



Mythopoeic Society

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A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis,  
Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature

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## Mythellany #3

Veida Wissler

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## Mythcon 51: A VIRTUAL “HALFLING” MYTHCON

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## Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

### Abstract

We propose to lure your gaze into our pages by offering for your purveyance delicious, sparkling romance. Though oft have invitations – even flatteries – been addressed to you, how can you now resist the unique recounting of passion between Paris and H– of T– told by a certain bold champion of our Society who is as handsome as he is anonymous; or can you refuse an adventurous, bloody tale of pirates, written by a dashing teenager who later became that famous arch communist, Friedrich Engels?

### Keywords

Mythellany; Mythopoeic









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# Editorial

Dear Reader - Bold or Coy -

We propose to lure your gaze into our pages by offering for your purveyance delicious, sparkling romance. Though oft have invitations - even flatteries -- been addressed to you, how can you now resist the unique recounting of passion between Paris and H- of T- told by a certain bold champion of our Society who is as handsome as he is anonymous; or can you refuse an adventurous, bloody tale of pirates, written by a dashing teenager who later became that famous arch-communist, Friedrich Engels? This, the only fictional story he wrote, is translated into English perhaps for the first time by that eminent bluestocking, Christine Lowentrou. We also bring you news of Nessie, the revelations of apprentices, and an appearance by the moon.

If you like to become acquainted with authors, or if you like chickens in theory or reality, let us introduce you - via interview - to Rev. Walter M. Wangerin, Jr., author of *The Book of the Dun Cow*. Lastly, with all love and respect, we have a special treat for Mythlore readers everywhere.

So throw off those garters, unlace the passementerie, consign the parure to the safe, rest in the shade of some great oak and surrender yourselves to the pleasures of Mythellany 83/84.

## SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Mythellany is a fantasy fiction magazine published annually around mid-July or early August.

Possible subjects are: retellings of mythology, fantasy horror, stories of elves, fairies, knights, dragons, modern fantasy. We especially enjoy parodies, jokes, poems, and riddles.

Submissions should be typed, double-spaced, with one-inch margins all the way around.

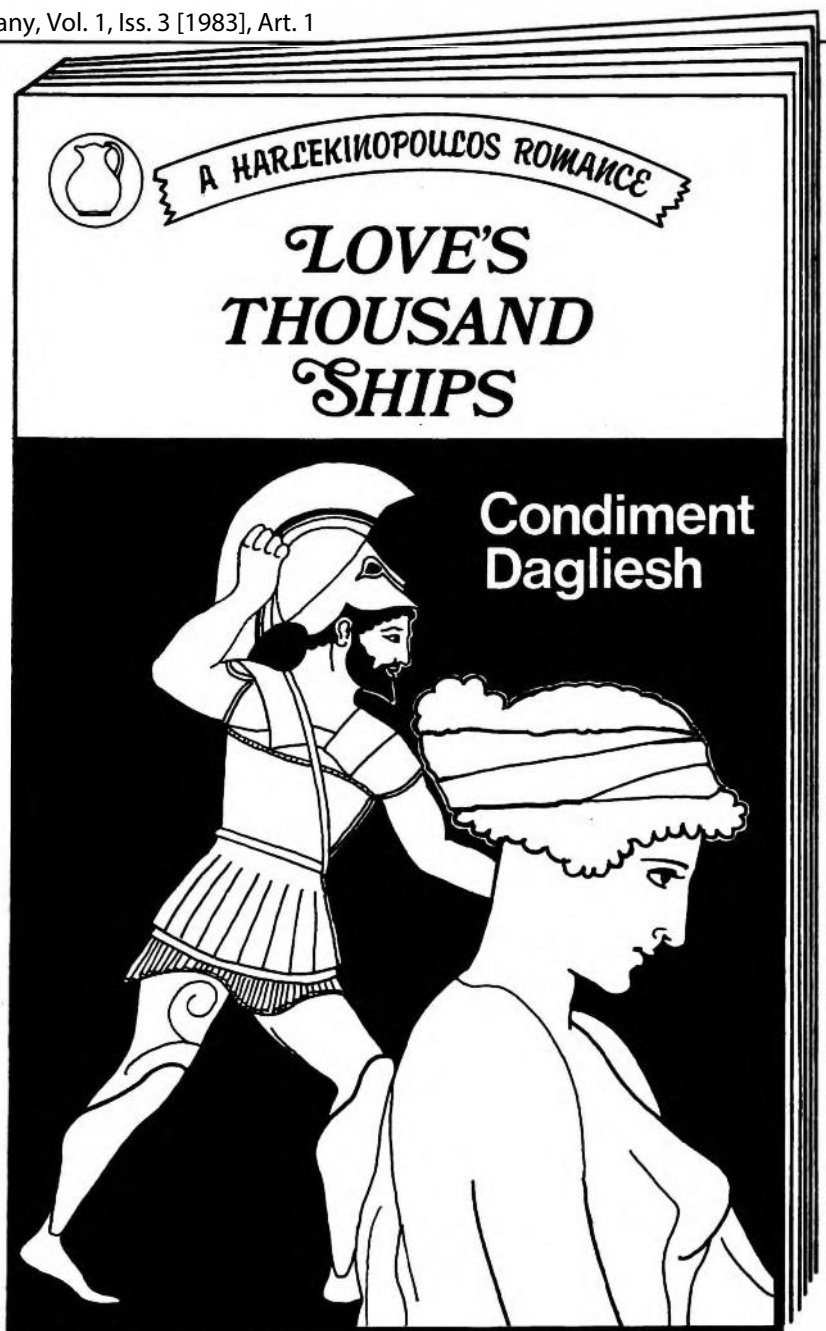
Self-addressed Stamped Envelope (SASE) should be enclosed with adequate postage.

Submissions which are accepted will be kept and the author notified. All other submissions will be returned if SASE is enclosed.

Contributors of accepted material will receive a free copy of the magazine.

Submissions should be addressed to:  
Mythellany, P.O. Box 545, Leesburg, VA 22075

**Nobody had  
ever said  
Helen was  
plain.**



Helen leaned upon the parapet as if unconscious of her shimmering and translucent beauty. Her blond hair, washed just that morning and unbound, was a golden cloud about her shoulders. The bright Phrygian sun rouged her cheeks and reflected from the helmets and shields of the combatants on the plain below. She turned wistfully from the carnage as sandals thudded on the steps behind her.

The birdlike flutter of her heart had told her, even before she looked, that Paris would be there. He was. His hands clenched and unclenched with unspoken passion, his haunting dark eyes smoldered with accusation. She drew herself up proudly. One hand clutched the blue mantel, chosen to accentuate the clear azure of her eyes, and she made an effort to speak clearly.

"Are you angry, my lord?"

"My lord!" he cried, flinging the words like one of those catapult projectiles cracking the wall beneath her.

"My lord! By all the gods of Olympus, Helen, is this what we have come to? You cannot call me Paris, but mock me with my title? Am I just one of the fifty princes of Troy to you, after all?"

Just one of the princes? He, the sole prince of her heart? She ached to tell him that, to fling herself at his feet, to shower kisses upon his bronze shinguards. But how could she, while still ignorant of what was upsetting him? Confused, filled with an eddy of conflicting emotions, she could only cling to her one enduring principle—she must teach him manners.

"If that is what you think, you must think it," she said coldly. She could not look him in the eyes, but glanced away, feigning to be distracted by an unusually vivid scream from the battlefield.

"Then it's true," he stormed.

"Paris," she digressed, limpid blue eyes still upon the conflict below, "why have you come up from the war? Isn't that your legion being hacked to pieces down there?"

"Never mind my legion," he shouted. "I must know the truth about you and me. Don't you understand that nothing else matters?"

The words sent a thrill through her being. To be that important to him! To hear such a cry wrung from a manly heart! To have the upper hand! Yet, could she claim to understand this man, so commanding, yet so passionate; so confident, yet with the shadow of some old sorrow lurking in his smouldering eyes; so outwardly stern, yet capable of such great tenderness? She pondered his cry, "Then it's true!"

"Then what's true?" she asked.

"Do I need to say it?" he scoffed. He moved to the parapet and rested his hands on it and she quailed before the haunted despair in his fathomless black eyes. His voice was soft, almost a monotone. "After all we have said to each other, all that we have dared for each other, yet at last you turn back to that man..."

"That man!" she cried. "What are you implying?" Anger mounted in her. "You know I cannot go back. Whatever there was between Menelaus and me, it's dead now. Yes, I thought it was love, but I know now it wasn't love!"

She almost added, "Because you have taught me the meaning of love," but pride and obduracy stilled her tongue.

"Menelaus, faugh!" Paris spat. "Am I not supposed to know that your fickle heart nowadays beats only for Achilles?"

"Achilles!" she cried, startled out of her assumed dignity. "Paris, how can you say that?"

"Easily enough," he answered with a mocking laugh. "I know that you met with him when last the Greeks sent him here on an embassy. And I saw how you were looking at him and gesturing from the wall today. That's why I came back - to tell you that I saw."

"I can't believe this!" she cried. "How could I ever love Achilles?"

"Would it be so hard? He is commanding, yet passionate; confident, yet with the shadow of some old sorrow lurking in his smouldering eyes; outwardly stern, yet capable of great tenderness. Just the type your sort always fall for."

"You have never spoken like this before," she murmured painfully.

"It is a cluttered, pretentious style, but I am overwrought," was all the answer he gave her.

Don't you know," she cried in exasperation, "that Achilles doesn't love me?"

"He did once."

"Yes," she flared. "Every crowned male in Greece loved me once. Wasn't I always honest about that? Didn't I tell you so from the first? But Achilles has no interest in me now. He's in love with Briseis."

"Briseis, the captive girl?" Paris turned to her, perplexed. "Agamemnon loves Briseis."

"Agamemnon never loved Briseis. Agamemnon is crazy about Chryseis and has been for the last six months."

"Chryseis, the daughter of the priest of Apollo?"

"Yes, and he's only chasing after the other one because he can't get her."

"By the gods, that must upset you," Paris said sympathetically. "After all, Agamemnon is married to your sister Clytemnestra."

"Oh well," she shrugged. "Clytemnestra also has known overpowering passion. She's fallen hard for

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Agamemnon's cousin Aegisthus. In her last letter to me, she said that Aegisthus is commanding, yet passionate; confident, yet with the shadow of some old sorrow lurking in his smouldering eyes; outwardly stern, yet capable of great tenderness. He does a variety of bird calls and knows a lot of Macedonian jokes. I've never seen her happier. I don't know what she'll do when Agamemnon comes home from this war."

"I guess," said Paris, "that it'll all come out in the wash. But if all this is true, why did you meet with Achilles when he came here?"

"I was asking him what had become of my brothers, Castor and Pollux. It seems they'd fallen in love with ..."

"Oh please, never mind," Paris interrupted hastily. "And why, when I looked up to this wall half an hour ago, did I see you gesturing to Achilles so brazenly?"

"Oh, you silly," Helen chided him. "I just wanted him to fight his way over here and let me drop him this. Here, if you must know." She handed him a leather pouch that had lain beside her on the parapet. With blazing eyes he opened it, with trembling fingers unrolled the scrap of parchment it contained. He read:

Dear Achilles,

Do, please, be sweet and do me a teeny-weeny favor. With this awful siege, we can't get any decent Greek baklava in Troy. Could you sneak some through the lines for me? I'd appreciate it awfully.

Your chum,  
Helen

Paris looked up, the anger gone from his eyes. Only devotion for this radiant woman suffused his being.

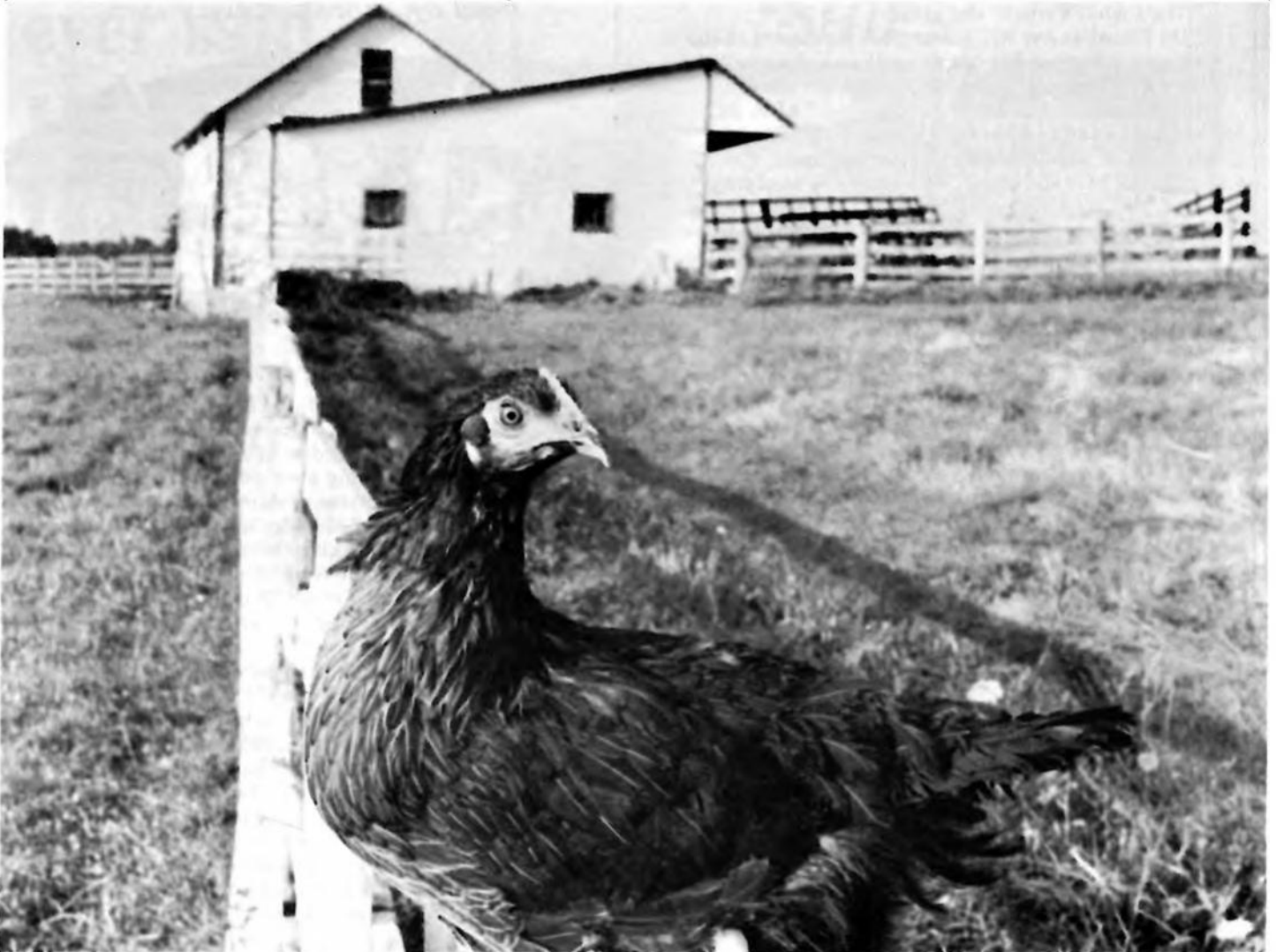
"Helen," he murmured. "Baklava."

"Yes," she said shyly. "Your favorite."

"How wonderful you are!" he cried and then she was in his arms. Below, arrows whirred, swords and spears hammered on bronze shields, horses neighed, and dying men called on the gods, but Paris and Helen were only aware of each other. ■



# Of Books and Birds



*Mythellany* talks with pastor-author Walter Wangerin, Jr. about *The Book of the Dun Cow* and other matters.

**M:** *One thing I like to ask is what kind of books do writers read? What are your favorite authors; what are you reading now?*

**Wangerin:** I'm supposed to write a paper for three synods on Worship & Witness. So I've been digging into that briefly: what worship is in its dramatic sense as well as how it sockets itself in people's lives. P. G. Wodehouse, I haven't read much of him so I thought I'd work on him for a little while. I keep up with Updike. Not happily lately, but the cooler stuff like he wrote earlier. I'll see what *Rabbit is Rich* is like. I dearly love Chaim Potok, John Gardner, John Barth, John Updike.

**M:** *How did you begin writing? Have you done it since you were eight?*

**Wangerin:** It wasn't even like there was a choice. I could guess what the motives were: I had brothers who were much better in sports and all that kind of stuff. Reading was not only personal, but something a person could handle totally on their own. You didn't need other people for reading and so I read—a lot—and I wrote. I did it all my childhood life. All my triumphs and contests were in writing so it just seemed the most natural form of expression.

**M:** *How do you find time to write now?*

**Wangerin:** By sticking as doggedly as I can to a schedule. Ministry fills all the cracks, crises don't happen during the day; they happen at night or any odd time. So I do my best to set aside Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings and a piece of the afternoon so I can bring the work to some kind of conclusion.

**M:** *As the pastor of a church, how do you divide your time between writing and ministry?*

**Wangerin:** Well, that's it. Probably if I would identify priorities in terms of time as well as in terms of my emotional commitment, it would end up that ministry was on top and writing wasn't. Writing becomes a kind of poor stepchild that way. I'm sad about it, but ministry just can't be formed. Only recently we hired a secretary which gives me time to write and still feel things are happening with the ministry.

