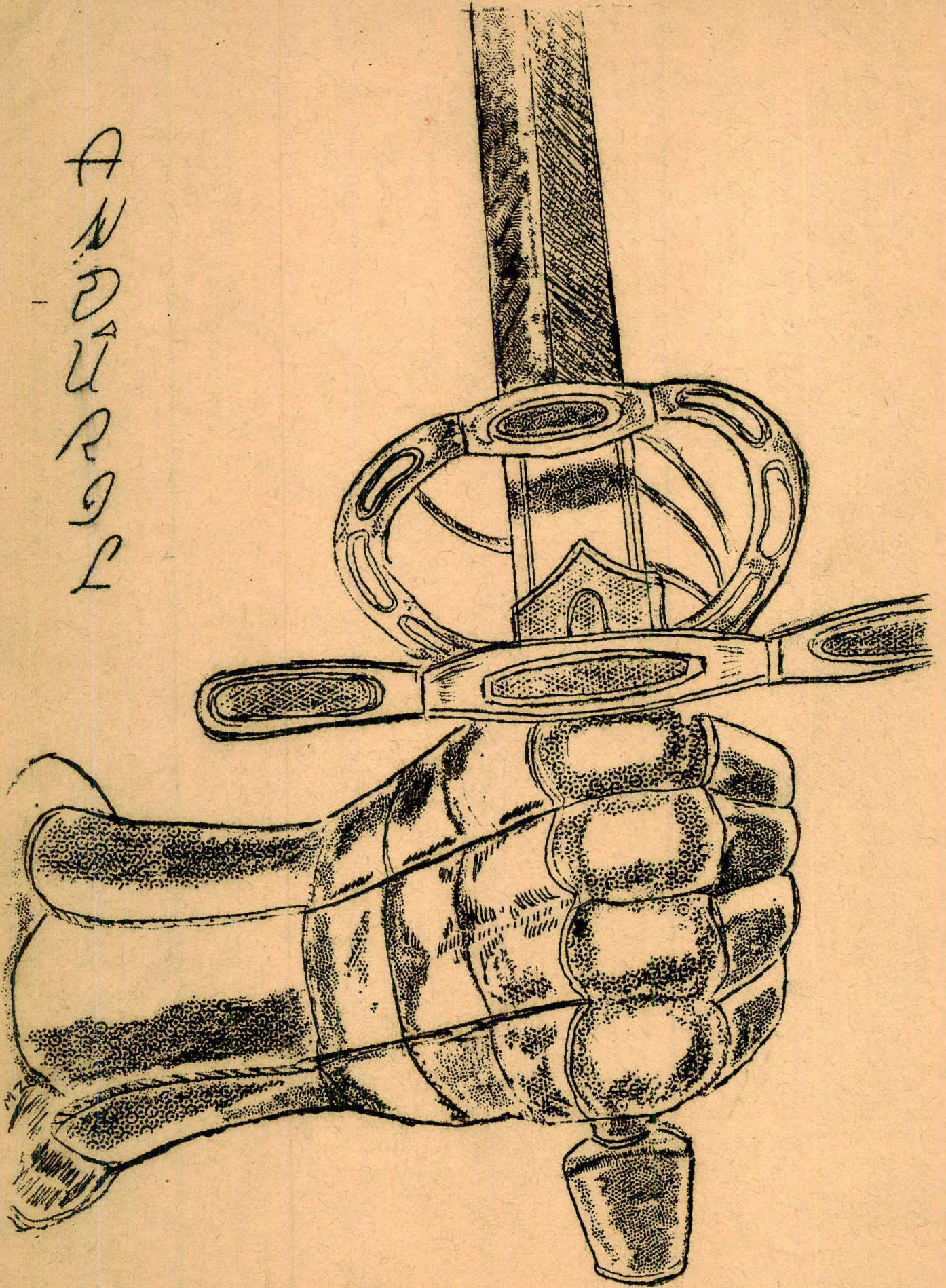
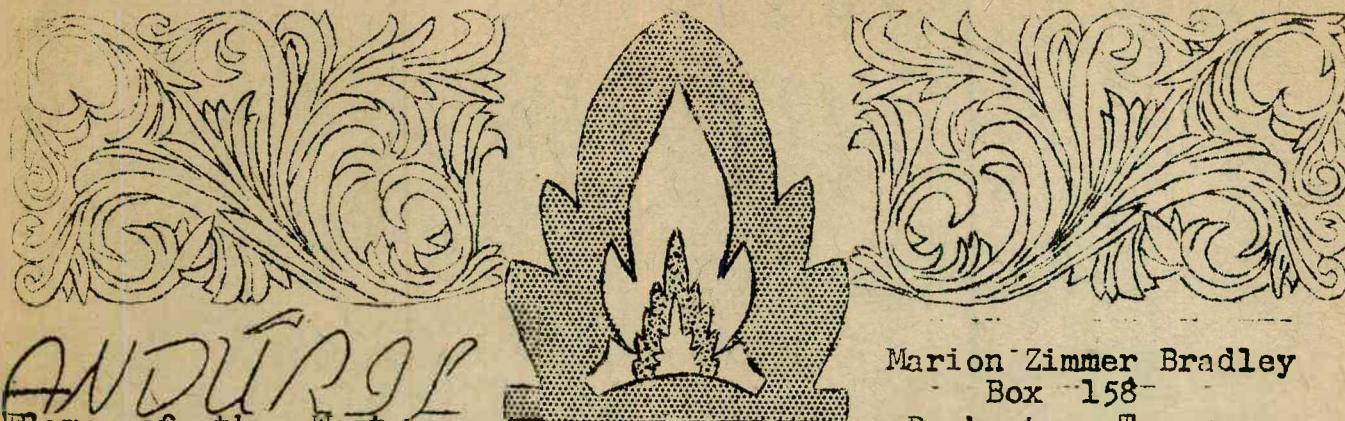


A
N
D
U
R
G
L





Marion Zimmer Bradley
Box 158
Rochester, Texas

A Special Tolkien Issue

THE CLOAK AND THE SWORD:

A Rough Echo; costume fandom goes Tolkien Ruth Berman 2

CHRONICLES OF MIDDLE EARTH:

Two Views; Of Elves and Men

I. The World Well Lost..... Rick Sneary 8

II. The Mystery of Choice. Elinor Busby 9

The Beginning of the Orcs; One theory. David Bradley 6

SAGAS AND REVIEWS:

First of the Supernatural Romances Paul Zimmer 12

PRIVATE WORLDS AND APOCRYPHAL ADVENTURES:

A Meeting in the Hyades Marion Z. Bradley

Specially Illustrated by Juanita Coulson

Cover by ~~MEM~~; interiors by Kerry and Bjo.

In spite of the title --which, meaning Flame of the West, struck us as singularly appropriate for a fanzine published in Texas --this fanzine will not be exclusively concerned with Tolkien fandom, nor an attempt to compete with or displace I PALANTIR, the official voice of the Fellowship of the Ring. Rather, this zine will embrace all manner of private worlds and fantasy universes, and provide a sounding board for those whose particular delight is in Cloak-and-Sword, sword-and-doreery fantasy of the alien-worlds type; Kuttner, Vance, Howard, Brackett, Tolkien, and for lovers of Middle Earth, Islandia, Lankhmar, Al-Merdin and Carcosa, Coventry, The Green Kingdom or the country of Angria and the Gondals.

"We" in this case means Paul Zimmer and myself. Sincere apologies are extended to Adrienne Martine, who had the idea of calling a fanzine ANDURIL soon after we did. No specific promises are made about how
(continued on page 5)

A ROUGH ECHO

Ruth Berman



"Strider sighed and paused before he spoke again. 'That is a song,' he said, 'in the mode that is called ann-tennath among the elves. It is hard to render in our Common Speech, and this is but a rough echo of it.'"

In 1954, 1955 and 1956, the 3 volumes of The Lord of The Rings appeared. The reviewers expressed their delight immediately in, for example, The New York Times, The Nation and F&SF. The readers expressed their delight, too, and by the time The Two Towers appeared, The Fellowship of the Ring was already out of print. In 1958, at the Solacon, fans began demonstrating the sincerest form of flattery; the imitation, in costume, of the Tolkien characters.

Ted Hohnstone describes the Solacon costumes as follows;

"I was Frodo, in a costume which I had worn to an LASFS Hallowe'en party the year before; pink shirt, flowered vest, pink knee-breeches with silver buckles at each knee; a heavy gold ring on a chain of odd manufacture (it looked more like scales than links) a green-lined grey cloak and hood, fastened at the throat with a silver veined green leaf. I also

took an old pair of socks and sewed curly brown crepe hair on them. Hair from the ankles to the knees was ample enough and natural. My costume was enhanced by a long-stemmed pipe. I also had a short sword, made from a British WWI Bayonet; it had a wooden handle, not much of a hilt, and a perfectly shaped blade for a short sword. I put an edge on it and carved Sting in runic letters on the leather scabbard that came with it.

3 A ROUGH ECHO: COSTUME FANDOM GOES TOLKIEN; Ruth Berman, reconstructor

Ricky Sneyry came as the leader of the Ringwraiths. He wore a shimmery black cloak and hood, black shirt and trousers, carried a black sword, and wore a silver-and-black gauze mask. Steve Tolliver was Strider, in leather jerkin, green doublet, sword and criass.

