AUGUST, 1961 Galaxy VOL. 19, NO. 6

MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

Cover by EMSH illustrating THE DEEP DOWN DRAGON	_
FIVE STAR SHELF by Floyd C. Gal	e 154
FOR YOUR INFORMATION by Willy Le	y 131
CONVENTION NEWS	91
EXTRATERRESTRIAL TRILOGUE by Sheri S. Eberhai	+ 84
FORECAST	83
NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S PAD	. 5
FEATURES	
THE DEEP DOWN DRAGON	il 142
RETURN ENGAGEMENT by Lester del Re	
THE STUFF by Henry Slesa	ır 86
ALOYS by R. A. Laffert	y 59
THE GOD NEXT DOOR by Bill Doed	e 42
LOCHINVAR by Margaret St. Cla	ir 34
SHORT STORIES	
THE KING OF THE CITYby Keith Laume	r 92
THE AIR OF CASTOR OIL by Jim Harmo	
THE GATEKEEPERS by J. T. McIntos	h 8
NOVELETTES	-
THE MOON MOTHby Jack Vanc	e 159
NOVELLA	

ROBERT M. GUINN, Publisher

H. L. GOLD, Editor

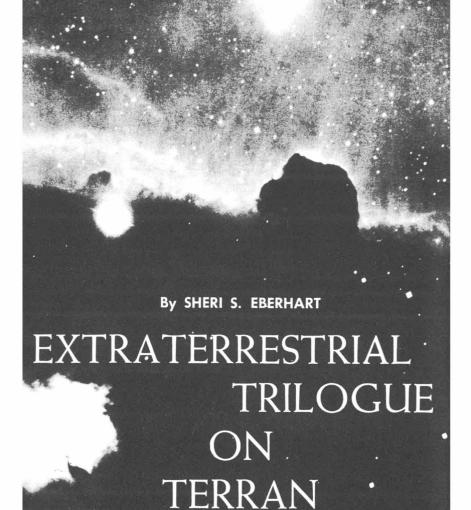
SAM RUVIDICH, Art Director WILLY LEY, Science Editor

FREDERIK POHL, Managing 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 1961, 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.



SELF-DESTRUCTION

84

Three creatures sat on the sands of Mars, and the first, to the ancient twiddling bars that the second played on a twalreg flute sang a canal lay most convolute, while the third, with his horn in the sand, sat mute considering the stars.

At last the second stilled his fife, and the third twonged out (his voice was rife with a hint of fear) "Do you know that there, where the third planet spins in its veil of air, I'm convinced there's a spot, a jot, a hair, a widge, perhaps, of life."

The first began an amusement dance, while the second, fourth eyes crossed, askance, skibbed with extreme severity, "You ought to watch your tongues," quoth he. "One should not affront the Deity by mentioning such chance.

"For years our scientists have spent their time in the establishment of reasons why the life we know could not exist above, below, or anyplace but here! They show that fact self evident."

Just then their eyes were caught, aghast, for where the air-veiled planet passed a ball of fire had blossomed wide, and holocausts together vied to rip the ravened globe aside with nothing left at last.

Murmured the first, "You will allow, by every old and sacred vow, this proves my point and proves it well. Those pyrotechnics must compel you to recant!" The third said, "Hell, it doesn't matter now."

And they sat back down on the sands of Mars to hear the ancient, twiddling bars of a Martian dirge or the twalreg flute, in troches old and dissolute, while the third, with his horn in the sand, sat mute, considering the stars.