

Volume 1, number 2....September 1947.....ten cents a copy.....42 pages

DREAM QUEST

Don Wilson, editor and publisher ... Howard Miller, associate editor
Howard Miller, art editorGilbert Swenson, prozine editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FICTION:

THE DREAM QUEST OF THE UNKNOWN CADAVER, by Gordon Elliott.....8	
(part one of an infinite number of parts)	
METAMORPHODITE, by Eric Frank Bustle van Couvering.....16	

ARTICLES:

TO THE FOURTH -- AND BEYOND, by Joe. J. Fortier.....7	
LOGIC IN SCIENTIFICTION, by Ralph Milne Farley.....41	

VERSE:

PILGRIM, by Amri.....3	
SWIM IN A MOONLIT STREAM, by Marijane Nuttall.....12	
MIRROR, by Marijane Nuttall.....12	

DEPARTMENTS AND FEATURES:

THE GAS JET, by the Editor.....2	
PEABODY'S FUTURESOCPE, by J. Ellington Peabody.....4	
HEINLEIN IN THE POST, by Gilbert Swenson.....6	
BOOKDEALERS I HAVE KNOWN, #1, by Wilson.....16	
PRO-PHILE, by Gilbert Swenson.....22	
CAVE OF THE WINDS, by the Readers.....32	

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

FANZINE WRITER'S GUIDE, a project of interest to you.....42	
Cover by John Van Couvering	
Interior art by Miller	

DREAM QUEST is an amateur publication for fans of science fiction, fantasy, and weird fiction. It is published irregularly at 495 North Third St., Banning, California. Price: 10¢ per copy, 3 for 25¢, 6 for 50¢, 13 for \$1.00. Trades gladly arranged with other fanzines. We welcome material; the only payment is a free copy of DREAM QUEST for each accepted unit of material. Opinions expressed by contributors and correspondents are their own, and do not necessarily reflect the views of any of DREAM QUEST's staff. All letters sent here are subject to publication unless specifically requested otherwise. If a check appears here ☒ you had better send some cash if you want more issues of this magazine. ###

THE GAS JET

Vell, here we go again. Straightaway to the business at hand. First, in regard to "Logic in Stf" and "To the 4th and Beyond" in this issue -- I'd like to thank Henry Elsner, Jr., who passed them along to me after Stfist folded. The Fortier article is reprinted from Spaceways by permission of Harry Warner, Jr., and the Farley from Beowulf by permission of Gerry de la Ree.

Again, this issue ran over the allotted amount of pages. I'd planned thirty, but those pesky pro reviews came to more than expected agin'. So the issue runs a little long. The first installment of the serial is here for you to dissect, which I trust and hope you will. And the two departments that were knocked out of the last issue. I was disappointed by the dearth of material. Do you guys think that a fanzine can be run on departments alone??? Come on, send me something. Serious stf-fantasy articles...humor...satire...fiction...anything savoring of fsy. I will print it if it \$s printable.

Now, more business. You no doubt know that a raging controversy is raging about Raymond A. Palmer and yours truly, The Editor. I'd like to end that controversy. Wanna help me? I'm going to take a poll, the results of which will appear in the third issue of DQ. The poll asks this: What do you think of Rap, Shaver, the Dero, and the Mystery currently running in AS, and what do you think should fandom's attitude be toward it? (This poll was announced, or will be announced in REward's letterzine, as for this issue. It was announced too early, hence the postponement.) I propose only to take the results and tabulate them, publishing the number For Rap, Against Rap, and Neutral. Add the poll-listing on to your letters of comment, or if you don't have time to write one, pput it on a card. If you wish to elaborate, I'll print as many letters as there is space for. Let's have your replies! Oh, yes -- I don't propose any fandomwide action, only to discover fandom's opinions on this interestingly controversial topic.....

Bob Stein has volunteered to review the current British prozines, so I hope to be able to add them to the list next issue. Also on hand will be more Peabody, more Elliott, more Swenson, the regular departments, and a critical review of Sir Thomas More's Utopia. I don't know yet who will do the BOOKDEALERS for #3. Why not give me a stack of experiences from which to pick the most interesting one??? And the results of the Rap-poll I hope will be ready for publication by then. Of course, if nothing is received they'll be postponed.

What do you guys think of a listing of all the publications of all the fantasy book publishers?? If you turn thumbs up, I'll root

into those old catalogs and dig up a complete list of all Arkham House publications and run it in the next issue. Otherwise the thing will be promptly canned. What do you say? If you like it, I'll go on to FP, Hadley, NCG, Winsome, Trover Hall, Pegasus, and the rest.....one each issue, or two if the company listed has few publications out.

I see that Associate & Art Editor Miller didn't get enough ego-boo last issue. Well, here is what he does: Helps with the mimeoing. (A most welcome task, I assure you, particularly with out mimeo.) And he contributes cash, not half the costs because he's too poor, but a considerable portion, I assure you. He gives me invaluable ideas. He is, in short, the Associate Ed...and, I might add, the publication of this fanzine was his idea. (So now you know whom to blame. Sorry, Howard.) Don't blame him for the titles, tho -- I thought them up.

Some of the ambitious plans given in the last issue are being abandoned, the reasons given elsewhere in the issue, together with new plans, more practical and more valuable to fans. Only three writers commented on the idea at all. One liked it. Of the other two, one remarked that he didn't think we'd have much luck, and the other -- well, read Burbee's letter in CAVE OF THE WINDS. So the anthologies, at least for the time being, are being abandoned. The other project, I think you'll agree, is of incalculably more value to fans, and incalculably less work to us. So it is much better. See page 42.

I have to stick this poem in somewhere, and this is as good a place as any so I'll leave you now. The next issue, I believe, will be issued in Christmas vacation. See you then.

--Don Wilson

PILGRIM

* *

A pilgrim I through space and time
 And lands of fantasy
 Beings bewitched of times long gone...
 And things long dead -- before the dawn
 Of time, belong to me.
 Strange creatures of those far-off days---
 Strange craft that sailed the skies
 And souls that cried in agony
 Searching a place to hide
 From Power that was...and Hate that was...and terrifying Fate that was
 Brewing that awful brew from which
 Escape could never be...
 These monstrous things.....these awesome things....
 Were all well-known to me.

---AMRI.

PEABODY'S FUTURESCOPE

by J. ELLINGTON PEABODY

My name is J. Ellington Peabody.

I don't expect you to believe this story; sometimes I wonder if I believe it myself. Now, with events all past and the future scope safely disposed of, I can, however, reveal to the world what I saw--even if it may not be completely true.

It all started in that dingy little pawnshop on South Bixel St. I doubt if I could find it again even if I had to. I can't even remember the shop's name -- but the sign on the door, whatever it read, gave no indication of what lay within. I pushed open the creaking door; stepping inside, the gloom was so intense, and the smell so musty, that for a moment I thought I had entered a second-hand magazine store. However, a closer scrutiny after my eyes had become accustomed to the gloom revealed that this was not the case. Piles and crates and cases and cartons of junk, not magazines, lay on the floor, stacked against the walls,. I was almost afraid to breathe for fear that the whole stock of the store might descend on my head like the wrath of the Blatant Beast. ((Yes, indeed.)) Still befuddled by the murky atmosphere and not quite oriented to the otherworldliness of the place, I began to grope clumsily around the cases which were all built of ancient, wormy, musty wood. Suddenly a frightening vision burst on my frightened vision. ((HMMMMM...)) If a prune had somehow been blown up to the general dimensions of a man this would have been it. The proprietor's mouth opened, and from that grave-like opening came sound which I can only compare to things I have read in Lovecraft. However, being a student of the Ubangi language, I was not too much inconvenienced. And in the conversation which ensued, I learned that he had once been a mortician, now retired, as he told me in unmelodious tones. With a trembling, ancient hand he beckoned me forward, and said: "Search as long as you want. You may find something to interest you."

I plunged into the pile of moldering wreckage. Pieces of perpetual motion machines, Korzybski demonstration devices, mimeos, were only a few of the objects I encountered. The dregs of all the world's pawnshops must have been there.

Having once been fond of the study of mineralogy, I soon navigated my way to where the usual pile of dust-covered stones that serves in most pawn shops as a mineral collection lay. I passed over the usual hinks of rock salt masquerading as quartz, the various copper ores and the collection of natural mineral crosses. Sneezing my way deeper into the interior of the heap, I pulled out a flat crystal, crudely disc-shaped. As one end was stuck, I pulled harder. Harder--harder--

CRASH!!! I tumbled back head over heels, my head coming to rest

against the base of the wall. I must have shaken something upon which a bunch of debris depended for its relief from the force of gravity. For upon me tumbled an assorted two tons of odds and ends. It was indeed a novel experience for him, the old proprietor told me after having dug me up and applying artificial respiration. "To think after all these years of unblemished record."

Together the shop keeper and I examined the crystal that had been the cause of my fall. It didn't look like much ~~much~~ ~~en~~ ~~ly~~ ~~a~~ ~~disc~~ ~~of~~ ~~some~~ clear substance with a few wires and a cord plugged in. Just to see what would happen we connected the plug with a wall socket. Instantly the thing flamed to life and I saw within it a small picture that seemed to fill and take the place of the dingy store. I saw a man against a dark purple sky. He seemed to be talking, and suddenly I could hear him. "Yup! Step right up, gentlemen." A crowd seemed to be forming around him and I noticed he had a large can in his hand and several more on the ground near him. "Yup," he was saying, "you see before you the greatest invention of the ages. The atmospheric friction reduction goo. Just swab a thin coating of this superscientific concoction over the outer hulls of your rocket ship and presto, you have a frictionproof hull. Zoom through the air with new freedom because of its special lubricating action." It was just about this time that I must have wrenched loose the connection. The scene faded, and I found myself staring into the wide opened eyes of the pawnshop keeper, who was mumbling over and over: "What was it? What was it?"

It was only after several minutes that the old man and I could try to rationalize what had happened. The shopkeeper's eyes gleamed with greedy glee as I told him the possibilities on the stock market if this device was what I thought it was -- a future-scanner of some sort. It was a pity the old man was so uncooperative about letting me share the use of the new found powers of the disc between us. As I left the shop, carrying the crystal, I noticed that it was slightly wet, and now wonder, considering the fact that I had pulped the old man's brains with it.

I hurried home, and ensconced in my workshop again tested the crystal. It was what I had hoped -- a device that would show to its user the future. All through the night I gazed on scenes of the future. I saw the United States taken over by some semi-scientific party. Years of tyrants' rule, until they publicly impaled the leader of the opposition party for holding the view that gravity was not caused by air pressure. Then the revolt that ended forever the rule of the science party. Many and wonderful were the things I witnessed.

It was only after several days that I had my first foreboding of disaster. I had just read "E for Effort," and then I suddenly thought that if all that could happen just through the use of a machine for scanning the past, what can happen if a man uses a futurescope?? It broke on me all of a sudden -- sooner or later curiosity would cause

((Continued on page 40))

HEINLEIN IN THE POST

BY GILBERT SWENSON

IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK, by Robert A. Heinlein. The Saturday Evening Post, vol. 220 #4, July 26, 1947. Page 18.

Well, it looks as if this feature is going to be made into a regular department. Let's hope so. Eventually, there is always the possibility of one of the Post's 8-part serials being written by Heinlein -- and that is the goal this department strives for, if it has any.

First, in response to a request by Henry Elsnor, Jr., here are the dates of the other two Heinlein Post stories, reviewed in Dream Quest #1. "The Green Hills of Earth" appeared in the February 8, 1947, issue, on page 32. "Space Jockey" began on page 32 of the April 26, 1947 Post. All three have been listed as short stories. The illustrations all have been done by Fred Ludekens, and all have been good.

"It's Great to be Back" is a family life story. Thus far, "Space Jockey" and the Margaret St. Clair soma-rack series in SS and TWS have answered this classification -- not a very voluminous category of stories. However, it may be noted that in a magazine which supposedly prints stories based on the social life of the far future, this aspect may be of quite some importance in the scheme of things -- at least, that is, worthy of some consideration. To get back to the yarn--it would be considered inconsequential, no doubt. The couple were coming back to Earth after a three-year stay on Luna, and were most glad to be getting back -- back to civilization, after three years of hickdom. That's the premise.

As I say, no doubt inconsequential when compared to ASF stories and others. But this family-life thing is a foundation upon which great things might possibly be built. It might be a good idea to look at a culture from the inside for a while, and see more than merely the whole appearance of the civilization and its social structure as viewed by some observer from the outside or from the top levels, ~~outcasts~~ such as Sam Reed. And it cannot be denied that, regardless of the indifferent social considerations of It's So Great, it provides fairly interesting reading material. We have reconsidered since the last installment of this feature. The average public cannot be started in ~~stf~~ at the prewar Heinlein level -- it must be fed to them gradually, like starting a child with the First Reader -- believe it was Rothman who used that analogy first. So there's still hope. And whatever the end result may be, the most important thing of all is that they ARE ~~stf~~ in a big-time slick, and that as such they might possibly mark the beginning of a new trend.

Let's hope so. ###

INTO THE FOURTH -- AND BEYOND

by Joe. J. Fortier

We're living in the fourth dimension!

I mean that statement and I'm positively convinced of the fact. Perhaps there should be some conclusive evidence and all that, as well as grounds for my statement, presented. I'm not a scientist by any crude imagination; I haven't any degrees to bolster my ego. In fact, I have never been considered overly bright in high school science; I came close to flunking chemistry at one time.

That's past history, though, for those days are dimmed and rapidly disappearing from my mind. However, I believe that this little theory holds some bit of truth despite the fact that it will undoubtedly be blasted wide open by your ingenious master minds. Maybe someone will offer corroborative evidence for or against the idea.

About all one can do with such meager knowledge as I possess is to prove the theoretical dimensions one by one. The first dimension is time. Time must be the very first for nothing can exist without a lapse of time. Suppose you are facing a table. Looks substantial, doesn't it? Where would that table be without time? Whiff--no place at all. There would be instantaneous disappearance of all things from this or any other universe without time--including you and me--for, without some passage of time, things would never have been formed. Even the first sun would never have come into existence without this ultra-necessary element of time. Lacking this potent dimension, all space would be devoid of any particle of matter.

