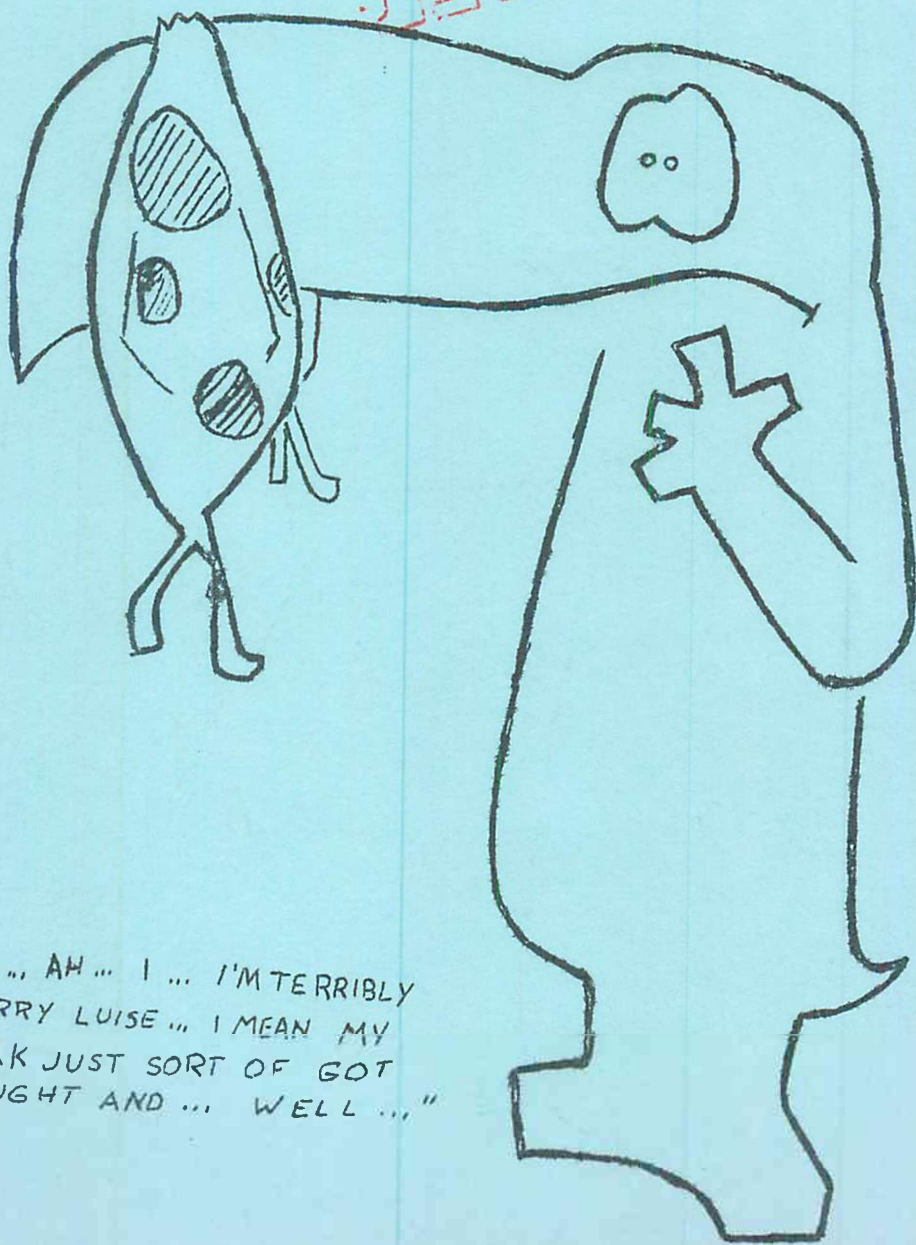


Goliard

840
FAPA

EDITION

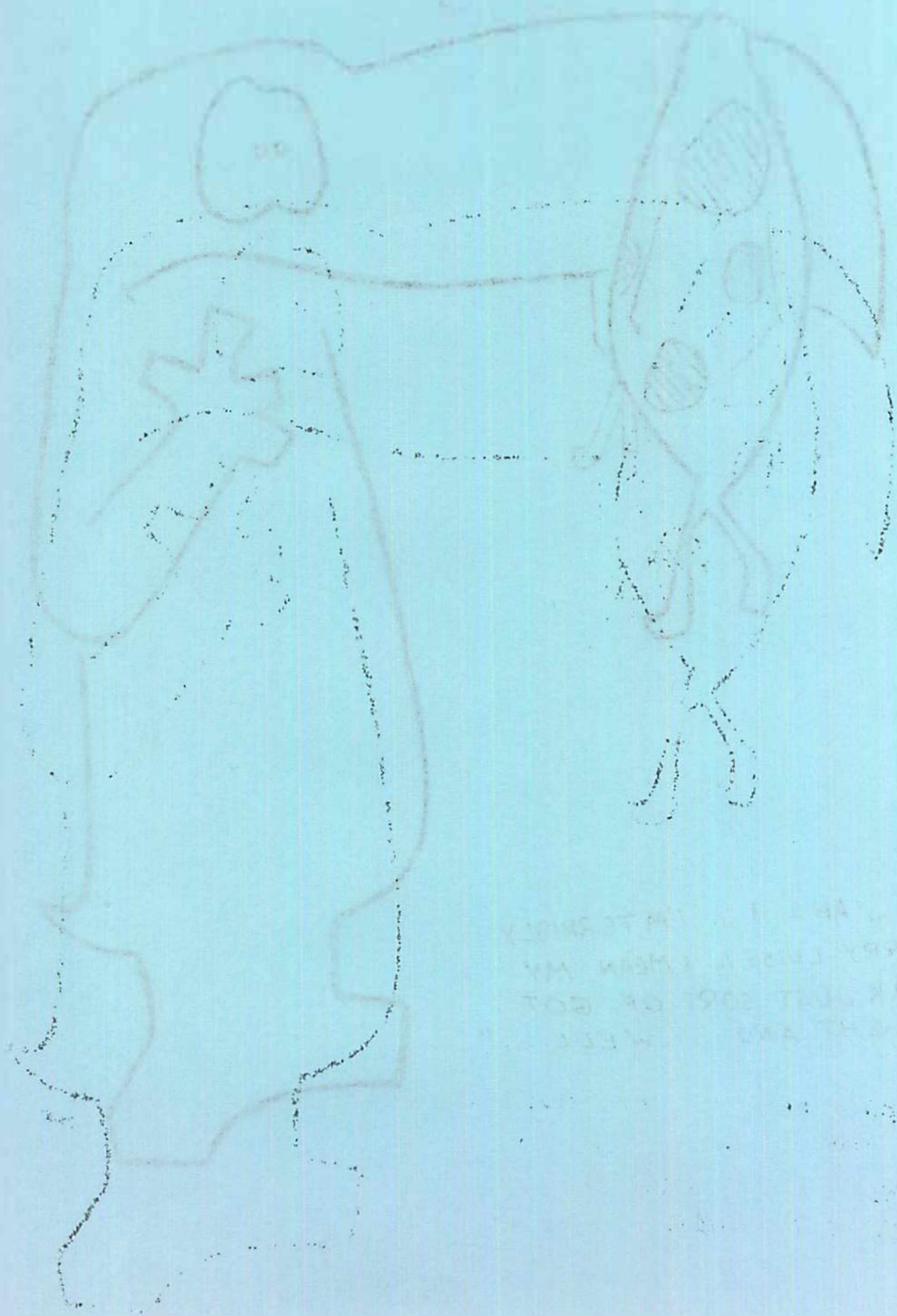


"ER ... AH ... I ... I'M TERRIBLY
SORRY LUISE ... I MEAN MY
BEAK JUST SORT OF GOT
CAUGHT AND ... WELL ..."

LETTER

Colours

W. H. H. H.



BE A LITTLE
SWEET LITTLE
TOO AND YOU
WILL

Goliard 840

is published for the October
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Amateur Press Society by Karen

Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda California 94661

Cover of this issue is by Johnny Chambers. Inside: Bjo, Rots-
ler, Luise Petti and more Chambers.

IT WAS THAT KIND OF YEAR

The last six months or so have been pretty hectic, what
with something like four times the usual number of conventions
and the foofaraw that goes with them. Out here on the West Coast
it isn't possible to attend a convention every month, like I hear
tell you can back East. There are three possibilities, and two
of them are one-convention-only seturs. (Good grief. I'm using
film plus carbon sheet, and that key punched a hole right through
to the carbon.) First, the Worldcon might be on the West Coast;
in this case there's no separate Westercon. Second, the Worldcon
can be too far away -- or I should say, we might be too broke.
I get only a Westercon then. Finally, we may feel rich and go
to both.

But this year . . . cccchhh.

To start with, I went to Washington to help my mother re-
arrange her apartment, and discovered after I'd been there ten days
that there was about to be a Disclave. Next came the Wester-
con, which took us about two weeks because we had to do some
visiting in LA, San Diego, etc. After that, the grand double-header
header: Tricon and the Milford conference. Arrived in Ohio four
days early to see Poul's brother and sister-in-law, also his mo-
ther who was there at the time. After the Tricon, a quick visit
to my mother and then eight days at Milford. Two days in New
York to see editors and suchlike. And crammed in between all
this, a few goodies like two tournaments (the swords are all
wooden), Gilbert'n'wotsisname parties, meetings of the MWA and
the Scowlers and the Little Men ---

Just when the hell did I find time to make those eleven jars
of apple jélly?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, A TOURNAMENT PERMIT?

At the time that I was in Washington, the Berkeley Society
for Creative Anachronism held its first tournament. It was a
small affair, and took place in Diana Paxson's back yard in
Berkeley. I heard later that Diana had called up the fuzz and
asked them if she needed a permit to do this. They must have
been pretty croggled at somebody around the campus asking per-
mission for anything. Anyway, it must have been quite a success,
because they started making bigger plans for the next one. I'd
have been there if I'd been in town; as it was, only Astrid
went -- in her Lucy of Narnia costume, medieval dress being

required. And so when the date^{for the next} was announced, I got busy with this and that to fix up my Queen Titania costume -- the one I wore at the Detroit masquerade (1959) -- with the addition of a black satin tabard blazoned with a gold lion. After all, I'm the chief herald of Aquilonia. But the big surprise was Poul. He hates masquerades, but it seems he's had some dormant Viking impulses all this time. He decided to get out there and bash people with a battle-axe. (A wooden "blade" on a piece of aluminum pipe.) So he fixed himself up, mostly without my help, as "Sir Bela of the Marches" who'd heard of armor but never seen any. Mostly it was fakery -- his "byrníe" was a heavy sweater sprayed with aluminum paint -- but his helmet, under the papier-mâché and whatnot, was a good solid motorcycle helmet. The visor was cut out of an old aluminum cookie sheet.

The tournament was held in a tree-surrounded greensward in Joaquin Miller Park, in the hills behind East Oakland. It was a lovely site; there were no reminders of the twentieth century worth mentioning. (Such as a public toilet within a quarter of a mile. And me in a trailing dress: thank goodness I didn't have to make the hike.) There were two prizes to be contended for besides the fighting: one for best costume and one for best presentation. The latter went without question to the Consortium Antiquum, a group who play medieval music and use only medieval instruments. But the prize for best costume was something else again. I was a judge, along with Walter and Marion Breen, and I hope I'm never silly enough to agree to judge costumes again. We finally decided on Sir Henrik the Dane -- Henrik Olsgaard -- because, although his outfit was not so beautiful as one or two others, he'd made most of it himself (including things like belt buckles) and it had a feel of authenticity.

