

R37/3 Inside front cover

This is RUNWAY 37, third issue, Winter 1979/80.

Published somewhere near quarterly by Margaret Middleton, PO Box 9911, Little

Rock, Ark. 72219

Available in trade, for contribution of words or art, or for 10¢ hand-delivered,
30¢ thirdclass mail, 40¢ firstclass mail.

FUN WITH YOUR NEW MAILING LABEL

Well, I've finally gotten into the Xeroxed mailing list racket. Mainly because I realized it would mean I didn't need another whole file box just for address cards of folks who get this. So now I have two large fileboxes instead of one small and one crammed.

If we are trading fanzines, the name of your zine will appear in CAP-ITALS, LIKE THIS, on the next line down from your name. If you have paid for a subscription, there will be a number on the same line as your name but 'way over in the right-hand corner. This tells me when to paste somebody else's name over yours because you haven't renewed. Things like "O/A" or "LC" over in the same general area tell me if your copy needs other than thirdclass postage.

Contributors to a particular issue who are not on the label master list may find their labels handwritten or typed, rather than Xeroxed. If I run out of labels I'll just write directly on the zine. If there's a GP after your name, you are getting this on General Principles and will probably get it for as close to forever as the zine runs.

Art credits:

Cover: Brian Worthington

Page 3 Victoria Poyser

Pages 6,7: Olivia Jasen

Pages 9, 13 Melly Frame

Page 14, back cover: Samanda Jeudé

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT

Let's see...where was I? Mid-September, I guess, amid last-minute preparations for ROC*KON*4.

I think we have found a home at the Sam Peck; this is the first year we have had no noise gripes from mundanes in the hotel, and the staff were all asking on Sunday if we were coming back next year. Their normal clientele is sales people who are there during the week but go home on weekends, plus a few permanent residents. Weekends are ordinarily very slow for them, I gather.

There were about 145 people attending; down somewhat from last February's figure. Gas prices, I guess; plus an SCA Coronation in Baton Rouge that got transferred onto "our" weekend at the last moment due to site problems and siphoned off a couple of dozen folks. (This year we are already planning to have local SCA folks doing something as part of ROC*KON*5's programming so the Word will filter up through that organization that Something Is Already Happening On That Weekend.)

(For what it's worth, the weekend in February that ROC*KON*4 would have been on if we hadn't moved to October, was graced early Friday morning with snow, sleet, and freezing rain. In that order, thank Ghu; it is much easier to scrape the stuff of car windows if the mushy snow is on the bottom than the reverse... There was about another quarter-inch of snow (in our neighborhood) Saturday afternoon; then Sunday came up all bright and melty.)

ROC*KON*5 is to be the weekend of Oct. 17-19, 1980. This is a week earlier in the month than last year's. Various reasons. We will be back at the Sam Peck; with Andrew J. Offutt as Pro Guest of Honor and Dick & Nicki Lynch as Fan Guests of Honor. Registration will be up perceptibly from the first 4 times: \$10 advance (to Oct. 10 postmark) and \$15 at the door. Inflation. The banquet will be on Sunday; a noon buffet breakfast of ham, eggs, corned beef hash, grits, hashbrown potatoes, gravy, biscuits, bran muffins, coffee, tea, milk, and fruit juice. Stuff yourself for \$7.00 before hitting the road home. Huckster tables will be \$12 per with a limit of 3 per dealer. The table limit is because we've only got 23 tables available total and we had more dealers asking than we could fit in last year on account of a couple of early requesters had taken 4 or 5 each. There will be an art show and auction again; ask us more about this about June. With the banquet on Sunday, that leaves Saturday evening for the masquerade. Ask us about that in June, too. Hotel room rates are up a buck or two from last time: \$22 single/\$24 kingsize bed/\$5 each extra body. Get reservation cards from the concom.

Following ROC*KON*4, Morris and I went down to Houston, Texas at Thanksgiving for Mysterycon. We drove down Wednesday afternoon/evening, in and out of rain all the way. Thanksgiving day we spent with my mother & her brother & his family in Houston, then went over to the convention Friday about noon. From the inside, Dunfey's looks like any other convention hotel these days, but the exterior is pseudo-medieval, complete with round tower & battlements. It is locally identifiable as "that castle out on the Southwest Freeway". Mysterycon was not as well-attended as had been hoped for, due to competition from Supercon being held in another hotel in the same town. Attendance at both cons was reportedly affected.

(continued next page)

I was there as a Guest of the Convention, with the specific mission of demonstrating filksinging. Other notables on hand were a majority of the Texas group of young SF/Fantasy writers: George Proctor, Steven Utley, Joe Pumilia, Lisa Tuttle, & Howard Waldrop. Mysterycon started out about 4 years ago as a movie/comics con, but has been developing toward a more generally fannish convention as its organizers, Mike Riley & Liz Koenig, discover more of fandom.

Home from that trip, I was suddenly faced with the prospect of not another convention until after the Vernal Equinox. This is some sort of record for me, since I have averaged a convention each month or month and a half since MidAmeriCon.

When one cannot convention, one fanzines.

Clif Flynt's off-set press had been continuing in its recalcitrant ways, (the only type of plates it designs to accept are the expensive ones) so I have inherited all the publication chores of Kantéle now. Sheet music electrostencils rather well, actually, I'm going to have to go to white-bond paper for it, though, due to near-terminal twiltone fuzz blurring toward the end of the print run. Kantéle 4/5 is done, though, and available.

