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The Third Foundation

84



FEATURING

The Metaphysical Hyena

by DAVID GERROLD

AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES"

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Boof on page 22 by Owen Hannifen

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

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

BARGAINING POINT

by Barry Weissman

Henry Warden first met the Devil on the Thursday following Armageddon. Some might have called it the Third World War or the Atom War or the Nuclear War or even, more correctly, the Final War. Harry, however, was the only person around, and he didn't call it anything at all. He was too busy surviving to worry about names.

It was like Henry Warden to be the sole survivor of Armageddon. He was a survivor type. He had never shown any attention to his fourth-grade teacher but he had managed to pass into the fifth by bribing his brightest classmate with some candy bars to cheat for him. He had never studied in Law School, but after four years of walking around the campus he was able to blackmail the dean into graduating him. He had never worked a single day (in the conventional sense of the word) in the ten years since his graduation, but he lived in relative comfort all that time, and without doing anything that was really illegal. And now he had lived through World War III, a unique attainment.

In short, Henry was a survivor.

And that's what he was doing after the Final War: surviving. He rummaged through torn up supermarkets and drugstores for unbroken cans of food, and found them. He searched for a source of water and just happened to stumble on a broken and contaminated water main about a block from the plush apartment house that he had made his headquarters since the owners seemed to have left it all alone. He carted home huge piles of books from the library in the brand-new Rolls-Royce that he had picked up literally for a song.

Henry wasn't particularly happy, but he was making the best of a bad situation. And he was surviving.

Thus Henry was duly surprised one afternoon to see a small plume of smoke rise from behind the blackened shell that had been Melvin's Department Store on Barker Street. It was a very neat little trail of dark smoke, obviously--even to one of Henry's meagre woodsmanship--coming from a tended fire. The wind shifted slightly and Henry caught a whiff of rotten-eggs odor. Whoever it was, they certainly weren't eating as well as Henry. Rotten eggs indeed!

Henry grabbed the .22 rifle that had been his constant companion since the holocaust and started out through the rubble. Maybe he would find a girl, a woman, whom he could help out....The Adam and Eve bit? Henry was not opposed; in fact, sex was just what was missing from his present state of existence. At the worst he would find company of some sort, and if he didn't like him, her, it or them... well, it was a big empty world.

As he climbed over the last junk pile (once June's Beauty Salon) the rotten eggs odor grew stronger and Henry began to cough a bit. He topped the rise, cleared his lungs, clapped his hands on his hips, and surveyed the scene.

"Well, I'll be—" he started, then thought better of the phrasing. Considering the evidence before him it was just possible that he was

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damned. And Henry had always been an atheist.

"Go ahead, Henry," said the Devil, kneeling down by the small yellow fire and stirring the ashes with a silver stiletto, "finish the thought; you're among friends."

Henry just stared. It was the first time he had ever stared at the Devil, and this was one fellow worth staring at. Tall, about seven feet, but not thin at all. Fat in fact, not to mince words. His horns, skin, and clothing (which consisted simply of a pair of shorts plus suspenders) were all various shades of red. His famed spiked tail waved playfully in the breeze, and his pitchfork leaned against an uplifted paving stone.

"What the hell are you doing here?" asked Henry's mouth. Henry himself was trying to have as little to do with the situation as possible.

"Precisely," the Devil exclaimed. "I'm here for your soul, Henry. Isn't it obvious? Armageddon has occurred and, as you can see—" he gestured round him, "I've won. You're the last soul left, so naturally I came up to get you, as per the agreement."

"What agreement?" Henry was sure that he hadn't made any deals with the Devil. It was not that he was against them; it was merely that he had never had the opportunity. Until now.

"Why don't you come down here by the fire," his Satanic Majesty asked, ignoring Henry's last question. "It's so cold out there."

Henry picked his way down into the valley formed by the collapsed walls of the furniture and lady's-wear sections and seated himself, on the remains of a nude dummy, facing the Devil across the fire.

"What agreement," he repeated, taking his pipe from his pocket.

"The one between me and the Fellow Upstairs." Satan pointed vaguely upwards with one sharply-taloned finger.

"Oh, yeah, I see." Henry was struggling simultaneously with lighting his pipe and with believing that the Devil was really there seated in front of him, looking like a high cheek-boned W. C. Fields with horns. It was a lot to take, especially just after World War III.

"Here, let me," Satan said companionably as he stretched his arm across the fire and stuck his index finger by the pipe's bowl. There was a brief flash, and the tobacco was lit. Yes, thought Henry, this definitely was the Devil.

"Uh, thanks," Henry said.

"Actually," the man in red continued, "you really had nothing to do with it, the agreement I mean. He and I had a slight wager on the outcome of His experiment on this planet. I said that you would destroy yourselves eventually and He believed that you wouldn't. The stakes were high: all of your, the inhabitants', souls." The Devil chuckled to himself. "I can still hear the wailing of the ones in heaven when I came to claim them—they thought that they were exempt, but my law holds no time limit. Time has no meaning, get me. Heh, heh, heh!"

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"Well, now I've won." Satan rubbed his hands vigorously together over the flames. "And you're the last one, the last piece on the board, and so here I am to claim you. It won't be painful, I assure you."

"But don't I have to be dead first?"

"Oh that's such a minor matter. You wouldn't want to quibble over a few years, would you? After all, it's not as if the game were still on; I've won. It's all over, except for you, and you wouldn't want to hold everything up, make everything untidy and all. What would my friends say? They'd all be taunting me with 'Hey, Dev, old boy, still one left, eh?' You wouldn't do that to me, would you?"

"I don't know," Henry hedged. "Life's pretty important to me—it's not like I throw it away every day. And then...it's not that I have anything against you personally, but...I really have never liked heat. Even as a little boy I always hated hot summer days, and once when the air conditioner broke down at my office I broke out in a rash..."

"Yes, yes, I know all about your afflictions; it's all in the record. Remember, down there you're just a soul, no flesh and so no failings of the flesh. About the other—well, I'm not so bad a fellow really, and you'll be giving your life in such a good cause too. Just think, you'll be the last one with that distinction, the last person to give his life in a good cause."

"Well, still I understand it's kind of...unpleasant down there, and I'd like to put it off as long as possible."

"I understand your position, Henry, and sympathize, I assure you. That's why I came up here personally to talk to you. I know it isn't heaven down there, but it's home. After a few decades, I'm sure you'll learn to love it, just like the rest of us."

"But..."

"Oh come on now, Henry. You could live on for years up here. You're only thirty-five, and there's plenty of food and water, and no competition at all. You'd get so bored. And I've won! The show is over; time for the last curtain to come down, and you're holding up the carnival by your childish attitude. You can't refuse!"

"I do refuse. You've been real nice to me, coming up here personally to talk to me and everything, but I just can't accept your kind offer of hospitality. That's all. I just can't. I'm sorry."

"Look," said Satan, unimpressed by Henry's statement and trying a new approach, "I'll make things very nice for you. You'll be a supervisor, no carrying wood or hauling coal, weekends off, fringe benefits, three luscious succubi to wait on you hand and tail, a fire-wood-lined office, the key to the executive washroom. What do you say?"

"You really tempt me, but I'm afraid I'll still have to decline. I just can't bring myself to give up without a struggle."

A fierce glint appeared in the Devil's split eyes. "Henry, I've come up here and nearly frozen my tail off reasoning with you. I've been kind and understanding; I've offered you a high position within

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the organization that most souls would pay for with ten thousand years of hellish agony. I've been nice, but I can be cruel too. You can indeed stay up here until you die and live out your sixty years or so of life, but in the end you'll still revert to me. And then...eternity up to your ear-lobes in embers, white-hot embers. Now you have your choice; come with me now and no more arguments, or...I'll see you in sixty years. Make your choice!"

"Well, if you put it that way..." Henry started to say, and then he got an idea, a way to survive, a solution. Maybe if....Henry started to speak again, "Listen, Mr...uh,"

"Just call me Nick; we'll be together a long time."

"Nick, you're a gambling man, aren't you?"

"It has been said that I am, yes." Satan nodded, the firelight playing on his high cheek-bones. "So?"

"What do you say to a little wager to settle our disagreement?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly this: We will make a bet. If I lose, I go with you freely, now, and if I win I get to live out my full life span, with no hard feelings, and one wish."

"Hmmm." The sulfurous air hung with tension for a moment while the Devil considered the proposition. "All right," Nick said finally, suddenly standing up to his full height. "But what will we bet on? Dice, cards, roulette, shell game, hexagram, scorched shoulder blades? Or are your tastes fancier? Cock fights, horse races, Monopoly?"

"Actually," Henry said, "I had something more intellectual in mind. I'll ask a question, one simple question, and if you can answer it, I'll go with you. If you can't, then I win and I get my wish and the sixty odd years."

Satan looked cagey. Earlier he had mentioned that time, at least past time, had little meaning to him. Probably any question that Henry asked would be instantaneously referred to all the wise men of history, whose souls were now in everlasting torment down below in the Devil's dungeons. But Henry still had the advantage: he would ask the questions.

"Very well, the terms are acceptable," Nick said finally, his eyes aglimmer. "Let's get to it. But first...." He put his hands together, manipulated them for a moment and then opened them to reveal a light-pink sheet of parchment printed in fine, curly lettering, stating their contract legalistically. He handed it to Henry.

"That's a neat trick," Henry complimented, remembering how he had slaved over forms in Law School. "But why?"

"It's hard to break old habits," Nick explained. "Please indulge my eccentricities and sign."

Henry borrowed a pen, which was filled with what the Devil assured him was one hundred per cent whole human blood and signed with a flourish.

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Satan took the document, folded it again and again until it disappeared, and then sat himself down calmly by the fire once more.

"I'm ready," he said.

* * *

The sky was darkening quickly. Henry took a deep breath of the cool evening air, glanced briefly up at the twinkling stars, and cleared his throat. Then he turned back to face the Devil.

"The question," he said, "is: Where does the Phoenix lay her eggs?"

