

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE

JULY 1958
Vol. 10, No. 1

	Escape Ferocity	4
	by <i>William Campbell Gault</i>	
	Satellites of the Future	27
	by <i>Werner Buedeler</i>	
	Winged Victory	32
	by <i>Thomas Burnett Swann</i>	
<hr/>	The Pair	39
<i>H. L. Herbert</i>	by <i>Joe L. Hensley</i>	
<i>Publisher</i>		
<hr/>	Two Suns of Morcali	45
	by <i>Evelyn E. Smith</i>	
<i>Hans Stefan</i>	Egghead	67
<i>Santesson</i>	by <i>Robert Bloch</i>	
<i>Editorial Director</i>		
<hr/>	The Truth About Flying Saucers . . .	79
	by <i>Morris K. Jessup</i>	
	The Lovely House	88
	by <i>Michael Shaara</i>	
	Road to Nightfall	92
	by <i>Robert Silverberg</i>	
	Shapes in the Sky	113
	by <i>Civilian Saucer Intelligence</i>	
<i>Virgil Finlay</i>	Children's Hour	121
<i>Cover Design</i>	by <i>Wallace Edmondson</i>	
	Spacenet	126
	by <i>Robert Andrea</i>	

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, Vol. 10, No. 1. Published monthly by KING-SIZE PUBLICATIONS, INC., 320 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1, N. Y. Subscription 12 issues \$3.75, single copies 35¢. Foreign postage extra. Reentered as second-class matter at the post office, New York, N. Y. The characters in this magazine are entirely fictitious and have no relation to any persons living or dead. Copyright, 1958, by KING-SIZE PUBLICATIONS, INC. All rights reserved. July, 1958.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL
RECORD, July, 1963:

winged victory

by...Thomas Burnett Swann

From its pedestal in the Louvre, the Winged Victory of Samothrace has greeted visitors for almost a century and inspired them to draw, paint, photograph, and scrutinize. Till seven months ago, however, the goddess lacked arms and a head, and few could see her without secretly wishing for the restoration of such vital appendages.

Last year an archeological field expedition to Samothrace uncovered a marble head not far from the original location of the Winged Victory. At first no one associated head and statue, since the head was decidedly non-human. True, it had eyes, nose, mouth, and somewhat dishevelled hair. But the "ears" resembled the antennae of a wasp. Such an object was unique in the annals of archeology. Three months later, a second discovery not only solved the enigma of the head and linked it to the Winged Victory, but hinted that the earth had been visited by extra-terrestrials in the year 306 B.C. The discovery was a papyrus manuscript written by a sculptor of Samothrace. The Archeologi-

Demetrius Polioctetes, ruler of Samothrace, could be quite difficult. Sculptors who irritated him had been executed.

Have you ever wondered who stood model for "The Winged Victory of Samothrace," and who was responsible for the graceful sweep of the lines, both visible and invisible, of which you are so conscious? Thomas Burnett Swann, Tennessee poet and writer who now lives in Florida, answers the question.

cal Record is proud to publish the first English translation of that manuscript. For the convenience of our readers, the Greek gods have been designated by their more familiar Roman names.

MANUSCRIPT OF SOSICLES, SCULPTOR OF SAMOTHRACE

Patara reclined in a nest of purple cushions while I chiseled a nose on my latest statue, Venus Couchant. Suddenly a young man burst into the room.

"Mercury!" Patara shrieked, and concealed her opulence behind a cushion. She was not being superstitious. Strange lights had lit the sky recently, and rumor had it that they were the flying chariots of the gods.

The young man, however, introduced himself as an emissary from Demetrius Poliocretes, King of Macedonia and Samothrace. Demetrius was a redoubtable and willful monarch and his recent naval victory over Ptolemy of Egypt had added to his self-esteem. Last year I had sculpted some Venuses for him and been well rewarded, but sculptors who disappointed him were exiled or executed.

