

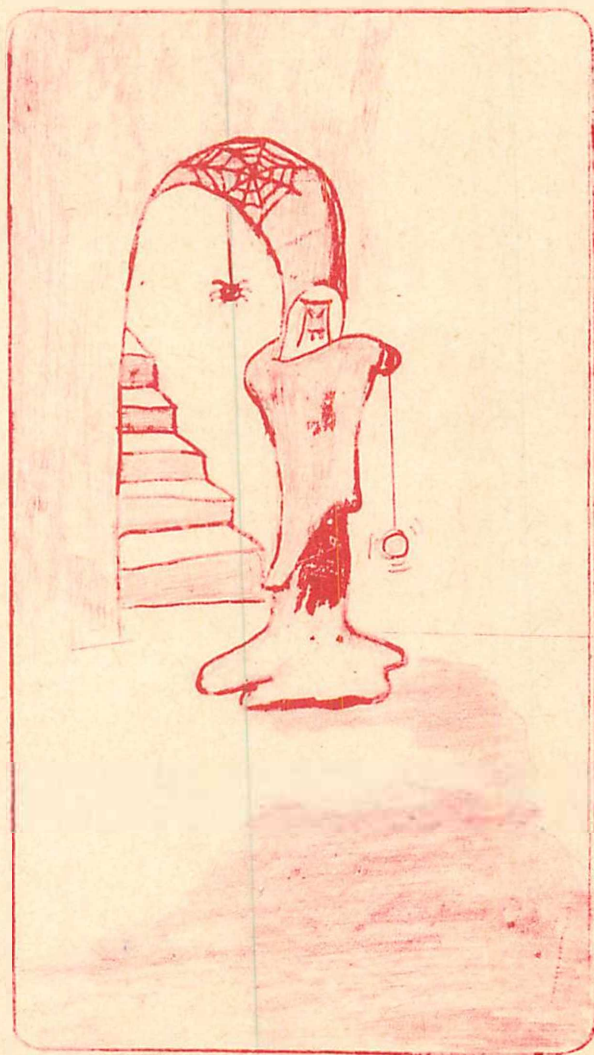


#9

# Scintilla

Science Fiction

Cosmic Twins



TOT  
N 24 T 19

5000 word NOVEL

SCINTILLA is edited and published by Larry Anderson at 2716 Smoky Lane. Assistant ed Jean Dracon. Poetry editor, Orma McCormick. All poetry should be sent to Orma at 1558 W. Hazelhurst Street, Ferndale 20, Michigan.

Published at irregular intervals, but directly upon the interval. Price 10¢, in the future two sections for 15¢. Will trade for any zine. Foreign subs for their mailing rates. Ad rates..10¢ per column inch. 50¢ Per half column, 1.50 per page.

Columnists;

McCain  
Wells  
Cantin  
Carr

We don't like sexy covers, Don Cantin.

We buy Fiendetta.

Tucker's just a fan with a demented peacocks complex.

Fiction;

Poetry  
Cosmic Twins  
.....Robert Gail

Who else knows about Mehuman?

Articles;

And just what other fanzine has hand-written titles?

McNeil  
Cuthbert

I smoke CamLuckPall-Gold(no, not you, Horace)cls, don't you?

Artwork;

Baker  
Nesting  
Anderson



# Robot Press

2716 Smoky Lane  
Billings, Montana



## YABBERINGS

I may, in all truthfulness, admit that this is the best issue yet of scilly. It has also taken more time and more money than any of the rest, and probably any to come. After this, there will be many changes in scilly. First of all, scilly will be in two parts after this. One will be for fiction and poetry, it'll be ditto'd, and the other will contain columns and articles of interest to a wider audience, so I will mimeo it. The present demand is for less fiction and poetry. Then, there is the matter of cutting the rest. Columns will not be over two pages long in any case. Trying to keep em below a page. A few columnists just can't be limited, tho. I guess we'll just have to make exceptions. Just so we never get Calkins.

All of my fan activities are to be limited this summer due to an unfortunate accident. The accident happened about half way down the first column of my editorial. I turned on my swivel chair and caught my foot on the typer table and turned it over, knocking the mica typer over and breaking it's back. (I know, no ' in its)

Please send me a card, all of you who sub or trade, telling me whether you want the non-fiction section, or the fiction section. I'm saying now that you won't get both of them for a dime. They will be two for 15¢. If you trade for a more costly zine than scilly, chances are, you'll get both sections, otherwise if not notified, you will receive only the non-fiction section. That is, if I'm not notified of your choice.

The time has come to unveil our new author, Robert W. Gail. In this ish he has the only prose fiction, COSMIC TWINS. Please write and tell us what you think of it.

Why doesn't someone write to the editors of some of the prozines, get the addresses of quite a few subbers and make up a list of fanzines to send them in hopes of recruiting a few noofen? This would be a project for the NZF or some such organization. At the same time, one might include a pamphlet explaining fandom (if it can be done). This would be a counter measure to the dropping of several review columns, and might be even more effective.

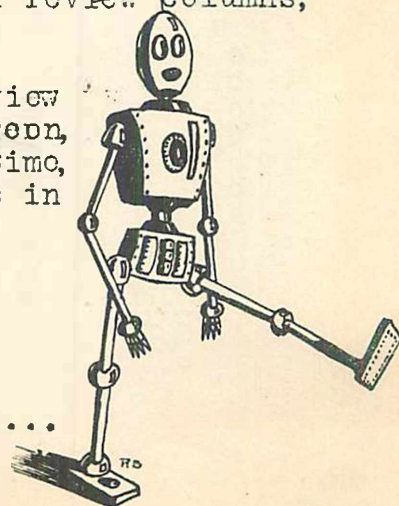
A few of the late-comers got left out of the fmz. review this time. Included (excluded, that is) are Escape, Penn, Fan-To-SEE, and one of the most promising in a long time, PSYCHOTIC. The ed of Psy, Geis, uses the best layouts in the present-day fandom. Wunnerful, if short.

And who am I to question that Shelby Vick is dead?

do stretch yourself after reading this...

on a torture rack!!

your yabbering editor,

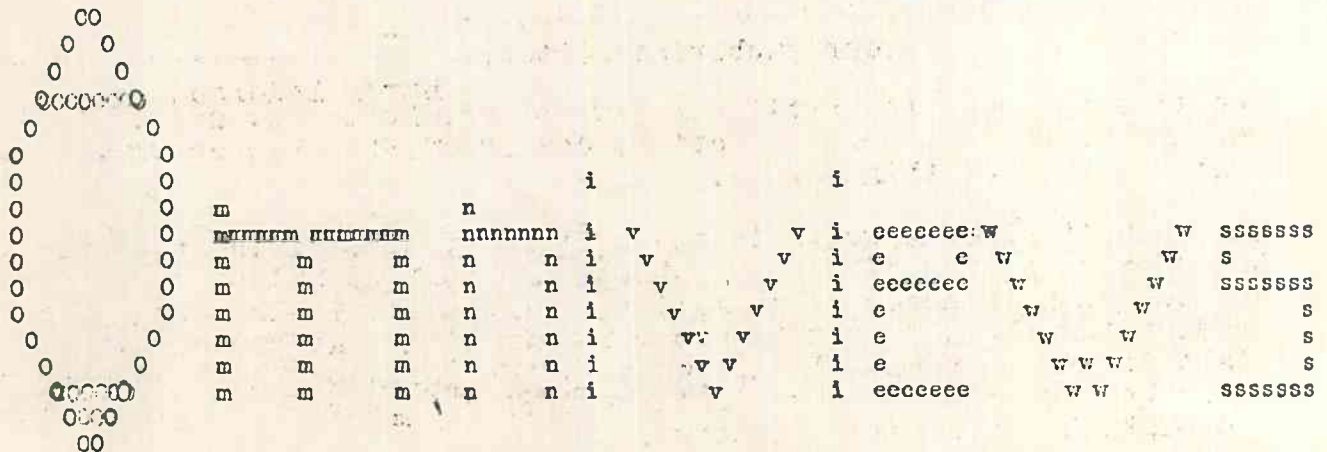


A trap's preferred--  
It snags the bird  
Who's very  
lasso-wary.  
D. Greenell

charles wells —

emili.

Dean A. Grennell



This section of scilly is edited by Orma McCormick. Nice job, huh? Send all poems intended for scilly to her at 1558 W. Hazelhurst Street, Ferndale 20, Michigan. **MAK** them for scilly. If you don't, they go (if good) in her mag, **STARLANES**—20¢ a copy—all poetry—



## GYPSY HEART

A gypsy heart is all the fault she has.  
Her thoughts cling high on shining parapets,  
And in her soul she holds a dream of awesome loveliness.

But in her heart a gypsy fire burns bright and  
quenchless  
Beneath the winter's snow she banks the flame  
And keeps her dancing feet in blameless ways.

But springtime plays a taunting melody  
And wildly flames the gypsy fire again.  
Thru summer eyes she sees the pattering  
and wonders....

When autumn trumpets thru the gaudy wood  
She fights the leaping flame  
and prays for snow to bank the fires again.

— Theda L. Pobst

## THE MAN FROM MARS

A stranger called on me last night.  
A chap to whom I had taken a liking  
When we met in a crowd. He seemed different, somehow;  
His speech,— his manners,—very striking.

He said he had taken an interest in me  
And thought that he would like to call  
And have a talk; and so find out  
If we really were alike at all.

We talked of this and that — and finally  
He asked me what I thought of Mars.  
I laughed and said that I was no Astronomer,  
And knew but little of the Planets or of Stars.

He seemed surprised. "Really? I thought you knew  
That there were many Martians on this Earth.  
You may know them by the third eye in their foreheads.  
Mars feels she can point to ways of better worth."

He rose and said, "I must be going."  
And smiling, turned toward the door.  
My heart stood still! His third eye opened,  
And closed. Then slowly opened and closed once more.

— Agatha Grey Southern

## RECALLED

Tensely I savored the silence  
Down the corridors of my dream,  
Immured in these gray-muted halls  
The velvet silence was supreme.

Devoid was I of sight of speech  
And impotent my storm-battered soul  
To revitalize inert limbs  
Or again make my senses whole.

This is the overture to death  
Was the shattering thought in my brain,  
Slowly silence was engulfed  
As the darkness began to wane.

Then I heard a far voice calling  
Which I realized was your own;  
My pulses thrilled to its music,  
Now, you were no longer alone.

— Isabelle E. Minwiddie

## WHUPS

I was  
"No, you were."  
But if I was,  
Why not now?  
"No."  
Mommy, where  
Are you? You're  
Lost, Mommy.  
Mommy?  
Mommy!

— Louise Kriss

## VARIEGATION

Buildings were made of varicolored granite  
on this amazing, luscious, rainbow planet;  
Visitors praised its everchanging beauty,  
where vegetation shone in rippling, fluty  
spirals

The landscape was pure opalescence,  
molded with artist tones of iridescence.  
Bunch-taking fields of seven-tinted blending  
outlined their streets with glories never ending;  
Bees of this world with incandescence billowed  
breaking on beaches resplendently pillowed,  
frescoed with amber, and leoparded umber,  
plangent with peace for inhabitant's slumber.  
Nature, with color, had been so indulgent,  
contrast was cruel, and not circumfulgent.

All of the people suffered color blindness.  
Or was this monotone a loving kindness?

— Orma McCormick

## Bitter Brew

She pulled the roots of mandragora  
On a chilly springtime night,  
Its scream of agony filled the air,  
As it writhed in moon-mad light.

She took the dandelion blossoms,  
Seeds of anise and knot-grass,  
Brewed berries of the deadly nightshade,  
Added henbane and camass.

Calamus root and cubeb berries,  
Yarrow and witch hazel bark,  
Chicory root, wild strawberry leaves  
That were gathered in the dark.

These she boiled and strained and boiled again  
Set some ginseng root to stew,  
Added it with everlasting life;  
Made a peerless deadly brew.

Next day she gave it to her lover  
When he told her he was through.  
He drank it all, as a parting cup  
And she thought it was adieu.

Then he swore he had never tasted  
Anything fine as this;  
That he would marry her tomorrow;  
Sealed the bargain with a kiss.

— Isabelle E. Dinwiddie

## ESCAPE

THE younger ones take flight in  
space-ships  
paying their fares in the bright  
coin of imagination.  
LOVERS find forgetfulness, however  
brief,  
in a world bounded by their arms.  
WHILE the old ones muse at twilight,  
of past days,  
the middle-agers wordily discuss  
the cause of war and other crime:  
in an age of splitting atoms....  
THEY "split hairs."

— Theda L. Pobst

## WEATHER'S YOUNGER SISTER •

Heathbell, toll the knell  
She has passed who loved thee  
Wear a cloud as a shroud  
Mist a veil above thee.  
Wiggle-worm, gently squirm  
Where her sweet meat mellow  
Take a treat from her feet  
For your legless fellows.  
Little fish, swing and swish  
On her flowing tresses  
She would tingle to see them mingle  
With the watercresses.  
"She is mad, loves a oad,"  
Sickly souls are gloating.  
Tell them, pray, on the day  
They find Ophelia floating,  
She was gay, nelt to play  
Little leaves a-boating.