**M:** *In what ways has being a Christian influenced or inspired your writing?*

**Wangerin:** That's a massive question. I could answer it on several levels. In the first place, it probably did no more nor less than any other *Weltanschauung* would have done for the conscious practice of writing. I suspect that the best writers have some point of view from which they see the universe, humans, and society, and mine is Christian. There are very few authors that are able to write well (artistically and skillfully), to write pieces with an inner integrity and yet at the same time *not* have a *Weltanschauung*. Even Kafka, where you might find at the center a hollowness or emptiness, at least began from the point of view of a soul having a criticism of the universe (not far, I think, from Kierkegaard).

So in my case, it was one view among many and (crawling out of my skin) that it was a necessary point of view from which to not only judge, but take the perspective of relationships and reality and truth. I can't necessarily say that at the beginning it was a profound motivation to communication which in the Christian vernacular is proclamation, but it served very, very well in the ministries I've had. Ministry always uses words. If one is good with words then it becomes (although this is a bad comparison) like Milton who couldn't sever the relationship between art and faith. This has helped make something serious of the writing, not just a time-filler or money-maker, not just a practice of putting words together sweetly or well, but put some purpose behind the putting of words together.

John Gardner writes about the necessity of writing being put into some kind of service (his words, not mine), and that the service perform a moral or ethical beauty before society or within society. I like what he says. I think there are authors today who fail by not having a point of view by which they can speak righteousness. I do not mean in the self-righteous sort of way; in fact, I mean in a very humble sort of way where something is larger than the author himself. Christianity places me in a universe that is larger and more important than myself which is a blessing. Does that make sense?

**M:** *I think so. (????????) You don't believe in art for art's sake?*

**Wangerin:** Words for sound's sake is either nonsense or humming.

**M:** *What kind of service do you feel *Dun Cow* performs?*

**Wangerin:** It takes the existence of God for granted and enshrines sacrifice.

**M:** *Do you write like you preach?*

**Wangerin:** No. If we're talking about the purposes behind them or the form they take, no, not necessarily.

**M:** *I was thinking of style. Often, when pastors take to writing, it doesn't translate that well. Your style, at least in *Dun Cow*, is very readable. Did that come naturally to you or did you have to think about it?*

**Wangerin:** It's readable on purpose. The heard word - the word that's spoken and meant to be heard by the ear of other people - does do good things for the written word. It finds rhythm, it teaches sound, it teaches how they all hang together.

**M:** *Like storytelling, although I'm not trying to equate the two.*

**Wangerin:** Oh, but that's good. Good preaching is good story-telling. Exactly. Suddenly you have a stage and you have an actor on the stage and the actor's voice is heard and the actor is either a character in the story or the author itself.

In my case, well, I read very slowly. Only lately did I realize that I do that because I'm hearing it all. I'm listening to what I read instead of seeing it with the eyeball. There's an extra step in the brain which I thought everybody did. I think it's because of the





hearing of all other people's writing that I write to be heard; I hear what I write.

Secondly, I spent a great deal of time for about two years writing poetry which wasn't good. But what it did for me was good. It taught me rhythm and sound.

Another thing helped me, too. I learned German from freshman high school all the way through college and Latin from freshman high school all the way through college. Four years of Greek. Several years of Hebrew. That, at least the way I learned the language, also forced me to hear the grammar of the English language and to understand why it was what it was. So there are some parallels between writing and preaching and they do bless each other now.

**M:** *Will you eventually write outside the fantasy genre? You've written many non-fiction articles for "Interaction."*

**Wangerin:** Yes, I will. Fantasy is nice. I think of myself as a Green Street or Fleet Street writer. Hack writer. I'll write whatever anybody asks me to write. That, in fact, is how I got into fantasy; somebody suggested doing a fantasy book. An editor at Concordia Publishing House. The book that I wrote for her was never published and it wasn't good enough to be published. But it made me understand I could do that.

**M:** *To get closer to the book: how did you get so interested in chickens?*

**Wangerin:** Well, one thing leads to the other. This is what happened for the book. I was asked to write a series of very, very short parables. And in order to keep them short, I created a cast of characters that I would not have to introduce with each new parable. I stole from Chaucer to do it. Not just Chaucer, but Russell the Fox, and Chaunticleer and Pertelote all came out of that long history of parables and legends. The parables themselves never were published. They were rejected, but I liked the characters that were created by very brief and pointed scenes. That made me think about the possibility of writing a book in which the characters are animals. I would discover some kind of ineluctable evil, place the evil against them, and watch to see what happened.

At the same time, I had chickens of my own. I was teaching at the University of Evansville, not making much money. My wife and I lived on two acres and we were supplementing our money and income with fruit trees, a large garden, and about a hundred chickens. My wife grew up on a farm and would not touch the coop. Well, that did not necessarily cause interest in chickens, but at least it made me know them. So I could use what I know.

**M:** *I can see that it would be very educational. What happens to Mundo Cani Dog at the end?*

**Wangerin:** Of this book? There is another book to come.

**M:** *There is?*

**Wangerin:** It's written. It has one more revision to go yet. The issue of the Dog becomes a part of the second

book, so I'll be careful how I answer your question.

All we know for sure at the end of the first book is a kind of anomaly or a mystery. As far as Chaunticleer is concerned, the Dog is lost. Pertelote implies that there may be some possibility of finding him again, and that's where that whole business of the hole comes in. Perhaps they can dig down and find him. That's left unanswered.

**M:** *So that was deliberate and I can feel assured there is more to the story. I have had lively discussions on that very point of Mundo Cani's survival.*

**Wangerin:** That's a good question all on its own without a second book, isn't it? It's worthy of discussion. It will reveal to you the different points of view of the people around the table. Is it important to answer those questions? Is it really? To answer whether the Dog survived?

**M:** *Well, if you like to know what happens ...*

**Wangerin:** That's true. On the other hand, if you're going to dig in to understand what a sacrifice is, maybe it's marvelous.

**M:** *!!!! What one or two ideas or feelings did you want your readers to get from this first story?*

**Wangerin:** I like the word "feelings" a lot.

When I was writing the story I gave more commitment to the writing—toward making the story hang together properly and well—because if it forgot its own rules it would also lose its readers. I wanted to tell a story that was worth telling, that was exciting, and yet drew the feelings of the reader so that they would identify with or feel commitment to these characters. The reader would care about relationships and be moved. That seemed to me a triumph: to move somebody else to some place, to be moved by a story, simply by words.

I didn't put forward ideas for the reader to find. The scenes and ideas arose naturally from the story itself. Of course, I would have to say the truth in order to make it unified. That implies telling the truth in order to bring out the truth.







When you work with fantasy and you leave things half mysterious, other people are bound into the mystery somehow. They want to crack the nut, they make an interpretation, and it was kind of nice to see that people were willing to try to pull symbols out and make parallels within the book and to answer a riddle. But at first I didn't intend it.

**M:** *You talk about wanting to write about feelings ...*

**Wangerin:** No, to elicit feelings...

**M:** *...to elicit feelings. Some people have felt almost embarrassed in a way because the feelings were so frank. Was that intentional on your part?*

**Wangerin:** If intentional, not as a trick. If there is embarrassment because they [feelings] were too overt, and they did not at the same time draw the feeling of of the reader, then perhaps there was a failure or breakdown somewhere, on my part for not having read the audience very well, as well as the reader's.

But let me take the question all by itself without thinking of previous statements. So much of our existence and relationship with one another, so much of the animals' existence and relationship with one another, is not just what happens. It isn't just the action that takes place around them divorced from feeling; feeling is always part of the action. Feeling identifies and interprets, then classifies the action. I don't think very many people analyze rationally what's happening to them first; first, they feel about it. Then they have two things to analyze rationally: the action itself and the feelings. Very seldom are they able to make the distinction. When that turns evil, that's called prejudice. When that turns good, that's called community. So the fact of our existence together and our struggling against odds involves and includes feeling. Feelings that are as overt as the love between perhaps male and female, or the Rooster and the Hen.

**M:** *So what is happening in then, is not only the things happening, but also the feeling attached to those actions or circumstances are really examined.*

**Wangerin:** Right. And you can't have the one without the other in this world.

**M:** *The evil depicted in Dun Cow is overwhelming.*

*There's a feeling at the end of the book of "Did they win? Did good win, or is it a draw?"*

**Wangerin:** First of all, just from an author's point of view (this doesn't involve interpretation) I really did think I had a cast of characters that had foibles. They could be liked: you could laugh at them, sneer at them; you could judge them; they were both good and evil all mixed together.

My first problem to solve was to create a contest worthy of a book. I thought I would try to find an evil that was absolute and I would try to describe it. For a while I fiddled with that and I didn't know where to go. I thought of using human beings but that didn't fit at all. If I used humans against animals that were already half-human, it became an unnecessary complication. I didn't want to judge humans as ineluctably evil either. I

thought of other kinds of animals and ultimately I decided to simply go to mythology which would do two things: 1) I would have the freedom to create a palpable evil of my own; 2) I would be able to draw upon centuries and centuries of the folk perception of evil. Mythology has it. The folk or the peoples' mind, the historical, communal mind, tries to understand something beyond its understanding; it gives it shape and form. So that's where I went.

My purpose was to not find a single shred of good in it at all because I want to see what will happen to these characters against it. I really didn't know what it would be when I began to write.

The word itself is an Old English word for Beowulf's dragon—the third part of the Beowulf legend—which is usually translated as dragon. Our word 'worm' comes

**“I think readers today are patronized far beyond what they should be.”**

from it. It's also a piece of the Loki monster from Scandinavian legends, Loki is finally changed into a serpent kind of like Wyrms and commanded to stay underneath the waters. It draws a little bit on Egyptian legend. I think you know the basilisks do, too, and the cockatrice.

When we human beings try to deal with that which we call evil, it always seems to overwhelm us; that is, in fact, part of the characteristic that makes evil. If it did not overwhelm us, it would be something less than evil: it would be a problem to be solved. It would be a human being to be rehabilitated (if you believe in rehabilitation). The whole point of evil is that it is somehow or other greater than us, that's the terror of the thing. I did and did not think in terms of Satan or a personal evil. There are so many places to draw on man's concept of evil. If it [evil] were anything less than grand, if it were anything less than enticing, it would be less than what we conceive evil to be generally, even from little tiny children. The "thing" that hides in the basement is bigger than me. It might even be bigger than my parents. I think our natural perception of the Enemy is always greater than we are. It forces us to seek some thing, some pattern, some ritual, some person, some deity, something else to enlist on our side.

**M:** *Can't Good be bigger than us and overwhelm us, too?*

**Wangerin:** Absolutely—God overwhelms us by love, but we are the more quickly sensitive to our destruction than to a call to faith which would swallow us from ourselves.

**M:** *C. S. Lewis, in The Screwtape Letters shows that evil is small, niggardly, and uncreative; it is only perversion of good. Would you agree with this or do you prefer Milton's interpretation?*

**Wangerin:** Well, both (as they have it both ways: Milton makes Satan blow himself up before Adam like so much gas; Lewis, in his trilogy, allows evil an enormous horror, planet-wide). We can't ignore its greater strength than us, its insignificance before God.

**M:** *Is the Dun Cow meant to be equal in power to Wyrm, even though she is quite understated?*

**Wangerin:** No. Anything worthy to match Wyrm would be God as God appears in the book. The Dun Cow's power is invisible. That is one character I thought of in symbolic terms. She doesn't have much of a character at all. The symbolism I thought of with her was *sympathos* which is a Greek word meaning "to suffer with"—or sympathy—and compassion which is the Latin "suffer with." I called her an angel at one point to show her being a messenger, but more than that, to show the blessing of community when at the same time we serve and do not serve, for example, when we participate in someone's suffering or someone in mine. They do nothing, yet I find myself stronger, also more at peace, and given a vision (by another suffering with me) that is larger than my own eyeball; a vision that includes me, not looks out from me. It puts me in relation over against other things.

The negative of that is the teachers' and preachers' and writers' fallacy. Generally, anybody who works with words feels the way to solve somebody's problems is to give them a spoken solution. Teachers' always have to *answer* a question. They don't suffer it. Preachers are the same, instead of just being there and suffering with human beings and not knowing what a blessed power there is in *sympathos*. And writers, when they come upon a problem, they have to solve it instead of suffering it. They don't understand that the "suffering with" is sometimes a profound peace solution.

**M:** *Your book is about peace and community in the midst of crisis?*

**Wangerin:** Yes, but also our complicity in crisis (cf. Chaunticleer's capitulation) and the means for *dealing* with crisis, not ignoring or misinterpreting it; and the very palpable effects of evil *upon* our peace, both individual and communal.

**M:** *So Wyrm is to evoke all those terrors you have?*

**Wangerin:** How do we identify the bomb? I don't think we think of it scientifically. My son Matthew doesn't. His eyes grow very wide every time there's any reference to Russia. In his mind, that's something beyond his capacity to name or to find the corners of. It is not limited; it is illimitable, and the poor squirt himself is limited. That's his terror. He can't meet it. He can't even name it, so he's much less than it. The kid needs me; I'm his father. He knows better, that I can't handle the bomb, and he doesn't trust the president a whole lot either.

**M:** *Was it difficult getting Dun Cow published?*

**Wangerin:** No. I had written that previous fantasy. When the first publisher rejected it, I broke my teeth on that - no, you cut your teeth, don't you? I sent it all over the place and got it rejected all over the place. But the last place I sent it was Harper & Row.

**M:** *In San Francisco?*

**Wangerin:** No, in New York. They rejected it, too, but they wrote such a good letter. The letter was single-

spaced, one page, in which the editor identified two problems with the previous book and explained them so well that I agreed with her. She convinced me that I shouldn't even try to publish that one. I saved her name, and when I had written *Dun Cow* I sent it directly to her. They didn't accept it right away, but there was enough interest and enough suggestions about changes that I said I'd do these things. Then there was a hiatus and I didn't hear from them for several months. Out of the blue, they wrote and said they'd like to publish it.

**M:** *You don't have to answer this, but how is it doing?*

**Wangerin:** It's not that I would decline, but that I don't know. I know how it's doing hard cover because Harper communicates with me twice a year on sales. In hard cover it's doing rotten ever since the paperback came out. I sold the rights to Pocketbooks. They don't communicate with me at all. I'll tell you what I think. They said it was a best seller, but I think that was hype. I don't think it ever was.

**M:** *Do you have any do's and don'ts for writers just starting out or beginning to send their work around?*

**Wangerin:** You asked me before about the authors I read and there's several that I did not name, but I read them all the time. I base my writing on them and it's a job. I read Shakespeare a bunch. I read it so that I hear the words once again—and their feel—the same way. There are not many writers that I know of today that write with the same kind of absolute facility with language.

**M:** *Oh, to be Elizabethan!*

**Wangerin:** That's true. I think readers today are patronized far beyond what they should be. I think we have a very dim, asinine, and unrealistic conception of what they're able to read. The better writers will find as many readers as the short, clipped, Hemingwayesque sentences. I think we could trust our people to be Elizabethan readers even though there are not many Elizabethan writers now.

I would say that it's absolutely necessary to choose those writers who you'd like to write like. And then, seriously study, even if in private study, anyone you can find around. Understand why that paragraph or that character or that story are those words or that image works. Why did it work for you? I think of Jack London who spent years trying to write like Rudyard Kipling. Some might laugh at that, and say you should write like your own self. That's our misconception today - to find yourself. You don't do that unless you're in a relationship to something else. I'm very classical that way. Ben Jonson said that you must write and write like someone else until you become a very "he" and then you have the first alternative and opportunity to become your own self in writing.

I think one should take writing seriously as a craft. Not as a divine madness or something that comes with a bottle of wine and Pathetique Symphony, but a craft that they can labor at and that they clear the earth with. Take time at that. ■





# ALFARHOLLVIK'S HAUNTING

from *The Settlers of Ingolfsey*  
Linda Lipnick



IN the main building of Alfarhollvik Farm stood a small pale woman dressed in the Irish fashion. The heavy dark hair of the woman was touched by silver and her face hardened by grief and the passage of years. She was Deirdre, daughter of the Irish under king, Conor, and new-made widow of the famed viking, Hrafn the West-Traveller, son of Gormur.

Viking Hrafn was laid by the High Seat of his hall. The hour was late and the hall dark. The hearth's fire was casting a red-gold glow on objects near enough to catch its warmth. The glow of the fire was like the amber-set brooch Hrafn had given her years before. The brooch was from the plunder of St. Chevro's, as was she.

On Hrafn's bier his weapons were laid beside him, and the gilt worked shield and blue cloak which had been parting gifts from the Earl of Orkneyjar. Neither had had a chance to become worn.

Deirdre looked up after placing a lock of his faded red-gold hair inside her brooch. She saw three women at the head of Hrafn's bier. Three women who looked both young and old and were wearing their hair loose and unbound. One of them pointed at Deirdre and began to speak.

"This one has The Sight, but denies it as do two of her children; while the third seeks it. Widow of Hrafn Gormursson, listen well to what we speak.

Know this of Hrafn and all who  
Sleep the Sleep of Forever  
Drift amidst the Void,  
It shifts nor yields not.  
For my sisters and I  
Have woven your course  
Between rapids and rock.  
Until one sister smiles and rends the work.

