

# THE THIRD FOUNDATION

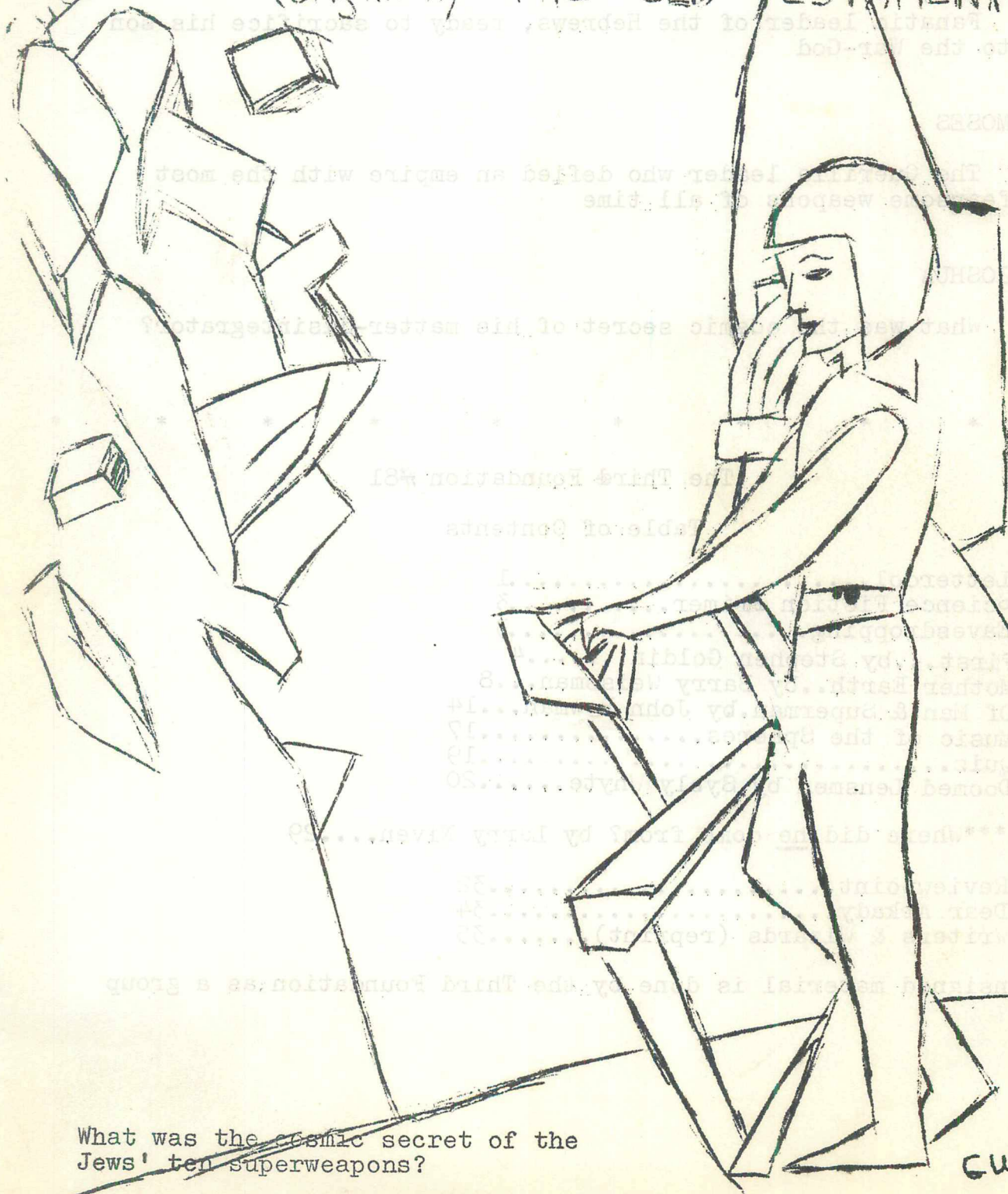
MAR.-APR. #81

204

DEVEE  
COUPLE

## WAR GOD of ISRAEL

(originally THE OLD TESTAMENT)



What was the cosmic secret of the  
Jews' ten superweapons?

CWM

# CAST OF CHARACTERS

## ABRAHAM

Fanatic leader of the Hebrews, ready to sacrifice his son to the War-God

## MOSES

The Guerilla leader who defied an empire with the most fearsome weapons of all time

## JOSHUA

What was the cosmic secret of his matter-disintegrator?

\* \* \* \* \*

The Third Foundation #81

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all unsigned material is done by the Third Foundation as a group

## THE THIRD FOUNDATION

ad astra per cogitationem

### Staff

Ambassador from Academia....Lee Klingstein  
Resident Pro.....Stephen Goldin  
Diplomat at Arms.....Gordon Monson  
Paratime Pro.....Barry Weissman  
Dostoevsky Delegate.....Steven Cohan  
Star Gazer.....Richard Irwin  
Psychohistorian.....Stanford Burns  
Eddorian out of Exile.....Sandy Cohen  
Invisible Man.....James Shapiro

typing by e. e. cummings ex-secretary

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

The Third Foundation is published by the Third Foundation  
--at approximately bimonthly intervals.

Subscription rates --25¢ for three issues  
plus mailing charges of 10¢/issue

For subscriptions, club memberships, manuscript  
submission or general information -- write to

The Third Foundation  
c/o Lee Klingstein  
1435 South 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.

"Deuce Double" titles and blurbs....Norman Spinrad



LETTERCOL

1

This is a good day for writing letters, but it is impossible to write old friends without thinking and talking about Ron Ellick. As you people didn't know him as well, you will not have felt the loss as deeply as those of us who did, and will find it easier to carry on. As this is the only way to ease one's grief, I shall try to also.

As the impersonal or de-personal approach is so much a part of the magazine, it must be an editorial policy, for which you have your own reasons. Perhaps as a reaction to the overly-personal zines in APA-L. Due to personal preference, I prefer a magazine that beside providing me with information and entertainment, gives me a glimpse of the personalities that produce it. As friendships are the most important thing I get out of Fandom—and as I get around less it becomes harder to keep up the old skills—and reading about people and their opinions gives a degree of background and common experiences that make finding something to say that much easier. I am not suggesting you spend all your time talking about yourselves. There are already enough of those kind of zines. I'm just voicing a mild personal objection to the other extreme, where articles and reviews are unsigned.

You do initial reviews, but I'm never sure these stand for the names on your Editorial Board or not. (They do--Ed.) To me, even well-written reviews have an extra dimension to the extent I know the opinion the reviewer has of other work. If someone you know is a hard core science-fiction fan, pans a S&S novel, you can take off points for the fact that he wouldn't like it no matter how good it is. A good review should hold a degree of objectivity, but not to the extent of having no personal preference at all. And when you find a reviewer who frequently likes the same books you do, you can bet that when he likes a new book you will too. Thus to me at least it is important to know who I am reading.

I approve your trying to save Star Trek, though I don't care myself. In fact as I don't watch it myself, I feel things would be purer if it were lost. It may be the best science fiction program that has been on TV, but it is still not very good science fiction. And I don't agree with the argument that it, in giving viewers a taste of something better than they have had before, will pave the way for even better shows. How many "better shows" of any nature can you name for me while standing on one leg? If some one wants to support something because it is better than Space Patrol, they may go at it. But I won't.

I put it to you that you didn't publish a calendar for 1968 but an almanac. LASFS made up a calendar a few years ago with similar stuff but not for every day, and limited to fans' birthdays and s-f events. Yours is fascinating. I'd never known this was Holmes' birthday / Jan 6 / but for you. I'm sad to see my birthday only commemorates the first rabies shot. A day you missed was Schnick-Schnack Day, May 29th. It is an Old English holiday, of what nature the Webster Unabridged didn't make too clear. The Outlander Society adopted it as their personal national holiday--but spell it "Snick-Snack." (Some day when you are old enough you may read the article on how the Outlanders lost Snick-Snack day, and didn't find it again for two years. It was all my fault...but I won't tell.)



Your quotation by Turgenev was very timely, as the February issue of Atlas has an Erich Sokol cartoon from the Vienna Arbeiter-Zeitung. It shows a group of what are obviously Chinese Red Guard before an iron gate with the USSR emblem over it. One is writing on the wall: "2+ 2 = 5."

Well, that is about all the comment for this time. May your words never fade.

Rick Sneary  
2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate

The turn-out at the political rally in Seattle at the Seattle Hilton was rather poor. In fact only two people showed, and they both happened to be members of the FBI. When the source of the leak is found, the traitor will be punished. Fortunately they agreed completely with my plans, and I was therefore able to enlist their support. The two hundred dollars they paid nicely covered the cost of the dinner, with some left over which I used on some badly needed repairs to the society's only transportation, a 1954 BMW motorcycle. Those of you who regret not being able to attend, or not attending for some other reason, may send their contributions to me in care of this magazine.

Let me say a few words of encouragement. I know that some of you are inclined to feel misgivings concerning your earlier decisions now that the chips are down. The movement has no room for summer soldiers! You don't have to believe, but you must obey! I order you to!! I can promise a heaven for those that do and a HELL for you that fail! Do not desert!

Your True Savior  
and Future President,

John Bowman

PS. Once the habit of obedience is established, the acquisition of belief and faith comes much more easily.

\* \* \* \* \*

### CHESTNUTS



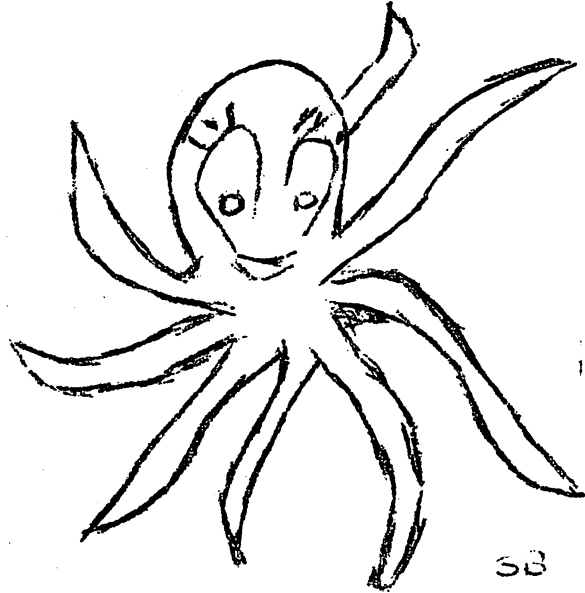
for beginning readers

J IS FOR JACK THE RIPPER

Jack the Ripper was a conspicuous crusader against vice back in the Victorian era. (London Times - "ripping," "sharply analytic procedures.") Nowadays, after having been nearly forgotten for half a century, Jack is fast becoming one of s-f's most popular historical characters. (See issue #80, Reviewpoint.)

K IS FOR KRAKEN

A kraken is a sea monster that looks like a huge octopus. Krakens are terrestrial BEMs. No science fiction writer has yet imagined a friendly kraken. None probably ever will 'till Marineland residents start subscribing to F&SF. Our psychohistorian's depiction of a friendly kraken appears on the left.

L IS FOR LIGHTNING BOLT

A lightning bolt is a discharge of atmospheric electricity. In horror stories it usually serves the same purpose as creaking doors and ominous footsteps coming up the stairs. In many fantasy stories the lightning bolt represents the lazy man's way to time travel without a time machine. Lightning bolts are also an easy and inexpensive way to journey to an alternate universe. So far no science fiction writer has decided to investigate what happens to a person who gets struck not by a lightning bolt but by ball lightning. Science fiction always has new fields of development waiting for exploration.

