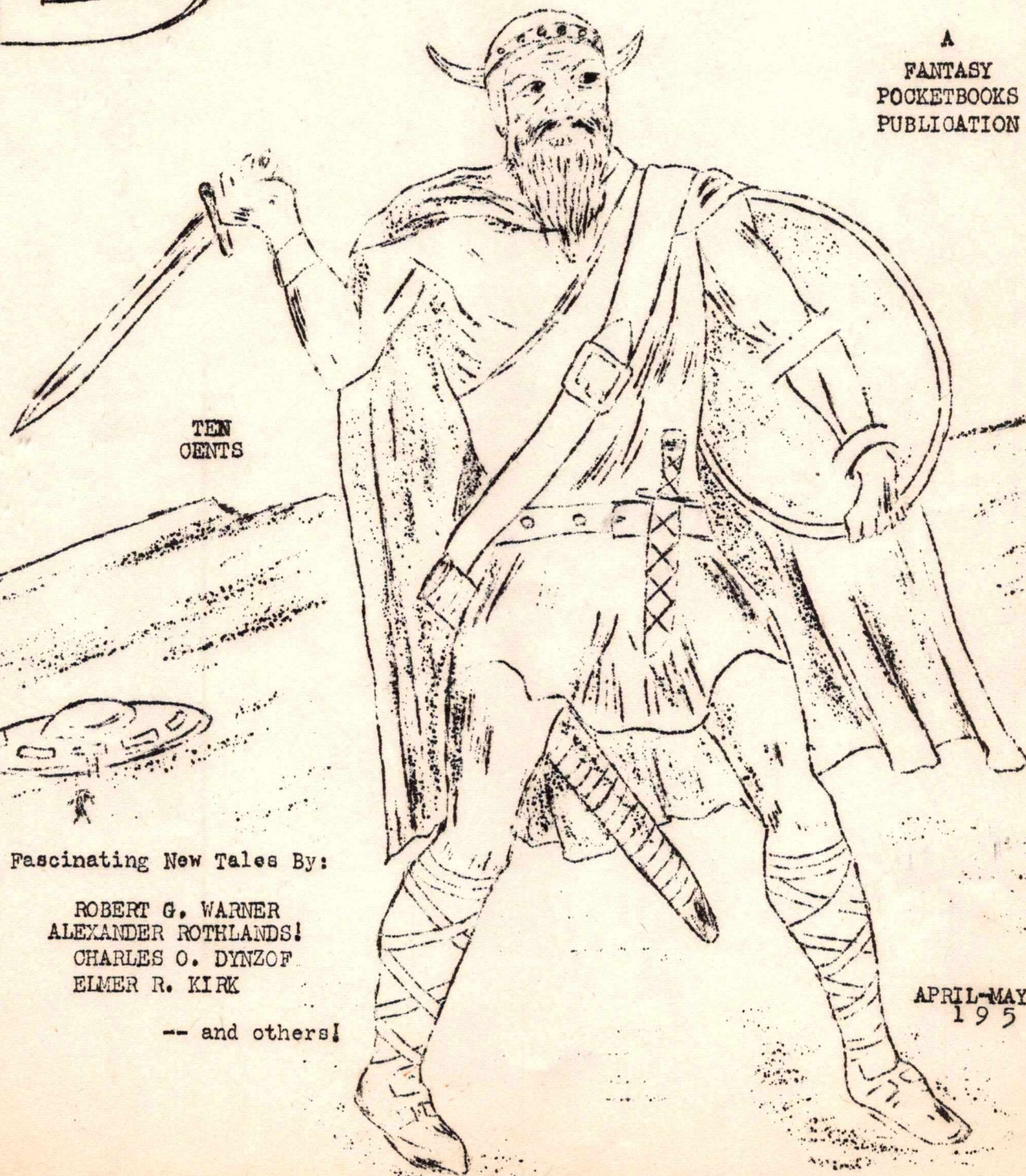


# BREVIZNE

*Adventures*

A  
FANTASY  
POCKETBOOKS  
PUBLICATION



TEN  
CENTS

Fascinating New Tales By:

ROBERT G. WARNER  
ALEXANDER ROTHLANDS!  
CHARLES O. DYNZOF  
ELMER R. KIRK

-- and others!

APRIL-MAY,  
1953



Editorial

# BREVIZINE

ADVENTURE

April-May, 1955

Vol. 2, No. 3

This is it, readers! This is the finest issue of BREVIZINE ADVENTURE yet produced, bar none! You may think that's a little too strong in wordage for an editor to use about his magazine, but it actually isn't. Not when you have such names as Bob Warner, Al Rothlands, Hank Moskowitz, Charles Dynzof, Elmer Kirk, gracing your contents page, it isn't.

Each one of the above can turn out a tale worthy of comparison with the best. Did we stop there in giving you readers an ideal magazine? No, not by a long shot! Because notice the dressing up that has gone into this issue.

Take note of the front cover, for just one example, Bill Roins turns out an illustration that covers the title and the very perspective of this magazine! For that's what we intend to give you ADVENTURE in science, in fantasy, and in off-trail literature! And with that title again in mind, we tell each of these tales briefly. Yes, minature in size, but each piece of fiction perfect in style, creativeness, and, of course, ability.

THIS IS THE month of announcements, it seems. The big news coming up is THE BREVIETY ANNUAL. Fantasy Pocketbooks intends to publish the ANNUAL late in April. It will be in the popular pocketbook-digest size, contain seventy-five pages and sell for fifteen cents! THE BREVIETY ANNUAL while containing the best in new material from our popular staff writers, will also reprint the material the very

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MISTER :: WARREN A. FREIBERG, Publisher.  
MISTER :: ERWIN HUGHMONT, Managing Editor  
WILLIAM REINS, Art Editor.  
HENRY MOSKOWITZ, Correspondent.

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TED E. WHITE; Staff Artist.

GERALD KAMEN, Asst. Editor.

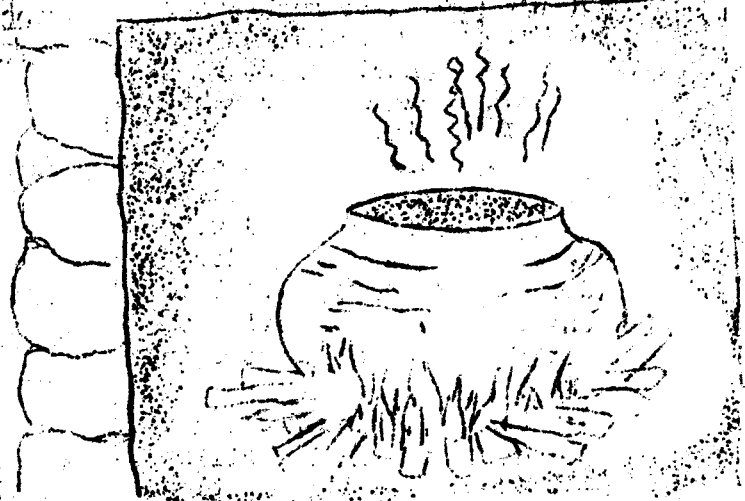
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# FIRST FLIGHT!

WITCHCRAFT IS A VIOLENT  
FORCE FOR EVIL; YET THIS STORY  
PROVES IT CAN BE USED FOR GOOD

A STARTLING SHORT STORY BY

ROBERT  
WARNER!



The horror story is a thing of the past!  
No longer does fantasy have to scare the  
pants off you . . . just read it and ma-  
ke your own interpretations. If you don't  
find it horrible, if it isn't affecting  
you with nausea, well . . . maybe your  
not ready for the Modern Day horror story  
yet. I hope I am . . . . .EJH.

"It's almost ready," said the old,  
wrinkled hag-woman over her bone shoul-  
der. "We'll just let it thin out a little  
more and it'll be ready, boy." Her voice  
was as dry weeds rustling in a gentle  
breeze, and just barely audible. With a  
large spoon she stirred the bubbling mess  
in the smut-black kettle before her, in-  
scribing a large circle in its black sur-  
face.

The young boy standing behind her in  
the semi-darkness of the coming night  
fidgeted nervously. Why did it have to  
take so long??

"Granny - - "

Illustrator: William Reins.



