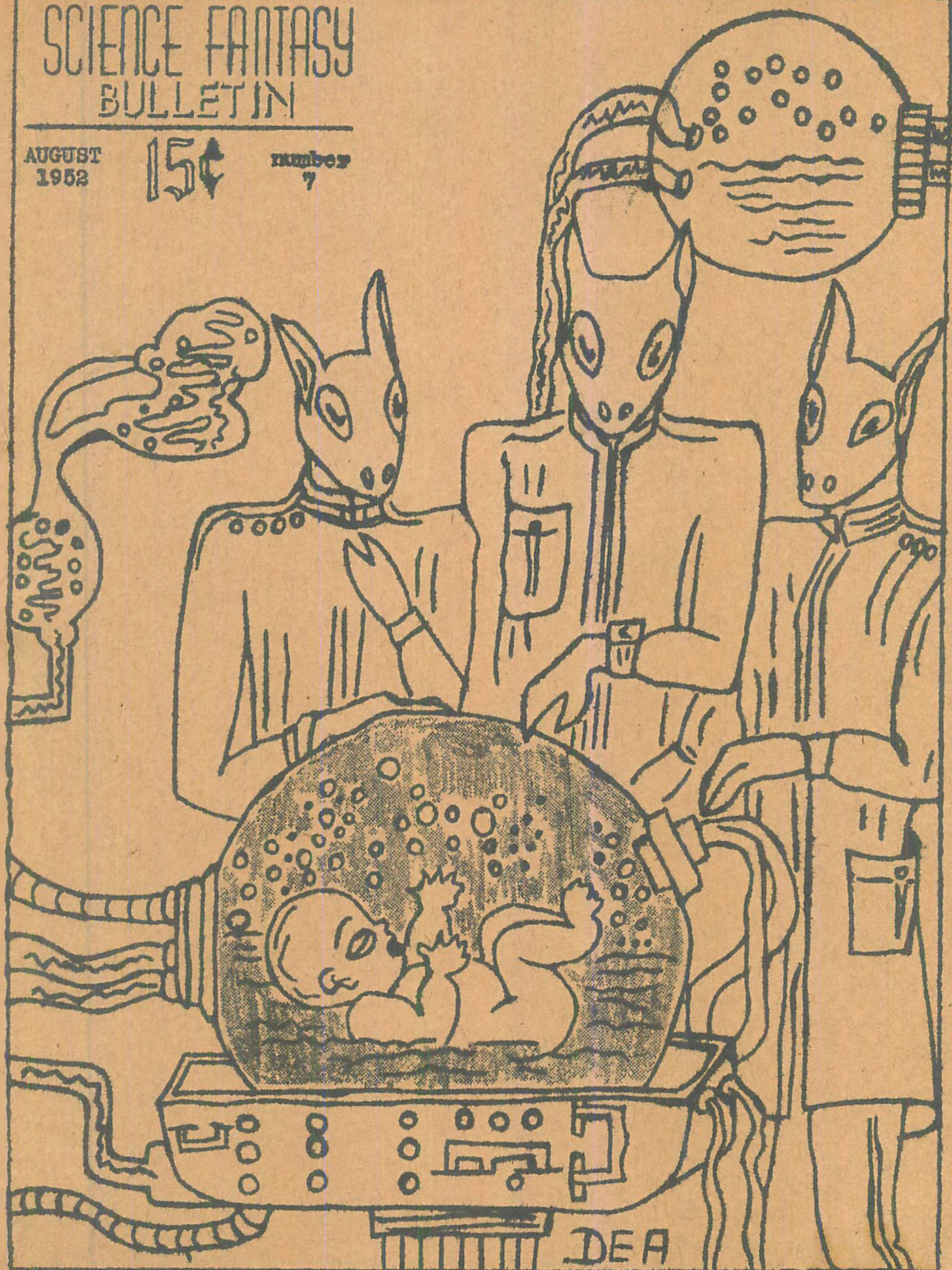


SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

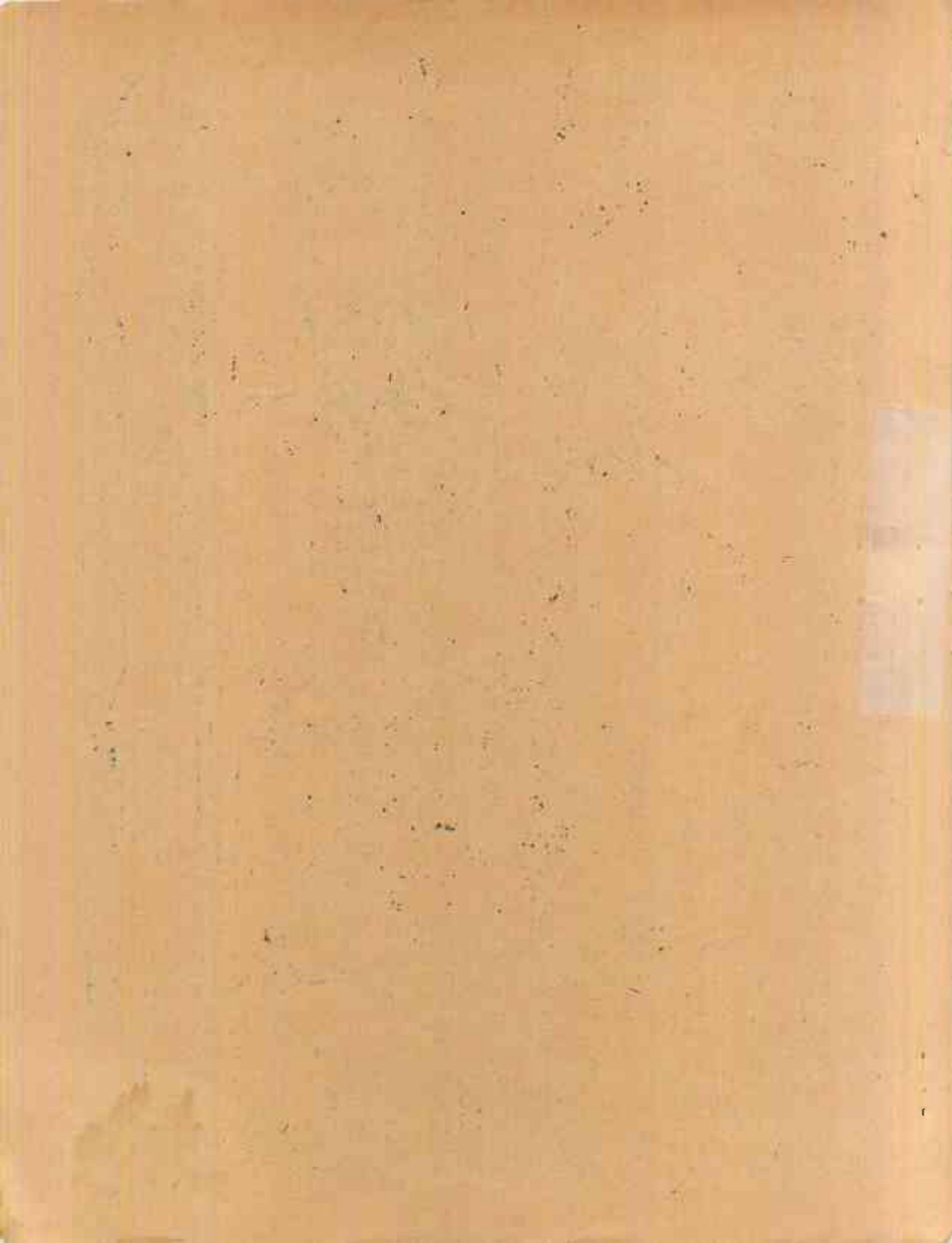
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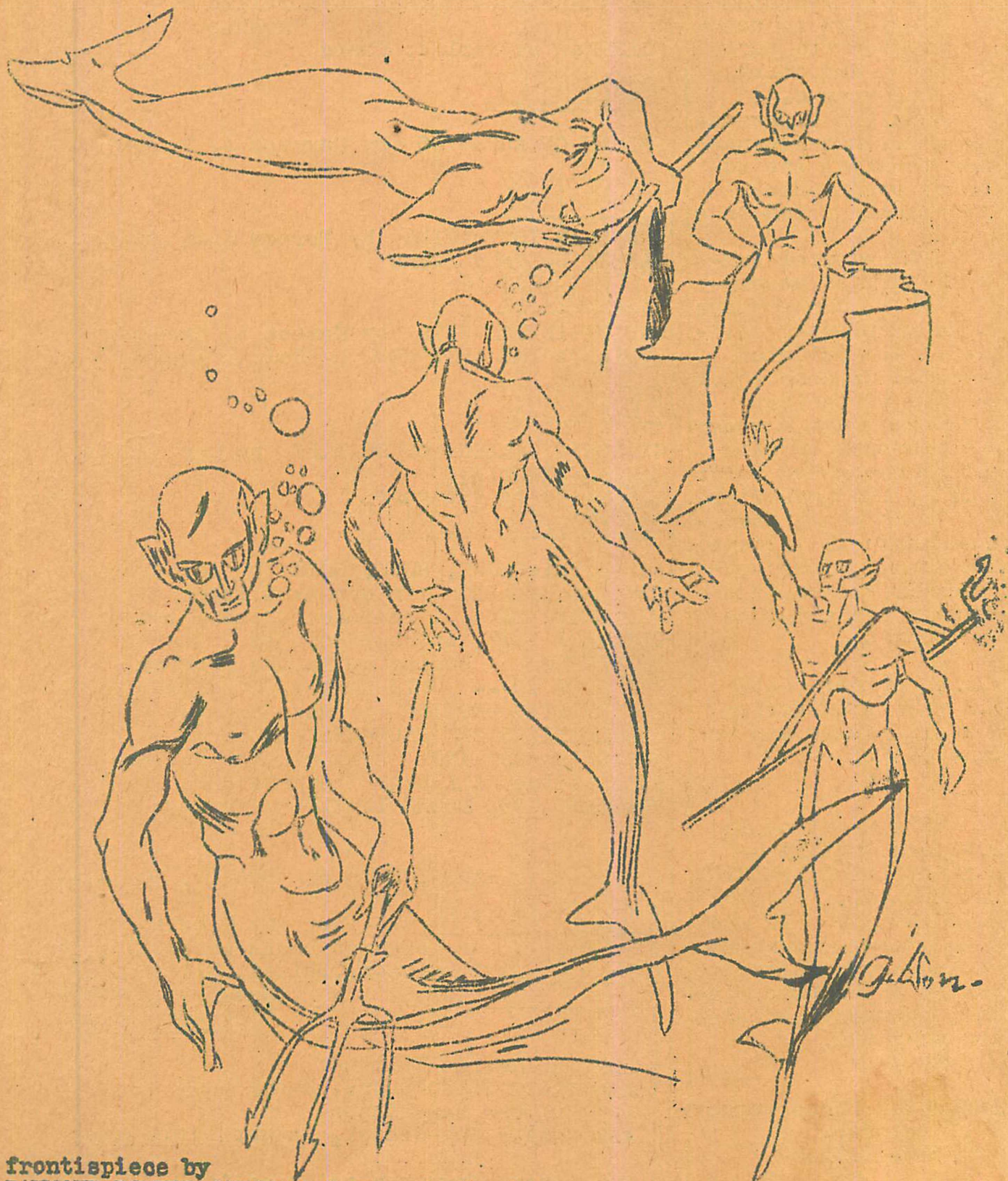