Length, then, must be the second dimension. Width is useless without length--just cannot be. What the second dimension may be is entirely unconceivable by so small a mind as mine. It is a great doubt that any mortal soul can sensibly visualize just such a thing: a world of time and length.

Width, naturally, is the third dimension. Therein lie the flat-land creatures -- and even some others! I would like to cover this subject of extra- and lower-dimensional life if Editor Harry Warner thinks it proper and fitting. Then volume is left for the fourth.

We are living in this fourth dimension as was said before, and we are the highest living creatures fitted for but one dimension. Yes, there is one more dimension, but that encompasses all others.

The fifth dimension is one great curve which enfolds all other dimensions. It completely unites all of them into one great whole. It is this grand feat which holds the spacean territories in a state of cosmic splendor rather than a state of eternal chaos. If time travel is at all possible, a thing that I believe rather ridiculous and rather absurd despite some fine arguments in favor of it, then it should be through the use of this magnificent warp to advance to the future.

I do not say that time travel is impossible, but just that it is highly impractical and improbable. Imagine the experience of traveling back a few years and conversing with yourself! The future holds some remote chances, which remain doubtful in my mind, on this gigantic warp in space. If the future has conquered time traveling, where are our marvelous visitors! (granted that common sense should deter them from entering the crazy years--score one for the readers)

If this proves at all interesting to any of the readers, I will be only too happy to continue my odd trend of thought as to the things remotely possible in the dimensions. There are even some fantastic vari-dimensional creatures of which I have dreamed. Right now I wish to announce that half of the work is by Tom Wright; while I sit around groping through smoke-rings for ideas, he offers some sensible explanations for and against the ideas. The two of us will even grant that a couple of fellows are on the right track.

I think they call one of them Einstein.

THE DREAM-QUEST OF THE UNHAPPY CADAVER BY GORDON ELLIOTT

Carl Gurbee sloshed through the mud.

Gurbee's only regret as he sloshed was that the escapade which had made it necessary for him to be sloshing had only been an attempt. He gashed his teeth and sobbed at the thought of it. But, after all, Gurbee couldn't have known that the gig giggling young Italian thing had been related to the local chief of Constablerie -- related, in fact, in a nice chummy father-and-daughter law-and-lure, hook-and-bait sort of a way. Most charming, to anybody but Carl Gurbee.

The result of this unfortunate but nonetheless extant relationship was that young and none-too-handsome Carl Gurbee, of the male sex, Caucasian ancestry ---- although that had sometimes been doubted in a quite insulting way by certain of Gurbee's enemies -- and loose morals, and wanted in 17 states, four provinces, and dozens of prefectures and Departments of eight countries, lately of Hollywood, sloshed through a particularly nauseous mess of muck near a little town called Diabloriccio, Italy. The fact that he was wearing knee-length boots should have helped his situation. It would have helped it, at least partially, had this been good, sane, ordinary California mud of the sort he was accustomed to ~~trudging~~ walking in. But the boots failed miserably in Italy mud. The mud was of the approximate consistency of mimeo ink; Gurbee's boots reached to a level approximately four inches below the surface of the mud. And the

result of this assorted and dreary collection of unfortunate circumstances was that Carl Gurbee, once of Hollywood, now of northern Italy, was a most miserable man.

Altogether, Gurbee would have seemed to be a quite miserable person to those of society unaccustomed to him, even when the conditions under which he contacted them had been of the best. And the conditions under which he had met the constablerie of that little town were definitely not of the best. They had not found Gurbee the sort of man they were fond of. Or his actions the sort of which they -- or at least the laws that they were hired to uphold -- condoned. This was apparent from the tone of the objects now passing thru the air near Gurbee's head. Above the splash of his not-quite-boots and the steady roar of the wind and falling water, he could make out the not-too-distant crack of some officer's carbine; it was no dog that whined near his head. And the whining things came at the most inappropriate time -- the terrain was beginning to get less like the mire and ooze at the bottom of the sea. Rocks -- sharp, jagged rocks of the type that ships crack open their hulls on -- began showing their ugly heads above the mud, and in the bottoms of Gurbee's poor boots. The one which he, in his haste to leave the vicinity of Diabloriccio, hadn't been quite able to slip on completely, was rapidly taking on the aspects of a very soggy rag. Or a slipsheet which

DREAM QUEST

had been used one thousand too many times. Gurbee cursed the boot, and the sad truth that the carabineers had been summoned so soon. He almost thought that Fate was against him. This hadn't been the only instance that would tend to support the claim. The time the railing gave way on the boat from Sicily, and he fell into the ocean. And....but another bullet cut Gurbee's reveries short, and he redoubled his efforts to reach the Swiss border, but fast. The boot followed after him like an obedient and well-trained, if somewhat limp and waterlogged, dog.

Suddenly another sound than the crack of a carbine broke thru the eternal noise of wetness. Gurbee could almost imagine he was back in Los Angeles, for it was the sound of ribald laughter. He glanced frightenedly toward the source of the sound -- surely the carabineers had not brought the constable's daughter with them? Apparently they hadn't, was the conclusion Carl reached after a moment. For good young carabinieri do not carry lanterns when they are out in the countryside, either accompanying constables' daughters or hunting criminals. And a lantern (obviously fireflies didn't stay out in this type of weather, so it must be a lantern, since flashlights had not yet been introduced into this part of the world) was unquestionably bobbing toward Gurbee -- he thought it was coming at him because it grew brighter with each moment. And it seemed to be coming down from above Gurbee; apparently the jagged rocks which had so played havoc with the remnant of what had once been a good boot had been outcroppings from a mountain; or else the


9

light belonged to angels, which wasn't very likely.

The lantern continued to swing through the rain, and presently the source of the ribald laughter appeared -- an improbably immense Cyclopean sedan chair showed its Titanic bulk through the rain -- a litter that swayed back and forth like -- well, like a howdah on the back of an extremely drunken elephant, to name but one resemblance. It must have been terrifying to anyone who had ever been forced to follow that litter in a parade or state occasion -- Gurbee could feel his breath hold as the litter swayed over farther, farther, farther to one side -- but somehow, the thing always straightened up in the last possible instant before litter, occupants, and bearers spilled into the muck in one grand, sucking, gooey slosh. The bearers swayed back and forth like metronomes, but metronomes never leaned over that far -- and metronomes never uttered ribald laughter, as apparently these swaying men had been doing. Or at least Gurbee presumed it had been they, for no one else was around but the carabinieri, and their possibility had already been discounted satisfactorily by Gurbee's slightly befuddled mind. Nor did metronomes give last sighs of despair and collapse head-first into the goo, spilling bearers, litter, and, Carl supposed, occupants, into the ooze full length. And no metronome ever gave out with the Italian, though nonetheless apparent, curses that issued from the sedan chair amid the crash of bottles and groans of some of the 24 men now lying in the soup under their burden.

The bearers -- whoever they

were -- began a mumbling among themselves. Or what Gurbee could see of them, protruding from beneath the sedan vehicle. The murmur was in Italian, interspersed with raisings of the voice and gestures; presently one of them spied Gurbee, and raised his voice in Italian, holding out his hands in what was apparently a gesture of supplication.

 GURBEE, INDICATED by holding out both his hands that he was unfamiliar with the tongue of Leetla Eetaly; the bearer tried Spanish, German, French, and one or two other languages with which Gurbee was unfamiliar, with still no result. Finally, by some mischance, the man hit upon English. Gurbee gathered after a few minutes of what was obviously the result of a quick reading of one of those pamphlets called "Speak You English??" that the man wanted assistance of some kind or other, so as befits a Gurbee when someone else is in need of assistance, he turned his back on the sprawled men and began to walk away.

He was brought up short by another, and this time much closer, fusillade from the carbines of the Protectors of Public Welfare; it seemed the choice, at least for the moment, between doing whatever it was the bearer wanted, and getting a bullet in his guts. Straightaway, after a superb example of thinking on his feet, Gurbee reached a lightning decision of the gravest import, turned, and made his way back to the litter, where it still lay in the mud. He spied a large face peering out from between the curtains; he approached the face, the boots still

trailing him in obedient fashion. As Carl neared the physiognomy, he began to notice how truly tremendous it was. Gurbee didn't wonder at the plight of the bearers, if the owner of the face possessed the same dimensions as his pan, with proportionate increases in size and bulk, and therefore lbs. Gurbee wondered how whoever it was that occupied the litter ever managed to move about while inside buildings -- surely the 24 bearers could not always accompany him, with the litter, through narrow passages and doorways. And it seemed impossible that the owner of so large a face could ever have locomoted under his own power.

Gurbee finally forced his wonderment to the back of his mind together with a peculiar recurring of the name "Waldo" from his memory, and the temptation to sing a song he had heard once called "The Fat Man Blues," and walked up to the face, still with a kind of awe and stupefaction. He was making up his mind slowly but surely to speak to the face -- which he now saw; by the light of the lantern, which now lay in the mud by the side of the path -- for there indeed was one, over which the sedan chair had been traveling -- was purple, when the mouth of the face opened, as if it had been pulled down by the weight of the numerous chins beneath it. Anxious to put in a good word for himself before he could be discredited, Gurbee began: "I..."

"Silence, stupid pig! And why is it that you run away when we are in need of assistance?"

Gurbee's now whirling mind had begun to grope toward some excuse to use as an answer, when the ((CONTINUED ON PAGE 13))



FATHER AMBROSE

HM

.....SWIM IN A MOONLIT STREAM.....

The icy-winged hours of sleep
Steal off...
As, with dawn spears, the new day starts...

Yet.....what rendezvous they keep
With all my unfilled wishes...
Freeing me of earth-bonds in my dreams
'Til thoughts become a school
Of rainbow fishes...
Darting where they will in sky-bent streams
By moonlight....while, by day, they hide,
Trembling beneath some shady shoal,
Lest they be trapped and placed beside
Me in life's skimpy gold-fish bowl...

--Marijane Nuttall

MIRROR

I never look closely--
I fear to see
Such shadows
Peering back at me
Nor dare think clearly
Since I was child
Of things that used
To drive me wild.

I know the feel
Of padded cell--
Have screamed the screams
Of nightmared hell--
I'm cured--

I'll never look past
At the rest of me
Until -- curiosity
Gets the best of me!

--Marijane Nuttall

DREAM QUEST

litter-bearer who had first attempted to entreat Gurbee into helping them spoke forth. "Oh, noble Father Ambrose," he entreated, "Brother Angelo has collapsed, and we are in dire straits. If we----"

This was obviously too much for the fat man, who was apparently the Ambrose toward which the entreaty had been directed. "Don't you think I know we are in dire straits? Faugh, I should behead that garbage rat Angelo. I should excommunicate all of you. I should..."

Not wishing to become involved in any such quarrels, and naturally desiring to keep his hide, and to get in the good graces of this character before the carabineers found him, and seeing great possibilities for saving his hide if he got on the good side of a Father, and thinking that perhaps he might lose himself from vision if he became lost among the men beneath the litter, hastily gathered his still reeling wits and summoned the guts to address the fat person. "Oh, my most humble apologies, sir. I did not realize that you were a noble Priest -- a man of the Robe. Sir, it behooves me in this moment of your distress too aid you to move your litter onward..."

All of this was suddenly interrupted by a sudden SPING, a bullet which sang uncomfortably close to Gurbee's head, and also to the head of the mountain of flesh which had been addressed as Father Ambrose. Ambrose burst forth with a torrent of Italian, and even Gurbee knew enough Italian to realize that what was being said by the Occupier of Much Cubic

13

Feet boded very ill for anyone who dared to cross the man at this moment. The priest's face was now almost luminous. The purple color was merging into a deep shade of-- what was it? Maybe it would be ultraviolet soon. Maybe -- "And perhaps you, my wandering and so-anxious-to-help friend; could tell me from whence come those bullets?"

Gurbee now thought faster than he had ever thought before. Behind him were the police, handlers of rifles, expert shots, after his head. Before him was a Father Ambrose, who offered some chance for Carl Gurbee to elude the aforesaid Police. However, this priest was at present in a mood which was the farthest from willingness to help fugitives from the law as it was possible to be. Or to help anyone else, for that matter. But another conclusion offered itself. Without looking again toward Father Ambrose, Carl picked up one of the jagged rocks which were piled willy-nilly over the landscape as if they had been left there by some guy named Willie Nilly, and tossed it into the pool of black ooze which lay on his left. It made a tremendous splash. So loud a splash, in fact, that it must have attracted the attention of the carabineers, because another fusillade of lead -- this time from less than 100 yards back -- cracked and buzzed overhead and into the slime. Then, before the monstrous paw of Ambrose had had a chance to reach his throat, Carl shoved his way under the litter. This was a moment of extreme personal danger, so Gurbee broke every precedent of his life. As soon as his feet had made contact with the solid surface of Italy, he gave a titanic heave, almost lifting the litter single-

handed. The litter bearers, who also were aware of the present state of the temper of the man located above them, when they saw what Carl was about all shoved together. The sound the litter made as it rose from the mud could only have been equalled by the sounds made when hideous THINGS walked, and their feet sank into the mud.

SO IT WAS that when Lieutenant Giovanni Marchioni, of Diabloriccio police, rushed upon the scene leading his mob of 37 policemen all armed with carbines, he saw before him a litter which he had seen many times before. He recognized its awful significance, paled to something even less than white, and bowed low, removing his cap and allowing his slowly-graying head to sink up to the temples in the dismal goo. "Father Ambrose -- I do not realize---"

"And may I ask," returned the Father in too-polite, oily tones, "just what you mean by shooting at my litter?" The last word was accented in such a way that the poor man shuddered horribly and lost his balance, falling face-first in the mud. Ambrose, thoroughly infuriated and ready to make the policeman part of the soil of Italy, maneuvered his tremendous bulk toward the entrance, and reached out his banana-bunch hands as if to grasp the Public Protector's throat, and strangle, choke out the man's life, squeeze slowly, horribly, until the poor wretch's screams subsided into a last, pathetic gurgling rattle...

