

the BULLETIN

CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

APRIL
1952

15¢

ISSUE
NUMBER
14

BIG
MIDWEST 1952
FAN
CONFERENCE
ISSUE.....



READ...

The Lost
Atomic
a tale of multiple worlds

BIG
 Midwest FAN
 CONFERENCE
 ISSUE.....
 1985

the BOLLER
 CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY
 APRIL 1985
 NUMBER 154
 ISSUE



Bob
 1985

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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. The CSFS is affiliated with NO OTHER fan groups than the Ohio Fantasy Society, sponsors of the Midwest Convention. All material submitted to the magazine is done at the contributor's risk. Although all possible care will be taken with manuscripts, etc., no responsibility for same will be accepted. Single copies: 15¢. A full year's subscription, twelve issues and an annual issue: \$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 HAVE BEEN PASSED BY THE CSFS BOARD OF ADVISERS

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ART IN THIS ISSUE: WOOD....ROTSLER....ELLISON....GIBSON....DOMINICK (IDEA)

REACTION

Calculated responses, or as Korzybski is so fond of calling them, "old falls", are indeed wondrous things.

The greatest success would be assured the editor equipped with a set of these tables or graphs telling just which way the "wind blows", so to speak.

But unfortunately, since this editor would like to be successful also, there has neither been anyone to come forward with these handy helpers, or if he did, would the budget of the BULLETIN allow us to buy a set of them. Nonetheless, I feel that we must have some reliable method of recording the readers preferences toward the material in this fanzine. Material that can be chosen by the editor and the members of the advisory board on their own preferences until some better method comes up.

Sadly enough, since the letters you are supposed to be writing (we were assured when we took over, that they would) have not and are not flooding in, we are somewhat up an editorial tree of sorts. Because we can only go on our own preferences, such as we have been doing up till now and in a manner that personally I feel is not bad at all.

But that is beside the point of this editorial. The purpose of this editorial is to inform you briefly on the way reader reactions have gone in relation to our first two issues under this editorship (as near as we can figure because of a serious lack of correspondence from our readers. I hope we have readers!).

FIRST ISSUE: best liked item was Steve Schultheis' A MANIACAL INCIDENT. Most controversial article in the zine was (naturally) the Bradbury article by Yowler which brought the usual amount of comment from both Bradburyphobes and anti-Bradburyites. We cannot in truth say there was a best liked fiction piece since the only one included was GREEN DENOUEMENT which brought in but one comment. That one said it was enjoyable, but was too slim a return to make a specific and substantial comment on.

General opinion on first issue summed up to, "It was well worth the effort but a lousy job of mimeo work." One remark, that we checked and which made us feel extremely happy was that a certain reader had never seen a fanzine with as few grammatical and/or printing mistakes inside as ours. And for that we thank you muchly.

SECOND ISSUE: things picked up speed with top spot for best liked item going to Ray Gibson for his GALLERY OF ET LIFE which brought in not one single dissenting vote (Frankly, we liked it too.). Best fiction piece was LUNA by Ellison, according to the votes, and the most controversial item was the editorial, as we were well expecting.

Although strangely enough, the fault found with it and the arguments started, were not on the major point of the ed, at all, but on several minor points used for illustration. Oh well, that's fen fer ya.

General opinion on second ish: much, much better than first issue but where was the table of contents page? Well, we simply ran out of mimeo plates. So sorry. We'll be looking for more fluctuations on our readergraph, so start sending in your opinions.....he

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

C I T A T I O N

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

#3: ROBERT A. HEINLEIN for
THE FUTURE HISTORY SERIES

It seems that the writing of a Future History series is something of a hobby for a great many stf writers. Just as all newspapermen want to write the "great American novel", so it is with the science fiction author and a proposed Future History. For some it is a tour de force, for a great many others...a dismal flop.

But when a specific Future History series is spoken about, it is a safe bet to assume the speaker is referring to Mr. Robert Heinlein's beautifully intertwined tales of the years through which we ourselves may live---and the years of the far distant future.

Heinlein, as exemplified in his Future History stories, was one of the first, and one of the most successful, to employ human interest in his science fiction writings. Till Heinlein wielded his pen in the cause of "humanistic writing" with more accent on the people who used the science and its effects upon them---and less upon the science itself, stf was indeed, much the worse for it.

With the publication of LIFE LINE in Astounding Science Fiction, Heinlein became an immediate favorite of the readers. His stories combined both detail and fast-paced action with new ideas and a regard for people to make a sparkling brew of story interest the likes of which fans had seldom seen.

His UNIVERSE rocked fandom back on their heels,...IF THIS GOES ON and COVENTRY were applauded for years, and his stories of Harriman are still milestones in stf writing.

More than any other single writer of science fiction, Heinlein has served to further science fiction in the way it should be furthered. His "juvenile" novels have brought countless teen-age readers to the fan ranks and have helped immeasurably to offset the "science fiction trash" that might fall into their hands.

When introducing anyone to science fiction, it is a common practice to put into his hands a Heinlein novel and say, "This is good science fiction."

The CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY takes a great deal of pride in awarding Robert A. Heinlein, a master of science fiction, our meager but heartfelt thanks for the hours of pleasant reading and for the wonderful things he has done for science fiction.

* * * * *

a letter explaining the CITATION, and a free subscription to the BULLETIN are being sent to Robert A. Heinlein.

Feature

LEFT
OVERS
OR
ODD
ENDS

The book version of James Blish's LET THE FINDER BE-WARE from TWS (December 1949) has been retitled JACK OF EAGLES and has been issued by Greenberg: Publisher (review of it next issue).

In the legitimate theatre line, Sam and Bella Spewack are trying to persuade Diana Lynn to play in their London hit titled LOOK AT THE ANT, a fantasy in which ants grow to the size of humans.

A couple of new pictures coming up are MIRACLE FROM MARS and another Martian fantasy called RED PLANET MARS.

Another new one is a musical fantasy called THE 5000 FINGERS OF DOCTOR ????? (can't find that paper with the info on it, so we don't know the Herr Doktor's last name).

A small contest: anyone getting us any info on OLAF STAPLEDON, or info on how to get the dope, will win a copy of van Vegt's MISSION: INTERPLANETRAY. Hurry-----

ANDREA NORTON (registered as a member of the CSFS) who edited the book BULLARD OF THE SPACE PATROL by Malcolm Jameson, has won one of the coveted prizes in the 1951 contest for best juvenile books. Good for you, Miss N.

3rd. ANNUAL MIDWEST CONFERENCE

sponsored by: CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP
THE MIDWEST CONFERENCE COMMITTEE
THE OHIO FANTASY GROUP
CINCINNATI SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY
COLUMBUS FANTASY GROUP

INDIAN LAKE, OHIO
MAY 10-11
BEATLEY'S ON-THE-LAKE
HOTEL! BE THERE!!

department



Crystal-Balling

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

This being the annual Midwestern issue, we are somewhat devoid of material, but even so, the CSFS BULLETIN never fails. (Huzzah, huzzah and hurrah!) For instance:

FANTASY POETRY, AS SUCH a discussion of the fantastic aspect of verse by FREDRIC MARLOW

GIBSON'S GALLERY OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE featuring another of Ray Gibson's tremendous denizens of another world plus more material to make issue number 15 one of our best....

the



BEER CAMPAIGN

by MICHAEL FRAZIER

QUESTION: WHAT TO FILL THE MARTIAN
CANALS WITH?

ANSWER: BEER, OF COURSE!

"Where did you say you were from?"

"Mars."

"That's what I thought you said."

Silence

"Let's take it again, Mister, slower this time."

The little man with the unusually ruddy complexion stood before the befuddled brewer, shifting from one foot to another, till gathering his breath into what appeared to be the most sunken of chests, he began, for the second time, "We want beer for our canals,

"Our canals are dry---we want beer for them. Is that clear?"

Wide-eyed, the beer-blender stammered in acquiescence, "Yeah, yeah, it's clear. But I don't unnerstan'. You better see Mister Blowzer."

He motioned toward a door at the rear of the fermenting room, "Right through there," he instructed, "back through the hall till you come to the door leading to the main offices. Tell the girl at the desk you wanta see Mister Blowzer."

The little crimson-hued man thanked the brewmaster in an absent-minded way and went swiftly through the designated orifice.

Behind him, the brewer was standing wiping his sweaty forehead and mumbling something to the effect that they ought to put better padlocks on the fermenting room doors. All kinds of screwlooses were getting in.

Winding his way through the hall toward the office, the little man kept staring straight ahead, as though he were worrying about matters of great import. Like the salvation of a race.

He was,



"I'D LIKE TO ORDER
SOME BEER," SAID
MORGUM.