"The king wants a statue to commemorate his victory," said the messenger in a rude voice. He had the look of brash confidence which often characterizes the very young or the very stupid.

"Oh?" I said. "How about a statue of Venus, who fills the hearts

of the king's subjects with love?" Most of my life I had carved Venuses. The women I preferred as models were invariably of a Venus-like voluptuousness. I was an indoor type myself. Though under thirty, I preferred the couch to the battlefield and candlelight to sunshine.

"He wants a statue of Victory. With wings, torch, and robe."

I was silent.

"Well?"

"I'll see what I can do."

"And I will return at the end of the week to see what you've done."

He left without a good-bye. Patara tossed aside the purple cushion and resumed her pose.

"I'm afraid," I said to her, "that Venus will have to sit up for awhile."

Sighing, she got to her feet. Like most hetaerae, she was pink and white with artfully applied cosmetics and redolent of sweet lotions. Her sable hair swirled upward into elaborate curlicues which held, as the black earth holds greenery, a cluster of tiny jade apples. Patara was an intoxicating woman, but could I make her into Victory? I draped a stark white robe around her shoulders. Then I tilted her head back so that she would seem to be gazing down triumphantly on a defeated host, and thrust a torch into her hand. Perhaps I could rig artificial wings out of hawk feathers.

"Look victorious," I said.

"Huh?"

"Look as if you had just made a conquest in love. I want you to pose for Victory."

"I make a better Venus," she sniffed. She was right. Her softness, her curves, her expression could not have been less appropriate for a goddess of battles.

"Yes," I sighed. "I'm afraid you do. Run along into the next room, dear. I have some work to do."

Palaeopoli, chief city of Samothrace, was a poor source for models of Victory. Its hetaerae were soft and languorous, like Patara. Its peasant folk, who farmed and fished for sponges, were robust without being regal. And there was no time to go hunting on the mainland. I wandered into the streets, knowing very well that I would not find what I sought, but loathe to remain in the house and do nothing. I must have walked for an hour when a man ran toward me shouting: "They've landed, they've landed!"

I stepped in front of him. "Who's landed?" I asked.

"One of those lights we've been seeing," he said. "We think it's the gods in a sky-chariot."

"Where?"

"On top of Mt. Saoc." And he was off to spread the news.

So the gods had landed. Somehow, I was not impressed. I was too much occupied with the problem of finding a Victory. Then it came to me how the arrival of the gods could solve my own dilemma. I

wanted to sculpt a goddess. Why not engage a goddess as my model? Oh, I knew well enough that deities were capricious beings who turned men into crickets or stags at the drop of a helmet. On the other hand, they could be gracious and accommodating. Had not Venus accommodated Anchises to the point of bearing him Aeneas? If you approached them with humility and unfeigned admiration; if you remembered that they were human enough to like a neatly turned compliment, you could often as not get whatever you wanted. The very act of asking a goddess to pose for you was the highest of compliments. I refreshed my memory on divine genealogies and set off for the top of Mt. Saoc.

I met people along the way, curiosity seekers who wanted a peep at the gods. But one by one they fell victim to tired feet or timidity, and when the cyclopean walls and painted temples of Palaeopoli had become toy-sized in the blue haze of afternoon, I found myself alone. Minutes later I reached the summit of the mountain.

The sky-chariot of the gods was a great bronze ball which almost blinded me with its reflected light. But where were the divine pilots of this marvelous machine? I crouched behind a rock and awaited their appearance, half fearful, half expectant. I had not long to wait. A round door opened in the side of the chariot, and a god and goddess descended a ladder to the ground.

They must have been seven feet tall, and they had translucent red wings which fluttered picturesquely in the wind, and fetching red antennae in place of ears. Whatever the goddess' name, she was Victory incarnate. She had everything: strength, poise, regality, even a pair of wings (everything except clothes, that is, and I could supply her with a suitable robe in my studio). If I could only engage her to sit for me!

