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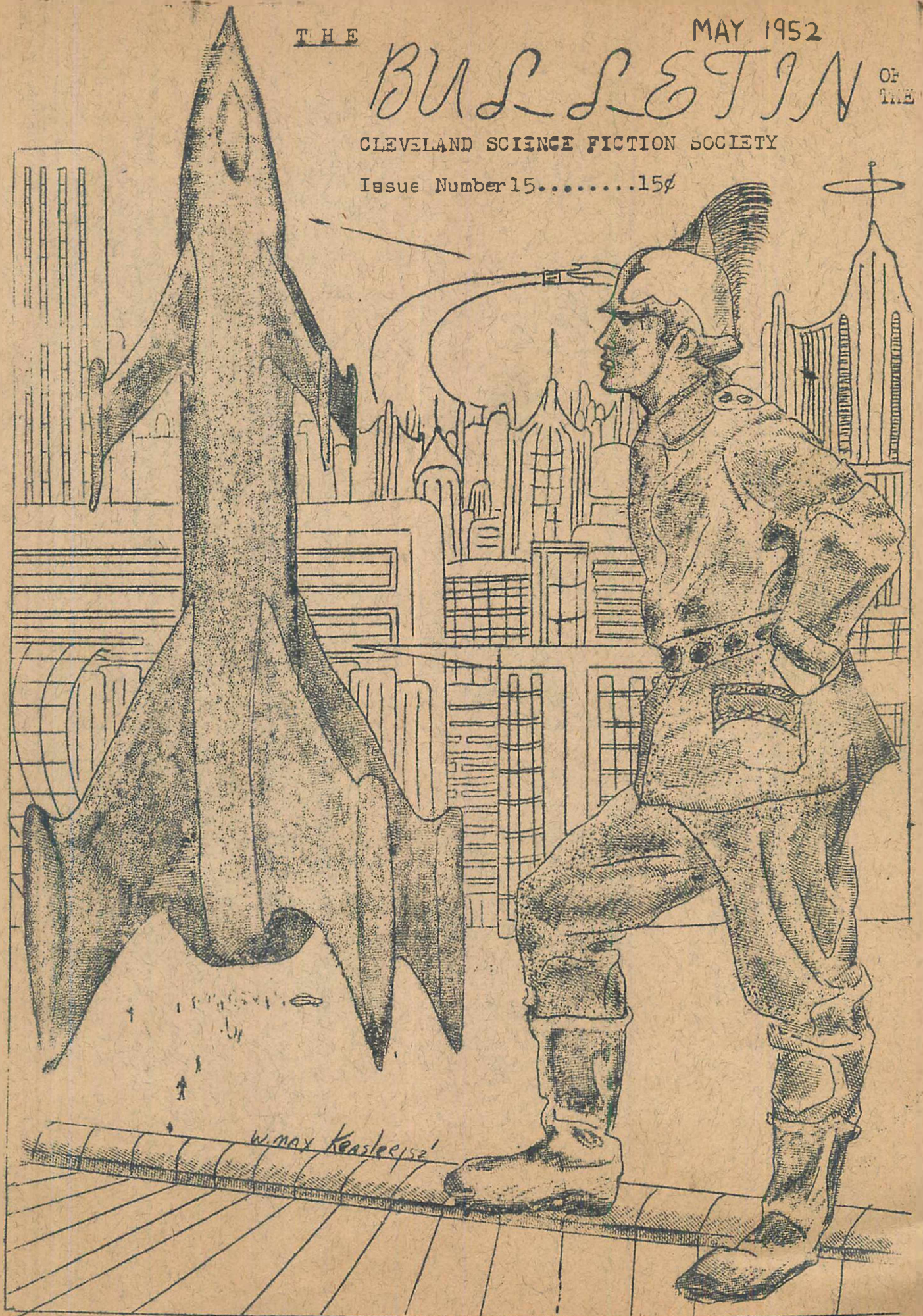
MAY 1952

BULLETIN

OF THE

CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

Issue Number 15.....15¢



in many ways, the editorial staff is dissatisfied with this issue, but for what it's worth, here's the.....

Table of Contents

MAY 1952
volume 2
number 4
or issue number 15

this magazine is the ONLY official organ of the CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY and is not necessarily a reflection of the opinions of either the club or the editors. All material submitted to this magazine is at the contributor's risk although all possible care will be extended while in our possession and should be accompanied by return postage. Single copies 15¢. A full year's subscription (12 issues and an annual) \$1.50. This magazine is issued monthly by HARLAN ELLISON, 12701 SHAKER BLVD. APARTMENT #616, CLEVELAND 20, OHIO.

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THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE PASSED BY CSFS BOARD OF ADVISERS.....

cover: LaGUARDIA SPACEPORT: YEAR 3000 by W. MAX KEASLER

STORIES

THE FRIGHTENING FABLE OF HUBURTUS SNOGGLE, STFAN

by Stephen F. Schultheis

page

6

POETRY

KER-PLUNK!
CON

by W. Paul Ganley

14

by Charles S. Tanner

14

ARTICLE

IT'S TRULY "FANTASTIC"!

by Ray Yowler

19

SPECIAL FEATURES

FAMOUS FOLKS

a collection of autographs

12

THE EDITOR VISITS HIS DRAFT BOARD

text by Ellison

sketches by Ray Nelson

12

GIBSON'S GALLERY OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE

by Ray Gibson

28

FEATURES

LEFTOVERS or ODD ENDS

last minute stuff

5

APOLOGIES

what we left out this issue

27

DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL: SOME WAYWARD THOUGHTS

by The Editor

2

CITATION

#4: John W. Campbell, Jr.

4

CRYSTAL-BALLING

in our next issue

5

FMZ: a batch of fanzine reviews

by The Editor

16

CSFS STORY RECOMMENDATIONS

21

(concluded page 1a)

DEPARTMENTS (concluded)page

it's in the MAIL bag

NEXT TEXT

CSFS NEWS AND NOTES

JUDGEMENT DAY

READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY

letters from our readers

coming up in the promags

about the members of CSFS

last issue's ratings

intelligent reviews of new books

22

27

27

27

29

ART IN THIS ISSUE

V. MAX KEASLER.....RAY NELSON.....

VAUGHN BURDEN.....RAY GIBSON.....

LEE HOFFMAN.....HARLAN ELLISON.....

MRS. MARGARET DOMINICK (DEA).....

SHELBY VICK.....





SOME WAYWARD THOUGHTS

This editor's attendance at the THIRD ANNUAL MIDWEST CONFERENCE, gave birth to a number of varied but lucid (which is unusual for your Editor) thoughts which should be dispatched in as brief and forthright a manner as possible. It has been our policy in the BULLETIN to provide food for discussion and pleasant reading--NOT fueds. So far as I know, there is no axe hereabouts, anyone is seeking to grind (with the exception of one or two gripes already mentioned).

But, I fear, there will be many who will sense, in these words, a mood of perhaps disillusionment seasoned with a touch of outrage and tempered with restraint.

Maybe I am disillusioned---I don't know.

To the point though, we met a great many nice people--and a few not so nice people--at the MIDWESTCON who very pointedly asked us to whom we were slanting the magazine. Were we going after the space opera fen, toward the Neofans, for the fan satire readers, or what have you? We exchanged, bought, and were presented with other fan magazines and retired to peruse them before committing ourselves. (It might be noted, in passing, that our sales at the MIDWESTCON were nothing short of phenomenal.)

The scrutinization of said mags (all of which were interesting and highly readable--and a few better than the BULLETIN) led us to this somewhat startling conclusion: WE ARE NOT SLANTING THE BULLETIN AT ANY FANS, AT ALL!

That's right. Our zine is written primarily for the folks outside the science fiction fan world who wonder just what's on the inside of this goldfish bowl, so to speak. When we write a fan satire that is clear in its humour to any fan who has been around for a while, we always include a short explanation of it at the front. Or if we review fanzines or make references to BNF, we always explain for the non-initiates, just who they are.

This is not bad, we feel. As a matter of fact, we think this helps raise the quality of the BULLETIN and makes it more interesting for the fen themselves. For although we are technically a "fanzine"; we are purposely trying to further s-f and are attempting to do this by way of making the BULLETIN looked up to in outside fields.

But don't worry, fellow fans, we're still writin' to keep your little noses stuck into our ever lovin' fanmag. Keep watching for things 'specially for you. (Watch particularly in this ish for HUBERTUS SNOGGLE, STEFAN).

(continued page 3)

More wayward thoughts: We had these things hanging around and they appear too important to keep for separate editorials, so I'm a-gonna lump 'em together and run them through this time.

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You'll notice the quality of the paper this time. It is, you'll see, a finer quality of stock than has been used before in the BULLETIN. The cover stock also, we might add, is of a new thickness and of a much nicer reproduction quality. In fact, the inside paper is almost "click" stuff. It is better than any fanzine in the field and a darn sight nicer than the bulk of the professional magazines.

*

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Speaking of covers, this one you'll notice is by a new artist to these pages, but one definately well-known in fandom, WALT MAX KEASLER is editor of the new fanzine OPUS (reviewed in the fanzine column) and ex-ed of the highly controversial and (we'll admit it) highly enjoyable FANVARIETY. Maxie has done some pretty striking stuff for sundry mags, all of which we have enjoyed. But we can truthfully say, with absolutely no fear of being reprimanded, that he has hit his stride with this cover. The quality of the work is up to the BULLETIN's strict requirements, but is so much above them that it outclasses all Max's previous work--bar none. We're proud as punch about it and are re-scheduling Max as of two days ago. Keep looking for stuff from Keasler.

*

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*

Remember we mentioned that the editorial staff consisted of myself and a goldfish. Well, we've made some changes. The goldfish was fired because he was running off copy too slowly...and he started asking Union Scale on top of it. (Ingrate!) We've hired a robot now name of Mrs. Honey Wood, who is faster and prettier, besides, we don't have to feed her. We got several letters (sorry, personal. Can't reprint 'em) from friend readers who said that why don't we run a pic of the ed. Well, I will not spend foolishly, the money of the BULLETIN to buy photos of yoo trooly, so I had famous fan artist RAY NELSON do one and you'll find it on top of the preceding page. Yes, that's me. For other info write to the address on the table of contents page. Available for parties and luncheons.

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We also were blessed with another fanartist discovery in the person of VAUGHN BURDEN who has come up with a copyrighted li'l purson name of Elliott. He will be running from now on. Hope you like them.

*

*

*

Sorry about not running Fredric Marlowe's article on poetry. It is a little hard to print--seeing as how he refuses to write it. That is the condition so frequently with our CRYSTAL-BALLING, that we feel justified in telling you not to pay the slightest attention to the previews (such as they are) as most of the time they are delusions of grandeur on the part of this ed.

Enjoy this ish and we'll see you next month.....he

the BULLETIN of the CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY presents...

-----CITATION-----

Each issue of the BULLETIN features an award for a member of the science fiction ranks for achievement in the field. The CITATION is awarded after a vote taken by the CSFS as a show of our gratitude to that person.

#4: JOHN W. CAMPBELL, Jr, for
astounding SCIENCE FICTION

It was inevitable that our highly thought of CITATION should be given to one of the men who has put science fiction on a pedestal. Who (almost single-handedly) pulled the tale of futuristic science out of the stagnation of "thin-plot strung on skeleton of gadgetry" which was the typical stf writers only talent for so long.

The man who developed Heinlein, Schmitz, Asimov, Tenn, van Vogt and practically every other s-f author of any worth. The GENIUS who had the foresight to break away from old, tired traditions and present SLAM, FINAL BLACKOUT, THE WORLD OF NULL-A, THE LENSEMAN SERIES and hundreds of other trail-blazing tales of the future.

John W. Campbell, Jr, started as a writer and worked his way up to a position in the science fiction world where he is respected, admired, loved and looked up to as the "guiding light" of an era.

If for nothing else, John Campbell should be Hosannahed from here to the other side of Paradise for bringing to the starved fans the wonderful fantasy magazine UNKNOWN which published some of the greatest fantasy that was ever reprinted in hard-covers.

Astounding SCIENCE FICTION set so many records for fine stories per-issue, that there is little chance that they will be equalled very soon. A tremendously striking person to meet, a demi-god to speak to, John Campbell treats neofan and pro writer with equal aplomb and on the same level as he would speak with the head of Brookhaven.

If ever the field of stf owed its maturity to a person, it now owes it to John Campbell. May he reign supreme and unchallenged for years to come.

A letter explaining the CITATION, and a free subscription to the BULLETIN of the CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY is being sent to

JOHN W. CAMPBELL, Jr.

EDITOR'S NOTE: upon request, we are here repeating the names of the winners of the CITATION in months past.

#1: L. Sprague de Camp and #2: Lloyd Arthur Eshbach
Fletcher #3: Robert A. Heinlein
Pratt

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There is a good, very good, chance, that the BULLETIN may go PHOTO-OFFSET with the next issue. We are working on it with a friend who has a Davidson Photo-Offset and it may come soon.

