

# The Deryni Archives

caer deryni publications

vol.1



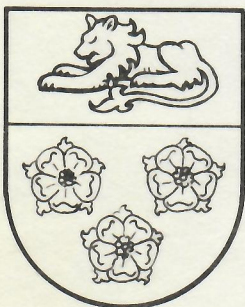
alaric morgan  
duke of corwyn



the hord of orsal



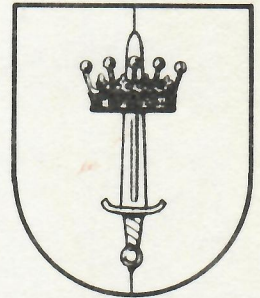
kingdom of r'kassi



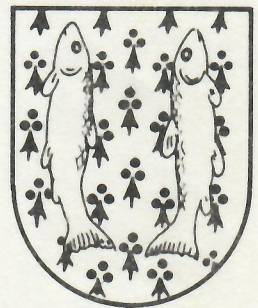
jared macLain duke of cassan



kelson halbane, king of gwynedd



camber macRoric  
earl of culde



the connait



kingdom of torench



the order of saint michael









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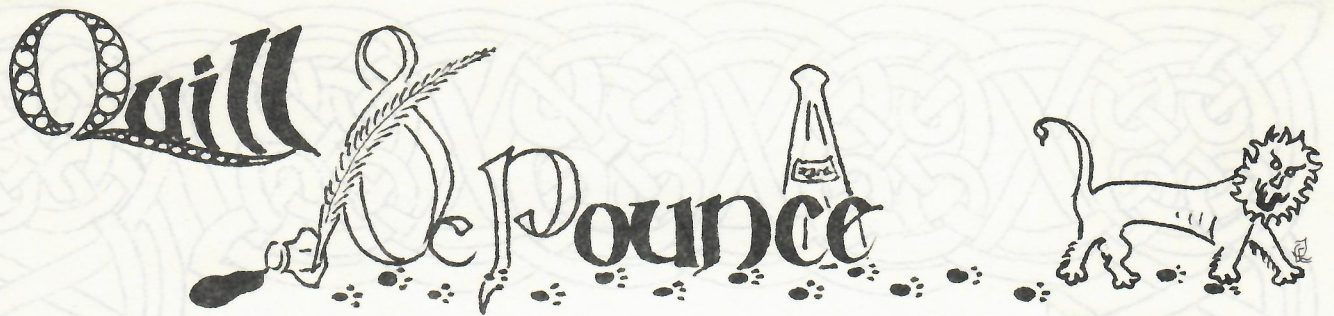
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KK: 4, 23, 33.	



# Quill & Pounce



Hello. You have in your hands the first issue of THE DERYNI ARCHIVES, of which I have the honour to be the general editor. I have known Katherine some seven-plus years (she says mine was the second fan letter she ever received), I've read everything she has written, and I admire her extravagantly. I was very honoured to be asked to edit this journal (be honest--I was flabbergasted!), as I have no previous experience as an editor, and accepted the job with considerable trepidation. As it turned out, my trepidation was not unjustified. This issue comes out more in spite of me than because of me. I thank Katherine for her forbearance, the use of her typewriter, and the loan of her front porch for a picnic table.

Let me introduce myself. My name is Joyce Muskat. Under this name and a variety of others, I work as a bookkeeper, freelance writer, and semi-professional photographer. I answer to everything from "Hey, you there with the camera" to "Hey, Jo-Jo, get the lead out," but I prefer to be called Joan, my name in the Society for Creative Anachronism; and so I will sign myself on this editorial and all others henceforth.

THE DERYNI ARCHIVES journal was conceived as a forum for all those people who, having discovered the Deryni world created by Katherine Kurtz, want to know more about it, to comment on it, and in some way to involve themselves in it. Through this journal you may also learn about, question, and become involved with the Deryni world's creator herself, Katherine Kurtz. What THE DERYNI ARCHIVES eventually becomes, to a great extent, upon what you the readers want it to be.

I will not dwell at length on the contents of this first issue. You have it and can see for yourself. As for the contents of future issues, they will vary. Each issue will have a section or two from Katherine herself, covering the status of her work in progress, new projects, personal plans, convention appearances, and anything else she feels like sharing with us.

Each issue will contain an article from one or more of several regular departments, among them: "From the Royal Wardrobe," by Fiona Griffiths. Fiona will discuss the clothing worn by folk in the Deryni world, and will describe ways to make Deryni costumes from current patterns. The lady has a wit as sharp as her needle and is an excellent designer.

"Ex Cathedra" will bring you the history of the great castles and churches of Gwynedd, their architectural lay-outs, complete with floorplans and sketches. The editor is one impecunious James Llewellyn, an avid if erratic student of architecture who is also a talented artist and calligrapher. (Many of the titles and illustrations in this issue are his, as well as the logo on our first flyer.)

"From the Duke of Corwyn's Kitchen" will feature recipes from the medieval kitchen and how to prepare them. The editor, J.M. Bishop, is a superlative cook. CAUTION: If you plan to spend much time experimenting with His Grace's meals, you may well have to enlarge Fiona's patterns in order to make them fit. Be warned!

Finally, "The Lord Commander's Commentaries," by Zack Richardson and Sweyn Allyn, will be a department solely devoted to--DERYNI WAR GAMES!

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\*pounce--powdered cuttlefish bone, sometimes used in place of sand to blot wet ink on parchment or paper.



These are some of the departments already being developed. Also coming up will be a letter column in which I will try to select letters containing your most often-asked questions, so that Katherine may answer them fully. (This does NOT mean that Katherine has stopped reading her fan mail! To my certain knowledge she reads every letter she receives, AND (Lord knows how) she answers every letter, and will continue to do so. What it DOES mean is that, once a question is answered in the letter column, we hope people will stop asking it, and she won't have to answer that same question in three dozen MORE letters.)

Speaking of questions, almost as many people are curious about Katherine herself, creator of the Deryni, as they are about her creations. Our next issue will contain the first of a two-part article called "A Week in the Day of Katherine Kurtz," in which I will have the pleasure of sharing with you the Katherine I know--what she's like, what she does every day, and the many different people she is. "A Week in the Day of Katherine Kurtz," or "how can any one person do all that without being a split personality?"

All of this is what we, who have been involved in creating THE DERYNI ARCHIVES, are doing, and we hope you will find it interesting. But individual departments do not make a journal. The real content of future issues is yours to decide. What are you thinking, and what do you have to share?

Articles on any facet of the Deryni world will be welcomed, as will critiques and comparisons between the Deryni and other fantasy and/or historical worlds; likewise songs and poetry and art. Which one of us has not, at one time or another, "borrowed" a portion of our favorite fantasy world and its characters to write or imagine our own version of "What Happened After," or "I would have had him do it this way," etc.? It is one of the marks of truly fine writing that creates characters so vividly alive that we the readers become involved with them and are reluctant to let them go at the end of each book. Therefore, THE DERYNI ARCHIVES will consider Deryni fiction by fans; and if it meets the editorial standards, it will be published.

About those editorial standards: very simply, they are these. The editorial staff will read and screen everything that is submitted. Katherine will go through it. Nothing will appear in THE DERYNI ARCHIVES that Katherine has not read and approved. We feel that, as the creator of the Deryni, no one is better qualified than she to decide whether or not a story or article fits into the Deryni universe. I and the others of the editorial staff will offer our opinions and expertise on all of these as a matter of course, but the final choice will be Katherine's.

Most of you who are receiving this journal sent a SASE for notification of Issue #2. (SASE is Self Addressed Stamped Envelope, for those of you who did not send one because you weren't familiar with the term. Fear not: you'll still be notified--but only once.) We hope to make THE DERYNI ARCHIVES available quarterly; eventually, you may be able to subscribe for several issues at a time. But at the moment, we are still getting started. What material will be available for publication is uncertain, as are our personal schedules--so for the first few issues, THE DERYNI ARCHIVES will have to be sold on an issue-by-issue basis, as regularly as possible. We hope to go to the printer on the second issue on March 1, 1979, at the latest, so get your material in, if you want it considered for that one. And please bear with us.

One final note. In this issue and the next, we are fortunate to have some of Katherine's own work to share with you. Perhaps in future issues she may share the outline of a new story or a small portion of a chapter in progress. But do not expect to see major amounts of yet-to-be-published material appear in THE DERYNI ARCHIVES



prior to its official publication date. However keenly it might whet our appetites to purchase the new book, we would not ask it or expect it from an author of Katherine stature. THE DERYNI ARCHIVES is your showcase, not Katherine's.

We look forward to hearing from you.

Joan

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## *From the Duke of Corwyn's Kitchen: Christmas at Castle Coroth*

by J.M. Bishop

Three weeks left to Christmas. Fortunately things are well underway, but it's just as well that His Grace won't be back from the king's winter court for another two weeks. By then we'll have to have everything prepared so that His Grace can take care of any local business without interfering with the Yuletide celebration.

And what a celebration it is, more than any other time of the year. Though the actual day is reserved for family and close friends, no one is ever turned away hungry at this time. Then, after Christmas day itself, the parties start at the local keeps, culminating in the largest revel of all--Twelfth Night, here at the castle itself.

But you don't want to hear about that now. You want to know about Christmas and the Feast.

Preparations for the feast really go on all year. In the Spring and Summer, we save out the choicest berries and fruits to be stored in brandy. At the end of Summer, we harvest the herb gardens and hang the herbs to dry. Autumn finds us harvesting the nuts for roasting and baking with; and with the approach of Winter we are into the season itself, making gifts, repairing the cloths, and planning the menu for the feast.

We really don't have much planning to do for the feast itself, for His Grace and the family have always preferred that it be the same each year, a way to preserve and treasure the past, and there are some traditions that the most imaginative cook best not tamper with. His Grace's roast beef, for instance. It is brought in at the start of the third course, and the Duke himself does the carving of it, at least for the head table, to be sure it is properly cooked--well cooked, but not too well cooked. His Grace demands to see some red.

Lady Bronwyn's Goose is another tradition, though the Lady herself, God rest her soul, is no longer here to share with us. Last year, the first Yuletide since that awful day, I asked our seneschal if it should perhaps be put aside, so as to spare His Grace's feelings. The word came back, though: Christmas was to be the same, no



tradition was to be forgotten; and I believe His Grace took more than his usual token portion last year, as though to make up for the one who could never again be there.

The final course brings the Surprise Pie, which is a universal favorite, and each year it does my soul good to see Father Duncan's face light up like a child's when it is presented. Every year, he and Duke Alaric argue over who is to have the delight of opening it, and every year Father Duncan wins--although not until His Grace has made some jesting threat to have live toads or jumping crickets in the pie. Last year the surprise was a Nativity scene in Marzipan, surrounded by tiny flaming candles. The year before, it was a Pear Pie, and when the lid was lifted a live partridge flew out. So far I've had no idea what to put in this year, but thus far something has always popped up....

