

JAN-APR NO. 86-87
Yearish 1969

The Third Foundation

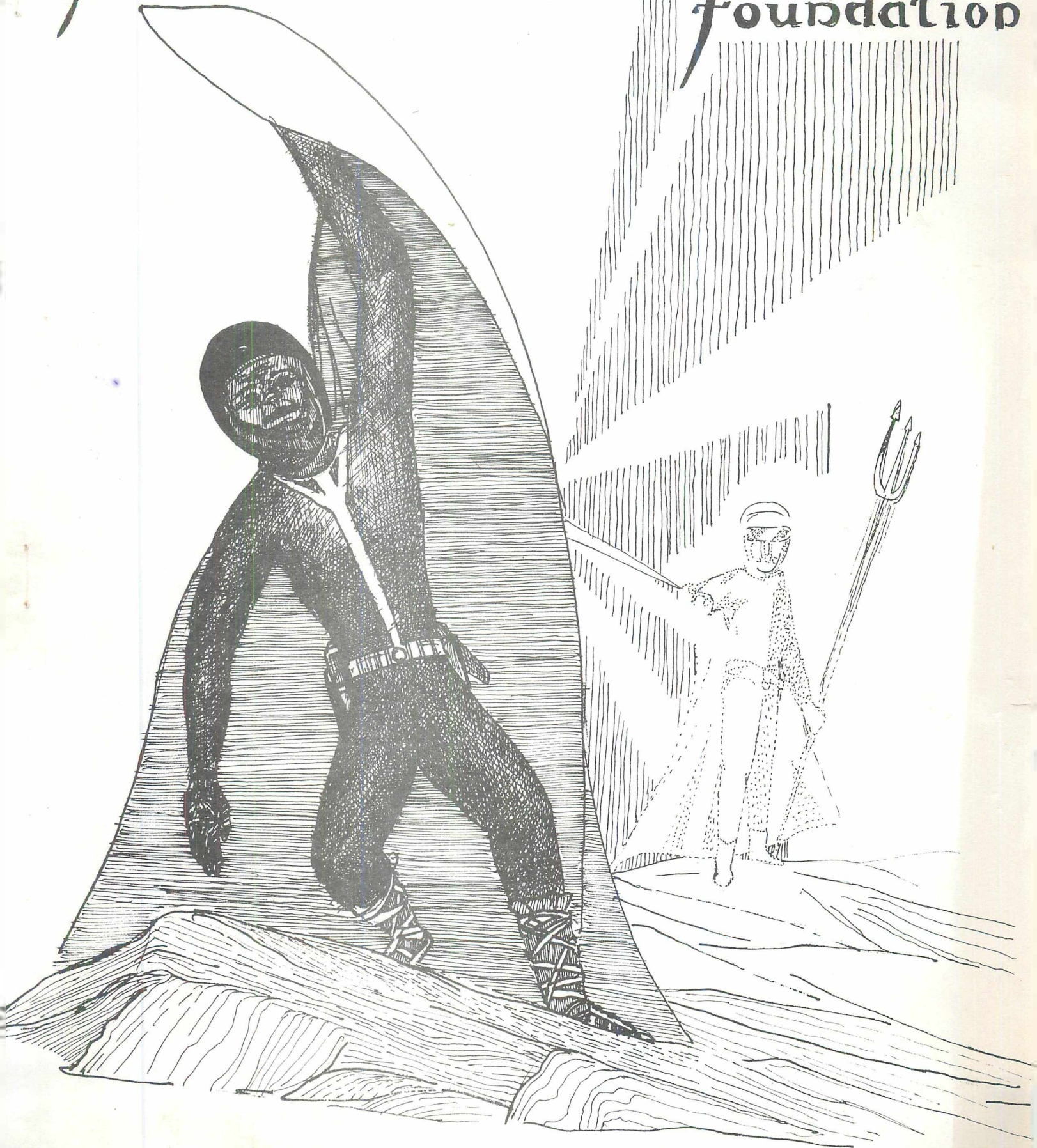


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typo dept - p. 14 - change "pyths" to "pythons"

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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III

IMPRIMIS

This issue of the Third Foundation is, as you have probably noticed, late. The reason is that we have just experienced our first Seldon crisis. We have emerged from it reasonably intact, still determined to accomplish the first step in the master plan to shorten the interregnum between the First and Second Galactic Empires: Hari Seldon must get born on time.

Our inaction during the last few months has been thoroughly in accord with Foundation tradition during a Seldon crisis. See the statement of First Mayor salvor Hardin, for example: "At each crisis our freedom of action would become circumscribed to the point where only one course of action was possible....Conversely, as long as more than one course of action is possible, the crisis has not been reached. We must let things drift so long as we possibly can."

For the same reason, it has been imperative that the Third Foundation let things drift during January of 1969.

The result is that our Year-Ish is late.

Please notice, by the way, that this is not an Annish but a Year-Ish. An annish is published on the anniversary of a fanzine's first publication. Since, for security reasons, we are unable to reveal that date, we must perforce publish a Year-Ish instead.

* * * * *

for the benefit of new readers

A limited number of copies of the Third Foundation anthology are now available. Unlike other anthologies, we do not pretend to say that our collection includes the best of the available material. On the other hand, it certainly does not contain the worst. It is therefore called - "The Average of the Third Foundation." To get it, send fifty cents.

* * * * *

This zine may be pushed, filed, stamped, indexed, briefed, debriefed, or numbered. We don't recommend pushing it though.

* * * * *

Twinkle, twinkle, little quasar,
How I wonder what your ways are.
Are you near or are you far?
Galaxy or single star?
Are you coming, are you going?
Just how long have you been gløwing?
What supplies your ammunition,
Is it fusion, is it fission?
Whatever your replies may be,
Just don't get too close to me.

Paperback blurbs are weird and wonderful things, often with little relation to the books they are supposedly referring to. For example:

The classic chronicle novel about a future civilization helped and menaced by complex servomechanisms.

That sounds like a good blurb for The Humanoids, but it's actually for I, Robot. Apparently the publisher never read the three laws of robotics. Working from blurbs obviously adds an extra element of challenge to the routine task of trying to supply the author and title of a book from hearing the basic plot. Anybody who gets all ten of the following blurbs in less than fifteen minutes ranks as an honorary member of the Third Foundation.

1. This tense novel of the far future depicts an age when eight billions crowd Earth's surface--when murderous tensions imperil the whole planet--and one human being and his unhuman partner fight to stave off disaster.
2. Out there...in the soundless black of the universe, his mind crawled over the distant stars, probing the secrets of unknown planets, wresting new bits of knowledge from ancient worlds....He was one of Earth's top telepathic explorers...until that last trip...until that awesome alien creature slithered into his brain and turned him against himself...against his own world and time.
3. It is the morning after doomsday. New York--under the heel of enemy Storm Troopers. San Francisco--in the relentless grip of an overpowering invader...All of America--a slave labor camp. Against this nightmare-come-true, one man, alone in a high castle surrounded by barbed wire, pits his solitary strength.
4. The planet Dis was no place for humans--life there requires a strangely intimate alliance with a weird and noxious life-form.
5. Deadly atomic storms ravage the Galaxy--and only one man can tame them.
6. The Garman were an old race, infinitely older than man. Withdrawn, peaceful, tolerant, they watched the hunger for violence in humans with quiet regret--until the day came when all their skills in peace, their reasoned logic, their subtlety, their patience, were overwhelmed by a killer against whom they were useless. Because the killer was not alive. The killer was a machine--planetsized, automatic and invulnerable. And murderous. At last man had a use.
7. A future world of gigantic expressways--and the man who patrol them.
8. This is a fascinating thriller of life in 2301--when a powerful ruthless killer pits the resources of his vast interplanetary empire against the uncanny crime detection methods of a corps of psychiatrically trained mind-readers who make escape from justice impossible.
9. They were trapped in a space ship they couldn't control--armed with weapons they didn't know how to use--and headed for alien territory.
10. Two scientists explore a world where magic works!

The following story is as yet incomplete.

THE WAY OUT

by Larry Niven

I was at loose ends when I left work. Instead of going straight home to Westwood, I stayed in Hermosa Beach for dinner and a movie. Later I spent some time in a bar called The Oar House. It's a good place to pick up a girl, some nights. Not that night. But the music was good, canned and live, and the crowd was just thick enough to let the waitresses through without making them feel lonely. It was past one when I started home by the San Diego Freeway.

I stayed in the middle-right lane. I had had a few, but not enough to make me brave, and there was no hurry. Tomorrow was Sunday. The radio played classical music, not loudly. Cars drifted by on the left, drivers sober or drunk, the drunks going a little faster and not signalling when they changed lanes. My three-year-old Riviera curved around great long red-lit trucks, one carrying a load of new cars. There was darkness and an infinite stretch of concrete and the soft sound of vibrating tires.

The linkup with the Santa Monica Freeway is a set of three concrete ribbons, one above the other, that swoop through the air overhead like something off the cover of an old science fiction pulp. We flashed under them, me and the Buick, and their image stayed in my mind's eye for a few moments. By then I was feeling alertly sober.

Suddenly there was an off ramp.

My own turnoff was further ahead. I knew that. But for just a moment I thought the big green sign said WILSHIRE BLVD. I hit the brakes and started to turn - then realized the sign actually said WILSHORE AVE. I looked away, snarling, in time to see something dart at me from the left.

It was a bright red Jaguar, cutting hard across my bows all the way from the far left lane. I hit the brakes hard and fired the horn at him. The Jag swerved away and back, just enough to let me miss him and swooped across the right lane into the mouth of the off ramp, still going much too fast. I saw its headline beams bounce and jerk hard over, and I thought, My God, he's hit the guard rail. I turned after him.

The sign must have taken the guy completely by surprise. Thinking back, I couldn't remember seeing a warning sign of the WILSHORE AVE. - ¼ mi. variety. If the politicians had left it out, they were doubly guilty of murder. The similarity in names, Wilshire Blvd. and Wilshore Ave., was confusing enough. The guy had seen the sign and tried to turn immediately from the left lane. I wondered if my horn had killed him.

I stopped just past the turn, where any idiot could run into me, switched off the motor, got out in a hurry and pulled the emergency distress ginal lamp out of the trunk and set it up behind my Buick. It should attract a cop as well as protecting my car. With the light sending a cheerful glow I squeezed between the car and the right hand

guard rail and stood looking down the ramp.

No lights. No sign of the Jaguar.

At least it wasn't burning.

I started down the ramp, keeping my hand on the rail to guide me and to keep me out of the line of fire in case another car came by. Walking on a freeway, even in daylight, is like going hunting with a bunch of not too bright novices. There were no lights at the bottom of the ramp. Even the lights of Los Angeles, over to the left, were dimmed by gray mist. The white dotted line ran down the center of the concrete and faded into the general dark.

The mist ahead was thickening fast. Or was it my eyes? I took off my glasses and polished them on my shirt and put them on my shirt and put them back on. No improvement. I started forward again, looking for a break in the guard rail. The city lights were fogged like a bad film. With one hand hard on the guard rail I sidled cautiously off the edge of the world.

Light!

and Falling. The guard rail was in my hand, and I gripped it, gripped it as I fell. My eyelids clenched like tiny fists. The guard rail was vertical! I smacked into it, found it with my feet and wrapped my legs around it, and my other arm.

The concrete was vertical too, like a wall. It was as if the ramp had bent straight down. But I knew it hadn't. I'd have felt that. Instead, gravity had twisted ninety degrees, so that Down became Behind and Forward became Down. I clung to the guard rail like a spider monkey, breathing in great ragged saps, accepting the miracle because I had to. Hanging on until I could open my eyes.

The light wasn't that bad. A huge fuzzy red sun sat on the horizon, so dim that in a minute I could look right into it, and wide, wide. The horizon was flat, almost sept. Desert. I was still panting, and my ears hurt. The air was thin.

I was afraid to look down. My feet found a support rail below, horizontal now like the rung of a ladder, and I slid down and rested on it. My glasses hung by one ear and the tip of my nose. I left them that way. I can see without them, though the world becomes ever so faintly blurred.

The vertical pavement ended five feet overhead, fading away into airy space. A tight, vivid little circular rainbow ran round the region of transition. And--floating in space, maybe fifty yards above the fuzzy end of the ramp, as a gray something I had trouble identifying. It hovered like a long, thin cloud of solid matter, a small airborne island. Glittering points ran along the side. Then I got it. It was the edge of the real freeway, pulled somehow into this space, with its own guard rail, and a strip of curb and a few reflector discs.

The decoy rail was rough-edged metal, just like the real thing. It cut into my arms and legs, rubbing dirty white paint into my good sharkskin suit.

Finally I looked down.

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Down, straight down, like looking down the side of a windowless skyscraper to the empty parking lot at the bottom. The broken white line ran all the way down the ramp, three hundred feet more or less, to disappear in what took the place of a parking lot. This was a bright rectangle of what might have been water, or quicksilver, or a huge mirror. One splash of color rested there, almost in the middle, a slightly different red against the pink reflection of the sky. It was the Jaguar. Nothing else below, just the bright reflecting rectangle with the Jaguar burning in the center, looking like a tiny crumpled ball of Christmas tinsel.

Then the Jaguar started to move. All by itself it slid forward, and as it moved a door opened in the concrete of the road. I could see it as a black slit at the bottom. The wreck slid into the doorway and was gone, and smoke was blowing away in the thin air. There hadn't been a sound.

This was the way out of the world. It led straight down, three hundred feet in a falling car, and then....And then what? What monstrous thing was collecting smashed cars?

At the thought I almost let go; I could feel the will softening in my fingers, while gravity pulled me down to the glittering trap. I closed my eyes and gripped the guard rail with my knees until it passed. Then I started climbing.

The rough edges of the rail cut into my hands. I took it slow. The support rods were only two feet apart. Five feet up everything went black. I kept climbing. Faint dots of light moved against the black; my ears hurt, and I could breathe again. Gravity shifted, left me hanging by my hands and knees from the now horizontal rail. I let go and flopped on the concrete.

The stream of cars going by was a lovely sight.

My Riviera was still there, the distress lamp was still going, and no cop had shown up. If one did, and he ignored the smell of scotch which must still be on my breath, and if he listened long enough to follow instructions, I could show him something that would lift his hair straight up. Far too many ifs.

I got up. My suit had never needed cleaning more. Even the ingrained dirt on the ersatz rail was real. I sat in the car and smoked and thought about it.

Junkyard.

What other answer could there be? Below me was a junkyard. This world must be mined out, and its unthinkable owner was collecting metal cars from mine. The passengers could have no more significance than the upholstery, an objectionable but unavoidable impurity in the metal.

The ramp stretched ahead of me, curving off from the freeway at an angle. From here there was no hint that it led into another world. It seemed to go on, somewhere, even if I couldn't quite see that far. A beautiful illusion.