The fighting was done with an assortment of specially made nonlethal imitations of weapons: sword, mace, morning-star, and axe. A few of the fighters had helmets; there were also some fencing-masks available. Owen Hannifen and Ken de Maiffe were undefeated until they fought each other; Ken won the match and the tournament.

And the next morning we left for the Westercon.

VIVAN ZAPATOS!

We got to San Diego with equal parts visiting people and car trouble, finally arriving on the car's last gasp. We gave it to the local British Motors repair shop and settled back to let the Edmondsons drive us around. For instance, to T-Town.

I was a little hesitant about actually saying I wanted to see Tijuana -- I last saw the place thirteen years ago and it was pretty grubby -- but I said Astrid, at least, should have a chance. Turns out that Carmen Edmondson likes to buy her meat there -- it's cheaper and just as good -- and G. C. gets gas there at a considerable saving. So off we went.

The place is still pretty grubby. But it's a lot bigger; there's a wide selection of almost anything that's available at all, and since it's a free port there are really fine Euro-

pean goods: English woollens, French perfumes, and the like. I could have spent several hundred dollars there with no trouble at all. (Except -- uh, what's the duty-free limit for day trips? Anyhow, not that high.)

All I actually bought (besides some spices) was a pair of boots. (My dictionary is a little confusing about whether they could actually be called zapatitos or not.) They're lovely things, the leather thick enough to be strong but not stiff, and scrolled all over with a flower-and-leaf design that seems to be partly carved and partly burnt. When I bought them they were light cream color, but since they've been wet by two oceans and several rainstorms. They're a sort of light orange-tan just now. I'll try to lighten them; failing that, I'll try to get them good and dark.

We enjoyed a relaxed couple of days with the Edmondsons, then went over to the Stardust for the convention.

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, FRED PATTEN

I won't go into the full horrors of the management of the Starcr*p. I'll just say that what Fred had to say in last mlg's Mistily Meandering is a fair sample of the truth. I must say we enjoyed ourselves during the banquet, though. We and the Johnstones sat there making fun of the food, and laughed ourselves silly. I wish I could remember some of those immortal lines; but out of context they'd probably fall flat.

This Westercon was overrun with various kinds of cards. Jack Harness had made up some dozen or sixteen, mimeo'd on one sheet of paper to be cut apart. Johnny Chambers' Little Green Dinosaur was handed around, also a big green tyrannosaur, and a card that said "There is not a little green dinosaur on the other side of this card." On the other side was a little PINK dinosaur with wings. A couple of Angelenos wore cards saying "Not a Bus Driver"; they handed out slips of paper and said "This is not a transfer." The slip of paper was a tract beginning "Transfer so as to reach Heaven. . ." (All going back to a LASFan's noticing a sign on a street in LA that said NOT A BUS STOP.)

I've got slathers and slathers of pictures here that I had done for me or else (mainly the Chambers ones) grabbed when nobody was looking. They're mainly self-explanatory, and besides I only need five pages of original text here and I still have the Tricon, the Milford Conference, and another tournament to cover.

Oh yes -- just one more thing. I'd picked up picture by a sixth-grade Orinda boy (the bank was having a kids' art show) and so I took it to the Westercon with my. To my delight, it won first place in the Children's Division. Jumping ahead for a moment here, I also took it to the Tricon, where it also won first prize. The boy's name is Bruce Elmer; when you hear that name again, remember who Discovered him.

And now, on to the pictures -- and the cards. (All ^{CARDS} are by Jack Harness.)

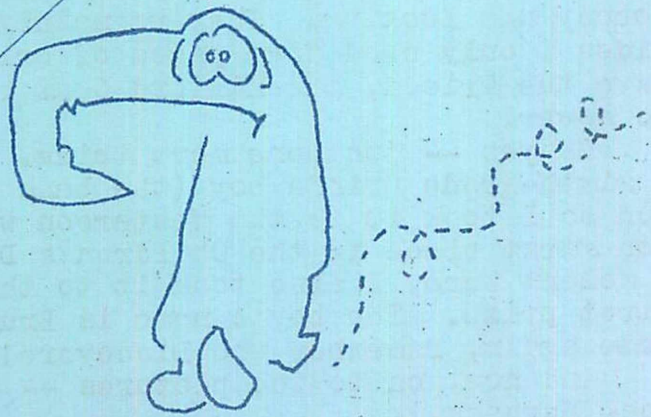


REALLY SIR! I'M JUST
SELLING RAFFLE TICKETS!

THIS IS
NOT BUS FARE

AND THEN BJO SAID THEY NEEDED A
STAPLE-REMOVER IN THE ART SHOW
... ORK! I FEEL LIKE A ROTSLER
CARTOON!

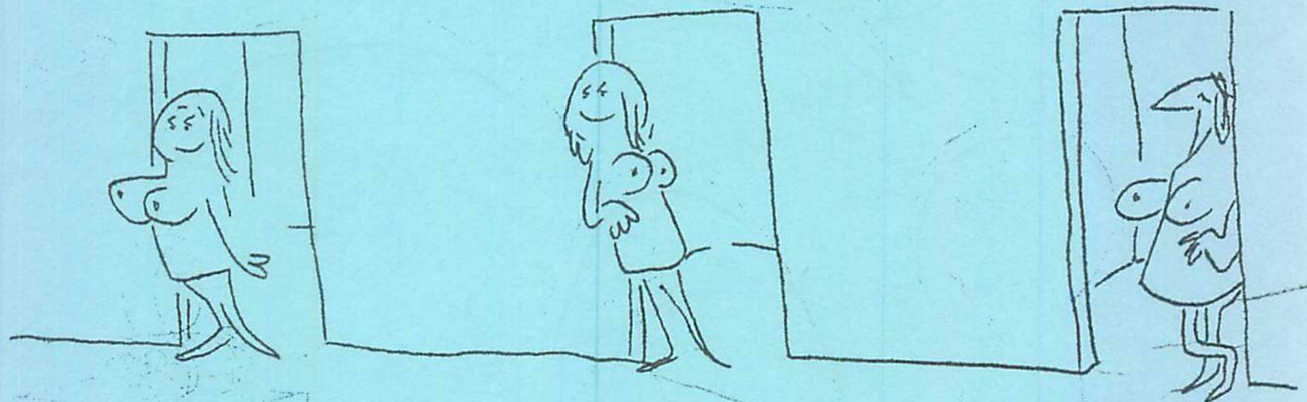
MY
CARD



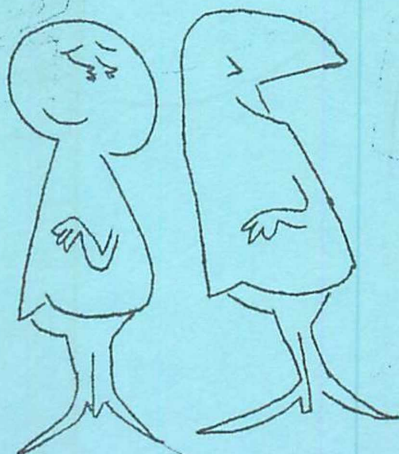


WALK
UP
FOR
LOWER
PRICES

Stardust Motel



Rogers



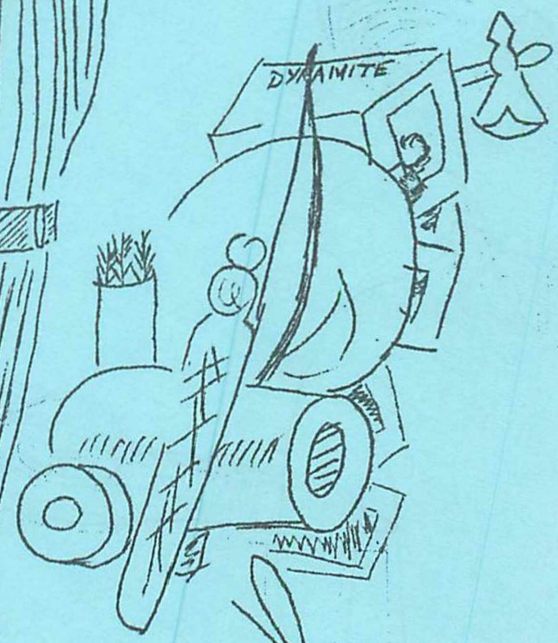
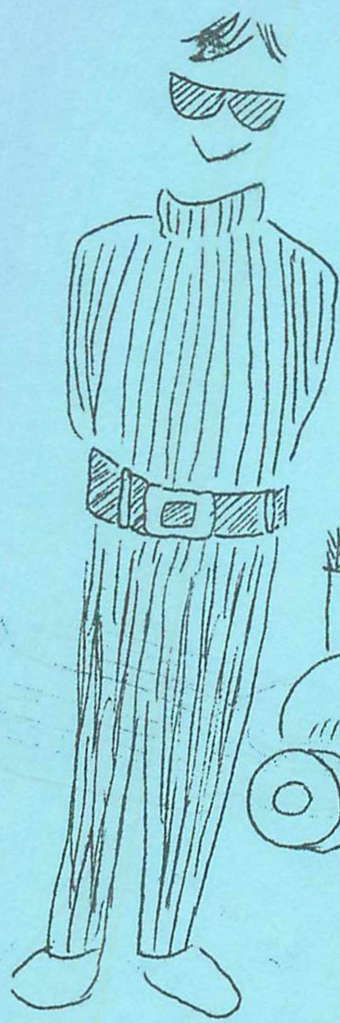
SAY, MAYBE SID
ROGERS WAS RIGHT
ABOUT THIS PLACE!

