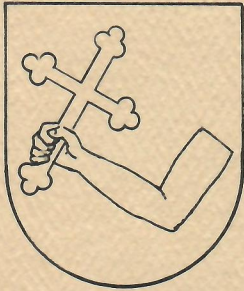


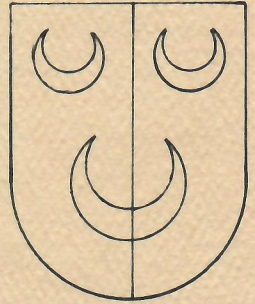
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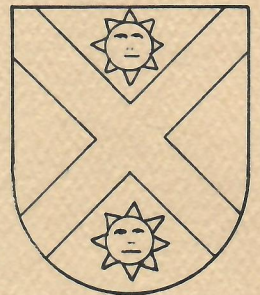
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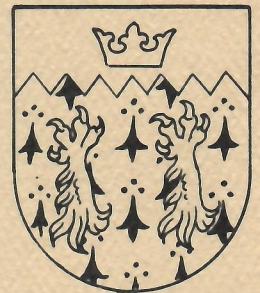
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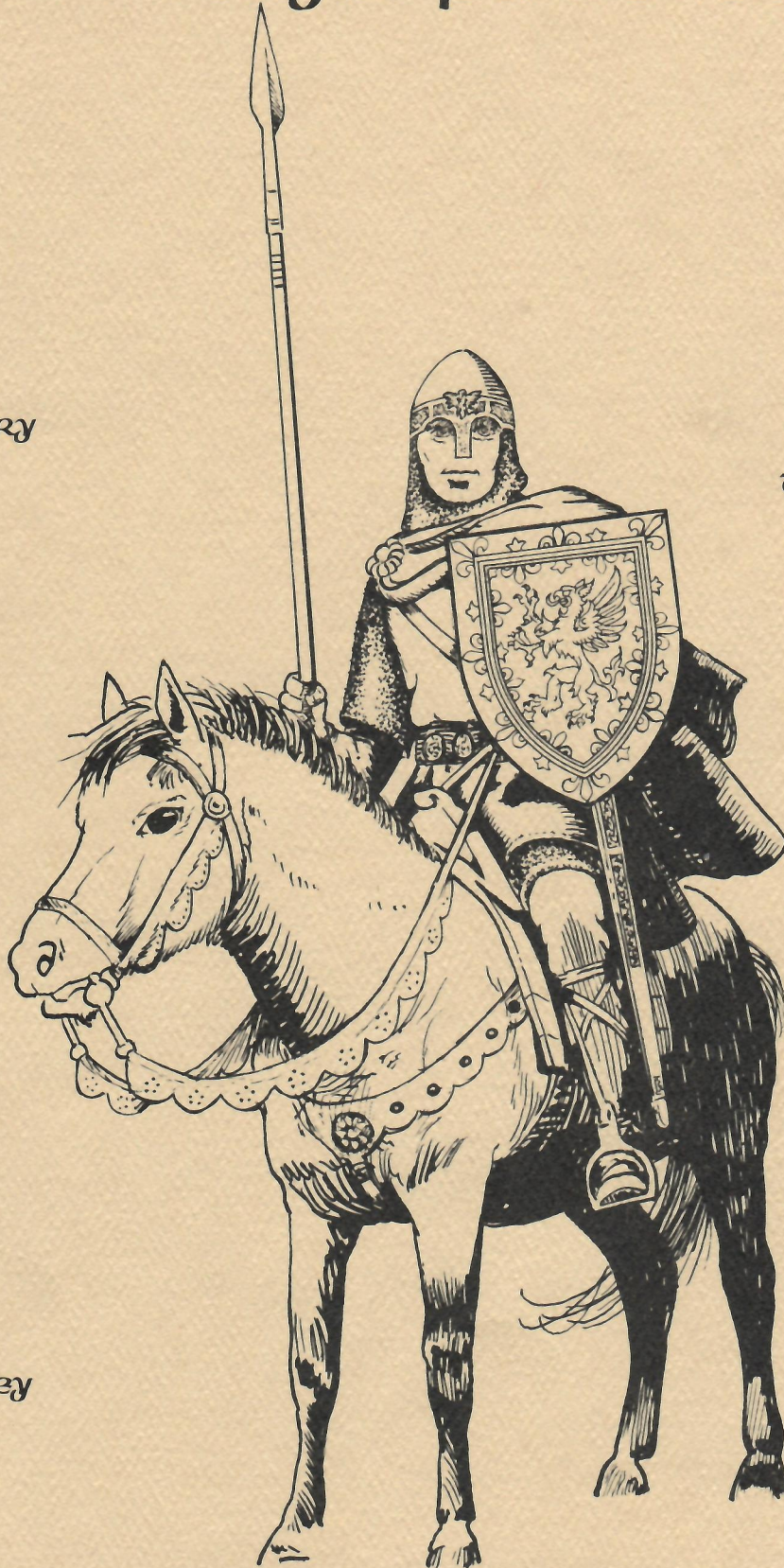
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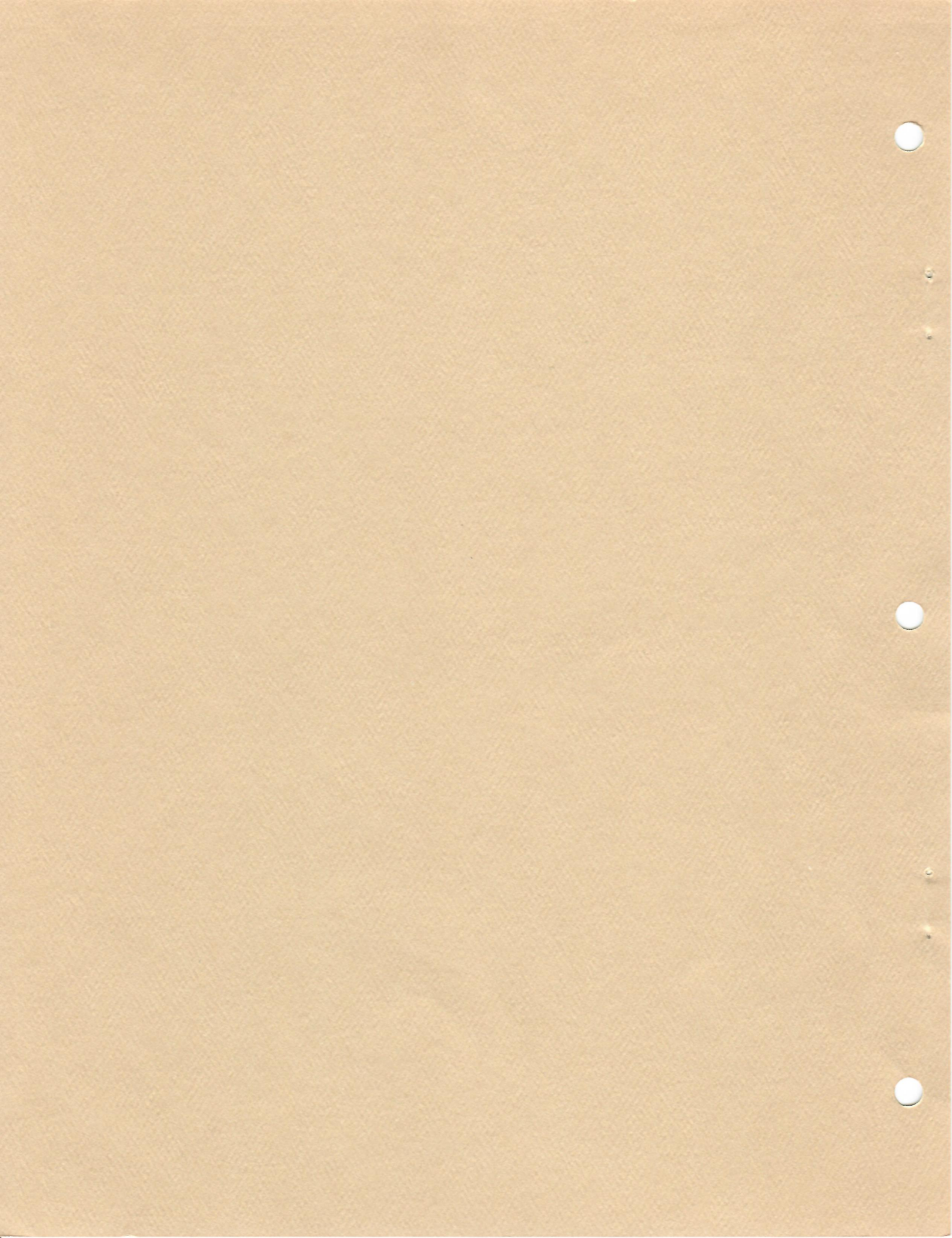
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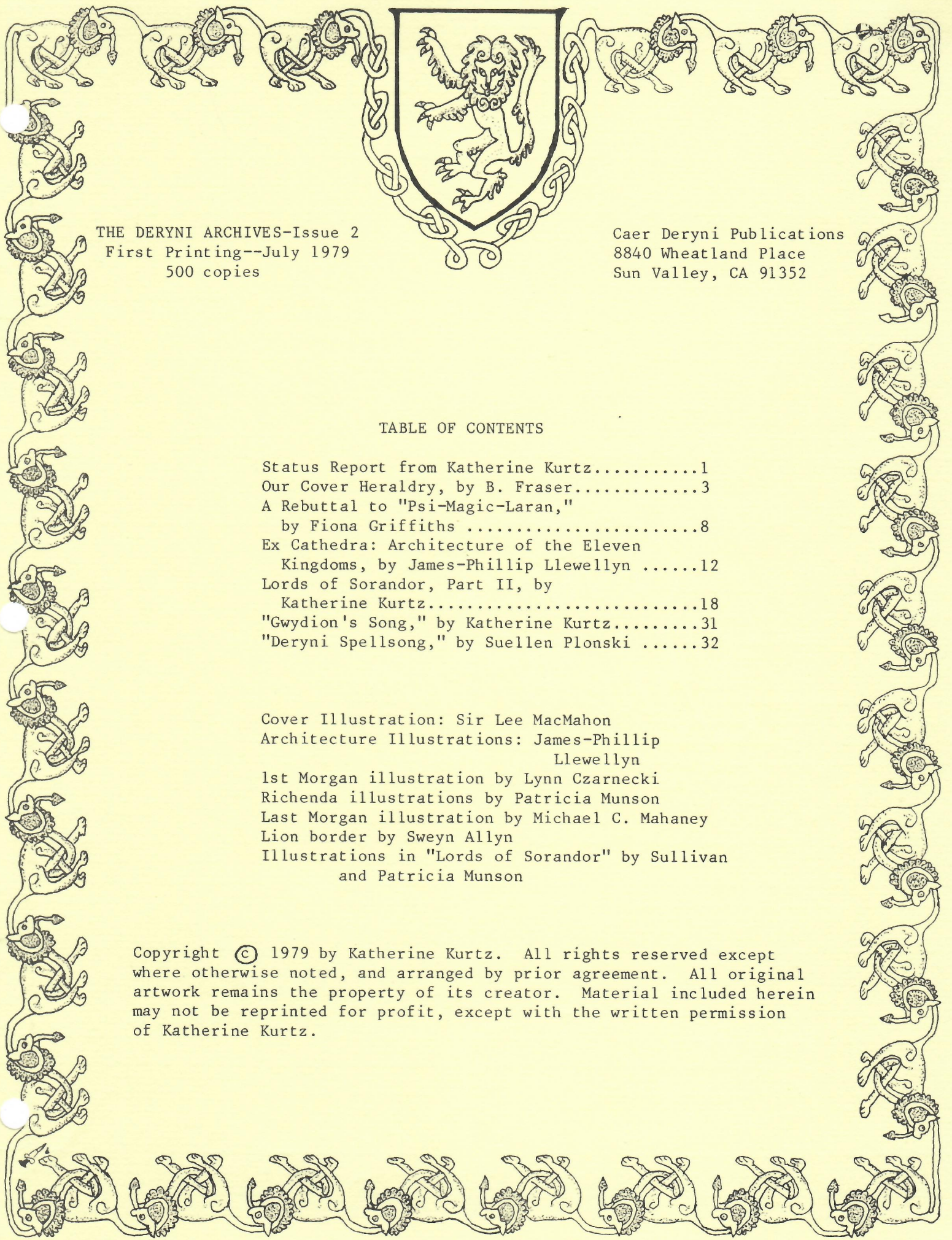


duke of tolan



alaric morgan duke of corwyn





THE DERYNI ARCHIVES--Issue 2
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STATUS REPORT FROM KATHERINE KURTZ

Dear Friends,

First of all, I owe you an explanation for the lateness of this issue of DERYNI ARCHIVES. The first four months of this year were fraught with a series of major disasters, beginning with the burglary of my new house and theft of my beautiful, 10-month old Correcting Selectric (O sacrilege of sacrileges, to steal an author's word-scriber!), continuing with a nearly broken off left middle finger (at the tip, just at the base of the nail, caught in a rope attached to a horse) and finally ending with the horrendous discovery that I owed the IRS as much additional money as I had already paid them in withholding--an amount nearly equal to what the books made for me last year. Thank God, the tide seems to have turned back to its customary swell of good fortune. The past two months have been very productive.

