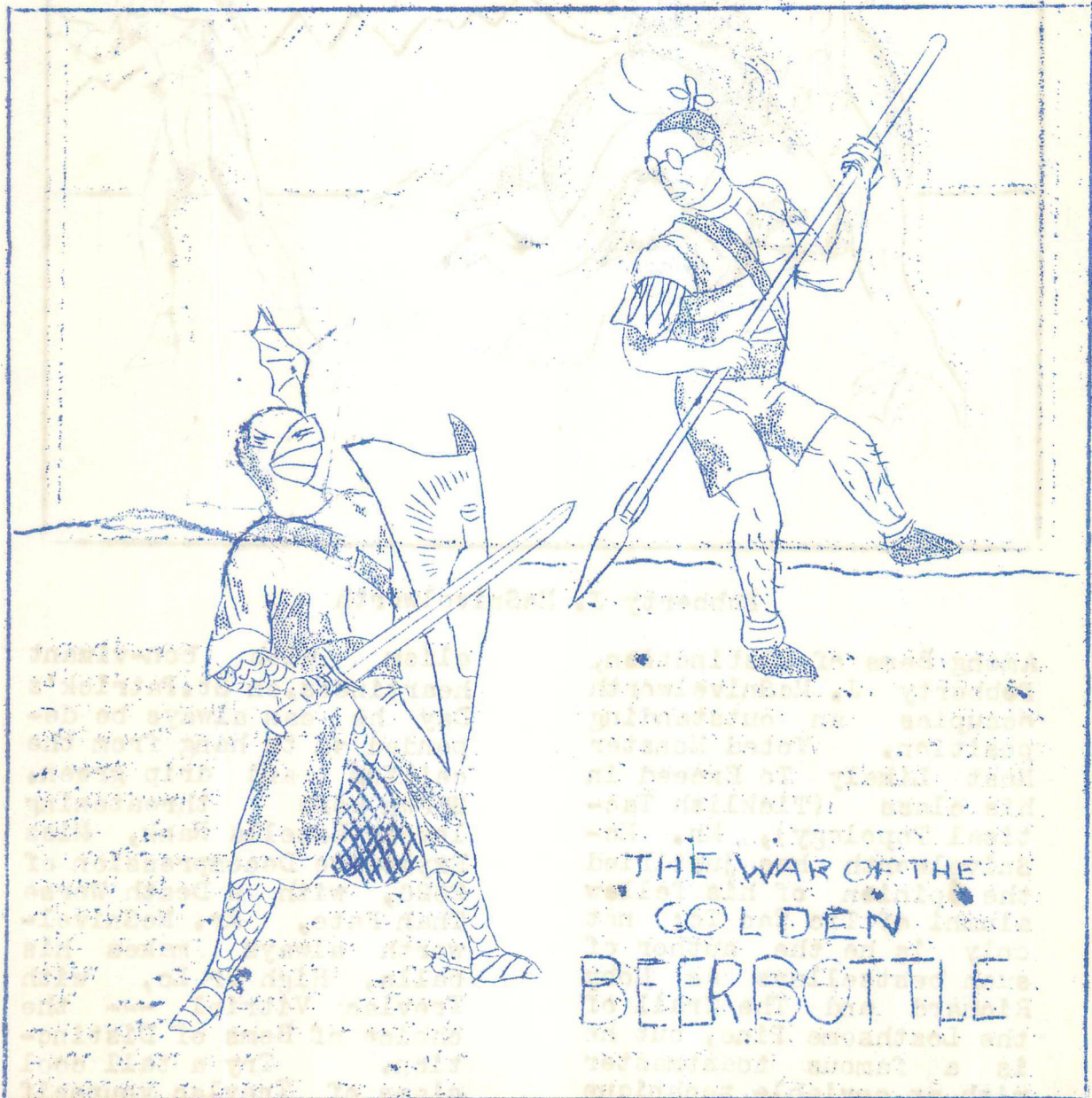
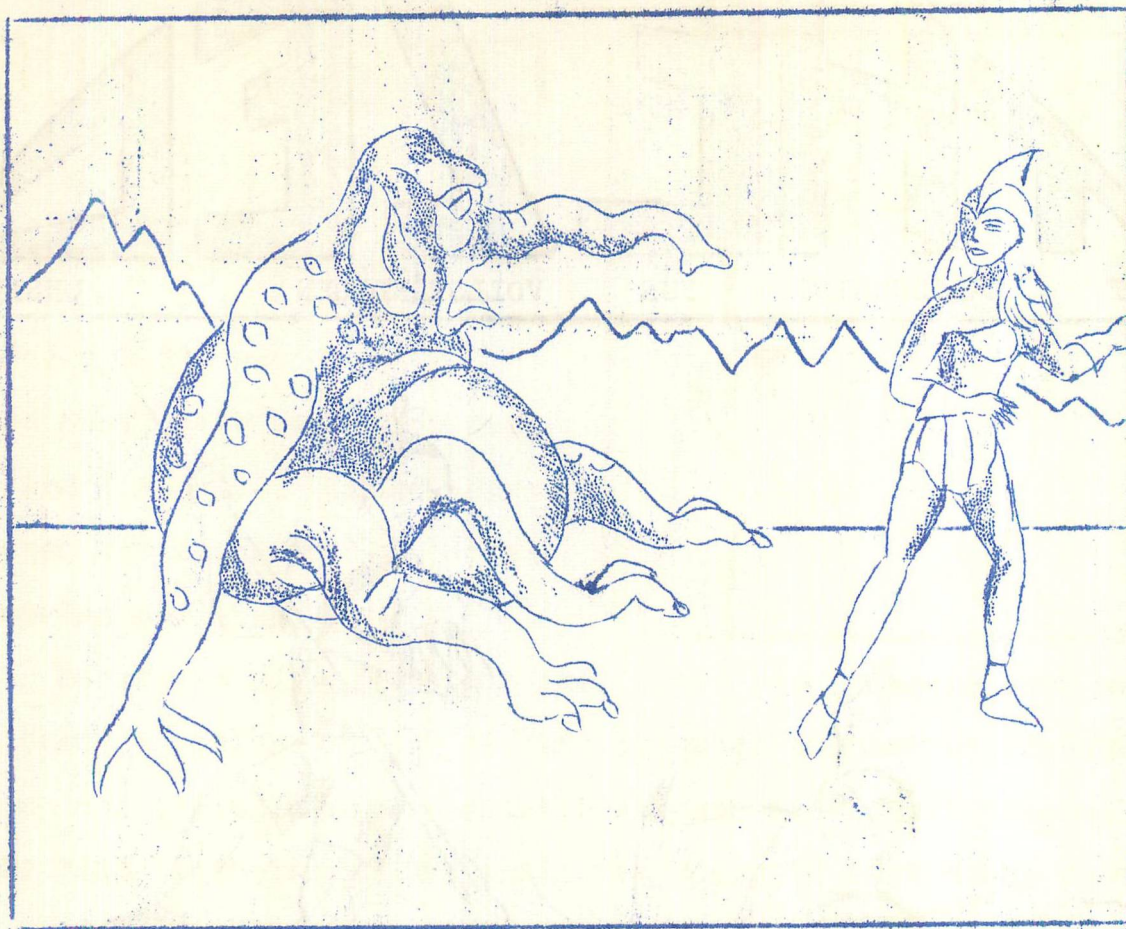


