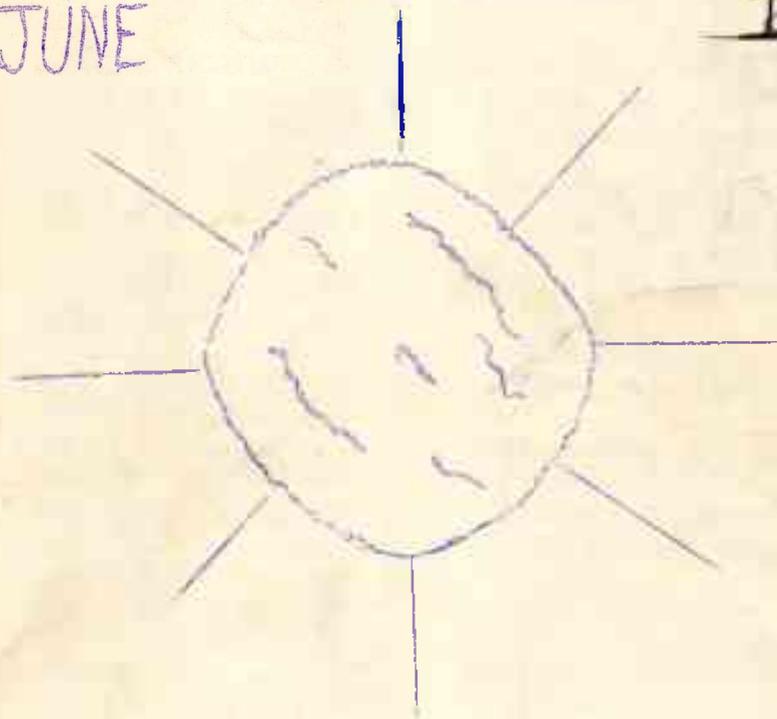


SOL

JUNE

20<sup>th</sup>





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SOL IS PUBLISHED AS OFTEN AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE BY THE GREAT CATAclySMIC DESTROYER AT 914 HAMMOND ROAD, RIDGEMOOD, NEW JERSEY. EDITOR AND GENERAL EVERYTHING IS DAVID ISH. WE CLAIM TO BE NEW JERSEY'S ONLY FANZINE, BUT WE ARE LOOKING FOR SOME OTHERS. INCASE ANYONE IS INTERESTED THIS HAPPENS TO BE THE FIRST ISSUE. BACK ISSUES ARE NOT AVAILABLE AT PRESENT.

## SOLitude

We have decided to take a wild happy fling into fanzine publishing. Doubtless many of our readers are fanzine publishers who know the horror of a first issue. Cutting stencils into the wee hours of the morning, the wasted reams of paper on foolish experiments, the no-answers from famous fen when you request some material from them.. The horror of looking at your first mimeoed sheet and then turning tearfully to the Rhodomagnetic Digest and saying to yourself, "I wanted to emulate THAT!" All these things add up to make the first issue horror. Advise go fen; don't publish a fanzine if you haven't already been caught by the disease, you just can't stop!. That is you can't stop until you look in the mirror one day after two years of fan publishing and say to yourself, "I'm an ungodly mess, to hell with the fanzine." And then you go back to a normal fans way of living. No more mimeo, no more stencils, just happy normal stuff. Oh if any of you foolish boys get the stupid idea your going to make money, just ignore it.. If you ~~without~~ <sup>without</sup> zine at a quarter nobody will buy it.. If it is worth it, then you can't clear expenses. Then we come to the question, "Why bother?" I don't know, it must be a disease, and I know it got me. I can't stop and probably won't until I start failing in school, or run out of dough, or the great cataclysmic destroyer breaks down. Well, maybe my vacation will break the spell, I resolved NOT to take the mimeo with me this summer, and I can't afford to have it shipped to me if I do get the itch. By the way the address on THE CIRCULAR FILE is my home address, but if you wish to write me during the months of July and early August, then send your correspondence to the following address. Dave Ish 704 South Princeton Avenue, Villa Park, Illinois. I would be glad to correspond with anyone interested enough to write. I'm spending my summer the good old fashion way, I'm going back to those barbarous days of last summer when I was just interested. I'm not taking my collection, I'm going to BUY all my mags, and read them cover to cover as in the old days. That was when I really enjoyed it.

