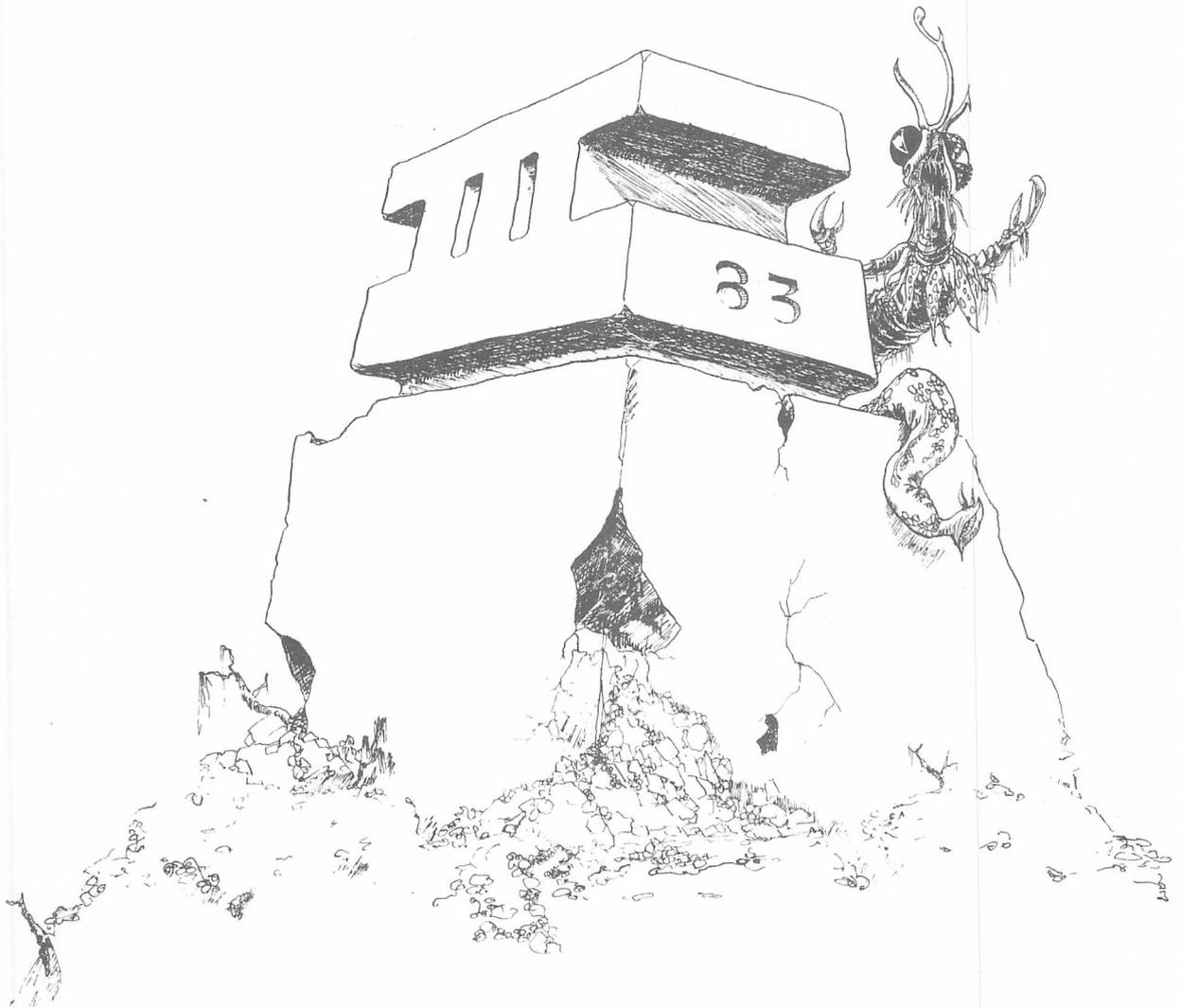


THIRD FOUNDATION



featuring:

- the University of Stef*
- and the conclusion of Doomed Lensmen!

JULY-AUGUST 1968

* ROBERT HEINLEIN, DEAN

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You will notice there is plenty of blank space in the Stef University section. We are leaving this free for readers to make comments or put in the names of extra teachers.

corrigenda p 6 - strangely missing line in antepenultimate paragraph should read "with any world in which that accident never occurred."

The Third Foundation would like to extend its retroactive thanks to the printers who willingly gave up their time to help us put out issues #81 and 82 - and our non-retroactive thanks to the ones who helped us put out this issue.

Ted Johnstone
Owen Hannifen
Al Gillin
Phil Castora

THE THIRD FOUNDATION
ad astra per cogitationem

Staff

Ambassador from Academia.....Lee Klingstein
Primary' Pro.....Stephen Goldin
Diplomat at Arms.....Gordon Monson
Paratime Pro.....Barry Weissman
Dostoevsky Delegate.....Steven Cohan
Star Gazer.....Richard Irwin
Psycho-historian.....Stanford Burns
~~Starry-eyed Anti-Novelist~~...Bill Bakewell
Eddorian out of Exile.....Sandy Cohen
Invisible Man.....James Shapiro

typing by e.e. cummings' ex-secretary
forive us our typos
as you would have others do unto you

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Los Angeles, Calif., 90025

Any resemblance of any characters or events in this
fanzine to anything that has ever occurred or is now
occurring or seems likely to occur in this space-time
continuum is purely coincidental.

Some time ago, Les Crane called Ray Bradbury the Dean of Science Fiction. (The true Dean is, of course, Robert A. Heinlein.) In order to prevent similar misinformed statements, the Third Foundation has decided to present a series of excerpts from the catalogue of the University of Stef, the University that Heinlein is dean of.

We wish to acknowledge publicly our thanks to the many members of the Los Angeles Second Foundation Section who helped us track down the current catalogue.

The University of Stef - An Introduction

The year in which the University of Stef was founded is unknown, but many reliable authorities give it as April, 1926. Its primary campus is located in the Everglades Swamp (or Fen). It also has many satellite campuses, both elsewhere in the United States and also abroad, among them Phaotep University in Where?, Arizona and Thana-topsis University in England.

The University is governed by a Board of Trustees, who are subject in their actions to the veto of the President Emeritus - Hugo Gernsback. Current Trustees are John W. Campbell, Jr., Frederik Pohl, Edward L. Ferman, Michael Moorcock, and other notables.

The President Emeritus appoints the Dean, who is the head of the University, and with his advice appoints the officials who administer the affairs of the satellite campuses, schools and departments of the University. The Board of Trustees determines conditions for the hiring of the teaching staff.

Teachers are classified into four different ranks: professors, associate professors, assistant professors and lecturers. There are also a number of guest lecturers drawn from other departments at the University and from other Universities, some of them not directly affiliated with Stef.

Administrative Officers

President Emeritus: Hugo Gernsback
Dean: Robert A. Heinlein
Associate Dean - College of Humanities: Theodore Sturgeon
Assistant Dean - Counselling: John W. Campbell, Jr.
Summer Sessions Director: Damon Knight
Information Office Staff: Willy Ley and Isaac Asimov

Teaching Staff

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY
Andre Norton - Department Head

ANTHROPOLOGY
Chad Oliver - Department Head

Cultural Anthropology
Harry Harrison - Section Head

3 Isaac Asimov - Professor - guest
Cyril Kornbluth - Professor in extension
Damon Knight - Professor
Fritz Leiber, Jr. - Professor
Cordwainer Smith - Professor in extension
Poul Anderson - Associate Professor
David R. Bunch - Associate Professor
Frederik Pohl - Associate Professor
Gordon R. Dickson - Associate Professor
Aldous Huxley - guest lecturer - in extension
George Orwell - guest lecturer - in extension

Primitive Cultures

(popularly known as "Savages and Sociodynamics" or "S&S")

Lin Carter - Section Head
Michael Moorcock - Associate Professor
Andre Norton - Associate Professor - guest
Robert E. Howard - Professor in extension

ARCHAEOLOGY

L. Sprague de Camp - Department Head
A. E. Merritt - Professor - guest

ASTRONOMY

Fred Hoyle - Department Head
Isaac Asimov - Professor - guest

CRIMINOLOGY AND LAW ENFORCEMENT

Alfred Bester - Department Head
Isaac Asimov - Professor - guest
Rick Raphael - Assistant Professor
Randall Garrett - Associate Professor
Jack Vance - Associate Professor
David McDaniel - guest lecturer
James H. Schmitz - Associate Professor

ECOLOGY

Frank Herbert - Department Head
Isaac Asimov - Professor - guest

EDUCATION

Walter Shiras - Department Head
Isaac Asimov - Professor - guest
Zenna Henderson - Professor - guest

ENGINEERING

John W. Campbell, Jr. - Department Head
E. E. Smith - Professor - former Department Head - now in extension-
specialty in optics
George O. Smith - Professor - specialty in communications

FOLKLORE

J. R. R. Tolkien - Department Head
Manly Wade Wellman - Professor
Anthony Boucher - Professor in extension

Mythology

A. E. Merritt - Section Head
Roger Zelazny - guest lecturer

GEOLOGY - this department is currently active only at the
Thanatopsis campus

- J. G. Ballard - Department Head
- John Christopher - Associate Professor
- Arthur C. Clarke - guest lecturer
- Edwin Balmer - Professor
- James Blish - Professor - guest
- Stanley Kubrick - guest lecturer

