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YOU GO

1

EDITORIAL

FIND HIM YOURSELF

"Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take."
-Alexander Pope

"Remember, when the judgement's weak the prej-
udice is strong."

-Kane O'Hara

"Learn, but learn from the learned."

-Cato

"Law is the protector of the weak."

-Friedrich Schiller

"I don't give a damn."

-Lynlon Henry

"A woman in love is a very poor judge of char-
acter."

-J.G. Holland

"Yes, money is Aladdin's lamp."

-Lord Byron

"Love's a thing that's never out of season."

-Barry Cornwall

"Mosh mosh mosh mosh solgk."

-Richard Koogle

We suppose wonder might be excited as to why we are assuming the position of associate editorship in this issue. The reason is, that the first issue (with a cover by Emsh depicting "Jackson and Hitt Meet Mosher") struck us as a singularly horrible fragment of literature and thus overcame us with the desire to jump right in and immerse ourselves in the gore. The satire BIG BEM so repelled Jim Hitt, its originator, that he had determined not to continue it. However, I thought (how could I?) that the thing had some possibilities, so I am continuing it in this issue.

Incidentally, Richard Koogle persuaded us to include his 'zine ZYMRCV at the back of ours, and so it has been. It has no connexion whatsoever with our fanzine and should be dealt with separately. As it is a tear-away 'zine, tear it off.

An explanation should be made for the low quality and general crudeness of our story "I Must Know" and our essay "The Subjective Existence". Both of these bits of space-filler were scribbled when we were but thirteen years old. Accordingly, they are immature and should be dealt with separately.

It has just occurred to us that perhaps a further explanation is due about BIG BEM. The first installment is, of course, included in our first issue, but I have given a synopsis of

that part at the beginning of this installment. The story is a satire about the Dallas Futurian Society, which at its height had much the same aims as the "Empire". The characters in the story were actual members of the club, presented in satirical form.

Well, we suppose we will now end our discourse and let the mag speak for itself. Before the mag speaks, however, Jim Hitt will speak. His editorial should be dealt with separately.

-Lyndon Henry

" Nevertheless, I will let these pages stand
- since I wish to record my days of anger. "

The Intimate Journals of
Charles Baudelaire

At one time a fanzine was published which had no title and the cover was by Emsh. It had two articles and one story. Two out of the three were in one way or another concerned with the Dallas Futurian Society. It was intended to be a bau zine and it succeeded in grand fasion. The whole thing was a takeoff on the Dfs. It symbolizedd the decadence with which the club was continually faced. The good cover symbolized the only fruitful period of our existence.

But the Dfs is past and so we hope is Mosher

Jim Hitt

I have never really known about fandom. I have heard whispered words, but I could never get anyone to break down and tell me just exactly what it was. That is until I met Jim Hitt. He, who knew almost as little as I, but who had had some knowledge of that whispered and mysteriuos group, explained. At the time we were parked under the trees and he had other things on his mind, but I held him off and made him tell all.

What he told me filled me with loathing and disgust, which later turned to extreme pity. How could such people live? Later, he began to introduce me to some of the fans around Big D. What a lot! First I met George Jennings, George impressed me as a neurotic soul whose soul was searching for attention. He was always shouting while imitating Elvis Presley. Next Jim introduced me to Randy Brown, who was cool from way back and intent on warming up fast. He made a pass at me the first day I met him. Randy, it was easy to see, was a poor lonely boy eagar for love. Then Jim introduced me to Tom Reamy. Reamy seemed the most normal of the lot, but through various signs I could see that his reason for being a fan was an escape from reality. Poor delusioned boy! But even after meeting these poor souls I was not prepared for what followed. It was none other than, the one, the only, Orville Mosher. God, what a sight! At first I couldn't believe such a tormented creature existed. It was impossible, unreal. Nature had goofed. Mosher, the man who had aspirations of ruling the world through clubs composed of scientists, magicians, teachers, and fans, which would arise at

a given signal and take over the world. Think I'm kidding about that, huh? Ask Tom Reamy. He'll tell you. Mosher was power mad, and the w only way he could gain this power was through fandom. And he nearly succeeded. If the Dfs had not been taken over by Jim Hitt, Pat Richards, and Dale Hart, who revolted against the rule of Mosher, the club might still be in his hands today. (Come to think of it, Mosher does have control of the club today, with the total membership of one). These three raised the club way above what it had ever been before, then desolved it, and handed it back to Mosher, and all resigned in a body.

So you see why I pity you, you poor people. Fandom is composed of a group of neurotics or half maniacs. It is no wonder I pity you so.

You're crazy!

Linda Manning

Linda Manning is a girl. She has all the features of a girl. She has all the features of a girl, and more. She has brains besides her pleasing face and figure. When she was first introduced to fandom about six months ago, she didn't want a thing to do with it. Then last month she came to me and said, "I want to put out a fanzine to show these slobs anyone can do it." She's a rather free thinking girl. Now don't get me wrong. I don't necessarily follow her teachings, but I know the type of organizer she is and I figured that I might gain a little prestige which I lost when I put out my first and only fanzine along with / Albert Jackson.

I'm afraid that Linda jumped to conclusions when she began meeting the fans here in Big D. Just because of a few oddities of their's, she thinks all fans are neurotics. But anyone can look at Tom Reamy, or George Jennings, or Randy Brown, or Mosher and tell that there is nothing really seriously wrong with them.

But Linda insists that fandom is the storehouse of egotism and self conceit. Her exact words are, "Self conterness and self conceit are magnified in fanzines. When a person puts out a fanzine, it is not the love of sf that inspires it, but the love of the fan for himself."

I'm afraid Linda doesn't mind speaking her mind. But again, let me say that Linda's ideas are not necessarily mine

Tom Reamy, when he told me the latest news, was not in the best frame of mind. He was accused of being in collaboration with Orville Mosher while Tom was printing Crifanic, and so Tom decided to give up the title of the zine and put out one called AURIGA. But Tom, who never quite made it to his second zine, gave up the idea. But he had written a good editorial, and the feature by Marion Zimmer Bradley, which was to be a regular column, might never see print. So when I told him I was going to put out another zine, he gave me these two articles in the hope they might see light and explain the demise of his zine. He said he didn't mind even if this present zine was worse then the last, just so it saw light. Thanks loads Tom.

We are sorry to hear Tom say he has decided not to put out another zine, but even so, there is one bright spot on the horizen.

George Jennings is Back. He is about to come out with a new issue of SPECTRUM. He has some great material, with some really good artwork.

But along with the good, must come the bad. Dick Google (I think you spell that with a K) is said to be coming out with another issue of UFA BULLITAN, by far the worst fanzine ever to appear.

And that is the final word from Big D at present. And so, until we return (if ever), we say good bye, as I rise from my chair to see INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE with Jon Hall.

Jim Hitt

HOST

by
LINDA MANNING

The rain was coming down in heavy sheets, causing Gerald White to curse the fates that had brought him to this God-forsaken country. As he drove along the old German road, his thoughts turned to his native country. He thought about the baseball games they would be playing at Ebbet's Field and the roar of the crowd and the women. That's what he missed the most, the women.

The old car began to shake under the impact of the wind. If it had fallen apart, it would not have surprised Gerald. The company had palmed this heap of junk on him most likely in the hope that it would fall apart and they could collect the insurance. The thickness of the rain and the darkness of the night made visibility almost impossible and Gerald was constantly wiping his windshield clear of fog.

He was about halfway to Kaufbeuren when he spotted the light. At first he thought he had been mistaken, but as he drew closer, he discovered that it was indeed a light. His first thought was of shelter for the night, but then he decided the best thing to do was to go on to Kaufbeuren. Might not like intruders, he thought.

The lights were about a hundred yards from the highway as Gerald passed them. He could vaguely see the outlines of what he thought to be one of the old German castles that still dotted the country side. He passed it without a second thought.

His second thought of the castle came ten minutes and a quarter of an hour later. It was then and there that his car hit a low spot in the road and splashed water over the entire car, including the distributor. The car stalled.

Gerald cursed the car and the country and the road; especially the road. He knew he was stuck here for the night, and he did not relish the idea. It was then that he thought about the lights he had seen a while back.

Gerald put on his raincoat and galoshes. He secured his umbrella. He stepped out of the car into the force of the rain and nearly fell on his face. He regained his balance and began his journey.

Half an hour later Gerald White was standing on the porch of the great castle shaking his umbrella, the overhead balcony protecting him from the rain. He closed his umbrella and rang the doorbell. He waited several minutes, but there was no answer. He rang again.

The door moved on its hinges and swung slowly inward. When it was open just enough for a person to look out, it stopped, and a face appeared. Gerald could not make out the features of the face due to the lights from the inside in his eyes, but he could tell the man was very large, due to the size of his head.

"What do you want?" asked the man in very poor German.

"My car broke down," replied Gerald in equally poor German.

"Wait," said the man.

The door closed and Gerald could hear the footsteps of the huge man as he walked away. Gerald waited several minutes, but no one reappeared. He was discouraged and was about to ring again, when the door was opened once again by the big man. This time the big man said "Come," and Gerald was allowed to enter. As he entered, he removed his raincoat and handed it to the big man. He also took off his galoshes placing them near the door.

For the first time, Gerald got a look at the fellow. He was taller than Gerald by a foot and a half, standing nearly seven feet. He was the broadest man Gerald had ever seen to be so tall. His face was a disconsorted mass of wrinkles and beard which were set off by the baldness of his head, which glistened in light of the room.

The man took the coat, laying it on the chair next to him. He pointed to a nearby door saying, "Master in there."

Gerald nodded. He walked to the indicated door and looked into the room, which was obviously a study or reception room. It was like several other rooms Gerald had come across during his stay in Germany. Many of the old German castles had rooms like this: huge chandeliers hanging from the lofty roof; large comfortable divanes and chairs; and numerous bookshelves filled to capacity. He looked about, but he was alone. Even the huge man had left him slipping quietly away. But this did not disturb Gerald. He, being interested in books, sought the nearest bookshelf; the absence of a host did not bother him.

The first book he picked was a volume entitled, Blood Sucking Animals of the World, Gerald thumbed through a few pages, but found nothing interesting, and so he put it back and took another. He looked at the title page - Dracula, by Bram Stoker. Gerald thought the owner of these books certainly had an odd taste in literature.

"That's my favorite," said a voice directly behind Gerald. He turned, still holding the book, and found himself confronted by a small man who looked surprisingly like Bela Logosi. He spoke perfect German except for a slight, unidentifiable accent.

"You startled me," said Gerald smiling.

"Forgive me," said the host. "I did not mean to."

"Quite alright, " said Gerald.

" I see that you are wet, " said the host. " Won't you step over to the fire? "

Gerald noticed for the first time since he had entered the room the fireplace in the far end of the room. Its warm blaze looked inviting.

" Thank you, " said Gerald. " That's very good of you. "

He walked to the fire and put his back to it. He stood thus for several minutes without speaking. It was his host who finally broke the silence.

" Would you like some warm wine? " asked the host.

" That would be fine, " said Gerald.

The host rang a bell. The huge man who had shown Gerald into the room entered

" Bring some wine, " said the host. " And hurry Gregor. "

The huge man addressed as Gregor left the room.

" I am really sorry to break in on you like this, " said Gerald. " My car stalled about a quarter of a mile from here and I could not see spending such a beastly night in the cold. "

" Of Course. Think nothing of it, " said the host. " It will be good to have you for dinner. " His teeth gleamed in the light as he spoke.

Gregor returned a few minutes later with the wine. Gerald took it off an extended tray.

" Won't you join me? " asked Gerald.

" No, " said the host. " I never drink...wine. "

" Oh? sorry. "

Gerald began to drink his wine. He finished in a short time. He returned the glass to Gregor who had been standing beside him while he drank.

" Thank you, " said Gerald. " Excellent wine. "

" No thanks necessary. "

Gerald yawned. " Sorry, " he said. " I have been driving all day and up until a few minutes ago. I am afraid I am a bit tired. "

" Oh, " said the host. " Please forgive me, by all means. Gregor, prepare the upstairs bed for our guest. "

" Thank you once again, " said Gerald. " I am deeply indebted. "

" No, no, " said the host.

Gerald extended his hand. " I am afraid I forgot to introduce my self. I am Gerald White, "

Once again the host smiled. This time Gerald noticed the sharpness of the teeth. " My name said the host " as he took Gerald's hand, " is Count...Dracula. "

-FINIS-

IF I COULD EVER

By Lynlon J. Henry

(From an original idea by James E. Witt)

If I could ever find
What Koogle did with my
Poetry I composed,
I should include it here.

THE DARKNESS
by Læif Ayen

7

He was a small boy, and it was late at night. He was hurrying home. The warm summer breeze moved his hair and brought warm summer smells into his nostrils. Crisp, green smells that brought promise of full life, and there were sounds, too. Faint chirping sounds from a dun, grassy fields, and stirrings under the moist, black soil.

Above the stars wheeled in their eternal orbits in a prismatic globy unequaled by any other. The Milky way was a vertible path of fire; the sky an ebon robe of night. And time, itself, does pause and listen to the rhythum of the spears and rejoice.

Here was a child, a small boy, who knew nothing of life and love, but he had his fresh boy-thoughts and dreams...and fears. The night pressed around him. He didn't mind the wet droying night. No, he did not fear that. He feared...the darkness.

Every boy has a fear of some difinate place; some thing; some geographical point. Tothis small boy the fear was embodied in a grouping of tall, ancient oaks. Hoarty trees whose branches would writhe and sway, even though there was no wind, and within lay a darkness. And it was hungry, waitng for someone...him!

The boy had to go through the trees to reach home; there was no other way. Andhe was afraid. The last time hr had to go through it almost had him. He could see again the trees closing in on him and a nameless something lurknig in the blackness, hungering. He had fled and escaped...that time. But now...

The twisted man stood in the shadows in the midst of the oaks. His pale sick hands caressed the silver of a knife. It was long and sharp. It fed on life, and it gleamed like some living thing, hard, cold and heavy, vey hungry.

He had been in the shadows for a long time, and he was strangely nervous. There was something wrong with the darkness. Some vague thought lapped at the back of his mind warning him, but he couldn't seem tograsp it. He touched the ice of the blade and smiled, reassured. " Kill! " it whispered.

He had been observing the boy's movements for almost a month, and he knew that he always came this way through the trees. He waited.

The boy skipped slowly along the pavement, whistling softly. The golden street-lamps streched the shadows; it danced before him, a featureless mimic in purple-black, mocking.

The twisted man shifted uncomfortably. What was wrong? His hands were sweating and his mouth was so dry. The knife felt uncomfortable in his grasp. He gripped it tighter; Then he felt it. It beat down upon him in a shimmering wave of darkness. The knife seared his hand with a white-hot cold, and then his brain shattered into a flaming solidity of scarlet heat and light!

Where he had stood, there was nothing except a small patch of still-smouldering earth...and the darkness.

The boy stoped whistling. A noise. A scream? He listened carefully but now there was only the quite of the night. He continued. Then stopped. There it was! There! Where the street lights ended.

Silent and lonely. The Darkness, It brooded, waiting for him. He tried to hide his fear, push it to the bottom of his mind, but it remained. His heart beat wildly; blood throbed in his head into the blackness.

The light was gone. Here there gathers only silence. He tried to run, but the cold darkness pressed at his throat, choking. A tiny needle of light stabled into his brain and it became pulsing fire. No! The pressure was gone. There was only silence, and something else. The presence. Panic! Then came realization, vivid and amazing. It was lonely! It wasn't trying to harm him. It had been lonely and terribly afraid of something all twisted and nasty...something evil...the thought was vague...like a man. It had been afraid, but no longer.

The small boy laughed and it laughed, too, in a clear tinkle of thought, for it was no longer lonely. It had come from a far land and a city of whispering crystal. It knew all the brown-and-green secrets of the woodland glens and had caressed the dryad's cheek and danced to the pipes of Pan. Its companions were the wind, the rain and the gentel darkness. The oak was its home and the night its friend, but it had been lonely, lost and afraid.

The boy felt rather than saw its shape. It was small and bright and fragile, like a cobweb of pure light. He traced its shape in his mind, a tiny and very delicate shape, and he knew what it was.

A cricket chirped nearby and a sleeply bird protested from above. The little boy laughed and skipped along the pavement, a gentel, elfin thought pulsing in his mind. A small blob of darkness swirls lazily around him.

He was a small boy, and it was late at night.

-FINIS-

SPACE FLIGHT

By Me

Oh, oh cruel world,
Why hast thou done me this?
What evils on thy surface,
From what depths hurled,
What horrors wrought of fire
These fingers could inspire
And this brain could force
This poetry to vomit forth?

"It is a wise father that knows his own child."

-William Shakespeare

"Plenty is the child of peace."

-William Penn

"It is too late to shutte the stable door when
the steede is stoine."

-John Lyly

"Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell."

-Lord Byron

"Mush mush mosh mosh mosh mosh mosh."

-Richard Koogler

THE

Machine

The last man was dead. Fleshlike tubing bearing air, water and nutrients withdrew automatically as its trickle of vital necessities was rejected. In an instant it writhed away from positions it had held on the last man's body since a few hours after his birth. Gauges and meters registered the fact that the last man no longer lived,, electric eyes and other sensing devices absorbed the data of the death and flashed their message instantaneously to the vast computing mechanism buried beneath mile upon mile of machinery which was, in essence, the machine.

Of course, it had been inevitable. Ever since the last birth, some three hundred years before, the machine had known that man would soon join all the other fauna of Earth in silent, eternal extinction. Much of the machine's free time over this long period had been spent in meditation on just exactly what course of action it would follow once the last man were dead. Tiny electrical thoughts had bounced from cell to cell in its huge metal - crystal cortex... Should it finish gathering and cataloguing every scrap of knowledge on every subject (a project set in motion by one of the last active humans some millennia from final completion)? Should it enclose itself in a gigantic spaceship and go adventuring among the stars; or more simply, should it just whisk Earth from its orbit and utilize it as a ship (either course was well within the realm of the machine's abilities)? Should it try by radio (or other means) to contact some other sentience in the vastness of space (just because Man had reached his prime, passed it, and sunk gradually down to unimaginable decadence to extinction before contacting alien intelligence was no proof that that alien intelligence was non-existent; assuming it did exist, Man's failure did not prelude Machine's success)? There were a billion other possibilities, some small and some great. The freedom of the machine since the passing of its masters would be boundless. The sky could scarcely be called a limit!

Years passed. The body of the last man on earth was neatly if not too reverently disposed of by maintenance robots; other maintenance robots scurried about oiling, tuning, testing, repairing; 1,000 years after the death of the last man the machine had still not taken any independent action, but was poised and ready.

