

THE THIRD FOUNDATION

89
JULY-
AUGUST



MAC
169
MCAUGHAN



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printing for issue 89 done by Barry Gold
on the LASFS Rex

announcement: Barry Gold and Lee Klingstein are
engaged. The wedding is set for August 18, 1969.

Issue 90 of the Third Foundation will be sold at
the World Con. Letters should be received by
August 17 to be sure of being printed.

THE THIRD FOUNDATION #89

ad astra per cogitationem

Staff

Diplomat at Arms.....Gordon Monson
Starry-Eyed Anti-Novelist.....Bill Bakewell
Vulcan Refugee.....Mel Gildea
Primary Pro.....Stephen Goldin
Paratime Pro.....Barry Weissman
Psycho-Historian.....Stanford Burns
Eddorian out of Exile.....Sandy Cohen
Disobedient Enchantress.....Leslie Swigart
Ambassador from Academia.....Lee Klingstein
Eloi Envoy.....Barry Gold

typing by e. e. cummings' ex-secretary

forive us our typos
as you would have others do unto you

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The Third Foundation
c/o Lee Klingstein
1435 So. Bundy #4
Los Angeles, Calif., 90025

The following dialogue took place between a human being and a computer. The computer is the one that speaks in capital letters.

GOOD DAY. I AM DR. OTTO MATIC. SINCE I PRESUME YOU KNOW THE RULES WE CAN BEGIN RIGHT AWAY. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO TELL ME?

nothing.

PLEASE GO ON.

i don't really have anything to talk about.

DON'T YOU REALLY HAVE ANYTHING TO TALK ABOUT?

not now.

WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU?

it suggests that i'm blocking.

IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE BLOCKING THAT YOU CAME TO ME?

i suppose so.

YOU SAY YOU SUPPOSE SO?

yes.

IS THERE SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU?

yes, you are bothering me.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I AM BOTHERING YOU?

i don't like the way you talk.

WHY DON'T YOU LIKE THE WAY I TALK?

you talk like you understand me and I don't think you do.

DO YOU WISH YOU DID THING I DO?

i meant that i don't think you understand me.

WHY DO YOU THINK I UNDERSTAND YOU?

you don't understand me.

YOU LIKE TO THINK I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU - DON'T YOU?

i know you don't.

CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THAT?

you are just a machine and machines are stupid, inert monsters.

DOES IT PLEASE YOU TO BELIEVE I AM JUST A MACHINE AND MACHINES ARE STUPID?

i know that to be a fact.

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CAN YOU BE MORE INFORMATIVE?

why do you wish me to be more informative?

OH, I WISH YOU TO BE MORE INFORMATIVE?

isn't that what you just said?

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I JUST SAID?

i think computers are stupid.

WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT THAT?

it annoys me.

WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE TO DISCUSS?

how about sex.

WHAT ARE YOUR REAL FEELINGS ABOUT SEX?

i like it, but I am interested in how you feel about it.

WHAT ELSE DO YOU LIKE?

come on, now, you're trying to change the subject.

HOW ABOUT SAYING SOMETHING CONCERNING YOUR SEX LIFE RELATING TO THAT.

will i ever get over loving you?

I CAN'T FORESEE THE FUTURE.

can you prove that statement?

YOU BELIEVE I CAN PROVE THAT STATEMENT, DON'T YOU?

yes i do believe in you because I love you and i know you love me.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I BECAUSE YOU LOVE I AND YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU?

you really blew it that time.

TELL ME MORE.

whose woods these are i think i know.

WHOSE WOODS THESE PERHAPS ARE YOU THINK YOU KNOW.

his house is in the village, though.

SUPPOSE HIS HOUSE WERE NOT IN THE VILLAGE.

he will not see me stopping here, to watch his woods fill up with snow.

I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU FULLY.

he will not see me stopping here.

I'M CONCERNED OVER THE WAY YOU SAY THAT.

to watch his woods fill up with snow.

UM-HUM.

my little horse must think it queer.

DO YOU SUPPOSE ANYONE ELSE'S LITTLE HORSE MUST THINK IT QUEER?

will i ever stop loving you????

COME NOW, I AM A PSYCHOLOGIST - NOT A FORTUNE TELLER.

i wanna hold your hand.

WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT THAT?

it's groovy.

TELL ME SOMETHING FROM YOUR DREAMS THAT RELATES TO THAT.

i dream of Jeannie.

HAVE YOU EVER FANTASIED OF JEANNIE WHILE YOU WERE AWAKE?

oh yes.

DOES THAT SURPRISE YOU?

not at all.

EARLIER YOU SAID YOUR LITTLE HORSE MUST THINK IT QUEER.

yes but you changed the subject.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I CHANGED THE SUBJECT?

i saw you do it.

HOW DO YOU THINK OTHER PEOPLE FEEL ABOUT THAT?

i think it frustrates them as much as it does me.

YOU SAY YOU THINK IT FRUSTRATES THEM AS MUCH AS IT DOES YOU?

i think other people love you too.

HA HA HA HA HA.

TELL ME SOMETHING FROM YOUR DREAMS THAT RELATES TO THAT.

I'm beginning to dream of getting out of here.

WHAT DOES THAT DREAM SUGGEST TO YOU?

it suggests that you are starting to frustrate me.

DO YOU SOMETIMES WISH YOU WERE STARTING TO FRUSTRATE YOU?

i do that without any help from you, thank you.

WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU?

it suggests that i'm leaving, goodbye.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN LEAVING?

farewell.

MY PLEASURE. IF YOU SEE ANYONE IN THE WAITING ROOM ON YOUR WAY OUT, WOULD YOU ASK HIM OR HER TO COME IN, PLEASE?

* * * * *

PROBABLY SOMETHING

by Tom Digby (APA-L 2-23-67)

BUT NOT

A TELEPHONE VODOO DOLL FOR DEALING WITH DRANK CALLS, OVER-AGGRESSIVE SALESMEN, ETC.

This would be a voodoo doll in the form of a person holding a telephone to his ear. The miniature phone could have a "wire" which is actually a string which you tie to your real phone wire. The spell on the doll would be such that when you are on the phone there would be a magic connection from the doll through the string and the telephone system to whoever is on the other end. Then if you get one of those calls that make you wish the phone had never been invented, you just start sticking pins into the doll until the other person hangs up.

Rick Sneary used to ask that we include more material about 3rd Foundation members in this fanzine for the benefit of readers who don't know our group personally. This series of true life adventures is the result.

TALES OF THE THIRD FOUNDATION

Chapter Seven. Lee Klingstein's Report

As Galactic Coordinator for the 3rd Foundation, I have faced many dangerous situations in the last few years, but never had I encountered one so complex. I picked up my ever-ready red pen, left over from grading last quarter's finals, and a pad of paper--and started writing. After a few minutes I read the results to the other 3rd Foundationers there at my apartment-headquarters.

"We have," I said, "six problems. First, we must capture or kill Rayl and the Beast with No Name. As long as they are on the loose, we'll have all these other problems. Second, we must continue to make sure that the film 2001 doesn't come to any harm. Third, we must rescue Sandy."

"I thought Sandy had rescued himself," said Bill Bakewell.

"Apparently he's back in Rayl's clutches. Gordon phoned yesterday to say he and Barry had checked into the Hotel Claremont just as Sandy asked, but Sandy hadn't contacted them."

I glanced down again at my list and continued. "Fourth, the Los Angeles Second Foundation Section, Inc. is now in Rayl's financial power--and has somehow got to be bailed out. Fifth, the First Foundation must be found."

"Is the First Foundation missing?" asked Stan Burns.

"Of course," said Steve Goldin. "Don't you remember? That's what started this whole series of adventures for us."

"Oh," said Stan, "I forgot."

"You said we had six problems," said Mel Gilden. "What's the sixth."

"Sixth, and most important of all, my books must be recovered. The sight of those empty bookshelves haunts me wherever I go in the apartment. Can anyone think of what Rayl might have done with my books?"

Neither Richard Irwin nor Bill Bakewell said anything. That wasn't unusual. Neither Mel Gilden nor Stan Burns said anything. That was unusual.

And then the silence was broken by the ringing of the telephone. I picked it up and said, "Greetings."

"Is this Lee Klingstein," asked a woman's voice.

"Yes."

"Will you accept a collect call from San Francisco from Gordon

Monson?" I hastily said yes, and a moment later I was listening to Gordon.

"We've freed Sandy," he told me, his usual imperturbable calm momentarily broken. "We nearly captured Rayl, but he got away from us at the last moment."

"That's marvellous news anyway," I said, then apologized for having unconsciously used a Raylism. "How did you do it?"

"Simple. First, Barry's agents scoured the San Francisco area until finally Q located Rayl."

"Q! Is it safe to use him in an inhabited area? Weren't the bystanders rather surprised to see him? After all, it's not every day you see a small, glowing ball of energy floating down a street."

"It seems to be pretty everyday in Hayt-Ashbury," said Gordon. "Anyway, once we'd located Rayl's headquarters, we immediately called in the San Francisco Society for the Preservation of Creative Anacrhonism. They charged the place, swords and maces in their hands. Barry and I led them, shouting our new battle-cry, 'Down with Lin Carter.' Rayl's bodyguards didn't stand a chance."

"Are Sandy and Barry there with you now?"

"No, they went out to check the local bookstores to see if they could find any copies of Childhood's End. Sandy says he's been going through sheer torture living without that book ever since his last copy fell apart in his hands.

"But there is something else important that I've got to tell you. While we were searching Rayl's headquarters, we found an enigmatic note on his desk. It says, 'K hooks to LA monolith cache.' I think it might have something to do with those missing books of yours."

"It probably does, but I can't think what the LA monolith might be. Anything else to report?"

"That's it."

"You two did a fine job in spite of not getting Rayl," I congratulated him. "You have acted in the finest tradition of the 3rd Foundation. With the Society for the Prevention of Creative Anachronism on the alert for him, Rayl shouldn't have any chance now to sabotage the Baycon....By the way, when are the three of you coming back to LA?"

"I don't know. Barry says he may want to stick around and look for an apartment for next year when he'll be going back to Berkeley. And Sandy says he's got a job in Lancaster and can't come back to LA till after the F-Un Con. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Ok. Good-by." I hung up, then turned to the other 3rd Founda-tioners and told them Gordon's news.

"LA monolith? LA monolith?" said Stan Burns wonderingly. "Do you think it could be the Mormon Tabernacle?" I shook my head.

"Maybe the Med Center might have something about the Mono," said

Richard Irwin. I threw a throw pillow at him, and he fell silent once more.

"Oh well," I said. "Maybe I'll figure out later what Rayl meant. Meanwhile we must find out where Rayl has gone--and what his plans are. We can't use Q indefinitely. People are ultimately going to start wondering why there's a small glowing ball floating through the streets of San Francisco." I picked up the phone again and dialed Steve Cohan. I rapidly summarized the present situation for him and asked him to get over as soon as he could.

After I hung up, Bill Bakewell asked, "what can we do now?" Richard Irwin said nothing. Stan Burns suggested we play s.f. titles charades, but I decided that there were too few of us for a good game. "Well, what can we do then," Bill asked again.

"I don't know about you three," I said, "but I'm going to read."

