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THE LADY WHO
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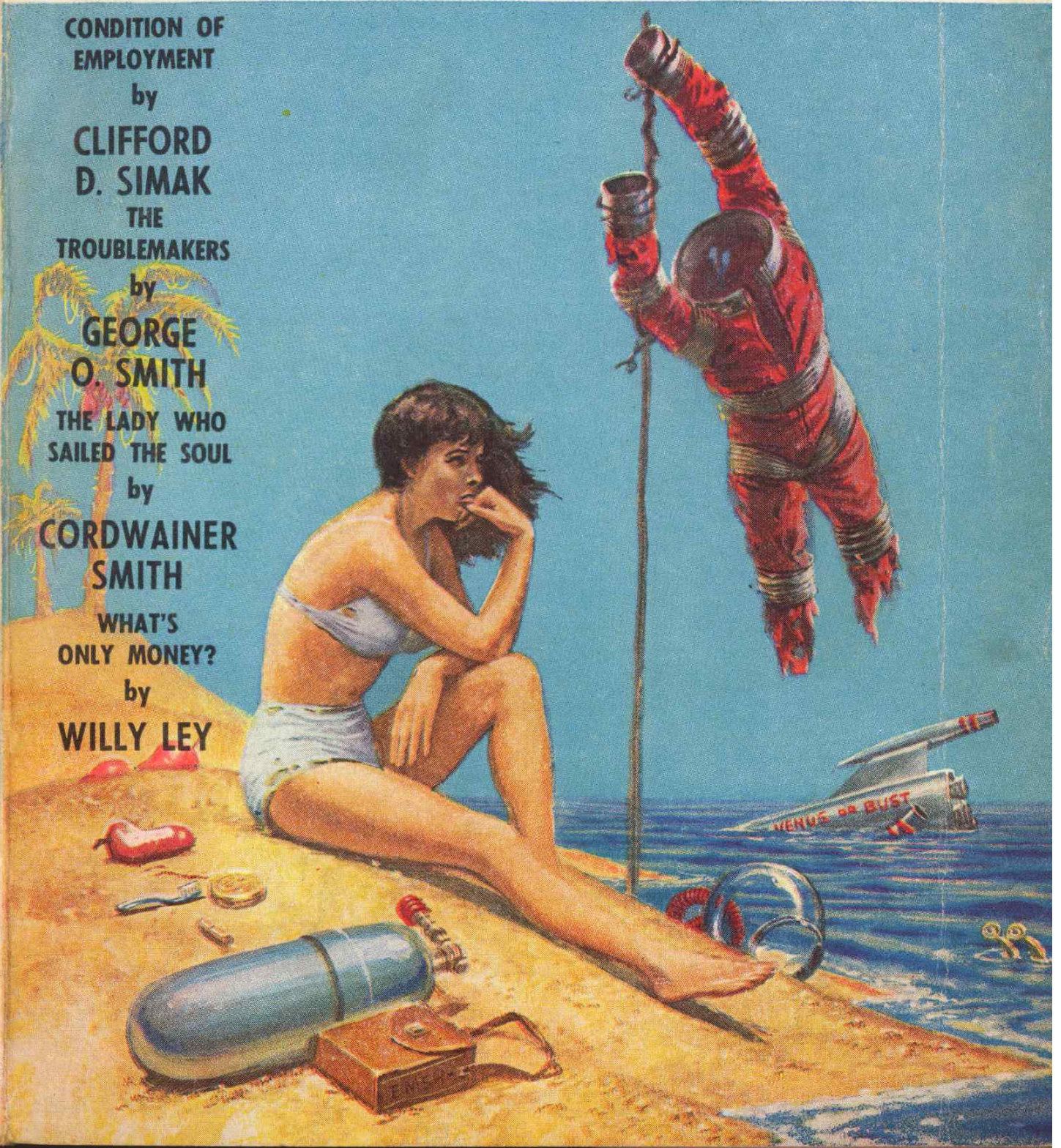
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by

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THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

IN New York City twenty years ago, a world emerging from the Depression took time out for fun, and for a glimpse of the future. The bad days lay behind and war lay ahead, but fun there was, and the glimpse of the future was as true as the war that was to come.