HISTORY AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY

- Robert A. Heinlein - Department Head
- James Blish - Professor
- Fred Saberhagen - Associate Professor

HUMANITIES

- Theodore Sturgeon - Department Head
- Edgar Pangborn - Professor
- R. A. Lafferty - Associate Professor
- Roger Zelazny - Associate Professor
- James Branch Cabell - Professor - in extension
- David McDaniel - Assistant Professor - dissertation on puns and Joyce

Linguistics

- Samuel R. Delany - Section Head

Gothic Literature

- Robert Bloch - Section Head
- Richard Matheson - Professor
- Shirley Jackson - guest lecturer in extension
- Ray Bradbury - guest lecturer

JOURNALISM - this department is currently active only in extension

- Charles Fort - Department Head

MATHEMATICS

- George Gamow - Department Head - guest
- Frederik Pohl - Professor - guest
- Isaac Asimov - Professor - guest
- Edwin A. Abbott - Assistant Professor - dissertation on Flatland
- A. J. Deutsch - Assistant Professor - dissertation on a subway named Mobius

MEDICINE AND PUBLIC HEALTH

- Murray Leinster - Department Head
- James White - Professor
- Larry Niven - Associate Professor - guest
- Stephen Goldin - lecturer - dissertation on the girls on USSF 193

OCEANOGRAPHY

- Arthur C. Clarke - Department Head
- Jules Verne - Professor in extension
- Roy Meyers - Assistant Professor

PHILOSOPHY

- A. E. Van Vogt - Department Head
- E. R. Eddison - Professor in extension
- Olaf Stapleton - Professor in extension
- Lester del Rey - Professor - currently teaching at Thanatopsis campus
- Harlan Ellison - Associate Professor

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Ontology and Epistemology

Philip K. Dick - Section Head

Isaac Asimov - Professor - guest

H. Beam Piper - Professor - in extension

L. Ron Hubbard - Associate Professor

Barry Weissman - lecturer - currently teaching at Phaotep campus

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Bob Kane - Department Head - guest

Edgar Rice Burroughs - former department head - now in extension

E. E. Smith - guest lecturer in extension

PHYSICS

Hal Clement - Department Head

Larry Niven - Professor

Poul Anderson - Professor - guest

James Blish - Professor

POLITICAL SCIENCE

Eric Frank Russell - Department Head

Isaac Asimov - Professor - guest

Poul Anderson - Professor - guest

Christopher Anvil - Professor

Keith Laumer - Professor

Mack Reynolds - Professor

Norman Spinrad - Associate Professor

PSYCHIATRY

Philip José Farmer - Department Head

Daniel Keyed - Assistant Professor

PSYCHOLOGY

Algis Budrys - Department Head

Zenna Henderson - Professor

Isaac Asimov - Professor - guest

John Brunner - Associate Professor

Theodore Sturgeon - Professor - guest

Henry Kuttner - Professor in extension

Anne McCaffrey - Associate Professor

Damon Knight - Professor

J. T. McIntosh - Professor

Alfred Bester - Professor - guest

James H. Schmitz - Professor - guest

Jack Williamson - Professor

SOCIOLOGY

Isaac Asimov - Department Head

Clifford Simak - Professor

Everett B. Cole - Professor

SPACE SCIENCES

Arthur C. Clarke --- Department Head

THEOLOGY

C. S. Lewis - Department Head

Lecturers at Large

Fredric Brown - Professor

Robert Sheckley - Professor

After all 187 copies of this issue of the Third Foundation had been published, collated and stapled, one of our authors withdrew, for personal reasons, his permission to publish the story which originally appeared on these missing eight pages.

Our apologies to our readers.

Our apologies go also to Papa Bach's Paperbacks, a fine bookstore located on 11317 Santa Monica Blvd, whose ad we are now unable to include because it ran on page 13, on the back of the story's last page. We will be giving Papa Baeh's a free full page ad in our next issue to make up for this omission.

For some time now Rick Sneary has been asking 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 2. Barry Weissman's Report

I was trapped in a black cottony nightmare world that somehow stuck and clung to me, unaffected by my struggles to free myself. I heard a huge voice speak of world domination and final revenge over and over again, like a self-repeating tape recorder. After an eternity of haranguing, it grew fainter and then laughter, demonic, chilling laughter took its place. But before the tide of unconsciousness retreated, I heard the voice announce, "Marvellous, marvellous, MARVELLOUS!" Then I was awake.

I sat up and looked around. The first thing I saw was Jim Shapiro's left foot. The rest of him was still invisible, hidden by the Shadow Cloak. The toes were not moving, so I knew he was unconscious. All the others were still out too—all except Sandy! Sandy was missing! Gordon started shaking his head while I gave the apartment a quick search; then Stan also began to show signs of life. The others followed. Eventually we were all awake.

"I've searched all over, and I can't find Sandy!"

"Maybe he went out for more tortilla chips," someone said.

"No," I said. "I think that he was kidnapped. That strange voice, the weird dream that I had...."

Then we all realized the absurdity of the situation, but decided in typical Third Foundation spirit to ignore that small point and continue with the story.

"Could that have been Rayl?" I asked, as if things like this went on all the time. I had never met the evil demon and so was unsure of his characteristics.

"Perhaps," said Lee. "And yet—"

"That voice, that horrible voice. First he knocked us all out with his bad breath and then he screamed, 'Marvellous, marvellous,' over and over again in my ear."

"Marvelous, marvelous? Yep, that was Rayl. And he must have kidnapped Sandy. But why? Why?" Jim asked.

"Obviously, he's planning something evil and he needs someone to engineer it," Steve Gordin said, and then waited while we all groaned in agony. "I think that the best idea would be for us to separate and use our individual sources of information to try to locate Sandy. Then we should find out exactly what Rayl is planning and stop it."

I nodded in agreement. "No matter what Rayl is planning, it can't be any good for us. His final goal has always been the complete

subjugation of the world."

"Yes," Lee said, "We all know that already." I ignored her.

Gordon looked up from the tortilla bowl and, using the chip in his hand to emphasize the point, stated, "I think we have the picture for now. What say we meet next week to discuss the progress? If we get any leads on Sandy sooner, we'll call a special meeting."

"That sounds good," I said, and everyone else agreed, so the Third Foundationers departed.

* * *

I went immediately to my office and called in my staff, using the secret communicator in my typewriter. (Steve Goldin has the largest staff of us all, but I felt that sometimes that many beings get too much in each other's way.) My own force was small, only four agents, but I considered them experienced and very efficient.

They filed in: Alan Kinch, his eyes wide and full of the stars, Peter Rigby, old spacehand whose rough features had been burned by the light of many suns, Q, ex-agent-of-all-trades for the Galactic Federation, the only non-human in my service (he was an energy being and seemed to be a small glowing ball), and their leader Joseph Fry, late of the Temporal Warden Service.

I explained the problem and sent them out after giving each a beat to explore. Rigby and Al Kinch would planet-hop around the galaxy to check if Sandy had been taken off-planet. Q, I sent up into the stratosphere to become a guard-field all by himself and thus prevent Sandy's being taken off Earth while the search was on. Fry, being the most experienced, got the job of checking the entire Earth.

"Gentlemen," I concluded, "we must work quickly and quietly to get Sandy back. Not only is he obviously necessary to Rayl's plans, whatever they are, but also he is one of the most valued members of our inner committee. Remember not to underestimate Rayl; he is vicious and intelligent, despite appearances to the contrary. As usual, should any of you be caught or killed, all knowledge of you will be disclaimed by the Third Foundation. Good Luck.

* * *

Two days later Fry was back. "I've got some news, chief," he said. "I know where Rayl has Mr. Cohen."

"Great! Where?"

"San Francisco." He drew a couple of graphs from his briefcase. "You know, of course, that Sandy is continually reading Childhood's End. And because he reads so rapidly he has to have a constant supply of new volumes to replace worn-out copies. I checked all the bookstores in the Western states for copies of the book and found that a shortage has developed recently in the Bay area. Furthermore, as you can see on the graphs, the bookstores between here and Frisco have been hit in chronological order."

"Good work, Joe. But if Rayl has taken Sandy to the Bay that must mean..."

Fry completed the thought for me, "He's going to hit the Baycon!"

* * *

I called a special meeting of the Third Foundation that night, and when we had all assembled I introduced Joe and sat down. He told then what he had earlier recounted to me and then sat down.

I took the floor: "Third Foundationers, it looks bad. Rayl has probably kidnapped Sandy, and now it looks as if he's out to smash world fandom by wrecking the 1968 Worldcon. Need I add, if he destroys the Baycon he will first also ruin by foul treachery the FUNcon? I think we must call in our secret reserves: the Bowman and his group in Seattle, and..."

Steve Goldin stood up. "No," he said. "no! Not yet! The situation isn't desperate enough to call for measures like that."

"I'm afraid it is, Steve," I responded.. Only Steve and I really knew the person whose name I was about to mention, but the others had learned of him by our comments. "Yes," I continued, "we've got to ask for the aid of Nathan, the Black Sorcerer."

* * *

Chapter 3. Sandy Cohen's Report

I was locked in a strange room; it had corners jutting out from unusual places and looked as though it was being reflected back and forth in a field of mirrors. I realized, of course, that this was designed to throw off my trained sense of proportions and confuse me. It almost succeeded,

I read pensively my last copy of Childhood's End. Rayl had been careful not to upset me, and had constantly supplied me with copies. But only a part of my mind was concentrating on Clarke's words.