On Christmas day, when the doors to the hall are opened, it's hard to believe that it's the same dreary chamber it is all year. All the wall sconces have beeswax candles in them, and there are more in the chandeliers and on the tables. Instead of strewing the floors with rushes, fresh pine boughs are put down for fragrance. And every available stretch of wall is festooned with holly, mistletoe, and ribbons. The head table is laid with white or emerald-green cloth, and the other tables alternate with red and forest green. The best silver is brought out and brightly polished, and sparkling crystal glass and pewter finish each place setting, reflecting the light from the candles.

The tables are set for the first course, with large pitchers of water and the wine ready to be poured on the side. After His Grace and the rest of the head table have been seated, the other guests are seated and the feast begins! The servers are really kept moving all through that first course, because people are still hungry, but it quiets down after that.

Between courses the tables are cleared, and platters of plain brown and white breads, along with fresh pitchers of water, are brought to clear the palate. While the entertainment is going on, the next course is readied to be served along with the correct wines. At the close of the first course the entertainment is fairly sedate, always the children's choir from the church in the village, and usually a short play, or a recitation of the Christmas story. After the second course, the troubadours, musicians, and mimes take their turn to make the people laugh, and perhaps dance a little. The break between the third and the fourth courses is the longest, to give people a chance to get enough room in their bellies to eat some more. Then the dancing really gets fast, as all twirl and turn in the galliards and bransles to show how fleet of foot and delicate of style they are.

After the fourth course has been served and eaten and cleared away, remembrances are brought to all in the hall: a belt buckle or cloak clasp for the men, a piece of jewelry or perhaps a bit of lace for the ladies, and candy for all the children, including those in the choir from town. Then there is more dancing for the guests, and shortly thereafter the family retires to a sitting room to sip hot wine and brandy and talk of the past year. In a while the guests will be bid farewell, the hall closed, and the candles doused. Then His Grace and all his house will receive the Christmas blessing from Father Duncan before retiring.

I wish you all a most happy and blessed Yule. Benedicte,

J.M. BISHOP

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*(Support the Friends of Darkover, P.O. Box 78, Berkeley, CA. 94701.)*



## MENU FOR CHRISTMAS AT CASTLE COROTH

### 1st Course: Relishes & Fish

Vegetables in Jelly	Grilled Scallops
Red Spiced Pears	Fruit and Salmon Pie
Stuffed Dates	Fish Aspic
Brie Tarts	Gingered Carp
Parsley Bread	

### 2nd Course: Fowl

*Lady Bronwyn's Gilded Goose	*Oatmeal and Fruit Dressing
Mushrooms and Leeks in Ginger	Cherries in Sauce
Lemon Rice with Almonds	Baked Eggs with Mild Herbs
Vegetable and Fruit Compost	Spinach Fritters
Currant Bread	

(\*Recipes for Goose and Dressing follow.)

### Third Course: Meat

Roast Beef	Roast Venison
Yorkshire Pudding	Marrow and Fruit Tart
Ginger Cucumbers	Spinach and Mushrooms with Marjoram
Stuffed Turnips	Colcannon
Golden Saffron Loaf	

### Fourth Course: Sweets

#### Surprise Pie

Gingerbread	Monmouth Pudding
Aberffrow Cakes (very much like shortbread)	Brandied Berries
Tansy Cake with Peppermint Cream	Sausage Cake
	Fruit Cake
	Lemon Curd

\* \* \*

### LADY BRONWYN'S GILDED GOOSE

1 8-10 pound goose

The dressing:

½ t. Basil	2 c. uncooked oats
½ t. crushed Rosemary	2/3 c. cut-up dried apples
½ t. Thyme	2/3 c. raisins or currants
2/3 t. Salt	½ c. dry white wine
2 raw apples	½ lemon

Mix herbs and salt with the oats, add dried fruit. Stir in the wine. This will be quite stiff and pasty.

Stuff the goose with the dressing, rub the skin with butter, and place in a preheated 325° oven for 3½ hours.

While the goose is roasting, grate the apple peel and reserve. After removing the cores from the apples, chop fine and add to the peel. Cover all with juice squeezed from lemon and toss. (Discard lemon rind.)

At the end of the 3½ hours, remove goose and gild it while allowing oven to heat to 400°. (Recipe for gilding follows.) Return goose to oven for 5-7 minutes only. Remove and unstuff the goose.



Mix dressing removed from goose with fresh chopped apples and serve on the side with the goose. The following sauce may be served on the side with the goose.

#### SAUCE GALANTINE

1/3 c. ground bread crusts	1 t. powdered galingale
1/4 t. cinnamon	1/4 t. powdered ginger
1 c. chicken stock	2 T. wine vinegar
salt to taste	

Mix bread crusts with spices. Add liquids and simmer over low heat for about 5 minutes. Season with salt to taste.

(Gilding the goose is accomplished by brushing it with a saffron-coloured egg-yolk mixture, which turns a beautiful golden colour after glazing in the 400° oven.)

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#### ABOUT OUR COVER:

##### A CRASH COURSE IN DERYNI HERALDRY

In the interests of making THE DERYNI ARCHIVES informative as well as enjoyable, we decided that a short and painless heraldry lesson might be offered in conjunction with each issue's cover--and some of you might like to render yours in colour, the while painlessly absorbing the rudiments of heraldry. Therefore, in this first issue, we bring you Sir Lee McMahon's striking rendition of young King Kelson in battle attire, surrounded by the devices of a few of his friends and neighboring lands. To begin, all you need are a few basic colour translations:

*gules* = red  
*sable* = black

*azure* = blue  
*tenne* = orange

*vert* = green  
*argent* = silver or white  
*or* = gold or yellow

You will also need one fur, ermine, which is white with black spots.

Now, following are the blazons, or heraldic descriptions of the arms depicted on the cover:

Kelson Cinhil Rhys Anthony Haldane, King of Gwynedd: *gules*, a lion rampant guardant *or*.

Alaric Anthony Morgan, Duke of Corwyn: *sable*, a gryphon segreant *vert* within a double tressure flory-counter-flory *or*.

The Hort of Orsal: sea-green (*vert-de-mer?*), a sealion with raised tail *argent*.

The Kingdom of R'Kassi: *azure*, a pegasus passant *or*, wings elevated, mane and tail *argent*.

Jared McLain, Duke of Cassan: *argent*, three roses *gules*; on a chief *azure* a lion dormant *argent*.

Camber MacRorie, Earl of Culdi: Per pale *gules* and *azure*, a sword proper enfiled of an earl's coronet proper.

The Connait: Ermine, two salmon hauriant addorsed *gules*.

Kingdom of Torenth: *tenne*, on a roundel *argent* a hart springing *sable*.

The Order of Saint Michael: *azure*, a cross moline fitchy *argent*, issuing from a flame *gules* and *or* (a flame *gules* fimbriated *or*).

As you have probably noticed, in heraldry we begin by naming the background colour, then start at the center of the device and work toward the edges in describing the charges or objects on the shield. Something described proper is the usual appearance: swords are gold-hilted and silver-bladed, crowns gold, etc. unless otherwise specified.

This is a very quick and dirty beginning. More in the second issue.

--B. Fraser



PSI - MAGIC - LARAN: A Comparison of the Darkover Novels of Marion Zimmer Bradley and the Deryni Novels of Katherine Kurtz.

by Dennis Jarog

DERYNI: a racial subgroup with supernatural powers and abilities.<sup>1</sup>

COMYN: seven families into whom are bred a whole range of special psychokinetic talents, specifically the ability to manipulate a matrix.<sup>2</sup>

Are these the characters in fantasy or science-fiction? It depends upon whether one defines *psi* power as super- or supra-natural, or simply as an aspect of the mind which is different from that which is commonly accepted. Certainly to the Medieval mind teleportation or forced rapport is construed as something beyond the pale and possibly even evil, depending upon who is in the ruling elite and how threatened they feel. But even an advanced culture would probably view it as nonsense unless they could understand and use it.

In the three books which form the basis of the Deryni saga, the struggle is one of reason and sanity against blind prejudice and the lemming instinct. The Deryni are once again becoming visible after a long period of persecution by the Church which believes that the Deryni powers are diabolical. Compounding this is the ascension to power of young King Kelson, who, since his mother is of Deryni lineage, is the first person of Deryni stock to occupy the throne since the overthrow of the Deryni dynasty two hundred years before. The Church feels threatened and begins to move against the king. In addition, there is the danger of foreign invasion and internal treachery. In the end, the young king prevails and a new age of sanity comes upon Gwynedd. In the latest book, Camber of Culdi, Kurtz tells the story of the semi-legendary Deryni hero-become-saint who was instrumental in the overthrow of the Festillic dynasty and the restoration of the Haldane line.

The Darkover series tell various episodes in the saga of the descendants of a wrecked Terran ship who are isolated from the homeworld and have had to change to adapt to life on the planet. They are changed so that they acquire a broad range of mental skills with the aid of matrix stones. The basis for most of the series is the struggle between the Seven Families, and with the Terran Empire that has come into contact with them again. Heavily influencing the Comyn is their own history and the fact that their best years as a caste are behind them. Thus, survival is the basis in both the Deryni and Darkover books.

But the story lines are not of primary interest here. Rather, it is the actual *psi* powers/*laran* itself: the comparisons and contrasts; the effect it has in itself on both its possessors and those who do not possess it.

How did the power come to be genetically? On Darkover, after the inadvertant colonists settle on the planet, one of the crew mated with a Chieri, a humanoid sentient who detected the first glimmerings of mental power awakening within her. She was given a matrix stone by the Chieri. Later more stones were found and others began experimenting with them. At some point in the history of the planet, *laran* became an overwhelming concern.



Some of the *psi* powers that were later to become known as the Gifts of the various families appeared sporadically and the additive power of *laran* became known (more on that later). The Comyn began to breed for the power -- incest and infanticide became common.<sup>3</sup> *Laran* became fixed in a large number of people and caused excesses that spawned the Ages of Chaos. One can only speculate here. But since anyone with Keeper's skills and a couple of technicians could establish his own tower, wars for supremacy must have been common. This decimated the Comyn. The continuing in-breeding marked the downfall of the Comyn as births declined and the percentage of children with the skills lessened. The question of half-breeds is not normally a problem, but there are cases such as Lew Alton.

The beginnings of the Deryni are unclear. Probably a chance mutation occurred in the prehistory of Gwynedd. Due to the hardiness of the Deryni strain, the change spread rapidly. Again speculation would lead to the supposition that there was a lot of early experimentation until the parameters of the power were reached. The only real commentary from this period is mythic. In contrast to the Comyn, out-breeding occurred rather often and did not lead to dilution of the gift. One either has Deryni powers or does not. A man without the power can father a child with it. The Deryni do resemble the Comyn in the fear of half-breeds. Even if no loss of power occurred, they were often treated as outcasts by both groups, as were Morgan and McLain.