IN THIS ISSUE: PALMER ON ASBESTOS by RAY PALMER
CRYIN' IN THE SINK by M. Z. BRADLEY



SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

CHICON ISSUE 1952



frontispiece by
RAYMOND LOWELL GIBSON of Cleveland, Ohio

science fantasy BULLETIN

formerly BULLETIN OF THE CLEVELAND SF SOCIETY

AUGUST 1952
volume 1
number 7
CHICON ISSUE

This magazine is no longer affiliated in any way with the Cleveland SF Society and is not to be confused with any literature emanating from that source.

Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor or staff unless specifically noted as such.

All material submitted MUST be accompanied by return postage unless previously solicited. All material submitted is done so at the risk of the contributor though a reasonable amount of care will be exercised while it is in our possession.

It is to be understood that all letters submitted, unless specifically stated to the contrary are eligible for printing.

* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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---------------------------------	--

FRONTISPIECE

by Ray Gibson	
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ARTWORK

Margaret Dominick (DEA)...Ray Gibson..Nelson..Ellison..Burden	
Heasler..English..Vick and Bradley	

STAFF

EDITOR: Harlan Ellison
ASSISTANT EDITOR: Mrs. Honey Wood
ART EDITOR: Ray Gibson
ART STAFF: Ray Gibson, Vaughn Burden, and Dea
Publisher: Same boy as is editor

RUSH, RUSH, RUSH



Of all God's Chillun', man is the most susceptible to that common illness, confusion.

Have you ever seen a cow with a nervous breakdown? Or a mackerel with jumpy nerves? Or even a pigeon who was mixed up? Heck no!

It's always man who sticks himself into situations that call for more work than he is capable of producing without blowing out all his relays like a demented Mark VI. Meet another one of those confused Homo Saps, Your editor.

Here's the plight. Here's the tale of woe. (Break out the crying towels, Mother.) We losted a month on the publishing schedule, so naturally we had to work like crazy to make it up. The June and July issues came out within three weeks of each other and the July issue and this one have come out within ONE WEEK OF EACH OTHER! To top it all, there's a stack of correspondence sitting over there in the corner staring at me malevolently. And if you want to really make it sound that I don't know whether I'm coming or going (which I don't), I am preparing to go to the TENTH ANNUAL WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION (usually called the Chicon II) which will be held in Chicago on August 30, 31 and September 1. Anything else? Oh yeah, almost it slipped my weak mind that at the time all this was hassling around, I was going to summer school in the morning, holding down a job, and trying to get an hour or two of sleep a night.

Summarily, the whole thing boils down to this: I'm tired.

Actually, though, the first part of this editorial was a bluff to cover the fact that I hadn't chosen some esoteric subject to spout off about. Since I finally have chosen one, which I think I'll save for next issue, I'll just tell you that we have been running into forty-five and more pages each issue and we'll just have to cut them down.

It is understood that no fanzine makes money, but in the vast amounts THIS mag has chewed up the little money we do have, we find ourselves pretty much broke. So watch for the same high-quality of material each ish, but, of necessity, less pages.

This issue I hope you'll pardon me if I point out several high spots. In fact, this is our gala CHICON issue in which, we think, we have assembled one of the finest batches of talent in the fan and pro ranks. Our lead article of course is a special feature, our second BULLETIN BULLSEYE, an answer to our article on OTHER WORLDS. SCIENCE STORIES, by none other than the editor of OW himself, RAY PALMER. I n lead fiction spot is the first published science fiction story by one of the ex-Quiz Kids: LONNY LUNDE. And beginning a new series of columns in this issue are MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY with her highly controversial fanzine review column CRYIN' IN THE SINK late of Max Keasler's mag OPUS for which we wish to thank Maxie for releasing it to SFB, and HAL SHAPIRO's column of the Army's opinions on stf called STF's IN THE ARMY NOW. Hope you like both this issue and forthcoming ones.



CRYSTAL BALLING

coming up in our
next issue



cover: WELCOME the first published cover of faneditor DAVID ENGLISH. An unusual cover of cartoon-type that will amuse you all...

ART FOLIO BY DAVID ENGLISH being a collection of the finest small cartoons and surrealistic drawings of a fan who, till now, has gone nearly unnoticed. Don't miss this fine collection of artwork..

WHAT OF STE COMICS? a special article by RUSS WINTERBOTHAM, author of the popular Chris Welkin, Planetear comic strip, with profuse artwork by ART SANSON who does the art on the strip.....

TALES OF COTTON THORNE (part 3) by MICHAEL FRAZIER in which Mitchell Thorne finds he must flee Earth and head for Thortaspore....

LAUGH! But Not Too Loud... another of the poems of TOBY DUANE.....

THE WOMAN another parable short story by KARL J. CHANZ with illustration by David English.....

frontispiece: ADRIFT IN THE METEOR SWARM by DEA.....

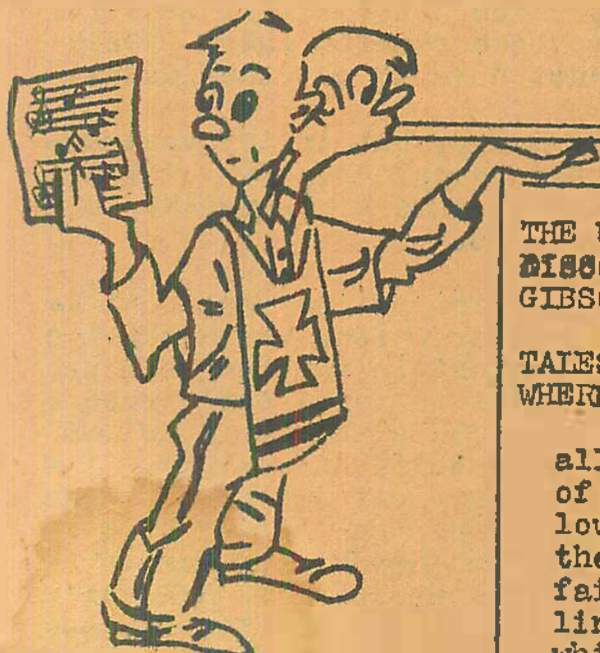
PLUS: any and all other material that we obtain at the Chicon, which should be quite a lot if we can go by what we got at the Mid-ventoon..... See ya then.....

department

...comes

JUDGEMENT DAY

ratings on our last issue



STORY*****AUTHOR*****PLACE

THE ULTIMATE HONOR by Kruse	1
DISCOURSE ON CRIFANAS by Venable	2
GIBSON'S GALLERY OF ET LIFE by Ray Gibson	3
TALES OF COTTON THORNE by Frazier	4
WHERE NO FOOT TREADS by Nichols	5

all other placements were either of regular departments or placed lower than fifth. Once again, the Editors thought they had a fairly strong issue. At least a lineup that matched our June ish which many said was our best.

cartoon by Ray Gibson

CITATION



7: ANTHONY BOUCHER

Each issue of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN features an award for a member of the science fiction ranks for achievement. In this ever-expanding field of literature, the CITATION is the highest of honors we are capable of bestowing; it is a show of gratitude to persons furthering this specialized field as a whole. Thus far, CITATIONS have been awarded to;

- 1) L. SPRAGUE de CAMP and FLETCHER PRATT
- 2) LLOYD ARTHUR ESHBACH 3) ROBERT A. HEINLEIN 4) JOHN W. CAMPBELL, Jr. 5) Dr. EDWARD E. SMITH, Ph.D. and 6) H. L. GOLD

One of the things lacking in the field of science fiction, by its very nature, is high literary content. Not till a very few years ago did any authors worth noting pay the slightest attention to writing a readable story albeit gadgets. Even then, the quality of true "literature" in the s-f line was scarce to the point of non-existence.

And then, in the Fall of 1949, the first of the spate of pocket-sized stf mags began with the entrance of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, edited by one Anthony Boucher and a certain J. Francis McComas. Boucher had been a well-known mystery and science fiction author and McComas was famous in the stf ranks for having co-edited an exceptionally fine anthology.

Together these two men worked like craftsmen, moulding the clay to bring forth a truly great magazine. Concentrating not upon unfathomably abstruse hocus-pocus science, or shallow plots and poor characterization bouyed up solely by a gadget, Boucher and his co-editor demanded stories that were true "quality". Quality enough to take several places in THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES collections which had not, till then, even deigned to notice that science fiction existed.

It was Boucher that introduced the radical cover designs that in time were recognized as trademarks of The MAG OF F&SF.

It was Boucher that dared to print stories of the caliber of BORN OF MAN AND WOMAN, MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO, or the highly amusing GAVAGAN'S BAR series.