I was thinking hard—harder than ever before in my life. Why had Rayl taken me, and me alone? I had to find out. I knew that I had been held captive for two days already. What fiendishness had the mad Rayl accomplished in that time?

I had not been idle during these two days. I had carefully examined every corner and grotesque angle of the room, so I knew its weak points. Now my last copy of Childhood's End was falling apart in my hands. I was desperate.

This was the time to escape. I carefully measured off the sides of the room once more, mentally computed angles. Then, with all the force and will-power I had, I struck a savage karate blow at the weakest point of the room....Pain lanced up and down my arm, but I saw the wall crack. Two more pain-laden blows, and I was free.

A long corridor stretched before me. I ran to the door at the end. Just as I reached it, the door opened and one of Rayl's guards ran in. I dropped him with a savage savate kick, then placed a wicked side thrust in his ribs. I looked through the door to see if any more guards were coming, but the room beyond was empty.

I needed answers. It was the work of but a few minutes to tie up the unconscious guard and revive him. I held his gun against his head.

"All right, talk. Where am I?" There was no answer. I pressed the gun more tightly against his head and released the safety. "I'm

a sadist. I'll kill you for pure pleasure if you don't talk. I'll ask you one more time - where am I?"

"A warehouse...San Francisco."

"San Francisco? Why am I here?"

"The master wanted you out of the way."

"The master must be Rayl, I thought. I had one more question, "Why?"

"He..." the guard froze. I jabbed him with the gun. "...he's going to steal the film for 2001: A Space Odyssey. Since you're the expert on Clarke, he knew you'd figure out a way to stop him."

At last it was clear. I had to warn someone. With the emergency we were in, I figured Lee might be out following leads. I thought of Bruce Pelz, Director of the L. A. Second Foundation Section, but realized that it would be too late to reach him in his other identity - a mild-mannered librarian for a great metropolitan university.

I had one more contact. On Santa Monica Boulevard, there stands a small book store that is really a front for the Third Foundation. Al Gillen, one of our best contacts, works there. It might not be too late to reach him. I hurriedly dialed his number.

Al is one of our Outer Circle. He was there, as I had hoped. I explained the emergency to him and gave him instructions on how to guard the film.

"What about you?" he asked.

I thought for a second. "Have you got any of our people there?"

"Bill Bakewell, from Richard Irwin's astrogating staff."

"He's a good man. Have him go over to Lee's right away and assemble a special meeting."

"There's already one in progress. I hadn't known why until you called; they don't always explain things to members of the Outer Circle."

"Thanks for the information. I'll phone in there right now. Good-bye." I hung up and called Lee's number. She answered the phone.

"Sandy," she shrieked when she heard my voice. "Did you escape from San Francisco?" I asked her how she knew I was up here, and she related the work of Barry's agent.

"Good sleuthing," I said, then told her about the plans to disrupt 2001 and the precautions I had told Al to take.

"Good," said Lee. "Being alerted, we can make sure that the film goes on as scheduled. Do you need any help up there?"

"I may need another fighter. Send Gordon up here to get me. Tell him to pick me up at the Hotel Claremont."

Barry's voice rang out over the phone. "Sandy, what's a nice Jewish boy like you going mixed up with something as unkosher as Baycon?" The combined groan was quite audible as I hung up.

Suddenly the door to the room crashed open. Several shadows filled the wall before me. One was short and paunchy. I didn't bother to turn around.

"We were quite disturbed when we found only this," a sinister voice cackled. A copy of Childhood's End hit the floor at my feet. "But you haven't escaped, after all. Marvelous, marvelous!"

Then his tone changed. "Bungler!" he screamed at the guard I'd tied up. A shot ripped out, and the guard's body jerked in the chair, then was still.

"Good," I thought. "Now he can't tell Rayl that his plans have been discovered."

My captor was speaking once again. "We'll deal once more with you, and then...but no, I mustn't disclose my plans prematurely. You might escape again for good." Rayl's voice was demonic.

I saw one of the shadows throw back its arm and a long shape left its shadow path on the wall as it sailed towards my head. I was too shocked to move. Suddenly, a pain exploded inside my head. I felt myself falling into a sea of stars, and then - darkness.

to probably be continued
in our next issue

* * * * *

Worlds without End

Anybody who can identify the sources of the following memorable planets in less than fifteen minutes ranks as an honorary member of the Third Foundation.

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| 1. Dugl | 6. Dis |
| 2. Lyfl | 7. Omega |
| 3. He | 8. Mesklin |
| 4. Darkover | 9. Mundis |
| 5. Dante's Joy | 10. Arrakis |

* * * * *

Answers to Last Issue's Quiz

Last Lines

1. Asimov, The End of Eternity
2. Heinlein, Glory Road
3. VanVogt, The Weapon Shops of Isher
4. Russell, Sentinels from Space
5. DeCamp, Lest Darkness Fall

First Lines

6. E. E. Smith, Second-Stage Lensmen
7. Russell, Sinister Barrier
8. Bradbury, Fahrenheit 451
9. Heinlein, Double Star
10. Sturgeon, More than Human

* * * * *

Longevity: uncommon extension of the fear of death
Ambrose Bierce, Devil's Dictionary

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 Final Programme by Michael Moorcock, Avon, 1968, "sections of which originally appeared in different form in New Worlds 1965, 1966."

This is, perhaps, a book that should be read → so that you can see why you shouldn't have read it. In some ways, it's a typical product of the British "let's destroy the Earth" school. But it does have several things about it which are, to the best of my knowledge, totally new in either British or American science fiction.

The Final Programme is the first Theatre of the Absurd s-f novel. For a long time now there's been an easy way of distinguishing between science fiction and fantasy: an s-f story explained how/why strange and/or "impossible" things happened—a fantasy story didn't. Now we must add a third category: the story which is like the "Rhinoceros," "The Bald Soprano," "End Game," and other contemporary British and Continental plays. Such a story does not use any of the trappings of folklore as does almost every fantasy. Nor does it bother to explain itself. And, most important of all, it expects the reader not to wish to understand how or why its incredible events occur. Like the Theatre of the Absurd plays, the basic premise of such a story is that reality is neither rational nor understandable—and that art should mirror it in these respects.

The Final Programme also ~~is~~ contains the longest in-joke ever written—or at least its first segment ~~is~~ does.

Seven long years ago, Moorcock sold a novelette called "The Dreaming City" to Science Fantasy #47, vol. 16, in 1961. The background of this novelette, the first of the Elric stories, is of course entirely different from that of The Final Programme. The dialogue of the later work is at times highly reminiscent of that of the earlier one. And the plot of "The Dreaming City" is—except for the last few pages—exactly the same, in all its significant aspects at least, as that of The Final Programme, "Phase One." By merely glancing through the first five pages of each, I found the following parallels:

The Dreaming City

It's said that he's /Elric's/ a man of his word, if that comforts you.

We could not reach Imrryr without Elric's knowledge of the maze-channels which lead to its secret parts. If Elric will not join us—then our endeavor will be fruitless—hopeless. We need him.

The Final Programme

I've never known him /Jerry Cornelius/our hero/ not to do something he said he'd do, if that's any comfort.

We couldn't get into that house without Cornelius's knowledge of those booby traps of his father's. If Cornelius doesn't come, then we'll have to give up the whole idea.

"Well, Elric, when do we raid Imrryr?" - Elric shrugged, "As soon as you like; I care not. Give me a little time in which to do certain things." - "Tomorrow?" "Three days times," he said. "I have to go to Imrryr first."

"How soon can we start?" - Jerry shrugged, "As soon as you like. I need a day or so to do a few things" - "Tomorrow?" - "In three days. I want to visit the house before our trip."

"As you know I /Elric/ have made only a few conditions—that you raze the city to the ground and a certain man and woman are not harmed. I refer to my cousin Yyrkoon and his sister Cymoril..."

"Now, Mr. Smiles has told you my /Jerry's/ conditions, I think. You must burn the house to the ground when you've got what you wanted, and you must leave my brother, Francis, and my sister, Catharine, unharmed."

All of this, remember, is from the first five pages of each. I have not read any of Moorcock's other Elric stories and so don't know if there are any that correspond to Phases II and III of The Final Programme. If any of our readers notice any other Moorcock "Parallels, please let us know,

The question the whole episode brings up in my mind is:

Is self-plagiarism the sincerest form of narcissism?

LK

* * *

2001 - plot summary

Boy meets monolith.
Boy loses monolith.
Monolith gets boy.

by David Gerrold, "The Trouble with Tribbles" writer

* * * * *

The Graphic Art of M. C. Escher, Meredith Press, New York, new edition 1967, translated from the Dutch by John E. Brigham, \$7.95

This book consists of sixty-nine (no significance in the number) reproductions of Escher's art, mainly woodcuts, plus a few lithographs, wood-engravings, mezzo-tints, etc.—plus the artist's description and analysis of the drawings.

The general effect of Escher's art is that of op art as done by Hieronymus Bosch—assuming that Bosch had just finished reading One, Two, Three...Infinity.

Number 59, for instance is called "Relativity." This is Escher's comment/description on it: "Here we have three forces of gravity working perpendicularly to one another. Three earth-planes cut across each other at right angles, and human beings are living on each of them. It is impossible for the inhabitants of different worlds to walk or sit or stand on the same floor, because they have differing

2) conceptions of what is horizontal and what is vertical. Yet they may well share the use of the same staircase. On the top staircase-illustrated here, two people are moving side by side and in the same direction, and yet one of them is going downstairs and the other upstairs. Contact between them is out of the question, because they live in different worlds and therefore can have no knowledge of each other's existence."

