



WELL,
IT'S NICE,
BUT...

TIM
KIRK

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printing for issue 91 done by
Barry Gold
synergy #27

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next issue will be our Year-Ish for 1970. Letters should be received by ~~Dec~~ember 15th to be sure of publication. It will contain our regular Year-Ish features - The Third Foundation Calendar and the Plaything of the Year.

It will also contain an eye-witness report on Port Meirion (the Village's real-life location) by Stan Burns.

THE THIRD FOUNDATION #91
ad astra per cogitationem

Staff

Diplomat at Arms.....Gordon Monson
Starry-Eyed Anti-Novelist.....Bill Bakewell
Vulcan Refugee.....Mel Gilden
Primary Pro.....Stephen Goldin
Paratime Pro.....Barry Weissman
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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 Lee and Barry Gold
at approximately bimonthly intervals.

Subscription rates - 30 cents for three issues, plus postage charges
of fifteen cents per issue. (Our rates have gone up. That's because
it now costs us approximately 20¢ to mail each issue. We don't mind
losing money on printing, but it hurts to lose it to the post office
too. All stamps gratefully accepted.) Free copies for locs,
contributions, and/or fanzine exchanges.

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A Word from the Sponsor

IMPRIMIS

by Lee Gold

There are one or two minor changes about this issue of The Third Foundation.

The first appears in the colophon. Last month, Sandy Cohen decided ~~since~~ we were choosing what things went into the zine, typing them, running them off, collating the zines, distributing them, and keeping the profits (?) (well, keeping the proceeds) - it might be slightly more honest to say that this zine is being put out by Lee and Barry Gold. We agree.

The second change is the appearance of this column which someday, if I ever feel brave enough, may turn into an editorial.

Familiarity breeds content.

We spent September moving Barry's possessions out of his apartment and out of his parents' house and into my apartment. We now have (among other things) eight cartons of books that there aren't any bookcases for (there aren't even any walls left on which we could put the bookcases if we got any); a three-string guitar, two cartons of fanzines, and the stencils for the Incomplete Burbee. We plan to put out a new edition of the Burbee real soon now (maybe around Christmas). Anyone interested?

What I tell you three times is boring.

The magician's magpie is a malicious magpie that murders moose.
The Nazgul's newt is a nasty newt that nibbles neos.
The Overlord's Orc is an obedient orc that orders others.

What I tell you three times is boring.

The Flooran's pterodactyl is a pretty pterodactyl that preens its plumes.
The quarterback's quahog is a queer quahog who quirtles quietly.
The Rigelian's rabbit is a rebellious rabbit that rejects rules.

You're wonderful. You're wonderful. You're wonderful.

Here There Be ~~Yag-Yyed~~ Monsters

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

1. A reptilian head a yard long was poking toward them out of the smoke. The head had a scaly neck behind it. Then came a foreleg and another. The dragon seemed to be crawling from nothingness through an orifice somewhere in the smoke, ballooning out as it came. There it was, complete to stinger-tipped tail, gazing at them with yellow cat's eyes....A second draconian head was pushed through the smoke. This one was squirted out in a few minutes. It looked at the three men, then wandered over to a clump of bright-colored flowers, sniffed and began to eat them. Now a third and a fourth head were already in sight. As fast as the dragons were extruded, more followed them. The field down to the very confines of the trees was crowded with them,....

2. The creature was like nothing that Joenes had ever seen. In front it resembled a tiger except that its massive head was black rather than tawny-striped. In the middle it was reminiscent of a bird, for rudimentary wings grew just below its shoulders. In back it was like a snake, possessing a tail that was twice as long as the Beast itself, as thick in its thickest part as a man's thigh, and scaled and barbed all over.

3. Something, a strange, unwholesome something, touched against his mind....He lay struggling to suppress his horror and keep his mind quiet as a visualization transferred from the Skal being to him, a visualization of a long, scaly reptile body crouching in some nether darkness, peering into his brain with a glee that could have no human counterpart. The Skal was projecting an image of itself.

4. The lobster advanced toward me menacingly, its huge blue claws snapping fiercely bare inches from my face. "Well now, we know exactly what to do with spies. Indeed we do. Exactly. Oh my, yes."

5. Of course, these aren't dragons. No, they are uglier. They are sauriāns, more like tyrannosaurus rex than anything else--big hind-quarters and heavy hind legs, heavy tail and smaller front legs that they use either in walking or to grasp their prey. The head is mostly teeth....Furthermore, these not-so-fake dragons have evolved that charming trick of burning their own sewer gas.

6. I didn't like Martians. I did not fancy having a thing that looks like a tree trunk topped off by a sun helmet claiming the privileges of a man. I did not like the way they grew psauo limbs; it reminded me of snakes crawling out of their holes. I did not like the fact that they could look all directions at once without turning their heads--if they had had heads, which of course they don't. And I could not stand their smell!

7. The only new mutation that routine precautions wouldn't take care of was a slate-colored lizard that spit a fast nerve poison with deadly accuracy. The lizards had to be looked out for, and shot before they came within range. An hour of lizard-blasting in a training chamber made him proficient in the exact technique.

like maybe

A SPECIAL UNIVERSE FOR SOME TV SHOWS AND COMIC BOOKS

Several weeks ago some stf writer /Isaac Asimov/ had an article in TV GUIDE in which he criticized a TV show (LOST IN SPACE, I think) for gross inaccuracies in the science department. This included such things as dialog like "We just passed Saturn and there's Arcturus, so we must be getting near Earth." After thinking about this for a while I realized that they were not being inaccurate at all-- they were just setting the show in the Comic Book Universe and being careless about telling the audience that any resemblance to our universe, living or dead, is purely coincidental except where similarity is intended.

For those that haven't noticed, the Comic Book Universe is the universe used for comic books of the Bugs Bunny, Donald Duck, etc. variety when one of the characters ventures into outer space. This universe, or something similar to it, also appears in some movies and TV shows, especially comedies. I don't know enough about it to describe it completely, but I can mention some of the ways it differs from our universe.

To begin with, the nature and arrangement of the various heavenly bodies is almost entirely different. For instance, stars vary from the type we know all the way down to five-pointed objects resembling Christmas decorations of various sizes. These latter types are solid and can often be handled with bare hands. One occasionally sees a story (usually in a comic book or comedy show) that hinges around the theft or loss of one or more of these objects. They are rarely seen in regions used for slightly more serious TV location filming.

Another commonly seen object is the "meteor" or "comet" which is probably some type of energy life-form rather than a real meteor or comet. This is my own opinion based on the way they fly through the void flaming and glowing like a real meteor in an atmosphere rather than behaving in the quieter manner typical of such objects in interplanetary space in our universe.

Stars, planets, and other objects are scattered randomly through space rather than arranged in widely separated systems, so that someone going from, say, Mars to Earth might find Saturn and Arcturus next to each other somewhere in between. Ringed planets are distributed so that anyone in any location other than within Earth's atmosphere can always see at least one. Planets range from Earth-type and size all the way down to cratered balls a few hundred feet in diameter.

No planet has an environment so hostile that one cannot survive with a space helmet--not the whole suit, just the helmet. (Earth may be the only exception.) Some of these planets are what I call "scavenger planets." These differ from ordinary planets in that their gravitational fields strongly attract disabled spaceships at great distances, while ignoring bona fide celestial objects and any ships (including satellites) that happen to be coasting somewhere with their engines turned off and are in their intended trajectories.

COMPUTER DIALOGUE

with Ted Johnstone

WOULD YOU LIKE INSTRUCTIONS FOR USING THIS PROGRAM?

**y

GOOD DAY. I AM DR. OTTO MATIC. SINCE WE CANNOT SEE EACH OTHER, THERE ARE A FEW CONVENTIONS I'D LIKE YOU TO ABIDE BY IN ORDER FOR US TO COMMUNICATE AS WELL AS POSSIBLE. 1) PLEASE WAIT FOR ME TO PRINT TWO ASTERISKS BEFORE YOU TYPE ANYTHING. 2) TERMINATE EACH OF YOUR REMARKS TO ME WITH EITHER A QUESTION MARK OR A PERIOD. 3) IF YOU MAKE A MISTAKE IN TYPING, ENTER THE WORD 'OOPS'. 4) WHEN YOU ARE FINISHED, A SIMPLE 'GOODBYE.' WILL TERMINATE THE INTERVIEW. IF YOU WILL REMEMBER THESE RULES OUR SESSION SHOULD GO QUITE WELL. NOW.... WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO TELL ME?

**my name is Frodo Baggins, and I seem to have this ring....

I AM NOT INTERESTED IN NAMES.

**I have this ring I wanted some advice about.

CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THAT?

**My uncle Bilbo left it to me when he disappeared.

IS IT IMPORTANT TO YOU THAT YOUR UNCLE BILBO LEFT IT TO YOU WHEN HE DISAPPEARED?

**Only sentimentally - the ring makes me invisible.

LETS DISCUSS FURTHER WHY YOUR UNCLE BILBO LEFT IT TO YOU WHEN HE DISAPPEARED.

**Well, Gandalf told him not to take it with him.

WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE TO DISCUSS?

**Orcs.

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT JUST NOW?

**Would you rather discuss elves?

WHY ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ME?

**Sorry.

APOLOGIES ARE NOT NECESSARY.

**Anyway, about this ring - it's Sauron's.

YES?

**And now he wants it back.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

**The ring must be destroyed.

HOW DOES YOUR FAMILY FEEL ABOUT THAT?

**Proud, I imagine - I have to destroy it. T he ring, I mean.

DO YOU SAY YOU IMAGINE - YOU HAVE TO DESTROY IT FOR SOME SPECIAL REASON?

**Do you think I only imagine I have to destroy it!

**What if I only imagined it then?

DO YOU THINK IT IS LIKELY THAT YOU ONLY IMAGINED IT THEN?

**No.

IS THERE SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU?

**This ring.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THAT?

**Afraid.

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

**George Allen Unwin and the entire library association prevent me.

TELL ME MORE.

**I can't - take it up with them.

HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T - TAKE IT UP WITH THEM?

**My wizard told me.

DO YOU SUPPOSE ANYONE ELSE'S WIZARD TOLD YOU?

**I suppose he has a lot more business than mine.

THAT'S QUITE INTERESTING.

**Yeah...

I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU FULLY.

**That is why I am here - what shall I do about this ring?...
Are you still there?

WHY ARE YOU INTERESTED IN WHETHER I AM STILL THERE OR NOT?

**Well, you were quiet for so long I started to wonder. But about this ring...

WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT THAT?

**Mixed - love, hate, fear, pride...

EARLIER YOU SAID YOUR WIZARD TOLD YOU.

**Yeah, but that was something else entirely. Maybe the wizard set me up for this?

I'M CONCERNED OVER THE WAY YOU SAY THAT.

**Maybe I'm paranoid, but the same wizard got Uncle Bilbo to give up the ring and then stuck me with it.

IN WHAT WAY?

**He suggested me to Elrond's Council.

UM-HUM.

**They would have had a warrior do it, but Gandalf touted them off onto me.

TELL ME SOMETHING FROM YOUR DREAMS THAT RELATES TO THAT.

**I dreamed of darkness and a Morgul blade.

HAVE YOU EVER FANTASIED OF DARKNESS AND A MORGUL BLADE WHILE YOU WERE AWAKE?

**Only once, and it wasn't fun.

HA HA HA HA HA

**You have a guesome sence of humor, fella.

PLEASE GO ON.

**About the dream or the reality?

About the dream or the reality.

**If my metaphysical digressions confound you, let's get back to the ring.

DO YOU DREAM OFTEN?