Way out at the end of the subway tracks in the borough of Queens was a place called "The Astoria Dump." It was the pit for all the trash of a giant metropolis. The Astoria Dump was permanently on fire. The Fire Department kept hoses going day and night, not to put out the fire — there was no hope of that — but to keep it from spreading. A sludgy creek ambled, in complete discouragement, between cliffs of garbage as high as houses. The inhabitants of the Astoria Dump were gigantic flies and rats.

Here was the site for the New York World's Fair of 1939 — whose theme was "The World of Tomorrow." Would it be possible to move the mountains of rotting garbage, dispossess the fierce things that fed on it, clear away the stench — and finally, when it never could be done before, put out the permanent fire — so that "The World of Tomorrow" could be built here?

Deliberate symbolism? No — the fair would pay for the elimination of the dump.

Fleets of earthmovers and an army of men with the ruthless weapons of peace leveled the garbage cliffs, rooted out the vermin, and covered all with clean earth through which no smell of decay or tongue of flame could ever escape.

The Astoria Dump was no more, but it had to be built upon if it was not to be merely a buried pest hole.

Landscapers moved in, and pavers, and carpenters, light engineers, hydraulics men — an army as huge and as busy as the one that had interred Astoria Dump — and they turned it into "Flushing Meadows" and made the World of Tomorrow rise there.

Beautiful?

Yes, very beautiful — the high spire of the Trylon and the great ball of the Perisphere, the sodium-vapor lamps along the avenues, the leaping illuminated fountains in the Lagoon of Nations, the Futurama and Vodor, the General Electric building with its man-made lightning flying around, captive, inside a wire-screen cage — truly it was the World of Tomorrow, just as advertised, and it was

the first time that millions from the world of that day could take a good look at what the future promised in the way of plenty, leisure and joy.

There were girlie shows on the Midway, barkers huckstering as they have done since antiquity, and perhaps as they will do in perpetuity, crude and garish souvenirs. They didn't matter. The World's Fair of 1939 was none of those things.

It was the bright, wonderful World of Tomorrow, and all the braver and more wonderful for having been erected on the horror that had been Astoria Dump, and if people came to see the bare babes, they stayed to see the shining future.

For the future was there indeed, beyond the rot of dictatorship that had to blasted out, the human vermin to be destroyed, the fire of war extinguished.

The World of Tomorrow is to return to New York City in 1964 to the same site — Flushing Meadows, nee Astoria Dump.

No need now to bury a nightmare in order to construct a dream. Meadows — real meadows, green to the eye, sweet to the nose — are there to hold marvels that the World of Tomorrow of 1939 thought unimaginably distant, too far away to dare to speculate upon, but that are realities a scant quarter of a century later.

The science fiction of 1939 did more than dare. It saw how soon so many of these "unimaginably distant" marvels would happen. It dared look at the war that was to come, and beyond the war to the kinds of "peace" that were all too likely — for the one that did come about was not a whit more likely than the others — and beyond that, and further still, into every aspect of the future that was at all discernible, however faintly, a generation ago.

The marvels of the World of Tomorrow of 1964 are in these pages today, along with the actual world of 1964, whatever it may look like, for no one kind of world of 1964 is a certainty when science packs the progress of centuries into a single generation, and steepens the curve ever and ever more sharply, so that one week's impossibility is next week's fact, or one week's inevitability next week's couldn't-have-happened.

The process that science fiction uses is one familiar to businessmen and government statisticians — extrapolation, carrying forward known data or theory to future probability. The process is more than valid; it's absolutely essential. But carry known data forward without exploring *possible* factors and the result can't help being funny — or the very deadliest tragedy. Here are some examples of the funny and terribly unfunny.

When the Louisiana Purchase was made at the beginning of the 19th century, the territory of the U.S.A. was doubled. Not till 2400 A.D., it was estimated, could the new lands be tamed and settled. True enough — with only animal-drawn transportation. But along came the locomotive to hoot at the "safe" estimate.

