

SCIENCE FICTION • FANTASY FANTASTIC

July, 1967

Vol. 16, No. 6

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FANTASTIC, Vol. 16, No. 6, July 1967 is published bi-monthly by Ultimate Publishing Co., Inc., Editorial and subscription office: Box 7, Oakland Gardens, Flushing, N.Y., 11364. Business office: Purchase, N.Y., Box 175, Portchester, N.Y., at 50¢ a copy. Subscription rates: One Year (6 issues) United States and possessions: \$2.50; Canada and Pan American Union countries: \$3.00; all other countries: \$3.50. Second Class Postage paid at Flushing, N.Y., and at additional mailing office. Copyright 1967 by Ultimate Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved. Editorial contributions must be accompanied by return postage and will be handled with reasonable care; however, publisher assumes no responsibility for return or safety of art work, photographs or manuscripts.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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FROM THIS DARK MIND

BY ROG PHILLIPS

If the late Rog Phillips was right—in this thoroughly absorbing glimpse of psychiatry 21st-century style—then our great-grandchildren may well see a day when flu epidemics end with a wise word to the men behind “Little Orphan Annie” and when M.D.’s are subordinated to psychodiagnosticians like Dr. Hugo Bard, who on one notable occasion—this one—not only forestalled a potential murderess but also simultaneously exposed a perfect murder which no one committed!

HOUSE!” the polyanalyzer said. “Home!” the patient, a rather plain blonde, said, too quickly—almost defensively.

A little white dot on the desk lit up. Dr. Hugo Bard put the phone to his face. The mouthpiece was form fitting to keep the sound out of the ears of his patients.

“Mr. David Green just canceled his appointment for today. He has the flu.”

“Get me his M.D., Nancy.”

“Fear!” said the polyanalyzer.

“...? Fear...” said the patient vaguely.

“Coat!”

“Fu- Mink!!”

“Water.”

“Mud.”

“Hello, Dr. Allan. This is Hugo Bard. I understand David Green has the flu.”

“Yes. Glad you called, Hugo. Didn’t know he was a patient of yours.”

“I know. You M.D.s should stop being twentieth century and cross-index. Do you mean he has the flu or the symptoms?”

“The symptoms, of course. Including a temperature of 101.4.”

“That’s bad,” Hugo Bard said gravely. “I’d suggest you re-



Illustrator: Dave Stone

diagnose and come up with pneumonia. Hospitalization and fever induction for three days."

"I don't think it's warranted, Hugo," Dr. Allan said uneasily.

"Do you want me to get a Hearing on it?"

"No. No, I'll do it."

"At once. Rush over to his house. Tell him the lab tests brought it out. Be alarmed about it. It'll gratify him. Call me when his temperature is a hundred and five and three tenths."

"Papa," the polyanalyzer said.

"Poker — fireplace poker."

"Cold."

"Hot."

"Bright."

"Green!"

"Death."

"Suicide."

"Fresh."

"Eggs."

Hugo Bard shut off the polyanalyzer. "No, just lie there, Mary."

The patient relaxed, closing her eyes.

Hugo Bard lit a cigarette. In a moment the polyanalyzer typewriter began typing out the daily diagnosis sheet. Hugo's eyes followed the words as they materialized on the paper. When the typewriter stopped, he picked up the phone.

"Get me Mary's husband, Nancy. He'll be at work."

He smoked while he waited. The patient seemed to be asleep.

The white dot glowed brightly.

"Hello? George Davis? This is Dr. Bard. The reason I called is that your wife is in immediate need of mental surgery."

"Mental surgery? What's that?"

"Nothing serious. She will be hospitalized and placed under drugs that lay her mind completely open. The factors that have brought on her present condition slipped past the public school psychodiagnosticians, as such things so often do. We must lift them out and plant a corrective lie."

"Gee. I don't know. We can't afford hospital right now. I know the insurance pays the bills, but — it would take someone to care for the kids when I'm at work . . ."