When I get this done, it will be time to start considering the material available for Kantéle 6, and my next APA-Filk contribution, and the first lot of advertising printing for ROC*KON*5. That should just about keep me busy until Aggiecon.

When I started going to cons in the spring of 1975, Khubla Khan Khubed, in Nashville, was the only one around here that I knew of. One thing leads to another, though, and now, according to Erwin Strauss's SF CONVENTION REGISTER, there are fifteen between now and the end of August, in Kentucky, Mississippi, Missouri, Texas, Tennessee, southern Illinois, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Georgia, which can be got to by car if one has Friday and Monday available. And there are two more I know of that he doesn't have listed. Some of them, for instance Uppersouthclave (Bowling Green KY), Coastcon (Biloxi MS) and Midwestercon (St. Louis) are even all on the same weekend. This is getting as busy as the Midwest!

One last gasp: the last paragraph of the review of the Dorsai novellas is not mostly mine. I showed the rough draft of it to Clifford McMurray and he took exception to my rather brief comments on "Amanda Morgan". I re-read the story, agreed with his comments, and asked permission to print it in place of my last paragraph. He said yes. The opening sentences took some paraphrasing to get out of the context of disagreeing with what I'd said originally, but most of the words are his.

Margaret

BOOK REVIEW: AMAZONS! Edited by Jessica Amanda Salmonson
review by Danell Lites

It isn't often that an old reactionary like me gets to measure the depths of her feminism. Amazons!, a sword and sorcery anthology of all original material is edited by Jessica Amanda Salmonson and not very well, either. Not that the idea isn't a good one. The role of women in Sword and Sorcery has long rankled those of us with the least sensibility. Amazons! purports to offer us a relief from all those fainting, shrieking princesses and slave girls so beloved of S and M -- uh, pardon, S and S. Heh, heh. Just a small Freudian slip there. Won't happen again, I promise. But the truth of the matter is, though it does indeed offer us warrior women, they are seldom more than poor copies of their masculine counterparts. The anthology shows promise with such suminaries as C.J. Cherryh, Andre Norton, and Elizabeth Lynn. And each of these ladies does indeed deliver a superior literary product for Ms. Salmonson. Not to mention Tanith Lee who is represented here by a

vivid little piece of business entitled "Northern Chess". But the rest of the book is filled out by relative unknowns, who, although they may not lack talent, do lack style and subtlety in all too many cases. And there is at least one story, "The Rape Patrol", that does not belong in this anthology, no way, no how. It isn't sf, it isn't S and S, it isn't fantasy, and it isn't well done. This one was meant to shock I suspect. I'm afraid the idea of female vigilantes who capture and execute rapists sans any kind of judicial process doesn't shock me. Perhaps I'm jaded.

All told, a very uneven anthology. At \$2.25 from DAW it's just barely worth your time and money.

THIEVES' WORLD, edited by Robert Asprin
review by Samanta Jeudé

This book hides very well in a large rack of paperbacks. Don't let its somber-tinted cover fool you -- it's one of the brightest new ideas to come down the turnpike, with a crew of individuals so appealing they'll make you yearn for the next edition. I thought my favorite character would be the slave Javreena and her ever-changing mage friend, Enas Yorl...then I read the second story (cont'd next page)



R37/3 page (4)

THIEVES' WORLD, CONT: and shifted my allegiance to Illyra the S'danzo fortune teller. ...and finally decided they were all my favorite, t'hell with distinctions. Interesting especially is each author's handling of the others' characters (especially Lythande the Star-browed magician, who is really not hwat he seems.)

Hey, Bob,

when's the next one due, hmm?

Seriously, now, Thieves' World is a sword-and-sorcery collection in which the basic setting and history for the stories has been set up, leaving the authors (in this collection: Lynn Abbey, Poul Anderson, Robert Asprin, John Brunner, newcomer Christine DeWees, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Joe Haldeman, and Andrew Oifutt) to create characters. Most of the stories use others' characters (Poul Anderson's features one Jamie the Red, a character created by Gordon R. Dickson) and some -- such as Christine DeWees' short story -- set the stage for following stories. In his afterword, Asprin explains how the idea got started, and mentions other authors who have created characters, or expressed interest in the project, assumedly to whet one's appetite for further collections. It is not needed -- Thieves' World is sufficient unto itself as aperitif and main course.

Bon appetit.

SPIRIT OF DORSAI and LOST DORSAI, by Gordon R. Dickson
review by Margaret Middleton

Okay fen: haul out your checkbooks and prepare to (a) buy two books and (b) join two Worldcons -- as supporting members, at least -- in order to be able to nominate them for Hugos.

Second things first-- Supporting memberships in Noreascon Two, the 1980 World SF Convention, cost \$8; send to Box 46, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge, MA 02139. Supporting membership in Denvention Two, the 1801 Worldcon, costs \$15; send to Box 11545, Denver, CO, 80211.

Now for the stories: the one eligible for Noreascon nominating is "Amanda Morgan", actually a novella, in THE SPIRIT OF DORSAI by Gordon R. Dickson. If you can find a copy for sale (Ace fouled up the distribution to an astonishing degree but you might try a local branch of B. Dalton's or Waldenbooks) it will cost \$5.95. That's a "trade paperback" -- the massmarket (smaller/cheaper) edition will be released sometime after the nominating deadline (more screweduppedness by Ace). If you can't find a copy for sale, find a friend who has one and camp in their kitchen long enough to read the novella.

