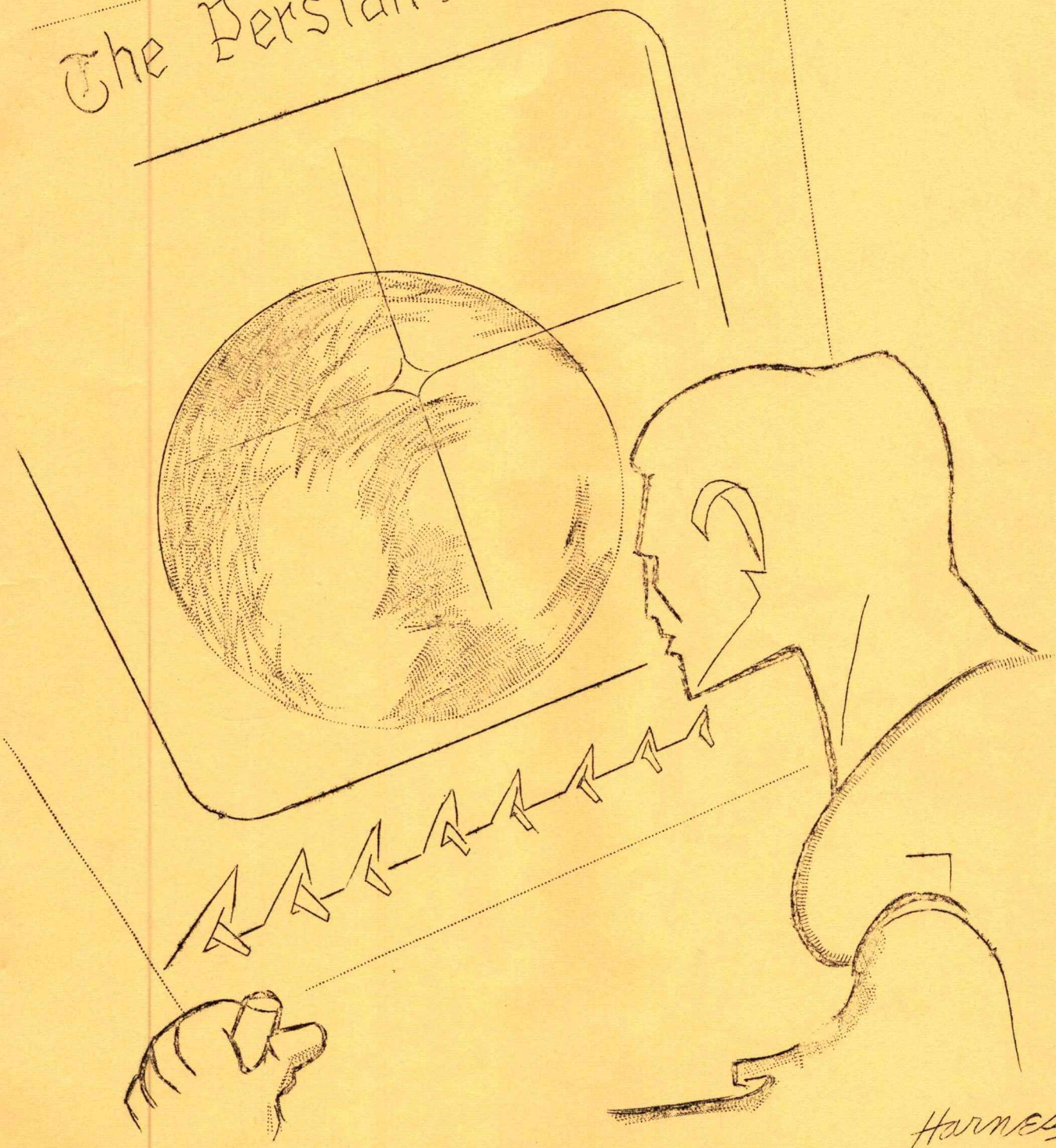


The Persian Slipper

2



Harness

Hi there, FAPA. Sorry I'm so late with my first zine -- pushing the deadline already -- but you know how it is... things keep coming up and other things get put off. 'Fraid I won't have a hundred pages in the hundredth mailing, but you needn't feel slighted; I didn't have fifty pages in the 50th SAPS mailing either.

That reminds me -- I ought to have a colophon here. THE PERSIAN SLIPPER #2 is being published for the 100th mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by one (or more) Ted Johnstone, who is actually a pen name for Dave McDaniel, and for whom Leslie Norris was once a pen-name. Understand? That's okay, I get confused myself sometimes. Anyway, this compendium of tru-fannishness lives at 6295 Lorca Drive, in the happy (tho sadly mundane) town of San Diego, zone 15, at the bottom end of California. For people who worry about missing zines and such things, PERSIAN SLIPPER #1 was distributed about a year and a half ago through the Shadow FAPA. If you didn't get a copy, don't feel too bad -- about the only thing worth preserving in it was a Zuber cartoon on the back.