It is clear that the gene bearing Deryniness is dominant. With the Comyn, the problem is more complicated. It appears that the genes for simple *laran* are dominants, but the genes for specific Gifts are recessives. The Alton Gift may be an exception as the forced rapport Gift appears in every generation thus far revealed. On the other hand, the catalyst Gift of the Ardaïs is extinct except for Danilo Syrtis, and Regis is the first Hastur in many generations to have the Hastur Gift.

In both societies those without any apparent genetic heritage for *psi* can sometimes assume it. Camber discovered that Cinhil Haldane could receive Deryni-like powers and all of his descendants ruled with this advantage. Kelson, therefore, was accounted a full Deryni because of his Haldane-derived power, plus his mother's Deryni lineage. In similar fashion Andrew Carr in The Forbidden Tower became an acknowledged possessor of *laran* even to the point of Leonie Hastur accepting a Terran as part of the forbidden tower. Another example is Magdalena Lorne; Rohana grasped this fact, but the rest of the Comyn were unwilling to accept it. All this brings up the old, old argument -- that of heredity versus environment. One could explain away Cinhil's ability to an unknown Deryni ancestor or Andrew's to an unusually high *psi* quotient. Still, since they were encouraged to believe in the power they possessed, this helped in their achievement of that power. What this means is that neither the Comyn nor the Deryni needed a closed breeding system. That they chose it anyway is *hybris*, since interbreeding could have alleviated their problems.

The points where the two series' contrast the most is in the powers themselves and the manner of their use. The Deryni needed no focus to work magic. It is true that they used amplifiers or transfer portals for large power drain, but they gave power to these devices and then called upon them at need. Some of the powers they used were shape-changing, mythical sendings, mental coercion, health, and so forth. Telepathy is not mentioned directly but a form of mental signal is used by Arilan to summon the Camberian Council into emergency session.



The Comyn did need a focus for their power. In fact, it is often stressed that *laran*, of itself, could not lift a single hair; the matrix stones serve as amplifiers of *laran*. Through the use of their stones, the Comyn could teleport, set up protective fields, read minds, and so forth. In short, the powers of the Deryni and the Comyn were virtually identical. It should be noted that among both groups mental coercion is the gravest thing one could do against his kin.

In contrasting the similarities of the psychic powers themselves, one crucial difference is that among the Comyn, the powers are additive -- the power of a group, a tower circle, is much more than the sum of its parts. It becomes a *gestalt*. The Deryni powers are non-additive. Though group duels do occur, the most common form is the one-on-one battle. As Tiercel tells us "...we keep our duels on a one to one basis and we forbid more than one individual to challenge at one time, and the custom is couched in legend..."<sup>4</sup> But why was it begun that way? Perhaps because of the very fact that the powers are not additive. This factor has a tremendous impact on the development of the two societies. The Comyn originally banded together for self-protection; when it became clear that there were none who could challenge them, then the internal hells began to happen. Later in their downhill slide, they came together against the Terranan. These factors, in addition to the desire for fixing the Gifts, may have caused the in-breeding. Kennard may or may not have realized this in marrying as he did. The Altons, in any case, seem to be more far-sighted in this matter.

The Deryni did not have this insularity. Since their powers are non-additive and mastery came with practice, the most powerful ones were the ones with the most practice. Unfortunately, in the trilogy, these happen to be enemies of Kelson. Thus, while ordinary humans tended to refer to and think of the Deryni as a close-knit group, this is far from the case. They did tend to accept the arbitration of the Camberian Council as the penalty was ostracism. But if they were powerful enough, this did not trouble them very much. This is the reason that the persecutions were so successful. The humans were able to play upon the animosities between the various Deryni.

As a further illustration of the similarities and differences in the type and nature of the psychic powers given the Deryni and the Comyn, I will look at two classic struggles in which these are demonstrated.

There is a one-on-one duel in Deryni Rising when Charissa challenges the newly-crowned Kelson for the kingship of Gwynedd. She begins by issuing a formal challenge in the Medieval manner with a thrown gauntlet. Kelson is at this point very unsure of his control of his powers and attempts to have champions decide the matter. This ploy does not work as both are injured. According to traditions, a proper duel begins with the creation of the duelling circle which is intended as a protection for bystanders. The duel must be fought to a complete resolution, as well; there are no cease-fires.

"... the words came to his lips, words he had never known before, a low chant which made the air behind him crackle with power -- which seared a line of crimson fire behind him... and joined the two arcs together in a circle -- half red, half blue." p. 256.

The next stage was to seal the circle. After this was done, the duel began. In the formal duel (this is not to say that the rules were always followed



but any disregard of the rules was generally with the consent of both parties), one of the parties begins with the testing spells unless one is confident of the other's abilities. Obviously most duels are between opponents of approximately equal power, since challenging an obvious superior would be folly and challenging a weaker one would bring exile. So the Council did limit duels in the fashion. There is no indication of what happens if formal duel is refused, but pride probably limits this.

After the sealing of the circle, the challenged one initiates the spells which are most often mythical sendings. The other must answer with a counter-manding spell, then initiate one of his own. This continues with increasing complexity until one or the other is unable to stop a sending. In this case, Kelson invokes the ritual of fire. Here a wall of fire splits the circle and raw power pushes it back and forth. When the wall comes into contact with a physical object, it is destroyed.

"Charissa swallowed hard, a look of apprehension crossing her face for the first time. She feared this test, but there was no choice." p. 266.

Presumably if she had refused to accept the spell, the contest would be over with Kelson the victor. With the hemispheres intact, the combatants feel each other out and, as is told in the book, Kelson destroys Charissa. The circles fall away, leaving the victor to receive the cheers of his people.

Later in the trilogy, Wencit challenges Kelson to a group duel -- four against four at the Llyndreath Meadows. This duel never comes to actual battle arcane but is illustrative of some variations in the process. Group duels are the exception. Obviously there are greater chances for treachery. This duel is also unusual in that it contains the scorned half-breeds Morgan and McLain, as well as two full humans with assumed Deryni powers -- Bran Coris and Lionel. Fearing a fraud, Arilan seeks and obtains council protection for the duelling ring. Here there is a double circle. The outer one was created by the guardians and the inner one was for the combatants. Another factor stressed in all formal duels is the absence of steel. A duel must be fought strictly on the arcane skills.

"Once the circle's orb is fashioned  
Yours or mine must all embrace  
Cold death, before the living victors  
Pass out from this charmed place.

None shall pass this holy circle  
'Til the lives of four are done.  
'Til the four of one side perish  
None may pass into the sun."<sup>5</sup>

In the time in which the majority of the Darkover novels are set, the duel is not common. This is what makes the period of the Ages of Chaos so personally intriguing. Damon Ridenow is involved in two: the struggle between Arilinn and the Forbidden Tower, and his battle with the Great Cat. This last closely resembles the one-on-one duel, but there are differences. Another variant is the struggle between Aldones and Sharra in The Sword of Aldones. At the end of The Spell Sword when Damon and his company are about to rescue Callista, he enters the Overworld (which does not appear to have an analog in the world of the Deryni -- they deal with one level only) to



destroy the Great Cat. He does this with a sword while the Cat is occupied with psychic manifestations caused by Callista and Andrew. He knows that the death of the operator will cause the destruction of the matrix. Presumably it would have been more difficult to attack the matrix directly, although this is a known skill. A similar duel is shown in the confrontation between Damon and Dezi.

More important is the duel between the two towers at the end of The Forbidden Tower. Here the conflict is by ritual challenge, similar to that of the Deryni. Since the days of Varzil the Good, a circle unauthorized by the Comyn Council is illegal. Thus when Damon as Keeper (unacknowledged but still Keeper -- Leonie in her own actions in leading Damon to the level of the timesearch, named him *de facto* Keeper) throws the gauntlet, Leonie is shocked. As opposed to the Deryni, there can be more than one result in a duel, although most often they result in the death of one of the combatants. The battle itself takes place in the Overworld. Since the power of the stones comes from the structure of thought that one is able to build with it in the Overworld, the opponent must try to destroy the thought or at least cause the other to lose faith in his own power. A large part of the conflict consisted of mythical sendings designed, as in the world of the Deryni, to throw the opponent off balance. In both cases, measured seconds could be decisive. Unlike the duel with the Great Cat, this duel ended in stalemate for Damon refused to vanquish his enemy; unlike the duelling circle of Kelson and Wencit, it was not imperative to do so. This must have been the common pattern in the earlier ages, although they would probably have been contesting the right of overlordship of a domain or some other reason.

"They will try to destroy the tower, but since it is our visualization of the tower which holds it firm here, they cannot budge it unless our own perception of it falters ... Leonie!! You cannot destroy us. I ask truce." pp. 356-68.

Some additional comments: the use of the circle in both mythos is obvious -- it was considered of old the perfect shape and was much favored by participants of the occult. The designation of the cardinal points by the Deryni councillors is well known in ancient lore. The use of a focus is not uncommon in the occult antecedents of Darkover. The imagination has always been one of the most powerful tools for the *mage* -- horror becomes an ally to the power of the spell. Since it slows reaction time, the actual psychic working has time to operate. Witness Damon and the Great Cat. The Overworld of the Comyn has its base in the astral plane, the removal of the physical from the mental.

Perhaps the most important of the powers not used in the duelling process is the art of healing. Although in the latter days the Deryni found this difficult, Morgan did do it. Among the Comyn, Damon has healed several times. In both cases, the technique is very similar -- the movement of the psychic force into the injured area and then the application of direct curative measures.

Misuse of power is a problem in both societies. Damon is forced to strip Dezi of his stone and Wencit does a cruel thing to Derry. The use of magic for personal gain is also considered evil -- the two are obviously often related. The Comyn have forbidden this by their Compact, and there are references to both black and white magic and definite differences between them in the world of the Deryni.



The final area to be considered is the relationship between those who have the power and those who do not. On Darkover the Comyn are the nobility of the society and are held in awe by the commoners. True, there are malcontents everywhere, but the bulk of the people accept the Comyn and scorn outsiders -- especially Terrans. One of the greatest joys a woman could have is to have a child of the Comyn and have the child have *laron* which gives both mother and child a much higher status. This fact alone could have brought much fresh blood into the Comyn, but such mating was more by chance than design, and a woman in such a position was not given full marriage rights nor were her children -- that was limited to full Comyn whose lineage was beyond question. Consider the treatment given to Dezi. This leads to another problem. Since the external threat is not considered serious until the time of Sword of Aldones when it is far too late, struggle ensues within the Comyn, in spite of their history. As Ellimir thinks prior to departing the Thendara for Domenic's funeral "...had hear tales of bitter feuds in Comyn Council, of struggles more cruel than blood feud because the ones who struggled were not enemies but kinsmen..." p. 284. It is only Regis, in The World Wreckers who grasps the external threat to the Comyn. There were two threats: the actions of the worldwreckers and what the Comyn had done to themselves down the long count of years.

