

✧ The Third Foundation ✧



GWM

✧ Year-ish
No 80

in this issue

a new story by

R. A. LAFFERTY

and

1968 calendar

with Play-Thing
of the Year

THE THIRD FOUNDATION
ad astra per cogitationem

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Eddorian out of Exile.....Sandy Cohen

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

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For subscriptions, club memberships, or general information
write to

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

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.

LETTERCOL

Dear Sirs:

Quite a few of my many friends have accused me of selfishness in restricting my many talents and their use to the narrow purposes of my own enjoyment. At last, after many pleas, I have decided to make the ultimate gesture, the final sacrifice. I, with the sincere humility of which only the great are capable, am offering myself as a presidential candidate in the next general elections.

Some few may wish to quibble over some minor matters such as the fact that my age is somewhat below the minimum. A few might bring in my past history of insanity, drug addiction, and general sexual perversion. To these detractors I say such minor facts are unimportant. The program I endorse is of such great importance that one is forced to overlook such trivialities. One must look beyond the man to his cause.

History is largely a compilation of dislocations in the social matrix, or in Gandhi's words, of war. These dislocations commonly occur at times of extreme social evolution. It is to the next great stage in human evolution, and the problems therein, that I address myself. It is the problem of the cyborg that must be solved, the mating of man and machine such that the whole is far, far greater than the sum of its parts.

Sincerely
Your next President,

John T. Bowman

PS A \$100.00 a plate fund raising dinner will be held in the Seattle Hilton next week.

(The Third Foundation has not given its endorsement to Mr. Bowman or to any of the other candidates for president. We are at the present a non-partisan organization and do not anticipate taking any overt action in the political sphere until the next Seldon crisis.--Ed.)

CHESTNUTS

with apologies to Mr. Schultz

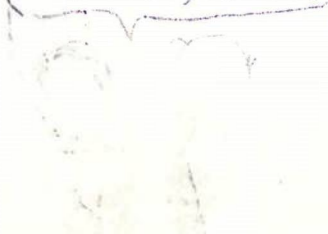
WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING, LINUS?

I'M BUILDING A TIME MACHINE FOR CHARLIE BROWN.

FOR GOODNESS SAKE, WHY?

LINUS

OH!



(paid political announcement)

Bowman for President

F O R A

JOY

I feel it necessary to give you, my supporters, a thorough background in the campaign that will win us the Presidential Election. As in anything the ideology must precede the program, lest chaos reign.

That history can be manipulated is a fundamental assumption of both Marx and his followers, and the present day social scientists. One might be tempted to exclude the latter group in that their goals include only contemporary society. However, plainly the manipulation of society produces a history different from what would have been, and therefore manipulates history.

From the above, it follows that a large segment of mankind considers the manipulation of man as an acceptable belief. The analogy that can be drawn between medical practitioners, who manipulate the individual, and the above, who manipulate society, makes things perfectly clear.

With the continual growth in complexity obvious in society, it is clear that man in his present form will soon be unable to cope. If this is to be prevented, man must be made the equal of his society. Either one produces a superior man, or an inferior society. Societies do not stagnate; they progress or they retrogress. The latter alternative is the alternative of doom.

Man can be made the equal of his society, but the technology required must be forged and nurtured by political means. It is to the construction of the proper social environment and the salvation of mankind that I and my followers dedicate ourselves.

Details of the program will be released shortly.

GOP nominee	
Dem nominee	
John Bowman	X

SCIENCE FICTION PRIMER

for beginning readers

G IS FOR GROK

According to Valentine Michael Smith, grok means water. It also means love, hate, know, understand, dig, and relate to. Grok would be a very useful word if we knew what it meant. Unfortunately no one--with the possible exception of Valentine Michael Smith's biographer--really groks grok.

H IS FOR HYPERSPATIAL DRIVE

A hyperspatial drive is something that propels a spaceship 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 known 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. There is only one drawback to a hyperspatial drive. This drawback is that, as far as we now know, hyperspace is completely nonexistent.

I IS FOR INCUBUS

An incubus is a playboy demon. According to the Random House College Dictionary, an incubus spends his time descending upon sleeping persons. Actually incubi invariably restrict themselves to descending upon sleeping women, leaving the sleeping men to the succubae. (The question of who runs after the homosexuals has never been satisfactorily dealt with.) If you yield to the temptation of an incubus, you will probably be damned to eternal punishment. But at least you'll have had one hell of a good time first.



Mr. R. A. Lafferty is a noted pro writer (see Reviewpoint, The Third Foundation #79). This story of his has never been previously printed. In the letter accompanying it, Mr. Lafferty suggested that some of our readers "might want to add specifics to Maybe Jones' City."

MAYBE JONES AND THE CITY

by

R. A. LAFFERTY

Listen, you high-old-time people, make your wants known now. They're building the place, and they'll put in anything you suggest. Funds are available. Lots of the peace-and-benevolence folks have made perpetual donations for those persons less fortunate in their aspirations than themselves. Less fortunate than--from where we stand, that's a joke, isn't it?

There is time, but barely. Tell them what you want them to put in. Act now!

His name was Midas Jones. His father had named him that and given him the touch. But somehow the name had changed, and it was as Maybe Jones that he was known on the spaceways.

Once Maybe Jones had found the Perfect Place. He had left it, and he was never able to find it again.

He had visited it, one space city out of a million, for a day and a night long ago. He had gone from the Perfect Place to New Shanghai to arrange his affairs so that he might return to the Perfect Place forever. On New Shanghai, in an altercation that really amounted to nothing, Maybe Jones had suffered a broken head and had lost a piece of his memory. The head mended in time and most of the memory came back; but the recollection of the name and bearings of the Perfect Place did not return.

"With your money and your predilections, you could have fun anywhere, Maybe," his friends told him.

"I could and I do," Maybe said, "but it isn't the same thing. It all turns bitter when I can't recover the City itself."

"Was it really perfect, Maybe?"

"Perfect. And I don't mean the weak things that others mean by the word. It was perfection at high speed. I know that there are other sorts of people in the universes. They would say that it was no more than an old-time Saturday night town. They would call it a stinking row. It wasn't. Aromatic, maybe, but not stinking. For a high-flying low-lifer like me it was perfect."

"How were the girls there, Maybe?" asked Susie-Q.

"You might get on there, Sue, though barely, as the last girl in the last bang-house in town. And you're the prettiest trick on Sad-Dog planet."

"How come you didn't run out of money, Maybe, with all those girls around?" Live-Man Lutz asked him.

"Nobody ever ran out of money there. I'd think my old wallet would be flat, and I'd pull it out and it'd be fatter than ever. Look, it wasn't just the girls and the drinks and the music; it was everything. There were friends there, each of them a thousand friends in one. There were fellows you had known forever the first time you saw them, and every one of them a prince. There was talk there that'd never grow old. There's a pretty good bunch of liars in present company, but you're nothing to the high liars and tall talkers in the Perfect Place. Every pleasure of flesh and spirit was available, and it didn't get old. There was no frustration or spoiling or guilt. At night they took the sky off just to give it more height."

"Where is this Perfect Place, Maybe? How does one get there?"

At that question Maybe Jones always broke down and cried. He didn't know where the place was, nor its name nor its direction, nor any way to identify it. He looked for it forever, and he and it became legends.

For twenty years he had been going about the universes asking for it. He followed every lead, and con-men often sold him false information about it.

"Take a galactic left down Pirates' Alley for six parsecs," they might tell him. "Cross the Bright Ocean. Take the Irish Channel where it opens up at nine o'clock. It's marked for the first four light years of it. When you come at a distract known as Dobie's Hole, ask directions at any planet or asteroid. You will be quite near the Perfect Place."

Some of the planets in Dobie's Hole were pretty live places. You could find girls there like Susie-Q, and cronies like Live-Man Lutz. It was near perfect in some of those sinks, so the misunderstanding was understandable. But none of them were the Perfect Place.

One day a simple announcement was made through the universes: from then on, nobody had to die. Mortality was found to be a simple disease, and it had yielded to simple specifics.

Nobody paid much attention to the announcement. "I never could see the sense of dying," some of them said. "I never much intended to die anyhow." "It was just one of those things that everybody did. Now they don't." "It doesn't make any difference to me. I'd as soon keep on living as not."

A number of bureaus were set up to look into the implications. There were a thousand of them for the countless thousands of good people who would want to follow the right way when it was shown to them, and to do something good with their endless future.

And there was a small bureau set up for that small group of folks who may perhaps have slight flaws in their characters--the golden flaw, as Maybe Jones once called it. This was to plan the future for the good-time crowd who could not be reformed into the sanctioned mold.

It had a small staff at first: High-Life Higgins, Good-Time Charley Wu, Hilda the Hoop, people like that. That had only a vague idea of what was wanted. They sifted the legends of the pleasure places: Fiddlers' Green, Maybe Jones' City, Barbary, Valhalla on the Rocks.

"If we could only resurrect the men who first had these visions, we'd have a starting place," said High-Life. "We've a dozen projects going, but none of them has the touch of a master. Could we find any of these great dreamers--"

"But Maybe Jones is still alive," said Hilda. "They say he still travels trying to find his place again."

"Great green gophers! Send for him!" howled Good-Time Charley Wu. "It's originals like him that we want."

Word came to Maybe Jones on a distant planet that a group of people had some knowledge of the Perfect Place, and that they wanted to pool their knowledge with his.

Maybe burned up very light itself getting to them. This was it!

The Planning City had grown into a vast complex of buildings. Maybe Jones passed the very large building that housed the Bureau of Wonderful Islands. Over its doorway was the motto "Adagios of Islands, O my Prodigal" from Crane.

"Not quite what I had in mind," said Maybe Jones.

He passed the large building that housed the Bureau of Wonderful Fields. Over its doorway was the motto "If I was thirsty, I have heard a spring--If I was dusty, I have found a field," from Belloc.

"The fields are always too far from town," said Maybe.

Then, right across the street, he saw it, the small building that housed the Bureau of Wonderful Cities. And over its doorway was a verse from the immortal Hiram Glotz:

"Let sheep lie down in grass! I'll toe the rail!
I've got a thirst that ain't for Adam's ale!
I'll trade your fields of green for bistros brown
Where 'Dusty' is a red-haired girl in Town."

"Now that is a little bit more like it," said Maybe Jones. He went in and boldly announced himself, and they fell all over his neck.

"The pitch is this," said High-Life Higgins, after they had eaten and drunk and made cheer to excess. "We have now arrived at the three ultimates: Immortality, Heaven, Hell. We have just achieved the first of them. Now we are setting up projects to construct the other two, on the premise that one man's Heaven is another man's Hell. We must build final enclaves for people of every choice. We cannot sit idly by and ask what we would do with the after-life. This is the after-life. It became so as soon as immortality was achieved."

"Will you build my Perfect Place?" asked Maybe with hope.

"Sure. And ideas like yours are what this bureau needs. You wouldn't believe what some of the other bureaus have to work on. They get the arty ducks and the philosophy buffs and the peace and benevolence beats. Why, you get on jags like that and you'll be tired of them in a thousand years or less. How are they going to stand up through eternity? The Green Fields might do, for the green among us. The Islands might do, for those of insular mind and soul. But our own small bureau caters to the high-old-time, rather than the peace-eternal, crowd. We believe here (we know we are not the majority, but there has to be something for everyone) that the rooting old good time town and the crowd that goes with it can stand up to the long-time gaff as well as anything. Would you like to see some of the work we have been doing?"

