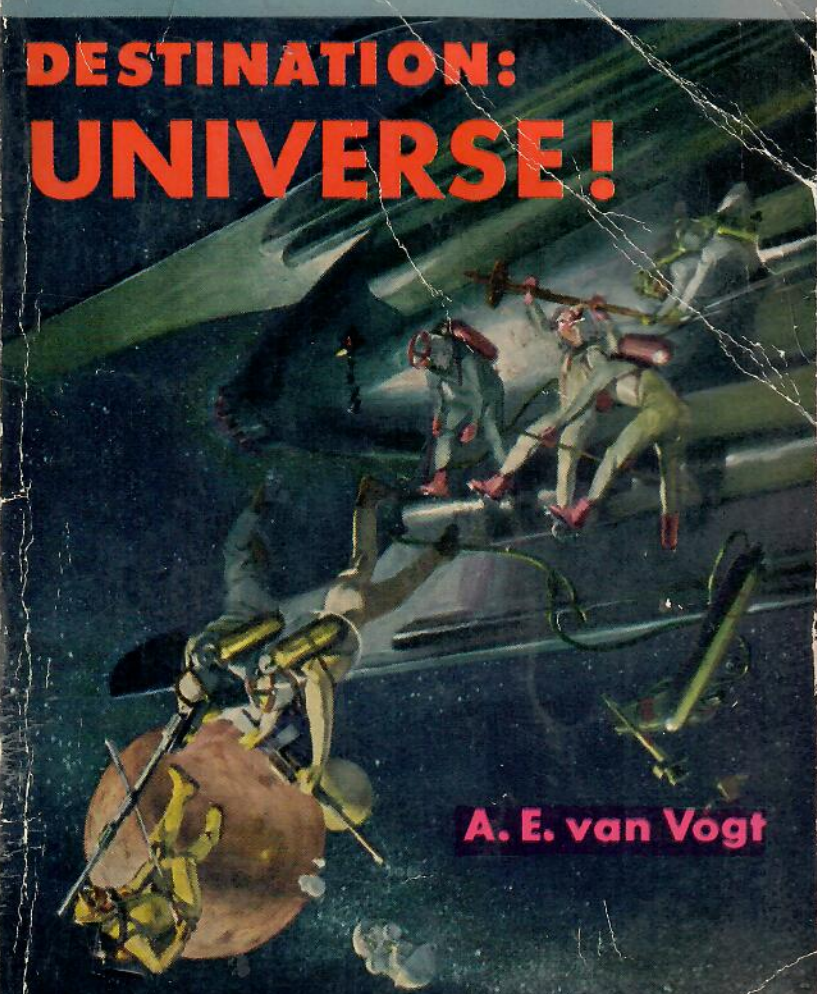


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Destination: Universe!

A. E. van Vogt



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Far Centaurus

I WAKENED with a start, and thought: How was Renfrew taking it?

I must have moved physically, for blackness edged with pain closed over me. How long I lay in that agonized faint, I have no means of knowing. My next awareness was of the thrusting of the engines that drove the spaceship.

Slowly this time, consciousness returned. I lay very quiet, feeling the weight of my years of sleep, determined to follow the routine prescribed so long ago by Pelham.

I didn't want to faint again.

I lay there, and I thought: It was silly to have worried about Jim Renfrew. He wasn't due to come out of his state of suspended animation for another fifty years.

I began to watch the illuminated face of the clock in the ceiling. It had registered 23:12; now it was 23:22. The ten minutes Pelham had suggested for a time lapse between passivity and initial action was up.

Slowly, I pushed my hand toward the edge of the bed. *Click!* My fingers pressed the button that was there. There was a faint hum. The automatic massager began to fumble gently over my naked form.

First, it rubbed my arms; then it moved to my legs, and so on over my body. As it progressed, I could feel the fine slick of oil that oozed from it working into my dry skin.

A dozen times I could have screamed from the pain of life returning. But in an hour I was able to sit up and turn on the lights.

The small, sparsely furnished, familiar room couldn't hold my attention for more than an instant. I stood up.

The movement must have been too abrupt. I swayed, caught on to the metal column of the bed, and retched discolored stomach juices.

The nausea passed. But it required an effort of will for me to walk to the door, open it, and head along the narrow corridor that led to the control room.

Postscript

To NEW readers of science fiction:

You are entering a storied land of countless marvels. To your right is a great, deep ocean of fiction, with many islands of strange delight dotting its surface. To your left is a jungle so tangled with plots and dangerous contraptions that in recent years no living being has been able to go into it very far. Do not try to hack your way through that jungle, nor sail without a pilot over the treacherous waters. Brave men are being paid to find the gems buried in these wastes. Wait for them. The discovered treasures will be on display at your bookstore encased in colorful jackets, and at less cost than any expedition that you can organize alone.

Good science fiction is only a distant cousin of Buck Rogers. Many of the better writers are professional or amateur scientists, who can weave sound science into first-rate stories. The best work in the field is both thought provoking and emotionally stimulating. I doubt if science fiction has yet produced great literature, but I firmly believe that it can. As a literary form, it has surprisingly few limitations, and fewer taboos than any other field. From H. G. Wells' *The Time Machine* to George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four*, there is a straight line of honest thinking and fine craftsmanship along with plenty of suspense and excitement.

To old readers of science fiction:

Did you know, you're pretty smart?

Surveys have indicated that fifty per cent of the readers of science fiction are professional people: doctors, lawyers, engineers, scientists. My own conclusion, based on a fairly educated guess of the intelligence of science fiction readers I have met, is that, of the approximately 1,400,000 people in this country with an I. Q. of 120 or over, twenty per cent read science fiction.

Science fiction is becoming popular. Many people are discovering that their most intelligent friends read it. The long-

time reader will find that the increasing acceptance of his favorite fiction will ease some unsuspected tensions in his own mind and body. The collector need no longer be so aggressive or so timid or so bad-mannered. He can give up some of his less worthwhile habits; viz.: cluttering his living room with magazines. Stacks of unbound paper-covered material do not look attractive. Your spouse is quite right to request that the magazines be relegated to some less conspicuous room, or even to a closet.

Relax my friend. Your pioneer fight has been successful. Soon, perhaps, the reading of science fiction will label you a hidebound conservative. And you may find your lips tightening with disapproval over the current cover of a startling new type of fiction, which deals with the present as it is, and the authors of which actually write on the basis of available knowledge.

The pattern of development, as I see it, is proceeding something like this: modern fiction, which is a well-written, subtle form of fantasy; science fiction, much of which deals with realistic problems but in a consciously fantasy style; realistic fiction, which can only be written by writers who have an all-around knowledge of science as well as life.

I hasten to add, I don't expect the latter type of science fiction to appear in the present decade.

To all readers of science fiction:

The wife of a friend of mine said recently of the science picture, *Destination Moon*: "But that's no science fiction. That could happen."

There's an implication in the comment, of disapproval of science fiction as such. I may be wrong, but I have seen similar attitudes so often that I automatically assume the meaning: If it's science fiction, it can't be any good. I have actually heard people say, "If only they could get another word for it."

Ward Moore, author of that excellent science fiction novel, *Greener Than You Think*, in his desire to avoid being labeled a science fiction writer, has coined the descriptive term, "probabilia," for the field. I predict the word won't take, first, because it's a little late for new terms, and, second, because science fiction is not necessarily improbable. Now, if he had said, "Probabilia—"

I personally disapprove such mental gyrations. Behind them is a desire to cater to late comers to the field, whose prejudices have still not been worn down by familiarity. Above everything else, they reflect a misunderstanding of the nerve processes that make a mere word acceptable or unacceptable.

It is my personal conviction that science fiction is good for people. I mean good in the sense of healthy and worthwhile. Science fiction stimulates the imagination. That has been said before, but I don't think the extent of the process has ever been appreciated. What we know about the importance of positive suggestion points to the possibility that science fiction is having a far greater effect than might be suspected.

It is a field of writing where, month after month, every printed word implies to hundreds of thousands of people: "There is change. Look, today's fantastic story is tomorrow's fact."

I admit we authors missed some of the main streams of science development. Science fiction writers were woefully unimaginative in predicting the work that was being done even as they wrote their stories. But, after all, a few scores of writers turn out about eighty per cent of the science fiction that is printed. They are out-numbered thousands to one by scientists doing research.

I don't think the misses or near-misses are important. The hits out-number them by a great deal. But what really matters is the attitude that is being fostered. Science fiction has helped, and will—I am sure—continue to help form the forward-looking attitude. It has fostered and will—again, I feel sure of this—continue to foster the great notion that the universe is an area of endless potentiality. Science fiction, as I personally try to write it, glorifies man and his future.

Man over most of the world is in chains. Everywhere, powerful retrogressive forces are at work to keep him enslaved, or are fashioning new, more binding chains. All the powers of misused positivism are arrayed against him. But he will free himself if scientific knowledge can ever penetrate into his prison.

It may seem arrogant for me to claim that science fiction is the medium best able to infiltrate the individual's instinctive defenses against the knowledge that can save him. But I do claim it. Almost without knowing it, the reader will find himself accepting new ideas. He will become familiar with thousands of scientific facts which have slipped past the censor he or she carefully maintains against anything as modern and essential as science. He can be rescued because the sugar-coated pill is still the most effective method of breaking down the resistances of the inflexible personality.

Let's not over-emphasize the scientific education obtainable in science fiction. If you plan to go in for electrical engineering, get your diploma in the usual orderly fashion from a recognized university, and not from the stories of *Astounding Science Fiction*—even though that remarkable magazine is

edited by John W. Campbell, Jr., a graduate in physics from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. However, it is worth noting—and I speak from observation—that the reading of science fiction has stimulated many young people to go after a scientific education.

I have named *Astounding Science Fiction*, because half of the stories in the present collection originally appeared in its pages.

To my readers:

Sometimes, I am amazed at the number of science fiction stories I have written. No great producer, I set in the course of ten years, I have turned out about 1,500,000 words, the equivalent of about twenty-five novels, or three hundred short stories.

Actually, to date, there have been seven full length novels. The rest of the wordage is made up of short stories, novelettes, and short novels. There have been highlights. Among the novels, *Slan*, the story of the mutation-man after man; *The World of A*, whose main character rises Phoenix-like from the ashes of his dead body; and *Voyage of the Space Beagle*—a scientific expedition from Earth on its way to another galaxy meets alien life-forms.

Generally speaking, these stories must speak for themselves, but August Derleth, himself a pioneer in the fields of fantasy and science fiction, assures me that people would like to know something of my own reactions to these stories. I have reactions, of course. In reading them over, prior to publication, I was delighted with some of them. With others, I recalled the excitement I felt when I solved some problem of authorship in connection with them.

I didn't realize I had a good story in *The Myster of I* read it in the magazine. It's a story with an appeal, about the future of man and his greatness. There are stories in the collection that begin like any story of today's world. In *The Desert*, a man who has lost a week out of his life tries to find out what happened. What starts in an ordinary fashion ends in a fantasia. In *Dormant*, a destroyer collecting coal and oil of Japanese naval property in the Pacific runs into a strange foe—briefly—holds the center of world attention. When it's all over, there is no world.

One of my favorite stories, *Far Centaurus*, starts off simply with four men setting out in a rocketship for Alpha Centaurus, our nearest star neighbor. They expect the journey will take five hundred years, and they have a drug which keeps them in a state of catalepsy during that time. What they find at the end of their long voyage is, to my mind, both thought-

provoking and unexpected. I am indebted to Editor Campbell for part of this notion.

There was a time when one of my greatest satisfactions was the making up of names for characters, ships, and alien creatures. I believe that these should be used sparingly. Even one too many can spoil the effect, a fact which I feel that some writers do not realize. Coeurl and Ixtl in *Voyage of the Space Beagle*; the Dreeghs in *Asylum*; and Hlah in *Dormant*—all these are to me the stuff of which science fiction is made. Among names of people, I liked Jommy Cross in *Slan*; Peter Holroyd in *The Book of Ptath*; Virginia Mention in *The Purpose*; Empress Innelda in *The Weapon Makers* series; and Gilbert Gosseyn in the *A* books. I got this last name (Gosseyn) from *The Golden Bough*; it seems there was a middle east leader of that name, and spelling, two thousand years ago. It sounded suitably Anglo-Saxon to me, and yet unusual. It never once struck me that it could be pronounced "Go-sane" until that fact was pointed out to me by Science Fiction Author-Agent-Collector Forrest J. Ackerman. For those who have not read *World of A* or its sequel, the significance of this pronunciation lies in the fact that both books have as their underlying theme one of the sciences of sanity, General Semantics.

At the moment I regret none of the liberties I took with science in my science fiction. There was always a wealth of fact, enough, so it seemed to me, to carry the fantasy element.

Even then, I rationalized what I did. I told myself whenever I had doubts: "The Story's the thing."

I still believe that.

—A. E. VAN VOGT

Want to take a rocketship tour into space
that takes 500 years?

Do you wonder what life may be like on Venus?

Would you like to drink from a cup that
never empties?