## THE DROWNING PLANET

By Bob Silverberg

Water, water, everywhere, how could they live with so much water?...

"I think the planet is drowning," Hur Gholl said pensively. "I can't see how it can carry such a load of water and still live."

"I agree," said the other. "Probably the intense amount of water on the Third Planet is the cause for the total lack of intelligence of its people." He peered through the telescope for a moment, shaking his head sadly.

"Isn't there something we can do for them?" Hur Gholl asked. "So many people... such a huge world.. ut so much water! The water vapor is ruining them!"

His companion idly stretched his tentacles and stood up. "You may be right," he said. "Still, its none of our business. If it's that way, then it's intended to be that way!"

"But they're so obviously imbecilic! Look...here, we're highly intelligent--as a rule." Hur Gholl paused at the last phrase, and Kane Fordek made a wry expression appear on one of his faces. "And we have a sane amount of water.. But on the third, they drown in water! Ergo, the water on the third breeds a race of idiots!"

"You plan something?"

"Maybe. It could be done; you know. I could teleport some of their excess water into space, if the council would allow it."

Hur Gholl spoke swiftly to the council.

"And so, I deem it desirable that we rescue our sister planet out of her unfortunate predicament, by teleporting her excess water into space."

One of the council-members interrupted him.--Kenn Sorda. A crafty, shrewd person, was Kenn Sorda. Sord raised his tentacle, and the chair recognized him.

"Why Gholl, should we do this?" he asked. "Perhaps the people of the third are happy in their idiocy with their atomic blasts and such things. And what would we benefit by such an act?"

"We would benefit spiritually," replied Mur. "There's the satisfaction of having helped a fellow world on its way towards civilization."

"But suppose"--and Kenn Sorda spoke with a smile in his voice--"suppose we were to benefit materially by this as well. Suppose we were to bring some of the excess water here to the fourth--not much mind you, just enough to make the water situation less acute here. And then we'd be helping ourselves as well as aiding the others!"

A murmur of approbation went round the council hall. Quick to take the cue, Mur Gholl added his approval.

The council, without further ado, appointed Ken Sorda a committee of one to complete the transference of water.

\*\*\*\*\*

The councilroom rang to the echoes of Sorda's voice, to cycles later.

"Why should we stint ourselves in saving the Third? Why not take half their water, instead of the proposed one-third? You see our empty sea, our dried deserts. True, the condition here has stimulated our.. our minds to a great pitch, but why doom ourselves to an eternity of dryness? Once the Thirds water is gone, there will be no more for us!"

The affirmative echoes rang in the shadows of Sordas voice. He smiled.

Two cycles more had passed, and Sorda once more addressed the council.

"I have just learned from the telepaths," he said "That the people of the Third Planet are preparing to

destroy themselves in a final war. This war will take place in a matter of cycles!" He paused for dramatic effect.

"This war will reduce the amount of water on the Third by one-half, and that fact is more important than killing a world full of imbeciles! Look at your thirty children, their tendrils parched with dryness!"

He added, "We are almost ready to complete the transference of water from the Third to the Fourth, Finnet. At last our dried seas will be filled, our millenium of drought ended! But why go halfway, if the remainder is to be destroyed a few cycles later! Therefore members of the council, I implore you---grant me permission to transport all of the Third's water to the Fourth!"

A few sages disagreed, but it was easy to see that the impulsive Kenn Sorda had won his point.

\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

The time for the transference was drawing near. The seas of the Fourth had been evacuated; growing impatience for the water to come was rampant.

Kenn Sorda stood at the top of the pinnacle, his tentacle on the lever that controlled the teleport. He winked his eye, and the summit of the pinnacle was bathed in a spotlight.

He waved his tentacle grandly at the empty seas outside of the city, and pulled the lever.

