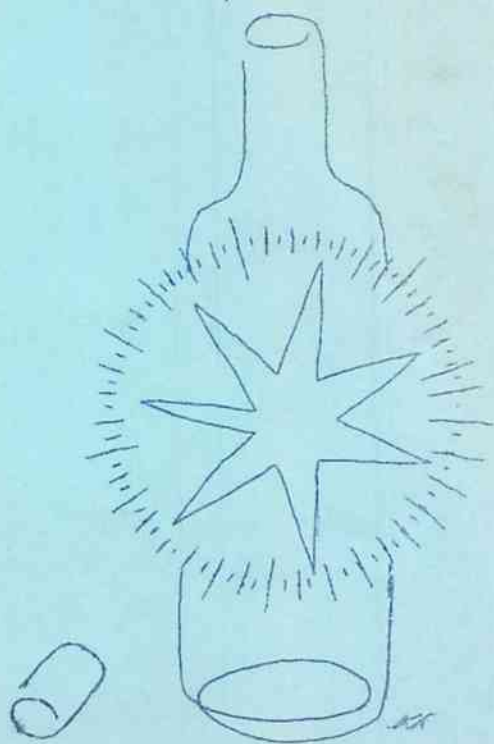


Goliard



Phoebus

Phoebus Apollo, solar god,
Drove the world's first known hot rod.
Clytie, a nymph so young and gay,
Carried the torch for Phoebus A.
But Phoebus drove the sun around
And never glanced down at the ground
Where Clytie watched him, hour on hour,
Till she took root -- became a flower.
P's son, Phaeton, went to far,
Took out his daddy's yellow car
To show the gang he wasn't chicken --
Crashed up and left his family stricken.

Diana

Diana drove an ancient Moon;
She had no use for men or wooin'
She hunted stags with arrow and bow --
A dangerous kind of girl to know.
One night three mortals caught her eye --
She liked them, but was coy and shy --
She doped one, shot one, and the third
She turned into a stag, I've heard.

Pan and Syrinx

A nymph named Syrinx fled from Pan
(A god a lot like Harpo Marx
Except for goat shanks); as she ran
Through forests, meadows, swamps and parks
She prayed the gods to spare her blushes,
Change her to a clump of rushes.
A corny reed is Syrinx yet --
Ancestress of the clarinet;
Pan plucked and blew, inventive woodman,
Progenitor of Benny Goodman.

The Greeks Had

A God For It

by Betsy Curtis

Chaos and Nyx

Before the earth knew shape or form
And all there was was dark and storm,
Chaos and Nyx together reigned
And with night-fighting, storm sustained.
Chaos was lazy, runs the myth --
There was no Jones to keep up with:
Nyx neglected her hair and face --
They didn't never go noplacement.
They didn't know that things were bad
For each was all the other had.

Zeus

Jupiter, Jove (old J. J.) Zeus
The King of the Gods played fast and loose.
No others dared try to be boss
For Zeus had thunderbolts to toss
At those who disagreed with him
Which made their futures somewhat dim.
All held their peace while Zeus held sway
And only murmured, "Yes, J. J."

Athena

Pallas Athena was Greece's grind;
She blessed whate'er improved the mind.
She sprang from a hole in the head of Zeus,
Full-grown, full-armed, full of the deuce,
A headache, midwived by an axe,
Goddess of thought and Queen of facts,
Mother of wisdom, reason, knowledge,
Pragmatress of school and college.

and, so far, three Pursuivants. I'm one of the Queens of Arms and Perdita Boardman the other. I don't know whether the Pursuivants-designate have all three accepted.

We're already finding differences of opinion about the degree of purism we want. For instance, are we to stick to the old rules about what colors may be used? Should a woman use a different shape (though not necessarily a lozenge) instead of a shield? What about quarterings, impalement, and the like?

Eventually, I trust, we'll agree on specified rules, and create Hyborian heraldry as a definite discipline, not just a sloppy imitation of the 'real thing.'

It isn't everybody who gets to invent his own specialty.

"À Londres ou Se Rompre"

Well, I suppose it does sound a little odd to say I want to learn French because I'm planning to go to London. But it's perfectly logical.