George Fields, as Gandalf the White, wore white robes, loose and flowing, and a broad-brimmed hat, designed after a number of Kelly Freas hats; flat and low-profile, with a curiously pointed brim.

Milo Mason as Sauron wore a costume designed and constructed by George, which was one of the best Tolkien costumes I've ever seen. To begin with, Milo is six feet four, and rather thin. The costume, naturally, was all black, including black gloves. The Eye was painted on the chest of the shirt, and repeated in the center of the cloak, which was draped over both shoulders. Over his head was not a hood, but a stiff cardboard helm, shaped to fit the head closely and descending to a point between the eyes. Here another Eye was inscribed. Rising behind the head, as high as the helm, was a stiff high collar. The face was masked by a black curtain mask with gold-ringed eye-holes. The effect was quite dramatic; when he arrived at my house to pick me up, Miriam Dyches went to the front door and ran back screaming "There's something at the door! He's big, and he's black, and he's ten feet tall!" "

Bjo, who was the Arwen in the group, () says "This was the very first Arwen costume, drawn from the first exuberance of the book's first listening. Later I realized that Arwen was a good deal more dignified than this, but the sketch remains my idea of a young, sylvan Arwen. The skirt and sleeves were of silver-grey taffeta, with forest green lining in the sleeves; the bodice of grey-green brocade with thin curlicues of pale green-gold embroidery. The neck scarf is sheer crystalline, shimmering grey-silver-green. The sleeves touch the floor, as does the scarf, and have jewels sewn into the V-shapes; stones of amber against the green, green against the grey."

In 1959, at the Detention, there were two Tolkien costumes, planned independently. I came as Frodo after the One Ring had been destroyed. I came as Frodo because it is Frodo with whom I identify most strongly, and of course, because my height and coloring suit the character of a hobbit. I chose to be Frodo after Mount Doom simply because I had a beautiful white jewel to represent Arwen's gift, but did not have a suitable ring.

My costume was simple and unimpressive, but, I thought, close to the proper spirit; after all, Frodo was simple and unimpressive except to those who, like Gandalf, could see beneath the hobbit exterior. I wore bright blue slacks and a red shirt because "they dress in bright colors" and brown shoes because I could think of a better way to represent hobbit fur. I also wore a silver-grey cloak fastened with a pin of a dragon holding a vaguely leaf-shaped green stone; my jewel was an ear-ring of my mother's, set on a chain; a white stone surrounded by silver filigree. I crooked the

long finger of my left hand down, and held it that way; this gave a startlingly real appearance. My choice of fingers caused some comment, but I was able to cite chapter and verse; "He sat up, and then he saw that Frodo was lying beside him...one hand behind his head and the other resting upon the coverlet. It was the right hand, and the third finger was missing." I had mixed the hands, but I had the right finger. That is, I was right considering that Tolkien numbers fingers beginning with the first finger and I have always started counting with the thumb.

Bruce Pelz and I first met in costume at the Detention. He asked who I was, and I said "Would it help if I told you my sword was called Sting?"

A gleam came into his eye and he smiled slowly. "It would," he said. I asked who he was. "Would it help if I told you my ring was called Narya?" How's that for a wild set of introductions?

Bruce has a strong feeling for Gandalf; Gandalf is his favorite character. Since he was unable to find grey or white robes, he came in black; black shirt, trousers, cape and hood. Also black beard. He wore a gold colored ring, with a large red stone.

Gandalf appeared again in 1960, at the Pittcon, in the person of Don Studebaker, who describes his costume as follows; "As soon as I had decided, I started to work on my staff. I walked through the park with machete in hand. In the process I tripped and fell flat on my face over a fallen tree. The tree was only nine to twelve feet tall. Whipping out my hacksaw, I hewed away the top half of the tree. Then I cut away the lower portion with the roots, and the smaller side branches, leaving a piece about five feet high. After several months of carving and burning with an electric stylus, the staff had the general outline of a dragon -- whose face reminded me of a cross between Arlene Francis and a lovesick cow-- with a head, a horn behind the head, twenty-seven eyes, thousands of scales, and still wasn't finished the night before the Pittcon.

Dying torn sheets and placing them piled on various grades of porcelain surfaces to give them a faded look, I dried them and sewed them into a huge ragged cloak and hood of the most nondescript color and form. My mother and I went digging in old chests and found an impossible white material which had the property of letting light in and diffusing it, so that the material seemed to glow, though it was opaque. Mother worked half the night sewing and fitting until I had what I wanted, an alb of iridescent white. We then dug out a gold chain belt with a gold cage change purse attached. A plaster and wax ball went into a blue and silver knit sack. The corners were bound with gold thread, and this served as a palantir. The hardest part of the costume was the wig and beard. Nobody had a white wig and beard in August, so we got hold of some Angel Hair, that spun-glass stuff, used on Christmas trees. This was sewed on a cheesecloth base.

Accessories to the costume included some of that good old Martland red clay, which I put on my face and built in layers and

wrinkles to add about a hundred years to my age; some "stardust" and tinselly powder which Harriet Kolchak provided and sprinkled through my hair and beard; a white plastic moonstone glued in the middle of my forehead, and an elaborate fire opal which was actually a brooch glued to my real ring.

"More surprising was the act I staged to give the costume impact. Doc Barrett asked who I represented. 'Gandalf,' I said, 'Gandalf the wizard.' Then I swept off the cloak and hurled a fireball into the audience. It went off with a superb puff of smoke and a loud bang. "

The Lord of the Rings will probably continue to be much in favor as costume material. In the first place, it includes many different, yet real-seeming characters. Almost everyone identified with someone in it. In the second place there are so many different societies in it that almost every house has the materials to represent the costume of one of its peoples. And last, The Lord of the Rings is a great book. We love it. The highest form of flattery is imitation; and even Strider wanted to put something of the Elves' into the Common Speech.

Ruth Berman

"Our motto is, a jeweled buckle on every swaght" swa Karen Anderson

continued from contents page

frequently this fanzine will appear, but Don Studebaker sent us a letter, about the length of an Entish speech, which will serve as a core for a second issue; and future issues, also, will contain a letter column. And we have material promised from Ted White and others..... so there will be AT LEAST one more issue.

Copies will be sent free to contributors, letter-writers, and to active members of the Hyborian Legion and the Fellowship of the Ring. Freeloaders and mere "collectors" are actively discouraged from subscribing; but for those who have more money than time, copies will be reluctantly dispensed for 25¢ each. NO subscriptions will be accepted for more than one issue in advance, at any time.

For future issues we would be particularly interested in articles dealing with the work of Kuttner and Merritt, early Leigh Brackett, and the growth of fantasy into science-fiction fantasy. This fanzine will also serve as the small voice of that peculiar subdivision of fandom known as "costume fandom."

We repeat; we are not competing with PALANTIR, or with AMRA; we just think it's too long between issues, and we think fandom can support more than one sword-and-sorcery fanzine. Are we right? Tell us....

Marion Bradley, David Bradley, Paul Zimmer

6 DAVID BRADLEY is the youngest contributor to ANDURIL, as well as the youngest member of the Fellowship of the Ring, and of the N3F. His age is eleven. This article, printed without editorial omissions or retouchings, is presented as an interesting and logical, if perhaps not entirely tenable thesis about

the BEGINNING of the ORCS

Goblins spawned by elves?

I have been wondering where the Orcs came from.

We know they were short and had long arms and were bow-legged, because Sam said, when Frodo was disguised, "...a perfect little orc... ..if we could give you longer arms and make you bowlegged." We know that they were very cruel, and (from "The Hobbit") that "they made no beautiful things but many clever ones." They lived below the earth, I expect, because the sun hurt their eyes badly and made them weak. The most characteristic thing about them, I think, is their fear of the Elf swords.

How did they get that way?

There was something wrong with them, not quite right. They speak of them as having been "spawned" rather than born. What sort of things are spawned. Fish and frogs, cold-blooded things. The orcs must have been cold blooded also, Treebeard said "Sauron made them in mockery of elves". But Treebeard was only using a figure of speech, I am sure. For Frodo said "The Enemy cannot make real true living things....he did not create the orcs, he only ruined them and twisted them...."

(Refer here to Doc Weir's explanation of radioactivity and mutations, in his article on Hithlain.) * Before the sinking of Beleriand, there were "webs of horror..." and such things there, caused by the Great Darkness. This was what caused the elves to make their magical swords.

Now the way I see it, there must have been a group of elves living in Beleriand, and when the great evil came, when they had children they were strangely deformed. The elves treated them with kindness but watched them to see what they would be like. They were meaner than the elves and did many cruel deeds. The elves would have treated these things (who were still their children) as humanely as possible (as the parents in THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS, or, if you've seen the movie, VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED, treated their mutant children.)

I think that in the end when these were grown they took them off to another place and gave them their home there. They had to get rid of them, maybe, because one of them had played a cruel practical joke and caused the death of an Elf and the elves sent them away ere some worse thing should happen. They drove them away with the elf swords which hurt their eyes. Question; did the orcs have any feeling for the elves? No, I think not, because they have no love for anything, which is why the elves gave up on them.

That's why they say "spawned". Because the orcs didn't even love one another, or their children, any more than any cold blooded creature. The elves were too kind to kill them. But when they saw what these creatures had brought on the world they repented it, and stayed to die in Beleriand when it was sunk under the sea. By now you have probably guessed that this was the beginning of the orcs.

