

SPeLFoBEM 17



"HERE, NURSIE, FILE THIS"

THE CABAL LADDER

SAPS 60 MC'S

30 Sept. DIE WIS 6 I still haven't had a chance to read the Goebbels book you loaned me at Chi, but I'll get around to it one of these days when the pressure of APA deadlines isn't quite as great. I'm interested enough in mind-warping...er, in propaganda to read the Goebbels book quite carefully and see how much can be got out of it.

Also, I agree with you about the use of book reviews -- they should be used to advise on the readability of the books, and the readers of reviews should be able to reject books on the strength of the reviews if they want to do so. IF. There are a lot of people who go by the idea that "my taste is different from that of the reviewer; I might like it." I myself generally use this attitude, relying more on what the reviewer says is in the book -- plot, type of characters, etc. -- than on what his opinion of the style and writing ability of the author may be.

People are generally welcome to Coventry for any reason -- belief, story-writing, or what-have-you. It's only when they try mucking around with things already established, or with attempts to "defend" Coventry that wind up as Gerberizations, that I would consider them persona non grata. Then they're even worse than the attackers of Coventry, some of whom (Eney, for instance) have quite logical and reasoned objections. But something will be done....

DINKY BIRD 3 As Karen may not get around to doing MCs: the first issue of DIE ZEITSCHRIFT FUR VOLLSTANDIGEN UNSINN (Journal for utter nonsense) alias ZED was numbered 770 in honor of the Nolacon Party-symbol, Room 770.

I forgot to send Fred Galvin a copy of SPELEOBEM 16 before Chicon, and he took me to task for it at the con. A day or so after I got back, there was a letter from him, with \$1 enclosed. Result: a new waiting-list. I should hold up copies of SPELEOBEM more often, maybe?

I like "A Moment in Hell" too, and I'd love to see someone put the thing on the stage. For some weird reason, the thing that strikes me funniest is the stage direction of "A razzberry on the trombone" which greets many of Faust's statements(usually exaggerations or downright lies). I can hear that trombone.

OUTSIDERS 48 Does your brother have a copy of Dietrich's "Lili Marlene" sung in German? And if so, is there some way to get a tape of it? I have been looking for a recording of it, but can't seem to find one.

If you do find that copy of the Post with "Green Hills of Earth," let me know what you want for it -- I'd like very much to have it in my collection, as the story is probably my favorite short SF story.

SPY RAY Eney, if you stay around the SAPSish scene for another ten years, how about doing a SAPS anthology on the order of A SENSE OF FAPA? Or isn't there enough good material in SAPS for that? (c;pIoby).

I'd like to suggest that one or two of my songs -- most particularly "Little John's Song" -- are not folksong-style pastiche. I'd like to, mostly because I think of them as more complicated melodically and, generally, better than most folksong-style melodies. But at best, they're still ballads or something like that -- so they're still folksong-styles. Thanks for the kind words,

POT POURRI 23 A question, out of curiosity: What does your middle initial stand for? The first time I've seen it mentioned is in "The Hole Story," and I started wondering if the E. was for Edward. We're sort of collecting middle-name-Edwards, having found quite a raft of them in local fandom: myself, Ted Johnstone (David E. McDaniel), Blake Maxam....

I still read your Army memoirs with interest — and I hope you eventually collect them, together with the separately-published items, into one volume. I think they will read much better that way, for a lot of people.

RESIN 8 UAPA mailings are indeed worse than NAPA mailings. The former are all (or at least almost all) mimeographed crudzines full of sickeningly gooey religious verse and such twaddle. While there is a lot of crummy verse in NAPA, most of the papers are at least well-printed and interesting from a printing standpoint (which, admittedly, isn't a viewpoint of value to fans.) But you are quite correct that N'APA:NAPA::FAPA:N'APA. Pity. I'll send you a copy of THE OLD SHIP if I remember, but you'll probably not get much from it; I didn't have much to say to NAPA — mostly a plea for old papers.

There isn't much critical evaluation floating around anywhere in fandom, it seems — in the APAs or in the genzines. Probably there is a bit more in the genzines than in the APAs, if only because of a larger circulation being more likely to include critics.

NUMBER #1 As far as I can tell, the Bergeron cover on SPECTATOR 59 was done by rubber stamp or some such process — and it was done by Bergeron, not by me. My artistic ability, even to stencilling and mastering someone else's artwork, is nonexistent.

It happens I've seen several of the zines Deckinger is lambasting — the MAD-parody zines — and it also happens I agree with him that they are cruddy. But there have been MAD-imitation and MAD-centered fanzines since way back when MAD was a comic, and they have all been pretty bad. (Anyone want to extoll the virtues of the old HOOHAH! or some of the other EC-centered stuff?) Imitations of satire just doesn't seem to make it — and in the case of MAD, the original satires didn't always make it, either. I have a complete collection of both MAD and PANIC (bound up through October 1961), and I enjoy reading the magazine. But I count it lucky if they get two good articles in an issue, and one really funny one in every two issues. Sturgeon's postulate still holds.

1 October FLABBERGASTING 23 In the interests of maintaining some semblance of a reputation for playing a game by the rules, I take exception to your remark that "According to Stanbery, he doesn't intend to bother using his veto power in Coventry, since Pelz and the rest of the gang have, during this past year, made Coventry into a travesty of his original ideas anyway, so he isn't bothering to try to stop them." I quote from a letter from Paul, in reply to my query when I first read your comment:

"As soon as I read Toskey's zine and that particular quote I pushed it under his nose (getting squirted with grapefruit in the process) and he replied 'Well, don't mind that, everybody knows I sometimes misquote.' Maybe I'm misquoting. Now, I do remember from time to time remarking to him and to others strictly DNQ that I felt like giving up the whole bit. I am particularly eager to do this when faced with a group of people who are asking: 'Tell us about Coventry,' in the tone that meant if I did they would puke. I am being quite crude, but everybody outside of LA thinks I'm a nut because of Coventry and everyone inside seems to think I'm a nut in spite of it.

{Here follow three paragraphs about his writing activity — from a piano concerto to a couple of novels — that are keeping him busy...BEP}

"I will conclude by saying your loyalty has been, if not heart-felt, at least letter-perfect and I appreciate it. If you have any suggestions for articles for the GAZETTE, or would like somebody to write them, or can write them yourself, I would be more than happy to add my corrections and contribute what material I have written or can easily assemble. But insofar as preparing another issue without assistance in some form, at least so far as the present is concerned, I am sadly unable to comply. ..."

As my only motive in publishing the COVENTRANIAN GAZETTE was to get the vast (disclaimer) amount of material that Stanbery has written into some order, so that it could be used for story backgrounds, there will be no more GAZETTES from me -- at least for now. Besides, there are other changes to be made.... At any rate, I hope Paul's letter makes it clear that he is not quitting because we made a travesty of his Coventranian ideas. Okay, Tosk?

As a general rule, I don't like Rotsler's current cartoons. When he is in a good mood with a lot of fans around, he does draw humorous ones indeed, but when he tries to do "serious cartooning" like his last couple FAPazines, then he doesn't make the grade, as far as I'm concerned. Hence, I did not vote for him in the FANAC poll, but was quite happy to publish the cover illo, done some time after I'd sent in my FANAC poll, and in favorable circumstances.

