I should be able to remedy next year. But I am unwilling to say that Gil-galad is Sindarin. To answer one of Penster Formello's objections, I think "Bregalad" means "Quickbeam", but "galad" comes from "galadh", tree. The translation reflects the similarity between S. galadh and Q. galad. And Gil-galad the person was the last High-elfen King in Middle-earth. His name did mean "Starlight." It seems absurd to say that a High-elfen King had a Sindarin name. Unless, of course, the name is mixed and "Gil" is Sindarin, for a Quenya form used in compounds, while "galad" is Quenya (which it is).

My apologies on "elenion" and



"gilion."

I'm not an astronomer either. I'm taking a gut course in astro, now, and our text has some good star charts. Banks Mebane identifies the Remmirath as the Pleides; I'm not sure they're visible on Sept. 24th, and definitely not high in the East, at least not at 9PM, which is both a convenient and accurate time to assign. Ditto for Borgil which, as Banks points out, is Aldebaran, not Betelgeuse. Fomalhaut sounds persuasively as the Red Star. However my star charts are for latitude 35°. England is approximately lat. 50, and here these stars and constellations may be visible. But I always thought Middle-earth was continental Europe.

Back to Peristar. I, too, suspect "Valinorean" is just Quenya, but I can't be sure. I mean, Elbereth doesn't have to be Elvish just because she's an Elven deity. So the Western Lands may have natives and thus a native tongue. But how men of Middle-earth would know is beyond me, unless through the Valar and the Edain.

I mis-proofread: in the Introduction to the installment in N17 there should be a page number following the entry for the Wain. It is (H 185). Ymhaos, Foster

NAN C SCOTT | 2712 Century Dr | Lawrence Kansas 66044

Dear Ed, Felice, et al. Yesterday Judith Quinn brought me 4 copies of your magazine (NIEKAS 14-17) because she felt I would be interested in all the Tolkien material, especially as you had reprinted my letter to the Saturday Review in an article about the Ace Books piracy case. I had never seen a fanzine of any sort before, and I devoured all 4 issues overnight in absolute fascination. What a heady, indigestible broth NIEKAS is, with T H White, Edward Gorey, Kenneth Fearing, C S Lewis, Disney (?), Lovecraft (so truly godawful & yet somehow appealing), and especially Gilbert & Sullivan, and Professor Tolkien all in the stew pot!

I enjoyed the poem "Day of Doom" despite its obvious derivation from Ferlinghetti, & I thought the article on the coinage of Gondor was first-rate, solidly within the tradition of the material in TLoTR appendices, only too short.

Two or three questions and/or odd tidbits to throw into the pot: does anyone agree with me about the most grave fault of the BB LoTR? I feel that the splendid new material in "Note on the Shire Records" (I 37-39) should definitely be printed after the 3 volumes of text. For the first-time reader of the Ring cycle to be told in the beginning that Pippin & Merry survived the war to live on in peace & leisure, and that Rivendell remained an elven stronghold is to cheat him of much suspense and anxiety. I surely didn't want the cozy reassurance of a happy ending hanging over me & diluting the dire significance of each battle and incident as I first read the books, nor would I have dreamed of skipping to the end to know in advance the quest's outcome. Yet the new Tolkien reader is unwarily trapped into this knowledge by the BB edition's layout. Any chance to relocate these pages in the next printing? [I'd guess it was put there originally in order to have something extra to offer the reader for his 20c above the Ace Price. Also, doesn't all the talk of the Red Book in the Hobbit and opening pages of LoTR imply a happy ending? In adventure fiction of this type you usually expect it anyhow, and the suspense is in how it will come about rather than whether it will. ERM]

How do Orcs breed? I believe Fangorn attributes their existence to the Dark Power (Morgoth or Sauron?), but Frodo suggests that Sauron only twisted them to his uses and was not capable of truly creating them. Perhaps the Silmarillion will provide enlightenment here, but in the meantime I would really like to know the answer to a question I thought silly when Judy Quinn first put it, but which I have since wondered seriously about: Are there female Orcs? [I have under consideration a mss of a poem called "The Orc-Wives Lament." ERM]