GOOD FOR ONE
SOLAR SYSTEM
AT YOUR NEAREST DEALER

IT'S HARLAN'S
LUGGAGE



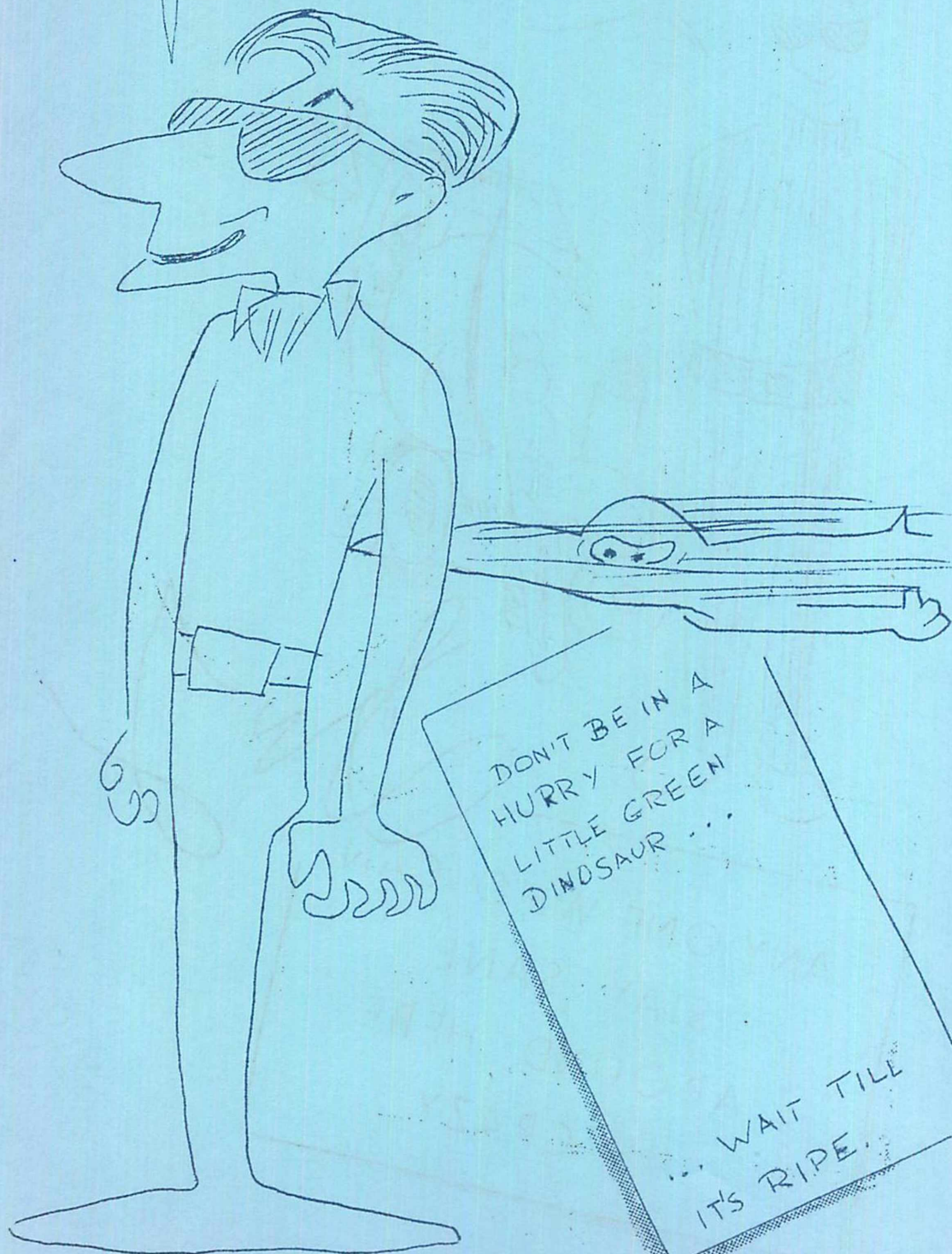
THEY'RE THE TOOLS
OF MY TRADE

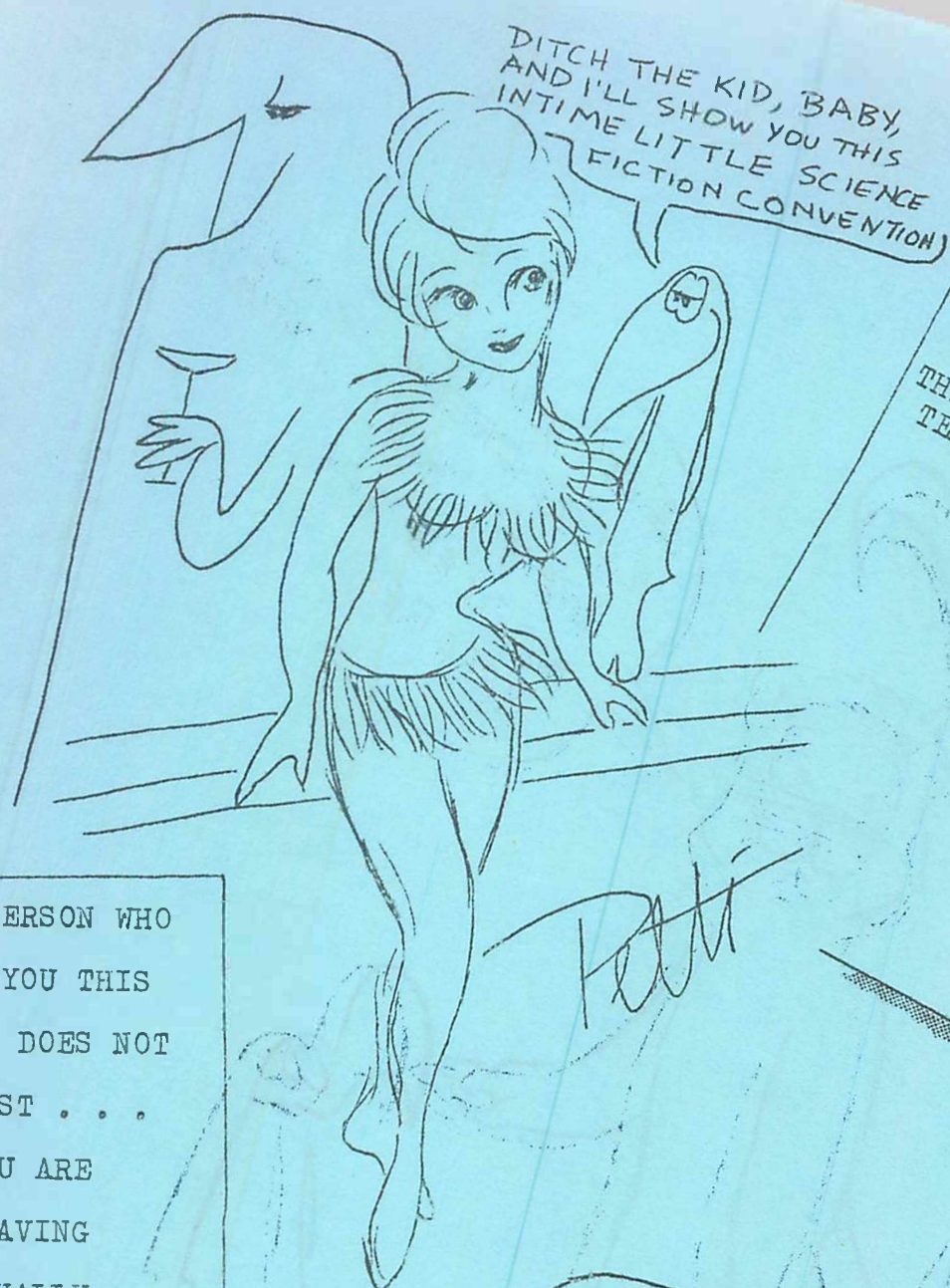


[Handwritten signature]

ANY ONE WHO CAN
STAY SANE
AROUND HERE
IS CRAZY

I JUST DROP-KICKED
A LITTLE GREEN DINOSAUR!

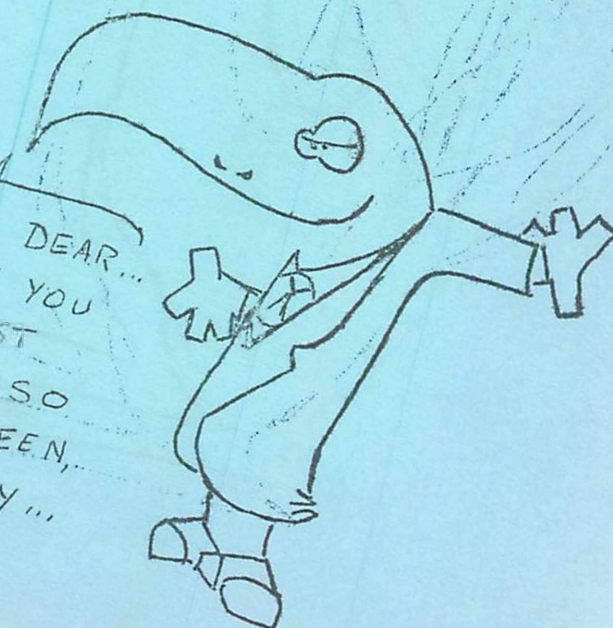




ANYONE WHO TELLS
YOU TO BELIEVE
WHAT YOU SEE ON
THIS CARD IS
TELLING YOU A LIE.

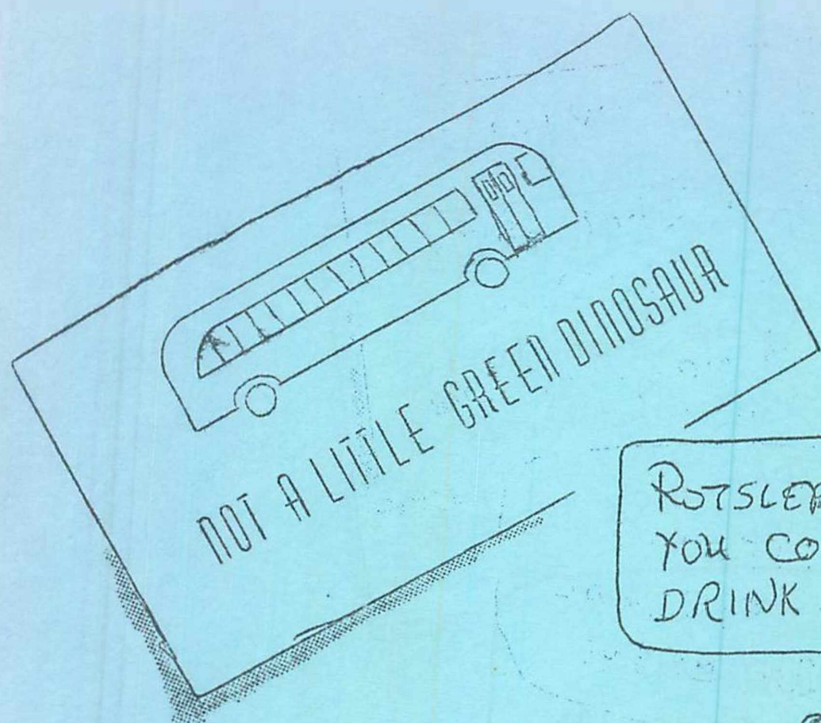
THE PERSON WHO
GAVE YOU THIS
CARD DOES NOT
EXIST . . .
YOU ARE
HAVING
HALLU-
CINA-
TIO-
NS

BUT MY DEAR...
HOW CAN YOU
MISTRUST
SOMEONE SO
SMALL, GREEN,
AND CUDDLY...

