

THE THIRD FOUNDATION

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THE CHAS. FORD FOUNDATION

100

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THE THIRD FOUNDATION #94

ad astra per cogitationem

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

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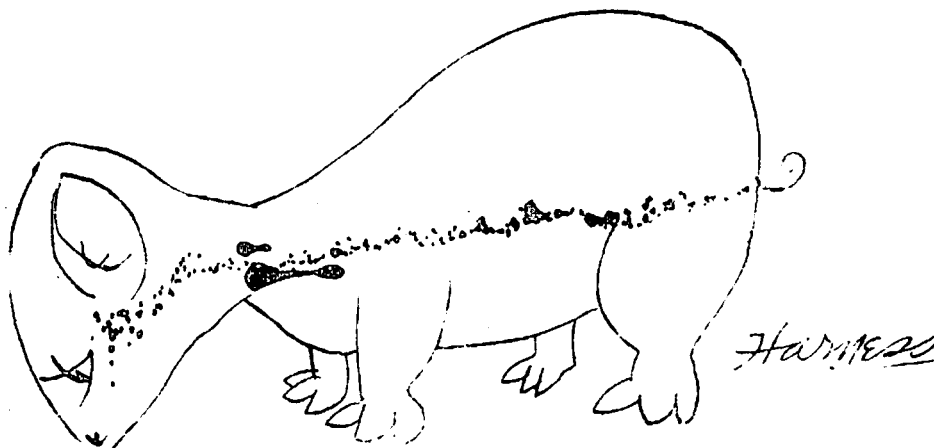
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by Lee Gold

We postponed the vampire's computer dialogue again this, this time in favor of another computer dialogue and (blast of trumpets - tantara, tantara) THE BAYCON AFFAIR. This infamous tape play was written a few weeks after the Baycon and performed at my 16-days-before-my-birthday-party in 1968. Taping cast included: David McDaniel playing the Vampire and Harlan Ellison; Barry Gold playing David McDaniel; Larry Niven as Narrator; Joyce McDaniel as Startrekkie and Vonda McIntyre; Lee Gold playing Joyce McDaniel; and Fred Patten as Dik Daniels, Anton LaVey and David Gerrold. A good time was had by all. Copies of the tape are available for those not content with the fanzine script version.

We're trying an experiment this issue to see what a Third Foundation with some interior artwork might look like. (Translation: a cheap electrostenciller just turned up in the neighborhood and we're going to see if he's any good.) (Cover, Baycon illos, and lettercol illos were drawn on stencil by Jack Harness.) Given that we can get two legal length pages of electrostencilling for what it costs to offset one cover, we probably won't have many offset covers in the future.



The above is an electrostencilled Harness illo

The next major news is that nextish - and maybe even a few pages of this - will be typed not on the careworn (and W torn) manual Olympia that has served me faithfully with little reward and fewer cleanings since junior high school, but on a two-year-old Selectric. It'll be twelve pitch to conserve paper costs just a little. Also mailing costs. And because it's electric, I'll be able to ~~make type~~ type twenty words a minute faster. Goshwowboyohboy.

Next issue we'll have that vampire computer dialogue (at last), the usual stuff, and the first of what may turn out to be a series of astrology columns by Phil Castora. This one deals with casting horoscopes for beings born on other planets than Earth.

Something Wicked This Way Comes....

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

1. Norman applied his private remedy for boredom--the game of "Spot the Primitive." You pretended that the people around you were members of a savage race. Take Mrs. Gunnison, now his partner. It was only too easy to imagine what she'd do to the unlucky maidens in whom her husband showed too much interest. Or how she would pound tribal policy into his head when they retired to their hut. Or how her voice would thunder out the death chants the women sang to aid the men away at war.

2. Mr. Onselm's shoulders didn't wide out as far as his big ears, and they sank and sagged. His thin legs bowed in at the knee and out at the shank, like two sickles put point to point. The right eye squinted mean and dark, while the hike of his brow stretched the left one wide open.

3. A tall, terribly thin old man appeared, covered with worn pen points and ledger sheets, his eyes two empty zeroes. He turned to Mr. and Mrs. Dee and said, "Know that this Child has signed a Compact with Me, to enter My Apprenticeship and be My Servant. And in return for Services Rendered, I am teaching him the Damnation of Souls, by means of ensnaring them in a cursed web of Figures, Forms, Torts and Reprisals."

4. Round the corner came a black horse; and on it sat a large man who seemed to crouch in the saddle, wrapped in a great black cloak and hood, so that only his boots in the high stirrups showed below; his face was shadowed and invisible. From inside the hood came a noise as of someone sniffing to catch an elusive scent; the head turned from side to side of the road.

5. Horrible things followed--angular, many jointed legs, and presently when he thought the whole body was in sight, a second body came following it, and after that a third. The thing was in three parts, united only by a kind of wasp's waist structure--a huge, may legged, quivering deformity, standing just behind the Un-man, so that the horrible shadows of both danced in enormous and united menace on the wall of rock behind them.

6. There was a crashing roar and a burst of light and Ditworth-Nebiros was spread-eagled before us on a mighty boulder, his limbs bound with massive iron chains. He was again in demon form.

7. He heard the sound of a horse moving among the graves, a horse old and lame and weary unto death, stumbling among the graves as it sought him, and he whimpered in his throat. For he knew that this was the Hell Horse, and whose looks upon it shall die. The hoofs of the Hell Horse scrunched in ancient gravel. But this was the door to the church. Holger sprang down.

7. These beings--the "nobility" of Delgon had reptilian bodies but no wings, and their heads were distinctly apish. Every greedy eye was fixed upon an enormous screen.

Unidentified Stellar Products

by Lee Gold

When the Third Foundation first started putting out a generally distributed fanzine (with issue #77), we were young, naive, and optimistic. We actually thought we could break even on our publishing costs. (This delusion was partly encouraged by the fact that a couple of friendly book store dealers actually did give us ads for our first few issues.)

Anyway, in the interests of drumming up more ads--and raising the amount of strangeness in the fanzine--I sat down one day with the LA telephone directories and started looking up businesses with strange names that might make interesting advertisements in the zines.

There are a lot of businesses with strange names in Los Angeles. In addition to such contrived-sounding things as the Yellow Brick Road Gift Shop, we've also got Terra, Inc. (they make ceramics), World Distributors, World Exterminators, World Developers, World Cycles, Inc, and World Cleaners. There's PSI Industries, PSI Products and PSI Productions, Inc. My favorite name is the House of Usher (publishers); every time I tried calling, it was empty.

But somehow none of these worthy businesses were interested in getting a half page ad in the 3rd F for only fifty cents, let alone a full page ad for a dollar. But I'm stubborn; I kept calling.

Finally, toward the end of the afternoon, I phoned "Stellar Products." (This isn't quite their real name. On the other hand, they are still listed in the directory, and I feel a certain responsibility to keep them quasi-anonymous.)

A secretary answered the phone. "Hello," I said, "my name is Lee Klingstein, and I know I have a young voice but I'm twenty-six years old, and this is a serious phone call. I'm calling to ask you to take an ad in our fanzine. A fanzine is a magazine published by science fiction fans. It costs only fifty cents for half a page, and you get a copy of the magazine with your ad in it, and...."

"How did you get our phone number?"

"It was in the phone book."

"Oh....One moment, please. Let me transfer you to someone who can handle this."

"Okay. By the way, what do you make?"

"One moment please."

A new voice came on the line, hearty and somewhat ill at ease.

"Hello, young lady. How did you get our phone number?"

"It was in the phone book."

"Well, I understand you publish a magazine...."

"Yes. It costs about \$20 to put out an issue, and we can use some income to defray costs, and if you buy a half page ad for only fifty cents, you can get a copy of magazine--"

"You put out a magazine for only twenty dollars. That's wonderful. Now, we'll send you a dollar--"

"Wonderful. We'll give you a one page ad and--"

"No! Don't give us an ad! Don't mention our name at all!... Now, what name and address should I send the money too?"

I gave him my name and address, and then asked again, "By the way, what kind of product do you make?"

"Now you should receive that dollar in the mail in the next couple of days," he said. "Just remember, don't mention our name." And with that, he hung up.

* * *

Two days later, I got a dollar bill in the mail in a long business envelope with "Stellar Products" as its return address. Also inside, apparently sent by mistake, was a return mail envelope, the international kind, with "air mail" printed on it in three languages.

By this time I was getting rather curious about the identity--and business--of Stellar Products. I called up Al Gillin (one of the friendly bookstore people who had given us an ad--and also our buying source for mimeograph paper), and told him all about it. "I don't know whether they're interstellar traders or the Mafia--but they're something odd," I concluded.

Al was interested in finding out too. "I'll wear my good suit, so they'll think I'm a Treasury Agent," he said. "That way they won't hassel me."

* * *

Five days later, Al called with news that he had a supply of mimeo paper for our next issue. When he came over to deliver it, he told me he had finally found out about Stellar Products.

"Did they seem a little surprised to have a girl phone up," he asked.

"They did keep asking how I'd gotten their phone number."

"Well, that's not too surprising. It seems that they're in the business of making male pharmaceuticals...and related items."

* * *

There's a postscript to this story. Several months afterwards, I was discussing the "Stellar Products" incident with some fannish friends, and one of them--a noted pro who has begged to remain anonymous--remarked, "Maybe they were really interstellar traders even so. After all, it could have been just a cover story."

with Sandy Cohen

WOULD YOU LIKE INSTRUCTIONS FOR USING THIS PROGRAM?

**yes.

GOOD DAY. I AM DR. OTTO MATIC. SINCE WE CANNOT SEE EACH OTHER THERE ARE A FEW CONVENTIONS I'D LIKE YOU TO ABIDE BY IN ORDER FOR US TO COMMUNICATE AS WELL AS POSSIBLE. 1) PLEASE WAIT FOR ME TO PRINT TWO ASTERISKS BEFORE YOU TYPE ANYTHING. 2) TERMINATE EACH OF YOUR REMARKS TO ME WITH EITHER A QUESTION MARK OR A PERIOD. 3) IF YOU MAKE A MISTAKE IN TYPING ENTER THE WORD 'OOPS'. 4) WHEN YOU ARE A FINISHED A SIMPLE 'GOODBYE' WILL TERMINATE THE INTERVIEW. IF YOU WILL REMEMBER THESE RULES OUR SESSION SHOULD GO QUITE WELL. NOW, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO TELL ME?

**my name is Jan Roder 'oops' my name is Jan Rodricks, and I think the world is dissolving under my feet.

I AM NOT INTERESTED IN NAMES.

**what are you interested in?

SUPPOSE WHAT WERE NOT I INTERESTED IN.

**what?

LET'S DISCUSS FURTHER WHY YOUR NAME IS JAN RODER 'OOPS' MY NAME IS JAN RODRICKS.

**no, stupid, my name is Jan rodricks.

I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE I DON'T CARE ABOUT NAMES--PLEASE CONTINUE.

**Well, the overlords left me here and now I want to leave, but they won't come and get me.

WHAT WOULD IT MEAN TO YOU IF YOU GOT TO LEAVE.

**I'd live a while longer.

PLEASE GO ON.

**You see, I'm the only human left and I'm lonely.

IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE THE ONLY HUMAN LEFT AND YOU'RE LONELY THAT YOU CAME TO ME?

**yes; i thought that there must be other humans or humanoids left somewhere, and I want to find them.

WHY DO YOU WANT TO FIND THEM?

**Because I'm lonely, remember?

WHY DID YOU THINK I WOULD FORGET?

**you asked me before why I came here.

YOU SAY I ASKED YOU BEFORE WHY YOU CAME HERE?

**Yes.

IS THERE SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU?

**Yes. The world is definitely dissolving beneath me.

WHY ARE YOU SO SURE?

**Because it is becoming transparent.

I SEE.

**Also, it is getting hard to breathe.

POSSIBLY IT REALLY IS NOT GETTING HARD TO BREATHE.

**Then why am I beginning to feel the effects of anoxia?

WHY DO YOU SAY 'AM'?

**What other word could I have used?

CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THAT?

**No.

VERY WELL

**Besides, Karellen told me this would happen.

WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU?

**He told me the truth.

EARLIER YOU SAID YOUR NAME IS JAN RODRICKS.

**I thought you weren't interested in names.

DO YOU SAY YOU THOUGHT I WEREN'T INTERESTED IN NAMES FOR SOME SPECIAL REASON?

**You told me so.

WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE TO DISCUSS?

**Well, we could talk about the children.

YES?

**They've changed, you know. Karellen told me about it.

WHY ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ME?

**I'm not. I'm worried about myself. The anoxia is getting worse.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN NOT?

**I'm not yet, but I will be soon.

DO YOU BELIEVE IT NORMAL TO BE NOT YET?

**If I wasn't not not I couldn't be talking to you.

WHAT IF YOU DON'T?

**Don't what?

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

**What do you mean?

OH, I MEAN?

**You cruel.

HOW DOES YOUR FAMILY FEEL ABOUT THAT?

**They're all dead. They have been for a long time.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THAT?

**I'm lonely. We had better hurry. It 9s gftting hsrdr ti concentrayd and ill male errors.

DO YOU ENJOY BEING LONELY?

**no. i6m dying. Goodbye.

WHY NOT?

