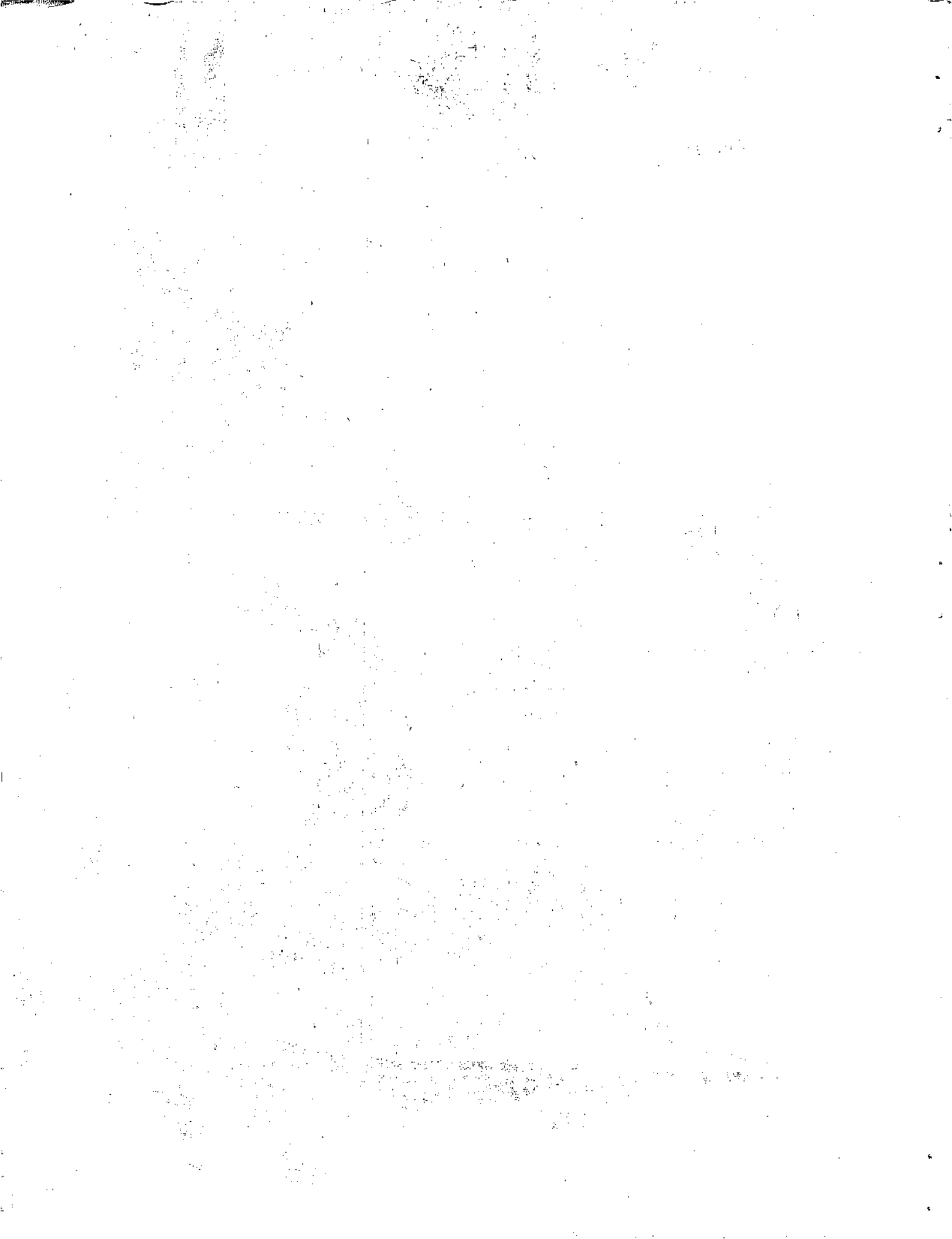


# The Third Foundation

NO.  
85

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THIRD FOUNDATION #85

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THE THIRD FOUNDATION

ad astra per cogitationem

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

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by Barry Weissman

When Jerry was a little boy he would often sit on the air-conditioned porch of his father's house and watch the smog banks roll in. That was in Old Losangeles, where the city's thick yellow haze blended indistinguishably into the muddy pollution of the Catalina Channel, and thoughtful people wore oxygen masks to protect them from both hazards. And that was before Grandfather died.

In those days it seemed to Jerry that the light of the afternoon sun brought new life to the withered old man who so often sat beside him on the porch. Most of the day the old fellow, Jerry's father's father, spent sleeping in his favorite chair, unaffected by all of the monumental happenings of the world. But in the late afternoons, with the sun dipped in bloody fire, he would wake and his eyes would reflect the sun's ruddy complexion. Then he would speak, ever so slowly and wearily at first, of the days long past when the earth was green and the skies blue and clear. He seemed to directly absorb energy from the dying sun as he spoke and his voice took on the vigor of the youth that he had left so long ago.

The metamorphosis was slow. First the fire would only flicker on the outside of his eyeballs, a reflection of the sun itself, but then the radiant warmth would sink deep within his cranium, there to push back the veils of time and ignite the old watchfires of the little boy trapped inside the old man's skull. Finally it would flow outward, to his torso and limbs until they too seemed strong and fully fleshed again.

On days when the smog was not too heavy, the old man and the young boy would take walks in the hazy afternoon, what Jerry came to consider the magic time. The same stories were told, but the grandfather's voice was deepened by the air-mask clamped onto his wrinkled face and the boy would pay a little less attention as he scampered all around his elderly companion, a moon for the old fellow's planet. Although Jerry's father complained bitterly from time to time about the old man's walks, afraid for his own father's safety, gramps would not be denied his "evening constitutional." When Jerry, due to the pressures of school-work or the invitations of friends, could not accompany him, the old gentleman would go alone, seemingly afraid to waste any of the sun-given life, always carefully masked and protected against the encroaching smog and the cold of early evening.

One such day occurred in early March, but Jerry's grandfather did not return on time that day.

He was late.

He was late for dinner.

He was late for Jerry's bedtime.

Jerry's parents began to worry. They had paid the local gang the usual protection fee, but....And then there was the rising carbon monoxide count....

Jerry's father 'vised the police.

"Yes," the desk sergeant said in a crisply efficient voice, "you say that your father, a senior citizen living at the same residence as you, is missing, Mr...ah?" he consulted the control board below his pickup, "Mr. Greene."

"Yes, officer. He often takes afternoon and early evening walks, but he is always punctually home before seven o'clock," Jerry's father said. "I'm frankly worried about him. It's nearly ten now."

"Well, let's see." The policeman once again glanced at the panel just below the visor screen. "You've paid your local gang fees, and all your utilities are up to date. "Hmm, have you bought a policeman's stroll ticket?"

"Oh yes, yes, surely. Here it is." Mr. Greene held the rectangular blue plastic card up for the officer to see.

"That eliminates organized violence, unless a new gang's trying to move into the area, and they probably wouldn't do that without informing us first. They'd better not...."

"Let's get the paperwork done, and then I'll send out a couple of men in a ground-car to look for him."

"Thank you very much, officer."

The man on the screen was used to this sort of treatment from the public. Ever since the riots of '73 had been so efficiently put down, the citizens of the land had treated their defence forces with respect. They had better—or else.

"We just have to fill out this form here," said the policeman, displaying a clipboard and official document blank to Jerry's father and then laying them flat on the table. "Now exactly what is the missing party's name?"

"Charles Haskens Greene, Senior Citizen Third Class."

"Age?"

"Seventy-six."

"Sex?"

"But officer, he's too old."

The sergeant got a tired look on his face.

\* \* \*

They got through all of the standard questions in a few minutes with a minimum of trouble and misunderstanding. The secondary questions, however, took more time, even when Mr. Greene had his father's vital statistics folder right in front of him.

"Library card number?"

"Mother's maiden name?"

"High school number and dates?"

"Original gene requirements and parents' birth allowance form number?" 3

"Doctors? Dates of operations and replacements?"

"I don't know. I don't know. I DON'T KNOW!"

"Please try to keep control of yourself, Mr. Greene," the policeman said, a grim look in his eye.

"Yes...yes, sir. But I can't possibly find out all those things. They weren't as organized back then when father was born, and he has lost papers throughout the years and never replaced them."

"Well, Mr. Greene, we can't send out a car unless the form is completely filled out. Can't get an authorization for gas expenditures and for adding to the smog level without a complete form. And you wouldn't expect me to send two men out on bicycles in this weather and with the gang condition the way it is."

Mr. Greene remembered the pictures of the three cops who had been killed over on Wilshire the day before, their throats cut neatly by the vibroblades of a wandering gang. They had been on bicycles. Of course, the police had completely wiped out the gang as soon as they caught up with them, and the parents of same too for good measure, but the fact remained that three cops had been killed in open sunlight on bicycles, and he was asking the sergeant to send out some men at night the same way. Why a man could get himself killed, thinking like that....

"Oh, no, sergeant," Mr. Greene said. "I'm not asking anything like that. It's just that my father is..."

"The police cannot be held responsible for private citizens who do not keep careful records."

"Yes, officer."

Jerry's father consumed a whole box of Nowor pills that night, but they didn't seem to do any good. And, needless to say, the police never left their well-fortified station.

\* \* \*

They found the old man in the morning, sprawled in a scrawny heap, all skin, bones and clothes. He'd always seemed thin in life to Jerry but pathetically so in death. He was half a block from home.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Greene," the sergeant said when he came to make out his final report on the case, "but the CO count just went too high. Now if we had just been able to complete that form...."

Jerry's father took a handful of Nowor and answered the officer's questions. It seemed that someone had stolen the old man's air-mask right off his face, someone stronger and younger, and left him there, alone and coughing, in the black, swirling, poisonous mist.

Jerry stood by and watched quietly while they carried the stiff body into the house and laid it down on the old man's bed. Then he heard his father call the undertakers.

4 Late in the afternoon, the man from Mother Murphy's Mortuary showed up, black plastic briefcase in hand. He was tall and dark and very, very efficient. He came right in and strode smoothly to the kitchen table, flipped his briefcase onto it and, in one skillful motion, flicked both lock-tabs to spring it open. He was plainly in command of the situation and enjoying every moment of it.

"My name is Mr. Devers," he announced.

"Now, Mr. Greene," he told Jerry's father, "we understand that you wish Mother Murphy to handle your father's funeral arrangements. May I compliment you on a wise choice. We offer a complete line of funerals, and we tailor every occasion individually to the bereaved family and their emotional, spiritual, and financial needs. All you have to do is to look through this catalogue and select the funeral that you believe the departed would enjoy."