9
Did they turn it off in the daytime? Was that why I'd never noticed it before? And--suppose they turned it off while I was on it? I didn't try to imagine who "they" might be. "They" must have considerable imagination, though. The misspelled sign was a touch of genius. Only an out-of-towner would mistake WILSHORE AVE. for WILSHIRE BLVD. Someone who could probably not be traced to this part of California's interlocking freeway system.

...A car was turning in.

Migod! I came out of the car like a Marine, shouting and waving my arms. A cream-colored '65 Cadillac with four people in it jerked to a stop with a sound of searing rubber, the bumper an inch from my kneecaps. I ran round to the driver's side.

I barely had time to open my mouth. "Moron!" the driver yelled, right in my face at top volume. He stamped on the accelerator. The car took off and roared away down the ramp.

I stared after it, listening to the silence, jaw hanging and hands curled at my sides, while the wire between my temples tightened and tightened. The stub of a cigarette threatened to burn my knuckles. I threw it hard and far and watched it explode in a tiny flare of sparks. I started to follow it down the ramp.

I'd killed a man and three women. Because I could have stopped them. Couldn't I?

How?

My thinking was terribly slow, but I got there. I turned around and walked back to the Riviera, shifted it around until it exactly blocked the ramp. When it was there I wanted it, I set the distress lamp in the middle of the road, turned on my lights and left.

I hated to do it. Two years old, dark blue with the same color upholstery, the Riviera had been a combination birthday, Christmas, and happy Master's Degree present. Beautiful on the outside, cluttered on the inside despite two glove compartments, the car would stop on wet ice and run smooth and powerful in all kinds of traffic. It would be impossible to replace, now that Detroit had uglified the design and added a sloping back to lower the head room in the back seat. But maybe nobody would hit it.

With my hand on the guard rail and my eyes closed tight, I sidled off down the ramp. When the light stuck I hugged the rail like a lover. I slid no more than two inches.

The light brought tears. I gritted my teeth, fought the urge to reach for a Kleenex and waited.

The pain was gone. I opened my eyes.

Thirty stories down, the cream-colored Cadillac was sliding across the trap area. The car rested on its crushed nose, with its bent tail high in the air and its black, rusted underbelly showing. It moved straight into the dark slit and was gone.

Someone was below me on the guard rail. She sat wedged into the narrow space between the guard rail and the ramp surface, resting on

one of the cross bars, hugging the rail. I could see a black evening gown with one shoulder bared, and long, lovely brown black hair. Her bowed head hid her face. I started down.

I was right over her head when she looked up. She screamed. "It's okay, I'm a friend," I panted. I saw her think about jumping, but she changed her mind; she stayed where she was and looked warily up at me.

"I'm a friend," I said again.

"You came from up there," she said wonderingly, and the wariness began to go out of her. "Who are you?"

That was a relief. I'd thought she was in shock. "Ed Lawrence. And you" She was in shock, because she looked down again. "Please don't," I said.

"Don't what?"

"Don't jump."

"All right." Her expression was almost blank. She'd been badly banged up about the face, probably when she hit the guard rail after jumping from the Caddy. There was a diagonal gash across the midriff of her dress. "Where are we?"

"I don't know. But it's dangerous. I know that."

She started to laugh. Later I remembered the hysteria in the laughter, but all I knew then was that she was laughing at me. "All right," I muttered, "so it was a stupid comment."

"It was so understated! My brother was in that car!" She was laughing and hiccuping and crying, all at once.

"I'm sorry."

"He was driving. Were you the one who tried to stop us?"

"Yes."

She looked up, studying me. Her makeup was prominent and obvious, almost garish in the bloody sunlight; all but the lipstick, which seemed to have disappeared. The black evening gown was low cut. She caught me looking, which I could hardly help, and moved one arm to cover herself.

"How did you know what was here?" she asked.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going down and wreck it. I don't know how, but when I get through there won't be any more phantom turnoff."

"But what about me? You can't leave me here. I'll fall!"

"Right. You'll have to climb up to--look up. See that rainbow? You climb through that, you'll be back on the freeway. Be damned careful, because when your weight slews around it's liable to tear

you off. Climb until you can see your feet. Are you in shape to climb?"

She nodded.

"Wait as long as you want, there's no hurry. When you get there you'll find my car blocking the road. Leave it there. It's to keep anyone from following us. Means you'll have to walk. Now get this. Get off the ramp as fast as you can. I'll be trying to bring it back here, and I don't want to bring you with it." Brave words. Hearing me say them did me good. "Walk along the right side of the freeway until you get to the Highway Patrol station. Bring a cop. It might be better not to tell him what he's supposed to see until he's here."

No answer. She was staring blankly into the fuzzy, bloody sun. It looked like she was back in shock.

Well, I couldn't carry her up, and I couldn't stay to nurse her. I ran my belt under her shoulders and around the guard rail, for safety, and started climbing down. She was aware of me to some extent. Her eyes watched me, and she tried to move aside to give me room. Getting past her was the hardest part. Luckily I could do it while still fresh. Thirty stories down!

Finally I reached the last rung. The guard rail went all the way down into the trap surface. From this close it seemed to be a great square mirror. I put a toe on it. It was slippery but solid. With an exhausted smile I let go of the guard rail and landed flat on my face on the most slippery surface I've ever seen, touched, or heard of. I never had a prayer of getting up; I just slid gently away, struggling like a turned turtle, across the middle of the mirror and beyond.

Near the outer edge I coasted to a stop, then began to slide back. The edge of the trap had a slight upward curve to it.

I was muttering and trying to do a pushup--the closest I could get to actually getting up--when something gripped my left wrist and pulled. Something invisible. I looked up to see a hatch as big as four garage doors sliding open in the concrete wall, sliding up to swallow me. Maybe I screamed. There was nothing to grab onto! I twisted and tried to roll over, and suddenly I got it. The magnetic field, the one that had to be there to move the cars, had hold of my wrist. I slipped it off and watched it slide away ahead of me, into that gaping mouth. And I was following it, with nothing to slow me down.

The door closed in my face. I twisted myself around by waving my arms in frantic circles over my head and kicked as hard as I could at the door. The kick sent me sliding across the mirror, all the way to the edge. I got an arm on fine sand and used it to pull the rest of me off.

By that time of night--it must have been about two A.M.--I smoke like a California forest. I sat there smoking by the edge of the frictionless mirror and tried to take in a new world.

It wasn't exactly sand I sat on, but it wasn't dirt. It was almost as fine as talc, and sparkling clean. Some had gotten into my shoes. I shook it out.

The air was thin and dry. The big vague sun hadn't moved, as far as I could tell; it faced the ramp, and its indefinite lower edge still shaded into the pink horizon. It was too broad to cast a clean shadow.

For the first time I could see behind the decoy ramp. There was nothing but pink-tinged talcum desert, flat as a polished marble tabletop, except directly away from the sun. In that direction two or three low, broad hills rose like great slag heaps, looking almost artificial against the desert. I got up and walked around the trap area, to the back of the phantom turnoff.

The off ramp was a windowless tower with a roughly triangular cross section. Only the ramp side was flat. The other two sides tried to be, but random bumps and bulges and indentations ruined the attempt. The building was all one color, an inspirational silver, except for the biggest bulge, a copper-colored hemisphere two-thirds up one side.

"Hey!"

I jerked like an electrocuted frog and spun as I came down, ready to fight for my life. It was her, the girl on the guard rail, walking around the side of the tower. Her face was blue and swelling where the rail had cracked her across the nose and forehead and her right eye was blackening, but she could walk. Her spike heels were nowhere in evidence. She had a nice walk, utterly poised, unconsciously dignified. "Don't worry," she said, smiling, "I'm from up there, remember?"

"Hi. I shouldn't have jumped like that, but I wasn't expecting anything - human. You get used to the quiet. How'd you get off the frictionless part?"

"Come on sense. I saw the trouble you were having, so when I touched bottom I hung onto the rail long enough to push myself over to the edge."

"Very clever," I said, wondering why she had come down instead of up.

She told me. "I'm sorry about the way I acted up there. I'm not normally a coward, but finding myself that high off the ground, hanging onto a rail, with Phil dead at the bottom - it shook me. When I got my sense back, I came down to help."

Oh, brother.

She read my mind again. "You think you'll have to take care of me? Don't worry. Any woman looks helpless in an evening gown. I've been taking ballet for six years. I've got a kick like a Jersey mule."

"Okay. Someone told me once never to fight a dancer, because I'd get kicked to death every time. You can defend me if we get in trouble. What are you grinning at?"

"You're a mess."

"So are you but on you it looks good. My name's Ed Lawrence."

"Carol Pierson. Pleased to meet you, Ed."

"Same here."

It was hot under that dull red sun. I stripped off my coat and tie and dropped them on the sand. Carol was right; I was a mess. The shine on my shoes was gone forever. My suit was wrinkled, split in two places, and dusty; my pockets were probably filled with sand if I'd wanted to look. Even my cufflinks seemed somehow - er - inappropriate.

"I didn't see that," said Carol.

She was looking at the rainbow, a small, vivid circle around the top of the tower. We spent a minute admiring it. Nothing seemed to hold it there. It just was. Maybe there would have been one on Earth in daylight, another good reason for turning the ramp off then. Above the rainbow the tower ended like something erased from a blackboard with a dirty eraser.

Carol shook her head. "I don't understand this place. How can we do anything about it if we don't understand it?" There was an exaggerated emphasis to her speech, as if she were halfway through acting school and hadn't yet been trained to elocute without sounding like she was elocuting.

"We'll figure it out. We know something about it already." I pointed at the sun. "See that? We know we're in another solar system."

"Yes, I noticed that."

"It was kind of obvious. Have you noticed anything else, that I haven't?"

"Well...it looks like a dead world, doesn't it?"

"So would the miners. That's not to say you aren't right. Whoever built that tower might need the metal in cars. They'd have used up all the ore on this world."

"Oh, that's a horrible thought. They killed Phil for the metal in his car!"

"Phil?"

"My brother."

"That's probably right. They need the metal in cars. They're in no hurry, because they deliberately spelled Wilshire wrong -"

"Oh?"

"Two l's in Wilshire. That way the trap only catches out-of-towners. Safer; they won't be missed as fast. Are you from out of town?"

"New York. We just moved here. Ed, could they have made a simple mistake?"

"It's not that simple a mistake. Whoever made it had to learn English first, so he could change one vowel for another. That way only a stranger can think it's the real thing. If it were just a mistake, that O wouldn't even be an English letter."

"I suppose not."

"You're an actress, aren't you?"

9
"Aspiring. I haven't been found yet." She spoke absently, wearily.

"They're blind, totally blind."

"Thank you, sir." She smiled and curtsied - actually curtsied - and I stared, for silhouetted against that vast red sun, with her bare feet raising clouds of talcum sand and the skirt of her torn black evening gown swirling around her as she bowed, she seemed the maddest of erotic fantasies.

She straightened up, and the grace went out of her. A moment ago she'd forgotten everything - her brother, the smashed cars, the tower. "Well," she said. "What do we do next?"

It was a good question. There was the tower, thirty stories tall, but no sign of a Builder. It didn't make sense that the Builder would have gone off and left it. Whatever we did, we'd have to do fast.

I said, "It's always easier to break something than it is to mend it. Suppose I just climb that tower with a rock in my pocket and find something to pound on?"

"We might have trouble finding a rock," said Carol.

"Mph."

"Hah," she said softly, and half-ran toward the ramp. She stopped at the edge of the frictionless mirror, picked something up and came back. She handed me a black spike-heeled shoe.

"Best we've got."

"Better than that. A girl stepped on my foot once with one of these. We were dancing. I didn't dance again that night." I looked up along the tower. The metal skin seemed to be all one piece, except for the copper hemisphere. What the blazes was I going to climb on? It was as smooth as a billiard ball.

So I walked up to the base of the tower and picked a hollow between two smooth shallow rises, about as high as I could reach. Holding the shoe by its toe, like a two-handed hammer, I whacked the metal with all my strength. Instantly I was embedded in cement. It was all around me, transparent, covering every square millimeter of skin and lung and intestinal surface. It held every hair in place; it froze my eyeballs and eyelids and stopped the peristalsis in my digestive system. And it stopped my heart.

I woke up flat on my back, getting mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. It was too much trouble to breathe, and I hurt too much to want to. I let Carol breathe for me. After a while she dropped back on her ankles to watch me. She was panting, and there was a desperate look in her eyes. I hadn't realized what hard work it must be, breathing for someone else. She saw my head turn to watch her. She said, "Are you all right?"

I said, "Not really. I'm alive."

"What happened?"

"It froze me like a fly in amber. Carol, it stopped my heart. I felt it."

10
She sighed. "We'll have to get you to a doctor."

"No, I just want to rest. A little rest and I'll be fine."

"I wonder why it didn't kill you?"

I thought about that. Maybe it was analyzing me, finding out what I was made of. It couldn't do that while I was moving, so it stopped me from moving."

"Then it knows we're here."

"Yah. I'd like to get away from here, but I sure can't climb thirty stories on a vertical guard rail. Maybe you can."

"I'm staying."

"Where are my glasses?"

The tower loomed over us, looking down with its great copper eye. I wondered about that bulge. It looked new, incongruous. Some odd shapes crawled up the sides of the tower, but they all had a kind of artistic continuity with the building. All but the coppery bulge -- and the ersatz freeway turnoff on the other side.

The world was deserted. On the horizon the red giant sun was just where we'd first seen it. The low hills still sprawled across the east like sleeping giants. It was easy to tell myself there was nothing to find us: just the deserted machinery performing its murderous function for an absentee junkman.

I went to sleep.

It was hot. I'd guessed wrong when I assumed the sun was setting. Its indefinite border was now entirely clear of the horizon. There was no water any here. Did you ever wake to a hangover in the middle of a desert? Stopping my heart hadn't done my hangover any lasting good. I'd slept about three hours.

I picked up my glasses and moved to the shade of the tower. It was cooler there, almost too cool. I could walk all right. The girl named Carol was asleep in the bloody sunlight. I thought of moving her, but I didn't want to wake her.

A few minutes later she woke up and came to join me.

I asked, "Carol, who are you?"

She was on her back with her arms under her head and her eyes on the rainbow at the tower's top. We were still sleepy. The heat had brought us to our feet at five forty-five by Carol's watch.

"Mrs. Lionel Pierson," she said. "Recently divorced. I came to California as soon as the decree went through. Phil came too; he'd been offered a job with Gibson and Barrett. Law firm. I wanted to get away from it all. Hahaha! It seems to have worked."

"You came to the right city. Every girl I know here is either married or divorced, in fifty-fifty proportions."

"Oh it can't be that bad."

"Not quite. But I've got two sets of parents, and one out of three uncles is divorced. It's a bad town for lasting marriages. What happened to yours?"

She stirred restlessly, as if she'd rather not talk about it, but gave me no time to withdraw the question. "I wanted to get away from home. I think that's why I married Harv. A year and a half later we couldn't stand each other. My fault, partly, but a never mind. So I came out here.