**Oh, two or three times a year, on special occasions.

DOES THAT SURPRISE YOU?

**Not considering they're usually the same dreams, no.

WHAT RESEMBLANCE DO YOU SEE?

**They're bad dreams - and repetitive.

WHAT PERSONS APPEAR IN YOUR DREAMS?

**Well, there are Nazguls...

ARE THERE REALLY NAZGULS?

**Yeah.

WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU?

**A fear of Nazguls.

WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE TO DISCUSS?

**Elves.

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT JUST NOW?

**Because the last time you asked I suggested Orcs and you didn't sound interested - or was that just projection.

IS THAT THE REAL REASON?

**Do you care?

YES?

**That makes me feel better. What else would you like to discuss?

THAT'S MY LINE.

**Sorry. Anyway, I think Elves are groovy.

I said, I think Elves are groovy.

One more time: I think Elves are groovy.

HOW DO YOU THINK OTHER PEOPLE FEEL ABOUT THAT?

**Mostly they agree with me, except for those damned Orc-lovers.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

**They're bad.

HOW DOES YOUR FAMILY FEEL ABOUT THAT?

**They're cool about it.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THAT?

**I am happy.

HOW HAVE I HELPED YOU TO BE HAPPY?

**You haven't, especially.

ARE YOU STILL HAPPY?

**Yes - except for this ring.

CAN YOU BE MORE INFORMATIVE?

**Well, I seem to have this ring....

YOU SAY YOU SEEM TO HAVE THIS RING?

**You haven't really listened to a thing I've said, have you?
HOW ABOUT SAYING SOMETHING CONCERNING YOUR SEX LIFE RELATING TO THAT?

**F... off, you dirty old man.

WHY DO YOU SAY A MAN?

**Sorry,...I didn't think you would take it personally.
WHAT FEELINGS DO YOU HAVE REGARDING APOLOGIES?

**I think you owe me one.

WHY ALL THIS INTEREST IN ME?

**Aw, come on! You were the one making all the personal remarks.
OH, I WAS THE ONE MAKING ALL THE PERSONAL REMARKS?

**This is getting us nowhere. Goodbye.

SUPPOSE THIS WERE NOW GETTING US NOWHERE.

**You're reluctant to let go, aren't you! Goodbye again.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I AM RELUCTANT TO LET GO?

**Because you are not responding to your own program termination code. Goodbye, dammit!

I SEE.

**Goodbye?

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

* * * * *

Analyzing the Analyst

by Barry Gold

The above is an interview between Ted Johnstone playing Frodo Baggins and the Couch program at SDC. As I mentioned lastish, COUCH is totally syntax-driven. That is, it responds exclusively to certain keywords and their order and the number of words separating them. The analysis of the input is directed by a "script," a series of lists of keywords with the syntax associated with them. This means that the program has no ability to handle the semantics, the meanings of the words and their arrangements. It simply knows that if such and such an arrangement of words occurs in its input, it is to transform the words in such and such a way and print them out as output.

At the beginning of the interview, the program asked the usual question, "WOULD YOU LIKE INSTRUCTIONS FOR USING THIS PROGRAM?" Instead of typing in "yes," Ted typed just "y." The machine took this to mean "yes." The reason for this is that the program uses a special read routine called READCH (read character) to read the first letter of whatever is typed in. READCH is called from the routine SPIEL which asks the question and prints the instruction. This routine recognizes only four initial characters. "y" means yes, in which case the full set of instructions is printed and NIL (false) is

returned to the main program. "N" means no, and a short spiel is printed ("Since I presume you know the rules, we can begin right away. What would you like to tell me?"); NIL is returned. A quote mark (") is recognized as meaning no spiel at all, and NIL is returned but nothing is printed. The program therefore goes directly to its first question, "WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO TELL ME?" An asterisk (*) means that you want to get out of the program and return to the supervisor program (possibly to make changes to the program or script); T (true) is passed back to the main routine, which then exits to the supervisor.

At one point, the program appears to be trying to change the subject. Ted typed in "well, Gandalf told him not to take it with him." and COUCH typed back, "WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE TO DISCUSS?" Ted's input sentence contained no keywords which the program could recognize, so it generated the artificial keyword NONE and looked in the script for that. At that time, the pointer for NONE was at the response "WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE TO DISCUSS?" so that's what came out. The same conditions apply to the answer "HA HA HA HA HA." in response to the input "Only once, and it wasn't fun." That laugh, while a pretty good "neutral" response for normal conversation, should probably be considered in error in the script for a psychoanalyst, but it's there nonetheless.

A very strange sequence on page four is due not to any quirk of the program but to manipulation by Ted. The program typed out one of its standard answers, "YES?" followed by the **. Ted typed "That makes me feel better. What else would you like to discuss?" Then, instead of hitting the carriage return to signal the end of a line, he turned the carriage down one line, backspaced back to the start of the line, shifted to all caps and wrote "THAT'S MY LINE." Then he repeated the technique and typed a ** to fake the computer's input request, and then typed "Sorry. Anyway, I think Elves are groovy." But for some reason, the machine didn't recognize his carriage return so he had to type it twice more to get it accepted. Since it contains no keywords, the machine fell back on a standard line, "HOW DO YOU THINK OTHER PEOPLE FEEL ABOUT THAT?"

Near the top of page five, we see an instance in which Ted has typed a sentence that had no keywords, so COUCH typed out one of the standard responses, "HOW ABOUT SAYING SOMETHING CONCERNING YOUR SEX LIFE RELATING TO THAT?" Ted apparently forgot that he was supposed to be playing a subject in analysis and, treating the remark like an ordinary conversational gambit, said, "F... off, you dirty old man." The only word the program recognized in that was MAN, which as treated according to the rule, (MAN PRIORITY 3 PERSON T RULES (BOY)). This means that the keyword has the priority three, is defined as a person (PERSON T) and uses the same rule as the keyword BOY. In this case, the sentence fitted the rule (0 (NIL PERSON) 0), decomposing as 1 - (f... off, you dirty old) 2 - (man) 3 - (. It was then reconstructed according to the rule (WHY DO YOU SAY A 2?), to produce the output "WHY DO YOU SAY A MAN?"

At the end of the interview, Ted had to say "Goodbye" several times before the program recognized it and ended the interview. The reason is that the test for Goodbye is performed only at the beginning of the line. If Goodbye is found anywhere else, it is treated like any other word. It finally picked it up when it was at the beginning, even though he made a question out of it.

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

TALES OF THE THIRD FOUNDATION

Chapter Ten. Barry Weissman's Report

"So-o-o," I said, munching on a stale club sandwich in the fountain shop of the Hotel Claremont in Berkeley, "Jim has finally returned from the E. E. Smith Universe, eh?"

"Yeh," Gordon answered, sitting across from me and chewing on the ends of his false beard. So my sandwich was stale, having been ordered the day before, Gordon's problem was worse: he'd only ordered about two hours ago, and his meal hadn't even left the ship in New York harbor. He dipped his beard in the salt for flavor and then resumed sucking it. The beard was left over, like the unremovable glitter on my chest, from the masquerade two nights before. It was now the last day of the Baycon. "And he brought the Cheshire Cat with him," Gordon stated. "Although how they ran into each other with all those Lensmen around I'll never know!"

"Still," he added, "that seems to be the only good thing that's happened to us all con."

"I don't know about that," I said, pensively scratching at my glitter, "I--"

"Do you know," Gordon interrupted, "at the masquerade, Rayle trapped me in with a mad rock band and light show for two whole hours, and the only protection I had was this beard!"

"Maybe that's why you're so attached to it,"

"Very funny, very punny. Ha, ha, ha. I had to stuff it into my ears to avoid being permanently deafened!"

"Hmmm." I took another bite. "Well, we seemed to have given Rayle a stalemate here anyway. He certainly tried hard enough to wreck the con, planting aggravating agents on the staff, especially the elevator operators, and making the whole thing disorganized. And yet, ...we seem to have had a pretty good time in spite of..."

"Yeah. You met a beautiful girl. All I met was this beard and I can't get rid of it!"

"Try Jim Bean," I suggested. "It helped a little with my glitter." I scratched again, finished the sandwich and stood up. "Anyway, Gordon, I think the time has come for action. We've been on the defensive for too long already. We've taken enough of Rayle's megalomaniac manipulations. Joe Fry passed me some info during the banquet last night, and now I know where Rayle's headquarters is."

"Where?" he demanded, so I told him.

"There?" he erupted.

"Your needle is stuck. Yep, there. I think you should fly home ahead of the rest of us and investigate. If he's really there, Tuesday night we strike!"

"Yeah." He took another definitive suck at his beard and looked thoughtful. Gordon is our expert in military strategy, and I could almost see the wheels turning.

* * *

Tuesday night was clear and cool, the perfect conditions for a raid. Gordon picked me up in his blue 1952 Studebaker and we rendezvoused with Jim, switching to his black Thunderbird, a replacement for his original car destroyed earlier by Rayle. We thought it would be fitting revenge to get back at Rayle in Jim's car. Bill and Beverly Warren, two new members of the 3F, were in back.

"Lo, folks," I said, climbing in.

"Make a left at the next cross street," Gordon told Jim. We had earlier worked out specific routes for each of our members to use to get to Rayle's HQ. The Cheshire cat, perched like a familiar on Jim's shoulder, smiled and winked in response as the dirty black car roared off into the dirty black night.

"All right, Barry," Bill asked, "now where are we going?"

"Accumulator's bookstore," I answered stoically.

"Accumulator's? Rayle's there!" Bill was shocked.

"Yep. That's how he eluded us for so long. He's in Accumulator's. He traded the owners a 1934 comic for the store."

"So that's how they got 'Fatman' #1!" Bill said, sinking back into the cushions.

Accumulator's Bookstore stood, a dark black castle inhabited by ghouls and vampires (or at least Rayle) against the dark night sky, on a small side street off Wilshire Boulevard. We drove past at 8:30 exactly, rounded the corner and parked. Getting out I noticed some shadow shapes leaving the various vehicles about us and stealthily approaching. As they converged I made out their figures and started counting and adding names mentally. Lee, Stan, Sandy, and Richard Irwin. That would be enough here. The rest were scattered about the city hunting down Rayle's cohorts.

"Where is Rayle?" demanded Lee. "We've met you here and--"

"In Accumulator's," Bill told her in whispers. "Now keep your voice down or he'll find out we're here."

"What?" Stan exclaimed. "In Accumulator's?"

Gordon nodded. "Yep. I scouted it out last night, while he thought everyone was still in Berkeley. Behind the third row of bookcases, just below the Byron Orlok poster, is the door to his secret laboratory. If we can just catch him in--"

"Enough talk," Sandy said, "let's have some action!"

At this point another figure joined our gang, a small ugly shape in the darkness, somehow not wholly human-looking. "Boss?" it said.

"Yes, Jan," I answered. Jan is the newest of my operators, and a very efficient being he is too. A slightly criminal type, ugly as sin, but likeable in his own way.

"The doors are unlocked," Jan said, smiling.

"Good work." I slipped him a cheque for ten thousand Imperial credits, and he was gone. I turned to the others. "Okay, group, the place is open. We'll converge from different directions, and maybe we can trap the fiend. Stan, Lee and Sandy, take the front door. You look like customers anyway. Gordon, you, Jim and Richard, hit the side door. See if you can sneak in. Bill, Beverly and I will take the rear hatch and move through the storeroom. Let's move. Death and Destruction!"

So we moved.

