



THE THIRD FOUNDATION

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illos by Rotsler, Simpson, Harness and Dan Osterman

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THE THIRD FOUNDATION #95

ad astra per cogitationem

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typing by e. e. cummings' ex-secretary

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

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IMPRIMIS

by Lee Gold

We've renewed our apartment lease for another year, so the mailing address stays constant. Fanzines still keep arriving at the post office box, though, originally addressed to our old address. It's scary to realize that if we hadn't taken the po box, they (and all our other 3rd class mail) would have been thrown away. I wish it were legal for the post office to auction off pound lots of non-transferrable or returnable 3rd class mail, there'd be a lot of interesting stuff there. We have a library system in town here that's even worse. They subscribe to Galaxy at the Downtown Library but only keep a five year backfile. They throw away the overage zines--and are forbidden by law to sell them or give them away. *sigh*

On to the current issue. Thank for our cover this go to Alicia Austin, Sandy Cohen who bought the picture and offered it to us as a cover, and George Barr who bought the picture from Sandy and is also allowing us to run it as a cover.

We're postponing the vampire computer dialogue again. Maybe nextish. We're also going back to offset covers (that was quick, wasn't it?) due to reader sentiment.

One other revision: the Selectric typer turned out to be ten pitch, not twelve pitch, despite what the dealer assured us and despite the fact that he sold us elite typing balls to go with it. Ah well, it makes the page look more spacious, even if it doesn't squeeze more words onto a page. It also means we can use both ten and twelve pitch balls on it without making any words look squeezed. (I believe this thinking procedure is known as "sweet lemon"?)

Our latest bluesky sessions on the Tucker Hotel haven't produced enough to justify an article. We did decide that escalators would be nice--particularly because you can still use them when they go out of order, whereas elevators...Elevators would be nice for freight tho. I understand some of the newer tall buildings are using a system with several elevators in a shaft for local trips and one express elevator that takes you to floor 10, 20, etc. It might also be nice to have Heinlein Road type corridors between the rooms. That way with the moving corridors and elevators you could really have a successful floating con party. ("OK, I'll join the party for a while, but I still want to get off at the thirteenth floor.")

People have been asking lately about back issues, so here's a list of what we've got in stock, a summary of the main pieces (not all the pieces in each zine), and current prices:

#77, 1st generally distributed issue, only 87 copies printed. Doomed Lensmen installment 1; For Services Rendered (Stephen Goldin) later published in Magazine of Horror. 50¢

#79 DL installment #3; The MacLeod Witch Trial (Goldin) 30¢

continued next page

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

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. PanAsians | 6. Klaneth |
| 2. Chulpex | 7. Benedict Howards |
| 3. Llrallans | 8. N.I.C.E. |
| 4. Mekin | 9. the magter |
| 5. Green, Charlesworth | 10. the Sons of Langtry |

=====
answers to last issue's quiz

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Leiber, Conjure Wife | 6. Heinlein, Magic, Inc. |
| 2. Wellman, Who Fears the Devil | 7. Anderson, Three Hearts and Three Lions |
| 3. Sheckley, "The Accountant" from Citizen in Space | 8. E. E. Smith, Galactic Patrol |
| 4. Tolkien Fellowship of the Ring | 9. Eddison, Worm Ouroboros |
| 5. Lewis, Perelandra | 10. Merrit, Ship of Ishtar |

=====
IMPRIMIS continued

- #82 Tales of 3F #1; When There's No Man Around (Goldin); Spare Parts (Barry Weissman), A Postulation on the Nature of THRUSH (Ted Johnstone) DL #8 40¢
- #78 The Leak (Goldin), DL #2 30¢ (and filed out of order at that)
- #83 Stef University, Tales of 3F 2 & 3; DL #9 (conclusion) 35¢
- #84 Bargaining Point (Weissman), Tales #4, The Met aphysical Hyena #1 (David Gerrold) 35¢
- #85 And Watch the Smog Roll In (Weissman), Tiptoe Through the Baycon (Sandy Cohen), Tales of 3F 5 & 6, Metaphysical Hyena 2. 35¢
- #86-7 The Way Out (Niven); The Man Who Shot Santa Claus (Goldin), 3rd Foundation Calendar; Better Late (Gilden); The M Hyena #3, Univ. of Stef II; Enigmatical Ghost of King Hamlet (LeeGold) 40¢
- #88 The Way Out pt 2; Also Sprach Who (Gilden), Hyena 4; The Mother Things (Gilden) 35¢
- #89 Computer Dialogue, Tales of 3F 7 & 8, The Bird of Crime (Don Simpson), Hyena 5, The Cure (Weissman), John Drake/Patrick McGoohan horoscope (Castora), 21st Century Chain Letter 40¢
- #90 Computer Dialogue, Tales of 3F #9; The Permanent Floating Con Party, The Absent Minded Professor Strikes Again (Weissman), Hyena 6 35¢

ASTROLOGY TOMORROW

by Phil Castora

At first I got mad when I read an article in American Astrology which said, in effect, that the "science" of astrology was being debased by these Johnny-come-latelys who were altering the sacred words of the ancients of two or more millennia ago. (This is the same magazine which published the first extra-terrestrial horoscope ever erected--for the landing of Apollo XI, of course.)

Undoubtedly the field is full of crackpots and charlatans, and any honest astrologer who knows anything at all about the subject realizes he's head and shoulders above these, even if he isn't too bright or if he goes into it (as most seem to) with all sorts of preconceived notions. If he doesn't go into astrology with preconceived notions, he usually comes out with some unfounded ones, such as Scoppio is an evil sign or Mars and Saturn always mean trouble or other such nonsense.

But go into it with an open mind, and investigate even half-heartedly, and you'll find that there is, too, something to the most ancient of human studies. Unfortunately, the lack of organization among astrologers not only has not eliminated dogmatism and worship of tradition (which have been the bane of the physical sciences) but has prevented organized research, scientific research, basic research into the nature of the meanings of the signs, houses, planets and aspects.

(Sign = one of the twelve equal divisions of that band of the sky through which the planets move as seen from the Earth, and beginning with the location of the Sun at the Vernal equinox. House = one of the twelve equal divisions of the sky, beginning with the eastern horizon (Ascendant) and continuing through the nadir, the western horizon, the zenith and back to the Ascendant. (Because of the tilt of the earth's axis and the latitude of the observer, the zodiac will be tilted so that various houses will contain unequal size portions of the zodiac. Note also that some astrologers use different house divisions than those defined here.) Planet = in astrology is used to include the Sun and Moon, as there is no word in the language that includes these bodies along with the planets proper and excludes all other objects, such as comets and asteroids. Aspect := distance in celestial longitude equal or nearly equal to simple fractions of a circle. Those generally met with have denominators of 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8 and 12. Such aspects between planets indicate combined effects which may or may not be harmonious.)

All of which means that problems will occur when charts are erected for occurrences elsewhere than on Earth.

Take the selenocentric chart mentioned above. Unlike the familiar geocentric chart, the Moon does not appear in the sky - but the Earth does! What does the absence of the Moon in a chart indicate--and what the presence of Earth? Well, fortunately, we already have a clue.

An article several years ago in Horoscope in fact tackled part

of this problem. It pointed out that the Sun in a chart always seems to indicate characteristics not only of the sign in which it is found but also to a lesser extent of the sign opposite. Nothing else in the chart has this property. The author proposed that there should be in a chart something directly opposite the Sun and decided that this should be the Earth. This seems to be a singularly apt choice.

I have noted from my own studies that people seem to have a particular attraction for people and matters connected with the sign opposite their Sun-sign. This does not seem to be the same type of attraction as that indicated by the Moon, which indicates what a person wishes to be affected by--rather it seems to indicate what the person needs to live a happy, healthy life. For example, the Gemini needs Sagittarian activities to extrovert his attention or he becomes lost in a world of theorizing without contact with reality. The Scorpio needs the down-to-earth practicality and solidity of Taurus to anchor himself or his accomplishments will be meaningless. The Leo needs the Aquarian awareness of others, or else (as Oscar Levant once said of Hollywood) underneath all the false tinsel all you'll find is real tinsel.

Why the Earth? Very simple--this point opposite the Sun indicates a necessary resource, spiritual/emotional/whatever fuel. The Earth is, in fact, our basic resource. It provides us with food, clothing, materials for shelter, construction materials, fuel to warm and light us and move us and our physical creations. We do kind of need it.

Thus, in a selenocentric--or areocentric, cythereocentric, hermececentric, diocentric, cronocentric, uranocentric, poseidocentric, or plutocentric--chart, Earth would be a necessary element; while the Moon--or Mars, Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, or Pluto, respectively--would be in permanent opposition to the Sun.

Weird things happen when we try to erect charts for locations on other planets. On Mercury, for example we find that Mercury is in permanent opposition to the Sun. This cannot happen on Earth. (The opposition is the strongest of the inharmonious aspects.)

The effect of a Sun-Mercury opposition would be to make logical thinking and communication highly important but extremely difficult to harmonize with one's basic goal for this life. If I had any choice in the matter, I would think three or four times before deciding to be born on Mercury: communication is a pretty important facet of life. Of course, there's always the possibility of having other planets harmonizing the opposition by being located trine (120°) one and sextile (60°) the other end of the opposition. In any case, people who may some day be born there will, if my theories are anywhere near right, find communication and reason quite as difficult to attain as we on this planet find the accumulation of the resources necessary to pursue life, liberty and happiness.

Going to the other extreme, we find that on Pluto, the Sun, Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Moon would always be less than 2° apart in permanent conjunction. (Conjunction = both planets working almost as a single object.) Only Neptune could ever be opposed to this pile-up (aside from Pluto itself) and then only at very rare intervals. Currently Pluto is entering that portion of its orbit nearer the Sun than Neptune's, but Neptune is 60° ahead this time, give or take a few degrees.

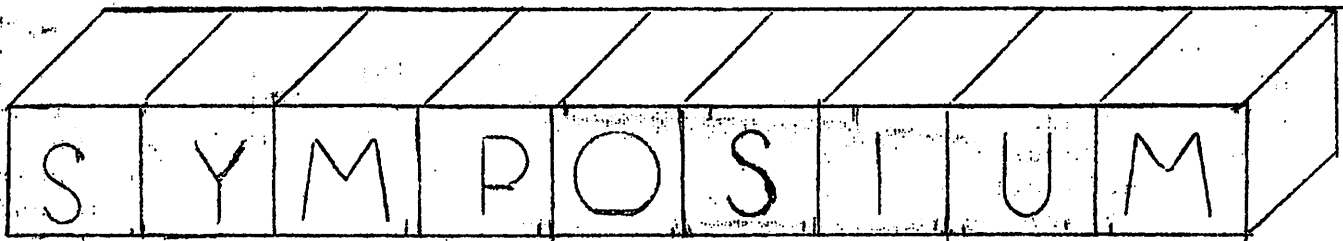
By the way, geocentrically, Neptune and Pluto have been roughly 60° apart (sextile) for over a quarter of a century--the speed of a planet depends upon its distance from the Sun, and Pluto has been heading towards perihelion which is closer to the Sun than any point in Neptune's orbit--and will remain in sextile at least till the end of the century. Pluto signifies the will and Neptune the subconscious; they are working together harmoniously and have been almost since the Pluto in Leo generation (under 32) began being born. In plain English, this means a collective id-monster. The subconscious contains all sorts of things--some of them good and some of them otherwise. Work them in tandem with the will, especially with the will (pluto) in the fixed, fiery sign of Leo--well, just imagine a lion run by his subconscious. That's the sum total of the younger generation--about age 12 to 31. Handle with care, man! And for crissake, don't give them orders! It won't work, whether you think it "ought to" or not. You had better learn to communicate with them--we had ALL better learn to communicate with them--or else.

Anyway, back to the main subject; there are worse problems to solve. Astronomically, the Earth and Moon can be considered a double-planet system. True, the center of gravity of the system is inside the Earth at all times--about a thousand miles down. Still, the orbit of the Moon is always concave towards the Sun--altho not as concave some places as others. But what about, say, Jupiter?

If there is a solid surface on Jupiter (and given its mass, the pressures at its center should cause one), the gravity at the surface might be low enough to enable people to live--yes, and have babies,--comfortably in some sort of fantastically tough shelter. In that case, what would the locations of Jupiter's dozen or so satellites indicate in a chart for that place? Or a station might be built on one or more of the satellites themselves, which would be difficult but far, far easier than on the giant planet itself. What would be the effect of the other satellites whizzing through the sky--or of mighty Jove occupying perhaps a quarter of the visible sky? It would be smeared all over the chart!

Then of course you know some dizzy broad is going to arrange to have her offspring right in the middle of a journey between the planets. And drive her astrologer dizzier trying to figure out the house divisions--remember, these are based upon the horizon and/or zenith-nadir. There ain't no such animals aboard a spaceship. Well, maybe you can use the plane normal to the direction of centrifugal gravity simulation...No, that'll give you a horizon but won't establish east and west. Well, you can base east-west on the direction of rotation. Fine, but then you have to have the birth time down to the millisecond to get the precise orientation relative to the stars. And then you had better check with the navigator in a sudden hurry before he changes course and before whoever is in charge of maintaining artificial g decides he's got too many or too few.

What about the other solar systems? Oh, that'll be joyful, you better believe! I'll let you in on some of the problems there next time, as well as getting into the Tropical-Sidereal feud among astrologers. As well as some speculation about other interesting matters.



SYMPOSIUM

by R. A. Lafferty

The World begins, not necessarily for the first time.

Not with a bang, but a tumble. In the beginning was noise. A cateract of worlds or entities rolling and cascading in fearful clatter. The cosmic atom, the world-box has disgorged. Here is bursting galactic expansion into free area. Avalanche of noise and bright color. Not chaos, but thunderous exodus; and every particle bearing its own thunder-sign. This is beginning, this is beginning! Let no least part of it ever forget the primordial tumble that is the beginning!

