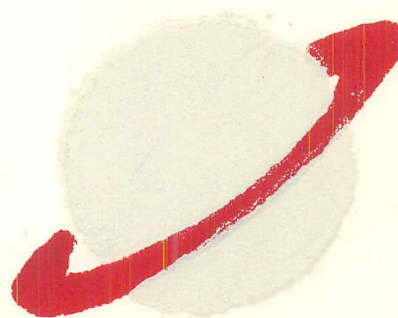


DIE ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR VOLLSTÄNDIGEN

UNSINN

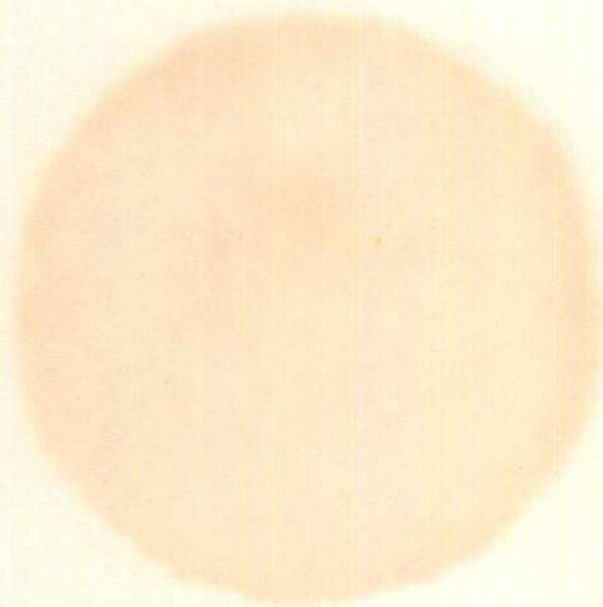
Nº 805

SAPŠ 66



BINARY STAR
RW TAURI

WAGNER



THE ZED, or it may just possibly be DIE ZEITSCHRIFT FUR VOLLSTANDIGEN UNSINN, No. 804 -- or 34 in real numbers. Is everyone sufficiently confused? Published for the 65th mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California.

I'VE GOT TRUNKS FULL OF 'EM

One of the things I found while cleaning the other day was a stack of unused covers, silk screened, dating from the time we lived on Oxford Street -- i.e., early 1954. I can remember printing them in the kitchen with Poul's help. There was supposed to be a solid black background and it wouldn't come out right, not at all. I rather think I'm going to use them on this issue, but making no attempt (as I'd hoped I might find a way) to put in that background. That being the case, I revert temporarily to the old title of Die Zeitschrift für vollständigen Unsinn: "The journal for utter nonsense."

Other things found lately include many slips of paper with notes of things seen here and there. One is a billboard in San Francisco that read: LOS ANGELENO'S PREFIEREN KWKW / CUANDO VD VISITE LOS ANGELES SINTONICE LOS 1300KC / SI VD PUEDE LEER ESTE ANUNCIO ENTONCES PREFIERA KWKW. On the corner of the same note is written in modern uncials (or whatever they call them -- what they use in Ireland) IS FEARRDE IU GUINNESS. Which must mean "Guinness is good for you." I don't remember where I saw that one. On the other side it reads "Baster, double boiler, cigarettes. . ." no, I didn't mean to save that, did I?

"Merry Christmas from the J. B. Lippincott Company." No, other side. These are the things I copied down in the Cafe Mediterraneo one evening. The place was a store before it was a coffee house, and the display window floors (about eighteen inches above the main level) are filled with smooth pebbles, many of which are inscribed. "R I P" . . . "HOT" . . . "2 Blessings" . . . "You have just contracted syphilis" . . . "Stop Nuclear Tests" . . . "Jesus Saves" . . . "Boosh" . . . "Wo Bist Du?" . . . "Shmex" . . . "No!" . . . and so on. We added our own: "Trespassers W," "I am a pebble for the FBI," and "Feghoot was here."

Out goes that slip.

Here's a poem that I was going to polish up and submit, but there was a better one on the same topic in the current F&SF.

FIRST STAR

You planet named for love, discreet with veils,
We thought your purdah but a sweetheart's toy;
We set our trust in wishful cradle-tales
Of princesses loveliest who were most coy.

Alas, we have reached out and touched your shroud,
Found you embalmed and mummied. -- Yet falls night,
And yet your shining cerements of cloud
Recall the ancient charm: "I wish I might."

Out goes that one. What else do I have here?

Here's what must be a tracedown on a Silverlock reference; it's in Dean Dickensheet's handwriting.