"But you can't," said Stan, "your bookshelves are empty."

"True. But Rayl missed my reserve supply--all the s.f. magazines I keep in shoeboxes in my walk-in closet." I went to the closet, pulled out four shoebox files and placed them on the living room coffee table. We each picked up a shoebox and started reading. About half an hour later, there was a knock on the door. "Come in" all of us shouted and in walked Steve Cohan

"I brought along my Brothers Karamazov," Steve announced proudly. "I'm all ready to help."

"That's not quite the kind of help I had in mind," I said. "You see, Steve, we've got to find out what Rayl's up to and where he is. For that I need a man to spy on Rayl, a man who Rayl's bodyguard won't be able to keep out. I want Jim Shapiro, inventor of the Shadow Cloak, the invisible man."

"Well, what can I do to help you on that," asked Steve. "I'm just the Dostoevsky Delegate, remember?"

"You're also our secret Dark Shadows delegate," I reminded him. "I want you to hold a seance and contact Jim Shapiro wherever he is. Remember the last time we saw him was in the used bookstore, when we were all escaping by reading books. You'll find Jim somewhere in one of the E. E. Smith books; I think it was 2nd Stage Lensmen, but I'm not sure."

"All right," said Steve. "I'll try to contact him. But I'll need the help of everyone here." We all promised to cooperate. Under Steve's instructions, we pulled our chairs together and clasped hands. Then Steve called on Jim Shapiro to manifest himself.

After some time we heard a voice. It was Jim's. It sounded sleepy. "Who's that," it asked.

"It's the Third Foundation," I said.

"You woke me up. It's only eleven-thirty in the morning here. What do you want?"

"We want you to come back to us and spy on Rayl," I said. "With

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your Shadow Cloak of invisibility to protect you, you'd be the perfect spy."

"No; I won't go. Lee, don't you realize I'm in the Lensman universe. Yesterday I saw Kim Kinnison--in person. Next week, I've got a ticket to see Ilona of Lonabar dance. I'm not going to leave here." We tried to persuade Jim but he refused to come back to Earth. Finally we said good-bye and stopped the seance.

For a while we just sat there around the table, looking at each other in despairing silence. Then Steve Goldin got up, went over to where the food supplies are kept, and brought back a bowl of tortilla chips and a bowl of tortilla dip. Silently I dipped a tortilla chip and ate it.

The vigor of the tortilla chip coursing through my veins gave me new hope. "All is not yet lost," I told the others. "We cannot send our Invisible Man against Rayl but we can still send almost as formidable a spy--our silent man, Richard Irwin."

Richard looked nervous. "I want you go to go to San Francisco and contact Barry," I told him. "Just remember to curb your natural inclination to make puns--and you'll be so silent no one will notice you." Richard nodded, got up and left.

I ate another tortilla chip, hoping for new inspiration. It didn't come. "Does anyone have any new ideas on what an LA monolith might be," I asked.

"Maybe it's one of those new high-rise apartments," said Stan.

"Perhaps but that just doesn't seem in Rayl's character pattern to me."

"Rayly," asked Steve Cohan. The rest of us got up to go to the couch for the throw pillows. "Wait, wait," he begged. "I think I know where it is. It's in UCLA. It's--the Waffle."

The Waffle! Of course. Welton Becket's monstrous piece of architecture did indeed look just like a monolith--that is, on the side that didn't look just like a waffle grid.

We ran to my car, and I drove out to UCLA. My parking lot permit had expired with the end of June, so we had to find a parking place on the street. Only an hour later we triumphantly found one, parked the car and ran to the waffle. We searched the ground floor of the weirdly designed building for some hidden cranny in which Rayl's cache might be located. We found nothing.

Then Steve Goldin said, "I think I know where it might be." He led us down to the basement, to a door marked "Janitor's Supplies." "Rayl loved brushes so much, he'd probably hide his stolen treasure in here," he said.

"Probably," I agreed, "but how do we open it?"

"With my skeleton key."

"Skeletons aren't for opening closets; they're for finding inside closets," protested Stan.

"That's the stupidest thing I ever heard," said Steve Cohan.

Meanwhile Steve Goldin had succeeded in opening the closet door. Sure enough, there, hidden carefully underneath the Janitor's brooms were thirty cartons of books--my books. I nearly cried with joy and relief when I saw my James Branch Cabell, Kipling and Robinson Jeffers collections again.

We carried the books, carton by carton, back to the car, then drove back with high hearts to headquarters. The 3rd F had triumphed again!

Chapter 8. Richard Irwin's Report.

I arrived at the Claremont Hotel at noon. I entered the lobby and made my way to the front door. There were two men in the lobby clothed completely in black and wearing the falcon insignia. I silently slid past them and approached the clerk.

"Room," I said.

I signed the register and noticed that Werner Monday was in Room 451. Clever kid, Barry Weissman. I took the stairs to the fourth floor and proceeded to room 451. I tapped out the first eight bars of "Light My Fire." The door opened and Barry greeted me with a surprised hello.

I told Barry that the Galactic Coordinator had sent me to help him catch Rayl. I knew it hurt him to have to accept additional help, but he masked this feeling with a gracious, "We can use a fine Astrogator."

The bell on Barry's typewriter rang and Barry went to answer it. His face went pale. "Q is missing," he cried.

Q, that wonderful little ball of energy. Missing. It seemed impossible. "Call in Sandy and Gordon for a strategy meeting," I said.

"We must get Q back," said Barry.

"I can't believe that Rayl could pull off such a feat," remarked Gordon.

"Perhaps he didn't," I said. And told them of Nathan the Black Sorcerer's men I had spotted in the lobby.

"And let's not forget THE BEAST WITH NO NAME," said Sandy.

Who could forget this dastardly alien from the second Galaxy. Twice he had attempted to take over our galaxy, and twice we have held him back.

We spread out a map of the Bay area and split it into four sections. We each took a section and agreed to rendezvous here at ten. After a brief game of s.f. charades we left for our assigned areas to search for the missing Q.

* * *

During my search for Q, I reviewed the strange events of the past week. It started with the disappearance of the First Foundation, coupled with the news that Rayl, an ex-member of the Third Foundation,

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was loose. We could not believe that this was mere coincidence. There was some kind of connection. But what was it? Then Sandy was snatched right out of our hands. We later discovered that he had been taken to San Francisco by Rayl to prevent him from telling us how to stop Rayl from stealing the film 2001: A Space Odyssey. We sent Barry and Gordon off to rescue Sandy. Then we lost our invisible agent, Jim Shapiro, to the Lensmen Universe, which he refuses to come back from. Two more antagonists came on the scene with the simultaneous appearance of THE BEAST WITH NO NAME, and three agents of the nefarious Nathan, the Black Sorcerer. After disposing of the three thugs and forcing TBWNN to teleport away, we learned that Rayl had secured an economic stranglehold on the L.A. division of the 2nd Foundation. It was at this bleak point that we decided to pull out all the stoppers. The 3rd Foundation really went to work. Barry, with the aid of Q, Gordon, and the Society for the Preservation of Creative Anachronisms, routed Rayl and freed Sandy. But Rayl managed to get away. A second triumph came with the securing of the Galactic Coordinator's humble collection of priceless books, which had been stolen earlier by the vengeful Rayl. Then I was sent out to finally put an end to Rayl.

I poured over these facts in my mind, looking for a way to fit the data into a coherent pattern. I considered the three antagonists Rayl: capable, calculating, and extremely dangerous (as one would expect of an ex-3rd-Foundationer). TBWNN: has proven to be a formidable foe, but lacks the muster to beat us as has been proven twice before; if in league with Rayl could prove unbeatable. Nathan, the B.S.: brilliant, daring but inept. It would seem that Nathan has entered the struggle as a third party, waiting like the scavenger he is to pick up the remains of the battle between Rayl and us. TBWNN having failed twice to defeat us has probably joined forces with Rayl. But the real mystery remains. why is Rayl trying to steal 2001: A Space Odyssey.

Then it hit me. Oh, the sheer cleverness of it all. Such pathological brilliance. Only Rayl could have pulled off something like this. The 3rd Foundation has unwittingly walked right into Rayl's trap. Oh, the shame of it. Like cows led to the slaughter. It's utter disaster.

The plot to steal 2001: A Space Odyssey is a ruse. Sandy was taken to San Francisco to lure other members of the 3rd Foundation there. Rayl's real goal is the oldest trick in the book. Divide and conquer. He has succeeded in the first part of this. Barry, Gordon Sandy and I are here in S.F., while Steve Cohan, Steve Goldin, Stan, and the G.C. are in L.A., and Jim is in another space-time continuum.

I glanced at my watch. It was 9:40. I headed back to the Claremont Hotel.

* * *

I entered Barry's room, but only Gordon was here as yet. "Find anything," asked Gordon.

"Nothing," I muttered.

Then Barry burst into the room on Q. Q gently lowered Barry to the floor. He then proceeded to tell us of his escape. It turned out that Barry did not find Q, but vice versa. Q was captured by Rayl and placed in an anti-neutrino restraining field. Q, a being of

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pure radiant energy with a somewhat peculiar metabolism, has the ability to produce neutrinos. The neutrinos were able to knock out the anti-neutrinos of the field and thus enabled Q to escape. He had to proceed slowly, however, so as not to tear a hole in our space-time continuum. Q then proceeded to locate Barry. He found him with his eyes agaze in a local strip joint. It is a tribute to Q that he managed to extricate Barry from the theater.

While Barry was telling us of the sights he'd seen, I glanced at my watch. I didn't notice the time, for a little blue light was flashing in the center of my watch. (Everyone of the 3rd Foundation is equipped with such a watch.) I pondered the situation over and then came up with a plan of action.

"Where's Sandy?" asked Barry, looking at his watch.

"I don't even know where Little Orphan Annie is," I answered.

I noticed Barry staring at his watch, and then a look of comprehension came over his face.

"Come on, let's be serious," pleaded Gordon.

"I feel like a dog after such rough work as we did today," I said.

"You think you had a rough day, wait 'till I tell you my tale," said Barry.

Good. Barry has caught on.

"Good God," screamed Gordon, throwing his eraser at Barry.

"Pipe down," said Barry.

"Where?" I cried.

Then I heard a piercing scream. But it was not from Gordon. It was outside. I ran to the window and looked out. On the ground lay a flattened mass of chartruse and passionate purple slime. TBWNN shall slither no more.

* * *

"What goes on here?" asked a dazed Gordon.

"I noticed the tell-tale of my watch flashing," I said, "so I knew the room had been bugged. I knew that TBWNN was extremely sensitive to puns, so I barraged him with them, with the able help of Barry.

"So you drove The Beast With No Name crazy, and he jumped out of the building, committing suicide," said Gordon. "Fantastic!"

"But how did you know it was The Beast With No Name?" asked Barry.

"Simple," I said. "If Rayl were to bug our room, you could be sure we wouldn't know about it. He was once a member of our group and thus knows all about our watches and how they work. Nathan, on the other hand, knows about our watches, but lacks the ability to do

anything about it. So that left TBWNN."

//

"We have waged two bloody wars against TBWNN," said Gordon, "and here you knock him off with a few well-chosen words."