When Ted Johnstone commented that Stanbery "sure can pick music," he was probably referring to Paul's ability to choose portions of recorded music that fit different moods or scenes. This comment, with which I heartily agree, is based on the selections Paul made for the Tolkien stories -- I've heard several of them as they would appear as either radio or movie background, and they are excellent. Perhaps one of these days I'll publish the partial radio script for The Hobbit -- or at least the stage directions and background directions, which won't run into copyright problems.

ORDERED PRODUCTS OF RINGS Sending this through SAPS was a good joke. What everyone may not realize is that it would be just as silly to send copies of this to 36 research mathematicians chosen at random. Unless they happen to be algebraists. And not only algebraists but ring theorists. Since you're sending this to science-fiction fans, why don't you write a few footnotes explaining how this particular piece of research will help in the effort to put a man on the moon. Or maybe that should be Saturn, since it's about rings?

The idea of an ordered product is interesting. I wonder if it would be worthwhile to generalize this to something besides linearly ordered sets. You could, for instance, define a "partially ordered product" by letting the index set be a semilattice and requiring that $R_{\alpha} R_{\beta} \subseteq R_{\alpha\beta}$, but it probably wouldn't be good for anything. For one thing, property (G) would no longer hold. By the way, why do you call it an ordered product and not an ordered sum? And if you're going to call it a product, then why don't you denote it by \prod instead of \sum ? And speaking of notations, why do you call the ring of integers Z on p.163 and I on p.166?

In stating (G), you might have mentioned that not only is $K_{\min(\omega)}$ an ideal of R_{ω} if K is an ideal, it is also a left (right) ideal if K is a left (right) ideal. I believe you used this in proving Theorem 2(e).

2(c) appears to be true for an even simpler reason than the one you give: it is obvious, since $J\circ$ and $J\phi$ are both functions (graphs of functions, if you prefer) with domain K .

I only noticed a few typos: the = in the 3rd line from the bottom on p. 164 should be \in , and some of the indices are a 's that should be α 's.

WATLING STREET 13 Beautiful cover; thanks to you, Bjo, and Don-Fitch.

If you've got the guts, Lichtman (read: Courage of your convictions), expant that squib you wrote in English 132 into an article on what you consider "sharing." The usual trouble I face trying to say anything to you is that you haven't the guts to say anything definite, but foist everything off with an attitude of "it's silly." OK, you're in favor of the Nelson Pledge for some sort of reason -- what sort of reason?

Just out of curiosity, what criteria are you using as a basis for your statement that Coventry "isn't really worth all the attention that is lavished on it by its chief proponents"? Just because you don't like the idea of retaining a fantasy world (for whatever reason)? Coventry seems to be just another

Thing Bob Lichtman Does Not Like. One of these days I may discover a Thing Bob Lichtman Does Like, but I haven't done so yet. Everything's "silly."

An interesting set of comments on birth control and subnormal children, and I agree with you entirely.

I am a lazy man. This is and should be obvious. As long as I am reasonably happy in whatever rut I'm in, I will not go to very much bother to change it. If I am short of money I will go to some bother to improve the situation by either changing jobs, or trying to advance in my current one. Or robbing a bank, depending on which of these happens to be easier; somehow, robbing a bank is almost always the most difficult. The same criteria holds for social contact: if I have enough of a social life in fandom, I see no reason why I should go out of my way to "make it in mundane," socially. Should fandom utterly pall for some reason, I'm quite confident that I could go into either the university world or the library world, and have my social contacts well-established inside of six months. But right now I don't need to, so I don't bother. I do not, on the other hand, make it a point to downgrade someone because he is a Mundane, as you imply in your comments. I generally decide whether or not I like a person on the basis of what he does (and often in comparison with what he says). I have no patience with stupidity or incompetence, and very little with ignorance, and someone who evidences these in his work -- whether it be his professional work or his avocational work -- is going to get downgraded by me. This is not the same thing, however, as expecting someone to know something totally outside his fields of interest, just because I know it. Regretfully, I sometimes fall prey to this mistake, but I try to limit the occasions. There is an old proverb something to the effect of "Never count a man out until he fails at something he likes." By extension, I try not to count him as stupid (etc.) until he shows stupidity in something he professes to know.

It's not that I don't care to make it in Mundane -- it's that I don't care whether I make it in Mundane. There's a difference -- a big one.

Offhand, I'd say that of the six persons you consider valuable in SAPS, TCarr, Bergeron, and Busby are three. Care to correct me, or name others?

SEVEN EYES OF NINGAUBLE: Thanks, but as long as I can afford it, I'll send my zines back to Dobbs Brothers Bindery. They do a much better job for \$4 than I ever could on home-made equipment (or, for that matter, on professional equipment.)

COLLECTOR Seeing Fred Prophet again at Chi, I remarked to myself that it was a good thing he and his relatives didn't live back in the time of the early Christians. The Prophets would eat up the lions, I fear. {Dammit, I'm afraid that's an audio joke. Pfui}

Howard, how about finishing that sentence/paragraph about bigger & better cons that you started on p.4: "The majority of fans do not come to a con to talk to friends, etc. they" -- they what?

What's the situation with that concom book you and Noreen were supposed to be working on?

POR QUE? 14 Quite a few of the LASFSians have collections of children's fantasy books -- Bjo, Fred Patten, Steve Tolliver (I think). I have a very small one right now, composed mostly of Oz books. I had intended to start buying the Seuss series, but every time I get paid I find there are so many other things I want more than Seuss books. I did order a set of children's fantasy books -- a series of seven -- through the UCLA Library, where I can get them at a 25% or so discount. Only one has come in so far -- the last one in the series, of course. And of course I read it without waiting for the first six to show. Very good, too, but I wish the others would arrive.

 "Further up and further in!" (Patten & Johnstone are disqualified; anyone else want to try identifying?)

THE AVENGER Next time you see Ben Stark, ask him if he has the British editions of C.S. Lewis's Narnia Chronicles -- any of the seven. I should write and ask him myself, but I just don't get around to such things.

I'd prefer that most authors continue to use the medieval European cultural setting rather than a medieval oriental one for their fantasy stories; I don't think it's overly familiar -- it's just familiar enough so that the reader can concentrate on the plot and characters without having to muddle through the extraneous insertions of the background.

I agree that Eddison's Worm comes across better when imagined as taking place on some unknown planet, rather than on Mercury. The Broken Sword, however, I view as taking place historically, on Earth, but in a sort of dimensional separation -- maybe the fairly common one-minute-out-of-phase-alternate-universe bit. An enjoyable novel, in any case -- and I wish Poul had done/would do a sequel to the thing.

There are so many novels that demand sequels, and whose authors have written themselves out on the themes after setting them up for the sequels. The most obvious example is Silverlock, which has so many loose ends: the taking of the second drink from the fane of Hippocrene, the sighting of the "New Purchase" area which was not yet part of the Commonwealth, etc. Wish someone would write it -- preferably Myers, of course.

Write more trip (and other) reports, Ed -- this is the best thing you've done yet in fanzines.

