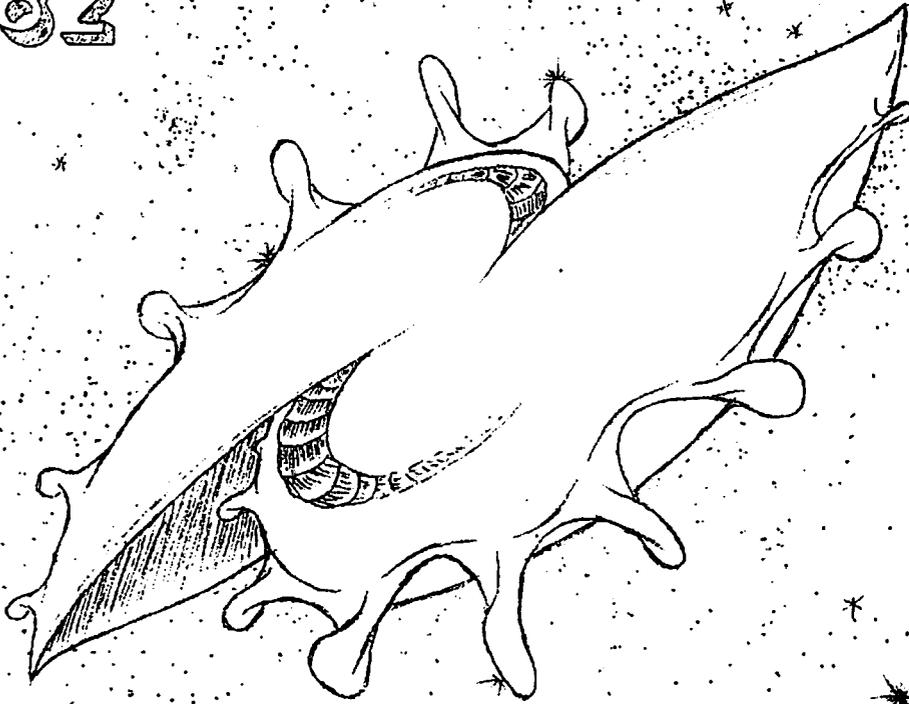


THE
THIRD
FOUNDATION
32



MAY-JUNE

"WHEN THERE'S NO MAN AROUND"—Stephen Goldin
"DOOMED LENSMEN"
Et AN ARTICLE by Ted Johnstone

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CORRECTION

Because of a psychotic bottle of Correction Fluid, there is a strange blank half-line on page 27, paragraph 3. The omitted words should read "DuQuesne observed with growing distaste."

And another word of explanation: about asterisks

Ted Johnstone is a name that will be of course instantly recognized by all fen as that of a noted pro. All contributions by pros to this 'zine will be preceded in the ToC by two asterisks.

THE NEW FRONTIERS OF THE CLASSIFICATION PROJECT

Considering the size and complexity of the galaxy, it is doubtful that we shall soon discover all of the extra-planetary life forms, much less classify them. However, the old forms of classification, i.e. deep-space forms, orbeters, rock drifters, dust eaters, space-planet net-worms, etc., are being replaced by evolutionary forms based on internal structure, chemistry, and functional schema.

Meanwhile, all known forms will retain their old-form names in project literature.

Illustrations of the more beautiful and spectacular forms are being made available for publication, showing the diversity of extra-planetary life. Those already published include Ekert's Cometary Star; Wewr's Sky-skate (an atmosphere-skimming form), Ekert's Polyvalve Interstellar Mollusk, Dant's Asteroid Spider*, the Lesser Meteor-louse of Stern, Kazov, Dant, Oglethorpe, Haslopp, Cortne, and Loybe, and, on the cover of this publication, Oglethorpe's Two-scooped Monovalve.

The monovalves are the largest of known E-P forms. A few, like Oglethorpe's Smooth Rotor, have an atmosphere, and, in one instance, topsoil supporting vegetation (see "Capella IV, the Living Planet" in issue #14). There are legends--absurd, of course--of "planet-eating" and even "star-eating" monovalves; but all monovalves known live on the gas-clouds, dust, and debris of the Core. The "Two-scoop" shown is about 2000 ft cusp-to-cusp on the average, and never more than 3000 ft. Its rotation is midway between the slow spin of the Rotors and Godwheels and the blurring speed of the Buzzsaws and Triskels. Color is grey to black, with silver spinspots and magenta spidertraps. Except for the Cornucopias, the Two-scoops are perhaps the most beautiful of the Monovalves.

- * Dant and most of his crew were killed, and the silicoids of their spacesuits eaten, by Asteroid Spiders. The Spiders later overheated and died. This is the only known instance of an E-P life form attacking a human, though a ship was run down by Snern's Grim Reaper, and Ekert made the error of entering a Mollusk shell unarmed.

---Donald Simpson

THE THIRD FOUNDATION

ad astra per cogitationem

Staff

Ambassador from Academia....Lee Klingstein
Resident Pro.....Stephen Goldin
Diplomat at Arms.....Gordon Monson
Paratime Pro.....Barry Weissman
Dostoevsky Delegate.....Steven Cohan
Star Gazer.....Richard Irwin
Psycho-historian.....Stanford Burns
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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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.

Greetings:

The Third Foundation, eh? Well, if you can entice a letter out of Sneary you must have something going for you. Perhaps you will become the new focal point of Los Angeles fandom. It needs one.

So what can be said about a zine that is mostly fiction? Comment on the fiction, I guess. Stephen Goldin's "First" was surprisingly good. One does not expect to find fiction of this high a quality in a fanzine. It is an old fannish cliché that any story worth printing is worth printing in a prozine and this one should have been submitted. Very good.

Weissman's "Mother Earth," on the other hand, was only fair. Weissman's style turned me off to begin with. And when we have mile-long spaceships run by rocket power...nah! Also Bah!

Strangely, "Doomed Lensmen" has a hint of the rich flavor of the original. Not bad. Not good, but still not bad.

I really don't see why fans should embark on a campaign to help some pro author make money. If Spinrad's "Bug Jack Barron" is any good, I'm sure he'll be able to sell it. Reports from Old Blighty indicate that NEW WORLDS is in trouble over its publication of "Bug Jack Barron." The newsstand people are refusing to stock the zine. Which seems rather ridiculous but could put an end to NEW WORLDS. But I do not subscribe to the philosophy that fans must bug Jack publisher to print anybody's story. I don't have to do a damn thing to please any author; he has to please me. I, along with thousands of others, represent the readers, the people who shell out their money to buy the books or magazines. Spinrad, or any other writer, has to convince me that he has produced something that I should be willing to spend money on. Mostly writers do that by convincing a publisher that it is worth printing. Being a pro at writing is like being a pro at anything else: the customers must be pleased. And a pro doesn't go around crying about how he's misunderstood and mistreated... he produces.

There is a scholastic flavor about THE THIRD FOUNDATION. Student group?

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107

(Yes, the Third Foundation is a student group. As to "First," the story was submitted to several prozines. It is the contention of the Third Foundation that the old adage about fanzine fiction was valid only in the good old days of plus fifteen prozines. Nowadays there are simply too few prozines to accomodate all the good writing available. Contributions from agreeing readers will be welcomed.--
Ed.)

Dear Editor:

As a representative-chairman of the Bowman-for-Savior Committee it is my sad duty to inform you that our candidate has been incarcerated in an insane asylum under contract with the Federal Government to provide for the care and keeping of violent psychotics and political prisoners. Letters may be sent to John Bowman, c/o Dr. F. G. Smith, Pleasant Valley, Washington D.C., 10001. 2

Grounds for his commitment were the following: (1) He fell asleep during an all-night vigil beside his mother's coffin. (2) There were no provisions for the military in his plans for the sealing off of California, and no provisions for the extermination of the Hippies. (3) And lastly, the system was open-ended, i.e. destiny was in the hands of a self-improving elite, with no specific goal: in reference to this last a government psychiatrist noted, "as everyone knows, all good things must come to an end."

Initially we had planned to spring our leader, but upon re-assessing the current political situation we deduced that three of the four popular candidates had programs leading to results very similar to the ideals of our leader, and they had, as well, the advantage of being accepted within the structure of the only American political party, the Demo-Repuds. It was felt, furthermore, that another candidate would split the vote to the extent that even the egghead might win. Finally, such an act would be prohibitively expensive, probably exhausting the remaining three million donated to our campaign fund. We believe the committee can find a better use for the amount in Brazil, where we will be by the time this letter is published.

Yours truly, 1733 Belmont
Tom Bowman, Seattle, Wash
son of John Bowman 98122

P.S. Speaking as a fan, I have read the two early Ellison efforts you have seen fit to reprint the blurbs of (i.e. War-God of Israel and The Thing with Three Souls) and advise other fans that these long novels are not up to snuff when compared to the same author's later works. A similar work by the same author written at a slightly later date is The Sheik, originally titled The Koran. It is related to a famous epic poem called The Trojan, whose original title is known only to students of archaic scholarship.

Dear Lee,

Glad we have officially met. I hadn't realize that you hadn't been able to connect the face and the name either. I had the advantage of at least knowing who was selling TTF and assumed "Lee" was you. But I never assume to much. As someone has no doubt told you, one of the most famous hoaxes in Fandom's history was carried off by a girl named Lee Hoffman. For some reason when she started writing she didn't identify her self as a girl....there were few girls in active fandom then, and already a couple men named Lee. Later, while never realizing she wasn't a girl, she left everyone thinking she was male. Do to a great deal of writing talent she also became one of the top BNF, but living in Georgia, few fans had met her, and they were quickly sworn to secrecy. Finally when she turned up at the New Orleans Convention, it astounded everyone.