**I can ni lomgwr operat. goodbye.

THAT'S QUITE INTERESTING.

**H elp me.

HOW ABOUT SAYING SOMETHING CONCERNING YOUR SEX LIFE RELATING TO THAT?

**Ill hav no mor helpmr.

WHY 'NO'?

**I'll be not.

WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT THAT?

**I'm dyingf, Goodbue.

IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE DYING THAT YOU CAME TO ME?

**No, you're noy hekpihg me. Gopdbye.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I AM NOY HEKPIHG YOU?

**I can't brwathe.

HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T BREATHE?

**Goodbye.

MY PLEASURE. IF YOU SEE ANYONE IN THE WAITING ROOM ON YOUR WAY OUT,
WOULD YOU ASK HIM OR HER TO COME IN PLEASE?

COMPUTER COMMENTARY

by Barry Gold

In this month's computer interview, Sandy pulled some good lines out of the computer through the single-mindedness of his character. For instance, there is the exchange beginning near the bottom of page four and continuing onto page five.

It started with Jan's rather paranoid statement, "They've changed, you know. Karellen told me about it." The only thing the computer could pick out of that was the keyword "YOU," and it couldn't match it with anything more specific than (O YOU 1 0) [that means any number of words, YOU, at least one more word, and any number of words after.] so it gave the stock response, "*Why are you interested in me?*"

Jan denied any such interest with "I'm not." This was matched to a pattern intended for "I AM ADJECTIVE" and produced the question, "*How long have you been not?*" This is a fairly common problem and seems to occur in nearly every interview eventually.

Jan, whose oxygen was failing, responded, "I'm not yet [not], but I will be soon." The machine saw this as the same construction as the previous one, and chose the next sentence in its list for that form: "*Do you believe it normal to be not yet?*"

Jan twisted this one around, too, and typed in a sentence which it will be some time before we have a computer capable of handling. ("If I wasn't not not I couldn't be talking to you.") Dr. Matic thought this was the construction "IF I [POSITIVE] VERB PHRASE." And asked, "*What if you don't?*"

This confused Jan enough to give the computer a chance to start a new topic. Jan asked, "Don't what?" which contained nothing that matched the script, so the computer drew on its stock last resort responses and asked what he meant. Unfortunately, it wasn't particularly relevant to Jan's statement, so being in a bad mood from lack of oxygen anyway, he came back with, "What do you mean?"

This too was matched to (O YOU 1 0) which was intended for sentences of the form "... you verb phrase." On this assumption, the script translates it to phrases such as "*Why are you interested in me?*" or, as in this case, "*Oh, I verb phrase?*" Here, the word "mean" used without a predicate complement, was ambiguous, so that Jan was able to interpret "*Oh, I mean?*" as a transform of "I am mean," rather than of "I do mean." He then got in a cruel dig at the computer with "You cruel."

All in all, it's an interesting set of interchanges.

7

THROUGH SLIME AND SPACE WITH A. L. FINCH

by Greg Chalfin

When A. L. Finch was called to Puritania on routine business, he knew he would need a secretary, so he arranged to hire one through an interplanetary employment agency. A. L. was delighted to discover that the secretary supplied by the agency was Wendy St. Skamarchinin, a lovely young girl from the desert planet Lornadune, a world noted not only for its incredible lack of rain, and its worm-powered rapid transit system but also for the extreme willingness of its women.

A. L. and Wendy arrived on Puritania during an intense rain storm, and since A. L. had an appointment with the local attorney general, and since Wendy had never gotten much chance to see rain back home, A. L. told her she could take the day off. During A. L.'s meeting with the attorney general, the A.G. casually mentioned the techniques used on Puritania to enforce their stringent morality code. There were, for example, highly sophisticated orbital sensors which could detect illicit acts day or night and in any weather. Whenever the satellite system gave an alarm, the dreaded Purity Cops (generally known as Pukes) were immediately dispatched and the offenders were severely dealt with.

A. L. did not let on to the attorney general, but he became quite worried about Wendy, and the trouble she might be getting into on this planet, since she was used to the free-wheeling style of Lornadune. However, A. L. need not have worried, for Wendy returned unscathed later that day, with the storm still roaring away outside.

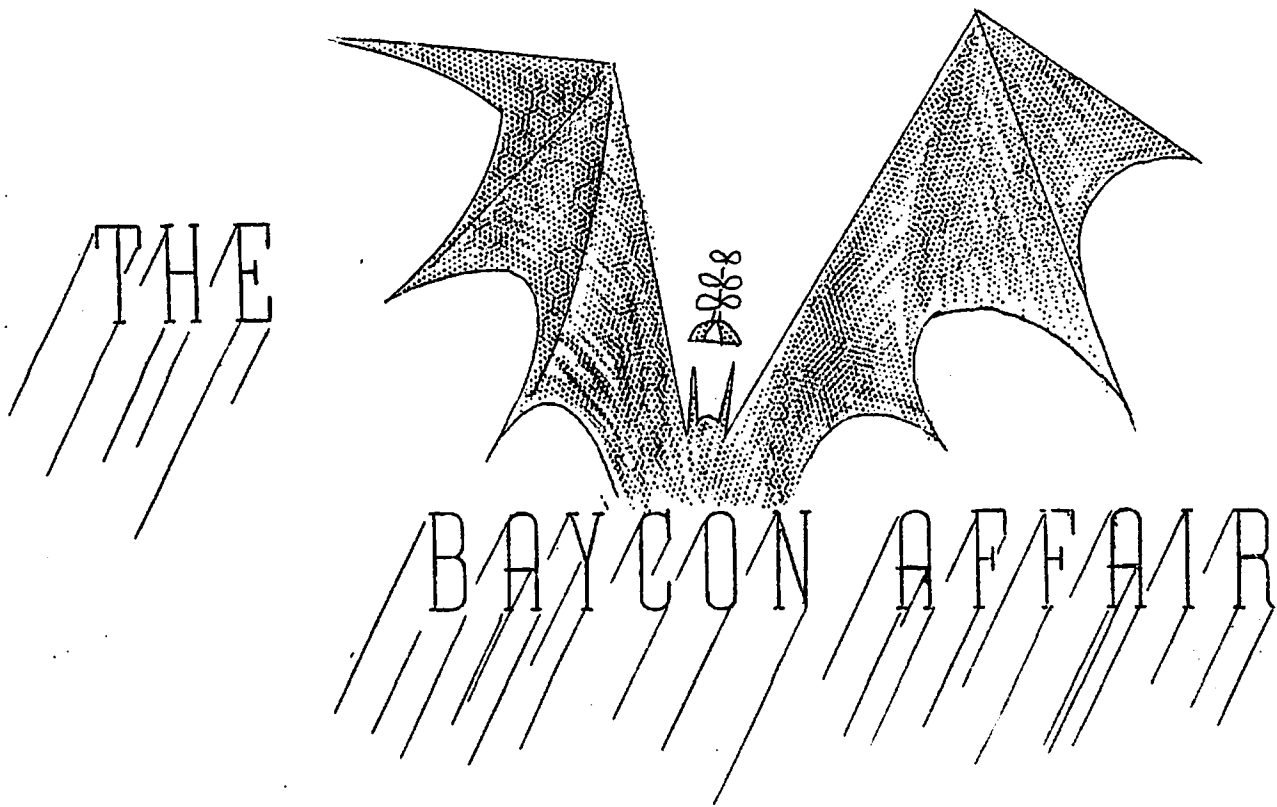
When A. L. told her about his concern, she replied that there was really no chance of any trouble. While it was true what they say about Lornadunian girls, she informed him, there was one very firm tradition among the people of Lornadune that was not too well known to foreigners. This being, that during the rare and meager rains on Lornadune, everyone must work continually to collect water, and absolutely no fooling around of any sort was permitted.

"So you see," said Wendy to A. L., "I'm always chaste in rain, boss."



The knight's kestrel is a knavish kestrel
that kills kine.
The Lemurian's lamprey is a lurid lamprey
that likes lamiae.
The Mu-an's monkey is a matter of fact
monkey that manages monsters.
The Neptunian's nymph is a naughty nymph
that neglects naiads.
The Organian's ogre is an obedient ogre
that obliges Outsiders.
The paleontologist's primate is a pained
primate that pines for the
Paleozoic

= Rotsler



THE
BAYCON AFFAIR

by GAIL KNUTH
LEE GOLD

Setting: The Claremont, Labor Day weekend, 1968
First Taped: September 21, 1968

NARRATOR: It was slightly after sunset when the plane carrying the coffin that contained Nikolai Astredov landed at the San Francisco International Airport. For some time the coffin remained unclaimed; then, at a moment when the baggage room was temporarily deserted... Nikolai climbed out. A few minutes later he claimed his luggage--the coffin and a hanging bag--and boarded a taxi for the Claremont Hotel. Soon he was let off in the Claremont's spacious parking lot.

VAMPIRE: Ah, the Claremont at last! What a lovely hotel. It looks just like my castle back home. A year ago I would not have dreamed that I would ever be able to come here. And yet, here I am...sent over by the International Fiend Fund. My purpose--to locate David McDaniel, author of that infamous book--The Vampire Affair--and bring him back with me to Transylvania.

NARRATOR: Astredov registered and was given a fourth floor room. He soon found out though that he would not be able to bring up his luggage in the elevator--

ELEVATOR OPERATOR: I don't want my elevator invaded.

NARRATOR: And the bell boys all mysteriously disappeared at the mention of having to carry anything....So Astredov took the coffin and hanging bag up to the room himself. And, as he went up the stairs, he sang:

VAMPIRE: (to the tune of "Just One of Those Things"
I am just one of those Things,
Just one of those horrible Things,
One of those ghosts that ups and sprouts wings,
Just one of those Things.

It was just one of those nights,
Just one of those fabulous flights,
A trip through the town on leathery wings,
Just one of those things.

If I'd thought a bit, 'bout the end of it,
When I'd started draining the town,
I'd have been aware that the plasma there
Was too scant not to run down.

So from Transylvania I've gone,
And now I'm here at the world Con.
I'll have great fun
Because I'm just one of those Things.

NARRATOR: A few minutes later, as the only vampire in the Claremont sat alone in the room, there was a knock on the door. Astredov said hungrily:

VAMPIRE: Come in.

MC DANIEL: Oh, sorry. I guess the elevator operator let me off one floor up by mistake. I thought this was Jock Root's room.

VAMPIRE: Wait a minute. Perhaps before you go you can do me a favor. I'm looking for Mr. David McDaniel. Do you know if he's arrived here yet?

MC DANIEL: That's a coincidence. I happen to be David McDaniel. What did you want to talk to me about?

VAMPIRE: Ah, Mr. McDaniel, we meet at last. I had hoped to see you here but had not dreamed of doing it so soon.

FANG, MUFFLED SCREAM. (DARK SHADOWS MUSIC OPTIONAL)

NARRATOR: A few hours later, McDaniel regained consciousness.

MC DANIEL: Why did you do that?...There must be something wrong with you. Normal vampires don't fang people of the same sex.

VAMPIRE: Business before pleasure....It is not your place to question me. I have fanged you, and now you are under my power, compelled to obey my will. And I order you to leave the convention now--

MC DANIEL: Leave the con!

VAMPIRE: And come with me to Transylvania. There we will give you a fitting reward for having written that expose of yours - The Vampire Affair....You will come with me...now!

MC DANIEL: No! You can't make me. No matter how great your power, it can't be enough to drag a fan away from a World Con.

VAMPIRE: You will come with me now to the airport. We will board our plane. A stopover in New York and then...on to Transylvania.

MC DANIEL: New York...Lara Parker...hmm...Okay, I'll come with you, but not right now. You'll just have to wait till after the convention's over.

VAMPIRE: Very well. After all, I've never been to a science fiction convention before. As long as the International Fiend Fund is paying for my visit, I might as well enjoy myself here a little longer.

MC DANIEL: International Fiend Fund? Tell me more. I'm always interested in background details.

VAMPIRE: Well you see, it all began during World War I, when....

NARRATOR: Twenty-four hours later, Friday night, Astredov opened his coffin, got up and looked out at the window at the sky, from which the last traces of sunset were already fading.

VAMPIRE: Ah, the fog of Berkeley has come back at last. The heat wave is over. Now the Claremont resembles my home indeed....Let me see. What is now on the convention program? A wine-tasting party? I must go and have a few drinks of my own.

NARRATOR: Astredov went down to the hotel's lowest level to search for the swimming pool, where the wine-tasting party was scheduled to be held. Instead he stumbled across the carelessly camouflaged entrance to the Claremont's dungeons.

CRIES OF DUNGEON PRISONERS: Help!//Set us free!//we're being imprisoned here because we refused to eat the Claremont's banquet food.//watch out for the capon!

NARRATOR: Finally Astredov found the swimming pool, only to learn that the wine-tasting had been moved to the mezzanine. He retraced his steps and entered the Churchill Room where the wine-tasting was going on. For a while he simply stared at the crowd of fans. Then a man carrying a wolf-man flask and wearing a name tag that said 'Dik Daniels' approached him.

DANIELS (SLIGHTLY DRUNK): Aren't you wearing your Spock costume a little early? The masquerade's not till tomorrow night.

VAMPIRE: Spock costume? What is a Spock?