Unfortunately, the above catastrophes have put me far, far behind on CAMBER THE HERETIC, since I did not write a word for the first two months after the accident, and wrote only a little during the third month--and that on a borrowed typer. (The new machine had to be special-ordered, and only arrived last week!) Fortunately, the damaged digit is now completely healed except for growing a new nail--a process which will probably take the rest of the year. I am very fortunate, both to have it and to know that there will be no permanent impairment or disfigurement. It has been typing quite normally for about six weeks now, and so I have accomplished a great deal in the past month. I have completed the first eight chapters of CAMBER THE HERETIC, which takes us through the death of Cinhil, in nearly final form. The next four or five chapters are in first draft, and the rest of the book is now in outline form--one of the major accomplishments of the long Memorial Day weekend--so progress should be very rapid from now on. I hope to finish the manuscript by the end of the summer, but this is not a certain thing, by any means. I

think it realistic to hope that the book could be out by this time next year, however; possibly sooner if other aspects of my career continue to develop positively.



One of the most exciting aspects of this continued development is that the film project based on DERYNI RISING looks to be more and more of a probability. As many of you already know, a partner and I began working on a screen adaptation of DERYNI RISING more than a year and a half ago. This is to be a live-action, full-length feature film, probably shot at least in part in England. We have been in and out of negotiations with several potential producers at this point, and have encountered a great deal of enthusiasm--but nothing in writing yet. Hopefully, we will have something concrete within six months.

Success of this project will mean that I can become a full-time author, and write even more, so keep your positive thoughts coming. Prayers and candles to St. Camber would not be out of order, either!

Latest publication news: SAINT CAMBER will be Ballantine/Del Rey's lead paperback title for September, 1979. They have done an amazing amount of publicity for it already, and will be doing even more. The Darrell Sweet cover will be the same as on the hardback edition.

Last, but certainly not least: thanks to your loyal support, SAINT CAMBER is one of the five finalists for the Gandalf, given by the World SF Convention--in Brighton, England, this year. To those of you who supported the novel's candidacy, many, many thanks. I hope I can continue to live up to the devotion you have shown.

Until next time, or I won't get CAMBER THE HERETIC finished until next year,

OTHER WORLDS: Of Interest to Deryni Fans (for information on all these, send a SASE to the appropriate address)

The Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. (SCA)
Office of the Registry
P.O. Box 594
Concord, CA 94522

Friends of Darkover (fans of Marion Zimmer Bradley)
P.O. Box 72
Berkeley, CA 94701

Lord Darcy Magic and Mystery Club (fans of Randall Garrett)
The Journal of the Royal Thaumaturgical Society
P.O. Box 3957
Hayward, California 94540

Ambrov Zeor (fans of Jacqueline Lichtenberg's Sime series)
c/o Anne Golar
P.O. Box 290
Monsey, New York 10952

Hourglass Productions (for tape-cassette interviews, readings by K.I.K. and other authors)
19292 Westminster Avenue
Garden Grove, CA 92643

If you liked the border design around this issue's Table of Contents, maybe you would like it as stationery. Sets of the paper only, 8 1/2 x 11 in the same stock as the Table of Contents page, can be ordered directly from: Sweyn Allyn, 8840 Wheatland Place, Sun Valley, CA 91352, at \$3.00 (including postage) for 25 sheets. Make checks payable to: Leslie Allen Lugar.

Our Cover Heraldry

by B. Fraser

To review briefly from the last issue, the colors used in heraldry are as follows:

sable (say-bell)--black
gules (gools)--red
purpure (pur-pure)--purple



azure (az-yure)--blue
vert (vert)--green



The metals are:

or (ore)--gold (yellow)



argent (ar-gent)--silver (white)



The stains are:

tenné (ten-nay)--orange



sanguine (san-gwin)--blood-red



The furs are:

ermine (er-min) --white with black spots
counter-ermine --black with white spots
pean (pay-en) --black with gold spots
ermineois (er-min-wah) --gold with black spots

(There are several other furs [forms of vair and potent], but they are not widely used, and hence we need not go into them at this time.)

The hatched squares beside each color indicate a system of color denotation called "ticking," a seventeenth century convention which is not appropriate for use in the Eleven Kingdoms, but which is useful for speaking of heraldry in general.

As we said before, one would not generally place color on color (or stain), metal on metal, or fur on fur. The reason most often given for this prohibition is that color on color or metal on metal does not provide sufficient contrast to be seen at a great distance. Since heraldry arose from a need to distinguish armoured warriors during combat, the reasoning is probably a valid one. (What colors are freeway signs, traffic signs? White on green or blue, black on gold, white on red.)

Devices which do not follow this convention (such as Corwyn) are generally of ancient origin, in use before heraldry became standardized. In later times, a convention called "fimbriation" might have been used in the Corwyn arms: a thin outline of metal--probably gold, in this case--to separate the green charge from its sable background. In fact, even at the time of Kelson, the Corwyn gryphon is often depicted with gold or jewelled highlights to enhance the contrast. (See DR, pp. 35-36. It might also be noted in passing that in German heraldry, sable is sometimes reckoned as a metal [iron]. Hence, colored charges could properly be placed on a black field, and vice versa. This would allow for the contrast of red and black, for example, which is highly visible.)

The above colors, etc., are used for backgrounds and "charges" (objects) on the shield. A charge might also be described as "proper," or the color the object occurs in nature. Thus, a "sword proper" has a silver blade and a gold hilt;

a "crown proper" or coronet is gold; an animal "proper", or bird, or person, would be appropriately colored; a "rose proper" is red. If an object does not fall within a conventional "proper" classification, it is described, such as "a rose argent," or "a sword or," or "a lion azure."

With these conventions in mind, let us look at the cover devices for this issue.

1. Sean Lord Derry: Gules, a naked arm in fess couped at the shoulder proper, holding a cross bottonny in bend sinister Or.

Sean Seamus O'Flynn is the present Lord Derry, having succeeded to the title on the death of his father in the winter of 1115. By that time, he had already distinguished himself sufficiently in the service of the Crown of Gwynedd to earn the notice of the powerful Duke of Corwyn, Lord Alaric Morgan, ten years his senior, whose squire and later aide he became. His mother, Lady Moira O'Flynn, and his younger sister Elspeth live at Castle Derry, near the Llannedd border, where Lady Moira administers the family estates in her son's absence, he being yet unmarried.

Sean Lord Derry bears the family arms undifferenced, as do his mother and sister, although theirs are properly displayed on lozenges rather than on a shield. The blazon cited above translates as follows:

On a red background, a naked arm across the center of the shield, cut off at the shoulder, holding a gold cross with three-lobed ends, the axis of the cross running diagonally from upper right to lower left as you look at the shield.

2. Duchy of Carthmoor (Prince Nigel Haldane): Or, a lion rampant guardant Gules, within a bordure Gules.

Carthmoor is a royal duchy in the south of Gwynedd, held at the time of King Kelson by his paternal uncle, Prince Nigel Haldane. The duchy was once part of the Kingdom of Mooryn, along with the Duchy of Corwyn, and before that was an independent principality also called Carthmoor. Since its annexation as part of Gwynedd, it has been a royal duchy, traditionally held by one of the royal heirs, usually the second in line. (Such holding would have broken off the duchy long ago, except for the fact that collateral branches of the Haldane line seem to die out or be killed off. Prince Nigel, with three sons to succeed him, will quite possibly succeed in establishing a viable Haldane cadet branch before the middle of the century.)

The arms of Carthmoor are derived from the arms of Gwynedd, as is fairly common for a cadet branch of a royal family. Hence, the arms of Gwynedd (Gules, a lion rampant guardant Or--a gold lion on a red field) have first been counter-changed (the colors reversed to a red lion on a gold field) and then contained within a red border to further difference them. Young Prince Conall bears these arms with the plain silver three-pointed label of the eldest son, which label will be removed when Nigel dies and Conall becomes Duke. Princes Rory and Payne will bear their father's arms, differenced by the labels of the second and third sons, until they establish their own families, at which point they will either difference Nigel's arms further or take new arms altogether. (If Kelson were to die

without issue, Nigel and his eventual heir would assume the original royal arms, Rory would become Duke of Carthmoor and bear Nigel's present arms, and Payne would still be in the same position he is now.)

In any case, the Carthmoor arms show: on a gold shield, a red lion standing on its hind legs and facing to the viewer's left (rampant; if its body were facing right, it would be called counter-rampant) and looking out at the viewer (guardant). If the head position were not specified, it would be assumed to be looking in the same direction as the body. This is sometimes called the default position, i.e., the arrangement which is assumed if none is specified. "Regardant" would mean that the lion was looking back over its shoulder. The red bordure is simply a wide band around the edge of the shield, extending all the way to the edges.

3. Earldom of Marley (Bran Coris): Or, an eagle displayed azure.

The Earldom of Marley was created for the third son of Sighere of Eastmarch after his outstanding service in the winter campaign to subdue Kheldour in 906. The surname of the family changed several times in the course of the years, finally becoming Coris by the time of King Donal Blaine Haldane. The present Earl of Marley is young Brendan Coris, who was permitted to succeed to the title despite the treachery of his father at Llyndruth Meadows. During his minority, Brendan's estates are being administered by his mother, the Countess Richenda, and Alaric, Duke of Corwyn.

The arms of Marley are among the simplest we have yet studied: A gold shield bearing a blue eagle with outstretched wings. "Displayed," with reference to a bird or animal, means that the creature is outstretched and viewed from the ventral (underneath) aspect.

4. Duchy of Arjenol (Lionel): Per pale, Or and Argent, three crescents counterchanged.

Lionel, Duke of Arjenol in his own right, married Morag of Torenth, only sister of King Wencit of Torenth. Since Wencit himself had no legitimate heirs (though, who knows what manner of bastards he might have running around?), he designated his sister's eldest son, Prince Alroy, as his heir. Her young sons, Liam and Ronal, were to follow Alroy if he should die without issue. Unfortunately, Lionel was killed with his liege lord brother-in-law at Llyndruth Meadows in 1121; and although the victorious King Kelson has allowed Prince Alroy to remain the heir, he has placed him under the regency of Duke Alaric Morgan, his most trusted advisor. King Kelson has not yet decided on a disposition of the Arjenol lands, which, because of Lionel's treachery, escheated to the Crown upon his death. If Prince Liam shows good potential, he may be permitted to assume the title when he comes of age. On the other hand, Kelson may decide to reward one of his loyal supporters with the Arjenol title and lands.

The arms of Arjenol are an anomaly like Corwyn's, but having metal on metal rather than color on color. "Per pale" means that the shield is divided vertically, gold on the left and silver on the right. When three objects are called for as charges, the default position is called "two and one," or two objects

in the first row and one in the second, symmetrically placed. "Counter-changed" means that objects on one side of the division (in this case, the per pale line) are colored the same as the field on the opposite side of the shield. Hence, the crescent on the left is silver, the one on the right is gold, and the one below and in the middle is silver on the left half and gold on the right half. (Incidentally, the use of gold and silver together on a shield is extremely rare in real-world heraldry, the most notable example being the arms of the city of Jerusalem -- Argent, a cross crosslet between four cross crosslets, all Or. In the SCA, the arms of the Principality of AnTir (Washington, Oregon, Alaska, and British Columbia) come to mind: Checky Or and Argent, a lion rampant Sable holding a Laurel wreath Vert.)

5. Earldom of Eastmarch (Ian Howell): Azure, a saltire Argent between two
suns in pale Or.

Eastmarch is one of the oldest earldoms in Gwynedd, having been brought into Gwynedd's fold through the fealty of Sighere of Eastmarch in the first year of the reign of King Cinhil Haldane. The earldom later passed to Sighere's middle son, Hrorik, in whose line it descended for almost 150 years before becoming extinct and escheating to the Crown. The most recent holder of the title has been Lord Ian Howell, who betrayed King Kelson and was killed at his coronation.