The people went wild with joy as the water came rolling into the long dried seas just outside the city

\* \* \* \* \*

Meanwhile, on Earth, a fleet of Red submarines were armed with atomic bombs to project on seaboard cities, and were heading toward the Eastern coast of America when suddenly.....

finis

## BOOK REVIEWS

THE STARS LIKE DUST, Isaac Asimov, Doubleday & Co.  
New York, 1951, \$2.50

Appearing only one month after its serialization was completed in GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION, "The Stars Like Dust" is typical of the present-day scramble by publishers to put science fiction between boards. An attractive book jacket by Whitney Bender is about all one can recommend of this volume.

"The Stars Like Dust" is one of the weaker Doubleday science fiction selections and one feels the editor who accepted it must have been pretty hardpressed for material. It doesn't even compare favorably with Asimov's two previously published books, " Pebble in the Sky," and "I, Robot."

An out-and-out ~~space~~ ~~paraph~~ ~~condensing~~ the adventures and rather dull ones at that, of one ~~B~~ ~~H~~ ~~i~~ ~~r~~ ~~o~~ ~~n~~ ~~F~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~l~~, "The Stars Like Dust," consumes 218 pages and accomplishes virtually nothing. The final paragraph, which evidently is supposed to supply a terrific punch, leaves one wondering if this is the same Mr. Asimov who in the past has turned out some creditable science fiction.

Even more ominous is the fact that Asimov leaves plenty of room for a sequel. Let us fervently hope he never writes it.

.. Gerry de la Reo

SAVAGE BRIDE, Cornell Woolrich, Gold Medal Books, New York, 1950; 25¢

This previously unpublished novel by Cornell Woolrich is liable to escape the eye of even the most rabid fantasy collector, despite the fact it definitely  
(Continued on Page )

falls in the weird-fantasy class. Adorned as it is with a typical sexy pocketbook cover, *Savage Bride* has been and undoubtedly will be chalked off as just another sexy novel by more than one fantasy fan.

Once you get passed the cover, however you find very little sex. Instead it proves to be a fast-moving novel of mystery, terror, and suspense.

*Savage Bride* is the story of a woman who lived twice. It is also the tale of a man who sets off on his honeymoon with high hopes and aspirations, only to discover that beneath the civilized exterior of his young and beautiful wife beats the heart of a savage temple goddess.

In many ways it recalls the fantasies of A. Merrit, and Woolrich, not entirely a stranger to fantasy presents it realistically. Not a world-shattering piece of work, but well worth reading.

Gerry de la Ree

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 ROAD, RIDGEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

What was this strange curse that haunted him since childhood?.....

## THE DARK CURSE

By J. Edward Davis

I remember not the first time I saw thee; suffice to say thou was always there. I know not why. Cloaked in a shroud of deathly black, thou art always beside me, I feel thy hot, fetid breath upon my neck-- I see thy blank expressionless face before me.

Wherever and whenever I look, thou art there. "Be gone, be gone!" I have shouted a thousand times, but all to no avail. Infinite darkness alone can hide thee from my sight. But yet I know thou still remainest. I hear thy breath, the slow measured panting of a waiting beast; I hear thy dull, echoing thud of thy loathsome heart--- would that I could tear it from thee and cease its horrid throbbing.

Thou art a curse, an untouchable blasphemy wished upon me by some hellish circumstance of fate. Why must I live in darkness to hide from thee? Why must I lurk in the depths of degradation and forever ~~hide~~ hide myself from humanity? My entire existence has been a futile one, devoid of fellowship and deprived of hearing the mere voice of an other human.

Ever since I first discovered that thou wast here beside me--dark and distasteful-- have I been forced to hide myself from the prying eyes of mankind. Oh but they would laugh to see me--followed by a mocking devil, thy diabolical image of hell incarnate, adorned in raiment not half so black as thy heart and soul must be.

When I was young I tried to run from thee, but thou just clung and oftimes ran scornfully before me, causing my heart to cry out for mercy and deliverance. As I grew older I realized the impossible situation in which I was placed. I knew that I should always be haunted and obsessed by thee, nameless terror that thou art.

The quietude of death has long beckoned and often tempted me. But thou hast cast some Satanic spell about me, for I am no longer able to do as I would.

Everything that thou doest, I must do. Every word thou speakest, I also must utter. Thy every movement I must imitate. I am thy slave. How much longer must I endure thy overbearing control?

