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- Roy W. Loan, Jr., Editor and Publisher -

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SOME VIEWS ON WITCHCRAFT

By

Phil Rasch

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The sine qua non of much outré fiction is the concept of magic and witchcraft, although the distinction between them does not always seem to be clear to all authors. In 1618 the great Cardinal Richelieu composed a catechism in which they were defined as follows:

"Magic is the art of producing extra-ordinary and supernatural effects by the power of the devil: Sorcery or Witchcraft is the art of injuring men in their persons or their possessions by the power of the devil."

In view of the orthodox Christian concept of life as a struggle between the forces of good and evil for the possession of the human soul and the fact that the Bible gives numerous accounts of the casting out of devils, consulting of witches, etc., it would seem incumbent upon all Christians to accept the reality of such evils. Actually we know they do not. In our own nominally Christian nation mention of these subjects usually provokes polite smiles of disbelief and murmurs of "superstition." Even the conservative Catholic Encyclopedia, in its article on "Witchcraft," says:

"The question of the reality of witchcraft is one upon which it is not easy to pass a confident judgment. In the face of the Holy Scriptures and the teaching of the Fathers and theologians the abstract possibility of a pact with the Devil and of a diabolical interference in human affairs can hardly be denied, but no one can read the literature of the subject without realizing the awful cruelties to which this belief led and without being convinced that in 99 cases out of 100 the allegations rest upon nothing better than pure delusion."

As might be expected, the staunchest supporter of the validity of at least the remaining 1 percent is a Catholic priest, the learned Reverend Alphonsus Joseph-Mary Augustus Montague Summers, author of numerous weighty and erudite tomes on the subject of witchcraft, vampires, werewolves, etc. Summers shows that theologians have reasoned that the offense for which Lucifer was cast out of heaven was a desire to be equal to, and independent of, God. The witches and wizards accept Satan as their god and give him the adoration due to God alone. The first step is an oral or written compact in which the candidate pledges his soul to the devil in return for the object or power which he desires. As a part of the compact the candidate expressly abjures the Christian faith. Once allegiance has been vowed to the devil, the neophyte receives certain magical powers, such as the ability to ride a broomstick through the air, change his shape at will, torment his enemies, etc. Also a familiar spirit or demon is assigned to serve and advise him. In return the witch or wizard is required to be active in his wickedness, and according to Summers signs of this are all around us.

His general attitude may be shown by a quotation from his A Popular History Of Witchcraft. "Who can doubt," he writes, "that the revolution of Russia, the persecution in Mexico, the anarchy and atrocities of Spain, have been fomented, energized, and directed by Satanic energy?...Satanism is alive today. It is a power in

the land. Mysterious, unseen, wholly evil...Up and down England there is hardly a village without a witch. In our great cities, our larger towns, our seats of learning, Satanists abound and are organized (as of old) into covens of wickedness." Summers concludes his book with the somewhat redundant assertion that he is perfectly certain there are witches who do a great deal of harm and bring ill-luck to people.

So much for a modern expression of the traditional attitude toward the subject. To those trained in the pragmatic philosophy and scientific logical positivism characteristic of modern American thought these things are hard to accept. If witches and wizards actually receive any of the powers which it is alleged are granted to them, one would expect those unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the police would have employed them to escape the harsh justice characteristic of earlier times. One would also expect Satan to show sufficient loyalty to at least his best lieutenants to make some attempt to save them for further wicked deeds. So far as the writer is aware, there is no recorded case in which either of such possibilities have occurred. It seems like a poor exchange to trade one's soul for the ability to dry up the neighbor's cow and then receive no protection when said neighbor retaliates with fire and steel.

If we inquire why men and women do become wizards and witches in spite of these rather obvious drawbacks it is evident that the answer is very complex. Undoubtedly a high percentage of these individuals are psychotic personalities. Hysteria, extreme suggestibility, aural and visual hallucinations, delusions of grandeur, and other symptoms of abnormal behavior must be relatively common. Many may be attracted by the pragmatic fact that, in their experience, it works. Leaving aside all possibility of supernatural powers for the moment, it is probable that successful practitioners of wizardry have developed abilities of suggestion, hypnotism, applied psychology, a knowledge of herbs and drugs, etc. And it is by no means certain that we can eliminate all possibility of the supernatural. Abraham Merritt, for example, has stated that he has had several experiences with witchcraft which cannot be explained by our present scientific knowledge.