Then, the stable state--and memory. The first thought ever thought anywhere, anywhen: "It's as though I've been here before."

The senses clear. There are persons present, high persons who can only be designated in code.

"Have I missed anything?" Kay spoke, for speech is always simultaneous with consciousness. "It seems I have just wakened. Is this the way the world begins?"

"Yes, I believe this is the way the Universe begins every time," Eff muttered, "with entities waking to consciousness and conversing with their mature peers. At every world-beginning, the persons are born adult and intelligent. That business of being born puling and helpless is a late accretion, and there is no evidence that it is anything more than a fable or a fall."

"I am not alone?" Gee wondered aloud. "There are others and they discuss? Well, if we've got to have conversation, let's agree to keep it inside the frame. Oh, hello, Zee!"

"My name is Zed, for so it is called in the old country. Let's keep the frame moving, Gee, and anything we wish can be inside it. Look at anything through a frame, and it's a striking picture. There may be other frames but we are limited to our own: Space, Motion, Mass, and the Vivifying Principle, known to us through consciousness on its several levels, by means of the senses and parasenses, and aided by less than a dozen styles of thought. It's limited, but it's all we seem to have."

"And, Zed," said O doubtfully, "every one of those elements is shaky. We are unable to separate space from one of its elements--shape. We do not know whether the particular distortion we live in is of shape or of space. For instance, with us, the relation of the ring to the tendon of a circle is three and a continuing decimal to one. But we know from Scripture, and also from the Geometry of

Jordman, that in undistorted space or shape the relation would be exactly three to one. Now, if we were in such an undistorted space or shape, might we not think undistorted thoughts? It is certain that we would think in a different manner and that every object of our thoughts would differ from the present. We would not have the same grammar or conventions."

"There is no undistorted space, O," Wye said solidly. "Distortion is a necessary element. If I be not distorted, then I be not at all. The shape of Space depends on the amount of matter in the Universe. Matter is the distortion, but no matter is nothing. The amount of matter posits its own mathematics. There cannot be any theoretical mathematics, only the mathematics of an actual Universe. But, should the mass of the Universe increase by only an ounce (Nictating nebulas!--that's a little too slight), should it increase by no more than a thousand galaxies, than every mathematical property would change. The ratio of the ring to the tendon of a circle might then become three and a half, or five, or nine, or one. There might then be thirteen whole numbers between one and ten.

"For my part, I believe that we do live in a universe of changing mass, and that every property changes with it. Do you know why nobody discovered certain simple relationships before Pythagoras did so? It was because they had only just then become true relationships. Do you know why nobody discovered the Three Laws of Motion before Newton discovered them? And why Newton did not discover them before he did? Because--~~they had not been true the day before.~~"

"But if the mass of the Universe should be constant--" O interposed.

"No, no, forget it!" Wye forbade him. "That raises more difficulties than it solves. The neatest Universe, which I believe to be the present and true one, has Time as a constant, and everything else as a variable. This was hinted at by Aristotle and developed more fully by Aloysius Shaplap. Its implications (which include ourselves) are tremendous."

"You blockhead!" Zed exploded. "That constant time universe by definition *must always have been thirteen billion years old.* And it cannot age by one more second without annihilating itself."

"Yes. Is it not a beautiful concept?" Wye beamed.

"Even less than of these things do we know about the Vivifying Principle," You cut in. "One person has said, in apparent contradiction to his senses, that nothing can exist without it. But his fellow contradicted him. 'Look at that rock,' he said. 'It exists, and it is dead matter. You are answered.' But was he answered rightly?"

"We know the shell of our own world to a depth of no more than fifty thousand meters. But every rock, every piece of that known mantle, *has been* living matter. We cleared away the doubt about the main bulk of it fifty years ago. There is the possibility, if the fragments should be sufficiently analyzed, that every particle of the Universe was first living matter before it was anything else. Life and matter may have been simultaneous and identical. Then the question, Whether Life can arise from Lifeless Matter becomes inverted. The question becomes, Can matter arise from anything else?"

except life? We should not ask: How did Life appear? But: How did Death appear? I believe death is the illusion. If any particle of matter should ever die, it would immediately disappear to every sense and meaning. It's all alive. The very rocks (I don't see any rocks right now, but I know of them intuitively) could get up and walk away if they wished."

"But the inverted form of the question hasn't been accepted by anyone except yourself, You," En cut in, "And I've heard that it's mighty lonesome to be a minority of one. The rest of us will still ask: How did life appear, by accident or by design? The man of the house here (How do I know about a man or a house or an exocosmos at all?) has a small electrical appliance there on the sideboard; it has an electric motor in it. I ask you, You: How did the first electric motor appear, by accident or by design?"

"It's a simple little four-pole thing. Nothing is needed but small amount of copper, iron and insulating material--all of them things found in nature. We assume that the first motor was very simple, but could it have originated by accident in a primordial swamp, workable and working? We must assume a power source, accidental of course; and some random sort of transmission lines connecting them. There aren't, when you strip the unessentials away, more than a few hundred items that have to fall together in the right pattern to achieve it. But I maintain that accident could not have accomplished it.

"And I also maintain that the most simple living cell is a million to a billion powers times as intricate as the most sophisticated motor. It's improbable that an electrical motor could have appeared by accident, complete with name-plate and with greasing instructions printed on an attached tag. And the difference in probability is staggering. Boys have made motors. Who has made a cell?"

"Ah, En, permit me to exercise my talent for fiction and for irony," Ex essayed it. "I posit a primordial swamp in which is found a long glob of natural copper fused by lightning. In an accidental manner the copper has become looped three times around another glob of volcanic iron. I posit natural loadstone somehow situated to form a field. I posit proto-mica wedging itself into position as insulator and a shaft of accidental design, and good honest mud as a bearing surface."

"But several of your items were formed during organic periods, Ex," En objected. "They would not be found in a *truly primordial* swamp."

"No matter, En, we'd find something else to serve as well. Close by, I posit a stagnant pool a little different from the other pools. Chance metallic solutions have given it polarity potential in its acid constituent. It hasn't a brand-name on it, but it is a Battery. (In the beginning, God made d.c., and the alternator was not as yet.) I posit conductors of some sort, I forget just what, and several hundred other details that will come easy to a swamp with all the time in the world. It is ready! It happens! And I swear by all primordial things that it is witnessed!

"For I also posit two rocks rubbing together in a high wind. 'It turns, it turns!' is the sound the rocks make as they rub together. 'Tell all the boys that it turns.'" "Tell all the boys that it turns."

"You are trapped by your own narrowness, Ex," said Eye. "You are considering whether a thing might be so or might not be so, as if there were no other alternates. Believe me, the multiplex alternator came first. Let us consider what is beyond categories. You see a circle, a form: but what if we go beyond the idea of form? You think of a number: but what if we are in a country where there can be no idea of number, where neither unity nor diversity has any meaning, where neither being nor non-being can be conceived of?"

"You think of space. What if there are a hundred alternates to space, and I do not mean a hundred alternate kinds of space. What if there are a thousand other things in the category with Living and Dying? Let us view it from the no-framework of no-grammar. I could go on with it, but the terminology becomes insufferably cute. *What was that jolt?* It's the noise the world always makes just before it ends. How do I know that, since I've never seen a world end before? Megagalactic memory, I suppose. After all, we're supposed to think of these things. We are seminal contrivances."

"How do you know that we're seminal contrivances?" Are asked, puzzled.

"It says so on the box," Ex told him.

"We work with what we have," said Are. "Let the inconceivables bury their own dead. I believe that every point is the center, even though in your land, Eye, the idea of a center disappears. I stand and say that I am the medium of all things, that there are as many things smaller than me as there are larger. But the meanest parasite in a sub-atomic civilization may say the same thing, and so may the shambling oaf whose outline is made up of clustered galaxies. But I ask you: Does this go on forever, or is it circular? The people (or is it the robots?) say that people and robots alternate in cycles. People make robots. Then, after a million years, the robots make people again. Then the robots die out and the people reign alone. Again, after a decent interval, the people make robots again. And the people die once more. There have been many of these cycles. We ourselves are neither people nor robots, though I do not at the moment remember just what we are."

"But as to size, is it reentrant like space and time? Will the smallest of particles, a million scales descended, look through the ultimate microscope and see the nine thousand billion greater galaxies as a mere hint of light at the lowest limit of vision? And if space and time and size be all reentrant, may not categories be so also? Perhaps the no-concepts of Eye do not go on for ever (though they easily might go beyond the concept of ever). May they not return, each one eating his ultimate grandfathers like a handful of peanuts, and discover that they have become concepts once more? The only theory of cosmology that satisfies is that every star or body should become in sequence every other star or body. The only theory of reincarnation that satisfies is that every person should become in sequence every other person. Looking around me, I don't think I'll like it."

"I feel it too now, Eye," said Pea. "It's the end of the world all right, the *synteleia*, the kid with the box, the latter days when our philosophy fails us. One thing happened to us, The Clattering Tumble. We appeared. They can't take that away from us. If there should come a second high happening, then we are doubly blessed. Well, they've never let us finish a talk yet, but we'll talk while we live. What do you think: Is it all a circle eating itself? And are all of us but shadows in the minds of each of us? If I have no existence except that Ell has dreamed me, and he has no existence outside of the mind of Ess, and if so around the circle of the twenty-six of us--"

"The twenty-seven of us!" Thorn roared thunderously. "I am here! And you are all in my mind, not I in yours. The proof is that you forget me in your count, and I do not fit into the box. I am the only one with true consciousness, and that brings us to an interesting point. Did consciousness come to us by physical analogy?

How is the double thing (consciousness, that which regards itself) born in a single mind? Is it not by analogy with the double orifices that lead into that mind? We know that the duostomata have the most vivid consciousness of all creatures. And the only one-eyed intelligent race yet discovered, the Yekyaka, have missed consciousness completely. Hey somebody break out the cigars and brandy if we're going to talk! Are cigars and brandy intuitive concepts?"

"It is true that you view us from the outside, Thorn, and for the simple reason that you are not here," said Tea. "Ah, I do love a gracious snifter and a good cigar. I wonder what the poor people are doing tonight?"

"The non-elites?" Thorn asked. "Why Vee and Cue and Jay and their fellows are spelling little riddles over towards the edge of the table there."

"But you are not here, Thorn," Tea insisted. "You went out of existence so long ago that it is only by accident that we remember your name. You are the shaggy fringes sticking out from the framework. You belong to the spooks, the sports, the meteorological monstrosities. Dammit, Thorn, you just don't fit in! To us you are awkward, and awkwardness is the sin that will not be forgiven in this world or the next. *Whoops! Hold onto your hats, boys!* I hear those end-of-the-world noises too!"

"So I am awkward, a spook, am I, Tea?" Thorn demanded. "Tea, you can't get rid of the awkward. It does not really dispose of a thing to call it Fortean. I offend because I'm an old-timer who remembers when everything was larger. I was talking to a crony recently. 'They don't make planets the way they used to,' he said, 'they don't make stars and stuff as well. Time gets tired, and light, and matter. Everything shrinks, but the measuring-stick shrinks also, so nobody notices. I tell you, I remember light that was light,' he said, 'I remember molecules of acetophenone-ketone that were as big as horses, and some mere atoms were as big as the house-cats now. The light then would shatter a steel plate of today, the minutes were as millennia, the pounds each weighed a million tons. It was grander and shaggier in the old days.' My crony was right, but so few of us remember those times. Hey, it's coming for you guys now! There's an advantage to not fitting in. I don't have to go."

"It's upon us!" cried Ell. "We've talked for our thousand years, and the world collapses! Time is foreshortened! Our brains melt like wax!"

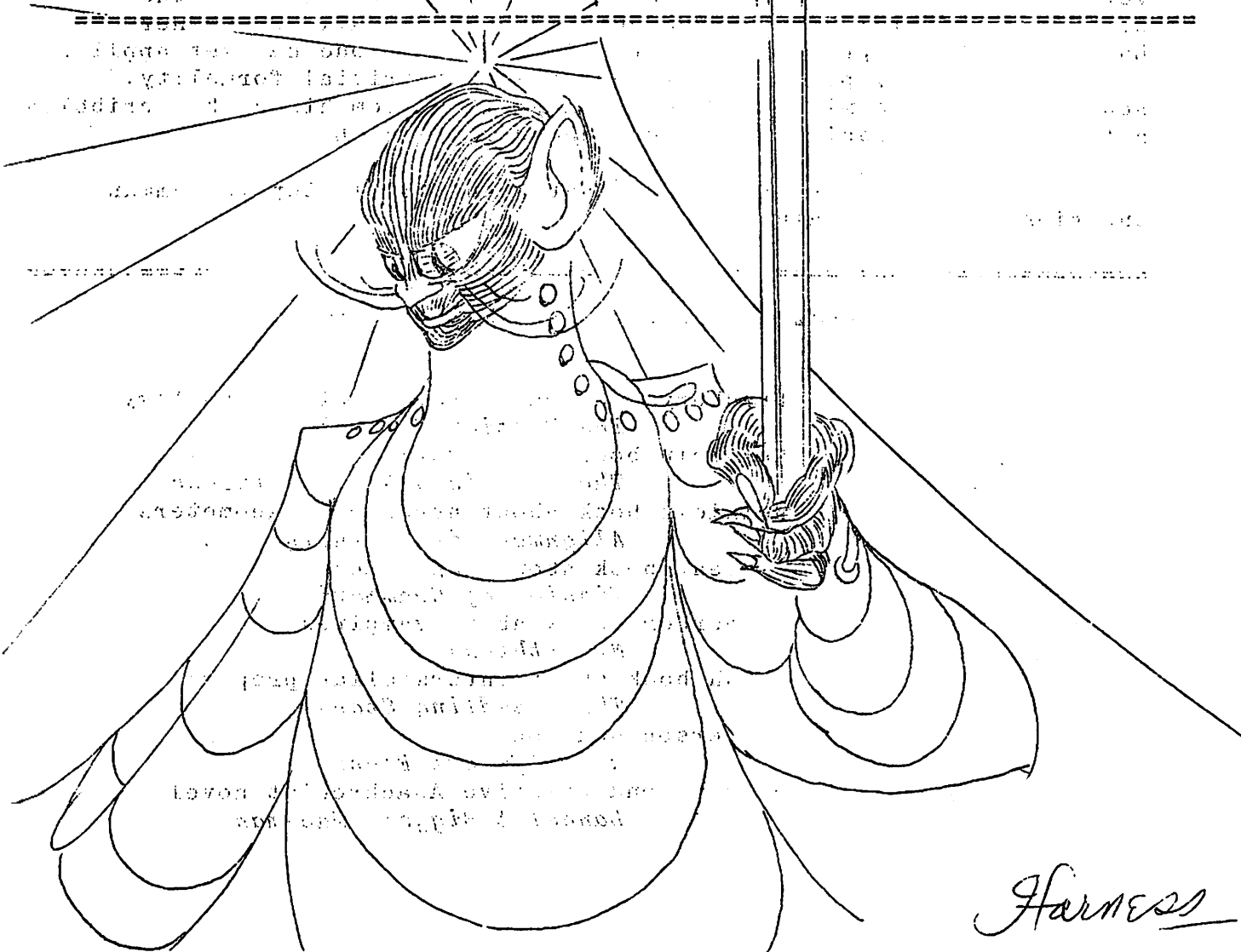
CHILD (Sex unknown; the way they dress them now, it's hard to tell): "Blocks! Jump! Jump in the box if you want to get out again tomorrow. It's time to get back in the box."