Truthfully, it can be said that NO OTHER editor has done so much to put science fiction in the public eye favorably than Tony Boucher, a task deemed nearly impossible, but accomplished through the means of presenting science fiction in a palatable, non-ponderous form. In a form as enjoyable to the Technician as to The Mystery Addict. A vote of extreme gratitude is due Tony Boucher. First of the literary eds,

a letter explaining the CITATION and a free subscription are being sent to ANTHONY BOUCHER of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION

PALMER ON ASBESTOS

BY ray palmer

editor of OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE
STORIES and co-author of COM-
ING OF THE SAUCERS with K e n-
neth Arnold

A WORD FROM YOUR EDITOR

In our June issue, we were pleased to present an article by Ralph Beese entitled OTHER WORLDS ON THE FIRE which dealt with the professional science fiction magazine, OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE STORIES of which Raymond A. Palmer is editor.

Ray Palmer is one of the most (if not THE most) controversial figures in the world of science-fiction. His introduction of the famed Shaver Mystery, which even hit LIFE magazine, caused a furor that is still causing repercussions. In his article, Beese attempted to point out that OW was going to be faced with what he called "the fire of discerning readers" who would not buy every stf magazine just because it printed science fiction. He said that the trial by fire was coming and either OW improve itself drastically or be ready to be consumed.

In retaliation, SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN is proud to be able to present for your consideration, the answer to these searching questions by none other than the editor of OTHER WORLDS. A SF BULLETIN BULIMYE. Ray Palmer on Asbestos.....he

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN



BEGINNING NEXT PAGE

NO. 2

PALMER ON ASBESTOS BY RAYMOND A. PALMER

I'd like to reply to the OTHER WORLDS ON THE FIRE article.

You ask what 2 years and 8 months of editing has done for OW. You ask why OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE STORIES isn't on top of the heap. You ask why Palmer doesn't employ better authors.

Well, it isn't 2 years and 8 months of editing. Much less. Nearly two years of that has been spent in fighting for life. Believe me, nobody's been closer to death, and on as precarious a borderline as I, due to that accident. Only the past two months have I been able to work at all normally (as far as mental effort goes--the physical I am still half-paralysed). And during that time OW has stayed in the top ten (largely due to one Bea Mahaffey, who may have been inexperienced, but is Irish and a fighter).

Why aren't we on top of the heap? Well, the magazine on top is there because I put it there. AMAZING STORIES leads in circulation. (The new FANTASTIC has beat it, we hear) We've got competition, and even RAP and his "stunts" and his "salesmanship" can't put a brand new magazine to the top in a jiffy. One reason was our accident, delaying us. Next reason was money. We aren't rich. Only a fan with a few hard-earned bucks saved up over ten years time. We hooked our very soul to put that magazine out! We still haven't enough money. But we are spending every sou as we get it, to advance the magazine. Now we have back covers (better than anybody else's!), smooth paper, and we're beginning to pay better rates, to the right guys! We aren't on top for good reasons, but we're going to get there! We've not even been able to print as many copies as our competitors, by half. Now we are getting into line. We appeared on less than half the newstands other mags do, and that's spreading too thin. But we're getting more copies out all the time.

Evidence of progress? Let me quote figures for the past six issues. Even one year ago. We have gone as follows:

MARCH 1951---rock bottom
MAY-----up 8%
JUNE-----down 2%
SEPTEMBER---up 5%

OCTOBER-----up 3%
DECEMBER-----up 10%
JANUARY-----down 2%
MARCH 1952---down 3%

(but still up 19% over the previous March, which is the low point of each year); and in addition, we placed 5% more copies on the stands.

Then,

APRIL 1952---down 1%
JUNE-----up 5%

JULY-----up 4%
AUGUST-----we don't know
yet

Total increase during the period, in percentage: 26%. Actual increase in sales: 20,660. All this while we were very sick. Subscriptions: more than doubled. We now have almost as many as AMAZING had at its
(continued page 6)

highest point, and will pass that mark in two more issues! Lately we have added 20% more copies to our distribution. We plan to add 25% more soon. We are aiming at the TOP.

Nor have we depended upon sex or blaring color. We have produced the best covers in the business. We KNOW that. You ADMIT it. But we have much better covers coming.

Of your list of the best stories (quality) in our magazine, I disagree with your selections to this extent: I think only four of the fourteen stories you selected are quality stories! Some you didn't mention, (and therefore I won't) were very good. However, story quality is a matter of opinion. Somebody likes even the worst stories.

What are we doing to correct this? We're going to get the best that can be written, and we're going to pay what we must to get them. That price is dictated by one thing---our cash-on-hand. Take my word for it, we'll spend every dime we make on OW until it does top the field.

One thing we WILL NOT DO. We will not pay HIGHER rates for the SAME stories as are being and have been turned out by the writers. That goes for GALAXY and ASTOUNDING's previously published stories. We feel that neither magazine has produced quality worthy of their high rates. But what are their rates? GALAXY pays 3¢ bottom? Can any writer confirm this---or deny it? What are ASTOUNDING's rates? Have they paid as much as 3¢? OTHER WORLDS HAS!! Forrie Ackerman will confirm this. We have frequently paid 2¢ and over. We pay a basic 1¢ per word. We will always pay a basic one cent---because average writers aren't worth more. And paying 3¢ to everyone is a rank injustice to the better writers.

Our difficulty has NOT been our refusal to pay high rates. The stories have not been WRITTEN. I have not seen them in other magazines either! When we fall back upon Phillips, Shaver Byrne, we are falling back upon mighty fine writers. Phillips has sold the field, and ranked top everywhere. Shaver cannot be equaled for selling power. That you didn't like his Mystery has nothing to do with his ability. Why don't you forget the Mystery as we have? Why lump Byrne into the Mystery because he wrote a takeoff on it, killing off Shaver's Deros? Byrne was good long before I ever edited AMAZING. Remember his stuff in the old AMAZING under Sloane?

May I GUESS at the circulations of the leaders?

FANTASTIC-----127,750
ASTOUNDING-----72,550
GALAXY-----66,150
AMAZING-----74,565

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SF--68,600
IF-----58,000
OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE-----(?)

Were we to publish the same number of copies of OW as these leaders do, we would be second. Only ONE of the foregoing magazines sells a higher percentage than OW. As it is, we TOP every other science fiction magazine in actual sales.

As for starting out to make OW an s-f FATE, nothing could be further from the truth. A comparison of the two magazines should make it instantly obvious. As for FATE, it is a tremendous success, and the money it has earned has been responsible for all these new improvements in OW. The reason OW started out with Shaver is because Shaver donated his stories to give us a start. Van Vogt did not. Those donations DID give us a helping hand. We are grateful. Trouble is, some
(concluded page 7)

fans ALWAYS meet Shaver with INSTANT DISAPPROVAL. Without even reading him!

An experiment we'd LIKE to make is to have every stf mag in the field run their stories sans by-lines! We have a hunch the results would be truly Amazing! As for the "good stuff" being expensive, you are wrong---it is NOT BEING WRITTEN. Not one in a hundred manuscripts produced by the writers of America is worth a barrel of rotten apples. Those few gems that each magazine gets, are rare gems.

When the writers begin producing the quality you speak about, OW will be right in there paying for it. It's just that we are not foolish enough to pay a premium for crud, when we can get it for basic rates. Simply announcing that from now on we pay 3¢ a word does not miraculously change the words on the paper in the manuscripts at 1 1 1 being written. It only prods the writer into rushing his ms. to a completion and shooting it in with a prayer that the editor will be foolish enough to buy it. As proof of what I say, SIX of the stories you named as quality in OW were REJECTED by ALL of the so-called leaders. And even by some of the WORST magazines in the field.

Of course, your article is all right, but it isn't based entirely upon fact. Much of it was opinion. Not your fault that it was not correct. But I appreciate your warning, and I promise you, when the going gets rough, I'll be right in there. OW will be one of the survivors. One of the leading survivors.

Hope to see all your readers at the Chicon. And while you're out there, why not poll the fans to see how many think OW is as bad as you say it is, and how many think it's among the leaders? Also you might poll the fans who backed us up on our monthly-campaign with real five dollar bills? WE know who our FRIENDS are! And in return, we're doing what they want! How could you ask for more?

THE END

department.....

THRILLING WONDER STORIES.....THE CAPHIAN CAPER by Kendell Foster Crossen...A PLANET IN DOUBT by James Blish.....

NEW WORLDS (BRITISH)...July.....THE ESP WORLDS by J.T. McIntosh
....."...MAN'S QUESTING ENDED" by F.G. Rayer...plus stories by E.C. Tubb, A. Bertram Chandler, and others.....

FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION...November.....DOOMSDAY'S COLOR PRESS by Raymond F. Jones.....WE ARE ALONE by Robert Sheckley.....

GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION...October.....celebrating two full years of publication with a special issue.....cover features a group of pictures of authors and artists who work for the mag.....stories by THEODORE STURGEON...ERIC FRANK RUSSELL
.....HAL CLEMENT.....WILLY LEY.....

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.....cover by ALEJANDRO.....

no other info on hand at the moment, but there'll be more soon

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Gibson's GALLERY OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE

this is the sixth in a series of cartoon-articles by young s-f artist RAY GIBSON portraying denizens of other worlds

There are "okie" groups in every race, bar none, in the galaxy and of the races inhabiting the pulpy planet of Protoplazumm on the fringe of the Mulkee Weigh, the Donut Humanoids have an edge.

Their group of rovers are the Ping-Pong Poonkers of Protoplazumm; barn-storming sports-fiends of the type that can not get their fill of the game.

The main reason why they can't get their fill is that a large orifice situated in their stomachs is a carrying case for tooth brushes, ping-pong paddles, old cigar butts and etc.

From planet to planet they hop, making a buck here and a buck there, mostly, to their enjoyment, a meagre living but frequent changes of scenery. Their only handicap is that people keep trying to eat them.



