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Synergy #75

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

We're temporarily off schedule because of moving. (See Imprimis.) Please accept our apologies. Nextish should be out in slightly less than two months. Letters should be received by March 15th to be sure of publication.

THE THIRD FOUNDATION #92

ad astra per cogitationem

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typing by e. e. cummings' ex-secretary

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

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IMPRIMIS

III

by Lee Gold

WE'VE MOVED.

New Address: 11969 Iowa #6, Los Angeles, 90025

Our landlord, a man we've detested ever since he forbade us to have 3rd Foundation meetings on weekend afternoons on the grounds they were too noisy, finally managed to get rid of us. His sister got divorced and decided she wanted to move into our apartment, so we got thirty days notice. We got the news December 6th and spent the holiday season moving.

Our new apartment has two bedrooms, one for us and one for the mimeograph. We should have more room and yet....

We haven't bought any new books - well, maybe one or two during those desperate days when everything was packed or over at the new place but us and the bed. We've sold dozens of books that suddenly became worth keeping but not worth moving. We still have our Seven Bookcases. (Famous last words: We're not going to get another bookcase; ~~1/2/4~~ six seven ought to be enough.) And yet we now have too many books for our bookshelves. One bookcase, for instance, has always held the s.f. paperback anthologies comfortably - with room for my 87th Precinct set too. Now suddenly there are too many anthologies for it. My tentative theory is that books breed while in paper cartons.

Moving has also caused another set of problems. The LA Post Office, in keeping with the grand tradition of Post Office treatment of fans, has recently decided not to forward third class mail even within the same postal area. We've moved three blocks but our mail won't get forwarded.

"We'll just throw it away" the postman said, his face glowing with suppressed glee. - "But I need it." - "We can't afford to forward it." - "What if I give you twenty dollars to apply to the forwarding charges?" "No, we can't do that."

Finally I managed to wheedle out of him that if we got a post office box, then all the mail addressed to our old address would be put in the box and the 3rd class wouldn't be thrown out. But please, people, send everything to the new address; I don't want to have to keep up the post office box indefinitely.

AND ON TO THE THIRD FOUNDATION

ToC scanners will have noticed that we're no longer running David Gerrold's The Metaphysical Hyena. The reason is that David thinks he is on the verge of selling the thing. When it does appear in print, we will tell you. Anyone desperate for the book's ~~revelation~~ ending should write David Gerrold, Box 526, Hollywood, Calif., 90028.

continued on page 24

John Charteris's Bookshelves

by James Branch Cabell
from Beyond Life, 1919

"How can you hope to judge of books," John Charteris asked, "who have never read any author in the only satisfactory edition?"

We were sitting in his library at Willoughby Hall, where I had often been before. But I had never thought to examine his bookshelves, as I did now...

"Why, what on earth, Charteris-- The Complete Works of David Copperfield; Oeuvres de Lucien de Rubempré; Novels and Tales of Mark Ambient; Novels of Titus Scrope; The Works of Arthur Pendennis; Complete Writings of Eustace Cleever; Works of Bartholomew Josselin; Poems of Gervase Poore; The Works of Colney Durance" - hastily I ran over some of the titles. "Why what on earth are all these library sets?"

"That section of the room is devoted to the books of the gifted writers of Bookland. You will observe it is extensive; for the wonderful literary genius is by long odds the most common character in fiction. You will find all my books over there, I may diffidently remark."

"H'm, yes," said I, - "no doubt!"

But I was inspecting severally Lord Bendish's Billiam and The Wanderer; and A Man of Words by Felix Wildmay; and The Amber Statuette by Lucien Taylor; and the Collected Essays of Ernest Pontifex; and in particular, an interesting publication entitled The Nungapunga Book by G. B. Torpenhow with Numerous Illustrations by Richard Helder....

And I even looked provisionally into An Essay upon Castramectation, with some particular Remarks upon the Vestiges of Ancient Fortifications lately discovered by the Author at the Kaim of Kinprunes...

Then I became aware of further food for wonder. "Why, but what's this--Sophia Scarlet, The Shovels of Newton French, Cannonmills, The Rising Sun--You seem to have a lot of Stevenson's I never heard of."

"Those shelves contain the cream of the unwritten books--the masterpieces that were planned and never carried through. Of them also, you perceive, there are a great many. Indeed a number of persons who never published a line have contributed to that section. Yes, that is Thackeray's medieval romance of Agincourt. Dickens, as you see, has several novels there; perhaps The Young Person and The Children of the Fathers are the best, but they all belong to his later and failing period--"

"But the unwritten books appear to run largely to verse--"

The City of Rainbow's Ghost

by Dan Goodman

How it began he never quite remembered; and he never knew what route he took. But he had been in New York, and then in Los Angeles. Then it seemed he had ridden a subway, though there were none in Los Angeles; and he found himself in - well, it was a city, and the people spoke no language he had ever heard before.

Three-storied, thick-walled buildings, with no windows except narrow slits in the walls. Men and women, some in bright clothes, some in drab; clothes and hair in a number of styles, but all went armed. Some with clubs, some with swords, some with knives and daggers, an occasional morningstar. No children, no pregnant women-- not outside, at any rate. No vehicles of any kind in the cobblestoned streets; no horses.

A man in black and green (the first person the traveller had seen who wore no weapon) stepped into his path and spoke.

"Sorry, I don't understand."

The man in black and green reached into a pouch at his belt, brought out a sheet of paper and a pen. Handed them to the traveller.

The traveller wrote, "I speak English. My name is Charles Marracott. Can you help me?"

The man in black and green took back pen and paper. He looked over the crowd, then grabbed a large man by the arm and spoke apologetically. The large man took the paper and began running.

A few minutes later, there was a noise which sounded like a cat in pain. Except, it would have had to be a rather large cat - at least the size of an elephant. The street cleared; but as Marracott began to leave the man in black and green put a hand on his wrist.

The vehicle which came into sight looked - well, as if someone had taken a motorcycle and a flatboat and mated them, and there had been a Model A somewhere in the family tree, that vehicle might have resulted. It was painted black and green; the driver wore black and green, as did one of the two passengers. The other, the large man who had been pressed into service as a messenger, looked thoroughly unhappy.

"I know a paddywagon when I see one," Marracott said. "All right; I'll go quietly."

The vehicle rolled to a stop. It was a slow process; considering that the thing had been travelling no faster than fifteen miles an hour, the brakes were either terribly inefficient or in poor repair.

The large man jumped out, and walked off as fast as he could without seeming to run. The passenger in black and green also jumped out, and came over to Marracott.

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"American," he said. "East Coaster - you're not surprised at the same things a West Coaster would notice. A Packrat, from the way your pockets bulge; good, that means you can set up business in the Market till you find something better to do. A Minor Finder, by virtue of having gotten here - but not a Major Finder, or you'd have no need to be here. A Berserker, I'd say, with proper training; the Cousinhood can provide for that. Don't try to remember anything about how you got here or what you used to be; it'll come back when you need it. Any questions?"

"Where am I, and what do those uniforms mean?"

"You're in the City of Rainbow's Ghost; only place in this world where rainbows are ever seen, and then seldom and faintly. Black and Green are the colors of the Cousinhood; it couldn't be called the Brotherhood because that term would be meaningless here. Treating each other like cousins is as close as this world comes to brotherly love."

Before Eve, there was Lilith; the legend exists in both worlds --and in several others - though in different forms. (They are much different in the Land of the Black Sun.) We are the sons and daughters of Eve; the inhabitants of the City of Rainbow's Ghost are the sons and daughters of Lilith. They are no more evil than we are, but there is something missing in them. Horses and dogs dislike them; they cannot work together well. They can live in cities more readily than we can, because being crowded together seldom bothers them--they usually do not notice each other.

There is justice in that world; often better justice than in ours. There is even mercy. The Golden Rule and Kant's Categorical Imperative make sense. There is religion, of a sort, including several sects imported from our own world. But something is missing. Call it empathy.

The Cousin who spoke English - Cousin Michael Half-Outworlder - said, "I've been in Paris, where my mother was born. It was strange to see so many vehicles inside a city; we can't have motor vehicles because nobody would obey the traffic rules, even if we could set them up. Horses won't obey us, unless we treat them more cruelly than we have patience for; and Citymaster Ashmetoi's ban on oxcarts will last till we get another Citymaster. The Cousinhood is allowed vehicles for emergencies - slow vehicles.

"Now come and we'll drive you to the Outworlder section of the Market."

The vehicle was even clumsier than it looked. The cobblestoned streets were not the best driving surface. The siren was unnerving, even when one knew what it meant. Marracott had just decided that another five minutes of such riding would make him thoroughly carsick, when they reached the Market.

Booths were visible elsewhere, and a few substantial buildings; but this part of the Market was filled with men and women sitting on the ground, their merchandise on cloths in front of them.

"The one with the hooves is selling pornography," Cousin Michel

said, "He's loaded to the gills with anti-aphrodisiacs, but he can still barely keep his mind off women. He'll sell for another few hours, then another from his world will take his place, and he'll spend the next day or so with women. Then another half-day of selling."

"How do the people of that world get anything done?" Marracott asked.

"They don't, till they're too underfed for dalliance. When they're young they can accomplish something; but only up to a year or so after they learn to talk. And when they get old, they start to slow down. The birthrate is lower than you might think--they're rather infertile."

"That one, tall and thin with dead-wife skin - I don't know why he's out in daylight. His people are exiles from the Land of the Black Sun to the Grey World. He's selling maps; you might want to look over his wares later, when you have more money. Hold on - I recognize the one buying from him."

They went over to the mapseller and his customer. "Hank, wait till later to buy that map. A countryman of yours is here and needs help; I believe you still owe the Cousinhood something."

"Oh, what the fuck," Hank said, "I still have twenty hours to work off. But I'd rather not hang around with him any more than I have to. Nothing personal - just that everyone back there kept trying to shove me around."

"Tried to make you act like a human being, you mean," the mapseller said. "I'll take care of the new fish - Hank, you watch my stuff. And don't do anything dishonest - you remember what happened the last time you tried."

He walked along with Marracott and Cousin Michel. "Lived in your world for some years - still go back every now and then. Was in the American Army, fighting the Nazis, seven foot three is a bit over the height limit, but they were stretching the rules. It was a good war, even if my clan kicked me out for fighting on the wrong side, so I've still got a soft spot in my head for your people. Call me Ishmael - Ishmael MacGregor. Ah, this looks like a good spot."

"A good spot for what, Nightcrawler?" The speaker was more nearly mansize and manshape than MacGregor. But his face held an expression of pure hate that no human face could have held.

"A good spot for my friend to set up business," MacGregor answered. "That pitch of yours may have been vacant when you took it; but by the rules of the Market it's reserved for the people of his world, and in all fairness--"

"Friend, rules, fairness!" The hatred was now mixed with contempt. "Even for one of your breed, you've sunk low. Instead of living out a lifetime of such ravings, why not place yourself under my orders? It may not yet be too late."

MacGregor kicked him in the head several times, and he collapsed.

"Those from the Land of the Black Sun are a bit reluctant to obey

rules," Cousin Michel said. "I presume, MacGregor, that you attacked him in outrage at his flouting of regulations--that it had nothing to do with old quarrels. Therefore, I won't report the attack to the Market Court."

"Your laws say nothing about hereditary quarrels," MacGregor said.

"The rules of the Market do," Cousin Michel answered. "But then they also forbid the sale of torture instruments. And I see that this one has nothing else among his wares. I imagine he would call them cooking utensils, his customs being what they are."

He confiscated the torture instruments. "Marracott, your debt to the Cousinhood will be calculated. Shove that one to the side and leave him there; he won't make any trouble."

"Are you sure?" Marracott asked.

"Geas," Cousin Michel answered. "He can't take the pitch from a member of the race it was intended for, or take revenge for being ousted to make way for someone with a true claim, without bursting into flames. Pity all the Market rules can't be enforced that way, but there's not enough magic around to cover more than that rule and the one against murder. Well, MacGregor will give you any further help you need." And he walked away.

"Empty your pockets out onto the cloth," MacGregor said.

"What has it got in its pocketses?" Marracott said under his breath.

What hadn't it got in its pocketses? A Packrat can be detected, among other ways, by his habit of borrowing pens and pencils and forgetting to return them. A true Packrat will also buy them. Marracott had almost enough pencils to set up selling pencils alone, and he had rather more pens.

Three jack-knives in his shirt pocket, and an average of five in each pants pocket. An extra pair of socks. A pair of nail scissors. Five small screwdrivers, and one large one (need it be said that most of the pocketknives had screwdriver attachments?) Several bunches of keys. An assortment of coins, including some which were eminently valueless--what can be bought with a Danish one-øre coin, even in Denmark? Books of matches; an impressive number of these, considering that Marracott was a non-smoker. And much more; altogether, more than the stock in trade of a good many merchants in a good many worlds.

"A Packrat, all right," MacGregor said. "Did Cousin Michel say what else you might be?"

"A Minor Finder, and a Bersekker."

MacGregor nodded. "Cousin Michel is one of the best Manvaluers in the Cousinhood or anywhere else; what he says you are, you are. Did he qualify either of those?"