"I surely would," said Maybe. "It might strike me as a little amateurish, but I'm sure it's in the right line."

"By our total recall methods we are able to reconstruct the Seven Sin Cities of History, Jones. They are the folk dreams that have also been raucous facts. The selection is one-sided, being out of the context of the old Western Civilization from which most of us descend. But they were such a hopping bunch of towns that (under the old recension) they had to be destroyed, by blast-from-Heaven, lava-flow, earthquake, sinking-in-the-sea, cow-fire, earthquake again, and fire, hurricane and tidal wave. They were too hot to last."

"Here is Sodom. Now take a close-up of its old Sidden Square District where they had such a noisy go of it before it was wiped out. Go down and sample it."

Maybe Jones sampled old Sodom. He was back in about an hour.

"It's about as good as you could expect from that time," he said. "The drinks were too sweet and sticky. So were the girls. The music only fair. How do you tune a ram's horn anyhow? But, man, it won't stack up with the Perfect Place at all."

"Try Pompeii," said Good-Time Charley Wu. "We'll set you down on the corner of Cardo and Decumanus streets. That was the first red light district to be so lighted and so named. Don't cut it too close. Watch out for the hot lava when you leave."

Maybe Jones was back from Pompeii in half an hour.

"It's strictly Little Italy and Little Egypt stuff," he told them, but he was smiling. "It's all right for a gag. It's fun. But it isn't on the same side of the street with the Perfect Place."

"Try Lisbon," said Hilda. "It's sort of a test. In its own century Lisbon was spiritually of the West Coast of Africa though geographically of Europe. Don't fall in the harbor going in, and watch the earthquake coming out."

Maybe Jones was in old Lisbon for two hours. He liked it.

"Man, man!" he said. "It's on a tangent and not the true line, of course. But were I now committed to the Perfect Place—man!"

"Here's Port Royal before it was sunk in the sea," said High-Life. "Some like it. Some don't."

Maybe was out of Port Royal in half an hour.

"It's all there," he said, "but they forgot to cook it. They even forgot to take the hide off it. People, a place has to have the illusion of smoothness—that's part of the game. No, Port Royal is strictly a short-haul place."

"Have a go at Chicago before the fire," said Good-Time Charley Wu. "It had its followers."

Maybe was back from Old Chicago in fifteen minutes.

"Are you kidding?" he said. "We were speaking of cities, and you give me a country town. Size isn't the test. Oh, it's all right for boys, but who's going to be a boy for eternity?"

"Two to go," said Hilda. "Try San Francisco before the quake and the fire."

So Maybe tried it. He was smiling when he came back.

"It dates, it dates," he told them. "For amateur theatricals, yes. For eternity, no."

"One more," said High-Life. "Here is Galveston just before the Hurricane and Tidal Wave of 1900. Try Old Tremont downtown where it crosses Post Office Street."

Maybe Jones went down in Old Galveston and didn't come back. They sent for him and couldn't find him. He was gone all night. He came back the middle of next morning, looped to the ports and walking with a seaman's roll.

"It's put me in the mood," he cried. "I'm ready to go to work. Hey, that place has a touch of the eternal! I found a way to tune it and visited Galveston in earlier and later years. Picked up an interesting piece of history too. You know, they never did bury any of the dead people after the hurricanes and tidal waves: —just ground them up and sold them for crab-meat sandwiches. Well, let's go to work. It's brought the Perfect Place back clear in my mind, and I'm ready to get with it."

"Jones, this is the Empyrean—the eternal fire-stuff—that we hold in our hands," High Life said. "I know that these reconstructed legend cities leave a lot out, but men like you will help us put it in."

"Before I start, can we fix it so a man can get higher and higher and never have to come down?" Maybe wanted to know.

"Yes, we can," Good-Time Charley said. "The hangover, whether physical or spiritual, was a death in miniature. We have whipped it, as we have whipped death itself. We have a free hand here."

"There's got to be a catch to it," said Maybe. "Heavens (or Hells, depending on the viewpoint) will be expensive."

"Long term funding is the answer," said Good-Time Charley. "The longest terms ever—forever. Put it all in. Set it all down, and we will make it that way."

"Man, man, man," said Maybe Jones. He sat down at a table and took a large square of paper. He titled it modestly:

"The Empyrean According to Maybe Jones."

He began to write the specifications, and they began to build the Perfect Place for people of a certain choice.

"That all the girls be built like clepsydras," he wrote, "you know, the ancient water clock—it's a more sophisticated shape than the hour-glass figure."

(Listen, this isn't a private place for Maybe Jones—it's for all high-flyers everywhere. There will be plenty of room and variety in it.)

"That all the bars be a mile, hell make it two miles, long," he wrote. "That there be high liars there who'll make Live-Man Lutz sound like a parson. That they take the sky off early in the morning so you can get high as you want all day long. That they have girls who'll make Little Midnight Mullins and Giggles McGuire and Belle Hellios and Susie- look like sheep dogs. That--"

Hey, get in on this if you're going to! They're building it now! If you are an arty duck or a philosophy buff or a peace and benevolence beat, then you can go to Hell--to your own appropriate bureau and be heard. But if you go for the high old time stuff, then make your wants known here.

If you are of the raffish elite and want to go where you can get higher and higher and never have to come down from it, if you want the good-time town and the crowd that goes with it for a long haul--and it's going to be a very long haul--then howl it out so they'll know that you're interested.

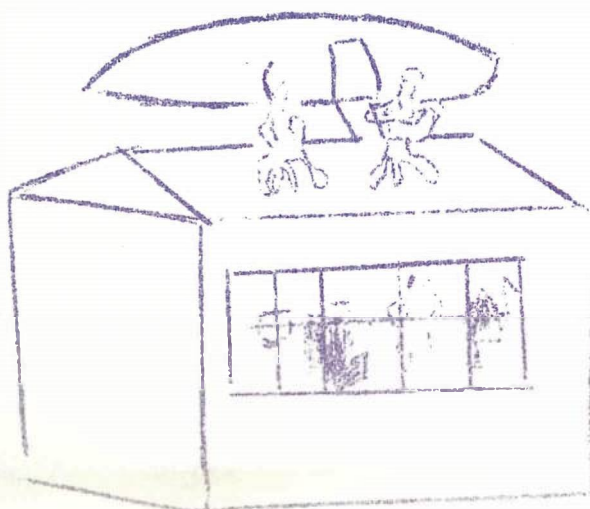
If you want anything at all added, tell them now, and they'll put it in.

Contact them by regular mail, or phone or voxo. Or tear out a sheet of this screed, scribble your wants in the margin, and drop it in any mail box. It will get there. The address is:

"Bureau of Wonderful Cities. Old Earth."

That's all you need, but get with it. They're building our place now.

END



I TELL YOU I HEAR
MOVES ON THE RAMP

The Spirit Killeth But The Letter Giveth Life

STAR TREK is once again on the verge of cancellation. For the benefit of our readers, and to help insure the show's survival, we are reprinting excerpts of a letter we just got from John and Bjo Trimble:

Cancellation of STAR TREK is a definite possibility, unless thousands of letters and petitions offset Star Trek's low Neilson ratings. Though unofficial polls in magazines have shown that public interest in STAR TREK is high, the networks tend to take Neilson as "gospel" unless fans show NBC with many letters that they want the show to stay on TV. Options are picked up around Jan-Feb, so this is not a project to put off until you can "get around to it." The plain facts of Hollywood are this: if a show looks unsteady, people must necessarily look around for other jobs. It is too easy for fans to sit back and enjoy the good old American tradition of letting The Other Guy do the work, and then griping about the way the job was fumbled. We will all deserve the fate of having nothing on TV but unfunny situation comedies, if through inaction we let STAR TREK die!

How to write effective letters

DON'T write Star Trek on the outside of the envelope. If you do, the letters will be sent unopened directly to the show and not be seen by NBC, to whom you are making your appeal. For the same reason, if you write "fan mail" to the show, don't put the actor's name on the envelope.

DO be sincere. If you don't buy a sponsor's product, just say something nice about their intelligence in sponsoring the show. If you do buy their produce, say so!

DON'T send form letters, but DO send carbons of letters to sponsors to NBC. DO circulate petitions to save STAR TREK and change the Friday night time slot to some more suitable night. DON'T say you're a group if you're not, but DO use club stationery or company letterheads whenever you can legitimately do so, especially for a petition.

Addresses

Mr. Julian Goodman, Pres.
National Broadcasting Co.
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, NY, 10026

Mr. Herbert Schlosser
NBC-TV
3000 W. Alameda Blvd.
Burbank, California

Mr. Mort Werner
NBC Television
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, NY, 10026

RCA
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, NY 10026

H.C. Peters & Co
2421 L. Washington St.
Indianapolis, Indiana
(RCA's ad agency)

AND local NBC TV stations
local TV columnists
national TV columnists
TV Guide

PARKINS' HOUSE

by

Stephen Goldin

If elections had not been only three weeks away, George Carter would never have even bothered to listen to the group. And if he had not happened to have a lunch date with his wife, he would never have agreed to get involved in something that was really none of his business.

"I'm leaving now, Miss Branton," he told his secretary. "If anyone calls, even if it's the mayor, you don't know where I can be reached until two o'clock."

"But sir," Miss Branton replied, "there's a group of people waiting in the outer office now, and they look awfully angry."

Carter looked at his watch. Twenty of twelve. "Better dust them off, Miss Branton. I have an appointment that can't wait."

"But —"

"No 'buts.' Keep in mind, Miss Branton, that the number one rule for success in this world is 'You can keep mistresses, clients, and even the Boss waiting, but never, under any circumstances, be late for your own wife.' That goes double in politics. Dust them."

"But they won't be dusted, sir. They say if they don't get to see you, they'll go to the mayor and use some of their pull."

"How many of them are there, and where are they from?"

"Sixteen, from Oak Hills precinct."

Damn, thought Carter, the Oak Hills bunch did have pull. And he needed that precinct badly at the polls. "Tell them I'll give them three minutes, then," he told her.

Five seconds later, an irate mob stormed through the door, led by a well-dressed, conservative-looking man who, at the moment, appeared to be seething. "Mister Commissioner," he began, "I am Jonas Hassley, and these people are —"

"Mr. Hassley, I happen to be very busy right now. Could you please leave the introductions for some other time and tell me exactly why you're here?"

"We want to know what you intend doing about Arnold Parkins," Hassley said with an air of finality. Seconds of silence reigned in the office. Apparently, the name "Arnold Parkins" was supposed to mean something to Carter.

It didn't.

"And who in the name of holy hell is Arnold Parkins?" Carter

asked at last, growing impatient.

"He's a troublemaker," someone from the group shouted out. "He's a creature with no regard for his neighbors' values."

"Just what has he done?"

"It's more of what he hasn't done," answered Hassley.

"Will you gentlemen kindly stop talking in riddles? I happen to have an extremely important luncheon date in --" he glanced at his watch "-- seventeen minutes, and I must leave soon."

"It's his house," Hassley said. "It's a disgrace, an eyesore. It's degrading to the entire community."