In the later books of the Deryni saga, they were victims of a church-sponsored persecution. This is the only curse with which the Comyn are not blessed -- their religion is a festival ancestor worship. The Deryni are not so lucky. After the restoration of the human monarchy by Camber, the bloodletting began. Their numbers were reduced by two-thirds in a short fifteen years. This is despite the fact that they gravitated towards the nobility by virtue of their powers. There were probably Deryni in the peasantry as well, as they could hide themselves better there. Many of the rest went into hiding and it was not until the time of Kelson that the Deryni began to become visible once again. But even then, there were renewed threats of persecution.

Magic/*laron* as used in the realms of the Deryni and the Comyn are consistent on the basic approaches, but differ in the means of their use. Many of the powers are virtually the same: both can heal, teleport, barrier, and create illusions. Both have developed genetic predispositions to the power, but the use of the power is not unknown or undeveloped outside of the group. The distinctions come down to the fact that the Comyn powers are additive, whereas those of the Deryni are not, so that they conduct their magic on an individual basis for the most part. This in turn dictated the sort of society that developed around them. The Comyn banded together and became even more powerful, but were more vulnerable to inside rot. The Deryni are more vulnerable to outside attack and persecution, as banding together helps them no more than the ordinary human.

#### Footnotes

<sup>1</sup> Camber of Culdi, p. 300.

<sup>2</sup> The Bloody Sun, p. 82.

<sup>3</sup> Dennis is a charter member of the Valeron Council Round Robin and found this out in that way from MZB.

<sup>4</sup> High Deryni, p. 75.

<sup>5</sup> High Deryni, p. 334-5.



## Notes

All of the Deryni novels are from Ballantine/Del Rey and the Darkover novels are from Ace or DAW. I also used AN ABC OF WITCHCRAFT by Doreen Valiente for reference. --D.J. (This article was reprinted from JUMEAUX, Vol. 2 (February, 1978) by permission of the author.)

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## UPDATE ON "The Naming of Morgan"

--by Katherine Kurtz

Many of you heard me read a short story this summer called "The Naming of Morgan." Mary Jean Miller Holmes, a fan of long standing, heard it at Iguanacon in Phoenix, and raced right up to her room to do the delightful little pen and ink drawing of a "very little Morgan" which appears on this page. It portrays the four-year-old Morgan holding the first candle he has ever been allowed to hold all by himself as he witnesses his first magical ceremony.

Unfortunately, this drawing is the only part of "The Naming of Morgan" that you are likely to see in the near future. There's no problem with the story; it was intended for a Del Rey anthology, and the Del Reys loved it. They said that I could probably sell it anywhere. However (there is always a "however," isn't there?), the story is so powerful, said they, that it really ought not to be wasted in a short story. It should be a novel--or two, or three. And they're right.

So, the good news is that "The Naming of Morgan" will be expanded into a novel--or two, or three. The new book(s) will also incorporate the material in "Swords Against the Marluk."

The bad news, for those of you who have been hounding me about, "When will we get back to Morgan and Kelson?" is that I'll have to do the book(s) about Morgan's childhood before I can pick up the story again after HIGH DERYNI. And I have to finish CAMBER THE HERETIC before I can even start the boyhood book....

Sorry, gang, but it has to be that way, because so much of the later Kelson material hinges on the story of Morgan's early days. If it's any consolation, just remember that working out the details of the boyhood book(s) will make it much easier to pick up the Kelson/Morgan story again, 2-3 years after HIGH DERYNI.

-kik-



Very Little Morgan  
K



## IN THE BEGINNING: The Birth of the Deryni Series

--by Katherine Kurtz

Over the years, the question most often asked by my readers (other than, "When will the next book be out?") probably has been, "How did you get the idea?" My usual response has been that I had this dream--which is true--but it has occurred to me that there might be interest in seeing precisely how it all began, what the background was, and how that dream eventually evolved into what we now know as the "Chronicles of the Deryni." For certainly, most dreams do not herald the beginning of a new universe.

So I went rummaging through my files and found the following treasures: the note cards on the original dream, dated October 11, 1964; the short story that I wrote between July and November of 1965, a full two years earlier than I thought I had written it, called "Lords of Sorandor" and comprising some 54 pages--this later became the basis for DERYNI RISING; and the outline and proposal which I submitted to Ballantine Books in late Spring of 1969, which led to the contract for the first three books: DERYNI RISING, DERYNI CHECKMATE, and HIGH DERYNI. The history of the series is fairly well documented after August of 1970, when DERYNI RISING was released. Therefore, I propose to give you a little of the earlier history and evolution of the Deryni in these first few issues of "Deryni Archives." With any luck, this will give you a little insight into what is involved in putting together a novel--or two, or three.

Okay. First, the dream notes. Remember that at that time I was a junior at the University of Miami, majoring in pre-med chemistry and in the honors program in humanities and social sciences. My courses for that semester were: Modern English and American Poetry (with the same Carl Selle to whom DERYNI RISING was later dedicated); Studies in Contemporary Literature (an honors course in which I finally managed to convince the professor that science fiction was, indeed, contemporary literature. He ended up borrowing my SF novels--but that's another story, for another time.); Organic Chemistry II; General Principles of Psychology; and Physics. I got A's in the first two courses, B's in the other three--and that should have told me something of where my true interests lay. (Selle knew, and predicted during that very semester that I would never finish medical school, that I would return to an academic life. He should have known, after all; he, too, had started medical school, left it, and come back to his real love, literature. He lasted one day in medical school; I stayed a year. But, I digress.) In any case, that's where I was in October of 1964. I had the dream, and this is what I wrote the next morning, on two 3x5 cards:

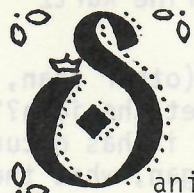
*Scene: audience chamber of a castle. The young widowed Empress (25) holds audience with her husband's faithful general (40) and his aide (20). She wears a white flowing robe with a black wimple and a simple emerald tiara. Her small son sleeps in the next room. The general endeavors to unlock the secret to the late Emperor's powers, which were left locked in an intricate emerald and gold brooch--he was unable to give her the key--was assassinated by the Blue Witch, who now rules. General is very wise and powerful man; shows Empress how to gain access to her husband's power--(he was left clues by his late Comm-Chief)--key is to jab pin of clasp through hand--10 sec. later, power transference begins, lasts 5 min. Transfer is successful; Empress tries power--works well. Possibility of love between Empress and General after power is regained and mourning over.*

A year later, just before starting my senior year, I began writing "Lords of Sorandor." Recognizable parts of it survive to this day in DERYNI RISING. Following is the first half.



"Lords of Sorandor"

-- by Katherine Kurtz  
October, 1965



Sanil of Sorandor stood, smoothing the dark mourning veil over her coppery hair as she had done each day for the past month. Resting pale hands on the dresser before her, she studied the green eyes which peered back at her for a long moment, then placed the simple, jet-studded circlet firmly upon her head.

"Your Majesty?" inquired a servant girl softly. "General Sir Alaric Morgan wishes to see you. Shall I say that Your Majesty is receiving no visitors?"

"Morgan? I--no, I suppose I must see him. Where is he now?"

"In the garden, my lady."

"Very well. I'll receive him on the sun porch."

Sanil stepped into the sun room and seated herself on the small, black-draped chair, spreading the somber velvet of her gown in graceful folds around her feet. Several ladies-in-waiting hovered around her person, and in a corner of the room, a young musician strummed softly on a mellowed lute.

The garden door swung open and a tall, black-leather clad figure strode into the chamber, sword and mail glinting dully in the diffused sunlight. Bowing his golden head in obeisance, he knelt at the feet of the queen in a single, fluid motion, his gloved fist going to his chest in salute. Sanil beckoned him to rise.

"Yes, Sir Alaric?"

"Your pardon, my lady. I would have come sooner, but the men have been restless under this new truce, and they feel Brion's loss deeply. He will be much missed."

"Yes, he will." She waited expectantly.

"My lady, I must speak with you alone; it is of the utmost importance."

"Sir Alaric, I... Very well." She dismissed the ladies-in-waiting with a curt nod, then motioned Morgan to a chair nearby.

"Sir Alaric, out of the love my husband bore for you, I have done as you requested. Brion spoke of you often, you know--that is, when he spoke of government and such at all." She gazed across the room, not seeing him. "Perhaps if he had told me more of what he was doing, I would have been better prepared for what happened," she said, glancing down bitterly at her folded hands. "As it was, I never knew of the constant danger he always lived in until he was already gone."

Looking up, she continued briskly. "But you didn't make this trip to hear me talk about Brion, did you, General?"

"No," answered Morgan, shaking his head. He rose explosively and began pacing the floor, his gloved hands clasping and unclasping.



"My lady," he began, "before your husband entered that last battle when he fell by the hand of the Blue Witch, he spoke to me at length of his divine power of rule, which has been handed down since his royal line began many years ago. He, no doubt, spoke to you on this subject, at least in passing, but you probably dismissed such talk as idle superstition, passed on through the years as justification for divine-right rule. With most men, you would have been correct--but not with Brion."

He turned slowly toward her. "My lady, had he known of the plot of the Blue Witch in time, Brion could have saved himself--indeed, under the right circumstances, he could have destroyed her. But unfortunately, Brion underestimated the Blue One--and worse, he underestimated the extent of her influence among his own men."

His face convulsed in bitter remembrance as he spat out the words. "He was betrayed by a friend!"

He slammed one fist into the other hand, then recovered, remembering where he was. Turning to the queen with a strained smile, he continued.

"Do you remember Brion's aide, Colin of Fianna? Ah, poor Colin," he mused. "The Blue One bewitched him, you know. She induced the smitten lad to drug the king's wine. It was not enough to kill him, she said. It would only make him sleep.

"Colin did as he was bidden, and next morning, the Blue One slew Brion on the field of honour with a blast of magic which he never anticipated--he was too groggy from the drug to catch her intention in time. And Colin, when he saw what he had done, fell on his sword, too proud to die a traitor's death, but too miserable to live."

Morgan sank wearily into his chair, head in hands. "So now we stand under the Blue One's truce," he smiled grimly, "her last token of respect for a most bitter enemy."

Sanil's low sob finally broke the stillness.

"I'm sorry, my lady. I did not mean to open old wounds, but I thought you should know." He stared at the floor.

"How is Prince Kelson?" he asked, striving to change the subject.

"He is well," answered Sanil, straining to regain her composure. "Tomorrow is his Coronation, you know." She looked at him beseechingly. "I had hoped that was why you came: to see him crowned."

"It is, my lady," he answered. "But to see him crowned a true king--like his father."





"No!" she whispered, horrified. "Brion's powers died with him, if, indeed, he had them. Kelson must reign as a mortal!" She turned wide, afraid eyes on him.

"Kelson cannot rule as a mortal, my lady. The Blue One would slay him even as she did his father; you know that."

"Brion's power did not save him. Besides, she surely would not strike down a defenseless boy!"

"You know better than that, my lady," answered Morgan. "But, God willing, Kelson will not have to face the Blue One powerless to stand against her. I have the key to Brion's power--and it must be Kelson's."