"He said I'd need training to be a Berserker."

"Then forget that, for now. The training may be what you came here to get; but it will wait. If you're a Minor Finder without training...."

A Finder finds what he needs, when he needs it. Really needs it, that is. A narcotics addict who is a Minor Finder will always be able to find his drug; if he can't, he is not really addicted. A Major Finder who is a drug addict will find a more satisfactory way of life.

Finders have little trouble learning languages, when they have to. Marracott had never noticed that Cousin Michel had stopped speaking English and begun speaking the local tongue. A Minor Finder is never completely without money for long; never quite starves to death; never is fatally wounded by any weapon but one powerful enough to destroy a city.

A Major Finder does better, of course. A Minor Finder will survive a concentration camp; a Major Finder will never be interned.

"It's a useful talent," MacGregor concluded, "although less valuable than common sense. But then common sense would never have brought you here. Now, this jack-knife here is worth three marks; fifteen solidi to the mark. If you have the makings of a trader you'll take it from there; if you don't, this is the time to find out. And if you'll excuse me, I have to get back before Hank steals too much more from me."

Marracott did quite well, for a newcomer. He sold coins for rather more than their intrinsic value, and within an hour or two had learned to detect the cruder counterfeits among the local currency.

The being from the Land of the Black Sun woke eventually, but seemed unable to move. Marracott asked his nearest neighbor--a stout, hairy person whose wares were elaborate mudpies--for advice, and was told that the sufferer was most likely immobilized by the geas against killing. "Nothing to worry about, but don't leave him there forever. He'll start to decay, and eventually he'll die."

The problem was solved by the next customer, a female satyr whose skin was covered with a remarkable collection of scars. "How much for him?" she asked.

"You mean permanently?" Marracott asked. "Not just for a night?"

"Until he wears out."

"Marracott consulted the mudpie-seller again. "Is such a sale allowed?"

"Certainly, since he'd sell you if he had the chance. He can file a complaint; and if he can convince the Market judge that slavery is against his customs, he'll be set free."

That piece of merchandise went for twenty-three marks.

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There were wandering food vendors in the Market. And a bathroom on wheels (the prohibition on ox-drawn vehicles evidently did not extend to the Market) with walls of one-way glass so a merchant might keep an eye on his goods. These took some of Marracott's profits. Even so, when night fell he had made a respectable amount of money and still had half his merchandise left.

As the Market closed down except for the booths that members of nocturnal races were allowed to operate after curfew, he wrapped his goods in the cloth. Then he went with the mudpie-vendor who had offered to find him a bed in a cheap but respectable doss-house.

The desk clerk at the doss-house looked unhappy when he saw them. "Tawndicken, you're no problem--I've saved your usual place for you. But your friend--well, there's two places left, and both mean doubling up. One is with a male satyr, one with a female satyr; either way, he won't get much sleep."

"Why not put the two satyrs together?" Marracott asked.

The desk clerk answered, with the air of one explaining the obvious, "Both expressed a strong preference for male company."

"Then put me with the female satyr; although frankly, I'm too tired to care."

"She isn't. And satyrs have a knack for getting their own way in such matters."

"He's a Berserker," Tawndicken put in. "He'll be all right."

"A trained Berserker?"

"No; but with the basic talents, that part of the Berserker training can be picked up fast with the right teacher."

The reader will not be interested in further details. Enough to say that even an untrained Berserker has reserves of strength not possessed by ordinary men; and that a Finder learns what he has to.

Still, Marracott's muscles were exceedingly sore by morning; even including such unlikely muscles as those used to wriggle one's ears. And he had to eat a huge breakfast before returning to the Market.

His wares moved more slowly that day; even so, all but a few were sold by dusk. Cousin Michel returned then, with a grim expression on his face.

"Take your money and what goods you have left, and come with me. Tonight you sleep in the House of Silver and Blood, where Berserkers are trained; tomorrow you start your training."

"And how do I pay for it?" Marracott asked.

"Citymaster Ashmetoi will pay for the training, and also pay for what you already owe the Cousinhood."

"And how do I pay Citymaster Ashmetoi?"

"By fulfilling your destiny."

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"You mean by dying in whatever way the Citymaster decides upon?"

For the first time, Cousin Michel looked uncertain. "I don't know if you will die, although it's rare for a Berserker to be immortal. And Ashmetoi doesn't decide such things. With luck, he learns of them before they happen."

Each question answered brought up more questions. Marracott decided to ask no more questions that night. In a way, that was the first decision he had made for himself since beginning his quest.

That night he slept alone, on a slab of rock.

There might have been any number of other students elsewhere in the House of Silver and Blood; the parts Marracott saw would have held a thousand. But if there were others who used the same areas, they and Marracott were kept apart. He saw only servants and instructors, and was forbidden to wander.

The servants were Children of Lilith, recruited from the countryside. The instructors came from several worlds.

The gentle young man who taught the tactics and strategy of nonviolence came from a world in which such methods represented the furthest limits of civilized warfare; and in which uncivilized warfare was scarcely less gentle.

"This sort of thing may work in your world," Marracott said at the first lesson. "But it's been tried in mine, and has seldom worked."

"I have taught students from the Land of the Black Sun. They have reported later that what I taught them was useful to them there."

A tall, thin man from Marracott's own world taught street-fighting. "The Sons of Adam are better at it than just about anyone else, for some reason. Now, you'll learn later how to use a broken bottle--although glass bottles are becoming scarcer. For this time, we'll concentrate on tin cans. Take even the lightest can, wrap your hand around it...."

Strangely enough, the instructor from the Land of the Black Sun gave the least useful lessons. Or perhaps not so strangely. His fighting techniques concentrated on giving pain to the enemy, rather than on persuading him to give up the fight or rendering him unable to fight on. Pain sufficient to bring unconsciousness was considered --well, unsporting is the wrong word. Inartistic is a better one.

On that first day, the lessons were largely theoretical. Marracott complained mildly during the Satyr's lesson..

The satyr had been a eunuch since he had made an ill-advised journey to the Land of the Black Sun, and his interest in his subject was therefore largely theoretical. "You'll get practice when you learn the theory; Don't worry; tomorrow and on alternate days from now on, you'll be taught solely by instructors from the Grey World. And they'll give you all the practice you want, and more."

The instructors from the Grey World were a mixed lot. One was a Nightcrawler, even taller and thinner than MacGregor. Of his two assistants, one seemed to be the result of a mating between a satyr and something with snakelike scales and catlike teeth. The other was manlike, but devoid of all emotion except a mild curiosity.

"The Grey World gets immigrants from everywhere," the Nightcrawler said. "We have to deal with their ways of thinking, learned and instinctive. We travel just about everywhere, including some places anyone else would consider too dangerous to visit. Which is why half your learning is entrusted to us.

"Nothing new will be taught you; we will train you to apply what you've already learned under novel conditions. Today, we will work with mild pain. Mild, means we leave out the gout, migraine, and other severe pains you will become familiar with later. Let us begin!"

Suddenly, every joint in Marracott's body was inflamed. Every tooth ached. He had several headaches simultaneously. Every pain or ache that could happen to any muscle seemed to happen in every one of his. And through all this, which should have blocked out all lesser pain, came the twinges of ingrown toenails, hives--

"Idiots!" the Nightcrawler screamed, "softhearted imbeciles! You forgot the bee-stings!"

The omission was rectified.

"Now, all we want you to do today is a few simple exercises. Jumping-jacks, one-handed pushups, that sort of thing. Later on, you'll be able to draw careful, accurate sketches while enduring real pain."

"But I can't draw!" Marracott managed to say.

"You will learn."

Exercises under pain (the Nightcrawler kept referring to it as "mild discomfort") took up the morning. The afternoon was given over to partial paralysis, one limb at a time.

"You did well, for a novice," the Nightcrawler said at day's end. "we'll see how you do later, when the going gets rough. Advanced pain, almost total paralysis; and the hardest thing to overcome - despair."

Within a few months, Marracott was able to draw accurately while undergoing excruciating pain.

His other lessons progressed from theory to practice to intensive practice. But almost without exception they were dull in comparison with the Grey world teachings.

The main exception was the satyr-taught lessons. The eunuch had been replaced by a quintet of female instructors. They began with the KAMA SUTRA as a text and progressed to the elementary texts that satyrs use in instructing their children.

At the beginning of his training, Marracott was still too passive to ask many questions. Later, he was too fatigued. But then he began to find the strength to fight exhaustion; and one morning he asked, "Why?"

The instructor in nonviolence answered, "Why what?"

"Why am I being given this training? Why does so much of it contradict much else in it?"

"A Bergerker finds himself in contradictory situations. All that you learn will be useful to you, in one situation or another. There is training you might have had later, if you had continued to be unquestioning; for example - methods used in those worlds where what I have taught you would be considered the height of sadism. But as it is, you are now ready. Your questions will be answered, if you go to your room and wait."

It was dusk before a servant brought him fresh clothes; black shirt, green vest and trousers, black cape. When he had dressed, the servant said, "The car is ready."

"What car?"

"The car that will take you to an audience with the Citymaster."

From the exterior, the car seemed to be a Rolls-Royce, one which would have gone largely unnoticed in Marracott's own world. However, Marracott was certain that an authentic Rolls would have upholstered seats rather than wooden benches. And while there was a steering wheel rather than the tiller the Cousinhood's vehicle had used, the other controls looked odd. For example,...

"Where's the brake pedal?" he asked.

"No brake pedal," the chauffeur answered cheerfully. "No need, when there's no brakes. You let it roll to a stop, or put it into reverse. Beautiful machine, isn't it? Import from the Grey World--Manhattan prime."

Marracott firmly decided never to set foot in Manhattan prime.

"I thought there was a speed limit?" he asked a bit later, as the speedometer climbed past seventy. (Not a needle on the speedometer--the speedometer, which worked in an indescribable fashion which Marracott rather wished had been as impossible as he once would have thought it.

"Ashmetoi owns this car, and the law doesn't apply to him. And this being a Curfew Night, there should be nobody on the streets. Still, I try to keep the speed a trifle below a hundred."

A hundred miles an hour, over cobblestoned streets sitting on a wooden bench with no seatbelt--Marracott's training fitted him to endure, but not to enjoy it.

The road ended several miles outside the city, at the edge of a forest. "You take that path," the chauffeur said. "There's a spell against artificial light, so you'll have to be careful. It's safe enough in daytime, but now..."

The trees were moving, ever so slightly; moving against the wind. Berserker or no, Marracott would feel better if he knew just what dangers lurked.

"What should I watch for?" he asked.

"The skunks come out at night, and some of the plants have thorns."

It was a mile walk in starlight, before Marracott came to a wall. In the wall was a door; and beyond the door an unlit corridor. The corridor seemed to go on forever, but at last it led to another door.

Beyond was a room the size of a railroad station, blazing with light. Men, Sons of Lilith, satyrs--every variety of manlike creature Marracott had yet seen and more was there. They wore a half-dozen kinds of uniform, and twice that many sorts of formal dress. In the center was a platform of rock crystal; and on the platform an oaken chair; and on the chair was Ashmetoi.

He might have been a man, or a Son of Lilith, or almost anything else. A scarlet robe with a deep hood concealed all of him but his hands.

The hands were more than enough. Forefinger and middle finger were crossed and fused together; likewise third and fourth finger. The thumb was double. The skin--Marracott had never seen scales and warts together before.

"Not very pretty, am I?" Ashmetoi said. "You should have seen me before the doctors worked on me, to make me presentable. It was an interesting experiment in selective breeding that produced me, although they considered me one of the failures. They might have achieved success; but I gained the power to have them killed before the experiment ran its course."

"But surely with magic--" Marracott began to say.

"Magic to change appearances is easy enough," Ashmetoi said. "I use it, most of the time. Magic to change more than appearances is harder, but someday soon a spell will be found to reshape my body. Tonight, I can't afford to maintain a normal appearance; there's only so much magic around, and it's needed for other purposes."

"You are Marracott, aren't you? Soon, I will explain. You--all of you--leave at once."

It had been decided some time ago (by whom, Ashmetoi did not say; nor did he say when they had so decided) that Earth would some day need heroes; and that if Earth were left to itself it would not have enough heroes in that time.

The first solution had been to stockpile heroes; put them in some form of suspended animation when they had outlived their usefulness in their own time, and reawaken them when they were needed. Holger Dansk, Frederick Barbarossa, King Arthur, Joseph Hilstrom--they, and others from every land and time, sleep until the need comes.

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"And then they began to think," Ashmetoi continued. "Which is what they were supposed to have been doing all along--but who am I to question them? And what they thought about was, how effective would these heroes be in a world much changed from what it had been when they lived in it? New weapons, new political ideas, new theologies. Languages dead or changed; patterns of life dead or changed.

"So they decided that new heroes would have to be found and trained. Not men of the past, but men of the Time of Troubles. The heroes from the past will still be awakened, but the new heroes will be more important than the old.

"Earth's Time of Troubles is close; and you are to be one of the new heroes."

Another man might have said, "Who, me?" Or, "I shall fulfill my destiny." Or, "Find another sucker." Marracott said, "How?"