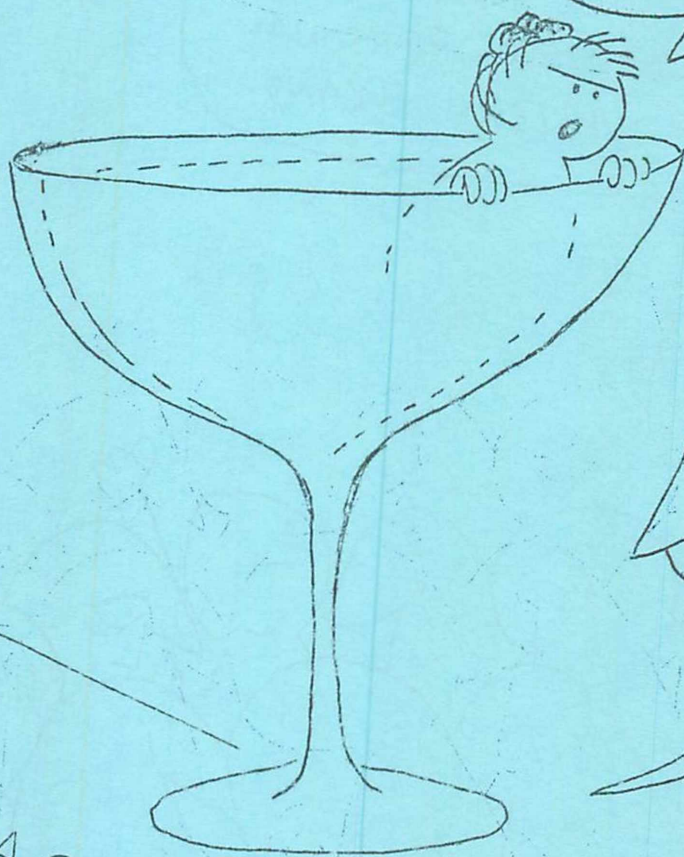


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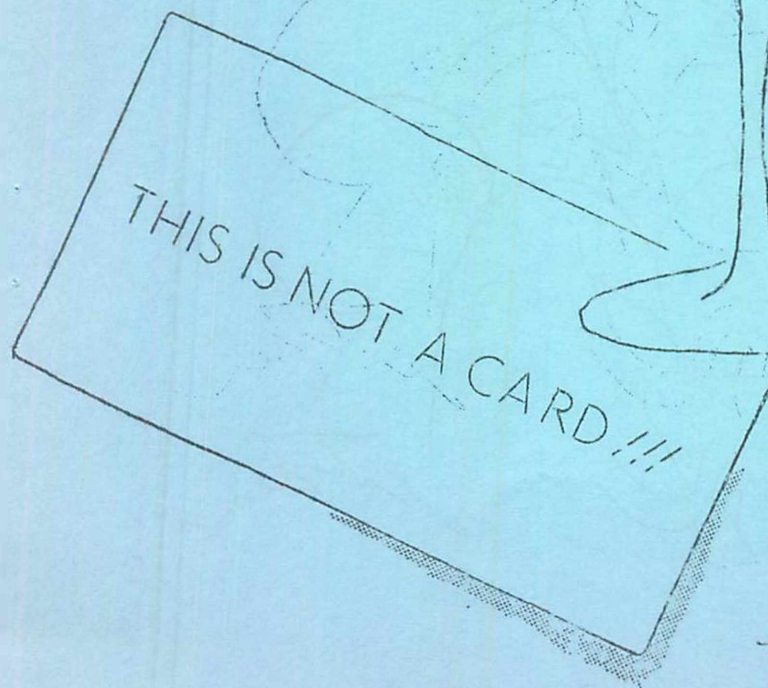




ROTSLER, I KNOW I SAID
YOU COULD BUY ME A
DRINK, BUT THIS IS
RIDICULOUS!

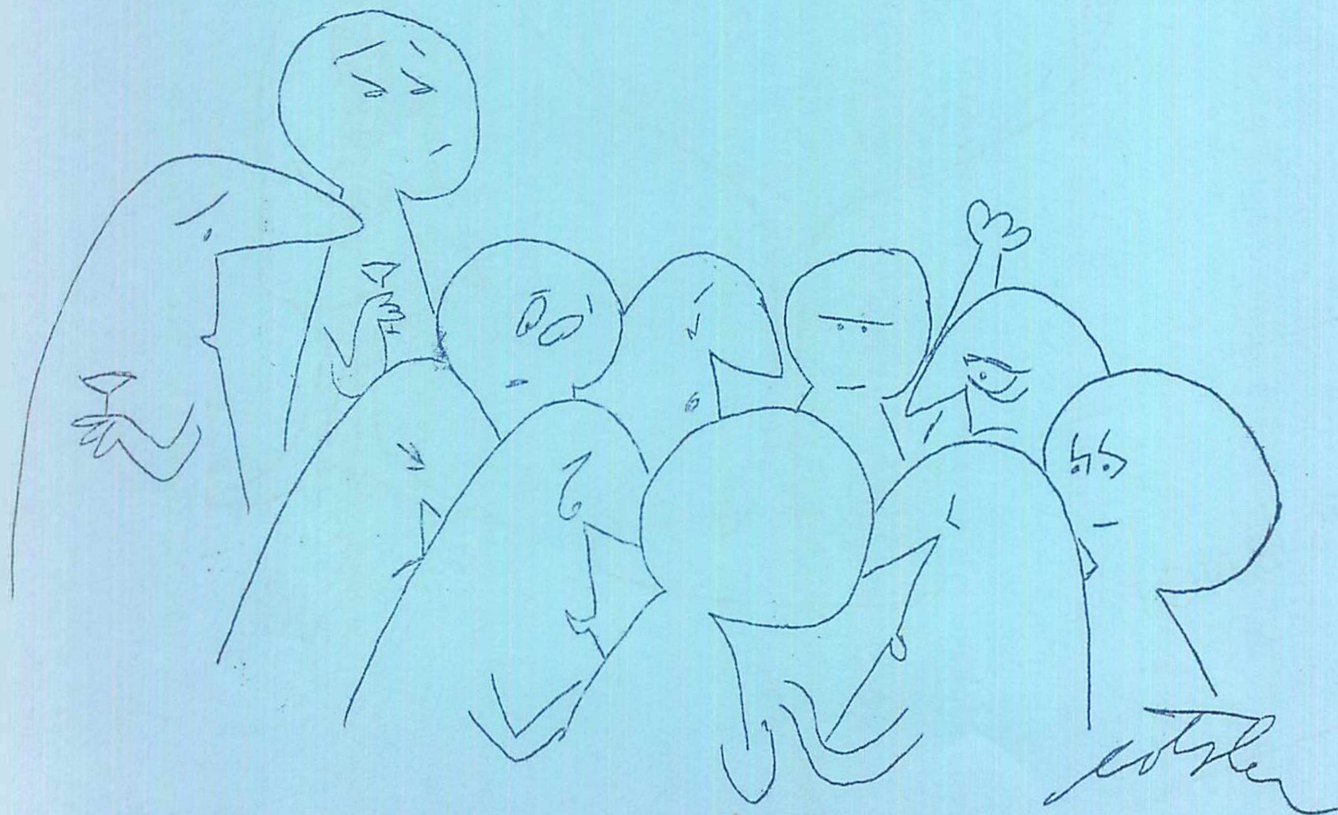


MR

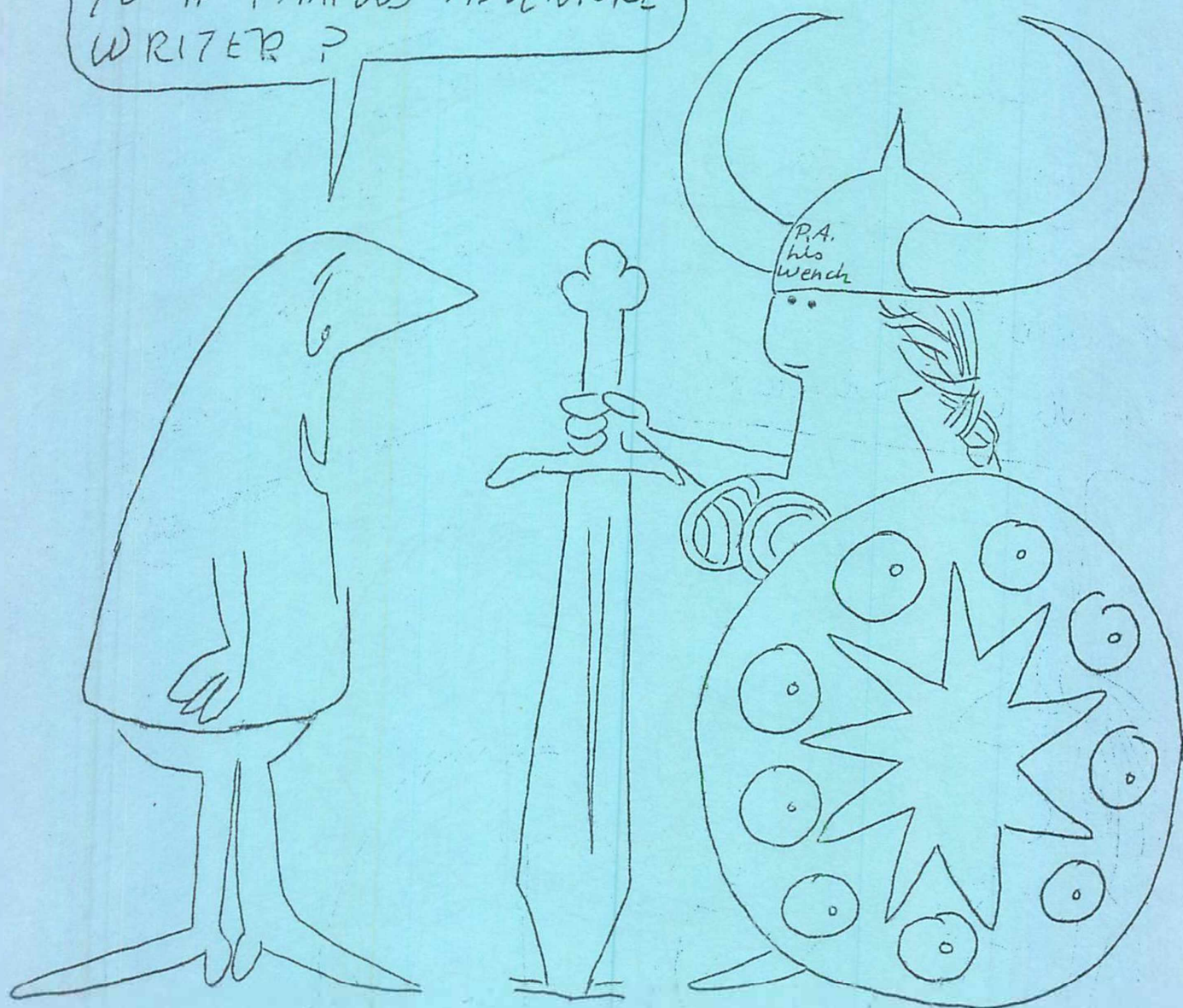


This is your Invitation
to the One Shot Party
to end all One Shot Parties
... a Diplomacy Roulette
Game!

EITHER THEY'RE PLAYING
"DIPLOMACY" OR LEE HUFFMAN
IS SHOWING OFF HER PERSONAL
COLLECTION OF WESTERN BRAND
TATTOOS



GEE, KAREN, HOW DOES
IT FEEL TO BE MARRIED
TO A FAMOUS ADVENTURE
WRITER?



rotter

POUL, I'VE GOT TO
TALK TO YOU ABOUT
YOUR HABIT OF
HACKING OUT STORIES!

SAMPLE OF OUR NEW PLASTIC
EXPLOSIVE COMPOUND 12X
TO DETONATE: GRASP CARD
BY ONE CORNER, THEN RELEASE

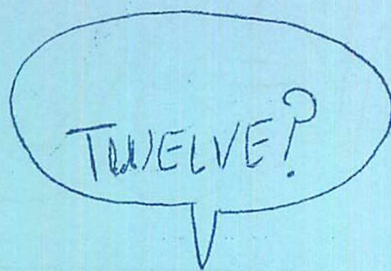


THE MASQUERADE

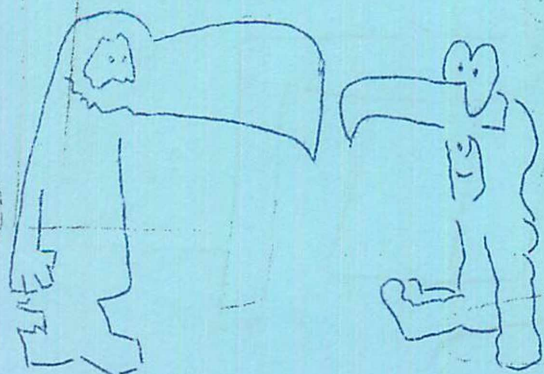
AND WE'LL PLAY ANYTHING EXCEPT "STARDUST..."