Could you survive in a deserted village on Mars?

All of these thrilling adventures, and many more, are
yours in the pages of this enthralling book that describes
the weird and wonderful life in the world of the future.

"The very best of van Vogt's writing."

—New York Times



A. E. VAN VOGT is one of today's most
popular writers of science fiction. His
stories are noted for their blend of ac-
tion, suspense and imagination. Born in
Canada, he now lives in California.

*Mission: Interplanetary (The Voyage of
the Space Beagle)*, another of his thrill-
ing books, is also available in a Signet

edition. The original edition of *Destination: Universe!* was
published by Pellegrini and Cudahy.

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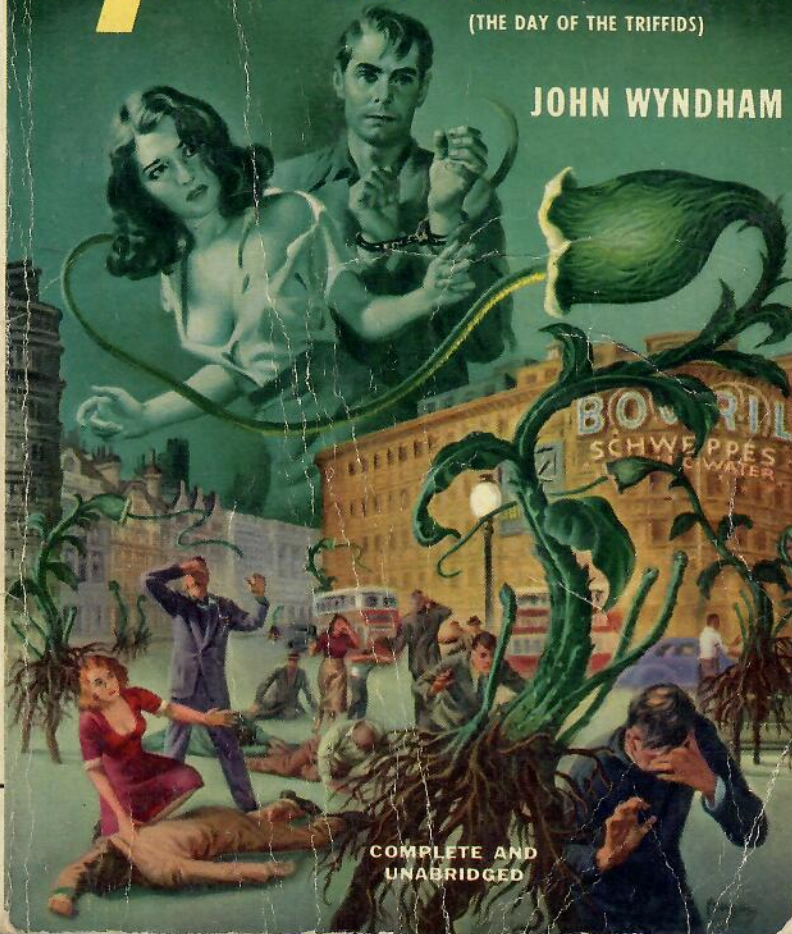
An Unusual Science Fiction Novel

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REVOLT OF THE *Triffids*

(THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS)

JOHN WYNDHAM



COMPLETE AND
UNABRIDGED

REVOLT OF THE TRIFFIDS WYNDHAM JOHN WYNDHAM'S COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

monsters on the loose!

MAN had mastered every animal in existence. But what about the new plant that had suddenly appeared everywhere—the strange, gigantic, terrifying Triffids? The Triffids could walk, and their hideous stingers killed in an instant—but they couldn't see. As long as a man had eyes he could hold his own with them.

Then came that fateful Wednesday when the sky turned green with weird, celestial "fireworks." Nobody wanted to miss the sight—and that was their doom. The green rays struck the world blind! Men, women and children stumbled about in darkness—and it was the day the Triffids took over!

FROM THE REVIEWS

"Here's a spine-tingling yarn that science-fiction fans should not miss."

Boston HERALD

"When British science-fiction writers are good, they have a way of imparting a devastating reality to their inventions, and this is true of John Wyndham's first book . . . makes an engrossing addition to science fiction."

New York TIMES

"Science-fictionados will get their money's worth from this chill prospectus of the shape of things to come."

PARK EAST

"Since the coming of the atomic age nearly everyone has asked himself at times, 'What would happen if civilization, as we know it, should be destroyed?' John Wyndham dwells entertainingly on this theme in his new science fiction work. This is altogether a good action story with high points of subtlety in treatment of social situations."

Knoxville NEWS SENTINEL

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New York HERALD TRIBUNE

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Birmingham NEWS

"John Wyndham combines realism and fantasy in a fast moving science-fiction story. . . . If you enjoy science fiction here is a story for you."

Montgomery ADVERTISER

A SCIENCE-FICTION NOVEL

Revolt of the Triffids

(The Day of the Triffids)

JOHN WYNDHAM

POPULAR LIBRARY / NEW YORK

POPULAR LIBRARY EDITION

published in March, 1952

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the end begins

When a day that you happen to know is Wednesday starts off by sounding like Sunday, there is something seriously wrong somewhere.

I felt that from the moment I woke. And yet, when I started functioning a little more smartly, I became doubtful. After all, the odds were that it was I who was wrong, and not everyone else—though I did not see how that could be. I went on waiting, tinged with doubt. But presently I had my first bit of objective evidence—a distant clock struck what sounded to me just like eight. I listened hard and suspiciously. Soon another clock began, on a hard, decisive note. In a leisurely fashion it gave an indisputable eight. Then I *knew* things were awry.

The way I came to miss the end of the world—well, the end of the world I had known for close on thirty years—was sheer accident: like a lot of survival, when you come to think of it. In the nature of things a good many somebodies are always in hospital, and the law of averages had picked on me to be one of them a week or so before. It might just as easily have been the week before that—in which case I'd not be writing now: I'd not be here at all. But chance played it not only that I should be in hospital at that particular time, but that my eyes, and indeed my whole head, should be wreathed in bandages—and that's why I have to be grateful to whoever orders these averages. At the time, however, I was only peevish, wondering what in thunder went on, for I had been in the place long enough to know that, next to the matron, the clock is the most sacred thing in a hospital.

Without a clock the place simply couldn't work. Each second there's someone consulting it on births, deaths, doses, meals, lights, talking, working, sleeping, resting, visiting, dressing, washing—and hitherto it had decreed that someone

were in a state of happily comfortable relaxation when I made my unobtrusive exit.

I caught up a bundle of blankets and clothes and a parcel of food that I had laid ready, and hurried with them across the yard to the shed where we kept the half-track. With a hose from the tanker which held our main gas supply I filled the half-track's tanks to overflowing. Then I turned my attention to Torrence's strange vehicle. By the light of a hand-dynamo torch I managed to locate the filler cap and poured a quart or more of honey into the tank.

The rest of the large can of honey I disposed of into the tanker itself.

I could hear the party singing and, seemingly, still going well. After I had added some anti-triffid gear and miscellaneous afterthoughts to the stuff already in the half-track, I went back and joined the party until it finally broke up in an atmosphere which even a close observer might have mistaken for almost maudlin good will.

We gave them two hours to get well asleep.

The moon had risen, and the yard was bathed in white light. I had forgotten to oil the shed doors, and gave them a curse for every creak. The rest came in procession toward me. The Brents and Joyce were familiar enough with the place not to need a guiding hand. Behind them followed Josella and Susan, carrying the children. David's sleepy voice rose once, and was stopped quickly by Josella's hand over his mouth. She got into the front, still holding him. I saw the others into the back, and closed it.

Then I climbed into the driving seat, kissed Josella, and took a deep breath.

Across the yard, the triffids were clustering closer to the gate, as they always did when they had been undisturbed for some hours.

By the grace of heaven the half-track's engine started at once. I slammed into low gear, swerved to avoid Torrence's vehicle, and drove straight at the gate. The heavy fender took it with a crash. We plunged forward in a festoon of wire netting and broken timbers, knocking down a dozen triffids while the rest slashed furiously at us as we passed. Then we were on our way.

Where a turn in the climbing track let us look down on Shirning, we paused, and cut the engine. Lights were on behind some of the windows, and as we watched, those on the vehicle blazed out, floodlighting the house. A starter began to grind.

I had a twinge of uneasiness as the engine fired, though I knew we had several times the speed of that lumbering contraption. The machine began to jerk round on its tracks to face the gate.

Before it completed the turn, the engine sputtered, and stopped.

The starter began to whirr again. It went on whirring, irritably, and without result.

The triffids had discovered that the gate was down. By a blend of moonlight and reflected headlights we could see their dark, slender forms already swaying in ungainly procession into the yard while others came lurching down the banks of the lane to follow them. . . .

I looked at Josella.

She was not crying at all. She looked from me down to David, asleep in her arms.

"I've all I really need," she said, "and someday you're going to bring us back to the rest, Bill."

"Wifely confidence is a very nice trait, darling, but—No, damn it, no buts—I *am* going to bring you back," I said.

I got out to clear the debris from the front of the half-track and wipe the poison from the windshield so that I should be able to see to drive, on and away across the tops of the hills, toward the southwest.

And there my personal story joins up with the rest. You will find it in Elspeth Cary's excellent history of the colony.

Our hopes all center here. It seems unlikely now that anything will come of Torrence's neo-feudal plan, though a number of his seigneuries do still exist, with their inhabitants leading, so we hear, a life of squalid wretchedness behind their stockades. But there are not so many of them as there were. Every now and then Ivan reports that

another has been overrun, and that the triffids which surrounded it have dispersed to join other sieges.

So we must think of the task ahead as ours alone. We believe now that we can see our way, but there is still a lot of work and research to be done before the day when we, or our children, or their children, will cross the narrow straits on a great crusade to drive the triffids back and back with ceaseless destruction until we have wiped out the last one of them from the face of the land that they have usurped.

THE END

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Lovers in a **DOOMED** world

For months the Triffids — hideous walking plants whose sting brought quick death—had terrorized the Earth. Suddenly a new disaster struck as millions were blinded by a blaze of green lights in the sky. In the ensuing chaos the Triffids went berserk, killing at will. Among the survivors who retained their sight were Bill Masen and Josella Playton. They were lovers caught between the heaven of their frenzied love-making and the hell of fighting the Triffids. Only time would tell if they would survive or perish in the shambles of a world gone mad! An exciting and unusual science-fiction novel.

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W. J. STUART



FORBIDDEN PLANET



The story of man's
leap to the stars and
the astonishing dis-
covery of a more than
human wisdom—a
power that could
shatter our universe

ALTAIR 4 was in sight! They had traveled billions of light years through dark, treacherous space—their mission to rescue the lost crew of the spaceship Bellerophon. And now the radio crackled with life—someone was scanning them! Someone on the planet was alive! They crowded around the radio as a thin but steady voice said: “This is Morbius speaking.”

It was Edward Morbius, captain of the lost expedition. The cruiser C-57-D responded immediately, “We’ve come to rescue you. We will land within minutes.”

Morbius’ thin metallic voice now bit out sharply—“There’s no need to land . . . no need for assistance . . . no need to land . . . *It might, in fact, be disastrous!*”

FORBIDDEN PLANET

by

W. J. STUART

From the screenplay by Cyril
Hume, based upon the story
by Irving Block and Allen Adler.



BANTAM BOOKS • NEW YORK

FORBIDDEN PLANET

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FOREWORD

Excerpts from "THIS THIRD MILLENNIUM—A Condensed Textbook for Students" by A. G. Yakimara, H.B., Soc.D., etc.

(The following are taken from the revised microfilm edition, dated Quatuor 15, 2600 A.D.)

... So that in the year 1995 the first fully manned satellite Space Station had been established as a 'jumping off' place for exploration on the Solar system—and by the end of the year 2100 the exploration (and in certain cases colonization) of the planets in the Solar system had been more than half completed. . .

* * *

... It seemed then that Space conquest must necessarily be limited to the Solar system—and it was not until 2200, a couple of centuries after the full occupation of the Moon and fifty years after the final banding together of Mankind in one single Federation, that the conquest of Outer Space became a possibility instead of a scientist's dream. The possibility was brought about by the revolutionary Parvati Theory, which proved as great a step from the Relativity Laws as they themselves had been from the age-old gravity superstition. The Parvati Theory completely negated the Einsteinian belief that "At or past the speed of light, mass

[v]

must become infinite"—and the way was open for such men as Gundarsen, Holli, and Mussovski to develop and transmute the Theory into fact. Their labors resulted, as regards the exploration of Outer Space, in what is now called the QG (or Quanto-Gravitum) drive. . .

* * *

. . . By the middle of the fourth century in our millennium the first exploratory trips beyond the confines of the Solar system had already been made, and all the time the design, construction and performance of Space craft were being improved. . .