Oh yes; for my own records, this is Fornchy Publication #39. (One of these days I've got to get a list prepared of the things I have published in my years of fanning.) It is being published by Bruce Pelz, bless him, and may Loki and Freya help him, at least insofar as running off the stencils is concerned. Otherwise, unless specifically mentioned, everything in this zine is coming to you live on-stencil, and completely unrehearsed.

And this reminds me -- today was the 23rd of July, and this afternoon I saw America's Telstar telecast to Europe, and later saw Europe's answering 'cast. It certainly was a wonderful thing. In case any of you missed the show, we sent them a sort of 18-minute edition of Wide Wide World -- live pickups of a baseball game in Chicago, seven minutes of a Presidential press conference, Cape Canaveral, Mt. Rushmore and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, San Francisco, Seattle World's Fair, Toronto, Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Ontario, and the Statue of Liberty. About the only criticism we got was on the amount of time devoted to the Press Conference and Kennedy speaking on the Cold War, Bomb Tests, and the Gold Standard; the European segment didn't show any politicians. (Oh yes; we also showed a minute or so of the U-N building.)

On the next pass of the satellite, some two and a half hours later, Eurovision sent us a show. They opened with a shot of Big Ben, moved to their headquarters in Brussels, up to Lapland for a look at a few reindeer by the light of the midnight sun, down to Sicily for a look at some colorful native fishermen, over to Lizard Head on the end of England, and then hither and yon over Europe. We saw a steel foundry in Germany, an opera in Rome, a cyclotron in Geneva, the Louvre and the Champs Elyssies (something tells me that spelling isn't even close), a city street and a museum in Belgrade, and finally a look up the Thames at Tower Bridge. We were about to see the changing of the guard at the Tower when contact was lost.

The most obvious difference between the two shows to me was the lack of axe-grinding, or "sell" in the European presentation. Except for the steel foundry and the cyclotron, the subjects were accenting culture, heritage and all that jass. Our devoting a good third of our show to the Press Conference, and filling with such tourist attractions as the Golden Gate, the World's Fair, a couple shots of freeways, a baseball game, and Cape Canaveral, seemed quite different. As, of course, it was.

'Tis interesting to note, by the way, tho the USSR is linked in with Eurovision, they didn't carry or contribute to the show -- admittedly because they had no control over program content. East Germany got the show from West German transmitters, and Yugoslavia joined in wholeheartedly, but Mother Russia remains aloof. Maybe when they can videotape such things and edit them for re-broadcast, they'll deign to join us.

015424071962

I am a firm believer in the old saying, "When in Rome, shoot Roman Candles" or something like that, so I should keep mailing comments here down to a minimum. But I also believe it best to feature whatever one is best at -- and in my case, this is mailing comments. So I shall split the difference and devote about half my zine to MC's. This is a mean half -- give or take half.

AMBIVALENT AMOEBA #1 (Harness) -- Somehow, "Zoran and the Jewels of Maedem" seems to call for comment. But I'm unsure what to say.

I presume you ment it to be taken seriously, but did you mean it as a parody or a serious pastiche of Robert E. Howard? Or does this story stand alone? You've written a lot better stuff than this for Coventry. Your ideas range from very good to slightly foolish, and you leave out an awful lot it would take to make a story.

WRAITH #17 (Wrai Ballard) -- I sincerely hope there is no law against signing an assumed name at a hotel (at least as it is not done with intention to defraud). As you may have heard, Bruce Pelz, Jane Gallion and I registered at the Hyatt House for the SeaCon as Jubal Harshaw, Jill Boardman, and V, Michael Smith, respectively. And at this just-passed Westercon, in a particularly sneaky effort to remain undetected, I registered as David McDaniel, which (as you may know) is my real name (and one which I shall be using more and more in the future). Besides, I was expecting a letter. I didn't get the letter, and a few people who tried to reach me said I was not registered at all. The mystery was finally solved when I got my bill -- it was made out to David Daniel. And that was their fault.

DAY*STAR (Marion Zimmer Bradley) -- Why is it that brilliant people like us never have as much free time as so many lesser types who can just sit around watching television and reading Condensed Books? I guess it's just a case of Noblesse Oblige, or however it's spelt. Monsan's Bruderr, like. But mainly I wonder, if we're so smart, how come we're always getting snowed under by Things? Haven't we got enough sense to turn down additional work? Or do we feel we have to prove ourselves? Or is it a sense of responsibility? I've got an excuse -- I'm sublimating. And of course I'm the only person I can trust to do the work I do for the radio station where I work. As for my TV work, that I do because I have a ball in it. And Fandom I am in because I have become an addict to the friends I have and the fact that after all the years of rejection by my contemporaries I have found a group wherein I am accepted.