THE BLOCKS: "Woe, woe, woe! It's the *synteleia*, the kid with the box, the final happening that voids all happenings."

CHILD: "All in but one! Jump, jump in! Oh, no, no, you're the one that doesn't belong. I don't know where you always come from. Get out of here! You're crazy."

MOTHER (or FATHER, the way they dress them now, it's hard to tell): "Ah, you have been playing with the alphabetical blocks, Iracema. These are good ones. Chatter-blocks in the Chatter-box, it says. They have little coils inside them and they react to each other. Sometimes they seem to talk and think. They are seminal blocks. That's what the toy-salesman said."

PARENT (the other one, the one with the longer hair): "Educational toys are good."



THROUGH SLIME AND SPACE WITH A. L. FINCH

by Greg Chalfin

Considering the poor shape the northern New England cattle-raising industry is in today, you can imagine how bad it got by 2117. "It's all them young fellers out in Texas and Wyoming getting all the business," Joshua McAlister, the chief New England cattle rancher, told A. L. Finch. "You think you can help?"

"I realize what's at stake," replied A. L. "I'll look around and see if I can round up some customers."

Meeting with no success elsewhere in North America, A. L. went on to South America where he tried to stampede the local live-stock importers into buying from northern New England, but they refused to be cowed. They did, however, inform A. L. that he could probably make a deal in China.

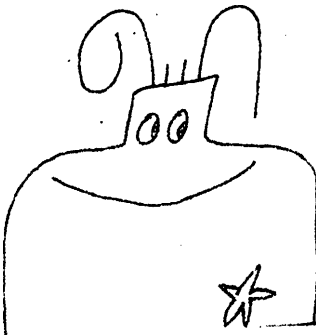
But, upon arriving in Peking, A. L. discovered he had been given a bum steer. Thus, when some Chinese told him to try the Middle East, he feared that this too was a load of bull. Still, he had no other ideas, so he went on to Jordan.

"So?" asked the Jordanian Minister of Agriculture, "what's your beef?" But once A. L. explained the situation, the minister was very amenable. "Jordan imports a lot of live stock," said the official, "and I'm sure our merchants would buy all of northern New England's cattle production. It's just that no one has yet applied for the necessary permit. However, that's a trivial formality." And with that the minister took a blank form from his desk, scribbled a few lines of Arabic on it, and handed it to A. L.

Thankfully, A. L. replied, "That's one small step for Amman, one giant leap for Maine kine."

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Whatzits.....devised by Mel Gilden

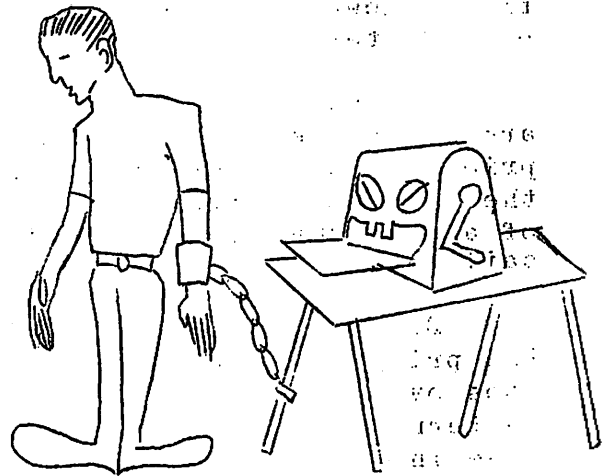
Bradbury book on extraterrestrial anatomy
The Martian Clavicles
Heinlein book on outworld camping
The Moon is a Harsh Mattress
Heinlein book about hyperspace geometers
Alignment in Eternity
Clement book about magicians
Mission of Grammarie
Silverberg book about vampires
Nightthings
Blish book about interstellar propaganda
The Wheedling Stars
Henderson sex book
No Diffident Flesh
Nelson Bond Creative Anachronist novel
Lancelot Biggs: Maceman



A Fannish Ballad

to the tune of Tom Lehrer's
"An Irish Ballad" --by Lee Gold

About a fan I'll sing a song
Oh tickety, tickety, ToC.
About a fan I'll sing a song
Who didn't pub his fanzine long.
His fate it was to do things wrong.
And he died out just like the Great Auk
Great Auk
He died out just like the Great Auk.



His typer would not cut words clear
Sing tickety tickety ToC!
His typer would not cut words clear
Although he kept it oiled with Bheer;
To turn it on was his darkest fear
For it gave him a terrible shock.

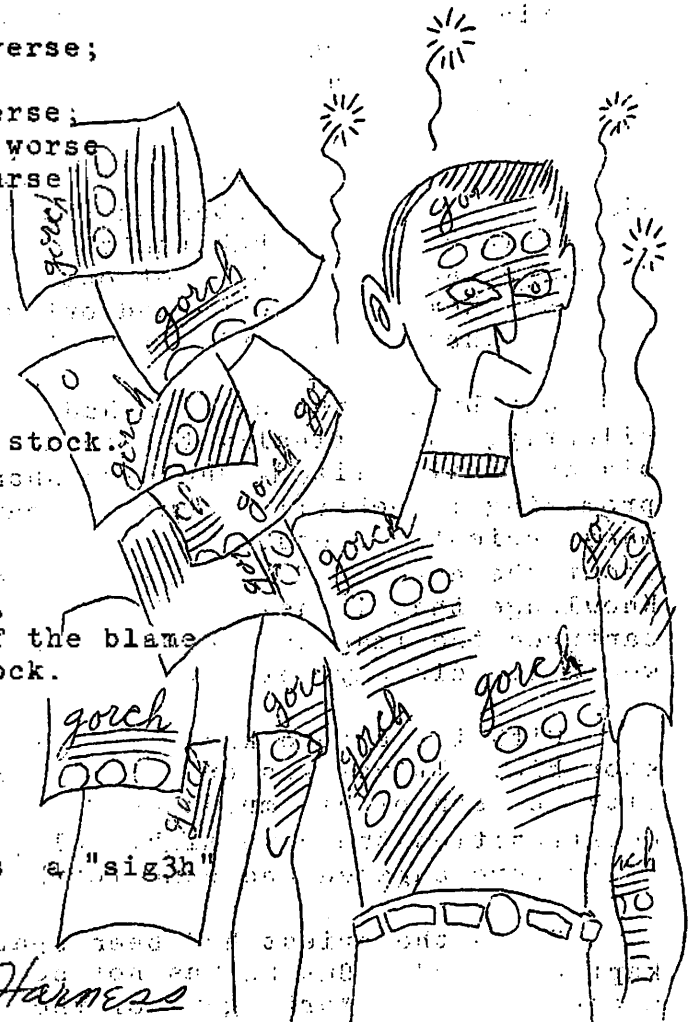
His lett'ring guides were most perverse;
Oh tickety tickety ToC!
His lett'ring guides were most perverse;
They all lacked "e"s, and what was worse
Buying them all had emptied his purse
So his stylus was always in hock.

His paper always had show through;
Oh tickety tickety ToC!
His paper always had show through
Despite the best that he could do,
And yet he always got it too
From the store-owner's own private stock.

His mimeo he could never tame
Oh tickety tickety ToC!
His mimeo he could never tame
No stencil it ran behaved the same;
And he shuddered when he thought of the blame
That he got from its output of shlock.

He let his corflu all run dry
Oh tickety tickety ToC!
He let his corrfllu all run dry
And when they found him by and by
The last word that he had typed was a "sig3h"
At the end of his very last LoC

His LoC
At the end of his very last LoC.



Quotations (such as have point and lack triteness), from the great old authors are an act of filial reverence on the part of the quoter, and a blessing to a public grown superficial and external.

--Louise Imogen Guiney (1861-1920)

IN THE CAVE OF THE DARK SISTERS

by Darrell Schweitzer
Adjective Cellar by the Golds

The exhausted traveller paused. Before him was the stream which flowed down into the valley that lay in the perpetual shadow of the Dark Sisters.

He was a small man, obviously unaccustomed to the heavy warrior's armor that he wore. He had the features of a scholar, perhaps a priest, who should have been pondering over ancient manuscripts in the temple at Irtash, delving into the secrets of a long lost past, of a time when men flew between the stars in great iron ships, the sails of which were filled with the fire and power of the sun itself.

But now the temple at Irtash was but a heap of smoking ruins, the priceless manuscripts reduced to ashes, the shrines to the god Atos overturned and desecrated by the terrible barbarians of the eastern deserts. Now Eymor, only surviving son of the murdered king, rode in pursuit of Gebtril the Black. Gebtril, the leader of the barbarians, was the only one of them bold enough to venture into the Valley of the Dark Sisters. For the Valley of the Sisters was a mysterious and sacred place, and only the foolhardy or the desperate ever entered it. And none had ever returned.

The returning prince had managed to slip into the conquered city the day after the barbarians' attack. There he found that Gebtril had slain all the inhabitants of the city except for the priests. These he had spared but not out of mercy. He had ordered his soldiers to take them into the burned out shell that had been the temple and torture whatever useful information from them that they could.

One by one the priests had died, slowly and painfully but silently, until finally the soldiers came to the last of them, the old and senile Yized, who pled shamelessly for his life. After promising in Gebtril's name to spare him, the soldiers had obtained many ancient secrets. Among these was all the priests had known about the nature of the cave of the Elder Sister and the Stone of Knowledge that it held. The tale told by the aged priest had captured the imagination of Gebtril, and he had announced that he would immediately set out to find the Stone.

With it, Eymore knew, Gebtril could rule the world. He had to stop him. It was his duty, not only as prince of the vanquished city and son of his murdered father, but as a man, for none knew what monstrosities the cave might hold, perhaps something so powerful that if it were angered and came forth, it would destroy all mankind.

Yized the priest had been spared, for Gebtril the Black always kept his word. But he was not set free. Rather he was suspended in a cage over the North gate of the city, where his conquerors laughed at him and threw stones and scraps of garbage at him. Eymore had had to leave the city by the South gate, lest the one in the cage recognize him and call out to him in his agony.

Now, as he crouched by the stream to drink, cupping his hands to draw the water, eyes searching for signs of wild beasts or human enemies, Eymor was temptly greatly to lie down and sleep, even though

he was in the forbidden valley between the two brooding hills. He was exceedingly weary, having travelled almost without rest for three days and three nights, eating and drinking only when he paused briefly to let his horse regain its strength. But he knew that he couldn't rest now, for Gebtril might steal upon him while he dozed and slay him.

No sounds came to his ears but the splashing water of the brook and the lapping as his horse drank eagerly. Perhaps even the dumb beasts knew of the awesome things that lay in this valley and dreaded them. Overhead, the moon seemed impaled by the sharp pinnacle of the Elder Sister; and both peaks were bright with its light.

Finally Eymor mounted and proceeded onward. There was little sign of Gebtril, only a hoofprint here and there, but that meant nothing. Even though the valley was almost barren of vegetation, its boulders and crevices offered innumerable hiding places for one lying in ambush. And now, in the night made even darker by the shadows of the unscalable peaks that loomed overhead, an enemy could be anywhere.

But Gebtril did not show himself. Perhaps he had already entered the cave and found the Stone of Knowledge...

Eymor urged his horse onward.

Legend had it that the cave was at the base of the Elder Sister, hidden always in the deepest shadows. Some said that noises could be heard coming from within the cave. But Eymor did not really believe that part of the legend, for no one had ever gotten that close to the cave and lived to tell about it within the memory of the oldest living man, and there was no record or legend of someone doing it before that. It was assumed that the gods or demons who dwelt within the cave had killed those who came too near.

Fear of such a death and the even greater fear that he would not stop Gebtril assaulted the heart of the prince, but were driven out by a sense of urgency. He couldn't afford to be afraid now. But still he felt fear that he would not be able to overcome a seasoned warrior like Gebtril.

Somewhere up ahead he heard a horse neigh. Gebtril must be near! It could be no other.

Eymor slipped off his horse and led it behind a large boulder, then drove a stake into the ground and fastened the reins to that. Then he put a gag over the horse's mouth to prevent it from betraying him. The well-trained animal did not protest. Then he drew his long, jeweled sword from its scabbard and crept forward in the direction from which the sound had come.

Soon he came across Gebtril's spotted stallion, which was tied to an outcropping of rock by the mouth of a cave. This must be the cave in which the Stone of Knowledge lay concealed. His enemy had gotten there first!