I feel very uncomfortable about coming on so strong about what you should or shouldn't do, as fanzines are such a personal thing that no one else can really know what you want to do with it. And just because things have been done one way a long time doesn't mean that is the only way.. As editors I expect you to put out the type of magazine you like, but as a reader and sort of reviewer, I feel it is activity to express my opinion and make suggestion. If any of them are acceptable, depends on what you want. Your seeming willingness to forgo comment through a concentration on direct sales, is so unfanish that I hardly know how to approach it. That is ofcourse the way most magazines are produced, but with fans the main objective is usually communication. To some extent the presenting of ideas and thoughts to a selected audience. But more often it is in the hope of an exchange of communication. A desire to impress others with ones writing ability; to inform them and influence them with your ideas; or to respond to views and actions of others. A fan produces a fanzine with the hopes others will like it, or be influenced by it, and rarely because he likes publishing.... --There are more than one large amateur press group made up of people who do like publishing, and are not so interested in what others think about the work.. But I suspect that once you get some comment coming in, you will be come adected to Egoboo, like the rest of us, and wont be able to give it up.

One thing more, inreguard the conversation last night, you were talking about how bad some of the teachers were, or atleast how they didn't understand.. And how you were going to be different, and would remember what it was like and try and understand the kids. This is very good. I'm sure some teachers have allways said and tried to do this....this would account for the one or two really good teachers a kid may have in his whole school experience (which while helping him a lot, show up what a middle-class job the rest do). But it seems to me that it is impossable to remember how kids felt, really. One can remember how one felt when they were a kid, and extrapolate, but I think it would be very hard to both know the problems of kids a generation or more remembered from oneself, but how they feel about the problems. Kids are a product of their total invironment, just as we are, and it can never be the same combination.. --I'm not saying I don't think you can do it, but that I think it is more than a matter of remembering how you felt when you were the kids age..

One last word of gratuitous sage advice... Don't get to over roght about the current problems on campus. All things pass away, e and in a few years no one remember the dent Ragun has made in our system.. The whole goverment is in an almost unbelievable bad mess, but, "this to shall pass away." I've lived through the Joe McCarthy eara, and no liberal at the time would have predicted the freedom of speach we have now, only 15 years later.. Rather a lot thought it would get worse.. There was a fed back that was driving it that way. B ut it grew to large and distroyed it self. The pendulum swings... Governments change.. The only thing that makes the present bareable is reading history.. It gives one faith that it will work out.. It always has,--for some one.

Best wishes,

Rick Sheary 2962 Sanata Ana Street
SouthGate, California

Dear Lee:

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The 81st issue of The Third Foundation proved a source of astonishment and pleasure. Astonishment, because it shakes my self-confidence to realize that I'm not so wise, after all in fanish events if 80 previous issues have been published without word of them penetrating my thick skull; actually, #81 is only the 5th edition in our expanded, generally distributed format/ pleasure, because the contents of this issue are quite good, particularly in the area that is usually most vulnerable in fanzines, amateur fiction.

I thought "First" to be the best of the fiction in this issue. There is a convincing manner to the narration, as if these things really had happened a few weeks ago and Stephen Goldin were summarizing long-familiar events for inclusion in a yearbook or for a new entry in an encyclopedia written in a popular, colloquial style. Even if things don't happen this way when the first man reaches the moon, they very possibly could. The only real fault I can find with this story is the fact that it's going to be dated in another year or two or three, and it seems a shame to write science fiction that will enter so soon the category of fiction that doesn't even have a name of its own, the stories that are now mere curiosities because they deal with events that have since occurred in a different manner. Just think how events of the past dozen years have already increased the number of stories in this particular fictional siberia, like all the yarns that were based on a premise that aliens were watching earth and did something drastic to it as soon as the first unmanned rockets reached the moon or the first manned vehicles went into orbit around earth.

"Mother Earth" also reads very well. I suspect that it would be even better if Barry Weissman expanded it to at least the dimensions of a long short story, perhaps even a novelette. The first two and one-half pages are much more convincing in their leisurely and detailed building of character than the hastier review of the remainder of the hero's life. The real conflict of the story doesn't become fully evident until the last page. The ending is effective for its unexpected turn, but it would be even more impressive if we'd seen the hero gradually growing homesick; instead of being told this fact tersely in a single paragraph. But these aren't really bothersome faults in the story as it stands, and the writer deserves much credit for a negative sort of virtue, in addition to his positive achievements: he didn't make me think about a certain Heinlein short story until several minutes after I'd finished reading this one. The theme is similar enough to make the lack of other resemblance quite impressive.

"Doomed Lensmen" provided me with a few smiles and some admiration for a more coherent than usual pastiche. I'd hate to think how many parodies and satires and other imitations of E.E. Smith epids have appeared in fanzines down through the ages, but I know that I wish the number were lower by one, my own. Fortunately, it was written so long ago that hardly anyone else is old enough to remember it today. Sybly Whyte has imitated the Smith style quite well, something that few previous efforts along these lines have accomplished, and has apparently thought out these pages before starting to write them, another advantage. With all his faults, I like E. E. Smith very much as a writer, and I'm always glad to see new imitations in fanzines, for this reason. It proves that other people like his work, too;

few people bother to write parodies about fiction to which they're indifferent or antipathetic.

I didn't check unabridged dictionaries, but I found in the Thorndike Barnhard Comprehensive Desk Dictionary, 1956 edition, a more realistic definition of rocket: "a self-propelling device operating by means of gases escaping from a nozzle or jet at the rear of a combustion chamber. The rocket principle is used in pyrotechnic effect, signals, aerial targets, some types of projectiles, and as at least part of the driving power in some aircraft." Maybe dictionary compilers are in favor of anti-gravity development to get men off the earth, or some other device that avoids the inefficiencies of the rocket. This same dictionary contains a definition for space ship that doesn't tie it down to rockets: "a projected type of aircraft capable of interplanetary travel."

Oops, I overlooked the Larry Niven story when I was writing about the fiction. It's an ingenious variation on an old theme, but I'm not sure that I agree with the basic premise. Hitler obviously bit off more than he could chew when he tried to fight most of the world's powers simultaneously. But I have doubts that with him dead in 1938, the German generals would have ever reached such a hopeless condition, because I doubt that generals would have risked the bold campaigns through which Hitler scored his initial successes and brought on a big enough war for Germany to have any chance of world domination. Please understand, I'm not trying to praise Hitler as a military genius; I'm simply trying without great success to say that without Hitler, Germany would probably have gotten clobbered before global war arrived on the scale that prevailed from 1942 through 1945.

The reviews made good reading but nothing in particular occurs to me in way of comments. And please ask John Bowman not to put his plan into effect just yet. I'd hate to see only this first revived issue of Shangri L'Affaires, after being without that fanzine for three years.

Thanks for thinking of me.

Yours, etc.,

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

* * * * *

Dictionaries also have trouble with the word "asteroid." The Standard College Dictionary defines it as meaning, "as of several hundred small planets between Mars and Jupiter." Notice it doesn't say between the orbits of the planets. By this definition, if Mars and Jupiter are at opposition, Mercury (definitely a small planet) is an asteroid. The Seventh New International Dictionary defines asteroid as "One of thousands of small planets between Mars and Jupiter with diameters from a fraction of a mile to nearly 500 miles." That lets our Mercury. It also lets out (1) Jupiter's Trojan groups which are obviously not between Jupiter and Mars and (2) all asteroids with highly elliptical orbits such as Eros, Icarus, etc that go Sunward of Mars' orbit. The American College Dictionary hedges by saying steroids have orbits "lying mostly between those of Mars and Jupiter." So far I haven't been able to find a dictionary with a clear and valid definition. LK

For some time now Rick Sneary has been asking that we include more 5 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 one of the results.

TALES OF THE THIRD FOUNDATION

Chapter 1. Stephen Goldin's Report

Lee Klingstein, Galactic Co-ordinator, looked up as I entered her apartment-headquarters. "Greetings," she said.

I took a quick look around before I spoke. Everybody seemed to be there already; Barry Weissman was trying to coax people to read one of his newly-written stories, Gordon Monson had his large form sprawled across a black leather chair with a handful of tortilla chips, Stanford Bunns eagerly drooling over the latest issue of Playboy, Steve Cohan on the sofa peering owlshly about, and Richard Irwin sitting silently bemused in the corner. As I entered, I nearly tripped over the recumbent form of Sandy Cohen, who was lying on the floor reading a book which, though I couldn't make out the title, I suspected was Childhood's End.

"Where's Jim?" I asked.

"Right here," said a voice seemingly from thin air, and I shivered as though a frigid icicle had been shoved up my spine. I had forgotten Jim Shapiro's recent invention of the Shadow Cloak that made him invisible.

"I'm sorry I'm late," I apologized, "but I just learned the most astonishing news. The First Foundation has vanished!"

"What?" boomed Gordon, and the rest were equally vociferous.

"Gone without a trace," I elaborated. "I just learned it a few moments ago, myself. As you know, this week it was my turn to monitor the affairs of the Second Foundation, and just as I was about to leave to come here, I heard Bruce Pelz, Chairman of the Los Angeles Second Foundation Section, Inc., mention that the First Foundation was missing."

"Personally, I think that rumor is foundationless," said Steve Cohan. Barry groaned, but everybody else was too concerned to mind the pun.

"I've got some bad news of my own," sighed Lee. "I wanted to wait until everybody was here before I told it. Rayl is loose."

Rayl! The atmosphere of the meeting was suddenly electric. Even Sandy looked up from his book and said, "what about Rayl?"

Rayl! The name mentioned only in low voices by Third Foundationers. Rayl the Renegade, the traitor, committer of deeds so foul as to be unprintable. Once a loyal member of the Third Foundation, he

had used his wiles to gain himself a position of trust, which he promptly proceeded to vilely abuse. It was only after weeks of relentless persistence that Lee and the others had been able to track him down and recover the vital documents he had stolen. This had all happened before I had been initiated into the Third Foundation, but the name nonetheless denoted horror. 6

"I thought," said Jim the Invisible Man, "that he had been exiled to the planet of Phulla."

"Nevertheless," Lee said gravely, "he is back. I happened to notice him skulking around the UCLA book store. I'm afraid he's up to some deviltry."

"Maybe," Stan supposed, "there's some connection between his reappearance and the disappearance of the First Foundation."