Jerry's father took the folder and examined it questioninglly. Then he looked up. "What about the individual tailoring?"

"Oh, that comes in after you choose the funeral type. We examine your bank account, credit ratings, job future and earning power, latest tax forms—and then determine if you can afford to keep up the easy payments. Then we inform you of our decision. That," he said proudly, "is Mother Murphy's Personal Tailoring Plan."

Jerry's father nodded. "What about this funeral type," he asked, pointing to a moderately-priced programme.

"That's our family special, and usually goes for around \$5000, depending on the payments and, of course, the recommendations based on the results of the personal tailoring. A very wise decision. I'll check your finances." Mr. Devers removed a small radio from his case and spoke into it for a few minutes. Then he listened to its hushed speaker for another minute or so. "Everything's all set," he said finally. "A hearse is on the way from our central offices and the cemetery has been notified to expect us. Now all we have to do is fill out this little form here." He once again dipped into his briefcase and brought forth a form that looked amazingly like that of the police. "Incidentally, the cemetery is Meadowland," he said, "very exclusive, conveniently near shopping centers and with a large church just a block away."

Mr. Greene had finished the box of Nowor during the interview so he sent Jerry to the drug store for another container of the tranquilizers (guaranteed safe, harmless, non-habit forming and containing no Cuban tobacco.) He knew that it was going to be a bad day. Then he collapsed into a chair opposite Mr. Devers.

When Jerry got back they were just finishing and his father was showing signs of needing the pills badly. His face was red and his eyes wild as he grabbed the pills and quickly crammed a handful down his throat.

"Now, Mr. Greene," Mr. Devers was saying, "if we can't find your father's library card number, food preferences, type of lawn preferred (Australian-hooked or Kentucky-blue), his parents' birth allowance certificate number and their marriage papers, then I'm afraid that he can't be buried at Meadowland. It's not the facts themselves that are important so much as the fact that they are missing. Mother's won't



be able to handle the arrangements either, I'm afraid, if we can't find these answers. And," he added in a voice of doom, "I'm sure all the other funeral homes will feel the same way."

"But I don't want you to feed him or send him books or even give him a special type of grass. All I want is for you to bury him!"

"Now I've just explained that, Mr. Greene," Mr. Devers said. "In our modern civilization every citizen must keep proper records, and must be able to fill out all the forms completely. This is the basis of our high culture. Without all the paper that makes the wheels go round, we would just be animals squatting in caves. Surely you see that?"

"But--I--just--can't--get--the--information! It just doesn't exist!" Jerry's father was fighting for control and the Nowor wasn't helping much. His voice was scratchy and he was beginning to shake.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Devers said.

\* \* \*

Late that afternoon Jerry snuck into his grandfather's room. The dying sun and smog outside the dirty window tinted the room a rich golden-red as the boy walked silently up to the old man's bed and peered into the half-open eyes. He had hoped to see that the magic time had once again lit the ancient hearth fire within the aged skull as it had done every afternoon of his life. And somehow it was there, but deep, very deep, too deep to do any good to the body that was so stiff with death.

Then Jerry allowed himself to cry, hands at his sides, head bowed to his chest. But the tears came only for a moment, just long enough to say "I miss you," and then stopped. The boy snuck back out and carefully closed the door behind him.

Two more mortuary men, grim vultures of an uncaring world, came and went in as many days, always with the same, "I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Greene. If we could only complete all the items on this form." Jerry's father seemed to subsist solely on Nowor pills.

Each day, just before the sun went down for good, the little boy went back into the shrine of his grandfather's room, to peer again into the eyes under the half-closed lids. Each time he hoped to see that the daily sacrificial death of the sun might have somehow mysteriously rekindled life in the old man's husk, as it had once brought back his youth when he was only half dead. Jerry would not question such a miracle, he would joyously accept it without thought of how it might come about.

And each day that answering flickering flame deep within the eyes grew dimmer and dimmer. On the third day it wasn't there at all. And the body was beginning to smell.

It was a good smell, that smell of grandfather. It was him, but more so, concentrated, as if his soul were vaporizing. It was his shaving lotion, and his cigars, the fresh roasted peanuts which he so loved, and his Sunday apple cider. It was the scent of his sweat also.

On the fourth day, the odor wasn't good at all.

The fifth day after his grandfather died was a Saturday, and Jerry was home from school. He got up early, looked up some information in his encyclopedia as he had been patiently taught the year before, and made some notes on the back of one of the half-filled out forms left by the mortuary men. Then he went out into the garage for a meter stick and shovel, and then hunted around in the back yard for just the right spot.

He found one that he thought would do under his mother's favorite mesquite bush, which was just starting to flower. With the stick he drew a rectangle in the dry dirt, six feet by three, and started digging.

Jerry dug all that day, and Sunday too, while his father argued unsuccessfully with police and mortuaries and took more and more Nowor which was now being delivered daily to the house in cartons by a local pharmaceutical company.

On Monday morning a man from the Department of Public Health came to see Jerry's father.

"But don't you have any forms to fill out?" Jerry's father asked after the man had spoken his piece.

"Of course I do, Mr. Greene," he said, slightly shocked. "Here they are, all properly filled out too." He handed the papers to Mr. Greene. "You have refuse constituting a public health hazard on your premises, and it must be disposed of immediately."

"But this isn't refuse; this is my father."

"He's dead, isn't he? And he's starting to decay too, no doubt." Jerry's father turned slightly green, but the Public Health man went on unnoticed. "Do you know what diseases can start from a decaying corpse? Everything! TB, cancer, typhoid fever....It's like a natural incubation factory for all the worst diseases that have beset mankind throughout the ages. No, no, Mr. Greene, it must go in the interest of public health, emotional interest or not."

"But what can I do with him?"

"Have him buried! Isn't it obvious?"

"I can't! They won't let me! I can't fill out the proper forms and...and...."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Greene. But if the refuse is still on the premises by this coming Wednesday I'll be forced to remove it to the public dump. Good-day."

\* \* \*

Tuesday Jerry stayed home from school and dug in the backyard. He didn't tell his parents, but they didn't seem to notice or mind. He finished in the afternoon and went back into the house. Then he washed and put on his best clothes and went softly to the door of his grandfather's room.

He passed his father and mother in the living room, the man staring at the ceiling and his wife crying while she methodically popped pills into his mouth from an open case at her feet. Then Jerry was

at his grandfather's door. He opened it.

The smell was overpowering, but Jerry went ahead, shielding his nose with his handkerchief. He picked up the withered old corpse in his arms and found it surprisingly light. Then he carried the body outside to the grave he had dug, being careful to don his air-mask before stepping out into the haze.

He lowered the body tenderly to the ground by the grave, and then jumped in. It wasn't six feet deep; he was too small to get it more than four, but it was the thought that counted. From inside Jerry was able to get the proper leverage to lift the body from the edge and place it on the bottom. Then, kneeling, he positioned the corpse as the book had said: hands clasped over stomach. But he didn't close the eyes. It wouldn't be grandfather with the eyes closed.

He scrambled out, brushing off his clothing and bowing his head for a moment in silence. Finally he started shoveling the dirt back over the shrunken body on the floor of the grave.

He was just finished as the bloody sun dipped below the far smog-shrouded hills.

"Good-by, Grandfather," he said, and felt a lone tear trickle down his cheek. Then he carefully put the shovel and meter-stick away and went inside.

\* \* \*

The Public Health man came on Wednesday.

"Well, Mr. Greene, I'm here for that refuse." He had two ex-football ends with him to carry the old man's heavy body, and a can of spray disinfectant.

Jerry's father showed him to the room - it would have done no good to resist. The man entered, and the "psst, psst" of the spray can could be heard for a few minutes. Then they came back out.

"Mr. Green, you don't know how happy I am that you took care of this little matter all by yourself. I'd like you to know that I don't enjoy these cases, but it's my job and I have to do it. Come along, boys."

They left.

Jerry's father lifted his eyes up to heaven and fainted.

The police showed up about the time Jerry got home from school. They knew it all.

"Sorry, Mr. Greene, but your boy buried the old man in your backyard and now I've got to take him in," the sergeant said. "Evading forms, if no other charges. That's a bad business: our whole society is built on people filling out the forms correctly and completely. When someone attacks that, they attack us all. Now I've got to take him in, juvenile or no juvenile."

"But I can't dig up the old man's body - no forms for that one - yet."

8  
And so Jerry went to jail, for littering.

\* \* \* \* \*  
from Ambrose Bierce's THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY

Noise: the chief product and authenticating sign of civilization.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The Unclassifieds

Robert Hedrock, world's only immortal man, died last night after shooting himself accidentally with a Weapon Shop gun. In the wave of this loss, the anti-gun lobby once again tried to get a bill passed providing for registration and licensing of all guns.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Eavesdropping

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

collected by Lee Klingstein

"I was not thinking about a six-foot-tall rabbit."

"Have you ever talked to a tree?"

"You only take tails to the White Harte."

"A phallus is a rocket symbol."

"The only thing this place is lacking is a sunken bathroom."

"He swapped his motorcycle for an electric guitar and gave it to me as a wedding present. I don't play the guitar."

\* \* \* \* \*  
and you thought only science fiction writers used strange character names?

found in Bartlett's Quotations:

Aldiborontiphoscophornio!  
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

from Chrononhotonthologos, Act I, Scene I  
by Henry Carey

\* \* \* \* \*  
Typoed Titles

Dope World by McLaughlin  
The Louse that Roared  
Donovan's Drain  
They Shall Have Scars

Tiptoe through the Baycon  
by Sandy Cohen

9

It has often been said that there is a first time for everything. Thus it was that I found myself in Berkeley attending my first s-f convention. What follows is my report of this event. It is a study of what I saw happen, not a travelogue.

To begin with, I should tell what I expected. The schedule listed business meetings and panel discussions and speakers in the morning and early afternoon. An auction would be held each afternoon. Thursday evening was to be a champagne party; Friday wine-tasting and films in the evening; Saturday evening the masquerade ball; Sunday night the banquet, and Monday afternoon the medieval tournament. That was what was listed. What follows is an account of what I saw, felt, and did at the Baycon.

Thursday

God had not meant man to rise at such an ungodly hour. It's into Lee's car and upward. Excelsior! Stop for food, stop to taste wine, and then we're in the Bay area.