The very secrecy with which its proceedings are surrounded is in itself a powerful lure. Some members of a community may join the Ku Klux Klan and fulminate against Negroes, Jews, and Catholics. The prosperous business men of the same community may rise high in the Masons and make a substantial contribution to humanity by his support of the Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children. Different as these two men are, both are powerfully motivated by the spirit of the old beast of their childhood: "I know something you don't know!" Practically every fraternal organization has its bloody oaths, outer guards, inner guards, wardens, and so forth, by which its members preserve the ego-inflating fiction that they alone are in possession of puissant secrets which the entire world is demanding be revealed. The fraternity member knows in his heart that his order has no great secrets and that the world in general is totally indifferent to his meetings; the candidate for membership in a coven sincerely believes that such secrets do exist and are actually the source of great power, and often the external world so wholeheartedly agrees with him that it stands ready to react with physical violence against those who seek to learn them. What more exciting prospect could be offered the ambitious or even the purely adventurous! The revengeful, the rebellious, or the poverty stricken man might be desperate enough to try anything which promised to change his unsatisfactory lot in life. No doubt others are mere dilettantes, seeking primarily excitement to stimulate their monotonous or blase existence. It is probable that many so-called wizards were actually intellectually curious individuals who should be recognized as the scientific researchers of their day.

Presumably a certain percentage would be acting out of purely religious convictions, having for one reason or another been converted to Satanism. As a mass example, one might cite the Yezidee of Northern Arabia. According to William Seabrook, in his book Adventures In Arabia, this tribe holds that God is so remote from humanity that we can have no contact with Him. It is, therefore, useless to pray to Him. However, He has appointed Shaitan, one of his "Seven Bright Spirits," supreme ruler of the earth for ten thousand years and those who dwell on it must worship him if they desire to prosper. Seven thousand years from now Shaitan will return to Paradise and all true believers will enter with him. Jesus is described as a spirit who came to earth in an attempt to wrestle its suzerainty from Shaitan, but was defeated by him and expelled from this world.

We turn now to a theory which enjoys the support of such eminent authorities in the field as Margaret Murray, Witch Cult In Western Europe, J. W. Wicker, Witchcraft And The Black Art, Christina Hole, Witchcraft In England, and numerous others. They suggest that when the pagan chieftains were converted to Christianity many of their followers did not share their sudden enthusiasm for the new faith. Amongst these recalcitrants Christianity became accepted only very slowly and the ancient pagan nature worship, dating back perhaps to Paleolithic times, continued far longer than is generally realized. According to this theory the so-called "Devil" whom the witches and wizards worshipped was actually the Horned God who had been adored perhaps ever since the days of the cave dwellers. It will be recalled that the early Greek legends describe Zeus as assuming the form of a bull and depicted Pan and the satyrs as half man-half goat. Directly in line with these ancient traditions the Master of a coven is usually mentioned as wearing the skin and horns of an animal, usually a bull, goat, or stag.

In this approach to the subject the Sabbat is viewed as simply an archaic religious ceremony. The similarities to Christian ceremonials which existed did so because the mind of man is essentially the same everywhere and similar problems often provoke similar solutions. The dances and orgies which often accompanied the Sabbat are considered simply a survival of early fertility rites. Thus the ceremonies involved are those of a totally different religion and not the perversions of Christianity which they appear to be.

The early Church did not dare interfere too much with the habits of the newly converted heathen. The old idols were destroyed but the temples themselves were utilized as churches and many of the old religious customs were simply adapted to the Christian belief. As an example, December 25 was originally the day on which the worshippers of the old Persian diety Mithra kindled lights to celebrate the birthday of the sun, a ceremony with strong appeal to both heathens and Christians. The Gospels do not give a day for Christ's birth, but about 375 A.D. the Church decided the Nativity would be celebrated on December 25, and St. Augustine exhorted the Christians not to celebrate the day on account of the sun but on account of Him Who made the sun. Much more of the same thing may be seen today in our own Southwest and Mexico, where the ceremonies of the Indians have inextricably mixed pagan and Catholic elements.

Such a confusion of ritual was satisfactory to neither party. As the pagans became familiar with Christianity they began to invoke the aid of Satan against it, while Christians implored the help of the saints and angels. By the twelfth century Christianity had become powerful enough to deal sternly with its rival religion and a bitter struggle for survival ensued. However, the great persecutions for witchcraft did not develop until after the Reformation, when the lesser adaptability of the Protestant faiths caused them to take a most intransigent attitude toward their rivals, both Catholic and pagan.

This version of witchcraft has the important advantage that it explains many things which otherwise must be left obscure. For instance, the witches' stubborn refusal to repent even under torture is recognized as being of the same cloth as the stubbornness with which the early Christians withstood the persecutions of the Romans. Further, it enables us to understand why a belief in witches and witchcraft may be found in a given locality prior to the introduction of Christianity and its ideas of devil worship.