Along with Numenor and Atlantis, a lost Welsh County

is said to have existed, "Cantre's Gwaedod," the Lowland Hundred, lying now at the bottom of the Cardigan Bay. I believe Thomas Love Peacock's *The Misfortunes of Elphin* treats of the tho I came upon it in *The Shell Guide to Britain*. Throughout Wales we were fascinated at the many names that seemed to come straight out of Middle-earth, though the most magical & elvish one of all we found was in Cornwall, a village name *Lostwithiel*.

The Tolkien glossary is super, but what I'd really like is a pronouncing gazetteer of names, compiled by someone with greater linguistic skill than mine. Any ambitious takers for such a massive project?

I think I can shed a little light on the current question about the possibilities of music for the songs in the Ring cycle. (And incidentally, I feel Marion Bradley is grossly unfair in her appraisal of Professor T's lyrics & his prose style.) Donald Swann of Flanders & Swann (now playing to rave notices in their review *At The Drop of Another Hat*) has indeed set to music a cycle of songs from the Ring books (I'm not sure whether any from *The Hobbit* are included) If I recall correctly, they were meant as a gift to the Tolkiens on their Golden Wedding Anniversary last March; in any case, Professor Tolkien referred me to Miss M. Jay Hill of Allen & Unwin for information about the music's possible publication & recording. Miss Hill referred me to Austin Olney of Houghton Mifflin and offered the information that one of these songs from the Ring was included in *At the Drop of Another Hat* in New York. (There were no songs from the Ring when I saw the review in London, but that was in February 1966, a month before the Tolkiens' anniversary.) According to Mr. Olney's letter of 22 December, we have discussed informally the possibility of publishing them [the songs] in book form. Mr. Swann will be seeing Tolkien over the Christmas holidays at which time we'll probably have more definite plans...should we proceed with the book, it could not be published before next fall. I have no idea what songs are set to music; the only one Professor Tolkien mentioned was "Galadriel's Lament," or "Ail laurie lantar lassi sürinen." I do recall that he was amused by the fact that one of the first singers of the songs was a baritone named Elven (or Elvin?). [Dick Plotz played a poor tape of all the songs at the December TSA meeting but I don't remember the names of the songs right now. I hope to publish a review of them in this issue, or certainly the next. If he writes a few more, so that there would be enough to fill an LP, there will almost definitely be one. ERM]

Did you see the special Tolkien section in the Oct. 66 issue of *Diplomat*? Nan C Scott

BRIAN HILL | 52d Newhouse Rd | Letham, Certh, Scotland

Deaf Felice I think Durin's Crown could be Corona Borealis. In one of the innumerable documentaries on Vietnam on TV here there was a mention of the criminals who man river boats in the Mekong Delta. Seems they do a very good job of it. Good front cover you had on 16, but the interiors were not so good, apart, of course, from "Grond" and a few others. I wish Diana Paxson had said what parts of LoTR she was illustrating in her portfolio that accompanied 16. (I suppose she was illustrating it, at least, one of the illos was LoTR II 311.) [No, that was just a random assortment of full page artwork some of which was Ringish. ERM] Yours sincerely, Brian Hill

PAUL MOSSLANDER | 1206 31 Ave | San Mateo Cal 94403

Feliz Felice, I find that it is not strictly accurate that there is a glaring major error of fact on every page of *Moscowitz Seekers of Tomorrow*. It merely seems that way. Casts somewhat of a slant on his flights of literary criticism when you nervously find he can't even get the facts of a number of stories correct (terrene & seetee repulse each other, migod!). It also jaundiced full appreciation of the thousand-and-one otherwise interesting facts tossed in. Certain things, like not updating the Smith chapter from his *Amazing/Fantastic* review to include Smith's death, bothered me since while I know book



publishing involved ridiculous amounts of time from writing, to typesetting, to printing. I also know that a list-minute galley change can be made anyway. I think time would have allowed in this case, had motivation been intense enough. But, then, other lapses wouldn't have occurred had motivation been intense enough, as well.