6: THE DOUGHNUT HUMANOID OF PROTOPLAZUMM



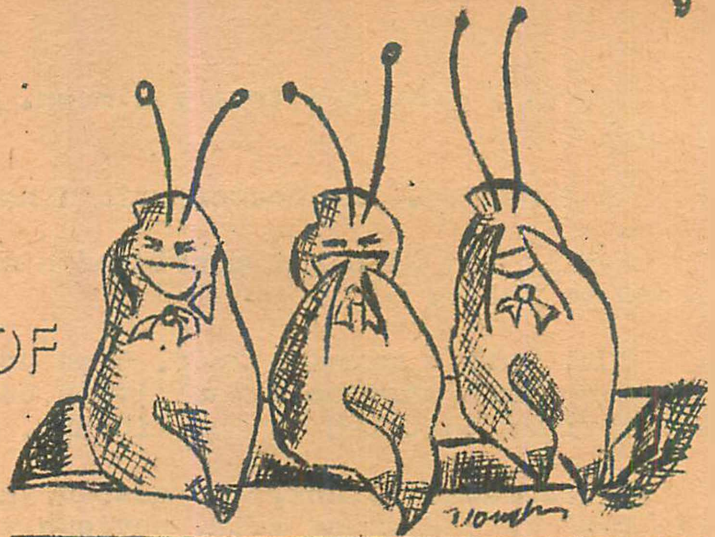
figure 1: (above)
The Doughnut
Humanoid of
Protoplazumm

figure 2: (left)
Doughnut Humanoid enjoying
a game of ping
pong

NEXT ISSUE: SATURN'S COCK-EYED KLOPP-NOKKER ((common spitoon-bird))

PAST TENSE

A SHORT STORY OF
TIME'S TWISTINGS
BY LONNY LUNDE



illustrated by VAUGHN BURDEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: here is what we would like to call a SF BULLETIN EXCLUSIVE! (the exclamation mark is, of course, optional). It is the kind of thing that a fan magazine latches onto once in that proverbial, if rare, blue moon. For here is a short story by Lonny Lunde, one of the ex-Quiz Kids. How or why Lonny got interested in s-f is a mystery to us (which we are trying to solve right now). But whether his interest is purely academic, or whether he is really a fan, it is one heck of an enjoyable yarn, this story about a science fiction writer who sold a story he wrote 3 years ahead in time. Clever twist. Hope Lonny can, without too much effort, be persuaded to turn out some more scientifiction or fantasy work.....he

He was a fairly young man, well-dressed, and having only one evident anachronism: he wore a shockingly green, green hat. He pressed the doorbell the doorbell and waited, eyeing the door cynically. The door eyed him cynically right back. After a few moments a bald head shining above two watery-blue eyes peered through the crocheted curtain covering the thin window next to the door. The door opened, then, and the young man was greeted by the bald head with the bright eyes.

"Ah, Jeff! Come in. I wasn't expecting you."

"Hello, Unk. I was going down to see one of the editors, and since I was going past I thought I'd stop over to tell you how glad I am that the doctors released you from Happyville."

"Well, thank you, nephew. Of course, they had no right to keep me there."

"Certainly not. Anyone can see that you're perfectly sane."

"You know, Jeff, sometimes I think it's the psychiatrists that are off their rookers. They kept giving me those idiotic tests. They kept shoving ink blots into my face and asking me what they looked like. What did they think they looked like? Inkblots, of course."

(continued page 10)

"Yeah, I know the test you mean. I'm sure you must have passed it, eh Unk?"

"I guess so. The doctor said I had perfectly normal reactions."

"Well, I'm glad you convinced him." The young man in the green hat turned to leave.

"Oh, wait a minute, Jeff. Come on in here. I want to show you my time machine," announced the little bald man casually, pointing to the open doorway that led to the library.

"Time machine! Unk," he gasped (although the "unk" sounded more like "uk" in a choking vein, obviously jugular), "have you been working too hard. Perhaps you ought to rest a while."

"Tut, tut. I feel fine. Come on."

"Oh, no, Unk. I really have to go." Jeff was edging toward the door as rapidly as courtesy would allow, hat in hand. Then suddenly, "G'bye, Unk!" and he was out the door and running down the street.



"Drop in again, Jeff. My, what a strange boy that nephew of mine has become since he began writing that fiction-science or whatever it is."

Four blocks away the young man, who had lost his green hat, stopped running, took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow and walked down the street, muttering under his breath.

* * * *

Jefferson McGillicuddy was still muttering to himself as he approached the office of J. Hooper Belloomb, editor of STUPENDOUS SCIENCE FICTION magazine. He walked in without knocking and clapped the editor on the shoulder.

"You wanted to see me, Hoop?" he inquired.

The editor cleared his throat before speaking. "I certainly did," he replied. "How dare you submit that miserable excuse for a story called THE LIVING ELECTRON?"

"Miserable excuse! Why that's one of the best stories I've ever written."

"Oh, sure, I know. I don't know how I'll have nerve enough to put that...that...thing in lead spot in the May issue. It's terrible!"

"If it's so bad, why print it?"

Conwood pounded his flabby fist on the desk, scattering the pages of McGillicuddy's latest masterpiece.

"I'm printing it for the simple reason that I've been promising the readers a story by for five months. What are they going to think when

(continued page 11)

they read this trash? They'll say, 'The Great Jeff McGillicuddy wrote this? I can see he's all washed up. And that idiotic Conwood must really have rocks in his head to print this. I'm through reading his mag for good!' "

"Come on, now, Hoop. You know it isn't that bad. It's as good as anything I wrote for OTHER PLANETS three years ago. And people were saying then that I was the best author in the business."

"OTHER PLANETS wouldn't have printed this. They would have thrown you out so fast, the dust still wouldn't have settled!"

"All right, Hoop. If that's the way you feel... I just got an idea."

* * * * *

The little bald man with bright eyes smiled cheerfully as he answered the insistent ringing of the front doorbell.

"Hello, Jeff. Glad to see you again."

"Hello, Unk. Say--uh---about that--uh---t-time machine you mentioned this morning. Do you really have one," he added as an after-thought, "...that works?"

"Of course it works. One of my friends at Happyville showed me how to make it. His name was Einbergg or something. Oh well... Want to try it?"

"Is it safe?"

"As safe as your dear Mother's arms."

"Okay. Yeah, I want to go three years into the past."

* * * * *

Jeff had always like Hamlin Klotz, editor of OTHER PLANETS. He greeted him cordially and handed him the manuscript.

"Ah, Jeff. Another story. Hmmm, THE LIVING ELECTRON. Sounds good as usual. Hmmm, real good." The editor leafed through the manuscript for a few moments and then looked up. "Yes, very good. We'll crowd this into the August issue."

"Aren't you going to read it first?"

"No, I don't need to. All your stories are good. You know I'd print anything that you wrote."

Jeff left Klotz's office with a self-satisfied smirk on his face and headed back to the alfalfa field where he had left his time machine. Quite a few people had gathered around the thing, but he disregarded them and climbed in. Setting the dials, he pushed a red button and opened the door in his uncle's library.

"How was your trip, Jeff?"

(concluded page 12)

"Fin, Unk," answered Jeff, leaping nimbly down out of the machine.

"Care to go someplace else?"

"I have something to do right now, Unk, but I'll be back some day soon and take a real long trip."

Of course, Jeff was kidding, but he wouldn't have even said it in jest if he had seen the two men in white coats who were hurrying down Third Avenue with a strait-jacket and nets. But then, it was his Uncle's own fault. He should never have told Cousin Mathilda about the machine.

* * * * *

A few months later, Jeff went again to the offices of J. Hooper Bellocamb. At the sight of him, the editor's face turned red with anger. Without a word he reached into his desk drawer and pulled out a letter, which he handed to McGillicuddy.

Jeff read:


"Dear Conwood:

That was a swell story by McGillicuddy that you ran in the May issue of your magazine. However, aren't you overlooking the fact that it was published in OTHER PLANETS three years ago? My lawyers will be around next week sometime to let you know how much I'm going to sue you for.

Yours truly,

Hamlin Klotz"

THE END

 <p>THE</p> <p>ZIFF DAVIS'S MAGAZINE FANTASTIC</p> <p>---for featuring more needless sex per page in their last issue, than any other s-f magazine</p>	<p>a <u>NEW</u> department featuring reprimands</p> <p>2. RICHARD S. SHAVER</p> <p>---for lousing up a story that started out well in THE SUN SMITHS and letting it sink back into that Dero-Mystery slop again</p> <p>TO</p>	<p>department</p>
---	---	-------------------

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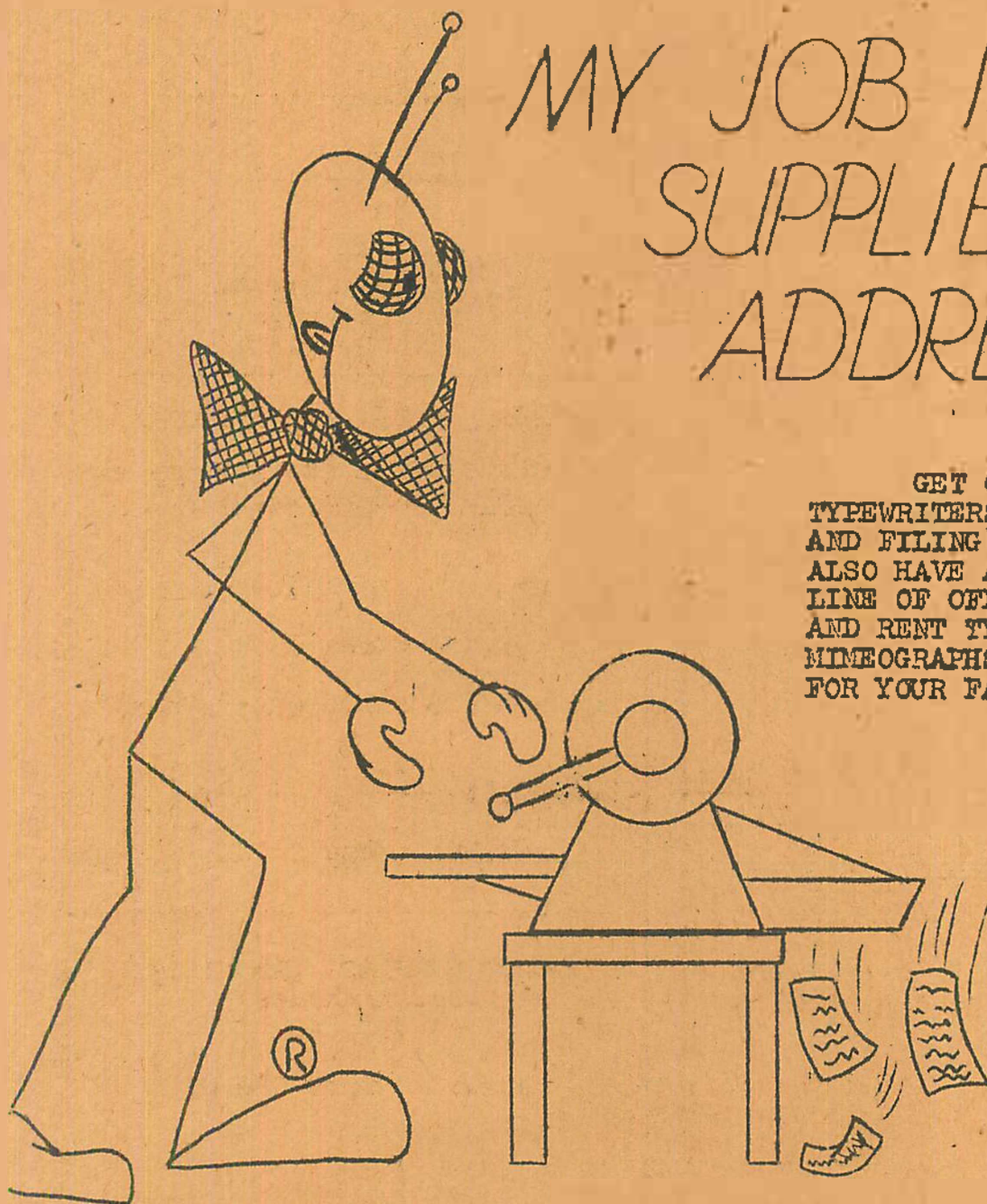
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(advertising continued page 14)