DAVID STEPHEN BRADLEY

(*I PALANTIR # 1; A Discussion of Hithlain; Weir -ed.)



Pippin, Merry and Treebeard
drawn by Kerry

TWO VIEWS

I

In speculation about the change of Arwen from elf-kin to mortal woman, the thing to remember is to limit the talk only to the elves as described by Tolkien. It has been too long since I re-read *THE LORD OF THE RINGS*, but the general feeling I got while reading about the elves was that while they were wondrous fair, and oft referred to as seeming to glow with an internal radiance, they were not greatly different from Men. Not, at least, physically, in appearance or internal chemistry, or they would not have been able to intermarry and have children by men. The difference came from within; rather than making them "not human", it made them "more than human."

While the elves can do many wondrous things, these abilities are treated more as "skills" than as "Magic." Their abilities are similar to, and in some ways less than those of "The People" in the Zenna Henderson series. Even their great age seems more the result of action than an inheritance; for they are able to give it up at will. Then, too, long life was known to some men of Middle Earth as well, and was not limited to the elves alone.

There may have been something they did to keep themselves young and in tune with the elf-magic. Their powers might have been both psychological and physical, resulting both from mental training and some type of physical action; such as what they ate. The elves may have drawn on one another for their powers and skills; and closing off their minds from the rest of their kin might be in part what brought about the change. All this may seem less picturesque than viewing them as an elder race apart; but it would fit the feeling the books give ---that

THE WORLD WELL LOST.....

RICK SNEARY

could be explained --if only we knew enough about them.

9

Thus, when Arwen decides to renounce her heritage and become a mortal woman, she may not actually have undergone any magical transformation --although the knowledge may have been so old, and so steeped in tradition, that it had taken on the air of magic. She may have but closed that part of her mind that was attuned to the elf-world, and given up the elvish science that had assured her long life. In much the same way, a Princess of a later age might have given up her Royal title, and rights, to marry for love. She too might feel that she was giving up something real, and in becoming a commomer, becoming a different kind of woman. While no actual change might take place, in either case, the belief that it had taken place would be the main consideration.

Wouldn't this fit in, then, as another of the "great loves" of classic fiction? The one who gives up family and fortune, to follow the hero. Strider becomes an all-powerful King; but Arwen gives up what might seem to be a gift even greater --- be it science or magical inheritance -- for her love.

OF MEN AND ELVES

II

It puzzles me how Arwen could marry a man two thousand years younger than herself. One would think that the difference in experience would be such that they would have little in common. Perhaps elves, after a certain point, did not continue to mature; or perhaps their maturity came so slowly that, two thousands of years older than her husband, she was still on a par with him in respect to experience.

It appears that the elvish immortality is at least partly psychological; from Arwen's increased gravity and maturity after meeting Aragorn, from the ability of the Halfelven to choose between humanity or elfdom, from the fact that the elves lost their immortality after marrying humans. It has occurred to me that the elves must have had some ability to predict the future. Why else would any half-elf choose to be human, except from the knowledge that his seed would inherit the earth? Nothing else would



ELINOR BUSBY

THE MYSTERY OF CHOICE....

THE MYSTERY OF CHOICE ; Elinor Busby

even partially recompense for the loss of the elvish immortality. Yet at least two of the elf-women made this mysterious choice.

Interbreeding between the various races of "Men" is interesting to consider. Apparently elves and men could interbreed with ease, the only deterrent being that in general it would not appeal to the elf. It appears that in each case of intermarriage it was a mortal man with an elf woman. Why is this? Did elf-men (perhaps a tautology, but we will retain the term for the sake of clarity) never interbreed with human women? If not, why not? Since from all accounts the elves mate for life, I surmise that the elf who made such a choice lost his -- immortality, or whatever it was -- and women having more humility, the elf-women were more apt to give up this gift than were the elvish men.

And most interbreeding between races--Americans with Koreans, Indians or whatever -- is on a basis of promiscuity; the elves, with what seems to have been a high order of emotional monogamy, were completely barred from this type of interbreeding. Of course the differences amongst modern men are mere variety, while elves, men, dwarves, hobbits and whatever were all true species.

But when elf and man intermarried, whether the result were man or elf was a matter of choice. Aragorn and Arwen, though of different species, were actually distant cousins; but the one who chose to be a man still inherited elvish qualities, as with the vastly improved longevity in the line of the Kings of Gondor. Did the children of such unions who chose to be ~~me~~ elven-kind, inherit human qualities as well? If so, what? Did Elrond have some characteristics more typical of humankind than elven-kind? Was he, perhaps, warmer to Bilbo and to the other hobbits than he might have been, had he been of pure elvish descent?

It's known that orcs and men could interbreed. They did --and the offspring had the evil quality of orcs, but were able to endure the daylight --which orcs could not. It's not a pleasant thought. It's possible that the Dark Lord was simply able, in some way, to make it possible for his orcs to go out in the daytime, and hence observers merely assumed that they were not pure orcs. I like this better, I think, than the idea of orcs and men interbreeding.

Did men and hobbits interbreed? Were there not some hobbits who were considerably larger than the rest, and might have been of partially human descent? ((The Stoors, who also had occasionally a trace of beard.)). Difference in size would be no barrier, since midgets often marry full-sized humans and have children by them. Would there be an insurmountable psychic barrier? I doubt it.

I feel sure that dwarves never married non-dwarves. Their pride of race would be terrific, nor would they be attractive to other races. They also, I believe, mated for life. You remember that there were many fewer women than men, and that many of the women chose not to marry, and for that reason the dwarves were not an expanding race. (I suspect that dwarves were less apt to marry than elves, but when they did marry, had much larger families.) Because this part of their lives seems to have held much less

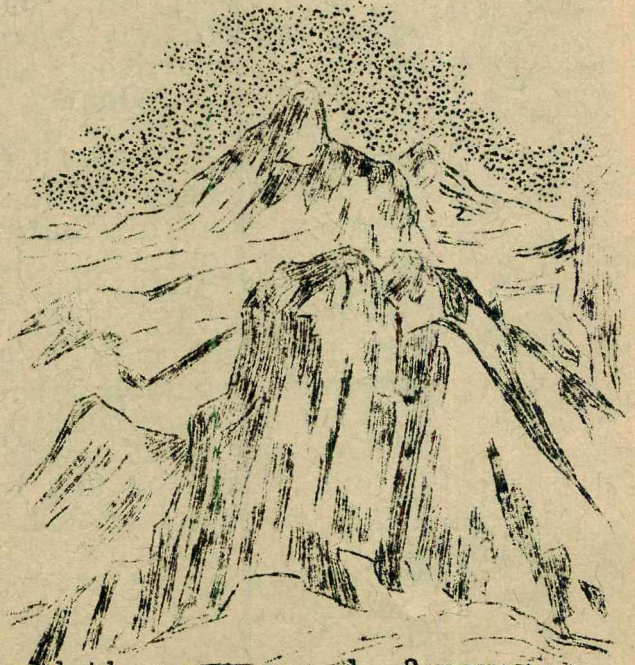
relative importance, Gimli was able to form --as the most important part of his life-- an attachment for Galadriel, without any fear, on anyone's part, of scandal or embarrassment.

It seems apparent that elves lived, not just in the real world, but also in another world of perhaps superior reality; although this seemed to apply only to elves who had dwelt in the Blessed Realm beyond the farthest seas, so this wouldn't say anything about Aragorn and Arwen. But Galadriel had this ability -- to dwell in both worlds at once. Elves who had been in the Blessed Realm had much more prestige among their kind than elves who had not, which may be one reason (to digress for a moment) why Galadriel wore the Ring, rather than Celeborn. It's clear that Galadriel was the more important of the two -- the Lady of the Golden Wood-- but the tact with which she referred to, deferred to her husband was exquisite, and must have prevented his ever feeling one down.

The reason why the elves had to leave Middle Earth was that they were an unsuccessful experiment in the long struggle against evil. They were a success, in that they loved good, and they were essentially incorruptible. But they lacked flexibility; and they lacked guts. Not in the sense that they would ever renounce the good, or embrace evil, through fear or anything else. But they would flee from evil, through a fastidious horror, rather than fighting it, at times; when dwarves, hobbits or men would fight it. Remember Legolas in Mordor? Boromir showed far more guts than Legolas, there. On the other hand, in an open struggle, Legolas did magnificently against the orcs; I strongly suspect that he failed, at Helm's Deep, to kill more orcs than Gimli, because of deference to Gimli's pride; and the strong friendship between them; not because he couldn't have killed more orcs, if he put his mind to it.

But the elves had a tendency to run across the sea when things got rough for them in Middle Earth. This was better than a giving in to the Enemy, better than embracing evil --- but it didn't help Middle Earth much. When the elves went across the Sea, all they did was clear the field for action. Of course, this does not apply to those of the elves who were still around during the action of the story and those who went across the Sea after the destruction of the One Ring were not running a way; they were leaving a world where there was no longer any place for them.

