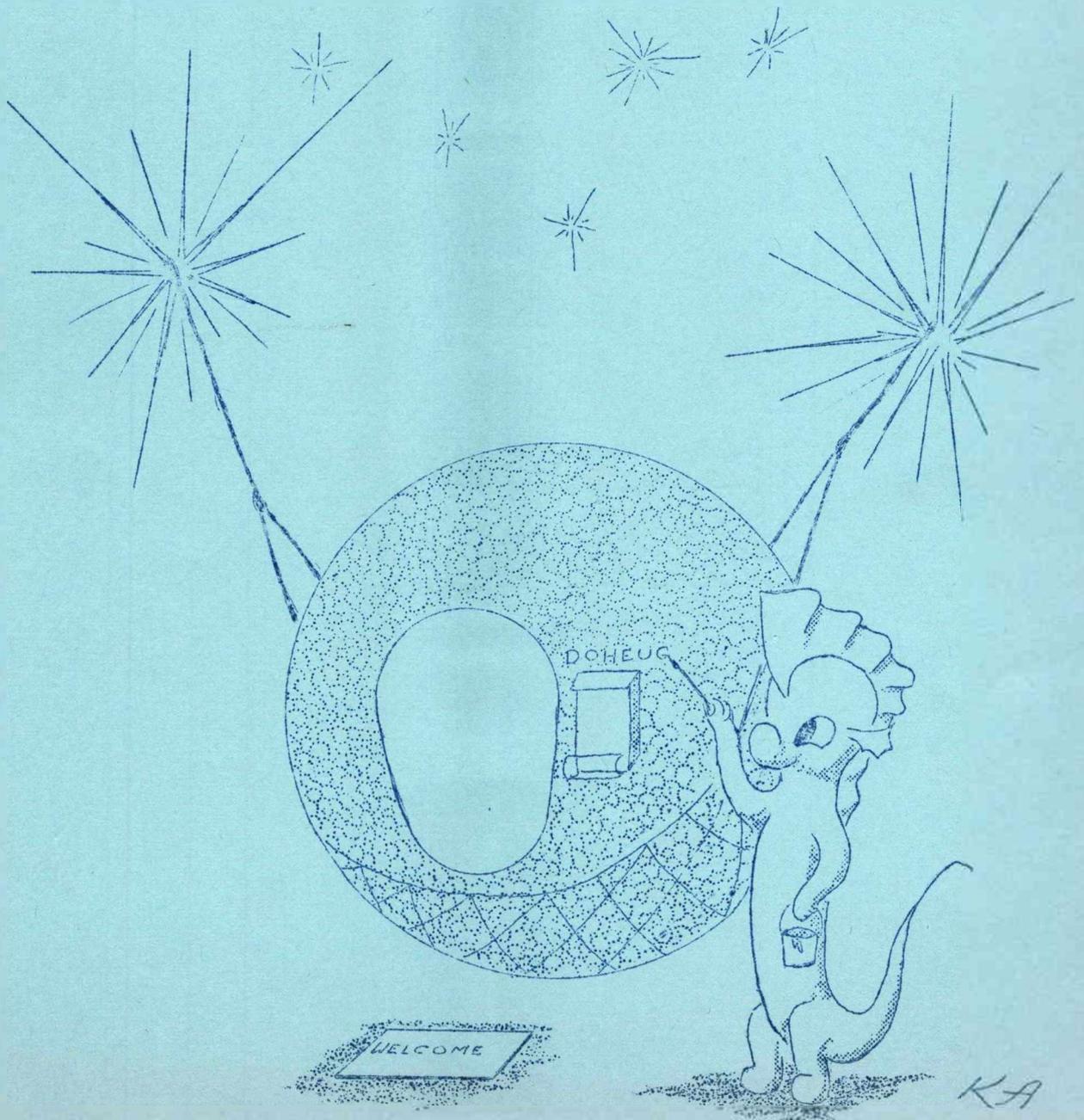


DIE L EITSCHRIFT FÜR
VOLLSTÄNDIGEN
UNSINN

THE L E D NO. 791



The Zed, number 791; published by Karen Anderson, 1906 Grove Street, Berkeley 4, California.

