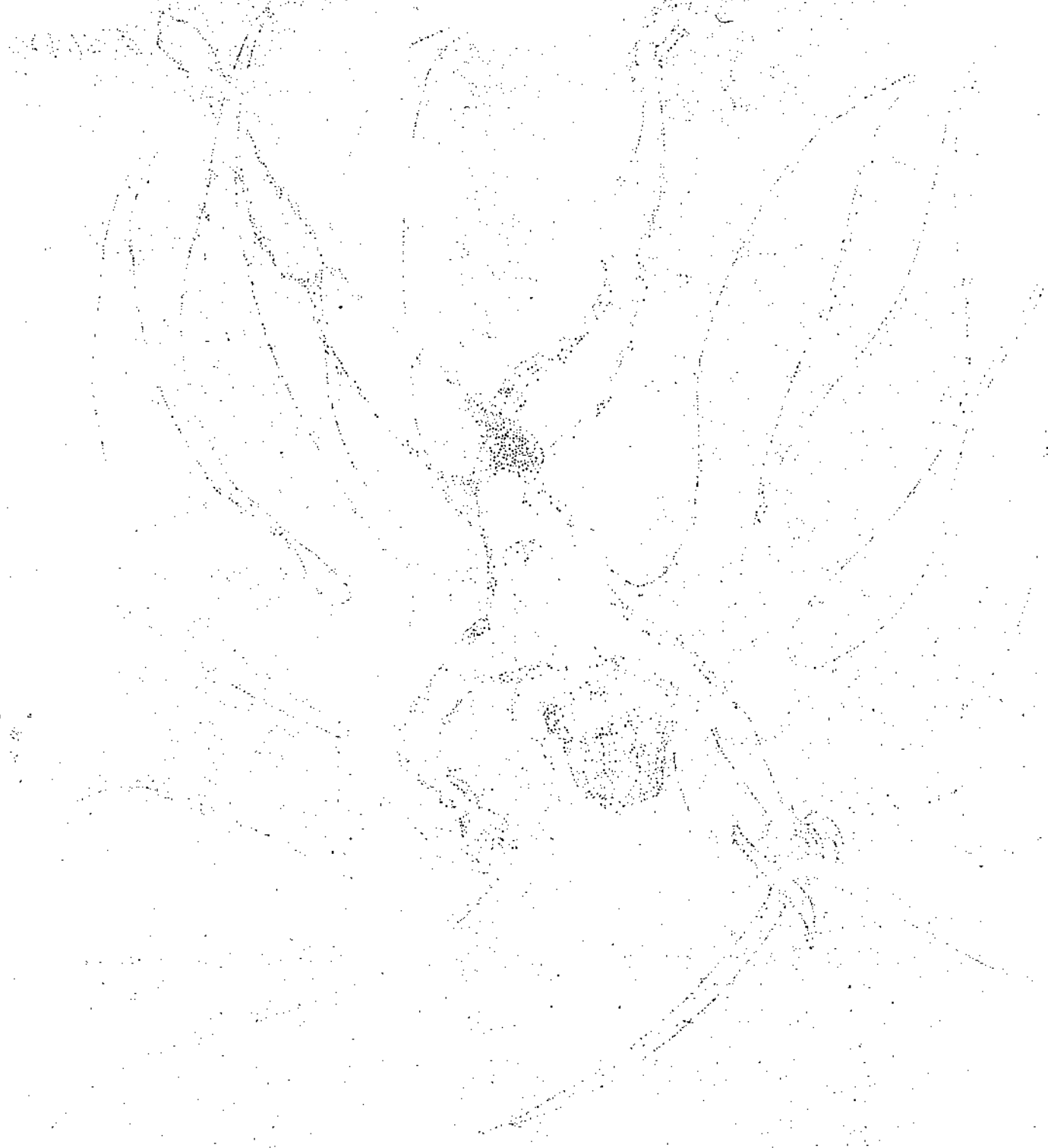


the third  
foundation

93



*Harness*



03

7C RESOLUTION

1968 JUNE

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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.

THE THIRD FOUNDATION #93

ad astra per cogitationem

Staff

Ambassador from Academia.....Lee Gold  
Eloi Envoy.....Barry Gold  
Diplomat at Arms.....Gordon Monson  
Vulcan Refugee.....Mel Gilden  
Starry-Eyed Anti-Novelist.....Bill Bakewell  
Primary Pro.....Stephen Goldin  
Paratime Pro.....Barry Weissman  
Eddorian out of Exile.....Sandy Cohen  
Disobedient Enchantress.....Leslie Cohen  
Psycho-Historian.....Stanford Burns  
Intrepid Birdman.....Tom Locke

typing by e.e. cummings' ex-secretary

forive us our typos

as you would have others do unto you

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For subscriptions or information - write to

The Third Foundation  
c/o Lee Gold  
11969 Iowa #6  
Los Angeles, Calif., 90025

III

Imprimis

by Lee Gold

Instead of starting out with a boring apology for why this zine is so late, let's talk about something else.

I've been doing some thinking about gostaks distimming doshes lately. Given our knowledge of the evolution of the English language there should be some way of figuring out what it means....So I started in the middle with "distims." Now, "di" as a prefix means twice or doubly - and "stim" is probably future slang for stimulate. So the gostak has a highly stimulating effect on the doshes. My next conclusions are considerably more tentative. A gostak, to my ear, rings strangely akin to a go-stick, which would probably mean some kind of whip. Dosh is more of a problem. It might be derived from dossier (i.e. sleeper) or from dasher. Anyway the sentence works out to mean that a whip tends to encourage people to labor. All in all, the motto points to a repressive and cruel society.

Our current issue isn't quite what I forecasted last time. For one thing, I decided to write a Vampire Story, and so held off the Vampire Computer Interview until next ish.

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the blood is the life DEUT. XII 23

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I also considered writing some songs for "Fan-Ed on the Roof" but never got past the first lines: "Collator, collator make me a zine" (to the tune of Matchmaker.) No, I take that back; I did two lines to the tune of "If I Were a Rich Man." ("If I did a slick zine/ Hugo, hugo - Hugo, Hugo, Hugo, Hugo, Pong.") Unfortunately, davinning and fans just don't seem to mix.

We do have an updated discussion of how to build a Bheer Can Tower to the Moon. The problem came up in conversation just after we'd exhausted the topic of the champagne swimming pool. (80° champagne?) Unfortunately, someone reminded us that alcohol is suited to drinking but not to bathing in. It burns the eye tissues about twanty times worse than chlorine.

---

Sandy Cohen married Leslie Swigart June 20, 1970

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And, speaking of the Moon, have you heard about the bill that Grumman Aerospace (which built the Aquarius Lunar Lander) sent N. A. Rockwell (which built the Apollo 13 command and service modules.)? Towing - "\$4 first mile, \$1 each additional mile" for 400,000 miles "50 pounds oxygen at \$10 per pound - \$500" and "Sleeping accommodations for two, no TV, air-conditioned, with radio, modified American plan, with view - prepaid. Additional guest in room at \$8 per night (checkout no later than noon Friday) - \$32." With a 20% commercial discount, a 2% cash discount, and a final item of \$100,000 for keeping the whole thing confidential, the total bill was \$417,421.24

## Still More Last and First Lines

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

### first lines

1. She was born a thing and as such would be condemned if she failed to pass the encephalograph test required of all newborn babies.
2. James Quincy Holden was five years old.
3. Andrew Harlan stepped into the kettle.
4. One winter shortly before the Six Weeks War my tomcat, Petronius the Arbiter, and I lived in an old farmhouse in Connecticut.
5. There was a boy called Eustace Clarence Scrubb, and he almost deserved it.

### last lines

6. Until the body melts and the brain ceases to gel, a man who has come out whole after having been put through his paces by the Delian has a heart for living.
7. As Anea had said, carefully he hooded the brilliance of his light that he might not blind them; and turning full around at last, entered once more, and for a little while again, into the habitation of Man.
8. The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.
9. God is dead!
10. "Where," I asked him, "is the land of the Wagon People?"

---

### Answers to Last Issue's Quiz

1. Why was the regular report not turned in from Eden - see Mark Clifton's Eight Keys to Eden.
2. Why were the sexual habits of the fleet and the flock different on Diomedes? - see Poul Anderson's War of the Wingmen (The Man Who Counts)
3. How could the Dogs stop the ants - see Simak's City.
4. Who killed Rikaine Delmarre - see Asimov's The Naked Sun
5. Why was the ring with the H on it important - see Heinlein, Between Planets
6. What was the mysterious planet Gilbret blundered on - on his way back to Rhodia - see Asimov's The Stars Like Dust.
7. What did Hip Barrows find in the cave - see Sturgeon's More Than Human
8. Why were red Cadillacs being stolen - see Mark Phillips' The Impossibles.
9. How could the Chulpex be stopped? - see Davidson's Masters of the Maze.
10. Why did the birth rate drop in St. Louis when Molly Blood came to town - see Mead's The Big Ball of Wax.

---

The Boskonian's bat is a bratty bat that bedevils butterflies.  
The changeling's cat is a curious cat that creates cantraps.  
The dero's device is a devilish device that distorts data.

True to Type

by Lee Gold

For the first few moments George Howells merely stared dumbly at the white-faced man who had just opened the door.

"Well, what do you want," the other at last demanded.

"I'm sorry," said Howells. "It's just that you're the first vampire I've ever seen." He took a deep breath, then said firmly, "Mr. Vacek, I am Sergeant Howells of the Los Angeles Police Department. I have information leading me to believe that you've been guilty of extortion. Suppose you invite me inside so we can discuss it.

Expressionlessly, the other stood aside from the door and motioned Howells into the house, then led him through a darkened hallway into a comfortably furnished living room. Howells plopped himself down in one of the large, overstuffed easy chairs with a sigh of relief. "I was afraid you might have cobwebs all over everything," he explained.

"You seem to be somewhat straying from your proposed topic of conversation," said Vacek. "You said that I was...an extortioner?"

"And a vampire," Howells reminded him.

"According to modern science, there are no such things as vampires."

"Of course not. And that's what the Royak family believed too, until you showed them different. They've told me all about it, Vacek. About how you led them into their bathroom to show how you didn't cast a reflection in a mirror. About how you borrowed a kitchen knife to cut your wrist with--and how the cut didn't bleed--and healed up in less than a minute. About how you turned into a bat! And about how you then demanded two hundred and fifty dollars a month--or else you'd fang their only son--and then he'd turn into a vampire too!

"They're willing to testify against you, Vacek. And you won't be able to do anything about it. Look here!" The sergeant pulled on a chain around his neck and lifted out from under his shirt a silver crucifix. Vacek winced at the sight of it.

"Put - that - thing - away," he said.

Calmly Howells replaced it. "I'm not the only one who's wearing one of these," he said. "Every member of the Royak family has one on too. There's no way for you to stop them from testifying. You'll be in jail before you know it, Vacek, unless..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless you want to make a little bargain with me."

"What kind of bargain?"

"I want to become a vampire. You can make me one. If you do, I won't arrest you."

"And what about the Royaks?"

"I told them last night that I was going to try to arrest you tonight, wearing this cross--that if I died, it'd prove that the cross wouldn't protect even me against a vampire, let alone a Jew. I told them that if I didn't get in touch with them by next week it'd mean you'd have killed me and that they'd just have to resign themselves to paying the money. They can afford it, if they have to. They're rich enough."

"But why do you want me to kill you," asked Vacek. "Why do you want to become a vampire. It's a hazardous life, full of dangers that most mortals have never even guessed at."

"I don't know if I can make you understand. You're a foreigner, you know. And then, after all, you are pretty old, aren't you?"

"Over five hundred years old," Vacek said. "It was back in the middle of the fifteenth century when the great Count Dracula" his voice grew bitterly ironic, "condescended to bestow on a mere peasant the gift of immortality."

"Since then I have lived in many places. It was only seventy years ago that I first entered this country, only twenty years ago that I first came to Los Angeles. It is a most agreeable city. I would dislike to leave it. Even the smog which so bothers the other residents never annoys me, because it always disappears after sunset. And then too the opportunities for pleasure--and profit--are immense."