The price is slightly under twelve cents a drawings. If you can't afford it, find a friend who can - and tell him to buy it. This is a book that should not be missed.

LK

* * * * *

The Men in the Jungle, Norman Spinrad, 1967, Doubleday & Co., 4.50

This is a highly unusual book. Some readers will like it; many may be disgusted.

It is about the adventures of Bart Faden, an anti-hero, who after his first conquered nation, the Belt Free State, falls apart, decides to get himself another one. To help him along, he carries one military partner to lead the revolutionary army (i.e. the men in the jungle), one mistress, and one large consignment of drugs—because addictive drugs are, ounce for ounce, the most valuable things in the universe.

It is his misfortune to pick as his next planet to be conquered the planet of Sangre, an ex-colony world ruled by the despicable Brotherhood of Pain. Faden soon comes to hate the Brotherhood. It seems to him that for once in his life his cause is not only profitable and pleasurable but also just. But Bart insidiously finds himself becoming more and more like his opponents in his tactics, using filth and treachery to fight their filth and treachery. In the end,.... Read the book and find out what happens in the end.

Spinrad's point in this story is that an oppressed people is to blame for its own oppression. Its social revolutionaries do not really want equality; they just want to change places with the rulers and make themselves the masters. After a revolution, the pyramid of culture remains the same, with the majority still on the bottom - only the top bloc has been changed.

Many bloody, sadistic events are included in this book, enough to rule it out for readers with weak stomachs. It reads like a science fiction Andersonville. And, like the original Andersonville, it's definitely a significant book, a book worth reading - more than once. If you can stand cannibalism, torture and murder in all their goriest details, buy it by all means.

BW

* * * * *

Title Typos

Earth is Doom Enough by Isaac Asimov
Rear of the Unicorn by Andre Norton
The Mouse that Stood Still (later titled - The Mating Try) by Van Vogt
The Umpire of the Atom by A. E. Van Vogt
The Lizard of Linn by A. E. Van Vogt

sixteen testimonials of sincere love and gratitude

Star of Danger, Marion Zimmer Bradley, "To my son Patrick but for whose help this book would have been written much sooner."

Galaxies like Grains of Sand, Brian Aldiss: "To Tony and Ann Price instead of a statue of Lord Roberts on Horseback."

The Shrouded Planet by Robert Randall: "To John W. Campbell, Jr."

The Dawning Light by Robert Randall: "To that team without whom this book would never have been written/ G&S."

The Dark Side of the Earth, Alfred Bester; "To my father who bought me the model yacht, and to my mother who took me to the boat pond."

Robots and Changelings, Lester del Rey: "To my Adversaries— for many pleasures."

Ten Years to Doomsday, Chester Anderson and Michael Kurland, "The authors would like to take this opportunity to dedicate their first joint opus to each other."

One, Two, Three...Infinity, George Gamow: "To my son Igor who would rather be a cowboy."

No Time like Tomorrow, Brian Aldiss: "To 548, all it meant, all it still means."

The Monster Wheel Affair (The Man from U.N.C.L.E. #8), David McDaniel, "To Ted Johnstone for ten years of unremitting labor which put me where I am today."

Childhood's End, Arthur C. Clarke: "To Marilyn for letting me read the proofs on our honeymoon."

The Monitors, Keith Laumer: "To Harlan Ellison in spite of his many virtues."

The Ship that Sailed the Time Stream, G. C. Edmondson, "Dedicated to himself, who kept bugging me to write a book."

The Unknown, edited by D. R. Bensen: "For Anne who didn't like the stuff until she read it."

The Unknown Five, edited by D. R. Bensen, "For my parents who gave house room to an awful lot of dusty magazines."

Science Fiction Carnival, edited by Fredric Brown and Mack Reynolds, "With deep gratitude for his invaluable aid in compiling this book, each of us respectfully dedicates it to the other."

* * *

T. S. Eliot - On Collating a Genzine

I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.

The Waste Land, line fifty-six

Four songs from the musical version of Fritz Leiber's The Big Time, an off Broadway production. Songs by Miss C. Lanious. The tune of the first somewhat resembles "Somewhere over the Rainbow," that of the second resembles "Where Have All The Flowers Gone?," that of the third "Turn Around," and the fourth "Blowing in the wind,"

Two recent reviewers have referred to this feature as poetry. It isn't. It is song parody—or to be fannishly technical, filk songs.

Somewhere out of the Cosmos

sung by Greta Forzane

Somewhere out of the cosmos that you know
There's a war being fought through one billion years or so.

Somewhere out of the cosmos, things are strange.
And events in what seems the past still may come to change.

We live within an endless night
Where even stars can shed no light;
We're Demons.
You may have sensed us if you feel
Your life has grown to seem unreal
As though you're dreaming.

Somewhere out of the cosmos, outside Space.
Where the Change-winds blow lightly-
that's where we have our Place.

When Will We Ever Learn

sung by Bruce Marchand

Where has Plato's Athens gone - in the Change-World?
Where has Plato's Athens gone?—Nobody knows.
Where has Plato's Athens gone?
Spiders killed it, and it's lost.
When will we ever learn? When will we ever learn?

where's the Pax Romana gone - in the Change-World?
where's the Pax Romana gone?—Nobody knows.
Where's the Pax Romana gone?
Spiders helped it, but it's lost.
When will we ever learn? When will we ever learn?

Where's the U.N. Charter gone - in the Change-World?
Where's the U.N. Charter gone?—Nobody knows.
Where's the U.N. Charter gone?
Spiders helped the Nazis win.
When will we ever learn? When will we ever learn?

* * * * *

Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen.

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Turn Around

24

sung by Ilhilihis, the Lunan

Where are you going, Greta-girl, Greta-girl?
Where are you going - and what is your will?
Turn around, you're in Paris.
Turn around, you're in Rome.
You've your pick of all ages,
But you'll never reach home.

Where are you going, Greta-girl, Greta-girl?
High-hearted Demon, what is your will?
Turn around, you're not born yet.
Turn around, and you're dead.
Everywhere you feel the Change-Winds
Blowing over your head.

Blowing in the Winds

SUNG by Bruce Marchand

How many times can a man change the past
before he's forgotten what's true?
Yes, and how many pasts must we Spiders change
before the long Change-war is through?
Yes, and how many times can your life-line be changed
before you must cease to be you?

The answers, my friends, are blowing in the Winds.
The answers are blowing in the Winds.

How many changes can one time stand
before the Zombies awake?
Yes, and how many times can we patch up the past
before it's nothing but fake?
Yes, and how many times can the future be changed
before the whole Time-stream must break?

The answers, my friends, are blowing in the Winds.
The answers are blowing in the Winds.

How many years has the Change-War gone on,
who can know how long it has been?
Yes, and how many years must we Spiders and Snakes
keep fighting to see who will win?
Yes, and how many years will it take till we see
the whole thing's a damned bloody sin?

The answers, my friends, are blowing in the Winds.
The answers are blowing in the Winds.

* * * * *

My suspicion is that we've got everything reversed; or that all things that have the sanction of scientists, or that are in agreement with their myths, are ghosts. I now suspect that the spiritualists are reversedly right - that there is a ghost-world - but that it is our existence - that when spirits die, they become human beings.

Charles Fort, Wild Talents

P IS FOR PSI

Psi is Extra-Sensory Perception - plus Extra-Sensory Action. If you have ESP, you might be able to look through a wall - and see a man killing a girl. But you wouldn't be able to do anything about it, at least not without taking physical action. If you have psi, and you happen to look through a wall and see a man killing a girl, you can stop him—by telekinetically beating him over the head with a lamp—or by teleporting the girl into the same room as you are. ESP lets you hear what people think about you. Psi lets you telepath comments back. ESP by itself would be very frustrating. Psi is not at all frustrating—unless the other guy has it, and you don't.

Q IS FOR QUILT

To quilt is not unlike the process of distilling which a gostak performs on doses. When it comes to the seventeenth letter of the alphabet, nearly everyone quilts. For further information on quilting, see Fredric Brown's "Reposterous" in Angels and Spaceships (Star Shine.)

R IS FOR RAYGUN

Once upon a time, heroic spacemen used rayguns to attack unheroic BHMs. Nowadays, spacemen don't use rayguns anymore; they use blasters. The difference between a blaster and a raygun has never been stated, but everyone knows that blasters are modern and rayguns are obsolete.

* * * * *

Havesdropping

The following are excerpts taken out of context from several Third Foundation meetings.

collected by Sandy Cohen

Turn the other cheek and learn to like red cordorays.

I promise not to kick you for one month.

You interrupt all the time, and you're not even a teacher.

Do you think she took off her dress for that big monkey? / Editor's Note: The big monkey referred to was King Kong.

Cheese it, the mush!

May all your troubles be little ones.

Here's a red pencil, so you can draw blood.

I've never been a hair make love to a bottle before.