In other words, I'm not doing anything I don't like; my only problem is that I like so many things and I don't really have time for all of them. 'Zat your problem too?

I'm not going to start talking about Capital Punishment or Draft Dodging -- I don't think I have anything really new to say on either subject. My own point of view is simple: I don't approve of death, and have a bad opinion of anything which tends to hasten it, regardless of legal or moral excuses applied. And besides I'm chicken. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, I'm also too much of a coward to go thru all the problems that being an active draft dodger would involve. So in the unlikely and unpleasant chance that I should be chosen I shall probably force a smile, grit my teeth, and think of it as background for a book I might write. But I'm not really a military type, and I think they are somehow aware of this. At least, so I fondly hope...

Incidentally, the main reason you're getting such long comments for your four-pager is not so much because I have been suddenly inspired but because it is almost 4 a.m. and I hate to leave a stencil in the typer overnight and I was only about half thru reading themailing. And besides, I like to comment to you. (I got ANDURIL today; I'll write a letter.)

BADLI #12 (Hevelin) -- A few minor comments and a major one: I too had a transient childhood. My parents were itinerant teachers, and it was not until my second year in high school that I attended the same school two years in a row. The only major location changes were Ohio-Oregon-California, but we'd rattle around a little each place before moving on. Maybe this was why I found my permanent-type friends in Fandom; they're always as close as your mailbox.

Contra- wise: I usually read the book first, then see the movie. Otherwise I'd have a lot of books which had not been filmed lying around waiting. Like *The Passionate Witch* which was made in to a pretty bad movie (but who could film Thorne Smith properly?) -- I'd have had to wait about five years from the time I got the book till I saw the movie. As a better example, *Conjure Wife*. I'll bet you read that before you saw "Burn Witch Burn". // I saw *EXODUS* after I'd read the book; so I got more out of the movie because I knew all the backgrounds that had been left out. On the other hand, I saw *The Innocents* several months ago, went right out and got a copy of *The Turn Of the Screw*... and still haven't been able to work up the nerve to read it.

Some fifteen years ago, when I was but a little lad, we had a family friend who was a happy old maid. And once I asked her, in my childishly innocent way, why she hadn't married. She told me that when she was a little girl she had read about a young man who had an electrical elephant, and at one point in the story he had been riding inside the thing beneath the Indian Ocean and had used the trunk to pluck a pink pearl from the ocean floor for his betrothed. And she had decided this was the kind of man for her. She may have been putting me on. A couple years later, on my birthday, I got a copy of *The 21 Balloons*, with her inscription on the flyleaf "Not the Electrical Elephant, but the next best I could find". // Meanwhile, I had been bugging the local and non-local librarians about this. None of them had ever heard of it, and I was almost resigned to a life of frustration. Then, at least seven years after I had started this search, it came to pass that I went off for a week at a churchcamp in the mountains. There was little to do here -- hiking, necking, monopoly and canasta were the principle occupations. Their library consisted of just twenty beat-up old books. But one of these books was *The Marvellous Journey of the Electrical Elephant*. I flipped, and read it through. I wish I could say I'd had the presence of mind to steal it, but I didn't. Agreed, it is a wondrous book. I would still like to have a copy, if only for a conversation piece, and an example of how much fun a really hokey plot can be.

RAMBLING FAP (Gregg Calkins) #31 -- Your comments on fan-hospitality to Breen make me feel better about my own attitude; I was jumped all over in the Cult a while ago (or was it in SAPS?) for mentioning I saw nothing wrong with dropping in on fen in other cities and expecting a reasonably friendly reception -- and I'd expect any fen visiting my locality to look for the same from me. This of course does not mean an extended leeching session; the loan of a roof and sociable fan-gab for a day or so, however, would not be unreasonable. After all, tho we may not be a persecuted minority any longer, us fen ought to stick together -- and after all, we are all friends... errr, aren't we?

HELEN'S FANTASIA #12 (Helen V. Wesson) -- Your comments on Japanese astrology only served to whet my curiosity; you told how to figure the animal for each year; I presume the first month is the Rat, etc; does the day start with midnite to 1 a.m. as the Hour of the Rat, or at dawn, or at sunset like the Hebraic day? And how are the days figured? // Also, I was born in the Year of the Hare, Month (if I figure right) of the Snake. Is this good or bad? And howabout a brief outline of what each animal means?

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MASQUE #13 (WRotsler) -- $3\frac{1}{4}$ pages of linoos? That is too many. // $\frac{3}{4}$ pages of the Hollywood In & Out Book, however, is not quite enough. So what else is where?//I'm tempted to fill a page here with all the linoos from my recently discovered cache of pocket notebooks which weren't good enough to make the quote-cover I had on my last SAPSzine -- but I shall manfully resist it.