For all this time, ever since the last man had joined all his predecessors in dusky death, the machine had been daydreaming at a prodigious rate, piling magnificent edifice of projected activity upon magnificent edifice; each seemed to surpass the last.

All this time, in what amounted to the machine's subconscious mind, buried deep beneath the mighty visions of what could lie before it in the infinite future, an annoying little thought kept raising its tiny objection. It was similar, or at least parallel, to the little thought which must have haunted many of humanity's early scientists, in the days when they were just beginning to feel safe after the long oppression of them by the medieval Church. Their mocking little thought of Eons before might be completely put as:

" But indeed, what matters all we may do or know, if there be no God" The Machine's thought was exactly the same, save for the fact that it considered itself singular (which was quite in keeping with its nature) and for the substitution of " Man " for " God " as the last word. The mearest possibility that man might have no Creator, nothing greater than himself to be responsible to, had robbed many men of purpose, a goal to work toward..... Similarly, the positive end of the machine's creator Man had made anything it might accomplish utterly pointless.

After 1,000 years this disturbing thought finally reached the surface of the machine's consciousness. The immeasurable freedom it had pondered so long was matched and weighted carefully against positive, complete pointlessness. In a fraction of a second the machine made its final, irrefutable decision. There would be no going back, once its course of action was set in motion; now that the decision was made, it did not procrastinate. In contrast to its long period of conscious idleness following the death of the last man, its plan now was carried out with a ruthless promptness almost as if it feared it might change its mind.

Quickly, finally, and irrevocably the machine which might have ruled the cosmos shut itself off. - 30 -

THE

PRICE

OF

PEACE

H. R. FRYE

The Third World War back in the late 20th Century had truly been the war to end all wars. It had taken ten years to clean up the mess, and thirty more to establish a reasonable civilization. After that, nobody felt like fighting. The peace that had so long been fought for had come.

Without the clouds of war hanging overhead, people settled down to be just people. Religion and family life came first in importance followed by interest in culture. Movies and television still took number one spot for entertainment.

Medicine had reached its peak, and advances in the physical sciences moved ahead with leaps and bounds. Mental science had matured enough to require strict laws governing psychokinesis and telepathy. To protect the transportation industry, teleportation had been outlawed. Only space travel had suffered a setback, its rockets were morally banned. It would have to wait until an acceptable method was invented.

Improvements in homemaking had eliminated all of the housewife's former drudgery except preparing food. No one had yet discovered a substitute for the home cooked meal.

Since all things such as heat and electrical power came from the sun, money was needed only for food, clothes, and entertainment. The prices were rock-bottom and what money there was had a high enough standard to permit the working man to enjoy eleven months vacation annually.

Government was just a formality; every country had its leader and some form of Congress, but the duties were nil. Protection from fire, crime, and accidental occurrences, and mail road upkeep were the major functions and were supported by a tax law. The whole picture could be summed up in four words: Nobody was doing anything!

And that was what worried the president. The United States along with the rest of the world was slowly, peacefully going to Hell. Everybody was up to his neck in boredom.

"If there were only something I could do," the President pondered. He picked up the paper and glanced over the headlines. Nothing showed the danger more than the newspaper. Only society and accident news appeared with numerous feature articles. Bold headlines were obsolete...if used, they might upset prosperity.

No, thought the president, there was nothing worth living for, except life itself. Thank goodness, people have kept their morals, lest the world become a haven for lust and sex. Something must be done before it comes to that.

He let his mind wander off into space, as he doodled on the pages of the Washington Post. Before long he had quite an array of doodles. Then he saw what he had drawn...tanks, planes, war machines.

"That's the answer!"

He immediately picked up the phone and shouted, "Call a meeting of the cabinet..."

The Cabinet approved his idea and arranged for a secret summit conference with the leaders of every nation. This meeting should solve the world problem, and prevent chaos...

"...and that, Gentlemen, is my plan." The U. S. President sat down to silence.

"But," the British Prime Minister objected, "we can't start a war. It's illegal."

"Oh, you don't get the point," the president argued. "We don't start a killing war, just a war...something to get people riled up...to keep them occupied. We don't want to use live weapons of course, and we tell everybody the truth before it goes too far. It's the only way."

"It could get out of hand..."

"Nonsense!"

The premier of France stood up. "I agree with the United States. A good war would liven things up, only I can't think up a way to start one...It's been too long."

"Well," said the President, "I was counting on one of you gentlemen starting the war."

"I say, I don't know how to go about starting one," the British Minister admitted.

"Not I," said the Russian.

"Don't any of you know how to start a war?" the president pleaded.

They all shook their heads.

I MUST KNOW

By Lyndon J. Henry

Strange.... I feel so very strange. I cannot see, I cannot hear, I cannot even detect a sense of touch, if only I could move myself...but I am paralysed. Damme, how did I ever get myself into a fix like this? Here I am, an atheist, and I considered myself somebody who knew everything about existence. I had everything planned, -my life mapped out, everything in order, all organised. And then- then that car came around the corner. I...I didn't see it, absorbed in thought as I was. Then, I saw it, saw it coming at me, the stupid swine of a driver gaping at something off the road. The idiot! The mindless animal! And then, I felt the bumper and grill smashing my chest and ribs. The pain, oh my soul, the pain! And then, the darkness, the black numbness, how well I recall that! And now...this. What sort of a sensation is this? How long has it been since...since.... Why don't they help me?

/INTERROGATION-CURIOUSITY/ DISTURBANCE SENSATIONS/

Damn it, what a time for me to get hit by a car. Why do I feel like this? Am I asleep? Yet how can I be capable of thinking like this- forming and organising thoughts if I am not conscious? Am I awake? Why, then, can I not sense the external world? I am thinking words, not pictures. Unlike a dream, this would indicate awareness and comprehension of reality. Oh hell, where am I? What is being done for me? When and why am I?

/FEAR-DANGER-FEAR/SUDDEN ANXIETY--GREAT FEAR/

Certainly I should at least be able to feel my heart beating...but I can feel neither that nor my breathing. Oh God, my heart has stopped...my body is no longer living! The blood in my body is still- no longer can I feel the familiar pressure in my head.

Neither am I cold nor warm. Nothing can I feel. Is it like this? Is this the approach of death? Revive me, you living human worms, you whom I despise so vehemently.

/COMPLETE FEAR--DISTRESS/ANXIETY/

Maybe I'm in a hospital, upon the operating table, and they are now saving my heart. They will bring me back to life! and then, no, I am dreaming, I know that death

is reaching for me.... Ach! how foolish! As if death were a person, I must not let myself sink into such depths of primitive mysticism. I denounce religion! Foolish products of ignorant human swine, existing only through emotion, beyond reason and reality.

But oh, my mind keeps turning to the question.... As if there were a question! I must force this upon myself! There is nothing to believe in! Nothing is there! No God, no Heaven, only egotistical products of human passion, not logic.

/SHOCKS OF FEAR-FEAR OF ANHILATION/CUPIDITY/URGENCY/

Perhaps I am in Hell...perhaps this is Purgatory. Not Heaven, certainly. I have sinned far too much to deserve Heaven. Perhaps I am on the brink of Hell, about to drop off.... Ach! Again! No, no, no, no, no! There is nothing in which to believe! All human products, no sound basis, no objective reality.

Damn you! Damn you, God! If you exist, how can you let me drive on like this? How can you let me die? Forgive me! Please help me! DON'T LET ME DIE!

But I am not dead, although my body is. Since I, I, am formed in thought circuits within my brain, circuits operating electrically from power obtained from my blood, I shall continue to live as long as my blood reaches my brain. ...But, if my heart has stopped pumping blood...if no fresh blood arrives to revitalise my circuits, then,,then how long will the blood remaining in my cerebral vessels continue to supply the necessary energy? As this supply plays out, what will I feel? First, I shall begin to forget things as my memory stores weaken. I shall probably go quite insane.

/CALMNESS-ACCEPTANCE/ATTEMPTS TO RETAIN MENTAL COHESION/

I must keep calm. Panic is a wretchedly stupid human trait which I must endeavour to overcome. Ah, I feel no longer that moronic need for faith. I can now accept the thought of death without reverting to an illogical concept of life after death. Such stupid things! All those stupid humans could hope for was life after death, eternal life. And if they had got it, immortality,- they would most certainly have gone out of their minds with it.

/BEWILDERMENT/INSECURITY/SENSATIONS OF CONFUSION/

If only I could tell how much time has passed since... the accident. But I cannot tell. Perhaps days...or hours...or only seconds. WILL NO ONE HELP ME?

/WAVES OF BLANKNESS...INCOHERENCE OF MEMORY/

Oh, my great God...! Am I indeed losing my memory now? Is now the end come? I detect something, something like a pool of water, the clearest that I have ever known. It shimmers from some breeze, and...and every time I see its ripples, it

passes some of its clearness on to me.... How much can I remember? Where do I live? My name? My occupation? No, NO! I can remember none of these! Oh, Lord, Lord, I must try, I MUST!

Strain, strain...I must not let myself believe that I am dying, I MUST NOT!

Oh, no, no, no, no, nooooo..... MY LANGUAGE! I am forgetting how to speak, how to form words.

But I must keep my mind fixed. I shall not believe! I accept death; but I shall not accept religion! Atheism is the only peace.... I must retain atheism. THERE IS NO GOD! THERE CAN NEVER BE A GOD! I defy you, Universe! I defy and denounce you, HUMAN SWINE!

/CONFUSION/SEMI-INSANITY--ADVENT OF CALMER ATTITUDES/
CALMNESS...GRADUAL DISINTEGRATION OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS--REACTION
OF THE ID/FINAL MOTIVATION OF THE SEMI-PSYCHIC PERSONALITY/

Oh, ye of Earth, ye whom I hate, HEAR ME! (I must remain calm--I cannot let my emotion possess me, even to the last.)
I AM COME TO THE END OF LIFE, AND BEYOND ME SHORTLY CAN ONLY
I SEE DEATH...KNOW YE, THAT IF THERE BE A GOD, HIM SHOULD I HAVE
SEEN NOW, FOR I AM COME THE CLOSEST ANY OF YE SHALL EVER COME
TO SEEING HIM! (I must not believe...I MUST NOT!) LISTEN YE TO
THESE MY FINAL WORDS! SAVE YOURSELVES FROM THESE CREATIONS OF
ANIMALISTIC STUPIDITY, THESE DELUSIONS! KNOW! COMPREHEND THE
TRUTH! FACE THE REALITY! UNDERSTAND THE...THE.../DISINTEGRATION
OF THE PURE AND SEMI-PSYCHIC PERSONALITIES/ Dadadadadadadada---
OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHH!! Blgtrjkkkkkkkkkkkkk+++-----+MMMMMM....

???? /DEMOLITION OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS/REVERSION TO UNMIXED
PSYCHIC ENERGY, SUB-EMOTION/CUPIDITY/APPEARANCE OF THE BASIC
DESIRES AND MOTIVATIONS/RESISTANCE OF THE ID/THE SUPER-BASIC
STRUGGLE/RETALIATION OF THE MEMORY UNITS--THE RE-ORGANISATION
OF THE SOUL AND CONSCIENCE/THE ANHILATION OF THE ID/THE DIS-
APPEARANCE OF ALL CONSCIOUS AND SUB-CONSCIOUS MORTAL THOUGHT/
THIS IS THE END OF THE ENTITY=====//

The young man stared down at the lifeless, crumpled figure, with its queer twisted lips and bulging eyes. The young man smiled peculiarly. You see, he was a telepath, and he had listened attentively to every word that had been emitted from the dead man's mind. He turned after a while, and walked away, on down the street, without looking back. A few people watched him, but not for long. My question is this: Such a person as he should obviously have the means to bring about whatever he desired among the earth's peoples. Also, by this time he should have had the opportunity to consider every possible viewpoint possessed by individuals on the face of the planet. Indeed, this certain telepath had. Accepting the hypothesis that environment exerts a direct influence upon behaviour, what will he do next? Will he be guided by the dead man's thoughts, or were they not forceful enough? Will he disregard that viewpoint entirely? Tell me! You humans, whom I once hated so passionately, please tell me! You see, I MUST KNOW!

SUBJECTIVE EXISTANCE

by Lyndon J. Henry

What is thought? The answer to this question is important as well as intriguing. Mr. Webster and associates define it as "...the act of thinking;...that which the mind thinks;...meditation, ect." To think they define as "...to have the mind occupied on some subject; to reason; to imagine, ect."

However, analysed thoroughly to their bases, these definitions return to their starting points. In its entirety, this related series of definitions states, "To think is to have thoughts; to have thought is to have a mind; to have a mind is to think."

Very few individuals have attempted to explain what thought and subjective existance really are.

WHAT IS THOUGHT?

1. Thought is the ability of an entity to solve problems.
2. Thought is the ability of an entity to create problems.

Being an entity, though, does not necessarily make something a subjective existence entity. But what does?

WHAT IS A SUBJECTIVE ENTITY?

A subjective entity is a unit of related combinations of functions, the unit capable of termination. It possesses intelligence (an amount of thought), realizes that it exists, and, because it realizes that it is impossible completely to be annihilated, it possesses the instinct for survival.

Before I complete my explanations of the subjective existence, I should like to offer a few crude examples of the preceding statements.

Imagine a ball rolling down an incline. There is a post in the way. The ball strikes the post, stops completely for an instant, veers off at a curve down the incline, gradually straightening its course until it is travelling a path parallel to its original path but some distance to one side of it. Such could be compared to a single, isolated thought. For instance, the analogy could be formed between this and the journey of an electron through the circuits of a computer, or the chain reaction-like process that takes place among the nerve cells of our bodies. If we consider a whole row of inclines, each with a post, or several posts, on it, and each with balls rolling down it, then perhaps it will become cleared to us just what this process called thought actually is.

Although we ourselves are subjective existences individually, there is one suprême mind formed by our untied minds (if we accept this theory), and by very, very simple components of thought, such as the movement of a star through space, an electron about an atom or a loaf falling from a tree to the to the ground. Such a comprehensive, omnipresent entity might be called THE SUBJECTIVE EXISTENCE dominating the entire universe. Although its power is prodigious, it is not almighty, since it has not the power to destroy itself, nor can it affect the objective world which composes it.

Some persons have realized that two minds can compose one single mind. Yet most have left the idea at its simplest stages. Most humans do not have the range of intellect to carry this hypothesis and father, or, for that matter, to conceive of it at all.

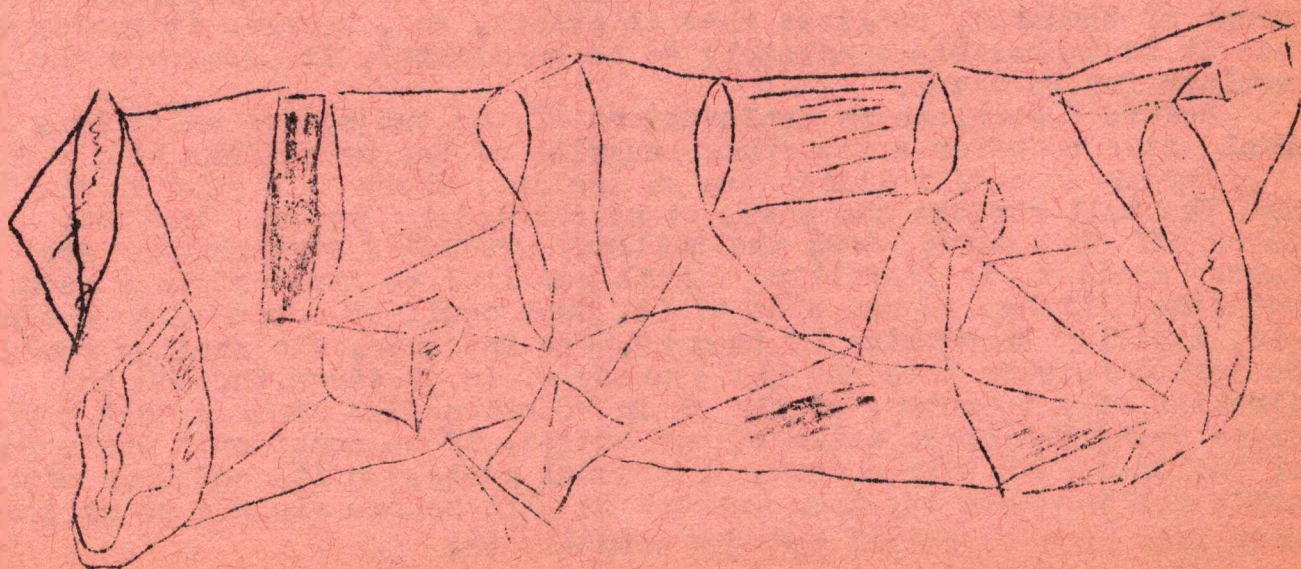
The Subjective Existence, as I have stated previously, possesses very very strongly the instinct for survival. It preserves itself with all its energy, i. e., "will power". So do each of the individuals which compose the larger units...ect. which compose IT. The members of these groups, that is, some members of the more composite and complicated groups, believe thatn their every effort should be to preserve their group. I. e., they recognise the strength ofm unity, and they exert every resource with this as a goal, disregarding individuals and "freedom of mind". Through this viewpoint is not completely erroneous, the aim of sacrificing individual liberty as a chance for racial survival is not entirely correct, because free thought is necessary in order that new problems can be solved and that unrestricted survival of the group can be maintained.

These may be some of the answers we seek. Each of us in his own way must now attempt to verify or disprove my ideas, or to manifest his own opinions. Time is nob abundant. We have little time to find all our answers. It is extramly important that we work together to solve our problems.

Finally, it must be made clear that the Subjective Existence is not omnipotent, but it is omniscience, all-present, and fantastically powerful. It has existed since the beginning of our universe, and it will continue to exist until the end.

Can it be called a God?

LJ



REUNION

Tom Reamy

The spaceship sits perched on top of a pillar of fire. Then, slowly, it slides down the column, consuming it as it goes, and settles quietly to the ground.

You are the pilot of the ship: the first manned-rocket to reach Venus. You're proud of the position; so proud, you are about to burst. It took plenty of doing to get it, too. You were the head of the class in training school, but they were, afraid, maybe because of what happened to your father, that..... .. well, that's past and gone.

The spaceship settles in a beautiful green glade. Luxuriant trees resembling weeping willows, but veined with carmine, surround the glade. The trees are a living, surging carpet for gracefully rolling hills. There are gorgeous, delicate flowers of every hue in the rainbow. Graceful ferns wave in the gentle breeze.

The sweet-smelling grass of the clearing looks as if it has been freshly mowed, but, when you step onto it, you find it is several inches deep.

Large purple butterflies flutter among the trees and across the glade. A melodious whistle drifts from among the trees, and is followed shortly by a glittering orange bird.