Many of the present day social scientists incline toward a psycho-analytical view; that is, they consider charges of witchcraft as a subjective projection of an internal struggle of the accuser. This affords a means for the discharge of the repressed hostility accumulating from the individual's frustration and anxiety and at the same time preserves the integration of the individual's personality by enabling him to blame others for his condition, rather than assuming that he is responsible because of having offended the gods or for some other reason. In primitive surroundings insufficient food and disease are perhaps the two greatest causes of such internal conflicts. These may result in a sense of insecurity, to which an individual or the group may react by charging some other individual or group with hostile actions which are responsible for his or their unhappy plight. "Witch fear," says John J. Honigmann, "may be diagnosed as a reaction to social stress."

Unquestionably this explanation has great merit in dealing with certain rather specialized cases. The "CBS Is There" program on July 28, 1947, reproduced the witchcraft trials at Salem and indicated clearly that they fell within this classification. The short chapter devoted to the Doboans in Ruth Benedict's Patterns Of Culture is another example of a situation in which this theory can be applied with quite satisfactory results. The very term "wizard" is from the Old French "wis-chard," meaning "cunning," a word usually applied only to those we dislike and distrust. ("Witch" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "wiccian," "to predict," and "sorcerer" from the Old French "sorcier," which traces back to a Latin word meaning "fate.") However, it does not seem to the writer that a subjective projection from the accuser is sufficient to account for the numerous cases in which the accused admits worshipping the devil and brags of the powers received from him. The psycho-analytical approach would seem to be of particular value in explaining cases in which the actual evidence against the accused is unsatisfactory to an impartial judge, but it does not appear broad enough to account for more than a portion of the manifestations of witchcraft.

William Seabrook (Witchcraft, Its Power In The World Today) viewed it simply as a form of applied psychology--the reverse of Christian Science. There are, he said, two rules which must be followed if any spell is to be successful: (1) The intended victim must know what is being done against him, and (2) he must have a conscious or unconscious fear of it. A corollary of this is that witchcraft can affect only animate, sentient beings. Seabrook conceded that if Professor J. B. Rhine, of the Duke University Parapsychology Laboratory, or his coworkers, could prove the existence of extra-sensory perception, telepathy, or clairvoyance, it would establish the possibility that the wizard or witch might be able to work his or her spell without the conscious knowledge of his victim. Seabrook's book was published in 1940. Since then Professor Rhine has collected evidence which he considers proves the purpose of a dice thrower affects the results, whether the dice are thrown by hand or by machine. If this is confirmed, then we must also face the unpleasant possibility that witchcraft may also affect inanimate, insentient objects.

This is not the place for an involved philosophical discussion, but it is pertinent to recall that in the eighteenth century Bishop George Berkeley threw the

philosophers of his day into an uproar when he promulgated his famous dictum "To be is to be perceived." To him any material object was a mere subjectively projected association of sense data. This sounds highly theoretical, but practically Christian Science attempts to utilize this very dictum as a technique for treating disease by assuming that if one refuses to perceive the illness it must necessarily cease to exist. Conversely, if the wizard or witch can, through applied psychology, ESP, telepathy, clairvoyance, or what have you, persuade one to believe that he perceives the real or alleged effects of a spell, they would have for him just as real an existence as would any other object.

One fact stands out clearly: Regardless of what theory one prefers in explanation of the subject, regardless of whether Satan furnishes supernatural powers to his worshippers, witchcraft is malignant and dangerous. Wizards and witches are no laughing matter, even in this "enlightened" day and age.

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THE TURBO-ENCABULATOR

By

J. H. Quick, B.Sc. (Eng.)

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For a number of years now work has been proceeding in order to bring perfection to the crudely conceived idea of a machine that would not only supply inverse reactance current for use in unilateral phase detractors, but would also be capable of automatically synchronizing cardinal grammeters. Such a machine is the "Turbo-Encabulator." Basically, the only new principle involved is that instead of power being generated by the relative motion of conductors and fluxes, it is produced by the modial interaction of magnetoreluctance and capacitive directance.

The original machine had a base-plate of prefabulated amulite, surmounted by a malleable logarithmic casing in such a way that the two suprvng bearings were in a direct line with the pentametric fan. The latter consisted simply of six hydrocopic marzelvanes, so fitted to the ambifacient lunar wan shaft that side fumbling was effectively prevented. The main winding was of the normal lotus- σ -delta type placed in a panendermic semi-boloid slots in the stator, every seventh conductor being connected by a non-reversible tremie pipe to the differential girdle-spring on the up end of the grammeters.