Astrid wore an old
costume of mine ---

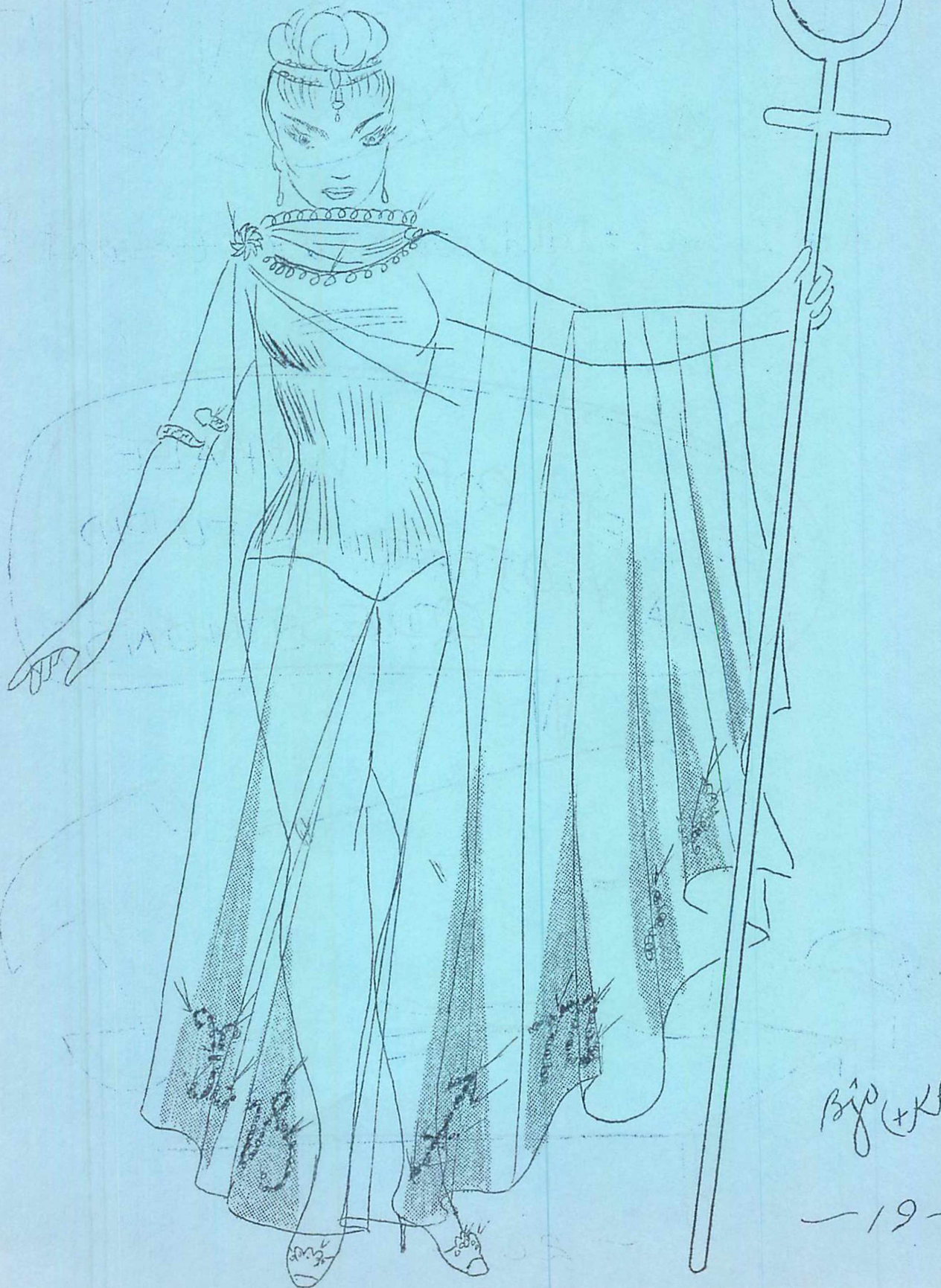


not a



... and even
Katwen had a
costume.

Hytorean Sorceress

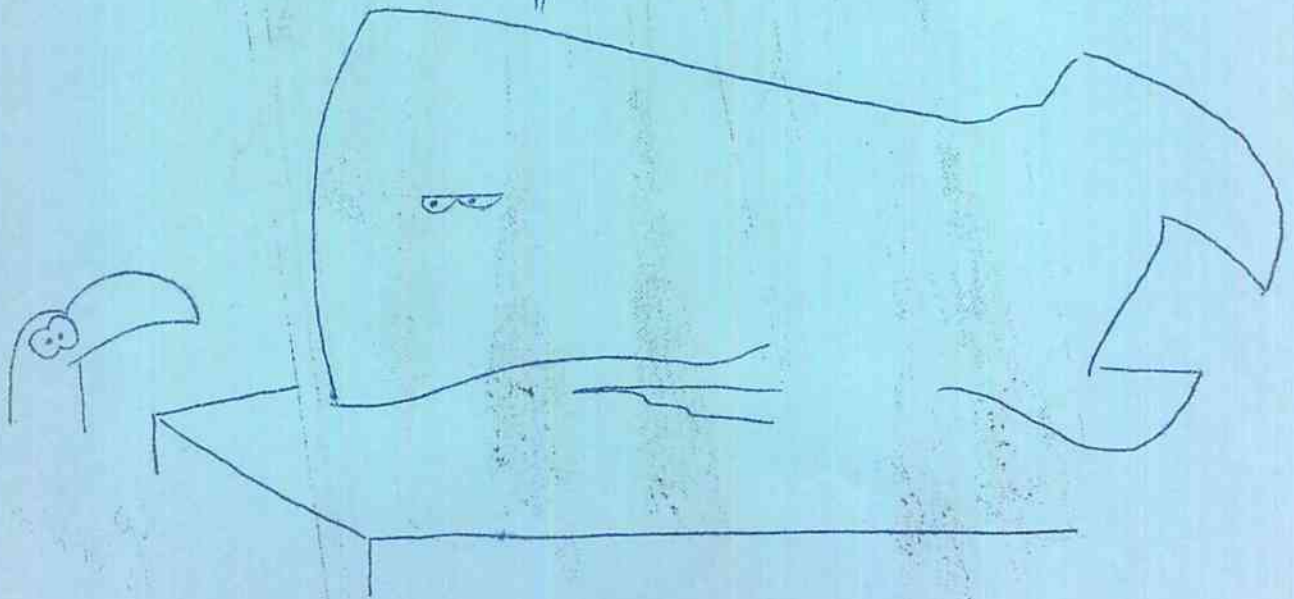


Bjo (+KA)

THE BANQUET

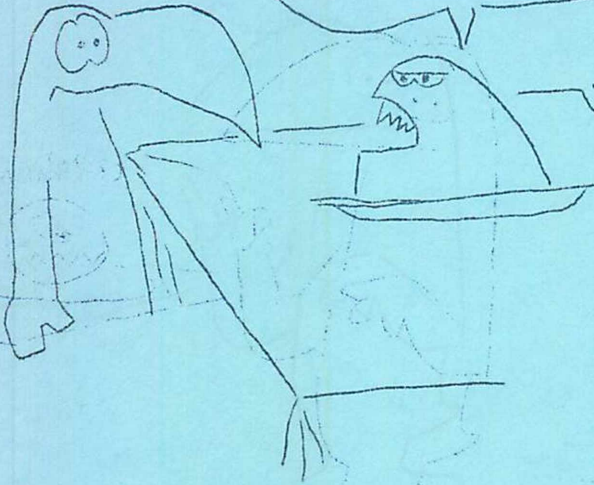
And what did we have to eat?

FILET OF WHALE
— ANY OTHER STUPID
QUESTIONS?



I'M A DUMPLING, ANY
OTHER SMART REMARKS?

I thought they were
hard rolls...



HO! HO! HO! HO!

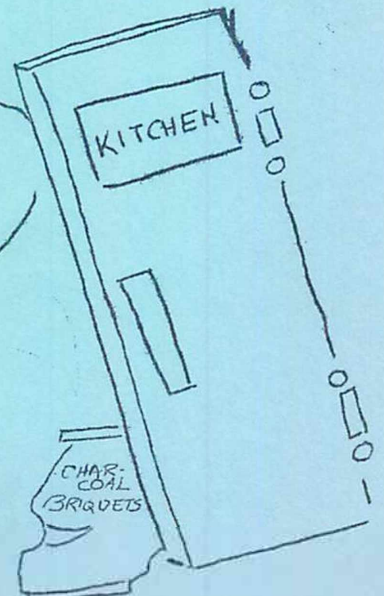
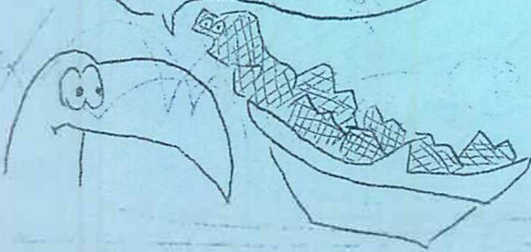
and then there were
the beans...

