

May
1953

SCIENCE FICTION Quarterly

Volume
2
Number
3

132 PAGES OF NEW STORIES — NO REPRINTS!

Featuring

The World She Wanted by Philip K. Dick 43



Here, at long last, is the theory you've been looking for. If it's true, then someone is going to be very happy to learn about it!

Novellets and Short Stories

INTERMISSION TIME (Novelet)	Raymond F. Jones	12
John wasn't enthusiastic about being part of humanity's great experiment.		
SHE CALLED ME FRANKIE	Robert K. Ottum	40
Here's the inside story on Oog, straight from the horse's mouth!		
LIFEWORk (Novelet)	Robert Abernathy	54
Kiin was exalted by the god, but when the god returned . . .		
THE MUD PUPPY (Novelet)	William C. Bailey	82
It was a wonderful machine, the mud puppy — only it wouldn't work!		
TIME GOES TO NOW	Charles Dye	99
It looked like a diving-suit, and Henry forgot to look for differences.		
THE VISITORS	C. H. Liddell	109
They were frightful beings — and they were afraid of something . . .		

Special Features

IT SAYS HERE (Editorial Comment and Letters From You Readers)	6
READIN' AND WRITIN' (Book Reviews)	Robert W. Lowndes 69
EDGAR ALLAN POE — ANCESTOR (Special Article)	Robert A. Madle 71
THE GOLDEN MIRAGE (Special Article)	L. Sprague de Camp 75
THE MELTING POT (Reviews and Comment on the Fan Press)	Calvin Thomas Beck 96
REMEMBERED WORDS (Letter-Writers listed here have won originals)	126
THE RECKONING (Here's how your votes and comments rated our last issue)	130
READERS' PREFERENCE COUPON (You vote here)	130

*Cover by Milton Luros, from "The World She Wanted!"
Interior illustrations by Beecham, Luros, Murphy and Orban*

ROBERT W. LOWNDES, Editor

Next issue on sale June 1st

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, May, 1953, published February, May, August, and November, by COLUMBIA PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass. Editorial and executive offices at 241 Church Street, New York 13, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Holyoke, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy 25c yearly subscription \$1.00. Entire contents copyright 1953 by COLUMBIA PUBLICATIONS, Inc. Manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed envelopes to insure return if not accepted, and while reasonable care will be extended in handling them, it is understood that they are submitted at author's risk. Printed in U. S. A.

SHE CALLED ME FRANKIE

An S. F. Q. "First"

(illustrated by Tom Beeham)

BULLETIN: Oog, Trans-Planet News Service (Special)—Space officers confirmed here today that one of the mysterious "flying cigars," which has plagued Venus for the past year, has crashed in the Oog desert, and said its pilots were weird 68-inch creatures.

Venus space-force pilots also confirmed they captured the three occupants of the strange craft, but authorities clamped a tight lid of secrecy over further details.

The Space Commission, meanwhile, said it plans to admit newsmen to the scene tomorrow. Watch this newspaper for further details!

●

(Editor's note: This exclusive, eye-witness account of the strange mystery ship from another planet is an on-the-spot report from our roving reporter, F. 190, written expressly for Trans-Planet News Service).

●

By F. 190: I'm writing tonight from the sprawling Oog desert, where history is being made.

The "flying cigar" is actually here, half-buried in a sand dune. And its occupants are here, but still shielded by a tight security-control. But I can report exclusively: It is true; they are real, and they are here on Venus.

Today I looked at and touched the ship which brought them through space, and which forever dispells any

Any resemblance between activities on Oog, and on more familiar places, is, of course...

by Robert K. Ottum

doubt scientists might have had about the existence of the flying cigars. It seems odd that our nation could have been so near mass-hysteria over such a clumsy, amateurish craft. It is a dull silver in color, made of what appears to be a light metal. Oddly enough, it seems to be powered by some type of old-fashioned thrust-rocket, and not the sun.

Space-officers said tomorrow newsmen will be permitted to see the captives. They held back most details, but one high official (who refused to be quoted) admitted this much is true: The creatures have two eyes each, and their heads seem to be round in shape.