"I take it there's something about his house that offends you."

"There sure enough is," somebody yelled. "He refuses to float it; he insists on keeping it on the ground."

"I fail to see your problem, gentlemen."

Hassley's neck turned red. "Oh no? Picture this. There we are, looking down out of our gravity-neutralized houses, and what do we see below us? Acres of green, rolling hills, finely terraced landscaping with a small cluster of trees to the north and a murmuring country brook running to the southwest. And right in the middle of it -- smack dab in the center -- is a little two-story house with a yard and a white picket fence around it. Isn't that disgusting?"

"I admit it's a bit eccentric, but --"

"Eccentric?" someone howled. "Ground homes went out with the twentieth century. Parkins is fifty years behind the times. Everybody floats their house now."

"I still don't see why you gentlemen came to me. How did you expect me to be able to help?"

"You're the Commissioner of Public Housing," Hassley said.

"Yes," agreed Carter, "but from what you've said, this is a private housing matter between the group of you and Mr. Parkins. It's entirely out of my jurisdiction. Now, if you gentlemen will excuse me --"

"Just hold it one damn minute!" yelled Hassley. "We've been referred and cross-referred all around city hall by people who claimed that this wasn't in their jurisdiction. Don't you guys know who's paying your salaries? We're taxpayers, and we've had enough of bureaucratic musical chairs. If we don't get some action here, I'm going straight to the mayor, and some heads are likely to roll. I happen to be chairman of the Oak Hills Elections Committee."

He would be, Carter thought. With luck like mine, he couldn't

"What is it, Mr. Hassley?" he asked on the phone, "to recall who Hassley was."
He checked his watch and saw that he only had fourteen minutes left. "Just what would you think?"

"We'd like some action," Hassley reiterated. "Have Arnold Parkins, persuade him to float his house like everyone else."

"If I promise to have a talk with this Parkins character, will you let me go to have this very important meeting?"
"All we want is for someone to straighten that guy out."

"I can't guarantee any results," Carter warned.

"I'm sure you'll work something out," Hassley said consolingly.
"Good-bye, Commissioner."

As soon as the group was safely down the corridor, Carter took off for the restaurant. The subject of Arnold Parkins' house was completely erased from his mind; his only thoughts were that he had to pour on the speed to make it to the restaurant in time.

He made it with seven seconds to spare.

*

"I think so," he said.

The invention of the gravity-neutralizer--not antigravity, which was feasible but dreadfully expensive--in 2007 revolutionized the modes of housing as well as of transportation. One of mankind's oldest dreams, to live among the clouds, was at last a reality that almost everyone could afford. Floating houses started out as a fad, and most people predicted it wouldn't last. Before it could die out, however, Hollywood got hold of it and made films of people who lived in floating houses. By the time they were through, what was originally a film-land ideal became the standard of the masses. The trend towards commuterization was almost complete by then, anyway, and it was only one more step from getting people out to the country to getting them above it.

There were, of course, difficulties. Many lawsuits were started when people's houses "trespassed" over someone else's land, and the Supreme Court handed down the historic decision that a man's property rights extended above his land as well as on it and under it. Also, at first, there were several accidents through collision until the repulsor fields came into being. There was trouble with airplane traffic, too, before a law was passed limiting private dwellings to a height of one thousand feet.

But on the whole, people were satisfied with the new way of living. As well they should have been, for the new style was a dramatic step, if not forward, then at least upward, for the human race.

*

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*

Carter was talking with his campaign manager when Hassley called.

"What is it, Mr. Hassley?" he asked on the phone, trying desperately to recall who Hassley was.

"Have you talked with Parkins yet?"

"About what?"

"About his house. Is he going to float it?"

The memory suddenly snapped back into place — too suddenly. "Uh, well, I...I haven't been able to find the time yet, Mr. Hassley. I assure you that I'll speak to Mr. ... uh, Mr. Parkins at the earliest possible opportunity."

"Today's January seventeenth," Hassley said impatiently. "Is there any chance of the earliest possible opportunity occurring before the election on the second of next month?"

"There's always the chance," Carter snapped back.

"For your sake, there'd better be," Hassley said, ending the conversation with a violent click.

"That wasn't Jonas Hassley, was it?" asked Carter's manager.

"I think so. Why? You know him?"

"I know that he happens to control the entire Oak Hills precinct. And the way everything is pointing so far, as Oak Hills goes, so goes the election."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that if Jonas Hassley asks you to clean out his cesspool, you'll do it. Unless, of course, you'd rather lose."

"All right, then," Carter grimaced, "tomorrow I meet Mr. Arnold Parkins and ask him won't he kindly move his house?"

* * *

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, Mr. Parkins," Carter said.

"Not at all. Sit down. What can I do for you?"

"I'm from the Public Housing Commission, and —"

Parkins' smile vanished. "Oh. Did Hassley sic you on me?"

"Well, he did ask me to mediate your dispute."

"Mediate, hell. Hassley wants all the mediation of a steamroller. He and his civic-minded morons can't do anything by themselves, so they go crying to the city for help. But there isn't a thing you can do about it, either. I know — I'm a lawyer."

Naturally, Carter thought. Aloud, he said, "I know it's not my

single strong reason for refusing to float. Seems to me that you're just being stubborn."

"I have a very good reason," sighed Parkins. "I'm a country boy. I was raised where I could feel grass growing beneath my bare feet, where I could run up and down the hills in the meadow and listen to the crickets chirp. My father was proud of being close to the earth, and God damn it, so am I. I want a home where I can go out in the backyard on a Sunday afternoon and play some catch with my boys. You can't do that in a house that's a thousand feet in the air."

"Very touching," said Carter, "and ordinarily I'd agree with you...."

"But?"

"But, to put it frankly, I'm up for re-election, and Hassley controls the votes. He expects me to come up with some sort of brilliant scheme to remove you as a blot on the landscape."

"I can sympathize with you, but I'm afraid that's all."

"Couldn't you," Carter asked, lowering his voice, "just say you'll float your house and then change your mind after the election?"

"That's lying!" Parkins exclaimed. "Do you politicians preach dishonesty as well as practice it?"

"It was just a passing thought," Carter excused. "Personally, I'm with you, and if I can find any way of getting Hassley off my back without hurting you, believe me I'll do it. Meanwhile, I'll have to fight you. I'll leave my card in case you want to get in touch with me." He stood up. "Good day, Mr. Parkins, it was a pleasure meeting you."

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"What do you mean, 'drop it?'" Hassley yelled. "Have you sold out to Parkins?"

"I haven't sold out to anybody," Carter said wearily. "But after a talk with Mr. Parkins, I've come to the conclusion that you both have some good points, and that it might be to your mutual benefit to try to work out some agreeable compromise."

"We've had enough talk already to flood all hell with some left over. I think you're just trying to stall until the election. We've got to force him out of there. There must be something you can do."

"There is one thing," Carter said wistfully.

"Name it."

"Well, by the right of eminent domain, the government has the power to confiscate land it intends to use, provided it reimburses the original owner fairly."

battle, Mr. Parkins, and if I could think of anyway of extricating myself from this mess, I'd do it in a second."

"Just tell him I said no."

"I don't think he'll take 'no' for an answer."

"He'll have to, because that's all I'll say."

"You wouldn't consider moving to a less...uh, snobbish neighborhood, would you?"

"Of course not. I paid for this land and this house with good money, and I'll do what I damn well please with them. Why should I move simply to please their small-minded ideas of property values?"

"This is getting us nowhere," Carter sighed. "Maybe I could help if I knew your reasons for not wanting to float your house."

"Maybe," Parkins said. "First of all, there's the expense factor."

"You appear to be a man of means," Carter objected. "Oak Hills is a very exclusive place. I don't think a gravity-neutralizer would set you back too much."

"How long does it take you to make two hundred bucks? Plus installation? Then, too, I have two kids. Should I have to worry every day about their falling out of the house and killing themselves?"

"There are guard rails and repulsor devices to handle that."

"Sure-- and there goes another five hundred dollars or more. And then there's always the possibility of power failure. Remember Toledo? Seventy families were wiped out when the city's generator blew."

"My God, that was twenty years ago! Don't you think they've taken precautions since then? Every city has four back-up generators working full time. Nothing like that could ever happen again."

"I don't believe in taking chances with the lives of my family. Gravity is too strong a force for man to pit himself against for very long."

"You talk of taking chances. On the ground, your home can be threatened by earthquake or floods."

"And in the air by storms and tornadoes," Parkins countered. "There hasn't been an earthquake in this part of the country in three hundred years, and as for floods, the only body of water within fifty miles is that little brook-- and that isn't deep enough to drown a spasticated titmouse."

Carter shook his head. "So far, you haven't come up with a

"That's the spirit. But what would the government do with Parkins' land?"

"Well, we have been looking for a site for a new public housing project."

"Hassley hit the ceiling. "Have a bunch of tramps and slum people who can't even afford their own houses moving into Oak Hills? Preposterous!"

"They'd be living in floating apartments," Carter pointed out.

"But think of community values. Those slum people are all...all prostitutes and thieves and drug addicts. How could we expect to raise our children decently in such a sordid and--" he looked around to make sure that nobody else was listening "--and hippies atmosphere? The bit about eminent domain is good, but the idea of public housing in Oak Hills is entirely out of the question."

"I'm sorry, but that's the only thing I'd have the power to authorize."

"Damn it, man, can't you do a little work behind the scenes? You politicians are famous for backstage maneuvering."

"We politicians might surprise you," thought Carter. "I told you right from the beginning that this matter was not within my jurisdiction. I cannot officially act in this case."

"Well, you'd better act unofficially, and be damned quick about it, or on February second you'll be out eating dirt." He hung up abruptly.

Carter leaned back in his chair and contemplated Hassley's last words. Municipal election day -- February second. Eating dirt... February second.

The idea streaked across his mind like a lightning bolt, and he sat up straight. Eureka and other pseudo-gibberish, he cried mentally, I have indeed found it! If only I can get both parties to agree.

Trembling with anticipation, he called Parkins at his office and told him he had a tentative solution all worked out. The lawyer said he'd be over in a half hour. Then the commissioner called Hassley back and got him to agree -- reluctantly -- to join the small meeting. Hanging up, Carter downed three tranquilizers and waited impatiently for the two men to arrive.

When they were seated in his office, he spoke. "Gentlemen, this whole affair is supposedly between two irreconcilable points of view. Mr. Parkins wants to keep his house on the ground because of economic and safety factors, as well as a nostalgic desire to remain at the surface of our planet, correct?"

"More or less."

"And Mr. Hassley," Carter continued, "wants Mr. Parkins to float his house, because a house on the ground spoils not only the scenery, but the property values as well. Is that not correct?"

"That house is positively debasing," mumbled Hassley.

"Gentlemen, I have come up with a third alternative, one which I believe will be acceptable to both points of view."

"Impossible."

"No, Mr. Hassley, it is entirely possible. Listen." He outlined his plan. "Well, gentlemen," he concluded, "what do you think?"

"I like the idea," Parkins said, "but wouldn't it be rather expensive?"

"Mr. Hassley, would the sixteen members of your group consent to paying equal shares with Mr. Parkins in this venture to get rid of his 'unsightly' house?"

"I believe they would, yes."

"It would be worth one-seventeenth of the total just to get Hassley off my back," Parkins mused.