"Hush, boy," came the dry-weed voice, slicing off his words before they were spoken, "and go fetch me more wood. The fire's dyin' down. Go on. Hurry!"

He turned, ran off into the somber dusk to get the wood.

The flame tongues leaped up eagerly after the fresh morsels of dry wood, chucked and danced their twittery dance around the kettle, blowing their smoke into the mauve sky.

"Just a little while now. Just a little longer." The old hag-woman dipped one of her talons into the bubbling contents of the kettle, jerked it out and stuck it into her toothless mouth. She smacked her withered lips and smiled a crooked smile.

"A little thinner," she murmured. "Just a little thinner and it'll be just right!"

The flame-tongues danced on around the kettle, throwing sparks into the night like confetti.

The moon came up, a gigantic orb of silver, to look down on the old woman and the young boy and the kettle with its dancing flames and smelly contents.

The old woman tasted the kettle's holdings again.

"It's ready, boy!" Her rasping voice seemed somehow sad that what she had said was so,

Her voice jolted the boy into action; and he ran around to stand opposite her, on the other side of the kettle, where she had told him he must not stand while the kettle mess had been in preparation. "It'd ruin the spell, boy," she told him sharply.

"Granny, is it really time??"

"It's time boy. But don't get in no fuss. You got to take your time."

She laddled out a portion of the kettle's cooling contents, gave it to the boy. He took it in his slightly shaking hands. Holding it under his nose, he sniffed the dark fluid.

"Phew! -- Granny, it stinks awful!"

"Watch out! You'll spill it waving it around like that! Now never mind how it smells. Drink it -- slow. Hold your breath, that'll help."

The boy inhaled deeply and swallowed the dark fluid, careful to do as told.

"It tastes awful, too, Granny!" He drew one of his tattered shirt-sleeves across his lips, then spat on the ground. He felt as though he were going to be violently sick.

"Never mind what it tastes like, or how it smells. Just wait and see what it's goin' to do!"

The moon climbed higher into the night sky, a giant pearl in a dark lagoon of infinity. And far beyond, nestled in the depths of darkness, twinkled the star-eyes.

The boy stood looking up into the sky, feeling the urge to vomit, feeling the cold, sickening hand tighten around his innards.

"Granny, when's it going to happen?"

The old hag-woman stood over the kettle and, with the stirring spoon, transferred the contents from the kettle into a crocker jar.

"Soon enough. That stuff's got to spread out all in you first."

"Granny, I'm sick."

She turned from her task and laughed a low cackle laugh.

"It'll pass, son."

"It won't kill me?"

The cackle-laugh again.

"Tain't ever hurt a youngen yet, and they've been taking it -- just like you -- for Lor' knows how long!"

Somewhat reassured, but still sick to his stomach, the boy lapsed into temporary

silence.

"Granny?"

"Mmmmmmm?"

"I -- I feel funny now; not sick,  
just -- funny."

"'Twon't be long."

The moon hovered and watched with an  
indifferent eye.

"What's it like, Granny?"

The old woman shrugged her shoulders.  
"Depends on the person, son. Some it  
effects different from others. But they  
all like it, you can bet. I gave it to  
your pa and your pa's pa, and a lot  
more that ain't no kin of mine . . ."

Her voice trailed off into the night.  
He knew she was thinking about the past  
... The past she had told him to many  
times. He know all the stories, the  
anecdotes, some true, some perhaps  
not true. Some had made him cry, and  
some had made him want to run away to  
himself and cry, and some had made him  
want to run away to himself and cry.  
But to none of them did he feel indif-  
ferent. When the old woman retold the  
stories they lived again, and he beca-  
me a part of them.

"It oughtn't be long, boy. Almost any  
minute now."

The moon watched them with its I-don-  
't-care eye.

"Granny!"

The boy fell to the ground, as though  
under a crushing weight.

The old woman begin to chant into the  
night, her voice high-pitched, even.  
She danced to where the boy had fallen  
and was now writhing on the grass,  
danced around him and chanted her weird  
chant over and over. The moon watched  
out of the corner of its single eye.  
This was not the first time it witness-  
ed what was taking place.

And then it was all over.

The boy got to his feet, trembling as  
a leaf in a high wind, and stood breath-  
ing heavily. He stood as straight and  
tall as possible and let a great tremor  
pass through his body. The sickness,  
the funny feeling, the shaking was gone,  
then, drained from his body to make room  
for the new warm feeling which poured  
into him with the passing of the last  
tremor.

"Granny! Look at 'em!"

He looked first over his left shoul-  
der, then over his right; for there,  
just below his shoulder blades, were  
two gauze-thin gossamer wings, each  
colored profusely with fairy-paint col-  
ors and pulsating gently with every beat  
of his heart.

The old woman came to him and ran her  
fingertips over the new-born wings of  
her great-grandchild and smiled into  
his face.

"You've got the best of them all, son.  
The best."

"Can, can I -- fly? Really? ? ?"

"You can, but you won't know that un-  
til you've tried."

"What do you mean, Granny?"

The old woman smiled a wan smile.  
"Flying and knowing you can fly is two  
different things, son."

He nodded, although he still did not  
understand her words.

"Granny, I'm scared to try," he blurt-  
ed out.

"What! Now listen, son, you ain't a-  
scared to eat or walk or sleep or go  
fishin' are ya?"

"No."

"Then you ain't got no right to be a-  
fraid of flying. It'll just come natural  
once you've tried. Now go on. Fly!"

He took a few uncertain steps forward,  
his bare feet strangoly light in the

damp grass. Then he caught control of the wing-muscles and the wings began to beat; slowly at first, then faster. And then he was running, arm in arm with the night-wind, taking a big jump, launching himself up. He was flying now! Up, around, down, in a graceful swoop. He came down low, just over the old woman's head. He shouted into her gray-skin face:

"I'll be back, Granny! I'll be back!"

Then he was gone, full into the face of the moon, his small wings beating with effortless ease, up, down, up down. Gone into the night sky.

And after he was gone, the old, wrinkled hag-woman stood for a very long time in the light of the moon, trying to hold back the tears in her eyes.

"I'm glad for you, some real glad!"

- Robert G. Warnor.

---

#### AUTHORS of THE ISSUE . . .

ALEXANDER ROTHLANDS (Lady of Hades)

Not that either you or I would be interested in a biography, yet perhaps the editors themselves find it interesting . . . since they requested it.

My full name is Alexander Howard Rothlands, I was born March 11, of a year where absolutely nothing happened . . . but for the record my mother tells me I'm twenty-three. After all, who should know better than her?

I deplore both science-fiction and westerns. Favorite reading is Adventure, Horror and Fantasy in that order.

I've known Waf and Erwan Hughmont for about three years, and was only too happy in bringing about the advent of BREVIZINE ADVENTURE.

I've been told that my first story for BREV' caused what might be termed a small sensation . . . I'm not conceited but after all I may as well take some credit, for a good thing(?).

I work for a paper firm in Chicago, and my hobbies are classical music, collecting ancient magazines and writing "fiction" . . .

I guess only the last is your business, though. - Al Rothlands.

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#### THE EDITORIAL . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

heritage and distinction of today's BREVIZINE ADVENTURE is based on. For example in the first ANNUAL you'll find material reprinted from the first issue of this magazine. Any collector trying to get that issue knows how hard it is to obtain, because of the limited printing of that issue. We guarantee that if you like this periodical, you won't be able to help yourself from liking THE BREVITY ANNUAL. Reserve Your Copy Now!

Alex Rothlands returns in this issue with a story we consider slow, now that we've read a new and long novelette by him. We consider this to be one of the finest fantasy works ever to be produced! And when you read this NEW novelette (publication date to be listed) you'll be a born-and-true Rothlands' fan!

And that closes our discussion for this month. We'll see you again in June, with more fiction, and features. To voice your opinions the BONE OF CONTENTION is always open for questions, and comments.

And that's that for now . . . . .

- Waf.

# Lady of Shades

COMPLETE NOVELETTE BY

ALEXANDER

ROTHLANDS!

(Author of "Dead Be Damned".)



In concept there will be doubtlessly several readers who will call the story that is to follow "fantastic" and impossible. And yet if we realize the "fantastic" steps are science is taking it is neither of the above descriptions. As always a Rothlands tale is the combination of not only, science, fantasy and the weird but also the joint merging of the "mystery" story. Trys to please all readers our Mr. Rothlands, doesn't he? ? ? . . . . . -EJH.