My thoughts alone thou hast not been able to master. Control my limbs you may, but my mind is yet my own. If I must battle thee to eternity, I shall not relinquish this last freedom I now retain.

Thy Stygian blight! I defy thee, Shadow!

-finis-

## THE CIRCULAR FILE

This is the department to take care of anyone who feels like writing a letter to SOL. Just address it to SOL, 914 Hammond Road, Ridgewood, New Jersey. Or if you feel casual enough just send it to D. ISH. All letters will receive print, unless there is a high overabundance of them, which judging from other letter columns in other fanzines, seems entirely unlikely. We would like very much your opinions of the stories and articles, and for your convenience we are including a preference coupon below.

## PREFERENCE COUPON

Ratings are as follows; 1 Exelent 2 Very Good 3 Fair 4 Poor 5 A dud. Please put a star after the article or story you thought was the best in the issue.

RATE

THE DROWNING PLANET

THE DARK CURSE

VEBEO, NOTHING BUT THE CAPTAIN?

ITS NO USE....

HOW MY WRITING CAREER BEGAN

OFF THE PRESS

BOOK REVIEWS

## VIDEO: NOTHING BUT THE CAPTAIN?

By Arthur L. Hoagland

Commander Arkright turned to Steve Strong after viewing the televisor and said, "It always gives me a thrill to see new cadets sworn in here at Space Academy, Steve. I hope this group will prove themselves worthy of becoming future members of the Solar Guard."

Meanwhile, three green cadets, names of Tom Corbett, Roger Manning, and Astro were talking of their future at space academy.

One of the cadets, Manning, was telling the other two that as soon as his term was through he was leaving the academy. "None of this Solar Guard hero stuff for me," were his exact words. Naturally Corbett and Astro were taken back by this bold statement, and were telling Manning just that. This argument continued for several minutes, and at the same time the argument came to a close, a comet from far far out in space came zipping past Saturn, and exploded with a deafening roar, revealing a gigantic box of "Kellogg's Cornflakes" within it.

The shock brought me back to reality, and I glanced about me. No, I assured myself, it wasn't 2350 A.D., but October 2, 1950, and I was watching the initial broadcast of "Tom Corbett, Space Cadet."

Before my senses were fully recovered, the add had finished and the comet sped off into space carrying the same damn box of "Corn Flakes" that it had come with.

The rest of the program survived, and when the fifteen minutes were brought to a close, I found that I had enjoyed the program.

For one thing, "Space Cadet" is the best science fiction program on. I doubt if anyone disagrees with me. What makes it the best is not exceedingly good quality, but the fact that it has no competition. For

a moment, I will outline briefly just what science fiction programs are/were on television.

First off is the famous "Captain Video." This little piece of nothing comes to us five times a week, sponsored by "Post Rasion Bran." Long since I saw the first few programs, I have given it up for "Daily News Roundup." This is a dmanight better than Doctor Paulie and his Astrodiol society trying to capture the world.

When the climax is reached, (Which seems to be every fifteen minutes) it never fails that the above mentioned doctor gives a speech of world conquest, which he closes with his sinister laugh.

Imediatly Captain Video is hot on the trail and with a new weapon to counteract the horror created by Doctor Paulie.

Paulie ~~however~~ knows this and is busily working on a new horror which will destroy all. (If Paulie can not rule the world, no one will he he he he he he he ) In the thick of this, we switch to Captain Video's secret operators, which is a fifteen year old western I understand the "operators" have recently been taken off to give the show a more "futureanain" concept. For a long time "Captain Video" monopolized T.V. as the only science fiction program on. Thank God we have something else, but as long as there are five year old children, "Captain Video" will unfortunately remain.

Another science fiction program is the now dedded "Buck Rogers," which started last April. This lasted through the summer but folded, eventually obviously because of lack of good material. "Buck Rogers" consisted of several chases through space which always came bakk to "Doctor Kuers labratory at Niagra."

Another folded science fiction program which I understand is on again is "Space Patrol" which existed in the afternoon for fifteen minutes on the terrible, distorted film.