Lee drew in a sharp gasp. "You're right. There's only one person in the entire Universe with both the fiendish imagination and the inconceivable powers to perform such a deed. I wonder how he did it."

"How he did it is irrelevant at the moment," I said. "The question is, what are we going to do about it?"

"Will everybody please shut up?" asked Sandy from the floor. "I'm trying to read."

"There's no time for that now," Lee said. "We need departmental briefings right away." Everybody looked serious—it had been a long while since that had been necessary. Richard Irwin and I, the two astrogators, exchanged meaningful looks; Gordon, our Military Strategist, pensively bit off the corner of a tortilla chip; Stan, our Psychohistorian, reluctantly refolded the center illustration in his magazine and brushed back his hair; Barry, the Bionicist, reached for his ever-present clipboard to jot down some ideas; Sandy, the Engineer, closed his book and propped himself up on his elbow; the reaction of Jim, our Master of Grotesqueries and Movie Critic, couldn't be observed because of his Shadow Cloak; and Steve Cohan, the Wordmaster, blinked three times and looked solemn.

Gordon started to say something, but before he could speak a loud voice seemed to fill the room, coming apparently from all around us. "So, you puny Third Foundationers think you can thwart my plans for domination, do you? I have waited a long time plotting this revenge. Prepare to die!"

And at these words, a black wave of stygian darkness descended over the room, and I could see no more.

to probably be continued
in our next issue

* * * * *

Possible Title Typos

Stranger in a Strange Band by Robert A. Heinlein
Glory Toad by Robert A. Heinlein
The Green Pills of Earth by Robert A. Heinlein

by Stephen Goldin

"Oh, fudge!" Lucy Stargos said exasperatedly, kicking the heedless machine for the third time. Neither her ejaculation nor her kick did any good, however. The sand tractor still refused to start.

Lucy pased as best she could inside the small tractor dome, wishing she'd never let Bob talk her into taking this "short-cut." Now here she was, somewhere in the middle of the desert, late at night, with a sand tractor that had stalled on her and wouldn't start again. She had to be back at work at nine o'clock sharp tomorrow, too—Mr. Manders, her boss, had already given her two lectures on the virtue of punctuality. If there were to be a third time, he had hinted darkly, there would not be a lecture but a pink slip.

"Oh, fudge," she said again at the thought.

The night at least was clear. Phobos and Deimos were both up, doing their feeble part to illuminate the night Marsscape. Her tractor was stuck in a small but unusually deep crater, and she couldn't see anything over the high walls that surrounded her.

Should she try walking to Syrtis. She hadn't the faintest idea how far she was from it. Well, how far had she come already? The tractor's mileage dial read nine hundred and ninety kilometers. It had read nine hundred and ninety kilometers when she had started out from Templeville seven hours ago. In fact, for as far back as she could remember, it had always read nine hundred and ninety kilometers.

She inserted the key and tried the ignition button again. The motor whirred encouragingly. "Come on," she coaxed it. "Come on, baby." The motor coughed, turned over...and died.

"Darn you!" she screamed at the machine. "Why don't you cooperate?" The tractor, perhaps at a loss for excuses, did not answer.

Lucy was boiling. Darn Bob and his silly short-cuts, anyway. Maybe this was his idea of a joke, getting her lost somewhere at night in the Martian desert where she'd probably break down and have to sit there until someone found her because she didn't know how to fix a sand tractor. He always did have a funny sense of humor, anyway. Well, maybe she'd break off their engagement and see how funny he thought that was!

She didn't want to walk. For all she knew, it could still be as many as twenty kilometers to Syrtis, and it was cold outside. Of course, she carried one of the special electrically-heated night suits, just like everyone else, but they were never able to keep out all the cold of a Martian night.

"Darn you!" she repeated, looking helplessly at the front control panel. "You know I'm going to lose my job on account of you, don't you?" A pause. "Don't just sit there, do something."

A thought occurred to her. "All right, smarty; don't do anything.

I'll just look in the instruction manual and see how to fix your wagon. So there!" If the tractor was intimidated, however, it did not show it.

She took the manual out of the map compartment and skimmed to the appropriate passage. "If your tractor, by some chance, should stall, it is probably due to a flooding of the gas line," she read aloud. "Just remain calm and wait five to ten minutes for the fuel concentration to return to normal." See there, Buster? I've got your number now. Thought you could put one over on ol' Lucy Stangos, did you?" she gloated.

To make extra sure, she waited a full fifteen minutes before trying to start the motor again and, although she would never admit it, it was the most agonizing quarter hour she ever spent in her whole life. Then, when she could wait no longer, she pressed the ignition button again. There was a discouraging whine, sputter, cough...then nothing.

"Oh, fudge!" Lucy exclaimed, resting her chin on both her hands and trying to think of what to do next.

Walking was still out, at least for now; the temperature outside the tractor's dome was probably twenty below zero or less. She shivered just thinking about it. Should she turn on her lights again and hope that someone passing by would see them? She decided against that. First, because it was unlikely that anybody would be passing by this deserted spot this late at night (darn Bob and his silly short-cuts!); and second, because the Martian atmosphere was so thin that it carried virtually no glare at all. Even the light from a big city like Syrtis could be lost in the glare of tiny Phobos once you got a hill or two between yourself and the town. To be able to see her lights, somebody would have to be right in the same crater she was, in which case they'd see her anyway. Better not to put a strain on the battery.

"It's all your fault," she accused the tractor. "Haven't I always been nice to you? I've kept you clean; I've never made you work too hard. And when I expect one little favor from you, you conk out on me. Is that fair?"

The tractor looked guilty, but said nothing.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. If you start up for me right now, I promise to always buy you the best gas, no matter how expensive. Is it a deal?" She pushed the ignition button again.

It was not, apparently, a deal.

"Maybe the stupid thing's busted," Lucy mused. She picked up the instruction manual again and turned to the section labelled "Repairs." "Your Carlisle A-7 Sand Tractor will probably not need any repairs for several years as it is built with the finest..." She skipped down a paragraph. "At the first sign of trouble, take the tractor to an authorized repair shop only. Caution: do not attempt to repair the tractor yourself, or serious damage may result." Thanks a lot, buddy, she thought.

"Well," she said, turning back to the stubborn machine, "do you know of any authorized repair shops around here?"

The tractor's silence confessed that it didn't.

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"Well, neither do I. So if you don't start this time, I'm going to take you apart myself." The tractor ignored the threat, and refused to start. "So be it," Lucy grunted.

Owing to the colonists' dislike of having to go outside the passenger dome, Martian vehicles are designed so that the engine cover may be removed from the inside. Pulling out the plate that covered the motor, Lucy sat and silently faced her foe. She wondered briefly what the manual was warning against damage to—herself or the tractor.

"We can reason this thing out, can't we?" she implored the motor. "Don't you want to get back into your nice, warm garage? Sure you do. I promise I'll have the best mechanic on Mars look at you first thing tomorrow morning. How about it?"

The engine stared back at her with stony silence.

"Okay, Buster, I've tried being soft with you to save us both a lot of trouble. But I see now that the only thing you understand is force—sheer brute force. You were built by men, right?"

The machine was noncommittal.

"Okay, what men can build, men—and women—can fix. I'm going to take you apart piece by little piece until I find out what's wrong with you. What do you say to that?"

The shocked motor was speechless.

Lucy stared inside, trying to make some sense out of the maze of wires interlaced with the cylinders of cold steel and metal parts in other shapes that defied description. The motor glared ominously back at her, perhaps proclaiming its superiority over her soft, human features.

The girl noticed a wire that looked as though it might not be properly connected. She reached in to fix it, then pulled her hand back sharply from the pain of the electrical shock she had received. "Damn!" she screamed vehemently, then looked around involuntarily to make sure no one had heard her.

"So that's how it's going to be, is it?" she shrieked at the engine which seemed to be smirking. "Okay, if you want war, that's what you're going to get. You've just made me forget I'm a lady."

She tore into the hapless motor with a vengeance. Wires, spark-plugs, battery caps, and anything else that was the slightest bit loose yielded to her furious assault. Within ten minutes, she sat with her captured pieces piled high around her, glowering triumphantly at the once-proud engine, now denuded and humble. "That'll teach you, Buster," she said with finality.

The feeling of power lasted but a moment, however. "How am I going to get all this stuff back together again?" she wailed helplessly. Then she looked back at the motor and said through gritted teeth, "You tricked me again!"

"Am I going to let myself be defeated by this stupid machine?"¹⁰ she asked herself. The idea of leaving the warm, well-lit tractor dome for a cold, black walk of maybe twenty kilometers steeléd further resolve into her soul, and she grimly set about the task of reassembling the motor the right way.

All was fine, until she neared the end. Happily, she had no pieces left over, but there was a place where it looked as if there should be a wire attaching two leads and there was no wire to put there. She tried the ignition button anyway. There wasn't even an encouraging whirring sound.

"Oh, fudge," Lucy bawled. She sat in the middle of the floor and cried at the thought of having to walk to Syrtis through the cold, dark night.

Then, in her moment of greatest despair, her mother's voice came to her from out of the far distant past. "Lucy," her mother had said, "there is not a machine built by man that cannot be fixed by the appropriate use of a bobby pin." And she had demonstrated by taking a bobby pin, scraping the insulation off it, and using it to fix the family toaster that had been on the blink.

Lucy sniffled back a few tears and took a bobby pin from her hair. She scraped the insulation off on the under side of the control board, then nervously wound the pin around the two leads in the motor. Her hands were sweating as she turned back to press the ignition button one final time. Her pulse beat rose to ninety-three, quite high for a resident of Mars. Crossing as many fingers (and toes) as she could, she pushed the button.

The tractor, defeated at last, hummed to life. Lucy jumped up, not even noticing when she banged her head on the dome ceiling, and emitted a squeal of pure joy. Then, filled with the knowledge that she had won another crucial battle in Woman's age-old war with Machine, she resumed her journey.

As the tractor reached the top of the crater, she caught sight of the lights of Syrtis blinking crisply a thousand yards away.