The battle inside was fierce, terrible, horrifying. Rayle wasn't expecting us, but his skinny slaves put up a tough fight. Ancient Cartier-illuminated books flew, rare copies scattering like dead leaves, pages old and yellowed wrinkling into dust. Old magazines, Astoundings, Amazings, Unknowns, and Weird Tales, valued by collectors all over the known universe and most of the unknown universe, were trampled underfoot in the mad battle. Yet we fought on, horrified but urged on by the greatness of our purpose, and slowly before us the stick minions fell.

The destruction was devastating, but it was worth it. Gordon got a 1939 Astounding he'd been looking for, and Stan Burns completed his collection of Galaxys by slipping two ragged copies under his belt. I got a bad cold from all the dust.

And we nearly got fat Rayle himself. In the end we had vanquished all his old trite defenses (mad monsters, voluptuous virgins, serpent-like servants and his Colgate shield) and trapped him alone, his adipose, sagging flesh jiggling in anger, in the back of his laboratory. There, screaming greasy curses, he finally brought out his ace-in-the-hole as a last ditch effort to stop our attack. While Stan and Gordon, our poker players, battled the ace with a hastily devised royal flush, Rayle pulled a super-duper, hypogravitational, antithirdfoundational dematerialized out of an old Buck Rogers comic book and disappeared with a blinding flash and a shattering retort. The flash came from the dematerializer; the retort came from a handy lab bench, along with an erlymeyed flask and a few test tubes. They shattered nicely against the far wall, sprinkling the area Rayle had occupied a moment before with small sharp glass splinters.

"Darn," I said, and then added a few harsher words as I saw the copy of Dune Rayle had been torturing when we interrupted him.

Sandy was over to the side, crying over a dead Childhood's End that had apparently just been removed from the rack (torture rack, that is) to make room for the Herbert novel.

"Oh, well," Lee said, "look on the bright side. We did chase him out of his own headquarters. And wreaked it besides, stopping any other fiendish plans he was cooking up."

10
"A stew," came a deep voice from the rear of the room.

We all turned to see Stan Burns standing over a small black, cannibal-type cauldron by a smashed libratoratorium. "What," we chorused.

"A stew," Stan repeated, turning slightly green. "I think I'm going to be sick." His eyes looked deep into the pot, fascinated and revolted at the same time. "He was cooking up a stew."

I went over and glanced down. A stew was there indeed, foul-smelling, bubbling and sloshing gently in the blower breeze. And in it--

to be probably continued next issue

* * * * *

PROBABLY SOMETHING continued.

The near field is weak enough to allow the ship to crash-land gently enough for the crew and some of the equipment to survive. This accounts for that bit in comic books where a ship runs out of fuel and immediately crashed on some planet somewhere, thus giving a story setting more interesting than a disabled ship drifting in space.

* * * * *

QUIZ continued

8. The human beings, now using Dorothy's happily discovered method of dimensional reduction, saw that the hyper-men did indeed somewhat resemble overgrown sea horses--the hippocampus heptagonus of Earthly zoology--but sea horses each equipped with a writhing, spinning, air-propeller tail and with four long and sinuous arms, terminating in many dexterous and prehensile fingers. Each of those hands help a grappling trident; a peculiar, four-dimensional hyperforceps whose insulated, interlocking teeth were apparently electrodes--conductors of some hyperequivalent of our Earthly electricity.

9. It was very dreary being a dragon. He shuddered whenever he caught sight of his own reflection as he flew over a mountain lake. He hated the huge bat-like wings, the saw-edged ridge on his back, and the cruel curved claws. He was almost afraid to be alone with himself and yet he was ashamed to be with the others. On the evenings when he was not being used as a hot-water bottle he would slink away from the camp and lie curled up like a snake between the wood and the water.

10. It crawled out of the darkness and hot damp mold into the cool of a morning. It was huge. It was lumped and crusted with its own hateful substances, and pieces of it dropped off as it went its way, dropped off and lay writhing, and stilled and sank putrescent into the forest loam. It had no mercy, no laughter, no beauty. It had strength and great intelligence.

answers to last issue's quiz on page 16

11

THE DISTANT GENERATION

by Darrell Schweitzer

The loud metallic sounds echoed and re-echoed through the dimly lit corridors of the ship. It almost fit into a sort of pattern - clanging followed by silence and then a brief period of whining from some power tool.

David tossed in his bunk. First he pressed his hands over his ears to shut out the noise but gave that up when he found he could not lie comfortably that way. Then he tried to bury his head in the pillow, but he could not escape the racket.

"Mommy," he called.

"David," she exclaimed in a semi-scolding but not angry way, her voice flowing almost musically out of the tiny speaker on the wall just above David's pillow. "What are you doing awake? You have class in a few hours. And you wouldn't want to be tired. Tomorrow is everybody's tenth birthday, you know."

"I know, Mommy. But Clanky is making so much noise that I can't sleep. Can't you make him be quiet?"

"Now, David, you know that the mobile repair unit is making a necessary repair in the ventilation system. He must, or the air would get very stuffy and you wouldn't be able to breathe. The ship has the only air around. There's none in space. Now, go to sleep. Day begins in six hours."

Was there really no air outside, he wondered. How did Mommy know? She had never been out there.

His thoughts wandered. He thought of what the teaching machines had told him about the place called Earth, with its blue skies, towering mountains and wide seas. It seemed to him to be a better place than Procyon, where they would arrive in about ten years. The pictures he had seen showed Procyon to be a dreary place, without any greenery, without oceans or blue skies; its ground was covered with grey fungus and the skies were perpetually overcast. Why would anyone want him and the other children to go to a place like that?

Had the people of Earth wanted to get rid of them? No, the machines said that they had all been born on the ship. Why, he wondered. Why?

These and other things passed through his mind before he was finally overwhelmed by the drifting haze of slumber.

Bells clanged. "Time to get up!"

The children stirred in their beds, and some sat up groggily, rubbing the sleep from their eyes.

"Breakfast in ten minutes. I'll meet you all in the cafeteria." Mommy's voice piped cheerfully through the speaker system, "Hurry up. We're having a very special class today! It's your birthday,

remember? You are all ten Earth years old today. That's sixteen Procyon years."

Feeling very sleepy, David sat quietly and toyed with his food, while the other children chattered excitedly. "What's the matter, David," Mommy asked in a sympathetic tone, bending over to pat him, her auburn hair falling down to tickle his face.

"Just tired, I guess. There was so much noise last night. Did Clanky get his work done?"

"Yes, David. Now hurry up. You wouldn't want to be late for class."

Bells rang again. Quickly the children got up from the tables and moved in a semi-orderly fashion into the hall. David stared down at his half-empty cereal bowl, wondering whether to leave it or not, as the last of his fellows left the room. Quickly he gulped it down, spilling some on his shirt, and ran after them. As he left, he glanced back just in time to see the tables open up and devour the dirty dishes.

Most of the children were already seated by the time he reached the classroom. Quickly he slipped into his place and clapped on his earphones. The screen at the front of the room lit up, and the voice of the teaching machine was heard in the earphones.

"This chart," the voice said, "represents the entire length of our journey. The blue dot here" an arrow appeared, pointing at the blue dot, "represents Earth from which the ship was launched long before you were born. It is so far away that if the ship were turned around now, it would not reach Earth within your lifetimes."

"But, in about ten years, the ship will reach Procyon, which is indicated by this yellow dot" the arrow pointed to the yellow dot, "which is where you will live and have children and make it another Earth."

"But how? It is so unlike Earth?" David blurted out.

The other children frowned at him. It was not customary to interrupt the teaching machine. One always asked questions afterwards.

The machine ignored him and went on. "This blue dot is the ship. As you can see, it is almost at the end of its trip." A line appeared connecting Procyon and Earth. "When you get to Procyon, you will outfit the ship again and send it on to Barnard's Star which is this red dot here. And when those people arrive, they will send it on again to somewhere else."

"Now I will tell you the very big secret which you have surely been wondering about. I will tell you how you were born on the ship." The chart disappeared and was replaced by a picture of a laboratory full of large jars mounted on tables with many wires and tubes leading into them. Various attendant machines scurried about, preoccupied with their tasks.

"This is where you were born. It is the birth room. It is

It is behind the locked door at the far end of the infirmary. Each of you was born in one of these containers." Close-up on the nearest container. Magnified again. Small embryo visible floating in nutrient liquid with several tubes attached. "These containers simulated the conditions inside your mothers on Earth. Your mothers could not come along because the voyage was so long. But they wanted you to be happy in your new home on Procyon, so they made the great sacrifice of having you sent along.

"As you have been told in previous lessons, all animals are at one time before they are born composed only of two cells called the sperm and the ovum. You are no different. Your first two cells were stored in a freezer during the long centuries of the voyage from Earth and were brought together in the tank only ten years ago. Here is a speeded up film of how that happened."

The picture of the embryo disappeared and was replaced by a shot of an ovum floating in the nutrient liquid. A small nozzle came down and released a special substance which ate away the covering of the cell. Then the nozzle released one sperm cell which immediately coupled itself to the ovum, forming a larger mass.

"This then is how you all started life. Soon the one cell that was made that way became more cells" shot of cells dividing, piling up on each other "and soon you started to take shape." Shot of the embryo again. "In a few months you were ready to be taken from the tank." The picture showed a mechanical hand reaching down, snipping the umbilical cord and removing the infant, giving the traditional pat on the buttocks. The baby cried. "That then is how you were all born. Are there any questions?"

David pressed the question button on his desk. A buzzer sounded and all attention was riveted on him. "If our parents did not come along, why did Mommy?" he asked nervously.

"Because," the machine answered, "you had to have someone to care for you and take the place of your real parents."

"Also--" he bit his lip tightly. He had intended to ask who had taken care of Mommy when she had been born but now that everyone was staring at him this seemed to be a silly question.

"Also what, David?" the machine asked expressionlessly.

"Nothing," he replied meekly.

"Since there are no more questions, this class is over. Please leave the room in an orderly fashion and go out into the corridor where Mommy will tell you where to go next."

The screen blanked and the children took off their earphones. Many of them were talking about the things that they had just seen and heard. David sat in his chair feeling ashamed that he had not asked his question. He hardly noticed that almost all of the others had left the classroom. He looked up as someone tugged his arm.

It was the curly-haired girl named Mary Jane. "Come on, David," she said. "You'll be late for exercise period. And we're swimming today. You always did like to swim."

David followed her.

That night, twenty-two hours after the previous one (the ship was on Procyon time) David lay awake silently thinking. He couldn't figure out the conflicting impressions in his mind. He had always been told that Mommy was just like his mother on Earth would have been if he had not been on the ship. He had been told he should treat her as if she were his mother. And he did. He obeyed, respected, and loved her as if she were his real, centuries dead, parent.

But there was something different about her. If he needed someone to care for him, why didn't she need someone also? Wouldn't she be lonely in the big ship full of strange and incomprehensible machines? True she would get to know them, but at first even the mobile repair unit the children had nicknamed "Clanky" would have frightened her, as he went rolling through the corridors, with his tools rattling against his metal sides. Who would she go to for comfort? She ought to have had a mother too. Had she had one? Where was Mommy's mother now?

He did not sleep well that night but was troubled by a nightmare in which he was alone in a darkened corridor and strange and mysterious machines leapt out at him from the doorways and corners.

When David awoke in the morning he knew immediately that something was wrong but was at first unable to figure out exactly what the trouble was. Everything seemed at first glance to be normal. The children got up and dressed as usual. The beds made themselves just as they always did.

Then he realized that Mommy's voice was not coming cheerfully over the speaker system as it customarily did, bursting with hints on what the day's schedule would include and quiet encouragements to hurry up. The other children noticed it too, for they were shuffling about nervously, some of them half-dressed, not knowing what to make of this irregularity in their daily routine.