Satan's eyes flashed deep red, he disappeared for a split instant as if in a flickering old-time movie, and then he was back, raving mad. "What? What? How dare you? The question is unanswerable! There is no such animal as the Phoenix, and even if there were, by definition, they would not lay eggs, so there would not be any place that they would necessarily lay them in! I reject the question, you miserable human, you unspeakable lowly cur of a man!" Nick's threats grew more and more wild and horrible until finally he could speak no more.

"Can you answer the question," Henry finally asked in the calm of the ensuing silence.

"No, of course I can't answer the question. I just finished telling you that!"

"Then, by our agreement, if you can't answer the question, I win!"

There was nothing Satan could do. He had lost.

* * *

Henry smiled stoically. God was not dead. His ploy had worked. The question had been not to figure out a difficult question, or an ambiguous question, but merely an impossible question.

The Devil frowned. He couldn't even be really angry any more, now that his initial pique had passed. The final clause in the contract had stipulated, "and no hard feelings either way" and so, naturally, as is the case in all deals with the Devil, it was immediately so. Satan no longer felt any bad feelings towards Henry. "Oh well," he said resolutely, "that's the way the old pitch-fork bends." He turned to face the mortal. "Be seeing you in sixty years, Henry." The Devil stood, apparently about to vanish, like all good demons, in a cloud of smoke.

"Wait! How about my wish!"

"Oh yes, your wish. What is it? quickly! I've wasted enough time here already."

Henry smiled again. He spoke up boldly. "I wish to start the whole cycle of life all over again. I wish that mankind should have a second chance, starting with me as the first being of the new cycle!"

"Oh damn!" Satan exclaimed, throwing his pitch-fork to the ground violently. "You would wish that! First you trick me into losing a stupid little bet, and then you can't be satisfied with some sixty

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years of unthinkable bliss like any other sane man, or anything else simple. No, not you. You beat me fairly, and then you kick me when I'm down. You take away everything I've worked and slaved for all these centuries and just now had within my grasp. You would wish for that!"

"Sorry, Satan, but that is what I wish for, and unless you can answer my question, then by the terms of our agreement you must fulfill my wish."

With that Henry sat down to wait for act of new creation. He wondered if Eve, the new Eve, his Eve, would just come strolling out from behind one of the piles of trash around him or if the Devil would have to operate and remove a rib. If it's the latter, Henry thought, I hope the old boy doesn't make it too painful out of spite. I never did like pain much.

Satan just stood looking up at the stars twinkling above, saying "Oh damn" Suddenly, down from the heavens there came the sound of hearty laughter, that of a father pleased at the performance of his young child.

"Damn!" said Satan again, more defiantly, but the laughter continued unabated for a few more minutes. Then it seemed to drop in tone to become quite natural thunder off in the distance. Henry wished that whatever form the act of new creation would take, it would occur before the storm hit.

* * *

Satan looked down on the human. Dirty, filthy, disgusting little mortal. He tricked me, and now he robs me, the Devil thought to himself. Robs me of all I've fought for all these long tedious centuries. Oh how I wish I could rest! But no sleep for the wicked. The man in red chuckled a bit inwardly at that. Maybe it won't be so bad, he thought. I would grow so bored without a world to tempt.

Nevertheless, he decided, I can't let that little man know that he's got me whipped, that he's beaten me. That would be just too much. But how can I both fulfill our agreement and not let him get the best of me? How...how?

Then an idea came to him. The agreement had been to let Henry "start the cycle of life all over again." Yes, yes, Henry would indeed start the cycle of life all over again, just the way it had first happened, not the way their story-book told them. He will live to see his wish fulfilled, but he will never know!

Henry sat in the shadows smiling. He had fought the good fight.

Satan smiled back.

* * *

Pick any G-type sun in the galaxy and it will probably have planets; it has to do with the starting mass of the condensing gas cloud that forms the system. And because of Bode's Law, one of those planets will probably have an orbit near the size of Earth's orbit about Sol. And this necessitates its mass and chemical constituents being almost identical to those of Earth.

If you pick a certain star about three thousand parsecs inward from the Solar System, you'll find there a planet as identical to Earth as two planets can be. It has oceans and mountains and seas, continents (although not the same shape as Earth's, they create about the same proportion of dry land to water) and rivers. But nowhere on this unnamed world will you find indigenous life.

The land is of the proper mineral composition, the seas have the right ingredients, but for some reason the spark of life just never struck here. The plains remain without grass, the mountains untrod and unburrowed, the sky bare of flapping wings. In the seas no fins stir the warm waters, no armored creatures scuttle along the salty shores. The world is completely sterile.

Well, almost completely sterile. Look closer, in one small corner of the friendly ocean; there you'll find Henry. He's there, all the umpteenth million cells of him, but they've changed... They're now all unicellular, simple single cells, small organisms of protoplasmic life, starting the cycle of life all over again. Not quite the simple viri and bacteria that life on Earth started out with, but the Devil did his best. It's just as Henry wished, they're all there, at the beginning again, feeding, excreting, reacting, moving, reproducing, changing, mutating, evolving, and...surviving.

* * * * *



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Mistitles Placed

- Tales of the White Clarke by Arthur C. Hart
- R is for Ray by Rocket Bradbury
- The Circus of Dr. Finney by Charles R. Lao
- Gravy Pohl by Fred Planet
- Heinlein's Freehold by Robert A. Farnam
- A Touch of Sturgeon by Theodore Strange
- The Well of the Pratt by Fletcher Unicorn
- The Three Stigmata of Philip K. Dick by Palmer Eldritch

For some time now Rick Sneary has been asking that we include more material about 3rd Foundation members in this fanzine for the benefit of readers who don't know our group personally. This series of true life adventures is the result.

TALES OF THE THIRD FOUNDATION

Chapter Four. Steven Cohan's Report

Gordon Monson immediately started for San Francisco to save Sandy. Barry weissman went with him. (While he had the opportunity, he thought he might as well get away from home and enroll in classes up at Berkeley at the same time.) The rest of us went over to Lee's place to sit by the telephone and wait for news. As we approached her apartment—Lee, of course, was leading the way, the rest of us marching behind her in single file whistling Col. Bogey's March—I suddenly noticed something move in the shadows. I motioned to everyone to be quiet. As usual, it was in vain. But just then someone darted out from the shadows, smiling, saying, "Marvelous, marvelous, you're here at last!"

Who could it be, we wondered. Ah, if I could only describe the fear and uncertainty expressed in our faces as the stranger approached, the suspense and excitement that pierced our very being as the plump, pink, oily, greasy man, with his hair parted in the middle, wearing a long, brown priest-like robe and beige sandals that squeaked as he darted out of the shadows, with his shrill voice crying out in greasy delight—a cry that startled us by its frequency—"Marvelous, marvelous, marvelous, marvelous, marvelous, marvelous, marvelous!!!!"

"Hullo," he murmured, his jowls ablaze with scarlet patches. "I am Valentine Rayl, first cousin to the infamous and dastardly and terribly unmarvelous Rayl the Renegade, and I would like to join your club. I read your marvelous ad in an old Daily Bruin: "Interested in Science Fiction and—"

"Greetings," Lee cried in her joy at getting a new member for the club. "Come on in, we'll have a meeting while we wait for Gordon to telephone a report."

We went inside, Lee leading the way. I walked in behind our new member. His robe smacked against his fat legs as he walked inside, and he said to Steve Goldin, "I just love the opera, don't you?"

Steve said, "No, I prefer 'Anyone Can Whistle!'"

Lee went into the kitchen and came back with the dip and tortilla chips. Steve Goldin brought out the puns, and vlogged with Jim Shapiro to see who would serve. Steve won. I went into the kitchen to get the cokes and Dr. Peppers. When I touched the icy cold Dr. Pepper I thought of Sandy, somewhere in the dangerous void up north and I felt like Orphan Annie—when her Sandy is in trouble.

When I came back into the front room everybody was taping a game of s.f. titles charades. I looked around for the stranger, Rayl's cousin. Where was he? I thought maybe he was in the bedroom. Maybe he was looking at the grand panorama of bookshelves that Lee's bedroom boasted. It was dark in there, so I turned on the light. "Good God,"

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I cried out. I called Lee, "Come in here, quick!"

"What the hell's happened," she asked, striding into the room.

"Your books are gone, all gone, all gone," I moaned.

"Oh nonsense," she announced, walking up to her book case. It was EMPTY.

The result was chaos. Jim Shapiro fainted, Steve dropped a pun, Stan Burns ran, clutched Lee's blanket and stared at the spot where all her Peanuts books had been and cried out, "Curse you, Red Baron!" Richard Irwin stared at the empty shelves and became hysterical.

We were ALL hysterical. "What shall we do," cried out Jim, pulling at his beard. He became so excited at this plethora of catastrophic events that he pulled and pulled until the beard fell off and onto the floor. He went to look for it, crawling under Lee's bed.

"Say, wait a minute," I said, "where's Valentine Rayl?"

We ran into the front room. The bookshelves there were empty too. The front door was open. We needed a clue, just one clue, that was all. Jim ran in, his beard in one hand, an object in the other. "A book, he left one book!" he exclaimed.

"What book is it," we all asked breathlessly.

"Conjure Wife."

"It's Rayl the Renegade!" Stan shouted. "In disguise."

"After him," Lee screamed. "After the fat man in the monk's robe."

"After him!" we shouted, racing out of the apartment, Lee, of course, leading the way.

We ran out into the street. There was a man out front, a small, thin man with a black moustache. "We're searching for the Holy Rayl. Have you seen him," Steve asked.

"Yes, he went thataway," the man said, pointing towards Santa Monica Boulevard.

We started to leave.

"Wait," shouted the man. "come back!" He pulled out a small slide projector from his pocket. "I just happen to have pictures of some flowers I'd like you to see—"

We rushed past him.

"Take my car," screamed Jim. "It'll be a lot faster."