(continued page 6)

He entered the reception room of the Blowzer Beer Company and walked quietly across the deeply carpeted floor to the reception desk behind which a bleached blonde sat improving her education with a copy of "Mad Love Escapades combined with Torrid Passion Affairs" magazine.

"A-hemmm."

The gum stopped moving, the eyes unglazed, the magazine lowered, and the pseudo-blonde head swiveled.

"Yes?" Extremely nasal.

"I would like to see Mister Blowzer."

"Who shall I say is calling," the girl almost yawned and took out a pencil.

"Mister Tazyazi."

"Wh...?"

"Uh...just say Mister...er...Smith is here."

She gave him a peculiar, sidelong glance, and raising her heavily perfumed body from her reception chair, edged away toward a panelled door near the back of the room, behind a wooden entrance gate.

In a few moments the girl came out again and said, "Mister Blowzer will see you. Won't you go r-right in." But she didn't open the gate as was her usual wont.

The little man went through the gate and into the office and presence of H. Herman Blowzer III.

Imagine a bottle of Blowzer's Fabulous Beer. The round, almost bloated-looking body; the thick neck of the bottle; the brownish hue of the glass. Just picture what a bottle of that beer would look like with a pair of fat arms and blubbery legs added and with a lumpish head plopped on top.

H. Herman Blowzer III.

"Something I can do for you my good fellow," wheezed the bloated hump of protoplasm behind the desk.

"We saw your advertisement," answered the the reddish-hued man matter-of-factly.

"What ad...oh, you must mean our new one. Yes, a clever bit of advertising if I must say so myself." He added confidentially, "I thought of it myself. Rather ingenious, ay? Most beer advertisements say their beer is the best in the city; or the state; or the country; or once in a while even the continent. But MY ad says that "Blowzer Beer is the best on the entire planet Earth."

(continued page 7)

He added reflectively, lost in his own mood. "Deucedly clever of me I should say. Did I tell you I thought of it?"

"We saw your ad."

"Yes, I know. You said that."

"We would like to order some beer."

"Well, well, that's fine," chortled Blowzer reaching into his ~~draw~~ drawer for a pencil and order blank. "I don't often take orders myself anymore, but since you're here..." He left the sentence unfinished, having noticed that his guest was not paying the least bit of attention. "Now how much of an order would you like to place?"

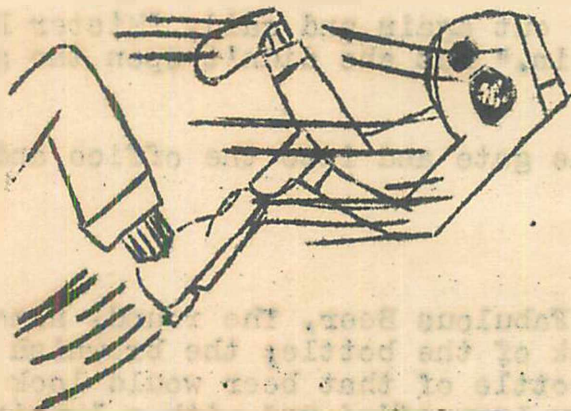
"Fifty trillion barrels a year---indefinitely."

The plop as the pencil dropped on the paper was quite distinct in the office.

Blowzer hunched forward, as much as his bulk would allow, "I don't believe I heard you rightly, Mr. Smith. What did you say?"

"Fifty trillion barrels a year---indefinitely."

The beer baron pulled an oily hankie from his suit coat pocket and swabbed at his forehead which had begun to sweat profusely. "Fif...fifty TRILLION barrels?" he inquired, the accent on the trillion containing a slightly hysterical note.



"That is correct."

"And where may I ask, is it going?" brazened Blowzer, sensing a joke.

"To Mars."

The significance did not sink in immediately. "In what state?"

"No state. The planet Mars."

* * *

Morgum got thrown out again. It was the third place that day he had tried. They wouldn't believe him. What was so fantastic about being from Mars?

So Earth hadn't been visited before. So what? Couldn't these idiots believe something when you told them? It was disconcerting to say the least. Morgum had been certain that the Blowzer Company was the one that could solve his problem. A company that had advertising on a planetwide scale must certainly be more far-sighted than the others.

But it was the same old story.

Wincing, the little red man lifted himself off the pavement and

(continued page 8)

staggered dejectedly away from the brewery.

As he weaved away from the beer factory, the high metal fence suddenly swung open and out ran, if it could be called that, the bulbuous Blowzer.

"Mr. Smith. Oh, Mr. Smith," he puffed and wheezed as he propelled his massive body toward Morgum, "I'm awfully sorry I was so rash. If you'll come back, I'll try to make amends."

Morgum was astounded. "Why did you change your mind? Do you mean that you believe me?"

"Certainly, certainly, my boy," he rumbled, "I was just testing your...uh...stamina, yes, that's it...your stamina."

"My socio-culturegraph never mentioned this custom," Morgum mused. "Will you sell us the beer now?"

"Certainly, my good fellow, all in good time. Won't you come back now and tell your story to our board of trustees. A...uh...sale of this kind needs more confirmation and...uh...explanation."

* * * *

Morgum stood at the head of the long table. Down one side were twelve men. Down the other side were twelve other men. And at the head of the table, facing him was H. Herman Blowzer III.

Unhesitating, Morgum Tzzyzzl began, "Mars, as your scientists have suspected, is a much older planet than yours. Her youth was several hundred thousand years ago, according to your time. But through the centuries, the planet has grown old and our lands have dried up. This is chiefly due to the fact that our "water" (actually it was a chemical equivalent of your H₂O) has evaporated. Even our technology, far in advance of yours, could not regain enough of the lost moisture to re-fertilize the ground. Our crops dried out and we began to die off.

"Naturally we worried about the problem, but being a race much like yourselves, the average person did not care and went about their work and play without a thought to the future.

"Now the situation is serious."

He stopped momentarily as if gathering his thoughts, and then once again plunged on, "Within the fifty years, though, the situation has become so bad that we knew we must do something or eventually perish.

"Although we had space travel many years ago, we were so content on Mars that we never bothered to visit you. Till a half a century ago it was suggested that perhaps you Earthmen might help us."

The men around the table looked startled. Up till then, they had listened as to a child telling a fairy tale, but now they came suddenly awake.

Morgum continued, "I was delegated to come to Earth and try to establish a trade system to obtain what we need for something we might have that you would need.

(continued page 9)

"In my search around the planet, I have heard it mentioned that gold is valuable. Also pitchblende. We have great deposits of these metals which, frankly, we consider useless. But if you can make use of them, we would be more than happy to strike a bargain."

The twenty-five trustees, Blowzer included, looked at each other. "One thing though," queried a bald-headed fellow from the far end of the table, "What do we have that you want so much?"

"Beer."