We decided last month that we have a reasonably high expectation of getting to the London convention. But there's no point in traveling eight thousand miles for one weekend. We'd want to stay in the area long enough to make it worth while. So -- I want to meet my in-laws in Denmark, and Poul has always wanted to see Norway nad Sweden, and if we take that Yugoslav freighter Andre Simić told us about we can stop by in Prague to see Dr. Nesvadba, and it would be a pity to miss Paris, and we can visit Francois Bordès in Bordeaux -- and --

We plan to spend about three months in Europe. Poul speaks Danish and can get along in German and Norwegian, but his French isn't so good. The only foreign language I know a useful amount of is French. Even in other countries it should be a helpful language to have, in hotels and restaurants especially.

The trouble is, I can read French quite well, but can't write, speak, or understand it spoken. It's like Interlingua, the language everyone can read and no one can speak. I get verb tenses by guesswork and from context as much as from knowledge of the conjugations; I have only the faintest idea of the rules for placing adjectives before and after the nouns they modify; and as for prepositions -- well, it was just last night that I learned the rule about the distinction between masculine and feminine nations in choosing the preposition to express in or to. No kidding. And then there's a third preposition for in, at, or to a city. Why didn't I learn this in college? I guess because I was too busy helping second-year students translate Racine. You see, I had the background of six years in high school Latin and Spanish. I could understand French so easily that I got good grades without learning the rules.

Now I'm learning the rules, using my old textbook, and I've also ordered (from the library) a set of records so that I can learn what the language really sounds like.

Londres, me voici venir!

Goliard 835

Published by Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California, 94563, and postmailed to the 109th mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Society, November 1964.

I'd intended to get this into the mailing, but I'm very good at dragging my feet and it was suddenly too late. Tomorrow is the deadline -- no, day after -- but I'd have to send it airmail. And hurry, too. I don't feel like hurrying.

I got a very upsetting thing in the mail, so upsetting that I put in a little time trying to prove it was a hoax. I refer to "The Day It Rained Blood." So far as I can determine, it was stenciled on the same typewriter as the last Fapazine Janke published, and so as far as I can tell Janke really published it. (Ouch, what a clumsy sentence!) Apparently he wants to resign from the human race, and can't think of a better way of doing it than resigning from FAPA. References to such things as the risk of "contamination from Johnson voters" and the opinion that "(you) very probably devour ~~(your)~~ own young" seem too ludicrous to be meant seriously. I thought, for that reason, that this thing might be a hoax. I still hope it turns out to be one.

I had my own disappointments over the outcome of the election. The worst was a state constitutional amendment that I'd thought was backed only by realtors and such. This amendment repealed a state law against discrimination in housing, and forbade the enactment of any further such laws. It was passed almost as overwhelmingly as Goldwater was defeated, and ~~Pierre~~ Salinger probably lost his seat in the Senate because of his opposition to it. (Senator-elect Murphy didn't commit himself.)

And now the rainy season has come, the grass on the hills is sprouting like Tammuz reborn; this is normally a season almost as reviving as spring. There are roses in bloom and the new grass is four inches high today. But today is midway between the third and the twenty-second.

Winter rain brings grass
And landsellers pass their law.
The slain king lies dead.

There was another item in today's mail whose almost total lack of contact with reality makes it a refreshing change. This was a communication dealing with the Royal College of Herald's of the Hyborian Legion, a body recently set up by George Scithers in his capacity as Royal Executioner. For those of you who don't know what the Hyborian Legion is -- well, briefly, it's a group of people most of whom are fans of Robert E. Howard, and all are interested generally in swords-and-sorcery. The College of Herald's has two Queens of Arms

A TRUE HISTORY OF THE DOMESTICATION OF THE HORSE

BY POUL ANDERSON

Ugh, son of Oof, son of Ouch, looked at the plow. The plow looked back at him. For some time neither one said anything. Then Ugh scratched his head.

"I tell you, neighbor," said his sometime friend Wearylegs, son of Slow Walker, son of Swift Runner, "no good will come of these here new-fangled inventions."

"Oh, yes, it will," said Ugh. "Look, we've been scratching our fields with sticks to loosen the ground since nobody knows when. Now I've invented this gimmick which'll do it twice as fast and three times as easy. Only thing is, I haven't got anything to pull it."