Then a new thought came to him. Gebtril might be waiting in ambush for his adversary, intending to slay him and seek the Stone in peace. He could easily be crouched behind a boulder somewhere nearby, an arrow readied on his bowstring.

Eymor threw a stone off to his left where it landed with a clattering sound. Nothing happened. He threw another stone, this time at a point a few feet away from where the other had fallen. Nothing. And another. Still silence.

Eymor stepped fearfully into the clearing, expecting at any moment to feel the burning pain of steel and wood piercing his flesh. But there was nothing else for him to do. Gebtril might be inside the cave. Eymor could not wait outside when his enemy might find the Stone at any moment.

He made it to the cave mouth and glanced around, searching for a glow, like that of the Fields of Unseen Death. The ancients had said that such a glow would indicate the presence of the Stone. But there was no light.

He stepped into the darkness, feeling his way cautiously along the damp walls, and tapping the ground before him with his sword.

Another thought came to him. What if Gebtril was waiting for him to bring the Stone forth, and then intended to kill him. The legends said that he who held the Stone of Knowledge would know all things. Then would he not know how to elude his enemies? Eymor hoped this was true, but somehow found it hard to stake his life on a legend. Or might Gebtril be allowing him to go first so that he would be the one killed by any traps that might be set for unwary intruders--

His reflections were interrupted as he noticed a light ahead, a pale white glow with no detectable source. It did not look like the Light of Unseen Death, but it could be a sign that the Stone of Knowledge was near. Legends were not always correct in every detail.

* * * * *

The entire passageway was blocked by what looked like one of the great glass mirrors that he had seen in the temple at Jearshi. It was perfectly smooth and lacked any flaws. The reflection of himself in it was the clearest he had ever seen, quite unlike the images in the murky and distorted looking glasses so common in the marketplace. This must be an artifact of the distant past, of an age of great sorcery and witchcraft!

There had to be a way to get past the thing. Surely Gebtril had come before him. It had to be a door of some kind. He felt for a concealed latch, finding none. To the touch it seemed like metal, rather the glass he expected. And there was another unusual thing about it. It was warm.

Suddenly it changed. His reflection disappeared, replaced by meaningless writing on a bright yellow background. Startled he drew his hand away. Nothing more happened.

Cautiously, he touched it again. Different writing appeared, along with several diagrams the meaning of which was lost to him. Fascinated, he touched it a third time.

And then he was not, all his senses blanking out, time pausing, until he became aware that he had begun to fall.

Suddenly the cave reappeared, distorted, blurred, falling away from him. The universe was a whirling vortex of colors and he toppled helplessly, the roaring of the winds of Hell filling his ears. The colors were too bright. The lights....Falling....His sense of orientation failing....

* * * * *

And then it stopped, as suddenly as it had begun, with no trace of deceleration. He found himself standing on a level surface. The lights faded. He examined his surroundings.

He was obviously no longer in the cave of the Elder Sister. But where was he? In a hole? No, the "falling" hadn't seemed like that kind. It occurred to him that he might be dead and this the world of the afterlife, but his body was quite solid. He didn't feel any different, just a little dizzy. He wasn't a spirit.

He was in a small circular room, made of shiny metal, about twenty feet in diameter and fifteen feet high at the center of its curved roof. Behind him were two "mirrors" identical to the one he had seen in the cave. Before him was a window. Crouching to avoid the curved ceiling, Eymor pressed against the window to stare at the awesome landscape beyond.

It was a desolate and barren place: a lifeless, crater-pocked plain that stretched out under a pitch-black, star-specked sky to a horizon that seemed strangely and disturbingly near. It was dark, sunless, lit only by a strange blue orb that hung low in the sky, just barely visible over some jagged mountains off to his right.

What was this place? Hell? No, it did not seem as terrible as Hell should be, just forbidding. There was a kind of beauty in it, a majestic, stark beauty like that of ancient ruins or wind-whipped mountains overlooking a desert. It was like a vast sculpture, the masterwork of a genius--or perhaps a madman.

But Eymor had little time to reflect on these things. He had a goal to achieve. Was the Stone of Knowledge here? If so, where was it hidden? This did not seem to be a land where men were meant to walk. Could he find the Stone if it were indeed out there somewhere?

He got up from the window to search for a door, but suddenly he seemed to lose his balance and half fly forward, hitting his head on the ceiling. He sat up, staring dumbly at the floor. He was lighter! Somehow he had the weight of a child and yet had retained the muscles of a man! Was he perhaps half spirit?

He put this question aside and searched for a door. There was none. The room was absolutely featureless except for the "mirrors," the window, and some incomprehensible machinery off to one side. Walking carefully and slowly to avoid falling again, he made his way to the "mirror" next to the one he had emerged from, touched it three times as he had done before, and disappeared again, into the whirlpool of light.

* * * * *

His falling seemed much longer this time. He emerged into another circular room. At first he thought he hadn't gone anywhere

at all, but then he looked out the window, onto an even more forbidding landscape.

He was on a mountaintop overlooking an immense valley of ice. The sky was completely overcast with dark purple-black clouds.

He stepped forward from the "mirror." His weight had returned. Perhaps he had gained a little. Again there was no door. He went to the mirror on his right as he had done before, touched it three times and the lights began.

This time the time of falling was much longer than both of the previous ones combined.

* * * * *

As the lights once again faded, he saw that he was in a cave, not unlike the one he had started in. But he was obviously not back in the bowels of the Dark Sister, for this cave was very short and light flooded in from its mouth--green light.

He stepped out from the cave onto a lawn of blue-green plants with large leaves that grew flat on the ground. Sprouting up from between these were yellow-green flowers no more than a few inches tall. Exotic scents drifted into his nostrils. A warm breeze ruffled his hair and his cloak.

He walked forward into the field, his eyes searching for hidden dangers, occasionally glancing up in wonder at the green sun which rode majestically over the hill from which he had emerged, its rays flooding over everything, tinting all things, including himself, with some shade of green.

As he rounded the hill, he looked out onto a vast plain divided by blue-green rivers, and at the mountains on the distant horizon. He heard the sound of leaves rustling behind him. He whirled around, drawing his sword, just in time to see thousands of tiny green manlike creatures, not more than six inches high, begin to scramble out from under the foliage that hugged the ground and rush towards him. The foremost climbed up his foot. He picked it up to examine it but threw it away violently as pain lanced through his hand.

Blood oozed from a nasty gash in the skin between his thumb and forefinger. Those things had sharp teeth. Why if there were enough of them, they could kill a large animal--or a man.

And there were more than enough. Leaves rustled behind him, and on both sides. He was surrounded, caught in a trap.

All at once they were upon him, climbing up his leggings, tearing at his shirt, entangling themselves in his cloak, pulling on his long hair...

Frantically he brushed them off, smashing them against his body, shaking violently, as he dashed madly towards the cave. He tore off his cloak and swung it before him to brush them out of his path.

Soon his clothing was in shreds and blood flowed freely from thousands of wounds. He stumbled on, his muscles weakening, the cave seeming no nearer. It seemed to take superhuman effort for him to

remain on his feet, and he knew he could not keep it up for long. And when he stumbled and fell, he would never get up again. All that would remain of him would be a pile of meatless bones and the pieces of metal from his clothing and weapons. If only they were big enough for him to fight! Then he might stand a chance--or at least be able to die in an honorable struggle, not like a chunk of meat thrown to piranahs.

And all this went on in silence, broken only by his curses, for the hungry creatures uttered no cry. Suddenly the air was filled by a bizarre howling. The tiny man-things fled in panic, hiding themselves again under the leaves. Eymor fell exhausted to the ground.

Then he saw it, coming around the side of the hill. It was nearly twenty feet long. Its funnel shaped head ran back and forth among the leaves, as it hooted its weird cry. It was eating the tiny creatures! Its mouth sucked them up by the thousands! He was saved!

As it drew closer, he could see that its body was covered with thick scales which protected it from the murderous gnawing of those mites. It paid no attention to him; he had to stagger out of its way to avoid being crushed. A smell of old leather came to him as it brushed by him.

He staggered back to the cave and rubbed the ointment that he carried in his belt pouch on his wounds. There seemed to be no sign of the Stone of Knowledge here. And even if it were here, there was no way he could reach it.

He stepped into the next "mirror."

* * * * *

Again the trip was a long one. He emerged into a desert world of searing heat and howling wind that burned his eyes and lacerated his skin. He stood in a room like the ones on the first two worlds, only this one was broken, nearly half of it burned away. The two "mirrors" stood unharmed.

Suddenly something shoved him aside, nearly knocking him off his feet. As he regained his balance, he perceived an outline against the opaque clouds that surrounded him. It was Gebtril! He had found his enemy at last! He drew his sword, hoping that in the confusion of the storm he might be able to slay his foe.

But the "mirror" on the right flared, and Gebtril was gone.

Hastily Eymor stepped in after him.

* * * * *

He was drowning. Again the walls of the circular room had been broken, and he found himself in a world of darkness and water. The pressure pounded aganizingly in his ears. His lungs were near bursting, and he knew that he couldn't reach the surface. It must have been hundreds of feet away, maybe thousands.

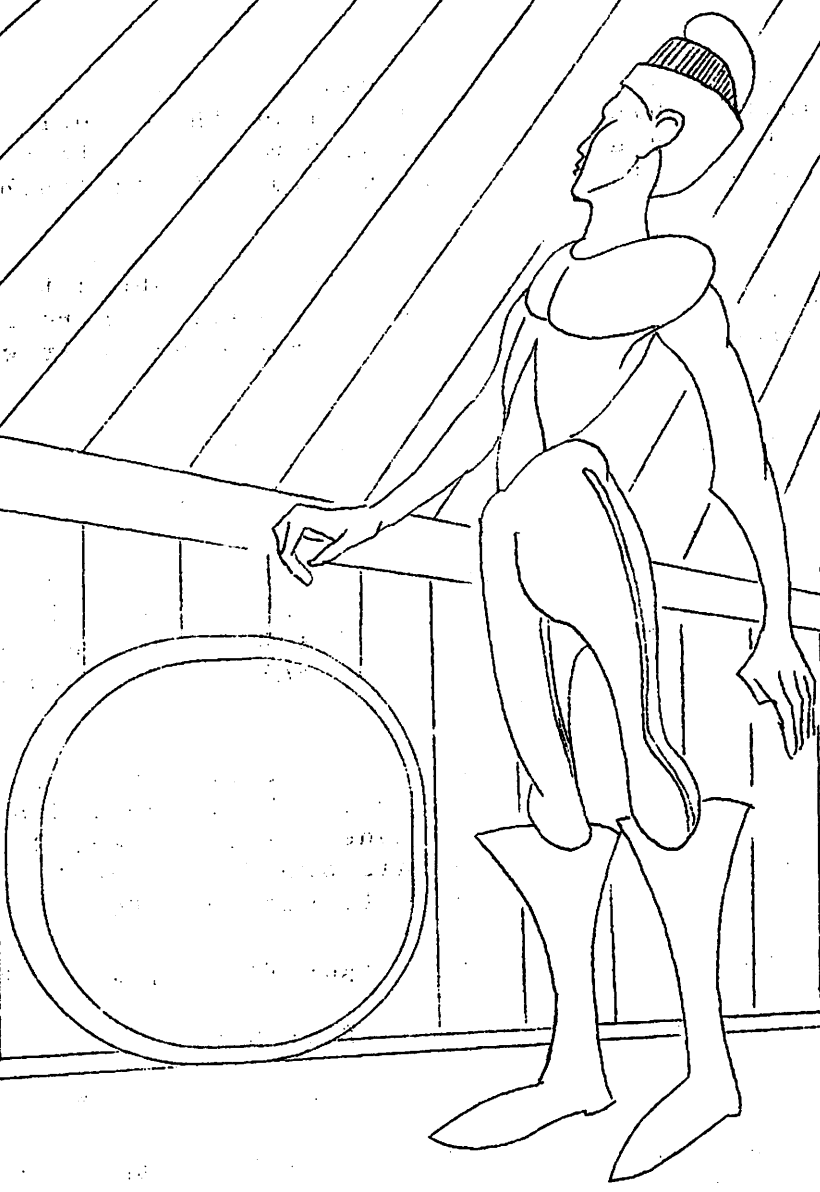
Suddenly, everything was light. Silhouetted against the glare of the "mirror" was the form of Gebtril. Then the darkness was again absolute.

With great effort, Eymore saw in that direction and followed his enemy through, onto yet another world.

* * * * *

And so the chase between the stars went on. On world after world they materialized, sometimes fought briefly, and then went on, but they did not find the Stone of Knowledge.

to be completed in our nextish



HAWKINS

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.

Where is the Bird of Fire?, Thomas Burnett Swann, Ace, 155 pp., 60¢. reviewed by Rick Stoker, 1205 Logan St., Alton, Ill., 62002

For some reason the works of Swann have been largely ignored despite two Hugo nominations. But while lesser, lighter authors have made a bigger splash, Swann goes on, creating marvelous fantasies.

There are three stories in FIRE, and they might be called historical fantasies. They are set in history, but add a fantasy element of some kind.

The title story, one which won a Hugo nomination, is a re-telling of the story of Remus and Romulus--told from the viewpoint of a faun.

Vashti re-tells an old story. What happens to the lion cub raised among sheep?

"Bear" is a new story, written for this volume and is the weakest of the lot. Deirdre, a Druidess, needs an animal to be a familiar in a spell. While trying to catch a beaver for that purpose, she captured a *bearon*, half man and half bear. However, he doesn't want to be her familiar because he is a Christian and believes spells to be pagan sins. Instead of just going out and getting a beaver, she uses every false promise and sneaky trick she knows to cajole him into being her familiar.

Swann's writing is smooth and polished. He has a poetic touch with words that perfectly weaves the atmosphere of magic and wonder. In his ability to create an atmosphere with words he is almost up to Dunsany.