Read this column tomorrow for another exclusive story.

●

(Editor's note: This is the second in an exclusive series of articles from the Oog desert, site of the crash-landing of the mystery-ship from space. Here is reporter F. 190 to tell it to you).

●

By F. 190: I have just met—and actually talked with—three creatures from another planet. Two days ago, they crawled from their space-ship, which crashed here on the Oog desert, and were captured by the security space-patrol. Until today they have been hidden by authorities.

We communicated through the thought-transmitter.



"Fortunately, the ship has not been damaged too much."

The three claim to be space-explorers who intend no harm. Their physical appearance makes this believable; their approximate height is 68 inches. They have no antenna on their heads; instead, they have rounded, shell-like objects they call ears with which they receive sounds. They stand quite straight.

One of them has long hair, which falls about its shoulders, and a body shaped quite differently from the other two. The body of this one seems more rounded in form—apparently softer in some spots than in others. It claims to be of another sex entirely, referred to as a "woman" on its native planet.

The woman moves about strangely, in what could best be described as an undulating fashion. It "laughs" frequently, showing a row of bright white objects, known to these creatures as teeth. The three do not like our concentrated food; they claim the teeth are used for grinding up food of a different type than we have here on Venus.

The first press-conference was cut short by the space-chiefs. They said the three probably will go before a special medical examining board soon—perhaps tomorrow. Science Patrol officials already have completed their first examination of the strange space ship, and announced today it will be dismantled soon for a more thorough check.

Read this column for more ou-the-spot news.

(Editor's note: This, third in a series of special articles from the Oog desert, tells of F. 190's exclusive talk with the three creatures from another planet, who were captured after the crash of their space ship, a "flying cigar.")

By F. 190: The space creatures appeared quite upset today when I told them the medical examining-board plans to dismember them tomorrow, for a scientific examination council. The one which is called a woman did something strange—apparently a ritual in its native land—called "crying." During this period, little drops of water

came from its eyes, which are the purest azure blue in color. Later it laughed (which I explained to you in an earlier story) and then it seemed to do both at once. The two creatures with the woman seemed more stoic.

The woman-creature also allowed me to examine her more closely, today. I am amazed. It has white skin, velvety to the touch. The creature is soft and warm-blooded; I quite enjoyed it.

We talked at great length about our system of reference, and the space-people seemed quite amazed we are named by initials and numbers. These creatures refer to one another by what they call "names." These are long combinations of letters.

The woman creature even gave me one of the names.

She called me Frankie.



(Editor's note: This is the fourth in a series of articles by F. 190, space-reporter whose on-the-spot coverage of the strange space-people is written exclusively for Trans-Planet News Service).



By F. 190: The three space-people have only a few hours to live.

Tonight, the Venus Medical Board, top surgeons from around the nation, will dismember the three creatures who landed here in their space-ship.

Their weird, almost-primitive craft, was carefully dismantled today by a board of science review. It will be studied by some of the top brains from around our nation, in an effort to determine how it came through space.

I talked with them again today.

The woman-creature is unusual. Standing close to it, one can smell a

substance on its body. This is known as "perfume." The smell is pleasing.

The woman talked with me for a long time today.

This creature certainly has a strange manner of locomotion. Its legs, tubular white stems, seem quite . . . shapely. It showed reporters today one of its native customs, called "kissing." I was the only reporter from the press-ent who volunteered to conduct this experiment—although the woman-creature assured as all it wouldn't hurt.

It didn't hurt.

I will tell you more in another article.



Bulletin: Oog, Trans-Planet News Service (Special)—The three space creatures captured four days ago escaped the space-patrol in a daring break tonight, and captured one of our people.

Inter-planet patrol reported they got away in the ship which brought the medical examining-board here, and that they seem to have vanished into space.

They broke out of their cell a few minutes before the medical-board was to have conducted its experiment. Officers found scratched on their cell wall a set of ciphers, and called immediately for geologists to study and translate it.

X. 187, head of the Venus Geology Institute, said late tonight he has deciphered the strange writings, but admitted that neither he nor his associates are able to understand what it means.

The writing, translated, said: "So long, suckers." It was signed: "Frankie."

