



The Led





## GENUINE MAILING COMMENTS FOR ONCE

SPY RAY OF RAPS These advert's aren't particularly science-fictional, but I swear they're the most fannish thing I've seen in mundane since Bank of America was using little green men. They're off cereal packages:

WHEAT CHEX ....No toys! ....No noise! Mothers of America, rejoice! Wheat Chex is guaranteed to contain no premiums --- no whistles, missiles, rockets or ruckus.

No beanies, b-b's, heebies or jeebies. Not a ball, bat, hat or gat in any package( . . . )---the only cereal made on purpose for Grownups, and Above-Average Children( . . . )

RICE CHEX Question: What's better than a package of Rice Chex?

Answer: An even bigger package of Rice Chex!

Actually, there are several answers to the above question, such as --- a mink coat, controlling interest in a gold mine, the Folies Bergere, and Texas. But for the moment we assume we're addressing only fanatical fans\* of Rice Chex. ( . . . )

\*How fannish can you get?

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"Cannonballs are not an article the ordinary Justice of the Peace keeps about him in any quantity." (--- The Armada)

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"Specifically" Trouble memorizing Lepanto? I found it remarkably easy for a work of that length. It took about a day. It's also great fun (if you have the patience) to parody; I did a line-for-line job on it a while back.

No-- Elsa Lanchester played the other one whom Henry divorced. Catherine of Aragon was his first wife, and indeed a hand-me-down; but she and Henry didn't do too badly, except that she didn't have any sons. Then came Anne Bullen or Boleyn (Anne of the Thousand Days). Next, as you say, was Jane Seymour, mother of the future Edward VI.

Now we get to the one who played whist with him on their wedding night. This was Anne of Cleves, the one played by Elsa Lanchester. After divorcing her on the claim that the marriage had not been and would not be consummated (And was no longer politically useful, as it had been), Catherine Howard followed the path of Anne Bullen. Last came Catherine Parr, who survived him. Henry died at the age of fifty-six.

RAGNAROK As I remember Tales of Fatima, it wasn't spy-adventure but fairly straight detective, with Basil Rathbone as himself. (Obviously, he's played Sherlock Holmes so long and so well that he must be a detective himself . . . ) I liked it.

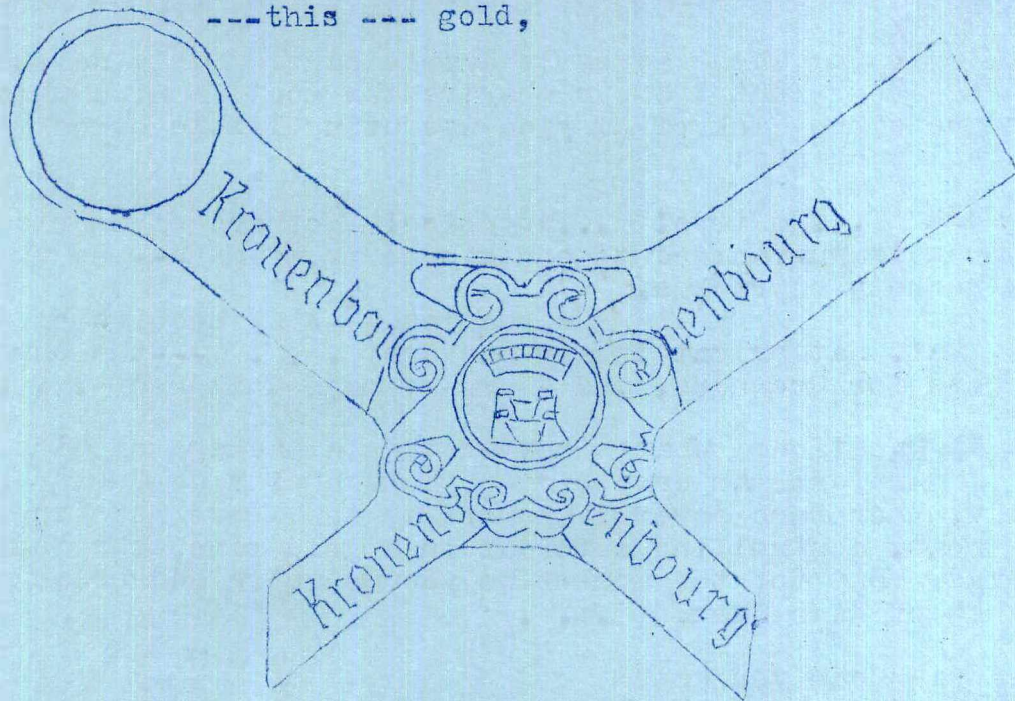
But I'm glad to know B.j.o is unpronounceable in Indo-European languages (Sounds like a word of crayfish, that) I mean languages. And to think that Bjorn-sterne Bjornsen went to his grave without knowing that!