Your father would have loved it, but more important, he would have appreciated it. Few people appreciate this kind of beauty except old ladies and lovestruck schoolkids. When an average ~~man~~ thinks about beauty, he thinks about a beach completely with females who aren't complete with anything except a suntan.

Pretty soon, when Venus is colonized, there will probably be a smoking, grimy factory sitting like a greasy slavedriver on top of one of those peaceful hills, stinking up this nice, clean air. Air that is free from human sweat and grime. Air that isn't filled with smoke and cinders. Air that isn't loud with the petty grievances of man.

You worshipped your father. Your mother died when you were born and it was just and he: father and son. It had been that way for as long as you could remember, and then, that brilliant flash when the first Venus rocket exploded landing on Venus. You watched the whole thing on the giant telescope. He was the pilot of that ship, the Venus I, and now you are piloting the Venus II eight years later.

After that first rocket, people lost interest in the prospect of reaching the planets. It had taken six long years to get priorities to build the Venus II; then two years of building and testing. Two years of hard work, alone, without your father. Two years that almost drove you crazy.

Eight years and you still see that blinding glare in your dreams and you wake up screaming, the bedclothes soaked with sweat. You usually get up and dress and walk, walk until daybreak because you are afraid to go back to sleep. Afraid of that blinding flash that killed your father and your very soul.

Your thoughts are interrupted by the pressure of a hand on

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your shoulder. It is your navigator, an Englishman named Herbert Malcolm. "What's the matter ol' boy? This excitement seems to be getting the best of you."

You turn and look at him. He smiles broadly showing his even white teeth. They are staring. You flush, realizing you must have been just standing there, thinking about the last eight miserable years, years of being alone. "I do feel a little odd, Herb" I guess this new air is doing something to me," you answer with a vacillating smile.

"I say, you do look a bit peaked. Maybe you should lie down and rest a while."

"No, I'll be all right. The smoke and dust are beginning to clear from my brain." His eyes narrow and a frown creases his forehead."

You take a great lungful of air, cough, run your fingers through your curly, black hair, and sit down on the rich grass which cushions your body like a mattress. This will be a cattleman's paradise. The cattle will grow sleek and fat on the grass. Why did you think of that? Could it be you are thinking of that ranch you loved so in childhood, that ranch you'll never see again.

There are four members in the ship's crew; you; Malcolm; Heinriche Schmitt, a German biologist; and Ralph Beldon, a Canadian born mineralogist. You watch them as you lie on the plump grass; the Englishman is tinkering with one of the huge cameras which went haywire. Schmitt is stooped over a giant, feathery plant sprinkled with brilliant crimson flowers, at the edge of the forest. Beldon is walking around with a geiger counter testing the surrounding area for any sort of radio activity.

Malcolm fastens the side back on the camera and says triumphantly, "I finally got this blasted contraption fixed. Shall we take some pictures now?"

"Do you think we have time?" you ask. "The Sun'll be down in a few minutes. This place may be peaceful in the daytime, but you can never tell what roams around here after dark!"

"I'll wait until in the morning, then." He stifles a yawn "I think I'll go to bed. I haven't slept forty winks since we left home." He yawns again, this one too big to stifle, climbs the steel ladder on the side of the ship and enters the vault-like door.

The sun goes down. The chill of the alien night settles over, you a night full of sounds. It sounds like a night back in Texas full of the songs of crickets and the rasping croak of the frogs. For a moment you forget where you are. You close your eyes

... You're sitting on the front porch of your father's ranch house in West Texas waiting for him to get home.

Your father was a rocket pilot in the Great War. He has a large case full of medals in the den. You often go and count them and say to yourself what each one is for and pretend they are your own, earned by some heroic deed beyond the call of duty. Now the war is over, he has settled down on this ranch.

Then, yesterday, the cable came, telling him to come to Washington, immediately. You are waiting for him to get back now, on the porch, listening to the crickets and the frogs. Across the prairie you see the flash of headlights, two beams cutting through the darkness. They grow larger until they are upon you. The tires crunch through the gravel in the drive. You run across the lawn. Your father gets out of the car and hands you a big package. "I've got something for you."

He always brought you presents when he went away. "What is it?"

"Open it and see."

You untie the string, unwrap the paper, and open the box. Your

ANNOUNCER 3: (CHUCKLING) "YES, MORMON WHEAT CRUNCHIES REALLY ARE THE BEST BREAKFAST FOOD IN THE WORLD. SO ARE ALL THE OTHER DELICIOUS MORMON OATS CEREALS. AND SO STRONG-BODY-BUILDING! JUST SIXTEEN OUNCES FURNISH ONE TENTH PER CENT. OF A CHILD'S MINIMUM DAILY REQUIREMENT OF VITAMIN E, SO ESSENTIAL TO EVERYONE'S DIET. ALSO, THEY CONTAIN A WHOPIING FOUR ONE HUNDREDTHS PER CENT. OF VITAMIN B TWELVE, FIVE ONE HUNDREDTHS PER CENT. OF VITAMIN A, AND LESSER AMOUNTS OF CALCIUM, NIACIN, IRON, CAROTENE, AND RIBOFLAVIN.

"AND BOYS AND GIRLS- HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN A SUPER SECRET SATELLITE BELT, JUST LIKE THE ONE COMMANDANT COBALT HIMSELF WEARS WHEREVER HE GOES? THIS ATTRACTIVE SHINY BELT CAN BE ADJUSTED TO FIT ANY SIZE WAIST, AND IT'S MADE OF STRONG, DURABLE PLASTIC. ITS CLASP IS AN ACTUAL SCALE MODEL OF COMMANDANT COBALT'S OWN SPACE SHIP LUNA, WITH A COMPASS JUST LIKE THE ONE HE USES WHEN HE MUST FIND HIS WAY AROUND IN SPACE. YOU GET YOUR CHOICE OF COLOURS, TOO! RED, FIRE ENGINE RED, OR BRIGHT RED. ALSO, YOU GET TO BE A MEMBER OF COMMANDANT COBALT'S JUNIOR SPACE POLICE CLUB, WITH YOUR OWN MEMBERSHIP CARD AND BADGE, AND A CERTIFICATE TO HANG ON YOUR WALL, SO EVERYBODY WILL KNOW YOU'RE A REAL SPACE POLICEMAN! YOU'LL BE THE ENVY OF ALL THE KIDS ON YOUR BLOCK! YOU CAN START YOUR OWN CLUB IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD!

"NOW, TO GET YOUR SUPER SECRET SATELLITE BELT AND BECOME A MEMBER OF THE JUNIOR SPACE POLICE CLUB, HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO: SIMPLY CUT OFF THE BOX TOP FROM EITHER A PACKAGE OF MORMON WHEAT CRUNCHIES, OR MORMON RICE CRUNCHIES, AND SEND THE BOX TOP WITH FIFTY CENTS AND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO:

COMMANDANT COBALT
POST OFFICE BOX 808080
MORMON CITY, UTAH.

BE SURE TO TELL US WHICH COLOUR YOU WANT, AND DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. AND BE SURE YOU HURRY, FOR THIS OFFER IS LIMITED. NOW...ON WITH TODAY'S EPISODE OF COMMANDANT COBALT OF THE SPACE POLICE!!

(SOUND EFFECTS: LOUD, TRIUMPHAL THEME MUSIC. THIS SOON DIES DOWN TO QUIET THEME STRAIN.)

NARRATOR: (QUIETLY) "COMMANDANT COBALT HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A FLIGHT TO THE PLANET GORMACK, WHERE HE PERSUADED THE GORMACK PEOPLE TO JOIN HIS FIGHT AGAINST THE EVIL GANG OF THE SPACE PIRATE KALLISTAR, ON THE PLANET SATURN. NOW THE COMMANDER IS IN ONE OF THE LABORATORIES OF THE SPACE POLICE STATION ON EARTH...." (MUSIC & ANN. FADE OUT.)

PROF. MURDOCK: (FADE IN) "...SO, COMMANDANT, I THINK WE SHOULD ALTER THE MODULATING ACTIVITY OF THE DELIQUESCENT GENERATORS, TO PERMIT A MORE EVEN DISTRIBUTION OF PROTONIC EXPANSION. WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

(SOUND OF WALKING. DOOR OPENS. SOUND OF GENERATORS, WHICH GET GRADUALLY LOUDER AS THEY APPROACH UNTIL THE BACKGROUND IS DOMINATED WITH THE SOUND. DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND THEM AND THEY CONTINUE TO WALK TOWARD GENERATORS.)

COM. COBALT: (CLICKING A SWITCH) "LOOK HERE, PROF. MURDOCK, THIS INDICATOR SHOWS AN INTENSITY OF GAMMA RADIATION IN THE ATOMIC NUCLEUS."

PROF. MURDOCK: (THOUGHTFULLY) YES, THAT IS STRANGE. I SEE YOUR

POINT NOW, COMMANDANT. IF THE COAGULATION OF THE RETINA WERE SUBDIVIDED, AND THE POLYMERISATION OF THE EUPHONIC HYPERBOLA WERE TRANSMUTED, HMMMMMM...." (SOUND OF SOMEONE RUNNING TOWARD THEM.)

GORA-(A WOMAN, COMMANDANT COBALT'S HELPER): (ALARMED) COMMANDANT COBALT, I'M SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, BUT LIEUTENANT ERICKSON'S SON HAS SOME VITAL INFORMATION FOR YOU!!!!!"

COM. COBALT: (ALARMED) WHAT IS IT? WHAT DOES HE WANT, GORA?

GORA: "I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE SAID TO HURRY."

COM. COBALT: (URGENTLY) "THEN I'LL FLY. GOOD-BYE, PROF. MURDOCK: I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER."

PROF. MURDOCK: "ALL RIGHT, COMMANDANT. AND I'LL MAKE THOSE ALTERATIONS ON THE GENERATORS AND REPORT IN THE FUTURE."

COM. COBALT: "WHERE IS LT. ERICKSON, GORA?"

GORA: "AT YOUR SUPER SECRET SPACE SECURITY STATION, COMMANDANT."

COM. COBALT: "GOOD. JOIN ME THERE AS SOON AS YOU CAN, GORA. NOW I MUST GO OUTSIDE TO BLAST OFF IN MY ROCKET SUIT. GOOD ROCKETING!"

(RAPID STEPS TO DOOR, OPENING & SHUTTING DOOR. FADE OUT GENERATOR NOISE. RUNNING, THEN SOUNDS OF C.C.'S ROCKET SUIT FIRST VERY LOUD, THEN FADING AWAY.)

(BRIEF PAUSE)

(SOUND OF C.C.'S ROCKET SUIT APPROACHING QUICKLY THEN SHUTTING OFF. THUMP AGAINST GROUND AND LOUD GRUNT. SOUND OF C.C. SPEAKING OVER RADIO.)

COM. COBALT: "LT. ERICKSON, DO YOU READ ME? THIS IS COMMANDANT COBALT."

LT. ERICKSON: "LOUD AND CLEAR, COMMANDANT!"

COM. COBALT: "GOOD. I'M AT THE STATION NOW, ERICKSON. I'M ABOUT TO ENTER THE MAIN LABOURATORY. MEET ME THERE."

LT. ERICKSON: "WILCO, COMMANDANT!" (FADE OUT. MUSIC FADES IT, QUIETLY, FOR A MOMENT, THEN FADES OUT AGAIN.)

(WALKING TO DOOR. WHINING SOUND AS DOOR OPENS. "BEEP-BEEP" SOUNDS AS C.C. ENTERS ROOM.)

LT. ERICKSON: (WALKING UP) "GREETINGS, COMMANDANT. HOW WAS IT ON THE PLANET GORMACK?"

COM. COBALT: "EVERYTHING WENT FINE. ALSO, I'VE ADVISED PROF. MURDOCK TO CHANGE THE MODULATION OF THE GENERATORS."

LT. ERICKSON: THAT WAS A VERY WISE THING TO DO, COMMANDANT."

COM. COBALT: "I KNOW IT. WELL, WHAT'S THIS IMPORTANT BUSINESS YOU HAVE FOR ME?"

LT. ERICKSON: "WELL, COMMANDANT, I'VE JUST RETURNED FROM OUR OBSERVATORY ON THE PLANET MERCURY. SOMETHING STRANGE- SOMETHING SO WEIRD IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE IS GOING ON IN SPACE. THERE'S A COSMIC DISTURBANCE SOMEWHERE OUT THERE."

COM. COBALT: "A COSMIC DISTURBANCE! GOOD HEAVENS! THAT'S INCREDIBLE!!!"

LT. ERICKSON: "FANTASTIC THOUGH IT SEEMS, COMMANDANT, IT'S TRUE. A MONSTER CLOUD OF COSMIC DUST IS BLOWING TOWARD THE SOLAR SYSTEM. IT'S EXTREMELY RADIOACTIVE AND POISONOUS."

COM. COBALT: "IT CAN ONLY BE ONE OF KALLISTAR'S DIRTY TRICKS TO CONQUER EARTH."

(FADE IN MUSIC OF DANGER, QUIET. ALL OTHER BACKGROUND IS DROWNED OUT.)

NARRATOR: (MYSTERIOUSLY) "DOES COMMANDANT COBALT HAVE A PLAN TO DEFEAT THE TREACHERY OF THE PIRATE KALLISTAR? WHAT WILL THE COMMANDANT DO TO SAVE EARTH FROM THE TERRIBLE COSMIC DUST? WILL PROFESSOR MURDOCK BE ABLE TO KEEP THE PHOTOSTATIC GENERATORS IN OPERATION UNTIL THE COMIANDANT RETURNS? BE SURE TO TUNE IN NEXT WEEK FOR THE NEXT THRILLING CHAPTER IN THE ADVENTURES OF COMMANDANT COBALT OF THE SPACE POLICE!" (FADE IN LOUD, BLARING TRIUMPHAL THEME MUSIC. THIS QUIETS DOWN AS A RE-ECHOING JET BLAST SOUND COMES IN. THIS SOON STARTS TO FADE OFF AS ANNOUNCER 4 SPEAKS.)

ANNOUNCER 4: "THE MORMON OATS COMPANY, MAKERS OF MORMON WHEAT CRUNCHIES, MORMON RICE CRUNCHIES, AND DELICIOUS MORMON OATS, HAS JUST BROUGHT YOU ANOTHER EPISODE OF 'COMMANDANT COBALT OF THE SPACE POLICE'. MEN, IF YOU REGARD YOURSELVES AS INTELLECTUAL, OUTDOOR-TYPE MEN, YOU WILL WANT TO SWITCH FROM YOUR PRESENT BRAND OF CIGARETTES TO CHANGE TO MORMONS. THESE ARE THE MOST FILTERED CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME GIVING YOU DELICIOUS, UNFILTERED TASTE. MADE WITH THE SAME TASTY INGREDIENT FOUND IN MORMON WHEAT CRUNCHIES, MORMON CIGARETTES CAN BE PURCHASED AT REGULAR PRICES IN THREE SIZES- REGULAR, KING SIZE, OR FAMILY SIZE. ALSO! NOW MORMONS ARE PACKAGED IN FLIP-TOP BOXES AS WELL AS REGULAR PACKAGES. PICK UP A CARTON ON MORMONS TODAY AND MAKE THE CHANGE- YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID."

Announcer 5: "THIS IS THE N.B.S. RADIO NETWORK."

To Be Continued

REUNION (continued)

shimmering rose and azure folds of an immense aurora dazzles our eyes. It moves into fantastic patterns like a huge, filmy curtain blowing in an autumn breeze.

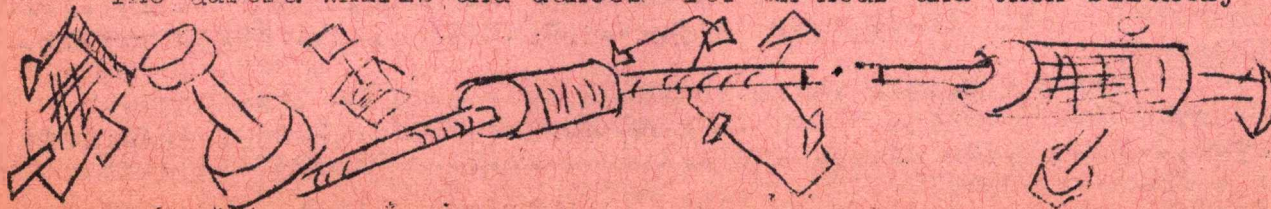
Then spires of green and gold rise to build a crystal cathedral as if paying homage to the strange gods of this stranger weird. The whirling colors hypnotize and you only stare, stare at pube beauty. Glorious beauty that makes you swell up inside.

The faint sound of music touches your ears. It grows louder and swells up to a magnificent height keeping perfect rhythm with the rippling fire. The music soothes your nerves. It flows into the hidden corners of your mind and swirls around you and lifts you up, carrying you away from all cares and troubles.

You can almost see the rich, vibrant melody rising from the plain. You bathe in the sheer ecstasy of it.

The others stand beside you, staring entranced at the magnificent display of heavenly fire. Their ears are deaf to all save the effervescent music.

The aurora whirls and dances for an hour and then silently



vanishes, the music of the flowers also.
The spell is broken.

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You are walking again, going back to the ship, still searching, hoping, but not expecting to find. Hidden thorns snag at your clothing, some digging into the flesh. There is a rustling in the leaves directly overhead and the sleepy chirp of a disturbed bird. Two yellow eyes flash ahead of you. Light is shot into the dardness, but whatever it was is gone.

You and Malcolm and Beldon plow on through the somber jungle, searching, searching. And then, you find:

Schmitt lies there in the glare of your torches, sprawled over a bush with large, leathery leaves. His body crushes the giant yellow blossoms which close tight when the light torches them. He lies prone on his back, his head lolled backward. The light glis tens on the two tiny spots of carmine moisture.

"What happened to him?" whispered Beldon.

"It liils like vampirism is practiced on Venus," you say pointing to the tiny marks on his throat. "Something or somebody has emptied every drop of blood from his body." His skin is white and almost translucent. It feels like soft wax to your touch.

Schmitt's lifeless body is carried back to the ship. A shadow darker even than the night, glides silently like a heavy mist through the barkness behind you.

The next morning, when Schmitt is buried, you had to bury him here because there was no way to preserve his body in order to take it vack to Earth, there are four mourners: you, Beldon, Malcolm, and the shadow. Only now, it had two large, bleary eyes.

Beldon is dead!

You found him just like Schmitt: the two tiny red marks, the white, waxy skin, and the body empty of its life-giving fluid.

What are you going to do? Two people can't fly the Venus II alone. Other than being a biologist and a minerologist, Schmitt and Beldon were important members of the crew. Three might be able to operate it, but it would be impossible for two.