MEST 10 Yes, that plotline of a society wherein a battery of tests in the lower grades of schooling determines the fate of the child has been used -- frequently, in one variation or another. How about "Profession" or World Out of Mind?

One of these days you may have the time to do MCs in less than your current 11:55th Hour Rush -- and some day, I may, too.

RETRO 25 I'd like very much to see further adventures in Fanland -- I've liked the ones you've done so far very much. But then I always did like stories of fantasy worlds. I think the next one ought to be set in FAPA Flats.

Well, I'm sorry if Elinor has been turned off of SAPS completely by the grotching at LesNor -- after all, there are 34 other members in SAPS besides me that she could talk to. And remember what you told Wari in mailing 59: "The essence of SAPS, if any, and when it is going the best, is in not allatime taking ourselves so damn seriously." (RETRO 24,p.4)Uh-huh.

13 October

THE GLASS PIG 2 I like the idea of having neofans required to identify themselves as such, and to pass some sort of a test at the end of a year, after which they either become Mundanes again. How long before a Novice can reapply for a license? Maybe we could incorporate the identification idea with the one Eney suggested in FAPA for fans identifying themselves to other fans in public by wearing a pin of some sort. Eney suggested a plastic-headed Clinton pin, with a white head; we could have the neos wear white-headed pins with square heads! Now all we have to do is set up the Test of Fandom.

RESIN 10 I expect to be heading back to Tampa via Greyhound this December, and will probably invest in one of the \$99 tickets and make the trip a junket of fan visits along the way. Would you like me to see about rescuing the copy for NEW FRONTIERS 4 from Shelby Vick? or do you expect to have it back by then? It would be nice to be able to have an issue of NF out before the Discon.

As of the last FA, you still had 11 places to go before getting into FAPA, so I guess that the possibility of a choice between FAPA and SAPS isn't likely to come up any time soon. Me, I'm not sure which I'd keep if I had to drop all APAs but one -- it would probably be SAPS, but no guarantee.

WARHOON 16 I would suggest that you include, in your THE ANATOMY OF FANAC, Warner's articles on copyrights and libel. They were very well done, and should be read by all prospective (and practicing) fan editors. And I hope you get around to writing more on your memoirs. (In case no one has noticed, I'm an advocate of memoirs being done by anyone who's been around the sfandom field long enough to have valid opinions on it -- and from some who haven't been around that long, too, just for controls.)

Walt Willis, the portion of your column spent on puns was the most delightful I've read in quite some time. As yet, the end of the world has not come, despite the valiant efforts of both the LASFS punsters, the Belfast punsters, and Lew Grant. But frankly, if there will be puns of this calibre before the End of the World, let it come on! The Ultimate Pun should really be great!!

Perhaps, Rich, you don't mind greatly disparate readerships, and are content to answer Buz's letter in private correspondence, but as one of the readership, I mind. I'd rather see at least a synopsis of whatever you said in answer -- even if it was something to the effect of "Let's drop it." As a general rule, I have little to add in fanzine arguments -- most particularly those in the field of politics -- as I have no information that would be of any use, and no burning interest in the subject that would cause me to go do some research and get the information. But I do read what you publish in WARHOON on politics, and I'd much prefer to see both stories than see one of them and be told that the answer went by letter. Sounds like an under-the-table-deal, and I will complain almost as loudly at that as Buz will about disparate readerships.

As regards Nixon and his politics, I do not propose to vote for him as the Governor of California, primarily on the basis of his statement that he will forbid certain types of speakers from speaking on state university campuses by law. I believe it has already been determined that this is unconstitutional in California, but this attitude of deciding that college students mustn't hear someone or other has got to go, as far as I'm concerned. For a change, I am registered to vote, and have a preliminary ballot to study -- the polling place is right down the block. It looks like I'll get to the polls for the first time since my absentee ballot for Mayor of Tampa was cast in 1959 or so.

What's this thing you have about Putnam the publisher? The last time I looked, it was actually "Putnam" on such books as Stranger, but three times out of three you have it Putnan in Blish's letter (pp.36-37).

You seem to haul in the conservatives every once in a while -- and it's nice to know there are more of them in the audience than Leman. But methinks George Price has a rather unconservative estimate of what a "Liberal" is. I certainly wouldn't claim to be a Liberal under that definition, nor would I be a Conservative if that is a standard Conservative belief about Liberals. Anyone for bringing back the Mugwumps?

Seth Johnson's comment about Kennedy trying to "chase with the hounds and run with the fox at the same time" is an excellent turn of phrase. I applaud.

Well, if you want a reaction to your citation of NanGee's comment that SAPS exerts pressure on its members to conform, I might as well React: Yes, it does, though much less so these days than even two or three years ago. At that time there was a big fooferaw about people who wouldn't do mailing comments, and about other people who insisted on mailing comments. This has generally died down to the occasional plea from someone like Toskey that they'd like to hear from some of the non-MC members (e.g., John Berry) as to how they liked what has been going out in the mailings. There was little or no remark about the circulation of SETEBOS, a genzine, in the mailing -- a couple years ago it would have been different, as you know from the comments on WARHOON. I think SAPS has softened the conformity pitch. I'd say that the "conform or else" part of Nangee's comment was completely invalid. Of course, there is always the problem of defining "SAPS." You can mean the majority of the membership, or the majority of the more active membership -- or just the extremely vocal types (i.e., loudmouths). I suspect that even the latter group have mellowed some-

what over the past couple years. Or haven't I?

I must admit that Nangee's resignation from the WL after putting through NANDU 28 annoyed me. Bugged the hell out of me, in fact. It makes those who applauded NANDU 28, whether for the content or the enthusiasm itself, look like fools. And I have no particular desire to look foolish. As she steadfastly refuses to acknowledge the SPECTATOR, she is dropped this time. Someone will probably explain that Nan has personal problems that preclude her taking part in SAPS, and that she is still fond of the organization, etc. I am still grotched, and wish people would either moderate their emotional reactions or be ready to back them up instead of retreating immediately.

I am pleased to hear that, having been re-elected President of SAPS, you will continue to do things as you want. That attitude probably contributed a good deal to your re-election. Want to try for a third term?

THE INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE FICTION ON MODERN AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC is just as much fun now as it was when I read it in FAPA these many years ago. I hope you never try to put through anything seriously didactic -- no one will think you mean it, after reading all the straight-faced humor in your other zines.

HIEROGLYPHIC 1 Even if you decided to get into Coventry, I doubt that you'd want the part of Trigger Smyle. She's rather a rough type... . Actually, Ted invented Trigger out of whole cloth for a change, instead of borrowing someone's name and/or personality. As yet she hasn't been written into a story, but Ted's still working on the Coventry stories, and she'll show up.

A reprint, said he pontifically, in comment on #1.5, is anything that has been circulated previous to its distribution in SAPS. If I ran my Chicon report through SAPS in October and ran off enough copies for the November FAPA mailing, it would be a reprint in FAPA, according to the SAPS-rules definition.

SPELEOBEM 16 I've added a few more volumes to my collection of bound fanzines.