\* \* \* \* \*

## EAVESDROPPING

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

collected by Sandy Cohen

"You can't see the navel of a gorilla!"  
 "Draw a nagging doubt."  
 "Give me a pen, and I'll draw straws."  
 "It comes from a green cow."  
 "I've never conceived a whale, no."  
 "A bad heart snuck into my room one night--and attacked."  
 "Big bother is watching you."  
 "Aunt Jemima's Latkes"  
 "Apricot hair"



## FIRST

by Stephen Goldin

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Sergei Ivanovich Khushchin didn't have much time to worry about his fate on the outward journey. The lift-off and the subsequent Earth orbiting occupied several busy hours. Then there was the tricky business of blasting out of his orbit at just the proper instant so that he would be headed in a direction that would intercept the Moon's path in another two days, plus a complicated piece of celestial mechanics and navigation to make sure he was on target. Then, perhaps because his subconscious refused to let him ponder the future, he reported back to Control on Earth that he was very tired. He slept most of the way to the Moon—a dreamless sleep.

After the mid-course turn-over maneuver was successfully completed Pravda announced to the world that the Soviet Union had taken another giant step forward in Man's exploration of space by launching a brave cosmonaut to the Moon. Major Khushchin (a detailed biography was included in the article) would be the first man to set foot on Earth's satellite.

World reaction to this, of course, was quite fantastic. Coming as it did, a full year before the first Apollo craft was to make the journey, American space scientists were quite stunned and frankly skeptical. "If there is a man in that craft," one technician was reported to have said, "I don't see how they or anyone else could have devised a workable return system yet. I strongly suspect that this may be a suicide mission, which we in America, as well as the rest of the world, would deplore." The Jodrell Bank Radio Observatory in England began monitoring the spacecraft's signals, and soon affirmed that a man was aboard the vehicle, although his communications with the group remained a mystery, since he spoke only in code.

Exactly sixty-three hours and twenty-eight minutes after his initial take-off, Major Khushchin fired his retrorockets and put himself in a preliminary orbit while he looked for the most appropriate spot to land. When he passed over the back side of the Moon, he had plenty of time to snap dozens of pictures of the almost completely unknown lunar face, which had been photographed before only imperfectly by satellite. In his second orbit, Major Khushchin made his first uncoded report back to Earth. He spoke in Russian, but his words were quickly translated into many other languages, as a breathless world waited to hear what he said.

"The other side of the Moon," he said, "is much like the side we have known for thousands of years. There was one crater in the sunlit part that appeared greater than two hundred and fifty kilometers in diameter, but most of them were of the more normal sizes. I also sighted what I suspect was volcanic activity in a small crater-let atop a mountain, but I have no verification of that.

"I have tentatively selected the Lacus Somniorum as my landing site, and I would like Control's confirmation of this." Apparently the people at the Russian Control center agreed to his choice, for after a few minutes' delay he added, "Very well, request details for landing maneuvers."

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For several hours after that, the transmissions were garbled, and Western observers interpreted this as more coded communications. Jodrell Bank and other radio telescopes confirmed that the spacecraft was spiralling downward along a path that would set it in the Lacus Somniorum, near the base of the Taurus Mountains.

Jodrell Bank also officially recorded that the Russian ship touched down at 11:17:37 a.m., Greenwich Mean Time on Sunday morning. Half a minute later, the report came down in straight Russian: "I have landed in the Lacus Somniorum, thirty kilometers west-northwest of the crater Posidonius. Will begin phase two of my mission."

\* \* \*

Major Khushchin did not leave his space vehicle the first day he was on the Moon. He had landed at what was lunar dawn in that region, and his superiors had no doubt advised him to wait until the sun had risen. In the meantime, he checked such mundane things as the temperature outside the craft, the appearance of the stars in the lunar sky, and a preliminary sketch of the immediate topography.

The next day the sun rose. Khushchin reported a rapid increase in the outside surface temperature, but remarked that his capsule was built sufficiently well so that the heat did not reach him. Later, he donned a spacesuit and went outside. He carried two flags with him, a Soviet flag and a U.N. flag.

"I have the great honor," he said slowly, "of claiming this satellite for all of the United Nations of Earth, on behalf of the people of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics." There was a pause. "It is truly beautiful," he continued. "Our Moon has all of the qualities that are so often lacking in our planet. There is no sense of urgency, no sense of disturbance. The sheer grandeur makes me feel almost like a little bug crawling across the face of the Universe."

He gave a short laugh. "Forgive the philosophy," he apologized. "But I feel a need to say something to break the stillness. I will return to my duties."

Khushchin spent the next three days making reports. Some of them were technical and coded, others were open broadcasts. The lunar soil was covered by roughly a centimeter of dust, while the soil below was of two consistencies—near the capsule, the ground was gravelly, but a hundred meters away was a large expanse of what appeared to be clay. What Khushchin could see of the lunar atmosphere was entirely xenon. He confirmed what had long been expected, that the Moon was an astronomer's idea of heaven; he reported seeing thousands of stars that were below naked-eye visibility on Earth, even when the sun was in the sky. The Milky Way was an almost blinding band of luminescence running across the sky. The planets seemed to stared at him with fiery magnificence.

And always there was the silence. Time after time he would interrupt one of his reports to remark how still the Moon was.

When he was not busy making tests and reports, he slept. And when he slept, he dreamed. He dreamed, in particular, of that last week-end in Leningrad, and of the girl with the red, wind-blown hair. and the warm blue eyes who had kissed him and made him feel five



meters tall. He had never had much family, had never married, had always kept to himself. Nadya Pavlovna came seemingly out of nowhere, beautiful and warm, embodying all the things that had been missing from his life. She had asked no questions and spoken but little, but there was little that had had to be said. They had walked through the streets of Leningrad without feeling the cold or seeing the snow. And that night....

Two idyllic days he spent with her. They had whispered "Na zaftra" as they'd kissed good-bye, but that tomorrow had never come. When he got home, two men were waiting for him with the news that he had been chosen to be the first cosmonaut to go to the Moon. He was whisked speedily off to the secret base near Lake Baikal. From then on, he never left the Base, never returned to Leningrad, never saw his Nadyenka. He sent many letters, but received none.

On the fifth day after Major Khushchin's landing on the Moon, Moscow announced that a special supply rocket had been dispatched to him. It contained, aside from additional oxygen and food, several tanks of fuel that Major Khushchin would need to lift his spacecraft off the lunar surface and return to Earth. The world waited in suspense. The news media pointed out that such a shot would have to be exceedingly more accurate than any of the previous Russian unmanned satellites if it were to land within the cosmonaut's reach. Russian news services ignored this point.

Mid-course correction was carried out flawlessly, and the world sighed with relief. With a little more luck, everybody was saying, Major Khushchin would be able to return to Earth and enjoy his triumph.

Jodrell Bank first noticed something was wrong seven hours before the rocket was scheduled to hit the Moon. Its electronic signals were becoming erratic, and its trajectory, as calculated by the observatory's computer, appeared to have been slightly perturbed. They requested confirmation from Moscow. Moscow maintained rigid silence for four more hours, then admitted that Jodrell Bank was right. For some unknown reason, the rocket had started to spin, and the orbit was indeed perturbed. The current trajectory would land the rocket some four hundred kilometers to the north of Major Khushchin's position, completely beyond his ability to reach it. They also admitted, abashedly, that they could not get another rocket prepared in time to try again.

They had put all their eggs in one basket, and had lost the gamble.

\* \* \*

Major Khushchin did not seem overcome by the news that he would die there on the Moon. In fact, he acted as though he were greatly relieved of some terrible strain. His voice, which had been rather monotonous during his early reports, gained expression as time sped past. Moscow generously relieved him of the necessity of making any further reports. But he did not stop talking. He used his last days to reflect aloud on the human condition.

"Every man," he said, "should have the opportunity once in his life to come here to the Moon and gaze back at his own world. It causes one to wonder what everything is all about. Is it true that there are people like myself up there on that blue ball, living, eating, working, loving? Do they actually kill each other because

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they think in different ways? One person says, 'I know the Truth,' and another says, 'No, I do.' Yet they both have food to eat, water to drink, and air to breathe. Is not the question of Truth and Right superficial?"

At a later time, he remarked, "I am glad I have come here. I have no regrets at all. I have learned, I think, all that there is to learn—that we have nothing besides ourselves. That when we talk, we are the only ones who can hear. I only hope that we someday may learn to listen."

Still later, "I am tired. I think I will die now."

Throughout the Soviet Union, there were radios in every office, every store, every factory listening to Major Khushchin's broadcast live. At that sentence, nearly all work, all production, stopped as workers, their eyes filled with the tears of the anachronistic Russian sentimentality, stopped to listen to the first interplanetary man.

"I will do it," Khushchin continued slowly, "by taking a special pill my comrades have thoughtfully provided me, then lying down and letting the poison take effect. I have been assured that my death will be painless. I repeat that I have had no regrets about these last few days."

The last thing Earth heard before he switched off the radio forever was the enigmatic sentence, "I love you, Nadyenka."

\* \* \*

Nadya Pavlovna Kreshkov, Special Assistant Commissar for the Morale of the Cosmonauts, looked up from her work with a start as the words came over the office radio. She realized with disgust that she was blushing, and cursed herself as a silly fool who let emotions interfere with her job. Looking hurriedly around, however, she saw with relief that no one else in the office had noticed her. Gratefully, she returned her attentions to the form on the desk before her, lowered her head, and continued scribbling madly.

\* \* \* \* \*



BAW



## MOTHER EARTH

by Barry Weissman

Every morning Alan Kinch came down to the spaceport to see the 6:15 moon ship off. He just liked to watch rockets, he told himself, but he knew that was just a rationalization. He was wishing with all his heart that he could go along with them, for he had never forgotten his childhood dream of being a spaceship pilot. But space was not for Alan Kinch; at least that was what his parents and advisers had always told him.

"No, Alan, you don't have enough math to try Astrogation School," they told him when he finished high school. "Go to Business School, get a job, get married and settle down. Face your responsibilities! You don't really want to go into space."

"No, Alan, you're not bright enough to enter Colonial Administration 101," they had told him at the University. "Why don't you go to Business School, get a job, and settle down to face your responsibilities. You don't really want to go into space."

"No, Alan," said his mother when he came to her for advice. "Get married, Alan, get a job and learn to accept responsibility. You don't really want to go into space." Then, seeing his long face, she added, "Here, have another bowl of chicken soup."

But Alan did want to go into Space. He wanted the stars with a fever, a fever that left him grasping the wire mesh fence surrounding the spaceport day after day, his nose pressed through one of the loops, watching the small puddle-jumper of a moonship lift on a column of violet flame. Occasionally, on mornings when he was especially lucky, he would see the lift-off of a starship, way off on the other side of the concrete apron.

Then his heart would really leap, seeing that mile-long dark needle rise off its pad silhouetted against the dawn sun with an ear-shattering roar like a thousand thunderclaps slowly dopplering off as it crept upward into the eternal night. Finally its golden exhaust would give one last great flare, like a new sun being born amid the fading morning stars, and the ship would disappear into hyperspace. It was going out to see the worlds Alan had dreamed about but had resigned himself to never seeing. After it had gone, Alan would slowly untie his fingers from the fence and walk back to his gyrobile to face the new day and his responsibilities.