* * *

. . . The early days of Outer Space penetration were naturally productive of many events and deeds which have since attained almost legendary quality, perhaps chief of these being the extraordinary story surrounding the two expeditions to Altair, the great mainsequence star of the constellation Alpha Aquilae. The first of these (Aboard the Space Ship *Bellerophon*) was launched, from Earth via the Moon, on the seventh of Sextor, 2351. The second (on the United Planets Cruiser C-57-D) was launched twenty years later almost to the minute. . .

* * *

In all the annals of Space History as known to man, there is surely no stranger tale than that of what befell the crew of the Cruiser C-57-D when it reached its objective, the planet Altair-4. Like all Cruisers sent on these investigatory missions, it carried a smaller crew than the big Space Ships, only twenty-one in all. Its Commander and Chief Pilot was John Adams. Under him were Lieutenant J.P. Farman, Astrogator; Chief Devisor and Engineer Alonzo Quinn; Major (Medical) C.X. Ostrow—

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reached down and broke the seal across the top of the plunger.

He put his hand on it—and threw all his weight on the hand.

The plunger sank.

Still kneeling, he looked up at me. And then at Altaira.

He said, "In twenty-four hours there will be no planet Altair-4. . . John, before then, you must be ten billion miles out in space. . ."

He started to get up—and swayed—and fell.

Altaira dropped down beside him. She lifted his head so that it rested on her lap.

She said, "Father—Father—," and then stopped.

I thought he'd gone—but his eyes opened and he looked up at her.

He whispered, "I'm glad it's this way, Alta. . . Be happy, dear. Be happy on earth—and forget the stars. . ."

Postscript

Excerpts from "THIS THIRD MILLENNIUM—A Condensed Textbook for Students" by A. G. Yakimara, H.B., Soc.D., etc.

(The following are taken from the revised microfilm edition, dated Quatuor 15, 2600 A.D.)

... This frightful, cosmically-powered explosion, resulting in the complete disintegration of the Planet Altair-4, was visible to all Astronomers in the Solar System. The awe-inspiring, terrible beauty of the sight will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. . .

It was, of course, considered a natural phenomenon—until the return, on Sexter 20th, 2391, of the Cruiser C-57-D, when Commander J. J. Adams first was able to relate his epic tale.

* * *

... There is good reason to believe that, at first, Commander Adams' reports of the scientific supremacy of this ancient and defunct race did not receive complete credence. However, when he exhibited (and 'put through its paces') the anthroform robot-machine constructed by Doctor Morbius, doubts began to dissolve. . .

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... A high pitch of frustration was reached over the so-called "Cerebro-micro-wave" records brought back by Commander Adams. And it was not until nearly sixty years later that these remarkable devices were analyzed and interpreted. They were of the highest importance, being the first examples of the possibility of what we now called Mnemono-Verbal Transmission—or the transmitting, by instant memory-wave, of a recording, *in the words the memorizer would have used*, of any experience.

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The content of the records, however, was of little scientific value. They comprised Major Ostrow's impressions of his stay on Altair-4, and various 'experiences' of Doctor Morbius. These latter might have been invaluable, except for the fact that they used the Krell terms of reference and have therefore never been completely deciphered. The only recording which has been completely translated refers to the 'tour of inspection' of the Krell underground powerhouse upon which he took Commander Adams and Major Ostrow...

* * *

... It is easy to understand why the saga of the C-57-D has attained such romantic status. Take, for instance, the marriage of Commander Adams to the daughter of Edward Morbius. It was performed in Deep Space, on the journey back from the exploded planet. And in order for the ceremony to be legal, Commander Adams was forced formally to relinquish his command (for the space of fifteen minutes!) to his Bosun, Zachary Todd...

* * *

... Regarded as a major tragedy by many scientists, the auto-destruction of Altair-4 was, in a way, welcomed by the Church and most thoughtful men and women.

ALTAIR

4

They were experienced space explorers. They'd sweated in the jungles of Venus and tasted the dust of dead planets. But nothing prepared them for Altair 4.

It was a paradise—sure. A topsy-turvy Garden of Eden—with green moonlight, golden grass . . . and the astonishing girl, Altaira.

But there was horror behind the beauty. There was non-human intelligence at work—And then there was the sudden, shrieking, agonizing death . . .

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And this is the story of the Earthmen who
risked everything to conquer its secrets.**



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BRAVE NEW WORLD

by

ALDOUS HUXLEY



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FOREWORD

CHRONIC remorse, as all the moralists are agreed, is a most undesirable sentiment. If you have behaved badly, repent, make what amends you can and address yourself to the task of behaving better next time. On no account brood over your wrongdoing. Rolling in the muck is not the best way of getting clean.

Art also has its morality, and many of the rules of this morality are the same as, or at least analogous to, the rules of ordinary ethics. Remorse, for example, is as undesirable in relation to our bad art as it is in relation to our bad behaviour. The badness should be hunted out, acknowledged and, if possible, avoided in the future. To pore over the literary shortcomings of twenty years ago, to attempt to patch a faulty work into the perfection it missed at its first execution, to spend one's middle age in trying to mend the artistic sins committed and bequeathed by that different person who was oneself in youth—all this is surely vain and futile. And that is why this new *Brave New World* is the same as the old one. Its defects as a work of art are considerable; but in order to correct them I should have to rewrite the book—and in the process of rewriting, as an older, other person, I should probably get rid not only of some of the faults of the story, but also of such merits as it originally possessed. And so, resisting the temptation to wallow in artistic remorse, I prefer to leave both well and ill alone and to think about something else.

In the meantime, however, it seems worth while at least to mention the most serious defect in the story, which is this. The Savage is offered only two alternatives, an insane life in Utopia, or the life of a primitive in an Indian village, a life more human in some respects, but in others hardly less queer and abnormal. At the time the book was written this idea, that human beings are given free will in order to choose

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between insanity on the one hand and lunacy on the other, was one that I found amusing and regarded as quite possibly true. For the sake, however, of dramatic effect, the Savage is often permitted to speak more rationally than his upbringing among the practitioners of a religion that is half fertility cult and half *Penitente* ferocity would actually warrant. Even his acquaintance with Shakespeare would not in reality justify such utterances. And at the close, of course, he is made to retreat from sanity; his native *Penitente*-ism reasserts its authority and he ends in maniacal self-torture and despairing suicide. "And so they died miserably ever after"—much to the reassurance of the amused, Pyrrhonic aesthete who was the author of the fable.

Today I feel no wish to demonstrate that sanity is impossible. On the contrary, though I remain no less sadly certain than in the past that sanity is a rather rare phenomenon, I am convinced that it can be achieved and would like to see more of it. For having said so in several recent books and, above all, for having compiled an anthology of what the sane have said about sanity and the means whereby it can be achieved, I have been told by an eminent academic critic that I am a sad symptom of the failure of an intellectual class in time of crisis. The implication being, I suppose, that the professor and his colleagues are hilarious symptoms of success. The benefactors of humanity deserve due honour and commemoration. Let us build a Pantheon for professors. It should be located among the ruins of one of the gutted cities of Europe or Japan, and over the entrance to the ossuary I would inscribe, in letters six or seven feet high, the simple words: SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE WORLD'S EDUCATORS. SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS CIRCUMSPICE.

But to return to the future . . . If I were now to rewrite the book, I would offer the Savage a third alternative. Between the utopian and the primitive horns of his dilemma would lie the possibility of sanity—a possibility already actualized, to some extent, in a community of exiles and refugees from the *Brave New World*, living within the borders of the Reservation. In this community economics would be decentralist and Henry-Georgian, politics Kropotkinesque co-operative. Science and technology would be used as though, like the Sabbath, they had been made for man, not (as at present and still more so in the *Brave New World*) as though man were to be adapted and enslaved to them. Religion would be the conscious and intelligent pursuit of man's Final End, the

primitive knowledge of the immanent Tao or Logos, the transcendent Godhead or Brahman. And the prevailing philosophy of life would be a kind of Higher Utilitarianism, in which the Greatest Happiness principle would be secondary to the Final End principle—the first question to be asked and answered in every contingency of life being: "How will this thought or action contribute to, or interfere with, the achievement, by me and the greatest possible number of other individuals, of man's Final End?"

Brought up among the primitives, the Savage (in this hypothetical new version of the book) would not be transported to Utopia until he had had an opportunity of learning something at first hand about the nature of a society composed of freely co-operating individuals devoted to the pursuit of sanity. Thus altered, *Brave New World* would possess artistic and (if it is permissible to use so large a word in connection with a work of fiction) a philosophical completeness, which in its present form it evidently lacks.

But *Brave New World* is a book about the future and, whatever its artistic or philosophical qualities, a book about the future can interest us only if its prophecies look as though they might conceivably come true. From our present vantage point, fifteen years further down the inclined plane of modern history, how plausible do its prognostications seem? What has happened in the painful interval to confirm or invalidate the forecasts of 1931?

One vast and obvious failure of foresight is immediately apparent. *Brave New World* contains no reference to nuclear fission. That it does not is actually rather odd, for the possibilities of atomic energy had been a popular topic of conversation for years before the book was written. My old friend, Robert Nichols, had even written a successful play about the subject, and I recall that I myself had casually mentioned it in a novel published in the late twenties. So it seems, as I say, very odd that the rockets and helicopters of the seventh century of Our Ford should not have been powered by disintegrating nuclei. The oversight may not be excusable; but at least it can be easily explained. The theme of *Brave New World* is not the advancement of science as such; it is the advancement of science as it affects human individuals. The triumphs of physics, chemistry and engineering are tacitly taken for granted. The only scientific advances to be specifically described are those involving the application to human beings of the results of future research in biology, physiology

and psychology. It is only by means of the sciences of life that the quality of life can be radically changed. The sciences of matter can be applied in such a way that they will destroy life or make the living of it impossibly complex and uncomfortable; but, unless used as instruments by the biologists and psychologists, they can do nothing to modify the natural forms and expressions of life itself. The release of atomic energy marks a great revolution in human history, but not (unless we blow ourselves to bits and so put an end to history) the final and most searching revolution.

This really revolutionary revolution is to be achieved, not in the external world, but in the souls and flesh of human beings. Living as he did in a revolutionary period, the Marquis de Sade very naturally made use of this theory of revolutions in order to rationalize his peculiar brand of insanity. Robespierre had achieved the most superficial kind of revolution, the political. Going a little deeper, Babeuf had attempted the economic revolution. Sade regarded himself as the apostle of the truly revolutionary revolution, beyond mere politics and economics—the revolution in individual men, women and children, whose bodies were henceforward to become the common sexual property of all and whose minds were to be purged of all the natural decencies, all the laboriously acquired inhibitions of traditional civilization. Between sadism and the really revolutionary revolution there is, of course, no necessary or inevitable connection. Sade was a lunatic and the more or less conscious goal of his revolution was universal chaos and destruction. The people who govern the Brave New World may not be sane (in what may be called the absolute sense of the word); but they are not madmen, and their aim is not anarchy but social stability. It is in order to achieve stability that they carry out, by scientific means, the ultimate, personal, really revolutionary revolution.

But meanwhile we are in the first phase of what is perhaps the penultimate revolution. Its next phase may be atomic warfare, in which case we do not have to bother with prophecies about the future. But it is conceivable that we may have enough sense, if not to stop fighting altogether, at least to behave as rationally as did our eighteenth-century ancestors. The unimaginable horrors of the Thirty Years War actually taught men a lesson, and for more than a hundred years the politicians and generals of Europe consciously resisted the temptation to use their military resources to the limits of destructiveness or (in the majority of conflicts) to go on fight-

ing until the enemy was totally annihilated. They were aggressors, of course, greedy for profit and glory; but they were also conservatives, determined at all costs to keep their world intact, as a going concern. For the last thirty years there have been no conservatives; there have been only nationalistic radicals of the right and nationalistic radicals of the left. The last conservative statesman was the fifth Marquess of Lansdowne; and when he wrote a letter to the *Times*, suggesting that the First World War should be concluded with a compromise, as most of the wars of the eighteenth century had been, the editor of that once conservative journal refused to print it. The nationalistic radicals had their way, with the consequences that we all know—Bolshevism, Fascism, inflation, depression, Hitler, the Second World War, the ruin of Europe and all but universal famine.

Assuming, then, that we are capable of learning as much from Hiroshima as our forefathers learned from Magdeburg, we may look forward to a period, not indeed of peace, but of limited and only partially ruinous warfare. During that period it may be assumed that nuclear energy will be harnessed to industrial uses. The result, pretty obviously, will be a series of economic and social changes unprecedented in rapidity and completeness. All the existing patterns of human life will be disrupted and new patterns will have to be improvised to conform with the nonhuman fact of atomic power. Procrustes in modern dress, the nuclear scientist will prepare the bed on which mankind must lie; and if mankind doesn't fit—well, that will be just too bad for mankind. There will have to be some stretching and a bit of amputation—the same sort of stretching and amputations as have been going on ever since applied science really got into its stride, only this time they will be a good deal more drastic than in the past. These far from painless operations will be directed by highly centralized totalitarian governments. Inevitably so; for the immediate future is likely to resemble the immediate past, and in the immediate past rapid technological changes, taking place in a mass-producing economy and among a population predominantly propertyless, have always tended to produce economic and social confusion. To deal with confusion, power has been centralized and government control increased. It is probable that all the world's governments will be more or less completely totalitarian even before the harnessing of atomic energy; that they will be totalitarian during and after the harnessing seems almost certain. Only a large-scale popular

movement toward decentralization and self-help can arrest the present tendency toward statism. At present there is no sign that such a movement will take place.