— Hyacinthe Hill

THE END



the  
INDEFENSIBLE  
POSITION

V. L. MCCAIN

Most of you have certainly read a number of the articles which have appeared since Hiroshima about the mutations of the fruit flies and the possibility of similar mutations occurring in human stock.

Whatever their conclusions about the probability of such mutations, the experts were universally gloomy about the results if they should occur. This was disheartening news to fans, raised on a diet of supermen-a-la-van Vogt and company. What about the many esp powers such as telepathy, telekinesis, etc. which seem to lie dormant in the human stock now but which a mutation could kick into activity? What of the new super-intelligent minds? Not to mention such casual, but useful, little tricks as invisibility and form-changing.

The experts weren't completely counting out such possibilities. They just considered them too trivial a possible gain to be weighted against the many more unfavorable mutations. For, as they explained, there are a limited (a very limited) number of ways in which to construct the human being more efficiently than the present, model or to give him some more desirable new powers. But there are an almost infinite number of ways of messing up the job. Anyone who has ever watched a novice working side by side with a skilled expert at some job knows this to be true of other things beside the human organism. The ways of doing something wrong are endless. The number of ways of doing it right strictly limited.

This carries over into many fields including the arts. Most critics are well aware of this, which is why they reserve their accolades for a small percentage of the total items which come under their observation. As a result critics are not popular people. The artists revile them, the indiscriminating section of the public (by far the largest portion) ignores them, and people who should know better attack the very function of criticism although it is fairly easy to show that without criticism all art would be a haphazard thing at best, and perhaps not exist at all except as an occasional outpouring of exuberance such as the child who improvises a dance out of sheer joy of living.

Perhaps fandom's abloost critic is Redd Boggs. Yet so strongly does the anti-critical bias flow that Redd's name has become synonymous to much of fandom with a mental picture of a warped, bitter hatchet-man who has a passion to tear down the efforts of others.

Nevertheless it is the function of the critic to select what, in his opinion, are the occasional examples of something done right and when possible to try to show exactly how and why others failed to meet these standards.

Many people consider that a critic is in a special category. He is so steeped in whatever he is reviewing, observing practically every contemporary example of the form, that he is far

more sophisticated and blasé about the whole thing than the average man for whom it was actually created. What the man on the street finds stimulating and thoroughly satisfactory is brushed aside by the critic as completely lacking in originality and interest, even though perhaps technically sound.

This is undoubtedly a valid idea regarding the critic, and it cannot be ignored as a factor in the general lack of praise one finds from an honest critic. On the other hand, the person who, while still new to a form, finds such a work satisfying will frequently find if he returns to it after several years study in the field that the critic was right and the only value it has left is that of nostalgia.

As one who has tried his hand at amateur criticism a few times I, too, have been accused by some of carping over small details and hyper-criticality. I must plead guilty. It is undoubtedly this trait of searching for perfection in everything and being unsatisfied with substantially less which leads to my attraction toward the field of criticism.

But in addition to the reasons mentioned above I've found an even better reason why critics rarely praise and almost invariably pan.

Like the human body, which can only be right in a few ways and wrong in an endless number, our language can produce a severely curtailed number of ways of expressing approval. But since things can go wrong in so many ways of expressing approval. But since things can go wrong in so many ways it is not too hard to find something new to say in analyzing a failure. The words which one can use in praising that which one approves highly are chiefly words which Hollywood has made ridiculous by over-use. And rilder terms tend to put the success on the same level with the 'interesting little story which indicated the writer showed promise', a most unfair verdict. The person who enjoys producing critical writing does not like to repeat himself. For one thing he sounds to much like the indiscriminating person who writes to magazine editors telling them how perfect every story was. Sometimes this is just a new reader. But sometimes it is the pollyannish individual who likes everything, the lean and stringy; the not-quite ripe; the perfect, and the downright rotten; all equally well. Such a person is undoubtedly to be envied. He almost certainly enjoys life more than average. But his comments are of little value to the rest of us.

So is it any wonder the critic, unable to think of any new way of expressing approval, takes refuge in criticizing what faults he can find and dubbing the rest only 'acceptable'?

Right now I am running into precisely that problem. The reason for this analysis of the structure of criticism is to indicate why I'm unable to fully express my pleasure but also to let you know that the superlatives aren't too strong in this case, but too weak through overuse.



What has me happier than I can ever remember being previously in my relationship with science-fantasy is Lester del Rey's new magazine FANTASY. The only vaguely comparable occasion was the first superb issue of GALAXY something Gold hasn't come near matching since.

Like many others I considered UNKNOWN WORLDS far finer than any other magazine the field has seen. The only magazine which ever approached it was its sister publication, ASTOUNDING of approximately the same period.

Street & Smith have long turned a deaf ear to pleas to revive it. But now one of the contributors to that magazine has brought out his own publication, deliberately modelled after it. I would never have believed that anyone but Campbell could come so close to reincarnating UNKNOWN.

As far as I'm concerned every other publication in the field pales into insignificance when compared to this new magazine, provided del Rey is able to maintain the standard of the first issue. (And I'm thinking, of GALAXY, ASTOUNDING, & MAGAZINE OF FANTASY when I make that statement.)

The magazine isn't perfect. Almost half its pages are devoted to a long novelet by the late Robert E. Howard, which is almost certainly inferior to any story of similar length carried by UNKNOWN. I, personally, have never been able to read more than two pages of any Howard story, so colossally dull do I find his stories and so badly written.

But the five remaining stories are really remarkable to appear in one issue of a present-day magazine. In Campbell's heyday he had no competition for the cream of the crop. But that is not true today. I would rate all of the other five stories worthy of the old UNKNOWN. Two marvelous ones, Poul Anderson's "Ashtaru the Terrible" and the brilliantly handled "The Demons" by newcomer Robert Sheckley are typical of UNKNOWN at its best. FANTASY is not yet on the level with UNKNOWN at its prime. But it already is well ahead of the first half dozen issues when Campbell was still feeling his way.

More important to me than the quality of the stories themselves is the recreation of the 'feel' of UNKNOWN in editorial policy and comments, and in the type stories used and the way written. "Ashtaru the Terrible" couldn't have been more typical of UNKNOWN if written by Sturgeon or De Camp specifically for that magazine in 1942. As a sign of delights to come the finest series UNKNOWN ever ran, the Harold Shea-Mathematics of magic trilogy is to have an additional chapter in the next issue.

I can think of superlatives but they don't adequately describe the way I feel.

I have hopes del Rey cannot only continue his policy but improve the quality, although I doubt if any magazine could rise much above UNKNOWN. Certainly we won't have too many Robert Howard stories. The man has been dead well over a decade and he can't have left too many unpublished stories behind. This is the second del Rey has printed this year.

All isn't clear on the path ahead for FANTASY (a ridiculously inept title for such an outstanding magazine). del Rey does not only have more competition already than Campbell faced but there is more yet to come. Another UNKNOWN-styled magazine is scheduled for early appearance. It is BEYOND, edited by H. L. Gold, the man who deprived John Campbell of his solitary splendor as kingpin in sf. Any magazine edited by Gold certainly must be reckoned with as a commercial entity.

As to quality that is another matter. I'm following a wait-and-see policy. It once looked as if Gold would duplicate Campbell's editorial style and produce another, perhaps better, ASTOUNDING. Instead he produced a magazine that was perhaps no better or poorer than the present day ASF but 'different' from Campbell's; certainly far inferior to the ASF of 1940-49.

It remains to be seen whether Gold can come any closer to a duplication of Campbell's technique in the fantasy field. Ordinarily imitation is a sure road to sterility. In the case of UNKNOWN, however, the magazine approached what so many of us regard as perfection in so many ways that to attempt to be 'original' in this field is apt to produce something like FANTASTIC or the duller issues of MOF. (The best stories in either of these magazines usually are quite UNKNOWNish.)

One hopeful omen is that Gold has announced he will feature wish-fulfillment type stories which means they'll tend towards the humorous and happy-ending. He does not care for pure horror. Since, with the natural and inevitable exceptions, on the whole UNKNOWN's best stories were its humorous items and its poorest the horror stories this could be good. Especially since GALAXY's worst fault has probably been Gold's artistic writing which has led to a pervading dreariness and frequent triviality in his science fiction. The stories he's looking for now should escape that particular curse.

With Gold doubtless able to outbid him on stories del Rey has a tough row to hoe. And I can't help hoping that Campbell, unable to resist the sight of two of his old UNKNOWN contributors reaping the fruits he sowed, will convince his bosses that a revived UNKNOWN would be a more profitable item than they believe. Although I realize that there almost certainly aren't enough good UNKNOWN-styled stories to support three high quality fantasy magazines, perhaps not even two.

One thing I am willing to predict. This new influx into the fantasy field will almost certainly tend to encourage the move MAGAZINE of FANTASY was already making towards using a higher portion of sf in relation to its fantasy. (Like del Rey & Gold, Anthony Boucher is also one of the better contributors to the old UNKNOWN.)

There still remains one question. Will the fantasy magazines sell? Or were St. & Sm. right in figuring they would lose money on a fantasy magazine? Book publishers have learned to their sorrow that they can't sell fantasy





MR. SILVERBERG

m. mcneil

I should like to take issue with THE GREAT REACTION in the latest Scintilla. I will concede, of course, that in 1939 most of the field was in an advanced state of decay: AMAZING, thick but lifeless, succeeded in presenting perhaps a good story an issue, and this, while certainly better than today's AMZ, was upheld chiefly by the marvelous ability of Neil R. Jones; WONDER, degenerated into a blood-and-thunder juvenile in which any science was purely coincidental; however, I can see no justification whatsoever for the statement "pulp science fiction before the advent of John Campbell was a pretty sad affair". The field before 1939 was not, statements in the aforementioned article to the contrary notwithstanding on a strictly juvenile basis—the person who chooses to consider such stories as THE ETERNAL WORLD—Smith (1932), ALMOST IMMORTAL—Hall (1916), THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE—Lovecraft (1927) or TWILIGHT—Stuart (1934) juveniles must have a strange idea indeed of what constitutes a juvenile.

While a discreditor may, of course, point to the failing years of the magazines as evidence that they were always thus, it is not hard to ascertain by examining a sizeable collection that these magazines had their better moments—1933-37 for ASTOUNDING, 1929-1933 for WONDER, 1927-1932 for AMAZING.

Furthermore, in my opinion, Gold is not following Campbell's very good editor—but merely reverting to the 1939 TWS type, the only difference being in that now he likes to pretend his magazine is COLLIERS and adds just enough science to justify the name science fiction; in 1939 the editor of TWS must have liked to pretend his magazine was AMERICAN BOY and continue to add science again more to justify the title than for any other purpose.

SCIENCE FICTION PLUS is not, I believe, trying to set STF back to the 1926 level—though this might very well prove in the nature of an amelioration were it so—but merely trying to print readable and mature science-fiction, and not merely taking standard plots and adding a little gobbledygook, then naming the result STF, as do most other magazines in the field.

// Touche—LEA //

I'll probably be panned for ever printing a STF quiz, and told that it is only in the lower fanzines, or went out with the '30s, but I really think this particular guy can write a nice quiz. James Adams has had one quiz in scilly before this. It was in the last issue. Unfortunately, the ditto went bad and about twenty people didn't get copies. I think the above quiz is even better than the one in lastish. What are your opinions?

QUIZQUIZ

by James R. Adams  
SYNONYM STUMPERS

In the STF titles below, one or more words have been replaced with synonyms for those words. Study these synonyms (in capitals) then substitute in their place the correct words that will bring the titles back into their original form. In other words, replace the synonyms with synonyms! For example, in title No. 1, "POINT" might be a good synonym for "POSITION". To help you out a little, we've placed the name of the author to the right of each title. When you've finished, turn to the bottom of the page for the answers and scoring chart.

1. The POSITION Of SURVEY, by Stanley Weinbaum
2. PRECEDING The DAYBREAK, by John Taine
3. NAME Him FIEND, by Henry Kuttner
4. What INSANE CREATION, by Fredric Brown
5. The SATELLITE PUDDLE, by A. Merritt
6. The SLUMBERER Is An INSURGENT, by Bryce Walton
7. MASTER Of The TEMPEST, by Keith Hammond
8. BEAT Of The OFES, by A. Merritt
9. HORRID ASYLUM, by Eric Frank Russell
10. The OBSCURE GLOBE, by Henry Kuttner

MICRO— The microzine. It's really a good deal. This is LEA at the typer. I've received 2 issues so far and it's excellent. Send to Don Cantin, 214 Bremer, Manchester, New Hampshire.

10 — Panathic Pan  
8 — 9 Percent Pan  
6 — 7 Forgetful Pan  
4 — 5 Fresh Pan  
1 — 3 Go to the blackboard and write "I am a dope" 1,000,000 times!!