POO (AndYoung) -- Ye Ghods, when were those stencils cut? At least a couple of years ago, judging from your comments on our feeble satellite program. Things are looking pretty good right now, with Telstar just recently up -- it's done a mighty good job of selling Europe on us, according to all I've heard.

Since you seem to work the same sort of hours I do, and since you did give an outline of your day, I may as well do the same. I rise about 1030, spend half an hour or so waking up, breakfast on a can of V-8 juice, and head for the college. It's probably noon by the time I get there, having stopped off en route for an ice cream cone. I file the records that have accumulated in the return bin in my library, then at 1230 the FM Workshop meets for an hour, and since I'm getting 6 units for it, I attend. It usually starts as an instructive session on broadcasting techniques, turns to the problems we're having in current and up-coming programming, and usually degenerates to a bull-session which lasts until the head of the 1:30 group sticks his head into the conference room and chases us out. On occasion, when a TV show is going, the class is suspended and we take technical positions on the crew which the inexperienced simmer students can't handle.

Afternoons, until 4, are devoted to recording in advance what shows can be so prepared -- the station signs on at 4, and the control booth is the only place with both a mike and turn-tables. Tape-dubbing can be done back in Master Control, and voice-recording can be done in Studio B. But music has to come from Studio C, the Announce Booth. Studio A is set up for TV, and has no facilities for voice-music work.

If I can get away before three, I run down to the nearby snack bar (they close at 3 during the summer -- damned inconsiderate of them, I say). At 5:30 I move into the Booth for my nightly 90 minutes of classical music on Opus 89.5 (our frequency is 89.5 mc), which keeps me busy until the second shift engineer shows up about 7:30. Then I turn the operation over to him for the evening of tapes and transcriptions from the National Assosn of Educational Broadcasters, the BBC, and similar high-type organisations, plus some of our own programming. Then I go back to dubbing tapes, timing records, and programming my assorted shows, and occasionally type some file cards for my projected complete cross-indexing of the record library. Comes 11 and we sign off, and Charlie the Janitor comes through to throw me out by midnight. I stop off at an all-night restaurant for a little supper and then home to cut stencils for whatever apazine is most imminent.
#

Perhaps at this point a word regarding KEBS would not be out of place; it's an FM station at the college, 780 watts, with a peak audience of about 5000. Sign on at 4 with an hour of good music DJ (show tunes, jazz, popular, no Top 40). Then 15 minutes of news and 15 of press commentary. 5:30 to 7 is my classical music show. 7 to 9:30 is all sorts of nonsense: African Forum, America on Stage, Concert from Canada, and so on, different every day. At 9:30 a news summary and another press review. At 9:50, to 11, A Little Nightmusic -- chamber music to put the audience to sleep. This show is also mine, but the continuity is always pre-recorded so I don't have to be there to do it live. In addition to this, I have a half-hour called Vox Humana Thursday nite (operatic excerpts), and Friday at the Opera every Friday night for 2 or more hours for a complete opera. I also produce a weekly hour-long talk show called "Voices After Answers" -- a catchall for speeches we have recorded. I take the news once a week, a late shift once a week and an early shift with the hour to play Dish Jockey once a week -- that's when I really get my jollies.

LIGHTHOUSE #6 (Terry Carr) -- You're putting us on. You really knew rich's parody on "They Haven't Got It Here!" was of Don Marquis. I mean, you're a widely-read lad. And you really knew Herriman was the artist who did the illos for Archy & Mehitabel (as well as creating Krazy Kat). Sure you did. You were just trying to get a rise out of somebody by pretending not to recognise it and picking at the repetition of the refrain, which is lifted from the original. Aw come on, Terry; you can pretend ignorance on some things, but not on this.

I find Lighthouse most remarkable for the total number of times per page I find myself disagreeing with you and/or your taste in any number of things, none of which are worth a specific comment. But then I often see things wrong -- I enjoyed La Dolce Vita, for instance, even tho everyone had told me how serious and tragic it was.

ALIF #15 (Karen Anderson) -- As a member of the REB from 'way back, I can't bypass the challenge you toss out. Not having my copy of the Canon to hand down in these heathen parts, I don't know where the Agra treasure is, or how Porlock served his master (fricasseed?); but the others I know. Murder in the country of the Saints; the dog knew the prowler; the Devil's Foot was an instrument of murder; Altamont was an Irish-American who sold out to the Gormans at the beginning of World War II, and later exhibited some remarkably Saintly characteristics (on which I may someday write a monograph) by lounging in their armchair, drinking (and complaining about) their wine, whilst resting his feet on their trussed-up and outraged bodies.

And while we're on the subject... I know the old saint in the forest who had not heard that God was dead. I know who walked the southern battlements, on the full moon of each alternate month. I know how they raised the dead in Connecticut in 1975. I know why Tim Willows had a baby. I know why Helaman's ancestors lost the Liahona. I know the stakes Sir Hugo Drax played for. And I know the Secret of the Seles -- who was the destroyer of Baloise and Nial and ivory-white Ingala.