"No!" she hissed, half-rising to her feet. "I will not let you do it. Kelson is but a boy."

"Don't be a fool, my lady," he said, grasping her shoulders and forcing her back to her chair. "Think a moment. Tomorrow Kelson will be fourteen, of legal age as far as the monarchy is concerned, and he will be crowned king as such. Would the Blue Witch, who killed his father," he paused for emphasis, "spare the father's son merely because of his youth? She means to rule, lady. Will she let any mere mortal stand in her way?"

"No." She forced the word out in a hoarse whisper, relaxing dully into the cushions of the chair.

Morgan released her and stepped back. "Then, you'll permit me to speak with him?"

"Yes," she whispered dazedly, "within the hour."

But her face clouded with resentment as her eyes followed him through the sunny garden door.



## II

What did you tell my mother?"

Morgan's black silken cloak rustled crisply in the sunlight as he whirled to identify the unexpected voice.

"Kelson." Tension turned to pleasure as he recognized the speaker, and a smile flickered across his face. "How did you know I was here?"

The boy sprang lightly down the few stone steps of the summerhouse and walked briskly to the young general's side.

"I saw you leave my mother's chamber, so I followed you. Did I do wrong?" he asked, his grey eyes clouding with apprehension as he sensed his friend's surprise.

"Of course not, my prince," replied Morgan, clapping the boy on the shoulder. "I really came to see you, not your mother. I must admit, however, that she's not terribly fond of me at the moment," he continued. "I reminded her that you are a king."



Kelson snorted mischievously. "She still thinks of me as her 'little boy'. She just doesn't seem to realize that tomorrow I'll be king." He glanced up wistfully. "I wonder what else she thinks the son of Brion could do besides rule? Tell me, Morgan. You knew my father well. Do you think that I shall ever be able to fill his place? Answer truly, now, for I shall know if you're only flattering me."

Morgan, hands clasped behind him, walked thoughtfully around the young man, noting the apparent frailness of the slim, young body, yet recalling the tensile steel strength and catlike grace with which he moved. Looking at Kelson, he saw Brion staring back at him, the wide, grey gaze under a thick shock of glossy black hair, the regal carriage of the proud head, the ease with which he wore the royal blue. It was Brion of the Laughing Eyes, Brion of the Flashing Sword, of the Gentle Moods, teaching a young boy to fence and rode; holding court in all the splendor of the monarchy, the boy spellbound at his feet; Brion, asking a friend dearer than life to swear that the boy would always have a protector, should his father die untimely; Brion, on the eve of his death, entrusting the key to his divine power to the man who stood now before his son.

Morgan snapped out of his reverie and motioned the boy to be seated.

"You are the image of Brion, my prince," said the young general, taking a seat on the stone steps. "And he left you well prepared for the task you will undertake tomorrow. I think he knew full well that you might come to the throne at an early age--in fact, he probably expected it, for he gave you the very finest training he knew how.

"From the time you could sit unaided, he had you on horseback daily. Your fencing masters were the finest to be had on the continent, and when they had taught you what they knew, he supplemented them and soon had you out-fencing your former instructors. You studied the old annals of military history and strategy, languages, mathematics--he even let you touch on astronomy and alchemy.

"There was a practical side to your education, too, though. For there was wisdom in the seeming unorthodoxy of allowing a young and sometimes fidgeting crown-prince to sit at his father's side in the council chambers. From the beginning, though you were doubtless unaware of it at first, you acquired the rudiments of the impeccable rhetoric and logic that were Brion's trademark as much as his swordsmanship or his valor. You learned to counsel, and to receive counsel, wisely and unpretentiously. And through it all, you were made to understand that a wise king does not speak in anger, nor judge until all the facts are before him."

Morgan fell silent for a moment, then continued thoughtfully. "I think that in some ways you will be even more a king than Brion was, my prince. You have a sensitivity, an appreciation of the arts, literature, music, that he never quite grasped, though I don't suppose it made him any less a king. Oh, he listened dutifully to the philosopher as well as the warrior, but I was never sure he really understood them. You do understand."

Kelson turned his face to lock the eyes of the general. "You forget one thing, Morgan," he said quietly. "I do not have my father's power, and without it, I fall." He rose impatiently. "Did he give you no clue as to how I am to remain king? What of his assassin? Am I, a mortal, to stand against the Blue Witch without armor? Morgan," he asked his father's friend beseechingly, "what am I to do?"



"You have come to the crux of the matter, my prince," smiled Morgan. "Come. We have been here too long already. It would never do for your mother to find us here at this stage of the game."

Taking the young prince's arm, he began to guide him through the garden, away from the vicinity of the queen's chambers.

Just then, a plump and very out-of-breath lady-in-waiting came scurrying into the garden.

"Your Highness," she squealed, coming to a rather undignified stop. "We have been searching for you everywhere. Your mother, the queen, was extremely worried, and you know she doesn't approve of your wandering off alone. It's very dangerous." Her speech slowly ground to a halt as she realized that the prince was, by no means, alone.

"Do you hear that, Morgan?" said Kelson, turning to his friend. "'It's very dangerous.' Lady Bolliston," he continued dryly, "would you please inform my lady mother that I have been quite safe here in the garden with General Morgan?"

Lady Bolliston's eyes grew round as she realized Morgan's identity, and a plump hand flew to her lips to mask the scarcely breathed "Oh." She bobbed a hurried curtsy and stammered, "I did not recognize Your Grace."

"That is understandable, Lady Bolliston," he nodded, "for I have not been here in some time. However, I would hope that in the future you would show a bit more respect for your king." He smiled kindly. "Your entrance was not a model of decorum."

Lady Bolliston smiled in spite of herself, thinking that perhaps the late king's general was not such an ogre as the queen pictured him at all, and she murmured an apology.

"But your lady mother does wish to see you immediately, Your Highness," she added.

"Is it about General Morgan?" Kelson queried. When she did not answer, he continued. "I thought as much. Well, tell my lady mother that I am already in council with Sir Alaric and do not wish to be disturbed. You might add that I will be quite safe," he concluded dryly.

"Yes, Your Highness," she curtsied, and fled across the grass to deliver the message. When she was out of sight, Morgan and the prince dissolved into peals of laughter.

"You know, I don't think she meant to let me see you after all, my prince," said Morgan, clasping a black-gloved hand to the younger's shoulder. "We'd best leave before your 'lady mother' comes looking for us herself."

Kelson nodded in agreement, and the two made a rapid exit.



Looking up casually from the stoup he was filling, Father Duncan McLain inspected the two young men making their way across the courtyard. He straightened quickly to shade his eyes against the intense glare of the mid-day sun. The younger would be Prince Kelson, the gold-embroidered edge of his velvet cloak glistening in the sunlight. But the older--the young priest's eyes lit with pleasure and surprise--why, it was Alaric!

Placing the now-empty bottle on the floor, he smoothed his rumpled cassock and walked briskly to the portico.

"Alaric," he cried, clasping the other's hand. "This is a pleasant surprise. And Kelson." He flung an arm about the shoulders of the grinning young prince to include him in the greeting.

"I really don't believe this," he said, guiding them into the coolness and quiet of the narthex. "My two favorite people, both in the same day. Ah, but Kelson, I see by the look on Alaric's face that this is not purely a social call, is it?"

"You're too perceptive, Duncan," smiled the young general. "I never could fool you, even when we were children. I wondered, though, whether Kelson and I might borrow you and your study for an hour or so of counsel."

Duncan grinned wryly, but nodded assent. "I might have known it would take business to drag you out here, Alaric," he said, scooping up the empty bottle and leading them down the nave. "You know, perhaps I should be your confessor--at least I'd see you once a year that way. But, on second thought, I don't suppose that would be a good idea at all--I know you too well."

The three paused at the transept to bow before the High Altar.

"Oh, come now, Duncan," said Morgan, chuckling softly as he followed the priest out the side door, Kelson close at his heels. "I see you more than that; and besides, it's fifty miles from my castle to the capital."

"No, Alaric, I shall tolerate no more excuses. Either you promise to come visit me more often, or I shall turn you out of my study, and you can find someplace else to discuss your business." He closed the door securely behind him and walked to a small, round table near the center of the room.

"Very well, Duncan," laughed Morgan, as he motioned the two to be seated. "You have my word."

Morgan took a small leather pouch from his belt and began fumbling absorbedly with the cords.

"Now, have you a cloth I can put down, Duncan?" he asked, opening the bag.

Before the priest could answer, Kelson produced a soft, white silk handkerchief from his sleeve and spread it out before the general. "Will this do, Morgan?"

"Very well, my prince," he answered, reaching into the bag and gingerly extracting a bit of gold and brilliance which he laid on the silk. "Do you recognize this, Kelson?"



Kelson exhaled softly, his grey eyes wide with awe and wonderment. "It is the Ring of Fire, my father's seal of power."

"May I see that?" asked Duncan, anxiety written in his eyes.

Morgan nodded assent.

Gathering the silk carefully around his fingers, the young priest picked up the ring, turning it in the dim light. The scarlet stones cast scintillating rays on the damasked walls, and the burnished metal shone warmly. Duncan examined it minutely, then replaced it on the table, smoothing the rumpled silk.

"So far, so good," he breathed, a trace of hopefulness crossing his face. "There is more?"

For answer, Morgan reached once more into the leather bag and brought forth a heavy enamelled brooch the size of a man's fist. A rampant golden lion shone on the crimson background, and gold-etched scrollwork traced the deeply carved edges.

"What--?" began Kelson, brows knitting in bewilderment.

"The key, my prince," murmured Morgan, leaning back in his chair. "The key to your father's power."

He passed the brooch to Duncan, who scrutinized it briefly, then handed it on to Kelson.

"Brion told me of it the last time I saw him alive. He must have sensed impending danger, for he made me swear that if he fell, the brooch and ring should somehow get to you, Kelson. There is a verse which accompanies the brooch."

"What verse, Alaric?" questioned the priest, leaning forward expectantly. "You have it?"

"Aye," he answered wearily. "But it makes little sense. Listen."

His face assumed a far-away expression as he began to recite:

*"The eve of Coronation Day  
Must power increased to you convey.  
A holy man shall be your guide;  
A champion bold kneels by your side.  
The sinister hand held bravely so:  
The Lion's tooth through flesh must go.  
The ringing of the sinister hand  
Gives all the power you demand."*

"Well," said Duncan, leaning back in his chair and raising an eyebrow. "He didn't give us much to go on, did he?"

"Now, wait, Father," began Kelson agitatedly. "The first part is clear enough: '*The eve of Coronation Day/Must power increased to you convey*'--this merely says that whatever happens must happen tonight.

"'*A holy man,*' you, Father, '*shall be your guide,*/*A champion bold kneels by your side.*'" He looked to Morgan for advice.



"Correct, my prince," he nodded. "This clearly shows the roles that Duncan and I are to play, but what of yours? Now, I don't understand the third stanza at all yet, but the fourth is evidently a reference to the portion of the Coronation ritual when the archbishop places the ring on the king's--the sinister hand! Why didn't I think of that before?"