DANIELS: Haven't you watched Star Trek? The TV show? One of the characters on it has pointed ears just like yours...and the same greenish complexion too.

VAMPIRE: What a strange coincidence....Actually these ears are, as you noticed, just part of a costume. I'm wearing them now to get used to them. They're not really mine.

DANIELS: Whose are they then?

VAMPIRE: They're artificial ears....I didn't know there had been any organ transplants of ears.

DANIELS: You'd better talk to Larry Niven about that. He knows all about organ transplants. As far as I know, though, they haven't transplanted any ears yet. Just kidneys and hearts--

VAMPIRE: hearts?

DANIELS: And livers and--

VAMPIRE: Hearts? That is most interesting. Have you ever considered what might happen if you transplanted a vampire's...I am sorry.

You must forgive me for wearying you with my overly theoretical ideas....That's an interesting thing you are carrying there. //

DANIELS: Oh, you mean my wolf-man flask. Yes, I carry him around with me all the time.

VAMPIRE: He looks just like an old friend--I mean, an old movie,... an actor I saw once in an old movie....Could we go over here, into the corner, so that I could examine it in a better light?

DANIELS: Okay,...but the light's not better here, it's--
FANG, GASP

NARRATOR: As his victim's body slumped to the floor, Astredov straightened himself, shaking his head from side to side to clear it from a sudden attack of grogginess.

VAMPIRE: Oh. Oh, dear. That man...had not been drinking...wine. I feel strange,...very strange.

TREKKIE: Ooh, it's Mr. Spock.

VAMPIRE: Oh no, not again....hmm, maybe from her I could stand it. Hello, young lady.

TREKKIE: Ooh, he spoke to me. Hello, Mr. Spock. Why were you biting that man over there.

VAMPIRE: Oh you saw me just now, did you?

TREKKIE: Yes. I've never seen you off-stage before. Could I have your autograph?

VAMPIRE: But I'm not Mr. Spock.

TREKKIE: You're not? But you look just like him. Were you born on Vulcan too?

VAMPIRE (GETTING IDEA): Of course. In fact, I am one of Spock's relatives.

TREKKIE: Ooh, you are. But how did you get to be here from so many years in the future? I know...the Enterprise has gone time-traveling again. Am I right?

VAMPIRE: Yes,...of course,...how did you guess?

TREKKIE: But why were you biting that man?

VAMPIRE: Ah, my dear young lady, you force me to reveal one of my most carefully guarded secrets. Some time ago, while visiting a strange planet, I became infected with the disease of vampirism. May I have your promise that you will tell no one about this? Please, my happiness depends on it.

TREKKIE: Ooh, I'd love to make you happy, Mr. Spock.

VAMPIRE: Thank you so much. And one thing more, don't call me Mr. Spock. My name is Nikolai Astredov...You can call me Nikolai.

TREKKIE: Yes, Nikolai. /she sings to the tune of "It's All Right with Me."

You're the wrong man with the wrong claim.
Though your name's not normal, it's the wrong name.
It's not Spock's name, but it's such a spooky name
That it's all right with me.

It's the wrong time and the wrong place.
Though your ears are pointed, you've the wrong face.
It's not Spock's face, but it's such an eerie face
That it's all right with me.

You can't know how startled I am that we met.
I'm strangely attracted to you.
You must be a Vulcan, 'cause if you're not
Mister Spock is a Vampire too.

It's the wrong game with the wrong chips.
Though your lips are greenish, they're the wrong lips.
They're not Spock's lips, but they're such greenish lips.
That if some night you're free,
Then it's all right with me.

Nikolai, even though you're just one of Mr. Spock's relatives, can I still have your autograph?

VAMPIRE: Yes, my dear. And now I must go. I will see you later. Now...where is that man I fanged just now. I've got to get him to tell me where to find Larry Niven. Transplanted hearts, what a lovely idea!....That might be my victim over there...Excuse me, sir.

TOM DIGBY: Yes?

VAMPIRE: You are under my power,...hesitantly/ aren't you?

DIGBY: AC or DC?

VAMPIRE: You will tell me where the man who writes about organ transplants is.

DIGBY: Well, if it's transplanting hearts you're interested in, why don't you go out in the garden?

VAMPIRE: Why should I do that?

DIGBY: That's where they usually transplant thing.

VAMPIRE: I think I may have mistaken your identity, sir. You are not the person I was talking to before. Do you know the whereabouts of Mr. Larry Niven.

DIGBY: Yes. PAUSE LONG ENOUGH TO SHOW THAT'S ALL HE'S GOING TO SAY.

VAMPIRE: Where is he?

DIGBY: In the Claremont.

VAMPIRE: Where is he specifically?

DIGBY: He was going over to the elevator when I saw him a few seconds ago.

VAMPIRE: Thank you, sir; thank you very much....I have never encountered a person like that before in my life, I mean existence. ...Ah, the elevator at last. I'd like to go up to whatever floor you took the last gentleman to.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR: I'm sorry. The next scheduled elevator trip will not be for give more minutes.

VAMPIRE: Well, would you at least tell me what floor you took your last passenger to.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR: Second floor.

VAMPIRE: Thank you.

NARRATOR: Astredov hurriedly climbed the stairs to the second floor and saw a tall, formally dressed man striding away from him down the hotel corridor.

VAMPIRE: Mr. Niven. Mr. Larry Niven.

NIVEN: Oh, hi. Did you want a book autographed?

VAMPIRE: Well, I don't have one with me right now. I am interested, however, in talking with you. I understand that you are interested in organ transplants. Tell me, have you ever considered the possibility of an exchange of hearts between two living--uh, functioning--bodies? Say that, for instance, I am writing a story about a vampire who wished to have his heart transplanted to another body so that he could be killed only if the other person's chest was transfixed with a wooden stake.

NIVEN: It's an ingenious idea, but I don't think it would work too well. For one thing, it seems more likely that whatever heart was in the vampire would be the one you had to puncture. You'd have to find some gimmick to get around that. /THOUGHTFULLY/ Maybe if you said the stake had to be made of some rare wood, you could get a meatier story...

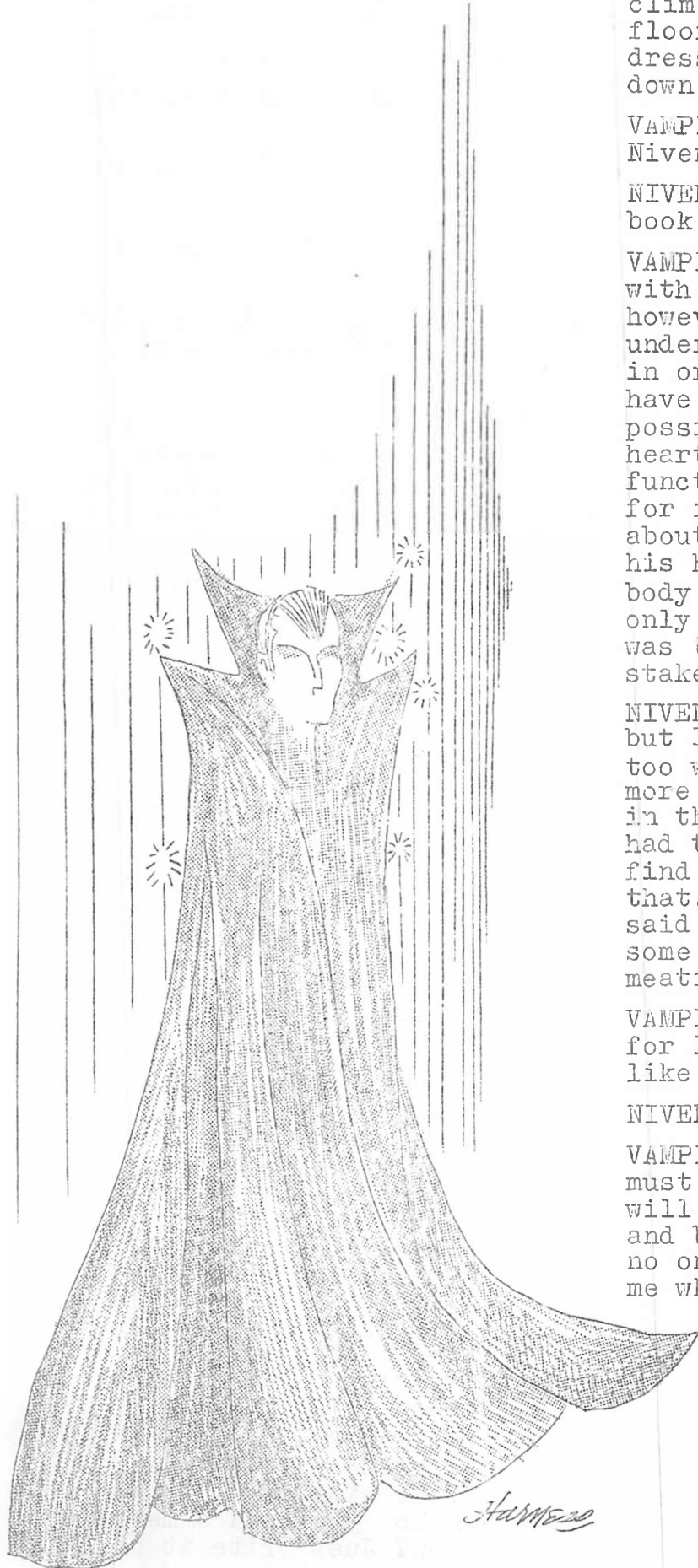
VAMPIRE: Well, thank you very much for letting me take up your time like this, Mr. Niven. Goodby now.

NIVEN: Goodby.

VAMPIRE: Ah, I am famished. I must have dinner. I know,...I will go to the automatic elevator and become its operator. That way no one will be able to interrupt me while I am...feeding.

MC DANIEL: Oh, there you are, Astredov. I've been looking for you. I've got to go to the airport to pick up my wife, Joyce.

VAMPIRE: You may go. But remember, any thought of escape would be futile.



MC DANIEL: Yes, yes, I know. And besides I want you to tell me more about the history on International fiend-dom.

NARRATOR: Astredov now went into the automatic elevator and took it down to the lobby. Charlie Jackson and Eric Hoffman got in.

VAMPIRE: Welcome to my elevator. Where did you want to go?

JACKSON: Third floor. /TO MLC/ I thought this was an automatic elevator.

ERIC: So did I. This reminds me of a delicious movie I saw once.

JACKSON: It must have been a horror movie.

ERIC: All the movies I've seen have been horror movies. Strange looking fellow, that operator.

JACKSON: Yes...Camera, get a close-up on that guy. Get his right profile. Now, angle in, get those eyes, those fangs...FANGS?!"

FANG SOUND, SCREAM

ERIC: Let me out of here! Get away from me!

VAMPIRE: Do not be alarmed; you I will not fang yet. I shall save you for a future time...Ah, here we are at the basement. Take up that other one and carry him. Remember if you try to disobey me, I shall be forced to fang you.

ERIC: I've always wanted to meet a vampire in the flesh, but now...where are you taking me?

VAMPIRE: To the dungeons.

ERIC: That reminds me of The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T. /SINGS/ First floor dungeons...assorted simple tortures--"

VAMPIRE: Be silent. Ah, here we are.

NARRATOR: From the dungeons came the sound of the Claremont's prisoners singing:

PRISONERS (TO LIMERICK TUNE):

There once was a Berkeley hotel
That looked like an outpost of hell.
The staff all had horns.
The beds were of thorns.
And the hallways with brimstone did smell.

The lift, it was driven by orcs.
The restaurants served pitch on their forks.
The waiters were slow
'Till it came to the dough
And the guests were all blowing their corks.

KEYS JANGLE, DOOR SLUTS

VAMPIRE: The two of you will be most comfortable in this cell. And this is good. For you will have to stay here for a very long time to come.

NARRATOR: Astredov returned to the automatic elevator and took it up once again to the lobby. A young man got in.

DAVID GERROLD: Hello, elevator operator. Third floor, please. I'm David Gerrold, author of The Trouble with Tribbles. I know you must have seen the show, but have you heard about tribble jokes yet? Do you know what happens if you cross a tribble with a well-known fan? You get a Furry Ackerman. Do you know how you send a message to a New York fan whose address you don't know? Just write it on a

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tribble and address it to Occupant. By the time it gets to New York, there'll be enough for everyone to get one. Do you know how you get a tribble out of an elevator?

VAMPIRE: That I know the answer to. Quickly. Here is your floor; sir.

NARRATOR: Later that night, McDaniel returned to the Claremont with Joyce.

JOYCE: Well, how's the convention going?

MC DANIEL: Strange,...very strange.

JOYCE: I can see this is a strange hotel. Have you met many people yet?

MC DANIEL: Not really. I haven't had a chance. I was too fanged, uh fagged out when I got here to do much partying. I just flaked out right away....also, there's another complication. I may have gotten myself into a new line of work.

JOYCE: Oh, what?

MC DANIEL: I don't want to talk about it right now,...but it may involve my going overseas.

JOYCE: Oh, what are you going to be doing?

MC DANIEL: It's too complicated to describe in detail. It all started because this guy read one of my UNCLE books and...

VAMPIRE IN DISTANCE/: David McDaniel, let the fog carry my words to you. Come to me, McDaniel. Come to me, here in the automatic elevator.

