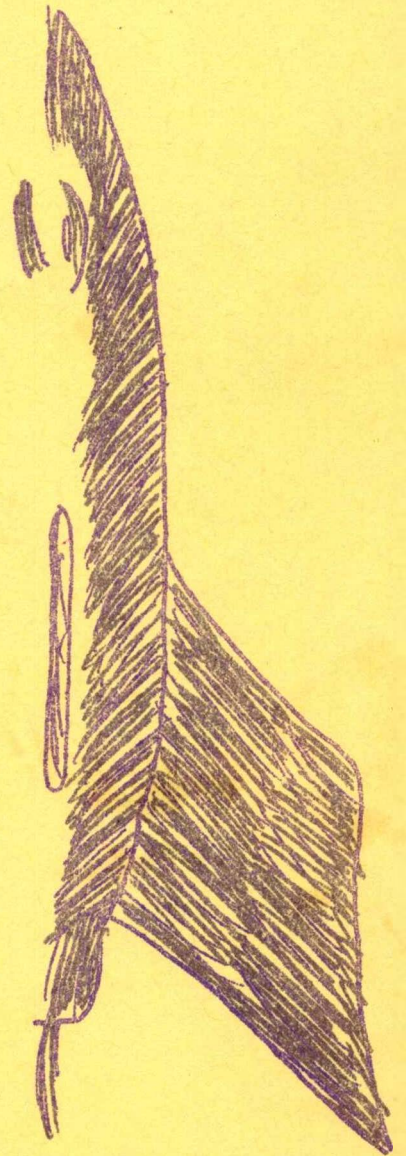
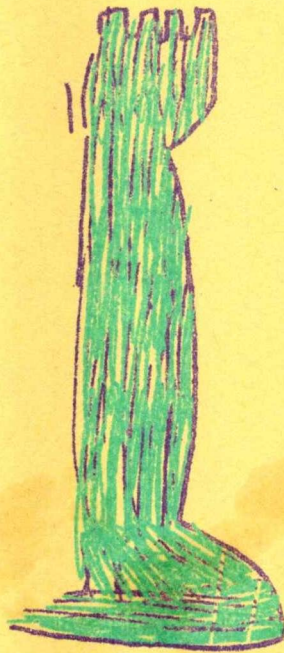


TULGEY #5

WOOD



published for the
5th N'APA MAILING
June, 1960

TURKEY
WOOD



Published for the
Barnes & Noble
June 1900

MUMBLE - MUMBLE

Baby has gone to bed! A year is gone, a new mother has taken over, and I must say that from all indications, I think N'APA is in very capable hands. As I see it, Belle will take the apa a long ways toward the goal we eventually want to reach.

It was a lot of work to get "baby" to toddle during the first year. I hope Belle won't have as much getting "baby" to walking.

Any way, best of luck, Belle. I like the direction you are taking at the start.

Whether Belle will do one of the things I suggested or not is up to her. After the last mailing, the treasury was sorely depleted. We took the giant step from second class mail to that of parcel post. From less than \$5 to mail a mailing, we jumped to nearly \$15. In my letter to the new OE, I suggested that we would no doubt have to increase our dues in order to keep in the black.

If anyone wonders why I used the same cover this time as last, only reversing it, it's because SILENT CONFLICT is concluded in this issue and the cover was symbolic of the story. Being at a loss to come up with a pic for the front, I decided this was a logical, if somewhat cheating, way of getting one.

As announced last time, the name of my N'APAZine has settled down to TULGEY WOOD. Got tired of trying to find new names. However, the numbering is carrying on just the same as if the name had been the same all along. Thus, CHI, MOONSHINE, INTO THE FOREST, and LITTLE ACORNS are the first four titles in the series. TULGEY is #5.

By the time most of you read this, Diane and I will definitely be settled in our new house. We have announced the move so many times we are beginning to feel that most of you won't believe it when we do actually move. The house will not be completed, but all of the needed essentials will be ready. In fact, it will be damn near completed on the inside at this time.

Come see us! We will have a lot of extra room.