## CHAPTER ONE . . . . .

Can it be possible to love something; and yet despise it? Can one devote one's self to a being, and yet find revulsion in doing so? I think not.

But yet who better than I should know, for I shared those relationships; I loved and yet I hated, I created and yet despised and loved what I had created. My name is not important, and certainly does not matter in the facts of relating and telling the tale of both love and revulsion; hate and death.

It is sufficient to say that my occupation is as a scientist, my studies in biology. In the act of being a scientist one can only find a longing for knowledge, and yet show a fear of such knowledge usually forbidden to mankind. Such was my case.

I had conquered the masterful steps of simple biology, I knew all there was to acquire in the knowledge; but instead of stopping where others had been content; I nevertheless went further. For what I had thought, is science, biology without bringing about further steps in the evolution of such, I had stepped on the threshold, of new evolution with the thought: What would, what could happen if a simple animal had the refinement, the thoughts, the actions, of a human, but yet with the simpleness, the direct approach, and without the greediness. Truly, while overstepping the boundaries of evolution, I was however, going onto new thoughts now actions of creation. Ahh, but there it would have been the limit for other scientists. What good is thought, that mental action,

without the resourcefulness, to stimulate the physical action?

I had that power. For years while studying the combination of occultism with science, I had brought about the creation of a machine, challenging both with the merger of molecules, structure, and atoms, of an animal into the more complicated, but yet, basically the same, structure of the human. However, with only the above process it would be useless, for the brain power of the converted being, would nevertheless have jungle savagery. Yet, my machine knew none of these barriers, for the conventional occult sciences and physical sciences were brought together as ONE, bringing about the full unleashing of strength and POWER.

As I had related earlier, these human faults were gone and banished, while only the good remained; the animal-human merger yet retained the simplicity of the animal. Truly, this was the perfect evolutionary development. I was sure, as only one with urge could be sure; my creation WOULD and COULD work . . .

## CHAPTER TWO

It was with a certain amount of thoughtfulness that I had selected the animal. I did. Too much or too little of the basic elements (savagery, beauty, wisdom), might be brought forth in certain animals. And with the human guise it would be virtually impossible to abolish the semi-human being.

Finally I did choose. The animal, I had bought from the local zoo, was beautiful the very perfection of gracefulness, cleverness, beauty. With human desires and acts, added truly here would be perfection carried to a high degree. The animal? The animal I had chosen was a Timber Wolf...

I had acquired previous to this, a large workshop in a poorer section of the city, and had moved the wolf, cage and all, to the large central room.

It's sleek brown body found a new glowing under the large spotlight, I had since focused. The Machine, as I shall call it while relating, was moved close

to the cage, and I had opened the door. It carefully watched me, with a knowledge, I thought, almost equal to my own realization. Whether by instinct, or curiosity, I know not, but it followed my motion, and entered The Machine.

I turned on the switch. There was a certain amount of pulsation. I waited, I hoped, I prayed.... God nothing could go wrong. Or could it? The waiting.... the awful waiting . . .

Finally the pulsation stopped. My heart leaped...Would it be with wild elevation...or bitter disappointment?

With hesitant, but stealthy approach, I opened the door. I looked inside....

**SHE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I'VE EVER SEEN.**

In my wildest hopes I had never realized how successful this experimentation would be. But there it was. A timber wolf. An animal of ferociousness... now a woman of beauty!

I approached closer as if to touch the creature. I succeeded. The elevation that surged through me cannot be put on paper. She was warm and vibrant, lovely, with silken soft skin. I moved closer.

She moved.

A snarl reached my ears. With hesitant reproach I moved back. Had I succeeded? Or had I just readjusted molecules . . . and yet not touched the inner soul?

The female creature that only a few moments before was the picture of feminine loveliness now was what I had feared . . . it retained the characteristics of the timber wolf.

Regaining my momentary stunned senses I threw down the switch. The she-thing was caught in its cage.

I withdrew to my chambers . . . both in anger, in happiness, and confusion.

## CHAPTER THREE

It wasn't until the next day that I could bring myself to go back into that laboratory, but finally I did. It was as



I left it. The machine was still there  
. . . and so was she.

Oh, how I longed to feel her silken soft skin, her body so lovely and gentle to the touch . . . God but I had to! I looked at her. With the mild curiosity of a wild animal she looked at me, questioningly, as if to say, "Why am I here? And what are you doing?"

The overpowering desire, the longing for her was too much. I went to the cage. She made no move. Yet she looked at me. I must . . .

Oponing the door I went to her. Instead of the wild frenzy of which I had come to expect she sighed, a soft and almost feminine sigh. I touched her. She made no attempt to move away. Moving closer to the thing that had once been a wolf, it was with no longer scientific study that I concerned myself, it was rather with a compassion and a longing. After gently caressing the lovely body, she sighed once more, and returned my caress.

It was as if I had an angel from Heaven itself beside me, I moved closer to her, and she to me. No longer was she the animal and I the human. We were the same; she a woman . . . I, a man. Nothing was wrong; . . .

#### CHAPTER FOUR

The days after that one wore no longer glum, and with my work only to keep me occupied. Now they were joyful, rich and full. No longer did I think of Shela, as I had named her, as a wolf, but rather as a female, a female that did not know our language; our customs. A female that I longed to possess . . .

Shela was an apt pupil, and the barriers of languages and customs was either discarded, when we were ourselves . . . or established when they must be.

I finally thought, after weeks of careful brooding, that she was ready to be displayed, to both friends and public . . . for a beauty such as Shela certainly belonged to the world, and not just to myself. At first with the thought of my scientific experimentation completed I planned to reveal Shela

to the scientific world. But after careful consideration I realized that she would be displayed as a freak and certainly not as the woman, and the lovely creature she was. The idea was discarded.

It may appear strange and revolting to you, as it would to me, under ordinary circumstances; but I planned and I schemed and I know that someday Shela would legally become my wife. I grew away from the rest of the world in the few weeks thereafter . . . my work and certainly Shela occupied all my time. I was also successful in Shela's "Coming Out"; she did beautifully in public. And perhaps that was the trouble . . . she did too well. Both young men and old were drawn by her magnetic compulsion, but that was where it was too much. For she was MINE, and only I could possess that warm inviting body. Her smiles, her vague recollections of animal life, and her sweet simplicity to the ways of human life. I loved her.

#### CHAPTER FIVE

As the weeks passed by and we grew more and more used to life within ourselves, and concerning ourselves, Shela was no longer the same person.

Oh, her smile was still inviting, I still longed for complete possession of her, but intimate relationships were no longer possible, because of some strange; some foreboding sense. Shela longed for something I could not give her; and that puzzled me, for we had everything . . . a man and woman could long for.

She began to go out in the evenings, I could not imagine where she could go, and it was with a sense of security, that she would not tell me.

I could never have imagined the revelation that did come over me when the actual truth came to be known.

I can still clearly remember the morning. I was sipping coffee and reading the daily journal when my eye happened to rove over a two-column story, that related the happenings of some terrible, and brutal murders. The police advanced the theory that the murders were done by some wild animal. As I read along further it was also evident that no animals had escaped from the local zoos. I sat at the

table, and I wondered.

Although you may say my wonderings and questionings of the mind, are only circumstantial, it was evident at least to myself that Shela was in some way betraying me. While I did not dare think of the awful truth yet gnawing at my brain I did intend to follow her.

It must have been at least 10:30 that night when I heard the creaking of hinges and her bedroom door opening. The stairs creaked . . . and I knew she was descending. It was only then that I dared to leave my room. The light downstairs illuminated the stairs in partial light, while the rich rose carpet was bathed in brilliance. The hall closet opened; closed. The front door opened; closed. I remained at the head of the stairs.

The curiosity of these late-night journeys was now fully in my mind, and it gained control of me to follow her. Quickly I made my way down the stairs, threw on my coat and left by the front entrance. While Shela was some distance ahead of me I had no trouble keeping right in pace; and I felt secure in the knowledge my curiosity would soon be satisfied.

The unknown streets and small alleys my lovely wolf-woman entered surprised me to say the least, as Shela surely had no knowledge of the sections of the community in a strange city.