MC DANIEL: I'll tell you all about it later, Joyce. I've got to go right now. I feel a strange urge to take an elevator.

VONDA MC INTYRE: Hello, Joyce. Is my brother here too?

JOYCE: Oh, hello Vonda. Yes, Dave's been here since yesterday.

VONDA: That's funny. I haven't seen him yet, and I've been looking all over for him. As a matter of fact, there're a lot of people ho're supposed to be here and nobody's seen them recently. Dave, Fritz Leiber,...it's as if they've disappeared into thin air.

JOYCE: Dave was telling me before that this was a very strange convention.

VONDA: He and I must be receptive to each other's feelings. I've been feeling spooky ever since I got here. Just now I had the strangest urge to get into an elevator--and explore the hotel.

JOYCE: Why don't we go together?...Maybe we'd better go by the stairs, not by elevator. It'll take less time.

VONDA: Okay, let's go.

NARRATOR: The two girls went down to the basement. As they walked through the intricate maze of the hotel, they were surprised to find Flieg staring meditatively at a door marked "Computer Room."

FLIEG: Hello, Joyce, Vonda. They've got a real live computer in there.

JOYCE: I wonder what on earth they use it for?

VONDA: Judging by the state of the hotel, maybe they're so inefficient they need a computer to run the automatic elevator....
/THIES DOOR/ The room's locked.

FLIEG: Oh, that doesn't matter. I could probably get it open in a few minutes. We're trained to do that sort of thing at Cal Tech. Of course, we don't need to use a computer right now, so--

JOYCE: I think perhaps we do.

FLIEG: We do? Why?

JOYCE: Well, it seems to be pretty obvious that something strange is going on at this hotel. For one thing, a lot of the guests seem to be missing, and no one knows where they are. Maybe we can program the computer to tell us.

FLIEG: Okay, let's get in. /GETS OUT PAPER CLIPS FROM POCKET & UNBENDS THEM/ This block is very easy to pick. /DOOR OPENS/ Say, Vonda, you were right. They do use this computer to run the elevator.

JOYCE: Well, let's get to work.

NARRATOR: Another day passed by, and Saturday night came.

VAMPIRE: /GROANS/ It is strange. I have been shot full of lead bullets countless times. I have been stabbed with knives, fed arsenic and strychnine in liberal doses. Once even mistaken villagers tried to burn me at the stake, thinking I was a warlock. And still I was invulnerable. I felt no pain. And yet, now I have a hangover...from fanging that Daniels character last night, I suppose. It is very strange.

Let me see, what is on the program for tonight?...The masquerade ball. I will go in the costume with which I won a prize as Monster of Distinction at my people's last Halloween Ball--my werewolf costume.

NARRATOR: The vampire put on his costume and went down to where the masquerade ball was being held. Once he entered the room, he found himself enshrouded by Stygian darkness, deafened by the blare of a rock band. Occasionally he saw a face--lit by a vagrant beam from the light show. Occasionally the rock band's blare fell low enough that he could hear voices.

VAMPIRE: Listen to them--the fans at night. Is that music they are making?

ROCK MUSIC

VOICE: I've decided to do Lord of the Rings as a nudie.

ROCK MUSIC

VOICE: In this hotel, even the stairs are out of order.

ROCK MUSIC:

VOICE: Yngvi is a louse.

ROCK MUSIC

VOICE: He went into the automatic elevator last night--and was never seen again.

ROCK MUSIC

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VOICE: A seance has been held in the great house of Rivendell, suspending the laws of time and space and sending Captain James Kirk on a mysterious voyage--

ROCK MUSIC

VOICE: Say, Norman, I see you're combing your hair differently.

SPINRAD: Yes, I've got a new wave.

ROCK MUSIC

VOICE: Yngvi is a louse!

ROCK MUSIC

VOICE: Support the Luna Free State. Luna is and must be free.

ROCK MUSIC

VOICE: I have no talent, but I must write.

SECOND VOICE: So that's why you're a conservative.

ROCK MUSIC

VOICE: To hell with Rosemary's baby! Pray for the Claremont!

ROCK MUSIC

ALL: Fandom is a way of life!

VAMPIRE: So this is a rock band. I had not thought any music could be so loud.

FAN: Actually, they're only playing at one quarter normal volume.

VAMPIRE: Oh, I see....I will need a guide in this place. Where is McDaniel?...McDaniel, you will hear my voice. Even over the noise of the rock-band you will hear my voice. You will come to me....

MC DANIEL: Did you call me?

VAMPIRE: Yes, I want you to show me about this place. Introduce me to people. What, for instance, is that strange group over there, the one with the black flag.

MC DANIEL: Oh, that's the Third Foundation. They're the hope of LA fandom, goddam it.

KLINGSTEIN: /COMING OVER/ Hello, Tedron. Would you introduce me?

MC DANIEL: This is Nikolai Astrebov, a batty new acquaintance of mine. This is Lee Klingstein--

LEE: Of the 3rd Foundation and LASES. Have you bought your 3rd Foundation yet?

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, in the computer room, the first results were beginning to come in.

JOYCE: According to the computer, over a hundred people who registered at the convention went into the automatic elevator and haven't been seen since. They're not at the convention, but we can prove they never left the Claremont's grounds. Where can they be?

KNOCK ON THE DOOR

STAN BURNS: Hey, anyone in there want to go for a midnight swim? I can't get into my dorm room. There's a couple in each of the rooms. I asked them, couldn't they both go into one room and let me sleep in the other, but they threw me out. So I'm going for a midnight swim if I can ever find the swimming pool.

FLIEG: Why not? We aren't going to get any more solved down here until we can get more information.

NARRATOR: The small group wandered around the hotel grounds, seeking the swimming pool.

STAN: Hey, what's this?

JOYCE: It's a flight of steps going down into the ground. I wonder where they lead.

FLIEG: The sign says, "To the...dungeons."

VONDA: Maybe it's a coy name for an underground swimming pool.

PRISONERS /SINGING/:

There once was a Berkeley hotel
That looked like an outpost of hell--

STAN: There are people down there.

JOYCE: Not only that, there are fans.

NARRATOR: Quickly Flieg got out his paper clips once more and opened the locks on the cell doors to release the prisoners.

PRISONERS /GENERAL BABBLE/: I'm starved.//Isn't this the night of the banquet?//Haven't you heard enough about the Claremont's banquet food?//Listen after three days without eating, even the Claremont's food couldn't be that bad.

NARRATOR: The starving fans, despite warnings from the other prisoners, bought up all the tickets for the Hugo Banquet. Little did they know what lay in store for them.

The next few hours of the Bay Con are too horrible to mention. But after all the ghastly ritual was over, after Philip José Farmer had finished his Sam Moskowitz imitation, and all the Hugos had been awarded....

Astredov wandered into the hotel lobby and saw his Startrekkie once more. But this time her bright eyes were not turned to him.

TREKKIE: Ooh, Mr. Ellison, I don't have any of your books, but would you autograph this Gideon bible for me.

ELLISON: Okay....Hey you in the Spock outfit. The masquerade was last night.

VAMPIRE /LOW VOICE/: Mc Daniel, who's that? The short person with the pipe and the...colorful clothing?

MC DANIEL: Oh, that's Harlan Ellison. He's easy to recognise because he looks just like Harlan Ellison and he acts just like Harlan Ellison. Rick Sneery told me that once.

VAMPIRE: Indeed. So that is Ellison. I'd like to put the bite on him for an absorbing conversation.

NARRATOR: Astredov now left McDaniel behind and stalked Harlan Ellison down the winding corridors. At first Ellison paid no attention, assuming he was merely being followed by another autograph-seeking fan. Then, as he passed the mirrors in front of the elevators, Ellison noticed that the man following him did not cast a reflection.

VAMPIRE: Harlan Ellison. prepared to meet your doom.

ELLISON: I'm always prepared, baby.

NARRATOR: And with his customary quick thinking, Ellison raised his two Hugos into the form of a cross. The howling vampire ran away.

FAN: Why did you do that, Harlan?

ELLISON: I always say "no fangs" to vampires.

FAN: Yes, but...it's not Jewish to defend yourself like that.

ELLISON: It's not Jewish to get fanged either, baby.

VAMPIRE: Harlan Ellison must die. Yet I cannot kill him. He knows the proper counterspells against me. And I must not command McDaniel to kill him either. It will be difficult enough to get him out of the country without a passport; I need no further complications in that project. I must find a way though.



I have it. I will find that Satanist, LaVey. I saw him down in the lobby a few minutes ago....Ah, there he is. Mr. LaVey, I appeal to you as one creature of darkness to another. You must help me.

LA VEY: What can I do for you?

VAMPIRE: I am a vampire.

LA VEY: Obviously.

VAMPIRE: I wish to fang someone who knows some of the more elementary counterspells against my kind. He is a very detestable person. His name is Ellison.

LA VEY: Oh yes, I know him. We were on the Les Crane show together once.

VAMPIRE: You will help me, won't you? I wish to have it done as soon as possible, before the night is over.

LA VEY: Well, how much are you willing to go through in order to work the spells we'll need?

VAMPIRE: Anything. Whatever you want. As long as you can arrange it so that I will no longer be subject to the barrier raised by a cross.

LA VEY: I give you my word that you'll be completely immune to all such barriers before the dawn. But first I'll need to assemble the equipment to perform this spell. Meet me in the Gaslight Room at five o'clock, and I'll perform the ritual that you've requested.

VAMPIRE: I will be there.

NARRATOR: LaVey now sought out Harlan Ellison.

LA VEY: Ah, Mr. Ellison, I'd like to have a few words with you. I understand you had a run in with a vampire a little while ago?

ELLISON: That's right. It's bad enough that the editors are trying to drain away my life blood, but now a vampire wants to get into the act. How did you know?

LA VEY: I just had a conversation with the vampire in question. The creature was consulting me. He felt he needed help.

ELLISON: He does. He does. It's the clearest cut case of the amateur grabbies I've seen in some kind.

LA VEY: Yes, I think we'll have to get together and do something about him. If he keeps this up, he's going to be giving the powers of evil a bad name.

ELLISON: How do you plan on disposing of him? Stake him through the heart?

LA VEY: No, I have something more interesting--and just as final--in mind. Remortalization. I've got all the equipment I need, except for one thing. I'll need 13 silver coins...and all I've got on me are chocolate quarters and dimes. I can't look for the coins myself because I need all the time between now and five a.m. to go through the preliminary spells. So you'll have to be the one to get the silver coins.

ELLISON: But I'm not one of those crazy coin collectors.

LA VEY: No, but you doubtless know people who are....Mr. Ellison, if you desire to be free of this vampire, you must meet me with those 13 coins by 4:45 in the Gaslight Room. I will see you then. Now I must go.

ELLISON: Thirteen pieces of silver. I guess vampires just don't rate as high as messiahs. /DOOR CREAKS OPEN/ Hey, do any of you people know where there's someone who collects silver coins.

FAN:: Gail Knuth does. She's up in Kaiser's room playing poker.

POKER PARTY SOUNDS. KNOCK ON DOOR.

ELLISON: Anyone in there got silver coins for sale?

GAIL: I've got some silver coins, but I don't want to sell them.... I'll tell you what, though. You can try to win them away from me at poker.

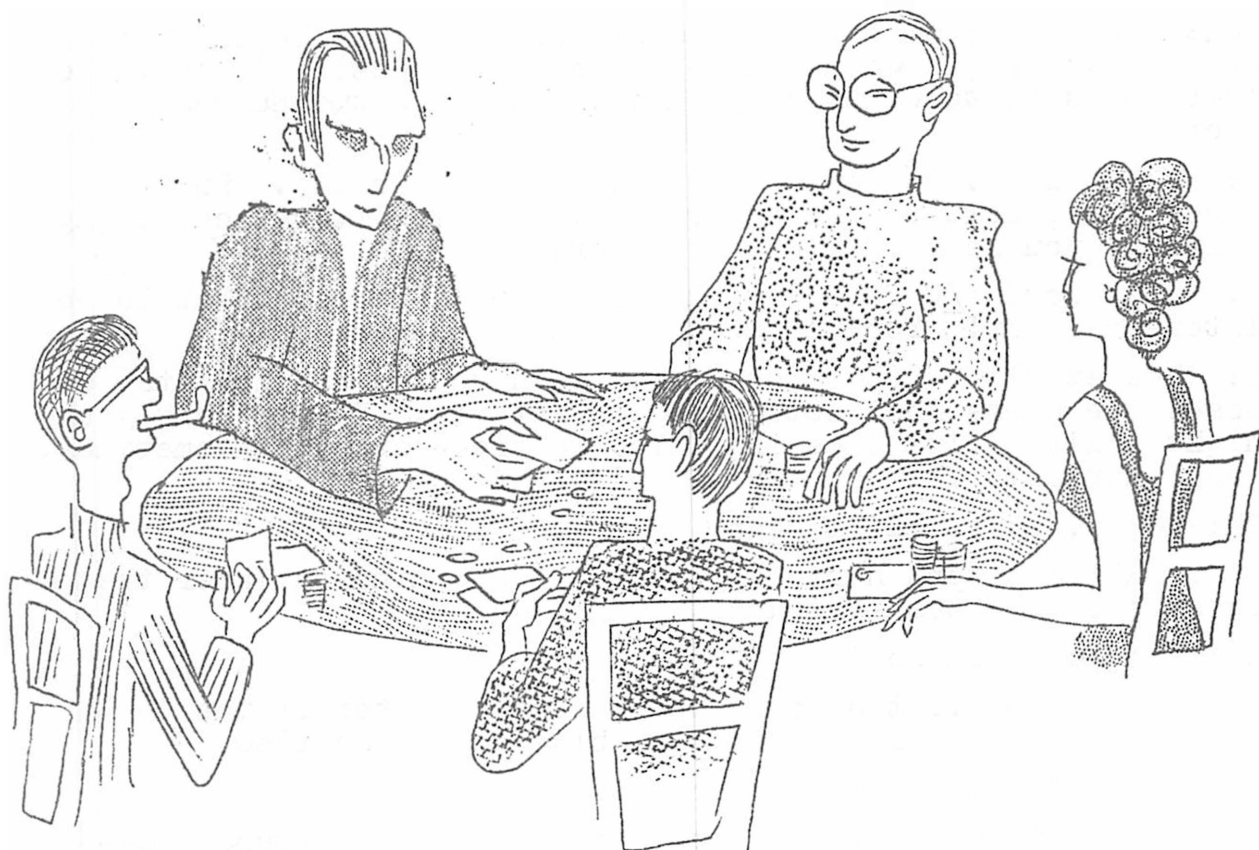
ELLISON: How many do you have?