"No good will come of these new-fangled gadgets," insisted Wearylegs. "Why, this here bow and arrow, now, I tell you, it's dangerous!"

"Why is it dangerous? What is there in its workings that makes it dangerous, huh?"

"I don't know. You know as well as I do the process is secret. Don't talk too much about it, or--" Wearylegs looked over his shoulder and whispered-- "you'll be up before the Committee on Un-Mesopotamian Activities."

"The bow and arrow," said Ugh firmly, "is a great boon to mankind. It will end war by making it so horrible that no one will fight any more."

"Anyway, what use is this here gadget of yours if you ain't got anything to pull it?"

"Oh, I'll find something," said Ugh. His eyes gleamed and he snapped his fingers. "Why, I know what! My wife!"

He hollered for his wife and all three of them hurried out of the hut. Grabbing one, he tied a rope around her neck, the other end to the gadget, and cracked a thong over her head. "Git-up!" he said.

The gadget started slowly across the fields. Presently his wife turned blue in the face and collapsed.

"Goddam malingerer," said Ugh.

"Try an ox," suggested Wearylegs.

"You think I want to choke my good oxen?" cried Ugh indignantly. "I'm a humane man, I am."

"An ox," said Wearylegs, "has broad shoulders that can stand the strain. I think I'll make me one of those what-you-call-'ems and hitch an ox to it."

"Absolutely impractical," snorted Ugh. "Look, I can prove it haruspically --"

Wearylegs scuttled off and in a few days was to be seen working his fields with a gimmick to which he had hitched an ox. It went fine.

"Bah," said Ugh. That ox'll drop dead one of these days. Mark my words."

Before long, everybody in the neighborhood was doing the same thing. Everybody but Ugh. He wandered morosely out to his pasture and looked at his animals. "There must be something more useful than an ox," he

said.

He caught a sheep and hitched it to his gadget. That night he had mutton for supper.

He tried a pig. That night he had pork. On successive nights he had dog, chicken, goose, and turtle. Finally, in sheer desperation, one windy day he rigged a pole on his gimmick with a big square of hide attached. That didn't work either. "Oh, well, fap," he said.

A passing trader noticed this and went home and invented the sailboat.

One day a hunter brought home a live horse. Ugh's eyes lit with a gleam of interest and he traded a spare child for it. There was quite a hubbub involved in hitching the horse up, but when at last he managed it the horse ran away.

"Hey!" cried Ugh, and ran after it.

Several miles later, he ran down the horse and brought it back. He was smiling happily. At last he had something which could pull his whatzit. Or, rather, his plow, as Wearylegs called it on the reasonable ground that it looked like a plow.

Nobody else plowed with horses, but Ugh continued to do so all his life. This was only one of his eccentricities. It was repeatedly pointed out that the horse was only good for skinning and eating, that it was not nearly the draft animal an ox was, and that no good would come of these new-fangled notions. By and large, the neighborhood opinion, now that a reasonable harness had been perfected, was about evenly divided between the ox and the wife. An ox was stronger, to be sure; on the other hand, it was harder to train and direct, and could not be used to bear children. To this the ox-party, or Oxonians, replied that a woman, after all, rarely bore calves.

The asterisks denote the passage of some centuries.

* * *

Boom begot Bang, who begot Crash, who begot Roar, who begot Fizzle. Fizzle was an undersized and impractical sort who was rapidly reduced to sharecropping. He couldn't afford an ox or a wife, so he plowed with a skinny old horse. He rarely tasted meat, except on feast days when donkeys were ceremonially slaughtered and everyone was invited to come have a piece of ass.

Now it came to pass that as the king grew old, he also grew exceedingly fat, until at last he could hardly walk and had to be carried by ten slaves in an extra-large litter. His son finally got tired and staged a rebellion, and the king fled in his litter with only the porters. By the time they reached Fizzle's humble hut the slaves were exhausted.

"Quick, man, you've got to save me!" cried the king. "Hide me before my beloved son tracks me down!"

"Why, what will he do to you?" asked Fizzle.

"He'll eat me, of course. Now hide me, my loyal subject, or else!"

The king tried to crawl into the hut, but got stuck in the doorway. More time was lost tearing down the wall to free him.

"Best you flee, sire," said Fizzle.

"My slaves are too winded to make any speed. What shall I do?"