"Then it's a deal, gentlemen?" Carter asked.

It was.

The festivities in the living room of Arnold Parkins' new house were a combination housewarming party for him and a victory celebration for Carter. The commissioner, for the first time, got to meet Parkins' wife and kids. "My daddy says you gave him the idea for the new house," said Jimmy, the youngest. "I gotta thank you. This is the most greatest house that ever was."

"Okay, Jimmy," Parkins said, "it's time for you to run along downstairs to bed."

"Speaking of the house," said Hassley, "where did you get the idea for building Parkins' house underground? I think it may be starting some kind of a trend—some of my friends were telling me they were considering underground homes of their own."

"I got the idea from you, as a matter of fact," replied Carter, "when you said that I might be eating dirt on February second."

"What has eating dirt on February second got to do with underground houses?" Parkins asked.

"It's quite simple, really," said Carter as he raised his glass cheerfully. "Gentlemen, I should like to propose a toast. To Groundhog Day!"

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DOOMED LENS MEN

by Sybly Whyte

Just the Facts

1. Gharlane of Eddore was not destroyed in the attack on Klovvia. He escaped—to a world called Nergal.
2. Kit Kinnison told Gharlane—inadvertently—all about the Arisian plan to destroy Eddore beforehand—and Gharlane let the Arisian attack succeed.
3. The Nergalians have blown up Klovvia. Kim and Clarissa Kinnison are now dead.
4. Dr. Marc C. DuQuesne has invaded the plenum, killed Zagan—ex-dictator of Nergal—and gotten hold of Kit Kinnison's transcript of the last year of the anti-Eddorian War.
5. Zilch, the new dictator of Nergal, fiendish master of deception and disguise, has succeeded in luring Worsel to his doom.

If you want the story behind the facts, get hold of issues #77, 78 and 79. If you want to find out what happens next, just keep on reading.

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Chapter 6. DuQuesne Goes to Work

It had been a relatively minor task for DuQuesne, with the aid of his projector, to outfit his spaceship with the Bergenholm inertialess drive. And only a few hours after he had disposed of Zagan's corpse, the scientist had departed from Arisia for a far-off destination.

After completing the take-off, DuQuesne busied himself with investigating his degree of mastery over his recently acquired product of Arisian biochemistry—the Lens. He had already found out that he was able to make use of its powers even when not in physical contact with it. He chuckled grimly as he remembered how Zagan had been kindled into murderous fury at the very sight of him with it, even though the quasi-living device had been then in its grayly unsatisfied state. DuQuesne was far too calloused to feel either pity for the hapless Nergalian or regret at having been forced to kill a potential henchman. Instead, he devoted himself to methodically and meticulously investigating the capabilities and limitations of the Lens of Arisia.

Then, as the ship drove steadily onward through the interstellar void, DuQuesne turned his attention to integrating the knowledge he had lately acquired from the dead Zagan's brain with what he had previously learned about this new plenum by studying the records left by Kit Kinnison on Arisia. One thing was clear on the basis of even a preliminary assessment of his present knowledge: that neither the remnants of the Boskonian Empire nor the Galactic Patrol nor the Nergalians were presently assured of the eventual domination of the Two Galaxies.

The Boskonian Empire, currently under the leadership of Surgat and the other Plooran survivors, had been incapable last year of defeating the forces of Civilization with the aid of Eddore. It had even less chance to succeed now with Eddore virtually destroyed. The Patrol, despite its massive amounts of materiel and trained men, was laboring under two severe handicaps: first, the destruction of its Second Galaxy Headquarters at Klovio and of its nominal head, Galactic Coordinator Kim Kinnison,—and second and even more important, its ignorance of the nature of its true enemy—Gharlane of Eddore. And the Nergalians under the leadership of Gharlane were themselves laboring under an equally significant ignorance, unaware that Dr. Marc C. DuQuesne had decided to take a part in the power struggle for the dominance of the First and Second Galaxies.

DuQuesne smiled mirthlessly at the thought of the consternation that the news of his arrival on the scene would some day soon create on Nergal. Then he returned to review once more his plans for galactic conquest. And as he darkly frowned in concentration, the Ultraviolet raced at incredible multiples of light-speed toward his first target for conquest, the far-off world of TELLUS.

And soon DuQuesne approached the Solarian planetary system, in this plenum as in his native one, the primal home of the species of homo sapiens. Despite his usual preference for direct action, the scientist elected not to land on Tellus itself or on any of the other planets in the system but instead to set his ship down on the back side of Luna. "Borrowing a trick from the Jelmi," he thought to himself reminiscently.

Almost immediately after landing, DuQuesne devoted himself to investigating the differences and similarities that this new Tellus bore to the world he had formerly known. During the course of this investigation, he did not thicken the projector's pattern into visibility but remained invisible, studying the planet below him with cool detachment while remaining totally unobserved.

He had already ascertained in his initial scan of this plenum that there existed in it no counterparts whatsoever of himself nor of the never-to-be-sufficiently-detested Richard Seaton nor of the high and mighty Norlaminian greenskins. But now his major concern was with the economic structure of Tellus. Where was the nexus of corruption through which he might now work as he had formerly worked through World Steel on that other Earth.

First, for old times' sake, DuQuesne investigated Tellurian Steel, Incorporated, a company similar in its purpose to what World Steel had ostensibly been in his original Tellus. But he soon found this new corporation to be not only strictly honest but also of minor economic importance. Steel had long since become too scarce on this Tellus to be anything but a luxury metal, a collector's item. Steel for commercial purposes was, like uranium and most of the other metals, imported from the colonial worlds which were as yet richer in natural resources.

Next Duquesne turned his attention to the automobile industry—to the DeKhotiner and Crownover firms. These companies held a far greater place in the Tellurian economy than had Steel, Incorporated, but they too proved to be relatively honest and straightforward in their business dealings.

True scientist that he was, Duquesne felt neither annoyance nor bafflement at this turn of events. When an idea failed to work, he merely abandoned it and turned to a new plan without rancor or grieving. Now he decided to give up, for the moment, his examination of Earth's businesses and instead to inspect the local planetary government. Here he struck pay dirt almost at once in the handsomely furnished office of Carl Wallis, Senator from New England—and Majority Leader of the Tellurian Senate!

But Wallis, it soon proved, was comparatively small fry, merely an errand boy for such powerful business cartels as the Tellurian Import-Export Corporation or Central Spaceways or.... Duquesne suddenly tensed. Surely he had heard something interesting about Central Spaceways sometime before this. He frowned blackly in concentration, then remembered. According to the Kinnisons' transcript, one of the beings killed by Kandron of Onlo in his attempt to spread panic among the forces of Civilization had been one Dillway of Tellus, Operations Chief of Central Spaceways.

Was it possible, Duquesne wondered, that Kandron had had another purpose behind his action than merely spreading panic, that his choice of victims had been something other than merely random. Just what kind of person was this George Hayland who had moved into Dillway's sixtieth floor office and taken over the management of Central Spaceways, Tellus' largest commercial space service? Who, for that matter, were the people who had succeeded to the jobs—or fortunes—of Kandron's other Tellurian victims? Duquesne spent three days finding out.

And soon a web emerged. A web of subtle graft and bribery, of conspiracies and corruption. A web of evil, spun by Kandron of Onlo but abandoned since that being's death at the hands of Nadreck of Palain VII. A web that Nadreck's failure to probe his victim's mind had left unrevealed. There was Wallis, the organization's political errand boy, Hayland of Central Spaceways, and—

Back of Hayland and above him—

Jake Briggs, Chairman of the Board for Universal Telonews, and heir to the fabulous fortune of Alexander Edmundson, the business tycoon who slightly more than a year ago had thrown fifteen women overboard from his yacht during an ocean voyage and then jumped after them dressed in a lifejacket stuffed with lead—at the urging of Kandron of Onlo!

In the center of this web, then, Duquesne drove his projector and listened. He listened and spied, studied and planned, until he had not only grasped every nuance of this new and yet strangely familiar Tellus but had also meticulously planned the course of action he would pursue to conquer it. Then, one night, he drove the projection into Jake Briggs' inner sanctum, cut in his audio and spoke:

"For someone who's planning on becoming master of Tellus, you are just about the most incompetent, nitwitted idiot I have ever had the opportunity of meeting."

When he heard the sneering, caustic tones of the scientist's voice emerging from what was apparently thin air, Briggs seemed to shrink bodily, his face turning a pasty gray as the blood receded from it. "Who is that," he gasped. "Where--are you?"

"I'm right here beside you, and I have been for the last few days." Duquesne thickened his image to full visibility. "My name's Duquesne, Dr. Marc C. Duquesne. Have you got any other irrelevant questions before we get down to business?"

"Are you a messenger from Kandron," Briggs asked. "I haven't heard from him for the last year, and I've been getting worried."

"Kandron's long dead," said Duquesne curtly. "And I'm not here on behalf of his ghost or on behalf of any other Boskonian bumbler. And," he added, forestalling the other's question, "I'm not working on behalf of the pigheaded Patrol either. I'm in this game for myself."

"From what I've seen of you so far, you wouldn't recognize a genuine opportunity to take over this planet unless it stood up, jumped on your toes, and yelled at you, so that's what I'm doing now. And if you've got an ounce of sense, you'll quit worrying about your responsibility to Boskone and string along with me."

"I think you'd better give me a little more information before you ask me to do anything like that," Briggs replied calmly. "Just exactly what do you have to offer me in return for my cooperation? This invisibility gadget of yours?"

"My invisibility gadget is technically known as a projector. And I have no intention of offering it to you. It's enough for you to know that I'm not really here in person. What you are seeing and hearing now is merely a projected image which has all the advantages of a personal appearance and none of the disadvantages. A projected image is immune to any kind of attack. Bullets go right through it without causing any damage. Rays can't affect it. And yet, on the other hand, it can manipulate matter quite easily." Duquesne picked up a fragile glass paperweight from the tycoon's desk, squeezed it with his left hand until it shattered, and then contemptuously dropped the sparkling shards of glass back on the desk. "That could just as easily have been someone's neck," he added callously.

"In addition to the projector," Duquesne continued, "I also have a number of other equally interesting gadgets, some of which I might consider letting you use. One of them is capable of rendering Tellus invulnerable against the kind of attack recently used against Klovis." Duquesne paused for a moment, then said, "Well, that's your extra information. Have you got brain power enough to grasp it, or would you prefer to be shown a few more object lessons?"

"Under the circumstances of Kandron's death," said Briggs thoughtfully, "I see no reason why I shouldn't feel free to work with you. However, I would also be interested in knowing first just how you propose to repay me for cooperating with you. You want the galaxy, you say. Well, if I help you get it, what's in it for me."

"I'll tell you. I am going to make your front organization, Tellurian Enterprises, Incorporated, the real government of Tellus. And you as its director will therefore be dictator of the world. I don't want the job myself, because I'm going to be too busy with more important things to bother about the details of managing a mere planet. In exchange, you're going to allow me to make free use of two of your corporations: Central Spaceways, your private space fleet, and Universal Telenews, your propaganda and espionage corps.

"Once I've actually taken over the galaxy, I may do you a few more favors. But you should have virtual control of Tellus in under two weeks. Just play along with me, and you can run it as you please, subject only to my direction in broad matters of policy. Try to double-cross me, and you pass out of the picture. Get me?"