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THE SHIP IS WAITING

NOREEN KANE
by
FALASCA

This was a city,
proud once. It reached
fingers of steel
to the sky.

I stand alone,
within its fallen
spires, remembering
yesterday.

It knew life,
the music of the
universe, and,
at last,
death.

Now, now, at this hour,
it dreams of a new
time to come.

I turn away,
I will not destroy
its lonely dream.

It will rust
alone,
forever.

DANCE!

TOBY
by
DUANE

Dance, Jonathan!

Time is a cup of sand, seeping through a whirlpool,
Into a blackness;

And I can see no end.

No river runs, that was not once,

And shall not be again.

Dance! For the world is all a matrix,

That changes day to day,

And while you have its favor,

Favor it. Dance, Jonathan,

Oh yes, Dance!



Cryin' in the 322R

by MARION Z. BRADLEY

a column of reviews of fan magazines--fanzines.....



EDITOR'S NOTE: we would like to briefly sketch out what transpired to bring this fanzine review column from Max Keasler's magazine OPUS to SFBULLETIN, but since we want to get right into the column itself, we'll just say that a great, abnormally great, amount of criticism was heap-

ed upon both Max and Marion for running the column, since, unlike a great many other FMZ columns, it did not heap wholesale praise upon every purple-pawed kid who published a magazine. The reviews and criticisms were honest, forthright and in Miss Bradley's opinion, of an entertaining nature. We thought so also and offered to keep on printing the column HERE if she was game to write it. We intend to run it up to and until the time it is no longer of entertainment to those who read it. Egoboo be hanged, we want the truth!he

Well, here goes this column again. I've changed publishers twice now, rather than change the column itself; since CRYIN' is written as honestly as I know how, and it would be impossible to change it without a compromise into dishonesty.

Before I start reviewing this time I want to say a word about fanzine review columns in general, and this one in particular. Review columns, both amateur and professional, fall into two classes; the first is the egoboo type, given simply for publicity and free advertising. The professional prototype of this kind of column is Rog Phillip's CLUB HOUSE in AMAZING STORIES. Rog rates fanzines on the basis of intentions and effort, and, of course, this is a good policy; for his readership is largely in the pre-teen and adolescent group, and they are notoriously thin-skinned and their feelings are easily hurt. But his universal praise is confusing. Rog is one of the nicest men in the pro field, and I am not criticizing his column, but if you send a dime to a zine which he has praised to the skies, and receive, in return for your dime, a couple of sloppy sheets which would shame a seventh-grade English class, you often feel a little cheated. You may think well of Rog for his kindness to a young editor, but you're apt to wish he'd show kindness to the unwary reader; and after seeing the fanzines he praises, one wonders just what, if anything, he would condemn!

The other type of column, the kind Merwin ran, the kind which I am trying to run, assumes that anyone who is in the publishing field, is there for the sake of publishing something worthwhile. I assume that the editors are mentally mature people who can take honest, objective, criticism without their eyes filling with tears. Contrary to widespread opinion, my reviews are not based upon personal opinion, or on personal likes and dislikes. I've given top billing, often, to a particular fanzine whose editor I detest and for whose writing I have nothing but contempt; simply because, on abstract standards of value, his particular

(continued page 19)

fanzine meets the objective evaluation set up for the "five star" standard. Contrariwise, I've condemned as "childish" material which I personally may have enjoyed a great deal, and some of my friends are puzzled because I place their respective zines in the lowest category.

I've tried to be fair; to give praise where it appeared to be due, ridicule where it seemed merited, and constructive criticism where I thought it would be welcomed. Frankly, as stated above, I do not review fanzines to give editors a little egoboo, or to sell other people's fanzines. If any publication cannot stand up before the relatively mild criteria I employ, frankly, it deserves, if it cannot improve itself, to flop dismally. If it cannot improve itself, there is no reason for encouraging the continuance of a mediocre magazine. Criticism never deters true talent; true talent thrives on criticism. It is only the egoboo publisher, the immature, the tender-skinned one whose talent is so slight a spark that it must be vigorously fanned with flattery, who is hurt by criticism. And for this last, I refuse to accept responsibility for the bruising of his little ego. He can toughen up. He can get out. Or he can just call me a dirty name and go off and sulk in a corner because he knows I am right. The overwhelming majority of those tender, untalented egos content themselves with calling me a dirty name or two.

Now for the fanzines themselves; and they are pretty good this time, since most of the slop jobs prefer to go unreviewed (since they know I won't flatter them unduly).

CATACLYSM

Bob Briney. 10¢/ Although badly mimeographed and with no attempt at layout or skillful editing, Bob's taste is sensitive enough to make the otherwise-impossible job of editing a poetry magazine, readable. Much fan poetry is turgid, morbidly sentimental, and violently imitative of Clark Ashton Smith and Stanton Coblenz. Bob and his discriminating selections tend to palliate this situation somewhat. With very few exceptions, CATACLYSM presents the best in fan poetry; and since he doesn't do his own mimeographing, there'll be no comment on the terrible format.

ETRON

Jim Schreiber. 25¢/ This is supposed to be the official organ of the Extra-Terrestrial Research Organization, but in addition to that, it is also an excellent fanzine, containing some serious theoretical articles on the Saucer Craze (the ostensible reason for the magazine's existence) and some fiction which is rather more than excellent, particularly one piece titled LAUGHTER, which might well have appeared in one of the lesser promags without change. If you like your fanzine diluted with a touch of straight science, ETRON is your meat.

GEM-TONES

Gertrude M. Carr. Trade/ Gertrude admits, on page 5 of this issue, that she is "chewing everybody's ear this time", so we'll reserve critical comment for a time when she returns to a mellow mood. The current issue, the MOONSTONE issue, contains the second issue of the funny, but somewhat vulgar, PREACHER AND THE PUSSY CAT, a few atrocious puns, some vicious cracks at the Truman Administration, and some really clever and delightfully ridiculous poetry in the smart STP MOTHER GOOSE series, which is a welcome change from the turgid mouthings of the usual fan poet.

(continued page 20)

FAN-FARE

W. Paul Ganley. 25¢/ The current issue is the best yet, continuing in Paul's tradition of a good issue, then a bad one, another good one, another bad one. I tremble to think what the next one will be like; this issue is so much better than the best of its predecessors. Most noteworthy story in this issue, and past all doubt the best piece of fan fiction this quarter, is James Warren's RETURN FROM TERROR, a mood-piece with a curiously grim progress into a world of austere horror. The story is a little slow getting started, but is worth sticking with; in fact, we're curious to know if Warren isn't the pen-name for some pro writer, the last half of the story is handled with such slick competence. Al Leverentz is present, as is Walt Klein, in their usual precious style, on which superfluous adjectives hang like diamonds on street-lamps, and the Duanes are present with their usual imitations of Smith's and Lovecraft's poetry. A times FAN-FARE makes the reader wish they would start imitating some one else, preferably Ray Bradbury or Nelson Bond, but in its own typical way, FAN-FARE continues to be the only magazine with fiction sufficiently good to merit reading all the way through at a sitting. Long may they burble!

STARLANES

#7, Orma McCormick. 10¢/ The New Look has come to STARLANES, complete with Keasler cover, competent layout (Orma once worked in a publishing house, and the experience seems to have borne fruit), and excellent inside illustrations by the talented sister of Marie-Louise, Nancy Share. The poetry is much the same as that featured in CATAclysm, although Orma's is apt to be less dedicated to the school of fantasy and more to space and to science fiction. Actually, both of fandom's poetry zines should be read for complete understanding of both schools of fan poetry.

VANATIONS

Norman Browne. PAR (pay what you think the issue is worth)/ This reminds me more of INCINERATIONS than of anything else. A beautiful lithographed cover and a poem about the same, outstanding, because it is that rarity for fandom, good free verse, hides an over-plus of scrappy, satirical, debunking material which may, or may not, be indicative of editor Browne's tastes. Unlike INCINERATIONS, it is mailable. However, most of the material puzzled us a little, although we were tickled by an article telling, or purporting to tell, the hapless fan how to squelch the run-of-the-mailbox suoker bait that the mailman brings every fan sooner or later. Time will tell what this one will be.