Finally stopping in a particularly decadent section she carefully hid herself behind a ruined structure. Irritating her gesture of hiding, I watched. It was not long after that that a complete drunkard staggered past her entrance.

I was still lost in questions, when I was startled to see . . . and I relate this in complete honesty, although even now nausea sweeps over me . . . that a large timber wolf leaped from behind the same section of building where only a few moments before Shela stood.

Completely in wonderment the vagrant turned; and was overcome by the beast. Fangs bared it leaped at the man's throat . . . regurgitation now sweeping

me I watched blood spurt as freely as water from the tap . . . glandular veins flow from where they once were in a throat. Where wonderment was once in his eyes, now they were only black, as skin and blood was being devoured by the wolf.

He never screamed once. He never had the chance.

I stood there. The wolf already departed for what I know was my home. I couldn't bring myself to look at that mound of flesh and blood, which had once been a human being. In equal revulsion I know I could never again look at the body of Shela . . . knowing that it could turn into a wolf at will. I stared blankly into the night.

Had I called the police, then, I know that they would surely have said I was mentally unbalanced. And who could say? For perhaps I was. Totally unbalanced to bring a wolf into a civilized world under the guise of a beautiful woman. It must have been a tremendous task for her to keep civilized for as long as she did. How long, I wondered, without the knowledge I now hold would I be welcomed to her arms; and not her fangs?

I went home . . . in no particular hurry as I was sure she would be there, sleeping in her bed, her stomach, and her longing filled.

As I wandered along the city streets I remembered the old legends of a werewolf, and how they could be destroyed . . . silver bullets, etc. However I soon discarded these vague thoughts as impossibilities. For Shela was not a werewolf, she was a wolf, a wild animal by nature, and it was only through my meddling as a "scientist" that I unleashed what I did on the world. Shela was a wolf . . . and as a wolf she could be killed . . . in any ordinary way.

#### CHAPTER SIX

When I finally reached the sanctuary of my home and the study, it was somewhere between the time of 3:00 and 4:00 in the morning. Lost in my favorite easy chair thinking, plotting the way I could and certainly must abolish the beast.

I know I could bring in no outside help

as my tale was too fantastic, so it was upto myself, and myself only.

As I write this I now think that it would be impossible to have actually killed Shela by normal methods. That of a gun or knife.

Undoubtedly, Shela would stay in her human form in death; therefore by ordinary in our civilization I would be committing murder.

The thought occurred that it didn't matter, and I could eventually dispose of the body, nevertheless while the above maybe true, I did not like the idea of destroying her while in human form. Although I know what she was, and hated her for it I couldn't do it, I wanted too, I hated myself for my weakness but I couldn't do it. Oh God in Heaven I couldn't. . . .

#### CHAPTER SEVEN

The next day came, and passed. I lot no knowledge of my knowing slip out, that she might suspect. She still went out at nights, but it no longer mattered, it would soon end...

Oh, now that I think of it I was clever. Oh, so clever. As I scientist I would have considered myself totally without sanity. Perhaps I am. Nevertheless as I planned it, it had to be accomplished.

I no longer spoke to Shela except when it was absolutely necessary, I suspect it was about this time that she know everything was not as it should be. It occurs to me now, that I doubt whether Shela would have actually harmed me, as during that period before the climax, she often brought up the subject of marriage. Completely revolted by the thought, I immediately changed the subject.

Yes, I was clever. For all this time while hiding under a mask of complete pretence, I was planning her death.

Perhaps at this time it would be sufficient to say Shela now suspected. She spoke to me less, and now I think she also had a thought of death but this one was for me.

#### CHAPTER EIGHT

-11

The actual plan that was finally formed; in essentials was remarkably simple. I would lure her to my work room and The Machine. In the meanwhile I would surely have the entire machine that gave her life into one that would bring about her destruction. Yes, it would be simple, the machine would simply electrocute her. . . .

#### CHAPTER NINE

Unlike the other evenings we shared, the night of the climax I was particularly affectionate, as it would not be easy to deceive Shela to come to the workroom.

"Shela," I asked, "Come down to the workroom, as I have something that I feel sure you'll enjoy. The Machine has been completely improved."

That was enough. Shela, always interested in the Machine that gave her life, was quick to take up my suggestion. Oh, how I laughed to myself. Oh, how clever I was. Or had my cleverness just begin?

Once we were in the workshop I led her gently, ever so gently, over to that machine. Look, Shela; I stated, look at the improvements. And my mind laughed loud and long, in its triumph of insanity and cleverness.

She looked. It is enough to say hereon that that was the last time I viewed Shela's lovely body, her graceful curves, and her long black hair.

I laughed loud and long.

How she screamed. So loud, so agonizing.

"Leave me out," she cried, "You fool leave me out, for what are you subjecting me to this treatment?"

I walked over to the switchboard. I pulled on a switch. With the insanity that now possessed me, I pulled the wrong lever. (Everything is so hazy.) Instead of the one that would release the bolts of Death I released the original one which had changed her.

Oh Lord now why was done? For a scien-



that can tamper with the molecules and atoms of a structure just once, twice might result in reverting them, or in all probability even change them once more.

I stopped. I listened. Only babblings came from inside the chamber. Babblings undistinguishable from our known sounds. A scream was still audible....

#### CHAPTER TEN

I am writing this account seated at my workshop desk. I have not yet opened the cabinet. What will step out I cannot say. However, I believe it is best for the person finding this to classify it as the wildest sort of fiction, if for no other reason than to protect my name. I doubt if I will see the morning, in my present state, I don't care . . .  
- Alexander Rothlands.

---

### " POWER OF THE DEAD "

by Hal Rampo.

When Don Pedro entered into marriage with Inez de Castro, he never realized the tragedy it soon caused.

Pedro was to inherit the throne of Portugal on the death of his father, the king.

Seriously objecting to the practice of marrying a commoner he threatened to do something drastic.

And so he did.

Within a few days the would-be queen was slain in cold blood by messengers of the king.

Whereupon he got news of the event Don Pedro turned around had his messengers abolish his father, the king. Thus making him the ruler of Portugal in the latter part of the 14th Century.

Angered still further he had the dead body of his wife Inez exhumed and placed on the royal throne.

The nobles in order to pay homage for the awful deed, were subjected to kissing the withered hand of the dead queen.

It is said to this day that in one part of the palace, the horrible event is enacted annually.

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### AUTHORS OF THE ISSUE . . .

ROBERT G. WARNER (First Flight)

Here it is -- my latest in the way of fan-fiction (First Flight). It's just plain old fantasy, of which I've been turning out a good deal lately.

Well, perhaps not a good deal. At least not as much as I would like to.

I know it sounds just a little like Bradbury. There is a psychological ex-

planation why this is so -- that being my favorite author. Therefore Bradbury has influenced me a great deal. I like his style better than any other, so I write along his general lines -- most of the time.

In closing I'd just like to say that Brevizine is still at the top of the pile.

---

FOR THE INTRIGUE OF STRANGE WORLDS AND EVEN STRANGER ADVENTURE WE'RE SURE YOU'LL LIKE OUR 75 PAGE COMPAN-

ION MAGAZINE: " THE BREVITY ANNUAL "

ION MAGAZINE: " THE BREVITY ANNUAL "

# SPATIAL RELATIONS

BY HENRY MOSKOWITZ  
STAFF CORRESPONDENT

Three Bridges, New Jersey, March 5. — My thanks to Paul Mittelbuscher for filling in for me last month. The real reason for my not being around then was that I became lazy, not a change in printing schedule. I was tempted to remain lax this month, too, since it seems that I got my free copy of Brevi' anyway.

Waf said that SR would be enlarged with the March column. This time it is, fortunately. But future columns will depend on time and material for their length. The Boss suggested that I editorialize, as Rog Philips did in "The Club House." I fear that I am not the man Rog is, nor do I have his talent for stringing words together. What little editorializing which will appear will be purely accidental, not premeditated.



So far this year four new stf and fts mags have made their debuts. See the D.E.I. elsewhere for reviews on three of them. I have not been able to obtain a copy of TOPS IN SCIENCE FICTION, but it reprints material from PLANET STORIES.