Here, I think, I should mention that the word arsis (found in the vembletroom title in one of the Trial Objects) is defined as follows:

ARSIS: (ar'sis) noun, plural arsēs (-sēz) 1. Prosody. a. Originally, the unaccented syllable of a foot in verse. b. In later use, the unstressed part of a rhythmical unit (opposed to thesis)

I've all kinds of things to say, but unfortunately I can't remember the first one. It might be best to say that today is the Fourth of July, and I can hear the fireworks down in Oakland. Here in the house, we have the Grahams, the Gibsons, the newlywed Rickhardts (Bill and Phyllis Scott), the Garrs of San Francisco (we wouldn't have any other kind) and Dan Curran. We are having a Paracon. (Hello, Fabulous Seattle Pandom. How're you doing?)

Outside the house is our Morris Minor, Rickhardt's VW, Gibsons' Fiat and Grahams' (boo) Detroit monster of a make which I refuse to bother remembering.

Well, when Rog came in he said he felt like a bully.

I have been given a Rotsler cartoon. Thanks, Miriam. Thanks to you too, WRösler, and I wish you'd send me some instead of me having to wait and get them second hand. Maybe it would help some if I wrote to you?

"Can I help it if I'm star-begotten?" --- Anon (by request)

Anyway, here's the cartoon.

I CROSSED MY FINGERS
WHEN I PROMISED TO
OBEY



I've taken up a musical instrument lately. I used to play the piano, but the damn things take up so much room --- all our wall space is occupied by bookshelves --- that I've had to forget about getting back to that. I'd been wanting something to play, since I can't sing or whistle particularly well; and I didn't want something that you need 'lip' for. Also I wanted something that didn't cost too much for a fairly good one. So I settled on the one I've got now --- a fipple-flute. (Well, a recorder. But they did call them that.)

IVORY, APES, AND PEACOCKS

By Winston P. Sanders

*Long gone are days of ancient high romance ---
*Venturing, faring into glory,
*Daring the godly wrath to laugh at chance ---
*All is now faded into story.
*Where once proud galleys blazed with broidered wings
*Tyrian blue white-foaming past their bows,
*With ivory, apes, and peacocks for their kings,
*A dirty, rusty steamer daily plows.
*Wallowing into smoky swells, she bears
*Machinery, girders, lumber, wool, and chairs.

May Nergal take that cargo down to hell! ---
It's shifted once again --- All hands on deck!
Get it back into place! --- I swear by Bel
No other skipper has such a pain in the neck!
Ivory --- bah! The tusks roll 'round like mad,
And if they're broken, 'twill be me must pay.
Let Ishtar's fane in decent brick be clad,
Not trouble us poor seamen all the way.
These new-fangled notions ---! Isn't cedar good?
Must African ivory drive out honest wood?

And apes! Ye gods, have mercy on my soul!
They gibber, jabber, howling in the night.
Their cages slide with every seasick roll,
And all the little devils scream in fright.
It drives me mad! I've not slept three nights past.
And when a slat breaks, setting a cageful free,
It's chase 'em up and down the deck and mast,
The while they wreck each thing they chance to see.
May Shamash damn their whole flea-bitten crew,
And damn the king who wants those monkeys, too!

And has another peacock died? Ye gods!
Each time we ship a wave, a cageful dies.
I'd rather be in jail, and scourged with rods,
Than pay that cargo's price --- it's in the skies.
We have to wait on them with every care ---
Food, water, warmth, --- to keep the things alive.
And all their cages smell --- By Sin I swear
Each stinks like twenty galley-slaves a-strive.
O gods, have mercy! May my next cargo be
Wool, girders, lumber, chairs, machinery!

MAILING COMMENTS

Speleobem #3: Yes, I recognized Sam Hall, of course; as you say, I didn't happen to be around to mention it. #2 only reminds me of Tam O'Shanter. #3 suggests Miss Bailey's Ghost, but can't be the version I'm acquainted with.

Fenden 12: I've kept white mice at different times. The latest were two named Finkletoes and Twinklenose. I could never tell which was which, and since they were of the same sex, I don't think they could tell either.