That contest from SHASTA PUBLISHERS in conjunction with Pocketbooks Inc. is something to crow about. The prize is \$4,000 for an original science fiction novel that wins in the contest. All good stories will be taken for book pubbing and the theme is new directions in stf. Deadline cometh Oct. 31, 58.

Paramount has bought TURMOIL a novel by Lester del Rey which will be produced by a certain Pat Duggan. It's an ultra-modern melodrama about science.

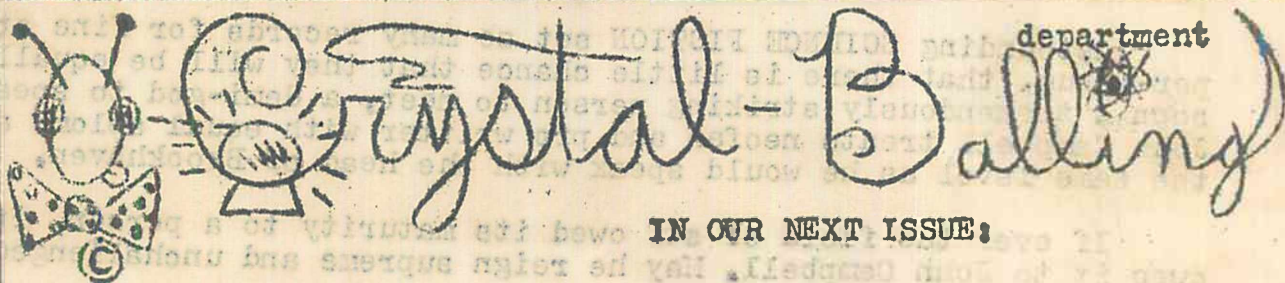
SCOOPS!!!

Alfred Bester's THE DEMOLISHED MAN from GALAXY was first written as a novelette but Gold, recognizing the possibilities, commissioned Bester to re-write it into a novel.

"Doc" Smith (SKYLARK, to youse) had a big (but friendly) argument with his friend Lloyd Tshbach of Fantasy Press over the dust wrapper for Doc's forthcoming SECOND STAGE LENSMEN which depicted Nadreck of Palain, who Doc had taken great pains NOT to describe since he was a thoroughly undescrivable character. It seems Ric Binkley who did the jacket...did draw Nadreck.

It has almost been made a certainty: H.B. Fyfe is H. Beam Piper, author of the popular Paratime Trooper series.

"NO, MADAME, WE HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR BEM!"



IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

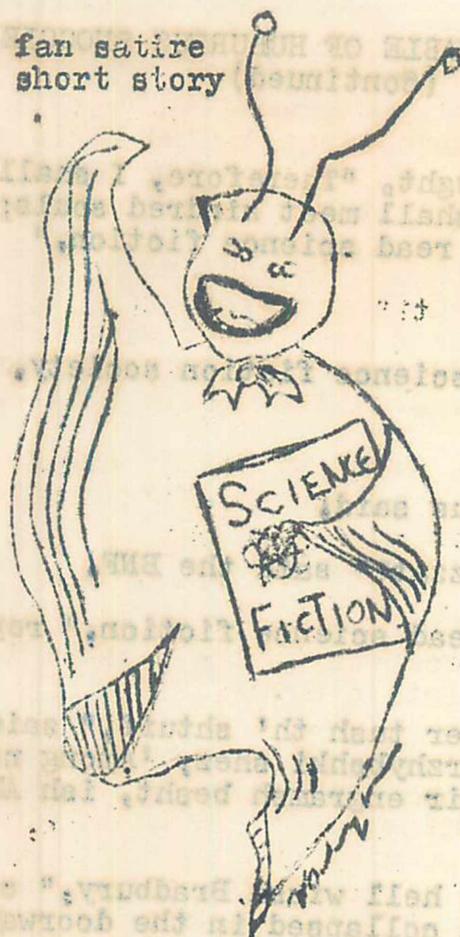
With this hotrock issue going to press before the Advisory Board has okay'ed it, we are somewhat out on the proverbial hook, and with all the things scheduled for this ish not being used, we are somewhat wary about sticking our necks out. But here goes:

METEOR AMIDSHIPS! a cover of striking excellence by GIBSON

OTHER WORLDS ON THE FIRE an article by ace ferreter
RALPH BEESE on Ray Palmer's magazine of many moods,

some new artwork by RICHARD Z. WARD

(and possibly) at long last!! That article by WARREN RAYLE on WHY WE LOVE POGO. a timely article about a craze that may beat out science fiction entirely. DON'T MISS ISSUE #16.....



the Frightening Fable of HUBURTUS SNOGGLE, STFan

a satire on the CLEVELAND SCIENCE
FICTION SOCIETY by Stephen F.

Schultheis

INTRODUCTION: all characters in this satire are counterparts
of members of the CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY, and I
am sure, of every other s-f fan club in the World.....he

Huburtus Snoggle was a fan. A science fiction fan.

At least he thought he was.

"I am a science fiction fan," he said.

He said it to his wife.

She laughed in his face.

So Huburtus Snoggle decided to join the local science fiction
society.

(continued page 7)

"I am a science fiction fan," he thought. "Therefore, I shall join a science fiction society. There I shall meet kindred souls; there I shall meet others like myself who read science fiction."

He attended the next meeting of the science fiction society.

He was met at the door by a BNF. *

"I am a science fiction fan," Huburtus said.

"Whazzat?" said the BNF.

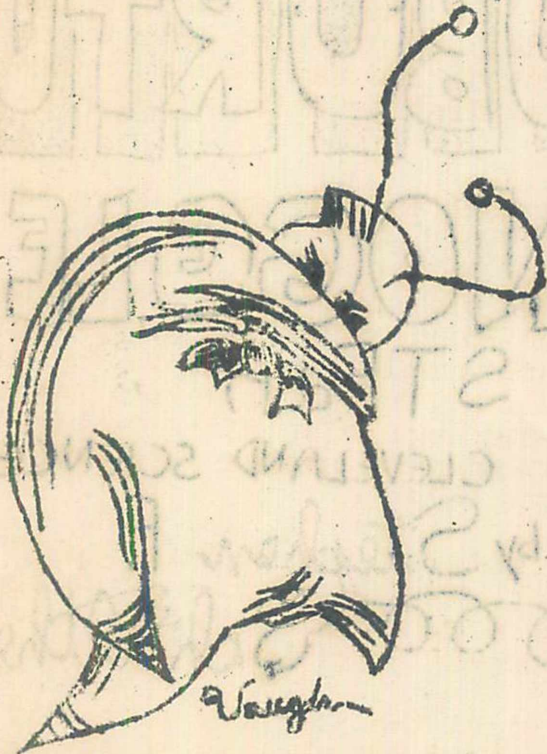
"I read science fiction," replied Huburtus.

"Never tush th' shtuff," said the BNF. "Ash Korzhybshki shez, 'Among normzh who know their engramsh besht, ish AMAZING two to one.'"

"To hell wissh Bradbury," concluded the BNF, and collapsed in the doorway.

Delicately stepping over him, Huburtus continued into the room.

"I am a science fiction fan," he thought, "and this is my very first science fiction fan club meeting. Goshwowboyohboy-ohboy!"



Glancing around him, he was immediately impressed with the intellectual vitality of the assembled fan, and by their characteristic fanactivities.

In the center of the room, standing upon a table littered with well-read copies of FATE MAGAZINE, and eighteen-inch midget discoursed learnedly upon the more elementary aspects of third order infinity.

Near him, sprawled comfortably on a plywood folding chair, ashes from an ancient calabash pipe spilling untidily on his worn gray sweater and unpressed gray slacks, a melancholy old man, with long, unkempt white hair and moustache, played soulfully upon a violin.

At the far end of the room, a flashbulb flaired, as several grim faced fan, clad in fishbowls and gym trunks, slowly filed into a mock-up of a spaceship entry port. A little to one side, a lean ruggedly handsome reporter fired staccato dictation to a beautiful blond secretary: "The room seems to be tilting forward and gathering momentum for a

* BNF - Big Name Fan, of course.

furious take-off into the unknown. Buttons are pressed setting off an electronic hum. Suddenly from far below there is a terrifying explosion and---whoosh! They're off! The first small band of science fiction 'fen' to explore the moon."

Huburtus' attention was drawn to an enthusiastic discussion at his left:

"Yeah, I'll admit that your first manuscript of Lucian of Samosata's HISTORY is a pretty good collector's item," one fan was saying to another, "but I picked up a real rarity the other day down at The Book Mart. Found it on the 10¢ shelf, too: that old crackpot down there doesn't know what half his stock's worth." The fan leaned forward and lowered his voice for emphasis, "It's a first printing of SNARING THE BEHEMOTH by Hugo Allerton!"

"Wow!" said the second fan, "That book must be rare. I've never heard of it."

"Rare?" replied the other. "It's so rare that even the author's never heard of it; just like Edgar Rice Burroughs' MAN-EATER. And not only that, but it's mint, absolutely and completely mint in the original dustwappers. In fact it's so mint that I've had to coin a new word to describe it." The fan again paused for emphasis, "It's doublemint. Get that? Doublemint! I've written to Ackerman, and he says he's going to include it in Fanspeak---"

But the other fan had not been listening. "Great Gernsback!" he interrupted, "I'd like to see that book. Could you bring it to the next meeting? Or---say--- lend it to me for a while. If it's that rare, I might even read it. Then we could recommend it to Mary Gnaedinger."

"What? Let you touch it? Expose it to the air? Why it'd only be just mint, then, not doublemint, I'd rather not show it to anyone. I've got it sealed in an oilskin packet and locked in my safety deposit box. I paid the box rent for 99 years and swallowed the key, too. Sorry."

"Oh, that's all right. I should have known you'd try to keep it mint for a while. But I've really figured out a way to preserve the best items in my collection. Did I tell you what I did with my (ahem) supermint copy of the first issue of AMAZING? I sealed it in a refrigerator bag and froze it in a block of ice. A friend of my brother's, who's in the Air Force, has been home on leave, and next week he's going to take the block of ice with him, back to his base in Alaska. The first chance he gets, he's going to drop it at the North Pole." The fan allowed himself a superior smile. "The ice up there won't melt for several million years, if ever, you know; and my AMAZING'll still be supermint when your SNARING THE BEHEMOTH is yellow around the edges."

The other fan was weeping quietly.

In the meantime, a third club member had joined the group.

"Speaking of prozines," he said, "I'll bet I got a copy of one
(continued page 9)"

that you guys have never seen. It's an Arabian science fiction mag, called *Mag. R* TALES. Mine's a copy of the first issue, and there are some darn good stories in it, too. Wish I could read Arabian so's I could tell what they are. They tell me the editor's name is Harun al-Essan, and he's a full-blooded caliph. I'm writing him for an original from the mag. The artwork is TERRific! The cover's a Finlay, reprinted from the uncompleted preliminary first issue of FFM. It's the one illustrating COPULATION OF THE SNAKE MOTHER, you know."

The others nodded in unison.

Then, for the first time, the newcomer noticed Huburtus.

"Who the Hell are you?" he asked.

"I am a science fiction fan," replied Huburtus, rising to the occasion. Then, because that seemed too obvious a thing to say at a science fiction fan club meeting, he added, "I read science fiction!"

"And I suppose you have a highly interesting collection," said the fan, hastily turning to leave.

"Well, as a matter of fact...er...that is, no. I am a science fiction fan, but I just read science fiction. When I'm done reading a magazine, I guess I just throw it away."

"Oh," said the fan.

Huburtus thought he heard someone mention THE WEAPON MAKERS. Huburtus had heard of THE WEAPON MAKERS. He joined a group of older fan.

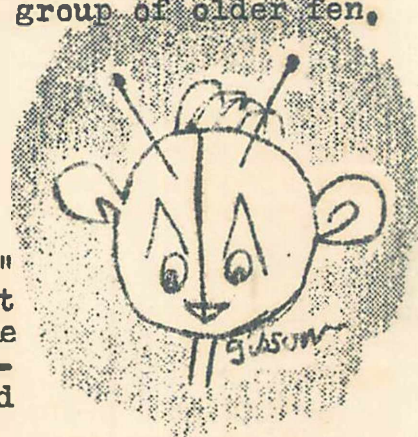
"Aw, all this modern crap is hack anyway," one of them was saying. "There hasn't been any good science fiction written since RALPH. Why I remember some of those yarns in the FRANK LIBRARY ---"

"You call RALPH 124C41+ good science fiction?" interrupted one of the others, tugging violently at his long, white beard. "Now I recollect a yarn in the old AMBER POLISHERS GAZETTE that was a real humdinger. Lessen I disremember incorrectly, it was called THE CYBERNETIC CRYSTAL-SET. That, boy, was SCIENCE-fiction. Yes siree Dog! They could really write in those days. Heh, hee, hee,..." His bleary eyes focused on Huburtus. "Eh, what's this?"

"I am a science fiction fan, sir," Huburtus replied respectfully. "I read science fiction."

"Well bless my soul, boy, so you do!" the ancient fan granted. "What's your favorite yarn, sonny?"