OPUS

Max Keasler. / This continues to be the best of the non-serious zines. Max has scattered his really excellent artwork around in such a manner as absolutely to mask the other faults of the zine, which are many; poor spelling, oddly arranged layout, etc. Harry Warner's feature ALL OUR YESTERDAYS goes on and on and on, invariably fascinating stuff for both older fans who remember what he's talking about, and younger fans who are hearing it for the first time. Ken Slater and Marie-Louise are present, Keasler himself gives an inimitable account of FANVARIETY's troubles with the post office. Keasler is

(concluded page 21)

the first fan since Sneary who can get away with being his own unsophisticated little self; his beautifully competent artwork, unabashedly illiterate editorials and the blithe way in which he thumbs his verbal nose at all detractors, make him the L'il Abner, or more rightly, the Pogo, of fandom; and in spite of the occasionally irritating irregularities of all the Keaslerzines, they go on being tremendously popular, making Max the only serious rival of Lee Hoffman in the field of fan-nish humour. Only whereas Lee's humour is largely contrived, Max's is as natural as his southern accent.

TLMA Lynn Hickman and The Little Monsters. 25¢/ As usual, this is a good, competent, professional stuff, with a group of pro and semi-pro writers relaxing in a barrel-house of combined spoofing and seriousness. A profile of Manly Banister, in which Banister gets autobiographical and manages to give less personal data than an H.L. Gold editorial, the usual Lach cartoons, "scientific" hoax articles, and some poetry which is too deadpan and serious for the general tone of the magazine, round out a good fat issue of enjoyment.

TYRANN Norbert Hirschhorn. 15¢/ In spite of dim hecto or ditto, TYRANN goes on its merry way as the best of the fanzines by the sub-college group. Cartoons, shorts that take on every subject under the Sun, and a better-than-usual discussion of the much-mooted question-- "What effect does juvenile space-opera, in television and comic books, have upon the advancement of science fiction?" However TYRANN appears to stand in ~~needing~~ need of good, longer articles. Most of their stuff is staff-written; a condition which will weaken any fanzine if it goes on very long. We recommend deluging Norbert with articles until he begs for mercy. The mood here is not too serious; light, pleasant stuff in a humorous or fannish vein. TYRANN doesn't go to extremes either way; it's just a nice, middle-of-the-road, zine; neither jammed with infantile humour, nor self-consciously mature. Nearly everyone but long-haired intellectuals will like it.

TILL NEXT ISSUE: THE END

NOTICES

NOTICES

NOTICES

ALL REVIEW COPIES FOR THIS COLUMN MUST BE SENT TO: MARION Z. BRADLEY, BOX 246, ROCHESTER, TEXAS....REVIEW COPIES ARE NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH EXCHANGE COPIES....IF EXCHANGES ARE BEING CARRIED ON BETWEEN MYSELF AND ANOTHER EDITOR, THAT EDITOR MUST SEND A SEPARATE REVIEW COPY TO THE REVIEWER.....IT IS TO BE UNDERSTOOD THAT OPINIONS MADE IN THIS COLUMN ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE EDITOR THOUGH THEY DARN WELL MIGHT BE, 'CAUSE WE'RE PRETTY SNEAKY AROUND HERE.....be



#1: "The Hazel Road Cigar"

1951

MRS. WILLIAM J DUNN/ 15624 Hazel Rd./ East Cleveland, Ohio/ sighted "cigar-shaped silver object"/ no visible vapor trail/ no visible appendages/ sped by over backyard at rate of speed tremendous/ seen June 10-15

send us your saucer sightings now...send to table of contents page address and let's get these saucers seen.....

THE TRAGEDY OF MOSHER

by ORVILLE W. MOSHER



TEENSY-WEENSY EDITOR'S NOTE: To get the point of this short story, I suggest you remember that my Assistant Editor and Orville correspond. I also suggest you look on the table of contents page for the name of my Assistant Editor or you'll miss the entire point and all the humour of the story.....he

The sign on the tombstone said: "Mosher shot for making love to another man's wife". Two men stood looking at it. The first man then spoke: "I don't recall seeing this before, the name looks familiar."

"Yes," the second man replied, "he was that young fan that was just starting to make a name for himself---a sad case, indeed."

"Why, what happened?"

"It all started when he was writing to a fem-fan. Her husband shot him for saying endearing things to his wife---a sad case, indeed."

"What was it he said?"

"He would always start his letters 'Dear Honey'. Her husband saw one of those letters. The result is as you see before you (he indicates the grave with a wave of his hand). Fandom lost a great fan (he sheds a tear)---all from a misconception---a sad case, indeed."

"He deserved to be shot---what's the misconception about that?"

"her name was 'Honey'---Honey Wood---a sad case, indeed."

THE END

department SF BULLETIN STORY RECOMMENDATIONS for AUGUST

THE FACE OF THE ENEMY by Thomas Wilson.....	astounding SCIENCE FIC.	Aug.
COLD AWAKENING by Walter M. Miller, Jr.	astounding SF.....	Aug.
DELAY IN TRANSIT by F.L. Wallace.....	GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION.	Sep.
TEA TRAY IN THE SKY by Evelyn E. Smith.....	GALAXY SF.....	Sep.
HILDA by H.B. Hickey.....	MAGAZINE OF F & SF.....	Sep.
THE GOOD PROVIDER by Marion Gross.....	MAG OF FANTASY & SF.....	Sep.
THE FLY by Arthur Porges.....	MAG OF F & SCIENCE FIC.	Sep.
THE MIST by Peter Cartur.....	MAGAZINE OF F&SF.....	Sep.
THE STAR DUMMY by Anthony Boucher.....	FANTASTIC.....	Fall

surprisingly, the quality of stories this month was extremely low since THRILLING WONDER, STARTLING, and several others were listed last issue, leaving very few mags...

ISSUE'S TOP STORY

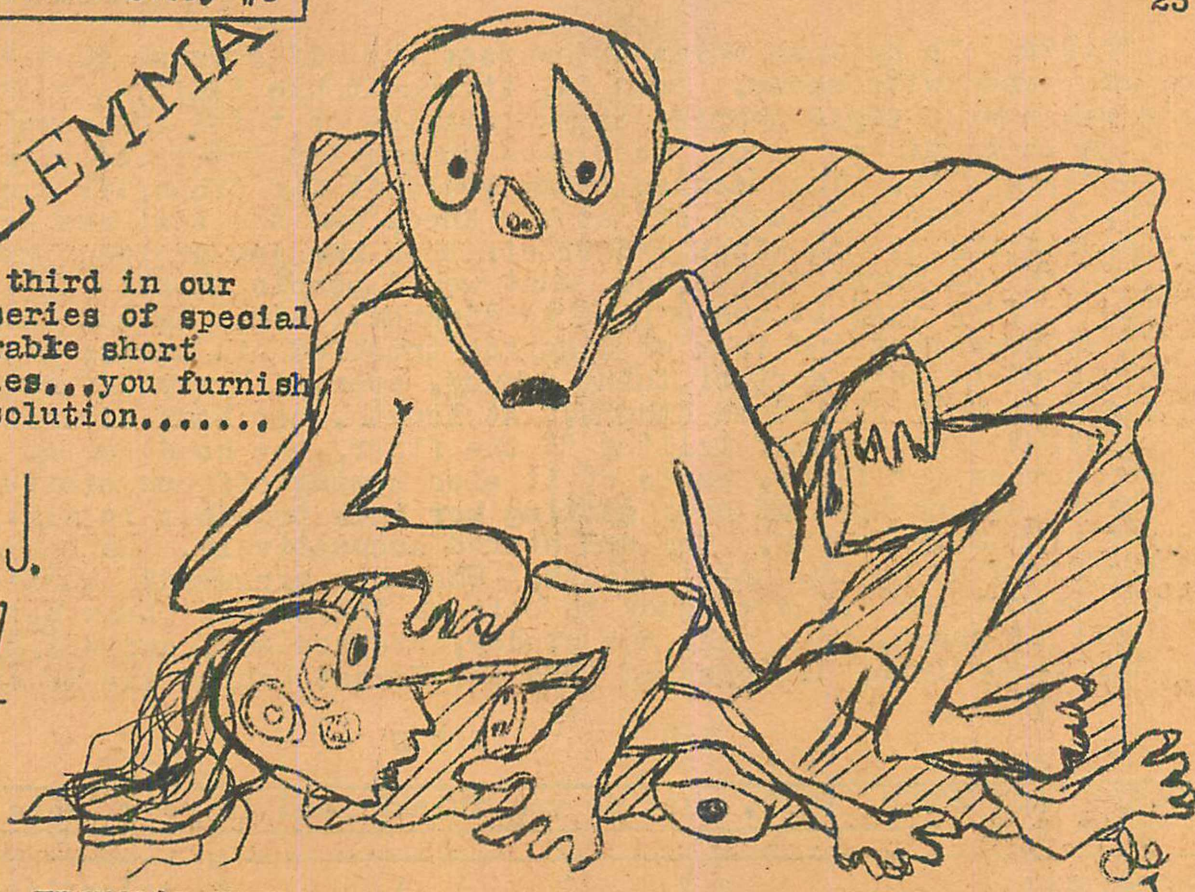
Though not up to the high-calibre of other month's stories, THE GOOD PROVIDER must necessarily be given top spot (see above)

DILEMMA

third in our
series of special
parable short
stories...you furnish
the solution.....

by

KARL J.
CHANZ



EDITOR'S NOTE: Here's another of those parables. Don't take it at face value, remember! We are particularly smug about these stories since they are given only to SEB and to NO OTHER magazine in the fan field.....

About this one. Here's the editor's opinion and I hope you understand it is ONLY this ed's opinion. But here 'tis; this is a beautifully clever picture of civilization, drawing a man in and then getting him in deeper and deeper, finally it forces him to run away, or in plainer terms, to go out of his mind. You can clearly see the person is trying to get ahead, slipping further and further into the social quagmire. What's your idea? ...he

She was weeping silently when he entered the room. Seated there by the window, the sun in her golden hair, she looked like a little unhappy child. The sight caused a tenderness in him, something he had never, somehow, been able to feel before. Sympathy, he had known, yes, but only intellectually. This new thing he felt as a pleasant little ache in his throat. He was filled with a strange and new protective sentiment towards her. He must comfort her.