"Oh, fudge!" Lucy Stargos said exasperatedly.

* * * * *

Heinlein's Egg-omania

Has anyone else ever wondered what Heinlein's frequent use of the egg motif may signify? Consider the following facts: (1) The object all Venusians venerate in Between Planets is an egg. (2) The object of search in Glory Road is the Phoenix Egg. (3) Martians in both Stranger in a Strange Land and Red Planet are born from eggs. (4) Valentine Michael Smith starts out by saying "I am only an egg," and ends up by living in a Nest. (5) Waldo conceived of the Other Space as "the size and shape of an ostrich egg."

Can it be doubted that Robert A. Heinlein is, in secret, a Son of the Bird?

Spare Parts

A Play (on words) about the Future Healers of the Universe

by Barry Weissman

Cast of Characters (in order of appearance)

Dr. Conway
Zylch
Nurse Murchison
Dr. Pocadilla
Dr. Baycon
Dr. O'Mara
Janitor Corps Officer
plus Narrator and Intercom Voice
AND two Secret Guest Stars

NARRATOR: Sector Admiral is the home of many weird creatures, not the least of whom include the doctors and nurses who work there. It is a huge sectionalized hospital in free orbit between our Galaxy and the little known world of Old Southwest Andora, and it can artificially create any known ecological conditions of pressure, gravity, atmosphere and radiation for its various patients. The patients themselves come from the sixty-eight intelligent races which make up the United Worlds Federation, and are medically classified as to body characteristics and pressure, atmosphere, radiation and gravity necessary to their health and well-being by a four letter system.

One of Sector Admiral's dedicated men of science is young Dr. Conway, who is just returning to the hospital after a one-day leave.

CONWAY: Well, it sure is great to be back in Sector Admiral again. Look at all those pretty nurses. Look at all those bea-u-ti-ful gleaming instruments. Look at all those beau-ti-ful disgustingly sick patients.

ZYLCH: Hey, Mac! This ain't the hospital. This is Zylch's Butcher Shop. The hospital is a few light-years down the 'Way.

CONWAY: Oh! Sorry about that, Zylch.

(A few light-years later)

CONWAY: Good morning, Nurse Murchison. What new patients do we have today?

NURSE: Two very sick DBDG's have come in. One claimed that he'd just slept three million years and that we all should have slightly green faces. The other was picked up by a Janitor Corps cruiser in an archaic ship. He told them that he was a Sector Marshall captured by the "Bugs" and that he'd just escaped from their prison planet.

CONWAY: Well, where are they, nurse? They obviously need a lot of help?

NURSE: We sprayed them with flea powder and then sent them to Dr. O'Mara.

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CONWAY: O'Mara? Again? Damn that man! When will he learn that I'm the hero of these stories now? He had his chance....

NURSE: Oh, yes, here comes another person who needs your help. Dr. Conway, I'd like you to meet...Doctor! Stop!

CONWAY: Aha! A patient! A QXYZ by the looks of him. A great hairy thing to you readers out there. Quick—radiation isolation anti-bacterialization and icecreamation therapy!

NURSE: Doctor! DOCTOR! This isn't a patient!

CONWAY: What? He certainly looks sick to me!

NURSE: Dr. Conway, I'd like you to meet Dr. Pocardilla, your new assistant.

CONWAY: Oh. Er...hi, Dr. Pocardilla.

POCADILLA: I'm very pleased to meet you, doctor. Now would you mind removing your tenticle from my left ear?

CONWAY: Oh, sorry. That is my finger, isn't it? Come along now, Dr. Pocardilla, and I'll show you around the wards. Here we have the Thowordtil ward, and hver here the Hydes ward....Gee, I feel bad; all of a sudden I feel as though I am very sick.

POCADILLA: That's my telepathic sympathy, Dr. Conway. I can't help but radiate my emotions to every intelligent being around. Then they all feel as I do. It helps quite a bit to reassure patients that I really understand them and their problems.

CONWAY: But why do I feel ill?

POCADILLA: Because you still have your finger in my left ear.

CONWAY: Oh, sorry.

INTERCOM: DR. CONWAY, DR. CONWAY, PLEASE REPORT TO THE TROB WARD. EMERGENCY, EMERGENCY. DR. CONWAY,...

CONWAY: Come on, Pocardilla. Let's move, there's an emergency in the TROB ward!

POCADILLA: I'm hurrying, but one doesn't move too rapidly when one is a great hairy thing.

CONWAY: Hello, Nurse Murchison. Where's the patient?

NURSE: In there.

CONWAY: Quick, Pocardilla, let's grab him. Aha! Radioelectrorectogram plus a low gravity diet type 12-a. And I think we'd better operate.

POCADILLA: Why, doctor?

CONWAY: I can tell that you're still an intern, Pocardilla. We have to operate—can't have a complete chart without an operation report. And besides, it raises the fees nicely.

NURSE: Dr. Conway! This isn't the patient. This is Dr. Baycon, ¹³
your other assistant, the PORK from Sweet II.

CONWAY: Oh. Sorry about that, Dr. Baycon. Incidentally, you ought
to have someone look into that weird tentacle you have growing out
of the middle of your forehead. It appears to be covered with
beads.

BAYCON: Someone is looking into, or rather, out of it. It's my
eyestalk, you ninny.

CONWAY: I'm not a ninny. I am a DBDG. Come on, doctors, the
patient must be in there.

(Door opens and closes)

Just look at him. He's got to be sick. All that green fuzzy
stuff and those two obscene purple bumps...

POCADILLA: That's me again, Dr. Conway, and I do wish you'd remove
your finger from my ear. The patient is over there by the wall.

CONWAY: Oh, yes. There he is. How do you feel?....He must be in
terrible agony—doesn't say a word. Everybody else in this story
talks as much as they can. We must alleviate his pain. Quick,
Dr. Baycon, the anaesthetic.

POCADILLA: But that's a mallet! You're going to use that on the
patient?

CONWAY: Yes, it's the only real universal anaesthetic. And it's so
much fun to use. Take that! And that, you dirty BEM!...Well,
that should keep him unconscious while we operate.

BAYCON: Nurse—bring scalples, sutures, syringes, sponges, and one
corned beef-on-rye.

POCADILLA: A corned-beef-on-rye?

BAYCON: I'm hungry.

CONWAY: Let's see now....Should we cut from here to there or from
there to here? I think that I ought to get a tape before I decide
what to do for this patient.

O'MARA (entering): Patient? what Patient? Outa my way, boy, I'm
O'Mara, hero of this tale to you, and I'm gonna save this thing.

CONWAY: But you can't treat him, O'Mara. You've been kicked
upstairs, so now I'm the hero around here. I know that it's
upsetting, but try to face the facts.

O'MARA: Oh, yeah. I keep forgetting.

INTERCOM: DR. O'MARA, DR. O'MARA, EMERGENCY, EMERGENCY. THE THE
INTERCOM INTERCOM VOICE VOICE CAN'T CAN'T STOP STOP SPEAKING
SPEAKING DOUBLE DOUBLE. DR. O'MARA, DR. O'MARA...

O'MARA: Oops! I've got to run. They need me! And I've got to
stop that Sector Marshall from spraying all the insectoid nurses
with flea powder. Carry on, Conway.

CONWAY: All right, now I'm all taped up, so start the operation. ¹⁴
Because I'm all wound up in this sticky tape, Dr. Pocadilla will have to perform the actual surgery. But I'll be right here to guide you through every step, Pocadilla, so don't worry about a thing. Start your incision. That's fine....

BAYCON: What a mess.

POCADILLA: I'm trying to reach it with my telepathic sympathy, but it doesn't respond at all.

CONWAY: Now widen the cut...

BAYCON: Horrible! That yellow green mess...

POCADILLA: That's my pseudopod, Doctor.

BAYCON: Sorry.

CONWAY: Push aside the organs and open the stomach cavity...

BAYCON: I see it....A large cancerous growth inside the stomach cavity!

POCADILLA: Isn't that the stomach?

CONWAY: Let me see; after all, I am the expert, aren't I? Let... me...see!!

POCADILLA: If I could only get this tape off your eyes...

BAYCON: I've got it. Look, Dr. Pocadilla, I've cut it out.

POCADILLA: But that's just an old Topalo shell. Wait! Look at that! Isn't that just the grindilling image of an old apple peel?

BAYCON: That's apple core, or APA-L core, depending on your point of view. And over here, look: I do believe that this is an old rusty beer can!

CONWAY: A beer can? That wasn't in the tape.

POCADILLA: Of course not. This isn't a patient; it's just an old garbage pile.

BAYCON: You're pulling my antennae!

CONWAY: It certainly looks sick. And besides....Who's that?

JANITOR CORPS OFFICER (entering): I am a Janitor Corps Major, Major English to you. Dr. Pocadilla is absolutely correct. It is a garbage heap. I should know. I was sent down here to straighten this mess up.

CONWAY: You certainly straightened us out. Imagine, operating on a garbage pile! You Janitors do have a difficult job.

JANITOR: No, no. I was sent to clean up this garbage pile. Straightening you out was just incidental.

BAYCON: But if this wasn't the emergency we were called to handle, where is it?

JANITOR: Oh, yes. Dr. O'Mara has finally totally cracked. He thinks that we're all just characters in a novel. He's been unbalanced ever since the second story when Dr. Conway here took his place as hero. You were supposed to quietly anaesthetize him and remove him from Sector Admiral.

CONWAY: I always knew that O'Mara was insane. Anyone would have to be pretty batty to run a nut house like this. Say, Major English... did they tell you who was going to replace...er, Dr. O'Mara?

JANITOR: No, I'm sorry, but they didn't. Now you'll all have to move along so that I can sweep up this trash.

CONWAY: Come along, gentlemen. Let's find O'Mara and get the job done with.

NURSE: Dr. Conway; oh, Dr. Conway. Dr. O'Mara and the Sector Marshall have just eloped with two DOPE nurses. They said that they're going to open up a competing hospital a few light-years away. And guess what? The Board of Directors has named you to replace him as chief physician of Sector Admiral!

