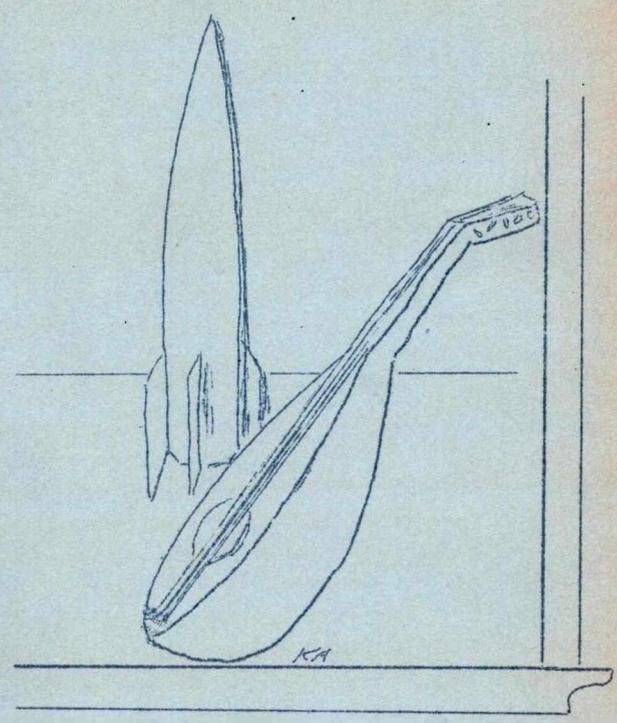


# GOLIARD



If this isn't...

GOLIARD 834

then I don't know what it is.

It is published by Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California, if at all.

I just realized about an hour ago that I need at least one page in the 69th mailing. After I'd typed a few words my shiny electric typewriter lapsed into softly humming catatonia. And I better get this Goliard into Bruce's hands day-after-tomorrow, or else into the mail on the following Monday, to be sure --

"What are you doing with my typewriter?" Astrid asked when she heard its voice. Attempting, daughter mine, to remember where the punctuation marks are. On the machine that was mine for ten years.

Oh, yes. And learning again that the stencil has to be straightened after every line.

#### MAILING CONVERSATION

SPY RAY Liked the Doheug jokes. But you err in attributing the Gallup Poll limerick to me; Poul did it. ... It was good to see you on that quick trip to Washington; apropos of the discussion at Mother's, of the which-books-for-desert-island problem, I recently heard the perfect solution from Tony Boucher: A guaranteed Grimoire.

DINKY BIRD I think your seafarer who woke to find his candle scarcely burnt must be Nornagest, from Johannes V. Jensen's Nobel-prize fantasy/sciencefiction novel The Long Journey. No, I'm not pulling your leg. ... As a Hyborian herald, I approve of your arms but see no need for you to use the lozenge shape. After all, women are active in fandom in their own right; the lozenge bit in mundane heraldry signifies that the woman bears her arms as the wife or daughter of the person they belong to. Femmefans ought to count as shield-maidens. I haven't consulted with the rest of the College on this point, though. ... Since no one has recognized the map I described, I'll identify it now. It's a ROTC-practice map of the bivouac area at Fort Benning. (If anybody thinks I should have used 'an' before 'ROTC' then they must not pronounce it 'Rotcey.')

Something Titled In Kana 32 petals -- isn't that about twice as many as you want on that chrysanthemum? ... In "Come Hither," the ladies you missed are Zamman Tarradang-Pok of the Zone Agent stories and a spaceship captain from Starship Troopers. ... I agree with you re heraldry.

YEZIDEE Gorgeous covers, but I have many nits to pick with the heraldry. I'll be discussing this with you after the G&S on Saturday, I hope. (Let's not let the outsiders know how unsure of the rules we are.)

## A NIGHT AT A CASTLE

I stepped out of The Old Ship into morning sunlight and an unfamiliar landscape, and wondered how long it would take me to find out where/when I was. I didn't worry too much about the next meal; I was full to the guggle with curried chicken. At The Old Ship they have, as the saying goes, as good an idea of breakfast as a Scotchwoman.

By the end of the day, I'd a fairly good idea of my locale, though nothing precise; and I'd found a passable noon meal. It was about time to eat again when I came to the castle.

I was prepared to try the good old scrounge, but a head came out a narrow window and a familiar voice hailed me.

"So-ho there! The very man I've need of! Come up and help!"