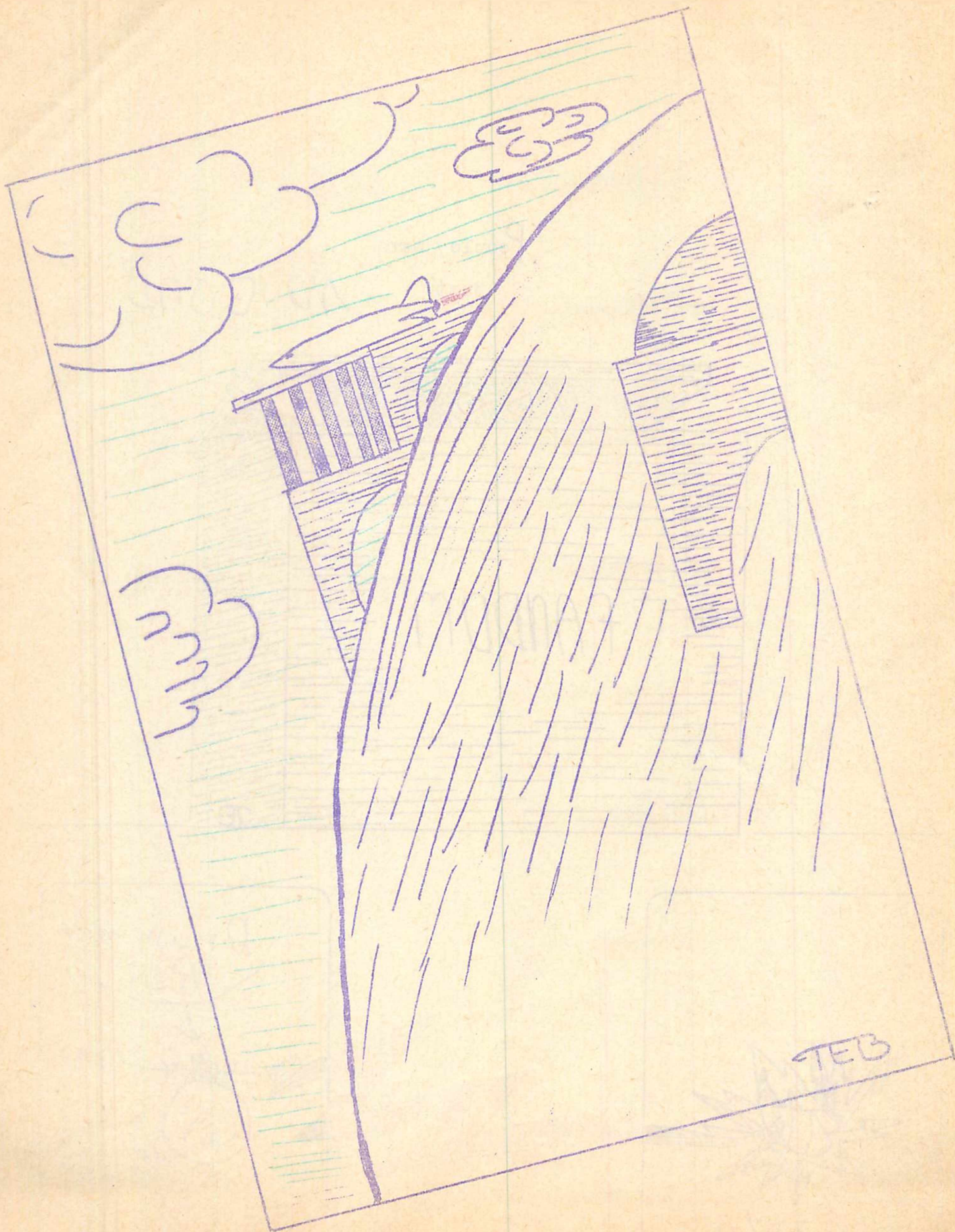
Allow yourself 1 point for each correct answer then look for your rating on the chart below.

- |                           |   |                   |   |
|---------------------------|---|-------------------|---|
| 10. The Dark World        | • | fiendetta         | • |
| 9. Dreadful Sanctuary     | • | fiendetta         | • |
| 8. Rhythm Of The Spheres  | • | fiendetta         | • |
| 7. Lord Of The Storm      | • | fiendetta         | • |
| 6. The Steeper Is A Rebel | • | fiendetta         | • |
| 5. The Moon Pool          | • | 10¢ 3/25¢         | • |
| 4. What Mad Universe      | • | Charles Wells     | • |
| 3. Call Him Demon         | • | 405 62 St.        | • |
| 2. Before The Dawn        | • | Savannah, Georgia | • |
| 1. The Point Of View      | • | •                 | • |

We would especially like to thank M. McNeil for the above article on pre-Campbell STF. Last issue, we had a well-done article by Mr. Silverberg that attracted attention. We hope you like this return-article idea. It is always more interesting to see both sides of the question. Bye the by, how do you all like our even right-hand margins? I think they definitely add to scilly. Opinions???

LEA



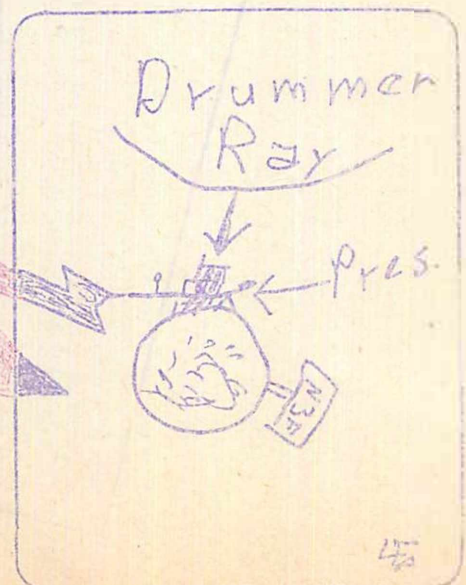
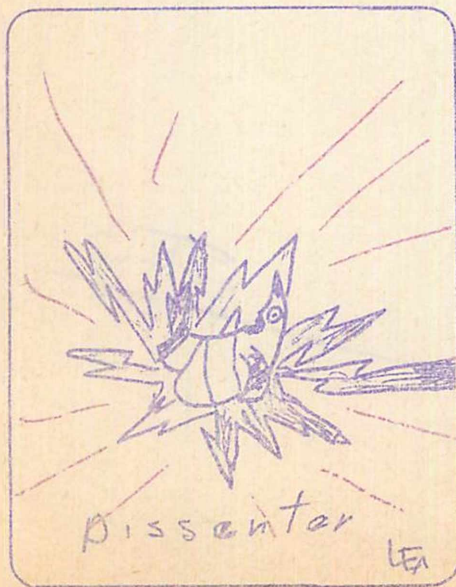


TEB



People are  
just

NO GOOD





# CARR'S CRYPT

Terry Carr

Well, it's finally happened; Larry Anderson revolted. He sent my column back with a request to stop yakking about San Francisco fans. ((May I have a round of applause at this time?)) I had a nice lengthy account of a jim-dandy hoax (purely local this time) that we pulled—humorous and all that. ((Yeah, & all that)) You would have chuckled and giggled until your eyes watered. ((An onion will do the job quicker & cheaper)) You would have finished reading it ((wanna bet)) with the realization that you had read something great, something to ring down through the history of fandom with a bright, clear note. ((Note, it might even have deafened you)) But your editor (and mine) rejected it. ((Please, one more round of applause)) Fans, stand up for your rights! Don't let this scoundrel rob you of the privilege of reading this masterpiece ((?)) of wit! Make him print it! ((If the postoffice says I can)) Anderson, you're a cad. ((Only wish I were, I might be able to attract some girls then.))

Do you like to look for pen-names too? Well, here are a couple I noticed recently. First, in the initial issue of UNIVERSE SCIENCE FICTION, there are illustrations by Herb Ruud and Bert Duur. Spell either of them backwards.... And, in the July, 1953 issue of PLANET STORIES there's a story by someone named Klokson Gordon. Transposed, that's Gordon McKson, an up-and-coming young writer from Minneapolis.

Remember that takeoff on Mickey Spillane (Icky Spillgore, as David Rike calls him) in STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES? Well, here's a neat bit from "Stowaway" by Mack Reynolds in UNIVERSE SCIENCE FICTION:

There was a gentle knock at the wardrobe door and the four of them looked up at the messman who stood there, somewhat nervous at being in officer's country.

"Yes, Spillane?" Jonny Norson said.

The science fiction field is undergoing a rapid change as far as leaders are concerned. Many of the top writers have dropped out. A. E. Van Vogt dropped out shortly after Dianetics came up (though I've heard he plans to return soon), and Henry Kuttner & C. L. Moore have been out for some time. Bradbury and Heinlein, still acknowledged leaders of the field, seem to have graduated to the slicks now. Murray Leinster hasn't written anything of satisfying length in the last few years except a mediocre novella in AMAZING. John D. MacDonald has been almost totally absent from the field lately, his only appearance—aside from a few scattered short stories—being the recent book, "Ballroom In The Sky."

Who will take the place of these writers? There are many new writers in the field today but not many are able to raise their heads above the mass. Undoubtedly the most heralded new writer of recent years is Philip Jose Farmer. If he develops, he will become one of the truly great writers of science fiction; if he doesn't, he is doomed to fail. He has a definite talent for creating fascinating backgrounds, as evidenced by "The Lovers", "Mother", and "Moth and Rust"; however, all too often, he writes in a manner which confuses the reader—"Sail On!" is a good example of this.

Another promising new writer is Robert Sheekley, who turns up in just about every science fiction magazine on the market. His stories are very good—so good, in fact, that he was included in the all-star lineup of STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES. However, he seems to have little desire to write longer stories (though perhaps he has not felt properly situated in the field up to now).

Next to Farmer, the most heralded new writer of the field is Daniel F. Galouye, who writes rather well but certainly is not startlingly great. Handling seems to think so too.

Another talented newcomer is Chad Oliver, who graduated from the fan ranking via SUPER SCIENCE STORIES. Now he appears in such magazines as ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION with feature stories. Other promising new writers are Frank M. Robinson, Philip K. Dick, Boyd Ellanby, Charles E. Fritch, Miriam A. deFord, Richard Matheson (the best new fantasy writer since Bradbury), Sherwood Springer, Gordon McKson, and countless others whose names slip my mind at the moment.

A lot of artists have been dropping out, too. Berger, of course, died recently, and both Cartier and Bok are said to be gone from the field. Bok, however, has more artwork showing up now than when he was illustrating Fantasy regularly, and Cartier has been appearing in OTHER WORLDS (whether this is new work or backlog I don't know). Napoli seems to be all but gone from the field, since he appears only in WEIRD TALES now. There are many, many new artists in the field. The most prolific of these is Edward Alexander Enshwiler, whose work appears all over the field, from Planet to GALAXY, under the names of Ensh, Enslar, Ed Alexander, Willer, and possibly more. His work is good, but he will never be a great artist.

About the best new artist is Frank K. Freas, another fan-turned-pro who seems to be a cross of one-tenth Finlay, one-tenth Bok, and eight-tenths Freas. His covers for WEIRD TALES in particular are excellent.

Another WEIRD TALES find is Joseph Eberle, whose work is greatly reminiscent of that of Finlay. Eberle has recently begun to branch out to other fields, also.

Jon Arfstrom is another WEIRD TALES artist (and another fan-turned-pro), but he appears rather infrequently.

Other new ink-splashers are J. Dreany (not very good), Tom Beecham (good), Alex Schomburg (not really new, but recently returned to the field—excellent for covers), Walter Popp (rather good, but not well-adapted to science fiction illustrating), Smith (pretty good), Bill Ashman (very good), and countless others. You'll be seeing them in the sf mags yourself.



## UNFINISHED BUSINESS

I have come to a big fat conclusion that there are, no doubt, many unfinished masterpieces in the SF line lying about, thither and yon in various writers and would-be writers' drawers and desks. Likewise are countless others which perhaps ended too soon or mayhap died aborning. For example, leave us take the super-thriller I once started entitled;

### JETS AWAY.

.....3,076,098½ miles away from the Green Hills Of Earth, (by permission of the copyright owner), Space Officer Metaxis glanced at his instrument panel and adjusted several dozen faucets and other gadgets, then leaning back, he relaxed for a moment and idly polished the gold mountings on his space Patrol Merit badge as his supersunderatom jets out through the silence of space. Peering into his Gernsback view-finder, he saw a slight burp flashing across the screen. Instantly he alerted his self and began turning dials and things.

"Aha!" he shouted into his helmet and well nigh deafened himself. "It can be none other than him—or maybe he—Black Beetle Bart, The Scourge of the Spaceways!!!"

Little did he know, however, that Black Beetle Bart had seen him first and even now, was maneuvering his space craft to a position behind the little Patrol ship, centering its image on his blasting screen.

"Arr-arr," snickered Black Beetle as he calibrated his atomic cannon, disintegrator and electric shaver, "now I'll blast him into little bitty pieces."

So he pressed a button and did just that.

.....  
You can readily see, there did not seem to be much point in continuing at this juncture, so I began an Aristotilian epic;

### THE WORLD OF A-U

The huge earthcraft, Mshuman, after nine years in space, settled down slowly in the backwash (it was Saturday) and landed gently on the unknown, unexplored little planet somewhere west of Suez. (203,000,000 miles, to be exact.)

Captian Spotiswood signalled his officers and each busied himself with his own appointed task, by remote or robotic control. Lieut. Ambrose took samples and tested the atmosphere and climate. Lieut. Agnew carefully tested the water and soil of the strange planet. Lieut. Alphie took pictures and made transcriptions to be heard at a more convenient time and Corporal Anderson made a ham sandwich which he also tested and the Captain did a exotic olog dance in his joy at finding an earthlike planet so near his home. After the tests and stuff had been studied and approved by the Captain, he ordered the port holes opened and the men crawled out. (The designer of the ship had forgot to put a door in the craft.)