"Yes," we agreed, piling into his car and speeding down to Santa Monica. We couldn't find Rayl. We got as far as the West L. A. Book Center and decided to turn back, discouraged, unhappy and afraid for Lee's books.

A bus was in front of us. Jim started to pass it, when—kerplung plungsmashsockblimgpunkshadesofrayl—the car stopped. "Oh no," we moaned. Lee pushed the door open and we all went to see what was wrong.

"It's your drive shaft," said Stan.

"Yes," added Rich, "Rayl must have sabotaged your car."

We pushed the car towards the curb. Lee and Rich and Stan and Steve looked in the book store window—and then ran inside.

Poor Jim. I cannot describe the anguished look on his face as his beautiful dirty black car slowly went to pieces. I cannot describe the pain that coursed through his body (a piece of the engine had fallen on his foot) as the car disappeared into nothingness.

"It is the work of Rayl," Jim said. "I shall not forget this!" He tugged on his beardless chin as if to emphasize the meaning of his vow. "But meantime, let's go buy some books."

When we got inside the book store, Lee and the others were searching through the pile of books in the Science Fiction Section. Suddenly a voice filled the stuffy air of the shop, "Marvelous, Marvelous. Marvelous! I've got you where I want you and there's no escape!" The door to the shop slammed shut.

"This is ridiculous," Lee said, going to the door and tugging at the lock. It wouldn't open.

We were trapped. The six of us—Lee, Me, Steve Goldin, Jim, Stan and Rich—looked at each other with terror in our faces, fear in our hearts and indigestion in our stomachs (he must have gotten to the tortilla chips as well, that darn Rayl!)

There was no escape. We pounded our fists against the walls, shouted and screamed, but could find no way out.

We sat for hours, it seemed. Time lost all meaning. Our stomachs felt better and called for more chips and dip. But there was none. Suddenly I got an idea. There WAS an escape:

"Everybody, Listen," I shouted. "What's one reason we read science-fiction? To escape, right? So take your favorite book and escape!"

"Yes!" everyone shouted. Lee picked up Twenty-First Century Sub ("It's literature," she explained), Rich started Weapon Makers, Stan the new Peanuts book, Jim the Lensman series, and Steve—his new story. But I couldn't find anything. Erratically I searched through the stacks of science fiction. Nothing, nothing, nothing.

I tried Bradbury, Bester and Lester del Rey, Sturgeon and Simak, whatever you may—nothing worked. I looked at my friends, who were all busily engaged in reading. Rich was the first to go—he finished the book, closed it, and PRESTO! he was gone. Steve Goldin was next.

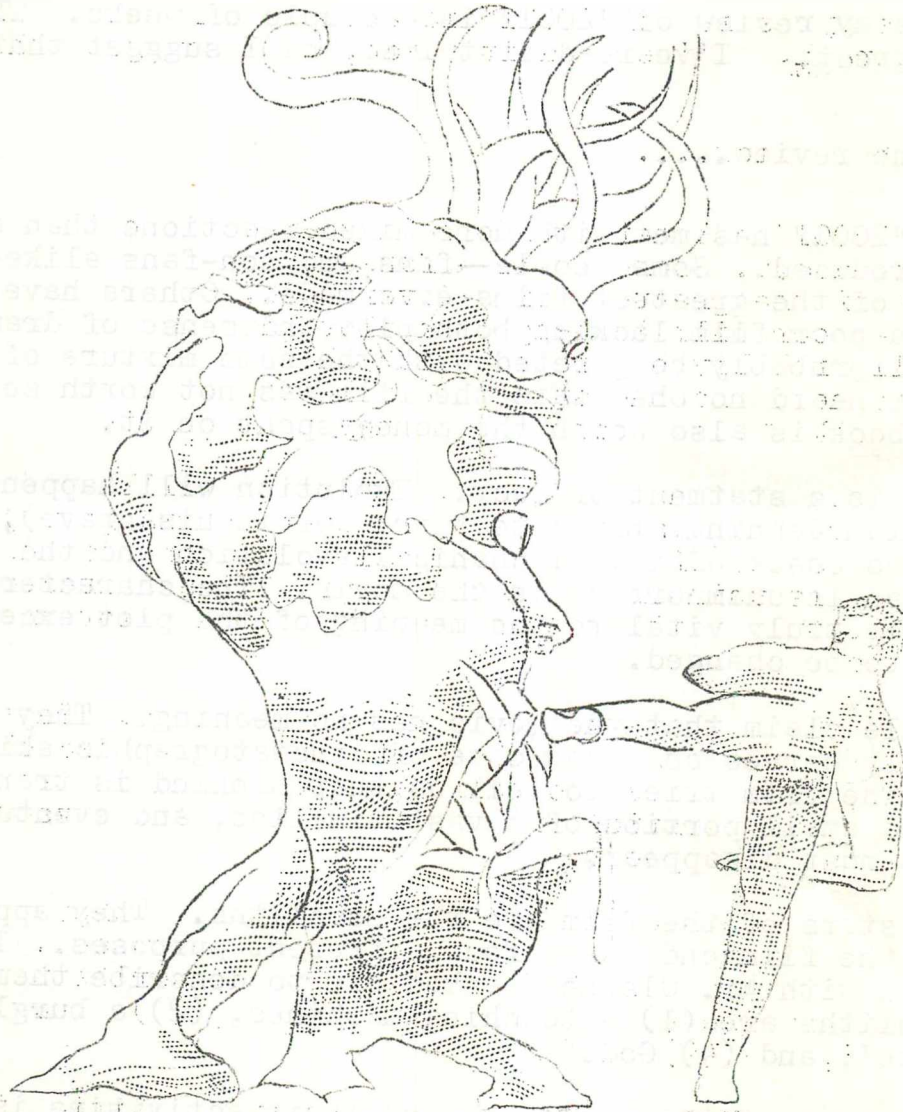
Lee looked up at me, questioning. I shook my head. "Nothing." I was prepared to accept my doom. Suddenly she had an idea. Running

to the literature section, she pulled out a whopping thick book and threw it to me. "Now let's get the hell out of here!"

It was The Brothers Karamazov. I started reading, as the Great Escape continued on....

to be probably continued
in our next issue

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GWM

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Possible Ace Doubles

- Expedition to Earth - Planet of the Damned
- Planet of the Apes - Untouched by Human Hands
- Paingod - More Than Human
- Time out of Joint - Future Imperfect
- The Great Explosion - The Stars Like Dust

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.

2001: A Space Odyssey, by Arthur C. Clarke, New American Library, 1968. Now in both hardback and paperback.

Excerpt from a letter written to the Third Foundation last month by this reviewer:

"I'll have my review of '2001' in a couple of weeks. The book is good, but not great. I've read it twice, and I suggest that all of you read it."

And now the review....

The film "2001" has met with more mixed reactions than any other sf film ever produced. Some people—fans and non-fans alike—have felt that it is one of the greatest films ever made. Others have considered it to be a poor film lacking both plot and sense of drama. The novel 2001 will probably be greeted with the same mixture of feelings. However, I have heard no one state the film was not worth seeing, and I believe the book is also worth the money spent on it.

The movie is a statement of fact. Evolution will happen (even if it causes William Jennings Bryan to turn over in his grave), and "2001" shows two cases of it: mechanical evolution and the evolution of man. Yet man is unimportant in the movie. The characters are never strong, never truly vital to the meaning of the plot except insofar as they exist to be changed.

Many people claim that the movie has no meaning. They state that "2001" only serves as a showcase of cinematographic skill. This is not true. The film tries to tell us that mankind is transient. We exist to fill a small portion of a vast timeline, and eventually man as we know him must disappear,

The real stars of the film are the monoliths. They appear at four times in the film and serve four different purposes. In a recent interview I had with Mr. Clarke I asked him to describe them, and he said "The monoliths are (1) a teaching machine, (2) a burglar alarm, (3) a 'stargate', and (4) God."

The appearance of the monoliths and their activities is (to some) unclear in the movie. This is not so in the book. The monoliths and also HAL9000 (Heuristically programmed Algorithmic computer 9000) are fully explained. The places where the movie's plot seems unclear are also explained, which should satisfy those reviewers who tried to show the film was inconsistent.

"2001" was an amazing spectacle. 2001 nevertheless manages to practice a curious form of oneupmanship on the film. It is certainly not the best book Clarke ever wrote, but it is far from his worst. Since he has written no bad books, this automatically classes 2001 as good. I consider it the best book of the year (so far).

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The novel does have its faults. In a few places, it goes a bit too deep into technicalities, almost as if it were trying to explain the movie. This is easily overlooked. In a couple of places, the plot seems to drag, but they are soon forgotten.

The novel is even more immense than the movie. Whereas in the film Bowman is transported to some planet's surface, in the book he is brought to a giant sun. (I will say no more in order not to spoil the book.) In the movie the space trip was to Jupiter; in the book it is to Saturn. This sort of oneupsmanship continues throughout.

Much of the writing is reminiscent of Childhood's End, which speaks well for any book. Much of the meaning of the book is also the same. (Indeed, after I first saw the movie I said, "They've filmed Childhood's End.") Much of it is new, however, and that part of it will surprise people.

- All I can say is that I feel everyone—fan or not—should read 2001. I know that it will be an experience, and I think it will be an enjoyable one.. Seeing the movie is not enough to truly understand Arthur C. Clarke's ideas.

SC

and more about 2001

I read the book 2001 and then I went to see the movie again and just as I thought, it wasn't as meaningful as it had been.

David Gerrold

The Werewolf Principle by Clifford D. Simak

Once again Clifford Simak has come up with an excellent story, and once again he has copped out on the ending. In other words, The Werewolf Principle is a typical serious Simak novel.

Its hero, Andrew Blake, is a man, plus. Aside from having the personality of a human being, he is also two other things. He was made by men to be an open-ended entity, one who could take on an alien form and personality, to aid in the study of other kinds of life. But he found to his and everyone else's surprise that he could not erase an alien personality once he had adopted it. Consequently he became a coalition of three beings cohabiting one "mind."