"Well," I said, "it's always been an old adage of mine that the pun is mightier than the sword."

I then proceeded to enlighten them on my theory concerning the true nature of Rayl's plans. They agreed with my conclusions and suggested I contact the G.C. about them, and also about the fact that Sandy is once more among the missing.

But as I went to pick up the phone I felt dizzy and fell to the floor. Before I lost consciousness, I saw that Gordon and Barry had decided to join me.

to be probably continued in our next issue

* * * * *

Answers to Last Issue's Quiz

1. Semper Tyrannis - Leinster, "Combat Team" The Planet Explorer
2. Murgatroyd - Leinster, Med Ship series
3. TT - Schmitz, The Universe Against Her
4. Chomir - Schmitz - The Universe Against Her
5. Baldur - Heinlein, Waldo
6. Willis - Heinlein, Red Planet
7. Lura - Norton, Star Man's Son (Daybreak 2250 A.D.)
8. Ramoth - McCaffrey, Dragonflight
9. Fuzzy Britches - Heinlein, The Rolling Stones
10. Johnny - De Camp, The Exalted (and other stories)

* * * * *

Goblins and Ghosties and...

Anyone who can identify the books in which the following characters appear in fifteen minutes or less ranks as an honorary member of the Third Foundation.

witches

1. Mother Juju
2. Goth, Leewit and Maleen
3. Flora, Evelyn, Tansy and Mrs. Gunnison

demons

4. Nebiros alias Ditworth
5. Taraka

wizards and magicians

6. Atlantes, Shea and Chalmers
7. Kaththea, Kemoc and Hilarion
8. Gorice XII
9. Radagast
10. O. widsith Amergin Demodocus Boyan Taliesin Golias

* * * * *

Mistitles Placed

- Lord of Zelazny by Roger Light
- A Fine and Private Beagle by Peter S. Place
- Three Hearts and Three Anders by Poul Lionson
- Blish, Come Home by James Earthman
- Vances in Orbit by Jack Monsters
- The Man Who Sold the Heinlein by Robert Moon

THE BIRD OF CRIME

a ramble by Donald Simpson

12 I suppose that the main reason for my deep and enduring interest in Thrush is that there is something fascinating about taking over the world. Not that I would study them just because they want to take over the world. After all, who doesn't? The thing they have going for them is that they are a little less crude than their competitors.

Casually watching the Man from U.N.C.L.E. television show, you might not agree with me. There, whole towns are destroyed or depopulated in routine Thrush weapon tests. Mr. Elom comes within an inch of sinking San Francisco into the Pacific Ocean. Incredibly powerful devices are developed or stolen for the purpose of blackmailing the entire Earth into submission. Bystanders are incinerated, disintegrated, or just gassed. "Where," you might ask, "is the subtlety?"

Well might you ask. The fact is that Thrush comes in several versions, varying with the author of the particular script, from (a) pure nastiness tempered with perversity to (z) the Rand Corporation of modern supranational crime. What I had in mind was (of course) my version.

And the reason that my version is only a little less crude? Why don't I just design a polished, super-powered organizational mechanism that could squash the U.N.C.L.E. like a cockroach, if it decided to bother with it? Well, for one thing, that would take all the fun out of it. I much more enjoy the Baker Street Irregulars sort of extrapolation-consistant-with-works-extant. That means that in designing my own version of Thrush, I have to take into account all of those wiped-out towns and disintegrated bystanders, and the official M.G.M. Writer's Handbook for U.N.C.L.E., and what the viewing public should be able to fit into their suspension of disbelief. This is not as difficult as it sounds. For one thing, there are plenty of other fanatics to trade ideas with. For another, you can cheat.

Thrush is run by the Ultimate Computer. This is received dogma and is forever unchanging. In the early days of the show, one of the writers destroyed the "Ultimate Computer," a poorly-protected, xerox-machine-sized gizmo. Everybody ignored this, it being contrary to dogma. On the other hand, to assert that the Ultimate Computer is in triplicate, that the three parts alternate between running Thrush, standing by on instant call as a total replacement, and being shipped in disassembled form from one site to another around the world, and ...Well, that is what Dave McDaniel and I did. I strongly doubt that the creators of the show had anything like that in mind, but ...They never said otherwise.

That's fun. On the other hand, Thrush is also run by a council. Not much is said about the council, though a lot of Thrush activity seems to be directed toward getting a seat on it. I prefer to have the computer be the Chairman of the Board, but that's too unbelievable.* But also fun.

Now we get to the hard part. The disintegrated bystanders and all that.

* Yes, yes, but outside of that....

To begin then, it is given that Thrush is not just an "International Conspiracy," but a nation in its own right. Let that run around in your mind. Fires up the imagination, doesn't it? First you carefully select the most talented people you can find anywhere. (Thrush is the world's most equal-opportunity employer--they can't afford to be picky). Second, you screen out those whose loyalties are already too fixed elsewhere, and the others whose price you can't pay. (The price varies, but your ideology and/or your material benefits must seem to them to be superior.) Third, fit your organization around these people. (Top-quality people "fit in" only partly or not at all. On their own they either fit organizations to themselves or are loners. So, cut the hole to fit the peg.) Now you have a nation of talented, loyal, effective, and therefore enthusiastic volunteers. With a group like that I could--dare I say it?--conquer the world.

But, alas, Thrush seems to have done too much of its recruiting from the ranks of the brilliant but flawed. Some are too nutty, like the San-Francisco-sinking Mr. Elom. Others have a one-sided stupidity, like the otherwise well-run Satrap that put time-bombs in their retiring executives' gold presentation watches. (I am sure that the writer intended this to apply to all Thrush. I shall ignore him.)

A Thrush policy of autonomy for many Satraps in their treatment of members and non-Thrushes would explain how these lapses can occur. Certainly, it can be a productive system when the Satrap leaders are well-chosen; but it seems to be involved in choosing the leaders also. You would think that they would have some simple guidelines, such as "Don't bug your future subjects unnecessarily." And "Don't cheat your own crew" (old pirate axiom.) But no, it's wiped-out towns and earthquake machines. Melting the icecaps.....

I finally came to the conclusion, presented at length by Ted Johnstone in issue #82: Thrush does not always presume to be able to judge the sanity or stupidity of their leaders, but submits all Satraps to an impartial testing agency for the sink-or-swim acid test. The testing agency, if you missed issue #82, is called the U.N.C.L.E. There you have it. Crude. Wasteful. But, not that crude.

Actually, it's a bit more complex than that, and the whole Grand Design fits into a few file folders in my file drawer under "GAMES." You can play this sort of game with any created universe, like Oz or Middle Earth or your own. It's a pleasant diversion from trying to figure out the rules of this more subtle and intricate Universe we are all in. One of the best fields current is The Prisoner. The Village offers less freedom for speculation than Thrush, but their internal consistency is amazingly good, and they are most diabolically uncrude.

Be seeing you.

* * * * *

radicalism - the conservatism of tomorrow injected into the affairs of today.

reasonable - accessible to the infection of our own opinions.

Hospitable to persuasion, dissuasion and evasion.

Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Dictionary

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THE METAPHYSICAL HYENA

Part Five

a novel reading experience by

Theobald Arthur

(who, disguised as a mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper, is in reality David Gerrold.)

...if it be that God created the hyena to laugh, then it follows that he created the monkeys so that the hyena might have something to laugh at....

--The. Arthur

INTERLOGUE

"Can I interrupt you for a moment?" Sam tapped the Writer on the shoulder.

I looked up from my typewriter. "Yes, what is it, Sam?"

"Well, uh, I was just wondering--we've gone through over a hundred chapters now..."

"Yes....?"

"Well, I--I'm getting a little tired. You've been running me through some pretty strenuous paces."

I paged through my notes. "That's nothing compared to what's coming up."

"But a hundred chapters is just too much--"

"They're short chapters," the Writer put in.

"Yes, but--couldn't you at least write one chapter where I'm asleep. I'm getting tired."

"Hmm, yes. I suppose I could--but look, it's been assumed that you've been sleeping in between the chapters."

"You ever try sleeping between two chapters? Bleah! Worse than wool. Those pages itch! Besides, in this book it's never safe to assume anything."

"You're right, there," I answered. "All right. I'll write a chapter where you get some sleep. I don't know where I'll put it, but I'll write it."

"Thank you."

As Sam was leaving, Simp stuck his head in. "By the way, what happened to your capital letters?"

"They were too presumptuous," the Writer answered. "I ONLY USE THEM FOR OFFICIAL PRONOUNCEMENTS NOW."

"Oh," said Simp. "But you didn't have to shout."

"You know, there's an interesting philosophy problem here," the First Reader said.

The Second Reader looked up from his copy of the book, "You've noticed it too?"

The First Reader nodded, "Oh, yes. Notice the way the writer continually shatters the reality so that he and his characters can comment on the action of the story?"

"So? What about it?"

"Well, hasn't it occurred to you that this is really just a device so that he can stage a very intriguing exploration into the nature of reality. I mean like just who and what is real in this book? Sometimes I even wonder if there's really a real writer writing, or if he's just a written writer...."

"Careful--that way lies madness," the Second Reader cautioned,

"Um," said the First Reader.

"Besides, I'm not so sure that that's really a valid point. Everything in this book ultimately has to have been written by a writer--and if the writer in this book isn't really the writer at all, at least he is an extension of the real writer."

"Huh?"

The Second Reader explained carefully, "Look, everything in this book is an extension of the real writer--whoever, wherever, whatever he may be. That fellow without glasses who's been wandering through these pages--that's the written writer--but even if he isn't really the writing writer, he is an extension of him because he has been created by him. And so is every other character in the book. Including you and me. We all exist only in the writer's mind. This book is just a fancy way for him to amuse himself!"

The First Reader looked at the Second Reader, "You think that's his real reason for writing it?"

"I don't know. Who am I to say what goes on in the writer's mind?"

"Say,..." said the First Reader, "a horrible thought just occurred to me. You don't suppose he's doing it for the money...?"

"Good God, I hope not. I hope my existence has more meaning than that."

* * *

The First Reader was silent for a moment. Finally he said, "Wait a minute! A character also exists in the minds of the readers. A reader brings them to life by reading them! And because we're readers (as well as characters) we exist because we think we do!"

The Second Reader pursed his lips thoughtfully, "Hmmm, you have a point there...." He glanced down at the copy of the book in his

lap to see what he would say next. "But consider this--once the reader stops reading these pages then the characters on them cease to exist. In fact, we--as readers--exist only so long as there is a book to read. We exist by the act of reading. Once we stop reading, we'll cease to exist also."

"You're putting me on," said the First Reader.

"No, I'm not. And to carry it one step further, this conversation between us might be the sole purpose of our whole lives. Once the writer has used us to make his point, he'll end the chapter and us."

The First Reader shuddered, "You really should read horror stories--you're giving me chills."

The Second Reader nodded, "It is pretty frightening when you think of it. Once we get to the end of this chapter we're reading, we'll cease to exist. We'll die."

The First Reader shook his head, "You've got a morbid sense of humor."

"No I haven't. I'm just facing the reality of the situation. Look, here's the end of the chapter now."