Alan's main responsibility was a job with Albatross Insurance Corporation. He worked in a large room with four hundred ninety-nine other young Business Administration graduates, filing claims into the company computer. He was paid a salary of 65.60 credits per week after taxes.

On overcrowded Earth it was considered a Good Job, and no sooner had he gotten it than his mother's friends had started bringing Nice Girls with them to the parties his mother seemed to be having more regularly now. Somehow the girls never appealed to him. They all seemed small and dumpy, and very uninteresting. He thought of girls a good deal, but the females of his dreams were slender and shapely, and he could never reconcile himself to spending the rest of his life with a dumpy but recommended girl. So Alan was very lonely.

After work Alan habitually went to a bar to soothe his loneliness. Four nights a week it was a small dingy place near the office, but on Fridays he would drive down to the spacer's side of the port to pass his time in a large friendly pub built out of the hull plates of the old Star Goblin, and run by her former skipper.

There he would sip his drinks and listen starry-eyed to the tales that the spacemen told in the warm atmosphere of a smoke-filled bar. And as they talked he would try to memorize every event that they mentioned. They spoke of the last run of the Goddard, her tubes frozen solid and her hull leaking air at every joint, of the Greyson party and their trek across the wilderness of the Sulfur Mountains on Rigel VIII, of Gary Burke and his last stand at Cratertown. They talked of the stars, and Alan strained his ears to hear every word.

He never involved himself in any of the conversations that swirled about him in the pub; he spoke only to the waitresses, and then only to order. He could not bring himself to speak to one of the spacers, too afraid that if he did, one of those dark space-burned figures might throw him out and exile him from the bar for impertinence. Instead he sat and drank, and listened, and tried to guess the names of the men's ships by the symbols embroidered on their varicolored tunics.

And while he drank, he heard the minstrel sing. At exactly midnight that gnarled little old man would limp onto the small stage with his worn guitar and sing the legends of Space. He sang of the mines of Trona, the meteor showers of Deneb V, the founding of the Vega colony, and the multitudinous ways of dying out among the stars. And after the minstrel finished Alan would get drunk, often too intoxicated to drive, and would have to stagger to the tube station and ride the public conveyance home. Then he would be forced to return for his gyroble in the morning, when the harsh sun robbed the tavern of all its magic as well as most of its customers.

One Saturday morning, after retrieving his gyro, he drove over to the embarkation area by the terminal building, and stayed to watch the emigrants file through the turnstile and walk across the field to one of the starships.

Despite Earth's tremendous overpopulation problem, only those who could afford to pay for their passage were allowed to emigrate. Mathematics had shown that even with a fully loaded spaceship leaving Earth every minute of every day the planet's population would still increase. And the cost of building and launching a spaceship per minute would soon strip the home world of the last remnants of her natural resources. Thus it would be idiocy for the Terrestrial government to pay for the passage of a would-be colonist with money that could be better used in research, say in the field of hydroponics. The cost of a ticket to the stars was not utterly prohibitive, but few men were willing to pay several thousand credits in order to leave the overcrowded womb of Earth to chance an insecure future in the colonies. Most were content to wait and let things slide, and hope for a best that kept getting worse every day.

That Saturday morning, watching the happy expectant faces of the few as they escaped the turnstiles of Earth, Alan realized that he too could still go into Space. All of his life he had dreamed of going to the stars as a spaceman, and when that door closed he had tried to forget his dream. But he still could go—as a colonist. All it took was money.



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He stopped going to the bar down the street from his office entirely. He didn't buy a new gyroobile, despite the hypnotic hand-bill given him by his supervisor in the company cafeteria illustrating the new models. He refused to date the girls that his mother's friends brought to meet him. He even asked for a raise. He scrimped and saved, and got another job evenings to make up for the salary cut he received because he had asked for a raise. It was nearly a year before he had enough money. Then, revealed his plans to no one, he secretly purchased his ticket to the New Nebraska Colony.

Two days before lift-off he quit his job and sold all his furniture to a junkman.

"Alan," said his boss, "you don't really want to quit. Come back and we'll reinstate your old salary."

"Alan," said his supervisor, "you don't really want to quit. Come back, and we'll give you the raise you asked for."

"Alan, my boy," said the manager over the fumes of his pseudo-Cuban cigar, "face your responsibilities." He pointed to the small silver bird on his tieclip. "You don't really want to quit and let the Albatross down. Take my advice and go back to your desk, find a nice girl among our available female employees and settle down to a lifetime of rewarding service with Albatross. You'll find that you never really wanted to go out into Space."

"Oh, Alan!" said his mother.

But Alan did want to go into Space. It was a disease with him; he saw the stars everywhere he went, and he wanted them. And so, on his twenty-fifth birthday, Alan Kinch said good-bye to his mother and strode firmly up the ramp of the Star Galleon, bound for Vega, New Texas, Sovonia, and New Nebraska.

\* \* \*

Vega was a mining world, and her large city was totally underground to protect the colonists from the harmful radiations emitted by the large, blue-white star. Alan strolled the long corridors gaping at the colonists, unaware that they wore their brilliant clothes to increase the tourist trade from Earth. He ate one of their famous Vega-burgers, rumored to be the closest thing to the original hamburger that you could get, and he saw the equally famous, or infamous, show at the Vega Casino.

New Texas, Raega IV, was a very fertile world, its one large continent looking like an emerald set in a deep blue-silver setting that was the planet's only sea. There Alan stuffed himself with fresh food that would have cost him a year's salary per meal back on Earth. He took a walk in the alien-life stocked park located in the city's center, and enjoyed the experience of strolling in the ruddy rays of Raega, far, far from Sol.

Sovonia was a mess. It had been settled by two different sets of colonists, and now they were in constant warfare over which should rule the world. (One side called themselves the Higgenses, after their famous but mythological first leader, and the other was styled the Ekks.) They had not stopped short of using atomics, and much of the once habitable countryside was now radioactive ash. Alan didn't even leave the protective shielding of the ship, which was delivering

a load of atomics to the leader of the Higgenses and a collection of obsolete missiles to the chief of the Ekks, all being loaned to the opposing sides by the generous government of Earth, which also offered new colonists to replace those killed, provided the original colonists paid for their transportation.

And then there was New Nebraska.

\* \* \*

Lincolnia, the capitol and only city on New Nebraska, was a small wood-built village huddled in the shadows of a large mountain. Alan walked down the packed dirt road from the spaceport. Behind him the spaceship he had just left rose into the sky, but Alan, for the first time in his life, did not turn to watch. As the road entered the rustic town, he saw a blonde girl in a long homespun dress cying him from the yard of a plakboard house. She was cute, in an unexciting sort of way, so he smiled at her. And, to his amazement, she smiled back.

Alan got a job as a clerk in the first store he applied to; it seemed that men were very scarce along the frontier, and jobs were easy to get. Even the spaceships that occasionally called at the little landing field were constantly advertising for untrained hands to hire on. Alan maturely decided to wait to become a space, because he was doing fairly well at his present job.

Another reason that he wished to remain on New Nebraska was the blonde girl, with whom he had started taking walks through the grass-like moss outside the acres of plowed fields. Soon the walks became part of his daily routine. One day Mary's father discovered them during one of their walks, while Alan was showing Mary his appendectomy scar under a marbled green marshmallow bush.

The farmer ran for his old Mark XV blaster. Alan ran for his pants. Mary cried.

Luckily for Alan there happened to be a tramp trader in port sealling its wares to the machined-goods hungry settlers. Alan remembered that her captain had been advertising for extra crewmen, so he ran toward the spaceport as fast as his legs could carry him. He heard the skipper's voice over the ship's external speakers even as he approached the crowd of locals buying from the counters just inside the open ports.

"Come with me, all men who seek adventure, all who are tired with normality. Come with me and see for yourselves the splendors of Deneb's Golden Range, the evening rites of Calabar VII, Aldebaran III's glowing seas, the burning Sulfur Mountains on Rigel VIII, the square forests of Polygox XII. Come and breathe the hallucinogenic air of Sphengalli II. Come with me and see the Universe! We need men of all kinds; the only requirement is an open mind and a willingness for hard work.

"Come with me..."

Alan rushed up the ramp, pushed his way through the crowd by the long counter in back of the wide open port, and ran up to where the captain stood by a sleepy-eyed spacer, seated at a desk with a number of thick papers neatly stacked in front of him.

"Please...sir....," he started, then panted for breath.

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"What's troubling you, boy? Sand-cat got your tongue?" The captain looked down on Alan from the lofty heights of many years in Space.

"No...sir..." said Alan, and then took a deep breath. "I'd like to sign on."

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? Here," he handed Alan a clipboard and indicated a line on the last sheet of an impressively thick sheaf of official papers. "Make your mark."

Alan signed his name slowly, carefully, on the valuable documents, papers that would have cost him nearly ten years of hard work on Earth.

"You from Earth, boy," the captain asked.

Alan nodded in agreement, and the captain went on, "Well, you'll find that we're not so choosy out here; if you do what you're told, we'll get along just fine. But don't get me wrong. I run a taut ship, even though I'm breaking every law in Earth's book by signing you on this way. Our here it's a long, long way back to Earth."

Alan nodded once more, and was then put to work getting the ship ready for its afternoon lift-off, loading counters and cargo from the outside, and storing loose items in the holds. As he was helping to hoise the ramp, just before blastoff, he saw Mary's father running towards the ship, blaster in hand. But the tramp lifted before the farmer could get within range. Alan's last view of New Nebraska was of the bereaved parents rapidly shaking his fist upwards at the rising trader and the unsympathetic stars to which she was bound.

\* \* \*

Alan stayed with the trader for nearly twenty years. He used dark goggles to protect his eyes from the splendors of Deneb's Golden Range; he wore himself out participating in the evening rites of Calabar VII; he held his nose against the almost overpowering odor of putrefaction that permeated the glowing seas of Aldebaran III (the glow was caused by the decay of dead protozoan-like organisms in the slimy waters) and the rotten eggs stick of Rigel VIII's burning Sulfur Mountains. He fought the Greenies on Polygon's third moon, and smelled the strange odor of their blaster-burned blood that somehow vaguely reminded him of fresh chicken soup. He did all the things that he had ever wish to do, all that he had dreamed of doing. He even swaggered down the streets of Centauri City in his golden spacer's tunic, childishly enjoying the feel of envious eyes on his harsh space-burned figure. But that was the closest that he ever got to Earth.

\* \* \*

Somewhere he picked up a battered guitar, and learned how to play it on the lonely vigils between the stars. He grew moderately well known, and was welcomed cordially from the asteroid taverns of New Vegas (two hundred parsecs from Vega) to the sole bordello of Tanalog IV. He began to sing the old ballads of Space in the port taverns and on the long hauls. He sang of the ancient mines of Trona, of Bary Bunke's last stand outside of Cratertown, and then he began to sing about Earth.



It strangely seemed that the farther he got from Earth the more the people asked that he sing to them of her. The colonists (miners, farmers, settlers and explorers), the spacemen from common hands to independent traders to starship captains, they all wanted to hear him sing the songs of far-off Earth. And, even more strangely, Alan found his own thoughts drifting more and more back to the mother-world. He even took to carrying a small bag of certified "Earth" around his neck on a silver chain.