THE ZEED

DIE ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR VOLLSTÄNDIGEN UNSINN





Pobberty J. McSnivelworth

Among Bems of Distinction, Pobberty J. McSnivelworth occupies an outstanding position. Voted Monster Most Likely To Exceed in his class (Ticklish Tactical Topology), Mr. McSnivelworth has justified the opinion of his fellow alumni of Tic Tac To; not only is he the author of such bestsellers as Moby Richard and The Trail of the Loathsome Pine; but he is a famous toastmaster with an enviable technique of slowly toasting people. Combining firm tradition-

alism with bon-vizant heartiness, on St. Patrick's Day he can always be depended on to hang from the ceiling and drip green. Shown here threatening lovely Estella Nank, Miss Explosive Decompression of 2526, with a Death Worse Than Fate, Mr. McSnivelworth always makes his balls, High or Lo, with Trevlac Vitriol --- the choice of Bems of Distinction. Try a tall cool glass of Trevlac yourself ---today--- and see if you too are not dissolved with

ECSTASY!



FREE STYLE TWIPPLEDOP

AND OTHER EDITORIAL OOZINGS

Today I ran off a oneshot that we'd done with Irene some while back. But what I had to do to run off those few pages!

Y'see, the mimeo had ~~never~~ been cleaned, and these last months finally completed the process of gumming it up so that it was unusable. I found a cleaning fluid that contained carbon tetrachloride, and some rags and a roll of paper toweling; and transferred ~~all that~~ gummy and thrice-accursed ink to my person. Then the drum & I both took hot soapy baths.

Next step was to dang near break my pet screwdriver that LeeJ gave ~~us~~ for a wedding present, trying to get the ~~little~~ rod that slides through the end of the ~~inkpad~~ properly anchored.

Now I wanted to ink the pad, but first had to make a new inkswab, because I was changing to blue ink. This went off-- to my surprise---quite easily. I discovered, in a flash of genius (that's for ~~the~~ record, in case I want to patent it) a new and entirely different way of doing this. Instead of using any old stray rags, I used two folded sanitary pads. Perfect!

Then all I had to do was tie a piece of cloth over them, and start swashing the ink around. But by then I was tired.

Once I got the run going, though, I got my second wind-- finished it, staples and all, before supper.

And oh, that Phthalo-blue ink!

The picture on the previous page is me, though maybe it would be better not to admit it. It did look nice before the process of copying began.

So far I have about twenty pages of Zeitschrift stenciled. I doubt that there'll be much more; I have a couple of other things on hand, but want to save them for next ish. Do you realize that the next Zed will be the ninth, and mark two years of continuous publication? Do you care?

The interlineations used in the mailings--reviews----those with subjects noted, I mean---originated in a game of random-structure sentences we played Hallowe'en. Some were terrific ---too bad I couldn't print them all.

The gold-plated voice of Hollywood is wooing us. Chances are the whole deal will evaporate, but it IS nice to have the movies come to us and ask for a script.

Apparently "The Zed" will join "The Big O" in the ranks of legitimized nicknames. Nobody else uses it but me and I'm tired of trying to get all that lettering to look like something on the cover.



THE WAR OF THE GOLDEN BEERBOTTEE

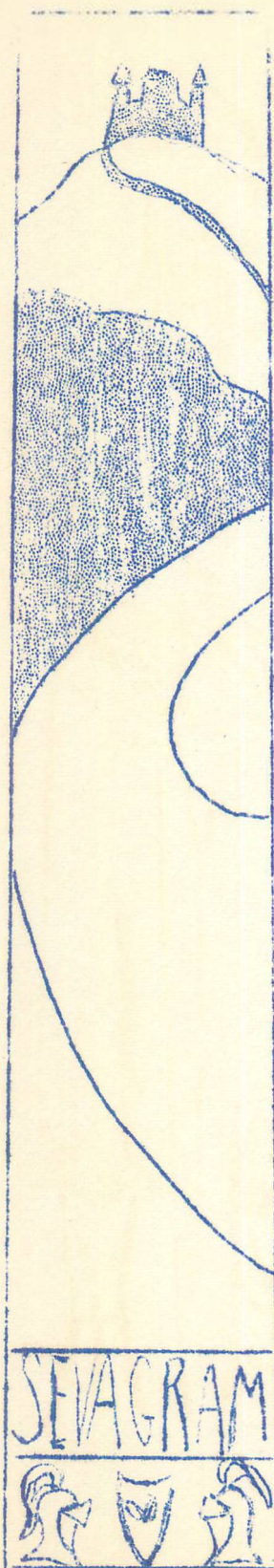
I

The Riders

Up into the Berkeley hills galloped Wrai Ballard, Socman of Blanchard, toward the castle of Princess Karen. As he neared the height from which the castle overlooked San Francisco Bay, he saw another horseman coming from the Bay to meet him. It was Richard the Beaverhearted.

"Richard!" called Ballard. "What are you doing here, in the citadel of Phthalo?"

"Is that you, Wrai?" answered the Beaverhearted. "You're a long way from



Blanchard," As his horse cantered up to Richard's, Richard said, "Frankly, I don't know. I was summoned most urgently by Princess Karen-- she said only that she needed my help."

"I received the same message---no hint as to what the trouble might be," answered Socman Ballard. And so, speculating about the reason for her need of them, the two Roscoites continued toward the castle of Sevagram, sun-bloody against the evening sky.

II

The Castle of Sevagram

Meanwhile, at Sevagram, Sentry Peter Graham clattered down the stairway from the watch tower, through echoing halls, and into the Great Hall where Princess Karen sat.