But when he moved toward her, her arm fell off, striking the floor with a leaden sound. This made him feel embarrassed. She continued her weeping, ignoring the new-formed deformity; except that now she wiped away the running tears with her left hand. Something had to be done, he knew, and it didn't seem that she was going to do it. So it was up to him. He must work quickly; someone might come in any minute now. But as he replaced the arm, her tear-wiping fingers dislodged an eyeball, which fell too, and rolled across the floor. Blast it! She could at least co-operate. He picked up the eyeball and rammed it into place somewhat brutally; she winced and both legs fell off, as did the arm which he had just replaced. The hand came off the arm, too.

(concluded page 24)

Things were getting worse and worse; what if someone came in? His face crimsoned with shame. Damn it, it wasn't his fault, was it? But who'd see that? Stupid people; always willing to think the worst! Well, standing there did no good. He picked up the leg and tried shamefacedly to replace it. The accursed thing wouldn't fit properly; and when it did, the lower part came off at the knee, and the left arm dropped off, separating at the elbow and wrist; then her jaw dropped into her lap. Worse and worse and worse! What would people think? He was beginning to feel that it was a plot to discredit him. He had enemies. Shame, embarrassment and fear of disgrace troubled his hands; he'd never been good at this sort of thing anyway, ever. Every effort to replace a part only dislodged others. At length, her body separated at the waist, the upper half falling to the floor, the head coming off and rolling across the floor, parts of it also coming off and scattering.

There was no hope of ever getting her back together in time. He thought of Humpty Dumpty. One eye stared accusatively. He heard footsteps converging up the hall, voices. What had happened? What's that noise? Damn them! Always ready to believe the worst. Damn her too!

Full of shame, he opened the window, stepped out, and slinking across the sunny lawn, disappeared into the forest behind the house....

T H E E N D

EDITOR'S LAST WORD: well, what do you think? Send in your ideas to us.

department

august's best art

selections of
the best art
for July-August

VIRGIL FINLAY for his artwork pages 10,11 and 23 of FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE for September 1952

EDD CARTIER for his drawings pages 123,140 and 149 of Astounding SCIENCE FICTION for July 1952

EMSH for his cover on the August 1952 GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION

EMSH for his illustration page 92 GALAXY SF for August 1952

A. LESLIE ROSS for his cover July 1952 FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION

QUINN for his cover on May 1952 NEW WORLDS (British)

EARLE K. BERGEY for his cover on SPACE SCIENCE FICTION for Sept. 1952

RALEIGH JOYNER for his cover on September 1952 IF

DALE PAPP for his cover for the August 1952 AMAZING STORIES

TOM BEECHAM for his illustration pages 46 and 47 Fall 1952 FANTASTIC

VIRGIL FINLAY for his illustration page 154 of Fall 1952 FANTASTIC

FRONT COVER on August 1952 OTHER WORLDS by Malcolm Smith

BACK COVER on August 1952 OTHER WORLDS by Robert Gibson Jones

EARLE K. BERGEY for his cover on the October 1952 THRILLING WONDER

VIRGIL FINLAY for his artwork page 17 of October THRILLING WONDER

All artwork selected is done so on an impartial basis and with these three measures as criteria for inclusion: 1) SCIENCE FICTION and/or

FANTASY CONTENT, 2) ARTISTIC VALUE, and

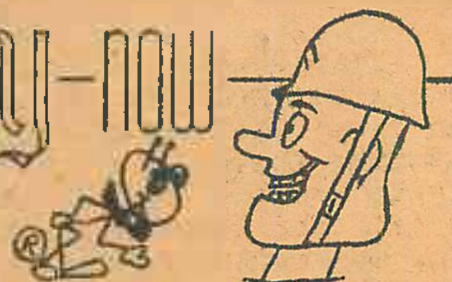
3) REFLECTION OF STORY MATERIAL.....all

artwork selected is from those s-f or fantasy magazines issued during July or August, regardless of the date upon the magazine.....

DON'T MISS "The Woman" ANOTHER parable
NEXT ISSUE

STF's - IN THE ARMY - NOW

a column conducted by STAFF SERGEANT
HAL E. SHAPIRO and
JOHN SHAY



QUESTION: WHAT IS YOUR OPINION REGARDING THE EXISTENCE OF FLYING SAUCERS, IN VIEW OF RECENT DISCUSSION

EDITOR AGAIN: we thought it might be something a little on the unusual side if we got the service man's opinions on science-fictional subjects, so here is S/SGT Hal Shapiro with the Army's opinions on same. Another SFBULLETIN first.....he

Some time ago, Harlan suggested that we do a column for him, incorporating the opinions of men on this base on various scientific-fictional subjects. Why not, we thought? Since we edit the SUBLETTE SENTINEL, an official Air Force newspaper, this would also be something to fill space in that publication. So, the column below is substantially the same as produced in the SUBLETTE SENTINEL, edition published Friday, July 4, 1952. To date, this has been the only column on this topic published. However, when more are produced, they shall be forwarded also to Ellison, if he wants them for SFBULLETIN. A 1 1 names in the column are of actual persons stationed with the 790th AC/W Squadron, Kirksville (Sublette), Missouri.

With the inauguration of this series in the SUBLETTE SENTINEL, your nosey newshound asked this question: "In view of the recent discussions about flying saucers and unidentified flying objects, what is your opinion regarding the existence of same?"

60% of the airmen quizzed said they believed the saucers do exist. Of these 58% thought that the objects were from other planets, or from a civilization in some other solar system, with the remaining 42% believing the discs are man-made secret weapons, either U.S. designed, Russian made, or both.

25% of those interviewed claimed that the saucers are merely hallucinations or said that they are balloons, clouds, meteors or some other common occurrence. 12% did not have the imagination to make a statement, with some of this group asserting that they did not give a damn. Unfortunately, 3% of those questioned told this reporter to go to warmer parts.

Several persons mentioned the fact that the saucers were seen as far back as biblical times and have been seen more or less frequently ever since. One airman commented on the "foo-fighters" seen by fly-boys from many countries during the last Great War and the present Korean crises.

Though many of the men said that most of the saucers sightings could be attributed to common aerial displays, they thought that there were too many reports that seemed authentic to discount them all as myths. (A myth, it should be noted, is a female moth). Following are comments by local wits and half with as space allows:

(concluded page 26)

BOB NIEDERKORN, "Id est, that is, viz, to wit, ie, NB, etc. They are some sort of ultra-sonic phenomenon piloted by Pogo or Notary So-jac." LEONARD ZEPP, "I think they would look better with cups o n them." Asked whether he had ever seen a flying saucer, JAKE WEISER replied, "Sure, when 'Tex' Ham was on KP. He slipped on a bean while carrying an armload of saucers."

LYLE SMITH philosophied, "I've never seen a flying saucer, I never hope to see one. But I can say, by Geoffrey Chaucer, I'd rather see than be one." Asked what he thought of the saucers, BARNELL CALDWELL said, "I don't think of the saucers."

Incidentally, whether or not it has any bearing on the high percentage of men on this base who think seriously of the flying things is a moot point. But in another column, an airman named ROGER DANNEK stated, "I think that the men on this base, generally, are more intelligent than the general run of people in the service today. This is due primarily to the fact that we are composed primarily of federalized National Guardsmen from upper middle class families."

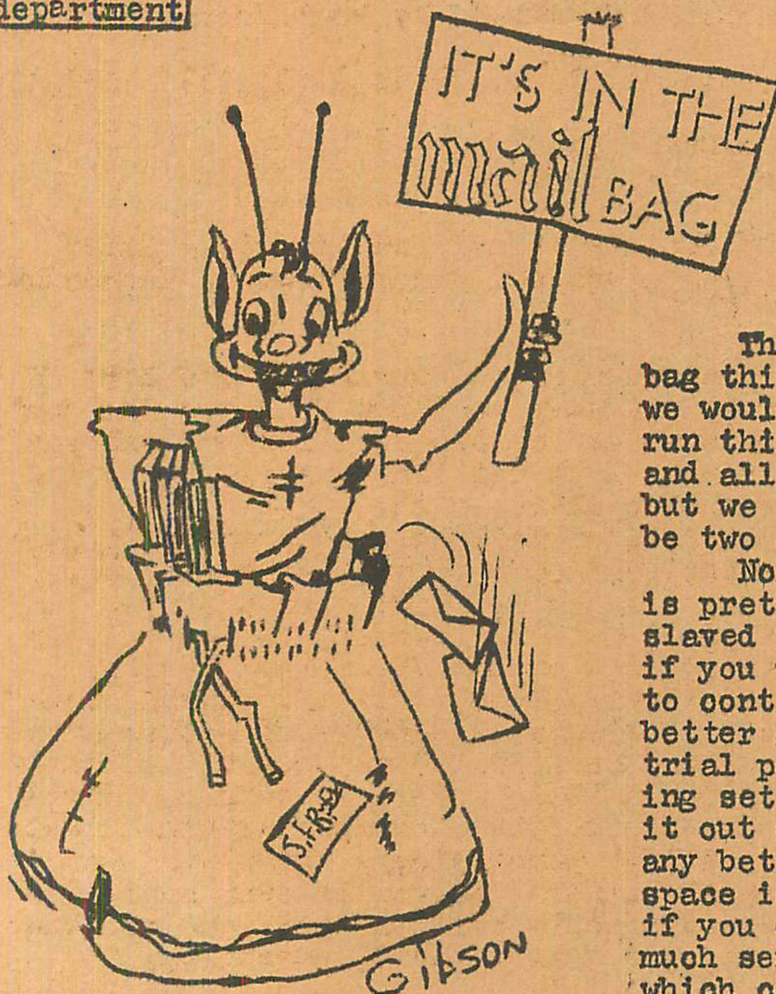
What do YOU think of flying saucers?

T H E

E N D

see all you lovely readers at the Chicon--August 30,31, September 1....

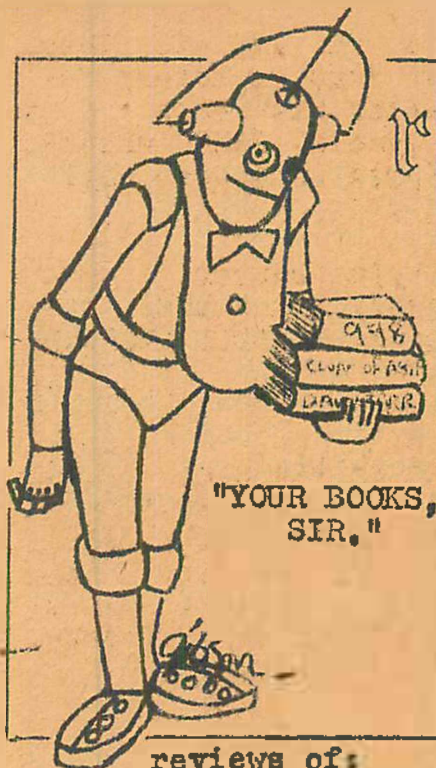
department



SORRY, BUT....