Alan began to save his money. He was nearly sixty, and so it was easy to withstand the needs of the flesh that had in earlier days sapped his funds. He thought lovingly of a ticket back to Earth.

Finally he found himself walking on a rough dirt path late in the evening on a very Earth-like world out near the Rim. And as he walked with the huge lens of the Galaxy suspended above his head his thoughts drifted once again back to Terra. He stopped in the middle of that unpaved road, and craned his neck to look up at the Milky Way. He tried to pick out Sol, but failed; there were just too many stars.

"Oh, Lord," he cried to the gathering darkness, "I'm an odd man, and I want to go home." Tears came to his eyes, and he bowed his head and dried them with the backs of his rough hands. Then he sniffed once and looked up again. "I will go home," he proclaimed to the uncaring Galaxy. "I will!" He strode off staunchly down the path. But then he stopped oncemore and again looked up at the heavens and thought for a minute.

"But what will I go back for," he asked the stars. "The Earth that is, is not the Earth that was my home. Even the Earth I sing about was dead long before I was born. By now it must be a total slum. The green Earth, the begrassed and blue skyed globe that was mankind's womb is gone, gone forever." Tears again came to his eyes.

Then suddenly he stopped and smiled. "And damn good that it's gone," he said. He laughed out loud, and yelled out to the distant suns that glowed in the darkness, "Damn, DAMN, good. Man no longer needs the womb of Earth." He tore the bag of "Earth" from his neck, the bag that had cost him one hundred credits on Tauris V, and threw it out into the black night with all his strength. "Man has the stars now, and there'll be no returning!"

The next day Alan Kinch bought his ticket outward bound for the Second Galaxy.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Suggested Ace Doubles

- Plague of Demons -- SOS from Three Worlds
- No World of Their Own -- Orphans of the Sky
- After Worlds Collide -- Flatland
- Tales in a Jugular Vein -- Some of Your Blood
- Currents of Space -- Shock
- End of Eternity -- The Triumph of Time
- Who Goes There? -- Soldier, Ask Not
- Children of the Lens -- And Some Were Human
- The Final Blackout -- If This Goes On

or

## Blueprint for Survival

by John Bowman, self-styled future  
President of the United States

I hope here to set forth my conception of what must come to be, if we are to survive as a race, and to describe some more or less specific techniques for achieving this end. First, though not our central interest here, let me say a few words about the fundamental technology involved in the creation of the *Urbmensch*.

Undertaking a project of this complexity requires the harnessing of society. To do this, one must first of all be familiar with the technology of control. By now everyone is familiar with the work being done on the remote control of the human brain. Primarily this work is concerned with manipulating human emotions, a field pioneered by Hitler and a few other far sighted individuals.

A small receiver installed just below the skull capable of receiving coded instructions from a centrally located transmitter, and relaying them to a device producing approximately 5 volts DC in various parts of the hypothalamus, will permit, through modulation of the current's amplitude, and the portion of the circuit through which it is flowing, the creation within the human mind of emotional states such as fear, love, submissiveness, hate, curiosity, pain, pleasure, and so on. For example, a person at prayer could be made to feel submissive with slight undertones of fear and pleasure. (Interested members of the clergy may reach me through this magazine.) If care is taken in their construction, receivers can be made selective in their response to coded signals, thus permitting the selective manipulation of one or several individuals out of thousands. Control is potentially very precise.

Obviously, if we are going to the trouble to turn our society into a vast machine, in the process of developing the Superman, as efficient a machine as possible is desired as as to shorten the duration of conception, birth and maturation. Therefore, the advantages of a streamlined, economical and flexible government are apparent. Introduction of computers and computer integrated systems permits the achievement of the maximal use of all resources, including time. The ease with which one may change a program or sequence of programs cannot even be compared to the difficulty one would find in building, rebuilding and continually modifying the hundred of bureaucratic entities that would otherwise have to exist in such a complex society as the one envisioned.

With a smooth and efficient governmental machine, potential innovations can be tested and introduced into the remainder of society very quickly. I say remainder, because large-scale, systematic research needs a large, varied test area—and to that end I propose to seal off California. This will only take place, of course, after my few supporters in that area have been relocated. California has been chosen for several good and logical reasons: (1) the place already approaches saturation level in absurdities; the few introduced can hardly be expected to cause any large scale traumas or hysteria; (2) one of the nation's most innovative areas will come

under control; (3) in general the population of California is clearly expendable; (4) using California will halt the dangerous spread of the hippy metaphysic with its worthless concepts of "love," "grok," and so on. 15

After a period of testing, changes will be carefully introduced into society. These new elements will encourage the development of the Ubermensch, for example: public support of eugenic programs, gene manipulation experiments, etc. Other obvious goals include special educational facilities for the New Breed, and institutions to provide them with a sense of security, of mastery, and of the realization of their potentialities.

By now the reader must be curious about the various steps that must be undertaken to create the new society, the tool of the future. Of vital importance is control of the law enforcement agencies; this control must be acquired at or near the beginning. Likewise the armed forces, which are too large an organization to control quickly, must be kept preoccupied with other matters. The ideal way, at present, would be a major escalation of the war in Vietnam, but there will always be a war for the American Army to fight, so this is of no immediate concern. This diversion will not only keep the armed forces busy, but would permit the assumption of emergency powers by the president and slightly repressive legislation in response to the pressures of war.

The technique of electronic control will first be presented as a cheap means of rehabilitation for known hardened criminals—thus providing a very direct means of keeping them under control. At first these people will be extensively conditioned in a true Pavlovian sense. They will learn to associate bad actions with pain, good ones with pleasure. Men can defy pain, but can they resist an addiction to pleasure? Undoubtedly a few will be able to retain self mastery, but these few can be effectively controlled by continued imprisonment or cheaper means. (Note: by severing certain nerves, all access to pleasurable sensations can be eliminated, except those available by means of the radio receivers; only a few cases would be worth the additional expense of being saved in this manner.)

As the reliability of these reconditioned people is demonstrated, they will be gradually integrated into the police forces. At first this will be done subtly; later the police force will be seen as a preferred occupation for the reformed. Their incorruptability will be obvious, and from their prior training as criminals, they will become very knowledgeable police officers. Later, when the records of conditioned vs. unconditioned policemen are compared, legislation will be passed requiring all police officers to acquire receivers. As these men grow older, they will eventually dominate the power structures of all the police departments. Soon everyone directly connected with sensitive areas of the public trust will be required to have receivers, and to acquire conditioning; this will include the members of the FBI, the CIA, and so on.

It takes no great imagination to find reasons for implanting receivers in the minds of the general public (eg. the size of the police forces could be reduced, if all a patrol officer had to do to control an escaping criminal were push a little button)—and even in the brains of the legislators. In fact, eventually everyone but

those at the highest policy levels will wear the receivers. Those at the top, of course, will push the buttons. <sup>16</sup>

Not everyone can become an Ubermensch, i.e. deserve elevation to the elite. The progeny of the upper administrators will, of course, receive all possible advantages in training and care, so that as soon as possible a stable, competent elite of Supermen will be available to run the world. Other groups will be carefully guided towards the achievement of Ubermensch status as circumstances permit and the need is felt. One must bear in mind that the optimal population is far below the current world population. Because it is inhumane to kill a vast number of people, they will have to be provided for, in return for which they will permit themselves to be used by their superiors as required.

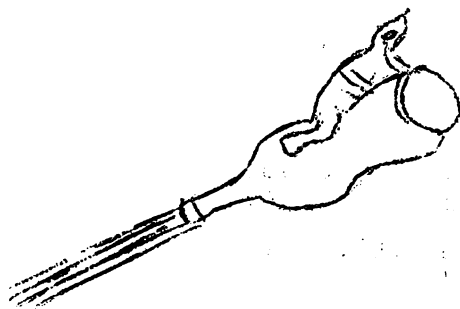
Certain groups, of course, should not be elevated. Certain social classes possess a median intellect that could well benefit from Ubermensch status, but have running through them a strain of equalitarianism that could not be readily eliminated. Since these people would never truly appreciate the benefits, responsibilities, and necessary uniqueness of their elite status, it would be foolish to waste time on them. Likewise, certain lower socio-economic classes, whose general inferiority is demonstrated by their presence in that class, would find it difficult to accept elite status.

What training should the Ubermenschen receive? This question except in the broadest aspects is unanswerable: what men of today can predict the needs of tomorrow's Supermen? Two factors will have to be stressed: (1) training as overseers for what will be by that time a race of subhumans, and (2) methods to insure the continued rule of the elite.

To summarize, the following can be said about our program. First, it involves the control of the population by electronic means. Second, it involves the shaping of society into the most efficient machine possible for the creation of the Ubermensch. Third, it involves the control of this machine by successively more perfect versions of the Superman, each one building upon the attainments of the last.

The Third Foundation does not officially endorse Mr. Bowman's candidacy or program--nor the candidates and programs of any other party. Opposing parties are offered free space to either reply to Bowman's arguments or to state their own programs.

\* \* \* \* \*



Things go better  
with Coke

3200



Four songs from the new Broadway hit musical about space pirates, Space Hounds of Dusak. The lyrics are by Osmer Hacarstein; the music by Roger Richards. The tune of the first slightly resembles "Sound of Music," that of the second resembles "Do Re Mi" (plus its introduction), the third "My Favorite Things," and the fourth "Climb Every Mountain."

### Captain's Lament

My ship has a drive that is interstellar.  
It takes me from here to the farthest star.  
But now I am lost like some planet-dweller.  
For I don't know just where the hell we are.

I'm lost on the run between Earth and the planet Grak.  
It's a real mystery.  
I'm trapped in the void of a black coal sack  
Of nebu-losity.  
The Pirates of Dusik have been observed  
In this region, I'm told.  
I hope they don't learn  
That I've got me a hold full of gold.

My crew is afraid that we'll soon be raided.  
And I'm not so sure I can find our way.  
I hope I can quickly regain my bearings.  
Or we're lost—to stay.

### Do Them In

Let's start like the pirates of old did,  
To plunder and rape and kill.  
If what you most desire is wealth and fame,  
Then first you must learn to kill and maim.  
Kill and maim!  
And any old crook will tell you the same.  
Kill and maim—  
Kill and maim and rob, and so—

Do them in, and take their ship!  
Ray them down with all your might.  
Me, as leader I stay back,  
For I do not like to fight.

So I'll stay back here and see  
Lots of people getting killed.  
Terrible though it may be,  
It will keep our coffers filled.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Item of Interest to Time Travellers Who Aspire to Change the Course of History

Few have heard of Fra Luca Parioli, the inventor of double-entry bookkeeping, but he has probably had much more influence on human life than has Dante or Michaelangelo. (Herbert J. Muller)

## My Favorite Crimes

18

Mugging old women, who look so defenseless,  
Bashing their skulls in and knocking them senseless,  
Though my reward is just nickels and dimes,  
Still this is one of my favorite crimes.

Swindling and cheating strange alien creatures,  
'Cause they don't know all our customs and features,  
Coming as they do from weird worlds and climes,  
This, too, is one of my favorite crimes.

Hijacking spaceships and killing their crewmen,  
Whether they're alien or whether they're human,  
Being a pirate just feels so sublime  
That it's undoubtedly my favorite crime.

When I'm bankrupt, when I'm hungry  
When I'm feeling low,  
I simply commit one of my favorite crimes,  
And then I'm back in the dough.

## Board Every Space Ship

Board every space ship!  
Take all you can.  
Scuttle every freighter.  
That's my master plan.