And those who had chosen mortal king remained, inheritors of the world they renounced, forever.



the worm Ouroboros

FIRST OF THE SUPERNATURAL ROMANCES

Paul Zimmer

AS FAR AS I CAN FIND, The Worm Ouroboros (by Eric Rucker Eddison) was the first of all supernatural romances. Previously there had been certain works which had to some extent pointed out the direction that the supernatural romance was to take. For example, Rider Haggard with his semi-historical fantasy The World's Desire, which undoubtedly influenced many writers of the supernatural romance. This story, however, takes place within historical times, and upon our own planet.

Eddison was the first writer to produce the true Supernatural romance. His Worm Ouroboros takes place on the planet Mercury, and concerns itself with a war between the two greatest nations of that world, Witchland and Demonland.

We are introduced to this world by Edward Lessingham (one of the central figures of Eddison's later Zimianvian trilogy) who is carried there on the back of a hippogriff. He remains, however, an invisible spectator throughout the story, making comments for the benefit of the reader, but unable to affect the actions of the people of Mercury, thus setting a precedent for future writers of the supernatural romance.

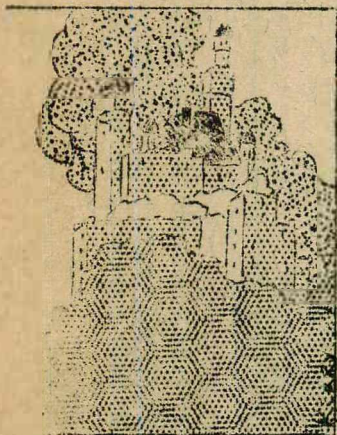
The story tells how King Gorice XIII of Witchland, a great nigromancer, uses his sorcery to carry off the Lord Goldry Bluzco of Demonland. Goldry's brother, Lord Juss, is bidden in a dream to inquire in Koshtra Belorn, a mountain that lies beyond the haunted plateau of the Moruna. Journeying there with the Lord Brandoch Daha, he meets the immortal Queen Sophonisba, from whom he learns that he can go to the side of his brother only upon the back of a hippogriff.

Meanwhile, Gorice sends his forces to conquer Demonland. We witness a great deal of intrigue between the hobles, Corsus, Corinius and Corund for the command of the expedition. The treacherous Corsus receives it, and so mismanages the campaign that his soldiers mutiny. He is recalled and replaced by Corinius, who defeats the forces of Demonland, but instead of following up his victory, assaults the castle of Krothring in an attempt to capture Mevrian, the sister of the Lord Brandoch Daha. While he is still at Krothring, Lord Juss and Brandoch Daha return and lead the forces of Demonland to an overwhelming victory. Lord Brandoch Daha dives to the bottom of a lake for the eggs of a hippogriff, which is hatched and ridden by the lord Juss to the haunted mountain, Zorach Nan Psarion, and rescues Goldry Bluzco. The Demons then attack Witchland.

Gorice once again attempts sorcery but loses control of the spirit he summons, and is destroyed; and the nobles of Witchland are killed by the treachery of Corsus.

The demons mourn for the fall of Witchland, foreseeing their own downfall --"For now seamanship and all high arts of war must perish...and we must become shepherds and herdsmen." The Gods answer their prayers, and time itself is turned back so that the war may be eternal.

The first writer to follow Eddison's lead was Robert A. Howard, whose Conan and King Kull stories show the unmistakable influence of Eddison. This is to be seen most clearly in The Phoenix on the Sword and The Hour of the Dragon. (Conan the Conqueror). It is seen less clearly in Beyond the Black River, the Treasure of Trancos, The Shadow Kingdom, and Black Colossus. Traces are to be found in virtually all Howard's work. Through Howard, Eddison also indirectly influenced a host of other writers, of whom Poul Anderson and Fritz Leiber are today the most prominent. Eddison's direct influence is also noticeable in Fletcher Pratt's Well of the Unicorn.



While there is no evidence that J.R.R. Tolkien --greatest of the Supernatural Romancers --ever read The Worm Ouroboros, it is not impossible that he may have done so; for Eddison was, as Tolkien is, a scholar of some note, translator of Egil's Saga, and a linguist. Thus it is not improbable that Tolkien may have read The Worm Ouroboros before beginning his massive trilogy --yet, if so, he received little from it save the idea of creating a new world.

Tolkien, however, drew his world from the same elements out of which Eddison fashioned his; the ancient Norse myths and medieval legends.

The Worm Ouroboros is important because it was the prototype of an entire new subdivision of fantasy, the Supernatural Romance. Before Eddison, no writer had ever created a new world as a setting for the creatures of myth and legend. The field of Fantasy would be far poorer without Eddison's Mercury and Zimianvia, Howard's prehistorical world of the Hyborian Age, Pratt's world of the Well, Tolkien's Middle Earth, and the other worlds of the Supernatural Romance.

The story is written in language of a richness seldom encountered in writers of the twentieth century; Eddison wrote in a quasi-Elizabethan style which is sometimes rather circumlocutious but often poetic. The dialogue reads like Shakespeare. Eddison's major fault is one stolen from Spenser; he continually mis-spells words to make them seem more archaic.*

The Worm Ouroboros is truly a book to inspire the imagination, filled with such characters as the philosophical traitor Gro, who always deserts the winning side for the losing; or the magnificent and sinister King Gorice, whose signet and seal is the worm Ouroboros, symbol of eternity.

Paul Zimmer

* This needs a bit of elaboration. Spenser, writing before Shakespeare in the 16th century, wrote in a day when the spelling of the English language was still fluid & lettered men so few that each man spelled as he saw fit. Those who wish to imitate medieval writers tend to imitate this quality, and take their spelling from Spenser, rather than Shakespeare whose spelling outlived him to become modern.

A MEETING



by Marion Zimmer Bradley

IN THE HYADES

THE THEORY OF INTERLOCKING FANTASY-WORLDS has always fascinated me. Suppose that some day, through the work of unguessable agencies, Conan should be confronted with Tarzan ... Sherlock Holmes match with Dr Fu Manchu ... Northwest Smith face adventure a step away from the Grey Mouser?

HERE I HAVE ENVISIONED A MEETING between Regis Hastur, hero of the Merdinian-Darkover fantasies, and.....but you may decide for yourself the true identity of the man who called himself Speranzu.

THE MERDINIAN-DARKOVER cycle, which I have also drawn upon for the "Terran Empire Novels, is a self-contained world with its own geography, history, and languages. Some accidental similarities of names, discovered AFTER I had read The Lord of the Rings, caused me -- like the loremaster of Minas Tirith -- to "reflect at leisure on the history of tongues." Such names as Castamir, Lindir, Arador, Eldarion, Estel, have long been current in the chronicles of the Hasturs. Names of course, are free to anyone inventive enough to make use of them; for instance at one time it seemed to me that no sooner would I locate or invent a name for use in a story, than Leigh Brackett would promptly use it in one of her fantasies! All this simply states that my special background of linguistics and folklore is by no means unique.

THIS CAME TO MY ATTENTION while working on one of the sword-and-cloak fantasy adventures, this one about Regis Hastur, and sending it to my brother to read, chapter by chapter, as completed. He remarked -- provoking me -- that he hoped "the persual of the Tolkien books will influence your work...I think it's just what you need. "

THE FOLLOWING EPISODE, THEN, was begun with the intention of writing a pastiche of the Tolkien style, and sending it to him without comment, as just another of Regis' adventures -- the point of the joke being to see whether Paul realized it when his leg was being pulled. But before I completed the episode I had lost sight of the joke and was interested in the possibilities of this curious interlocking of two separate private worlds of fantasy.

AS THE FIRST, THEN, (we hope) in a series of Apocryphal Adventures, we present a meeting in the Hyades.....

THE KADARIN LAY BEHIND HIM; the lower sloped of the Hyades lay behind him; and on the evening of the fourth day since he had set forth from High Windward, Regis Hastur led his horse wearily along a trail that descended steeply into a valley filled with evening mists.

He was tired and worn. His wounded hand ached with the dampness and cold, although he could hold reins and knife, now, without pain. But before him the final ridge of the Hellers still barricaded his way, an obstacle which he must cross before finding the citadel of Des Trailles.

He had met with few travellers on his way; no one left their home now unless they must, with the country to the South rising in war, and Regis had taken the least-known trails. Sometimes these had led him to abandoned shepherds' huts where he had snatched a few hours of broken sleep, woven with evil dreams and the shock of waking in fear, hearing in his mind something like soundless cries in Danilo's voice. But whether these were true Seeing, or mere phantoms born of his dread, he could not guess.

Only rarely, and when no other means would serve to tell him which of the confusing trails would lead most rapidly to his goal, did he drew forth the starstone from concealment. In its depths, colours swirled and no true sight, nor did he try to concentrate upon the swirling for clear vision of Danilo's face. It was enough that when he thrust it away again he could feel the unmistakable pull --- to the left or to the right, forward or backward -- telling him which way Danilo had been taken by his captors.

The night before, he had slept, cold and cramped, in a little thicket near the roadway; before dawn he had wakened to hear hoofbeats and voices, and from his hiding place seen a company of men passing by. They were Dry-towners from Ardcaran and Daillon, their faces smeared with barbarous colours after the fashion of those folk in war; since their passing, his road had been deserted save for silent farms where dogs barked menacingly as he rode by, or a ragged child would peep from behind a hedge as he passed. But all the afternoon even these signs of life had been lacking; he rode through bleak hills stripped clean of life and plucked of people as if by some monstrous gardener gathering in his crops.