The one eligible for Denvention nomination is "Lost Dorsai", also a novella, also by Dickson, in the Feb/Mar. 1980 DESTINIES \$2.25). I see from LOCUS that a book titled LOST DORSAI is due from Ace about August --another illustrated trade paperback. How much material beyond what is in the DESTINIES story will be in the book I don't know, but what is available now is plenty.

((Note the nomination deadline for Noreascon is March 15, 1980. What you need to do is find someone who hasn't filled in their Hugo nominations yet, Xerox the blank form, fill in your Hugo nominations, and ship it off with your \$8 pronto.))

So why, you ask now, should I lay out \$31.20?

(continued next page)

DORSAI novellas, cont'd.

Because, chilluns, Gordy Dickson has finally gone and done what we've been waiting at him for years to do: put some live, breathing, loving, hurting womenfolks into his stories in place of the tissuepaper tabledecorations we've got in the past. Meet the three Amanda Morgans.

The First Amanda Morgan is the title character of the novella eligible this year. She is the founder of the whole Morgan clan, builder of the house Falmorgan, and is an active 93 years old when we meet her. In fact, she is regional military commander of the operation to retake the planet Dorsai from Dow DeCastries troops (at the end of TACTICS OF MISTAKE).

In the "Prologue", "Interlude", and "Epilogue" material in SPIRIT, we meet the Third Amanda Morgan; a contemporary of Hal Mayne. We will see more of her in THE FINAL ENCYCLOPEDIA, which Dickson is writing on now, and which ought to be out in hardcover in time for nominating for 1982 Hugos. Amanda III in turn tells us a bit about the Second Amanda Morgan (who was originally named Elaine, but was being addressed as "Amanda" by the age of 6 or 8 years.)

Amanda II is a contemporary of Ian & Kensie Graeme, and appears with them in "Lost Dorsai". Both of the brothers are in love with her, though she eventually marries neither of them, for reasons gone-into in the story.

The title character in "Lost Dorsai" is Michael DeSandoval, Bandmaster of the Third Regiment of the army of the Conde de Nahar on Ceta. He is a conscientious objector, despite having graduated from the Academy with honors: he is a "Lost Dorsai". "The name was not used for those who had chosen to do something other than a military vocation," Corunna El Man (narrator of "Lost Dorsai") explains. "It was reserved for those of Dorsai heritage who seemed to have chosen their life work, whatever it was, and then -- suddenly and without explanation -- abandoned it."

The bottom line of the story is a passage from Shakespeare which is never directly quoted:

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

(Hamlet: I,iii, 78-80)

This is applicable not only to Michael, but to Amanda, Ian, and Kensie as well. And it is of-a-piece with the "responsibilist" philosophy which is the theme of the Childe cycle and which underlies most of Dickson's best writing.

When your fighting force is women, children, and the physically disabled, you have to be willing to do extraordinary things to get an edge on your opponent. Amanda III puts her finger on it in the "Prologue" to "Amanda Morgan": "They (the Alliance/Coalition forces) weren't willing to die unless they had to.... We were." In the residents of Foralie town who are sacrificed, we have the ultimate example of Dorsai acceptance of responsibility. We are brought to a most poignant understanding of what makes the Dorsai fight -- not for glory or gain, but for the supreme value of freedom for themselves and their children. Two scenes in the story illustrate the point, and are among the most powerful scenes Dickson has ever written: the confrontation between Amanda and Gen. Amorine, with rain beating on the windows "like the tapping fingers of dead children" and the preparation for the attack on Foralie homestead, where Amanda finally begins to understand what she feels for her world, with the spiritual presence of past & future Dorsai around her and as solid as the mountains.

MOVIES: LIFE WITH "BRIAN"
by Jim Fisher

Any motion picture is simply what you make of it. Monty Python's "Life of Brian" has not driven anyone away from Christ, it has not brainwashed its audiences into believing is the gospel truth, and to my knowledge, it has not affected any Arkansan's mental well-being. The only exception may be my own.

I had the honor of being in charge of the only theater in Arkansas (Little Rock's Plitt Markham Cinema) this past November which showed "Brian". I feel safe in saying I am "Brian's" only casualty, and indirectly at that; physical exhaustion from overwork.

I could take full credit for the showing of "Brian" in Little Rock, but I won't. Plitt Markham manager Ed Roberts and Plitt's booking agent deserve most of the credit. It was my learning of the Other Center Cinema's decision to drop "Brian" a week before it's scheduled opening that set Plitt's wheels in motion, though. The day the Arkansas Democrat announced that the Other Center Cinema had cancelled "Brian" because of "pressure" from church groups, Roberts and I learned it was to play at our theater starting November 9th.

Never before had the Markham Cinema played a movie carrying with it this sort of publicity strictly as an exclusive. "Star Wars", "The China Syndrome" and "The Seduction of Joe Tynan" had all been carried by one of the North Little Rock theaters at the same time as by the Plitt. We felt that we had a winner and no amount of phone calls, letters, preachers in the parking lot, and pickets could make us retreat from our guns. The picketers never arrived, but a whole slew of calls and letters cascaded in.