There is, of course, no reason why the new totalitarianisms should resemble the old. Government by clubs and firing squads, by artificial famine, mass imprisonment and mass deportation, is not merely inhumane (nobody cares much about that nowadays); it is demonstrably inefficient and in an age of advanced technology, inefficiency is the sin against the Holy Ghost. A really efficient totalitarian state would be one in which the all-powerful executive of political bosses and their army of managers control a population of slaves who do not have to be coerced, because they love their servitude. To make them love it is the task assigned, in present-day totalitarian states, to ministries of propaganda, newspaper editors and schoolteachers. But their methods are still crude and unscientific. The old Jesuits' boast that, if they were given the schooling of the child, they could answer for the man's religious opinions, was a product of wishful thinking. And the modern pedagogue is probably rather less efficient at conditioning his pupils' reflexes than were the reverend fathers who educated Voltaire. The greatest triumphs of propaganda have been accomplished, not by doing something, but by refraining from doing. Great is truth, but still greater, from a practical point of view, is silence about truth. By simply not mentioning certain subjects, by lowering what Mr. Churchill calls an "iron curtain" between the masses and such facts or arguments as the local political bosses regard as undesirable, totalitarian propagandists have influenced opinion much more effectively than they could have done by the most eloquent denunciations, the most compelling of logical rebuttals. But silence is not enough. If persecution, liquidation and the other symptoms of social friction are to be avoided, the positive sides of propaganda must be made as effective as the negative. The most important Manhattan Projects of the future will be vast government-sponsored enquiries into what the politicians and the participating scientists will call "the problem of happiness"—in other words, the problem of making people love their servitude. Without economic security, the love of servitude cannot possibly come into existence; for the sake of brevity, I assume that the all-powerful executive and its managers will succeed in solving the problem of permanent security. But security tends very quickly to be taken for granted. Its achievement is merely a superficial, external rev-

olution. The love of servitude cannot be established except as the result of a deep, personal revolution in human minds and bodies. To bring about that revolution we require, among others, the following discoveries and inventions. First, a greatly improved technique of suggestion—through infant conditioning and, later, with the aid of drugs, such as scopolamine. Second, a fully developed science of human differences, enabling government managers to assign any given individual to his or her proper place in the social and economic hierarchy. (Round pegs in square holes tend to have dangerous thoughts about the social system and to infect others with their discontents.) Third (since reality, however utopian, is something from which people feel the need of taking pretty frequent holidays), a substitute for alcohol and the other narcotics, something at once less harmful and more pleasure-giving than gin or heroin. And fourth (but this would be a long-term project, which it would take generations of totalitarian control to bring to a successful conclusion) a foolproof system of eugenics, designed to standardize the human product and so to facilitate the task of the managers. In *Brave New World* this standardization of the human product has been pushed to fantastic, though not perhaps impossible, extremes. Technically and ideologically we are still a long way from bottled babies and Bokanovsky groups of semi-morons. But by A. F. 600, who knows what may not be happening? Meanwhile the other characteristic features of that happier and more stable world—the equivalents of soma and hypnopædia and the scientific caste system—are probably not more than three or four generations away. Nor does the sexual promiscuity of *Brave New World* seem so very distant. There are already certain American cities in which the number of divorces is equal to the number of marriages. In a few years, no doubt, marriage licenses will be sold like dog licenses, good for a period of twelve months, with no law against changing dogs or keeping more than one animal at a time. As political and economic freedom diminishes, sexual freedom tends compensatingly to increase. And the dictator (unless he needs cannon fodder and families with which to colonize empty or conquered territories) will do well to encourage that freedom. In conjunction with the freedom to daydream under the influence of dope and movies and the radio, it will help to reconcile his subjects to the servitude which is their fate.

All things considered it looks as though Utopia were far closer to us than anyone, only fifteen years ago, could have

imagined. Then, I projected it six hundred years into the future. Today it seems quite possible that the horror may be upon us within a single century. That is, if we refrain from blowing ourselves to smithereens in the interval. Indeed, unless we choose to decentralize and to use applied science, not as the end to which human beings are to be made the means, but as the means to producing a race of free individuals, we have only two alternatives to choose from: either a number of national, militarized totalitarianisms, having as their root the terror of the atomic bomb and as their consequence the destruction of civilization (or, if the warfare is limited, the perpetuation of militarism); or else one supra-national totalitarianism, called into existence by the social chaos resulting from rapid technological progress in general and the atomic revolution in particular, and developing, under the need for efficiency and stability, into the welfare-tyranny of Utopia. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

◀ Chapter One ▶

A SQUAT grey building of only thirty-four stories. Over the main entrance the words, CENTRAL LONDON HATCHERY AND CONDITIONING CENTRE, and, in a shield, the World State's motto, COMMUNITY, IDENTITY, STABILITY.

The enormous room on the ground floor faced towards the north. Cold for all the summer beyond the panes, for all the tropical heat of the room itself, a harsh thin light glared through the windows, hungrily seeking some draped lay figure, some pallid shape of academic goose-flesh, but finding only the glass and nickel and bleakly shining porcelain of a laboratory. Wintriness responded to wintriness. The overalls of the workers were white, their hands gloved with a pale corpse-coloured rubber. The light was frozen, dead, a ghost. Only from the yellow barrels of the microscopes did it borrow a certain rich and living substance, lying along the polished tubes like butter, streak after luscious streak in long recession down the work tables.

"And this," said the Director opening the door, "is the Fertilizing Room."

Bent over their instruments, three hundred Fertilizers were plunged, as the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning entered the room, in the scarcely breathing silence, the absent-minded, soliloquizing hum or whistle, of absorbed concentration. A troop of newly arrived students, very young, pink and callow, followed nervously, rather abjectly, at the Director's heels. Each of them carried a notebook, in which, whenever the great man spoke, he desperately scribbled. Straight from the horse's mouth. It was a rare privilege. The D. H. C. for Central London always made a point of personally conducting his new students round the various departments.

"Just to give you a general idea," he would explain to them. For of course some sort of general idea they must have, if they were to do their work intelligently—though as little of one, if they were to be good and happy members of society, as possible. For particulars, as every one

in the heather. "Henry, Henry!" she shouted. But her ruddy-faced companion had bolted out of harm's way behind the helicopter.

With a whoop of delighted excitement the line broke; there was a convergent stampede towards that magnetic centre of attraction. Pain was a fascinating horror.

"Fry, lechery, fry!" Frenzied, the Savage slashed again.

Hungrily they gathered round, pushing and scrambling like swine about the trough.

"Oh, the flesh!" The Savage ground his teeth. This time it was on his shoulders that the whip descended. "Kill it, kill it!"

Drawn by the fascination of the horror of pain and, from within, impelled by that habit of coöperation, that desire for unanimity and atonement, which their conditioning had so ineradicably implanted in them, they began to mime the frenzy of his gestures, striking at one another as the Savage struck at his own rebellious flesh, or at that plump incarnation of turpitude writhing in the heather at his feet.

"Kill it, kill it, kill it . . ." The Savage went on shouting.

Then suddenly somebody started singing "Orgy-porgy" and, in a moment, they had all caught up the refrain and, singing, had begun to dance. Orgy-porgy, round and round and round, beating one another in six-eight time. Orgy-porgy . . .

It was after midnight when the last of the helicopters took its flight. Stupefied by *soma*, and exhausted by a long-drawn frenzy of sensuality, the Savage lay sleeping in the heather. The sun was already high when he awoke. He lay for a moment, blinking in owl-like incomprehension at the light; then suddenly remembered—everything.

"Oh, my God, my God!" He covered his eyes with his hand.

That evening the swarm of helicopters that came buzzing across the Hog's Back was a dark cloud ten kilometres long. The description of last night's orgy of atonement had been in all the papers.

"Savage!" called the first arrivals, as they alighted from their machine. "Mr. Savage!"

There was no answer.

The door of the lighthouse was ajar. They pushed it open and walked into a shuttered twilight. Through an

archway on the further side of the room they could see the bottom of the staircase that led up to the higher floors. Just under the crown of the arch dangled a pair of feet.

"Mr. Savage!"

Slowly, very slowly, like two unhurried compass needles, the feet turned towards the right; north, north-east, east, south-east, south, south-south-west; then paused, and, after a few seconds, turned as unhurriedly back towards the left. South-south-west, south, south-east, east. . . .

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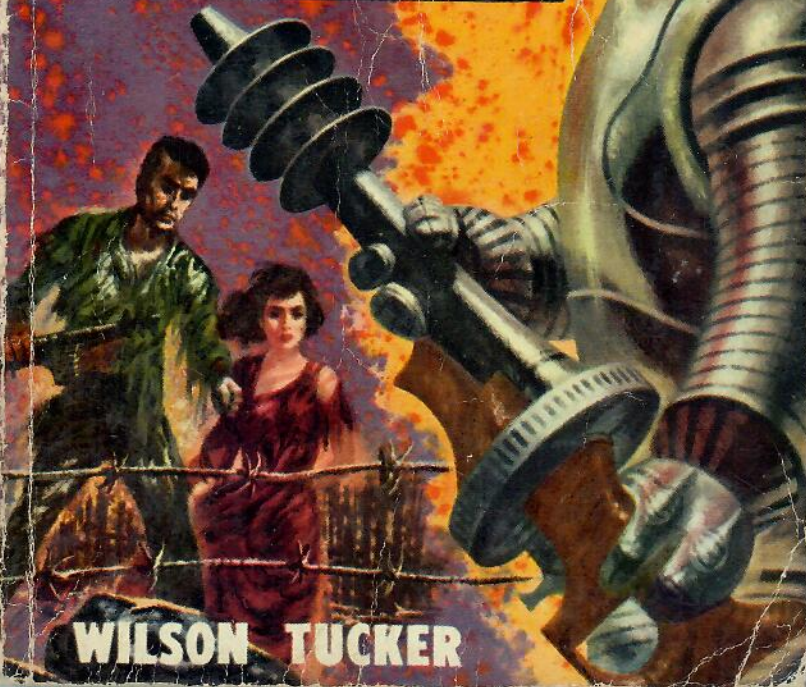
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WILSON TUCKER

The eastern third of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, was a wasteland — pulverized by atomic bombs, poisoned by plague germs sown from the sky.

the
Quick
and
the
Dead

For the people left alive in this area, those immune from the plague, there was no future. Contaminated with the toxin, they were not allowed to cross the Mississippi. For them, life quickly reverted to the law of the jungle. Nothing mattered except the basic problems — food . . . shelter . . . how to exist until tomorrow.

A man soon learned to live by his wits, if he stayed alive. A man had to be quick — or he'd be dead.

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Chapter One

GARY HUGGED THE SHADOWS along the shore and waited for the sound of the shot, for the sharp crack of a carbine. The old woman had been a fool to think she could sneak across the bridge, either starved to the point of desperation or a fool. The darkness of the night couldn't hide her, not any more, not with the troops guarding the other end of the bridge with infrared lamps and sniper scopes on their rifles.

This was the only bridge left intact along a six- or seven-hundred-mile stretch of the Mississippi, and American troops would be concentrated in strength on the other end. The old woman had no more chance of slipping across to the Iowa shore than a snowball in a cyclotron.

Gary crawled around a concrete abutment and waited. He was careful not to show his body on the roadway, not to cross to the other side of the two-lane bridge. He was too far away from the troops to be in real danger, but some gun-happy soldier just might catch him in his 'scope and fire.

The old woman didn't know the army, didn't know their equipment as he did. In her foolish, hungry mind she must have thought she could cross over under cover of darkness. She should have known better; she should have known what to expect after a year of it. Or perhaps she no longer cared. The old woman surely knew she couldn't live to reach the other side. No one from the contaminated

and so that he might gain a better view and scent of her. The bait was quite aware that he had followed, and had prepared herself accordingly.

He inched along silently toward the corner of the house, working a heavy-handled knife out of his belt and stopping just out of sight at the corner until she should close the door again, until those naked feet should return to the fireplace for warmth. Until her back was turned and she was off guard. Gary flung a swift glance around to search for possible movement—he was convinced the town was empty, else something would have happened when she first exposed herself. He and a strange woman, alone in the town, alone in the loud silence—how long had it been since that last occurred?

He snapped to attention. There was a soft whisper of sound as the door closed, the faint slap of her bare feet moving across the floor.

He jumped from his crouch at the corner of the house and sped for the door, holding the knife by its long wicked blade. He knew where she would be, knew she would be coming to a stop just before the fireplace, her back to him. With a leap and a swing of his foot he kicked the door open, threw the reversed knife at the same instant, and dropped prone across the sill, to prevent the door from closing on the rebound. The hilt thudded against the back of her skull.