They began to shuffle along the ground and poke around their feet. At first I thought that they had dropped something from the ladder. Then the god leaned down and picked a nondescript flower, which he dropped into a bag at his side. The goddess seemed to be collecting stones. Pretty soon they faced each other and exchanged words. Their language was unfamiliar to me, but their meaning was clear. They were having a quarrel. Angrily they separated and resumed their search. Before long the goddess began to throw looks at the god which seemed to say, "Let's make up," but he refused to meet her gaze, and she wandered disconsolately toward my rock. At close range, I saw that she was less than perfect. Her hair was so dishevelled that her feelers suggested barley stalks in a clump of weeds. And her cheeks looked as pale and lifeless as chalk. She was still a superb woman, but a somewhat untidy one.

"Hisst," I whispered.

She looked around her in panic.

I stepped from behind the rock and fell onto my knees.

"Victory, Venus, Juno," I said, "whatever your name, incomparable goddess, I salute you."

She stared and strained her feelers toward me as if she had trouble understanding my Greek. I remembered that the gods had worshipers in many lands and could not be expected to speak our language exclusively.

"Please stand up," she said finally in a slow, precise manner. "You make me nervous down there."

I stood up and continued my speech.

"In fact, fair goddess, your beauty so beguiles me that I would like nothing better than to capture it in marble for all the world to honor. By the way, what *is* your name?"

"Victory will do," she said, looking pleased, and tried to smooth her hair. "I'm afraid I look a mess. I wish you had seen me before I started my trip."

"You have an elegant, wind-blown look," I said, "which is exactly what I want in my statue."

"But not what *he* wants," she muttered, and hurried to add: "I'm afraid I haven't time to pose, young man, though I appreciate your invitation."

I debated whether or not to abduct her. She seemed a gentle, even a shy goddess, and it might be that all she needed was a little coaxing. No pretty woman wants to seem over-zealous to have her statue

made. Tentatively I reached toward her wrists.

I did not hear her companion steal up behind me.

He caught my arms in a metal-strong grip and I was powerless to loose myself. The goddess spoke to him in their foreign tongue, and for once they seemed to agree.

"We'll have to keep you with us for awhile," he growled.

"I'm sorry but that's impossible," I said. I told him my problem.

"We have a problem too. Orders from—Jupiter—not to be seen. When we blast off for Olympus, you can go home. If we let you go now, you might tell your friends about us."

The delay of several days could prove fatal. When Demetrius' emissary came to look in on me at the end of the week, he would think that I had run away and summon the soldiers. And even when released, I doubted that I could remember Victory's features well enough to translate them into marble. My situation was desperate.

They led me up the ladder and into the sky-chariot. Corridors branched in all directions, and each beckoned with a magical array of gadgets and colors. But my captors hurried me straight ahead into a small storeroom laden with boxes. The god glared at Victory as if she were to blame for my intrusion and left us alone together.

"I will fetch you some food," she said, and locked me in the room. I examined my cell. It was

without windows, candles, or lanterns, but a light which seemed to emanate from the walls turned my white himation to a luminous purple. It was a cold light and I began to shiver. Enough, I told myself. I must think, not brood. My thoughts, naturally, turned to escape, and I did not intend to escape without Victory. Force would be useless. She would scream for help. But enticement might succeed. At first I considered offering myself as bait. Patara had often told me that I was irresistible (if a little plump from too much time with my Venuses). But I lacked wings and antennae and, besides, Victory seemed devoted to her lover (for so I judged him to be). What other enticements might persuade her?

At this point Victory returned with my supper: six pills in contrasting colors.

"I'm not sick, you know," I said.

"Eat them," she said, looking as if she were about to cry. No doubt she had exchanged further harsh words with her lover.

"Very well," I sighed. "But I'd prefer something more substantial."

I swallowed the pills. They tasted like dust.