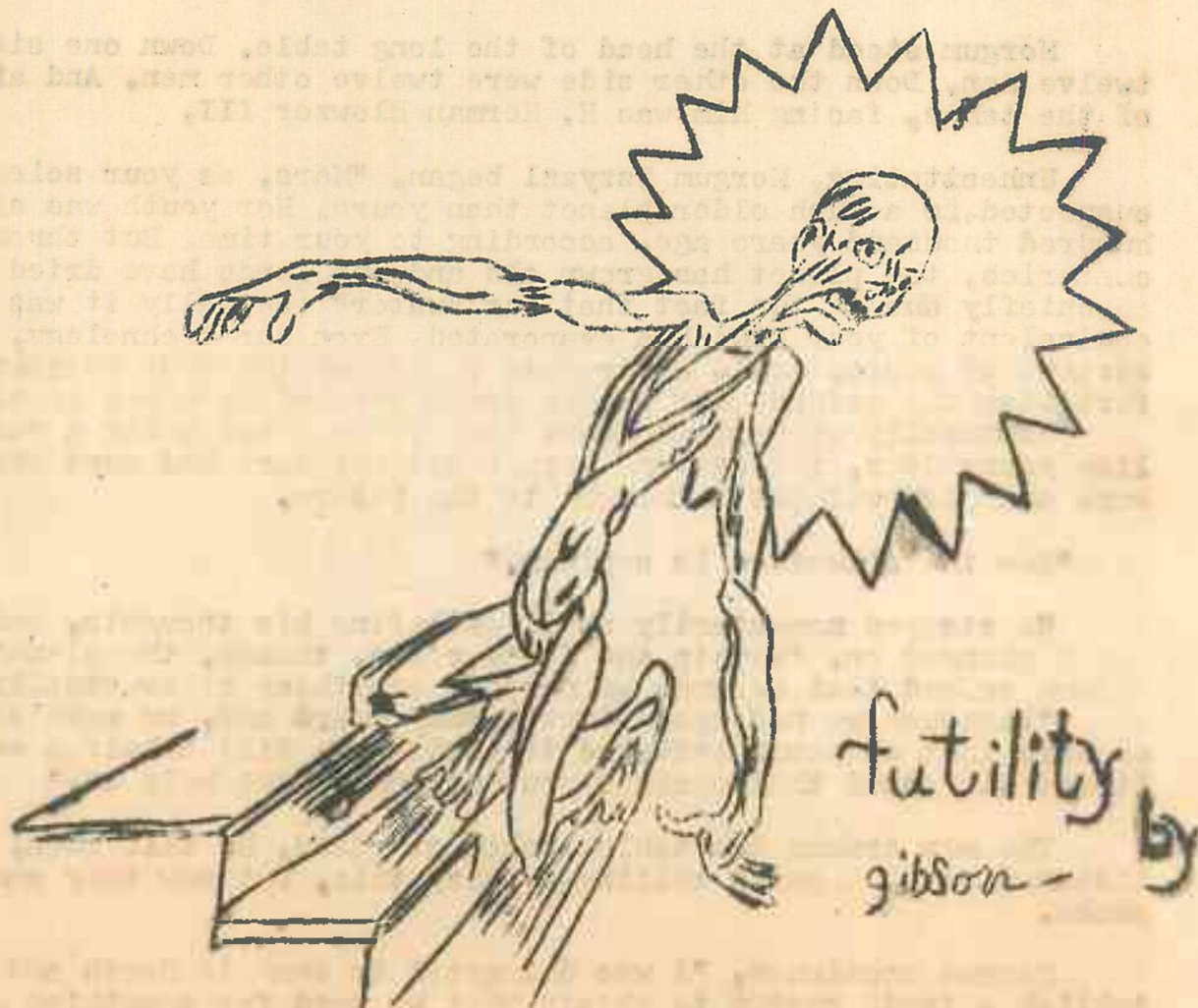
Incredulity ruled. "What?", "Beer? Is he crazy?", "What is this? A joke?", "A hoax?", "...out of his mind!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," Blowzer turned red, as red as Morgum, and bellowed at the top of his lungs at the raging trustees, "Please let Mr. Tzzy...er...Tyzz...uh...Smith, finish."

As soon as comparative silence had fallen, Morgum began once again, where he had left off. "The chemical properties of 3.2 beer are conducive to good growth in our plant life. The malt and hops, fermented and combined with the component we have found, provide the necessary chemicals in the right amounts to not only rejuvenate the flora of our plan-

(continued page 10)

special art feature



et, but make it strong and healthy. And besides, Martians LIKE beer."

Again pandemonium reigned.

"If you like it so much and it helps the flowers, or whatever, why don't you make some yourself?" it was the same bald trustee as before.

Calmly the red Martian answered, "We find that not only don't we have enough planet life to make beer, but somehow, in the advancement of our culture, we neglected to learn how to brew it at all. The only beer we have is what we buy here on Earth and TP back to Mars for experiment."

"You do what with the beer?"

"TP it."

"What in the heck is TP?"

"Teleport. That is how we would get the beer to Mars that we bought from you."

This time it seemed as though the walls would crash about their ears. Every member of the trustee board had chosen sides. Some were screaming invectives at Blowzer and some were screaming ditto at Tzzzzz!

Finally Blowzer again stilled them; by whanging and banging on the table with a wooden mallet till the thing snapped off at the neck.

"Now shut up," he bellowed, again crimsoning like the Martian, "uh...Mr. Smith, would you mind retiring to the foyer till I take this up with the boys...that is, the board."

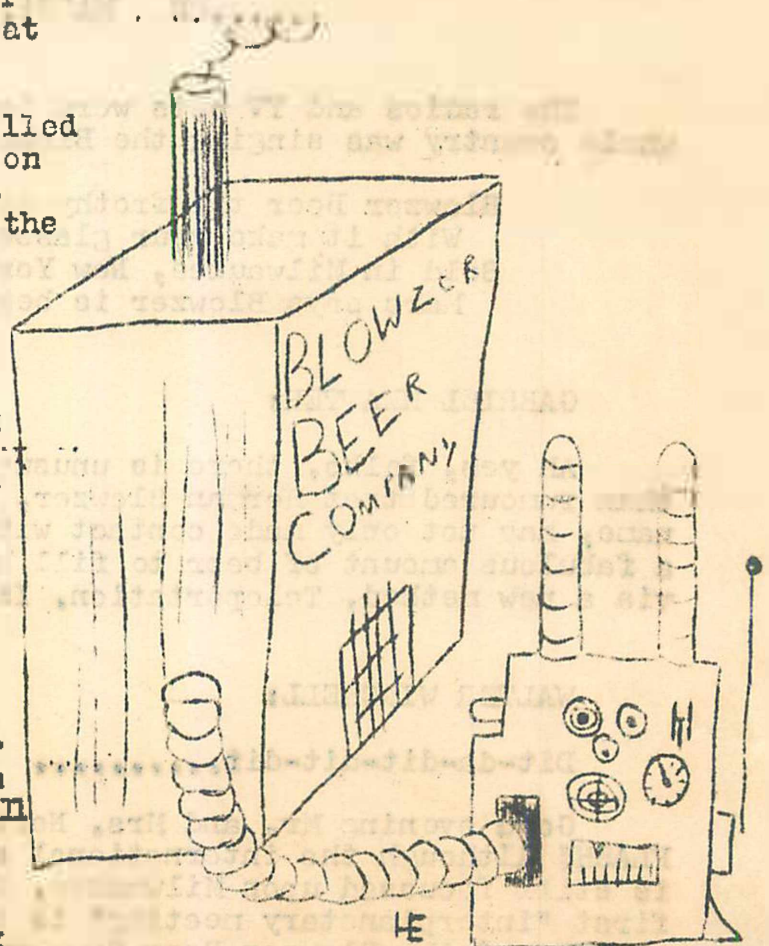
It was a statement, not a question.

Morgum retired.

As soon as the heavy door closed behind the tiny red man Bell broke loose once more. Till Blowzer stilled the waves of protest. All but Baldy.

"What do you mean getting us all the way from our work to come here and listen to this, this---," he fumbled for the word, "screwball."

(continued page 11)



THE BEER WAS TP'ed TO MARS

Another chimed in, "What kind of a hoax are you pulling this time Blowzer?"

With a raise of a beefy hand, Blowzer motioned them to silence. He then simply stated, "He is undoubtedly a crackpot...but can you see the advertising?"

They could.

* * * *

The advertising screamed:

FIRST IN MILWAUKEE

THEN IN WISCONSIN

NEXT IN THE UNITED STATES

FOLLOWED BY THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT

AND THEN THE WHOLE EARTH

BUT NOW.....

BLOWZER'S FABULOUS BEER IS SOLD

.....ON MARS!!!

The radios and TV sets were loaded with the Blowzer ads. Soon the whole country was singing the Blowzer jingle:

Blowzer Beer the frothy drink
With it make your glasses clink.
Sold in Milwaukee, New York too...
Mars says Blowzer is best for you.

GABRIEL HEATTER:

Ah yes, folks, there is unusual news ton-n-n-n-n-ight. It is more than rumoured that Herman Blowzer, of the beer company of the same name, has not only made contact with a real Martian, but is selling him a fabulous amount of beer to fill his canals. The beer is to be shipped via a new method, Teleportation. It is said that the Martia...

WALTER WINCHELL:

Dit-da-dit-dit-dit.....

Good evening Mr. and Mrs. North America and all the ships at sea. FLASH! Although the international situation is still grave, the spotlight is still focussed upon Milwaukee, Wisconsin in the U.S. For there the first "interplanetary meeting" is taking place between H. Herman Blowzer III of the Blowzer Beer Company and an unidentified Martian. Although it is probably a hoax, it is a good advertising campaign for Blowzer Beer. So good in fact that sales have increased ninety-seven per cent. But we with common horse sense know that there is no such

(concluded page 12)

thing as a "Martian". And to have one buying beer...why that is just fantas.....

The newspapers saw a chance for a crusade. They blazed their messages all over the planets

CHEAP BLOWZER HOAX SHAMEFUL
PUBLICITY STUNT RAKES IN GELT
NO MARTIANS!!! IT'S ALL A FAKE!!!

But at the Blowzer beer plant a huge machine was making it difficult for the employees to park their cars. It stood in the center of the parking lot and had fifteen hundred pipes connected with it to the fermenting rooms.

It was a massive thing with protrubences all over it. And beer, fresh from the vats, was being piped through at a rate that would equal, in one year, 50,000,000,000 barrels!