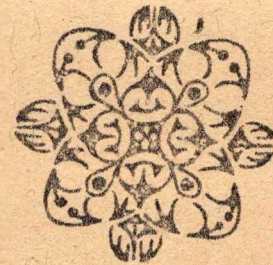
My favorite phone call was from a lady who saw a television spot for "Brian" during a late TV movie. Instead of running a tag at the end of the commercial saying "Now Playing at the Plitt Markham Cinema", we heard "Free 8 x 10 color portrait with any purchase." This misplaced Wal-Mart spot was mistaken for a promotional gimmick on our part, for not five seconds after the spot left the screen, the phone rang.

"It's bad enough that you are showing that movie," the caller said, "But to give away color portraits...How could you?"

For the most part, the phone callers were very nice and I was polite in return. Most people who called expressed their beliefs (without ever viewing the film firsthand) and promised never to patronize the theater again.

The movie opened November 2 (a week ahead of our original plan) to full auditoriums without incident. The sellout audiences laughed and enjoyed the feature. Our biggest problems concerned getting 339 people through the turnstiles, serving them refreshments, and seating them in time for the show. The movie played well all the first weekend, but the only benefit I received from it was hearing the constant clicking of the turnstiles. Seemingly Warner Brothers made all the profits and I earned all the headaches.

(cOnt'd)



Jim Fisher

R37/3 page 7 MOVIES cont'd.

The biggest headache for me came on Tuesday, November 6, when Roberts left for a week's vacation. The news media arrived as Roberts' plane departed. A radio station wanted me on a talk show, a TV station brought in a news team to interview the patrons seeing the film, and a war ensued between the movie critics and the letter-writing readers.

Why? The movie doesn't make a "mockery" of christ (as one caller claimed), and I feel it isn't at all blasphemous. It does poke fun at the women's movement, the Roman Empire, Jews, the motion picture industry, all the "liberation" movements, people with speech impediments, and for a great part the movie lampoons organized religion in general. In the two scenes that depict Jesus Christ, He is shown in a clear light and is treated with respect.

This point has been made by many film reviewers, and people from religious backgrounds who have seen the film. Yet, the phone calls, letters, and comments from citizens continued.

It is a movie that more people have enjoyed than have been offended by; some people have walked out, but I only saw a handful out of the thousand or so that saw it in Little Rock.

As far as the movie itself is concerned, I must confess "Brian" is my first Monty Python film. The movie has many great gag-lines and some extremely funny scenes. Some die-hard Python fans have told me it is not quite up to par with "The Holy Grail", though.

But by all means, if you get a chance go see "Life of Brian" and let the bible-bangers sit at home and complain about the far worse things on television.

PUSH THE BUTTON, MAX!
review by Steve Leavell

Imagine a western movie in which the carryings-on of the cowboys and Indians get less screen time than lingering panning shots of the Grand Canyon or loving time-lapse close-ups of desert cacti in bloom. Consider a detective film which concentrates less on "whodunit" than on the opulent surroundings in which the deed was done.

There's no question that movies such as I've just described would be laughed off the screen if they didn't put their audiences to sleep first. Yet when it comes to science fiction in the cinema, this is just the sort of situation which prevails--as borne out by the two latest highly-budgeted and promoted entries in the field, "Star Trek" and "The Black Hole".

Both these films feature special effects as their main rationale of existence with little things like plot, theme, and characters being rather hastily tacked on as an afterthought.

In "Star Trek," by far the superior of the two films, this is particularly distressing. The primary thing that made the TV show as good as it was was the development and interplay of characters. Here, Kirk and Spock are forced to play second-fiddle to another fun couple by the names of Trumbull and Dykstra. (cont'd)



Steve

R37/3 page ⑧ Movies cont'd

In fact, the much-ballyhooed addition to the cast, Persis Khambatta, is killed off less than halfway through the film without any explanation at all of why she as a "Deltan" is different from your run-of-the-mill incredibly beautiful bald girl. Maybe Paramount insisted on keeping a "G" rating.

So much time is spent showing us the new Enterprise and other wonders of the universe that there are a number of other such gaps in the story line. Of course, most of these can be filled in by reading the book version which is credited to Gene Roddenberry but is almost certainly the work of the ever-present Alan Dean Foster, but that's surely asking a bit much of the viewer.

(A couple of things I noted in passing: the book is entitled STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE: A NOVEL and Foster is doubtless the best-selling science fiction author of our time.)

On the other hand, "The Black Hole"'s characters are not so badly damaged by the over-emphasis on special effects, mostly because "The Black Hole" has no story or characters to speak of. This, despite the "PG" rating, is a Disney product, and like most Disney productions it features familiar actors on screen and people you've never heard of behind the camera. The sole exception to this is John Barry who provides an excellent score, albeit a little familiar to anyone who has seen more than three James Bond movies.

To say the least, scientific accuracy is somewhat low on the producer's list of priorities. Grade school children know what explosive decompression does. It's too bad they didn't hire one as a science advisor.

The technical effects are beautiful, although a touch less impressive than "Star Trek"'s, even when the events they depict are ludicrous. In fact, the most impressive scene from a purely visual point of view is the ultimate demise of the villain, which is part of an elaborate, mystical ending designed to hide the fact that the movie really has no ending. Maybe they're priming us for "Beyond the Black Hole".

I'm afraid that when the current science fiction boom bottoms out (as these booms always do), insiders in the film industry will decide that the public has tired of all the "far out" stories. It's a pity they haven't tried telling us a few of those stories instead of just showing an endless series of pretty, empty, pictures.