Now I have a hamster, who lives in a birdcage. (The mice lived in an aquarium.) He's a retired stud, and supposedly extremely old; but you'd never think it to watch him. He puts in a great deal of time storing his "Fives" dog biscuits just the way he wants them, and rearranging his pieces of cloth and kleenex a dozen times in an evening. Then he climbs up the wires (they're horizontal) to see if he can get out the top. When he's satisfied that he can't get out of the top at any point, he drops down and puts in some time chewing the bottom wires. After that he chews a spool that I gave him. Then he'll take a nap, and when he wakes up he tries again to find a way out. I named him "Freiherr von der Trenck" after the soldier who used to tunnel through twelve-foot stone walls with a rusty nail. His first name I got by a roundabout way; Giovanetti's cartoon character "max" is also a hamster, and the original Katzenjammer Kids were named Max and Moritz. Hence his first name is Moritz.

About bats: I'm fond of them, but the only times I've ever had any contact with them were two occasions when I found a bat in my bedroom and had to catch it in a towel to get it out. That was elsewhere, and long before any reports of rabid bats. I hope I don't have to catch any more.

When it comes to erotic writing, the Song of Songs beats all. There's a word or two invariably bowdlerized; her navel, for instance, is something rather different in the original. Coswal, I imagine you know what it is. Hanged if I know what that piece of pornography is doing in a holy book.

Bee's Buzz Why, of course C and G come from the same source: Gamma. Latin distinguishes between the vocal and non-vocal forms, so developed two written forms. Even then C and G were used for Gaius and Gnaeus. Latin never used K, or Kappa; don't ask me why.



Gim Tree: Hiya & like that. All right, what DOES Gim Tree mean? I'll bite.

But ferghod(Phthalo)ssake stop showing up the rest of us with that hyper-perfect three color Gestetnering!

Poor Richard's Almanac: Butbutbut --- look, Jesus wasn't a Jew by race; he was a Galilean, which was quite different in those days. Jews didn't think very much of the Galileans, They'd only been converted a century or so earlier. It was the Jewish-race heads of the Jewish religion who demanded his execution by the Romans. Look at the Bible again, and remember the epithet "Christ-killer".

Nematode 3 If you start out by saying that a bit of poetry is magical, it doesn't help at all to quasi-quote. The exact lines are as follows:

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Safari: Thanks for the review in American Book Collector. I think that must have been why the Spokane Public Library ordered one of the last few copies of the Kuttner memorial. I bet they were surprised when they saw it. But they paid up nicely. Now, my only problem is finding out how to cash a City of Spokane Warrant made out to Sevagram Enterprises.

Poul says, be sure to tell you "Though a Sparrow Fall" was good.

Bronc: Re spiral tunnels, I've been through the pair at Kicking Horse Pass in the Canadian Rockies, also seen them from the road. They're long trains: you can see the engines (four, usually) coming out before the last cars go in. Book of Ptath appeared in October 1943 Unknown Worlds.

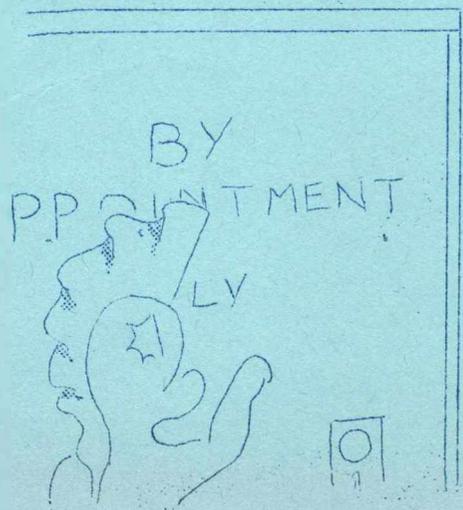
Retro: I loved "Backwash of Null A." Do some more!

Pot Pourri: Did "Spade Work" really happen? If not, it should have.

Flabbergasting: If you like Addison so much, you might look up "Fish Dinner in Memison. Get one for me while you're at it; I've never seen it. Reg Bretnor says it's his best.

S----: Grand title. "The Chaser" is the best thing Carl has ever done. More, please.

②



TWO VEMBLETROONS

Cadillac pusher! You have achieved the feat of making metal stink.

POUL ANDERSON

Obscenity two parking spaces long
Blights your showroom with a bouillabaise of two-stage tail fins that will never make orbit, insquashed breasts, and sieves, the whole chromed and strewn with unnecessary lights.