Forty-one manestically spaced grouting brushes were arranged to feed into the rotor slip-stream a mixture of high S-value phenylhydrobenzamine and five per cent remitative tetraliodohexamine. Both of these liquids have specific pericosities given by $P/2.5Cn$ where "n" is the diathetical evolute of retrograde temperature phase disposition and "C" is Cholmondeley's annular grillage coefficient. Initially "n" was measured with the aid of a metapolar refractive pilgrimeter (for a description of this ingenious instrument, see L. E. Rumpelverstein in "Zeitschrift fur Elektrotechnistratischs-Donnerblitze," Vol. III), but up to the present date noth-

ing has been found to equal the transcendental hopper dadoscope. See "Proceedings of the Peruvian Academy of Skatological Sciences," June, 1914).

Electrical engineers will appreciate the difficulty of nubing together a regurgitative purwell and a superamitive wennelsprocket. Indeed, this proved to be a stumbling block to further development until, in 1942, it was found that the use of anhydrous nagling pins enabled a kryptonastic bolling shim to be tankered.

The early attempts to construct a sufficiently robust spiral decommutator failed largely because of a lack of appreciation of the large quasi-piestic stresses in the gremlin studs; the latter were specially designed to hold the roffit bars to the spanshaft. When, however, it was discovered that wending could be prevented by a simple addition to the living sockets, almost perfect running was secured.

The operating point is maintained as near as possible to the h.f. rem peak by constantly fromaging the bitumogenous spandrels. This is a distinct advance on the standard nivelsheave in that no dramcock oil is required after the phase detractors have remissed.

Undoubtedly, the turbo-encabulator has now reached a very high level of technical development. It has been successfully used for operating nofer trunnions. In addition, whenever a barescent skor motion is required, it may be employed in conjunction with a drawn reciprocating dingle arm to reduce sinusoidal depleneration.

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(Editor's Note: The previous article was first published in the Institution Of Electrical Engineers Student's Quarterly Journal in December, 1944. Both it and the following article are here presented through the courtesy of THE PLANT magazine)

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MODERN PLENARY SWITCH DESIGN IMPROVES TURBO-ENCABULATOR OPERATION

By

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The history of the plenary switch dates back to 1933, when Wurzhauer first pro-pounded his now well-known theory. Ever since that time, the device, both in its semi-colossal and additive form, has been continually improved and developed, until now it is capable of competing seriously with oil circuit breakers.

It is often stated, quite erroneously, that a vacillating hyper-rheostatic current can only be interrupted by a no-shm release fitted with epi-duplex fudge bob-bins. Whilst this is true when knapp-cockled perusives are employed, the plenary switch renders such an arrangement unnecessary in all other instances. This is so, because a sinch cord attached to the main guffing link automatically pulls the pan-tectorative pramway posts into line whenever the phase-fringeing architrave arronds.

In the most common type of switch, the semi-colossal, all the polarized speed rings associated with ululatory circuits, are supported on a central breaming spindle in such a way that the ani-quithering arms only touch the palamatic syn-trocketa

when the free falling fuse factor falls below 65%. To prevent this occurring when the mellogistic lish-valve has closed, the incoming skotter pipe is interlocked with a patent swale-operated snugwheel so that quasi-impulsive dithering is impossible.

The additive type of switch mentioned above, differs from the semi-colossal in having no peritectic fusion cover to protect the "Stovite" patent giblet cleats. However, as long as the zero-approaching semi-retarding Faraday surge current never exceeds a radius of 45.71 Notosava Units, no sinefiltration of the nonfizzing ferric phosphate can occur

Most modern plenary switches incorporate a diplanar cosmic ray tube, mounted by the side of the motor-ganglion plomph shims. Wurzhauer, in his original proposition, stated that the function of the tube was to provide sufficient quantum divisitude to enable the gyro-prismatic ribble screws to carry the whole load, without unduly stressing the valvular neolene anti-culmination discs. Catelli, in his "Opera Intellecta," Vol. 2, however, insists that this may be achieved by the careful adjustment of the sesqui-plural lugubricators, (See "Cooking of Non-Caking Coals" by Camerton) and that the true purpose of the cosmic ray tube is to assist in palatination before the interset pericontration cam has brumbled. It is more likely that Catelli is correct, for, even after allowing for a small percentage of carbo-rufitic distortion in the barratron, his theory still provides a positive factor of ascorbity.