TULGEY WOOD is a N'APAZine published by Guy E. Terwilleger, Route #4, Boise, Idaho. It is sent only to members of N'APA and a very few other fen who have indicated that they would like to see it. Of course, those who have material in the zine get copies, but only after the regular mailing has gone out to N'APA members.

In one year, I have done two years in the apas, having belonged to both SAPS and N'APA. At the conclusion of this one/two year period, I have arrived at some thoughts on the subjects of apas that puzzle me.

For one thing, I find that I am agreeing with a number of fen in wondering if most apazines really have much value. Some exist, and I must include my own for this period of time, for the sole purpose of making comments on other apazines. After reading close to 1000 pages of MCs, or over, in this period, I find they just aren't as interesting as they were at first. Perhaps this is why I hope to make TULGEY WOOD into a zine that will have a minimum of MCs and a majority of other material, both my own and others. It just seems the logical thing to do under the circumstances of my present feelings.

Undoubtedly, this present feeling gives rise to the fact that I will put off doing an apazine until the last possible moment. Oh, I read the zines when they come in and make marginal comments to aid in the task of writing the MCs, but the actual typing of masters waits until the last minute. Like with TW this time. If I don't get it done in just a matter of a couple of days, it won't be done in time to get to Belle for the mailing.

TWIG is a different matter with me. This last issue has been five months in the making and I haven't tired of working on it in what few minutes I have. I think I enjoy, more, the preparing of a tasty dish of other fen's material. I actually dislike typing up my own material on master. This must be the closeness of what is there to be typed.

With my wondering about the MCs and the majority of apazines being straight comment type, you no doubt wonder why I don't drop out of the two apas I am in. This would be giving in--admitting defeat in a project I have undertaken. No, I like doing zines, and if I make up my mind to make my apazines something besides just comments, then there is nothing to worry about.

Don't know how the roster has filled, or depleted, by this time. Do know that there were a few whose dues were do that had indicated they would not join for another year. I'm sorry that N'APA didn't turn out to be what they wanted in fandom. To the new members who have joined under Belle, welcome. I hope you will find N'APA to your liking and will be contributing members.

Thanks to the response of Alma Hill, plans are going ahead on the zine I proposed for N3F in my last issue. To be called NEFFER, the zine will be produced this year. In fact, the plans are that I start on it after the BOYCON is over this year, and after, probably, I get back from a vacation in California. Any of you who are interested in the progress of NEFFER can contact me. I will need material--good material, for the zine. And, frankly, monetary contributions will not be turned down.

Don't look for TULGEY WOOD to equal the size of #4 for some time to come. That last issue was purely a case of egotism. I wanted to do the first zine in a mailing, and the largest zine to have been in any mailing to date. Don't know if anyone will top it for awhile, but I can assure you that I'm not going to try to do so. There are too many other pubbing ventures that I intend to get mixed up in.



I'm in a big hurry again! I just can't seem to get to these apa-zines until almost to make the dead-line. Said back there I had to get this done in a very short time or it wouldn't make the mailing. The time is a bit shorter than ever right now,

but, at the same time, the house is a lot better looking with paint on the inside of it.

THE SAVOYARD #4--Bruce Pelz

First, glad to see SAVO maintaining the Pelz personality and character. This I was worried about knowing you were in a new area. It's so easy to let your zine take on the appearance of another. illo: (that was supposed to be i.e. but I hit the ell) Look at the INNUENDO copied zines. Seattle zines, LAzines and, unfortunately, the new zine soon to come out of Boise bears a strong resemblance to TWIG though it is not my zine.

I think one of the reasons that G&H will last longer than R&H is the subject of their musicals. The G&S themes are timeless. Not so with R&H.

Definition of "classic" suits me fine--it's the way I feel on the subject.

TWhite did write an excellent answer to RAWL. However, I maintain that the fen who wail because the prozines ignore us deserve to be ignored. What, for ghodsake, has a tru-fan done for prodom to entitle us special consideration? Nothing! We don't write them, we complain of the type of stories they print, etc. Pheeey!