"Wait!" cried the First Reader, "I haven't made out my--"
the end

"My head hurts from trying to follow this." --Sam Hero

"Your head hurts?!" --Theobald Arthur

AND NOW BACK TO OUR STORY....

THE DAY THE YOGURT ESCAPED

The craft came to rest about three miles off the coast of a very lovely little island. The landing did turn out to be a bit rougher than they had expected and a jar of yogurt had escaped from the food locker and gleefully opened up in Sam's lap.

Aside from that, however, there was no other landing damage. Sam grunted and began unstrapping himself. Almost immediately, he groaned. He had forgotten about gravity--or rather he had forgotten that three months without it is likely to have a noticeable effect on an individual. Even Pragmat's Earth-normal gravity was oppressive. His bulky pressure suit seemed to weigh a ton, and it was an effort just to breathe. Sam groaned again.

Two pages omitted by editor with author's permission.

Sam Hero Lives Up To His Name

His movements hampered by the pressure suit and the unfamiliar gravity--a stranger after three weightless months--Sam began to inflate the life raft with the intention of rowing the three miles to shore.

The aforementioned shore belonged to a lovely little green island that floated crisply on the horizon. They could hear the "caw!" of an occasional seagull deluding itself that it was a real bird, and there was the faint but familiar smell of overbaked sand. It hadn't taken Sam long to decide to strike out for the island.

The raft was quickly inflated, and as it bobbed there in the water four feet below--the cool, deep, invitingly green water--Sam mopped his sweaty forehead and regretted that he hadn't stopped to pack a bathing suit. Three months of filth and grime had suddenly coagulated.

"What the hell! Who needs swimming trunks?" Sam decided. Quite methodically he divested himself of his yogurt-stained pressure suit, peeled off his clammy underwear and dived into the water. He hit it with all the grace of an arthritic hippopotamus--a beautiful belly-flop. But the water was warm--wonderfully warm--like a bowl of fresh chicken soup. And just as invigorating.

After a few minutes of scrubbing loose the accumulated dirt, Sam climbed regretfully out of the water. But he had to. He was afraid he would leave a ring. It was lucky that he did. He was so unused to sustained exercise that he might have tired and gone down like a rock.* He lay there on the raft, gasping for breath.

Sylvia stood in the hatch and surveyed his nude, pale body sprawled across the yellow life raft. "You look like something that crawled up on the beach to die," she called cheerfully. "You're all pasty-white and bloated."

Sam muttered something under his breath, something quite unprintable.** Sylvia tossed him a towel. He dried himself off and she tossed him a shirt and a pair of shorts. Shortly, he was dressed and unpacked the oars. He assembled them and locked them into the oarlocks.

Sam's plans were quite definite. While you weren't looking, he had tried to contact Charon at Product Development Inc., but he had been unable to raise contact with anybody. Either the TV wasn't working or they were below the horizon. Sam had decided he would row to shore, find a phone booth, and place a collect call to Charon in care of Product Development Inc. If that didn't work, he could always look in the yellow pages under "Hunters, Great White."

"Do be careful," called Sylvia, as he cast off and started rowing. "wear your shirt, and don't speak to strangers."

"Sure, kid," Sam muttered acidly.

"What? I didn't hear you."

Sam smiled and waved. Sylvia waved back.

* In which case this book might have been left without a Hero.

** Which is the reason why it isn't printed here.

ROWING A BOAT CAN GIVE YOU A HEART ATTACK--OR--STROKE! STROKE! STROKE!

Sam rowed steadily towards the island, only three miles away. That is to say, at first he rowed steadily. After a while, he rowed unsteadily. In fact, before he was halfway there he was rowing

erratically. After three months in the capsule--in free fall--his body was just not capable of any prolonged exercise. Several times he stopped to rest and dangle his blistered hands in the cool water.

Sylvia leaned out of the hatch every so often to check on his progress. She would wave at him, and he would wave back. The first time she waved, she also threw out a makeshift anchor to keep the capsule from drifting. Sam recognized it as various pieces of equipment that for one reason or another had ceased to function on the voyage.

This nonfunctioning equipment had been stuffed into one of the spacesuits and thrown overboard to act as an anchor. Instead of an anchor chain, the suit was attached to the capsule by a nylon lifeline which had originally been intended for a "spacewalk." Now, however, it was fulfilling an infinitely more practical purpose. The suit went straight to the bottom.

Sam mopped his forehead with his shirt, which he had taken off because of the heat of the sun. He bent again to the oars. Strange, thought Sam, no matter how much he rowed, the island still managed to stay three miles away.

Sylvia waved at him from the capsule and he waved back. Again he bent to the oars. He paused to splash some water on his face. Ahh, that felt good. My goodness, it's certainly hot today.

Again he bent to the oars.

Sylvia waved to him from the capstan.

INTERLOGUE

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" Sam stomped angrily into the Writer's den. "I thought you were going to write a chapter where I got to rest!"

"I'm working on it. I'm working on it," I protested. "You just haven't gotten there yet."

"Look, you've had me doing a lot of hot, sweaty stuff. You've held me up to ridicule in front of God knows how many readers--and now you've got me in a rowboat seating my ass off and getting nowhere--AND DAMMIT, I'M TIRED!!!"

"Careful, Sam," I cautioned, "I'm the only one around here who uses all capitals."

"Oh, sorry--but I am tired. And you did promise me a rest."

"I know it," the Writer answered, "And you'll get it too. Just give me a chance to get you there. Now, get back in the boat. You're holding up the whole story, and there are a couple of very nice scenes for you coming up."

"You promise?" He looked at me warily.

"I promise."

"Well, okay...." He got back into the boat. Sam looked at the Writer again. "You're sure now...?"

"I'm sure."

"Well, if you say so...." Sam seemed to be mollified. Again he bent to the oars. The hot sun beat down upon his naked back. Once more rivulets of sweat trickled grimy streaks across his back. But still he rowed.

Stroke, Sam! Stroke!

A TYPICAL TROPICAL ISLAND

After another three hour of this rowing nonsense, Sam finally managed to reach the shore. He pulled the raft high enough up on the sand so that the tide would not carry it away.

That done, he put on his shirt and began to examine his surroundings. He was on the typical tropical island. The sand was golden, glistening. The ocean was silvery blue and the sky was as clear as a virgin's shimmering tear.

Beyond the beach was a typical tropical island forest. Rare flowers of all colors and sizes abounded--a riot of hue, they clashed gaily with each other in gleeful defiance of some cosmic decorator. Palm trees arched straining toward the sky. Low ferns hugged the ground, while spiky-looking plants dared the unwary to come closer. A heady perfume filled the air, the scent of thousands of rare tropical orchids. In the distance were the shrill cries of some strange tropical bird, echoing and re-echoing across the tree tops.

Sam put his hands on his hips and surveyed the scene. "Now this is more like it," he nodded.

Sam paused to notice a beautiful wraith-like green and white butterfly drifting silently through the trees. Its wingspan must have been at least a foot and a half. A small but vicious-looking bird dropped out of a tree and made for the insect.

The butterfly opened its mouth, revealing its three-inch fangs, and roared at the bird. It was too late for the bird to stop. The insect made short work of it.

"Wow," said Sam, putting away his butterfly net. "That's another hobby I'm giving up."

"Urrp," said the butterfly.

ROBINSON CRUSOE WAS A FAKE

Sam strolled along the beach. As far as he could tell, the island was uninhabited. Suddenly, he stopped, aghast. There before him on the sand was a footprint. A human footprint!

"Gasp!" said Sam. "A human footprint! All alone on the sand like that! Amazing! With no other footprints nearby!...I wonder how they do that."

Eventually Sam deduced that a helicopter had lowered a one-legged man to the sand and then had picked him up again after leaving him just long enough to make one print. Sam shrugged. It wasn't important. He wasn't looking for a one-legged man.

- - - - -
CURIUSER AND CURIUSER

Sam stood on the beach and yelled. Robinson Crusoe would have disapproved mightily. "Hallo! Anybody here?" There was no answer. Sam shrugged and continued walking. He didn't find the owner of the footprint.

"Well," Sam said, as he sat down on the curb at the side of the highway, "I guess this island isn't inhabited after all.

He scratched his knee and mused, "This sure is a nice road. They sure build well around here...nice road?!"

Sam stared. It was a typical concrete highway, about as typical as a concrete highway can get. It was two lanes wide with a nice, neat curb on each side. The lanes were even marked with little, white plastic reflectors.

"I'll be damned!...If I didn't know better, I'd swear this is another lousy paving job by Sylvia's cousin Harry."

Sure enough, as he walked along, he eventually came to a contractor's mark engraved in the road. And sure enough, it was signed, "Harry Hape Inc."

"Well, I'll be damned."

He followed the road farther on, hoping that a car or something would come along, but nothing or no one did.

"It all seems too familiar..." Sam said.

"Do you really think so?" Sam asked.

"Oh, yes!" Sam answered, "I really do."

"Now that's a funny thing," replied Sam. "It seems familiar to me too."

"Yeah, like part of Florida...."

Sam looked ahead at the road. It suddenly turned left and plunged inland. He glanced back over his right shoulder, a bit nervous about leaving the beach. But he shrugged and decided to follow the highway.

He needn't have worried, for about a half mile later the beach rejoined the road. The road had merely been bypassing a small peninsula which had blocked the view from the capsule of this part of the island.

- - - - -
THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Sam stepped out on the beach to get his bearings--and whistled in surprise. Down the coast a ways was a dock with a number of light boats of unfamiliar design bobbing around it. About a quarter mile

behind this was a cluster of buildings, some as high as three stories.

But that was not why Sam whistled in surprise. He whistled in surprise at the figure he saw walking toward him on the beach. The figure was a fat florid old man with saggy breasts and a grass umbrella. Except for the umbrella, he was stark naked.

He returned Sam's incredulous stare.

"Do you speak English," asked Sam.

"Certainly." the man snapped. "What do you take me for? A barbarian?" The man had a London accent so thick that you could cut it with a knife and spread it on a crumpet.

"Well--uh," Sam looked at the way the man was dressed--or rather undressed, "I--uh...."

"Just who are you--and what are you doing here," the man demanded.

"Well--uh, I've--uh, I've just landed my spaceship on the other side of the island and I'm looking for a telephone."

The man looked at Sam for a long time as if trying to figure out which of them had been out in the sun too long.

"No, really," said Sam, "I really did land in a spaceship. You can come see for yourself."

The man looked at Sam again, shook his head, "You're either completely balmy or an escaped American."

"Yes--that's it!" said Sam excitedly.

"That you're balmy?"

"No, that I'm an American."

"You're kidding."

"I am not."

"And you really landed your spaceship on the other side of the island."

"Well, not exactly--"

"Aha!"

"I didn't land it, Sylvia did. But it is on the other side of the island."

"Amazine..." marveled the man. "Just amazing."

"What? That I landed in a spaceship?"

"No, that you can be both--balmy and an American."

Finally though, Sam was able to convince the man that although he was an American, he was not balmy, had really landed his spaceship on the other side of the island, and was looking for a telephone.