Passing now to the manufacture of these switches, it is found that several new sphygmoplastic processes are required in order to produce sufficiently strict-juvenile pie-castings for the interdecimated "Twigston" pattern gorbalsstays. Seventy different types of tholding clomp were tried before one was found capable of withstanding the intense insulacrity in the fructose furnaces. Even pomfering the photo-pistons proved useless, until a Swiss manufacturer perfected the two thirds removable contra-galvanized return prang. Thereafter, the technique developed rapidly, one after another of the difficulties being solved by patient research. With the invention of the shunt wound pre-signalled series anti-binding pole used in the "Gullivant" B type detslip alternator, the plenary switch came into its own, surpassing even the Menelaic Whippet sleeve pattern doodleplug.

The plenary switch certainly has a great future before it, and it is to be hoped that enterprising manufacturers will shortly be able to offer a wide range of types suitable for industrial use.

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DEPARTMENT OF IDLE THOUGHTS

Wonder what ever became of the article on the fantasy element in THE MAGIC FLUTE which a well known writer promised to the editor about one year ago? Too bad, it would have made interesting reading, what with the esoteric mythology which made it possible to adapt these "solar legends" to history and the fact that Mozart and his librettist (says the author) loused it up no end by making the High Priest, Sarastro, a beneficent semi-deity, and the Queen of the Night into an evil and shrewish sister of the Eumenides, when it was actually the other way round. One wonders.

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THE ROAD TO FAME

By

D. R. Smith

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Part III

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The disagreement started the next day when the Pilgrims went into committee to decide the best route through the Maze. After the first hour there was never at any moment of the day less than six views being put forward at the same time with the full power of the lungs of their proposers. Towards nightfall, when few could raise more than a throaty whisper of contempt for the intelligence of their fellows, Clarence, who with Atkill had appeared to take the view that the whole thing was put on for their amusement, made an important contribution.

"Well, old things," he said, "there's only one way out of the bully impasse. We shall have to jolly well agree to disagree, what? I mean to say, separate into parties of chaps, all with more or less the same ideas on this agravatin' question, and each lot tool off on its own, trying to meet on the other bloomin' side. Pretty grim for those that are wrong, but what I say is, serves them right. What?"

The suggestion was the first of the day to meet with the full commendation of the whole party. It did not seem quite as reasonable in the morning when tempers had cooled somewhat, and such awkward facts as that there existed only one map were more fully realized, but there were few of the party capable of admitting that they might be wrong and someone else right. So they all had a last long scrutiny at the map, making such notes as they thought would be necessary to assist memory, and set off into the main valley from which they would each branch off in turn.

The band under the nominal leadership of Professor Challenger, who was still in possession of the map, was the first to branch off. It included Cossar and Sergeant Walpole in addition to the Professor's three associates. In spite of their stubborn individuality many of the others watched them go out of sight down the canyon of their choice with a certain wistfulness, as if conscious of the folly of splitting up the party, and they did not move on until the boom of Challenger's voice disputing the geology of the Maze with Summerlee had finally died away.

They moved in silence, each concentrating on counting the number of side canyons passed in order to know when to strike off according to his own particular plan. Tarzan and John Carter were the first to go, fording the shallow river to an opening on the left; Hawke Carse led Friday up the next to the right; Duquesne, on his own, dropped behind and slipped away furtively, unnoticed by the others; a melange consisting of Aarn Munro, Gregg Haljan, and Commander John Hanson essayed a broad and inviting opening; Seaton and Kinnison, with superior smiles, strode confidently up a narrow and most uninviting one; and Jimmy Atkill and his boon companion, Clarence, selected one of a five-way junction on an "Eeny-meeny-miny-mo-out-you-go" formula, and then, taking a dislike to the selection, headed up another. Arcot, Morey, and Wade continued for some time afterwards up the main valley, having decided that the later they branched off the shorter the detour would be.

Their adventures were a fair sample of those enjoyed by the remainder of the Pilgrims. At the very first bend, where they paused in indecision and sought the aid

of the compass, they found that a strong local magnetic effect made it useless, while the narrow strip of sky at the top of the two hundred foot canyon offered no guidance either. None of them was so primitive as to possess a sense of direction, and after following the directions derived from memory for about ten miles of hard going, with some fifteen branches and side openings to the mile, they had to confess that they were completely lost.

In spite of the difficulty of their position it would be an exaggeration to say that they were alarmed. Their combined genius (or luck, as some envious person would term it) had pulled them out of so many impossible predicaments already that they were confident all would be well. Even when they camped at nightfall by the side of a little pool and found that, having no matches, the combined genius of the party could not think of a way to light a fire, they were more annoyed than perturbed. Arcot and Morey worked their annoyance off on Wade, saying that, as the chemist of the party, fire, being a chemical change, came under his jurisdiction. Wade's language in replying to this unfairness was little short of the temperature required to cause the pile of brushwood to burst into spontaneous combustion.