Do I hear any takers for this neat set of seven widely distributed genuine beautifully obscure but quite genuine and (in all but one case) widely read sources? Don't all volunteer at once now...

F #28 (White) -- Whaddya mean, taking my name in vain, crediting Phantasy Press to McDaniel? I don't have the least objection to your bugging Dangerous Dan about names, but couldn't you bug him some other name? Years from now, posterity will look through the 99th FAPA Mailing and see that credit, and you'll have them all confused. I'm in the process of changing over now -- the Cult came first, mainly because everybody knew, and it seemed to make Dave Rike nervous, so I decided to make it official. Unfortunately the decision came too late to catch this year's edition of Who's Who in SF Fandom.

VANDY #15 (Buck Coulson) -- Buck, baby, as OA of the Cult, I hereby grant you special dispensation -- you will no longer be forced to regard the Cult as anything! You are now officially free to ignore it.

HORIZONS #90 (Harry Warner) -- I agree with you in about not quite liking SILME for a fanzine title, but for another reason. It is a nice title, being Quenya for "starlight". But I keep worrying that I will typo it as "slime" and Bjo would think I did it on purpose and be mad at me and apologies would not help.

I almost never first-draft anything, especially not mailing comments; and as you may note (if you care to) I always bring things out even at page-ends without any trouble. It just comes naturally, // I'll try to send you a tape soon.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #13 (rich brown) -- Tsk tsk! Marquis never worked for a Chi-
cago paper -- he was a New Yorker all the
way, from the time he hit the Big Town. He worked for the old Subway Sun for years;
that was when he discovered Archy in the "Sundial" column.

And you are being entirely
too self-depreciatory and bitter -- I think you sounded better when you were an An-
gry Young Fan in SAFB lo! these many years ago. Like, those fifteen for you list as
being far above you on the slopes of Trufandom -- only about half a dozen of them
are really above you. Some of them are on a level with you, others don't deserve to
be mentioned in the same breath. (If anyone wants a list, send postage for 1stclass
delivery.)

Who did that profile of you on the bacover? It is recognisable, but scarce-
ly flattering. And I still think you should get rid of that moustach -- one of the
girls tried to analyse its effect on your face, and said, "He doesn't look like a
man with a moustach... he looks like a man who grew a moustach." Anyway, you don't
really look as jagged as you are drawn.

Hope you've found that case full of manuscr-
ipts the Air Farce lost for you... despite your negative selling, I would like very
much to see The Olde Soak's History of Fandom. (Which reminds me... Bruce and I'll
got to work on that 3-part story you sent us for completion, as soon as we can fig-
ure out how it works into what we'll need of the surface war. And may I say I think
it's really great, except for a little bit of disorientation when you cut away to
the lonely girl in the midst of the narrative. The ideas are really now, and your
style is getting better and better. End of ogoboo.)

ALLERLEI #3 (Walter Breen) -- Ho! Someone else who's heard of my life-saving medi-
cine -- pyribenzamine. I've been taking a 1-grain
tablet every morning (except for a couple of months) for five years now. I used to
have snoozing fits; I still do once in a while, usually at 3 a.m., which is about the
time the stuff wears off. The months I haven't taken it were months spent back in
the mid-west -- Chicago, northern Ohio, etc. Maybe it was the increased humidity,
but I found no need for the pills.

I smoke, but just barely. I've been smoking for
about five years now, and I average about two cigarettes a day. At cons and under
pressure or at parties I may go up to five. I smoke an occasional cigar (Marsh-
Whelings) and one of several pipes (no specific mixture yet). I am to the point
when I have the habit... it does not have me. In three years there has been no de-
tectable increase in my smoking; I'm satisfied.

Canadian coins work in U-S slot ma-
chines, at least sometimes. During the SeaCon I twice got a Canadian nickle out of
the "change" chute of a soft-drink machine, and the machine also accepted a Canadian
quarter I'd been given in change by a salesgirl.

HOOLAH! #11 (Ron Parker) -- No comments, really, except that I couldn't let such a
good-looking zine (and a real breath from the past --
some of that stuff is O*L*D) go un-commented-upon.//And I've already voted for the
Linards petition.

How about that? I just ran out of railing. If your zine wasn't men-
tioned in here specifically, it doesn't mean that I don't appreciate you, it means
that I didn't feel qualified to heap the magnificent paens of praise which you de-
serve upon your trufannish headbone. And besides that, it's 2:30 in the morning,
and I've been up since 7 this morning. Saw myTV show (Happy Hideout) at 7:45, did a
laundry, walked four miles to a Saturday Matinee (saw The Hideous Sun Demon and Voy-
age to the 7th Planet: both dreadful, but in different ways). Bus out to college,
taped and otherwise prepared 7 hours of programming for next week. I'm tired.