"Yes, of course," chimed in Kelson. "Father often spoke of such things in heraldic terms. This would be just like him."

Picking up the brooch, Kelson extended his left hand. "'The sinister hand held bravely so:/ The Lion's tooth through flesh must go.'"

He looked at the brooch, then at his friends, a quizzical expression on his face. "Morgan, I don't understand. This lion has no tooth. How can...?"

"Wait." Duncan sprang to his feet, reaching for the enamelled ornament. "Let me see that."



Taking it in his hands, he began to inspect it closely, then turned it over to finger the clasp.

"Yes, of course," he whispered, his eyes focused on something beyond. "There is always the obstacle, the barrier, the need for bravery."

Morgan rose slowly, his full attention on Duncan.

"The clasp," he whispered icily, "is the Lion's tooth?"

Duncan's gaze flickered to the present. "Yes."

Kelson stood and reached across the table to run his finger along the three inches of slim golden clasp. He swallowed.

"The Lion's tooth must pierce my hand?"

Duncan nodded impassively.

"It--it will be very painful, won't it?" Kelson asked, his voice very small in the stillness.

Again, Duncan nodded.

"But there is no other way, is there?"

"None, my prince," replied the priest, his face pale against the dark cassock.

Kelson lowered his eyes. "Then, it must be done. Will you make the proper arrangements, Father?"

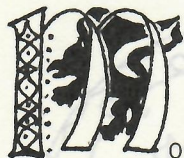
"Yes, my prince," he replied. "You and Alaric should be back here no later than the hour after Compline." He bowed low.



Kelson inclined his head in thanks. "I will go, then, Father. Between now and Compline, I must learn to be a true king."

He spun on his heel and went out, Morgan close behind, and the weight of kingship rested already heavy on his shoulders.

"God bless you, my prince," breathed the priest, as he raised his hand in benediction.



#### IV

Morgan followed his young lord silently across the courtyard, sensing the boy's need to be alone with his thoughts. Not until they had nearly reached the entrance to the royal apartments did Kelson speak.

"Morgan," he asked suddenly, "do you really think we know what we're doing?"

"Well," Morgan countered wistfully, "if we don't, and Brion's magic is lost forever, at least we will have tried. That's all men can do, is try, isn't it, my prince?"

"You're right, of course, Morgan," he answered. "But suppose I'm not ready?"

"You are better prepared than you know, my prince," replied Morgan, reaching for the door.

But before he could touch it, the heavy oak door swung slowly open to reveal a startled and angry queen and her retinue.

"Where have you been, Kelson?" she demanded.

"With General Morgan, Mother. Didn't you get my message?"

Sanil turned her glare on Morgan. "What did you tell him?"

Morgan regarded her thoughtfully, his hands clasped behind him. "I told him about his father, my lady. Beyond that, you will have to ask him."

"Well, Kelson?" she snapped. "What lies has he been filling your head with?"

"Please don't make a scene, Mother," replied Kelson, moving quietly toward his suite. "I scarcely think I need tell you what he said; you know what I must do."

When she did not respond, he turned his attention to the officer in charge of his guard.

"Lieutenant, I am retiring for the day, and I do not wish to be disturbed by anyone until morning. Is that clear? General Morgan will spend the night in my quarters."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Very well, then," he said, and turned to his mother. "Good night, Mother. I shall see you before the procession tomorrow. I must get some rest."



Pivoting precisely, he entered the apartment, Morgan close behind him, and the bolt shot home with a note of finality. The queen, after a moment's hesitation, retired resignedly down the corridor.

But in the shadows of the columns, there lurked one who was not at all dismayed to see the prince seek seclusion for the remainder of the day. Smiling grimly at the show of royal discord, he waited until the last footsteps of the queen and her retinue had receded down the long passageway, then slipped out the main door, gathering his squire's cloak around him. Going immediately to the royal stables, where a fast horse lay saddled and waiting, he exchanged royal livery for a somber-hued traveling cloak, pulling the voluminous hood well over his face before he set out.

Soon, he was riding away from the city, and within an hour he reined in and left the main road to follow a winding, little-ridden track into the foothills. As he descended the torturous slopes of a steep gorge, he glanced casually around him, and when he reached the bottom, he was not at all surprised to find himself surrounded by fierce, blue-clad warriors.

"Who goes there?" challenged the commanding officer, hand on sword hilt.

"Lord Ian to see the countess," answered the lone rider, throwing back his hood and dismounting as he spoke.

Bowing unctuously, the officer took the horse's reins from Ian and immediately changed his tone of voice to a more servile one.

"My apologies, m'lord. We did not recognize you."

"That is not at all surprising to me," remarked the young lord dryly, "since I did not wish to be recognized. Open the portal."

He gestured imperiously and the men moved to comply with his order. A lieutenant pressed his fingers fleetingly over a series of small depressions in the rock, and a large stone slab withdrew to reveal a passageway into the side of the gorge. Ian stepped inside, followed by the men, and the opening was walled off once more. The men dispersed to their various duties, and the newcomer swung down the hallway.

Boots echoing on the marble flagstones, Ian strode resolutely, reflecting on the strange company one was often obliged to keep in order to further one's goals. The Blue One trusted him almost completely now, and there would be time enough after the young prince was deposed to seize the power of the Blue One for himself.

Silver spurs jangled as he clattered confidently down the granite staircase, and the torches in their wrought-iron holders cast russet highlights on his chestnut hair, reflecting, perhaps, the even more russet thoughts beneath it.

He passed the guardpost and took the precise salute nonchalantly, then approached a pair of golden doors and slipped through. Leaning back against the ornate handles, he fixed his gaze intently upon the woman who sat brushing her long, blued silver hair, all thoughts of malice gone for the present, at least from his face.

"Well, Ian?" she queried, her full red lips curving upward with more than a trace of ire.



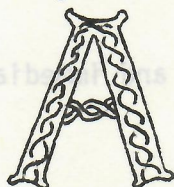
"The Son of the Lion is caged for the night, my pet," he said silkily, sauntering toward her with a careless intensity. "And there is discord in the royal household. The son is cool toward the mother who is so protective, and the mother quarrels with the general, who has fired the son with tales of the father's valor."

He unclasped the heavy cloak and flung it across a low bench, then sank onto a wide, satin-draped couch, unbuckling his sword as he did.

"And the young prince?" she inquired. "Does he seem ill-at-ease over his imminent coronation?" Her voice was edged with mockery as she laid the silver-backed brush on the dresser top and stood, gathering the gossamer folds of her gown about her in a soft azure cloud.

"I think he is well discomfited," smiled the young lord, reclining on one elbow. "He retires to rest, and has given orders that he's not to be disturbed until morning. If he leaves, we will be informed immediately." His green eyes followed her every move hungrily.

"It is good, Ian," she whispered, her voice tilting into low, bell-like tones as she glided toward him. "You have done well." She rested delicate fingertips on his shoulder and smiled. "The Blue One is pleased to give the same orders for the night."



v

As the Vesper chimes finished their pealing in the distance, Morgan rose cat-like and stretched. Strolling to the window, he drew the drapery slightly to survey the mounting darkness, then let the drape fall heavily into place. He suppressed a yawn as he crossed to an ornate candelabra and struck a light, then carried it to a place near the royal couch.

Kelson opened his eyes abruptly and looked around.

"I must have fallen asleep," he said, raising to one elbow. "Is it time?"

"Not yet, my prince," replied Morgan, going to the wardrobe and casually surveying the garments. "It is yet a while before Compline is rung."

He selected a deep grey silken tunic, the edges worked in gold and pearls, and tossed it on a nearby chair. "This will be suitable, I think."

Sinking wearily into a chair by the fireplace, he contemplated the flames for a few moments as he ran idle fingers through his burnished hair.

"Nay, on second thought, perhaps you'd best get ready."

"You are a strange man, Morgan," declared Kelson as he cocked his head at the young general. "When you told me that I should rest, I was certain I should not sleep a wink, but with a calm voice and low word you stilled my fears, and sleep came."

Morgan replied absently, "You were very tired, my prince." He resumed his air of contemplation, so Kelson, sensing that he would get no further explanation for the moment, slipped quietly to his dressing rooms.



After sitting motionless for some moments, Morgan snapped abruptly out of his melancholy and rose to his feet. Stripping off leather and mail, he washed perfunctorily at a small basin in the valet's quarters, and was pulling on light chain mail over his silken jerkin when Kelson reentered the room.

"You expect trouble?" he asked, eying the steel mesh with nervous distaste.

Morgan chuckled softly. "No, my prince, but 'tis best to be prepared," he said, lacing up the sides. "And I wish to apologize if I was somewhat boorish earlier. I spoke shortly to you when I should have been reassuring. It was thoughtless of me."

Kelson smiled weakly as Morgan buffeted his shoulder in passing, and he gave a depreciating shrug.

"Not so serious, my lad," said Morgan, as he rummaged in his saddlebags to produce a gilt-edged black velvet doublet, which he tugged on over the mail. "Your father would not have used magic to harm his own son--the veiled threats are meant to discourage usurpers, not the rightful heir."

Buckling on sword and cloak, he moved to the wardrobe and took out a wine velvet cloak and held it toward the young prince. Kelson settled the black fox collar of the garment firmly around his shoulders and turned toward the door.

"Not that way," said Morgan, grasping his arm and guiding him to a spot near the balcony window. "Now watch," he commanded.

Pacing off a distance from the wall, Morgan surveyed his position closely, then stood with feet planted firmly on the flagstone floor. He traced an intricate design in the air before him with an outstretched forefinger, and with a sigh, a portion of the wall recessed to reveal a dark stairwell.

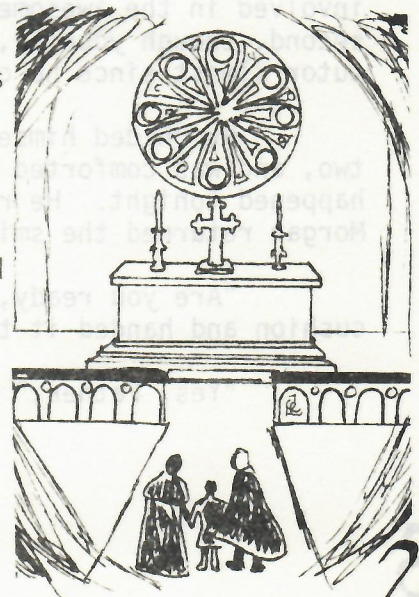
Kelson gaped incredulously at Morgan. "How did that get there?" he asked, pointing unbelievably.

"I imagine someone built it, my prince," remarked the general as he entered the passageway. "There are many like it in the palace. Come."

He held out a hand to the prince as the distant bells rang Compline, and Kelson clambered after him. Ten minutes later, the two stood at the edge of the dark courtyard, the massive presence of the church looming dark against the night sky. Muffled in darkness, they made their way to the portico and stood in the narthex unobtrusively.