In lay language, the arms of Eastmarch can be described thus: On a blue shield, a silver saltire or St. Andrew's cross, with two golden suns in pale (one above the other) in the center of the shield. (These arms are also what we call "canting arms," or arms whose blazon sounds something like the name of the owner--in this case, the SCA arms of a well-known and beloved fantasy and science fiction writer whose SCA identity is Sir Bela of Eastmarch. Clue: Think of the saltire as crossed poles. Now remember that it is also a St. Andrew's cross, and think of the German word for sun. And many thanks to Sir Bela for graciously allowing the use of his arms for another Eastmarch!)

6. Duchy of Tolan (Charissa of Festil): Ermine, two lion's jambes Gules,
clawed Or, in chief dancetty Gules
a jewelled coronet Or.

The arms of Tolan are exceedingly ancient, although fairly complicated, and represent the entire far north area of the great Torenthi plain. A Deryni mage named Tolan was one of the ancestors of the first Festil who deposed King Ifor Haldane. The Festillic arms, as used by Imre et al., are of an originally cadet branch of the Tolan line, though by the time of St. Camber, there is no doubt that the Festillic line was the more powerful.

When describing arms of this sort, we name the major portion of the shield first, as though it were an entire shield by itself, and then describe the rest. Hence, on an ermine field (white fur with black spots,) two red lion's jambes or front legs with gold claws. In a chief (upper third of the shield) divided by dancetty line (a regular up-and-down zig-zag), there is a jewelled gold coronet.

7. Duchy of Corwyn: Sable, a gryphon segreant Vert.

Alaric Anthony Morgan, as Duke of Corwyn, adds a double tressure flory-counter-flory Or to the device, taken from his father's Morgan arms. Hence, Morgan bears a black shield with a green gryphon rearing up on its hind legs and with its front legs in a menacing position. This would be called rampant if it were a lion; but rearing gryphons are described as segreant (see-gree-ant).

Since a tressure is a narrow frame along the outside of a shield (narrower than a bordure, and not extending to the edge), a double tressure is logically two narrow borders. Flory-counter-flory means that fleurs-de-lys (flur-duh-lease) [associated with France in real world heraldry] are placed on the double tressure, alternating with heads facing in and out. The arms of Scotland have such a double tressure, except that Scotland's tressure is red on gold. (Scotland: Or, a lion rampant within a double tressure flory-counter-flory Gules.)

Last, we should pick up a few miscellaneous terms which were mentioned in Issue #1 but perhaps not adequately defined from looking at the devices being blazoned. (To blazon means to describe a heraldic device so that a herald could draw or emblazon the device from the words alone. Naturally, this requires that certain common conventions be used by everyone involved.)

Passant is used to describe four-legged animals which are standing so that one front leg is off the ground. The lions of England (actually called "leopards" in the standard blazon) are passant. So is a horse with one front leg up-raised as in a trot.

A chief is the upper third of the shield.

Something enfiled of something else, such as a sword enfiled of a coronet (as in Camber's arms,) means that the sword is stuck through the circlet of the coronet.

Haurient describes fish standing on their tails. (If a fish is swimming, it is described as naient.)

Adorsed means positioned back to back. Two animals facing one another would be described as respectant, or respecting one another, so long as they were in a non-threatening position. If they were threatening, they would be combatant.

A roundel is a circle, generally speaking. Roundels of specific colours may have specific names. For example: a gold roundel is a bezant; a silver roundel is a plate; a green roundel is a pomme (apple).

Moline describes a cross with fish-tailed ends. A fitchy cross has the bottom arm pointed like a dagger. Hence, the Michaeline cross moline fitchy has the top three arms fish-tailed and the bottom one pointed.

In the next issue, we shall discuss principal shield divisions and types of lines used in these divisions, with more examples from Deryni heraldry to illustrate. Anyone who has specific questions on heraldry in general or Deryni heraldry in particular may contact me through Deryni Archives.

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

by Fiona Griffiths

1. Defining literature by psychological aspects of characters is perhaps one approach, but comparison by genre would be more accurate. Science fiction implies that scientific data involving "hard science" such as physics or mathematics are an integral part of the story. Fantasy uses elements of supernatural tales set in quasi-Medieval or Renaissance settings. Although it is difficult to define "advanced culture" as Mr. Jarog uses it, a minimum of reading through Medieval records will indicate that people of this period did not regard supernatural and psychokinetic activity as nonsense; Barbara Tuchman makes this clear in her definitive work on the 14th Century, that these elements of life were taken most seriously.

2. What exactly does Mr. Jarog mean by the "lemming instinct." The most notable feature of this hapless creature is that it is driven to destroy itself in a seasonal mass suicide. I do not perceive either Deryni or Comyn as having this kind of blind irrationality. In fact, throughout the Darkover series, members of the Comyn are tormented with their life patterns, and in The Forbidden Tower (TFT) actually try to do something about it. The Deryni appear to have great control over their abilities and try to hide their abilities rather than destroy themselves by open and irrational displays of their talents.

3. One of the main points of the Darkover series seems to be that by means of kireseth flowers latent psychokinetic abilities are brought forth in the descendants of the colonists. The implication is that any human has the potential for laran; it is by chance that these colonists were exposed to an inhibition-releasing element. Regarding the statement that survival is the basis for both series of books, this sweeping statement applies to most literature about humans and their life struggles. As far as the best years of the caste being behind the Comyn, Ms. Bradley appears to be leading up to a renaissance for the Comyn, not as a ruling class, but as leaders of the people toward a more feasible co-existence with the Terranen. History will bear out that many times countries and races have risen literally from their own ashes to greater strength. How else would Mr. Jarog explain the very graphic image of the phoenix in the psychic battle in TFT?

4. Unless I have misread Darkover Landfall (DL), it is the Ghost Wind full of kireseth pollen that awakens the telepathic powers in many of the colonists. The mating with Chieri serves to genetically fix this now-released ability. As for laran becoming an "overwhelming concern" later in the history of the planet, I disagree. In DL, there is already a strong concern with these powers and how they will affect the future of the colonists. There is an implication that much genetic study was done to try and fix the various "gifts" into the families.. Time and time again in the Darkover novels references are made to the basic genetic knowledge that the Comyn know as readily as the alphabet. There is also strong evidence in Stormqueen! (S!) that a conscious effort was made to mix recessive and dominant traits to prevent death in childbirth.

5. Some clarification of the statement "anyone with Keeper's skills and a couple of technicians could establish his own tower," is in order. It would seem that no tower was created without the awareness and at least

tacit agreement of another. In fact, in TFT reference is made to the fact that no one could do anything telepathically as a tower without the others towers being aware of it. Awareness does not, however, imply immediate control, as was seen in The Spell Sword (TSS). While the Great Cat had an illegal tower, a concerted effort was required to destroy it. And if "anyone" could form a tower, then the entire premise of TFT is on shaky ground.

6. Regarding "half-breeds," does Mr. Jarog mean those with one Comyn parent, or does he mean nedestro children? Throughout the Darkover series, it is mentioned that it is a great honor for a woman to bear a Comyn child. Thus, while double-Comyn-parented children may become fewer, there are still many children of mixed parentage who can exercise laran. Indeed, in The World Wreckers, those with laran band together to save Darkover. This idea brings the reader full circle from DL with the idea that laran is latent in all people. Fear of half-breeds is also a misleading statement; if the Comyn feared half-breed children, would such emphasis have been placed on recognizing nedestro children?

7. Fortunately, Ms. Kurtz is an author of great insight and has given herself quite a number of pathways to pursue as regards the Deryni question. Any statements regarding their origin that come from others than Ms. Kurtz herself can only be speculation. I do agree with Mr. Jarog's use of "hardiness" when referring to the Deryni we have met so far. It would seem that deryni-ness is less destructive than laran, and certainly more controllable. Unfortunately, we have not as yet gotten the full impact of what being Deryni means in the same way as we have for being Comyn. It would appear, however, that it is the character of the individual that determines how the Deryni gift is used, as opposed to the recipient of laran often being ruled by it.

8. Mr. Jarog's choice of the word "hybris" is rather unfortunate. The closed breeding systems were originated when there was a minimum of understanding and a desire to preserve the traits. Hybris, used in the Classical Greek sense, refers to the fatal flaw of human pride that results directly in the individual's downfall and eventual death. Paraphrased, those who display hybris are saying "Oh, that couldn't happen to me, no matter what I've done." This implies that decisions have been made in the face of overwhelming negative odds; I do not find this situation in either the Deryni or Comyn world. Mr. Jarog must remember that he views the decision-making process of both Comyn and Deryni with the 20-20 hindsight of an informed reader.

9. Transfer portals are used by Deryni for just that - transfer from one place to another. As for not needing a focus, many telepaths will use a focus item, such a stone in a ring or a piece of mirror, to help alleviate distractions. Use of any telepathic powers requires great concentration. That is probably one of the reasons why telepaths often work in groups, using group effort to enhance both energy output and concentration. And as it would also appear that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts, so several strong telepaths can achieve a super-high energy output.

The Comyn do not need a matrix for all of their work; Mr. Jarog should have been more specific about this. My understanding of laran is that it has many facets, and that simple telepathy does not require a conscious focus.

To dispute a fine point, it is not simply mental coercion that is the greatest crime, but any misuse of power. Thus Damon has a statute right to destroy Dezi in TFT for the latter's gross misuse of his gift.

10. The background for one-on-one combat comes from the Medieval tradition of the tournament and trial-by-combat. Ms. Kurtz has a solid educational and practical foundation in this Medieval tradition and has conveyed this aspect of life into the Eleven Kingdoms, thereby more firmly establishing the atmosphere of real-world Medievalism into the Deryni novels.

However, the Deryni do not prevent themselves from banding together and forming armies. The Comyn as well do combat both one-on-one and in formal groups. The difference is that Deryni do not seem to gather only other Deryni to do battle. Deryni generals are dependent on their normal human troops to wage war in the traditional sense.

11. I beg to disagree with Mr. Jarog on dueling on Darkover. Time and time again reference is made to insults and possible resultant duels. In S!, TFT, and the books that deal with Kennard's childhood, there is constant reference to quarrels that will break out in duels. Dueling, a one-on-one situation, certainly seems to fit very well with the Darkovan way of life and the restrictions on weapons, for the duel is an honorable, if terminal, method of settling disputes between individuals.

Technically, Mr. Jarog is correct when he states that on Darkover there can be more than one result of a duel, but after studying the attitude of the Comyn regarding their laran, to be stripped of one's powers and matrix is a death-in-life. Thus, the ultimate result of duelling on Darkover and in the Eleven Kingdoms is essentially the same.

12. One does not need special powers to in-breed. Rather, it seems to be an indigenous quality of elite groups to preserve the "purity" of the strain. The Comyn did not consider laran as a disease and thus in-breeding continued. However, it is stretching the imagination to consider that the Comyn inbred with the sole purpose to retain power over the Terranen. Their inbreeding habits were firmly established long before the challenge of the invaders.

13. Regarding persecution of Deryni, this almost totally successful eradication of Deryni comes not from the incrementation of animosities amongst victims of Deryni tyranny, but rather from the fact that there seem to be fewer Deryni than humans. If we proceed on the assumption that laran is latent in all humans, then it stands to reason that the number of people who have recognizable and usable laran are going to far outweigh the number of Deryni, and thus make eradication of Comyn a bit more difficult. Most of the Deryni were associated with nobility or royal families, and this guilt by association probably led to the slaughter of many good and non-noble Deryni.

14. I question Mr. Jarog's use of the word "mage" in discussing the duel between the Forbidden Tower and Arilinn. The magician, while a figure whose origins are lost in ancient occult lore, has some connotations, most especially as necromancer and charlatan, that are not relevant here. To say that the imagination is a powerful weapon is not exactly correct; to say that control of another's imagination is, would be more accurate. Perhaps

Mr. Jarog gets his idea to call a Keeper a magus from TFT when Varzil tells Damon that at one time men were Keepers. However, I think there is a strong implication that eventually keepers will not be determined by sex.

In conclusion, I feel that the major difference between these two series of novels lies not in the psychokinetic powers of the characters, but in the very different cultures of the Darkover and Deryni worlds. Ms. Kurtz has created a time in the past paralel to the pseudo-Arthurian representations of Wales, and in the same vein as Tolkien and E. R. Eddison. This is a time of lords and ladies, of great derring-do and chivalry when royalty meant something; it is perhaps the Middle Ages as they might have been. Ms. Bradley has created a time in the future, both concurrent with and derivitive of Earth as we know it. Her people span the socio-economic scale, and face situations to which we can often relate with stunning clarity. Fortunately, both series co-exist in the world of science fiction/fantasy literature, often more peacefully than their readers!

Notes from Grecotha...

In spite of the fact that the passes are closed and the post even worse than its normal sorry state, I can report that so far there are a total of four abbeys recognized...

