

10-15-1975

Fanzine Review

Mythril Editors

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Recommended Citation

Editors, Mythril (1975) "Fanzine Review," *Mythril*: Vol. 2 : Iss. 3 , Article 9.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythril/vol2/iss3/9>

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her skin was white, whiter than gipsy's lace, with the same sheen as her hair. Her eyes were tilted at the corners, like a tinker's, but she had a glow and a sparkle that no tinker maid could ever copy. And there was an air about her, a way of moving hands, of tipping the head, a lilt to the voice that made his fingers tingle. He recognized magic when he felt it: the house he had been born in had been chock full of it, especially on wide summer nights when the earth had seemed about to touch the star-crowded sky. The feeling was the same: there was magic at work here. He took a firmer grip on his flute, and looked away from those brown tilted eyes.

"Play for me," begged Clarissa, hugging her knees. She would probably be enchanted by the music and sit in the dell for two hundred years, like Mary Mallory of the High Downs, but that was certainly better than doing embroidery all afternoon! She watched, fascinated, as the lean brown fingers wove a pattern on the slim wooden shaft.

For two hours Nicholas played and Clarissa listened, and shadows lengthened across the glen. As the last light began to fade behind the hollies, they both looked up in alarm.

"I must run!" cried Clarissa, spring-

ing to her feet. She jumped the brook and then paused. "Will--will you be back tomorrow?"

Nicholas was bewildered. The music seemed to have put a cloud over his mind. Why was she running off at sundown, as if he were the sprite? He shook his head, trying to clear it. Had she put a spell on him after all?

"Nay," he said slowly, "I'll not be back. I've my work to attend to." The words were heavy in his mouth, as if they were reluctant to be pronounced. What had she done to him?

Clarissa, who had half expected him to laugh and say, "Tomorrow! Why girl, you've been here nigh on two hundred years already!", was somewhat relieved to learn that she had not, after all, been enchanted, but this was quickly swallowed by disappointment. She wanted to see him again.

"Oh please!" she begged, and to her astonishment heard her voice saying, "I've never met an elf before!"

Nicholas' head cleared with the suddenness of a thunderclap.

"An elf?" he echoed. "I, an elf?" Surely she would know an elf if she saw one! But if she didn't, then she wasn't a sprite, and if she wasn't a sprite, who was she?

"You're not a wood sprite?" he asked

as calmly as he could.

"Me?" exclaimed Clarissa. She saw his expression and said, "You mean, you're not an elf after all?"

"I'm a saddlemaker for the King's stables," said Nicholas. Something was very strange here. The magic had not diminished in the glen; no, it was stronger than ever. Was she the source? Or was it the glen itself? But if she were not a sprite, what was she? A witch?

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm--" began Clarissa, and suddenly looked sly. "I'll tell you--tomorrow!"

She turned and ducked into the bracken. The glade was suddenly silent.

"Wait!" called Nicholas. "What's your name?"

There was no answer. She was gone as suddenly as she had come, and strain as he would, he could hear no sounds of footsteps in the distance. With the silence came suddenly a feeling of overwhelming loss, so profound that he sat down with a shock. The tingle of magic in his fingertips still ran strong. But he had not sensed it at all until she had crossed the stream, so he could not blame it on the glade. Well, if the lass with the brown eyes had cast a spell on him, she would not get off so easily! He would reckon with her on the morrow.

TO BE CONTINUED

FANZINE REVIEW

MINAS TIRITH EVENING-STAR by Phil and Marci Helms, 4581 Glenalda Drive, Drayton Plains, MI 48020. 35¢/copy

Reappearing after several years and an assortment of titles, MTES now intends to remain "strictly Tolkien, with some dabbling at Lewis and closely related material." Like Mythril, MTES is a strictly fiction-and-poetry 'zine (tho' it does feature items of Tolkien interest such as a bio outline of JRRT, a note about the donation of Tolkien's desk to Help the Aged, an Oxford charity, and book reviews). It will utilize articles on Tolkien (about 2,500 words), short reviews of books by or about Tolkien, Tolkien-related fiction (to 5,000 words max.) and Tolkien-related poetry (to 3 pages single-spaced.)

MTES Yule 1974 offered two short stories, one by Marci ("DragonHunt") and the other by Phil Helms ("The Coming of Beorn.") Marci's story of an adventure by a party of Hobbit children had both read-aloud-ability and some good character studies. They find a dragon, but it belongs to a princess in a castle. When the warden, Rowann, appears, the children find themselves on the defensive. The story is gentle and should interest children, for certainly not a few of them could recognize themselves or their own friends in Oldo, Trillium and Hildifron.

"The Coming of Beorn" (illustrated by Phil) uses vivid, direct imagery and a gripping story line to describe the first encounter between the bear-man and the goblins of the Misty Mountains. His illustrations show the definite influence of S&S themes in the realistic modelling of musculature as well as in the costuming of the goblins. That the modelling should

appear so impressive is all the more remarkable, for MTES is entirely done in ditto, a process which requires any illo to be drawn directly upon the master.

The third major contribution is Tom Cook's poem, "Tom Bombadil Journeys to Mother Nature." The idea is sound; however, Tom has chosen a difficult meter. It is almost that of Tolkien's original Bombadil songs, but adds a syllable to each line that forces the eye to jump awkwardly. Otherwise, it's very pleasant to read. Note should be made of Phil Helms' "Law Notes," part of a series in which the "baddies" have their day in court, and a chance to complain about any legal irregularities by the "goodies." The case in this issue was Saruman vs. Gandalf: was Saruman de-staffed by proper impeachment procedure? For puzzle fen, there is a Tolkien word search. SIGN OF THE HAMMER by Phil and Marci Helms, same address and part of a projected stable of rotating 'zines. SoH will utilize fan fiction in the sword and sorcery, heroic fantasy or pure fantasy vein. Articles of interest on the field and characters within it, poetry with a suitable flavor, short book reviews, comment on Conan comics and other s&s, and heroic fantasy forays. Specs same as for MTES, except installments limited to 2,500 words each. First issue, Jan. 1975, 35¢/copy, 35-40 pages long like the other two 'zines.

SON OF SINISTER FORCE by Phil and Marcia Helms, fan fiction (to 3,000 words) in the science fiction and occult genres. Book reviews of material not suitable for MTES or SoH. Occult and Metaphysical articles along the lines of Liber Herbae or Liber Spirituum. "Anything else that strikes our fancies." Quarterly, like MTES and SoH, starting Feb. 1975. Specs otherwise the same, the Helmses want artwork as well. Check with them about copyright.

GUEST EDITORIAL--from p. 11

things are essentially inseparable. Each of them is the complete book separately; yet in the complete book all of them exist together. He can, by an act of the intellect, "distinguish the persons" but he cannot by any means "divide the substance". How could he? He cannot know the Idea, except by the Power interpreting his own Activity to him;

he knows the Activity only as it reveals the Idea in Power; he knows the Power only as the revelation of the Idea in the Activity. All he can say is that these three are equally and eternally present in his own act of creation, and at every moment of it, whether or not the act ever becomes manifest in the form of a written and printed book. These things are not confined to the material manifestation: they exist in--they are--the creative mind itself."