After a moment's thought, Fizzle, who was not without ingenuity, had the legs knocked off the litter so that it stood flat on the ground.

Then he put the usual rollers under it for moving heavy loads and hitched his horse in front. The king sat down again and the litter proceeded on its way, with Fizzle and the slaves working like hell to pick up the rollers and lay them in front again.

"This is kind of tiresome, ain't it?" asked one of the slaves.

"It is at that," said another. "Let's go home."

So they all did. Fizzle himself couldn't pick up the rollers fast enough to make much speed. The king bemoaned the fact that his goddam idiot of a loyal subject didn't have an ox, which would be strong enough to pull the litter unaided.

"You know," said Fizzle, "I've been thinking. I have an idea."

"If you save me," said the king, "you shall have four of my daughters, half the kingdom, and a barrel of wine. Oh, yes, and an ox."

"It's not much of an idea," said Fizzle humbly. He took the ax he had always carried. The king thought that that was a rather bright idea, and shrank in terror.

However, Fizzle, who was not very smart, merely got out a saw as well and sawed four discs out of the rollers. He pegged them together two by two with shafts, which he fastened with leather straps beneath the litter.

By this time the usurper was in sight, coming down the road as fast as he could run, with a troop of soldiers after him. "Ah, father, dear father," he cried joyously; "I am so hungry for a sight of you!"

"Git-up," said Fizzle.

The litter rolled off and left the enemy far behind.

"That," said the king, "is a wonderful example of the Mesopotamian ingenuity and know-how which has made this country great."

"I wish we had an ox," said Fizzle.

They went into a neighboring country, where the exiled king got help by promising the monarch half the kingdom, four of his daughters to wife, a barrel of wine, and an ox. They invaded and won the throne back. Fizzle was not very bright, but he was wise enough not to say anything. Instead he worked on his invention till it was good enough for him to start a hauling company. In time he had earned enough to buy an ox.

More centuries pass.

* * *

There was a hunter in Scythia whose name was something quite unpronounceable. He was a prosperous man, with many good axes and bows and spears, several fine tents, a roomy sod hut, a hundred blankets, three or four wives, twenty or thirty sons, and other kinds of wealth. His sons were all fine, enterprising young men who could run down a wild horse, bash in a foeman's skull before their own got battered up, and in general conduct themselves most virtuously and graciously. All, that is, but a certain one of them, a corpulent young fellow who was completely worthless. He couldn't run worth a damn except when an enemy was charging him, he snoozed during hunts, and had not stoled more than three wives in his life.

"You'll come to no good end," said Something Quite Unpronounceable. "I'm sure it's from you mother's side. Let's see now -- just who is your mother, anyway?"

The young man grinned and went on preparing a meal. He disgraced

the family further by going in for the culinary arts, which was woman's work to begin with and not something to bother with in the second place. Being so lazy, and at the same time so fond of eating, he had invented delicate dishes which stimulated the appetite -- such as, for example, fleas mashed in a sauce of vinegar and horse blood and delicately sprinkled with sand.

Oddly enough, this achievement was destined to live after him. His brothers scornfully called them "Out of Work," and the name traveled westward to Gaul, where in time it was translated into French.

Now one day Something Quite Unpronounceable kicked his worthless son out of the house and told him not to come back until he had run down a horse -- no, we mean it the other way around. He slouched away till he came to a grove of trees and, for fear of wolves, climbed up in one of them and went to sleep. Presently he had a nightmare and rolled out of the tree. A wild horse happened to be beneath. When our hero landed on its back, it began to run like hell, and there was nothing to do but hang on. In time the horse was exhausted and slowed to a walk.

"Hmm," said the young man. "This beats using my own feet."

When he dismounted, he tied up the horse and sat down. He got up again rather quickly.

He looked hungrily at the horse and whetted his knife. Then it occurred to him that after all, there were plenty of other horses around, and if he ate this one he'd soon be back where he started. So instead he invented a bridle, and also folded his blanket over the horse's back and tied it there.

A few weeks later he rode home again, somnolently nibbling a haunch of horse and leading several captured animals. "Well, pop," he said, yawning, "I done it."

"That's no fair!" stormed Something Quite Unpronounceable. "I told you to run 'em down, not ride 'em down! This younger generation! Soft and lazy and materialistic -- why, if the gods had intended us to ride around like that, we'd be centaurs."