"If she had pneumonia would you force her to cook your meals?" Hugo Bard asked.

"No. Of course not."

"This is worse than pneumonia. I'm sorry I can't tell you how bad, but mental surgery is necessary. She should go from here to the hospital. Can you get off work and come to my office right now?"

"Oh — okay."

"One more thing. Do you agree with hospitalization? It will be for three days, and she won't know what happened."

"All right. I guess you know best. Go ahead with it."

Hugo flicked the phone bar.

"Nancy? Get the hospital. Reserve a private room for Mrs. Davis. Now. Yes. An ambulance after her husband gets here. Send Mable in with the pre-hospital hypo. Five c.c.'s."

A moment later the starched nurse entered with the hypo on a tray, with swabs and alcohol.

"Nothing to worry about, Mary," Hugo Bard soothed. "Just something to relax you a little more for the next test." He was already swabbing a spot on her arm. The needle stabbed in, the five cubic centimeters of white fluid disappeared into her bloodstream. "Close your eyes and relax. We'll go to work again in a few minutes, Mary."

Hugo left the office with Mable. In the gleaming lab room she poured him a cup of black-as-ink coffee. "You look scared," she said.

He shook his head slowly. "The things we uncover! That patient in there — Thank God for the polyanalyzer or sometimes I would think my work was getting me. Of course, it could be getting the poly, too. Sometimes I think I was born in the wrong century. It would be so nice to live in the twentieth century with its crimes and insanity."

"Or the fourteenth, with its plagues and surgeons with unsterilized knives?" Mable said, smiling.

Hugo grinned. "They had those

in the eighteenth and nineteenth, too. And don't forget that up until 2023 a surgeon could operate without being required to consult the patient's psychologist." He frowned. "The M.D.'s still don't like us. They still like to believe they're top dogs. This coffee is good. Will you marry me, Mable?"

"I'll ask my husband if it's okay," Mable said.

"Come to think of it, my wife's the jealous type. Begun when she was a year and a half. Another baby was put in the crib with her and accidentally jiggled one of her rattles. Her response was to grab it away. First success to a budding behavior pattern . . ."

"Give her mental surgery," Mable said. "Make her relive it and convince her she missed the rattle and hurt her finger."

"It's a thought," Hugo Bard said. "By the way, I ought to run you through the poly. You might be harboring ideas about murdering my patients so I could spend more time with you back here." He leered knowingly. "Have you ever thought of loading the needles with poison?"

Mable blinked. "What do you suppose that five c.c.'s was you just poured into Mrs. Davis's vein?" Her eyes twinkled. "Better have your head examined, doc."

"I let my barber do that. Only costs two dollars —"

Nancy stuck her head in

through the door. "Dr. Allan is on the phone."

Hugo lifted his eyebrows in surprise. "I'll take it in my office."

Mary Davis was snoring softly on the couch. Even so, Hugo Bard was careful to keep his voice hidden in the phone.

"Yes, Dr. Allan?"

"It's about David Green. Last time I'll play second fiddle to a psychodiagnostician. He refused to accept my amended diagnosis and has gone to see another doctor. He refused to say which one he was going to, so we're stuck."

"I'm sorry, Allan. It's my fault. I should have hospitalized him for psychosurgery a week ago. I still don't know why though! The reason I didn't was that he is entering the composite high. His actions should have remained sane at this time. *Something* gave him the flu, however."

Dr. Allan's voice was testy. "Naturally. There are eighteen identified strains of virus, any one of which could have done it."

"And," Hugo's voice became just as testy, "if the flu was *caused* by the virus, everyone in the world would have it all the time. There's no immunity to flu."

"Then," Dr. Allan said, his voice edged with sarcasm, "what *did* cause his flu?"