"We are here!" announced the Captain as he did a pratfall from a port hole, landing in a clearing entirely surrounded by a species of bush whose foliage reminded one of the hair of an Australian sheep dog.



### JACK CUTHBERT

"How true," agreed Lieuts. Ambrose, Agnew and Alphie.

"Dug-but where?" said a voice from within the bushes and in a trice, out sprang a native of the planet who, by some strange coincidence spoke English.

He or she, or perhaps it, was a furry creature with five legs, a rotund body and a pouch and somewhat resembled a mangy kangaroo without a tail—one who had been sick for some time, that is.

"How!" said the Captian, in his best pigeon English. "What planet named this fellow planet?"

"A-U." replied the native, crossing his feet.

"Who, Me?" inquired Anderson, who always wanted to get into the act.

"No—not 'Who me', A-U." returned the native, uncrossing his feet.

"Hey who?" asked the Captain, beetling his brows.

"A-U." insisted the native, stamping several of his feet.

"Who, me?" murmured Ambrose.

"Who's on first?" inquired Anderson.

.....  
At this point, the dialogue began to resemble something out of Abbot and Costello, so I discarded the first 16 pages and turned to a proposed Bradbury imitation called MARS IS BLUE.

This had to do with an exploratory space ship which landed in a desolate, mountainous terrain and after the occupants had disembarked and started down a winding path, they came upon an unwashed & female engaged in hanging up certain articles of female apparel known as bloomers.

When the Captain pointed the girls exclaimed "Mars!" so the explorer fancied that they had landed on Mars and after several dozen screamingly funny pages of mishaps, it turned out that the ship had miscalculated distances and had landed in the hills of West Virginia and the girl, not understanding their Yankee accent, had thought they were inquiring whose bloomers she was hanging up, so she replied "Mars." (They were blue, I hasten to mention.)

After showing this to an associate and observing that instead of going into bursts of laughter that he threw up, I decided to return Mars to Mr. Bradbury and went into other fields.

And I must not forget to mention the one about the world famous scientists who had spent years and years in his attempt to discover the perfect cure for all the ills of mankind—a discovery that would bring health, long life and many benefits to mankind. So, just as he was on the verge of perfecting his life-giving fluid, he decided it needed one more ingredient, so, tilting a small bottle, he let drop one trickle into his precious fluid. So it exploded and blew the earth to pieces. Likewise, there was the one I proudly entitled "16,000,000 BOX TOPS" which was about some 10,000,000 children of earth sending into some manufacturer of WHEAT ROOTS—That Better Cereal. In return, they each got a replica of Captain Rooties Disintegrator gun. In trying out their new guns, they turned them on their doting parents and disintegrated them into atoms. Seemed as though the guns really worked.

It also seemed as though I had read something like that somewhere once, so to be safe and not half safe, I tore it up. And again, speaking of unfinished things, there is THIS article.....

Hokey — the end



**yabbeditor**

# Silly Translations

Charles Wells

I had me a column half typed out already in which I reviewed several British fanzines, but when ed. Anderson told me to hurry up and get the column to him I looked it over and threw it out. Why? Because this isn't a review column, or is it? But that means now I gotta blitzkrieg this here thing out in one day—if I hadn't decided to throw that other column out I wouldn't have to do that. If he hadn't of told me to hurry up I wouldn't have noticed that I was devoting nearly all my column to three British fanz and you would have been reading a review right now instead of this tripe. It's all Anderson's fault, eh, folks?

No interparenthesised cracks, Larry.

So I can get along without parentheses, lazybones. Yo jus so slow, anyway.

I'm beginning to think this microcosm we so lovingly call fandom is being invaded by monsters from Outer Space, or something. What I mean is: look at all these lil tiny zines coming out these days. First, there was Terry Carr and Peter Graham With all their postcard size zines, and then was don Cantin's MICRO-, and just today I got a new zine entitled STIGMA, from one Ronald Fleshman, 403 East Melbourne Ave., Silver Spring, Md. There's a plot. They are sending out those small zines so we'll try to read them and go blind, and they they'll invade! This is similar to the invasion of Bob Stewarts that's going on at this very moment. Wonder if there's any connection?

No gaurde, fans! Gird yourselves for the attack!

Soon after writing that last instalment of SW, I decided not to organize that political party after all. Too much trouble. Besides, nobody wrote in saying they would be interested. So, there will be no Seventh Fandom party. I cry.

In the last issue of Sointilla (does that name sound familiar?) Vernon McCain in his column goes on a tirade against dictionaries. Well, just let me say here that that is what I've allus believed, too. Dictionaries are not always behind the times. They sometimes they are just plain wrong. Often they will define or pronounce a word in a way that it had never been used or pronounced in any period of the history of the language. And unfortunately, very often just because of that, that usage will become correct just because the dictionary says so. Take the word ain't. This word was originally the perfectly good contraction a'n't, for AM NOT. It is still used that way in Britain. But because it changed its pronunciation to AIN'T in America—a per-

fectly natural shift—and because it came to be used in other persons and numbers as well as the first person singular grammarians and dictionary makers alike forbade it from the language and eventually had their way, in educated speech, at least.

There is no particular advantage in saying;

I'm not

you're not (you aren't)

he's not (he isn't), etc.

When one form would suffice for all the persons;

I ain't

You ain't

He ain't, etc.

But the grammarians didn't consider that.

They didn't consider the spirit of the language or the tendency toward leveling inflections in the language when they made us say; it is I

when the people wanted to say;

it is me.

And the grammarians don't have logic on their side at all, as they claim they do. It isn't logic that tells us that we must use the nominative case after the verb is when we use the accusative after all other verbs, with a couple of exceptions. Nor is it logic that we should say;

the reason is that....

instead of

the reason is because....

In both such cases the only reason we are supposed to use those constructions is because the Romans did when they spoke Latin, and the grammarians regarded Latin as a logical language, which it is not.

They say we should not say;

I didn't do nothing

because it is not logical. Now in this case, the problem is open to two interpretations. One is that the two negatives cancel each other and the above sentence really means;— I did something.

This is what the logicians claim. But there is another interpretation, that the negatives strengthen each other. And this is what a person means if he chances to use a double negative, and since it is what he means, why call it illogical? Not even the most logical judge, when confronted by a crook who wags hotly; "I didn't do nothing, yer honor." will take that as an admission of guilt and lock the crook up just because some grammarian said his two negatives cancel each other. The judge knows what the crook means, the jury knows what the crook means, in fact everyone in the courtroom knows what the crook means and acts accordingly. It would be highly illogical to do otherwise.

over



But enough of this. One last thing; don't get the idea that I am advocating using the double negative or saying 'ain't'; I am simply saying that there was no real justification in trying to abolish them from the language. Now that they are abolished in educated language, at least we should not use them until the grammarians start teaching that we should again.

Now look what you have went and made me do, Vernon. I ain't gone take no backtalk from you, see.  
((Betcha anything, you'll take it from Shelvick))

—cw

WELL, I guess here's as good a place as any to start reviewing fanzines.

KOMET #2—Karl Olsen, RFD #2 Allendale, N. J. 15¢ thish. 3/25¢. This is the magazine, which, until closely examined, resembles a great deal SOL. This is not because of material. I think the material in KT is somewhat superior to that of SOL, but they are put out on the same type of half-size mimeo. I would rate thish of KOMET as greatly improved, and very much worth while.

SEVAGRAM #1—Van Splawz, 4942 West Pine Blvd. St Louis 8, Missouri. Sevagram is a nicely done little article, 8 1/2 x 11, with the clearest of duplication...mimeo. Most of the material reprint. This zine, if it ever gains a few pages, and gets a little original material could go places. OOPS, nearly forgot.

CONFUSION #15—Shelvick, Box 493 Lynn Haven, Florida. You all, by this time, have heard of df. It's the present leader of the field of US zines, and I'm afraid will be until QUANDRY returns. Thish runs about 30 pages of nearly mimeo'd material. Cover is a wicked woman with her pet ug-ug. Watch cf. for a new novelty... "Whats In The Bag." It is a small paper bag wit soap'n in it. The current rumour is that this will introduce a new zine: nextish.

OMEGA #1—Keith Joseph, 105 Richland Ave, San Francisco, California. Omega makes a good impression arriving in the mail, mainly due to some plagiarized POGO cartoon figures on the back page. Legal size. The material, what you can read, is fair. The duplication, bright but sloppy...colored mimeo ink. Quote from Omega "The Fanzine To End All Fanzines." let's just hope it ends itself.

BOO!—One of the Bob Stewarts, 274 Arlington Street, San Francisco, California. BOO starts out with a superb blue mimeo cover, but goes on to reveal poor mimeographing, poor material, and sub-standard quality. My advice to Bob is to wait for a little better material and to improve the stencil typing. Some art fair, but most indecipherable.

BREVZINE (I prefer to leave off the "ADVENTURES.") Vol 2 No 4—Fantasy Pocketbook Publications, 5081 West 18th Street, Cicero 50, Illinois. Brevzine, concerned mainly with fiction, is a nice exception to most fiction zines. It doesn't stick straight to fan fiction....just SF stuff, but uses a few off-trail stories. Very neat mimeo job. Buy....10¢ 3/25¢

STAR ROCKETS #3—address and nearly all of interior matter unintelligible due to poor mimeoing.

MIZZAPPE #2—Walter E Samurs, 927 Soquel Ave., Santa Cruz, California. Mainly concerned with a long fiction piece by Retlaw Snevets, that should have been forgotten. Good format & duplication. Shows promise.

MICRO #3 — Don Cantin, 214 Bremer, Manchester, N. H. There's sex, then there's sex's best magazine booster...Micro. The cover is as corny as they come, a "three dimensional" job. Just one more hunka corny sex. Done on a postcard mimeo with superb results. BNF's flock ther by the scores...winner if the sex has anything to do with it? Contents are very good, with very good illos, but the cover detracts from the whole issue. 10¢ 3/25¢

VULCAN #2—% Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge st., San Francisco, California. V appears to be an over-stuffed, poorly-mimeo'd, dramatized edition of the Ladies Home Journal. It has all of the thrill of an issue of the National Geographic, with a lot more poetry. It's bright, with three or colors of ink, and even a nearly readable photolith page, with a couple ditto'd pages thrown in just for variety. 10¢

SPACESHIP #21—Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn 13, N. Y. The last ish of Sship was the fourth (?) annual issue. It was superb, as usual. Had a photo cover, tape binding, and many other such welcome features. The cover was particularly impressing, along with a long article on H. G. Wells. Buy this'n for sure. 10¢ 3/25¢

ASFO #2—Jerry Burge, 57 E. Park Lane, N. E. Atlanta 5, Georgia. This zine, the embodiment of C/SFD, is just as nice a zine as the field can produce. I know you'll all be disappointed to hear that I an Macauley is dropping the editorship of ASFO. He's moving to another location, but there, he will revive the old COSMAG. Correction, you should now write to ASFO, 415 Pavilion St, S.E. Atlanta 3, for ASFO. 15¢

SOL #8 —Dave Ish, 914 Hammond Road, Ridgewood, N. J. Sloppy mimeo job, as usual, but the usual interesting material. Letter column is particularly interesting this time.

FANTASIAS #6—Dave English, 63 W. 2nd Street, Dunkirk, N. Y. I can't see why Dave picks this dark, dingy color for paper. Sloppy mimeoing, at that. Sorta funny review of fandom by Nelson in which he fails, not quite miserably to portray fandom truly.

VANATIONS—Norman Browne, 13906-161A Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. This is the unique pay-as-you-recvieve magazine. Norman leaves the price of the mag up to you until you have read the mag. This last ish had below average multilith artwork, but the lack of artwork is made up for by numerous superior articles. No set pri...

STF TRENDS # 12—Lynn Hickman, Box 184, Napoleon, Ohio. STF TRENDS, one of the few survivors of the 6th fandom, presents a below-par issue this time. It is mostly letters, and lacks its usual careful varityping. Multilithed. 25¢ \$1. per annum.

FIENDETTA #3—Charles Wells, 405 E. 62 St., Savannah, Georgia. The usurper of 7th fandom. The Q of 7th fandom. Charles' admirably replaces her Highness, LeeH with his quick wit, outstanding imagination, and general superior quality of material (I'm in it) if not duplication. Charles finds out (or so he thinks) who wrote & published ENIGMA, last mystery of Carr's Crypt in scilly. It turns out to be Art Wesley!! I must admit, my column is of superior quality, you know. Don't you? Material by Cantin, Anderson, Cantin, Russel, Cantin, King, Cantin, Parker, and then there's a little bit by Cantin, too. 10¢ 3/25¢

PENDULUM # ?—Bill Venable & Don Susan, 610 Park Place, Pittsburgh 9, Pennsylvania. This Pendulum features the litho cover by Bergeron and usual bright contents page. Somp'n by Clancy, Gibson, & others. Pendulum in one of the more-seldom, but better fanzines. 15¢

SCINTILLA # 8—Me, Here. Very poor dittoing job last time, but on the whole a well-filled issue. Dasn't say more for fear of boasting.

.....  
WELL, HE'S DONE IT AGAIN...