But the funny thing was that the machine wasn't hooked up to any vats or storage tanks and all the beer that went in, while not being stored, was definitely not coming out. In fact, try as they might, the employees couldn't even find an opening. The question of the day was, "Where's it going?"

If they only knew.

Also causing trouble for the workers were the stacks and stacks of bricks of gold and pitchblende on the front lawn, guarded by Brinks.

But the papers yelled:

F A K E ! ! !

Blowzer looked at the sales chart. It went up so high, he had to add an annex. He glanced out the window at the bricks of gold and pitchblende and shook his head. Smith, or whatever his name was, had disappeared the day after the pipes were hooked up.

Then the next day, those bricks had been out on the lawn. But he didn't worry about it too much. So the gold and pitchblende were given in return, enough for fifty years of beer at least, but that didn't mean Smith was a Martian.

Well, he wasn't going to worry about it.

Just look at that chart, will you.

Morgum hiccuped contentedly and looked down at the sparkling white foam on the stein of beer he held. He hicced again.

(NEWS ITEM) Observers at Mount Palomar have reported a strange
(really concluded page 13)

transformation. They have noted that the heretofore dark lines on the planet Mars, which had been labeled as "canals", have suddenly changed to a sparkling, shimmery white. Those that are dark are changing rapidly and noted scientists are...

*

*

*

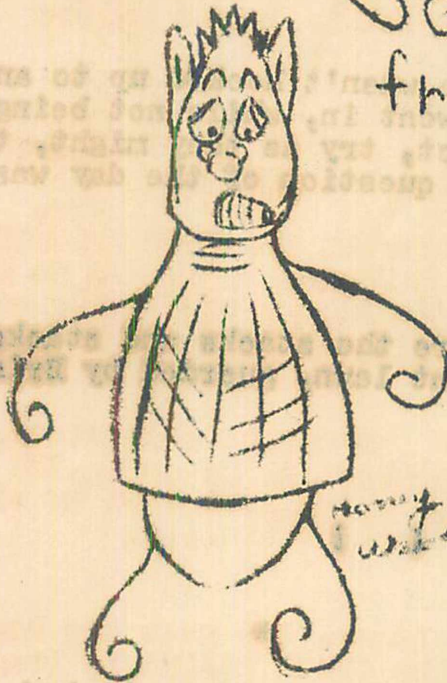
In 2003, the first rocket landed on the red planet and found...

A race of drunkards and a booming Alka-Seltzer business.

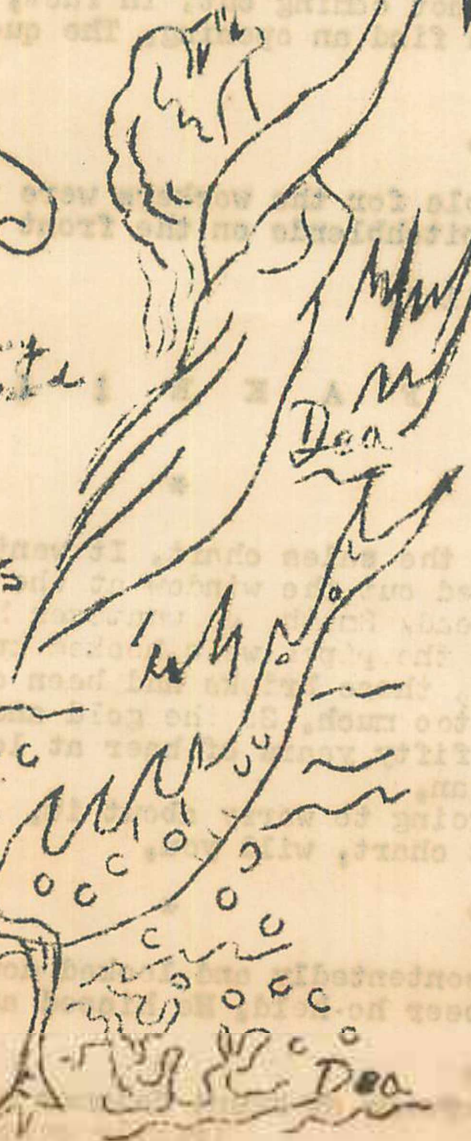
THE END

art

Squiggles
from ten



PORTIA FACES
LIFE



N E X T T E X T

coming up in the promage?

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION....THE SLING by Richard Ashby...
HOBSON'S CHOICE by Alfred
Bester...STAIR TRICK by
Mildred Clingerman... "WHO
SHALL I SAY IS CALLING?" by
August Derleth...THE ANCES-
TRAL AMETHYST by de Camp
and Pratt...THE GUALCOPHONE
by Alan Nelson...

STARTLING STORIES.....COLLISION by Raymond F. Jones...PASSEPORT TO PAX
by Kendall Foster Crossen...

(special advice from several reputable sources informs us to watch for a special story THE LOVERS by Philip Farmer in the August Startling Stories...)

AMAZING STORIES.....SON OF THE BLACK CHALICE a sequel to SECRET OF
THE BLACK PLANET by Milton Lesser...

(word also comes through that another story in the JOHN BLOODSTONE series about MICHAEL FLANNIGAN (Gurund Ritroon), a sequel to LAND BEYOND THE LENS and THE GOLDEN GODS, is coming up soon along with a sequel to Don Wilcox's THE GIANTS OF MOGO. No definite date...)

SPACE SCIENCE FICTION.....CONAN THE CIMMERIAN (an unpublished story,
just unearthed) by Robert E. Howard...THE
BARRIER by Murray Leinster...stories by William
Tenn, Fletcher Pratt and others.....

GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION.....as announced last issue, the next big headline in GSF will be GRAVY PLANET by Fredrick Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth.....

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.....THE SPECTER GENERAL by Theodore R. Cogswell.....

NEW WORLDS (british).....PERFORMANCE TEST by John K. Aiken...BREAKING
POINT by John Christopher...HOME IS THE HERO
by E.C. Tubb...HIDEAWAY by Peter Hawkins...
PRECEDENT by Charles Gray.....

more next text in our next issue, number 15...watch for it...

AN ITEM IN THE CLEVELAND PRESS OF FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1952 ON THE FRONT PAGE RELATES THE FACT THAT A FLYING SAUCER WAS SPOTTED OVER THE BIG CADILLAC TANK PLANT BY A SIGHTER AT CLEVELAND AIRPORT. THE ITEM WAS HANDLED IN A STRAIGHT MANNER BY THE SCIENCE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.....

Gibson's GALLERY OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE

This is the second in a series of cartoon-articles by young science fiction artist RAY GIBSON portraying the denizens of other worlds. Your comments are requested.

#2: THE HALF-TRACK TELEPATH OF RIGEL XVII

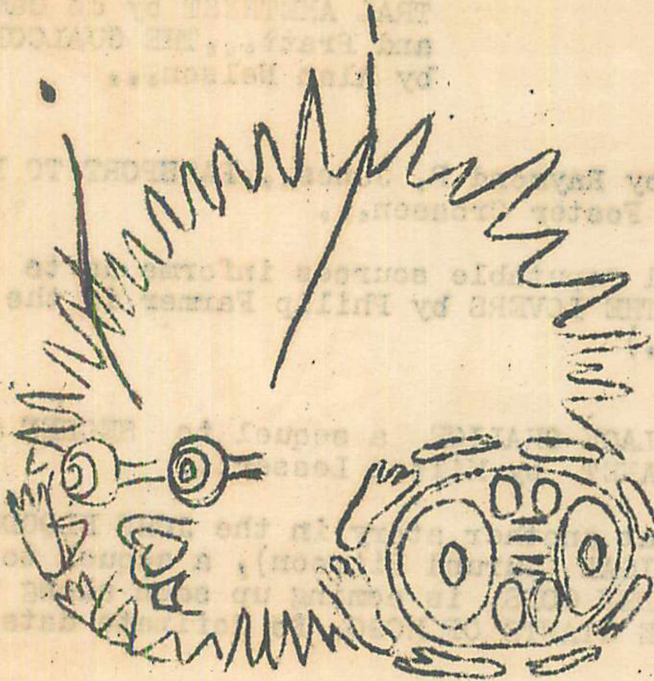


FIGURE 1: The half-track telepath of Rigel XVII

Of the several billion star planets in the Rigel sector, the most intriguing of them all was the one discovered by the Rockefeller Expedition of 3766. Named Cletrac, it was seen that the planet was a somewhat barren affair with regular ridges on the surface running parallel to each other across the entire planet.

When exploration of Cletrac began, they found that the only living inhabitant was the half-tracked critter which wandered aimlessly over the surface of the orb in the ridges which the animal had adapted itself to use.