"We were double-dating last night. I was paired off with a friend of Phil's. Groff Something. A Bizz Ad grad student." Suddenly she turned and looked at me. "Can you imagine what it was like? I was in the back seat when you jumped out in front of us. I thought maybe you had a gang or something, so I grabbed the door handle so I could lock it or get out, whatever seemed fair. Then we speeded up and -" She stuck.

"And there was light."

"There certainly was. But it was just like we'd gone over a bad bump. It wasn't like falling. Just--the light scared me and I jumped, and when the rail hit me I grabbed it. I wonder how long it took Phil to decide he was falling."

"Ready to do some climbing?"

"I guess. Are you?"

"Yah."

We got up and moved around to the ramp side. Carol, going first, let out one piercing scream. I was there in one bound. I said some good filthy words, shocking enough that Carol turned to look at me instead of the corpse. "Sorry. How'd he get past my car? How the hell could he have gotten past?"

Like a half empty laundry bag he lay, face down, on the frictionless mirror, drifting slowly in from the edge. He wore good blue wool slacks, a white shirt and a gray-and-black striped alpaca sweater. He must have been within a year of twenty.

"College student," said Carol. She had herself under rigid control, but the brittle edges showed in her voice. "I'm sure that's a textbook near him. Could he have been riding a motor scooter?"

"Sure, that's it. He's the UCLA type. Lots of them use scooters; there's no room to park anything bigger. He came down on a scooter, and the building stole it while we slept."

"The longer we wait, the more that happens," Carol said pointedly.

"Look beyond him." I had automatically lowered my voice. She looked at me, puzzled, then followed my eyes.

It was some distance away, but close enough to see gross details: a moving upright metal box with a short flared skirt at the bottom. The skirt made it look strangely feminine. There was a little bowling-ball head on top and a heavy ridge down the front. It was coming straight toward us from the direction of those low hills, followed by a boiling wake of dust.

Carol gripped my arm. "What is it?"

"A robot. A usuforn robot," I said helpfully. If she thought that meant something, maybe she'd be reassured. It didn't, of course.

Usuform robot--any complex self-motivated machine that isn't man-shaped. As it neared I heard the low whine of propellers and added, "It's using the ground effect."

"What's that? Is it important?"

"It might be. The thing's riding a cushion of air. There's a propeller in that skirt."

The robot had almost reached the far edge of the mirror, still coming straight toward us where we stood at the foot of the tower, moving much faster than it had seemed. I'd guessed it was as tall as a man, but it was at least twice that.

"Shouldn't we be running," Carol whispered frantically.

"No. Not unless it starts across that mirror."

"But--"

It was at the edge, coming down our throats, kicking up a cloud of white dust. Suddenly it leaned back and stopped; then it began to circle the mirror field at awesome speed.

"Okay. Onto the mirror!" I got a good grip on Carol's wrist and jumped. We hit hard and my hand got jarred loose. The robot stopped halfway around the edge, started back.

Carol was skimming ahead of me, belly down and head turned, looking as helpless as I felt. The robot stopped again, at just the point where she would touch the border.

"You'll have to grab the body," I yelled.

She didn't move. She'd spun around so that her head was toward him, and she was passing him now.

"Grab the body, dammit! The robot's waiting for you!"

At the last moment she reached out and got an ankle with her right hand. They spun in a ghastly circle. Carol let go when she was headed for the tower, and the body came skimming at me. I grabbed and pushed. He was cold and hard and flatter than a human being has any right to be. The robot moved again, like shaped quicksilver, but it wouldn't do him any good. I was motionless in the center of the mirror.

A short, thick arm lifted up out of the robot's frontal ridge, aimed, and came at me like an opening telescope. Tools clustered at the business end snapped and spun and opened and closed, but the arm couldn't reach far enough. And he couldn't get any closer. I'd guessed right. The mirror was a frictionless surface, and the ground effect wouldn't hold on a frictionless surface. Carol had reached the ramp. She clung to the bottom of a false guard rail, warily ready to push off if the robot should approach her side of the mirror.

"Thanks for the help," I called.

"You're welcome. What does it do next?"

"You got me. I think it's stalemate. Can you get up enough to climb the rail?"

She did her best, but she couldn't get her feet under her. By the time she was sitting up she was completely worn out. "Give it up," I called, "I'll try it if I get the chance."

"I wish you joy of it," She slid back down.

The robot hovered on its air cushion, motionless as an aluminum statue, its telescoping arm extended straight out. I was sliding gently toward Carol, second by second, and the dead student followed like a restless ghost.

There was traction! I looked straight up, knowing what I would see: the rainbow gone, the rest of the off ramp fallen back into this space. I looked up, yelled, and leapt away. The robot came straight at us across the mirror trap.

Something slapped it flat into the surface.

It was the monstrous falling shadow I'd seen in the moment before I jumped.

Carol got to her feet, using the guard rail as a crutch, her eyes fixed on the wreckage in the center of the trap. "Princess," I said, "My chariot." I wasn't feeling jocular. The reaction was turning my spine to jelly. If I hadn't looked up in time--

She didn't get it. I said, "It's my car. The robot must have waited for the ramp to go off so he could cross the mirror and take us."

"But where--" She stopped and thought, but couldn't finish the sentence. The glowing personality had gone right out of her, leaving only a terrified girl.

"My car. I left it parked on the Earth side of the ramp. When the ramp came down into this space it took the car along. The robot ran right under it. Whamp!", I cut my throat with a forefinger.

"Oh." She took a deep breath and straightened her lovely shoulders. "Lucky for us. Too bad about your car, though, Ed."

I started to laugh. There lay my dark blue '63 Riviera, still gleaming from its last wax job, a crumpled loss. It lay helpless on its back in the middle of the now rust-colored trap area, with the right hand door sprung wide and the roof crushed flat. From beneath the roof a globular cluster of tools reached out like the hand of a drowning man. I was not hysterical. I was merely vastly amused by that mechanical cry for help, and by Carol's sympathetic regard for my car. I laughed until I couldn't stand up, and Carol joined me. Finally we sobered a little.

Carol wondered, "Where was I, before we were so rudely interrupted?"

I had to think back. "We'd decided to go for the law."

"Well, that's out. They've turned off the ramp. And we still can't wreck anything here."

I got up from my squatting position on the trap area. "Don't be too sure. I may find something in my car."

Carol watched me crawl painfully through the sprung door. She had prudently backed off the edge of the trap area. "If it starts to move, get out fast," she called. I wasn't worried. The car wouldn't move; not until the frictionless effect came back. And They wouldn't be turning the trap on until nightfall on Earth. I found half a pack of cigarettes and my dark prescription glasses on the crushed roof, where they'd fallen from the middle glove compartment. I unlocked the other glove compartment, but it held nothing but maps and spare cash. There was a laundry package in the back seat. I tossed it out for luck.

I climbed out and went to the trunk. The key turned all right, and the lid opened a couple of inches. Carol and I pushed it down the rest of the way while bent steel screamed and fought back. We pulled out a tire iron and my spare gas can and three bent pull-top cans of beer, one of which had split and foamed all over the inside of the trunk. We opened one of the cans and shared the beer. It was warm but wet.

Carol looked at the gas can. "Let's see if we can burn something."

"Good," I said. And so we started around the tower, me pouring the gasoline gradually out around the base, Carol strolling alongside, watching critically.

It all seemed unreal. The rosy sunlight made everything look like a night club, with Carol occupying stage center in a torn black evening gown. I felt sick with a kind of fevery sickness, as if I were light and feathery and ready to blow away. Kicking my mind on the gas can was hard work. I wondered why I didn't feel sicker. A heart attack... My grandfather had had a coronary once, and they wouldn't let him sit up in bed for weeks. But this hadn't been an ordinary heart attack. My heart had been normal until They stopped it.

Carol said, "If this doesn't work we'll just have to wait for nightfall."

"A good thing we found that beer." I sloshed out more gas.

Carol made a strangled sound.

I turned to look. She was horrified and petrified, and she was looking at something just beyond me. At that moment something closed on my wrist, gently but with great firmness. Something with teeth.

I looked down at the biggest snake in the whole wide world. And I fainted.

Fainting is like going to sleep but faster. One moment you may be terrified or on the edge of panic or horribly hot and thirsty, and the next, whatever was bothering you doesn't matter anymore. The world recedes, all colors wash into no-color, your body evaporates. When you wake it's like waking up but you're not in bed and maybe there's a bruise where you fell.

I woke up.

Two huge one-eyed pyths stared down at me. One was holding

something small and pointed in its rubbery lips.

I felt wonderful. Marvelous! I was stronger than Hercules and I loved the whole world. I could have licked twice my weight in wildcats without harming a single hair on their dear little heads.

But I couldn't sit up. I was embedded in invisible cement. I tried harder, and the cement gave slowly, like hard taffy when you clamp it between your molars and bear down. I managed to lift my head a little.

"How do you feel?" asked one of the snakes. They weren't snakes. They were two flat, triangular heads mounted on long, narrow necks; and both necks sprang from the shoulders of a three-legged animal the size of a Shetland pony. Between the bases of the necks was a hump covered with thick, matted hair.

I realized with a sensation of pleased surprise that I was facing one of Them. The Builders.

to be continued in our next issue

*

EAVESDROPPING

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

collected by Sandy Cohen and Lee Klingstein

"Is it true that girls have less self-control than guys?"

"I don't know her well enough to say anything against her. I'm sorry."

"Happiness is a warm throw-pillow."

"It's an old-style penny - what are you doing hitting it."

"Put the 3rd Foundation together and you'll get all sorts of weird things."

"What's the difference between lie and lay?" - "If you don't know the difference between lying in bed and laying in bed, you've got problems."

"Let's all go sit on our grasses."

"The last man in the world sat in the room; he was pregnant."

"I get drunk on homogenized milk occasionally."

"It's a little on-beat."

"I provide the Coke; bring your own throw pillows."

"Okay, you don't have to throw Leslie in the pool, if you don't want to."

THE MAN WHO SHOT SANTA CLAUS

by Stephen Goldin

Christmas Eve in Beeggo Tree County, Mississippi. A light snow covered the ground in spots, leaving a white and brown speckled appearance to the landscape as seen from the air. Most people had already retired for the night, the children with anticipation of their Christmas presents, the parents with anticipation of their Christmas bills. A festive mood pervaded the community.

Except for one house that had been purposefully darkened for a dark purpose. Kirkland Kelgary Killove looked at the luminous dial of his watch and nervously wet his lips with his tongue. Two minutes to midnight. He shifted his gun nervously from one hand to the other and back again, then checked for the eleventh time to make sure it was loaded. It was.

This was no mean task Killove had taken on. Saving the world single-handedly was a tough job. Little wonder he was nervous.

A scratching on the roof and a cry of "whoa, Dancer, whoa, Francer," brought his thoughts back to immediate reality. Every nerve in his body tightened, and the trigger of the gun felt cold against his finger. There was a very annoying itch in the small of his back that he dared not scratch. He waited.

Now soot was being dislodged from the chimney. All of a sudden, plop! In the fireplace stood the silhouette of a chubby, bearded old man carrying a large pack on his back.

"Merry Christmas, ho, ho, ho!" said the chubby old man.

Bang, bang, bang, said Killove's automatic.

With a dismal thud, Santa Claus's body fell to the floor and lay still.

* * *

Matt O'Brien, the Klanklounselor picked to defend Klansman Killove, delivered a summation the likes of which, it may truly be said, had never been seen in nearly two centuries of American law.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began in a friendly drawl, "the defense has tried to prove in its case that the defendent justifiably killed a prowler who had entered his house to burglarize it - or so he thought. A man has to protect his property nowadays - Lord knows, the gov'ment's trying hard enough to take it away from him and socialize everything, and a fellow has to stand up for what's his, don't he? You all know that.

"Ah, you say, (but this was no prowler, this was Santa Claus.' I say it don't make a bit of difference. I say if a man parks a bunch of big hairy animals on my roof and sneaks down my chimney, then I have a right - a duty - to shoot him. Just show 'em once what'll happen if they mess with you - then you won't have no burglars coming in the middle of the night to take your money or rape your daughters."

"Just who is this 'Santa Cläus' anyhow? I happen to know for a fact that he was directly in the employ of the Russians. That's the truth. Santa Claus was a commie spy. The reason you ain't never heard this before is because all them Jews that run the State Department don't want you to know until it's too late, until they've subverted your children to their Party doctrine.

"Let's look at the facts. Santa Claus comes from the North Pole, doesn't he? we all know that the North Pole is the site of a communist missile base deep inside the Soviet Union, not fifty miles from Moscow. You notice that he wears a red suit all the time - not red, white, and blue, but pure red! Have you ever counted all the aliases he uses? Santa Claus, Kris Kringle, St. Nicholas - Nicholas, there's a commie name for you; the last czar of russia was a nigger-loving Jew named Nicholas."

"And he gives away toys to kiddies. Not sells them in the good old American free-enterprise tradition, but gives them away. I ask you, is that not definite proof of his communist affiliations? The Klan even has photographic evidence of Santa Claus seated right behind Martin Luther King in a training school for communist agents.

"Have you seen the kind of toys he gives away now? Guns, hand grenades, miniature tanks, war games. They're spurring our children on to overthrow our country, the country that you and I have fought so hard to preserve. They're brain-washing our kids; just the other day I had to spank my seven-year-old daughter Linda because I caught her reading the Old Testament where the nigger-loving communist Jews tell how they're going to take over the world and hold all the white Protestant Americans slaves.

"And what about Santa's helpers, those supposed elves? Elves? Hah! Pygmies, that's what they really are, little niggers from Africa. Do they get paid? Of course they don't. They work with their little hammers all day long and don't get a cent, 'cause they work under communism. And those back-biting communists have the nerve to say that we exploit the niggers.

"And what about Santa and his 'ruddy' complexion. I ask you, how does one go about getting a tanned face way up at the North Pole? If you ask mr, I think that this Kris Kringle, or whatever he wants to call himself, is part nigger!"

The jury deliberated for seventeen minutes. Naturally they found the defendent not guilty.

* * *

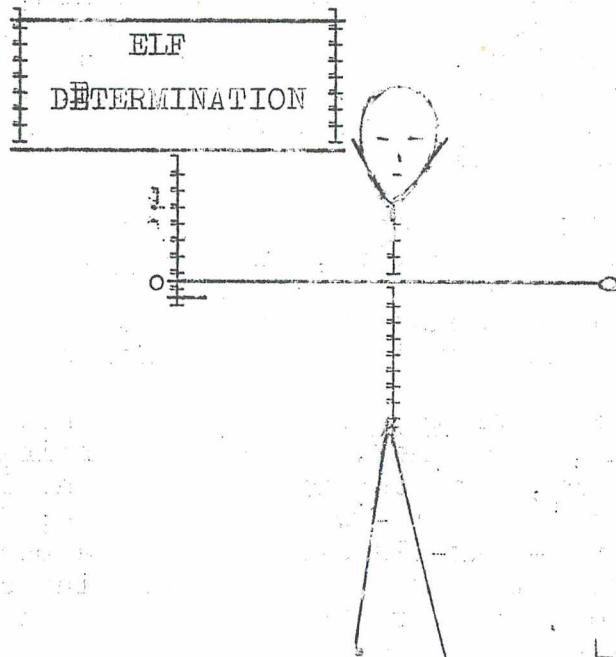
Ah, but there are other brands of justice.