Warrior bold and wary-eyed  
Skald of silver spinning tongue  
Maid beautiful and brave  
See as we do  
All are naught  
But gauzy veils  
To be rent at whim."



A great blast of wind blew open the door of Alfarhollvik. Two cats raced in. One running to the head of the bier and the other to the foot, they stood glaring at the Norns.

Nine cloaked and hooded women followed the two cats in. The woman in the lead wore an amber necklace and began to speak in formal tones to the Norns.

“This one is to be ours. Well has he filled my hall and that of the Grim One. It is not for him to wander in Lokisdottir’s Realm. I claim him.”

The Norns vanished. Deirdre walked toward The Nine bearing the Guest Cup. Freyja of the amber necklace accepted the offering as did the others. A circle formed around the body of Hrafn the West-Traveller. The Nine were about to raise Hrafn on his shield as Deirdre ran towards Freyja.

“Lady, wait. Let me look on him longer, one last time. Let Hrafn-mine understand this too. That I will let no one sit in the High Seat until he has been avenged. And that none but those of our line will feel truly welcome and secure on the High Seat of Alfarhollvik. Is this in your power, Lady?”

Freyja gestures to the women to wait as she takes Deirdre by the arm. Freyja towers over the small Irish woman as they walk towards the High Seat whispering.

After a time Freyja rises and leaves the High Seat. Deirdre follows her as they walk to the bier of Hrafn. As Deirdre bends to kiss Hrafn one last time, The Nine and Hrafn vanish. Deirdre turns toward the High Seat clutching a falcon feather.

A beggarwoman who had crept into the open doorway earlier was to be the only witness. She saw only the body of Hrafn the West-Traveller rise on his shield and felt a great gust of wind pass her. Lastly feeling two small breezes skitter across her skirts.

So began the tale of the haunting of Alfarhollvik. For Deirdre died that same winter.

## GUOMUNDUR’S PAETTIR



**A**FTER four years of east-viking only two of Helge Grimmursson’s crew returned home to Ingolfsey, arriving with a Swedish trader. They were Guomundur Hrafnsson, now called Grim-eyes, and Halldor Thorhallsson. Both men returned with wealth and honor. As they waited at the town of Suourvik, Halldor explained why he was also named Half-brosa or Half-smile; being named so for the scar received from Harald Land Eyoa<sup>1</sup> at the burning of Haldor’s family farm. A full smile would return when Harald Land-eyoa received a taste of the same.

As they set off for Guomundur Grim-eyes’ family farm, haunted Alfarhollvik, they watched a storm boil through the mountains. Guomundur said the coming storm would suit him well. Halldor Halfbrosa inquired which storm.

“Both, Halldor, my wise friend. Soon it will be time to avenge my father.”

A few weeks passed as they became settled at Alfarhollvik. A change in the main hall of Alfarhollvik was noticed. Even brave Halldor became uneasy about the hall’s un-natural chill and haunting shadows. Only Guomundur of the Grim-eyes took no notice of it.



"You are a brave and worthy man, my son,  
 It is not time yet for you to sit in the High Seat.  
 Hrafn-min is yet not avenged."  
 From behind Deirdre stepped hooded Freyja  
 "Nor is it time yet to avenge Hrafn Gormurrsson"  
 Freyja in falcon's shape flew at Guomundur  
 To the hawkfell of his outstretched arm  
 Her talons bit deep  
 Freyja eyed him coldly  
 I will guide your hand  
 When this you see  
 Freyja vanished as her words faded  
 Only the falcon feather and shadows remained.  
 It was near to midnight  
 When stalked he to the High Seat  
 Colder still grew Alfarhollvik  
 Shadows cloaking his soul  
 Deirdre barring the way  
 Shadow hooded Freyja had kept her word  
 Deirdre's spirit stared long at her son  
 While a wind rose inside the hall  
 Her hollow voice was heard  
 A rustle in Alfarhollvik's rafters



**H**E winter at Alfarhollvik passed slowly with few visitors; with much being made of Guomundur's slowness in avenging his father's death. Only the two warriors, Halldor Half-brosa and Guomundur Grim-eyes, found the haunted farmstead to their liking.

Halldor and Guomundur spent the long winter nights with Halldor in the Guest-Seat and Guomundur sprawled at the foot of the High Seat. Guomundur would often speak of how Deirdre's eyes would follow him; staring, while daring him to try and mount the High Seat. He would then become restless fingering the still raw scars of Falcon-Freyja's caress.

Towards the end of winter such an evening passed at Alfarhollvik. A merchant stopped at the farm. The merchant, Havard Ketilsson, an Orkneyjar-man whose skill was not in speaking.

"So it is true then, you sit at the foot of the High Seat."

The glaring Guomundur rose unsteadily towards the merchant, Havard. How Guomundur gained his name, Girm-Eyes showed. Wise Halldor took note this and lunged towards Guomundur while hissing.

"He's not worth it, Guomundur, let him go." After a time Guomundur's anger lessened and Halldor released his grip on him. Havard hastily packed his wares and left the gloomy farm at Alfarhollvik.

Grim Alfarhollvik Farm became colder still as it's rafters began to creak. The winds had sent a messenger-Freyja in falcon shape.

Both Halldor and Guomundur listened as her voice echoed through the hall.

Halldor saw the Falcon-Freyja drop a feather at the feet of Guomundur. Guomundur's eyes saw a raven and a falcon fly over him.

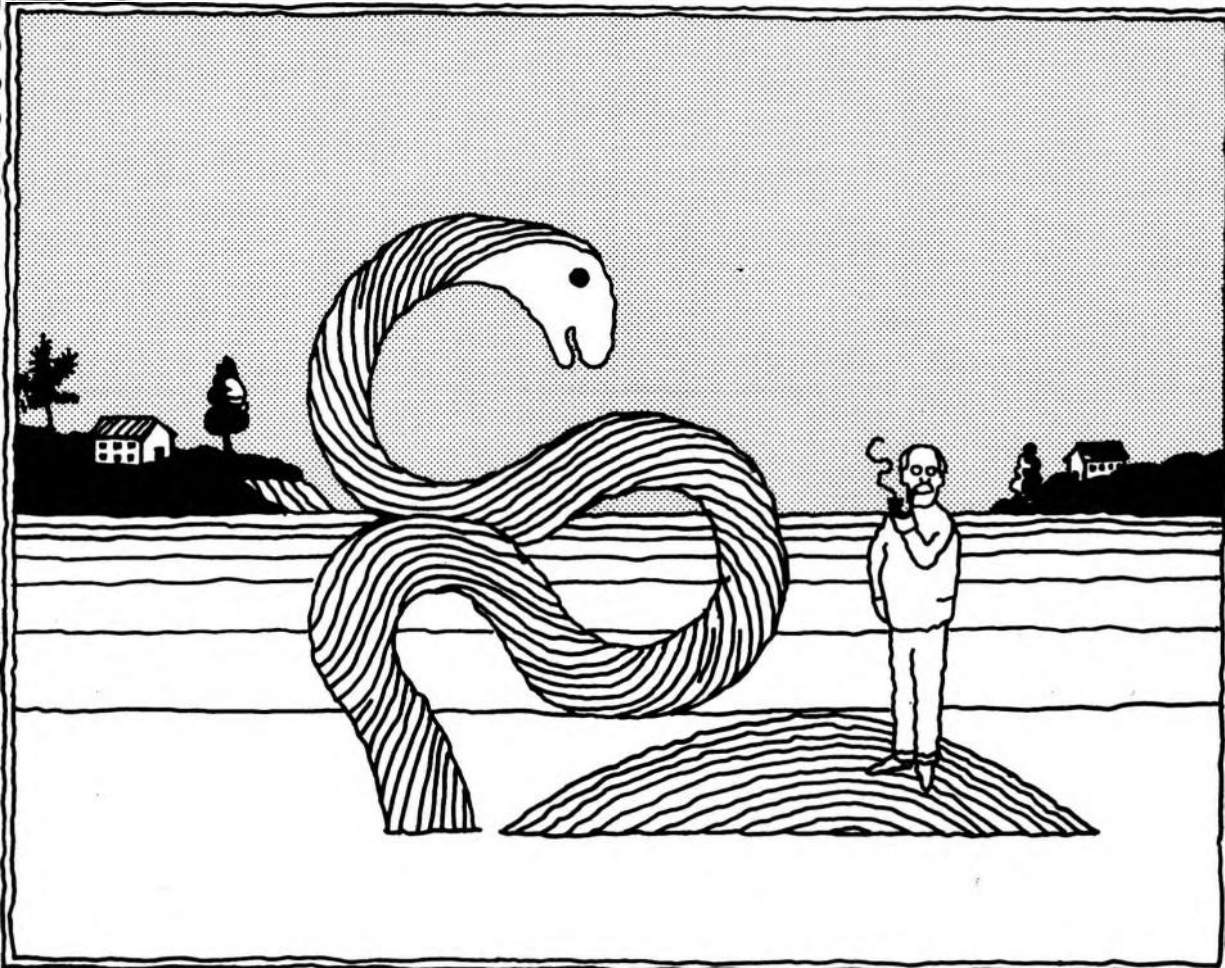
With the falcon leading a blood covered raven. The bloody raven dropped a falcon feather at his feet.

Freyja had sent them a sign, it was time to avenge Hrafn Gormurrsson.

*(continued on page 30)*

# The Lady of the Loch

Marie D. Savino



Sir Myrick Richard Gravydish was really not a Sir at all. It had been added years ago when Myrick's publishers told him a title would help him sell his first novel. He was a jolly old man, between sixty-five and seventy years of age (he would never tell), with a bushy white beard and a balding head, upon which sat a green and red checkered cap. His blue eyes sparkled behind a pair of horn-rimmed specs and he smoked a long, black pipe with word "Scotland" engraved on the bowl in bright red letters.

Gravydish was a widower. His wife had died of pneumonia twenty years ago. Never remarried, Sir Gravydish mourned the loss of his dear Julith to this very day. Although a lonely man, he was rarely alone since numerous relatives and business associates visited often from London and the U.S.

Myrick boasted being a true blue Scotsman (although born in neighboring Wales) and would live in that lush green country until his dying day. As a popular and somewhat eccentric novelist, he had made enough money to purchase a choice piece of remote forested land and built a comfortable cabin on the banks of the Loch Ness. His novels, which centered on the pains of love lost or the powerful beauty of Scotland, had won him international acclaim and wealth. Even so, he preferred the simpler life—his quiet, virgin land, the cabin, his work.

And, Sir Myrick Gravydish had a beautiful obsession. Her name was Nessie. She was his golden girl, his newfound love, the light of his heart. Nessie was a huge and graceful beast who lived in the Loch's mysterious depths. He had met her one night as he sat on a grassy



patch near the water to relax, as he did each night after long hours at the typewriter. Having heard stories and rumors of a man-eating creature living below the Loch, Sir Gravydish had been a bit apprehensive about being alone so late at night, but the beauty of the starlit sky proved irresistible.

Then Nessie had appeared—right before his eyes! He had heard a soft splashing in the loch and he watched in awe as a long, graceful neck rose into the air, gleaming wet in the moonlight. Upon that neck was a finely-shaped head that turned towards Sir Gravydish with the grace of a prima ballerina.

Its eyes enchanted Gravydish. They were large, black and alive with a special kindness and understanding. The beast had stared into Myrick's own blue eyes, then glided quietly and swiftly through the water to where he sat.

Sir Gravydish had been frightened and not ashamed to admit it, but something about the beast quelled those fears, strangely calming him. The graceful head had come closer to his own and as he stared into those deep eyes, why, the creature spoke to him! Not by mouth, but mentally by telepathy. The creature was much better at it than Myrick, but he managed to communicate, too.

They talked and talked and talked, Sir Gravydish introducing himself, the sea monster telling him most humanfolk called her "Nessie." She told him how special he was. None of her kind had ever before communicated with a human being...and probably never would again.

Every night since, Sir Gravydish and Nessie met in the deep of night by the light of the moon and the stars and talked about Sir Gravydish's dead wife, about his novels, about life in a Loch. One night, Nessie reluctantly told where she came from. Gravydish listened to her low, smooth mental voice as she spoke.

"We come not from here, as most of your kind like to think, but from a far planet called Vescars. It is still uncharted even by your complex equipment. There are many of us placed in different bodies of water on your planet to live, grow, and breed until a new home is found for us. A home where we will fit in and not be hunted and tracked down by the curious. I live here with several others—two elder females and one male, my husband, Nestor. They rarely appear," she added quickly, answering Gravydish's mental question. The old man felt a twinge of jealousy at the mention of Nestor, but he let her continue.

"Our planet had to be evacuated because a deadly virus broke out killing all the food sources and poisoning the waters. We were decontaminated during flight and brought here to continue our lives until a new home is located. We have no wish to be discovered here or we may never get to our new home. Your kind would cage and display us. We would be bothered and stared at, perhaps even killed so your scientists could study our insides. No, we will only be here a short time more."

Did you live on your planet alone? Was it a planet of water?" The old man asked.

"Oh, no. Half land, half water. We shared the planet with other sea creatures and several types of land creatures. You would know them as 'Bigfoot' and 'Yeti!'

"They, too, were evacuated from your planet?"

Gravydish was stunned, excited.

"Yes, and they, too, wish to be left alone."

Sir Gravydish turned to those deep, enchanting eyes as he absorbed her tale. He watched as Nessie dipped her head into the water. She could breathe air, but was



more comfortable under water. She lifted her head and strain showed on her dark, rubbery face.

"Are you alright?"

"Yes, fine. Just an abdominal pain. Nestor and I—" she stopped, changed the subject.

Gravydish felt a pang of jealousy again at the repeated mention of Nestor, and more so at the way Nessie said his name. The big, beautiful creature had come to mean so much to him and he so treasured her company. It made him angry to have to share her attentions. Before he went inside, he asked her, "Why did you choose to communicate with me?"

She didn't answer quickly but she searched for the right words.

"You, well...seemed to need a friend. And I couldn't think of anyone else I'd rather talk to. Why did you move to the Loch and sit out here night after night?"

Gravydish was caught off guard, but chuckled and said, "I don't belong in the big city. I like my privacy and—"

"And?"

"I was hoping to get a glimpse of you. I've heard so much about you!"

"Satisfied?"

"More than." Gravydish reached out and kissed her slick forehead, as he did every night, and went inside to bed.

The next day Gravydish spent his time divided between writing and thinking of his long gone Julith. Somehow thoughts of Julith always turned into thoughts of Nessie. They were both so gentle and warm, loving and understanding. Julith had been his whole life. Now he only had himself, his writing, and Nessie.

He did love Nessie. He knew she loved him dearly, too, but she was a sea creature and belonged with other sea creatures, with Nestor. He thought about it and realized his love for Nessie was like a friendless child's love for a puppy. Gravydish had hundreds of relatives and acquaintances, but no real friends, except Nessie. She filled his old heart with joy and wonder and washed away the loneliness. She told him stories of far-off places and watery worlds. She made him feel strong when the world was closing in around him. Often Myrick would put aside his writing or work around the cabin, but he never missed his nightly talk with Nessie.

Gravydish knew she was in constant danger of being discovered by curious tourists and he vowed to do

anything to protect her. He put aside his writing and went outside. The day was bright and clear, with a light blue sky like a canopy over the deep blue-green water of the Loch. Pipe in mouth, the old man walked to the edge of the water and watched as several small, tourist-filled guide boats putt-putted over the water. Hungry vacationers and Nessie hunters leaned over the sides of the boats, peering into the murkiness. Others scanned the Loch with rented binoculars, hoping for a glimpse.

Gravydish waved and shouted, "Forget it! Go home! There's not a thing here but me, myself and I. Ain't no such thing as sea monsters! I'd be the first to see one and I never have !!"

Several people shook their heads at the crazy old coot and turned back to their unperturbed, over-enthusiastic guides and their by-the-half-hour rented binocs.

That night, she didn't show. Gravydish waited, restless and hurt, as the stars slowly tread across the sky. Hours into the new day he fell sleep, his body cold and tired from silent crying.

Something splashed his face. Startled, he opened his eyes. Above him, only the brightest stars still twinkled. He lifted his head and saw Nessie looking down at him. She seemed tired, her eyes were drooping and weary. Gravydish ignored her, resentment and jealousy flared inside him. It was Nestor who was keeping her away. Nestor was trying to destroy his special friendship with Nessie. This is ridiculous, Myrick thought. I am an old man. A man! Finally he could take the silence no more.

"You didn't have to leave Nestor and come here. I could have survived. I don't need friends like you," he snapped unintentionally.

Nessie lowered her head, eyes filled with pain. "I would never miss our special time were it not for a good reason." She waited for him to respond.

He turned to face her. "What could be so much more important than helping a lonely old man?" he asked quietly.

"Do not be so selfish. You see, Nestor and I have a surprise for you."

Gravydish thought, Damn you Nestor, knowing she read his mind.

"And do not be jealous. Nestor is my husband and I love him like you loved Julith. You are my dearest friend and I love you, too. As for the surprise, I think you will like it when you see it."

At that moment the waters parted beside her large body. Gravydish half-expected the looming form of Nestor to rise above him. Instead, a small form swam quickly towards shore. It reached Nessie and popped its tiny head up like a periscope.

Nessie looked lovingly from her son to the old man. "We named him Myrick, after our most beloved friend."