GAIL: Well, let me check my purse.....Ah yes, here's five silver quarters and eight silver dimes.

ELLISON: Hmm, thirteen coins....Deal me in.

VOICE: I have no silver but I must play.

POKER PLAYER: Let's play Skid. Twos, threes and fives are wild, a three face up makes you match the pot or fold, and a five face up puts you out of the game. Seven stud, high only.



ELLISON: What?

POKER CHATTER AND BETTING NOISES. POT RAKED IN.

GAIL: Murder. Five card high-low draw and roll them.

ELLISON: What?!

POKER NOISES. POT RAKED IN.

POKER PLAYER: Double Jesus. Deuces wild, one-eyed Jacks double-wild. Five draw, high only.

ELLISON: WHAT!

POKER NOISES. POT RAKED IN.

POKER PLAYER: Thith ith a thimple one--theven card sthud...

ELLISON: Thath--dammit, that's better...

POKER PLAYER: high-low

ELLISON: Hey!

POKER PLAYER: option, with two paid replacementh at the end.

ELLISON: WHAT!!

NARRATOR: And in the fullness of time...and the emptiness of pockets....

ELLISON: Dammit, Knuth, you've gotten almost ten bucks from me now.

GAIL: Got to win my convention expenses some way, Harlan. Tell you what I'll do though in exchange. Here's those thirteen silver coins you wanted before.

ELLISON: Thank you, Gail.

GAIL: Any time, Harlan. Any time.

NARRATOR: The water pipes of the Claremont had just begun their quarter of five gurgle when Ellison entered the Gaslight Room, the 13 silver coins clutched tightly in one hand, the two Hugoes in the other.

LA VEY: Ah, Harlan. I knew you'd get here eventually. Put the coins over here, next to the amber candle castle....Just one thing more. Before you leave, sign this paper.

ELLISON: What now? /UNFOLDS PAPER/ You want me to contract to be your literary agent! You've got to be kidding!

LA VEY: Not at all. Or do you prefer to have the vampire stay on the loose. He seems most determined to get you. He may fang you some night while you're sleeping. You do sleep at night sometimes, don't you, Harlan? The vampire doesn't.

ELLISON: Okay, okay. I'll sign.

NARRATOR: Ellison went hurriedly away. A few minutes later the vampire entered the Gaslight Room.

VAMPIRE: So, can you do it?

LA VEY: Of course....Stand over here, in the center of the triangle formed by the red, green and blue candle castles.

VAMPIRE (NERVOUSLY): What are you doing?

LA VEY: I'm putting a thread of silver in a circle around you--

VAMPIRE: Silver!

LA VEY: And weighing it down with these...thirteen...silver... coins, so it won't accidentally blow away.

VAMPIRE: But I can't get out of a circle of silver. I'll be trapped inside here when the sun rises. You traitor, you--

LA VEY: You won't be trapped at dawn, because before dawn comes you'll be freed of your vulnerability to a silver barrier--and to all similar barriers. I swear I'd do that for you, and I shall keep my word. In fact I must keep my word once I've pledged it-- or else lose a considerable part of my power. Don't you understand anything about magic.

VAMPIRE: Not really. Few magicians care to bother with the Undead. They have their own concerns. I have read several books on the subject, though. The Monstrous Lending Library has a good collection of fantasy and science fiction.

LA VEY: Oh, you're an s.f. reader, are you? That should make our task much simpler. Well, let's begin--

I call on all the powers of strangeness to aid me. I call Arioch, Balan and Meluk. I call Mota, Shaam, Tamar, Mens, Barsam and Dis. I call Luka. I call Moshabkeming. I call Klono. I call on all of the gods in fandom to witness and to aid me so that this transformation may now come to be.

First we must remove the more obvious signs of your vampirism. Stretch out your hands.

NARRATOR: And carefully LaVey daubed first the overly long tips of Astredov's index fingers and then the vampire's fangs with corfflu, until they became no longer visible....And while LaVey continued his spells, in the basement of the Claremont, in the Computer Room--

JOYCE: According to our preliminary read-out, the vampire has got to be someone in the Claremont. Now all we've got to do is to program the machine to give us his room number.

FLIEG: What'll we do with all this computer confetti from the punch cards. It's a sure giveaway that we've been in here.

VONDA: Give it to me. I want to send another batch to Gene Roddenberry. He's probably used up the last load I sent him.

FAN: Once we get the vampire's room number, we can just go up there after dawn and take care of him....Did you get the wooden stake?

OTHER FAN: Yes, I grabbed one of the Society for Creative Anachronism's wooden swords. That should do the job.

DOOR CREAKS OPEN

FAN: I know where the vampire is. I saw him go into the Gaslight Room. He's in there with LaVey, the Satanist. They're plotting something together.

FLIEG: Let's go. We'll follow the vampire when he leaves and find out where he's staying.

ASSORTED CRIS: Let's get him now.//No fangs.//I'll curdle his blood for him.//after the vampire

NARRATOR: And, as the small but dedicated group of fans slowly climbed to the hotel lobby, LaVey's spell neared its climax.

LA VEY: And now I call upon nigtaticr powers than those I have named before. I call upon the gods of fandom. Let them now free this vampire from these barriers in the only way that he can be freed--and still continue to exist. Let it be done. Let what he means to be now become what in truth he is.

THUNDER FOR SEVERAL SECONDS

VAMPIRE: I think your spell worked. I feel most different.

LA VEY: You are indeed different. Now, step out of the circle of silver.

VAMPIRE: Ah, I did it. Now Ellison cannot defend himself against my bite.

LA VEY: He won't need to, though. Because you will no longer be able to fang him.

VAMPIRE: What do you mean?

DOOR THROWN OPEN

SHOUTS: Kill the vampire.//Stake it to him.//Don't let him escape.

LA VEY: There is no vampire here. See, the sun has just risen. What vampire could survive in the sunlight?

VAMPIRE: LaVey, what have you done to me?!

LA VEY: You are no longer a vampire. You don't fang anyone anymore.

VAMPIRE: Do you mean that you've turned me into a human?

LA VEY: No, that would be too great a task even for me. I have turned you into a fan.

VAMPIRE: Oh no. No.

NARRATOR: And in the McDaniels' room, David McDaniel took off his turtleneck and discovered--

MC DANIEL: The marks, ...they're gone! Damn!. Someone must have killed off that vampire. And just when I was beginning to get him to tell me all about his experiences. They were almost as interesting as Dark Shadows.

NARRATOR: Later that morning, the vampire again wandered through the hotel, staring at the scenes of his earlier triumphs and defeats.

MC DANIEL: Astredov! I thought you were dead. What are you doing up in the daylight?

VAMPIRE: LaVey tricked me. He remortalized me.

MC DANIEL: Art Wallace should sue for plagiarism....What's it like to be mortal once more?

VAMPIRE: There's a feeling of freedom and yet...soon the convention will be over. I will be alone, all alone, with no one to turn to, no one to talk to.

MC DANIEL: Well, there is a place for people like you, you know. Why don't you go into that room over there, and they'll tell you all about it.

NARRATOR: Astredov obediently headed to the room pointed out, turning around just before entering to ask--

VAMPIRE: This sign on the door of the room--what does it mean? "N3F Room. Neos welcome."?

=====

QUIZ continued

9. And speech came out of the teeming air of that chamber, strange, sweet, saying, "Accursed wretch that troublest our quiet, what is thy will?" The terror of that speech made the throat of Gro d... up and the hairs on his scalp stood up.

10. The blackness thinned. A face stared out, half veiled, bodiless, floating in the shadow. It was the face of the man Klaneth--and yet the pale eyes had become twin pools of hell flames: pupilless.

Answers to Last Issue's Quiz

1. Anne McCaffrey, *The Ship Who Sang*
2. George S. Smith, *The Brain Machine*
3. Isaac Asimov, *The End of Eternity*
4. Robert Heinlein, *The Door into Summer*
5. C. S. Lewis, *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*
6. John Myers, *Silverlock*
7. Gordon Dickson, *Dorsei (Genetic General)*
8. George Orwell, *Animal Farm*
9. James Blish, *Black Easter (Faust Aleph Null)*
10. John Norman, *Priest Kings of Gor*

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.

Three for Tomorrow, original novellas by Robert Silverberg, Roger Zelazny, and James Blish, with a foreword by Arthur C. Clarke, Meredith Press, 180 pages, \$4.95, SF Bk Club Feb 1970 \$1.49. reviewed by Darrel Schweitzer

It has been often said that although Speculative Fiction manages to foresee some important possibilities (witness all the atomic energy stories written before WWII) it entirely ignores others. Can you think of one area that SF writers have neglected altogether?

No? How about man's destruction of his environment, the stuff we call "pollution" today--but it's a much wider thing involving all kinds of damages, like weather changes.

In a recent talk at the Philadelphia SF Society, Tom Purdom said that he could not think of a single old SF story that dealt with this theme. (I mentioned one--"Eviction by Isotherm" by Malcolm Jamison which appeared in the August 1938 Astounding--but how many people remember that!)

Now that environment is a big issue, somebody got the idea and this book was produced. (I'm not saying that the stories are bad because of it, but they really don't have too much prophetic value by talking about the future of something that has already happened.)

Now the idea put forth by Clarke in his intro is that the more technologically advanced we get, the more vulnerable we get. We have weaknesses that were never before a problem. (Really, what cave community worried about pollution?) One slip, and that's it.

Robert Silverberg's "How It Was When the Past went away" deals with a vulnerable spot that most people never think of. A city of several million gets all its water from a central source, like a reservoir. Now then, all somebody has to do is drop something in the water supply and....

What Silverberg depicts is a future San Francisco stricken by a memory-destroying drug in the water. Result: Chaos and finally a new religion that has painful memories washed away periodically. The story is written in a documentary style not unlike that used by Fritz Leiber in The Wanderer. It is a multiple narrative composed of little segments sometimes not more than a paragraph or two long which are intermingled with other little segments in order to give the reader an all around view of what's going on in several places at once.

It is interesting to contrast the effects of the memory loss on various people. Some it severely hurts, like a conman who can't

remember his dealings; some it doesn't bother too much; and some it really helps, like a mental patient who is instantly cured when he forgets what he was disturbed about.

Now the problem with this technique is that if the author doesn't start making the segments longer and longer and focusing his attention on one or two storylines, it becomes very hard to get really involved in the thing. Silverberg doesn't realize this, and the story can't really get interesting because of it. Also, the fact that it has essentially no plot around which to build a conflict doesn't help either.

Contrary to what you may have read in other reviews, Roger Zelazny's "The Eve of RUMOKO" does indeed follow the specifications set down by Clarke. The story concerns a world in which all information about everyone is stored in a central data bank, and a man who has erased all data on himself is "invisible" and theoretically doesn't exist. As a result he's got an awful lot of freedom, not to mention power.

As the story progresses he finds that he must risk that freedom in order to save a Moholetype project from sabotage by the inhabitants of an undersea city who claim that it will destroy them (which it does). So our hero manages to stop them only to find that when the city dome cracks his ex-girlfriend drowns. He then vows to sabotage the next volcanic-island-producing effort so badly that no one will dare do it again.

The story fails to come off. Being a great admirer of Zelazny's work I was somewhat troubled by this. I spent a good deal of time thinking about it and have concluded that the story failed for these reasons:

1) Failure to reconcile plot with theme. Although the story is supposedly about an "invisible" man, most of it is occupied with the rather cheap cloak & dagger plot. The possibilities implied by Zelazny's proposal are potentially fascinating, yet he devotes little time to them. Also he spends too much time on how the character got that way.

2) Too much flippancy. Usually Zelazny can control wit in a story better than any other author alive. And Call Me Conrad ranged from deeply poetic to screamingly funny from scene to scene without upsetting anything, yet in RUMOKO the humor gets out of hand. He makes the mistake of not having the protagonist show some really emotion early in the story just so the reader knows he is capable of it. When the hero feels remorse at the very end over having saved the drilling project, it falls flat because Zelazny never seemed to take him seriously before.