SPACEWARP I didn't realize Lucky Lager was available outside Calif.

Beerfandom corner: this is white with the circle at left

---this --- gold,



lettering red, center gold with scrolls picked out in blue, inner circle blue with gold castle, gold&red crown, outer circle red.

I had so much trouble cutting this on my lap (it's neck-label only, from a bottle much like Miller's High Life) that I'll leave out the main label and save them both until I have my light-table set up.

You can tell what is in a cat's mind if you have enough practice. That's why Topsy doesn't bite me the way she does strangers: I can tell when to stop whatever innocuous thing has grotched Topsy.

I appreciate the reprints.

WARHOON Oh, yes, there's a post office at the South Pole now. The Navy operates it in connection with the really enormous amount of research going on right now. Well, not right now; they've probably shut up shop for winter. I'd reproduce the letter; it has special rubber-stamps all over it; but look at the mess I made of a simple beer label up there.

SEELEO.BEM Percryinoutloud, it wasn't Falstaff who complained about the half-penny-worth of bread; it was Prince Hal! He's found Falstaff's tavern bill, as follows: Capon, 2s. 2d.; sauce, 4d.; two gallons of sack. 5s. 8d.; anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 2d.; bread, half a penny. This exactly suited Sir John's tastes, but it rather crogged Hal.



# ULTIMATUM ON WEAPONS

by Karen Anderson

"Stop it!" said Art Rapp, blenching foolishly. "It was a proud and lonely achievement until you copycats got into the act."

"Why shouldn't we keep it up?" retorted Wrai Ballard.

"It's obviously the fannish thing to do," added Bob Lichtman.

"You proved that, yourself," said Dick Eney.

"You loaded the 50th mailing with "Weapon" stories," said Ted Johnstone.

"And then swept the Pillar Poll with a lead of 80 points over your nearest competitor," said Karen Anderson.

"Why, Karen and I think it's the most fannish thing two people can do -- except in New York, where lawsuits come first," concluded Terry Carr.

"So naturally," Bob said, "we'll keep it up. The other members will probably do it too."

"Anybody can see it's the way to make the Top Ten," said Wrai.

"The last poll gave us eleven people in the Top Ten; but by using this ploy, half the membership might make it this time," said Eney.

Art stared wildly about. "He looks as frustrated as a virgin mother cow," said Wrai.

Art quivered with rage. "He looks as though someone had just told him there isn't any Carl Brandon," said Terry.

Art turned purple. "Watch his blood pressure go up," commented Eney with clinical detachment.



Still on Sp. 100 Books. As everybody can see, "Odette" was ostensibly a fairy tale; the woman had the name of the sorcerer's daughter in Swan Lake, the one who tried (in the guise of a black swan) to steal the prince away from Odette, the white swan princess. However, no fairy tale in the world ever had that kind of plot. It's the kind of plot you find in the tough detective story --- Farewell, My Lovely; The Big Sleep; The High Window. Look over it again, reading "Philip Marlowe" for "Rupprecht," or visualizing Humphrey Bogart.

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She was born in Yemen, as all women singers are. ( -- Al haLevy)

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FENDEN Okay, here's the black bean recipe:

Take Japanese black beans (kuro-mame) and soak overnight, then boil them until tender. You know, the usual way. Then fry up a mess of bacon; I cut the strips in four pieces first. When the bacon is done, put back any fat you've poured off. Drain the beans and dump them in with the bacon and fat. Add lots of sugar and soy sauce (the Japanese kind, not the Chinese). Let it stew around for a while.

I'm afraid I haven't worked this out quantitatively. Good luck!