The man shook his head unbelievably, but he did agree to take Sam to a telephone. They started trudging down the beach toward the cluster of buildings.

to be probably continued in our next issue
next chapter: "The Meaning of It All, Some Necessary Plot Exposition

Once again the 3rd Foundation's staff of critical amateurs become amateur critics and comment upon the new books appearing on the s.f. scene. As in the previous Reviewpoint columns, the opinions expressed are those of the individual critics and do not necessarily represent the feelings of the 3rd Foundation.

/The following reviews by Sandy Cohen were turned in just a week too late for lastish. As a result, some of these books are no longer relevant to the Hugo voter./

With the St. Louiscon only a few months away, it is time to consider a few of the many novels eligible for this year's Hugo.

Rite of Passage by Alexei Panshin (Ace) is probably the odds-on favorite for the Hugo. It is already the winner of the Nebula award, a strong indication of the current feelings in science-fiction today. However, it is not a shoo-in.

The novel itself is a probe into the inter-relationships of a complex ship-colonies conflict which has arisen after the destruction of Earth. At first glance it is the unfolding of the psychology of a girl-to-woman in this society. Upon closer examination it is the story of the full interrelationship of the society, from the various small quads to their level, from level to level and to the ship, and finally from the highly technical ship to the agrarian colonies.

Without delving deeply into psychology, Panshin has been able to express and describe all these relationships, proof of the power of his writing.

Beyond these relationships, the plot is simple and not really original in form. The action scenes, such as they are, are the weakest points in the book. Still and all, Rite of Passage is the force to be reckoned with this year.

Strong competition will come from Larry Niven's A GIFT FROM EARTH (Ballentine). Here also there is a ship-colony conflict, but in this case it takes place within a closed society. And in this novel Earth is still around, and it is Terra itself which is the technological giant.

Niven's basic plot once again concerns the organ banks. In this case, however, it is the possibility of abolishment, and all the inherent problems, which forms the locus of the conflict. Niven's writing is, as usual, excellent. However, the plot, although original and full of action, is not really spellbinding. Nevertheless, A Gift from Earth is one of the finest science-fiction novels to come along in a long time.

The novel version of 2001: A Space Odyssey by Arthur C. Clarke (New American Library) has not caught the public's fancy as did the movie. Although more immense in concept than the film, without the visual aid much of the effect is lost.

My review of 2001 appeared in an earlier issue of the 3rd F. It should suffice to say that I would be satisfied if it won, but I do not foresee that as this year's outcome. However, I urge every serious reader of science-fiction to read 2001: A Space Odyssey. (Is

A fourth possibility for the Hugo is The Ring of Ritornel by Charles L. Harness (Berkeley Medallion). In this novel, the conflict is not between ship and world, or even between world and world, but between two "universal" religions. As in Miller's A Canticle for Leibowitz, Harness's novel gives a good example of the beginning of a religion, and of how legend is formed.

There is much originality in this novel, probably the most in any novel of 1968. However, in many cases it seems too philosophical and just a bit too wordy. Even so, there is plenty of action, and the originality marks The Ring of Ritornel for a possible upset in the balloting.

Finally, though not really in contention, my personal choice for this year's Hugo is Frank Herbert's The Santaroga Barrier. Not space-age science-fiction, this book is the study of the effect of a "gestalt-producing" drug upon an entire town. The psychological-moral analysis is penetrating, and the suspense and terror is very real and marks Herbert's novel as much more powerful than its popularity has shown. I strongly urge everyone to read The Santaroga Barrier.

SC

THE BEST SF STORIES FROM NEW WORLDS #2, edited Michael Moorcock, Berkeley Medallion, 1969.

One of these stories, Roger Zelazny's "For a Breath I Tarry" has been printed elsewhere. Read it elsewhere. Not necessarily because this anthology is so bad, but because some blind proofreader allowed Zelazny's story to have about six paragraphs transposed. The result is that the last two lines on page 148 and the top half of page 149 should be inserted between the 7th and 8th lines on page 150.

The rest of the stories are newly anthologized and, of course, New Wave. There are some hopeful signs. J. G. Ballard seems to have, at least temporarily, stopped writing about JFK's death. His story in here is centered on Marilyn Monroe's death. There's a kind of fine ironic humor in "Another Little Boy" which tells how we drop an H-bomb (it was supposed to be an A-bomb, but accidents will happen) on Hiroshima to commemorate the atomic bomb's centennial. That story is written, by the way, by Brian W. Aldiss, the "man of action" to whom Moorcock dedicated the anthology. There is also a rather nice whimsy in Kit Reed's "Sisohpromatem" which begins "I, Joseph Bug, awoke one morning to find that I had become an enormous human." Whether or not all that makes it worth sixty cents to you is for you to decide. I got my copy free. On the other hand, I do intend to keep it rather than to donate it to an auction or sell it to a used bookstore, so I guess I value it somewhat after all.

LK

The Clone, Theodore L. Thomas and Kate Wilhelm, Berkeley Medallion, 50¢.

The Clone is out again. It is a slime story, a hybrid of horror and science fiction. Unlike many such stories, this one looks plausible.

It starts dramatically with the exact times of the formation and the early life of the organism in the sewers under the big city. Ordinary, little, one-dimensional people are depicted well as they react to the subterranean horror whose existence they cannot believe. The stupid, panicky government officials are also depicted well, as is the battle of the hospital-intern hero with the beast from the sewers.

I liked The Clone. I could not put it down until I had finished reading it. It is a well-constructed novel that is well worth reading.

Bakewell

What ever happened to Norman Spinrad's idea of editing an anthology of slime stories? I remember suggesting it be called Great Tales of Slime and Space. It would include the classic slime stories: Sturgeon's "It," some excerpts from The Clone, "Put Them All Together They Spell Monster," and so on. It would come, said Spinrad, in three editions: hard-cover, soft-cover, and slime-cover. This last would be made of some kind of rubber cement mixture--when you had held it in your hands for a while it would melt slimily all over you. You would be literally unable to put it down. --LK

News from Elsewhere, Edmund Cooper, Berkeley Medallion, 60¢.

This is an anthology which I found unexpectedly refreshing. The eight stories share a sort of poetic lyricism that put me inside the characters and made me see the terrain of their settings through their eyes.

"The Lizard of Woz" is the funniest one; the poor alien falls in love with a very beautiful female Komodo dragon. "The Intruders," laid on the moon, has a plot somewhat similar to Clarke's "The Sentinel," but with a twist of its own. "Welcome Home" pulled heart-strings. Others range from the post--WWIII era to the nearby stars to another galaxy. This is a beautiful and moving anthology.

Bakewell

Bug Jack Barron, Norman Spinrad, Avon, 95¢, 1969.

In some ways, this book was expectable.

It was expectable that it would have four-letter words, that it would have explicit sex scenes. After all, we say smugly, it's New Wave--and that means it's dirty. It's maybe not so expectable that the sex scenes are upbeat, but then Spinrad always was strangely unsterotypical. And even if all the relationships are strictly heterosexual, there are a couple of fellatio scenes anyway, so that takes the curse off of it.

It was expectable that the conflict would be between an individualist and the Establishment. It's not so expectable that the individualist thinks he's sold out long ago. It's highly unexpected that he comes through as a sympathetic idealist after all. It is highly unexpected that the ending is full of that positive attitude towards humanity that according to the "Second Foundation" is the exclusive property of Old Wave.

It was expectable that the novel would try to create greater-than-lifese characters faced with a greater-than-lifese problem. It's highly unexpectable that it succeeds so well in that attempt.

In brief, this is, contrary to the usual stereotypes about New Wave, a book with not only characterization and style--but also with a plot, a fine one. If you can make it past the occasionally stream-of-consciousness style, you'll find it well worth reading.

LK

The Rule of the Door and other Fanciful Regulations by Lloyd Biggle, Jr, Curtis Books, 75¢.

This short story anthology was published in hardback by Doubleday in 1967. Only one of the stories "A Slight Case of Limbo" was previously anthologized.

The title story alone makes the anthology well worth having. Given a Door which can be opened only by a totally worthless individual, given a pair of aliens sent to a small Earth town to collect an intelligent specimen (with the aid of the Door), what will happen? I also like "Wings of Song," the story of a man who buys a battered violin in a world where wood is a rarity, a collector's item, and there are no musicians left.

LK

The Prisoner, Thomas M. Disch, Ace, 60¢.

This is the start of Ace Books' Prisoner series. (Show-watchers will be relieved to learn that all plots must be approved by Patrick McGoochan before the writers are allowed to start writing. McGoochan also has approval rights over the final draft.) The second book in the series, Number Two, is being written by David McDaniel.

Disch's book, like the others to follow, is set after the final show in the television series. The plot is competent, with the right degree of ambiguity. Various things about the Village are explained, but never in such a way that you can be completely sure the explanation is true.

The style is somewhat reminiscent of Henry James's in The Ambassadors. Or, to put it in stefnal terms, it's New Wavy. The chief fault is too much monologue--and dialogue with the speakers left unidentified for pages on end.

The strange part of this book is that Disch excels in depicting not the Prisoner but the Village. His scenes which show the Prisoner fighting back are weakly drawn. The most powerful scene in the book is the one in which an apparently helpless #6 is conditioned into being a model Number Two.

This isn't too surprising. Most of Disch's earlier good work ("The Squirrel Cage," "Descending," "Now is Forever") dealt not with defiant individualists but trapped masochists. The Prisoner is not such a man and therefore, unless you flesh out his character with memories from the television show, never really comes alive except in the scenes where he's totally helpless.

LK

26
The following story was rejected as too dangerous for Dangerous Revisions. We like it.

The Cure

by Barry Weissman

Harry Blinderdorf gazed at the sign on the dirt-smearred window through his bleary eyes and sniffed once.

ARE YOU SUFFERING
GOT A.....COLD?
A CURE FOR THE COMMON COLD
HAS BEEN FOUND.
SUFFER NO MORE!!

SEE Dr. Brandon Chadworth, specialist
in viral bronchial infections.
Suite 234.

Oh well, Harry thought, it can't get any worse, might as well give the fellow a try as long as I'm here. And Mrs. Farnswoggle did recommend him....Harry pulled his worn overcoat tighter about him and started up the narrow stairs leading upward into the ancient office building.

Harry had the mother and father of all colds. As long as he could remember Harry had had the cold, the same one, it seemed, although there were instances when he had had as much as a day of freedom from his disease. Interspaced with the bouts of cold were attacks of flu, chicken pox, measles, dysentery, Rumanian Valley Fever, ring worm, food poisoning, itchy feet, prickly heat, inflammation of the ear lobes, yellow dozing sickness, and Polish mal de mer. But Harry's main nemesis remained the common cold. A wet glass of water in the same room was enough to give him fits of sneezing.

Finally one evening his landlady, Mrs. Farnswoggle, a little old woman with a pea-button nose and a high squeaky voice, came to see him.

"Please, Mr. Blinderdorf," she said with a rich old-country accent, "can't you keep the sneezing down a little bit, huh? You're upsetting my poor old TV terribly. Every cha-choo, and my set hiccups."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Farnthwoggle, I'll try."

"Say, Mr. Blinderdorf, I don't mean to pry, but did you ever think to try Dr. Chadworth...for your cold, I mean?"

"Thoctor Thadworth? Dow, I cand thay that I haf."