Besides Grecotha, there exist:

The Camberian Abbey
Dennis Brown
4510 Centre Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15213

St. Neot's
Eric Frame
4517 Robinson Street
Duluth, MN 55104

Our Lady of the Evening (tentative)
Judy Gerjuoy
P.O. Box 355
Brooklyn, NY 11219

Grecotha
Dennis Jarog
P.O. Box 48461
Niles, IL 60648

...[at Grecotha] a couple of round robins discussing matters Deryni have been started and more will begin when I have contact from enough people.

Suggestions are of course invited. I would like to hear from as many fans as possible, so keep on writing....

Dennis Jarog

Ex Cathedra:

ARCHITECTURE OF THE ELEVEN KINGDOMS

by James-Phillip Llewellyn

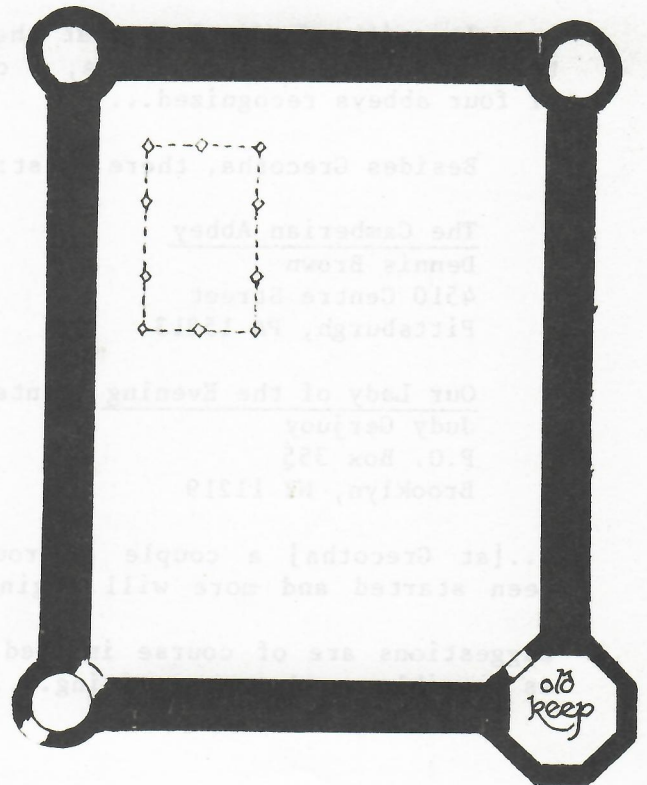
Rhemuth Castle: its History and Structure

The site that is presently occupied by Rhemuth Castle was first discovered as a defensive position by King Ryons Haldane in 734. Prior to that time, the royal capitol had been relocated intermittently as the political situation demanded, but so intrigued was Ryons with the Rhemuth location, high above the river, that he determined to build a permanent capitol there. The site was precisely what he had been searching for.

Ryons was not to see his new capitol complete, however, having to be satisfied with the original encampment on the site of what is now the Old Keep. He passed away in 736, his power devolving upon his son, Bearand. Bearand not only completed the new capitol, but during his reign brought the first measure of peace to the immediate area. He is most famous, though, for his even temperament and quiet, almost monkish, manner of dealing with volatile political situations. For these reasons and others, the man we now call Saint Bearand is considered to be the first of the Haldane "High Kings" of Gwynedd.

The capitol as designed by Ryons and executed by Bearand consisted of a large, octagonal, five-floor central keep, with curtain walls in a rough rectangle connecting three other towers of lesser size. The original encampment had consisted of a wooden stockade on top of a motte and bailey arrangement. It was on this site that the keep was constructed, with three underground levels extending throughout the entire compound. Considerable effort had to be expended in the building of a road leading to the site before the construction of the castle itself could begin; and, since it was a completely new trail being blazed to the castle, every measure was taken to ensure that anyone coming up the road would be completely vulnerable from the ramparts above. It has been this feature which has literally saved the skins of the people inside on more than one occasion.

When King Ifor came to the throne in 794, after 58 years of his father's rule plans were already underway for the expansion of the castle to reflect Gwynedd's rising fortunes. Plans were drawn for a stable for the horses, which until now had been kept in open paddocks with thatched roofs, and a barracks for the increased castle garrison of soldiers, mainly to keep them out of the Keep. There were also plans afoot to extend and fortify the



curtain wall along the riverside bluff, running to the new kitchen and storage tower, and to construct a new gate to replace the one destroyed by fire shortly before. The tower had collapsed because the fire reached the supporting timbers in the catacombs below, also playing havoc with the lower levels, a situation unrectified even until now.

The size of the new kitchen and storage facility was so great, however, that Queen Nuala nagged Ifor into expanding the Old Keep itself into something more befitting what she considered to be her station. But the ink of these expanded, much more opulent plans was scarcely dry when the Deryni usurper Festil took it upon himself to oust the Haldanes from the throne.

During his reign, Festil I declared that he would not reign in a city in which had ruled the much-reviled Haldane line. He announced his intention to move the kingdom's capitol to the hills northeast of Rhemuth, to the town known as Valoret. A great flurry of construction took place in Valoret during the reigns of Festils I and II, and there the capitol remained, throughout the reigns of Festil III, Blaine, and Imre. Imre, however, decided that the blustery climate around Valoret did not suit the atmosphere of his court, and began searching for a site with a more clement climate. Such a site was found at Nyford, near the confluence of Gwynedd's two major rivers, and Imre immediately began raising usurious taxes to pay for his project. (It was this move, and others like it, that precipitated actions by the Order of Saint Michael and Earl Camber MacRorie of Culdi to locate the missing and rightful Haldane heir to replace this most impious and impertinent son of the Festillic line.)

The foundations had been laid, and the first phase of construction begun, when in December of 904, the Restoration of the Haldane line was accomplished, bringing Imre's reign to an abrupt and undignified end. The enthronement of King Cinhil Donal Ifor Haldane (much to the former monk's discontent) brought another flurry of activity to the Gwynedd court, and there was great sympathy among his mostly human retainers to move the capitol back to the ancient Haldane home. Unfortunately, due to the disfavor into which Rhemuth had fallen during the Interregnum, the castle was in an extreme state of disrepair, having been scavaged for materials by all and sundry over the years.

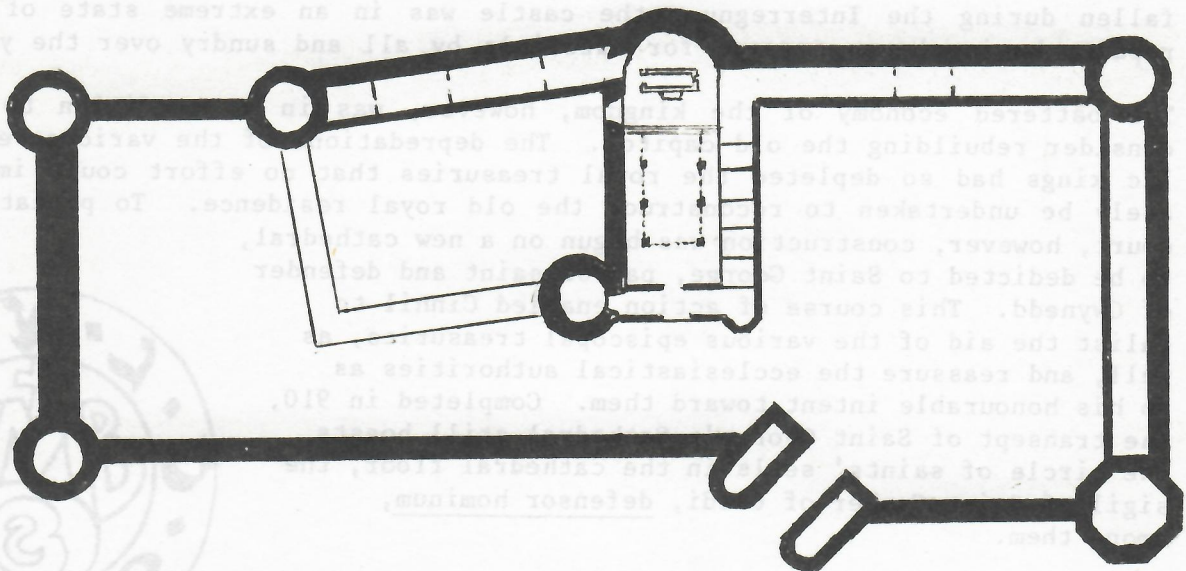
The battered economy of the kingdom, however, was in no condition to even consider rebuilding the old capitol. The depredations of the various Festillic kings had so depleted the royal treasuries that no effort could immediately be undertaken to reconstruct the old royal residence. To placate the court, however, construction was begun on a new cathedral, to be dedicated to Saint George, patron saint and defender of Gwynedd. This course of action enabled Cinhil to enlist the aid of the various episcopal treasuries, as well, and reassure the ecclesiastical authorities as to his honourable intent toward them. Completed in 910, the transept of Saint George's Cathedral still boasts the circle of saints' seals in the cathedral floor, the sigil of Saint Camber of Culdi, defensor hominum, among them.



Cinhil's sons, the Kings Alroy, Javan, and Rhys, had little time for the planning of the new capitol, as they were too busy dealing with the Deryni uprisings, persecutions, and the consolidations of their Kingdom. Hence, little progress was made toward the building (or rebuilding) of the capitol until Queen Michaela, wife to Rhys Michael, took an active interest in moving it to the Rhemuth plain once again. By the time her minor son, Owain, had ascended the throne, the new plans were well underway. Chiefly due to her badgering of him as a child, Owain was well-trained to accede to his mother's every whim. He began raising monies for the project by taxation and subscription in 940. Initial funds were used to bring architects in from throughout the entire kingdom to begin the planning of what would eventually be called Rhemuth the Beautiful.

Owain, however, would never see even the groundbreaking for these plans. He passed away in 948, just a few months before construction was slated to begin. Though the death of her eldest son grieved her, she who was now the Queen Mother was a most determined lady, and the initial work began less than a month after the coronation of King Uthyr.

The new plans for Rhemuth were far more extensive than anything yet designed, as can be seen below. The Old Keep and portions of the kitchen tower and curtain walls were the only things left standing of the original structure; from there, little correlation to the old castle can be seen. The kitchen tower became the basis for a new Great Hall, and a new troop barracks and stable were constructed on the site of the ones built by King Ifor during the 800's. New fortified gates were erected, closely resembling Ifor's gates but moved slightly to the south. Other new construction included a Royal Chapel attached to the Great Hall and administrative offices for the great numbers of new State functionaries. Of course, a project of this size involved considerable expense and a number of years, finally reaching completion in 958, in time for the Queen Mother's 50th birthday. Michaela, incidentally, outlived both of her sons, and survived well into the reign of her third grandson, King Cluim.