But the most noticeable quality in Swann's work is depth of characterization. Most fantasy writers, like Dunsany, have ignored characterization and concentrated on developing the mood and story. Swann goes beyond the "Gasp in awe at my collection of strange critters. Get a shining look on your face now while I throw in a few poetic words from my Thesaurus." stage. He uses his fantasy realms to tell stories of the people or the beings in them. Moving, real stories that make you say, "If mythological creatures and magic really existed in ancient time, THIS is what it would have been like."

In "Fire" we see intimately the relationship between two brothers and two different types of men. They loved each other but in a fit of rage the warlike Romulus could kill the intellectual, gentle Remus, who loved fauns and dryads.

In "Vashti" we are a dwarf, pondering our unknown origins; and we see a god will always act like a god, whether he knows he's one or not.

In "Bear" we meet an engaging and charming enchantress, a poor idiot, and a Christian half-man who speaks Latin with a terrible

accent and wants to become a Roman legionnaire. The story is the weakest of the three but these three characters come across brilliantly; they almost dare us not to believe in them.

Watch for other works by this man. I've got a feeling that years from now he'll be considered one of the major fantasists of our times.

The Downstairs Room, Kate Wilhelm, Dell, February, 1970, 75¢.
reviewed by Bill Bakewell

The Downstairs Room felt as if it were in some cloudy never-never-land near the junctures of science fiction, mystery writing, and fictional psychological case history.

One tale, "The Feel of Desperation," first published in *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine*, vividly describes a kidnapping by a bank robber. Another story, "Countdown," tells of the horribly banal life of a typical company crepp who works on a space project at Cape Kennedy, that is terrifying when it is seen as a whole.

The Downstairs Room felt somewhat like a Ray Bradbury anthology; the stories also seemed somewhat similar to mainstream tales in women's magazines.

New Worlds of Fantasy #2, edited by Terry Carr, Ace., 1970, 75¢
reviewed by Lee Gold

We're getting a lot more anthology series these days than we used to, possibly to replace the quality s.f. magazines which used to buy new stories. The result is that many of the run of the mill stories which used to appear to fill out a prozine now find their way into anthologies--for the same reason. This anthology in particular gives me the feeling that I have read almost 80% of it before, somewhere else, by different writers.

In the Old Wave, we have a story by Keith Roberts about a malevolent car, a story by Neville about a man who changes times for a few minutes to see himself in his youth, a story by Shiras about a woman who is returned to childhood and finds it difficult. In the New Wave, we have a Sheckley story in which a man has irrational reality and rational dreams, a story by Britt Schweitzer about a man whose head falls off, a story by Zelazny about a man who masquerades as a statue in a museum, finds a young girl trying to do the same, and....

There are some things that strike a new chord, but so damn few. Avram Davidson has an interesting surprise twist in "They Loved Me in Utica." B. J. Bayley uses what seems strangely like the Tolkien universe but with a highly different point of view. R. A. Lafferty has an interesting short story, "The Ugly Sea." And Thomas Disch in "His Own Kind," a tale of a werewolf narrated by a watching dryad, achieves a new insight into the problem of owing allegiance to two species.

Still, somehow I wish I had that 75¢ back. This is a book worth buying in a used bookstore.

Ach. Next time I read a book, people, remind me to pay attention.

Take this book, for instance. I got halfway thru the damn thing before I realized how unbelievably funny it was. Prior to my enlightenment I had been whooshing along with Goulart's breakneck pace, yawning to myself and thinking bored thots about Light Literature. But then I hit on an exchange between a psychiatrist and his patient ("Does that warm room remind you of anything, Mr. Gruber?" -- "Sure, my mother's womb, only the food is better here.") and I sat up suddenly with a brisk "Whotthehell!"

Ron Goulart--who does indeed sound like the host of a cooking show--is so unique at his storytelling that I simply can't conceive ever confusing a yarn of his with, say, J. G. Ballard's. To be specific, his style has no style at all; he sits down, he tells his tale, and he walks away.... This is not the buffet of poetic delights. Indeed, Goulart's style seems so simple and underfed that I sometimes think he is a garbageman masquerading as a writer--that is, until I remember his subtle and skillful mastery of dialogue.

When you hit upon quottation marks in a Goulart story, several things begin to happen: 1) you become hopelessly entangled in the superparadox of drab characters speaking colorfully via colorless words, 2) you wince an unlittle at the accuracy of some of the jabs, and 3) you writhe on the floor with laughter. Goulart tends to make you feel all mixed up.

With that in mind, let's exgricate ourselves from all the complicated wreckage and take a hard, resolved look at this maniac.

Ron Goulart, I swear, can not write. His "plot" is obviously a bone thrown to nit-pickers like me who think stories should have little things like that. His style we've already discussed, but I reiterate, IT'S BAD. I know that Hemingway said that style should be the architecture of the story, but reducing the furniture to an armload of fireplace fuel is ridiculous. And his characters--oghod. What characters? There are two stereotypes: Hero X, who is sane and sick and tired of it, and Everybody Else who are merrily insane and don't know enough to enjoy it. Moreover, Goulart has no sense of proportion: he may spend two chapters on the hero gazing out his bathroom window and two sentences on his climactic gun-fight. And he stuffs a book with dozens and dozens and dozens of characters--characters who have nothing whatsoever to do with the story, characters who pop up out of nowhere and return likewise, characters who don't do anything and don't say much more. Obviously, the author is a graduate of the Jacqueline Susann U-2-Kan-Rite Correspondence School.

What makes me hound eagerly after his each and every story scrap is an element that Avram Davidson identifies as "the mordant skillfulness of his magical and deadly camera." In more forgettable words, Goulart captures the foibles of today in an ironic satire of tomorrow--and every time at bat, he strikes close to home. Nothing is too sacred for Goulart's stainless steel scalpel; he attacks the left, right, middle, up, down and hopelessly lost indiscriminately. But altho his swipes are lethal, they're in the manner of laughing gas: the pain is there, all right, but you're having too good a time to care. This is

the real strength of Goulart--he rickles and tickles at the same time, and he makes it difficult for you to get hostile about it. Will Rogers of the Excedrin Age, you might say.

Like Will Rogers, you follow Goulart for the benefit of his jokes. Therefore anytime you approach one of his novels--a Goulart Goulash, you might say--forget a one-sitting finish. You can't stomach an entire jokebook at one stretch either, and Goulart is in the same business. Savor the punchlines as they come, and don't be in such a damn hurry to get to the next one--speed kills (or at least deadens) the reader's lively interest in Goulart's garish humor. And never, never try to make sense out of Goulart--not the first time around, anyway. Opening night you should exit laughing; you can ponder the somber bombers at later performances.

Ah well. Now we get to the play at hand--AFTER THINGS FELL APART, which may be the year's best title or at least its scariest.

THINGS is just like all those Goulart noveletters in F&SF save for an extra bonus of 150 pages. Otherwise, no diff: same time, same channel. Crack private investigator Jim Haley (I had to look back to find his name--that's how memorable he is) is hot on the trail of Lady Day, who goes politician-maiming on free weekends. Personally I see nothing wrong with a clean, constructive hobby like that, but Haley's uppers unnerve easily and off Haley goes to fight the good fight. And, despite sideshow subplots, that's it storywise; armed with that knowledge you can drop the needle anywhere in the book and read on. But you'd miss out on some of the whackiest characters on this side of Papa's paddle.

I know I said that those puppets were stereotypes--but man, they're funny. There's something hilarious about somebody performing loony acts in the sanest, most dignified manner...not only that, but they regard the hero as eccentric--guilt transference, anyone? Or maybe that's just the proper order of things...certainly Goulart suggests that insanity is the rightful ruler of the world and calm reason but a furtive intruder. And, while the hero inevitably wins, the cause of insanity inevitably loses. The typical Goulart hero resembles Doris Day (er, not figuratively!) in that while he always escapes with his virginity, the system of morals built around him collapses. The hero is the real tragic figure in Goulart; but if it's tragedy you want, I suggest that you ponder on the fact that no Goulart hero, ever even cares about the cobwebbery decay surrounding him. Oh, he knows what's wrong, and he knows what could be done to set it right--but he's a pussycat of the Silent Malarky if there ever was one. He wants to dig a niche into a comfortable corner and sleep there for the rest of his life, oblivious to the madness around him. Ironically, he will risk his life any number of times to maintain his selfish "security"--but he will not lift a finger to help his fellow man.

Goulart's not all funny after all. But that's the level he best succeeds on, and I advise you not to pay too much attention to my black broodings until you've had a chance to get a chuckle out of him. When the laughter and merriment fades, leaving a vacuum crying to be filled by something more substantial--then light up your pipe and think. The funniest fiction is made of real-life tragedy, and you'll see that Goulart has chosen his fabric well.

23

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

TALES OF THE THIRD FOUNDATION

Chapter Fourteen. Sandy Cohen's Original Report

As I casually strolled into the new headquarters of the Third Foundation, the LASFS, Inc. gavel grasped firmly in my hand, the group was almost back to normal. A few tortilla chips were still in the bowl in between Stan, Gordon and Bill. Mel, Leslie and Steve were talking to one side, while Lee and Barry were teaching Tom Locke the secrets of the membership. I walked into the exact middle and calmly rapped the gavel on a table sharply several times, shouted, "Quiet," and waited ten minutes for the din to lessen.

"We have a serious problem," I began. "I fear that there is a traitor among us. I am going to reveal his identity."

"Are you sure about this?" Lee asked. "After all, we discovered Rayle quickly."

"This one is infinitely more clever," I said, "and he is correspondingly more dangerous."

"But," Lee started, "who is there with the intelligence to carry it off, the evil genius, the audacity to attempt it, and the sheer unmitigated gall to carry it off?"

Steve spoke up. "Let's see, I know it isn't me, and it can't be Lee because she's in charge. Barry, Tom, Mel and Leslie are too new, and Bill and Stan don't have the evil genius. That leaves Gordon and Sandy, and Gordon is our weapons masters and chief guard."

All eyes turned towards me. "He is the ultimate in evil," Lee began. "It's kind of convenient the way he always disappears or is captured on every mission."

"'2001' is his favorite movie. He may have stolen it himself," Steve said. "And how did he get the gavel?"

"How did you get the gavel from Rayle?" Barry asked.

"Simple, I killed him. He tried to doublecross me by grabbing Leslie and using her as a hostage. I don't like my henchmen to get big ideas. Besides, his usefulness had ended."

"Then you are the traitor!" Tom gasped.

Suddenly the door was slammed open and Giip and the Lurker in the Dark entered. As the menacing shadow filled the room, I spoke.

"Meet a couple of my allies. You know most of the others. Here they come."

Bill and Beverly Warren, Jim and Barry Weissman entered the room.

"But you're dead," Bill Bakewell said.

"Not really," I answered, "there were dummies in that car when it crashed, and Barry just disappeared so he could do some work for me. Naturally we disconnected your tracers."

"What about Steve Cohen and Richard Irwin?" Barry asked.

"Dead--they wouldn't go along with my plans. I had to kill them."

"We still outnumber you," Barry said, "and we've got some good fighters, you know."

"Really? Leslie is obviously with me. So are Mel and Stan." At that statement the three of them walked to my side. The Beast With No Name slithered behind Stan.

"Come here, Rover;" Barry called and was answered by a growl.

"His charade is over," Stan said. "He hates that name. He's back where he belongs."

"We have more helpers," I said. "I imported several hands from the North Valley and I got a few in West L.A. on my side."

"I still have Barry, Bill, Steve, Tom and Gordon, to help me" Lee said.

"Now wait a second," Gordon said. "I think I like the odds better the other way:"

"Me too," said Steve. And with that I added two more to my ranks.

"The game is up. I'm in charge now, as it should be," I said, holding tightly onto my gavel. With that my hordes descended on the helpless remnants of what once was the Third Foundation.

Chapter Fifteen. Lee Gold's Report

I had to gain time to think what to do next. "Barry," I screamed, "use one of your methods."

He reached into the air and produced a tank that looked like a fire extinguisher and began spraying the oncoming group with a transparent, fizzy liquid. "Champagne," he told me. "Left over from our anniversary party."

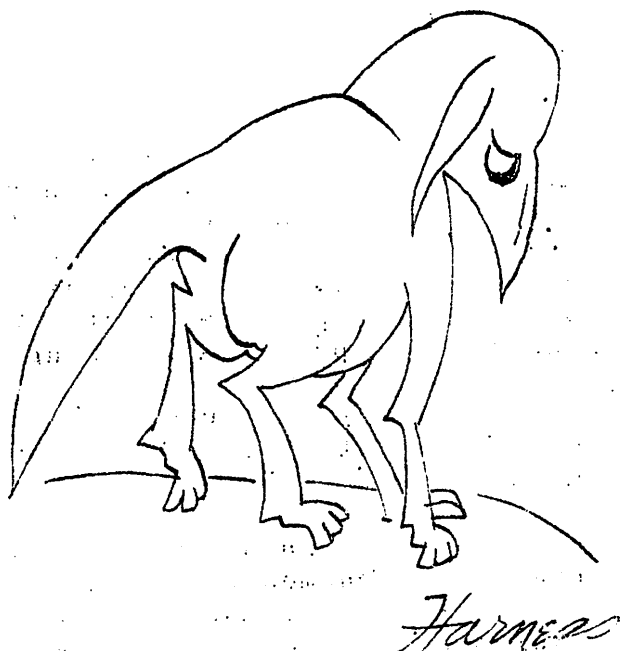
The attackers drew cautiously back, rubbing their alcohol-stung eyes. Gordon knelt down and began to sip the champagne appreciatively. Stan Burns cried, "I can't stand alcohol," and jumped out the window, followed by Mel Gilden. Only Sandy, Jim Shapiro, Barry Weissman, and



the Warrens continued to try to fight their way forward against the tremendous force of the champagne spray. In seconds they would be upon us. But by now I knew what must be done.