It was also discovered that the $\frac{1}{2}$ -track was telepathic, communicating solely with the fire plugs on the planet.

When it was learned that the little things were telepathic and could locate fire plugs, some were tamed and brought back to Earth for use in cars whose owners wanted to locate parking spaces.



FIGURE 2: telepath locating fire plug on home planet

NEXT ISSUE: the Duck-Billed Anteater Tiger-Fish of Backstrap III.

CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

News AND Notes

If RIVIA MILLER is reading this, please get in touch with the BULLETIN office in Cleveland. Telephone number is SKYline 1-8739.....after almost two years in the club house, we gotta move. AL WILSON has gone out of town and the apartment is going out to rent. At this point charity is direly needed.....MARILYN ANDREAS says we may move into that church basement for some of our meetings.....KEN FISHER, new member, wants us to use a store he is renting to put the Photo-offset press of ALAN KOPPERMAN's in.....

.....gu-lorry BE! Whatta ya know, we got one of those "borrowed" books back. The copy of WHEELS OF IF by de Camp was returned in lousy condition about two weeks ago in a plain wrapper. That's right, no fingerprints on't either. Well, at least they didn't make the Editors pay postage...

.....HONEY and DON WOOD have come up with a new car and DON hasn't been out of the thing in five weeks.....FRANK ANDRASOVSKY relates the incident which occurred at the New Orleans Convention in which a woman came up to one of the BNF (Big Name Fans) and remarked in an amazed tone, "I'm surprised at how all you science fiction fans are dressed so well." Whereupon the BNF replied politely, "Yes, Ma'am, we all have two shirts, a suit, and a collection.".....

.....since this ish comes out before the 3rd ANNUAL MIDWESTCON, all we can say is that---we'll be watching for you to make acquaintances of new fen and renew old friendships from last year with our already met fan brudders. And to you CSFS members---you better be there, keed, there be one tam good time.....

the mutant
department

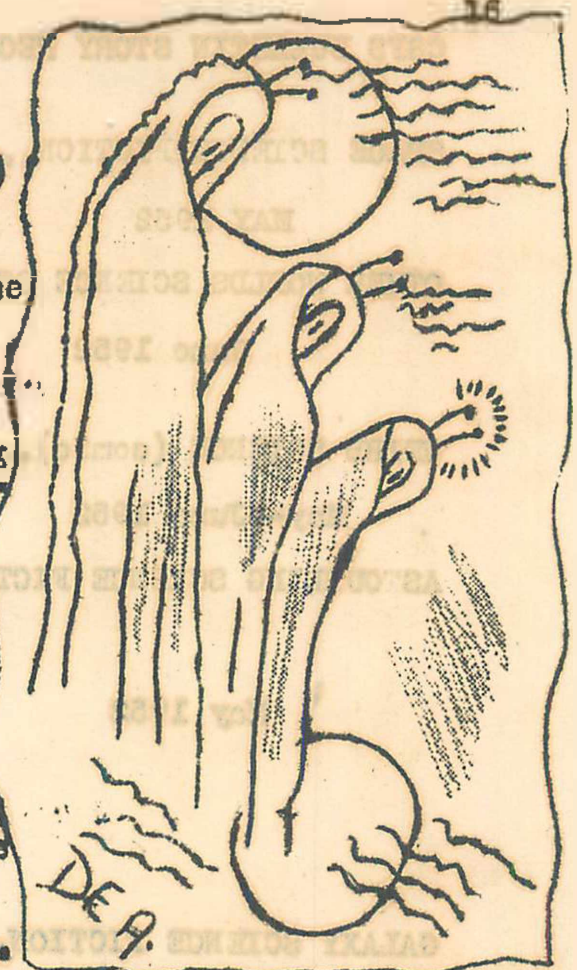
CSFS BULLETIN STORY RECOMMENDATIONS

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION...THE CAUSES by Idris Seabright
June 1952 DRAGON ON SOMERSET STREET by Elmer Roesner..ARTISTS' AT WORK by Harold Lynch, Jr. .. LAMBIKIN by Sam Merwin, Jr.

STARTLING STORIES...DRAGON'S ISLAND by Jack Williamson...SABOTAGE ON SULFUR PLANET by Jack Vance

June
1952

(concluded page 17)



CSFS BULLETIN STORY RECOMMENDATIONS (concluded)

SPACE SCIENCE FICTION.....YOUTH by Isaac Asimov...THE EGO MACHINE by
Henry M. Troy
MAY 1952

OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE STORIES.....GANDOLPHUS by Anthony Boucher...FACTOR
UNKNOWN by Sam Merwin, Jr....THE GOLDEN
June 1952 GUARDMEN by S.J. Byrne

WEIRD SCIENCE (comic).....HE WALKED AMONG US by Wally Wood...SAY YOUR
PRAYERS by Joe Orlando
May--June 1952

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.....BLOOD'S A ROVER by
Chad Oliver....
FAST FALLS THE
EVENTIDE by
May 1952 Eric Frank
Russell...GUNNER
CALE by Cyril
Judd...BROOKHAVEN
ACTION by J.W. Campbell, Jr.



GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION.....CATEGORY PHOENIX by Boyd Ellanby...GARDEN IN
THE VOID by Poul Anderson...LOST MEMORY by
May 1952 Peter Phillips

FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE.....SLAN by A.E. van Vogt...THE VEIL OF ASTEL
LAR by Leigh Brackett
Summer 1952

THE ISSUE'S TOP STORY....CATEGORY PHOENIX

To a new author (or is he a pseudonym?) for a piece
of work that seems oddly professional for an am-
ateur, goes the issue's best story award to BOYD
ELLANBY for his novella in GALAXY S-F for May 1952

~~who was that ghoul I saw you with? % % % % % % % %~~
feature

still MORE books to be published soon

We get word in the office here that the series of quasi-stories running
under the title MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE (author unknown) in AMAZING STOR-
IES will be put into hard-covers shortly after the last one runs in
those pages. What'll they print next?

A real "old-timer" is being drugged from obscurity and the pages of
ASTOUNDING STORIES (circa 1930's) and is being put together into a sev-
eral volume series by Greenberg; Publisher. Due in April sometime for
\$2.75 it's HAWK CARSE by Anthony Gilmore.

(concluded page 18)

A beauty that we have been waiting for and that should make quite a splash in the s-f anthology field is the new one edited by FREDRIC BROWN and MACK REYNOLDS and coming from a publisher as yet unknown. The book is THE SCIENCE FICTION CARNAVAL and features a collection of h u m o r - o u s science fiction tales.

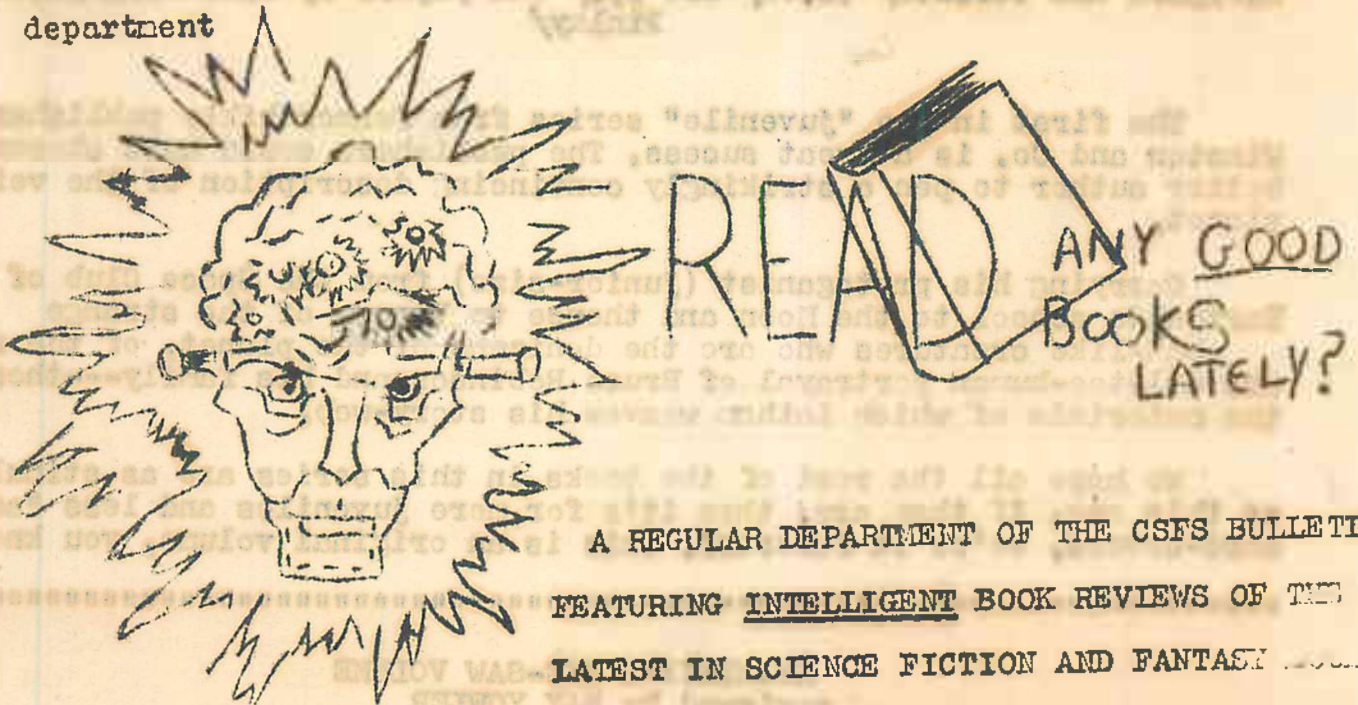
A rumor that appears more than a rumor is flitting about the office here that a major publishing house is going to put all the NORTHWEST SMITH tales by C.L. MOORE into a book veddy, veddy soon. (Can't be too soon.)