(conclusion)

by Sybly Whyte

Just the Facts

1. Gharlane of Eddore is alive—and on Nergal.
2. Zilch of Nergal has engineered the destruction of Klovia, thus killing Clarissa Kinnison. He has also engineered the deaths of Kim Kinnison and Worsel.
3. Dr. Marc C. DuQuesne has invaded the plenum—and found out what's going on. He is currently based on Tellus, where he has taken over the Wallis-Briggs combine and made Briggs puppet dictator of the planet. He is having projectors built at the rate of 500 a day.
4. Surgat of Floor, ally of Gharlane and head of the remnants of Boskone, has ordered the Thralian Empire to return to its allegiance to Boskone or face destruction at the end of a week.
5. Pluto has been kidnapped and its inhabitants held for ransom by Boskone: 2,000 Plutonians/one Lensman. Kit Kinnison went in as the first "ransomer" in the hopes of personally investigating the resurgent Boskone. He was taken to Nergal and conditioned by Gharlane to destroy the Directrix. He killed himself to prevent the Eddorian's plans from succeeding.
6. Constance Kinnison followed Kit to Nergal, heard from him that Gharlane was still alive, and was there when he died.

If you want the story behind the facts, get hold of The Third Foundation issues 77 through 81—but hurry, we only have 7 complete runs left. If you want to find out what happens next, just keep on reading.

* * * * *

Chapter 9. The Power of Hate

Once her tiny speedster had finally landed on Thrale, Constance Kinnison's first action had been to leave the ship as soon as possible. Her face was expressionless as she got up from the control chair and, without looking down, filed past the remains of what had once been her beloved brother. But behind her apparently serene countenance, her mind burned with the agony of trying to control the turmoil of grief and rage which pulsed through every fiber of her being.

All through the trip back to Thrale, she had been remembering Kit's words at the time when—less than two weeks ago—the five Children of the Lens had received word that their parents and their home planet had been suddenly and utterly destroyed.

"We've got no time for private griefs," Kit had told her then. "We've got two galaxies to take care of. We're the only Guardians that Civilization's got left—and we've got to live up to the responsibility."

Constance Kinnison had now resolved to continue to be equal to that burden—or die in the attempt!

As soon as she had left the ship, she got in touch with her three sisters. Her twin sister Camilla was also on Thrale, already back from her recent Second-Stage-Lensman hunting trip in the First Galaxy. The two oldest girls, Kathryn and Karen, were on Tellus, a galaxy away, but their thoughts came in as diamond-clear as those of Camilla did.

"So, how did the 'ransom' operation go off," Cam asked. "Did they use a hyper-spatial tube for the pick-up?"

"Yes, they did," said Constance. "Kit was right about that." She wondered momentarily if maybe she should tell them at once. But no, there were other facts of importance that they should learn first. Without a perceptible pause, she continued her tale, "I followed their tube from the outside in my speedster. It was being projected from a star cluster on the outskirts of the far side of the Second Galaxy. I was there for about half an hour before the Boskonian ship came out of the tube. That cluster is definitely the new Boskonian home base.

"For one thing it's quite heavily guarded. The outer screen defense is on at least the same level of technology as the one that was around Eddore. And—I didn't have time to do much investigating, but—there's a planet orbiting one of the stars there whose measurements fit those of Pluto to twenty decimal places.

"I'd just finished checking that out when Kit came—and...." At that point Constance's hard-won control nearly deserted her. Then she mastered herself once more and, in a series of flashing thoughts, told her sisters about the tragic events of the last twenty-four hours.

Stunned silence followed. Then Kathryn said slowly, "This calls for Grand Fleet action. We've got to get Gharlane as soon as possible before he dsirupts Civilization permanently."

"Mentor himself couldn't really do that job," reminded Karen.

"Yes but Mentor once told me that our minds had power potentially superior to even that of the Arisians," said Kathryn. "There's no theoretical reason why we couldn't do what was impossible for him. We did it once before, when we helped Mom rescue Dad from the Hell-Hole."

"But potential power still isn't a substitute for experience," Kay promptly returned. "Gharlane is millenia old. We're all still under twenty-one. Do you seriously believe we can destroy him. Perhaps the Unit might have been able to. But now that Kit's dead, the Unit is gone!"

"If we can't destroy Gharlane, we can still destroy his base of operations," said Camilla. "He can't achieve anything very significant without an organization to work through. And besides, let's not underestimate ourselves. Even if the Unit is no longer possible, we can still work in fusion; we've done it before. And I'd match our fusion against a Boskonian one any day.

"Kay, you and Kit used to handle the job of driving and directing our five-fold fusion. Do you think you can do it alone for the four of us?"

"Of course," said Kathryn. "That is, if you're all willing. Con and Kay, what about it?"

Constance agreed enthusiastically. Karen's reply came more slowly. "QX, Kat. There's really nothing else we can do anyway—except sit around and wait to see what that srizonified Eddorian will do next. This way, maybe we'll fail—but at least we'll fail fighting

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Less than twenty-four hours later, mobilization of the Galactic Patrol's Grand Fleet was complete. Nor did that mobilization leave the ranks of Civilization undefended. The Patrol strategists had not forgotten that the week of grace granted the Thralian Empire in Surgat of Boskone's ultimatum would come to an end within that day.

Therefore, to guard against the possibility of a sneak attack on the Civilized worlds, the Patrol forces based in the First Galaxy had been divided into two groups. Half of the previously First Galaxy-based fleets had remained there, now assigned the duty of patrolling twice the area of space that they had been previously responsible for. The other fleets had been moved to the Second Galaxy, there ready to defend Civilization instantly from any surprise Boskonian attack.

And the entire Patrol force of the Second Galaxy was now moving, under the command of Galactic Coordinator Tregonsee, to attack a small star cluster on the outskirts of the far side of the Second Galaxy, the star cluster which, according to Constance Kinnison, held the home base of the resurgent Boskone. Nor were warships the only weapons at the Grand Fleet's disposal. It also brought with it over five hundred loose planets, now flying free but all with tremendous inertial velocities, and the same number of negaspheres.

Tregonsee had initially suggested also bringing along a number of planets from Nth space. Camilla, however, had advised against it, on the grounds that the time spent fitting out the planets for action would give the enemy too much time to prepare for an attack. "As it is, we're cutting it awfully close, Uncle Trig," she had told the stocky Rigellian. "We don't want to get there and find they've decided to move somewhere else while we weren't looking."

Tregonsee had, after some more discussion, agreed with her conclusions. Camilla had listened to him with apparent concentration but had actually paid attention to the Rigellian's cogitations with only a fraction of her mind. Most of it had been engaged in a private conversation with her oldest sister.

"So you see, Kat, we just don't dare let them use a hyperspace projectile. During the Battle of Floor, it was only Arisian supervision that kept the hyperspace projectile's mass from instantaneously becoming some high-order infinity—and if that had happened, all the matter in known space would have coalesced with the projectile in zero time. We just won't be able to take time out for that kind of close supervision—not and handle Gharlane simultaneously."

Kathryn had agreed, and the matter had been thus settled. The Patrol's Grand Fleet would have to go up against its oldest and deadliest foe deprived of its most formidable weapon.

But still, despite all that, despite the tragic events of the last three weeks, the spirit of the Patrolmen still remained unshaken. Morale ran high throughout the Grand Fleet as that mighty armada steadily forged its way across a galaxy, its thousand of ships kept in perfect battle formation by coordinators aboard the Directrix, which was now under the supreme command of Tregonsee, with Nadreck, Kathryn, Karen, Camilla and Constance handling the flagship's big tank.

Also present in the flagship's control room were two recently Enlensed beings, Kwadra of Rigel IV and Surpione of Valentia, whom Camilla had just recruited in her recent trip to the First Galaxy. These two were, as each of the other Kinnison girls immediately recognized, potential Second-Stage Lensmen. And, since minds stable at the second level of stress do not occur by sheer chance, each girl realized at once that here were the potential mates that Mentor had designed for Tregonsee and Worsel.

"What troubles me," Camilla told her sisters, "is that I wasn't able to find either of Nadreck's potential complements. But I suppose they've probably emigrated from Palain VII to another world. I just didn't have time to search all the frigid-type worlds in the Two Galaxies."

"You wouldn't have found them even that way," said Karen. "They are both dead. Over twenty years dead...."

"You remember how secretive Nadreck has always been about the details of his attack on Onlo. I got curious about it and deep-probed him surreptitiously.

"It turns out that Onlo wasn't just a military fortress. It was also a central military intelligence base, where difficult prisoners were sent to be interrogated. When Nadreck attacked it, his key objective was, of course, simply to destroy the planet as a military base by making the Onlonians kill each other.

"With his characteristic single-mindedness, he didn't realize until too late that he was dooming all of the planet's prisoners by his actions. And, as those prisoners died, Nadreck suddenly found himself in a wide open three-way with two of them. It was just like what happened to Mom and Dad at the Grand Ball, but with three minds, not just two. And then the two other Palainians died...."

"That's why Nadreck later referred to his attack on Onlo as the poorest piece of work he'd be guilty of since cubhood, and why he's kept it under Lensman's Seal all these years."

"I'm surprised Mentor didn't intervene to save the two Palainians," said Constance.

"It's not really very surprising when you think about it. Mentor had already decided on the Tellurian line of evolution as the source of the Third-Stage Lensmen he wanted. Therefore, to him, the lives of those two Palainians were of no importance. He started treating Dad and Mom the same way once we five reached mental maturity. Remember when Dad was lost in the Hell-Hole and Mom nearly killed herself trying to save him. Mentor wasn't a bit worried about the death of either of them. It wasn't until we stepped in to help that he got concerned."

"And right now we'd better get ready to step in again," broke in Kathryn. "We should be touching their outermost scanning screens within the next few minutes. Let's go into fusion."