THE EGG AND US
by Collins

The dark-clad figure emerged from the shadows, moving down the back alley as if born to stealth. Dressed in black tunic, tights, boots, cape and gloves, the diminutive thief known in the Civilized Kingdoms as The Cat was intent on her destination.

The border-city of Esrith, renowned for its Plaza of Wizards, had been the point where the three adventurers Ra-Zor, The Cat, and Grayfriend had parted company. Now Cat was searching for the D'Zari after a fortnight's separation.

She paused before a rickety stair that led to a doorway situated over an old warehouse. The chill of Esrith made her shiver slightly and she drew her cape about her shoulders. She then ascended the stairs, without a creak or groan to mark her passing.

The Cat banged on the door, shifting weight from boot to boot. After a few minutes of repeated poundings, the door cracked open a bit and a male figure filled the gap. He was tall, lean but muscular, and wore both long hair and mustache. He held a naked dagger in one hand.

The Cat argued animatedly with the man for several minutes in the harsh tones of the Middle Tongue. The man then stepped aside and a tall female replaced him.

Touseled red hair fell to her shoulders and green eyes were on the Cat. She was knotting the front of her tunic shut. She was not happy. "This better be good, Cat."

"Well, what is it?" Ra-Zor gazed at the pearl the size of a man's head that The Cat had taken from her pouch.

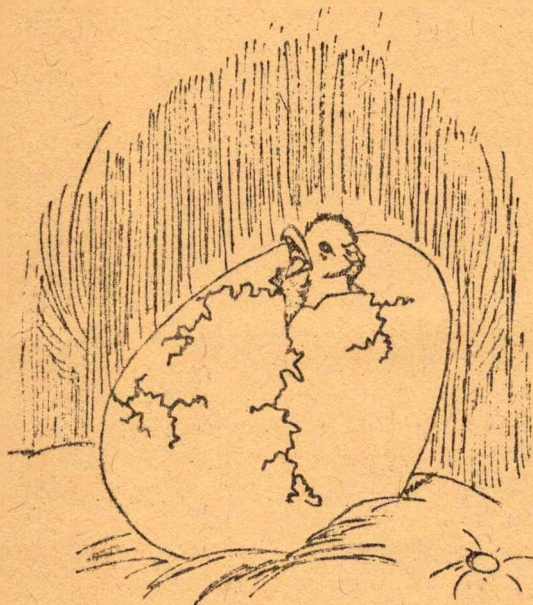
"It's a pearl of great price, my barbarian friend."

Ra-Zor made a sound of derision. "If that thing's a pearl, I'm Ilum's prize whore! No oyster in the Sea of Kammu could produce that monstrosity!"

The Cat looked offended. "Perhaps it is sorcerous in nature..."

"Gods! Have you been raiding the Plaza of Wizards again?" Ra-Zor raised her hands in supplication. "Sorcery! All is sorcery!"

"The Egg & Us" copyright © 1980 By N. A. COLLINS



"Shush, Ra-Zor! I won it fairly...In a knuckebones game with a Calemarian wizard of the name Dorf."

"I'll have you know I did not relish having to send my companion away..."

"You didn't have to..."

"You threatened to teleport him if I didnt!"

Cat folded her arms and looked miffed. "I trust no one I haven't fought with."

"Well, you almost fought with him tonight. But in the wrong context. Here, put your 'pearl of great price' on the bed."

The Cat lowered the huge pearl onto the straw-stuffed mattress. She smiled at her haul with the smug assuredness of someone who has made a killing. Then the crack appeared.

Cat gave a high-pitched yowl and nearly hit the low ceiling of the rented room. Ra-Zor stared at the "pearl" with a twisted grin.

"Zokk and Mafta! It's an egg! You were paid-off with an egg!" She fell off the stool where she had been sitting, convulsed with laughter.

"That filthy Calemarian wizard! I'll split his skull from brow to jawbone!"

The egg rattled, flexed, and a small eaglette's head popped from the network of cracked shell. The small bird's large golden eyes blinked once, then twice.

peep?

With a shake of its body, the hatchling broke free of its womb-prison. And revealed itself to be a gryphon -- a lion with the head and wings of an eagle. It was the size of a young kitten.

peep?

Cat stared down at her prize. The tiny gryphon fluttered its new wings and acted as if it meant to leap off the bed.

"Whca, little one! That's one way of cracking open your skull...empty as it may be." Ra-Zor caught the gryphon in her cupped hands before it could strike the floor.

"OWW! The beastie's claws are like knives!" She lifted one hand to her mouth, sucking at a cut in her palm.

"Of course, the gryphon hatchlings are capable of defending themselves from birth." Cat put her hands on her hips, scowling. "I'm going to go settle my gambling debt with Dorf...Coming with me, Ra-Zor?"

"Do I have much of a choice?" sighed the red-haired D'Zari.

"No",

"Thought so."

The Plaza of Wizards was a community within a community. A circle of towers, each representing one of the Eight Civilized Kingdoms, faced a square filled with magick booths. Each tower housed a nation's wizard and his apprentices.

The gold of Ankh, the green of Atlantys, the blue of Brith radiated from their respective wizard-towers. The silver tower of Nabon mimicked the moon while the phosphorescent-white tower of Pemar illuminated its surroundings with an eerie ghost-glow. The night seemed to recoil from the ebony tower designated as Tarantu's. Thoria's glowed the gaudiest shade of purple outside a Pemarian whoring pit.