Rape all the women.  
Kill all the crew.  
Steal their jewels and money.

We pirates are known  
For our toughness and sin,  
So we've got to be mean—  
That's the business we're in!

Board every space ship!  
Plague every sky!  
Lurk in every spacelane  
'Till the day you die!

\* \* \* \* \*

Piracy - commerce without its folly swaddles, just as God made it.

Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Dictionary

\* \* \* \* \*

Rocket - A cylindrical tube containing combustibles which on being ignited liberate gases whose action propels the tube through the air. Used for pyrotechnic effect, signaling, carrying a life line etc., and for hurling explosives on the enemy.

definition in current American College Dictionary

Won't somebody please tell this dictionary that rockets are also in use occasionally as space vehicles. Can anyone find a mainstream dictionary that mentions this use of "rocket"? I can't.

Some s-f books have heroes whose names are almost impossible to forget—like Gilbert Gosseyn or Valentine Michael Smith. Other books have equally distinguished heroes—or maybe I should say protagonists—whose names seem to be almost impossible to remember. Sometimes this is because their names are so undistinguished—like 1984's Winston Smith. Other times, it is because the book is told in the first person, so the only time you hear the hero's name mentioned is in the dialogue. We have ten relatively anonymous heroes listed below. Anybody who can identify the books in which they appear in less than fifteen minutes ranks as an honorary member of The Third Foundation.

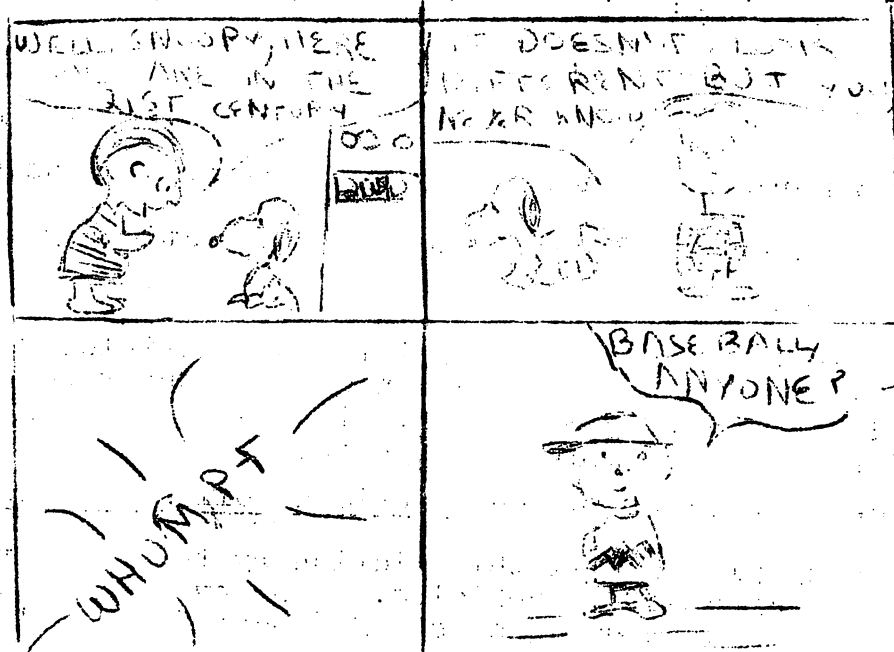
- |                         |                           |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Alvin (no last name) | 6. Horton Bluett          |
| 2. Andrew Harlan        | 7. Holger Carlsen         |
| 3. Crag (no last name)  | 8. Dr. David Throckmartin |
| 4. Lawrence Smith       | 9. Norman Taylow          |
| 5. Martin Padway        | 10. Juan Rico             |

\* \* \* \* \*

### Answers to Last Issue's Quiz

1. Analogue Men by Knight
2. Brave New World by Huxley
3. Cities in Flight series by Blish, motto of New York
4. Gunner Cade by Cyril Judd
5. Weapon Shaps - Weapon Makers by Van Vogt
6. Van Rign stories by Anderson (motto of Van Rign)
7. Currents of Space by Asimov, motto of the Spatio-Analytic Institute
8. The Space Merchants by Pohl and Kornbluth
9. The Humanoids by Williamson
10. The Moon is a Harsh Mistress by Heinlein, motto of the Lunar Free State

\* \* \* \* \*



by Sybly Whyte

Just the Facts

1. Gharlane of Eddore is alive--and on Nergal.
2. Cilch of Nergal--Gharlane's Second-in-Command--has engineered the destruction of Klovvia, thus killing Clarissa Kinnison. He has also brought about the deaths of Kim Kinnison and Worsel.
3. Dr. Marc C. DuQuesne has invaded the plenum, read the records left by Kit Kinnison on Arisia, killed Zagan ex-dictator of Nergal--and read his mind completely.
4. DuQuesne has gone to Tellus, taken over the Wallis-Briggs combine (Briggs owns Universal Telenews, Central Spaceways, etc. Wallis is Majority Leader of the Tellurian Senate.) DuQuesne has promised Briggs to make him puppet dictator of Earth in less than a week.
5. Surgat of Ploor, ally of Gharlane and head of the remnants of the Plooran-dominated Boskonian Empire, has issued an ultimatum to the Thrallian-Onlonian Empire planets, telling them to return to their former allegiance to Boskone--or face destruction at the end of a week.

If you want the story behind the facts, get hold of The Third Foundation issues 77 through 80 (see first page for our address to request back copies.) If you want to find out what happens next, just keep on reading.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chapter 7. Another One of Our Planets is Missing

On Thrale, the Patrol press conference had just concluded. Galactic Coordinator Tregonsee of Rigel IV still seemed his usual imperturbable self, despite the alarming surprises of the past few hours. Calmly he lensed Kit Kinnison, "Christopher, I'd like you to come back to the Directrix with me, if you've got time for a conference." Kit assented, and silently followed the stocky Rigelian back to the ship.

In the young Third Stage Lensman's ears still rang the mocking questions of the Universal Telenews reporter: "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?"

Kit knew that in truth he could not deny these charges. But still less could he have explained them. He could never forget Mentor's frequent warnings that Civilization must never be allowed to learn the truth about the millennia-old conflict of Arisia and Eddore, lest the revelation of how these two powers had manipulated the course of history product an inferiority complex which would inevitably destroy both the Galactic Patrol and Civilization. Even the



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Second-Stage Lensmen had never been told that their true enemy, the real leaders of Boskone, were not the Ploorans but the inhabitants of yet another planet, one that they had never even heard of, the now totally obliterated world of Eddore.

Of all the citizens of Civilization, only the five young Kinnlsons, the children of the Lens, had even so much as heard the name of Eddore, or known the malefic reality for which it stood. Now someone else had apparently become privy to that ultra-secret information. Who? And how?

One thing was clear. Universal Telenews was somehow involved. Kit's probe of the reporter's mind had clearly revealed that the man's questions had come directly from his home office on Tellus—with strict accompanying instructions not to change a single word.

Kit had already Lensed Kathryn, who was already in the First Galaxy, to investigate the Tellurian office of the news corporation in order to determine how much it knew about Arisia and Eddore, and what its source of information had been. He knew that the chief officers of Interstellar Telenews would undoubtedly be equipped with mind screens sufficiently powerful to block out even the probing of a Second Stage Lensman. But he was also fully aware that his sitters, like himself, had minds of such force that they could think above, below, or by sufficient effort straight through any thought-screen known to the science of Civilization.

No other reporter had chosen to follow up the Telenews man's line of questioning, and so Kit had spent the rest of the press conference in seeming idleness. Actually, every particle of his mind had been galvanized into action, for he had been, in company with his fellow Lensmen, helping to quell the planet that his failure to completely deny the reporter's charges had caused throughout the Second Galaxy. The planets of the former Thrallian Empire needed particularly delicate handling, unnerved as they already were by the ultimatum received only a day ago from Surgat, self-styled speaker for Boskone, an ultimatum that they must either renounce their allegiance to the Patrol of Civilization or be considered traitors by the soon-to-be-reestablished Boskone.

Now, as he followed Tregonsee to the Directrix, Kit again Lensed his oldest sister. "Kat, get any results yet?"

Her answering thought came in diamond-clear. "Yes, but not very satisfactory ones. Nobody at Universal Telenews knows anything about it, except Jake Briggs, the Chairman of the Board. And he doesn't know very much. He got the questions from a mysterious strange called DuQuésne who claims to be from a third galaxy—and who says he's a 'licensed conquistador,' authorized by his home galaxy to take over the entire First Galaxy. The first step in his plan," she continued with sternly repressed emotions, "has already succeeded. By working through Briggs' organization, he's succeeded in getting Tellus to officially withdraw from the Patrol."

"Tellus has withdrawn from Civilization? To fight on the side of Boskone?"

"No,...that's the puzzling thing about the situation. They just withdrew and became an apparently neutral party."

Her brother considered that for a long moment of mental silence, then said, "Duquesne sounds like a French name. What does he look like? Is he humanoid?"

"The data's incomplete. What Briggs saw could have been an hallucination. If it wasn't, then Duquesne's pure humanoid, AAAA straight to twenty decimal places. And he spoke accentless English. In fact there's only one thing that makes me willing to believe that he's not really a Boskonian agent who's either of Tellurian stock or a high level hallucinator. And that's that he's got a device called a 'projector' that couldn't have been invented by any Boskonian without having been put into use long ago and on a large scale." Rapidly she gave her brother all the details that she had been able to glean from Briggs' mind on that extraordinary device.

"There's just one hole in your analysis," Kit commented. "He could also have just recently invented this device. Don't you remember hearing about how back when Dad was attacking Helmuth's base that Boskonian technician figured out a way to overload a standard energy beam emitter and produce a super-needle-ray destructive beam. He jury-rigged the device up in the course of the fight. This could be a similar last moment invention, and if it is, then Duquesne could be a loyal Boskonian and still be now using the device for the first time."

"If he was once part of a Boskonian organization," returned Kathryn, "Then he's almost definitely decided not to continue working for them. Why else would he have bothered telling Briggs that he sided neither with Boskone nor with the Patrol. His action pattern reveals no links with recent Boskonian activities. His plot to make Tellus withdraw from Civilization in no way accords with the tactics or strategy typical of the unknown enemy who headed the attack on Klovvia and the ambush of Worsel at Dunster."

"Isn't there a possible tie-up between his work on Tellus and this recent ultimatum from Surgat?"

"Perhaps, but the evidence available leads me to doubt it. If Surgat had had the Duquesne projector, then he could have made that ultimatum in person in every capital of every world in the Thrallian Empire---and really scared the people out of their wits. No, I'm very much inclined to think that Duquesne is acting on his own. Anyway, he's supposed to get in touch with Briggs again some time today, and I'll be watching to see what happens. Then maybe there'll be enough data to support some solid conclusions."

"QX. Lens me when and if anything interesting breaks." And Kit broke off communications with his far-away sister. He and Tregonsee had now reached the Galactic Coordinator's private suite of rooms aboard the Directrix. Tregonsee waited a moment for Kit to sit down, then asked bluntly, "Were the reporter's charges true?"

"True,...but incredibly distorted."

"The last one, the charge that you and your sisters had taken over command of the Patrol, seemed to me to be relatively inconsequential," Tregonsee said with the vast calm peculiar to his long-lived solemn race. "It is true enough that we have not hitherto given you sufficient official position in the Patrol hierarchy---and that we have too long failed to regularize the position of your

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sisters. The public does not even know the extent of the rôle they played in the Defense of Arisia. We should have attended to these things before, but they can certainly be dealt with now.