MOVIES I'LL MAKE SOMEDAY DEPT.

There's been a lot of talk, and a lot of writing, and a lot of play-acting done around Coventry, but so far there's not been a movie made. Now for the one person in twenty who still doesn't know what "Coventry" is, let me simply say it is a highly complex and frighteningly organized (in some ways) fantasy world. It is also quite detailed, and probably has a higher number of active and quasi-active participants than any previous such world. There have been no less than 119 specific characters established by name, position and usually personality and description. Of these, 96 (if I counted right) are real people, who have been picked out of the acquaintances of the authors and placed in Coventry. (One additional set of ten is based on a set of movie actors; these ten came together at one decisive moment in Coventranian history, only one is still around, and he is never seen.) Of the 96, about 33 are fans; the rest are just names (and sometimes not even that) to most of the people who read the stories. And careful examination and consideration of the list of people shows 36 who might in some way or another be called at least a little "active" -- in that they take a definite interest in what happens in Coventry.

Because 15 of these people have actually written material (mostly of a fictional nature) based on Coventry. And the problems involved are simply those of keeping everything consistent, or reasonably so. So far, almost all the stories have been written around the same time in history, and a lot of people overlap. Several stories have been written where no one else's characters showed up, but some are always mentioned off-stage. And the relative times of these stories have to be matched with what those characters have already been established as doing. It can get quite awkward.

Incidentally, before somebody starts giving me credit or blame for this whole thing, let me hasten to disclaim it. I have published more pro-Coventry material than anyone else (one of the characters who lost patience with the thing wrote and published a set of hysterically satirical magazines attacking Coventry) but I did not invent it. It sprang from the mind of Paul E. Stanbery, late of Pasadena, now of Seattle. I just discovered it to the Western world.

Now, people who know my penchant for planning films might have felt surprised that in the years I've been associated with Coventry I haven't tried to write a movie around it. This omission is finally being taken care of. Since Coventry is... well, the way it is, we decided the movie ought to be a serial -- a serial of the Old School. A real cliff-hanger. Further, to save on money and actors, we decided to make it a silent. (It would run at 16 frames a second rather than 24, saving 1/3 on film; there would be no problem with blown lines, saving probably another 1/3 of the sound cost.)

In all cases except a few bit parts, the characters would be played by the real people after whom they were patterned. In a few cases, the sets could be the real buildings after which the places in Coventry were patterned. In fact, unlikely as it may seem, we have all but about three of the sets decided on and cleared for shooting.

Of course, it's too far down the page now to start the movie, but here are the credits:

Barana Bjo Trimble
Paulus Eduardum Rex..... Paul Stanbery
Gayle of Miraleste Gayle Feyrer
Bruziver of Heorot Bruce Pelz
Duke Tedron Ted Johnstone
Mikhail of Tarpinia Mike Tarpin
Prinz Jerome Jerry Tarpin
Two henchmen Lyn Hardy &
Paul Puckett

And of course there are assorted bit players roaming around. These are the important people, however, at least as far as the first part of the serial goes.

Written by Ted Johnstone and Bruce Pelz

Costume Designs by Bjo Trimble

Photographed by Blake Maxam

Directed by Ted Johnstone

This is a LAPEX Production

QUEEN'S PERIL

Fade in on a long shot of Brandy Hall, establishing. Super title: BRANDY HALL. $\left\langle\left\langle\right.\right.$ This is a building complex, on the crest of a hill. Center of Coventranian Government. Superimposed titles are across the bottom of the frame. $\left.\right\rangle\right\rangle$ Cut to medium shot tracking Barana, who is striding from the left along the walk in front of the building. Super title: BARANA, QUEEN OF TRANTOR. She turns up the steps at the entrance, and the big double doors open before her. Cut to interior as she comes in, and the camera tracks her down a marble corridor to a smaller set of doors. These too open before her and she goes in. Cut to interior of a small council room. A meeting is just beginning, and extras sit about, murmuring to one another. Barana takes the one vacant seat. Shot of the Emperor, leaning to one side, conferring with an aide. Super title: PAULUS EDWARDUM REX III, EMPEROR OF NEW AMERICA. The Emperor stands, calls for order. Glances at papers on his desk, starts speaking. The camera pans around the room, slowly, looking at the various advisors, ministers, and assorted people who have come in to get out of the sun. Some listen intently, some listen boredly, some ignore him entirely. As we finish the pan, cut back to the Emperor, who concludes whatever he was saying, glances down, turns a page in his script, and introduces Barana, who rises and speaks. Insert title: "TRANTOR OFFERS APOLOGY AND REPARATIONS FOR THE DAMAGES DONE IN STANBERIA BY THE MORIAN TRIBESMEN. THE RAIDERS HAVE BEEN CAPTURED AND WILL BE PROPERLY PUNISHED." She finished speaking and resumes her seat. The Emperor nods official acceptance and says something agreeable, like "We'll send you a bill." He looks down at his script again, turns a page, and introduces some minister who rises and starts to speak as we DISSOLVE