However, this movement proved to be a little too much; after Gurbee had added his lifting tal-

DREAM QUEST

ents to the services of the bearers, the men had not had time to regain their poise and brace their legs on the bedrock to prepare for come-what-might. They were still struggling to regain their balance when Father Ambrose's motion toward the side of the litter in search of Marchioni's throat again precipitated the litter into the mud. This time the litter went sideways, toward the south. As the litter tumbled into the swill, a monkeylike shape moved from beneath it, on the north side. The shape traveled over the outside of the sedan chair, which was now groaning as if to re-consign itself to a grave that should have been covered up when a grove of cypress trees had been cut down near Dibaloriccio a dozen years ago, but had instead of being buried or burned had been commandeered by Ambrose and his cohorts for the building of assorted impedimenta, chief among these being a titanically huge sedan chair especially built for the man in charge of the place, Father Ambrose. The shape drew aside the curtains on the north side of the litter just as Giovanni Marchioni and Sgts. Luigi Caproni and Giusseppe Taurasi finished chanting "Holy Mary" in unison. The shape pulled at the foot of Ambrose's voluminous robes just as Marchioni, Caproni, and Taurasi finished saying "Sacred Mother." As they crossed themselves, Ambrose turned around. While the whites of their eyes were showing all around the irises as the poor guys rolled their eyes in pitiful terror, the shape whispered some words of great import into the trumpetlike auditory orifice of the Great Mountain of Man. Something passed from the shape's hand into Ambrose's as the men were stealing covert glances

into the litter, and at what they could now see in the back of it -- Ambrose's back, cowed robe, and necks. A thick voice was then heard mumbling in something that almost sounded like COUNTING. Then Ambrose turned around, and the shape departed from the north side of the litter, toward the mud beneath. And Ambrose bade the men: "Did you hear me ask you a question? Why were you shooting bullets at my litter? Do you presume to violate my inviolability?? I should excommunicate you---"

Apparently this was too much for poor Marchioni, for he uttered a pathetic groan and collapsed again into the mud, tracing weird drawings on the ground with his fingers. He finally summoned up the courage to speak, though still cowering in groveling terror: "But O Holy one, it was not you. I mean to say, that it was a criminal. A horror of a America, he is to assault the daughter of the Constable of Police. That is to say, why I---"

Ambrose replied, "So it was a criminal you were shooting at. And by whose authority do you presume to shoot at the chariot of Father Ambrose while on the search for violators of the law?"

Marchioni managed to fumble from his almost paralyzed lips, "Father, it was not you that the bullets were. I have follow a low criminal in these mountain, and I shooting at him when you are in the mud in front of me, and a bullet she fly at you while the criminal he escape--"

"And how could the criminal have been coming this way? This path is the only one leading north from Diabloriccio. I have been at

the crossing point of this path-way and mine, which leads to the nearby Nunnery. My monks collapse here in the mud, and I have been waiting for the past fifteen minutes. Nobody has come by here. And you know perfectly well that to attempt to go over these mountains in this weather off of the path would be suicide---"

"But, Father, I swear that the criminal he come by this way, not a hundred yards ahead of me he is going, fast, by here, he musta come by this path because I follow heem here---"

"Insolent fool, I have told you that no one has passed this way, and my word is always the Uncorrupted Truth. Is it not, fool?"

"Oh, yes, Father, but my criminal, he still must come this way--"

"Silence, before I excommunicate you at this very spot at this very moment."

The redoubled threat of excommunication was too much for Marchioni and his allied inquisitors. They all rose from the mud, and while Taurasi uttered an ululation which may or may not have been the last gasp of his mind leaving him, fled down the mountain toward Diabloriccio.

Carl Gurbee took his place beneath the litter, and while Father Ambrose, a smug smile of self-satisfaction on his bloated jowls, leafed through the sheaf of material in his hand and gave the odd impression of COUNTING, the litter bearers once again rose from the mud and began to move up the mountainside. The rain fell; the wind blew; far ahead, a faint glimmer

BOOKDEALERS I HAVE KNOWN
Odd purveyors of bookly and
prozinely lore....
#1, by the Editor

Bookdealers! There isn't a fan in existence who wouldn't like to see the species extinct. For all of them are out to end the fan's pocketbook. Some of them do it in a smooth way. Others are utterly mean about it. But no matter what way they use, the end is the same--the utter extinction of the fan's buying power.

Take, for instance, that well-known national company, Searchlight Book Co. They offer to find rare books at lowest market prices. One fine day, a couple of years ago, I sent off a card to them asking them to find two books -- THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS, by H. P. Lovecraft, and OUT OF SPACE AND TIME, by Clark Ashton Smith. Months went by, and no reply was received, so I concluded that they couldn't find the books, and went about my way with no disappointment.

When one day, at least six months after my inquiry had been sent off, a card from the dump arrived in the mail saying that they had the books, for the sum of five dollars each. I sent them off ten dollars by air mail, together with inquiries about BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP, SOMEONE IN THE DARK, and DARK ODYSSEY. Ha! Another card came back giving the price of \$6.00 for the second HPL omnibus, and \$5.00 each for the others. Off went the price in full. Cards came back, acknowledging the receipt of my hard-earned cash and saying that delivery would be made in 90 days or less on "scarce or rare" books.

To make a long and sickening story short, the ninety days passed and nothing arrived. After several hot inquiries which included threats to notify the postal authorities of fraud, they finally sent a letter. They said the books were very hard to find, and that they were disappointed at being unable to fill my order. Ha! After they had plainly indicated that they had the books on hand or knew where they could be gotten.

But that still wasn't the end of my dealings with that foul dump. They refused to refund the money. They said: "Glad to comply with your request for refund. Check will follow shortly." No check came. More hounding and inquiries. After they had sent a copy of "Best Supernatural Stories" and had it returned, been asked for money several more times, and had everything said to them in letters except dirty names, a check -- or, rather, two checks -- arrived, for the full amount. I believe at least 10% of that amount must have been spent on postage, asking for information, refunds, and so on. The entire process took a whole year. And nobody was the winner except the postal department. It got rich.

Of course, all fan have heard of Julius Unger. I wrote to him several years ago, requesting information on A. Merritt books. No reply came. After a month had elapsed, a card was sent Unger's way,

repeating the request and asking for a reply. Julius replied, and in his letter he said "Just found your old letter." He answered his mail when he FOUND it. What if the letter had included a large order? Maybe he would never have "found" it. That was the last time he ever sent me anything but booklists. Time after time information was requested; swap offers of old FFLs for "new" items were made; no reply was received. Finally giving up the guy in disgust I sold the things I had for trade to a secondhand dealer for one cent each.

There is a secondhand dealer in Long Beach, California, named Grant. Once, while in his establishment, Miller and I asked him if he knew about Shaver. We told him they were a series of occultish stories which were slimy with sex and very poorly written. He told us the following gem: "But men and women both read the Lemooria stories." Maybe the guy was a dero fan. Another dealer in the same town -- one Bertrand Smith, who runs a dump called "Acres of Books" -- was visited by Miller; he went to a slightly off-color section, or something, and was run out on the grounds that it was illegal to look at the backbones of the books! Another time he had been caught reading a book and reprimanded for that. This was a second-hand bookstore. There is no reason why such an establishment should act high-class.

A great deal of secondhand bookdealers smoke cigarettes in holders. Is this a trademark of the profession, we wonder? One dealer in San Diego, when I asked how much an Amazing was, replied: "Ten, that hazz gott to be." When Miller was caught reading a comic book in a local guy's news stand, he was told: "We don't tolerate the reading of magazines in this establishment. I would as soon trust someone who came and took cash out of the till as anybody who reads on the stands." Calmly knocking down a row of pocket-sized junk, we walked out. That same dealer took up the practice of charging a cent more than the stamped price on certain magazines -- mostly Ziff-Davis -- on the grounds that the distributor had upped the price on him. Phooey!

Are all dealers like this? Aren't there any who are sincere normal, honest citizens? Are they all a bunch of bums who are out to fleece the customer and don't care a tinker's how they do it? We hope not. But we are beginning to wonder.

There you have some vague idea of what we want. Probably most of you have had experiences like ours, and would like to get it off your chests. Then write up your experiences with dealers, local, national, and what have you, and send them in to us! Ackerman said the column would be okay if it "didn't degenerate into a 'kill Unger' campaign or 'A Bas Ackerman' vendetta, with the outraged customers not caring what they column." Well, don't slander anybody -- just tell us what happened. Nobody can sue you for that. TELL THE WORLD ABOUT THE BOOK-DEALERS YOU HAVE KNOWN!!

"METAMORPHODITE"

by ERIC FRANK BUSTLE
(JOHN VAN COUVERING)

DRIK FENTON, EARTHMAN, sneered inwardly at these petty creatures who were leading him over the airy span towards the huge administration building. They acted so self-consciously pompous he felt like popping them. If they could have known what he knew, they would be groveling at his feet. However, until his curiosity was satisfied, he would suffer himself to be led about like a common prisoner.

In the center of the span, he halted, looking curiously over the rail at the teeming magapolis below. The sergeant came up beside him and stood there, obviously at a loss. The utter careless indifference of the prisoner appalled him; obviously he did not realize where he was and whom he was ignoring.

"Here, you," snarled the officious sergeant, "you can't just stop. Move along!" He felt and suppressed an urge to add "please"

"But I am stopping, therefore you contradict yourself. You cannot be logically correct, whereas you believe yourself to be entirely without error. A condition of an unbalanced mind, indicating an undeveloped race. Since you are unbalanced and obviously unfit to guard me, I shall escape." So saying, Drik Fenton, Earthman, jumped lightly onto the rail and plunged off. Halfway down, before he had reached terminal velocity, a tractor beam, shining palely,

caught him with a jolt.

"Unrealistically unreasonable in addition," Drik mused as he began to soar upwards again. "Unwilling to admit failure, they refuse to logically allow me to complete my fall, unknowing of my power of deceleration; since to complete my fall would normally entail my extinction, and thus relieve him of his post which he is evidently unfitted for, and enable him to resume a new one. On the other hand---" His reverie was interrupted by the strident voice of the sergeant, who was imploring anyone with half an ear to: "Think of it! The guy decides I'm undeveloped, so he jumps off the bridge straight for the atpower machines six thousand feet below him. Of all the loony specimens I've ever---"

"Why did you save me? I would surely have died," Drik interrupted. The sergeant came as near to screaming as he ever had, and lapsed into incoherency. "The sooner Doc Limil gets this specimen, the better," muttered the sergeant, exhausted, after a minute or two of raving. Drik was reasoning to himself quite audibly, not paying a whit of attention to his surroundings, and his voice rose and fell in the background like a muted waterfall, never ceasing. He was still talking when the sergeant and one of his men pushed him into the Specimen Delivery Tube and he slid downward out of sight in a pneumatic capsule, leaving his erstwhile captives sighing with relief, frayed

nerves relaxing almost audibly.

A small, weazened scientist opened the capsule, two soldiers at either side of him. He peered nearsightedly at Drik, who, apparently having exhausted the subject of incompetent sergeants, looked right back, interest on his finely chiselled features. "Hmm, a humanoid type. Interesting. Probably got two hearts, though," muttered Doc Limil absently.

"Three," said Drik.

"Eh?" The old scientist looked startled.

"One in the back of my neck, one at the base of my spine, and one in the center of my chest. Makes circulation much simpler, metabolism rate greater. Quite an improvement."

The scientist merely gaped. After a moment, he pulled himself together and, unsealing the capsule, motioned Drik to a chair. "What is your name?" was the first question. It was obviously a trap -- a firndishly subtle question designed to throw Drik off guard. He said, "Limil," ingrniously reversing the Doctor's name. It seemed to satisfy the man, for he fired the next question quickly, without looking up from a paper on his desk. "What do you think of the Nighoppuk Treaty of 3406?"

It was the opening Drik had been waiting for. He hitched his chair up closer to the desk and said, "Now that you mention it, it seems to me that---"

"Yes?!" prompted the doctor, his eyes aflame. He leaned closer.

"!!!*-#!" shouted Drik. The doctor collapsed, sobbing. The guards walked quietly over to the window and jumped out. The last one politely closed it again before he let go. Drik went to the door and locked it, then sat down on the floor and turned into a thin puff of smoke, oozing under the door-jamb. The white-haired old scientist, head on arms, body racked with sobs, did not notice.

The puff of smokd floated above the heads of the city's myriad denizens. Finally the mouth of a dark alley beckoned, and Drik Fenton, Puff of Smoke, drifted slowly down into its concealing blackness. A moment later a well-formed human emerged. Several people turned to look at his strange clothing, so he accosted a fellow about his own height and size and said, "#!1@!" The man stiffened, his eyes glazed, and he turned, seemingly under his own volition, for the alley. No one noticed the well-dressed, well-built young man who emerged a moment later, or the puddle of primal protoplasm that seeped into the gutter and thence into a waste-disintegrator.

Suddenly, Drik's mind, roving thru the crowd-thought, caught a terribly alien and Evil thought, obviously strong enough for telepathic communication. He realized instantly that here was a mentality at least halfway equal to his. He shuddered at the monstrous evil of the thought. It said, "My goodness gracious, Murgatroyd! I just heard somebody say a bad word!"

"I do believe you're right, Launcelot! Deary me, isn't this just too thrilling for words?"

A real telepath going around and protoplasming people! Just wait till I tell Cholmondoly! He'll simply die from excitement!" The two mental voices came nearer. A cold sweat broke out on Drik's brow as he saw an ominous black car in the press of vehicles, two -- beings -- in it, their myopic blue eyes glinting in unimaginable ferocity, a scraggly white beard on each merely making their sinister, horrible thoughts more accentuated. Drik knew it would not be long before he was discovered. He had to get away -- fast!

Another mind in the crowd attracted his attention. It was noticeable for its intensity, its quick, intelligent friendliness. A peculiar kind of rodent-being brushed past him; the new mind said quickly, sharply: "Duhhhh... are you a telapa...telepa...telepatha...duhhh, can you read minds? I can." Drik rejoiced in the brilliance of this extraordinary mind...it was overpowering.

