

Rhodomagnetic Digest

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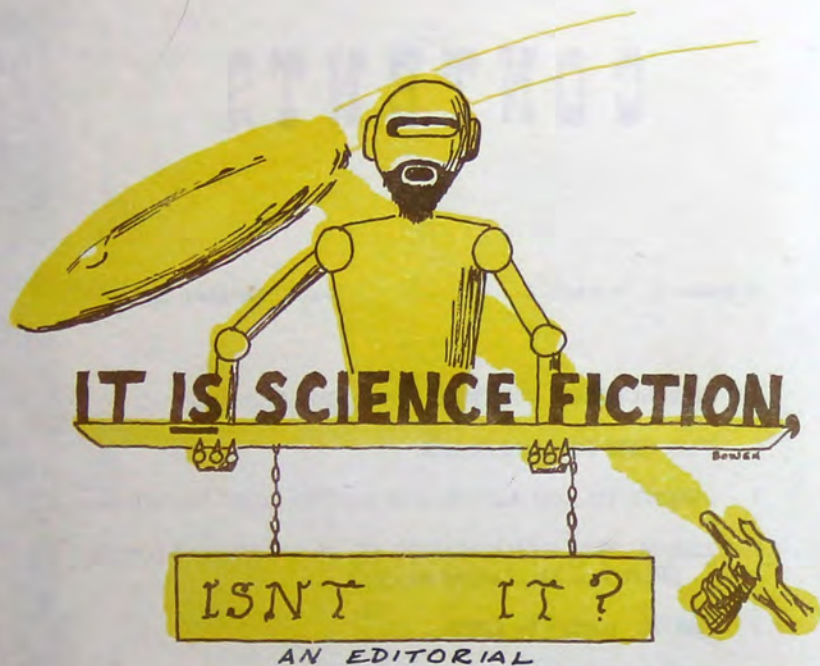
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In recent years, we have seen the appearance in this country of various "peace" groups, that is, groups which have lobbied for disarmament and for halting bomb testing. Motivation for these groups has been highly variable. Some of them have been offshoots of religious groups (the Quakers); others are composed of scientists who feel that their special background can help the cause of peace. These groups have carried out their campaigns similarly, by passing petitions, picketing, holding rallies, meetings, and seminars, and putting out pamphlets and newspapers.

Now, peace groups are nothing new--they have existed at least as long as Ugh brained Oof with a piece of stone in front of a cave in the good old days. But rarely have such groups received so much publicity or study as today: it is almost fashionable to belong to such a group. Some of these peace groups consist of iconoclasts or mere dissidents of current society or policy; they owe their existence not to the issues at stake, which are of tremendous importance to the future of man on this planet, but to mere dissatisfaction with one or another aspect of current life. I have often wondered whether this protest is effective and, even more important, whether it is the best that can be done.

Recently I became interested in such a group in the Bay Area, and almost as quickly became uninterested. My reasons were simple: I just didn't feel that this group (and others in general) could effectively modify the policy of the U.S. government. Note the word effective which I stress, for although I agree with the cause of these peace groups, I cannot agree with their method, for the essential problem rests with our foreign policy advisers and makers, and the methods utilized by the peace groups do not seem to be aimed at modifying this policy. At least, not effectively.

It has been pointed out to me that President John F. Kennedy wrote a most informative honor thesis when he graduated from Harvard. Kennedy, then 20, had analyzed the influence of peace movements between the first and second world wars, and had shown how they were responsible for the general unpreparedness of England and other Western European countries prior to the second world war. Chamberlain and Henderson were not diplomats who followed a policy of appeasement in isolation; they were a product of a political philosophy which was strongly influenced by the peace movements which existed at the time. A close reading of this thesis would suggest therefore that Kennedy, years ago, had already come to the conclusion that peace movements could be very influential and dangerous.

Thus, it would seem that the mere application of protest would fall on deaf ears, for it is inconceivable to me that the President would forget the results of this careful analysis which he made years ago. On the other hand there are some people who would have you believe that advocates of peace (whatever that may mean) such as Amiat Etzioni, Eric Fromm, and Stuart Hughes are ignored completely by our foreign policy advisers. Actually this is doubtful; as advocates of a position which must interest our State Department, they are listened to, and may even influence some course of action. These people act as a sort of lobby for peace; unfortunately, the problems of peace are not like the problems of sugar quotas, and the lobby for peace is quite ineffectual when compared to the sugar lobby. The latter has studied its problem carefully, deciding what it wants, who to influence, how to influence these people, and then proceeded to do so. But the peace lobby has done no such homework; instead it has concentrated upon working out the strategies of peace (see The Liberal Papers for some fine reading in this field), and tried very simply to present their reasoning to our foreign policy advisers. By and large they've failed, for the question of how and who should be influenced is at least as great a problem as the direction of the influence.

It seems to me that peace groups in this country should first learn the most important lesson: if you want to influence somebody, learn how to do it first. It should

be obvious to these groups that the mere application of protest will not work, for in the eyes of Mr Kennedy, and presumably his foreign policy advisers, such protest can lead to a very dangerous situation. Research work on the methods of lobbying are, however, very scarce. And it is here where the professional scientists can best help the cause of peace. I suggest that such professional groups start collecting data on the method of lobbying. This would entail collecting data on people who are influenced and how influence is applied. What we need in effect is a science of how to influence people.

Then, and only then, could proper pressure be put upon our responsible (?) officials in our government in the cause of peace. Data could be collected about our officials, data on their personality, their likes, dislikes, and the statements they've made. These dossiers could then be carefully studied and information extracted from them which would be given to people who knew how to use such information to influence their viewpoint. In this way, carefully worked-out strategies of peace could be communicated to the government in the most effective manner.

There are problems here, there is no doubt about it. Such a project would depend upon (1) the adequacy of present psychological techniques which, I must admit, is open to a great deal of question, (2) the immensity of the project, which would involve many hundreds of dossiers and many thousands of man-hours, and (3) the sure alarm which such a project would cause among our Federal police. Nevertheless, I feel that such an attempt must be made.

I realize that this project is not new from me, that I have read about such an idea before. About 20 years ago, a science fiction writer wrote a series of stories about something which he called "psychohistory," the idea that history can be influenced by a close attention to its trends and to the people who made it or influenced it, the idea that history could be influenced by subtly conceived influences here and there, and that this influence was a psychological phenomena. Somehow, it seems to me that what I have just proposed is exactly the same thing, albeit on a smaller scale. Yet today the real danger is as great on this planet as the imaginary danger was in the galaxy of the future.

What now, Mr Asimov?

THE NEW RD



BY ED BRANDT

When Editor Al haLevy first started pushing the revival of RD within the club he was unaware that one member--myself--just happened to have a press in his garage. Unfortunately (from my viewpoint) I did, although it was an old and very erratic machine that I had bought in partnership with another fellow to publish some fiasco in a completely different field. I had been a Little Man, actively and inactively, since about 1951; I had a press that wasn't too busy, and a burning desire to learn the art of offset-lithography.

Enter haLevy.

In getting out any magazine the biggest problem and expense is printing. To keep costs down many fanzines are dittoed or mimeographed. However the most desirable is printing, either letterpress or lithography. Letterpress is too expensive, too cumbersome and just plain impractical for a project of this minute magnitude so that leaves offset-lithography. This is sometimes referred to as "Multilith," although Multilith is actually the name for one brand of press.

In commercial lithography copy is prepared on a Vari-typer or other brand of machine that turns out justified copy. This copy is pasted up along with any artwork that may be included and is then photographed page by page. After development, the negatives are masked, any necessary opaueing and retouching is done, and the lithographic plates, used in the actual printing, are made. These plates, usually of aluminum, are specially treated, placed in a pressure or vacuum frame and then exposed to ultraviolet light. The actual printing is done from these plates.

Last issue, to keep costs of the RD down, it was decided to do all typing onto special paper plates which could be used directly for printing. Only the cover and other artwork of the issue were to be photographed; these were masked in correct page form and pre-printed in the colors used.

Actual printing of the issue from the paper plates turned into an utter catastrophe. One of the Little Men had, in helping us to economize; picked up the special typewriter ribbon which was required for the typing onto the paper plates. It was either of inferior quality or was too old as the image began to fade immediately and we were able to get only a few usable pages.

All work stopped while we sat down and cried for a while. Either we had to retype the issue--all 72 pages of it--or to arrange to have the pages photographed and plates made in the standard way. The latter course was decided; luckily I was able to arrange with a friend in a print shop to use his camera. Al and I remained up until after midnight to get all the negatives developed. Remember, these were no little snapshot pictures as you take with your Brownie, but were all 8 x 10 inches.

A date was set for a second try at printing the RD. The 36 negatives were prepared, plates made, and printing completed. Except, of course, for the four pages we had neglected to photograph; anticipating something like this, Al had brought his electric typewriter (all 30 pounds of it) to the print shop. For the overlooked pages, we dug a little deeper into the bagful of available fixes and came up with mechanical negatives, a technique which types like mimeography but prints like lithography. The negatives were typed on the spot, printing was concluded, and the first issue of the new RD was at last clutched in our sweaty little fists.

Now here we are with another issue. This time, we are using photo-offset entirely. A camera has been purchased, and we are able to do all of the production work ourselves--typing reproducible copy, laying out pages, making negatives and offset plates, and printing. So unless complete apathy overtakes us (as Phil Newport reported happened to the old RD) we will be around for awhile. Everyone is fresh and eager; people abound with ideas and material; I'm one step ahead of the bank on press payments, so.....

Dennis Smith, this issue's cover artist, is preparing a portfolio of his artwork. It will contain 14 photo-offset reproductions of his drawings, size 8.5 x 11, unbound, and placed in a permanent reinforced semi-envelope. The price is \$1.25. Send money order, check, or cash, or request for further information to Dennis W. Smith, 288 Ash Avenue, Chula Vista, California. Please print your name and return address clearly!

I WENT TO LOS ALTOS AND FOUND GOD

7

BY MARV BOWEN

A nonvention, for those who don't know, is an unprogrammed gathering for fans unable or unwilling to attend the World Convention. Nonvention 6 was held over the Labor Day weekend at Ed and Jessie Clinton's house in Los Altos. It was a blast.

The party unofficially started, quietly enough, Friday night after the Little Men's meeting, which was also held at the Clinton's. A tent had been set up in the yard as Nonvention headquarters for blondes, brunettes, and redheads (female). The information as to whom the tent belonged was declared classified. Only those (female) who had a "need to know" could find out.

Ed's tape recorder was pressed into service to record nonhighlights and nonmessages to LASFS. Why this was necessary, I don't know; most of those at the party were either present or former members of LASFS. In fact, I may have been the only nonLASFSer there.

I have only a hazy recollection of the ending of that first night as I had been imbibing a laxative called screwdriver. (That damned orange juice!) All that I can recall is Jessie inveigling me into an early morning painting session in Ed's study with Ed crapped out on the couch mumbling critical remarks in his sleep. (Translation: stupor.)

The next afternoon, people started arriving for the Non. After a short talkfest, I walked the fan guest of honor--God. God, in his mortal incarnation as Elmer Perdue, immediately grabbed a beer, took off his clothes, and donned a pair of bathing trunks. This was a sight unbelievable to behold. God is a large man in several directions. To top it off, he insisted on showing everyone His; to Him, beautiful navel. (The theology of this overwhelms me.)

NONVENTION 6

God in fact had passed a miracle to arrive. The night before he had made arrangements with the Yellow Cab Company to pick him up at 7:30 a.m. and deliver him to the railway depot. Turns out they failed to make the pickup; and after God had shouted enough, the Yellow Cab Company graciously (?) took him free to the airport, gave him free a first-class fanjet ticket to San Francisco, and invited him to make use of the peninsula cab services to reach the Nonvention from the airport--at their expense. Hospes Clintonius picked him up instead. All weekend God kept chortling, "God (?) bless Yellow Cab. Only way to fly!"

Then there were two deaf fans there, Barry Miller and Sam Walters. Sam is a natural comic. When everyone was at least high--let's face it, everyone was drunk, including Sam--he decided to teach Jessie how to talk in sign language. He told her to copy his motions. It is, of course, impossible to describe adequately what happened. They pantomimed two hunters waking up, donning their clothes, eating breakfast, hunting for deer, and shooting (with a lever-action rifle). By this time, everyone was howling with laughter at Sam's antics and at Jessie's confused attempts to follow him in detail. But now--the guns misfire and the deer charges! Sam tells Jessie to throw her gun away, grab her knife, and stab and hack at the deer. Now get the picture: we were all drunk and laughing like mad, including Jessie; Jessie and Sam kept hacking at that poor deer; and Sam began backing toward the door. Finally he said, "Man, this is too much for me!" and bolted from the room, leaving Jessie alone with flailing imaginary knife and invisible mutilated deer. Then, after we had finally stopped laughing and regained some composure, Sam came running back in and set us off again: "Did you kill it?" he asked her. Meanwhile, Calvin Demmon had slept through all of this on the study floor, so Ed put a sign on him: "Dead deer."

Sam's contributions to the general pleasant idiocy were numberless. For example, later in the evening he asked Jessie where Barry was. Jessie said that he was in the W.C. Sam went and banged on the john door; which is proof that he was mighty drunk, because Barry is his deaf buddy. Finally, failing to get through to Barry, he returned and asked Jessie to go in and see if

NONVENTION 6

NONVENTION 6

NONVENTION 6

it was Barry in there, because he didn't want to do it himself--there might be a female in there! (I don't know whether Jessie complied or not.)

Still later, it was time for Ed to contribute, all unwittingly. Announcing indignantly that he was going to bed, he vanished. About an hour later Jessie discovered he wasn't in bed after all. She and Miri Knight initiated a search party. You guessed it. He was sleeping, all right--in the can.

The next morning, everyone left over from the night before found themselves suffering from an obscure disease known as the Madagascar Madness. Around noon we all went to Stickney's for breakfast. (Does anyone realize how horrible that name sounds when one is hung over?) The party picked up again in the late afternoon with the rearrival of the Rolfes and others.

Sunday afternoon Warner van Lorne, pro guest of honor, spoke, launching the Amalgamated Society for Sane Ulterior Propriety (ASSUP) to aid in the clothe-all-animals movement. It was received with a somewhat mixed reaction.

Sunday evening was somewhat quieter than Saturday had been, with word games and cards predominating. Monday was much the same. Everyone seemed to feel that this was the way to end it all, a sort of relaxed tapering off. Finally, having held on to the bitter end, the Rolfes and I left. Quiet descended over the Clinton pad.

And the last one up, there? God, in a dirty bathrobe.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

AND WERE THEY EVER!