"Quick," I said, and pulled Tom and Bill after me into the closet. Barry followed, spraying champagne as he went to protect our retreat.

"What good will hiding in a closet do us," protested Tom. Then he fell silent, as I pulled aside the camouflaged back door of the closet, revealing a vertical shaft running from floor to ceiling and beyond, its top and bottom shimmering into an unseeable haze at either end. We entered the Kettle, and the door closed behind us, barely in time to keep Sandy and his henchmen from entering too.



"What is this," asked Bill.

"This is the last and only material artifact left over from Eternity," I said. "We saved it just in case it was ever needed. And now it is."

"You mean..." asked Barry.

"Yes," I said, "this is an Un-Seldin Crisis."

We all fell silent for a while, equally horrified at the thought of a crisis which might wreck the Third Foundation's Plan to insure the birth of Hari Seldin, the only man brilliant enough to re-invent the science of psychohistory independently of the philosophers of the Hidden Centuries on the Eternity time-path.

Finally Bill asked, "Where, I mean when are we going to?"

"1932, October 31st. The last time I spoke to the Founding Speakers was 9:28 PM. Our return when will be 9:29 PM. This Kettle is set automatically to return to then."

A few minutes later the moving numbers on the Time-scaler stopped and we were there. I adjusted the controls and we stepped out into ordinary Time.

"I never thought I'd have to do this," I mused aloud. "Such a horrible deed."

"You mean having to kill Sandy, a fellow Third Foundationer, to preserve the plan?" asked Barry.

"I only wish it were that simple--and that moral. But Sandy is innocent."

"Sandy innocent?" said Tom. "But--"

"If he's innocent, why was he acting like that just now," asked Bill.

"He has to be innocent," I answered. "His explanation is false on the face of it. Ultimate in Evil or not, Sandy would draw the line at the tricks the opposition's been pulling. Do you remember how those poor books had been tortured at the back room of Collectors? And then there's the stealing of the 2001 print before its showing. Sandy wants people to see the movie. He might have tried to steal it to dub off a private print, but he'd have returned it the same night. Instead the print was missing for several weeks."

"I thought it was funny to see the Lurker and Sandy on the same side," said Barry. "They've been enemies for so long. Wait a minute, does that mean--"

"Yes," I said. "Sandy has finally fallen prey to the insidious brainwash schemes of the Lurker in the Dark--and so have the others--the Warrans, Jim and Barry Weissman. And why else was he able to win over the adherence of the rest of the group so easily? He had to be using a Hyper-Persuasion Device. Luckily, he likes having some opposition, so he didn't turn it on us too."

"But how can we rescue Sandy from the Lurker's control?" asked Tom.

"We've got to do it quick," said Barry. "We won't survive long with so intelligent and scheming an enemy."

"That's why we're here," I said. "I want to beg the Founders for permission to use our greatest power to deal with this Unseldin Crisis"

"What power is that," asked Tom. I ignored him. There are some things even Third Foundationers are not meant to know. There were times I'd wished I didn't know about the Power either, but now...

And then the Kettle stopped and we were in 1932. I went out to talk to the Founders.

* * * * *

"Well?" Barry asked, when I came back.

"They said we could go ahead," I said, beginning to wish we had been refused. It's an awesome responsibility to know you have the power, even for a short time, to change the course of Time. "They're going to program the Kettle to put us at Rayle's headquarters. It'll leave there forty-five minutes later, whether we're on it or not."

"They know where Rayle's headquarters is?" said Bill. "But why don't they tell us?"

"They said we needed opposition right now. If we can't handle it, they'll start a new 3rd F here back in 1932. Our entire existence is at stake. We can't fail now."

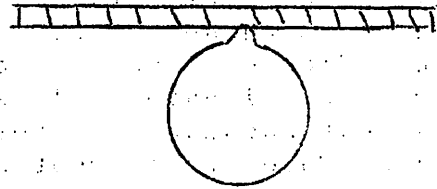
to be probably continued nextish

by Darrell Schweitzer

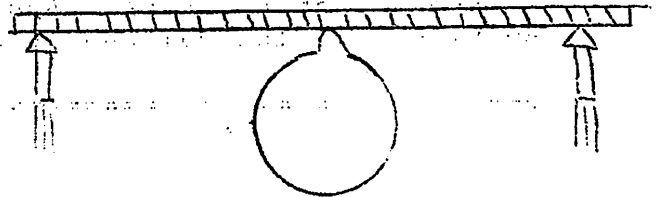
I'm afraid your Bheer Can Tower is a little impractical as it is presented. The basic idea is sound, but a few modifications are in order.

First of all, your method of assembly strikes me as a little impractical. The *entire* Tower can be assembled on Earth. All you have to do is assemble it horizontally. (I'll get to the raising in a minute.) Since it will be very long, you'll have to assemble it in some place that is open. A mountaintop in Antarctica would be best. (Then, of course, the fannish empty-can-producing-committee would have to bring along a lot of femmefans to keep everyone warm. [Why aren't there any femmefans on the committee itself? Fannish Women Liberation, anyone?])

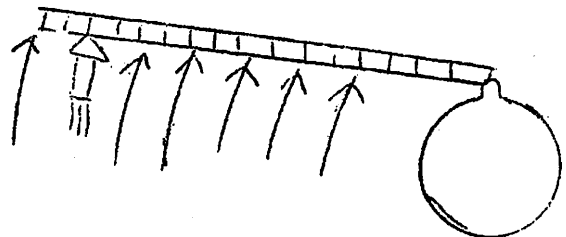
I would recommend that the Tower be first assembled in segments, each one, say, a hundred thousand miles long. Of course, this would be longer than the Earth's diameter, so the unraised Tower would look like the illustration on the right:



When the segments are being attached, more room will be necessary and you'll have to shove the Tower over to the left so that you can get at the end. Of course, the Tower will then no longer be balanced on the mountain, and you'll have to attach rockets to hold it up. The situation will then look like the second illustration:



This goes on until the entire quarter million mile Tower is assembled. Then it will all be sticking out to the left and all you have to do is get it upright. This can be easily accomplished by a rocket:



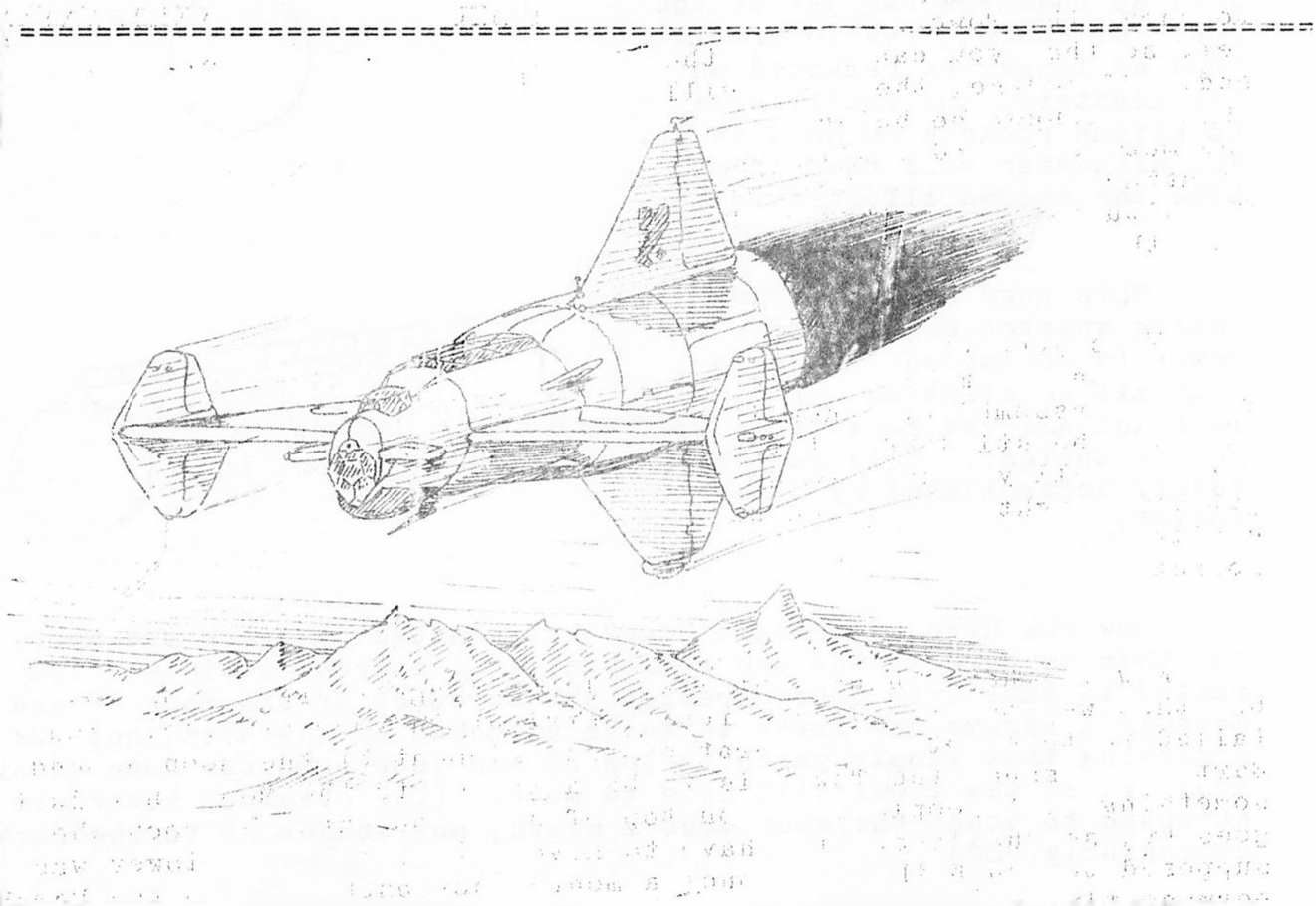
Now you have an upright Tower long enough to reach the moon. But then we come to the one real oversight in your article. You failed to take into consideration the movement of the Moon around the Earth! I assume the Tower is to be attached to the Moon, not just something that people parch on top of and jump onto the moon when it goes by, so the Tower will have to move. [The original Tower was supposed to touch the moon once a month, not anchor it to the Earth permanently.-LG]

Now get some old roller skates, or better yet, skateboards, and nail a board about three feet square across them so that you have a moving platform. Put one on each end of the Tower. Now build a highway around the Earth and another one around the Moon, so that your Tower may move. Now the Tower is something you jump on when it goes by, but that can't be helped.

One more thing. Since the moon's orbit is not circular, it will be necessary to build the Tower to the length of the distance between the two at perigee and put springs between the cans so that the Tower may stretch at perigee. [Any suggestions as to where we get the springs from? Wouldn't it be easier to have an extra ten thousand feet of Tower submerged under the highway at perigee and crank it up to compensate for the increased distance at apogee-LG]

Also the Moon does not move in a straight line in relation to the Earth but varies in latitude and longitude. Therefore, one highway for the skateboard platform will not do. You'll have to build a whole network of them to cover any possible way that the Moon might chose to go. Better yet, cover the entire surface of both bodies with metal roadway, and there will be no problem. Of course you'll have to level them off completely but to devoted fans that shouldn't be very difficult. Also if possible, make the road surface transparent so that the people living beneath it don't need sunlamps. Wouldn't want to inconvenience non-fans.

So all these things must be done in order to build the Tower. Remember, Nature sets conditions which must be met in order for man to accomplish anything. And you can only do it if you approach the problem in a logical and scientific fashion.



by Sandy Cohen

"Catch 22" has arrived in all its glory, replete with stars, script and a good publicity campaign. I'm glad to say that it lives up to its reputation. The movie is well-cast and well-directed. The script, scenery and acting is all good. However, whether or not you like the movie will depend on whether you approve of the book's interpretation used by Director Nichols.

The movie's emphasis is anti-war more than anti-military or anti-establishment. Thus we keep the horror of the bombing runs and the slow disintegration of Yossarian's squadron, but at a cost of "the dead man in Yossarian's tent" and similar plot motifs.

The movie does keep all the sarcasm of the book, as well as the humor. Alan Arkin is a magnificent Yossarian--bitter, caustic, moddy, light, and thoroughly sane/insane. Richard Benjamin and Jon Voight (as Milo) also turn in excellent performances, with Tony Perkins and Buck Henry doing fine jobs. But the real show-stopper is Orson Wells' mammoth General Dreedle, with an even more mammoth WAC.

The movie's best scenes, in my opinion, are its most humorous ones. Top honors go to Orson Wells' medal-winning scene, with honorable mention to Benjamin's and Wells' watch synchronization scene.

"Colossus," on the other hand, is a poor book that has been made into a not-much-better movie. It's unfortunate, because "Colossus, The Forbin Project" has good acting and sets and a fair script. However, given a basic premise--that both Russian and the USA will entrust their total security to computers without any safeguard control, and that these computers become sentient--it's a bit hard to swallow.