"Horsemen!" he cried. "Two horsemen are approaching---and one bears the arms of the Beaverhearted!"

Princess Karen leaped from her seat. "And the other?"

"I know not, Your Highness. But the device on his tunic resembled a plowshare."

"The plowshare is the device of Wrai Ballard, Socman of Blanchard!" She turned to her



attendants. "Go quickly, some of you---prepare quarters, food--raw wienies and some pie crust for Ballard, and fried wonton and sweet-sour sauce for the Beaverhearted; and set out bourbon and soda and Coca-Cola." The women flew to their tasks.

III

A Council of War

Shortly afterward, the clatter of hoofs was heard in the courtyard, and a few minutes later a flourish of trumpets heralded King Richard the Beaverhearted and Wrai Ballard, ~~the~~ Socman of Blanchard.

When Wrai and Richard were ushered into the Great Hall they bowed low to the Princess, then fell on their knees: for at Karen's right was the mighty prophet Art Rapp. Rapp made the sign



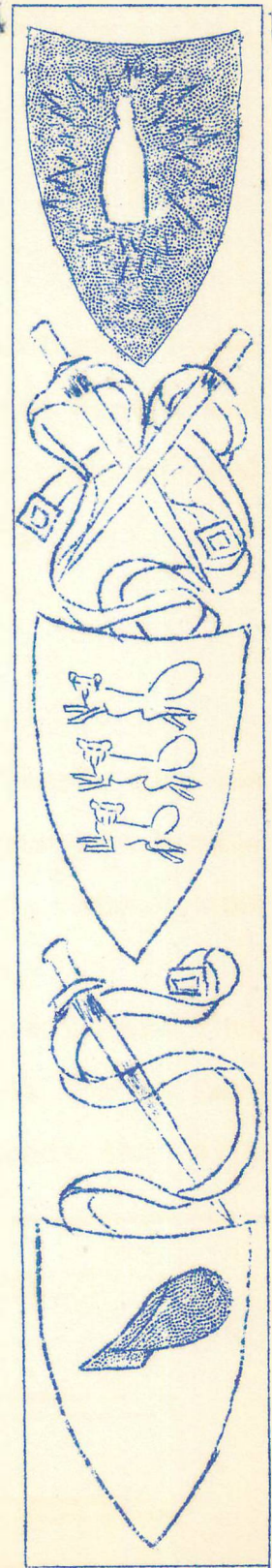
of the Beaver over their heads, and they rose and kissed his hand.

Signaling the attendants to bring chairs to the dais for them, Karen offered drinks to the Rosconian lords and bade them welcome to Sevagram.

"You are doubtless wondering why I have summoned you, my nominal enemies, with a request for help," she said as ~~they refreshed~~ themselves with the potent liquors. "I need you as my allies in a war against our common enemy. A great tragedy has befallen Sevagram and all Phthaliandom: the ~~theft of~~ the Golden Beerbottle by the treacherous minions of Ghu, through their cynical abuse of the laws of a chivalrous hospitality."

Their horror was attested by their gasps of amazement. Richard, pale-faced, tossed ~~off~~ nearly full goblet of Coca-Cola off at one enormous gulp, and Ballard's tanned face darkened to a dull, angry scarlet.

And well might they be angry and horrified. The Golden Beerbottle was the Holy Grail of Phthaliandom. In days long gone by, it had been the object of a great Quest, and had finally been brought in triumph to Sevagram,



the center of Phthaliandom. That holy place had become yet another
liar with the presence of the famed relic from which, legendary
accounts related, Phthalo Himself had drunk, then given it into
the keeping of His High Priestess in the dim past.

IV

The Strategy Against Ghu

"But where is Prince Poul?" asked Richard.

"He has gone on a dangerous mission into the southland, to
the barbarous and little-known city of Los Angeles, in search
of the mercenary captains Lee and Ed," answered the Princess
with a sigh. "I fear for his safety."

"How was the Golden Beerbottle stolen?" enquired Wrai.

"Last week, while I was across the Bay visiting Irene, the
Chatelaine of Slop, John Davis---no doubt informed by spies---
came to Sevagram, saying that he wanted to see me about a mat-
ter connected with our religions. The seneschal naturally in-
vited him to stay until I returned. That night, he and his men
overpowered the Guard of Honor and fled with the Golden Beerbo-
ttle.

"As soon as I returned and learned of his treachery, and
Prince Poul returned from his mission to (Continued on Page 12)



Review of Mailing 29

CLUNQUE #1 Rike

This promises to be a fairly interesting zine, once its rather cluttered appearance and poor reproduction are cleaned up. I hope Dave also loses no time casting off his somewhat juvenile preoccupation with stitchy scars.

INSIDER #21 McCain Too bad you can't stay with us, Vernon.

FAN MAGGOT Briggs

I can almost feel the hot sticky beer-fragrant Washington night, and see the curly Briggs hair and the burry Kerkhof hair through the haze of blue-gray smoke. Ah, the memory of the Great WSFA Farewell Party in Phyllis' basement apartment at Granny's House, and the many puns on Beer. . .

Does anybody know where Kerkhof is these days? Apparently he left Washington a couple of months ago, and hasn't been seen since. I miss him.

NANDU #8 Gerding

Eddi Hanley interesting, let's see some more. Format impeccable.