Is Blake still human? What is a human anyway? It is more than just a metaphysical problem for two senators are arguing about an issue that involves the entire destiny of Mankind. Instead of going through the costly procedure of terraforming a planet to Man's requirements, why not change Man to fit the planet? But will an altered man still be Man?

As I said, the ending is a cop out. Simak never really resolves the question. And, since his heroes almost invariably get the girl at the end, it comes as no great surprise that one of the senators' daughters also turns out to be a plastic person. And so they ride off together into the starset.

If you like good Simak (as I do), you'll probably like this book what more is there to say?

SG

Dragonflight by Anne McCaffrey, Ballantine Books, New York, 1968, 75¢

This is a Found Sense of Wonder book, set in a semi-feudal society with friendly dragons and an Evil Menace. It makes for enjoyable reading.

Parts I, III and IV appeared in slightly altered form in Analog ("Weyr Search" October, 1967; "Dragonrider" December, 1967 and January, 1968). Part II is new. The month gap in the serialization would seem to indicate that Part II was originally scheduled to appear in Analog and then was canceled.

The new part contains, among other interesting events, a description of the dragons' mating flight (in which not only do the Queen dragon and a bronze dragon mate—but so do their riders.)

In some ways Dragonflight bears a haunting resemblance to McCaffrey's earlier novel, Restoree, which also focused on a semi-feudal society with an Evil Alien Menace. The characters in Dragonflight are, however, far more vividly drawn—and their fight against the Evil Menace is considerably more intellectually stimulating. In Restoree, you may remember, the Good Guys were saved by the invention of electricity—the new superweapon. In Dragonflight the means of salvation is far more interesting.

If you like Norton's "Witch World series" or Anderson's The High Crusade, you should like Dragonflight.

LK

SF: Authors' Choice, edited by Harry Harrison, Berkeley, 1968, 75¢

This collection contains fourteen stories—all of them supposedly previously unanthologized—plus a short comment by each author on his story.

Actually Harrison slipped up a little on the previous unanthologization requirement. Philip Jose Farmer's delightful alternate universe Columbus story "Sail On! Sail On!" was previously printed in Damon Knight's A Century of Science Fiction in 1962 and Frederik Pohl's Unforgettable "Day Million" has been printed in a number of anthologies, among them World's Best Science Fiction 1967, which appeared last year.

All of these stories are good, competent sf. A few are something more. Brian Aldiss' notes on "Judas Danced," (originally titled "Judas Dancing") are quite illuminating, and no Ragnarok fancier should miss Fritz Leiber's "Myths My Great-Granddaughter Taught Me."

LK

Fritz Leiber, The Swords of Lankmar, Ace, 60¢ and Swords Against Wizardry, Ace, 60¢.

The first two books of Leiber's Fafhrd-Grey Mouser series are now out. The Swords of Lankmar is a full-length novel which will probably be desired chiefly by completists. Swords Against Wizardry reprints two novelettes and 2 short stories—the best among them "The Lords of Quarmall." This is definitely worth buying.

LK

Two songs from "Can-Can A-A Vampire-Vampire," the historical drama about the adventures of Jan Q. Vacek, Transmarine Vampire, who was brought over to the Baycon by the International Fiend Fund. The songs are by Pole Corter. The tune of the first slightly resembles "Just One of Those Things" and that of the second resembles "It's All Right With Me."

One of those Things

I am just one of those Things,
Just one of those horrible Things,
One of those ghosts that ups and sprouts wings,
Just one of those Things.

It was just one of those nights,
Just one of those fabulous flights,
A trip through the town on leathery wings,
Just one of those things.

If I'd thought a bit, 'bout the end of it,
When I'd started draining the town,
I'd have been aware that the plasma there
Wasn't large enough not to run down.

So Transylvania, so long.
My next stop is at the World Con.
I'll have great fun
Because I'm just one of those Things.

It's All Right with Me

sung by a femme Spockite

You're the wrong man from the wrong book.
Though your look's inhuman, it's the wrong look.
It's not Spock's look, but it's such a spooky look
That it's all right with me.

It's the wrong time and the wrong place,
Though your ears are pointed, you've the wrong face.
It's not Spock's face, but it's such an eerie face
That it's all right with me.

You can't know how startled I am that we met.
I'm strangely attracted to you.
You say you're no Vulcan; well then, I'll bet
Mister Spock is a vampire too.

It's the wrong game with the wrong chips.
Though your lips are greenish, they're the wrong lips.
They're not Spock's lips, but they're such greenish lips
That if some night you're free,
Then it's all right, it's all right,
It's all right with me.

and now — two songs for Dark Shadowsites. The first is sung to the tune of "Camelot," the second to the tune of "I Wonder what the ~~King~~ King is Doing Tonight?"

Collinsport

It's true, it's true; the scripts have made it clear.
The Gothic daytime soap opera is here.

Dark Shadows started out not very drastic,
But now a constant viewer must report
Events have steadily grown more fantastic
At Collinsport.

The Collinsees have long possessed great riches,
But their forefathers lives have been quite short,
For they've been plagued with vampires and with witches
At Collinsport.

Collinsport, Collinsport,
I know it sounds a bit bizarre,
But at Collinsport, Collinsport,
That's how conditions are.

Mad scientists build monsters in the basement
And seances send girls into the past.
For an s-f fan in short,
This shows the proper sort.
TV's got adult fantasy at last - at Collinsport.

No Wonder

No wonder we assume vampires are bad.
It indicates the effect that Stoker has had.
His story shows the Count was clearly quite a cad.
No wonder we assume vampires are bad.

We tremble at the vision as one makes that dread incision
And his pretty victim nearly faints with fear.
But - Dark Shadows has got a heroic vamp
This year - this year.

You mean that an undead, blood-fed creature
who's even killed a reverend preacher
Gets you to think he's really not a boor?
Sure.

A monster who's so cold and spiteful
Even his wife got fanged one nightfall
Gets you to be against him less and less?
Yes.

You mean that this grim monstrosity
Who's killed with such animosity
Is really the hero of this series now?
Wow!

For Barnabus has never liked having this thirst.
 His nature would be quite kindly if he weren't cursed.
 What occupies his mind while flying through the night,
 Is hoping that his past deeds will not come to light.

Now the standard expectation's the grim anticipation
 That he'll kill until he's properly immured.
 Then he gets in a car crash--and next thing you know
 He's cured, he's cured!

* * * * *

Once upon a time, when minds were dosed with the pill-theory of matter, werewolves were said to be physically impossible. Very little globes were said to be the ultimates of matter, and were supposed to be understandable, and people thought they knew what matter is. But the pills have rolled away. Now we are told that the ultimates are waves. It is impossible to think of a wave. One has to think of something that is waving. To say that the "ultimate waves" are electrical comes no closer to saying something. If there is no definition of electricity better than that of saying that it is a mode of motion, we're not enlighteningly told that the "ultimate waves" are moving motions.

Charles Fort Wild Talents

* * * * *

It seems crosscountry patrons of Metro's "2001" are not necessarily seeing the same version of the 141 minute roadshow, which was trimmed from its original 160-minutes running time by producer-director Stanley Kubrick a few days after the film's New York opening. It turns out that original prints of the longer version were not called back by MGM, but instead branches were sent reediting instructions and trims were performed locally.

Variety 8-7-68 p 24

* * * * *

More Dictionary Madness

The American College Dictionary defines "warlock" as "Scot & Archaic. 1) one who practices magic arts by the aid of the devil; a sorcerer or wizard. 2) a fortuneteller, conjurer or the like." The Standard College Dictionary says the word can also mean a demon. So far we can't find a single dictionary which mentions that a warlock is male. Can any of our readers find a dictionary that does?

* * * * *

Possible Ace Doubles

Planet of the Damned - Honeymoon in Hell
 Masters of the Maze - A Way Home
 Paingod - Godling Go Home
 Tomorrow's Gift - The Horn of Time
 The Butterfly Kid - Stranger than You Think
 The Sleeping Planet - The Dreaming Earth
 Children of the Lens - The Impossibles
 The Edge of Tomorrow - Sinister Barrier

PPPP	AAAA	PPPP	AAAA	BBBB	AAAA	CCCC	H	H
P P	A A	P P	A A	B B	A A	C	H	H
PPPP	AAAA	PPPP	AAAA	BBBB	AAAA	C	H	H
P	A A	P	A A	B B	A A	C	H	H
P	A A	P	A A	B B	A A	C	H	H
P	A A	P	A A	BBBB	A A	CCCC	H	H

DDD	IIII	GGGG	SSSS	FFFF	SSSS	FFFF
D D	I	G	S	F	S	F
D D	I	G GGG	SSS	FFF	SSS	FFF
D D	I	G G	SSS	F	SSS	F
D D	I	G G	SSS	F	SSS	F
DDD	IIII	GGGG	SSS	F	SSS	F