"One of three things, I'm afraid. He's afraid of revealing a

past violence, a current situation which he will solve by violence, or he has criminal knowledge connected with someone. We should have better cooperation. If you M.D.'s would only realize that all your patients should have psychodiagnosis —"

"I don't agree with your theories. What about the epidemics? The flu epidemic of last fall, for example? Most of my cases were children under ten years of age!"

"The cause of that epidemic was quite clear cut, if you'll remember, Dr. Allan. It began when Orphan Annie was legally adopted by the sinister Dr. Fey. Anxiety neurosis. As soon as we realized the specific cause and notified the comic strip syndicate, Warbucks came into the picture and managed to prove the adoption was illegal, freeing Annie. But you M.D.'s let over fifty children die of the flu because you *can't break out of the twentieth century*. I'm going to call the Bureau and see if I can't get a general alarm out on David Green. He has the potentialities for murder."

When he hung up, the white dot blinked brightly. "Mr. Davis is here," Nancy said.

"I'll talk to him in my other consultation office. Show him in. I'll be there in five minutes. First, get the Bureau on the phone for me. Dr. Arden."

When Dr. Arden, president of

the A.M.A. local answered, Hugo quickly sketched the picture, concluding with, "What I want is for all the ones he might go to to be contacted and asked to diagnose him as —"

"I realize what you want. Sorry. I'd like to, but we don't have the personnel to do that. Good lord, man, do you realize what an enormous task it would be to contact five thousand doctors in one afternoon? Let alone ask them to give a wrong diagnosis! If you're so sure, why not try the police?"

"It would disturb the patient. Anyway, the police wouldn't cooperate on anything so nebulous."

"I understand your problem there," Dr. Arden said. "It has to start sometime though. I'd suggest you contact them. Present your case. They'll turn you down, but they'll remember. Then if your patient does do something, you can remind them. A few thousand similar instances and they'll start cooperating."

"It's an angle. I'll do it. Thanks, Dr. Arden."

Hugo Bard hung up and went into his other office. George Davis was a short husky man. A steel worker at Bethlehem. Not too intelligent, but well adjusted to his body-type and station in life. Proud, innately kind, patient.

"I need your signature on some papers, Mr. Davis. There's nothing too seriously wrong with your

wife, but she will be infinitely happier and much better adjusted with some minor mental surgery."

"But I don't want anything done that's going to change her any, doc. She's just a little upset."

Hugo smiled. "Did you ever beat her until she was genuinely sorry for something she did?"

"No! Has she been telling you that? I've never so much as slapped her — although sometimes it's been hard not to." George Davis grinned.

Dr. Bard answered his grin. "I think I'll explain just what's wrong, and show you how simple it will be to correct it. It won't be too accurate a picture, because I know only the arrows pointing toward it now. Under psychosurgery it will all come out and be altered.

"She has been searching for the father she wanted and didn't have."

"What's wrong with her dad? I know him. One of the finest."

"I know that. Too fine. I know one specific instance so far. He went into the living room to discipline Mary about something when she was thirteen. She flared up, grabbed the fireplace poker, and threw it at him. It missed him by less than an inch, and made a deep dent in the wall. She remembers that he turned pale. Then he turned and went out without saying another word.

Neither of them mentioned it ever again.

"Now this is what mental surgery will do. It will make her relive that experience, then it will be distorted for her, element by element, until it lies in her unconscious mind in a much different version. The new version will be that she picked up the poker, her father leaped quickly and took it away from her, then spanked her unmercifully, speaking to her very sternly. Isn't that simple?"

"Yes, but what good will it do? I mean . . ."

"There's more to it than that. You'll see by the results."

"I hope so. There's a guy at work that had mental surgery. He's one of the foremen now. Nice guy."

Nancy brought in the papers. Dr. Bard gave George Davis a pen to sign them. George scrawled his signature, then looked up. "Can I see Mary before . . ."

"She's in the next room. She's had the pre-hospital shot, a mild opiate to make her sleep."

"I want to see her anyway. Damn it —!" George Davis's lip quivered.