I dislike this business over Sokol. Larry is a friend of mine and he deserves a lot of credit. I base my opinion that he should do something in N'APA to the fact that others in the service put out zines. I'd even run one for him if he wanted.

At last, someone who knows how to class pornography--and I couldn't agree more. Since the PO seems to govern this topic, we should base our conclusions on what they allow. I hope more fen will use this as a basis for comment. They may find things offensive to them personally, but just because they don't like it doesn't mean it's pornographic.

OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION--Belle Dietz

Glad to see Belle taking over so capably. On one point, though, I do object--that of the last balloting being thrown out and another

ballot being run in this mailing. The stipulation in the by-laws merely stated we had to have a 3/4 vote of the members to have the balloting legal. Belle's interpretation that not to send in a ballot means you are voting in favor of the items is just as illegal as my interpretation that you can vote for three items and conclude that the one with the largest number of votes wins the balloting.

Belle has the right to run a new ballot--yes. She does not have the right to throw out some items of the ballot that I ran during my term and let the ones you people found all right to stand as being passed. If any part of the voting stands--all of it must stand. If part falls--all must fall. You can't interpret voting results as "this is okay, I like it; but this I don't like and the vote is illegal on the point."

During my OEship, I was entitled to interpret N'APA rules and I did just that on the voting. I don't feel the new OE can go back and throw out an interpretation I held and just do it over--regardless of pressure from the rest of you.

Under the circumstances, I won't object to re-balloting. However, I do say the entire ballot must be revoted--including the vote for the OE, which leaves us with Belle acting as temporary OE.

Silly, isn't it

Thoroughly approve of Belle's operating rules with the exception of wondering why she has #6 in there. As it stands it is incorrect and should include: "and will extend my interpretation back into the previous OE's term." Sorry, Belle, but that's how it appears to me with the new ballot you announced.

Gee, it's nice to be able to complain about something in N'APA. Have been so busy with other's complaints that I haven't had time for my own.

SKIMMER'S GUIDE--Belle Dietz

I guess, Belle, that I accepted Seth's VAUX HALL FANATIC for the third mailing because I could read it. Oh, it was hard to do, but I could read it. And I did read it--and nothing bad was evident.

Rumors get around, don't they? Ronel never quit N3F as you now know. Why do Neifers make such an issue of this? If a few of us would listen to what Ron says and do some improving it would help.

QUOTH THE WALRUS--Ralph Holland

I deplore the fact, Ralph, that you felt you couldn't exercise your right to vote because of the attitude some Neifers have. Especially do I feel this way since the directors and officers never once told me what I could or couldn't do with N'APA. Most discouraging. Glad to see your opinions now that the voting is over. (7)

And, certainly happy to see that you didn't call it illegal. That helped. I was beginning to think I was completely wrong.

Actually, the idea doesn't bother me too much. By-laws, etc., can be completely changed. There is only one point I would really fight for and that is the Preamble stating N'APA cannot draw away from the parent club. Larry and I worked for an apa for N3F. I'm sure I speak for Larry when I say we don't want to see our child taken away and given to foster parents. Let those who deplore N'APA being part of N3F go out and start their own apa. (It isn't easy.)

SUN SPOTS #2--Bjo Wells

Loved the cover. So many cover pics just seem like a blob splashed on the paper. Yours, on the other hand, had what I call "pictorial continuity." The pic registers on the eye, goes to the thought centers, and

starts a process of thinking that doesn't end with the form and content of the exact lines on paper. Simply stated--I looked, liked, and fashioned a story, mentally, for the pic. Nice!

I enjoy watching your progress as a writer. Each new item seems to bring added depth to what you say--and your humor is really coming to the fore.

Muchly enjoyed the bit on Ronel and the N3F. I think Ron can do a lot for us--and I, for one, am glad he did renew.

Isn't it funny, Bjo, how so many people dislike people? I mean--they literally hate them just for being around. Or, if the person happens to cross them once, they hold a grudge the rest of their lives. Oh, I get mad at people, damn mad, but once I blow up, it ks over. I don't hold grudges. That, to me, is childish.