"But now I too, am wandering from the subject. I repeat, why do you wish to become a vampire?"

"I'll tell you - but only after I've become one."

Vacek shrugged. "Very well. I have no choice but to accept your proposal. But first you must remove that cross."

Howells obediently pulled off the chain, got up, opened a window and flung the shining metal out into the darkness.

He turned to find Vacek had also risen and was now coming towards him, his eyes glowing bright with anticipation.

\* \* \*

A moment afterwards, Vacek contemplated the corpse of George Howells, as it lay untidily sprawled on the floor. There would be, he knew, a time lapse of about an hour before the new vampire would regain consciousness. Methodically, he now began to search the man, seeking some clue to what had driven him to make his bizarre proposition.

A search of Howells' front pockets revealed only a police badge, three sticks of chewing gum, and a ticket for an Elks-sponsored raffle. The back pocket held Howells' wallet and inside it a gas



credit card, an American Legion membership card, a California driver's license--and a medical ID card.

Vacek studied this last item carefully. Could it be that Howells had some fatal disease? Was that why he had been so determined to die? But no, everything noted on the card seemed perfectly normal. Howells was certified as non-diabetic, non-allergic to any common drugs, blood type O, Rh positive, and inoculated against tetanus. What then could be the reason for the policeman's strange desire? Vacek put back the wallet and other trivia, and seated himself once again. As he waited for Howells to reawaken, he felt the familiar flow of renewed energy that showed that the blood of his victim was already circulating in his own bloodstream.

Finally the policeman's eyelids began to flutter. Soon he was fully awake. "I don't feel any different," he said suspiciously. "How can I be sure you've really killed me? Have you got.... No, you wouldn't have any mirrors around....I've got it." He pulled out his police badge and stared at the carefully polished surface. It showed a distorted reflection of the room behind him, but no hint of his own features.

"It's worked," he cried exultantly. "I really am a vampire. Nothing can stop me now."

"Stop you from what?"

"From destroying the sinister forces of World Communism--and saving the American Way of Life!"

Vacek looked nonplussed.

"I told you that you might not understand," Howells said, "being a foreigner and all. But believe me, Vacek, this is what I've dreamed of all my life--a way to foil the cunning machinations of the Red Menace and preserve the American Dream...."

"At first I thought the answer was in the American Legion. But I soon found out that they weren't fully aware of the true nature of the danger threatening our republic. They didn't realize that you've got to fight fire with fire, slander with slander, assassination with assassination....So then I joined the John Birch Society...."

"Didn't that work out either," Vacek asked curiously.

"Well, they were okay as far as they went," Howells conceded. "But even so they eventually got too publicized. Nowadays they just can't get the same kind of results they used to."

"Last month, when our local Birch chapter wasn't even able to stop the county school district from approving the use of a pinko textbook, I made up my mind - this was no time for just joining groups. This called for a one-man crusade against the forces of Communism.

"And then I got assigned to the Royak complaint--and I found out about you--and it all fell into place."

"And now? What are your plans?"

"I'll go to Peking first--get Mao and all his goons. Then Hanoi. Then Moscow. Then...well, there'll be lots of nights ahead for me. I'll fang them all to death;...or will that mean they'll turn into vampires, just like I did when you killed me?"

"No," said Vacek, "not unless they know that you are one of the undead--and unless they desire to become one also. Knowledge and will--both are necessary."

"Oh....Then all I'll have to do is to creep up on them so they won't see me until the moment I fang them. Then they won't have time to realize I'm a vampire. And there's no way for them to stop me. They won't be able to hide from me, because I can fly anywhere they can go to. And they can't kill me--not unless they have silver bullets. And they won't have those, because no good Communist would be superstitious enough to believe in vampires, right?"

"Right. But remember," Vacek spoke soberly, "there are other dangers which you face now besides that of being killed by men: the destructive power of even the slightest ray of sunlight, the painful barriers raised by crosses, garlic bulbs, and other common objects. And then there's--"

"Oh, I know all about all of that stuff," Howells said. "I've seen all the old Dracula movies on the late-late show."

He wrinkled his brows in concentration for a moment, then vanished. Outside, in the darkness, a bat sped its way through the night, heading west across the Pacific towards the far off coast of Asia.

\* \* \*

For some time Vacek sat alone in his living room, contemplating the bizarre events of the last few hours. "He will fly first to the Asian capitals," the old vampire told himself, "and then to Moskva, then to all the western Communist capitols--Warszawa, Praha, Budapest--and inevitably, among all the others, to Bucuresti, capitol of my old homeland. He will destroy its government, bring back the old regime, the descendants of Count Dracula will rule my homeland again, oppress the peasants as they did before...."

"No," Vacek cried out loudly, "I will not permit it. It is true that I left Transylvania over three hundred years ago. But still...it is my motherland. I will not let Howells destroy my country. I must stop him, stop his patriotic crusade. For I...in my own way...am a patriot too."

Seconds later, Vacek was winging his way through the air, using all the skill acquired through centuries of flight to take maximum advantage of every vagrant air current. He must overtake Howells and stop him before it was too late.

He was compelled by the growing approach of dawn to take refuge for the day in Japan, in an abandoned copper mine. As he lay there, cowering away from the sunlight, he began to wonder if this desperate trip would really be necessary. There were so many dangers besetting the path of a naive vampire. Howells might be already dead, slain perhaps by the unsuspected arrival of dawn.

Or even if the policeman had survived the transoceanic flight, even if none of Mao's guards carried a piece of garlic for a mid-night snack, even if none of them were still reactionary enough to carry a silver bullet in case of emergency--there was still that other way of death, the one the movies never mentioned, the one that killed over nine-tenths of the new vampires in their first few weeks of existence. Luckily, he himself was so constructed as to be immune to that particularly revolting type of final death. But Howells, he knew already, was not.

But still, Vacek reflected, Howells might, by sheer chance, succeed in eluding the laws of probability until he had accomplished his mission. No, this was a time not for hopeful waiting but for action....As soon as the last ray of sunlight had faded from the sky, Vacek was on his way again.

Only a few hours later he reached Peking. He felt weary from wingtip to wingtip but knew that he could not yet spare the time to re-energize himself. That would have to wait 'till later. First he must see whether Mao still remained alive.

Stealthily maneuvering to avoid any patch of light that might reveal his presence to a passer-by, he flew towards the closely-guarded complex of buildings which housed the government of the People's Republic of China--and which contained the living quarters of the country's nominal dictator, Communist Party Chairman Mao Tse-Tung.

There was a moment of intense concentration and then, in place of the flying bat was only a wisp of fog, drifting steadily forwards to the chairman's office building.

As he saw what lay within, the old vampire relaxed with relief. No violence would be necessary. Howells was already taken care of. Again the policeman's body lay sprawled untidily on the floor; this time, however, in a death that would last for all eternity.

Beside the corpse stood Chairman Mao, psychologically shaken, no doubt, by the sudden materialization of the body at his feet, but physically intact--saye, of course, for the loss of a few ounces of blood.

"I knew it all the time," Vacek told himself. "It was bound to catch up with him, sooner or later. Not so soon, perhaps, in America or in western Europe where over forty per cent of the population is blood type O. But here in China where more than two out of three people carry either the A or B agglutininogen in their blood...Howells was doomed."

For in the long run, the old vampire reflected, it was among the undead as with the living--only the fittest survived. And among vampires, the fittest were those who had been born with an AB blood type, the universal recipients for blood transfusion.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Bury me on my face," said Diogenese; and when he was asked why, he replied, "Because in a little while everything will be turned upside down."  
--Diogenes Laertius

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

The Left Hand of Darkness, Ursula K. LeGuin, Walker Books, Inc \$4.95 Ace, 75¢; Science Fiction Book Club \$1.49 reviewed by Darrell Schweitzer

Don't read the information above. I want to ask you a question. What is the most important SF book about sex published in the last few years? What book presented the most daring and original SF approach to sex and completely ignored taboos? Well? Bug Jack Barron? Flesh? Image of the Beast? Any given Dick Geis book?

Guess again. It was The Left Hand of Darkness. Puzzled? You haven't heard about it being "dirty"? That's nobody's idea of a shocker, you may claim.

This is all true. The fact that there is not a trace of sensationalism or cheap publicity about Darkness is one of its strong points. It is not "dirty" although it is indeed about a kind of sex we don't consider "normal." It is written with a maturity and restraint that eludes most people. I shudder to think of what might have resulted if Phillip Jose Farmer had written it for Essex House.

Darkness presents a truly bold idea. As inconceivable as it may be to us "normal" people, it is quite possible that somebody may engage in another kind of sexual activity and find it fulfilling and meaningful. //According to the Kinsey statistics, it can't be too inconceivable to most American men.-LG// On the world of Winter, where the novel is set, the natives are functional hermaphrodites (but "human" in every other way.) This becomes quite a problem for Genly Ai, an Earth envoy, who must live among these people until he can persuade them to join an interstellar union. To him the Gethenian (Gethen is the native name for the planet) sexual cycle is utterly alien, if not repulsive. To them he is a "pervert." (By the Gethenian definition a pervert is anyone who remains the same sex all the time as opposed to the way they change.) As he learns to accept them, we also learn the most important lesson SF can teach us: difference does not make inferiority. How are we ever going to learn to live with the green tentacled blobs that everyone writes about if we can't even accept someone like the Gethenians who is human except for one small detail.

Don't get me wrong. The Left Hand of Darkness is not a sermon. It's a novel and a brilliant one, an intensely moving experience. Miss LeGuin writes beautifully, with an eye for detail. Winter is one of the most vividly realised worlds in the entire genre (and in only 218 pages. It took Frank Herbert a lot more than that to bring Arrakis in Dune to life.) Its people are real people--different, but real human people with all the depth and warmth that the printed page is capable of conveying. The scenes are real. You feel that you've been there. What more can a novelist do?

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The Left Hand of Darkness is perhaps the finest SF novel of the 1960's. It has already won the Nebula Award as best of 1969. It has also made the finals for the Heicon Hugo. Will it win? It damn well better!

The Left Hand of Darkness - another view - Lee Gold

When I finished reading this book, it was with the feeling that for the first time I had seen aliens brought across as truly aliens. Not as human-beings-who-just-happen-to-be-green-and-have-tails and not as human-beings-who-are-only-six-inches-high-and-used-to-high-gravity-fields and not as....etc.

The Gethenians interact in different ways than heterosexual humans, homosexual humans, bisexual humans, hermaphroditic humans, or any kind of humans. This is partly because for the major part of their cycle they are asexual. Division into male and female does not occur outside of romantic/sexual situations. The result is that the society lacks most of the role-polarity of any visualizable human culture.

I found the cultural implications of this novels to overshadow the plot and the characterization. (A fate which often befalls s.f. books.) It is definitely worth reading.

Dark Stars, Robert Silverberg ed, Ballantine, Dec, 1969, 95¢  
reviewed by Bill Bakewell

Dark Stars is an anthology of sixteen stories that feel as dark as their title. My favorite among them was one by Poul Anderson entitled "Journey's End." Despite the dark tone of the sixteen stories, I find them all written well. Dark Stars is worth buying and reading on that basis.

Isle of the Dead, Roger Zelazny, Ace Special, 60¢, 1969  
reviewed by Leon Taylor, Box 89, Seymour, Ind. 47274

Like it or not, Roger Zelazny is science fiction's guru for the Seventies. His quick hip wit underlaid by a quiet, cool well of emotion epitomizes the basic conflict of this generation, that of socially acceptable frivolity versus socially despised honesty; what Zelazny wins awards for is in proving that these two can, and better, coexist. Zelazny's protagonist--and despite the number of stories and novels that he has written, there is only one--is easy to identify with because he is the man of our daydreams: filthy rich, indecently handsome and disgustingly prompt with the right quip. What's more, underneath that psychedelic carnival of sex values lies a pure stream of--well, of whatever makes the homo sap different from the homely ape. Anyway, it's there and it's in this book too, but it's highly analogous to passing through a sleepy Southern town: drive at anything above the posted speed limits and you'll miss it all.