Latest proposed entry in the anthology race is FPCI (publishers of FANTASY BOOK)'s collection SCIENCE AND SORCERY which will feature tales from FB. Since there weren't many good ones in that small publication (with perhaps the exception of that masterpiece SCANNERS LIVE IN VAIN by Cordwainer Smith, which has already been anthologized) one wonders just what they will use for readable material.

The next booked item in Lloyd Fashbach's POLARIS PRESS FANTASY LIBRARY is Perley Poore Sheehan's THE ABYSS OF WONDERS which Lloyd raved about last year as being one of the best, albeit obscure, fantasies he had ever read. The book will sell for \$3.00 with the same format as the first book in the PPFL (see book reviews this issue).

Keep looking for a rival book to Bleiler and Dikty's BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES series which will be edited by Donald A. Wollheim entitled 1951's BEST SCIENCE FICTION or some such thing. We certainly hope it surpasses the low standards he has held in his last two anthologies.

\$\$\$\$\$get a subscription for \$1.50\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$12 issues and an annual\$\$\$ department

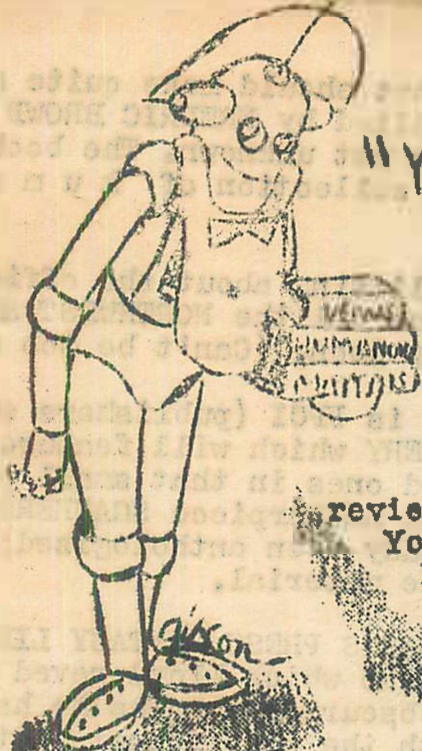


A REGULAR DEPARTMENT OF THE CSFS BULLETIN
FEATURING INTELLIGENT BOOK REVIEWS OF THE
LATEST IN SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

AND.....

for the first time, see our new colophon by RAY GIBSON for the
READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY? section on our next page.....
just look for the manservant robot for the best in book
reviews.....

(continued page 19)



"YOUR
BOOKS,
SIR."

featuring
reviews of

FIVE AGAINST VENUS by Latham
TOMORROW, THE STARS ed. Heinlein
MURDER IN MILLENNIUM VI by Grey
DESTINATION: UNIVERSE! by van

THE HEADS OF CERBERUS by Stevens
NIGHTS YAWNING PEAL ed.

Derleth

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN by

Bradbury

FIVE SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS

ed. Greenberg

reviews by:

Yowler

Burden

Ellison

Schultheis

Garston

Beese

LATHAM'S FIRST FULL-LENGTH

reviewed by RALPH BEESE

FIVE AGAINST VENUS/ by PHILIP LATHAM (Dr. R.S. Richardson)/Winston/Philadelphia and Toronto/ \$2.00/ 214 pp./ end papers by Schomburg/jacket by Finlay/

The first in the "juvenile" series from former bible publishers Winston and Co. is a great success. The publishers could have chosen no better author to pen a strikingly convincing description of the veiled planet.

Carrying his protagonist (junior-size) from the Space Club of his Earthside school to the Moon and thence to Venus, of the strange bat-like creatures who are the denizens of the planet, of the rugged and all-too-human portrayal of Bruce Robinson and his family---these are the materials of which Latham weaves his story-web.

We hope all the rest of the books in this series are as stimulating as this one. If they are, then it's for more juveniles and less "adult" hard-covers, we're in favor of. This is an original volume, you know.

HEINLEIN'S SEE-SAW VOLUME

reviewed by RAY YOWLER

TOMORROW, THE STARS/edited and with the usual introduction by Robert A. Heinlein/Doubleday and Co./New York/249pp./1952/\$2.95/14 stories/

His debut in the field of anthology editing is somewhat of a disappointment. From Heinlein, even mediocre work is expected to be something short of sensational. But this book takes several spratt falls.

(continued page 20)

Something you would never expect from a so-called "master",

Culling his stories from the most recent of pulps in most instances and a few from slicks, Heinlein has here assembled a topsy-turvy collection; good in spots---poor in spots. How could one so skilled in the specialized field of s-f have included such pieces as RAINMAKER by John Reese, which might have been science fiction fifteen years ago, but which is now nothing more than a slightly silly story of a man who wins his girl by sowing the clouds with dry ice, a common practice nowadays, THE MONSTER by Hester del Rey which makes little, if any, sense, and the thoroughly useless I'M SCARED (I was nauseated) by Jack Finney.

On the other hand, he had the good taste to include such little classics as Kornbluth's THE SILLY SEASON and probably the best piece of writing Bob Tucker ever did---THE TOURIST TRADE. These two along with THE SACK by William Morrisson and POOR SUPERMAN by Leiber and KEYHOLE by Leinster stand out as the best in the volume.

As for the remaining six stories which comprise the book, they're okay but there are a great many others of better quality that might have been included.

rebuttal book review (Part II)

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO SCIENCE FICTION? reviewed by E.J. Burden

MURDER IN MILLENIUM VI/by Curme Gray/Shasta/Chicago/1952/256pp/\$3.00/

This can not be called, strictly speaking, a "rebuttal". In the last issue (number 13) Harlan Ellison wrote his review of MURDER IN MILLENIUM VI (page 17) and stated rather flatly that he did not like the book and could not even finish it.

To a certain extent I must agree with him on the book. Even though I finished the story, I was no closer to a good story than on page 1. Definate conclusions, though, can be drawn about both the author and his motives for writing this book.

This unusual improvised style, is, in this reviewer's honest opinion, a most usinine artifice upon the part of the author to write in a field that is obviously foreign.

Can he lead the reader, possibly, into beleiving that THIS is the literary style that is the scintillating, clear-thinking development of the modern school of writing? That the style set forth in this book will be commonplace hundreds of years in the future?

I hardly think so.

Mr. Gray writes with all the fire and dash of the dullest, stodgiest "British Detective Story Writer", which he obviously was, who scents a market in a popular field, and although he knows nothing of science-fiction, and cares less, proceeds to hash out a novel.

I am sorry that I can't start a discussion of the book that might be more interesting to the readers, but I'm afraid I must agree with last issue's review. Whoever buys this book has wasted three dollars.

(continued page 21)

A FOREVER !
reviewed by HARLAN ELLISON

DESTINATION:UNIVERSE! by A.E. van Vogt/295pp./Pellegrini & Gudahy/New York/1952/10 stories/ \$3.00/

Having waited quite some time for van Vogt's collection AWAY AND BEYOND (since 1944 to be exact) from Arkham House, it was something of a pleasure to find it had been retitled DESTINATION: UNIVERSE! and been taken over for distribution by Pellegrini and Gudahy.

I bought my copy and settled down to some good reading and didn't poke my nose up until about three and a half hours later when I sighed contentedly, put the volume aside and lit a cigarette.

Now that was some reading.