"I understand you thoroughly," said Briggs, "And I'd be glad to accept your offer. There's just one relatively minor problem. Exactly how do you plan to dispose of the Galactic Patrol? You do realize, I assume, that this planet is infested with them. It's their Grand Headquarters for this whole galaxy. And if you know as much about my business affairs as you seem to think you do, you surely realize that none of my resources are powerful enough to challenge, let alone to defeat, the Hill."

DuQuesne laughed sardonically. "Don't worry, Briggs; my plan for The Patrol is infallible—and it shouldn't require any military action at all. All you need to do is to give one of your Universal Telenews reporters four little questions to ask Gray Lensman Christopher Kinnison at the next Patrol press conference he attends, and Tellus is yours. There's a Patrol press conference coming up next week in the Second Galaxy, isn't there?"

"Yes, on Thrale. That world's gone pretty panicky as a result of the Klovia disaster, and the Patrol seems to think a personal appearance by Galactic Coordinator Tregonsee and some of the other big name Lensmen will help calm things down. And I believe young Kinnison is supposed to put in some kind of an appearance there. Just what questions do you want my reporter to ask?"

DuQuesne picked up a pen and pad of paper from the desk, wrote four sentences on it, then tossed the pad of paper to Briggs.

"These?" The tycoon frowned. "How are you going to get the Patrol to leave Tellus with these?"

"They'll go as quietly as a sheep to the stockyards, if your propaganda machine is half as good as it thinks it is. Or have you forgotten that membership in the Patrol's 'Civilization' is purely voluntary?"

Briggs still frowned. "You're sure these questions can do it?"

DuQuesne smiled mirthlessly. "Just instruct your reporter to ask these questions of Kit Kinnison and to insist on a lensed reply, and once Tellus hears about it, it'll withdraw from the Patrol's Civilization in record time."

"And then?"

"And then you'll take over the planet--and publicly acknowledge me as the Lord Protector of Tellus."

"It's a deal. And now that we've agreed to cooperate, would you mind answering another one of my irrelevant questions? Where are you from? Not this galaxy, I know that much. Universal Telenews covers the First Galaxy pretty thoroughly, and nothing as new as your projector could have been developed in this galaxy without my knowledge."

"You're quite right," DuQuesne said. "I'm not from this galaxy, and," he went on glibly, "I'm not from your Second Galaxy either."

"You're not! But--"

"I'm from a Third Galaxy," DuQuesne continued blandly. He had absolutely no intention of telling Briggs the truth about his origin. "My home galaxy is over five million light years away from here. My native world, Alterra, has already conquered its own galaxy plus two other ones. I've come here because I'm a licensed conquistador, authorized by the Alterran Ruling Council to take over your entire galaxy, lock, stock, and barrel. And I mean to do it within the next year or so. Now, if you've no other questions to ask," he paused momentarily, "I'll be on my way. I'll contact you again after the Patrol press conference on Thrale. What happens then should show you that I've really got the stuff I say I have."

The projection vanished.

Briggs stared for some moments at the spot where the projection had been, then picked up his phone and proceeded to get in touch with the Thralian office of Universal Telenews. He had a lot of things to take care of during the next few days, and this way one detail he didn't want to risk forgetting.

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And in the Second Galaxy, Kit Kinnison--after three days of fruitless searching--prepared to leave the Dunlie planetary system, scene of Worsel's recent tragic death. "Whoever these zwilniks

are, they sure are smooth workers," he told his sister Constance. "They moved in on Dunster, fortified it, destroyed the Velan, and then evacuated Dunster completely—all in the space of less than two days. And we don't have any more clues now as to where they came from or what they look like or what they plan to do next than we did a week ago."

"What still disturbs me," said Constance, "was that imitation of father's Lensed thoughts that lured Worsel and me into the ambushade here. I suppose I should have been more on my guard, but I've always assumed that nobody can lie through a Lense."

"They can't. But that zwilnik was capable of doing an almost perfect imitation of Lensed telepathy."

"Yes, I know that now. But still, Kit, don't you realize that now we don't dare trust a Lensed thought without first double-checking it? And if that's true, then—"

"Now hold on just a moment here," Kit interrupted quickly. "True, they fooled you once. But that was because you weren't expecting it. Look over that message again, and see if you don't find any points where the imitation falls down, particularly here and here," he said, indicating two quite high-frequency resonance bands.

There was silence for a few minutes; then Constance said, "I see what you mean. Yes, once we're on guard, even the First Stagers should be capable of recognizing an authentic from a fake Lensing. I'll see that they all get the information. Thanks for putting my mind at rest, Kit. If it weren't for you now, I don't know how I'd be able to still carry on." Abruptly she changed the subject; "where are you heading for now?"

"Thrall. They're holding a public ceremony cum press conference there day after tomorrow to reassure the people. Somebody's been spreading rumors all through the Second Foundation, and the Fifteenth Sector, the worlds that used to belong to the Thrallian-Orlonian Empire have gotten pretty jittery. So Tregonsee asked me to put in an appearance at the festivities to lend them whatever magic the Kinnison name may carry. So, clear ether, Con."

"Clear ether, Kit." The girl kissed him good-by, then hastily turned and left his apartment to return to her own personal ship.

Kit was still two hours out from Thrall and had just awakened from a much needed eight hours of sleep when he was contacted by Tregonsee. "Christopher," the Rigellian Lensed, "something new has just occurred which makes this forthcoming press conference much more important than I had first believed."

"What's up now," queried Kit, who had already surreptitiously established the authenticity of this Lensed communication.

"About two hours ago," thought Tregonsee, "every world in the Fifteenth Sector received the following message:

"People of the former Thrallian Empire: The time for the reestablishment of Boskone has come. Though you have been willing slaves to the Galactic Patrol for the last twenty years, you still have one last chance to return to your true allegiance. Your governing bodies must formally renew their allegiance to Boskone. All those planets who do not do so by the end of seven days will be considered traitors and dealt with accordingly. Choose wisely, and while you choose, remember the fate of Klovio. Surgat, speaking for Boskone."

"Did you manage to trace the message," asked Kit.

"We traced it as far as a relay station on Phletyn V, but we couldn't trace it from there at all. It's impossible to tell where it originated....We don't know yet what the reaction of the Second Galaxy planets involved is going to be to the message. I've had arrangements made to broadcast the press conference over the whole Sector. Hearing a logical discussion of the problems should have a salutary effect."

"My reasoning checks with yours to twenty decimal places," Kit said. After a few more minutes of discussion, he broke communication with Tregonsee, then Lensed Camilla, "Cam, what do you make of this 'Surgat, Speaking for Boskone,' message?"

"The message was broadcast by audio-visual, not thought, so there's no way to determine the identity of the sender's species from his thought bands. The last Speaker for Boskone, of course, was Helmuth of Kalonia, but he confined his operations to the First Galaxy. There's a slight possibility that this Surgat belonged at one time to Helmuth's organization, but I doubt it. It can, however, be safely assumed that Surgat is somehow tied up with the organization that planned the Klovian operation; he probably, however, is not the prime operator behind the current slaughter of Second-Stage Lensmen. And I very much doubt if that seven day deadline is really going to be followed by any full scale war of annihilation such as the message seems to predict. Surgat wouldn't bother using Klovio for its shock value if he really intended to start systematically destroying this sector's planets. He's trying to terrify worlds into cooperating with Boskone, not to warn them that they're doomed."

"So we're dealing with two different personality types now," Kit said. "I'll ask Nadreck and Kay to try unscrewing these inscrutables and determine just how Surgat and the other Boskonian operator relate to each other. Maybe they can come up with some deductions the rest of us haven't been able to."

"Good idea. See you soon, Kit." And with that the two broke contact.

The press conference the next day was at first fairly uneventful. Tregonsee repeated his earlier assurances that the

tragic destruction of Klovla by Boskonian forces could not possibly be repeated now that the Patrol was on full alert.

"Then you think the Boskonian message received yesterday was just a bluff," asked a reporter.

"Essentially, yes," the new Galactic Coordinator replied. A great wave of relief spread through the room.

And then a Universal Telenews reporter was recognized. "I have," he said, "a number of questions which I would like to address to Unattached Lensman Christopher Kinnison."

The red-haired young Lensman stepped forward.

"Lensman Kinnison, in view of the current galaxy-wide unrest, I would like to ask you some questions which I feel would help clarify Civilization's present predicament. I ask that you give your reply by Lens as well as by voice."

"QX," said Kit. "Ask away."

"Is it not true that the Galactic Patrol was created not as a peace-keeping organization but as an instrument of the Arisian military. Is it not true that you have concealed the identity of the true targets of the Patrol's last battle from the people of Civilization? That neither you nor your sisters are members of the species homo sapiens but are instead products of an Arisian breeding experiment? That you and your sisters have secretly taken over control of the Patrol even though your only official position is that of a Gray Lensman and your sisters are not even officially Lensmen at all? Are not these charges true?"

There was dead silence in the hall.

And now the reporter continued, "You cannot deny these charges on your Lens. Surely you owe the people of Civilization the truth."

"I owe the people of Civilization what I have always tried to give them," came the reply. "My strength to protect them against their enemies. My life, if necessary, to keep them safe. As for your charges, they are ambiguous, slanted."

"Do you deny them?"

"I do not deny them. I scorn them."

"Thank you, Lensman Kinnison. I have no more questions." And the reporter sat down.

And half an hour later on Tellus a carefully edited version of the interview was being broadcast on every channel of audio-visual communication. It was, said the newscasters, a clear case of subversion, of treason, of would-be usurpation. And the people of Tellus heard and believed.

Why, it may be asked, did the Patrol take no steps to counter this flood of innuendo. And the answer is that many Patrolmen did indeed try to do so. Most of them, however, at first saved their efforts for the planets of the Fifteenth Sector, taking that to be the chief target of the propaganda. And when the Patrolmen based on Tellus did begin to act locally, they found themselves able to reassure only a small minority of the people. For the mass media, most of them secretly under the indirect control of the Briggs machine, refused the Patrolmen the right to be heard. Nor were the Lensmen able, as they once had been, to lens a rebuttal to the people. Too many Tellurians were wearing thought screens for any Lensed message to be successfully directed to the masses. And so there was no effective opposition to the Briggs machine.

And in the planetary Senate, Majority Leader Carl Wallis, Senator from New England, claimed the floor and offered a bill that declared that the people of Tellus formally were withdrawing from the Galactic Patrol's league of planets. "It is true, Mr. President," he said, "that this Galactic Patrol is in a certain sense a Tellurian product. It is our child. It is a willful child that lies to its own parents. It is a wicked child that has fallen into the ways of sin. It is a child that must be disowned lest disgrace be attached to the whole family."

And the Senate of Earth agreed. Not unanimously, of course. Even on that dark day there were still some stalwart men who held their belief in the Patrol too strongly to be shaken. But the rest were swayed by the persuasive rhetoric of the news media, by the telegrams of their panicky constituents, by the bribes of the Briggs machine.

And so Tellus, birthplace of the first Lensman, became the first world ever to withdraw from the ranks of Civilization.