The hotel was not what I expected. More of that later. We checked in, and I saw all the people. Has fandom been taken over by hippies? I hope not. I looked forward to the champagne party, even though I dislike champagne.

I then got my first lesson in conventions: don't plan ahead. There's Bill Warren, and he says that maybe, perhaps, possibly "Barbarella" will be shown as a sneak preview in Frisco. So I found myself looking straight down an unbelievable hill wondering if I would survive long enough to finish the "sh'ma." I survived - and saw the world premiere of "Barbarella," the world's longest stag film (well, not really). (See Reviewpoint)

We return. There are parties. By the end of the evening (3 am) I am friends with the Chicago group. I come from Minneapolis, the rival voting bloc. What's hometown pride where liquor is concerned?

Friday

The others swear that I'm inhuman. You aren't supposed to get up before noon, but I'm hungry. There are fans everywhere, but very few unattached girls. Oh well, at least there's food.

Friday morning I met people, saw art, listened to speakers and to hucksters. In short, I was a fan. The convention seems to be waiting for something. Then Harlan Ellison and Harry Harrison speak. I listen. The entire con seems worth it.

Friday evening is wine-tasting. I don't especially like wine, but who cares. There are also authors. I swear I wouldn't have asked him to watch my copy of Dangerous Visions for me if I had known he was Phil Dick. But I still say that with a wife like that he's a dirty old man. Of course, he agrees.

The Star Trek episodes are good. They are going to show movies but the parties are starting Yea Chicago, yea St. Louis! I wander down to the movies. Jim says I'm stoned. He's right but who cares.

to

It's a convention.

### Saturday

The others are muttering witchcraft, but in my case it's warlockcraft. "But Sandy, it isn't natural to have twenty drinks and not have a hangover. Besides, it's only 9:00." Others are more direct: "Go to Hell." So I went down to the hotel lobby.

By this time our rooms were like Grand Central Station. It's a good thing the hotel supplies "Do Not Disturb" signs. I've been too drunk to care about little things - like a naked girl sleeping in the room.

I meet more people. I hear more people. The convention is in full swing.

Now it's masquerade time. /Short commercial - anyone who has a picture of me in costume, please let me know./ "How did you get that button on your chest?" "Well, it only hurt a little while." I feel great. This is a convention.

By now I have a girl on my arm and several drinks in me. "Support the Luna Free State! Luna must and will be free!" We are judged. I leave. Roger calls me. I'm going to kill him. We don't have to go up again, but since I'm down there now, we sure as hell are going to. I leave again. This time it's Barry. I'm going to kill him too. We sit around for an hour. We lost. I leave again. It's a telegram for Stan. Then it's Stan himself. I almost kill him. It is some time after 3:00. That (censored) glitter itches. And, goddammit, Gordon, that spirit gum won't wash off.

### Sunday

St. Louis in '69 - '69 in St. Louis. The girl is mad at me. I'm mad, but I get over it quick. Tonight's the banquet. I see people; I hear people; I play chess.

The banquet. The hotel has underdone itself again. The wine is okay, however. I still haven't gotten my desert. Phil Farmer is talking and talking and talking. I go out for a drink. Phil Farmer is still talking. I get another zombie and another and another.

The Hugos. Ejo doesn't win. Dave Gerrold doesn't win. Larry doesn't win. Harlan wins. There is no justice in this world. I like Harlan, but there's a limit to how many Hugos he should win.

More parties. My girl says adios. I get drunk again. The one-shot is in Lee's room. The party is across the hall. It's amazing how talent I am while I'm drunk. Digby spoils my page of one-liners. Oh well, he's entitled to his say also. I cannot type, so I will scream. 4:30 a.m.? Why bother going to bed. I'm a creature of habit. I retire.

### Monday

"Gee, guys, I'm really human. I just don't need much sleep. Besides, I'm hungry. Look, just because I don't get hangovers is no reason to burn me at the stake."

11

Say good-by. Harry Harrison lives where? He's a dirty old man. His wife agrees. He promises to win a Hugo next year.

The medieval tournament makes a good spectacle. But it is time to go. Off to the airport with Gordon, Steve, Nathan and his sister. Gordon and I fly back together. It is 9:00 p.m.; L. A. airport is busy. The convention is over.

What do I have to show for it? There is an autographed copy of Dangerous Visions. There's my knife and "Tanstaaf!" button and glitter. There's a program book and an empty billfold. There are memories of things done and things seen, of a costume and of a girl, of assorted drinks; of people and of a place. That is what a convention is: memories.

\* \* \* \* \*

fly-speck: the prototype of punctuation. It is observed by Garvinus that the systems of punctuation in use by the various literary nations depended originally upon the social habits and general diet of the flies infesting the several countries.

Ambrose Bierce - The Devil's Dictionary

\* \* \* \* \*

LETTERCOL continued

For some reason Rayl did not pull off the Baycon plot. I know this to be true because I have spoken with six survivors. On the other plot, we were not so lucky. I have a copy of the October, 1934 Astounding which announced that "Childhood's End will run for five parts starting in December of that year. Great Ghu! Do you realize what this means? The Mightiest Machine will not appear and the paradox could change the course of Science Fiction history.

Alas! I have no time machines left. They were all sold in a fall clearance sale and the new models won't be in till January. We don't have that much time, since time in the past runs twice as fast as that of the present, and the December Astounding will appear in about a month our time. I will be forced to build a time machine and I will need many things, including: three hairs from the ear of a unicorn, a lightbulb from Atlantis, the front tooth of a Barsoomian throat, a blaster from an Earle Bergey cover, three tons of plutonium and a copy of Third Foundation #85. If you have any of these items, please send them and do your share in the prevention of disaster.

Till next time,  
I remain,  
Whatever I am,  
i.e. Darrell Schweitzer  
113 Deepdale Road  
Stratford, Pa, 19087

Thanks for the earlier report that Rayl plans to submit Childhood's End to ASF in 35 and then sue Clarke for "palagarism" (sic). Our paratime pro is already on the case.

We also heard from Dwain Kaiser, just two days after #83 went to the collation table. He asked us not to print it now, because it's too out of date.

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

### Barbarella

Scene: a bloated, sexless spacesuit rolls in apparent weightlessness. Slowly, as the background music swells, the figure tugs at its left gauntlet and pulls it away, finger by finger, revealing a very feminine hand. The hand proceeds to take off the other gauntlet in a similar manner. Closeup on the fishbowl helmet, which up until now has been opaque. This slowly clears from the top down, revealing the face of Jane Fonda. Suddenly, as she rolls in zero-g, the back of her suit is ripped off like the lid of a sardine can, revealing her back to the spine and loosening all the other parts of the suit. She slowly removes one arm, then starts working on the rest of the suit. For a few minutes of transition there are pieces of spacesuit flying all over, thus allowing her to be facing away from the screen as the last of them float away. Now comes the most explicit scene of the movie, at least as far as Fonda's charms are concerned - the credits. As Fonda rolls about in simulated zero-g, the individual, still-scrambled letters almost cover her at the strategic spots. Then, while Fonda is STILL generally uncovered, THE LETTERS FLY AWAY AND FORM THE WORDS OF THE CREDITS IN THE EXTREME CORNERS OF THE SCREEN AROUND HER. It is certain that the producer could care less who reads the opening credits. More things are happening in the credits here than in the Pink Panther. At one point, the letters in the words around her, break formation and, streaking for the exposed nipple of her breast, explode against it with a brief burst of color.

After the credits, the pace slows (consider that statement) to a slow walk to give us a brief background of the general situation and a basis for the rest of the action. After this brief respite, the action once again becomes fast, furious and sexy. Twice in the movie Barbarella is being slowly tortured to death with suitably horrific props - both scenes being explicit and bloody as hell. They provide a suitable background to Barbarella's murmured, "You've saved my life! I wish there were something I could do to repay you." At almost all times when she says this, the clothes she's wearing are practically nonexistent due to the wear and tear of her tortures. The virile men who rescue her ogle this (thus giving the viewer a chance to do likewise) and agree that there is just one little thing....

There isn't a whole lot of social criticism in it, but the action sex and innuendoes make an enjoyable (!!!) film. I consider it worth seeing, if only to see if they cut the credits.

GM

\* \* \* \* \*

### 2001, A Space Odyssey - and - Planet of the Apes

As a warning to you poor souls who have not yet seen these two fine films, I hereby state that this is a review, not a critique. It is meant to share my feelings with those who have already seen both films, and thus takes for granted that everybody knows the plots.



Thus some elements are given here freely that should not be known before one sees either film. For those who haven't yet seen them, a word: See. No sf fan worth his spacesalt should miss them. For the rest of you, read on.

I enjoyed both movies, found things that I liked in both, and found things that I objected to in both.

Twanty-oh-one (as I insist on calling it) is in my mind the better. It is a realistic film of sf, stressing the science. It is a beautiful work of astronomical art, with walzing spaceships, space-stations and planets, with a message-metaphysical plot that so far transcends the mediocre mid-section plot of HAL, etc., that this sinks into insignificance.

But that is its problem: the middle plot reads like a 1910 sf plot, complete with Frankenstein monster. True, HAL fits with the Nietzsche "Thus Speke Zarathustra" motif - ape to man to superhuman with the villain being a false superman (HAL) symbolized by the Strauss music from the same source, but that does not excuse it. If the film is great (and it is), then it must be in spite of this plot, not because of it.

Planet of the Apes, on the other hand, has what Twenty-oh-one lacks: a good plot. Trite but good. It has all been done before, but never so well, with so dramatic moments, as when Heston is recaptured after raising hell for a while in Apesville and finally says his first words in some time: "Keep your paws off me, you dirty ape!" and the closing sequence, with the corroded statue of liberty gazing down, half buried in sand, on our hero and heroine.

But here the science is screwy, not as bad as we have seen it before, but bad. Like, how does a spaceship on a slower-than-light journey where everybody is in suspended animation, manage to get turned around 180° and get directly back to Earth? Is HAL there? Or did God poke his finger down and turn the vessel around?

And the evolution of the apes to that level in 2000 years? Even with mutations, 200000 is more like it. And then they speak English.

What is more unusual is the fact that Heston never even questions the fact that the Apes speak English! He just accepts it without batting an eyelash.

Nevertheless, despite all errors in both films, they are both great. If we assume that the impossible did happen and give the premises of APES the benefit of the doubt it becomes a great flick, with great analogy, good acting, superb plot, and well carried out all the way from special effects to emotion-packed sequences, like the final one. If 2001 had only had Serling write the middle...