Oxford Companion to American Literature, 1956, p. 740

"Sut Lovingood Yarns, 25 sketches by C. W. Harris (q. v.) contributed to the Spirit of the Times and Tennessee newspapers, and collected in 1867. Sut is a lanky, uncouth Tennessee mountaineer, who loves two things -- corn whiskey and a joke. Hence come his humorous adventures in breaking up a Negro funeral, a wedding party and a quilting, and being blown up by seidlitz powders . . ."

Get the behind me, Thetan

Here's a verse Poul wrote to a well-known song:

Oh, you can't get to Heaven
With a Dean machine
'Cause the Lord don't sell
Thiotimeline.

Hm, I don't know whether to use this for something or not. But I'll run it so I can throw the original away.

"Once upon a time there was a Gray Magician who lived in a split-level greywacke tower. It was only seven stories high, but because it was a split-level tower, it actually had thirteen floors. This did not bother the Magician. He dealt in such dubious arts as Surds and Gerundives. The tower was oval, with the side that had seven floors facing north; all these floors had hopsacking curtains in yellow and orange. The south side, that had six floors, had split-bamboo blinds at all the windows. The stairways were all in the middle and had no windows at all. This was the way the Gray Magician liked it. The tower was situated on a greywacke outcrop, surrounded with sea-figs and clumps of lousewort."

That's one more piece of paper I don't have to worry about.

O to be in England now that Aprillē with his shoures sootē breedeth lilacs in a dead land.

And a clutch of Latin phrases to provide comments on initialese: NASA -- Non Avis Sine Aspera; CIA, Caput In Anum; AEC, Astra Ex Camino (Caminus is a hearth); FBI, Facilis Balatus Intelligentiae (Balatus is bleating); CPUSA (Comunist Party of the USA), Cancer Prolix, Ursi Servitor Abjectus.

May your shadow never grow fangs

Now, as my planet turns me in its shade,
I see the home-star's dazzle slowly fade
Until returns with slow illusory births
The wondrous daylight of ten thousand earths.

Dear Madam: Will you please mark X to vote for the following resolution? Resolved: Build a 100,000 Seat Auditorium with a 100,000 marked on the one hundred thousandth seat at The Place

Where Humanity Breaks so that everybody is included in Congress and nobody excluded. Please use the inclosed ((sic)) return stamped Envelope and Ballot A for such purpose.

I get that one in the mail every once in a while, like just after I've had something published, addressed care of the magazine.

The Arabian Bird

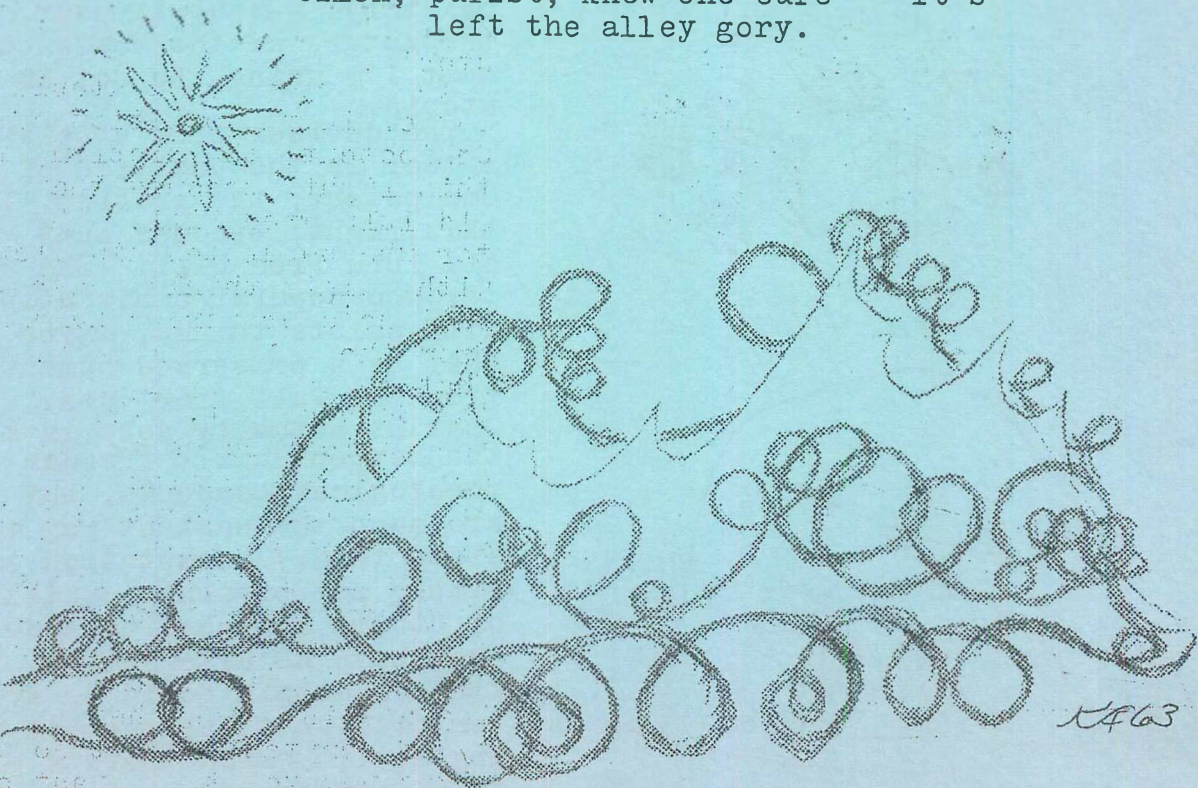
The elephant and the kangaroo, come to Canaan by means not beyond all conjecture, brought like the rest at least a pretence of con-
nubiality to the muddy gangplank. Shem asked Ham if the weight of rainwater in the miscellaneous fur and feathers had been allowed for in calculating the vessel's calculated draft; Ham referred him to the Architect.