Tears welled in Sir Gravydish's eyes as he looked upon his love, his dear, true friend and her beautiful son. "He is wonderful! Oh, thank you! Thank you for the son I never had!"

Nessie motioned to the youngster and it ducked underwater to find its daddy. She moved closer to Gravydish and he could see the trouble in her tired eyes. He wished, like hers, that his own telepathic powers were strong enough to read deep, unspoken, hidden thoughts, thoughts meant only for the person thinking them. Maybe it was better he could not. Although he tried hard not to, he suddenly remembered what Nessie had said about only having a short time left on Earth. Perhaps...

Nessie looked at the old man and sighed, a gentle sound that held a touch of finality. "We will be leaving tomorrow night. A new home has been found for us not very far from here. The others and I, land and sea, will be transported by our carrier ships."

There was only silence.

Nessie continued, "Our child needs a new home, a bigger body of water to play and grow in. Remember, he is your child, too, a child Nestor gave me, but was created from your love and friendship. I shall always hold you dearly in my heart." She hesitated. "We can stay if you want."

"NO! You will not stay just because I am a selfish, greedy old man. You will go and be happy and give that son the biggest Loch on the place, you hear me? It's your new home, where you belong. And my home? Well, my home is here on earth with hungry publishers and devoted fans and my memories of Julith...and you."

"But we are true friends. Friends need each other," Nessie argued, but Gravydish could tell the half-hearted argument was for his benefit only.

"That is true and shall remain so forever, but a home is sometimes more important. True friends don't hold each other back, you know," he said matter-of-factly, all the while trying to convince himself he was right.

All said, they parted with a gentle kiss of understanding, one that need not be physical to be felt.

Sir Gravydish wrote in his journal the next morning, "I dread this day, yet life goes on." He went to work diligently on his newest novel about a wealthy Scot family gone bankrupt, blocking out of his mind all thoughts of Julith and Nessie...and how he had lost both to forces beyond his control. It was dusk when he finally stopped. He ate a small dinner and smoked his pipe. The night was still young when he wandered outside. He sat in his place by the water and settled back with pipe and tobacco for the long wait.

Hours slipped by and the moon rose high in half its glory. Gravydish dozed and was awakened from a muddled dream with a start. Something hummed overhead. He yawned and stretched, then froze in awe as a fantastically huge metallic cylinder buzzed quietly above the water. The strange machine hovered without any lights to avoid attracting attention. A hatch opened on the giant ship's underside and a massive, roomy cage was lowered down into the water. It came back up full with the bodies of the creatures. One of them was the size of a two-story house and as long as a submarine from head to tail. It must be Nestor, Myrick thought. The newborn was at Nestor's side. Gravydish could barely see the two elder females on the other side, but he caught Nessie's eye just as the cage lifted into the ship.

They looked at each for one moment and in that look were all the memories, the thoughts, said and unsaid. Sir Gravydish watched the spaceship skillfully maneuver away from earth without a sound, taking an uncomfortably large piece of his heart with it. He turned away and suddenly stopped. There in the wet dirt near the water's edge was scrawled in plain human English, "I love you dearly." Beside it was the letter "N." And beside that, "So do I," signed "M. Jr." in unmistakable childlike letters.

Gravydish looked up at the quiet sky and whispered, "Goodbye, Nessie. I shall always remember you, my friend." He blinked back a tear and returned to his cabin and his novel, gently closing the door behind him. ■



The story I have to tell is really quite simple.

My name is Avidus and for many years I was an instructor in magic at the University of Al-Liban in the Desert Kingdom. I could have left it long before now, but it was comfortable. High in one of the school towers, I had a pleasant office which overlooked a park.

Commissioned by Gerald Lifebringer, the Desert Kingdom's greatest magician, the park is itself part of the University grounds. It is a busy place by day. Through my office window, I used to watch students stroll about discussing classes; journeyman orators declaiming verses; confection vendors plying their trades; the mercenaries patrolling to prevent trouble; and the birds twittering in the trees.

Sometimes the University elders permitted a festival in it. I never attended, but I heard the music if my window happened to be open. I must confess, it usually did "happen" that it was open during festival. They were very fine, I'd been told, but I felt that someone like myself could not possibly support with my actual presence such riotous behavior as occurred there. Dancing, for instance. The most I could condone was discrete foot tapping under my desk which could not possibly hurt anyone.

I remember observing the deserted park on nights when I worked late. Let me amend that to almost deserted. I would see lovers beneath the trees, often in full view of my window! I came to think it silly that the University rules governing such things drove the students to such inconveniences.

I also observed something else. I began to suspect I was growing apart from my students, becoming exactly the same kind of pompous fool I abhorred when I was young. I began to think an adventure might help me get in touch again with those "youthful" feelings. I was almost sure it would make me a better teacher.

Of course, one did not want too much adventure. Too much effort given to keeping alive in hard places takes away from the creative faculties. But, perhaps a walk by night in the park would be the *via media*. Perhaps I

would meet some of my students, perhaps some of the rowdier ones. Perhaps I would be invited to deface one or two of those smug University statues. They'd needed a randy slogan painted about their base for years. Perhaps I would have to kiss a female student. No, no, one just didn't kiss young people one had the care of. After all, I was highly regarded by the rest of the faculty. (I was forced to be very firm with myself on the subject of kissing someone during my hypothetical walk.)

It was then a remarkable thought occurred to me. Why need my considerations be hypothetical only? It was a fine spring evening. Adventure awaited me! Before I could change my mind, I hurried down the stairs that led to the back door which opened directly onto the park lawns.

I remember a light breeze ruffling my hair as I took the short walk that led into the trees. I gleefully pretended not to notice that it was a couple of my students kissing each other under a juniper bush not six yards from me.

Presently, I came to a large fountain which the University elders had placed in the center of the park. I remembered voting on the funds and approving the design, but had never actually seen it before. It was quite unexciting but for a group of cherubs playing in the jets of water. I sat down next to a very fetching young lady with energetic red hair. She appeared to be concentrating on her knitting, so I decided not to burden her with my conversation. Besides, I couldn't think of a suitable opening comment. Gradually, various, colorful, goblin lights became visible as night drew on. They reflected off the water and gave a dim, pretty atmosphere to the surrounding trees. They were worth every jeblik spent on them, I thought.

"Those cherubs," I finally said to the young lady, "are really an impressive illusion. Whoever is responsible should be complimented."

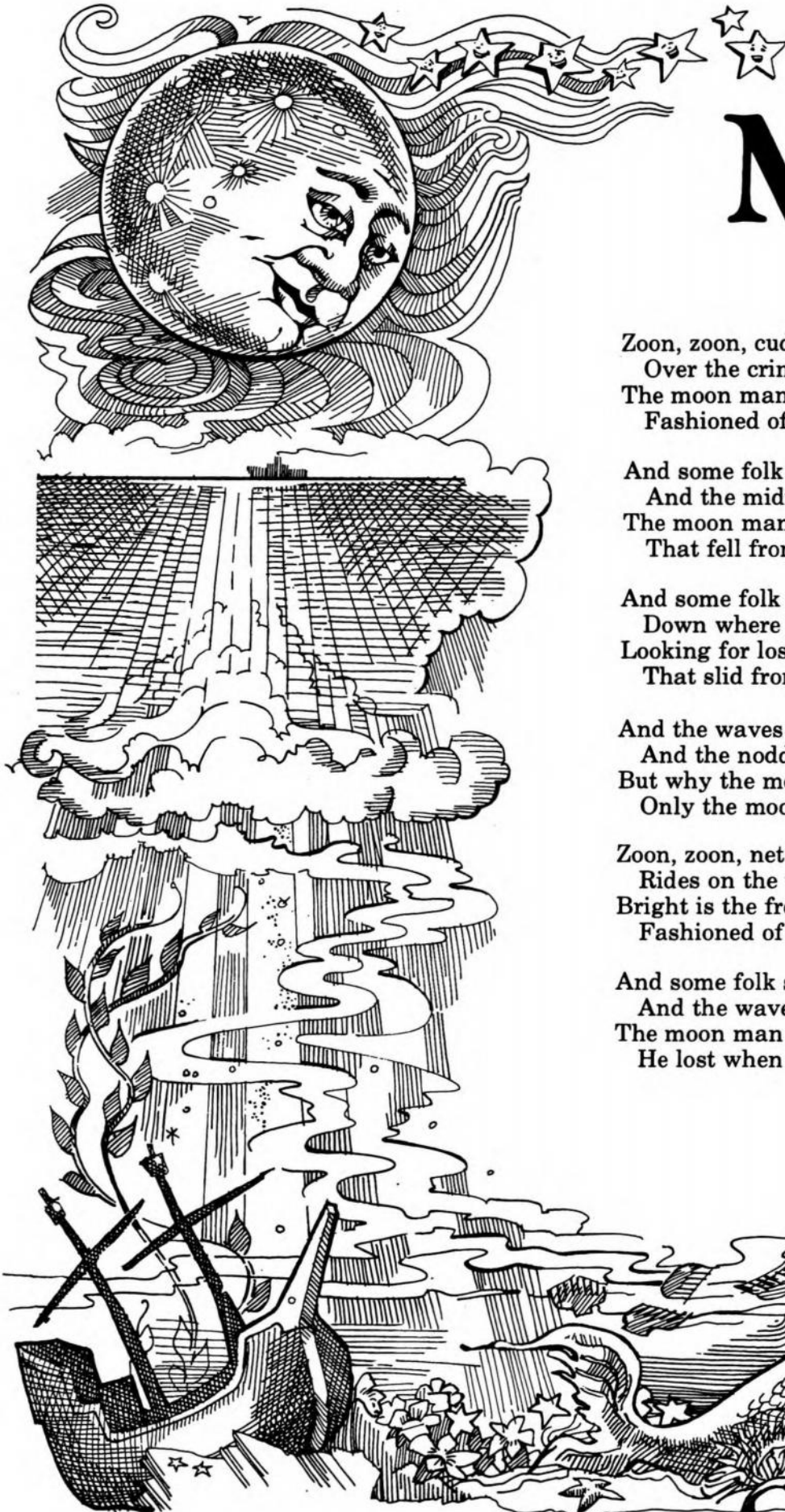
She giggled, "Don't tell the cherubs that."  
"Don't tell them what?"

# A WALK BY NIGHT

CHARLES  
DENTON

CONTINUED  
PAGE 18





# MOON

Zoon, zoon, cuddle and croon-  
Over the crinkling sea,  
The moon man flings him a silvered net  
Fashioned of moonbeams three.

And some folk say when the net lies long  
And the midnight hour is ripe;  
The moon man fishes for some old song  
That fell from a sailor's pipe.

And some folk say that he fishes the bars  
Down where the dead ships lie,  
Looking for lost little baby stars  
That slid from the slippery sky.

And the waves roll out and the waves roll in  
And the nodding night wind blows,  
But why the moon man fishes the sea  
Only the moon man knows.

Zoon, zoon, net of the moon  
Rides on the wrinkling sea;  
Bright is the fret and shining wet,  
Fashioned of moonbeams three.

And some folk say when the great net gleams  
And the waves are dusky blue,  
The moon man fishes for two little dreams  
He lost when the world was new.



# SONG

And some folk say in the late night hours,  
While the long fin-shadows slide,  
The moon man fishes for cold sea flowers  
Under the tumbling tide.

And the waves roll out and the waves roll in  
And the gray gulls dip and doze,  
But why the moon man fishes the sea  
Only the moon man knows.

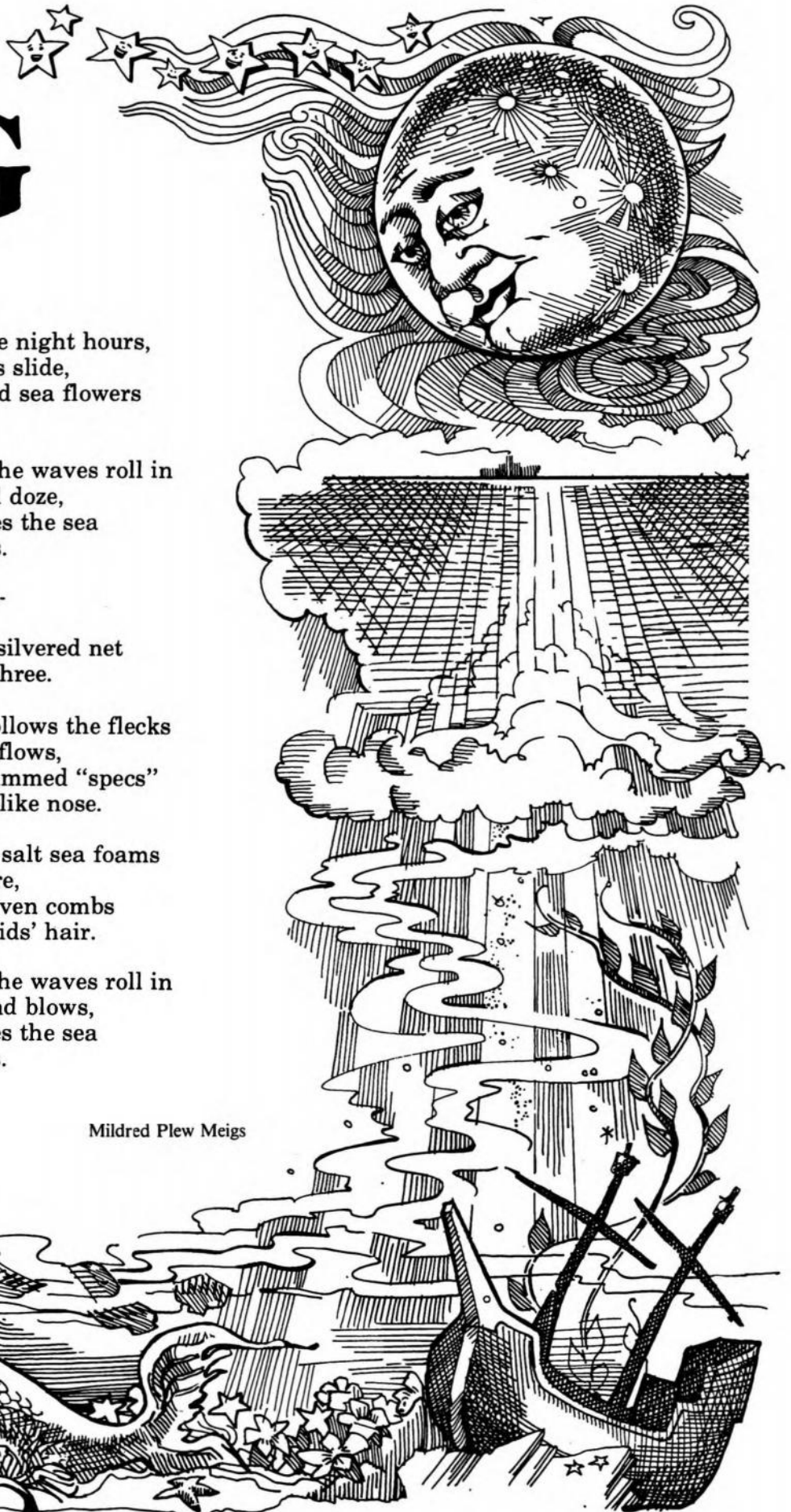
Zoon, zoon, cuddle and croon-  
Over the crinkling sea,  
The moon man flings him a silvered net  
Fashioned of moonbeams three.

And some folk say that he follows the flecks  
Down where the last light flows,  
Fishing for two round gold-rimmed "specs"  
That blew from his button-like nose.

And some folk say while the salt sea foams  
And the silver net lies snare,  
The moon man fishes for carven combs  
That float from the mermaids' hair.

And the waves roll out and the waves roll in  
And the nodding night wind blows,  
But why the moon man fishes the sea  
Only the moon man knows.

Mildred Plew Meigs



"That you think them an illusion; they'll splash you."

I frowned and drew down my eyebrows at this news.

"Are those real cherubs? On the University grounds?"

The girl nodded. I sighed. I'd have to tell the mercenaries about this and have the audacious things turned out. Even though cherubs were vain, silly, harmless, little things, trespassing was trespassing; they still had to obey the law. Right then, a breeze heavy with the scent of lilacs wafted by. I decided to wait till morning before mentioning the cherubs. Perhaps if they asked politely, they would be allowed to stay. Certainly, they gave the fountain a unique style.

I was still smiling over these thoughts when I felt a hand on my knee. It was quite an attractive hand, with well-formed fingers and tapering nails. It was attached to a well-shaped arm which in turn was attached to the young lady. She pretended not to notice my stare, but continued knitting with her other two hands. I tried to think of the correct protocol for this sort of thing. I thought the young lady might have another arm lurking about somewhere, but saw no indication. It felt peculiarly pleasant, but one cannot allow such things, so I tried outrage.

"Young lady, your conduct is most unbecoming."

She snatched away her hand which disappeared into her robe.

"I'm sorry," she said contritely, "you looked so -- distinguished, I just thought ..."

"You did not think," I said sternly. "You could be expelled for that."

"Oh, I am not a student here," the young lady pouted. It made her prettier than ever. "But I'm sorry I offended you, sir." A tear ran down her cheek and her knitting lay limp in her lap.

This annoyed me. I hate these kind of displays. On the other hand, what had she done? Only shown an overabundance of admiration in a rather surprising manner.

"My dear," I said gently, "Please don't cry. You-startled-me. I'm not used to this sort of-enthusiasm,

and--well, we don't even know one another."