I've known cats to wet the bed --- Topsy in particular; but not as a gesture of defiance. It was in my presence, and she made a fuss about it. The reason was that she didn't understand about sawdust. I finally realized what her trouble was, and the next mess she made I mopped up with paper towels that I afterward put in the sawdust box. I held onto her ail through the process, to show her what it was all about. After that she used the sawdust and never made another mistake.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR AMES Very enjoyable. At first I expected something on the order of the Dramatic Deaths of Dr. Kung (I think that's correct), a series of crime stories in EQM in which Dr. Kung repeatedly appears to have been murdered but has actually managed to escape. But this is even more fun, with Ames dying in so many separate ways and no explanation given.

RETRO The song has no title; I simply call it "The Song from Silverlock," like "Theme From ---" Man with the Golden Arm, or Dragonet, or Third Man etc.

Cats, incidentally, are retromingent.

When I was looking up the term in the Britannica index (it isn't there) I came across a fascinating term: "Rhayader pale shale." (Rhayader is a place in Wales.) It recalls that lovely line from the Durbar Recessional, "The pale stale elephants of Cutch Behar."

arCHYANDIEHitabel (Warty Bliggens) Toujours gai. kid.

SaFari Offshoot Sid Coleman's article was delightful. And what can one say about Bloch's "Second Coming"?

Sa Fari Annual: Like, wow. Poul has mine at the moment, unless he's lent it to Reg Bretnor.

ALL THOSE 'ULTIMATE WEAPON' STORIES See next page.

Art gnashed his teeth. "That's berserker-gang," Karen observed with interest. "I didn't know it survived in modern armies."

Art seemed about to become incandescent with fury. "Do you suppose he'll burst into flame, like the Balrog in the depths of Moria?" asked Ted hopefully.

"Why are you doing this to me?" howled Art, goaded beyond endurance.

"Well, look at it this way," Eney said repentantly. "Every time we write another Weapon story, it means egoboo for you. Imitation, you know, is the sincerest form of flattery. And the more we imitate you, the more obvious it will be to everybody what a LAF you are."

"And what the President of SAPS does must necessarily be the most foolish thing possible, so of course it will be the best thing to do," said Terry.

"For Sapsazines, at least," Karen finished. "Apa X is wilder, much wilder. But in any case -- the right to write 'Weapons' is the right to be free."

And now to finish the mailing comments:

MEMATORE Rosart at least did NOT enjoy Beat the Devil. His opinion was, "It's a mess. Only the phobics think it's funny." You didn't mention Jennifer Jones -- didn't you recognize her as a

"Marlene" as a substitute for "Bjo" reminds me of an acquaintance who spells her name Alene.

My, but there's been a foofaraw about TRANSIENT. I take it as a good sign that the story will become a classic. Most people have been putting it down as a steal from Kafka, Joyce, or what have you; but such quibbles seem rather pointless to me. Ordinary books aren't panned because they resemble other ordinary books; so why shouldn't an extraordinary one be a member of a genus too? Must each be extraordinary in its own unique way?

As to what it is, I incline to the idea that it's a tale of a man's conscience, with the other things thrown in for good measure. I asked Paul for comment, but he just stood there reading MEMATORE and saying "Well .. uh .. it's .. uh .." as he does when he loses track of what he's saying. For an anti-fan he sure reads a lot of fanzines.

Oh, yeah. I could accuse Moore of plagiarizing the novel I'm writing now, because it has the same bit of a place with variable architecture -- different every time you try to get to a place you have been to before -- No, I'm not stealing it from him any more than he stole it from me. evidently we have the same nightmare. I've had that one for years. The most recent versions have taken up the hotel idea (it's been other kinds of place before), but it's a con-  
version hotel and I'm trying to find Bob Tucker or somebody.



# FERDINAND

# FECKLESS

One of the best friends Ferdinand Feckless had during his visit to the 19th century USA to study the circus of the time, was a Swedish immigrant by the name of Holofius Quistquist. Starting as a humble roustabout, Holofius dreamed of stalling in an animal act of his very own. To this end, he scrimped and saved for years, allowing himself no more than one pound of snus per week, until finally he acquired a troupe of dogs and rented a small farm on which to train them. Here Ferdinand Feckless visited him and found him in despair, since due to lack of experience Holofius Quistquist was making very slow work of educating his dogs. Taking pity on his friend, Ferdinand Feckless showed him certain neopavlovian techniques which survived in the 32nd century West Martian Soviet, where shortage of labor made it necessary to teach cattle to brand each other and round themselves up.