"The next to last charge was that you children are products of an Arisian breeding experiment and not true members of the species homo sapiens. That you are not homo sapiens also seems to be to be fairly inconsequential; even most of the humanoid members of Civilization would probably be little affected by it. However, the implications this charge,...does it mean that Kim Kinnison and Clarissa MacDougal were not your actual parents?"

"No, not at all. It's true that the Arisians did foresee us in their Visualization of the Cosmic All and decided it would be desirable to have us around at the time of the last confrontation with Boskone. It's even true that the Arisians played invisible match-makers a couple of times in order to make sure that Mom and Dad would get born, and thus be able to cause us to get born. That's why Mentor told Dad that his marriage was not merely permissible but necessary.

"We are not homo sapiens, because as the children of two Second-Stage Lensmen we had practically no genes carrying any traits of weakness. Mentor said that we carried the genes of every trait of strength ever known to any member of the human race, and that this had produced a change in level of performance which was not only quantitative but also qualitative, so that we were no longer typically homo sapiens in regard to any factor of importance."

"Given a reasonably judicious selection and presentation of the facts, it shouldn't be too difficult to explain these things to the people," Tregonsee observed. "The first two charges, however, are more serious. Who could have been the true target of the Patrol's last battle, if it was not Floor?"

Kit did not hesitate. The die was now cast. The Galactic Coordinator must be told the truth, or at least as much of it as he could take. "The target of the Patrol's last battle was the head of Boskone," he told Tregonsee. "But it wasn't Floor. Floor was only the second level of command. The Patrol's true last battle occurred, not when we smashed Floor but afterwards, in the attack on what Mentor called a 'residuum of non-material malignancy' left behind after the destruction of Floor."

"Do you mean to say that the Arisians have lied to us," asked Tregonsee. His four horn-tipped mouths snapped open and shut; his cabled arms writhed in astonishment.

"Not really," replied Kit. "The things we attacked then—the Eddorians, they called themselves—were certainly evil and malignant-minded all right. And they were also, in a sense, non-material. They could take material form easily enough by energizing a structure of flesh. But if one of them was attacked while doing so, then even if his body was totally destroyed, he himself wouldn't be a bit hurt. The Eddorians were incapable of being harmed by any physical force, however applied. The only way they could be destroyed was through the combined mental power of the Arisians plus the Galactic Patrol."

Tregonsee did not reply for several moments, then asked not with anger but with puzzlement, "But why haven't the Arisians told

us about this? It seems rather illogical to expect people to fight<sup>24</sup> effectively against an unknown enemy....No, don't try to answer, Kit; you couldn't know. I'd better try again to get in touch with Mentor."

Kit groaned inwardly. Hurriedly he Lensed Constance. "Con, you're the hallucination expert. Can you help me fool Tregonsee into thinking he's talking with Mentor? Right now? It's necessary." Then, after having seemingly paused for only a few seconds, he asked Tregonsee, "Did you say 'try again'?"

"Yes," the new Galactic Coordinator replied. "I naturally attempted to contact him at the time of the Klovian disaster. It seemed to contradict his earlier assurances of Civilization's safety and security. He did not choose to answer. Now, however, I believe I shall try again."

And Kit, while receiving the Rigelian's Lensed thoughts, simultaneously heard his sister Constance reply, "It shouldn't be too difficult for us to do, Kit. I've checked with Cam, and she's going to help too; after all she does know him better than either of us do. I don't like the idea of deceiving Uncle Trig, but you're right; it's necessary. We can't let him realize the Arisians are gone."

"And actually we're not really deceiving him by taking on the name of Mentor," her brother replied. "We are Mentor—at least, to the same extent that the Arisians Nedanillor, Kriedigan, Drounli and Brolenteen were. We have inherited their position as Guardians of Civilization, and are as entitled to make use of the name as they were."

And then, without further ado, the three linked. It was not, of course the Unit ~~that~~ resulted—all the Children of the Lens were needed to produce that awesome fusion of minds—but it was a fusion so overwhelmingly effective that Tregonsee was never to suspect at that time or at any later date that it was not Mentor with whom he was then exchanging thoughts. And so, since he thus knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that his apparent conversation with Mentor was absolutely, totally genuine, it will be so described.

Tregonsee, then, broke off his conference with Kit Kinnison and directed a thought to distant Arisia and Mentor the sage, making contact immediately. "I apologize for intruding," he thought calmly. There is reliable evidence that you have intentionally led us to arrive at false conclusions in respect to the nature of our enemies. I do not at present see the reasons that justified you in doing so. Why did you lead us to believe that Floor, and not Eddore, was the head of Boskone?"

And Mentor's answering thought was equally calm. "That information has been withheld from you, because you do not have the mental scope to comprehend the true nature of the Eddorians, any more than as a three-dimensional being you can, no matter how intelligent, how mature, fully comprehend the true nature of a four-dimensional being."

"But Cristopher Kinnison does have that ability, you have judged him able to fathom the Eddorians?"

"Yes. You are a Second-Stage Lensman. He and his sisters have minds capable of enduring yet a third level of stress."



Well was it for the patrol in that hour of trial that its Galactic Coordinator was Tregonsee, the only one of the Second-Stage Lensmen capable of receiving such news without experiencing traumatic shock. He alone had realized that the children whom he and the other Second-Stage Lensmen had helped to train had long ago passed their tutors. It was a measure of the stocky Rigelian's sense of values that this realization brought into his tranquil soul no tinge of rancor but only wonder.

Now he absorbed this new information without conscious shock. For a brief moment he considered its implications, not for himself but for Civilization. Then he asked one last question, "I also do not understand why you told us after the attack on...Eddore that there was no longer any weapon of power left, with which Boskone could threaten Civilization."

Mentor's reply came quickly. "Know, youth, that my Visualization of the Cosmic All extends itself in relatively fine detail only to the events that have occurred and will occur within the First and Second Galaxies. It has recently come to my attention that a mind of power with the mental capacity of an Arisian had entered into these regions from yet a third galaxy. This being is dominated chiefly by desire for power and recognition, not by desire for knowledge as we Arisians are. He has recently acted in opposition to the forces of Civilization. His arrival was unforeseeable, and his actions were at first equally unpredictable, because of his unknown background. However, even on the basis of the little data I now have, I find no doubt that you, with the help of the young Kinnisons, will be able to ultimately defeat the plans of this being." And with that assurance, Mentor snapped the telepathic link.

For several minutes thereafter Tregonsee was silent, then he turned once more to the young, red-thatched Lensman in the room with him. In a series of flashing thoughts he spread before the youth all the details of his just-finished conversation with Mentor, then said, "Christopher, as an Unattached Lensman, you can no longer be officially given any assignment, but I believe there is no breach of protocol in my saying that I would greatly appreciate it if you would head the investigation of this Third Galaxy intruder."

"I'd be glad to," and with that Kit prepared to take his leave.

But, as his hand touched the doorknob, the young Lensman was stopped dead in his tracks by Tregonsee's thought, "Stop, Christopher." Then the Galactic Coordinator continued more temperately to the Captain of the Directrix, "Would you mind starting over again, Captain, and directing your account to Lensman Kinnison as well as myself. I believe your message is going to touch on the field of his present investigation."

"Gladly, Coordinator," then to both Kit and Tregonsee, "Two minutes ago we received the following message:

"People of Civilization:

"The time for the re-establishment of Boskone has come. To prevent unnecessary hostilities, Sol IX has been taken hostage and transported by hyper-spatial tube to Boskone-controlled territory. It will not be returned until the re-establishment of Boskone has been fully completed. The Plutonians upon it, however, may be ransomed.

"The ransoming will be conducted as follows: One Lensmen who surrenders himself as a prisoner of war will ransom 2,000 Plutonians. Lensmen desirous of ransoming Plutonians must be unarmed. They must present themselves in three days time upon Lyrane IX." The message went on to specify geographical and chronological coordinates. "If no Lensman has appeared by the deadline, the offer for ransom will be withdrawn. Non-cooperative Plutonians who are not ransomed back will be disposed of in the event of any hostilities between Boskone and the Galactic Patrol.

"Surgat, speaking for Boskone."

"We have already had reports," the captain of the Directrix continued, "that indicate that this same message has also been received by the planetary governments on a large number of worlds, in both the First and Second Galaxies."

\* \* \*

Second-Stage Lensman Tregonsee of Rigel IV did not give any immediate orders for Patrol action in response to this new ultimatum. To hurry was not Tregonsee's way. He could move fast if occasion warranted it, and he had made his plans previously, but first, before he could move at all, he had to know exactly how, where, and why he should move. It was therefore Kit Kinnison who undertook the task of investigating the ultimatum in person. And so Kit, almost immediately after the ultimatum had been received, left the Directrix, boarded his own speedster and drove it at top free velocity toward far-off Lyrane IX.

He was only a half hour out in space, when he received a thought from Kathryn. "Kit, have you heard about Surgat's latest move?"

"I'm off to Lyrane to investigate it. Any other news?"

"DuQuesne put in his reappearance on schedule, but by projector again, not in person." In a series of flashing thought she gave him the details of the recent DuQuesne-Briggs meeting. "As of now," she went on somberly, "I can't see any way to locate DuQuesne except by scanning the entire Solar System, foot by foot."

"Can't you trace the source of the projection at all?"

"Brother mine, I can't even perceive yet how the projected image propagates itself, let alone its source. We're going to have to develop a whole new technology to deal with DuQuesne effectively. And we'd better not tackle him until we do. At the moment, he's willing to fight Boskone as well as us, which means he's a potential ally if they decide to attack him frontally. And there's no sense even bothering to locate him unless we've got the stuff to pin his ears back. I'd advise concentrating on Surgat of Boskone and the Unknown Enemy right now, and putting DuQuesne on a lower level of priority."

"QX, but there's no sense in ceding him the whole solar system. Talk to the Council and see that we build an alternate Prime Base on Mars, and switch First Galaxy Patrol Headquarters to it if necessary. That way Tellus will still be strongly defended, but without defying the planetary government's lawful eviction order."

"QX. Clear ether, Kit."

"Clear ether." And the two broke contact.

\* \* \*

Less than a day later Kit had made the long intergalactic voyage from the Thrallian solar system to Dunstan's Region, a minor spiral arm of the First Galaxy. Soon his tiny speedster approached the Lyranean solar system and went into orbit around Lyrane's ninth planet, an uninhabited world whose sole importance up to now in the Boskone-Patrol conflict had been to serve as a place where Eddorians could train their Black Lensmen. Had any significant changes occurred since that time?

Kit scanned the bleak planet with painstaking care for some time, then sent out a call to his four sisters. "Kat-Kay-Cam-Con...are you free?" They were, for a while. "Lyrane IX hasn't been touched since the Battle of Ploor. I'm going to do a routine check on the system's other worlds for Boskonian agents who might be involved in the present scheme. But as of now it seems pretty apparent that the proposed ransom-by-exchange will be made by hyper-spatial tube, same as the way they got Pluto originally. If I can't find some other link between Lyrane and the Surgat-Unknown axis between now and the deadline, I'm going to go in as the first 'ransomer.'"

"What!" "But you can't!" "No!" "Don't be foolhardy, Kit!" Four objections came as one.