Fritz Leiber, of course. He's reaffirmed my conviction that he ranks among the highest in the present-day field, if not the highest. He's managed it with a short story in this Galaxy for July called A BAD DAY FOR SALES. This is one of the best short stories of '53 and in my estimate, the best so far. See what you think.

I sometimes wonder what fans must think of me soattering my editorial over the pages like this. I think it's a better method than lumping it all in one bunch. You can say what you think before you forget it.

By the bye, I can really, truly say somp'n with the editorial "we" now. Yep, I've got an assistant editor. Miss Jean Dracon, please step up and take a bow. She promises to make me divide my words correctly, not as I usually do. Then there's the matter of dummyping up a presentable page... She edited a school paper & annual this year.

• PEON #27—Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham Street, Norwich, Connecticut. Thish of Peon, as usual is nicely prepared and interesting with its all-over coverage of fandom. The mimeographing of this zine makes it one of the best mimeo'd zines in fandom. 15¢ 12/\$1.

• FANTASTA # 3(?)—Larry Balint, 3255 Golden Avenue, Long Beach 6, California. Mimeo'd. This is one of the shorter zines, in which I make a few scilly remarks about airplane plants, Bob Stewart has Gregg Calkins all wound up on OOPS, and many other vari-happenings. 5¢ 6/25¢

• REVIEW #5 —Vernon L. McCain. R F D #3, Nampa, Idaho. Now, Vernon'll probably kill me for printing this review of REVIEW, but I think it must be done. Rev has a total circulation of 30. It is kept this was as a benifit to the travelling author and editor. It is strictly for trade, no subs or sales. It's ditto'd, and has reviews of a good many fanzines and most of the better prozines in it. Recommended best stories, and many other features, including letters-to-the-editor. Rev has no artwork and a very simple format. It's the innards that counts, boys. For trade only. (You should have heard Bob Johnson of ORB kick about trading ORB for it!!!)

• SCIENCE FICTION # May—There's no denying where this baby goes. Although it does appear on the newsstands, can you deny that a fanzine of the true old gender is back? We hope that this fanzine will be a great success, and it will, if it'll only get some of our superior fan fiction. 35¢  
• ((Apologies to M. McNeil at this point!!!))

• As surely as we stopped in the last column we'll try to stop here, but there'll probably be some laggards that will get in before the stenoil is run. Adios.

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# COSMIC TWINS

34

ROBERT W. GAIL

CHURL, the village half-wit, halted in the gathering dusk as he came abreast of the column of villagers plodding in from the fields. His eyes glared with clear purpose as he eagerly scanned the line of weary marchers. Then abruptly a dull film seemed to drop over his eyes. An awkward slump appeared in his broad, powerful shoulders. The little yellow dog slinking at his heels looked up with an eager whine.

The end of the line was drawing closer. Churl saw that Walder was next to the end. Behind him was Vrigg, and directly behind Vrigg stalked a Venusian Golut, an electric whip in his hands, rear guard for the column. For a moment Churl hesitated. Walder must be warned to be ready tonight, but with the Venusian so close....

Churl slouched carelessly toward the line, his eyes dull, his mouth hanging open, ready to utter one word that would let Walder know. Too close.

The Venusian sprang forward and struck at Churl with the whip, a sibilant curse upon his lips.

Churl cowered back as he felt the shock of the lash. The line of marchers went stolidly onward, though Walder slowed his pace. Too well they knew the penalty for interference with a Golut—too well to risk death by even a show of curiosity.

"Fool!" the Venusian hissed in his native tongue, "Would you cross the path of Gursk, Golut of the village?"

Churl cowered even more, but the motion brought him closer to the scaly skinned reptilian creature. The little yellow dog trotted casually behind the Venusian, unnoticed. Churl sprang with a swift, cat-like leap, his head catching the Golut in the middle, sending him sprawling over the dog's back. Churl's hands closed on the soft throat and clung there until the creature stopped thrashing and squirming. When he released his grip, the little yellow dog sprang with a savage snarl and tore at the Venusian's throat until it was utterly and thoroughly dead.

Churl crouched in the gloom as Walder hurried back to him.

"Good Lord, Churl!" Walder whispered, "This is no time to take chances like that!"

"I had to see you, Walder, and I came too close. He would have killed me."

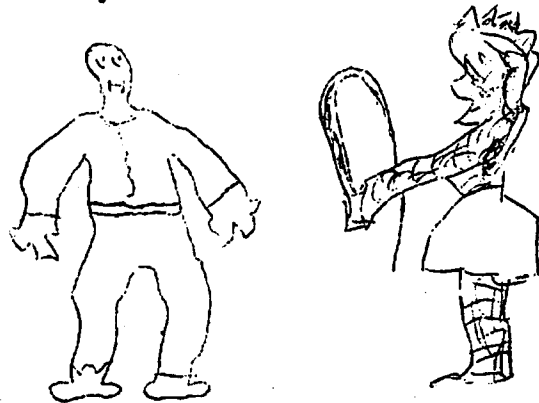
"I hope it's dark enough," Walder said. "We are within the scope of the 'visors' here. If one of them is watching you are out of luck."

"No matter," Churl laughed softly. "Word has finally come. Their last space ship is lost in the void, and with it the knowledge of how to build another."

"Are you sure?"

"I am certain. Shawn has been at the 'visor for nearly three months, intercepting their messages from the Emperor at the hot springs of Craddo. He waited until they verified the loss absolutely, until it was certain that the ship's fuel supply would have been exhausted. He has just brought me the word."

Walder's eyes sparkled as he gripped Churl's shoulder. "Our moment has come to strike!" he said. "Tonight at the place, we will finish our plans. Spread the word, Churl. I must get back in line before I am missed." Walder raced away in the darkness. Churl and Rikki, the little yellow dog, followed swiftly behind him.



A thousand years, Churl thought, were about to be avenged. The Venusian invaders had made slaves of earthmen with their fantastic science, but earth living had made them soft. Even the master race on Venus had lolled in luxury bought of earthmen's sweat for so long that they had lost their creative, diabolical cleverness. Too late they had learned of their loss, when they sent the only Venusian who knew the secret of space travel on his voyage of death. No more of them can come, he thought exultantly. There remained only the problem of killing those who still controlled the earth.

It was with that thought of ultimate victory gleaming in his eyes that Churl came abruptly to his senses as the line entered the rutty street between the village huts. He found himself almost directly behind Walder and Vrigg.

And on either side of him a Venusian has silently stepped into sight. With a sinking heart Churl realized how foolishly he had given himself away. The hope of victory had in a moment wiped away the work of a lifetime. They had seen him at a time when his guard was down, when he had forgotten to play his lifelong part of half-wit.

In their ominous silence he also recognized their knowledge of the deed he had just committed.

Churl paused in his stride, no longer attempting to fool them. He was, instead, tall, clear eyed, full of vitality and intelligence. As the Goluts closed in on either side of him, Churl saw the uselessness of attempting to escape, and stood quietly as they menaced him with their whips. One of them, taking no chances, drew his zen-ray gun from his belt and held it ready in his hand.

At a sharp command, Walder stopped. He was brought back beside Churl, and the two were taken without a word being spoken.

With an exultant leap of his heart, Churl realized that they were being taken toward the prison huts instead of directly to Rissla, High Golut of the village. In the prison huts there was a chance.

Walder turned his head toward Churl with a questioning glance as they approached the huts.

"Remember?" he whispered.

"Yes!"

Churl crouched in the darkness of the prison hut and watched the sliver of a new moon as it descended behind the mountains. The Venusians lay sleeping in pools of warm water in their metal and plastic government building, so sure of themselves that they left their prisoners only under the guard of automatic televisors so set that the appearance of a moving human figure would direct a zen-ray projector unerringly upon that figure. It was an effective guard. An invisible vibration in the ultra-violet range operated the televisors. No human being had escaped from the prison huts in centuries.

When Churl saw that the last light of the moon had faded, and total darkness was blanketing the village, he dug carefully in a corner of the jut until his fingers found a small vial hidden there long years ago. He stripped off his tunic and rubbed the ointment in the vial over his entire body. Rikki, the little yellow dog, got up from his place in the corner and came over to sniff curiously at the ointment, then went back to sleep.

In a few minutes Churl stood, clad only in a thin cloth, and stepped to the door of the jut. He hesitated. The vial contained a substance which absorbed the ultra-violet rays without reflecting them, enabling a man to walk through the televisor beam without activating the zen-ray projector. But the vial had been there for many years. Would the ointment still be effective?

The chance was too great, Churl reflected, and the stakes too high for any errors here. He called Rikki to him, and in a moment had rubbed the remainder of the ointment into the dog's fur, covering him completely. Churl hugged Rikki to him for a moment, then took him to the open doorsay.

"Go, Rikkil!" he whispered, "Go to the Place."

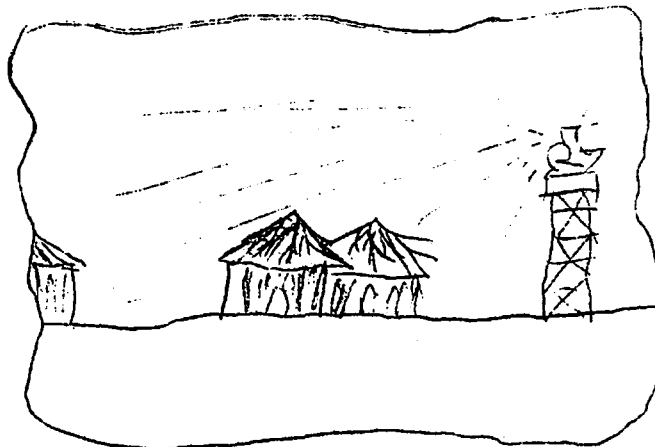
Like the lash of an electric whip, Rikki had dashed through the door. The ointment began to glow with fluorescent light as the ultra-violet struck his body. Churl ran to another hut in the prison

circle. He found Walder struggling on the floor, his hands and feet bound.

"Thank God," Walder breathed. "They sure weren't taking any chances with me."

"The ointment is still good," Churl whispered as he untied him. "Is there a vial here?"

"In the far corner," Walder answered, rubbing his wrists.



Churl's swift fingers dug up the vial, and Walder cast off his tunic and rubbed the ointment over his body. Together the two men walked out of the jut and into the fields, like two ghosts in the darkness as their bodies glowed with weird light.

The Place was one of the circular concrete mounds used as homes by the ancients, but converted to grain storage by the Venusians. Within the place the villagers had hollowed out and roofed in a false room. A tunnel led into it, its opening cleverly concealed in a clump of bushes. Over a period of almost a century this meeting place had been used. No trail led to the thicket because the villagers were careful to take a different path each time they came.

Nearly two hundred of them gathered in the dim light as Churl and Walder took their places at the head of a large table. Behind them gleamed the tubes and wires of some strange apparatus, almost filling a fourth of the room.

Silence fell among them as Walder rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"For a thousand years," Walder began, "The Venusian conquerors have held the peoples of the earth in slavery. During that time they have slowly destroyed what earth once knew of freedom, science and happiness. In so far as we know this little village alone of all the world has kept alive a spark of the scientific knowledge of the Golden Age. That spark has been carefully tended throughout these years in the hope that some day our conquerors would relax their grip, or lose some of their scientific knowledge, enabling us to strike in return.

"That day has come," Walder announced simply.

A stir of movement and whispering questions rippled over the villagers.

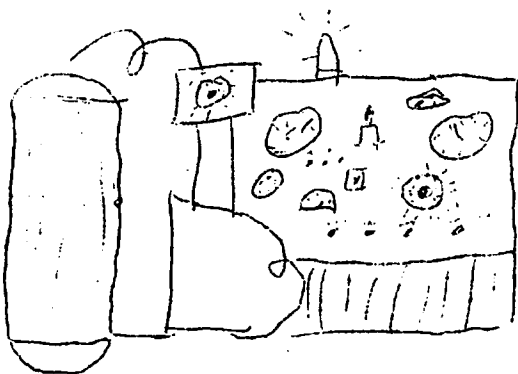
"The day has come a little sooner than we anticipated," he continued, "because tonight the



Venusian overlords have sensed that our friend Churl is something other than the half-wit he has played among them so successfully since he was a child. Tonight their thick heads understood that Churl and I have been playing a dangerous game with them." He paused, and smiled with rare humor. "We are to be brought to trial tomorrow. Tonight, of course, we are carefully guarded by televisors."

The villagers stirred again. They knew what "trial" meant. It was an occasion of holiday for the Venusians, and anyone unfortunate enough to be 'tried' became the victim of the hideous torture and cruelty of the "psych-stimulator".

Walder silenced them. "You have all been coached in your roles for this day. If the plans I have for this machine," he indicated the apparatus behind him, "if this does what I expect it to do, our task will be easy. But time has forced our hand. Churl and I must complete the apparatus tonight or our cause may be lost forever." Walder held both hands above his head in a gesture of benediction. Churl rose to his feet, and the villagers stood silently with their right hands over their hearts.



In one soft yet mighty tone, their voices rose with Walder's.

"We, the children of Earth, pledge our hearts and our hands to free the world from oppression to destroy those who oppress us, and to restore freedom and happiness to mankind. This is our pledge, to which we give our lives.

Silence fell over them as the organ tone of their combined voices drifted away, and they bowed their heads in prayer.

Churl and Walder bent over the machine. The earthmen filed out of the tunnel and returned to their huts, except for Vrigg and a few others who remained to watch.