In "Space Patrol" there was always high treachery among the generals, with an important person get-

ing killed every other show or so. To make matters worse our hero who is constantly busy saving the world and solar system is always being placed under suspicion. "In spite of all Corey has done for the patrol, all the evidence points right to him," or something like that is said. Then later on the hero gets set free "Because of his striking record," and spends the next two weeks proving his innocence. Since there is a murder on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday with our hero the suspect in each case, this naturally leads to complications.

The most majestic boner ever pulled on this show, was when our hero was returning from Mars and conversing with the co-pilot. While said conversation was going on we got a look at the scenery outside the ship. It gives with nice white, fluffy, clouds, and not a Saturn in sight!

That just about rounds up the television shows concerning science fiction, with the exception of Lights Out, which is not worth mentioning as it rarely carries any science fiction. Now with the readers kind permission I will amble on back to "Space Cadet."

After the first program, "Space Cadet," steadily improved. We can at least say the author is up on his science fiction, as well as his science. In fact one night we caught Captain Strong singing to his Cadets the "Song of all Spacemen." What was it? Nothing but "The Green Hills of Earth," set to music. And a nice fat royalty check to Bob Heinlein.

I of course find some faults and will state them here. In the first place such cute names as "Collision Orbit Corbett," are administered to the cast. Even more sickening is the swearing used. "By the gas pits of Venus," "Go blow your jets," "Yourful of space gas," "By the rings of Saturn," and the old standby, "Jumping Jupiter," are always present among the cadets. Let us all hope that by 2350 A.D. "Oh Hell," will not be archaic.

And of course "Space Cadet" has had its share of boners too. One night a spaceship was supposed to flip over on its side. There was a grumbling, and Corbett turned to Strong, yelled in clear loud tones, "Look Sir, the ship!" At this point the view changed to camera 2, which was right in back of the two men. You could see their head and shoulders, and the pointing arm of Corbett extending towards the ship which was still upright, and gigantic in the distance. Then a man suddenly came madly prancing on the screen and in front of the ship, which to him was only waist height. Clad in 20th century garments, he fell behind a rock (still in sight although he wasn't aware of it) and pulled a string! Abruptly the ship fell to the ground. Then Corbett dropped his arm, and a couple of words not in the script. Cutting in suddenly was a picture of Space Academy and a reminder to tune in Monday to see what happened to the ship. This was followed by their sign off theme which sounds strongly enough like a football song.

Well, that's "Space Cadet" like it or not, its the only science fiction program on, and until something replaces it, we might as well watch it occasionally.

MATERIAL WANTED!

ALL YOU FANS WRITERS WHO WANT TO CONTRIBUTE MATERIAL TO SOL. JUST SEND IT TO THE ADDRESS ON CONTENTS PAGE. WE WILL BE GLAD TO CONSIDER IT FOR USE.

## OFF THE PRESS

or,

## THE INK'S SPILL NET

By Jan Romanoff

This column(?) will be dedicated to the review of the pro-zines. You will please bear with me if this review is a little dated. Due to the various pro-zine aversion to run on schedule, and certain bulwarks that invariably arise to confront the fan-zine editor at press time, it is difficult to include all the magazines that should be included. However, if the pseudo-critics amongst you will excuse a few unavoidable omissions, from time to time, I'll try to get as many of them as I can.

With that out of the way, your columnist, (arranging his posterior more comfortably) will take to task the first mag. on this healthy list before him, which is:

### AMAZING STORIES; July:

Ignoring the extremely stereotyped cover, we recommend the lead novel, which for once is something other than the "Dirty Pote on the loose," type of story we have come to expect from Amazing. It's called "We, the Machine," by Gerald Vance, and something you would expect to find in T.W.S. or S.S. With the exception of a short story by Frank Robinson, and dog Phillip's column, the rest is the usual bilge.

### ASTOUNDING; June:

The "oldstandby," has come through with a long overdue issue. Lick with nostalgic flavor of the "old days." Eric Frank Russell, who hasn't had a yarn in Astounding for a year (July 1950) if our memory serves us right, has the lead off spot with "...And Then There were none." Done in the inimitable Russell fashion. Right behind Russell is Isaac (Robert) Asimov with his "Breeds There a Man?..." which in this fan's opinion is one of his best. Shorts were exceedingly dull.

**FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES; July:**

This issue is well represented by H.P. Wells' "The Worlds." As most of the older fan will have already read Wells' story some time ago, this issue will probably be of use only to the neophyte and the collector. Sax Rohmer's short story "Tcheriapan," is worth reading, but not worth two bits.

To those who argue against reprints the following will be distasteful.

**FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE; Summer:**

Your columnist hating stuff reprinted magazines with all his heart finds himself prejudiced. So, on to the next;

**GALAXY; June:**

The bright and shining star in the midst of mediocre newcomers would adequately identify the recent addition to the field. Excellent fiction seems to be a byword of this magazine. ie, Edgar Pangborn's "Angels Egg," which we thought was one of the best stories we have ever read. Damon Knight, former editor of S.S.S. is present with "Don't Live in the Past." I find it hard to sufficiently describe the story, so I will just say it's typically Galaxy. Enthusiastically recommended.

**IMAGINATION; June:**

A swiftly rising newcomer graced by a competently new format and a Bok cover worth the price of the magazine itself. Bill Hamling, late of F.A., seems to be doing a fine job with Madge, "since he bought it from Rap. In the number one spot is Hell's Angel," by Robert Block. This story, to which the often misused term "classic" could be applied, is reminiscent of his "The Devil With You," which ran in the August 1950 issue of F.A. Mari Wolf's column, newly added is one of the highlights. The rest of the issue is done up in fine style by such notables as Blish, St. Clair, Reynolds and Charles F. Myers of "Toffe" fame.

## PLAQUET; July:

This issue is headed off by an unusually poor piece by ~~xxxxxx~~ "The Virgin of Valkarion" (loused up) opera by the name of "The Virgin of Valkarion," for which Paul Anderson is responsible. Nothing really worthwhile in the whole issue, including La Vizi which usually provides a chuckle or two.

## STARTLING; July:

Spotlighting this issue is a long novel by Wallace West, "The Dark Tower." One of S.S.'s best novels in many a moon. Leigh Brackett has a rather mediocre novella "The Woman of Altair." Sam Merwin under his Carter Sprague. Nom de plume has a short.

## WEIRD TALES; July:

For those of the Ghoul and Goblin set. The cover story, "Flame Birds of Angala," has a shocker for an ending. One or two worthwhile shorts.

## WONDER STORY ANNUAL; 1951:

The only one we enjoyed in this one was "Twice in Time," by Manly Wade Wellman. This is surely one of the stories that made science fiction popular. Worth the loot just for this story alone. Many of you who have nothing against science fiction reprints will probably find Jack Williamson's "Alcin Intelligence," satisfactory. Even the it is a reprint magazine. It does have good stories.

Now go torture yourselves by knowing you have to wait for awhile before I reappear. Oh, well, you can't have EVERYTHING!!!

Editors Note: The opinions expressed by Mr. Romanoff, are not always those of the editors. Especially those opinions concerning Galaxy Magazine..

## ITS NO USE.....

By David Ish

I have just returned from another failure. Again I have tried to convert the "average person," into a fan with no success. Can anyone help me? The following article is a true account of what happened in my den just a few minutes ago.

I lead the poor unsuspecting homo sapien down the creaky wooden stairs to my den. She looked around, fearing she would not see the light of day again. The door shut at the stair top, leaving nothing but darkness. I switched on the overhead light, and walking to my paper-strown desk, I turned to face her. "This is my magazine collection," I said, pointing to the right.

Her eyes carefully surveyed my ragged pulps.

I then launched into a discussion about science fictions. I first explained what it was, escape literature and how it could be read for relaxation. Then I showed her my set of PLANET, and told her of each sleepless night I spent until it was finished. Somehow she didn't seem to grasp the importance of having a complete set of magazines. Slowly, step by step, I outlined everything to do with science fiction. I was sure I had her lined up, ready for the final blow. In my mind's eye I could see her walking out of the door with a copy of GALAXY, perhaps skeptically at first, but I could see her return again with a beaming, happy face, asking, nay pleading, for an old Astounding. I gloated inwardly, in she was playing right to me in. Another twenty four hours science fiction would have another reader, and perhaps another fan.

Her coughing brought me back to reality.