In fact, I got a shipment of 8 volumes back about a week ago, and have another shipment ready to go this coming week. I may go broke, but I'll have the damndest collection of bound zines in fandom. Right now, the bound SAPS mailings extend without a break from 32 through 59. I've held off binding mailing 31 until I can get more of the interim zines that were sent out during the Revolution. FAPA only goes complete from mailing 86 through 99. Total of 78 volumes now (I had one of the locally bound ones rebound -- or actually, got a duplicate of the mailing and sold the old one to Don Fitch).

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP 5 Alan J., I think you have geologic specimens in the cranial cavity if you expect to make any telling points in a hastily-thrown-together effort full of misspellings, mistypings, and misinformation. As an example of the latter, I doubt that anyone would agree with your reference to pornography in the Cult -- unless you have a far looser definition of pornography than the usual one (such as that used by the Kronhausens). For that matter, you'd have to have such a loose definition to say there was pornography in fanzines at all -- unless I've missed some of the "good ones." And as for making sure that whatever you write is Significant, that is patently ridiculous. There may be a few fans who blither on and on with no idea of what they are trying to say or to whom they are trying to say it, but for the most part everyone writes only things they believe will be significant -- or at least of interest -- to someone in particular, even if it is only to themselves at some time in the future. I know I do, at least. A number of the things I ~~do~~ are aimed at being mere records, that will be consultable later -- things like the checklist of my publications, for instance, or even the 3 issues of THE COV-ENTRIANIAN GAZETTE. But I think even these would be of some interest to someone else -- completists among the fanzine collectors in the first instance, and the

Coventranians who are interested in the background of Coventry (few though they may be) in the second. So most anything is of interest to someone; who is to say how Significant something must be before it is worthy of being written?

And I, for one, would care if someone has seen his 93rd production of "Trial By Jury"; I'd want to know how it compared with others I may have seen or heard of. And I suspect there are other G&S buffs who would be interested.

I remember Nicola Tesla, so maybe you ought to be a great inventor.

Glad you're still with us, though -- at least until Rich Brown gets back into membership. We need at least one Angry Young Man in SAPS -- it's tradition.

INTROIBO AD SAPS 1 OK, let's see how the percentage of "SAPS I Have Met" goes for this quarter: of the members, I've not met Larry Anderson, Rich Bergeron, Kaye, and Smith. I have met none of the invitees, and I've not met Armistead, Hulan, Crilly, and Gerding from the WL. This figures out to be 87.9% of the membership that I've met, and 76.1% of the entire roster.

My copy of Bartlett's doesn't give the quote about "The really determined student can get a good education--even at a university," but from what I know of the attitudes of Robert Maynard Hutchens, President of the University of Chicago, I'd agree that is probably one of his quotes -- if it isn't, it ought to be.

Somehow I refuse to consider Avram Davidson a new fan of any year, and my omission of Larry McCombs from my FANAC Poll voting on the subject was based on knowing he'd been around much longer than the previous year.

Go on, I dare you to dig out those old manuscripts of your fantasy world and stencil one or two of them at least -- it's being done by more than the Coventranians, these days.

Anonymous can go get someone else who's anonymous to comment on his contribution. Me, I usually sign my stuff.

Somehow, Don, I'm not really worried that SAPS will ever fall below its complete complement of members. The plaintive call for more WLers is not needed yet, even with the turnover.

SON OF SAPROLLER 26 Sorry, Scribe, but the Official Religion of SAPS isn't Ghuism. Or Roscoism, Ignatzianism, or any such. There just ain't any Official Religion of SAPS, and Pthaloism will continue to be the UN-official one for a while.

I don't know what happened to the corridors of Blimey -- you'll have to keep track of where you put things.

SPECTATOR 60 There have been a few comments about the covers on SPECTATOR, most of said comments being to the effect that they don't like having such covers. So we shall have a referendum on the subject, and if the majority of the votes go against the covers, I'll leave them off in spite of the fact that I do like them. (I don't know whether there will be a cover on this mailing's SPEC or not; WARHOON has not arrived as yet, and Bergeron might or might not have sent along a cover with it. If not, there will be no cover.)

The zines I was expecting from George Locke and Bob Smith last mailing showed up 2 and 3 days too late, respectively. Bob's kept his membership going even so, but George had been dropped, and I didn't think it fair either to SAPS or to the invitees to reinstate him. Two weeks just isn't enough to get a package of zines from London to Los Angeles. At George's request, the zines were returned, and they went through OMPA in September. I had permission from Bob to postmail his zines with Johnstone's promised PM, as Bob would have another zine for this mailing, but Ted never got his postmailing done, so I held onto Bob's zines -- and from here, at 7 PM Saturday, 13 October, looks like he may need them for the mailing, as the other zines haven't arrived yet.

SIDE PASSAGES

letters

Harry Warner - 12 September 1962

While I'm at it, I might as well say a few things about the latest SPELEOBEM, as part of my strenuous, crash effort to catch up on fanzine commenting. Failure to go to the convention permitted me to reduce the unprocessed pile in good, impressive fashion. In case you were at Chicago, I'm sorry that I didn't get to see you. There were a variety of things that kept me home. Mainly, the job and the scarcity of people to do the work at the office just now. As it turned out, I did get called in to help out one night of my vacation, and I don't know what they would have done if I'd been 500 miles away. There were a couple of subsidiary factors in my decision not to attend the convention: disgust over the Jennings-DBBerry eruption, dissatisfaction with the attitude of the convention committee in scheduling a twist contest, and my inability to get Thursday before the convention off, which would have permitted me to start before the Labor Day rush. (We missed you -- next year, we may have to bring the con to you if you don't attend...BEP)

The information on the bookbinders in St. Augustine was welcome. I'll probably bring down some business on their heads. I have always wanted to bind up a complete set of SPACEWAYS and another of HORIZONS and hesitated to have it done locally because of the nature of some of the comments. I might even invest in some rebinding of music, because I have some rather rare opera scores that are in quite bad shape and need only be grabbed by a child visitor or thrown down by me in a sudden fit of anger to be completely ruined in their present form. (I often wonder what the people at the bindery think of some of the things I send them to bind -- like the three cycles of CULTzines, and worse yet, my file of the ditto/mimeo CRAPzines with all sorts of scatological titles and stuff. No complaints, though; the volumes come right back, well-bound. If you are going to send things to be bound, the covering letter should specify the color of buckram, the color of lettering, the position of lettering (horizontal or vertical), whether or not to trim the edges. If you send an APA mailing, list the order of the zines so they can put them back in order if necessary (and don't use the regular title of the zine unless it appears on the cover -- use some identifying word or phrase from the cover.) Then set down exactly what you want on the spine of the volume, and in what order, and if you don't want them to use tape on small tears, tell them so. Also tell them "bind intact" if you want nothing removed like covers, ads in magazines, or such. A typical order would read:

"Binding: Green 8841" (dark green; ask for a chart) "Lettering: Gold, horizontal. Bind intact; trim. No tape." Then, when the volumes come back, go through and check things; mistakes can happen, and it's best to catch them immediately rather than six months later. ...BEP)

I think I went on about Coventry at some length in a letter to you a month ago. So I won't risk the danger of contradicting myself with remarks this time, except to say that I enjoyed the little story which I assume to be a mailing comment of a special kind.