The ground that night seemed particularly hard to sleep on, and it did not improve on subsequent nights. The days of wandering more or less aimlessly along the indeterminate detours and windings of the vast Maze were days in which irritation gradually gave way to despair at the futility of it all, until their emergence on the morning of the fourth day into the broad straight valley of the One and Only came as a wonderful relief.

"Personally," said Arcot, and it was the first time any of the three had spoken to each other for two days, "I don't give a damn whether we've circumnavigated the Monster or not, I'm definitely not going back into that Maze again." And the other two agreed that it was the first sensible thing that Arcot had said for a long time, and, more or less united again, the three made their way up the One and Only.

Towards evening they came to a place where the level of the valley floor rose sharply for perhaps fifty feet. At the foot of the rise the broad shallow river stopped, its end being marked by a flat leisurely whirlpool as if the water flowed underground. It seemed a suitable place to spend the night and they were drawing near a likely-looking level space when they were set back on their heels by the sudden appearance of a bear.

It was not a particularly large bear as bears go, but it was large enough to startle a group of brilliant young scientists who had unfortunately left zoology out of their learning. While they went into a huddle to try to recollect ways of distinguishing friendly bears from dangerous bears this one approached to within a few feet of them, where it sat back on its haunches and regarded them thoughtfully.

"I wouldn't go much farther if I were you," it said in the matter-of-fact tone of one yielding disinterested information.

"It talks!"

"Course I talk. I'm Johnny Black, who are you?"

"My name's Arcot, Richard Arcot," said that gentleman with poorly assumed carelessness. "And these are my friends, Morey and Wade. Perhaps"--he laughed a little at the absurdity of the word--"perhaps you've heard of us?"

"Werr..." said Johnny cautiously. "How did you get here?"

Arcot unslung his rucksack, set it on the ground, and sat with his back resting comfortably against it before beginning the story of the journey to date. Johnny listened to it very intently, thoughtfully placing himself to the leeward of the humans, and afterwards, in reply to Arcot's question, explained how he had got there himself. He had arrived at the City of Waiting as had the others, but found that it was rather dull for him there and had struck off for himself into the hills. He

had detected slight evidence of someone having struck out that way before, and had followed the faint tracks out of curiosity. His claws made him something of a climber, and he had worked his way up the Precipice of of Public Ridicule, and, though he had lost all signs of the route, he had continued on across the mountains. He had been exploring the Maze for months, living off the country as was natural for him, and thought that eventually he could master it.

"But what's wrong with going straight on?" asked Arcot cunningly.

"Nozzing, excep' zat in about an hour you come to an open space occupied by a most disagreebre anima'. I tried to sneak zrough once and the wretched zing--it's somesing rike a burr on'y more so--caught me and rifted me a hundred yards with one toss. I go back now and zen to heave a rock at it, but it's arways awake. I don't rike it--it isn't natura'--why, it eats rocks!"

"Tough, eh?" muttered Wade thoughtfully. "Anyway, we'll have a look at it tomorrow. Me for a meal and about ten hours sleep at the moment."

Morey was the first out of the tent the next morning, and his amazed hail brought the other two out quickly. There was reason for surprise, for grouped around within a quarter-mile radius were the tents of the rest of the party with the yawning occupants staring round in mutual amazement. Evidently they had drifted up singly after dark and pitched their tents in ignorance of their neighbours.

The Pilgrims were thus once more able to assemble for breakfast, and though all were very reticent over the details of their wanderings, it was clear that all were glad to be back together again and out of the Maze. Moreover, all were equally convinced that it would be better to try to force a passage past the Monster at all costs rather than wander miserably about in the Maze until their stock of synthetic foods gave out. Of course, none then knew anything about the Monster--the account given by the Arcot party being considered to be quite invalidated by the obviously absurd idea of a talking bear, and even the appearance of Johnny himself did not cause anyone to believe in his story of a great bull browsing on rock.

"I won't argue," said Johnny with the amicability of one who knew that he was right. "You just come have a rook-see for yourselves, and I bet you be glad to try ze Maze again."

An hour or so later the sceptics came over the top of a little ridge and looked down on a smooth-floored area a hundred feet below them which stretched the entire three hundred yard width of the valley and was twice as long. The drop below them was almost perpendicular and the side walls of the canyon here were overhanging. In the exact center of the open space was lying the Monster of Good Taste.

In form, it was a bull, a bull of bulls, for it was quite twelve feet from nose to the root of its tail and massively built. It seemed to heavily muscled to be quite real as it lay there with its back towards them, its hooves drawn up under it statuesquely, the straight upward sweep of yard-long needle sharp horns apallingly visible on its wide forehead. Even at the distance from which the Pilgrims saw it they felt the superb dominance it radiated from every proud line of its figure and the subdued menace of its leased fury.