The deserted church was silent now, and the darkness was broken only by the low blaze of votive candles, which splashed their ruby glow over the stone floors and dark stained glass. In the sanctuary, a lone, black-clad figure bowed before the High Altar, his features obscured in the pale crimson aura of the vigil lamp. He turned at the sound of Morgan and Kelson's footsteps in the side aisle and came to meet them in the transept.

"All is ready," whispered Duncan, drawing them toward his study. They were seated around the small table before he spoke again. The Lion brooch winked ominously from its crimson cushion before them.





"Kelson," began the priest softly, his hands folded before him, "what I am about to say concerns mainly you."

Kelson nodded gravely, his face pale in the candlelight, and Duncan continued.

"The ritual we will use is a very simple one: we will enter the church. You will both kneel at the rail. I will give you my blessing, Kelson; and then you, of your own action and volition, must thrust the Lion's tooth through the palm of your left hand. If God is with us, you will feel the surge of power almost immediately. There will be a spinning sensation. You may lose consciousness. This last, I am not sure of. Only time and the deed will tell."

Kelson exhaled softly, his face ashen. "Is there anything more that I am required to know, Father?"

No, my son," answered Duncan gently.

"Then," the prince continued in a shaken voice, "if there is time, I should like to be alone for a while before it begins."

"Of course, my prince," replied the priest, rising and catching Morgan's eye. "Alaric will help me to vest."

In the sacristy, Morgan broke the silence.

"What if something goes wrong, Duncan?" he asked, holding out the showy surplice which the priest took carefully. "Suppose it kills him?"

"This is the chance we must take," Duncan answered. "You and I both know what would happen were he to face the Blue One without power--that is a certainty."

He touched a brocaded stole to his lips and settled it around his shoulders. "At least the boy has a chance this way. Brion knew his own son. I do not think we can be far wrong. Come," he said, laying a hand on Morgan's shoulder. "We had best get on with it."

They made their way back to the study where a young prince awaited his destiny.

Kelson sat thoughtfully in the study, his eyes focused through the flame of the single candle. Soon, he would either know his father's power, or he would know nothing, and his heart went out to the two loyal friends who were now so totally involved in the awesome drama: Morgan, his father's comrade, who had been almost a second, though younger, father to him; and Duncan, the young priest who had been his tutor almost since he could remember, even before his ordination.

He chided himself briefly for ever having doubted the wisdom of these loyal two, and was comforted by the knowledge that they would stand by him no matter what happened tonight. He rose, smiling, to his feet as the door swung softly open, and Morgan returned the smile reassuringly as he caught Kelson's note of confidence.

"Are you ready, my prince?" asked Duncan, as he picked up the brooch on its cushion and handed it to Morgan.

"Yes, Father," came the reply, and the three filed into the church.



Prince and champion knelt at the altar rail, ungirding their swords and placing them on the floor before them, as the priest stood at the foot of the altar in prayer. Signing himself, Duncan mounted the steps and kissed the altarstone, then turned to the two, his arms outstretched.

"*Dominus vobiscum.*"

"*Et cum spiritu tuo,*" came their reply.

"*Oremus.*"

The priest turned back to the altar and bowed again in prayer, ending it with a solemn, "*Per omnia saecula saeculorum.*"

Morgan and Kelson responded with a low "Amen."

Descending the steps, Duncan stood before the kneeling Kelson and placed his hands firmly on the head of the young prince.

"May Almighty God, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, bless you, Kelson. Amen."

He signed the prince in blessing, then reached down and plucked the Lion brooch from its velvet cushion and placed it firmly in Kelson's hands.

"Courage, my prince," he whispered, and returned to the altar, his hands outstretched.

"*Domine, fiat voluntas tua!*"

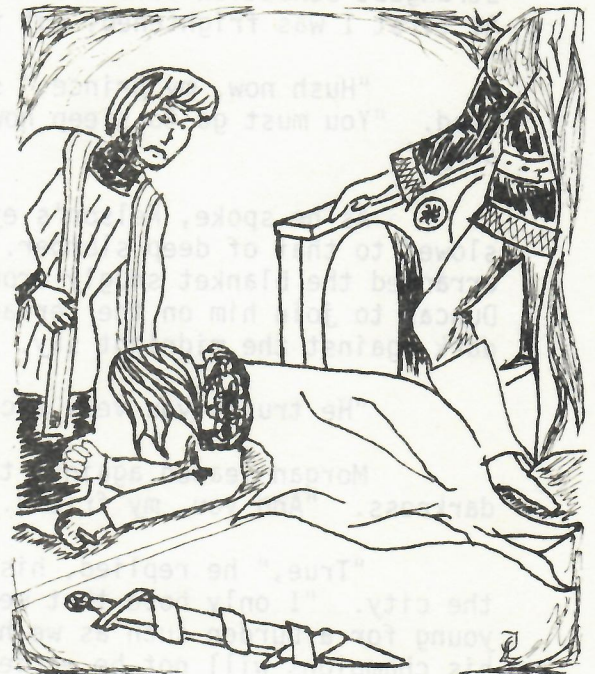
Kelson's hands trembled slightly as he poised the golden clasp over his left palm. Then, steeling himself, he plunged the slender shaft through his hand. A gasp of anguish escaped his lips as the point, darker now, protruded on the other side, and he doubled over, moaning softly, as waves of pain throbbed from the wounded hand.

Morgan half-rose to steady his young lord, but Duncan whispered, "No!" as he whirled to face them. "Wait!"

He stared at the agonized prince intently, and Morgan, not daring to interfere, sank back to his knees.

A heavy silence replaced the prince's moans and he straightened dazedly, bewilderment and confusion evident in his look.

"Father," he whispered, "everything is spinning." He swayed drunkenly, a look of fear coming upon his face. "Father, the darkness...." He crumpled softly to the floor.





"Kelson!" cried the general, leaping to his aid.

Duncan joined him, and kneeling beside him, gently pried open the boy's left hand, a look of wonderment in his eyes.

"We were right," he said, withdrawing the slim shaft and wrapping the hand in a handkerchief. "He has the power now. There can be no mistaking the signs. Come," he continued, stripping off his vestments, "we must get him back to his room. He should sleep until morning, but I'll come with you to see that he's settled for the rest of the night."

Morgan nodded and picked up the unconscious boy, wrapping the red velvet cloak closer around him against the cold. Duncan gathered up the swords, and the two made their way back to the warmth of the royal apartment with their burdens.

Morgan laid Kelson gently on his couch and cleaned the boy's hand with a few deft wipes of clear, pungent fluid on a silk gauze, then bound up the hand while Duncan unlaced the prince's boots. He was removing the velvet cloak when the boy's eyes fluttered open weakly.

"Father? Morgan?" he questioned weakly.

"We are here, my prince," replied Duncan, moving to the boy's right to clasp his hand and kneel attentively.

"Morgan," the boy continued softly, "I heard my father's voice, and then the strangest sensation came over me. It was like being wrapped in woven sunlight or silk. At first I was frightened, but then...."

"Hush now, my prince," said Morgan gently, placing his hand on the boy's forehead. "You must go to sleep now and rest. Sleep now, my prince. I will not be far away."

As he spoke, Kelson's eyelids fluttered briefly, then closed, and his breathing slowed to that of deep slumber. Morgan smiled and smoothed the tousled hair, then arranged the blanket snugly around his young lord. Dousing the light, he beckoned Duncan to join him on the terrace, and the two slipped outside, their silhouettes dark against the midnight sky.

"He trusts you very much, Alaric," said the young priest admiringly.

Morgan leaned against the railing, trying to discern Duncan's face in the darkness. "And you, my friend."

"True," he replied, his hands on the railing before him as he looked out over the city. "I only hope that we may always remain worthy of his trust. He is very young for a burden such as we have placed upon him tonight. God knows, our task as his champions will not be easier for his power."

Morgan chuckled softly in the dimness. "Did we accept Brion's charge because we thought it would be easy, or because we loved Brion, love his son, and because it is right?"

"You're right, of course, Alaric," the priest sighed. "You know, I sometimes think you understand me better than I understand myself."



Morgan shoved Duncan playfully. "Not so serious, Father McLain. You've done your job well tonight. It was I who was at a loss. In spite of my penchant toward the lighter occult arts, I had no idea what would happen when Kelson made his move."

"But, of course, if you hadn't gotten the key from Brion, the whole thing would have been for nothing," answered Duncan. "I couldn't have helped at all without the brooch and the verse." He laughed quietly. "We'd better stop complimenting each other so that I can get back to the rectory. If I were missed there, it would not be too pleasant, and it would be rather difficult to explain my presence, were I discovered here in the morning. Besides," he added, going back into the room, "there's nothing more that I can do for Kelson tonight. Barring some unforeseen event, he should sleep until dawn. And you need to rest, too, Alaric."

Morgan agreed as the two men clasped hands at the passageway, and then Duncan slipped through the entrance, which whispered shut behind him.

Unclasping his cloak, Morgan pulled an over-stuffed chair near the prince's couch and sank down wearily, pulling the cloak around him blanket-wise. He watched Kelson alertly for some moments, and when he had satisfied himself that the prince still slept soundly, he pulled off his boots and relaxed confidently, knowing that he would awaken in an instant, should any situation in the room change.

(End of Part I)

#### DERYNI FANDOM In the Beginning

I say the beginning because this is as much an adventure for me as it is for Deryni fandom. I have enjoyed the work of Katherine Kurtz since I discovered the first of her books back in 1973. But to the matter at hand--the organization by which we will operate. For the most part, this is up to you about how you wish to procede. I will offer some suggestions based mainly on what I know of related fandoms, but we need not consider ourselves bound by such.

First off, I would ask that anyone with suggestions, comments, or offers of aid to please contact me, Dennis Jarog aka Lord Dennis McLain, at P.O. Box 48461, Niles, ILLINOIS 60648, or if you wish, call (312)775-6662 between 6 PM and midnight or on Sunday. No collect calls, please, and if possible, precede a late night call by a post card so I am expecting it.

I am going to act mainly as a central registrar, keeping the files, knowing who is where doing what. The names of the various groups can be based on whatever in the Eleven Kingdoms, such as per a suggestion of Katherine's based on the abbeys which were the source of much of the Deryni knowledge. I am dubbing my place Grecotha-- I don't know if this will be a source of much knowledge, but it will have the records, if nothing else. We might, if you wish, try to orient the groups on as much of a geographic basis as we can, like the Pern Weyrs, or we can ignore the question entirely. And any names, group or personal, can be from the books or made up in the context of the Eleven Kingdoms. These groups/abbeys may be either local or correspondence or a combination of both. At that point, it is up to the members.