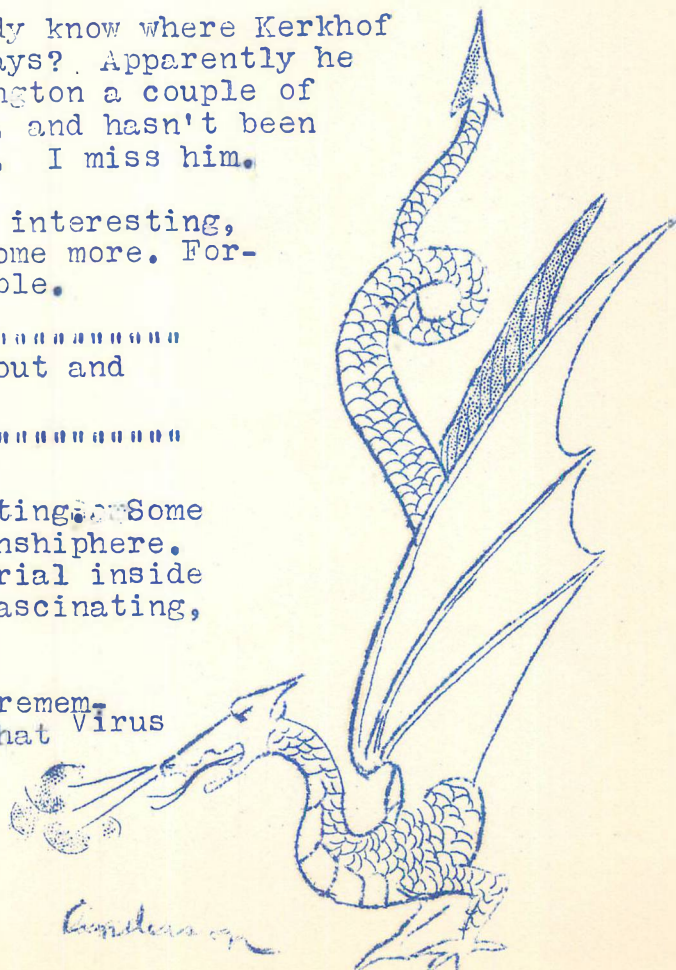
~~~~~  
I was so startled, I went out and  
bought a piano  
~~~~~

SEETEE #8 Graham

Hm, interesting. Some nice workmanship here. Actual material inside less than fascinating, though.

THE GOLDEN GATE Graham

Must remember that Virus



Subject: Stef

Jets blasting, stupid monsters fear females above earth exploded

SPACEWARP #56 Rapp Sorry, Art, I don't have that kind of typer. If Poul's will do it, I'll cut my reviews of WARP on it.

"101 Facts" is a handy supplement to "Fanspeak;" do you have a spare copy? Now that I've gotten a "Fanspeak"----the blessing of Phthalo on Eva Firestone!----I'd like to keep them together for reference.

PISTOL POINT Somehow, I suspect the hand of LeeJ and/or EdCo. Come on, give, Nan!

BRONC #4 Firestone That business about the coffee really tickled me. Just goes to show you, it isn't safe to drink anything less than Beer.

Subject: Dogs

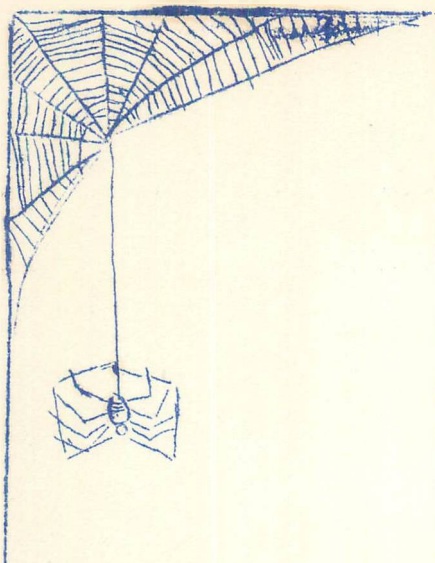
Dogs love little puppies are never licensed to rabies.

OUTSIDERS #17 Ballard The "Northfield Disaster" was especially interesting to me because my mother-in-law works there as a college librarian. I understand they celebrate a "Jesse James Day" with re-enactments or something.



Northfield has two colleges: Carleton, where Mor works, and St. Olaf's. Poul says that one of his ambitions in life is to barricade himself on the top of their reservoir with a loudspeaker and read excerpts from the medieval chronicles about their patron. Happens Olaf was king of Norway until he was killed longabout 1030 in a combined invasion and civil uprising.

His kid half-brother Harald, though, is the one I get excited over. He was seven feet tall and irresistible in battle. He went to Byzantium as a young



man, to join the Varangian Guard; but demanded to be placed in command---and was. He might have been a lover of the somewhat notorious Empress Zoe Porphyrogenita. When Byzantium got too hot to hold him, he went to Russia to pick up the swag he had sent there for safekeeping, and married a beautiful Russian princess. Then he went home, demanded an equal share of royal power with Magnus Olafsson and got it, installed a fiery red-headed mistress named Thora, and settled down to conquer Denmark---I forget just what his claim was---and at last England. His claim to the throne was considerably stronger than that of William the Bastard. So he invaded England in 1066, and---

I'll bet you don't believe a word I'm saying.

But Wrai, HAVEN'T you heard the joke about the farmer's son and the traveling saleswoman? It seems this saleswoman--well, come out to San Francisco, and I'll tell you privately.

As usual, a fine ish, even if you DO think de garren haa det gut.

STAR-PROOF Coslet

As I recall, Coswal, "Jehova" was a deliberate misinterpretation of the Tetragrammaton, just close enough to the true form to preserve the secret of the true name Jehoah from discovery. See Richard Graves' "King Jesus."

Incidentally, you probably all know that "Beelzebub" (Ba'al zevuv) means "Lord of Flies" and was a name coined in derision by the Hebrews, but have you ever heard of the very sincerely worshipped god Ba'al Zevul? He's the one the Hebrews were making fun of.

This was a very good ish, compared to the junk you usually give us. How about some more? I almost begin to see the outlines of the Coswal legend.

ARCHIVES #5 TouzinSky

What do you mean by mentioning the Zed in the same breath as roscoe? For shame and modesty! I may occasionally arrange an alliance with roscoe, but only in

dire emergency. For shame, for very ^{AAA} shame!

Good enuf mag other than that, though. Good ~~caran~~ toons---Keasler? Yes, now I see the credit ~~for~~ ^{AAA} them.

What was removed from that frontispiece---the ^{AAA} title of a story? of a ^{AAA} zine?

How much does a ditto cost? The art possibilities ^{AAA} interest me.



TALES FROM UNCLE REMUS #3 Remus

I find the sketches more ~~funny~~ ^{AAA} than the verse. (Yes, I meant to spell it that way.) "Final Voyage" might have been better with lighter treatment ^{AAA} I think.

SPY RAY OF SAPS Eney



After going outside to the basement for Mailing 28, discovering that the cat had gotten out, playing hide-and-seek thru ^{AAA} Schultzes' zinnias in the light afforded by the sky of an autumn night at 10 p.m. to catch her, and finally getting in the house with last Zed, I remembered what I wanted to know out of it: namely, the source of your reference to "kimono." ^{AAA} Well, this thing is a little longer than ^{AAA} a new baby, has long loose sleeves and no collar, and fastens by three ties ^{AAA} down the front, being open the rest of ^{AAA} the way. The pattern called it a kimono and I took their word for it.