She laid out a matrix and the other three girls came in. There was a brief moment of snuggling and fitting; then each of the girls experienced the same feeling of mingled disappointment and approval.

This was in no way like the perfection of the Unit—but it was still a fusion of incredible power and efficiency. Kay spoke for them all when she said, "Maybe we have got a chance of destroying Gharlane, at that."

"Let's hit him now and find out," said Constance. "There's no point in waiting any longer."

"QX," Kathryn agreed. And the four-fold fusion struck out. As the four girls flung themselves into that attack, the others in the control room were surprised to note that a Lens, bigger and brighter than that worn by any of the Second-Stage Lensmen now flamed on Kathryn's wrist; and indeed the very air above those four red-bronze auburn heads now began to pulsate with that indescribable glow uniquely characteristic of the Lens of Arisia.

But as that attack struck the mechanical screens that guarded the Nergalian star cluster, it triggered an automatic relay system, established over twenty years before. The Nergalians had long foreseen the eventual fall of Eddore under Arisian attack and had determined that their own world must be even more securely guarded. To that end, they had created a truly diabolical device, an instrument capable of altering the relationship between a Lensman and his Lens, so that the Lens ceased to be attuned to its wearer, and therefore instantly reverted to its unsatisfied state—thus killing the wearer and anyone else touching it.

The amount of energy used up by this device was, however, so great that all the Nergalians' resources were sufficient for using it to destroy only a handful of Lensmen. They had therefore reluctantly reserved it for use against Second and Third-Stage Lensmen only. And they had tied it into their basic defense system, so that any Lensman with a mind powerful enough to be capable of penetrating Nergal's defensive thought screens would be instantaneously destroyed by his own Lens.

The anti-Lens projector had been used only once before in the entire history of the Two Galaxies. Then it had resulted in the destruction of Second-Stage Lensman worsel of Velantia. Now it was automatically triggered into action against the four Kinnison girls.

Above their heads, the pulsating air that had previously glowed with the radiant color characteristic of the Lens of Arisia in its satisfied form now changed hue, turned dull. And the same change simultaneously occurred on the Lens encircling Kathryn's wrist!

In that moment, Kathryn Kinnison, eldest Daughter of the Lens, died. With her death, the fusion which she had been coordinating fell to pieces. And—at that moment—the Nergalians launched their attack against the invading Grand Fleet.

First there came, aimed directly at the advancing Patrol armada, what can only be described as a hyper-sunbeam, a bar of quasi-solid lightning, into which had been compressed the energy output, not of merely one star, but of all the stars in the cluster!

The Patrol had found the sunbeam to be a highly destructive weapon, but a clumsy and an unwieldy one. This hyper-sunbeam, however, was neither clumsy nor unwieldy, not because it differed in quality

from the sunbeam, but because it was being handled and aimed not by mere first-level mentalities, but by a team of hand-picked Nergalians, the least of whom was on a par with a Second-Stage Lensman.

With the aid of Nergal's incredibly powerful central computer, this attack force now carefully and meticulously stripped away layer after layer of the Patrol's Grand Fleet, always being careful to leave the Directrix unharmed. For Gharlane of Eddore did not choose to allow those aboard the Fleet's flagship to die so easily.

Instead, Gharlane himself attacked it, unleashing his full powers for the first time in millennia, fighting with an intensity that he had not used since the last of Eddore's internecine wars had ceased. His bolts of thought ripped their way into the Directrix, as if the flagship's screens had not even existed—and then rebounded, temporarily stopped by Karen Kinnison's instinctively glung up shield.

Under the impetus of that ultimately lethal attack, the three Kinnisons forces themselves once more into a fusion and sought to counterattack—but in vain. Constance's most powerful mental bolts rebounded harmlessly from the Eddorian's hard-held block.

The three girls stood close-grouped now, motionless, heads bent and almost touching, arms interlocked. At their feet lay the lifeless body of their sister. Around them, in the control room lay scattered other equally lifeless bodies, for already the reverberations, the ricochets, the spent forces of Gharlane's attack had wrought grievously against the mentalities of the bystanders. Those forces were so deadly to all intelligence that even their transformation products affected tremendously the nervous systems of all within range.

And still the Eddorian's attack continued, never letting up for one moment. Disregarding the girls' attempt to counterattack, Gharlane bored onward, driving a needle of pure force against Karen's supposedly absolutely impenetrable shield. Minute after slow minute that titanic battle of minds raged on. And ultimately, Karen's shield gave way, was punctured—and in the instant of its puncturing it disappeared like a broken bubble and was no more. And so great was the torrent of force cascading into the Directrix that within a moment after Karen's shield had gone down, all life within the flagship of Civilization was utterly snuffed out.

Such was the end of Civilization's Grand Fleet in its last battle against the forces of Boskone.

* * *

And on Nergal, Gharlane of Eddore, now that he had permanently disposed of the five Children of the Lens, knew himself to be able to realize his dreams of infinite power, power unhindered by any effective opposition whatsoever. It was with unalloyed satisfaction that the Eddorian turned to his own private extension of Nergal's central computer and asked, "what is the probability now that Nergal under my leadership will dominate the Material Cosmic All."

The computer did not answer.

Instead, there came a voice from behind him. "The probability," it said, "is exactly zero."

Gharlane whirled around, raging with fury at the insubordinate Nergalian who had chosen this moment to attempt a coup d'etat. But the humanoid he now faced was no Nergalian, no minion of Boskone, but a total and absolute stranger!

"If you have come here on behalf of the Patrol to tell me that," said Gharlane coldly, "know that you have come too late. All of Civilization's minds of power are now dead. The Arisians bred only a limited number of second and third-stage intelligences, and I have now succeeded in eliminating all of them."

"And I am sincerely thankful to you for doing it," the other replied. "It would have probably taken me several months to manage it. As it is, it has already taken me almost two hours to put out of action all of the Galactic Patrol forces currently operating in the First Galaxy."

"I had thought no one else survived. Just when did you leave the Circle?"

"I never entered it. I am not an Eddorian. But I am similar to your people in one respect. Like you, I was not born in this plenum. The difference is that you arrived here several millennia ago. I have been here for only a little over two weeks.

"My native plenum is in many areas of scientific investigation quite backward compared to this one. No one there, for example, has ever devised a lens. On the other hand, scientists there have experimented with and learned how to control phenomena which your plenum is totally unfamiliar with.

"One result of this experimentation is the projector, the means by which I am now talking to you. The image it projects cannot be affected by any physical force. A projection thus has all the advantages of personal presence and none of the disadvantages. It's a convenient way for conducting conversations at a distance.

"It's a very efficient method of attack. I told you before that I've had the Patrol's First Galaxy fleets put out of action. The job was done by two thousand Tellurians, each equipped with a projector. Almost two hours ago, each man projected his image into the engine room of a Patrol vessel—and stick his finger into the Bergenholm drive, then cut off the projection, reset the controls for another Patrol ship, and so on. A very simple method of destruction, wouldn't you say? I took care of your computer here with it myself just before I made my presence here known to you."

"All need for the computer is now over," said Gharlane calmly. "Its continued existence would only have tempted some Nergalian to dream of supplanting me....And so now you tell me that all the Patrol's ships in the First Galaxy have broken Bergenholms and so are limited to sub-light-speed velocities. Have you had any thoughts about their ships in the Second Galaxy?"

"If any of them tries to cross between the galaxies, it'll get wrecked somewhere in intergalactic space. Otherwise I intend to let the remnants of Boskone and the remnants of the Patrol fight it out here in the Second Galaxy, until I have sufficiently consolidated my command of the First Galaxy, to take on a second one. I will, of

course, take steps to see that neither side gains any overwhelming victory in that contest." 33

And what do you intend to do to stop me from wrecking this plan of yours?" Even before he had finished speaking, Gharlane attacked. But the attack which had previously proven so deadly, now had no effect whatsoever.

The stranger did not counterattack but instead bore the Eddorian's onslaught with a sardonic smile for several minutes, then said imper- turbably, "Despite your present inane attempt to kill me, I have no particular desire to kill you. Once I would have done so as the only way to make sure that you would not interfere with my plans. Now I have a more effective means than death to get rid of you.

"I am going to transfer you to another plenum. And, to anticipate your next question, you will not be able to come back here, because I will at the moment of your departure set up a screen about this plenum to keep out you and any other trespassers who may decide to wander in.

"I plan on staying here for some time, at least the next few centuries. And so to console all the old and dear acquaintances I left behind for my absence, I'm going to send you to my native plenum. I want you to be particularly sure to give my warmest regards to an especially close companion of mine—his name is Richard Ballinger Seaton of Tellus. Tell him you've got a message for him from Dr. Marc K. Duquesne. Tell him that I'm only sorry that present conditions make it impossible for me to look him up myself, but that I'm sure he'll understand."