Calemare was red. As the two adventurers neared they had to pass the rubble of the infamous Gray Tower. The Eldritch', a century past, had magicked a wizard's tower between Calemare and Thoria as a representative of the only non-human nation

on La: Arum. Dark Conrad of Tarantu had destroyed it. But that's another story.

Peep?

"Sssh!" The Cat silenced the tag-along gryphon. "Well, shall we knock on the front door?"

"Dresh! Sorcerers!" Ra-Zor unravelled a length of scaling-rope and fashioned a noose at one end. She fixed her eyes on a gargoyle decorating the second storey. With a practiced toss she snared it. "I needn't ask if you can climb, I believe? Uh, Cat,...does it look like the gryphon has grown a bit to you?" The gryphon, now the size of a grown cat, butted its head against Ra-Zor's leg. It purred/chirped in contentment.

"It's your imagination, barbarian."

Ra-Zor climbed up after her friend, her sandals touching the slick bloodstone of the tower. They were like flies climbing up a ruby. Ra-Zor crouched beside the lassoed gargoyle, a grill-covered window separated her from the Cat.

"Well, what now?"

Cat produced a small vial of purplish fluid. She tossed the contents onto the bars. The pure iron grille flexed like it was alive, slid from the window, and went and covered in a corner.

The Cat entered the room, a workshop filled with stuffed owls, potions, and the like, and began to prowl the shadows. Ra-Zor followed her. Suddenly, the D'Zari found herself on the floor with a horned skeleton and a collection of fetish dolls. The racket was deafening, to say the least.

"SSSSH!"

The gryphon, now the size of a dog, danced around Ra-Zor while washing her face with its forked tongue.

"Cat...About this gryphon..."

"You're getting as bad as Grayfriend! Pick yourself up and come along."

The Cat opened the workshop's door and stared at a crimson stair that wound its way through the tower.

"The apprentices' quarters are below. Dorf must be above us...in the Wizard's Sanctum." Cat pressed herself against the smooth wall, her hands on her scabbard and magick pouch.

Flame erupted from the stairs before them and the two nearly gagged on the stench of brimstone. From the fire-spout emerged a tall figure dressed in silken crimson robes, wearing an enchargers-helm resplendent with rams-horns.

"Who dares violate the Sanctum of Hyrre of Calemare?" The voice was like chained thunder.

"Dresh!" squeaked Cat. "That isn't Dorf!"

Ra-Zor pushed Cat behind her, facing the crimson wizard Hyrre. Chaosbringer, her barbed scimitar, caught the light from the Calemarean's witchfire, and reflected it in liquid ripples.

"One shouldn't point those things, my barbarous friend," smiled Hyrre. A gesture of one long-fingered hand turned the scimitar into a snake.

Instead of dropping the writhing serpent, Ra-Zor turned and beat the reptile against the wall until its wedge-shaped head was mush. She then faced Hyrre eye-to-eye.

"Turn it back."

The limp snake became Chaosbringer once more.

Hyrre smiled. "Very resourceful, Barbarian."

"I'm just used to mages and their tricks. Now, will you listen to us before you call all your various devils down on us?"

"Very well. Who are you, my friend?"

"I am Ra-Zor the Fierce, a D'Zari by birth and a thief by choice."

"And the little runt in the thieving suit?"

"Mind your mouth, Calemarian!"

"Who are you to..."

"I am the Cat of esiria! Master Thief of Ia and apprentice to the Dragon Rider of the Eldritch!"

Hyrre seemed to pale. "I am no fool, girl. There are two wizard's I do not dare offend in all of Ia. One is Dark Conrad of Tarantu; the other is the Dragon Rider. Speak your piece, I shall listen."

The Cat straightened her tunic and shot a triumphant glance at Ra-Zor.

"Name-dropper!" hissed the D'Zari.

"I was involved in a friendly game of knucklebones early this fine morning with a fellow dressed in the crimson wizard-ropes of Calemare who called himself Dorf. Now Dorf lost several games straight to me...and paid his debt with what I believed to be the mother of all pearls. However, it wasn't a pearl...it was a gryphon's egg. Needless to say, I was outraged. That is why I and my uncouth and barbaric friend, uh, set us say "obtained access" to your tower."

At the name "Dorf", Hyrre, who was looking more and more Human by the minute, rolled his eyes upward.

"DORF!" Hyrre's voice nearly shook the tower's rafters. At the wizard's command there appeared a young man dressed in the baggy costume of a wizard's apprentice. Dorf cringed in Hyrre's imposing shadow, his dark eyes wide with fear.

"Y-yes, Uncle Hyrre?"

The wizard grabbed the young Calemarean by the ear. "What am I going to do with you, you bungling jackass? I promised your mother that I'd tutor you...But what do you do? You go out and gamble and brag and use my magickal instruments for collateral! I've a good mind to send you back home in an ox-cart."

"I just hate family arguments," whispered Cat.

By the time Hyrre had finished tongue-lashing his nephew, the boy was on the verge of tears.

"Do find it in your hearts to forgive the whelp," sighed Hyrre, looking for all the world like an exasperated schoolmaster. "He's of actor-stock. Totally incorrigible. Now, if there's anything else I can do..."

"Could you possibly take this gryphon off our hands? You see, in our business..."

"Oh, I;m afraid I can't do that."

"Mafta! What did you say?" The cat looked somewhat peeved.