But this "obi"---I always thought that was the sash. What's that? Anyway, as ^{AAA} for "kimono" meaning "clothes," so does ^{AAA} "dress."

What is "ichi-ban"?

Incidentally, I hope you're studying up on Cha-no-yu, as long as you can't think of anything else to do with Japanese women. I'm highly interested.

~~~~~I have unpoken~~~~~

TELEKINETIC TERRACE TIMES #2 Jacobs  
Cox

I glee. Almost as good as a visit with my favorite madman. "Sanewave", especially, was great. I goorgle with glee at the mutated Ballard Chronocicles, I doo indeed.

SAPS ROLLER #2 Harness

I like that whimsical cover. Too bad the inside didn't quite keep pace with it.

TELEKINETIC TERRACE TIMES TRAILER #2 Jacobs Slobs!  
Cox

MAINE\*1AC #10 Cox

What do you mean, if there is/was a Zed? Have I ever missed a mailing? A A A

Somehow it's more fun when you symbiose with LeeJ. A A A A

Some are horrible when playing house and chickencoop.  
Subject: Cats

GEMZINE 44/4 Carr



Honestly, Gem---for why should I be jealous of other females in Saps? If I want to find targets for that singularly unattractive emotion, I needn't go so far afield. As far as that goes, you obviously haven't noticed my complimentary reviews of my near neighbor Irene Baron, of whom my husband sees quite a lot.

No, I review a zine, not the perpetrator. I admit to being partisan in my tastes; I prefer good humor to inane vaporings and juveniles attempts at serious writing. A A A A

Which leads me to an apology I must make to you---in attacking your verse, I had never realized what an apt parody it was of the wide-eyed and earnest dope. Please forgive the blunder. A A A A

SAPS CON ROSTER Graham Ah memory.

STF TRENDS #16 Hickman

Chucklesome sketches, howsabout maybe devoting an issue to them? A

STF TRENDS #18 Hickman

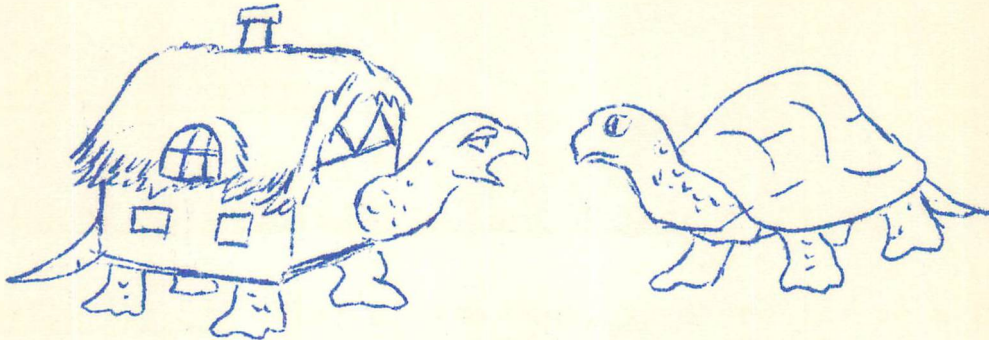
What became of No. 17?



THROUGH THICK AND THIN WITH MICHIGEN Devore

What a series of  
sensitive fannish  
alibis!

FAPA REPRINT #1 Jacobs Why don't you sound like this in SAPS?  
Gem?



"Personally, I think this Frank Lloyd  
Wright is a flash in the pan."

HALF-BAKED ARTICLES #3 Jacobs Ghuk!

GHU SUPPLEMENT #23 Davis But would a beaver drown?

AGTHING #1 Harook Nice cover but not much behind it.

"Die Zeitschrift für vollständigen Unsinn"  
means "The journal for utter nonsense." But  
doesn't it sound impressive?

NO HOLDS BARRED GUIDE Anderson  
ZED Anderson

I'd hoped it would be better.  
Same goes for the Zed. But,  
of course, I forgot to take my  
typer and stencils with me, so  
no running coverage; and then  
I mislaid the dummies I'd pre-  
pared. Still haven't found  
the furshlugginer things.

MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 13TH Firestone

It does kinda take it  
out of you, doesn't it?

And thanks again for the  
Fanspeak. Phthalo will  
bless you.

GASP #2 Steward Good, good.

SAPSTYPE #1 Higgs But why tell SAPS what a Jay is? Could it  
be---great Phthalo, he maybe feels we don't  
KNOW?

POSTWARP Higgs As usual, this monumentally fails to interest me. (Okay, so I'm a smug snob?)

THE PAIR ANNOYED Gerding Gthoog! ---as Astrid says when she is particularly delighted. Even the serious-type fiction was good-- a very rare event in fanzines. How about a few more?

TAILGATE #1 Sims Love those sketches, specially the one at the bottom of page 6.  
Young

SPECTATOR #29 officialdom Too bad about that cover. I sigh to remember the Black Spectators. Hope you'll restore the standard, or even set a new one.

-----  
Do not tear along dotted line.

Pro talking to his new ribbon:

Testing, testing, testing. the quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog AND SSIXTEEN JOVIAL BRAUNY GODS FLOCK UP TO QUIZ THEM. Why SSIXTEEN? "Well," he says, says'ee, "you wouldn't number GODS by a a plain old SIXTEEN, now would you, son?" He says to me, "You've got to show respect for Psmiths, and ffinch-ffarrowmeres, and GODS, especially," he says, says'ee, "when there are sixteen of them and only one of you." So I says to him, I says, "Oh," says I. And he says to me, "#\$%&'()\*+,-./:" he says, says'ee, "234567890-111,./."

If we carry this interesting dialogue on a bit further we shall see whether the unreliable thing reverses or not. Yes, I do believe it does. Good, I says, says I. That's what comes of paying due respect to GODS. Especially BRAUNY ones.



realized that I was unable to do anything---as you may know, we have few men-at-arms here---I sent word to you. Prince Poul, a day later, returned from a hunting trip, and when Alex explained the situation he resolved to seek out the mercenaries."