Jerk, dirk yourself in the obvious place with that vulgarity, sideways.

Idiot!

Beerslayer! Odious oaf whose clumsy and utterly hateful hand

Betrays your low esteem of Goban's gift,
Spilling the glorious brew, the brew beyond praise, the brew that is god and sacrifice innone, the brew whose holy destiny is the troat, and by refilling,

Poor boor, you think to make amends for the impious act you committed?

Idiot!

KAREN ANDERSON

Kennst du das Land, wo die Citroen vroom?

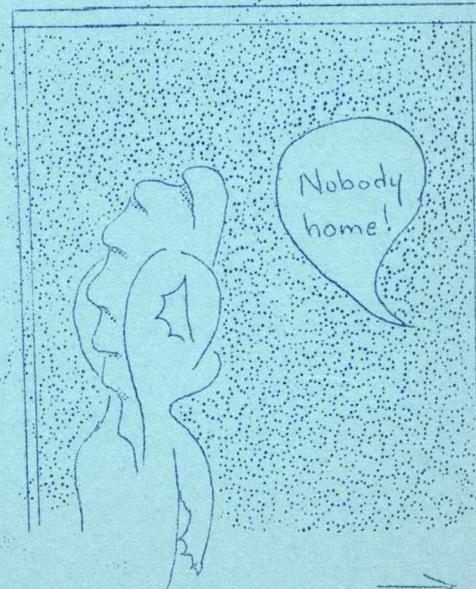
MAILING COMMENTS Concluded

③

Holoepicycle: You've got a smooth breathing on the cover where you should have a rough breathing. See the one over the rho in the drawing entitled "Panta Rhei," somewhere else here.

Touch was a fine piece of conjecture. Finishing

Sports car: A vroom with a view



DESIGN FOR A WORLD

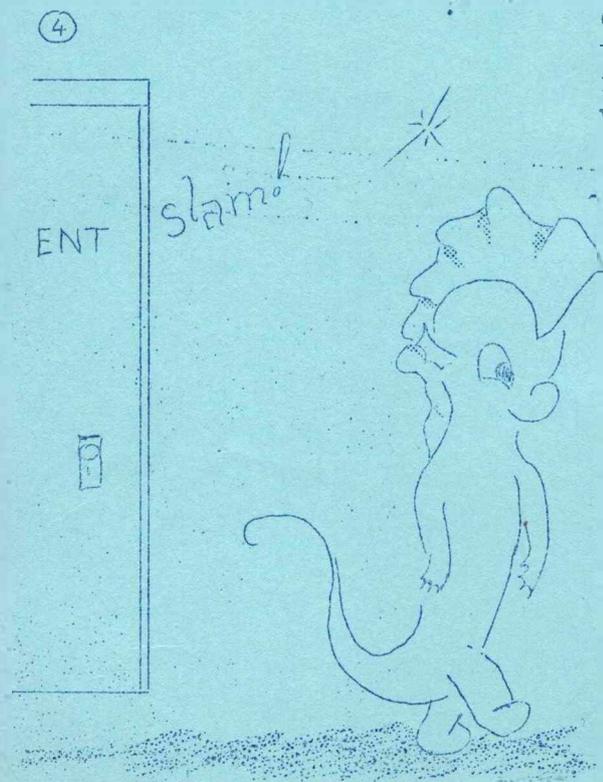
by Poul Anderson

It has occurred to me --- well, really, it has not, but Karen said she had a page to fill and would I please do something about it --- a few notes on the backgrounding of a science fiction story might be of interest. Actually, I hope to do a series, covering many generations, which will explore in detail the problems of interstellar colonization. One rule of the game is that I stay strictly within the realm of known scientific fact, well-established theory, and reasonable engineering-type extrapolation thereof. No faster-than light travel, for instance. Possibly as a result, the series is progressing slowly, only three stories having been completed at this date: ROBIN HOOD'S BARN, THE BURNING BRIDGE, and AND YET SO FAR.

Anyhow, the series requires a planet, imagined in as much detail as I can manage. Search through some texts and catalogues led me to e Eridani, a G5 star of absolute magnitude 5.3 and parallax 0."161. Or, in science-fictionese, it's slightly cooler and redder than our sun, with 0.66 times the total luminosity, and about 20.2 light-years distant. Being in the main sequence, it obeys the mass-luminosity relationship; this, however, is a rather rough curve, and my value of 0.87 Sol for its mass is frankly an estimate. The density would be nearly equal to our sun's, thus it has a diameter of 0.95 Sol.