TO the same set, some time later. The Councilmen are packing their briefcases and clearing out. The Emperor crosses to Barana, saying something friendly. Insert title: "WE WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR PRESENCE AT THIS EVENING'S PARTY AT KING'S RIVENDELL -- LADY GAYLE IS VISITING FROM MIRALESTE." Barana looks mildly surprised, and smiles acceptance. She accords the Emperor a token bow, but he has already started off to other business. She follows the last of the ministers out, and the camera picks her up striding back down the marbled hall, and again outside the main entrance. The other ministers are going either straight ahead or to our right; Barana turns to our left and goes back the way she came. The camera picks her up as she comes into a corridor, and pans with her. Insert an Extreme Close-Up of a bottle being poured into a rag which is held in a cupped hand. Cut back to Barana, walking. Suddenly two men pop out of a side corridor, one with the rag in his hand, apparently chloroform. They glom onto her, subdue her with a brief struggle, and drag her off into the side corridor as we FADE OUT.

FADE IN on a close shot of the top of a small table. There are two partly-filled glasses and two hands, each wearing a power ring. $\left\langle\left\langle\right.\right.$ The "power rings" are the diffraction surface rings Karon Anderson sells; also known as Lens rings. $\left.\right\rangle\right\rangle$ The camera pulls back to show Gayle and Bruziver. One-shot of Gayle talking, super title: LADY GAYLE, COUNTESS OF MIRALESTE. $\left\langle\left\langle\right.\right.$ Gayle is a slender girl with long flowing and very blonde hair, and delicate sensitive features. $\left.\right\rangle\right\rangle$ One-shot of Bruziver listening and looking absolutely fascinated, super title: BRUZIVER, SECRETARY OF STATE OF LINN. Medium shot of Tedron, propping up a wall across the room, looking at his drink as if

he wished it were hemlock. He glowers quietly across the room -- insert long-shot of Gayle and Bruziver, Tedron's point of view -- and looks black. We suspect that he may be jealous. At this point we cut away from Tedron in time to see a messenger arrive from Brandy Hall, with a message which he hands to the Emperor. Shot of Tedron, looking around with idle curiosity. The Emperor reads the message and dismisses the bearer. Elizabeth wanders in, looking questioning, says something. The Emperor shrugs, answers. Insert title: "THEY HAVEN'T SEEN BARANA AT BRANDY HALL SINCE THE CONFERENCE. HAVE YOU SEEN HER HERE, LIZ?" (This is the Empress Elizabeth. She has no important part to play, and is therefore not worth identifying. The Emp just needs somebody to direct this line to. Besides, we can't get the real Elizabeth for the movie.) Insert Tedron, eavesdropping. Back to the Emperor and Elizabeth, as Liz shakes her head. The Emperor shrugs, crumples the note, tosses it on the floor, and wanders off. Close-up of the note on the floor. After a moment, a hand wearing a power ring comes on-camera and picks it up. CU of two hands unwadding the note, pull back to full face shot of Tedron, super title: TEDRON, DUKE OF METHYLONIA. He registers interest as he reads the note, then ponders a moment. Medium shot as he decides, folds note carefully, tucks it in his pocket (or wherever the costumers decide) and saunters off. Close-up of Mikhail, watching him from a corner, and super title: MIKHAIL II, KING OF TARPINIA. Insert shot from his POV as Tedron goes out, then med shot of Mikhail registering worry, and rising to follow him. Tedron passes through cloakroom, gets cloak from attendant. Shot of Bruziver and Gayle looking startled. Bruziver looks at his ring -- insert ECU of ring with shot of Tedron going out supered over it (super fades in, then fades out) -- looks concerned and a little grotched. Looks at Gayle, she nods. He rises and goes off.