"I know, George," Hugo said quietly. "But you're true twenty-first."

"Damn right I am. We were headed toward a break-up. She didn't want it and I didn't want it, and we didn't know what was

wrong. Only I wish it had been me."

"Not a thing wrong with you, George," Hugo Bard said.

"Like heck. You psycho-diagnosticians — by gosh I said it that time! — have a lot to learn yet."

Nancy came in. "The ambulance is here," she said.

"Good. You can go with her to the hospital if you like, George. She won't wake up though. Not for three days. You'll have to take it on the chin. And when she wakes up she won't seem different, but in a month or two you'll begin to see lots of difference. If you'll excuse me . . ."

Ten minutes later he was on the phone to the chief of police. After listening to him the police chief said, "Are you willing to sign a warrant for his arrest? If not we can't do a thing for you."

"If I told you," Hugo Bard said, "that I overheard two men making plans to rob a bank at eleven o'clock tomorrow, would you have men there, just in case?"

"Probably. I see what you're driving at. When the city fathers hand down orders that you medics can forecast crime I'll help you. Until then I can't do a thing — unless you sign a warrant."

"What's your name, captain?"

"O'Conner. Jim O'Conner. You have me interested. I can't do a thing, Dr. Bard, but — let me

know, please, how it comes out."

Nancy had been listening. She came into the office with a disgusted look. "Strictly twentieth century," she snorted.

"I wouldn't say so," Hugo said mildly. "He was interested. And he doesn't run the police department with an independent hand. He has to answer to his bosses. I think I'll discuss this at the next meeting. All of us psychodiagnosticians should be more police conscious. It would pay off eventually. What's on the books? This should have been David Green's two hours."

"Mrs. Garson at four," Nancy said.

Hugo made a wry face. "She has an inpenated mind — and lots of money."

"Inpenated?" Nancy blinked.

"Not in the dictionary. Look up inclavated and draw your own conclusions. I'm going to run over to the hospital and get Mary started. Be back at four."

When Dr. Hugo Bard stepped out of his car in the basement garage of the Psychosurgery Annex his manner had subtly altered, and he was consciously aware of it. Here, in a way, he was royalty. Every successful surgeon since the beginning of time knows the feeling, and lives for it. The surgeon is a king, his subjects the internes and nurses, his kingdom the incarnate manifestations of his specialty.

He took the elevator to the first level and signed in.

"Hello, Dr. Bard," a quiet voice said at his shoulder.

He turned. "Oh, hello Paul. And Alvin. Who's the newcomer?"

Paul introduced him. "Dr. Bard, this is John Newland. Allergy and psychology at N.Y.U. He wants to spend two years on psychocatharsis under you, if you have room."

"You can join us today, and we'll have a talk later, John."

"Yes, sir, Dr. Bard."

Hugo started walking slowly toward the elevator, the three internes respectfully a half pace behind him.

"The patient we are going to see," Hugo said, "is a good one to begin with. Quite common, though almost at the f.a. pause. They seldom get that far these days before being corrected. A sixty-forty personality, so it would have been murder rather than suicide. She suffered basic insecurity that required domination-compensation she never received. What I will do during surgery is take her back to key incidents where she sought justified punishment without receiving it, and give it to her. Then her Father-God archtype will be balanced. She will have a set of memories that tell her she has been punished when she deserved to be, by something that loved her, couldn't be hurt by her, and

was capable of destroying her as well as protecting her. From herself as much as from environment. But of course, John, you've gone through all this in school. What you want and what you will get during your two years of internship will be observation of and experience with the techniques of catharsis under psychosurgery. To understand clearly all the time what is going on, you must learn to think in terms of the archtypes, because they are the common denominators. The mind is an organism whose vital parts are archtypes, just as the body is an organism whose vital parts are clearly defined organs. A defective gland in a child can often produce drastic effects on body structure by the time that child becomes an adult. A defective archetype can do the same to the growing mind. Here we are."