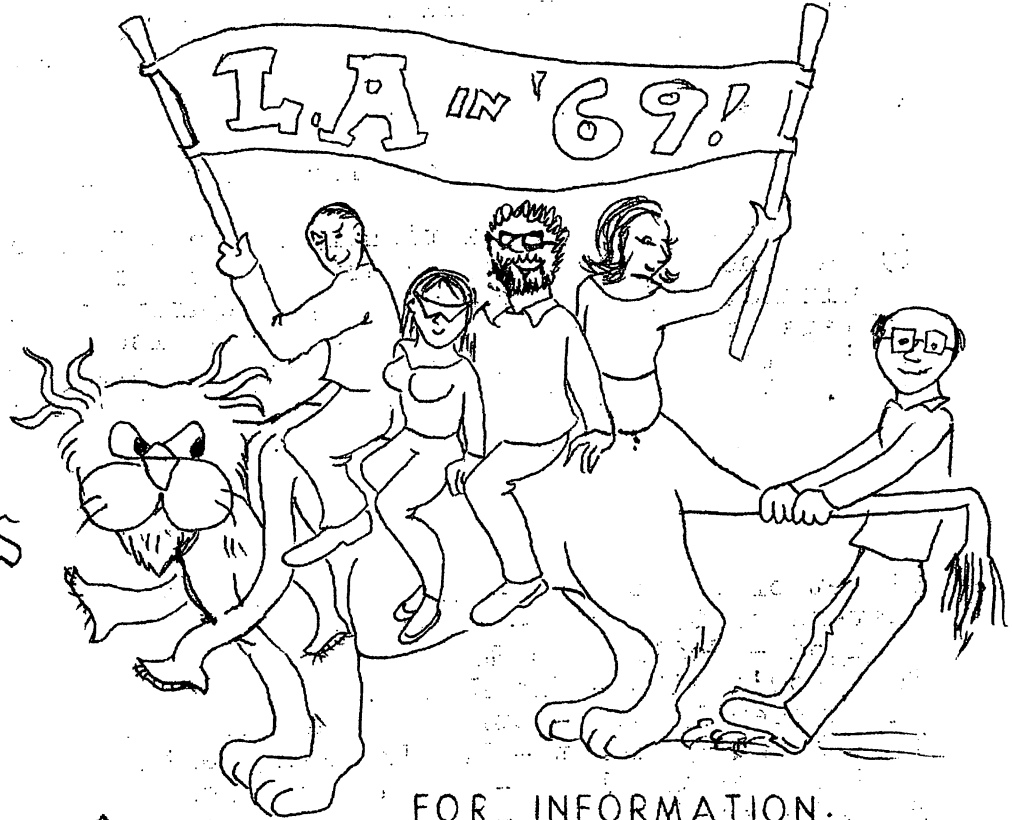
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FOR INFORMATION:

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 SANTA MONICA, CAL. 90406

David Gerrold, author of "The Trouble with Tribbles" has given us permission to serialize the following quasi-novel. There are rumors that David Gerrold has also written (or is in the process of writing) a sequel to the Tribble show. We are currently dickering to have the right to print this script treatment in one of our later issues... provided, of course, that our readers would like to read it.

Prefactory Typist's Comment: In the original manuscript, the dedication runs to ten pages. Rather than omit this integral part of the book, we have put it into columns. When you come to the bottom of a column, go to the top of the next one and start reading down again.

THE METAPHYSICAL HYENA
a novel reading experience by
Theobold Arthur

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

INTRODUCTION

I would like to introduce my book...
Book, this is a reader.
Reader, this is a book.

—Theobold Arthur

DEDICATION

This book is respectfully dedicated to some very nice people who I like a whole lot.*

(This list subject to change without notice)

- | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|
| A. Lincoln | John Lennon | Carolyn |
| Pogo Possum | John Lindsay | Kathy |
| J. Christ | John John | Pat |
| Gandalf the Grey | The Jolly Green Giant | JoAnn |
| Bertrand Russell | Arthur Kopit | andi |
| Burt Lancaster | Arthur Fiedler | Pam |
| Burr Tillstrom | Arthur C. Clarke | Nancy |
| Evelyn Waugh | Norton Juster | Holly |
| Ossie Davis | Milo | The other Pam |
| Alfred Bester | Hugh Hefner | Elaine |
| Alfred Hitchcock | Father Dubay | Etc. |
| Alfred E. Neuman | Father Boyd | Rod Serling |
| Wilbur and Orville | Martin Luther King | Rod Steiger |
| Snoopy | Thornton Wilder | Charles Rodriguez |
| Peter S. Beagle | Murray Schisgal | Charles Addams |
| John Galt | Becky | Charles Schulz |

* any resemblance between these names and real people is coincidence.

Charles Chaplin	Irwin Blazker	The Andersons (Poul,
Geraldine Chaplin	Philip Wylie	Karen, and Astrid)
Rachel Carson	Dan Mannix	Strauss (either one)
Peter Tchaikovsky	Bugs Bunny	Beethoven
Frodo	Dr. Bock	Shroeder
Roger Zelazny	Dr. Schlosser	Jim Webb
Fritz Leiber	Groucho	Albert Finney
Ray Bradbury	Chico	Albert Einstein
Ray Gunn	Harpo	Albert B. Feldstein
Ray Harryhausen	Karl?	and the usual gang of
Willis O'Brien	Billy Wilder	idiots
Dr. Schweitzer	Bill Mauldin	Tiny Tim
Dr. Suess	Bill Melendez	Maurice Jarre (some-
Dr. Spock	Bill Hertz	times)
Nina Khrushchev	Will Rogers	Petronicus
Kurt Vonnegut Jr.	William Shatner	Voltaire
Blake Edwards	(if he'll stop call-	Theodore Sturgeon
Blake Edward Maxam	ing me "kid.")	Bel Kaufman
Aldous Huxley	William Golding	Winnie the Pooh
Ed Wynn	William J. Lederer	Lewis Carroll
Edwin Keinholz	William Tenn	Marilyn Monroe
Edward Albee	William Tell	Mary Jane Evans
Shirley MacLaine	William M. Gaines	Mary Scott
Paul McCartney	Linus	Mary Poppins
Paul Coates	Tom Jones	Fibonacci
Polly Adler	Tom Courtenay	Buster Keaton
Poco	Tom Lehrer	Andrew Undershaft
Saul	Tom Foolery	Yuri Zhivago
Richard Wilson	Tom Thumb	Henry Kuttner
Gahan Wilson	Adlai Stevenson	Henry Mancini
Woodrow Wilson	Mark Twain	H. Longfellow
Diogenes	Bullwinkle	Joseph Kesselring
George Bernard Shaw	Red Skelton	Jules Feiffer
George Harrison	Aesop	David Lean
George Orwell	Hans Christian Anderson	Virgil Partch
George Pal	Hans Conreid	Jim Murray
St. George	Walt Disney	Ferdinand D. Bull
Valentine Michael Smith	Walt Kelley	Barry D. Seigel
Johnny Hart	Walter R. Brooks	Sidney Poitier
Harlan Ellison	Robert A. Heinlein	John Collier
Judith Merrill	Robert Sheckley	John Howard Griffin
Zenna Henderson	Robert C. Wian	John Wyndham
Phyllis Kramer	Isaac Asimov	John Wayne
Irving Wallace	Interlandi	Bruce Wayne
Jack Finney	Marcel Marceau	Ernie Kovacs
Ogden Nash	Alec Guinness	Grog
Ned Fenton	Al Hirt	Spike Jones
Herb Alpert	Al Capp	Tigerman
Herb Klynn	Andy Capp	Abigail Van Buren
Herb Schick	Anteater	John Brown
Herblock	The Midnight Skulker	Frederic Brown
Noel Korn	(and) The Lone	Charlie Brown
Kim Charney	Haranguer	Virginia Woolf
Mort Drucker	Rocket J. Squirrel	Richard Condon
Don Martin	Cadet Happy	Sandy C. Schor
Don Camillo	Ringo Starr	Mike Nichols
Don Quixote	Oliver Hardy	Nichelle Nicole
Donna Steines	Stan Laurel	Stu
J. R. R. Tolkien	Stan Krebberg	Janie
Louis Lomax	Stanley Kubrick	Mike

Susie
The other Mike
Lorraine
Godfrey Cambridge
Bill Cosby
Leonard Nimoy
Lee Klynn
Dick Gregory
Flip Wilson
Freddy the Pig
Tina Delgado
(if she's still alive)
Lysistrata

Fanny Hill
Candy
Kitten
Edmund G. Love
The Tin Woodman
Kelly Green
Prokypine
Ralph Storey
Ralph Bunche
Ralph Nader
Ralph Ginzburg
James Meredith
B. Franklin
and...
Mrs. Calabash (wherever she is)

21
Clark Kent
Hal Clement
David Rose
Eugene Ionesco
Eugene Burdick
Gene Coon
Nat King Cole
The Shmoo
Rick Carter
Penny
Ande
The other Tiny Tim
Wiley Coyote

...if it be that God created the hyene to laugh, then it follows that he created the monkeys so that the hyena might have something to laugh at....

—The. Arthur

CHAPTER ONE

Due to a lack of interest, this chapter has been canceled.

CHAPTER TWO

Along about June, a concerned citizens group made the somewhat idle prediction that Americans had nothing to fear from the year 1984. The world would probably not last that long.

They were right.

In answer to the Soviet Army's boast that they had an "ultimate weapon," the United States Army went crying to their respective government that they too had to have an "ultimate weapon." In this particular round of the global game of keeping up with the Joneses, the trend was once more to bigger and bigger bombs.

One of the biggest was supposed to be large enough to destroy a planet. It was called (appropriately enough) a "Planet Buster."

Of course, once it had been put together, there was always some wiseacre who wanted to find out if it works.

It did.

THANK YOU, DR. FORBISH

The wiseacre who wanted to find out if the bomb really worked was an ex-German scientist named Dr. Maynard Forbish. Dr. Forbish had fled to the United States late in 1944, having decided that he really preferred Beethoven to Wagner. Dr. Forbish was also well known as the man who discovered the horizon.*

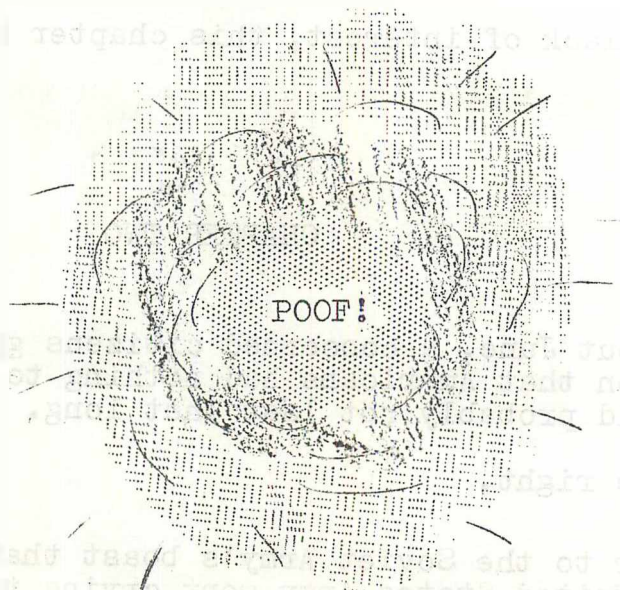
It was Dr. Forbish who said, "How do we know if the Planet Buster Bomb really works, if we don't test it...."