* * * * *

And in Jake Briggs' private office, Duquesne told the tycoon, "From now on everything's as simple as shooting fish in a barrel. They're happy now about having thrown out the perfidious Patrol. Give them a few more days and start playing up the stories about how the Patrol evacuates Tellus, and they'll start feeling defenseless. And then you step forward and proclaim that Tellurian Enterprises has contacted a beneficent outsider who guarantees to protect Tellus on a strictly business basis, no fancy Patrol talk about ideals and altruism. They'll fall all over themselves trying to say yes. And of course, the business negotiations will be handled through Tellurian Enterprises and I. Given your usual lack of efficiency, it should take you roughly a week to become world dictator."

The projection abruptly vanished; then reappeared a few minutes later. "Sorry for disappearing on you like that," Duquesne told Briggs, "but a few factor's just appeared and I wanted to investigate it in person. Pluto's just vanished."

"It what?"

"That's right," Du Quesne confirmed with a sardonic smile. "And that means that Tellus is going to get panicky a little quicker than I'd previously anticipated. You should be able to make yourself world dictator in two or three days if you get to work on it now. Better start taking advantage of your luck. And the projection vanished once more.

to be continued in our next issue

Prophets and Pessimists

They said that Berthelot had predicted that in a hundred years of physical and chemical science, man would learn to know the atom, and that with this knowledge he would be able, at his will, to dim, extinguish or relight the sun like a Carcel lamp. Claude Bernard, for his part, is said to have announced that with a hundred years more of physiological knowledge we should be able to make the organic law ourselves—to manufacture human life, in competition with the Creator.

For our part we did not raise any objection to all this talk, but we do believe that at that particular stage of scientific development, the good Lord, with a flowing white beard, will arrive on earth with his chain of keys and will say to humanity, just as they do at the Art Gallery at five o'clock, "Gentlemen, it's closing time."

Lamond de Goncourt and Jules de Goncourt
Journals, April 7, 1869

Fort on Christmas

As to data that we shall now take up, I say to myself: "You are a benign ghoul, digging up dead, old legends and superstitions, trying to breathe life into them. Well, then, why have you neglected Santa Claus?"

But I am particular in the matter of data, or alleged data. And I have come upon no record, or alleged record, of mysterious footprints in snow, on roofs of houses, leading to chimneys, Christmas Eves.

Lo

THINGS GO BETTER WITH COKE!

MOTTOES AND SLOGANS

AND ADS THAT SAY "BUY" IN THE NIGHT

Anybody who can identify the source of all ten of the following excerpts in less than fifteen minutes ranks as an honorary member of The Third Foundation.

1. The customer is always wrong.
Parasimony is the root of all evil.
A mortified customer is our best advertisement.
Wear it out; Trade it in; Use it up; Buy again.
2. Community, Identity, Stability.
3. Now your lawn, lady?
4. It is fitting that the Emperor rules.
It is fitting that the Armsmen serve the Emperor through the Power Master and our particular Stars.
While this is so all will be well, to the end of time.
5. The right to buy weapons is the right to be free.
6. All the traffic will bear.
7. We analyze nothing.
8. I drink Popsie; it's zippy.
I smoke Stars; they're tastier.
I eat Crunchies; they tang your tongue.
9. To Serve and Obey and Guard Men from Harm.
10. Tanstaaf!

Haunting Passages Answers

1. Huxley, Ape and Essence
2. Van Vogt, Empire of the Atom
3. Meinlein, Magic, Inc.
4. Merritt, Dwellers in the Mirage.
5. Wellman, Who Feels the Devil.
6. Kornbluth, Syndic
7. Leiber, Gather, Darkness.
8. Sheckly, The Status Civilization
9. Judd, Gunner Cade
10. Bradbury, Something Wicked This Way Comes

We disbelieve most of the UFO reports, but a fellow in West Virginia contended that he was late for work because his way was blocked by a large orange-yellow thing with flashing lights, and filled with very small people.....It was a school bus.

REVIEWPOINT

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.

Venus Equilateral by George O. Smith, Pyramid Books, reissued Nov., 1967 for the first time in paperback, originally published in 1947, 75¢.

Venus Equilateral is a communications space station whose personnel relay messages between Venus, Mars and Terre when direct communication is cut off by the sun. Its bar, the scene of many a frantic skull session, boasts the title of "Best Bar in Twenty-Seven Million Miles Minimum," because that's as close as the station ever gets to Terra.

The book has some pretty wild and woolly melodrama--featuring a mad scientist called "Hell" Murdoch and an equally demonic corporation lawyer called Mark Kingman. The Station, needly to say, survives the onslaughts of these villains, usually with the aid of a Wonderful Weapon created at the last moment from drawings hastily sketched out on the bar's tablecloths.

The best of these stories are concerned with a cultural problem: namely, what would happen if we had a matter reproducer that, given a necessary bank of raw materials, could indefinitely reproduce perfect copies of any non-living object. The effects on the culture's economy, morality and social structure are worked out skillfully and believably.

The stories are fast-paced and amusing. Some of them, indeed, seem almost more relevant today than when they were first written, particularly the first one in which an efficiency engineer type nearly wrecks the station inadvertently. All in all, a good buy for those nostalgic for the pre-Delany days of hard-core science fiction.

Dangerous Visions, 33 Original Stories, edited by Harlan Ellison, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1967, \$6.95. Also available at a considerably cheaper price from Science Fiction Book Club.

This fat volume includes stories from 32 writers, each of whom has his own afterword, plus two general forewords by Asimov, plus a general introduction by Ellison plus a short(?) introduction to each story by Ellison. In fact, as Asimov mentions,

"This book is Harlan Ellison. It is Ellison-drenched and Ellison permeated. I admit that thirty-two other authors (including myself in a way) have contributed, but Harlan's introduction and his thirty-two prefaces surround the stories and embrace them and soak them through with the rich flavor of his personality."

And indeed this is a new kind of anthology, less because of its stories than because of the Ellison presence.

Is this shift from the customary anonymous anthologist a success? Not wholly. Too many of the forewords represent a not altogether happy combination of press agent blurb and personal tribute. The style varies between an Ellison approximation of Who's Who ("Bunch is a native of Missouri. He has a wide education background; class valedictorian in high school, he was awarded a scholarship to Central Missouri State College, where he majored in English with a double minor in physics and social science,...") and Ellison's normal conversational style ("In February of 1966 I committed one of those incredible life-blunders that defy explanation or analysis. I entered into a marriage with a woman... a person... a something whose mind was as alien to me as the mind of a Martian might be.")

The title is pretty much of a misnomer. Only a few of the stories really seem to be at all "dangerous." They deal with such familiar themes as different sexual mores, ironic views of God, and the downfall of Civilization As We Know It. There are also a number of vivid and graphic descriptions of murders.

To a veteran science fiction reader, it seems fairly tame stuff. Indeed, it's hard to think of anything that wouldn't seem like pretty tame stuff to a veteran science fiction reader. (I will personally offer a cash award of a dollar to anyone who comes up with some really "dangerous" theme, that hasn't been already treated in one other science fiction story.) The point is, of course, that this book is not aimed primarily at veteran science fiction reader. This becomes quite clear when on page xxiii Ellison comments, "notice how I cleverly avoid using the misnomer 'science fiction'? getting the message, friends? you've bought one of those s___e f___n anthologies and didn't even know it! well, you've blown your bread, so you might as well hang around and get educated" This book is attempting to cross the status line into mainstream. I hope it makes it. But I somehow don't think it very likely.

As for the stories themselves,...if they are not uniquely shocking and psychedelic, they are still on the whole damn good science fiction and fantasy. And none of them have put shock over literary values--the greatest danger in this kind of collection. But only a few seem really to stand out and deserve re-reading on a bi-monthly basis.

One of these, in my opinion at least, is Theodore Sturgeon's first story in over three years, "If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?" The theme of incest has been touched on in many science fiction stories, most often in connection with the theme of "The Human Race must not Perish, and we are the last humans alive." It was also recently skillfully dealt with in Aldiss's "A Kind of Artistry" (in Best from S&SF 12). But Sturgeon handles the theme with his own consummate artistry and makes it almost seem brand-new and uniquely dangerous again.

And then there's Lafferty's "Land of the Great Horses." I wasn't quite sure at first how this was entitled to get into Dangerous Visions; there's no sex, no murder, no heresy--even the studious aliens never directly appear on the scene of action. And yet after re-reading it a few times I see that its theme is at once less explicit and more disturbing than Sturgeon's. It is concerned with the age-old question of what is reality, and whether we would notice anything if it were changed.

Also definitely worth reading and re-reading are Delany's "Aye, and Gomorrah...", Ellison's "The Prowler in the City at the Edge of the World," Leiber's "Gonna Roll the Bones," and Neville's "From the Government Printing Office." And there's the brilliant black humor vignettes of Henry Slesar's "Ersatz" and Jonathan Brand's "Encounter with a Rick." And, if you've read and enjoyed James Joyce, there's Philip José Farmer's "Riders of the Purple Wage." I refuse to go into details about the more specific qualities of any of these stories--partly because I don't have time and partly, in some cases at least, because I don't have words.

Most of the other stories are "only" good, competent pieces of science fiction and fantasy, nothing more. (The real problem this book is going to face is living up to Ellison's sales spiel.) Dangerous Visions is not the Great Book of the Twentieth Century, not even the Greatest Science Fiction Anthology of All Time. It is, however, a fine book and well worth the money, particularly if you're a cheapskate and buy it at the Science Fiction Book Club rate.

LK

* * * * *

Nineteenth Century ESP?

I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the range of sight,...
poem by Thoreau

* * * * *



MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

Four songs from the new hit musical, The Ghost and I, based on last year's best seller, New Case Histories from the Annals of the Psychical Research Society. The lyrics are by Osmer Hecarstein; the music by Roger Richards. The tune of the first slightly resembles that of "Whistle a Happy Tune," that of the second resembles, "Hello Young Lovers," the third, "Shall We Dance?," and the fourth "Getting to Know You."

I See Ghosts

I always have been quite sure
That ghosts do not exist,
But recently I've become
A wretched scientist.
I see ghosts.

A-shivering in my shoes
I see them everywhere,
They flutter and flit and fly
Throughout the midnight air.
I see ghosts.

The result of this delusion
Is very strange to tell,
For since I've told my psychiatrist
He sees the ghosts as well.

We do not know what to think.
We don't know what to do,
But recently we have come
To think ghosts may be true.
We see ghosts.

Hello Scared Mortals

Hello, scared mortals, wherever you are.
I hope your nightmares are few.
I ~~once was~~ human though now I'm a ghost.
I've been afraid like you.

Keep calm, scared mortals, wherever you are.
Keep calm, whatever you do.
Calmly hide under your blankets tonight.
I've been afraid like you.

I know how it feels to hear wolves at your heels
And to run down the street in a fright.
You run like a cat 'cause you're scared that a bat
Will appear—and give you a bite.

Don't cry, scared mortals, for fear of me now.
Don't cry or shiver with dread.
I am not going out haunting tonight.
I'm still afraid though I'm dead.
I'm still afraid of the dark—like you.
I'm still afraid though I'm dead.

It's a Ghost
(Recruiting Song for the Psychological Research Society)

You're in a haunted house. It's Twelve o'clock at night.
The first thing that you notice is there's cobwebs everywhere.
A bat begins to squeak. And then you turn and see
That something white's--started to--come eerily down the stair.