The woman fell without a sound escaping her lips, her rifle clattering to the floor beside the limp body.

Again Gary swung around to search the street and the town behind him, but nothing stirred. He scrambled inside, shut and barred the door. Crossing over to the woman, he seized the rifle and emptied it of its ammunition, tossing the now useless weapon at her feet. Finally,

stepping over her prone body, he spilled the kettle of boiling water onto the fire, dousing the telltale heat and smoke. Only then did he step back to look at her.

Her clothing had been neatly piled beside the fireplace, her shoes and a heavy black bag rested on the floor beside them. Gary moved swiftly over to the bag, seized his knife from the floor, and slit a long gash in its side. The raw, partly frozen remains of a rabbit tumbled through the slit and he promptly scooped it up, to sink his teeth into the cold flesh. Following the exit of the rabbit, a thin trickle of sparkling glass beads dribbled out of the bag. Astonished, Gary dug his fingers into the interior and pulled out a fistful of the things, shiny pebbles that gleamed dully in the darkened room.

He moved across to the woman's body, turned her over on her back to stare down into her quiet face.

She was *much* older than nineteen now.

After a while he went to the door and got snow to rub in her face, to bring her back to consciousness. While he waited for her to revive, gently massaging her head and the back of her neck, he speculated on their future together. She could be of high value in the struggle to stay alive, could be the most tempting bait possible to trap men—as she had only recently demonstrated. She could be of very great use to him. And if she did her job well, perhaps he would forgive her the kettle of boiling water she had prepared. And there was *that* angle—it wouldn't be safe for him to let her grow hungry again.

He glanced down into her face, seeing her lids aflutter with the slow return of consciousness. Gary reflected that he'd have to find a new place to live—she'd certainly object to the cave. He grinned at the girl but it was lost in his heavy beard.

Her eyes were the same wide, brilliant blue they had been the first time he'd seen them, her face the same frightened image he had first known. Only her body had changed in the ten years.

"Hello, Nineteen—remember me?"

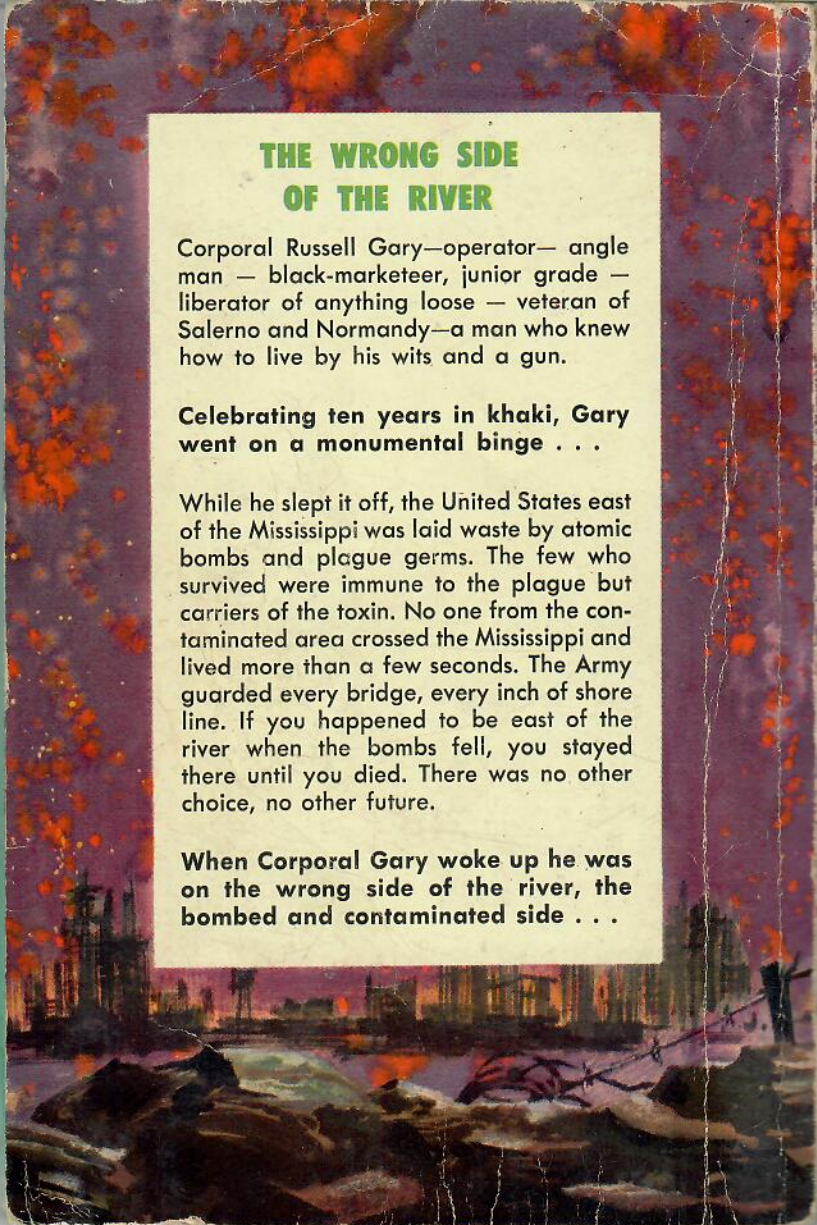
THE WRONG SIDE OF THE RIVER

Corporal Russell Gary—operator— angle man — black-marketeer, junior grade — liberator of anything loose — veteran of Salerno and Normandy—a man who knew how to live by his wits and a gun.

Celebrating ten years in khaki, Gary went on a monumental binge . . .

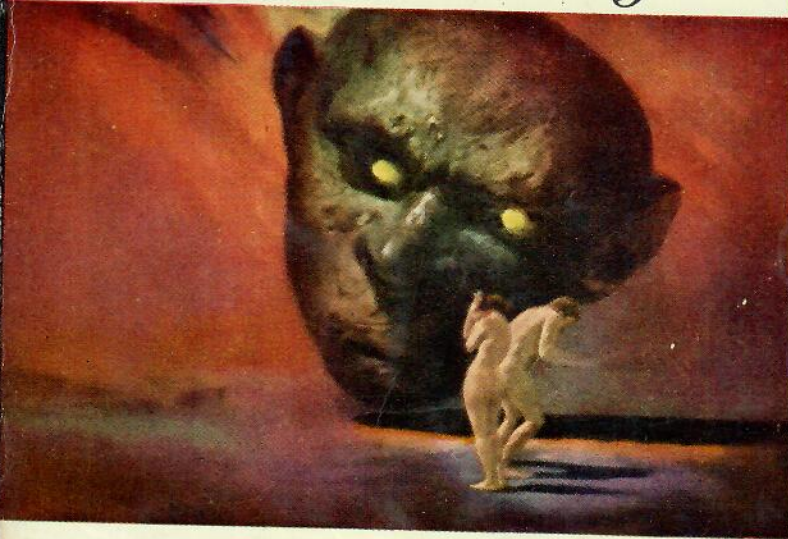
While he slept it off, the United States east of the Mississippi was laid waste by atomic bombs and plague germs. The few who survived were immune to the plague but carriers of the toxin. No one from the contaminated area crossed the Mississippi and lived more than a few seconds. The Army guarded every bridge, every inch of shore line. If you happened to be east of the river when the bombs fell, you stayed there until you died. There was no other choice, no other future.

When Corporal Gary woke up he was on the wrong side of the river, the bombed and contaminated side . . .



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aldous huxley



*ape and
essence*

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THE MOST HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT
EVER DEvised BY MAN

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*ape and
essence*
aldous huxley



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APE AND ESSENCE

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Ape and Essence

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TALLIS

IT WAS the day of Gandhi's assassination; but on Calvary the sightseers were more interested in the contents of their picnic baskets than in the possible significance of the, after all, rather commonplace event they had turned out to witness. In spite of all the astronomers can say, Ptolemy was perfectly right: the center of the universe is here, not there. Gandhi might be dead; but across the desk in his office, across the lunch table in the Studio Commissary, Bob Briggs was concerned to talk only about himself.

"You've always been such a help," Bob assured me, as he made ready, not without relish, to tell the latest installment of his history.

But at bottom, as I knew very well and as Bob himself knew even better than I, he didn't really want to be helped. He liked being in a mess and, still more, he liked talking about his predicament. The mess and its verbal dramatization made it possible for him to see himself as all the Romantic Poets rolled into one—Beddoes committing suicide, Byron committing fornication, Keats dying of Fanny Brawne, Harriet dying of Shelley. And seeing himself as all the Romantic Poets, he could forget for a little the two prime sources of his misery—the fact that he had

"I can't imagine, Your Eminence. I've never known him to change his schedule without telling me."

There is a silence.

"I don't like it," the Arch-Vicar says at last. "I don't like it at all." He turns to his Familiars. "Run back to Headquarters and have half a dozen men ride out on horseback to find him."

The Familiars bow, squeak simultaneously, and vanish.

"And as for you," says the Arch-Vicar, turning on the pale and abject figure of the Director, "if anything should have happened, you'll have to answer for it."

He rises in majestic wrath and stalks toward the door.

Dissolve to a series of montage shots.

Loola with her leather knapsack and Dr. Poole, with a pre-Thing army pack on his back, are climbing over a landslide that blocks one of those superbly engineered highways, whose remains still scar the flanks of the San Gabriel mountains.

We cut to a windswept crest. The two fugitives are looking down over the enormous expanse of the Mojave desert.

Next we find ourselves in a pine forest on the northern slope of the range. It is night. In a patch of moonlight between the trees, Dr. Poole and Loola lie sleeping under the same homespun blanket.

Cut to a rocky canyon, at the bottom of which flows a stream. The lovers have halted to drink and fill their water bottles.

And now we are in the foothills above the floor of the desert. Between the clumps of sage brush, the yuccas and the juniper bushes the walking is easy. Dr. Poole and Loola enter the shot, and the Camera

trucks with them as they come striding down the slope.

"Feet sore?" he asks solicitously.

"Not too bad."

She gives him a brave smile, and shakes her head.

"I think we'd better stop pretty soon and eat something."

"Just as you think best, Alfie."

He pulls an antique map out of his pocket and studies it as he walks along.

"We're still a good thirty miles from Lancaster," he says. "Eight hours of walking. We've got to keep up our strength."

"And how far shall we get tomorrow?" Loola asks.

"A little beyond Mojave. And after that I reckon it'll take us at least two days to cross the Tehachapis and get to Bakersfield." He returns the map to his pocket. "I managed to get quite a lot of information out of the Director," he goes on. "He says those people up north are very friendly to runaways from Southern California. Won't give them back even when the government officially asks for them."

"Thank Bel . . . I mean, thank God," says Loola.

There is another silence. Suddenly Loola comes to a halt.

"Look! What's that?"

She points and from their viewpoint we see at the foot of a very tall Joshua tree, a slab of weathered concrete, standing crookedly at the head of an ancient grave, overgrown with bunch grass and buckwheat.

"Somebody must have been buried here," says Dr. Poole.

They approach and, in a close shot of the slab, we see, while Dr. Poole's voice reads aloud the following inscription:

Ape and Essence

WILLIAM TALLIS
1882-1948

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed, thou shouldst now depart!

Cut back to the two lovers.

"He must have been a very sad man," says Loola.

"Perhaps not quite so sad as you imagine," says Dr. Poole, as he slips off his heavy pack and sits down beside the grave.

And while Loola opens her knapsack and takes out bread and fruit and eggs and strips of dried meat, he turns over the pages of his duodecimo Shelley.

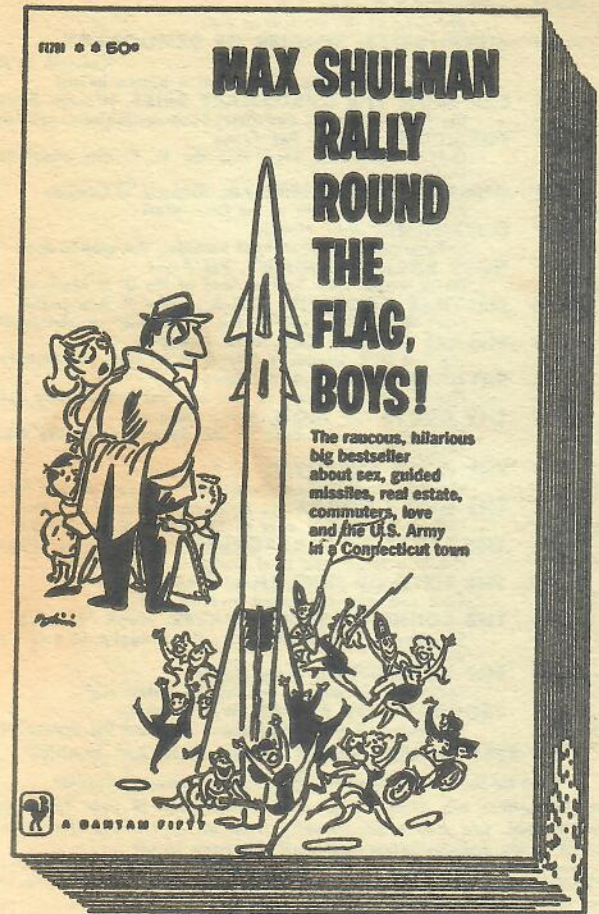
"Here we are," he says at last. "It's the very next stanza after the one that's quoted here.