Naturally there was some disagreement as to the wisdom of such an action, but eventually the bright boys in the Pentagon came to their senses and agreed to a test...but only one, mind you.

The operation was given the code name of Project Poof.

*In his book, I Aim for the Stars (But Sometimes I Hit London...), Dr. Forbish describes his discovery of the horizon, "I just looked up and there it was." Earlier in his career, Dr. Forbish had been credited with the discovery of sex. About that, he said, "I just looked down and there it was!"

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THEY TESTED THE BOMB



WELL, THAT'S SHOW BIZ—

With characteristic lack of foresight, Dr. Forbish had tested his bomb on the closest planet available—in this case, the Earth. While the result no doubt was spectacular, it also produced the unfortunate side effect of rendering the place uninhabitable—a fact which did not escape Dr. Forbish's keen eye. (He was later quoted as saying "Oops!")

Ordinarily, the fact that the bomb had worked beautifully would have greatly pleased Dr. Forbish, except that he was in no place to revel in his success. In fact, he was in no place to be found. Neither

was anybody else for that matter.

If the truth be known, Dr. Forbish was probably a bit dismayed at the way Project Poof had exceeded his wildest expectations. The Earth had split its seams and burst like an overripe melon dropped from a seventh story window, spewing mountains and cities and rind and rivers and pulp and people and seeds and things all over the place.

This, of course, greatly disappointed those disciples of T. S. Eliot who had for a long time been touting a "Not with a bang but a whimper" philosophy. But you cannot please all of the people all of the time, and that's that.

So it was that the Earth ceased to exist as a planet and commenced to exist as a dust cloud.*

* I strongly suspect that this only added to the annoyance of some great celestial housekeeper who already had enough work to do.

—The. Arthur

THE END

* * * * *

THIS IS NOT THE END

This, however, did not mean the end of all intelligent life..... That should be rephrased....This, however, did not mean the end of all life. If it had, there would have been no story.*

Three specimens of Earth's intelligent life** did survive. The term intelligent, although optional, is used in this case because they were smart enough to leave the Earth before the Earth left the realm of human habitability.

* Nor anyone left to read it, let alone write it.

** Notice how I qualified that?

—The. Arthur

A STANDARD COMPLEMENT

Shortly before the planet expired, a spaceship left it. Now, in most cases of this nature it is customary for the ship to contain:

1) One jut-jawed, extremely handsome, broad-shouldered, blond-haired, and incidentally intelligent member of the male sex, hereinafter referred to as Hero.

2) One devastatingly beautiful, scantily clad, mammary endowed and terribly helpless member of the female sex, hereinafter referred to as Heroine.

Not wanting to break with literary tradition, (and thereby start something of a trend) this tale will go strictly by the rule book. The ship had a standard complement...or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

The reasonable facsimile (i.e., in this case, the sole remaining members of the human race) consisted of:

- 1) The one hero,
- 2) the one heroine,
- 3) and the one chaperone, because the hero and heroine had not yet been legally wed.*

* This is a very moral book.

—The. Arthur

CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT

Unfortunately for those who love a good action-packed adventure yarn, just chock full of swashes to buckle, our Hero was not jut-jawed, extremely handsome and blond-haired. Nor did he have shoulders of a dimension that he was forced to turn sideways to walk through doors.

To tell the truth, our Hero was weak-chinned, homely, round-shouldered and prematurely bald. Fortunately, he was intelligent. Had he not been intelligent he would not have been on the ship's passenger list at the time of its untimely departure.

MORE CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT

The pilot of the ship was the aforementioned female. She, luckily for he, was mildly attractive. At least she had been considered so back on Earth where 43% of the total technology of the nation had been geared towards making its women appear to be supernaturally beautiful.

However, on a spaceship there is neither room nor reason for cold cream, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara, rouge, greasepaint or other paraphernalia for disguising oneself. Although the female creature may have had a definite need for these mystic ablutions and supplications on the Earth, these had been foregone in the interests of survival.

Besides, had she had the equipment necessary to put on her face, once she had made herself up, where could she have gone?

So she did without.

MY CHAPERONE, THE FATHER

This lack of all femininity that is ordinarily taken for granted should have been enough to cool the ardor in any man, but this wonderful young creature had foresightedly brought along her father, the priest.

Her reasoning was this: in most stories of this nature, after the handsome hero rescues the beautiful heroine, they live happily and

unrealistically ever after. But there is never any mention about who married them.

This girl, realizing that unless certain vows were exchanged, she stood a good chance of spending eternity sizzling in the infernal regions,* had brought along her father who was also a priest in one of Earth's now defunct religions. (Defunct now because of an appalling lack of congregation.)

Aside from the fact that this gave them both the right to call him Father, this also afforded her some small measure of protection for her virtue. (Her motto had been, "Virtue can't hurt you.")

Oh, not that she objected to sex—not at all. She just felt that sex belonged in its proper place and not in the middle of everything. She felt that it should be legalized, recognized, tenderized, and perhaps pasteurized. It had been one of her fondest hopes that some-day Congress might ratify the sex act, but more about that later.

* Hell, not New York.

—The. Arthur

EXPOSITION

In order to be dramatically valid, this tale should make some attempt, however feeble, to explain how these unlikely characters came to be involved in this situation.

Suffice it to say that the action begins when the heroine; with the unconscious and scantily clad hero slung over her shoulder, climbs the ladder into the spacecraft, bullets whining and laser beams beaming about them.*

This is all that we need to know of their origins, because the real interest in this tale lies not in discovering where they came from, but in where they were going.

* I had originally written "Laser beams hissing" but laser beams don't make any noise, do they?

—The. Arthur

INTERLOGUE

"So, where were they going?"

"Keep reading, and you'll find out."

A CHAPTER IN CAPSULE FORM FOR EASIER DIGESTING

So, that was the ship's complement: one hero, one heroine, and her father.

The ship itself was not the sleek, gleaming, finned needle from

the covers of countless cheap paperbacks. Rather it was a somewhat dumpy looking capsule, It had originally been designed to carry three men to Mars and back. The vessel, really quite nameless, had not even been designed to land on the red planet. Its mission had been merely to circle it a few times and then scoot safely back to Mother Earth to tell what it had seen. For this purpose, the ship was equipped with a multitude of measuring and recording devices.

The designers had equipped the ship with two years worth of air and food and had planned to launch it on a journey that would take seven months there and seven months back.

They had thoughtfully stocked the capsule's galley with all kinds of delicacies: lobster, steak, turkey, crab, pheasant, shrimp, and even caviar. All this was prepared in the most nutritious form possible...tubes of paste and bottles of capsules.

ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO

So we see that the ship did not have an unlimited range, nor even fuel to spare, except that which had been allocated for the projected return landing on Earth—a possibility that had recently become extended beyond the realm of probability. Once this ship had been launched into space, it really had no place to go, nor any way of getting there. To all extents and purposes it was a life capsule with a two year deadline.

Now, if someone else were writing this story, these characters might have tried to reach Mars—after all, that was what the capsule had originally been designed for—but someone else is not writing this story, and there are several very good reasons why Mars is totally out of the question.

First of all, when they had made their untimely exit from the Earth, they had not thought of Mars nor had they planned a course with an eventual Martian landing in mind. They had merely wished to get the hell away from the Earth as quickly as possible.

WHY THEY DIDN'T GO TO MARS

Having gotten away from the Earth as quickly as possible, they now found that to alter their course for a voyage to Mars would require more fuel than they had left. And if they could get to Mars, how could they land without fuel?

The atmosphere of Mars is too thin to use parachutes for any effect, and Mars has no convenient ocean into which you could drop a space sapsule anyway. And if the planet had had an ocean, who would have picked them up from it?

And even if they had been able to land safely on Mars, they would have soon found an appalling lack of oxygen and life-supporting organisms.

They drifted.

WHAT TO DO 'TILL THE SPACE PATROL COMES

They were living with a two year deadline. Their food and air would last only that long—no longer. Both would run out on exactly the same day (unless one of them had over-indulged himself in eating or breathing before then.)

Had they been so inclined, they could have even calculated the exact moments of their deaths....

As yet none of them had begun to think that what was two years of supplies for three people would sustain two people very nicely for three years, or one person comfortably for six years. As yet, none of them had begun to think that—but they would....

For now, however, they just bided their time by raiding from the ship's ample micro-miniaturized library—or they played dominoes, which should have been hard to do in free fall except that they had magnetized dominoes. They couldn't even look out the window and enjoy the moonlight, because that orb had ceased to exist along with its parent body.

So they waited—not knowing for what—eating, sleeping, playing dominoes, getting on each others' nerves, eating, sleeping, urinating, defecating, occasionally thinking, eating sleeping, playing the Blue Danube waltz, and more often that not getting quietly hysterical.

THE. ARTHUR MAKES A CHOICE

At this point in the narrative, one of three things can happen:

- 1) They can sit around and all make devastatingly profound comments about life on the Earth! This solution is not only unreal, but terribly unsatisfying to the individuals involved.*
- 2) They might take a hairpin, a piece of wire, a flashlight battery, a magnet, a small transistor, and the spring from a ball-point pen and using these, build an interstellar faster-than-light space drive—that nobody ever thought of before. They would then proceed to the nearest virgin planet, which they would methodically and systematically begin to rape. However, none of them happened to have a ball-point pen with them—and the spring is the essential ingredient.
- 3) The third possibility is infinitely more fun. So as far as this Arthur is concerned, it is the one that happened to these characters.

* and also exceedingly difficult to write well.