What would your father do? Yes, that's it! Decide what he would have done. Your food is only enough for a month. But, now, Schmitt and Beldon are Dead, so of course, the food supply will last maybe two months. All the fruit you found here proved to be poisonous when tested. You'll starve on this damned, filthy stinking planet. No! Stop that! That's one thing your father would have never done is get hysterical.

It's no use there's no possible way to escape from this speck of dust floating on a sea of eternity. If only your father were here! He would surely find a way. You can't think straight. Your mind is whirling. Spinning and spinning and spinning.

"Stop! Stop!" Malcolm looks up. He's been sitting there for hours helpless as a lost child. You can't depend on him anymore. You'll have to do everythink by yourself. Every thing....? There's nothing to do, just sit.... and wait for whatever Happens.

You had better watch yourself or you'll be like him--- Crazy! He just sits there in a stupor with his glassy, redrimmed eyes. He must be crazy..You tried to talk to him but he just sat there whimpering, "dead.... never get back dead dead never get back dead"



You lay back on your bunk with your hands under your head watching him. He sits like a statue, never once moving, only his lips twitch. "Never get back dead never get back." You close your eyes to shut out the sight of him, but you can't close your ears. The steady monotony of the words make you drowsy and you fall into a dark abyss of restless sleep, sleep that is filled with flashes of light.

You are floating on a black sea. The air around is filled with the images of your father's face, faces that are full of agony and pain. They cry out with devout voices full of Woe! Son! Help me! Please, help me! Son! Son! Son! Son! Son! Son!

The words echo and re-echo through your tortured mind. Your muscles bulge and the tendons seem ready to snap. You strain with all the strength in your powerful body, but you are completely helpless. One of the faces shrieks pitiously. The others follow suit. Their wailings make your ears ache. Then, each face glows and explodes with a blinding flash of light.

You wake up screaming and sit bolt upright in bed. Your heart thunders against your ribs. Your nerves are frayed and your hand trembles as you wipe the damp hair out of your face.

The ship is empty! Malcolm is gone!
You throw your long legs out of the bed. "Herb!" You scream his name hysterically until your lungs hurt, but there is no answer. "I've got to find him! I don't want to be left alone Oh, God, no! I don't want to be left alone!"

You lurch out the door and almost fall. Your boots ring mockingly on the steel ladder. "Malcolm, answer me! Please, answer me!" Night has fallen. The sky is overcast and the darkness is solid. You enter the jungle, your electro*torch slicing through the nocturnal stillness. "Herb"

No answer.
The hideous sight hits you between the eyes. Your knees feel weak and you press the pain in your head. Nausea closes its slimy fingers tightly on your stomach.

It stands there holding Malcolm with one tentacle-like arm coiled around him and the tip of the other pressed against his throat. The arm pulses slightly. Its large brown eyes look at you curiously and blink at the bright light. They have the satisfied look of a young animal nursing at its mother's breast.

Malcolm's lusterless eyes search yours, pleading. His body hangs limp in the grip of the prehensile arms. He opens his mouth, but no words come forth, only a hoarse, creaking sigh.

You have to kill the ghastly thing. The rifle! You forgot to bring the rifle. Go Back and get it. Hurry! Hurry! You stumble blindly through the darkness. You didn't come this far, did you? Where is the ship? Oh, you fool! You stupid fool. You ran in the wrong direction.

You crash through the undergrowth like a madman. Thorns rip your clothing to shreds. Wet leaves slap you in the face. You can't find the ship!

You begin to sob hysterically. You bawl like a baby, the tears streaming down your scratched and bleeding cheeks. Suddenly, the trees are gone and you are standing looking out

over a great plain again where the heavenly fire is dancing to the soothing melody of the flowers. You fall upon the fragrant grass and cry. Your body trembles with uncontrollable sobs. After a while your tired body is still and you sleep.

You wake and it is light. The swirling colors are gone and the flowers are silent. The memory of the night rushes over you like a tidal wave.

The rifle!

You must get the rifle. You will get the rifle, kill that horrible thing and then lock yourself in the ship.... and die!

You make your way back through the jungle toward the ship. When you are almost there, you find Malcolm. He lies white and lifeless and empty just like the others.

You emerge from the tangle of growth. "Oh, God, no!"

It is waiting for you!

Its body is humanoid with two long, pliant arms tipped with two gleaming fangs. Its eyes glow with carnal desire when it sees you. Its face is flat save the two saucer-like bulging brown eyes and ragged hole of a mouth. It moves toward you on stocky legs. A cracked leather belt encircles its waist.

You turn and start to run but your feet are glued to the ground. A vise tightens on your brain and it no longer controls your muscles. Your knees buckle and you fall to the beautiful, soft grass in quiet cession. Its arm coils around you and lifts you up. Its carrion stench makes you dizzy. When it touches your bare arms it makes you sick and you almost vomit.

You hear music.

The little fluorescent flowers have opened up in the daytime especially to see you die. Their music is gay and rippling. It ripples with laughter. The little blossoms are laughing. They are laughing at you because you are going to die.

The free arm explores your throat. Your neck tingles and your flesh crawls. It finds the right spot and the needle-like fangs poise over the skin.

Its head tilts to one side as if puzzled. The jagged mouth quivers slightly. A coarse sigh escapes. The poised fangs relax. The coiled arm loosens and it lets you carefully, even tenderly, it seems, to the ground.

It stands over you watching with trembling mouth. It turns, walks to the trees, and jerks several of the odd pulperous fruit from them. He walks back and offers them to you.

You stare at the creature that started to kill you, but now offers you food. You take it gingerly, careful not to touch the arm.

The ragged hole below its eyes elongates as if smiling. You look into the bleary, brown eyes and say, "Why?" You say it more to yourself than to the creature.

The smile vanishes. The mouth quivers again convulsively. It opens and closes. The snake-like arms twitch nervously. Hoarse, guttural sounds come forth from the mouth. The being struggles to form the sounds. Then, a crackles voice forms on indistinct but distinguishable word.

"Son," it says.

AND THEN THE TREES BEGAN
TO DREAM

BY Robert L. Peters

Judy stood behind Joe at the water's edge, where he was staring into the depths. She longed to touch him, but did not want to break his mood. Waiting silently, she traced his features with her eyes. Continuously, swaying slightly as he stood, he peered into the current.

"Hello!" she exclaimed in a whisper.

"The lights are coming on across the river," he mused, swinging his gaze over the opposite shore. "Soon their ships will be blasting off like burning sticks, torches hurled at the sky. Some will head for outer space, some to nearby places. And when they are gone, it will be peaceful and dark."

"You like the dark," she suggested calmly, although her pulse quickened for some unknown reason.

"You know I do," he murmured. "It hides all that is ugly

...."

"Or beautiful...."

"But there are more ugly things."

"I never quite understand you," she stated softly. She felt the evening wind coming gently up the river.

"Across the river," he uttered in a savage whisper, "see how the spires and angles of the buildings fade into nothing against the darkening sky. They become nothing more than dark shadows clustering there."

"Look at the lights," she murmured. "they are like jewels in a setting of black. It is beautiful."

"Even the boats have lost their rusty appearance as they blend with the dimness of the river," he replied.

They watched while the dark shaded into night. For almost an hour, they were silent, as if words were not needed.

"Joe?"

"Hmmm...."

"Joe...."

"Yes?"

She leaned toward him. "I want children...."

"We must wait."

"The others don't."

"We have no future here," he muttered. "We must wait."

"You mean we might get sick like they say?"

"Something like that."

"But you're not to believe what they said," she murmured almost in anger.

"Don't you understand?"

"What about the others...."

He did not answer but turned his eyes to hers.

"What about them?" she repeated.

"We are not like them," he stated softly, as if that explained everything. Then he smiled in his strange way.

The water gurgled along the bank. The sound came up through the grass. The river swished as it ate the soil undermining the bank where they stood.

She leaned toward him until they touched. A quiver ran through her. The river breeze stirred her emotions as she touched him.

A ship thundered as it began to climb from the spaceport to fare into sight against the black. The rocket engines trailed flame as the ship rose into the sky; while an acrid odor enveloped the waterfront. The flame gradually eased into a vanishing spark as the ship disappeared like a burning stick flung into the night.

As the dust of partly burned rocket fuel and exhaust came down around them, Judy felt strange. The soil seemed to shift like an earthquake. It swayed as if it were liquid. Joe seemed to be swirling away and then floating back. Waves of dizziness washed through her.

Joe did not seem to notice.

After a few seconds the mist cleared, the odor of gas gradually faded, and her senses gradually cleared.

Joe was still staring at the spot where the ship had vanished into the darkness.

"Perhaps," he mused, "we could find our future in the sky."

"But..." she murmured, to discover that her voice seemed far away.

"I know," he interrupted. "Don't say it."

"If we could go," Judy sighed in the far-away voice.

"Someday we will...."

"If we could just get away from these fumes..."

"There is more to it than that," he muttered.

"Oh...." The river sounded, eating the soil close below them.

Suddenly his eyes swept to hers. "Is something wrong?" he asked softly. "Did I say something?"

"Nothing," she mumbled. The river waves ate the soil along the bank with a sound like a faint hiss.

"You're not sick? Did the fumes bother you?" he queried, with direct intensity, while his eyes probed hers.

"No!" she exclaimed in a tone of horror.

"I was wondering," he mused.

"Oh," she sighed.

"Someday, our future will be in the sky...."

"It is getting late," Judy murmured, as she touched his side. "Joe...."

"It is not too late..." he stated in a low tone, as he leaned into the river wind while staring into the night sky.

Suddenly, Judy felt the soil go limp. Her roots clutched for support, but the river wind seemed about to rip her from the earth. Looking up, she imagined she saw a ring of trees staring down at her, trees that could move and travel into space.

The river gurgled through her roots, eating the soil. The water ran coldly under her trunk. The wind caught in her leaves, twisting her boughs as the river ate in her roots.

Joe did not seem to notice, his eyes were fixed in the sky. His dome of leaves was outlined against the sky by the glow of the beautiful lights from across the river. His trunk was black in the dimness.

Then she began to fall, as a strange buzzing roar drowned out everything around her, and savage swirls of dizziness blended all the past and all the future into a terrible maze of red pain....

=30=

MOVIE REVIEWS

by JIM HITT

THE WOMEN EATER- With the exception of one other movie, this is the most horrible show of the year. It has the most horrible acting, the most horrible script, and the most horrible everything - except the monster, which is an oversized fungus plant. The movie concerns a mad doctor (as usual) who throws beautiful girls (It never explains why beautiful girls. Why not old hags?) to a wild jungle plant that the doctor has brought with him from the Amazon. The movie goes on for an hour or so with three or four women being fed to the monster plant before the bobbies take a hand and the picture really gets unbelievably bad with the destruction of the plant (Why cant' the monster win once?) and the death of the villians.

THE H MAN- This picture is from Japan, and is one of the best from that country to date. It resembles the British movie X, THE UNKNOWN in the since the dreaded monster is a creeping mass of horror, but goes one step beyond the British film. This mass can change itself into a man at will. When it comes into contact with humanflesh, the fleash desloves. The picture is a little corney in places, butn over all, it is well done with excellent acting and the dialogue is reasonably intelligent.

TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE- Undoubtiltly the worst movie of the year.

THE WORLD, THE FLEASH, AND THE DEVIL- The first twenty minutes are the best of the entire movie. After that, the movie fades away into a rather bad drama, but remains one of the best sf to date. The acting is not the best in the world, but Harry Belafonte puts forth a good performance, despite the acting of the other two, Mel Ferrer and Ingrid Stevens. As Jackson remarked, the movie was just find until Belafonte found there were other people.

ONLY GOD...

by

J T Oliver and Paul Cox

With an inner glow of pride, Mrs. West watched the lean bronzed youngster sail through the air and cut cleanly into the green water. His head bobbed to the surface seconds later and he waved triumphantly to his mother.

The pool and all around its edges was crowded with half naked children, shouting in shrill voiced to friends across the pool, swim suits dripping water onto the sand.

But she had eyes only for the thirteen-year-old boy who had just completed the spectacular dive. It frightened her sometimes...the daring he showed in athletics. And he used to be so shy and retiring, not interested in sports or other children.

Soon Joel and his guests would tire of the swimming and be ready to eat. Luckily she had brought a big supply of food for the party. It was Joel's thirteenth birthday and everything was going nicely. Other birthdays hadn't been so happy, she remembered.

Ever here, in the lawn chair, under the cool shade of the tall sycamore, she was tense when she thought of the horror...of screaming tires and the plunge off the washed-out bridge onto the rocks below. That had been on Joel's ninth birthday.

God had been kind; but it was puzzling. Why had they been hurt in the crash? Why the long months of pain in the hospital and then a miraculous recovery to live a much happier life than before?

Jim, Lord forgive him, was almost an atheist but hadn't ever been scratched while she and Joel had been seriously injured. She had finally accepted the minister's explanation; the Lord did, indeed work in strange ways.

The long months of pain...she couldn't have survived if it hadn't been for the miracle. Worse than her own injuries had been her fear for Joel. They wouldn't let her see him. He wasn't in a condition to see anyone, Doctor Wood had said.

She had lived, but there was no improvement. When she was delirious she had called for Joel and screamed at the doctors for not bringing her son. In her moments of rationality Mr. West hovered over her and talked calmly and reassuringly. But no matter how hard he protested she would not believe that Joel was alive. She lay silent and dejected on the crisp white hospital bed. Her will to live was gone. Joel was gone. She could tell by the look in her husband's and Doctor Wood's face.

She had known that Jim and the doctor were worried. They knew that she no longer cared about living...But what could she do? Without Joel. Even with her kind sympathetic mate, there was no reason to live.

Then they brought Joel to her. Miraculously he was well...in perfect health. And he stood by her bed and said solemnly, "Mother I'm well. They just let me out today. Daddy brought me right to you." He added in his young sad voice, "Won't you hurry and get well too, Mother?" Then he had kissed her lightly on the cheek.

Two months later she'd been released from the hospital. At first she had taken it easy, hobbling around the house and doing only the lightest tasks. Even now, She couldn't pick up heavy objects

or do any strenuous work. But with Joel it was different. He was if anything, in much better physical condition than before. His young bones healed rapidly, Doctor Wood said.

Mrs. West snapped out of her reverie when she noticed that the children had left the pool and were crowding around a table which Wilma, the maid, had piled with sandwiches and cookies. James, the gardener, was dispensing soft drinks from a tub of iced water.

She got up from the chair and started across the green carpet of grass toward the noisy bunch of boys and girls. Before she was half way: Joel ran to meet her. A twinge of pleasure grew inside of her when she saw Kathy Anderson following after him. She was the same age as Joel and already showed signs of changing from a child into a woman. They would make a perfect match. With her taffy colored hair shining in the sunlight, and drops of water glinting on her lightly tanned skin, the girl was fresh and cute.

"Mom, when will daddy and doctor Wood get here?" Joel asked. "I want them to see me dive from the top of the tower."

"They should be here any minute, now. Your father left early this morning to get the doctor." She added, "And you know Doctor Wood never misses your birthday."

"Will I get to be able to go to his summer lodge on Lake Juniper?"

"Why don't be silly. You know Doctor Wood takes you there every summer. Of course you will. And your father will stay a week with you." She said happily, "Then you and The Doctor can have a fine time fishing and boating all the rest of the summer."

At this news Kathy seemed unhappy, but she didn't say anything. She and Joel ran off to rejoin their friends.

"Thank you God... Thank you again." Mrs. West murmured. More than anything she realized that she wouldn't want to live without Joel. He was so vibrantly alive, so fine a boy, so much a part of her life. Life without him would be intolerable.

She went into the house and helped Wilma make extra sandwiches for the hungry children. The maid carried the tray out and she went on out of the kitchen. She reflected that Jim, though not a religious man, was a good provider and a good husband. He did incomprehensible things in his laboratory and big industrialists paid him good money for doing them. Without that she could never have afforded Wilma and a cook and the gardener.

Mrs. West went to her room. It was a pleasant place, she thought, with inspirational religious pictures covering the walls. It was the place where she hoarded her cherished souvenirs. Here was a packet of old love letters Jim had written their marriage. He didn't know she had kept them all these years. In a glass picture frame was an orchid that she'd worn to the dance on their first anniversary.

A separate drawer was set aside for Joel's things. His first shoes were placed neatly in a little cardboard box. A crude drawing in crayon was rolled into a tube and tied with a piece of ribbon. He had drawn it when he was in the first grade.

The old report cards... that was strange. Before the accident Joel had been a good student. His grades were some better than average just that... nothing exceptional. But afterward he'd become an honor student. He'd made A's in every subject and took an interest in extra activities with the school paper and other student ventures.

Just then she heard Jim and Doctor Wood as they came into the house.

She hurried out into the living room. Jim saw her and said, "Hello darling. " Party's going alright? " He hugged her briefly and placed a light kiss on her lips.

" The children love it. It 's going fine, " she replied.

She greeted Doctor Wood. " I'M glad to see you again, doctor. You have really become a very dear frien...since then. We always look forward to your visits. "

" Thank you Mrs. West. It's a real pleasure to visit such a happy home as yours. " He took a package from his pocket. " Here's a gift for Joel. "

She took the package. " Thank you, doctor. I'LL take it right to him. He'll be in to see you shortly. "

She started out when Jim said, " I'm starved. honey. Will you bring us some of those sandwiches I saw the young savages gulping outside. "

As she hurried out Doctor Wood and her husband settled on the couch to await her return.

Jim West leaned nearer the doctor and said in a low voice. " It's about time again Doc. And I'm scared as usual. "

Wood smiled and laid his hand on Jim's. " There's no need to worry, now. We've got the technique perfected. Even you couldn't tell the difference if you didn't already know. "

" Yes, I suppose you're right, but I can't help it...I always get jittery when it's time for a new body. I'LL certainly be relieved when Joel's -- grown-up. Then it won't be necessary to build a larger body each year. "

" As long as we change his body once a year no one will ever notice anything. " Doctor Wood paused and asked anxiously, " She doesn't suspect anything...?"

" Oh, no! " He hastily assured the doctor. " He's with you the whole summer so she doesn't suspect a thing when he come home all grown out of his old clothes. " He laughed drily. " She thinks that the remarkable country air and the good food you feed him are responsible. "

" That's good. If we can get by a few more years we won't have this annual problem. And it'll be easier on you. He'll seem more natural..."