Late at night, after Killlove had gotten home from his victory celebration, his neighbors heard loud screams of pain coming from his house. Neighbors in the klan klountry learn very quickly to mind their own business, but nonetheless, one woman testified later to seeing a horde of small, dark figures scampering around Killlove's house.

Next morning, Killlove was discovered murdered. He appeared to have been killed by a blunt instrument - or maybe instruments.

The coroner remarked at the inquest that Millove looked like he had been hit all over by many little hammers.

The footprints around the house also baffled police. There were scores of the, all right, in the newly fallen snow, but none of them were over three inches long.



ambition - an overmastering desire to be vilified by enemies while living and made ridiculous by friends when dead.

bigot - one who is obstinately and zealously attached to an opinion that you do not entertain.

cannibal - a gastronome of the old school who preserves the simple tastes and adheres to the natural diet of the pre-pork period.

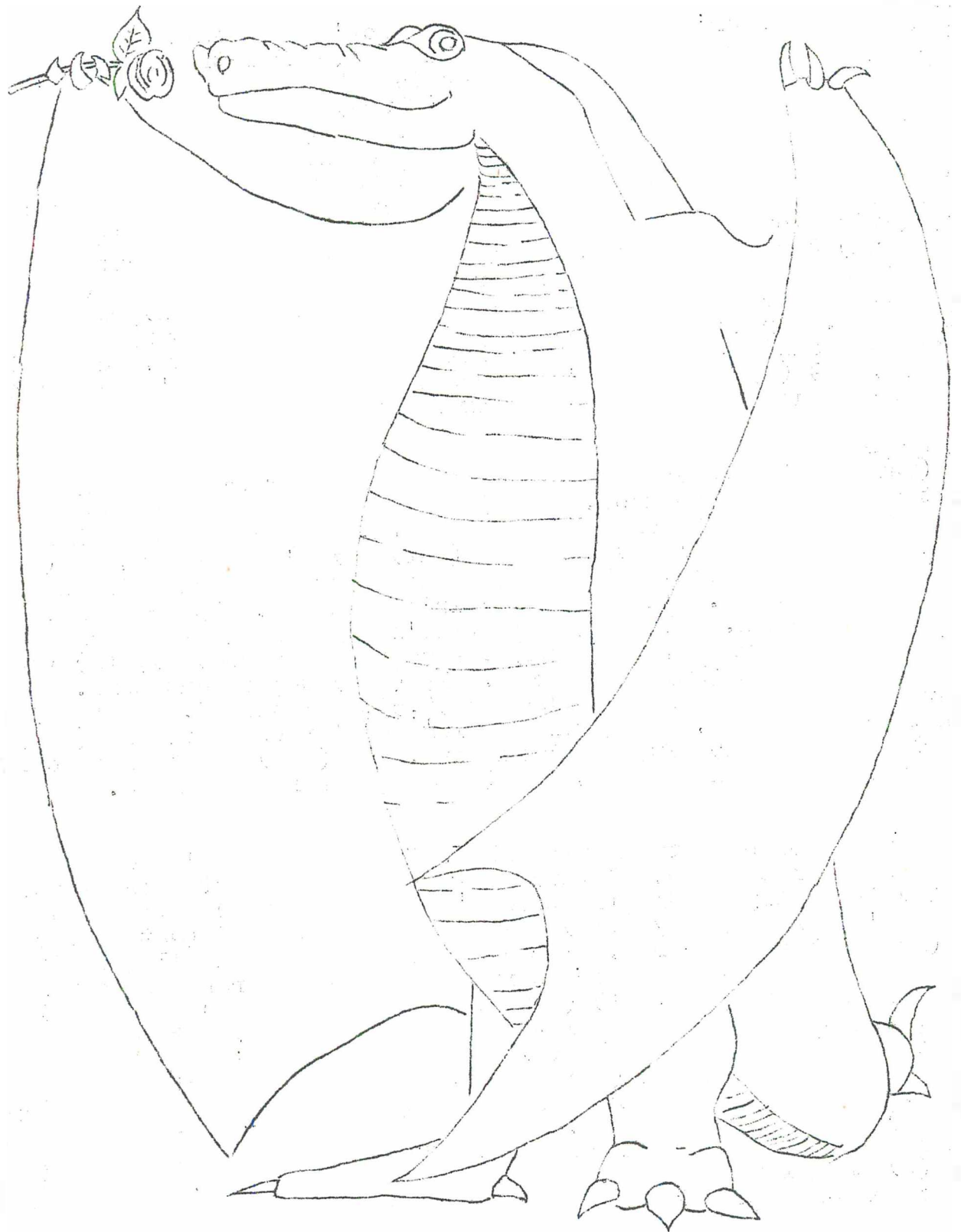
Ambrose Bierce - The Devil's Dictionary

Rob Gluckson is fervently interested in buying, trading or selling original artwork from prozines or comic books. His address is 10347 Monte Mar Drive, Los Angeles, Calif., 90064.

Weiler's Law - Nothing is impossible for the man who doesn't have to do it himself.

Chisholm's Second Law of Human Interaction - Any time things appear to be going better, you have overlooked something.

Finagle's Law - Once a job is fouled up, anything done to improve it makes it worse.



1969

THE THIRD FOUNDATION'S CALENDAR FOR 1969

January

1 (Wed) New Year's Day. 2 (Thurs) Asimov's birthday. 3 (Fri) Tolkien's birthday. 4 (Sat) Lunik 2 launched. 5 (Sun) 12th Night. 6 (Mon) Holmes' birthday. 7 (Tues) Galileo 1st observes 3 of Jupiter's moons. 8 (Wed) Battle of New Orleans. 9 (Thurs) 1st Am. balloon flight. 10 (Fri) radar beam 1st reaches moon. 11 (Sat) Dr. Morris Goldpepper meets aliens. 12 (Sun) Fermat dies leaving last theorem proof lost. 13 (Mon) Stephen Foster Day. 14 (Tu) Roman New Year. 15 (Wed) Day before Prohibition 1st went into effect. 16 (Th) Cosmos 199 launched. 17 (Fri) Florida Arbor Day. 18 (Sat) 1st aircraft carrier landing. 19 (Sun) James Watt born. 20 (Mon) singular events occurred in the hotel off of Eye Street. 21 (Tu) Nautilus launched. 22 (W) Tiros 9 launched. 23 (Th) Discoverer 19 terminated. 24 (Fri) Gold discovered in Calif. 25 (Sat) Gandalf overcomes Balrog. 26 (Sun) Fortean society founded. 27 (Mon) Charles Dodgson's birthday. 28 (Tu) Swift's death. 29 (W) W C Fields' birthday. 30 (Th) Wallis' play Age & Essence found. 31 (Fri) Explorer I launched.

February

1 (Sat) Nat'l Freedom Day. 2 (Sun) Candlemas Witch Festival. 3 (Mon) 1st soft landing on moon. 4 (Tu) Esca I sends 1st cloud coverage photos. 5 (W) Pike of Pike's Peak born. 6 (Th) Cosmos 201 launched. 7 (F) Dmitri Mendeleev born. 8 (Sat) Verne's birthday. 9 (Sun) Gypsy Rose Lee born. 10 (M) 25th Amendment ratified. 11 (Tu) Ellies invaded NY. 12 (Wed) Lincoln's birthday. 13 (Th) Gravity is 45 times normal. 14 (Fri) Valentine's Day. 15 (Sat) Reich plans D (Courtney's murder. 16 (Sun) Uranus V discovered. 17 (Mo) Vanguard 2 launched. 18 (Tu) Mardi Gras. 19 (Wed) Copernicus born. 20 (W) 1st Am in space. 21 (Fri) Cosmos 54, 55, 56 launched. 22 (Sat) Washington's birthday. 23 (Sun) Beatles end 1st US tour. 24 (Mon) Derleth born. 25 (Tu) Pangborn born. 26 (Wed) Death of Boromir. 27 (Th) International Day. 28 (F) Discoverer 1 launched.

March

1 (Sat) Napoleon returns from Elba. 2 (Sun) Cond 4 launched. 3 (M) ents conquer Saruman. 4 (Tu) Mobius subway car 1st disappears. 5 (W) 1st entry in Charlie Gordon's diary. 6 (Th) Leroy Gordon Cooper's birthday. 7 (Fri) telephone patented. 8 (Sat) OSC 3 launched. 9 (Sun) Ralph Nader Day. 10 (M) Martian shops open. 11 (Tu) Pioneer 5 launched. 12 (W) Shirra's birthday. 13 (Th) Uranus discovered. 14 (F) Einstein born. 15 (Sat) The witch King of Angmar is slain. 16 (Sun) Goddard launches 1st rocket. 17 (M) St. Patrick's Day. 18 (Tu) solar eclipse. 19 (W) Patrick McGoodhan's birthday. 20 (Th) 1st day of spring. 21 (Fri) Bela Joad starts investigating Crisis 1999. 22 (Sat) Indian New Year. 23 (Sun) Werther von Braun born. 24 (M) Cosmos 151 launched. 25 (Tu) Passing of Sauron. 26 (W) Martians arrive in Martians Go Home. 27 (Th) Florida discovered. 28 (F) Ranger 7 launched. 29 (Sat) Man of War born. 30 (Sun) Pure chase of Alaska. 31 (M) Transfer day - holiday in Virgin Islands

April

1 (Tu) April Fools Day. 2 (W) Lunar eclipse. 3 (Th) Grissom born. 4 (Fri) Winston Smith starts diary. 5 (Sat) Tavernies come. 6 (Sun) Early Bird launched. Easter. 7 (M) Luna 14 launched. 8 (Tu) Field of Cormallen. 9 (W) Hugh Hefner's birthday. 10 (Th) EZ 27 proof-reading robot rented to Northwestern U. 11 (F) EEW Day. 12 (Sat) 1st man in space. 13 (Sun) Jefferson's birthday. 14 (M) Cabell born.

21

April 15 (Tu) Income Tax Day. 16 (W) Guepin's birthday. 17 (Th) Thornton Wilder's birthday. 18 (F) Paul Revere Day. 19 (Sat) first automobile operated. 20 (Sun) Cosmos 115 launched. 21 (M) scientists implant artificial heart in human for 1st time, 1966. 22 (Tu) Juss's birthday. 23 (W) Lyrid meteor shower. 24 (Th) The Unmarried Mother in "All You Zombies" is conceived. 25 (F) Cosmos 29 launched. 26 (Sat) Van Vogt's birthday. 27 (Sun) Daniel B. Davis wakes up in 2001 (2nd time round). 28 (M) There will come soft Rains Day. 29 (Tu) Explorer 27 launched. 30 (W) Walpurgisnacht.

May

1 (Th) King Elessar crowned. 2 (F) Babylonian New Year. 3 (Sat) Fort's death. 4 (Sun) Holmes apparently dies in Reichenbach Falls. 5 (M) Shepherd launched. 6 (Tu) Manhattan bought from Indians. 7 (W) Telstar 2 launched. 8 (Th) Lavoisier guillotined. 9 (F) Monday in 1992 (Big Ball of wax.) 10 (Sat) Continental RR completed. 11 (Sun) Mother's Day. 12 (M) Leslie Charteris' birthday. 13 (Tu) Joe Louis' birthday. 14 (W) Manuel O'Kelly, Wyck Knot, Prof. de la Paz & Mike form Lunar Conspiracy. 15 (Th) Sputnik 3 launched. 16 (F) New Moon. 17 (Sat) the day Tommy found a real book (The Fun They Had). 18 (Sun) Cosmos 30 launched. 19 (M) Spanish Orphans Day. 20 (Tu) Eliza Doolittle Day. 21 (W) Lindbergh reaches Paris. 22 (Th) airplane patented. 23 (F) Blish's birthday. 24 (Sat) 1st telegraph message. 25 (Sun) Pegasus 2 launched. 26 (M) Pepys' death. 27 (Tu) 1st flight into the stratosphere. 28 (W) Portean Fishmonger Day. 29 (Th) Mt Everest conquered. 30 (F) Memorial Day. 31 (Sat) 1st US copyright law passed.

June

1 (Sun) Natl BBQ day. 2 (M) Surveyor 1 soft lands on moon. 3 (Tu) Enoch Soames appears in British Museum Reading Room. 4 (W) 1964 27A launched. 5 (Th) 1st balloon ascent. 6 (F) Cosmos 31 launched. 7 (Sat) OGO 3 launched. 8 (Sun) Gamesmanship started. 9 (M) A Word from our Sponsor Day. 10 (Tu) Lady Chatterly ban reversed. 11 (W) Kamehameha Day. 12 (Th) Quasar discovery announced. 13 (F) It's Bad Luck to be Superstitious Day. 14 (Sat) Dr. Saddler sees the Gnarlly Man. 15 (Sun) Father's Day. 16 (M) 1st woman in space. 17 (Tu) Dahlquist Day. 18 (W) Waterloo. 19 (Th) Tiros 5 launched. 20 (F) Black Hole of Calcutta Day. 21 (Sat) Summer begins. 22 (Sun) Organic Act Day in Virgin Islands. 23 (M) St. John's Eve - Witch Festival. 24 (Tu) Midsummer's Day. 25 (Th) Custer killed. 26 (Th) Peter Lorre's birthday. 27 (F) Explorer 5 terminated. 28 (Sat) Henry VIII born. 29 (Sun) Full Moon. 30 (M) Mindworm conceived.

July

1 (Tu) Olympian New Year. 2 (W) Tiros 10 launched. 3 (Th) Korzybski's birthday. 4 (F) Independence Day. 5 (Sat) Earth at aphelion. 6 (Sun) 1st test of rabies vaccine. 7 (M) Heanlein's birthday. 8 (Tu) Liberty Bell cracked. 9 (W) Argentina Independence Day. 10 (Th) Telstar launched. 11 (F) Paul Lineberger born. 12 (Sat) Thoreau's birthday. 13 (Sun) lunar apogee. 14 (M) Mariner IV photographs Mars. 15 (Tu) St. Swithin's Day (if rainy, will rain for next 40 days). 16 (W) 1st A bomb tested. 17 (Th) ARM Day. 18 (Fri) Martians Go Home Day. 19 (Sat) 1st baseball game. 20 (Sun) USSR Zond 3 photographs Moon's back side. 21 (M) Scopes trial ends. 22 (Tu) Mendel born. 23 (W) copper quarters authorized. 24 (Th) 1st Paul Bunyan story published. 25 (F) Puerto Rico Constitution Day. 26 (Sat) Aldous Huxley's birthday. 27 (Sun) Barbosa's birthday. 28 (M) Full Moon. 29 (Tu) Melvin Belli born. 30 (W) C. Northcote Parkinson's birthday.