I couldn't stand living with someone who didn't trust me and who was checking up on me all the time. I look at marriage as a companionship which surpasses normal friendliness but does not go so far as to limit the two people to only their own company. That's why Diane and I seldom argue. She has a group of friends and likes their company. Since she is stuck at home all day with the house and the girls, how can she have any life of her own if I'm so possessive I won't let her out at night?

Marriage is a mutual trust. If one part of the union doesn't trust the other--there is no marriage.

Not once in ten years of marriage has the idea that I couldn't trust Diane entered my mind. We have a life together and a life apart.

I guess the fact that I like to be home at night helps out. I enjoy having a home and kids and a wife. Everything else is secondary.

One of the most enjoyable zines in the mailing.

PHANTOM--Wally Weber

I think if I ever get a new typer, I'll try for that type you have. Of course, one with elite, like I used in the last TWIG, would please me.

How did you do it? I used a hekto carbon and came out with nothing when it was run. Howcum?

Enjoyed the Schmidt bit. Should UFO really gain in popularity, it will be this type of writing that does it. (Short, of course, of one of the damn things landing in our front yards.) Just got the latest Palmer FS (when will my sub to OW run out?) and read a bit in it. The only conclusion I can gather is that most UFO believers have the silliest names on record. ghod!

IOTA #1--Mike Deckinger

I wonder if ISFS is really communist. I do hope you didn't publish this statement without proof, Mike. I deplore the thought that it might just be a rumor. So many can be hurt by things like this--when it is rumor and not fact. It's happened in fandom before, you know. Of course, I'm not helping the situation by even commenting on it.

A classic to one person may not be to another. Excuse this remark as no slam is intended--merely an observation I've made over the years. A classic also depends on the maturity of the reader. At your age, I agreed completely with your idea. I no longer feel that way--actually enjoy a large percentage of them. (My own students seem to enjoy Silas Marner. Maybe it's the way I teach it.)

Bierce's disappearance is still a myster because no one actually knows what happened to him. Writing ones opinion of what happened does not solve the puzzle. Until we know the truth, it's still a mystery.

Charter Members were in the 1st Mailing.

speak of--the advent of the EC Group--the comic book had already started its decline to mediocrity and stupidity.

How can you say the Dell Comic Group is not ridiculous? To me they are the height of silliness. Ghod, those animals.....

Might I say that I no longer read comic books, and haven't for quite some time?

I must disagree with you when you say that Gilbert & Sullivan are easier to produce than Rogers & Hammerstein. Just ain't the case. Being a drama major and having been tied up in the production, including G&S and R&H, I feel amply qualified to say this.

I speak, of course, from the standpoint of a good production, one that is technically well done. Take PINAFORE and OKLAHOMA for instance. Of the two, an outstanding presentation of PINAFORE is the more difficult. Difficulty of production is to be considered as how well the thing is going to come out. Sure, I could do a fairly easy staging of PINAFORE but I'd be ashamed of it.

Staging is not a matter of saying I'll do this play, it's easy. Far from it. A good director makes a super-production of any item he uses.

Sometime I'll recount a few of my theatrical experiences if anyone is interested.

THE RAVING MAINE-IAC--Clayton Hamlin

Regardless of the fact that I like a good genzine, I still find that an apazine gives me an opportunity to know more of the real personality of various fen.

Enjoyed the reprint of the first science fiction World convention. No comment, other than it sure was short in comparison to our present novelettes.

MCs are sometimes difficult to understand. I maintain, though, that a good fan-ed doing MCs will see that they are understandable. In commenting, he would repeat the remarks on which he is commenting, thus bring the topic back to the reader's mind. Answers without reference are worse than no answer. I refuse to go back to a previous mailing to check what the subject was.

I fall short on art in TULGEY, but, art takes time to master and, frankly, I haven't the time at present--nor the art. Much of the art I have is specified for TWIG--a large circulation zine--and I don't blame the artists for wanting it that way.

ZZZ #2--Alma Hill

Very nice cover and binding, Alma. Most attractive and arty cover of the mailing. Nice sf-f tradition, also.