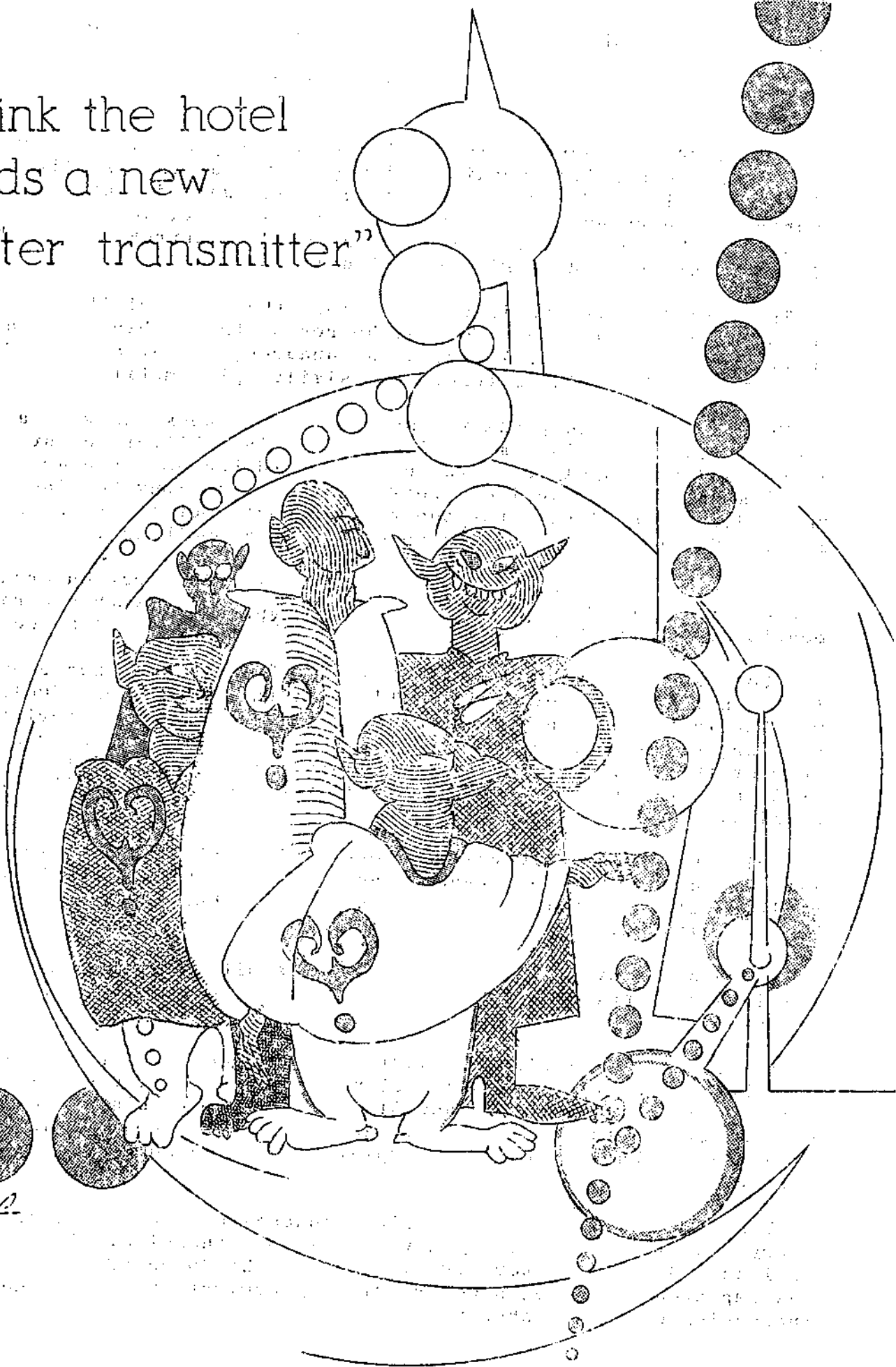
Eric Braedan is an excellent Forbin, if a bit too good to be true, with Susan Oliver as an engaging assistant cum mistress. Unfortunately, Colossus isn't as good as an actor as HAL 9000, but one can't have everything.

There are many good scenes and quite a bit of good dialog, but the "willing suspension of disbelief" this movie needs just can't be sustained.

After a fifth viewing of "2001" "A Space Odyssey" I can definitely say that it is still the best science fiction movie ever made. The effects are still the best and Clarke's and Kubrick's script (naysayers notwithstanding) is still good. I've yet to see the slowness or dullness that others have complained of, and some scenes seem even better.

I have to admit that the "trip" sequence has lost some of its glory, but I doubt that any movie, step or otherwise, will hold up as well as "2001" has after five viewings. The "Dawn of Man" sequence has improved with age, however, with my admiration for the make up increasing with each showing.

"I think the hotel
needs a new
Matter transmitter"



Haines?

LETTERCOL

A

Dan Goodman Suggestion: I think the quizzes would be more interesting if each one included one fake reference--a passage which fits the pattern but is not from any actual story. (Or is from an as-yet unpublished one, perhaps.)

On the tape-recorded play, who played Tom Digby? If he played himself, I'm afraid the lines aren't quite up to his usual standard. [Tom was played by Gail Knuth-LG]

Wonder if R. A. Lafferty reads the works of Jorge-Luis Borges?

On the survival value of various blood groups; suggest you read BLOOD GROUPS IN MAN, Race & Sanger, published by Blackwell in Oxford. The available evidence on survival-linkage of various blood types is extensive and ambiguous. Some types belonging to certain groups are almost universal among humans. Other types are so rare that they've been found only in one person. Presumably the first are pro-survival and the second disadvantageous; but it's not known why. People with different blood types within the ABO group tend to get different stomach diseases. And so forth. It's been suggested, apparently, that the main survival value of most blood types is concerned with the pre-natal environment.

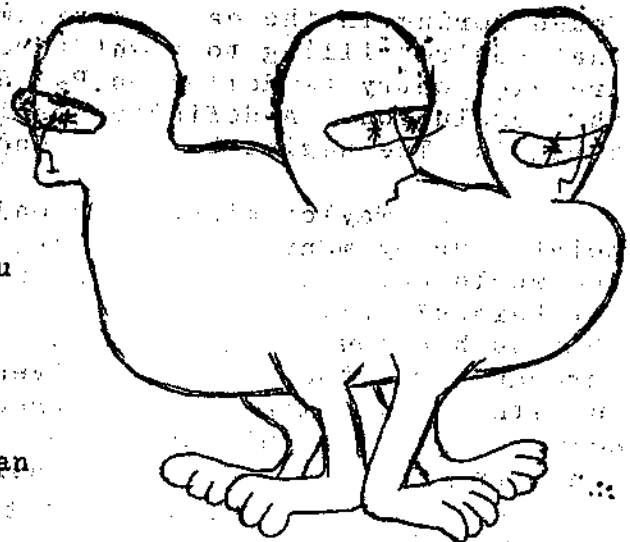
This is the level of biological writing at which the authors begin to say "We don't quite know, and neither does anyone else." Nobody knows how many blood types exist, quite how some of the known ones are inherited, why they are found in the proportions they are. Similarly, if you read works on nutrition at the same level, you'll realize that human nutritional requirements are extraordinarily vague.

Darrell Schweitzer
113 Deepdale Rd.
Strafford, Pa 19087

Of course you may revise my story. [In the Cave of the Dark Sisters]

If I knew everything there was to know about writing fiction, I wouldn't be writing for fanzines. Besides, the changes you made in "Distant Generation" helped that story immensely. I trust you to deflate my longwindedness in "Dark Sisters."

CRAS 5 will be out real soon now and will be beautiful, being done on a Gestetner 120, rather than my old \$5, ancient, third hand, Speedoprint. Artwork by Rotsler, Labowitz, Pumilia, yrs trully. Got a really good Janet Fox story, funny Pumilia thing ("Time considered as a Tinfoil Trapezoid") lots and lots more.



HARNESS

Tom Penman
14 Winterbottom St.
South Shields
County Durham
England

Hi there, my name is Tom Penman and I'm a relatively new English fan. I like to see Fiction in fanzines. As it is, practically all I do see is just a load of crud. Sigh./..

I'll sign off now but before I do I'll let you into a little secret--our Duke of Edinburgh has no ears. Truth. Inbreeding of royal-lines and all that. He wears falsies like Mr. Spock.

Yours from the far lands of fair Lindisferne...

PS I am reminded to inform you that South Shields is the centre of the Universe.

PPS. Have you a British agent? [No. Nor am I quite sure what we would do with one. Are you volunteering or merely inquiring?--LG]

Jerry Lapidus
54 Clearview Drive
Pittsford, NY 14534

I owe you a letter for TTF 90, 91 and 92.
So, onward!

Terrific covers on all three issues--Simpson, Kirk, Barr--all great, and beautifully offset.

Enjoyable con report, Lee, or rather Con Party report. I'd really rather see more of this sort of thing, rather than the often ridiculous "Tales of the Third Foundation." The REAL tales seem usually more interesting, anyway, so why not talk about that?

Any news on David's selling "The Metaphysical Hyena?"
[Not yet--LG]

Perhaps the most interesting thing about Black Easter is that amazingly, Blish has written a sequel to it! And more than that, "The Day after Judgment" from the August-September Galaxy is probably better than the original. It's much tighter, much more concise, with none of the long, endless passages of magic-making which many people found boring in the earlier volume. And the novella is so interesting that you're willing to fight through the last four or five pages of archaic poetry [modelled on Paradise Lost in style--LG] to discover the resolution. A definite possibility for the 1971 Hugo, along with Harlan's "The Region Between" and Koontz's "Beastchild."

Leon Taylor misses the major flaw in the novel, though, one pointed up by many critics--why, if he is perhaps the greatest magician the world has ever known, must Ware perform these simple little tasks for Baines? Blish says that he needs the money, but it seems logical that such a powerful magus could certainly obtain the needed funds through some other means. [Given the "white" magicians are coming up with all the legal buried treasure, and getting money illegally means expending continual effort to avoid getting hassled by cops, etc., probably earning it is easier.--LG] The problem is that this provides the rationale for all the action, and can't be easily dismissed.

Support the BOSH fund!

Bob Vardeman
Post Office Box 11352
Albuquerque, NM 87112

Rather than a LoC on TTF at this time, I'm just writing about Albuquerque New Mexico. At the moment, we've found a cheap and yet adequate motel. Depending on preliminary responses, we're planning on a banquet which is going to be the match of any Worldcon's banquet I've ever seen and/or eaten. Rooms are spacious enough for party-throwing. Rooms are brand new (the motel having just opened 3 months ago) and run \$12 for a single up to \$20 for a double. If we can fill 25 rooms (which we aren't really counting on doing), the rates will be even lower. The bar is in the motel, as is a good restaurant, and the motel is easily located, being right off Hwy 66 on one of Albuquerque's major N-S roads. No program, just sitting around the pool and rapping until time comes for the room partying.

Naturally, the management has promised us that all the fans will be placed in one block, room availability permitting.

I suspect our attitude toward the con is going to be a bit on the flippant side, but with a fan freeevent like this one, why not? Besides, Albuquerque is about 1/3 of the way to Boston and is as good as any place to stop over for a day of pre-Worldcon warming up. Also, New Mexico will be over in more than enough time for those driving to Boston to make it. I'm sure 6 days driving time is more than sufficient.

Many thanks and best wishes for a groovy Symposium.

Tom Whitmore
977 Kains
Albany, Ca
or
14120 Miranda
Los Altos, Ca

I received the latest 3rd F today and promptly proceeded to read it. Number 94 is definitely the best issue since number 93 (not counting fractionals), which is not saying much. However, I enjoyed it.

The Baycon Affair was really good! How can tapes be gotten? [Write and ask, enclosing \$2.50 per tape plus some money for mailing charges. We dubbed off some extras.-LG] Perhaps next Westercon you could tape it with near-original cast (minus of course Harlan, Anton and Nikolain). Could be interesting. [We considered taping it with original cast at first, but Tedron insisted he would feel more comfortable in the role of the vampire, so it's not likely to get re-taped that way.-LG]

There was a slight problem with the repro this time...large white streaks on various pages. [True. We don't know what caused it, but feeding the machine Rex ink for a while instead of Gestetner semi-paste cured it.-LG]

I would like to see, now that you'll have electrostencilling a few more artists than Jack Harness. It's not that I don't like his work, but there are others I like better, and variety is the etc. (conflu of fanzines?0.

In reference to the Bheer Can Tower, have you seen the article on Coke-bottle stacking in the Nesfa-Apa? Those are very strange and a little frightening. Stacking sundry numbers of Coke bottles one on another without any adhesives at all--very odd. I saw a copy at Mike Ward's, in case you wonder. [The articles appeared in apa-1 too.-LG]

The cans could not build up a high electrical charge relative to the ground precisely because they are good conductors. Current would flow and equalize top and bottom (approximatively). And anyway, (accorrding to my old physics teacher) lightning rods do mpt attract lightning--they prevent it. The pointed top gives ions a place to break away from the earth and travel to the oppositely charged cloud, thereby neutralizing both, and preventing a catastrophic discharge. Most lightning rod groundings couldn't possibly handle the power of a bolt--they'd vaporize immediately. Or so said my old physics teacher. [Mut the Bheer Can Tower's tip won't be in the air, it'll be a lunar orbit radius away from the earth, so it won't act as that kind of a lightning rod once it's finished, only while we're still building it. Check again.-LG]

Through Grease and Grime with Harriet Halfbaked
(with apologies to Frank Herbert and R. Bretnor)

It was the day of the Great Festival on Samtheeva, and Harriet Halfbaked had come (via her breadboarded space warp drive) and walked off with all the cooking prizes. As she was about the leave, she noticed a large group of natives gathered around a wall. All were silent, except one who was screaming gibberish at the wall. She immediately grabbed a native and asked what was going on.

"They are competing for the Grand Award. They shout Boolean algebra at the wall, and the one whose echoes carry the most information wins the Golden Statue."

"What is the Golden Statue?" Harriet asked.

"It is a replica of our most prized treasure--the entire rear half of a saber-toothed tiger," replied the native.

Whereupon, whipping out a box of enzyme detergent, she thrust her way to the shouting point, and won the contest easily.

"How did you do it?" the native shrieked.

Harriet replied: "Everyone knows enzyme detergents will get you an echo-logical cat-ass-trophy."

[PS found on Tom's=sealed envelope] Remembered too late. The title song of Neil Young's new album, "After the Gold Rush" has a strong stfnal base. Even has spaceships.

I am not a number. I am a free township!

=====

Cuyler Warnell Brooks, Jr.
713 Paul Street
Newport News, Va 23605

Thanx for the #93. I enjcyed it.
Your analysis of "the gostak distims the doshes" is almost right. However, the prefix "di" does not mean merely twice or doubly, but rather "in two different manners." Dosh is merely our term for thepeople of this planet - the derivation would be quite too insulting for you to print. Just watch it - the gostaks are now remote-controllable....