In a *Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, Mark Twain notes units of currency are so small that buckshot has real purchasing power, and astonishes the natives with the fact that a man in the 19th century can earn as much as five or ten dollars a week. Present wages would have astonished him just as much, though he himself was using the unending trend away from small units of currency.

The patent office belief at the end of the 19th century that everything had been discovered, and it was only a matter of filling in the decimal points, is common knowledge. What still stuns is how the belief could have been held when major breakthroughs were being readied in the labs right at that moment.

Before World War II, Capt. B. H. Liddell-Hart was the leading Allied military theoretician. Modern defense, he said, had become so powerful that the cost of overwhelming it would be unbearably prohibitive. What he neglected to speculate on was that a Maginot

Line could be made entirely useless by one smash at one point, or that a country like Russia would pay the exorbitant price to overcome Finland's strategically far better Mannerheim Line, or that Singapore's defenses, all aimed seaward, could be negated by a land attack from the rear, jungle or no jungle. How could he have known? By following the *published* military thinking on both Allied and Axis sides. In exploring all possibilities, the boldest military thinking comes close to science fiction. In both, "impossible" and "inevitable" are meaningless words, just as they are to basic research — because they are the most costly, impractical and escapist ones in the language.

It took clear vision to see past the horror of Astoria Dump to the World of Tomorrow in 1939. It takes clearer vision still to see past the horror of two hostile hemispheres to the World of Tomorrow of 1964.

And beyond that?

There are all sorts of worlds and all sorts of tomorrows, and only the extrapolative skill and daring of science fiction can see their foreshadowings. There is threat in the fact that the Russians know this better than the Free World does — nothing could be more escapist than thinking they've assigned it a crash-priority rating for escapist reading.

— H. L. GOLD

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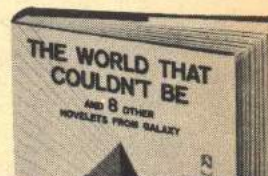
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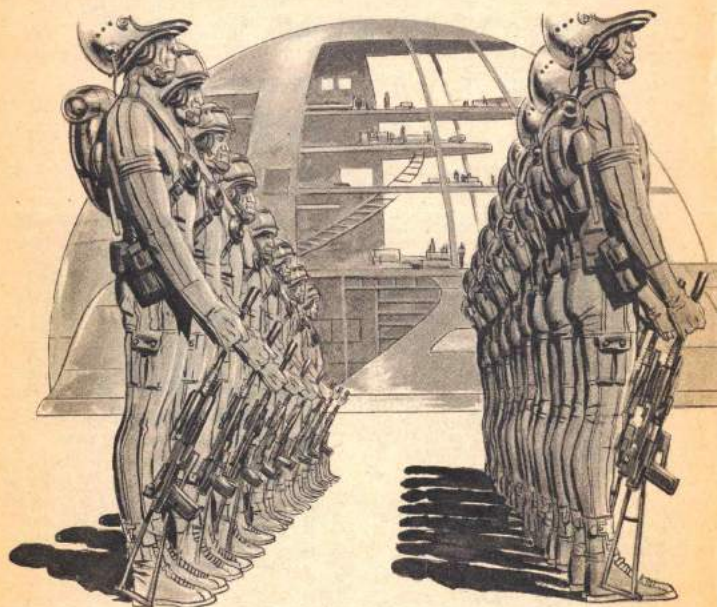
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By EARL GOODALE

SUCCESS STORY

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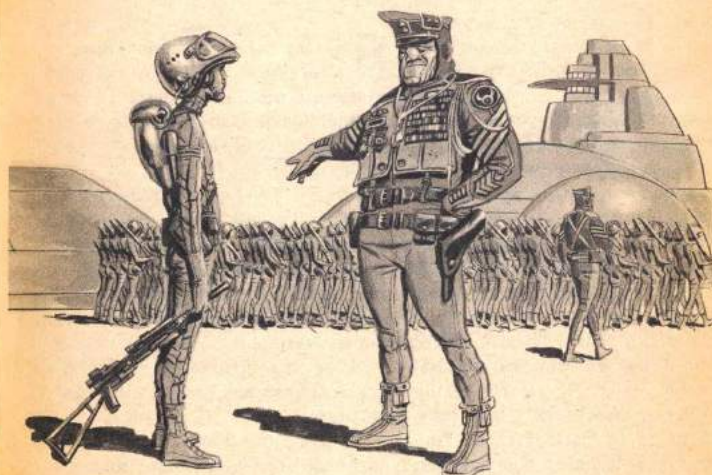