I see that "Star Trek" has weathered the storm to be included on NBC's fall schedule, subject to vaporization without notice. The only question being: What kind of Star Trek? Has Roddenberry or any of the zealous staff given out any info on the matter? Will Mr. Spock be replaced by a six foot moose and Capt. Kirk by a flying squirrel -- or visa-versa, if you tend to view the crew as I do (Kirk should have been sent planet-side long ago for rank stupidity in action)? Will the Good Ship Enterprise be able to zip along at translight speeds, roller skate down sidewalks, and burrow through solid granite in a single bound? Will Lt. Uhura learn magic skills to please her cosmonaut masters? Will Scotty and McCoy become lost in the infinite reaches of the transporter beam field, to be waffed unpredictably from place to place doing good and driving the crew insane? Will Lt. Sulu be replaced by a comic ensign, and a star fleet commander played by Joe Flynn be added? [At this year's Lunacon Jim Blish said he's seen several manuscripts for the fall season, in order to work on his next novelization, and that these will be better than the current season. Less Xenophobia, for instance. ERM]

I have, incidentally, been melting my brains into a fine goo over the problem of the speed of the Enterprise. Based on the stellar parallax exhibited during the shots of the ship in motion (exteriors, which disallow for effects of the view screen for magnification), using average star sizes and an assumed distance of at least one astronomical unit, I manage to calculate a velocity of some 2,000-10,000 lights. This is constant whether they're in Warp 1 phase or Warp 3. Considering that the writer-director information claims the ships range is "18 years at light-year velocity," I presume that this highly ambiguous phrase doesn't mean its spacial range. Particularly since their Trelane exploit put them several hundred light years from Earth. Which still leaves me wondering what they think their speed is supposed to be.

The society which produced the Enterprise and its crew continues to fascinate me, since their military capabilities would be nil, null and irradiated void without sheer blind stupid luck intervening. Yet this is one of a handful of warships entrusted with the peace and security of the Confederation. Which leaves grim thoughts about the characters back in the cities, from a survival point of view. From a standpoint of pure survival, they're rather fortunate to be alive, too, since the average Boy Scout troop has more on the ball as regards hostile territory and menacing circumstances. Appears to me to

be a period of either strong Utopianism on the home planets or sheer decline and fall from cultural decay. Technological advances have apparently overwhelmed the capacity of life for challenge on the civilized worlds, leaving the survival skills in a woeful state when it comes to venturing out Beyond. Except for the tremendous edge the Confederation has in technology, I'd give it a couple of generations at most in the face of a healthy barbarian culture -- say, of our present US level. Which shows how badly off they are in the 22nd century if we look like healthy barbarism in comparison. This is merely thinking of the survival aspects, not the total picture, by the bye. For all we know they could have the Garden of Eden incarnate back there in civilized territory. Though the evidences of society brought out to the colony planets and on the starship don't encourage the idea. Certainly no society is psychologically sound if it lets an emotional fanatic like Dr. McCoy play G. P. and psychiatrist to a ship as important as the Enterprise, and the fact that Kirk has himself a chestful of medals for virtue he either doesn't possess or carefully conceals isn't the most upbeat sign. Perhaps a better indication is the corruption of Mr. Spock by the association with the Earth culture; terrible, unless he's hypersensitive emotionally. The variance of performance between his logical and illogical states cinders the imagination. (Assuming that Vulcans as a whole and him in particular aren't so neurotic that they can't tell the difference between logic and illogic and so always call it logic.) Certainly a damning fact is that the Pinafore looks like a taut ship in comparison with the Enterprise. Informality and casualness is fine, but not to the detriment of efficiency, which is in an ungodly state aboard the scow.