"We must maneuver the Ghuist forces into the East," said the Beaver-hearted. "My men are not trained to fight in desert country, and his are not at home in the mountains. Moreover--even more important--my men are quartered in Alexandria, and will be fresh for the battle; his will be tired. Are you willing to take the risk of drawing them out, Karen?"

"Any risk is preferable to leaving the precious relic in their impious hands," returned the high-hearted Princess. "But what do you propose to do?"

"Give out that you are abandoning Sevagram, and returning to Washington with your complete collection of mint UNKNOWNs."

"But I don't have one," objected Karen.

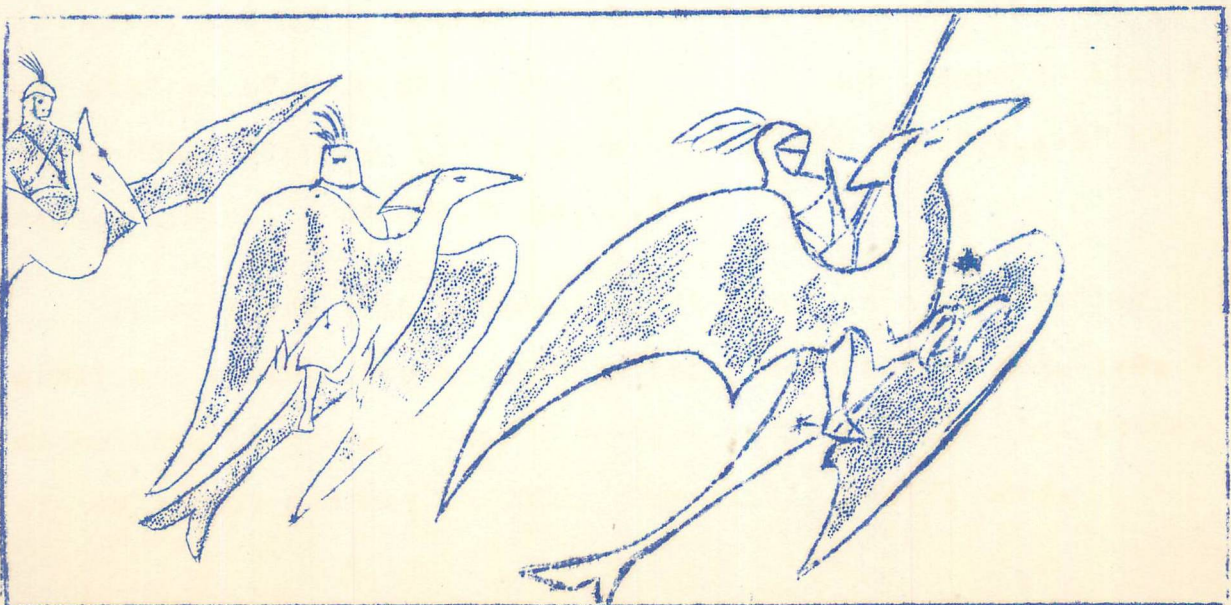
"Does John Davíd knowthat?"

"No."

"All right, then. Take the northern route, and don't let the word leak out until we're almost there. We'll make camp in the Massanutzen Valley; they'll have to enter through that narrow pass---you know the one?---and we'll make fancrud of them."

"An excellent plan," commented the Princess. "During the Revolutionary War, Washington planned to use that veryvalley on his plane as a retreat if the tide of war turned decisively against him. Fortunaltely for First Plane America, this never came to pass."

After sending a messenger southward to meet Prince Poul on his way back with the mercenaries, they set out on racing grulzaks. Irene, Chatelaine of Sloop, sent word that she would pray at the shrine of St. Robert Glen Briggs for their success.





## V

### The Armies Meet

A day's dourney away from the valley, Princess Karen let it be known that she had abandoned Sevagram; and King Richard sent fast messengers ahead to summon the armies of Roscone-in-Dixie.

Unfortunately, they had underestimated the Ghuists. Their greed for the supposed collection of UNKNOWNNS gave them an incredible power: they flew like airplanes, with their propellor be-anies. The band encamped in the Massanutten Valley was taken by surprise, and barely escaped to join the Rosconian Army.

Word of the situation reached Lee Hoffman, High Priestess of Ghu. Realizing that the armies were rather evenly balanced, and might struggle for weeks, she called up the southern Ghuist army ---which consisted of cavalry units exclusively---and ordered it north at top speed. They fed their horses Hadacol and arrived in less than a week.

Without warning, the cavalry swooped on the Rosconian rear, and plowed through the headquarters at a gallop; then they wheeled back and began the attack in earnest. Slowly, the Rosconian army reformed to meet the double assault; but the Ghuist forces, with their superior numbers, soon had them enclosed from east, south, and west.. They could only retreat to the north. Finally reaching Front Royal, they determined to make a final stand.

It would decide whether Roscoe and Phthalo would survive or go down under the gelatinous heels of Ghu.

## VI

### The Siege of Front Royal

Nerves were taut in the beleaguered town. Day after day, the superior forces of Ghu attacked, and each day they were driven away a little less valiantly. Supplies were getting low and one day King Richard was brought the last bottle of Coca-Cola. He was told that only water remained to drink; the beer had run out the day before.

As he sat gazing at that last Coke, Princess Karen entered the room. She carried a dusty bottle.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Beer," she replied. "It had been overlooked before; one of you men found it, and though he wanted to drink it himself he offered it to me. I am going to pour it out as an offering to Phthalo."

"And I will sacrifice this Coke to Roscoe! Perhaps then our Gods will aid us," he said. So, solemnly and regretfully, they took the precious bottled to the street and emptied them on the pavement. Many men looked as though they would have liked even to lick up the much-desired liquids from the asphalt, but realizing they were offerings, turned away to drink water.



## VII

### The Siege is Raised

The next morning, the usual attack did not occur. Instead, scouts reported that the Ghuist forces were engaged in the west, by another army.

"The mercenaries!" cried Richard and Karen in the same ecstatic breath. And so it was. Two dazzling surcoats proclaimed that LeeJ and EdCo had arrived, under the command of Prince Poul, and by the end of the day the Ghuists were fleeing wildly in all directions. The Rosconians and mercenaries looted their camp--finding huge piles of back-dated prozines and SAPS mailings--and rounded up all available grulzaks for a triumphant flight to Washington, where they celebrated their victory at the Seagull.