ONCE my name was Ameet Ruxt, my skin was light blue, and I was a moderately low-ranking member of the Haldorian Empire. Or should I say I was a member of the lower in-

come group? No, definitely "low-ranking," because, in a warrior society, even one with as high a technological level as a statistician sits low on the totem pole. He is handed the wrong end of the stick

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Terra resounded to the triple toast of the Haldorian hordes: For Haldor! For Glory! And for Heaven's sake, let us out of here!



— call it what you will; he's the one who doesn't acquire even one wife for years and he hasn't a courtesy title. He's the man they draft into their Invasion Forces — the Haldorians are always invading

someone — and turn him into a Fighter Basic in a third of a year.

"Look," I'd complained to the burly two-striper in the Receiving Center, "I'm a trained statistician with a degree and ..."

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"Say Sir, when you address me." I started over again. "I know, Sir, that they use statisticians in the service. So if Haldor needs me in the service it's only sensible that I should work in statistics."

The Hweetoral looked bored, but I've found out since that all two-strippers looked bored; it's because so many of them have attained, at that rank, their life's ambition. "Sure, sure. But we just got a directive down on all you paper-pushers. Every one of you from now on out is headed for Fighter Basic Course. You know, I envy you, Ruxt. Haldor, what I wouldn't give to be out there with real men again! Jetting down on some new planet — raying down the mongrels till they yelled for mercy — and grabbing a new chunk of sky for the Empire. Haldor! That's the life!" He glanced modestly down at his medalled chest.

"Yes, Sir," I said, "it sure is. But look at my examination records you have right there. Physically I'm only a 3 and you have to have a 5 to go to Basic Fighter. And besides," I threw in the clincher, though I was a bit ashamed of it, "my fighting aptitude only measures a 2!"

The Hweetoral sneered subtly and grabbed a scribe with heavy fingers. A couple of slashes, a couple of new entries, and lo, I was now a 5 in both departments. I was qualified in every respect.

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"See," he said, "that's your first lesson in the Service, Ruxt. Figures don't mean a thing, because they can always be changed. That's something a figure pusher like you has to learn. So—" he shoved out that ponderous hand and crushed mine before I could protect myself — "good luck, Ruxt. I know you'll get through that course — alive, I mean." He chuckled heartily. "And I know men!"

HE was right. I got through alive. But then, 76.5 per cent of draftees do get through the Basic Fighter Course, alive. But for me it took a drastic rearrangement of philosophy.

Me, all I'd ever wanted was a good life. An adequate income, art and music, congenial friends, an understanding wife — just one wife was all I'd ever hoped for. As you can see, I was an untypical Haldorian on every point.

After my first day in Basic Fighter Course I just wanted to stay alive.

"There's two kinds of men we turn out here," our Haldor told us as we lined up awkwardly for the first time (that scene so loved by vision-makers). We new draftees called our Trontar our Haldor because he actually had the power over our bodies that the chaplains assured us the Heavenly Haldor had over our liberated spirits. Our Trontar looked us over with his

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fatherly stare, flexing his powerful arm muscles so that his three tattooed stripes rippled and danced. "Yeah," he went on, "two kinds of men: Fighting men and dead men!" The Trontar grinned that fighting Haldorian grin you see all your lives on the Prop Sheets. "And I'll tell you something, men. When you leave here — all Fighters Basic — I'm going to envy you. Yeah, I'll really envy you gutsy killers when you go out in that big Out-There and grab yourselves a new chunk of sky." He paused and studied our faces. "Now we're gonna run, and I do mean run, two full decades. The last four men in get to do it over again, and pull kitchen duty tonight too."