"ICEWORLD, sir," said Huburtus, "by Hal Clement. It was one of the
(continued page 10)



"But you guys have never seen. It's an Arabian science fiction magazine called 'TALES'. Mine's a copy of the first issue, and there are some darn good stories in it. You know I could read Arab-ian to a I could tell what they are. They tell me the editor's name is Hassan al-Basam, and he's a full-blooded Arab. I'm writing him for an original from the magazine. The answer is 'The cover's a fantasy, reprinted from the unpublished preliminary first issue of 1941. It's the one illustrating COUPON OF THE SHAKH NOTHER, you know."

The others nodded in unison.

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"And I suppose you have a highly interesting collection," said the fan, hastily turning to leave.

"Well, as a matter of fact...er...that is, no, I own a science fiction fan, but I just read science fiction. When I'm done reading a magazine, I guess I just throw it away."

"Oh," said the fan.

Hubertus thought he heard someone mention THE WEAPON MAKERS, but he had heard of THE WEAPON MAKERS. He joined a group of other fans.

"Now, all this modern crap is back anyway," one of them was saying. "There hasn't been any good science fiction written since RAINE. Why I remember some of those yarns in the HANK LIBRARY..."

"You call RAINE 'good science fiction'?" interrupted one of the others, laughing violently at his long, white beard. "Now I recollect a yarn in the old HANK LIBRARY about a man that was a real humbug-er. I guess I disagree in respect, it was called THE CRIMINAL CHRYSTAL-GENT. That, boy, was SCIENCE fiction. Yes three dog! They could really write in those days. Hell, hee, hee, hee... His bloody eyes focused on Hubertus. "What's this?"

"I am a science fiction fan, sir," Hubertus replied respectfully. "I read science fiction."

"Well, bless my soul, boy, so you do!" the ancient fan exclaimed. "That's your favorite yarn, eh?"

"REMEMBER, sir," said Hubertus, "My Hal Clement. It was one of the (continued page 10)"

first science fiction stories I ever read, and I thought it was wonderful!"

"Oh," said the fan,

Huburtus turned, and hesitantly approached several young adult fan about his own age,

"They should be kindred souls," he thought,

He listened to the words of one young fan who seemed to be addressing the others: "But Korzybski is, of course, perfectly correct in his statement to the effect that analogous terminology merely reveals the subconscious emotional fixations of the author, and conveys an erroneous connotation, rather than the precise semantic meaning. Now, when you apply this to Hubbard...."

A fan standing beside Huburtus nudged him, and asked seriously, "He may be right, but Roger Price has made Korzybski passé, don't you think?"

"I'm sorry," Huburtus was embarrassed, "but I've never read any of Mr. Korzybski's stories. Does he write science fiction? I am a science fiction fan, and I only read science fiction."

"Oh," said the fan,

Huburtus glanced wildly about the room. Then, in one corner, he saw some of the younger, teen-age members of the society. Silently he joined them.

"One of them suddenly spoke with great emotion: "Like Cheesler said in the all-pornography issue of SCIENCE FICTION SCOOPS, fandom is no place for queers! Nymphs and satyrites, OK ---but homos, no! That goes for lesbians too!"

"I don't know," replied another, calmly. "Live and let live, I always say." Then he saw Huburtus. Within reason, of course, Who are you?"

"I am a science fiction fan," said Huburtus. "I read science fiction."

"Oh," said the fan,

Huburtus slowly drifted across the room. At length he came to a table, at which were two fan quietly talking. One of them, without speaking, offered him a chair.

"Now look," the other was saying, "if you want to get the frequency spectrum of the energy loss, where your field has Fourier components of E_{ω} , then you only have to remember that $-W =$

(concluded page 11)

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"Oh," said the fan.

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"Now look," the other was saying, "if you want to get the frequency spectrum of the energy loss, where your field has Fourier components of λ , then you only have to remember that $\lambda = 2\pi$ "

(concluded page 11)

$$\int - \frac{dW}{dt'} dt' = k_0 c \int_S \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} E^2 dt dS \quad (3\langle 1 \rangle)$$

"Yes," the fan beside Huburtus admitted, "but $\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} E^2 dt = \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} dt$

$$\left\{ \left[\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} E_{\omega} e^{i\omega t} d\omega \right] \left[\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} E_{\omega'} e^{i\omega' t} d\omega' \right] \right\} = \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} E_{\omega} E_{\omega'}$$

$$\left[\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} e^{i(\omega+\omega')t} dt \right] d\omega d\omega'$$

$$= 2\pi \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} E_{\omega} E_{\omega'} \delta(\omega+\omega') d\omega d\omega'$$

$$= 2\pi \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} E_{\omega} E_{-\omega} d\omega = \dots$$

$$= 4\pi \int_0^{\infty} |E_{\omega}|^2 d\omega$$

"the first speaker interrupted

impatiently, "since $E_{-\omega} = E_{\omega}$. So it's easy to figure what the energy loss corresponding to a given frequency band $d\omega$ would be. Heck, it's simple," he looked at the other fan and smiled, "isn't it?"

Huburtus tried to look thoughtful. The fan beside him frowned slightly, then turning to him, asked, " $\int E_{\omega} d\omega =$

$$4\pi k_0 c \left[\int_S |E_{\omega}|^2 dS \right] d\omega ?"$$

Huburtus Snoggle rose to his feet. He stumbled across the room, almost tripping over several prostrate fan, and reached the door.

He delicately stepped over the BNF.

He trudged slowly down the hall, never to return again.

"To hell wissh Bradbury," muttered the BNF.

HOOT!

THE END



Roy Nelson

FOR THE UNINITIATE
THIS IS A
- GLOBBLE -
FOLLOW THE
SERIES OF THEM
STARTING NEXT PAGE

"Yes," the little head of Hubertus admitted, "but

the first speaker interrupted

impatiently, "since E. L. H. is so it's easy to figure what the error

by loss corresponding to a given frequency band would be. Heck,

"simple," he looked at the other man and smiled, "let's see"

Hubertus tried to look thoughtful. The man beside him frowned

slightly, then turning to him, asked, "What do you

Hubertus Shoggie rose to his feet. He stumbled across the room,

almost tripping over several prostrate men, and reached the door.

He delicately stepped over the B.M.

He trudged slowly down the hall, never to return again.

"To hell with Bradbury," muttered the B.M.

FOR THE UNLIMITED
THIS IS A
-GLOBE-
FOR THE
OF THE
OF THE

THE END

HOOT
1934
JAN 10
1934

"There goes that screwball," they said as your editor scurried around at the MIWESTCON, getting autographs from BNF and professionals. But let them scoff now!

Famous Folks

Randall Garrett
RANDALL GARRETT: famous s-f author

Arthur C. Clarke
ARTHUR C. CLARKE: England's foremost rocket expert and author

Dr. Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.
DR. EDWARD E. SMITH, Ph.D: the greatest of the s-f greats

Bob Tucker
BOB TUCKER: don't know just who this one is.

Robert Bloch
ROBERT BLOCH: well-known fantasy author and satirist

Dave Kyle
DAVE KYLE: big cheese at Gnome Press & author

Roy Lavender
ROY LAVENDER: ex-seck of NSF

Ted Diky
TED DIKTY: head of Shasta publishers

Wahaffey
WAHAFFEY: female ed of OTHER WORLDS

Mack Reynolds
MACK REYNOLDS: author of much note

Walt Max Keasler
WALT MAX KEASLER: BNF & artist

Julian C. May
JULIAN C. MAY: head of Chicago Convention and well-known authoress

Ian T. MacAnley
IAN T. MACANLEY: BNF from "down South"

Lee Hoffman
LEE HOFFMAN: another BNF from DIXIE

special art feature

the EDITOR visits his DRAFT Board

sketches by RAY NELSON

Although the sketches in the following series are not strictly science fiction or even fantasy, they are excellently humorous and since they fall into a rough series, and are almost exactly what happened to you too, we are here inserting them for you to chortle at once or twice.



① "I saw a sign...."

(continued page 13)

"There goes that newswall," they said as they
editor courted around at the KILMISTON, getting
autographs from him and professionals, but
let them
scott now!

Handwritten: 53
Handwritten: [illegible]

RANDALL GARRITY: famous - 1 author

ARTHUR C. CLARK: England's foremost
famous expert
and author
of
[illegible]

ROBERT BLOCH: well-known
fantasy author and artist
don't know that
one is.

DAVE KYNE: big cheese at [illegible]
[illegible] author
TED DICKY: head of [illegible]
publishers

ROY LAVENDER: ex-actor of [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

MAHATMA: female of [illegible]
JULIAN C. MAY:
head of Chicago Convention
and well-known
author

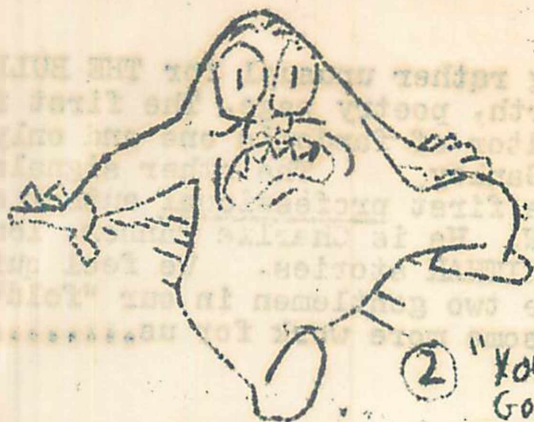
WALT MAX KRAEMER: [illegible] & artist
[illegible]

THE HORNMAN: another [illegible]
[illegible]



photographed by RAY NELSON

Although the sketches in
the following series are not
strictly science fiction or
even fantasy, they are ex-
actly human and often they
tell into a new world, and
are almost exactly what happened
to [illegible] in [illegible]
[illegible] for you to
[illegible] as one of [illegible]



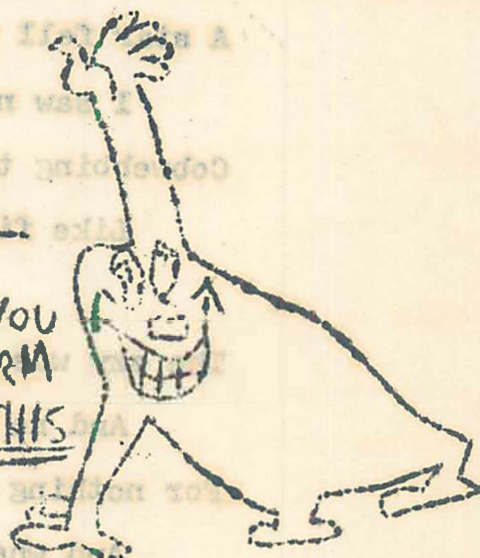
② "YOU AGEN'T
GOING TO USE
THAT NEEDLE,
ARE YOU?"

"GAAAH! 1A!" ③



④ "I FEEL
FAINT."

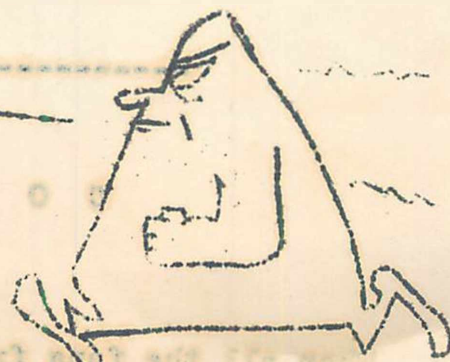
⑤ "I TELL YOU
MY UNIFORM
MUST BE THIS
BIG."



⑥ "THINK, MAN, THINK!
THERE MUST BE A
WAY OUT. THERE'S
ALWAYS A WAY
OUT."

Ray Nelson
and his fabul-
ous art work
have been known
in fandom for
a good many
years. Ray will be doing more
work for us in the near future
we hope...maybe even a cover.

⑦ "HUP...
ONE...
TWO...
THREE..."



EDITOR'S NOTE: we have something rather unusual for THE BULLETIN on our poetry page, this, our fourth, poetry page. The first is a poem of unusual theme by the editor of fandom's one and only all-fiction fanzine FAN-FARE, Paul Ganley. The other signals the entrance into these pages of the first professional author of note to pen material for THE BULLETIN. He is Charles Tanner, long-time fan and quite famous for his TUMITHAK stories. We feel quite honored by the presence of these two gentlemen in our "fold" and will attempt to get them to do some more work for us.....he

K E R - P L U N K !

W. PAUL
by
GANLEY

A star fell down that night,

I saw no glowing whiplash streak the heavens,
Cobwebbing the sky with flimsy threads of light
Like fire-fly spiders spinning cosmic webs.

The sky was dark with clouds of frozen mist,
And no one saw the falling of the star,
For nothing in the skies had yet been missed.
And when we knew, it was too late to run,

Or try to run,

A star fell down that night;
A star that was ---our sun.