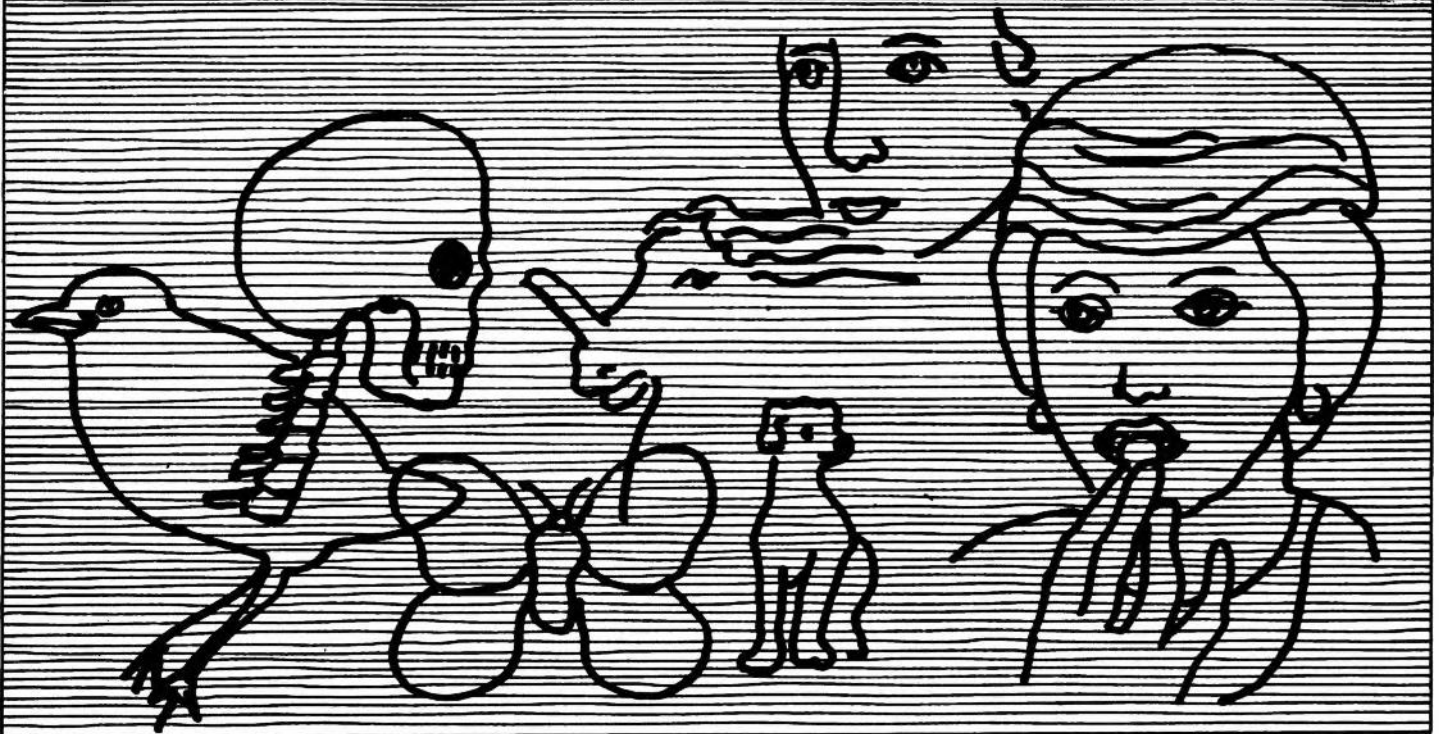
She brightened immediately. Her third hand popped out and took my right one. "Let's become friends then," she said, "so I won't startle you next time. What would you like to talk about?"

"Well--I--ah--can't spare you any time right now. I have--um, papers to grade. Yes, I have papers to grade. Later, hm?" I smiled regretfully (and shyly, I'm afraid) and rose.

"I come here every night to knit and watch the cherubs," she said. "Perhaps we could talk tomorrow?" "Ah--yes, tomorrow," I agreed, and departed hastily. This was most irregular, I thought. What could such a lovely, young lady see in me? She did say I was distinguished, and I have shown a certain flair sometimes if I say so myself, but--quite possibly--she was lonely. That was it. I followed my hastily chosen path and thought of loneliness and extra hands.

A sudden, low whinny interrupted my reflections. A unicorn stepped onto the path behind me. Surely this was an illusion, I thought, for the last known living unicorn had been killed long ago in the Crystal Mountains. As an illusion, it was masterful and I clapped by hands in delight. Why, I could see the sparks struck by its platinum hooves as it walked across the flinty gravel. As it passed, it brushed against me. I felt its velvet coat and smelled its myrrh-like odor. A few yards off, it stopped and looked back, as if waiting for me to follow. I began to comply when at that precise moment, nature called. The unicorn answered. I shoved it away, and as I ruefully wiped my shoe on the grass, it gave me one more limpid glance before dashing into the bushes. That was no illusion, I grumbled to myself. I felt quite angry and a bit foolish about the misadventure until I thought of how astonished my colleagues would be when they heard I'd seen the last living unicorn. It wouldn't be necessary to tell them about the more mundane aspects of its habits.

Quite cheerfully, then, I continued along my little path which ended at a side entrance to a private section





of the University cemetery. In this particular corner, many past masters of the magical arts were buried. I wondered what the place was like, and whether I had seniority enough to be put here myself someday.

There was a human form just inside the gate. For a moment I thought it was a statue, another smug monument erected to someone who was past caring, but closer inspection proved me wrong.

"Seton, is that you?" I whispered.

"Master Avidus?" the surprised sentry gasped.

"Yes, it's me. Seton, what are you doing here?"

"Guarding University grounds, sir," replied the sentry nervously.

"I see," I said. (I didn't yet.) "Keeping people out, eh?"

Seton laughed. "I wish it were that easy. Usually I spend all my time keeping them in."

I was about to ask what sort of people needed to be kept in a cemetery when he was interrupted by a voice. "If you let me out, good Seton," it whined, "I'll give you that spell which will have every woman within twenty miles chasing after you."

"Later," growled Seton urgently.

"But you promised on the last new moon of winter to allow me this night's freedommmmm..."

"I said later. Let me get rid of this old fool first. I could lose my job if I let you out now."

There was a sound that made wildly shrieking wind sound frivolous and wet plopping noises receded from the gate. I automatically clutched at my neck where my protective amulet should be. It was there! I must have forgotten to take it off the day before when I had concocted some magic with a colleague. Whew, how convenient!

Seton turned back to me. "Umm, just a joke, you understand? But about this keeping people out. Do you suppose you could arrange something? It might look good on my record."

"I'll see what I can do," I replied as I backed away. It would not be correct to say that I ran. I am too much of a scholar to do that. But I'll confess to a very quick walk.

On the way back to the fountain, I noticed a group of women just off the path in a small clearing between the trees. Their expressions and postures were quite sexual, almost feral with desire. Certainly they were not students. They writhed and stretched out long fangs toward me. I found the lack of pupils in their eyes alluring. It was not just with academic interest that I left the path and approached them.

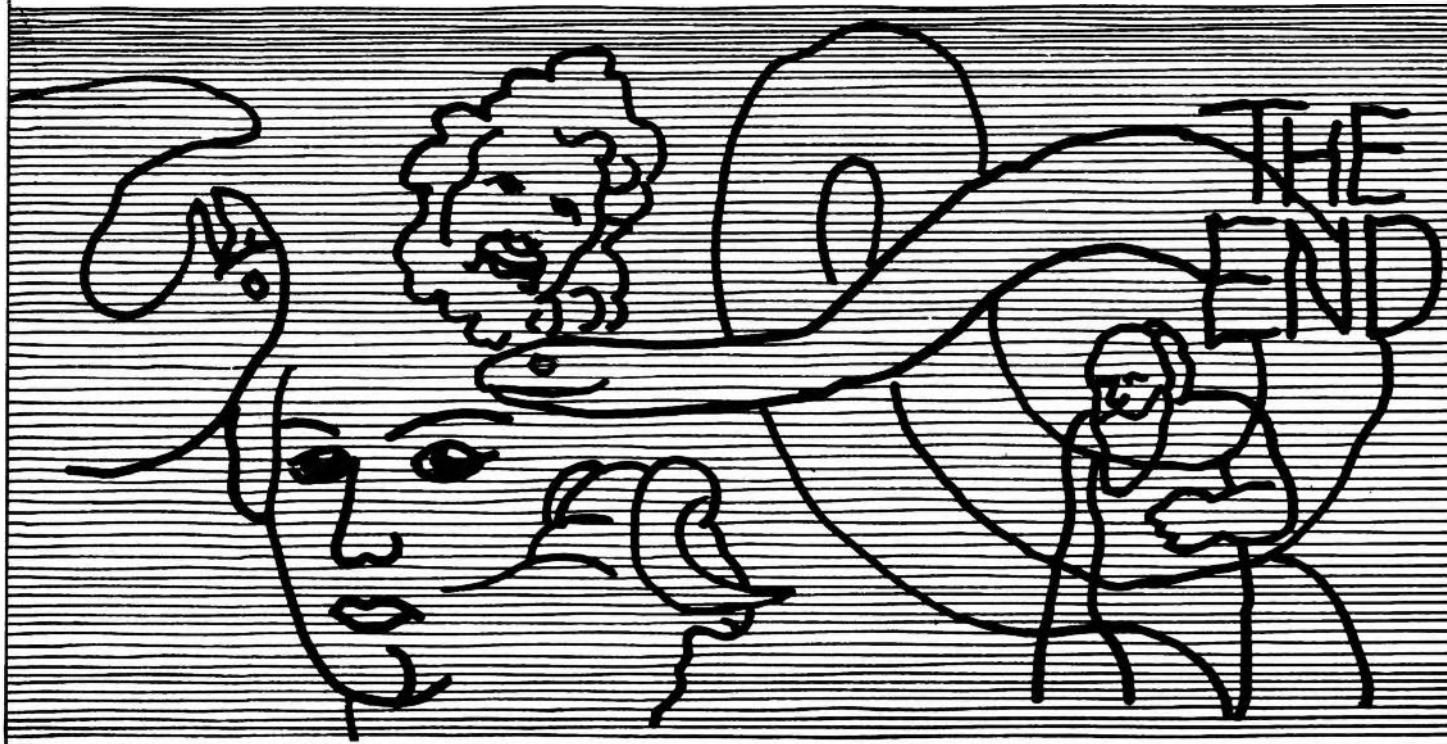
One, a little closer than her sisters, tangled her nails in the strings of my amulet somehow. TAKE IT OFF! she screamed telepathically. I began to do so, but as soon as I touched its protective design, the spell shattered into a million shards. VAMPIRES!

I did not bother to walk; I ran. And as I passed the fountain, I saw the redhead was gone, but something large and smelly started after me whispering what it had in mind, and I found the strength to run a little faster. I didn't stop until I reached my room where I locked the door, leaped into bed, and pulled the covers over my head. When I finally fell asleep, my dreams were all wrong; I knew it even in sleep.

I dreamed of the park and saw the redheaded lady. I dreamed of the unicorn and knew my colleagues would only want to dissect it to increase their unsympathetic knowledge. I dreamed of the cemetery and saw myself learning its secrets which would be of far more use to me than Seton. Even the vampires invaded my dreams, not with their bloodthirstiness, but with their inflaming desire.

Classes the next day seemed more boring and stifling than usual. After they were over, I went and reported Seton's conversation to the mercenary commander who called him in and fired him on the spot. My colleagues regarded my action as only proper.

They were mystified, then, when I left my post and could only assume I had gone into a retreat somewhere. When they discovered I had taken Seton's old job at the cemetery, they doubted my sanity, and now that they found out I married a redheaded "hussy" half my age, they know I am mad.



# A Pirate Story

The first English translation of Friedrich Engels  
"Eine Seeraubergeschichte" translated by Christine  
Lowentrou from the *Werke*, *Erganzungsband*.

*Translator's Note to the Editor:* "Knowing that you would be editing, I felt free to stick as closely to the text as possible, leaving smoothing style and word choice to you. So I repeated his overused "he wents" and "they lay down their weapons" instead of "surrendered" or even "gave up." I also left in his confusing pronouns -- the only thing I eradicated was his continued use of "one did," "one went," etc., which is an 18th Century stylistic device -- translating it to "someone" makes it unreadably confusing as well as changes the meaning, so I used "they" -- or left it out entirely when appropriate."

*Editor's Note:* The only change made in Christine Lowentrou's admirable translation was to persuade verb tenses into agreement. The confusing pronouns remain for the reader's detective ability. Good luck! For more information about the author, a short historical essay can be found at the end of the story.

It was on a winter's morning in the year 1820, as on the island Kuluri of the old Salamis, the scene of Athenian bravery, a ship was about to set sail. It was a greek merchant vessel that, heavily manned, had brought to Athens mastic<sup>1</sup> Arabian rubber, superior quality Damascan blades, cedarwood, and fine asian fabrics.

On the shore, everything was in motion. The captain moved among the working sailors, putting everything in order. One sailor there whispered in Italian to another, "Philippe, do you see that young man standing there? That is the new passenger who the captain hired on yesterday evening. He will join him with us, or, if the youth doesn't want to [join], but wants to go onto Istanbul, he will dump him in the sea!"

"But," said Philippe, "what sort of a fellow is he?"

"I don't know, myself, but the captain would know well."

A shot resounded from the ship and everyone went to the skiffs. The captain went to the longboat and called, "Young man! Hey, what're you dreaming about? Come on! We want to depart!"

The young man to whom this speech was addressed, who til now had stood silently on a piling, looked up. "Oh yes," he called, "I'm coming," and he stepped quickly to the boat. He climbed in, and the craft moved away from the shore with swift oar splashes. The ship was soon reached, and after the firing of a cannon the

boat people gathered on the ship. Soon the anchor was wound up, the sails spread, and swiftly as a giant swan, the brig flowed over the blue sea.

The captain, who had been directing the labors of the people, now stepped to the blooming<sup>2</sup> youngster, who still leaned against the ship's gallery and gazed mournfully to where the mountain tops of the Hymettos steadily disappeared in the distance.

"Young man," he addressed him, "come with me into the cabin, I have something to say to you."

"Gladly," he answered, and followed the man who walked on before him.

Down inside, the leader bade him to seat himself, and after he poured out for each of them a cup of Chios wine from a bottle, he spoke, "Listen, I would like to make you a proposal. But what's your name? And where are you from?"

"I am called Leon Papon and I am from Athens. And you?"

"Captain Leonidas Spezziotis (from Spezia). But listen, you probably take us to be honest merchants? Well, we are not. Take a look at our cannons, open and concealed, our ammunition, our arms-room, and you will easily realize that we follow our shop-keeping activity only as pretext. And you shall see that we are different and better people, namely genuine Hellenes, people who still know how to treasure freedom - in short, corsairs as the unbelievers, for whom we have a very sharp sword, are in the habit of calling us. And now I would like you, for in truth I like you and you remind me of my beloved son who was shot before my eyes last year by the infidels, I would like to propose to you to join us and fight for the freedom of the Hellenes and the damage of the unbelievers, as well the homeric verse states:

*The day will come that the holy Ilios sinks*

*Priamestoo, and the people of the spear swinging king.*

If you are not willing to do this -- I don't like the result -- but my people, when they discover that I have told you [the secret] will certainly demand your death, and my good shall be overruled."

"What do you say? Corsairs? I'm to join you? On the spot! I shall be able to revenge myself on my father's murderers! Oh gladly, gladly as I want to walk in your path, and battle with courage against the Muslims and slaughter them like animals!"

"Great! Leon, you please me! Let us drink a bottle of Chios wine to the new alliance!" And the old toper poured anew, and often exhorted his temperate companion with a lusty, "Drink up, Leon!" until the bottle was empty.





Then he went through the ship with his new companion and showed him the stock. They first went into the arms chamber. There magnificent clothes of all kinds hung, the narrow sailor's jacket, the wide caftans, the high hat, the little greek caps, the broad turbans, the narrow frankish breeches and the broad leggings of the Turks, the brightly embroidered persian vests, Hungarian hussar jackets, Russian furcoats, all paraded in confusion in huge trunks. The walls were bedecked with weapons from all peoples, all firearms, from little pocket pistols to triple rotor huge muskets, all kinds of swords, Damascan blades, spanish rapiers, broad German swords, short Italian daggers, curved handscythe, all hung precisely sorted in their places. In the corners stood spear holders, so that all the space in the room was used. From here they went into the gunpowder chamber. Eight huge barrels, each with one hundred pounds powder, and four small ones with ten pounds stood there; in three barrels lay bombs; in two, various sizes of shells; the closets on the sides were full of pots and jars whose contents had powder blended with lead slugs, stones, and iron bits. Next they went into the room where Leonidas showed him more sacks of cannonballs. Again they went aloft to the cannons. Twelve cannons stood on each side, all with high caliber; on the bulwark were two 48 pounders. In between stood swivel-guns, in all there were thirty [of these] guns. In the cabin, to which they returned, Leonidas showed Leon three containers full of flint-shot, and two full of all manner of small slugs and buckshot.

"Is our ship not in good shape?" he asked him.

"Wonderful," answered the other, "it couldn't be better. Allow me to look around further on deck."