Tales that only vV could write. Tales with a knack unpossessed by the bulk of the sf writers of today. Tales that ranged from the twinkle-in-the-eye to the will-shock-Heil-out-of-you ENCHANTED VILLAGE to the equally well-plotted and surprising classic FAR CONFIDENTIAL.



My own personal favorites are DEAR PEN PAL, the cleverly written story of a cosmic correspondence between a gentleman of metal on Aurigas II and another fellow here on Earth; told through a series of letters by the metal man, the last missive in the story will shock you and make you wonder just what stroke of genius vV possesses, and the other favorite is ENCHANTED VILLAGE with its subtle leading-you-on quality till you stumble on that last line--and then you realize just how well van Vogt had covered his trail. I personally contend that ENCHANTED VILLAGE is one of the all-time classics of non-technical sf.

But you'll probably have your own pets in the book. I couldn't find even one in the collection that displeased this reviewer.

featured book review ****

THE HEADS OF CERBERUS

reviewed by STEPHEN F. SCHULTHEIS (BNF)

THE HEADS OF CERBERUS/by Francis Stevens/Polaris Press Fantasy Library/Reading, Penna/190pp/introduction by L.A. Eshbach/illustrated by R. Binkley/1952/ \$3.00/

Last year at the Second Annual Midwest Conference, Lloyd Eshbach of FANTASY PRESS spoke to us briefly about whether a limited edition sold only to fans of rare sci-fantasy books would be popular.

Obviously the fans liked the idea for I hold in my hands the first of the proposed series in the new POLARIS PRESS LIBRARY. It is an excellent example of the series.
(continued on page 22)

tremely rare novel from the pages of the long extinct THRILL BOOK magazine, copies of which are near impossible to obtain.

Lloyd Eshbach, who deserves all the credit for the volume went in search of copies of the issues containing the original story of the multiple-worlds, the gateway of the Moon, of the Dust of Purgatory and of the strange adventures that befell Bob Drayton and Terence Tremore when they violated the sanctity of Ulithia.

Of almost as much interest as the story itself, is the outstanding introduction by Mr. Eshbach himself. It shows considerable research and will be a boon to those fans who have wondered about "Francis Stevens", who, it is now found, was a woman.

As for the physical makeup of the volume, Peter Pauper Press or Heritage could issue no more beautiful book. Bound in a distinctive backing and surrounded by its own individual box, the book stands forth as a superior physical achievement.

The story itself suffers little from age and holds, I am sure, as much interest for the reader of today, as it must have for the reader of years gone by when it was in the THRILL BOOK.

The only retarding factor of the entire volume are the terrible and overly amateurish illustrations by Binkley (save the chapter heading illo of the three-headed dog Cerberus) which lend absolutely nothing and are extremely ludicrous next to the sparkle of the physical makeup and the excellence of the story.

I advise every science fiction and/or fantasy fan who possibly can to get on the mailing list of POLARIS PRESS as these wonderful and rare books will not be sold in stores but can be obtained only from POLARIS PRESS in Reading, Pennsylvania.

If Mr. Eshbach keeps his record at the level of HEADS OF CERBERUS, he need not fear the salability of any future editions in the POLARIS PRESS FANTASY LIBRARY.

TATTOOS TELL TALES reviewed by HARLAN ELLISON

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN/ by Ray Bradbury/ Bantam Books (reprint)/1952/New York/.25/20 stories/

Being that it is hard to write a completely unprejudiced review of anything by Bradbury, it seems appropriate that this reviewer declare himself right at the start and get that out of the way. In reference to this book, I LIKE IT.

In a loosely-framed background of pictures upon a tattooed man's back, these pastiches of Bradburyana range from the sinister tale of the children's room with lions in it of ~~THE~~ VELDT through that superb tale of wet and eternally rainy Venus THE LONG RAIN, past that bit of other worldly horror starring some of this world's long-dead literary geni THE EXILES, on to a story of the ultimate machine THE CITY, and leaving the reader breathless at the end of the book with a sincere wish, THE ROCKET. For the price there are no books that surpass this one, and at any price, few to equal. Don't miss this book. That's an order.

(concluded page 23)

GHOULIES AND GHOSTIES AND DERLETH
reviewed by THURMON GARSTON

NIGHT'S YAWNING PEAL/edited with introduction by August Derleth/ Arkham House via Pellegrini and Cudahy/ 280pp./1952/Sauk City,Wisconsin/\$3.00/ 15 stories/

The ghost or weird story is a difficult medium in which to work. More so even than the science fiction or fantasy story, for even though in a s-f story you must get a feeling of "the mechanical age", in the ghost story, the author's mood of eeriness and unearthliness must be that much more realistic and complete ere he will fail before he has begun.

Egoist though he may be, including his own name in each of his anthologies, (two in this volume; one under his own name and one under pen name of Stephen Grendon) Derleth has indefatigable taste when it comes to choosing stories by authors who can create that "spooky" feeling.

This is by far, in your reviewer's opinion, the best of Derleth's ghost anthologies. Including as a special attraction the almost impossible to come by CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD novel by H.P. Lovecraft. This takes up a great deal of the book but I doubt if anyone will complain as it is a superb piece of literature. Of the other 14 stories therein, one is definately s-f and one is something of a borderline case.

Probably the best bit in the book, Robert Bloch's THE MAN WHO COLLECTED POE is a masterpiece of horror writing, a beautiful takeoff on Poe's writing, and one of the most starkly horror-filled articles we've ever come across. It certainly should be reprinted elsewhere in more easily accessible realms where it might be more thoroughly enjoyed.

We liked the book. We don't like Derleth.

WHAT A BARGAIN
reviewed by Ralph Beese

FIVE SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS/ edited by Martin Greenberg/Gnome Press/New York/1952/382 pages/\$3.50/5 stories/

Marty Greenberg is to be cited, knighted, commended and recommended for assembling this wondrous volume of classics of stf. Ranging from the inaccessible BUT WITHOUT HORNS, one of the truly great mutant tales of the modern day, to that undersea tale of the mutants CRISIS IN UTOPIA and Jack Williamson's gigantic CRUCIBLE OF POWER, from van Vogt's 3-eyed story of the CHRONICLER and back to Leiber's DESTINY TIMES THREE, this book hits the spot. If you don't buy another stf book this year, don't miss this wonderful conglomeration of classics in the field.

WATCH NEXT TIME FOR REVIEWS OF "SWORD OF CONAN", "THE DARK CHATEAU", etc.



reviews of things...

..... Seen and Heard



OTION PICTURES

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS/ adapted from the Grimm Fairy Tale/ a Walt Disney Production/ distributed through RKO Radio Pictures/

rating: MAGNIFICENT; DON'T MISS IT

We must confess that we stretched the brand of pictures we review a leetle so we could take in SNOW WHITE. Since our much younger days we haven't had the pleasure of so enjoying an animated cartoon of this length. It seems that the older the picture gets, the greater it becomes.

The witch is still the scariest, the Prince is still the dashingest, the dwarfs the cutest, and Snow White the loveliest of fairy tale performers. If you aren't chilled to the marrow as Snow White plunges through the horrible forest, if you don't hiss the loathesomeness of the Wicked Queen, and particularly if you don't laugh yourself to tears over the antics of the loveable Dopey...then brother, you're dead! Lie down.

* * * * *

MIRACLE IN MILAN/ starring Francesco Golisano/ directed by Vittorio de Sica/ this picture is in Italian with English subtitles/

rating: ONE OF THE GREATEST FANTASIES EVER MADE

We must have been very, very good to have been rewarded with this picture. We can only humbly follow in the footsteps of practically every other film critic in the World, and add ~~our~~ laurels to those already heaped upon Vittorio de Sica's entrancing MIRACLE IN MILAN.

This picture combines earthy feeling for humanity (so reminiscent of BICYCLE THEIF and SHOESHINE from Italy) and human comedy with outrageous fantasy in a marvelous brew that sparkles and captivates the beholder. From the moment Tot is found beneath the cabbage leaf to the moment the tramps ride off into the sky on chimney sweep's brooms, you sit there and marvel at the beauty of the film tapestry being woven for you personally. And then when the lights go on, you notice that you have a wide grin on your face and a warm feeling in the vicinity of your upper chest. Outside of being straight (and GOOD) fantasy...this picture is a masterpiece of humanity. Something to renew your faith in man.

* * * * *

(continued page 25)

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK/ starring Bud Abbott and Lou Costello with Buddy Baer and Shaye Cogan/ A Warner Bros. Production/In Sepia-tone (part) and SUPERcine COLOR (bulk)/

rating: IF YOU GOT IN ON A PASS, IT'S WORTH THE PRICE

This fantasy is merely a quasi-musical vehicle for the yawn-evoking half-hysterical antics of Abbott and Costello, of course. There isn't more to say about it except that it sticks fairly well to the Jack and the Beanstalk legend, and but for the relative shortness of the giant, the stupid insertion of stilted and faked dancing sequences, and Abbott and Costello, the picture might have been highly enjoyable.