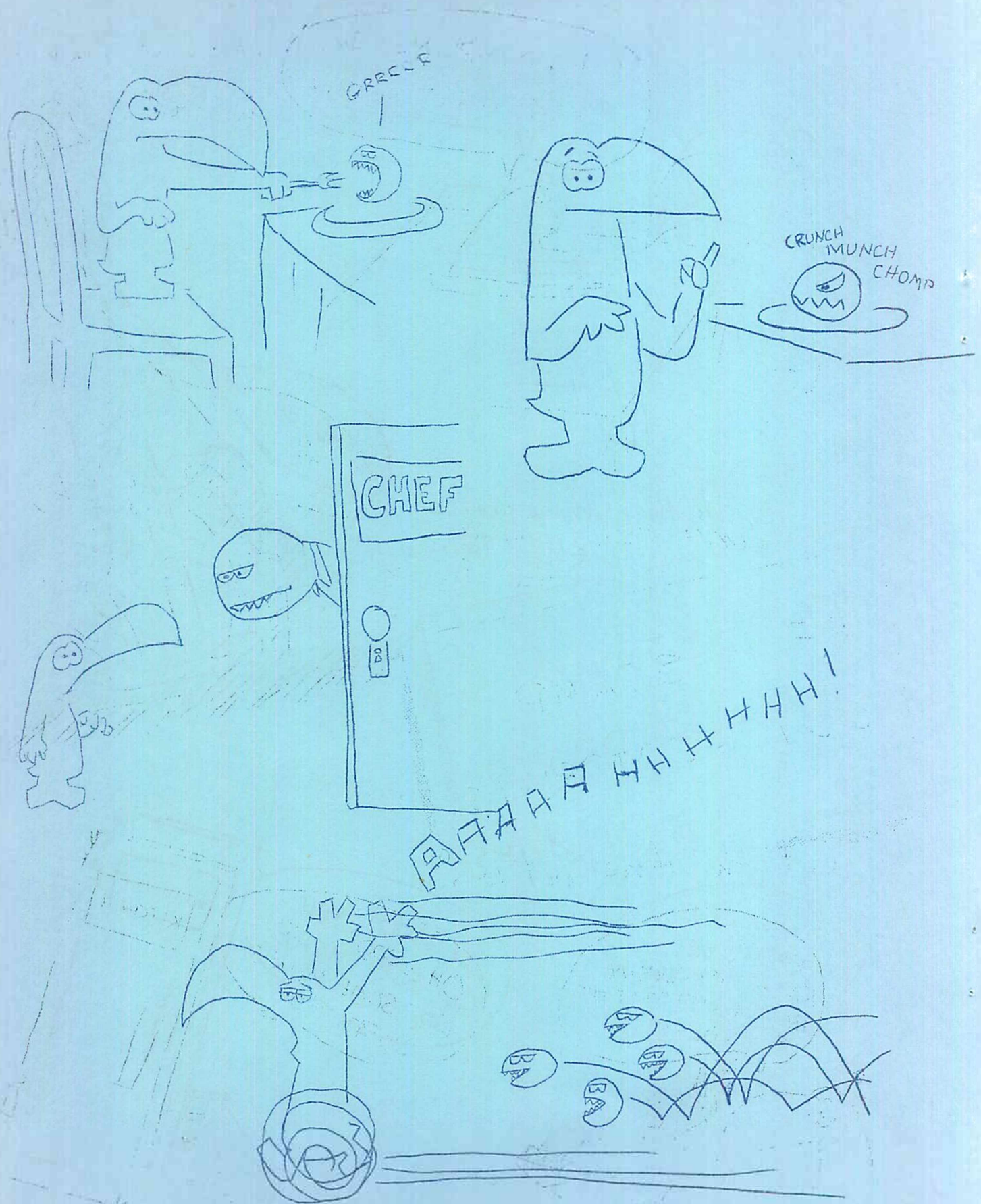
HELP STAMP
OUT FOOTPRINTS

but oh those potatoes!

PERHAPS YOU
KNOW MY COUSIN---
HE'S A POTATO AT THE
STARDUST...

OH GOOD! YOU
GOT SOME MORE
POTATOES!

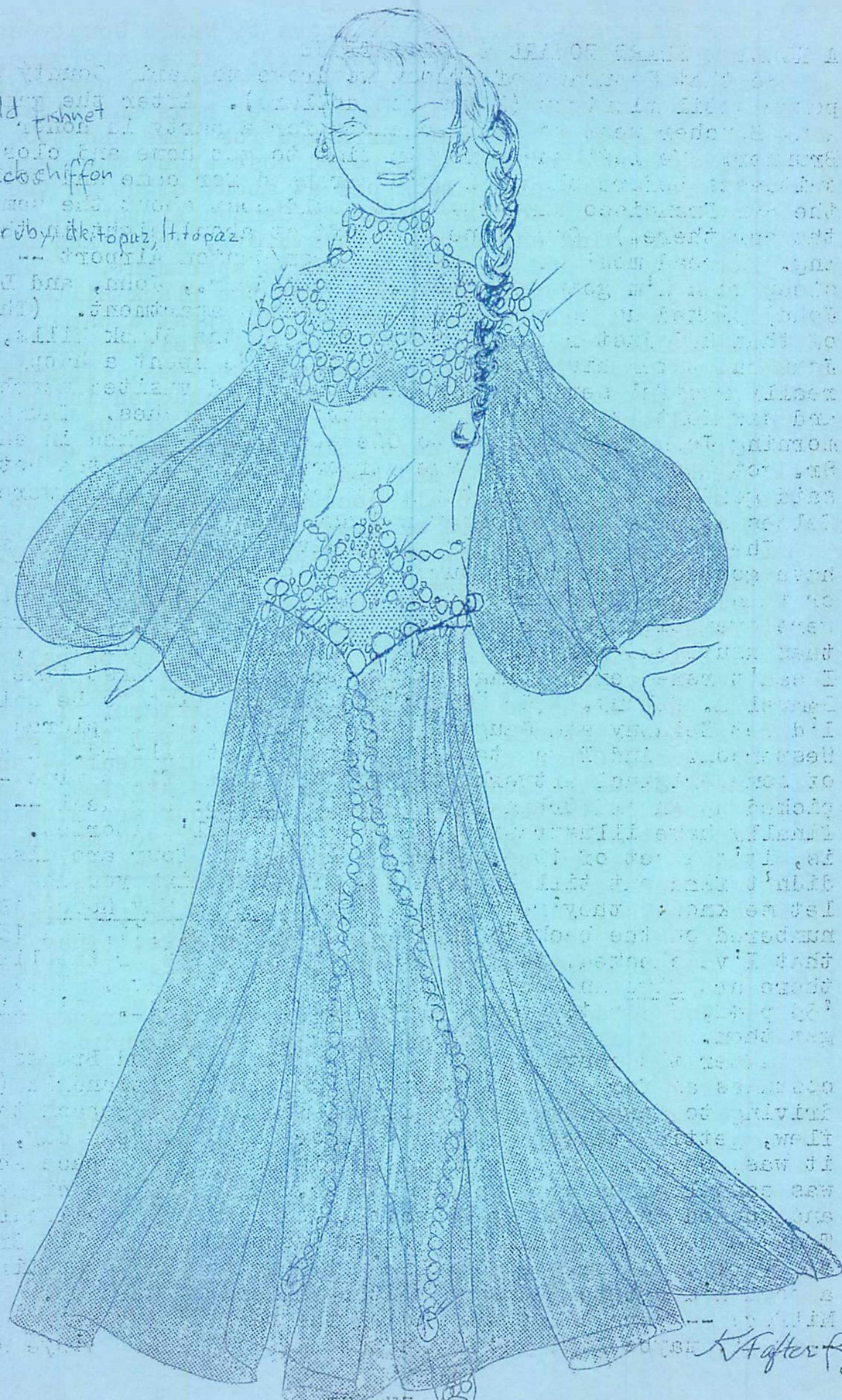




YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND, KAREN ANDERSON

After the Westercon we ransomed the car and came home. Then I had to get busy and make two more costumes. (I couldn't adapt anything from the Hyborean Sorceress outfit; I had to start from scratch.) You see, I'd been silly enough not to get rid of the "Galaxy of Fashion" sketches the instant they arrived, without looking at them. I looked -- kept the sketches -- looked again -- and was lost. What really did it was my discovery that the materials would be PAID FOR by Galaxy Publications! So I went ahead and did the Bjo-designed Jewelled Gown. The drawing following is redrawn from the original sketch, incorporating some changes I made in the design -- for instance, gold fishnet to hold it together, and chain instead of strings of jewels. The hairdo is also the way I wore it. (For those who haven't met me: yes, the hair is all mine.) The other costume was for the masquerade, of course. I was an Adjutant-Dragonmistress of the Amphictyonic Forces of Aerlith. (A brief speech on precautions necessary on garrison duty on Coralynne went with it.) This is some fifty or a hundred years in the future from the time of the story "The Dragon Masters." The costume was a pair of high-heeled boots (built onto a pair of shoes) that went all the way up to the chin. Honest to God, no cheating, a continuous length of naugahyde clear to the collar seam! Unfortunately I couldn't bend my knees very well, and I didn't even try to sit down. With that (Oh yes, the color: iridescent blue-green) I had a silvery-blue helmet with a crest like a cock's comb, decorated with green jewels, and a workable visor that had a totally blank face with slanted oval one-way-glass eyes. I decided at the last minute that I needed a weapon, and improvised one out of a heavy curtain rod, a bouillon-cube cylinder, a paper-towel tube, and a length of heavy wire, plus some scrap aluminum and bits of coathanger and a strip of naugahyde. I called it a "longarm" and carried it as if it were an M-1.

About making helmets: I'll pass on the method I used, as it's simple and very effective. The basic outlines -- the edges, plus the curve from forehead to nape and the one from ear to ear -- I made of coathanger wire. Then I covered this with 1" chicken wire. (It comes in 18"-wide rolls, I think at garden-suppliers. I found mine in the garage.) This can be snipped with tinsnips or with heavy-duty scissors, and is very easy to shape. Then I covered it with papier-mache. If you want to build up a thickness of paper quickly, instead of using the strip method, you can pulp your strips (they should be newsprint) in an osterizer. Use plenty of water in the osterizer, then squeeze it out in a strainer and mix the nearly-dry pulp with white glue and a little water to the desired consistency. Or use flour and water -- but don't forget to put plenty of salt in to keep it from mildewing. White glue makes the best surface. A glaze of pulp, white glue and water is good to finish with. Oh yes -- you need a couple of layers of strips over the chicken wire before the pulp. If time is short, go ahead and use the strip method: it dries faster. And don't fight tournaments in your new helmet.



Gold fishnet

Black chiffon

Jewels: ruby, diamond, topaz, 14k gold

K. After R. 5/5

A RUNNING START TOWARD TOTAL FATIGUE

So that Saturday afternoon we drove to Marin County and played poker until midnight (I won ten dollars). After the game, we and Tony Boucher went to Bill Donaho's for a party in honor of John Brunner. We left the party in time to get home and close our suitcases before the taxi we'd arranged for came and took us to the San Francisco airport. (It would cost about the same to store the car there.) Our plane took off at about eight in the morning. I read most of the way to Akron/Canton Airport -- I can't sleep when I'm going anywhere. Astrid Sr., John, and Linda (Mrs. John) picked us up and we went to John's apartment. (The three of them had just recently returned from the Black Hills, where John had taken his geology students.) We spent a happy but not really restful several days with them, and visited nearby Kent and saw Kent State University where John teaches. Thursday morning John drove us all to Cleveland; we checked in and Astrid Sr. got her limousine to the airport in front of the hotel. We said goodbye to her and the next thing I knew there were the Pelzes checking in. Hooboy and away we go!

The convention was like all conventions, only more so. I may have gotten a few more hours of sleep than usual, but I was tired-er than usual to start with, so it didn't do me much good. There were over eight hundred people there, so I met more strangers than usual and more old friends than usual. Curiously, though, I can't remember meeting but one pro for the first time there: Samuel R. Delany. (Or "Chip;" he doesn't like to be called Sam.) I'd met Zelazny and Gaughan at the Disclave and Spinrad at the Westercon. And I was to meet many more at Milford. I got hold of some original artwork for just about the first time -- I once picked up an old Orban from Captain Future: big deal -- and we finally have illustrations from one of Poul's stories. Only thing is, it's a set of 19 black-and-whites, and four are missing. I didn't find out till I got home. If you think you may have them, let me know: they're by Preas for The Long Way Home (ASF) and are numbered on the back "5 of 19" and so on: 5, 7, 11, and 15. (Now that I've checked, there seems to be an "11a" or the like missing; there are five in the magazine that I don't have. They are: Apr '55 p 42, May p 114, June pp 119, 127, Jul p 112. I'd like to get them.

After the convention, a noble soul named Ned Brooks took my costumes as far as my mother's apartment in Alexandria (he was driving to Newport News) so I wouldn't have to repack them. We flew, getting there some hours before he did. Next day, I think it was, we went to Wallops Island in hopes of a space shot; it was cancelled on account of weather. We spent the night nearby and sunned ourselves at Chincoteague-Assateague National Seashore. Then we went up to Milford (via a stopover at Charlie Brown's in New York). I borrowed Charlie's typewriter to do a fair copy of a poem I'd written to take to the Milford conference. Then to Milford -- here comes the end of the page, and that was 8 days -- well, maybe I'll put it in the FAPA edition. G'bye all.