After recuperating from the strains of the war, Karen, Poul, and the mercenaries bade farewell to their allies, and headed toward Tucson. Tucson was garrisoned only by a few battered neo-fen, and the Phthalian force quickly took the city after luring the defenders out with a booby-trapped Ozalid reproducer. After they had recovered the Beerbottle, they sacked Tucson and turned their grulzaks' heads toward Sevagram.

After a wild party and one-shot session, during the course of which many bottles of home-brew were drunk and EdCo played many hands of solitaire while waiting for his turn at the typewriter, the mercenary captains returned with their following to Tælekinetic Terrace and the strange, barbarous city of Los Angeles.

"And I think," remarked Karen to Poul, "that it's time for another beer."

### I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING AGAINST IT IN LEVITICUS

11:20 All fwls that creep, going upon all four, shall be an abomination unto you. 21 Yet these may ye eat of every flying creeping thing that goeth upon all four, which have legs above their feet, to leap withal upon the earth. . . . 42 Whatsoever goeth upon the belly, and whatsoever goeth upon all four, or whatsoever hath more feet among all creeping things that creep upon the earth, them ye shall not eat; for they are an abomination.

18:20 Neither shalt thou lie with any beast. . . : it is confusion.

19:26 Ye shall not eat any thing with the blood; neither shall ye use enchantment, nor observe times.

# Round Robin Story

by  
John

Watson

I  
Eric Frank Russell

The car was long and low-slung and heavy. It galumphed down the street with a whoop and a holler, a snort and a zoom. Mass of such proportions leaves considerable rubber on the pavement as it brakes. The smell of scorched tires drowned out the warm springtime odors of trees. Chrome flashed blindingly, distracting a fakir who was contemplating his occiput.

"Mftgda," muttered the fakir. "Aren't they proud of their technology, though?" He contemplated warping the car into the 482nd Chorp dimension, but decided against it. He vanished.

The driver got out. He was a big dark man with a muscular gait. His tweed suit needed a shave. He was an engineer, and his name was Jeremy Bentham. He approached the little shop which drowsed in the sunlight and stared in the window. The gay red and white stripes of the pole outside it flouted him with archaism. "A shaving machine?" he thought. "Why not?" He pondered it for a while. "To be sure, all chins don't have the same shape. But they'll get it."

He entered the shop, and the street was deserted except for a dog. The dog walked into an alley. And then there were none.

II  
Robert A. Heinlein

The barber looked up from his newspaper. "Hello," he said. "What can I do you for?"

"Haircut, medium," said Bentham, and lowered himself into the chair.

The barber pumped it a little higher and took the electric shears in his hand. He pressed a switch. Elsewhere in the city, helical armatures swung through an intense magnetic field. Energy was converted to alternating potential at an exact sixty cycles per second. The maddened electrons hurtled down a wire, a spiderweb network of wires, jostling, thronging, a process whose ultimate complexity is best described in the esoteric terms of wave mechanics. They came to a barrier and milled as if in confusion, and out of their confusion they generated a pulsating strain in space itself, an induction effect leaping the laminated iron plates of the transformer and creating a new current on the other side. The electron swarm split, running



down a dozen parallel circuits. A fraction of the energy from the generator turned a tiny reverse generator within the clip-pers: electricity became mechanical work, and the entropy of the cosmos increased by a minute percentage.

And all this in a time so short that no human sense, ~~nothing~~ but the impalpable perceptions of an oscilloscope, could even be aware of passing interval!

"Well, sir," said the barber, "looks like the ~~Democrats~~ are back in Congress again."

"It's six of one and half a dozen of the other, said ~~Bentham~~. He shrugged under the napkin. "None of them are fit to govern anyway."

"Oh? You don't think so, sir?"

"No," said Bentham bitterly. "Consider. Their genes were selected by nothing better than blind chance. Most of them, at least, must have simians in their ancestry. Hardly a one of them could find the integral of  $\log \log x \, dx$ . Oh, I'll grant they're kindly, well-meaning, experienced after a fashion----- but that isn't enough any more. Not in the same world as the hydrogen-helium reaction.