The brown-furred thing disappeared in the crowd, but its thoughts remained en rapport with his, crystal-bright and clear. "Gee, you smell nice. Like...like...duhhh, gee, you smell nice. You kin foller me if you want.....I'd like tuh take you home and let muh fam'ly smell yuh. Gee, you smell nice." Drik admired the lightning swift thought processes that enabled the rodentoid to reach such split-second decisions. He walked swiftly through the crowd in the direction the rodentoid's thoughts emanated from. Soon he found himself entering a sixty-five story apartment building, of the meaner, cheaper type.

"Duhhhh, is that you?" came

the thought. "I'm Klothrechyoppoteeklyern. At least, I think that's who I am. You kin call me Klothrechyoppoteekler for short. Come on up."

"I'm Drik Fenton," said Drik Fenton, Earthman. "Where are you?"

"Here." Drik admired the objective truth in the quick, comprehensive thought.

"What part of the building are you in?" he asked once more.

"This part.....duhhhhh, I think." The thought was overpowering in its giant intelligence. "But I'm gonna go somephace else."

"Where?"

"A meeting in the big tall building. I'm not supposed to tell anybody."

"Oh. In what part of the big tall building?"

"The part the meeting's in. Where did yuh think?" Drik realized he had blundered; the thought was scornful of the Earthman's stupidity. He decided to follow the rodentoid more closely this time. When Klothrechyoppoteeklyern, or Klothrechyoppoteekler as he preferred to be called, entered the lobby, even his super-vigilant senses failed to notice the unobtrusive thin grey cloud of smoke that followed him, sometimes against the air currents, sometimes with them, but he sniffed once or twice at the delicious odor on the breeze that only his olfactory organs could detect. It was untraceable, though, except that it was faintly allied to the man who had followed him.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER and two miles away, the rodentoid paused before a heavy-panelled door and knocked, a peculiar sequence of one long, three shorts, a long, pause, two longs. It actuated some mechanism for the door swung open into a long marble-panelled hallway, priceless tapestries on the wall.

The puff of smoke followed discreetly, stopped just inside the doorway. Klothrechyoppoteek-lyern proceeded down the ringing hallway, pushed open the door at the end, and entered the room beyond. Drik caught a glimpse of a small sunlighted room, a large old-fashioned desk, and several beings inside. Then the smoke grew thicker, spread, and finally assumed the shape of a man again. He strode down the hallway, pushed open the door----

There were five beings in the room, not counting the rodentoid. They turned from their work to stare at him.....those that had eyes. There were two humans, one an old old man, the other about thirty, sleek looking--- a purple brain in a plastic case, a motor for pumping fluid and other pieces of equipment attached --- a tall Rigellian, yellow skin glowing, six eyes flashing---a green Mizarian like a growth on one wall, violet eyes regarding him with malice --- and the brown pelted rodentoid, long nose twitching, flashing mind stunned with surprise.

"What are you doing in the Council of Five?" asked the old man. "You are under penalty of death! Go away ... there is a guard outside the door who will be happy to exterminate you."

"I have a complaint and a warning," said Drik. "Unless you send your cruisers away from Sol, you will find yourselves in dire trouble; that is the warning. The complaint..."

"I warn you to stop!" shrieked the old man, purpling

"...the complaint is that you are not using sufficiently evolved creatures in responsible positions -- there are many more suited than you for your post. I ask you to replace yourself with someone more developed...like me."

"Bosh.....you are no more developed than I!" said the younger man. His eyes widened in horror as Drik reverted to his true form. He clutched at his face and fell. The old man died. The Rigellian threw himself out the window. The Mizarian dropped to the floor, withered and brown. The purple brain shrivelled in its case, dead. Only the rodentoid was unaffected.....He advanced toward Drik, eyes shining.

For what rat does not like limburger cheese??

** THE END **

THE DREAM QUEST OF THE UNKNOWN CADAVER, by Gordon Elliott (Continued)

of light showed the possibility of an inhabited spot ahead. Carl Gurbee was glad of this.

For, after all, he hadn't known where the litter was going.

-TO BE CONTINUED-

GILBERT SWENSON'S
PRO-FILE

AMAZING STORIES, volume 21 #9, September 1947; 25¢.

The main item of interest in this issue of Amz is the 75,000 word lead novel, **THE STAR KINGS** is its name, and it's by Edmond Hamilton. The novel begins something like a Shaver story -- the lead character, John Gordon, hears voices in his mind. But they aren't from the past; they are from a scientist of a star kingdom 200,000 years in the future. Gordon quickly changes minds with the future-scientist, and his adventures in the future man's body make the tale, which is purely one of adventure and galactic intrigue. And it sure is a classic adventure tale. One of Hamilton's greatest. While not much like E. E. Smith's galactic novels, it is still a whale of a good adventure yarn.

There are three shorts, all good. "The Uninvited Jest" is another of Rog Phillips Graham's unique contributions, and one of his best -- which means it is good. Humorous in parts, in other parts time-theory discussion -- which ought to interest Spoor and his fellow-discussers. Graham is another author who bears watching, and is of ASF caliber easily. ... The next short is "Terror on the Telephone," by Lee Francis. It is done in the style of a weird, rather than an sf, short. Fairly good writing saves it, for the plot is guaranteed not to be one of the best of all time. ... Lastly is another from Frances Yerxa, "One More Spring." It's concerned with the breakdown of chlorophyll and hence life. The main emphasis seems to have been placed on writing, and a very creditable job of mood-effect has been achieved. The ending, tho, unfortunately broke the spell. Summation of the fiction in this AS: By all means lay your hands on the ish. There's something for everybody -- for the serious ASFites, there's Phillips' yarn. For those who like adventure and space - opera magnificently done, **THE STAR KINGS**. And the other two shorts are both okay. Gee -- ever story is readable.

The cover, done by Malcolm Smith, was compared by Rap to that beauty which graced the May 1943 "Mudder in Space" issue. The comparison is apt. Add the September '47 AS cover to the all-time list of top covers, which includes also the Feb '40 TWS, January '44 ASF, the September 1940 ASF, and some others. Gawd, how that guy can paint! Best of the interior art was Joe Tillotson's for "The Uninvited Jest." The others were as good as can be expected in a mag which does not boast Finlay and Lawrence. The features, too, were better than usual. The best of them seems to be a series by Jackson Ross called "Space Ships Limited," dealing with the problems which will confront men when they launch off the Earth. Only "Discussions" continues to be a total loss. Can it be that AS is coming back into the fold?? We must admit that it shows signs of promise. The mag has improved considerably in the past few months.

AMAZING STORIES, volume 21 #10, October 1947. 25¢.

The usual lead novel is missing from this AS. There are only six stories, of shorter length -- something like the oldtime AS's. As you page your way through the issue, your first contact is Don Wilcox's "The Kettle in the Pit," an off-trail tale about the first expedition to a weird planet. It is typical Wilcox, which is rather weird, odd, and queer, but quite good. A short, by the way. The next yarn is also a short, "The Third Bolt" by Frances M. Deegan, also very odd, and not so good. We couldn't see any point in it, even mere entertainment. The third story you contact

is a novelist, the cover story, "Trail of the Astrogar" by Henry Hasse. It is a good space-opera. Something like the material those old-time giant-thick AS's of 1942 and '43 used to put out. If you like space operas, it's your meat; otherwise it hasn't much to offer. The cover, by the way, is by RG Jones, and mostly good, tho not up to a lot of his offerings. He is a dauber, not a long-stroker. The next tale you contact is by Fober Phillips Graham.

"The Despoilers," by Fober Phillips---

Listen, you guys. I mean you, Spear. And the rest of the time-travel analysts, mathematicians, logicians., who read this review. READ THE DESPOILERS. Such a goldmine of material for highly scholarly discussion and analysis we have not seen for months, in ASF or anywhere else, for that matter. Ahh, if only the yarn had appeared in S&SSF instead of AS, where the scholars are not likely to read it....This is the story's premise, or whatever you call it: "Is there anything absolutely beyond human comprehension? If there is, could we perhaps comprehend it if we concentrated all the resources of the race on it for, say a thousand years?" I guess that was intended to be the blurb, and if it had been in a Campbellzine it would have been. But Rap made up his own blurb. Food for thought? A goldmine, no less. And lest we forget to mention, it's a good story too, the in spots the discussions get so deep that the casual reader is likely to get lost in them. READ IT.

As for the rest of the stories in the issue, they are two shorts -- "Miner Crisá is on Io," a Planet-type space opera of topical space opera quality, and "Voice from a Star," by William P. McGivern. The title is most misleading. The yarn belonged in Unknown -- it's semi-humorous fantasy.

Illustrations were fair-good. Features, a huge line-up of which L. Taylor Hansen's Geology series and "Space Ships Limited" seem to be the best. Discussions, as usual, reeks. The Observatory gibbers about the flying discs, using them as proof of the Shaver mystery. How? Just because of their existence, I suppose. Though how he can definitely say where they are from is a mystery to me, unless he's connected with their owners. Gad -- maybe he is! You never know about Rap.

Summation: Phillips xlint, mainly because of the possibilities for discussion. Rest of the stories good for entertainment, but no more. A fairly good issue...

Astounding SCIENCE FICTION. Vol. XXXIX #5, July 1947. 25p.

Again, as in the last issue, Kuttner&Moore's serial about the sociology of a bottled-up culture, Fury, takes up a large portion of the space. Only three other stories. FURY ends, with a summation of Sam Reed/Harker's exploits in super tradition. The whole business is wound up in the last couple pages, with a nice opening for a sequel -- in fact, a blatant demand for a sequel. I liked FURY -- the overall picture is a good one, tho critical analysis of a few parts -- mainly the beginning -- will reveal defects, chiefly a travelogue style. The ending is nice and powerful, tho that is to be expected from Catherine Moore. After you get away from that introduction, it read very well. I actually lost myself in it. It didn't have me looking to see how many more pages were left to go. Look for a high rating on the Poll. ((Plug for Fantasy Review -- who's taking it over??))

The cover story is by the great Jack Williamson, "With Folded Hands." It is a story about robots. And a psychological study of a frustrated man. A sociological study of the earth and the robots -- it was one of the most maddening and nerve-racking stories I've ever cast my vision on. Might say it was futile. Not futile like

the -- after you finish it, and the feeling that you'd like to go out and beat your head against the wall has died down, you will begin to see the story in a slightly different light. You may even begin laughing, as we did. A top story -- its difference, mad~~ness~~ingness, and good writing make it a candidate for the Top Five. ((Plug again.))

"Logic," by Poul Anderson, now minus F. N. Waldrop, is a psychological atomwar mutant story. It concerns systems of thought and logic which are utterly different from our own. The convincing characterization and idea helped to make it satisfying.

Also in the issue is "The Figure," by Edward Grendon, which has no special point to make and won't be remembered too long, and two articles, one by George O. Smith (humorous) and the other by C. Rudmore, technical. The four regular departments are all there, for once. Forecast sounds good, with L. Ron Hubbard's first post-war story. Unlike his poor contemporary Heinlein, he is returning home rather than seeking other lodging. But, then, he's writing an end-war story, so...the artwork is better than usual. Cartier and Orban are there in their usual style, and Timmins has been introduced into the interiors, with a style of drawing which is entirely new. It is sort of photographic in nature -- but not like real photography, more like photos of crude models, or something. Revise -- not crude, but just imperfect, or not quite natural. Dunno how he does it -- his technique is undetectable. You will like them. All are good examples of their new style except the unmentionably crude heading for WITH FOLDED HANDS. The latter was almost as bad as Swenson. I mean the artist, not myself.

Astounding SCIENCE FICTION, vol. XXXIX #6, August 1947. 25¢...

Heading the parade is part I of a new three-part serial, L. Ron Hubbard's first postwar stf story and novel, THE END IS NOT YET, which Campbell said was a revised edition of FINAL BLACKOUT. Naturally the yarn hasn't gone on far enough along course yet for any definite pronouncement to be made in regard to its quality. From what is on hand it seems to be a combination of adventure and sociology. The characters, always one of all ASF stories' good points, have jelled convincingly, but the story threads are still just threads, so we'll have to wait a while to see how things come out.

Two novelettes. "Insomnia, Inc." by Harry Walton -- the outline is that the conquering of sleep would be a great help to researchers who have to hurry, and the problem is what happens when sleep IS conquered. The background is psychological and semi-philosophical. A little farther and it would have been metaphysical. The solution seems plausible, as far as the psychological part goes, but the adventure section seemed trite. On the whole, tho, a rather satisfying tale...

"The Person from Porlock," by Raymond F. Jones, is taken from the idea of the Coleridge poem, Kubla Khan. The poet emerged from a dope dream with a few hundred masterful lines of poem in his mind ready to commit to paper. Then along came a person from the village of Porlock and visited and jabbered. When the person left the idea was gone. A person from Porlock is one who interferes with a projected task to the extent of preventing its accomplishment. He's a nice goat to blame all your failures on, eh? As for the yarn, its new theme and good writing made it above average. Psychologically, it isn't much. Adventure stf, too, is there.

"Rat Race," by George O. Smith, a short, is about the perfect mousetrap. To tell you the background would give away the plot, as it's all in the ending. The

principal purpose of the tale seems to be semi-humorous entertainment, and if so it is accomplished creditably; There is one other short, PROPAGANDIST by Murray Leinster. About a dog who, tho just a normal dog, acted as the perfect catalyst for the cementing of relations between two alien cultures. Sociological, in a way, then too it may just be another exelation of the fact that highly improbable things happen due to the Laws of Chance. And it COULD have happened the way it did. For that reason, in addition to the skillful planning and good writing, we give the yarn a high rating.

I've been accused of rating everything too high. But when the stories are all pleasing, it is impossible to do anything else. Take this issue of ASF, for instance -- a most satisfying batch of stories. The cover, too, was a honey, tho what Rogers cover isn't?? The editorial deals with the problems of correlating the activities of research workers in a galaxy-wide culture; it would probably turn out the way JWC predicts. These problems-of-galactic-empire editorials usually turn out more interesting than the general run of editorials, most likely because they deal with something that all of us lame-brains can understand. The other departments were as usual. Interior artwork -- Robers is on the lead novel; his drawings seem to have improved since prewar days. Timmins is at it again with his odd style, Pat Davis is okay, Cartier is good as usual. A good ish.