"I've got to. If I don't go, some of the First-Stagers are bound to volunteer for the job, and get killed—and not accomplish anything in the process. If I go, the Galactic Council can reasonably forbid any other volunteers until we see whether the Boskonians honor their pledge."

"Yes, but Kit, why go by yourself? Let's all go—as the Unit," suggested Constance.

"We can't. You're all needed now where you are. Do you want to leave the Two Galaxies unprotected?"

"But you don't have to go," cut in Kay stormily. "We can refuse their offer entirely. We could send them a recorded message that we don't plan to exchange anybody. After all, there are over fifty million Plutonians. It would take over twenty-five thousand Lensmen to ransom them all back."

"Think straight, Kay. We can't refuse their offer like that," Kit replied with equal heat. "Not with honor, we couldn't. Lensmen always go in, remember," he quotes their father. "Besides, there's no other quick way to get a line on their location. Which is where you come in, Con. Skulk out on the outskirts of Dunstan's Region, tap the tube if and when it forms, and follow it. Don't worry about me; I can take care of myself. But find out where that tube goes to."

"QX. Kit."

"What about the rest of us," asked Karen mutinously. "Are we just supposed to sit around and do nothing to help?"

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"Kathryn's got DuQuesne on her hands. That should take up most of her time. Karen, I'd like you and Kat to work together on trying to figure out just what DuQuesne is up to. Also try to identify the personality action-patterns of Surgat and the Unknown Enemy so we can set up a few traps for them once I get back. QX?"

"QX," from both girls.

"And I concentrate on watching out for Tregonsee," thought Cam.

"Right. Also...we've got only two Second-Stage Lensmen left, Cam. We need more. I want you to get them."

"More Second-Stagers? Where?"

"Have you forgotten that the Arisians developed eight lines of selective breeding, two each on Rigel IV, Palain VII, Velantia and Tellus. Only five Second-Stagers were trained. Three of them are now dead. But there are still three other potential Second-Stagers alive: the beings that were carefully bred to serve as mates for Tregonsee, Worzel and Nadreck. The Arisians decided that the human stock was best, so the other trained L2s were never allowed to meet their potential complements. Nevertheless, those three beings are almost certainly potentially Second Stagers. I want you to find them, recruit them, and train them. We're going to need them in the days ahead."

"QX, Kit," and after only a little further discussion, the conference was ended.

\* \* \*

A little more than two days later, Kit Kinnison landed his speedster on the desolate planet of Lyrane IX, a world so forbidding that even the frigid-blooded Eich had preferred to settle on the system's next inward planet.

And on the outskirts of Dunstan's Region, Constance waited in her own indetectable speedster. Waited and saw Kit step out on the world's icy surface, waited and saw him pulled into a ship that was lurking at the mouth of a hyper-spatial tube—and knew that her brother was, at least temporarily, a prisoner of Boskone. Waited until the ship had retreated once more wholly within the hyper-spatial tube and begun to speed back through the tube to its destination. And then, and only then, Kathryn Kinnison, Third Stage Lensman, ceased waiting and went into action. Carefully she tapped the surface of the tube and followed its course, racing ahead of the ship to its far-away point of origin.

And inside the hyper-spatial tube, aboard the swiftly speeding spaceship, Zilch, High Tyrant of Nergal, looked up from the controls and turned to his aide. "Go, fetch the Lensman, Borkle," he said, "and bring him here at once. Gharlane is waiting to see him."

to be continued  
in our next issue

\* \* \* \* \*

We should all be concerned about the future because we will have to spend the rest of our lives there.

Charles Francis Kettering

by Larry Niven

Moving backward in time, Dieter Reiss had felt a steady, powerful pressure trying to force him into a ball. Gravity was inward, as with a good-sized planet. Down was the direction of his navel. Had he relaxed against the pull, he would have folded into foetal position. He might never have pulled loose.

He had built the transtemporal vehicle himself, working alone and in secret. His theory, his math, his stolen computer time... but he had never expected this. It was dangerous and uncomfortable and terrifying. Almost, he had panicked. Almost.

Every discovery has unpredictable side effects.

Going forward in time it was just the opposite. His limbs wanted to spread him into a starfish. His head was upside down. The stale air smelled of oil and hot metal. He was tired, tired....

Decades in the past, decades behind him, an assassin lay dead at his hands. From this he drew strength.

The indicator read August 1981. With a sob of relief he cut the vehicle's power. A summer night formed from the pink haze outside the port. The awful gravity changed. He opened the hatch and inhaled fresh air.

Two men took his arms as he stepped out onto the grass.

"Well?" one said in English. "You know they'll throw the book at you, don't you Pete? Stealing a time machine!"

\* \* \*

Dieter froze. He knew a few words of English; but why should anyone speak that language here? The men wore unfamiliar uniforms. Why?

"I didn't steal it," he protested, in German. His thinking felt slow and muzzy.

The uniformed men squinted at him against the moonlit dark. One spoke in heavily accented German. "You're not Pete. Who are you? Where did you come from?"

In the presence of uniforms, Dieter automatically straightened to attention. He was tall and thin and knobby. The lenses in his wire-framed spectacles were thick as the bottom of a beer glass. Over years of wear they had carved two notches in his ears and a third on the bridge of his long nose. He did not, could not look military; but he tried.

"My name is Dieter Reiss," he said. "I do not know your Pete."

"Where did you get a time machine?"



His mind seemed to be working again. "I should have expected that my own future would be changed. Never mind. I have saved the life of the Fuhrer. You may do with me as you wish."

"What did you say?" The man's accent was terrible. What was he, English? American? No, impossible.

"I've saved Adolf Hitler." Dieter tried to read the man's face in the dark. The city lights of Hamburg, half a mile distant, cast a faint glow. "Ah, I see. By preventing his murder I have changed the present. You do not even remember. He died in 1938. August."

The man on his left smiled uncertainly. "No, I don't remember that at all."

He was shot from a rooftop. I found the assassin in time—in time," he stressed, but they didn't see the joke—"and I shot him. As for the transtemporal vehicle, I have spent most of my life building it, for this sole purpose."

"What purpose?"

"To prevent the Fuhrer's murder, so that he might himself see the end of the war of Conquest, as he deserved. My task is over," Dieter said proudly. And he wondered what would become of him now. He was thirty years old, and he had lived for one goal. Now the shift in time had changed even the German uniforms, had wiped out all memory of what he had changed; and possibly of Dieter Reiss himself. Would anyone believe him? Why should they?

The man on his right swore in English. "I get it now. You shot Pete!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Pete was always talking about how he'd have liked to shoot Hitler. They never should have assigned him to Project Timeline. So he really did it."

"No," Reiss corrected him mildly. "I shot him first. Was your Pete insane? Why would he want to harm the Fuhrer?"

"Why not?"

It was the last answer Dieter had expected. Had he fallen into the hands of traitors, only half a mile from Hamburg?

The man on his left spoke as if puzzled. "War of Conquest, you said. You said you changed your own future. Just what kind of a future was it, Reiss?"

Reiss understood, and his world crumbled. The next moment he was writhing, screaming, kicking - "Grab him, Asimov!" - anything to break loose. If he could only reach the vehicle, he could. Something heavy cracked against the back of his head. He felt the blow snap his teeth together, and that was all.

Two soldiers moved across the grass, carrying a prisoner.

"Did you get his glasses?"

"Yah."

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"Pete was an idiot. He should have remembered what a poor strategist Hitler was."

"I still don't get it. Where did he come from?"

"Him? Simple," said Asimov. "Pete stole the Timeline vehicle night before last, right? And he went back to the year 1938 and shot Hitler from a rooftop."

"But this guy says—"

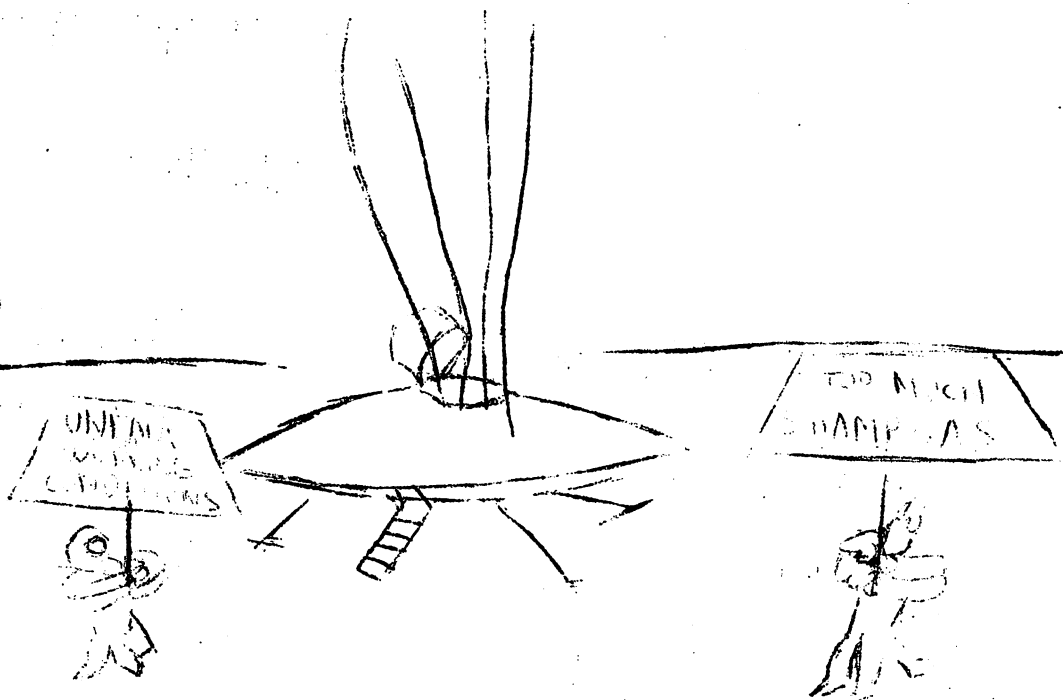
"Pete killed Hitler," Asimov continued inexorably. "Now, Hitler was a lousy strategist. He was all right until he killed off all his good generals because all his good generals were trying to kill him off. Without them, he lost the war. But when Pete got through that never had a chance to happen. The generals won the war, and we got a new past—and present."

"And him?"

"Reiss must have grown up in a time when the Axis countries owned most of the world, and Hitler was a martyred savior—like Lincoln. Reiss built his own Timeline vehicle, went back to 1938 and killed Pete. That brought our own present back to life. When Reiss tried to go home, he found us waiting to arrest him for stealing Pete's time machine."

Reiss stirred in their arms as they reached the main building. "I wonder," said Asimov, "if he'll appreciate the humor of it."

\* \* \* \* \*



3100

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 as a whole.

To Tame a Tiger, by James Millard, R. Dunstan & Sons, Publishers, 1967. Hardback. 213 pages.

Pardon my prejudice, but I just hate it when a mainstream author decides to write "that stuff" (i.e., sf) without knowing the first thing about it. Millard's To Tame a Tiger is almost a classic example of what can result from such ignorance.

The story, such as it is, concerns a young girl who can read minds. There's also an escaped circus tiger, and the two just naturally gravitate together, because "Both were outcasts from a society that couldn't understand them and hence despised them." (Hand me the air-sickness bag, will you?) The girl, naturally, has a way with animals, "her special gift putting her more in tune with their simplere mode of living." There's also an appearance by your unfriendly neighborhood motorcycle gang, the leader of which rapes her and consequently gets mauled to death by her friend, the tiger.