C O N

CHARLES R.
by
TANNER

When all the fans from Rookport Me.
To Walla Walla, Wash.--
When fans from California
To old Vermont, b'gosh--

(concluded page 15)

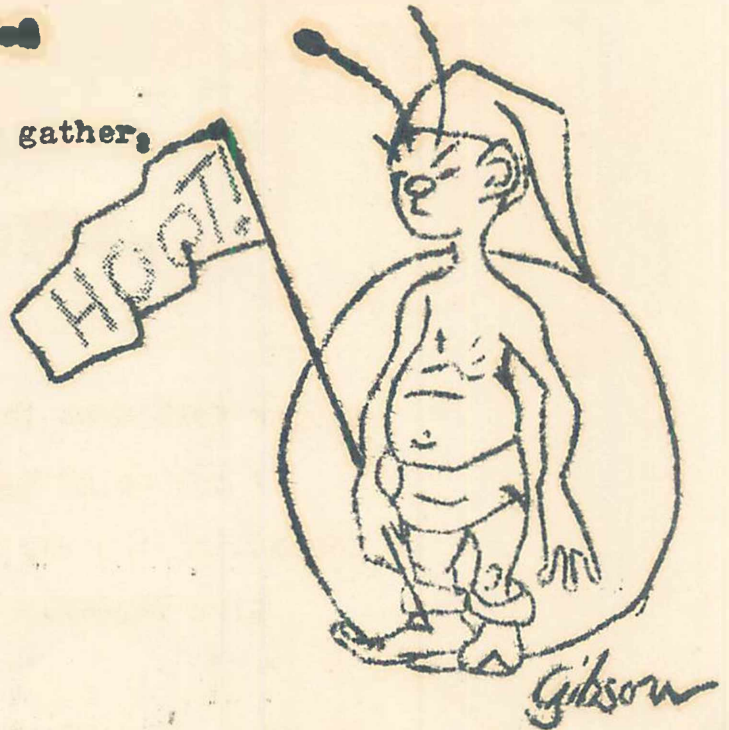
Gather together once a year
with fun as their intention
The consequential whoop-de-do
is known as a CONvention.

That such a group should so be called
You will admit makes sense,
But when a smaller gathering
Of science fiction gents and ladies gather,
it is called merely a CONFerence.

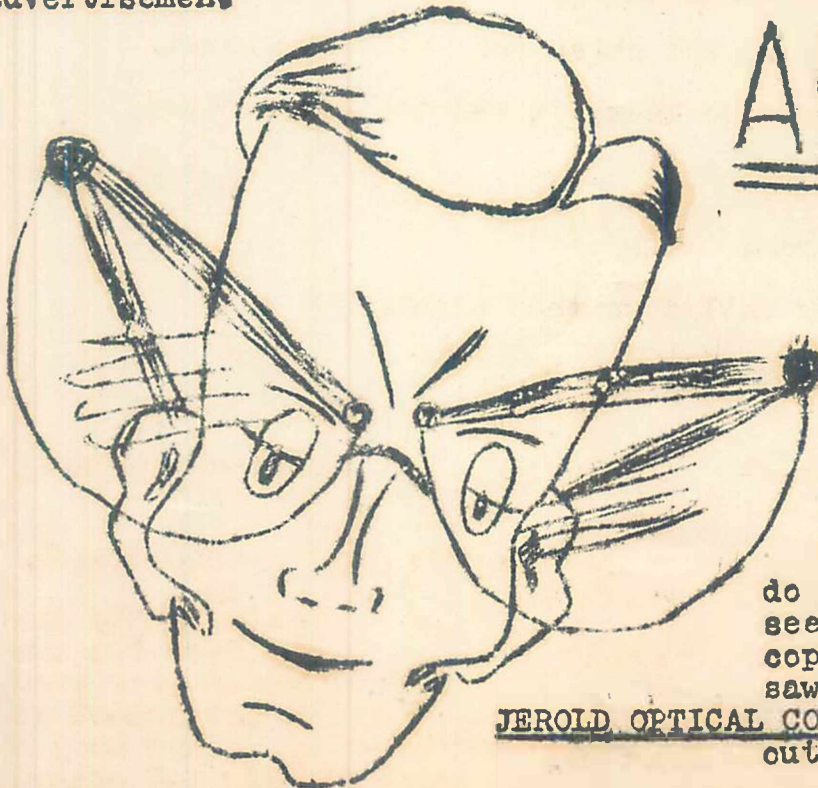
Restrict them geographically
To one spot in the nation
And have but ten or twelve appear
That's a CONFabulation.

If there are only three or four
It's just a CONversation

And when one fan is all alone,
That's
Mental
CON-
stipation!



advertisement



ALL

BIG

NAME

FANS Say:

"I was a nobody--couldn't
do anything right--couldn't
see straight enough to read a
copy of THE BULLETIN, till I
saw JERRY RABNICK, head of
JEROLD OPTICAL COMPANY who straightened me
out fast. Now I'm a BNF.

JEROLD OPTICAL COMPANY --- 826 PROSPECT AVENUE --- CLEVELAND 15, OHIO
Superior 1-4279 --- 24 hour service --- special service to members
of the CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY --- free wiping papers and
customer

Gather together once a year
with fun as their intention
the consequence of which is
is known as a CONVENTION.

That such a group should be called
You will admit makes sense.
But when a smaller gathering
of science fiction fans and ladies gather,
it is called merely a CONFERENCE.

Restricted then geographically
to one spot in the nation
And have but ten or twelve people
That's a CONGREGATION.

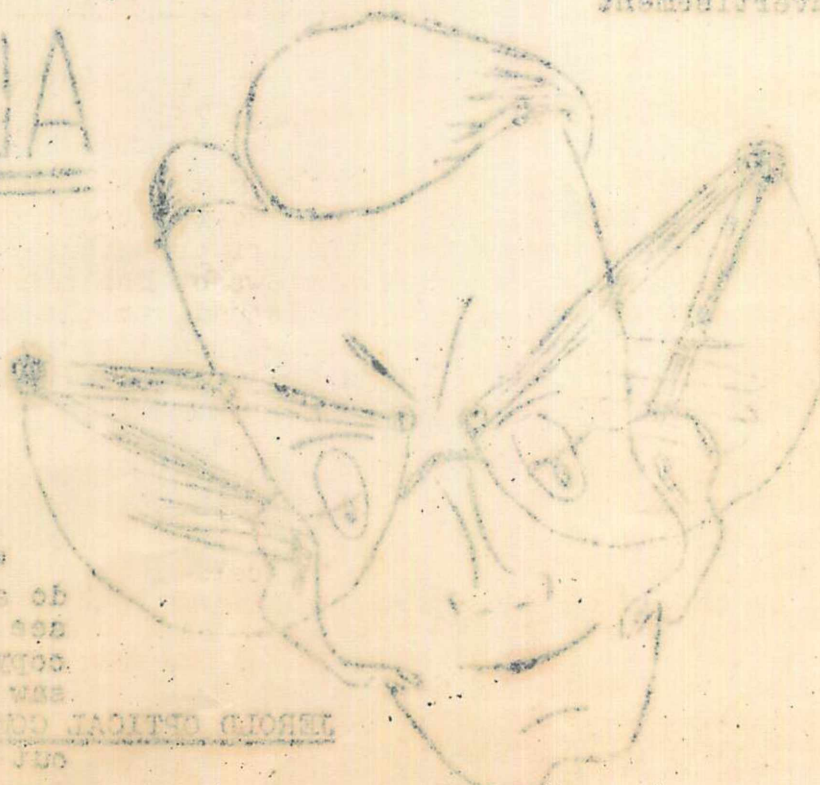
If there are only three or four
It's just a CONVERSATION.

And when one fan is all alone,

That's
Solitary.

Conventional.

Advertisement



ALL

B

NAME

F

Long

"I was a nobody--couldn't
do anything right--couldn't
see enough to read a
copy of THE BUTTERFLY, till I
saw JOHN BARNETT, head of
TERRILL OPTICAL COMPANY, who
out there, how I felt, and

TERRILL OPTICAL COMPANY -- 222 MONROE AVENUE -- CLEVELAND 10, OHIO
Special service -- special service to members
of the CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY -- free of charge papers and
other matter

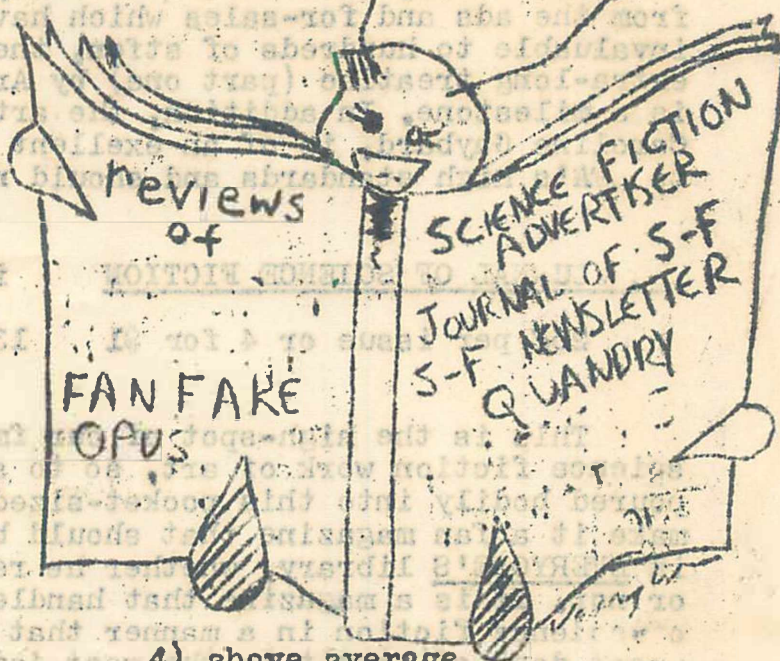
department

a batch of
FANZINE
reviews

DEFINITION: a fanzine is a magazine about, for and by science fiction fans. Published privately and very often having absolutely no reference to science fiction at all.

Enjoyed since fandom began as a source of fun and mutual interest, the fanzine has as long a history as s-f itself.

This column will bring to you the best in reviews of fan-produced magazine ----fanzines.



ratings: 1) miserable 4) above average
2) below average 5) excellent
3) average 6) a masterpiece

SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER

seven issues \$1

bi-monthly

PO Box 702

BOB TUCKER: editor
Bloomington, Illinois

A beautifully planographed mag with excellent (if sparse) artwork. In issue 25 for May, 1952, the contents are varied, if not as humorous as might be expected from the irrepressible Tucker. The best features of the issue are the book reviews by Bob and the advanced news of books to be issued, people who are making names for themselves, and tips on sf in general. It sadly lacks in several things; in more of the "Tucker humour" and in a better schedule of publication, for the news in the issues are always behind the time, with a few exceptions that are, for instance such as: Leiber, Pratt and Lish will be sharing berths in a new volume to be issued by TWAYNE PUBLISHERS called WITCHES 3. All in all, though, a nicely handled little mag.

SORRY BOB, BUT...

4

SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER

75¢ a year or 8 issues \$1

bi-monthly

ROY A. SQUIRES: editor
1745 Kenneth Road Glendale 1, Cal.

This is a must for anyone either already collecting or intending
(continued page 17)

to begin a collection in the science fiction or fantasy line. Probably the ONLY fan magazine that makes a profit, SFA is keynoted by its high grade artwork and the quality of the material. GLAD TO GIVE IT A
 Massa Squires fills it with. In the March, '52 issue, on hand, the cover is another of those beautiful Morris Scott Dollens astronomy-pics which have been the frontwork for the last 3 or four issues. The inside material, aside from the ads and for-sales which have proven invaluable to hundreds of stfen, there is an extra-long treatise (part one) by Arthur J. Cox on A.E. van Vogt which is a milestone. In addition, the article IN DEFENSE OF SPACE OPERA by Caroline Gaybard, is of an excellent calibre. The entire issue is up to SFA's high standards and should not be missed by anyone.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION

irregular

EDWARD WOOD and CHARLES FREUDENTHAL, editors

25¢ per issue or 4 for \$1

1331 W. Newport Ave. Chicago 13, Ill.

This is the high-spot of our fmz reading for this time. This is a science fiction work of art, so to speak. Work and quality have been poured bodily into this pocket-sized giant to make it a fan magazine that should be included in EVERYONE'S library, whether he reads fanzines or not. It is a magazine that handles all aspects of science fiction in a manner that would do a great deal of credit to the most jaded promag. In the second issue (dated Fall 1952) Wood and Freudenthal have assembled an issue of startling excellence that is led off by Wood's own long article AN AMAZING QUARTER CENTURY which handles AMAZING STORIES over the last 25 years in a thorough and enjoyable manner. Freudenthal's answer to the article against Bradbury last issue is another high spot along with 30-odd pages of positively the BEST in fanzine reading. Do not miss this one whatever you do! We guarantee your money back if you aren't satisfied.

WISH WE COULD
 GO HIGHER THAN
 OUR TOP WHICH
 IS

FAN-FARE

bi-monthly

W. PAUL GANLEY: editor
 North Tonawanda, NY

15¢ a copy or 6 for 75¢ 119 Ward Road

This issue (Nov '51-Jan '52) of fandom's only all-fiction fanzine is not so hot as FAN-FARE goes. Other issues have produced material that was just a wee bit shy of professional publication. But this ish, it seems as though Paul Ganley has collected all the odds 'n ends he had lying in his file and slung them together for this ish. With one or two exceptions, the material was way below par. Of very nice quality were Isabelle Dinwiddie's poem THE FAUN BY THE POOL, Marie-Louise Share's LIEBESTRAUM and Duane's poem TEPHRAMANCY which was fair. Of the other contents (and particularly that RUDOLPH IN HELMANN-LAND), only this can be said, "Try again next time, Paul." But it's still a good fiction buy. Nice cover.