Most of the brothers agreed with the old man. However, there were a few lazy bums who took to riding horses. Before long they'd hunted down all the vigorous, energetic people and killed them.

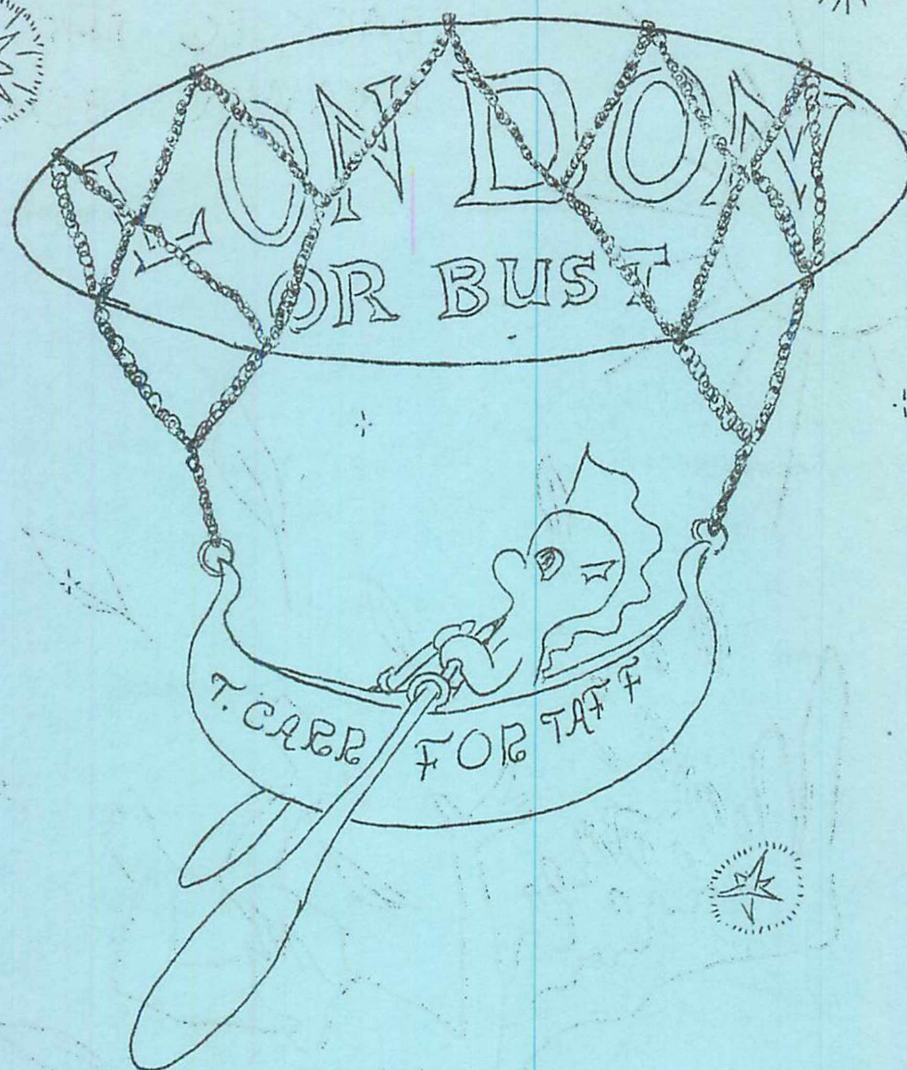
A few objected that riding made women bowlegged. This was countered with a utilitarian observation, and the custom spread.

More centuries pass.

There was another Scythian, many generations later, who was a hell of a poor rider. He would have been killed in battle long ago, except that he usually fell off a horse just as the enemy was taking a swipe at him. After cogitating awhile, he invented stirrups. The good riders laughed at him for these artificial aids, but there were some poor riders who took up the idea. Before long they'd hunted down all the good riders and killed them.

Some centuries later, in the Dark Ages, there was another farmer who was so lazy and shiftless that he could't afford an ox and had to make do with a horse for a draft animal. He invented the horse collar, plowed ten times as much land, became wealthy, went into moneylending, and in time squeezed out all his thrifty, hardworking neighbors.