I tried, as others have tried, to slip quietly out of Basic Fighter. I tried being sick, but following sick report one found oneself doing a full day's training — after the understanding medics had shoved some pep pills into you. I demanded a physical examination. They weren't going to push me around.

After a couple of days in solitary, I asked in a nice way for physical evaluation.

Well, I asked. I wasn't very smart in those days.

They weren't interested in my story of how my records had been falsified or in my fighting aptitude.

"Look, draftee," the psycho-man said after I finally got to him, "the

fact that you've got to see me shows you have enough of a fighting aptitude. Your Trontar didn't encourage you to request evaluation, did he? And he isn't going to like you very much when you report back to your platoon, is he?"

I shuddered. "Not exactly."

"Call me Sir."

"No, Sir. But I was desperate, Sir. I don't think I can stand..."

"DRAFTEE, you know that some unfortunate men break down in training and that we have to take them out. Maybe you've already lost some that way. Suppose you were brought in here, gibbering, yowling, and drooling — I guess we'd have to cure you and send you back home as non-fighter material, eh?"

Someone up here liked me! Here was a tip on how to escape back to the old quiet life. I nodded agreeably.

"But you know, don't you," he said softly, "that first we run a thorough test on our drooling draftee? Say it's you..."

I nodded again.

"We most always detect fakers. And you know there's a death penalty for any Haldorian attempting to escape his duty." He smiled sadly, and reminiscently.

I nodded. Maybe someone up here didn't like me.

"So we'd shoot you dead with one of those primitive projectile

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weapons, as an object lesson for both you and the draftees we had remaining."

I nodded and tried to show by my countenance how much I approved of people being shot dead with primitive weapons.

"But suppose," he went on, "that you'd really cracked up or that you'd faked successfully?"

"Yes, Sir?" Hope returned, hesitantly and on tip-toes, ready to flee.

"Then we'd cure you," he said. "But the cure unfortunately involves the destruction of your higher mental faculties. And so there'd be nothing for it but to ship you off to one of the mining planets. That's standard procedure, if you didn't know. But I think you'll be all right now, don't you?"

Hope fled. I assured him that I'd be just fine and reported back, on the double, to my training platoon.

"Just in time, Ruxt," my Trontar greeted me. "Back for full duty, I take it? That's the Haldorian spirit!" He turned to the platoon which was lined up like three rows of sweaty statues. "Men, remember what I told you about taking cover when you're under fire — and staying under cover? Just suppose we suddenly came under fire — flat trajectory stuff — out here on this flat exercise ground with no cover except in that latrine pit over there. Would any of you hesitate to dive into that latrine pit? And once in

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there, safe and sound, would any of you not stay there until I gave the word to come out?"

A perceptible shudder passed like a wave over the platoon. We knew the Trontar did not ask pointless questions.

"Of course you wouldn't," he assured us, "and you'd even stay in there all day under this hot sun if you had to. Ruxt! You're rested and refreshed from visiting the hospital. You demonstrate how it's done."

It was a long day, even though my Trontar kindly sent some sandwiches over to me at high noon. I didn't eat much. But I did do a lot of thinking.

THERE was one last hope. I wrote a letter to a remote clan relative who was supposed to have a small amount of influence.

It was a moving letter. I told how my test results had been falsified, what beasts our trainers were, how the medics refused to retest me — very much the standard letter that new Haldorian trainees write. As I went out to mail this plea, one evening, I met two of my fellow trainees starting out on a night march in full field equipment.

"How come?" I asked, instantly fearful that I'd missed some notice on the bulletin board.

"We wrote letters," one of them said simply.

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"The Trontar censors all our mail," said the other. "Didn't you know? Oh, well, neither did we."

As they marched off, I made a small bonfire out of my letter after first, almost, just throwing it away — before I remembered that the Hweetorals checked our waste cans. What a man has to do to hold two measly stripes!

Acceptance of the inevitable is the beginning of wisdom, says the ancient Haldorian sage. I put in an application for transfer to the Statistical Services to be effective upon completion of Basic Fighter Course.