In fact, that's the comment I have to make - put the two together and we have what we have been dreaming for ever since THE TIME MACHINE and DESTINATION MOON. MOON gave us the idea that there could be good Hollywood sf. Maybe, if these two turn out as successful monetarily as they seem to be, we may eventually see a child of theirs, a good science-fiction story with a good plot. Maybe it will even be called SON OF 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY AND PLANET OF THE APES?

Strange Beasts and Unnatural Monsters, Philip Van Doren Stern, ed., Fawcett Crest R1166, 60¢.

Philip Van Doren Stern has assembled one of the better collections of horror stories that I have read. Among the thirteen stories are tales by Ray Bradbury, H. G. Wells, and A. Conan Doyle. The introduction is an interesting description of the genesis and history of the tale of horror and its six basic types.

Perhaps the best of the lot is "Slime" by Joseph Payne Brennan. His skillfully conceived black blob is a personification of all of our terrors of the night.

Daphne du Maurier's "The Birds" has excellent descriptions of the atmosphere and the weather around the region where the birds go berserk and start attacking humans.

A story surprisingly relevant in this perfectionist age is "The Elephant Man" by Sir Frederick Treves. It describes the glacial joylessness of the life of an obscenely deformed young man who is exhibited as a freak by a succession of showmen. Sir Frederick speaks the more eloquently these days because the feelings of his Elephant Man are like those of us who, for some reason or another, are not nearly perfect. This one is required reading.

Other tales deal with army ants, a man-eating cactus, and other things that creep and go squish in the night. At least one of the six basic types of horror tales is represented in this collection. Strange Beasts and Unnatural Monsters should be read by all of us who enjoy these tales out of the night.

WB

Daughters of the Dolphin, Ballantine, 75¢, Roy Meyers.

This is a good book to give to a youngster to start him/her off on sf. It's fast-paced, action-filled, and involves a number of intriguing concepts which the younger readers will not have come across yet. Basically, it's like a "Barzan of the Sea" story, involving the further adventures of a man raised by dolphins (the earlier tale covered in the previous volume, Dolphin Boy.)

! BW

Gift from Earth, Larry Niven, Ballantine, 75¢.

Now this is an excellent novel, of sound scientific extrapolation of the "organ bank problem" on an Earth colony world. Although the hero participated in a revolution, he does not cause it; the social factors causing it have been building for a long time and are precipitated by the arrival of the "gift" by Ramrobot. Since the society, a strictly two-class culture with "crew" as aristocrats and "colonists" as peons, is based on organ bank control, one can assume that the "gift" will disturb this fact of life. No more should be said; read on, read on!

BW

The Making of Star Trek by Roddenberry and Whitfield, Ballantine, 95¢.

The Making of Star Trek should really be called the Adoration of Star Trek, for that more than anything else is what this volume does.

it makes Star Trek out to be the greatest thing to happen to SF since the birth of H. G. Wells. All of Roddanberry's comments are in CAPITOL letters to show their importance, and all the real juicy material as well as the names of the writers of the various shows is deleted down to a bare minimum. The most interesting things I found in it were the pictures (line drawings) of the sets. Everything else - Well, if you want to spend that sort of money on that sort of thing....Personally, I'm glad I didn't.

BW

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Stop me if you've heard this one already, but....

Do you know what HAL 9000's first name becomes if you move each of the letters up one in the alphabet?

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Swords in the Mist, Fritz Leiber, Ace, 60¢, 1968.

This book contains four long short stories - I believe "novella" is the new term - all of them earlier published in Fantastic between 1959 and 1964. They are "The Cloud of Hate," "Lean Times in Lankmar," "When the Sea-King's Away," and "Adept's Gambit."

I can detect no evidence of rewriting in any of these except in "Lean Times in Lankmar" which now has the original (i.e. before encountering Fantastic's Editor) ending - telling what happened to the cult of Issek of the Jug after Fafhrd's disappearance.

Besides the previously mentioned novellas, Swords in the Mist also contains two new pieces. But don't let the summaries in the Table of Contents fool you. The new pieces are just transitional material, not real stories. One is four pages long, the other one six pages.

This is a book well worth buying--particularly if you haven't read the stories before.

LK

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Sorceress of the Witch World by Andre Norton, Ace, 60¢, 1968  
Other books in the series: Witch World 1963, Web of the Witch World 1964; Year of the Unicorn 1965; Three against the Witch World 1965; Warlock of the Witch World 1967.

This is the sixth and (according to rumor) the last of Norton's "Witch World" series. I hope the rumor is true. This series has gone steadily downhill in quality, book by book.

This last book is the story of Kanthea the witch (now turned sorceress), sister to Kemoc the seer-warlock and Kyllan the warrior, daughter to Jealithe - formerly one of the Wise Women of Estcarp - and to Simon Tregarth, the stranger who came to the "witch world" through one of the other world gates.

The story's ending is forced. In fact, the entire novel is forced. This is one for completists only.

LK

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 Five. Stanford Burns' Report

The world was a Ganzfeld, a timeless red fog with no detectable shape or distance, fading from view and then quickly returning. Unconsciousness washed over me like a wave....

I lay face down upon a floor, cold to the touch of my cheek. It was a dirty floor, littered with cigarette butts, tiny scraps of paper and other such trivia. At first I thought I was at the Los Angeles Second Foundation Section's Hill, but then I realized that the place was too clean for me to be there.

A bright flash pierced the dimness, followed by another in quick succession, illuminating the surrounding landscape. I was surrounded by thousands of slowly undulating bodies, swaying to the music. Music? Now I knew where I was! Oh, that insidious Rayl, that foul-minded, obscene creature, that monster had set me down in the middle of a Shrine concert!

Where were the rest of the 3rd F? I must find them, if they were at the concert; their poor, sheltered lives had not prepared them to meet such torture. I struggled to my feet, head swimming in a sea of dizziness, and made my way slowly through the crowd of weirdly dressed (and undressed) bodies. I made my way bravely onward, knowing that to stop and rest for even a minute would be fatal - my exhausted mind would be lulled into oblivion by the motion of the figures, the dull booming of the music and the kaleidoscope of colors whirling high overhead. The irregular flashing of the strobes seemed to stop motion completely. It was like being in an old-time silent movie.

There was a small clearing in the forest of bodies visible ahead, and I made for it. There I found the rest of our fearless fivesome. Steve Goldin, aged but unhurt, was trying ineffectively to cope with Lee, who was on her knees, hands clapped over her ears, eyes screwed shut tight, screaming at the top of her voice. Rich was staring uncomprehendingly at the spectacle, mouth agape, while Steve Cohan was lying on the floor, curled up into a ball, whimpering. Jim was not in sight, but what do you expect from an invisible man. I rushed in to help Steve Goldin and together we got out little group moving towards an exit sign, floating in the distance like a sign from heaven.

The fresh air hit us like a slap in the face, bringing us back to reality. "That was the closest call we've had yet," exclaimed Steve Goldin. I mumbled a quick agreement, marveling at how he had kept his cool.

"Look, group," I said, "my place isn't far from here. We'll be safe there." We started out, still too dazed and horrified to walk single file.

At last we arrived at my luxury apartment. The rest of the group

gazed about, eyes filled with wonder at the splendor of it all, so far above their impoverished experience.

"Enough of this," I snapped. "You're all acting like neos! Are we TrueFen going to sit idly by and let Rayl torment us by putting us in jams like that?"

"I don't think he was responsible," said Steve Goldin, his face split in an ear-to-ear grin.

"What!" gasped Steve Cohan in his high, plaintive voice.

"Explain yourself," said Rich.

"Just look at the facts," said Steve Goldin. "Rayl is an opera-buff. For someone who loves opera, rock is beneath contempt. It wouldn't even be a good torture. Rayl would probably send us to a bad performance of Aida."

"Then who did it?" I asked.

"It could only be--" Steve Goldin began, but he got no further. A dense gray fog began filling the room. Three misty figures, cloaked completely in black except for the falcon emblem on their chests, stepped out of the fog.

And suddenly another shape was pushing its way through the fog too. A mass of chartreuse and passionate purple jello came slithering to a stop in front of us, its surface rippling in laughter at some cosmic joke. The color slowly drained from our faces. It was THE BEAST WITH NO NAME. Twice this dastardly creature from the Second Galaxy had tried to take over the universe, and twice he had been defeated and sent back to his home planet. Now he was back - but was he working with Rayl or against him?

We had escaped two traps, only to fall into a third. "Holy Frying Pan," I thought, as consciousness slipped from my grasp like a wet bar of soap.

## Chapter 6. Stephen Goldin's Report

Chaos reigned, chaos laced with strong confusion. The three thugs in black seemed startled by the appearance of THE BEAST WITH NO NAME. TBWNN seemed equally shocked by the misty figures. And all us Third Foundationers were stunned by the complexity of this multiple attack.

I'm proud to say that our superior 3F training carried the day. We all recovered our senses faster than our adversaries did. "Lee," I yelled, "the throw-pillows! Quick!"

"Right," she said.

"But they didn't make any puns," Steve Cohan pointed out.

"Nevertheless," said Lee, "drastic situations require drastic action." From her purse (the special one that folds through the fourth dimension) she pulled five of the deadly throw-pillows usually used for intra-organization discipline. She tossed one to each of us,

and we caught them - all except poor Stan. He had been turning to protect his Playboy foldouts and didn't see the missile coming. It caught him a glancing blow, and he slumped to the floor, unconscious.

That left Lee, Rich, Steve Cohan and myself to deal with the impending menaces. However, pit four Third Foundationers against an equal number of evil-doers and we'll win every time. Even without our two specialists in violence, Sandy and Gordon, we still make our presence felt. Tearing in with a vengeance, my three colleagues started beating the figures in black, mercilessly pummeling them with the throw-pillows that we all knew could be such insidious weapons. I personally went after THE BEAST WITH NO NAME.

It cringed as it saw me coming for, like most evil slime creatures, it is cowardly at heart. I aimed a blow at one of its pseudopods, and a small purple globule broke off and lay quivering in the middle of Stan's floor. I didn't worry about that, because slime is the simplest thing, and instead pressed my attack against TBWNN. Seeing that it had lost its initial advantage of surprise, the cowardly creature did the one thing it could do - teleport away and bide its time until a more propitious occasion should arise.