The Westercon report made pleasant reading. Apparently we're getting around to a de facto situation like the one I've been suggesting for some time, that of annual conventions on both sides of the Mississippi. I know that the Westercon is still supposed to be a conference rather than a convention and not in competition with the world convention. But it looks as if you're attracting most of the known fans and pros to the Westercons that go to the world conventions when held on the West Coast, plus some fringe people. I've never understood fandom's insistence on just one major convention each year. There are no policy decisions, no raids on treasury of local groups to send delegates, none of the other good reasons why the Odd Fellows or Republican Party or the Hodcarriers' Union restrict themselves to one real convention for the whole nation.

The dictionary says that a parody can be a burlesque musical composition, and the word itself has musical associations for its derivation from the Greek. But I wonder if it would be possible to write musical parody that doesn't depend to some extent on programmatic associations or words or some literary associations. I can think of a few possible real examples. In Strauss's opera, "Capriccio," a couple of Italians sing a duet that concentrates into a few bars all the cliches and bad features of 19th Century Italian opera music. Then there's the long piano solo at the end of Wolf's song "Abschied," which is apparently meant to be a scathing commentary on Johann Strauss's waltz music. (But I know some music lovers who think that Wolf was simply proving that he could write better waltzes in this song, which has a poem that is a parable on composers and their critics.) But even here it would be hard for the listener to know that Wolf was writing parody instead of writing badly, if he hadn't heard the words that the singer had just sung and didn't know the usual lot of struggling composers in conservative musical circles. Most quotations of one composer by another or passages written in the style of another composer are downright satire or pastiche or just plain vulgarization. Good examples are some of the sections in Saint-Saens's "Carnival of the Animals," a few measures in Ibert's "Escales," the Holst "Perfect Fool", Bartok's quotation of Shostakovich in the "Concerto for Orchestra."

Archie Mercer - 17 June It's a pity that this SPELEOBEM 15 thing hasn't got one of those "you are receiving this Thing because" layouts on the back cover. Because then I might know more about why I was getting it. I'd like to think that you suddenly had a Happy Thought "Oh, I'd better send one to Archie Mercer - he's a Good Man and deserves one." More likely, it might have some connection with the fact that I was just telling Bjo that I hadn't had anything from you lately except for George Locke's second PROSE OF KILIMANJARO. (I was trying to sort out who was responsible for the MENACE, on behalf of which I still hold (I think) a shilling among my SHAGGY funds.) However, mature consideration leads me to connect this visitation with the waiting-list AMBLES I've been sending out recently.

Thank you anyway. (You're quite welcome - and quite correct on your final analysis as to why I sent SPELEOBEM 15. Also, I am responsible for the publication of THE MENACE OF THE LASFS, and I haven't any idea how you got that shilling unless it was from Chris Miller. In this case, I've sent him his issues long ago, and you might as well use the shilling for stamps to write LoCs, or throw it to TAFF, or do whatever you want with it; I'm fairly certain there will be little call for subs to the MENACE from Britfen - there are few enough of the U.S. fen who care enough about what the LASFS is doing to subscribe to a mimeoed zine that reprints the Minutes. But if you happen to run across any copies of C.S. Lewis's Narnia Chronicles (The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe; Prince Caspian; The Voyage of the Dawn Treader; The Silver Chair; The Horse and His Boy; The Magician's Nephew; and The Last Battle) in the edition that has colored plates, drop me a line and let me know how much I can buy it for...BEP.)

I realize that the mailing comments are strictly designed for internal SAPS use, but as an outsider reading them I'd be a lot happier knowing who you were speaking to in each instance. They still contain much of interest, anyway. For one thing, only a day or two before receiving SPELEOBEM I'd been trying to remember precisely what bird was singing in the Amfalula tree. All I could think of was the Woggly Bird, which I knew very well inhabited an entirely different tree altogether, albeit in the same poetry book. And as for knowing why the thirteenth of a month occurs more often on Friday than on any other day, the best answer I can think of is that it's because Friday begins with a capital W. Actually, I've checked up on the years 1959-1962 inclusive, and come up with the following results: all told, the period contains 48 "thirteenths" - as was to be expected, which are distributed among the days of the week as follows:

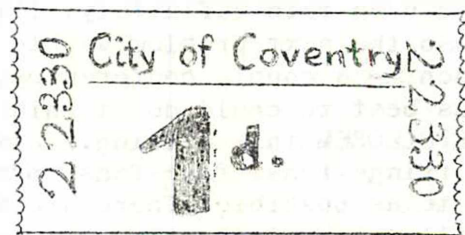
Tuesday and Friday	8 each	
Monday and Wednesday	7 each	
Thursday, Saturday, Sunday	6 each	= 48

I strongly suspect that over a century or so, the figures for all seven days would be virtually identical. In the mean time, it is interesting to note that in each of the four years under consideration - including the one that was a leap year - each day of the seven has always at least one "thirteenth" and one day always has three.

I was particularly interested, though, on the data concerning this Coventry business. (I haven't heard of maybe 80% of the named participants - who are they, for crying out loud? Lasfs fringers, Neffers, Caltech etc. conscripts, or what?) {Some LASFS fringers, mostly high school friends of Paul Stanbery, some college friends of mine or of Bjo's, Ted's, etc...BEP} Basically, Coventry strikes me as a good udea, the main criticism being that all the place-names are borrowed from other sagas instead of being original. They're Good Names, certainly - but having the same name in different contexts makes it sound less real to me. I'd have thought that among the lot of you you could have come up with some splendid names. But the idea of the thing itself, irrespective of what it's called, is a good one.

Yes, I have created my own fantasy part-world in the past. And had a hell of a time trying to exorcise the fantastic elements to reduce it to a recognizably mundane part-world. Now I've got an even more fantastic - and this time consistent - fantasy world, that I seldom bother doing anything about.

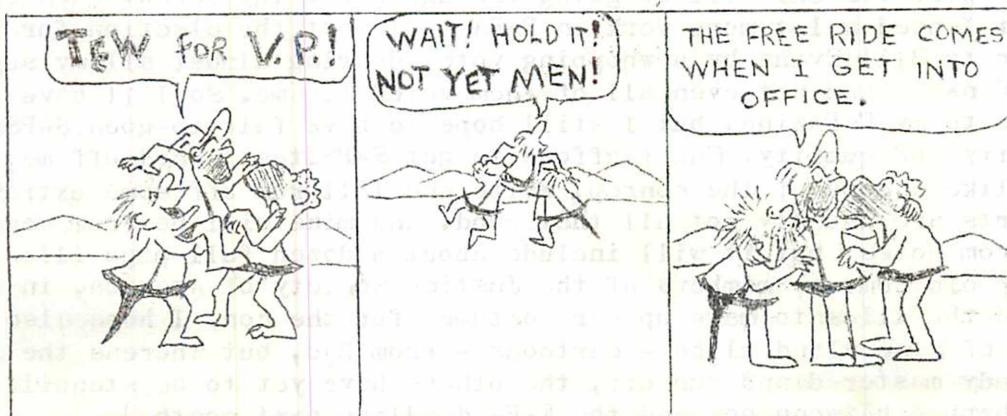
Talking about Coventry, have a ticket. This is, actually, a genuine receipt for one penny, the fee for using the seating accomodation in a mobile toilet. (I also took a couple of sheets of headed toilet paper, but naturally I sent those to Alan Dodd.)