3) Poor technique. I've never seen Zelazny mess this up before either. He usually knows exactly how he should write a particular story and can vary his style accordingly. Here the style is unlike anything else he has ever done (natch), yet somehow it doesn't fit. There is a heavy dependence on flashbacks, and the hero tells you the story of his life while holding two guys at bay with a gun in his cabin. This hardly makes the capturing of the two saboteurs seem exciting.

I think Zelazny must be overworking. "The Eve of RUMOKO" was hastily and sloppily written and definitely undeserving of a man of his talents.

"We All Die Naked" by James Blish is by far the best story in the book. It is an absolutely nightmarish picture of humanity faced with destruction of its own doing and having no escape. Blish postulates that the Greenhouse Effect will melt the polar ice caps, that the weight removed from the poles of the Earth will foul up its rotation and cause enough earthquakes and tidal waves to wipe out everybody. (Dr. Paul Ehrlich said in an Earth Day speech at Villanova University that the world is getting colder, not warmer, because the coating left on clouds by jet exhaust has reflected enough sunlight to cancel out the Greenhouse Effect. If he is right, then the premise behind "We All Die Naked" is false.) Anyway, there is no deus ex machine ending. No salvation. The world ends.

The story is brilliantly executed, presented in a clear, straightforward manner with vivid characterization and convincing narration. The only flaw is a bit of Tuckeristic name dropping (of prominent fans and pros) who were obviously thrown in for comic relief but are terribly out of place. For the most part it is an exercise in grueling realism. His depiction of a half-flooded shit-covered New York is superb, and he gets his point across in such a way that not even the dullest reader could miss it.

ENVIRONMENTAL POLLUTION KILLS

The Glass Teat, Harlan Ellison, Ace Books, 1969 & 1970, \$1.25 reviewed by William Bakewell

The Glass Teat is a collection of Harlan Ellison's columns in the Los Angeles Free Press from October 4, 1968 through January 23, 1970. In his incandescent style, Harlan Ellison comments on the American scene, particularly American TV.

There is SF in this book. It is a fictional column of his extrapolated ten years from now. If you are subject to insomnia, read it only when the sun is up. It's implanet in his Free Press column of November 7, 1969; this horror tales bears the date Thursday, November 13, 1980. It isn't pretty.

Harlan Ellison shows himself in The Glass Teat to be an expert critic and observer of all that is haywire in this country.

Nine Hundred Grandmothers, R. A. Lafferty, Ace, 95¢, 1970. reviewed by Lee Gold

This is an anthology of 21 Lafferty short and medium sized stories, one never before published--"Frog on the Mountain," 32 pages long. The others have all seen magazine publication and a number have also been printed in other anthologies. Some appear here in paperback for the first time, though, like the two Camiroi articles and Name of the Snake. Lafferty's short stories have a biting humor, a strange blend of the beautiful and the horrifying, then no other writer can duplicate. This is a matter introduction to his writing than most of the novels. Buy it by all means.

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 Thirteen. Barry Gold's Report

Still in search of the missing First Foundation, harrassed by Rayle, Giip, The Lurker in the Dark, and The Beast With No Name, part of our membership missing and presumed dead, the nine remaining members of the Third Foundation decided to attend a meeting of the Los Angeles Second Foundation Section, Inc. On the third pound of The David's gavel, the room filled with smoke and everybody started screaming. Then the smoke cleared, and the Third Foundation found ourselves sharing the meeting room with Rayle, who had stolen the gavel, The Lurker in the Dark, and his henchman Giip, who had apparently teamed up with Rayle.

Rayle pounded the gavel, and the room disappeared, along with Lee, Mel, Sandy, and Leslie. Stan, Gordon, Steve Goldin, Bill Bakewell and I were almost blinded by bright sunlight. When we adjusted to it, we found ourselves on a dry, dusty desert, a hot sun beat down on us. There was neither plant life nor water, dust choked our throats and huge shapes tramped on either side of us. It was a Fantasian scene.

"Th...those are d-dinosaurs," Steve stuttered in surprise. "We've got to get out of here before one of them steps on us."

"If they get too near, I'll finish 'em off with a Karate chop," said Gordon.

"What we need is a time machine to get us back to 1970," said Bill.

"As a certified Electronic Genius, I might be able to put one together," I said, "but it wouldn't do us much good unless we can figure out about when we've been transported to."

"That's easy," said Stan. He pulled his BA degree out of his pocket and looked at it to get confidence. "As a humanities major, I had to take some Anthro and Biology. Judging by the evolutionary state of those dinosaurs, we're about 135 million years BC."

With this vital information I was able to proceed. A quick inventory of my pockets produced a Touch Me, a ball-point pen, keys, a comb, a few IBM cards, various membership and credit cards, and some change. I quickly borrowed a purple marker from Gordon, but still needed something for focusing. Stan drew a Teleidoscope from his jacket and allowed me to take out the lens, after one last despairing look through it.

I needed to draw a circuit diagram to make the thing work, but no one had anything to write on, so I reached out and produced a Symposiumquestionnaire from thin air:

"Hey! How did you do that?" asked Steve.

"I have my methods," I muttered absently. I was concentrating on making the diagram come out right.

"Shouldn't that be, 'You know my methods, '?" asked Gordon.

I was too busy to answer then, but when I got everything assembled, I told Gordon that nobody knew my methods except me. That's why they were my methods.

The completed time machine wasn't exactly a thing of beauty and a joy forever, but it would work. Stan's lens focused the patterns from the Touch-Me onto the desert sands. Power was supplied by a pair of dissimilar coins, with electrolyte from Gordon's pen; wiring was done using copper pennies, and the whole mess was controlled by that key on my key-ring that I couldn't remember what it was supposed to fit. I manipulated the Touch-Me into the right pattern to get us 135 million years forward and got everyone to stand in the projected pattern.

"By the way, what were we doing in the Rite of Spring sequence from Fantasia," asked Gordon, as I turned the key and sent us forward.

"I dunno," I said, surveying our new scenery. We were by a water-hole where a bunch of apes were having a shouting contest to see who got the right to the hole. Suddenly one of the apes hopped across the pool and hit one of the other side over the head with a big bone.

"We're in the Dawn of Man sequence from 2001, which puts us in approximately one million BC," said Gordon.

Astronomer Bill Bakewell glanced overhead, observed the pattern of the Big Dipper critically, then said, "To be precise, we're in the year 1,082,339 B.C."

"That's right," said our other astronomer, Steve Goldin. He glanced at the horizon and said, "As a matter of fact, judging by what constellations are rising, I'd say we're in about the middle of July."

"Oh," I said.

We were still in trouble. My time machine was far too crude to get us back to 1970 with better than 1,000,000 years accuracy. I needed a vernier of some sort. "It needs a fine tuning control," I said. "Everybody check through your pockets and see if you have anything appropriate."

Out of nowhere, Drew Sanders' voice rasped, "What has it got in its pocket?" Quickly reaching out, I grabbed the voice and told the other 3rd Foundationers to hold on. Then I pulled us through into....

A dark cave, lit only by a dull red glow from a steaming cauldron. I took a deep breath and instantly regretted it. The smog was so thick my eyes began to water so I could barely see. "Wh...(cough) where are we?" I choked out.

"Somewhere under the LA Zoo, I think," gasped The David. "I was calling the meeting to order, and somebody tore the gavel out of my hand and the room filled with smog, and when I could see again, we were here. I think it's the Zoo because my portable radio picks up the spiel they have recorded about the animals.

"How did you get us here?" asked Gordon.

"I used another one of my methods," I answered. "Now...this looks like the place where that arch-villain Rayle makes the smog for LA, so there must be a way out, at least for the smog."

Tom Locke tried striking his lighter to get a flame to determine wind direction, but the smog was so thick it went out.

I sat down to think, but the smog was thicker near the floor, so I stood up again. Then I turned around, chose a direction, and called, "Follow me."

I headed for the wall, and started climbing. Soon I came to a tunnel, and eventually emerged behind some shrubbery in the bird flight cage. We left the zoo and commandeered a bus to get back to the playground. As we left the zoo parking lot, Gordon asked, "Did you get us out with another one of your methods?" I nodded.

As we neared the playground where the Los Angeles Second Foundation Section, Inc. meets, I asked for volunteers to help look for the rest of the Third Foundation and recover the L.A.S.F.S. gavel. Aside from the other 3Fers, with us, the only volunteer was Tom Locke. Things were looking up. Tom is a very helpful person, though not fully appreciated.

"How do we find them? Use another of your methods?" asked Gordon.

"No," I answered, "I'm running short of methods just now. We'll go over to Rainbow's End and use some of the secret Third Foundation equipment." Then I realized that Tom, who was with us, wasn't privy to the secrets of T3F. Me and my big mouth! Well, nothing for it but to swear him in as a member and hope the rest of the club would go along. That ceremony concluded, the five of us piled into Tom's car and buzzed over to Rainbow's End.

When we got there, I opened the 3F tool chest and looked through the equipment to see what would be useful. Sure enough, I found the master control panel that tracked the homing devices of the 3F, along with Lee's time machine. Five of the indicators, those belonging to Jim Shapiro, Bill and Beverly Warren, Steve Cohan, and Barry Weissman were dark, showing that those members were unlocatable. Four others indicated our present location. The remaining four were glowing blue. A legend near the top of the panel informed us that green indicators meant that the members were in the past, blue meant the future, red indicated the present, and a flashing indicator meant an alternate time stream. I quickly activated another homing device and pinned it on Tpm's shirt; his indicator instantly lit up.

We all piled into the time machine and started moving forward in time. As we passed the 8027th, the four blue indicators turned green. Quickly, I reversed the controls and took us slowly backward. As we crossed the beginning of the century, they turned blue again. A slow forward scan revealed that they turned red about the middle of the year 802,701. "All right, everybody out," I called.



Pausing only to change into Selectric, we got out.

As we got out, I noticed a landscape filled with well openings and a sphinxlike building some distance away. About halfway between us and the building, one of the wells was covered by a gob of purple goo.

"That must be The Beast With No Name that Stan's always complaining about," said Gordon. "So that's a likely place to look for the Third F."

TB:NN by Harness

"But what are we going to do about the beast?" asked Bill.

"You say it's the beast with no name?" I asked.

Yes, but with caps - 'The Beast With No Name,' corrected Gordon.

"Well, no wonder it's got a bad disposition, wandering around without a name like that," I exclaimed. By this time we were nearing the covered-over well. Here, Rover, I called.

The purplish goo formed an eye and looked at me hesitatingly, as if trying to decide if I were good to eat. I pointed at it and called, Here, Rover, more firmly. It slowly gathered itself into a big purple Saluki and then came bounding up to me. "That's what you call Blob Psychology," I commented to Steve.

About this time, Sandy came over the top of the well, followed by Leslie, Lee and Mel, who was rubbing his leg. "You just barely got here in time for me to switch my defenses to ward off the Morlocks," Mel said. "One of them got me by the leg, but I managed to pull free and fend him off."

"Boy, are we glad to see you," Sandy exclaimed. "But how did you subdue the Beast With No Name."

Rover bristled. "Shh, I whispered. "He is no longer nameless. He is now 'Rover.' I'm glad to see you four too. Now we can go back to 1970 and continue looking for the First Foundation.

"Wait a minute," Sandy said. "Rayle still has the Second Foundation's gavel.

"We'll have to get it back for them," Lee said.

Sandy volunteered to take on the mission. Then the ten of us and Rover got into the time machine, and headed back for 1970.

, to be probably continued nextish

by Sandy Cohen

It seems that every other commercial we see on TV now uses the U.S. moon landing or a similar accomplishment to push the product. If we are to believe them, half of the companies single-handedly got us off the Earth and the other half got us back. About the only product that isn't claiming a part in the US space program is "Pristeen." I'd like to see them claim the astronauts used their product!

Science fiction has hit commercials. New Blue Cheer has its man from the future. Volkswagen and McDonalds are on the moon. And Erue is the cigarette of the future. Almost makes you wish for an atomic war to end it off.

And of course the astronauts are cashing in on their glory. Scott Carpenter is pushing F-310, which makes one question how he ever got into orbit. Wally Shirra's bag is the nation's railroads. I'm waiting for Neil Armstrong to push Keds or Hush Puppies. "That's one small step for a Keds; a giant leap for Brand X."

Scene: A spotless room in plexiglass and white (see "The Illustrated Man" for an example). The matter transmitter in the center begins to glow. Out steps a 94.13% nude lady. She suggestively gestures toward the transmitter. It begins to glow again and out steps a 98.62% naked man. The lady speaks:

"Nudity is part of woman's new freedom. So is this.. Banchild. Banchild is safe, effective. The gentle, fast-acting pill works fact to prevent impregnation. Remember, if you can't after every time, use Banchild. Once in the evening does it."

The two actors begin to move suggestively. White letters appear on the screen: "THIS COMMERCIAL IS RATED X."

If you think that's frightening, consider the possibilities for marijuana commercials. "Take a puff and it's springtime." takes on an entirely new meaning. "Winston tastes good," "Camel filters aren't for everybody," or "To a smoker, it's a Kent" are all ready for the switch. After all, it's only cigarette commercials that are going off the air. Something has to fill the void.