- Homo Sapiens Hospes Clintonius Ed: who sleeps in
strange places
- Jessie Clinton: who wanted her drink
- Mary Bowen: who purred
- Alva Rogers: who didn't know Rick Sneary
- Sidonie Rogers: who gave her call name to a cat
- Robert Buechley: who was bitter
- Felice Rolfe: whom God thought beautiful
- Joe Rolfe: who knew a limerick
- George Sackman: who wasn't himself
- Calvin Demmon: who was glad he left Los Angeles
- Jerry Knight: who thought it was a funny kind of
quiet Sunday evening
- Miriam Knight: who had the kind of hiccoughs the
Pope died of
- Barry Miller: who admired Miss March
- Robert Christenberry: who admired some slides of a
certain nude woman
- Dick Ellington: who brought the watermelon
- Pat Ellington: to whom God bumped His forehead
- Paul Healy: who was late
- Robert Healy: who likes Beethoven
- Shutupsid: who likes shoulders
- Miss March, Playmate: who worried Alva
- Sam Walters: who was the deerslayer
- God: who passed a miracle to come to the Nonvention
- Tony Clinton: who came home again
- Ben Rolfe: who ran away
- Poopsie Ellington: who was a good girl
- Suzanne Rolfe: who was quiet
- Bob Lichtman: who never talked politics

Alex Bratman: who slept all over the place

Don Fitch: who was L.A. fandom

Valerie Langdon: who walked barefoot through a carpet

Elmer Perdue: who was a cardsharp

Two Horses: whom Miri Knight watched from a car

Warner van Lorne: who founded ASSUP

The Los Altos Police: who picked up one of the guests

Mark Halpern: who didn't play the game

Martin Billik: who found fandom

Norm Metcalf: who was Boticelli's grandfather

Assorted Waitresses, Restaurateurs, Grocerymen, and Salesmen; A Microphone Which Had Brandy Poured into It; A Rocking Chair Which Suffered; A Typewriter Which Was Sacrificed for Sonic Purity; A Tent Which Drooped; A Tape Recorder; and Assorted Tables, Chairs, Automobiles, and Decks of Cards.

FUN!



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THE MYSTIC
RENAISSANCE
IN
ASTOUNDING
FORMS

BY LELAND SAPIRO

PART 2 OF 3

SECTION 4. SOME RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTIES


Thus far, we have considered only the more obvious examples, where mysticism was expressed as a unification of some kind--either conveyed directly or implied by the occult notion of "sympathy." But for reasons just indicated we also should expect the doctrine to be conveyed indirectly by a minimizing or a derision of man's rational faculties.

Such views frequently were expressed via an unfounded reliance on instinct. The first such story was T.C. McClary's "Rebirth" (February 1934), in which a scientist obliterates the memory of everybody in the world. Following this event, men are enabled by instinct alone to recognize sickness, dislike rats and corpses; and to perform complex actions like the gauging of relative velocities and the apprehending of an adulterous mate.

Another advertisement for instinct was J. Harvey Haggard's "Lost in Space" (August 1935). This story, like Earl Vincent's "Cosmic Rhythm," describes a space-liner seized by an inexplicable force--but in this instance the ship is thrown so far off course that the very constellations look unfamiliar.

The ship appears lost--and this news is accompanied by a radical change in the behavior of everybody on board. The chief pilot resumes biting fingernails, explaining to the captain that "I had trouble with the habit when a boy"; a previously reticent matron kisses a strange man who passes her in the corridor; a crew-member, explaining that "I've always wanted to do this," burglarizes the safe where "most of the ship's currency" is stored (where he proposes to spend the money the author does not specify).

No self-consistent explanation is given; so let us just say that there is a release of inhibitions caused by each person's belief that he will never be held to account for his actions (1). In any case, the ship eventually finds its bearings with the aid of a canine passenger. Even while the ship was floundering, the dog always ran to that side facing the Earth; so by using the dog as a guide the Captain is able to re-orient his ship. "You can't lose a dog," explains a (human) passenger. "They've got a sense of orientation which is utterly unexplainable even by the most



complicated scientific equations."

And so what begins as an interesting psychological study culminates in a trite observation on the instincts of Man's Best Friend.

Now, a statement that science or intelligence is "not enough" can be construed in several ways. If it is taken as a reference to behavior patterns which are "instinctive," i.e., not learned, then the sentence is a biological truism. A similar remark applies to the frequently heard statement that intelligence and compassion do not always occur together. But sometimes the inference is made that intelligence precludes emotion. Such a statement is a cliché, but unlike the other two--which are facts of common observation--it originates from sentiments which are centuries old.

In the "scientific" universe of the 18th century there was no soul, no Deity, no human values--but only a multitude of atoms, with motions specified by the laws of Newtonian Mechanics. Such a universe was not conceived as a fit habitation for human beings; and the widespread resentment was conveyed by the Romantic emphasis on emotion and those qualities which distinguish a human being from a mechanical thinking machine. On another level, this resentment eventually was expressed by the popular conception of the scientist himself, who was represented as a being without sentiment, a human embodiment of the Newtonian World-Machine.

This stereotype was encountered many times in Hugo Gernsback's Amazing Stories, and it was not entirely absent from Tremaine's magazine.

"Science does not admit love or pity," asserts J.R. Fearn's chemist-astronomer ("Before the Earth Came," July 1934), "three thousand years of scientific progress have drilled such sentiments out of us." Similar unconcern is manifested by the scientists of Harl Vincent's "Rex" (June 1934), who "immersed in their work and oblivious of all else...gave little thought to the plight of their fellow men." Finally, there are Nat Schachner's "Saprophyte Men of Venus," (October 1936) who plan to enslave the Earth. "What frightful things these Venusians are," cries the heroine, "with all their intellect and scientific knowledge."

From the wickedness of scientists it seems a natural transition to the wickedness of science itself. Actually, the concept of science as "forbidden" knowledge is an abiding part of the Christian tradition--as is seen by the medieval Faustus legends (2)--and antedates Newtonian Mechanics by many centuries. Nevertheless, this "Faustian" notion was conveyed to Tremaine's readers by the same trio cited above.

Thus we learn in Nat Schachner's "Isotope Men" (January 1936) that many chemical substances--in particular those in the human body--are comprised of "mixed" elements, or isotopes, with non-integral atomic weights; and the story describes an attempt to create two human beings from one, with each man's body comprising "pure" elements instead of isotopes.


But the experiment has evil consequences because, to quote scientist Malcolm Stubbs, "in our scientific arrogance we tampered with forces beyond our control." Such "arrogance" was demonstrated in the experimenter's earlier claim that "I've done what nature has merely fumbled at doing." "Nature," of course, is a euphemism for the Deity, and therefore Stubbs is properly chastised for his impiety.

A similar allusion occurs in Harl Vincent's "Prowler of the Wastelands" (April 1935), where somebody meditates:

"...it was sacreligious to do a thing like this,
to tamper with nature's law."

But the most outrageous impiety is committed by J.R. Fearn's experimenters on the doomed planet Jin ("Before the Earth Came," op. cit.), who plan to create an artificial solar system and to found a new race on its third planet. This experiment, too, is not entirely successful. "I might have known it," exclaims the scientist-in-charge, "we are usurping the Creator's power." (3)

Thus a writer can express by a stereotyped portrayal of scientists the notion that science is "not enough" and he can express by his own superstitious fear of knowledge the conception that certain things are "not meant" for humans to know. Both of these sentiments are trite and outworn, so that a writer who repeats either one is simply anaesthetizing (in George Orwell's phrase) a part of the reader's brain.



By contrast, notice how the "Faustian" notion is treated by another writer, Russell Winterbotham. In "Specialization" (August 1937), Mr. Winterbotham also exhibited mystical tendencies, but his perceptions were of a different order than those of a Fearn or a Vincent or a Schachner.

Riker looked at the father and daughter. "I suppose," he said, "that I should object. I should say that I will have nothing to do with it. I should accuse you of tampering with nature and declare that I will have nothing to do with such an unholy venture." He smiled broadly, but nervously. "I confess that I do feel like a bad boy stealing apples from an orchard. But I was never so interested in anything in my life. Dr. von Shuler, I am keenly anxious to witness the experiment."

This author is sensitive to what he "ought" to feel, but at the same time he exhibits such proper sentiment in a new perspective, thus enlarging the perceptions of the reader.


Recall now the original train of thought: we discussed mysticism and the distrust of intellect; this led, by a logical non sequitur, to the concept of the inhuman scientist and thence to the impiety of science itself.

These last sentiments have no direct connection with mysticism--but they will help us to frame an answer to a general question: What connection exists between mysticism and literary ability? More specifically, what mystical stories in Tremaine's magazine possessed literary merit, and how was such merit determined by the author's mysticism?

SECTION 5. AN IMPORTANT DISTINCTION

Before proceeding, we must say a word about the mystical experience itself, as distinct from the creed to which it gives rise.

According to the Upanishads there are four types of awareness of "aspects of the Self." The first two correspond to waking consciousness and to the consciousness in dreams; the third, to what we should call dreamless sleep. The last state is what interests us here,



since it corresponds to what is ordinarily regarded as the mystic "trance" or mystic state of consciousness. "Beyond the senses....beyond all expression is the Fourth. It is pure unitary consciousness, wherein awareness of multiplicity is completely obliterated."

To quote a modern authority,

Mystical experience is marked by the emergence of a new type of consciousness with is not sharply focalized, or clearly differentiated into a subject-object state. The "subject" and "object" are fused into an undivided one....Deep-lying powers...seem suddenly liberated. The usual insulations, which sunder our inner life into something like compartments, seem shot through.... transcendent energies from beyond the margin (and) appear to "invade" the individual self, a larger, environing consciousness, an enfolding presence, makes itself felt. (4)

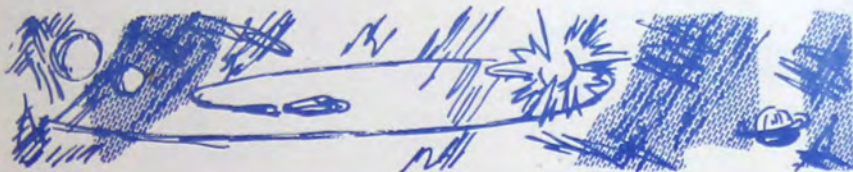
Thus the individual self is diffused into a more inclusive enveloping consciousness, and so experiences (in the words of W.B. Yeats) "that union with created things which assuredly must precede the soul's union with the created spirit."

But to be coextensive with all living things is to experience the perceptions of others as one's own; the true disciple, states the Bhagavad-Gita, is one

Who burns with the bliss
And suffers the sorrow
Of every creature
Within his own heart,
Making his own
Each bliss and each sorrow. (5)

It must be emphasized that the mystical experience need not be articulated in a specific doctrine. Therefore one must distinguish between mysticism as a meta-physical creed and mysticism as a particular kind of experience. The first is a corpus of beliefs--in my opinion, false--about the nature of "reality"; the second is a special kind of consciousness, to which is associated an attitude of universal compassion--and whatever else is desirable in mysticism.

Related to both of these are two similar modes of



perception, which I call the poetic and the mystic sensibilities. The mystic sensibility is prior to both the doctrine and the state of trance (and therefore is identical with neither); further, its alliance with the poetic sensibility will furnish us the desired information about the literary implications of mysticism.

The relationship between these types of sensibility may be clarified through an analogy.

Imagine, first, a drug addict who can recall in exact detail his last night's opium dream, with all the sensations, visual, auditory, and olfactory, which he then experienced. This individual need not possess what is ordinarily classified as "memory," but only an acute sensitiveness.

Next, conceive somebody who via his imagination alone can specify the manifold of sights and sounds and smells which constituted the dream. Such a person--who can recreate an opium dream without taking opium--would exemplify what I call the poetic sensibility.

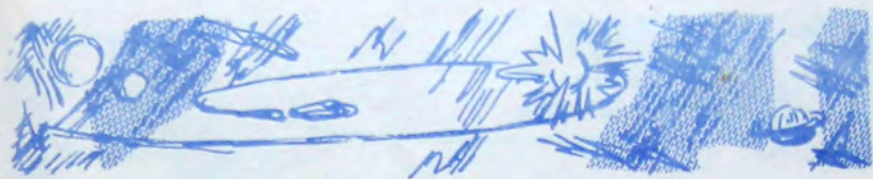
As a rough approximation, we can say that the mystic sensibility bears the same relationship to the mystical trance that the poet's imaginative recreation of an opium dream has to the dream-experience itself. Just as a poet, without the use of drugs, can specify the events of an opium dream (6), so a mystically sensitive person can approximate at will that particular ramifying consciousness associated with the mystical trance.

Now let us approach the subject in a more analytic fashion.

The poet (more precisely, the poetic writer) may be described as a person who is aware of correspondences between external events and his own inward states--and who uses such correspondence to translate his emotions into sense-data. (The reader, by "decoding" these data, then can approximate within himself the poet's original emotions.)

An elementary example is Paul Verlaine's

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
(It weeps in my heart
As it rains on the town.)



which conveys a structural similarity between rain and the physical expression of grief.

A more complicated example is Conrad Aiken's "Winter for a Moment Takes the Mind":

Winter is there, outside, is here
 in me;
 Drapes the planet with snow, deepens
 the ice on the moon,
 Darkens the darkness that was already
 darkness
 The mind too has its snows, its slippery
 paths,
 Walls bayoneted with ice, leaves
 ice-encased.

I leave detailed exegesis to the reader; he will notice that this passage expresses (among many other things) a similarity between lunar gradients and cerebral disposition, and in particular between "bayonets" and unpleasant memories.

A poet, then, is somebody who expresses correspondence between internal and external events--or who relates external events to one another by mediation of his own consciousness.

Now imagine that the poet experiences not just correspondence, but continuity--that he feels the rain in the town and the weeping in his heart to be correlated not accidentally, but necessarily. Anybody with perceptions of this order we designate as an example of the mystic sensibility. "The mystic is a man who knows by immediate experience the organic continuity between his self and the cosmos" (7)--and such an attitude is merely an extension of the poetic sensibility just described. The mystic and poetic sensibilities gradually merge into one another and (as shown, e.g., by William Blake and W.B. Yeats) frequently co-exist in the same person (8).

Any sensitively written story, therefore, exemplifies the poetic sensibility; it also represents the mystic variety if it expounds some phase of occult doctrine.

In the present context the most relevant example is Harry Bates, the former editor of Astounding Stories. The following account is necessarily brief; for a more



complete discussion, see (9).

Mr. Bates' early theme is the Failure of Intelligence: From "A Matter of Size" (April 1934), his first contribution to the new Astounding Stories, the reader infers that excessive intelligence is repulsive in the individual and debilitating for the species--a viewpoint stated more explicitly in Bates' next story, "Alas, All Thinking!" (June 1935), where intelligence, as opposed to instinct, is represented as an evolutionary dead-end. Of course, this theme had been expressed frequently in the magazine (see Section 4), but (in the editor's words) "never like this."

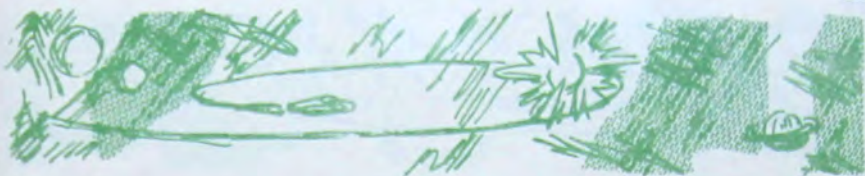
The story is told by Harlan Frick, playboy and one-time physicist, who explains that he has glimpsed the "horrible cerebral future" which awaits humanity. The initial event was a materialization, in Frick's laboratory, of a machine, whose passenger is described as "a baroque out of a far future time."

I was surprised, but somehow I wasn't much frightened. The person of my visitor was not intimidating. She was just a barefooted young woman.... clad in a....black shift which reached her knees....she was miles from being pretty. Her hair and eyes were all right....but her face was plain and flat, with an extraordinary and forbidding expression of dry intellectuality.

The scientist asks the girl--whom he calls "Pearl"--if he may visit her own civilization, several million years in the future, and she assents. But on arrival, Frick sees no material signs of progress; there is only a field, "tenanted with a square block of large metallic boxes...."

In every cell there is exactly one human being, whose every instant is devoted to meditation. Frick is assured that the thinkers will not be disturbed by his visit; in fact "they....will be able neither to see nor hear you."