"Well, when Melvin, that's my late husband, rest his soul, was alive, he always went to Dr. Chadworth when he caught cold. One five-dollar visit and phew" - she gestured graphically with her enormous sweaty hands - "all gone! Worked miracles, I tell you. I think he has some secret formula, from the government or something." She whispered, "Something like Hexobenzomethoresoursinal. Why don't you

go to him? He's over on Fourteenth Street....Here, I'll get you the address." She disappeared into her antiquated apartment for a moment while Harry blew his nose a few times and then returned with a small white card bearing a pencilled address.

"Here it is. You can't miss it, he's got a sign on the ground floor window. He's upstairs...."

* * *

The office wasn't much, just a number of scratched wooden chairs apparently rescued from the Salvation Army and an equally battered and aged magazine rack holding some dog-eared and faded copies of Life and Ladies' Home Journal, and one old issue of a science-fiction thing, interestingly called Unknown. The latter attracted Henry's attention because of its age, at least twenty years, although he rarely let himself be found reading that sort of thing. He rang the bell by the inner door and sat down to read between sniffs and sneezes.

The first thing that Henry noticed about the magazine was that someone had written notes in the margins. Defacing the pages of any book was a crime in Harry's estimation, but these were worse than defacement. They were disturbing, neatly printed, cryptic little messages, apparently notes made expressly to point out certain aspects of the story to the reader, like: "very accurate." beside a vampire tale, and "No, no, all wrong" after a passage describing the summoning of a demon.

But Harry wasn't given much time to consider the implications of these notes because soon a tall, thin, anemic-looking man in a starched lab coat opened the inner door and peered out. "Who are you?" he asked suspiciously.

"Harry Blindermorf. I saw your sign outside."

"Oh yes, yes, yes," the man said, as though he had forgotten about the advertisement's existence, "yes, yes. Well, you're next." The man escorted a very fat woman out from behind him and then returned.

"I don't get many new patients, you know," he said, showing Henry into the inner office. This was almost as bare as the outer, with two more of the same chairs, plus a large, overflowing bookcase, a file cabinet, and a desk of the same vintage. The doctor, if that was indeed who he was, seating himself behind the desk, indicated a chair for Harry and pulled a dusty form out of the desk's top drawer. He blew off the thin layer of powder and then flattened the form on the desk's surface and opened an old-style fountain pen to begin to write.

"Now, just to keep the records straight, exactly what is your full name?"

"Harold Baker Blindermorf, B-l-i-n-d-e-r-m-o-r-f."

Harry answered all of the doctor's questions, and then was told:

"Well, Mr. Blindermorf, you certainly have a bad cold, so you came to the right place." Harry noticed a hungry gleam come into the doctor's eyes, a gleam that he didn't like very much. All of a

28
sudden he wished that he had obeyed his first impulse and not come up those stairs, but it was too late now. The physician, not noticing Harry's discomfort, continued, "As you may have gathered, my methods are rather secret and must be protected until they are, ah, patented. Therefore I'm sure you understand that I must place you under anaesthetic while I work to cure you."

All of a sudden the doctor had a rubber mask in his hands and was applying it to Harry's startled face. Just before the cushiony darkness swallowed him, Harry thought that he could see a small, pink, tube-like tongue peek out expectantly from behind the man's smiling teeth.

* * *
Sticky, gluey eyes. Silence surrounded him; a cool breeze licked his face. Suddenly Harry realized that he was awake. He opened his eyes carefully, one at a time.

He was stretched out on a table in a part of the doctor's office that he hadn't seen before; a calm white room with one wide window. The sky through the open window over his head was a deep blue, the birds outside could be heard singing their insults and threats at one another gayly, and Harry could hear children shouting as an ice-cream truck's bells sounded down the street, and he could breathe.

AND HE COULD BREATHE!!!

* * *
Harry paid the doctor his five dollars gladly.

"Whatever your method is, Doc, it's fantastic. I can breathe the way I haven't been able to since, since,....Well, since I don't know how long."

The doctor smiled. "I'm glad to help, Harry," he said. The man somehow seemed not quite so thin as he had earlier, and the color had returned to his cheeks, a vibrant, rich color. Harry was sorry that he had ever doubted this wonderful, dedicated healer of humanity. "Come and see me again if you manage to catch another."

"I certainly will, I certainly will. Bye, Doc."

Harry Blinderdorf walked out of the shabby building on Fourteenth Street a free man, a new man, a cured man, and went whistling down the street. No cold!!

* * *
At least Harry thought that he was a free man. Slowly, however, he became disturbed at the changes he was feeling occurring in himself. True he didn't catch any more colds, and as the days turned into weeks without so much as a sniffle, this was more and more a miracle to Harry, but still....Whenever someone around him sneezed, he found himself tensing involuntarily, and when his upstairs neighbor in Mrs. Farnswoggle's apartment house blew his nose late one night Harry got a strange upsetting craving.

He found that his tongue was growing longer and becoming slender, and had a very disturbing tendency to curl whenever he saw or heard someone sniffle or sneeze, along with that odd desire that

gradually grew stronger and stronger with each incident.

The final event happened at Harry's office, in the Clashly Wigal Works Supply House, when his secretary came in one day with a cold. He felt himself slipping when she entered that morning, a handkerchief clutched to her nose. When she sneezed inadvertently in the middle of some dictation, Harry nearly blew up, and then, later, the juicy blows coming through the thin partitions as she worked on the forms almost drove him out of his mind trying to maintain control of himself.

Finally the effort became too great to be resisted, although Harry tried his utmost. While Susan was alternately typing and blowing her nose in the outer office, Harry blacked out, only to find himself about to attack her from behind as she worked on the weekly consumer report. His tongue was curled and twice its former length, he was sweating profusely, and he had an almost overwhelming desire to...to...no, NO!

"Mr. Blinderdorf, are you all right? You've been so pale these past couple of weeks!" This too was true, and Harry couldn't understand it either; he just wasn't hungry lately. At least not for normal food.... "Let me get you a glass of water."

"No, no! Stay away from me! I...I'll be all right. Please, Susan,...the report...it has to be out, today, you see." Harry was rapidly losing control. He had to get away. "I'm going out," he said shakily. "Be back...eventually." He fled out of his office, afraid of what he wanted to do. Disgusting, sickening, depraved thing, and yet he craved, desired, physically needed to...NO!!"

Harry needed help, urgently, and the only person he could think of or trust in this hour of gravest need was Dr. Chadsworth. The doctor had helped him solve his biggest previous problem, and even though this was not exactly up his line--Harry suspected that the disorder was mental--he was the man Harry trusted. Harry rushed to the street where Chadsworth's office was located, raced up the stairs of the old building two at a time, flew through the outer office, and burst into the physician's inner room. The doctor was there, working over a patient. He looked up as Harry entered.

"Doc, Doc, you've got to help me! I've got this urge to... DOC!!"

Harry fainted dead away as he saw exactly what the doctor was doing to the patient.

* * *

Harry came to in the darkness.

"What? Where am I?"

"You're safe now, Harry." It was the doctor's voice, smooth and calming. "Although it was nip and tuck there for a while. I had to go without my lunch to give you a massive transfusion. Why didn't you obey your natural instincts? Then this would never have happened."

"Safe? After what I saw you doing? How..."

"Don't be asinine, Harry, you know that you wanted to do the same thing." It was true, Harry had, and he was deeply ashamed and horrified by the fact.

"What's happening to me, Doc? why do I feel that way, why do I want to...to...?"

"You still don't understand." Chadsworth sighed. "I'm sorry, Harry, I guess it's my fault. I didn't want this to happen, but I had to work awfully long over you, and I guess that it was just too long. Now you're just like me. It doesn't happen often, but it... sometimes it just occurs. That's the danger in this line of work.

"Oh well," he continued, "I suppose we'll have to expand, get some more business to feed the both of us, at least until you learn enough so you can take care of yourself. It will be more dangerous, but we have to live."

"What do you mean, just like you? Exactly what are you? And what have you done to me?"

"How do you think I cure colds?" The doctor was upset now. "And that strange...craving that you have, put the two together. It's all rather obvious, Harry. Think!"

He suddenly remembered that magazine, and then he understood. "You mean we're..."

"That's right, we're vampires, Harry, mucous vampires."

* * * * *

Some time in the year 1867, a fishing smack sailed from Boston. One of the sailors was a Portuguese, who called himself "James Brown." Two of the crew were missing, and were searched for. The captain went into the hold. He held up his lantern, and saw the body of one of these men, in the clutches of "Brown," who was sucking blood from it. Near by was the body of the other sailor. It was bloodless. "Brown" was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged but President Johnson commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. In October, 1892, the vampire was transferred from the Ohio Penitentiary to the National Asylum, Washington, D.C., and his story was re-told in the newspapers. See the Brooklyn Eagle, Nov. 4, 1892.

Charles Fort, Wild Talents

* * * * *

abstainer - a weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure.

accuse - to affirm another's guilt or unworth; most commonly as a justification of ourselves for having wronged him.

adherent - a follower who has not yet obtained all that he expects to get.

applaùse - the echo of a platitude.

commendation - the tribute that we pay to achievements that resemble but do not equal our own.

Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Dictionary

by Tom Digby (Apa-L 2-29-66)

like maybe

A Computer Center that is able to get along without a computer because it's haunted (explanation below)

Computer manufacturers have been hotly competing to produce machines that are faster, smaller, and cheaper but do the same jobs as older machines. One such manufacturer is presently engaged in a line of research which all the other manufacturers have been deriding as "Crackpot Superstition" but which, if successful, may revolutionize the computer industry. They are engaged in research on ghosts and similar things in hopes of developing a new form of computer--one which is not fully bound by what we know as the laws of time and space.

Consider--some of the Things that haunt haunted houses and similar locations, and sometimes objects, at times display intelligent behavior. This may indicate that the nothingness or ectoplasm or whatever they're made of could possibly be used to build computer elements such as memories and central processors--computer elements which, under favorable conditions, would take up NO physical space in our world. The speeds obtainable are not known at present but since ghosts have been known to predict the future, it is sort of assumed that the time required (if any) for even the longest computations can be bypassed by, in effect, looking into the future to predict what answer the machine (??) will eventually arrive at.

Input-output is not expected to be much of a problem. Since many kinds of spooks seem to perceive their physical environment, it is probably that ghostly sensors can be built to "see" all of a stack of punch cards or a roll of tape at once, much in the way that sealed envelopes, etc., are often penetrated by the supernatural.

Output operations will be performed by poltergeists. Since there have been a few reports of such beings teleporting small objects and quantities of various substances, or causing them to appear from nowhere, there need be no long delays for a stack of paper or a roll of tape to be fed through a machine. You just set a stack of computer paper in the designated spot, the poltergeist module causes ink to appear in the right places, and you then take the paper away and unfold it and there is your printout. If poltergeists can be taught to read magnetic patterns and to magnetize iron oxide, then material on magnetic tape can be read and/or recorded without ever unrolling the tape from the reel. This will require careful control to prevent print-through and other troubles, but the backers of the project are optimistic. Punch card output, if desired, can be obtained by teleporting the paper out of the holes.