"Well, maybe so," said the barber dubiously, "but say, mister, what is the integral of  $\log \log x \, dx$ ?"

"It's, um, well, uh. . . Think the Yankees will win the pennant next year?"

III  
E. E. Smith

The barber's eyes gleamed. "By Chromo! he said. "There you've hit it! They've had hard luck, sure, that could happen to anyone! But what a team! What a TEAM!"

"Ball club, I believe, is the proper terminology rather than the expression so rashly applied by yourself," said Bentham coldly

The barber sheared his hair remorsefully. "Yes, I haven't learned to think yet. It's hard, you know---how it's hard! But I'll get the idea through my thick, tough skull if it takes a million years!"

"You have some small promise," admitted the deep, resonant bass of Jeremy Bentham. Your use of the scissors, elementary though such devices be, amounts to virtuosity. In time you may advance to the next level."

The pride of his profession, the verve, the drive, the sheer unconquerable esprit de corps instilled by years of mercilessly rigorous training in the most exacting task known to man, fairly blazed from the barber. His scissors flashed, on and on, a scintillating, coruscating lambence, cold steel become living flame. And when the razor was in his hand, he wielded it---not recklessly, for well he knew the frightful potentialities of utter destruction lying within that innocent seeming piece of tempered iron-carbon alloy, but with the dash and spirit of a master.

"There, now, sir," he said finally, holding up the ~~mirror~~ .  
"How's that? One dollar, please."

IV  
A. E. van Vogt

His voice seemed to come from some ~~immeasurable distance~~. There was a resonance to it, an alien, somehow energy feel which chilled Bentham.

Slowly, he climbed to his feet. His gray eyes were cold, watchful, and he felt his ~~head~~ tilt forward, like some strange creature poised within his own head, as he answered:

"That seems well enough. You are to be commended."

"One dollar, please." There was a curious insistence in the barber's tone, half pleading, half threat. He came ~~around~~ the chair with his hand extended.

Bentham forced himself to calmness. With a tremendous, soul-shaking effort, he nodded. His own right hand, like a thing with a steely will of its own, moved toward his hip pocket.

There it halted---halted, and recoiled as if some monster had lashed from the trousers. Bentham felt himself go stiff as an iron bar. His nerves thrummed, overloading, discharging their energies in a shuddering flow through the organism-as-a-whole. Slowly, reluctantly, the terrible realization forced itself on him.

He had forgotten his wallet.

The barber stood waiting. There was a half-smile on his face, a straining look of immense, raging hunger. Bentham's will surged forward. As if out of an immense night, he spoke:

"I seem to have forgotten my money. I'll be right back. My house is only six blocks from here."

He saw the animal fury of the unintegrated blaze in the barber-



er's eyes, and repeated desperately: "Only six blocks. Make the cortico-thalamic pause. I do not have any money with me at this particular segment of space-time. That is a negative judgement, of course."

"Mister," said the barber, "if I gave credit to every ~~schnee~~ who comes in here---" His voice trailed off before the frightful vision.

"The negative judgement is the peak of mentality," ~~Bentham~~ assured him, backing away.

But the barber was unintegrated, uncleared, a blind ~~animal~~ bundle of automatic greeds and suspicions. He called a cop.

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IN-VERSE

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage;...  
-- Lovelace

Here hath been dawning  
Another blue day:  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?  
-- Carlyle

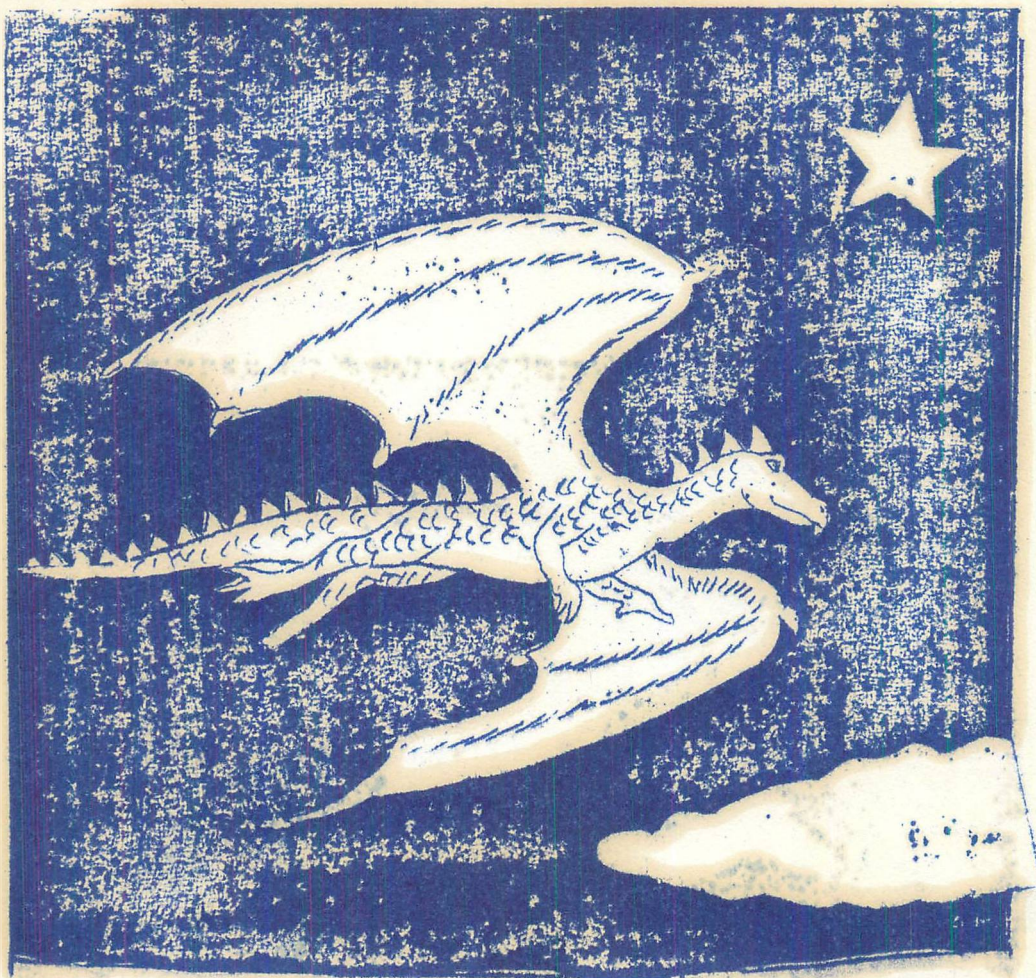
And presently there comes a shout,  
Within a single year:  
"Goddammit, someone let me out,  
Or bring, at least, a beer!"

Canst tell me what use is  
The dawn glowing red  
For any man's purpose  
Save snoozing in bed?

---To think that two and two are four  
And neither five nor three  
The heart of man has long been sore  
And long 'tis like to be.  
-- Housman

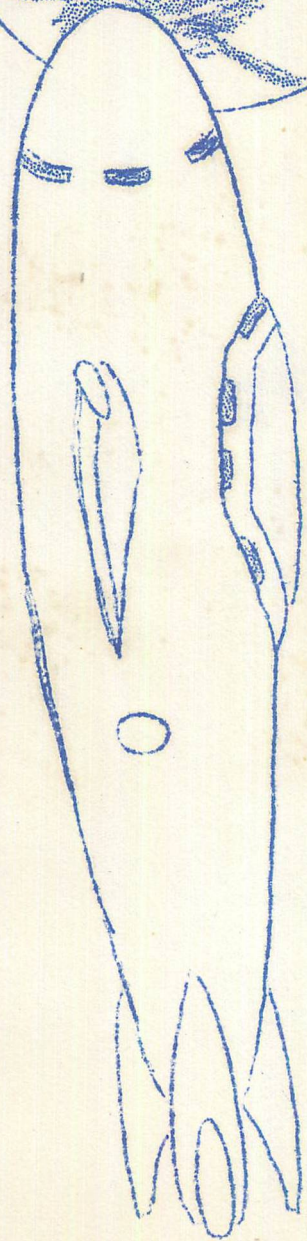
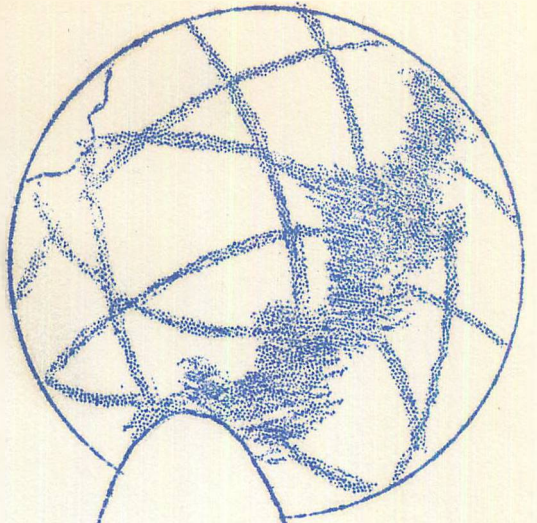
And so of vectors we are taught,  
Whose calculus does mean:  
That two and two add up to naught,  
Or four, or aught between.





MERRY  
CHRISTMAS





DIE ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR

VOLESTÄNDIGEN

UNSINN

1906 Grove - Berkeley 4

California

To:

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