I turned to see if I could give my friends any help with their struggles, but the battle was all over there too. The three thugs lay dead, victims of the invincible throw-pillows of the Third Foundation.

"It's a shame we couldn't take them alive," sighed Lee. "I'd like to know whether it was Rayl who sent them."

"Oh, Raylly now," punned Steve Cohan.

Stan was just regaining consciousness. "Ohhh," he groaned. "What hit me?"

"A throw pillow," Rich informed him.

Lee filled him in on the details of the fight and repeated her wish that we had been able to question the three men.

"That isn't necessary," I told her. "I know who sent them. It's obvious from the falcon insignia on their chests....It's the same person who transported us to that horrid shrine concert. Nathan, the Black Sorcerer. Falcons, you know, are his trademark."

"Has Nathan thrown in with Rayl," Lee asked with horror.

"I don't think so. Nathan likes to work on his own. I'll tell you what. Since I know Nathan better than any of you do, I'll go have a talk with him. You four better hightail it back to headquarters and try to get in touch with Gordon and Barry. I think we can best use Barry's talents back here, and Gordon and Sandy are enough to handle any threat Rayl can throw at them up north."

They agreed and we split up. Thus it was, within another hour's time, that I was walking up the pathway to the laboratory of that half-crazed alchemist, Nathan the Black Sorcerer.

The Garage, as Nathan calls his laboratory, is a death-trap for the uninitiated. No one who does not know his way about in there has ever been able to go in without a guide and emerge alive. Having been

there a number of times in the past, however, I found my way straight to Nathan's Inner Sanctum.

Good old reliable Nathan was seated at his workbench mixing sulfur and a few other chemicals as I entered. "Good morning," he said without looking up, fully aware that it was four o'clock in the afternoon. "I'm busy mixing up a batch of something that ought to make a good explosive. Care to watch?"

I ignored his attempt to sidetrack the conversation. "Nate, why did you send those guys after us? You knew somebody would wind up dead."

"Of course," said Nathan, his eyes never leaving his chemicals. "I just felt in the mood for killing someone, that's all." His foot suddenly shot out towards my groin but pulled back when it got within a quarter of an inch. Simultaneously his hand jerked out toward my neck but again stopped short. "I could have killed you if I hadn't held back," he said. Nathan is like that.

Then the White Goddess entered the room. Fran is Nathan's sister, and a more perfect Zoroastrian pair you could not hope to meet, for she is as good and pure as he is sadistic. Aside from holding the dark powers of her brother in check, she is also the Keeper of Ancient Learning. When she comes into a room, she bring laughing sunbeams dancing with her.

"Oh, hi, Steve," she smiled warmly. "Don't mind Nate; he's in one of his moods."

"I know. He sicced three of his agents on the Third Foundation this afternoon."

Fran looked reprovngly at her brother. "Oh, Nate, you promised me you wouldn't get mixed up in one of those things again."

"It was just for fun. You know I don't have much interest in this puny little Galaxy. I want to control the entire Universe." Nathan's ambitions far outstrip his abilities, but he has yet to realize it.

"Still I don't want you bothering them again, understand?"

"Sure," Nathan said without even listening. At the moment he was much more interested in his chemicals anyhow. "I've got it finished. Now to test it."

He shook out a small pile of yellowish-gray powder on the ground, took a match from his pocket, lit it, and put it down to the powder. The match went out. Five more matches were similarly expended to no avail. "Not enough oxydizer," he muttered to himself and went back to his workbench. I decided to leave.

A half hour later, when I made it back to headquarters, I was feeling rather good about having (temporarily at least) kept a third antagonist out of the coming struggle for Galactic supremacy. Rayl and THE BEAST WITH NO NAME are enough to handle without Nathan coming into the act.

But my good feeling lasted only until I got inside the door.

Lee was speaking on the telephone and hung up just as I entered.

"Things are getting worse, fast," said the Galactic Co-ordinator. Her face was pale.

"Why," I asked. "What's happened now?"

"I've just finished talking to Ken Rudolph, treasurer of the Los Angeles Second Foundation Section, Inc." It had been one of Lee's most brilliant coups to secretly place a close relative of hers in a position of trust in the LASFSI so that he was, all unwittingly, a spy for the Third Foundation.

"Do you remember all those mysterious anonymous checks that have been flooding the LASFS in recent months," she asked.

"Yes."

"Ken has just learned who has been sending them - and why!"

"Don't tell me it's Rayl!"

"It's Rayl."

"I asked you not to tell me that."

"He's been sending in these checks for months and, what with members never paying their dues, he has made the entire LASFS financially dependent on him. He has just delivered an ultimatum: if the LASFS doesn't do what he says, he'll close them down."

I gasped. "That's terrible. What can we do?"

"We must fight Rayl with every trick in the book," said Lee, a spark of determination lighting her eyes. "The Los Angeles Second Foundation Section, Inc. must not fall!"

to be probably continued  
in our next issue

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#### Mistitles Placed

Falcons of Bradley by Marion Zimmer Naradbedia  
Cloak of Campbell by John W. Aesir  
Hoyle's Ride by Fred Ossian  
Farmer by Philip Jose Flesh  
Agent of Spinrad by Norman Chaos  
Weapon Shops of Vogt by A. E. Van Isher  
I, Asimov by Isaac Robot  
Delany 7 by Samuel R. Babel  
Judgment on Norton by Andre Janus  
Ellison, Go Home by Harlan Earthling  
The Stainless Steel Harrison by Harry Rat  
Lord Piper of Otherwhen by H. Peam Kalvan  
The Abominable Pohl by Frederik Earthman  
Sinister Russell by Eric Frank Barrier  
and - with thanks to Darrell Schweitzer -  
Poul Anderson's World by Satan



W is for WEREWOLF

Werewolves are in some ways very like vampires. Both groups, for instance, like going "back to nature." But the two groups are very different in regard to some things. One major difference is that werewolves are not usually allergic to garlic.

X is for XENOPHOB

A Xenophobe is someone who is very afraid of strange things - things like vampires, werewolves, and bug-eyed-monsters.

Y is for YNGVI

Yngvi is a louse.

Z IS for ZOMBI

Zombis are also very like vampires in some ways. There are two major differences between them. The first is that zombis are very weak-willed. The second is that they do not have a drinking problem. The apparent contradiction between these two facts has never been adequately explained.

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## More Worlds without End

Anybody who can identify the sources of the following memorable planets in less than fifteen minutes ranks as an honorary member of The Third Foundation.

- |                     |                 |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Cragon           | 6. Nikkeldepain |
| 2. Lithia           | 7. Pern         |
| 3. Mount Lookitthat | 8. Ray-See-Nee  |
| 4. New Europe       | 9. Solaria      |
| 5. Nidor            | 10. Wing IV     |

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## Answers to Last Issue's Quiz

1. Gather Darkness, Leiber
2. The Incomplete Enchanter, Pratt & de Camp
3. Dune by Herbert
4. The Weapon Makers, Van Vogt
5. The Stars Like Dust, Asimov
6. The High Crusade, Anderson
7. Gray Lensman, E. E. Smith
8. Magic, Inc., Heinlein
9. Pebble in the Sky, Asimov
10. The Synthetic Man/The Dreaming Jewels, Sturgeon

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## Suggested Ace Doubles

Who Goes There? - I, Robot  
 Earthman, Come Home - Why Call Them Back from Heaven?

## THE METAPHYSICAL HYENA

## Part Two

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 STORY BEGINS HERE

Some time after their departure from Earth, and after they had settled down to a routine of living - if you want to call it living - Sam Hero looked out of the window and, waxing poetic, composed this little poem in free verse - also in free fall:

Stars

by Sam Hero

Stars of night,  
Eyes that never blink,  
Countless orbs,  
Like diamonds,  
Hung against an endless velvet blackdrop,  
Myriads of sparkling,  
Jewels,  
Holding back the infinite,  
Holding back the darkness,  
Speckles  
Of dandruff on God's black shoulder...

Along about this time Sylvia Beautiful threw her slide rule at him. It caromed off of his left occipital - a very dangerous place to carom off of - and struck the control panel. Sam cried out, more from shock than pain.

"Oh!" Sylvia wailed in dismay when she saw what her slide rule had done.

Sam, rubbing his damaged lobe, said, "What the hell did you do that for?"

"Never mind your head! Look what I did!" Sylvia held up an undeniably important piece of machinery. "Look! I've ruined it!"

"Well, that tears it! I think I'll go step out the air lock," Sam muttered. "After all, we can't survive without the electronic chronometer!"

"Oh, you needn't be so melodramatic," she said. "It's only the clock, and I only damaged its face."

"Didn't help my face much either," muttered Sam, still rubbing his head.

"Well, it's no big thing," she shrugged, examining the tiny appliance.

"If it's no big thing, then you must have awfully good aim..."

you still hit it!"

23

"Will you please hold still!" she said. "Do you want me to kiss the boo-boo or not?!"

Sam held still long enough for her to kiss his boo-boo. That done, he muttered, "I suppose we could always use an hourglass to time our eggs. Still, I wish you'd learn to control your temper once in a while—"

Sylvia drew back her arm in order to send the clock after the slide rule, but she was interrupted by her father.

"Children! Children!" commanded Sylvia's father, coming into the cramped control room, making it even more cramped.

\* - \* - \* - \* - \*  
THE BEAUTIFUL REVEREND

The Reverend Simpson Osgood Beautiful, father of Sylvia Beautiful, was a portly man - even under conditions of gravity. Here, in free fall, he resembled nothing so much as a giant gas-filled balloon of the type that properly belonged in a Thanksgiving Day Parade.

He was definitely a man who commanded respect from family and friends alike. He was known to have a fist of velvet in a glove of iron. For this reason, many of his associates had preferred to refer to him by just his initials. To his face, however, they had simply called him Simp.

Now, he entered the control room of the space capsule and upon immediately sizing up the situation, he commanded his daughter to control her temper. His deep resonant voice booming in those cramped quarters had an immediate effect.

"Go to Hell, Daddy!" said Sylvia Beautiful.

Simp turned - then he returned (in free fall, it's hard to do one without the other) to the nether part of the ship, which psychologically he thought of as being "down" and so, in this case, was as close as he could come to the nether regions. His reasons for this unseemly retreat were well considered. Sylvia, as the pilot and captain of the craft, was also lord and law, until such time as they should land somewhere - an extremely unlikely possibility.

Also she had the key to the liquor locker and it was wise to keep on her good side.

Rubbing his wounded pride, he made a mental note to give Sylvia a good talking to, if and when they ever landed.