(concluded page 18)

TSK-TSK

QUANDRY

monthly

15¢ a copy or 3 for 40¢ 101 Wagner street

LEE HOFFMAN; editor

Savannah, Georgia

I don't know about anyone else, but I read Q just for the little tid-bits that editoress Lee Hoffman slings in from time to time. In the fan ranks from time to time there is a talent which springs forth that cannot be denied as being sheer genius. One of these is Miss Hoffman, whose humour runs to such stuff as the following which appears on the table of contents page for issue number 20:

"Quandry is published monthly almost every month by the Serious Constructive Element and contains serious constructive articles by serious constructive fans. It is dedicated to fans with fine minds, broad mental horizons, and high moral standards who take the Long View and realize that science fiction is the true answer. Opinions herein should be blamed on the authors, not the editor who doesn't know what's going on any way, being one of the illiterate masses."

This is the type of humour which has drawn readers to Q for the past 20 issues. One of the remarkable things about it is that it can keep its tight publishing schedule and be out every month on the month. Very good and highly recommended to all, regardless of age or condition of grey matter, who enjoy a good laugh and sharp reading.

OPUS

no publishing schedule given

W. MAX KEASLER; editor

15¢ the copy or 2/25¢ Box 24 Washington U. St. Louis 5, Mo.

Thass right, the fella what done our cover has his own mag, and turns out a splendiferous job each time. Maxie Keasler's May issue features several of those ABOUT THIS PICTURE features which are really elegant, several photos of prominent fen, several columns of a nice variety with Harry Warner's ALL OUR YESTERDAYS with a discussion of the N3F out on top again, several ads for pix from the Midwestcon, and several other nice things which you shouldn't want to miss. Particularly that full-page illo on page 25 which I wish had been run here first. Above average.

SEEING AS OUR SPACE IS MORE LIMITED THAN WE THOUGHT, WE'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE THE REVIEWS OF bob silverberg's SPACESHIP, gregg calkin's OOPSLA!, shel deretchin's VARIANT WORLD, paul cox's TIME STREAM, and dave english's FANTASIAS WHICH WERE SCHEDULED FOR THIS ISSUE.

WATCH NEXT TIME FOR THESE AND OTHER FMZ REVIEWS TO GET THE LOW-DOWN ON WHAT'S GOOD IN THE FAN-PRODUCED MAGAZINES.....

----finis----

IT'S TRULY

an article of timely discussion

FANTASTIC

by Ray Fowler



Ziff-Davis Publishing Company is a large concern.

Its offices at 366 Madison Avenue in New York, encompass quite a number of offices on a top floor of that stately skyscraper. But for all the pomp and circumstance connected with the company, their produce, in many instances, is of the lowest form.

For a number of years now, AMAZING STORIES and its companion magazine FANTASTIC ADVENTURES have been regarded as being the lowest climbers on the ladder of science fiction promags. There has been good reason for this. The quality of the stories, the format, the audience to whom these two magazines have been slanted, have been nothing short of puerile and infantile. Admittedly, Howard Browne, has published his magazines for the more juvenile (and semi-illiterate) of the science fiction readers.

One pauses to wonder, then, whether it is a good thing for the field that Ziff-Davis, publishers of two of the crummiest of sf mags, to be the publishers of the new semi-slick fantasy-science magazine FANTASTIC, which recently hit the newstands.

For although the contents of this issue are of a high quality, about as much above AMAZING and FANTASTIC as Renoir is above Orphan Annie, it offers signs of the same degeneracy that has hit the other

(continued page 20)

two one-time giants of the science-fantasy field. A degeneracy that once started, ate out the very vitals of both magazines.

Let's take a run-down on the new magazine FANTASTIC and pick out those signs of possible degeneracy that hang over this sparkling newcomer to the s-f ranks.

Begin with the cover. A beautiful thing when started by BARRY PHILIPS; ruined somewhat by IEO RAMON SUMMERS sticking his fingers in the pie. Anyone with half an eye for artist's styles can see that the haunting face and goblet of brew were drawn with painstaking care by Phillips while the sloppy bodies that serve as hair were scrawled on without a thought as to appearance by Summers.

Note sign of degeneracy #1: Summers as art editor has his pinkies in all the picture pies with the ability to stick his own work in wherever and whenever he wants. An example of what that can bring about is the half-ruined cover. The inside artwork is some of the finest ever seen by this reader but once again has its drawbacks and frightening signs of poor management that characterizes Mr. Summers.

For instance the illustrations for PROFESSOR BINGO'S SNUFF. A careless style without regard for either fantasy background or accepted art styles is shown by the illustration of the half-nude woman on the bed, which alone, helps to ruin a practically flawless issue. Readers looking for the first time at FANTASTIC, not accustomed to reading s-f would be shocked and turned away by that illo itself. In all fairness it must be said that the other two $\frac{1}{2}$ illustrations were quite fair with the one of the man sitting in the graveyard giving more of an appearance of a detective story magazine, where it would have been right in place. But thus we see, by comparing it with the VALIGURSKY illo for FULL CIRCLE or FINLAY's pix for SIX AND TEN ARE JOHNNY, that Summers is definitely not the one to be displaying his art where it can be seen in FANTASTIC.

The quality of the remaining art is quite high, bordering upon sheer masterpieces with the exceptions being the cartoon-like scribbings of DAVID STONE which are even out of place in AMAZING, and are not suited to the s-f magazine at all.

For a magazine of the calibre this one portends to be, all illustrations should be of highest quality, for several reasons. 1) this magazine will have as much as, if not more, circulation than AMAZING of FANTASTIC and consequently will be held up many times as representative science fiction and 2) should therefore be something of a "shining example" of s-fdom.

Such artwork as Valigursky's work in this issue and STEVENS and Finlay are the epitomé of fantasy artwork and give a good impression to first-timers.

TO the stories: With all the big names in the issue, Asimov, Gold, Bradbury, Nevilee, etc., top spot, in this reviewer's opinion goes to fan XAM MARTINEZ for his brilliant short fantasy FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! which hit everyone asked in just the right way. A clever bit of writing with plenty of punch, the story far out-shadowed the much-heralded PROFESSOR BINGO'S SNUFF by Raymond Chandler which, I am led to believe,
(concluded page 21)

was inserted only for the prestige connected with that famous mystery writer's name. The quality of the stories is something phenomenal in a Ziff-Davis magazine. Stories like "SOMEDAY THEY'LL GIVE US GUNS," and THE SMILE by Ray Bradbury are stories worthy of the most high-falutting "slick" publication. But again we see a sign of degeneracy.

Note sign of degeneracy #2: stories bought by Howard Browne, the editor, like AND THREE TO GET READY by H.L. Gold and WHAT IS by Asimov which are strictly punk stuff in comparison to the work these men can produce. These tales were purchased solely for the names involved!

Anyone can tell, when comparing these two stories with such works by Gold as THE TROUBLE WITH WATER and MATTER OF FORM and writings by Asimov as his FOUNDATION and POSITRONIC stories, that these two stories are way below par and were probably turned out at request of Browne without a thought as to good plotting. For the stories themselves are little more than hackneyed bits of tripe.

Much better taste was shown in the selection of Bradbury's THE SMILE which is as fine a bit of "future history" as we've seen in a great while. And perfectly logical if we extrapolate on the common person's hatred (yes, hatred) of most things intellectual. This story is a beautiful bit of humanity (or perhaps NOT so beautiful) captured forever in the pen of one of America's literary craftsmen.

Also for the sake of NAMESAKE, we find THE RUNAWAY by Louise Lee Outlaw which is certainly as dried up a plot as is imagineable, but for the sake of dragging in the feminine trade that have read Miss Outlaw's other work in the fem-pros, they accepted and published it. This is a sign of degeneracy that cannot be ignored. The buying of names not stories which is a bad policy anytime.

Note sign of degeneracy #3: publishing FULL CIRCLE by Hickey. Hickey, a house writer for Z-D, undoubtedly spent a good deal of time on this tale as it is a great deal better than anything he has turned out to date, but still is a far cry from some of the other material in the issue. It seems obvious that he was in this issue solely for the purpose of being placated by Browne. Sort of a literary spoils system. He wrote for us in AMAZING, we owe (concluded page 22)

department

~~XX~~ GOING Story RECOMMENDATIONS

WE ARE PRETTY FAR BEHIND IN OUR READING, BUT HERE ARE OUR RECOMMENDATIONS FOR THIS ISSUE, MEAGER THOUGH THEY MAY BE

THEY SHALL RISE	by Wallace West	Future Science Fiction	July
LORDS OF THE MORNING	by Edmond Hamilton	Thrilling Wonder	August
CHOLWELL'S CHICKENS	by Jack Vance
THE MIDDLE OF THE WEEK AFTER NEXT	by Murray Leinster	TWS	..
COLLISION	by Raymond F. Jones	Startling Stories	July
NO TIME FOR TOFFEE	by Charles Myers	Imagination	July
THE SUN-SMITHS	by Richard S. Shaver	Other Worlds	July
FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE	by Eric Frank Russell	Astounding	May
WHAT HAVE I DONE?	by Mark Clifton

him something, so we'll let him get in this issue. The same goes for the Paul Fairman story "SOMEDAY THEY'LL GIVE US GUNS" which, on the other hand, turns out wonderfully, but nonetheless, the fact stands forth that second-rate hacks are getting in strictly on their "service" reputations, such as they are.

Yes, the outlook for FANTASTIC is shadowed with doubts. But the good points, for the present, far outweigh the bad points, and there is much promise in the mag for a new giant in the stfantasy field.

From Ziff-Davis...It's truly "FANTASTIC"!

-----the

end-----

department



.....IT'S IN THE MAIL BAG : letters from our readers

send all letters and/or suggestions for the BULLETIN to: HARLAN ELLISON 12701 SHAKER BLVD, APARTMENT #616, CLEVELAND 20, OHIO and get them answered IN FULL by the editor. your letters make our job worthwhile.....

from: FREDERIK POHL

Dear Mr. Ellison,

I was more than pleased to see in your April issue of the BULLETIN the laudatory words for the first published story by BOYD ELLANBY, CATEGORY PHOENIX in the May issue of Galaxy Science Fiction. Boyd Ellanby is, indeed, a pen name; it is the joint name of William C. Boyd, Ph.D. and his wife, Lyle Boyd, who are anthropologists on the staff of Boston University---the same school where Dr. Isaac Asimov teaches. Since this is their first published story, I know they would welcome seeing your magazine. I am enclosing fifteen cents (\$0.15) in stamps, and asking you to send a copy of it to them at 24 Edward Street, Belmont, Massachusetts.

Since they are leaving for Pakistan on a field trip within the next three or four weeks, can you please arrange to mail this at once? Thanks very much.

Cordially,

Fredstik Pohl

220 Fifth Avenue
New York City

DEAR FRED: BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WE DON'T HAVE A COPY OF LAST ISSUE LEFT OUT OF A GOODLY NUMBER PRINTED, BUT WE ARE MOVING HEAVEN AND EARTH, SO TO SPEAK, TO GET A COPY TO THE BOYDS. THEY WILL PROBABLY HAVE IT BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS. WE ARE VERY HAPPY TO KNOW THAT OUR GUESS ABOUT THE PEN NAME WAS RIGHT FOR WE ENJOYED VERY MUCH CATEGORY PHOENIX. HOPE TO SEE MORE BY BOYD ELLANBY. FOR THOSE OF OUR READERS WHO MAY BE IGNORANT

(continued page 23)

OF THE FACT, FREDERIK POHL IS HEAD OF THE FRED POHL LITERARY AGENCY IN NYC WHICH HAS SOLD SOME OF STEDON'S BEST STORIES AND IS CO-AUTHOR WITH CYRIL KORNBLUTH OF GRAVY PLANET NOW RUNNING IN GALAXY. HOW IN THE HECK YOU GOT HOLD OF A COPY OF THE MAG, FRED, IS BEYOND US. BUT OUR CIRCULATION HAS CERTAINLY BEEN DEVELOPING OVER THE PAST THREE ISSUES. WE'VE MORE THAN TRIPIED OUR PRODUCTION, SORRY THAT WE HAVE NO ISSUE'S TOP STORY THIS TIME LIKE LAST, BUT WE ARE QUITE A BIT BEHIND AND DID NOT FEEL THAT WE WOULD BE JUSTIFIED IN SELECTING A STORY UNTIL WE HAD COVERED THIS MONTH'S FIELD MORE THOROUGHLY. IT'LL BE BACK NEXT ISSUE.....HE

from: FLETCHER PRATT

Dear Mr. Ellison:-

After travelling twice across the country your CITATION finally reached me, and in the name of Mr. de Camp and also for myself, I wish to extend the warmest gratitude.