"Statistical Services?" the Company Clerk asked. "What's that? Anyhow, you're going to be a Fighter Basic, if you get through this training," he said darkly. The Company Clerk was a sad victim of our Haldorian passion for realistic training; he had lacked one day of completing Fighter Basic when he'd let his leg dangle a bit too long after he'd scaled a wall, and the training gentlemen had unemotionally shot it off. As it turned out, our efficient surgeon/replacers had been unable, for some technical reason, to grow back enough leg for full duty. So there was nothing for it but to use the man as could be best done. They'd made him a clerk — mainly because that was the specialty they were shortest of at the time.

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"Who says you can put in for Statistical Services?" the Company Clerk demanded.

"Reg 39-47A." I was learning my way around. The night before I was on orderly duty in the office. I had tracked down the chapter and verse which, theoretically, allowed a man to change his destiny.

"Know the Regs, do you? Starting to be a trouble-maker, huh? Yeah, Ruxt, I'll put in your application."

I turned away with some feeling of relief. This might possibly work.

The Company Clerk called me back. "You know the Regs so good, Ruxt," he said. "How come you didn't ask me for permission to leave? I'm cadre, you know." He leaned back in his chair and grinned at me. "Just to help you remember the correct Haldorian department I'm putting you on kitchen duty for the next three nights. That way," he grinned again, "you can divide up your five hours of sleep over three nights instead of crowding them all into one."

Poor deluded Company Clerk! I actually averaged three hours of sleep every one of those three nights — after I found out that the mess Trontar would accept my smoking ration.

I felt that I was beginning to understand the system, a little and at long last, particularly after I saw my co-workers in the kitchen do-

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doing what should have been my work.

II

THEN we started combat training, and then we started losing our normal 23.5 per cent.

It wasn't too bad as long as they stuck to the primitive stuff. I mean, you can see arrows and spears coming at you, and even if you have had only the five hours of sleep you can either duck the projectiles or catch them on your shield. And with the medics on the alert, the wounds are painful but seldom fatal. You just end up with a week's hospitalization and slip back to the next training group. But when they go up to the explosively-propelled solids, when the Trontar smirks and says: "Men, this is called a boomer, or a banger, or maybe sometimes a firestick, depending on what planet you're fighting on," and when he holds up a contraption of wood and metal with a hole at one end and a handle on the other — then, Drafee, look out!

It takes time to learn. It isn't till you associate a bang in the distance with a perforated man beside you that you do learn. And when you finally come under fire from our regular production weapons like rays — well!

You might wonder why they run us through the entire history of weapons starting with the sling and

ending with the slithers — the name servicemen give to those Zeta Rays that diverge from line of sight to drop in on a dug-in enemy. The usual explanation is that Haldorians are still invading places where the natives still use such things as bows and arrows. But I think, myself, that it's something the Mil Prop guys figured out. The idea is, as I see it, to run you right through the whole course of our fighting, invading Haldorian history, and in that way to make a better fighter out of you. And you do get rid of the death-prones before there's much time or work invested in them — or before their inevitable early death means the failure of a mission, Haldoria — most practical of Empires!

But they didn't make a fighter of me. All they did was to reinforce my natural survival instinct considerably, acquaint me with the tortuous ways of the service, and give me a great urge for a peaceful existence. But to all appearances, as I stood in the orderly room after graduation, I was the ideal poster-picture of a Haldorian, completely uniformed with polished power boots and rayer, a crawler to the higher-ups and a stomper on the lower-downs, a Fighter Basic with no compassion but with a certified aptitude for advancement to at least the rank of Trontar.

"Fighter Basic Ruxt," the Dispositions Hweetoral announced.

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"Here, Sir!"

"Your application for transfer to Statistical Services has been disapproved." The two-striper's expression showed what he, as a fighting man, thought of the Statistical Services. "But we've got a real assignment for you, Ruxt! The 27th Invasion Force is all set to drop on a new system. You're lucky, Ruxt, that you put in that application. We had to hold you till it bounced. Your buddies got shipped to those rear-echelon guard outfits, but you're going to a real fighting one. It should be a good invasion — this new system's got atomic fission, I hear. And I'd like to tell you something, Ruxt..."