CONWAY: Me? Oh wonderful! Dr. Pocadilla can take over my wards, and then...

NURSE: I'm terribly sorry, Dr. Conway, but your replacement has already been chosen.

CONWAY: What? Oh, too bad, Pocadilla. Who is he?

NURSE: Here he is now. Dr. Conway, I'd like you to meet your replacement, Dr. Calhoun of the Interstellar Med Service.

CALHOUN: Good day, Dr. Conway. I've heard a lot about you. Since you're going upstairs, I'm glad that I've been chosen to replace you as hero of these stories. Of course it means an extra burden, because I still have my own series going, but...the stories must go on, you know. Murgatroyd and I will do our best.

MURGATROYD: Chee!

CONWAY: Taking over my series...after my greatest case...oh, no!!

BAYCON (aside to Pocadilla): He certainly looks sick.

POCADILLA (aside to Baycon): They both do. Especially that one with the tiny DBDG on his shoulder. He's got to be a little unbalanced. You know, I bet if we went to the Board in a little while, after that Calhoun chap has had one or two stories, we might be able to push him upstairs...

with apologies to James White,.....THE END

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.

R. A. Lafferty

As of four months ago, R. A. Lafferty had never published a novel. He now has three out, of which so far I've only seen two, The Reefs of Earth and Past Master. (See 3rd Foundation Reviewpoint #79 for discussion of Lafferty's short stories.)

The Reefs of Earth, Berkeley Medallion, 60¢.

This is a story of eleven beings on a nightmare world. As it begins, a group of children are sitting in the dark telling horror stories about the alien planet they are living on, the alien planet called Earth.

And Earth is indeed a place of horror to these children, a place that is gradually destroying their parents in body and spirit. It is a world which they fight against in all the ways possible to them.

Their most formidable weapon is the Bagarthach verse, a very convenient way to kill people. Of course, the people whom they thus slay often don't realize that they've just died. (What's worse, some readers don't realize it either, but the doom invoked in each of these oh so childish quatrains does indeed ultimately come to pass.)

This is a story full of moral ambiguity. Lafferty has so succeeded in reversing conventional ethical values that the reader can only be certain that one of the two groups of combatants is indeed horrible enough to be worth killing. But is it the people of Lost Haven, or is it the children?

The Lost Haveners are, despite their backwoods setting, apparently meant to be taken as representative Earthmen. This is, I think, the hardest thing that Lafferty asks of the reader, at least that is of any reader who is not either a total cynic or a believer in the concrete reality of the doctrine of original sin. For the people of Lost Haven are almost totally vicious at heart.

The children, on the other hand, are almost classic representatives of Lafferty's favorite character type, the seemingly innocent child with almost unshakable poise and absolutely no sense of empathy. (Remember how Kuttner in "Call Him Demon" and "Mimsy Were the Borogroves" insisted that children are not truly members of the human race because they are too alien in psychology. That applies to Lafferty children almost better than to the Kuttner ones.)

(Incidentally, when I said above that you should believe in original sin to appreciate this book fully, I wasn't kidding. Consider the implications of setting the story in a town called "Lost Haven." A less subtle write would probably have called the place "Paradise Lost.")

The Reefs of Earth is a good book and well worth buying. 17
However, if you have bought Past Master as well, do not plan on reading the two books in alphabetical order. It's too anticlimactic.

Past Master, Ace Science Fiction Special, 60¢.

This book is not quite indescribable, but it verges on it.

It is set on a Utopia gone rotter but still hoping to cure itself. To do so it imports a new leader, a man from the past. He is chosen because he has had (or more properly, will have) a unique experience: a moment of complete self-honesty. His name is Thomas More.

His adversaries are many; their nature is only gradually revealed and then quickly forgotten. (And again several readers have overlooked it entirely. After you have finished this book, go back and reread pl47 very carefully.)

Nor is the nature of the conflict quite what you might expect. There are, after all, two ways of destroying evil, and killing is not always the most effective, particularly on Antrope where the moment you have destroyed one attacking robot killer, another is manufactured and programmed with the same assignment.

This book is going to be a definite Hugo contender.

LK

and more about Past Master

If anyone promised me a book dealing with Thomas More as a futuristic protagonist, I would read it. The fact that it is also a full-length novel by Lafferty is just icing on the cake. Past Master is good, so good that it borders on great. Lafferty has spun imagination as a spider spins a web, naturally and with intricate pattern--so that the final product is a nightmare utopia where programmed killers stalk all that is not "pure" in thought.

We are given a world of the future where something has gone just a little bit wrong. The powers that be pull in the man who invented Utopia, the man who, though they did not know it, would most want to destroy it: Thomas More.

Lafferty's unique style blends the inner conflicts of the martyred, and soon to be re-martyred, saint and the outer conflicts of the nightmares of the Antrope Utopia against those who want to be free of it. It is a world composed of memorable characters and shrouded by mystery and wonder.

All in all, Past Master is that unique blend of imagination, good writing and "sound and fury" that is the best of science fiction. I think all readers will enjoy it--and remember Past Master when they think of "hugos" and other status awards in the future.

SJC

Of Time and Space and Other Things, Isaac Asimov, Lancer 1968, 75¢, originally issued hardbound by Doubleday.

This is a collection of 17 Asimov fact articles from F&SF. It's well worth buying if you're a science fiction fan, if only to learn (or remember) why it's valid to say, "I am, therefore the universe expands."

LK

Impossible?, Laurence M. Janifer, Belmont, 1968, 50¢.

18

This is a collection of 15 stories (that is, assuming you can call "Excerpts from the Galactic Almanack: Music" a story). Most are good, competent stuff, like "Charlie de Milo" (the story about the circus freak who didn't want his arms regenerated) and "Elementary" (the story about two mystery writers who kill their agent, but find out it's not permanent).

As far as I know none of these stories have previously been anthologized. They have all previously appeared in magazines--chiefly Galaxy, ASF, and F&SF. If you don't have a magazine index and are willing to settle for the less than spectacular, this is a good book to get.

LK

Neutron Star, Larry Niven, Ballantine, 1968, 75¢.

This is a collection of 8 short stories, seven of which have previously appeared in If and Galaxy. Unlike the Janifer book, this is an anthology of integrated stories, all set in the same universe and arranged in chronological order. The first (and title) story won the 1967 Hugo. The rest are of much the same quality.

Beowulf Shaeffer, chief character in "Neutron Star," also appears in three other stories--"At the Core," "Flatlander," and--the previously unprinted one--"Grendel." (Readers who don't see why "Grendel" is a good title for a story about one of Beowulf's adventures should take out a few minutes to review Anglo Saxon literature.)

Larry Niven promises that ultimately (but probably sooner) the stories in this book will be explicitly tied in with World of Ptavvs plus "Slowboat Cargo" plus the better stories ("At the Bottom of a Hole," "The Adults," etc.). It should be a fascinating series when it's finished.

LK

2001: A Space Odyssey, by Arthur C. Clarke & Stanley Kubrick, MGM.

I think I can say without any fear of contradiction that visually this is the greatest movie ever made. To say that I came out of the theater stunned would be an understatement. But to say that I was in love with the picture would not be quite accurate.

I suppose everyone who reviews 2001 talks at some length about the special effects. As well they should. In one word: overwhelming. The picture isn't content to remain placidly on the screen; it seems to leap out and engulf even the varriest of viewers. The soundtrack bombards you with cymbals and drums, but (praise be to Mota) no theramins. You don't just see Space, you live it.

I hesitate to describe the story, not because the movie doesn't have one (as some critics have maintained), but because it isn't important. I usually like a good solid story to go along with any movie I see, but here I found myself not caring. It ain't what they say, it's the way that they say it.

As for the ending...well, what can I say, dear, after I say I'm sorry? I'm sorry that they did what they did, whatever it was. After nearly two hours of building a tone of respectable scientific authenticity, the movie suddenly goes psychedelic and symbolic. I detest

artsy-craftsiness just for its own sake, which I suspect that this is, though it may well be that the writers were just stuck for an ending. But some people, including a few of my fellow 3rd Founders, dote on it. You will no doubt find as many interpretations of what it means as you'll find people who saw the film. (My own interpretation is that I have no interpretation; that'll show 'em!) I think I'd rather wait for Clarke to come out with the book version and let him explain it to me.

But, despite what I think of the ending, this is a film that all fans should see. You may love it; you may hate it. But see it!

SG

Shangri L'Affaires #72, LASFS, editor Ken Rudolph 735 No Sycamore Ave #4, 35¢/issue 3/\$1. Free for trades, contris and LoCs.

This is not a review. It is an appreciation...Once upon a time there was a "fleeting wisp of glory" called not Camelot but Shangri L'Affaires--or at least that's what LASFS old-timers tell neos. Last month, Shangri L'Affaires got resurrected. It was a month before Easter. LA fandom is always ahead of the times.

Shanggy #72 was a beautiful 'zine. Shaggy #73 promises to be equally wonderful. I'm glad to be in LA while this is happening.

LK

* * * * *

As Rick Sneary pointed out in a LoC last issue, it's hard to know what to think of a reviewed book if you don't know how the reviewers' tastes run. The table below shows 7 of our reviewers' reactions to 20 sf-- or fantasy--books. (The books were selected to represent highly diverse types of writing, not on the basis of quality.) Initials may be decoded by referring to the staff list on the Title Page.