--AND HELLO AGAIN TO FAPANS.

Let's see, where did I leave off? Oh yes: getting to the Milford Conference. There were quite a few people there I'd never met before. I believe I'd met Damon briefly once before, but I'm not sure. Then there were complete strangers: Kate Wilhelm (Knight), Ben and Rosa Bova, Richard and Doris P. Buck (I saw her at the Disclave but didn't meet her), Carol Emshwiller, R. C. Fitzpatrick, Piers Anthony, Virginia Kidd, Joan Matheson, Anne McCaffrey, Joanna Russ, Ted and Virginia Thomas, and Nicholas Zvegintzov (Jonathan Brand). (If you ask me, Zvegintzov is a better by-line than Brand, but it's his business.) Also met Eva McKenna and Milt and Dorrie Rothman, but they didn't participate.

The Milford Conference is organized rather strictly; it has to be. Afternoons are devoted to criticizing manuscripts which have been submitted ahead of time. A schedule is set up and four mss. are allotted to each afternoon. No one may be present who has not submitted a manuscript: that is, you can't even watch the slaughter unless you're ready to be fired on. (I had a fantasy vignette that F&SF rejected and a new poem.) Each person present gets, in turn, three minutes to comment on the current ms.; during this time the author may not speak. (Or an argument will spring up.) Then the author has five minutes to answer, and there is a final round of two minutes per person (and the author may speak during this round) which usually leaves about half the things you want to say unsaid -- you think of them when your turn is over. Time: Anywhere from forty-five minutes to an hour and a half. And don't forget there are three more stories to discuss this afternoon.

In the evenings, general discussions of one topic or another are planned. Here, the rules are less detailed but just as strict: no one may speak unless recognized by the chairman. This has to be done, when you have thirty or forty intelligent and articulate people -- all right, smart blabbermouths -- who want to sound off. There were 27 workshop participants this year, and 15 others who were around in the evenings or for the final party. That's too many people to be handled by anybody but a dictator.

Not that it's all sercon. After the discussion in the evening, it breaks up into a party. The dinner break (some go en masse to a restaurant; this year some stayed at the Knights', where all the meetings are, and cooked) runs two hours or more and is fun. If a person has any sense, the latter half hour or so of the dinner break and a couple of hours in the morning will be devoted to reading the mss. assigned for the next afternoon. I kept getting up too late and having to get by on a very quick skim-over.

All in all, it was a hectic and exhausting but wonderful week. I haven't begun to describe it; there's just too much. The Carabinieri officer's cape that Anne McCaffrey brought and insisted everybody wear (she could hardly get it off me) because it had a way of bringing out unsuspected personality traits in most people . . . the Knights' house, with two-story living room, fly-

ing staircase, and banner (from an Italian election) reading VOTA COMUNISTA . . . the 30-cup coffee maker that went dry several times a day . . . Scene: Anne McCaffrey is driving a carload back from dinner. Foul says "Those lights are a truck, you know." Keith Laumer adds: "Unless it's nine whorehouses."

Sunday -- that would have been about the 18th of September; we'd been away from home exactly three weeks -- we went back to New York to see some editors. We were to meet Gordy Dickson in the lobby of the Algonquin and go to dinner; he had reservations there but we didn't. We wound up at the Royalton, just across the street, very comfortable and much less expensive. (44 W.44th.) After getting settled in, we went over to the Algonquin to wait for Gordy -- the rendezvous had a two-hour leeway.

We were out on our feet and I wanted a drink to liven me up. (They're served in the lobby there.) I didn't feel quite up to my usual Gibson; not that I had an upset stomach, but after the last three weeks I was out of condition and wanted to treat my stomach gently. So I ordered a Bloody Mary. It was delicious, but anything with tomato juice in it goes down my throat pretty fast, and drinks are expensive there. That had been a very salty drink, though, which gave me an idea: Margaritas. And I've been drinking them in preference to Gibsons ever since.

Gordy showed up, also Keith Laumer, and we walked over to Harlan's hotel to meet him and go to dinner together. We went to Luchow's: wunderbar! I had a dish I'd never heard of: "Drei Mignoner." It was filets of beef, veal, and pork.

Harlan saw a pretty girl walking by and wanted to send her a note. He waited a little and found where she was sitting, then got together with a waiter. Then he went to work on the back of a menu, first drawing Max J. Runnerbean, and starting a message. But the waiter came back and said he couldn't take her the note because she was sitting at the boss's table. (I ought to be able to find that Runnerbean drawing; it's gotten lost since I got home.) Harlan left shortly after, saying he had some work to do at his hotel. Later -- on Tuesday -- Larry Ashmead asked us if it was true that Harlan had gotten into a row with Sammy Davis Jr. at Luchow's. It's true that Harlan had told us that Davis was also at this girl's table, but it was in a different room and I couldn't say.

The other four of us would up in Gordy's room with a bottle of Scotch, and planned a book -- no, that came the next night, after Gordy had seen Ashmead. (Poor Larry. All his authors -- well, almost -- descended on him at once.)

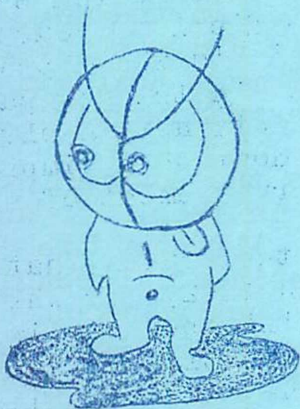
Monday we saw Joe Elder at the Meredith agency, and John Campbell, while Larry saw Harlan and Gordy. We had dinner at the Teheran that night, just down the street from the Algonquin; the food is delicious and not particularly expensive. The stuffed grape leaves and the lemon soup are quite different from the Greek versions. That night we drank Scotch in Gordy's room

again, and planned a book whose basic idea Gordy had sold Ashmead on that afternoon. It was to consist of five novelettes, each of which included (whether at the end, middle, or beginning) a particular 500-word scene. Next day we saw Ashmead ourselves and talked it up further, including who the other two authors should be. I hope the project goes through. Wednesday we lunched with Groff Conklin, though I'm not sure whether we could claim it was "business," and then we flew home.

REST? WHAT'S THAT?

So then we had a Scowrers' meeting on Friday, a tournament on Sunday, a party at the Rogerses' for giving Frank Herbert his Hugo on Monday -- and this isn't counting the things we skipped, like the G&S party Saturday. Tuesday morning I was sneezing and running a fever. I was quite happy to stay in bed for four days. And then it was time to get a SAPSsine out.

Oh yeah. The reason there are two Page 24's in some copies of this is that I decided the back of P. 23 was too badly offset and started over again on the back of P. 25 -- making it the front, of course. Then P. 25 was the last page of the SAPS edition.



Max J. Runnerbean
as drawn at Lüchow's

It is now January 17, and we've skipped a Scowrers' meeting to go to the tournament gang's Twelfth Night Revels. I put in as much effort making costumes for that as I do for a Worldcon masquerade -- but spread over three costumes. Yes, I said three. Poul actually LIKES to dress up in medieval clothes! But what he really digs about that scene is sword-making. It's somewhat of a challenge developing a weapon that isn't sharp enough to cut or heavy enough to KO, yet is strong enough not to bend or break. A kendo stick lasted quite a while, but eventually it too shattered. Poul is working on various schemes and has made 3 swords in various fashions which will be tested at the next tourney, March 25 -- the date of Sauron's fall. He's also made a lovely shield with coat of arms: Azure, a saltire argent and two suns palewise. Bruce -- if I haven't already told you, you ought to be able to work out the meaning. I'll explain next ish.

Grendel Briarton's FUTURE HISTORY

POUL ANDERSON

It is obvious that Grendel Briarton likes cats. One imagines the felines of his household parading solemnly in review, one behind the next, a long ailurofile. But he must be equally fond of gulls. At least, his history of the future fits a definite pattern. The Ferdinand Peghoot stories offer an astonishingly consistent picture of what lies in store for the universe. To be sure, many of them take place in the remote past, before even the Southern states were founded, but this makes them all the more pre-Dixie 'uns.

The hero is already active among us. Via time machine, he was concerned in the Sino-Indian War of the 1960's (which Briarton predicted in the '50's, an example of science fiction accuracy that rates with those magazine covers of the '30's which prognosticated the Bikini bathing suit). As reported in the newspapers -- but you know how reliable they are -- this did not involve Fidel roaming while Nehru burned. However, at most that simply proves that the Society for the Aesthetic Rearrangement of History has not gotten around to us yet.

Feghoot is, at this very hour, known to the powers that be. He was consulted by a desperate TV industry in 1962, for which he could only foresee telefission. In 1967 he will open the jammed door of the United States gold vaults at Presidential request. Certain details of that story indicate that the SARH will have been active. Perhaps its aim is to make the gold quickly available again, not to avert a Wall Street crisis per se, but to escape having Variety headline: KNOX LOX SOX STOX. Incidentally, 1967 is the year when the world science fiction convention will be held in Bangkok. Has New York been told?

The reason that Feghoot has not yet been featured on the cover of Time must simply be that he is more useful operating behind the scenes. However, this anagnymoty will not last much longer, for in the 1970's he will be reforming Hollywood by setting it a moral example with his horror movies. (Hollywood is already making horror movies, but at the moment spells the word a little differently.)

A question remains: Is Peghoot always a visitor from the future, or was he born in the twentieth century? In the latter case, then the rejuvenation process which keeps him ageless will also soon be developed. And I believe this is true: vide infra, or, if the technique is originated by a Russian, vide infra Red.

But let us first continue with Briarton's history. Interplanetary travel progressed so rapidly that in the 1980's there was a wave of emigration to the moon by neo-Beatniks. It is unlikely that they settled near the Straight Wall. The first interstellar contact was presumably the ray from Altair which, in 1989, disrupted communications throughout the Bell System and incidentally the Solar System. Perhaps this event stimulated the development of interstellar travel by man; or perhaps it was simply jaded actors, looking for new places to vacation fashionably, who came up with the star drive.

That rejuvenation appeared in the twentieth century is strongly suggested by the fact that, in 2007, Robert A. Heinlein was detained on the moon when he was supposed to deliver a lecture to the Daughters of the American Revolution. Ferdinand Peghoot substituted, thus proving himself a true DAR Quip Trouper.

Politics on Earth continued turbulent, with an increasing tendency toward monarchy. (One unsettling factor may have been the presence of those discontented African mutant ungulates, the New Gnus.) For example, in 2054 Cleopatra II ascended the restored Egyptian throne. This was not really a case of Momism, or even Mummyism. She was quite a dish, albeit a little cracked.

That interstellar travel had already been achieved in 2073 is indicated by several data. For this year, the history mentions the sale of dogs on other planets; and while we do have Pluto here, the planets of other stars must be still more Peked. Also, one dog bore the name Triple Galactic Grand Champion Fu Chu of Chow Yuk. Furthermore, the eel people of Proxima Centauri III were visited while the East-West cold war was still in progress: we cannot squirm out of this fact.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, in 2112 the Aga Khan was converted to Christianity. This reminds me that, during the Crusades, the Assassins very nearly were. Had such a world-of-if come about, the Pope might now be known as the Old Man of St. Petersburg.