And with that Duquesne set his inter-plenum transportation device into action, and Gharlane vanished from the room, forcibly expelled from the plenum which he had dominated for so long, and barred from it now forever. The Eddorian's only consolation in that moment was that the enemies he had fought for so long were no longer alive to triumph at his defeat. Nor would they indeed have rejoiced greatly at the turn of events, even if they had been capable of seeing it. For if the Boskonian Empire was now inevitably destined to utter defeat, so was Civilization. Both were now utterly doomed!

the end of
Doomed
Lensmen

* * * * *

Title Typos

A Sale of Two Clocks
Donovan's Drain
The Stars Like Rust
Foundation and Umpire
Sinister Carrier
A Plague of Lemons
Rogue Queer
The Star Yeast
The Spade Merchants

Hyperspeculations on the Hyperspatial Drive

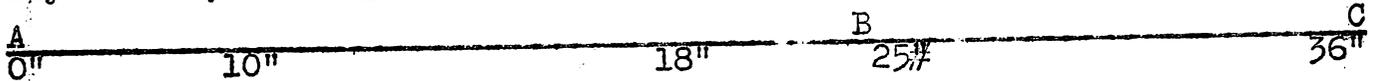
by Lee Klingstein

In the Third Foundation #80, the Science Fiction Primer ran a definition of "hyperspatial drive." It went in part as follows:

"A hyperspatial drive is something that propels a ship through hyperspace. (Hyperspace is just like our own space-time continuum except that it has one more dimension.) A hyperspatial drive is one of the few ways to get around the Lorenz-Fitzgerald equations and exceed the speed of light. A hyperspatial drive is therefore a highly convenient way for getting from one star to another without wasting too much time in between."

The S.F. Primer is, of course, for beginning readers. The rest of us know all about hyperspace. We are all familiar with the analogy that a hyperspatial drive is like being able to go from one end of a yard-long length of paper to the other in a journey of one centimeter —by bending the paper so that one is travelling through three dimensions, not two. A hyperspatial drive would merely (?) bend our three-dimensional space continuum through a fourth-dimension and then drive us through hyperspace from one fold to another.

There is, however, one problem. Hyperspatial travel won't work very well, if there's more than one ship using it at any given time. Why? Well, let's go back to that yard-long piece of paper.



Now we have three would-be travellers. A wants to go from 0" to 36", B from 25" to 10" and C from 36" to 18". Each of them, not knowing about the existence of the others, applies the appropriate spatial distortion to get to the desired spot. I don't know what would happen from then on—but I am sure of one thing: none of them would get where he wanted to go.

Now think of what would actually happen in a universe where hyperspatial travel is commonplace. Maybe computers could predict the degree of warp each ship should apply—computers that had information about the planned jumps of every single ship in the universe. Because if even one ship didn't consult the computer—everyone would end up going off course.

There's also something else to worry about. So far I've stuck with the strip of paper analogy, mainly because everyone uses it. But I wonder....

Suppose our universe doesn't act like paper when bent through hyperspace; suppose it acts like soft steel, the kind you find in paper clips. You can bend that back and forth very easily—for a while. Then it snaps off, because of metal fatigue. I think it might put some strain on a universe, being bent back and forth through hyperspace a few hundred times a day. Suppose the continuum crumbled.

Maybe hyperspace isn't such a good idea after all.

discovered by Lee Klingstein

If only the Murphy-Finagle Law existed, the universe would not have even that small proportion of pleasing things which it does. What makes life sometimes worth living, by counterbalancing the Murphy-Finagle Law, is Pangloss's Law, which in its purest form goes:

If everything must go wrong, sometimes it won't

Theorem One. Coincidences may be fortunate

Example: If you learn a new word you will soon (usually within 24 hours) encounter it being used in such a way that if you had not already known its meaning, you would be incapable of understanding it from context.

Theorem Two. If enough things go wrong, the result may be right.

Or, to put it more simply - errors sometimes cancel each other out. This theorem results in what is sometimes called "beginner's luck." Example: A beginning poker player who knows that two pair beats three of a kind will bet confidently and sincerely on a two pair hand, give his opponents the impression that he has a full house, and win the pot.

Theorem Three. The innate perversity of inanimate objects can be out-psyched. Example: Many mechanical malfunctions can be cured by simply threatening to call a repairman in the machine's presence.

Theorem Four. If things go wrong, they may be really going right. Practical use of this theorem is shown by all the people who keep umbrellas in their car so it won't rain, take showers to get phone calls, etc.

I once had a quite interesting encounter with this theorem. I was trying to tape a slightly better than mediocre movie from my TV. Halfway through, I noticed that I had put the wrong reel of tape on the recorder and had been inadvertently taping over a show I had enjoyed very much - which was by now presumably half-obliterated. On further investigation, however, I discovered that the erasing and recording heads of the recorder had malfunctioned, preserving the original recording. (This malfunction, incidentally, was easily cured by the use of Theorem Three.)

Theorem Five. If something is impossible, it can be done - if the method used is sufficiently illogical (i.e. unorthodox).

Example One: Many books that cannot be gotten for less than five dollars at regular used book stores are sold at a quarter or less at Thrift Shops, Salvation Army stores, etc.

Example Two: The Third Foundation is still being published at regular bimonthly intervals.

* * * * *
Die: the singular of "dice." We seldom hear the word, because there is a prohibitory proverb, "Never say die."

Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Dictionary

LETTERCOL

A

Dear Lee:

Many thanks for the double look at THE THIRD FOUNDATION--a publication which, if for no other reason, will go down in history as achieving the almost unheard-of feat of inspiring Rick Sneary to spell "gratuitous" correctly. Editor's note: We can't find where Rick Sneary used "gratuitous." Anyway, there's always the possibility we inadvertently typoed it into the original spelling. But thanks anyway. Further Editor's Note--a copy of Shangri L'Affaires #49 contains a letter by Rick correcting someone else's spelling. Xerox copies available on request. End of interruption

However, rest assured that there are many other estimable and admirable achievements embodied in the zines--and I esteem and admire them all. It was very kind of you to send them along.

Please forgive the handwriting: I sprained a tentacle.

Best,

Robert Bloch

* * *

Dark Shadows - in French - is ombres sombre

* * *

Dear Lee,

For pin-up pictures of the Dark Shadows cast/ the address is Stephen Sally, Times Square Station, PO Box 646, New York, New York, 10036. The photos are b&w, 8x10, 50¢ each, and 25¢ handling charge. The numbers are:

Jonathan Frid 12-981	Louis Edmonds 12-984
Nancy Barrett 12-987	Alexandra Moltke 12-982
Joel Crothers 12-986	catalogue also 50¢

Order by name and number.

Did I tell you about the sad little letter I found in the Star Trek mail? I don't mean that the contexts were sad--just the address. It had been neatly addressed to Robert Rodan, ABC-TV, 1330 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York. Some mail sorter had neatly marked out the ABC and written on it, NBC. NBC threw it into its bag of "Star Trek c/o NBB" type letters and sent it to us. Where we will mark it neatly DARK SHADOWS ABC and throw it back in the pool. One more round like that, and Adam may be dead before Rodan gets this fan letter.

Best,

Ruth Berman
417 No. Kenmore
Los Angeles, 90004

Dark Shadows addicts should get hold of Nimrod 10 and 11 for show precises./

Dear Hari Seldon or Lee Klingstein...

☒

It was a month ago, or so—I can't seem to keep track of time at all—at a LASFS meeting that you cornered me and said, "Here, buy a copy of THE THIRD FOUNDATION." What could I do?—you had me cornered. Besides which I had a very large curiosity about this Lee Klingstein person and this Third Foundation about which I had seen and heard so many allusions, yet had no clear cut idea as to what it (either one) might be.

My first impression of you and your group was not really a good one. I thought you were quite weird—which is an admirable trait to a great extent—but over and beyond that you seemed to take yourselves seriously! I mean, when a group like you've got begins to take itself seriously, then it is verging on the edge of fanatism and that is something I tend to stay away from.

However, be that as it may, I had paid for a copy (number 81) of the Third Foundation, and I intended to read it. Well, I got through the first five or so pages and found the repro and the typos so bad, and the ingroup references soingroupish that I decided to forget it. I'd settle for reading a review of it in NIMROD.

/Rick Sneary keeps commenting on "the impersonal or-de-personal approach which is so much a part of the magazine." Fandom is a way of strife. - Ed./

Then just about a week ago I got another copy of THE THIRD FOUNDATION, issue 82. Well, I had to admit, you were persistent. And, seeing as how you had spent 12¢ in postage getting it to me, I figured the least I could do was attempt to read it.

Now, right off I want you to know that I am a great exponent of fan fiction and I think that the idea of a genzine devoted primarily to fan fiction is a good one (none the less, issue 81 I just couldn't take.)

So I got as far as the table of contents. Ha ha! Already, near the bottom of the page is a word that printed so badly I couldn't make it out, AND the second paragraph at the bottom was all askew. However, you did have an article by Ted Johnstone, so I decided to continue reading.

Right on the back of the Table of Contents (and not listed) was some of the worst repro I've ever seen; however, once I decoded it, I found that it had well been worth my time.

/The illegible word on the T/o/C is "Correction. It's due to the same psychotic bottle of Correction Fluid that prompted our having to give it. The skewed up 2nd paragraph was added on printing day at the LASFS Hill on an alien typewriter. The Cover Explanation was typed by Don Simpson on his own (is alien a strong enough word?) typewriter—at the last moment, which is why it didn't appear in the T/O/C. The fact that these two pages were destined to appear so near the front of the 'zine is probably just the Murphy-Finagle Law at work--Ed./

I noticed an interesting point in your response to Roy Tackett's letter. You stated that "Nowadays there are simply too few prozines

to accomodate all the good writing available." Now, while I tend to agree with that, Murray Leinster, in a recent article on Science-Fiction in WRITER'S DIGEST (I believe), said that there is not enough good science fiction being written to fill the existing prozines and so editors were forced to buy a good deal of below quality material. Leinster then went so far as to say that beginning writers, without too much talent, should try the science fiction field; they can get paid while LEARNING to write. Any comments there? /You'll find them underneath your letter.--Ed./

Although I found the round-robin, "Tales of the Third Foundation" quite interesting, I somehow feel this sort of material is a bit out of place and ingroupish for general circulation. Then again, maybe not; I don't know any of you and I enjoyed it. All the fiction was good and enjoyed--except, possibly, "Doomed Lensmen"; but I suppose if I had ever been able to get through any of the Lensman material I might have enjoyed it more--especially the Play "Spare Parts" and the Johnstone article.