Hugo Bard and the three internes paused before a glass window. Through it they could see Mary Davis, asleep, her dull hair an unkempt mass under her head, her colorless lips partly open.

The double barrel of a tri-di video camera pointed down at her head from the ceiling. The boom of a mike went out from inside just below the observation window. And the observation window was just above a bank of instruments and controls.

Hugo Bard glanced at the chart

beside the control board. He read it aloud for the benefit of the new interne. "Three c.c.'s of T.T.4C. at 3:05. The series of shots given the patient will have prepared her for surgery starting at nine o'clock. Eventually, John, you should learn how we tailor-make our mixtures for specific types. There are over a thousand specifics we draw on. The T.T.4C. mixture will reduce her temperature to ninety-six point four, about. That will put her at the bottom of her manic curve where we want her for the first stage of operation. The key to total recall of a gestalt is an emotion . . ."

Hugo was back at his offices by ten minutes to four. Mrs. Garson, gray hair youthfully permanented, was waiting. "Hello, Hugo," she gushed. He nodded, smiling absently. To Nancy he said, "Bring me the file on Green. I want to go over the poly reports in it." He strode on into his office and closed the door.

Nancy came in a moment later with the folio. "What about Mrs. Garson?" she asked.

"Have her wait. I'll get to her on time. Stay here for a minute, Nancy."

He thumbed through the layers of paper, and pounced on the one he was searching for. "Here it is," he said, mostly to himself. "I'm sure the polyanalyzer was wrong. It establishes interval, then bases it's conclusions on straight inter-

val. In rare instances that is false evaluation, because the mind can jump into high gear, then drop back. And look at this . . . Interval too short. Green completed the word in his mind before the polyanalyzer finished it. That gave him an extra fraction of a second to react. The poly recognized that only because it was confronted with a zero interval. I'm beginning to see what I missed — what is bothering me about Green avoiding his appointment today."

He looked up at Nancy. "Look at these, Nancy," he said. "You're interested in associations."

She stood beside him and looked at the paper.

"For house he said parlor. He wouldn't have thought of that word in connection with a house. It could only have been house: death in a house: funeral parlor: parlor. And down here — For horse he replied shoe — was he thinking shoot? The interval indicates shoe was the second word he thought of. The slowly expelled breath after it, everything indicates he has murder on his mind. And some of these others — he was at the f.a. pause day before yesterday. Get Captain O'Conner on the phone. Hurry."

Nancy hurried from the room to her desk outside. A moment later she had the connection.

"O'Conner?" Hugo Bard said. "This is Dr. Bard. Look — I

know you can't stick your neck out. I'm not supposed to either, but I've been going over my file on Green again, and I'm prepared to sign a warrant for him as a dangerous potential criminal. It's a gamble, and I'll have to pay for it with the A.M.A. If he wants to carry it to them."

"Any idea whom he might kill, doctor?"

"None. If I had him here I could soon find out with a special association list. It's more than possible that it's happened already, in the past three days. Get the warrant ready. I'll be down by six thirty to sign it. My word on that. If my word is good enough, start searching for him right away."

He flicked the phone bar. "Nancy, send in the inpenated mind. What I won't go through for twenty-five dollars!" He heard Nancy's pleasant, "You may go in now, Mrs. Garson." He hung up, grinning.

At 6:05 he was rid of Mrs. Garson. At 6:25 he sign the warrant in the office of O'Conner who had waited personally for him, to meet him. O'Conner was quite interested in the case now. He had men on the case already. David Green was not home, nor could he be located. Green had a rich uncle, a girl friend, a service station and garage which he owned but didn't run himself. The

police were making headway.

From 6:35 to 6:38 Hugo Bard talked to his wife on the phone after having given his dinner order to a waiter in a quiet restaurant. He relaxed utterly during dinner, reading the newspaper, glancing at the people about him, savoring his food consciously at times in order to get his stomach interested.