Of course, I must admit that 99% of all other shows reflect as bad or worse a picture of our contemporary culture or assorted historical ones (And fantasy ones, as in the case of Time Tunnel, which is obviously an interdimensional transport show hence it couldn't have happened that way, as well as didn't; either that, or the entire series is set in another continuum). That's a matter of distorting reality, though. As with Pirandello, in the case of Star Trek that is the only reality we can see for the civilization and so we must judge it not as a bad portrayal but as fact. Which makes Roddenberry a form of Edward Gibbon with a large research staff, I suppose. And the era he's chronicling is Gibbon's Byzantium, in parallel.

Pax vobiscum, Paul

AND THAT ENDS LAISKAI FOR THIS ISSUE. I still have a lot of interesting letters, and if we get the next issue out quickly, like we'd like, I will include a few more excerpts. Paul Mosslander, for instance, had written a long, second letter with some very interesting comments on Janifer's remarks about conscience versus religious law. All in all I'd say I still have enough useable letters to fill another five pages. ERM

# BUMBEJIMAS

continued

Since it was only 45 minutes to the next bus we decided to wait. We were in a field in the middle of nowhere and Carl felt this would be a good chance to tune his bagpipes. While Tom & I stayed inside the bus station Carl marched back and forth in front of it. About 20 or 30 minutes later someone came out of the office and approached Carl, asking him to stop. He said they got an irate phone call from a hotel a half mile away asking what in the  $\Delta$  was making that noise!

Eric was on the next bus, and we eventually wound our weary way into Center Harbor. During the next week Carl met with the faculty and students while I took care of my classes. He gave two lectures sponsored by the physics club, one on his research in Infra-red astronomy, the other on Quasars. Of the four evenings, we went to two basketball games, the weekly

faculty dinner, and just spent one evening at home.

Monday night we went to the final game in the intramural basketball competition, and it was more like football than basketball. I hadn't been to a basketball game in 11 or 12 years and found it rather interesting. The winning team got to play against the faculty two days later, and the competition was really fierce... I guess each wanted the opportunity to get a foul against some faculty member.

That last game against the faculty was supposed to be a complete farce in that the faculty had no real chances to win. Even with the help of such marginal members as the coaches of various teams they were given low odds, and they were in there just for the fun of it. But the whole game was



fairly close, and the faculty team won by one point thrown at the final buzzer. The strange thing is that most of the student body was supporting the faculty. Towards the end of the game there was an almost continuous chant of "Dane [House] is Dead". It appears that the intramural champions were too cock-sure of themselves and had alienated most of the other students.

Really nothing much of interest happened during this visit. Friday morning we drove down to the local radio station, WLNH, and were interviewed for some 15 minutes, and that afternoon Carl got a ride back to NY from some student. When he phoned me next Monday he said that as a result of the trip his nerves were so completely shot that he could do nothing for two days. He had no complaints about the driving, but the student had kept the radio tuned, at maximum volume, to a rock & roll station all the way. Ten minutes would be bad enough, but 6 hours completely ruined him.

#### A POX ON PONG!

The more I think of it, the more opposed I am to the new Pong award which the NYCON 3 committee has substituted for the "Amateur Magazine" Hugo category. When they first announced it I felt vaguely unhappy but could see some good points and was basically non-committal in a small fanzine I had done for NAPA at the time. A month later I had thought about it a little more, and gave some alternate proposals in a fanzine for FAPA. [NOTE: these are two small, hastily produced, dittoed publications which I had done specifically to save my memberships in the two organizations. If you want one for some strange reason, I do have a few extra copies of each and will send one for a 4c stamp.]