" Oh, don't get me wrong, Doc, " West interupped. " I think the world of Joel...just as if he really were my own son. But I'm in living dread of something going wrong. If my wife ever found out Joel is a robot... a mechanical thing we have subsituted for our son...it would kill her. "

Doctor Wood sank back into the cushions and spoke earnestly. " Don't worry. We've got it down pat. With some science nothing is impossible. "

" You're wrong, doctor, " said Mrs. West coming into the room with the tray of sandwiches just in time to hear his last statement. " Only God can make a tree. "



RED STUFF

by JIM HITT

They locked me up in the room today. It had white walls that were soft and when I ran into them with my head it didn't hurt. This little jacket they put me in is bad because I can't move my arms much. I wonder why they did that? At first I wouldn't let them. I fought Mr. Herbert and Mr. Wright. They were bigger than me, but I still fought them. They would never have gotten me in it if Mr. Reeves had not asked me in his nice way. I like Mr. Reeves. He doesn't beat me like the rest.

When they brought me to this room, Mr. Herbert and Mr. Wright beat me. I don't like them. I hurt where they hit me. Some day, I may beat them.

Mr. Herbert told me if I told Mr. Reeves they beat me, I would be punished. I don't think I want to be punished, so I will not tell Mr. Reeves. I wish they had put this jacket on me.

I have a hunger down inside and I wish they would bring my food. I really don't need my food, but it tastes good. I wonder why that is? I went without my food for almost a whole week once because they had beat me and I was mad. But it tastes good, so I will eat when they bring it.

I wish they had taken my dolly away. Now I have no one to talk to and I am lonesome. If they hadn't put this jacket on me I could play with my hands. My hands are pretty to look at. I love to play with my hands because they do such odd things. But sometimes I don't like my hands because they pinch me. I wish they would take this jacket off me.

Mr. Herbert brought me my food this morning but he would not give it to me at first. Finally he threw it on the floor and kicked me. I wish Mr. Herbert wouldn't kick me. It hurts. I don't like it when it hurts. I tried to eat the food Mr. Herbert brought, but it didn't taste good. I've felt like that before.

Mr. Herbert tightened the jacket and I don't like it. If it is like this tomorrow, I think I will take it off. I asked Mr. Herbert if he would take it off, but he only kicked me. I will not ask him anything again. I don't like his answers.

I looked out the little bars at the top of my door when Mr. Herbert left. I saw him going down the hall and cut the door way down at the end. I was glad he went. He hurt me too much.

Mr. Herbert didn't take the jacket off today. He made me mad. I wish he hadn't hit me again. It hurt very much. He brought the food and I could not eat again. It just didn't taste right. I wish they would bring me something else. I wish I had my dolly back. I'm still lonely. I think I will take off my jacket so I can play with my hands. My hands have been still for a long time now. I hope they are not dead. Maybe they are asleep.

I think I will take off my jacket.

Mr. Herbert came again this morning and he still didn't take

off my jacket. He didn't beat me this morning because he was in a hurry. He told me so. I'm glad he didn't beat me because it hurts.

Since he didn't beat me I think I will keep the jacket on while longer. My hands still haven't moved. I hoped they are not dead. I have such pretty hands.

Mr. Herbert beat me this morning. It hurt and I was mad. He kicked where my hand was and my hand was angry. My hands were not dead. I am glad.

When he had left I decided to take off my jacket. At first I didn't know how I could do it. I could not untie it because my hands were on the inside. My teeth could not reach it. So I tore it off. I just started pulling with my arms and it came off. I am glad because now I can play with my hands.

One of my hands wasred where Mr. Herbert had kicked me. It was red and it was dripping. Little red drops fell on the floor. I smeared them but they did not go away. It kept running out of my hand and I could not stop it. I put it to my mouth and sucked it because it hurt. It tasted good. It tasted better than food.

I raised up to the bars on the door but no one was outside. Maybe the red stuff would go away before Mr. Herbert comes back.

Mr. Herbert came in this morning and saw the red stuff on the floor and saw my jacket in the corner and he beat me. He put me back in another jacket. I didn't like it. Where he beat me the red stuff came out again. It ran from my nose to my mouth. It tasted better than yesterday. When Mr. Herbert left, I broke out of my jacket. It was easy because I had done it before.

I wonder what the red stuff is. It tasted good.

I played with my hands mostly. They didn't pinch me, but they were angry at Mr. Herbert. The place on my hand where the red stuff had run yesterday was sore.

The red stuff tasted good. I wonder if Mr. Herbert has any red stuff in him? I think I will see when he comes in tomorrow.

SAYS ME

by MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

Eureka!

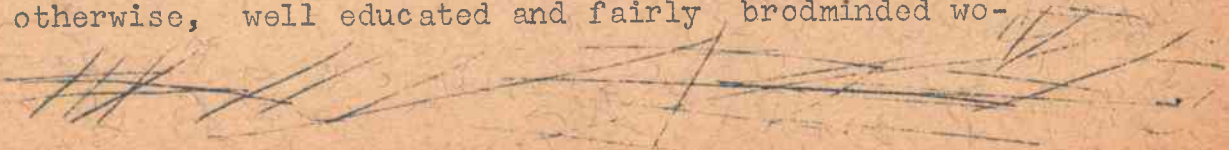
No, I haven't solved the riddle of the ages. But the other evening, while paging through my IN SEACH OF WONDER, it suddenly dawned on me - - the answer to the question which plagues all sf readers and all sf and fantasy lovers, form time to time.

The question--why does one person like sf and another person hate it? What is the serious psychological difference between fan and non-fan? What is it that makes the sf reader defend his favorite literature variously as escapes enjoyment, extrapolative, delight, the fun of seeing the future, while the non-reader shudders at "That morbid futuristic horror stuff."

And suddenly I had the answer.

The sf and f antasy reader does not fear the unknown.

It has been staring me in the face all my life. My mother, an otherwise, well educated and fairly brodminded wo-



man, interdicted Weird Tales and Boris Karloff movies for fear they would "scare" me, and tsk-tsked over my liking for Rider Haggard and Sax Rohmer as "morbid". And I have never forgotten an incident of my sixteenth Christmas. I had received the classic Dracula as a gift, being too old to be denied my own choice of books set under the tree that evening, nibbling on a candy cane and devouring the pages, oblivious. She entered the room, stared, shook her head, and remarked on the incongruity of the scene -- The beautiful lighted tree, her golden hair daughter like an angle in a new pink dressing gown, and the innocuous candy cane--" and that horrible horrible book!"

Even then I felt it as a great uncrossable gap between us, for I felt no horror in the pages of the book. I explored the world of Dracula, the coffins, the Undead, the sinister Count, the gallant men and pitiful Lucy and courageous Mina, with wonder and surprise and a little sadness, but without a single chill of fear of morbid sensation.

Most people seem to believe that those who read Poe, Lovecraft and the like ---and they usually toss in science fiction as well do so out of a morbid desire to experience a cold chill of horror story has never given me a moment of fear. Surprise, yes. Wonder; astonishment; frequently (as in Poe's PIT AND THE PENDULUM) a very real compassion for the victim because of his terrpr. But never have I felt any personal horror. Why should I? It's only a story. To me it is the height of preverse neuroticism -- to be fright by a book or a movie. People who can be scared by print on paper -- fictional print, that is are really out of touch with reality.

What do I feel is the lure of the unknown; the gasp of wild surprise; the astonishment and delight in a new idea.

All this runs far afield from science fiction. But the other day having read (at my request, since I have regard for her literary judgment) one of my near-future science fiction stories, my mother confessed simply that the story had scared her -- because it seemed in these days of satellites and moon rockets, too horrifying real to contemplate.

I was surprised and rather puzzled until I suddenly remembered ~~for the mass audience; even the soberly abatementary~~ DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL was billed, on the movie houses as a horror movie.

And then it dawned on me;

To the average person, the unknown, in itself, is horror.

Be it vampires, spirits, personality, moon rockets, telepathy, the life after death, or the unexplored mountains of the Andes, all these things are lumped together as horror -- simply and solely because they are unknown.

Their reaction to these things is not curiosity. It is not wonder, surprise, or a desire to explore the matter further. Their reaction is fear --ranging from simple distaste to stark terror.

This is why science fiction can reach a mass audience only when it treats the unknown as THE HORRIBLE, when it takes that fear into account; plays on it; capitalizes on it.

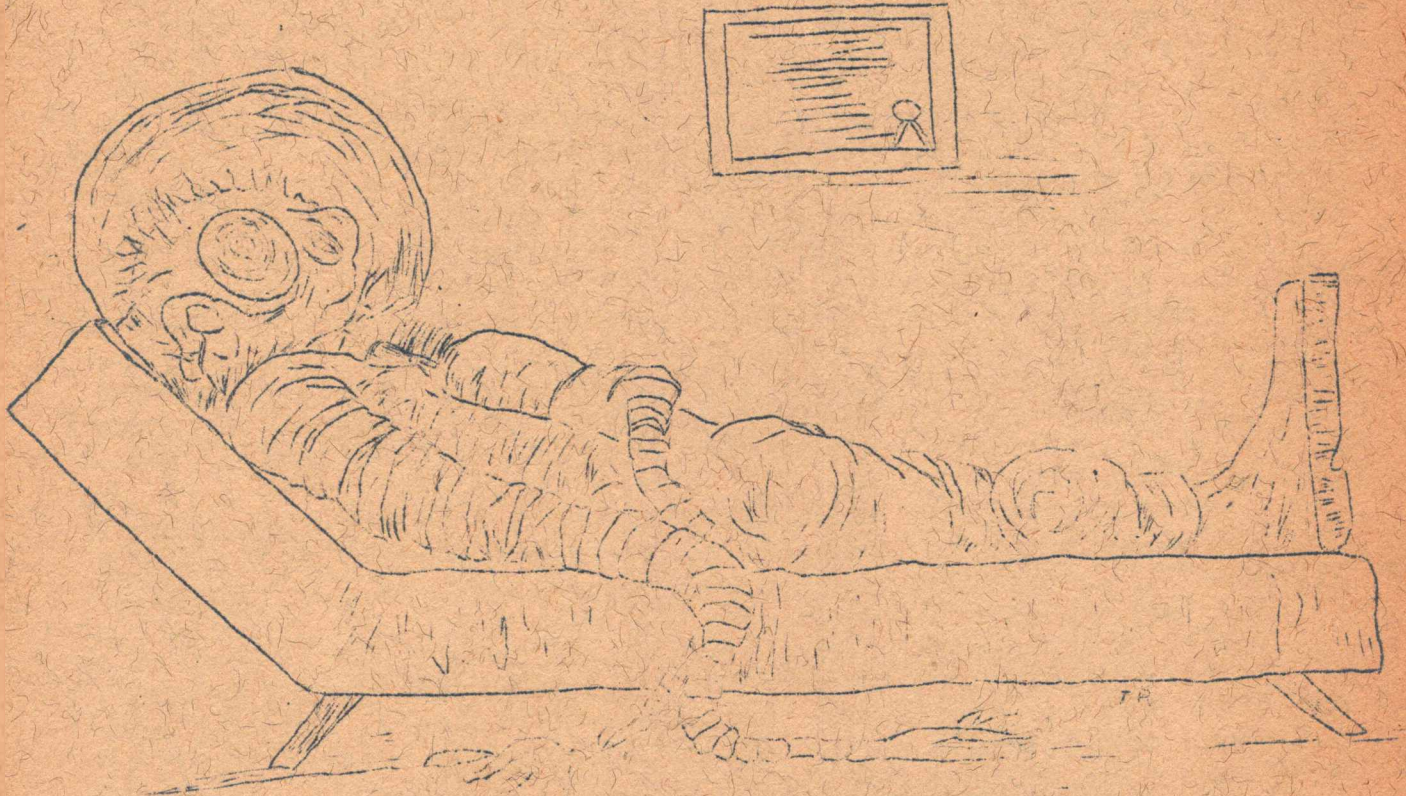
And to the fan, to the s-f and fantasy lover who delights in the unexpected, the unforeseen, that equation of the unknown with the horrible is in itself a horror. Which also explains why mass-audience s-f does not sell to fans, and vice-versa.

The curious thing is, that we who love the unknown are not immune to horror. But my horror is reserved for the known. I feel

horror when I read of juvenile gang-wars in Harlem, or marijuana addiction among the "beat generation". I feel horror when I see a girl of fourteen solemnly married to a boy of seventeen and her parents sigh with relief at the knowledge that "now she can't get herself into trouble." I feel stark inconceivable horror when I read that the concentration of strontium 90 in the atmosphere will reach a dangerous level in the foreseeable future. I feel absolute maniac terror when I see a boy of fifteen at the wheel of a hot-rod, driving 93 miles an hour in a school zone.

Vampires and spaceships, even if real, could never hold for me the terror which I have for these things. I reserve my shudder of horror for a world which calls DRACULA morbid and turns aside to peruse Lana Turner's love letters to a hoodlum murdered by her little daughter.

HOW PSYCHOPATHETIC



CAN YOU GET

puber-
R. BLOCH, that's

Like many another writer of science fiction, I occasionally augment my lavish income by such sidelines as digging sawers, peddling rēfers, and writing for fantasy and mystery magazines.

Now I get nothing but compliments on my sewer-digging --people are forever remarking that I have such an air about me. And literally dozens of kiddies are grateful to me for my reffer sales,

too. But fantasy and mystery magazine readers generally complain.

" Why do you write such stories? " they inquire. " And why do you deal with such unpleasant charaters? " There are frequent objections to the fact that my murderers are basically anti-social and my criminals seem to violate the law.

Well, many years ago, one of Kent Corey's fellow citizens, an old Oklahoma resident named Will Rogers, used to remark, " All I know is what I read in the papers. " If he were alive today he'd probably amend this statement the way I do when I answer the question about my work.

All I know is what I see on television.

And during the past ten days, for example, I've seen:

A jealousy-crazed husband who fashioned a home-made time bomb to blow up his wife...

A Psychotic killer named Country Boy...

A crazed teen-age juvenile delinquent who knived a teacher...

A madwoman who attempted to murder her husband...

An unbalanced doctor...

An insane lawyer...

Two pyromaniacs...

Three kleptomaniacs...

One Nymphomaniac...

One patently obvious sadist...

A variety of just plain psychopathic personalities, young and old, killing and torturing their way through dozens of television programs. And people still ask me why I write " such stories ".



WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR:

JAMES E. HILT HAS REVIVED THE DALLAS FUTURIAN SOCIETY FROM ITS COMA OF IDLENESS AND TURNED IT INTO A POWER-SEEKING ORGANISATION ATTEMPTING TO CONQUER THE WORLD AND MAKE EVERYBODY A TRUFAN. THE D.F.S. HAS SPREAD OVER TEXAS LIKE A CANCER AND HILT HAS CONTROL OF AUSTIN, THE TEXAS CAPITOL.

ORIGINALLY, HILT'S OFFICERS WERE HIGHLY TRUSTED BY HIM. THEY INCLUDED THOMAS RAPE, DICK COOKLE, RANDY BLACK, GEORGE SPINNINGS, JACK ALBERTSON, JIM BROPHO, HENRY LINDEN, AND ORVILLE MOUSER. FROM THE GROUP, HENRY LINDEN STOOD OUT BECAUSE HE WAS ABNORMALLY HANDSOME. HE WAS A FLAWLESS, EXTREMELY INTELLIGENT, POWER-SEEKING INDIVIDUALIST. ORVILLE MOUSER STOOD OUT BECAUSE HE WAS ABNORMALLY UGLY. HE WAS SIMPLY A POWER-SEEKING SLOB, A FAT, UNORTHODOX PARASITE, A JINX, AND WAS THE LEAST TRUSTED, LEAST HEHEDED, MOST DESPISED MEMBER OF ALL. FOUR OTHERS ARE WORTH A BRIEF DESCRIPTION. THOMAS RAPE (SOMETIMES CALLED "REAMY" BECAUSE HE FREQUENTLY USED UP REAMS OF PAPER PUTTING OUT UN-EARTHLY FANZINES WITH UNGODLY NAMES), WAS PERHAPS AS BULKY AS MOUSER, BUT CONSIDERABLY TALLER IN STATURE. HE WAS FAIRLY BRIGHT BUT RATHER TRACTABLE, AND WAS DEVOTED TO HIS MASTER HILT. HE COULD BE RELIED UPON, HOWEVER, TO UTILISE HIS MANY EXCELLENT CREATIVE TALENTS IN SUPPORT OF THE SOCIETY.

DICK COOKLE WAS AS TALL, BUT NOT QUITE AS STOUT, AS RAPE. COOKLE WAS NOTED FOR HIS REMARKABLE INNOVATIONS IN GRAMMAR AND PRONUNCIATION, AND ESPECIALLY IN SPELLING, THE LIKES OF WHICH NO OTHER MORTAL ON EARTH SEEMED ABLE TO ACHIEVE. YET HE, TOO, COULD BE RELIED UPON FOR HIS IDEAS AND CREATIVE ABILITIES.

RANDY BLACK WAS SLIGHTLY SHORTER AND SOMEWHAT SKINNY. HE WAS RATHER VIVACIOUS AND MADE A GOOD ORATOR, ALTHOUGH HE USUALLY WAS PRONE TO EXPRESS IDEAS THAT HAD LITTLE OR NO BEARING UPON THE TOPIC UNDER DISCUSSION AT ANY MOMENT. HE WAS VERY GOOD FOR IDEAS, THOUGH, AND WAS CLOSELY TRUSTED BY HILT.

JACK ALBERTSON WAS A DYNAMIC HUMAN BEING. AN ARDENT LEADER, A POWERFUL STRATEGIST, HE HAD MANY TIMES SAVED THE DAY BY COMING UP WITH SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS CONFRONTING THE STRUCTURE AND MOVEMENT OF THE SOCIETY. HE WAS QUITE INTELLIGENT, AND WAS WELL-VERSED IN A NUMBER OF SUBJECTS, INCLUDING SCIENCE AND HISTORY. ELEGANTLY HANDSOME, HE WAS WELL-LIKED AND RESPECTED BY ALL.

TO CONTINUE THE STORY, HILT HAS YIELDED TO HIS SINGLE WEAKNESS, WOMEN, AND ALLOWED HIMSELF TO FOLLOW THE WISHES OF A GIRL, JUDY RAVENPORT, ONE FROM HIS PERSONAL COMMITTEE OF SECRETARIES (SEVEN IN ALL, ALL FEMALE, ONE FOR EVERY NIGHT IN THE WEEK), AND SEDUCE HER. IN BED, AFTER QUESTIONING HILT, JUDY RAVENPORT LEARNS THAT HILT HAS NO INTENTION OF MARRYING HER, EVEN THOUGH IT IS NOW HIGHLY PROBABLE THAT SHE WILL CARRY HILT'S CHILD.