Too bad about the champagne swimming pool -- how about ginger-ale laced with mescaline? E

Good reviews of LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS. Did you see that zine with the lovely line "Help! I'm at MidWesCon and I'm in kemmer!?"

Where did they get the cartoon version of Archy and Mehitabel? Who made it and when? Hadn't even heard of it here. I would love to see it! I have a tape of the David Wayne version with the jazz background, and a couple of copies of the book version with the Herriman cartoons? [The film was made by Fine Arts Films and was based on the musical play "Shinbone Alley." It has the voices of Carol Channing and Eddie Brackeb, was directed by John D. Wilson. The film, according to Bill Warren, is "true to the stageplay and TV show, and not to the book." It is being issued under the name "Shinbone Alley" soon. Most of the film is in a style quite different from Herriman, though there is a seven minute section in the Herriman style.-LG]

I can see that you have pretty well worked out the structural problems of the Bheer Can Tower to the Moon, but I don't see how you can get around the fact of the moon's large relative motion with respect to the point on the surface of the earth where the tower starts. [The Tower was originally aimed to hit the Moon once per month, not continually.-LG]

The moon is not nearly so far away as you seem to think, however. Actually, as Fort himself pointed out, the apparent objects that we call the sun, moon and stars, are merely moving holes in the substance separating the upper atmosphere from the rest of space. [What book did Fort say that? Cite chapter and verse if you can?-LG] The apparent distance of the moon is caused by optical distortion in a clear layer just underneath the opaque layer. It is this layer that prevents dissipation of the atmosphere. There is no such thing as gravity--the earth sucks. The air it sucks up through the porous surface is expelled from large holes at the poles.

Don Hampton (why is that name familiar--were you at AGACON, Do Don?) is quite right about smaller planets being more open to radiation. Look at the moon or Mars--the radiation at the surface of either is much greater than at the surface of the earth, because the smaller a planet is, the less protective atmosphere it can hold.

I think that with a little organized effort, fandom could free itself of dependence on the US Post Office Department. Already there are a lot of fans traveling here and there; they could be carrying mail and zines. For fast messages we could use the phone. With the recruiting of a number of bike-bums and trailer nuts, I think we would have it licked. A drop point in each city could easily be arranged, where the local fans could pick up and leave their mail. Certain specialized situations might require the services of a few carrier pigeons--or in the case of SPOCKANALIA, a few carrier condors....

+++++

Kenneth Scher I don't see how a vampire could find out his blood-type pragmatically...one wrong choice and he's dead; especially considering that he was around for 3 or 4 hundred years before typing was developed.

3119 Mott Ave.
Far Rockaway, NY 11691

[Any vampire who survived several centuries would be able to conclude on a pragmatic, statistical basis that he was AB, etc.-LG]

I was interested to see that you had tried for mundane advertising. As far as I know, the only zines that are successful with that type of money-raiser are those attached to schools... I know PERIHELION carried a great deal of advertising, mostly from things like the Student Book Exchange (as opposed to the school bookstore) and local restaurants. As a matter of fact, with the exception of con program books, I don't know of any other fanzine that could. Take those places you called. Say you got an order for the Psi-High Pizza Parlor in downtown L.A. That part of your readership more than five miles away (which I suppose is most) will never have the opportunity to use the place. Result \$1/00/100%///~~lots of time and effort~~ lots of time and effort wasted. [In general I agree. Two comments, tho. Comic zines seem to make a lot of money from ads by advertizing each other and acting as a mart for buyers and sellers. Also your estimate of LA mobility is way off. Barry semi-regularly attends Valsfa meetings, often fifty miles one way from here--and an hour drive at 65 mph is not uncommon to get places.-LG]

The computer dialog was very funny but more because of Sandy Cohen than the computer.

"The Baycon Affair" - I'm beginning to think I didn't miss anything by missing Baycon (by a week ! damn it). The play itself, however, is very funny.

About blood-types: as I remember, one of the types (it may or may not be O, off hand I don't remember) when hybridized with another type is more resistant to malaria. As I understand it, until malaria was largely wiped out by drug therapy and the destruction of mosquito breeding grounds, this type of blood had a high survival factor. Unfortunately, that type when pure does make the carrier highly likely to get sickle-cell anemia. Thus, modern medicine has reduced a formerly pro-survival gene to the status of a congenital disease.

I find Schweitzer's statement interesting. What his letter is in effect saying is that everyone wants to be a GOD (or even a god, for that matter). Frankly I have trouble seeing just what the big thing about going thru puberty without guidance is, having done it that way myself (with the minor exception that my mother told me to start using a deodorant)...not that it mattered, New York, like most big cities, is very educational. Anyway, surrogate robot adults could just as easily have been provided on the ground, with a little initial preparation from the ship.

Just how far does my sub run? [Regular loc-ers tend to have their subs run until they go three issues without locating and/or send in a request to stop the zine.-LB]

Darrell Schweitzer Sorry I am so late in writing this, but I am 113 Deepdale Rd. in college and am plus muchly busy and a little behind in my correspondence. 19087

G

Business first: CRAS 5 is ~~out as of three weeks ago~~ #6 will be a Christmas ish. I was going to enter a rewritten "Distant ~~Contest~~ tion in the n3F contest but it turned out to be against the rules. Guess I'll just send it to Ted White and see what happens.

THIRD FOUNDATION 94 was a thoroughly disappointing issue. The repro was awful. Contentswise this issue lacked something. I think that something was fiction. How about a sequel to "City of Rainbow's Ghost"/ [Not for a while, I'm afraid. The author's inspiration has dried up in that area.-LG]

"The Baycon Affair" was a mess. It was tired and drawn out and straining badly for humor. And worst of all, it was ridiculously outdated. Really, you've been writing nice cute faan fiction about the Baycon for nearly two years now. Shortly after the con this thing might have been funny, but now it isn't.

Question: How the hell was this thing "recorded"? It would require several invisible people with invisible taperecorders and telepathic powers (to locate everyone) to pull the thing off. Plausibility is somewhat scarce here. [As mentioned in the Imprimis thatish, the play was recorded at my party 9-26 of that year. You'll find the recording cast there too.-LG]

The story does help back up a little pet theory of mine. Harlan Ellison has become a genuine fannish myth figure. Like any legendary character, everyone seems to "know" what kind of person he is, despite the fact they've never met him. And they can tell tall (and dirty) Harlan Ellison stories to see if they can outdo everybody else's Harlan Ellison stories. A friend of mine who knew Harlan said that he left fandom because of things like this. Cracks like "You do sleep at night sometimes, Don't you, Harlan?" are the kind of things that got him mad. [I dunno. He laughed when we played the tape for him.-LG]

The whole thing just lacks any real redeeming feature.

Tell me, why are you so obsessed with vampires all the sudden. [I could answer that a whole new absorbing interest has come into my life, but I won't.-LG]

Book reviews are nice. You have a very perceptive staff of critics.

"Tales of the Third Foundation" is sort of a breath of fresh air this time. Thankgod it wasn't about the Baycon! The thing is a delight, the best thing in the issue. I'm glad to see that The Beast That Used to Have No Name received justice at last.

"L.A. Seen" reminds me of something I did for SFR. Poul Anderson announced in the last issue that he was sponsoring a contest to get a script for a commercial more repulsive than anything already broadcast, if such a thing were possible. I sent him a commercial for Softags Toilet Tissue, the tissue the Apollo astronauts wiped on all the way to the Moon.

Bheer Can Tower: I've essentially said all I care to on this, and I assume that portion of my last letter will be in 95. Gary Labowitz suggests that you could get around the problem of the revolution of the

Moon by not attaching the Tower but just making it long enough so that fans can climb up to the top and wait till the moon comes by. [That's our plan. It belatedly occurs to me we should have some kind of hotel arrangements at the top for them to stay at until the Moon does come by.-LG]

He also suggests that if you take me up on the wheels idea, you don't have to pave over the whole world, just use the L.A. Freeway. [There will be a slight delay on traffic on the Santa Monica Freeway today due to... -LG]

Letters: Harry Warner might be interested to know that there once was a review of The Left Hand of Darkness which was not wholly favorable. It was in SPECULATION a few issues back. The reviewer complained about a failure to reconcile plot with theme, claiming that the plot could have happened anywhere and that Gethen was a fancy prop. I've also heard some people say that the trek across the Gobrin ice was a little drawn out. (And others say it was by far the best part of the book.)

Debbie Kogan pointed out to me that the interludes are foreshadowings. Notice the tale of "Estraven the Traitor" comes before Therem becomes an outcast. "The Place Inside the Blizzard" comes shortly before the Gobrin episode.

I consider the book to be the best of the past decade and one of the top ten for all time.

Leon Taylor
Box 89
Seymour, Ind.
47274

Fear not, I have not yet succumbed to epilepsy or died of Spiro-poisoning or likewise fallen victim to any of the other trecherries that plague a liberal. In fact, I've been rather alive and well--if somewhat busy. I'm afraid that I misplaced my cope of 3F and only recently found it ~~stuffed in the sofa~~ which is why I haven't contribged of late. To make up for it, I'm sending a contrib and a loc, because I know that a double dose of Taylor is better than no dose at all, even if it is sleep-inducing....

Darrell Schweitzer: Yes, I did see your excellent review of Black Easter in NTOWY--almost as well thought-out as the one of Barefoot In the Head (the book itself I haven't read yet. I get sweaty palms just thinking about it). Now, as to whether I agree with your points or not, I can't say...it's been over two years since I've read Easter. Tell you what: I'll re-read it Real Soon Now and do a re-evaluating review of it for nextish. Incidentally, it's a dangerous practice to point to one's own works as shining paragons of critique--now you know and I know that Darrell Schweitzer is a Very Fine Reviewer, but some of the uninformed people out there might think you're merely being conceited.

Strange--I think that ANALOG and GALAZY have the best book reviews. Obviously we have differing priorities in our views of reviewing, and it bloody well shows in our individual reviews. So mebbe we should just agree that we disagree about the best reviewing technique and let it go at that, without labeling one or the other as good/bad.

Sadow is able to "live in relative contentment in the chaotic universe" because he understands himself, and that understanding

includes a recognition of the conflicts within him. Reread the introspective passages, Darrell. Sandow is virtually torn apart by inner opposing forces, altho he does maintain an uneasy truce.

I don't have the book handy but as I remember the Pe'ians of Isle of the Dead have no counterpart in Greek mythology. The Greeks' gods were borrowed by Zelazny, of course, but the creation and elaboration of the Pe'ians is entirely original.

When you say that "Zelazny has already produced several classics," I'm afraid that you're making another personal value judgment. For my part, I feel that "Rose for Ecclesiastês" is Zelazny's only bona-fide classic; and because it was written almost a decade ago in a different length-format, I did not take it into account in my review. Hmmm. Mebbe we oughta swap articles on Zelazny, just for the hell of it.

You finally did it, Lee. Up to now I've identified at least one passage in every 3F quiz, but this time I was 100% stumped. Does this make me an honorary member of the Second Foundation?

Just for the record, "wound-light on the maw-bash" left me laughing hysterically. But then, I'm a hoosier.

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MORE ON BLOOD TYPES - Newsweek reports (11-2-1970) that a recent survey shows that women with type O blood are less likely to suffer blood-clot complications from oral contraceptives.

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IMPRIMIS continued

#91 Computer Dialogue, Tales #10, The Distant Generation (Schweitzer)
Hyena #7 30¢

#93 True to Type (LeeGold), Tales #12, Rembrandt Van Winkle
(Schweitzer), Bheer Can Tower (Lee&Barry Gold 30¢

#94 Unidentified Stellar Produces (LeeGold), Computer Dialogue,
The Baycon Affair, Tales #13, More Thots on the Bheer Can Tower 30¢

These prices will probably have increased in about six months to a year, particularly for the latest issues.



HARNESS

After words

by Lee Gold

Somehow or other in Imprimis, I never got around to mentioning nextish. It will include the 2nd part (and end) of the Schweitzer story, two shorts by Dan Goodman (neither having to do with "The City of Rainbow's End" dammit), and a cover by Lin Pederson. It may or may not include the vampire computer dialogue (which I'm getting tired of announcing postponements of).

=====
excerpt from "The Revised Catechism" by Mark Twain published by the New York Tribune September 27, 1871

Q. What is the chief end of Man?

A. To get rich.

Q. In what way?

A. Dishonestly if we can, honestly if we must.

Q. Who is God, the only one and true?

A. Money is God. Gold and greenbacks and stocks--father, son, and the ghost of the same--three persons in one: these are the true and only God, mighty and supreme; and William Tweed is his prophet.

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Thanks to Fred Patten I have a xerox of a page from an unidentified journal which informs me that "The arms of Dracul or Drakula are: Blue, on a green three-peaked hill a golden falcon-hawk, reguardant, holding a golden cross in his beak, beneath in the dexter chief a star upon a crescent, horns both pointing up, both silver."

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And speaking of Dracula, none of my dictionaries list it as a word. The Standard College Dictionary goes right from Draconic (of or resembling a dragon) to draff (refuse grain from breweries or distilleries, also lees or dregs). And the rest more or less follow suit. Given that these same perfidious dictionaries do list Frankenstein, this looks suspiciously like a case of prejudice against vampires. Can anyone out there find a dictionary which lists Dracula?

=====
"Dictionaries are like watches, the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true. --Samuel Johnson

=====
And this last quote seems particularly sensible after proofreading an entire issue: "As felicitous an instance of futile classicism as can be found is the conventional spelling of the English language. English orthography satisfies all the requirements of the canons of reputation; it is under the law of conspicuous waste. It is archaic, cumbrous and ineffective; its acquisition consumes much time and effort; failure to acquire it is easy of detection. The Theory of the Leisure Classure