It's a nice little fanzine, beautifully edited, and we are most grateful to get it.

I will personally see to it that Mr. Cohen keeps it on one of the tables in Gavagan's for the benefit of the more educated customers-that is, after I get through reading it myself. Cordially,

Fletcher Pratt

32 West 58th Street
New York 19, NY

DEAR FLETCHER: ON BEHALF OF THE ENTIRE CSFS, MAY I THANK YOU MUCH FOR YOUR LETTER AND REMIND THE READERS THAT MR. PRATT IS ONE OF AMERICA'S LEADING NAVAL STRATEGISTS IN ADDITION TO BEING THE AUTHOR OF THAT FAST-SELLING VOLUME ON ROCKETS, JETS, GUIDED MISSILES AND SPACE SHIPS AND EDITOR OF WORLD OF WONDER, ONE OF THE BEST STF ANTHOLOGIES WE'VE SEEN TO DATE. MR. PRATT RECEIVED THE CITATION FOR THE GAVAGAN'S BAR SERIES...he

from: SCOTT MEREDITH

Dear Mr. Ellison:

Lester del Rey, whome we represent, tells us that a review appeared in your fan mag mentioning THE PIPES OF PAN as having been presented on TALES OF TOMORROW.

Lester was somewhat perturbed about this, as were we, because we never made the sale to TALES OF TOMORROW, and were certainly never paid for it. We called Street and Smith, the copyright holders and they knew nothing of the sale, either. We then called Mort Abrahams of ToT (a Television show with which we do a great deal of business, incidentally), and he knew nothing whatever about the alleged broadcast, never having used a story with that title, or even a story vaguely resembling it.

I was wondering if you could check this with your reviewer. Apparently the story was presented on television -- which I assume by the fact that it was reviewed by your mag. Is it possible that your reviewer credited the show to ToT when it really appeared elsewhere?

Whatever the case, I would appreciate a reply by airmail special delivery. If the story was presented somewhere without our knowledge, we would like to investigate immediately, and get the author whatever is coming to him. May we hear from you immediately? Best wishes always.

Sincerely,

580 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, New York

Scott Meredith of Scott
Meredith Literary Agency
(continued page 24)

DEAR SCOTT: WE APPEAR TO HAVE STIRRED UP THE PROVERBIAL TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT. SOMEHOW OUR CIRCULATION CIRCULATED FARTHER THAN WE EXPECTED AND SOMEONE ERRONEOUSLY REPORTED PIPES OF PAN AS HAVING BEEN DONE ON TALES OF TOMORROW, WHEN ACTUALLY, IF YOU HAD READ THE REVIEW, YOU WOULD KNOW IT WAS REPORTED AS HAVING BEEN SEEN ON LIGHTS OUT. THE REVIEWER YOU ARE REFERRING TO IS THE SAME ONE YOU ARE READING NOW. THE STORY GOES LIKE THIS: SEVERAL MONTHS AGO WE WERE SITTING WATCHING LIGHTS OUT WHICH WAS PRESENTING A STORY ENTITLED PIPES OF PAN WHICH WAS SO MUCH LIKE del REY'S STORY, THAT I ASSUMED IT WAS. I SO STATED IN THE REVIEW. IF IT WASN'T, WE'RE SORRY. WE SUGGEST YOU BUY A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE MAGAZINE NAMEP TABS ON WHAT WE REVIEW--THAT WAY WE WON'T GO WRONG.....he

from: HAL SHAPIRO, USAAF

Greetings;

Finally getting around to subbing to the BULLETIN. Here's a buck and a-half to start me out with the May issue. Picked up the April one at the Midwesttoon and would have been impressed with it except for the following items.

Too much of the stuff was staff written. It is the editor's job to edit a zine, whether it be fan or pro. His first consideration is to get other people's work into print. If he has space that can be filled up in no other way, then he can fill it himself, or issue an undersize zine that month. An editorial and editorial comment is sufficient in a fan journal. If the editor has talent, he should show it in other zines. I think, if you check, you'll find that I'm right. But to get on,

Why don't you out though you use 20-pound managed to seep through can read backwards (any sides of a page at one the first few issues of

Like the editorial as editor. Helped an (pardon out of correction going on. Why the invest about five a good set of let-written titles may

while, but too much is too much. I like your NEXT TEXT, which makes it unnecessary for those fen who read the prozines to sub to newzines. It may surprise you (or it may not) but there are fen who never read the prozines. It first surprised me when I first met people outside the Michigan Science Fantasy Society and tried to talk about current stf and received only blank looks. Oh well, it takes all kinds, even in fandom.

It seemed to me, however, that you are turning the BULLETIN (or have turned it) into a newzine reporting the pros, books and movies and radio. Of course, I wouldn't be subbing if I didn't like the BULLETIN, but a little less space devoted to things like that and more to things of interest to fen (ie. other fen) and you'll roll along better. Besides, all one has to do to get reviews of books, TV, etc. is to pick up any newzine or pro source (TIME, LIFE, newspapers) and he can get the same thing.



down on your ink. Al-paper, the ink that allowed a person who printer) to read both glance. Something like SLANT.

review of your term outsider see partially the mistake but we're fluid..he) what was devil don't you people or ten dollars and get tering guides? Hand look good once in a

Your high point was undoubtedly ESSAY ON EGOBOO by Bill Venable. That boy can ~~write~~ when he wants to. It's worth digging through all the trash he turns out to find a worthwhile piece like this.

No comment on the poetry and a suggestion as to letters. Put the addresses of the den whose letters you print with the letters so that others can answer them personally if so inclined. I don't think it would hurt. SPACESHIP (Bob Silverberg's mag) did it and Bob tells me that many have thanked him for it.

Will only say that I enjoyed the character assassination in your Midwestcon section.

Incidentally, your table of contents is too complete. It's the first time I have ever said that about any zine, but don't you think that it's going too far when you even list the fillers on the contents page? After all, half the fun of reading a fanzine is the hunt for the unusual. Incidentally, if you have any back issues of the BULLETIN that you would like to give away, I shall be glad to be on the receiving end.

Sincerely,

Hal Shapiro, db

790th AC/W Squadron
Kirksville, Missouri

P.S. The BULLETIN is supposed to be "the ONLY official organ of the CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY..." Yet, there is no club business in the pages. Admitted, such would be uninteresting to outsiders such as myself, but don't you think that an OO should contain the club business in order to be an OO? Look, for instance, as MUTANT, the official organ (now defunct) of the Michigan Science Fantasy Society. At its prime in 1947-48-49-50, MUTIE had two to three or four pages of club news each issue, yet never lacked for subbers, because the rest of the issue was interesting to them. However, the subbers knew that in a club organ, they would have to put up with a certain amount of club news. (Item: MUTANT is where the now historic Singer-Nelson religion fued originated.)

H

DEAR HAL: YOUR LETTER COVERS A LOT OF TERRITORY AND I'D BEST ANSWER IT ALL AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. 1) THANKS AN AWFUL LOT FOR SUBSCRIBING, THAT'S THE LIFE BLOOD OF ANY FANZINE. 2) ABOUT TOO MUCH MATERIAL BEING STAFF*WRITTEN, YOU WOULD BE SURPRISED HOW FAST FRIENDS AND MEMBERS SCATTER WHEN WORK IS BEING DOLED OUT. IN FACT I AM SITTING ON PINS AND NEEDLES NOW OVER WHETHER I'LL GET A SCHEDULED BOOK REVIEW BACK FROM A REVIEWER WHO LIVES FIVE BLOCKS AWAY. THEY JUST WON'T DO IT, AND WHEN THERE IS STUFF THAT MUST BE DONE---THE TASK FALLS TO YOURS TRULY. I HAVEN'T HEARD TOO MANY COMPLAINTS SO FAR. 3) THAT INK BUSINESS IS ROUGH ON US AS MUCH AS YOU. WE HAVE AN OUTSIDE INK MIMEO AND IT GIVES US A PRETTY FOUL AND UNEVEN JOB. WE ARE SEEING WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT. 4) HAL, IF YOU WANT LETTER GUIDES FOR THE HEADINGS, LOAN (OR GIVE) US THE MONEY FOR THEM. YOU SHOULD KNOW ALL FANZINE EDITORS ARE BROKE ALL THE TIME. BUT SERIOUSLY, WE WOULD LIKE TO GET A SET BUT REALLY CANNOT AFFORD THEM IMMEDIATELY. WE ARE TRYING TO DO BETTER ON THE HAND-DRAWN HEADINGS AS SHOWN BY THE HEAD FOR THE FANZINE REVIEWS COLUMN. 5) YOU CONFUSE ME A LITTLE, HAL, FIRST YOU SAY YOU LIKE NEXT TEXT BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY NEWZINES, AND THEN YOU SAY THAT WE SHOULDN'T RUN NEWS TYPE REVIEWS BECAUSE YOU CAN GET THEM IN THE NEWZINES. FIRST LET ME SAY THAT I WANT TO MAKE IT CLEAR AS I DID IN THE EDITORIAL THIS TIME THAT WE ARE WRITING SPECIFICALLY FOR THE NON-FAN WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT

(afraid we'll have to con-

c... r... 26)

NEWZINES OR ANY OTHER FACETS OF FANDOM. WE WANT TO HANDLE THE WHOLE FIELD SO HE CAN GET EVERYTHING HE WANTS IN ONE MAG WITHOUT SUBBING TO A FLOCK OF OTHERS. NO, WE ARE NOT AND I HAVE NOT, TURNED THE BULLETIN INTO A NEWZINE, BUT I DEFINITELY WANT TO GET REVIEWS ACROSS TO THE FANS AND NON-FANS. AND THE BULK OF OUR READERS NOT ONLY ENJOY, BUT DESIRE THEM. AND IF YOU NOTICE, THE SOURCES YOU MENTION SUCH AS TIME, ETC. DO NOT COVER STUFF AS WELL AS WE ATTEMPT TO. SO YOU SEE, IT REALLY IS A NECESSITY FOR OUR MAG. WE HOPE YOU WILL APPRECIATE THE STUFF. WE ARE ESPECIALLY GLAD YOU LIKED BILL VENABLE'S ARTICLE AS WE ARE FLATTERED ALL TO HECK THAT BILL SENT ESSAY TO US WHEN IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SNATCHED UP BY A DOZEN OTHER MORE FIRMLY ESTABLISHED ZINES. 6) YOUR SUGGESTION ABOUT THE ADDRESSES OF THE LETTER-WRITERS HAS BEEN PUT INTO EFFECT AS NOTE THIS ISSUE. 7) WE DID NOT LIST ANY FILTERS ON OUR CONTENTS PAGE BUT ONLY REGULARLY SCHEDULED MATERIAL THAT WE CONSIDERED OF IMPORTANCE ENOUGH TO PUT THERE. YOUR REMARK ABOUT HUNTING THROUGH THE MAG WAS TAKEN UP WITH SEVERAL DOZEN PEOPLE AND NOT A ONE AGREES WITH YOU. MOST ESPECIALLY THE NON-FEN WHO REMARKED THAT SUCH A THING WOULD BE RIDICULOUS. WHEN YOU HAVE MATERIAL IN AN ISSUE, LIST IT. WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF WE DID WHAT YOU SUGGEST IS SHOWN BY OUR NOT HAVING A TABLE OF CONTENTS PAGE IN OUR SECOND ISSUE. BOY, DID WE GET CHEWED OUT. 8) NOT ONE SINGLE ISSUE OF PAST COPIES LEFT. ALL SOLD. SORRY. 9) AS TO THAT OFFICIAL ORGAN BUSINESS. WE ARE THE ONLY ONE IN THE SENSE THAT WE REALLY ARE SUPPORTED BY THE CSFS. BUT OTHER THAN THAT, WE DON'T FEATURE TOO MUCH ABOUT THEM. CHIEFLY FOR THE REASONS YOU YOURSELF GAVE AND FOR THE FACT THAT WE DO SO LITTLE OF INTEREST EVEN TO OURSELVES SOMETIMES, THAT IT WOULD BE SO MANY BLANK PAGES IN THE MAG. OTHER REASONS ARE SEMI-PERSONAL AND PERTAIN TO THE CLUB SO WE WON'T MENTION THEM HERE. WHAT INTERESTING DOPE THERE IS ABOUT THE CSFS CAN BE FOUND IN THE NEWS AND NOTES.....he

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from: NOREEN KANE FALASCA

Dear Harlan,

Congratulations on the Midwestcon issue. The Cleveland Club can be proud of its zine. Mineo job can still stand improvement.

Gibson cover was great. Don't let that boy get away to Astounding. After all, what can they offer him? Money. We have prestige. Just think of the difference. Or second thought you'd better not think of it.

Bill Venable's article was very amusing and accurate. Consider for a moment the end result of EGOBOO. Fans writing only for fanzines for fans to read. No one reading the pros. The pros fold up as a result and the fanzines turn pro. In the meantime the ex-pros become fanzines and the cycle begins again.

At least it should end forever the complaint of, "I have nothing to read!" One will be kept busy just trying to find out what mag is on top of the pile this week.