I saw a man; or some kind of man....he was all one gigantic head, or at least a great mass on whose parchment surface appeared a little round, two-holed knoll, where the nose customarily is, lidless caverns where the eyes belong....By net



the slightest movement....did the monster show he knew I was there. He sat on a high dais; his arms were only bones converging downward; his body....showed every rib....and his pipe of a neck, unable alone to support his head, gave most of that job to two curved metal pieces that came out of the wall. He had a musty smell....And, final horror, the stuff that covered him to the waist was dust; and there were two inches of dust on the top of his head and lesser piles....on every little upper surface!

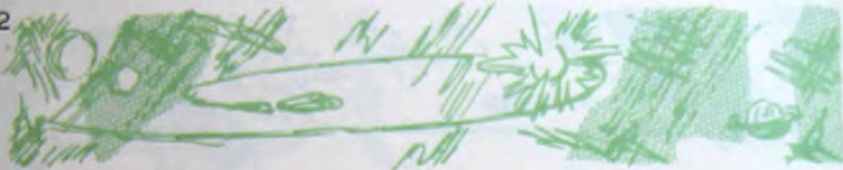
Later Pearl "listens" to the cogitations of one such thinker, and relays them to her visitor:

"Mind force....How powerful--mm--yes, powerful --Basis of everything living--Mm, yes, everything is relative, but everything together makes unity--therefore we have a relative unit--or, since the reverse is the other half of the obverse, the two together equal another unity.... Sounds as if it might mean something. Einstein was a primitive...."

Frick eventually exterminates these last human representatives; then he journeys back to the present, where he resolves to exercise his brain no more than absolutely necessary.

Certain aspects of this story--e.g., the thinkers' meaningless cerebrations--ought not to be interpreted literally; rather they must be considered as expressions of the author's own distaste toward the purely cognitive existence, with its substitution of concepts in place of direct acquaintance. The shallowness of the purely intellectual life is acknowledged near the end, by Pearl herself, who expresses regret that "...her poor contemporaries....had died without dreaming life could hold such wealth of emotional experience."

Harry Bates is especially interesting because of his progression through the entire range of mystical beliefs; his next-to-last story, "Death of a Sensitive" (Science Fiction Plus, May 1953), depicted with unforgettable clarity the occult oneness of all life, and his "The Triggered Dimension" (Science Fiction Plus, December 1953) depicted the psychic ocean literally



as a body of water into which the individual self is submerged.

Of course, neither of these was printed in Astounding Stories; but the first, "Death of a Sensitive," will nevertheless provide us with a standard by which the Astounding story can be judged.


Here, the mystic sensibility is expressed by and in the story, with its two "sensitives," John Inglis and his brother, each finding that his multiplicity of awareness makes existence almost intolerable:

"We were sensitive, but much too sensitive. The normal person lives within a shell which gives a measure of protection from the disharmonic waves of the psychic Mother Ocean; we seemed to lack that shell. We could be bruised by a look, wounded by a thought; we could be lifted and tossed and battered and half-drowned in the great swells of animal emotion from the great submerged herd. With increasing divergence we more and more sought quiet and seclusion...."

Strange reports are being circulated about John, who is behaving like a friend to the insects descending into his apartment. "The people upstairs are doing something which drives them down," he states. "I think they are poisoning them...."

Inglis explains how he had once spilled flour on the kitchen floor; afterwards, while preparing to sweep it up, he notices something. As described, later, by the narrator:

Near one edge of the whitened area lay a large cockroach, dead. Backward from it lay the trail it had made in its passage from the other side. The trail twisted and doubled; it looked like writing. Suddenly I saw that it was writing. Four words lay spelled out there in a wandering schoolboy hand.... They read, "do not kill us." The last "s" was not quite finished, and the writer lay on its back, its legs folded symmetrically inward.... I was frightened. The air around me seemed charged with unknown potential. Somewhere in space-time--somehow--an intelligence could conceive this--will this--possessed the undetectable force to effect this.



The reader will recall similar concepts in an earlier story, "Fractional Ego" by Clifton Kruse (see Part I, pp. 33-35). This author, however, presented no theme in the proper sense, but merely a recitation of shocking incidents, starting with a transposition of salesman and Tibetan priest, ending with an exchange of soldiers and schoolgirls--and containing somewhere in between an explanation by Dr Eckert, scientist, about the psychic ocean.

By contrast to Mr Bates, whose mysticism expresses a specific point of view, Mr Kruse introduces his mystical theory solely as a convenient way to explain irrational happenings. The makeshift character of Kruse's theory is attested, e.g., by his failure to conform with common-sense notions of probability: with several billion people in the world and with the transpositions being (in Eckert's words) by "mere chance, it is improbable that any of the exchanges would concern the inventor's own employees.

Now let us return to our original question, which (stated more precisely) is this: Does there exist a positive correlation between literary merit and the fictional expression of the mystical creed? The answer is yes, provided that the doctrine represents (as for Harry Bates) a mystic sensibility; in such a case, the mysticism informs the story and gives relevance to each of its components.

It was the mystical doctrine without the corresponding sensibility that so often resulted in literary catastrophe for Tremaine's magazine; for then the mysticism was extraneous, i.e., it represented not a special mode of perception but merely a quick (and usually contradictory) solution to a problem. This explains why in so many instances where the doctrine was stated "conceptually" through an occult union or sympathy, it also was expressed stylistically by incoherence in the narrative itself.

SECTION 6. ON "THOUGHT-VARIANTS"

Our previous topic was something common to the mystic and the poet; but there is another characteristic, which the poet and mystic both share with the child, namely, the inability to distinguish between one's self and the

external world.

Such naiveté is regarded by some writers as implying a general method of composition. W.B. Yeats, for example, quotes with approval a passage from Shelley, who urges us to "recollect our sensations as children," during which time "...we less habitually distinguished all that we saw and felt from ourselves..."

Consider the following statement by Paul Valéry:

Let us imagine that the sight of things that surround us is not familiar, that it is allowed us as an exception, and that we only obtain by a miracle, knowledge of the day, of the heavens, of the sun, and of faces. What would we say about these revelations, and in what terms would we speak of this infinity of wonderfully adjusted data? What would we say...if the world only appeared very occasionally, to cross, to dazzle, and to crush the unstable, incoherent world of the solitary soul?

Mysticism consists perhaps, in rediscovering an elementary and in some ways primitive sensation.
(10)

The term "primitive sensation" conveys precisely what is experienced by the child, for he has not yet organized this "infinity of data" into recurrent perceptions.

To a child, for example, John Peale Bishop's lines--


Upon that road, a man goes
Dragging a shadow by its toes--

might express a literal truth, since he possesses no empirical knowledge about the optical behavior of objects in sunlight.

But the child's naiveté must be lost in order to be recaptured; it can serve as a literary method only for a writer who, in the meantime, has acquired an adult's knowledge and technique and awareness of complexity.

The reader has undoubtedly anticipated my next statement--that many writers of the Astounding story possessed child-like naiveté, not as something deliberately recaptured but as something which never had been outgrown.

A typical instance was J. Frederick's "thought-variant story, "The Einstein Express" (April 1935):



"Greg, the fundamental units of nature, we now know, as first the neutron, with no electric charge, second, the positron, with a positive charge, and third the electron, with a negative charge...I have a hunch that these three fundamental units...are personified in human beings...

"The man in a sex pair is positive; the woman negative. A positron is a union of negative and positive. You, unpaired, and with a generally negative temperament, I am sure would register neutral. You would be the neutron."

When used properly, the so-called pathetic fallacy--the ascribing of human emotions to inanimate objects--furnishes the poet with a means to convey structural analogies between external events and his subjective states. However, when a writer considers this device as an expression of factual truth, he is no longer a "poet" but a bad metaphysician.

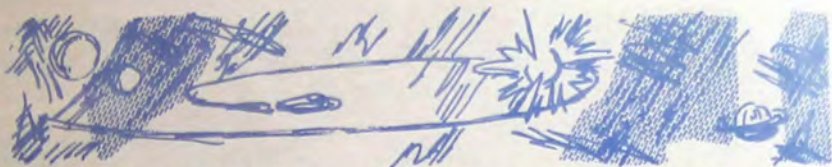
"Organic" notions also were conveyed in Jack Williamson's "Born of the Sun" (March 1934):

"Did you never wonder...why the sun...expands and contracts in the rhythm of the sun-spot cycle, with a beat like the pulse of a living thing?"

Mr Williamson's "thought-variant" idea was the literal conception of the Earth as a "Great Egg," which splits upon development of its embryo.

Here it might be objected that the author himself did not seriously entertain the idea, which by his own admission was preposterous. ("Born of the Sun," I must explain, arose from a dispute between Mr Williamson and another writer, in which one maintained that "no idea was too impossible to make convincing in a story" <11>.) Unfortunately, Mr Williamson has written other "thought-variants" for which no such excuse can be offered.

This author's "Galactic Circle" I cited previously (see Part I, p. 38), and similar naivete was displayed in his "Islands of the Sun" (September 1935), whose title refers to planets conceived as rotating in the photosphere. Humanity is saved from the wicked solar inhabitants, the Xyli, when the planet is vomited from the sun into its present orbit--an action described by the editor as a "thought-variant conception of the gaseous origins of the earth."



Still another "thought-variant," Nat Schachner's "Reverse Universe" (June 1936), describes a Captain and his First Officer being tossed adrift, in a space-boat, by mutineers. Seized by a "super-force of unimaginable intensity," the craft is impelled into a faster-than-light velocity and thence into a new universe, where time runs backwards. To quote a justifiably indignant reader,

Reverse Universe approximates...the struggle of a sympathetic author without imagination to portray in verbal form a theory beyond his own scientific comprehension...(12).

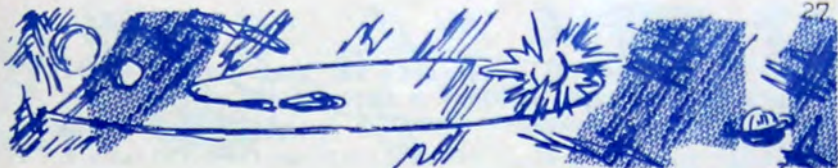
However, we must not suppose that the editor reserved the label "thought-variant" only for works distinguished by their manifest absurdity; he likewise affixed to to another, smaller group of stories which exhibited no positive characteristics whatever. Typical were "Warner van Lorne's" "White Adventure" (April 1936), a catalogue of distressing events caused by an abnormal snowfall, or Nat Schachner's "He From Procyon" (April 1934), which tells how a deific Being attaches a special device to the pineal gland of six people, thereby endowing each with the ability to make others obey his commands. Here, the familiar stereotypes--henpecked husband, brainless chorus girl, ambitious political boss, etc.--are manipulated through an unbelievably tedious fifty pages.

I remark that any science fiction story which depends on stereotypes--figures with preassigned sets of characteristics--invariably degenerates into just a catalogue of events; for an event is interesting only when it happens to somebody, and a stereotype, being merely a set of conditioned reflexes, cannot be conceived by the literate reader as being a legitimate somebody.

Thus Murray Leinster's "Sidewise in Time"--the "thought-variant" for June 1934--tries to elicit feelings of wonder by allusions to Chinese junks sailing the Potomac, toga-clad Roman soldiers marching through Missouri, etc. But the author cannot convey to us the reactions of appropriate people, because there are no "people" in his story.

More generally,

We cannot put stress on the bare events, since the unnatural extravagance of these events makes them sound hollow and absurd when thrown into



too high relief...All that a marvel story can... is a vivid picture of a certain type of human mood...Therefore a fantastic author should see that his prime emphasis goes into subtle suggestion...imperceptible hints and touches of selective and associative detail...instead of ...bald catalogues of incredible happenings which can have no substance or meaning apart from a sustaining cloud of colour and mood-symbolism. (13)


Such "selective and associative detail" was approximated in a pair of "thought-variants": Orlin Tremaine's own "Upper Level Road" (August 1935) and H.L. Gold's "Inflexure" (October 1934).

Tremaine's story, while absurd, was not manifestly absurd, and stylistically it was competent. Mr Gold's story, like Mr Leinster's, depicted a sequence of miraculous events--a Long Island fishing party being devoured by an ichthyosaurus, a dinosaur being shot in Africa by Hugo Miller, an exiled German physician, etc.--but it was lifted above the ordinary "thought-variant" by its author's perceptions of incongruity (14). Typical was Mr Gold's description of the sea-reptile's luncheon (the only person not eaten: "Hard-tack" McNutt) and his characterization of Herr Miller's crime as "practicing vivisection on his patients without regard for their social status."

With two exceptions, then, the "thought-variants" were "hollow and absurd"--or simply lacked any noticeable characteristics. Only a minority contained occult notions ("Galactic Circle," "Time Entity," "Before the Earth Came"); but nearly all displayed a child-like naiveté, akin to mysticism. (15)

At this point we must distinguish between Orlin Tremaine's actual and his ostensible editorial policies. From his printed remarks about "thought-variants"--that they were "blazing a...new trail" (February 1934) or that they "have injected new life into a field...ruttled by habit-driven vehicles" (April 1934)--the reader might have inferred that they were important; but the success, literary and financial, of Tremaine's magazine was mostly the result of his superior discrimination.

It was by virtue of his literary discernment that this editor acquired his two most important writers: Don A. Stuart and Stanley Weinbaum. Mr Weinbaum's regular con-



tributions to the magazine were initiated by its acceptance of his "Flight on Titan" (January 1935), but this work was submitted to Astounding Stories only after it had been rejected elsewhere. The rejection itself also can be regarded as an indirect result of Tremaine's ostensible policy of "thought-variants," which had induced a competitor, Charles Hornig, to initiate his own "new story" policy. For, unlike his Astounding counterpart, to whom "thought-variants" were only a facade, Mr Hornig conceived "idea" (rather than literary merit) as an end in itself.

Many will recall Wonder Stories' "new story" policy of 1934, when every tale had to embody a new idea or an original twist of an old one. When "Flight on Titan" arrived...the most careful perusal failed to reveal even a microscopic fragment of a new idea...So it was rejected. Anyone could have recognized a great story such as "A Martian Odyssey," but it took Orlin Tremaine to recognize a fine writing style in an ordinary adventure yarn...So it was...that Wonder Stories lost what might have been an exclusive option on Weinbaum's imagination and the reader-appeal that went with it. (16)

Similar remarks apply to Don A. Stuart, whose classic story, "Twilight" (November 1934), was accepted by Tremaine's magazine after being rejected by both its competitors.

NOTES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. According to the captain, "this shunting of the ship ...seems to bring the primeval, more degenerate characteristics to the fore"--but the pilot's nail-biting appears to be a reversion to a childhood habit rather than anything "degenerate" in the racial sense; while the sexual by-play in the corridor seems not quite the mental lassitude noted elsewhere in the story. Even the explanation given in this paper is contradicted by the author's final diagnosis, that the strange behavior was caused by malfunctioning of the air-purifier.
2. See this writer's "The Faustus Tradition in the Early Science Fiction Story," Inside Science Fiction (Editor: Jonathan White, 90 Riverside Dr., N.Y.), where

it is argued that the wickedness of science and scientists was the central notion of Hugo Gernsback's Amazing Stories.