The March THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION had an experimental cover set-up. A fine Martian scene by Bonostoll. Since many folks had written in complaining about lettering on the cover, the reproduced it on the back, sans lettering. "We hope you'll let us know your reaction to this innovation..." Perhaps some of you have written Tony and J. Francis already . . . But to us the idea seems rather silly. If they are going to have back covers also, why not a different cover entirely? Or why not reserve the back cover for exception pieces? In fact what would happen if they borrowed the old UNKNOWN (WORLDS) cover lay-out---just story titles and by-lines---and had the cover painting on the back? RECOMMENDED: Manly Wade Wollman's Vandy, Vandy. A fine series by a fine writer.

The fourth issue of SPACE STORIES, Mine's latest edition to the Thrilling group of stf mags, features The Gears Of Time, a better than average story by William Morrison. But this is definitely out of place, as it is not Space Opera. Why, J. W. G. Jr. might have bought this if he had been a bit drowsy. What goes, San? We have here the April-May AMAZING STORIES. We miss the old features, namely, "The Observatory," "The Club House," and greatest of all, "The Reader's Forum." Please, Howard, re-instate them. The idea of all fiction may be good for FANTAS-TIC, since we have never had it otherwise; but AS is not AS without the above-mentioned. RECOMMENDED: The Invaders, by Murray Leinster---a well-told tale by a master story-teller. Here There Be Tigers, by Ray Bradbury (He has had his fourth collection published, by the way: Doubleday, \$3.). The Way Home, by Theodore Sturgeon, a good story; but it has no stf in it whatsoever---and to boot, very little fantasy.

We also have here the April OTHER WORLDS. It features, of course, the long-talked-about Myshkin, a 69,000 word novel (Yes, a real novel.) by David V. Reed. Although good reading, it does not come up with the reader's expectations. Afraid you were blowing your horn this time, Rep. Three other pieces of fiction, one a

Rap novelette. We missed Lost Continents. (To would-be writers: OW is now paying 2¢ a word basic.)

Both SPACE SCIENCE FICTION and SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES are bi-monthly again. It is difficult to say whether we are sorry or glad, as they had not yet time enough to prove themselves, especially the latter. The former starts a two-part serial by the long-sought-after T. L. Sherred.

Collier's is running its third symposium on Space Travel. This one will run at least three issues, having started with that of February 28th.

There is a new monthly man's mag, titled Glinax. In its first two issues it has featured stf stories by Robert Shockly, illustrated by Valigursky.

Although claiming all new material, the January AVON SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY READER did contain a reprint: One-Man God. Consult the AVON FANTASY READER, Number Seventeen . . .

Ballentine Books, who created an uproar not too long ago with the simultaneous publication of both hard-cover and paper-back editions of each book, has published its first stf volume. Titled Star Science Fiction Stories, it is an anthology containing 15 brand new stories by 16 authors (Kuttner and Moore having written one together). These stories have never been published anywhere before. Hard-cover costs \$1.50; pb, \$.35. Both are the same size, being run off the same plates. Definitely recommended. Edited by Frederick Pohl, Miss Merrill's husband and a well-known author in his own right.

Since we are on the subject of books: Edward E. Smith (better known as "Doc")'s Second Stage Lonsman and Robert E. Howard's King Conan are out, the former from Fantasy Press and the latter from Gnome Press. Superbly bound, as are all FP books, this volume is slimmer than its predecessor, although it contains the same amount of pages. A somewhat cheaper paper. Either it was that or raising the price to \$3.50. Having the better cover, the GP books costs \$3. We believe it contains more wordage than the other two Conan books, priced at \$2.75. RECOMMENDED: Both.

\*\*\*\* ) THE FUTURE HOLDS ( \*\*\*\*

A three-part 72,000 word novel by S. J. Bryne, beginning in the May OW. We wonder if this is another Germain story--we hope so. Since Bryne is also John Bloodstone of Michael Flannigan fame and since Rap bought what we believe to be the final M. F. tale, this might just be it, too. Watch for it. Also Fritz Leiber with a story around the back cover by Jones. And watch for other big name authors coming up -- we'll keep you informed.

Moth And Rust, in the June STARTLING STORIES. This is a sequel to his famed The Lovers. Hero is Philip Jose Farmer, one of the few men to obtain a world-wide reputation from one story. Mine's good friend Sam said that it is 50,000 words of nothing. To us that means that there is more to come to complete the story.

A sequel to Sam Merwin, Jr.'s House Of Many Worlds (SS, September, 1951), in THRILLING WONDER STORIES. Soon. The June ish will contain another Wallace West Mars story.

SS's first serial. More about this later.

A new column by Robert A. Madle of Philadelphia (He has an article on the PSFS in the May SFA.), to appear in Robert W. Lowndes' DYNAMIC SCIENCE FICTION, which along with FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION, will have trimmed edges with its latest issue.

Robots Have No Tails. This will be the movie version of Henry Kuttner's Gallagher stories.

A new story by Harry Bates of Farwell To The Master fame (filmed as The Day The Earth Stood Still). This will be in next month's SCIENCE-FICTION PLUS. Sam Moskowitz told us that it's even better than the aforementioned story. Titled Legacy of A Sensitive.

A magazine coming from Leo Margules and Sam Merwin, Jr.. If it is like their THE SAINT DETECTIVE MAGAZINE, it will be digest-sized, containing 192 pages -- and costing 50¢. We have no idea of wordage but it will be more than the other



digests have.

Next month we hope to discuss the Polaris Fantasy Library, Shasta Publishers, and fanzines, in addition to what we have already promised.

\*\*\*\* } DEPARTMENT OF FIRST { \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* } I S S U E S { \*\*\*\*

FANTASY MAGAZINE. 35¢, 160 pages, bi-monthly. Published by Future Publications, Inc. A fair cover by Bob . . . lead by Robert E. Howard, a Conan tale, one of those found by L. Sprague de Camp . . . Two novelets and four shorts . . . O'Donovan is really Sheckley. The mag is good, well worth the price.

SCIENCE FICTION PLUS. 35¢, 64 pages, monthly. Published by Gornsbach Publications, Inc. First this mag contains approximately 70,000 words an issue, equal to that of any digest-size mag. It also boasts an easy-to-read type. Three novelets, two shorts, a story-behind-the-cover, two articles, and departments. . . The Biological Revolt, The Time Cylinder, and The Cosmatomic Flyer are quite readable . . . Exploration of Mars is a bit heavy but good . . . Road the rest at your own risk . . . Departments are good; articles ditto. Tina, who signed the back cover with Frank R. Paul, is Hugo Gornsbach's daughter. S-F has already been "booted" by Science Fantasy Bulletin; we will discuss same in next month's SR.

ROCKET STORIES. 35¢, 160 pages, bi-monthly. Published by Space Publications, Inc. A science-adventure mag . . . aimed at the younger thud-and-blunder reader . . . A novel, two novelets, and three shorts. A good Bush cover. This is the mag Charles Dye was reported to edit, but it is del Roy under a pen-name. Doubt if it will last long. . . Does a youngster have \$.35 to throw out every two months? No doubt it.

By the time you read this, second issues of the above two mags should be out. Both will most likely be better than the above.

As things seem now this will be the last D.F.I. for some time to come . . .

- HENRY MOSKOWITZ.

A U T H O R S of T H E I S S U E . . .

E. J. HUGHMONT (editor)

It seems several readers wrote in and wanted to know about me, seems I've become sort of a mystery man, to myself I guess I'm no mystery.

I'm eighteen years old have been reading mystery, science-fiction, western pulps for about as long as I can remember. (It is just about that long I've known Waf).

I'm considered co-editor of this magazine by no one but Waf, who rarely takes my suggestions, either. Nevertheless, I've found quite a few enemies among the readers who don't agree with my views on certain subjects. (Also have got quite a few friends). Which of those two categories out weighs the other I don't know.

My favorite people are stf fans, my favorite fans, however are many times not people . . . about that I won't comment further.