At such distances, the constellations will not be very different except in the region of Eridanus itself. Sol is visible in the northern sky of Rustum (my planet), just above Bootes, as a rather weak naked-eye star.

So far it's been pretty straightforward calculation. But from here on in, we're dealing with complete unknowns and must make arbitrary assumptions. I guess that Rustum formed at a gravitational distance comparable to Earth's from Sol. This gives it a mean orbital radius of 0.674 A.U. and a period of 0.586 terrestrial year. Though its sun is weaker, it receives 1.45 times as much radiation as Earth does. The



angular diameter of ϵ Eridani seen from Rustom is 1.6 times that of Sol-Earth. In other words, a big, orange sun, heating up its planet to an average temperature of ... of what? Let that go for now!

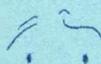
I assigned Rustom a mass of 1.61 Earth, diameter 1.135 Earth, mean specific gravity of 6.08 --- largely to make the surface gravity come out 1.25 ours. Mustn't make things too easy for the colonists. Since it's so near its sun, tidal action must have slowed the rotation to ... oh, hell, call it 63 hr 10 m 15 s, but leave the axial inclination an even 25° . Then several days of studying gas laws and various meteorological theories made it possible to calculate sea-level atmospheric pressure (4.75 Earth's), the rate at which this pressure drops off with altitude, and --- very roughly --- the mean summer temperature at various altitudes. Also, of course, the boiling point of water and other data. Atmospheric composition is similar to home, though not identical. But ... whoa, there! A man could n't survive at sea level without an air suit. He'd get nitrogen narcosis. So only the high plateaus can be colonized.

Work out the system of moons and tides; geography; biology, ecology --- I suggest that designing a planet is an exercise which would cure the most stubborn mental case of any belief that he was God.

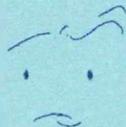
TERRY CARR'S FACE CRITTURES at the Paragon



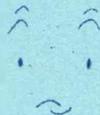
JUST THINK - UP IN SEATTLE
THEY'RE HOLDING THE WESTERCON
RIGHT NOW ...



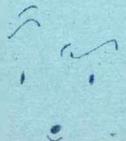
ROG, DO YOU REALIZE THERE
ARE ALL SORTS OF PROS UP
THERE? ...



BIG NAME PROS THAT WRITE
FOR THE TOP PROZINES, POUL ...



... AND THEY'RE MEETING
FANS FROM ALL OVER, BILL
AND PHYLLIS!



WHY, THEY'RE HAVING A FABULOUS
FANNISH TIME UP THERE!



SOME PEOPLE HAVE
ALL THE LUCK!

PASS ME MY SHEER, WILL YOU, ROBBIE?
IT'S OVER BY THE MIMCO.

ODILE PART TWO

Synopsis: Rupprecht, a young man in search of adventure, has apparently chanced upon a solitary cottage in the forest. The woman who lives there says that she drew him to her, and asks him to perform a service for her. He agrees to do so, but afterward cannot remember what he is to do. However, he finds that he is following instructions that he cannot recall.

All that day Rupprecht rode through valleys he had never known, yet recognized each way-mark. The way climbed endlessly. Through narrower valleys, and past scantly streams, he still climbed higher, and came at length to a silently spilling pool. Here he refilled his leather bottle, for there was no water higher. After a few frugal bites of bread and cheese, and a drink of the cool leaf-dark water for himself and his horse also, he rode on. The way now led over a broad round shoulder covered with copper beeches. Their dark-red leaves were like a sky of dried, glossy blood. The light on the forest floor was ghastly. As the afternoon passed with no change Rupprecht began to feel that he was in a fever or a dream. He seemed to be trapped in the midst of a dead sunset, or painted into the seas of blood in a picture of the Apocalypse. The motionless air, dry and slightly warm, grew hard to breathe and coagulated over his face. He strained, gasping and choking, to fill his lungs.