3. A similar rationalization--"I have a feeling that one cannot look into the gulf without being destroyed"--appears in J.R. Fearn's "He Never Slept" (June 1934).
4. "Mysticism," Hastings Encyclopedia, 83-84.
5. Swami Prabhavananda & Christopher Isherwood, The Song of God: Bhagavad-Gita (New York, 1954), p.67.
6. Cf. Clark Ashton Smith's "The Hashish Eater."
7. Waldo Frank, "Foreword," The Complete Poems of Hart Crane, xiii.
8. The poetic and mystic sensibilities gradually merge into a third variety, the maniacal, in which causation is perceived in nearly everything. All three modes were exemplified simultaneously by the French symbolist poet, Gerard de Nerval, who believed that the moon's orbit was determined by the path which he traversed in the garden. Not only this: "I attributed a mystic meaning to the conversations of the guards and of my companions. It seemed to me that...we were to arrange a new movement of the stars" (Richard Aldington, trans. Aurelia, p. 50).
9. A.J. Cox, "Harry Bates: A Matter of Identity," Skyhook, Autumn, 1957.
10. "On Painting," from Selected Writings (New York, 1950), p. 224.
11. The Fantasy Fan, I (1934), 152.
12. John R. Carroll, Astounding Stories, September 1936, 157.
13. H.P. Lovecraft, Marginalia (Sauk City: Arkham House Publ., 1944), 142.
14. H.L. Gold was the number one purveyor of irony in the Astounding story, with Nat Schachner (incredibly enough) being an occasional second--as can be seen, e.g., from his "Thought Web of Minipar" (November 1936), 108-109. Enjoying a reputation as satirist was Stanton Coblentz, for reasons which I am unable to determine.
15. Cf. Robert Lowndes: "Tremaine was willing to go along with almost any sort of mystical nonsense for the sake of what he called 'thought variants.'" (Discord, January 1962, 12.)
16. Sam Moskowitz, "Stanley G. Weinbaum: A Comprehensive Appraisal," Fantasy Commentator, III (1951-1952), 137.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

FAITH

Faith is but the light that knowledge throws
Upon our ways, to clear the shadow's shape,
The pebble's grim distortion, the lurking ape
Behind grotesquerie of bush. Each grows
As superstition in the mind, casts a cape
Of darkening terror round the heart, wills rape
Of Reason, befouls with lust; with bestial blows
Blinds Man, until he stumbles as he goes.

Yet Knowledge can be found alone by Faith,
In Faith's clear light. So long as neither fails,
Fear, Lust, Hate--whichever shade assails
The stumbling soul with foul miasmatic breath
Of Ignorance--each slowly, surely pales
Under Faith's sure knowledge, shrivels to surer death.

"Have faith!" The pious cry and disagree;
Caught in a mighty web of dogma, Doubt
Attends the ugly shout and countershout:
"Faith in MY God!" "Faith in One!" "In Three!"
The petty quarrels of dogma baffle me.
There comes no shaft of sun to clear them out,
No slender sword of light to make a rout
Of doubt, dogma, damning--their Trinity.

So firm upon good earth I take my stand,
Above--the heavens arch to blue infinity--
The clouds reflect adornment on the sea
And mountain majesties adorn the land.
I am I, till death lets down the bars
And I am one with all the ancient stars.

And is star dust the only end to life?
Up through the long slow ages Man has sought
Some surety that he is more than nought,
Some hope of peace beyond all earthly strife,
Some healing of the wound which Time's dull knife
Has torn within his breath. So man has wrought
God in His Heaven--and by His mercy bought
Inviolable soul, made death a friend of life.

Shall I deny the dreams--presume to mock
That miracle of Man--a dream made rock?
For out of dream and fear and aching need
Man fashioned comfort for his questing heart.
I only grieve that Man's miraculous deed
Belittles Man in reverence of Man's art.

I too have dreamed of heavenly host;
Sought to persuade myself obedient to a will
Greater than mine, to believe that mortal ill
Will vanish as a thin and vapid ghost,
Assure myself identity shall not be lost,
That death will not be chaos, silent, still,
Emptiness beyond all power of sound to fill.
I do not wish to be indefinite dust!

But echoes every dream from distant star--
I hear the answer in each thunder roll,
In every whisper of a wind-blown leaf.
"Why do you tear your heart in endless grief?
Why this demonic searching for a soul?
It is enough to know that Now you are!"

THE LITTLE MEN:

Al haLevy

BY SIDONIE ROGERS

second of a series

Sidonie Rogers

A profile of Al haLevy does not do him justice. He requires a full face, if not full length portrait.

Had it not been for the depression of 1929, this phenomenon would never have been ours: his father, Nathaniel Hertz Halevy, was born in Rishon le Zion, Palestine. In 1924 he went to Berlin where he spent five years studying to be a cantor. He returned to Palestine in 1929, met and married Joan Goldsmith there. In the same year the cantor and his young wife emigrated to New York. The effects of the Crash reached as far as Jerusalem.



ALVA ROGERS '62

His father's aunt, and her Rabbi husband, who had settled in Los Angeles, persuaded the Halevys to join them there. Al's father secured a cantorial position in a "very poor" section of Venice, California. The Halevy's first son Eliahu (Elijah in Hebrew) or Alvin was born in Boyle Heights, April 5, 1931.

The family moved to Long Beach. Al says his earliest memory is being put gently into a car to escape the 1932 Long Beach earthquake.

Memory becomes sharper as small Al enters school. You have only to visualize the five year old boy; skinny, large eyed, big eared & frightened to death, to know he was bound to have a rotten time in school. He was. The school, on Temple street in Los Angeles, had a student body that was 40 per cent Jewish, 40 per cent Negro, and 20 per cent Spanish.

All through school, Al says, his test grades were high, his school grades low and his spirits lower.

A lot of successful adults have made a miserable job of being children. Perhaps childhood is so abhorrent to them, they grow up quickly to get away from it.

In 1940 Al's father secured an appointment at Temple Beth Abraham, in Oakland. Al attended Lakeview grade school. He still did not care for education, but took a stride socially by being the chairman of a record breaking War Stamp sale.

People such as Al are, at once, the delight and despair of their instructors. They have brains, intellect, and are loaded with ability, yet they regard the school scene as a necessary nuisance to be endured until time removes them from it. Meanwhile all their mental assets sit around unused.

The teacher who reviews the test scores of the Al-type person in his class, begins the term eagerly rubbing his hands mentally together in anticipation. This brainy bonanza will be his to cultivate all year. Come June, these self same hands are wrung in an agony of self appraisal. Where did the instructor fail? He couldn't even make a break through.

The bright student remains above it all. Clutching his barely passing report card, he slogs ahead to confront a new set of pedagogues. In Al's words, "I was in the top ten per cent of the school----very bored. I refused to concentrate in class or do home work."

All this time he was reading four or five library books a week. Otherwise he was just goofing along.

In 1946 he attended an extreme leftist Zionist camp in the Angeles Forest. He spent three wonderful weeks which apparently laid the ground work for the nationalism which was to cause him trouble later.

Recently Al said he knew at birth that he was a Jew and although he is not religious, he feels that his cultural origin should play a larger part in his life.

For three years he belonged to a group called Habonim. They spent summers at a camp which simulated the conditions of an Israeli Kibbutz. The training the young people received would be put to practical use when they migrated to Israel. Later, in San Francisco, he taught a group of twelve-year-old boys and girls, instructing them in Zionism and Judaism. He established a rapport with the kids and enjoyed every minute of it. He also met a girl who planned to "find a life in Israel." A week later she lost that life in a truck accident.

Al's college career, at the University of California, Berkeley, got off to a rocky start in January 1949. Because of his less than sensational high school transcript he barely managed to be accepted. These days he probably wouldn't have made it at all and the pixillated Ph.D. would be lost to science.

As a freshman he wanted to go into medicine and took a course in chemistry because it "intrigued him." He vacillated between a biology and a chemistry major.

He began seeing a psychiatrist in 1951 trying to iron out some of his complexes. Apparently some of his problems were his intense nationalism and what could be done about it. He remained very interested in Zionism, but his three years with Habonim enthused yet confused him.

An incident in speech class further deepened his confusion: He says he was making straight "D's" in the course and didn't give a damn, until he made a speech, "Why I Dislike the Germans." The rebuff he received from a girl student put him into a state of shock for weeks. Her topic, "Why I Hate the Jews."

Still floundering scholastically he went to a counselor in 1952 to find out "what the hell I was doing in college."

Also in 1952 he began two years of psychiatric treatment. These two years might not have resolved his conflicts completely but they did point him toward a career----psychology.

He changed his major to psych and received his first "A" in college, in psychology.

In 1953 he graduated from Cal with a BA in psychology and was accepted for graduate school. He'd come a long way from the lackadaisical non-student of four years earlier. He took courses in zoology and was the only psychologist in graduate school who was taking biochemistry. He passed a written psychology exam on a Master's level in 1955.

Enter the Mad Scientist. After talking to a friend in the zoology department at Cal, he decided to go into physiology. He worked under Dr Nello Pace in Berkeley

and then moved to the UC Medical Center, San Francisco, to begin working on his Ph.D. His work and his thesis were on "Serotonin and the Hypothalamus."

During his work at the Hospital, Al delighted friends with his graphic descriptions of his little rat-sized guillotine, explanations of why a dog could not be anesthetized while it's nervous system was being explored, and other snappy table topics. Table topics they were, as he usually discoursed on them while shovelling down fried shrimp and drinking beer at the Anchor. His audience would listen with rapt attention and rising gorges.

He began reading science fiction in Astounding, July 1947. This led him to visit the Little Men at the Garden Library. He began his really active fanning as their chairman in 1959.

Al as a chairman is legendary. Even out of office in the Little Men he will convene a meeting if he and one or more active members are in the same room. Anyone with the temerity to break into his impromptu conclave is silenced with a curt "shut-up" from the chairman extem. If Al possessed a gavel he would probably use it as a slap stick. Currently he is editor of Rhodo, and chairman of the Western XVI and the "64 Frisco or Fight!!" committees.

In 1960 he was offered a post-doctoral fellowship in pharmacology which he accepted and finished in 1961. Then he took a job at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Palo Alto and is putting his research to work on humans.

With his extensive education, especially in the foibles of rats, dogs, and people, you might expect Al to be an intellectual snob. He is not. He is mundane and, at moments, almost frighteningly naive.

He collects Israeli folk records, will dance the hora until he drops and once embraced a bottle of Israeli beer caroling, "This is the wine of my country."

He will argue passionately on any subject from Irish folk tales and Hobbits to pharmaceuticals and psychoses.

His disguise of the Mad Scientist is perfect: spikey black beard and mustasche under his impressive nose, and above that deep set piercing black eyes. As the coldly clinical man of science I like him best. Recently at a party I was relating Al's scientific adventures to a less than credulous acquaintance. Al wandered up amiably dribbling punch down his trouser seam.

"What do you do with your Waring Blendor, Al?" I inquired hopefully.

"Beat up rats in it," promptly responded Dr haLevy.

The now credulous guest shot wild looks at both of us and cut a swathe through the mob, back to the punch bowl.

37

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ELVES', GNOMES', AND LITTLE MEN'S SCIENCE FICTION, CHOWDER AND MARCHING SOCIETY

For some unaccountable reason it has become real sportin' in some quarters of fandom to characterize THE LITTLE MEN as a serious and stodgy club, a club made up of a bunch of squares who do nothing but listen to dull talks on science and other uplifting subjects and boast but the most tenuous connection with science fiction or fandom. For the life of me I can't understand how such a monstrous lie can be accepted as gospel by so many.

Of course, we do have talks on science, but every effort is taken to get them on offbeat subjects and by authorities in their field--such as the talk presented by Ben Stark on Chromatography and Ion Exchange wherein he explained and demonstrated the uses of this procedure in his work as a chemist with the United States Department of Agriculture where he is doing research in connection with the sugar beet industry. Of, if professional lithography can be called a science, the lecture by Ed Brandt on the technicalities of offset lithography. These two programs, plus the talk by Dr Hollister on mood drugs mentioned in the last Proceedings, constitute the sum total of our programs devoted to science and technology since the first of the year. Perhaps the report given us by Poul and Karen Anderson on the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held in Denver last January (which they attended) might be included in this category of programs; but I really don't think it should be, being concerned as they were with the science fictional overtones of the meeting--particularly Hal Clement's speech which has been reprinted in Karen's VORPAL GLASS. One of the interesting highlights of the Andersons' report was the account of their visit at the home of Robert Heinlein following the meeting.

So much for science as far as THE LITTLE MEN are concerned.

As I mentioned in the last Proceedings the annual summer picnic of THE LITTLE MEN is a gala event. This year's was no exception. We held it, as in previous years, in Tilden Park, which is located behind the Berkeley Hills. Tilden Park is noted for its rugged natural beauty. Karen Anderson prepared the traditional chowder and the LITTLE MEN supplied the beer, cases of it. It may or may not be significant (and in no way reflecting on the excellent quality of Karen's chowder), but by the time the last LITTLE MAN left at 5:30 there wasn't one can of

beer left from the several cases supplied by the club; but poor Karen had to lug a fair-sized kettle of chowder home with her--whether or not Poul had chowder with his meals for the rest of the week hasn't been disclosed.

Everyone had a swinging time (with that much beer, who wouldn't?), including that well-known fan and eminent author, Poul Anderson, who, encouraged by some of the children and the beer he'd consumed, essayed the Tarzan bit and proceeded to gambol through the branches of a giant tree which spread over the picnic area. We were all immensely relieved when he made it safely to the ground. By 3 o'clock most of the revelers had departed, leaving a hard core of fans to finish the beer during a cutthroat poker game got up by Miriam Knight.

The weekend following the picnic was the Westercon XV weekend and the stodgy, serious bunch of fans known as the LITTLE MEN managed to be well represented at that science fictional, fannish gathering: Al haLevy delivered a significant speech on "The Mythological and Romantic Elements of Modern Fantasy;" Ed Clinton was the moderator of a panel of pros; Poul Anderson was a panelist on Clinton's panel; Al haLevy presented the INVISIBLE LITTLE MAN trophy at the banquet to Hal Clement (which was accepted in proxy by Poul Anderson, who later presented it in person to Clement during the award ceremonies at Chicon III); and I gave a speech, as Fan Guest of Honor, at the banquet. And, as everyone knows by this time, THE LITTLE MEN were successful in their bid to put on Westercon XVI in the BArea in 1963.

When meetings were resumed following the short summer vacation the first program we had was an informal report on the Westercon and a discussion of the first issue of RD which was launched at the convention.

The next program was one of the most fascinating we've had in a long time. Bob Buechley, who had been doing research on the relationship of arsenic in cigarettes to lung cancer, had been invited to present a paper at the International Cancer Congress in Moscow this summer, and he gave us a graphic and humorous account of his trip to Europe and Russia which was one of the best off-the-cuff talks I've ever listened to.

The program for the next meeting was a change of pace for us. Dr Healy, the Chairman of THE LITTLE MEN, gave us a couple of short films which purported to trace the development of motion pictures from its very beginnings to today. Both films were quite interesting, but the second one shown was so beautifully, ridiculously corny, that it could stand as a classic example of unintentional humor. This meeting marked the opening of Nonvention 6, a sometime tradition of fandom, a marathon party held on the same days (and nights) as the Worldcon as a solace to those fans who are unable to attend the con. (It originated in Los Angeles in 1953) I won't go into it here as it's admirably reported elsewhere in these pages.

And finally, we had the report on Chicon III by those who attended; Al haLevy, Walter Breen, Ben Stark, the Anderson's, and Andy Main being the ones contributing the most to the discussion. This actually was more in the nature of a party and fangab session with everyone sitting around drinking beer and yacking up a storm. We left at one AM, but I understand it didn't break up until 4 o'clock or so.

And so once again the Proceedings of THE LITTLE MEN have been accounted for. If I have given undue emphasis to the lighter (and more bibulous) aspects of the proceedings of the club, it was purely intentional and intended to counter somewhat the distorted picture of BArea fandom (of which THE LITTLE MEN constitute a marked majority) circulated in some areas by unthinking --or unknowing--fans. THE LITTLE MEN, being a club of adults, many of whom are engaged in scientific, educational, or technical work of one sort or another, and all with keen, inquisitive minds, interested in every facet of life and the world they live in, welcome serious talks and discussions during the formal portions of their meetings; but when the meetings are over and the beer begins to flow they become, believe me, almost human.