AVON FANTASY READER. #3, undated. 35¢.

The third issue of the periodic anthology, and already it has slipped into the groove. One primary grine -- the excellent quality paper used in #2 has disappeared, and instead some pulp junk is being used. Too bad. It gives an illusion of greater thickness, however, so I guess it serves its purpose.

But the material is enough better than that in the previous issue to offset the poorer paper. The stories are so much better that it is amazing. Gawd, what an improvement! Every story is good. A. Merritt's well-known RHYTHM OF THE SPHERES leads the parade. The story of the last poet and the robots is doubtless known to all fans so we will pass over it by saying that it isn't very impressive when compared to his novel-length stuff. In fact, its principal selling-point seems to be the author's name. ... "The Silent Trees" is one of Frank Owen's Chinese fantasies. This one is taken from a Chinese legend, much like Nuttall claims was the case of THRU THE DRAGON GLASS. Owen was a skillful writer, and captured the Oriental mood quite effectively. THE QUEER STORY OF BROWNLOW'S NEWSPAPER, by H. G. Wells, is next. This one was written after Wells' shorts were collected, therefore it is not so well known. It concerns a man who receives a newspaper from the future in his mailbox. A London Even Standrd of 1971. I think the value of the thing is greater as curiosity than as story, mainly on account of the receipt of the paper was the story, the whole story, and not so much how the characters reacted to it. Still, it was written a long time ago, sooo....H. P. Lovecraft is represented with "The Silver Key," a Randolph Carter dreamland story. Too much of the first part is taken up with criticism of the social order, the Church., of the kind that has become quite boring after so much of it. And the ending is sort of vague. It is no Dunwich Horror, tho I suppose the best HPL material has been anthologized so much that something lesser-known, even if lesser quality, had to be included. The yarn had a sequel, too -- hope DAW prints it. Now we approach one of the yarns that, upon finishing, we immediately put on our list for consideration when filling out next year's Fantasy Review poll. ((Plug)) It is "Black Thirst," a Northwest Smith yarn by C. L. Moore. It is reprinted, says the acknowledgment, from WT. This hangover from the old days is an exception to the rule that the hall of fame oldtimers are always worse than the other tales. Gawd, wotta story! The beginning sounds as if the yarn'll be conventional interplanetary stf.

Toward the end, however, this changes, and you begin to see how it got in. Weird. Moore turns out some moods and terror-effects that excel Lovecraft, and some powers of description that would put Merritt hard to equal. Yes, Merwin, she beats Kuttner too. Characterization is lovely. Writing is seldom equalled anywhere. I'd say Catherine has deteriorated considerably since BLACK THIRST's original appearance, and I most emphatically do NOT mean that her recent stories are bad. Doubt if the sociologists will like BT, but for those who like a story on its story-merits alone, there aren't many that could beat it. ... "Mimic" is the next inclusion, by none other than DAW. Reprinted from -- lessee -- either SSS or Astonishing, can't remember which. Tho I did read it at its original appearance. It is clever. Good enough to be partially re-read. Claim is that it is based on fact. At least the inspiration for the lead character was taken from real life, tho that happens in a good many stories. Do you think it is ethical for an editor to include his own stories??? ... by the way there is another DAW story worthy of inclusion, BONAS. ... "Bishop's Gambit" is another of Stephen Grendon's tales, tho it doesn't fit too well into the "odd persons" classification used in the title of Grendon's forthcoming Arkham collection. "BG" is a little like "Mr. George." A ghostly vengeance tale, good as ghostly vengeance tales go. ... John Collier, of Green Thoughts fame, is represented by "Evening Primrose," which appeared in the Julius Fast anthology, OUT OF THIS WORLD. It is this aFR's "odd" item, a disturbing little saga of life in department stores. And the issue is wound up with "Homecoming," by Ray Bradbury -- from "Mademoiselle" magazine. --a sequel, or something, to "The Traveller" in WT some time ago. "Homecoming" has won the O. Henry prize story award. Didn't we say Bradbury was good?? It deserves the Henry award, its odd appeal and typically magnificent Bradbury writing making it outstanding.

Gee -- this issue was sure better than #2. Some filler weird-fantasy fragments, quite an improvement over ads, are included. DAW introduces a hopeful note in his editorial, by saying that aFR is to be a purely reader's anthology. He says he will eventually print nearly every reader-requested story. And that IS a hopeful note.

More power to you, Wollheim!

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. Volume 8 #6, August 1947. 25¢ --

Cover by Finlay, interiors by Lawrence, Bok, and Austin, 28 departments, two stories.

Headlining the last classification is "Minimum Man," by Andrew Marvell, subtitled "Time to be Gone." It is a 112-page complete novel. It is the story of "the coming of Minimum Man, and also the counter-revolution of 1950." (Quote from memory.) Minimum Man -- gad, that's a hard thing to type -- is a sort of superman. The yarn is more the story of his coming than of MM himself like Odd John. In this respect Marvell approximates the treatment, tho naturally not the quality, of SLAN. And, obviously, it would be impossible to tell of MM's COMING without psychologically considering the new race and sociologically considering its impact on humanity -- which is also done. It is, of course, British in origin. What FFM novel isn't?

Well, there is psychological, economic, and social discussion of man, Minimum Man, the lead character, the individual Minimum Men. Marvell apparently is one of those characters who is soured on our whole rotten capitalistic society, tho unlike some he isn't obnoxious about it. No doubt to him MM (I will NOT type it again, so help me) ((Thanks)) is the ideal picturization of what humanity should be. Doubtless not everyone will agree with him on that point, tho it doesn't spoil the story.

Don't let this lead you to believe that MM is another of those idealistic Utopian things, either. Nay, not so. Marvell writes with a large amount of realism. I might add here that his writing style is very good, too, even discounting the fact that he is a Britisher. No longwindedness. In fact, the writing is about as smooth as an Sloane's TO WALK THE NIGHT, and those who have read the latter story know how good that is. The ending was a little vague, but a lot of stories have that fault. If you are interested in a well-written, excellently-plotted, convincingly characterized, and eminently satisfying story, read the lead novel in the August FFM.

The short, "Boomerang," is an inconsequential atom-war triviality. Belonged in some pulp-quality stezfine. The pic, tho, by Bok, was very good.

A new department is begun in this issue, "Masters of Fantasy." Its title is self-explanatory; #1 in the series is H. P. Lovecraft, characterized in a brief sketch and a drawing by Austin, showing HPL's face and some of the weird devices frequently used in his stories. The department is a good idea, and it is to be hoped that many fantasy authors are covered. But we'll shoot somebody the day they review Richard S. Shaver.

Lawrence's pictures were by Lawrence. 'Nuff said." In the Reader's Viewpinto is a letter concerning Ed Morcell, the factual basis for THE STAR ROVER -- a similar story was told in Mullen's GORDON not long ago. Makes you wonder. Better than a good deal of FFM's of recent months was the issue.

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. Volume 9 #5, September 1947. 25¢.

Enclosed between a Robert Gip/bsen Jones painting and an ad for MAMMOTH WESTERN we contact six stories, chief among them THE SECRET OF ELENA'S TOMB, by Karl Tanzler von Cosel. This German scientist holds nine degrees, says Rap. The story is ballyhooed as the truth and not as fiction. As such, if indeed it is truth, it may have some value. Cosel claims to have partially revived Elena Hoyos Mesa, his sweetheart dead of TB. He claims he took her body from the grave, completely rotten and maggot eaten, and began to revive it, eventually reaching a stage where the fles h appeared normal and alive, but was stopped short of complete re-animation. If this thing is the truth -- and there exists a possibility that it may be -- it may, as I say, have some value, though it is a mystery why the truth is always brought to Rap and never to scientific publications. Though I understand The American Weekly, that purveyor of crud once edited by A. Merritt, ran an account of Ktvc's escapade. And if you trust Willy Ley, it is true that the Russians have revived dogs and humans. But the function of this department is not to deal with the truth or untruth of the stories. Treated as a story, Elena's Tomb is a miserable stinker. The principal reason for this is the "travelog" style -- the thing is written as an account, with no emphasis on plot development and other story trivia. And it is serveral thousand words too long, with a lot of repetition and excess wordage. In one spot, a word has been deleted, for some reason. ... If you like that kind of stuff, you may think the yarn is tenderly touchng. But if not, you are apt to be disgusted. In either case, I doubt very much if fans would find much to interest them in it.

As for the other stories; "Come Along with Me," an Unknownigh humorous novelat by H. M. Tenneshaw, which, due to a few laughs and an intriguing, if none too history-making, plot, is worth reading if you buy the issue for some off the other

stories and have time to spare. Yes, there are two stories worthy your while. One of them is by Robert Bloch, which is usually a reasonable guarantee of good quality; this one, *THE MAD SCIENTIST*, is good because of the vein of humorous satire which runs thruout it. It satirizes sf writers and their plots. The story's okay on its own merits, too, but it wouldn't have much fan interest were it not for the excellent satire. Pic is by Finlay. the deCourcys, Shaveristic at times, contribute "Once to Die," an odd item. Whatever possibilities it might have had were let down by vague writing, and a sort of hackneyed treatment. By no means a sensational tale ... next, the best story in the issue, the other worthwhile tale, and most likely *FA*'s best this year, except maybe *Forever Is Too Long*. It's "The Children's Room," by Raymond F. Jones. It's another yarn about kids, but don't worry -- it isn't a copy of "Call Him Demon." This one is different. A treatment worthy of *aSF* -- in fact, definitely *aSF* caliber all thruout -- puts it up there. It's possible that the thing was rejected by Campbell in conjunction with his new anti-mutant policy. Because I can't see why he should have rejected it otherwise. Buy the issue, if for this yarn alone. ... there is one other story, *THE SHROUD SEWERS* by Berkeley Livingston. The title is misleading -- the sewers are people who push a needle, not the vessels thru which the author of this department formerly swam. It is quite odd. Not good, not bad, just off. ... The cover is very good; interior honors go to V. Finlay, with runners-up being Henry and Enoch Sharp for Cosel's epic and *ONCE TO DIE*. The rest are by Rod Ruth, who is something like Cartier, if not nearly so good. He performs about the same position in relation to that worthy as Napoli does to Schneeman. Some more news -- *FA* is now monthly, the paper having been obtained by folding *MAMMOTH ADVENTURE* and the two *ZD* detectives. They keep *aSF*, *FA*, and *Western* monthly. Wish *S&S* would fold some of their mags and use the paper to revise *Unknown*. Don't you??

SPACE TRAILS. Volume 1 #1, Summer 1947. 15¢.

What this little thing is doing in a column of pro reviews bewilders me, too. Anyway, I guess it's at least a semi-pro. It's a pocket-sized miniature, 24 printed pages, issued by Krueger and Pegasus Pubs. The contents of this number consist of "Prison Planet," by Wilsonbob Tucker, reprinted from *Planet*. It's an average quality space opera. The issue also contains ads. On the back cover is a picture and sketch of Tuck, no doubt providing much ego-boost for that worthy. Printing is neat; front cover is a space-scene by Wiedenbeck, good enough for fanart. *ST* is welcomed eagerly to the list of sfzines.

Even if it is really a fanzine.

STARTLING STORIES. Volume 16 #1, September 1947. 15¢.

Leading off the issue is Kuttner Hammond's latest novel, *LORD OF THE STORM*. It's a semi-socialological semi-adventure epic in which one of those cultures where Great Gad Status Quo is the basis for operations is pictured. This culture, together with the group of rebels who are attempting to overthrow it, is made to sound plausible. Most of Kuttner's stuff is, for that matter. Characters, another of *HK*'s strong points, are also very well done. Many aspects of the culture and the life, social and otherwise, are touched upon. The usual Kuttner narrative-quality ties it all together, and you get the impression of a very good story. Needless to say, it wounded a lot like an *aSF* tale, even the meager love-interest taken into consideration.

The Hall of Fame classic breaks the usual policy of reprinting from Gernsback Wonders. It's Weinbaum's "The Circle of Zero," and originally appeared in a '36 TWS. It is a decided improvement over most Hoff material of recent issues. I guess if you want to classify it, it would be mostly philosophic. A wee bit of satire also seemed to be there, tho it might only be noticed by us. That is, it may not exist. ((Good thing you added that?)) Durned if it ain't as good as a modern story!! But, then, did SGW ever write anything that wasn't good?? ((The Mad Brain))

Carl Jacogé is next, with "Lodana," a stf adventure short about a relic discovered on the 6th moon of Jupiter. The yarn will be soon forgotten. The only other story is a tubby yarn by Ray Cummings, called "Up and Atom." It is a typical story. If these are not eliminated soon, I move that random begin a march on the Standard editorial offices. Art --- cover, by Bergey, I hope is the beginning of a new era in Standardmag covers. It's GOOD! Symbolic spirit of "Lord of the Storm." Not that I care for symbolism, but it is sure better than the babe bum bum bilge that TWS and SS have been showing us for eons. Lead novel and Hoff tale are pic-ed by Finlay, illustrations for a change instead of his usual bubblebath "art." The Lodana drawing was by Kiemle, and the unmentionable by Parkhurst, both passable.

The departments were good; Merwin's editorial is about Earth's underground and the possibilities for travel thereto. He reaches the sensible conclusion that man will be far outward on his space-travelings before he penetrates any distance underground. The dere notwithstanding, this is probably true. The letters are okay, and the Fanzine Review, the best such in or out of fandom since the blatant beast disappeared, is handicapped by too-few fms entries. There seem to be some fms eds who do not send their mags to Merwin. Odd, to miss all that egoboo.

Gee -- look at this SS. Everthing is good but the shorts. Hope it is representative of coming issues of the periodical.

THE FILLING WONDER STORIES. Volume XXXI number 1, October 1947. 15¢.