"That Light whose smile kindles the Universe
That Beauty in which all things work and move
That Benediction, which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love,
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality."

There is a silence. Then Loola hands him a hard boiled egg. He cracks it on the headstone and, as he peels it, scatters the white fragments of the shell over the grave.

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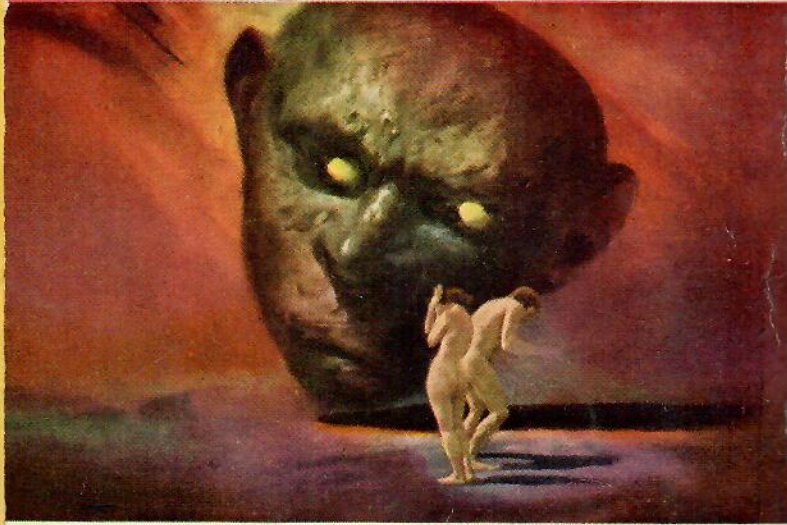
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*machine against desire
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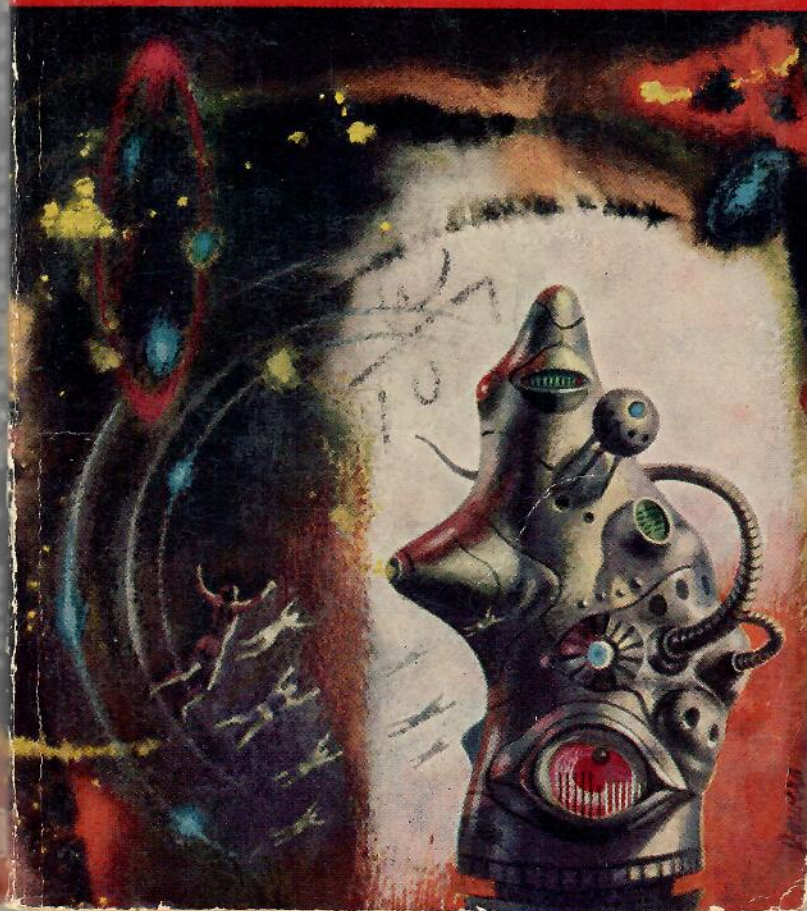
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alternating currents



POHL

In any account of the best in contemporary science fiction, both in America and abroad, the name of Frederik Pohl must figure prominently. As solo author, collaborator, and creative editor, he has achieved a body of work which has aroused admiration wherever it has been read. Since he is still a young man (36), the future looks bright for this chronicler of the future.

Here is the book for which many readers have been waiting, a collection of his best short stories. In it you will find such gems as "Let the Ants Try," a chilling horror story; "The Tunnel Under the World," a robot story with a startling difference; and "Target One," an ironic and moving narrative of time-travel. And a number of others.

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Search the Sky

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by

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR JESUS

IT WAS THE CRAZIEST Christmas I ever spent. Partly it was Heinemann's fault—he came up with a new wrinkle in gift-wrapping that looked good but like every other idea that comes out of the front office meant plenty of headaches for the rest of us. But what really messed up Christmas for me was the girl.

Personnel sent her down—after I'd gone up there myself three times and banged my fist on the table. It was the height of the season and when she told me that she had had her application in *three weeks* before they called her, I excused myself and got Personnel on the store phone from my private office. "Martin here," I said. "What the devil's the matter with you people? This girl is the Emporium type if I ever saw one, and you've been letting her sit around nearly a month while——"

Crawford, the Personnel head, interrupted me. "Have you talked to her very much?" he wanted to know.

"Well, no. But——"

"Call me back when you do," he advised, and clicked off.

I went back to the stockroom where she was standing patiently, and looked her over a little thoughtfully. But she looked all right to me. She was blond-haired and blue-eyed and not very big; she had a sweet, slow smile. She wasn't exactly beautiful, but she looked like a girl you'd want to know. She wasn't bold, and she wasn't too shy; and that's a perfect description of what we call "The Emporium Type."

So what in the world was the matter with Personnel?

Her name was Lilymary Hargreave. I put her to work on the gift-wrap spraying machine while I got busy with my paper work. I have a hundred forty-one persons in the department and at the height of the Christmas season I could use twice as many. But we do get the work done. For instance, Saul & Capell, the next biggest store in town, has a hundred and sixty in their gift and counseling depart-

He said comfortably, "Soma over psyche, eh? Well, what would you expect? But believe me, Mr. McGory, allergies are psychogenic. Now, if you'll just——"

Well, if you can't lick 'em, join 'em, that's what the old man used to say.

But I can't join them. Theodor Yust offered me an invitation, but I guess I was pretty rude to him. And when, at last, I went back, ready to crawl and apologize, there was a scrawled piece of cardboard over the bronze nameplate; it said: *Gone fishing*.

I tried to lay it on the line with the Chief. I opened the door of the Plans room, and there he was with Baggott and Wayber, from Mason-Dixon. They were sitting there whittling out model ships, and so intent on what they were doing that they hardly noticed me. After a while the Chief said idly, "Bankrupt yet?" And moments passed, and Wayber finally replied, in an absent-minded tone:

"Guess so. Have to file some papers or something." And they went on with their whittling.

So I spoke sharply to them, and the minute they looked up and saw me, it was like the Rockettes: The hands into the pockets, the paper being unwrapped, the gum into the mouth. And naturally I couldn't make any sense with them after that. So what are you going to do?

No! I can't!

Hazel hardly comes in to see me any more, even. I bawled her out for it—what would happen, I demanded, if I suddenly had to answer a letter. But she only smiled dreamily at me. "There hasn't been a letter in a month," she pointed out amiably. "Don't worry, though. If anything comes up, I'll be with you in a flash. This stuff isn't a habit with me, I can stop it any time, you just say the word and ol' Hazel'll be there. . . ."

And she's right because, when you get right down to it, there's the trouble. It isn't a habit.

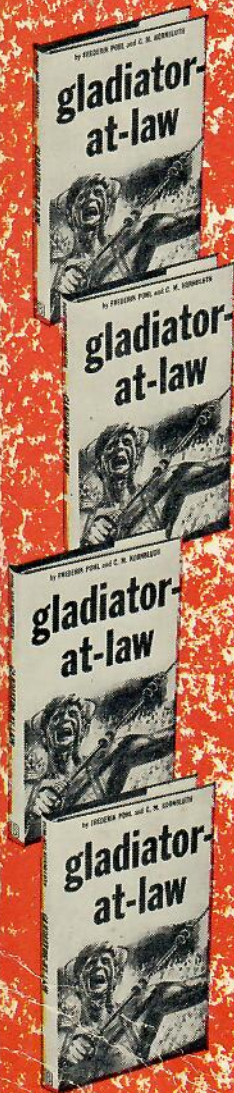
So how can you break it?

You can stop Cheery-Gum any time. You can stop it this second, or five minutes from now, or tomorrow.

So why worry about it?

It's completely voluntary, entirely under your control; it won't hurt you, it won't make you sick.

I wish Theodor Yust would come back. Or maybe I'll just cut my throat.



Frederik Pohl

Is also the co-author
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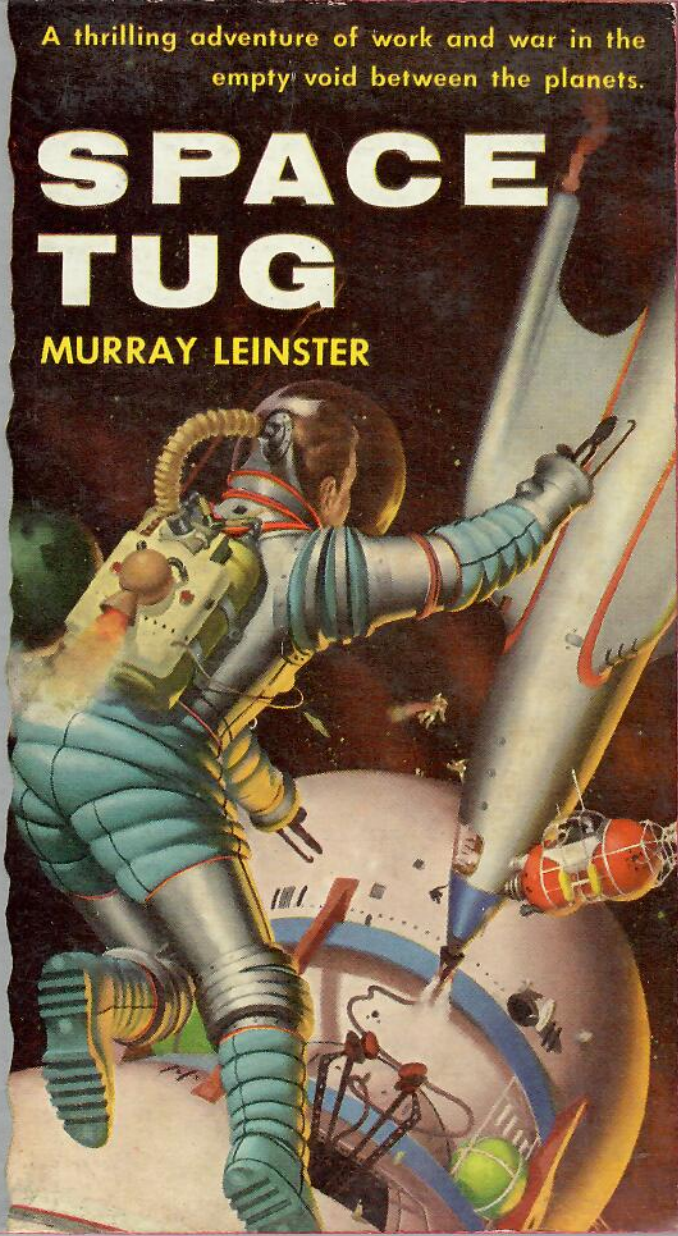


THE
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BOOK

SPACE TUG

MURRAY LEINSTER

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30 MINUTES TO LIVE!

Joe Kenmore heard the airlock close with a sickening wheeze and then a clank. In desperation he turned toward Haney. "My God, we've been locked out!"

Through the transparent domes of their space helmets, Joe could see a look of horror and disbelief pass across Haney's face. But it was true! Joe and his crew were locked out of the Space Platform.

Four thousand miles below circled the Earth. Under Joe's feet rested the solid steel hull of his home in outer space. But without tools there was no hope of getting back inside. Joe looked at his oxygen meter. It registered thirty minutes to live.

Space Tug by Murray Leinster is an independent sequel to the author's popular *Space Platform*, which is also available in a POCKET BOOK edition. Both books were published originally by Shasta Publishers.