It's a ghost (eek - eek - eek)
Though it's two months since it was Halloween (eek - eek - eek)
It's a ghost (eek - eek - eek)
It's not somebody dressed up in a sheet (eek - eek - eek)
You can boast (eek - eek - eek)
When you walk out and leave the house at dawn (eek - eek - eek)
Of the weird apparition
That you've sighted on your mission,
For you'll find it's a kindly host.
Though it seems rather frightful,
There is nothing as delightful
As a ghost--as a ghost--as a ghost.

Happy to Haunt You

There's a very ancient saying
Which is true although it's trite:
That if you become a spectre
You will grow to like the night.

As a spectre I've been learning
And forgive me if I boast,
But I now am quite delighted
That I've turned into a ghost.

Happy to haunt you,
Happy to moan in your attic.
Happy to scare you,
Happy to give you a fright.
Happy to haunt you,
Lurking about in your cellar.
What could be sweller
At dead of night?

Happy to haunt you,
Happy to feel grim and fearful.
When you are sleeping
Happy to give out a shriek.
Haven't you noticed
Suddenly I've grown so cheerful,
Because of all the wonderful and new
Traumas I'm causing inside you
Week by week.

* * * * *

Suggested Ace Doubles

The Stainless Steel Rat -- The Mouse that Roared
Lest Darkness Fall -- Night of Light
The Wall Around the World -- Sinister Barrier
The Great Explosion -- Shards of Space
Virgin Planet -- Untouched by Human Hands
Who Fears the Devil -- Those Idiots from Earth

PLAYTHING

of the year



THE THIRD FOUNDATION'S CALENDAR FOR 1968

366 excuses for a party

January

1 (Mon) New Year's Day. 2 (Tu) Lunik I launched. 3 (Wed) Saturn X discovered. 4 (Thurs) Lunik II launched. 5 (Fri) Twelfth Night. 6 (Sat) Sherlock Holmes' birthday. 7 (Sun) Galileo first observes three of Jupiter's moons. 8 (Mon) Battle of New Orleans. 9 (Tu) Joan Baez's birthday. 10 (Wed) radar beam 1st reaches moon. 11 (Thurs) Dr. Morris Goldpepper meets aliens. 12 (Fri) Fermat dies leaving last theorem proof lost. 13 (Sat) Stephen Foster Day. 14 (Sun) Roman New Year. 15 (Mon) This day in '42 marked the beer shortage in London. 16 (Tues) US Civil Service established. 17 (Wed) Ben Franklin's birthday. 18 (Thurs) first aircraft carrier landing. 19 (Fri) Robert E. Lee's birthday. 20 (Sat) singular events occur in the hovel off Eye Street. 21 (Sun) Nautilus launched. 22 (Mon) Tiros 9 launched. 23 (Tues) Poll Tax Amendment ratified. 24 (Wed) gold discovered in California. 25 (Thurs) Gandalf overcomes the Balrog. 26 (Fri) Fortean Society founded. 27 (Sat) Charles Dodgson's birthday. 28 (Sun) Swift's death. 29 (Mon) Krebiozen defendants acquitted in Chicago. 30 (Tu) Tallis' play Ape & Essence found. 31 (Wed) Explorer I launched.

February

1 (Thurs) Nat'l Freedom Day. 2 (Fri) Groundhog Day, Candlemas--Witch Festival. 3 (Sat) first soft landing on moon. 4 (Sun) Essa I sends first cloud coverage photos. 5 (Mon) start of Nat'l Pay Your Bills Week. 6 (Tu) Babe Ruth's birthday. 7 (Wed) Visit to a Small Planet first produced. 8 (Thurs) Jules Verne's birthday. 9 (Fri) Feast Day. 10 (Sat) 25th amendment ratified. 11 (Sun) Ellieitis invades NYC. 12 (Mon) Lincoln's birthday. 13 (Tu) first French nuclear explosion. 14 (Wed) Valentine's Day. 15 (Thurs) Reich plans D. Courtney's murder. 16 (Fri) Uranus V (Miranda) discovered. 17 (Sat) Vanguard 2 launched. 18 (Sun) Tombaugh discovers Pluto. 19 (Mon) Cosmos 109 launched. 20 (Tu) Glenn 1st American in space. 22 (Thurs) Washington's birthday. 23 (Fri) Beatles end 1st US tour. 24 (Sat) Mexican Flag Day. 25 (Sun) Cassius Clay becomes heavyweight champion. 26 (Mon) IRS disbands. 27 (Tu) Mardi Gras. 28 (Wed) Discoverer I launched. 29 (Thurs) Leap Year Day.

March

1 (Fri) Napoleon returns from Elba. 2 (Sat) Texas Independence Day. 3 (Sun) Ents conquer Sauron. 4 (Mon) The Möbius subway car 1st disappears. 5 (Tu) 1st entry in Charlie Gordon's diary. 6 (Wed) Ghana Independence Day. 7 (Thurs) telephone patented. 8 (Fri) Russian Rev begins. 9 (Sat) Ralph Nader Day. 10 (Sun) the Martian Shops open. 11 (Mon) Pioneer 5 launched. 12 (Tu) New Hampshire Primary. 13 (Wed) Uranus discovered. 14 (Thurs) Einstein born. 15 (Fri) Ides of March. 16 (Sat) Goddard launches 1st rocket. 17 (Sun) St. Patrick Day. 18 (Mon) 1st walk in space. 19 (Tu) swallows return to San Capistrano. 20 (Wed) Vernal Equinox. 21 (Thurs) Cosmos 3 launched. 22 (Fri) Indian New Year. 23 (Sat) Wernher von Braun's birthday. 24 (Sun) Cosmos 151 launched. 25 (Mon) Passing of Sauron. 26 (Tu) Martians arrive (in Martians Go Home). 27 (Wed) Florida discovered.

March (continued)

28. (Thurs) Ranger 7 launched. 29 (Fri) Man of War born. 30 (Sat) purchase of Alaska. 31 (Sun) Islamic New Year.

April

1. (Mon) April Fools' Day. 2 (Tu) Wisconsin Primary. 3 (Wed) ~~Pony Express started.~~ (4) (Thurs) Winston Smith starts diary. 5 (Fri) The waveries come. 6 (Sat) Early Bird launched. 7 (Sun) FDR's dog Fala's birthday. 8 (Mon) Ring bearer honored on Field of Cormallen. 9 (Tu) Sir Winston Churchill Day. 10 (Wed) EZ 27 proofreading robot rented to Northwestern U. 11 (Thurs) HEW Day. 12 (Fri) 1st man in space. 13 (Sat) lunar eclipse. 14 (Sun) James Branch Cabell's birthday. 15 (Mon) Income Tax Day. 16 (Tu) Charlie Chaplin's birthday. 17 (Wed) Bay of Pigs Day. 18 (Thurs) Paul Revere rides. 19 (Fri) 1st automobile operated. 20 (Sat) Cosmos 115 launched. 21 (Sun) Queen Elizabeth's birthday. 22 (Mon) Juss's birthday. 23 (Tu) Molniya 1 launched. 24 (Wed) Komarov dies in re-entry. 25 (Thurs) Cosmos 29 launched. 26 (Fri) Van Vogt's birthday. 27 (Sat) Explorer 2 launched. 28 (Sun) Daylight Savings Time starts. 29 (Mon) Explorer 27 launched. 30 (Tu) Walpurgis Nacht--Witch Festival.

May

1. (Wed) Kind Klessar crowned. 2 (Thurs) Babylonian New Year. 3 (Fri) Fort's Death. 4 (Sat) Homes apparently dies in Reichenbach Falls. 5 (Sun) Shepherd launched. 6 (Mon) Manhattan bought from Indians. 7 (Tu) Mother-in-law Day. 8 (Wed) Lavoisier guillotined. 9 (Thurs) Byrd flies over N Pole. 10 (Fri) Transcontinental RR completed. 11 (Sat) Dali's birthday. 12 (Sun) Mother's Day. 13 (Mon) Joe Louis' birthday. 14 (Tues) Manuel O'Kelly, Wyoj Knot, Prof. de la Paz & Mike form Lunar Conspiracy. 15 (Wed) Sputnik 3 launched. 16 (Thurs) Raisin week. 17 (Fri) the day Tommy found a real book (in "The Fun They Had"). 18 (Sat) Bertrand Russell's birthday. 19 (Sun) Spanish Orphan Day. 20 (Mon) Eliza Doolittle Day. 21 (Tu) Lindbergh reaches Paris. 22 (Wed) airplane patented. 23 (Thurs) NY Public Library opened. 24 (Fri) Bob Dylan's birthday. 25 (Sat) Jordan Independence Day. 26 (Sun) Pepys' Death. 27 (Mon) 1st flight into the stratosphere. 28 (Tu) Fortean Fishmonger Day. 29 (Wed) Mt Everest conquered. 30 (Thurs) Memorial Day. 31 (Fri) 1st US copyright law passed.

June

1. (Sat) Natl BBQ Day. 2 (Sun) Surveyor 1 soft lands on moon. 3 (Mon) Enoch Soames will appear in British Museum reading Room. 4 (Tu) California Primary. 5 (Wed) 1st balloon ascent. 6 (Thurs) Normandy D Day. 7 (Fri) OGO 3 launched. 8 (Sat) Gamesmanship started. 9 (Sun) A Word from Our Sponsor Day. 10 (Mon) Lady Chatterly Ban reversed. 11 (Tu) Kamehameha Day. 12 (Wed) Quasar discovery announced. 13 (Thurs) Ides of June. 14 (Fri) Dr. Sadler sees the Gnarly Man. 15 (Sat) Franklain proves lightning is electricity. 16 (Sun) Father's Day. 17 (Mon) Bunker Hill Day. 18 (Tu) Waterloo Day. 19 (Wed) Tiro 5 launched. 20 (Thurs) Black Hole of Calcutta Day. 21 (Fri) Summer Solstice. 22 (Sat) 1 rocket launches 2 satellites--a first--Transit II A and Greb.

June continued

23. (Sun) St. John's Eve--Witch Festival. 24 (Mon) Traditional Miasummer Day. 25 (Tu) Gen'l Custer killed. 26 (Wed) UN Charter adopted. 27 (Thurs) Explorer 3 terminated. 28 (Fri) Rousseau's birthday. 29 (Sat) Jerusalem reunified. 30 (Sun) Mindworm conceived.

July

1. Olympian New Year. 2 (Tu) Tiro 10 launched. 3 (Wed) Korzybski's birthday. 4 (Thurs) Independence Day. 5 (Fri) Venezuela Independence Day. 6 (Sat) 1st test of rabies vaccine. 7 (Sun) ~~Washington's~~ birthday. 8 (Mon) Liberty Bell cracked. 9 (Tu) ~~Argentina~~ ~~Ind~~ Day. 10 (Wed) Telstar launched in 1952. 11 (Thurs) Yul Brynner's birthday. 12 (Fri) Thoreau's birthday. 13 (Saturday) Marat stabbed. 14 (Sun) Mariner 4 photographs Mars. 15 (Mon) St. Swithin's Day (if rainy, will rain for next 40 days) 16 (Tu) 1st A bomb tested. 17 (Wed) Corrigan flies to Dublin. 18 (Thurs) Martians Go Home Day. 19 (Fri) 1st baseball game. 30 (Sat) USSR Zond 3 photos Moon's back. 21 (Sun) Rockwell Kent's birthday. 22 (Mon) Hertz's birthday. 23 (Tu) UAR Nat'l Day. 24 (Wed) 1st Paul Bunyan story published. 25 (Thurs) Puerto Rico Constitution Day. 26 (Fri) Addous Huzley's birthday. 27 (Sat) Barbosa's Birthday. 28 (Sun) 14th Amendment Day. 29 (Mon) Melvin Belli's birthday. 30 (Tu) Casey Stengel's birthday. 31 (Wed) Andrew Johnson's death.