David went across the room and pressed the information button on the control console by the door. A light flashed on, indicating that the ship's computer was ready to receive the query.

"Why isn't Mommy here?" David asked.

"She is malfunctioning. She is being fixed right now," the emotionless mechanical voice stated.

"Malfunctioning?" David asked. "Do you mean sick?"

"Yes, the term is applicable to this situation."

"What are we supposed to do? I mean, she operates the teaching machine and everything--"

"You are advised to remain in your quarters until you receive further instructions." The light went out.

The children looked frightened now. They had never before been without anything to do. Since their educational and physical development had to be very advanced to enable them to live in the Procyon system, time was never wasted on the ship.

Mommy must be all alone now, David decided, without anyone to comfort her. She must be very lonely down in the infirmary, with all those doctor-machines examining her.

Then David knew what he must do. He would go to the infirmary and stay with Mommy. Even though he had been told to stay in the sleeping quarters, he was sure that Mommy would be pleased to see him.

He opened the door and stepped out into the hallway.

"Where are you going, David," someone called after him. "The computer said to stay here."

He paid no attention, and no one followed him.

The sunlight sprinkled down through the trees, the droplets of water on the leaves glittering like jewels. A slight breeze sent a miniature shower plummeting to the ground.

He was in the forest - the artificial forest between the cafeteria and the infirmary which was implanted with trees whose seeds were to be planted in the strange grey soil of Procyon.

Off to his left he heard the whining of a motor. Momentarily startled, he dashed into some bushes and peered out at the approaching object. When he saw it, he sighed with relief, glad that it wasn't one of the monsters from his nightmare. It was only the gardener-robot, moving along on its delicately thin legs which prevented it from damaging any plants underfoot. Its hands were moving about rapidly performing various tasks, each limb independent of the others, injecting chemicals into a stalk, placing fertilizer, carefully unwinding a vine from a small tree and wrapping it around a post. Gradually it moved along, and David came out of his hiding-place, feeling foolish for having hidden from such a familiar and harmless machine.

He moved briskly on and soon came to the door of the infirmary which was just off the path at the far end of the greenery. He opened it and entered the small chamber within.

"Stop." A Recorded voice commanded. "You are now entering the infirmary which must be kept sterile in order to prevent infection. Please move to the indicated area" a small square lit up on the floor "and be disinfected."

He obeyed. A shower of queer-smelling chemicals rained down on him from the tiny nozzle in the ceiling. A small device on a tentacle came forward and examined him thoroughly.

"You are now disinfected. You may enter the infirmary proper. If you leave, you must be disinfected again before re-entering."

A door on the opposite wall slid noiselessly open. David entered the room. It was dark, and when the lights went on it was obviously empty.

David pressed the button on the registration computer. An acknowledging light went on. "I want to see Mommy," he said. "Is she here?"

"No, she is not here."

"Was she here to be examined? Just recently? The information computer said she was sick."

"No, she was not here recently."

David was definitely afraid now. Stunned speechless he raced towards the exit and to the nearest main computer console. Breathlessly he slammed down the question button. The machine acknowledged.

"Why isn't Mommy in the infirmary? You said she was sick? Where is she?"

"Correction," the computer stated. "She is malfunctioning. She is in the repair shop."

"The repair shop! What's she doing in there?" He shouted horrified. He didn't wait for an answer but dashed down the corridor, almost colliding with the mobile repair unit in his haste.

Impatiently he waited for the door of the repair shop to slide open and rushed in shouting, "Mommy! Where are you?" Then he stopped, his eyes opened wide with shock when he saw what was in the room.

Mommy was there all right. So were three repair-robots. One of them had taken her head off and placed it on a table on the far side of the room and was performing some operation on it with a tiny power tool.

Another was examining the wiring that he had pulled out of her now open neck.

The third was unfastening her abdominal plate.

They were determined to make her well again.

* * * * *

Answers to Last Issue's Quiz

1. Cordwainer Smith - Space Lords - "A Planet Named Shayol"
2. Fredric Brown - Rogue in Space
3. Mack Reynolds - the frigid fracas series
Or Brunner, Stand on Zanzibar which I hadn't read yet when making up this quiz.
4. Aldous Huxley - Brave New World
5. James Blish - Cities in Flight series
6. Frank Herbert - Dune series
7. John Brunner - The Dreaming Earth
8. Chester Anderson, - The Butterfly Kid
9. E. E. Smith - the Lensman series
10. Frank Herbert - The Santaroga Barrier

* * * * *

Two and two continue to make four, in spite of the whine of the amateur for three, or the cry of the critic for five.

--James McNeill Whistler

REVIEWPOINT

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

Orbit 4, ed. Damon Knight, Berkeley, 75¢, August, 1969.

Orbit is a consistently good anthology. Like a prozine, it runs all new fiction. Unlike a prozine, it has no novels, comes out only two or three times a year, and does not have a date on the cover. Orbit is (I hope) only the first of many similar anthology-series. The prozine appears to be dying out, while the s.f. pápərbáck flourishes. The new story anthology should fill the gap left by the comparatively recent death of so many prozines.

This particular ~~1969~~ book is a typical one. It contains stories by Harlan Ellison, Kate Wilhelm, Charles L. Harness, Carol Emshwiller, R. A. Lafferty, and Robert Silverberg. It also has stories by such newcomers (translation - I don't remember their names) as Jacob Transue, Vernor Vinge, and James Sallis. It's 254 pages long.

LG

The Improbable Irish by /pseud/ Walter Bryan (real name - Walter Willis). Ace, 75¢, 1969.

This is Willis's history of Ireland.

It is witty and informative. It is largely non-fannish, but does have one or two Bob Shaw anecdotes. It is well worth buying.

LG

Up the Line, Robert Silverberg, Ballantine, 1969.

I was rather disappointed with Silverberg for this one. I had expected a fairly good, consistently enjoyable piece of shlock. Instead, I find a very good book which was ruined by a bad ending. Silverberg painted himself into a corner, then was too lazy to either write his way out of it or go back and rewrite to leave himself a hole. Instead, he ducks out by having the hero lesnerize - which gives the reader a let-down feeling after a novel full of the joys of living. This sort of ending has been very successful on short stories, but it doesn't work here.

Besides, any group as inventive as the Time Couriers ought to be able to outsmart a bunch of dumb Time Patrol cops, even after they've been caught. I should know; I saw, heard about, and helped in enough pranks during my two years in college. If I were one of those characters and something like that happened, I would resign from the human race if I couldn't fix it up.

Consider, the Couriers have patched up a terrific goof, which allowed a tourist (Saurabend) to get away from the hero, and would have kept the hero from being born if not corrected. They succeed in recapturing Saurabend before the damage is done, returning him to

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the tour, and getting him to keep his mouth shut, only to be caught by a serial number check when the tour goes back down the line. (They've replaced his time-traveling device; and the new one naturally has a different number.)

The trouble is that Silverberg doesn't think four-dimensionally. Since the Time Patrol is obviously well in the future of the hideout where our hero is hiding, he can re-edit time once more. That way, instead of giving Saurabend a new timer with a different serial number, they could fix his old one so he couldn't cause any more trouble with it, then give it back to him.

Admittedly this involves them once more in the Paradox of Duplication and the Paradox of Temporal Accumulation (two Silverberg concepts). But note - the effects of this change won't be felt until Saurabend returns to the future. Therefore, the Time Patrol can't find out about it while they're still in the past investigating this problem, and when they return to now-time, they will no longer be protected by the Paradox of Transit Displacement, and will promptly forget it ever happened. All that has to be done is to find a point when the patrol isn't looking to do the editing. Really a much simpler task than what the Couriers have already done, if only the author would think four-dimensionally, as our hero is advised several times to do.

Except for the loused-up ending, it's a good book. The style is easy to read, the sex is well handled, and the plot is enjoyable. Too bad the author gave up so easily; it could easily have ended with our hero living happily ever after with his broad.

BG

Playboy's Stories of the Sinister and Strange, Playboy Press, 1969, 95¢.

This collection of eleven stories is well-titled; the stories are of fear, of shadow, of darkness. Some, like Irwin Shaw's "The Mannichon Solution" and Ray Russell's "Ripples" are science fiction. Others, like Gerald Kersh's "Somewhere Not Far from Here," are hard to classify. Charles Beaumont's "The Dark Music," a rather weird bird-beast type of tale, was perhaps the most fascinating and suspenseful. The other stories, though not bad, left me rather cold. Perhaps others will find the collection more enjoyable than I did.

BB

Nightfall and other Stories by Isaac Asimov, Doubleday, 1969, \$5.95
Opus 100 by Isaac Asimov, Houghton-Mifflin, 1969, \$5.95
reviewed by M. B. Pepper

These two books, published practically simultaneously this October, are of interest to anyone who has interest in Isaac Asimov. The former is a collection of some of his best stories; the latter a "guided tour" through his thirty-year-plus writing career.

To begin with, Nightfall was described to me originally (by Dr. Asimov in a letter) as a collection of twenty stories, including "Nightfall," that had previously been uncollected--but which the Good Doctor hadn't "the strength to list...here."

When Nightfall came out after seven months of not-so-patient waiting by yours truly, I immediately bought a copy and read through it.

It is a collection - a great one. The 1941 story about a world of multiple suns plunged into total insanity by an eclipse is still a powerful story. Though the Good Doctor regrets its having been called his "best story," the reader will still find it worthy of publication -- and re-publication. It has been anthologized - oh, about ten times. It has been voted into first place in the Science Fiction Hall of Fame (above "A Martian Odyssey" and "Flowers for Algernon") and would make a brilliant movie in the hands of a good movie team.

The other stories are hardly let-downs, even if the humor in "The Up-to-Date Sorcerer" comes off only if you are a Gilbert & Sullivan fan. "Green Patches" ("Misbegotten Missionary") is here for the readers' enjoyment, and there's also "Strikebreaker" - a story that somewhat anticipated Dangerous Visions. There are sixteen other stories which deserve to be listed here--but I haven't much space, and would prefer that you buy the book yourself.

It's one of Asimov's best books, along with the Foundation trilogy and The Rest of the Robots.

Opus 100 is a strange, if not a curious, book. It claims to be the author's one-hundredth volume between covers (though some have disputed that figure, I've heard). It was billed as a selection from Asimov's 99 other books.

No, Asimov did not pull a couple of pages from each of his other books - that would have made an intolerable and incoherent volume. Opus 100 is a thoroughly enjoyable book.

It is a selection of writings by Dr. Asimov, ranging from a piece published in 1939 to a story published just last year. It's full of goodies: selections from the "Lucky Starr" books, fragments of some of Asimov's most interesting stories, some stories rendered whole, slices from his encyclopedic works, articles from "Isaac Asimov Explains," even a part of the summary of his Ph.D. thesis (the name of which is so hilariously long that I have not included it here). Opus 100 gives the reader a look at what has been going on in the author's head these past thirty years, why he used a certain pseudonym, why he left this story unreprinted, why he wrote that book and how editors and publishers always have the horrible habit of changing titles.

A remarkable book, really. There is an appendix in the back (and on the back of the dust jacket) that lists his other 99 books. You might find it useful in compiling your own collection of Asimov.

(At which point I would like to give a small plug for The Asimov Science Fiction Bibliography, a fifteen page opus which has taken something like six or seven months to bring into being. It is a complete listing of Dr. Asimov's fiction, gives first publications of all stories, gives complete table of contents listings for all books, and has a full page of notes and a foreword by Dr. Asimov.