He did not dare turn his thoughts south, nor try to see in the crystal how the Rangers fared behind him; and in fact his brain quailed at thought of the wrath that would fall on his head when Gwynn Leynier discovered that he had ridden alone into these hills.

But in his mind he defended what he had done. After he had taken a wound at the battle of High Windward, Gwynn had intended to send him to safety; he was no further use in battle now, and the capture of Danilo had shown them all that the foes were even more eager for Sevens hostages and prisoners than to inflict death: so that his presence actually endangered the band of Rangers. But before Gwynn could send him, with the escort his Hastur rank demanded, Regis had gone secretly to Dyan Ardaia.

"I am no child!" he had flamed at the seconde, "to be sent here or there under guard in time of war! Nor can Gwynn spare the men! Danilo rode alone from Syrtis to High Windward to warn us -- I can ride alone to Edelweiss, or let me put a shift about my knees and call me princess of Hasturs, not prince"

Dyan Ardais -- tall, rangy, cruel of eye and heart -- surveyed him intently, and Regis wondered if the Sevenser had seen through him; but Dyan was not one of the telepath Leyniers, and at last he had said only "Be it so, young Hastur. Pledge me but your word in honor to ride directly to Edelweiss without turning from your path, except in necessity if you meet armed men, and you may go unescorted. I will answer to Gwynn."

And Regis had given his word; and to Edelweiss he had ridden, indeed -- for clothing which would be inconspicuous in the mountains, for food and a horse better suited to mountain trails than his beloved Melusine and which, at need, he could abandon. And, not least, for the blue crystal he wore about his neck, the starstone given to him reluctantly by his sorceress sister. But Gwynn would have seen through him. Gwynn would have bidden him to ride to Edelweiss without turning aside, but Gwynn would also have bidden him not to depart thence without orders.

Now, four days later, he found himself in the hills, alone and afraid.

Now, at the bottom of the valley, he heard the faint trickle of a stream; the horse lifted her ears and nickered softly, and Regis patted her neck. "I am thirsty too," he murmured, "we will drink, and you shall graze a little, but then we must push on; there is no time for sleep tonight, chiya*

He went on murmuring childishly to the animal, because it eased his tension to speak aloud. "Yes, and soon I must turn you loose, you cannot take the road over the Hellers. You have a willing heart, but I shall need hands and feet more nimble than yours, lass. Where will you go, I wonder? To someone, I hope, who will appreciate you as you deserve. You are much too good to wander for long unclaimed in such a country of outlaws; but even a renegade of the Hellers might be good to such gift from the horse-Gods."

He halted as the horse threw back her head, sniffing as if at some unexpeted scent. Regis smelled it now, too; wood smoke. He stopped, checking the animal with a hand on her bridle, and looked around.

Down here in the valley it was already quite dark. He could just see a pale glint of smoke away to the left, rising from behind a high, conical mound of rock -- only a blackish outline at one side of the path. The fire was well concealed behind it; even now, the telltale smoke had diminished to nothing. Eyes less keen than those of Regis would not have seen it at all; and there was always a smell of burning in the hills ravaged so often by forest-fire.

Regis hesitated. Anything might lie behind that mound. Yet it was too quiet, he thought, for an armed encampment; no stamp of horses, no sound of men's voices, and above all no challenge from the guard shah an encampment would surely

* Chiya; casta-cahuenga for "little lass."



have posted. Shepherds, doubtless, or charcoal-burners. Or some solitary outlaw, or even an innocent hunter -- unlikely as it seemed for anyone to come here for his hunting.

In any case his path led past the mysteriously concealed fire, for it curved around the mount, in the perfect way for an ambush; and Regis had no desire to stop an arrow or a knife coming noiselessly out of the dark. Yet if he drew off now, he might lose his road in the dark and wander long before he found it anew. Suddenly making up his mind, he drew his hobbles from the saddlebag and tethered the horse's front feet so she could not wander far away; there was grass, though coarse and bunchy, here at the bottom of the valley.

Carefully he crept toward the mound. From its top, he thought he could look down unseen at the hidden fire, and decide how many were nearby, and whether they were likely to be a threat to him.

One wiser in woodcraft than Regis could have made this mistake--- skilled he was indeed, in the mountains of his own country, but he had never before come into the Hellers; the regularity of the mound signified nothing to him except an easy lookout and an easy climb. He set his feet carefully, among the loose stones, and did not see in the darkness the network of cracks and holes winding across the surface. He did not, indeed, like the "feel" of the mound underfoot; but even when he put his foot into a hole, he only reminded himself that snakes, at an hour like this, would be curled up asleep, and went quietly on, feeling for footholds with his toes.

He reached the top and paused, with an uneasy sense as if something were crawling on his body. He brushed at himself nervously, put his foot into another hole, recovered his balance and looked down toward the glint of the fire below.

A mist was rising from the narrow stream that ran along the rocks; beyond lay a cluster of dark trees, and within the trees the small fire, and a dark oblong that might, or might not, have been a sleeping man.

The crawling sensation persisted; Regis put up his hand to brush at his neck, then gasped as an agony like fire stung through his palm. The next instant another stabbing pain ran through the ankle above his boot; he jumped and fell, sliding, along the broken holes. A rock rattled loose, and another hot and terrible needle pierced his wrist with a pain so awful that he could not have forced back a yell if instant death had been the penalty. He heard sudden, clattering feet and scrambled desperately to fling himself back across the ridge and get away--

"This way! Quick!" Strong hands jerked him up to his feet; he stumbled, fell against somebody, and then a man, only a blur in the twilight, was raining swift, beating blows on his body and head. Regis cried out and raised a hand to protect himself, but the man went on slapping at him, meanwhile shoving him roughly down the slope and on to firm ground. He stooped quickly to brush at his own clothing; then came back to Regis, slapping all over him; jerked him around, then sighed with a gasp of relief.

"I think that's all --" and as Regis swayed and stumbled, the man held him upright with strong hands. "Here, come this way -- what blundering fool would try to cross a mound of scorpion-ants in the dark?"

Regis gasped, but still could not speak. They splashed across the stream and out into the light of the small fire; by it, Regis could see his rescuer, or his captor, clearly. A tall man, unusually tall and rangy, clad in dark unfamiliar clothing; in the firelight his face looked sunbeaten and weathered and grim, and his eyes were grey and stern. "Blundering young fool," he repeated, still gasping with his efforts, "you came near to meeting a dreadful death, but that my ears are sharp. Had I not heard you until you cried out, by the time I reached you, you would have had a thousand stings and your body by now would be bursting like a rotten apple with their poison!"

"I --didn't know," Regis stammered. The man pushed him down by the fire ---where, feeling deathly sick and faint, Regis was glad to let himself fall -- and knelt beside him, taking his arm and pushing back the sleeve, then unfastening the topmost clasp of Regis' ankle-boots. Arm and leg were already red as fire and swelling fast and the man looked grave, touching the wounds with strong gentle fingers; then he sighed and straightened up with something, which, in a face less grim, might have been a smile.

"Your luck is better than you deserve," he said. "Three stings, no more. You will have a swollen arm and leg, but by morning you will not be much the worse. You may even be the better, if this teaches you to keep away from such things -- pain is a rough teacher, but a good one. Had you had a dog or a horse with you, they would have had the sense not to set foot on the mound!"

Regis sat up. "Are you not hurt?" he asked, "You stamped all over the mound --"

"My boots are thick; also I knew what I was about, and I moved too swiftly for them," said the stranger. "Well, one thing is certain, you cannot go far on that foot; so I

20
must have a guest at my fire, it seems. Though company is what I sought to avoid. Now tell me what you were doing, crawling about on a scorpion-an~~y~~ mound in the pitch-dark."

"I too was seeking to avoid company," said Regis, and the stranger threw back his head and laughed, an unexpectedly merry sound. "But those I tried to shun would have been wise enough in the ways of their own woods to stay off the barricade I chose to give me shelter! But what is a boy your age -- for now I look well at you, I see you are only a boy --- doing in these hills, alone and wandering so late?"

"I am old enough to be out at night," Regis said stiffly.

"I was--hunting."

"You are ill equipped for that," said the stranger, standing above him almost menacingly, "no bow, no spear, no snares -- and no woodcraft. Whatever your quarry, you could hardly come at it with less skill." He surveyed Regis in silence for a moment. "My hunting was better, you see," he said at last, and gestured to the fire. Regis could see that over the flames a rough spit of green wood had been rigged, on which a large bird was roasting with little sizzles. It smelled very good. The stranger said "And since the better hunter must show hospitality to the less -- there is plenty here for both." He pointed to where the trickling stream splashed down from the rocks into a shallow pool, only a few feet away. "Take off your boot and bathe your hand and foot," he said, "it will lessen the worst of the swelling. Then we will eat, and --" he added, his eyes kindling to sternness again, "we will talk."

Regis felt confused and, oddly, annoyed; it was apparent that the man dismissed him as someone too ineffectual to take seriously as a possible foe; a harmless boy to be helped out of a blundering mistake, but no one to worry about or challenge. It occurred to Regis that this was probably the safest mask he might wear --while the stranger did not take him seriously, he was not apt to be dangerous.

And yet there was something about the man --the stern glint behind his eyes, perhaps -- which warned Regis; this was no one to trifle with. He would not be easy to deceive.