I was ready for the final blow,....Strike while the iron is hot!. I struck. I talked about fandom. I told how great it was. I rambled on about fan clubs, fan-zines, conventions, new friends you acquire, everything

that makes fandom the wonderful place it is. I talked an, always stressing that fandom was all, fandom was everything, and that science fiction literature wasn't that crap it was thought to be by the general public. I told her of my start in fandom, and how much pleasure I drew from it.

When I was through I was hoarse. I looked at her face, it must have been an illusion, for I thought I saw a sign of interest, of encouragement.

Gathering my waning strength, I asked the final question, the question that would bring another fan into the world, if it received the right poply/

Shakily, I asked, "Would you like to take a magazine home with you? and read it?"

I tried desperately to conceal my enthusiasm.

Then the answer came, like a falling axe severing all hope from my body.

"HELL NO!"

My heart sank, all the strength waned from my body, I collapsed in a heap on the floor. When I awoke she was gone, she probably tripped the time lock on the door. I had another failure to my credit. I crawled to my typewriter, and am now telling you just what happened.

In closing I would like to make a plea to all fans. Isn't there something we can do to increase the population, or is it no use...?.....

### WANTED!

NUMBERS ONE AND TWO OF PLANET  
S  
STORIES. IF ANYONE HAS THEM FOR  
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A leading author tells how he started writing.....  
and passes the secret on to you!

## HOW MY WRITING CAREER STARTED

By Rog Phillips

Perhaps you wonder at times how I can write such good stories. The secret is simplicity itself. I was trying to perfect a poison that could kill, yet which could be proven not to be lethal, so I could murder with impunity. The idea I had at the time was to create a combination of poisons, each in less than a lethal dose, the combined action of which would kill. I devised a formula that was theoretically perfect. All I had to do was try it on someone. I picked out a perfect stranger--- a woman I had never met before. I pretended to be a salesman, selling a new type of refreshing drink. The powder was mixed with an envelope of ordinary raspberry cologne, and put into a special printed envelope. I knocked on her door and got her interested in this new drink for hot weather. Suspecting nothing untoward, she drank it.

Continuing my idle salestalk I waited for it to act, my sharp eyes watching for the slightest appearance of symptoms. Suddenly she coughed her breath sharply. "Pardon me," she said, "but I've got to do something."

I gazed at her departing figure with astonishment and growing chagrin. Had I, after all this work, merely created a quick acting physic? I stole after quietly, putting my ear to the door she had gone through. Hearsable breathing came to me through the door panel--- and with it a rapid fire succession of clicks such as might come from a typewriter.

Fifteen minutes passed. An hour. Two hours. Finally the clicking stopped. A scraping sound. Sharp footsteps. The knob on the door twisted. The woman appeared. Her eyes were large and round, seemingly on fire with inner lights. In her right hand was clutched a thick pile of typewritten paper. She held it out to me. I took it numbly and glanced at the first sheet,

It bore the title, "The Egg and I."

Failure. I realized now what I had overlooked. Timing. I had thought the mixture would kill her, but I had overlooked the fact that no two poisons act at the same speed or even begin to act at the same time. What had actually happened was that her heart and her glands had each in turn received a strong stimulus; thus, by the strange alchemy of mind and body, making her mind hyperactive and operating at an i.q. up in the millions. In the brief instant at the start she had sensed this, and had taken advantage of it, writing a book that was destined to make her a million dollars.

That was the beginning of my own writing career. I made up more of the mixture. Murder was forgotten. People would die of old age anyway, so why bother?

-finis-

Editors Note! Alright all you fen who want to bec a master writer like Rog Phillips you know how to do it. Now go kill yourself trying!

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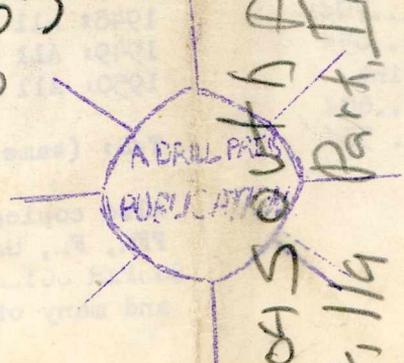
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