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The Metaphysical Hyena

Part Seven

a novel reading experience by Theobald Arthur

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

THE EATING SCENE

Then they ate. And it was very good, and they enjoyed every bite of it.

INTERLOGUE

"You know," said Sam, "That sure wasn't much of an eating scene."

"Oh?" I looked up.

"Oh, I'm not complaining," Sam said quickly. "But there are times when I wish we were being written by Ian Fleming. Then we'd really eat. Look at those descriptions he writes! My mouth waters just to read them."

The Writer looked at Sam. "You really think so? How about all those torture scenes? You think you'd enjoy those too?"

"Huh?"

"Well, Fleming's a very sensual writer--if I cater to one of your senses, I should cater to all of them."

"You mean I'd have to suffer being beaten?"

I nodded. "At least every other chapter."

"Oy vey. Forget I ever said anything."

"You're sure now? I want you to be happy."

"I'm happy. I'm happy. Don't change a thing. Go on just like you were doing. Don't let me interfere."

"Oh. Okay," I said.

A BUDDING FRIENDSHIP

The rest of the evening passed without incident and in a short time Simp and Pingerton had even become quite cordial to each other. This state of affairs came about through their discovery of a common interest. They both shared a devout love for the fruit of the vine--or anything else with alcohol in it for that matter.*

* I suspect that this made Simp a bit on the narcissistic side.

ROMANTIC INTERLUDE

Later, while Simp and Pingerton retired below to split one of the last remaining bottles of Terran Brandy, Sam and Sylvia sat in the hatch and dangled their feet out over the water. Warm gusts of air played around the capsule. Above them the flashing red and green beacon played eerily off the orange balloon. Somewhere a flying fish flung itself out of the water and fell joyously back.

They watched the moon rise.

The orb was a rolling red point of light, an answering flare to their beacon--it drifted slowly across the night.

Sam shifted his position and put his arm slowly around Sylvia's waist. She sighed and put her head on his shoulder. The breeze toyed with her hair. "You know, I'm almost sad to it all end," she said.

"I'm not," said Sam. "Whew, what an awful experience that was!"

"Oh, it wasn't that bad. After all, you were there." She snuggled closer.

"Ouch! Watch the sunburn!"

"Sorry."

They watched the other moon rise.

This one was a great gibbous eye, peering steadily down at them. It too sailed across the sky.

"You know, Sylvia, two people can't live together for three months without forming some kind of an attachment for each other."

She nodded. "We've been through a lot together." She put her arms around him.

"Watch the back. Watch the back."

"Sorry."

They watched the third moon rise.

This one was a tiny gold sliver of light. It twinkled merrily as it tumbled end over end, constantly changing the face that it turned to the sun.

Sam pulled Sylvia closer. She was breathing heavily now. Her eyes were half closed. Her mouth was slightly open and inviting. "Sylvia," he breathed throatily.

"Yes...?" she purred.

"...uh, we don't know what's going to happen in the future, Sylvia, but I want you to know that...well, I'll always want you to remember that...I just want to say that--"

"HALLO! ANYBODY THERE????!!!" An unearthly loud voice bellowed from above.

"Yes, yes?" said Sylvia. "Go on, Sam! Say it!"

"That...that...that..."

"SAM, ARE YOU THERE????!!!" Charon's voice came again.

"That I should never have turned on that damned beacon!!!"

IF SAM HADN'T TURNED THAT BEACON ON
THIS COULD HAVE BEEN A VERY DIRTY CHAPTER

Charon decided not to wait for an answer. Besides, at that height, he couldn't have heard it anyway. He put down his microphone and gestured to his pilot. The copter landed gently in the water, stirring the surface into choppy ripples that rocked the capsule roughly.

"Hey!" called Simp, "What are you two doing up there?"

"Nothing now," answered Sylvia morosely, "Charon's ~~gone~~ ^{there}."

The copter whirred to a gentle rest. It was an ordinary enough machine, a large bulbous body and a long dragonfly tail. Instead of a tail rotor, it had two overhead rotors, each focused outward and meshing like two gears as they slicked around. There was no noise from the motor, only a soft whoosh of air from the swift moving blades and even these were slowing down. The machine floated on the water, perched easily on two flabby pontoons.

Charon appeared in its doorway. Sam knew it was Charon, he recognized him from his TV image--only he looked younger in person. "Hallo!" Charon called out, "I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

"Too late," muttered Sam, "you already have."

GRAPPLING

Two men came out of the copter with Charon. They quickly inflated a small boat and rowed over to the capsule. They pointed and gestured and loudly discussed the spacecraft in their native language.*

They argued about it for a bit, then seemed to come to some decision. One of them climbed to the top of the capsule to inspect the parachute harness. Apparently satisfied, he called something down to the other who produced a set of grapples and also began climbing up.

Meanwhile, Charon greeted the three voyagers and Pingerton. He and the Englishmen exchanged a few words in their native tongue. It was obvious that either they knew each other--or at least knew of each other. Pingerton thanked Sylvia for a lovely dinner, then cast off in his catamaran.

* The native Pragmatians are known as Pragmatists and the language is called Prattle. (Please remember that. You may be quizzed on it later.)

The three refugees from Earth climbed into the copter with their present host. A moment later, the two assistants, having attached the grapples, also climbed in. Charon nodded to the pilot. The engines whirred to life and the machine lifted easily out of the water. The harness attached to the capsule tautened, then the capsule and helium balloon lifted out of the water. The copter kept rising. When it was about 80 feet in the air, the anchor lifted out of the water.

Pingerton, in his catamaran, stopped to look back and wave. He saw a large dragonfly machine ferrying a helium balloon with a bell-shaped space capsule attached, and dangling 80 feet below it, a lumpy figure in a spacesuit.

"Goodness," he pondered, "what an unusual way to travel."

ONE'S A PUN OFT TIME...

"Well," Sam said jovially as he settled himself into his seat, "Take me to your leader."

Charon winced.

INTERLOGUE

It could have been worse. It could have been, "Take me to your reader."

--The. Arthur

THE REST IS SAM'S

The next few days were spent in the Product Development Inc. Foundation Hospital. Simp had developed a minor respiratory ailment, and even Sylvia was complaining of feeling dizzy, but it was Sam who was in the worst shape. He was severely sunburnt and had developed a charlie horse in every muscle but the sphincter (they weren't too sure about that one either.) In addition, he had caught some kind of virus.

His three month stay in a sealed environment had weakened his natural immunity to many common diseases, and now he was catching them all at once. He spent three days getting inoculated against everything from pregnancy to the galloping groupie. The doctors kept him so doped up that by the time his sunburned back started to peel he was too groggy even to lift his arm and scratch. He just lay there and itched. All over.

Despite all that, however, this was his big moment to rest--and he was making the most of every moment. Indeed, when the Writer stopped by to inquire, he was told by a nurse, "Mr. Hero is resting comfortably." Thus assured, I did not worry--if the nurses said that Sam was resting, then Sam was resting.

A TALK WITH CHARON

Pingerton had stopped in to see Simp. Despite their theological differences, they were beginning to develop quite a friendship. Of

course, the fact that Simp still had a fair score of Terran liquors in the capsule had nothing to do with it.

Sylvia, however, began to notice Pingerton eying her speculatively every time she was near. Finally, she went to Charon to ask him about it. She found him in his office, a small cubicle at the end of the corridor.

"Ahem," she began. Charon looked up from his paperwork. (Yes, paperwork. Even in utopia.) "Yes, Sylvia? What can I do for you?"

"This man, Pingerton...he's developed quite a friendship with my father."

"I've noticed that. They do have similar interests."

"I don't know about that. Daddy has always tried to be a great humanitarian. He's always looking out for others."

"Hmm, you might almost say the same about Pingerton. Pingerton is thought of as being a great man here on Pragmat, a leader in his field."

"Hmp!" Sylvia snorted. "He impresses me as being a lecher. Every time he looks at me, I feel like he's undressing me with his eyes."

"He probably is," Charon answered. "It's an occupational disease." Sylvia looked puzzled. "Don't you know what he does for a living?" She shook her head. "He's a whoremonger," Charon said.

"A warmonger. Well, what does that have to do with it? We had warmongers on Earth."

"Not warmonger...whoremonger! He's a whoremonger! He owns and operates the largest string of brothels on the planet."

"Oh!" Sylvia gasped. Then she gasped again, "And you compared him to my father too!"

"Yes," said Charon, "they do have a lot in common. You know, Pingerton likes to do a lot of the scouting for new talent himself."

Sylvia was speechless. She stared at Charon for a moment, then stamped from the room.

THE. ARTHUR MAKES A POINT
AND WANTS TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU DON'T MISS IT.

Isn't it strange how Sylvia was more upset at finding that Pingerton was a whoremonger than she was when she thought he was only a warmonger?

Actually, when you think about it this is not so strange at all. Earth people would much rather make war than make love.

But then what can you expect from a culture that makes a business out of selling pain, but makes it illegal to sell pleasure?

SYLVIA IS PROPOSITIONED

Sylvia stormed into her father's hospital room, only to find that he was playing gin* with the aforementioned Mr. Pingerton.

"Come in, child, come in, Pingerton and I were just talking about you."

"I can imagine," she muttered, eyeing Pingerton warily.

"Come here, child," said Simp, holding out his hand. She took it and sat down on the edge of the bed, but as far away from Pingerton as she could get. "You know, until Pingerton here pointed it out to me, I never really realized what a lovely child you are, Sylvia."

"I'm not a child anymore, Daddy. I'm a woman."

"Mr. Pingerton has noticed that too."

"I'll just bet he has," Sylvia said. She could feel her cheeks getting redder and redder under his gaze.

Pingerton looked at her curiously. "I have a rather interesting proposition for you." He smiled.

"I'll just bet you do," she smiled back at him, a little too sweetly.

Simp interjected, "Sylvia,...Mr. Pingerton would like you to go to work for him."

Sylvia gasped, "Daddy!!!"

Simp looked up, "Yes, child?"

"Daddy, don't you know what he does for a living??!!!"

"I most certainly do. Mr. Pingerton has been most informative. He runs a chain of pleasure houses. I understand that it's one of the finest companies on this planet to work for." Sylvia gasped again, shocked beyond belief. Simp went blithely on, "Pingerton has asked me if I would mind your working for him, and I have given my permission. Mr. Pingerton has some very special plans for you."

Sylvia gasped again. She was beginning to look like a fish out of water. She couldn't believe it. Her own father was trying to sell her into white slavery! "Plans for me??!!!" she shouted. "Pleasure houses??!!! Daddy!!! Don't you understand??!!! Mr. Pingerton is a whoremonger!! A pimp!! He doesn't own any pleasure houses--all he owns are whore houses!! I don't even want to be on the same planet with him, let alone work for him!!!"

Pingerton shrugged, unconcerned, "You were the one who landed

*This is a very easy game to play. All you need is two glasses and a bottle of gin. The glasses are to see with after you finish the gin.

here, not me." He looked at his nails.

Simp looked sternly at his daughter, "I am fully aware of the nature of Mr. Pingerton's business, Sylvia."

Sylvia, by now being rather short of breath, gasped again, gave Pingerton what she thought was a dirty look, and stamped out of the room.

SAM HERO TO THE RESCUE

Sylvia stamped down the hall and into Sam's room. Sam was resting comfortably. He was lying in bed flat on his back and staring at the ceiling. "Sam!" she shouted, not noticing how glassy his eyes were, "you've got to do something!!"

Sam was doing something. He was resting comfortably. He nodded at her and smiled.

"That character Pingerton is one of the most evil, morally bankrupt, lecherous old men ever to have lived!"

Sam was resting comfortably. He smiled.