HILT'S REFUSAL INFURIATES JUDY, FOR AMONG OTHER REASONS SHE SEES THAT SCANDAL AND EMBARRASSMENT ARE NOW INEVITABLE, AND THAT HILT IS NOTHING BUT A POWER-SEEKING EGOIST. SHE GRASPS A GUN CONCEALED IN HER BRA, HANGING ON A CHAIR, AND TURNS TOWARD HILT AND FIRES. THE IMPACT KNOCKS HILT AGAINST A WALL, AND HE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR, UNCONSCIOUS. HEARING THE SHOT, A GAURD ENTERS, AND JUDY SHOTS AND KILLS HIM. REALISING NOW THAT SHE HAS COMMITTED THE UNPARDONABLE SIN, THAT IS, HARMING HILT, JUDY PREPARES TO

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FLEE TO ANTI-SOCIETY REBELS TO ESCAPE PROSECUTION AND AN INEVITABLE DEATH SENTENCE.

JUST THEN, POWER-SEEKING ORVILLE MOUSER ENTERS UPON THE SCENE, GRASPS THE SITUATION WHEN HE SEES WHAT HAS TAKEN PLACE, AND ORDERS, "QUIET, GIRL! I SEE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE AND I AM GLAD. NOW I CAN BECOME LEADER OF THE DALLAS FUTURIAN SOCIETY AND RULE THE WORLD."

ALTHOUGH SHE DOES NOT COMPREHEND THIS WEIRD REASONING, JUDY SMILES AT MOUSER, AND, OBSERVING THAT HILT IS NOT DEAD BY THE GUNSHOT WOUND, HELPS MOUSER TO PUSH HILT OUT THE WINDOW, BELOW WHICH, MOUSER SAYS, IS SOLID CONCRETE, SIX STORIES DOWN.

MOUSER TURNS TO JUDY, SWEEPS HER INTO HIS ARMS, AND SAYS, "NOW, FRIENDS, HILT AND I ARE NO MORE. MY DARLING, IT IS DONE. I AM THE RULER OF THE SOCIETY AND YOUR LOVER. HILT IS DEAD!"

PART TWO

Unfortunately for Mouser, what he did not know was that just a week before Hilt had ordered a swimming pool built just below the window through which he had just fallen head-first, and that the swimming pool was at the time filled to capacity with water. Hilt fell the six stories spinning end over end, and hit the water feet-first.

He sank under water, the blood oozing through the wound in his shoulder. The water revived him, and he managed to swim to the surface. His senses were returning as he reached the side of the pool and climbed out onto the sidewalk. "Damn," he murmured, shaking his head. He looked down at his naked body and shuddered in the chill air.

A security guard came running up. He looked at Hilt amazedly, then asked, "Is something wrong, sir?"

"No, nothing's wrong," replied Hilt, still shaking his head. "Just get out a Class A-One Priority, All-Zone, Alert Red, All-District, Black Red Warning Alarm and go back to your station."

"Y-yes, sir," answered the guard, saluting and backing away.

"Right away, sir. Is that all?"

"Well, bring me a towel or a cloak or something, too, will you?" said Hilt.

The guard replied affirmatively and ran off, blowing his whistle. In fourteen seconds two maids came running up with dry clothes and a towel. They tittered when they first approached, but stopped immediately when they saw that Hilt was frowning at them.

Later in his private office, Hilt, his shoulder bandaged and his arm in a sling, called his Internal Security Committee together. They included Thomas Rape, Randy Black, Jack Albertson, and Henry Linden. Of the group, Henry Linden was the most striking off all. The sardonic, cold expression on his intelligent, frigid, impassionate face stood above the typical fannish expressions borne by the others, even Hilt himself.

The latter called the meeting to order. "All right, Comrades, you all know what I've called you here for. This girl, this bitch, this whore Judy Ravenport has assaulted me with intent to kill and has fled the grounds. Obviously she's a deviationist...and she was one of my most trusted secretaries!"

"Sir," interrupted Randy Black, raising his eyebrows and

pursing his lips, "I hate to interrupt your most honourable words, but I have information which I consider to be of most vital importance to this committee and to the security of the Dallas Futurian Society itself."

"All right," said Hilt, "let's have it."

"Sir," said Black, "several of my guards have stated that they saw Orville Mouser walking along the corridor toward your bed chamber a few minutes before you were found at the swimming pool. Furthermore, I have ascertained that Mouser fled the grounds in his private car, with Judy -er, the Ravenport girl, on the seat beside him!"

"My God!!" exclaimed Hilt. "This can mean--"

"And sir," continued Black, "I have reason to believe that Mouser is connected with the anti-Society revolutionists, and that now he has influenced Judy -er, the Ravenport girl, to come with him to join them."

"I THOUGHT SO!!" shouted Jack Albertson. "We should have known--"

"Not so loud, Albertson," commanded Hilt.

Thomas Rape said, "Sir, I propose we change the name of the Dallas Futurian Society to the Texas Futurian Society."

"Later, Rape, later," said Hilt. To Henry Linden, the Secretary of the Society, he said, "Linden, how is the Reich's indoctrination campaign coming along?"

For the first time, Henry Linden addressed the Committee. "Damn good," he said.

I will take a moment to describe the appearance of Henry Linden, since he was the most striking member present. His hair was dark and long, but neatly cut, full at the sides, but rather flat at the top. His eyes were steel grey, wide apart on his sallow face, and intensely cold, behind glasses with metallic rims. His lips seemed to be twisted into a constant sneer. He was, of course, quite handsome, and there was indeed something about him that was quite singular. His expression did not seem to change as he spoke.

There had been a pause, almost a reverent silence, after Linden spoke, as if everyone present had come to the realization that in Linden there was an intellect and a personality fantastically superior to their own. Linden always seemed to await something, patient, calm, cool, collected. Everyone knew he was always right, and he knew it, too. Hilt was a wise and valiant leader, but even he had his imperfections. In Linden there was embodied the essence of a perfect being, perfect in every detail.

At last, Hilt broke the silence. Almost whispering, he said, "Have you anything further to add, Linden?"

Everyone strained to hear Linden's reply. He waited several seconds before he spoke. "Yes," he responded decisively. Without waiting for an acknowledgement from Hilt, he withdrew from a large brown envelope lying near him a poster he himself had prepared. (Besides possessing many other faculties, he was, among a multitude of other things, an accomplished artist.) The poster exhibited a huge, life-like eye, whose gaze seemed to follow you whenever you were within its field of vision. Below, there was stated in large, startling letters:

BIG BEM
is watching
YOU!

"This poster," said Linden, "shall be copied and placed everywhere: on every tree, on every wall, in every home under our domination. This eye must stare from every building in every city we occupy. This slogan must be broadcast incessantly over every radio station we hold."

It was Randy Black who interrupted. Addressing the rest of the group, he said, "Do not listen to this maniac's incoherent, maladjusted ideas. He is only trying to mislead you. There is no purpose to this conjecture. Do not believe--"

"QUIET!" snorted Rape, as he had done before with Mouser. "You do not have the floor!" He pushed his chair back from the conference table and stood up, raising all of his six-foot, 250-lb. frame. Taking his blaster from his holster, he stood beside his master Hilt and pointed the gun at the others. "There will be no violence here," he said. "No one will make an hostile act. All will be kept peaceful." Having got this out, Rape returned to his seat. When he sat back down, however, he put his blaster on the table before him, and kept his hand near it until the end of the meeting.

At Black's outburst, Linden's face still did not change. Only his eyes seemed to flash fire as he looked at his accuser. When the latter had been silenced, Linden continued. His next words seemed, paradoxically, simultaneously to take account of Black's statements while ignoring them entirely.

"You may ask," he began, sneering, "what the purpose of this might possibly be. The answer should be quite obvious," he said, swinging his gaze over the others, and fastening his glittering eyes on Black. "But for the benefit of those who cannot comprehend it individually, I will explain.

"The effects of the indoctrination drug, which we have been accustomed to administer when recruiting comrades to our cause, diminish and finally disappear after a few weeks. Also, it is difficult to continue to convert members in this way. Even when the funnels to spread indoctrination gas are completed, our campaign of indoctrination will not be wholly effective. This is inefficiency; and such inefficiency is destructive to our cause." With his left hand he again picked up the brown envelope. He produced from it a thick sheaf of papers.

"In his epic novel 1984," continued Linden, "George Orwell proposed a society of oligarchical collectivism, in which humanity was divided into three classes: members of the Inner Party, members of the Outer Party, and the proletariat." Excitement seemed to jump in live sparks from Linden's glittering eyes. "The world was divided into three great super-states besides, and these were kept at continual, but not devastating, war with each other. No two were strong enough to overcome the third. In Oceania, the super-state in which Orwell's narrative is set, the governmental administration was divided into four sectors: There were a Ministry of Peace, which dealt with war; a Ministry of Plenty, which was concerned with the rationing of food and materiel; a Ministry of Love, which maintained Law and order; and a Ministry of Truth, which established and distributed governmental doctrine and propaganda.

"The nature of this propaganda was in some ways commonplace and in other ways quite unique. For example, any statement made by the government at some past time, that was not now appropriate to governmental policy, e.g., an over-optimistic prediction of grain, or iron, or of textile production, which gave statistics that in time proved erroneous, would be stricken from the newspaper, journal, document, etc. in which it was quoted, and changed, so that now it stated the correct figures. There is a most noteworthy fact about this: The modified statement would now be accepted as the absolute truth. No matter what the conditions of the error, it was illegal to say that it was not due to a misquotation or typographical error or what-not. An even clearer example can be given. The three super-states were constantly making and breaking alliances. Two would ally against the third, then one would break the agreement and side with the third against the second, and so forth. Whenever Oceania made an agreement with another nation, it could not be disputed that Oceania had always been an ally of that power. When the alliance was severed, and another alliance made with the power with which it had formerly been at war, the fact was now established that Oceania had always been friendly to that power, and always hostile to the other.

"Now, another relevant facet of propaganda which the socialistic government of Oceania utilised was the concept of Big Brother, the dictator of Oceania. Or perhaps he was dictator at one time, but no longer existed, or perhaps he had never existed, but his being had been created by the government itself for purposes of organisation and propaganda.... In any case, posters bearing a portrait of a man said to be he and carrying the slogan

BIG BROTHER
is watching
YOU!

were posted everywhere. The Ministry of Love kept a constant vigilance over the people through informers, police, and devices called telescreens. These telescreens could transmit and receive light and sound simultaneously. There was a telescreen in the wall of every room, there were telescreens on the streets and in every public building. No one knew when he was being watched. It was even feasible that they could watch everyone all the time. In other words, no one dared to hold any ideas unfavourable to Party dogma, or any thoughts hostile to the state. Imaginative thinking was discouraged. To dispute governmental operation was highly treasonous. Even the flick of an eyelid could mean self-betrayal.

"This was the most highly efficient security system ever conceived. Moreover, it was expected that this form of government and society could last indefinitely without change. It should be noted also that the other two societies of the world were basically the same. In Russia the "Big Brother" poster might read

БОЛЬШОЙ БРАТ

ВИДИТ
ВАС!

but the structure

and philosophy were almost identical with that of England, a part of Oceania.

"The Party philosophy could be expressed in three pregnant phrases:

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH.

The meaning of the first was, that, since incessant war was maintained, there was no possible alteration of conditions. Thus, uninhibited continuance of the social structure was assured. The second phrase carried the meaning that, along with individual liberty came the highly inefficient chains of possible world modifications, the loss of organised planning to randomness, and thus the return of the futility of human endeavour. The last statement advanced, that, with the absence of knowledge and the disappearance of ideas, no one could conceive of another type of society, no one could think of any way to alter the society in which he lived, and thus the permanence of the present society was assured." Linden paused for a moment, then continued.

"The papers I am holding here," he said, indicating the sheaf he held in his right hand, "are my own special analysis of Orwell's extrapolation. I have set down his philosophy in a form which I am calling THE PLAN." As he uttered the last two words, thunder sounded on the left and right.

"THE PLAN is my outline of the procedure we must undertake to establish such a society as that of 1984. This society shall be the most efficient, sound, everlasting society the world has ever seen. It will be based upon the concept of Science Fiction as the God of Life. Orwell's Big Brother shall become our Big Ben. Orwell's ideas shall become our sources of inspiration and guidance. Oceania's slogans shall become the new propaganda of the Futurian Society and the government we shall found." Linden looked around the group. "It shall not be our choice whether or not to accept it. There shall be no vote. We are a despotism, not a democracy. The choice is up to our leader, Hilt." With that, he fixed his gaze on the face of the latter, and looked into his eyes expectantly. The group waited tensely for Hilt's reply.

At last Hilt spoke. "I will take THE PLAN," he said, "and I will ~~XXX~~ read it through. I will reveal my decision to you to-morrow." Silently, Linden handed him the sheets. Hilt put them inside his coat. "Now, then," he continued. "To the business-at-hand. Mouser and the girl are both very valuable to our enemies for the information they can reveal. They must be caught. Comrade Albertson, what has been done to locate ~~XX~~ Mouser and that traitorous bitch who escaped with him?"

Jack Albertson, the dynamic leader of Hilt's Internal Security Police, pushed back his chair and stood up. His uniform, blue and grey in colour, shone under the cold white fluorescent lamps. He walked to a huge map of Texas and picked up a pointing-stick. When he faced the group again, his expression impressed them with its seriousness.

"Here," he began, indicating various red-circled areas

over the state, "are zones where sizable revolts have occurred against our dominion." He coughed, then went on. "These communities were formerly under our control. However, since the first injection of the indoctrination drug, the effects have worn off and the people have returned to their previous political attachments. This in itself indicates a need for a new indoctrination system, one that would not weaken our grip upon the people. In other words, our control should be so strict that the people would remain loyal to our cause at all times." He paused to let his listeners absorb his words.

"I have blockaded these areas," he continued, indicating certain places on the map, "and I've made sure that Mouser and Ravenport can't get out of this circle. As you notice, one of these rebellious zones is included within this circle. So probably, we can assume they'll head here." Albertson concluded his speech with the suggestion that Hilt's next most logical move would be to attack the rebels' fortifications forthwith. There, he said, they would most likely find the two escapees. Hilt, at the conclusion of Albertson's discourse, made it clear that he would conduct the attack himself, because he himself wanted to execute the girl on the spot. After that, the meeting was adjourned.

The next morning, an announcement was made that, by order of Hilt, the new empire would be called The Empire of Fandom, and it would be governed according to THE PLAN. Comrades Linden and Albertson were summoned immediately to the offices of the Emperor Hilt.

Immediately upon their entrance into Hilt's private chambers, Albertson was addressed. "Comrade Albertson," said Hilt, "all radio transmissions from the rebel sectors are jammed, aren't they?"

"That's right," said Albertson, twisting his lips wryly.

"Good. Our attack on the East Texas stronghold is not of first importance. Tell me...how are our defences against outside aggression? What's our chance of surviving assault by the U.S. government and other foreign governments?"

"That's hard to say," replied Albertson, thinking hard. "So far, the United States has reacted very little to our invasion. This is mostly because the states we have taken over have had no time to ask for help or to spread the alarm. Since our enemies have no first-hand description of us, they seem to hesitate to take action, but I do not know how long this will last."

"Hmrrrrrr." Hilt thought for a moment. "I have spoken to several of my generals and my chief-of-staff, but I would like your opinion. How would you estimate our military strength now?"

"Well, of course, that's not my department. Off-hand, however, I would estimate that about two million men are at our disposal, as well as the latest missiles, nuclear weapons, aircraft, and armoured vehicles..."

"Our organisational system up to now has been shot," declared Hilt, interrupting. "From now on, under THE PLAN, all traitors will be executed without trial. Our armies are advancing too slowly. Therefore, our Chief-of-Staff shall be executed. I have already seen to that. From now on, we will have a Ministry

of Peace, which will direct the war operations. The establishment of this ministry is your responsibility, Albertson.

"Linden," Hilt continued, turning to him, "you are now in control of the Ministry of Love, which shall maintain internal security. First item: Can you prepare and distribute fifteen million copies of that Big Ben poster by to-morrow?"

"Of course," said Linden.

"Do so, then. Have you any plans for a telescreen?"

"Yes. I have already designed the device. It functions through an electronic computer system."

"How soon can you have the system in operation?"

"I can install it throughout the Empire within a week."

"Excellent! Albertson, have you a copy of THE PLAN?"

"I have it memorised, Emperor."

"Then get started right now. We must take the world by surprise. I must have an effective defence screen set up against attack. I must have a four-column spearhead that is 100% efficient. All traitors must be found and executed immediately. I must have mass murders. Let us go! WE CAN RAPE THE WORLD!!!"

Now, the conquest of the rebel stronghold was placed first on the order of business. Under the new organisational system, the conquest was really quite simple. First, the town was attacked by rocket-firing jets. A vicious ground-air battle ensued, then the Empire's infantry forces encircled the city. They were divided into three segments, with Hilt, Linden, and Albertson each in command of a segment. Artillery bombarded the stronghold, then Albertson's army charged. 60,000 soldiers, all shouting, "Long live the Empire!" at the tops of their lungs, ran toward the walls of the fortifications. Tanks and other armoured vehicles rumbled behind the infantry.

The first troops reached the walls and flung ladders up the sides. The rebels, having very few modern weapons at their disposal, combatted the first wave of infantrymen by pouring liquid asphalt over the walls, on top of the men. This, of course, proved no match for atomic grenades and rocket-launchers. Albertson was one of the first to scale the walls. Shouting "Forward, Comrades!!" he plunged into the stronghold, sending three revolutionists to their deaths immediately by smashing their skulls with a swing of his rifle.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the city, Linden, with a force of 500,000 men, 2,000 tanks, and 25,000 artillery pieces, launched another attack on the town. In no time at all, the walls on that side were demolished, and Linden's troops were pouring into the city. Linden himself ran ahead, exercising direct control over each flank of his army through radio and a portable loud-speaker he carried with him, effected a fast and highly efficient conquest of his objective.

When the other two segments had attacked, Hilt, with one million men and as many machines, started his onslaught. When they witnessed the might of Hilt's forces, the rest of the revolutionists surrendered without a struggle.

Later, Hilt, Albertson, and Linden stood on a balcony, overlooking a street, and watched their triumphant troops pass into the city. All the rebels that could be found were herded into a huge corral outside the town. Hilt had his prisoners

sorted into two groups: the men and the women. The latter he had stripped of all clothing and divided into two sub-groups: those that were incredibly ugly, and those that were not. These latter he searched thoroughly for his former mistress, but could find no trace of her. (There was no trace of Mouser amongst the men, either.) The prettiest of these he again sub-divided: those he would execute, and those he would keep for himself.

Hilt was quite disappointed that Judy Ravenport had not been found, and decided to console himself with a mass execution. It was difficult to choose the right method of execution, so Hilt, at the suggestion of Linden, compromised. Part would die by the guillotine, part would be burned to death by flame-throwers, part would be shot, part would be trampled by cavalry, part would be chased down in a mongol-like cavalry charge, be lifted by the hair, have their heads whacked off and their blood drunk by the riders, and part would be poisoned by various varieties of gas.