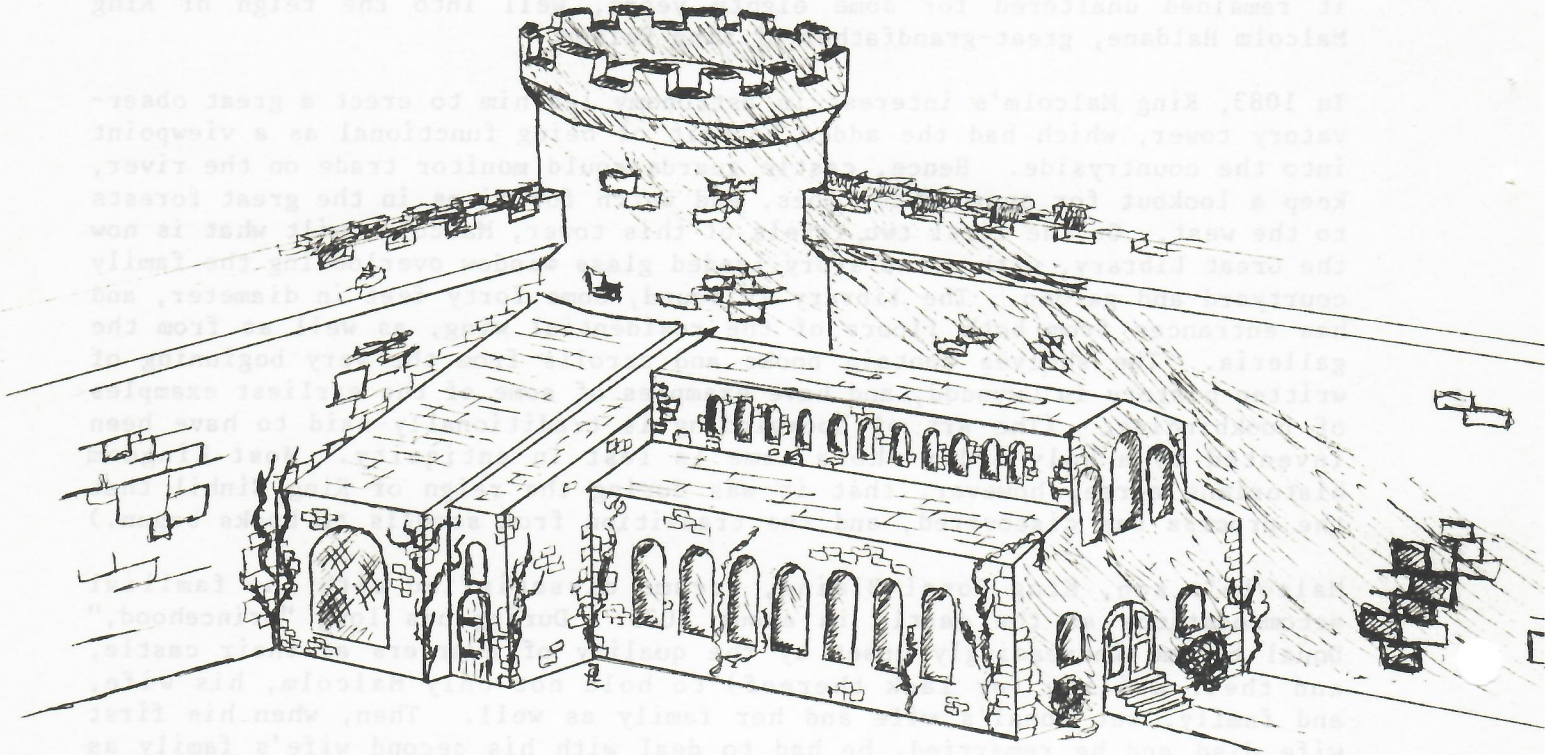
The new royal residence delighted all who visited, and the increase in traffic especially pleased the merchants and craftsmen of Rhemuth. The town prospered and grew with the kingdom's fortunes: the Archbishopric of Rhemuth was restored to its former prominence, and the episcopal residence near the cathedral was enlarged and updated to match the status of that august prelate -- much to the chagrin of the Primate of Gwynedd, who to this very day resides at the episcopal palace at Valoret. So happy was everyone with the new castle that it remained unaltered for some eighty years, well into the reign of King Malcolm Haldane, great-grandfather of King Kelson.

In 1083, King Malcolm's interest in astronomy led him to erect a great observatory tower, which had the added benefit of being functional as a viewpoint into the countryside. Hence, castle guards could monitor trade on the river, keep a lookout for approaching foes, and watch for fires in the great forests to the west. On the first two levels of this tower, Malcolm built what is now the Great Library, with a two-story leaded glass window overlooking the family courtyard and garden. The library is round, some forty feet in diameter, and has entrances from both floors of the residential wing, as well as from the galleria. The shelves contain books and scrolls from the very beginning of written history in Gwynedd, and have examples of some of the earliest examples of bookbinding. (The art of bookbinding is traditionally said to have been invented by a holy order whose name is lost in antiquity. Most kingdom historians agree, however, that it was during the reign of King Cinhil that the process was discovered, and the transition from scrolls to books begun.)

Malcolm's son, King Donal Blaine, became dissatisfied with the familial accommodations at the castle in about 1075. During his long "princehood," Donal became increasingly upset by the quality of quarters at their castle, and their ability (or lack thereof) to hold not only Malcolm, his wife, and family, but Donal's wife and her family as well. Then, when his first wife died and he remarried, he had to deal with his second wife's family as well. Immediately after his coronation, Donal began planning a new residence wing to house all the various relatives, pages, and house servants. This would come to replace the galleria along the east side of the family courtyard, and would be possessed of three floors. The first would be quarters for the pages and servants; the second, quarters for the royal heirs; and the third was to be divided for various family quarters. Donal, being fond of intrigue, and desirous of keeping his extramarital meanderings on a discreet basis, built this wing with more than the usual number of secret passageways and panels, many of which were keyed to various Deryni spells and signs. During this time as well the royal family outgrew the ancient Chapel Round that was attached to the Great Hall, and the Queen decreed that a new chapel should be built, to be attached to the southeast tower of the castle.

The new facility was to be a full basilica, with side altars and a clerestory. It included a study for the King's Confessor, who would become rector of this new chapel. The major point of discussion that arose with respect to the new project was to whom the new edifice should be dedicated. The personage finally awarded the honour was Saint Hilary of Cariesse, who had been martyred to the pagans of the north so long before. The Queen commissioned glaziers from the

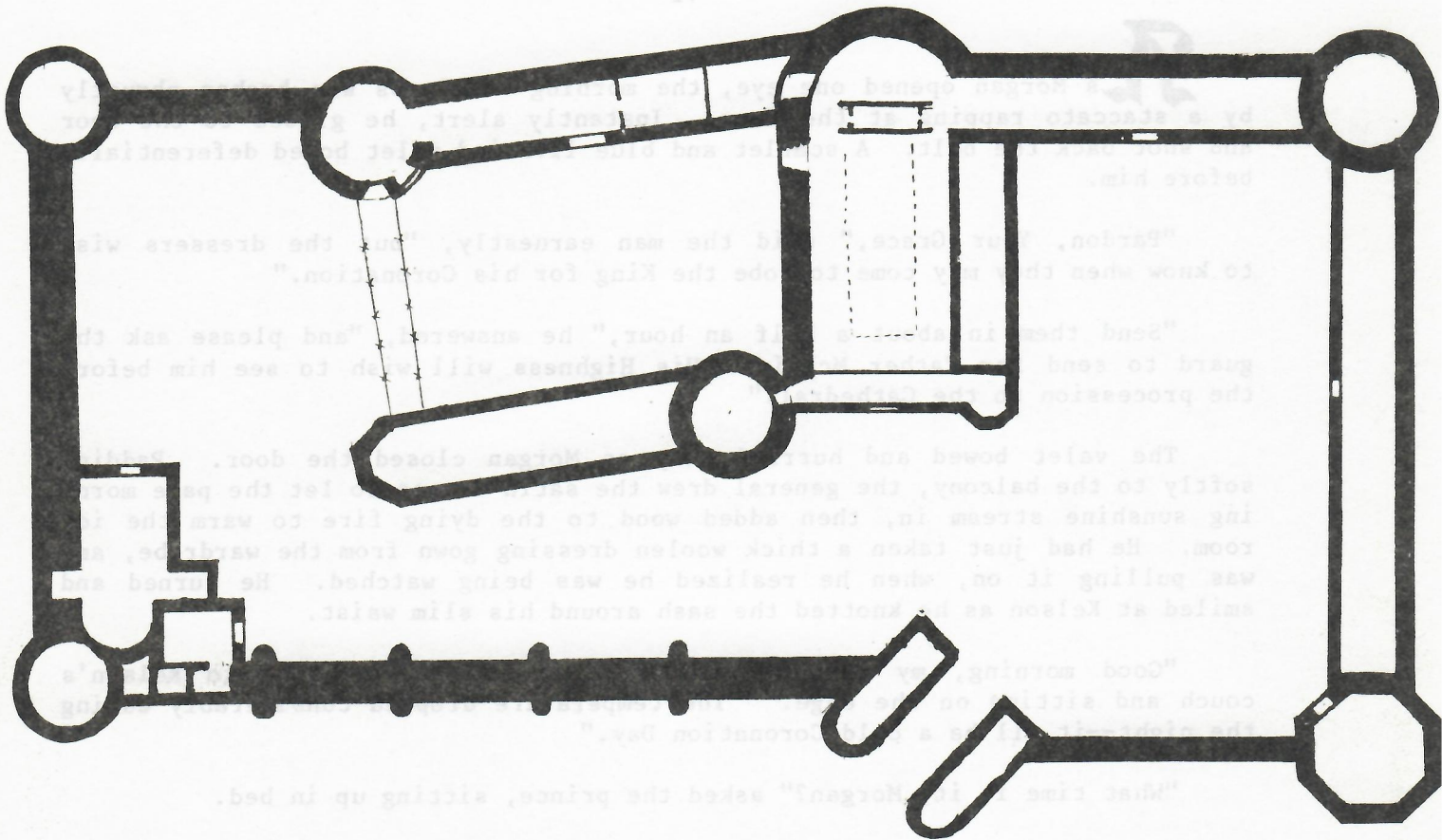
entire kingdom to design and assemble six windows to be placed in the northern wall of the chapel. As a sign of special favour to her confessor, the Queen had the study paneled in expensive woods, and a beautiful amber-glass window with mullioned (diamond-shaped) panes was installed at the north end of that chamber. The new basilica was dedicated on January 14, 1082, with the entire royal family in attendance, including the infant Prince Brion Donal Cinhil Urien Haldane, both for the consecration of the chapel, and the Christening of the new heir.



As boys, the princes Brion and Nigel (who was born in 1087) found great delight in the observation tower and library, as well as in the riding and military training that was drilled into them at an early age. Brion, in particular, learned well the lessons of political theory and finesse that were assigned him, and it was well that he did, for Donal died in 1095, and Brion assumed the throne at the tender age of fourteen. He had no time for the lengthy apprenticeship such as his father had served. His lessons stood him in good stead, however, and the young king was able, in the space of eleven years, to bring peace to the entire Kingdom of Gwynedd. To commemorate this, Brion commissioned portraits in stained glass of all the Haldane kings of Gwynedd, including himself. These panels were placed in the library window in time for Brion and Jehana's fifth wedding anniversary in 1109.

The castle, as it stands today (1122), is a melange of architectural styles and construction techniques, ranging from the rubble-filled walls of the Old Keep to the complicated arrangement of panels and passageways that honeycomb much of the newer construction. It is also a showplace of the craftsmanship and artistry from all the times and areas of the Eleven Kingdoms. From the magnificent Kheldish tapestry of the Haldane Lion that dominates the Great

Hall to the delicate artistry of the glass portraits in the Library, Rhemuth exemplifies the best that our artisans have to offer. The royal gardens, as well, offer a panoply of blooms, shrubberies, and herbs from all the kingdom, carefully attended and arranged. All through the residence, even to the exterior walls, can be seen the pride and esteem we have for our royal line. All in all, it has become a palace worthy of the glory of Gwynedd, and will retain its place in our hearts and history for a long time to come.



Note to the Reader:

As the Royal Architect, it has been my pleasure to lead you Haldane royalists on a tour of Rhemuth through the ages. Plans are under consideration to issue a complete set of plans and renderings of the present-day castle for purchase by the general public. Those of you who would be interested in such a set of renderings, please contact me, James-Phillip Llewelyn, in care of this publication. Also, let me know your interests as far as those other historical places of Rhemuth that you would like to see. I remain, your humble and obedient servant,

JAMES-PHILLIP LLEWELYN
Royal Architect of the
Kingdom of Gwynedd

Lords of Sorandor

Part 2

by Katherine Kurtz, 1965

VI

As Morgan opened one eye, the morning stillness was broken abruptly by a staccato rapping at the door. Instantly alert, he glided to the door and shot back the bolt. A scarlet and blue liveried valet bowed deferentially before him.

"Pardon, Your Grace," said the man earnestly, "but the dressers wish to know when they may come to robe the King for his Coronation."

"Send them in about a half an hour," he answered, "and please ask the guard to send for Father McLain. His Highness will wish to see him before the procession to the Cathedral."

The valet bowed and hurried away as Morgan closed the door. Padding softly to the balcony, the general drew the satin drapes to let the pale morning sunshine stream in, then added wood to the dying fire to warm the icy room. He had just taken a thick woolen dressing gown from the wardrobe, and was pulling it on, when he realized he was being watched. He turned and smiled at Kelson as he knotted the sash around his slim waist.

"Good morning, my prince," he said cheerfully, crossing to Kelson's couch and sitting on the edge. "The temperature dropped considerably during the night--it will be a cold Coronation Day."

"What time is it, Morgan?" asked the prince, sitting up in bed.

"Not as late as you think, my prince," laughed Morgan, pushing Kelson back on the couch. "Your clothiers will not be here for half an hour, your valet has already prepared your bath, and it is two hours before the procession is to begin. How is your hand?"

He reached across and unwound the bandage to inspect the wounds. "A little bruised, but no great damage done. We'll dispense with the bandage. How do you feel?"

"I feel fine, Morgan. Can I get up now?"

"Certainly, my prince." He gestured toward the dressing room. "I'll send your dressers in as soon as they arrive."

Kelson wrinkled his nose in distaste as he threw back the blankets and climbed out of bed. "Why do I have to have dressers, Morgan? I can dress myself."

"Because a king must have dressers on his Coronation Day," laughed Morgan, propelling the lad toward the door. "After today, you may fire all your personal servants if you so wish, but today you will be robed as befits a king--you're not supposed to clutter up your mind with the mechanics of putting on strange robes when you should be contemplating the responsibilities of kingship--and this means dressers, six of them." He raised his eyebrows in mock horror.