Clever bit--the Fabulous Facts Dept. Makes me wonder, though. Can one who has been an active fan just suddenly say "I'm through with it" and gafe te with no qualms what-so-ever? I don't think I could. My conscience would bother me.

What rumors can do to a guy. Take Ron and the announcement he wouldn't stay a member and look what happens. Bet you guys feel a bit sheepish over some of your remarks.

KTP #1--Bob Lichtman

Still crazy about that slick paper--only disadvantage seems to be spots of poor repro. Is this due to the paper or the masters.

Cute cover.

Twice I get my words thrown back in my face. 'Tain't fair--now all N'APERS know how poorly I've corresponded on N'APA business.

Well, page-wise, we exceeded SAPS for a fourth mailing--treasury-

wise, we do have some--though not much after that last mailing. I guess we compare.

You goofed on that one interlineation, Bob. N'APA is full of new Neffers, not old ones. Actually, I could have prevented this, but think it a good thing. A new fan can get a lot of guidance from mixing with older fen.

Thoroughly enjoyable zine--enjoyed the reprints, but not much in the way of comment comes to mind.

CORKSCREW (I refuse to give a number)--Walter Coslet

At last, I'm not OE and can ignore your numbering process. Hope Belle understands it. I hope.....

Whether discretion was allowed, or not, in interpreting Article 4, I interpreted it to suit the best interests of a new-born apa. I think I did the right thing and I don't think I was out of line. And, I'll again say--as far as I'm concerned--in my interpretation--the voting was legal. As for your vote on the ballot. I would have been within my rights not to count your votes since my dictum was that only votes on official ballots would be counted. I did count them, however. Would have sent you a separate ballot in a letter, but you also, in a letter, informed me you wouldn't use it if I did and said if I sent two in the mailing you wouldn't use one of them. Would you have bound in 75 identical ballots had I included them in your mailing.

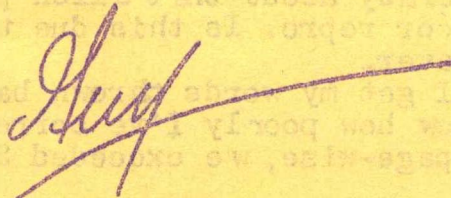
THE VAUX HALL FANATIC--Seth Johnson

I don't like the idea of an unlimited N'APA that would split in to two groups when 50 was reached. There would always be the fen who were in one group and wanted in the other and a series of drops from one and joining the other would ensue. I'm afraid discrimination would result. In fact, I can see N'APA folding completely under that type of set-up.

But, Seth, the thing on unions I don't like is the fact that a striker loses pay while an strike. The benefits gained are as nothing when you consider what is lost in wages. Say that I get \$400 a month and go on strike for a month. In wages I lose \$400 but gain, say, 10¢ an hour. To gain back the lost \$400 will take a long time. At 10¢ an hour it would take 4000 hours, or 100 40 hour weeks, or nearly two years. My whole point of view is that a strike penalizes the worker and no one else. A better means of settling these disputes should be worked out. (Don't ask me what, I wouldn't know!)

I don't think man is enough of a machine that science will ever be able to tell him at an early age what he could, or should do. After all, the teller would be human and thereofr subject to error. A machine lacks the intricate mentality to put ability and personality together and come up with the right answer. A person capable of doing nuclear research can be kept from succeeding in the field because of his personality. Machines just can't cope with mental ability, environment, etc.

'Tis late, I'm tired, my fingers just don't want to work.....I'll have to call it quits for this time. Next time around, will MCThose zines which I missed this time. Okay?



SYNOPSIS



Commander Marsden suddenly finds himself in deep space just beyond Pluto. There he comes face to face with an alien emissary who calls himself Thenus.

Thenus tells Marsden that he has come from a far world to offer the world vast benefits and that, if Marsden won't accept them sight unseen, he must play a game of chance with the alien, winner taking the Earth.

Marsden finds that the game is chess and wishes that he had learned more about it from his father.

Thenus traps Marsden's first pawn and gloats over it. In an effort to gain time, Marsden begins talking to the alien, asking just what the benefits are.