About this time, too, somebody robbed a king and had to ride like



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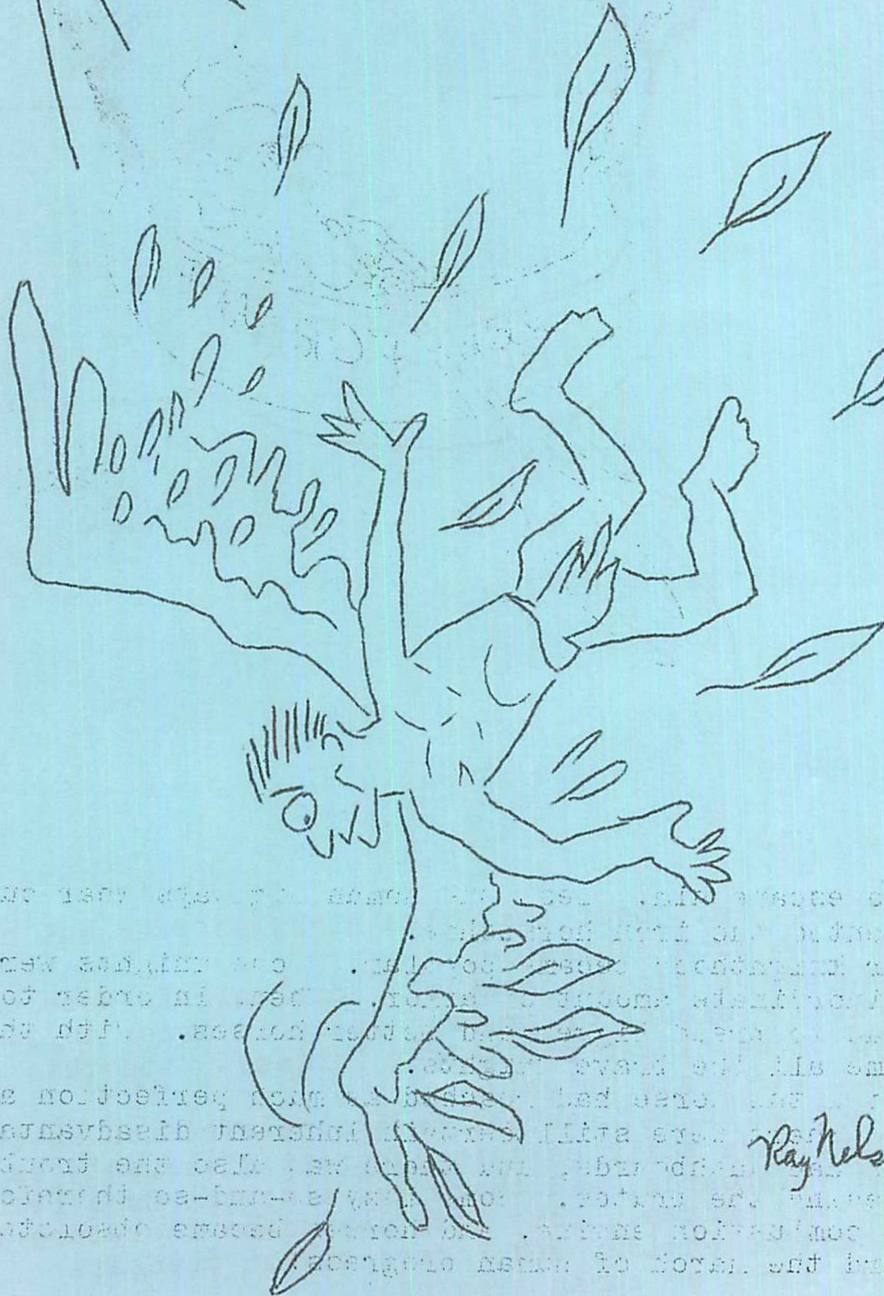
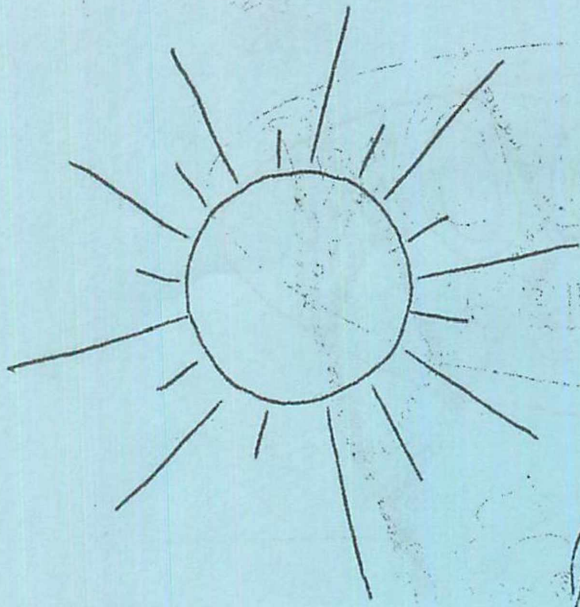
hell to escape him. Lest the Roman highways wear out his horse's hoofs, he invented the iron horseshoe.

