When I wanted was a good night's sleep. What I get was violation by the pack of deepwalkers in history.

By JAMES STANERS

A FEW days after the finally developed and the Market made the announcement, Harry Jones, the famous athlete, was found dead in his bedroom. The police were called and an investigation was launched.

The room was empty, except for a single object on the desk: a note. It read:

"Dear Harry,"

"I'm sorry to hear about your death. You were a great athlete and a wonderful person. I hope you rest in peace."

"Sincerely,"

"Dr. K. Jones"

Dr. K. Jones was a famous psychiatrist who had treated Harry Jones for many years.

According to the medical examiner, the cause of death was unrelated to any physical injury. It appeared to be a natural cause of death.

The police were satisfied with the conclusion and closed the case.
ophenophino, sugar, coloring to 100%.

The inner office door opened
and Dr. Doogle smiled faintly
at me from behind his expensive
desk.

"Do come in," he called, "and
tell me all about it."

"It's happened again," I said,
going into his office.

"Well, why not, if you feel that
way? Nurse, bring me Mr.
Hing-humph's case history."

"Mr. Har-ry K. Jones' film
is in the transcriber, Doctor," said
the receptionist. "Mr. Jones,
the physicist."

"Ah, yes, of course. Please sit
down, Mr. Jones. Now what ex-
actly is the trouble? Hold nothing
back, tell me all, reveal your
intimate thoughts."

"The main entrance just
served me the breakfast that your
diet forbids," I said, sitting down.

"Plain case of wish fulfillment.
Put it down to poltergeists, Mr.
Jones."

"And what exactly do you
mean by that?"

"Well, now," Dr. Doogle said,
drumming his fat fingers, "I don't
think we need to go into techni-
calities, Mr. Jones."

"Look," I said firmly. "I came
to you to get a quiet night's
sleep. No more insomnia, you
said, leave your problems in the
laboratory, let not the nuclei
banish sleep, work hard, sleep
hard, take tranquilizers and en-
joy the useful recuperation of the
daily wear on body tissues, deep
dreamless sleep of the innocent."

He looked at me suspiciously.

"It sounds like the sort of
advice I might have given," he
admitted.

"Well, at least I managed to
keep my dreams in my head until
I started your treatment. I have
an urgent problem to solve that
vitally affects national security.
I can't have this sort of thing
happening in the middle of an
experiment."

I pointed to the fried egg on
my shoe and shook it off on the
pile of his green carpet.

"Yes, well," he said, peering
over the desk at it. "If you feel
that strongly, Mr. Jones, perhaps
you'd better give up the diet and
just take the pills."

"I want to know how it hap-
pens," I said, and I settled firmly
into the consulting chair.

Dr. Doogle coughed profes-
sionally. "Of course, of course.
You are an intelligent man, Mr.
Jones. One of our leading physi-
cal scientists. Naturally you wish
to know the precise mechanism
of such phenomena. Very com-
mandable and entirely natural.
Think no more about it."

"Dr. Doogle, do you know
what you are doing?"

"Spacio-Psycho is still in its
early stages. Mr. Jones. You are
really privileged to be a pioneer,
you know. We have had some
most interesting results with that
new tranquilizer. I hope you're
not losing faith, Mr. Jones?"

"I accept the orthodox phil-
osophy of Spacio-Psycho, it is
only the basic philosophy of Ch'an or Zen, and I had the
routine scientific education,
naturally."

"Ah," said Dr. Doogle with
rapture, "the substratum of the
universe is no-mind, and thus all
material things are in constant
unimpeded mutual solution. Ji-
jii-mu, the appleseness of an apple
is indistinguishable from the cup-
ness of a cup."

"And an egg on the shoe is
the breakfast I didn't have," I
said.

"Here," he said. "I think those
pills are sending your sleeping
mind down beyond the purely
personal level of your own emo-
tions and subconscious cerebra-
tions. Take these, in a little water,
half an hour before going to
bed."