There just won't be any MAIL bag this issue. We rather thought we wouldn't have many letters to run this issue, what with the Con and all making our readers lazy, but we certainly thought there'd be two or three.

Not one letter came in! This is pretty disheartening to us who slaved to get these issues out, so if you want it's in the MAIL bag to continue in these pages, you'd better get darned busy writing. A trial period of two issues is being set up with next ish to wait it out and see if the response is any better after the Chicon. This space is for you the readers and if you don't use it, there isn't much sense in wasting the space which could be put to better use.



read any GOOD books lately?

a regular department of SCIENCE
FANTASY BULLETIN featuring in-
telligent reviews of the latest
in science fiction and fantasy
books

this issue reviews by:

YOWLER....RAYLE....NORTON....WOOD....
and ELLISON

reviews of:

THE CRYSTAL HORDE by John Taine
CLOAK OF AESIR by John W. Campbell, Jr.
998 by Edward Hyams
EARTH ABIDES by George R. Stewart (featured)
TEEN AGE SCIENCE FICTION STORIES by Richard Elam
DAVID STARR, SPACE RANGER by Paul French

(((((.....))))))

THE SILICATE MENACE
reviewed by Ray Yowler

THE CRYSTAL HORDE/ by John Taine/ Fantasy Press/ Reading, Pa./ 1952/
\$3.00/ 254 pp/ dust wrapper and end papers and decorations by Hannes Bok/

Once in a very great while you stumble upon an author who has a rare and unusual gift of writing so fluently that you find you have read one or two hundred pages in (what you consider) a ridiculously, as far as reading time goes, short time. Hugo had that quality as did Dickens and Poe. John Taine has that quality, also.

Or rather, Doctor Eric Temple Bell of CalTech has that quality, for John Taine is merely a pseudonym for that most famous mathematician.

Whether the science of numbers affects Dr. Bell's writing is a point which matters little. What does matter, however, is the style and imagination he employs in writing one of his first-rate novels.

This latest of the Taine-opii (I believe that is the plural) concerns itself with a mysterious crock of eggs, a package of Easter dyes that produce a most singular effect, a beautiful Chinese girl and several parts eccentric scientist, U.S. Marines, and sheer horror. Mixed up in a writing style that is fraught with latent humour at the most unexpected and pleasing spots, beautiful phraseology, and plain good plotting, this makes for as enjoyable a novel as you'll ever hope to plant your peepers upon. In this reviewer's opinion it is one of the best books Taine has ever written...and that's saying something.

and heights. While some of the basic ideas here are excellent, Campbell's basic difficulty in writing of realistic and interesting individuals prevents these tales from matching the excellence of the rest of the book.

The title story, CLOAK OF AESIR, and its companion OUT OF NIGHT form a worthy climax to the book. These deal with the struggles of a resurgent human race some four thousand years after humanity has been conquered by the matriarchal Sarn. Possibly the most interesting character in the "Aesir" stories is the immortal Sarn-Mother. Her thoughts and actions, reflecting the wisdom--and the weariness--of thousands of years, are shrewd and accurate.

The stories are all unusual. They take situations almost trite to the experience reader and then develop them to conclusions decidedly non-traditional. The shock is sometimes more severe because of the logic involved--once the point is made, it is obvious.

A collection such as this is one no fan should miss.

that damned mutant again

special featured book review *****

PRIZE-WINNING REVIEW
reviewed by Harlan Ellison



'NOTHER LI'L
PURSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: since this editorial note is about myself, I feel sort of strange, but nonetheless, it is with a glow of pride that I mention that the book review you are going, in a moment, to read, won first place in the NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW CONTEST for high school students in America.....he

EARTH ABIDES/ by George R. Stewart/ Random House /
New York/ 1949/ \$3.00/ 373 pp/ jacket by H. Lawrence Hoffman/

There are upwards of three thousand books published each year. The bulk of these pass quickly into obscurity and are seldom remembered. Once in a while a book comes forth that contains such richness of thought and excellence of execution that the reader immediately realized he is reading what might well be termed a "classic".

So it was with this reviewer when he read George R. Stewart's EARTH ABIDES. For this reviewer, this book was the ultimate thrill of years of book reading. It was just the kind of story I liked, with just the right amount of pathos and the right amount of comedy.

It combined a flawless style and an exactness of detail with an unusual plot to make a sparkling brew of reading enjoyment, the like of which I had seldom seen. But more, it gave an insight into the ways of man; a glimpse into a possible future with results that followed all the patterns we are making today.

(concluded page 30)

It was the story of an Earth de-populated by a virulent disease, save for a mere handful, leaving the world in the same condition as it was before with one exception...man was gone. The story of the effects on the mind and manners of a man rescued from the fate that engulfed his species is dwarfed by the ever-present hero of the novel---the Earth. It philosophically presents the theory that no matter what happens to Man, puny as he is, the Earth goes on...another period in its unending history passes.

Aside from being a wonderful story, unsurpassed in this reviewer's reading, the novel made me think more than any other tale I had ever read. The hope expressed at the end of the book, for a rebirth of Man from his downcast state of semi-barbarism, made me wonder if perhaps such a catastrophe had not happened in our dim, unremembered past, and if perhaps WE might not be the result of just such a rebirth.

To say merely that this reviewer enjoyed the book would be a masterpiece of understatement and would grossly malign the quality of the novel.

To my way of thinking, Mr. Stewart has a tremendous gift of genius.

PHE-Y0001

reviewed by Honey Wood

998/ by Edward Hyams/ Pantheon Books/ New York/ 1952/ \$2.75/207 pp/

After toiling through 207 pages of this book, all I can say is, "Awful!" How Mr. Groff Conklin classified this as s-f, I'll never know. To this reviewer, 998 was utterly boring. Save for the "gad-get", there was absolutely no science fiction in the book.

The time of the story is 1946 and is (credit given where due) an extremely good satire on world governments. But... the first page of the book was good and the last page, but everything (almost everything, anyway) in between was just--nothing.

To mention a little of the plot: several sailors get drunk one night and swipe a pawn shop's traditional sign and part of a baby buggy. Welded together, they are then welded onto the mast of their ship. Next morning when all the officers are wondering what the thing is, one of the sailors tells them it is an advanced radar setup.

One of the main objections to the book is the overabundance of characters who, it seems, don't know who each one is and what he is doing and only serve to confuse the reader all the more.

Fundamentally, the plot just did not move.

Published in England under the title SYLVES-
TER, this reviewer advises; if you run across it
in a bookstore...just keep going.



Shelby Vick's
PUFFIN OFFERS
HIS OPINION OF
THIS BOOK

HEY! BECAUSE - WE HAVE TO HURRY
THIS ISH AND BECAUSE OF
SPACE LIMITATIONS, "TALES OF
COTTON THORNE" WILL BE PUT OFF!

LEFTOVERS or ODD ENDS

(in other words, we wanted to fill up the inside bacover..)

Some of the fellows who write s-f who have written CAPTAIN VIDEO in the last few months are: Don Wilcox, Jack Vance, Milton Lesser, Wm. Morrison and several others whose names we can't find right now.....

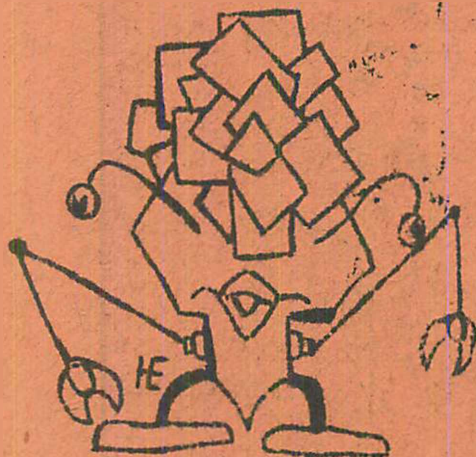
Paula Raymond has been signed for the lead in THE MONSTER FROM BENEATH THE SEA which Mutual Productions will make as a sort of modern KING KONG. The monster, a prehistoric animal, is blasted out of the ice age by an atom bomb and attacks New York. That sequence will be done in animation. (Hedda Hopper's column)

George Pal is now filming Chesley Bonestell and Willy Ley's CONQUEST OF SPACE. It will be out sometime in 1953

The next Abbott and Costello fiasco will be ABBOTT AND COSTELLO GO TO MARS.....another sfilm to be released soon is 5,000 A.D.

A while back we mentioned a picture (~~AAAAA~~) (I just put that in to show that even WE can make mistakes) called the 5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T. Well, we have now found out that it is an all-live-action fantasy written by Dr. Suess who writes those children's books adults enjoy reading. It will star Mary Healy and Peter Lind Hayes.

Two of the stories for the Bleiler-Dikty BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES: 1952, not yet released, will be: ETERNAL EARTHMEN by Walter Kubilius from the now-defunct SUPER SCIENCE STORIES and THE MARCHING MORONS from GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION.



SF BULLETIN book reviewer Andre Norton has been selected to head up GNOME PRESS' new children's library. They are leading off with several books (all originals) that are supposedly pretty terrific. One is CIRCUS by Lester del Rey which tells of the circus of the future.

I don't remember if we told you, but H. B. Fyfe is DEFINATELY NOT H. Beam Piper.

SF BULLETIN got its first pro review in this month's STARTLING STORIES. Wheeees! We're BNF. (Big Nothing Fans)

More odd ends next ish when we'll have a complete resume (yas, I wanted two 'e's in there) of the Chicago Convention. And by the way, we'll see ya there, my ass't ed Honey Wood and mine selluf...bye....he

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

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"WHAT DO
YOU MEAN—THIS ZINE IS ALL
WET?"