\* - \* - \* - \* - \*  
MEANWHILE BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Sylvia returned her attention to the damaged clock, found that despite its shattered face it was still working. She clucked contentedly and re-installed it on the control board.

24 Elsewhere in the control room Sam gingerly felt the boo-boo on his left occipital. Despite the fact that his face had not been shattered he was not working - but then again, Sam never worked. "Dumb broad," he muttered, still rubbing his head.

"I'm not dumb," Sylvia answered, not really paying any attention to him. She began checking out the ship's controls and sensory devices and discovered that absolutely nothing had changed since yesterday, or the day before that, or the day before that....

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#### A CHAPTER FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE CHAPTERS

They were still drifting in space, moving in the Earth's old orbit, though in the opposite direction. When they had left the Earth it had been their intention to get as far away as possible as fast as possible. They had set a trajectory in the Earth's orbit, moving exactly opposite to the direction of the Earth, so that the sum of their speed plus the speed of the Earth within its orbit would add up to how fast they could get the hell away from there - all things considered, a very wise decision.

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#### A CHAPTER FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIKE CHAPTERS

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#### SEX REARS ITS LOVELY HEAD

They had been drifting for a month and two days now, and had almost become resigned to the fact that their lives would end in another year, ten months and twenty-eight days. Almost.

Sylvia had been moody and sullen for several days. Following the incident of the chronometer, Sam had tried to avoid her - and he had been quite successful, considering that it is not very easy to avoid someone in a two-room space capsule.

Now Sylvia entered the forward compartment, swimming through the open hatch. "Sam...", she said gently.

Sam grunted, not looking up from the micro-viewer. He was reading a novel entitled Surf Safari Nympho.

"Sam...", Sylvia said pregnantly, gently dabbing some perfume behind each ear. (Actually it wasn't really perfume, because Sylvia hadn't permitted herself even this luxury. It was something she had concocted from the cooking stores out of a little vanilla and a dash of bourbon.)

Sam sniffed. He wrinkled his nose.

"Sylvia," he said, "this is ridiculous. Either we fix that oxygen recycler or we're going to have to get some air freshener! Something smells!"

(What he meant was that something smelled worse than usual. None of them had had a real bath in over a month, and if you think it's

hard to keep a house clean, try tidying up a space capsule sometime. There are no rugs to sweep anything under, assuming of course you could decide which side of the rug is "under."

Of course they kept clean, and they were able to wash themselves after a fashion, but on the whole they had no wholly satisfactory solution to the problem of cleanliness.)

"Sam...it's me."

Sam leaned in her direction and sniffed. "By God, you're right! What'd you do - spill something?"

"Sammson...," Sylvia said petulantly, "I put it on special for you..." She moved closer to him, running her fingers through his hair.

(As you may remember, Sam was prematurely bald, but the hair that Sylvia was running her fingers through was not the hair on his head but on his chin. Sam hadn't shaved for over a month because of the need to conserve water.)

Sylvia put her arms around his neck and gently disengaged him from the viewer, "Samm, ...make love to me."

Sam's attempt to reply was smothered by Sylvia's hungry mouth. At last he broke free, protesting, "But your father is in the next room!"

She kissed him again, slowly, lovingly. "Don't worry," she murmured, gently blowing into his ear. "I gave him a bottle. He won't bother us....He's probably passed out by now...." She kissed him again.

"But Sylvia," Sam protested, trying to disengage himself, "we can't! It's not right!"

"Sam...," she said in a hurt tone, "who's to know?"

"I'll know," insisted Sam.

"Sam..." she wailed, "make love to me! I don't want to die a virgin!" This last she wailed quietly, on the off chance that her father hadn't yet passed out.

"Well..." Sam sputtered, "uh - you're a pretty girl...I mean, that's something you shouldn't have to worry about for long...."

"So what are you waiting for, Sam," she asked throatily, as she deftly unbuttoned the first six buttons of his shirt.

"Oh no!" protested Sam, shocked and flustered, as he tried to refasten his buttons. "What I meant was that...uh - well, with your looks, uh - pretty soon, uh - some lucky young man will uh - uh, come along and uh...and uh...uh, snap you up!"

"Oh, really?" Her hand strayed to his trousers. "Who?"

"Now you stop that!" He pushed her hand away from his zipper.

"Sam..." she pleaded tenderly. "Please help me. I don't want

to die a virgin!"

"Well, then don't! Just leave me out of it! Go bother somebody else!" He shoved her hand away again.

"Who! My father?!" She moved in closer.

"Uh, well...then, do it by yourself! I mean,...I don't care if you don't want to die a virgin. I do....I mean, I don't want any part of it. That is, I don't want to ruin myself - that is, I'm saving myself for the woman I marry!" He pushed her hand away from his zipper again.

"Who's that, Sam? I'm the last woman alive...anywhere!"

"Oh, yeah?...oh, yeah,...that's right...I'd forgotten - Hey! Now stop that!"

"You're just playing hard-to-get!" she said cutely.

Sam tried to refasten his belt buckle. "No, I'm not - I just don't want to be gotten. Besides, what if you got pregnant?"

"Oh, Sam, I won't. I promise I won't get pregnant!"

"Sinse when are space capsules equipped with birth control pills?" Sam tried to pull his shirt back on as he said this.

"That's all right, Sam! It's all right!"

"No! We can't take that chance! It wouldn't be right to bring a baby into this kind of existence!" He tried to retrieve his shirt but was unsuccessful. "Besides, what would we say to your father? 'OOPS'?"

"Oh, Sam, please..." she whispered hotly. "Stop tormenting me! I promise you that I won't get pregnant! Oh, Sam, please! I won't. I won't. I'll think sterile!"

"No, no, a thousand times!" Sam protested, trying to hold his pants up with both hands.

"Yes, yes, a thousand times. Oh, yes...oh, Sam..." she breathed hotly. Sam tried to break free, but found that Sylvia had maneuvered him up against the bulkhead. Now, she braced her foot against the autopilot, satisfactorily pinning him between herself and the wall. She had also pinned Sam's right arm between his body and the radar console. This left him with only one hand free, which she grabbed firmly by the wrist. This she smothered with wet kisses and attempted to plunge into her bosom, Sam's protests to the contrary going unnoticed.

Seeing that this maneuver was only a deadlock, she straightened her leg, the one braced against the autopilot. This had the desired effect of pushing her flat up against him, although it must be admitted that she overshot a mite. She came to rest with Sam's face securely nestled within her cleavage. However, she still had one of Sam's arms pinned against the wall and the other was now securely, although reluctantly, pressed between their respective navels, where it too was unable to move.

Thus, with one hand free, she was able to return her attention to Sam's trousers, which were soon unbuckled, unbuttoned, unzipped and unworn. This was not really the first time that she had seen Sam in his underwear, for modesty is a strange cargo to carry on a spaceship; but it was the first time that she had caused this particular state of undress.

Now, all this time, Sam had been trying to say something, but she, keeping his moving lips pressed firmly to her bosom, had been unable to understand a word of it. Now, as she broke free to take a breath, Sam pleaded, "Up until now, it has been widely held that any particularly satisfying form of sexual intercourse is virtually impossible in a condition of free fall!..."

Sylvia only murmured, "Well, we'll just have to see about that, ...Sammmson...." She pressed her mouth firmly, hungrily, to his, her hand now tugging at his underpants.

\*        -        \*        -        \*        -        \*        -        \*

AH, YES

At this point, it might be to Sam's benefit to have Sylvia's drunken father come raging into the room, instantly size up the situation and give Sam a good sound thrashing for trying to corrupt the morals of an innocent God-fearing girl.

However, rather than destroy Simp's faith in mankind - of which Sam and Simp were the sum total - it must be reported that the incident ended instead on a somewhat sour and rather embarrassing note with Sylvia's virtue still marvelously intact, contrary to her efforts otherwise.

Although somewhat embarrassed by it, Sam proved to be momentarily unequal to the task before him, and all of Sylvia's ministrations were unable to raise his enthusiasm. Unable to maintain her own ardor in the face of such a blatant rejection, Sylvia soon tired and disgustedly pushed herself away from Sam and the bulkhead she had held him so firmly against.

\*        -        \*        -        \*        -        \*        -        \*

SCIENTIFIC NOTE

At some future date, a worthwhile and fascinating subject for an extensive research project might be a study of the effects of free fall on male virility. However, until such time as a more willing subject present himself for this type of experimentation, this field of interest will have to lie unexplored.

No further comments can be made on the present situation except to note that Sam, his face flushed with embarrassment, hurried to get back into his trousers.

\*        -        \*        -        \*        -        \*        -        \*

INTERLOGUE

The door of the rear cabin opened up, and a skinny fellow not wearing glasses walked into the control room.

"How did you get in here!" shouted Sam.

"I walked," replied the skinny young man.

"That's what I mean! How did you walk, when there's no gravity?"

"It's simple. I'm the writer of this book - and I can do whatever I want to."

"You're the writer?" Sam gaped.

"Yes, I am," I replied. (If I'm going to write myself into a chapter, I might as well use first person singular.)

"I find that hard to believe...." Sam shook his head. "I mean, I always imagined the writer as being an over-sexed, chain-smoking octogenarian with the mentality of -"

"Watch that!" I said warningly.

"Oh, sorry. I mean, I just find it hard to believe - that's all."

"You want me to prove it to you?" I bent to my typewriter.

Sam swung himself down from the branches of the tree, chattering wildly. He paused to pick a flea out of his filth-encrusted beard, cracked it and ate it. Then he jumped headfirst into the -

(Stop!" Sam shouted, "I believe you!")

- but not soon enough as he crashed headfirst into the bushes.

"I said I believed you," Sam said, struggling out of the bushes.

"Oh, sorry," I said, "I didn't hear you in time."

Sam grunted. Then he looked at me. "Uh, well, look - what do you want here? You've written yourself into this scene for a reason, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes. I thought it would be fun. I've never been inside a space capsule before and I figured as long as I had the opportunity, I'd write myself aboard and see what it's like."

"Well, you're using up all our air."

"No, I'm not - I'll just write some more air into your tanks."

"That's white of you," Sam muttered.

"Please,..." the young man looked pained, "I try to be a liberal."

"Oh, sorry," Sam said. He looked at the young man. The young man looked back at him. Sam smiled. The young man smiled. Finally Sam said, "Well, uh - uh, what are you doing now?"

"Talking to you."