I stood up and walked over to
the door.

"What are they?" I asked.

"Same as before, only stronger.
Should send you right down to
the root of things. Pass quiet
nights in no-mind, Mr. Jones,
sleep beyond the trammels of
self, support yourself on the uni-
versal calm sea of no-mind."

"If these don't work, there'll
be no-fee," I told him.

I took three of the stronger
pills that night, turned off the
light and lay back in bed, wait-
ning for sleep to come and get me.
The antiseptic odor of the Med-
ical Center recalled itself, but
nothing else happened, and I
was still waiting to go to bed
when I woke up next morning.

No dreams of a breakfast I
couldn't eat, no dreams at all.
I had been smelling the memory
of formaldehyde and just slid off
to sleep. I could still smell it,
for that matter, as if it were
coming from the slightly open
bedroom window. I looked up.

"Hallo," said the tall skinny
man in a doctor's coat on the
window sill.

"Hallo yourself," I said, "Go
away, I'm awake."

"Yes, you are. At least I
assume you are. But I'm not."

I sat up and looked at him,
and he obligingly turned his head
to profile against the brightness
of the window. He had a sharp,
beaky face that was familiar.

"Haven't we met somewhere?"
I asked.

"Certainly," he said, in a
slightly affected voice.

"Well?"

"I don't know your name," he
said, "but I have a very impor-
He shook his head. "Didn't even know they existed," he said. "I don't believe they do in my probable time. What are you, a physicist? Ah," he added, as I nodded, "I wanted to specialize in physics when I was in college, but I went in for medicine instead."

"So did I," I said, "medicine, I mean, but I never passed pharmacology with all those confusing extraterrestrial derivatives."

"Really?" he said interestedly. "It's my weakest subject, too. I'm a pretty good surgeon, but an awful fool with medications. I suppose that's how we got together. You won't come busting up the ward again, will you?"

"I'd like to be obliging, but if I don't dream and I don't know where I am when I'm asleep, I don't see what I can do to stop it. It's not as if I'm really there, is it?"

He crossed his arms and frowned at me. "Look," he said. "In my probable time, you're as much physically there as I am now in your time here. I'll prove it. I know I'm asleep in the emergency surgeon's room in my hospital. You know you're awake in your bedroom."

He held out his hand and walked across the floor to me. "My name's Jones," he said.

"So's mine," I answered, shaking his solid hand. "This must be a very vivid dream to you."

He stepped, walked over to the mirror and moved about until he could see me in it. "Harold K. Jones," he said. "You've got the face I shave every morning, but I've only just recognized you. You're me."

"I prefer to think you are me," I said.

"So you did fail that final pharmacology exam, eh? And I didn't, in my probability. Well, well, I must admit it seemed more probable I would fail at the time, but I passed."

"It was that tramp Kate's fault. She said yes too easily."

"You never married?"

"I never really got over Kate," I said.

"I wonder what would have happened if I had qualified and then not married her."

"You mean what did happen — to the Harry K. Jones who passed in pharmacology but did not marry Kate. He must be around in another probability somewhere, the same as we are. Good heavens," I shouted, "somebody I may have solved the fourth octave equation."

"You're right, Harry. And I may have found out how to get hyperspace relapse under control."

"Harold," I said, "This is momentous! It is more probable that you and I you will make a mess of things, but there must be other probability sequences where we are successful."

"And we can get to them," he shouted, jumping up. "Are you using oxytaloxyhydrobenzoc-pheno-phophin?"

"Something like that."

"Three pills last thing at night?"

"Yes."

"Ever have foreign bodies materialize into your time-space?"

"Several breakfasts," I said. "The last egg was yesterday, on my shoe."

"It was Virginia ham with me, so I stopped dieting and increased the dosage."

"So did I," I said. "I suppose, apart from major points where a whole probability branches off, we lead much the same lives. But eggs don't dream. How did
the ham get into your waking world?"