Oh yes - I was also glad to see the explanation of the ARBM business. I knew to whom it applied, what it stood for, and had placed the literary reference, but until now I hadn't known why. {This issue of SPELEOBEM is being sent to you because you have a letter in it, but all other fanzine in this envelope -- providing I remember to include a few others -- are sent because of your first suggested reason. The second reason is not valid; Bjo never mentioned the comment you made...BEP}

T.C.

HART, PELZ, GIRARD



THE CRAWLWAY

editorial

I was sitting around Hubbard House (=Al-Ron's, residence of Ellik and Lewis) one night a couple weeks ago, when the conversation turned to the possible uses of punched cards in keeping records of fans. For quite some time we couldn't think of anything very practical, but eventually the idea began to shape up: we could use punched cards to keep complete records of fans, and any information that we might need about them -- what kind of fanac they do, where they live, etc. It would be a virtual Farley File on Fandom, and could be sorted to pick out, for instance, all fans in FAPA and/or SAPS who have 3-speed tapers. The subject had been brought up in the first place because the UCLA Library has recently installed all the basic machines, and it is no longer necessary to go across campus to the Western Data Center to punch or sort cards. Also, besides the few members of the Main Library's Circulation Department who will be using the machines, I'm the only one with access to them. (My boss, the Physics Librarian, is head of the project to put in the machines for the Library, and he added my name to the list of those sent to IBM School for Basic Machine Operation. I got a 98% in the 1-week course, better than anyone else at UCLA who took the course, so I go back again in November for a course in board wiring. The Physics Library will be the only branch library using the punched card circulation system, and I'll be doing the punching. Also, the Physics Librarian is leaving at the end of November for a year's leave of absence, and although nothing has been said definitely, I'll probably take over the library while he's gone.) So the next problem was to set up the card for the information we wanted to punch -- a couple conferences, and a couple spare hours' work took care of that as best we could do at this stage. The result is the questionnaire included with SPELEOBEM this mailing. We want to get as much information from as many fans, fringe-fans, fake-fans, pros, and so forth as we can, to make the File as complete as possible. There are all sorts of uses this File can be put to, but generally it will serve as a locating device for anyone who wants to write us (us = Ron Ellik and myself; we both have access to IBM machines for this stuff) and have us run the deck for one sort or another -- such as someone wanting to know the names of fans in such-and-such an area who don't publish, but can stencil artwork. Or anything like that. For completists, a spare copy of the questionnaire will be sent on receipt of the filled-out one. Send them in, huh?

The January mailing is the one with which the Pillar Poll and the annual OElections go out. I hereby serve notice that I will be running again for OE, but anyone who wants to run against me should file for the office before 15 Jan. Also, we need someone to conduct the Pillar Poll this year. The Seattle crew did an excellent job last year, and I'd be delighted if they'd take on the task again, but they may not want to. Would someone like to volunteer? Owen? LeeJ?

My con report for Chi will be going through FAPA. The recent FAPA election indicates that I need a lot more work in FAPA -- I lost the election for Secretary-Treasurer to Bill Evans by a whopping vote, drawing almost all my support from local FAPAns -- and not even all of them voted for me. So I'll have to devote more time to my FAPazine, but I still hope to have fair-to-good SAPSazines, in both quantity and quality. Can't afford to get SAPSsites turned off me, too. Anyone who'd like a copy of the conrep, write and I'll run off some extras. (I know con reports are usually not all that good, and mine will be from memory rather than from notes, but it will include about a dozen full-page illos Bjo copied from my old comics: members of the Justice Society of America, in full color. We used the illos to make up our costumes for the con. I hope also to have a series of Disneyland illos -- cartoons -- from Bjo, but whereas the JSA ones are already mastered and run off, the others have yet to be stencilled, and anything can happen between now and the FAPA deadline next month.)

By the way, if anyone else got color slides of the costumes, I'd like to

get copies of the slides very much. Not just the L.A. costumes, but any and all of the costumes at Chi. I couldn't lug my camera with me to the ball, being in costume, and there wasn't time to go get it afterwards.

JOHN MYERS MYERS DEPARTMENT:

In a letter of last January, Mr. Myers included two verses, which I later got permission to publish (and then forgot to do so last mailing):

"You and your confreres must be having a lot of fun with Coventry, which reminds me of a quatrain I once wrote about what used to be Coventry's most noted citizen, before Bruziver et al. took over:

And merry England loved the pace
At which Godiva rode;
Not fast enough to win or place,
But glory how she showed!

"The indications of continuing interest in Silverlock are gratifying, especially as they come from another generation. If a skald does no better than to speak to his contemporaries he might as well be talking to himself. It takes quite a while to see this -- and more to realize how slender a trickle from Hippocrene runs from one epoch to another -- but only the literature of continuity is entitled to the name.

"For that reason I will be most interested in seeing what you and your colleagues make of Maverick Zone. When I finished Silverlock I knew there was no place for me to go but poetry in the large. But such stuff takes a while to do, there is a living to be made meanwhile; and at the end a publisher to be got drunk enough to agree to issue the work when completed. Nor is that easy to do, for though small of soul, they be canny creatures.

"And now for a year I've been paying the scot by writing prose historical chronicles and have had no time for poetry at all except the following hollow defiance:

Out of the sweat that covers me
The while I whack the Cadmus keys,
I thank the thoughtful deity
Inventive both of hooch and cheese.

The helot though of literature,
I swat at canny anagrams,
I am a Cheshire epicure
Devoted to my daily drams.

It matters not how fool the fate
Denying craft its due reward;
The booze and roquefort compensate
For wealth unplentifully stored."

Anyone who's interested enough in a copy of Silverlock, there will be one up for auction at the LASFS, on 29 November. Postal bids will be accepted, with the highest postal bid being the minimum at the auction itself.

Cover: BEP/Bjo, with
apologies to Tennessee
Williams.

SPELEOBEM 17, from Bruce Pelz
738 S. Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, Calif.
October, 1962 SAPS Mailing #61.
INCUNEBULOUS PUBLICATION #140.

"And a Voice Valedictory..."

Night had long since fallen over Crimzoidia, and the darkness had slowly smothered the lights of the city and hushed its murmurings. A renegade few buildings in each of the four Ministerial Sectors still cast feeble beams of interior lighting through their windows, and an occasional hissing jet-car still flew through the city on some unknown mission, but for the most part the city remained ghostly and still.

In the heart of the city, a tall figure strode purposefully down the wide boulevard between the Ministries of the Ship and of Foreign Affairs. The infrequent shaft of light failed to reveal anything about him save his height, as his grey cloak seemed to merge him with the shadows. He stepped quickly across the circle in front of the Ministry of the Ship, and a blare of light stabbed into the darkness as he opened the door and stepped into Central Control. Guards were stationed at intervals in Central Control, but none challenged him as he continued with unslacked pace through the brilliantly-lit corridors. When he stopped in front of a door marked "Computation," the two guards stared through him as if he were not there, and the locked door opened easily to his touch.