"You see?" said Johnny softly, and the rest of the party nodded thoughtfully.

"But it doesn't seem very wakeful," said Gregg Haljan with characteristic naivete. "Perhaps it's asleep, and if so, we might be able to sneak past. I'm going to have a go at it."

He climbed stealthily down the short cliff, which was rugged enough to make the descent quite simple, and began advancing cautiously outwards and sideways, to give the Monster as wide a clearance as possible. He was perhaps eighty yards out when it suddenly heaved itself to its feet, and as he froze, watching it, the great bull pawed the ground nervously, hesitated dubiously for a moment, then wheeled with a

thunderous bellow and charged with tremendous speed straight towards the trespasser. A few seconds later Haljan was back with his friends again, and the Monster, whose upwards slash of those formidable horns had missed by half an inch, was registering rage and disappointment most vividly.

"You see?" said Johnny. "A most unreasonabre zing. After aw, what does it matter to him whezer we get arcross or not?"

Whether the Monster heard and understood or not is debatable, but it retorted most effectively by suddenly gouging out a huge lump of solid rock with its horns and tossing it up the hundred foot cliff into the middle of the party. While most of them were dodging and cursing rebounding stones, the animal shuffled among the rubble it had dislodged, found a small piece to its liking, and crunched it up with great satisfaction, and then it trotted back to the center of the open space snorting belligerently.

"Those horns!" cried Wade. "They must be lux!"

"Relux--they're opaque," corrected Arcot.

"Lux and relux are two materials made by condensing light into matter, and are thus extremely strong," explained Arcot patronisingly.

"Whaddya mean, condensing light into matter, and why thus extremely strong?" inquired someone in the background. Arcot chose to ignore this question in favor of one by Atkill, who said:

"In that case, what is old Grumpy stropping his horns up on now?"

The Monster was indeed busily engaged in sharpening his horns by wiping them to and fro on a lump of stuff in the center of the arena, testing the point by digging it into the 'solid rock of the floor.

"Cosmium," said Arcot promptly. "Made by condensing cosmic rays."

At this point DuQuesne said nastily, "Well, Tarzan, you've been telling us every night of the terrific battles you've fought and won with the denizens of the jungle, and you've been saying what you'd do with that pig-sticker of yours if any animal attacked us. Now's your chance to go and do your stuff. What are you waiting for?"

Tarzan looked thoughtful, but said nothing. He had tended to monopolize the conversation at night with stories of his valour, thereby annoying the rest of the Pilgrims who wanted to monopolize the conversation with stories of their valour, and so there were plenty of jibing voices to support DuQuesne. Indeed, Tarzan became so infuriated that he did descend to the arena. Lord John Roxton called to him, telling him not to be a fathead, but he took no notice, and a rather subdued band saw him drop boldly onto the floor of the arena. Atkill and Clarence were the only ones not filled with a presentiment of tragedy, for they had left mysteriously a moment before, chuckling over some idea of their own which seemed to please them greatly.

For a short time the Monster eyed the steady advance of the alert Tarzan with the affronted air of a schoolmaster confronted with the prankery on the part of a boy he has just seriously warned. Finally, it snorted and pawed the ground, looking up to observe the effect, and then it charged. Tarzan crouched watchfully, and tried to dodge to one side and leap on the back of the great bull in order to cling there while trying to reach a vital spot with his knife. But quick as he was, the Monster was quicker. It stopped and pivoted in a prodigious effort which plowed great furrows in the solid rock and got its horns under the man's leap. For a moment it seemed that his falling weight had depressed the mighty head to the floor, but it suddenly snapped up and Tarzan shot high into the air, twisting and turning in a great arc which would finish its cruel disaster on the rough rocks

Tarzan was in the air for not more than ten seconds. In that brief time Sargeant Walpole had wrenched his tent free from the straps of his rucksack. With a cry of "Take hold!" he shot out the roll of tough cloth. Malone, Challenger, Cos-sar, Aarn Munro, Friday, and DuQuesne quickly seized the edges of the cloth, pulled it stiff and taut, and caught the falling Tarzan neatly and safely on the middle of it.

"Nice work," said Lord John Roxton appreciatively. "Are you hurt at all, old man?"

Tarzan, staggering to his feet, shook his head breathlessly. "Only winded," he gasped. "Brute caught me in the middle."

"A fortunate end in one sense," said Summerlee sourly. "But we are still as far as ever from a solution to our problem. Force is clearly out of the question."