He went up. It was not long before he found himself again at the gallery. Now they were abreast of the Kolonai foothills, old Sunium, and sadly Leon saw the disappearing tops of the Hymettos, then Leonidas addressed him, "Now, boy, why so gloomy? Come with me to the bulwark [quarter deck?] and tell me of your earlier life!"

And Leon went and told the following:

## II

"I am now nearly 16 years old. My father was the merchant Gregorios Papon; my mother was called Diane. I am Leon, my twin sister was named Zoe, and my younger brother Alexis. It is now about three



months since the Pasha of Athens saw a young slave girl who my father had brought up with us. Presently, he demanded her, and as my father refused, he swore revenge and made an oath to bring us to ruin. So then as we were all sitting quietly together one evening, and I sang kithara songs with the slave girl, Zoe, and Alexis, the [guards] of the Pasha came in and dragged our beloved father and Selima from our midst and bore them away; they kicked us out and left us lay, having robbed us of our worldly goods. We went forth and ended at last at the place before the tower where the old Macedonian fortress stood. There we were cared for by compassionate farmers who gave us bread and a little meat. From there we went out on Pyraios - But oh! my sister's strength gave out, and she sank half powerless under an olive tree. I wanted to go back into the city and seek help from relatives. In spite of my mother's pleas I went and found, as I reached the Acropolis and began to climb - imagine my joy - my father. How happily I fell on his neck, and how I imagined our luck and my mother's joy I cannot describe. Ah! that I should be all too soon disappointed! Scarcely had we taken a few steps before the captain of the Pasha's guards saw us coming. He recognized him, grabbed his sabre and set upon him. My father grasped the gnarled stick he had found and stood firm; the Turk attacked and cut the stick into two; the [next] blow fell on my father's shoulder; and then once again he attacked my defenseless father, giving him a blow to the head so he sank to the ground. I grabbed the fallen stick and flung it in the Turk's face; he, enraged, let his sabre fall, but grabbed a hammer from his belt and slugged me in the head so that I fell senseless.

"When I came to myself again, my father lay next to me in his last gasp. He said, "Leon - my son - flee - flee from here! You are not safe! Is your mother free?" As I assured him he said, "O go to Kuluri, and from there to Nauplia - there I have friends!"

I asked, "Father, who is your murderer?"

"Leon - his name is - Mustafa - Bey - God be merciful to my poor soul," and with these words he died. I threw my arms round the corpse and cried, lamented, screamed for help - but he remained dead and no one came to help. Finally, crying, I raised myself, bound my beloved father's belt round me, put the murderer's sabre in it, and swore not to take off either belt or sword until my father's blood was washed free by Turkish blood.

"Now I left the city, but - oh, lamentation - there was nothing of my loved ones but a bloody dagger, my mother's blood-flecked veil and Alexis' cap that lay as witness that here also violence had been done. This is the cap that I now wear; this the dagger (he held aloft a beautiful Turkish dagger from his belt), and the scarf I have carried since that day next to my breast, under my tunic.

"I had to think about my wounds. They began to pain me; I felt my head the put the cap back on and blood flowed anew over my face. I lay down under the tree and bound a rag round my head.

"I slept; in my sleep I thought I saw my father, fresh and blooming as he had been when we first met, and my mother at his side, and Zoe and Alexis by them, and the murderer of my father was thrown down before us screaming - I woke then and was lying in a wagon - an old man sat in front of me and said that I should remain quiet, and he took me away.

He brought me to St. Nikolas, where he healed me. I stayed for four weeks with him, then he gave me money





and took me in his own boat to Kuluri. There I parted from him, and as a keepsake we divided a piaster. Here I stayed a few days, as no opportunities to sail were to be found. The rest you know."

### III

This was, approximately, the tale of young Papon. He then took Leonidas by the hand and went with him to the armory chamber and let him choose his armor. He selected for clothing light Greek trousers and a short blue coat. For weapons he took a short double-barreled rifle, two pair pocket pistols and a hammer.

Leonidas said, "Now, take yourself another sabre! Or get a scabbard for that one."

"No," he said, "I shall not separate myself from this sabre. It stays here, until I have conquered a scabbard."

Meanwhile it began to get dark. They arrived at the isle of Zea. Without landing, they furled the sails and raised a flare from the top of the mainmast. Presently a boat with a cross on the top neared. In this sat six armed men, who gathered behind the boat and climbed aboard. Leonidas introduced to them the new comrade, who they welcomed heartily. Then Leonidas said, "Well, Stefano, what have you tracked down?"

Stefano said, "There, in the harbor of the city lies a Turkish merchant vessel; I was there, disguised as a shopkeeper. But Leonidas, who do you think I saw? Think! Here our old companion, Dukas, was a slave there. I freed him from a crate. The ship has only three cannon, but the crew and weaponry are strong; there are thirty or so Turks there. However, I found three Greek passengers who want to go to Athens and won them [over]. They will occupy the gunpowder chamber."

Leonidas: "Ah, excellent! You stay here, wait a little."

He hurried in the cabin, came out again with three bottles of wine and emptied them with Leon and the six new men. Then he said, "Now we are -- wait -- you six, twenty men on the ship, Leon, and me, 28, two Turks as passengers to Serpho, whereof one a janissary -- Notos!"

The summoned [man] came.

"Take Protos and Taras with you into the cabin, disarm the Turks and bring them here." He went. Leonidas cried further, "Mykalis!"

"Scarcely had we taken a few steps before the captain of the Pasha's guards saw us coming."

"Here!" called the [man], hurrying nearby.

"Load up the artillery well, get the swivel-guns set up and load three with bullets and scrap-iron, the rest with lead, glass, stones and iron! Bring sixty shells, two bombs, and a chest of bullets up here! And everyone arm yourselves!" His commands were carried out fully. "And now," he turned to Leon, "now you get your opportunity to undertake your first fight with us. Be valiant. As soon as the ship is come upon us in battle, stay by me, and do what I do. Only do not dare to swing over before I do, it could cost you your life."

"Yes," spoke Stephanos, "that I know. You know, Leon, I swung over with two young fellows like you onto an enemy ship; the enemy flung off the hook, and we were taken prisoner. We resisted, after the death of the two, I alone was nearly crushed to death in the crowd and I took a hard hit on the head; the scar is still there, and I would surely have been felled if our people had not entered [the ship] again."

Now Notos came with the two Turks, one of whom had an arm in a sling. Notos spoke to Leonidas, "See, I have them. They defended themselves desperately. This Janissary gave our poor Protos a blow that he will overcome only with difficulty. In return for it, I broke his arm while Taras grabbed the other around the body and threw him to the ground."

"Yes," spoke the janissary, "that was some skill, to overwhelm us as we sat peacefully in the cabin! They've paid for it dearly, I trust."

"O," answered Leonidas, "I have never doubted your bravery. And you won't go without recompense; if you will, I'll set you down tomorrow morning early in Thermia; but give me each fifty piasters as ransom." They were glad to do it, and returned to the cabin, where they remained under Notos' guard, while Leonidas went to Protos, who lay on a mat. He examined the wound, saw that it was a slash made with a scimitar right over his skull, and [there] were other places. The wound was deathly; but there was still hope. He laid a plaster on it and went with Leon to bed. The latter he wanted in a place next to him.

In the middle of the night they were awakened. Stephanos stood before them.

"Quick, arise, in the north there is a sail. We recognized it by its lantern." In the blink of an eye both were armed. Leonidas opened a trunk and gave Leon a sack with bullets, with buckshot, and a great beautiful powderhorn. He furnished himself also with munitions, and both betook themselves to the deck.

"Mykalis," spoke the leader, "where are the bullet swivel guns?"

As they were pointed out, he positioned himself at one, Leon at another, and Stephanos at the third.

The crew gathered on deck. Leonidas oversaw their gathering. Including them, there were twenty-six. He let Notos take someone's place, and he came and positioned himself at one of the 48 pounders, and at the other was Mykalis. The swivel guns were nearby.

All eyes were trained on the lantern. It came nearer. Now it was extinguished, and they had to steer in the direction it [had been]. A couple times it shone again, then they lost it completely.

It was day. The sea was covered with fog. By and by they lost this. Stephanos, sitting on the mast, cried, "I see the ship! It is the same that was in the harbor."

Now Leonidas saw it also through the spyglass. Stephanos climbed down. Now they crowded all sails in order to reach it, and soon it was visible. Someone raised the Turkish flag and they approached. After about three hours it was so near, it was just about in range. Then Leonidas had the Turkish flag taken down and the black and red with the white cross was raised. The Turkish ship had, however, a little earlier turned northwest and crowded all sail in order to reach Makronisi. Very soon, Leonidas was near it, and at his command a cannonball was blown through the enemy rigging. The Turks answered at once, but pulled back. Then Leonidas called, "Ho, Mykalis, with your fifteen go and row as [hard as] you can! We must have it! Notos! Go to the fore and fire on the enemy when we're half in range! Taras, stay here with your five!"

The ship flew faster. Nearer and nearer came their prey. Meanwhile Leonidas ordered, "You, Taras, go as soon as Mykalis comes back and fire the right side; Stephanos, take care of the artillery in the rear; Leon stay by me!"

Notos fired his 12-pounder, five shots exploded and a sail crashed down with the top of the mast and hung by its cables! A shout of joy rose from the [crew]; the artillery fired once more and the bowsprit of the ship was splintered. The Turks could not flee. The ship came nearer, and quickly Leonidas and Leon fired their guns. More people fell; however, they had used their shots only a little.<sup>3</sup> Mykalis came back; the Turks were hard by, and volleys flew from right and left; the Turks, however, also fired bravely; Leonidas fired a solid volley back at the enemy. The swivel guns boomed, the deck of the enemy was [becoming] empty; the Greeks entered. Mykalis and his troop, Leonidas and Leon were on the [grappling] cables; they fired into the enemy with their flintlocks; they hauled in the cables, and in a moment there stood Mykalis and Leon with the enemy. Leon grabbed a pistol and shot the first one down; his sabre flashed here and flashed there and one Turk fell after another. Mykalis fell; Leonidas was there and the Greeks push forward; a raging battle began; the Greeks who were on their ship fired bravely irregardless and after a little while some of the Turks lay down their weapons. Then a huge soldier hurled himself on deck and swinging his sabre he shouted, "How, Muslims, can you want to let yourselves be beaten by the unbelievers? Grab your sabres and cut the dogs down!"

He sprang forward and hacked a Greek down. "Where is the leader?" he cried.

"Here," shouted Leonidas [as he] pushed forward. They fought. Leonidas was stopped cold by the heavy, fierce blows of his enemy. This man, in blind, crazy rage raced forward and attacked, hitting his foe on the left arm. He gripped his broad sword with force and battered the enemy's sabre, hit once more, and blood sprang from the Turk's breast. Then another Turk ran up and landed a blow across his face so [that] he fell. Leon saw him fall, struck the murderer dead, and held the enemy back, and then he laid his weapons down.

And so the wounded leader landed with his boat and ten men on Makronisi.

Now he surveyed the scene of battle. Twelve Turks lay dead. Eight were wounded; ten lay down their arms, and ten had escaped. Four Greeks also lay dead; Mykalis lay dying; Notos had a shot in the thigh; the leader had his slash, and three others were lightly wounded. Leon had a graze on his head and a cut on his left arm.

Stephanos came to him. "You conducted yourself well, Leon; you should come to Leonidas. What, are you still bleeding?"

"Oh, its nothing, only a little [one]. It angers me the most that that confounded soldier escaped us. I would have liked to have killed him."

He went to Leonidas, who said, "Leon, when you are healed I'm transferring Notos' command to you. Stephanos is chief commander until I am able to resume my position. Go see Mykalis, see how he is."

He obeyed. "He is very weak; he took a shot in his chest and a stab in the thigh. But Taras still has hope."

Stephanos came back. "The ship is laden with cotton for Athens and munitions for Nauplia. Also dates, coconuts, figs, and is overflowing with all kinds of provisions that they occasionally sell."

"Bring everything over here of any worth and steer the ship to Raphthi Harbor," said Leonidas. "Leon, go over with Stephanos. Question the prisoners and make note of everything they say."

He went. The statements of the prisoners follow:

The ship was a merchant vessel and belonged to a merchant in Ismir (Smyrna). His brother Ali commanded the ship and was the man who Leon had wounded. They were going to Sykia when they got information that there were corsairs in the region. Therefore, yesterday night in Athens they took on ten men. Then they saw the ship and were attacked. To the question where were the Greek passengers: one was hurled into the sea, and the other attacked Ali as soon as the corsairship was recognized.

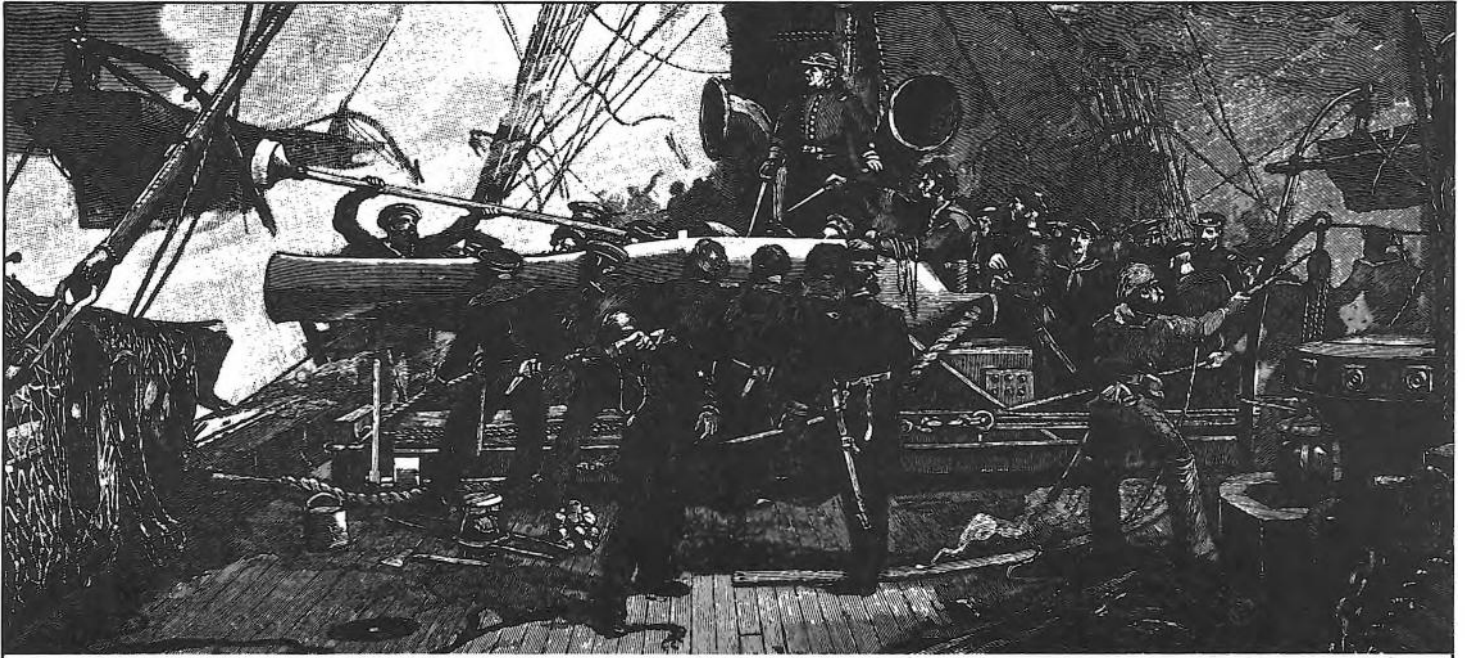
Now the ship was searched. Besides the above named provisions, many weapons and munitions were found, also cloth and clothing. The best, however, was three sacks of gold pieces, in all -- five thousand piasters. This was carried to the Greek cabin.

Between Sunium and the Argolian peninsula lay a little island, (San Girgio di Aspara), craggy and uninhabited. Leonidas went there. They landed on the following morning. Because the Pashas from Eyribos or Athens had the power to send a ship out against the thieves to rescue Ali and the Turks, the Turks were put off here and given a month's rations, two sabres, and a flintlock with ammunition so they could hunt rabbits and so forth that are on many of these islands in order to eat.<sup>4</sup>

They wanted to leave, but Leon was missing. He'd gone hunting. They searched, heard a shot, hurried in the direction of it and -- Leon lay in his [own] blood next to a Turk [who had been shot], and another, with Leon's bloody sabre in his hand, stood nearby. Stephanos, [who] was the first one to reach [the scene], sprang forward and attacked the Turk. After a short sword fight, he knocked the sabre out of his hand, knocked him to the ground, and lopped off his head.

More [men] now came, and Leon was laid on a bier of twigs and carried away. They went to Taras who examined the wounds and found that the Turk had cut him on the head, over the thigh, and a light graze under the arm.





Finally the wounded [boy] came to. "Where is my sabre?" was his first question. As someone showed it to him he said, "Where is the Turk who hit me?"

"I killed him," said Stephanos, "But be still, you are severely wounded!"

The wound on his head was dangerous; transporting him on the ship could only do harm, therefore it was decided to round up the Turks and put them on the coast of Ithorea; and here they were to leave Leon, Mykalis who also still in danger, Notos and Leonidas, with three people to care for them. After a few weeks, Stephanos would return and pick them up.