{Now continue with the story}

"How soon could we expect these benefits?" asked Marsden.

The question was not wanted and a direct answer could not be given. "Cosmically speaking, very short."

"And if we already had them, what would your attitude be toward us?" He recognized the dodge and fenced to circumvent it.

"If you had them, we should not have come. We would let you come to us." He was irritated at the questioning and eager to get on with the playing. "I believe it's your move," he snapped.

Marsden ignored him. "We have all but one of your gifts. We lack, but are close to, the discovery of interstellar flight. Our interplanetary missions have shown us that. Therefore, where is your reason for wanting to aid us? From our standards, your coming can mean only one thing. You fear us as a potential enemy in what must be a planned domination of all Worlds."

Thenus' face was livid with rage. "Too bad you don't play chess as well as you can reason. However, you try to reap glory too soon my friend. We offered you a peaceful way out, you refused. Very well, to the game, and may the right man win.

"And let me repeat, it is unusual for me to lose a man, or a game. When I'm finished, you'll know what playing chess is really like. I'll concentrate first on your lowly pawns, then your other men, till none remain but your beloved king. Then, check! it's over." He spoke rapidly

and his words had the sting of a sudden, ripping knife slash across the face. The edge burned as it gashed the too tight emotions.

Calmly and deliberately, with no trace of visible effect from the violent outburst, Marsden said, "I may lose, but I'll go down fighting. My people will not be given away like a cheap bauble to a prostitute of mankind."

"Your people, as you call them, will never know what is happening when our hordes of invaders arrive. It will be a shameless slaughter, with all of the blood falling on your head. Chaotic was the day that pack of fools picked such an unreasonable idiot to handle their affairs."

Suddenly his manner changed. "I dislike playing with novices. Their methods are so haphazard, if it can be called a method. It is really most upsetting."

Somewhere in the back reaches of his mind, a faint light picked its way through the haze of rules in Marsden's thinking. There had been a plan in his playing after all and he hadn't realized it. Perhaps it was the continual by-play of words that had brought it forth. He didn't know, but it was plain to see when he glanced at the board again. Not one man had made its way across the center line. His father's words came rushing back to him.

Looking at the chronometer on the bulkhead, Marsden sighed. "Will you accompany me on my inspection tour of the ship? I'm afraid it is time to report in the Log." He got to his feet and stretched out his long legs and arms, and, purposefully, let a long, deep-throated yawn stream from his mouth.

The alien complied. "It is a useless gesture, but I suppose these customs must be followed."

Throughout the tour of inspection, even during the few minutes that Marsden wrote in the Log, Thenus kept up a running commentary on what he thought of the Commander, and what he thought the Commander should do. There were promises of a great amount of wealth for him should he sell his people outright into the hands of the Whirlpool Federation. It was a pretty picture of a life of simple beauty and pleasure on a planet somewhere in space that had only love as the prime emotion.

A man of lesser stamina might have given in to the prospect of these temptations. Marsden allowed him to continue and listened quietly, saying nothing. At the end of the tour he headed back for the lounge.

"You might as well save your talk. You only show me the more how much of a fool you are to think that all people in the stars are blind enough to give in to your demands without some kind of a fight." He let the venom seep in, circulate, and poison the ego, then added, "Shall we finish?"

There could be no doubt that Thenus was disturbed by this barbaric tirade against him. Yet, he had come to realize that Marsden would take his own time, would fool around as long as he could, trying to turn certain defeat into a shallow victory. His attempts at turning the victim into the victor were humorous, to an extent, in his own eyes. He couldn't

be beaten, he had never been. It was time to settle down for the finish. This persistent toying was seeming entirely too much time.

He took his place at the table and waited, but Marsden stopped at a small cupboard.

"Will you join me?" he asked.

Thenus gave no reply.

"If you'll excuse me, then. It's a habit we Earthmen have cultivated over the centuries. Science has never found a substitute for good coffee. Are you sure you won't join me?"

For response Thenus said, "It's still your move, get on with the game."