August

1 (F) Lammas - Witch Festival. 2 (Sat) Jamaica Independence Day. 3 (Sun) The Logic named Joe is assembled. 4 (M) Lizzie Borden Day. 5 (Tu) first transatlantic cable. 6 (W) Judge Crater disappears. 7 (Th) Explorer 6 launched. 8 (F) Titus Groan born. 9 (Sat) Fort's birthday. 10 (Sun) US lunar orbiter 1 launched. 11 (M) Alan E. Nourse born. 12 (Tu) Echo 1 launched. 13 (W) Alfred Hitchcock's birthday. 14 (Th) WW2 Memorial Day. 15 (F) Napoleon's birthday. 16 (Sat) Gernback's birthday. 17 (Sun) Fulton's 1st steamboat trip. 18 (M) Brian Aldiss's birthday. 19 (Tu) Ogden Nash's birthday. 20 (W) Lovecraft's birthday. 21 (Th) Ozma's birthday; Boucher's birthday; Snulbug is called up. 22 (Fri) Bradbury's birthday. 23 (Sat) Ranger 1 launched. 24 (Sun) Pompeii buried. 25 (M) Walt Kelly's birthday. 26 (Tu) women's suffrage amendment passed. 27 (W) 1st jet. 28 (Th) Enceladus discovered. 29 (F) National Aviation Day. 30 (Sat) Discoverer 29 launched. 31 (Sun) Cosmos 173 launched.

September

1 (M) Labor Day. 2 (Tu) Cosmos 79 launched. 3 (W) Cosmos 80,81,82, 83, & 84 launched. 4 (Thurs) 1st electric power station opens. 5 (F) 1st continental congress meets. 6 (Sat) Stapledon's death. 7 (Sun) Irene Adler's birthday. 8 (M) Magellan arrived home. 9 (Tu) Calif. Admission Day. 10 (W) Surveyor 5 lands on moon. 11 (Th) Dr. Green becomes invariant. 12 (F) annular solar eclipse. 13 (Sat) Jewish New Year. 14 (Sun) Solid 'Git' skywritten slogans begin. 15 (M) 1st manned balloon ascent. 16 (Tu) Hyperion found. 17 (W) Mimas discovered. 18 (Th) Vanguard 3 launched. 19 (F) Dreyfus pardoned. 20 (Sat) Jane delivered to orphanage (All You Zombies). 21 (Sun) H G Wells born. 22 (M) Bilbo's birthday. 23 (Tu) Neptune discovered. 24 (W) 1st dirigible. 25 (Th) The date the dog did nothing in the night. 26 (F) American Indian day. 27 (Sat) Alouette launched. 28 (Sun) Al Capp's birthday. 29 (M) Frodo & Bilbo depart overseas. 30 (Tu) 1st use of ether as dental anaesthetic.

October

1 (Wed) NASA founded. 2 (Th) Willy Ley's birthday. 3 (F) Columbus leaves on 1st voyage. 4 (Sat) 1st pictures of Luna's back side. 5 (Sun) Goddard's birthday. 6 (M) Frodo wounded on weathertop. 7 (Tu) Poe dies. 8 (W) 1st world series no hitter. 9 (Th) Martin Padway arrives in ancient Rome. 10 (F) Leif Ericson Yale map found. 11 (Sat) Apollo 7 launched. 12 (Sun) Columbus Day. 13 (M) Explorer 7 launched. 14 (Tu) Grecian New Year. 15 (W) Poetry Day. 16 (Th) Honeymoon in Hell Day. 17 (F) Cosmos 10 launched. 18 (Sat) soft landing on Venus. 19 (Sun) Cosmos 93 launched. 20 (Mon) Art Buchwald's birthday. 21 (Tu) start of Great Nebraskan Seal. 22 (W) first parachute jump. 23 (Th) Explorer 4 terminated. 24 (F) Cooger & Dark arrive in Green Town, Ill. 25 (Sat) Full Moon. 26 (Sun) SOYUZ 3 launched. 27 (M) Explorer 15 launched. 28 (Tu) Salk's birthday. 29 (W) Waverly goes to Utopia, So. Australia. 30 (Th) Will Halloway born. 31 (F) Halloween.

November

1 (Sat) Anna Henderson's birthday. 2 (Sun) G. B. Shaw's death. 3 (M) Laika launched. 4 (Tu) Will Rogers' Day. 5 (W) Guy Hawkes Day. 6 (Th) Explorer 23 launched. 7 (F) Marie Celeste leaves NY. 8 (Sat) Pioneer D launched. 9 (Sun) Apollo 4 launched. 10 (M) Stanley finds Dr. Livingstone. 11 (Tu) Armistice Day. 13 (W) Gemini 12 launched. 15 (Th) Project OZMA announced. 14 (F) Cosmos 21 terminated. 15 (Sat) Edie Hawkins Day. 16 (Sun) Leonid meteor shower.

November 17 (M) Suez Canal completed by the French. 18 (Tu) Ranger 2 launched. 19 (W) Discovery Day in Puerto Rico. 20 (Th) 1st manned free balloon flight. 22 (Sat) International Arbor Day. 23 (Sun) Tiros 2 launched. 24 (M) Origin of the species published. 25 (Tu) Bathurst walks around the horses. 26 (W) Charles Schultz born. 27 (Th) Thanksgiving. 28 (F) Centaur 2 launched. 29 (Sat) C. S. Lewis' birthday. 30 (Sun) Twain's birthday.

December

1 (M) Portugal Independence Day. 2 (Tu) first nuclear chain reaction. 3 (W) first heart transplant. 4 (Th) Gemini 7 launched. 5 (F) Prohibition repealed. 6 (Sat) Pioneer 3 launched. 7 (Sun) Pearl Harbor Day. 8 (M) Thurber's birthday. 9 (Tu) Full Moon. 10 (W) meter first defined. 11 (Th) Centaur I launched. 12 (F) Christmas Julian calendar. 13 (Sat) Cosmos 53 launched. 14 (Sun) Pole reached. 15 (M) Gemini 6 and 7 meet. 16 (Tu) Arthur C. Clarke born. 17 (W) first successful heavier than air flight. 18 (Th) H. H. Munro (Saki) born. 19 (F) New Year's Julian calendar. 20 (Sat) Phineas Fogg gets home. 21 (Sun) Winter Solstice. Apollo 8 takes off. 22 (M) Cosmos 12 launched. 23 (Tu) Don Camillo Day. 24 (W) Fritz Weiber's birthday. 25 (Th) Yule Witch Festival. 26 (F) Festival of Fools. 27 (Sat) Van Allen belts announced. 28 (Sun) Christmas. 29 (M) Laos Independence Day. 30 (Tu) Luna 13 determines the moon has a hard surface. 31 (W) New Year's Eve. Hogmanay.

* * * * *

Last Year's Memories

At the start of August in 1968 - one month before Baycon - I went to a fabric store and told a chance-met salesman that I wanted to buy some black cloth.

"Why do you want it," he asked.

"Don't ask. You wouldn't believe me."

"I have to know what you want it for or I won't know how thick it should be."

"I want it for a flag." He looked strangely at me, and I suddenly realized he might take me for an anarchist. "A flag for the Luna Free State."

Without hesitation he answered, "The Galactic Empire doesn't recognize the Luna Free State."

"Yes but the Third Foundation does, and we supersede the Galactic Empire."

"Oh well, in that case" and he sold me the cloth.

I still have the flag at home - black background sprinkled with stars - red bar sinister - bronze cannon - and below it an embroidered "TANSTAAFL!" It didn't win any prizes, but buying its materials was a groovy experience all by itself.

BETTER LATE

by Mel Gilden

As usual, I arrived late for my first class. The instructor looked at me sternly as I took my seat.

"well," he said, "what happened this time?"

I smiled nervously. "There was a time flip on the freeway."

This brought numerous chuckles from the class, but a hard look from Mr. Basition shut them off.

"There was a what?"

"A time flip, sir. I've just spent two days in next week."

"Oh, really?"

"Ah, yes sir. Next Tuesday, you're going to have a flat tire."

Mr. Basition usually doesn't stand for foolishness in his class. Evidently he didn't believe because he was turning green with rage.

That's not a figure of speech; he was literally turning green. I could see darker colored bumps beginning to grow on his skin. He got smaller and smaller and soon he was a frog.

The class got very quiet. Then I remembered the spell put on Mr. Basition by the itch in the sociology department. I thanked what gods there be that it had begun to work just when I needed it.

But then the itch in the sociology department and I had always gotten on well.

There seemed to be no point in sitting in a class taught by a frog, so we all left.

Mr. Basition was supremely disliked, so I was a pretty big hero for the rest of the day.

* * * * *

From "The Contributions of Edsel Murphy to the Understanding of the Behavior of Inanimate Objects"

1. All warranty and guarantee clauses become void upon payment of invoice.
2. Dimensions will always be expressed in the least usable terms. Velocity, for example, will be expressed in furlongs per fortnight.
3. In any given miscalculation, the fault will never be placed if more than one person is involved.
4. A decimal will always be misplaced.
5. Interchangeable parts won't.
6. If a project requires n components, there will be n - 1 components in stock.
7. The most delicate component will drop.

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THE METAPHYSICAL HYENA

Part Three

a novel reading experience by

Theobald Arthur

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

ONWARDS

For a while they celebrated the discovery of the new planet, each in his own way. Sylvia wept. Sam shouted and laughed. Simp opened a new bottle.

After the initial joy had worn off, Sylvia re-applied herself to the problem of translating the television signals into a recognizable pattern. Obviously the scanning pattern was different; but with the aid of the computer she was able to figure out that it was a thousand line scanning pattern instead of the four-hundred and ninety-five line scan for which their equipment had originally been designed.

"It's no big thing," she said, once she had figured this out. "Our video equipment can be re-wired by anyone with an IQ of at least 150."

SON OF "SEE REARS ITS LOVELY HEAD"

Sylvia was involved in re-wiring the video equipment when two hands covered her eyes. "Guess who," said a low throaty voice.

She thought a moment. "Atilla the Hun?"

"Nope. Guess again."

But Sylvia was in no mood to be interrupted. She pulled the hands down from her eyes and turned to see Sam behind her. "Oh, it's you," she said.

Sam pulled her gently away from her work. He put his arms gently around her and kissed her full on the lips. "I'm going to take you around the world," he whispered throatily; then, his passions aroused by this declaration of love, he started nibbling at her ear and slobbering on her neck.

"Please, Sam! Not now!" she said and pushed him away.

"Yes, now!" Sam grunted insistently, grabbing her again.

She removed his hands from her again, "Sam! Please! Be good!"

"Oh yes, I'll be good! I'll be very good!"

"But my father!" she protested.

Sam's hand moved to her blouse, "I've already given him his bottle."

"Sam!" She pushed his hand away. "I said not now!" She broke free of his grasp.

Sam said petulantly, "I thought you didn't want to die a virgin?"

"That was then. This is now."

"So, what does that have to do with it?"

"You had your chance."

"Um...." Sam looked at her. "Well, give me another chance."

"No, Sam. I wouldn't do it with you now, even if you were the last man alive."

"But I am the last man alive!"

She looked at him, "You don't listen very well, do you?"

"Please?"

"No."

"Pretty please?"

"No!"

"Pretty please with sugar on it?"

"No!!"

"Pretty please with sugar on it and whipped cream and cherry on top??!"

She paused. "It might be an interesting experience, but the answer is still no!"

"...Shy?"

"No."

"Then why?"

"There's your first intelligent question. What if I were to get pregnant?"

"You promised you wouldn't."

"I lied."

"Oh." he said, then suddenly flashing with inspiration, he shouted, "well, think sterile!" He grabbed her boldly and tried to push her into the corner formed by the radar console and the back wall, bracing his foot against the autopilot. However, he met with even less success than the last person to try this maneuver.

She kicked him.

She kicked him in his struggles, and kicking someone is a dangerous thing to do in free fall.

Sam caromed off the control board, striking the chrometer with his already tender left occipital.

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"Just a minute, Daddy." It's only a matter of proper color balance." A few minutes later the figure's complexion took on a florid pink glow. "See! They're just like us - just big fat happy pink people!" And you owe me that farthing, Sam."

* An apt comparison, but true only in Simp's case,
--The. Arthur

* - * - * - * - *
FARTHING AROUND

Isn't it amazing how you can watch television for hours and not gain a thing from it? Sam sat before the video screen for three days --and nights--before it finally began to sink in. Not only were the originators of the signals not trying to communicate with them; they were probably not even aware of their existence.

"Now, that hurts," said Sam.

"What? The fact that they don't even know we're here?"

"No, the fact that it cost me a farthing."

* - * - * - * - *
YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MUCH SCIENCE FICTION, SAM

"You know, this is a marvelous opportunity," Sam marveled, after he had had a chance to think about it. "We'll be able to study them and their language from space before we ever make contact. We'll be able to find out just what kind of people they are!"

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EGG ON YOUR FACE OR THE YOLK'S ON YOU, SAM

Neat trick? Hah! Try it sometime! Neither Sam nor Sylvia nor Simp was a trained psychologist or language specialist. Not only had they not had the training for the task, but the programs they were watching had not been designed as language courses. It was quite obvious that they weren't being broadcast by the Berlitz.

Imagine someone from another planet, another culture, trying to learn the languages of Earth by watching daytime soap operas or nighttime situation comedies. If they watched for too long they might even begin to question if they really wanted to contact the human race.

No, forget it, Sam. It can't be done. At least, not by you--and definitely not in this story.

Just about the only thing that Sam did learn from the television set was that whatever else they were, the people of Earth II were undeniably human, although Simp occasionally expressed his doubts on this point. This was usually after a white-coated man would trace the progress of a delicate little capsule down the cross section of someone's internal plumbing.

"Idiot Daddy," Sylvia would always explain lovingly, "That's just an aspirin commercial and has no more relation to reality than any other commercial. They're just as human as we are."

Finally, even Sam had to admit that she was right. At least they seemed to be human in their cultural values. An intelligent race would have destroyed the transmitters long before.

*

THE PRIME OF OUR TIME

Even though Sam couldn't learn the language, he never gave up trying. He spent hours in front of the Vidiot screen (As Sylvia christened it.) And this actually wasn't such a bad turn of events either. It was safer for him to watch TV than to read. (A fact that had been discovered years earlier by several varieties of Americans.) It kept him out of trouble.*

Eventually he was able to make some deductions about the culture of Earth II. He started putting his notes down in his diary, which some time later was to be published under the title of Inside Earth II, An Outsider's Viewpoint.

*

AN ITEMIZED ACCOUNT

A few notes from Sam's notebook:

ITEM: Every time I begin to think that these people are not really human, they show that commercial with the two topless girls. If they are not human, they sure do one hell of a good imitation.