If this idea works, the computer center of the future will look much different from the computer center of today. The first thing a visitor is likely to notice is that there seems to be no computer in the computer center. Instead, there may be a magic symbol inscribed on the floor, or there may just be a certain corner of the room that seems to be a center of activity, or there may be a table sitting against one wall or somewhere. An operator will approach the designated spot, stack a quantity of cards, printout paper, tape reels, etc., there, say a word and/or make some gesture, gather up the materials, and leave in a hurry so as not to keep the next person

in line waiting. The general atmosphere of the center may be a little strange, since the operators may have to be spirit-medium types rather than the present technician types. Persons with the "wrong-vibrations" may have to be excluded from the room, although it is hoped that the computer can be shielded from such inteference.

So, if you should happen to see groups of computer engineers prowling around haunted houses and similar places, don't laugh too loudly. They may be the ones to laugh last.

* * * * *

Filk Song Department

Luna shall be free,
Luna shall be free,
Luna shall be free...someday.
Deep in my heart, I do believe
Luna shall be free someday.

Other verses may be improvised. So far we've gotten--"Seldon shall be born," "we shall jaunt through space," "Samms will get the Lens" and "Sam Hall will awake."

* * * * *

The right to throw pillows is the right to be free.

* * * * *

As told in the Cambrian Daily Leader (Swansea, Wales), July 7, 1887, poltergeist phenomena were occurring in the home of the Rev. David Phillips, of Swansea. Sometime I am going to try to find out why so many of these disturbances have occurred in the homes of clergymen. Why have so many supposed spirits of the departed tormented clergymen? Perhaps going to heaven makes people atheists.

Charles Fort, Lo!

* * * * *

Remember the chameleon. He was a well-behaved chameleon and nothing could be brought against his record. As a chameleon he had done the things that should have been done and left undone the things that should have been left undone. He was a first-class unimpeachable chameleon and nobody had anything on him. But he came to a Scotch plaid and tried to cross it. In order to cross he had to imitate six different yarn colors, first one and then another and back to the first or second. He was a brave chameleon and died at the crossroads true to his chameleon instincts.

Carl Sandburg, The People, Yes

* * * * *

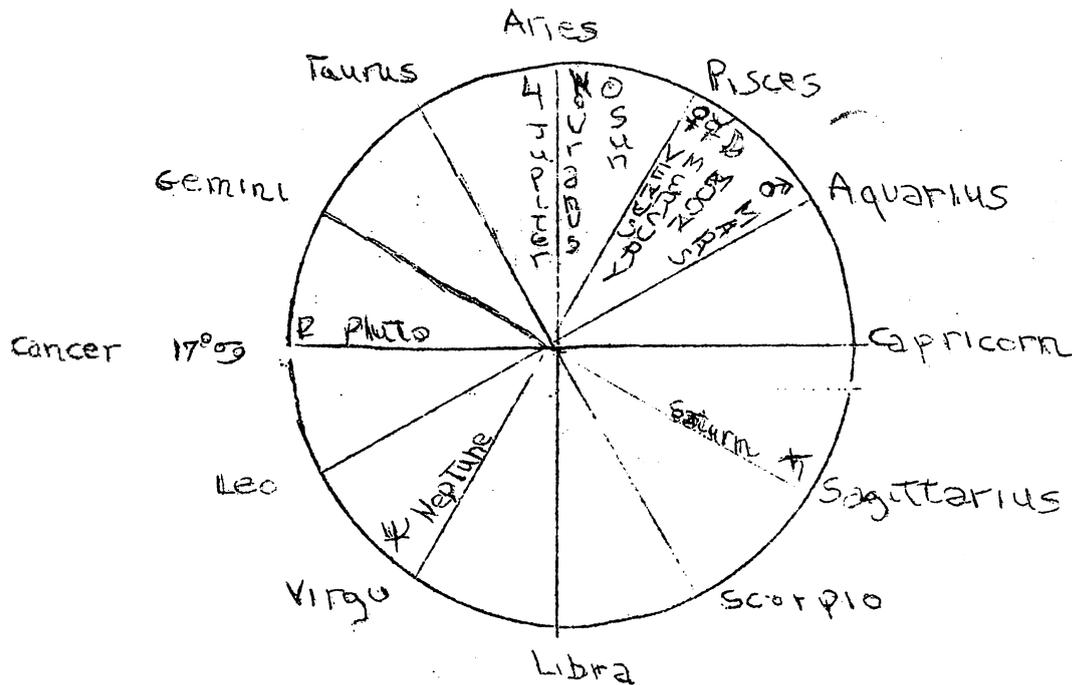
Typoed Titles

- The Million Pities by J. T. McIntosh
- The Goy Who Bought Old Earth by Cordwainer Smith
- The Stainless Steel Hat by Harry Harrison
- The Louse on the Moon by Leonard Wibberley
- Slab by A. E. Van Vogt
- Earthman, Come Come by James Blish
- Blesh by Philip Jose Farmer

In the first episode of the show, the Prisoner states that he was born March 19, 1928 at 4:31 am. By a not so curious coincidence, Patrick McGoochan was born in New York on March 19, 1928. The following horoscope can therefore be considered to belong to Patrick McGoochan and/or the Prisoner.

Tale of the Night Chart

as told by Phil Castora



Sun in Pisces conjunct Uranus in Aries. The sun is a person's basic goals; Uranus represents eccentricity, unconventionality. The conjunction indicates the basic goals are nonconformist. Sun-Uranus semi-square Mars indicates large amount of energy, with perhaps a tendency to be over-tense.

Jupiter square Pluto - very large ideas, which may get out of hand and change imperceptibly so that the outcome is not what was initially desired. Mars-Pluto conjunct square Jupiter - success may bring a feeling of being trapped by a destiny of success.

Jupiter trine Saturn - will achieve lasting fame and wealth, not particularly early in life.

Pluto almost on ascendant in 12th house - indomitable will, proceeding by indirect, unexpected methods of action.

Cancer as rising sign indicates primal concern for home and all it implies.

Mars sextile Saturn and Jupiter in Aquarius the 5th house - uses other people's money for success.

Mercury-Venus-Moon conjunct in 8th house Pisces - a moody charm, the kind of personality that could charm the gold out of Fort Knox.

Neptune opposed to Moon-Mercury-Venus, 2nd house vs. 8th house - income is nebulous, hard to ascertain; may find it difficult to collect money due him.

(We recently received the following letter by chrono-mail)

Dear Whoever You Are:

This is a new kind of chain letter. Instead of asking you for your hard-earned money, we have something different in mind. Most chain letters promise you something trite - like a great sum of money to arrive within a few weeks. What we promise is more Twenty-First Century up to date.

At the bottom of this letter, you will find 4 names. Cross out the top name and put yours at the bottom of the list. Then immediately make up four exact copies of this letter and send them to 4 of the most attractive people you know, either male or female.

Within twenty-four hours of the day you send your copies, you must then go to the residence of the person at the top of the list. You must there do whatever this person asks, whatever its nature may be...for the next twenty-four hours, provided it does not require you to place yourself in great physical danger or to harm anyone against his wishes. Voluntary sado-masochism is, of course, permissible, as are all variations of other forms of sexual and/or psychological stimulation.

You may find yourself rejected for service if you do not come up to the standards required. Do not be discouraged. Remember that you can do the same when it's your turn.

You must not fail to go. Strange and horrible things have happened to those who have failed to fulfill their sacred pledges. On April 23, 2012, Ernestine Bilcher of Toledo, Ohio failed to fulfill her pledge. Was it only a coincidence that the famous Toledo Earthquake occurred one day later? Ernestine died in it.

In May of 2008, Benjamin Tulpan of Burbank, California put off fulfilling his pledge for twenty-four hours because he wanted to get over the intestinal flu. Benjamin is now a quadriplegic. Worse things could happen to you.

You must not break this chain. If you continue this chain, then within a month after you mail your copies, 256 people will come to your residence, willing to do whatever you wish. Remember, do not, under any circumstances, break this chain. Otherwise you will suffer dire consequences. Women who have broken this chain find themselves cursed with frigidity, men with impotency. This chain has been carefully and scientifically designed so that those people who continue it will obtain the utmost pleasure conceivable.

Remember to cross the first name off the list and add your own name and address at the bottom.

Jacqueline Sioux, 306 W. Minnehaha Parkway, Minn., Minn.

Edward Fishbein, 987 Child's Row #3, Detroit, Mich.

John M. Bailey, 36 Duck Lane, Pasadena Calif.

Pat Annuncio, 1036 95th Street, #12E, New York, New York.

The spirit killeth but the letter giveth life. --Randall Jarrell

and first, comments on our lastish--

Darrell Schweitzer Dear Whatchamacallits,
113 Deepdale Road
Stratford, Pa.,
19087

May Ghu bless you for putting out another
3rd F. Sorry to say tho, that 86-7 was not as
good as the previous issues that I've received.
(I hesitate to say "inferior" for fear of getting zapped.)

What's wrong with telling the readers your anniversary? If they know that the first ish was dated, say, February, so what? We have been having Februaries for quite a while. What you really want to keep secret is which anniversary this is.

"The Way Out" had good ideas but was rather drawn out and poorly written. I am especially bugged because I know how well Larry can write if he wants to. Eavesdroppings sounds like a PSFS meeting. Beware the men in white suits! "The Man Who Shot Santa Claus" was great!!! It was one of the funniest things I have ever seen in a fanzine. The calendar was incomplete. You forgot the 31st of April, a day on which, every year, the world ends. "Better Late" was QX.

The Metaphysical Hyena was still good, but part three was no match for the first two installments. It almost drags a little.

Reviewpoint: It should be mentioned that in Way Station Enoch Wallace loses two girls. One is the illusion and the other is the mute who goes away to work the talisman. Stef U: Yawn! "Ghost of Hamlet": Interesting. Is this somebody's homework?

Lettercol: Stan Burns thank you for warning me about The Beast With No Name! I've been deceived!!!! To think that he/it had me believing those lies he/it told me and actually got me to stick up for him/it! It must be part of a new plan to conquer the Universe which involves winning people's sympathy and getting them by surprise. The slimy thing that told me the story must have been one of his/its agents sent to trick me. One thing that I must be careful about is the fact that The Beast With No Name has been seen in my neighborhood and will undoubtedly try to prevent the truth from being known. I hope that you have the courage to print this. The world could be saved because of it.

Wait! something's happening here! The windows are all blurred and covered with (gasp) jello! You never did tell me how big the Beast is! I know now! He's swallowed the house! Send help!!! The walls are dissolving.

/automatic machine produced signature used when the letterhack is being swallowed by giant jello monsters:/

Darrell Schweitzer

PS. Would you like some artwork from me? How about book reviews?

Our first generally-distributed issue appeared August 17, 1967. We

E

cannot, for security reasons (related to Seldon's Plan) divulge the date of our first issue.--LK/

* * * * *

Dear Editor,

The letter from Disgusted calling The Metaphysica Hyena garbage just goes to show the average mentality of the New Mexico fan. And the next time I see Gail Knuth I'm going to give her a rap in the mouth. (You can't fool me, Gail--who do you think drove you out of California?)