My own feeling on the matter is that if I get the award I want something I can be proud of and have out to show off to visitors. Isn't that the whole point of a tangible award like a trophy? I put in one hell of a lot of work and would be proud of any recognition it got, as would Felice. Now the Hugo award is already known outside of the microcosm, and the category "amateur magazine" is self-explanatory. If a visitor wouldn't have heard of the Hugo, one could always show him the Asimov anthology. On the other hand the Pong has several points against it, the most trivial of which is that the name itself is both ugly and easily subject to ridicule. Also, since the proposed committee from Los Angeles has announced that they will NOT continue the award there is no chance whatsoever of the name becoming accepted even within our microcosm over a period of years. And one would have one hell of a time trying to explain what something labeled "Pong Award for best fanzine" means! I wouldn't want to lock any award away in a closet the way Bergeron did.

Aside from these purely personal reasons, I feel that there are objective reasons for not accentuating the differences between the professional and fan aspects of science fiction. Many pros have come out of fandom, and even if they haven't they feel a close affinity for it. Generally it is the nouveau pro, insecure in their newly won professional status, who get snotty about fans. At a recent fanoclast meeting the wife of such a new pro was telling me how the pros don't like to have the dignity of their award lowered by having one presented to a fan. The real, established, pros on the other hand, like Hal Clement, consider themselves to be fans, too, and want to minimize the differences. Hal, for one, has said that he favors keeping the fan Hugo as have several others I talked to. A certain friend of Ted White's had told me at the Lunacon that Ted had pushed this new thing thru and now that the idea has been criticised he's gotten his back up over it and virtually nothing can be done. Hmm, and isn't it significant that the committee which produced the Pongs is largely made up of new pros? (Well, I'm not being fair here for as far as I know John Boardman is the only other committee member who strongly supports the Pongs, but I have only talked to half the members.)

A few weeks ago the official nomination results were published in the news magazine DEGLER! (aka SF WEEKLY),

and they said that 3/4 of the voters favored the new Pongs. I don't think that is a fair statement. One quarter of those who voted wrote in on their ballots that they didn't like the Pongs & wanted the Hugo reinstated. The publishers of DOUBBLE BILL had campaigned strongly for the re-instatement, and TRUMPET ran an editorial in one issue asking for reinstatement, but there was no concerted campaign and many who didn't like the new Pongs felt they were stuck with them and said nothing on the ballot. Even Felice, who was violently opposed to the Pongs right from the start, hadn't realized that there was any chance for things to be otherwise, and hadn't indicated anything on the ballot. The first she learned of it was from a passing reference from me in a letter a few days before the nomination deadline, and bitterly complained to me that it was probably too late for her to add her vote of protest.

Andy Porter had listed me in DEGLER! as campaigning against the Pongs, but until now I really haven't done so. I had discussed the situation in two limited circulation APA zines, one of which didn't get distributed until after the nomination deadline, and I had only circulated about 5 copies of each outside the APA membership. Since NAPA has only 20 members the impact was negligible. I also asked one person how he felt, namely Carl Frederick. Since he agreed on fan-pro integration I asked him to say so on his ballot, and he did. However he didn't get around to mailing his ballot until after the nomination deadline and probably didn't get counted.

But now I would like to start a campaign of sorts, but will leave it confined to this one editorial. When you fill out your Hugo ballots, cross out Pong & write in Hugo. Let's see what kind of response we will get this time.

As for the future, I will re-iterate my proposed compromise originally stated in FAPA. It is marginal, but I do see the point to having the new categories of fan writer and fan artist. So, how about one complete set of awards to be called SF Achievement Awards, but with parallel awards. The awards themselves should be identical, one labelled "best professional artist", the other "best amateur artist". Professional magazine, amateur magazine. In writing the parallelism would break down, however, since on the pro side there would be the three awards for different story lengths, while on the amateur side there would only be one award for best writer. And then there is the drama category, which I expect will fade away with time. The only difference would be that while the word "Hugo" would appear on the pro award, there would be nothing on the fan award, tho I personally would like to see that called "Hugo" too. Certainly not Pong!!!!