And there I was, recruited temporarily into a traveling troupe whose head I'd once worked with. He and Sid Lessingham and I -- but that's another story. This time, what he wanted was stagecrew work. All his crew had drifted away -- not liking the herring circuit -- and he wanted me to keep track of props for the night's show. It was a one-night stand but he wanted to be sure of return engagements. I agreed to help, for the sake of old friendship and the prospect of a meal.

We got to eat before the performance; a good thing, because with all the confusion afterward we might have been forgotten and left hungry. The play was "The Murder of Gonzago," one of those Italian things that were so popular, but we never got to finish it: there was a wild hoo-raw that broke things up completely. I wasn't in the room where they were performing, but in a sort of anteroom that doubled as wings and greenroom, so I never saw what happened.

After the ruckus I helped the troupe re-pack their gear and then we settled down to console each other with the help of an adequate supply of Rhenish. After all, this wasn't the only stop on the herring circuit, and by the time the troupe came back, the whole thing should have been forgotten.

They'd worked harder than I -- after all, I'd stayed backstage -- and I was the last one wakeful. I bade them goodnight when they were reduced to two sleepy roommates whose blankets I was sitting on, and (with a bottle that looked lonesome) went off to the shoebox-size room I'd been given.

By the time I'd sat down I had company, and who but our noble host. I bounced back to my feet and gave him my best bow. He waved me back to my seat with a vague gesture of the goblet he held. My seat was the bed, the only thing in the room to sit on higher than the floor, and he sat on the other end of it.

"I'm glad you're still awake," he said, and drained his goblet. "Have you something in that bottle? Yes --" (as I poured) "I know they say we drink like pigs; but I must drink tonight."

I didn't say anything. It was true they were called the drunkest nation in Europe.

"I tried to pray," he went on with seeming irrelevance. "I could only say words. Words without thoughts. --"

"You're a player and a foreigner. You can listen to me as if it were only a play, something that's no concern of yours. There is no one else for me to talk to -- I cannot pray -- and I am sorely troubled."

"I am sorry, my lord," I answered. "I'll hear you willingly."

"I am guilty -- guilty before God and man. Yet I swear I hoped for no such evil consequence --"

"It befell thus. My present seat was once my brother's. War was his mode of life; he sought only to increase his lands. I think he married only to have an heir. The day of that heir's birth is still chiefly remembered as the date of one of his victories. His aim was always victories -- his wife and son were never important to him.

"I remember how, once, the little boy was allowed to touch for a moment the hilt of his father's conquering sword, then sent away to play with the jester. The boy went, but the jester must be his horse, and the boy with his wooden sword must play at conquering. I know not how often the child, wishing to embrace his father, had only the jester to turn to in his place."

He paused. I made an encouraging mumble and poured for him and myself.

"My brother ever concerned himself with his wars. His son had only the jester for friend; I offered friendship to his wife. Alas for us all that she accepted it; she needed a husband more than he needed a wife. What was born as friendship quickly grew to love.

"Do not think ill of her. She needed love, that only I had shown her. Yes, her son has always loved her, but she needs the love that only a husband offers to a wife.

"And there's my guilt: I killed him for her love."

He paused and I recognized my cue for a sympathetic mumble.

I'd been keeping pace with him in using up that bottle of Rhenish and I remember less detail about the later reaches of the night. But I do remember the main trends. This was how it went. He'd hoped that he'd get away with it after bumping off his brother and marrying the widow. But his nephew, now his step-son, came home from college in high old dudgeon. (I have my own idea about that: he'd always hoped to become better acquainted with his heroic father, and now he'd never get the chance -- and the jester, his surrogate father, had been dead for years -- so he simply couldn't accept his uncle/stepfather as any sort of father-substitute.) At any rate, it was more than this kid could accept, and he'd gone well off his rocker. That was what had broken up the show tonight, as a matter of fact: the kid had gotten an extra speech into the script that amounted to an accusation of his father's murder, and it had hit a very sore spot. He'd then gone off and given his mother a dressing down on the assumption that his murdered father was a close approximation of the Archangel Michael -- he'd seen little enough of his father that he might not have known the difference. I'll grant. Then, to top off an already hectic evening, he had discovered an eavesdropper and killed him with a blind stab in the hope it was his stepfather. The victim was actually a highly-placed courtier.

"He's my own stepson, but what is left to me to do?" (I remember this vividly.) "He kills without looking, and hopes to see me dead. I am bloodguilty, I deserve to die, but what of my wife? My crime was done for her. What of my country -- shall a madman rule? If he should should kill me and succeed me -- no."