Under the intersecting rays of two projector a large glass tube of compressed hydrogen began to glow as the platinum grids at each end received the current.

Across the room stood the other unit of the machine, with two modified iconoscopes focussed upon a live rabbit which sat upon a small glass-enclosed platform. The 'scopes were set at perfect right angles, one facing the rabbit, the other above it.

"Ready?" Churl whispered, and stepped to the controls of the iconoscope unit.

He pulled a lever down slowly until the tubes began to hum and glow with internal fire. In less than a second the automatic switch shut off the power. The rabbit shook itself and looked around dazedly. Churl stepped to Walder's side at the projector.

Within the glass tube another rabbit was going through almost the identical motions. Walder unhooked the grids and removed the end of the tube, sliding the rabbit out into his hand. It struggled, and tried to escape—a living, breathing replica of the animal which had been under the rays of the iconoscopes.

Churl and Walder looked deeply into each other's eyes.

"You have done it, Walder," Churl said simply.

Walder himself seemed slightly dazed as he looked at the live rabbit squirming in his hands.

"I was sure it would work," he said. "I first thought of it you remember when I read the old history books which told of the furious electrical storms which always occurred during the early battles between earthmen and Venusians. Their zen-ray guns, when used against our own Korskin ray brought about some kind of electrical disturbance."

Vrigg and the other villagers stood goggle-eyed as they looked at the rabbit which had miraculously appeared in the tube.

"I don't understand," Vrigg said curiously.

Walder turned to him and shrugged.

"I discovered," he said, "that when the zen-ray and the Korskin ray intersected each other they established a momentary force field at the point of intersection. I found that the force field could be transmitted as an electrical impulse much like a radio or television vibration, but that it reproduced not sound or light, but the structure of matter within the force field at the point of intersection."

Churl nodded. "You see, Vrigg," he said, indicating the rabbit, "we 'scan' the rabbit from 2 directions, one with the zen-ray and the other with the Korskin ray. At every point of intersection the force field is produced and transmitted to the projectors. The projectors in return, 'scan' the tube of compressed hydrogen in exact synchronization with the original impulse, and reproduce the force field formed at each point of original intersection. In the space of a second or less the two iconoscopes have completely scanned the rabbit in four dimensions, and the projectors have exactly reproduced the rabbit within the tube."

"Exactly!" Walder cried.

Vrigg and the other villagers swallowed and nodded.

"So you can make all the rabbits you want out of one rabbit," Vrigg said excitedly, realizing the possibilities of having enough meat to eat for a change.

Churl grinned at Walder and agreed with Vrigg.

"But now," he said, "we have more work to do. Go back to your huts and prepare for tomorrow."

Rissla, High Golut of the village, sprawled contentedly in his pool, his eyes busy at the visor screen examining several messages recently sent to him from the Emperor at the Hot Springs of Craddo. Among them was the message pertaining to the loss of the space ship. Rissla, who was unusually paunchy for the slender, reptilian Venusians, smiled with peculiar satisfaction as he re-read that message.

In common with most earth-born Venusians, Rissla felt at home upon earth, and knew no particular love for the mother planet. No earth, and knew no particular love for centuries, and colonists had ceased coming years before when the decline of technical knowledge made space travel more and more hazardous. To Rissla, earth was home.

And now it would always remain so. No more Venusians could be sent to earth. And it meant that Rissla's own personal dreams would have a chance of coming true. He rolled over in his pool and touched a switch, bringing an image on the screen of the Craddo Hot Springs where the Emperor's Palace stood. In that scene Rissla saw the fulfillment of his own dreams of personal power and glory—and comfort, where pools of naturally hot mineral water provided an environment even more suited to the Venusian physical self than the naturally hot, swampy climate of Venus.

Rissla switched back to the message, and smiled grimly. In it he found the answer to his problem, the first practical opening that would lead to the fulfillment of his desires. He flipped the switch once more, and the visor re-enacted the discovery of the dead body of Gursk, his lieutenant, and the capture of Walder and Churl. Here again Rissla found a block that would fit into the structure he was planning.

A buzzer sounded softly. Rissla touched a button, and the screen blanked out. In a moment it glowed again, showing the ugly, distorted face of Vrigg, one of those freaks of the Venusian conquest, a half-breed. Vrigg was enough of earthman to pass as a human being when fully clothed, and as such Rissla found him useful.

"Well, Vrigg?" Rissla said softly.

"I followed them as you suggested, Excellency," Vrigg said. "Then went to one of the storage huts toward the mountains and went inside through a tunnel. Several hundred villagers went there also."

"Good!" the Golut exclaimed. "What else did you learn?"

"They plan some kind of trouble at the trial. What its nature is I did not learn. Their plans were already made."

"We can be ready for them," Rissla chuckled.

Anything else?"

They have a very peculiar machine," said Vrigg, "with which they can make rabbits out of nothingness."

"Rabbits?" Rissla sat up with an urgent look in his eyes. "out of nothingness?"

"I believe they reproduce another rabbit," Vrigg said. "They explained it, but I couldn't understand. It was something about 'scanning' the first rabbit so that it also appeared in a glass tube in the other machine."

Rissla scratched the astrophied crest at the top of his head. "You have done well, Vrigg. This is important enough to ask the Emperor to send his personal guard here tomorrow for our protection. I shall advise him to that effect immediately. You, Vrigg, will be ready with our own plan. Let none of the Emperor's Guard escape. Then our own guard will take their weapons and uniforms and return to the Palace at Hot Springs. Is it not simple, Vrigg?"

"Very simple, your Excellency," Vrigg answered. "But do you not think the villagers will cause trouble?"

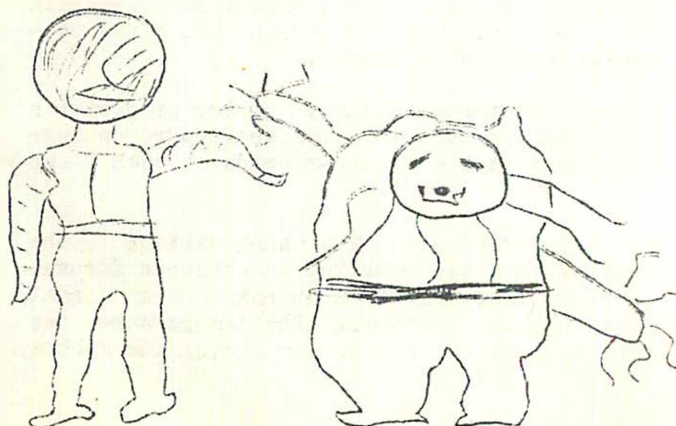
"Under the threat of the big zen-ray projector?" Rissla snorted scornfully, "They will be equally within the range of its sweep as the Emperor's guard. What matter if they also perish?"

"Fine," Vrigg exclaimed. "And you will not forget that I am to be chief of the guard?"

"I will not forget," Rissla said. "but now, Vrigg, call in six Goluts. We have work to do."

When Vrigg and the other villagers had gone, Churl went to the back of the room and opened a door into the grain storage. He threw aside several sacks of wheat and uncovered a large glass tube, which he carefully carried in his powerful arms to the work bench.

The tube was large enough to easily hold the body of a man. It was a huge acid carboy which they had discovered some years ago in the ruins of the Ancients. Churl and Walder had cut off the ends and fitted them with caps. Into these caps they had yet to place the platinum grids which activated the hydrogen sufficiently to bring about the reproduction of the living image.





They unfastened the caps and began the delicate task of installing the grids. In a matter of hours it was finished, and the pumps hummed with life as they filled the tube with compressed hydrogen. Outside, the grey of false dawn was beginning to steal over the sky. Anxiously they waited as the pressure gauges mounted, until finally it was ready.

Walder stepped to the platform of the sender and sat upon a low stool.

"No, Walder!" Churl cried. "If one of us must try it first, it is my duty. If anything goes wrong you will still be here to carry on the work!"

"I'm an old man, Churl," Walder said softly. "My life is about at an end. I want to make that end as useful and full of meaning as I can."

"Let me go first, Walder. We both must go if we are to escape the "trial". But if anything is wrong, you can remedy it in time."

Reluctantly Walder got down from the stool and allowed Churl to take his place. Wordlessly he set the controls of the receiver and stepped to the master switch of the Sender. Churl felt a mounting fever of excitement sweeping over him. He tensed as Walder's hand tightened on the switch.

A blinding flood of light swept over him. A searing burning flash penetrated every fiber of his body. The second seemed an eternity of exalted suffering that yet was not suffering. He shuddered and pulled his shaken body together with an intense effort of will. Walder had stepped to the tube, and Churl saw him dimly. He shook his head as Walder became a blurred image, seemingly visible from two angles at once. He could see Walder's back, and at the same time see his face. He concentrated on the image of Walder's back, and the other faded somewhat. Walder moved slightly, and Churl saw the tube. Within it he saw himself, looking at himself.

HIMSELF.

It was more than an image. It was himself in another place.

With a curious sense of what would happen, he thought of scratching his head, yet his own hands he held rigidly at his sides. The image in the tube, obedient to his thought, scratched its head.

A feeling of oppression swept over him, and he gasped for breath.

"Walder," he shouted, "let me out! I'm suffocating!"

Walder turned curiously to him as he shouted, and the image shouted soundlessly from within the tube. In a moment he understood. Fervently he unhooked the wires from the ends of the tube and worked at the clamps that held the caps.

On the platform of the sender, Churl had the curious sensation of being able to breathe freely, yet of feeling the sense of suffocation sweeping over him. He fought to clear his own mind of the panic that clawed through the brain of his image within the tube. It was himself, his own mind thinking there, and yet deep in his brain he realized that it was an

image, and that he must clear his consciousness of its thoughts.

He jerked to his feet, confused by two visual images in his brain—two minds at work within one, struggling to free himself of the second. Dimly he realized that the image must be freed from its suffocating chamber before his own mind could be brought into clarity. He stumbled toward the tube, reaching for the clamps—stumbled and fell, because the eyes within the tube saw a different image than his own eyes, and yet his mind could not clearly distinguish between the two.

He fell against the tube, sending it crashing to the concrete floor.

His image rolled free of the shattered glass and got to its feet, breathing deeply with tortured lungs.

Churl lay for a moment, dazed from his fall. As his thoughts cleared he realized that the tumult within the mind of his image had cleared, and his own brain was once more in complete control, both of himself and his image.

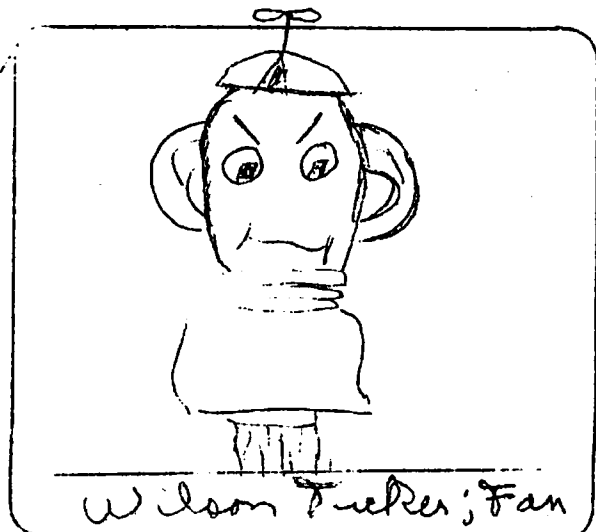
"Scatterbrain," he said suddenly, sitting up and looking at himself.

"Sorry," said the other, "You would have done the same."

Churl got to his feet. Walder stood looking at the two men for a long moment. In his eyes was a peculiar light of triumph, but with a touch of deep suffering as he observed what Churl had not yet realized—the tube was smashed, and they would not be able to get another to replace it. Walder shrugged.

There was, so far as he could see, no difference whatever between Churl and his image. They were identical to the last hair on their heads, and as he felt, to the last thought in their minds.

"Can you control him, Churl?" he asked.



Churl grinned. "We are both 'ME', he said. "I'll call him Charl so you will know us apart. I know his thought, and can direct his movements. Charl, "he remarked to himself, "Pinch yourself."

Obediently Charl pinched himself, though with a self conscious grin as he realized the absurdity of such an outlandish request.

"Ouch!" he said.

"I didn't feel it at all," Churl said, "Though I felt Charl's sensation of the idea of pain."

Rikki, who had been sleeping under the bench for some time, stretched and yawned and got to his feet. He walked over to Charl and stretched out his head to be scratched. As he turned, he saw Churl standing near Walder.

Rikki stiffened, and backed away from Charl. He went stiff-legged toward Churl. Halfway between the two he stopped and looked first at one and then the other. He whined excitedly and then started dashing madly between the two, yelping and barking in a frenzy of excitement.

Charl laughed. It was, he thought, Almost impossible for Rikki to distinguish between himself and his image.

But Rikki finally quieted. He went to Charl and smelled him carefully, and licked his hand. At Churl's feet he did the same. Finally he stood looking long at Churl, then went to his side and lay down with a contented sigh. Charl knelt beside him and stroked his back. Rikki wagged his tail and licked Charl's hand, but would not budge from Churl's side.

Charl straightened. "There is a difference," he said. "Rikki can recognize it."

Walder turned to Churl. "Do you feel any bad effects from the rays?" he inquired.