Holofius was greatly excited. "By yumping yiminy," he swore, "if dis really works and I get a job vit' Björnum & Bailey, den at season's end, I, I, I --- ja, I will bring all de dogs on a pilgrimage to Our Lady of de Big Top, carrying green branches, and de whole troupe will bow before de church." For Holofius Quistquist came of a conservative Swedish family which wanted nothing to do with this newfangled Lutheran stuff. They also supported the Folkung pretender.

Ferdinand Feckless bade him farewell and drifted off to join Ringling Brothers, where he spent the season in such an intensive scientific study of the cootch dance that he forgot all about Holofius. Therefore, when he went into winter quarters, he was much astonished to see his friend, looking very sleek and prosperous, leading a score of dogs --- on their hind legs, carrying green branches imported at considerable expense from Argentina in their forepaws --- to the church of Our Lady of the Big Top, where all paused and genuflected deeply.

"What on 19th century Earth is this all about?" exclaimed Ferdinand Feckless.

"Oh, hallo," said Holofius Quistquist. "Don't you remember? My act ban a big success, and now I ban fulfilling my bow vow."

--- Briareus



# THE TALE OF PYLOS

Golden-blooded Pylos was an easy prey for war. Here was no Mykenai of the mighty walls, no windy Troy, that might stand long seige. The walls of Pylos were men: men afoot, men in chariots, men who leaped ashore from the black-hulled ships and stood with bronze in their hands.

Troops guarded the coasts, and the six clerks in Pylos patted out the soft clay and wrote: Thus the watchers are guarding the coastal areas: Ekhelawon with his command, officers and men, the total is 60 men: at Pleuron, and with them is the Follower Alektroun . . . .

The soldiers were placed, and the Followers with their swift chariots would bring news with speed. The Wanax had ordered the defense preparation of each basileus under him. But Pylos had only so many soldiers, so many arrows, so many shields; they are listed in the clay tablets, and no matter how many times the clerks count them up, there are no more.

Areimenes the Wanax found himself staring at a marble table. It was inlaid with blue glass in a pattern of feathers and seashells, a table he had seen many times but now become suddenly intense and immediate. It was like being with someone about to die. This table and the others about the room, with their designs of helmets, lions, spirals, gold and rock-crystal birds, ivory heifers: his footstool with ivory griffins, his ebony chair with its carved ivory back---all became suddenly very dear to him. It was terrible that such things must come to an end.

The Wanax went to the Priestess of Our Lady. Perhaps somehow she could assure him that the disaster would not come, that Our Lady would save them.

"Our Lady cannot save Pylos," the Priestess told him. "The Thunderer is leading His people against us, and She is not strong enough to prevent Him."

(A clerk took a fresh tablet and smoothed its surface to write, "At Pylos: slaves of the priestess on account of the sacred gold: women, 14." Must that gold soon be wrought into tripods and ewers for the Thunderer?)

"Shall Her people utterly perish?" cried the Wanax, seized with terror. It was not that he, Areimenes, must die. Would he not willingly die for his people? But it was terrible to think that the

ΠΥΛΟΣ ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΠΕΛΟΝΝΗΣΟΝ



altars of Pylos would be thrown down, the holy places turned to alien gods, and his people the slaves of strangers.

"Our Lady of the Labyrinth has shown me a little," the Priestess answered. "She cannot preserve us, as she could not preserve the holy Labyrinth of lost Knossos. As Knossos, so Pylos. Empty names will be remembered only. Your daughter Theodora will live, and her issue will continue; our language will survive; for more generations than we have numbers to count, men will name their daughters Theodora. But Pylos will sink under the grass, and no one will remember; there will be only legend, in which we will not be recognized."

"Priestess, I have it in my mind to slay you," said Areimenes. "I would rather that you had told me only that I must die."

"Y

"You knew that," she answered. "All men must die."

The Wanax bowed his head and turned to go.

"Wait," said the Priestess. "I have not told you all."

"Is it not enough?" he whispered.

"For a chance --- I say it is only a chance --- that the Pylos we know may be brought back to the memory of man, will you accept the certainty of immediate death?"

"What do you mean?"

"Our Lady can give us this one slight hope. I do not know how She means to accomplish it," she said. "Choose, for there is very little time."