Every drownable creature had been warned, by species if not indi-
vidually; there were rams in Lebanon who never guessed that the
germinating grass would not sprout for them. One day a dove would
bring an olive-twigg to her temporary cote. But before that day o
other doves would climb into air, twitching floodwater from their
feet, seeking until they were found by one last wave.

There was in Arabia a nest not like other nests. Had it not been
drenched by the unended cloudburst it would have filled the air
with all woody perfumes of Arabia. The matchless bird huddled upon
the never to be quickened egg: quenched and forever cold.

This one has with it the note "5:02 A. M." but I don't recall
the occasion:

Simple Simon met a psi-man
cracking second story;
Simon, purist, knew one cure -- it's
left the alley gory.



K463

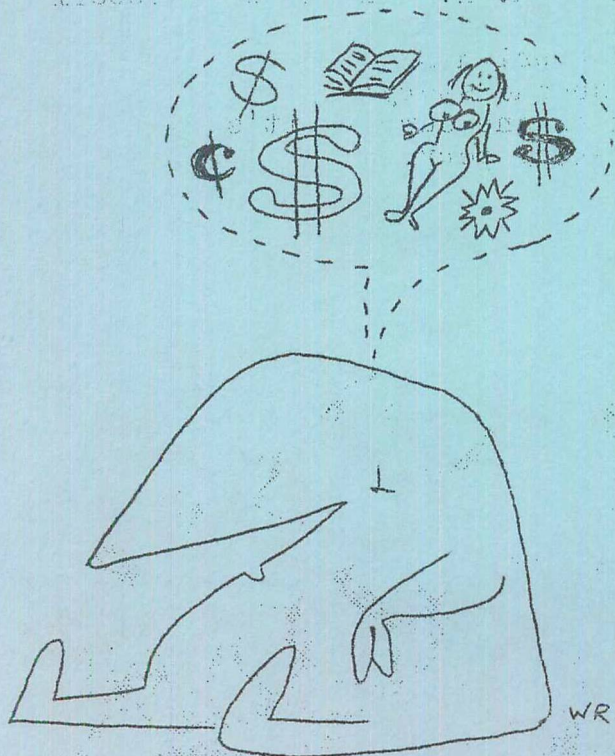
A QUICK FLIP THROUGH MAILING 65

SPY RAY Thanks for running the Sherlockiana; you've done some work there. But why don't you cut the fannish references out and send it to the Baker Street Journal? If you don't want to do that, or Dr. Wolff thinks he has too much material on hand already (that's not too unlikely), let me know and I'll reprint it in the Vermessa Herald. I'm publisher, not editor, but I'll only have to mention it. Or another possibility: have it read at a meeting of the Scowrers, and thus make it eligible for inclusion in a possible second volume of West by One and by One. Of course, the first book isn't out yet -- we can't find a printer -- but never mind details like that.