Book	SB	SC	SG	RI	LK	JS	BW
Childhood's End.....	B	A	B+	C	B+	A-	A-
Man in the High Castle.....	X	X	D	X	B-	A-	A
Tolkien Trilogy.....	B+	C	C-	X	A	X	B+
Glory Road.....	B	B-	B	B+	C+	X	B
Foundation Trilogy.....	A	A-	B+	A	A	B+	A
The Stars My Destination.....	A	B+	A	B+	A-	A-	B-
Weapon Shops of Isher.....	C	B	B+	A-	C+	B-	B-
More than Human.....	X	C+	C	C	A	A-	B+
Stranger in a Strange Land.....	B	A-	A-	A-	B	B+	A
Lensman Series.....	D-	D-	B	A	B-	A	C
Davy.....	B+	C-	B	X	B+	X	A
Time Traders.....	B+	X	B-	C+	X	X	B
Conjure Wife.....	X	B-	A-	X	B	A	B
I, Robot.....	B	A-	B+	B+	B	A-	B
Dangerous Visions.....	B	B	X	X	A	X	B+
Venus Equilateral.....	B+	C	B	C	B	X	C+
Mind Swap.....	X	X	A	C-	C-	A	B+
End of Eternity.....	B-	C-	B	A	C+	X	B-
Skylark Duquesne.....	F	X	C+	A-	F+	F	X
Catch 22.....	X	X	B	A	A	X	B

X stands for not read

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

Four songs from the new musical, Tipsy, an account of the Underground Esper's movement in America. The lyrics are by Stefan Songhem, music by Julie Stein. The tune of the first slightly resembles "Everything's Coming Up Roses," that of the second resembles "Let Me Entertain You," that of the third, "Small World Isn't It," and the fourth "Together Wherever We Go."

I Think I've Got Precognition

Dreams come into my mind,
And they're not just the everyday kind,
For they always come true.
Doctor, I think I've got precognition.

Every night in my bed
All these visions pop into my head:
Where and when, how and who.
Doctor, I think I've got precognition.

While I'm nappin',
Dreams come into my brain.
Then they happen.
My nerves are quite near to snappin'.

Politics, and the fights,
Asia, Africa and civil rights.
Nothing is news to me.
I'm a whiz, but you see
I don't like knowing what is yet to be.
Doctor, my life is slowly becoming
A nightmare for me!

Let Me Teleport You

Let me teleport you.
Let's both go in style.
Come along where I go.
I've heard it's nice in Cairo,
Just cruising down the Nile.
Or maybe Chile,
Or Picadilly;
The world is ours for a spree.
So let me teleport you,
And we'll tour the world for free, my dear.
We'll tour the world for free.

* * * * *

Future Ace Doubles

The Menace from Earth--The Marching Morons
What Strange Stars & Skies -- Darker Than You Think
Tiger by the Tail -- The Trouble Twisters
Paingod -- Godling, Go Home
Why Call Them Back From Earth --- They Shall Have Stars
Tales from the White Hart -- Dangerous Visions
Neutron Star--Pebble in the Sky
If This Goes On -- The Great Explosion

Awkward, Isn't It?

21

Funny, I can see in your mind you
Think that I'm kind of swell.
Funny, 'cause you're reading my mind, too.
Awkward, isn't it?

Funny, that two telepaths can come
Under that magic spell.
Funny, how you think I'm not handsome.
Awkward, isn't it?

We've got such mental powers,
That we've had hours of
Learning about each other--
Enough to smother normal love.

How can we have faith in tomorrow,
Hoping we'll muddle through?
There's sure to be trouble and sorrow.
Awkward, isn't it.
Funny, isn't it,
That I'm in love with you?

We're Espers

Wherever we go,
The whole world will know
We've reason to crow,
'Cause we're espers.

Though we may be sad
At troubles we've had,
We still will be glad
That we're espers.

Don't worry if people are staring,
If envious looks they are wearing,
Stay staunchly aloof and uncaring.
Be daring!
We're espers.

Our minds are so great
That we herewith state
Though mortals may hate us, we'll thrive.
Telepathy is here to stay,
No matter what the scoffers may say.
We're espers, and glad we're alive.

* * * * *

Title Typos

S.O.B. From Three Worlds by Leinster
The Bitches of Karres by Schmitz
The Fan Who Upset the Universe by Asimov
The Toads Must Roll by Heinlein
The Goy Who Bought Old Earth by Cordwainer Smith

A POSTULATION ON THE NATURE OF THRUSH

22

by Ted Johnstone

What I am about to present is by no means any part of recognized official doctrine. It's simply an intriguing concept which Don Simpson came up with a while ago, and which is outré enough to open vast areas of speculation as well as adding new levels of interpretation to the material that has already been written within the mythos surrounding U.N.C.L.E.

It will almost certainly never see publication with an official imprint, partly because M-G-M (who owns U.N.C.L.E. lock, stock and silencer) would never permit such a departure, and partly because the terrifying ramifications of the postulation could inspire riots and worse among that portion of the public devoted to the endless battle against evil, whether in person or vicariously.

First, in case anyone has been sealed in a barrel for the last four years, Thrush is presented as a vast superscientific criminal conspiracy bent on taking over the world. The name is an acronym for the Technological Hierarchy for the Removal of Undesirables and the Subjugation of Humanity. It has been opposed steadfastly by U.N.C.L.E. the United Network Command for Law and Enforcement.

The organizational chart for Thrush is quite simple. At the top is the Supreme Council with twelve members. A nominal thirteenth member with effectively 45% of the voting stock, is the Ultimate Computer. Responsible directly to the Computer and the Council are several thousand Satraps all over the world, in constant communication through time-sharing satellite computers. The Satrapies are as small as a single man in a shop in Hobart, Tasmania, and as large as a couple of recently founded African nations.

The satraps run essentially self-supporting operations of any kind, which accept help from Thrush and in turn are subject to its orders at all times. Most of the Satrapies are involved in things like scientific research and development, international transport, communications and similar useful fields, and a certain part of their annual product and profit goes secretly to Thrush.

U.N.C.L.E. is not connected with the United Nations, but is supported semi-officially by every country except Red China and Albania. While it exists to keep international crime of all sorts under control, working independently of political boundaries and occasionally of local law enforcement agencies, its primary enemy is Thrush. Despite the fundamental enmity between them, they have cooperated briefly once or twice in the past, and generally refrain from overt full-scale attack.

And thus to the point of this article. It has been postulated that there are actually three levels to Thrush. The lowest level is the only part that is called Thrush; this is the part with which we are all familiar, the part which runs around shooting at people, hijacking small countries, and generally making a nuisance of itself.

The highest level is extremely secret, its existence utterly unsuspected by any save the fifty men who comprise its membership. It

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has no name, no formal organization, and no specific rules. The men who make up this top level are among the richest and most powerful men in the world, and all are equal within their circle. I don't know who would be in this group, but I shouldn't be surprised to find it included J. Paul Getty, Aristotle Onassis and Nubar Gulbenkian, as well as many men no one has ever heard of. It is, needless to say, utterly supranational.

The middle level is U.N.C.L.E. It exists mainly to weed out the incompetents from the lower level. Those who rise far enough within Thrush and who exhibit the other necessary qualities eventually find themselves part of this higher group. This is certainly not to say that U.N.C.L.E. is aware of its true position. The top one or two men might know, but it should be quite possible for them to be kept in ignorance of the real situation.

It is also not to say that the purpose of these fifty men is evil. (Neither, by the way, are there necessarily fifty of them; there have been as few as thirty and as many as sixty-five.) They have definite reasons for wanting international crime kept down, and not entirely selfish reasons at that. Except for the insanities of national governments, they effectively control as much of the world as they want. If they decided they needed commercial space travel within five years, they could get it—but oceanography offers a more practically developable frontier. And of course their reasons for preferring to keep their control covert should be obvious.

The problems of a group or any entity that has no name at all are also worth contemplation. The human mind's need for identifying labels has been the subject of many learned papers. Any group, any clique, formal or informal, will either name itself or be named by those dealing with it. One specific historical example: a criminal organization, which started without a name and tried to avoid one, became known casually and then formally among its members as "Our Thing." In Italian, that's Cosa Nostra.

There is some reason to think that these fifty men may not even be consciously aware that they are an organized conspiracy. They would know about U.N.C.L.E. and Thrush, supporting and observing the operations of both, and occasionally making themselves known to certain individuals who seemed worthy of their acquaintance, individuals who were already wealthy and powerful. (See assorted texts on Subconscious Goal-Directed Behavior.)

Basically, it is another variation on the increasingly popular theme of paranoia, with the traditional cartel of international bankers. If we ever unmasked them all, I know Oliver Warbucks would be there, and possibly even Scrooge McDuck.

* * * * *

Suggested Ace Doubles

The Castle of Iron - The Caves of Steel
Journey Beyond Tomorrow - Turn Left at Thursday
The Ultimate Weapon - The Big Ball of Wax
The Variable Man - Rogue Queen
Visit to a Small Planet - Address: Centauri
Night of light - Gather, Darkness

SCIENCE FICTION PRIMER

for beginning readers

M IS FOR MUTANT

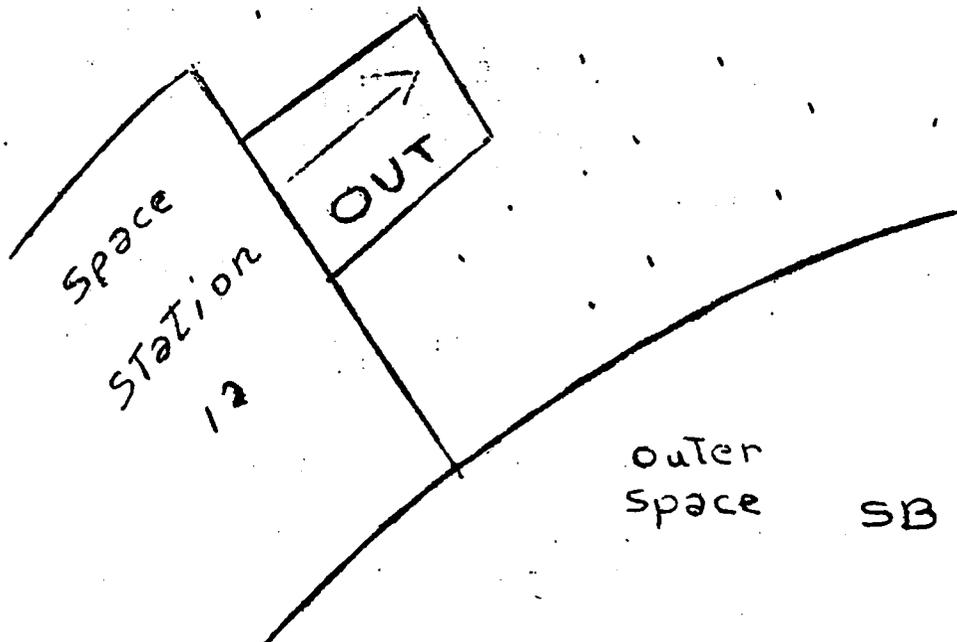
A mutant is a BEM whose parents were human. Mutants usually live (1) on Earth after World War III, (2) on slower than light star ships on the slum decks, and (3) on Jupiter. Some mutants got mutated accidentally—usually by strange atomic radiations. Others got mutated on purpose—usually by strange atomic radiations. The 3rd Foundation is currently conducting a study on which group of mutants tends to be more psychologically stable. Results will be published as soon as they are available.