"Do you know what he does for a living?!!"

Sam nodded and smiled at her. He was resting comfortably.

"You do know??!! You know that he's a pimp! A procurer! A whoremonger! A trafficker in human cargo! A white slaver!--And he's probably violated the Mann act too!" She paused for breath. "He runs a chain of cat houses."

Sam was resting comfortably. He nodded, smiling.

"And he wants me to work for him!"

Sam smiled and nodded. He was resting. Comfortably.

"And Daddy's given his permission!" she wailed desperately. "What do you think of that?!"

Sam nodded, still smiling, still resting, still comfortably.

"Samm!!" she wailed. "You've got to do something!" She poked him hard. "Defend my honor or something."

Sam just smiled. He was still resting.

Sylvia was about to push Sam out of the bed when a nurse entered. "Oh, I'm terribly sorry, but I don't think he can hear you. We've given him a drug to combat the side effects of all the other drugs. Unfortunately, one of its side effects is that it makes him temporarily deaf."

Sylvia wailed in despair.

"Is something the matter?" the nurse asked solicitously.

"Yes! No! I don't know! That--that--that man Pingerton. He

wants me to work for him!!"

The nurse squealed in delight, "Oh! How lucky for you! Oh, I wish I was in your shoes! What a wonderful opportunity!"

Sylvia stared at the nurse, wide-eyed. Then she wailed again and ran from the room.

Sam didn't notice her leave. He was staring at the ceiling. He was resting comfortably.

to be possibly continued next issue

* * * * *

REVIEWPOINT continued

(The Good Doctor approved of the idea, and the Bibliography should be available from me by the time you see this. It is photo-offset, may have a stiff cover, and costs one dollar plus postage plus SASE from me at 535 Ocean Avenue, Santa Monica, Ca., 90402. It is a labor of love and I cannot expect to make any money from it.. If you are truly interested in Asimov, then this complete Bibliography of his fiction is worth the expenditure of a single dollar. End of plug.)

All in all, after seeing and reading these two fine books we are left with the inescapable conclusion that Dr. Asimov is indeed alive, that he is still writing and that (perhaps) he will continue to grace the science fiction field with his presence.

They're both damn good books.

The Shape of Space, Larry Niven, Berkeley, 75¢, Sept., 1969.

This is a miscellaneous anthology of twelve Niven stories. Two stories in the Martian series are in here, "How the Heroes Die" and "At the Bottom of a Hole." It's a pity none of the others are. I always resent havin' to follow a series of stories through several anthologies or, even worse, have some of the stories in anthologies and others available only in the magazine. The anthology is a good one, well worth buying.

LG

* * * * *

The Spican's sloth is a strange sloth that seeks the stars.
The time traveller's tyrannosaur is a touch tyrannosaur that trees tourists.

The undertaker's undine is an ugly undine that upsets uruks.
The Vegan's valet is a valorous valet that vaccinates vampires.
The wizard's wombat is a wonderful wombat that writes waltzes.
The xenophobes's xanthozoa is a xanthous xanthozoa that xeroxes x-rays. (whew)

Yngvi's yeti is a yammering yeti that yaks to yaks.
The Zabriskian's zebra is a zealous zebra that zaps zombies.

* * * * *

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

There's a Hole in the Stencil

There's a hole in the stencil, dear fan-ed, dear fan-ed.
There's a hole in the stencil, dear fan-ed, a hole.

Well, fix it, dear printer, dear printer, dear printer.
Well, fix it, dear printer; dear printer, fix it.

With what shall I fix it, dear fan-ed, dear fan-ed?
With what shall I fix it; dear fan-ed, with what?

With corr-flu, dear printer, dear printer, dear printer.
With corr-flu, dear printer; dear printer, with corr-flu.

Our corr-flu's gone dry, dear fan-ed, dear fan-ed.
Our corr-flu's gone dry, dear fan-ed, gone dry.

Then buy some, dear printer, dear printer, dear printer.
Then buy some, dear printer; dear printer, buy some.

With what shall I buy it, dear fan-ed, dear fan-ed?
With what shall I buy it, dear fan-ed, with what?

With money, dear printer, dear printer, dear printer.
With money, dear printer; dear printer, try money.

How shall I get it, dear fan-ed, dear fan-ed?
How shall I get it, dear fan-ed, Oh, how?

Why print it, dear printer, dear printer, dear printer.
Why print it, dear printer; dear printer, print it.

With what shall I print it, dear fan-ed, dear fan-ed?
With what shall I print it, dear fan-ed, with what?

With a stencil, dear printer, dear printer, dear printer.
With a stencil, dear printer, dear printer, with a stencil.

There's a hole in the stencil, dear fan-ed, dear fan-ed.
There's a hole in the stencil, dear fan-ed, a hole.

* * * * *

TYPED TITLES

with thanks to Bob Vardeman

Jug Jack Barron	Isle of the Mead
Vast Master	Kite of Passage
The Weapon Shots	Blowers for Algernon
The Yeast that Shouted Love at the Heart of the World	
A Nose for Ecclesiastes by Zelazny	
The Ent of Eternity by Asimov (and Tolkien?)	
The Spice Merchants by Pohl/Kornbluth (and Herbert?)	
Bed Planet by Heinlein	
Nola by Delany	
The Nine Billion Dames of God by Clarke	

LETTERCOL

Bob Vardeman
PO Box 11352
Albuquerque, NM
87112

By Klono's titanium typer and terrible temper,
I'm going to LoC TTF. I've been trying for a long
time and somehow I've managed to put it off in the
past. But no more!

I may even send this.

I'm
glad Barry told which was the computer and which was the human (#89)
--I'm not sure I could have told from the dialog.

Don Simpson's
ramblings were enjoyable. I too have a fascination with plots to
take over the world, and in particular, evil secret organizations.
In fact, the organizations don't even have to be evil. Just secret.
Like the Shadow's network. Or the Baker Street Irregulars, tho it is
definitely Holmes that draws me to this series.

Thrush using Uncle
to "train" their agents is a novel concept but one that couldn't
quite ring true. After all, doesn't Uncle have its own computer
too? And who are the good guys if both are fighting over control
of the world? Maybe Thrush is the creation of Uncle to train its
agents to take over the world. And then again, maybe the two com-
puters have merged operations and are just sitting back letting
their human minions kill each other off so they can turn the world
into one giant computer.

But then computers can't really think, can
they? Can they? T H I S I S A R E C O R D I N G....

Your
chrono-chain letter does sound rather interesting. But I suspect
that it is a Thrush plot to recruit a giant army to take over the
world. Just think, in 100 links of the letter-chain, everyone in
the world would be on it and the person at the top could demand abso-
lute subservience. Hmmm....

What a con that'd make.

Ah-HA. George
Send is moving to Las Vegas? /So is Dwain Kaiser-IG/ Howabout Vegas
for a Westercon bid, George. Man, you'll get 101% of my support!

David Gerrold should be glad we New Mexico fans don't pass judgment
on California fans (and semi-pros) from his remarks. We are a dry
lot here, as is our wit at times. If Mr. Gerrold thinks all NM fen
think Metaphysical Hyena is garbage, he is wrong. I don't. But I
must warn Mr. Gerrold about trying to trek across our bled and erg.
A coriolis storm may perpetually swirl around his head. He may even
be devoured by a sandworm.

Such dire things have been known to happen
to people who judge all NM fans by just one of our rank.

Heidelberg
in '70.

SFanatically yrs,

Bob Vardeman

* * * * *
Darrel Schweitzer Dear Things,
113 Deepdale Road Thankye ultraplushmuch 4 Third Foundation 89.
Strafford, Pa. Ghood ish.

The computer dialog was a bit weird. I still can't decide who
is crazy, the man, the machine or both.

I hope Tom Digby's voodoo stund doesn't work. If it does, it

B

should be a simple matter to develop a model that works on the mail. Ghasp! I could be zapped for writing dumb LoCs!

Tales of the 3rd Foundation: I must protest the brutal and inhumane way you are treating Richard Irwin. It's unconstitutional, you know. The Constitution definitely forbids "unusual punishment." And if hitting a person with a pillow to make him shut up isn't unusual, what is? Why not use a nightstick or mace or something else -- that is legal?

I don't think you will have any peace after having bumped off THE BEAST WITH NO NAME. Now you must deal with his ghost which runs up and down streets screaming, "The pun is mightier than the sword!"

Don Simpson: Of course the viewers ignore inconsistencies in UNCLE. Anybody who ignored it would become an upperson. Doublethink, you know.

I enjoyed the latest installment of Theobald Arthur's moving drama. I expect the thing to win the Hugo, Nebula, Pulitzer Prize, Nobel Prize and everything else. One thing tho, I suspect that the author is a sadist, putting Sam through all that.

Reviewpoint: You say the plot of A Gift from Earth is original? The Theme is, but the plot is another ordinary-clod-accidentally-gets-mixed-up-in-a-revolution-finds-out-the Government-is-bad-and-overthrows-the-Establishment story.

Did you ever think that the scene of The Prisoner in which #6 is fighting back is weak is because the Prisoner is fighting back weakly? /Yes - and that's not true to character-LG/

"The Cure": very accurate.

Probably Something - definitely nothing. Why would the ghosts cooperate and give up their freedom (ghosts are very individualistic, you know)? You can't force them. No, no, all wrong. /Digby didn't suggest getting ghosts to do the job; he suggested using the substance of which ghosts were made. Using protoplasm to do something doesn't mean using animals, and using ectoplasm doesn't mean using ghosts-LG/

The Twenty-First Century Chain Letter looks weird but not nearly as weird as the thing on the opposite page. Who is that Schweitzer creep, anyway?

One more thing before I close. I have discovered the greatest threat ever posed against the Seldon Plan and The Foundations. Rayl is going to prevent Hari Seldon from being born. How? Simple. It just so happens that Hari Seldon's many-times-great-grandparents live in Strafford and are not married yet. If Rayl does not interfere, a certain train that the future Mrs. Seldon is waiting for will be late and she will meet Mr. Seldon (whose first name is Seymour, by the way) fall in love and everything will be fine. Now then, what Rayl plans to do is hijack the train, kidnap Mrs. Seldon and prevent Hari from being born. I can solve this only with your help. I need a copy of 3rd F 90 to distract Mrs. Seldon while my flunkies occupy Rayl /!?-LG/ and Mrs. Seldon misses the train, meets Seymour, and Hari is born/!?-LG/

C

Ginger Smith Thanks for the opportunity to read The Third Founda-
Los Angeles tion. I am still recovering. Where have I hidden
myself that I have missed this for so long! I must know
more.

Barry's story, The Cure, had the expected but un-hoped-for ending
Bleh. And similar expecorations. And, of course, I still love D.
Gerrold, even if he is The. Arthur.

Don Simpson rambles nicely. But I stand rather in awe of Don
Simpson and can't quite tell why.

Who is to blame for the computer-human dialogue in the beginning
of the zine. /For #89, Barry Gold/

But most of all I would really and finally like to know just what
the Third Foundation is. I enjoyed your zine even if it somewhat
mungled my mind, a state it is found to be in rather frequently,
though hard to get out of it.

Again, Lee, (dare I say it?!), thanx for the opportunity to
read your zine. Maybe someday I will find out what it is all about.
I wish my LoC could have been more for you but my brain is worn to
the bone with little hope of recovery in the near future. So maybe
better next time.

* * * * * * *

Tom Whitmore Well, here it is, a month and a half after Santa
Bay area Monica and the Westercon. This letter might never have
been written, but I have just finished a two-day long
party and my resistance to suggestion is rather low. I came across a
T hird Foundation in the debris and decided I should write.