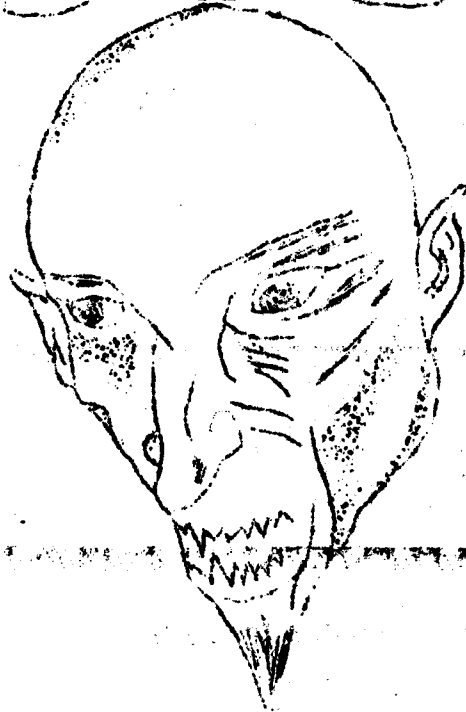
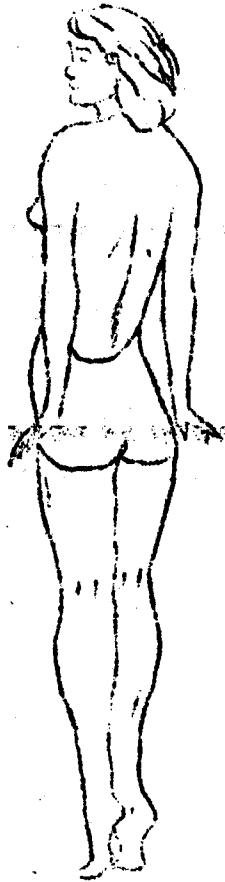
Dislikes: Writing a biography sketch. One of those days I'll harness Waf to a typewriter and burn a biography out of him.

Damnit though, he has so much more resistance than I do . . .

Less concoited, too, now that I think of it. Oh well...

# EXODUS!

by CHARLES O. DYNZOF



Recently a lot has been brought forth concerning the subconscious dreams we have . . . psychiatrists tell us that it's not because we ate that last ham-on-rye that we have those night disturbances, but rather because of emotional trouble . . . like maybe hitting your mother-in-law . . . or surp'tin' similiar. One thing though, Charles Dynzof wasn't sleeping when he brought about this now fantasy!

The grey mists swirled around the three disconsolate figures.

Nai-Antha wriggled her supple green body. The grow fog was oppressive and somehow very tiring.

Beside her, the King-Of-The-Stars, his black skintight uniform, partly concealed by his long red cloak stared uneasily into the miasma.

Trotting beside them, Muggles' twin heads looked impatiently in opposite directions simultaneously as if searching for someone, something lost.

He wagged his tail in the canine sideways, characteristic of doggy fear or uneasiness.

"And so, we are the Last," Nai-Antha spoke and not even the bell-like sweetness of her voice could hide the brittle bitterness of the words.

"They've all deserted, like rats leaving a sinking ship. And we are the Last. The Cowards!"

"But Nai-Antha we've gone over all that before. They just didn't belong as we do. That's why the Exodus was organized; to get all who didn't belong out of here. We've got no choice in the matter. We've got to stay because there's no way out." The King-Of-The-Star's deep bass voice barked.

"Bah! There must be a way. For all of your high and mighty adventures, you

concede defeat very easily my dear KING OF THE STARS, when you're faced with a real problem. KING OF THE STARS indeed! You make me sick!" Nai-Antha's golden eyes flashed lightning, as she spoke. Muggles caught the angry notes of her voice. A low growl issued from his left head.

"I can't help being what I am any more than you can Nai-Antha. I was born," At this she gave him a look of contempt, "Well, made then, what I am. I had nothing to say about it. Can't you see that?" There was a note of pleading in his voice.

"Let's not fight," he went on, "Let's at least go down together in peace."

Nai-Antha looked chastened. She said nothing but there was heart in her soul, and she was hurt. She was vital. She was one of the keys to the grey fogged world.

She remembered when there had been a constant golden haze, instead of the somber greyness.

She missed the crystal palace, the multitude of attendants.

She missed - yes - she missed those who had gone in spite of the contemptuous way in which she spoke of them.

Tall Hercules, Mighty Atlas, the world astride his shoulders, Robin Hood and his band of merry men, the Wizard of Oz, The Trumpet Player of Krakow, the Kraken, Count Dracula, and his retinue of fellow vampires, Sir Launcelot, Merlin, The Lady of the Lake and brave King Arthur, the array of goblins and djinn, and witches and dragons, monstrous as some of them were; they had been company.

The Exodus had been taking them one by one.

The King had been right, they did not belong.

Only they, Muggles, Nai-Antha and the King had been made. The others had come as they had gone. They were not original.

As she reflected, a very odd -17 thing was happening to the King's face it was - -

"King," Nai-Antha screamed, "What's the matter with your face - it -its molting!!"

\* \* \* \* \*

James Cosgrove was dying. He had been unconscious for days every breath he took brought him nearer to death.

They had come and gone, the relatives and friends, some had even wept a few tears, as much for themselves at the reminder of the imminence of death as for him. The hospital was still, and had been for many hours.

Now the silence of Cosgrove's room was momentarily broken by the squeak of the rubber tired wheelchair of another patient brought into the room.

The newcomer a relatively young man was soon in bed, and the grim visaged nurse left the room with a rustle of white starched garments.

And James Cosgrove went on with the long process of dying.

\* \* \* \* \*

The King-Of-The-Stars was gone and there was nothing left to show he ever existed.

So that's the way it would be, Nai-Antha thought. Now only the two of them left in the grey gloom.

She grew frightened. She tried to embrace Muggles, but he squirmed away.

He had always been a very independent animal.

Muggles' tail blurred, let him vanish, she thought, he's no company anyway.

His feet were beginning to vanish, and as she watched horrified, one head disappeared into oblivion.

"Muggles; No!" wopt Nai-Antha pathetic-



ally. But it was no use. The other head vanished and then she was gone. Alone. She didn't like the taste of the thought. She had never before been, completely alone.

"I've got to think," she murmured to herself, "I can't, I won't vanish," her lips formed a thin line as she thought.

The others, those who had gone in the Exodus could leave because they did not belong.

The King and Muggles; because they had not been strong enough.

If I could belong to somebody else, like those in the Exodus -- I would be safe.

What enabled the others to leave? Because they were strong they left, not because they were weak. So strong that they didn't have to live here.

I am strong. Yes....

\* \* \* \* \*

James Cosgrove was dead. The grey fog of unconsciousness at last gave way to the night black of death.

The other patient in his room was blissfully unaware that he had a dead man for a roommate. He would not know it until they came into the room to check in the morning.

The other patient slept; and dreamt of a beautiful green woman named Nai-antha...  
- Charles O. Dynzof.

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C O M I N G S O O N !

ONE STEP TO HELL, TWO FOR HEAVEN!

BY ALEXANDER ROTHLANDS!!

Last January we introduced a new writer with a story that has caused more exclamation, more emulation than any other one published by the mimeographed magazine. That story was **THE DEAD BE DAMNED! THE WRITER? AL ROTHLANDS!**

Our readers know the excitement that story caused. We asked Al to do another, and in came **LADY OF HADES** . . . however we consider that slow, drab, and without color now that we've read his **LONG NOVELETTE: "ONE STEP TO HELL, TWO FOR HEAVEN"**.

This story may well take over 15 pages to run complete, and we will venture to say that it will take more than that to run the letters of praise!!

So don't miss this story! What ever else you do!

PUBLICATION DAY TO BE LISTED SOON!!

WATCH FOR IT!!

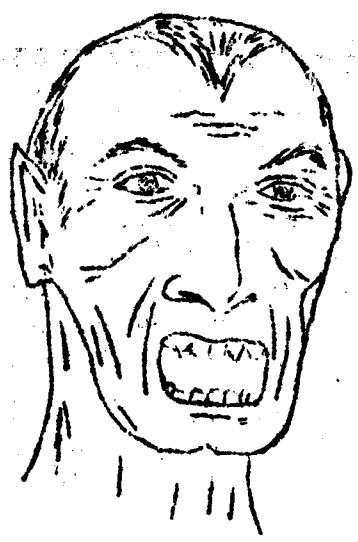
P L U S :: ROBERT GENE WARNER (author of **FIRST FLIGHT**, **AND THE NIGHT CALLS**, **KAY-LMO**, etc., etc.) will try to have a completely new story of fantasy or science-fiction in each issue of **BREVIZINE ADVENTURE!!!**

FRANKLY, BREVIZINE ADVENTURE IS A MUST!