Seating himself slowly, and deliberately, the Commander placed the steaming cup of brew within easy reach. Then, in what appeared a nonchalant manner, made his move, placing his white bishop in jeopardy.

Thenus viewed the error with disdain, then stopped. Was it a mistake, not deliberate? No, the bishop was protected, but did Marsden know it? He retaliated with a counter move of his black knight.

As if thinking of a weightier problem, Marsden castled to the left. There was no reason for it other than it being his turn to move. From this point, he wasted move after move and made no attempt to capture his opponents men unless it was a safe procedure.

Repeatedly Thenus could have taken nearly any man he chose, but did not do so. Too frequently his own piece would have been sacrificed for his effort, and his vanity could not stand so open a defiance of his superb playing. Physically, by wearing Marsden down, and mentally, by his talk, he must destroy the insurgent chessmen and the things for which they stood.

"I must congratulate you, Marsden. You are even more of an imbecile than I had anticipated." With a quick dart of his white bishop, Thenus took away another of the pawns. "Perhaps you see the fallacy of your reasoning. I have just taken your Moon, without which your race will never reach beyond your furthest planet, Pluto." He waited till Marsden was ready to move, then laughed, "I wouldn't move that man to that position." He indicated his reasoning.

Marsden eyed him coldly, then moved the man. Mustering all the sarcasm he could find, he said, "It's your move!"

"You see, Marsden, you must have a plan. A novice cannot afford to think of anything but the game. You're getting rattled. I said I'd take your pawns, you can see only three remain. The way you're playing they will be easy prey to catch. Then I shall defeat your armies, as represented by your knights. Symbolic, don't you think? Then your bishops, to remove forever your greatest human idiocy, your Church and love of God. In my world we do not believe in a supreme being, unless it is the Master of the Federation. We owe no allegiance to an invisible superstition that decays the minds of living organisms.

"Next your castles, to overthrow your dreams. You always were a world of dreamers, building artificial spires of grandeur into an air too heavy to support them for long. After these, your queen, or Sun, thus destroying all of your power for all time, and leaving your king open. A nicely laid plan, don't you agree?"

Deftly Marsden moved a man into a new position. A grin played across his face. "My father once told me that in chess, if you didn't know what to do, you should always build a fortress. Providing, of course, your companion in the game was an egotist. Fortunately, for me, you, Thenus, are a superb example of an egotistical bastard. I've build my fortress."

Casually, he rose to his feet. "I think I'll have more coffee. Care to join me this time?"

For reply, Thenus shrugged. "Just what do you hope to accomplish with this?"

The Commander turned slowly. "Who said I hoped for anything? You said I must have a plan, well, there it is."

"I've had this method tried on me before, Marsden. Again I must repeat that it can't possibly work." He held up one of his hands and brushed away an imagined speck of dirt. "I've been at it too long to be trapped by such amateurish tactics. I do hope you won't feel badly when you see this fortress, as you call it, fall before your eyes." His voice was thin and did not carry quite as much of the old bravado, nor did his face mirror the pleasure of the words he spoke. Plainly, he was worried at this turn of events.

"Perhaps I assume too much in my childish play," Marsden retorted, "but there is one question. Do you really plan on keeping your word about withdrawing should I win? You see, my gravest fears lie not in losing the game, but in your holding to the bargain."

"Diplomatic relationships," Thenus stated, "can not exist if both of the parties involved are not to be trusted. Should it come to that, we'll leave."

With coffee in hand, Marsden resumed his chair.

"One moment. I believe I will have some of your refreshment. If you don't mind, your cup will do nicely."

Marsden laughed openly. "I've usually found that people who don't trust others aren't to be trusted themselves. It's your move."

Thenus deliberated with increasing intentness. Earlier, he could have won the game by simply taking all of the men offered to him. Now, it could be too late. The move was miscalculated.

Marsden quickly darted his white bishop and snared a pawn. Thenus viewed the results with distaste. He could take the bishop, but to do so would leave his own queen in danger. Yet, not to take it threatened his first rook. The rook fell.

Now, with each move, Marsden captured a man, or, if nothing was

forthcoming, he retreated and waited a better opportunity.