Later knighthood became popular. Some knights were cowardly, and put on an inordinate amount of armor. Then, in order to move about at all, they had to breed bigger and better horses. With this asset they soon overcame all the brave knights.

In time the horse had reached as much perfection as the horse can reach. There were still certain inherent disadvantages, which is why buggies had dashboards, and there was also the trouble of caring for and feeding the brutes. Some lazy so-and-so therefore invented the internal combustion engine, and horses became obsolete.

Onward the march of human progress!

"BACK TO THE OLD DRAWING BOARD"



Ray Nelson

BY JOHN MYERS MYERS

Why Jennie Stole the Glass Eye

A Proofreader's Authentic Report
as to How Phoenix Became Capital
of Arizona Territory, A. D., 1899

When Tucson and Prescott set the civic pace
BOTH BY TURNS WERE ----- capitals
though now in ----- lower case
But Prescott started hogging the government shack
And Tucson couldn't make her ----- } move it back,
Largely because of a talented solon,
And these were his characteristics ----- : colon
He'd a silver tongue, a cheek of brass,
One sheep's eye ----- ↑ comma
And one of glass,
Which he thought ----- (x) broken letter
You'd think was real.
And that was his Achilles heel.
Now Prescott hadn't learned the danger
That lyes ----- sp? check spelling
In a dog in the manger;

For Tucsonites, failing to win the crown,
Said, "If we can't have it, ^{let's} ----- bring it down
To Phoenix, back her with our votes,
And scuttle Prescott ^X ----- " close up quotes.
Desiring yet to do as planned,

They----- ^I boost it
Feared the Prescott band,
For its orator seemed one too many
Till someone thought of ^X ----- M dash
Jennie,

Whose views were broad and whose charms were myriad;
Not Grundy's choice, but Don Juan's ^X ----- © period
She had a most alluring laugh -----
And an eye for a dollar. ^R ----- new paragraph.

When Jennie smiled so ----- in italic,
She could make a granite Indian phallic,
So it was a cinch to arouse the satyr
In a certain ----- bf Bold Face
Legislator,

^XWho wondered if she could be ----- □ indented,

Though he proclaimed himself contented

If she would sight-see after dark;

And did she like cocktails ^X ----- ? question mark

Well, after they had shot the breeze,

He hinted ^X her ^X ----- () parentheses

Could furnish guidance^{to} his ----- ^ caret;

He had a pillow, and he'd share it;

Though he could not sleep very late

Because of the ----- caps

Great debate,

At which he'd shine, as in the past,

And hold ----- no cap.

The capital fast

In Prescott. Jennie hesitated,

Reminding him ----- not hyphenated

That a girl has just oneX ----- * asterisk.

But then her mood changed, in-a-whisk,

She whispered he'd be ----- underlined.

So Tucson JennieX ----- & ampersand

Her wooer peeled for slumberland,

So = ----- hyphenated

Called, that is.

Her back seemed turned

And he'd turned his;

So just before he doused the lamp

To keep ----- wf wrong font

His glass eye damp,

He dropped it in a glass of water,

Unseen, he thought . . . ----- dots

Having caught her

By charmX ----- / and or

His eloquence,

Plus having gone to some expense,

He yearned to ----- justify
His courting, -----
Though she seemed ignorant of sporting.
At 1st ----- spell out
Not catching on,
She picked up tricks, and came the dawn,
His 'nibs' ----- use single quotes

Her tutor,
Had no complaints that she was neuter.
For Tucson Jennie double-checked that solon
Until his x ----- ! exclamation point
Became a x ----- ; semi-colon.
And then sleep whammed him on the head;
At which x time ----- ○ close up
Out of bed
Slipped Tucson's winsome, wayward daughter,
And fom ----- insert an 'R'
The water,
She took the eye;
And, even worse,
She thne ----- ↵ transposed
It to her purse.