He burst forth at last onto clean naked rock, wrapped in pale, immaculate sunlight and cool air that was alive and moving. He had lost track of time in that hell-sunset under the trees, and now he saw that perhaps two hours of daylight remained.

The way led now along a curving ridge, just below its crest. It curved continually away from Rupprecht so that he could see only the cliff-edge above and ahead. Day waned.

Suddenly, the ridge at his right hand dropped flat beside him. He did not at first see the narrow causeway that lay ahead, leading to a sheerwalled pinnacle.

Atop the peak, black against a bloodstained sunset, was silhouetted a featureless tower. Breath clotted in his throat and he struggled against the urge to flee. At last he rode on, across the causeway to the dark tower. The great door slid silently open as he approached, and he rode into blackness.

A light, a single white point that did not illuminate, glowed before him; a voice said, "Dismount. Your horse will be attended. Follow."

The light moved ahead, then rose slowly. Warned, Rupprecht felt for steps, and climbed after the shining point. He came to a landing across which fell a streak of light, and saw that there was a curtained doorway. The voice said, "Enter."

Rupprecht came into a room which was filled with the presence of a tall black-robed man. Looking at Rupprecht, he smiled distantly --- much as Odile had smiled to herself --- and said, "You are expected, Rupprecht. Welcome to Erlberg."

Erlberg! That awesome name called up again the ghost of the dead sunset through which he had struggled. Erlberg! The castle of the whispered-about Erlmeister!

"Our little Odile is making another attempt on me, then," said Erlmeister. "Has she not learned yet that I can penetrate any design of hers?"

Full of fear, Rupprecht could say nothing. Odile had assured him that success depended only on his resolution --- that her intent (whatever it might be, and what was it?) was quite feasible. But Erlmeister seemed so certain that she could do nothing against his powers --- How could he make any attempt to defeat the powerful Erlmeister, by turning Odile's plan into some unexpected form, when he himself did not even know what that plan was? When he did not even know what end she would have him accomplish?

He drew a deep breath, hoping to maintain what he could of her unknown plan. "Are you quite certain, sir," he said to Erlmeister with a careful blend of deference and arrogance, that you can penetrate her present design?"

Erlmeister smiled faintly and shrugged. "We shall see," he returned blandly. "Come and look."

He held out to Rupprecht a small bowl of silver. It was filled with a liquid of utter blackness, not even reflecting light from its unrippling surface. Rupprecht looked into its unguessable depths.

Depths opened infinitely before his sight. His being was drawn down until he knew nothing but the blackness, and a silence as enclosing as the blackness. He lost all sensation of his weight upon the floor, of every part of his physical existence. After a time even his body-shorn awareness had vanished in the completeness of the black. He was not.

Rupprecht regained awareness lying upon a couch. Erlmeister was gazing speculatively at him. He wondered what Erlmeister intended: what vengeance he had incurred as Odile's instrument.

"Odile has learned much," said Erlmeister. "Had you known anything, I would have learned it easily. Yes, she has grown more subtle . . . But how did you come to lose your way in the grove of copper beeches? You should have been able to pass that within the space of a quarter of an hour, or less even. Yet you wandered there for hours . . . Can it be that some other person is taking a hand in this situation? And who? I confess, I do not know what webs have been spun for my feet.

"And what am I to do with you? For you are certainly here to do something, and since it is for Odile, it is against me. You are here as my enemy. However, I do not wish to send you out into the dark. You would never find your way back."

Wearily, Rupprecht considered the question. "I care not," he said. "I can as well spend the night in the open. I have slept roofless before, and if it is not so adventurous as this intriguing between magicians and witches, it is more secure."

"No need of that," said Erlmeister with the first genuine smile Rupprecht had yet seen from him. "I shall permit you to stay the night. I am not so inhospitable. But I'll not be troubled at the thought of you in my tower; I will place you in a room where you can cause no trouble, and the door will be watched by a basilisk. If you do not know what these amiable creatures are, I should caution you that a basilisk's glance turns any living creature to stone. Will you follow me to your bedchamber, sir?"