ITEM: The first thing we noticed is that the clothing styles on the planet are quite a bit different from what we are used to. (Sylvia says that it indicates different cultural values. Whatever that means.) The men wear a kind of Greek toga, as well as a variation on Bermuda shorts. But while the clothing is rather attractive, some of the people are rather ugly. (Men with bony knees should not be allowed to wear short skirts.) The women tend to wear chemise-like garments of no particular style. Some of them have lower necklines than we are used to. About a foot lower.

ITEM: Hair styles are fairly long on both men and women. It looks like a planet without barbers.

ITEM: Either bathing suits are unknown to these people or they are all awfully absent-minded. Some shows have originated from beaches or swimming pools and have been downright stimu--uh, shocking.

ITEM: From what we have seen of their clothing--or rather what little we have seen of it, we can infer that the climate of Earth II is remarkably similar to that of our own Earth. (Rest in Pieces). However, since we have not seen any overcoats, I suspect that the overall climate may be slightly warmer than what we are used to.

*Simp had come out of the rear cabin during one of these broadcasts. He sputtered and turned a bright red. It was all he could do to watch. At the end of the show, he retired to his cabin muttering that if God had wanted people to go naked they would have been born that way.

ITEM: These people do not operate on a seven day week as we know it. One specific program has been repeated once every one hundred and twenty hours, indicating that--if their days are twenty-four hours long--someone has at last invented a five day week.

ITEM: If their weeks are only five days long, does this mean that they have seventy-three of them per year. How many months do they have?

ITEM: Sylvia tells me that the broadcasts we are seeing are not beamed directly from the planet. They are being bounced off of a communications satellite which may be one of the reasons why we can pick them up so easily.

ITEM: We have seen one program several times, and it is beginning to be quite a puzzle. It appears to take place inside a private club of some sort. There is a hostess, a rather matronly woman, and a number of very attractive sub-hostesses--sort of like bunnies. It seems as if there is always a party going on at this club. Question: what do these very attractive girls do when they take a man upstairs? Each episode of the show seems to deal with the problems of one specific individual and it seems that that is where his problem is always solved. Upstairs.

* = + = + *

TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC PICTURE MACHINE OR A BOY AND HIS DOOR TUBE

And, as the capsule--all that remained of old Earth--drifted ever closer, Sam watched and wrote, watched and wrote, and wondered what the hell were they doing upstairs?

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ERASER CRUMBS TAKE ON THE CONSISTENCY OF BUBBLE GUM WHEN THEY FALL INTO THE TYPE WRITER

After the original novelty had worn off, Sylvia had not paid too much attention to the television. Instead she had turned her efforts towards adapting their transmitting equipment to a thousand line scan so that they might try contacting these people. Sam when he heard about it had reservations. True, they had no choice if they wanted to go on living--but to give Sam his due, he wanted to be sure that they were making the right decision.

"Look," he said, gesturing with a tube of chicken salad. He removed the cap with his teeth and squirted a stream of paste into his mouth. "Look, we really don't know too much about these people."

"Don't talk with your mouth full," snapped Sylvia. She turned back to her work. (Back on Earth, she had been a Junior Grade Shrew working for her Senior Shrew Merit Badge.)

Now Simp decided to enter the discussion, which was something he very rarely did. Having learned early in the game that silence is golden, he had been working for an embarrassment of riches. (Indeed by keeping his mouth shut, he had been able to avoid both: Embarrassment and riches.) Now he spoke, "Sylvia dear, I really must agree with Sam. After all, how much do we really know about these heathen?"

"We know that they're human and fairly civilized."

Sam uncapped a plastic squeeze bottle and aimed a jet of water into his mouth. "Define civilized," he said.

"Um, well...uh,...like us..." she offered.

Sam rejected it. "It never fails to amaze me. As soon as a man is able to understand the concept of civilized, he immediately applies it to himself."

Sylvia looked at him dryly, "I assume that that was your philosophical comment for the day."

"Yes it was."

"Well, it was very enlightening--but it doesn't help us solve the problem."

"What I meant was, we're really in no position to judge. For all we know, these people could be cannibals or something."

"Even worse," added Simp, "they might be atheists."

"Well," sighed Sylvia, "if either one of you can suggest an alternate place to land, I'll plot a course there. But as for me, I'd like to get out of this tin coffin."

Sam and Simp looked at each other. As neither one of them could think of an appropriate answer, they agreed to retire to the other cabin, there to split one of the few remaining bottles. Sylvia continued to work on the problem of communication with the people of Earth II, as they had dubbed the planet. But, thought Sylvia as she worked, in all probability the people of Earth II probably thought of their planet as being Earth I and the defunct planet as being Earth II. It all depends on where you stand.

* - * - *

THE BIG BROADCAST

It was three weeks after they had received their first signals from Earth II, eight weeks since their launching. They were now ready to try transmitting a message of their own. Sylvia had set up a small TV camera in the cabin and was going to make a tape.

First, with diagrams, she indicated the sun. Then she drew three circles around it. In the third circle she indicated two planets on opposite sides of the sun. Then she crossed off one of the planets.

She then showed a picture of their spacecraft, and a cross section indicating three people as passengers. Finally, she stood before the camera, pointed to herself and said, "Sylvia." Sam then stood before the camera, pointed to himself and said, "Sam." Simp, wearing a pressure suit with a clerical collar, stood before the camera and carefully pronounced, "I am the Reverend Simpson Osgood Beautiful." Sam shook his head; they'd never understand that.

Sylvia then spliced the tape into a continuous loop. To do this she was forced to modify one of Sam's stereo-tape cartridges, so that

it could be used with the videotape machine.*

Simply put, their message said, "Here we are, ya'll!" Hour after hour the tape crawled past the magnetic heads, where (instead of The Unclaimed Freight) Sylvia's SOS was converted into electrical impulses, fed into the transmitter and squirted at the speed of light, toward their destination, the approaching globe of Earth II--where it was promptly drowned out by the local welter of broadcasting noise.

* And to this day, Sam has still not forgiven her for erasing the last existing copy of "At the hirligig works" by the Unclaimed Freight.

* * * * *

IS ANYONE OUT THERE LISTENING TO ME

OR -- JUST BECAUSE YOU PLAY YOUR COMMERCIAL 1938 TIMES
DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN THAT ANYONE IS PAYING ATTENTION*

Their message had been on the airwaves for three days, some 1938 repetitions when Sam went to Sylvia and asked, "why don't they reply? I want to know what they're doing upstairs."

Sylvia shook her head. "I guess we've just disproved Forbish's theory of repetition.** They should have received our first signals just ten minutes after we broadcast them."

"Well," said Sam speculatively, "maybe the evil Thrognites have captured the uranium mines and arm jamming all the airwaves so that the Crusaders won't find out and start a holy war to liberate the sorely oppressed Ignathians."

"That's a possible too...Sam! That's it! You've guess it!"

"What? That the evil Thrognites have captured the uranium mines?"

"No! That they're jamming the airwaves!"

"Who? The Thrognites?"

"No! The local broadcasts. Our signals are on the same wavelength as their TV programs! We're probably being drowned out by them. If they're getting anything at all, it's probably just static ...or at best a ghost image."

"Well uh, why don't we broadcast on another wavelength, one that they're not using," Sam suggested.

Sylvia thought about it. "If they're not using it, maybe they're not equipped for it. We have no way of knowing just what channels they do use."

* Madison Avenue, please take note. --The. Arthur

** Yes, the same Dr. Forbish who was responsible for Project Poof. He was a very versatile man. His theory of Repetition said basically that if you do something often enough it becomes a habit. Let us all fervently hope that Project Poof was not one of Dr. Forbish's habits.

"What'll we do," asked Sam morosely.

"We'll just have to wait until we get close enough for them to pick up our signals clearly. That's all."

"Oh," said Sam. "I hope it isn't too long. I wonder what's going on upstairs...."

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WE INTERRUPT THIS TIDIA...

Actually they didn't have too long to wait. Three weeks later the regular programming from Earth II was interrupted. First they saw an announcer type speaking to an unseen audience. "That's funny. It isn't time for the news," said Sam, who had carefully charted these things out.

Then suddenly they saw a replay of their own message. Next, there was a diagram showing the capsule with wavy lines emanating from it. Then a hand was shown turning a switch. This was followed by another drawing of the capsule, but without the wavy lines. Then the image faded.

"What does that mean," muttered Sam. "That our capsule stinks?"

The cryptic message was repeated twice more until Sylvia suddenly realized, "They're telling us to turn off our transmitter." She immediately did so. After about three minutes more, the announcer type reappeared on the screen.

"Now remember, Sylvia," cautioned Sam, "they won't be speaking English. It may take a while to establish communication with them. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know."

The man cleared his throat and said, "Hello Sylvia, Sam, Reverend Beautiful. How are you?"

I wonder who the contractor was," Sam muttered as he snapped his pencil in two.

to be probably continued in our next issue

* * * * *

Answers to last issue's quiz

1. Cragon - Rogue in Space - Frederick Brown
2. Lithia - Case of Conscience - James Blish
3. Mount Lookitthat - Gift from Earth - Larry Niven
4. New Europe - The Star Fox - Poul Anderson
5. Nidor - The Shrouded Planet & The Dawning Light
Robert Silverburg & Randall Garrett
6. Nikkeldepain - The Witches of Karres - James Schmitz
7. Fern - Dragonflight - Anne McCaffrey
8. Ray-see-N'ee - Skylark Dugesne - E. E. Smith
9. Solaria - The Naked Sun - Isaac Asimov
10. Wing IV - The Humanoids - Jack Williamson

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Music of the Spheres

Here are four tunes from the hit musical of 2078, "To the Stars."
The tune of the first somewhat resembles "A Taste of Honey," that
of the second "More," that of the third "Exodus," and the fourth
"They call the wind Maria." Lyrics by Stilyagi.

To Be A Spacer

Ships may soar in the starry sky,
But here on Earth I'm bound to die....
To be a spacer -
A wish that cannot come true.

I long for space;
I long for space.
I long to soar up there with you.

I'd proudly wear my spacer's crest,
The silver spaceship, on my breast....
To be a spacer -
A wish that cannot come true.

I passed the test; my dream's come true.
I'm blasting into space with you.
I'll be a spacer -
A wish that finally came true.

Suns

Suns that mankind has never reached before -
These are the worlds that I long to explore.
Suns that are millions of parsecs away -
There are the suns I will go to someday.

More than you'll ever know
That's where I long to go,
To walk on the planets there
To see their skies and breathe their air.

Farther than Pluto is a long, long way.
But my fine ship will be there some day.
I'll go where man's never been before,
And of this I'm very sure,
No one else could want it more.

* * * * *

Mistitles Placed

The Delany Intersection by Sam Einstein
Bug Norman Spinrad by Jack Barron
The Trial of Williamson by Jack Terra
Bradbury 451 by Ray Fahrenheit
The Last Beagle by Peter S. Unicorn
Heinlein in the Sky by Robert A. Farmer
Yours truly, Robert Bloch by Jack the Ripper

To the Stars

This ship is mine.
The heavens call to me
To go into space and be free.
And when the ship blasts off
Into the starry sky,
Then I feel as though I could never die.

So come with me
And you will see the stars -
The stars that are calling to me.
Though I am just a man,
When I am up in space,
I sometimes feel that I am near to God.

I'll take you there with you.
If you will come, you'll see
The stormy skies with me.
Wonders we'll find.
This ship is mine.

Orion

Way out here so many stars
Are scattered in profusion,
That you can't find just where you are.
Your position's in confusion.

Orion -
Orion -
We'll never find Orion.

The captain says all hope is gone.
That star just isn't out there.
Orion must be somewhere near,
But we just can't find out where.

Orion -
Orion -
We'll never find Orion.

We crossed the empty void of space.
We left Earth far behind us.
But now we're lost - in space we're lost,
And no one's here to find us.

Orion -
Orion -
We'll never find Orion.

* * * * *

Helpful Hints for warlocks Dept.

The Devil is easy to identify. He appears as your best friend when you're terribly tired and makes a very reasonable request which you know you shouldn't grant.

Fiorello La Guardia

REVIEWPOINT

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

The Underpeople by Cordwainer Smith, Pyramid, Nov, 1968, 50¢.

Some of this is new, but most of it is merely an expansion of "The Stone of Heart's Desire" which appeared earlier in IF. It is a sequel to "The Boy who Bought Old Earth" (The Planet Buyer), and tells what happens to Rod McBan on Earth and afterwards. Most of the added material is not up to the quality of the original story but is still fairly good reading in its own right.

LK

The Last Unicorn by Peter S. Beagle, Ballantine, Feb, 1969, 95¢.

This is a strangely uncategorizable book - neither new wave nor sword and sorcery, something that conforms to the conventions of neither but has the finest attributes of both. The story is, if you have not already heard, about a unicorn: "she was very old, though she did not know it, and she was no longer the careless color of sea foam, but rather the color of snow falling on a moonlit night." She hears men saying that there are no more unicorns, and decides to leave her wood and see for herself if any of her kind yet remain.

Readers would also do well to get hold of Beagle's earlier book, which has also recently appeared in paperback, "A Fine and Private Place," a story which centers about two ghosts and a talking raven.

LK

Asimov's Mysteries, Isaac Asimov, Dell, 1968, 60¢, dedicated "To All the Nice People at Doubleday"

This contains four Wendell Urth stories (the babover refers to him as Wendell "Orth, space sleuth extraordinaire"). It has also "Pate de Foie Gras" which to the best of my knowledge has not been previously reprinted. It's a story about a goose that lays golden eggs--to avoid radiation poisoning. Biochemist Asimov traces out the chemical basis of this phenomenon.

When originally printed in ASF, this story occasioned a flock of letters in response to the problem it poses. As I recall, one reader proposed backbreeding among the Goose's flock to try to produce another fertilized zygote with the same set of recessives.

LK

SIMAK

There are some striking similarities among Simak's major novels, in regard to both his characters and the way they react to society.

Simak heroes usually begin the book in a fairly comfortable position. Shep Blaine has a cozy niche for himself at Fishhook,

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Enoch Wallace lazes in his well-worn rut at the way station, Daniel Frost is an important executive at the Forever Center in Why Call Them Back from Heaven?, Andrew Blake is nicely settled in a house that will take care of his every need.

Then, unexpectedly, disaster strikes, pushing the hero away from the rest of society. Shep Blaine goes alien when the Pinkness trades minds with him. Jay Vickers in Ring Around the Sun finds himself the target of a lynch mob. The FBI takes an interest in Enoch Wallace. Dan Frost unwittingly makes powerful enemies when he inadvertently intercepts an important, cryptic memo. Asher Sutton in Time and Again finds himself the prize in a war through time and space. Andrew Blake finds himself hunted as a monster.

Like a Christ in the wilderness, the Simak hero wanders through the society as an outcast, or even a fugitive; like water seeking its own level, he wants only to return to comfort that once was his. Shep Blaine is badgered as a dirty parry. Dan Frost is cast out of his miser's paradise and forced to run for his life. Asher Sutton spends years in the quiet past, contemplating society. Andrew Blake wanders a lonely road, making up his mind about himself.