The book? Well, yes, I was getting to that. Isle of the Dead matches coins with every other Zelazny novel with its obsession of mythology, its hard-nosed action reminiscent of the mystery pulps, and its basic insatiability. It differs in that its protagonist is a god and the copyright date is 1969. It is, accordingly/nevertheless (circle one), a very good autobiography with some tall-tale

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yarnings on the side. An autobiography of Roger Zelazny? Nay. An autobiography of our times.

Maybe Zelazny is dropping hints of this when he says that Francis Sandow, resident god of Isle, was spanked by his first doctor in the middle of the twentieth century. And all through the book, despite its supposed 2600 AD setting, we are bombarded with numerous unsubtle references to Vietnam, taxi cabs, Shakespeare and marbles--not to mention one unbelievable three-page treatise on the evils of tipping sandwiched in the middle of the narration without so much as the distinction of asterisks. Zelazny's universe is inconsistent as hell--that is, if Zelazny's universe is actually one of the far-fetched future. Which it isn't.

And now that I've told you that Zelazny is actually an Angry Young Man double agent, that fen vote him Hugoes because he stokes their dreams, that Francis Sandow is a psychological symbol for the turbulence of our decade, let me say that Isle of the Dead is one of the smoothest running, neatest clicking action stories that I've read all year. Not only that, but it's also an enjoyable fantasy making side excursions into religious myth. And just to drive you to drink I'll contend that Zelazny can belt out those hardboiled detective stories with the best of them.

And you thought that I was normal, didn't you....

Well, maybe I am. Then again, maybe I'm not. Actually it makes no diff, for the reason that I mention all these contradictions concerning Isle is not because I'm unbalanced, but because this illogic exists in the book itself. Zelazny is a professional juggler, which is not to say that he is always a competent one: in Isle he keeps no less than a dozen balls in the air at once, spinning, weaving, glittering in the spotlight--and occasionally falling with a big s-!-p-!-l-!-a-!-t. But Zelazny is also a wizard, for the overall effect of his acrobatics is of a solid, tremendously entertaining, tremendously stimulating circus.

So come with me and meet the main attraction: Francis Sandow, the oldest creature in the universe: shaper of worlds, lover of women. As we've already mentioned, Zelazny has only one protagonist but he equips him with several different faces. This time I'm afraid our hero's visage has slipped a little. Oh, he's striking enough--and far more interesting than the lot of stock mannikins sf hacks generally throw at us--but he's...slow. A little fudgy. Now Zelazny attempts to justify this by marking it down to Sandow's introspection. I say bull. This isn't Platonic self-examination; this is just plain irresolution. When the time comes for decisive action, Sandow performs admirably, but in the meantime...let's just say that the pacing is a bit off color. And because writing can take on such delicate personalized shadings, perhaps what disturbed me may not disturb you.

In addition, Zelazny does not successfully develop his character's complexities. His presumed goal--to make Sandow a rich, real, living being--is praiseworthy and honestly attempted and never quite comes off. The problem here is that Zelazny does not understand what it is for a human to be an immortal god. Mortal-wise Sandow sounds pretty authentic--Zelazny has a keen ear for common dialogue, both inner and otherwise--but a god he isn't, only a

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foolish old man playing at charades. Moreover, Sandow's complexities and inconsistencies of nature are never fully integrated; they stand apart, like unmixed tea and water, aloof from each other in a clear glass. Instead of stirring the glass, Zelazny presents several mechanical flashbacks which, I suppose, are intended to be Turning Points of Sandow's life; the only trouble is that such Turning Points presented without justification or linkage look ridiculously out of place. Too bad that the many graceful statues of Zelazny's pen must be marred by such misshapen stick figures.

But for all his faults, Sandow is a pretty personable companion and you will find him amusing for the book's duration--that is, if you don't look too closely. Not only that but he also has some interesting things to say about life, and I think that any sf character loaded with such information deserves a few huzzahs. For instance, in the opening three pages--which are the best written in the entire book--Sandow compares life to Tokyo Bay, where anything can and does wash up. A rather common theorem, but Zelazny says it more colorfully than most. Sandow also moves well, something which can be attributed to his possible/probable stature as a Pei'an god (Shimbo of Darktree, Shrigger of Thunder. Now that's poetry.) In case you're reaching for a handy reference, the mythology this time is one of Zelazny's own devising. The Pei'ans are an ancient and wise alien people with their own souped-up religion, and Zelazny does neither of them justice.

A book that promises more than it delivers. I do not mean to say that Isle initially undertakes more than it fulfills--for it is fairly satisfying--but that Zelazny promises to do better in his next novel than he did in the present one. Isle of the Dead is a good performance, but not a brilliant one. It has colors and iron spikes and shadows, all of them well-worked, but they are not classic. And that, don't you know, is what we've been expecting out of Zelazny all along: a bonafide classic, one that will knock sf readers and mainstream reviewers alike for a loop. So far, he hasn't done that. But he's finally beginning to come alive.

A Sea of Space, William F. Nolan, ed., Bantam, May, 1970, 60¢  
Bill Bakewell reviewer

This collection of fourteen stories has more than the usual amount of the lyric. Every story, with one exception, is somewhat visual in the manner of description; this quality is especially pronounced in the stories written by Bradbury, Chad Oliver, Sheckley, and Bloch. Nolan, in his own story "Lap of the Primitive," uses a funny and succinct description of a Venusian. "One Night Stand" by Herbert A. Simmons is more aural than anything else.

In two stories, "The Undiscovered Country" by William F. Temple and "In Space with Runyon Jones" by Norman Corwin, the authors pulled a bit too much artistic license for my taste. Otherwise they are quite good, Temple's story being almost musical at times.

It is as if I had "seen" these stories via some futuristic telepathy machine instead of having read them in a paperback. I thoroughly enjoyed all fourteen stories despite shortcomings in some of them.

Through Slime and Space with A. L. Finch

by Greg Chalfin

A. L. Finch was in Gary, Indiana when he realized it would be an improvement to heed the numerous people who had, over the years, told him where to go. So he went to Hell. The Devil recognized A. L. immediately, and regarding him as a kindred soul (?), decided to show A.L. around. One of the things that A.L. was particularly impressed by was the fact that whenever the imps and demons used their whips or pitchforks on the damned souls, the victims' wounds would glow with various bright colors. "I got the idea from a UCLA student movie," commented the Devil.

"Interesting. But what is that over there?" asked A.L., indicating a hideous machine.

"Ah," said the Archfiend, "that is a hideous machine into whose maw I feed any of the damned souls who are particularly loudmouthed and obstreperous."

"But why does that huge hammer-like object continually bash the opening," wondered A.L.

"Unfortunately," replied the Devil, "loudmouthed obstreperous types tend to clog the maw as they are fed into the machine. So that hammer-like object periodically bashed the entrance to knock loose the obstructions."

Suddenly, just as the Devil had finished his explanation, the bashing ceased, and the entire infernal machine ground to a sickening halt. It was pandemonium. Finally one of the lesser fiends ran up to the Devil and cried, "What should we do, boss? The basher won't work and the machine is all clogged up. And it's too dark to fix it!"

"The only way I can light things up is to set some brimstone on fire," said the Devil, "and that will make so much smoke that it probably won't help anyway. You got any ideas, Finch?"

Ever helpful, A.L. replied, "Why not put a bunch of damned souls near the machine and have your demons torment them. Your glowing-wound phenomenon should give plenty of light."

The Devil put the suggestion into action and found that the technique worked very well. "Finch, how did you ever think of such an unusual solution?"

"Not unusual at all," A.L. answered. "Back where I just came from, everybody knows about wound-light on the maw-bash."

\* \* \* \* \*

When asked what he would take to let a man give him a blow on the head, Diogenes said, A Helmet."

-----  
Had I been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe.

Alfonso the Wise 1221-1284



Rick Sneary used to ask that we include more material about 3rd Foundation members in this fanzine for the benefit of readers who don't know our group personally. This series of true life adventures is the result.

## TALES OF THE THIRD FOUNDATION

### Chapter Twelve. Mel Gilden's Report

The stuff swirling around in the evil stew was figures of the members of the Third Foundation's Inner Circle. Had Rayle turned to the use of Voodoo?

It seemed so when the four people whose figures had already melted plunged over a cliff at Malibu. The unfortunate four were Jim, the Warrens, and Steve Cohan.

Also unaccounted for was Barry Weissman who disappeared while driving back to Berkeley on the freeway. This was reported to the Galactic Coordinator by Richard Irwin who was returning to Riverside.

That night at the LASFS meeting, Rayle took the place of David Gerrold, the then current procedural director, and after dispatching all those who were not members of the 3F Inner Circle, materialized Giip, his new hen chman.

Giip, who had at one time offered to trade the location of the Lurker in the Dark (the self-proclaimed ultimate in evil and Sandy Cohen's sworn enemy) for a 3F membership, now said:

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

\* \* \*

The smoke billowed around us for a few seconds and then, though the room was still dark, I could sense the air clearing.

I shouted, "Lee! Sandy! Leslie!" But there was no answer. I was alone in an empty universe. Suddenly I heard a soft purring noise behind me. I turned in time to see an intense beam of light shoot out from a tube of indeterminable length.

Giip's voice said, "Welcome to the old time movie house, Mr. Gilden."

Before me appeared the familiar MGM lion. Following after it was the spectacular opening of 2001: A Space Odyssey. I stood watching in awed fascination, as I had so many times before. But something was missing. I thought at first that I had gone deaf but then I heard the reassuring purr of the projector in the background. I had not gone deaf. It was another one of Rayle's evil psychological tortures.

"What do you mean, old time movie house? 2001 is a new movie."

Giip chuckled evilly as he answered. "Perhaps in your time it was, but this is the year 802,701 1/4"

Where had I heard that year before? Someplace in the vast complex that was my mind, it struck a familiar chord.

"But where is the Lurker in the Dark?"

"He's here," Giip assured me. "Somewhere..." His voice faded and with it so did the oppressive darkness. A flame grew silently and devoured the picture of 2001 which was now in the midst of the Dawn of Man sequence.

The fire died down and I found myself seated on a patch of cold ground. (Massa must be buried around here somewhere, I thought.) I could make out the faces of Sandy, Leslie and Lee, lit in eerie redness around the cheerless blaze. Their faces were taut and immobile, as if they had endured all the suffering their minds could sustain and now, filled with sorrow over the loss of their friends and having momentarily lost their sense of wonder, they sat as I did around the fire.

But five of the Third Foundation Inner Circle were not there. Stan, Gordon, Steve Goldin, Barry Gold and Bill Bakewell had not come through to 802,701. The heinous Rayle had split us up again.

After a long silence when each of us was left with only our own morbid thoughts, and the sounds of the wilderness around us, Lee said in an unusually quiet voice, "Where were you, Mel?" The other two looked at me expectantly, waiting for my answer. I told them of my experience with Giip, and of his one clue.

"802,701." Lee repeated when I had finished.

Sandy said, "It's just like the merciless Rayle to tease us with the very thing that we are looking for."

"But didn't Richard Irwin conclude that the plot to steal 2001 was a ruse?" Leslie asked.

"That's true," I agreed, "but this action by Giip leads me to believe that there may be more complications to this plot that meets the eye. You're the Clarke-O'file, Sandy. What do you think?"

"To tell you the truth, I've almost lost track of all the ramifications of the plot. But I would guess that nothing is beyond Rayle's villainy."

I chuckled grimly. "We could sure use a Dark Shadows writer right now. He might have a chance to untangle this mess."

Suddenly Lee gave a tiny shriek. I thought at first that a rodent had bitten her and we almost had to suppress her. Luckily, we didn't have a burlap bag with us. When we had quieted her down, she said, "I've got it!"

"By George, she's got it," we all intoned together.

I asked, "Got what?"

"That year, 802,701. I know what it is."