--Alva Rogers, Secretary

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Starting with the next issue of Rhodomagnetic Digest, the price for single copies will be 35¢, and the subscription price will be 3 copies for \$1.00. (This does not affect present subscriptions.) The price increase has been made necessary by an increase in the postal rate, and by increases in cost of production of this magazine. All correspondence concerning single copies or subscriptions should be sent to Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Road, Berkeley 7, California, and checks should be made out to Ben Stark. Please do not send stamps. All editorial correspondence should be addressed to Al haLevy, Editor, Rhodomagnetic Digest, 1855 Woodland Avenue, Palo Alto, California.

A GLOSSARY OF MIDDLE-EARTH



by AL HALEVY

For several years, I have been in the process of putting together a glossary of all the names and descriptive phrases contained in J.R.R. Tolkien's works, The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings. This work has taken this long for several reasons, chief of which is that I just haven't had the time to work on it. Although I was essentially through with the work a year or so ago, it required a final check before publication. This meant that each of 3000 file cards had to be individually checked against the information contained in the books. I was reluctant to start working on this checking and cross-checking, for it entailed a great deal of time. However, it was suggested that the work could appear in this magazine in a serialized form, and when Jessie Clinton volunteered to do the final checking (bless her heart), I readily agreed to the suggestion.

Putting together a glossary is not easy; it is similar to putting together an annotated bibliography. Instead of books, however, I had to decide which names and phrases to include in this work. I wanted to be as complete as possible, but how complete is complete? The items chosen for inclusion in this glossary are: (1) all proper names, whether of people, places, or things, (2) all events which have a descriptive title such as battles, (3) terms which describe such things as days of the week or months of the year, and (4) certain other terms and phrases which appeared capitalized in the original books. I have tried to make the work as complete as possible, and have used extensive cross-indexing. Thus the first names of all characters appearing in the works, or even mentioned, constitute an item (e.g. Bilbo), last names (Baggins), nicknames (Burglar), and descriptive phrases (Thief in the Shadows). References are given to the book and page where such terms are either explained or where they appear; if a term is explained on a given page and is used throughout the works without explanation the page on which it is explained is given only. Therefore, this work should not be construed to be an index; it is a glossary, that is, a dictionary of terms.

Several conventions and abbreviations have been adopted and will be used throughout the glossary. All dates used are of the Third Age unless otherwise mentioned. The Shire Reckoning is not used, and all dates described in the texts as the Shire Reckoning are translated into the dating used by the Dunedain. Dates of the Second Age have the abbreviation S.A. following them. The War of the Ring is abbreviated WR; The Hobbit is abbreviated H (page references are to the revised text published by Houghton Mifflin, Boston); and the three books of the trilogy are abbreviated as R1, R2, and R3 respectively (page references are to the text published by Houghton Mifflin, Boston).

PART 1. THE HOBBITS

The first part of the glossary contains the names of all Hobbits mentioned in the texts. Except in the cases of four or five of the chief characters, every bit of information available on all the Hobbits is included. Only the primary information for Bilbo, Frodo, Samwise, Meriadoc, and Peregrin is included. You will have to read the books to find out about them.

- ADALDRIDA BOLGER. The wife of Marmadoc Brandybuck, and mother of Gorbado, Orgulas, & 2 daughters. (R3 382)
- ADALGRIM TOOK (2880-2982). The son of Hildigrim & Rosa (Baggins); father of Paladin II, Esmeralda & 3 other daughters; & grandfather of Peregrin & Meriadoc. (R3 381)
- ADAMANTA CHUBB. Wife of Gerontius Took; mother of 12; & grandmother of Bilbo Baggins. (R3 381)
- ADELARD TOOK (2928-3023). Son of Flambard & father of 5. He was a Party-guest & received an umbrella from Bilbo. (R1 45; R3 381)
- AMARANTH BRANDYBUCK (2904-2998). A daughter of Gorbado & Mirabella (Took). (R3 382)
- ASPHODEL BRANDYBUCK (2913-3012). A daughter of Gorbado & Mirabella (Took); wife of Rufus Burrows; & mother of Milo. She was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- ANDWISE "ANDY" ROPER (b. 2923). Son of Roper Gamgee, & father of Anson, who lived in Tighfield. (R3 383)
- ANGELICA BAGGINS (b. 2981). Daughter of Ponto who was a Party-guest & received a mirror from Bilbo. (R1 46; R3 380)
- ANSON ROPER (b. 2961). Son of Andwise. (R3 383)
- BAGGINS. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Angelica; Balbo; Belba; Bilbo; Bingo; Bungo; Daisy; Dora; Drogo; Dudo; Fosco; Frodo; Largo; Lily; Linda; Longo; Mungo; Pansy; Peony; Polo; Ponto; Porto; Posco; Prisca; and Rose)
- BALBO BAGGINS. The earliest Baggins mentioned who was born in 2767. He was the husband of Berylla Boffin & father of Mungo, Pansy, Ponto, Largo, & Lily. (R3 380)
- BANDOBRAS "BULLROARER" TOOK (2704-2806). Son of Isumbras III (not Isengrim II) who had many decedents including the North-tooks of Long Cleeve. He was one of the tallest Hobbits (4'5") and could ride a horse.

- One of the leaders of the Hobbits in the Battle of Greenfields, he was said to have knocked the head of King Golfimbul (of the Orcs) off with a wooden club--the head sailed a hundred yards through the air & went down a rabbit-hole. In this way the battle was won & the game of golf invented. (R1 12, 15; R3 381; H 27-8)
- BANKS.** A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire & in Bree-land. (See: Eglantine & Willie)
- BEARER.** The Ring-bearer; hence Frodo. (R1 309)
- BELBA BAGGINS (2856-2956).** Wife of Rudigar Bolger; daughter of Mungo & Laura (Grubb); & sister of Bungo, Longo, Linda, & Bingo. (R3 380)
- BELLADONNA TOOK (2852-2934).** Daughter of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb); wife of Bungo Baggins; & mother of Bilbo. (R3 380, 381)
- BELL GOODCHILD.** Wife of Hamfast Gamgee, & mother of Hamson, Halfred, Daisy, May, Samwise, & Marigold. (R3 382)
- BERILAC BRANDYBUCK (b. 2980).** Son of Merimac, & a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- BERYLLA BOFFIN.** Wife of Balbo Baggins, & mother of Mungo, Pansy, Ponto, Largo, & Lily. (R3 380)
- BILBO BAGGINS (2890-3021).** (Also called Burglar, Mad Baggins, Ring-finder, Thief Barrel-rider, & Thief in the Shadows) Son of Bungo & Belladonna (Took), who never married, but adopted his nephew Frodo. In 2941, he accompanied Thorin Oakenshield, Gandalf & the 12 Dwarves to Erebor, & later fought in the Battle of Five Armies. While on this adventure he found the One Ring. In 3001 he left the Shire and went to live with Elrond in Rivendell. In 3021, he, together with Frodo, Gandalf, & many of the Elves, departed from Mithlond. (H; R1; R2; R3)
- BILBO GAMGEE (b. 3036).** Son of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- BINGO BAGGINS (2864-2960).** Son of Mungo & Laura (Grubb); brother of Bungo, Belba, Longo, & Linda; husband of Chica Chubb; & father of Falco Chubb-Baggins. (R3 380)
- BLANCO.** See Hobbits. (R1 14)
- BODO PROUDFOOT.** Husband of Linda Baggins, & father of Odo. (R3 380)
- BOFFIN.** A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. An unnamed member of this family lived in Overhill. (R1 53; see: Berylla; Folco; Griffio; & Hugo)

- DORA BAGGINS (2902-3006). Daughter of Fosco & Ruby (Bolger); sister of Drogo; & aunt of Frodo. She was a Party-guest & received a wastepaper basket from Frodo. (R1 46; R3 380)
- DROGO BAGGINS (2908-2980). Son of Fosco & Ruby (Bolger); brother of Dora & Dudo; husband of Primula Brandybuck; & father of Frodo. He was drowned together with his wife in a boating accident on the Baranduin. (R1 30-31; R3 380, 382)
- DUDO BAGGINS (2911-3009). Son of Fosco & Ruby (Bolger); brother of Dora & Drogo; father of Daisy; & uncle of Frodo. He was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- EGLANTINE BANKS. Wife of Paladin II Took, & mother of Pearl, Pimperial, Pervinca, & Peregrin II "Pippin." She was a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- ELANOR the Fair (GAMGEE) (b. 3021). Daughter of Samwise & Rose (Cotton); wife of Fastred of Greenholm; & parent of unidentified Hobbits. In 3082, she was the last to see her father, & received the Red Book from him. (R3 378, 383; see: Fastred of Greenholm)
- ERLING (b. 2854). Son of Holman the Greenhanded. (R3 383)
- ESMERALDA TOOK (b. 2936). Daughter of Adalgrim; wife of Saradoc Brandybuck; & mother of Meriadoc. She was a Party-guest. (R1 39; R3 381, 382)
- EVERARD TOOK (b. 2980). Son of Adelard who was a Party-guest. (R1 38; R3 381)
- FAIRBAIRNS OF THE TOWERS. See Fairbairns of Westmarch. (R3 383)
- FAIRBAIRNS OF WESTMARCH. (Also called Fairbairns of the Towers) A family of Hobbits who lived in Westmarch near the Tower Hills. They were decedents of Fastred of Greenholm & Elanor the Fair (Gamagee), who, in 3062, became Wardens of the Westmarch (a region newly inhabited). They inherited the Red Book & made several copies and revisions. (R1 7; R3 378, 383)
- FALCO CHUBB-BAGGINS (2903-2999). Son of Bingo Baggins & Chica Chubb, & father of Poppy. (R3 383)
- FARAMIR TOOK I (b. 3030). Son of Peregrin I ("Pippin") & Diamond North-took, & husband of Goldilocks Gamagee. He was the 21st Thain of the Took line. (R3 381, 383)
- FARMER COTTON. See Tolman "Tom" Cotton. (R3 286)
- FASTOLPH BOLGER. Husband of Pansy Baggins. (R3 380)



BOWEN

FASTRED OF GREENHOLM. Husband of Elanor the Fair (Gamgee). In 3062 he & his wife went to live in Westmarch, a country then newly inhabited (being a gift of Aragorn), & made their home on the slopes of the Tower Hills. They were made the Wardens of this area by the Thain. From them are derived the Fairbairns of Westmarch, who inherited the Red Book & made several copies with various notes & later additions. (R3 378, 383)

FATTY. See Fredegar Bolger. (R1 77)

FERDIBRAND TOOK (b. 2983). Son of Ferdinand who was a Party-guest. (R3 381)

FERDINAND TOOK (b. 2940). Son of Sigismond, & father of Ferdibrand, who was a Party-guest. (R3 381)

FERUMBRAS TOOK II (2701-2801). 12th Thain of the Took line; son of Isumbras III; brother of Bandobras; & father of Fortinbras I. (R3 381)

FERUMBRAS TOOK III (2916-3015). Son of Fortinbras II who did not marry. He was the 18th Thain of the Took line, and a Party-guest. (R3 381)

FILIBERT BOLGER. Husband of Poppy Chubb-Baggins, & a Party-guest. (R3 380)

FLAMBARD TOOK (2887-2989). Son of Isembard, & father of Adelard. (R3 381)

FLOURDUMPLING. See Will Whitfoot. (R3 281)

FOLCO BOFFIN. A friend of Frodo. (R1 51)

FORTINBRAS TOOK I (2745-2848). Son of Ferumbras II & father of Gerontius. He was 13th Thain of the Took line. (R3 381)

FORTINBRAS TOOK II (2878-2980). Son of Isumbras IV & father of Ferumbras III. He was 17th Thain of the Took line. (R3 381)

FOSCO BAGGINS (2864-2960). Son of Largo; husband of Ruby Bolger; & father of Dora, Drogo, & Dudo. He was thus a grandfather of Frodo. (R3 380)

FREDEGAR BOLGER (b. 2980). (Also called Fatty) Son of Odovacar & Rosamunda (Took), who was a close friend of Frodo & a Party-guest. (R1 51; R3 381)

FRODO BAGGINS (2968-3021). (Also called Bearer, Ring-bearer, & Mister Underhill) Son of Drogo & Primula (Brandybuck) who never married but went to live with his uncle Bilbo. In 3001 he became the owner of Bag End when Bilbo left the Shire. In 3018-3019 he fled from the Shire and went on a quest to destroy the One

- Ring. After the WR, he returned to the Shire, but in 3021 he, together with Bilbo, Gandalf, & many of the Elves, departed from Mithlond. (R1; R3; R2)
- FRODO GARDNER (b. 3023). Son of Samwise Gamgee & Rose Cotton, & father of Holfast. He was the founder of the line of Gardner of the Hill, which was later famous and influential. (R3 379, 383)
- GAFFER, THE. See Hamfast Gamgee. (R1 30)
- GAMGEE. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire, & founded by Roper Gamgee, the son of Hob Gammidge. (R3 383; see: Bilbo; Daisy; Elanor; Goldilocks; Hal-fred; Hamfast; Hamson; Marigold; May; Merry; Pippin; Primrose; Robin; Roper; Rose; Ruby; Samwise; & Tolman)
- GAMMIDGE. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (R3 383; see: Hob)
- GAMWICH. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (R3 383; see: Wiseman)
- GARDNER (OF THE HILL). A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. It was founded by Frodo Gardner, the son of Samwise Gamgee. (R3 383; see: Frodo & Holfast)
- GERONTIUS TOOK (2790-2930). (Also called The Old Took) Son of Fortinbras I; husband of Adamanta Chubb; father of many children; grandfather of Bilbo; & great-grand-father of Frodo. He was the 14th Thain of the Took line, & was surpassed in age only by Bilbo. (R1 31; R3 381)
- GILLY BROWNLOCK. Wife of Posco Baggins, & mother of Ponto, Porto, & Peony. She was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- GOLDILOCKS GAMGEE (b. 3031). Daughter of Samwise & Rose (Cotton), & wife of Faramir I Took. (R3 381, 383)
- GOLDWORTHY. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Hanna)
- GOODBODY. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Togo)
- GOODCHILD. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Bell)
- GOOLD. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Menegilda)
- FORBADOC "BROADBELT" BRANDYBUCK (2860-2963). Son of Marmadoc & Adaldrida (Bolger); husband of Mirabella Took; & father of Rorimac (a grandfather of Meriadoc), Amaranth, Saradas, Asphodel, Dinodas, Dodinas, & Prim-ula (the mother of Frodo). (R1 31; R3 381, 382)