I will in the near future be starting a Round Robin based on Deryni--which, for those of you unfamiliar, is a chain letter wherein one receives the package of letters from one person, comments thereon and/or makes an original contribution, and then sends it on to the next in line. Be advised that this is for people who want to discuss Deryni and are willing to deal with the arrived letters in a short period of time. Anyone who holds up a RR unnecessarily will be considered anathema. Write me if you are interested and also what kinds of topics you would like to see discussed. If there is sufficient interest, I may be able to orient them on given topics. I may be able also to coordinate people to other RR's. Please write if I can direct people to you.

I will also be willing to compile a list of correspondents who prefer one to one discussion of matters Deryni. Also, there is the possibility, if there is enough interest, of compiling lists of fanwriters and fanartists for faneds--thus coordinating those of similar interests.

I would appreciate your thoughts. SASE's would be helpful for me and for Caer Deryni.

Benedicte,

DENNIS JAROG

P.O. Box 48461

Niles, ILLINOIS 60648

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#### PRELIMINARY DISPATCH FROM THE LORD COMMANDER:

I am working on a role playing game for the Deryni world, along with Sweyn Allyn. My name is Zack Richardson, also known as Lord Lasarian of Twrynyswr (Tour-è-knee-soor) in the Society for Creative Anachronism. I am 32, an Air Force veteran, and work in the electronics industry. I have been a games player since the mid-50's.

The game we envision will recreate the society of the Deryni series. There will be a social structure and players will roll dice to find where their character is born into it. Each character will have personal characteristics in several areas denoted by a number. Some of these areas are strength, intelligence, power (arcane), dexterity, constitution, and various skills. Everyone will have to earn a living somehow. Nobility possessing land are exempted, but owe their levy in time of war. Every person will have a basic level of skill in any area. This skill can only be improved by study, practice, and/or experience. This will apply to fighting as well as farming.

The players will be able to choose the time they wish to play in, from Camber to Kelson. There will be rules for unknown birth and hidden Deryni in the period following the persecutions. It will be possible to play single adventures or campaigns, and in large groups or in solitaire. As one's characters age, they will grow in skills and knowledge, and in social position and power. It will not be possible for your characters to become King or a major noble, such as a duke; but great advancement will be possible in the areas of the skills, prime among these physical and arcane fighting. One can expect service to the Crown to be rewarded.

The game is in first draft now. We will get it out as soon as possible, at least for play-testing, but we do not anticipate sooner than six months. We will write about new developments and additions as they happen.

--Zack Richardson



# From the Royal Wardrobe:

--by Fiona Griffiths

## Fashion in the Eleven Kingdoms: What to Wear to Winter Court

Along with discussions of such technical material as warfare, armour, and genetics, we will also present a regular article on the garb of the people of Gwynedd and how to re-create these clothes for personal use. We will welcome questions, sewing problems, and designs from anyone who is interested in contributing to this section of Deryni Archives.

Basically, the clothing of the Eleven Kingdoms is simple and somewhat Norman in its strong vertical lines and rich, single-coloured fabrics. Texture, colour, and decoration are important elements in designing and executing clothing of this time. Ruffles, bows, and assorted frothy decorations are not in keeping with the simplicity of this garb. While there are no limitations on colours, hot pinks and electric greens will not be found on the palette of the dyer and weaver of Gwynedd.

Deryni especially had a fine appreciation of the understated elegance created by the right jewelry with the right clothes. Outstanding examples of this can be seen in the court clothes worn by Ariella and Imre. Strong, flowing lines that make the person look taller and more stately are desirable; horizontal lines are appropriate at the flaring hem of a gown, or on the trim of a cape.

Decoration, most especially jewelry, is not the detailed, intricate gold and gem work seen in Elizabethan and Louis XIV paintings. Rather, it leans more heavily toward the simple and massive Celtic brooches and cabochon-cut gems of Ireland and Scotland. Collars, torques, wide wrist bracelets, and heavy earrings would be appropriate for nobles in Gwynedd.

Colour can be representative of many things: a person's social status, the mood they are in, the type of personality they have. As in modern times, upper class people of the Eleven Kingdoms are very aware of the colour and style of their garments and accessories. There are no dyeing limitations, such as all earth tones or only one shade or purple, but richness and subtlety are more important than visual shock. One's entrance into court, for instance, should be dramatic by virtue of the overall picture rather than the colour of the garment.

Layered clothing is of course practical to the weather fluctuations in Gwynedd, and Norman-type outfits are the easiest to design. A basic outfit for a woman would consist of an undertunic with long sleeves and an overtunic which could be sideless, or have short sleeves, and have a varying hemline depending on the wearer's choice. Thus the combinations are endless -- sleeveless, half-sleeve, full-length sleeve, slit sleeve; knee-length, floor-length, slit up the front, slit up the sides, etc. (see illustration).

For men, the undertunic, overtunic, and hose make up the basic outfit. Here again, collars, sleeves, cuffs, length of hems, etc. can be mixed and matched to suit the weather, the event, and the wearer's imagination.

In putting together an outfit, the people of the Eleven Kingdoms are not hampered by artificial constraints of "what goes with what"; rather, they tend to take their cues from Nature. Thus, reds and greens in varying shades would be a common colour combination. Earth tones are accented by various metals such as silver, gold, bronze, copper, and pewter. Black and white are used as accent colours, as well as basic colours.



From the Royal Wardrobe:

Texture is another way of displaying one's aggregate wealth as well as protecting the body from the exigencies of weather. Fabrics with grains, slubs, naps, and self-patterns are favoured by the people of Gwynedd. Patterns and solids are mixed in combinations pleasing to the wearer, but rarely would a person wear two brocades or two distinctly different patterns. Brocades can be used as undertunics, short overtunics, the lining of oversleeves, or as trim on sleeves and hems.

It was often the custom for the rulers to declare a theme for apparel at a special court. Thus, a white Winter Court was not uncommon. Courtiers were expected to devise outfits that were predominantly white, with accents in metals, especially gold and silver. The following are combinations that might be worn to a white Winter Court:

Women: Long-sleeved silver cloth undertunic  
White velvet, short-sleeved, overtunic (knee-length)  
Belt and jewellery of silver and sapphires

Long-sleeved gold cloth undertunic  
Sleeveless overtunic of white brocade with a decorative "oversleeve" attached at shoulder and wrist, and slit up the front  
Belt and jewellery of gold and rubies

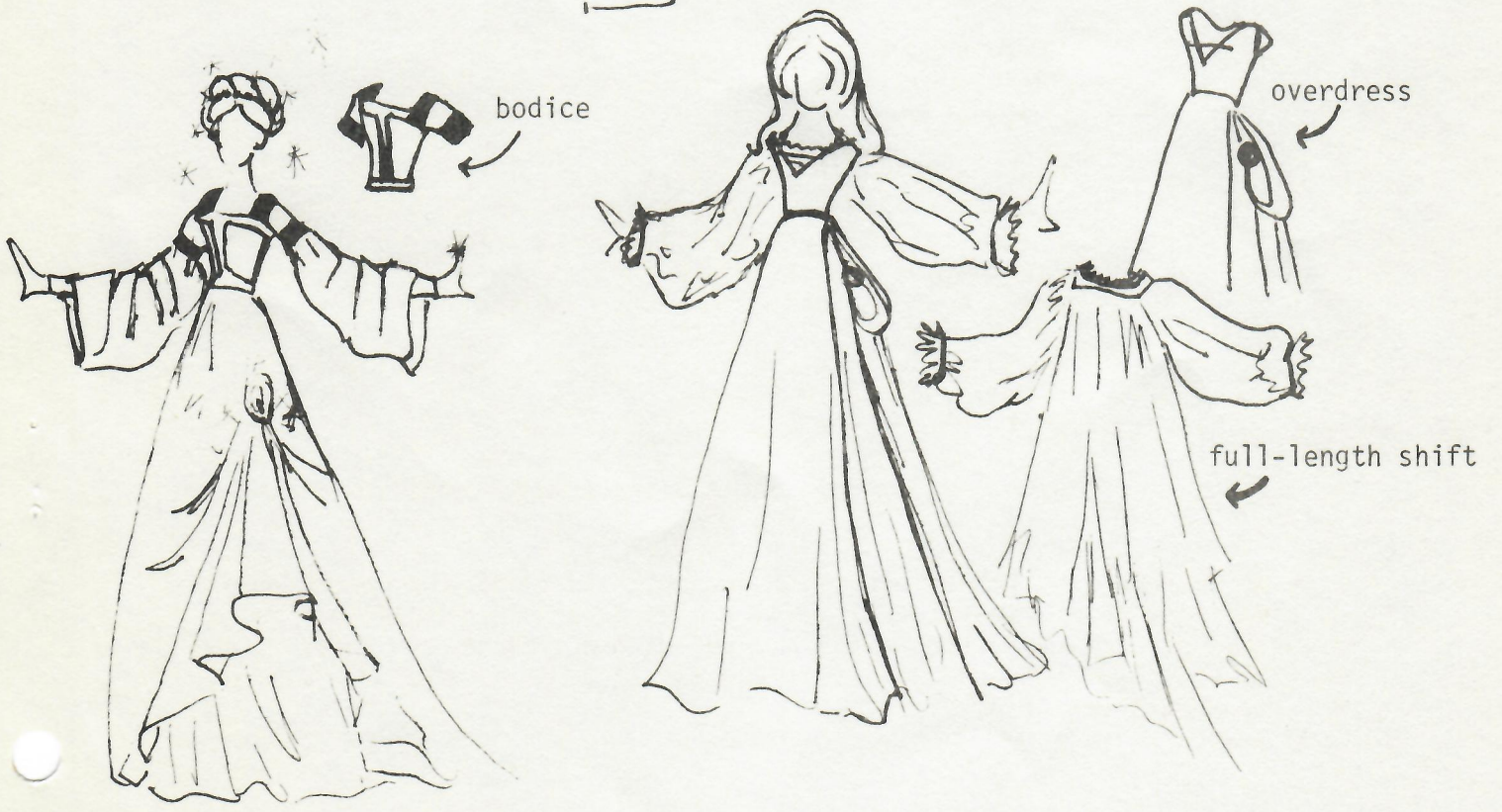
Long white velvet gown with flared skirt, false sleeves of silver cloth, and cowl neckline.  
Trim of thin black velvet with diamonds

Men: White hose and shoes  
Short tunic of silver cloth edged in white fur and trimmed in thin black velvet ribbon  
Short undertunic of gold cloth  
Long overtunic of white brocade, slit up the front with full sleeves turned back at elbow and pinned with brooches of gold and emeralds  
White hose and white shoes decorated in emeralds  
Short tunic of alternating vertical bands of white velvet and gold brocade  
White satin cape edged in white fur  
White hose and shoes  
Jewellery and belt of gold and multicoloured precious stones

As you can see, the combinations are endless. Hats for women consist of everything from a modest veil held by a circlet to a wimple, box cap decorated with precious stones and covered with a long veil. Capes of all lengths are popular, especially full-length circle capes with a hood and decorated with fur trim.



VARIATIONS ON FEMALE DRESS FOR THE ELEVEN KINGDOMS ....



artist:  
Joyce O'Dell