"Well what is it," asked Sandy.

"It is the year that the Time Traveler (for so it will be convenient to speak of him) landed in the Time Machine!"

"You're right," I exclaimed.

"What are you two babbling about," demanded Sandy, who had read nothing but Childhood's End for ages.

Between Lee and myself, we explained the strange tale of the Morlocks and the Eloi. When we had finished, the night seemed to have become cooler. Whether it was an ill wind or merely our fear, heightened with the telling of the grisly story, we had no time to contemplate, for suddenly Sandy yelled, "Leslie! She's gone!"

It was true. We spread out, instituting a Phase One search. The signs showed that there had been no struggle, indicating that whoever had kidnapped her had either a rudimentary knowledge of chemistry or a very quiet club.

Then Lee said the one word that we had all been thinking but had been afraid to say: "Morlocks."

While Lee and I studied the spoor and made plans, Sandy ran around our now smoldering fire shouting epithets and shaking his fists at the elements.

A stooped old man in a night-shirt and a long white beard walked in from the forest and leared at him for a moment, and then went back out into the wilderness. He was followed by a blind man and two very ugly girls. From their conversation I could tell they were looking for a place called Dover.

Lee and I decided that Leslie had been taken East toward the rising sun. We managed to subdue Sandy by quoting long passages from the conclusion of City and the Stars to him, but though this quieted his rage, it did nothing to dispell his gloomy mood. We did not begrudge him this, but we found his logical processes had been buried beneath his anger, and so he was unfit to help us plan rationally.

We walked East, I in the lead, Lee next, and Sandy bringing up the rear. (It is a good thing that I had remembered to take it along. It was to come in handy later.)

After we had been walking for about a quarter of an hour, I saw something up ahead that made my blood run cold. Lee ran into me and said, "what's wrong?"

I pointed and said, "Look."

Her gaze followed my indication and she stood amazed. I looked back and Sandy was standing with his jaw slack, his anger and grief forgotten for the moment. For there, silhouetted in the rising sun was a full size monolith.

"I told you," I said. "There is more to this 2001 business than we thought."

We approached slowly across the grassy clearing. I went around to the sunlit side of the great block. Looking at it in disbelief,

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I began to laugh. From small chuckles it grew into peels of hysterical, tension-relieving gaiety.

Lee joined me, and then Sandy. There, printed in large purple block letters was the word JELL-O. The monolith seemed to be no more than a giant package of Grape JELL-O!

When the humor of the situation wore off, Sandy said, "What about Leslie?" This sobered us all, and we set off again following the trail.

A short time later, we came to one of those wells that is an entrance to the underworld of the Morlocks. A constant thrumming had been growing louder for some time, and as we leaned over the edge of the well, we could hear its source deep beneath the earth.

"Can you think of a more logical ally for the Lurker in the Dark than the light-hating Morlocks? My guess is that he is down ~~there~~. Probably Leslie too."

Sandy shouted "Leslie!" and flung himself over the precipice.

"Sandy," Lee and I yelled together as his form grew dimmer in the stugian darkness.

"What do we do now, GC," I asked.

"There's only one thing we can do now. There are two Third Foundation members down there alone against the Lurker in the Dark, Morlocks, and Space knows what else. What can we do but do our best to try and save them.

"Hear, hear," I said, forgetting myself for a moment.

"Well, let's get started," Lee said.

I helped her over the wall, and she put her foot on the first rung of the ladder embedded in the wall of the stone shaft. We ~~climbed~~ ~~climbed~~ for what seemed an endless time. Twice I slipped on the dew-wetted metal bars. Then from below me there came a shout.

"Yipp," Lee called.

"What's the matter?"

"One of the rungs is loose. I almost fell. Be careful."

I remembered that Morlocks are smaller and lighter than Men. This dark stair was built for them, not for us. I wondered how Gordon would have done had he been here.

Then finally, after interminable minutes, we reached the bottom of the shaft. We had passed through a region of almost total darkness, but now, in this infernal domain, an eerie light emanated from within. Even the Morlocks could not work in total darkness. Lying there in the sand at the foot of the ladder was a strange object that I had never seen before. Lee held it up for our inspection.

"What is it," I asked.

Lee laughed as she said, "It's an old-fashioned corset."

"It's not nearly that funny. Look what it says here on the other side." There written in gray letters was the inscription:

MAE WEST'S FIRST FOUNDATION

I said, "Only Rayle, an old 3F member, could think of a ghastly pun like that."

Lee only looked around pensively, at a loss for words and throw pillows.

"Come on," I said, leading the way along a low tunnel where even Lee had to bend over to get through without hitting her head.

This continued for some time and then made an abrupt right turn. The ceiling here was a bit higher. Then the passage emptied out into a tremendous cavern. The ceiling was lost in darkness above, and the walls seemed to stretch to infinity. The room was filled with great machines whose purpose could only be guessed at. The heartbeat sound had never been so strong.

There, only a short distance away was Leslie. She was tied to the pipes of one of the mysterious machines. She saw me and I motioned her to silence. With a loose elbow she nudged the bedraggled figure next to her. Sandy looked up and was about to shout, but Lee got there in time to put her hand over his mouth.

Then, using my Tom Mix combination Flashlight, Signal Ring, Decoder, Pen Knife and Portable Nuclear Generator, I freed them both. Lee kept a sharp look out, but there was no one around, not even the ubiquitous Morlocks. It was too easy. I suspected it was a trap, but we would never know if we did not at least try to escape.

We made our way back to the shaft. The sand under the open sky was wet, and as I looked up, I got a raindrop in my eye. Grey clouds rolled by overhead, and an occasional flash of lightning set our faces in high relief. The thunder played a random counterpoint to the monotonous rhythm of the Morlocks' machines.

Then we began our arduous climb back to the surface. If this was a trick, Rayle, The Lurker in the Dark, and the Morlocks had better make their move soon. Once we got to the surface, we could quickly whip up a time machine from oddments about our persons, and get out of their cruel grasp.

When we were about half way up, in the darkest part of the chimney, I began to hear little scuttling sounds below us. "Snap it up," I said, "they're following us."

It was a nightmare then. Because of the strange acoustics, it was difficult to tell just how far behind us our pursuers were, but I could tell that the sounds were getting louder.

The sky began to clear, and the rain stopped falling. This made climbing easier for us, but also for our adversaries. When we were only a few feet from the top, and the freedom of the sunlit world, a billious purple pseudopod crept over the top and into the well.

Leslie screamed.

It was the Beast with no Name!

But how had it gotten here? The BWNN had been destroyed in 20th century San Francisco by Barry Weissman and Richard Irwin. But the Third Foundation should have known that you can never completely destroy a beast whose life is based on a Knox unflavored gelatin molecule. I saw it all in a flash! Rayle had scraped together the remnants of the BWNN from the sidewalk outside the Clairmont. Then, drying it out for easier storage, he had put the BWNN in powdered form into the JELL-O box/monolith. Later, with the coming of the rain, the Beast had been reactivated, and now, here it was.

Now our only chance was my power ring. It was lucky for us the Beast was not yellow. I aimed my ring to cover the well opening. Beneath us, I could hear the powers of darkness advancing.

Meanwhile the Beast with No Name had spread itself across the top of my power shield. But how long could my will create a barrier against it?

I felt a clammy hand grab hold of my leg.

to be probably continued next issue

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If witches there be, there must of course be some humorous witches...London Daily Mail, May 1, 1907....An elderly woman, Mme. Blerotti had called upon the Magistrate of the Ste. Marguerite district of Paris and had told him that, at the risk of being thought a madwoman, she had a complaint to make against somebody unknown. She lived in a flat, in the Rue Montreuil, with her son and her brother. Every time she entered the flat, she was compelled by some unseen force to walk on her hands, with her legs in the air. The woman was detained by the magistrate, who sent a policeman to the address given. The policeman returned with Mme. Blerotti's son, a clerk, aged 27. "What my mother has told you is true," he said. "I do not pretend to explain it. I only know that when my mother, my uncle, and myself enter the flat, we are immediately impelled to walk on our hands." M. Paul Reiss, aged fifty, the third occupant of the flat, was sent for. "It is perfectly true," he said. "Everytime I go in, I am irresistably impelled to walk around on my hands." The concierge of the house was brought to the magistrate. "To tell the truth," he said, "I thought that my tenants had gone mad, but as soon as I entered the rooms occupied by them, I found myself on all fours, endeavoring to throw my feet in the air."

The magistrate concluded that here was an unknown malady. He ordered that the apartments should be disinfected.

--Charles Fort, Wild Talents

Whoever in discussion adduces authority, uses not intellect but memory. -- Leonardo da Vinci

More Reviewpoint

Spock Must Die, James Blish, Bantam Books, 60¢.  
Reviewed by M. B. Tepper

A few seemingly superfluous yet necessary words before the main body of this review.

I liked Star Trek. Not as much as those excited, "pointy-eared fanatics" known deprecatingly as trekkies--but still I admired the show.

So when Jim Blish's first book of adaptations of Star Trek scripts was published, I quite naturally bought a copy. As many of my friends unfortunately discovered, soon thereafter, I was quite disappointed. Blish had done a major violence to the television scripts that could only be likened to treason against the Federation.

I bought the second book, not too hesitatingly, because I expected that the Editorial Voice at Bantam had by then hammered some sense into the writer, and that he had mended his ways. He hadn't.

I bought the third volume for two reasons. 1) the readers' outcry must have had some effect on Blish for the better; and 2) one of the stories had been adapted from a script by a friend of mine, which script ranked as one of my favorites. (OK, D.G.--there's your plug; now can I please go on?)

Once, twice, three times in a row had I been stricken down by Error!' To this day I leave those three Star Trek books in a conspicuous spot on my shelf, to serve as a perpetually-whispered "Norbury" in my ear.

Hold on, I'm almost to the review. When I saw Blish's Spock Must Die!, I giggled in knowing delight. Here, I thought, must be an insipid Blish to show up all others in childishness--a book that I should be proud to tear apart in a review.

It didn't work out that way, Dear Reader, and this review is an apology for me and my prejudicial belief.

Spock Must Die! (ignore the title) is well-written, suspenseful and intridately plotted. It is full of Korzybskian philosophy, moral questioning, Quasimovian physics with a Gell-Mann twist and van Vogtian wheels-within-wheels. However, the characterization is nothing you haven't encountered before. Scotty's burr becomes almost ludicrous in places, and Blish makes the error of referring to McCoy as "Doc" rather than "Bones." But these are only minor flaws.

There is some brilliant though slightly confusing imagery towards the end, and scenes that you would give your soul to see on the TV--or silver--screen.

Just let me give a short summary of the plot: WAR has just broken out between the Federation and the Klingon Empire. The superior peace-keeping Organians have either been killed or immobilized by the Klingons. An attempt to transmit Mr. Spock halfway

across the Galaxy with a jury-rigged transporter backfires, and the Enterprise winds up with two Spocks (a la The Enemy Within), one of whom is dangerous, and must be destroyed.

Once more, there are flaws-- Blish makes an unfounded assumption regarding Spock's anatomy, and forgets the asymmetry of the standard Starfleet uniform. But still, the book is good, thought-provoking and fun. If this is the new Blish, why, more power to him.

The Ship Who Sang, Anne McCaffrey, Ballantine, March, 1970, 95¢.  
reviewed by Lee Gold

This anthology contains six sequential stories about Helva, showing her reaching maturity. Her goals are independence and emotional fulfillment, somewhat difficult aims to accomplish for a cyborg who, to own the right to control what missions she attempts, must first repay Central Worlds Brain-Brawn Ship Service for raising her, educating her, equipping her with a star ship body, and performing any unusual repairs, maintenance, or technological improvements on that body.

The society drawn is believable, partly because of its defects. It does not offer everyone a chance for happiness or even contentment. It does attempt to make sure that only those who seek unhappiness are likely to run into it. It is overly bureaucratic (probably a necessary vice for any large-scale organization). I think I would enjoy living there.