"Do you *like* these things?" I asked.

"Not really," she said in a vacant voice. "But they keep me going and they don't take up much room. On a trip like this, we haven't space for luxuries."

"How would you like to sit down at a table and eat a haunch of wild

boar and drink a wine aged in my own cellar?"

She looked as if she were trying to remember how her last real meal had tasted. An expression of beatitude crossed her face. "I'd love to," she said.

"Fine," I said. "Let's get—"

"But I can't leave my friend. He's cross enough as it is." And she burst into tears.

"Please don't cry," I said. "He'll get over it."

"No," she said. "We've been alone together for six months now and he told me this morning that I'm no more exciting than a food capsule. He said—sniff—that I'd lost my Mystery."

Just then I heard footsteps coming down the corridor. Closer and closer they came, and they seemed to represent my own doom marching toward me with inexorable feet. In that same determined fashion, Demetrius' guards would march up to my house and spirit me away to exile or worse. My mind worked frantically and, under the impetus of threat, arrived at the only possible solution. I whispered in Victory's antennae.

"Are you two going to gossip all day?" the god snapped as he strode into the room. "There's work to do outside." He gave Victory a push and I was once again left alone.

But that night Victory returned to my cell. She handed me a cloak and said:

"Would you mind tucking down

my wings? I prefer to travel incognito."

"But won't they break?" I asked. "Anything stiff enough to fly—"

"They wouldn't get me off the ground," she explained. "They're purely decorative. Speed it up if you don't mind. *He's* a light sleeper."

I completed the task with dispatch and we left the ship as furtively as lovers outwitting a jealous husband. When we approached Paleopoli, Victory stooped like an old woman so that passers-by would not wonder at her excessive height.

Home at last, I roused Patara out of bed and introduced her to Victory.

"She's going to spend the night with us," I said. "I've engaged her as a model."

"I know damn well why you engaged her," Patara snapped, and ripped off Victory's cloak as if the goddess were a slave on the auction block. Scarlet wings billowed into the air and sent little breezes through the room.

"A goddess," Patara gasped, and dropped to her knees.

I drew Patara to her feet. "I'm sure Victory won't hold a grudge. After all, she was incognito."

"Of course I won't," Victory smiled at Patara. Then she looked at me as if to say, "But I *may* hold a grudge if you don't give me the enticement you promised."

"And now we have some work to do," I said quickly. Victory might be a goddess, but I had no

intention of paying off until she had posed for me. Of course I did not expect her to pose for the finished marble statue; only for a small clay image which would serve as a model after Victory had returned to her ship. When she understood that I would be finished with her in a few hours, she posed with true regality. Her wind-blown look gave her the appearance of a woman standing on the prow of a vessel in the midst of a storm. I was certain that Demetrius, who prided himself on his fleet, would approve of the nautical effect.

When I had completed my clay image, I asked Patara to give Victory the promised reward. With the aid of hot irons, Patara crimped and twisted Victory's hair into curls over her forehead and built up an elaborate top-knot with cleverly inserted bunches of false hair. She whitened Victory's neck and arms with white-lead and reddened her lips and cheeks with alkanet. Finally, she coiled gold snakes around

the goddess's arms and hung silver clusters of grapes from her antennae. The result was Mystery. With no room in the crowded sky-chariot for cosmetics, Victory had, in her lover's eyes, ceased to exist. Thanks to Patara's art, she was again a Woman.

After the transformation, I escorted her back to the sky-chariot. I hid behind my rockpile while she walked the last few hundred feet to the ship. The god was waiting for her.

He roared an angry greeting, but the moonlight fell full on her white shoulders and lit up the silver grapes suspended from her antennae. His tone softened and became almost a plea. I slipped off into the woods, confident that Victory and I had both benefited from our trade.

As for my statue, I completed it on schedule. Demetrius was pleased, though the antennae puzzled him. He would not believe my explanation.