August

1. (Thurs) Lammis--Witch Festival 2 (Fri) Jamaica Independence Day. 3 (Sat) The Logic named Joe is assembled. 4 (Sun) Lizzie Borden Liberation Day. 5 (Mon) 1st transAtlantic cable 6 (Tu) Judge Crater disappears. 7 (Wed) Explorer 6 launched. 8 (Thurs) W Ger Day of Peace. 9 (Fri) Fort's birthday. 10 (Sat) US Lunar Orbiter 1 launched. 11 (Sun) Watts Riots start. 12 (Mon) Echo 1 launched. 13 (Tu) Alfred Hitchcock's birthday. 14 (Wed) Social Sec's Act passed. 15 (Thurs) 1st ship thru Panama Canal. 16 (Fri) Hugo Gernsback's birthday. 17 (Sat) Pioneer orbits sun. #17. 18 (Sun) James Meredith gets BA. 19 (Mon) Nat'l Aviation Day. 20 (Tu) Lovecraft's birthday. 21 (Wed) Phobos discovered. 22 (Thurs) Bradbury's birthday. 23 (Fri) Ranger 1 launched. 24 (Fri) Pompeii buried. 25 (Sun) Rockwell killed. 26 (Mon) Woman's suffrage amendment passed. 27 (Tu) 1st jet. 28 (Wed) Enceladus discovered. 29 (Thurs) Huey P Long's birthday. 30 (Fri) hot line installed. 31 (Sat) John Bunyan died.

September

1 (Sun) Doc Smith's birthday. 2 (Mon) Labor Day. 3 (Tu) Sweden switched to right hand drive. 4 (Wed) Geronimo surrenders. 5 (Thurs) 1st continental Congress meets. 6 (Fri) Stapledon's death. 7 (Sat) Irene Adler's birthday. 8 (Sun) Japanese Peace Treaty signed. 9 (Mon) Calif. Admission Day. 10 (Tu) Grandfather's Day. 11 (Wed) Dr. Green becomes INVARIANT. 12 (Thurs) Lunik 2 launched. 13 (Fri) US colonies adopt Gregorian calendar. 14 (Sat) Solid "Git" skywritten slogans begin. 15 (Sun) Costa Rica Independence Day. 16 (Mon) Hyperion discovered. 17 (Tu) Mimas Saturn I discovered. 18 (Wed) Vanguard 3 launched.

September continued

19 (Thurs) Dreyfus pardoned. 20 (Fri) Regatta Day. 21 (Sat) HG Wells' birthday. 22 (Sun) Bilbo's birthday, Fall Equinox. 23 (Mon) Jewish New Year, Neptune discovered. 24 (Tu) 1st dirigible. 25 (Wed) The date on which the dog did nothing in the night. 26 (Thurs) New Zealand Day. 27 (Fri) An Indian Day. 28 (Sat) Pasteur's death. 29 (Sun) Frodo & Bilbo depart overseas. 30 (Mon) 1st use of ether as anaesthetic in dentistry.

October

1 (Tu) NASA founded. 2 (Wed) Willy Ley's birthday. 3 (Thurs) Columbus leaves on 1st voyage. 4 (Fri) 1st pictures of Luna's "other side." 5 (Sat) Foddard's birthday. 6 (Sun) Frodo wounded on weathertop, lunar eclipse. 7 (Mon) Poe dies. 8 (Tu) 1st World series no hitter. 9 (Wed) Martin Padway arrives in ancient Rome in East Darkness Fall. 10 (Thurs) Leif Ericson Yale map found. 11 (Fri) Pioneer 1 launched. 12 (Sat) Columbus Day. 13 (Sun) Explorer 2 launched. 14 (Mon) Old Grecian New Year. 15 (Tu) 1st manned balloon ascent. 16 (Wed) Honeymoon in Hell Day. 17 (Thurs) Cosmos 10 launched. 18 (Fri) soft landing on Venus. 19 (Sat) Supreme Court allows Chavez Ravine to be used for baseball park. 20 (Sun) USSR announces 1st H bomb. 21 (Mon) Start of Great Nebraskan Sea. 22 (Tu) 1st parachute jump. 23 (Wed) Swallows leave San Juan Capistrano. 24 (Thurs) Cooger & Dark arrive in Green Town Ill. 25 (Fri) Charge of the Light Brigade. 26 (Sat) Austrian Flag Day. 27 (Sun) Daylight Saving Time ends. 28 (Mon) Salk's birthday. 29 (Tu) Stock Market crash. 30 (Wed) Will Halloway's birthday. 31 (Thurs) Halloween.

November

1 (Fri) All Saints' Day. 2 (Sat) GB Shaw's death. 3 (Sun) Sputnik 2 with Laika launched. 4 (Mon) Will Rogers Day. 5 (Tu) Election Day. 6 (Wed) Explorer 23 launched. 7 (Thurs) Marie Celeste leaves NY. 8 (Fri) Ecumenical Council reprieves Jews. 9 (Sat) East Coast power blackout. 10 (Sun) Stanley finds Dr. Livinstone. 11 (Mon) Veteran's Day. 12 (Tu) Gemini 12 launched. 13 (Wed) Project OZMA announced. 14 (Thurs) 1st night of the Leonids. 15 (Fri) John Paul Getty's birthday. 16 (Sat) Cosmos 32 launched. 17 (Sun) Suez Canal completed. 18 (Mon) Catholic Church abolished fish on Friday requirement. 19 (Tu) Gettysburg Address. 20 (Wed) Discoverer 8 launched. 21 (Thurs) Mayflower Compact signed. 22 (Fri) John Wance Garner's birthday. 23 (Fri) Tiros 2 launched. 24 (Sun) Origin of Species published. 25 (Mon) Bathurst walks around the horses. 26 (Tu) 1st French satellite launched. 27 (Wed) Explorer 18 launched. 28 (Thurs) Thanksgiving. 29 (Fri) C S Lewis's birthday. 30 (Sat) Twain's birthday.

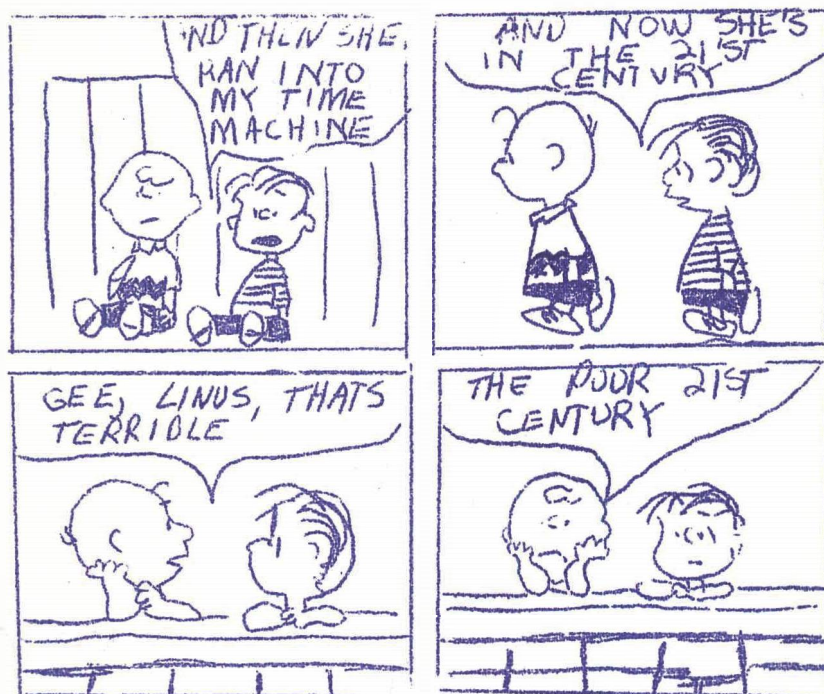
December

1 (Sun) Portugal Independence Day. 2 (Mon) 1st nuclear chain reaction. 3 (Tu) Cosmos 134 launched. 4 (Wed) Gemini 7 launched. 5 (Thurs) Prohibition repealed. 6 (Fri) Pioneer 3 launched, discovers Van Allen belts. 7 (Sat) Pearl Harbor Day. 8 (Sun) Thurber's birthday. 9 (Mon) Tanganyika Independence Day. 10 (Tu) meter 1st defined. 11 (Wed) fewer than 14 shopping days till Xmas. 12 (Thurs) Xmas Julian calendar. 13 (Fri) Cosmos 33 launched. 14 (Sat) S Pole reached. 15 (Sun) Gemini 6 & 7 meet.

December continued

16 (Mon) Arthur Clarke's birthday. 17 (Tu) 1st successful heavier than air flight. 18 (Wed) HH Munro's (Saki's) birthday. 19 (Thurs) New Years Day--Julian calendar. 20 (Fri) Phineas Fogg gets home. 21 (Sat) Winter Solstice. 22 (Sun) International Arbor Day. 23 (Mon) Don Camillo Day. 24 (Fritz Leiber's birthday. 25 (Wed) Christmas--Yule--Witch Festival. 26 (Thurs) Festival of Fools. 27 (Fri) Van Allen belts announced. 28 (Sat) Holy Innocents Day, Cosmos 102, 103 launched. 29 (Sun) Laos Independence Day. 30 (Mon) Luna 13 determines moon has hard surface. 31 (Tu) New Year's Eve--Hogmanay.

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American Adoption of Chinese New Year's Rite?

It is customary in every part of China to fire off crackers on the last day and night of the year for the purpose of terrifying and expelling the devils; enormous quantities of the explosives are consumed at this season; the people seem to vie with one another as to who shall let off the most crackers and make the most noise. Sometimes long strings of these fireworks hang from balconies and eaves and keep up a continuous crackling for half an hour together or more; in great cities the prolonged and ear-splitting din is very annoying to foreigners. In Korea, also, the devils are driven out of the towns on New Year's Eve by the firing of guns and the popping of crackers.

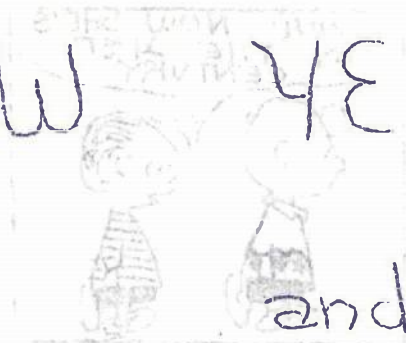
Frazer, The Golden Bough

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Whatever a man prays for, he prays for a miracle. Every prayer reduces itself to this: "Great God, grant that twice two be not four."

Turgenev

HAPPY
NEW YEAR



and

MERRY
GROUND HOG DAY

From the staff of
THE THIRD
FOUNDATION