This book contains five previously printed stories, which appeared in the magazines between 1961 and 1969, as well as a sixth one, previously unprinted, which rounds off Helva's story. As is only infrequently the case, the last story is wholly up to the quality of the earlier ones in plot, theme and style. This is a book worth buying.

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L. A. SEEN continued from page 23

some serials. All in all, a unique bit of con program scheduling, with the credit going to Jim Shapiro and Eric Hoffman.

"Archy & Mehitabel" had a special showing for the LASFS. An animated feature, it combines "Peter Max" style footage with vintage-comic style footage. It's fair to good, although a bit difficult to describe. It could have been better, but then again it could have been much worse. Carol Channing plays Mehitabel, which was a good choice. The big problem is how to advertize it. There are too many dirty words and dark innuendos for the kiddies. Any suggestions would be appreciated.

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Sandy Cohen was elected Director of LASFS June 25, 1970

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It is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and end as superstitions.  
---Thomas Henry Huxley



PROBABLY SOMETHING

like maybe THE SOLAR SYSTEM THAT ISN'T THERE

by Tom Digby reprinted from Apa-L 105  
10-20-1966

Well, it's like this--There's this spaceship exploring a region containing only old stars--a region where the stars seem to have formed much earlier than in our part of the galaxy and have all long since finished their main sequence lives. One Sol-type star is conspicuous for its youth--it seems to be about the same age as our sun.

The explorers decide to visit that system and find some very strange things. The star radiates only in the range from far infrared to far ultraviolet--no radio waves or X-rays. They find several planets by visual observation but they don't show on radar. An attempt is made to put the ship into orbit around one planet that looks very much an Earth-type but the ship keeps flying off on a tangent because the planet has no gravitational field. They finally just float a few hundred miles above the surface with their radar telling them all the while that there is nothing there and the nearest solid matter is a small amount (a mass no bigger than Earth's moon) in the center of the sun.

They decide that teleporting crew members down without space suits may not be a good idea since a planet that is missing its gravitational field may not have the type of atmosphere the ship's instruments say it has. They teleport down wearing space suits and find a planet that looks like a high civilization just packed up and went somewhere for vacation or something. Cities, parks, oceans, clouds and sunsets are all there and look perfectly real but are not tangible. They can float through buildings, etc. like ghosts through haunted houses and an observer watching them would be hard put to say which (planet or men) is real and which is the ghost.

Tests show that the planet is real only as far as wavelengths in the range radiated by the sun are concerned, and that for all practical purposes the party is just drifting in interstellar space. Attempts to approach the sun to see what is inside are thwarted by the heat which is practically the same as that radiated by a normal star.

Mystery mounts. If any of the crew is superstitious a ghost scare might start and spread through the crew. The ship's air, water, etc. are checked for hallucinogens. Nothing is found but some suspect that the negative readings are hallucinations. The explorers are both awed by the beauty of the planet and frightened by its ghostly nature. Folklore of various planets (from the ship's library) is checked but this strange "Not a Planet" isn't mentioned. Written inscriptions are found on signs, buildings, and other places but match no known language.

Along about this time, the more telepathically receptive crewmen begin to get a message, as though someone or something is trying to reach them but needs time to adapt itself to their minds. Eventually they get something to this effect?

continued on page 22

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Rembrandt van Winkle

by Darrell Schweitzer

Outside the mid-summer thunderstorm raged, sending torrents of rainwater streaming down the roof, over the windows and flooding the lawn.

"George?" Are you awake?" Marie Reynolds whispered.

The lump under the blankets, which was her husband, stirred slightly.

"George. The roof is leaking again."

"Why don't ya go back to sleep?" he mumbled drowsily.

"George!" Her bony, housework-roughened fist slammed down on George's stomach.

"What the hell do you want? Do you know what time it is?"

"Yeah. It's three A.M. and I'm lying under Niagara Falls!"

"Well, put a bucket under it."

"Oh sure," she said, "and sleep with a bucket in my lap! Why the hell haven't you fixed it before now? I've been--"

"Nagging me for weeks!" he snarled back. "I didn't have time is why. I just didn't have time. I was painting!"

"Painting! Painting! Painting! Jesus H. Christ! Always painting. Why don't you break down and get a job? Who do you think you are anyhow? Rembrandt?"

Tiredly, George crawled out of bed. "You take my side. I'll sleep on the couch. And don't worry about money. I'm working on a very special painting."

"Don't worry about money," she mumbled. "A special painting.... Enjoy your sleep on the couch. It's your last. They're repossessing most of the furniture tomorrow."

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"I did but you couldn't have heard me. You were painting!"

\* \* \*

The phone rang.

"George will you get that," Marie called from the shower.

"Can't, dear. This is a very crucial stage of the painting. If I stop now, I might never be able to recapture the mood."

"I swear," she muttered as she wrapped a robe around herself, "I'm not married to a man but a paintbrush."

One minute later she called, "George! Do you know who that was? It was the nice man from the real estate agency who is going to fore-close the mortgage because of lack of payments. Did you hear that, you damned artistic good-for-nothing? They're gonna repossess the house!"

But George paid no attention. He was painting.

\* \* \*

Marie knocked on the door of her husband's studio.

"George?"

No answer.

"George! Dammit I know you're in there." You have been for the past ten hours, without even stopping to eat! What do you live on?" she snarled. "The beauty of your work?"

Still no answer. She pounded and kicked.

"George! Open up! How dare you lock your own wife out like this!"

There was a stirring sound from within. George came to the door: But he did not open it. "Look, dear," he pleaded, "I'm at the most critical part right now, and the books say that I must continue or everything will be ruined."

"Books? Do you mean those books you got from the library? The ones on Black Magic?"

"Yes."

"Now it's Black Magic! I am married to a nut! George, you let me in there or I'm gonna call the cops."

She tried the door. It was locked. She ran outside and tried the windows. They were locked too.

\* \* \*

"This way, officers." Marie indicated the door to the studio to the two policemen. "He's been in there for five hours since he last spoke to me. I'm afraid he might have done something foolish."

"You mean killed himself?" one of them asked.

She bit her lip and trembled slightly. "Yes."

They tried the door and found it locked. Then they broke it down.

The room was in a state of disorder that was characteristic of its usual occupant. Paint bottles and tubes were strewn about, half empty, many open, on shelves, chairs and the large table in the center of the room. On a small card table standing before the easel were the three ancient occult volumes open, with many place markers in them.

The first policeman checked the closet. The other examined the windows and found them to be locked from the inside.

There was no sign of George.

The first officer scratched his head in bewilderment. The other stared idly at the painting which had just been completed. It was a street scene set during a Greenwich Village art show. Paintings on wooden racks or string tied between trees lined the sidewalk and held the attention of the numerous passers-by. Near the center of the picture was a small man with a short but unruly beard, who was busily and enthusiastically pointing out the merits of his work to a prospective customer. A look of contentment mixed with a snicker was on the artist's face, as though he had escaped something and was now forever free.

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PROBABLY SOMETHING continued

"This monument was built by (meaningless name) approximately a billion Earth years ago when the normal course of stellar life cycles forced its makers to abandon their native world and seek new homes elsewhere. It is built to preserve the memory of their origins and to provide a familiar home for the ghosts of their ancestors so they will not be forced to roam the void forever in search of a planet that no longer exists. Travelers are invited to explore the images but are asked not to attempt to examine the projector or otherwise despoil this sacred place. The projection system teleports photons into or out of the various parts of the images as required and is powered by an intangible, undetectably transparent forcefield which surrounds the galaxy and intercepts just enough of the radiation passing through it to power one Sol-type star. It is expected to last several billion more years, until long after its builders are otherwise forgotten and the universe is peopled by species as yet unevolved. The machinery is protected from those who would attempt to learn its secrets for evil purposes. This has been a sort of telepathic recording. Linger here a while longer and journey onward in peace, with our good wishes."

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The elf's eft is an engaging eft that elates everybody.  
 Peghoots fox terrier is a frightened fox terrier that fears Forteans.  
 The Ganymedian genie is a glittering genie that garbs himself gorgeously.  
 The haunt's hog is a horrible hog that howls horrendously.

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 An old tutor of a college said to one of his pupils: Read over your compositions, and wherever you meet with a passage which you think is particularly fine, strike it out. --Dr. Samuel Johnson  
 -----

The Irishman's ichneumon is an incredible ichneumon that invents ion drives.  
 The jongleur's jabberwock is a jovial jabberwock that jousts jestingly.

a column on Los Angeles television and movies

by Sandy Cohen

Ever since the loss of the regular Channel 5 late, late night movie, there have been just scattered showings of horror movies in L.A. Many of these have been Mexican-made, including several movies in series. These usually range from bad to ridiculous, but the pacing, dialog, or dubbing often gives an unintentional laugh or two during the evening. A buxom blonde is usually featured along with a contrasting brunette, and the villain can be anything from a robot to a mummy to a horde of false-faced vampyrs. I prefer the "Star Trek" reruns overall.

Now and then a better movie shows up, however. "The Last Man on Earth," a low-budget adaptation of Matheson's I Am Legend starring Vincent Price, was recently shown. Although poor in many respects, the movie is true to the book until just before the end. Now a major studio is producing "I Am Legend," and there should be interesting comparisons. The new feature is scheduled to star Charleton Heston, who seems to be on a sci-fi kick with the "Ape" movies and now a vampire movie.

Price gives a good performance, but nothing spectacular. "The Last Man on Earth" is basically a mood movie, and as such can be enjoyed or disliked depending on when you see it. It makes for enjoyable late night viewing, and I suggest you watch it next time around.

- - -

Several major science fiction movies are scheduled for release in the near future. In particular, "The Forbin Project" (based on Jones's Colossus) and "The Andromeda Strain" are due. "Childhood's End" is also scheduled to be filmed, but just how definite that is is open to question. Let's hope for the best.

I'm afraid I've been rather lax in the movie attendance lately, due partly to my graduation, partly to my marriage, partly to my new job, and partly to laziness. Among the movies I've missed is "Beneath the Planet of the Apes." Friends who have seen it rate it as fair--less than its predecessor.

Finally, I have an unofficial report on the movies scheduled for Westecon XXIII. A wide variety is expected with "Jack the Giant Killer," "The Thief of Bagdad," and "The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T" anticipated for the fantasy fans. Also Disney's "Alice in Wonderland" and perhaps "Archy and Mehitabel" for animated fiction buffs. For shock thrillers there should be "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "The Cabinet of Calligari." (new version). For the sci-fi fans there will be "5 Million Years to Earth," a supposedly excellent feature. "The Lost Patrol," "The Vikings," and "Duck Soup" (Marx Brothers) are tentatively scheduled to round off the program. Not much sci-fi this time.

Each film will probably be shown twice, which means 12 hours of movies each day. There should also be several shorts and perhaps

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CONCERNING CERTAIN PROBLEMS INVOLVED

IN BUILDING A BHEER CAN TOWER TO THE MOON

by Barry and Lee Gold

The fannish project of building a bheer can Tower to the Moon began in the late '50s with Terry Carr's article in Innuendo #3, which set forth plans to erect a Tower from Carl Brandon's back yard. Triangulation had indicated that at that time the Moon was only fifteen or twenty feet away when directly overhead the back yard. That would require for a pyramidal Tower about 2,000 bheer cans... empty naturally. Carr vowed that "we will step up our production of empty bheer cans!... Since we are great believers in Private Enterprise, we shall stand by our convictions and be more enterprising in our drinking." (Thanks are due to Harry Warner, Jr. and Quip for reprinting an excerpt of this article.)

Times have changed since then. Now that Apollo 13 has proved that the distance from here to the Moon is difficult to cross (and may indeed be nearer a quarter of a million miles than fifteen feet), the task of building a pyramidal beer can Tower to the Moon becomes well nigh impossible. In fact, we have figured out that the base of the pyramid would have to be ten billion square miles, which would not only create quite a pollution problem but also probably interfere with needed brewery space, not a trifling consideration in view of the fact that the pyramid would require almost two sextillion bheer cans.