*Of other books by Murray Leinster,
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SPACE TUG

Shasta edition published November, 1953

POCKET BOOK edition published January, 1955
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To Joan Patricia Jenkins

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TO THE WORLD AT LARGE, OF COURSE, IT WAS just another day. A different sort entirely at different places on the great, round, rolling Earth, but nothing out of the ordinary. It was Tuesday on one side of the Date Line and Monday on the other. It was so-and-so's wedding anniversary and so-and-so's birthday and another so-and-so would get out of jail today. It was warm, it was cool, it was fair, it was cloudy. One looked forward to the future with confidence, with hope, with uneasiness or with terror according to one's temperament and one's geographical location and past history. To most of the human race this was nothing whatever but just another day.

But to Joe Kenmore it was a most particular day indeed. Here, it was the gray hour just before sunrise and already there were hints of reddish colorings in the sky. It was chilly, and somehow the world seemed still and breathless. To Joe, the feeling of tensivity marked this morning off from all the other mornings of his experience.

He got up and began to dress, in Major Holt's quarters back of that giant steel half-globe called the Shed, near the town of Bootstrap. He felt queer because he felt so much as usual. By all the rules, he should have experienced a splendid, noble resolution and a fiery exaltation, and perhaps even an admirable sensation of humility and unworthiness to accomplish what was expected of him today. And, deep enough inside, he felt suitable emotion. But it happened that he couldn't take time to feel things adequately today.

He was much more aware that he wanted some coffee rather badly, and that he hoped everything would go all right. He looked out of the windows at empty, dreary desert under the dawn sky. Today was the day he'd be leaving on a rather

matter-of-factly, "I suggest we fire our last blast together. Shall I give the word? Right!"

The surface of the Moon came toward them. Craters, cracks, frozen fountains of stone, swelling undulations of ground interrupted without rhyme or reason by the gigantic splashing of missiles from the sky a hundred thousand million years ago. The colorings were unbelievable. There were reds and browns and yellows. There were grays and dusty deep-blues and streaks of completely impossible tints in combination.

But Joe couldn't watch that. He kept his eyes on a very special gadget which was a radar range-finder. He hadn't used it about the Platform because there were too many tin cans and such trivia floating about. It wouldn't be dependable. But it did measure the exact distance to the nearest solid object.

"Prepare for firing on a count of five," said Joe quietly. "Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . fire!"

The space tug's rockets blasted. For the first time since they overtook the Moonship, the tug now had help. The remaining rockets outside the Moonship's hull blasted furiously. Out the ports there was nothing but hurtling whitenesses. The rockets droned and rumbled and roared. . . .

The main rockets burned out. The steering rockets still boomed. Joe had thrown them on for what good their lift might do.

"Joe!" said Haney in a surprised tone. "I feel weight! Not much, but some! And the main rockets are off!"

Joe nodded. He watched the instruments before him. He shifted a control, and the space tug swayed. It swayed over to the limit of the tow-chain it had fastened to the Moonship. Joe shifted his controls again.

There was a peculiar, gritty contact somewhere. Joe cut the steering rockets and it was possible to look out. There were more gritty noises. The space tug settled a little and leaned a little. It was still. Then there was no noise at all.

"Yes," said Joe. "We've got some weight. We're on the Moon."

They went out of the ship in a peculiarly solemn procession. About them reared cliffs such as no man had ever looked on before save in dreams. Above their heads hung a huge round greenish globe, with a white polar ice-cap plainly visible. It hung in mid-sky and was four times the size of the Moon as seen from Earth. If one stood still and looked at it, it would undoubtedly be seen to be revolving, once in some twenty-four hours.

Mike scuffled in the dust in which he walked. Nobody had emerged from the Moonship yet. The four of them were literally the first human beings ever to set foot on the surface of the Moon. But none of them mentioned the fact, though all were acutely aware of it. Mike kicked up dust. It rose in a curiously liquid-like fashion. There was no air to scatter it. It settled deliberately back again.

Mike spoke with an odd constraint. "No green cheese," he said absurdly.

"No," agreed Joe. "Let's go over to the Moonship. It looks all right. It couldn't have landed hard."

They went toward the bulk of the ship from Earth, which now was a base for the military occupation of a globe with more land-area than all Earth's continents put together—but not a drop of water. The Moonship was tilted slightly askew, but it was patently unharmed. There were faces at every port in the hull.

The Chief stopped suddenly. A sizable boulder rose from the dust. The Chief struck it smartly with his space-gloved hand.

"I'm counting coup on the Moon!" he said zestfully "Tie that, you guys!"

Then he joined the others on their way to the Moonship's main lock.

"Shall we knock?" asked Mike humorously. "I doubt they've got a door-bell!"

But the lock-door was opening to admit them. They crowded inside.

Commander Brown was waiting for them with an out-

stretched hand. "Glad to have you aboard." And there was a genuine smile creeping across his face.

Joe talked with careful distinctness into a microphone. His voice took a little over a second to reach its destination. Then there was a pause of the same length before the first syllable of Sally's reply came to him from Earth.

"I've reported to your father," said Joe carefully, "and the Moonship has reported to the Navy. In a couple of hours Haney and the Chief and Mike and I will be taking off to go back to the Platform. We got rockets from the stores of the Moonship."

Sally's voice was surprisingly clear. It wavered a little, but there was no sound of static to mar reception.

"Then what, Joe?"

"I'm bringing written reports and photographs and first specimens of geology from the Moon," Joe told her. "I'm a mailman. It'll probably be sixty hours back to the Platform—free fall most of the way—and then we'll refuel and I'll come down to Earth to deliver the reports and such."

Pause. One second and a little for his voice to go. Another second and something over for her voice to return.

"And then?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out," said Joe. "What day is today?"

"Tuesday," said Sally after the inevitable pause. "It's ten o'clock Tuesday morning at the Shed."

Joe made calculations in his mind. Then he said:

"I ought to land on Earth some time next Monday."

Pause.

"Yes?" said Sally.

"I wondered," said Joe. "How about a date that night?"

Another pause. Then Sally's voice. She sounded glad.

"It's a date, Joe. And—do you know, I must be the first girl in the world to make a date with the Man in the Moon?"

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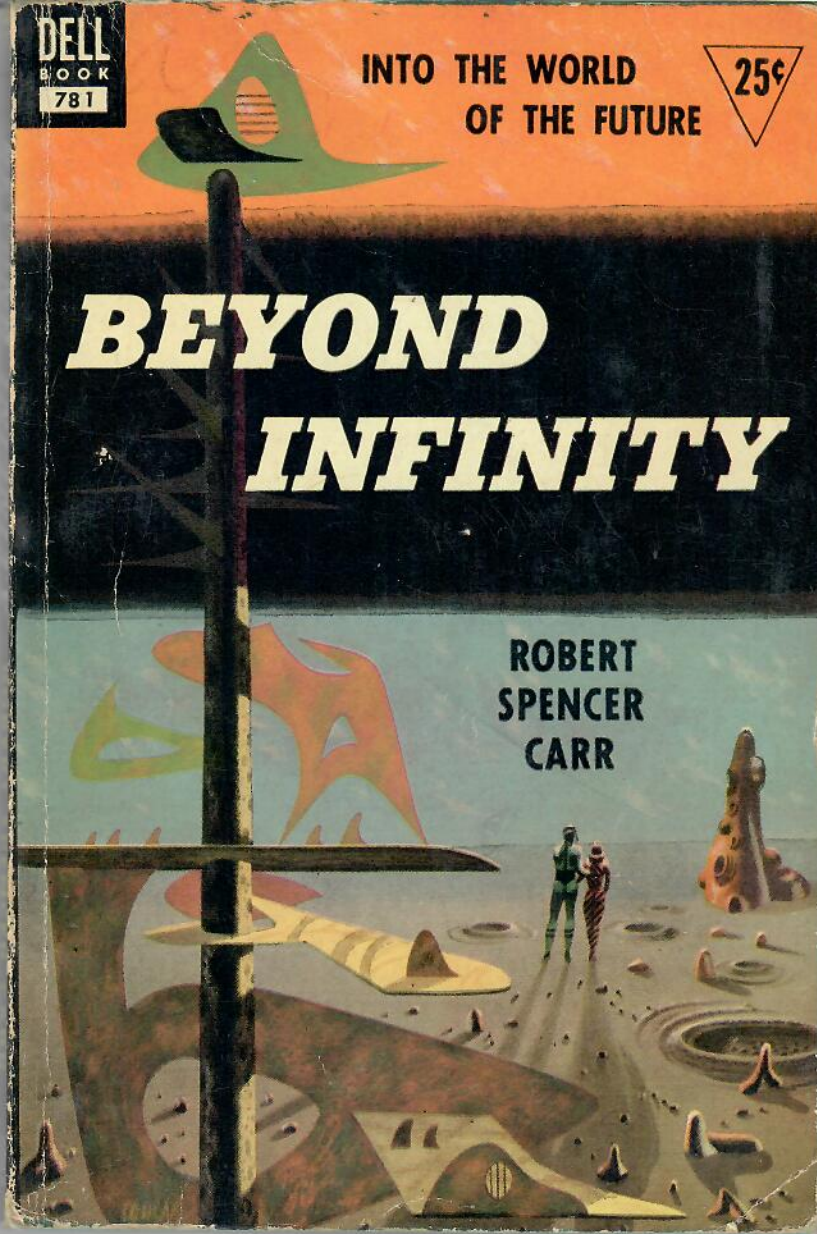
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TO TIMOTHY,
for whom these stories may come true.

■

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IT MADE HIM FEEL LIKE a beachcomber, to stroll back to his office after a long, late, leisurely lunch, wondering what rare and curious new business matters the tides in the affairs of men had cast upon the small shore of his desk in the hours he had been gone.

He rode up in the elevator full of warm well-being, sirloin steak, and an affable readiness to be entertained. Perhaps the murmuring gray city had washed up a pearl, or fragrant ambergris, among the driftwood of the day. There might even be some money in the afternoon mail, he thought hopefully, and smiled.

He ambled down the corridor until he came upon his name, in small black letters on the frosted glass. It always surprised him a little, to find it still intact.

Don Brook. Room 79. No occupation stated. The door to his modest two-room suite gave no clue to what went on inside. It was difficult to state his business in words that would not prey upon the minds of other tenants. Don didn't like to worry people. He didn't worry himself.

As he did from force of habit before he entered any room, he paused at his own door and listened. He could hear his secretary, Miss Mosely, enjoying a personal telephone call. It was mostly shrieks and giggles. Don smiled indulgently. So spring had come again. He hoped she would be happy. Perhaps her punctuation would improve.

Rather than inhibit her, he stepped around the corner of the hall and quietly unlocked the side door to his private office. He crossed catfooted to his high, old-fashioned

to nurse. Mary opened her eyes and watched the radiant visions she saw about her. Adam knelt by the bed, holding her hand. After a while she whispered, "Adam, am I dead?"

He whispered, "Maybe we're both dead. But listen to our baby, darling! Surely he's alive. Such a voice!"

The boy giant laughed and with one finger raised Adam to his feet. "You're not dead, friend. You're alive for the first time, today. Come down out of this animal cave and live with us. We need you dwarfs of olden time, to explain how things worked. The books are mostly gone. Not that we care. We'll write new and better books!"

The largest of the girls picked Mary up as if she were a baby, cradling her in her great graceful arms.

"You'll kill her!" cried Adam.

"Kill? We never kill," said the tall girl gently.

Mary said, "I'm quite comfortable, Adam. I want to go with them. I've hated this cave so long!"

"Then let's start," said the laughing boy. He led the way outside. Two others had buried the dead. They rolled a two-ton boulder on the double grave as easily as if it were papier-mâché. "We were after the one with the gun," they told Adam. "He needed help."

Still dazed, Adam said, "But you carry no weapons, friends. How would you have fought him?"

"Fight? We never fight," they said.

The procession moved off down the valley, through the fields of daisies shaped like orchids, through the white violets big as sunflowers, through the fields of four-leafed clover. Adam had to trot to keep up with their six-foot strides. At the ridge overlooking the rubble graveyard that had once been Los Angeles and its suburbs, they paused to let Mary and the baby rest in the rich deep grass, a fragrant, fruited grass Adam had never seen before.

Feeling a little bolder, Adam sat down beside the oldest of them. There seemed to be no leader. They moved of a common accord, each doing what was needful, as if by instinct, or telepathy. Tremulously, Adam asked him, "Are there many like you?"

The shining countenance smiled down at him. "Not many my age," said the deep, melodious voice. "But the new crop is all ours. No more wicked little dwarfs like you, man. How could you have been so mean! I'm glad you are extinct. Look at your son—a new species, our kind. But you seem better than the few like you I've seen in cages. You're not crippled or crazy or blind. What kind of work did you do, before our time?"

"I tried to be a minister of God," said Reverend Jones humbly. "But somehow I, and my kind, failed."

"Perhaps not!" The radiant man gently laid his great hand on Adam's little one; and Adam felt a surge of joy and health and strength spread through him. The nameless yearning in his heart was stilled. The unfinished symphony of the ages rose like a mighty anthem in exquisite completion. The choking pain, the stinging tears that Adam had felt at the unbearable dreamlike beauty of these new superhuman beings dissolved in the peace that passes understanding. For the haunting glory of man's past had been found again, and the image and its Maker were one.