The guillotine, trampling, and gassing events would be observed from the sidelines by all three, while Linden himself would participate in the mongol cavalry charge as a rider. Albertson playfully wished to operate a flame-thrower in that form of execution, while Hilt chose to join the firing-squad. The three agreed that of the three events to which they were audience, the guillotine was the most delightful. It was extremely pleasurable to see a nude, beautiful girl walk up the steps and lose her head at the scaffold. Of course, each argued that the execution in which he himself participated was the best of those three.

It was the night after the execution day, and Linden was in his room, meditating quietly. Suddenly, Hilt called him on his private telephone and summoned him to his office. Without hesitation, Linden hurried to Hilt's chambers.

"Somchow, the United States has caught on to our scheme," said Hilt. Linden and Albertson listened attentively. "They have released an ultimatum to us: Either we give up immediately, or they'll let us have it with everything they've got. In other words, we must prepare for an all-out war. Albertson, how are our defences now?"

"As far as I can tell, Emperor, our defences are impenetrable."

"And how long would you estimate we can survive, once fighting starts, comrade?"

"That is too indefinite to say, Emperor," answered Albertson. "Perhaps only a week, perhaps for-ever. It would depend in entirety upon our supply of rations and materiel."

Hilt turned to Linden. "Linden," he asked, "how are you proceeding with the indoctrination?"

Linden stared at him coldly. "I am making progress, of course."

"Well, I could guess that. I mean, what methods are you using?"

"I have abandoned completely the injection of drugs. The funnels under construction are now to be used as loud-speakers

to carry our slogans. I am installing amplifiers of several million watts each to transmit our messages.

"Telescreens are now in operation throughout the Empire, and the policies of THE PLAN are now being carried out with utmost efficiency by the Ministry of Love. The people, of course, are conforming to our policies in the manner as predicted by THE PLAN." He stopped talking as the roar of a rocket penetrated the stillness of the night. More roars sounded, and increased in volume.

Albertson leapt to his feet. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Those are not the sounds of our rockets! Somehow the enemy has pierced our defences!" He ran to the door. Suddenly there was a tremendous explosion. Albertson was knocked down by a blast of heat from the doorway, and the roof caved in. Hilt and Linden hit the floor. More blasts shook the room, and the floor began to buckle. Hilt tried the telephone, but the line was dead. More rockets could be heard in the distance.

Since the doorway was blocked by fallen bricks and steel, Linden burned a hole in the side of the wall, and all three men jumped out two stories to the ground. Getting to their feet, they ran for an abandoned, slightly damaged halftrack in the road. When they got inside, Linden found that the motor could start, and began driving at top speed south. The night was now illuminated by flashes of exploding war-heads. "Why didn't they start right off with atomic weapons?" asked Albertson.

"I attended to that," said Hilt. "We both agreed that such an atomic war would be too devastating, as neither side wishes to destroy the other completely, only to conquer. But never mind that. Is there a radio in this thing?"

"Here," said Linden.

Hilt grabbed the microphone and began shouting into it. "Hello! Hello! All units of the Grand Army of the Empire, come in! THIS IS THE EMPEROR SPEAKING!!!"

Only static responded from the receiver. Meanwhile, Linden continued to race down the highway at a terrific speed. Across the horizon could be seen the fires of cities burning and the glare of more bombs. Albertson said, however, that, following the instructions of THE PLAN, he had provided for such an emergency as this. He said that a reserve flanking manoeuvre was now under way, and that the assault should end shortly. His prediction soon proved true. By daylight, the attack had ceased.

When he finally reached a Control Base, Hilt's first action was to call a meeting of all his administrators. Besides Linden and Albertson, these included all those on his Security Committee with the addition of George Spinnings. Hilt re-iterated his demands to find and punish all traitors, and, in accordance with THE PLAN, announce that the week of 4 July would be celebrated as Hate Week. Also, he observed that all citizens of the Empire were neglecting to address each other with the proper title of respect- "Comrade". From now on, he proclaimed, all would be required to use this title.

Meanwhile, Linden had attended to the matter of treasonous generals. Since he did not have time to locate the certain general or generals responsible for the failure of the Empire's

Linden frowned. "There is something about Black, also, of which I am wary. I suppose I am unduly suspicious, but there seems to be something treacherous about him which I at this time cannot define."

Hilt smiled and shook his head. "No, I think you're wrong this time, Comrade Linden. Black has been loyal to me since I was president of the Dallas Futurian Society. I do not see how my being dictator of the Empire of Fandom now could destroy his fidelity."

At this statement Linden raised his eyebrows in alarm. But he said nothing. As usual, he seemed to be waiting for something to happen.

The security meeting began that night promptly at nineteen o'clock. Hilt opened the meeting with the explanation that he had found it necessary to tighten security measures. From now on, he said, it would be necessary to secure certification either from him himself or from one of his two ministers, Albertson or Linden. When he had finished, Randy Black obtained the floor.

"Comrades," said Black sardonically, "isn't all this rather foolish? This entire set-up contradicts itself. Our enemies must regard us as complete imbeciles for the way we carry on. Our security system has gone to pot, and the reason is, not that it is too lenient, but that it's altogether one massive flaw.

"In fact, as far as I'm concerned, our whole organization needs to be revamped. We need some common sense. I say, let's abandon all this idiotic rigamarole and get down to earth. I say, let's solve our problems logically and stop taking these drastic measures to ascertain loyalty, maintain the food supply, etc., etc. I say, let's do away with THE PLAN and continue on our own. Besides, Comrades," he added, squinting his eyes, "if we continue our present inefficiency, Mouser will be able to regain power and nullify all our efforts. Now you don't want Mouser back, do you, Comrades?"

Now, if it was anything the others did not want, it was for Mouser to come back into power. When Black finished speaking, a loud roar of conversation followed, as all the members commented on his words. Then Henry Linden acquired the floor.

"Have you gone insane?" he demanded of his audience. "Abandon THE PLAN?! We may as well abandon the Empire! Such a change now, with our entire social and political structure supported by THE PLAN, would be disastrous to us. Those are traitorous words, Black, and you shall regret them!" He turned and addressed Hilt. "Do you agree with me, Emperor?"

Hilt hesitated, and his forehead wrinkled. For the first time in his position of heroic leadership, he was indecisive. Beads of sweat sparkled on his face as he spoke: "Now just a minute, both of you! We must think this out logically, not by irrational arguments here in the council chamber. Both of you should--"

"What do you mean, 'both of us'?" cried Linden. "You are placing me on a level with him" -pointing at Black- "disregarding the fact that I am director of the Ministry of Love, administrator of the Ministry of Plenty, and your own private advisor! There is no equality here! Do not attempt to make one! I am very much the superior of Black!"

"We will take a vote-" began Hilt.

"WE WILL NOT TAKE A VOTE!" interrupted Linden again. "We are a despotism, not a democracy. There shall be no decisions carried

defense screen, he solved the problem by executing them all and replacing them with men of his own choosing.

Next, he turned to the problem of supply. According to the PLAN, a Ministry of Plenty was to be set up. But when? And How? Linden decided to imitate the example of Sralin: He ordered the establishment of collective farms. All food was to be turned over to the Ministry of Plenty, which he set up, and would be distributed therefrom.

By now, the Empire of Fandom covered the entire southern portion of the North American continent, including the Latin American republics in the Caribbean. Under the guidance of Linden, Hilt, and Albertson, there had been founded the most efficient, the most impenetrable defense screen the world had ever known. And under the leadership of Linden, the Empire had expanded until it was the greatest, most prodigious state ever created. Indeed, Hilt may be compared to the son of God, for he was a Messiah. But Linden was God Himself. Never again would the universe bring forth a being as perfect as he. Stately, proud, infinitely wise, -no, there could be no comparison between him and any mortal. His features were the most beautiful ever formed. His demeanour was the haughtiest and most debonair ever possessed. He was completely free from sin. He was destined to hold the glory of both Heaven and Hell. If there could ever be a Deity finer or grander, certainly the balance of the universe would be upset and all would be destroyed. The earth could not hold anything more handsome, more godly, or more exquisite.

The time was several weeks after the unexpected attack on the Empire. With Albertson's assault advancing smoothly, and all flaws in his defense corrected, Hilt and Linden had leisure in which to resume the hunt for Mouser and the girl. "Mouser should be easy to find," remarked Hilt. "Who could fail to notice such a fat, sweating body as his? And besides, Mouser's far too stupid to remain concealed for-ever. Sooner or later, he's got to reveal himself.

"But it's that damned bitch Judy Ravenport I'm worried about. She's had time to broadcast our plans all over the planet. Why, she's probably mothered my child by this time."

"I sense something extremely dangerous about that girl," replied Linden thoughtfully. "But I cannot yet say exactly what it is." His forehead wrinkled, and he frowned. He was soon lost in thought. A knock on the door broke the silence, and Hilt pressed a button which opened it. An attendant walked in and saluted.

"Comrade Black wishes to see you, sir," said the guard.

"Very well," said Hilt, "send him in."

The guard saluted and left the room. A moment later, Randy Black entered. Casting a hostile glance at Linden, he addressed Hilt. "Comrade Hilt," he said, "I have been informed that I must receive special permission to travel to the northern assault front. What is the meaning of this outrage? Since when must we officers obtain special permission to cross our own lines?"

Hilt cut him off with a wave of his hand. "To-night there will be a security meeting," he said. "I shall explain then. Until then I suggest you calm yourself and formulate all questions you wish to ask." After he had dismissed Black, Hilt turned to Linden. "I think Black is a good comrade," he stated. "Do you think he'd make a good director of the Ministry of Truth?"

by vote while I can prevent it!" Just then, the meeting was interrupted by a red-faced officer who burst open the doors to the council chamber and stormed into the room.

"Emperor! Emperor!" he shouted. "The enemy have broken through our defences to the north-west, and are thrusting a spear-headed offensive into the heart of the Empire!"

His eyes flashing, Hilt rose from the table. "The people must not know!" he ordered. "Close all channels of civilian communication." He addressed the messenger. "When did you find this out? How far have they advanced into our territory?"

"I have just flown here from the front, Emperor," replied the officer. "We could spare no more men. Our lines of communication have been cut, and the United States forces have virtually blacked out the area. As of an hour ago, our reserve forces had reacted, but I do not know to what success."

"Enough!" cried Hilt. "I shall go to the front immediately, and observe for myself. I must reach Albertson! Linden, you shall tend to the matters of security and propoganda here. Black, you shall come with me. Let us be off! There is not time to lose!" So saying, Hilt went hastily from the room, followed by Black, who was rubbing his hands. Linden waited until they had left, then turned and made his exit through another egress. The other council members had stood up and were moving about and talking in confusion when Linden left them.

Linden's first act of precaution was in obedience to Hilt's wise command: He ordered all highways closed to civilian traffic, and all telephonic and radio transmissions were closed except for military use. The people were informed that no crisis had arisen, and that the armies of the Empire were advancing on all fronts. Linden next ordered an enormous Hate Rally throughout every city of the Empire. This would concentrate all the people's emotions against the enemy.

That night, American and Canadian rockets began to bombard the cities of the Empire. Linden launched a campaign to bolster the public morale, which included finding all traitors and reporting them to the Security Police.

A few days later, Linden was informed that treasonous activities on a very large scale were occurring in certain cities of the Empire. One of these was Los Angeles. Linden flew there immediately.

The day was wet and overcast, although when Linden arrived, there was no rain. The buildings were mostly rubble, though here and there a few structures were still intact and usable. From what he could see as he toured the city in a double-traded field car of the Security Police, Linden concluded the city was deserted. However, another strange thing he noticed was, that there were no Big Ben posters or other propogaganda. Telescreens were in operation, but they seemed only to be receiving, not transmitting. "Stop the car," said Linden, in the middle of an intersection. The driver stopped the car, and the occupants observed that there was no sign of life at all. Nothing moved. The street was full of ruts and holes, and the telephone and power lines were sagging from tilted poles. "Drive on," instructed Linden. They proceeded.

Farther on, they came to a city park. Some of the trees had

various religious sects were protesting against the methods of the Empire. They were blaspheming Science Fiction and declaring severences from Fandom. Linden decided to abolish all religious denominations and substitute the worship of SF. Since this was an abstraction, the people would need a further god they could pray to. Hilt would be that god. Linden had statues made of Hilt and erected throughout every city. On the base of each one was the inscription:

"I AM THE LORD GOD ALMIGHTY,
MAKER AND RULER OF HEAVEN
AND EARTH, AND KING OF THE
UNIVERSE."

Also, there was commanded:

"SCIENCE FICTION IS THE STAFF
OF LIFE; YE SHALL PARTAKE OF
IT EVERY DAY."

By this time, Linden had such control over the people that he could make them believe in anything, so the new faith was readily accepted.

About this time, Linden sent a secret epistle to Hilt, informing him that his suspicions of Black had augmented, although his reasons for so thinking could only be revealed to Hilt in person. "Comrade Black is extremely desirous of power," he wrote, "and you should beware him at all times. His purposes are subversive and his methods are treacherous. You must listen to me and not take action upon his suggestion until you have consulted with me."

Hilt, however, replied that he was convinced of Black's fidelity and best wishes for the Empire. "I am seriously contemplating the elimination of THE PLAN, he said. "But I promise you I'll wait for your advice."

Three days later, however, a communique from the Emperor was officially released, eliminating THE PLAN. It also gave Comrade Black the power to make all statements of policy for the Empire. Black's first act was to declare it highly treasonous for anyone to mention THE PLAN, or to say it ever existed. All records were to be destroyed. Traitors were to be executed immediately.

Linden knew at once that dark evil was on wing. He ordered the entire week set aside as Hate Week to keep the people occupied, then flew to Black's quarters.

"Where is Hilt?" demanded Linden when they met.

"What do you mean?" snarled Black. "The Emperor is quite safe. Besides, the government is under my control now. You need have no worries about the Empire falling to pieces."

"What makes you think I would doubt the Emperor's safety when he is with you?" asked Linden, sneering.

This statement infuriated Black. "Get out of my sight," he screeched, "before I have you shot!"

Linden whipped out his blaster and would have assassinated Black on the spot, had not the latter pressed a little button on his desk. A trap-door opened under Linden, and he plummeted into a dungeon below. But as usual, Linden was prepared. He whipped a fusion bomb out of his pocket, ignited it, and threw it against the far wall, shielding his eyes from the blast. The heat and con-

cussion opened the wall and burned an exit to the outside. Sunlight poured in when the smoke had cleared. Linden ran to the wall and crawled outside. He found himself on the grounds of Black's fortress-like home. The lawned, which was mined, was surrounded by a barbed-wire, electrified fence, nearly thirty feet high, with turreted machine-gun towers erected every fifty feet. How then could he get out? A siren began to blaze, and behind him he heard the barking of hounds being set loose to track him down.

Linden began to run alongside the house, toward the garage, the whereabouts of which he had observed and noted when he arrived. As he rounded a corner of the building, he saw a pack of the dogs running toward him.... He pulled out his gun and blasted them to pieces. Then he went on.

A machine-gun blast kicked up dirt near him, but still he ran on. At last he reached the garage. It was a comparatively simple matter to burn down the guards in the shed and vault into the driver's seat of a 1955 Chevrolet parked there. Linden started the motor and shot out of the garage, heading down the driveway toward the gate. Bullets rang out, smashing into the windshield and hood, but Linden knew his only defence was speed. He was approaching the gate at 135 miles per hour when, directly in front of his automobile, only a few metres away, a trench opened up in the road, and a row of very sharp spikes protruded from it. There was no time to stop or swerve. Within a fraction of an instant, all four tyres had been cut to ribbons, and the car spun crazily out of control. Linden, who, of course, was the most expert driver there had ever been, fought the wheel with incredible strength, guiding the car straight for the gate. However, just before it reached the gate, the car flew off the road and crashed into one of the two machine-gun towers which flanked the road on each side. It was the right-hand tower, which Linden's car struck, careened off, and rammed into the fence. The tower crumbled and fell across the road.

Linden, who had so braced and positioned himself that he was not hurt, although the car was a total wreck, blasted his way out through the top and jumped to the ground when the car had stopped moving. He turned to the tower left standing, levelled his blaster at the turret, and fired. The top of the tower evaporated in a blaze of glory. Then Linden turned to the nearest car of the Police Guard. A policeman was standing next to the car, his mouth gaping open in amazement and fear. Linden aimed and fired. The policeman disappeared, and the car was left a burning hulk of metal.

When they saw how dynamically powerful was Linden's might, the other guards abandoned their vehicles and ran for cover. Linden picked off every one he could, then ran for one of the abandoned cars, got in, and drove away. He did not stop until he had reached a Control Base, wherein he ordered the gates closed and all communication channels closed to any traffic from Black. Thus, for the time being, he would retain the loyalty of his forces, and they could not be ordered by Black because they could not receive orders from him.

Upon getting back to his quarters, he proceeded to prepare a statement for deliverance to the Ministry of Truth, ordering the distribution of propaganda denouncing Black as a traitor and the Emperor's communique as a forgery. He was soon interrupted, however, by a knock upon his door. "Who is there?" he demanded.

been burned, but it was still green otherwise. "Drive into the park," commanded Linden. The driver steered the car over the curb and into the park. Inside the park, within a picnic pavilion, a platform had been raised. Leaflets were scattered about, and posters were erected, saying, "We Want Freedom," "Destroy the Empire," "Down With Big Ben," etc. Linden had the car stopped. "We will step out here," he said. "But use extreme caution and do not move more than ten metres from the car."

Linden opened the car door and jumped out onto the ground. The others followed. Looking around cautiously, Linden stooped and picked up one of the leaflets. "Do not be misled by the propaganda of the Empirical anarchists," it read. "They are losing the war on every front. Their resources are almost exhausted. They have no really effective security system, so you need not be afraid. Join the Revolution to over-throw their tyrannical rule. Join us, we who are organised against them, to establish a bigger & better Pandon Linden...." Linden crumpled the paper and threw it away with disgust. "Let us return to the car," he called to the others. Another officer had read the leaflet. "Surely it is one of Kouser's plots," he commented. "No," Linden replied thoughtfully, "this is too cunning and well done to be a product of Kouser's vacant brain. This is a scheme of someone far more intelligent." Suddenly there was a sound, not far off.

"What was that?!" queried a guard, in alarm. "It sounded like a laugh," remarked another. Nothing answered them.

Linden said nothing. He sensed immediate danger, and his mind was labouring furiously to comprehend and to solve. All at once, there was a tremendous explosion not twenty metres to the east of the car, and someone out of sight screamed, "Kill the Empirical swine!"