"Gryphons are very strange creatures, my friend. Once they take a liking to a Human, it is impossible to separate them. And who am I to say 'no' to something like that?" Hyrre pointed to the gryphon behind them. Ra-Zor and Cat turned to look. Both nearly yelped out loud.

The gryphon was now the size of a lion. It's tawny body was corded with powerful muscles that bunched and rippled under its pelt. The eagle head stared back with affectionate golden eyes.

PEEP!

The gryphon's long tongue flickered out and slurped Ra-Zor's face.

"Besides, I believe the beast is unusually fond of you, D 'Zari."

"Hey, Ra-Zor! It thinks you're its mother!"

"Shut. Up. Cat."

Hyrre led them down the blood-red staircase to the front door of the Tower.

"Please forgive the trouble the lad's caused you two, uh,...three."

Ra-Zor regarded the frisky gryphn with a not-very-jovial eye. "Will it get any bigger?"

"Mafta, no. It's at it's full growth now."

"But when can we get rid of it?" asked Cat. "In our trade, having a winged nebbish romping after us can get us killed."

"Oh, the gryphon will die come a new moon."

Cat brightened. "You mean when the moon changes it'll...?"

"Not the New Moon, A new moon."

"Oh."

"Well, it's been nice knowing you two. Give my best to your mentor, Cat. Oh, and, next time...try the front door first."

The red door shut behind the two thieves and their unwanted friend. Ra-Zor, the Cat, and the gryphon stared at the hastening dawn, which bathed the Plaza of Wizards in rainbow gleams of light. They began heading toward Esrith's Low Quarter, the gryphon bouncing at the heels of the two Humans.

"What do we do, now?" sighed Ra-Zor.

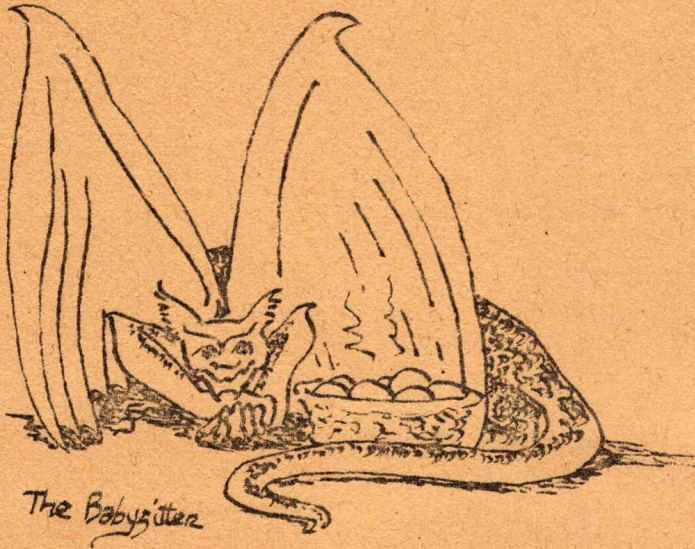
"What else? We go look for Gray-friend."

#####



CoA--and how!

Janice Geld
Maon Olim Bet Canada Rm.326
Mizrach Talpiot
Jerusalem, ISRAEL



R37/3 page (14)

BAGELS

Sandra Miesel
8744 N. Pennsylvania St.
Indianapolis, IN 46240

A fanzine bound like an old
Ace Double?!

Billie Odell
245 E. O'Keefe St. #7
Palo Alto, CA 94303

...interesting structure...

((well, you see, I had these
two perfectly good covers,
only they were both for issue
number 2...))

Danell Lites
5422 Skyline Drive
Shawnee Mission, KS 66205

UMMM, I don't really know how to start this letter. You see, I wrote this song...
(heh,heh).

Dammit, it's all Yang's fault! ("Yang! it's raining!" -sock- "Yang! It's
not raining!" -sock-...) Really, it is. Someone started to sing THE ALAMO but was
interrupted by a taper who wanted to get the beginning. Yang grinned and sang,
"Start again, start again, said the tapers, the tapers," then stopped. It stuck
with me, so here's the rest of the song. For waht it's worth. Listen, it could be
much worse. But for the grace of Ghu and lack of lyrics, you could be holding in
your hand this very minute the words to "Tarbirds Do It In Rooftrees"! Console
yourself with that thought.

"Start again, start again," said the tapers, the tapers,
"We are six dozen strong; we demand that you sing!
So it's five in the morning? There's plenty of Tully...
There's plenty of Tully; you must sing for us!
If our tapes they should run out, t'would take all the fun out;
We'll go home very early; our tapes are all gone.
Yang is here, so is Margaret; Michele also, but who else?