Therefore, we have decided to adopt a different and simpler method, utilizing the products of current technology not available over ten years ago. We intend to have a cylindrical Tower to the Moon, supported by a droplet of Eastman 910 placed between each bheer can and the one above it. (Eastman 910, as you doubtless remember, is the glueing agent so powerful that a strip of it painted on a road will stop a car travelling at sixty miles per hour.) It's rather expensive, of course, but if fans are to get to the Moon in time for David Gerrold's Lunacon in 2001 we must not be parsimonious.

The next problem is how, after we've done the first six feet or so, shall we keep adding new bheer cans at the top. Initially this can be done by ladder, but after the first three hundred feet or so, even the ladder we plan to borrow from the fire station would be inadequate. Our next step, therefore, would be to switch to a ~~helium~~ ~~balloon~~ helium balloon, with a fannish drinking party aboard. As each bheer can is emptied, it can be placed at the top of the cylinder. Note that the balloon will therefore lose ballast and rise higher, thus enabling us to keep pace with the steadily rising Tower. Once we've gotten two to three miles up, we'll have to switch the party from the balloon to a helicopter, but this should pose little difficulty.

The real problem in logistics comes once we effectively leave Earth's atmosphere and enter Outer Space. At this point we would have to launch satellites filled with bheer cans. (Possibly, one satellite launching at each convention, when the raw materials would be most readily available.) Then a fannish volunteer could be launched, and - equipped for space walk - place the already in orbit bheer cans on the end of the cylinder.

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A Letter to Richard Cabell of Buckfastleigh

25

by James Branch Cabell  
from Ladies and Gentlemen, 1934

It must remain to me always, Sir Richard, a source of regret that by another writer you were high-handedly plucked from my family tree some while before I myself had the chance to employ you. For I still regard covetously your story. And I think too (such being the nature of every author) that he who borrowed your story might well have made something more of it.

Born in 1620, you were duly graduated from Balliol College and the Middle Temple, in order that, but a little later, you might graduate also in what uninformed persons speak of loosely as Black Magic. Yours was--by daylight--the leisured life of a country gentleman....Throughout the Parliamentary Wars you yourself sided, as did most of the country, with Cromwell and his Puritans. People said that after dark your pursuits were not wholly puritanic.

People said, in brief, that your faith was the faith of Old Believers; and that the relations between Devonshire's officially recognized Jehovah and the obscure god whom you honored after night-fall stayed unfriendly.

At all events, when your bond had run out--in the October of 1677--then black hounds came racing over Dartmoor; and toward midnight they gathered around Brooke Manor House, breathing smoke and fire, and howling expectantly. These creatures, having served you for the agreed time, were come now for their agreed payment, the country-side remarked later. And these fire-breathing hounds obtained their earned wages: for at midnight you mounted your black mare, and you rode away, across the dark moor, in the company of these hounds. Your body, when men found it, was badly mangled; it was scorched here and there; and your throat was torn open.

Well, Sir, and afterward--a long while afterward, in the year of grace 1902--one Dr. A. Conan Doyle took over your story, renaming you Hugo Baskerville. He reduced the company of your familiars to a single beast; and he lugged into your story a superfluous "yeoman's daughter." After that, he endowed you with a fictitious lot of brand-new descendants, including none of our surname; and he fetched down to Dartmoor the accomplished Mr. Sherlock Holmes, accompanied by the amiable Dr. Watson, to solve the problems you had bequeathed these descendants. Doyle wrote, in brief, with you as his point of departure, The Hound of the Baskervilles; and he made out of your legend a striking book....

Meanwhile my point is that Dr. Conan Doyle (who later became a knight and your peer) left out of his book that which is, to me, the most interesting part of your story.

For they record, Sir, that after your burial you did not rest quietly in your grave. Out of consideration for our family's feelings, I shall not rehearse in this place any details of the old and unpleasant sequel. It appears enough to say that your corpse was dug up and reburied in the same place, just outside the south porch

of the parish church, with all the ceremonies necessitated by your post-mortem restlessness. And besides that, a very special edifice was erected above your grave, to prevent your coming out again to trouble the neighborhood you had once adorned.

This tomb, in so far as I remember it, is shaped rather like a Chinese pagoda, with a weather vane, taken from your manor house, a bit incongruously fixed at the top of it....

The Sepulchre, as Buckfastleigh calls your last prison house, is kept locked; but the more reckless of humankind are permitted to insert their fore-fingers into the empty, large keyhole. When anybody presumes to do this, you promptly bite the intrusive finger; for inside your tomb, but once more out of your grave, you remain active and malevolent and very, very, very hungry. Luckily, you cannot get out of The Sepulchre, without special aid--or so, at least, they told me at Buckfastleigh--because you were properly exorcised at the time of your second burial, with the harsh ritual appointed for vampires.

Now by the yet living members of your family in general you are regarded, I must tell you, Sir Richard, as a regrettable relative. (Herein your position is not unique: we have many such.) Yes, I have noted among your kinsmen a distinct tendency, in discussing their former glories, to slur over the third Sir Richard, in order to discuss such of those ancestors as were governors or burgesses or ministers of the gospel or aldermen or yet something else more or less superior from gentility's standpoint, to a mere vampire....

Yet does this attitude toward you in some sort appear unreasonable. For we of Virginia take a proper interest in our ancestors. I have heard that we even boast of them. Well, and in you, Sir, your kinsmen have an ancestor whom, by all reports, it is still possible to meet face to face. Of their many ancestors you alone remain immediately accessible: and yet not one single member of your family, during the last two hundred and fifty years, has attempted to arrange a conference. I alone of the race, I believe, have gone so far as even to put a finger inside your keyhole; and when you bit me, I too, let it be admitted, withdrew from Buckfastleigh churchyard without following up the acquaintance which you appeared rather avidly eager to make far more intimate.

I do not defend my conduct. It was prompted merely by prudence. From any rational standpoint, I admit that, as a kisman, you ought not to have been thus coldly ignored, for your place in your family's pedigree is, or at any rate it ought to be, inalienable.

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Did you ever hear anyone say "That work had better be banned because I might read it and it might be very damaging to me"?

Joseph Henry Jackson

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We must think of our whole economics in terms of a preventitive pathology instead of a curative pathology. Don't oppose forces; use them. God is a verb, not a noun.

--Richard Buckminster Fuller



# INTERNATIONAL FIEND FUND

This year's contest between Nebiros "Ditworth" and the Creature from the Black Lagoon was won by the Creature. We have, accordingly, bought him his membership in the Heidelberg World Con plus arranged to cover his fare over and back. (We understand he plans to swim the distance.)

Two candidates have already declared themselves for next year's contest, the winner to go to the Boston Worldcon in 1971. The filing period for candidates closes October 31, 1970. Our two current candidates are:

The Bald Mountain Dweller. A noted fiend artist, the Dweller's drawings have been featured, among other places, in Disney's Fantasia. The Dweller has long been a hermit in remote Eastern Europe but now promises to end his gaffiation from Con Fandom if elected to IFF.

sponsors: Baba Yaga, Morticia Adams, Shelob

Voivode Drakula. An old time fiend with a flare for the dramatic, certain to be found striking wherever he goes. He has authored many pieces of faanish fiction; his most noted work is the pseudo-biography he co-authored with Bram Stoker.

sponsors: Barnabas Collins, Roquat the Red, and Tash

Each candidate has promised that barring acts of God, Satan Tetragrammaton, or similar authorities, he will travel to the 29th World Science Fiction Convention in Boston.

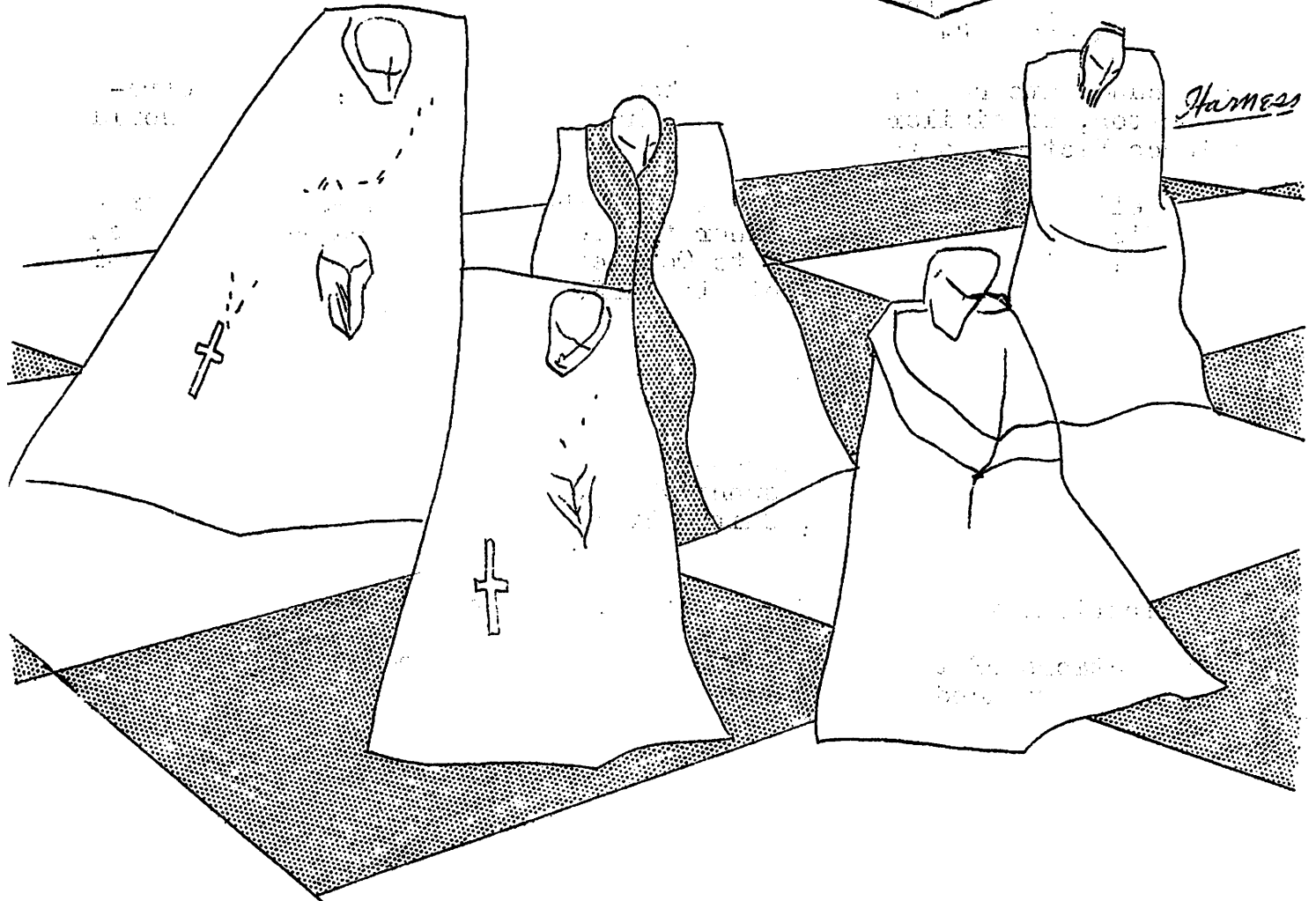
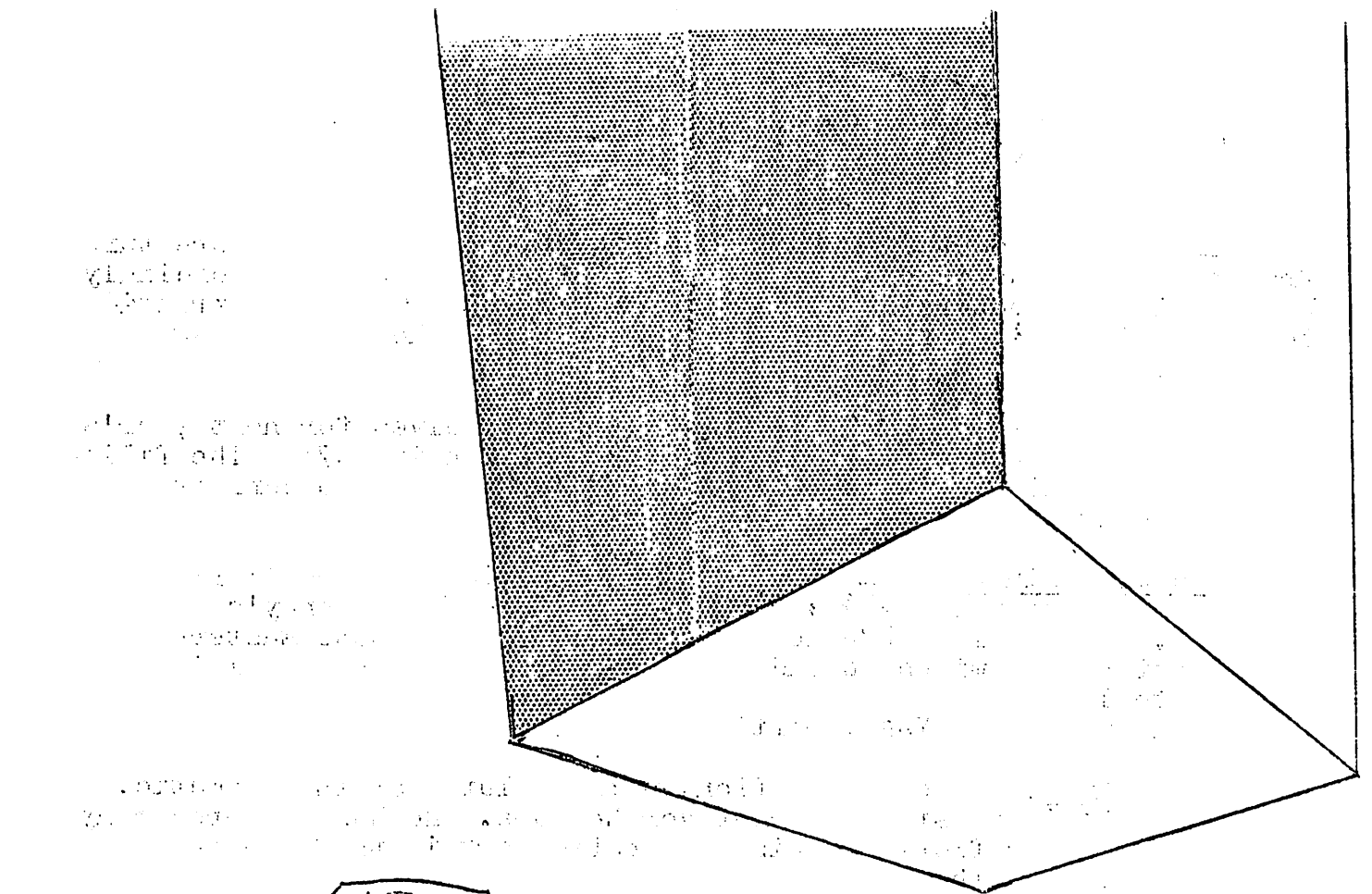
To be eligible to vote, you must contribute two ounces of gold or a certificate entitling the winner to one pint of blood, and have been active in fiend fandom prior to October 31, 1969. Checks and certificates should be made payable to "IFF."