James MacCreigh, pride of Astonishing, has made his postwar renaissance in Merwinmags. This particular tale by him, "Donovan Had a Dream," reads quite a bit like a tale from SSS or Astonishing, in fact. It's a nice stf adventure tale, with a nostalgic flavor of the good ole days about it. Writing, characters., are done well. As an adventure yarn, first-rate. If you want sociology, leave it alone.

That was a nevel, by the way. The novelets -- "Jerry Is a Man," by another writer, making his postwar renaissance in TWS&SS, Robert A. Heinlein. The reasons for this are debatable, but at any rate -- whether it has any connection with the reason for his nonappearance in ASF or not -- his style and subjectmatter seem to have altered tremendously since prewar days. He now writes something like Margaret StClair. No doubt the war affected him some way or another, maybe he just lost the ambition to write "Methusselah's Children" caliber narratives. Well, anyway, Jerry's tale seems to be primarily for the sake of humor and satire. The problem is whether anthropoids, bred for farm labor, are legally humans or apes. The solution is provided as a satire. Good humor. I liked it. Pics by Lawrence Stevens, fine.

Well, look who's here. The Saint, by Leslie Charteris, now partakes of fantasy instead of detective-mystery. The title, THE DARKER DRINK, is from Omar, a very good inspiration if it's titles you want. Ask Jack Speer. In TDD, the Templar

finds himself acting a part in somebody's dreams. Sort of metaphysical in its probleming, mebbe psychological, tho it didn't seem so. Charteris ought to be a creditable addition to steldom. Pic is by Finlay, a beauty.

Odd bunch of shorts. The first of them, THE TIME TWISTER by Francis Flagg and Weaver Wright, must be a satire, since if it wasn't it would be the most unmentionable stinker of all time. Gawd, what an original idea. I'll summarize the plot and then you won't have to read it. ((No, you won't. Devote that much space to a last-place yarn? Nothing doing.)) ... "Probate," by Margaret St. Clair, is a slip from her usual quality. No Jick and Oona, regrettably. The old homo-superior problem again, handled in a superficially emotional manner, and besides the possibilities have just about been exhausted for those yarns. You can skip it. ... EXIT THE PROFESSOR, by Henry Kuttner, is in hillbilly dialect. It concerns itself with a queer family of hillbillies, some super-Yokums who were possessed of marvellous powers of levitation, invisibility,. One of the hicks is the narrator, telling the story of a perfesser who come to investygate them. It is a pleasant variant from the Kuttner heavy stuff of late. Could be that he's following his croc-rotation idea mentioned in Fsy Commentator? Humorous -- mebbe a satire -- reminded me, in a way, of HOMECOMING. THE TONGUE CANNOT TELL, by MWWellman, is another of these unobtrusive little shorts that hits you with a bang. Something like NOON in that respect, and in the adept capturing of a mood -- in this case, inability to describe alienness. Read: Charteris, Kuttner, Wellman, Heinlein. If you have extra time read MacCreigh too. Pics for the shorts: all by Kiemle but "Professor," which was by Marchioni/.. all average, even the latter was passably mediocre.

Departments: Merwin's Stf Book Review devotes too much space to panning the texts of the fantasy-fan-semipro books, and not enough to praising the companies and their work. The important thing is NOT the story, Sam. You should devote some space at least to a reasonable discussion of printing, banding, and illustrating, and not so much to the stories. And if you continue panning everything like you are doing now, your readers are apt to become prejudiced against FP, Hadley,. You would not want that, would you?? TRS is one of the best letter columns, but becomes abit boring after pps and pgs. The fanzine reprint dept, scheduled for this issue, has not yet jelled, due to a lack of quality among contributions. Too bad. In all, the issue didn't seem to be as good as recent SS's. SS is now the better of the two magazines. O, wal....

WEIRD TALKS, September 1947, Volume 39 number 12. Now 20¢, and not worth it, I think.

The reason for that statemen^o is the small size. 96 pages, partly ads, 20 ¢ seems rather a lot to pay for such a small promag. The issue is reminiscent of old times, with a Derleth/Schorer collab, CASmith, Quinn, all being included.

There are two novelettes. "Mrs. Pellington Assists" by Seabury Quinn is not a de Grandin story, oddly. It is a spiritualistic/medium thing that might have been okay had it not been for the stilted and unlikelike dialog. When the poor-girl-whose-husband-is-being-seduced-by-the-evil-sorceress tells her story to the police, she talks like a textbook. Quinn has been in writing long enough to have learned how to write convincing dialog, I think! Another thing -- the overuse of French expressions, a la Poe, gives the impression of the author trying to show off his knowledge of other languages. " The other novelet, THE DAMP MAN RETURNS, is a se-

quel to the thing in the July issue. All I've got to say is that I hope this one ends the series.

Clark Ashton Smith's contribution is "Quest of the Gazolba." This story is the same one which is slated to appear in GENIUS LOCI under the title of "The Voyage of King Euvoran." It originally was in The Double Shadow &c, CAS pamphlet of 1933. Apparently it was altered considerably for the WT version, by changes of words, phrases., in order to conform with that mag's no-reprint policy. No doubt the one which Arkham intends printing (the only Double Shadow tale that didn't appear in OUT OF SPACE AND TIME) will be the original version. Ah, the quirks of pro publishing. As for the tale, it's in the usual Smith manner except for a bit more cynical satire than usual. ... The House of Cards by Malcolm M. Ferguson is an odd thing about tarot cards and haunted houses, to quote the blurb. The "odd" is quite accurate. ... "Eena," by Manly Bannister, is a werewolf story exactly like 1000 other were-stories. ... THE OCCUPANT OF THE CRYPT is the title of the AWD/MS collaboration -- a tale about a horrible THING beneath an old abbey, in a crypt. Oldstyle weird short, belonged in WT ten years back. ... "The Pale Criminal" is another one by that newest of imitators, C. Ha.. Thompson. Tho it isn't an HPL imitation this time. Tom again demonstrates his remarkable talent for describing loathsome beings and objects, tho this one isn't as bad as Claude Ashur, may he rest forever. It's founded on Freud, and is not very spectacular. ... Lastly, THE GIRDLE OF VENUS, by Harold Lawlor. If it wasn't so obviously a jest, we'd think it was in earnest. It is very silly. VERY silly.

Cover illustrates Euvoran's Gazolba-quest, and is out of this here world. Boris Dolgov is responsible, and he captures the spirit of Smith quite well, I'd say. The guy is a good artist, at times. The interior art is not outstanding. Two verses -- "The Others said," by Katherine Simmons, and "The Stranger," by Leah Bodine Drake, the latter a tribute to Lord Dunsany, both good. "Weirdisms" continues the vampire saga, which will go on for two or three more issues, I don't remember which, and then graduate to some other Being. "The Rye" gives the reasons for the up in price, and forecasts a 25th anniversary issue on sale next January 1. Wonder what will be stuck in the annish?? Hope it's good. We wait to see what happens.

Well, I apologize for the foreshortened pro reviews, and the fact that some of the mags had to be left unreviewed because of lack of space. Next time, the poorer mags' reviews will have to be shortened still further, provided the column can be jammed in. It seems to run over itself every time. Since I'm not printing a catalog, lack of space will always crop up. As it is, things are going to have to be cut down below a desirable level for this issue of DQ.

As for Swenson&Co, the new title is now resplendent at the top. Do you like it better than the old one? Also, the plot outlines have been eliminated. Those were the two most unpopular features. As time goes on, and Gil grows in experience, the thing will improve. The feature, you will find it hard to believe, was originally conceived as filler. Look what it grew into.

I still want your opinions, naturally. Elsner gave the most valuable criticism this time; we've tried to follow it, hope we've succeeded. Space all filled up now; see you in the editorial. --DW

CAVE OF THE WINDS!

Being a selection of correspondence, comments, and crud
From you, THE READERS.....

This is your department, to do with as you see fit. Wanna see
your name in print?? The easiest way to do it is to write a
letter to us today. WRITE NOW!

THE STENCILS

Dear Don: Your zine arrived today, and except for the very important matter of stencil cutting (which could be improved by running a sheet of paper over as well as under the stencil when cutting it) you have a good magazine. Once this is corrected you will have an excellent magazine. DQ had some good stuff -- I'd like critical reviews of the zines, not just an outline of the stories. Speer seemed to have something to say, but I couldn't figure out just what. I think the artwork should be in the middle of the zine, not tacked on at the end -- and the stapling wasn't so hot either. It's a good thing you apologized for the thin paper -- it also helped louse up a potentially good magazine. Parts did not come out at all. Another suggestion is some colored stock. Yellow stock works nice....other colors if light enuf look pretty also. Colored inks would be even nicer, but that is a lot of extra work. However, the running of pics on colored stock, and, if at all possible, on colored inks, really peps up a pic, I know. Reviews, the fact that I do not read Planet at all, AS very infrequently, and FA even less so, make the pro reviews interesting. I like to know what's happening in them without having to struggle thru them. --Bob Stein, 514 W. Vienna Ave., Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin.

DIDN'T LIKE THAT TITLE

Having finished the first issue of Dream Quest, I must write and tell you what I think of it. Taken as a whole, the mag is very good, and with a little improvement it will be one of the top ten.

* * * * *

First on the list is the printing which could be improved and the pages which should be thicker.

Now to the contents: Most of Speer's article was "over my head" but the part I got was ok. Kennedy, of course, was good as he always is. Moskowitz gives a review of "Dark of the Moon" that makes it a must for my collection. The other reviews were interesting, too. Miller's parody on RAP was good -- let's have more from this guy. ((If I can get it, u will

The poetry: "Reflections" wasn't so hot; "Evokation Primal" was only fair. The poetry-book sounds like a swell idea.

In this reader's opinion the pro reviews were all right, length and all. Maybe I just like long reviews. I seem to gather that the writer doesn't like Shaver. I'll revise my sentence above a bit -- I don't like the title.

That just about covers the issue. I notice you publish DQ irregularly -- let's not have too long between issues. I, for one, will be anxiously awaiting #2. --W. L. Hudson, Roseland, Va.

THE STAPLES DIDN'T HOLD...

Dream Quest was very ambitious work. Don't wear yourself out with all those pages. Better to run a smaller fanzine (samples will hold better too) and still carry the better stuff in it. Speer, JoKe, Sneary, Acky, and Moskowitz !!! That is a good bunch to keep in touch with.

Those reviews are good but why run them all at one time? They are never old ..and I liked Golden Gate in '48. Hop e Rick does jar them loose.---K. Martin Carlson, 1028 3rd Av e. South, Moorhead Minn.

SPACE TOO WORDY

Dream Quest: The cover, in true Cockcroft style, is most unusual. My mother got quite a kick out of it. And she almost kicked it back.

Editorial was fine for a first issue -- they are usually a little strained.

I get no bang out of book reviews, so Arkham Must was lost to me. I can think of much I'd rather have from them than a book of poems, but then it was nice filler and I suppose a lot of the highbrows liked it.

Though With Rule and Line.....maybe I'm dumb as the writer has oftentimes suggested, but compared to this bit of wordage Van Vogt is always as clear as oxygen. Perhaps you could run a second article explaining the first.....I read the first page twice and still got nothing out of it.

Dream Come True by Ackerman (all hail) was quite interesting. (Of course.) This was easy to understand. I wish I went to shows more often, but you can't write and read, and still go out. And then when I feel like going they don't have on what I want to see.

My little thing on the '48 con was worse on the third reading than I remembered it. ((I revised it.)) Oh well, the point was good anyway. Wish someone else would take up the banner.

Swenson's prozine review is a masterpiece of work. No matter what some say ((who, may I ask??)) I admire the guy. Maybe he writes the way I would if I could spell, or something. This was undoubtedly the most complete review anyone has ever given. It was most useful to me, as I don't read AS, FA, FFM, or WT, & through him I found out what was in the latest issues. This might prove quite useful to busy fans. Think of the time it would save -- time that could be used in writing letters, or necking with your girl. Yes, I like the review. Leave it just as long as it is, and be sure he covers all the mags that come out between now and your next issue. ((No room))

As for the review, I think he was quite fair, as I agreed with almost everything he said. ((Good reason)) Was happy to see some one else got the emo-

tional kick out of NOON like I did. The only fault is that he seems to praise everything a little too highly. But that isn't much. I really enjoyed the whole thing. '' Don't put those side remarks on the bottom of the page, tho. They are too confusing.

I nearly busted on JoKe's article. It was a killer. And yet true. You know the first fan I wrote to was a guy named Bill Hansen. He wrote back, and sounded real active, he was going to put out a zine and he knew Kennedy and lots of things. But you know he never answered my next letter, or a postcard I wrote much later. I never heard of his fanzine and no one on LA ever heard of him. And I never could get anything out of JoKe on him. Odd! And has anyone heard of Boff Perry? Burbee and I were playing chess with him. But no word in months. Has another grulzak struck our thinning ranks? What with the waves of gafia ((sic)) sweeping the fandom it is a wonder that anything is done.

At Palmer's Desk: HAHNHNHNHNhohohohohohoho. Hahahaha! Great. Swell. May it happen soon.

The two back illos didn't turn out so well or something. Anyway I didn't care much for them, sorry. -- Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., S. Gate, Cal.

ABAN-THOLOGIES!

Got Dream Quest today. Gawd, what a lot of work. Even edging all the way thru. Is it worth the trouble? And a lot of the material is good. In fact it's one of the nicest first issues I've seen. The only yap I have is the paper -- what was it, 12lb stuff? That super thin stuff ruined the whole mag. If you'd done a 23-page mag on 20lb stock you'd have had a much better looking product and besides you could have mailed it for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Yep, were it not for that sleazy paper, your mag would rate right among the top five right with the first issue. Much of your material was first-rate. Good. I hope you can keep it up. But don't break your back--don't

give up anything in favor of fandom. Let fandom be your hobby. You ride it, don't let it ride you. Don't go overboard with these plans for fan anthologies. It's a nice idea, but it requires GREAT MOUNTAINS OF WORK. And you'll find that fan cooperation generally cannot be counted on. Your mag will be 98% the sweat of your very own pores. Yaw. The fans will not be the willing hands you might fondly expect and hope. Fans are as lazy as people. Fans are as stupid as people. In fact, fans are people. Not all of them, just some of them. So -- they're lazy, non-cooperative, and prone to attach great importance to the art of thinking as indulged in while sitting down and staring off into space. Don't expect much from anybody. Even advice. Am I giving you advice? Maybe I am. Oh well.