- GORBULAS BRANDYBUCK (b. 2908). Son of Orgulas & father of Marmadas. (R3 382)
- GORHENDAD OLDBUCK (BRANDYBUCK). The head of the Oldbuck family, one of the oldest in the Marish & the Shire, who c. 2340 crossed the Baranduin into what is now Buckland, began building Brandy Hall & changed the family name to Brandybuck. (R1 108; R3 382)
- GORMADOC "DEEPELVER" BRANDYBUCK (2734-2836). Husband of Malva Headstrong, & father of Madoc, Sadoc, & Marroc. (R3 382)
- GREENHAND. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. The line was founded by Halfred, the son of Holman the Greenhanded. (R3383; see: Halfred; & Holman)
- GRIFFO BOFFIN. Husband of Daisy Baggins & a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- GRUBB. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Laura)
- GUNDABALD BOLGER. Husband of Salvia Brandybuck. (R3 382)
- HAL. See Halfast. (R1 53-54)
- HALFAST (b. 2972). (Also called Hal) Son of Halfred of Overhill, & cousin of Samwise. (R1 53-54; R3 383)
- HALFRED GAMGEE (b. 2969). Son of Hamfast & Bell (Goodchild) who "removed to North-farthing." (R3 383)
- HALFRED GREENHAND (b. 2851). Son of Holman the Greenhand, & father of Holman Greenhand. He was the founder of the Greenhand family, & a gardener. (R3 383)
- HALFRED OF OVERHILL (b. 2932). Son of Roper Gamgee & father of Halfast. (R3 383)
- HAM GAMGEE. See Hamfast Gamgee. (R1 30)
- HAMFAST GAMGEE (2926-3028). (Also called The Gaffer & Ham) Son of Roper Gamgee; husband of Bell Goodchild; & father of Hamson, Halfred, Daisy, May, Samwise, & Marigold. He assisted Holman Greenhand at Bag End, & after Holman's retirement, he became the gardener at Bag End. He was a Party-guest & received a present from Bilbo. (R1 30-32, 46; R3 383)
- HAMFAST GAMGEE (b. 3032). Son of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- HAMFAST OF GAMWICH (b. 2760). Father of Wiseman Gamwich. (R3 383)
- HAMSON GAMGEE (b. 2965). Son of Hamfast & Bell (Goodchild) who went to live with his uncle Andwise Roper. (R3 383)
- HANNA GOLDWORTHY. Wife of Madoc Brandybuck & mother of Marmadoc. (R3 382)
- HARDING OF THE HILL (b. 3101). Son of Halfast Gardner. (R3 383)

- HAYWARD.** A family of Hobbits who lived in Buckland.
(See: Hob)
- HEADSTRONG.** A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire.
(See: Malva)
- HENDING** (b. 2859). Son of Holman the Greenhanded.
(R3 383)
- HILDA BRACEGIRDLE.** Wife of Seredic Brandybuck, & mother of Doderic, Ilberic, & Celandine. She was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- HILDI BRAND TOOK** (2849-2934). Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb), & father of Sigismond. (R3 381)
- HILDIFONS TOOK** (b. 2844). Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb), who is said to have gone on a journey & never returned. (R3 381)
- HILDIGARD TOOK.** Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb) who died young. (R3 381)
- HILDIGRIM TOOK** (2840-2941). Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb); husband of Rosa Baggins; & father of Adalgrim. (R3 380, 381)
- HOB HAYWARD.** A Hobbit who lived in Buckland & was the gate-keeper on the Hay Gate. (R3 277)
- HOB "OLD GAMMIDGY" GAMMIDGE** (b. 2846). (Also called The Roper) Son of Wiseman Gamwich; husband of Rowan (daughter of Holman the Greenhanded); & father of Hobson (Roper Gamgee). (R3 383)
- HOBSON.** See Roper Gamgee. (R3 383)
- HOLDWINE.** The name given to Meriadoc Brandybuck in Rohan. (R3 313)
- HOLFAST GARDNER** (b. 3062). Son of Frodo Gardner & father of Harding of the Hill. (R3 383)
- HOLMAN GREENHAND** (b. 2892). Son of Halfred Greenhand who was the gardener at Bag End before Hamfast Gamgee. (R1 30; R3 383)
- HOLMAN THE GREENHANDED** (b. 2810). The father of Rowan, Halfred Greenhand, Erling, Hending, & Rose, who lived in Hobbiton. (R3 383)
- HOLMAN "LONG HOM" COTTON** (B. 2902). Son of Cotman & Rose, & father of Tolman ("Tom") & Wilcome ("Will"). He was the founder of the Cotton line & lived in Bywater. (R3 383)
- HORNBLOWER.** A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire.
(See: Tanta; & Tobold)
- HUGO BOFFIN.** Husband of Donnadora Took. (R3 381)
- HUGO BRACEGIRDLE.** A Party-guest & recipient of a book-case from Bilbo. (R1 46)
- ILBERIC BRANDYBUCK** (b. 2991). Son of Seredic & Hilda (Bracegirdle) who was a Party-guest. (R3 382)

- ISEMBARD TOOK (2847-2946). Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb), & father of Flambard. (R3 381)
- ISEMBOLD TOOK (2842-2946). Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb), who had many decedents. (R3 381)
- ISENGAR TOOK (2862-2960). Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb), who was said to have "gone to sea" in his youth. (R3 381)
- ISENGRIM TOOK II (2620-2722). The 10th Thain of the Took line, & father of Isumbras III. It was during his life that the Shire-reform was made. (R3 381, 387)
- ISENGRIM TOOK III (2832-2930). Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb), & 15th Thain of the Took line. Because he had no children, at his death he was succeeded by his eldest surviving brother, Isumbras IV. (R3 381)
- ISUMBRAS TOOK III (2666-2759). Son of Isengrim II; father of Ferumbras II & Bandobras; & 11th Thain of the Took line. (R3 381)
- ISUMBRAS TOOK IV (2838-2939). Son of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb); father of Fortinbras; & 16th Thain of the Took line. (R3 381)
- JOLLY. See Wilcome Cotton. (R3 286)
- LARGO BAGGINS (2820-2912). Son of Balbo & Berylla (Boffin); husband of Tanta Hornblower; & father of Fosco. He was a great-grandfather of Frodo. (R3 380)
- LAURA GRUBB. Wife of Mungo Baggins; mother of Bungo, Belba, Longo, Linda, & Bingo; & a grandmother of Bilbo. (R3 380)
- LILY BAGGINS (2822-2912). Daughter of Balbo & Berylla (Boffin) & wife of Togo Goodbody. (R3 380)
- LILY BROWN. Wife of Holman (Long Hom) Cotton & mother of Tolman (Young Tom), Rose, Wilcome (Jolly), Bowman (Nick), & Carl (Nibs). (R3 383)
- LINDA BAGGINS (2862-2963). Daughter of Mungo & Laura (Grubb); sister of Bungo, Belba, Longo, & Bingo; wife of Bodo Proudfoot; & mother of Odo. (R3 380)
- LOBELIA SACKVILLE-BAGGINS (BRACEGIRDLE). Wife of Otho & mother of Lotho. She disliked both Bilbo & Frodo Baggins as she felt that she was the rightful heir of Bilbo. She was a Party-guest & received a case of silver spoons from Bilbo. In 3018 she bought Bag End from Frodo, but at the end of the WR she gave it back, & retired to Hardbottle. (R1 36, 46, 75; R3 301, 383)
- LONGFATHER-TREES. The family lines of the Hobbits. (R3 383)
- LONGHOLE. A family of Hobbits in Bree-land. (R1 167)
- LONGO BAGGINS (2860-2950). Son of Mungo & Laura (Grubb); husband of Camellia Sackville; & father of Otho Sackville-Baggins. (R3 380)

- LOTHO SACKVILLE-BAGGINS** (2964-3019). (Also called the Boss, Chief, & Pimple). Son of Otho & Lobelia who was a Party-guest. During the time of Saruman's tyranny over the Shire he was the chief Hobbit, but was murdered by Grima. (R1 77; R3 277, 284, 299, 380)
- MAD BAGGINS**. A semi-legendary Hobbit who "...used to vanish with a bang and a flash and reappear with bags of jewels and gold..." (R1 51; see: Bilbo Baggins)
- MAGGOT**. A family of Hobbits of the Marish. (R1 100)
- MADOC "PROUDNECK" BRANDYBUCK** (2775-2877). Son of Gormadoc & Malva (Headstrong); husband of Hanna Goldworthy; & father of Marmadoc. (R3 382)
- MALVA HEADSTRONG**. Wife of Gormadoc Brandybuck, & mother of Madoc, Sadoc, & Marroc. (R3 381)
- MARCHO**. See: Hobbits. (R1 14)
- MARIGOLD GANGE** (b. 2983). Daughter of Hamfast & Bell (Goodchild), & wife of Tolman Cotton (jr.). (R3 383)
- MARMADAS BRANDYBUCK** (b. 2943). Son of Gorbulas & father of Merimas, Mentha, & Melilot. He was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- MARMADOC "MASTERFUL" BRANDYBUCK** (2817-2910). Son of Madoc & Hanna (Goldworthy); husband of Adaldrida Bolger; & father of Gorbodoc, Orgulas, & 2 daughters. (R3 382)
- MARROC BRANDYBUCK**. Son of Gormadoc & Malva (Headstrong) who had many decedents. (R3 382)
- MASTER SANWISE**. See: Sawwise Gangee. (R3 383)
- MAY** (b. 2928). Daughter of Roper Gangee. (R3 383)
- MAY GANGE** (b. 2967). Daughter of Hamfast & Bell (Goodchild). (R3 383)
- MELILOT BRANDYBUCK** (b. 2985). Daughter of Marmadas & a Party-guest. (R1 38; R3 382)
- MENEKILDA GOOLD**. Wife of Rorimac Brandybuck; mother of Saradoc & Merimac; & a grandmother of Meriadoc. (R3 382)
- MENTHA BRANDYBUCK** (b. 2983). Son of Marmada, & a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- MERIADOC "THE MAGNIFICENT" BRANDYBUCK** (b. 2982). (Also called Mordwine & Merry) Son of Saradoc & Esmeralda (Took) who did not marry. He was a friend of Frodo's, attended the Party, was a member of the Fellowship of the Ring, & fought in the WR. In the Battle of Pelennor Fields, he helped Eowyn kill the Lord of the Nazgul. Well known in Rohan (where he was known as Mordwine), the material on Rohan in the Red Book is derived from him. In 3084 he left the Shire, and went to live in Gondor. There he died and was buried in Rath Dinen. (R3 116-117, 31, 351, 378, 380, 381, 382)
- MERIMAC BRANDYBUCK** (2942-3030). Son of Rorimac & Menekilda (Goold), & father of Berilac, who was a Party-guest. (R3 382)



- MERIMAS BRANDYBUCK** (b. 2981). Son of Marmadas who was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- MERRY**. See Meriadoc Brandybuck. (R1 47)
- MERRY GAMGEE** (b. 3027). Son of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- MESSRS. GRUBB, GRUBB, & BURROWES**. The Hobbits who sold by auction some of the effects of Bilbo Baggins at Bag End. (H 311)
- MILO BURROWS** (b. 2947). Son of Rufus & Asphodel (Brandybuck); husband of Peony Baggins; & father of Mosco, Moro, Myrtle, & Minto. He was a Party-guest & received a gold pen from Bilbo. (R1 46; R3 380, 382)
- MIMOSA BUNCE**. Wife of Ponto Baggins & mother of Rosa & Polo. (R3 380)
- MINTO BURROWS** (b. 2996). Son of Milo & Peony (Baggins). (R3 380)
- MIRABELLA TOOK** (2860-2960). Daughter of Gerontius & Adamanta (Chubb); wife of Gorbodoc Brandybuck; & mother of Rorimac, Amaranth, Saradas, Dodinas, Dinodas, Asphodel, & Primula (the mother of Frodo). (R3 381, 382)
- MORO BURROWS** (b. 2991). Son of Milo & Peony (Baggins) who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- MOSCO BURROWS** (b. 2987). Son of Milo & Peony (Baggins) who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- MUNGO BAGGINS** (2807-2900). Son of Balbo & Berylla (Bof-fin); husband of Laura Grubb; & father of Bungo, Belba, Longo, Linda, & Bingo. He was thus a grandfather of Bilbo. (R3 380)
- MUGWORT**. A family of Hobbits who lived in Bree-land. (R1 167)
- MIRTLE BURROWS** (b. 2991). Daughter of Milo & Peony (Baggins) who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- NIBS**. See Carl Cotton. (R3 287)
- NICK**. See Bowman Cotton. (R3 287)
- NOAKES**. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Old Noakes)
- NOB**. A Hobbit employed by The Francing Pony in Bree. (R1 165)
- NORTH-TOOK**. A family of Hobbits who lived in Long Cleeve in the Shire, & decended from Bandobras Took. (R3 381; see: Diamond)
- ODO PROUDFOOT** (2904-3005). Son of Bodo & Linda (Baggins) & father of Olo, who was a Party-guest. (R1 39; R3 380)
- ODOVACAR BOLGER**. Husband of Rosamunda Took & father of Fredegar, who was a Party-guest. (R3 381)

- OLDBUCK. A family of Hobbits who used to live in the Marish, and later became the Brandybucks of Buckland. (R1 108; R3 382; see: Bucca; & Gorchendad)
- OLD NOAKES. A Hobbit who lived in Bywater. (R1 30)
- OLD RORY. See Rorimac Brandybuck. (R3 382)
- OLD TOBY. 1. See Tobold Hornblower. (R1 18) 2. A brand of pipe-weed. (R1 18)
- OLD TOOK. See Gerontius Took. (R1 31; R3 381)
- OLD WILL. See Will Whitfoot. (R3 292)
- OLO PROUDFOOT (2946-3035). Son of Odo & father of Sancho, who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- ORGULAS BRANDYBUCK (b. 2868). Son of Marmadoc & Adaldrida (Bolger) & father of Gorbulas. (R3 382)
- OTHO SACKVILLE-BAGGINS (2910-3012). Son of Longo Baggins & Camellia Sackville; husband of Lobelia Bracegirdle; & father of Lotho. He was the founder of the Sackville-Baggins & a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- PALADIN TOOK II (2933-3034). Son of Adalgrim; husband of Eglantine Banks; & father of Pearl, Pimpernel, Perwinca, & Peregrin I. He was the 19th Thain of the Took line & a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- PANSY BAGGINS (b. 2812). Daughter of Balba & Berylla (Boffin), & wife of Fastolph Bolger. (R3 380)
- PEARL TOOK (b. 2975). Daughter of Paladin II & Eglantine (Banks); sister of Peregrin; & a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- PEONY BAGGINS (b. 2950). Daughter of Posco & Gilly (Brownlock); wife of Milo Burrows; & mother of Mosco, Moro, Myrtle, & Minto. She was a Party-guest. (R3 380; 382)
- PEREGRIN TOOK I (b. 2990). (Also called Pippin) Son of Paladin II & Eglantine (Banks); husband of Diamond North-took; & father of Faramir I. He was a friend of Frodo's, attended the Party, was a member of The Fellowship of the Ring, & fought in the WR. 20th Thain of the Took line, in 3084 he left the Shire and went to live in Gondor. There he died, and was buried in Rath Dinen. (R1, R2, R3)
- PERVINCA TOOK (b. 2985). Daughter of Paladin II & Eglantine (Banks) & sister of Peregrin. She was a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- PIMPERNEL TOOK (b. 2979). Son of Paladin II & Eglantine (Banks) & brother of Peregrin. He was a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- PIMPLE. See Lotho Sackville-Baggins. (R3 291)
- PIPPIN. See Peregrin Took I. (R1 51)
- PIPPIN GAMGEE (b. 3029). Son of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)