"You will decide that," Ashmetoi said. "You and the other new heroes; and the ancient heroes, and whatever wise men you may find. The odds are that you will win; if so, you'll have a choice between sleeping till the next Time of Troubles or going to another world--Earth doesn't usually need heroes, you know, I hope you choose to return here; I grow tired of this job.

"If you lose, you will have nothing more to worry about."

Marracott asked, "How soon do I leave?"

"We leave now," Ashmetoi said. "We'll arrive in the United States, in one of the large cities, whichever one has the best conditions for our arrival. There had to be someone trying to summon a demon--someone who disbelieves in demons but is conscientious about the spell and has surrounded himself with people who half-believe. I look enough like a demon to fool a man who has never seen the real thing; you don't, but under the circumstances your cape will at first seem to be batwings."

The magic Ashmetoi used was unimpressive. A few words muttered in a bored tone, and they were in another and far smaller room.

It looked almost like an Earthly apartment; but there were little details that were not quite right. And it wasn't filled with amateur Satanists; it was empty.

"Manhattan Prime," Ashmetoi said. "We're probably going to Manhattan, then. There's a reason for this stop-over, I suppose, but they should have told me beforehand. They never tell me anything they pay as little as they can, and then they expect me to work twenty-five hours a day for them, never mind anything else I have to be doing,...."

And then they were in another apartment, almost like the first. This one had people in it. Some were in the currently fashionable bohemian costume; some wore clothing too far out for most bohemians

as yet, but likely to be in style within a year (and adopted by the general society within five years.) One or two were in the styles of past bohemias; a sprinkling in regulation middle-class uniform.

"This is where you prove yourself," Ashmetoi whispered. "Hold them; no matter how, but keep them from leaving." Then he screamed, "Run, you cowards--run and keep running forever!"

In his Packrat memory, Marracott had the words to still their fear. As a Finder, he found those words. As a Berserker he had a strength they could feel; and, for a time, he could make them feel the same strength in themselves.

There was nothing new in what he told them; nothing they had not thought before themselves. But this time they believed.

And thus began Marracott, first of the Heroes.

.....

BOOKSHELVES continued from IV

"For many men are poets in their youth,' and in their second childhood also. That Keats' epic thing is rather disappointing; and for one, I cannot agree with Hawthorne's friend that it contains 'the loftiest strains which have been heard on earth since Milton's day.' Milton's own King Arthur, by the by, is quite his most readable performance. And that?--oh, yes, the complete Christabel falls off toward the end and becomes fearfully long-winded. And the last six books of The Faery Queen and the latter Canterbury Tales are simply beyond human patience--"

"Then too there is a deal of drama. But what is Sheridan doing in this galley?"

"Why, that volume is an illustrated edition of Sheridan's fine comedy, Affectation, which he mulled over during the last thirty years of his life; and it is undisputedly his masterpiece. The main treasure of my library, though, is that unbound collection of the Unwritten Plays of Christopher Marlowe."

"This part of the room, at least"--for I was still nosing about --"appears to exhibit much the usual lot of standard books--"

"Ah, if those only were the ordinary standards for inducing sleep!"--and Charteris shrugged. "Instead, those are the books with which you are familiar, as the authors meant them to be."

"Then even Shakespeare came an occasional cropper--?"

"Oh, that is the 1599 version of Troilus and Cressida--the only edition in which the play is anything like comprehensible...You have no idea how differently books read in the Intended Edition. Why, even your own books," added Charteris, "in that Intended Edition yonder, issued through Knappe & Dreme--who bring out, indeed, the only desirable edition of most authors--are such as you might read with pleasure, and even a mild degree of pride."

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

TALES OF THE THIRD FOUNDATION

Stan Burns was standing over a small black, cannibal-type cauldron. There was a stew in it - foul-smelling, bubbling and sloshing gently in the blower breeze. And in it --

Chapter Eleven. Sandy Cohen's Report

"Figures of us!" Stan exclaimed. "Rayle must have turned to voodoo."

I was snocked. "But Rayle must know that voodoo is a hoax," I pointed out. "It can only succeed if someone scares himself into believing it, and none of us is that dumb."

Jim fished the figures out of the pot. "Four of them are melting already; the other ones appear all right." The Sheshire Cat suddenly disappeared off his shoulder, even the grin. Jim looked pale. "Everyone is here," he said, holding up the unmelted figures, "Except for Steve Cohan, the warrens and..me. We must have melted!"

We marched out in single file behind Lee, slightly shaken by the experience. "We must get Rayle!" declared Lee. "His evil must be stopped."

Out of force of habit I surveyed the area. Suddenly a shadow moved along the wall. It seemed to dance amidst the bushes and disappear. "Lee, in the bushes!" I yelled. "That shadow!" But it was gone.

The 3F crowded around me. "We're in trouble," I said. "I know of only one person who can appear and disappear like that. We're faced with a new threat - the Lurker in the Dark!"

The 3F was shocked. Rayle was bad enough. But now an even more potent enemy was upon us. TLITD was perhaps the most clever criminal mastermind the world had ever seen. He had been my sworn enemy ever since I had muttered those fateful words, "I am the ultimate in evil." His identify was unknown; his powers were tremendous. Had he joined forces with Rayle?

We regrouped at Lee's pad. Jim, Stan, Gordon, myself, the warrens, Leslie, Steve Goldin, Steve Cohan, Lee, Barry Weissman, Barry Gold, Mel, Rich, Bill Bakewell - the full fifteen members of the Inner Circle were there. Lee spoke first. "Rayle has escaped, but his empire has crumbled. It will take him time to recover, but he will be back. We must capture him first."

Then it was my turn. "The Lurker In The Dark is the most powerful enemy we've ever faced. If he joins with Rayle, the danger facing us is greater than ever. We must stop him."

Suddenly, a high-pitched laugh shattered my talk. "So you want the Lurker. Well, I know where he is." The entire 3rd Foundation stared in disbelief. A two-inch tall, bright orange imp was facing

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us from the patio door. "My name is Giip, and I want to join the Third Foundation. If you let me join, I'll tell you where Lurk is."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Lee. "A new member for us. Do you like tortilla chips?"

"Easy, Lee," I cautioned, "this looks suspicious."

"Well," said Giip, "do you want Lurk or don't you?"

"We want him," I said. "Where is he?"

"I'll take you to him. Come on!"

"Hold it," Barry said. "I've got to get back to Berkeley. And Richard has to get to Riverside."

"Yeah, and it's time for LASFS, Inc. to meet too," Mel added.

"We can't pass up a chance like this," Jim said. "Bill, Beverly, Steve Cohan and I don't often attend LASFS. We'll got after TLITD."

Reluctantly we agreed to this plan. The fearless four piled into Jim's car along with Giip. Barry and Rick said their goodbyes and also left.

"You know," I said to the remaining group, "all the ones going after TLITD are doomed according to Rayle's witchery."

"That's right," Mel said. "Now, how are they going to manage to melt in a stew?"

"Yeah, I guess it was a foolish thought," I agreed.

We gathered our things together and prepared to leave. Just then the telephone rang and Lee answered it.

"Rich, you're supposed to be gone," we heard her say. I saw her face turn pale, and she nervously hung up. "Barry's disappeared. His car turned off the freeway and just disappeared."

"Maybe Larry Niven wrote him into a story," Steve Goldin suggested.

"No, it must have been Rayle," Lee said. "He transported us away once before, remember. What should we do?"

"We might as well go to the Los Angeles Second Foundation Section, Inc.," Leslie pointed out. "Barry could be anywhere. His agents can locate him faster than we can."

We piled into our car and left. As Leslie and I turned onto the Santa Monica Freeway, I turned on my radio. They were playing an old Beatles hit. Suddenly, the announcer's voice cut in.

"We have a special bulletin. An old black T-Bird with four persons aboard plunged off the road and over the cliffside into the sea near Malibu. The car burst into flames as it rolled down the

cliff. No survivors have been found, and the police conclude that all occupants are drowned.

"Reliable witnesses report seeing a tiny orange figure leap from the car and fly into a second vehicle just before the T-Bird burst into flame. No explanation, other than swamp gas, has been given."

I was thunderstruck. "Jim's car - he's dead. And Steve and the Warrens too. It can't be true!" But deep inside I knew that it was.

We arrived at the park in a few minutes. I parked and we got in at a few seconds of 8 o'clock. "Lee," I yelled, hurrying to tell her the news.

"Quiet! Order in the room! Come to order!" David Gerrold the director of LASFS belted. He pounded his gavel three times in succession. On the third pound a cloud of smoke filled the room, and a chorus of screams rose around me.

The smoke quickly cleared. Everyone had disappeared except for the nine members of the 3F. The gavel sounded again. I stared at the front of the room. Kayle stood there holding the gavel.

"Marvelous, marvelous! We're all together again. Only this time I have my friends with me." A two-inch ball sprang out of his pocket and balanced on the gavel.

"I promised you Lark," Giip said. "He's right here." A shadow flickered around the wall, and once more the room filled with smoke.

to be probably continued

* * * * *

As sheer casual reading-matter, I still find the English dictionary the most interesting book in our language. - Albert Jay Nock
Albert Jay Nock

Recently we came into the possession of Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary; although published in New York, it is not an American dictionary but a British one. "Hood" is defined as "(US) a motor-car bonnet," for instance. Full definitions are given for such Britishisms as "wizard" and "downy bird."

Also, this dictionary includes a large number of words usually not covered by standard American dictionaries--Shakespearisms and Spenserisms, dialect words from Scottish, Irish and Welsh, Latinate words more common in Great Britain than in America. Some of these words are quite useful--like "quadrumanous" which means "four-handed" and refers to the Primates other than man. It should be easily adaptable to more alien conditions though.

And, speaking of aliens, I find there are far more words with the "xeno" prefix than I had known about before: "xenium - a present made to a guest or ambassador"; "xenodochium - a building for the reception of strangers"; "xenogenetic - due to outside cause"; and "xenial - belonging to hospitality or relations with guests."

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We asked Stan Burns for his impressions of Portmeirion, the ~~Village~~ resort where "The Prisoner" was filmed. This was the result.

BUTTONS

by Stan Burns

Oh the Buttons! pretty buttons. Push one. The lights go on. Another; they go out. They run our lives. We rely upon them to turn on the tube, the washing machine, the baby minder. And we wear them to put ourselves into neat little niches. "Peace now." Or "#6."

"Work here?"

"Yes."

"Must be pretty groovy!"

"washing dishes eight hours a day?"

He had brown hair, tall, leaning on the handlebars of his bike. We stood in the shade of a large row of large trees that followed a narrow unmistakably English road. The grassy plain on the left gave way to more trees in which patches of ocean struggled through.

(LIBRA Sept 23 - Oct. 22): Welcome chance for change, travel and variety. Status quo may not suffice. Act accordingly.

Limping slightly, the small white dog crossed the road in front of me, his tail curled between his legs. As I turned to follow him onto the grass I became aware of the massive stone mansion surrounded by NO TRESPASSING signs.

The guard sat in his booth surrounded by the high wall. The attendant asked for a six shilling admission, which I reluctantly paid. I would have to hitch back to the town where I was staying, having only three pence left.

Walking past the booth, I noticed pictures taped to the window. HE stared out at me from his paper prison, beside his #6 badge. The guard smiled as I walked by, I waved to him. Thus I entered the village /never to be seen again by mortal man. If you are reading this, my ploy must have been successful. I attached this message to a sex crazed mongoose, a broken man. I hope I am successful; hope that someday someone will come to take me away from the rollers, the numbers, and the BUTTONS./

The ship sat on its sandy sea, sailing endlessly on its voyage to nowhere. The cracked stone floor joined the wooden sides, strips of peeling paint worked their way toward the rocky deck.

Above was the lawn. I could almost see the old Admiral in his eternal chess game. But now there were only deserted lawn umbrellas and a few tired old men listlessly standing in the waning afternoon sun.

The sand sweeps silently outward, surrounding the tree-encroached village. The green dome lies reflected in a stagnant pool of water, left relicted by the retreat of the tide.

My feet sank deeply into the soft sand, a swarm of gnats dive-bombed about me. I tried futilely to ward off their unwanted show of attention but unsuccessfully.

I took off my shoes and walked on the sand. Its warmth felt good on my feet. My footsteps caused a school of small fish to flee, sending ripples thru a small pond.

The green dome towers above the land, its eagles poised to swoop down, to tear, to crush. RESIDENTS ONLY signs sprinkled the area, separating me from the Dream.

I stand below, camera in hand, hoping to catch and preserve the picture; but the moment, the feeling, transitory, slipping out of my grasp, fading in my memory.

A Buddha, sits opposite, gazing down at me with unseeing eyes, lifeless, out of place. What stories can you tell?

"You're American, aren't you?"

I sat at the table, slowly sipping a Pepsi. They sat across from me, two men and two girls.

"Yes, I'm American. Why?"

One of the men turned and pointed to the girl sitting beside him. "She lived in Los Angeles for a year."

"Really? I'm from the LA area too. Glendale. Do you know it?"

"Yes," she answered. "I lived in the Valley."

"How bout that. Did you like it?"

"Yes, except for the smog."

"Yeah, the smog is a bummer."