How about a drive to get all Cleveland fen to the CHICON. After the nice time we all had at Indian Lake they should be fighting to go. It would be nice to see Cleveland out in force in Chicago. Keep up the good work and change that goldfish's water.

Noreen Kane Falasca

11610 Detroit Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio

P.S. If those canals are really filled with beer, what are we waiting for?

DEAR NOREEN: I TOOK TOO MUCH SPACE WITH HAL SHAPIRO'S LETTER, SO I'LL JUST SAY, FIND OUT THE LATEST ON THE GOLDFISH IN MY EDITORIAL AND IN REFERENCE TO THE MARTIAN CANALS--WHO'S WAITING..HIC.....he

NEXT TEXT

FOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION

THE EMISSARY by Jim Brown

IMAGINATION

THE WEAPON FROM ETERNITY by
Dwight V. Swain

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY

SCENT OF DANGER by William
Morrison and Harry Nix

TIME GOES TO NOW by Charles
Dye

FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION

THE GODS FEAR LOVE by Gene
Hunter

FINAL BARRIER by Alan E.
Clouse

WE WILL INHERIT... by Wallace
West

GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION

STAR BRIGHT by Mark Clifton
DUMB MARTIAN by John Wyndham
WHEN WILL WORLDS COLLIDE? an
article by Willy Ley

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES

THE BAT FLIES LOW by Sax
mer

APOLOGIES



WE ARE SORRY RIGHT DOWN TO OUR BOOT
TOPS BECAUSE WE WON'T BE ABLE TO RUN
MATERIAL THAT WAS PROMISED, BUT DUE
TO AN EXTRA-LONG LETTER COLUMN, A
BATCH OF MILEO TROUBLE, A COUPLE OF
OUR REVIEWERS RUNNING OUT ON US AND
OTHER EQUALLY DISTASTEFUL THINGS, WE
WILL HAVE TO PUT OFF TILL NEXT TIME
THE FOLLOWING:

- 1: ~~THE BEER CAMPAIGN~~
- 2: ~~THE BEER CAMPAIGN~~
- 3: AFTERMATH (pt. 1) MIDWESTCON
REPORT
- 4: ABNORMALITY a short story
- 5: THE TOPPED another parable
short story by Karl J. Chans
SORRY, BUT LOOK FOR THEM NEXT TIME
ALONG WITH DAVID KYLE'S ARTICLE....

Some remarks heard at or around the Midwestcon..... "Do you think Doc Smith will remember?" (BEN JASON)..... VAUGHN BURDEN sitting at the banquet table heard friendly enemies STEVE SCHULTHEIS and HARLAN ELLISON exchanging clever remarks and she said, "You s-f fans are so mean, I don't think I'd want to be one." To which Steve replied, "Oh, Ellison's brutal by nature, and the rest of us are brutal in defense."

.....a pastime of the CSFS seems to be a game called "Rip the Ellison Apart". In the car coming back from the Con, when stopping at a roadside stand where the trash was thrown out by ELLISON, SCHULTHEIS came back from the washroom and looked at it and said, "What's this?" BEN JASON replied, "Harlan's rubbish." Whereupon wise guy FRANK ANDRASOVSKY wisecracked, "He sure is!".....

Did you notice that cover artist RAY GIBSON got his first published cartoon on page 3 of this month's IMAGINATION.....

Who squired whom to SOUTH PACIFIC. Hint: both are CSFS members...
...MORE NEXT ISSUE.....

...comes JUDGEMENT DAY.....

RATINGS ON LAST ISSUE.....

PLACE	STORY
1	ESSAY ON EGOBOO
2	THE BEER CAMPAIGN
3	QUICK! KILL IT....
4	THE LOST ATOMIC
5	FAMILIAR FACE
6	GIBSON'S GALLERY OF ET

ALL OTHER MATERIAL WAS EITHER LOWER THAN 6th PLACE OR WAS OF A DEPARTMENTAL NATURE SO WE WON'T RATE THEM. PLEASE SEND US YOUR RATINGS AT ONCE SO WE CAN START COMPILING ON THIS ISSUE.....he

Gibson's

GALLERY OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL
LIFE

This is the third in a series of cartoon-articles by young science fiction artist RAY GIBSON portraying the denizens of other worlds.

3: THE DUCK-BILLED ANTEATER
TIGER-FISH OF BACKSTRAP III

With the opening to the public of space travel, the Republican-WHD (We Hate Democrats) Party sent their own rockets out to swing the other world dwellers to their party.

When they hit the completely water-covered planet of Backstrap III and got in contact with the predominant intelligent life-form there, the Duck-billed Anteater (water-going variety) Tiger-fish, they plied it with shoo-fly pie and Ant-pan doddies and got a whole planet of Republican voters.

The Backstrap sector is now referred to as "THE SLIMY SOUTH" or "THE SOLID QUADRANT".

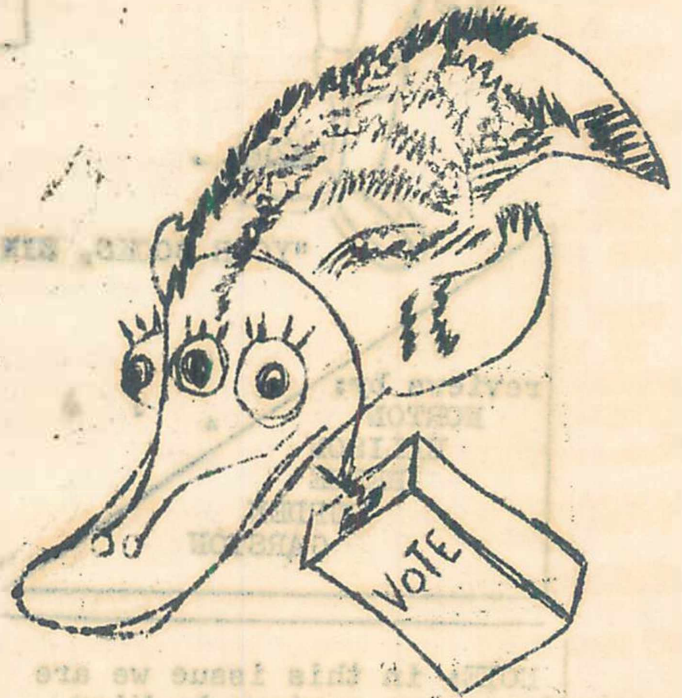


FIGURE 1: Tiger-fish with electioneering attachment

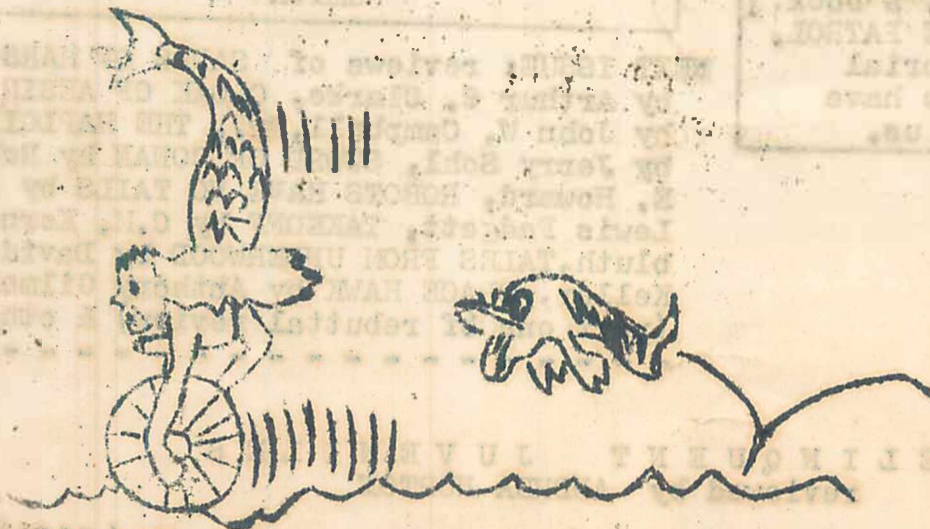


FIGURE 2: Tiger-fish interviewing voters

NEXT ISSUE: the TILT-BIRD OF THE PINBALL NEBULA



READ ANY Good BOOKS LATELY?

A REGULAR
DEPARTMENT OF
THE CSFS BULLETIN
FEATURING
INTELLIGENT BOOK
REVIEWS

OF THE LATEST IN
SCIENCE FICTION
AND FANTASY BOOKS

reviews by:
NORTON
ELLISON
BEESE
BURDEN
GARSTON

NOTE: in this issue we are
featuring reviews by Miss
Andrea Norton, editor of the
World Publishing Co.'s book,
BULLARD OF THE SPACE PATROL.

We of the editorial
staff are honored to have
this authority with us.

featuring reviews of:

EARTHBOUND by Milton Lesser
FIND THE FEATHERED SERPENT
by Evan Hunter.
CITY by Clifford D. Simak
YEAR'S BEST S-F NOVELS: 1952
edited by Bleiler &
Dikty
AGES IN CHAOS by Immanuel
Velikovskey
THE WITCHING NIGHT by C.S. Cody
JACK OF EAGLES by James Blish
THE DARK CHATEAU by Clark Ashton
Smith

NEXT ISSUE: reviews of SANDS OF MARS
by Arthur C. Clarke, CLOAK OF AESIR
by John W. Campbell, Jr., THE HAPLOIDS
by Jerry Sohl, SWORD OF CONAN by Robt.
E. Howard, ROBOTS HAVE NO TAILS by
Lewis Padgett, TAKEOFF by C.M. Korn-
bluth, TALES FROM UNDERWOOD by David H.
Keller, SPACE HAWK by Anthony Gilmore
(part one of rebuttal review) & others

DELINQUENT JUVENILES
reviewed by ANDREA NORTON

EARTHBOUND/ by Milton Lesser/ Winston/ Philadelphia & Toronto/ 1952/
\$2.00/end papers by Alex Shomburg/ jacket by Peter Poulton/205 pp/
FIND THE FEATHERED SERPENT/ by Evan Hunter/same publisher as above/end
papers same as above/ jacket by Henry Sharp/\$2.00/206 pp/
(continued page 30)

These are two more titles in the new teen age series of science fiction adventures being published by Winston--the first of which, FIVE AGAINST VENUE, was reviewed in the last issue of the BULLETIN.

It is a pity that the writers of these stories do not know their potential public better. The constant "writing down", use of stock type characters, and the introduction of very unfunny "humour" is not going to win and influence readers who have had Heinlein, Clement and Jameson to enjoy. The teen-age audience for science fiction are usually in the upper third of their school classes and have already cut their teeth on the works of the masters. This sort of stuff is far behind them. And if it is intended to attract new readers---well, surely the best should be used for that purpose!

Compare EARTHBOUND, the story of a cadet space officer arbitrarily "washed out" just before graduation, with Heinlein's SPACE CADET and the difference between good writing for this age range and poor does not have to be underlined any further. The trite plot of the disparaged outcast who makes a spectacular comeback, the cardboard characters---they are in EARTHBOUND. Only the section dealing with the hero's voyage through the asteroid belt has any freshness.

FIND THE FEATHERED SERPENT is another rehash of the old, old Maya-cum-Viking material mixed with time travel. Neil Falsen and companion returns to the period of the Mayan Empire to establish the true identity of

Kukulcan, the Feathered Serpent--the bearded god of legend. Forgotten Aztec and Mayan mysteries have been far better and more vividly pictured in Janiver's AZTEC TREASURE HOUSE and Gill's VOLCANO OF GOLD.

The physical makeup of these books is excellent. Binding good, jackets colorful and appealing. Just let the stories grow up to match and they will be all the editors claim them. But they must do that growing.

feature book review ****

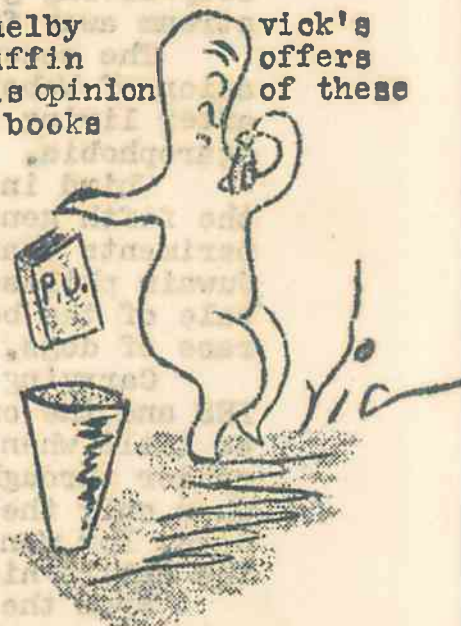
BEST BOOK OF THE YEAR reviewed by HARLAN ELLISON

CITY/ by Clifford D. Simak/ Gnome Press/ New York/ 1952/ \$2.75/224 pp/
dust jacket by Frank Kelly Freas

Titles such as the above one are the things that get book reviewers out of jobs in a hurry, but in this instance, I feel that it is more than justified. It fell to Gnome Press to collect the fabulous CITY series by Simak and bind them together in a comprehensive and permanent form. A series that I, personally, do not see any competition to in sight. How it was appreciated, scattered over the years from 1944 to 1951 as it was, with no notes with each in ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, I will never know. But appreciated it was and now the tales of the Websters, the Webster dogs and Jenkins can be enjoyed by all. Each of the eight separate stories in the book are preceded by notes from the author which, while not helping appreciably, offer a more

shelby
puffin
his opinion
2 books

vick's
offers
of these



(continued page 31)

interlocking effect. For an author to advance one startling concept in a lifetime of writing, is unusual. But for a writer to put forth eight separate and original ideas in one book, each limited because of being in a short story, and yet as completely developed as might be enjoyed, is something to truly marvel at.