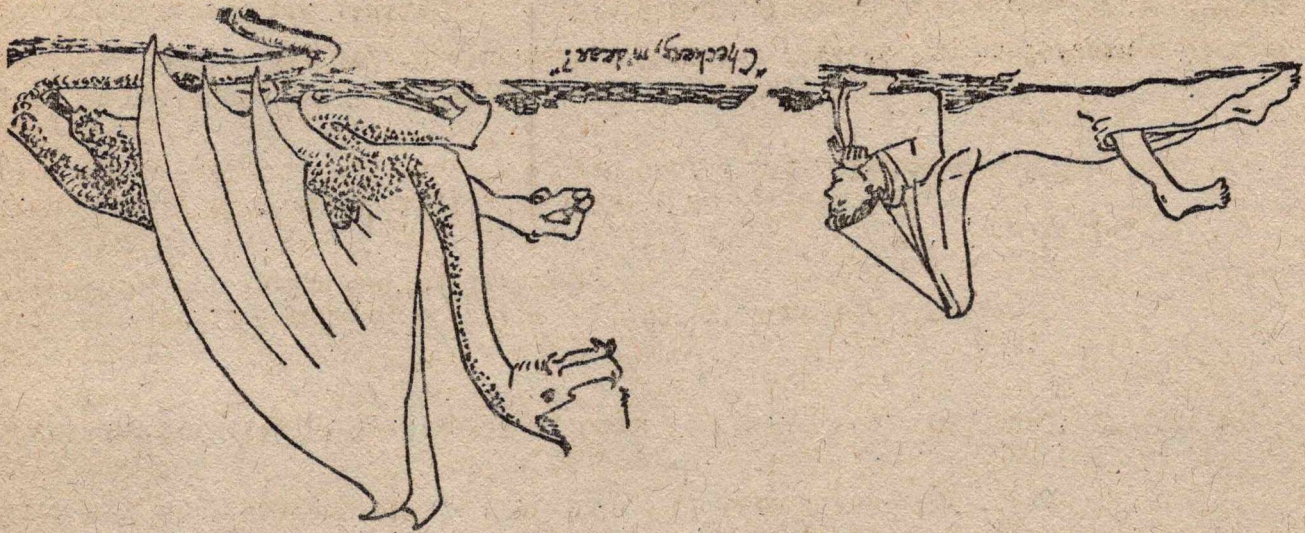
Oops! And Diane, too!
A sing could never be run by as few fen as these:
A mongol, a blusher, and two neo-filkers;
(Pray for the poor singers, their voices must hold.)

((~~ffffffffff~~ I'm out of space on this page; if anyone wants the rest of the song,
send me a SASE, msm))

THE TRAVELING ARKANFAN

INSIDE BACOVER

- March 14-16 UPPERSOUTHCLAVE Bowling Green, KY
info PO Box 8423, Louisville, KY 40208 \$5 advance/\$10 at-door/\$8.50 banquet.
relaxacon: P.L. Xaruthers BNF guest
- March 14-16 COASTCON '80 Biloxi, MS
info Box 6025, Biloxi, MS 39532. \$10 til March 1/ \$12.50 after
guests unknown
- March 14-16 MIDWESTERCON I St. Louis, MO
info Frank Russell, 50 Capri Drive, Florissant, MO 63033 \$5.50 til Feb. 29/\$7 after
Phyllis Eisenstein GoH
- March 27-30 AGGIECON XI College Station, TX
info Box 5718, College Station, 77844 \$6 til Mar.1/ \$7 after
Poul Anderson, Katherine Kurtz, Kelly Freas, Jack Williamson, George R.R. Martin
- April 4-6 FOOL CON II Overland Park, KS
info c/o Student Activities, Johnson County Community College, College Blvd @
Quivera Rd., Overland Park, 66210 \$5 til Mar.1/ \$6 after/ \$5.50 lunchenn
Anne McCaffrey, Patricia McKillip Pro Guests/ Jann Frank Fan GoH.
- April 10-13 COLLEGECON '80 Houston, TX
info Box 94123, Houston, 77018 \$5 til March 10/\$7 after
Harlan Ellison, George Takei guests.
- May 2-4 KHUBLA KHANATE Nashville, TN
info Ken Moore, 647 Devon Drive, Nashville, 37220. \$7.50 advance/\$10 at-door
Stephen King GoH/ Andrew J. Offutt MC
- May 23-26 CON-QUEST (formerly BYOB-Con) Kansas City, MO
real info address unknown, try c/o Danell Lites, 5422 Skyline Drive, Shawnee Mis-
sion, KS 66205 (she'll love that!) send SASE for con registration info.
Gordon R. Dickson GoH.
- June 608 AMBERCON II Wichita, KS
info Box 12589, Wichita, KS 67209. \$7.50 advance/ \$.0 at-door
Fred Pohl GoH/ Vincent DiFate Artist GoH/ Liebscher Fan GoH/ Tucker MC
- June 20-22 MIDSOUTHCON Huntsville, AL
info John Purcell, Rt 1 Box 322-A, Leoma, TN 38468 \$8 til Jun.1/\$10 after
Fred Pohl GoH/Bob Tucker Fan GoH/Kelly Freas MC
- July 11-13 ARCHON IV St. Louis, MO
info Box 12852, Overland, MO 63114 \$7 til June 15/ \$10 after
Bob Bloch, Bob Tucker GoH's/ Ed Bryant MC
- July 11-13 HIGH PLAINS I Amarillo, TX
info 1206 W. 18th St, Amarillo, TX 79120 \$0 registration
Kirk Allyn (original film Superman) Pro GoH/ Jackie Bielowicz Fan GoH
- July 18-20 OKON'80 Tulsa, OK
info PO Box 4229, Tulsa, OK 74104 \$7.50 til July 1/\$9 after
Alan Dean Foster Pro GoH/ Shelby Bush & Mary Kay Jackson Fan GoH's/Gordon Dickson MC
- For other convention listings, send 25¢ + SASE to Erwin S. Strauss, SF CONVENTION
REGISTER, 9850 Fairfax Square #232, Fairfax, VA 22031



RUNWAY 37 #3
PO Box 9911
Little Rock, Ark. 72219



Diana Gallagher 7
781 SW Second St. 1c
Boca Raton, Fla. 33432

FIRST
CLASS