N IS FOR NEBULA

A nebula is a mutated hugo.

O IS FOR OUTER SPACE

Outer space is what is outside the Earth's atmosphere. The Earth's atmosphere doesn't really stop anywhere, however. We just pretend that it does. And so there's only one way for a traveller to really know when he's entering Outer Space....



by Sybly Whyte

Just the Facts:

1. Gharlane of Eddore is alive—and on Nergal.
2. Zilch of Nergal—Gharlane's current Second-in-Command—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, read the records left by Kit Kinnison on Arisia, killed Zagan, ex-dictator of Nergal and read his mind. Afterwards DQ went to Tellus, took over the Wallis-Briggs combine and promised Briggs to make him puppet dictator of Tellus in less than a week.
4. Surgat of Floor, ally of Gharlane and head of the remnants of Boskone, has ordered the Thrallian Empire to return to its allegiance to Boskone or face destruction at the end of a week.
5. Pluto has been kidnapped. Its inhabitants are being held for ransom—at the rate of 1 Lensman/2,000 Plutonians. Kit Kinnison has gone as the first volunteer ransomer in the hope of personally investigating the resurgent Boskone.

If you want the story behind the facts, get hold of the Third Foundation, issues #77 through #81. (See our first page for our address to request back copies.) If you want to find out what happens next, just keep on reading.

Chapter 8. Journey's End

From the control room of his ship, hidden on the back side of the Moon, Dr. Marc C. Duquesne watched with grim satisfaction the evacuation and dismantling of the Galactic Patrol's Prime Base on Tellus. His plans for panicking Tellus into withdrawing from the ranks of Civilization had worked to perfection. It was true that the ousted Patrol was not retreating very far—only to Mars. But that, Duquesne reflected, would hardly make much difference in the long run.

Already he had succeeded in becoming master of Tellus by taking over the powerful political and economic combine set up by Jake Briggs, Chairman of the Board for Universal Telenews, covert owner of Central Spaceways and heir to the fabulous fortune of Tellurian billionaire Alexander Edmundson. Even now, ten of Central Spaceways' precision manufacturing plants were retooling, and would soon begin turning out simplified projectors at the rate of over five hundred a day.

Nor was there any danger that the Patrol or Boskone might spy on those plants and learn the secret of the projector. For they were protected by special mind screens—screens that Duquesne was confident would withstand the probing of even a third stage mentality. In his own plenum they had been found proof against the prying of even more powerful minds, those of the Intellectuals of Marghol.

At that thought, Duquesne's countenance lost for a moment its look of sardonic satisfaction. He was remembering the time when he had been one of that group of pure intellectuals—a bodiless, intelligence, immaterial and immortal, capable of creating and manipulating matter at will, destroyable only by contact with sixth-order screens.

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He had experienced that state of existence, however, for only a few short minutes after a cloud of hydrogen gas had destroyed the capsule in which his arch-foe Richard Seaton had imprisoned him along with the Margholians. Almost immediately after the Intellectuals had thus regained their freedom, the chief of the Margholians had ejected Duquesne from the group, deciding that his excessive concern for such a trivial matter as that of revenge against Seaton showed that he was not sufficiently advanced to become a worthy member of the group.

"You have failed," the Margholian had told him, "and I now know that no member of your race can ever become a true scholar. You must be rematerialized. Furthermore, since you should have the same chance as before of living out your normal life in a normal fashion, I will construct for you a vessel that will be the replica of your former one, except that it will have a sixth-order drive, so that you can return to your home galaxy in comparatively few of your days." And even as the entity finished speaking, it had been done. And Duquesne had found himself once more embodied, seated before what appeared to be the familiar control board of his former ship.

Duquesne's first thought had been to recapture the ideal state of existence that he had just lost. He had known, of course, that the power of his re-created ship was in no way superior to that of Seaton's Skylark. And he was equally aware that his previous discorporation had been accomplished not by Seaton but by the Margholians. Nevertheless he had believed that he possessed one advantage Seaton lacked: he knew the properties of being a pure intellectual from personal experience, not merely from theoretical speculation.

It had taken Duquesne nearly twenty hours of concentrated work to investigate his new ship thoroughly enough to determine how its present functions might be modified to produce the results he desired. It had then been the work of only a few minutes to program the computer to produce the intricate pattern of fifth and sixth-order forces that he had finally decided would do the trick. Then Duquesne had dropped his hands from the control board and immersed himself in thought, concentrating on his desire to regain the state of disembodied intelligence he had so briefly known.

The attempt had not been altogether successful. Duquesne's conscious personality had indeed succeeded in projecting itself free from his body. His body, however, had not, as previously, disappear. Instead, it remained seated before the control board and—without the stimulus of the scientist's driving intelligence—promptly fell sound asleep.

Duquesne had spent the next few hours investigating his new state of existence. He had soon discovered that he was, at least temporarily, unable to create and manipulate matter with the same ease as had the millenia-old Margholians. He also found that it was almost impossible for him to annihilate one milligram of matter, let alone destroy any larger mass. Duquesne accepted these changes as a true scientist, without anger or bafflement at the occurrence of the unexpected.

His first surprise had come when his body awoke once more...and he had found himself receiving its thoughts—its craving for food and rest. He had listened with detached curiosity as the body used a thought-helmet to create a dinner, ate it ravenously, and then went to bed and slept once more.

By that time, Duquesne had succeeded in fully analyzing the 27
strange situation in which he now found himself. He had indeed
succeeded in becoming a free mind once again. The essence of his
conscious personality had been fully set free from his body. That
body had, however, somehow managed to survive the discorporation
process completely. Its heart still beat. Its glands still func-
tioned. Its brain cells still remembered all that he had ever
learned. And some of his personality undoubtedly still remained
within it, remnants not of his conscious mind but of his unconscious,
his libido.

It should be quite interesting, Duquesne thought, to observe the
extent to which his original personality would regenerate itself on
the basis of his brain's retained memories and synapses. The fact
that the link between himself and his—call it his doppelganger—was
so close that he involuntarily received the other's thoughts would
make observation of the process quite simple. Once he had determined
what to do about the doppelganger, he could then return to his
primary objective: the destruction of Richard Seaton.

For the next few months Duquesne observed the thoughts and actions of his former body. What surprised him most
was that nobody else seemed to notice the difference in "his" behav-
ior, not even the closest of his Tellurian acquaintances, Doctor
Stephanie de Marigny.

The growth in egoism was, thought Duquesne, particularly obvious.
He himself had never particularly cared about naming things. His
Osnomian spaceship, for instance, would have remained anonymous if
his henchman hadn't decided to name it the "Violet" or the ironical
grounds that the battleship was such "sweet, harmless little thing."
In contrast, one of his doppelganger's first actions had been to
christen his new ship—and in honor of himself,—the Capital D.

Now was that the only sign that a different personality was now
inhabiting his body. The increasing influence of the sexual drive in
the other's psyche was equally obvious.

Despite these indications that his body's new personality dif-
fered greatly from his own in its desires and framework of values,
Duquesne was inexpressibly surprised and—for perhaps the first time
in his adult life—actually shocked, when he became aware that his
doppelganger was planning to go back on his word, to break his truce
with Seaton.

Duquesne thus found himself faced with an agonizing dilemma. He
was apparently inextricably tied to his doppelganger, bound to receive
its thoughts as long as it remained alive, caught in a rapport with a
debased mockery of himself that might continue for over half a century.
He knew that long before that even his iron will would break—and he
would either find his own personality subtly degenerating to reflect
his doppelganger's—or else go completely mad.

Worse still, he could not destroy his former body and thus put
an end to the slow torture. He could not get past the Capital D's
sixth-order screens, and there was no reason for his doppelganger to
ever venture outside them. If the other wished to leave the ship, he
could always do so in perfect safety by means of the projector.

No, the only practical solution, Duquesne reluctantly decided, was to somehow put so much distance between himself and his doppelganger that the rapport would be broken. But how was he to do it? One thousand galaxies away, the other's thoughts still came in clearly, without seeming to have been in any way affected by the intervening distance. Mere remoteness within the three-dimensional continuum was evidently not enough. He would have to find some more radical means of separation.

The device that seemed likeliest to turn the trick was one that he himself had never used before, but that his doppelganger had recently acquired—the quad, a mechanical teleporter invented by the Jelmi. Duquesne had intently observed the results of his doppelganger's experiments with the machine. Now he created a quad for himself, building it out of the countless free photons floating about him. By varying a number of parameter settings, he found that the quad could be set to transport an object not merely from one place to another but also from one plenum to another. He had perfected a means of inter-plenum travel.

Carefully he scanned the plena, searching for an inhabited galaxy in which neither he nor Seaton had any analogues. Then he painstakingly created a ship for himself, a virtual duplicate of Seaton's powerful Skylark of Valeron. His last step was to create a new Duquesne body, place it inside the ship, and enter it. He would have to make the inter-plenum transfer in a corporate state; the quad's power was unfortunately limited to handling material objects.