But somehow Regis did not believe this was one of the renegades of the hills. He warned himself not to place overmuch trust in any stranger because of a chance courtesy; but from what he had heard of the outlaws of the Hyades, instead of rescuing him from the mound, they would have been more apt to stand by and listen to his shrieks with laughter, jeering at his shrieks and watching him die with pleasure; or, if by chance he escaped, to thrust him back.

Nor did the stranger speak the jargon of the hills, but addressed Regis in the casta tongue of Carcosa, speaking with ease and skill, although his accent was something strange and the words phrased a little differently than a lowlander would have spoken them.

The man was still regarding him with something like amusement in his grey eyes, and it struck Regis that in any case, offered hospitality should not be requited with distrust. And courtesy was second nature to a valley Sevenser.

He said quietly "There is food, and some wine, in my saddlebags. She, too, would be safer behind the mound. If you

will wait a moment, I will fetch her."

21

"Stay where you are! You will get no boot on that foot again for two or three hours," said the man. "I will bring your horse out of range of any light-fingered passer-by. I advise you, now, to try that cold water on your foot." He went swiftly away, moving with the noiselessness almost of a shadow, and Regis, abashed by the repeated admonition -- given as if to a child -- sat and bathed his arm and his foot as he had been bidden. At first the shock of the icy water was as painful as the bites, but after a time he felt the pain begin to subside.

He looked around the small clearing. What he had thought, from his lookout, to be the form of a sleeping man, was only a long, rolled-up cloak of sombre grey, without ornament of any kind; beside it lay a sword-belt and sheathed sword, but there was no sign of any other pack or gear of any sort except a loop of cord which Regis guessed to be the snare he had used for taking the bird now crackling and browning over the fire.

At last the stranger appeared, leading Regis' horse, and the boy heard him talking softly to the animal in some tongue he could not understand, as he unsaddled the mare and tethered her to a tree. Oddly, his way with the horse was more reassuring to Regis than his grim hospitality. He came back to the fire, moving silently in long steps, and prodded at the roasting bird with the point of a long, finely-wrought knife.

"I too have small store of traveler's food," he said, "and this will not keep or carry well. So let us spare what we can take with us, and eat well on what tonight has given." So saying, he cut up the bird and extended a generous portion to Regis. Regis bowed as best he could while still seated, and accepted it. Hungry after several days of cold food, it seemed to him that few fine feasts had ever tasted so good as this wild bird roasted over a hidden fire.

Yet he spared a moment to observe his host. His clothing was shabby and travel-worn -- as indeed was Regis' own, an old hunting-suit of Gabriel's, too large for him -- and rough and poor; but his boots were well made of good leather, and the leather gauntlets tucked into his belt were lined with fur. The knife, though plain and the hilt much worn, was beautifully forged of a silvery metal. He ate, though as hungrily as Regis and as if he, too, had eaten poorly for some days, without any hint of unseemliness or greed; and when they had both eaten as much as they could hold, he gathered up the bones leisurely, buried them in the sand, and carefully cleaned his fingers in the grass. Then, returning to the fire, he sighed, regretfully.

"To sit by a fire is pleasant in the wild," he said, "yet I feel we would both be safer without the light. I have no taste for raw meat, or I would not have dared to build it and leave it lighted for so long. It betrayed me to you, and might bring others. By your leave, I think we had better put it out."

"It is your fire," said Regis, startled by the tacit assumption that they might have common foes, "you need not ask my leave to put it out!"

With noiseless laughter, the stranger covered the fire until no spark remained visible, and then damped it with water. One burning branch he laid aside for a moment, a glowing coal; then, seating himself a little way from Regis, drew something



from his pockets. To his amazement, Regis saw that it was a pipe, which ~~the~~ man proceeded unabashedly to fill.

"Will you smoke?"

"No indeed!" said Regis, startled to real discourtesy this time, "what do you take me for?"

The stranger laughed aloud this time.

"Forgive me! I had forgotten for a moment, almost, in what land I was travelling! Well now; that tells me more about you than a hundred questions, young man; for here in the mountains and in every other land I have known, men smoke --where the custom is known--but it is unseemly for women. Only in the Seven Domains of Carcosa have I seen a land where women alone may smoke without fear of ridicule or worse.* So -- what is a son of the Seveners doing in these mountains which your people fitly call Hellars?"

"I may have leave, surely, to hunt in my own mountains?"

"Hunt? Not, I think, for rabbits or birds!"

"Be that as it may," Regis retorted, "you who question me must know that strangers are seldom seen in this land, and seldom do we give them leave to wander about where they will. What is my host's name, that I may thank him fitly for his hospitality?"

The man, dark in the small light of the glowing branch, was filling a small pipe. Regis knew --from Gwynn's tales--that this was not, beyond the Kadarin, the mark of effeminacy which it would have been in the Domains; indeed, he had seen Miguel Leynier smoke --though of course he did not do so publicly. Still, it made him remotely uncomfortable.

"By your leave, then?" the stranger said, raising the branch and lighting his pipe. His face was weatherworn in the red glow, and careworn too; but he looked kind when he smiled. "Well, my young hunter who hunts without snares or bow, I do have leave to travel in these hills, given me in Carcosa; though I am now on my road home and out of your country. As for my name-- well, I have many names, almost as many as the lands I have seen. And here the sound of my name is a word with another meaning. But if you will, you may call me Speranzu, which is the fashion of your language for the name I bore in childhood."

"And where is your country?" Regis asked, and again he smiled, sending a pale ring of smoke away over his head. "It lies far to the North of here, and no one within your borders has heard so much as the name, I guess." He spoke the name, but it was only a form of harsh syllables to Regis.

"No, I have seen no country but my own. Though from the hills near Castle Hastur, the borderland of Corandolis may be seen."

"Corandolis is a fair land of many mountains," said Speranzu. "I travelled there, and I know it well."

"You must be a great traveller," said Regis, a little wistfully.

"There are few lands I have not seen, for all my life I have walked strange roads. Though indeed this is far afield for me. Yet it lay on my road from Corandolis, and I was in haste to return by the swiftest path. I grieved, as I came, to see war rising on your beautiful lands. Had I not been summoned away on an errand which would admit no delay --and of which, forgive me, I may not speak -- but tonight we are far from war, so let us not speak of such things. What brings you to this mountain country? If you must hunt, why not in the fairer hills to the

*In Sevenser chronicles, when sorcery was given into the hands of women, Varzil the Good gave them exclusive rights to the two herbs, cannabis for divination, tobacco for consolation.

South, where no scorpion-ants lie in wait for the unwary?"

"I think, by your leave," said Regis, politely, and without deliberation falling into the stranger's manner of speech, "that we will not speak of my errand either."

"Be it so," said Speranzu courteously. "We are travellers met by chance, no more, and I have no wish to pry. For your land is beautiful, and your people kindly to strangers, though I would venture to say that they see very few."

"No, we have turned our back on the world," Regis said. "Our mountains guard us on all sides, so that we are shut away from the world without."

"Yet this has made your land peaceful. There are many sorrowful shadows outside your hills. I hope you need not see them."

"Peace? When you rode through war?"

"Such small wars as this--" Speranzu began, then broke off.

"Shadow or no shadow, I would pass beyond our borders one day," Regis said. "Have you seen our one harbor city of Temora? It looks on the sunset like one window of a dark castle, open on the wide world outside. Ships come and go there, and the sea carries tales away --"

"I have been in Temora," said Speranzu, "and on the seas beyond Carthon."

Regis drew a long envious sigh. "On the sea! On the sea! One summer I dwelt at Valeron near the shores --I was a child then-- and I spent each moment I could steal, slipping away to the wharves and harbors, listening to the tales of the sea-folk ---"

Speranzu smiled again. "So you love the sea? Most of your people seem to fear it! Take care, my boy, for the love of the sea is a strange passion. Once waked, it never dies....or so my own people are wont to say."

Regis sighed again, this time with resignation. "Is it so? Yet the Hasturs are forbidden to leave this land, unless the need is desperate, so I have little hope to travel...."

"Yet I see in your eyes that you are not one to sit content in a great house nursing dreams. You may wander even as far as I, though I hope through more peaceful days, before you pass beyond this life."

"I wish I might hear your tales of travel," Regis said.

Speranzu's face, grim in repose, looked kindly when he smiled. "Then bear me company through these hills, young hunter. I am summoned away to my own country, but I need not make more speed than you can well accompany me, and my road lies through Nevarsin, where you may find a safer road home."

"I wish I might," said Regis gravely. "But my own errand takes me into the Hellers, sir,* and I have need of desperate haste. I would not even have rested tonight, had I not fallen by mischance among the scorpion-ants. But, Speranzu, perhaps I may requite courtesy with courtesy, yet leave me in your debt. Tomorrow my roads lie where no horse may travel. I feared that I must simply abandon her to any chance comer. Your road lies through Nevarsin, and you can press on by ordinary pathways; take her, then, and leave her at Nevarsin Monastery in the name of Regis Hastur. If I return in safety, I can send to reclaim her."

*Sir; Merdinian Dom, more courteous than messere.

"Regis Hastur," said Speranzu, raising his head sharply, "Now this is particularly strange; my friend; perhaps we will not part company so soon as I thought!"

In a spasm of sudden panic Regis put his hand to his dagger, attempting to scramble to his feet, but Speranzu did not move.