There's very little more to tell:

For Tucson ----- # space here
All went well,
As vanity's ----- ∇ apostrophe
Kept Prescott's shield in Coventry,

Where brokenly he oft repeated,

"Oh, I'm the one that got ~~xxxxx~~ ----- 8 deleted!"

Ynd ----- 6 upside down,

In his default

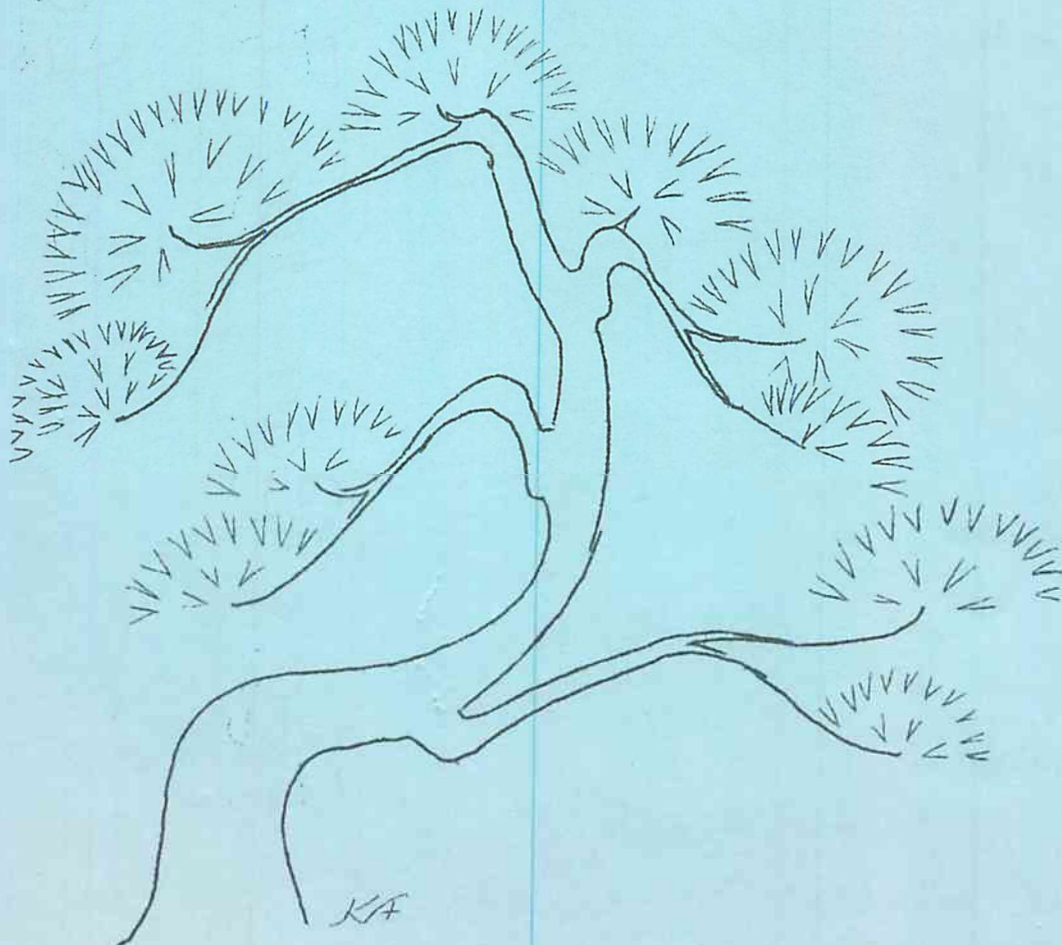
The town of Phoenix, on the Salt,

Was capital of the Territory;

And that is } ----- run down

End of Story.

John Myers Myers
Serf to Clio and
Gutenberg, world
without end.



Jerry Carr for JAFF

London Or Bust

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