"Harry, really! I have a tendency to jump to conclusions, which you must control. How do you know eggs don’t dream? I would have thought, though, that a pig was peculiarly liable to the nightmare that it will end up as a rash — any reasonably observant pig, that is. But I don’t think that is necessary. Obviously, we are dipping down to a stratum where things coexist in fact, and not merely one in fact and the other in mind, or one probability and not its twin alternative. Now, how do I get hold of the me that solved this hyperspace relapse business?"

"And I the ultra-uranium octave relationship," I added.

"Look out," he said. "I’m waking up. Good-by, Harry. Look after myself . . ."

He flickered, paused in recovery and then faded insubstantially away. I looked around my empty bedroom. Then, because it was time to go to work at the laboratory, I shaved, dressed and left my apartment, as usual.

Some high brass and politicians had been visiting the laboratory, showing off to their females how they were important enough to visit the top-secret bomb proving labs, and the thick perfume was hanging in the sealed rooms like a damp curtain.

"I wish they wouldn’t bring women into the unventilated labs," I grumbled to my assistant.

"Never mind, Chief. If you can make this bomb work, they’ll let you build your own lab in the Nevada desert, with no roads to it. Have you found the solution?"

"I’ll tell you when I have," I said. "But I do have a new approach to the problem."

And as soon as I could, I left the labs and went back to my apartment downtown, took three pills and lay still, waiting for sleep. I could not get the smell of that perfume in the lab out of my nose. It was a heavy gardeinsia-plus-whatsnot odor. I woke up in the middle of the night with the perfume still clinging to the air. The room was dark and I crossed my fingers as I leaned over to turn on the bedside lamp. If mental concentration on all the possible errors in my work was the key, the successful me should be here in the room, snatched from his own segment of probability.

I turned on the light. There was no one else in the room.

"Hello," I said.

Perhaps it just meant he, or that me, was not asleep, or was perversely not using tranquilizers.

Or didn’t that matter? No, I controlled this alone and had gone wrong.

"Did you say something, Harry?" asked Kate, stepping out of the bathroom and pulling the top of her nightgown into, I guess, place. "Ooo, fancy dreaming about you. This is odd."

I sat up and covered myself protectively in the sheets.

"Look, Kate," I said. "I don’t want to see you. I’m not your husband, really. He’s a pleasant fellow, I met him today, and he’s not me. I never became a doctor. No doubt you remember what I was doing instead of studying."

That was a mistake, for she came and sat on the edge of the bed and ran her fingers into my hair.

"I thought it was odd I should dream about my husband," she said. "I’ll believe you, because I don’t know how I got here and you do look like the Harry I used to know, before he went all high scientific surgeon and no time for fun."

She curved more fully than she had when she was eighteen, but there was neat symmetry to her sine formulae, and she still had blonde hair. Her perfume was the same as the one in the lab I had been smelling all day, it was now reaching me at high simmerage.

So that was the key, the evocative power of smell association. I sniffed deeply at the perfume in appreciation.

"Like it?" Kate asked, wriggling.

"Only for its scientific values," I said. "It suggests a most valuable line of research."

"I’m in favor," she said, and pressed me to the bed.

"Your husband is coming!" I shouted, and it worked. She disappeared. Presumably she woke up in her own probability timespace. And no doubt Kate’s reflexes by now were trained to snap her awake and away at the suggestion that her husband was around. It was highly improbable that Kate would alter much.

I got up to make myself some coffee. There was no point in wasting sleep without a plan. Clearly, I had to take the pills and fix the appropriate smell in my mind, and when I woke up I would drag the proper slice of another probability with me.

And then I would interview the me who had solved the ultra-uranium heavy element equation. And the bomb to end all bombs would be perfected. The test was ready, waiting for me to say, "Let’s go, boys. We know what will happen this time."