"I will do whatever I can," said the Wanax. Though the words of the Priestess implied that he had a chance to live after the capture of Pylos, it was right that a King should die for his people.

"Our Lady has heard your choice. Go now, and when battle comes do not shrink."

The Wanax accepted the curt dismissal. He did not understand, but perhaps that was better. He would trust Our Lady of the Labyrinth.

When the invaders surged about the weak walls of Pylos, the Wanax fought beside his people, knowing that though every arrow struck to an enemy's heart there was still no victory for his people. Unless . . .

Somehow he saw the arrow that rushed toward his eye. No victory . . . Unless . . .

Michael was seven years old, so he had a right to be proud of the



number of languages he spoke. English hardly counted, of course, because his father was English; and he'd had to learn French and German because he went to school in Switzerland. But since he lived in a place where it was spoken, he'd learned the Schwyzterdeutsch, too; and he had learned Polish because his mother was half-Polish. It was a sort of present for her; he knew she would like it. Now he was learning an even more fascinating language, Egyptian hieroglyphics, from a German book he had found.

And when Michael was fourteen, he found out about another kind of hieroglyphic writing that nobody understood at all! Not even Sir Arthur Evans! He went to hear Evans talk about Crete, and the strange writings found there --- nobody knew what language they were. And then there were the marvelous buildings, unlike anything else: the Hall of the Double Axe, the great palace that had given rise to the apparently meaningless legends of the Labyrinth. Michael promised himself that someday he would find out how to read the strange characters.

He became an architect, and won fame in his profession. He and his wife together designed the home in which they lived with their two children. (Did he think of naming one Theodora?) But he had not laid aside his hope of unravelling the problem of the script known as Linear B; he had spent his evenings and weekends trying to find a pattern in it. Like a cryptographer, he searched for relationships, and drew up endless charts to learn how it fitted together. Then one day, so many things fitted together that had to be right, and he had found a way to read it --- yes, the correct way! The further he went, the more certain it became. An archaic Greek, from which Homer's was obviously derived, which could be read and understood and which brought to life the men of buried Pylos and their works, Knossos and Mykenai besides gained meaning; guesses were discarded as the legends had been and solid fact could be established where only imagination had been before.

The mystery had been dispelled. A whole new segment of the past had been opened to archeology. For this work, Michael received the Order of the British Empire.

But he did not need the award to feel that his labor was worth while. He had won Pylos back from oblivion; in its wealth and variety, it lived in his mind and in the mind of any who read his work. He had accomplished his desire.

So thinking, perhaps, driving home on the Great North Road on that November night in his thirty-fourth year, he did not notice the lorry. He died instantly.

While the arrow rushed toward his eye, the Wanax Areimenes knew that he had done what he could for Pylos, for and through Our Lady of the Labyrinth. The arrow pierced his eye and he died instantly.



# BACK TALK

So here hath been darning another blue Danube, pretty but not the least like the Grand Canube. This has been yet another Zed with no official number. Someday I'll have to grope back through Spectators and FA's to find out what I've pubbed, and then I can revive Operation Voldesfan numbering. Meanwhile this issue of The Zed can be assigned its proper place in the space-time continuum by noting that it is planned for the summer 1960 Saps mailing.

The preceding story really needs a bibliography. Main source was, of course, Chadwick's Decipherment of Linear B (Modern Library Paperbacks, 95¢ and damn well worth it). All the material used in the story can be found there. In general, the details are constructed from individual bits of data. For example, the name Areimenes is found, Wanax was the title of the monarch, and there were descriptions of marble tables with the types of decoration described in the story. I took only the liberty of putting them together in a reasonable way. So far as I know there is no information to disprove anything in the story, though I'm the first to admit I've most likely got it all wrong.

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## May is crueller

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This all came about because I ran out of shichimi-togarishi, a Japanese spice-and-pepper mixture. There's only one place I know that handles it: a little grocery store on the way in to Berkeley. Tuesday I drove in (there aren't any coin-operated laundrettes in Orinda or Lafayette, and besides it's nice to have company) to do my laundry with Mirian Carr. On the way I stopped at Takemori's for the spices. Now, Takemori's is more than a grocery; they have all kinds of beautiful soup bowls and tea sets, character dolls in glass cases, and --- now we're getting to it --- Japanese magazines. Along with adult things is what I suppose corresponds roughly to Classic Comics: bigger than comic size, beautifully drawn and printed on good paper, one picture per double-page spread with a few lines of narration. The subject is usually a famous person or a children's classic, such as "The Blue Bird" yes, the one by Maeterlinck --- or "The Adventures of Kintaro." Astrid has had "The Blue Bird" for some while. That day I noticed "Kintaro," and decided it was time she had a new daiji book.