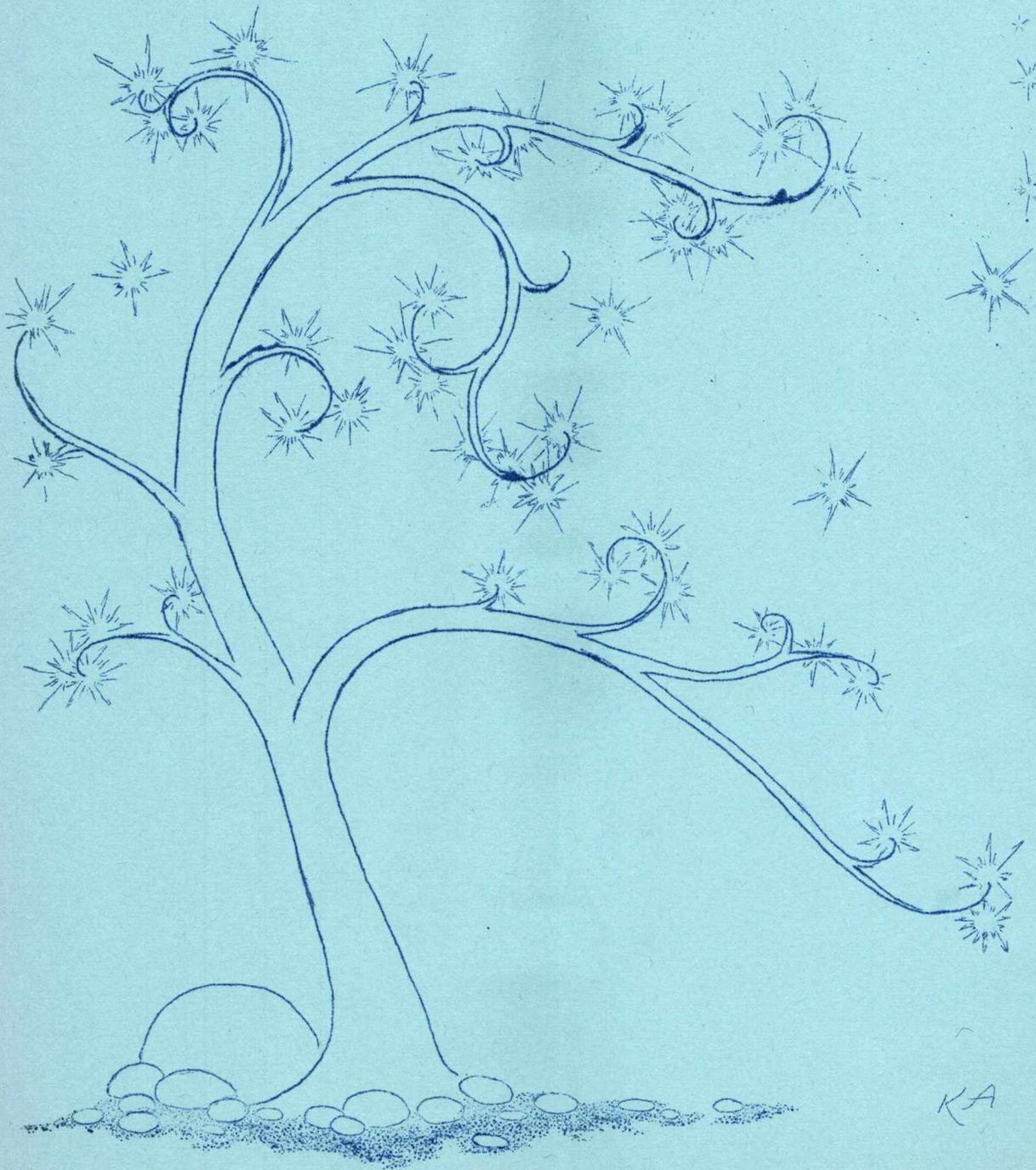
Rupprecht got up from the couch and followed. He was less weary now, or at least no longer weary from the sorcery that had been put on him; but he was heavy with sleep.

The chamber was bare of furnishing except for a bed, but Rupprecht wanted no more. He heard the bolt shoot, and a few minutes later a footstep that was unlike any other he had ever heard.

He lay down on the bed and thought of Odile. Somehow, the need for sleep had left him. What did Odile propose to reward him with if he accomplished this service of hers? She must know of his immediate attraction to her; and in that moment of awareness, when she had put her purpose into his mind, she must also have offered him an acceptable reward. Ah, Odile --- her cool, flickering eyes, her body with its rich curves that promised so much warmth --- ah, Odile!