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

last lines

1. With a hollow reverberation, as of departing thunder, the head of the Great God crashed in the Square.
2. "I lack still the explanation of those strange words in the poem wherewith you bested the Blatant Beast."
3. "While we, Chani, we who carry the name of concubines— history will call us wives."
4. "Here is the race that shall rule the sevagram."
5. "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America..."

first lines

6. Archbishop William, a most learned and holy prelate, having commanded me to put into English writing those great events to which I was a humble witness, I take up my quill in the name of the Lord and my patron saint: trusting that they will aid my feeble powers of narrative for the sake of future generations who may with profit study the account of Sir Roger de Tourneville's campaign and learn thereby fervently to reverence the great God by whom all things are brought to pass.
7. Among the world-girdling fortifications of a planet distant indeed from star cluster AC 257-4736 there squatted sullenly a fortress quite similar to Helmuth's own.
8. "Whose spells are you using, buddy?"
9. Two minutes before he disappeared forever from the face of the Earth he knew, Joseph Schwartz strolled along the pleasant streets of suburban Chicago quoting Browning to himself.
10. They caught the kid doing something disgusting out under the bleachers at the highschool stadium, and he was sent home from the grammar school across the street.

* * * * *

Answers to Last Issue's Quiz

1. Dugl - Spinrad, The Solarians
2. He - Blish, Earthman Come Home, The Triumph of Time
2. Lyfl - Anderson, Ten Years to Doomsday
4. Darkover - Bradley, Star of Danger et al.
5. Dante's Joy - Farmer, Night of Light
6. Dis - Harrison, Planet of the Damned
7. Omega - Sheckley, The Status Civilization
8. Mesklin - Clement, Mission of Gravity
9. Mundis - McIntosh, Born Leader
10. Arrakis - Herbert, Dune

* * * * *

Title Typos

Lime is the Simplest Thing
Sinister Carrier

for beginning readers

S IS FOR SPACESICKNESS

Spacesickness is like seasickness only more so—much more so. People don't usually die of spacesickness; they just wish they could. Luckily no cosmonaut or astronaut has gotten spacesick yet,...but there's always a first time.

T IS FOR THAUMATURGIST

A thaumaturgist is a magician with a college diploma.

U is not for ~~Un~~ Unidentified Flying Object

U IS FOR UTOPIA

A utopia is a society that everyone in it finds utterly delightful... except for the hero, his girl friend, and the Underground.

Actually a utopia falls into a special class of "U.F.O." It's otherwise known as a "castle in the air."

V IS FOR VAMPIRE

Webster's New World Grimoire defines a vampire as "a nocturnal biophagous polymorph, of the species Corpus Sapiens."

We prefer the less pedantic definition that a vampire is a humanoid with many of the instincts and abilities of a mosquito.

There are two types of vampires: (1) Those that are based on sheer fantasy and (2) those that have some form of scientific rationale. The first type is generally more believable than the second.

* * * * *

Eavesdropping

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

collected by Sandy Cohen

Humor is not black or white. It's chartreuse.

Have you ever tried a buzz saw on a half-frozen rat?

Up: your Potomac!

The Dedications are the most fun; after that it's downhill.

Bring back the dancing green dinosaurs.

It didn't have the dimension of reality that Mind Swap did.

by Bjo Trimble

There is a science-fictional quality about Los Angeles not to be found in any other city in the world. Perhaps this is why even fans (who are slans, after all) from elsewhere find it difficult to believe wholly in The Pueblo of Our Lady of the Angels. There is a quality of fairy-tale fantasy, overlaid with the SF nature of hard-eyed space-age industries - or vice versa - that pervades everyday life in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles might have taken Ray Bradbury's suggestion to elect Walt Disney as mayor, had Walt lived long enough to actually try to unseat our current (and colorful) dignitary, Sam Yorty. It shows that having the inventor of Mickey Mouse as mayor is not such a fantastic idea; Disneyland is a masterpiece of science, masquerading under a delicate glittering facade of fairyland...rather like L.A.

Other towns have bent old women, shuffling along in black shawls and dangling cotton petticoats; LA has little old ladies garbed in purple slack suits, skipping across Hollywood Boulevard in silver slipper. Surely if one manages, in this best of all possible worlds (because we have no other choice) to live through the trials and tribulations of youth, and survive the frustrations of middle age, there should be the right to dress brightly as life fades.

Look toward a sunset watching a wayward Vandenburg missile self-destruct in a glory of twisted vapor trails. Wake at night with old terrors of earthquake, only to have, in the morning news, an Official Apology from Rocketdyne testing center tell us that man's hand created the tremors felt in our homes - and heart. Observe casually the crack in the tracthouse picture window and take for granted the incredible force that created the sonic boom. Once the neighbors complained about those squeaky ox-cart wheels; now transistorized teenagers are taken for granted.

A dumpy brunette from Buffalo Chip, Wyoming turns into Cinderella in the magic city with a tap of a wand (plus a Vic Tanny Gym membership, Max Factor makeup, a bleach job, and one hell of an agent.) She is transformed, in the best traditions of SF revitalization into a pneumatic blonde available to every lusting male citywide at your local theatre now at popular prices.

Steel and concrete and glass (remember when structural glass was an SF novelty; floors you could see through, whole walls of glass?) appear overnight where an old Victorian house once stood. Progress progresses apace with parking lots stacked skyward where parks should be, so buildings now have their parks on roofs with exotic plant life that will never know native soil. Starting in a bowl edged with ocean and hills, the city creeps beyond the hills and fills the ocean to expand itself; people and their needs grow as the technology grows more-able to support life. With a sentient life of its own (who wrote the story of the city that took over and nobody knew it?), Los Angeles is more than anybody's plain old city, but an entity reaching into the future, building itself of the fantasy and science fiction elements we thought were only make believe.

Please send me a sample copy of 3rd Foundation and I will LoC and contribute poetry and maybe a story (most likely). I'm a new fanzine appreciation society member so I have sworn to respond to all fngs sent.

Darrell Schweitzer
113 Deepdale Road, Stratford, Pa.

/Good luck--Ed./

Please send one three-issue subscription of the Third Foundation. Be SURE to include the current July-August edition which features the University of Stef. We're planning to enroll posthaste.

Frank & Julia Jones
910 Garfield Ave. Venice, Calif., 90291

Kris Nevelle passed on to me Third Foundation. Verry interresting. I suspect you read Analog. I knew somebody had to since it keeps coming out, but still it is incredible to find somebody who does. Such people are all right as legendary figures, but it is a shock to find one in real life.

I am interested in Sybly whyte's Lensman serial. Doc Smith once gave me verbal permission to continue the Lensman series. However he gave it so casually I suspect he must have said the same thing to many others. Actually, I have yet to read all of the Lensman books; only about half of them. In any case, Sybly Whyte's story seems a remarkably interesting pastiche.

It is my impression that along with the rest of humanity, SF fandom seems increasingly less interested in the printed word. Fanzines reflect the universal interests of young people today such as drugs, sex, music and films and TV. Fans talk of the hideously awful Dark Shadows and the mediocre triviality of Star Trek. Why, in my day, a fan would be laughed out of fandom if he devoted a lot of space in his fanzine to the Lights Out Radio show or the Flash Gordon movie serials. Actually, these endeavors were in most, if not all, ways superior to such things as Star Trek. But fans wrote of magazines and books,

The one thing of the current scene that I really can't stand is the thing essential to it--the music. All this dirge-like atonality appeals only to those who are or like to pose as if they were stoned out of their minds at all times. "Stoned" on drugs, alcohol, sex, etc. I suppose it does say something, but not anything very important. I hardly expect this opinion of mind to influence any other opinions, but this stuff which is really inescapable makes me want to vomit.

The drug thing I can understand, even if I don't actively participate. The basic flaw in the drug thing is the claim so often brought up that marijuana makes you "see things more clearly" by intensifying colors, etc. One can achieve much the same visual effect by turning the colors and contrast controls on a TV set up to

B

full gain. The result is known as "distortion." Seeing things more colorfully and vivid than they are is a hallucination, not a purer view of reality. The important thing about the drug thing is not the drug experience itself, but the return to reality with a different perspective. If one goes off on a drug jag, one eventually sobers up, gets straight. My hope for the present generation is not now while they are on the drug jag but for when it finally gets straight.

These comments are inspired by your publication and other LA publications such as Shaggy which I've seen lately.

Jim Harmon
new address - 1255 Seward #106, Hollywood, Cal, 90038

Dear Lee:

By this time you probably know that I've been in London these past months--and if so you will understand (a) why it is that I'm just getting around to acknowledging receipt of the Third Foundation and (b) why said acknowledgment is necessarily so brief. But I did want to thank you and let you know I've read and relished the issue.

All best,

Robert Bloch

Dear Lee:

Greetings! I received my copy of Ethel Lindsay's informative fanzine Haverings #32 two days ago and this letter is in response to her interesting review of your The Third Foundation. I suspect that your choice of title is inspired by Isaac Asimov's "Foundation" and "Second Foundation," two volumes from his superb Foundation trilogy.

I started to read SF when I was eleven years old, and I first contacted the fannish microcosm at the tender age of thirteen. At that time I was beginning to take a reasonably active interest in the biological facts of life and the very first fannish publication I sent out for was blessed with the fascinating title of A Symposium of Sex and Sedism in SF. This particular item was promptly confiscated and banned by my horrified parents before I could even get in a single glance at it. I fared much better with my second attempt, which was in the form of Paul Enever's Orion #2, a now defunct British fanzine with which you may be familiar.

I've been completely fasia for the last couple of years due to a varied set of adverse circumstances. For one thing, I've been experiencing a considerable amount of trouble with my hands. The tendons of both my hands have been slowly contracting, thereby causing the fingers to curl inwards and consequently rendering me completely unable to write. However, I have recently recovered from a series of plastic surgery operations and as a direct result of this my hands are now almost completely back to normal again, thank Ghu.