But there was, it struck me, the difficulty of finding the right scent to evoke the right probable me.
COLLECTED all the toothpaste, deodorant, shaving stick, aftershave lotion I could find in the bathroom and started on the toothpaste. I inhaled deeply and lay down, with the first tube on my chest. But after the coffee, I slept very briefly, and when I looked up there was only a toothbrush on the carpet.

It was not mine in this world and I had no idea whose it was, or rather which probable me it belonged to.

But at least this established the principle. The smell produced the object — and, if I went deep enough in sleep, it would produce the whole Jones.

I dressed quickly and went out for a walk in the night air, breathing deeply and memorizing every scent I came across.

Then I went back to the apartment, sniffed hard at the row of personal unguents, and lay down to sleep.

When I woke up, it was morning and the room was full of people.

There were about a dozen of me, some wearing very odd clothes, some scowling, others grinning unbecomingly, and some looking just plain stupid.

"Gentlemen," I said, standing up on my bed, "I am sorry to disturb your dreams but a matter of vital consequence has made me call you all here. I am Harry,
or Harold K. Jones, and I became a physicist. I need your help. Do any of you know anything about the octaves of elements beyond uranium?"

There was a bubble, through which I heard chiefly:

"The man's mad ... He says he's me ... Who are you, anyway? ... No, you're not. I'm Jones ..."

"Please, gentlemen," I said. "I don't expect we have much time before some of you wake up in your own probability. You, sir, in the armchair — yes, you in the tight pants — how about you?"

"Me?" he said. "I'm Captain Jones. Third Vector Spacefleet Engineer rank. Who the galactic helix are you, eh?"

Even from the bed, I could detect the smell of sweat and grease from his working uniform.

"I suppose you took up flight engineering at high school?" I suggested.

"Quite right," he snapped. An early deviation, obviously. I remembered being enthralled with the arrival when I was a kid of the early space rockets, but my enthusiasm was daunted by old Birchall, who made us stick to airplanes. Obviously, his was not.

"How about you?" I asked, pointing to the thinnest me in the room.

"Penal colony on Arcetus," he said. "External labor."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I wonder which time — well, how many physicists are there here, or physical chemists, or astronomers, or even general scientists?"

I walked around the room, detecting toothpaste brands A, B, C and Whitebrightener, and a range of toilet preparations with many odors contributing to our popularity with friends, relatives, girls and bosses, but no other physicist. Not a trace of research in my line. One or two of them were already showing signs of waking up elsewhere and disappearing from the room.

I was about to start tracing it back to the point when I abandoned a medical career, and I could still smell the formaldehyde, when Dr. Harold K. Jones appeared.

"Look," he said, "I want you to keep away from Kate. Perhaps I didn't make that clear yesterday ... Good heavens, where did you get all of these me from? Does anyone here know anything about post-operative hyperpace relapse?"

DISGUSTEDLY, I saw that more than half of them did. Perhaps I should have been a doctor, after all. The probabilities were heavily represented in medicine. I sat on the bed and stared at my toes while the doctors bubbled excitedly together. I gathered that Dr. Harold K. Jones had solved his problem, anyway.

"Excuse me," said a thoughtful me in a very quiet voice. "I didn't want to make myself obtrusive, but I did do a certain amount of research on the theoretical possibilities of elements heavier than uranium. It seemed to me they might go on being discovered almost indefinitely."

"They are," I said quickly, "octave after octave of them. Tell me about it, please."

"Look," he said, "it was only an idea. I really specialized in biochemistry, but we do use trace elements, and the formula I worked out at the time was — let me see ... ."

"Please try to remember," I said.

"Ah, yes, it was this," he said, and the strain of remembering woke him up and he disappeared back to his own probability.

"This was damned well planned, Harry!" said Dr. Harold K. Jones enthusiastically. "I think we can save hundreds of people every year now. I always knew I had it in me."

"Listen, Jones," said Captain Jones of the Third Vector Spacefleet, pushing himself through the crowd. "I've been talking to one or two of the others, see, and if you have the galactic gall to disturb my sleep again, I'm going to blast you. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," I said.

