

JUNE, 1960

Galaxy

VOL. 1

MAGAZINE

Also Published in
Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Finland and Sweden

CONTENTS

BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL — First of Two Parts

DRUNKARD'S WALK by Frederik Pohl 8

NOVELETS

TRANSSTAR by Raymond E. Banks 108

INSIDE JOHN BARTH by William W. Stuart 172

SHORT STORIES

UPSTARTS by L. J. Stecher 58

THE GOOD NEIGHBORS by Edgar Pangborn 74

THE DOPE ON MARS by Jack Sharkey 94

MONKEY ON HIS BACK by Charles V. De Vet 135

IDEA MAN by John Rackham 156

SHORT-SHORT STORY

EARTHMEN BEARING GIFTS by Fredric Brown 148

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

FOR YOUR INFORMATION by Willy Ley 81

Fuels Galore

FEATURES

EDITOR'S PAGE by H. L. Gold 5

FORECAST 80

GALAXY'S FIVE STAR SHELF by Floyd C. Gale 151

Cover by EMSH illustrating DRUNKARD'S WALK

ROBERT M. GUINN, Publisher

H. L. GOLD, Editor

WILLY LEY, Science Editor

W. I. VAN DER POEL, Art Director

JOAN J. De Mario, Asst. to the Publisher

SONDRA GRESEN, Asst. to the Editor

GALAXY MAGAZINE is published bi-monthly by Galaxy Publishing Corporation. Main offices: 421 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y. 50¢ per copy. Subscription: (6 copies) \$2.50 per year in the United States, Canada, Mexico, South and Central America and U. S. Possessions. Elsewhere \$3.50. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. Copyright, New York 1960, by Galaxy Publishing Corporation, Robert M. Guinn, president. All rights, including translations reserved. All material submitted must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All stories printed in this magazine are fiction, and any similarity between characters and actual persons is coincidental.

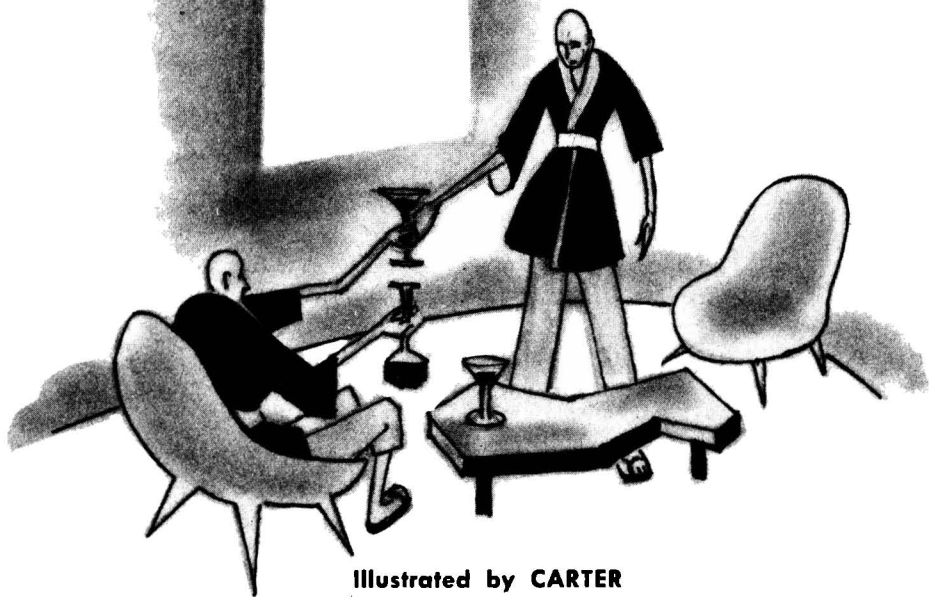
Printed in the U.S.A. by The Guinn Co., Inc., N. Y.