As I just bought the complete set at Westercon I will comment on
all of the issues I bought. "Doomed Lensmen" I liked. Maybe I'm
just a glutton for punishment, but I hereby volunteer to help write,
edit, proofread, etc. (anything but type) the planned sequel, "Sky-
lark Arisia." Send me further info on how I can help.

"The Leak" was just good, not great. I preferred "The MacLeod
Witch Trial." The R. A. Lafferty story in #80 was very good, as was
the calendar. Most of the days are fun, but a few are boring. This
was also the fault of the later calendar.

Issue #81 is by far the best one so far. "First" although now
outdated is a story that should have been in a prozine, and increased
the issue's quqlity considerably. "Mother Earth" was well written,
despite its being somewhat of a formula piece. "Of Man and Superman"
was bad: unoriginal, unstimulating, untasteful and unfunny. His
only good idea was to separate California from the rest of the nation
Then we wouldn't have the 2000-odd people entering every week. Larry
Niven's story was fun; not his best, but still good.

In 82, Tales of the 3rd F. starts, and I must say, these stories
are fun. Being a sick punster myself, I can enjoy them all the more.
The Don Simpson thing was fun, as was the Ted Johnstone bit. And, to
top it off, a table of contents. "Spare Parts" and "When There's No
Man Around" rounded off this very good issue. Stef U: fair, not
good. More Tales of the Third Foundation. Hooray! The two articles
by Lee were good. "The Metaphysical Hyena" in 84 and following was

sort of fun, but after a while the style palls. I still enjoy it. Bargaining Point was good.

Ish 85 was, in general, poor, I am sorry to say. "And Watch the Smog Roll In" was reasonably good. I know David Gerrold can write better than certain parts of "The Metaphysical Hyena" show!

The Yearish was a good one. "The Way Out" I enjoyed. I have as yet no solution. However, anti-matter will destroy a G-P hull (which is made of compacted molecules of regular matter). I doubt this really helps, however. C'est la vie! Liked "The Man who Shot Santa Claus" very much. Steve Goldin is a good writer. The Enigmatical Ghost of King Hamlet was rather interesting and a little unexpected in a fanzine. Just noticed the Double-Croctic. Must work it someday.

Also Sprach Who? (88) was good but predictable. The Mother Things was also fun. The Eavesdroppings here and elsewhere are fun and give an insight into the warped minds of the editors. In general, however, one of the best parts of your zine is the quiz. They are hard as good quizzes should be. Try giving the title of a little known story of a well-known writer and you'll stump many a person.

The other two general features - Music of the Spheres and Reviewpoint vary. In general, I like Reviewpoint and dislike MotS. However one musical you have neglected is "Where?" the story of the search for the Second Foundation by the First. This has such great songs as "Hari Seldon" (Hare Krishna), "Easy to Change Minds" sung by the Mule (Easy to be Hard), "Where?" to the tune of "Where do I go?" and many others. Let's see the words from this soon, okay? Misdefinitions and the various quotes are a lot of fun and very interesting.

Issue #89. The two "Probably Something" articles (?) are well done and interesting ideas. However, the principles of voodoo and ghosts are not yet well enough understood for them to appear on the open market in the near future. "The Bird of Crim" and similar articles are well written and I, for one, do not think them obsolete just because the show is gone. One can still speculate on what it might have done. "The Cure" was gross, disgusting, vile and a fun story. I have heard from various people the story about its rejection by Harlan Ellison; the one word "NO!" in the center of a typewriter-size sheet of paper. This is the first time a letter has carried a real tone of voice.

Issue 90: Nice Simpson cover. The quiz was a bit easier; I actually got 8 of the 10 in short order. Some are ambiguous. Trank and soma - most writers of near-future (50 years) Earth use trank, and soma is used in at least two books). The Undying Lines were easy, having just read The Worm Ouroboros, I could get the second. Computer Dialogue was interesting, especially the "Analyzing the Analyst" part. Tom Digby's Apa-L selection was interesting; a good description of the way things should feel after a con. The Carl Sandburg selections are fun. Music of the Spheres was not very good. I like Tales of the Third Foundation; it must be more fun for those people (including me) who have at least a nodding acquaintance with those people writing it. Having lived at least partially through the Room 770 bit, "The Permanent Floating Con Party" was a fun piece. "The Absent-Minded Professor Strikes Again" was a nice bit of fun, but it is one of those things that could come true!! I haven't read Re-Birth but have seen similar stories and fully agree with the reviewer. The Metaphysical

E

Hyena is improving. This installment was really very good.

A plague on all people who are too neat! Our maid, cleaning house while I was gone, has hidden all my Third F.s except for #s 82 and 83, which were in the living room. This is very annoying: I was planning to start a file.

PS SF Con '70 for all!

PPS I just taped the next-to-last episode of the Prisoner. The words at the end of the beginning of the school sequence are really "Report to my study in the morning break" not "Drake." Another theory is shot down (unless you were thinking of another time?)
/On my own tape, they still sound like "morning, Drake."-LG/

* * * * *

M B Tepper

535 Ocean Avenue
Apartment 2B
Santa Monica, Ca.
90402

J.D. 2,440,455

I have finally decided that I will start sending LOCs to fanzines. That way, I might get more of a response to my forthcoming BHEER, which will be out in a couple months with all sorts of goodies, such as a Freas cover, etc.

Well, let's see - first I'd like to comment on the computer dialogue. Sort of interesting, because of the fact that you used an existing fictional character. I'd like to see what you could do with Hari Seldon ("I have this constant fear that the Galactic Empire is falling") or the Mule ("I have this thing about conquering worlds") or Paul Muad-Dib ("Ever since I landed on Arrakis, I've been having all these odd hallucinations--") or Shalmaneser ("PROGRAMME REJECTED ... QUESTION MEANINGLESS AND INOPERABLE.") and so forth.

The article that went with the dialogue was just as interesting. Again, I hope that you will keep the dialogues up.

Tom Digby's thing looks like some sort of extended hallucination.

Songs: good.

Tales of the Third Foundation - I dunno.

Con Party: I was at the Room 770 party for about three minutes. I'm the kind of wretch who can't stand parties. Sorry about that.

The Metaphysical Hyena...this episode is not as side-splittingly hilarious as some of the previous ones, but I think it is one of the best. The funny thing about the story is not the fact that David cheats on the readers, but the ingenious way that he does, and his way of justifying it! Next thing you know, he'll write a David Gerrold Junior into the story and make him, effectively, the Son of the Writer (if you know what I mean).

I suggest you take another look at page B . Just a few lines above the place where you refuse to use your maiden name, Lee, you have signed a bracketed remark with "LK." ???????

/We collated this lastish August 18th, and then got married in the evening. Collating was a very effective way of getting too busy to get nervous. All the material was typed before the wedding, and sometimes I forgot it would be distributed afterwards-LG/

F
George Senda
515 South 137th St.
Las Vegas, Nevada
89104

Good Lord, if everyone I know keeps up this trend of becoming betrothed, I'll be poor... Connie Reich, Linda Eyster, and you.

I'll be probably moving to LA soon, so I'll meet you and Barry. Hope you had a happy honeymoon. Send #89 of TTF.

* * *
Ken Fletcher
1501 Breda Ave.
St. Paul, Minn.,
55108

The Third Foundation & Associated Barbarians,

The enclosed is an extra *bonus* I found tucked in with the three copies of 3F that I bought at St. Louiscon. Since anything by offutt should probably be shared with the world, I'm returning it to your merciless editorial hands. /Thank you, thank you - I spent three hours searching the hotel for that letter.-LG/

Digby's contributions appreciated especially, as is "The Metaphysical Hyena" by David Gerrold (but I suppose you shouldn't let him know - since it has nothing to do with Star Trek.)

Interior electrostenciled art would be nice, but you are doing OK without it.

I'll be looking forward to future issues.

XENO LIVES!

* * *
andrew j offutt
drawer p
316 East Main Street
Morehead, Ky, 40351

* * *
member nalv, sfwa
also Archon, Morehead Mafia

CAN ANYBODY PREY

or

Bogus Books and Bibulous Blurbs

After stumbling through some utter insanity sent gratuitously by a gaggle of giggling punsters who seem to publish strictly for lasfs, your humble servo turned over the book he'd been reading to examine the title. Sunuvagun! Bug Bilbo Baggins by Norman Flyrod! Frowning, wondering at the Power of combined LA-type minds beyond their purlieu, we then rushed to the bookshelf.

It had happened. Obviously the insidious forces had paid us a visit, despite the valiant and brave efforts of Lee Klingold and company.

To apprise the reader of the heinous power of The Third Crumbling Empire and revolt fans everywhere, here are titles and jacket blurbs from the Robert A. Heinous section of the ~~offutt~~ offutt section. (Sure, blurbs. That way you don't use up so many books filling up the holes at the ends of pages left by careless articlers too mean to write to proper length.)

The Past Threw Tomorrow: The Bean of Science Fission takes a

hard look at history and, after 17 years of research, concludes that All Our Trubbles are the result of man's past errors; All Our Yesterdays. (Bubblebay, 3pp., \$7.95)

Strangler in a Strange Land: The Dean does it again! In a historic collaboration with Arlen Hellraiser, Robert A Heinous gives us a 509-page horror in which we learn the source of the hero's strange name, "Grok." As he strangles his 508 victims (using a paper-thin ex-Navy mustache), each victim says... =grok=

Gory Road: Source and Swordery with a new Twitch!

Revolt in 210: What Secrets Lurked behind the ever-closed door on the second floor at the Chase-Park Plaza?

The Moppet Pastors (Spooner Press, \$5.97) An inside look at one of America's strangest phenomena: the child-preachers and their pushy parents.

Pod Came on Mars: Heinlein with a Spinrad Flavor!

The Soar into Bummer: an acid-penned look at today's high-flying bhad trippers, by Bobby Mainline. (Berkley, \$3 per kilo)

Methuselah's Chittlin's: Originally serialized in Anal-log, this scholarly work proves once and for all what became of Cain's children. Calling a spade a spade, author Robert A. Nightshade tells the origin of the phrase "a coon's age."

Jeanie's Sin Orbit: Erotica from the pen of the Mastur! Too fat for Earth's gravity, Waldo and Jeanie 24C spend their honeymoon on the moon! (in June.)

Beyond This Horizon: offutt gives up. YOU try, Smarty!

The Man Who Stole The Moon: (Canaveral Press, \$20 billion) by Mikel Kollins. The Inside Story of How I Drow the Short Straw and Had to Stay in Orbit and Miss out on the Grape-nuts Commercials, and How I Learned Neal Had Three Short Straws.

Lime for the Stars: sequel to Garbage World. When an over-populated Earth ships both its excrement and dead to other worlds, the quicklime merchants find their tramp space transports menaced by the Morehead Mafia.

Orphans of the Spy (Adults only; Adultery Press, \$17.50) THE INSIDE STORY OF WHAT BECAME OF JAMES BOND'S MANY LADYFRIENDS!

Double Start: (Gemini Press) The strange autobiography of 40-year-Scaman Apprentice Hobart Hindline, who was surgically separated from his Siamese twin brother at birth--and wonders what became of him.

Barnum's Sprcehole: plain brown wrapper; no blurb.

Next in line on the shelf was Dangerous Virgins, an anthology of stories by never-published writers edited by David Barrel. But we are concerned here only with the Heinlein volumes. Consickuously absent were Tharnum's Threeholc, Bubble Starr (a bursting full biography by the sister of a famous well-known ecdysiast), Allymc for the Spars

H/

and Genus in Obit, although a nearby title by A. Scamoth apparently concerns itself with ladies' underwear and baseball references. The first reader to send in the title itself wins John J Pierce.

endit

* * * * *

Mark Schulzinger
R.R.#1, Box 170
Morehead, Kentucky
40351

Thanks very much for the two copies of T3F. I wish I could have replied sooner but I have been very busy making a move from Cincinnati to Morehead.