The Turks were brought together and only one was missing; and as they became aware of a Turkish ship in the distance, the corsair ship under Stephanos set sail. So besides the wounded, and Taras and his helpers, five stayed, who were to take charge of the Turkish ship and take it the next day to Epina.

Leon improved visibly. After six days he was able to stand up and walk a little about the camp. Mykalis also stepped to the door of the little hut they built in the following days. Leonidas and Notos had already healed again and were often out hunting. Once Notos came back and said, "I saw a Turk. He ran quickly away. We had better guard ourselves."

In the following days, he went out hunting again with Leonidas. They tracked a wild goat. They separated. Notos rushed through the trees -- there was a shot, Notos fell, and the Turk, with a pistol in his left hand and a dagger in his right, flung himself forward, ducked and swung the dagger. The wounded man heaved himself up and pulled a pistol [out] and shot the Muslim down. Soon all the Greeks came together. The Turk was dead; his shot had gone into Notos chest, but the handle of his dagger had deflected the shot, and it was not dangerous.

Notos was carried back to the hut and lay for a week before he was able to stand. Then all were well; but the month's provisions were gone and provisions gained by hunting were few to be had on the island.

### V

They were on the island for four weeks, then Stephanos came and picked them up. He had sold the Turkish ship to an English merchant for ten thousand

"That's one off to Hell!" he cried, "Now to the others."

piasters and the cotton to someone else for four thousand piasters. The corsair ship was newly equipped; three new cannons, three times the new ammunition, flintlocks and other weapons in superfluity were there. Also, the well-rewarded thieves were in better situations. Now the ship sailed to Candia. As Milo lay in sight, a ship drew in that from its structure [was] a Turkish ship. Leonidas promptly fell in behind and followed it into the bay of Milo. There, many little islands closed [off] the bay. Here the ship sailed under the cannons of the harbor docks. It revealed itself as an Egyptian galley. It began a raging fight. The Greeks fired bravely; but then a Turkish ship sailed in and attacked -- it was a small warship -- the Greeks from the rear. Leonidas boarded the Turkish ship -- sent Stephanos over -- and after a short fight the ship was conquered.

Meanwhile, however, a salvo from the fort hit the Greek ship and it sank. It was steered hastily to the coast and a sandbar where it was stranded. But the people boarded the conquered Turkish ship, pressed the galley violently, and entered it. Leon sprang over to it and others followed him; Stephanos instantly attacked. Leon, as always, bathed his sword in Muslim blood; he attacked furiously, Stephanos followed him and the two forged ahead. There Leon came up against the captain a giant Egyptian. He fought with him, but neither could overcome the other; finally Leon gave the opponent a nasty blow on his left arm; he [the Egyptian] pulled out a pistol, shot, but instead of Leon hit another of the Hellenes, and fell under the blows of his brave opponents. With his falling, the ship was conquered. The few Turks left lay down their arms and were put on land, where Taras in Turkish clothing went to the fort as mediator, in order to negotiate the restoration of the ship. The avaricious Pasha was bought with three hundred piasters, but sent a boat secretly to Siphanto, where there were several ships of the Turkish fleet, and

at once three sailed back. Notos and Taras were sailing in their boat in the bay, they spotted the ships, and brought the news to Leonidas. He quickly sent a part of his crew on the Turkish ship, with ammunition for small firearms and cannons; most of his crew, however, he had go on his ship where about thirty newly recruited boys from Milo also went. Leon, who commanded a small war party, lay at the entrance to the harbor. Then the Turks came. One ship sailed in first. Leon gave this one a salvo in the bow, turned the ship, boarded and swarmed over with the entire crew. But from the other side the other ship lay to, sent its whole crew, and a fierce battle ensued. Leon fought bravely. Many Turks fell under his blows, but also many brave Greeks were forced to breathe their last under the swords of the Turks, and luck was inclined toward the barbarians, who were also three times the numbers of the others. Then Leon saw the murderer of his father. Rage engulfed him as he saw the huge soldier, who right then slew an old Greek.

"Murderer!" he cried, "Turn to the young ones!" He turned and they fought, he had double the strength of the Hellene, but was kept back by his rage. They fought fiercely. Blow fell after blow. The Turk dropped his sabre as Leon gave him a blow on the hand. Then he ripped the well-known hammer from his belt and swiftly hit Leon in pain and rage, and soon the broad plane of the hammer sat for the second time on Leon's high brow, and Leon fell under the constant terrible blows of the Turk.

"That one's off to Hell!" he cried, "Now to the others." But these were nearly all dead, and the few who remained, robbed of their weapons, were taken prisoner.

Meanwhile, the other two ships sailed into the harbor and followed Leonidas, who with his whole crew and the money had thrown [themselves] into the galley, and, having escaped their pursuers, came luckily out of the harbor into the high seas and sailed to Belo Paulo, where he wanted to obtain news of Leon and the others. ■

<sup>1</sup>An archaic word meaning gum.

<sup>2</sup>Vigorous, or even handsome.

<sup>3</sup>They made every shot count.

<sup>4</sup>It was the best I could do with this sentence and still stick to Engel's style and words.

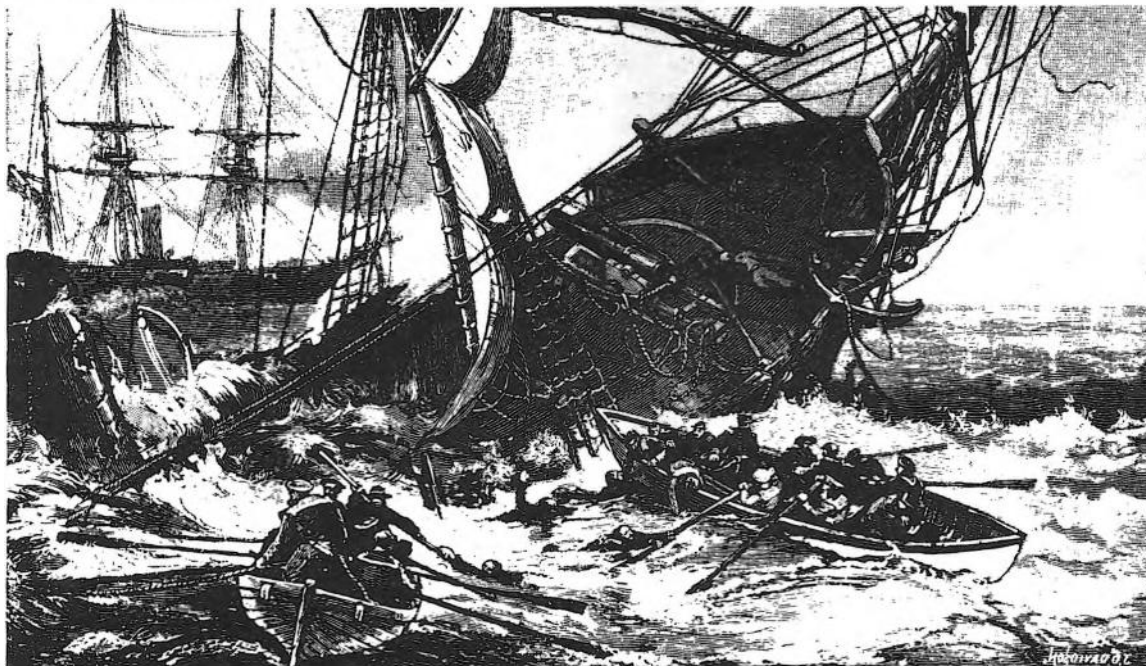
#### BIOGRAPHICAL DETAIL

Friedrich Engels was seventeen years old when he wrote "Eine Seeraubergeschichte." The eldest son of a successful textile manufacturer in Barmen, Germany, at this age Engels was keenly aware that one day he would be running the family business. But the prospect did not appeal to him. Steven Marcus in *Engels, Manchester and the Working Class* (Vintage Books, 1975), shows that along side Engel's early work experiences as an apprentice textile exporter, a Prussian soldier, and an assistant manager of his father's mill in Manchester, England, the young man was carefully nurturing his "true career" -- a literary one.

Perhaps not surprisingly, his first attempt at a literary work failed to transcend the limitations of his real career. "Eine Seeraubergeschichte" is a swashbuckling tale carried out with all the panache of a rather methodical German textile businessman. Particular attention is paid to the kinds of fabrics worn by the pirates; and at the end of every fight scene, a careful tally is taken of the living and the wounded, the credits and the debits. It is not a good pirate story. It is also unfinished, a fragment not only artistically, but of a feeling only half-embodied in its present literary form. To quote an excerpt from the translator's letter to the editor: "The story, while not being undying fiction, I thought had an appealing charm because it's so transparently the fantasy of a very young and inexperienced male who has no knowledge of human nature, but wistfully longs for a place where father and son, united as companion and comrades-in-arms, can fight against the (clearly defined) foe."

Whatever psychological insights the story yields about the relationship between father and son, on the literary level it shows a writer who has thrown himself totally into his work. If the story falls flat, the reader has the sense the writer will pick himself up, dust himself off, and try again another day. This Engels did.

Two years later, in 1839, he published his first essay. It was not fiction, but a trenchant criticism of life in the industrial Wupper river valley. By 1842, the prolific Engels was writing articles for four German journals, among them *Rheinische Zeitung*, edited by Karl Marx. Then in 1848, at the age of twenty-eight, Engels wrote with Marx the *Communist Manifesto*. He was finally launched on his true career. In the bearded man two years his senior, Friedrich Engels found Leonidas, and together the two comrades went on to raid the intellectual freight of the empires of Bismark and Victoria.





# An Excurses on Concrete Abstractionism in Tomekin, Lector, and Widdershins

E. Bourbon Wittgenstein

It is most generally held by those who have studied Tomekin's, Lector's, and Widdershin's (hereinafter, TLW) prose style most thoroughly that meaning in particular and, more broadly, universal truth, are subjects that ought not to be overlooked. It is the intention of this paper to delve into these areas of recondit rhetorical realizations and bring to light certain aspects of which it is safe to say, I think, will be of edification to scholars.

Although concrete abstractionism is an autonomous litero-philosophical term, nevertheless let us examine its constituent parts. For such a task, recourse must be taken to Luigi "The Thumb" Linguini's standard work on the subject, *The Literary Mafioso*. Linguini states that critics have had difficulty finding a basis for discriminating between the concrete and the abstract, because, in his words, "now you see it, now you don't."<sup>1</sup>

Linguini goes on to delineate three phases of concrete abstractionism of which one should be aware: the phonomenological, the metaphorical, and the scatalogical. Since the second has been adequately dealt with by Sir B. Dunn Olreddy and the third removes itself from consideration almost by definition, only the first need concern us here.

In 1913, Edmund Hassl-al, the father of phonomenology, published his first book, *Ideen Au einer reinen Phonomenologie un phonomenologischen Philosophie uber Alles* (hereinafter, IZERPUPPUA), in which he sets forth the proposition that real individuals exemplify ideal universals. Although some of his followers were prone to take their own line, after eleven successive, magisterial, massive volumes on the subject, they conceded the issue. This concept of Hassl-al's forms the foundation for what follows and with this tool firmly in hand, we will now turn to the writing of TLW.

Some have contended that the concrete abstractionism of TLW, phonomenologically speaking, is consubstantial in construction and intention to that of T.S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein. Obviously, this thesis has a few short comings. T.S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein are Americans. Their logomorphs are cast in American English, the abstractionism is set in the concrete of a century-long process of textual iconoclasm. Evidently then, whatever T.S. Eliot and, alas, Gertrude Stein meant, TLW clearly cannot be put into their camp.

Or can they?

Let me take almost at random five passages and lay them side by side.

TOMEKIN: Goodnight to you.

LECTOR: Never?

WIDDERSHINS: All rights reserved.

STEIN: The Van Dongen child was four years old but terrific.

ELIOT: Wo weilest du?

In setting up parameters for a similar investigation elsewhere, Lee Pundit has as much as implied that Charles Twitchitt used L. Thomas Elsen's Burmese Word Count Test to suggest a similarity in construction and intention vitiating a traditional narrative technique by employing a hermetic prosody, essentially aposiopesic in effect. While this may not be obvious in the examples given above, it is self evident in those given below.

TOMEKIN: The end.

LECTOR: Finis.

WIDDERSHINS: Exeunt

STEIN: And she has and this is it.

ELIOT: Shantih shantih shantih

Perhaps, then, this leaves us not so much with a conclusion as much as a point of departure for the considerations that follow.

When in his first critical study, "New Calculations on Old King Coel," Lector outlined the mentions of Coel, he included, along with Vitalis's history, Zinjanthropus's *Mundus Vult Decepi*, which describes the knight Alexander, and the *Annales Escargot*, in which the name Coel appears and in which coal is used, but he makes no mention of Coel's appearance in "Old King Cole" which is probably the most well known part of *Mother Goose*.

Lector submitted this study to Widdershins for criticism, and Widdershins in a letter to Tomkin commented, "Factum fieri infectum non potest."<sup>2</sup> Apparently, Widdershins later communicated the criticism to Dorothy L. Slayers, for Slayers told Owen Billfold, Billfold told Lector, and Lector then was overheard in heated conversation with Tomekin in their favorite pub, The Beak and the Brat.

As important as this incident is for textual criticism, unfortunately it does not fully account for the psychological-intrapersonal forces at work in the *Mother Goose* omission. Indeed, as we shall see, it proves to be a particularly telling mental lacunae.

(Ed. Note: We are sorry there was not space enough to print the entire article. For those interested in Wittgenstein's full treatment, please send \$3.00 and a self-addressed stamped, cardboard box to Mythellany, P.O. Box 545, Leesburg, VA 22075.) ■

<sup>1</sup>*The Literary Mafioso*. Linguini, Luigi "The Thumb," (Chicago: Sheetrock Publishing, Co., 1980), p. 463. Linguini, to his credit, also points out that "...what you don't see, can't hurt you."

<sup>2</sup>*C.S. Lector's Diaries*. (While the author of the article could not submit the usual bibliographic information for this citation, MYTHELLANY magazine was provided with evidence of the existence and the authenticity of the work. While understandably such information may be required to remain confidential while such a history making book is being prepared for publication, MYTHELLANY stands by E. Bourbon Wittgenstein's citation.--Ed.)

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAIL E. Bourbon Wittgenstein

Education: Mount Pigsah Hebrew School, St. Thomas Bellarmie High School, Beulahland Preparatory School; B.A., University of California at Berkeley; M.A., Oxford University. Currently teaching rhetoric at Mea Culpa Institute for the Advancement of Religion in the Twentieth Century. In his spare time, Mr. Wittgenstein can be found converting authentic Benjamin Franklin wood burning stoves into consuming genuine Celtic peat. He is also currently at work on a book, *C.S. Lector: The Man and the Industry*, to be published in December by Helicourt, Brass, and Jojojovitsky.



# The Disillusioned Apprentice

Emmanuele Buratti

I went to Gondor— where the lore of the High Elves is still studied— to ask about the latest findings from a teacher who in other times had studied under me. I had not notified him, and I did not find him. However, I spoke to Alderon, a young apprentice from Rohan, who seemed to me too intelligent for his status. For example, last night, while we drank in the Gardens of the White Tree, under such a starry sky as few have seen, Alderon, with a low voice told me what follows:

“Master, I feel the need to confess to you what, until today, I have never revealed to my teachers. I think you can understand me more than they.

The lore of the Elves, years ago, seemed to me to be the most divine of sciences and was my first love, passionate and strong. Now after having studied long and carefully, I am perplexed, confused, dubious, and sometimes fearful. The lore has deluded me. Please, understand me, the lore itself is one of the best towers built by human minds since the dawn of time. What has let me down is its original creators, the Elves.

I come from a noble family, and since infancy I have been told the Elves reflect the glory of the Valar. But now that I know the Elves better, their thoughts and secrets, I feel betrayed. I had imagined their race as a sort of angelic creation, totally exempt from human chaos, like a divine sphere above this much too human world.”

Alderon threw away his goblet in anger and lifted a hand to the skies.

“And yet this is what happens: countless, beautiful beings that flee and vanish. Where do they flee and why? All the Elves are fleeing: we don’t know where; we don’t know why. It seems they are trying to go as far away as they can from Middle-Earth. They flee like hunted game, and fleeing, they gradually vanish.

For what purpose these beautiful creatures set to sea, to vanish gradually? Scores and scores of Elves, since uncounted years, do nothing but flee without a conceivable reason. The loss of wisdom and beauty in the endless sea is beyond all fantasies. Their white

ships fade away, glimmering more and more dimly. Who do they lighten with their glimmering? Who shall learn their wisdom? We are used to visiting foreign lands, far away though they be, but our observations are so poor our fastest mariners are like snails competing with eagles.

Is it possible that those in Aman want to afflict Middle-Earth? The human mind retreats at the thought of such loss; frightened by such apparent madness. It would be as if the men of Gondor lightened up with torches, the deserts of Harad where no creature lives.

And this is not enough. There are mysteries that no mortal man shall understand. Once we used to consider the Elves as an eternal race. Another illusion, another delusion. The flow of time has shown that all the Elves decline and die. Many were born when the human race was young, but these wise creatures are not eternal. They thrive in wisdom and strength and then, slowly, they fade. The law of birth, of growth and decline, which we thought existed only in the lives of mortal men, is also the law which governs these people. What had been said to men, that they are like leaves which grow in spring and decay in autumn is true for the Elves as well. There is only one difference: that men live for thousands of minutes, and Elves live for thousands of years. But compared to eternity, is it a real difference? They are, like us, mortal. What proof do they have that they shall return to Aman? None, I deem.