"Six!" groaned Kelson, but he chuckled gleefully as he scampered through the dressing room door. "Morgan, I sometimes think you do these things deliberately." The rest of his speech was cut off by the closing of the door.

Morgan chuckled as he strolled toward the fire, but stopped still when he caught his reflection across the room. Did he really look like that? He glanced down ruefully at his wrinkled tunic, musing that it had done it little good to sleep in it, and ran a hand across a sand-papery chin. The clothes would have to do, since he had no others with him, but the beard ... He set to work with soap and razor and had just succeeded in ridding himself of the night's growth when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," he called, wiping soap out of his eye.

The door opened a crack, and two blue eyes, topped by a shock of straight brown hair, peered around the edge.

"Aha!" said the voice belonging to the eyes. "The prodigal seeketh to amend his appearance. Here." Duncan tossed a large bundle at his surprised friend.

"What?" began Morgan. "Duncan, where did you get these?"

"Oh," said the young priest, as he strolled nonchalantly to where Morgan burrowed in the clothes, "I thought the King's Champion might need garments suitable for the Coronation."

"The King's Champion? How do you know?"

"Well, Kelson tells me a few things that he doesn't tell you. Besides, who did you think it would be, you crazy war horse? Me?"

Morgan laughed delightedly as he shook his head and stripped off his clothes to begin donning fresh garments.

"How's Kelson's hand this morning?" asked the priest, handing Morgan a long scarlet shirt of silk. "I thought I detected a scent of merasha when you dressed his wound last night." He gave Morgan a sidelong look.

"The hand is fine," retorted Morgan sheepishly, as he laced up his shirt, "and I was hoping you hadn't noticed the merasha. A certain aged tutor of mine would be very upset were he to learn that a priest knew of his dealing in the occult arts."

"Just stay within your own level, Alaric. I'd hate to see you get mixed up in magic you can't handle." He handed the general black silk hose and breeches, which Morgan quickly donned.



"Where is Kelson now?"

"In the bath. He was somewhat, ah, 'upset' about requiring dressers; wanted to know why he couldn't dress himself. I told him that this was one of the trials of kingship, and that at least for today he would have to put up with them."

Duncan chuckled. "He'll be glad for them when he sees everything he has to wear." He sat down, holding out Morgan's light mail jerkin. "Many's the time I've been grateful for even one assistant to help me vest for a very high Mass. Aie," he mused, "there are always so many little laces and ties."

"Here, give me that," snorted Morgan waggishly, as he snatched the jerkin and slipped it over his head. "You know you love it." He wiggled his feet into the shining black boots which Duncan proffered, and there was a knock at the door.

"Kelson's dressers," announced Morgan, giving the buckles a final tug. "Come in."

Six men in precise scarlet livery marched in and bowed crisply, their arms laden with robes and boxes and bundles.

"We are the royal clothiers, Your Grace," stated the first.

Morgan nodded and directed them toward Kelson's dressing room. When they had gone, he shook his head and smiled.

"I pity the poor boy now. You know how he hates to be fussed over."

Duncan shrugged noncommittally as he handed Morgan a black velvet doublet edged with gold and rubies. "It's good for him to know these things, Alaric."

He helped Morgan adjust the wide, split sleeves to show the scarlet beneath, then wrapped a wide satin sash around the general's slim waist.



"My, my, my," he chided, clipping Morgan's sword to a hidden ring on the crimson sash. "I do believe you'll be the most devilishly handsome Champion we've had in a long time."

Morgan paraded before the mirror, strutting like a small boy with a new plaything. "You know, Duncan?" he bantered gaily, "You're right!"

Duncan nearly dropped the crimson-lined cloak he was holding to punch Morgan playfully in the arm.

"And you will also be the most conceited Champion we've every had!"

He ducked Morgan's retaliatory punch to wag a finger at him in mock indignation from behind a chair.

"Ah, ah, ah. Remember, I am your spiritual father, and I only tell you this for your own good!"

He and Morgan nearly collapsed on the floor in their merriment.

"Quick," gasped Morgan, out of breath, "put my cloak over all this splendor before I explode of puffed-up pride!"



This merely set them laughing again, but they did manage to clip the cape to Morgan's shoulders before they lost control and slumped weakly into two chairs.

A red-livieried clothier poked his head through the door. "Is anything wrong, Your Grace?" he inquired, his eyes round.

Morgan waved him off, still chortling quite delightedly. "No, no everything is fine," he answered, regaining some measure of composure. "But is Prince Kelson ready yet? Father McLain must leave for the Cathedral."

"I'm ready now, Father," said Kelson, sweeping into the room.

Morgan and Duncan rose in unison, almost unbelieving that this white-and-gold clad king was the same boy who had knelt with them so frightened the night before. All in silk and satin, he stood before them like a young angel, the creamy whiteness of his raiment broken only by the play of gold and rubies encrusting the edges. Over the whole was thrown a magnificent ivory cloak, the satin stiff with gold and jewel-work, and in his hands he held a pair of spotless kid gloves and a pair of gold-chased silver spurs. His raven head was bare, as befits an uncrowned monarch.

"I see that you have been informed of your new office, Morgan," he said impishly. "Here," he held out the spurs, "these are for you."

Morgan sank to one knee, his golden head bowing in obeisance. "My prince, I am at a loss for words."

"Nonsense, Morgan," retorted the prince, grinning wryly. "You'd better not be tongue-tied when I need you most." He motioned him to rise. "Here, take these and let my royal clothiers help you finish dressing while I speak with my confessor."

He motioned Duncan to join him on the balcony and closed the doors. Through the glass, they could see the dressers fussing over an annoyed Morgan.

Kelson smiled. "Do you think he will be very angry, Father?"



"I doubt it, my prince. He was too proud when you walked into the room to be angry for long."

The young prince smiled fleetingly and looked out over the city. "Father," he asked in a low voice, "what makes a man a king?"

"I'm not sure anyone can really say, my son," answered Duncan thoughtfully. "It may well be that kings are not so different from ordinary men after all; except, of course, that they have a graver responsibility." Kelson mulled the answer for a long moment, then turned and knelt at the feet of the priest.

"Father, give me your blessing," he said, bowing his head. "I do not feel at all like a king."

VII

Thomas Grayson, Archbishop of Sorandor, surveyed the mounting crowd in the streets below his archepiscopal palace with awe and not a little apprehension as he awaited the hour of the Coronation. In spite of the bitter cold of the November morning, there were more people in the streets than he could ever remember seeing, even at Brion's Coronation fifteen years before. And yet, it was not a joyous crowd, as it should have been, but a quiet and well-mannered one, each upturned face etched in fearful expectation.

They know what their king must face, he thought grimly, and they fear for him, as do I. And must we all really stand by and watch him fall, with none to lift a hand to save him? Or have Morgan and Duncan some plan, some unknown factor we have not allowed for? Dare I hope?

Sighing resignedly, he turned from his vantage point to prepare for his vesting. Then, once Duncan had arrived, and the retinue had assembled, they would all go to the door of the Cathedral to await the arrival of their new king, and lead him inside to be presented to his people.

Picking up the Lion brooch, Kelson fingered it absent-mindedly for a moment, then, as an afterthought, pinned it to his tunic.

"The coaches are ready for the procession, my prince," called Morgan from the door. "Shall we go?"

"I'm coming," answered Kelson, casting a final look around the room.

"The room will still be here after the Coronation, you know, my prince."

"Yes," replied Kelson wryly, "but I was just wondering whether or not I would still be around."

Morgan marched briskly into the room and took Kelson's arm. "Now, I want to hear no more of that kind of talk," he stated, leading the prince to the corridor where his guard of honour waited. "Three hours from now you will be the legally crowned King of Sorandor, and nothing is going to keep that from happening, including your blue friend."

Kelson smiled grimly as they made their way to the downstairs courtyard where the procession waited. "I'll keep that in mind," he said, "though I fear that our blue friend may have other plans for me."

In the courtyard, the entire royal household was gathered to see its young master off, and the people parted before the young prince as he and his bodyguard moved toward the queen and her carriage.

Surprise at her son's transformation was evident in Sanil's wide green eyes, and she smiled shyly when Kelson bent to kiss her hand in greeting.

"Kelson, my son," she murmured as he helped her into her carriage, "you are a man today. I did not know..."

Morgan stood contentedly in the background, studying the change in the young Queen. He noted with approval that she had set aside her mourning attire in deference to her son's Coronation, in spite of the recency of her bereavement. And except for the black lace veiling her emerald tiara, she was clothed in the customary dark green velvet which set off her copper hair and creamy skin to perfection--the green that Brion had loved so well.

Now, as she conversed with Brion's son, she was nearly as radiant as she had been before her tragedy. And when Kelson at last bade farewell, she gazed fondly after him, wonder and pride for her son apparent in every line of her body.

As the young king climbed into his carriage, he and Morgan exchanged triumphant glances, and Morgan signalled the parade-master to begin the march. Swinging up on his ebony war horse beside the royal coach, the young general saluted his monarch, and the entourage began to move slowly towards Sorandor Cathedral.

"Stop pacing, Ian," snapped the Blue One, adjusting the sapphired coronet on her silvered hair. "You make me nervous."

Ian stopped almost in mid-stride.

"Sorry, my pet," he replied good-naturedly. "But I have anticipated this day for many months now, and I'm anxious to be off. You know how I detest waiting."

"Yes," she smiled enigmatically, "I know. I only hope you will not be too disappointed. Even though this young upstart prince does not have his father's power, we must contend with Morgan." She rose distractedly.

"Ah, yes. Morgan. He is the one to watch for. I fear him, Ian, and I fear the power he might wield over our young prince. You must be sure to cut him down in the first moments of your duel--otherwise he may out-fence you. There are rumours that he dabbles in magic, too, though I take little note of such tales. Nevertheless, he is to be destroyed at all costs. Do you understand?"



Ian bowed unctuously. "Of course, my pet," he intoned as he gathered up her silken cloak and brought it toward her. And after we have eliminated Morgan and his prince, I shall gladly eliminate you, he thought to himself.

He reached his arms around her to fasten the cold, jewelled clasp at her ivory throat.

"Horses and escort await us at the portal, my lady."

"Thank you, my Lord Ian," she retorted, giving him a sidelong look. "And now, let us be off."

She gestured expansively, and Ian, with a bow and a flourish, threw open the doors. Flanked by four blue-liveried guardsmen, the Blue One and Ian swept down the marble corridor toward their rendezvous with Prince Kelson.

VIII

Kneeling in the great Cathedral, Kelson quickly reflected on the events of the past hour as the Archbishop's voice droned on and on. After entering the Cathedral in solemn procession accompanied by Archbishop Grayson and a dozen prelates of the Church, he had been presented to the people as their rightful sovereign and had, before them and Almighty God, sworn his oath of kingship. Then he had been anointed on head and hands with the holy chrism as a sign of his divine right to rule and knelt for the Archbishop's blessing.

The Archbishop's prayer ended, and Kelson rose to be invested with the symbols of his office, several priests stripping off the jeweled ivory mantle he had worn as Prince of Sorandor. The golden spurs of knighthood were strapped to his heels, and Morgan, as King's Champion, brought forth the sword of state to be kissed by the young monarch and returned to the altar. Duncan and the other prelates were fastening the glittering crimson robe of state about his shoulders when the silence was broken by the echo of steel-shod hooves ringing cold against the cobbled streets outside. Beyond the heavy doors of the Cathedral, chain mail clanked menacingly against naked metal.

As Kelson, his back to the doors, seated himself upon the coronation chair, he flashed a lightning query at Morgan, who nodded almost imperceptibly and edged closer. As the Archbishop gave over the royal sceptre, the Cathedral doors swung open with a muffled crash, and a gust of icy wind swept down the nave, the only sound save the low admonition of the Archbishop.

Stiffening slightly, Kelson saw Morgan freeze as footsteps began to echo down the narrow nave, and he watched the gloved hand of his Champion creep toward the hilt of the great broadsword as the Archbishop raised the gold and crimson ring of fire.

Breathing a small prayer that he would be able to face the Blue One's power, Kelson extended his hand to receive the ring. And as the cool metal circlet glided into place on his forefinger, he broke into a small but triumphant smile which was only skillfully kept from being mirrored in the faces of his two friends. To the side, he saw his mother's face go pale as the hollow footsteps came to an abrupt and ominous halt at the transept.

The Archbishop, ignoring the interlopers, raised the jewelled and filigreed crown of Sorandor.

"Bless, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this crown, and so sanctify Thy servant, Kelson, upon whose head Thou dost place it today as a sign of royal majesty. Grant that he may, by Thy grace, be filled with all princely virtues. Through the King Eternal, Our Lord."