The glorious young man told Adam, "Come down into the valley and talk to us while we build our new city upon the ruins of the old, keeping what was good, rejecting what was bad. We want you to tell us more about this word God. We find it carved on ancient stones. There must originally have been something about you monkey-dwarfs inherently better than the poisoned mess you left behind—else you couldn't have produced mutations like us!"

With childlike pride he flexed his mighty biceps, fair and clean, threw back his great and shapely head with its mane of shimmering bright hair, and gently laughed above the new-found world, the golden laughter of an innocent young god, at life's beginning.

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CHAPTER I

ALONG this particular stretch of line no express had ever passed. All the trains—the few that there were—stopped at all the stations. Denis knew the names of those stations by heart. Bole, Tritton, Spavin Delawarr, Knipswich for Timpany, West Bowlby, and, finally, Camlet-on-the-Water. Camlet was where he always got out, leaving the train to creep indolently onward. goodness only knew whither, into the green heart of England.

They were snorting out of West Bowlby now. It was the next station, thank Heaven. Denis took his chattels off the rack and piled them neatly in the corner opposite his own. A futile proceeding. But one must have something to do. When he had finished, he sank back into his seat and closed his eyes. It was extremely hot.

Oh, this journey! It was two hours cut clean out of his life; two hours in which he might have done so much, so much—written the perfect poem, for example, or read the one illuminating book. Instead of which—his gorge rose at the smell of the dusty cushions against which he was leaning.

Two hours. One hundred and twenty minutes. Anything might be done in that time. Anything. Nothing. Oh, he had had hundreds of hours, and what had he done with them? Wasted them, spilt the precious minutes as though his reservoir were inexhaustible. Denis groaned in the spirit, condemned himself utterly with all his works. What right had he to sit in the sunshine, to occupy corner seats in third-class carriages, to be alive? None, none, none.

Misery and a nameless nostalgic distress possessed him. He was twenty-three, and oh! so agonizingly conscious of the fact.

The train came bumpingly to a halt. Here was Camlet at least. Denis jumped up, crammed his hat over his eyes, deranged his pile of baggage, leaned out of the window and shouted for a porter, seized a bag in either hand, and had to put them down again in order to open the door. When at last

"Yes, I must." He looked at the telegram again for inspiration. "You see, it's urgent family business," he explained.

Priscilla got up from her chair in some excitement. "I had a distinct presentiment of this last night," she said. "A distinct presentiment."

"A mere coincidence, no doubt," said Mary, brushing Mrs. Wimbush out of the conversation. "There's a very good train at 3.27." She looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. "You'll have nice time to pack."

"I'll order the motor at once." Henry Wimbush rang the bell. The funeral was well under way. It was awful, awful.

"I am wretched you should be going," said Anne.

Denis turned towards her; she really did look wretched. He abandoned himself hopelessly, fatalistically to his destiny. This was what came of action, of doing something decisive. If only he'd just let things drift! If only . . .

"I shall miss your conversation," said Mr. Scogan.

Mary looked at the clock again. "I think perhaps you ought to go and pack," she said.

Obediently Denis left the room. Never again, he said to himself, never again would he do anything decisive. Camlet, West Bowlby, Knipswich for Timpany, Spavin Delawarr; and then all the other stations; and then, finally, London. The thought of the journey appalled him. And what on earth was he going to do in London when he got there? He climbed wearily up the stairs. It was time for him to lay himself in his coffin.

The car was at the door—the hearse. The whole party had assembled to see him go. Good-bye, good-bye. Mechanically he tapped the barometer that hung in the porch; the needle stirred perceptibly to the left. A sudden smile lighted up his lugubrious face.

"It sinks and I am ready to depart," he said, quoting Landor with an exquisite aptness. He looked quickly round from face to face. Nobody had noticed. He climbed into the hearse.

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aldous huxley

CROME YELLOW

IRISH RED

son of BIG RED



T26

By JIM KJELGAARD

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* * *

FOR DILLA MACBEAN

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About the Author

The year he was graduated from high school Jim Kjelgaard (pronounced Kyell-gard) and another boy lived for an entire winter season in Pennsylvania's forest wilderness hunting and fishing. He grew up with the mountains at his doorstep after his father moved the family of five boys and one girl from New York City to a 750-acre farm in Tioga County.

"I think I never shall forget," he says, "that tarpaper-covered shack on top of the mountain where three of us had to climb into one bunk whereon were piled all the blankets while the fourth kept the stove red hot. Even so water pails inside the shack were nothing but ice inside when morning finally came."

Jim Kjelgaard sold his first story at the age of 10. He has been selling them ever since and is today among the top dozen writers for boys and girls. He is married, has one daughter, Karen, and now lives in Arizona. And, of course, he has hunted for years with many generations of his favorite dogs — Irish setters.

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Haunt Fox

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CHAPTER ONE

Muttonhead

DANNY PICKETT was mad clear through. Gingerly he made his way across the Pickett yard, leaving muddy little puddles to mark his path. Reaching the cabin's porch, he unlaced his muddy shoes, kicked them off, and took off his socks. Stooping to wring out his trouser legs, Danny went into the cabin and slammed the door shut behind him.

He took a folded newspaper from a pile on a shelf, spread it out on the floor, stepped onto the paper, and unbuttoned his soaked shirt. He let it fall on the paper, dropped his trousers beside it, then his underwear.

Danny crossed the floor to the big tin washtub that doubled as the Picketts' bathtub, took a tin basin from the wooden table beside the sink, and pumped it full of water. He emptied it into the tub and filled it again, and again. When the tub was half filled, Danny emptied the contents of the simmering teakettle into the tub, and tested the water with his finger. It was tepid.

Muttering to himself, he got a wash cloth and towel and stepped in. Danny washed himself, letting water run out of the wash cloth over his lithe young body and back into the tub. When the worst part of the muck that covered him had been removed, he began to rub himself vigorously with the wash cloth.

There was a tread on the porch, a shadow at the door, and Ross Pickett, Danny's father, came into

the room. A pail filled with wild raspberries dangled from his hand, but Ross seemed to forget them while he stared incredulously at his son.

"Why you takin' a bath, Danny? It's not Saturday, and right in midday like this. You feel poorly?"

"Gah!" Danny stepped out of the tub onto the floor and began to rub himself with the towel. "Sometimes I wonder if I was right about Irish setters!"

"What you mean?"

"That Mike pup, he's got about as many brains as a half-witted jack rabbit!"

"What's Mike done?"

"The pig pen," Danny moaned. "He got in the pig pen and started chasing the pigs around! And when I called him he waded into the hog wallow! Right up to his neck he went, and stood there barking at me! When I made a grab for his collar, he jumped back and I fell into the wallow!"

Ross tittered, but stopped when Danny glared at him.

"What'd you do then?" Ross grinned.

"What could I do? He stuck his hind end up in the air, got down on his front quarters, and barked some more. Thought I wanted to play. Then he took off after a blue jay. I don't know where he went. And I don't care."

"He won't go far," Ross said. He put down his pail. "I came by the big house, Danny. Thought Mr. Haggin would like some wild berries."

"Anything new down there?"

"Yeah." Ross frowned. "Mr. Haggin's goin' away. He's leavin' the big place in care of his nephew, a fancy-pants by the name of John Price. Givin' him a mighty free hand with everything, he is."

"A boss should have a free hand, shouldn't he?"

"Maybe so, but this John Price, he don't like Irish setters at all."

"No!" Danny said, astounded.

Ross grunted. "'So you're Ross Pickett,' he says to me, 'one of Uncle Dick's Irish setter men? Well, there are some dogs that can beat the red pants right off your Irishmen and I've got 'em right here.' Then he took me over to some little fences he had built, kennels, he called 'em, and showed me some black and white dogs. English setters, he called 'em."

"How did they look?"

"They are," Ross said reluctantly, "a right smart lot of dog. There's even a trainer for 'em, man named Joe Williams. Danny, there's trouble afoot."

"We've had trouble before, Pappy."

"If it comes," Ross predicted, "this'll be a different kind. Well, no use killin' your bears before you see 'em. I'll go find Mike."

Danny, no longer angry, worried a bit as he got into clean clothes. To him, Irish setters were far and away the world's best dogs, but it was not unthinkable that other people had their favorites too. It was hard to imagine Mr. Haggin putting Irish setters aside in favor of anything else. Danny thought back over the chain of events that had led to this new development.

It all started when Mr. Haggin, a wealthy industrialist who had built an estate in the wild Wintapi region, bought Big Red, a champion Irish setter. When Red and Danny met, it was a case of mutual love at first sight, and the big setter had refused to leave the boy. Mr. Haggin, with visions of producing the world's finest strain of Irish setters, had hired Danny to take care of Red and later had bought Sheilah MacGuire, another champion, as a mate for Red.

one that finds and points the most birds wins. How about a time limit of two hours?"

"Fair enough," Ross agreed.

"Then unleash your dog."

Ross stooped to unsnap Mike's chain, then grasped the red puppy's collar to hold him back while the trainer loosed his charge. The young English setter, quivering in every fiber and wild to be away, nevertheless waited for the word that released him. Then he streaked into the beeches. Five yards behind, Mike followed.

The two dogs flashed among the trees. Retaining the order in which they had climbed the hill, the men went after them. Suddenly the young English setter stiffened in a point. Mike, still running behind, honored instantly.

Danny felt a warm glow of pride. Instead of flushing, and chasing the flushed bird, Mike remained steady as a rock when Joe Williams walked past to flush. The trainer fired his pistol in the air and turned.

"Jack's bird."

The dogs were gone again, so fast that the men had to run in order to keep them in sight. The English setter found another partridge, and Mike steadfastly honored his point. A surprised look crept into the trainer's face. He had expected a rough, wild puppy, and had found a trained hunter.

Danny glanced sideways at Ross, wonder in his eyes. The wild, unruly Mike was no more; their rough diamond had become a sparkling, polished jewel. True, the young English setter was two birds up, but not by much. Had Mike been only a few feet ahead, he would have been credited with both finds.

Then Mike gave a sudden burst of speed that carried him toward a patch of wintergreen berries. The

red puppy was exercising his self-taught knowledge of birds, all the facts he had learned by painful trial and error. He thought there would be game in the wintergreen patch, and there was. The English setter honored his point. Two minutes later Mike found and pointed again. The red puppy had come into his own.

Danny sighed his relief. An hour had gone past and the score was even. Mike was holding the champion. He glanced over at John Price, and grinned at the anxiety on his face.

Then, for almost half an hour, there were no birds. Racing full speed, taking turns in the lead, Mike and the English setter investigated every likely looking place. The English setter was the first to strike game.

Danny's heart sank. This would make it three to two, time was nearly up, and birds were hard to find. The trainer went in to flush.

Just then a hawk pursued his winding way through the beeches and flew directly over the birds. Four grouse burst up one by one, each announcing its rise with the thunder of its wings. They flitted among the trees like four dodging forest sprites, and at scattered points came to rest in a huckleberry bog. Danny looked questioningly at Ross, who shook his head. Undoubtedly the point belonged to the young black and white setter. It was no fault of his because the birds had flushed at the sight of the hawk.

Danny glanced at Mike. Running side by side with his wonderful rival, he headed into the huckleberry brush. The men came to the edge of the bog and peered into it.

Backed by the young English setter, Mike was on a steady point. Joe Williams flushed, and Danny saw the bird rise to wing strongly into the woods. Three

to three! Never faltering, Mike started quartering at an angle.

Danny swallowed hard. He had read somewhere that Irish setters had been originally bred to hunt the Irish bogs, and Mike was certainly in his element here. More than that, he was putting to use all the experience which he had acquired running free in the woods. The English setter hesitated, then fell back.

But Mike knew exactly where to go. He found and held another of the scattered covey, then a third, and at the far end of the bog he pointed the fourth. It was beautifully precise work, and the English setter, by now, appreciated fully the prowess of his companion. Instead of hunting for himself, he followed Mike.

The trainer flushed the last bird, and Mr. Haggin said, "Time's up."

When the trainer whistled, the young English setter turned at once and came in. Mike looked questioningly around when Ross summoned him. Then, reluctantly, he too came in.

Danny felt Red's breath hot on the back of his hand, and turned to follow the rest as they started toward the big house. Mr. Haggin dropped back to walk beside Danny and Ross.

"You win," he said with a chuckle. "Do you want to take your Irishmen right up to the lodge? You'll find everything you need there except food. Draw on us for that, and move down from Budgegummon at your convenience." He cleared his throat. "I'd like to have you get Sean and Eileen ready for the summer shows."

Still in a happy daze, Danny heard his father's voice, as though from a great distance.

"I reckon we can," Ross said.

Irish Red

"If I had the pick of the litter, I'd take this one."

"Why?"

"Because he's all dog. He ain't much for looks, but he's got it inside. If any man ever gets sense enough to bring out what Mike's got, he'll have a dog to beat the field."

Mike is the Irish setter son of Big Red. This is the story of his escapes and of the boy who trained the unruly pup to be a winner.



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