The only exception is Enoch Wallace - rather than being pushed reluctantly away from society, he is pushed reluctantly towards it. But the end result is always the same: the hero comes to grips with his role in society and carves himself a new niche.

With one major exception, the hero's final course of action is withdrawal. (The exception is Why Call Them Back from Heaven?, which has the most anachronistic ending in all of Simak's major novels; here, although the hero has had an excellent glimpse of the decay and rottenness of his society, he leaps at the chance to get back into it. This is definitely not typical Simak.) Shep Blaine's mission is to remove all the parries from Earth, which might work in a Simak novel but is untenable in real life. Asher Sutton goes off to his private retreat to write his universe-shaking opus. Jay Vickers moves into a better alternate Earth. Andrew Blake cruises away in his eternal space snip, perhaps never to return. Enoch Wallace's position was left slightly ambiguous, but I got the impression that he would never wholly fit in with the society around him -- nor would he try to.

But the hero is usually not alone in his withdrawal, for he has a girl steadfastly at his side. Only in Way Station and Time and Again is the hero forced to part with the girl - and in neither case is the girl real. In Way Station, she was just an illusion he had conjured up for himself out of some alien magic; in Time and Again she was an android.

As I've said before, Simak's endings are cop outs. The hero solves his dilemma by running away from it. This is doubtless comforting to all of us, who would like to follow this line of least resistance ourselves, but unfortunately, experience shows us that this is not a valid solution in everyday life.

SG

Motions Unlimited, Robert Sheckley, Bantam, 50¢

Robert Sheckley plays the field in this collection of twelve

stories. In Notions: Unlimited he takes you centuries back into time, far into interstellar space, and deep into the mind of man.

In "The Leech" Sheckley deals with military stupidity and a life form that behaves like an interstellar virus that eats planets. His story "Gray Flannel Armor" describes social clubs for the love-lorn, but in a refreshingly original way. Two stories show how stupid ethnic prejudice really is. One other, entitled "Morning After" describes an affluent society in which most of its jaded citizens lack exciting ways to relieve their boredom. Another "The Language of Love," tells what happens when people become too preoccupied with the techniques of lovemaking.

The book has recently been reissued and is now in many bookstores. Read it, and reread the stories in it once in a while afterwards. It is a most enjoyable collection of science fiction stories, and is well worth having.

BB

Henry Gross and his Dowsing Rod, Kenneth Roberts, Pyramid, 75¢

This book is by Kenneth Roberts, the man who wrote Arundel, Oliver Wiswell, Northwest Passage, etc. It is a (presumably factual) account of the experiences he shared with a neighbor of his, who was an amateur water dowser. Roberts does not attempt to explain why water dowsing is possible. His attitude is "Dowsing is a fact that we must accept. Don't experiment to find out whether it is so. Go ahead and develop it." This is a well-written book, certainly worth buying and reading if you are interested in this subject...or if you just like reading well-written books.

LK

The Secret of Barnabas Collins, Marilyn Ross, Paperback Library, 1969, 50¢.

This is the seventh book that Marilyn Ross has written based on Dark Shadows. It is in many ways different from the preceding six. These differences can be accounted for quite simply: Marilyn Ross seems to have started watching the show.

It's fairly evident, at any rate, that she hadn't been watching it before. In the book before this (Barnabas Collins - don't confuse it with this one) she describes Barnabas as having hair on the palms of his hands. This, while okay for werewolves and atavistic vampires, is definitely untrue of the New England variety.

This book is, like the others, not a novellization of the TV show but a telling of related material. It is placed not in the time-stream of the TV show but in what is to all intents and purposes an alternate world, a world in which there is a Nathan Forbes in the nineteenth century, a world in which Barnabas wasn't imprisoned in his coffin for almost two centuries but instead lived abroad in England. It is also a fairly good book. I recommend it highly.

LK

If Bing Crosby put his pennies from heaven in a bank, would he be entitled to refer to them as his liquid assets?

Some time ago, Les Crane called Ray Bradbury the Dean of Science Fiction. (The true Dean is, of course, Robert A. Heinlein. Bradbury is a guest lecturer in Gothic Literature.) In order to prevent similar misinformed statements, the Third Foundation has decided to present a series of excerpts from the catalogue of the University of Stef, the University that Heinlein is Dean of. (For the University of Stef's staff list, see issue #83.)

The University of Stef -- An Introduction

The year in which the University of Stef was founded is unknown, but many reliable authorities give it as April, 1926. Its primary campus is located in the Everglades Swamp (or Fen). It also has many satellite campuses. Its motto is "Publish or Perish."

The University is governed by a Board of Trustees who are subject in their actions to the veto of the President Emeritus - Hugo Gernsback. Current Trustees are John W. Campbell, Jr., Frederik Pohl, Edward L. Ferman, Michael Moorcock, and other notables. The Board of Trustees determines conditions for the hiring of the teaching staff.

Teachers are classified into four different ranks: professors, associate professors, assistant professors and lecturers. As in most other large universities and colleges, these ranks depend on both the seniority and the amount of publication of the individual faculty member. Also present are a number of guest lecturers drawn from other departments at the University and from other schools, some of which are not affiliated directly with Stef.

Academic Honors

Unlike most institutions, honors at Stef are awarded to the faculty, not to the students. Two sets of academic honors are currently being awarded annually. The Academic Senate awards honors each spring among full-time faculty members. The teaching assistants (a group intermediate in status between students and full-time faculty) award their own set of honors each fall. These awards, which are named in honor of the University's President Emeritus are awarded among both full-time faculty and teaching assistants.

Admission to the University as an Undergraduate

There are no requirements for admission to the University of Stef. Registration materials may be picked up at your local library or book store.

Every undergraduate working towards a BSF is, however, required to demonstrate an acceptable level of vocabulary. This requirement in Subject X may be met by:

1. Passing the Subject X examination given at the start of each term on campus.
2. Being able to read any 6 issues of Astounding Science Fiction 1940 - 1950 with less than 20% bafflement.
3. Being able to read the Lensman series with less than 20% bafflement.

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Those students who fail to meet the requirement in one of these ways must enroll in the non-credit course in Subject X in order to achieve a BSF.

Requirements for the BSF

The degree of BSF will be granted upon the following conditions:

1. Completion of at least ten courses. This requirement will normally be completed in one year. Normal universities, of course, require four years of study for a Bachelor's degree, but the average Stef student reads as many books in one year as the average non-Stef University student reads in four--so the work load is equivalent.

2. Passing Subject X.

Listing of Undergraduate Courses Offered in Two Sample Departments

HISTORY AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY

Robert A. Heinlein - Department Head

A. E. Van Vogt - Sub-department head for Philosophy

Philip K. Dick - group head for Ontology and Epistemology section
in Philosophy

H&MP 1 Introduction to Western Civilization (Heinlein)

H&MP 25 Social (Future) History (Blish, Heinlein)

H&MP 43 History of Technology - extension (E. D. Smith-guest lecturer)

H&MP 57 Philosophy of Language (Van Vogt, Delany - guest lecturer)

H&MP 63 Religious Philosophy (Lafferty - guest lecturer)

H&MP 66 Metaphysics - in extension (E. R. Eddison)

H&MP 71 Ontology and Epistemology - a study of what is reality and how it is perceived (Philip K. Dick)

H&MP 85 Applied Ontology - in extension (H. Beam Piper)

H&MP 93 Ethics and Morality (Ellison)

SOCIOLOGY AND ANTHROPOLOGY

Isaac Asimov - Department Head of Sociology

Chad Oliver - Department Head of Anthropology

Harry Harrison - sub-department head in Cultural Anthropology

Lin Carter - sub-department head in Primitive Cultures (popularly known as "Savages and Sociodynamics" or "S&S.")

S&A 1 The Evolution of Man - in ext. (Olaf Stapleton - guest lect.)

S&A 2 Cultural Anthropology (Harrison)

S&A 5 Patterns of Culture Growth (Asimov)

S&A 15 Social Stratification - in extension (Aldous Huxley)

S&A 23 The Individual interacting with his culture (Dickson).

by Lee Klingstein

The nature of the Ghost in Hamlet has never been really established. Historical scholarship by itself can only indicate how paradoxical the Ghost must have appeared to the Renaissance audience.

Although the Ghost is presented within a Christian context, his actions are not in accord with either Catholic or Protestant theology. He is neither wholly a blessed spirit from Purgatory nor a malevolent demon from Hell.

The Ghost himself claims he is from Purgatory. He says he must remain in a state of suffering "Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature/ Are burnt and purged away." (I,5) He implies that he is being punished because he died in a state of sin, without the Catholic ritual of confession, the last sacrament, and extreme unction.

Yet, aside from these passages, the Ghost's statements are untouched by any traces of Catholicism. According to Catholic theology, the customary reason for a ghost's appearance was to request from the living those prayers and acts of penance which would shorten its stay in Purgatory. The Hamlet Ghost, on the other hand, does not deign to reply when Horatio asks: "If there be any good thing to be done,/ That may to thee do ease and grace to me,/ Speak to me." (I,1) Instead of asking for masses, he commands Hamlet, "Pity me not." (I,5) And although he deeply resents having been denied the sacraments, he does not advise his son to confess himself or to go to communion or in any other way to seek the aid of religion. These contradictions led one scholar to term the Ghost "a pagan character, but one deceptively embellished with some superstitious touches of nominal Christianity."¹

All in all, the Ghost's claim to come from Purgatory raises more questions than it resolves. It did explain how a spirit could return from the dead. However, two other problems would have immediately presented themselves to the audience. First, the Ghost's personality although dignified enough to be suitable to a king, was in certain ways unsuitable to a spirit undergoing purgation of sins. Hamlet the Elder is far too concerned with earthly things--particularly his own dignity. His denunciation of Claudius as "that incestuous, that adulterate beast" (I,4) resembles what Hamlet later condemned himself for, "cursing like a very drab,/ A scullion." (II,2) Shakespeare may also be intending to show the Ghost's sensitivity to insult in the first scene, when the Ghost stalks arrogantly away from Horatio, indignant at the scholar's implication that he is usurping the form of the late king.

Furthermore, and more important, the Purgatorial explanation was only theologically valid from a Catholic point of view. Protestant theologians rejected the concept of Purgatory entirely and dismissed ghosts as "deceitful demons seeking to injure those they visit."²

Of those four persons who actually see the Ghost, only Horatio ever considers him as possibly a spirit from Purgatory and he has abandoned this point of view by the next encounter. Hamlet at first

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takes the Protestant view that a "ghost" is either a demon or an angel, masquerading as the departed. This concept is clear in his initial address to the Ghost:

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable (I,4)

Similarly Horatio, though astonished at the Ghost's resemblance to the late king, addresses him as "illusion" and inquires:

What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? (I,1)

To these witnesses (and indeed to the Elizabethan audience), the Protestant presumption that the Ghost was a devil would have seemed bolstered by much of its behavior in the first act. Its exits particularly seem calculated to create the impression that it is an evil spirit. It first disappears when Horatio invokes heaven in a vain attempt to force it to speak. This behavior could well be interpreted as a demon's inability to endure the mention of God. The Ghost's highly emphasized inability to remain after cock crow has announced the coming of dawn is another traditional sign of an evil spirit.

It is in the cellarage scene, however, that the Ghost seems most like a demon. Hamlet indeed is quite discomfited as the voice of his self-styled father rings out from beneath the round. His sudden switch to colloquial and ironic language indicates that his faith in the Ghost's nature has been deeply shaken.

Despite the Ghost's ill-omened entrances and exits, he does not seem truly demonic in nature. His highly emphasized concern for Gertrude's well-being is irreconcilable with an evil spirit's attitude of general malevolence. His desire to protect her from Hamlet's wrath is one of the chief arguments against regarding him as a demon. As West remarks, "Pneumatology attributes many sleights to devils, but never the sleight of prescribing Christian forbearance."²

The absence of the thunder which accompanies the appearance of every other evil spirit in Shakespeare also indicates that the Ghost was not intended to be regarded wholly as a devil. Furthermore to consider the Ghost a devil forces one to disregard the Renaissance dramatic tradition of the obvious villain. If the Ghost were an evil spirit, he would be the only villain in all of Shakespeare who did not at any time mention his wicked intentions to the audience.

Though the Ghost's behavior cannot be fully explained by reference to Protestant or Catholic tradition, his functions in the play itself are clear and unambiguous. He operates on the expository level to give the needed background information of the king's death to the audience without letting it be known to most of the dramatic personae. He operates on the dramatic level to create suspense as to whether Claudius actually did murder the king and as to whether Hamlet should revenge his father by killing his uncle. His enigmatical quality thus provides a partial motivation for Hamlet's uncertainty, which would otherwise appear purely neurotic in nature.

Shakespeare never clarifies the nature of the Ghost, though the

audience does learn in the third act from Claudius' prayer that the Ghost, whatever his nature, is at least an honest chronicler. This unresolved ambiguity, distressing as it might have been to Elizabethan theologians, would probably not have interfered with the general audience's reaction to the play. The Ghost's behavior is in line with the body of popular folk lore. It is "a ghost that makes every important concession to prevalent superstition."⁴

By preventing the Ghost from degenerating into a deus (or diabolus) ex machina, Shakespeare succeeded in creating a dramatic tension which dominates the first three acts of the play. He resolves this tension not by clarifying the nature of the Ghost but by changing the context of Hamlet's actions from revenge to self-defense against Claudius' plays to kill him. At the end of the play, the Ghost's nature is still as much of an enigma as it was at the beginning.

Battenhouse, Roy, "The Ghost in Hamlet: A Catholic 'Linchpin'?",
Studies in Philology, April, 1951, pp. 161-92 (1 - p. 191)

Clark, Cumberland, Shakespeare and the Supernatural, London, Williams and Morgate, Ltd., 1931. (#4 - p. 70)

West, Robert Hunter, The Invisible World, A Study in Pneumatology in Elizabethan Drama, Athens, Georgia, University of Georgia Press, 1939. (#2 - p. 50)

West, Robert Hunter, "King Hamlet's Ambiguous Ghost," Publications of the Modern Language Association, December, 1955, pp. 1107-17 (#3 p. 1110)

* * * *

Our inventions are wont to be pretty toys, which distract our attention from serious things. They are but improved means to an unimproved end, an end which it was already but too easy to arrive at; as railroads lead to Boston or New York. We are in great haste to construct a magnetic telegraph from Maine to Texas; but Maine and Texas, it may be, have n thing important to communicate. We are eager to tunnel under the Atlantic and bring the Old World some weeks nearer to the New; but perchance the first news that will leak through into the broad, flapping American ear will be that the Princess Adelaide has the whooping cough. After all, the man whose horse trots a mile in a minute does not carry the most important messages; he is not an evangelist, nor does he come round eating locusts and wild honey.