Nikolai Astredov - European Sponsor  
29 Rue Morgue  
Paris, France

Khalk'ru - North American sponsor  
Karak, Usunhi'yi (the Darkening-Land)  
Alaska, United States

Contributions in excess of the minimum will be accepted.

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## LETTERCOL

A

Don Hampton                    Nice to see the Third Foundation again, especially  
 Box 12169                    since the last half of it was stapled on upside down.  
 Atlanta, Ga.                It's not often that material for dirty jokes is provided  
 30305                        out of the blue like that. Congratulations, anyway.  
                               //Our collators apologize.--LG//

I'm not an admirer of the Hyena, but if it gets any dirtier I may get interested. Tom Digby's bit was fascinating. I would suggest that all comic books take place near the center of a large cluster, maybe closer in toward galactic center, where dust and other accumulations of matter are thick. Notice that there is never any problem with lighting, since it never gets much darker than a cloudy night on Earth, even in a planet's shadow. This suggests that there may be several suns around fairly close. What seems to be planets and stars when a character looks at the sky are simply nearby pieces of asteroid. Since the area is so dusty, formation of rings occurs around the larger chunks. If the concentration is high enough, the entire cluster may even share an atmosphere of some sort, mostly made up of the heavy gases. That is why meteors and so on flame passing through it, and why an oxygen helmet is all that is needed to live there.

As to population, there are at least two inhabited areas. One fairly large planet in the cluster has received a ship full of Terran animals, who then mutated to become the dominant species. Another, larger planet is an Earth colony, called with a stunning lack of imagination "Earth." This is what confuses comic readers. The large number of suns in the area, coupled with the fact that most of the planets are smaller than Earth and so more open to radiation from space accounts for the high incidence of mutants in both crime and crime-prevention. I deduce that the planets are lighter because of the number of winged or otherwise flying human mutants that appear.

The whole area must have been settled during WW II. Notice how often Nazis turn up in the records that reach us? There were at least two projects, though, since there are an even larger number of fanatical anti-Nazis who often remark that they remember fighting the Nazis in the old days on Earth. So we have evidence of two colony ships of some size, considering the present total population of ~~Earth~~ "Earth," plus an undetermined number of test-ships carrying animals. The animal ships coasted on until they were stopped by the thicker concentration of matter, which is why the sky in the animal-mutant sector is more crowded than it is in the human sector. Several alien civilizations are also spreading into the cluster from other directions. There will never be any hostile contact on other than an individual basis, though, since the galactic empire that the Watcher represents will undoubtedly annex the entire area if it shows promise of becoming a threat.

The reason I know all this is I'm a duck.

===    ===    ===    ===    ===    ===    ===    ===    ===    ===    ===

//smaller...and so more open to radiation? Would someone please explain.--LG//

Darrèll Schweitger  
 113 Deepdale Road  
 Strafford, Pa.  
 19087

Did you know that mail would go faster if carried by a series of runners than it does now by turck //?-LG//, train, airplane, ship, and other modern methods? It has been estimated that 3rd class mail moves approximately five miles an hour. A well trained athlete can do better.

The City of Rainbow's Ghost was a reasonably good but rather frustrating story. It builds well (rather reminds me of the kind of stuff they used to pub in AMAZING in the '50s - see the recent reprints) but lacks any real climax. The world presented in the story is well done, and this alone holds the reader's interest, but in midstory there is a sudden shift in accent from the society to an attempted plot. If Mr. Goodman wished to write about Marracott's training as a berserker, it was not wise for him to have devoted a good deal of his story to the marketplace, which had little or nothing to do with the plot. The marketplace scenes are actually the best parts of the story, but they are written like part of a novel. They take up too much room and seem more important than the rest of the story, yet remain only a detail. Perhaps the best thing that could have been done is to have dropped the bersekker business and tell the story of Marracott the packrat and trader. The marketplace was a real and fascinating place. There is potential for a story in it.

Couple other flaws: Someone should teach Dan a bit about grammar. The second paragraph on the first page doesn't contain a single sentence. This gets rather irritating. It's okay to break conventional rules of writing when the story requires it (Brian Aldiss' Barefoot in the Head, for example, rips grammar to shreds. Then there's always James Joyce....) but The City of Rainbow's Ghost did not require it. It is best to write in normal English unless it is absolutely necessary to do otherwise. //point at end of

Sometimes the description fails. Dan might have thought his description of the vehicle that Cousin Michael rode very clever but it did not communicate the proper image. I cannot visualize a cross between a flatboat and a motorcycle with a little Model A thrown in.

Besides all this, City was better than most fanfic, well developed, and more consistant than most. A good try.

Tales of Third Foundation: I'm beginning to suspect something phoney in all this. I'm beginning to think that you're handing us fiction rather than fact. The Lurker in the Dark indeed! Old Lovecrypt is sure to rise out of his grave and teach you a thing or two after this! //Sandy's enemies do tend to have grandiose names. Lurk will be disappointed, though, to be doubted on that account alone.-LG//

If Leon Taylor wants to see how Black Easter can be reviewed (it does not defy review) I suggest he see my latest Low Point X column in NOW TO DEAL WITH YOU #4, wherein I give the book a good working over. I don't think it's a bad book (although some people do. See the review in NEW WORLDS 185) but it isn't a good one either. That letter that was in IF shortly after Faust Aleph Null (short version) appeared lists most of my gripes. The motivation is poor. Why the Hell did they let all of the demons out when they knew

C  
damn well that they couldn't control them? Surely Ware knew this. He was an experienced magician. Despite this it is a good book. //but you just said?!--LG// The ending is brilliant--it'll tear your head off.

Sandy Cohen: Whoa!!!! I haven't seen Marooned (tho I will in a couple days) but the sign on my local theater says they only had 55 minutes of air left. How then did anyone hope to launch a rēscue mission. On the previous page, whoever reviewed the book came up with a most perceptive statement. Marooned is "aerospace" fiction rather than science fiction. It wasn't written to be speculative. This is especially obvious when one considers the fact that the original version was about a Mercury capsule.

I think this is a perfect example of a new kind of popular fiction that is coming about. It is a scientific fiction but not Science Fiction as we know it. (Our field should be called Speculative Fiction in order to avoid confusion.) It is the kind of thing that science has caught up with before it was even written. It is about current science and is therefore extremely ephemeral unless the author wants to update it every other year. It lacks the attitudes and approaches of SF and seems only concerned with gadgets. Its meaning does not extend beyond the story itself. You won't find this kind of stuff in any of the better science fiction magazines though there are large quantities of it in ANALOG (stories about Vietnam, offshore oilwell disasters, etc.) //The implication that Analog is not among the ranks of the better sf prozines annoys me--LG// Yes, it is now possible to write a space story without writing SF. But it will become dated and forgotten.

SF on the other hand can become dated and still get away with it. Kem Bennet's "A Different Purpose" in the 9th F&SF anthology is a "first man in orbit" story written in 1959. It is still of interest today because it dealt with something more than gadgetry but with man's realization through space travel that he is indeed very small and through this his awareness of what we call God. (And as a result the Russians decide not to put windows on their spacecraft in order to keep their men atheists.)

Poul Anderson's "Third Stage" is another brilliant example of an outdated but still relevant SF story. It was in one of the Ultimate reprint magazines a while ago. Read it.

I really doubt that anyone will be interested in Marooned in twenty years unless a new revised edition comes out every eighteen months or so. Should keep Caidin busy.

Probably Something - interesting idea you got there, Digby, tho I don't see why you would have to "trade" objects just to slip between universes. There shouldn't be any balance that could get upset. They're just subdivisions of the Cosmic All. The book idea is interesting. You might produce a readable Lensman story that way.

TV Universe - Did it ever occur to you that the orchestra is hidden in a vast underground bunker and the music is piped to hidden speakers spaced only a few feet apart in every part of the universe so that one is never beyond them? Better yet, maybe the camera men carry portable record players.

I wouldn't recommend pulling the plug on a TV universe because for all we know we might be part of a gigantic candid camera show for another universe, and if they see us doing such a cruel thing they might just pull our plug.

Lettercol: Glad to see all these perceptive people appreciatang my stuff. I suspect Bill Bakewell had been spying on me. I never have told anyone in the fanzines my age (in order that my opinions will swing as much weight as those of an adult) but he knows. Is he #1 by any chance? //No; he only has access to 3rd F information dossiers-LG// I think Harry Warner is right about the sperm & egg bit. (Well I only have have 1½ years of biology as opposed to the two that is standard in my school....) Sam Bellotto complained about the space wasted by the trees being grown inside the ship and rejected the story. (But I fixed him; see the Spring 71 Perihelion.) //71?-LG// The editor of Spaceway said that the only reason he was returning it was that he didn't have room due to a failure to keep up with schedule. (Spaceway is a bimonthly that publishes only 2 or 3 issues a year.) Aren't you proud to have a story of such caliber that it caused the editor of a prozine to explain why he rejected it?