I found that I did not completely agree with any of your reviewers' reactions on ALL of the books. The one I most generally agreed with, though, was you (Lee). Na ja, there's no accounting for tastes.

And so I await the next issue of THE THIRD FOUNDATION.

Whatever...

Larry Parr 432 No. Lee Ave.
Fullerton, Ca., 92633

/Now, about Leinster's statement...(There will be a brief pause while I try to convince myself he said it sincerely and not as a put-on)....

What Leinster is actually saying is that pro-editors don't get enough of what they consider to be good science fiction. Agreed. Now, back in the Good Old Days (i.e. the 50's), we had a lot of prozines (and pro-editors) around; in fact, we had enough different editors that a good piece of science fiction was bound to fit into at least one editor's idea of what good science fiction was. Nowadays, we still have a lot of prozines--mainly reprint mills, taking one or two new stories an issue--all from name authors. We have maybe five prozines that print 100% original material--and four different editors. Somewhere in the process of losing prozines, we've gotten to the point where there are too few editors to represent the tastes of the readership-at-large (and the fandom-at-small but vocal).

Anyway, the above is what I meant when I said there weren't enough prozines (i.e. pro-editors (or should that be predators) i.e. pro-editors' points-of-view) to accomodate all the good s-f writing available.--LK/

* * *

Dear Lee et alia ,

So there's life in LA! It's a pleasant fact to know, in case I ever come there. You certainly sound like a lively enough group. You mention that TTF is a student club, and you mention the UCLA book store. Is my assumption that you are all at UCLA correct. /Lee: No. We did start out that way, but since we've acquired an SC student,

Merciful Heavens, as W. C. Fields used to say when he encountered an exceptionally remarkable set of circumstances. You're still publishing quite good fiction in The Third Foundation. Your first 82 issues will undoubtedly appear as a boxed set of four Ace double

Dear Lee:

* * *

Jerry Kaufman 2769 Hampshire Rd.
Cleveland Hts., Ohio, 44106

Yours truly,

So on the whole I enjoyed your zine and I'm hoping to see more.

That's a tough quiz.

There's really no need to "a" a pro; it either makes him feel self-conscious or gives him a swollen head. We do it for the benefit of our readers, not for the benefit of the pros. In this case, I wonder if there was any need to mark the man. The article he gave you was on a subject that no one could care about less - a series no longer on the set. But the books are still going to be published. And his idea assumes that these rich men control the entire world already, through UNCLE and THRUSH. They could save themselves considerable money by direct control.

It's been said of Stanley Kubrick that everything in his movies is done for a reason; he doesn't use "artistic-craftiness" just for its own sake, or an ending just to finish a film. This argument can't get any further at the moment. I'm just repeating other people; the movie hasn't gotten to Cleveland. Until then, Steve Goldin, I can only say, "Eh!"

Your various pieces (and bits) of humorous writing were good. The funniest was the TALE OF THE THIRD FOUNDATION. "Spare Parts" should have had profuse apologies to James White. Were "apologies" like we did have weren't enough. Hospital Station really didn't deserve such a lambasting - especially such a silly lambasting. I didn't read Doomed Lensmen; I never liked Smith's writing, and I don't like imitations of his work.

It must have been Bowman at work in Oregon after his escape from Pleasant Valley (which is not a city, suburb or other political subdivision as its name seems to imply, but a suite of five rooms in the Pentagon, a difficult place to get into, but terribly easy to get out of.) Anyway, in Oregon, someone was taking dollar bills to Kennedy posters, was superimposing a drawing of a carrot over cameras at station KMAS in Portland during Kennedy appearances, etc. The first tactic irritated voters, the second amused them, and other odd moves had similar effects. While Tom Bowman expresses fear on the part of Bowman Backers that "the egghead might win," his father, not being rational, appears to be actively for the egghead. If only more people were so "irrational."

Simpson has a nice cover here, but why is there no interior art? Are you breaking Tannish tradition? Probably - but unintentionally.

plus various slumt plus some unclassifiables.

volumes in time for the Christmas trade if this goes on.

E

When There's No Man Around is the second straight fine story you have run by Stephen Goldin. This one suffers from one fault that didn't beset the first: the fact that it's awfully close to being a mundane story which has been set on Mars so you can surprise all the people who don't expect to see science fiction stories in fanzines. Maybe I wouldn't have noticed this trouble, if Lucy Stargos had been in more serious danger by being stranded out there on the desert or if the tractor had more sophisticated mechanical problems, so that a flooded gas line wouldn't be the first thing to assume in case of a breakdown. Outside of that, it's an excellent little tale which appeals to me for all sorts of reasons - because it doesn't threaten the entire human population of Mars, because of the personification of the tractor when Lucy addresses a question or an offer to it, because of the ingenious additional twist in the penultimate paragraph and because it's the first science fiction story I've read which uses the latest known facts about Mars' surface as part of the plot.

Spare Parts was amusing, although I'm probably not the best person to react to it. I've not read many of the James White Sector General stories, just an occasional one, separated from the next by a year or two. So I'm not accustomed enough to them to recognize the more delicate bits of irony and allusion, no doubt.

Doomed Lensman is close to the status of an effective continuation of the Smith tradition, rather than the fun-intended parody that I'd expected to read. Once again, the fact that I haven't read every science fiction story published in the last two decades is catching up with me. I didn't read Skylark Duquesne, and I suspect that there are more elements of that late novel in this Sybly whyte creation than of the novels with which I'm familiar. I'm anxious to see the concluding installment. If the contrast between this section and the next one is as great as between the last one and this one, I'll probably bawl like an infant by the time I come to the last page of the dead-serious, pathetic conclusion.

It's too bad that Ted Johnstone's article couldn't have appeared while the UNCLE series was still on network television. It's not quite as intriguing to think of this new concept, now that we'll probably never see anything new in the series, which will probably begin syndicated reruns soon here and there. I always wondered why fandom in general didn't show more interest in the series, which seemed to interest only a few in the Los Angeles area. It had many of the opportunities for research and speculation that Star Trek has offered the ST fandom. I don't think we've even had in any fanzine a summarizing article on who made the decisions in the production company on the basic assumptions, the way the series seemed to make some decisions without human help like the gradual increase of attention for Illya over Napoleon, who was intended to be the important person originally, and delving into such topics as how the UNCLE people avoided feuds with national intelligence agencies and the local police.

It's a very good idea to list reactions to basic novels and collections for your reviewers. In fact, this might well be required procedure as an introduction to every neofan who makes his first fanzine appearance, for it would tell more about his personality and tastes than can usually be determined from his self-conscious first fanzine contributions and letters. The reviews themselves are quite

F
interesting, even unto the point of making me think I ought to go out and buy those Lafferty books while there's still time to be one of the first on this new bandwagon. But I suppose I'd better stick to my system of trying to catch up with what I missed down through the years when I wasn't buying much science fiction. It's an eerie feeling to read for the first time A Canticle for Leibowitz or Children of the Atom or other novels which I've been reading about in fanzines all these years but had never experienced directly.

The front cover was attractive, although I confess that the thing I like best about it is the ingenuity with which stars are depicted in so many ways. It seems odd to receive a fanzine with almost no interior art work, in an era when fanzine tradition demands filler illustrations on almost every page. But I honestly didn't notice the lack of pictures inside until I attempted to comment on the rest of the illustrations. I'm just not visually oriented, unlike so many fans, and the sight of page after page of text unbroken by pictures doesn't bother me in the least.

In general, an excellent issue, despite the fact that it's taken me three weeks to write this loc about it, and I hope you'll continue to insert some stuff about yourselves as you did here and there in this issue. It's awfully hard to straighten out mentally all these fans on your staff who haven't been appearing frequently in other fanzines and haven't been to a fan gathering I've attended.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740

Many 3rd Foundationers will be at the Baycon. You can meet us there --if after reading this 'zine you still want to.--Ed./

* * * * *

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Back in issue #79 we mentioned that Barry Weissman had sold a story to If, which would appear we didn't know when. we now know. It was in If May, 1968 (just past our deadline for issue #82.) The other pro member of the 3rd Foundation, Stephen Goldin, had his first story published in If back in December, 1965, the unforgettable issue with the first segment of Heinlein's "The Moon is a Harsh Mistress."

Now both one-time pros have sold a second story. Barry's second will also appear in If. Stephen's will appear in one of Robert A. Lowndes' magazines. (Even Lowndes himself wasn't sure which one as of the time he bought it.) We'll tell you more as soon as we find it out ourselves.

* * * * *

Possible Ace Doubles

The Cosmic Rape - They Shall Have Stars
Night of the Wolf - The Mating Cry
Who Goes There - Search the Sky
Born Leader - Genetic General
Budrys' Inferno - Planet of the Damned
Starship Troopers - Those Idiots from Earth