The people were hushed in fear as the crown was placed on the new king's head, and then the silence was broken by the clatter of steel on the sanctuary steps.

Rising majestically to turn and face his challengers, Kelson swiftly appraised the significance of the mailed gauntlet resting on the lowest of the sanctuary steps, then moved confidently to the edge of the area.

"What would you in the House of the Lord?" he demanded, an aura of quiet power overshadowing his youth.

"Your death, Kelson," replied the Blue One, curtsying mockingly. "Is that so much to ask? I have killed others to gain your throne."

She smiled sweetly, and Ian and a dozen armed warriors glared defiance at the newly-crowned king.

"I do not find your humour amusing this morning, Countess," answered Kelson coldly. "And your manners are distinctly lacking in allowing your men to come armed into this place. Have you no respect at all for proprieties of the people you hope to rule, not to mention your own truce?"

The Countess shrugged unconcernedly and gestured toward the gauntlet of challenge on the step between them.

"Have you forgotten my challenge, Your Majesty? I was under the impression that your illustrious Champion was very eager to fight mine." She continued coldly, "My challenge still stands, as does my Champion. But is yours man enough to pick it up?"

His face colouring slightly, Morgan moved to pick up the challenge, but was halted by Kelson's outstretched sceptre across his chest.

"You would dare to raise steel against me in this House?" queried Kelson, addressing the blue-clad champion.

Steel whispered against steel as Ian bowed silkily and drew his sword in answer.

"Aye, and in a thousand like it, Prince Kelson," retorted the unctuous young lord as he gestured with his sword. "And if he will not come down and fight, I shall come up and slay him where he stands."

"Save your words for your victory, traitor," replied Morgan, his sword singing from its leather scabbard as he vaulted down the steps to meet his impetuous challenger and pick up the gauntlet. "I take up your challenge in the name of King Kelson and answer it thus!"

He flung the gauntlet at the feet of Lord Ian.

"Well, Morgan," said Ian thoughtfully, his sword point wandering almost lazily before him as he contemplated his enemy, "at last we meet. Then, let us resolve this petty dispute once and for all."

Lunging savagely, he sought to pierce Morgan's defense at once, but the wily general swiftly threw up a singing steel net about him which easily parried each of Ian's renewed attacks. When Morgan had sounded out Ian's technique, he switched to an offensive tack, and within seconds had pinked the challenger. Ian, furious at being touched, charged headlong into the fray as Morgan had hoped, and even as he parried the general's thrust, Morgan's riposte left him open to be run through the side. As sword clattered from the surprised lord's hand, Morgan withdrew his blade, and Ian sank to the floor, his face drained of colour. Morgan, with a contemptuous toss of his head, wiped his blade on the young lord's blood-stained mantle and strolled calmly toward his comrades.

"Morgan!" yelled Duncan, gesturing frantically.

Morgan whirled instantly, but he was not swift enough to completely avoid the dagger which had been aimed at his back. His sword slipped from numbed fingers as he clutched at his shoulder in disbelief, and Ian laughed brokenly from his position a dozen yards away.

"I am amazed, Morgan," he leered drunkenly as death approached. "I had thought you more cautious than to leave a wounded enemy armed. Ah, well, though," he gasped, sketching a hurried salute, "you may yet join me in death." He slumped to the floor, silent at last, and Morgan gazed dully at his former antagonist.

As Duncan and the priests eased Morgan to a sitting position on the steps, Kelson hovered anxiously, his resplendent cloak gathered over one arm as he stooped beside his friend.

"My apologies, my prince," murmured Morgan, beads of perspiration dotting his upper lip as Duncan probed the wound with gentle fingers. "I was a fool to trust him, even in death." He winced and clenched his teeth as Duncan withdrew the slim blade, but then relaxed, half-fainting, as the young priest bound up the wound. Kelson, with a reassuring touch of his friend's hand, rose and descended several steps toward the Blue One.

"The little game is over now, Countess. You may leave."

The Blue One, backed by her guards and her magic, smiled sardonically. "My, but our young prince speaks bold words. One would almost believe that he had power to back him up."

Her icy gaze swept him from head to toe and back again. "But we all know that his father's legacy of power died with him a month ago, don't we?" She smiled sweetly.

"Do we, Countess?" countered Kelson. "But, perhaps you are willing to stake your life and power on such a gamble. I warn you, though. If you force me to a show of strength, I cannot promise you mercy."

"Does the Blue One need your mercy, Kelson? No, I think the son of Brion is bluffing, and I call that bluff."

Stepping back a few paces, she raised her hands and cast a line of pale blue fire in a semi-circle behind her.

"Now, Kelson, will you close the ring and duel with me under the laws of ancient ritual, or must I strike you down with wanton magic? How say you, Kelson?"

Kelson regarded her distainfully for a moment; then, with a slight bow of acquiescence, he handed his sceptre over to a waiting chamberlain and joined the Blue One in the transept. The wine-dark cloak flowed smoothly from his young shoulders as he raised both arms in a single, fluid motion. A deep crimson semi-circle sprang up behind him, its ends meeting those of the blue arc.

The Blue One nodded patronizingly and began an incantation.

"By Earth and Water, Fire and Air,
I conjure powers to leave this ring.
I clear it now. Let all beware.
Through here shall pass no living thing."

Morgan tugged hard on Duncan's sleeve. "Duncan! Does he know what she's doing? If he completes the spell and joins the two arcs, the circle cannot be broken until one has lost all power."

"I don't know, Alaric. But if he can complete the spell at all, we'll know that he has Brion's magic. Kelson was never taught these things."

The Blue One nodded patronizingly and began an incantation.

"By Earth and Water, Fire and Air,
I conjure powers to leave this ring.
I clear it now. Let all beware.
Through here shall pass no living thing."



Kelson replied:

"Inside, all Space and Time suspend.
From here may nothing outward flee
Nor inward come. It shall not end
Till two are one and one is free."


As Kelson finished, violet fire flared where the two arcs had been, and then a cold violet line, inscribing a thirty-foot circle, marked off the area where the two must duel.

"You, as Challenged, have the privilege of first strike, my precocious princeling." Her eyes widened a bit when Kelson declined the privilege, but perhaps she had actually expected such a move after his successful completion of the ring, for she nodded acceptance without a word and stretched her hands out before her, palms together. Murmuring some unintelligible syllables, she drew her hands apart, and a sphere of blue light could be seen hovering in mid-air.

Quickly, the thing grew to man-size and took the form of a warrior in full armour, blue shield over arm and blazing sword in hand. Dripping blue fire and vapours, he cocked his head at the young king and advanced across the circle.

Kelson hesitated but an instant, then put right hand to left and drew forth a glowing crimson sword from his closed fist. When the blue warrior came within reach, lightning forked from Kelson's left hand, pinning the blue sword, while Kelson lopped the thing's head off. It struck the floor with a hollow sound, and then the apparition and Kelson's weapons vanished.

The people rumbled in appreciation at their new king's prowess as the Blue One's nimble fingers moved vexedly in the next spell.



"Spawn of Dagon, Bael's darling,
Heed my call which bids you here.
Son of Darkness, hear my order.
Come: I charge thee to appear.
Smite this young, ambitious princeling,
Send him to a death of flames.
Wrest from him the usurped power
Which the Blue One justly claims!"

As she spoke, there was a rumbling in the air before her, and a dense black vapour condensed into a tall, shadowy form vaguely man-like in shape, but with scaly hide and long claws and teeth. It stood blinking in the center as Kelson began a counterspell.

"Lord of Light, in shining splendor
Aid me now, if thou dost hear
The supplication of thy servant,
Battling for his people here.
Lend me strength to smite this demon,
Send it to the depths of hell.
Cleanse this circle of the evil
Which the Blue One doth compel!"

As the creature began to lope across the circle, mawing mouth and claws dripping blue flame, Kelson finished his spell. With a decisive gesture, the king stabbed a ruby-banded finger toward a spot several yards in front of the monster.

Just at that moment, the sun burst from behind the clouds to stream through the high stained-glass windows, casting a brilliant, multi-coloured pattern on the floor when Kelson pointed. The congregation inhaled unison as the creature reached the spot, sepped into it, and began writhing and exuding blue streamers of flame and smoke. It shrieked in mortal agony, but could not seem to step out of the blaze of light which seared its flesh. As it spun in its final throes to crash to the floor, it cried out terribly and pointed an accusing arm at the Blue Witch, then was still. It vanished, and only wisps of pungent blue smoke and crimson and gold flickerings played on the floor where the thing had been.

Kelson lowered his hand, the Ring of Fire winking ominously, and the sun chose that moment to go back behind the clouds. A low sign of relief swept through the Church like a whisper of spring, and settled to a hush as Kelson faced his opponent, grey eyes bright with confidence.

"And now, O Witch, this farce must end.
I will no more my powers lend
To thwart your might. I must defend
My people, and your power rend.
Therefore, I take the right of claim
To instigate the test of flame.
I call the trial of fiery wall
Which, in this case, decideth all."

He stabbed a ringed forefinger at his archenemy, and she gathered her steely composure to answer his challenge. Instantly, the two halves of the circle became misted with blue or red auras, and where the two met, a violet fog played along the surface. The line fluctuated wildly for a moment, as each magician sought out the other's weaknesses, but then the line began moving inexorably toward the Blue One.

As she began to lose ground, she began inching back, but her shoulders soon encountered the glassy slickness of the barrier ring. With a low cry, she glanced behind her, then sank to her knees, head bowed in her hands, as the last vestiges of her power were neutralized by Kelson's crimson aura.

When the entire area glowed red, the circle winked out of existence. And the only things left where it had been were a softly weeping woman, human now, and a young king, dazed at his first victory.

Kelson dropped his hand softly to his side, his face impassive, then addressed himself to the Blue One's soldiers.

"Who among you is in charge now?"

The men shuffled uneasily under his steady gaze, and finally a man wearing the insignia of a lieutenant stepped forward and bowed respectfully.

"I am, my lord." He glanced uncertainly at the huddled shape of his former mistress, then continued. "My name is Brennan de Colforth, and I renounce the oath of fealty I took with the Blue One. I swear I never wished you ill, and I ask forgiveness for myself and my men."

"You treacherous dog!" spat the Blue One, scrambling to her feet.
"How dare you?"

"Silence," said Kelson, turning toward his Champion. "Morgan? What say you?"

Morgan climbed to his feet and joined the prince, Duncan supporting him. "Tis a small but noble family of Lanspar to the North, my prince. Old but proud."

"Father?"

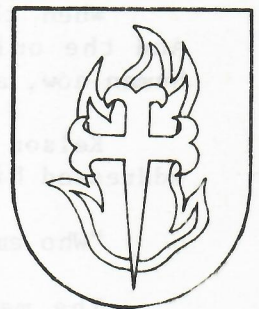
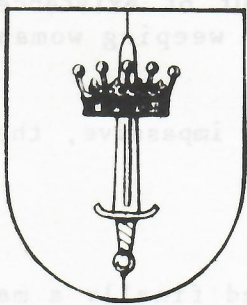
"I have never known a de Colforth to swear falsely, my prince," remarked Duncan.

"Very well, then. De Colforth, I give you this proposition: you, and any of your men who will swear loyalty to me, will be pardoned with one stipulation--that you take the Blue One into exile at Shepara and then disband and return to your lands, never to molest me and my people again."

De Colforth dropped to one knee, mailed fist to chest in salute. "I accept Your Majesty's pardon in full humility, and swear to uphold the stipulations of that pardon to the best of my ability." Behind him, a dozen other men joined in the salute.

There was a long moment of silence as all rose to their feet, and then a voice from the rear of the Cathedral cried out, "Long live King Kelson!" And the shout was picked up and carried by a hundred hundred voices.

First Archbishop and clergy, then Champion and peers of the realm, came to kneel and swear their fealty to the new king. And as Kelson formed his retinue to process out of the Cathedral, the sun shone again through the stained glass and cast a puddle of jeweled light at his feet. The Church grew hushed. Looking up casually at the window, Kelson smiled and stepped into the light, which turned his jewels to flame, and then, amidst cheers of joy and wonder, he left to show himself to his people.



Gwydion's Song

(The first verse of this song originally appeared in DERYNI CHECKMATE. It is the song Gwydion is singing as Rimmell returns from Bronwyn's room, having set the *shiral* crystal on her dresser to ensnare her affections when she returns. Of course, when she does return, the anticipated result does not occur; and poor Rimmell lives only a short time longer than the Lady for whom he sacrificed so much.