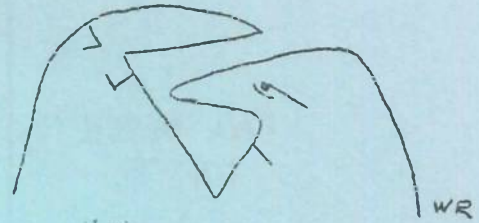
NIFLHEIM Re your comment on Retro 28, agreeing with Buz on the (Att: utopian writer not having a working set of cojones: I Busby) take it you mean not just cojones in the strict sense, but the "logic and adrenals and gonads and common sense" of Buz' previous sentence. The utopian writer apparently starts off not with the idea of people-as-they-are, possessing the cited attributes, but with himself-as-he-wishes-he-were. I have a large-scale project going which involves utopianizing among other things, and it's rough to get started in a direction I can recognize as

halfway right. I want to use real meat-and-bone people, since it's to be a novel, not a tract. It's to have conflict and adventure and villainy -- otherwise, there's no story! -- but it must, by the nature of the basic concept I'm using, be set in a utopia.

The deviser of a utopia is rather in the position of God Omnipotent; the problem, in this light, becomes that good old lulu Free Will. The writer who populates his utopia with saints thinks, maybe, that he's preserved humanity from the Fall from Eden. What he actually does is keep the Serpent out. (Pardon the theological concepts, but they are much the easiest way to state this.) Temptation is simply not present. Citizens of Utopia are good because they have no alternative. A kind of utopia could be written (it isn't the one I'm working at) in which there's plenty of temptation, but no one gives way to it. I want one



which people do for one reason or another occasionally succumb. They are human beings. Although they do know unquestionably know what's right, they lose their temper -- or they don't always know what they're getting themselves into when they start something -- or they can lie to themselves about implications or consequences of their actions. In short, they can ball themselves up as thoroughly as we do, though not as often or as consistently.



One criterion I'll use consistently is: Would I have fun there? Not some imaginary self, free from wrong-thinking or what have you, but me-as-I-know-myself. When "voldes" was current as the antonym of "sercon," I tagged myself with it. I'd rather be volatile&de=structive than serious&constructive. Neither term quite fits, of course. Volatile&constructive might be more meaningful. I've done an occasional constructive thing in my fannish life.

And so I'm creating a volcon rather than a sercon utopia. There will be room in it for the most sercon sort of individual, but it won't be planned for his benefit, and he won't have as much fun as the more volcon inhabitants. Life won't be too easy for any of them, but the volcon ones will know how to enjoy it.

PLEASURE UNITS I can't find "By the Waters of Babylon" to make sure, but I got the impression that the Great Burning was done with some kind of radiation weapon -- radon gas, radioactive dust, or maybe the latest little notion: a neutron bomb. It wouldn't damage buildings, but people would die. Survivors would have to stay away afterward because of induced radioactivity or residual dust. Remember, the narrator is afraid to touch anything, believing he may be burnt. I don't know when the story was written, but I'd guess it was later than T. S. Stribling's "The Green Splotches," in which one of the characters is definitely injured by carrying coins which have been left near some radium. Radiation disease was definitely known about in the early thirties. The explosive potential of fissionables was not, of course. Benet could not have been thinking about a neutron bomb. But he could have been thinking of radon.

SPECTATOR That's a grand cover. How about a fireside chat in the next Spectator? No? I didn't think so. /// If you celebrate your election by giving money away every time, you're set up for a succession of landslides. Just one thing, though -- did the bank just happen (this sounds unlikely) to give you bills with those serial numbers, or did you make them find you some?

Girard, Schultz, Hulan, Busby, Toskey, Meskys, Patten, Pelz: I'm glad you liked "Arzan Honey," but I don't think I'll be using the Eskilstead setting any time soon. It was all because I had to get something in fast and felt a story coming on. I sketched out the map and started composing on stencil, leaving space at the head

IT'LL NEVER
LAST



WR

to put in a title when I got around to thinking of one. I did it in a single sitting.

I sent it off to Bruce, one copy first class and the rest as printed-matter or something. Come the day of the deadline, Bruce phoned and asked where were the rest of the copies? He only had the one that went first class; when had I mailed the bundle? I admitted what the date had been. "You need something in this mailing to keep from being dropped. If it isn't here by tomorrow I'll have to do something drastic," he said.

It wasn't, and he did. He re-stenciled it and got Jack Harness to trace the cover map. And that's the story of why the last Zed wasn't done with my usual ink and paper.

So here it is July 26th, I've run off and assembled the August number of ALIF, and I'm nearly to the bottom of page 8 of the October ZED. I think I'll run this off right away, and store it until mid September or so, in case there's something I want to add to it. But it looks as though I'm going to hurry up with an issue of what I used to think would be a quarterly, VORPAL GLASS, and then try to do some concentrated thinking on that utopian project. That'll give me until the middle of October before I have to start thinking about fanzines again.

Maybe I'll put out a one-shot.