Inside the room, the grey-cloaked figure sat down before the control panel as if he were accustomed to doing so for years. He flipped several switches knowledgeably, and waited a minute before reaching for the microphone. When he spoke, his voice was full of urgency, yet almost musical in tone. "I am Bruzhon of the Quendi, Keeper of the Gate at Swertholm in Linn. For the good of all Coventry I request the aid of the City Fathers of Coventry."

"We greet you," replied a voice. "What is your request?"

"The founders of Coventry are launching another spindizzy, peopled by revivication of actual persons long dead, rather than by reconstruction of the personalities from the memories of someone else, as was done with Coventry. In their preparations, they have made one error; one of the persons slated for revivication already exists, here in Coventry. The Coventranian is slightly imperfect in its recreating of the original personality, but it is close enough that it cannot exist together with the original. Should they ever meet, I would fear for the existence of both Coventry and the other world. And it is certain that the two worlds will meet; that meeting, my people have seen. What will happen at their meeting, we cannot yet see."

"We know of the existence of Reizferren, though it has not yet been launched. Their City Fathers were completed and activated several weeks ago, and we have been in communication." There was a pause, and relays chattered for a minute. Then the voice continued, "The probability of Coventry and Reizferren meeting within ten years subjective time is 0.8691. We agree with you: it will happen. What do you suggest to avert destruction?"

"The Coventranian involved is an Amaranth, and has been getting himself killed quite frequently. I ask that you destroy his personality-tape, and let the next death be permanent."

"There will be many complaints from the Amaranth Society, but we agree that this is the best course. The tape has been destroyed. There remains at least a month before Reizferren can be launched, and the population will not be brought to life until after launching; now we must wait."

"I must return to Linn. My people do not take an active role in the affairs of Coventry, save when it is needful for the good of all. We watch the future and record the present — and I must return to my records. I thank you for your aid." Bruzhon flipped off the switches and replaced the microphone. "I only wish this role of mine had not been necessary," he remarked sadly to the quiet room. Then, wrapping his cloak about him, he opened the door and faded once more into the night.

- oOo -

On the southern shore of the Inner Sea lies the city of Linn, capital of the Linnan Empire, and maelstrom of intrigue — not so much the foreign intrigue that infests the older city of Lankhmar to the Northwest, but the internal intrigue of politicians and other schemers who plot to control the Empire by seizing it from within.

The towers of Linn, newer and taller than those of Lankhmar, serve as guard towers against invasion by sea or land, although the barren waste to the south was an almost invincible ally against the possibility of land attack. Beneath the towers, the governmental offices huddled together in one huge castle, long the residence of the Lord Leader of Linn and his advisers. The castle was set off from the rest of the city by a circle of park around it, and a high spiked fence, well-guarded at all times, around the park.

Inside the castle, there was an atmosphere of unease. Though no council had been called, two of the members of the Star Chamber were in residence, and it was soon public knowledge that there was bad feeling between the two. The Lord Advisor had taken up residency in the castle shortly after the beginning of the Trenso-Linn war, but the other members of the Star Chamber usually gave him as wide a berth as possible, and the crew of civil servants who occupied the lower levels were astonished to learn that the Secretary of State had arrived during the night some four days after the Lord Advisor had moved in.

The Secretary was a large man, and appeared at least ten years older than the Lord Advisor. He was generally in a hurry in all that he did, but even in haste he worked out the possibilities as far ahead as he could before he acted. As with most of the rulers of Linn, he had a string of titles he could use with his name; in the city of Linn, however, he stuck to that of Secretary of State. It was enough to open all the doors through which he wished to go. On the day after his arrival, two soldiers in the brown garb of the VIII Corps Special Forces appeared at the castle and were shown to the Secretary's quarters. He saw them settled in two of the spare apartments, then returned with them to his own rooms.

"Well, Win," began the Secretary, as he addressed the larger of the two, "I think this business is about to come to a head. I followed a spy all the way from Swertholm up to Brandy Hall; and saw him report to one of the ambassadors from Duel. The next thing I knew, he was off again, obviously with another mission based on the information he took from Swertholm, so I followed him again — he came here, and got into the castle through one of the back entrances I was sure no one but the members of the Star Chamber knew about. So I came in the front way with a somewhat ostentatious show last night to see what was going on. Could have sneaked in, I suppose, but there's no sense getting the guards down on me as a prowler when I can get in legitimately. I'm glad that messenger got to you so quickly."

"Pigeons are convenient," commented Win. "We were still at Heorot, waiting for news about the New Scotland invasion — my company didn't go with them on that jaunt, and I guess it's a good thing. So what's on the agenda now?"

"For the rest of today, not much. I'm going to an interview with the Lord Advisor, and bluster around about the war for a bit — complain about some of his tactics, interference, and so forth. You two come along as bodyguards or something. Tonight we do some skulking around and see whom or what we can find. By the way," he added, "the Lord Advisor is the only other member of the Star Chamber in evidence around here. Marshall Forrest is in Evermania, and the Lord Leader, of course, has been space-cruising for the last couple centuries. No one seems to know what's happened to Kendell. So it looks like the spy must be here to see our old friend the Lord Advisor — but we'd better be able to prove it before saying anything."

"I rather thought we'd have some night-work to do — that's why I brought Steynen here — best sneak thief and lockpick in the outfit. Let's go see the

Lord Avaricer."

Mathias Jons, Lord Advisor of Linn, was tall and thin as a night wind. As assistant to the Lord Leader, he had taken over the executive control of the Empire when Jommar Lynn left to roam the starways. An ambitious man, Mathias was annoyed that the New Americans, Linn's allies in the War, had insisted on bringing in their own man as General of the Armies. For the Lord Adviser had never been strong in the favor of the leaders of his army, and he had hoped to be able to appoint someone loyal to him as General of the Armies. He felt, with some justification, that the New Americans were stealing all the credit, and letting Linn do most of the work — and the credit should more properly go to him. Such credit would go far toward enabling him to enlarge and maintain control over his Empire.

Then too, felt Mathias, there were internal enemies he must watch — most especially the commanders of the Army Corps. It was rumored that these commanders had banded together with a secret pact against the Lord Adviser, but Mathias had never been able to prove it. In retaliation, he had built up the security police in the city of Linn, under the command of his trusted friend Gabriel Lockhart, Grand Praetor of Linn. At least three of the security police accompanied him wherever he went, and fully two score stayed in the castle at all times. Mathias felt a good deal safer with the knowledge that assistance was always at hand.

The afternoon interview with the Secretary of State was distressing. The Secretary snooped and pried into the details of the Lord Advisor's strategies, plans, and attitudes toward the war; he complained about Mathias interfering with the operations of the war by tying up troops and sending a constant stream of messengers to the General and the Grand Marshals with nitpicking messages; and he wound up demanding cooperation, and threatening to call a Star Chamber vote if it was not forthcoming. Mathias was quite sure that the Secretary had the vote of Forrest of Fanhaven in his pocket, and without Kendell's vote, he couldn't even cause a tie vote (which he, as ranking officer, could break). He had promised the Secretary that he would look into matters, and watched with relief as the other left, apparently satisfied, with his pair of bodyguards. There was yet some business to attend to that evening, and the presence of a snooping bureaucrat would be inconvenient. Mathias handed his documents on the war to an aide, and left the conference room for his own quarters.