Nevertheless, this is the song which Gwydion sings, in its entirety. It has always seemed to me to be the embodiment of courtly love, the singer speaking of his Lady on several different planes--the particular Lady in question, ladies in general, and even the greatest Lady of them all, the Virgin Mary, for whom so many such songs were written in our own High Middle Ages. The chords indicated are autoharp chords--the only instrument I play--so you will probably have to tinker with the chording to translate it for guitar or other instrument.)

--Katherine Kurtz

GWYDION'S SONG

K. Kurtz Katherine Kurtz

4/4

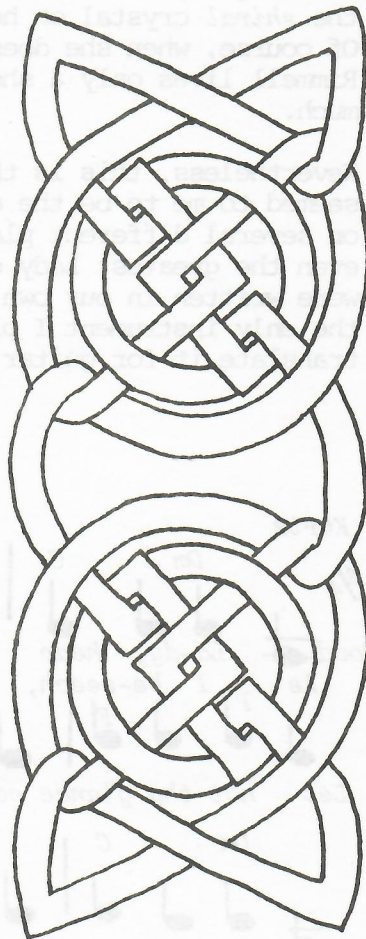
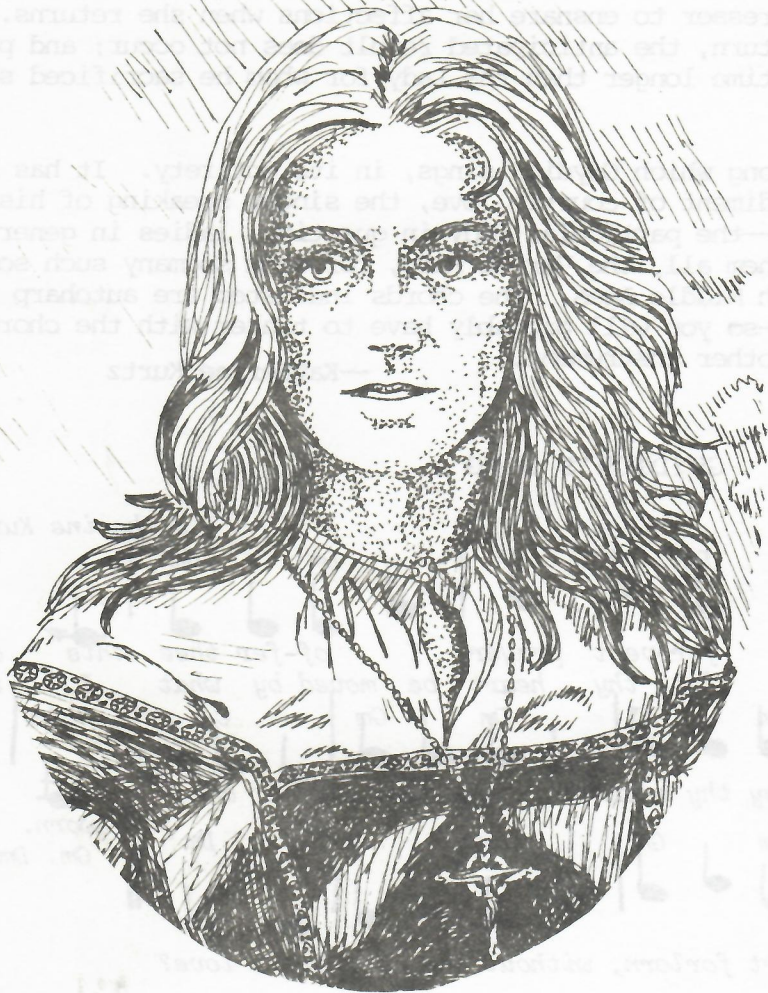
Good La-dy, hear the fer-vent prayer I of-fer thee this day.
As I be-seech, so let thy heart be moved by what I say.

Let not thy glance con-vey thy scorn, if thou de-niest, I am
for-sworn.

What man can live with heart forlorn, without thy gra-cious love?

1. Good Lady, hear the fervent prayer
I offer thee this day.
As I beseech, so let thy heart
be moved by what I say.
Let not thy glance convey thy scorn.
If thou denyst, I am forsworn.
What man can live with heart forlorn,
without thy gracious love?
2. Sweet Lady, do not turn thy face
from mine enraptured eyes.
Thy countenance shines fairer than
the bright, dawn-gloried skies.
Thou art beloved of heaven and earth.
The angels sang thee at thy birth.
All earthly treasures pale in worth
unless I win thy love.
3. O Lady, give me pause to dare
that I might win thy heart.
I'll worship thee through all my years,
till death wrest us apart.
Thou art the flame of my desire.
I'll prove, howe'er thou mayest require,
that mine entreaties will not tire
until I've won thy love.
4. My Lady lifts her eyes to mine.
Her sweet lips move to speak.
She smiles on me--my world is born!
My limbs are sudden weak!
She lays her gentle hand on mine,
in token of her love sublime.
I live! I flourish by this sign!
I've won my Lady's love!

Deryni Spell Song



S. Plonski

Suellen Plonski

When by Mar-luk's e-vil spell King Brion was brought down,
 Morgan it was sent him to hell-- Magic gave Brion his crown--
 Saint Camber watch my bon-nie Lord; Deryni Magic, be his guard,
 I say it now, it is so hard to watch him off to war.

1. When by Marluk's evil spell
King Brion was brought down,
Morgan it was sent him to hell--
Magic gave Brion his crown.

Chorus:

Saint Camber, watch my bonnie Lord,
Deryni Magic, be his guard.
I say it now, it is so hard
to watch him off to war.

2. Kelson and Morgan did stand
against Charissa fair;
Queen Jehana did show her hand
in the circled magic there.

Chorus:

3. "Deryni," Warin made the claim,
"Are of the Devil born."
And so it was by sword or flame
to kill Morgan he had sworn.

No Chorus:

4. "Healing's a gift of God," he felt,
"Magic to Satan is sealed."
His mind was changed when wound he dealt
by Morgan's magic it was healed.

Chorus:

5. Kelson, Morgan, and McLain,
and Bishop Ar'lan good,
together they did prove the bane
when 'gainst Torenth's king they stood.

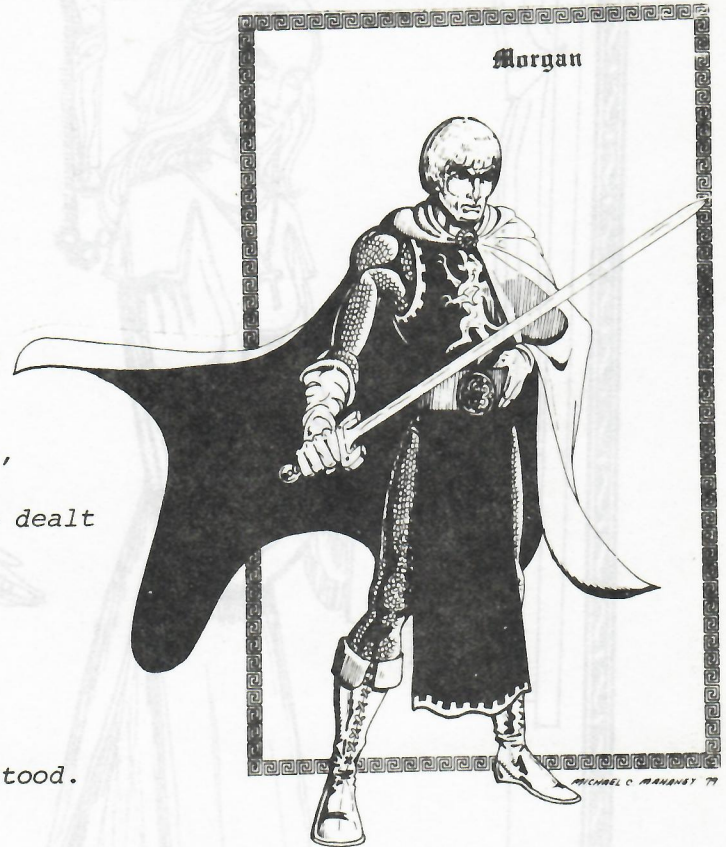
Chorus:

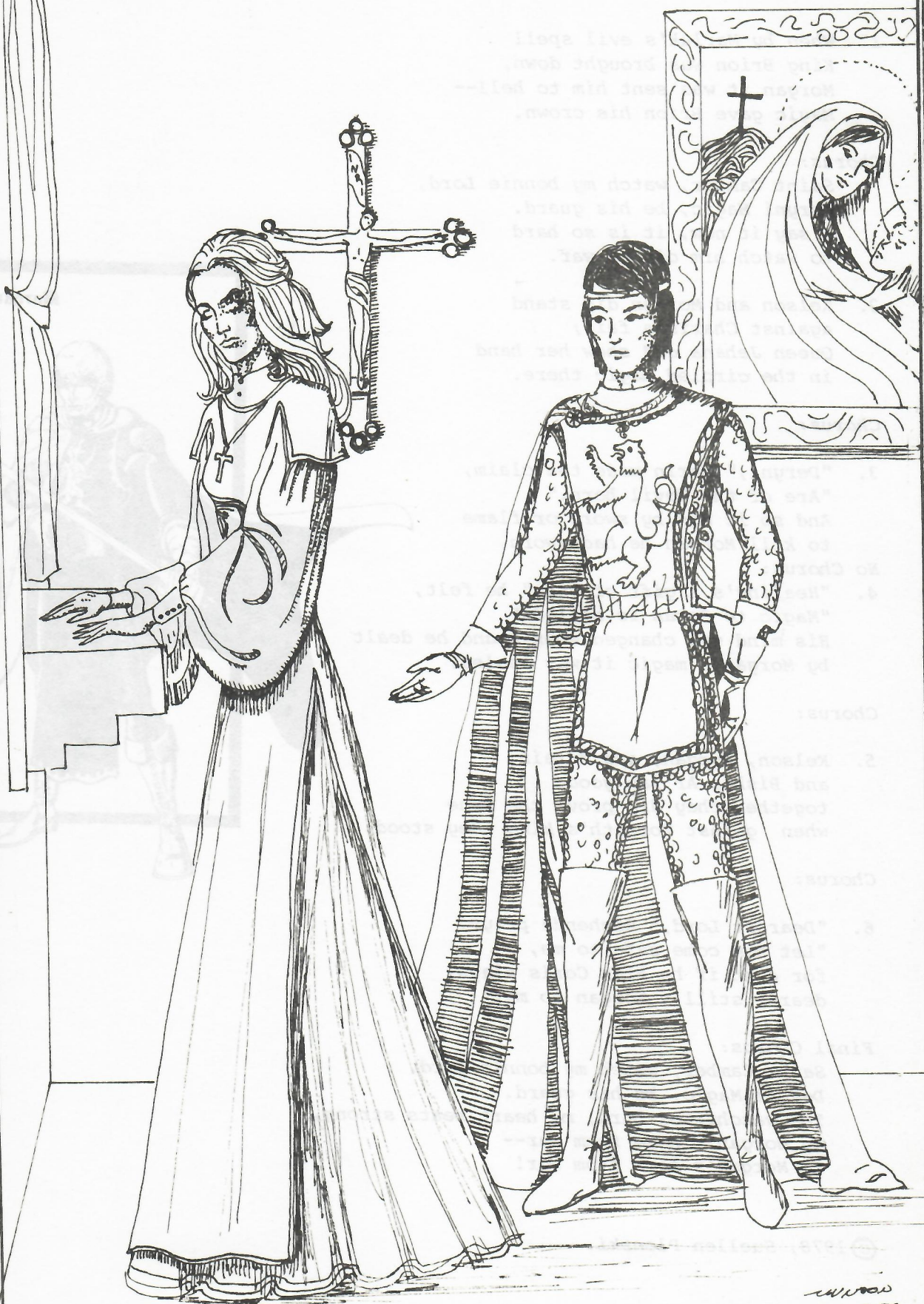
6. "Dearest Lord," Richenda prays,
"Let him come safe to me,
for e'en if he Bran Coris slays,
dearer still's Morgan to me."

Final Chorus:

Saint Camber, watch my bonnie Lord,
Deryni Magic, be his guard.
The watchfires burn, my heart beats strong,
My Morgan's home from war--
My Morgan's home from war!

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Kelson tells
Richenda of
Brian's
defection

W. Wood
2-79