- POLO BAGGINS.** Son of Ponto & Mimosa (Bunce) & father of Posco & Prisca. (R3 380)
- PONTO BAGGINS** (2816-2911). Son of Balbo & Berylla (Bof-fin); husband of Mimosa Bunce; & father of Rosa & Polo. (R3 380)
- PONTO BAGGINS** (b. 2946). Son of Posco & Gilly (Brownlock) & father of Angelica, who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- POPPY CHUBB-BAGGINS** (b. 2944). Daughter of Falco, & wife of Filibert Bolger, who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- PORTO BAGGINS** (b. 2948). Son of Posco & Gilly (Brownlock) who was a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- POSCO BAGGINS** (b. 2902). Son of Polo & Mimosa (Bunce); husband of Gilly Brownlock; & father of Ponto, Porto, & Peony. (R3 380)
- PRIMROSE GAMGEE** (b. 3035). Daughter of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- PRIMULA BRANDYBUCK** (2920-2980). Daughter of Gorbado & Mirabella (Took); wife of Drogo Baggins; & mother of Frodo. She was drowned together with her husband in a boating accident on the Baranduin. (R1 30-31; R3 380, 381, 382)
- PRISCA BAGGINS** (b. 2906). Daughter of Polo & Mimosa (Bunce) & wife of Wilibald Bolger. (R3 380)
- PROUDFOOT.** A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Bodo; Odo; Olo; & Sancho)
- PUDDIFOOTS.** A family of Hobbits who lived in Stock (the Shire). (R1 101)
- REGINARD TOOK** (b. 2969). Son of Adelard & a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- RING-BEARER.** See Frodo Baggins & Samwise Gamgee. (R1 237; R3 309)
- RING-FINDER.** See Bilbo Baggins. (R1 237)
- ROBIN GAMGEE** (b. 3040). Son of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- ROBIN SMALLBURROW.** (Also called Cock-robin) A Hobbit who lived in Hobbiton. (R3 281)
- ROPER.** A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. The line was started by Andwise. (R3 383; see: Andwise; & Anson)
- ROPER, THE.** See Hob Gamidge. (R3 383)
- ROPER GAMGEE** (2885-2984). (Also called Hobson) Son of Hob Gamidge & Rowan (daughter of Holman the Greenhanded), & father of Andwise Roper, Hamfast Gamgee, May, & Hal-fred of Overhill. He was the founder of the line of Gamgee. (R3 383)
- ROBIMAC "GOLDFATHER" BRANDYBUCK** (2902-3008). (Also called Rory and Old Rory) Son of Gorbado & Mirabella (Took);

- husband of Menegilda Goold; & fr her of Saradoc & Merimac. He was thus a grandfather of Meriadoc. He was also a Party-guest & recieved a gift from Bilbo. (R1 39; R3 382)
- RORY BRANDYBUCK. See Rorimac Brandybuck. (R1 39)
- ROSE BAGGINS (b. 2856). Daughter of Ponto & Mimosa (Bunce); wife of Hildigrim Took; mother of Adalgrim; & great grandmother of Peregrin & Meriadoc. (R3 380, 381)
- ROSAMUNDA TOOK (b. 2938). Daughter of Sigismond; wife of Odovacar Bolger; & mother of Fredegar. She was a Party-guest. (R3 381)
- ROSE (b. 2862). Daughter of Holman the Greenhanded & wife of Cotman. Her son was Holman Cotton who founded the line of Cotton. (R3 381)
- ROSE COTTON (2984-3082). (Also called Rosie) Daughter of Tolman ("Tom") & Lily (Brown); wife of Samwise Gamgee; & mother of Elanor the Fair, Frodo Gardner, Rose, Merry, Pippin, Goldilocks, Hamfast, Daisy, Primrose, Bilbo, Ruby, Robin, & Tolman (Tom). (R3 378, 383)
- ROSE GAMGEE (b. 3025). Daughter of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- ROSIE. See Rose Cotton. (R3 287)
- ROWAN (b. 2849). Daughter of Holman the Greenhanded; wife of Hob Gammidge; & mother of Roper Gamgee. (R3 383)
- RUBY BOLGER. Wife of Fosco Baggins; mother of Dora, Drogo, & Dudo; & a grandmother of Frodo. (R3 380)
- RUBY GAMGEE (b. 3038). Daughter of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- RUDIGAR BOLGER. Husband of Belba Baggins. (R3 380)
- RUFUS BURROWS. Husband of Asphodel Brandybuck and father of Milo Burrows, who was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- SACKVILLE. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Camellia)
- SACKVILLE-BAGGINS. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire, and who were descended from Longo Baggins & Camellia Sackville. (H 311-312; see: Otho; Lotho; & Lobelia)
- SADOC BRANDYBUCK (b. 2779). Son of Gormadoc & Malva (Headstrong), & father of Salvia & 2 sons. (R3 382)
- SALVIA BRANDYBUCK (b. 2826). Daughter of Sadoc & wife of Gundabald Bolger. (R3 382)
- SAM GAMGEE. See Samwise Gamgee.
- SAMWISE GAMGEE (2980-c. 3082). (Also called Master Samwise, Sam, & Ring-bearer) Son of Hamfast & Bell (Goodchild); husband of Rose Cotton; & father of 13. He was a member of the Fellowship of the Ring, and went with Frodo in the latter's quest to destroy the One Ring. After the WR, he returned to the Shire & was elected

- Mayor for 7 times. The Red Book was in his care until 3082 when he gave it to his daughter Elnor, and then, it is said, went to the Grey Havens & passed over the Sea. (R3 377-378, 383; R1, R2, R3)
- SANCHO PROUDFOOT (b. 2990). Son of Olo & a Party-guest. (R3 380)
- SANDHEAVER. A family of Hobbits who lived in Bree-land. (R1 167)
- SANDYMAN. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. A Hobbit, not further identified, was the Hobbiton miller. (R1 31-32; see: Ted)
- SARADAS BRANDYBUCK (2908-3007). Son of Gorbado & Mirabella (Took) & father of Seredic who was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- SARADOC "SCATTERGOLD" BRANDYBUCK (2940-3032). Son of Rorimac & Menegilda (Goold); husband of Esmeralda Took; & father of Meriador. He was a Party-guest. (R3 381, 382)
- SEREDIC BRANDYBUCK (b. 2948). Son of Saradas; husband of Hilda Bracegirdle; & father of Doderic, Ilberic, & Celandine. He was a Party-guest. (R3 382)
- SIGISMOND TOOK (2890-2991). Son of Hildibrand & father of Rosamunda & Ferdinand. (R3 381)
- SMALBURROW. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Robin)
- TANTA HORNBLOWER. Wife of Largo Baggins & mother of Fosco. (R3 380)
- TED SANDYMAN. Son of the Sandyman who was the miller in Hobbiton. (R1 53; R3 296)
- THIEF BARREL-RIDER. See Bilbo Baggins. (H 237)
- THIEF IN THE SHADOWS. See Bilbo Baggins. (H 235)
- TOBOLD HORNBLOWER. (Also called Old Toby) A Hobbit of Longbottom who was the first to plant pipe-weed in the Shire (c. 2670). (R1 18)
- TOGO GOODBODY. Husband of Lily Baggins. (R3 380)
- TOLMAN COTTON (Jr.) (b. 2980). (Also called Tom & Young Tom) Son of Tolman ("Tom") & Lily (Brown), & husband of Marigold Gamgee. (R3 383)
- TOLMAN GAMGEE (b. 3042). (Also called Tom) Son of Samwise & Rose (Cotton). (R3 383)
- TOLMAN "TOM" COTTON (2941-3040). (Also called Farmer Cotton) Son of Holman "Long Hom" Cotton; husband of Lily Brown; & father of Tolman (Young Tom), Rose, Wilcome (Jolly), Bowman (Nick), & Carl (Nibs). (R3 286, 383)
- TOM. See Tolman Cotton (Jr.) & Tolman Gamgee. (R3 383)

TOOK. A family of Hobbits who lived in Tookland in the Shire. The chief Took was Thain & was called The Took, having received that honor from the Oldbucks. They were a very numerous & wealthy family. (R1 19-20; See: Adalgrim; Adelar; Bandobras; Belladonna; Donnawira; Esmeralda; Everard; Faramir; Ferdibrand; Ferdinand; Ferumbas; Flambard; Fortinbras; Gerontius; Hildibrand; Hildifons; Hildigard; Hildigrim; Isembard; Isembold; Isengar; Isengrim; Isenbras; Mirabella; Paladin; Pearl; Peregrin; Pimpernal; Pervinca; Reginard; Rosamunda; & Sigismond)

TOOK-CLANS. See under Took. (H 13)

TOOK, THE. See under Took. (R1 20)

TUNNELLY. A family of Hobbits who lived in Bree-land. (R1 167)

TWOFEET, DADDY. See under Daddy Twofeet.

UNDERHILL. A family of Hobbits who lived in Staddle (Bree-land). A member of this family was killed in the WR. (R1 167; R3 271)

UNDERHILL, MISTER. An alias used by Frodo in his flight from the Shire to Bree in 3018. (R1 72)

WHITFOOT. A family of Hobbits who lived in the Shire. (See: Will)

WIDOW RUMBLE. A widow who looked after Hamfast Gamage. (R3 305)

WILCOME COTTON (b. 2984). (Also called Jolly) Son of Tolman ("Tom") & Lily (Brown). (R3 383)

WILCOME "WILL" COTTON (b. 2946). Son of Holman "Long Hom". (R3 383)

WILIBALD BOLGER. Husband of Prisca Baggins. (R3 380)

WILLIE BANKS. A Hobbit who lived in Bree, & who was killed in 3019 in the WR. (R3 271)

WILL WHITFOOT. (Also called Old Will & Flourdumpling) A Hobbit of the Shire who was Mayor of Michel Delving during the years preceding the WR until 3027. (R1 168; R3 377)

LAST NIGHT I ORDERED
THE WHOLE MEAL IN FRENCH
AND EVEN THE WAITER
WAS SURPRISED.

IT WAS A CHINESE RESTAURANT



ON IDLE WORSHIP

Commentary by Anthony More

We have, gentlemen, a new sacred cow in our midst. Worse, it is of the proliferating kind, leaving in its wake a spoor of useless pseudo-scholarship and fanciful question-begging. Understand, the cow itself is innocent; it's what's being done to the poor beast that's foolish and, more important, damaging to the creature.

A while back, I had occasion to read a longish piece by J.R.R. Tolkien. It consists, as you know, of four volumes: the first by intent a children's book, the succeeding three forming a massive trilogy for adults who happily remain part child. I remember enjoying all of this, and a couple of my friends whose judgment means something to me have suggested that The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings may indeed survive us--and, I might add, the idle worship to which they have so unkindly been submitted in the past couple of years by a non-critical clutch of self-styled enthusiasts intent on making more out of it than it is because they have forgotten the beauty of simplicity and the elegance of unforced verissimilitude.

Now, talking about good books is a fine thing, and subjecting them to whatever critical faculty one may have is the essence of appreciation; it is also healthy for

the critic and vital to literature. It is indeed one of the happier aspects of reading, one of the dimensions of interest which non-readers never realize they are missing

But that is not what is happening. The shock of a piece of writing decently conceived and fully carried out has caused readers of fantasy and science fiction, a notably uncritical lot, to claim a children's art fairy tale and an allegorical romance as fantasy, their fantasy; this because, reading so uncritically in the field they have never, or rarely, experienced such through-writing before. And, having staked out such a false claim on what really isn't theirs, they've started clubs and published amateur magazines and used one of Tolkien's place-names for their homeland in a convention bid. Only recently, I was shown a thoroughly spurious and biologically unsound article trying to explain the physiology and biochemistry of one of Tolkien's races. In simple fact, these people do this because they cannot take the marvelous at face value. They must explain the gross because they are unwilling to probe the discreet.

These people are a kind of literary spoiler, cultists like all fan-atics, attending to precisely the wrong elements on all accounts, missing all points and seeing fancy always and sense never. If Tolkien lives, he will live in spite of these protestations of admiration which are merely the kinds of identification which are necessary to the immature mind.

In descending order of quality from The Hobbit through The Return of the King, Tolkien's stories of the Ring were superlative, full of enchantment, fascination, and excitement, often profound, but also quite often very bad indeed. I loved reading them. For God's sake, if you did too, lay off. Idle minds, idle worship.

Arthur of Albion by Richard Barber; London, Barrie & Rockliff, 1961; 212 pages; \$4.20.

Several years ago, stimulated by T.H. White's The Once and Future King, I started to dig into Arthurian romances. Being very naive in this field, I fully expected to find just a few books on the subject, and that I would easily find my way through the literature. But it was not long before I found that the literature of the Arthurian romances, the matiere de Bretagne as it is known, is very complex, difficult, and not without formidable scholarly interest. Furthermore, the study of Arthuriana is very old, dating back easily 100 years, and many of the early books and texts in the field had never been reprinted. Nevertheless, I have managed to put together a substantial library consisting of the classic works in the field, both textual and critical. Life would have been much easier for me if I had had Arthur of Albion back in the beginning of my investigations.

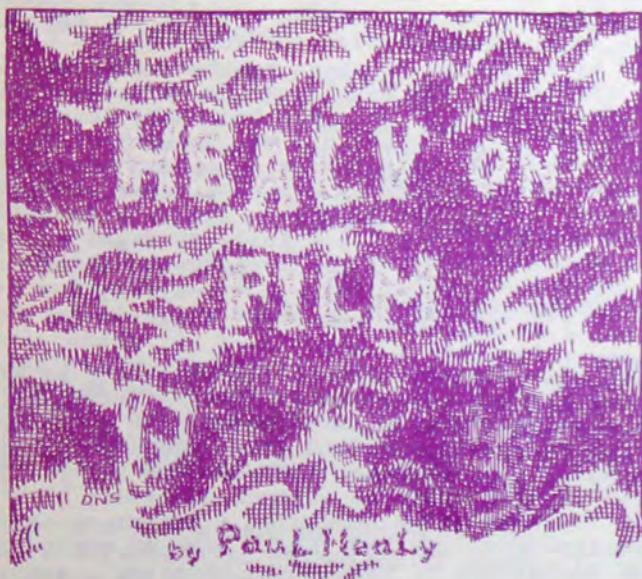
Barber's book is not primarily written for the scholar; rather it has been written for those people who are fascinated by Arthurian romance, but have little background to appreciate the more esoteric aspects of this study. Nevertheless, it is not a book which can be read at leisure, for Barber knows his subject well and in the 200 pages of the book he attempts to cover the field in some detail. Since Arthurian romances exist in English, French, Welsh, Irish, Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Scandinavian, Tagalog, and Hebrew, a survey of the entire literature would have necessitated a much longer book. Barber has wisely limited most of his discussion to those works in the English language.

Starting with the question of the existence of Arthur, he continues through a discussion of the chronicles, romances, and poems, and finally ends up with a discussion of Arthur as he appeared in the more modern works of Tennyson, Masfield, Charles Williams, and White. There are several maps showing the alleged conquests of Arthur in some of the chronicles, and also a number of charts showing genealogies and the like. Several appendices add to the usefulness of this work including a small but very choice bibliography (annotated), a chronological list of English Arthurian literature, and some notes.

Among the many mysteries of Arthurian romances which Barber discusses is the carving on the north doorway, or "Porta della Pescheria," of Modena Cathedral. I've heard about this piece of art work, but was never sure of its significance. Barber makes it very clear. This semicircular frieze, which is shown in the only plate of the book, the frontispiece, represents what is generally agreed to be an episode from Arthurian romance. A castle is shown besieged by Arthur, Gawain, Kay, and other knights; the defenders include Caradoc (Carrodo) and Mardoc. As Barber points out, "...there is nothing remarkable in the carving; a not unfamiliar Arthurian scene, albeit far afield. But when it comes to the date of the work, much has to be explained. For although art historians cannot give precise dates on the basis of style alone, it is generally agreed that this sculpture was executed between 1100 and 1120, before any Arthurian romances of any sort other than the fragments in Welsh had been written down." (Italics are Barber's)

David Jones, who wrote the foreword to this book, relates the following: "A friend of mine, finding her child in tears and supposing him to be unwell, discovered that his grief was occasioned by the reading of a child's popular version of what is called in Malory, 'the moste piteous tale of the Morte Arthur Saunz Gwerdon.' For this child, at least, the spell still holds; and they say that children can father men." The spell also holds for me. This book is highly recommended to all who love fantasy, to all who love T.H. White, and to all who like literary puzzles.