Title Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

*Mars had gifts to offer and
Earth had much in return — if
delivery could be arranged!*

EARTHMEN BEARING GIFTS

By **FREDRIC BROWN**



Illustrated by **CARTER**

DHAR Ry sat alone in his room, meditating. From outside the door he caught a thought wave equivalent to a knock, and, glancing at the door, he willed it to slide open.

It opened. "Enter, my friend," he said. He could have projected the

idea telepathically; but with only two persons present, speech was more polite.

Ejon Khee entered. "You are up late tonight, my leader," he said.

"Yes, Khee. Within an hour the Earth rocket is due to land, and I wish to see it. Yes, I know, it will

land a thousand miles away, if their calculations are correct. Beyond the horizon. But if it lands even twice that far the flash of the atomic explosion should be visible. And I have waited long for first contact. For even though no Earthman will be on that rocket, it will still be first contact — for them. Of course our telepath teams have been reading their thoughts for many centuries, but — this will be the first *physical* contact between Mars and Earth."

Khee made himself comfortable on one of the low chairs. "True," he said. "I have not followed recent reports too closely, though. Why are they using an atomic warhead? I know they suppose our planet is uninhabited, but still—"

"They will watch the flash through their lunar telescopes and get a — what do they call it? — a spectroscopic analysis. That will tell them more than they know now (or think they know; much of it is erroneous) about the atmosphere of our planet and the composition of its surface. It is — call it a sighting shot, Khee. They'll be here in person within a few oppositions. And then—"

Mars was holding out, waiting for Earth to come. What was left of Mars, that is; this one small city of about nine hundred beings. The civilization of Mars was older than that of Earth, but it was a dying one. This was what remained of it:

one city, nine hundred people. They were waiting for Earth to make contact, for a selfish reason and for an unselfish one.

MARTIAN civilization had developed in a quite different direction from that of Earth. It had developed no important knowledge of the physical sciences, no technology. But it had developed social sciences to the point where there had not been a single crime, let alone a war, on Mars for fifty thousand years. And it had developed fully the parapsychological sciences of the mind, which Earth was just beginning to discover.

Mars could teach Earth much. How to avoid crime and war to begin with. Beyond those simple things lay telepathy, telekinesis, empathy . . .

And Earth would, Mars hoped, teach them something even more valuable to Mars: how, by science and technology — which it was too late for Mars to develop now, even if they had the type of minds which would enable them to develop these things — to restore and rehabilitate a dying planet, so that an otherwise dying race might live and multiply again.

Each planet would gain greatly, and neither would lose.

And tonight was the night when Earth would make its first sighting shot. Its next shot, a rocket containing Earthmen, or at least an

Earthman, would be at the next opposition, two Earth years, or roughly four Martian years, hence. The Martians knew this, because their teams of telepaths were able to catch at least some of the thoughts of Earthmen, enough to know their plans. Unfortunately, at that distance, the connection was one-way. Mars could not ask Earth to hurry its program. Or tell Earth scientists the facts about Mars' composition and atmosphere which would have made this preliminary shot unnecessary.

Tonight Ry, the leader (as nearly as the Martian word can be translated), and Khee, his administrative assistant and closest friend, sat and meditated together until the time was near. Then they drank a toast to the future — in a beverage based on menthol, which had the same effect on Martians as alcohol on Earthmen — and climbed to the roof of the building in which they had been sitting. They watched toward the north, where the rocket

should land. The stars shone brilliantly and unwinkingly through the atmosphere.

IN Observatory No. 1 on Earth's moon, Rog Everett, his eye at the eyepiece of the spotter scope, said triumphantly, "Thar she blew, Willie. And now, as soon as the films are developed, we'll know the score on that old planet Mars." He straightened up — there'd be no more to see now — and he and Willie Sanger shook hands solemnly. It was an historical occasion.

"Hope it didn't kill anybody. Any Martians, that is. Rog, did it hit dead center in Syrtis Major?"

"Near as matters. I'd say it was maybe a thousand miles off, to the south. And that's damn close on a fifty-million-mile shot. Willie, do you really think there are any Martians?"

Willie thought a second and then said, "No."

He was right.

— FREDRIC BROWN