"I know what, Sir," I said. "You envy me."

THE 27th was a real fighting unit all right: they had their own neckerchief, their own war cry, and a general who was on his way up. Now they had me.

And they were going to get another system for the Haldorian Empire.

You see, those intelligent worms, or maybe they are slugs — I'm a bit vague on universe geography — over on the next Galaxy but one, give us Haldorians all sorts of difficulties. They insist on freedom, self-determination, and all that sort of thing. That's all very well, but they insist on them for themselves. Our high-level planners decided that another solar system would make a better offensive set-up for Haldoria. The planners, I understand, have all sorts of esoteric theories about the ideal shape and size of an offensive unit. They ring in time and something related to time which makes Galaxy distances differ according to which direction you are travelling. As I say, esoteric.

The only thing that mattered to me was that some technicians had fed some data into a computer and it had hiccupped and said: "You'll need such-and-such a planet to control such-and-such a solar system, and that will give you a better offensive set-up." Then the computer hiccupped again and said: "You'll need to draft and train Ameet Ruxt to help on this little job of taking over this planet called Terra, or Earth."

That's what it amounted to, anyhow. Consequently I joined the 27th Invasion Force.

"So you've got an application in for transfer to the Statistical Services, huh?" Trontar Hytd, my new platoon three-striper, asked when I reported in for duty with the 27th.

"Yes, Sir." I'd learned, along the line, that one should never give up when applying for a transfer — just keep one in the mill.

"Huh, Borr, this new guy likes to work with figures," Trontar Hytd growled at Hweetoral Borr,

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my new squad leader. "Thinks he doesn't want to be a Fighter." Trontar Hytd looked at me questioningly.

I didn't say anything. I'd learned a lot in Basic Fighter Course.

"Figures?" asked Hweetoral Borr. I could see a train of thought had been started in the Hweetoral's mind.

"Yeah, figures," snapped Trontar Hytd. "He likes to count things, Borr. Get it?"

"Guess we need all our ray charges counted, for one thing," suggested Hweetoral Borr. "I get all mixed up with them figures."

"After training hours, of course," Trontar Hytd said.

"Of course, Trontar. And someone's gotta jawbone some kind of report on ammo expenditures every training day. Maybe after the rest of us have sacked in, for instance?"

"Of course. Okay, Hweetoral, I guess you got the idea."

Invasion was almost a relief after that brief bit of refresher training the 27th was going through.

Our General-on-the-way-up had outlined his plan of attack: "Drop'm, hit'm, lift'm and drop'm again." So I dropped, hit the defenders, was lifted to a new center of resistance, and dropped again. I understand it was a standard type of invasion, there's only one way to do simple things.

ONCE in a while, these days, I remember those sadistic and battle-hardened comrades of mine. Hard, gutsy Trontar Hytd stayed on his feet to direct his platoon underground after our Kansas force collapsed, and one of those little fission weapons separated his body parts too widely for even our unsentimentally competent surgeon/replacer to reassemble him. Well, they had a go at the job, but they had to ray down what they created — some primitive regression had set in and the creature was hungry.

And rough and tough Hweetoral Borr incautiously scratched his hairy ear just when one of those rude projectile weapons was firing at him. The slug slipped through that opening the Hweetoral had made in his body armor. With the brain gone — or such brain as Hweetoral Borr possessed — our kindly old surgeon/replacer was foxed again.

Then there were the new germs...

But these things are as nothing to the creative military mind. A swarm of regulations, manuals and directives issue forth from headquarters, and force fields cease to collapse, and fighters keep their body armor on and adjusted. When something like the influenza germ wipes out half a platoon, the wheels turn, a new vaccine is devised, and no more Haldorians die

from that particular germ. All the individual has to do is to live from one injection to the next (any civilized enemy always dreams up new diseases), move from one enemy strong point to the next, and dream of the day when he can return to his old life. For me it was a dream of returning to that quiet tiny room with its walls lined with the best of Haldorian art — just cheap reproductions, of course — and never again to handle a rayer or to wear armor. Real life, meanwhile, went on.