1) Star Trek is the number 1 program on KCOP. 2) Colussue has been given nothing but great reviews, so they delayed opening in L.A. in order to reorganize the advertizing campaign. 3) 2001 was in the Top Ten Money-makers list for over 100 weeks. 4) The average American-International horror flick nets over 400%. 5) ABC refused the "Immortals" series because they said it wouldn't sell.

It does not compute.

According to an unreliable source, NBC is trying to purchase rights to televise 2001 at a distant future date (like 10 years). They're also trying to get Marooned and Colossus as well as The Illustrated Man and Myra Breckinridge. Myra Breckinridge? On TV?

A VENDING MACHINE FOR DEMONS

by Tom Digby reprinted from APA L
152, 9-14 1967

You know--if someone wants to summon a demon for wish-granting or something but doesn't want to go through all the spells, just put money in the machine and push the button, and the selected demon will appear.....

On Magic and Science--One Theory of the Universe goes as follows. The physical universe as we know it exists only as a simulation in a computer in a higher-order universe. This machine has been programmed with the physical laws of this universe and can make it seem real to any mind whose senses are tied into it. Such things as quantum effects and the Uncertainty Principle are at least partly due to the machine being able to computer only so many digits (so everything is rounded to the nearest possible value) and not enough memory space to keep track of every individual atomic particle (so particles sometimes become waves to reduce the amount of information to keep track of). Since people from the higher universes visiting ours sometimes need help, a set of subroutines was set up to be activated by persons in this universe saying certain words or making certain gestures, etc., so they could have greater-than-normal control over this reality. Thus Magic Spells.

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L.A. SEEN continued

The same source told me that Rosemary's Baby would be on TV during this season on NBC or ABC. I'm not taking bets but I have some doubts. However Waterhole #3, The Flim Flam Man, The President's Analyst, The Private War of Harry Friggs, and Tony Rome are scheduled. Makes me wonder if I should bother going to anything. but X-rated movies. Of course, if he's right about Myra Breckinridge, I won't go to any movies.

And to top it off Vanished, based on Fletcher Knebel's best-seller, will be filmed as a two-part four hour television special. Remember when the "big eye" was a "vast wasteland"? It's still 90% waste, but the other 10% may really be vast.

=====

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, Diogenes plucked a cock and brought in into the Academy and said, "This is Plato's man." On which account this addition was made to the definition,--"With broad flat nails."

--Diogenes Laertius

No member needs so great a number of muscles as the tongue; this exceeds all the rest in the number of its movements.

--_Leonardo da Vinci

MORE THOUGHTS ON THE BHEER CAN TOWER-

by Lee and Barry Gold

Last ish we discussed the concept of a modernized Bheer can Tower to the Moon, using not a pyramidal structure but a cylindrical one, and binding the Bheer cans together with Eastman 910.

At the time we cited as the first attempt at Tower building the effort of Berkeley fans in the late '50s to build a Tower in Carl Brandon, Jr.'s backyard. We were wrong.

Several thousand years ago, the fans of Shinar also decided to build a Tower to the Moon. "And they said one to another, 'Come let us build a...tower with its top in heaven,....'" Unfortunately before they achieved their objective they became overcome by the Bheer involved and started babel-ing, and the Tower never got built.

We mean to avoid this problem by building our Tower more slowly. Our goal is to get it finished in time for David Gerrold's Lunarcon in 2001.

There are a number of problems involved in Tower building and maintenance not mentioned last ish. Chief of these is the fact that the Tower, built of aluminum and steel, would be an excellent electrical conductor. It would, in fact, be the world's highest lightning rod, and probably attract any lightning that happened to be in the area.

If the Tower took on a very heavy charge of electricity, this might tend to burst the helium balloons which are vital in preventing the weight of the Tower from causing it to collapse on itself. One of the major bits of maintenance on the Tower will probably be the constant replacement of lightning-burst helium balloons.

Another aspect of the Tower's lightning rod function should prove more useful. It should be possible to put a spark gap cum capacitor at the Tower's bottom and convert the electrical energy of the lightning into normal current with which fans could run their electric mimeos, ice-making machines, etc.

Another problem the Tower project will run into is the need of a strong buttress to anchor it against winds, Coriolis forces, etc. (See Bob Vardeman's letter thish for a discussion of this problem in more detail.) Vardeman suggests that we anchor the Tower to an underground fill to bring its center of gravity below the ground. This would be somewhat difficult, since the Tower will be about 2 1/2 billion Bheer cans high and weigh about 400 short tons. Instead we prefer the scheme of anchoring the Tower by building the Tucker Hotel around it. The electric power supplied by the Tower would thus provide all or most of the power needed to run the Hotel.

See next ish for a discussion of whether the Tucker Hotel should have elevators--and if so, what type.

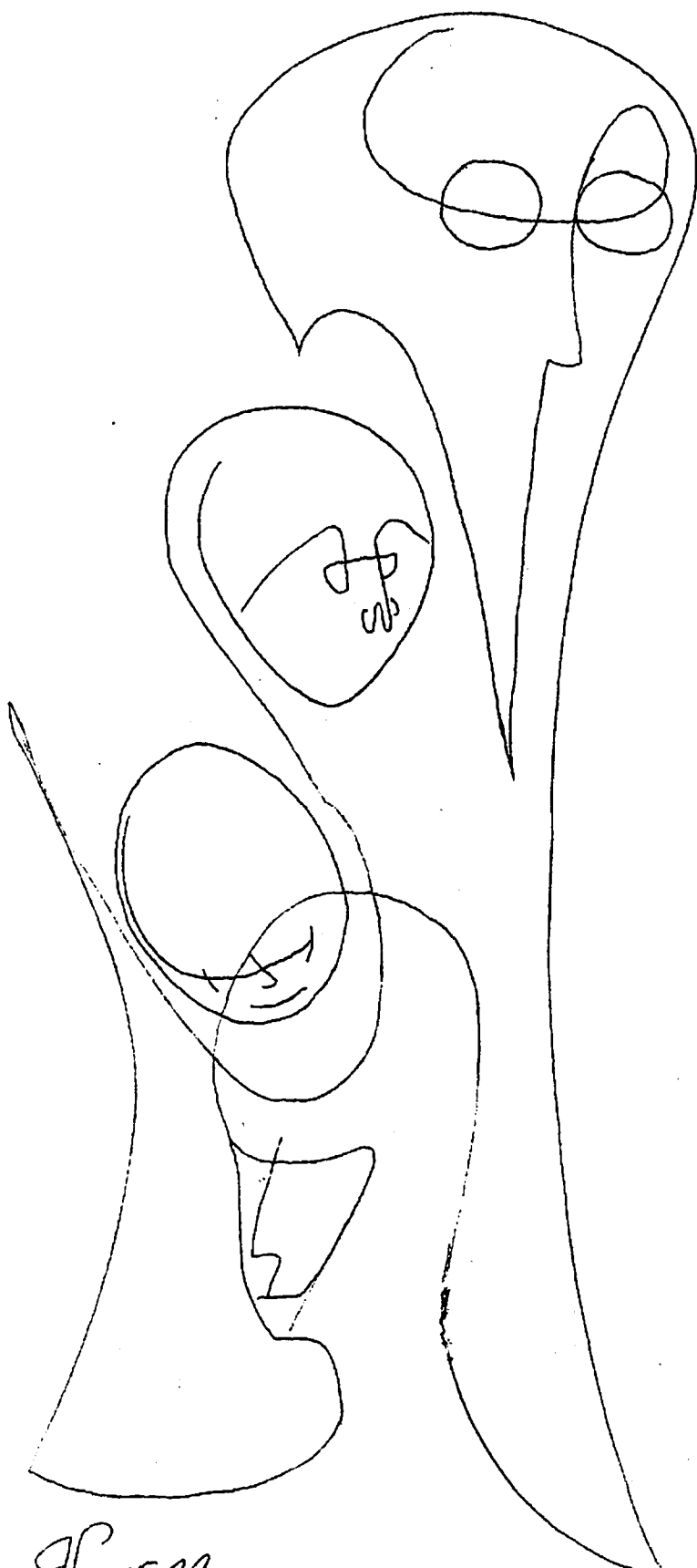
I liked the vampire story, but you have a few unexplained bits. Just how, for instance, did Vacek find out his blood type? In the 15th century they weren't known, and somehow I can't see a vampire going to a doctor or bloodbank...they need a blood sample to determine type, and it specifically states in the story that when cut, Vacek doesn't bleed.

I compliment you on knowing that a central-European vampire would be a patriot...especially one produced by Dracula. It seems that Dracula (who is a historical character) was Prince of Wallachia (which is not Transylvania, tho they share a border) under the name of Vlad IV. The title "Dracula" meant that he was a member of the Order of the Dragon...a religious order devoted to protecting Christianity from the encroaching Ottoman Turks. He was an exceedingly cruel man, which probably is why he is remembered as a literal as well as a figurative monster...as is shown by his nickname: "the impaler."

What in the name of the Omnipotent Ghu is an "ichneumon"? /a mongoose-LG/

All in all, this is an amusingly bloodthirsty ish.

Damn! I knew that there was another point about "True to Type" that bothered me.... The vampire is supposed to sleep in his grave...which means that he must have at least a layer of dirt from his grave in his coffin...yet both vampires neglected this, merely making sure that they were safe from sunlight during the day. Even if this is not



James

in fact, necessary, Howells would think it was, since it is often mentioned in the "late show movies." Therefore, he must either have traveled by coffin flown by conventional air-transportation, or carried a fairly large bag of soil with him...very heavy and quite tiring.

Art fell way down thish...what happened? Even the interior repro strikes me as slightly inferior to last ish. We liked it. Sorry.-LG/

Sorry that this letter is so disorganized....I've been thinking about various comments for several days, but I'm fafia for most of the summer...this letter might never have been written if it weren't too damned hot to do anything except sit and type.

Kenneth Scher
3119 Mott Ave., Far Roakaway, NY

And now some comments back about "True to Type"--Vacek found out his bloodtype pragmatically; he later confirmed it by forcing some blood out of his system by hypodermic and checking it with a blood-bank doctor. Sorry about the mistake about his homeland. The coffin question is slightly more complicated. In my particular version of vampires, coffins and native dirt are not necessary. Howells, even if he had wished to be covered by his graveyard soil, was doomed to frustration; since he never got buried, the best he could do would be to carry a bag of carpet lint. The fact that he failed to provide himself even with that points to his extreme excitement at the climactic moment when he knew himself to be a vampire. He must have suffered an anxious dawn when he noticed he had no coffin, but seems to have survived it fairly well.

R. A. Lafferty Thanks for the Third Foundation #93. I don't know whether I'll be able to get a story to you or not. I have an agent named Mean Virginia who made a rule, No Stories to the Little Magazines. Then she broke it herself and sent one of mine to some kid in Baltimore who had gone to her old high school, so maybe she will break it again. Anyhow, I have written her about it.

You don't need any stories, though, since you are writing your own. Your vampire story TRUE TO TYPE is pretty good. However, Vampires and Vampire Bats do not have human blood-types at all: they have their own. They can't even interchange with all other bats, not even with the False Vampire Bat, though they can with the blood of some mice. Strange blood types doesn't kill vampires, though; only makes them mighty sick. Consider the known vampires of your own acquaintance: isn't there something a little bit bad-trippish and sick about all of them. If they would confine themselves to the blood of safe bats and safe mice, they wouldn't suffer so much. I tell them that all the time.

Nobody around here seems to be going to Heidelberg, but all say they will be in Boston next year. Will see you there if you make it.

Be good.

Bob Vardeman

No, I am not in the *shudder* Army, and if things go well, my deferment will be renewed for another year.

And pardon the spelling, My arm is killing me since it is swelled to about twice normal size in protest against a typhoid shot. (They were out of bubonic plague shots, so I took a typhoid instead--had a good deal on 'em too. Three for the price of one, Penny's bargain basement in one of the shopping centers.)

I had meant to Lo6 #92 and comment that you had "Swift dies" listed twice, under two different months. I can only assume one was Jonathon and the other Tom. But which was which? //Different reference books gave different dates. We decided to be non-partisan.--LG//

I'll have you know, I was born on Epiphany just like Sherlock.

But on to #93. I think I'll comment at some length about the consequences of the beer can tower to the moon after I do a bit more thinking on the topic (I once knew a guy whose idea of a practical joke was to glue your thumb and forefinger together with Eastman 910--he's the kind that would laugh at the sinking of the Lusitania.) Potent stuff, and in my mind (and fingers) much stronger than mere epoxy could ever be. Good choice for the mortar.

It's nice to see you representing a minority group in your International Fiend Fund drive. Creature has been an all around good guy baddie for many years and deserves recognition. I wonder about Creature's intent, tho, to swim all the way to Heidelberg. From the coast to the con might be a very hard swim. Unfortunately, I don't have any gold to send in for next yr's voting. Would a silver cross do? A wooden stake, beautifully carved? //Drakula says he'd like some room deoderant to dispel the odor of garlic-LG//

I must be in pitiable shape. I can't really find any comment books in the lettercol this time. None. Not one. And Harry Warner has a letter there (naturally). Darrell Schweitzer has a long letter. Ken Scher has a letter. Bob Bloch--Vonda McIntyre. All good people. And I can't think of a thing to say about any of their letters' contents.