The tower rises into the heavens; ivy clings, climbs slowly toward the summit. The tree leans out, vying for attention. Below, Atlas sits, supporting the world on his shoulders. I sat in the shade, watching the water spray down upon the noble wrought-iron fountain. Slowly. Glinting occasionally when sunlight touched its crest; dancing, happy.

"The Prisoner was filmed here, wasn't it?"

"Yes," the shop keeper said. She stood behind her postcards and gazed at me thru nearsighted eyes. "It was terrible. They made a mess. Pulled out flowers, crushed shrubs. It took a month to clean up."

"That's too bad. Hey, do you sell souvenirs? You know, like badges or something?"

"Heavens no! We wouldn't stoop to commercialization."

"Oh."

The blue and red mermaid sat on her ledge, the white smokestack reached high, the round pink building sat, caught between the towers and the Dome. I turned for one last look at the Dream, and then made my way slowly down the tree-shrouded road back to the Reality.

And stood, arm extended, thumb high, as cars slipped by, completing their journeys, none stopping to include me. Alone. Cold, as the wind gently blew my hair, whipped my jacket.

And now the Dream is gone, only the memory remains, heightened by the few snapshots that serve to poke and prod events back into the present.

The Facts about Portmeirion

What follows is a digest of a pamphlet Stan brought home with him - "Portmeirion/ It's /sic/ What? when? why? and How Variously Answered" by Clough Williams-Ellis, James Morris and Lewis Mumford. The pamphlet is chiefly remarkable for what it omits. Though published in April, 1969, it makes no reference to "The Prisoner."

Portmeirion is the creation of British architect Clough William-Ellis (now eighty-four years old). The area was originally named Aberia until Williams-Ellis purchased it as a site for his architectural plans. The architect's dream was to show that "to develop even a very beautiful place need not necessarily mean its defilement and that architectural good manners can also mean good business." To that end, he created the Village - and turned it into a hotel/resort. The previous owner's mansion is the core of the hotel, with a restaurant, bars, etc. Some of the inhabitants of the surrounding cottages are native Welshmen; others are visitors, renting apartments or cottages. Unfortunately, the booklet doesn't state and Stan didn't bother to find out the rental scales. If anyone happens to find out, please send us word.

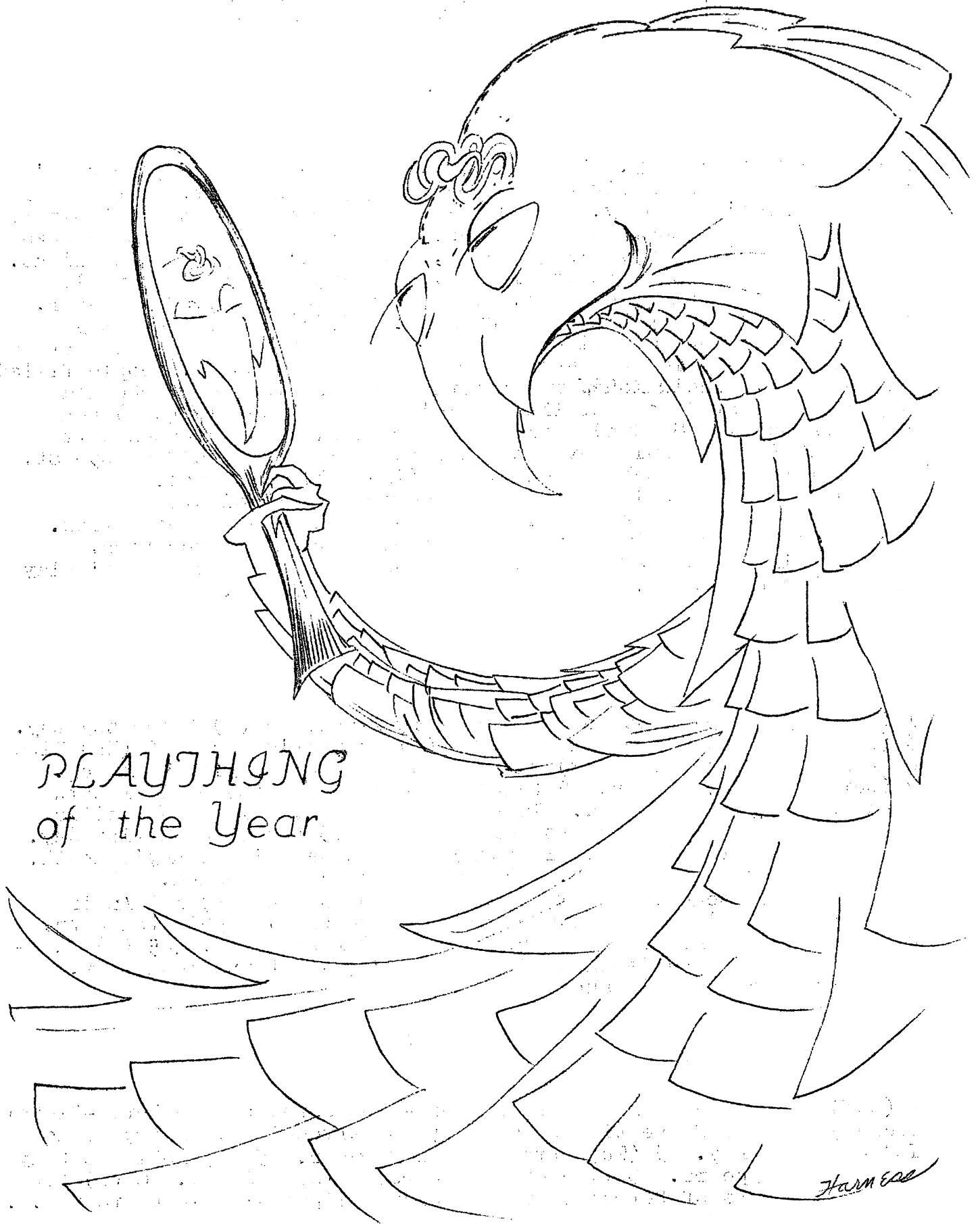
* * * * *

Random Eavesdroppings

Write that one down in Bird Droppings.
They cut out an "argh."
Once it's been thrown, it's a throw-pillow.
Achilles- Oh, yes...Tendon is the Night.

* * * * *

Irish bull - On the sands of Time we see the footprint of an unknown hand.



PLAYTHING
of the Year

Harm Ede

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CALENDAR 1970

JAN

1 (Th) New Year's Day, 2 (F) Asimov's birthday. 3 (Sat) Tolkien's birthday. 4 (Sun) Lunik 2 launched. 5 (M) 12th Night.
 6 (Tu) Holmes' birthday. 7 (W) Galileo observes 3 moons of Jupiter.
 8 (Th) Lunar Perigee. 9 (F) 1st Am. balloon flight. 10 (Sat) wake for Buffalo Bill Cody. 11 (Sun) Dr. Morris Goldpepper meets aliens.
 12 (M) HAL becomes operational 1997. 13 (Tu) New Year's Day Old Style. 14 (W) Roman New Year. legendary coldest day of the year.
 15 (Th) Day before Prohibition started. 16 (F) Bottle Hoax Day (in 1749 a person advertized he would, among other things, get into a tavern quart bottle and while there sing several songs. People filled the theater. Their money was returned by the proprietor who had apparently wanted to test the public's credulity.) 17 (Sat) Ben Franklin born. 18 (Sun) Daniel Webster born. 19 (M) James Watt born. 20 (Tu) singular events occurred in the hovel off of Eye St.
 21 (W) 1st nuclear sub launched. 22 (Th) Full wolf Moon.
 23 (F) Alexander Woolcott dies. Discoverer 19 terminated.
 24 (Sat) gold found in Calif. 25 (Sun) Gandalf overcomes Balrog.
 26 (M) Fortean society founded. 27 (Tu) Charles Dodgson born.
 28 (W) Swift dies. 29 (Th) W. C. Fields born. 30 (F) Tallis' play Ape & Essence found. 31 (Sat) Explorer 1 launched.

FEB

1 (Sun) Kite Flying Season starts in Thailand. 2 (M) Groundhog Day.
 3 (Tu) 1st soft landing on moon. 4 (W) Kuttner's wake. 5 (Th) Pike of Pike's Peak born. 6 (F) Chinese New Year Old Style - The Dog.
 7 (Sat) Mendeleev born. 8 (Sun) Verne born. 9 (M) David Lazarus disappears, presumed dead. 10 (Tu) Mardi Gras. 11 (W) Ellieitis invades NY. 12 (Th) Mycroft Holmes born. 13 (F) Superstition Day.
 14 (Sat) Valentine's Day. 15 (Sun) Reich plans D'Courtney's death.
 16 (M) Uranus V discovered. 17 (Tu) Vanguard 2 launched.
 18 (W) Lunar apogee. 19 (Th) Copernicus born. 20 (F) 1st Am in space. 21 (Sat) Partial lunar eclipse. 22 (Sun) Washington born.
 23 (M) Beatles end 1st Am tour. 24 (Tu) Derleth born. 25 (W) Pang-born born. 26 (Th) Death of Boromir. 27 (F) International Day.
 28 (Sat) Discoverer 1 launched.

MARCH

1 (Sun) Return the Borrowed Book Week - sponsored by the Inter-Global Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Cartoonists. 2 (M) Texas Independence Day. 3 (Tu) Ents conquer Saruman. 4 (W) Mobius Subway Car 1st disappears. 5 (Th) Charlie Gordon starts diary. 6 (F) first auto on streets of Detroit. 7 (F) Solar Eclipse visible Eastern U.S.

8 (Sun) OSO 3 launched. 9 (M) 1st soda fountain. (1858 - Lowell, Mass.). 10 (Tu) Martian Shops open. 11 (W) 1st daily paper. 12 (Th) Shirra's birthday. 13 (F) Superstition Day. Uranus discovered. 14 (Sat) When the Mad Hatter said the Tea Party began. 15 (Sun) Jupiter aligns with Mars. The witch King of Angmar is slain. 16 (M) Buzzard Day - trad'l day buzzards return to Hinckley, Ohio. 17 (Tu) St. Patrick's Day. 18 (W) Othmar Balleau starts writing. 19 (Th) McGoochan born. 20 (F) Spring begins. 21 (Sat) Bela Joad starts investigating Crisis 1999. 22 (Sun) Full Moon. 23 (M) Von Braun born. 24 (Tu) Library of Congress begun. 25 (W) Passing of Sauron. 26 (Th) Martians arrive in Martians Go Home. 27 (F) Florida discovered. 28 (Sat) Cooper (Mallansohn) plants ad (All the/ Talk/ Of the/ Market - End of Eternity). 29 (Sun) Easter. 30 (M) pencil with eraser patented 1858. 31 (Tu) Beethoven born.

APRIL

1 (W) April Fool's Day. 2 (Th) Hans Christian Andersen born. 3 (F) Grissom born. 4 (Sat) Winston Smith starts diary. 5 (Sun) waveries come. 6 (M) Buddha's birthday. 7 (Tu) Luna 14 launched. 8 (W) Field of Cormallen. 9 (Th) Hefner born. 10 (F) EZ 27 proofreading robot rented to Northwestern U. 11 (Sat) Spanish-American War ends. 12 (Sun) 1st man in space. 13 (M) Jefferson's birthday. 14 (Tu) Cabell born. 15 (W) Income Tax Day. 16 (Th) Chaplin born. 17 (F) Howard Foundation starts business (Methuselah's Children). 18 (Sat) Poop Poop Poopy Day. 19 (Sun) Patriot's Day. 20 (M) 1st Day of Cuckoo's Song (lasts till June 26th). 21 (Tu) Full Pink Moon. 22 (W) Juas's birthday. 23 (Th) Shakespeare dies. 24 (F) The Unmarried Mother is conceived (All You Zombies). 25 (Sat) Cosmos 29 launched. 26 (Sun) Van Vogt born. Daylight Savings Time Begins. 27 (M) Daniel B. Davis wakes up in 2001. 28 (Tu) There Will Come Soft Rains day. 29 (W) zipper patented. 30 (Th) Walpurgisnacht. 31 (F) Mercer's Day.

MAY

1 (F) King Elessar crowned. 2 (Sat) Babylonian New Year. 3 (Sun) Fort dies. 4 (M) Holmes apparently dies at Reichenbach Falls. 5 (Tu) Shepherd launched. 6 (W) Grand Fenwick invades U.S. 7 (Th) Hon. S. Austin Maverick killed for proposing an income & withholding tax (Planet for Texans). 8 (F) Joan of Arc born. Kirby converts to Vorster faith. 9 (Sat) Lavoisier guillotined. 9 (Sat) Momsday in 1992. 10 (Sun) Mother's Day. 11 (M) Johnny "Appleseed" Chapman born. 12 (Tu) Charteris born. 13 (W) The Silent Brother comes to Earth. 14 (Th) Manuel O'Kelly, Wyoh Knot, Prof de la Pag & Mike form lunar conspiracy. 15 (F) Sputnik 3 launched. 16 (Sat) Johnson impeached 1868. 17 (S) the day Tommy found a book. 18 (M) Cosmos 30 launched. 19 (Tu) Anne Boleyn beheaded. 20 (W) Eliza Doolittle Day. 21 (Th) Lindbergh reaches Paris. 22 (F) airplane patented. 23 (Sat) Elish born. 24 (Sun) 1st telephone message. 25 (M) Eldin Raigmore meets Alison Hever.

