

Mr J. G. Cole of 19 Agnew Street, Lytham, Lancashire, would like to obtain copies of the following: *A Clash of Cymbals* by James Blish, *Voyage of the Space Beagle* by A. E. Von Vogt and *I, Robot* by Isaac Asimov.

Mr J. Wainwright of 110 Selbourne Road, Southgate, London, N.14, would like information about copies of the American edition of the magazine *Astounding SF* issued BEFORE 1953. If anyone can help, will they please send a list of the copies they have and the price of each one to Mr Wainwright.

All the above members should, of course, be contacted direct.

THE REDEEMER

by Austin Sinclair

(a member of SFBC)

SCHOOLCHILDREN battled past his legs as he stood in the main hall. None of them recognized him, nor did their teachers, and he was grateful, for he carried his heritage heavily. Not only outwardly, in his squat face and shoulders, his red hair and overburdened muscles, but in his inward antagonism to all accepted codes. The same antagonism had made his grandfather, Philip Sanay, fight the doctrines of his day, and the victory of that fight had eliminated antagonism, leaving only the hurt and bewildered awareness of incompatibility.

Carl Sanay moved on, past the life-like statue of his grandfather and into one of the smaller halls. Philip Sanay had discovered that life was orthorhombic, that any and every condition possessed an opposition and a compromise. His experiments taught him that the opposition and the compromise had consciousness of their own, existence in their own right, and once and for all the mono-duo controversy of the ancient Greeks was decided. Not content with dealing philosophy the death-blow of complete understanding, Philip Sanay had turned to psychology. He defined the personality of man as an orthorhombic progression from the cell (membrane-cytoplasm-nucleus) to the complete individual (physical-metal-abstract).

The opposition which his ideas aroused was nullified by the first empiric test and, without warning, man understood himself. It was a victory of tremendous magnitude. But understanding leads to development, and after Philip Sanay's exhaustive definition of man's personality every individual trait became easy to develop. In one generation man became superman because he finally understood himself, and not only himself but his friends and his enemies too. Misunderstanding died the same death as war, argument, fear and lust. No man could tell a lie, no man could fight, no man could fail to understand another, could be jealous of another or not appreciate another's whims and idiosyncrasies. Statisticians gathered facts and correlators added them together for the benefit of craftsmen, and, in partnerships only possible between free individuals, marvel after marvel was created for humanity's new understanding.

Until now, thought Carl, as he moved past the exhibits, we have had a perfect world; we have controlled the growth of population; education is planned for the individual and the need of the individual is the only purpose of education. Want is a thing of the past and food for the body, the mind and the abstract parts of man is abundant. Philip Sanay did man one other favour before he died and that was to return the incentive he had taken away. As he died Philip Sanay said: 'Man has the makings of God. When he rediscovers creation, man will be God.'

So humanity took upon itself the task of becoming God, and having set this world to rights, men went out to the galaxies to look for God. The time was reached when everything was understood and nowhere could God be found, neither in the vast reaches of space nor in the infinitesimal orbits of the atom, nor in man's understanding nor in nature's need. Only somewhere in the banished fears of man had there ever been a God. So man had discovered the truth and, in the truth, the choice: to stagnate in richness or to create, godlike, a purpose for living. Man chose his purpose and became God to make other worlds as his own had been made and fostered.

Then they took down all the statues to God and in their places erected statues to Philip Sanay, the Redeemer.

St Paul's Cathedral was a museum to the worship of the one-time God. It was filled with statues, paintings, frescoes, books, ornaments, organs and clothing created and used in the forgotten worship of God. Every hymn of praise that had ever been written could be heard on tape, every kind of bible could be seen, every ikon and every cross and every passion. People came to be amused and to pass away an hour, wondering at the vast ignorance of their forefathers.

Carl Sanay wandered through the cathedral, past the altars to the various saints, through the sounds of massed choirs and the exhortations of long-dead priests. As he walked a feeling of gentleness came to him and he smiled at his own nostalgia. At the foot of an altar dedicated to the Lord Krishna, a man sat idly drawing in the dust on the little-used steps. Among his doodlings was an ovoid, a flattened ellipse, and Carl Sanay stopped when he saw it. Bending forward he added a cross to one end of the ovoid and with his finger placed a dot inside to make a crude fish, much as a child would draw. The man instantly wiped it out and walked away.

Carl followed at a distance along the stone-flagged aisles past altars and chapels to a door in one wall. Down steps behind the door which crept into the earth itself, past dank walls, down, down, towards a light flickering in the darkness of a crypt. Here a dozen people were kneeling down on the hard flags, their faces raised and their eyes closed. Their whole attitude, and the atmosphere surrounding them, was strange; their personalities vibrated with an emotion for which the Sanay Personality Formulae had no symbol.

Carl knelt down among them and, as he began to pray, felt the peace that believers in past centuries had felt, the sense of humility and communion. Carl Sanay, the grandson of Philip Sanay, the Redeemer, was a rebel who believed in the existence of God.

THIS MONTH'S CHOICE IS
THE DARKEST OF NIGHTS
by Charles Eric Maine

(Hodder & Stoughton 15s; SFBC 6s)

NEXT MONTH'S CHOICE IS
TIME IN ADVANCE
by William Tenn

(Gollancz 15s; SFBC 6s)