# WEIRD

# SECURITY

by - ELMER R. KIRK



We nominate "Weird Security" as the surprise story of the year! Not so much because of craftsmanship or plot (although it does have these!) but because of the actual story itself. For example here we were ready to call it an eerie piece of prose, when all of a sudden we got to the last page and--- Well, you'd better read it. We're still chuckling!  
-EJH.

The insurance man stood at my door knocking boldly as most all insurance agents do. I live at the very end of Vine Street---dead end, and had watched the man brief case under his arm, knock from door to door until he arrived at my lonely portal.

I had already made up my mind to admit this purveyor of SECURITY AGAINST THE UNKNOWN before he arrived and had decided to sign an application for a policy that you, my dear reader, may be thinking about. The policy that I had in mind was not for life insurance but for . . . death . . .

His knock upon my door was urgent, bold, not faint and noiseless like the gentle rap of religious tract peddlers who solicit donations.

Wham! Bang! Boom, his heavy knock sounded.

"You don't need to knock the damn door down," I yelled without getting up from my comfortable chair. "Come on in."

This rare sully of admittance expletives never deters or dampens the ego of born salesman. He came in, a broad smile on his face and his hand extend-

ed in self introduction. Nothing, absolutely nothing surprises old-time insurance men....

"I'm Howard Barton, from the Elite Insurance Company," he said squeezing my hand with the vice-like grip of a mad robot monster. "We tailor insurance policies to your specific needs..."

"You're talking right down my alley," I replied. "I'm Elmo Glasgow---sit down and take a load off your feet."

Now this little exceptance speech startled the insurance man only for a brief moment, he being the master of psychological sales tactics.

"As---As I mentioned before," he hesitated again. "We tailor insurance to the insured's exact and specific needs. We never drive the hearse up to your door, hang a crepe and then bury you in a cold dank tomb in order to write an application."

"That," I said "is an ethical and admirable attribute too few salesmen possess. You may now fill in one of your insurance applications for me and I will sign it." I nodded toward his brief case now resting on his lap. "Tailor a policy for me."

The insurance man gulped and stared about my weird adobe for the first time, disbelief written all over his frenzied face.

There was a human skeleton dangling in one corner and on my work table there rested the gawking skull of some unknown dead being, its empty eye-sockets glarring and its fleshless jaw-bones grinning a smile of death. But the most grotesque THINGS of all were the weird and fantastic pictures thumb-tacked all over the walls . . . covers from weird-fantasy magazines; the bizarre, the macabre, the half-human and the half-demon, spectral human bodies, warped into uncanny and supernatural shapes with bestial heads, fang-toothed for easy gnawing in the putrid flesh of the human corpse . . . God, how ghastly . . .

"Inhuman monsters," the insurance man screamed in panic, looking toward my beat-up robot auto-story typo machine. "Wh--What is your occupation?"

"I am an imaginative writer of -20 the weird, the fantastic, the occult. I am in horrible need of a policy as security against...."

"I do not know if we cover your specific occupational hazard or not," the insurance man interrupted, thumbing through his little black rate book.

"No, no....death....death," I yelled back with tragic melodrama, exuding from my terror-stricken eyes. "I expect to die from a terrible sub-human malady!"

"What is this dread disease?"

"I--I possess the irresistible, the demonical madness to read...fanzines..."

But when I looked up toward the chair in which the insurance man had been resting, he was gone, VANISHED!

There is no death insurance, no security against this unknown beckoning hand.....  
- Elmer R. Kirk.

---

" LINCOLN IN THE WHITE HOUSE "  
by Hal Rempe....

In a recent issue of a periodical devoted to the unusual and the unknown, it quoted excerpts from former President Truman's letters, in which he mentioned the seeing of a GHOST in the White House.

However, this was no ordinary spirit, but rather Abe Lincoln himself!

Accepting and assuming that it is so, that old Abe was granted permission to visit his earthly habitat, why?

Certainly not for the love of it. Heaven surely must be a better place than what earth is now!

Perhaps it was to help straighten out our affairs (the same magazine also reported that Lincoln used spiritualism during the Civil War.)

This we also doubt. And then too, he might have just been lonely. However we also doubt this, as so much grief had come to his shoulders in his life, and during his White House stay.

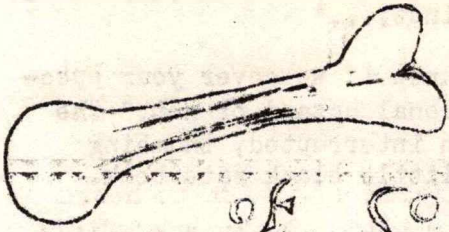
Finally it might have just been ex-President Truman's fertile imagination. Or, maybe, the magazine in question, had a nasty habit of changing the quotation around. The last two, may be it . . .

---

" I N S P I R A T I O N "

The person that said "Inspiration was nine-tenths perspiration, and a little work", is perhaps more correct than the fellow that said it the other way around.





# OF CONTENTIAL

In each issue of BREVIZINE ADVENTURE we will publish a selection of letters from our readers. Both criticism and praise is welcomed eagerly by the editorial staff. Messages, and correspondence, with fellow readers is also encouraged through these pages . . . . .

## NOT LOUSY . . . JUST BRILLIANT!

By Ted Pedersen

Dear Waf, "The Dead Be Damned" is not different. The plot has been used with variations, a million times. The theme of the story has been overworked to the point where I hesitate to read a story of that type. In fact, I had to force myself to read TDBD. But I finally did read it, and as I said before the plot was lousy. Still, one thing makes me rate TDBD as the top feature of the January issue: Rothlands brilliant style of writing. This guy is terrific! He took one of the worst plots ever created and turned it into one of the best stories I've ever had the pleasure to read. Perhaps I could get a story from him for my forthcoming fanzine: Fantastic Adventures Fanzine.

Now after all these kind words I think I'm entitled to a bit of free advertising. As I said before I am the editor of a forthcoming fanzine. FAF is thirty pages of top quality articles and stories by leading fan and pro authors. Subscription rates are 25¢ the copy or \$1.00 per year. It is published quarterly at 140 West 76th Street, Seattle 7, Wash.

Editor's Note: Thanks for the words about Rothlands. I'm sure he appreciates them. Luck with your mag . . .

## HE BLEW A FUSE!

By Elmer R. Kirk

My robot file clerk blew a fuse in his transformer leaving his mental recorder a total blank---the metal monster can't remember if I sent you a sub or not...Anyway, enclosed is two-bits for three more issues, which should teach the weak minded monster a thing or two . . .

I did receive the January issue of BREVIZINE and enjoyed every bit of it. One of the best weirds ever to be published, The Dead Be Damned, by Al Rothlands - tell him so for me.

I can hardly wait to see Brevizine in its new format. - Buffalo, Mo.

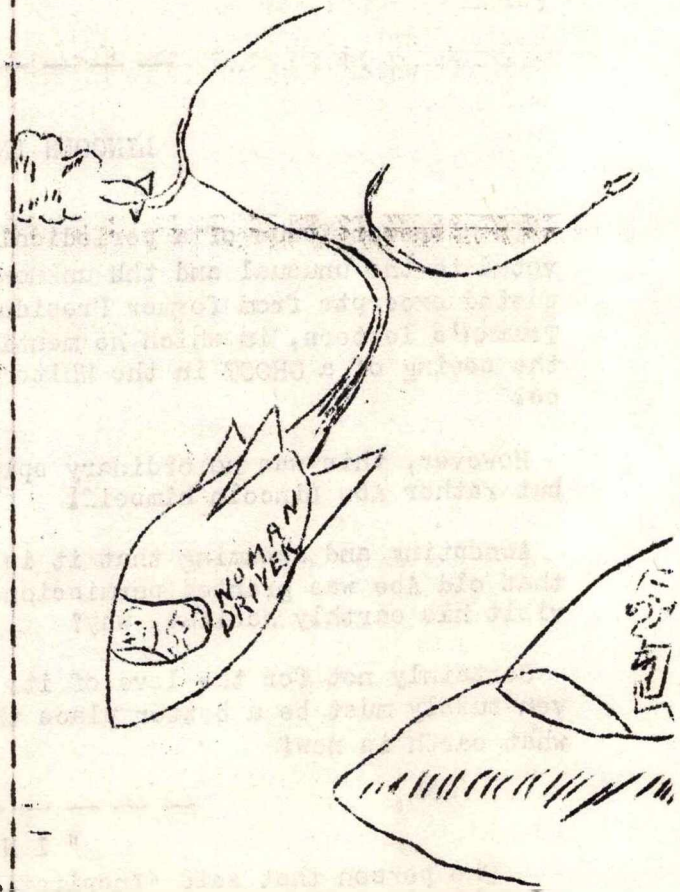
Editor's Note: We'll be happy to tell Alex you enjoyed his story, Elmer; watch for his new one: "One Step To Hell; Two For Heaven". By the way, well SPEAK for Al in saying that we're sure he enjoyed your story. How about more???