Thoreau

Johnson had said that he could repeat a complete chapter of "The Natural History of Iceland" from the Danish of Horrebow, the whole of which was exactly /Chapter Seventy-Two - Concerning Snakes) thus: "There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole island."

Chapter Forty-Two is still shorter: "There are no owls of any kind in the whole island."

HARRY WARNER
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Md.
21740

The Fourth Foundation may be well underway now, for all I know. Certainly there has been ample time for such things to happen, since the arrival of the 85th issue of The Third Foundation. Too many fanzines for the loc time available, too many Christmas-time-consumers, some very sick spells, and various other matters are to blame, for which I apologize most heartily and futilely.

Let's see how well I can remember the contents of this long-ago issue. Barry Weissman's story impressed me as excellent. It reminded me slightly of a story whose title and author I can't quite remember about the little man in a besureaucratic nation who was forced to return from the dead in order to straighten out the mess that his demise had left in the red tape. If criticism is in order (and I sometimes wonder if it should be committed, instead of simply being joyous and grateful to find a good story in a fanzine) I think it would involve the character of the boy and his motivation. It would be a stronger story if some trait of the boy in relation to the grandfather ran through the story from the start to the finish, in addition to the love that the boy feels for the old man. Desire to protect him from the awful world into which the old fellow had lived, perhaps, or a conspiracy with the old man to trick the outside world in small ways. Either gimmick would help to motivate the boy's action at the end of the story and would tie the whole thing together a little better. The only other complaint is one that really involves all stories of this type, no matter how well they're written: it's so hard to persuade the reader that inhabitants of this world would really be in this kind of mess. Wouldn't such a regimented world take steps to make sure that the family had the answers available, just as today's world makes certain that we pay social security taxes and get a report on withholding tax from our employers? This must be the reason why fantasy writers in the old days put a man from the present into a story about the future: it gave an excuse for having the utopia explained to the newcomer and for his inadequacies' tendency to create crises. But it's still a very good story.

The conreport is noteworthy for the fact that the narrator admits going to a movie during the Baycon. This makes me feel better in advance, if by chance I get to the St. Louis con and if, again, I should feel an irresistable urge to see the Cardinals at Busch Memorial Stadium, one of the major league ballparks I've never been in.

I liked the Barbarella review particularly, in the review section. There must be some kind of moral in the way Holly wood shows every sort of ingenuity in the credits section of movies, and then puts nothing but the worst cinema cliches into the remainder of the films. Well, I don't mean that Barbarella falls so far behind the quality of its credits, but I did see a TV Guide recommendation not long ago for people to watch the credits of a film which the writer could find no other reason for recommending.

The Metaphysical Hyena continued to amuse me immensely. It has some wonderful lines, like "It wouldn't be right to bring a baby into this kind of existence!", which has a mad logic all its own when spoken under these circumstances, even if it is somewhat the worse for wear. I was able to tear my mind away from the sexual excitement

B

long enough to wonder if the astronauts have had any practice at taking off pants in free fall. Something tells me that this might be the most difficult feat of all for space travelers, one that might cause the astronaut to begin to revolve while suspended in midair, unable to reach any object to brake himself until he had created enough turbulence in the atmosphere for the entire ship to begin a slow rotation of its own, too great for instruments to check. Could it be something this elementary that has been foreseen and worked out by the United States but has wrecked the Russian manned flight program?

The letter column was fine. I can't quite agree with Rick Sneary's faith in fandom as a force for world understanding. Unfortunately the trouble with world understanding is not among groups in various nations with similar interests, but among the politicians and between a group in one nation and a group in another nation with an entirely different interest. Fans from different countries mingle beautifully for the same reasons that cause Rotarians to feel at home in luncheons halfway around the world or athletes to fraternize like old friends at the Olympics. Aside from minor problems like language, a Japanese fan and an American fan are natural friends, much more than an American fan and an American policeman would be. Now, if American fandom could just convince the delegates to the United Nations and the airplane manufacturing lobbyists and the sycophants around Chairman Mao of the need for international goodwill, we'd really have a different and an important lobby.

There really is a sevagram. The word was made famous when it came at the end of a van Vogt story -- one of the Weapon Shop series, I think--and van Vogt later explained that he'd been saving it up for the right occasion after he'd run across it in a speech or article or something by Gandhi. A sevagram is an Indian village. The last time it figured prominently in fandom, I believe, was back around 1961, when Bob Tucker got so amazed by my decision to attend a con at last that he wrote an article intimating that this was the beginning of the end for fandom, and utilized sevagram at a key place.

I liked the front cover, while admitting to my complete inability to know what the lettering means, or even what the eye with snail-lids symbolizes. I hope that it isn't the start of another Dodge Rebellion commercial series.

Oops, I forgot Tales of the Third Foundation. I was amused, and also reminded to some extent of the old two-reelers that they turned out in the silent movie days before even I was around. Events move almost as fast and as violently as in a Buster Keaton comedy.

Darrell Schweitzer Dear Ladythings and Gentlebeings,
113 Deepdale Road
Strafford, Pa.
19087

Thankye 4 Third Foundation 85. You'll be glad to know that Ray's evil plot has been thwarted. The Mightiest machine appeared on schedule. However, we cannot rest easy for he might try again in a more important era, like the early forties. You may have noticed that every Astounding from that period contains at least one famous to classic story. Imagine what could happen if he struck in 1941 when Heinlein was in his prime. Shudder!

What's so strange about "And watch the Smog Roll In"? Don't such conditions already exist in Los Angeles?

No comment on "Tiptoe through the Baycon" except it cannot possibly be true. I mean...hic...hic...oops.

Now by Klono's irridium entrails, I shall not comment on your 2001 review because I have seen a million of them. However, I must say that the center segment was an essential part of the movie.

I must grotch about the evial content of "Tales of the Third Foundation." It is all right to say that Rayl is rotten because he is, but when you spread such malicious slander about THE BEAST WITH NO NAME, I must protest. You don't even give him an opportunity to defend himself. Please allow me to say a few words on his behalf.

First of all he does have a name, though he is ashamed of it; it is Epimondias Q Oglethorpe-vinthrop. (well, wouldn't you be ashamed of a name like that?) He suffered through an unhappy childhood caused by an oppressive mother who wouldn't let him read SF (how horrible!) and who shattered his ego terribly by insisting that Dickens was a better writer than Heinlein.

He grew up misguided and shy with a severe inferiority complex and that complex causes him to try to conquer the universe in order to prove to himself that he was a whole person.

You see? You have misunderstood him and probably do him irreparable damage if you don't apologize to him in print. After all you should know that he really is a warm wonderful guy under his slimy exterior. Nuff said.

Metaphysical Hyena was great of course. By the way, I said it sounded like something from a nineteen thirty-eight. Amazing, not fifty-eight. If you read old magazines, you would realize this.

Bye now, Gotta run, A monster's in the closet, That ain't no fun. Azathoth have mercy.

←←-The Beast with No Name, being jello, has no mother (just add water). He is not slimy, but he does like to ripple with cosmic laughter. - stan burns ->>

David Gerrold I have just read your vile, filthy, obscene and
13615 Debby St. disgusting issue #85. THE METAPHYSICAL HYENA, by
Van Nuys, Calif. David Gerrold was the most offensive story I have
91401 ever seen in a fansine. If you are going to
continue to print such trash please cancel my
subscription immediately.

* * *

←←-You don't have a subscription. You've been receiving a free copy because you're a contributor.--Ed.-->>

Peter Singleton
Block Four
Broadmoor, Hospital
Crowthorne, Berkshire
RG11 7EG, England

Thanks for The Third Foundation #84!
Please note the new postcode in my address,
which is Britain's belated answer to the
American zip code. Herewith my Loc:

I groaned in anguish when I realized that Bargaining Point is yet another deal with the Devil story. I trembled in dreadful anticipation as this fiendish tale unfolded before my feverish gaze, and I ended up surprising myself because I found it to be entertaining, contrary to expectations. It was a light example of fiction which didn't require any concentration, in startling contrast to the latest Analog which I read previously to this item, so this sudden change of pace was a welcome novelty. I couldn't quite visualize the Devil wearing a pair of shorts and suspenders (we call them braces in Merry England) and I was disenchanted by his fat figure, instead of the usual lean and hungry physical characteristics all the Devil-worshippers know and love so well.

The best part of The Metaphysical Hyena is the footnote on page 22 which goes "In his book I Aim for the Stars (But Sometimes I Hit London...." and this just about sums up my opinion of von Braun. I can't reconcile his lofty astronomical aims with his penchant for warfare, even if he was under duress and without much choice of action at the time. He is very good at defecting to the winning side in an emergency.

It's very rarely I see faan fiction with more than one "a" these days, though this sort of thing used to be regular fare a number of years ago. I'm glad to note that Tales of the Third Foundation is a regular feature ~~due~~ to the Seldon crisis, it doesn't appear in this ~~and~~ and I was particularly pleased by the escape literature and the logical means by which it was employed to extricate our trapped fen from the carefully locked bookstore. I can't wait to find out how Steven Cohan gets on in his attempt to make a sudden exit with The Brothers Karamazov!

I don't quite agree with Jim Harmon when he equates "dirge-like atonality" with being "stoned" on drugs. I can't see how he arrives at this connection which is largely a figment of his own vivid imagination and bias. Being "stoned" on drugs has been a frequent experience for me in the past, but this doesn't by any means make me an advocate of atonal music a la Stockhausen and Schoenberg, etc; in fact, I'm quite adverse to this harshly fashioned music and under the influence the harshness would only be intensified, which is hardly a desirable development. Personally, I find Bach and Benzadrine an ideal combination as far as musical appreciation goes. True, the increased clarity of music is an hallucination as Jim states, but the phenomenon is nevertheless subjectively very real indeed and definitely not comparable with producing distortion by fiddling around with the contrast tones of a TV set, or indeed the bass or treble tones in the sound department. Jim blithely says that "the drug thing he can understand, even if I don't actively participate" but I can assure him that full knowledge of drug effects can only be gained by direct personal experience. No words, no matter how eloquent, can adequately convey the subtle but very realistic changes of perception which take place under the influence of analeptics, hallucinogens and psychotomimetics. I prefer Jim Harmon in a far less serious mood, as in his story "Bread Overhead" which I still recall vividly even though I haven't seen it again since it was first published in Galaxy a number of years ago.

I'm aware that Buck Coulson is not too keen on fan fiction but I'm surprised to note Dave Locke's remark that he fails to like faan fiction also: though he does put an occasional example of the genre with only one "a" in Yandro, unless my slightly shaky memory is playing tricks with me again. I'll check this with Buck when I write to him next.

I enjoyed The Third Foundation #84, and I'm looking forward to seeing the nextish.

and a month later, another letter from the same source

Thanks for The Third Foundation #85! Herewith my LoC.

The bright orange bacover has a very soothing effect if viewed at close range for any length of time - 3F is the first fanzine to be issued with a built-in tranquilizer, unless my miserable excuse for a memory is at fault.

Reading all the way through part two of The Metaphysical Hyena at one go without even taking a brief pause in order to get my bearings back in some measure, is a very bewildering experience. Amid the welter of carefully contrived cliches and pot-boiling stock situations, a certain lack of general cohesion had a cumulative effect on my delicate nervous system, tending to induce a trace-like state of temporary snock - with no after-effects, I hope! This episodic saga by David Gerrold reminds me of a similar serialized whirlpool of fascination confusion in the MITSF society clubzine Twilight Zine a few years ago. I must be perfectly frank, as is my usual wont, and boldly admit to a considerable quickening in my blood, coupled with an intensified degree of concentration during the attempted rape scene. I was slightly disappointed with our intrepid hero failed to rise to the occasion and I felt cheated when this unexpected and inglorious anti-climax presented itself.

"And Watch the Smog Roll in..." - Barry Weissman has a very absorbing and entertaining story here, in which the remorseless stranglehold of restrictive beaurocracy is even tighter than it is today. Combined with the vastly increased smog problem, which strikes me as being a logical extrapolation from present day trends, this satirical has a faint but horrible ring of credibility about it, in a very general sense. At the fast rate at which civilization is becoming increasingly complex and chaotic due to overcrowding and other important factors, something really outrageous is almost bound to develop in some shape or form sooner or later. Perhaps I'm a confirmed pessimist in this respect, but as our so-called civilization is progressing in fantastic leaps and bounds, I consider myself to be merely realistic.

Tiptoe through the Baycon - I usually thoroughly enjoy convention reports, but I must make an exception in this case. Sandy Cohen's staccatto prose and grossly inarticulate attempts to describe his experiences falls completely flat with me. Such juicy phrases as "It's a convention," "I play chess," and "I retire," didn't exactly fill me with unalloyed enthusiasm, though these tense observations might well be intended to convey Sandy's intense excitement...!

A few words about the lettercol:

RICK SNEARY - Maybe I do share your habit of talking about my

F
poor health a bit much - but what else can I do when my letterheads express interest in this subject? I often steer clear of health matters because I can find many far more interesting subjects to discuss, but when folks ask for details re my state of health - and anyone with a genuine interest in me is bound to ask sooner or later - I'm quite happy to enlighten them. After all, I've nothing to hide.

HARRY WARNER - Some of SF's fillers are indeed interesting but I don't agree with your implication that a mere list of haphazardly garbled book titles such as "Cloak of Campbell by John W. Mesir" and "I, Asimov by Isaac Robot" constitutes an ideal substitute for a well done filler, even if the artist's impression bears no direct relationship to the surrounding text.

The latest episodes of Tales of the Third Foundation somehow vaguely reminds me of James Blish's IF serial entitled Faust Elph Null, except that this fan fiction is slightly more cheeky by comparison. These true stories of club activities provide your readership with a penetrating insight into your various personalities and foibles, etc., so please keep up the good work in future issues of The Third Foundation.

A delightful runic and psychedelic cover by Monson!

Here's to the nextish.

Best Wishes,
Peter Singleton.

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Newsbits

The Second Foundation has now been started. It is an anti-New-Wave group, with Lester Del Rey as First Speaker. Apparently only the First Foundation (if that) will have to await the birth of Hari Seldon before it is formally organized. The Third Foundation doesn't have a First Speaker itself; all of us speak at about the same rate.

The Prisoner will be shown again this summer. Also, as most LA fans are now aware, Ace books will be putting out a series of books based on the show (just as the Man from U.N.C.L.E. books are based on that now defunct series.) The first book will be/has been written by Tom Disch. It should appear about May. The second is to be written by David McDaniel. All books in this series must go to England to be approved by McGuffin.

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Another View on Escapism (James Branch Cabell)

Man is the only animal that has reason; and so he must have also, if he is to stay sane, diversions to prevent his using it. Man, always nearing and always conscious of approaching death with its unpredictable sequel, and yet bored beyond suffering by the routine of his daily living, must have playthings to divert him from bringing pitiless reason to bear upon his dilemma. It is thanks to them that nobody really needs to notice how the most of us, in unimportant fact, approach toward death through gray and monotonous corridors.