Such is the case with Simak's CITY. The first story, CITY tells of the events that result from the conversion to hydroponics or tank-growing of food which eliminates farming of land, and the owning of a helicopter or family plane by every family. Thus, with the need for city-living gone, and with country land cheap and plentiful, thousands stream away from the cities, leaving them to die.

The second story HUDDLING PLACE carries on into the third generation of Websters after the cities are gone with the premise that after living in these ancestral homes for so long, man develops racial agoraphobia.

Third in the series tells of the mutant Jee and the results of the fifth generation Webster's experimentation with dogs. Of the experiments that enabled the dogs to speak and of the stealing of the Juwain philosophy, the effects of which show up later. CENSUS is the tale of the beginning of man's extinction and the beginning of the race of dogs.

Carrying on through the years, the tales DESERTION, PARADISE, HOBBIES and the one tale which was not in Astounding THE SIMPLE WAY (former title when it appeared in AMAZING: THE TROUBLE WITH ANTS) leads the reader through the era of the talking dogs, through the years of trial when only the Webster's robot Jenkins stood between extinction and the dogs. For man had gone to Jupiter; for one of the strangest reasons in the entire history of science fiction.

From the very first page to the last paragraph of the book, this volume presents in as wonderful a parade as can be imagined, pathos, humour, terror, & all the wide range of themes of science fiction. I predict that this will be one of the most thoroughly unforgettable books you have ever had the chance to read. This is undoubtedly one of the most memorable books thus far issued. No matter what your tastes in s-f or even if you don't generally enjoy s-f, this book will be meat for you.

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YEARLY COMPANION BOOK
reviewed by THURMON GARSTON

Since some of the finest of science fiction work is done in the 20 to 30 thousand word zone, it was inevitable that a volume of "novels" would be issued. In this book, the second of such issued recently (see last issue's reviews), the editor's Bleiler and Dikty have composed the book solely of long novelettes published in the promags (mostly ASTOUNDING) in 1951 and have labeled the book



YEAR'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS/ edited by Everett F. Bleiler and T.E. Dikty/ Frederick Fell/ 1952/\$3.50/5 stories/381 pp./ pub. New York/ (continued page 32)

The tales range from the nearest thing to a "classic" science fiction story written last year by Eric Frank Russell (...AND THEN THERE WERE NONE) to ARTHUR C. Clarke's fabulous tale of a star-quest to end all star-quests (SEEKER OF THE SPHINK). In between are Walter Miller's (we didn't think it was one of the "best") IZZARD AND THE MEMBRANE which delves into Communist Russia and cybernetics all at once, Poul Anderson's highly exciting FLIGHT TO FOREVER and Frank M. Robinson's punishment-through-various-eras tale of THE HUNTING SEASON which is probably the second best story in the volume.

Naturally, any volume labeled "The Best..." of anything will start a controversy, and for this reviewer's money, there are better stories that might have been chosen, particularly (from GALAXY) BEYOND BEDLAM which falls into the novel class, and how it was by-passed, is beyond us. Not a bad companion volume to the annual BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES series, but certainly not of the same quality timber.

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W I L D T A L E N T S P R E V A I L
reviewed by RALPH BEESE

JACK OF EAGLES/ by James Blish/ \$2.75/ Greenberg:Publisher/ New York/
1952/246 pp./

What started off as a highly intriguing book, toward the end and in central spots, degenerated into nothing more than a series of linked mathematical and parapsychological concepts as a somewhat obvious carrier for a plot that became threadbare toward the end.

A novel concerning Danny Caiden who discovered he had numerous "wild talents" such as telepathy, the ability to find lost items, pre-knowledge, and innumerable others including teleportation, that moves quite rapidly (till those bogged down spots) from startling incident to startling incident.

Because of these "unusual traits", gets himself in much hot water with the F.B.I., a brokerage firm, the Psychic Research Society, and a batch of good old-fashioned gangsters who are all furiously seeking to clap him up somewhere or t'other for various reasons, many of which are extremely foggy at the conclusion.

First published in THRILLING WONDER STORIES in December of 1949 as LET THE FINDER BEWARE (which, by the way, would have been a much better title) this book is excellent for a number of reasons--namely its unusual theme, novel twists on old lines, and fast-pacing in the beginning and poor for a number more--particularly the overlooked necessity of good characterization, too-technical language in places, and its tapering off toward the conclusion.

Quite a book for the first hundred and fifty pages, but after that just another fair story.

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S O S L O W P O E T R Y
reviewed by THURMON GARSTON

THE DARK CHATEAU/ poetry by Clark Ashton Smith/Arkham House/Sauk City
Wisconsin/\$2.50/ 63 pp/ jacket by Frank Utpatel/1951/40 poems/

Not too much to say about this extra-thin volume. It is extremely
(continued page 33)

heavy poetry, the likes of which I hope school children are never forced to absorb as part of the curriculum. Smith has an affinity for extra-long words, the use of which is, in a great many instances, needless.

Of the poetry in the volume, LAMIA, "O GOLDEN-TONGUED ROMANCE", SONNET FOR PSYCHOANALYSTS, THE WITCH WITH EYES OF AMBER and several others came up to this reviewer's likes. For two and a half dollars, this is too thin, poorly bound, and dull a volume to buy. Don't.

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DEMONOLOGY AND MEDICINE
reviewed by ANDREA NORTON

THE WITCHING NIGHT/by C.S. Cody/World Publishing Co./Cleveland & New York/ 1952/\$2.75/255pp/jacket by John Hull

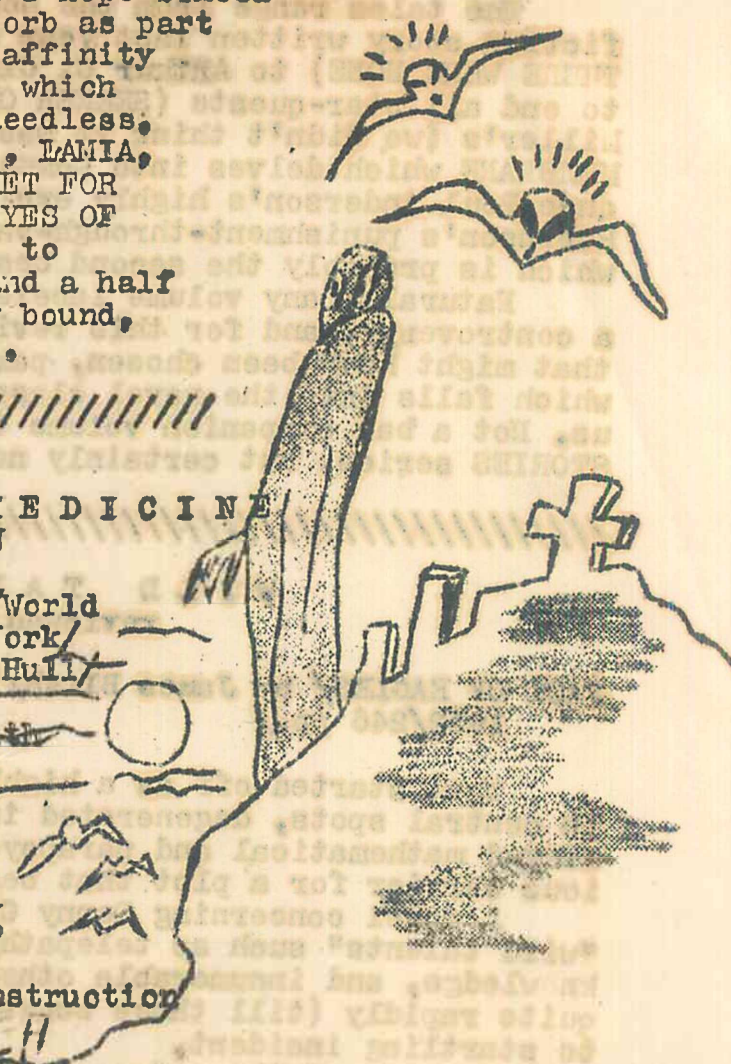
Although this book deals with Black Magic, it can rightfully be classed as "science" fiction rather than fantasy, for the doctor-hero, who is the first person narrator, fights the evil of ages not with any mumbo-jumbo but with modern "miracle" drugs. And the semi-journal form of construction adds to the realism the author is able to create.

Dr. Joseph Loomis returns from military service to begin general practice in Chicago. He is living a most matter-of-fact and hum-drum existence when he is consulted by an old college friend dying of an unknown disease which causes an unceasing and agonizing headache. Dr. Loomis accepts the case as a challenge and, when he sees Jones die after proving all the resources of modern medicine useless, he will not admit defeat.

Guided by half hints from Jones he turns detective. And the morass of evil he uncovers not only frightens and revolts him but threatens to engulf him in turn. For he, too, awakens one morning with a headache which will not yield to drugs. Only he still refuses to be licked and strikes back at his tormentors.

The slow rise of terror is well done. Perhaps C.S. Cody is a mediocrity---at least he is familiar with the profession. The ceremonies he describes are, however, more a mixture of Voodoo and Druidic rites than the European Sabbath which they are supposed to be. And the traditional animal of sacrifice is a black cock not a black cat. But this is no reflection on the power of the writer. The suggestion that a "witch" is born with a temperament which betrays her to her kind even when she is unaware herself of her hidden powers, is used as it was in SEA CHANGE some years back. But THE WITCHING NIGHT is perhaps even more effective than that novel because of its insistence upon the everyday background. (after all, there is something more spine-chilling about a wizard who sells ladies' shoes in a department

(concluded page 34)



store than there is about one who lives in a cave!)

This may not be a book one would care to read more than once, but it is one with a plot you will not forget in a hurry.

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 S C H O L A R L Y S C I E N C E
 N O N F I C T I O N
 reviewed by E.J. BURDEN

AGES IN CHAOS/ by Immanuel Velikovsky/volume 1 of 2/Doubleday & CO./
 Garden City, New York/ 1952/\$4.50/ 350 plus xxiv plus 9 pp/jacket by
 SKA/

Anyone who is interested in fiction, "stop now!" This volume might provoke as much argument and abuse as first greeted WORLDS IN COLLISION, but it will only interest historians and people with a special interest in the chronological history of our past. The author attempts to reconstruct radically the history of the ancient world. The eight hundred years from the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt to the invasion of Palestine by Sennacherib in 1687 before the present era and the additional three and 1 half centuries to Alexander of Macedonia; altogether twelve hundred years of the history of the ancient East.

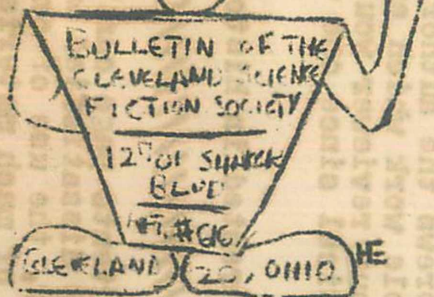
Ancient history is distorted (so says Velikovsky) because of a retardation in the history of Egypt which was taken out of contact with the history of other peoples. The process of leveling the histories of the peoples of the ancient world to an exact ~~synchronization~~ is done by the shortening of the Egyptian history by six hundred years. This is done by the comparison of the Egyptian papyruses and the text of letters written by the Jewish kings Jehosophat of Jerusalem and Ahab, the sinner of Iezeral, and signed by their military chiefs (whose names are familiarized by the Scriptures). The rectification of chronology without altering the sequence of the Hebrew past enriches its records beautifully.

Now the history of Egypt and the following histories of Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Phoenicia, Crete, and Greece changed their lengths. The architectonics of the world past, when redesigned shows its structure properly joined by time and space. By the comparison of thousands of records of the Egyptian craft; with the Scriptures of the Israelites and the written history of the Hebrews the author has attempted to prove his point. A most indefatigable work which entailed years of research and to verify that research your reviewer would need at least a month, which would seem impractical since one would have to look up and compare every detail.

Greatly recommended to anyone interested in history.

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 NOTE: that remark on the table of contents page can be explained by stating that we are somewhat dissatisfied with this ish because of the poor mimeography, the use of only one side of some pages, the leaving out of much material, the poor reproduction for some of the finest material we've ever used, and a general misuse of every technical aspect of the work,

from:  "I AM NOT!"



h. ellison: editor

- ☒ REVIEW COPY
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to:

MIMEOGRAPH
MATTER



Lee Hoffman
101 Wagner St.
Savannah, Georgia



"I TELL
YOU I
AM NOT!"