Keep up the good work. Don. Don't get discouraged when those goddam fans refuse to cooperate. ---Charles Burbee, 1057 S Normandie Ave, Los Angeles 6, Cal.

((About those anthologies -- see page 42 of this issue. --ED.))

GAD -- THAT POOR TITLE!

Dear Don: Just a few comments on DREAM QUEST, which was a highly impressive job. Fanzines running 52 pages are by no means common these days; the size of the mag is enough to set DQ in a class by itself. Your material was well chosen. Speer and Moskowitz excellent, in particular. Outstanding feature of the mag is the long section of prozine reviews, which should attract you many readers. The proz comments sound very Don Wilsonish -- which leads me to suspect that Swenson's a psnname. Why not give yourself credit for the commentary, tho, if you really did write it? ((IF)) The comments were pretty intelligent for the most part, and I really hope you'll continue the feature. The title of the column, tho, seems trite.

While we're on the subject of titles, however, "Cave of the Winds" IS a good one.

Orchids on the careful stencilling job, and the dummied edges on the pages. Mimeeing is fair -- please slop on the

ink with a more generous hand, and don't be afraid to reink the light spots in the middle of a run. ((It is done.)) Suggest you get your art editor to stencil some headings for the articles and columns, too, to relieve the pages and pages of black type. ((It is done.)) Cover okay. Hope some generous soul will sponsor some lithos. If no lithos possible, why not print the cover on colorful construction paper, or something?? ((No colored stock available))

More suggestions (gee, I'm full of the dang things today) -- charge 20¢ for the mag. At a dime it's a steal, and is easily as good a buy as FSY COMMENTATOR. Then you'd be able to mail out the mag in mailing envelopes -- which Woolworth sells quite reasonably, this 'umble one discovered. ((Nearest Woolworth is in Redlands, 22 miles distant -- and besides, are they REALLY necessary?))

All in all, a super-stupendous first publishing effort. --Joe Kennedy, 84 Baker Ave., Dover, New Jersey.

THE UNKNOWN CADAVER, IN PERSON

Dear Don: I was slightly startled to see Dream Quest. From what Howard told me about the mimeeing difficulties you had, I thought the mag wouldn't show up till Xmas. (An old pagan festival.) So it was a very agreeable surprise to find JC's monster staring out of the mailbox at me. A good drawing, by the way -- too bad you couldn't have had it lithoed. But then, I guess you're as poor as I am.

You want comments, so here are mine. The first thing you see is that linoblock title cut on the contents page. ((You were the only one that noticed it--congratulations.)) ((A very creditable job, considering that Howard cut it with a kitchen knife.)) And the content page was well set up, too, except that the illustration credit line was n't centered. Why? ((An oversight.)) And you might add to the masthead that you accept no responsibility for statements made by contributors before you print any material by me. ((Is done))

The editorial was aptly titled. And "Reflections" was a good poem.

Hummmmm---Sam ~~review~~ about DREAM ON THE MOON. I also own this book, and agree about its quality, except that I didn't like "A Dracula of the Hills." I disagree, too, with Sam's statement that CAS's vocabulary is at times his worst enemy. Vocabularies are an asset -- look at Merritt. What could he have done with two-bit words?? ... I'd say, tho, that the review was a good one, principally because he agreed with me on all other points. Derleth did a good job, for a change. ((Explain, please))

Now we come to "Tho With Rule and Line, sic" by Omar Khayyam Speer. He should have said "hic." From my way of seeing, this article is merely a ponderous mass of wordage which conveys nothing to the reader's mind. Why did he have to write it in such an unintelligible style? Something like the late R. Waldo Emerson. He should have taken a sentence from his "First text tonite" -- "a halo of indefinite import" -- and used it as a subtitle to the article. Gahhhhh.

But actually, if you want to discuss time theory -- in a purely A fashion, of course -- sic, no doubt -- Speer forgets that in all time-travel stories, there had to be some connecting link by which the traveler could observe the probability world, supposedly unreal but nonetheless observable. And from the second paragraph of the Eddington quote -- if actual must mean only "knowable to mind," then our world collapses. For our meager senses can only observe a small radius of the earth's territory. Anything out of the range of our senses no longer exists. Speer would have us believe this??? And--knowable to mind. A hashish-eater's dreams are knowable to his mind. Is the hashish-eater's dream more real than the physical objects which exist over the horizon, out of range of our senses, therefore in this scheme of reasoning non-existent?? ((Enough touchstones of actuality are alike to confine the ones which differ to asylums....)) Faugh. That I cannot take.

The person impresses me as a first-rate Jack S. The ponderous mass of wordage could have been boiled down to one sentence of mediocre import. "Probabil-

ity worlds are improbable." Now let the Seattle space-point descend where it will. ((You sure have asked for it))

The forecast for the next DQ sounds promising, especially since some material by the great Gordon Elliott is scheduled. As for poor Heinlein -- Swenson's judgment is a little harsh, isn't it? For obviously a story of the caliber Heinlein used to turn out would mean nothing to the Post's readers, who number in the millions. Such a policy cannot be dictated by a couple hundred fen.

Dream Come True -- no comment.

Sneaky mirrors my sentiments exactly.

As for your important announcement, how rich are you? You will have no success, I fear. Cave of the Winds was an eloquent plug.

Now we approach the Sewers. Gawd---28 pages! You'd think Swenson would have drowned (joke) in all that wordage. He devotes too much space, too, to summarizing mediocre stories. Tell if it's good or bad, and we will read accordingly. Oh yes, you might have him state just why he likes or dislikes the yarns too. Don't you think he took So Shall Ye Reap a little seriously?? ((No)) What would have the column been like if he'd review all the 1941 proze with this much detail???? ((Shudder)) I agree about FFM, too. It stinks.

Kennedy was very amusing.

Palmer was slanderous, but also amusing. Why the Paymer on the contents page? ((Typing error)) The Evokation was the only well-mimeed thing on my copy. Odd, a woman summoning up Lilit. But then with a name like Nuttall she couldn't be entirely normal. Stein's pic nice and Timminsy, Miller seems new at the stylus but his technique shows possibilities. Your second issue ought to be good. --Gordon Elliott, 1617 Freeman Ave, Long Beach, Calif.

PRAISE

Received DQ today, and here's what I think of it: For a first issue, just about the best mag I've seen! No kidding, Don, you're to be congratulated no end on the whole thing. For a first job of mimeography the duplication was excellent --

the typing darn good. A few too many errors, perhaps, but not enough to detract very much from the mag's good appearance. And of course the dummied right margins really helped a lot. For a new mag that's just starting out, dummied margins are a necessity; after you've established a name for yourself and DQ becomes a really well-known mag (which won't be long, way it looks now!) then you can junk dummied margins -- it's the contents that count in a good mag. Taking the mag apart from cover to cover, here are my opinions:

The front cover by Cockcroft was excellent for a mimeo stencil pic. I liked it. The contents page was not bunchy as so many are; on the contrary it was clean near, and just about perfect in every way. How did you put the DREAMQUEST heading on the top, eh? ((Line-block)) As for the actual contents:

"Though With Rule and Line" by Jack Speer was all right. Good article, thoroughly enjoyed. Oh yes, before I forget, your editorial was interesting -- but isn't it strange how all first editorials are practically alike? Oh well....

Rick Sneary's "The 1948 Fan Convention" was an exact mirror of my mind. I too would like to put in my call for -- GOLDEN GATE IN '48! Rick had a lot of mighty fine points, and if the boys at the Philcon use their heads they'll certainly choose Frisco for the '48 con.

"Unfathomed Mysteries of Fantasy Fandom" by ex-fan Jokeneddy was the second best thing in the issue. 'Twas humorous, well-written, and thought-provoking. I wonder what did happen to Wiggins et al....!

Moskowitz's contribution to DQ#1 was well received by this party. Good stuff.

"Heinlein in the Post": swell! I too seized with anticipation the issue in which "Green Hills" appeared. And I enjoyed the yarn, but chiefly because of the poetry in it. As Swenson said, the old Heinlein is not here. "Green Hills" was certainly not truly representative of science-fiction; however, it must be borne in mind that the Post is a family magazine -- that is, read by the household. Mother, father, etc. Therefore it

naturally cannot be like the stuff we fans are used to. "Space Jockey" was better, but not much. Then of course since the writing of the article, the third of the trilogy has appeared -- "It's Great to be Back!" -- and the third one is about the worst, in my opinion. A couple who live on the moon go to Earth and don't like it and return to the moon. And that's the whole plot and story. But then Heinlein is getting good money for those stories -- I only hope the slick readers don't get the wrong impression of sci. Because these yarns aren't representative of real science fiction.

4e's piece was up to his usual good standard, which is just about unsurpassable.

Your dictional parody, "At Palmer's Desk" by Miller was chuckle-provoking if nothing more.

The two pics on the last pages were good -- how about a few more of them sprinkled throughout the mag -- it looked a little too heavy with writing. Poems by Nuttall -- excellent.

And now -- the longest item in the issue -- and the best -- the pro review. Wow! that fellow Swenson must have spent a lot of time on that. And so did you, for that matter, typing it up. But the review itself: It certainly covered the field well. Every promag represented. And the author presented his ideas beautifully. Pro reviews should definitely be continued. For the fan who has not read the stories, he can by reading the review tell which stories he thinks will interest him most. And for the fan who doesn't have time to read all the stories (like me) he can tell at once what he has missed. And for the fan who has read all the stories, it is fun to check results with another reader of the same stories, and to hear other people's opinions. With a pro-review you can't go wrong -- any way you look at it. So keep it a regular feature, eh? ((Sure))

Guess that's all. I might add that DQ is taking up where Stifist left off, OK -- like my FANDOM SPEAKS is doing for the late Vom. Could give myself a free plug, but will just sign off wishing you good luck on DQ. And how about getting it out

a little more often? Bimonthly, maybe?
--Rex S. Ward, 428 Main St., El Segundo,
Calif.

((Frequency of publication will be 4
times a year, in April, July, Sep-
tember, and December, at least un-
til further notice. --ED.))

HIS COPY WAS IN PIECES

For a first issue I think you did a remarkably fine job, especially considering the type of paper you used. In spite of the fact that due to my disinterest in fantasy and weird some of your material was unread, I think there's a bright future in store for your baby.

I noticed that you had trouble stapling DQ. In fact, my issue was in pieces when I received it. I promptly took out my 39¢ stapler and fastened it. For some reason or another the more expensive staplers don't have the ability to chew thru so many layers of crud as the cheaper model does. I use a "Major" stapler-- (same thing is called a Commander or Admiral in more expensive models) and have had no difficulty at all in stapling thru a folded thickness of STFIET -- 40 pages. The thing can be obtained in almost any dime store. ((Not here, they can't. The poor stapler has been junked, and a better one bought, but not at 39¢, alas..))

Paging thru the mag we find the editorial interesting and informal enough to set the reader at ease. Didn't read SAM's review. I might say here, however, that the double-underlined title, date, etc. at the top of the page definitely distracts from the reading continuity. It looks like a title at first glance. I'd suggest moving the DQ to one side of the page, the page # to the other, thus leaving the center blank, as is standard practice. Speer's contribution should be the best in the issue, but it's altogether too deeply philosophical and theoretical for me to assimilate in my present psychological state. So I merely skimmed thru it. But the part on page 10 is worth the rest of the space the article took. COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE: Bring on the parody, satire, or what-have-you. I certainly like nothing better than a satire on fans and stuff -- even myself--

if it's well done. But nothing can be more boring than "humor" that isn't funny. I can't properly criticize Swenson's comments on Heinlein and the Post, but from what I've heard from persons whose reading tastes are generally similar to my own, he's way off the beam. How about publishing the dates of those stories so we who missed them can look them up in the 2nd hand stores? ((See Heinlein, this issue)) 4e's contribution was, as is usual, good stuff. Sneaky -- good arguments, I guess, but leaves me with a decided feeling of "So What??" (It seems that something called "paragraphing" ought to have been exercised back there always, so we better do it here.)

"Swimming Thru the Sewers" is definitely a disgusting title for the pro review section. I'd put that title at the head of the letter column! But any title's as good as any other, I guess.

Eighteen pages of pro reviews certainly are a lot, and in spite of my contention that pro reviews should be the backbone of any mag, these proved a bit tedious. I must admit that I did not read them thoroly, word for word. The reason for this was that most of the space was taken up with mere plot-description. I don't like this for 2 reasons: If the person has already read the story, he doesn't want to wade thru a description of the plot again, and if he hasn't read it yet I don't think he wants to know what it's all about. (Anyway, I don't.)

In the way of constructive criticism here's what I'd like to see in a pro review: The reviewer's comments as to type of story, (interplanetary, adventure, psychological, political, etc), whether he thinks it was good, bad, or indifferent, AND WHY. After wading thru pages of plot description I'm inclined to think that Swenson's tastes incline more to the "Straight" stf and away from the type of sociological stuff that I like best. And I also think he's inclined to rate the stories a little too high. At any rate, he was persuasive enough to convince me to look for a copy of the AS with Geier's "Hidden City" in it (I don't read AS any more unless someone gives me a copy, or a

story is recommended to me) and that I should lay aside the 2nd-hand FTM with "People of the Ruins" in it.

Will have to cut this short, as I've got to finish "Lord of the Storm" tonite. To conclude with DQ: Kennedy is Kennedy, 'nuff said; Lemuria & Rap stuff is about worn out as a source for funny stuff.

Oh, yes -- forgot to give my heart-felt congratulations to Swenson for wading thru all that garbage in the pros for the sake of a mere fanzine review. I just can't force myself to read all the stories in any mag but aSF anymore. ((Gil claims he would have read them all any way.)) ...All for now. Henry Elsnor Jr., 13618 Cedar Grove, Detroit 5, Michigan.