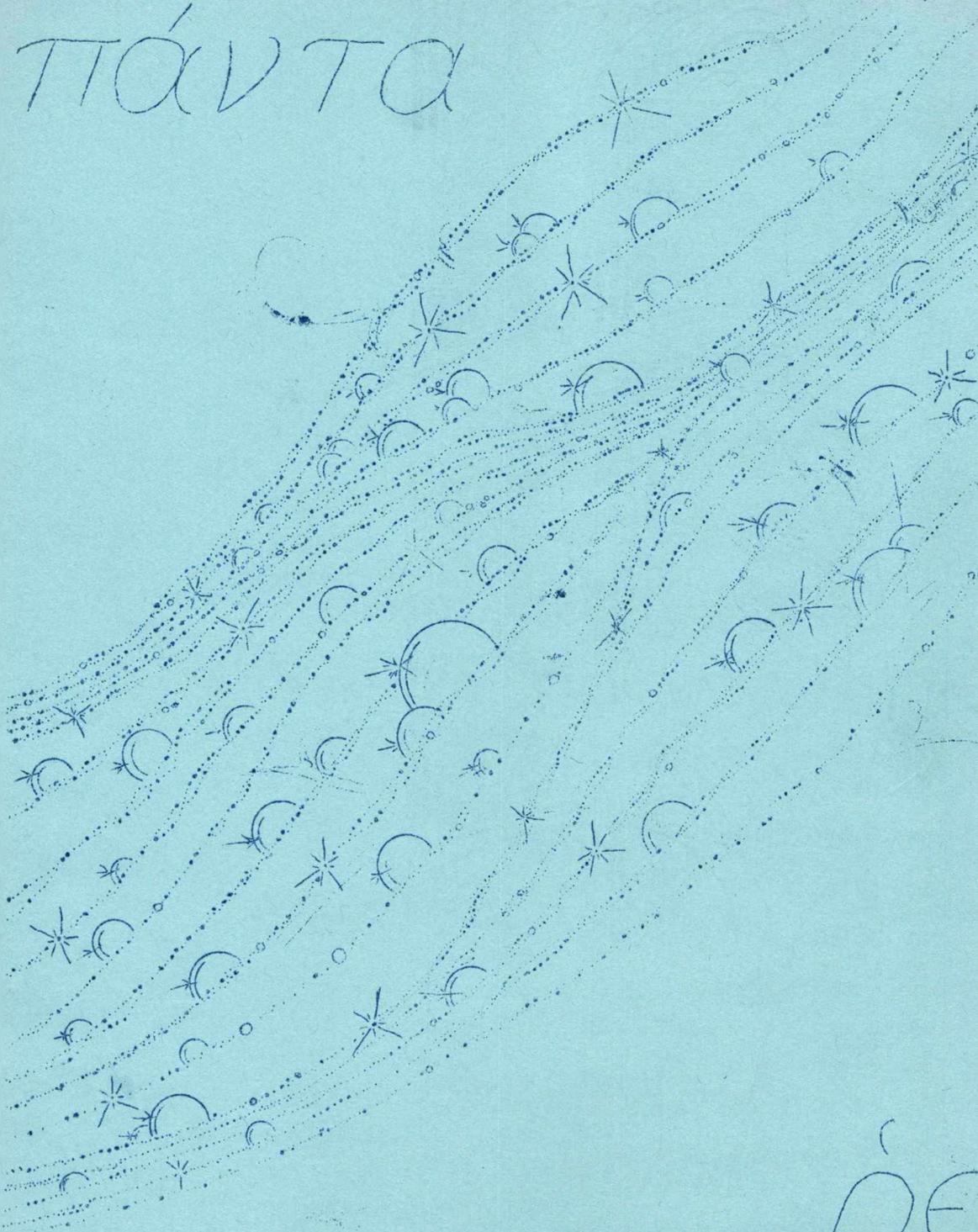
Through the tiny window the rays of the moon slowly entered and fell on Rupprecht's face. Urgency possessed him. From its hiding place in his garments (a part of him was surprised to find it there) he took the seven-thonged bag. He slipped quietly to the door, which though bolted was not closed to him.

(To be continued)



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