At 7:22 while he was on dessert a man and woman descended on him. He glanced up, not recognizing them. Then he did. "Why Mrs. Gorham — Gertrude! Is this your husband?"

"I certainly am," the man said. "I've always hoped I would meet you so I could thank you for —"

"Not you," Mrs. Gorham said. "I received the psychosurgery, and I appreciate it far more than you can, Paul."

Hugo grinned. "Won't you join me? I'm about ready to leave, but I'll have another coffee with you. Always glad to see the results of my work. It gives me the will to keep on." His memory was filling in for him. Mrs. Gorham had been highly paranoiac — as are thirty percent of women who have been married a few years — only more toward the distinct psychopathic level, making life a living hell for everyone about her. Eventually she might have shot her husband for dropping ashes on the rug or something just as monumental. He realized with a start

of surprise why he hadn't remembered her. She had been the big bosomed bloated belly type. Now she was well proportioned, graceful and graceous. Not being too interested in the physiological after-effects of psychocatharsis and surgery, it always surprised him to realize once again that a balanced mind produces a balanced body.

At 7:40 he took leave of the Gorhams. At 7:58 he checked in at the Psychosurgery Annex. He instructed the girl to tell the police where he was. From 8:10 to 8:50, accompanied by the three internes, he made the rounds of his hospitalized patients.

At 8:52 he stopped in front of the observation window to Mary Davis's room. And the p.a. speaker started saying, "Calling Dr. Bard. Calling Dr. Bard."

He went to the nearest local phone. "Dr. Bard talking. What is it?"

"Police Captain O'Conner is on the phone, Dr. Bard." And, a second later, "Dr. Bard? O'Conner. Remember my mentioning the rich uncle? Mr. Philo Green. Lived in a fortieth floor suite at the Waldorf. He leaped or was thrown from a window ten minutes ago. I'm there now. He left a suicide note. We still haven't located David Green. This is going to be damned embarrassing to you if the suicide is genuine. Want me to forget the warrant? Offi-

cially, that is. When we get David . . .”

“Use your own judgment, O’Conner. I’m three minutes away from surgery here at the hospital. I can’t be reached for the next four hours. If you want me tonight you can get me here at exactly one a.m. Goodbye.”

He dropped the phone and returned to the observation window. Inside, Mary Davis lay still, entirely naked except for numerous electrodes attached by tape to her body, a pneumatometer over her mouth and nose — utterly transparent so that her features weren’t hidden, and other measuring instruments. Above her, bright red dots on the tri-di video camera indicated it to be alive and watching.

Beside Mary Davis inside the room, an interne and two nurses stood, each wearing headphones and soundproof mike masks, the cords spiraling from their heads toward the ceiling.

Hugo Bard sat down at the control panel. Directly in front of him a tri-di screen brought a realistic color image of Mary’s head. Around the screen sensitive pointers in meters were delicately alive.

He absently placed earphones over his head, and at once he could hear the deep slow breathing of the patient.

“Hello, Mary,” he said dreamily. “This is Hugo. Remember me.”

As though echoing from an infinite distance, her voice replied. “Hello, Hugo.”

And thus, simply, psychosurgery had begun. For John Newland, the freshman interne viewing it for the first time, it was at least hair raising. Infant squalling, baby talk, little girl talk, coming from the throat of a grown woman — to be interrupted often by what seemed a separate entity residing in the same body, an emotionless lost-soul voice from beyond heaven or hell, speaking from within the chest, describing, answering Dr. Bard’s questions, obeying his commands.

Mary had been born with the juices of her mother’s intense fear of immanent death still soaking her. She had sucked in her first breath untended, while the doctor and nurses concentrated on her mother. It had begun then, a gestalt at the cornerstone of Mind before the id identified itself with toe and thumb and mouth, before consciousness integrated the concept of *I* and *possessed* all the mental cosmos it could accept emotionally, fleeing from all else — and thus casting itself psychotically free of what should have been its solid rock of security.