AMBITION?

....But to more ambitious things, namely Dream Quest, which really was! You surprised me most pleasantly by all the excellent material therein; saved me 35¢ by the review of Avon's Fantasy Reader #2 (#3 was different -- C. L. Moore's "Black Thirst" and Merritt's "Rhythm of the Spheres".ahhhh..) Swenson makes an excellent reviewer -- glad to hear you'll have him steady.

The Gordon Elliott thing coming up sounds like it could get interesting -- here's hoping....

Naturally, Moskowitz's review of DARK OF THE MOON was the most interesting thing (to me) in Dream Quest I. I haven't sent for it yet, but I shall, I shall .. Am especially interested in the Howard sampling. "Always Comes Evening" MUST be good, from the comment. I know I admired the verse in "Skylt Face & C" immensely, and wondered why the anthology of his works didn't include more of his verse. It should have, in mine opine.

Speer usually loses me somewhere in the labyrinth of his passages, but I like to think I understand a little of what he means sometimes. The Probability Machine plot was interesting....but probabilities are so complex one begins to wonder whether all existence isn't just static bouncing off the wave length of the perfect existence. We know what it is, but not how to tune in on it. Crackle, pop, sphhttt -- that's us.

The sands run out...for now...but, again, congrats on the ambitious intentions expressed in your editorial. Glad you like my stuff well enough to use more ... the fans probably wonder why I do. Anyhow, more will go your way when I can type 'em up. --Marijane Nuttall, Rte #1 Box 601, Lakeside, Calif.

E FOR EFFORT, AND STUFF

I've meant to write you sooner about Dream Quest, but I just moved out to Pennsylvania, and was holding off in the hopes that I could locate some living quarters for me and my family. ((Nice easy job, nowadays.)) Since that possibility seems to be remote, I guess I'd better not wait to get my 2¢ in.

You've really done a fine job on the first issue. The artwork wasn't so hot, but all things considered, it'll pass for a first attempt. You've promised to improve the paper so we won't say anything about that. As for the material itself, it was pretty good on the whole with Speer, Kennedy, and Miller taking top honors. Strangely enough the articles were on Philosophy, Fact, and Fiction! That shows rather excellent variety, whether accidental or not.

Swenson deserves a vote of confidence for his monumental work on the reviews! He also saved me some time, as I was getting behind on my pro-mags, and from his reviews I was able to file away a few mags without taking the time to read them. Ordinarily I wouldn't do that, since I prefer to read the mags before reading any reviews, especially reviews like Swenson's which are really digests of the stories and would be apt to give the plot away if you hadn't read the story, but I just happened to be pressed for time this time. It was interesting to note that Swenson didn't actually say much about the content of "E for Effort" which appeared in aSF and is creating a lot of discussion as to what the author meant by the last couple of pages. I'd appreciate a little clarification! ((So would I. Anybody got any explanations?)) The title of Swenson's column was appropriate enough for the first bunch of mags he reviewed!

I hadn't planned on getting a copy of Arkham's book of weird poetry but after Moskowitz's review of it I've got to change my mind.

I too was disappointed in Heinlein's stories in the Post. But at the same time, looking at them from the viewpoint of the initiate to sf, I imagine they would appeal a good deal more. I do think it will be quite some time before Heinlein will be able to dish out some of his more potent stuff in the Post. It'll just have to come gradually.

I don't generally care for fan poetry, but "Reflections" was quite clever I thought. I see that Marijane is still using dots!

Well, that's about all I have time for now. Here's to bigger and better Dream Quests realized! --Albert F. Lopez, Dept. of Electrical Engineering, Penn State College, State College, Penna.

SHORT AND SWEET

One quick reaction to DQ: Gordon Elliott had better damnwell characterize, lampoon, satirize and poke fun at me in his "Unknown Cadaver" or I shall feel slighted, and there will be serious repercussions! --Forrest J Ackerman, Box 6151 Met Stn, Los Angeles 55, Calif.

((You'll be parodied, 4e, never fear.))

BANG!!

The cover was very well done for a mimeo job except that John Cockcroft's cover would have looked so well in litho. ((You kin say that again.)) I saw the original. It sure looked good.

Your book reviews were good. I thot that excerpt from the Stephen Vincent Benet poem was really good. Made me want to read the rest of it.

I skipped Jack Speer's article, too dry, lengthy and besides I've seen other time theories or whatever it was about. ((What are your objections to hearing new time theories??))

"Heinlein in the Post" by Swenson was good. It agreed very much with my opinions of them. He should have waited a while and included the latest one, it had the frosting but no cake. ((See this issue))

I second the motion by Rick Sneary to have the '48 con in Frisco. There are so many fans in this area and surroundings I'm sure something could be done about it. I only hope the rest of fans here in the Golden Gate feel the same. So far George Cowie and Gordon Kull seem to be the leading figures in the movement.

Murray for Gilbert Swenson, his reviews of Amazing Stories were the most unprejudiced and fair I've ever read. ((Good reason for praise?)) It is to be hoped though that he will not try to condense the whole story into the few pages he has at his command. It is not worth it, to those who have read it already, and spoils it for those who haven't. On the whole I think while the prozine reviews are a good idea, too much space is used up that could be used much more profitably. The letter section will take up part of it I trust.

I could take H. Elliott Miller out and cheerfully shoot him. Of all the rotten, half-baked yarns it has ever been my misfortune to read that is the worst. (I have a hunch you ed wrote it, but if I'm wrong please excuse the names called) ((I assure you that Wilson did NOT write it. Grovel in the dirt, my friend.))

I am going to suggest something. Take the same plot, words, etc. but substitute for Ray Palmer the most holy Pope Pius XIII. For the Z-D publishing company, substitute the Vatican, for the money substitute gold, jewels, power. For the Shaver mystery substitute belief in God and for the dero substitute God. You would not think of doing such a thing ((What do you think would happen to me if I did??)) yet in the face of conclusive proof the Shaver mystery is on a par with the theory of religion. There are as many statements of people supporting the Shaver mystery as there are supporting the theory of God. Why do you believe one and not the other?

The Christian theory had a harder time getting started than Rap has, perhaps if Rap were crucified that might help matters. It did for Christianity. Mass hallucinations were given as the cause of the flying discs, why couldn't

the same apply to the Resurrection?

I am not saying God is a myth, I believe in Him. Maybe in 1900 years the belief in Shaver's Deros may be as strong, I said maybe. ((By that time don't you think proof will be established one way or the other? The Christian religion is based on things forever unknowable and unprovable. Shaver is not. Hence your analogy is false as far as religious belief itself is concerned-----the Shaver mystery can never become a religion in the same sense Christianity is. As far as the Pope part of it is concerned, and the power, jews, etc. -- I really couldn't say, nor have I any desire to try.))

This attitude taken ((I suppose he means anti-Shaver)) seems very unfair and stupid to me, in the light of any evidence shown for or against. --George Caldwell, 1115 San Anselmo Ave., San Anselmo, California.

((Take this as you will. It is printed at Caldwell's request; now the rest is up to you. --Ed.))

SEND YOUR MATERIAL ANYWAY, DURN IT!

The way you howled about material for your magazine "Dream Quest," anyone would think you couldn't get any. Then you come out with a mangled first issue containing items by Ackerman, Moskowitz, Joe Kennedy, Jack Spear, Marijane Nuttall, Elliott Miller, and Gilbert Swenson.

The major item in the first issue was that thoroughly detailed review section on the pro-magazines. While I did not agree with him on all points, Swenson

PEABODY'S FUTURESCOPE, continued from page 5

me to look at my future, to see how I was to die, and, then, unable to prevent that death....how horrible. It took me only 15 minutes to put the futurescope in a block of cement and sink it in the large fishpond behind my house. ###

I APOLOGIZE for the mistake in heading the Peabody thing, for the numerous typographical errors, and for the lack of colored paper for the artwork -- at the last minute I couldn't get any. But I hope the 3rd issue will be much better. There is some good stuff scheduled. --ED.

did a masterful job of the work. But why that nauseating title? Pull the chain! ((It has been pulled))

Moskowitz did a competent, if over-enthusiastic, review of "Dark of the Moon." I liked the book, too, but my enthusiasm was tempered by the fact that it could have had more of the scarce poems in it and less of those classics of literature available in every pinchpenny anthology. However, it is a lot for the money, and a fantasy must-have.

Ackerman, as usual, was entertaining and not too informative. He'll kill me for this opinion. But I do like his ravings; I merely wish he'd inject a few facts into his diatribes.

Speer's article was wasted on me; it sounded impressive but didn't seem to mean anything. Maybe I'm dense; maybe not.

Kennedy's "Mysteries" poses a terrifying thought NOW THAT HE'S GONE, TOO!

And the Deros got the bottom of page 46 of my copy, pulled the text all out of line, etc.

Stein's drawing on page 53 (?) is the best of the artwork. Nuttall's poems were both good. But how do you dare to stick in two editorials? I'm risking my neck in GORDON with one (free plug.) All in all, a swell magazine. You don't need any material from me, you dog. ((NO?)) How about sending me some? (Joke; I've got plenty.) --Stanley Mullen, 4936 Grove Street, Denver 11, Colorado.

Thanks to all the rest of you who had to be left out on account lack of space....

LOGIC IN SCIENTIFICTION

by Ralph Milne Farley

The late Stanley G. Weinbaum used to say that the secret of introducing the impossible into the scientific factual background for a scientifiction yarn, lies in camouflaging the step in which the author crosses the threshold of impossibility. Let us amplify that thought.

In a college course on formal ~~logic~~ one learns that the Aristotelian sorties is a very convenient form of mediate inference in which to conceal an objectively untrue premise.

A sorties is a condensed form of a polysyllogism: i.e., a series of syllogisms in which the conclusion of each successive syllogism becomes one of the premises of the next. An example of a perfectly valid sorties is the following:

He who desponds ceases to labor.

He who ceases to labor makes no progress.

He who makes no progress does not reach the end.

Therefore he who desponds does not reach the end.

Now the advantage of this form of reasoning, as a means to slip over a false premise, lies in the fact that after two or three successive premises of obvious objective truth, the reader is lulled into a false sense of security and begins to take premises for granted. Right at that point, you slip in an untrue premise. Then, from that point on, all the remaining premises are true; so that, as the reader wakes up on nearing the end of the argument, he finds nothing suspicious; and thus is led by easy stages to accept a wholly untenable conclusion.

My first scientifictional novel, and probably my best known ditto was "The Radio Man", which appeared in ARGOSY-ALL STORY in 1924 and was reprinted December 1939, through February 1940 in FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. At the outset of that story I led my Harvard classmate, Myles Standish Cabot, greatest scientist of two worlds, by easy stages from known scientific accomplishments to the transmission of human beings by radio. I quote:

"My chief line of work, since graduating from Harvard, was on the subject of television. By simultaneously using three sending sets and three receiving sets, each corresponding to one of the three dimensions, any object which I placed within the framework of my transmitter could be seen within the framework of my receiver, just as though I stood there myself.

"All that prevented the object from actually being made to stand there was the quite sufficient fact that no one had yet, so far as I was then aware, invented a means for dissolving matter into its well known radiations, and then converting these radiations back to matter again.

"But just at this time, by a remarkable coincidence, there came into my hands a copy of an unpublished paper on this subject by Rene Flambeau.

"The prior experiments of De Gersdoff are well known; he had succeeded by means of radio waves, in isolating and distinguishing the electro-magnetic constituents of all the different chemical elements. Flambeau went one step further, and was able to transmit small formless quantities of matter itself, although for some reason certain metals, but not their salts, appeared to absorb the electrical energy employed by him, and thus be immune to transportation.

"As I could already transmit a three dimensional picture of an object, and as Flambeau had been able to transmit formless matter, then by combining our devices in a single apparatus I found I could transmit physical objects unchanged in form."

See if you can detect at just what point in the otherwise absolutely logical development of Cabot's invention, the Radio Man crossed the threshold of impossibility.

The End.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

A project of interest to all those who publish, edit, and write for fanzines....

In the last issue of this fanzine we announced plans for a series of fan anthologies, to begin with a collection of fan poetry. Well, to make the story short, these plans are being abandoned, at least as far as the present is concerned. Lack of interest is the principal reason. Also, the arguments of Charles Burbee sounded logical to us. So, as of now, the ideas for the anthologies are a thing of the past.

However, we'd like to print something, in the way of a project of some sort. We have hit upon the idea of a fanzine writer's guide. Such a project, we feel, would be of much greater value than the anthologies, and of course it would be of incalculably less work and bother for us to prepare.

This project really is one that is worthy of your participation. The prozines have their writing requirements listed in writers' guides -- why not do the same for fanzines??? A listing of what each zine wants in the way of contributions would be a valuable thing for editor, writer, and even casual fan. This would eliminate the necessity of reading each fanzine to determine from its content what is wanted. It would also be ready for reference at all times; and, since not all fans can get every fanzine, it would be doubly valuable in the case of fanzines not subscribed to.

Fanzine editors are requested to send us their material policies, written up in the fashion in which they would like them to appear in the Guide. A postcard will hold the information needed. State what kinds of articles you want -- whether you'll take fiction or not -- lengths desired -- artwork, if so what kind -- and so on. The type of info you'd send to anyone who volunteered to contribute if he were told the requirements. Wouldn't such a listing of ALL fanzines be valuable? For the fan who had something done and didn't know which zine it would be most suited for -- the editor who was handicapped by lack of coverage -- and so on. One more thing -- any payment given should be stated too, especially if it's more than the usual free copies and subs...

Oh, yes -- I emphatically request all news-zines to pass along this information.

The Guide will be mimeoed on good paper; since it is of a reference nature, the covers will be mimeoed, and there will be no illustrations. Price of the guide will be determined later. It is entirely possible that the Fmz Contributor's Handbook might be made a periodical feature, if enough interest is shown. I think it's worthy of your interest. So -- if you edit a fanzine, FAPazine, adzine, or anything periodically distributed among sfans, I want your requirements. Let's hear from you!