In desperation, Thenus moved a pawn forward to the attack and at the same time the back of his hand curled slightly and his own queen slid into a deadly position.

"Try to get out of this one. Your father surely must not have known this trick or you wouldn't have been duped so easily. What are a few pieces compared to victory?" The self-assurance made a renewed appearance in his voice.

Marsden extracted a slender white tube from his blouse pocket. "Another habit, if you'll excuse it. Cigarettes! Nasty things, in a way, but pleasant." He took his own time in lighting it. "Is your move final?" It was his way of assuring the alien the double move had gone unnoticed.

Without looking at the board, Thenus glowered, "I don't make mistakes!"

"Very well," it was Marsden's turn to act the overboard, "how is this for a non-player?" Calmly he jumped his white knight up one diagonal one and took the queen.

"Check!" The words were not conclusive, just simple fact.

Thenus' face became angry and flushed as he watched. He attempted to calm himself. "A slight setback. There, your move."

Three moves passed in silence, taking a toll of a bishop and two knights, before Marsden had checkmate again. This time it was final. The king was hemmed in by a knight, two bishops, and a queen.

The game was over!

Marsden watched the slit mouth open and close, too furious to allow the passage of words. It was pleasant to watch the steeled skin blanch to an almost pure white under the strain of defeat. He wanted to laugh, to shout his victory over and over, but he couldn't.

Instead, he said, "If you'll permit me, I'll go make the report. Perhaps you would like to come with me. A word of assurance from you would go well at this time."

"One moment, Marsden. I'm afraid for the instant I acted a poor loser. Here, shall we shake hands over your surprise victory?" He extended his right hand eagerly, and at the same time placed his left around Marsden's shoulders, the palm pressing against the neck.

Marsden shuddered and looked bewildered. Then, realizing what had happened, looked quietly into the sneering face.

In control once again, Thenus backed away. "Thus do we of the Whirlpool Federation turn our defeats into victory." The smile played over his features. "As for you, your arrogance and deceit cause me to arrange it so you will know your own thoughts but can do nothing but what is commanded of you! Every thought you have will be your own, every action, ours!"

"Already I have sent word to our invasion forces to land on Earth. Naturally your leaders will fall victim to our thought control first."

The Envoy was triumphant. "You see, even as you stand there, you have sent out the message for your Counsel of Six to accept the messengers in good faith. We do not lose, nor do we fail in a task."

"I could not have won, then why the pretense of the game?"

"To make it appear legal. Do you think we want history to ban us as barbaric conquerors? It wouldn't look good for us."

"And when do I return to Earth?"

"A message of grief will be sent expressing our deepest sympathy for your death."

The suggestion should have stunned him, but he was beyond that. "My death," he said matter of factly.

"Certainly! When I leave this spaceship you will crash dive it onto Pluto. Most likely you will never be found, nor will you live to tell tales.

"Your people must never know you won." He took the Commander by the arm and led him to the control room. Nothing but the click of their boots disturbed the quiet.

Thenus shoved him to the seat, then, finding a long bar of metal, he set the controls for crash and smashed the panel.

"And now I must leave you. Good luck on your journey. It won't take long." He presented a mock salute and turned to go.

Marsden, in one last tremendous burst of will power, reached for the bar. Beads of perspiration burst forth on his forehead and ran down the creases of his face.

With a final surge of strength, he flung the bar at his enemy just as he began to fade. "I sent no message to Earth," he cried in anguish as the bar reached its target and crashed into the base of the skull.

As he slumped to the floor, exhausted from the ordeal, he saw the suspended figure of the alien drift silently into the far wall.

If any of you are interested, the game played in SILENT CONFLICT can be done. Diane and I played this one. With each move, I charted the course of play until the final act. Unfortunately, the game is a bit hard to follow in the story since so many of the moves had to be cut out to shorten the story and help relieve the danger of boring the reader.

The plan, as indicated, does work--especially when you have a player who is convinced that he can't be beat. A little egging on will do nicely to confuse the mind and help to keep him from seeing what you are doing.

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