As the clock in the central tower of the castle struck eleven, three figures entered an anteroom in the Secretary's suite, and under cover of the last few strokes a panel in the wall was swung open and then shut again behind the three, as the final note faded away. With the Secretary out in front, the trio walked swiftly but silently through the passageways, up and down stairs, until they came to the end of a corridor, where the Secretary stopped and signed the others to silence. He reached up to the wall, felt around for a minute, and slid back a panel revealing a spyhole. He glanced through it, then stepped back to allow Win to look.

The room on the other side of the panel was that of the Lord Advisor, who was lying on the bed fully dressed, reading a book. The room was tastefully furnished, with bookshelves along two of the walls, and paintings on either side of the large window. The only furniture visible was the bed, an easy chair, and a small end table covered with papers. Everything was quiet, the only sound being the turning of the pages and the occasional flickerings of the oil lamps.

As Win stepped back from the spyhole, the Secretary motioned him and Steynen to the floor of the corridor, and sat down himself. There was nothing to do but wait.

It was well over an hour and a half before there was any sound of activity in the room, and the Secretary got quickly to his feet, stationing himself at the spyhole. Again the sound: a knock on the door. Mathias rose and opened it quietly, admitting a small man in the livery of a castle servant. He saluted,

stepped into the room, and Mathias closed the door behind him.

"My Trensensian spy," muttered the Secretary, as he watched the Lord Advisor step to the end table and remove a small packet from beneath the pile of papers and hand it to the stranger. He turned his head, placing his ear next to the spyhole.

"Here are the plans," said Mathias. "Tell Hickey it is the best I can do; I am far from being in the secret confidences of the General of the Armies. These should give him at least a general idea of what the army is planning for the next few months, and I shall try to learn more."

"Very well," replied the stranger, with no trace of deference in his voice. "In return, here is the agreement, signed by the Leader of Duel, giving you rights to Buckland and Victoria, as well as New Scotland, after the war. Long live the Reich of Duel!" The stranger saluted again, wheeled, and left the room, carrying himself once more in the manner of a servant.

Mathias Jons read through the document, then rolled it up once more and walked to the bookcase. At his touch, a section of the shelving swung out, revealing a small safe which he opened and placed the document inside. Then he blew out the lamp and left the room.

The Secretary pressed a catch under the spyhole, and a panel of the wall swung back into the corridor. The trio stepped into the room, and Steynen went straight for the safe while the other two stood at the door. Under the skilled fingers of the special forces man, the bookcase panel opened, and Steynen drew an electric torch from his belt and started to work on the safe. The rapid click-click-click of the dial soon ceased, and the door swung open. The Secretary left the door, and while Steynen held the torch he rummaged through the safe, glancing briefly at all the papers, and discarding most again.

"OK," he whispered finally. "These will do it — the Trensensian agreement, signed by both Jons and Prinz Jerome should finish him with New America, and the other records of various "deals" with some of the Outlander nobles will serve to turn the rest of Linn against him. Now all we need..."

The sentence was never finished, for at that moment the door opened, and Gabriel Lockhart entered with his five guards. "Treason!" cried the Praetor, drawing his sword and rushing forward. Two of the guards put their lamps on the wall, to light the room, and as Lockhart saw who the intruders were, he fell back again, gasping in surprise. "Bruziver! I might have known! Seize all of them!"

The five guards came forward cautiously, with drawn swords, and paired off to attack the trio. Win engaged the first two with sword and dagger, muttering "I knew I should have brought at least a needler," and Bruziver took on the next two with his axe. The fifth went for Steynen, but the latter threw a knife from across the room and the guard dropped immediately. Steynen went to the assistance of the other two, but Bruziver warned him away.

"Get those documents out of here, and get them to Paulus Edwardum or the Duke!" He bashed the sword of the man on the left out of the way, side-stepped the thrust on the right, and dealt the thruster a blow in the side with his axe. The man on the left came in higher this time, and the Secretary had to duck as the sword swung by his head. But when he came up again, the axe was planted in the man's neck.

Win had dispatched the other two guards, but Lockhart was at the door yelling for reinforcements, and running feet could be heard in the lower halls.

"Out — both of you!" ordered Bruziver. "Get those papers delivered, and I'll rejoin you at Swertholm. I can take care of Lockhart, and probably hold off the rest of them long enough to let you get out; I'm sure they don't know about the exit at the bottom of this passageway — scram!" As Win and Steynen scurried through the panel, closing it after them, Bruziver turned to face the Praetor, who was still calling for help.

"Your time is up, Lockhart," said the Secretary, as he strode across the room to the door. Stopping before the Praetor, he saluted the man with his axe, bowed slightly, and clicked his heels together, then waded in swinging the axe.

Gabriel Lockhart was a fast swordsman, but Bruziver of Heorot was an accomplished and steady fighter with an axe, and there was little contest. The Praetor's first stroke was caught on the hilt of the axe, and Bruziver shoved forward a second after deflecting the sword. The end-points of the double-bladed axe struck Lockhart in the chest, and though they did little more than scratch him, the force of the blow nearly doubled him over. Bruziver recovered and swung at the man's neck, but Lockhart ducked and thrust at the Secretary's stomach. Bruziver let the momentum of his swing carry him in an almost full circle, then stopped suddenly and brought his axe up, catching Lockhart in the ribcage, right under the arm. The Praetor staggered back, and Bruziver swung again. Lockhart collapsed just as his reinforcements arrived, out of breath but in numbers sufficient to surround the lone axeman before he could open the panel and escape.

As the guardsmen closed in, Bruziver shrugged and waded into them. The first guard, successfully parrying the axe, found himself kicked in the groin with a boot from which a 4-inch knife protruded. Bruziver's earlier heel-clicking had been more than bravado. Axe and boot-knives flashed continuously, and few of the guards escaped unscathed, but their numbers were too many. At last one of them broke through Bruziver's guard and ran him through.

"Oh, hell," thought the Secretary as he fell, "now I've got to go through the re-establishment procedure again, and that's..."

- oOo -

The VIII Corps waited at Swertholm and in New Scotland; the Empire waited at Linn; the Ministers waited in Crimzoidia; Azhparad waited at Xanadu. But the Commander, Secretary of State, Foreign Minister, and Autarch never appeared again. Only the Amaranth Society knew what happened, and as always it neither could nor would say anything. His friends in the Society held a brief ceremony and said a few things appropriately off-color, but the official protest to the City Fathers had resulted in a warning not to question their judgement, and the status quo must be maintained as much as possible. Coventry returned to normal quite soon, and little remained of Bruziver of Heorot save a few memories in the hearts and minds of some of the longest-lived -- and a complete record in the Silver Book of Swertholm, which Bruzhon kept through the ages.

But parsecs away, in the newly-created world of Reizferren, a large figure in black awoke in his castle under the sign of the Lightning-Ankh, with memories vague and confused...wondering exactly how long he had been asleep.

THE END... of the beginning

Bruce Pelz

October, 1962

"For there's blood on the field and blood on the foam,
And blood on the body when man goes home.
And a voice valedictory -- Who is for Victory?
Who is for Liberty? Who goes home?"

--- G.K.C.