I have been a hospital patient continuously for over six years so far, with no immediate prospects of being discharged. I spent the first five years in Whittingham Hospital near the town of Preston, in my native county of Lancashire. I was moved here to Broadnour exactly one year ago this month, for security reasons too complicated to

relate. I am now 45 miles from the city of London, the capital of our glorious British Empire...but this means that I'm currently over two hundred miles from home. Not surprisingly I haven't been able to see my parents for about eighteen months. Imagine my surprise when I recently discovered that they've somehow contrived to stay here in Crowthorne for a full week. I am certainly looking forward to this forthcoming series of visits, due to take place next week.

I hope to receive the Third Foundation on a regular LoC basis, please,

Best Wishes,

Peter Singleton
Broadmoor Hospital, Crowthorne, Berkshire, England.

Any and all letters of comment will be gratefully received and, in all probability, printed. The two Asimov books you refer to got their names from the two Seldon foundations--at Terminus and at Star's End. We are the third and (we hope) the last foundation. We were founded at the end of Eternity to make sure Hari Seldon got born on time.-Ed./
and another letter from Darrel Schweitzer

Dear Nuts Who Call Themselves The Third Foundation,

I agree with Larry Parr. You certainly are a bit weird. Oh well, that is what makes you a fan.

With the help of my Lens I discovered just how the evil Rayl is planning to crash the worldcon. His fiendish mind has devised a way to substitute edible food for that stuff they serve at the banquet, and the shock on the systems of most fans will be enough to kill them. If you send me the nextish I will tell you just how this is to be done.

Among his other antisocial activities Rayl plans to travel through time and submit Childhood's End to Tremaine and have it appear in ASTOUNDING in 1935. Then he will sue Clarke for palagiarism and while the legal battle ensues no more reprints will occur, and soon Sandy will run out of them and die a horrible death of Clarke-Starvation. You better prepare for the worse and buy him a dozen hardbound copies so he can survive. If you give me a lifetime subscription I will tell you how Rayl plans to pull that one off. For \$1234567890-987654331.19 plus postage I will sell you a time machine so you can thwart the evil scheme.

Do I sound cheap? I must make a living somehow, and it is not everyday that I have a prospective time-machine buyer?

The cover by A. Bosch - Oh gosh!
Could it be the ghost of Hieronymus Bosch?
The purpose of Stef U eludes me;
It's a waste of space, or it seems to be....
Reviewpoint was one of the better of such I've seen around.
It's good for a few lousy books to be downed.
I'm glad to have Music of the Spheres.
I think that the play would sound good to my ears.
For Doomed Lensmen, how do ya
Pull this thing without getting someone to--for palagiarism, sue ya?....

D

The rest of the zine was also quite fine,
And thus concludes this verse of mine.

You really put out 82 issues? Marvelous. MARVELOUS!!

Fiendishly, Darrell Schweitzer

* * * * *

Dear Lee,

All of us here in Long Beach thought the University of Stef was an excellent idea; however, being artists, we were shocked and horrified to see that an Art Department was not included. In order that this nearly unforgivable error be corrected, we submit the following Department of Fine Arts of the University of Stef.

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS
Virgil Finlay - Department Head

Drawing and Painting

- Hannes Bok - Section Head (in extension)
- Ed Cartier - Professor
- Lee Brown Coye - Adsoc. Prof
- Edmund Dulac - Prof (in ext.)
- Maxfield Parrish - Prof (in ext.)
- Aubrey Beardsley - Prof (in ext. former section head)
- J. Allen St. John - Prof (in ext.)
- John R. Neill - Prof (in ext.)
- Roy Krenkle - Associate Prof.
- Chesley Bonestell - Professor
- Frank R. Paul - Prof (in ext.)
- Virgil Finlay - Professor
- Ernest Shepherd - Professor
- Graham Kaye - Asst. Prof.
- Frank Kelly Freas - Professor
- Frank Frazetta - Professor
- Neal McDonald, Jr - Asst. Prof
- Harry Clarke - Associate Professor
- Jack Gaughin - Associate Professor
- Louis Glanzman - Asst. Professor
- Wallace Wood - Professor - guest
- Francisco Goya (Prof - in ext.)
- Ed Emshwiller - Professor
- R. J. Jobson - Assistant Professor
- Arthur Rackham - Prof (in ext.)
- Sidney Sime - Professor (in ext.)
- N. C. Wyeth - Prof.-guest (in ext.)
- Hieronymus Bosh - Prof. (in ext.) former section head

Printmaking and Graphic Design

- Gustave Dore - Section Head (in extension)
- Frank Utpatel - Professpr
- M. C. Escher - Professor

Panellic Arts

- Hal Foster - Section Head
- Al Williamson - Professor
- Wallace Wood - Professor
- V. T. Hamlin - Prof. (in ext.)
- Phil Nowland - Asst. Prof (in ext.)
- Frank Frazetta - Professor - guest
- Alex Raymond - Prof. - in ext. former section head

Sculpture

- Clark Ashton Smith - Section Head (in extension)
- Ray Harryhausen - Prof. -guest
- Willis O'Brien - Prof. (in ext.)

Cartoonography

- Vaughn Bode - Section Head
- Charles Addams - Professor
- Edward Gorey - Professor
- Gahan Wilson - Professor
- Virgil Partch - Professor - guest

Cinematography

- Fritz Lang - Section Head
- Lon Chaney - Professor
- Jack Pierce - Professor

Ray Harryhausen - Professor
James Whale - Professor
Alfred Hitchcock - Prof. - guest
Roger Corman - Asst. Prof.

Tod Browning - Prof. (in ext.)
Karl Freund - Associate Professor
Francois Truffaut - Assoc. Prof.
George Pal - Professor

Art History

Forrest J. Ackerman - Section Head
Sam Moskowitz - Professor

Respectfully yours,

Tim Kirk, Marie Uhl, Robert Wadey, Katherine Cribbs
The Long Beach Contingent

Dear Lee,

In your "University of Stef" you left out a California author - Richard S. Richardson/"Philip Latham" - who should obviously be in the Astronomy Department. And Richard Wilson, who I believe makes his living working for Associated Press, could give a shot in the arm to the Journalism Department.

As far as I know, the rest of the "Elric" series bears no relationship to The Final Programme. (For that matter I can't think of much of anything that does bear much of a relationship to the last part of The Final Programme.) The copying from "The Dreaming City" was pretty obvious; even I noticed it. You have to credit Moorcock with gall, at any rate.

On the argument over number-of-prozines versus number-of-writers I tend to agree with Leinster. When there were a large number of pro-mags what were the stories that everyone remembered? Novels - serials. No magazine except F&SF was ever noted for its short fiction, and F&SF is still around. Oh, the other mags printed good short stories on occasion, but they weren't noted for them. The fiction that everyone talked about and remembered was the novels. So the stf mags don't get good novels any more. Why? Because paperbacks pay more. The novels are still being published, but in another form. As for the proliferation of editors, I can't recall a single good story in any of the defunct magazines that would not have been accepted as "good" by one of the surviving editors. When WORLDS BEYOND folded, Knight already had a backlog of material purchased for future issues. Some of these stories had been described in his "Times to Come" (or whatever he called his version of that column). Every one of the stories he described was later published in another Magazine: GALAXY, ASTOUNDING, and I believe, IF, possibly others. There not only isn't enough good fiction today to fill five magazines, there never was enough good fiction to fill five magazines. When we had 52 magazines on the stands one year, they printed a lot of fiction, but the good stories still wouldn't have filled five magazines. (There were more good short stories then than there are now, partly because there was less of a temptation to expand your short story into a novel and sell it to a pb house, and partly because with more magazines there were more authors willing to try the field. And of course the pay rates were the same then as now, and your 2¢ a word bought more groceries and there was less need to write confessions at 5¢ a word instead. But the number of good stories was still severely limited.)

I seem to be getting in a bit late on this asterisk bit. You mean when you have an item in your fanzine by a pro writer you give it an "*" on the contents page? Why, for God's sake? If the material is good, what difference does it make who wrote it? You seem to be implying that your readers can't tell the professionals from the fans but are snobs who want all the Really Good Pro Stuff pointed out to them. Unless I misinterpreted something, your readership needs a kick in its collective ass.

Bob Coulson

[We put our Stef U faculty in their departments on the basis of their stories, not of their outside professions. As the writer of "QRM" and "The Carson Effect" Richard Wilson undoubtedly deserves a place in the Journalism Department. But, judging by "Watchers in the Glade," "Kill me with Kindness," etc., he's probably also a guest lecturer in the Psychology Department.

We use the "*" for pros for much the same reason that the reprint mags label their infrequent new stories and features as "NEW" - to lure windowshopping readers into buying them.--Lee/

* * * * *

Dear Lee,

I promised you a LoC when you gave me your zine at LASFS the other week, so as long as I've been using the typewriter all evening trying to get some paperwork squared away I might as well make an honest person of myself and write it now. Before I forget, or before everything gets lost in the shuffle of trying to get squared away now that we've moved to California.

The only names I recognize in TF are yours and Weissman's. That's because I met you a couple of weeks ago at LASFS, and I met Barry at Hulan's party last Saturday. That's the trouble with gaffing; you get back in the whirl and find that there are all these zillions of new fans. The turnover is so rapid it makes you feel that you've been out longer than you really have.

Upon reading TF I find my suspicions of yore reconfirmed. Faan fiction is abominable. I dislike it almost as much as Buck Coulson does. You therefore might find it odd that I just wrote some of the stuff myself. And Coulson is going to publish it.

The best thing in the issue was your filler "Possible Ace Doubles," which isn't really meant to slight the faan fiction, fan fiction, poetry and whatnot---things that I don't care for in general---but I found that and your bit on the hyperspatial drive the more interesting items among those you published. Perhaps you should do more of the zine yourself.

Drop the amateur fiction, the poetry, fix your left hand margin, and stop running pages upside down and your quality should leap forward quite a bit. I suggest your start bugging your contributors for articles and critiques instead of letting them get away with sending you fiction, Make them work a little.

Dave Locke 915 Mt. Olive Dr #16
Duarte, Cal., 91010

and we also heard from Jerry Kaufman.