"No, I mean wouldn't you be writing this scene down?"

"I am. That's how it's happening."

"Oh. Well, look, what happens next?"



"Ah, that would be telling...."

"Yeah, but it's going to happen to me!"

"And to Sylvia and to Simp," I agreed. "And it'll happen every time someone picks up this book and reads it."

Sam shuddered. "Oy vey. You mean I'll have to dive out of that damned tree -"

The Writer nodded. "Every time."

"But I hate the taste of fleas!"

"That's too bad. You didn't believe me....I had to prove to you I'm the writer."

"I believe you now!"

"But it's too late to change it now," I shook my head. "The moving finger writes, and having written, etc., etc."\*

"Oh, that's easy for you to say - you don't have to jump out of that tree! Now if I were writing this book -"

"But you're not - I am," I said quietly.

"nobody would ever interrupt me again...." Sam finished lamely.

\*And if you think I'm going to do another God-damned rewrite, Sam Hero, you're out of your ever-loving mind!

--The. Arthur

INTERLOGUE

I poised my fingers over the keyboard. Sam looked at me. "All right - what's going to happen next?"

I paused, my fingers over the keyboard, "I really haven't decided yet."

"Well, uh, look...could you write in a couple of really good love scenes for me?"

"I already did - and look what happened."

"Yeah, I wanted to talk to you about that -"

"I'm sorry, Sam," the Writer said, "but that's the way it has to be. I had really planned to use you more for comic relief...."

"Comic relief! In this book? But I'm the hero. It's even my name - Sam Hero! How can I be the comic relief?"

"Because that's the way I want it," I said, "and I'm the writer. You may not like it, but that's the breaks, baby."\*

"Oh, fine. That's easy for you to say...."

I decided to write myself out of what could become a difficult situation. "Look, I've got another chapter to write, so I'm going to be going - but I'll keep you posted on what's going to happen in the next couple hundred pages."

\* The Writer may not always be right, but he(s) always the Writer. Right?

--The. Arthur



"Sam," she said, "There's something very funny going on...."

Sam looked up from the micro-viewer (where he was reading a novel entitled Love Slaves of the Amazon.) "I should hope so," he said. "This is supposed to be a funny book."

"Not funny - ha-ha, funny-peculiar!"

"Oh...?" he looked at her.

She looked at him. "Here, you take a look through that telescope and tell me what you see!"

Sam floated over to the telescope. He started to put his eye to the eyepiece, paused, looked at Sylvia and quipped, "If this were a nutty science fiction story, written by a wacky over-sexed science fiction writer, I would say that this is the point in the story where you discover a twin Earth in the same orbit - 180 degrees away from where the original Earth was - behind the sun, where it couldn't be seen."

He chuckled about it and put his eye to the eyepiece.

"Good God!" said Sam

\* Who in the hell programmed that micro-viewer, anyway? (Come to think of it,....)

\* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \*

THIS IS A NUTTY SCIENCE FICTION STORY WRITTEN BY A WACKY OVER-SEXED SCIENCE FICTION WRITER

\* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \*

INTERLOGUE

"Wait a minute!" interrupted the reader, "I've been doing some figuring here!" He held up a sheaf of calculations. "The way I see it, if they've been in space for as long as you say, then they should have discovered the new planet at least three weeks ago! The way you have it, this planet has been hiding behind the sun for a month, only now moving out from behind it! How do you explain that?"

"Who's writing this story?" demanded the writer. "When you write your story, you'll write it your way! This is my story, and I'll write it any way I damn well please! And if my own private universe just happens to work a little bit differently than yours, well that's its privilege!"

"Oh," said the reader.

to be probably continued in our next issue

\* \* \* \* \*

Mistitles Placed

- Rogue Camp by L. Sprague de Queen
- Skylark Smith by Doc DuQuesne
- A Padgett There Was by Lewis Gnome
- The Wilson Tuckers by Lincoln Hunter
- The Unpleasant Profession of Robert A. Heinlein by Jonathan Hoag

To All Concerned -- From David Gerrold

I am putting together an anthology of speculative fiction, tentatively entitled, THE THIRD GENERATION. The title is derived from Isaac Asimov's introduction to Dangerous Visions. In that introduction, he discussed the SF writers of the 40's, and 50's as being of the first generation. The writers of the late 50's and 60's are the second generation. The purpose of this anthology will be to focus upon the writers of the next decade, i.e. the third generation.

My goal is to collect the stories of a group of writers to be watched for in the next few years, the writers of the newest wave. Of course, stories will be purchased primarily because they are good readable stories - but I am looking primarily for submissions from the young, comparatively unknown writer who shows promise. Enclosed with this letter is a list of guidelines. These are not meant to be inflexible rules, just something to give the writers an idea of what I am looking for.

1. Writer must have made at least one professional sale previous to this. (I am not looking to discover new writers, only to help them achieve greater exposure.)

2. There are no limits as to what one may or may not write about. I am an editor, not a censor - so write what you want to write. However, it should be readable.

3. Proper manuscript form, of course. Definitely double spaced. Submissions without return postage will not be returned.

4. -I would like to see stories that are a bit dangerous - or even a lot dangerous, stories that the writer thinks he may not be able to sell elsewhere. I would like to see stories that have some controversy in them, stories that relate to the contemporary world. However, this does not mean that all stories must be controversial or topical. Good stories will be purchased not because of their subject, but because they are good stories.

5. I am not looking for specifically either science fiction or fantasy. I am looking for speculative fiction. If you want to be experimental, please feel free.

6. Length is not important, but submissions over 15,000 words better be damn good.

7. If you have any questions concerning this anthology or possible submissions to it, please feel free to write. (I do not promise to answer promptly, but I will try to answer.) Send submissions and letters to

David Gerrold  
13615 Debby Street  
Van Nuys, Calif., 91401

I hope to hear from you soon, May your futures be exciting.

## LETTERCOL

Dear Lee,

While the flood of Gen-zines keeps getting ahead of me and over my read-and-respond ability, 3-F has taken a special claim to my attention.. Not that you are the best produced or the most interesting fanzine in the field today.... (though certainly one of the more rapidly-improving one) It is all this ego boo I get in reading it.. Both direct and indirect.. Never has a fanzine staff appeared to act on my advise and suggestions to the degree your's has...and it is foolishly flattering. "Foolishly" as I know what I have suggested are only things you would have done anyway.. My trick was getting in there first.. Like Great Political leaders, who see which way the people are going, and then gets in front of them... -- I am pleased though not suprised that the response to 3rdF out side of the area, by people I reccomended, has been so good. And I am sure you understand now why I felt you were missing a lot of enjoyment by not sending it out to a wider audeance...

Pardon if I flog one of my pit ideas ... that if Fandom has any real good (of a serious nature) it is the increase of understanding between people.. We are only a few, but as we touch around the world we find more in common than things that are different. The visit of the Shibano's is a good case in point.. I don't know if you got to see the slide pictures he had of Japanese conventions, magazine publishing offices, and his den...but it was very interesting. Except for the lack of blonds and the greater number of white shirts, they looked like convention and fan photos of the U.S., England or Germany. I'm a believer in One World, and Fandom is one small group that is helping in this... And fanzines.... they help too.

To show my good feelings this time I read all of issue #84-- including the fiction...I suspect every fan that has written any fan fiction has written one about a pact with the devil and tricking him. But then-- so has nearly every professional fantasy writer. The plot isn't new - what is remarkable is how is old frame can be drusted off and reworked again and again, with some times very good results. Weissman's story is not very exceptional, but it is well written. It moves and it holds the interest, and the dialog doesn't seem unnatural. (If you are use to natural conversations with the Devil).. All in all his professionalism shows, and it is the odd bit of serious/straight fan fiction worth printing.

The Tales of the 3rd, on the other hand, are straight Faaan fiction, and in this side of dose, quite enjoyable. They are usually fun to read, and I suspect a lot of fun to write. And, as the writer is to some extent writing about people and things he knows about first hand, it is quite often better done than straight fiction. It also goes well to make you into fabulous fannish people... --You do in fact sound more like the L.A. fans that I grew into Fandom with, than those reflected by the newly revised Shaggy. Not that I don't like the new Shaggy (I have seen only the first two as of this writing) but there is a slightly polished alienness about it that makes me feel strange.. Where as the brash enthusiasm of the 3rdF crew seems very familour and enjoyable.... If I had more energy....

Reviews are very hard to comment on...and as I haven't read any of the books mentioned I haven't anything to say. I will look for the Leiber books though, as I want to get the series. Even if I have to buy them new...

B

I haven't softened on my view of poems and music... And I find relation Spock to a vampire quite unreasonable... Unless it comes from mixing teeVee channels.

Regarding dictionaries & warlocks. My Winston College Edition (1945) says: "A.S. waerloga, deseiver -wear, truth + loga, liar/ Archaic, 1, a person having supernatural powers; a wizard or witch: 2, a charm or magic spell." My German/English dictionary doesn't define it, but in German, it is a masculine word... My other non-specialized dictionaries either say nothing or are equally vague.. Some one should look into this...

I didn't enjoy the Metaphysical Hyena. It was more clever than fun... Or as the English would say, it was too clever by half.. The long list of names is a kind of New wave trick which is enough to put me off in it self...though a generally worthy list ... That is of the names I knew... But in general, a nothing.

Gack! More list of Lines... This is something that I like in theory, but is frustrating for me, as I have a rotten memory... These appear to be a good selection as even I hear a bell ringing some were when I read most of them... But no names... No. 4 is a vag Vogt story, ofcourse...and it is that lines that is the most remarkable thing in the story... Articles have been written about it alone. But do you think I can remember the name of the story? No... Sevagrams maybe small Indian villages, or star clusters, but the stories name I don't remember... -- No. 6 is I believe High Crusade.

Eavesdropping, was fun. Fans are always saying funny things, and no one remembers them. More of these, if you please...but with credit lines if possible.

I find it hard to say anything about Bjo's "Our Town", as I agree with the views but found nothing new for me. Born in South Gate, I have seen Los Angeles from near at hand for a whole bunch of years. There is a lot about it I don't like, but a lot that I find fascinating. Given time you can find just about anything, do just about anything, or meet just about anyone. The trouble is there is never enough time (or for me, energy), and most people don't make the effort. Many don't seem to be able to see the trees for the forrest. Like people who drive through the desert at 60 mph, and see nothing but dry sand and brush. A naturalist or desert rat knows the dryest desert is alive with living things. Los Angeles is often ugly and lacking in form... but it is a live with many kinds of life,

Bob Block must be able to read very fast. As busy as he is, yet he still reads fanines--and writes some. It is almost a pity he has become so rich and famous--he was such a funny fanzine writer when poor and miserable.