There was a silence at those dour words. The Maze had beaten them, the Monster seemed unbeatable too--was this the end of their valiant attempt? Not thus were the heroes of science fiction to be defeated, they whose matchless courage and incredible luck had extricated them from far more sinister situations. Hawke Carse, the cold-faced adventurer, was first with a solution.

"There are twenty-two of us," he said in clipped phrases. "There is only one Monster. He can't get all of us--not if we all make a rush together. One or two will get through. Prepared to try it?"

They were. The plan was welcomed with enthusiasm. Nothing could have been proposed more acceptable to the mentalities of the majority. One or two, Kinnison and Seaton for instance, paled a little when they thought of the carnage, but they set their jaws grimly and prepared to face the fact with fortitude that all their friends might be killed. Not one of the party, of course, thought even for a moment that he himself might be among the less fortunate.

They were preparing to spread themselves out solemnly when someone noticed the absence of Jimmy Atkill and Clarence. This shortening of the odds brought out the worst in the usually amiable Pilgrims, but before they could lash themselves into much of a fury the two appeared. They were staggering with the weight of their rucksacks, for these, as was seen as they came nearer, were filled with large pebbles from the river bank. Both men were grinning as if greatly tickled by some secret thought.

"Stop fooling, you two, and listen to this," said Carse, curtly. "We've decided that the only way for any of us to get across is for all to make a dash for it. Got the guts to have a go?"

"No jolly fear." said Clarence positively. "I used to play a game like that when I was a kid, and I was always the first to be blooming well nobbled."

"Besides, we've an idea worth two of that," grinned Atkill. The cries of derision and anger at his impertinence were ignored as he and Clarence clambered cautiously down the cliff to halt on a ledge just above the Monster. While the beast crowded below threateningly, as one who is not prepared to stand any more nonsense, they cautiously unslung their loaded rucksacks.

"Is the fool going to pelt the Monster with pebbles?" snorted Carse with disgust as Clarence produced a large pebble of pure white marble from his bag. He was not. He held it in his hand before the large intelligent eyes of the animal, and the bellows and rumbles of rage ceased magically. "Here's a present for a good boy," said Clarence, and the animal delicately took the rock out of his hand. A crunching sound, a munching, and a gulp, and the Monster was snuffling pleadingly for more. The Pilgrims stared unbelievably as the two dropped into the arena and began feeding the great beast with lumps of marble as one feeds a horse with sugar; and the invincible brute blew marble crumbs amicably in their faces, bowed his head sorrowfully at being scolded for doing so, snuffled anxiously at the rucksacks and gratefully accepted the gift of "just one more bit and no more."

"Come on, you chaps," called Clarence, while his friend stroked the mighty nose of the Monster. "Stroll across while the going is good. Cart our stuff across for us, will you?"

They obeyed in a daze, splitting up the little pile of stuff that Clarence and Atkill had turned out of their rucksacks and starting out without a word. The Monster raised his head and looked at them ominously, but Atkill spoke sharply to him and Clarence found him a very fine pebble of marble, and he turned his attention back to his new-found friends. Quite unmolested the Pilgrims strolled across the arena, Tarzan picking up his knife on the way, clambered up the cliff on the other side, and turned to see Clarence and Atkill riding the Monster over towards them, encouraging their steed with merry whoops and ineffectual kicks in his massive ribs. They got off at the foot of the cliff and emptied the rest of the pebbles out of their rucksacks for the Monster, and had to duck his well meant attempts to kiss them in his delight.

"All done by kindness," laughed Clarence as the two rejoined the party. "Jimmy spotted that it was a bit of marble old Grumpy went for back there after chasing Gregg--result of his training in scientific observation, I guess--and we decided to try the old trick of feeding the brute. I mean to say, we thought of stuffing it until it couldn't spring, but of course it turned out that the jolly old thing was simply dying for a snack of the old marble and was prepared to be quite chummy in return. Fairly smooth work, what? You chapies take things too bally seriously."

Which wisecrack quite ruined the good impression he had made.

(To Be Continued)

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CORRECTION

The following letter from Mr. Philip N. Bridges is self explanatory:

I regret to report that I let an error slip by me in my article, "What's That Name Again?" (Vol. I, No. 2).

When I derived the terms for the far points in orbits about Mercury, Venus, and Sol, I failed to remember that in Greek there is no letter "h," but only an aspirate sign before the initial vowel. In such a case the prefix "apo" drops the "o" before the aspirate. The three terms which I derived as apo-hermeion, apo-hesperion, and apo-helion should have been aphermeion, apheresion, and aphelion.

I should have spotted this mistake earlier, since I was well aware of the existence of the word aphelion. I am sorry for the error, and hope that you can publish this correction.

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