"It's tricky out in space, you know. No hard feelings, but the fraction of a micro-error and poop! You see what I mean. I must get a sound sleep at stand-down."

"Don't forget what I said about Kate," Dr. Harold K. Jones remembered to warn me. "I know how to do it, too. And you can have an accident with my instruments — easily."

He disappeared. I watched as the others woke up and went, one by one, even the felon from Arcetus, until they were all gone and I was alone with dark thoughts on heavy elements. It was so improbable that I was the only me who had worked on these lines, and very probable that if two of us with similar minds did work on the same problem, we could between us find the answer. Look at Dr. Jones and his hyperpace relapse.

Thinking of Dr. Jones made me think of Kate, and I fell asleep again with the memory of her scent in my head, as if I were really smelling it. When I woke up again, halfway through the morning, there she was in my room. She was at least dressed.
this time, but she smiled famil-

arily at me.

"For God's sake, Kate," I said,
"go back to your husband!"

SHE BEGAN to cry. "Oh,
Haroldkin," she said. "I'm so
glad to see you. I must be dream-
ing, because I know you're dead,
but I've kept everything just the
way it was. Look — I haven't
even touched your messy desk."

"Are you sitting in a room?" I
asked.

"I'm in your study, Haroldkin,"
she said, surprised. "Can't you
see?"

"No, as a matter of fact, I
can't."

"Oh! Then I can throw out all
these old papers?"

"What old papers?"

"Oh, I don't know, Harold-
kin," Kate said. "You made such
a fuss about failing that silly
medical exam that you never let
me touch your desk when you
graduated in physics."

"Physics!"

"Yes," said Kate, throwing
paper after paper onto the
carpet. She made sweeping mo-
tions in the air and dumped a
mass of notes into her lap. They
appeared on her fingertips, but
they stayed in existence when
she dropped them on the carpet.

"How did I die?" I asked,
bending down and thumbing
rapidly over the papers.

"A bomb went off," she said.
"I really don't want to talk about
it. But you were so eminent,
Haroldkin!"

I must have been very soft in
the discrimination to have al-
lowed that revolting nickname, I
thought, but it was clear from
the papers I was holding that I
knew my physics. And there it
was, printed in an issue of the
Commission's Journal that never
existed in my time-space, the
whole equation I was looking for.
It was so obvious when I read
it that I could not understand
how I failed to think of it for
myself — for my own myself,
that is.

When I looked up, this prob-
able Kate had gone. I wanted
to thank her, but the evening
would do. Meanwhile, here was
the ultra-uranium fourth octave
equation.

I called the laboratory, read it
off to my assistant, and told him
to get on with the test.

"Right, Chief. I'll go down
myself and give you a report
when I get back."

I said fine and took the rest
of the day off. It was the peak
of my career so far, and from
the widow Kate's comments, it
seemed as if I had a great
probable career to come. Of
course, I would have to redoable
our safety precautions at the labs
and it would be best if I never
went near the proving grounds.

That other physicist me prob-
ably made some error that I
would avoid, being forewarned.

By evening, I decided to try to
locate that probable Kate again,
to thank her, and to find out
exactly how that poor man blew
himself up with a bomb. With
care, I recalled the perfume and
also the musty smell of the
papers, for I did not want Dr.
Harold K. Jones' Kate appearing.
Then I removed all other odor-
iferous substances from the bed-
room, took three pills, and was
about to lie down to sleep when
my assistant called to report on
the test.

"That you, Chief? What a
success! We're made. Your
name's in lights, Chief! It was the
most colossal explosion I've ever
seen. It burned the area like
toast. It even caused like toast,
with a touch of ozone and
sulphur. Very strong smell..."

"Stop!" I screamed. "Stop!"

But it was too late. I could
smell it clearly as he had des-
cribed it. And now the pills are
working. How in the name of
heaven am I going to stay awake?
Because once I fall asleep . . .

— JAMES STAMERS

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