"No", Churl replied. "It was unpleasant for a moment, and left me dizzy. But part of that was my confusion at being able to see from two pairs of eyes, and feel the sensations of two of myself. There isn't anything wrong with me now. It's your turn, Walder. We both have to stand trial!"

Walder shrugged and indicated the smashed tube.

"I guess I'll have to stand trial on my own," he said. "We couldn't replace that tube in years."

Only then did Churl realize the enormity of his accident. For the first time he recognized the fact that he had broken the tube. A sinking sensation settled in his stomach as he looked at the shattered pieces of glass.

Walder burst out laughing.

Churl turned to him, incredulous. "What are you laughing at?"

Walder nodded at Charl. "Both of you looked so downcast that I couldn't help laughing. It is bad enough to see you looking sad, but to see you looking twice as sad struck me funny."

Churl and Charl grinned. Churl turned to the shattered pieces of glass on the floor and began examining them. Charl, remembering something, examined his left elbow. With a cry of excitement, Churl picked up a piece of curved glass and held it out to Charl. "You see?", he said, "my elbow was sticking out a little. And you felt the sensation in yours where it touched the glass."

Mystified, Walder looked at the two men, twins so identical that they thought the same thoughts and understood each other so completely that words were unnecessary between them. Twins not of earth, Walder thought, but of the Universe. Cosmic twins.

"What is it, Churl?" he said.

Churl held out the piece of glass. In it his finger traced a depression that fitted Charl's elbow precisely.

"I think, Walder, that we have been blind fools. We assumed that compressed hydrogen was only the thing that would provide the necessary atoms in the simplest state that could be re-formed by the force field into the structure of the original subject. But look, Walder, this piece of glass became part of Charl's elbow."

Walder recognized the point instantly. "You think, Churl, that any substance that is dense enough could be used as the medium of reproduction?"

"Certainly."

Charl moved swiftly to the back of the room, hollowed out of the center of the wheat granary. He opened a door and dragged out several sacks of wheat, throwing them down on the platform in front of the receiver.

"There you are, Walder. Your twin shall be a sack of wheat!"

"Get on the platform, Walder. Quickly--Day is almost here!"

Walder sat on the low stool. Churl moved to the receiver while Charl took the controls of the sender. Doubtfully Walder looked at Charl.

"Churl," he called, "Are you sure that Charl is--"

"Certainly, Walder," Churl snapped. "Charl is myself over again. In a moment you will know!"

Without a word from Churl, Charl pulled the switch and a flash of weird, blinding light enveloped Walder. In an instant it was all over.



Another Walder sat in a pile of wheat in the receiver. Slowly, hesitantly, Walder looked at this image of himself. Like looking in a mirror, the two smiled at each other.

All four of them began to laugh. Walder's twin got up from the floor and the four men grabbed each other's arms and danced around in a foolish, hysterical circle as they realized that their dreams were about to come true.

Walder stopped, breathing heavily. "Do you realize what it means, Churl? We can produce an army of ourselves that will wipe the Venusians from the earth! We can produce our arms, weapons, foods, everything that we need to destroy them."

"There is one thing," Walder's other self reminded him, "We do not yet know how long the image will last—whether or not it is a permanent being or a transient thing. Time alone can tell that. As for myself, I feel as though I were just a dream instead of a real, living human being." He turned to Charl. "Don't you feel it, too.?"

"Yes," Charl said quietly. "I, too, feel as though something is lacking in me—it is a great feeling of instability."

A sound caught their ears. A sound within the tunnel leading to the inside of the granary.

A sound where no sound should be.

Churl and Walder raced to the small door from which Charl had taken the sacks of grain. Rikki followed close upon their heels.

Shortly after the alien sound from the passageway had reached their ears they were burrowing into the sacks of wheat in the storage room and covering themselves.

Charl and Walder's image stood by the broken tube, aware of the roles they must play without word from their original pattern selves.

The door burst open suddenly and the two images turned in mock surprise to face it. Rissla, High Golut of the village, entered pompously, a Zen-ray gun in his hand. Behind him crowded a half-dozen other Venusians, and last of all came Vrigg, the half-breed.

Rissla coughed lightly and carressed his paunch with a scaly hand. "Interesting," he murmured. "Amazing that any of earth's old science should have survived so long. Is this the machine you saw, Vrigg?"

"Yes, Excellency. That is their machine for producing rabbits."

Charl glanced quickly at Walder's twin.

They both caught the implication of the informer's words.

"Rabbits, yes," said Charl.

"But for the fact that it has been smashed," Walder put in, "we would have had the means of feeding the world. Fresh meat for all. No more famine and starvation. Our lords," he bowed slightly toward the assembled Venusians, "would have indeed had the world at their feet had our experiment not ended so disastrously." He indicated the shattered glass with a sweep of his hand.

Rissla laughed harshly.

"Fools," he said. "your attempt at dissimulation amuses me. I know, even if Vrigg does not, that what can reproduce a rabbit could also reproduce a man. Fortunately we have arrived in time." He turned imperiously toward the Venusians behind him. "Destroy the machine!"

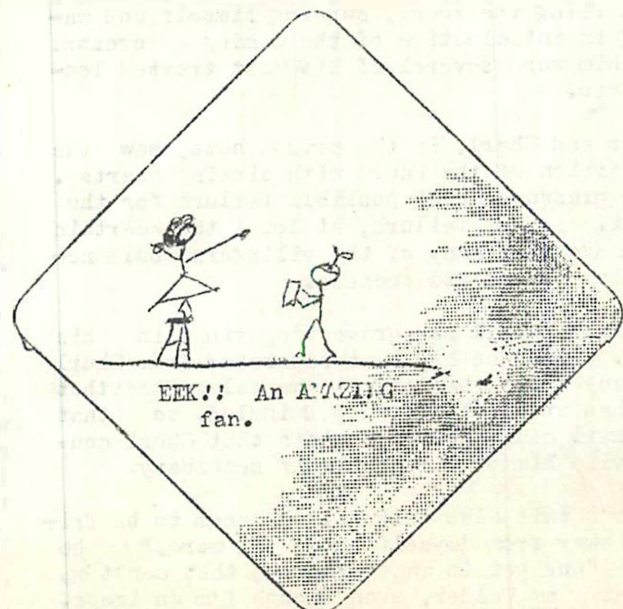
Three of the Venusians stepped forward toward the machine. A rabbit hopped from beneath the work bench and fled to a corner.

"Excellency!" exclaimed Vrigg, his eyes on the rabbit, "We need not destroy it. The tube which produced the rabbit is still there!"

Rissla stopped the Goluts with a wave of his hand.

"You are right, Vrigg. With these men in custody we shall need not to destroy it. Besides—" his voice lingered as a new thought entered his mind, "I may yet find a use for it. Bind these men," he ordered, "and take them to the prison huts again. This time see that they are guarded. We must take no chances."

The images offered no resistance as their hands were bound and they were shoved roughly into the passageway. Dawn was lighting the sky when they stepped from the tunnel into the field. Rissla ordered two Venusians to stand guard at the entrance and marched off with the prisoners.



Charl and Walder's image were unquestionably Churl and Walder not only to the Venusians, but to themselves. They were acting precisely as Churl and Walder would have acted, with the possible exception they knew they must sacrifice themselves and their temporary, strangely born lives upon the altar of freedom for the human race.

They were flung roughly to the ground in the prison huts and two Venusians were set to guard them. As day broke, they noted the activity in the village square in preparation for the coming trial. To the villagers it was a holiday of sorts, though they were forced to clean the square and erect the temporary seats much like a circus arena. Stolid and undemonstrative as the human race had become in its centuries of oppression, there was yet a spark of hatred for the Venusians that could be brought very close to the surface by the atrocious tortures of the trial.

With Walder's words of last night ringing in their ears, the villagers who had attended the meeting at the "Place" went about informing the others of the planned uprising. An unrest settled upon the people, so that more than once the Goluts were forced to use their stinging electric whips, which could be controlled in the intensity of their charge to kill a man in a blast of energy or merely shock him lightly. As the sun raised to the zenith and the unrest became more pronounced, Vrigg himself manned the zen-ray projector so that it could sweep the entire square.

When the Emperor's personal Gaurd arrived in response to Rissla's request, they were arranged inside the arena so that they would be sure to be within the range of the projector. To Rissla the sacrifice of earthmen who would also be in the way was of no consequence. On the contrary, it might be wise to get rid of many of them, since this village in particular had always been a troublesome spot. Rissla lounged on the balcony of the government building, overlooking the arena, sunning himself and warming in anticipation of the coming events. With him were several of his most trusted lieutenants.

Walder and Charl, in the prison huts, saw the disposition of the Gaurd with sinking hearts. Their presence meant possible failure for the revolt. If not failure, at least the certain knowledge that many of the villagers would never live to see its success.

As it was, Charl had grave misgivings in his heart. Since he had been separated from Churl for many hours the intimate mental contact that they had at first felt had dwindled, so that now Charl could not be certain that Churl could advise him or direct him if necessary.

Walder's twin also felt it. "I seem to be drifting away from 'myself' more and more," he said. "And yet in another sense that can't be, because I am Walder, even though I'm an image.

"I believe," Charl said softly, so that the gaurd could not hear, "that our existence will not be permanent. I feel it so strongly that I am beginning to get anxious about the trial. Let's start something so they'll hurry up and get the trial started.

Accordingly the two images struggled at their bonds until Charl managed to loosen the ropes around his wrists. The gaurds were so intent upon the activities in the square that they did not notice. Charl quietly untied Walder and they crept to the doorway.

"Walder," Charl whispered, "let's each take a gaurd. That will be two more gone, and nothing worse can happen to us."

Walder agreed with a silent nod.

Like two cats springing out of the darkness they launched themselves upon the unsuspecting Venusians. Almost instantly they had twisted the startled heads of the Goluts around and snapped their brittle necks.

Pandemonium broke loose as the two men streaked between a row of huts toward the open fields. Some of the villagers took it as a signal for the general attack, and threw themselves upon the nearest Venusians. Vrigg swung the zen-ray projector toward them, but Rissla shouted a command and it was not used. Instead, the Emperor's Gaurd were sent in hot pursuit, mounted on their gravity balanced unicycles. It was a matter of moments before they were overtaken. Charl and Walder stopped without a struggle as the electric whips snapped around them, and they were taken back to the arena.

As they passed between rows of huts again, Charl glimpsed a flash of yellow. Rikki, the little yellow dog, had dashed away from the Venusians as they approached the huts. Cautiously Charl looked around for Churl. Instead he saw another flash of yellow where Rikki could not possibly have gotten so quickly. Walder's image saw them too. He turned to Charl with a question in his eyes.

"Everything is all right," Charl whispered. "If there is more than one Rikki, there are certainly more of us."

Walder could only nod in agreement as their captors shoved them roughly into the arena.

Rissla leaned upon the balcony railing overlooking the square as the two captives were brought in. Within the center of the arena a weird machine was brought into place. It was the devilish "psych-stimulator" which could be used to control man's mind, and force it into horrible patterns, forcing him to admit or deny anything whatsoever at the pleasure of the operator. Under its influence any form of physical torture could be patterned upon the victim's nervous system, so that he could be made to feel that he was being burned or frozen to death.



The few who had escaped after trial by the machine were never again normal human beings. It was in certain respects like an execution chair, in which controlled voltage set up a field within the subject's brain. Selective indicators could probe whatever portion of the mind they desired, and under the charge of electricity, alter it to their will.

Charl and Walder were seated helplessly in the strong chairs, the head plates adjusted into position and the arm and leg bands clamped tightly down.

It was while held almost rigidly in the chair that Charl observed the placing of the zen-ray projector, and the disposition of the Emperor's Gaurd. He also noted that the local Goluts were strangely absent from positions near the Gaurd. He divined the truth, and saw also that fully half of the assembled earthmen would come within the sweep of the rays.

The moment they were left alone, while the Venusians went about quieting the villagers, Charl outlined his thoughts to Walder's image.

"Look, Walder," he exclaimed, "Rissla plans on wiping out the Gaurd! We must find a way to warn the villagers!"

Walder's image took in the situation with a glance. "If we could create a disturbance, something to get the men out of the way—"

"Why not yell at the Gaurd," Charl suggested, "and warn them of the projector?"

"Good enough, except that we will be so much better off if we can find a way to let Rissla go thru with his plan without hurting our own people."

Charl glanced around hurriedly. The crowd was quieting, and Rissla had given a signal for the proceedings to start. Again Charl caught a flash of yellow in the edges of the crowd.

"Walder," he cried, "Rikki—"

Gathering all the breath he could muster in his powerful lungs, Charl blasted the quiet arena with a mighty shout.

"RIKKI—RIKKI—" the sound bellowed forth across the arena, "CHARGE, RIKKI, CHARGE!"

Rikki, the little yellow dog, heard the command that had been drilled into him since he was a puppy. He charged the Venusians with all the ferocity he could muster.

Not one Rikki, but a dozen.

Not a dozen, but hundreds! They came pouring in from the huts where they had ridden, flying in from the fields with excited yelpings as they charged the startled Venusians. The villagers, caught as much by surprise as were the Venusians, broke and ran from their seats.