--Victor la Pater



FILMS AT THE SIGN OF THE NEEDLE

Cinema at the Seattle World's Fair (Century 21) is abundant and, in general, quite good, but anyone who expects the theme of the exposition to be carried out in the films he sees is going to be sadly disappointed. Unlike the New York fair in '39 there are no technical advances on display, with the possible exception of the Boeing Spacearium in the United States Science Exhibit.

Not that main science films shown in the building are not good--they are. But when the official guide book of the fair says: "...THE HOUSE OF SCIENCE uses a new motion picture technique. Seven separate films, running simultaneously through seven synchronized projectors, cast seven images on a multiple screen to make a single composite picture..," the ignorance of the writer of the Guide shows through rather badly. In the first place Charles Eames, who designed the film, uses a technique he developed for a film shown by our government at the exhibit in Moscow in 1959. It is not a very impressive technique as anyone who has ever seen a Fox Movietone newsreel will attest. The same sort of thing that Eames does with seven projectors is done in any ordinary theater with just one projector, plus some special lab processing. One always sees four distinct frames in the four corners of the screen, with the title of the newsreel superimposed. A very similar--and actually much more impressive technique--was employed in the theme center of the N.Y. World's Fair, in the Perisphere. There a number of different images--the magical seven,

if memory serves--were projected simultaneously on the dome. Long before that Abel Gance, with his ancestor for Cinerama, used a "Triptych" screen with a central image flanked by two symmetric images on either side. Finally, at the Paris Exposition in 1900 the following eloquent prospectus was handed to all visitors:

THE CINEORAMA

To the right and in front of the Russian Pavilion
 Voyages in a ballon across Europe and Africa
 Admission, 1 and 2 Francs

Attain your longstanding dream: A voyage in a free balloon or dirigible.

Realize this dream without danger, without fatigue, without worry; experience all the impressions and surprises of the ride through space--living panoramas of great cities, then going on through distant lands, landing in the most diverse and picturesque of them, to the North, the South, in Europe and in Africa.

The Cineorama is one of the most original, most unusual and most fashionable of the spectacles of the Fair.

Publicity writers haven't changed very much in over half a century. Attracted by this sales pitch, the public flocked inside, into the basket of a giant balloon, and enjoyed a simulated trip across Europe and Africa. Anyone who visits Disneyland today and goes to the free Bell Telephone show can see a modernized version of the Cineorama--the chief differences being that the projectors are located on the circumference of the circular screen instead of in the center (beneath the basket) as they were in Paris, and that the films shown are in color and are considerably better from a technical standpoint than those at Paris. (One wonders, for example, how the intersection between different images was wiped out, or if it was as apparent--and objectionable--as in today's Cinerama!) Unfortunately Grimoin Sanson's "balloon" was not considered nearly so safe by the police as his advertisement would have led one to believe; they closed down the show a few weeks after it opened.

For actual content, the HOUSE OF SCIENCE begins with an animated sequence, then switches from the very rambling and untidy "House" to images of scientists and their works shown simultaneously on the six separate screens. Many of the images would be familiar to anyone familiar with the Shell film, A Light in Nature (British, 1961). There is an enormous profusion of material, with little identification of persons or objects. Sometimes the script is quite patronizing. Sample: "The scientist has many devices. He writes himself notes. He builds three-dimensional models to actually experience relationships. He creates different images of the same concept

to see it in different ways. He writes papers, he delivers papers, he publishes. And he tries his notions on his friends. It would be impossible to tell from the intensity of this discussion whether they are talking about a questionable cosmology or the proper labeling of a butterfly specimen..."

I, at least, would have liked to know who was talking, and what the subject for discussion was. One is even tempted to wonder if the anonymity is not actually an advanced form of snobbishness.

After this introduction the visitor to the U.S. Science Exhibit is herded into the Boeing Spacearium--actually a medium-sized planetarium minus the usual central star projector. In its place is a newly developed 70 mm hemispherical lens, through which is projected onto the spherical dome overhead a trip out through space to the farthest galaxies. It would be nice to report that this is an outstanding, brilliant creation, done with taste and imagination. Unfortunately, the truth is just about the opposite. The stars are streaks, not tiny bright dots; the planets, without exception, appear to be made of nearly congealed mush, and although this appearance may be justifiable in the case of Venus and Saturn, one wonders what can possibly justify presenting this kind of view of Mars and Mercury. Another inconsistency is that one passes Mercury and Venus on the return journey. Since these are inner planets it seems most unlikely that a spaceship back from "deep space" would be coming home that way. Anyone much impressed by this show would do well to visit Morrison Planetarium in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park the next time The Moon: Man's Greatest Adventure is presented. His journey will be much more satisfactory.

The most interesting thing about the Spacearium show is the projection system, and the method used to make the film. Since it was probably photographed from flat drawings and yet projected on a hemispherical screen one wonders precisely what the drawings were like--for they certainly could not in any way have resembled the projected image. It is clearly a technique which requires further development to be fully satisfactory.

The Science Theater, also housed in the U.S. Science building, is located roughly below the House of Science. There are shows in it daily, from 4 to 8 PM in a continuing cycle, repeating after about two weeks. But it is not on the main route through the building, and the only way to find out what is showing is to go to the door of the theater--not even the official information booth of the Fair can tell you, on any given day, what is being shown. Once the theater has been located one may see any of 201 different scientific films, from Arctic Jungle of Canada and Arnhem Land of the Australians to The Vibrating Larynx of the Netherlands and Vie D'un Plasme from France. Some of the films, like the excellent Shell subject, A Light in Nature are clearly new and important.

Others, such as the Australian Arnhem Land are well-done travelogues, though scarcely new, but still well worth viewing. Still others, such as McGraw-Hill's Flow of Life, are highly specialized films (this one for medical students) with little to recommend them to the student and nothing to offer to the general viewer. One wonders what criteria (if any) were used to select these films --and why, if they were worth showing at all, they were not worth at least a minimum of publicity, if only on the Fair grounds.

Perhaps the most exciting film in the Science Building is the last one a spectator sees before he leaves. Clearly the architect felt that by this time the viewer would be tired of walking, so a moving platform is provided. Just before one steps off this moving floor there is a wide-screen projection of a set of film clips of various scientific subjects--such as; growing ice crystals, dividing cells, and sun prominences. Two projectors cast bright images over a much dimmer (and larger) image from a third projector. With only musical accompaniment, this set of films was the most impressive at the Fair.

Many other buildings offered one or more film showings, some in small auditoriums, others on small television-size screens using back projection. For the most part they were competently done, but were certainly not outstanding. The general idea behind most exhibits, including all those using films, was that Century 21 will be merely an extension of Century 20. Perhaps it will, but it would have been nice to have speculated about something at least a little bit different.

(These remarks were presented in part by Paul Healy at the August 31 meeting of the Little Men)

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHELL

A Light in Nature (British Shell; Produced by Stuart Legg)

Unseen Enemies (British Shell, in cooperation with the World Health Organization; Produced by Stuart Legg)

Story in the Rocks (Royal Dutch Shell, by Bert Kaastra)

It is no surprise to find these new Shell films outstanding examples of modern documentary. For many years Shell's film group, including some of the best film makers from the old Crown Film Unit, has been turning out documentaries which should be used as models by other companies and governments--but which obviously aren't.

A Light in Nature draws its title from a remark of Francis Bacon: "If a man could succeed, not in striking out some particular invention, but in kindling a light in nature, in ringing a bell to call other wits together, he would disclose all that is most secret and hidden in the world." Although in part the film seems

to be an advertisement for The Royal Society, it nevertheless makes its point with clarity and force. The film leaps across the world--from the bevatron in Berkeley (one look at the clothing of the scientists manning the control panel would tell you that this equipment was in California, and indeed couldn't be anywhere else!) to rocket firings in Antarctica, from the images of a cell dividing to color photographs of the nebulae. In many ways this film gives a better picture of "The House of Science" than the Eames film of that title--and the commentary is never written down to the average audience, but instead is correct and usually illuminating. Of course this is not a film which Shell cameramen went out and shot--credit is given to 29 organizations at the end for permission to use material. As a result the color is sometimes not well matched, but this is a very minor quibble indeed in consideration of the over-all excellence of this production. A more serious criticism is that at least two or three viewings of this film are essential if the content is to be fully grasped--not an easy requirement to meet. Those who are able to do so will find the effort rewarding.

Unseen Enemies is a companion film to The Rival World, and is equally impressive. It details the great progress that has been made in stamping out certain diseases in some countries, and indicates the magnitude of the task ahead. The shots of diseased human beings are frank and explicit, and the film is not for the squeamish.

The Story in the Rocks is plainly a classroom film, made by Shell as a public service. As such, it would certainly not be worth a review or comment in this column if it in any way resembled the average American classroom film. Instead, it is a pleasure to look at the images--and listen to the sound track. The film is simply an introduction to paleontology, showing what fossils are, how they are formed, and what man has learned from them. Photography and editing technique are splendid, the scientific content has clearly been checked for accuracy, and the language, while simple, does not insult anyone's intelligence. Plainly, this film was made by a talented director with an adequate budget.





To the Editor:

On page 60 of the July Digest, Marvin Bowen says: "<Roger> Bacon actually spent a number of years in prison for practicing witchcraft and died there."

Nobody knows why Bacon was imprisoned; there is no record of his trial, nor any contemporary reference to the imprisonment. The very first such known occurs in a manuscript written a full century later, and says only that he was imprisoned for "certain dangerous doctrines" and that his writings were forbidden. One Bacon scholar argues that the charge must have been Spiritualism--not at all what we mean by this word today, but an influential Franciscan heresy of the period--and indeed a strong current of sympathy for this doctrine runs through Bacon's major works; but nobody yet knows the facts.

It is a pretty firm fact that he did not die in prison. In his last work, the unfinished Compendium Studii Theologicae, Bacon himself says he has been released, and he began this book a good two years before his death. It is generally accepted that he died and was buried at Oxford (he was imprisoned either at Paris or Ancona--the latter if the charge really was Spiritualism).

It would have been difficult to charge him with witchcraft, since he spent a large part of his active life denouncing both magic and alchemy as frauds. His scientific interests were the standard ones of the 13th century, not differing very much in kind from those of his teachers, Robert Grosseteste and Albertus Magnus, both highly respected men. The difference in quality was vast, but in his own time nobody was in a position to recognize this.

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To the Editor:

Some further research indicates that I slipped up in stating that Roger Bacon died in prison. Will Durant states (The Age of Faith) that Bacon was released from prison two years before his death at about the age of eighty, after being in prison for a number of years. (White says 14 years on page 388, Volume 1, of The History of the Warfare of Science with Theology.) No other source immediately available to me mentions where he died.

As for the reason for his incarceration, White states (page 387):

He was condemned, as his opponents expressly declared, 'on account of certain suspicious novelities'--'propter quasdam novitates suspectus.'

This does appear quite vague. White then goes on to say:

In an age when theological subtilizing was alone thought to give the title of scholar, he insisted on real reasoning and the aid of natural science by mathematics; in an age when experimenting was sure to cost a man his reputation, and was likely to cost him his life, he insisted on experimenting, and braved all its risks.

It seems to be true that Bacon attacked magic. It is also true that he was an experimental scientist in our sense of the word. But one of his methods of experimentation was alchemy. A.C. Crombie quotes Bacon's Opus Tertium on page 54, Volume 1, of Medieval and Early Modern Science:

But there is another alchemy <after discussing speculative alchemy>, operative and practical, which teaches how to make the noble metals and colours and many other things better and more abundantly by art than they are made in nature. And science of this kind is greater than all those preceding because it produces greater utilities. For not only can it yield wealth and very many other things for the public welfare, but it also teaches how to discover such things as are capable of prolonging human life for much longer periods than can be accomplished by nature...Therefore this science has special utilities of that nature; while nevertheless it confirms theoretical alchemy through its works.

Henry Lea states on page 424 of A History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages that alchemy was one of the sept ars demoniaca, for the aid of Satan was necessary to the transmutation of metals. Bacon himself, however, did assume natural means.

I hope all this inspires interest in this fascinating man who, among other things, recognized the refraction of light through raindrops. (Although he had a distorted view of the nature of light--as who didn't?)

Marvin A. Bowen

Rhodomagnetic Digest

To the Editor:

Comments on the "new" RD:

1) Japanese Mythology: Those interested in Mr Warren's article should consult the current series, on Japanese science-fiction, by Takumi Shibano in Roy Tackett's Dynatron; in particular, they ought to be cognisant of Shibano's "Random History of Japanese SF" in the 7th issue.

Possibly, Roy will reprint this series if enough interest is shown; the address is 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

2) Hugo Gernsback: Evidently the typesetter ran out of "k's" to insert in this gentleman's last name, and therefore used "h's" instead. Let us at least show Mr Gernsback the courtesy of spelling his name correctly.

3) Necronomicon: The "advertisement" reprinted from the Antiquarian Bookman was just a poor imitation of a similar one, printed in Fantasy Aspects, May 1947:

THE NECRONOMICON: by Abdul Alhazred. Translated from the Arabic into Latin by Olaus Wormius. With many woodcut tables of mystic signs and symbols, Madrid, 1647. Small folio, full calf with elaborate overall stamping...One of only fourteen known copies of the first Latin edition...The author, Alhazred, is said to have been hopelessly mad...several incoherent passages lending credence to this story. Yet Von Junzt, in his Unaussprechlichen Kulten states..."es steht ausser Zweifer, dass dieses Buch ist die Grundlage der Okkultliteratur."

See how much more knowledgable this ad-writer was--not only in Lovecraftiana and the "history" of Abdul's book but also in the general "antiquarian" terminology.

4) Synesthesia: From Anthony More's comments on Dark Universe I infer that its author had in mind something similar to Poe's thoughts when he said:

The orange ray of the spectrum and the buzz of the gnat affect me with nearly similar sensations. In hearing the gnat, I perceive the color. In perceiving the color, I seem to hear the gnat.

This in turn, is just Baudelaire's synesthesia or transposition of senses. In Dark Universe, of course, there is not transposition but substitution, since the sense of sight is lacking. And as More shows convincingly, Dark Universe fails to give the kind of insight which is derived from a Poe or a Baudelaire.

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IN COMING ISSUES

We have some excellent material scheduled for publication in the next few issues. Poul Anderson is currently revising his translation of The Song of Gurre, a Danish poem of the fourteenth century which has never been translated before. Poul's translation will be published along with his introduction, notes, the original Danish and the numerous ink drawings he made for his personal copy. We think you will agree with us when you see it that it is a very beautiful work. Bill Donaho is working on a critical review of the first two years of Analog, with the emphasis on 1962. This will be the first of what we hope is a series of annual reviews of the current science fiction magazines. Alva Rogers has promised us an article on the art of Charles Schneeman, which will be illustrated by the artist's works from the pages of Astounding. We've heard rumors that Dana Warren (author of last issue's article on Japanese myth) is interested in writing another article along the same lines. We'll try and get that for you soon. Bill Collins has expressed an interest in doing an article on Cuchulainn, the great hero of Irish mythology. Tony Boucher's review of science fiction in 1962 is forthcoming. In addition, the final installment of Lee Sapiro's article on "The Myst Renaissance" will be published next issue, as well as another portion of "The Glossary of Middle-earth." So things are looking up for us around here these days. We'd like to hear from you; your criticisms or suggestions will be most appreciated. Our letter column this issue is small, not because we're being exclusive, but because we received only the two letters we published.