26 (Tu) Al Jolson born. 27 (W) 1st flight into stratosphere.
 28 (Th) Fortean Fishmonger Day. 29 (F) Schnick-Schnack Day.
 30 (Sat) Memorial Day. 31 (Sun) 1st US copyright law passed.

JUNE

1 (M) Christopher Marlowe dies; Nat'l BBQ Day. 2 (Tu) Surveyor 1 soft lands on moon. 3 (W) Enoch Soames appears in British Museum Reading Room. 4 (Th) Roquefort Cheese process discovered. 5 (F) 1st balloon ascent. 6 (Sat) Cosmos 31 launched. 7 (Sun) Beau Brummel born. 1st dime novel published. 8 (M) Gamesmanship started. 9 (Tu) A Word from Our Sponsor Day. 10 (W) Michael Morgan dies (Fine & Private Place). 11 (Th) Chris McAllister enters Weapon Shop. 12 (F) Quasar discovery announced. 13 (Sat) Ides of June. 14 (Sun) Dr. Saddler sees Gnarly Man. 15 (M) Accent the Monster in You Day (The Haunted Future). 16 (Tu) Bloomsday. 17 (W) Dahlquist Day. 18 (Th) Waterloo. 19 (F) Full Hot Moon. Conn. Yankee arrives in Camelot. 20 (Sat) Summer begins. 21 (Sun) Father's Day. 22 (M) Bilbo comes home. 23 (Tu) St. John's Eve - Witch Festival. 24 (W) Flying Saucer Craze begins 1947. 25 (Th) Oliver Bland's birthday in Mantrap One. 26 (F) Manse Everard arrives 1894 on first assignment. 27 (Sat) Lottery Day. 28 (Sun) Henry VIII born. 29 (M) Jerusalem reunified. 30 (Tu) Mindworm conceived.

JULY

1 (W) Olympian New Year. 2 (Th) Amelia Earhart lost. 3 (F) Korzybski born. 4 (Sat) Earth aphelion. Kip wins space suit. 5 (Sun) Venezuela Independence Day. 6 (M) Old Midsummer Day. 7 (Tu) Heinlein born. 8 (W) Liberty Bell cracked. 9 (Th) Argentina Independence Day. 10 (F) Telstar Launched. 11 (Sat) Linebarger born. 12 (Sun) Puppet Master Day - have a direct conference. 13 (M) Feast of Lanterns. 14 (Tu) Mariner IV photographs Mars. 15 (W) St. Swithin's Day (if rainy, will rain next 40 days). 16 (Th) Apollo 11 launch. 17 (F) GRM Day. 18 (Sat) Martians Go Home Day. 19 (Sun) 1st baseball game. 20 (M) Man lands on Moon; Grand Fenwick launches rocket toward Moon. 21 (Tu) 1st train robbery - Jessie James holds up Rock Island Express in Iowa. 22 (W) Hertz born. 23 (Th) typewriter patented 1829; ice cream cone invented 1904. 24 (F) 1st Paul Bunyan story published. 25 (Sat) Dog Days Begin. Fish Dinner in Memison. 26 (Sun) Wildous Huxley born. 27 (M) James Watson wounded by jezail. 28 (Tu) Grand Fenwick lands on Moon. 29 (W) Melvin Belli born. 30 (Th) Northcote Parkinson born. 31 (F) wake for Roger W. Young.

AUGUST

1 (Sat) Icarus Montgolfier Flight Day. 2 (Sun) New Moon. 3 (M) The Logic named Joe is assembled. 4 (Tu) Lizzie Borden Day. 5 (W) Jay Vickers born. 6 (Th) Judge Crater disappears. 7 (F) 1st US circulating library. James Watson born. 8 (Sat) Titus Groan born. 9 (Sun) Fort born. 10 (M) funeral of Theoden. 11 (Tu) Nourse born.

12 (w) Echo 1 launched. 13 (Th) Alfred Hitchcock born. 14 (F) 1st book printed at Mentz. 15 (Sat) Napoleon born. 16 (Sun) Partial lunar eclipse. Full Sturgeon Moon. Gernsback born. 17 (M) Davy Crockett born. 18 (Tu) Aldiss born. 19 (w) Ogden Nash born. 20 (Th) Lovecraft born. 21 (F) Ozma born; Boucher born; Snulbug called up. 22 (Sat) Bradbury born. 23 (Sun) Ranger 1 launched. 24 (M) Pompeii buried. 25 (Tu) Walt Kelly born. 26 (W) Krakatoa explodes. 27 (Th) Confucius born. 28 (F) Enceladus discovered. 29 (Sat) Nat'l Aviation Day. 30 (Sun) Discoverer 29 launched. 31 (M) Annular Solar Eclipse. Durin's Day (Hobbit).

SEPT

1 (Tu) Bourbon month starts. Doc Smith born. 2 (w) Cosmos 79 launched. 3 (Th) Revolutionary War ended. 4 (F) Hudson discovers Manhattan. Los Angeles founded. 5 (Sat) Dog Days End. 6 (Sun) Stapledon dies. 7 (M) Labor Day. Irene Adler born. 8 (Tu) Magellan's expedition arrives home. 9 (w) Public Hating Day. 10 (Th) Surveyor 5 lands on Moon. 11 (F) Dr. Green becomes invariant. 12 (Sat) Defenders Day - Md. 13 (Sun) Jewish New Year. 14 (M) Solid "Git" sky-written slogans begin. 15 (Tu) Full Harvest Moon. 16 (w) Klaatu & Gnut arrive. Israel Lennox murders Mohammed. 17 (Th) Mimas discovered. 18 (F) Gandalf escapes Orthanc. 19 (Sat) Mickey Mouse 1st appears. 20 (Sun) Jane delivered to orphanage (All You Zombies). 21 (M) H.G. Wells born. 22 (T) Bilbo, Frodo born. 23 (W) Neptune discovered. 24 (Th) 1st dirigible. 25 (F) The dog did nothing in the night. 26 (Sat) New Zealand Day. 27 (Sun) Senate committee votes to recommend censure of McCarthy. 28 (M) Al Capp born. Pasteur died. 29 (Tu) Frodo & Bilbo depart overseas. 30 (w) Adam & Eve banished from Eden (according to Bishop Usher).

OCT

1 (Th) Jewish New Year. 2 (F) Willy Ley born. 3 (Sat) The Grantha Sighting. 4 (Sun) 1st pictures of Luna's back. 5 (M) Goddard born. 6 (Tu) Frodo wounded on Weathertop. 7 (w) Poe dies. 8 (Th) Chicago Fire started by Mrs. O'Leary's cow. 9 (F) Padway arrives in ancient Rome. 10 (Sat) Leif Ericson Yale map found. 11 (Sun) Edison files papers for 1st invention. 12 (w) Columbus Day. 13 (Tu) Explorer 7 launched. 14 (w) Full Hunters Moon. 15 (Th) Swenson becomes dispatcher for Acme Interplanetary Express. 16 (F) Honeymoon in Hell Day. 17 (Sat) Stanley commissioned to find Livingstone. 18 (Sw) soft landing on Venus. 19 (M) Swift dies. 20 (Tu) Barnum opens Hippodrome in New York. 21 (w) start of Great Nebraskan Sea. 22 (Th) 1st parachute jump. 23 (F) Explorer 4 terminated. 24 (Sat) Cooger & Dark arrive in Green Town, Ill. 25 (Sun) Daylight Savings Time Ends. 26 (M) SOYUZ 3 launched. 27 (Tu) Teddy Roosevelt born. 28 (w) Salk born. 29 (Th) Waverly goes to Utopia, So. Australia. 30 (F) Will Halloway born. 31 (Sat) Moriarty born.

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NOV

1 (Sun) Dr. Goldpepper 1st contacted by aliens. 2 (M) GBS wake.
 3 (Tu) Laika launched. 4 (W) Will Rogers Day. 5 (Th) Guy Fawkes
 Day. 6 (F) Noah born 2948 BC (Bishop Usher). 7 (Sat) Marie Celeste
 leaves NY. 8 (Sun) Jews reprieved of deicide by ecumenical council.
 9 (M) East Coast power blackout. 10 (Tu) Stanley meets Dr. Living-
 stone. 11 (W) Veterans Day. 12 (Th) Gemini 12 launched.
 13 (F) Full Beaver Moon (Roscoites note); Indian Summer starts (ends
 12-20). 14 (Sat) Sadie Hawkins Day. Apollo 12 launch.
 15 (Sun) Methuselah born 2349 BC (Usher). 16 (M) Cosmos 32 launched.
 17 (Tu) Zenger arrested. 18 (W) Ranger 2 launched. 19 (Th) Gettys-
 burg Address. 20 (F) 1st manned free balloon flight.
 21 (Sat) Montgolfier Day. 22 (Sun) International Arbor Day.
 23 (M) Tiro 2 launched. 24 (Tu) Origin of the Species published.
 25 (W) Bathurst walks around the horses. 26 (Th) Charles Schultz
 born. 27 (F) Explorer 18 launched. 28 (Sat) New Moon. Centaur 2
 launched. 29 (Sun) C. S. Lewis born. 30 (M) Twain born.

DEC

1 (Tu) Portugal Independence Day. 2 (W) 1st nuclear chain reaction.
 3 (Th) 1st heart transplant. 4 (F) Gemini 7 launch. 5 (Sat) Prohi-
 bition repealed. 6 (Sun) 1st Outsider appears (Unite & Conquer).
 7 (M) Pearl Harbor Day. 8 (Tu) Thurber born. 9 (W) Tanganyika
 Independence Day. 10 (Th) meter 1st defined. 11 (F) Centaur I
 launched. 12 (Sat) Full Cold Moon. 13 (Sun) American in Paris 1st
 performed. 14 (M) S. Pole reached. 15 (Tu) Halcyon Days start
 (end 12-20). 16 (W) Beethoven's birthday. Man will never fly
 Memorial Day (slogan - "Birds fly; men drink."). 17 (Th) 1st
 successful heavier-than-air flight. 18 (F) H H Munro (Sakā) born.
 19 (SAT) New Year's Julian calendar. 20 (Sun) Phineas Fogg gets home.
 21 (M) Pilgrims land at Plymouth Rock. 22 (Tu) Winter begins.
 23 (W) Don Camillo Day. 24 (Th) Fritz Leiber born. 25 (F) Yule -
 Witch Festival. Newton born. 26 (Sat) Festival of Fools.
 27 (Sun) Apollo 8 splashdown. 28 (M) chewing gum patented.
 29 (Tu) Becket assassinated. 30 (W) Luna 13 determines the Moon
 has a hard surface. 21 (Th) New Year's Eve.

* * * * *

IMPRIMIS continued

We'll probably have another computer dialogue nextish - at
 least we've got a vampire interview on file with no room for it in
 this. The interviews are done at the System Development Corp.
 where Barry works as a programmer. We go in on the weekend or at
 night, when computer time isn't too booked up in advance. The
 actual procedure for doing the interview/analytic session is quite
 simple. Barry triggers the computer to use the COUCH program; then
 the would-be "patient" sits down at a typewriter connected with the
 computer and starts typing in ut sessions when the program is ready.

Nextish should be run by St. Patrick's Day, which means non-LA
 readers should get it by around the start of April.

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.

Black Easter. James Blish. Dell. 75¢. 1968.
reviewed by Leon Taylor

Some books simply defy review. They are that good.

As a devoted sf fan, I need not tell you that any new work from James Blish is an event. Blish is that extreme and lamented rarity in science fiction, the Meticulous Craftsman; years of tough-mouthing other writers in the guise of a leading book critic have evidently taught Blish to practice what he preached. As William Atheling, Jr., he regarded carelessness as the most damaging of literary blemishes. As James Blish, he scrupulously avoids any tell-tale marks of careless writing simply by not writing carelessly. In this way, Blish is comparable to Nabokov (if such a parallel is not too far-fetched); both regard the written word as a golden building brick and the completed novel as the final product of a gigantic architectural project. No matter how elaborate the exterior, a single loose brick can bring the construction crashing down. A single poorly chosen word can wreak havoc upon the intentions of the most complicated novel.

Just as one is not likely to find an offensive brick in the Taj Mahal, one should not expect to hang Mr. Blish for committing the same literary crime that he condemned. Blish knows how to combine elegance and simplicity into a graceful, unadorned style; in this novel he achieves these qualities to carry off a tour de force. Conciseness is only a by-product but an important one; in 160 pages of not-very-close print, Blish covers this world's destruction in depth.

This book has been painstakingly researched; Blish himself says in the introduction that he made the novel's magical background as authentic as possible. Such diligence is rewarded with a ring of truth that doubles the story's terror.