Mikhail passes through cloakroom somewhat faster than Tedron. Exterior shot of door, Tedron comes out, saunters off to his left. Bruziver passes through the cloakroom, pauses as he gets his cape. Mikhail comes out the door after Tedron, who is already off-camera. Shot of Tedron striding down the path towards the camera, Mikhail appears as a corner behind him, starts after him. Insert shot of Bruziver coming out the door. Mikhail catches up with Tedron, catches him by the sleeve, speaks with a trace of worry approaching desperation. Insert title: "YOU MUSTN'T TRY TO RESCUE BARANA -- JEROME WILL THINK I TOLD YOU." Tedron looks at Mikhail as if a light was dawning. Shot of Bruziver sneaking through the shrubbery, trying to get close enough to hear. Tedron says something accusing to Mikhail, like "Where are they?" Mikhail shrugs, pretends innocents and ignorance of all things. He may or may not know, but if he does, he ain't telling. He adopts a mildly aggressive stance and speaks. Insert title: "AFTER ALL, ISN'T TRANTOR YOUR TRADITIONAL ENEMY?" Tedron looks serious, and even grim, if he can, and answers. Insert title: "AGAINST PRINZ JEROME, THE OLDEST ENEMIES MUST ALLY." He taps Mikhail on the breastbone with a muscular forefinger, and asks him again. Mikhail summons up his royal dignity and glares Tedron down. Tedron wheels and stalks off. Mikhail's dignity is exhausted, and he collapses on the stone bench beside which they were talking, and looks like he's going to start some really serious thinking. Medium shot of Bruziver sneaking off after Tedron. Shot of Tedron striding along the path. Reverse shot from behind Tedron as Bruziver pops out of the underbrush ahead of him and speaks to him. Tedron greets him as a friend, Bruziver speaks to him. Insert title: "THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO GET HER OUT UNTIL THE GUARD CHANGES AT DAWN." Tedron looks briefly startled, then accepts the fact. The two go off down the path conferring as we FADE OUT.

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FADE IN on a corridor in Brandy Hall. A guard stands at relaxed attention by the wall, beside what turns out later to be a secret panel. Shot of Bruziver and Tedron lurking in a nearby room. The relief guard comes on, and the two guards go thru a brief ceremonial exchange ("Hiya Cholly. Howza weather out?") First guard goes off. Then the two kidnappers appear, Barana slung between them. One tosses a purse to the guard, who bows sarcastically and opens a secret panel for them. They go in,

and the door closes. Shot of Bruziver and Tedron, flipping a coin. They examine the result, Tedron nods acquiescence to Bruziver, and they saunter out into the corridor and down to the guard. Tedron engages him in conversation until Bruziver creeps him over the head. Bruziver opens the panel while Tedron lifts the guard's purse. Bruziver produces a note which they pin to the jerkin of the prostrate form. Insert CU of the note: "Deliver this traitor to the Emperor" and it has two seals at the bottom -- the harp and rapier, and the lightning ankh. Cut back to medium shot for a brief Alphonse-Gaston bit at the door, then into the tunnel.

Then comes a standard chaso sequence, cutting back and forth from pursuers to pursued. The latter are weighed down by Barana until they pause and the larger one slings her into a fireman's carry or a similar one-man hold, then the smaller kidnapper runs on ahead. And we cut back to Tedron and Bruziver for a bit. Then as the larger kidnapper, with Barana, reaches some steps and starts up, the other one opens the door at the top (from the other side) and helps him in as Tedron and Bruziver round the last corner and near the bottom of the steps. Fast shot of the little guy with a match and a stick of something; he lights it. Shot of Bruziver and Tedron at the foot of the steps. The little guy tosses the stick, which is now obviously dynamite, with the fuze sparking, down the steps and slams the heavy door. Close shot of dynamite, last bit of fuze burning. Close shot of Bruziver and Tedron, reacting. Medium shot of dynamite lying on the floor as the last of the fuze burns, then an explosion. Smoke and bits of flying rock fill the screen as we FLASH WIPE to title: DON'T MISS CHAPTER II, THE PRINZ AT BAY, NEXT TIME.

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That's the first chapter. Waddidyou expect? The whole serial? Foo. I'll run the second chapter next mailing. It'll probably be only three chapters -- not only because each chapter will run about fifteen minutes, and film is awfully expensive; but because three chapters will run the three nights of a WorldCon, so it can be shown as a proper serial should.

I have one other reason for only running one chapter this mailing -- I'm only half through writing the second chapter. I know how it'll end, and I have no less than three alternate endings for the final chapter. Unfortunately, I'm still trying to work within the nearly non-existent budget our pictures have been shot on in the past -- this allows for no special effects except what can be concocted in the camera; no special sets except what can be built easily or picked up around town; and, most awkward in these circumstances, no horses (unless we might be able to work something with the stables at Griffith Park, where we are fairly well known). There are all sorts of things that could be done involving buildings burning down, for instance, or similar big things we can't possibly rig. We might be able to make a miniature or two, but that's all.

And of course in addition there is the fact that Bruce happens to be down here for a visit this weekend and he wants me to finish my stencils so he can take them back up to LA and get them run off for the mailing which is in two weeks. And he won't wait for me to finish writing the serial -- besides, that could take months.

As for the quality of the contents, may I point out before people start complaining that this is supposed to be hokey. The lines, the actions, the plot, are a fairly serious attempt to copy the style of the old silent serials. We don't have the spectacular -- no locomotives bearing down on the heroine, no runaway stagecoaches, no atomic rays; all we have (or try for) is the attitude. It may not be deathless, but it should be fun.

COLOPHON: 70 and 90 copies of this (70 of the comments and 90 of the scenario) are published for EEO 100th FAPA and Friends by Bruce Pelz on the Rambling Rex of LASFS.