"Fighter First-Class Ruxt! Take these men and blast that strong point!" That would be the order somewhere in Missouri, or maybe in Mississippi — I never was much good on micro-geography. "Hweetoral Ruxt! Take your squad and clean out that city. New Orleans they call it. Get their formal surrender and make damn sure there are no guerrillas left when the colonel comes through to inspect."

By the time I was Trontar Ruxt the invasion was practically over. As I say, it was the standard thing with one or two countries holding out after all hope was gone — England never did formally surrender, not that it mattered — and our successful General was made a Sub-Marshal of the Haldorian Empire.

A real promotion and a great honor. Much good it did him when he ventured his battle fleet too far into the Slug lines a year later.

With the fighting over — the real fighting, I mean — the ever-efficient Haldorians started moving their troops off Earth to get ready for a new and bigger invasion that the computers had decreed. Only a few troops were to be left behind for occupation and guard stuff.

I had a talk with a fat Assignments Trontar in his plush office.

"You know, Trontar," I said, "I was hoping to see more of this world here, and the rumor is that all of us excess combat types are being shipped to a training world to be shaped into new invasion forces."

"Tough," he said. He should know. He'd requisitioned a mansion complete with servants and everything. He even had a native trained to drive one of their luxuriously inefficient ground vehicles. What a deal! That Trontar had no worries, *his* anti-grav ray was working.

"I HEARD that a man doesn't even need any money if he's stationed down at our headquarters," I said, and I hauled out a handful of Haldorian notes from my pocket. "Guess I wouldn't need this stuff if I was transferred down to our headquarters."

"Who needs money?" he asked. "Guys all the time trying to bribe me, Trontar. You'd be surprised. Sure glad you aren't, though, be-

cause I do hate to turn anyone in."

I put the money back in my pocket. "Speaking of turning in people," I said casually, "you ever have any trouble with the undercover boys about all this loot you've picked up?" This, I thought, would shake him — and at the same time I marvelled at how I'd changed from a simple, naive statistician to a tough and conniving combat NCO.

He yawned all over his fat face and swung his swivel chair so that he could better admire the picture beside his desk. I recognized the picture as a moderately good reproduction of a Huxtner, a minor painter of our XXVth. "No," the Assignments Trontar said, "it turns out that one of my sept brothers runs the local watch birds. He often drops in here to visit with me. But anything I can do for you, Trontar?"

"No," I said, and I fired at the only possible loophole left, "I'll just leave quietly so you can admire your Huxtner."

He swung back to me with a start. "You recognize a Huxtner? You're the first man I've ever met in the service who ever heard of Huxtner, let alone recognizing one of his masterpieces! Hey, did you know I brought this all the way from home in my hammock roll? And just look at the coloring of that figure there!"

The loophole had been blasted

wide open. "You're lucky," I said, and I went on to lie about how I'd lost my own Huxtner prints in the invasion. "No one," I continued, "ever got quite that flesh tint of Huxtner's, did they?"

Huxtner, by the way, is notorious for using a yellow undercoat for his blue flesh colors, unlike every realistic painter before or after who have all used green undercoats — what else? Imagine a chrome-yellow underlaying a blue skin color. All Huxtner's figures look like two-week corpses — but Huxtner enthusiasts are unique.

The Assignments Trontar and I had a nice long chat about Huxtner, at the conclusion of which he insisted on scratching my name from the list of combat-bound men and putting me on a much smaller list of men scheduled for our guard outfit, stationed at the old Terran capital of Washington.

I had an un-Haldorian feeling of having arranged my own life after that incident. That feeling persisted even after I took over one of the guard platoons and discovered that life in a guard outfit is rather similar to Basic Fighter Course.

"Trontar Ruxt! Two men of your platoon have tarnished armor. Get them working on it, and maybe you'd better stay and see that they do it properly."

"Yes, Sir."

One lives and learns. I turned