We use the term daiji to describe this series because we first saw them at the Warrens' house, and they use it. It means, approximately, if you rip the cover off you'll eat off the navel for a week. (Dai means "great.") So, last night, I decided we should go out to Warrens' and ask Dana-sar to read it to Astrid, since when I bought the book I didn't even know it was really about



Kintaro. I just thought it might be. Well, Dana-san doesn't remember his Japanese too well, but he knew that story because it was a reissue. He had the earlier edition --- printed from the same plates. So he confirmed the guess that it was Kintaro and told Astrid the story. This brings us --- roundabout --- to what I happened to be doing at Warrens' last night.

Well, then William took Astrid into another room and read "Hary Janos" to her, and Grace and Dana and Poul and I sat around talking . . . and eventually I said, "I just the other day remembered that besides the new sedative and the tranquilizer in Brave New World, there's a third drug called "sona." Now, what book was that in?"

And Grace Warren said, "Jingrim, of course!" So I brought it home and re-read it today.

Wherefore:

TALBOT MUNDY WAS A GREAT MAN  
or, The Case of the Pyramid Without a Secret

Jingrim is one of the old and truly kind of adventure story. It sprawls from Paris via Cairo to Tibet, with fantasy and espionage and science fiction and Heroes --- the works. There's a character who claims any number of reincarnations, and tells everybody else who they were when she was being Balkis or Cleopatra or Anne Boleyn. There's another who's unearthed the lost scientific secrets of Atlantis in a deserted city in the Gobi. There's a tremendous scene inside the Great Pyramid at Gizeh. And that's what really impressed me.

Mundy simply used the pyramid as a structure. With all the mystical elements in the story, he refrained from Pyramidology! He really knew the pyramid inside and out, and utilized it for secret meetings and a pitched battle and everything else the story would allow. But he had the taste to use as a purely physical set, and I think milked it for a lot more atmosphere than any Pyramidologist approach would have given.

It was the best pyramid story I've ever read.

One of the things I specially like about Mundy is his idea of a Hero. Jingrim (James Schuyler Grim) is typical, and so is Athelstan King (King of the Khyber Rifles). I'll use him as an example rather than Grim, because I don't want to give away the end for anybody who intends to read it. This is something from the middle of King of the Khyber Rifles: Captain Athelstan King is trying to find out about a hidden outlaw citadel. He stops at a fort commanded by his brother and with his brother's help disguises himself as a disreputable Pathan hakim. Then he makes his way to the village which he later learns conceals the underground passage into a valley otherwise inaccessible. He is taken up before the admissions council of the outlaws, and has



to prove that he has killed an Englishman --- preferably an officer. The men who helped him get this far have been expecting this, and have found a head he can display. But he hasn't seen it as they slip it to him in a bag, just in time, when he's called on. He figures he might as well make the lie a good one (since his name is well known), and says "I have brought the head of Cap-i-tin Atleestan King!" He then holds up the head and discovers that it is the head of his brother. I don't think anybody but a lundy hero ever had the guts and the self-command to take a shock like that and not break character.

This is another partial fantasy, by the way. The outlaw queen is the reincarnation of a princess who fell in love with a Roman soldier. The soldier deserted her for the sake of his duty to Rome. She finds King is the Roman soldier reborn, and wants to repeat the old plan of chewing out an empire for themselves. Just as before, he's loyal to his duty.

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The right to be a woman is the right to be free.

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Apropos of nothing in particular, except that I've been encountering babus in my reading recently, what does the name "Rabindranath Tagore" suggest to you people? When I first heard it I thought it was terribly romantic; but now all I can imagine is a fat coffee colored babu, failed M.A. University of Calcutta, wearing glasses with oval lenses and narrow gold frames. He actually looked much better than that. For one thing, he was a Brahmin.

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The right to buy weapons is guaranteed by the Constitution

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