Black Easter has the distinction of being the first novel to treat black magic neither as a game nor as a comedy but as an existing commodity. Demons' services may be bought at predictably exorbitant sums, and should a troubled soul need counseling, his friendly neighborhood wizard is ever-ready with helpful advice--at the right price, of course. And, to preserve the delicate balance which exists between man's good and evil sides, there is white magic--encumbered by its own rigid moral standards, to be sure, but always watchful of its counterpart's antics--and always dreading that, some day, those antics would lead to worldwide destruction....

They do. But exactly how is the very core of this tremendously exciting book, and I shouldn't want to hinder anybody's appreciation of it with telling the ending. This is a frightening book; approached without preconceptions, it is as scary as hell.

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In the meantime, there is little that I can do about this outstanding work but rave. An objective criticism is impossible; I'm not squeamish about knocking at one of the Elder Ghods of Sfdom but Blish's book is absolutely flawless.

The reading of Black Easter is imperative. Do it now before it becomes a classic.

The Farthest Reaches, Joseph Elder ed., Pocket Books, Sept., 1969, 70¢. Reviewed by Bill Bakewell

This is one of the better anthologies I have read this year. Some of the stories in it are individually among the better ones I've read. Only "kanging" by John Jakes was flawed. The male chauvinism in it was entirely out of place; without it Jakes would have had a story that moved like a symphony of the Romantic period.

"Crusade" by Arthur C. Clarke was of typical Clarke excellence. He used his powerful and highly-trained imagination to depict and make you feel natural cryogenic and electronic life in intergalactic space.

Robert Silverberg made me visualize the three-way cold war among the crew of a research spacecraft sent to observe and record the death of a massive star. In "To the Dark Star" he made me see the dying star as it fell in on itself.

Get this book.

Marooned, Martin Caidin, Bantam, Dec., 1969, 95¢, movie edition. Reviewed by Bill Bakewell

Marooned is excellent. Caidin has a way with description in this aerospace fiction novel. His meticulous reference work comes through in nearly every page to make the book grippingly realistic.

When Marooned was first published in 1964, it told the tale of a lone astronaut stranded in his Mercury capsule after the failure of his retrorockets to fire. The current special movie edition is about three astronauts stuck in orbit aboard Ironman 1, their Apollo spacecraft. This time their SPS engine has failed to fire and their backup RCS system has insufficient fuel to bring them home. Both editions play your nerves like banjo strings. Read this book.

The Unicorn Girl by Michael Kurland. reviewed by Lee Gold

This book is oddly dissatisfying to read despite its profusion of incidents. It's a sequel to Chester Anderson's The Butterfly Kid but somehow even the familiar characters seem less fully drawn than in the earlier work - like reading a non-Howard Conan. And the alien menace of flying saucers is more prosaic and less vivid than Anderson's blue lobsters. Maybe if we ever met the menacing individuals personally this would be changed but they are always remote, observed from a distance.

by Sandy Cohen

Despite the studio's claim otherwise, Marooned is a science-fiction movie, and it is an excellent one. The movie is well-paced with good dialogue and (for the most part) excellent cinematography.

Until intermission it is a highly believable look at what may happen in the near future when a trio of Apollo astronauts (Richard Crenna, Gene Hackman, and James Franciscus) are stranded in orbit when their retro-rockets malfunction as they are returning from a 5 month test in an orbiting laboratory. Within two days they will die of anoxia.

One of the best scenes in the movie is when Chief of Manned Space Keith (Gregory Peck) is stopped for speeding only to have the policemen surprised by receiving a top-priority call over their radio and to hear their prisoner say, "Hello, Mr. President." For the sake of the nation's image, the President (who sounds like Nixon -or was that wishful thinking?) "suggests" a rescue mission be launched.

From that point the plot is, of course, a frantic race against time to save the astronauts. There are some excellent scenes with the astronauts and their wives (Lee Grant, Mariette Hartley, and Nancy Kovack), and of Senior Astronaut Ted Dougherty (David Janssen) preparing the rescue craft.

In the second half the credibility drops a bit as the rescue mission reaches its launch point. Just what does occur I'll leave for the reader to find out himself. I think that everyone will certainly enjoy Marooned and will be satisfied with the ending.

The acting throughout is good, with the three astronauts taking the highest honors. The special effects are quite good but in some areas, particularly in some of the mat shots, a bit too "perfect" looking. And, of course, there is always my standard complaint that the space craft looks like a model kit, just too clean and pure to have been in space for over five months.

There are several excellent sequences in space, but after 2001 these are not really breathtaking. However, we are also treated to some excellent launch footage and to some fine dialogue. All in all, a superb effort from Columbia Pictures.

* * * * *

The Rigellian's reptile is a rabid reptile that ravens rapidly.
The siren's sea-serpent is a subtle sea-serpent that snares squid.
The topologists tapir is a talented tapir that tranquilizes toroids.

with thanks to Tom Whitmore

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Typoed Titles (by Vardeman)

The Fall of the Cream Machine by Dean Koontz
The Macrocosmic Sod by Ted Sturgeon
Lords of the Starsnip by Geston

by Tom Digby
(from apa-L 2-9-1967)

Some sf stories postulate that faster-than-light travel is closely related to time travel and there have been instances written up in which an FTL ship arrives at its destination in a different probability world from the one it started out in. Although this is usually treated as a rare freakish thing, with the story centering on the problem of getting back to the proper universe, what if it turns out to be a routine, or at least not uncommon, happening? If the slips are always to nearby probabilities, so that there are seldom any major differences, and if there is some kind of law (perhaps related to conservation of energy or something) to the effect that in order to participate in a deal you have to have something to trade so that you will always arrive in a universe in which "you" already existed and went on roughly the same trip and "you" are replacing "you" because "you" has also slipped universes, there might still be a fair amount of interstellar travel and trade, at least in some probability lines.

There would be universes in which FTL travel never developed, because it seemed to cause mental troubles due to the probability shifts not being recognized for what they are, and worlds in which the FTL drive, or even Earth, never existed at all, but travelers wouldn't get mixed up with them because of the "swap" law.

What is interesting to contemplate is the conduct of business in such a set up. Let us assume that the problems of money slipping between universes have been overcome and that you are ordering a quantity of paperbacks from a publisher a few dozen light-years away. You type up an order for several (You are also ordering copies for friends as well as yourself) of each of twelve different titles and send it off, along with the money. In due course, the books arrive and you open the carton to see what you have.

This company happens to have a policy of returning your letter along with the shipment and you see that the letter disagrees with your carbon of it. According to it you have ordered 13 titles of which ten agree with your carbon. Of the other three, two are titles you almost ordered but didn't and the third is something you've never heard of before. Several of the quantities differ, as well as some of the prices. The publisher has stuck in a note to the effect that they've shipped 12 of the 13 titles but that the 13th title (not the one you never heard of but one of the ten that both copies of your order agreed on) is something they have no record of knowledge of and probably doesn't exist.

Upon looking over the books you find that the texts of those with which you are familiar are "wrong" to a greater or lesser degree and that in some cases it's an improvement. Of the one book you had never heard of, you are unable to find anyone who knows anything. A check of the author's name might or might not reveal that he exists, and whether he has perhaps written the book but not yet sold it. If a diligent search reveals that the book truly does not exist except for your copy, the laws might allow you to have it published, using your copy as the "manuscript." You might well be required to

tell the truth about where you got the book rather than taking credit for writing it but you would otherwise be allowed to collect royalties from its publication and sale. This might be patterned after the laws governing found property, treasure troves, etc.

There would be people and companies (publishers, manufacturers, etc.) who regularly ship books, records, inventions and diagrams thereof, seeds of special varieties of plants, etc., etc., etc., to themselves by roundabout interstellar routes in hopes of random "improvements" they could profit from. People might sometimes travel on extended tours in hopes of exchanging their troubles for a different set that might not be as hard to live with. Of course this type of trip is a gamble and some people lose but others do sometimes win. The effect of this kind of probability shifting on copyright and patent laws, money, marriage and family relations, etc. will be left to your fannish imaginations for further extrapolations or whatever.

(P.S. On the book order, I was assuming that the letter got shifted in the mail to the publisher and that the books also got shifted on their way to Earth so that there were three universes involved.

* * * * *

Howdeehow

From Illinois and Indians came a later myth
Of all the people in the world at Howdeehow
For the first time standing together:
From six continents, seven seas, and several archipelagoes,
From points of land moved by wind and water
Out of where they used to be to where they are,
The people of the earth marched and travelled
To gather on a great plain.

At a given signal they would join in a shout,
So it was planned.
One grand hosannah, something worth listening to.
And they all listened.
The signal was given.
And they all listened.
And the silence was beyond words.
They had come to listen, not to make a noise.
They wanted to hear.
So they all stood still and listened.
Everybody except a little old woman from Kalamazoo
Who gave out a long slow wail over what she was missing
because she was stone deaf.

Sandburg, The People, Yes

* * * * *

All Souls College, Oxford, planned better than it knew when it limited the number of its undergraduates to four; four is exactly the right number for any college which is really intent on getting results.

Albert Jay Nock, from Memoirs of a Superfluous Man

QUIZ

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

1. Why was the regular report call not turned in from the colony on Eden?
2. Why were the sexual habits of the fleet and the flock different on Diomedes?
3. How could the Dogs stop the ants from troubling them?
4. Who killed Rikaine Delmarre?
5. Why was the cheap plastic ring with the H on it important?
6. Where was the mysterious planet Gilbret blundered on - on his way back to Rhodia?
7. What did Hip Barrows discover in the cave?
8. Why were red Cadillacs being stolen?
9. How could the Chulpex be stopped?
10. Why did the birth rate start dropping in St. Louis when Molly Blood came to town?

.....

answers to last issue's quiz

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. The Incomplete Enchanter | 6. Double Star |
| 2. Journey Beyond Tomorrow | 7. Deathworld |
| 3. Planets for Sale | 8. Skylark of Valeron |
| 4. The Butterfly Kid | 9. The Voyage of the Dawn Treader |
| 5. Glory Road | 10. "It" by Theodore Sturgeon |

* * * * *

Curse

May his liver turn to water, and the bones of him crack in the cold of his heart. May dog fennel grow upon his ancestors' graves, and the grandsons of his children be born without eyes. May whiskey turn to clabber in his mouth, and every time he sneezes may he blister the soles of his feet. And the smoke of his pipe - may it make his eyes water, and the drops fall on the grass that his cows eat and poison the butter that he spreads on his bread.

---O. Henry

THE TV UNIVERSE

by Mel Gilden

After reading Tom Digby's "Probably Something" in lastish, (#91), it suddenly occured to me with the startling burst of light that accompanies things that suddenly occur to me that not only must there be a comic book universe, but also a TV universe.

Though the two do sometimes bear a close resemblance, there are special cases that do come up. For example:

Any non-regular crewman, that is, someone who does not show up every week, who goes on a shore party with the hero (say, Captain Kirk) is more than likely not to come back alive. His chances are good to be obliterated by any alien that the party runs into. Strangely enough, this usually happens at the beginning of the story. If the crewmen were smart, they would make themselves scarce until near the end of the story when the good guys always win and their chances of being disintegrated are almost nil.

Although this seems more glaring than usual on Star Trek, it is common practice on all T V shows. Being an extra on an action-adventure show is usually hazardous duty.

Another thing that seems to hold true, especially on "spy" shows like Mission: Impossible and It Takes a Thief, is that all foreigners speak English with a foreign accent. In the universe of TV, there are no foreign languages but only watered-down versions of them. There are foreign speech patterns but not foreign vocabulary. Or maybe one pre-requisite for police or army duty in all foreign TV countries is to be able to converse fluently in English.

One bothersome question is where does the camera come from, or more properly who holds it. It is possible that the camera man is outside the TV universe altogether, but this only makes the problem more difficult by involving not only our universe and the TV one but also a third distinct universe for the camera personnel and the sound crew. Wishing to avoid such problems, I would rather say that the camera and sound crews are an elite in the TV universe. They are allowed entry anywhere at any time.

This might indicate, along with other observed strict formalities, that the T V universe is a totalitarian dictatorship of the worst sort, its people constantly being under surveillance. And yet some things seem to be sacred even to this hardened dictatorship. No one has yet to see on TV either certain intimate sexual moments or certain excretory acts, even though such things could certainly cause a sensation in our world. It would seem that the elite of the TV universe have some measure of discretion after all.

Have you ever noticed the exterior of prisons, laboratories, and government buildings? They look remarkably like the outsides of sound stages or studio office buildings or even local museums. Why the Mission: Impossible crew once effected an escape from a prison that looked disturbingly like my old high school. The man from UNCLE once blew up what appeared to be the Griffith Park Observatory. One can only conclude from these things that whoever is the chief

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architect for the TV universe has little imagination, for he must steal all his ideas from the real world. (Whether his or ours is the real world is another question entirely, and may be taken up at another time, but I doubt it.)

Lastly, consider the music. It would seem that every object in the TV universe carries a potential for his, her or its own theme music. How else can one explain the music's uniform correlation with the material world. When the Enterprise orbits a "strange new world" out where they have boldly gone where no man has gone before, there is a very particular, flutey type music that accompanies it. The problem of sending sound through a hard vacuum seems to have been solved, and the answer seems to be no more than two hundred years in the future. When Perry Mason was still on, my mother could tell when the body was going to be found, when they would find an important clue, and who the bad guy was - just from the music.