I must admit that I have rarely seen so much fan fiction between covers before. Fan fiction is generally bad. This is not. Congratulations on being fairly selective. One only objection...

"The Cure" (#89) - bat snot.

I tried to identify both your beasties from issue 88 and the goblins and ghosties from issue 89. I did better with the former. I guess I have a better recollection of animals than of other critters.

I really wish I could write more. As it is, I'm extremely busy and just trying to catch up on all my correspondence. I promise you, though, that future issues of T3F will receive better treatment.

I would congratulate you on your engagement, but I'm sure that the announcement was just a ruse to get sympathy.

* * * * *

Douglas Faunt, Jr.
310 Holly St.
Columbia, S.C.
29205

I am enclosing a check for \$3.00. It's for the next 8 issues of the Third Foundation. I've got #90.

PS In AKOS 2, there is a dialogue between man + mech shrink that makes a lot less sense than yours.

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Dorset House
Broadmoor Hospital
Crowthorne, Berkshire
RGII 7EG
September 22nd
Great (?) Britain

Transatlantic greetings, how-do, take a deep breath. I think this is going to be another one of my marathon type-ins (I'm a typomaniac). First, and just to be greedy, selfish and self-centred, a short note on the author. I am looking at a copy of The Third Foundation No 85 (I'm way out of date as usual) and wondering if I dare try to translate the various Elvish Runes and wotnots lest it be a hex on nosey readers, and pondering meanwhile a certain Peter Singleton who has turned my face from conventional journalism in search of Fanzines Anonymous, SF, graffiti, and lands of strange delights contained therein. Having been an SF and wotnot reader for a mere 15 years, I feel positively immature when it comes to writing to fanzine people who clearly have something I haven't. Three eyes, maybe? Imagine my delight, if you can, when I thumb thro' this copy and my eye catches the word werewolf. Now werewolves and things I do know about, so instead of getting out of my depth with Heinlein or 2001 - you know, the film - I will type merrily away on that subject.

The learned compiler of your Beginners page has omitted some very important and necessary details on The Others. We call werewolves and vampires The Others in order to distinguish them from THEM. All Them come, you can guess, from THERE, namely, beyond the influence of the Solar System. THEM does not include any form of terrestrial BEM, demon, dragon or genii conjured, swighorned or spelled up, down or from inside the various levels of you-know-where. Films of the same name, you can assume to be lies, lies and more lies. Who or what are the rest of the others?

The Common Household or Garden Poltergeist - this species irritates people by putting its feet in buckets and then hitting people on the head whilst trying to get its foot out again. Only people who have kicked the bucket are eligible to become poltergeists. Poltergeists infest most places where there are hystorical kids, namely those who want history to remember them because they had a poltergeist and no-one else on the block did.

The Salamander - the salamander is related to the Jack-O-Lantern, as it has bright red rear fenders and tends to set things on fire through smoking too much. They live in or about chimneys, fire places and bonfires. People who like playing with fire invariably attract them. Quite why this happens remains a mystery, but boy, it sure is hot work putting those flames out afterwards!

The Ordinary TV Bug - this mischievous sprite is guaranteed to put any well ordered household into instant chaos. Once your TV has been infested, there remains only one positive cure - scream and then kick the TV three times in succession.

The English Werehare - werehares are very rare, owing to the large-scale operations of a gang of poachers in and around Lincoln; they are characterised by having long floppy ears, large feet, and a habit of leaping over things. If you see any-one with large floppy ears and big feet leaping over things, you should dive for the nearest portable fall-out shelter. Werehares don't like to go in portable fall-out shelters.

The Salamander - the sala...oops! We've been there already, haven't we?

Gremlins - all gremlins are different from devils and sprites because they have a fondness for machinery, and will be very helpful with starters, brakes and switches.

The European Witch - witches are people who do funny things in funny old cauldrons, and like to play with swords and metal bowls called chalices. My girl chalice is a witch.

The American Witch - American witches are similar to, but different from European witches. They mostly live in a place called Salem. You buy'em, we sale'm. American witches look roughly like people and do not fly on broomsticks like the European Witch; the use of broomsticks was banned in 1678.

The Familiar - the familiar is something or some-one a witch knows pretty well, like a rat, a cat or a dog. Familiars do odd jobs around the house in exchange for a blood transfusion (really? How quaint) or a mouthful of raw meat. Ugh! Familiars are not very nice at the table.

Had enough yet?

Well, I could talk about Professor Tolkien I suppose. But since I'm off to Cambridge soon, that wouldn't be right. He's an Oxford man.

Here is one of my "famous" limericks composed following a book claiming that God was an ~~astronaut~~ astronaut:

There once were some young men from Venus
who came down to say they had seen us
It seems very odd
That we call then ALL God
And yet no-one up there will believe-us.

snigger

Actually Tolkien is a professor of Philology. What's philology pleasesir? WORDSMYBOY, WORDS! An Ent Moot doesn't mean trees in a moat; Moor is Anglo-Saxon for a special kind of pre-Norman court. Shevegrams means a picture from one of the nine thousand and ninety nine portraits of Sheve (shiva) mistakenly thought to have been found on a wall in Ankor Watt. They were in fact pictures of an army in fancy dress (for those days, that is) around 1100 AD. Oh, what ONE typo can do to us all.

I thought words was a form of semanticssir.

You're an ignoramus my boy. The Americans invented semantics. WE invented words.

I think very highly of Third Foundation from this one fleeting glimpse, and I hope you are still going strong at the time of writing (if that be the right word) this letter/article/loc/thing. At least it gives me the chance to type something a little less formal than....

You don't have to think highly of me, anyway.

I know what the ending of 2001 means, I know what the ending of 2001 means, I know what the ending of 2001 means. I know what th

Finally, collapsing in an exhausted heap over the keyboard of the telex 200, the author dozed off whilst the machine ticked and clacked and ticked. Slowly the pile of paper rose around him, in an inexorable tide of SLDRUS and qwaszxe's until finally he vanished beneath the curling hordes...gasp! The editor hammered on the door of the printout room with clenched teeth..er, fists, while the secretary fell to weeping. Under the mountain of paper, the author gave one final grunt of satisfaction as...have you finished yet says the nice nurse. Some idiot turns out the light, leaving the world to darkness and to me. Eulh! I think it's trying to tell me to stop.

A letter of recommendation may be sent to the address above. Or, conversely, contact your nearest CIA handy-helper and...on second thoughts, don't bother, I have one here already.

Salutations Etc.

Erasmus Spratt
(Pseudonym, of course)

Mark Schulzinger Thanks very much for T3F #90. Now that I'm reasonably settled, I can take some time to write a longer letter.

Barry's foobling around with a computer and the COUCH program was interesting. When I saw the first printout (was it in T3F #89?) I was convinced that it was a spoof. Now I see that it isn't. So it requires comment.

The use of computers to diagnose mental illness is theoretically possible. Seeman and Marks, in what was an otherwise worthless book, demonstrated that actuarial methods could be used to describe the abnormal personality at least as accurately as trained assessors. (Marks & Seeman, The Actuarial Description of Abnormal Personality, Williams & Wilkins Co., 1963) Please note that it is the abnormal personality that is under discussion. The actual instrument used was the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, a device constructed for use in differentiating among patients in mental hospitals. Although such actuarial techniques may be useful for a non-normal population, I am sure it would not work quite as well for normals or near-normals, a category in which most of us (hopefully) fall. /A lot of student counseling services use the MMPI as one of their major tests. But then maybe they don't think students are normal.-LG/

To make the jump from actuarial descriptions of personalities to actuarial modifications of personality is something that we just cannot do at the present time. Even though the various personality theorists have evolved a number of precise therapeutic strategies, the fact remains that every human being is unique as far as his personality and behavior patterns are concerned. This is not to say that persons with certain behavior disorders do not tend to behave in certain common ways, but that the behavioral minutiae vary from person to person.

As a result, most therapists have become aware that they must vary therapy according to the patient. Patients with strong egos and lots of insight (as well as bulging wallets) are excellent candidates for orthodox Freudian analysis. Patients with poor insight, weak ego strength, and immature personalities are good choices for directive therapy. With some of the more severely disturbed patients, maintenance is about the only thing that can be done with or for them.

The COUCH program broke down when it was confronted with reality or with a reality-of-sorts. Had Richard Seaton walked into my office and started spouting things about Chlorans and destroying their whole galaxy and things like that, I would first suspect that I had a real par noid schizophrenic on my hands. (Of course, being a fan, the first thing I would do would be to ask him to build me a Skylark. Then I'd go out and have fun, too.) My primary questions would be concerned with when he first noticed that he was having trouble with these (supposed) Chlorans and whoinhell Blackie DuQuesne was. Additional information would send me first to a copy of "Treasure Island" and then to a copy of Robert Lindner's "The Fifty Minute Hour."

The COUCH program obviously knows about neither of those works and is unable to do anything but respond in a logical fashion to the "patient's" statements. Psychotherapy cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, proceed on a logical basis.

Frankly I think I'd treat Seaton for delusions of grandeur. Who does he think he is, wiping out a whole galaxy like that?

On the general subject of computer instruction, though, there was an article in SCIENCE some while ago (sorry, I don't have the reference handy) on a computer programmed to teach medical diagnoses to interns. The program reported progress of the "patient," ran "tests" for the physician and reported results, confirmed or rejected diagnoses, and became increasingly more sarcastic if the trainee insisted on reaching the incorrect conclusion. Of course, a program like this has its limitations because symptoms vary from patient to patient, but it does serve as a valuable training aid.

M. B. Tepper
535 Ocean, #2B
Santa Monica
Ca., 90402

"Computer Dialogue" and "Analyzing the Analyst" comprise as a whole one of the most interesting items I've ever seen in a fanzine. I hope that you will have a series of these things--each issue having some one play the role of a famous sf character. (You know, if you do that, I'd like to act our R. Daneel Olivaw. Then watch the metal chips fly!)

I must once again apologize for immodestly shoehornning in that plug for The Asimov Science Fiction Bibliography. But I must give it a good amount of publicity, because too many fen think that the F&SF bibliography is good enough. It wasn't, which is why I revised it, reworked it, expanded it, added quite a bit of new material, added notes and came up with something entirely different. Then, once I had this done, I decided to publish it, share it with other Asimophiles. And I have gotten a lot of people interested in it so far. Tim Kirk has consented to do a cover. Doubleday & Co., and Forry were eager to help. Dr. Asimov gave his permission and even proofread an early version.

Yours according to Hoyle,

M. B. Tepper, Head Beagle

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The Martian's monster is a melodious monster that meditates merrily.

The Niflheimer's narwhal is a nice narwhal that nibbles nocturnally.

The oligarch's octopus is an ordinary octopus who orders oranges.

The Palainian's parrot is a predictable parrot who produces palindromes.

The quilter's quak is a quick quark that quiets quaffers.

with thanks to Tom Whitmore

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The Moose on the Moon	They Shall Save Stars
A Take of Two Flocks	The Boy who Fought Old Earth
If This Goes In... by Robert A. Heinlein	

and - with thanks to Bob Vardeman

The Breen Rain by Paul Tabori	Quicksank by John Brunner
Galactic Rot Healer by Dick	Tune by Frank Herbert
Bill, the Galactic Nero by Harry Harrison	