And so there I was, in the position of potential accessory before

the fact. I didn't like it.

Only a Delian-darned fool would claim to be expert in Delian law, but I know more than a little of it. This man wasn't going to escape the consequences of one murder by committing another. It would only make things worse. (No, I didn't know what was going to happen. Remember, I hadn't gotten any names, and I was seeing it all wrong-  
end-to; and I'd had more than a little to drink.) Without the benefit of any hindsight whatever, I knew that that particular murder of his had been the wrong way to escape from an admittedly painful situation.

How do you tell a man to stand still and be killed? Answer: you don't. But if you happen to like him, you get away so you won't see what he does to himself and the people around him.

I left in the night -- I couldn't sleep there. I found a fishing boat, left money in its place, and reached the Quesmodian Isles next evening. With Doctor Vandermast's help, a week later in Zayana, I went to Owlswick and took the interurban to Fort Mudge. The Old Ship is just across from the car barns.

#### The End

Here it is Friday now and I have to give this to Bruce tomorrow. Grunch. I have right here beside me a 1330-word essay (it says so in the top corner) that I could copy into this issue. If I did that I wouldn't have six pages of my own work, and I'd have to make it up next mailing. The essay is by Fredric Brown, too. And I have verse by John Myers Myers, and a booklet of Rotsler cartoons already cut even -- NEXT issue will be good. But this issue I'm getting activity requirements out of the way.

I'm not even going to try to write a convention report. It's far too long ago and I didn't keep a notebook. Blast it. However, in spite of not remembering just what all the fun was, I do remember that I had a great deal of fun.

Not long after the convention I did something I should do oftener: wrote to a friend and told him I liked his book. The book is Watchers of the Skies, by Willy Ley, and it's a history of astronomy. If you don't want to buy it (you should, though), at least get it out of the library. I had a quibble with Willy, but he's probably right. Here is his answer:

I am glad you liked Watchers of the Skies. Since this book represents about two and a half years of my life I have the feeling that the world should appreciate this fact. Well, my publisher says it keeps selling; let's hope for one of those slow but steady sales which some of my other books are performing.

You say you recognized Meteor Crater immediately as a ring-wall, -- well, I didn't. I had seen it before from the air where there can be absolutely no mistake, but on the ground I was slow on the uptake. You had one advantage (I think) over me in that you were well acquainted with the shapes of mesas. I wasn't at

the time so the gently sloping walls did not stand out in my mind. But there is another factor, the early travellers who saw Meteor Crater from a distance did not have the concept of a ring-wall in their minds, you had. I feel sure that I wouldn't be fooled a second time, but I was the first time around.

Best wishes to Poul and you

Willy

PS. My absence from the Convention was due to financial reasons, I just could not find anything that could have been combined with this trip. 1964 being an election year where every college gets any number of political speeches free of charge practically killed the lecture season for people who want to get paid.

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CO (NH<sub>2</sub>)<sub>2</sub> on AuH<sub>2</sub>O

-- Dick Eney

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And then there's another chemical Goldwater joke, but I can't remember who I heard it from: "Pa FeS". (The interlined one puns on an organic chemical; the other refers to the nickname of a mineral. Figure them out.) And then there's . . .

Through Space and Time Yet Again With  
Ferdinand Froghoot

Ferdinand Froghoot visited the planet Goldwater in the year locally known as 1864<sup>937</sup>. Although the proclaimed policy of the original settlers was the perpetuation of the year 1864, in the 937 years of its existence the colony had drifted pastward in the focus of their idealism, and Euphuism was then in vogue. They conveniently ignored the fact that their political institutions (such as the television debate) and many of their favorite literary mannerisms were actually from the abhorred twentieth century.

Fascinated by the preciosity that characterized their campaign speeches, Froghoot decided to stay through the presidential campaign, and became acquainted with both candidates. He learned the names of the oratorical ploys that were used (such as the defensive obfuscation, the offensive levity, the defensive profundity, and so on) and was soon respected by both candidates as an acute critic of style.

The candidates had a great deal of respect for each other's ploysmanship in their debates, and so it was all the more surprising that they once nearly came to blows afterward in the studio.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said Froghoot. "This is not seemly!"

"My opponent," said the furious candidate, "in his levity-ploys while on the defensive, used sheer gibberish and stream-of-consciousness! I ask you, Feghoot, is this politics?"

"Come, come, sir!" answered Ferdinand Feghoot. "Remember the words of your political ideal: Streamism in the defensive levity is no vice."