Where the orchestra is hiding is a question entirely beyond me. It is possible, I suppose, that the orchestra members are in the same privileged class as the camera and sound crews. But this seems unlikely, as the artist's temperament has never been able to exist successfully in a dictatorship of any kind. Music as a whole seems to be anomalous to the entire TV universe.

From the above discussion, one can see that the TV universe is a dreadfully dull place. Everything is predictable -- or totally inexplicable.

But our destiny seems somehow tied closely with theirs, and so we must be careful in condemning them too quickly. Pulling the plug of the TV may be cutting our own throats. Only God and Marshall McLuhan know for sure.

* * * * *
REVIEWPOINT continued

The plot also seems rather prosaic. Or maybe it is only that a tour of probability worlds has become (Ghu help us) commonplace by now. And when the characters keep jumping from one probability world to the next, one can't get enough details about the worlds to become really interested in them. Or at least I can't.

The ending is a deus ex machina - and from another author's universe to boot.

This is a book worth buying if you're interested in the series--not otherwise. Don't read it before you've read The Butterfly Kid.

* * * * *
A hen is only an egg's way of making another egg.

All progress is based upon a universal innate desire on the part of every organism to live beyond its income.

The Ancient Mariner would not have been taken so well if it had been called The Old Sailor.

--isolated quotes from Samuel Butler

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Md.
21740

The computer dialogue struck me at first as a slightly better than average example of a new fanzine art form that has been turning up frequently of late. Then came the explanation and I was immediately fascinated by this one above all the others. Sometimes, I get the suspicion that everyone in fandom under the age of 23 has full and intimate knowledge of how to build, disassemble, and use to maximum efficiency every computer ever created. Maybe I'm not as alone as I had feared in ignorance of how they are programmed, if Barry took the trouble to explain all this. Meanwhile, wouldn't it be nice if a computer could be programmed to devise a foolproof way to prevent "computer" from being misused in advertising and popular science writing? I've seen devices called computers that aren't as complicated as a postage stamp vending machine, and the term is rapidly becoming as meaningless as "high fidelity."

The Permanent Floating Con Party was also edifying, for its systematic examination of ways in which hotel authorities might be neutralized. Maybe the space program will bring some kind of insulating material which could easily be installed on hotel rooms to prevent the leakage of sound during a fan party, but meanwhile the experiences at the Westercon simply firm up my conviction that fandom and hotels must soon part company. Some year, somewhere, an enterprising group of fans is going to discover that a resort area is available in toto slightly out of season for a quite reasonable fee, fans will be able to release their inhibitions there free from complaints since there will be no mundane guests, and from then on, regional conventions will seek the hinterlands. European cons seem to be trending in this direction when they take over a castle or some such facility. For the worldcon, which is much too big for any mountain or seashore facility, I suspect that a university campus will be the eventual solution.

I was genuinely surprised by the ending of *The Absent-Minded Professor Strikes Again*. It was the kind of story that didn't seem headed toward a surprise ending, so the ending was not only a surprise for what happened but also for the fact that a surprise was there. I read it just before seeing for the first time *Fail Safe*, which had terrified me as a novel, and I think I can thank Barry for saving me from a nightmare after the movie. His little story took just enough seriousness out of my mental attitude to save me from getting too deep into the film.

My copy of *Re-Birth* is buried somewhere in the detritus on the attic, so I can't easily consult it now, and it's been quite a while since I read it, so I can't be certain about my memory. This makes it quite a risk to comment on Alexa Guskick's review. But I'm pretty sure Alexa is unfair to the book's ending. Wasn't the whole point of the climax the absolutely supreme importance of Petra to the advanced civilization? There wasn't much time for the rescue; it was essential to save at least this child because of her extreme abilities, and the rescuers acted in a manner that would assure a rescue. This mysterious advanced people do not seem to have been in the habit of killing their mental inferiors. A rough parallel might have been Albert Schweitzer. Among the wisest and most pacific people who lived during his lifetime, how many would have acted in any way other than shooting to kill, if they'd been on hand with a

B

high-powered rifle at a moment when he was threatened by an enraged lion? I suspect that Alexa's complain about the Wyndham book is related to the whole protest against war and violence from so many members of the younger generation today. I am wholeheartedly in sympathy with anything anyone tries to do that can stop war and hatred and prejudice and all the other hateful things in the world; but no matter how many adherents the young people gain for their cause, there is going to be evil in the world, there will be people who want to stir up hatred and create new massacres, and any peace movement that fails to reckon with their existence and fails to devise a method for coping with the surviving residue of evil is going to be in trouble.

Stan Burns' letter made me very unhappy. British fandom has obviously fallen upon evil days, if the Globe is the scene of a commercial huckstering adventure and a radio interview simultaneously while fans are supposed to be having their weekly session. Then Rick Sneary cheered me up enormously through his own misfortune. "I know when I've got one of my colds..this was deffently some one elses" is one of the classic remarks of the year in any fanzine anywhere.

The book reviews are good in general. Darrell Schweitzer is particularly impressive. He's coming fast as a valuable new fan, and time should be set aside at the next worldcon for a few minutes' silent prayer to the effect that he shall not gaffiate quickly in the lamentable fashion of several other extremely young fans of the past. But I wonder if the high praise and wide publicity for Bug Jack Barron and Stand on Zanzibar mean that there is a trend back to science fiction which deals with the immediate future and is based on today's conditions in large part? It may be just coincidence that two big and highly publicized novels of this type came out so close together, or maybe the world around us is getting terrible enough for writers and readers to pay less attention to the question of how to fix a leaking valve on the colony on the fifth planet of Vega and more heed to what will happen if today's trends continue tomorrow and next week.

The cover is just beautiful, and the reproduction in general is excellent. You will please pardon the fact that it has taken me so long to write about the 90th Third Foundation, but first of all it took 17 days to travel to Hagerstown, and then came at the start of a period of poor health that is not yet ended, alas. If you can imagine such a thing, I haven't felt well enough to write more than five or six locs a week, and this has been disastrous to fannish obligations.

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/Distinguishing a computer from a mere machine appears to be a hard semantic problem. My dictionary (Funk & Wagnalls) defines a computer as a machine equipped with keyboards, electronic and electrical circuits, storage units and recording devices for the high-speed performance of mathematical and logical operations. This would seem to apply to a postage meter too, even though not a postage stamp vending machine. Barry says the chief defining characteristic is that a computer accepts data and instructions for how to handle data in the same way - that is, its programming is changeable as easily as the data its program is designed to handle.-IG/

Joanne Burger
55 Blue Bonnet Ct.
Lake Jackson
Texas, 77566

I read most of 3rd fdn and enjoyed it. The computer dialogue was saved by the discussion of the program, otherwise these things are getting boring. Re-B irth Reassessed was quite good and pointed out something that I had never really noticed - beside not particularly caring for the book, that is. The coldness that Alexa points out in this book is also noticeable in other Wyndham books too. I like your con report, and I'll remember the lobby when a party I'm in gets shut down. I liked the folk songs. I always like folk songs. I am looking forward to the next issue of 3rd fdn. I promise to send you Pegasus #6 when I finally get it published. Peace.

* * * * *

Leon Taylor
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42278

3F is a great zine - do keep it up. What will you do when you hit ish #100? Retire? /Never./

Gordon Monson's Report was interesting but obviously false. Nathan the Black Sorcerer couldn't have been at the Baycon - at that moment Nathan was locked up in my bathroom closet eating crackers. Does Gordon feel that he has to devise these fantasies in order to gain respect from his friends? Tell me, Gordon, did you have a happy childhood? Maybe you should arrange for Gordon to have a meeting with Dr. Otto Matic - altho after reading that report I'm not sure that the good Doctor is on the sunny side of cookooland either....

It seems to me that I read about an experience similar to Seaton's somewhere in a psychiatric journal put out by a business firm--as I remember, the author didn't fare much better than Richard did with the mechanical dummy. And it took a year just to program the machine! Perhaps it will all lead to something....chaos?

One of these days Darrell Schweitzer is going to drop dead from all that hyperfanac. Doesn't he eat, sleep, or watch TV? No matter --I truly like his stuff. His book reviews this time around were copouts, tho - after a beautiful build-up his BJB critique degenerates into a plot summary. Shocking. And the SoZ review didn't tell us anything we couldn't have learned from the Pacover blurbs. Oh well,...there's always next time.

The Absent-Minded Professor Strikes Again was beautiful. I find it hard to believe, however, that any bill could be introduced, discussed, and passed in the Senate and House under 50 years, much less a single day. Perhaps the Congress of our future has banned Senators and Congressmen from its chambers? Not a bad idea! /The WWII war resolution passed the Senate much sooner than that; any piece of legislation that is urgent and has a consensus usually gets enacted very quickly./

The Metaphysical Hyena was pure brilliance. I can't help but think that it must have been a frustrated Star Trek, even though I can't find a parallel part for Mr. Spock. Perhaps he has died in this one? Pax.

D

Darrell Schweitzer Thankye ultraplusmuch 4 Third Foundation 90.

I am somewhat mystified by the cover. What is it that the spaceship has landed on and what are those things around it? I have two theories. 1) It is a mountain and those are clouds. But if this is so, how come the clouds look like rocks. 2) It is a bunch of asteroids. The rocks hanging all over the place would tend to support this, but then the curvature of the one the ship is on indicates that it is very small and probably wouldn't have the gravity to hold it there. It should be moored as in a rendezvous and docking. Also the picture is much too light and doesn't give the idea of being in space at all. I should think that if it were a vacuum, the shadows cast by the spaceship would be very stark and in great contrast with sunlit areas. They look like shadows in atmosphere to me. Then what are those rocks doing there?

I know! It is a scene on the planet Zcelopd-yuieojamn, the only known source in the galaxy of the rare gravity-resistant mineral Upsidasium.

Good decorative cover anyway.

Computer Dialogue was very good. At first it seemed to me that the computer was changing the subject and originating thought, something no machine can do. Then I read the explanation. Very good.

Extrapolating, I see where this will take us. The first generation of psychiatrist computers will go batty listening to all those nutty humans. Computers will have to be programmed to psychoanalyze the first bunch. Then they will go batty listening to all those nutty computers, and computers will have to be programmed to treat them, etc...ad insanitum. /By the time we develop a computer complex and sophisticated enough to go insane, our technology should be at a level to handle something like that efficiently.*LG/

PROBABLY SOMETHING: So? Did anything unusual happen?

Tales of the Third Foundation was okay as ancient history, but why publish tales about a plot to overthrow the Baycon, which everyone knows was a success? Why not slip me into the club somehow and let me do a report on the recent Martian invasion of Philadelphia? /OK - but make sure it's accurate-LG/

Reviewpoint: You forgot to mention the best story in the Carr anthology, Delany's "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones." Even though this story was first pubbed in the December 68 New Worlds, the final version was not published until 1969. Therefore, it is eligible for the Heicon Hugo. I'm going to nominate it.

About the relative sizes of Lord of the Rings and Stand on Zanzibar: LotR is bigger but SOZ is bigger than any single volume. It is about the size of one and a half LotR volumes. Besides, as I said, it was the biggest Science Fiction novel ever published. This is still true. LotR is fantasy.

I think David Gerrold is in a slump with The Metaphysical Hyena. Part 6 was better than some installments but still not up to the standards of the first three.

I guess this wraps up this letter. I would like to hear from anyone who has extra copies of New Worlds 165,166,169,171, and especially 176 that he would like to sell.

I have been reading Ursula Leguin's The Left Hand of Darkness lately. I will review it for you as soon as I am done.

Tom Whitmore
14120 Miranda Ave.
Los Altos Hills
Ca., 94022

Ave! (Latin for Hail!)

Ishu #91 arrived today, and I like the cover. Tim Kirk is rapidly becoming my favorite fan artist. His cartoons are fabulous.

Good quiz. I can only see 6 right off and a couple of the others are almost there. The other usual features are above average. That's good because they make up 2/3 of this ish. I still like the computer dialogues - mayhaps we could see someone like Jack Barron (special program needed - responds to swear words only!) or Mentor of Arisia?

Tales of the 3rd F was good. Rayl is an unhuman fiend! Torturing books. Ahhghg! The pain! I have a few old and rare books, which I lovingly cherish, so it hits close to home. How can he do it?

Reviewpoint: as always, good. I enjoy other people's opinions at least as much as my own. Mote was better than usual. More such filksongs! Speaking of filksongs, I've been freaking out conventions of the Junior Statesmen of America (a miniature-gov't club) by walking around halls singing "where Can the Matter Be," "The Nazgul King of Angmar," and - most liked of all - "Bouncing Potatoes." In fact, we got a couple of choruses of "Bouncing Potatoes" going after the inevitable inedible dinner, but it petered out. Too few knew the words. I'm trying to remedy that.

I liked "The Distant Generation"; it's a late-fifties F&SF type story. I knew what was going to happen but that didn't spoil the story.

The Metaphysical Hyena is still fun, but only if you reread the first six parts.

The LASFN 's living room is a large living room that lodges lurkers.

The Fanatic's finger is a fast finger that finds Fantastics.

The MinnSTFer's missile is a masterful missile that matches masers.