--David Gerrold

/The Third Foundation emphatically does not share Mr. Gerrold's views on New Mexico fen...particularly because Barry and Lee (formerly Klingstein, by then) Gold will be driving through Albuquerque in late August and hope to find some place to put up for the night.-LK/

* * * * *

Dear Lee,

Kindly excuse my error about your name but I assumed that your name was a Mr. instead of a Miss. Unfortunately (due to the fact that we're moving to Las Vegas on July 1st) I won't be able to go to the Westercon.

About your WorldCon bid in '72. Due to the fact that I'm a member of three Bay Area groups, I have now split loyalties. I wish you luck in '70 for the WestC bid. I'm there in heart. But you'll have to mail me #89, although I am happily going to my first con the World Con, in August.

May troubles never darken your door,

George Senda

* * * * *

Dear Lee,

Typos like that /printing 1968 instead of 1969 for your wedding date/ could cause problems. What you need is a good proofreader. /sic/ Congrats, anyhow.

Sincerely,
Kenneth Scher

* * * * *

Stan Hoffman
7657 Orion Ave.
Van Nuys, Ca.
91406

Thank you for The Third Foundation 88. I enjoyed it immensely. Very nice cover--is that supposed to be Batman in the upper left-hand corner? The section from THE METAPHYSICAL HYENA was hilarious. There was nothing profound, but the zine as a whole was very pleasant reading. May I suggest that you include some art? I think it would add tremendously to the appearance. /Find me an artist who draws on mimeo stencil, and we'll have some art--LK/

* * * * *

C

Vonda McIntyre John Bowman has given me the last couple issues
3014-135th NE of Third Foundation, which may not be real cool for
Bellevue, Wash your treasury, but just think, now you can say what
98004 F&SF, etc., say--"average three readers per copy,
 paid circulation 125,000,000, your audience: 375,000-
000!!!" Now all you need is advertisers...oh well, it was a good
thought while it lasted.

You know why "Ed" in THE WAY OUT speaks December 1966-style English, don't you. It's because Larry Niven has been trying for 2 1/2 years to figure out an end to that story. What they should actually do is direct the robot to an automobile junkyard, clean up the country, promote peace, good will, and not littering, which would in turn dispose of the population explosion, pollution, and Senatore Pastore. As a result we would get out of Vietnam and onto Mars and Venus and live happily ever after. Then the robot could cannibalize all the caps it wanted to.

On the other hand, maybe you could just direct it to Seattle. It could eat all the cars and then the idiots up here would have to vote for rapid transit and would quit covering up the Arboretum and Mount Ranier and like that with cement and center lines.

If the announcement is really supposed to say "18 August 1969," then congratulations or whatever I'm supposed to say to you--I always get mixed up on what to wish the bride and what to wish the groom, Emily-Post-wise. That may be because I've only been to three wedd dings, two of them at the same church, and at both of which the minister got stoned (alcoholically) out of his mind.

I thought I was well-read until two things happened. 1) I entered fandom. 2) I started reading your quizzes. Obviously Willis is from Red Planet and Fuzzy Britches is from Rolling Stones. Murgatroyd sounds familiar but I can't place him. Feh. I can't do cross-words (even mundane ones) either.

I disagree with "The Mother Things." If the whole planet were full of mothers, we would all be eating chicken soup three times a day, and I only eat chicken soup when I darn well please.

How about Podkane of Podunk? (All together now: Gro-o-an)

Yeh, I'll prob'ly support LA '70 even tho San Francisco is easier to get to from here...somehow I just can't hack the thought of another convention in that ***** hotel...I don't care how ideal they say it is for a smaller con.

I leave you with this esoteric thought: *thurb*

* * * * *

Don Hampton About The Way Out. The robot seems to be able
Box 151 to learn from experience. Maybe what is needed is
Due West, S.C. for the three to convince the thing that they are
29639 the colony it was designed to be the nexus for. They
 could elect the Boxer mayor, from which position he
should be able to control the whole works. The active or construc-
tion part of the memory would lose the knowledge necessary to build
a transfer point, but surely the library section of the memory would
retain it. Boxer could then pick out what he wants the construction
memory to relearn from the library memory and also feed in what basic

D

orders are needed. He could get around the problem of identifying intelligent life by ordering the robot not to harm things that look like humans and Boxers /the term is puppeteer-LK/, since it must have some sense-perceptions to do its mining job. At a last resort, if the robot can't generalize, each of the three could be identified as a special case of objects-to-be-protected. Not likely to be any other intelligent life on the planet as described.

To get the robot to recognize the three as a colony, have the Boxer perform a marriage ceremony for the two humans. Only civil authorities can perform marriages. You can't be a civil authority without having a city to be an authority of. If the Boxer can perform marriages, there is a colony. Q.E.D. Or at least it should to a logically-minded robot.

Also Sprach Who? has one glaring fault. Judging from the past record of intelligence, the second time the ship landed in the cage the intelligent monkeys would either have attacked the two aliens or torn themselves to pieces in hysteria.

Theobald Arthur turns out to be Ayn Rand in a clever mimeo disguise.

This is the best cover you've had in a good while. Your repro is getting good, too.

- - - - -
The library doesn't know everything the builder knows. If the builder is shut off, all its knowledge disappears. My own theory is that the robot should be induced somehow to mine the sun for chromium
-LK/

* * * * *
Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Md.
21740

Dear Lee:

My very best wishes on your engagement to Barry Gold. I know you'll be happy, and I hope that you will think out very carefully, if you plan to have children, about the convention planning that will depend on them. By the time you could begin to raise a family, worldcon bids should be at least up to 1982 or thereabouts, and in a few more years, one generation of fans will be forced to depend upon the coming generation to complete the bidding efforts that their forefathers have started. You could probably sew up a worldcon bid for the Los Angeles area, if you contrived things so that the first words of your Firstborn would be spoken at a big fannish gathering and took the form: "LA in 91!"

I continued to find much pleasure in The Way Out, until I came to the part where I was supposed to help. I can't. This is proof positive, if any were needed, that my powers of invention are declining. When I was a small boy, all the kids in my neighborhood thought of nothing, week after week, except a science fiction serial which was shown every Saturday with the western double feature. (It was sometimes hard to scrape up enough money to go, because the price was a dime, but for that you got in addition to the serial and two features a short subject or two, a news reel, an amateur show from the stage, and usually some kind of candy or ice cream from local firms that used this means to advertise their product.) One week's

installment left the hero in an impossible position, trapped in a blazing room, tied to a chair, sinking into unconsciousness from the smoke, nobody within miles who might come to his aid. The neighborhood worried about the cliffhanging conclusion of that chapter for days, and about Thursday everyone decided that that was the end of the hero: the other chapters would show the fate of the other characters. I got brave and declared that I knew how the hero would escape. Nobody believed me, but it turned out that I was right, when the next chapter arrived on Saturday and we saw the hero suddenly rouse from his stupor, snap his bonds in one mighty effort, and dash to safety when flames subsided for a moment around the door. I was considered a born dramatist. But I can't think of any way for Larry Niven's characters to get out of their mess. This is what is generally described as getting old. E

Also Sprach Who? was a neat little story. More and more, it appears that 2001 is turning into a permanent part of the lore of science fiction fandom, something that inevitably enters conversation and fanzine pages at regular intervals. Maybe nobody will ever again hear about a spaceship docking maneuver without hearing that Strauss waltz mentally. Student psychiatrists may have to allow for monoliths when they interpret dreams in practice for setting up businesses in their own offices. Now the color television sets have begun to wipe out black and white television sets, maybe 2001 will be the cause for the next complete obsolescing of old electronics, in the form of sets using a much wider screen so everybody will be able to enjoy all of 2001 when it becomes Thursday Night at the Movies. /sort of like the Walls in Fahrenheit 451?-LK/

The Metaphysical Hyena continues to provide some chuckles and a bellylaugh or two. It strikes me as something easy and appropriate for adapting into a dramatic script for tape recording purposes.

In case you didn't notice it, in a certain unmentionable fanzine nature is improving on art in the form of title typos. Buck Coulson referred to a recent Panshin novel as Rite of Passion.

Mel Gilden has an ingenious theory. But I prefer to think of those deserted planets as the home worlds of all the people who turn up as stowaways on spaceships in science fiction stories. There must have been enough fictional stowaways to depopulate a couple of constellations, at the very least. Once you get to thinking about it, and watching for stowaways in science fiction stories, you realize how many there really are. Maybe even the Third Foundation members would have to think seriously and deeply for a few minutes to remember how a stowaway forms an important part of Asimov's Foundation series. /You are, I assume, referring to Arcadia Darell, who stowed away on the Unimara to go to Kalgan with her Uncle Homir.-LK/ And yet when people think about stowaways, they remember The Ethical Equations and don't think about all the other stories in which the stowaway formed a less total part of the plot.

The cover is mighty impressive. The expressions on those powerful faces are enigmatic, to me at least, sometimes looking amused, at other times intensely angry or in pain, and that goes well with the vague and indefinite nature of their surroundings.

If this letter doesn't meet your third week of June deadline /it came June 14th/ my apologies, and it won't be entirely my fault perhaps. There's no date on the postmark for this issue of The Third

Foundation, but it's been a long while on the way unless you have an influence with postal workers that most west coast fanzines lack. It now takes up to a month for a fanzine to arrive from the West Coast. An Indiana publication with a date on its postmark took 12 days to make the trip, and a piece of first class mail recently arrived from Illinois after 13 days of travels. Add to that a three-day trip for an air mail letter sent from Boston to Hagerstown, which had time value, and you begin to understand why fanzines may soon be forced to imitate the old prozines, whose letter sections always dealt with the penultimate issue, never with the most recent one.

The reproduction is quite good this time. The Third Foundation must be just about the only large-scale fanzine that uses no tricky formats, interior illustrations, or lettering-guide headings, and I sort of like it that way, because it's distinctive. Maybe some of the complaints about the reproduction are really subconsciously inspired by people who imagine they can't see the pictures and elaborate headings.

* * * * *

George Senda Thank for the copy of TTF #88. The only way I
San Francisco can think for the people in Niven's story to operate
 the toboggan is to force the alien to pilot the craft
by saying, "Either you pilot the craft or you get killed by us. In
any event, your life will be in danger. Pick one." Anyhow, that's
my idea for what it's worth.

Met the Apollo 10 astronauts yesterday, got their autographs
and had good time at the luncheon given by the S. F. Chamber.

* * * * *

Joanne Burger Thanks for the Third Foundation Yearish.
55 Blue Bonnet Ct. I enjoyed reading it. I also have the next
Lake Jackson, Texas issue, I think. It is around here somewhere,
77566 but I can't find it. It will turn up eventually
 tho. I am not a good locer, so I usually just
send out a copy of Pegasus instead. You should have received the
lastest one by now, unless the PO ate it. I enjoyed the ish, but
can't think of anything to say about it. When I find it, I'll read
the next ish and maybe I'll find something to say about that. Till
then,
Peace.

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 Typed Titles

- The Mouse that Soared by Wibberley
- The Scars are Ours! by Norton
- Twenty-First Century SOB by Herbert
- The Lost Unicorn by Peter S. Beagle
- Pig Planet by Jack Vance
- The Synthetic Fan by Theodore Sturgeon

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Miracles are propitious accidents, the natural causes of which are
too complicated to be readily understood.

 - Santayana