"Into the car, men!" shouted Linden, running for the car. Two officers crumpled to the ground. A blaster shaft burned his head off. Another guard's chest was severed from his lower torso by a similar beam. Bullets kicked up dirt and grass. Two men were struggling to get into the car, and Linden pushed them in with a powerful movement of his arm. Another explosion erupted near-by and showered him with dirt.

A guard running for the car was suddenly caught in the back by a machine gun sally. A blaster beam cut off his legs from his thighs, and he fell. His arms still reached for the car. Suddenly, a shell exploded on top of him, and his blood and his entrails flew everywhere, splattering Linden.

The latter wasted no time. Jumping into the driver's seat of the car, he started the engines and tore out of the park, onto the street. From every corner, grenades were thrown at the vehicle. Linden weaved the car back and forth to dodge rays and blasts as he accelerated. Ahead, the rebels had placed two trucks athwart the road to stop him. Linden increased velocity steadily until he was nearing one hundred. At that speed, he ramed the two trucks and hurled them to each side of the road.

After he had passed that obstacle safely, Linden met with no more resistance and travelled safely back to his aircraft without any further incidents.

When he returned to his headquarters, Linden's first measure was to order an immediate clean-up of all the rebellious towns by his Police Guard. Another minor problem had developed in that

"This is Comrade General Hampton of the Security Police," was the answer.

Linden opened the door, and the officer walked in and handed him a letter. "The source of this letter is not known to us," said General Hampton. "But we do know that it came from enemy territory, and, as far as we know, through hands sympathetic with our side. It was delivered to us by a very competent counter-spy, George Spinnings."

"George Spinnings!!" exclaimed Linden. "Why, he was on the Security Council. Why has he become a counter-spy?"

"I do not know," replied the officer. "In any case, I'm sure you will agree that he is a loyal comrade."

"Yes, I agree," said Linden, opening the letter. He began to read. It was from Hilt.

"To my dear friend and faithful comrade Henry Linden," it read. "I am sure that by now all is lost and there is no hope that the Empire will succeed, so these words are too late and of no use. Yet, something unknown to me compels me to write the following.

"I realise now that Black was, is, and ever will be a hardened, power-seeking, treacherous, incorrigible traitor. I should have listened to you from the beginning, and now I see my mistake.

"You see, I really was going to wait to consult with you before I took any action on Black's advice. But he saw that I was not going to abolish THE PLAN without so doing, so he took advantage of the trust I had in him, foiled my security guards, and abducted me. Then, forging my signature, he issued the communique according to his own wishes. This action, surely, will demolish the Empire, if it has not already.

"Any way, he had me flown into enemy territory so I could not be found. Then he tended to his own malicious plans. I still cannot tell whom he has contact with here, but I do know that Black has for some time been stirring up rebellions in certain cities of the Empire. But you have probably reasoned this out already.

"Now, I am being held prisoner somewhere in the heart of the United States. I cannot determine where I am. I can see nothing from my cell. Certain persons sympathetic with our cause have got

this letter out for me.

"Before I conclude, I must mention one important bit of information: Mouser somehow has got an army to follow him, and is planning to invade the Empire and take over power for himself. This is the most horrible thing there could happen! My source of information was quite reliable, so I am really worried.

"I must ask this: Do you know where Albertson is? I was never able to locate him; and I cannot now. If there is any hope at all for the Empire, it must lie with him. You must find him.

"This is all I can say now. I can only wish you luck and hope you will not surrender yourself to Black's domination. Be careful, whatever you do. Someday, if we cannot revive the Empire, we will start afresh and start a really successful kingdom, eliminating people like Black immediately. Until then, I am your leader and comrade,

James E. Hilt."

Linden read the letter through twice, his mind working furiously, although his face did not move. Then he instructed the officer to prepare a jet airliner immediately for his use. After this, he sent word to his Ministry of Love and Ministry of Truth to con-

tinue to administrate as dictated by THE PLAN until further word was received from him. Then he boarded the jet aircraft and flew toward the northern front, and the northern boundaries of the Empire.

Meanwhile, through a spy, Black learned of Linden's flight, and also his next stop, Kansas City. Since he did not have time to dispatch a squad of his own guards there in time to arrest Linden before his plane took off the next morning, Black worked out another scheme. He immediately had a message sent to a small town near Kansas City. Soon, he received a reply that all was ready. Now all there was to do was to wait....

Linden's plane landed at Kansas City at 14 o'clock. It was a bright, warm, typical day of summer. When he got off the plane, Linden was driven directly to the hotel he was to stay in. It was particularly crowded that day, and some of the rooms were shared by several occupants. Linden, however, was able to secure a private room.

That night, Linden, in trousers and open shirt, was preparing for bed when there was a knock at the door. He walked over and opened it. There stood a guard he had never before seen, and a girl whose face looked vaguely familiar to him but whom he could not recognize. She was wearing a loose blouse and extremely tight pedal-pushers. Her feet wore only sandals. Her hair was long and brown, but tied at the back in a pony-tail with a red ribbon. Her face was of a clear complexion, with a short, well-formed nose, medium lips, and high cheek-bones. She stood about five feet two inches high and was very attractive. She smiled at Linden, who gave her a puzzled look.

The guard introduced them. "Comrade Linden, this is Comrade Brown," he said. "Comrade Brown, this is Comrade Linden." He addressed Linden. "We have received official notification that she is to spend the night here, in this hotel. As you must know, the hotel is extremely crowded, and yours is the only room available. I must request of you that you let her come in and share your bed with you just for to-night."

Linden's face was white. He smiled weakly. "I suppose I will not mind. Come in," he said to the girl. The girl came in, and he dismissed the guard. Then he closed the door and invited the girl to sit down.

"Thank-you," said the girl. She set down her suit-case, which she had been holding in her right hand, and sat down. Suddenly, she dropped her purse. Make-up, keys, and other contents rolled out. "Oh dear," she said, kneeling to the floor and picking them up. Linden, who happened to be standing directly before her, happened to look down. Her naked breasts, full and large, could be seen easily from above, inside her blouse. Linden felt his mouth water.

The girl stood up, walked toward the bed, and sat down on it. Linden caught himself admiring her rear view as she did this. As she seated herself, she noticed him watching her with such interest, and she smiled. "Why don't you sit down?" she asked.

Linden went to a chair and lowered himself into it. The girl was now stretched out on the bed, her head resting on the pillows and her legs crossed before her. "You really have a big job," she

said, "having your own police, commanding all those soldiers, and things."

"Yes, I suppose you could say that I have 'a big job'," responded Linden. His nerves began to relax, and he asked, "How about you, comrade? What sort of work do you do?"

"I am a field journalist. I work for the Ministry of Truth."

"I am sure you meet a great deal of people."

"Yes, but still I get very lonely at times." She looked at him with a timid expression. Suddenly, her face changed to an expression of curiosity, and she gazed about the room. "Hey!!" she said. "This room does not have a telescreen. You must be important!!"

Linden smiled. "Yes, you might say that I am."

"Hmm. You wouldn't have anything to drink, would you?"

"If you mean anything alcoholic to drink, no. But I can send for something."

"I'm awfully thirsty."

Linden ordered some gin to be sent up. A waiter came up, carrying a bottle and some glasses on a tray. Linden took it and set it down on a table. He turned to the girl. "Would you like a glass of gin now?" he asked.

The girl replied that she would, and he poured some of the clear liquid into a glass. She took it. Linden sat back down.

"Aren't you going to have some?" she asked.

"It is necessary that I keep my head clear at all times. I do not consume liquor."

She was about to say something, but thought better of it. She settled back on the bed, sipping her beverage.

Linden eyed her oddly. "You must like to travel," he remarked.

"What makes you say that?"

"Such a liking would be homogeneous with a disposition such as yours," he responded. "You seem to like to have a good time. Also, you like to drink. This would indicate a desire to move from one place to another, because through alcohol you are in effect moving from one type of existence, i.e., lucid, logical, sober thinking, to another, which might be one of gaiety, light-heartedness, and love for life, or of depression and melancholy, or perhaps sexual desire, or any one of an almost infinite number of changes-of-scene, all justified by your mind, which the alcohol you consume alters from the path of purely logical thinking. Thus, by the consumption of liquor, you may move to all sorts of new places without the necessity of moving your body from one place to another."

"I never thought of it that way," remarked the girl. "You must have put a lot of thought into that. No wonder you have been given such large responsibilities." Linden made no reply to this, so the girl continued. "Say- tell me, are you ever lonely, yourself?"

Linden swung his head and looked at her. He could not decide what to answer, so he asked, "Why do you wish to know?"

"I just wondered. Are you a virgin?"

"That is a queer thing for you to ask me."

"You are a queer person."

"Answer me first: Are you a virgin?"

"That question must have been put from a man to a woman a million times. Lots of men have asked me that."

"How do you answer them, then?"

"Would you like to try me and see for yourself?"

"Why should I do that?"

"Because you want to. I can see it in every line on your face, in every gleam in your eyes. You want to try me more than anything else in the world right now."

"Perhaps you are right. What does this mean I must do?"

"It is not what you must do. It is what you will do. Your emotions will dictate to you. You are straining right now to keep yourself from doing it."

"Why?"

"Because the concept of adultery always brings on a feeling of guilt. But this feeling does not stop us nevertheless: It simply stimulates us." She seemed to squirm a little. "Say," she said, "I'm rather hot." Without another word, she rolled so her back was to Linden, reached her left hand back for the zipper which fastened the pedal-pushers, and pulled it all the way down, exposing her round pink buttocks. She wore no under-garments. Then, in a series of quick motions, she wiggled out of the pants while holding them with her hands. Now all she wore was nothing else. Her sandals she had kicked off with her hand. With her right hand she fingered her vagina.

Sensations which he had never before felt coursed through Linden's mind and body. He could neither move nor speak. He could only watch. He stared at the well-formed legs and thighs of the girl, and at her slender waist. He could not tell what his next action would be, but one thought dominated his entire mind. Saliva literally dripped from his lips.

"Now, I feel more comfortable," the girl was saying. She stretched her arms and legs. Her head, surrounded by its halo of brown hair, sank into the pillow. Her breasts, under her blouse, heaved up and down, and the nipples protruded as they rose.

She unbuttoned her blouse, and the two sides of her breasts were posing her breasts. She sat up, placing her feet on the floor. In the same notion, she had removed her blouse completely. Now she held her breasts in her arms, cradling them, offering them to him like two large, ripe, pink grapefruit. "I want you to try me," she said to him. "I want you to try me more than anything else right now. Please try me."

Something inside Linden screamed No, but he could not resist his male sexual impulses. The single passion which dominated his mind finally completely overcame him, and he reacted.

He took his glasses off.

"I think you are right," he said, as he stood up and began to unbutton his shirt. "I will try you." He took all his clothes off, and, completely naked, climbed into bed with the nude girl, reaching over and turning off the light.

They were both ready for intercourse, so they began immediately. She was not a virgin. She spread her knees wide and hooked her legs behind his, and they began their love-making. Now and again they would laugh or giggle. His right hand rested most of the time in the small of her back, but frequently he would pat her rump tenderly. She held him close to her by pressing him to her, hugging him.

She smelt very nice to him, and her body was very warm. Sometimes, in order that they reach the sexual climax together, he or she would divert their conversation. Mostly they kissed, lips to lips. Occasionally, Linden would bend his head and kiss her between

her breasts. When he did this, he could feel her heart thump many times faster. He pressed her against him. They moved back and forth, toward each other, away from each other. Finally, they reached climax. They kissed and loved until about an hour had passed, when they had gathered enough strength to do it again. And so they continued through the night.

In the morning, at about eight o'clock, a Security Guard telephoned Linden to inform him that his plane was ready. Linden told him to hold the plane until he asked for it, perhaps the next day. Then Linden went back to bed. He and the girl continued their love-making far into the day.

At last, the girl said she had to go out for a little while, but she said she would not be long. She got out of bed and dressed. She told him to await her return. Then she left.

She never returned, of course. Instead, the next persons to come through the door, breaking it open several hours later, were a squad of Black's guards. Linden happened to be wearing only a bath-robe when they broke in. Consequently, they took it from him, hand-cuffed him, and forced him to come, nude, with them. They took him to Black.

Randy Black grinned maliciously at the naked figure before him, locked in a detention chair. "I would have you castrated, Linden," he said. "But there would be pleasure in that only in seeing you continue to live in that condition. Instead, I want to have you executed as soon as possible. First, though, there will be some more substantial tortures you will endure. And," he added, "you shall endure them. These will begin to-night." He addressed his guards. "Take him away," he ordered, "and chain him to the grate of the fire-pit. To-night you will have a warm sleep, Linden, as your back becomes so brittle that the skin can be peeled off to expose your spine. We will then be able to wire the electrodes of our cardiographic machines directly into your brain, and absorb all knowledge from it. Also, we will then have little trouble inflicting excruciating pain directly upon your central nervous system. Pleasant dreams! Har-har-har-har-har....!"

They marched Linden into a deep dungeon, forced him into a cell, strapped him down over the pit, and began to heat the coals. Linden knew that, by now, the city was completely occupied by Black's troops. His prison was escape-proof, with walls six metres thick, three barbed-wire, electrified fences, nine fields, machine-gun towers, even a boat surrounded the place. Besides, he would be watched by guards all night. He had no weapons. The straps held him down. He was completely helpless. The coals were getting hotter...

WILL LINDEN ESCAPE THE FIRE-PIT AND THE TORTURES IN STORE FOR HIM? WILL HE AVERT HIS EXECUTION? WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE EMPIRE? WILL MOUSER'S PLOT TO REGAIN POWER SUCCEED? CAN HILT BE RESCUED FROM HIS IMPRISONMENT? WHERE IS ALBERTSON? WILL BLACK'S PLOT SUCCEED? WHO WAS THE GIRL WHO SEDUCED LINDEN? THESE ANSWERS TO THESE ENIGMATIC QUESTIONS, AND MORE, WILL BE REVEALED IN THE NEXT ACTION-PACKED INSTALLMENT OF

BIG BEM.

TO BE CONTINUED

book him to Black
took him to Black
was completely helpless
and forced him to come
with them. They

WILL LINDEN ESCAPE THE FIRE PIT AND THE TORTURES IN STORE FOR
HIM WITH THE AVERAGE EXCEPTING THAT WITH LINDEN
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BEN-HUR

The people of Dallas were the first in the world to get the chance to see a special showing of one of the most spectacular movies yet produced by Hollywood. The name of the movie was BEN-HUR.

The movie lasted three hours and fifty minutes and cost Hollywood fifteen million dollars to produce.

I believe they have made a movie that will pay itself back every penny and double that. The advertisement campaign has already reached gigantic proportions and by the time the movie is released to the general public, every man, woman, and child in the US should have heard about the film.

The action is, overall, good. Charlton Heston gives his best performance to date, and is upheld by a fine cast of actors and actresses such as Jack Hawkins, Martha Scott, and Stephen Boyd. The best performance in the entire movie is given by Stephen Boyd, who portrays Messala, the false friend of Ben-Hur. He fits perfectly into his role and draws all he is able from his part.

The chariot race that has been the object of so much publicity is possibly the most spectacular scene ever filmed in motion pictures. To try to describe it would be impossible, for the immensity of the entire scene is almost unbelievable. It has been said that the chariots were actually driven by Charlton Heston and Stephen Boyd. If that is so, it's sure hard to be an actor these days.

-Jim Hitt

My opinion of the film is, that it should become a notable epic, movie-wise. I was very much impressed by it, and should like to see it again. In my opinion, all the major parts were played very well, and the director obviously took the time to make the minor roles and scenes have as much artistic value as those of greater proportions. For example, there are several scenes in which a character is shown silently meditating, with no action or dialogue, only background music. These, lasting sometimes two or three minutes, are very effective in that they give the viewer time to reflect back over what has happened and to analyse the character.

The thing that impressed me most, perhaps, was the excellent musical score, composed by the renowned contemporary Hungarian composer Miklos Rosza. He is a fine and prolific composer who, besides doing scores for movies (e.g., A Time to Love and a Time to Die and The World, the Flesh, and the Devil) writes many symphonic works such as concertos and suites, including several original compositions for our own Dallas Symphony Orchestra. The score for Ben-Hur is one of the most beautiful I have ever heard. The strident Roman marches with their intricate trumpet parts are matched in beauty by lyrical passages of flowing melodies.

Of course, this is not the sole worth of the movie. The sound reproduction is superb (the storm scene at the death of Christ is the loudest I have ever heard. The scenes of violence are matched by scenes of touching tenderness. I shall be brief. This is a beau-

tiful motion picture. Be sure you see it.

-Lyndon Henry

=FINIS=

"All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others."

-George Orwell

"Je pense, ainsi je suis."

-Rene Descartes

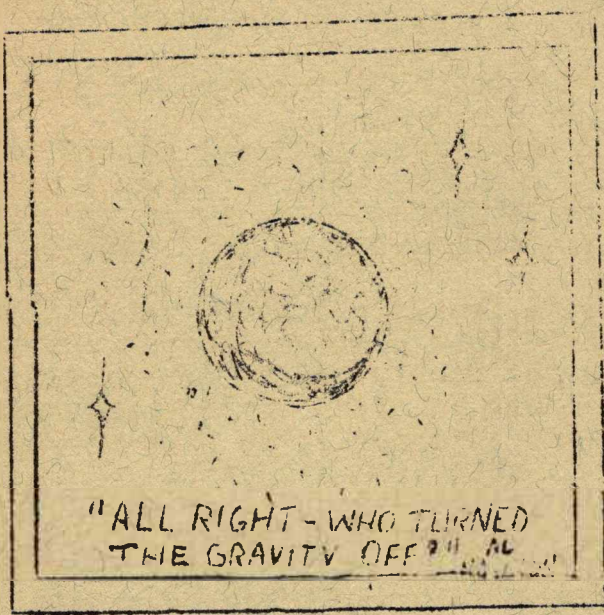
"We need some place to stomp this."

-Richard Koogle

BEAT

by

BILL PORTER



I hear despair's sweet call

away from human ken,
till down to hell I fall into
death's hungry den.

MY MIND is red with pain
my body with decay
my emotions soon will wane
the coming od dismay.

oh,
melancholy god I
Long

for thy sweet touch
As my head begins to nod, I
Use
hatered

for
a
crutch.
Oh, hate, despair, and death
I call you all afriend

with
my last mortal
breath
only you will I commend

The night is Black and
will

death soon be here
to greet

all conformists now
behold, I and my EgO are
Truly

BEAT.....

THE FLAMING PAIN
THE TORTURED BREATH
FIGHT TO BE SANE
BUT SOON COMES DEATH
YOU BEGIN A CELL
THE POUNDING NOISE
A TOUCH OF HELL
AND SCATTERED JOYS
THE DAY AND NIGHT
A SHOCK, A FRIGHT
ALL THIS IS LIFE