Rissla looked down from the balcony with a strange wonder in his eyes. He realized that somehow the machine was being used, and that his plan was in danger. His eyes sought the outskirts of the village, and the fields whence had come the multitude of little yellow dogs. In the thick growth of the fields many things could be hidden, and the Goluts were all in or near the arena. He had not thought it necessary to post a gaurd around the village.

Rissla sent a Venusian from his side to set out a gaurd; in the arena the Emperor's troops were met in furious fighting with the dogs. True to Charl's thought, the villagers had cleared from the stands and were milling around outside, cheering and yelling at the multitude of demonical Rikki's that swarmed over the Venusians.

Rissla looked down upon the two helpless prisoners in the center of the arena. His own Venusians were in as much danger as the Emperor's Gaurd, whom he wished to destroy, or he would have allowed the dogs to fight on, undisturbed. As it was, a plan entered his mind. Charl could bring the dogs to the fight he could also send them away at a command.

And Rissla knew how to make him issue that command.

At the enclosed control panel of the zen-ray-stimulator sat a Golut, safe from the dogs. Rissla touched a button at his side. The Golut at the control panel looked up as the buzzer signalled to him. Frantically Rissla yelled his orders, but the din of the fighting dogs was so loud that the Golut could not hear. Rissla sprang to his feet and waved his arms wildly, indicating the two men strapped to the machine.

The Golut understood.

So, at the same time, Vrigg misunderstood.

Atop the plastic building, Vrigg thought that Rissla had given the signal for the use of the projector. He had been anxiously awaiting that signal, being as much afraid of the dogs himself as though he were a full-blooded Venusian.

Vrigg threw the switch and swung the but projector across the arena.

Within the path of its rays the Venusians dropped like flies. The little yellow dogs disappeared in mid-stride, and in their places appeared small piles of wheat.

Rissla stared with open mouth at the destruction mounting below him. The few of the Emperor's Gaurd who had escaped the first withering blast stopped for a moment in shocked surprise as they saw their comrades dropping, and saw the little yellow dogs suddenly turning into piles of wheat. It was too much. They broke ranks and ran.

Rissla caught a flash of movement among the huts. He looked down at the center of the arena and saw Charl, his prisoner, still strapped in the machine. He had not seen Charl run before.







Even as he raised his zen-ray gun and trained it upon Vrigg, another blast from the projector swept the arena and caught the rest of the faurd. Vrigg toppled from the wall and the projector sputtered and went out.

Wild shouting broke out among the villagers as the last of the Gaurd dropped. Among them had suddenly appeared Churl and Walder, the two who even now sat strapped to the chairs of the psyche-stimulator. Churl and Walder in multitudes, urging them on to strike at the Venusians.

They swarmed in from the fields and from the outskirts of the village, armed with ray guns and knives.

Rissla knew that his doom was upon him. There were too many Churls locked in combat with his Venusian troops, too many little yellow dogs, and more to come. Countless thousands to come if necessary, unless the machine could be wrecked. His hope of earthly domination was shattered for the moment, but unless he could destroy the machine he knew that the hold of the Venusians upon earth was doomed for all time.

Rissla turned his hate-filled eyes upon the two prisoners in the center of the arena. He lifted his projector and trained it upon Walder, helplessly strapped down in the chair. This much at least he could do, thought Rissla.

Walder glanced up and caught Rissla's eyes as the intensity of that gaze struck him. But before Rissla could press the trigger, Walder gasped and stiffened--and vanished. A pile of wheat took his place upon the chair, little streams running down its sides and settling upon the ground. Churl gasped, and realized that Walder's feeling of instability had been too well founded, that his own existence could be only a matter of minutes.

With a cry of rage, Rissla flung the projector away. He turned and ran into the protection of the building.

Within the arena the villagers had rallied around the countless images of Churl and Walder. The frightened Venusians fought valiantly, but they were so hopelessly outnumbered that their destruction was inevitable.

Churl, strapped in the chair, looked about for Churl. Among the images he thought he would be able to detect Churl, but was unable to do so. His brother images released him.

"Churl," he cried, "Churl, where are you?"

"We are Churl!" they replied. "You are Churl. Why do you need anyone else?"

"We die!" Churl shouted. "Already Walder's first image has gone. We cannot live, but Churl can. Rissla has escaped, and he must be caught. Churl must be told so that he can live for us and finish our task!"

"Churl is at the machine!" they shouted in answer.

Churl started through the fields to the Plaza. A strange urgency was upon him, for he felt his hold upon life slipping, and he knew that his time was short. Churl would learn of the temporary nature of the images soon, but he must know now, so that he would not place too much reliance upon them.

Suddenly he stumbled, and felt a strange sensation sweeping over him. He knew again for an instant that close rapport that had existed between himself and Churl. In that moment he was aware of Churl's thoughts in contact with his own, and knew that everything was all right. Churl understood.

With a gasp of relief Churl tottered, and vanished in a puff of hydrogen vapor.

Within the plastic government building, Rissla ran swiftly to the visors, to warn the Emperor at Craddo Hot Springs. Down deserted corridors he flew, the sound of the conflict outside ringing in his ears. As he turned the last corner to the pools, two figures of Churl appeared at the other end of the corridor. Rissla cursed, reaching for the ray gun. And remembered that he had thrown it away. He fumbled at his belt again as the two images bore down upon him, and drew out an electric whip. Swiftly he turned its force full on and lashed out at the rushing images. They ducked, but the tip of the lash struck one of them.

Rissla saw it disintegrate into a pile of wheat. With an evil grin, Rissla flicked the lash at the other, who was even now on his knees. The lash struck, but its full charge had been spent upon the first image.

This image did not disintegrate. It flinched, but struggled to its feet and charged Rissla, head down.

The Venusian flung his whip away and reached for the oncoming Churl.

He was caught in the middle by that charging figure and sent crashing against the wall.

Churl, the real Churl, rolled to one side. Rissla straightened with a grunt and staggered to his feet. As he started to run, Churl's hand reached out and caught a leg, sending him sprawling.

Rissla gave up any thought of reaching the visors, and crouched, lizard-like, on all fours as Churl stood up and faced him.

"There can be no escape, Rissla," Churl said. "Earth has been trodden beneath the feet of the Venusians for the last time. Your men are all dead. Give up, Rissla, and we may yet spare your life!"

Rissla hissed. And answered.

His answer was a lunge from all fours at Churl's feet.

They went down with a crash upon the plastic floor. Rissla's scaly fingers sought his throat, and Churl felt his senses reeling as the breath was cut off. Churl twisted with all his strength and broke the Venusian's hold. They got to their feet and clinched again, Churl slugging at Rissla's paunch and Rissla holding tight to break the force of the blows.

The Venusian thrust his leg behind Churl's and tripped him. They crashed to the floor again, with Rissla's weight full upon Churl.

Churl lay still, stunned. Rissla gasped for breath and sat up, hatred raging in his eyes. Slowly he grasped Churl's throat and squeezed.

A little yellow demon appeared from nowhere and launched itself upon Rissla's back.

Rikki, the little yellow dog, was seeking his master, and had found him.

Helplessly Rissla released his grip upon Churl's throat and attempted to defend himself against the dog.

But Rikki, seeing his master apparently dead upon the floor, fought with but one purpose, and without thought of his own personal danger. His teeth closed upon Rissla's throat and stayed there.

Rissla clawed to his feet, pulling and beating at Rikki's body. The more he pulled, the tighter Rikki's teeth clamped shut, until finally the Venusian slumped to the floor and Rikki ripped and tore at the hated creature until Rissla was a shapeless, sodden mass upon the floor.

When Rissla was dead, Rikki crawled to where his master lay. Softly he licked the silent face. Churl stirred, and sat erect. He looked at the dead Venusian and then at Rikki.

"We've done it, Rikki," he said. "You and I and Walder have done what mankind upon earth has prayed to do for a thousand years."

Rikki looked up at his master with adoration, but without understanding. He knew only that he had done what he wanted to do. And with that knowledge in his heart he died at his master's feet.

Walder came down the corridor toward Churl, a ray gun ready in his hand.

"It's all right, Walder," Churl said. "Rikki got him. Just in time, too, or I would have been a goner. Rissla was trying to get to the isor to warn the Emperor."

It wouldn't have mattered much if he had, "Walder said, kneeling beside the little dog. "Shawn flashed a message to our men at Craddo Hot Springs, and they stormed the palace and took the Emperor prisoner."

"Then," Churl said thoughtfully, "it only remains for us to let the rest of earth know and in a matter of days they will be able to overthrow the tyrants. We may not need to use our machine at all."

"It served its purpose," Walder said, "though the images don't last long enough to do much good. Look outside."

Churl gently cradled Rikki in his arms, and they walked out on Rissla's balcony.

The earthmen were whooping and shouting with joy, dancing around in the arena, scattering the hated psych stimulator into fragments. Here and there among them ran a few Rikki's and a few of their own images.

But even as they watched, the images began dropping into the piles of wheat of which they were formed. In a few minutes all of them were gone.

Upon Churl and Walder there descended a peculiar feeling of personal loss as death images of themselves disappeared. The villagers quieted down finally, and Churl and Walder stood there as the quiet descended, and the sun sank toward the mountains.

It was, for a moment, almost with loneliness that Churl stretched out his hand and spoke softly.

"It seems so little to do after it has been done, Walder. So little that we do that means so much to humanity upon earth."

"It has always been thus," Walder answered, placing his hand gently upon Churl's shoulder. "There is an old saying that I have found in the writings of the Ancients. They said,

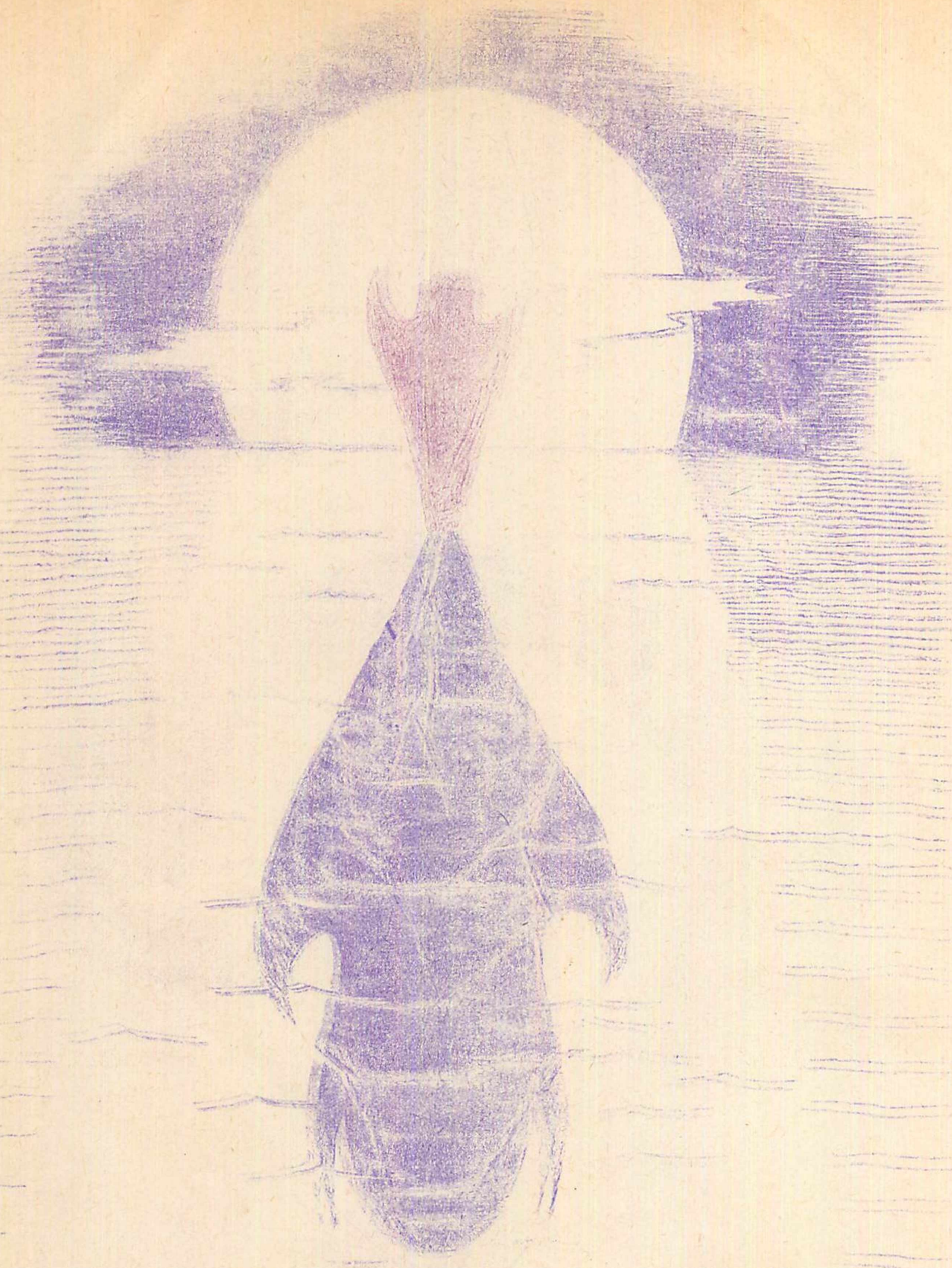
' SO FEW DO SO MUCH FOR SO MANY: '

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