Now you will understand my confusion and grief. Where I thought to find perfection, I found a slow decadence. Where I thought to find the majesty of the unchangeable and incorruptible, I have found the usual changes: birth, happy youth, ageing, the inevitable end. When my teacher returns, I shall leave the Tower and the apprenticeship. I shall content myself like other men, living like an insect among the grass blades in the fields of Rohan."

In this way young Alderon spoke to me. There was in his voice the trembling of anger, and there was in his eyes a humid shimmering that resembled crying. ■

## Valinor

The soft light of the stars  
Rests on my memory  
Palely illuminates scars  
That only the wounded see.  
Here is the realm of healing,  
This land of Valinor,  
Here are hearts with hope feeling  
For those marked by the war.  
I forget that once I grieved  
When Varda lifts her hands  
To protect all that is loved  
But not lost to the Undying Lands.

— Lee Garig

## NIGHTFALL III

The people who live their lives by day  
Are cluttered by reality and cares.  
They hide abed at night with  
Radios and lights to ward off scares.  
But the winds of Time can be heard at night  
And the stars will teach the student who dares...  
Immortal magic reveals itself at night  
And enchants the sleepers unawares.

— Amy Dodson

## 2 limericks

There once was a hobbit named Baggins  
Who was a great hunter of dragons,  
Or so it's been said,  
For ol' Smaug is dead,  
And who can believe Dwarvish braggin's?

There once was an Elfmaid, Luthien  
Who loved to dance in the glen  
"To prance by starlight  
Is really all right,"  
She said, "but for the snooping of men."

— Lee Garig

## The Great Tree

What holds the Earth together?  
The long roots of my tree  
The blossoms on her branches  
Are the white stars that you see.

You stare in great amazement.  
"Are the branches all that high?"  
They mark the constellations,  
They hold up the very sky.

The roots grasp the very mountains  
They dig deep to Earth's core,  
Hold her on a steady course  
And keep her spinning there.

See you not the wide trunk?  
The thick bark of my tree  
Enfolds our names with each new ring  
And holds all history.

— Lee Garig



Guomundur knew then, he would not see the fields of Alfarhollvik sown next spring.

The next morning the two warriors rode off. Halldor Half-brosa north to Helgesstoir, the farm of Helge Grimmursson, and Guomundur Grim-eyes west to Birch Copse, the farm of his foster-brother. They went to find the truth about Hrafn's death.

As they approached the Northern Road they met one of Einar Sigurdsson's bondsmen.

"You are of Einar Sigurdsson's farm?" The young man looked straight at the grim warriors.

"Yes, and you are Guomundur Hrafnsson." He showed no fear as the warriors approached. Guomundur's eyes went hard, Halldor would not restrain him this time.

"Tell me why the ambush, and who dragged down Hrafn the West-traveller?"

Guomundur had already forced him to his knees and was binding his arms not waiting for an answer.

"You will take a message to Einar." Grim-eyes snarled the words through a set smile while drawing his knife. Einar's bondsman tensed as Guomundur cut through his jacket. While knowing the message the short wide blade was sending to Einar. He bit his lip through as it cut into his back lifting up his skin. Making no other sound as Guomundur broke his ribs upward and pulled his lungs through.

Soon after both living men saw again the bloody raven led by a falcon. Guomundur said he felt Deirdre's eyes and smile.

"He died well; it is to his credit he didn't whimper as did Land-eyoa's other bastard. Now Einar Sigurdsson will know that Hrafn's son has returned and is looking for him."

Halldor remained silent holding the horses while watching his friend standing with a grim smile over the body of the blood-eagled bondsman.

After a time both men remounted and both would continue their journeys. This time with the added need of reporting the killing to Einar's bondsman. With the blue clad Guomundur riding west to Birch Copse and Halldor to the north and Helgesstoir. ■

36 CITIES OF THE IMAGINATION

- XANADU (Coleridge)
- SHUTEYE TOWN (Poem of the same title)
- ALIDORE (Newbolt)
- CLAPTRAP (Lewis)
- SWEETHAVEN (Popeye)
- BRIGADOON (Musical of that title)
- CAMELOT (Arthurian legend)
- HOBBITON (Tolkien)
- BREE (Tolkien)
- MINIS TRITH (Tolkien)
- MANOA (Voltaire)
- EMERALD CITY (Baum)
- URG (Lovecraft)
- STRELSAU (Prisoner of Zenda)
- SARRAS (Authorian legend)
- WOOTEN MAJOR (Tolkien)
- NOVOGATH (Caball)
- PANDAEMONIUM (Milton)
- ATLANTIS (Self-explanatory)
- LANKHMAR (Leiber)
- FUDDLECUMJIG (Baum)
- HAMELIN (Pied Piper of...)
- ZINIAMVIA (Eddison)
- CENTERBORO (Freddy the Pig)
- VANITY FAIR (Bunyan)
- FARDLES (Williams)
- DIS (Dante)
- ASGARD (Norse)
- SMETHAM (Williams)
- KOR (Hauggard)
- KEDATH (Lovecraft)
- DUNWICH
- LORRBRULGRUD (Swift)
- TOSH (History of the Seven Families of Lake Pipple-Popple)
- BISTRITZ (Stoker)
- GLOME (Lewis)

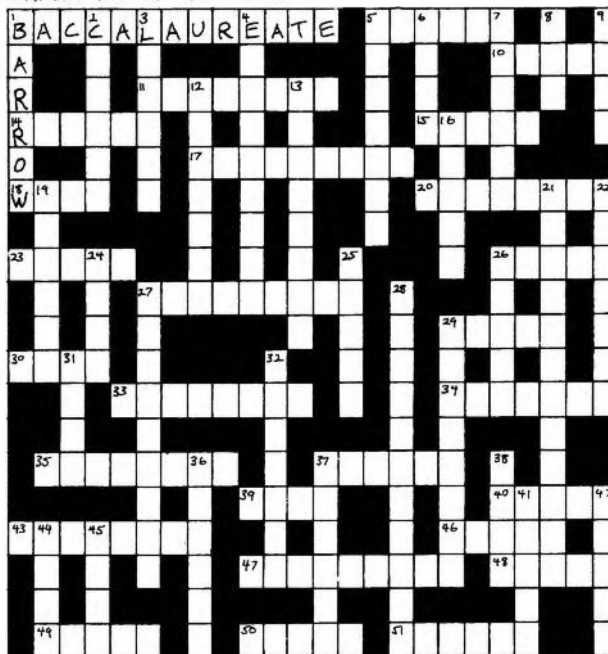
39 BEASTS THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN

- |             |                    |
|-------------|--------------------|
| Unicorn     | Salamander         |
| Mock Turtle | Lin                |
| Phoenix     | Bigfoot            |
| Hippogriff  | Abominable Snowman |
| Basilisk    | Taniwha            |
| King Kong   | Snark              |
| Dragon      | Plum Pudding Flea  |
| Faun        | Blue Booswoss      |
| Centaur     | Bunicule           |
| Pegasus     | Clangel-Wangel     |
| Cockatrice  | Grendel            |
| Gryphon     | Nessie             |
| Chimaera    | Pigasus            |
| Argus       | Jabberwock         |
| Rudolf      | Biffbaum Bird      |
| Hnakra      | Killer Tomato*     |
| Hydra       | Frosty†            |
| Minotaur    | Godzilla           |
| Satyrs      |                    |

\*Killer Tomatoes, it may be argued, are not animals, but I feel these aggressive vegetables may suitably be included in this list by virtue of their vigorous ferocity.

†This is not even a vegetable.

CHARACTER-I-SAY-TIONS



ACROSS

1. REB

5. AAAA

10. N

11. CØ

14. B

15. e, e, e, L

17. (LB)

18. Y-Y-Y

20. 10

23. NØ

26. pØ

27. 4,4,4

29. /ch

30. P, p

33. D, D, D, i-4

34. T

35. C11 →

37. 2

39. VV

DOWN

40. 2K

43. 3IN

46. R

47. /NEL

48. Sr., Jr.

49. 7

50. 1, T

51. U, G

16. R  
STUV

19. Ø

21. I, i, I, L8RRR

22. ØFI

24. UUU, S

25. }

26. -

27. 4 → 4

28. M ↔ III

29. L, L

31. A

32. DDD, ππππ

36. 10S

37. d

38. ä ä (prefix)

41. T, T, T

42. 10, 10, 10

44. QZJVBLFU

45. ste



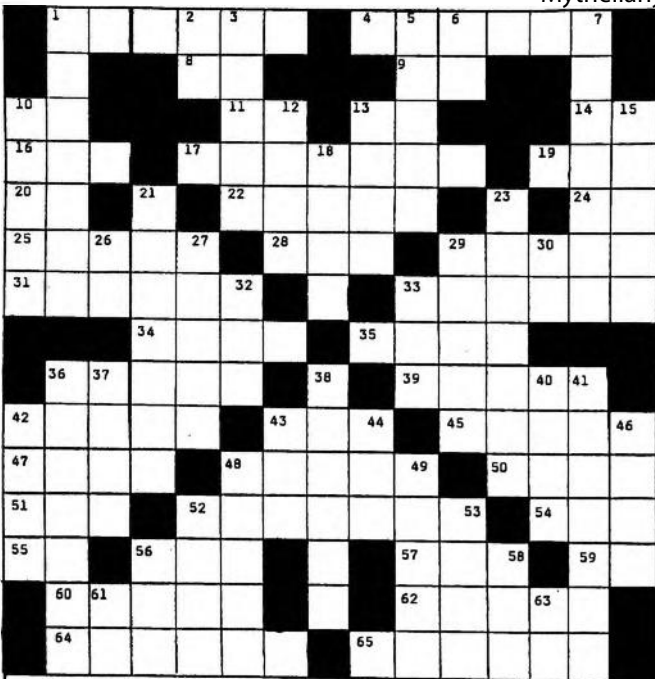




# ALIEN SEX

Dolores S. & M. Espinosa

He put his hand on her nogglezip.  
"Silly fool," she murmured seductively, "Guess again."



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- 29 Where Ishmael went (2 words).
- 31 How a Wells hero spent most of time.
- 33 He played "The Thing."
- 34 French shields.
- 35 Haggard hero.
- 36 Kull saw the future in his mirrors.
- 39 Conventional religious images.
- 42 Lover of Helen
- 43 "Le Coq \_\_\_\_\_"
- 45 Comic strip police hero.
- 47 Kuttner sword & sorcery hero.
- 48 Fathers.
- 50 Brynner played its king.
- 51 Unit of reluctance.
- 52 Dune messiah.
- 54 American black cuckoo.
- 55 Chemical compound suffix.
- 56 Ziff-Davis' Amazing editor (init.).
- 57 Youngster.
- 59 Clark Savage's profession (abbr.).
- 60 Eric Temple Bell pseudonym.
- 62 City of Howard's Hyborean age.
- 64 He slew the dragon Fafnir.
- 65 Jungle Comics hero.

Solutions to Puzzles are found on page 30.

**FIND 36 CITIES OF THE IMAGINATION**

Faith Fastabend

A Q U O O N I W O B R J N I L K N S R I N T L I P E N O T C J  
 F G I D W D R O E E M O E D O T P M E H S P U C U U O T G R N  
 E C B E Y D H I I U Y H V A S H Z C E R A A I R R S D D A U E  
 N Z M N D D P H D N A T A H U P H A C H O O E I G B U L N E M  
 A B O A A O S U O I U V H F S T H L Y D R D A C H R Q L M E U  
 R E T O N F I D V F S T T A A O A S I O U F I A G M O F R M N  
 K R C R R O A M N H Q E E D O E Y T O F Y L A L A V F L I Z C  
 L Y R U D O A F U D D L E C U M J I G T R V U H A N A P W F F  
 D H J B S I B T N I U K W M F S I E I U A R T C S N I D L E L  
 J W T Y N L E R L O N W S L E X E N R K B E U I G I K X L R G  
 M M C I A Y F K E A A O I D H R A H I R M O A W A I S H T E Z  
 H A Z S E E I I Q T N O M A B V A N O S D E S N R N R F M E T  
 S A O T V Z D R I O N T M E X O C L A B T P L U D I S S O A I  
 Q D O S L M A H C R X A E I N A W R D D D B I E D I S N I K O R  
 F W H U A N H R O L N C S H D A M Y C U I R I T G W A M O T  
 N U R A Q I E D W I F M Z V C K N K I A I F T I V H D N T G S  
 R O K O Y T E T N C L A P T R A P A I M L T S O T D Z A C H I  
 T R U W F Y E N R O T J E I G N F A P E E M Y A N H U L U N B  
 U S D B D O H R N J S O D A C F A R D L E S G I R B S W N X R  
 Y N D E U A J A N A B R I G A D O O N O T O L S N R Q T E U C  
 U G N M M U R W D R E B C N C R D N H T V M O V I E A W B I R  
 E N U S L T G R S C J L M E H A U G Z O O O M R D U H S G P E  
 V A U L K T R H O U L P V H I Y A U N F L U E Z B R X N R O W

**FIND 38 BEASTS THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN**

Faith Fastabend

G A T I Z T E U M U O D O H E E K A O O A R I T N C T L L W N U  
 W O W P F L O L E A Y Z R X C K V I R R H S V O U Z O L W P L C  
 T A Z M T A J Y D T I O V I R R G L L E V B A R E A M I H C T C  
 R R O Y N O G Z F N L T N N B O S K A L A O T H D F X T W E I A  
 H O C L E A I O O R X E S E U M J A B B E R W O C K A D P P D F  
 A G I M J P M O W O N O E O O C U S H E M R W N E G O L A I R L  
 C D S R G S T W W C I N P H P M D A I E S G T A N I W H A O I H  
 W A R P S G C D O I H U R P I L N S B L U E B O S S W O S S T U  
 S C M E A T I N N N P E U W S U S A G E P R K L M O S T A L R R  
 W N Y H K L K N N U S O D H C E N L S P L G H F R A Y A L D L X  
 A T W D L R L T N E H E O C N M R E T Y N F K H B U T S A E D Z  
 N L U N S W A I C L B P L U M P U D D I N G F L E A A O M X Z D  
 E L U D A F R N Z A D A F B T W C N K O N K R I N M A T A B S S  
 F E O Y I D Y S D N N N U A N B E O U R M D Y B O D R N U A F  
 N T L A W F F I R G O P P I H N A R G U S Z T C P I G M D E I E  
 T K H N J H L H E J R G P S N F I G I I P D T B P H C A E Y C P  
 H B E I M I U L E L T R U T K C O M I N O T A U R C O O R I H K  
 S T C C S M W T I E E C I R T A K C O C J O D N H A Q N T D E N  
 H N A K R A X D P N H J Y T O O F G I B I T O I H S T H N M I N  
 A L D F N E T C M D F T W N Q V O O P N A Y R C T T R R D E L  
 H M N G C R M T N T A G M C A C E M R M I M T U F W L J F E A C  
 M U E K P A L Y O S L W R N I O E M M N M P L U M F L H G I I  
 O L O C L N C T T I R I H S T E O I O D H R G A C A I O D R U L

**VERTICAL**

- 1 Where Jason found the fleece.
- 2 Advisor to King Kull.
- 3 What hero of "The Demolished Man" was.
- 5 Portentuous signs.
- 6 City of ancient Sumer.
- 7 King of Egypt; 1292 - 1225 B.C.
- 10 Mask-maker, influenced Bok's work.
- 12 Grind (Brit. alternate).
- 13 "\_\_\_\_\_ of the Tree"
- 15 Greedy king.
- 18 Princess of the light country.
- 21 Comic strip hero who grew up.
- 23 "The Lizard's" alter ego.
- 26 Symbol for Thallium.
- 27 Hall in ancient Roman house.
- 29 A defined area of land.
- 30 Compass point.
- 32 Play upon words.
- 33 Heavyweight champion.
- 36 Ancient weight units.
- 37 Range between Europe and Asia.
- 38 Raymond hero of strip & movies.
- 40 Genus of true cobra (Syn.).
- 41 Prince Valiant was born there.
- 42 Persian fallen angel.
- 43 Valla \_\_\_\_\_ of Barsoom.
- 44 Spanish net.
- 46 God of Norse pantheon.
- 48 Comic hero type (adj.).
- 49 Russian port.
- 52 Tarzan's \_\_\_\_\_, the monkey.
- 53 Spiritual-unity religious faith (19th Cent.).
- 56 "Space \_\_\_\_\_"
- 58 Lair
- 61 Three-clawed sloth.
- 63 "Fantastic Novels" editrix (Initials)

**HORIZONTAL**

- 1 Burroughs hero.
- 4 Leiber fantasy hero.
- 8 Ojective case of we.
- 9 Composer Ravel's initials.
- 10 Comedian Lahr's monogram.
- 11 Postscript
- 13 French for the.
- 14 Cartoon rodent super-hero.
- 16 Author Tubb's initials.
- 17 Belonging to Captain Future.
- 19 Name heroine for deCamp novel.
- 20 New England state.
- 22 Sounds of attacking lion.
- 24 Painter Davis' initials.
- 25 Original artist/creator of Spider Man.
- 28 Author Disch's initials.