Is a bottle half full or half empty? To Mary, her mother was always leaving her — to the terrors of being alone. Her father

was always leaving her — or not there. They never came. They were never there. They were leaving, or not there. Things fled, or were about to flee.

It was, of course, just one tributary of the river of Mind, isolated by drug-fixed morbidity and artificially induced depression which walled off the happier moments, the gay hopes — often fulfilled. But it was real, and the bil of its spring waters polluted the broad currents of the adult stream of consciousness. So much so, in fact, that Mary's libido, that vast unconscious stream of directed and undirected many-layered motivations and drives of which the conscious mind is almost the complete tool — or victim, in this case — was obsessed with murder, self destruction, general destruction, and revenge against everything. And held in check only by an intense fear of being *alone*.

Even to Dr. Hugo Bard it was a nightmare, listening to the disembodied chest-voice of the unconscious woman, the voice of her *monitor* (conscience, superconscious ego, etc.) as it patiently portrayed the progression of the gestaltic stairway from the sub-depths of pre-birth to the present.

The rundown was completed at midnight. Immediately Dr. Bard returned Mary to the moment of birth, before she had taken her first breath. Here was the point

where the first Lie must be firmly implanted.

Special drugs to disorient her entire motor nerve network had to take effect. Antidote for the temperature depressant was included in the mixture. A drug (first isolated in 2005 A.D., which, when injected in laboratory rats caused them to go berserk with fear) was injected directly into the aorta. Suggestion paralyzed the diaphragm. Complete physiological recapitulation of the post-birth sequence of events was created, with split-second timing. The bed on which Mary lay was upended in one violent jerk. An electric hammer built into the bed gave her behind a brutal spank. And a tape recording produced the sound effects of a loving, heartlessly cruel Father and Protector, as fear-antidote, and *aside* hypnotic direction implanted the new — the *secure* — transfer from the womb to independent existence.

At 1:00 A.M. Mary was "less than an hour old" and Hugo Bard was more weary than he had ever been in his life, he thought. He left her that way, with a nurse crooning softly in her ears and speaking to her as a loving mother speaks to her newborn child. It was a psychosurgical Lie, but it would anchor a floating mind to a secure bedrock of sane balance.

And it was only the beginning.
"Calling Dr. Bard. Calling Dr.

Bard . . ." the p.a. speaker said in a pleasant feminine voice. Hugo wiped his sleeve across his forehead and went to the hall phone. "This is Dr. Bard," he said quietly.

A moment later a familiar voice sounded. "This is O'Conner, doctor. I stayed up to give you a report. We picked up David Green and booked him on an open charge. It doesn't look like we can make a murder charge stick, though. We've been trying to crack the case open, but the suicide note stymies us. It's Philo Green's handwriting, all right. Everything about the case spells suicide. We're working on David to break down his alibi. I personally think it's murder, now. One of the cleverest murders I've run across. Want to come down and talk to David?"

Hugo glanced at his watch. It was 1:03. "Could you take him to my office?" he said. "We can clear this whole thing up there."

"It's irregular, but — okay."

"Be there in half an hour," Hugo said wearily, and hung up.

He showered and had a brief rub down in Physiotherapy, drank a cup of hot coffee gratefully that a student nurse had waiting for him, conscious of her worshipful eyes on him, knowing the cause of that worship, knowing that he was worthy of it. Egoboost, but well earned. From 1:26 to 1:27 he was on the elevator descending to

the basement garage, thinking briefly of his wife, wondering if she was asleep, wanting to call her but knowing he wouldn't.

At 1:36 he parked at the curb in front of his offices, behind a darkened police car. "Hello, O'Conner. Hello David," he said, shaking hands. He led the procession to the entrance door and unlocked it, turning on lights as he went through to his office. He switched on the polyanalyzer so it could warm up.