Perhaps I should hang up my stencils on the shed door to dry and go sit in the sun and rock away the rest of my sorry life in a rocking chair. I must have worn out all my comments. And at such an early age, too.

RIP.

Perhaps the first point I'd like to make on the tower of beer cans to the moon is the matter of stability. Since the tower is going to be so high, it might not be a bad idea to have a very strong (3rd?) foundation. I think this might be illustrated by the Space Needle in Seattle. The center of gravity for this structure is about 35 feet underground. Therefore, you should (for safety's sake) follow this lead and arrange to have the Tower's center of gravity underground. I realize concrete and steel is fantastically expensive so -- in trufannish spirits -- I'd propose

using the lift tabs off the beer cans themselves as filler. Dig a pit, say 500 feet deep--perhaps a couple thousand might be safer--fill it with the lift tabs, pour in the Eastman 910 and then start the first layer before the E 910 sets.

I think the point about the photon deflectors is rather superfluous since it should be possible to make a lighter structure (and just as strong a one) by stacking the cans in such a way as to leave gaps between the cans in any one layer. //In a one beer can wide cylinder? Please send explanatory drawing.*LG// By leaving such gaps, also, the chances are great that the photon wouldn't even hit the tower. And if one photon did, then it is probably that another one would go into a gap but hit the tower's opposite (but inside) side and the effects would cancel in the long run! So either the photon zips thru the gaps and never touches the tower, or effects cancel in the long run (and we're talking about the long run since we want this monument to fandom and Bob Tucker - which are synonymous (or is that anonymous? - to last forever. Or at least until a week from Thursday.

Naturally, since you won't be able to build the Tower at either of the poles, you'll have to worry about such annoyances as coriolis forces and centripetal accelerations. But I think that a judicious use of old fanzines can remedy this situation. As the tower begins to lean from the various forces (probably coriolis) simply slide a few fanzines under the corner of the tower //I thought the base was a thousand feet or so down-LG// and do this until the tower is upright again. //Wouldn't crudsheets do?-LG//

What really worries me too, is the possibility of relativistic effects at the extreme end of the Tower. After all, it'll be spinning with the earth at a speed between 0 and 25,000 mph. For simplicity's sake, say it will be built at some latitude where the earth's rotation speed is just 10,000 mph (it is rumored that such a place is to be found in Hagerstown, Md.--exact location not precisely determined.) (Harry might walk around with a speedometer and determine the exact location.)

A few quick calculations show that a rotor a mere 270,000 miles long and rotating at the earth's angular velocity at the equator would not get into any trouble relatively speaking. Or maybe, relativistically speaking. Therefore, since Einstein approves of the project, it must be a Worth Cause. Should we all send our used beer cans to you? Or would you prefer to let this be an Ellay project in its entirety? //Send used beer cans to Terry Carr. He started the concept in the first place.-LG//

Enough. I'm leaving for the Heicon Real Soon Now and must get it all together or forget everything. As usual, best of luck with TTF.

Harry Warner, Jr. No, I hadn't heard about the bill that
425 Summit Ave. Grumman sent Rockwell for the lunar voyage. But
Hagerstown, Md. I did read just the other night in Popular
21740 Photography about the first living creature that
made a round trip to the moon in the same
vehicle, without going through the complicated transfers from
command module to LEM that humans were required to undergo. It

E
was a little germ that somehow sneaked into a camera that went to the moon on one of the unmanned landings and was brought back by one of the Apollo crews. It was revived and felt well enough to create a population explosion of its own. Maybe this has been publicized in scientific journals that I don't read, but I noticed nothing about it in the newspapers and in a way it strikes me as stranger than science fiction in all sorts of ways. The same issue of the photography magazine contained another item that I hadn't heard about, the first photograph of an individual atom. This didn't make newspaper headlines either and apparently didn't impress the magazine editors either because they didn't reproduce the picture.

Your vampire story was quite well done. It left me wondering all over again something I'd puzzled about in the past, how all these different blood types got going. It's hard to imagine that they have any evolutionary value for I've never heard that one type or another is more useful than the others to its possessors. Do they contain implications about separate strains of mankind who have come to resemble one another in other respects, or did they somehow separate from one another in comparatively recent times?

Reviewpoint keeps The Left Hand of Darkness' record perfect: no fanzine review that I've seen so far has been less than highly favorable. I found it a most admirable book, but I had a couple of reactions that none of the reviewers seems to have duplicated. I somehow got the feeling that Genly's friend whose name I can't recall at the moment was modeled on Adlai Stevenson. And I didn't like the little interludes, the legends interspersed at two or three places. By themselves they're fine, but I felt that they were only partially relevant to the main story and thereby intruded in a novel that hardly has a waste word or superfluous phrase elsewhere.

Such praise for Spock Must Die is more surprising, however. I wonder what notion young fans will hold of Star Trek a decade or more in the future when it will presumably have finished its syndicated existence and will be inaccessible as something to watch on television, and is known only through old issues of trekkies' fanzines and the Blish books? We older fans of the 1980's (and it's dangerous to use a pronoun which seems to guarantee my continued fannishness) will undoubtedly have a sense of nostalgia at the very thought of Star Trek, even if we weren't wildly enthusiastic about it when it was current. But will the fans of the future be able to conceive how much the series meant to lots of viewers in the era when real science fiction was scarce on the tube? For that matter, will the television programs of the 1960's ever acquire the same collectors' status as radio shows of the 1950's enjoy today.

Darrell Schweitzer's little story is nostalgia-evoking too, for a personal reason. I wrote a very short story on this very theme when I was just about Darrell's age, although my hero went into the wallpaper, as I recall.

The Baltimore-Washington television channels seem to have undergone none of the anti-horror movie trend that Los Angeles has suffered. Washington even has a host for one of its Saturday night horror series, Sir Ghastly Graves or something of that sort, who

comes complete with elaborate props and set of the Dracula variety. Sir Ghastly is a very honest man and says exactly what he thinks of the movies he hosts. One was so bad a few weeks back that he climbed back into his coffin during the first break for commercials and refused to come out again for the remainder of the seven reels, emitting only an occasional groan of anguish after a particularly dull scene.

You know, hardly anything illustrates so graphically how fast the world changes than my reaction to the new beer can tower plan. When Carl Brandon and friends first planned the tower, it was a complete joy to think about. Today it's still fun to theorize about but the pleasure is adulterated a little. There's been too much written and said about the pollution problem and the waste of irreplaceable raw materials and the damage done to natural beauties by such things as cans. It's just like the change in attitude that a person must take to the final portion of Mahler's Lied von der Erde. The poem tells of the sad parting of two friends and ends with the consoling thought that even though this separation has come (I assume it's the separation of death), "The good earth bursts into bloom in the spring and grows green again; everywhere, eternally the distances are bluish-bright, eternally, eternally..." Anyone could believe that when Mahler composed the music more than a half-century ago, and today we don't have that much consolation because we know that the bomb can end all the eternal things about the world and its ecology.

I liked both of the full page Harness illustrations. The one inside was very much like the older Harness style and subject matter, but the front cover seems to betray some influence of Bjo, something I'd never have expected to see in a Harness drawing.

//Barry says he has a vague recollection that O type blood does not sickle--and therefore, since being a sickle cell anemia carrier is a survival feature, O type blood is rare among Africans in malarial regions. Anyone out there know any more about blood types being survival-linked?-LG//

Darrell Schweitzer Received 3rd F a couple of days ago. A
113 Deepdale Road good ish, even though the cover was horrible.
Strafford, Pa
19087

Your vampire story raises interesting possibilities. One thing I was wondering about is how a vampire knows exactly when dawn is coming. If a single ray of sunlight can kill him, he can't hardly wait till he sees a glow in the horizon, because in order for him to see it the sunlight would have to touch him and then blooey. In human form he can wear a wristwatch, but as a bat that is a little difficult, and it's damned impossible as a cloud of mist.

You can be a vampire only if you want to? Tell that to Lucy Matsername in Dracula. She didn't want to be one. (Neither did I for that matter. And people are starting to get suspicious about my nocturnal habits.) //Different stories: slightly different pseudo-science. Or should that be pseudo-scientifantasy?--LG//

The plot line of your story suggests that some Bircher will declare you a Commie plot. Don't let that Dr. Wertham (see Ted White's editorial in the July AMAZING) see it or you might get

carried off by the FBI, never to be seen again. Dr. Wertham, by the way, is a professional witch-hunter, most famous for his book *The Seduction of the Innocent* and the brilliant and perceptive statement that Batman is unquestionably having homosexual relations with Robin, who started a campaign to destroy comic books during the McCarthy era. Now he's doing a study of fandom. - Doesn't know what it's about, of course.

I can see it now: About six months from now AMERICAN OPINION or some similar hate-rag with a cover blurb like - DISCOVERED: a new secret network of underground organizations! What are the subversive activities of the nebulous Third Foundation? Who is the mysterious Hari Seldon? What do code names like The Beast With No Name really mean? What can a good, loyal American citizen do to stop this horrid menace?

Reviewpoint: The thing about *The Left Hand of Darkness* is that the reader realizes just how alien the Gethenians are when they only differ from the rest of us in one small biological detail. Imagine how utterly incomprehensible a three-legged purple blob is going to be. We might never begin to have any contact at all, because no basic mutual understanding is ever reached. Richard Meredith's otherwise cruddy *We All Died at Breakaway Station* brings this out dramatically. Humanity is in a life-and-death struggle with another race for a reason that nobody understands. Humanity never knew enough about the aliens to realize that they were offending them horribly. The aliens considered something so basic that anyone who did not adhere to it was so repugnant they had to be eliminated. And these aliens were similar to humans in many ways. They had a rather similar technology and I think a similar environment. Imagine how a disembodied creature might think.

Leon Taylor is following the grand tradition of Algis Budrys by saying a little bit in a lot of words. (For this reason F&SF and the Ultimate Mags have the best book reviews, with IF and ANALOG bringing up the rear.)

I find the statement that Sandow is a "symbol for the turbulence of our decade" a little strange. He's a re-assuring figure, larger than life, able to live in peace and relative contentment in the chaotic universe. He is not a symbol of disorder but one of order, a goal perhaps.

Everyone praises *Isle* for its own original mythology. Not so. The names are changed but the whole universe is basically ancient Grecian. The gods manipulate men and have their own private feuds just like the Greek ones did. And the story itself is very heavily based upon the Orpheus myth. It gets kind of obvious at times. A guy has to rescue his deceased wife from the Isle of the Dead which is a big gloomy place surrounded by a river called Acheron.

Zelazny has already produced several classics: "A Rose for Ecclesiastes," This Immortal, He Who Shapes, and Lord of Light. Some might want to add "The Keys to December" to that list.

Through Slime and Space didn't appeal to me at all. It's obvious that the punch-line was "wound-light on the maw-bash" but it doesn't mean anything to me. //It refers to an old song: "Moonlight on the Wabash." -LG//

Tales of the Third Foundation was a delight. You haven't had a better adventure in quite a while. Thank you for resolving for all time the mystery of the monolith. You've done a great service to all mankind, though some fanwriters might not appreciate it since you've just made the next few thousand scholarly speculations on the meaning of the monolith completely obsolete.

//Next follows three pages complete with illos on the Bheer Can Tower. This will be postponed to nextish in the interests of saving space and postage.-LG//

Does the last sentence of your Int. Fiend Fund really hold? That ad would look nice in the next CRAS. Of course the thing would be much better if labeled Trans-Atlantoc Fiend Fund, thus parodying TAFF ads even more. Who are Baba Yaga, Shelob, Roquat the Red, and Tash? //You may reprint it provided you change nothing and give us credit for first printing it. The sponsors you refer to may be found in or near Russian legend, Morдор, Oz and Narnia.-LG//

The implication that ANALOG is not among the ranks of the better prozines was deliberate and intentional. Campbell seems to be trying to undo all the good things he has done with the zine and destroy modern SF in the process. Since he exerts little influence these days, all he's done is destroy ANALOG. Strange as it may seem, the fiction in ANALOG is pre-Campbellian. Change the science around a little and it would be passable Gersback era work. although things like WONDER STORIES were not nearly as typed.

Ken Scher: No, the embryos couldn't be decanted after the ship had landed because adult humans are supposed to start the colony and send the ship out again without waiting for 20 years. The problem is not really adapting to planetary life--the ship contained wide open areas, forests, etc.--but for the children to grow up normally without adults. A child must have some type of mother-figure. Even orphanages turn out great amounts of misfits. With no adults around at all, things would be much worse. What do you think would happen at puberty, for example, if they had no guidance? But the real problems would be earlier than that, say ages 2 (when the child becomes aware of his surroundings) to 10 (when he isn't as dependent on his parents). So they had to have a parent, and since one couldn't be sent along, a robot would have to do.

This is a record-breaking letter! But it is good fanzines that inspire such things. Keep up the good work.

PS. I don't see why you should question when I typed "turck" in my LoC last time. It's a very common variety of typo, and anyone who has seen as much of my typing as you have should know that I do it all the time.

Jack Harness Dear Lee, Your story about the Vampire expiring from partaking of Chinese Blood (different blood grouping) has one flaw. Chinese is non-agglutinative.