#### DESPITE ALL THIS GROTCING

I expect to attend the World SF Convention in NY Labor Day, and expect to have a good time. It will, I expect, be the largest SF convention in history, a mixed blessing, but should still be fun. If any of you out there are interested in going, send \$3 registration fee to NYCON 3, Box 367, NY NY 10028. This will bring Progress Reports, the wonderful NYCON COMICS drawn by Jack Gaughan, reduced rate hotel reservation cards (the con will be at the Statler-Hilton), and Hugo ballots. I am currently trying to arrange for a meeting of the Tolkien Society of America to be held during the convention. Write for further details, for if it goes thru I will prepare a circular. It is a long standing tradition for special interest clubs to hold meetings during the convention, and committees generally provide a special meeting room and announce it in the program book.

#### DURING THE FIRST 4 YEARS OF NIEKAS

I kept talking about leaving California, and now I am beginning to think about staying here permanently. Despite the vile climate I am growing to love the area, and I like Belknap very much. I will be in NYC this summer again, but am already beginning to look for larger accommodations for the fall.



The Nazis waged war not only to expand their influence but to destroy those races -- I am using the term 'race' in the Nazi sense; I personally recognize only the three divisions Caucasian, Mongoloid, and Negroid -- of man they deemed 'inferior'; Heinlein's military, in STARSHIP TROOPERS, fights not so much to destroy the Bugs as to defeat them. It is made clear that while the nature of the antagonists leads to conflict, the continuance of the war is due largely to a failure in communication, and not to a desire on the part of either human or Bug to exterminate the other. Neither race wants the conflict to continue to the point where both Earth and Klendathu are destroyed. Again, Heinlein's attitude is antipodal to that of the Nazis; Hitler, during the last days of World War II, did everything in his power to insure that Germany would not survive defeat as a nation.

## IV

The only area in FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD that can possibly be interpreted as having a 'Nazi slant' is Heinlein's handling of the race question. Heinlein explores the race question by means of two devices; one is that of allowing Hugh Farnham to experience life from a slave's position. The second and most powerful device is that of Joe, Farnham's Negro servant-cum-right-hand-man. In the earlier portions of FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD, Farnham impresses us with his humanitarian attitude; it is implied that he is the first white man to treat Joe like a human being. Then we see Farnham in the slave quarters and discover that his (and our) tolerance is not enough; although we realize intellectually that Negroes are human beings and therefore entitled to human rights, few of us are willing to accept this doctrine emotionally.

The fact that the Negroes in FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD castrate and eat their white slaves is not to be considered as evidence of racism on Heinlein's part; it is no more than the attitude of the white racist reversed -- with a vengeance. Heinlein has simply and coldly carried out the racist's argument, 'Them nigras ain't nothin' but dirty black animules', to its logical conclusions. The Negroes in FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD do not consider their slaves to be human beings, and therefore emasculating and eating them is no more wrong to them than castrating and butchering cattle is wrong to us.

And Heinlein has another point to make: Negroes, being human, are as capable of intolerance as any member of the Ku Klux Klan. Joe remains in the future instead of returning to the past with Farnham not because Heinlein views him (or any other Negro) as being inherently corrupt, but because the social order of the future is one that gives him an opportunity to be Top Dog. He has been a victim of discrimination all his life and now, by damn, he is going to strike back. That the whites who victimized him are not the same whites over whom he rules is immaterial -- they're white, and that's enough to satisfy him. This attitude isn't justified, of course, but it is understandable. Joe's attitude toward whites is not different from that of the survivor of the Nazi anti-Semite pogroms who now consider all Germans -- not all Nazis, mind you, but all Germans -- to be horned devils.

Lastly: Let it be understood that I am not specifically endorsing the social orders postulated in either STARSHIP TROOPERS or FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD; they are uncomfortable, to say the least. But that I personally find these societies disquieting does not give them a 'Nazi slant'; Miss Rambelli's short-sightedness in attaching so noxious a label to these works reveals far more about her than it does about Heinlein's novels.

-- Ben Solon





# NIEKAS 18