If the story sounds bad, the characters are infinitely worse. Although Millard has given no indication that Ellen, the telep, is mentally retarded, she says and does things that would embarrass even a twelve-year-old...and Ellen is supposedly nineteen. And although she can read minds, she is taken in by the most bald-faced lies you can conceive of.

Ellen's widowed mother ("I just never was able to understand that brat.") is an alcoholic waitress and part-time prostitute who dyes her hair (oh, the falseness of our society!) The old family doctor must also be a part-time carpenter, judging from the number of old saws he carries with him, ("There are powers of the human mind, Sheriff, that we can't even begin to understand.") The sheriff is, of course, a fascist bigot who hates niggers, commies, foreigners, peace demonstrators, and everything else that is not Good and Wholesome.

I have been told that Millard's mainstream stuff is competent if mediocre. All I can say is that this book does not manage to rise to such heights. Oh well, at least he had the decency not to call the tiger "Tony."

SG

A Fish Dinner in Memison, by E. R. Eddison, first printing in paperback, Ballantine, February, 1968, 95¢.

This is the last of Eddison's completed novels to appear in paperback. The Worm Ouroboros, the simplest in plot and philosophy of the three books, was put out by Xanadu as far back as 1952. Mistress of Mistresses was published by Ballantine last year in August.

According to the back blurb, A Fish Dinner in Memison is "the<sup>33</sup> final volume, chronologically, in 'The Worm Ouroboros' group." Actually, the three books are in no way a trilogy—at least not, that is, in the same sense as Tolkien's Lord of the Rings. Instead, The Worm Ouroboros is only loosely connected to the action in the other two. And the "Fish Dinner" is the final volume of the series "chronologically" only in that it was last written. Its action actually precedes the action which takes place in Mistress of Mistresses. by a good many years.

For those who were puzzled by the strange philosophy and the even stranger character relations of Mistress of Mistresses, this new book will come as a welcome relief. It does not wholly clarify the ways in which one personality may inhabit several different bodies simultaneously but it does show the philosophical foundation of the interplay of God and Goddess in Zimiamvia (and on our Earth) far more understandably than its sequel does.

This series does not fall into any of the familiar s-f categories. It is full of magic and deeds of high chivalry, yet it is less like a "sword and sorcery" story than like a strange blending of Zelazny and Philip K. Dick. To enjoy it requires a taste for the archaic in thought and language. But those who have such a taste will enjoy it indeed.

LK



# ASK ARKADY

by Arkady Darell



Dear Arkady,

I am married to a Mira IV hundred-legged centipede with cold feet. What should I do?

Shivering.

Dear Shivering: Buy fifty hot water bottles or one emperor-sized electric blanket.

Dear Arkady,

I am a Mira IV centipede. I recently had to count my legs while filling out an insurance company form, and I found that I only have ninety-eight. I feel inadequate. What do you recommend?

Distraught.

Dear Distraught: Try counting in base nine. That way you'd have 121 legs. If that doesn't help, try plastic surgery.

Dear Arkady:

For some time I have been advertizing for a computer expert capable of repairing a brain grown so intricate that it had a personality. So far the only applicant I've heard from is a woman named Susan Calvin. Have you heard of her and do you recommend her?

Manuel O'Kelly

Dear Mr. O'Kelly: Hire her only if you want to have your computer's natural behavior pattern altered to conform to the Three Laws of Robotics, which will keep it friendly, obedient and un-self-sacrificing. Otherwise, try to get in touch with one of the staff of computer repairmen maintained by Van Rign of the Polesoletechnic League. They're good enough to repair computers that play poker. But be prepared for a high repair bill. Van Rign invariably charges all that the traffic will bear.

Dear Arkady,

I have recently run into a fellow MD called Methuselah whose slave Hippocrates accidentally ruined my spaceship and has filed some vital parts of it in his shirt-cuff collection. My appeals for help to Doctor Methuselah have resulted only in references to some obscure code of his which forbids any intervention on his part for or against government organizations. What should I do?

Calhoun, Med Service

Dear Calhoun: Quit your job temporarily and try asking again. You can always sign up again with the Med Service once you're safely back home.

Any readers with problems that they need help to solve should write to Arkady c/o The Third Foundation.



by James Branch Cabell  
in Straws and Prayer-books

I would like to think that every self-respecting novelist goes to his magicking in suitable estate, and follows high and approved old formulae. In any event, so many persons have, at odd times, inquired about my own "methods" of composition, that it seems well here to jot down what would appear to be a few of the more obvious rules of thumb.

The novelist, then, most appropriately prologizes his evasion of common-sense—after of course performing the proper suffumigations of camphor and aloes and amber,—by writing his first chapter in a robe of white, with a triple collar of crystals and peals and selenite. His diet upon this day will be fish.

When there is fighting in manuscript, the writer may always advantageously, I believe, shift to a rust-colored robe adorned with amethysts, and having a belt and bracelets of steel, ~~and~~ clothed in which gear, he will while writing keep as near as circumstances permit to the chimney, favored by Mars.

When he is about to kill anyone scriptorially, he will in mere self-protection put on a wreath of ash and cypress, and burn scammony and alum. He will likewise upon this day be careful to stint none of the functions of nature; and will circumspectly remember that he traffics with the wan and ashy overlord of the greater infortune.

But to bring off a love scene properly, demands of course much more elaborate paraphernalia. The room, so far as general experience indicates, should be hung with green and rose; the author, whom a Nubian mute is fanning with swans' down, now is robed in sky blue, and wears a graven turquoise ring. Musicians are in attendance, preferably choristers, fiddlers and pipers. Upon the writer's head is a tiara of lapis lazuli and beryl, wreathed about with myrtle and roses: upon the auctorial breast a copper talisman opposes to the busied keys of the typewriter the mystic sign of Anael and the inscription AVEEVA VADELILITH....

I do not mean that in writing I myself have always in every detail followed these exact "methods" of composition. What with one thing and another, such as having small children in the house, a similar account at the bank, and the attendance within candid conversational range of one who holds at best the customary views as to what may be put up with in a husband,—with such deterrents about, these "methods" have sometimes, in some respects, been found inexpedient. And so I merely suggest them here as that ideal of conduct which should be aimed at by the creating romanticist, in absolute and strict logic. For he in reality is a sorcerer, and in consequence is amenable to the most ancient of rules.

# CAST OF CHARACTERS

PAUL

What mysterious ray brainwashed him on the road to Damascus?

HEROD

Bloody dictator — or bulwark against alien invasion?

PONTIUS PILATE

Ruler of Palestine — or pawn of...  
The Thing with Three Souls

\* \* \* \* \*

This issue's front and back covers (inside and outside copy) were written by Norman Spinrad.

His latest book is THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE, Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, 1967, 240 pages, \$4.50.

This book has received little publicity in more prozines largely because of its nonconformist plot and tone. Conservative critic P Schuyler Miller (Analog 3-68), however, did go so far as to say that "If there is to be a school of 'black' science fiction to match the black comedies and tragedies of current fashionable literature, this book has gone straight to the graduate level."

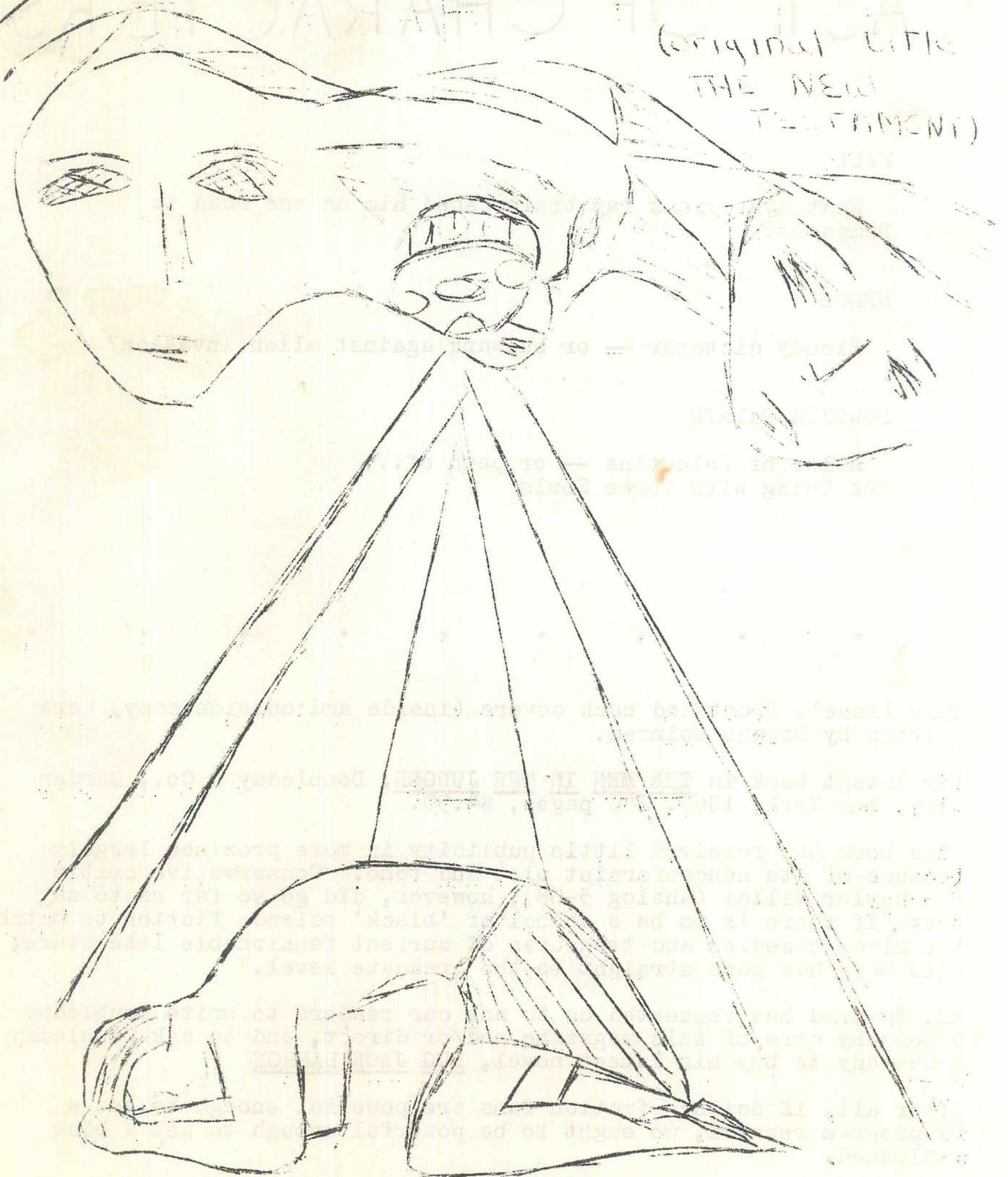
Mr. Spinrad has requested us to ask our readers to write Doubleday & Company care of this magazine and/or direct, and to ask Doubleday & Company to buy his latest novel, BUG JACK BARRON

After all, if science fiction fans are powerful enough to get a TV program renewed, we ought to be powerful enough to get a book published.

DEUCE  
DOVELE

# THE THING WITH THREE SOULS

(original title  
THE NEW  
TESTAMENT)



Was the One called Jesus a human masquerading as an alien—  
or an alien masquerading as a human being?