Duquesne's one regret was that he was leaving Seaton behind unattended to. But he was comforted by the thought that even if he himself did not return to his native plenum for a century or so, he could still take care of his enemy by proxy. Once he had established himself as a galactic overlord in the new plenum, it would be relatively simple to send back a party of killers with instructions to locate and dispose of his long-time foe.

And so, Dr. Marc C. Duquesne had left his native plenum and entered a new one. That had been only eleven days ago. In that time, he had already made himself secret master of Tellus. Now, still driven by his unbounded desire for power, he found himself faced with two major competitors for the prize of bi-galactic rule—the Galactic Patrol, headed unofficially by the Children of the Lens—and the forces of Boskone, headed by Gharlane of Eddore. Each of these mighty powers controlled not less than ten million worlds. And yet Duquesne, master of merely one planet, dared to dream of conquering the Two Galaxies. And the means to do it would soon be his!

* * *

And meanwhile, while Duquesne luxuriated in thoughts of his future triumphs, a ship sped at an incredible velocity through a hyper-spatial tube, its pilot Zilch, Gharlane of Eddore's craft Second-in-Command, its cargo Kit Kinnison, eldest Child of the Lens, now a prisoner in the hands of Civilization's deadliest foes. And outside the hyper-spatial tube, Constance Kinnison tapped the tube's surface and followed its course, racing ahead of the Boskonian craft to the tube's point of origin, the far off planet of Nergal.

"I'm going to go in as the first "ransomer," Kit had told her two days before. "There's no other way to get a quick line on their location....Con, tap the tube when and if it forms and follow it. Don't worry about me; I can take care of myself. But find out where that tube goes."

She had not disputed his assurance that he would be safe. Kit had plenty of jets. He could take anything those Boskonian apes dished out and come back for more. If he couldn't get the job done, Constance had thought, then nobody would.

* * *

Meanwhile, aboard the Nergalian vessel, Kit Kinnison was beginning to resign himself to the prospect of utter, total, defeat.

At first all had gone routinely. The hyper-spatial tube had appeared just as he had expected, and he had been immediately pulled aboard by tractor beams into the ship waiting inside. His captors had then immobilized him with a tractor zone, stripped him of the armored spacesuit he had been wearing as protection against the bitter sub-zero climate of Lyrane IX, and methodically frisked him for concealed weapons.

His first sign that he was up against more than he had bargained for came when, after allowing himself to be rendered apparently helpless, he had attempted to take over the mind of one of his captors, driving a solid beam of thought along a channel perceivable only by a third-grade mentality. The result was starkly incredible. Nothing happened! The zwilnik was wearing a shield that solidly screened him from the bottom of the spectrum right to the very top.

"Feeling frustrated, Lensman," a voice asked, but did not wait for a reply. "You have volunteered to become a prisoner of war in order to ransom two thousand Plutonians. A noble deed. But first we must interview you to make sure that you are acting in good faith."

The speaker turned to the crewman operating the tractor zone and gave a series of curt instructions. A few seconds later Kit found himself being towed by the tractor zone out into and through the ship's winding corridors. Doors opened and closed behind him, until at last he was brought to an abrupt halt in what was evidently the ship's control room. In it there were two beings. One sat with his back to Kit, intent on the ship's control panel, obviously the pilot. It was the other being on whom Kit's attention was immediately focused.

For standing impassively in the middle of the room was a gray man. Not only was he dressed entirely in gray, but his hair was gray, his eyes were gray, and even his skin seemed to look as if it too were inherently gray but had somehow been dyed to its present shade of tan. To Kit, it seemed that he was looking at an obscene burlesque of a Gray Lensman.

"Lensman Christopher Kinnison," the being spoke quietly but crisply. "You have no idea how much satisfaction it gives me to meet with you under these circumstances."

"But first, let me introduce myself so that you too can appreciate the significance of this meeting. I have been known to your

people by many names...Sullá, Marius, Mithradates, Nero...Roger... Fossten....

"I am Gharlane of Eddore."

"But...the Arisians said you were dead. How—"

"We have less than an hour until the ship reaches its destination. I have no intention in wasting that time in explaining my existence to a mentality that will soon cease to exist itself."

And with that Gharlane attacked. Crescendoing waves of mental force beat agonizingly against Kit's mind shield. The young Lensman valiantly defended himself against the mounting fury of the Eddorian's onslaught, but he soon realized that he was ultimately doomed to lose the contest. And yet, though he felt despair in every atom of his being, Kit doggedly hung on, the Lens on his brawny forearm blazing ever brighter and brighter as he drew on it for more and more energy.

But finally, despite all Kit's efforts, the titanic battle of minds drew towards its inevitable end, and Kit's mind shield gave way before the irresistible force of Gharlane's attack. With a feeling of utter horror in every fiber of his being, Kit felt the Eddorian gradually take over his mind.

And now, on the helpless mind before him, Gharlane began to impose a set of commands. Kit was to return to Thrale, to board the Directrix --the mighty flagship of the Galactic Patrol's Grand Fleet-- and to destroy her.

With overwhelming anguish, Kit realized why Gharlane had chosen not to kill him. He, Child of the Lens, had now become merely a tool of the Eddorian. The Guardian of Civilization would become its involuntary destroyer.

Then Kit felt his anguish cease. For now Gharlane began to impress a series of false memories on the young Lensman's unresisting mind.

And when the Nergalian ship emerged from the hyper-spatial tube, Kit's face was glowing with triumph. Vividly he now recalled how he had singlehandedly captured the spaceship, probed the mind of its captain and found a vital clue to the whereabouts of Surgat, head of the resurgent Boskonian Empire. With a high heart, he donned again his space suit, lensed his sister Constance to pick him up, left the Boskonian vessel, matched velocities with Constance's ship, and entered it.

Constance immediately spun her speedster around end for end, then set the tiny craft to drive forward at its greatest possible speed. Then she got up from the control chair and ran to her brother's arms. "Oh, Kit. It's so good to see you again."

He held her tightly in his arms, kissed her tenderly, then said, "It's good to see you again too, Con. For a while there, I was scared that I might not be able to do it again; some of these apes were pretty tough monkeys. But it all came out all right after all.... Or did it?"

"I don't understand what you mean, Kit." Her golden-flecked tawny eyes stared up at him puzzledly.

"Neither do I." He released her, then said, "Leave me alone for a few minutes, Con. I've got some hard thinking to do."

Painstakingly, Kit forced himself to review his recent memories, subjecting each to an excruciatingly minute scrutiny. Finally he came to the soul-stunning conclusion that his memories had somehow been tampered with. Buy why? And what in truth had happened to him within that hyper-spatial tube?

In that moment of trial, the true strength of Christopher Kinnison's personality fully showed itself. He fought doggedly against the conditioned memories, fought his way to the truth--and won. And knew himself in that moment of victory to be still bound by the commands of Gharlane of Eddore!

And in that moment of mingled triumph and defeat, Kit knew that there was only one way in which he could defeat the Eddorian's plans, one way in which he could prevent himself from destroying the Directrix and thus dooming the forces of Civilization to utter defeat. And he shuddered inwardly at the thought of what he must soon do.

"Con," Kit said quietly, "things didn't go well back there. Not at all. They got me--conditioned me to destroy the Directrix. And I have to do it. I can't stop myself as long as I live. And you can't stop me. If you tried, I'd...have to destroy you."

"Kit, I still don't understand. Who could lay a compulsion that strong on you, a Third Stage Lensman?"

"An Eddorian could--and did. Gharlane is still alive. There's only one way out. I've got to kill myself." She protested futilely. "I've got to," he repeated. "There's no other way. Con, if you love me,...give me your De Lameter."

The girl looked at him levelly for several moments, gold-flecked tawny eyes staring steadily into gold-flecked tawny eyes. "GX, Kit," she said at last, "but first, please, kiss me good-by."

He nodded, then slowly drew her to him again and kissed her tenderly. "Con," he murmured brokenly, "I think I realize now for the first time what Mentor meant when he said that some day we'd find life-maters who'd be our equals. Oh, Con, to have to lose you now, all four of you....If only there were some other way...." He fell silent, then continued in a changed voice, "I can't keep fighting against these compulsions much longer. Give me the DeLameter, Con."

Silently she handed him the blaster, then turned away from him and walked slowly back to the control chair. For the rest of the trip she kept her attention rigidly focused on the viewscreen before her. Finally the tiny speedster reached its journey's end, the spaceport of Thrale. Then at last Constance Kinnison, Child of the Lens, got up from the control chair and left the room, expressionlessly filing her way past the remains of what had once been her beloved brother.

to be concluded in our next issue

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

last lines

1. --And the beginning of infinity.
2. Got any dragons you need killed?
3. He would not witness but he would aid in the formation of the planets.
4. Homo in Excelsis!
5. Darkness would not fall.

first lines

6. "Stop, youth!"
7. "Swift death awaits the first cow that leads a revolt against milking," mused Professor Feder Bjornsen.
8. It was a pleasure to burn.
9. If a man walks in dressed like a hick and acting as if he owned the place, he's a spaceman.
10. The idiot lived in a black and gray world, punctuated by the white lightning of hunger and the flickering of fear.

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Answers to Last Issue's Quiz

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Clarke, The City and the Stars | 6. Sturgeon, Synthetic Man (The Dreaming Jewels) |
| 2. Asimov, End of Eternity | 7. Anderson, Three Hearts & Three Lions |
| 3. Brown, Rogue in Space | 8. Merritt, Moon Pool |
| 4. Heinlein, Double Star | |
| 5. DeCamp, Lest Darkness Fall | |
| 9. Norman Taylor (typoed as Taylow) - Leiber, Conjure Wife | |
| 10. Heinlein, Starship Troopers | |

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Eavesdropping

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

collected by Sandy Cohen

"Absolutely not. The Atlas dynamic tension system makes muscles grow FAST!"

"We are selecting the best; don't make value judgments."

"Compared to the Lensman series there is a lot of sex. Therefore, go out and read this dirty book."

"I wouldn't buy a book from you if you paid me."

"You don't know what you're talking about, so why don't you shut up."
"But that doesn't stop Ronald Reagan."