In answer to Leon Taylor's question: No, I do not eat, sleep, or watch TV. I live entirely by photosynthesis. (I'm not a vegetable, tho I'm a little green around the ears sometimes) and do my writing and reading either outside or, in the case of cloudy weather, under sunlamps. As for TV, considering the mentality of the average TV show, I'd like to know why anyone does watch it.

bye now, gotta run, the world just ended, I'm late, I'm late...

Vonda McIntyre  
218 Blaine  
Hanse Hall  
Univ. of Wash.  
Seattle, Wash.  
98105

Thanks for the Symposium stuff and Third Foundation. I can't say now whether I'll be able to come or not. Classes start the day after. \*sigh\* I'd like to be there (at your convention that is. The classes...well...since they're giving me Money next year I shall probably feel obligated to buckle down and be there once in a while.)

I really enjoy your COUCH program computer dialogs. (So why did you send me a zine without one?) Have you thought of collecting them and putting them out in a bunch?

Must be off....I had intended this to be a nice chatty letter but goshwow I was up late (in the lab, get that) and I can't think of a whole lot to say....

Robert Bloch I thought I'd acknowledged my pleasure at receiving the Third Foundation #92 - but on return from New York, there it is, staring at me from under the pile of newly arrived mail. Please accept my belated apologies--and thanks--for a very fine issue. And I'm glad more fen are digging Cabell.

Kenneth Scher To all of those who read my letter in TTF #88  
3119 Mott Avenue and assumed that I was complaining that Gordon  
Far Rockaway, NY Linzer cuts my reviews and/or was advertising for  
11691 a new place to get my reviews printed, it ain't so.

I thank Joanne Burger for offering to get me in touch with several faneds who would be interested in printing them, and I thank Dan Goodman for his letter in #90 for pointing out just where Joanne got that impression. I was not complaining, merely commenting. I routinely give faneds to whom I send material full control as far as alterations are concerned (tho I reserve the right to bitch if I don't like the results). As for doing my own zine...well, I've already contacted Goodman about reprinting some of his material for a zine I have some rather tentative plans for putting out...based on alternate-worlds material and related fields.

As usual, the material in #90 was great. The computer dialogue was one of the most original that I've seen in quite a while. What is Tom Digby's address? //330 South Berendo, L.A.// I'd like to write him to get permission to reprint some of his "Probably Something's," including the one thish, if it's all right with you. //All reprints that give us credit as source are fine by us-LG// As for Re-Birth Revisited, well people are inconsistent. Besides, how do you tell if a variant is superior if not by its ability to survive? The telepathic mutants have superior survival ability in their superior method of communication. When the "norms" kill off all the mutants they can catch (or sterilize them, which is the same thing from a genetic viewpoint), they are in effect acting as agents of evolution...the superior mutants are forced into the open by the fact of their survival, while the lesser groups kill each other off. Besides, a society with a strong psi basis would not kill off others with slightly superior abilities. The fact that the telepath's culture has people of greater or lesser telepathic ability shows that a certain amount of variation can be accepted. If, for instance, a new mutation sprang up whereby the telepaths could also teleport, this would probably be acceptable since physical travel by mental power can be considered an extension of the superior communicating ability. If, however, a group sprang up that was telepathic but which was so much more intelligent than the telepathic "norms" that the norms were definitely inferior, a war of extinction would probably result. Humans can allow a certain amount of superiority...after all, things tend to balance out. Too much, however, is anathema.

By the way, I applaud your policy of blank backcovers. Too many are covered with abominable artwork.

Number 91 was also quite good. "Distant Generation" was quite good, tho it was rather obvious what Mommy was. One problem, tho, why couldn't the embryos have been decanted after the ship had landed. Properly programmed robots would undoubtedly be doing much of the early work anyway while the children were adapting to planetary life, and if they were raised on the planet, they would have no trouble adapting.

Number 92. That lovely Barr cover reminds me of a story I read somewhere about a time-travelling hunter who kills a LARGE dinosaur and is devoured alive by the parasites who lived on it, and who prove to be almost as big as he was.

The third book of the series about Kurland and A person will be (or has been) written by Thomas Waters (who was, you will remember, in the Unicorn Girl) and will be called The Probability Pad...at least according to Michael Kurland. Frankly I found it slightly superior to BK.

(more comments from Scher (the letter was continued by a postcard))

I've decided I forgot to make some comments in my LoC, so here they are: Tales of the T.F. would be better with a bit of continuity. I am aware that this makes me as a neo (and possibly a Philistine) but what is the Incomplete Burbee? If it has come out, how much is it? Soma (from the quiz in #90) is also found in Lord of Light by R. Zelazny. Will there be one or more sequels to The City of Rainbow's Ghost?

//We try to remind people where Tales left off lastish. That's all we can do short of about a page and a half summary. It all started, I dimly recall, with the news that the First Foundation was missing.... Charles Burbee was a fan of note, both on national and local level, who lived in LA and flourished over a decade ago. The Incomplete (I misspelled it) Burbee is an incomplete collection of his writings. There is too little demand at the moment to repay us for getting all of those dry, ink-stained mimeo stencils onto the machine once more. Dan Goodman has no plans - at least not immediate ones - for a sequel. I am trying to change his mind.--LG//

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

Commiserations on your moving problems. But congratulations on your ability to find a place to move into, something that is currently almost impossible in Hagerstown. The city has gone on a good housing binge, it is tearing down whole blocks of old houses, landlords are remodeling and improving other old properties frantically, and in all the excitement nobody pays any attention to the people who are left homeless. Just today I heard about an apartment in a medium-good neighborhood, whose landlord has jacked up rent from \$150 to \$225 per month; this in a part of the nation with such a high poverty level that it's included in Appalachia.

The City of Rainbow's Ghost is an unusual story and a good one. It gives promise of representing the nucleus of a novel or a series of stories, and if it served that way, it might be an even better story, for its one major flaw would be obviated if it were only a small portion of a greater whole. There's a little too much explaining-by-conversation. Is the author the Danny Goodman whom Bill Donaho is always talking about? //Dan says he doesn't know quite who he is, let alone what people are talking about him. He is known to Bill Donaho, though.--LG//

I was the only person in fandom who didn't see the Prisoner on either its first or second appearance. But even so, Stan Burns makes Portmeirion quite vivid and causes me to feel somewhat gloomy over the way reality is always somewhat painful to see after it has served as the basis for a work of art. If The Prisoner ever returns to television, I probably will have forgotten about this article, and when I first see the admiral playing chess and the ivy clinging to the tower they'll have an odd sense of familiarity and I'll write a fanzine article speculating on how McGoochan somehow put into the series images that lie buried deep into the subconscious of every human, instead of realizing that Stan Burns' descriptions are half-remembered while the article itself is forgotten.



G

Your calendar fascinates me just as much as the one last year or maybe the year before last did. One minor correction: March 31 wasn't the date of Beethoven's birth. Maybe you meant it to be the date of his conception and I'll be watching Peanuts early next spring to see if Charlie Schultz takes your hint.)

Leon Taylor makes me want very badly to read Black Easter. But surely he should have qualified a trifle his statements to the effect that "any new work from James Blish is an event" to exclude the occasional potboilers like fictionalizations of television stuff. Once those are put aside, I'd consider Blish's fiction to be a good candidate for the next outburst of critical attention to one science fiction writer. It hasn't been written about very much as a whole and maybe the problem is the carefulness and excellence that Leon emphasizes. It's much harder to write criticism about science fiction when you must hunt hard for serious faults.

The reviews of Marooned as book and film were written before Apollo 13, I assume. There must have been some high blood pressure in Hollywood until the happy ending occurred for the real life space adventure. Tragedy aboard Apollo 13 would have probably wrecked the box office for the film. //True. Suddenly hasn't been shown since John Kennedy's murder for that reason. LG//

I'm probably just one of hundreds of Third Foundations letter-hacks to inform Tom Digby that this slippage between universes happens all the time for anyone who makes a lot of orders by mail. The oddest things occur. I got a big carton full of sex education books from Marboro a while back, months after I'd placed an order with them for anything, and I won't start to order sex education books until I catch up on the backlog of locs to be written. Monkey Ward once sent me a projection screen containing twice the square footage and priced at \$25 more than the one I'd ordered, accompanied by an apology that they had to substitute this for the size I'd ordered and hoping that I wouldn't mind the substitution. Then there's a specialist in musical literature in Beverly Hills who issues very expensive-looking printed catalogs two or three times each year and no matter what I order from him always returns my entire check with a note to the effect that everything is sold out.

Lee Hoffman might be able to tell Larry Parr where to buy mead. I remember vaguely her telling about her own search for it, but it was on tape and therefore I can't check back, and of course even if it had been in a letter I wouldn't have been able to find the letter either. There is an awful association in my memory between mead and Macy's, and somehow I don't think most fans would want to drink mead purchased from Macy's.

It's a good surprise to find a full-size Barr cover, after so many of his fanzine illustrations have been showing up in Amra's smaller dimensions. The extra dimensions help this drawing a great deal, by making clear what a lumpy sort of world these creatures belong in. Even more surprising is the sudden appearance of a Harness illustration in a current fanzine. You shouldn't spring such things on fandom without explaining either that it's an old one someone found in a forgotten corner, or that ~~Jack~~ is returning to fandom. I suspect that it may be the latter, because the style is quite different from the kind of art he was creating during his last years before gaffiation.

H  
//Jack Harness returned to LA from England (where he was getting his Scientology Clear rating) just before Baycon in 1968. He's been doing all the illustrations for the Menace of the Lasfs lately; write Ted Johnstone for subscriptions.-LG//

The Symposium sounds interesting but the number of interesting fannish events and cons from late August through the end of September is really alarming. I can imagine at least two or three fans suffering total breakdowns from the effort to attend everything during those few weeks. I went about it the other way, by falling apart a month ago before the strain began. It apparently wasn't instantly fatal but the doctor thinks it might recur and I'll probably stay close to Hagerstown for the rest of the summer to be on the safe side.

Now I've failed to write anything about a half-dozen items in The Third Foundation and there isn't enough space left for them. I'll just wonder where John Charteris kept all the fanzines that rightfully belong with his book collection, and mention what an incredibly bad job I did on this quiz so maybe I should have lifetime status as a dishonorable member of the Third Foundation, and speculate that by the time of Star Trek - background music will have polluted the entire universe because no human will be able to bear even an instant of silence, accounting for the sound track for television series, and tourists probably are responsible for the cameras being everywhere.

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BHEER CAN TOWER continued

I note that I have not yet gone into certain vital considerations. Chief among them is the problem of how to keep the pressure of the Tower from collapsing the lower bheer cans. To remedy this, we plan to attach helium balloons every five feet or so along the atmospheric portion of the Tower. Out of the atmosphere, we shall have to contrive some photon reflecting device which will keep the Tower buoyed up by the Solar Wind. These reflectors must naturally be in continual motion to offset the effect of the Earth's rotation. They would probably look like so many beany-propoellers whirling in slow motion.

more nextish if interest develops

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In the New York Sun, Dec. 1, 1882, is an account of the occult powers of A. W. Underwood, a Negro, aged 24, of Paw Paw, Michigan.... "He will ...by his breath, blown upon any paper or cloth envelop it in flames." ...The phenomena look to me like a survival of a power that may have been common in the times of primitive men. Breathing dry leaves afire would, once upon a time, be a miracle of the highest value.... I think of these fire-agents as the most valuable members of a savage community, in primitive times: most likely beginning humbly, regarded as freaks; most likely persecuted at first, but becoming established, and then so overcharging for their services that it was learned how, by rubbing sticks to do without them--so then their fall from importance--but the preservation of them, as occasionals, by Nature, as an insurance, because there's no knowing when we'll all go back to savegrey again,.... --Charles Fort, Wild Talents