## AGREEING WITH HUGHMONT!

by Fred B. Christoff

I find myself agreeing with everything that

Cartoon: Ted White



"DON'T WORRY MYRTLE! THEY'RE JUST AS SCARED AS YOU ARE"

Hughmont says. Same too with Paul Mittelbuscher. I buy all the prozines except Galaxy, Fantastic, and Astounding, because their lack of reader columns and features. Nuff said.

Must be my writing so I won't blame you for the mistake you made when you said I liked TDBD above the others. I didn't I liked "Viewpoint" best. If I said otherwise it is my mistake. Best of luck with the new Brevi. - Ontario, Canada.

Editor's Note: Your long letter of well-thought-out criticism was taken to heart, Fred, but was unfortunately cut in most parts. I'm sorry if I made the mistake of your story ratings. However, it might have been the typist's fault, who does our stencils. . . . .

**A COVER GRIPE!**

by Tom Piper.

I'll start this one off with a gripe about your covers. Why oh why do you always use the best covers on the back. If this serpent cover was used on the front, it would have caused a bigger sensation than the one illustrating: "Kaylmo: Martian". Oh well...

Congrats on another fine editorial!

"Kaylmo: Martian" was not good, it wasn't bad, but the most super-sensational piece of fiction you or anyone else has ever published! I have never read anything better than Warner's story. I wonder if any one else will agree with me?

"Spirits From The Bottle" is another fine piece. - Santa Monica, Calif.

Editor's Note: How do you like this month's cover? We've published a lot of Warner's stories, and think they're all good. Our own personal favorite is "First Flight" which appears in this issue. By the way, for all potential readers Tom publishes a fanmag called "Reason", which is a very good first attempt.

**UNCONDITIONAL W A R !**

by Mrs. Pat E. Lewis.

Got Brev' today and immediately turned to the letter column. Say - Now may be this Donald Cantin is well-known, but New Hampshire is a fair size state. How could I send my thin little dime to him without a better address. I thought I ought to see what MICRO is like seeing he agreed with me! (Gee, some one agrees with me for once! It might go to my head!) And Waf, don't pity Mr. Lewis, he can argue better than I can. He's the master I'm the pupil.

STOP THE PRESSES! HOLD E V E R Y T H I N G!!! I have just read "The Realm Of Books"! W A R - UNCONDITIONAL W A R ! Who ever told Hughmont he could read! I must repeat a statement I made previously, Editor or no Editor (preferably the latter) Fire Him, HE'S GOT TO GO! First criticizing the Revolt of The Triffids! How dare he! And then he has the colossal nerve to say Spillane isn't a writer! And that NO decent people would look at, let alone read his books! I believe his books sold 20,000,000 copies and are still selling. That makes 20,000,000 people wrong??? Let me say I resent him saying no decent people, etc., because I read all Spillane books and most all my friends do! When Hughmont can write and sell as well as Spillane, I'll buy his books, too! (MAYBE!) As he said (Hughmont) maybe he'd better close his mouth, or he'll have to eat his words! Spillane is commercial and Browne knows it!

That Hughmont better stick to editing and leave the writing to the guys who know



how. A pox on him!!! Yours for more and more Spillane! - Portland Maine.

Editor's Note: In the most part we are in complete agreement with you, nevertheless Hughmont writes it, and I (who mind you, mostly agrees with you) has to answer for it! Sob! Sob! We believe in free speech both for you and Erwin. We're sure the "no decent people" phrase was not a reflection on any of our readers. However, let's remember while Mickey might sell those 20,000,000 books any critic who touches those hot pages of his, always pans them, when measuring them up to REAL JOURNALISM. We don't blame Howard Brown for publishing his Spillane stories, (we'd publish one, if Mickey sent one to us) but nevertheless it's not the best of fiction from a merit standpoint.

For back-magazine buyers Mrs. Lewis has SF mags from 51 and 52 which she will give to the first person who will pay the postage. Her address is: 122 Gertrude Avenue, Portland, Maine . . . . .

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ON THE SUBJECT OF LOVECRAFT....

by Charles O. Dynzof.

Disagree with you re: A story being written in the Lovecraft style. No offense intended to HPL fans but personally I think he was the creakiest weakest writer ever to hit the fantasy field. As an imitator he was superb (witness "Silver Keys" Dunsaneah overtones, and the "Outsider" which is certainly an echo of Poe) as an originator (and I refer specifically to the so-called "Othulu" mythos) he was a terrific flop. I'm of the opinion that if you and other editors cultivate this guy it's not going to be so good. So much for that.

Readers Section in B: Read your reply to my letter. All I can say is you asked for it! Am enclosing within another yarn which I hope meets with your approval.

Sorry I've rambled on overlong, but I'm afraid that rare and very deadly disease known as "Letteritingitis" has attacked me. So you can ignore the vapid remarks to be found herein and blame it on that. Thanks for hearing me out. Before I forget good luck on your scheduled change of format, even though having recieved only two issues I had grown fond of the vast-pocket size. \* Milwaukee, Wis.

Editor's Note: Lovecraft (like Spillano) is a touchy subject, everyone has their own opinions. The one you quoted by the way, was Erwin's, and not mine. However, I do think Lovecraft was a clever writer, but would have very little chance in most modern day pulps, were he still living.

That "Letteritingitis" you spoke of is a very contagious disease, unfortunately I never catch much of it. Guess I'm too busy with stencils . . .

"Exodus", your fiction piece, is found elsewhere in this issue. We thought it was very well done. (The door is always open, for fiction, Charlie).

\* \* \* \* \*

And that's that. Letters are still floating around but we just can't catch some of the hotter ones long enough to hold onto them. Believe me, some of them are hot! (Hughmont, come out from under that wastebasket; Pat Lewis' letter is gone now!!).

It was hard to get a clear rating on last issue's stories. So many people gabbing we couldn't quite find out who liked what.

We're not quite used to the large-size yet but are getting there. As Charlie Dynzof expressed the wishes that he was sorry to see the old format go, so were we all, and we have quite a few critics saying we should have expressed more sentiment with the last small magazine. After all those letters, we don't have the heart to comment yet on the small size. Oh, God, the thought of it!



MAN IS A CREATURE ALWAYS SEARCHING FOR NEW HORIZONS, MORE BRIGHTER GOALS. IN EVERYTHING THERE IS A FINAL GOAL, AN ENDING; AN ULTIMATE REACHING OF THE MIND. THROUGH COUNTLESS CENTURIES WE HAVE REACHED HEIGHTS UNDREAMED OF BY THE PREVIOUS CENTURIES; AND NOW WE ARE AT THE BRINK OF A NEW ONE . . . ONE YET OUTSHINING ALL . . . THAT OF SPACE TRAVEL! WHILE THE MOST SIGNIFICANT YET, IS THIS THE FINAL ONE? CAN THIS BE THE "GOAL" AND THE END TO MAN'S ACHIEVEMENTS? OR, IN ALL PROBABILITY, WILL IT BE ONLY THE BEGINNING OF CONQUESTS ON DISTANT PLANETS, BRIGHT STARS, FAR STRETCHING SOLAR SYSTEMS! AND IF THIS IS TRUE, WILL WE FINALLY FIND AN ENDING, A "FINAL" TO OUR EXPANDING DISTANCES? PERHAPS, BUT WHO CAN ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS??? THE COSMOS? OR...WHEN WE HAVE SPACE TRAVEL WILL WE FIND THAT OUR BELIEF OF THE COSMOS IS ALSO ONLY A MYTH! ? ?

Illustrator: WHITE.