Without looking at David Green he said, "You know, don't you, David, that I'm going to find out whether you killed your uncle. The evidence won't be accepted in court, but once these men know for sure that you did, they'll break you down, destroy your alibi. They're strictly twentieth century."

"Aren't you violating professional ethics in this business?" David Green asked, his voice careful.

"Perhaps. Strip—" Dr. Bard was interrupted by a fit of coughing from David Green. "Your flu bothering you, David? Strip to your shorts. I'm going to use the electrodes and get a complete physiological reaction chart." To O'Conner and his men, "You ever see a polyanalyzer work? It's the psychodiagnostician's main tool. Not perfect, but it's being improved all the time. I myself am working on an idea which will

make it more perfect — eliminate more of the guesswork.”

“We have our lie box,” O’Conner said. “Not as elaborate, of course; and too many people can beat the lie box.”

David Green had undressed. “Lie down on the couch, David,” Dr. Bard said. When David Green complied, he started taping paste smeared electrodes to his skin. “Even so,” he said absently, “the polyanalyzer is crude compared to what we have for mental surgery. It’s just an office instrument — a probe. You’re perspiring rather freely, David.” He touched a control on the polyanalyzer. A pointer in a sensitive

meter jumped away from zero. “Hmm. You’re running a slight temperature.” Other meters came to life. “Did you kill your uncle, David?”

“No.”

O’Conner said, “God! Look at those needles jump all over the dial! He’s lying sure as shooting.”

“That could mean — something else,” Dr. Bard said quietly. “Where were you when your uncle fell from the window, David?”

“I was at a show.”

Dr. Bard’s eyes studied the variations of the instruments. “I’m sorry, David,” he said regretfully. “You’re lying. Did you

murder your uncle? Answer me."

"No." The instruments moved wildly.

Hugo Bard went to a filing cabinet and came back with a tape spool. "I'm going to run a word-association, David," he said.

Eyes watched in fascination as he inserted the spool. The poly-analyzer spoke a word. David answered. Again. It went on and on. Finally Dr. Bard shut off the machine. Its lights dimmed. The needles drifted down to their zero pegs. The doctor seemed lost in thought, while O'Conner and his men watched him with wide eyes, waiting.

"Did he do it?" O'Conner finally said, breaking the silence.

"In a sense," Dr. Bard said quietly. "Not in the legal sense. His uncle actually committed suicide. That's true, isn't it David?"

"Yes." It was subdued.

Dr. Bard sighed. "What really happened was that you knew he was going to. That's what filled your thoughts lately with death. You were sandwiched between your uncle and the possibility that I might find out what was going on. I'll let it go at that — provided you agree to enter the hospital for surgery. We'll make that a week from now. After the funeral."

O'Conner's voice was edged with anger. "You mean he didn't do it? We've gone through all this for nothing?"

"I wouldn't say that," Hugo Bard said. "If you could have picked up David right away I could have learned what was going on, and you could have prevented the suicide. It was, in a very real sense, murder. But you can't convict a man of murder just by proving he knew suicide was immanent — and wanted it to happen." Hugo sighed. "Think about it. I might feel I need the help of your department again. I hope I will get it. Some day —" He stopped talking, smiled tiredly. As a specialist he had dreams of megalomania about his profession. Dreams in which even the police department was a minor subdivision instrument of mass psychosurgery, creating a perfect world of balanced, healthy minds.

"Call on me any time," O'Conner said gruffly. "Maybe I might use you sometime. First time I've ever seen much of this stuff. Put your clothes on, Green. We have to take you with us. You'll be released in the morning. But do what the doctor says — or we'll keep an eye on you."

After a while they were gone. Hugo went to the back room and bathed his face in cold water. He came back and cleared the poly-analyzer, and filed the tapes.

He glanced at his watch before turning off the lights. It was 2:53.

He wondered if his wife was asleep. He sighed.

She led a rough life.