How about some others from club names?

Gads! Two pages typewritten my letter ran. I didn't know even I could be that long-winded. Never again! until next issue or so.

Bill Bakewell The story "The Distant Generation" by Darrell Schweitzer read like one by a pro. The lead was fast and interesting, and it led me rapidly into the mind of the ten-year-old kid aboard the robot spacecraft. All details were handled in a

F
skillful, consistent, and systematic manner.

Like other well-executed stories, this one sort of sticks in my mind, and I find myself occasionally analyzing bits of it to see why it worked so well, and wishing that I could have written it myself. It is the best story I ever read in a fanzine.

I understand that the author of "The Distant Generation" is seventeen years old. He and other teenage writers should start work at once on stories for the short story contests coming up in the magazines for teenagers such as Seventeen and Ingenue. Most of them have been publishing SF for several years.

* * * * *

Larry Parr I received issue 91 of the Third Foundation with Fullerton, Ca. the fantastic Tim Kirk cover and then had to lay it aside for a week or two while my Time Schedule settled down to the point where I could LOC.

The computer bit was simply fantastic! If it hadn't been for Barry Gold's analysis, tho, I would have thought the whole thing was just made up, sort of like something Digby would do. In fact, I'm still not completely sold on the idea that it's not just a fabrication, but I'd love to see more. /It's real, honest -LG/ The idea of screwing up computers by the manner in which questions are put into them fascinates me to no end. Computers are always thought to be so perfect, and I just love to show up imperfections in "perfect" things. /I took a class in programming last year - screwing up computers is easy; it's getting them to work the way you want them to that's the challenge -LG/

Forgive me if I'm getting off the subject just slightly, but does anyone out there know if it is possible to purchase mead? Mead is just the perfect drink for the holiday season (can't you just picture sitting around a Christmas tree in a darkened room, the only light radiating from a blazing log fire, a beautiful girl in one hand, and a mug of good strong mead in the other? No? You can't picture it? Ah, well). So I went to the Cal. State Long Beach Library and checked out this fantastic book "Folk wines, Cordials & Brandies" which tells how to make wine from almost anything imaginable. And it was the only book I found with recipes for mead. If you've ever thought of making wines, this is the book to get. It tells how to make all sorts of fruit wines (including plum wine for Swain Kaiser), flower wines, cereal & vegetable wines, herb wines, berry wines, and other wines, including brandy wine, bread wine, and honey wine (mead). It's beautiful! If I get busy now, my mead should be aged just about right by next Christmas. Anyone like to plan an old English Christmas party for next year, complete with home-brewed mead?

Hmmm, according to my stop watch (so-called because it stops every couple of hours), I've got to be ending this thing; I've got to get to an archery tournament. And I'm sure you wouldn't want me to keep Robin Hood waiting, would you? Regardless of what you may think of him from movies or television, let me tell you from personal experience that he has a bad temper and doesn't like to be kept waiting. Come to think of it, if he's in a good mood I might ask him what he knows about Special Universes. You never know.

Harry Warner, Jr.
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Hagerstown, Md.
21740

G

The first time I encountered the Comic Book Universe described by Tom Digby was in the ancient Felix the Cat daily strips that appeared when I was extremely young. Felix did some space traveling, and the stars and planets appeared in these panels almost exactly as Tom describes them. If there was an earlier example of day-after-day space travel in the comic strips, nobody has yet pointed it out to me. But I wonder if the reality of travel between stars won't turn out to be at least as preposterous as the form which it takes in the Comic Book Universe? Consider, for instance, how the people who wrote those first stories about trips to the moon a couple of centuries ago would have gaped in disbelief if they'd learned that the first actual trips would follow curved lines, not the straight lines that are obviously the shortest distance between two points so far apart that distance is extremely crucial. Or just imagine the science fiction readers a half-century ago running across a real newspaper clipping from 1969, and discovering that the first time a manned spacecraft landed on the moon was also the first time the sponsoring nation had tried to land a spacecraft on dry land, or the manner in which no part of the spaceship really made the complete round trip, after all those separations and the parking orbit and all that. [I tend to feel that we don't have real spaceships yet, only rockets. A spaceship ought to be something that goes up in one piece and comes down in the same one piece.-LG/

I enjoyed again Computer Dialogue as much for its explanations as for its ingenious content. More and more I'm toying with the idea of trying to find a nicely oiled and polished used computer at a reasonable price which I could program to create locs. If that could then be trained to scan one page of each fanzine that arrives, I would have enough time to read the fanzines, rather than just write locs on them.

The Distant Generation is a good try which falls slightly short of professional quality but still serves to demonstrate what incredible progress Darrell is making toward becoming a fine writer. The one big fault with this story is the fact that it changes direction as it proceeds: the mysteries brought up in the first paragraphs are never resolved and instead the ending deals with a personal relationship that is skimmed in the crucial opening page. I don't think that the fertilization of the ovum would take place as described here--too risky to pin all the hopes on that solitary sperm when they're so small and so easily preserved in quantities.

The review section made me happy for its proof that Asimov has finally and actually acquired the egoboo of a book about his books. I've always thought it would be nice to form a prehumous society, which would be devoted to frantic efforts to persuade everyone to write all the tributes and anthology introductions and bibliographical material and extended analyses and so on about the fiction of important pros before the authors die. So pending such a group's formation, I am happy to find that Asimov, at least, is becoming the subject of various sorts of tributes while he's still around to appreciate them and to correct and refute them in the event that such becomes necessary. Just think of the melancholy list of the writers who received little or no elaborate attention from fandom until after their deaths: Lovecraft, Howard, Weinbaum, Cordwainer Smith, and a dozen others. E. E. Smith, Tolkien, and Bradbury are

H
the only pros whom I recall as the subject of a respectable amount of organized egoboo before their deaths, up to the recent Asimov boomlet. /How about Heinlein? Or doesn't Panshin's book count as egoboo?-LG/

It's an odd thing about the Andy Offutt pun orgy. One of his puns actually caused me trouble last year, before he wrote it. He refers to Strangler in a Strange Land. When the manuscript for All our Yesterdays was getting its final revisions, one of the people at Advent pointed out to me that I'd written about the Stranger Club of Boson, and felt that I'd meant to type Strangler Club. He just couldn't understand fans, as he conceives their nature, choosing the milder word for their club. I insisted that Stranger was right, and I wish now I'd explained to him that the fans who organized that club back in the World War Two era had a blinding vision of the future and named their group for a Heinlein book that wouldn't be written for another two decades. But I never think of such things at the right time and gave him the true facts, that the name came from the Stranger Club in the old Laurence Manning series of stories.

I'd like to see you produce that new edition of The Incomplete Burbee (although I remember the title as The Incompleat Burbee) but better yet would be a volume of entirely new Burbee writings. Surely in the ten years or longer of his gaffiation he must have had many inspirations, experiences, and changes of outlook. Just think how fans all over the nation would stand and cheer loudly if you inspired Burb to create fifty pages or more of entirely new stuff. /You're overestimating the 3rd F's current power; we don't even know Burbee's current address.-LG/

The Tim Kirk cover is marvelous and brings back some fond memories, too. One of the cliffs a couple of miles from Harpers Ferry, about two dozen miles from Hagerstown, bore for more than a half-century a stupendously large advertisement for cosmetics. It survived the product it advertised and the memory of how they'd managed to make the paint adhere so permanently to the rocks without weathering away, and I still haven't found out what inspired such an early example of Madison Avenue huckstering to be put at that deserted back road spot. It looked something like the cover, except that the people who live in that section aren't quite as handsome as those in Tim's sketch.

You certainly can make a fellow feel ignorant. I'm fairly sure of a few items in your quiz this time - the third paragraph must be van Vogt, the fifth and sixth both sound like Heinlein, and it's been only a year since I last read for the umpteenth time a famous Ted Sturgeon story so I can hardly be wrong about the tenth, but I can see that I still have a lot of famous science fiction to read and that I've forgotten quite a few other stories.

* * * * *

Mark Schulzinger When you mentioned that the MMPI is used
R. R. #1, Box 170 pretty regularly in student counseling
Morehead, Ky, 40351 centers, you are absolutely right. And I will
will get a lot of people mad at me: using the MMPI in this manner is
a cop-out.

I say this for a variety of reasons. First, it is easy to administer. The subject just follows directions and fills in answers for the next hour and a half while the administrator twiddles his thumbs. Secondly, the answer sheet can be fed into a machine which automatically scores and interprets it. Lastly, the damned instrument was originally designed to differentiate among patients in mental hospitals.

So, in using the MMPI among normals, you: 1) make the subject do all the work while you rely on a machine to give you what you believe are statistically correct results, and 2) rate essentially normal people on scales designed for psychiatric patients. At no time do you make use of your brain to understand the student or his problems or his dynamics. Hell, under these conditions the student might just as well counsel himself.

Gee, two letters by me in the same ish of T3F - that's egoboo if I ever saw it! Of course, to be in such sterling company as offutt's increases the pleasure somewhat. Strangest thing about andy's letter is that he really does have those books in his library.

Incidentally, now that there are two fans in Morehead, we thought it prudent to do like everyone else does and form a club. Be it known, then, that the Morehead Ultimate Fantasy Society is now in existence (the acronym, for those who give a damn is MUFas). Charter members are offutt, myself, Tom Sherrred, Ray Beam, and Brad Balfour. True, the last three aren't residents of Morehead, but all have made the pilgrimage to spend a weekend with me here in Incredibility Gap and, thus, rate membership. All those others desirous of joining, please arrange for your reservations.

Time out for a phone call to Detroit. It seems that the Misfits had a bang-up party New Year's Eve. Sandy Shapiro says she can't quite remember what happened and Hal says that he wishes he could forget. It's nice to know that the Misfits are finally swinging again. I did want to make the scene but Morehead is about 8 hours away from Detroit by car. Plane trips on New Year's don't

So I had a modest party of my own. Nothing spectacular, especially since parties in Morehead break up at 12:30. One of these years I may get back into a city. I'm looking forward to it.

Shapiro said that he was sorry to see the old year end. No more 69. I replied that last night was my last night for it, too, and I muffed it. Gags like that on the long distance lines are expensive.

Best regards, tho, for the coming year. Keep up the good work with T3F.

* * * * *

Darrell Schweitzer You know, I'm using you in a way. I'm typing this letter at the incredible early hour of 11 AM (shameful that I should be up before noon!) to attract the mailman just to make him come early. If you start to write a letter within three hours of when the mailman is supposed to come, his special senses are alerted and he rushes to deliver your mail before you can finish the letter. Works every time. Try it sometime.

J
A Nikkeldepainian's nose is a normal nose that nudges Nazguls.
/What's so normal about that?-LG/

Now then, about #91

Okay, Gold, identify this BEM (I assure you, it is from a very famous source): "I cannot even hint what it was like, for it was the compound of all that is unclean, uncanny, unwelcome, abnormal and detestable. It was the ghoulish shade of decay, antiquity and desolation; the putrid, dripping eidolon of unwholesome revelation, the awful baring of that which the merciful earth should always hide. God knows it was not of this world--or no longer of this world--yet to my horror I saw in its eaten-away and bone-revealing outlines a leering, abhorrent travesty on the human shape; and in its moldy disintegrating apparel an unspeaking quality that chilled me even more."

Digby forgets one of the most unusual features of the TV universe - the historical difference between that universe and ours. History is always a bit more complicated and full of weird (to us) coincidences. For example, in these universes, it seems that at least half of the Indians at Little Big Horn were white men in disguise, each claiming to be the only white man who saw the massacre and each telling a different version of it. Also in these universes, every major figure in history has been nearly assassinated and only saved in the nick of time. Technology is different too, usually more advanced. For example, on The Wild Wild West, the viewer was confronted with gadgets in the 19th century that don't even exist in the 20th century in our universe.

Tales of the Third Foundation was okay but by now it is ancient history. /Of course the Tales are ancient history. Our current adventures are still classified top-secret.-LG/ Were you people (and other things) at St. Louis? /Yes-LG/

The Distant Generation by Guess who is, of course, a masterpiece. Actually, you might be interested in knowing how the story was written. It all started way back when about six months ago there was an article on Arthur Clarke in the Readers Digest in which the idea of sending people to the stars as sperm and egg cells was mentioned. Clarke seemed to think that this would work out fine. I thought, however, that there might be a little problem of raising normal children without parents in such an environment. Sooo, in my simple-minded way, I figured out that they would need a mechanical parent to replace the real one. The bit about the parent breaking down is known as plot.

The Metaphysical Hyena showed some real promise but then failed to fulfill it. I quote page 22 "IF SAM HADN'T TURNED THAT BEACON ON THIS COULD HAVE BEEN A VERY DIRTY CHAPTER." Why wasn't it? Dave Gerrold could have then been a very controversial writer and pushed aside mere adolescents like Norman Spinrad and Harlan Ellison. Oh well, MH for the novel hugo anyhow.

May Yog-Soghoth munch on your bones. You typed my letter to oblivion. That bit about UNCLE was supposed to read: "Of course the viewers ignore the inconsistencies in UNCLE. Anyone who didn't would become an unperson. Doublethink you know."