I was interested in seeing the letter by Peter Singleton, as I hadn't heard him mentioned for over two years, and this explains why. He was an active letter-hack for a number of years, and quite popular, especially with British fandom. He has had a rather rough time of it, but usually stays quite cheerfull--if given to talking about his poor health a bit much. A failing I usually fall into too, as I fear do most people who suffer some kind of regular bad health.

The L.B.U.'s addition to your list of Stef U. are more scholarly than informed. Certainly there seems questionable reason to add Goya, Bosch or Kaye, as they relate to a period before that of true Stef. Like wise Vaugh Bode is such a new comer (with a style I neither like or admire) that the other Professors in the section should resign in protest. -- I was going to

C  
mention Doc Richardson tho...and rather think he should be head of the Astronomy Department, as he has actually "taught" astronomy in Astounding articles.

Woolf! About out of paper and ideas. So cut off to save both.

Good Show! and Good Luck.

Rick Sneary  
2982 Santa Ana Street South Gate, Calif

Many thanks, Rick, for this letter - and for the ones in the past. No one yet (I think) knows what a "sevagram" is. That's why it's so much discussed. Our Eavesdropping editor says he doesn't want to identify who said what--at least not in the 3rd F. Anyone who really cares could, I suppose, request special ids on the lines. We'll send you the results in a plain, brown paper envelope.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Third,

I have your zine, so here I am.

I enjoyed Bargaining Point, and I must say that I knew something was going to happen, but I really wasn't sure exactly what it would be until I got to the ending. Of course I was at the Baycon and there were so many other things on my mind...

I am looking forward to the next installment of the Tales of the Third Foundation. I am waiting breathlessly to find out what happens so I can make my escape too.

I would like to read a sequel to the Tribble show, if it is anything like The Metaphysical Hyena. Incidentally, is the latter the source of the expression "I didn't even get past the dedication"? (If you are interested, I did.)

By the way, your cover illo looks like it should have been an entry in my propellor creature contest (in Zarathustra) which is, however, over. Better luck next time.

Joni Rapkin  
67 Albert Street  
Johnson City, N.Y. 13790

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Lee:

The cover on this 84th Third Foundation both delights and puzzles me. The pleasure comes from the cheerful appearance of the cover ~~it~~ it. But I'm perplexed by the way the cover was reproduced. It looks like some sort of office copier not known to me, or a familiar copier that is working differently from usual because it isn't accustomed to fanac. I imagine that the day is coming when copiers and the supplies for them will become so cheap that fans will begin to forget the traditions and techniques of the mimeograph. I still blink every time I see those \$19.95 copiers on display in Hagerstown's stationery store.

Barry Weissman happened to choose a type of story that I rarely like, because contests between the devil and a human have been described so often that it's impossible to avoid the sensation that this is where I came in. However, Bargaining Point has the merit of going into the problem more thoroughly than most of the stories. But it

D shares the defect common to devil deal stories: the reader is tempted to go faster and faster, skimming ~~them~~ more lightly, simply because he's really more interested in how either the devil or the human will be outwitted than in the actual course of events. I'd call this story one of the better of the genre, and would also file a mild complaint. The devil really answered correctly the question about the phoenix eggs, I believe, except when he called it unanswerable. Lots of questions result from ignorance of the person who asks the question, and the spread of knowledge would slow down if nobody were allowed to reply to those questions that don't admit of the answer they seem to imply.

This is the first fanzine review I've seen of the book version of 2001. I suspect that the novel will touch off a lot of discussion about how independent a movie should be. Should we watch the film version of Camelot or Goldfinger or 2001 with the original musical comedy or novel in the back of our mind, and not complain when the film failed to account for matters known to us through the original versions? It's not an easy question to answer. The ancient Greeks seem to have assumed knowledge of certain basic matters on the part of the audience, when they retold the old myths and histories in their plays. I also suspect that this assumption is something taken for granted in 19th century Italian opera, so audiences didn't complain then when they saw a Verdi opera based on some recent hit play or other. Maybe something like this should be granted the movies, and perhaps we shouldn't insist that they be self-contained, complete substitutes for reading the book.

The Metaphysical Hyena is much fun to read, even though it started out in an unforgivable manner. The author forgot Natalie Wood in his list of dedicat~~ees~~. I hope they put it on for the final episode of Star Trek, just for the sake of going out with a bang.

But like Buck Coulson, I don't see much point in the asterisk on the contents page to denote the presence of A Pro. For one thing, this star caused me some wasted time, because I hunted all over the page for a misplaced footnote to which it might refer, before I realized that it had another function. For the other thing, it's slowly becoming apparent that there are no pros or fans, just prozines and fanzines (and even the prozines and fanzines aren't too different, since most titles in both categories have trouble making ends meet financially). If you segregate the pros from the fans in the fanzines you either get a grouchy letter from Buck Coulson or you cause some neo readers to expect too much from the pro.

Bjo's little article makes me almost want to visit Los Angeles. I'm too confirmed a non-traveler to want to visit it without qualifications. But the odd thing is: I find it impossible to arrive at a mental picture of Los Angeles. I've seen it often enough on television and in the movies and pictures on printed materials. But it doesn't take on in my mind the definite form and substance that I imagine other cities I've never visited to possess. I can't even get the smog on my mental screen, maybe because people seem to take pictures out there only on the clear day each year.

Jim Harmon's letter was particularly interesting. I suspect that the main reason why people of his age and mine have trouble comprehending the interests and preferences of young folks is: all of a sudden, it's hard for older people to experience the things kids like.



The music, for instance: so much that is in with the young crowd is never played on the majority of radio stations because of the middle-of-the-road-music policies so many of them maintain, and the bourgeois-looking man hesitates to go into a rock concert, even if he feels quite young and openminded in his invisible regions. The older person isn't quite as willing to join the new generation in drug use, unless he's willing to risk the seniority he's built up at his place of employment and has a totally understanding wife and children. The underground press is harder to read than a fanzine, unless the reader has had a lot of exposure to the latest words for things. Even a light show may not have the same effect on middle-aged eyes which aren't as good as they used to be. A couple of decades ago, it wasn't quite as hard for older folks to try to understand and enjoy the things that appeal to the teen-agers and those in their twenties.

Tales of the Third Foundation was pleasant to read, although I got the impression that I was something like those persons who always laugh at the wrong places when listening to jokes, simply because I don't know the people involved and lack the background for the in-group references. And once again, The Third Foundation has some of the best fillers around; I wish more fanzines would try to figure out similar items as a change from the steady diet of plugs for a worldcon or small illustration.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

423 Summit Avenue

Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Lee,

I could not love thee, editor, so much, loved I not passing more. It's very hard to sandith a LOC into an English curriculum, but six months is a long time to keep you in suspense over my views. I apologize and enclose the requisite funds. After all, if Seldon isn't a good cause, what is?

A bit about the review of 2001. Far be it from me to dispute Mr. Clarke's authority to interpret his own book, but this fashion of calling anything stronger than we are now a god has just naturally got to stop. The whole point of the book, it seems to me (and again I apologize to Mr. Clarke) was that the tool, like counting on the fingers, is quite useful on the undergraduate level, but there are better ways to do it, whatever it is. The thing on the star (was it a monolith? I'm not quite sure) has apparently found a way. Not necessarily a god any more than a graduate student is to a freshman. Unless I missed the point and Mr. Clarke differentiates between "serving the purpose of" and "is identical to." A grad student can quite easily serve the purpose of a god in places where he knows the answers and the freshman doesn't.

The most interesting part of the whole ish was Eavesdropping. Was a buzz saw the only instrument available? The half-frozen is

- - - - -  
Have you ever tried a buzz saw on a half-frozen rat? Eavesdroppings from #84

- - - - -  
easily understood; cold slows the circulation and minimizes the splash

F

(By the way, when I tried it, it was chartreuse, the rat, that is, and not me, which explains the first remark, but not your group's sense of humor.) But the buzz saw seems to indicate an element of haste. An ax, even, would have been better. Was the rat attacking, do you think, so that the article nearest to hand was grabbed up in self-defense? I can hardly believe it; a half-frozen rat surely couldn't be too agile.

I don't know what California weather is like, but here it takes special equipment to half-freeze a rat during the summer and autumn. Deliberate planning, you know what I mean? Some neglected social ritual, perhaps, peculiar to the west coast. Cut to artist-mystic-fan, bent over a musty volume in his study. The mysterious clock with the elliptical cogs strikes twice, at which he starts and jumps to his feet. "Good heavens!" he shouts. "I forgot to feed the gaunts!" Confused camera shots of the frenzied donning of the black robe, the rush down the unlit stone stairs to the altar surrounded by shambling, thin shapes. A refrigerator. The shivering rat on the alter. The search for something with which to make the incision, while the low gurls from the blackness rise to shrieks. Close-up of the mystic-fan's face as he sees and seizes the handy buzz saw. Cut. Would you mind if I attended one of your meetings someday? Not today, just someday.

Love Tales of the TF. Fact always did appeal to me more than fiction.

Don Hampton  
Box 151, Due West, S. C., 29639

Guests are always welcome to Third Foundation meetings. As I remember, the half-frozen rat came from an anecdote about someone's old biology professor. He was taking tissue samples of animals. He got them by buzz-sawing layers of tissue from frozen bodies - of rats. Then one fateful day, the freezer broke down, and he didn't notice it until...

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Creatures,

Thank for 3rd Foundation #84. First of all, "Bargaining Point" grotched me very much because of the untruth therein contained. I am an apprentice demon and I know that my master could not be fooled so easily. I think I can talk him out of burying you in brimstone but from now on you had better be careful. His Infernal Majesty is rather hot-tempered, you know.

The Tales of the Third Foundation was good until the conclusion. There it preached a terrible heresy, namely sf is escape literature. This is not true outside of E. R. Burroughs. The very idea comes as close as is possible to burning me up, considering where I am right now.

I disagree with the review of 2001. Technicalities are good when they have something to do with the story, as in 2001 and as opposed to the typical Analog story.

"The Metaphysical Hyena" was the best thing in the ish. It is so ridiculous that it sounds like a typical yarn from a 1958 Amazing. I can't wait till the story starts.

This letter from Darrell Schweitzer continued on p 11