"Put away your steel, lad," he said. "I am no renegade nor outlaw --nor even so would I take even an enemy at disadvantage when he had food at my fire and was in trust of me. Sit down and hear my tale! For it strikes me that your desperate haste may bear on this. Late yesterday, and alone, I lay hidden by a watercourse up that way --" he pointed, "while some of those filthy folk watered their ponies, trampling and fouling the clean pools and quarrelling like--" he used a word Regis could not understand; it sounded like 'irrh" "And as they talked, I heard them say that Regis Hastur lay bound and a prisoner in the Forst of Des Trailles. No man can travel in these lands without knowing of the Hasturs, and I wondered if I should ride in haste to Nevarsin and bear them this news. The problem was settled for me when they sighted my horse and gave chase, shooting the poor beast down with their poison-arrows, and I was forced to flee with little but my knife and sword-belt ---though I would gladly have dyed both with their blood," he added grimly, and his eyes were cold again. "You do not seem to have escaped such bondage, yet you have not the look of one who would lie about his name or lineage. Are you one of this luckless child's kin --for indeed, from their talk I gathered that this Regis Hastur was no more than a child!"

"A child in years, but one who has played a man's part," Regis said, and covered his face with his hands. "He is in the forst, then, as I feared...."

"Very well, Speranzu," he said at last, never looking up, "I will tell you my tale, and perhaps you can give the counsel I feared to seek from my own elders. For I can see; you are one to trust. Yes, Speranzu; Regis-Rafael Hastur am I, and their prisoner is but an unlucky boy who by ill fortune wore my cloak into the battle. And his own bravery --"

"Wait," Speranzu said, "You tell your tale from the middle to both ends, Dom Regis; begin at the beginning!"

So Regis told him of the burned Ranger station, of the ambush and Danilo's desperate ride to warn Gwynn's detachment; and while he told this, he could not keep from explaining briefly why Danilo was not himself a member of the Rangers--

"Ranger?"

Regis repeated the casta word, Andruado, border-runner literally, and Speranzu nodded.

But he did not interrupt again, though he smiled briefly at the story of Danilo's bravery, and his nostrils flared in disdain and contempt when Regis touched on the reason why Danilo had incurred the enmity of Dyan Ardais. Regis explained then how -- in token that Danilo was under the direct protection of a Hastur-- he had laid his own cloak, with the silver-fir signs of the Hastur clan, about Danilo's shoulders....and the trailmen had mistaken Danilo for a Hastur, and carried him away as a hostage.

At last Speranzu nodded slowly. "A brave resolve you made, to rescue your friend, Regis-Rafael Hastur. But foolishly, I fear."

"Foolhardy in truth," said Regis, "and not so brave as you say, Dom. For I cannot let Dani be tortured on my behalf. Yet how can I, alone, storm their evil forst? The most likely thing seems that I will join him in captivity. Yet even that --if it must be, it must. Better that, than that he alone should bear torments meant only for me."

"Spoken well and bravely," said Speranzu. "And do not despair that you are all alone. Indeed, one man with his wits about him may accomplish more than a company of armed men. For, if what I hear is true, force alone could not take their forst. Nor could an army go that way. But alone--one may get in, and if one can get in, two can get out. You spoke of touching your friend's mind--can you still see him?"

"Not unaided; I am young and the Hastur gift wakes but slowly," said Regis. "This I have." He drew the crystal from its place and slipped the chain over his head. Only a fleeting picture came to him of Danilo, his face smudged and dirty, lying in exhausted sleep, twisted strangely to one side. Regis shivered and thrust the crystal away. Then, seeing that Speranzu was watching him curiously, he passed the stone to him.

"See, if you will. It is my sister's witch-stone. There is no harm in it. It will show you, if you wish, the face of the one you long to see. Would you know how it goes with those you love in our far country?"

The man looked at the starstone curiously. "Such things have all perished from my country, or been drowned in the sea," he said. He glanced at it, but only briefly; it seemed for a moment that an almost wistful longing came into his face; he seemed younger, smiling as if in happy memory.

"Fair are the woods of my land," he said, "and fair as the star of the twilight is the face I would see. Yet in such comfort lies danger to one who must wander long. No, Regis, I will not gaze into your seeing-stone. For you, who use it in great need, it is well; but such things used lightly and for mere heart's ease often prove a man's undoing." He passed the crystal to Regis. "Put it from sight, my lad, before my resolve lessens."

Regis bowed gravely and obeyed.

"And now let us sleep," said Speranzu. "Tomorrow I will go with you the first few miles of your way. More than that, I may not leave my own road, and indeed my help would after that be only a hindrance. Yet such help as I can give shall freely be yours. I think I can guide you unseen almost to their gates."

Regis spoke confused thanks, but Speranzu shook his head. "The need of all men of honor and valor is one need, my friend, and in serving you I thus serve my own aims. Each step against evil lightens the shadow which lies over our world. Surely you know his much." He rose, covering the last traces of the fire carefully as he spoke. "Judge not even the lord Ardaïs too cruelly; some men there are who, losing the thing they love most, seek for a time to win it back by baser means. Yet, in men of high blood and honor, save in madness, they come at last to see and to do

*A few paragraphs are omitted here, dealing with counter-discussions of varying customs which would not be relevant to the main progress of the narrative; discussions of adoption procedures, the place of an eldest son in heirship, and the don' amizu.

the better thing. While I tarried in Nevarsin, I met the Lord Ardais, though under other guise and another name, and I know him to be a proud man and a cruel; but wise, and skilled in many arts, and valiant; a virtue which excuses many faults, Regis Hastur. I have known many of such sort....he may at last come to honorable ends."

"May he indeed," said Regis. "I find it hard to believe."

"Wait then till it happens, with judgment unbiased," said Speranzu, and stretched out on the ground, wrapping his cloak about him. "Only years bring patience to await a good end without trying to hasten it unwisely. Sleep, then, and find wisdom."

Speranzu wakened him before dawn, and after eating a little of their cold food--there was no time for fire-- they took a track running to the North, far from the path Regis had chosen. His swollen arm was still red and painful, but he could wear his boot and use his hand without much trouble. He rode, at the older man's insistence; and Speranzu strode along at his side, keeping pace without apparent effort. The land was empty and the trail deserted, and Regis, as they went, made some comment on the man's swift unhurried pace.

Speranzu laughed. "Others have said so before you; one name I bear in my country might be made, in your tongue --" he hesitated, "Andaruguari*or Dom Zancaduilla*... ai, your language defeats me. But long travel has made me hard and swift indeed, like all my folk."

And as he went, he began to while their steepening road with tales of his travels, in a kaleidoscope of colorful words and names that bore whispers of enchantments; glimpses of white and shining cities and towers, broad plains where herds of horses roamed--"Not unlike the lands of your Leyniers, young Hastur--" and dark looming mountains, whose very names were like magical spells of mist and shadow and dim colours; of battles with wolves and strange creatures more evil than the trailmen, and the endless struggle between forces ever in opposition, those who sought peace and those who sought only to destroy it. The words were like trumpet-calls, and as Regis listened he felt stirring in him the longing to see such lands and fight such battles as these...

Speranzu smiled as if reading his thoughts. "But the battle lies everywhere; and not least here, Regis. And to an untravelled man of my country, what I could say of Al-Merdin would be enchantment beyond all enchantment, mountains of fire, tall cities of crystal and blue, lakes of deep cloud, and the strange birds of your forests."

They had now come to a fork in the road, and he halted, saying "Now our path leads along a track too steep for your horse. We will leave her here, and I will guide you a mile or so further, and set you on your clear road, then I must be off on my way --although your generous loan will indeed shorten my journey, more time I dare not spare."

"You have already been too generous," Regis said. And as he was to learn later, the path he had planned to take, before encountering Speranzu, would have cost him two days wandering. For, although it led indeed by the proper direction, it would

*Andaruguari - "Gadabout"Zancaduilla = "Master Long-legs"

have led him to a sheer rock-wall beneath the forst, and he would have had to retrace his steps and go the long way round.

Speranzu hid the horse in a thicket near the road, and they began to climb up a final ridge toward a knife-like crest. The pass was well-hidden, and they went slowky, often spread-eagled and grasping at rocks and handholds. It was a hard climb, and Regis had reason to remember, thankfully, his climbing holidays in the hills, before they reached the top of the ridge. At last, however, they reached a place where they could stand erect and walk and Speranzu led him, swiftly now, along a narrow defile, then pointed.

"There lies your path," he said; and far away, just visible among the trees, Regis could see the uppermost ribs of the forst--the evil forest fortress of Des Trailles. "Take this way, keeping ever to the left, and you will reach their citadel --which is not such a fortress as it seems. Remember, they think themselves best guarded by the chamas and crags which surround their forst."

He stood silent for a moment, looking into the long valley, and seemed to hesitate. At last, with a deep sigh, he turned to Regis.

"And now I must leave you," he said. "It goes against my heart to say farewell in the midst of such perils. Yet truly, more peril than aid would a companion bring to you on such a road as you must take now. May you come to a good end," he said, and laying his hands on Regis' shoulders, he looked long into his face.

"I will not wish you peace," he said at last, "for that is a degrading wish, nor valor, for you have it. I will say only; use but half the wisdom of your good courage, Regis, and you will indeed bring this errand to success."

"Many words I could speak to thank you," Regis said, "but what I feel does not lie within the power of one man's tongue to speak. You know what I would say, I think."