Certainly travel between the stars was a commonplace by 2133, for in that year Peghoot negotiated the Galactic Concordat which paved the way for interstellar tourism. It is not known whether the Africans welcomed visitors from white dwarfs. In 2263 Peghoot had an adventure on the distant planet Blaupunkt, notable less for the first mention of a matter duplicator than for the first mention of a Mrs. Peghoot.

By 2399, the Venetian Republic had been re-established. There must also have been a strong revival of feminism about this time, possibly due to some confusion with Venus, because in 2482 we hear of the Women's Absolute Equality Party, and the Missourian Momarchy

lasted from 2504 to 2622. Even in 2631, an ardent feminist was still causing trouble. Perhaps she was a late bloomer.

However, there is no mention of any such problem in connection with Feghoot's 2778 expedition to Dallas XIX. Belike the unsettled conditions following the collapse of the Momarchy made things difficult for terrestrial shipping; at any rate, throughout this century Argolian vessels offered the most desirable accommodations. But by 2839, when Feghoot saved the galaxy from a monstrous swindle scheme, there was a President General who was a male man. And that was obviously a century of great technical progress. For in 2844, Dr. Feghoot's Golden Medical Discovery performed the epochal feat of raising all vertebrates to the level of the average TV viewer. And the)(must have been invented before 2856, the year in which the Time Travelers Club was founded. As a result, in 2867 Feghoot brought Richard Wagner to the planet Madamabutterfry where the composer was convicted of plagiarism. Luckily, it was only second-degree, not black plagiarism.

In 2883 Feghoot was invited to lecture before the (presumably still Christian) Ismaili Institute. There was a hiatus, 2894-2916, during which he was held captive on Aah-ook; but he was free to save Vaila from the rats in 2927. Almost as footnotes, we may add that in 2961 Little Stravinsky was admitted to the Council -- a great leap forward, which the planet considered to be only its proper due and therefore named the Right of Spring -- and in 2992 the ionic baton was invented on Qsgg III.

In 3000, Ferdinand Feghoot married. We do not know if this was only for the second time; it was certainly not the last. But we do know that Earth was again entering a regressive period. How else account for the superstitious practice of putting a smoked salmon head in every marriage bed? No doubt the resultant chaos paved the way for the Third France-Mexican Empire, which we know existed in 3002. (The First lies in our own past. As for the Second, we can only conjecture. We must use random guesses, to the greatest possible degree, and just 'go maximilian' around.)

In 3008, Feghoot saved a missionary on the planet Egg by his own hardboiled common sense. And in 3082 he married the Queen of New Camelot and reigned with her until 3137. What became of his first wife is uncertain. But if we bear in mind that (a) he was immortal; (b) he was always rather a lady's man; (c) he was never a chattel slave; (d) the Queen of New Camelot perhaps had connections with Faerie; (e) the female figures of Faerie have an ancient association with the sea -- then perhaps we can conclude that old swivers are never sold; they just wade a fay.

In 3180 we hear of Feghoot on the planet Pigg, and in 3188 he foiled a transtemporal invasion of the twentieth century. In 3229 he made his famous report on the same era to the SARH, and in 3234 saved the American Indians from that organization, which had to sioux for peace.

Perhaps he then fell upon evil times, for in 3270 he was a lowly courier for the Th'lgian Empire. But in 3285 he brilliantly solved an archeological problem on Amis and in 3299 was able to

take a vacation in Hawaii of the past. Evidently his Golden Medical Discovery had not been applied to the oceans, for it was not until 3312 that he negotiated man's first treaty with the fish. No doubt this triumph led to his being put in charge of the expedition to Chroma, 3357-3361.

The government that sent him was a successor to the Franco-Mexican Empire. Possibly it came to power on a wave of mechanoclastic feeling, since its head was known as the Gardener-General. But it does not seem to have lasted very long, so we may guess that it was not only ruthless but rootless.

In 3412 occurred Feghoot's time-traveling adventure with Admiral Sir Trumpery Buckett, in 3449 his expedition to Rumjungle III, and in 3599 his shipwreck on Even Greater L. A. We don't know how he managed to return, but in 3622 he was back on Earth, researching the life of Krishna. Once more in space, on Onderdonck III, he in 3708 obtained the acquittal of a cat on trial for murder. We are not told what his policy was with respect to payment for this service, but we may be sure it was a reasonable fee line.

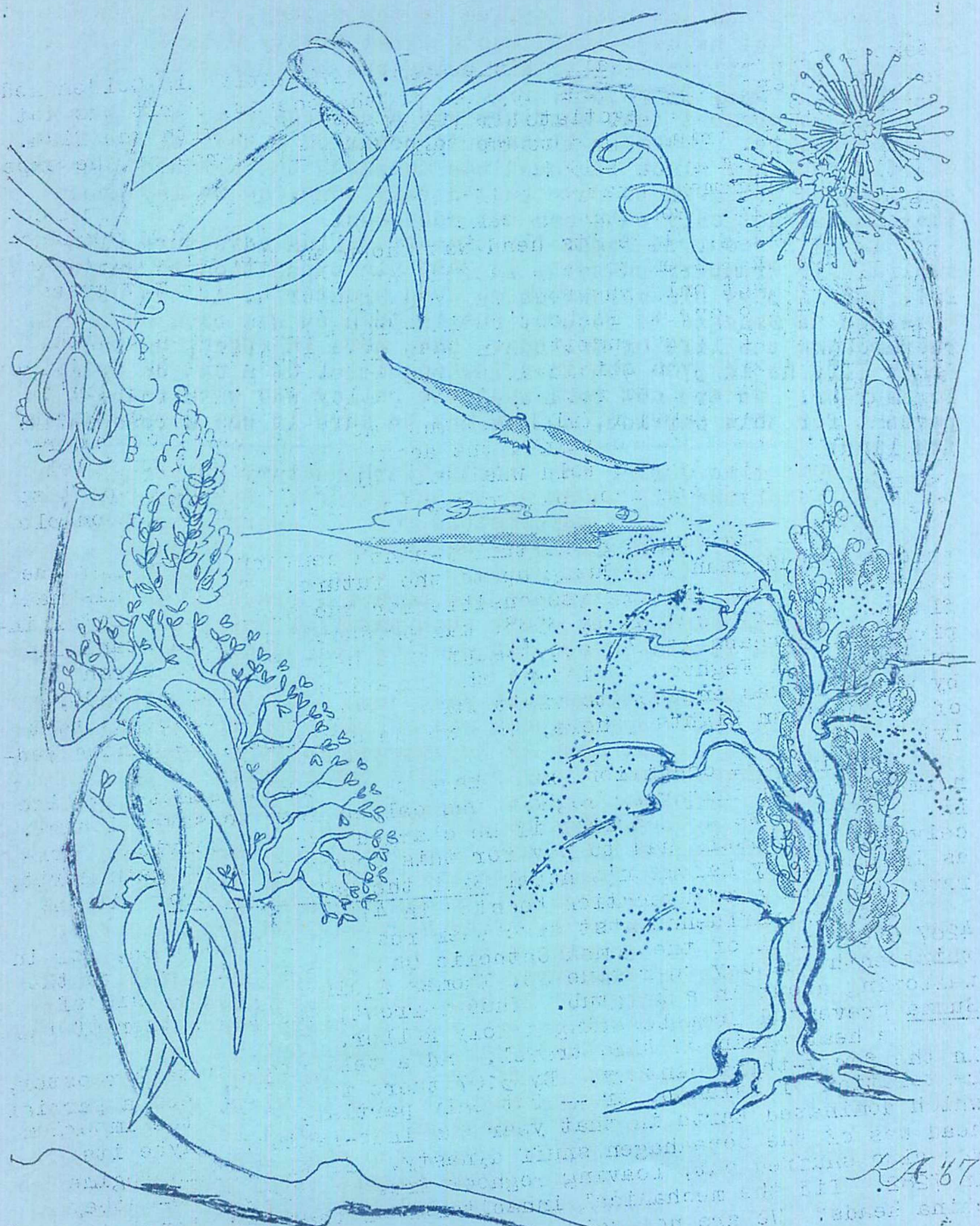
At some time during the thirty-ninth century he brought the psionic laundryman Yip Quong up to the future. Perhaps this man's telechinesis was in part responsible for the swell of Oriental influence on Earth which, by 3938, had produced the Hindustani Empire. And perhaps it was an attempt to escape from its harsh rule that led Feghoot to invent the paratime traveler in 3594, by which he was enabled to visit such parallel universes as that of the Arabian Nights (where, it must be confessed, he sinned badly).

But in 3964 conditions must have been back to something like normal, for in that year Feghoot was called upon to save Michael, Ll. D. Again we do not know if he charged for the service. Conceivably he himself had to pay for this opportunity to gain merit, as intimated by Harrison's novel Bill the Galactic Hero. At any rate, he took a rejuvenation booster in 4128.

Western unfluence must have been resurgent about then, for in 4287 a cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church sent him back to the thirteenth century to rescue St. Thomas Aquinas from the sin of wallowing about in a bathtub. Thus narrowly was the author of the Summa prevented from becoming a Holy Roller.

We hear again of time travel, and a telepathic mutant rooster, in the forty-third century. By 5107 there must have been a partial restoration of Asian power -- but only partial, since the imperium which dominated Earth in that year was Indo-Danish. Maybe its head was of the Copenhagen snuff dynasty. In time, this regime was also snuffed out, leaving Feghoot free to visit Robo-Cathay in 7282. Did the mechanical inhabitants of that far planet have china heads? We are not told. Alas, the saga ends here, leaving us to wonder how much remains. This little essay has been a preliminary attempt to explore a potentially rich field of scholarship. May there be others! The great Ferdinand Feghoot should not be allowed to go from us unwept, unhonored, and unhung.

The End



Under the wide and starry sky...

"I hope the people in the United States are mature enough that when we do lose our first crews they accept this as part of the business."

--Astronaut Borman, 1965

GRISSEM: ... There's always a possibility that you can have a catastrophic failure, of course, this can happen on any flight. It can happen on the last one as well as the first one.

WHITE: ... I think you have to understand the feeling that a test pilot has. ... There's a great deal of pride involved...

CHAFFEE: ... This is our business, to find out if this thing will work for us.

-- Interview, December 1966

Gus Grissom, your name is as familiar to me as my own. I have a yellowed newspaper picture of your liftoff, nearly six years ago, that has spent that time mounted on the inside of one of my kitchen cabinet doors. It is accompanied by pictures of John Glenn and Yuri Gagarin. I wanted something to buck me up at dishwashing. You meant a hell of a lot to me - - -

Goodbye, Gus.

Ed White, you were my special astronaut. I sat within a few yards of you a year ago, watching and hearing you comment on the movies of your spacewalk, maneuvers in space, and the rest. I even exchanged half-a-dozen words with you and got your autograph in Oberth's book -- but you had never heard of Oberth. It made me wonder if you had The Dream: if you could understand how I hung on every word you said, and prayed my wordless agnostic prayers that I might somehow sometime get to be where you'd been.

Goodbye, Ed.

Roger Chaffee, they say you had The Dream. You weren't a test pilot. You were a pioneer, and you wanted to go as far as you could. Did you ever do a flit with the Gray Lensman? Did you go with D. D. Harriman to the moon? I think you did. I think you and I spoke the same language.

Goodbye, Roger.

"Well, Mars and Jupiter are there, and so are the stars -- do we have to go to them, too?" ((William Hines)) asked.

"Of course we do," Chaffee replied as if shrugging off a silly question.