"I do," said the man gently. "Indeed, I grieve to say farewell so soon. I would we had met when your need was less desperate, and my errand in your country had still some time unsped. For it comes now on my heart that we shall never meet again in this world; from the moment I crossed your borders, I have felt that this land lies in a time apart from my own. Here I am a man from a different age of the world, and strange were the ways that brought me here. But my heart will long remember the lake of cloud and the towers of Carcosa and not least, the valiant young Hastur-lord. Worthy of honor indeed are the Seveners--though I thought not so when first I came into your country."

"Indeed we have scattered and fallen from the past," said Regis, "but I could wish you might know the lord Gwynn, or my grandsire, or the Lady Cassandra, and not judge us by the least in my case. Yet if I may say so, Lord-- you are yourself like to one of our Great ones, out of the past. And I shall seek ever to have, some day, such wisdom and courage-- and such kindness to awkward young fools and lesser folk."

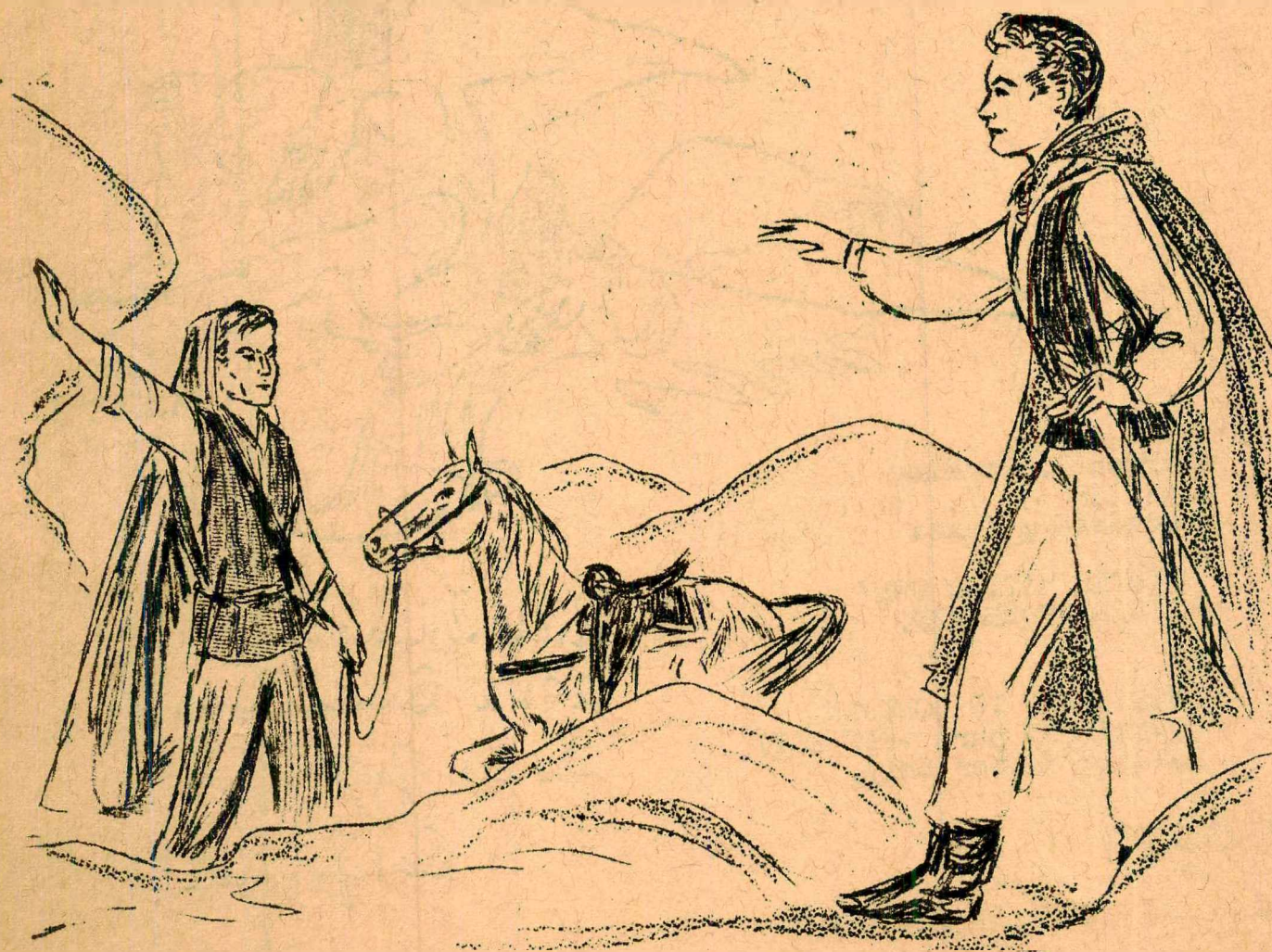
Speranzu smiled. "Say not lesser folk," he answered, "for of one kindred are we come, Master Regis, in the beginnings of the world, you and I; though our ways lie apart."

"Will you not tell me your true name, Lord?" whispered Regis, a curious thrill touching his heart, "Are you indeed one of the Sons of the Lord of Light?"

"Nay, not so high, nor by the name" said the man he had called Speranzu, softly. "Gladly would I entrust my true name to your keeping, son of Hastur, who are kin to Arador and Eldarion and the sons of the Elder Kindreds. Yet have I sworn in honor never to speak my name or lineage outside the borders of my own country, and even at journey's end I will not break that pledge. But my heart is glad that I have known you. Think sometimes of me, Regis Hastur." He embraced him and spoke a few words in a curiously liquid, lovely tongue, words that remained like the sound of a song in Regis' memory; "Now have I said farewell to you in the fashion of my own country."

"And I after the fashion of mine," said Regis, returning his embrace. "Farewell, Lord, and whatever God you honor, may he reward you with your heart's desire." He watched sorrowfully as his friend turned and quickly, never once looking back, made his way down the steep and rocky path and was lost to sight, seeking again the road that would take him to Nevarsin and from thence by strange roads, never to be seen again in Carcosa or the lands of the Seven Domains.

Then, resolutely, Regis Hastur turned his face toward the valley and the last stage of his own desperate journey. But the stranger's last word of farewell remained, like the lilt of some alien bird-call, in his memory forever; "Namarië."



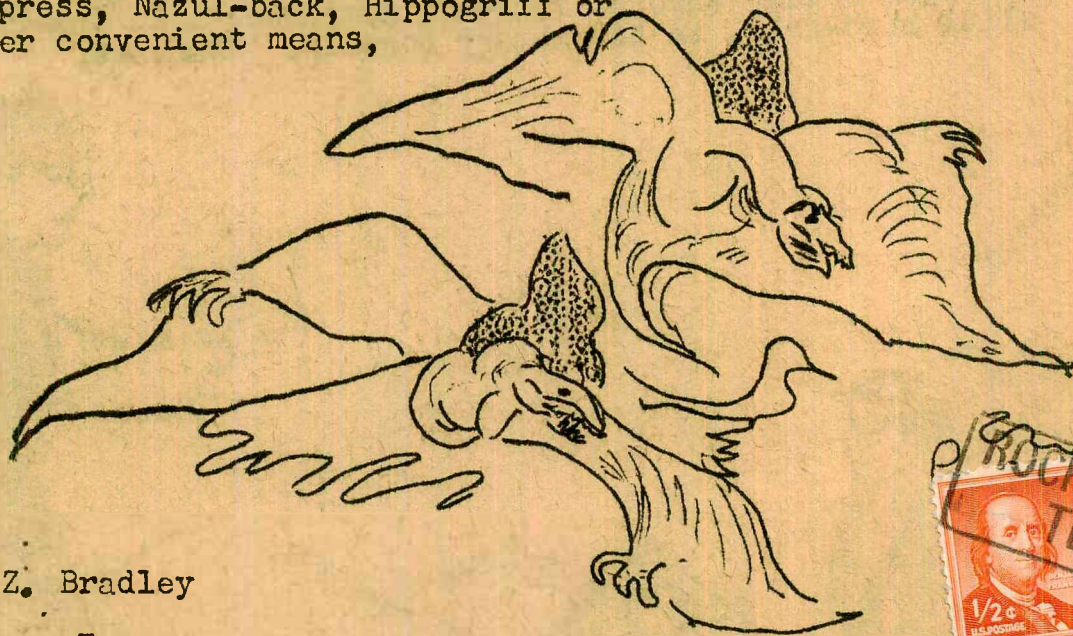
this is a copy of
ANDURIL

number one; Summer 1962

A fanzine dedicated to sword-and-sorcery fantasy, and to lovers of Middle Earth, Islandia, Hyborea, The Green Kingdom, Al-Merdin, the Country of the Gondals, and all the Worlds that Never Were.

The price of issue #1, (unless you receive it free for some reason or other, usually correspondence with the editor) is 25¢; but we would prefer to revive the old "free to contributors" designation.

The Post Office is requested to deliver this copy, by Pony Express, Nazul-back, Hippogriff or any other convenient means,



Marion Z. Bradley
Box 158
Rochester, Texas

PRINTED MATTER ONLY
RETURN REQUESTED.

GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN
99-44/100% pure (FANTASY)
Reading Matter Only.

Rick Sneary
2962 Santa Ana St
South Gate
California