The biggest thing in this picture's favor was the extremely fine effect lent by SUPERcine COLOR which served to make something of an extravaganza of a picture that was definately "B" material. This picture was only distributed by Warner Bros. The money went into it from Costello's bank account under the surname of EXCLUSIVE PRODUCTIONS. Oh well, take your kiddies to see it, but don't waste full price admission on yourself unless you're entering your second childhood.

TELEVISION

LIGHTS OUT/MONDAY NIGHTS/9:30/Channel 5/

Generally this show produces ghostie stories that are definately not scarey. But once in a while they come up with a good s-f or fantasy play.

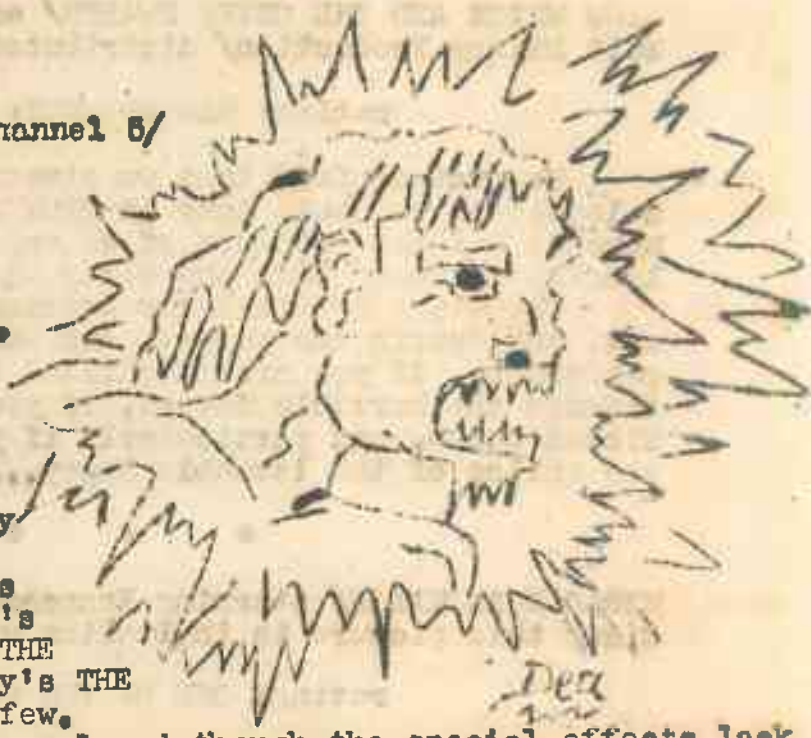
Several weeks ago they did Phillip MacDonald's chilling PRIVATE--KEEP OUT from The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. It starred Guy Douglas and was extremely well done. On other occasions they have produced Nelson Bond's CONQUEROR'S ISLE, Henry Kuttner's DON'T LOOK NOW under the title THE MARTIAN EYES, and Lester del Rey's THE PIPES OF PAN to mention just a few.

Generally the effects are novel and though the special effects lack a great deal of the finesse of Hollywood productions, they are satisfying indeed to watch.

TALES OF TOMORROW

On Friday, April 25, the Advisory Board members who, having shirked their duty to the BULLETIN (oh all right, so the Editor was with them too, so what?), proceeded to watch the best science fiction production thus far done on TV. TALES OF TOMORROW presented a story from ESQUIRE MAGAZINE of several months ago which was called AN ERRAND OF EXTERMINATION under the title of PLAGUE FROM SPACE. This was so well done, that it inspired the AB members to make our mag as good as that play. Naturally we didn't succeed, but it was worth the effort. Wish you or us had had a movie camera about, so that we could have saved the thing. It was terrific.

(concluded page 26)



R A D I O

Information has sifted into this office, with dire threats accompanying it if reparations are not made, that this department has overlooked a great many science fiction, fantasy, horror, and weird radio shows. Among these are such titles as:

THE SHADOW	THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER	THE
WHISPERER	THE BLACKABOUND BOOK	NIGHT TERROR

Now, we are always ready to oblige, as we have shown already, but some of these shows, for very good reasons, we are not able to take care of. As for the first one mentioned, the only s-f angle is that the SHADOW is invisible at times. Other than that, he's strictly a detekatif. We plan to review THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER next issue, so hold your horses, we've only got so much space, you know. THE WHISPERER is not even fantasy. It is a series of detective stories also. And as for those last two...why, man, we've never even HEARD of them. They probably aren't piped into this section.

If anyone out there has any info on these shows, or any others we may have neglected, please send any or all dope or even reviews to the address on the table of contents page. We'd appreciate it.

advertisement

WHY IS THIS MARTIAN STAGGERING AROUND?

He wouldn't be if he had gotten his
glasses made at Cleveland's leading
optician.....

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Jerry Rabnick, owner of the Jerold Optical Company is offering special attention to members of the CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY FREE adjustment of your glasses---wiping papers
get your glasses made right get GLASSES by Jerold

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"East 9th and
"Prospect Avenue
" Superior 1-4270





THE LOST ATOMIC

an hilarious tale of multiple worlds

BY HARLAN ELLISON

THE DIMENSIONS WERE THREATENED.
SO WHERE DID THEY LOOK FOR
THE TROUBLE?--IN A SOAP FACTORY.

At times it is rather difficult to be a third party in the telling of a story. Especially since there is no real reason for a "third party" at all.

Suffice it to say that I know the story and if it weren't for me... you would never have come to hear it, or at least all of it.

I'm what you might term a "necessary evil".

Although not having been proven to the satisfaction of a great many of Earth's scientists, it is generally accepted that there is a good chance of there being other, what you might term, dimensions.

Some speak of the fourth, fifth, and seventeenth dimensions as being extensions (sometimes at right angles to ours) of the Earth here-and-now dimension.

Actually, you know, it isn't so.

They aren't like extensions at all. They are like... Well, did you ever get one of those birthday presents all wrapped up in a monstrous box? And when you opened it, there was another box somewhat smaller? And when you opened that one, another? And still another? Take that situation and add the phrase *a d i n f i n i t u m*.

Now you know the whole story of the dimension theory.

If you will pardon me, I should like to say that I never thought I would do as fine a job of narrating as I am.

(continued page 28)

But we had best get on with it, it really caused quite a stir in Tryyumm, you know.

...or do you?

It would seem best to tell it in various time styles. For you see time is not relative in the dimensions. It may have happened last May for all you care, but it will not happen in Tryyumm till the Ourpi of Gluf.

Nonetheless.....

There is a scientist (if he could be termed that) in Tryyumm whose only thought at the moment is to reach a bowl of ripe potash on his desk.

He starts across the room (it isn't actually a room) to take one but en route collides with his office transtempor.

It is an accident that rarely occurs, the transtempors having been pretty well perfected by this day and age (or sluck and focuhj, if you prefer), but even so, the scientist's foot (it really isn't) collides with the floor switch and the machine, idly pointed toward the desk, casts its blue radiance over a small paperweight atomic that rests there.

With a nearly inaudible snapping sound, indicative of the closing of space where the atomic had been, it disappears.

Consternation, in assorted degrees, plays over the face (?) of the scientist as he puts through a non-relay mental beam to the police (well, you wouldn't actually call them "police", but...).

Instantly they arrive and having taken the information, shoot the scientist.

Naturally they shoot him, he made a mistake. What else was there to do with him?

But it is understood by all present that even if the scientist were alive, he could never make as big a mistake as this one.

An atomic in another dimension. The concept was staggering. The thought ghastly. The possible results horrible.

Remember what I told you about non-relative time?

Well.....

They're going to call in the most talented inter-dimensional detective of them all, Tyreer-kouf. Why is he so good? Wasn't he born in a trans-temporal realigner ship between Tryyumm and Norvofass? What

(continued page 29)

better environment to build up the right mental attitudes for inter-dimensional detecting?

They've sent out hundreds of squads already to try and find it. They realize the urgency connected with the accident. Not so much the harm it would do to the dimension it landed in, although it was sure to destroy it, but think of the repercussions on Traxym. With the atoms of one dimension warped, the others would begin to melt in upon themselves. Tornadoes, hurricanes, tidal waves, perhaps even a lovareen or two. Good Lord (not ours, of course)!

So Tyreer-kouj is going to go out. Or went out? Sometimes even I get mixed up with this time business. It really is a bother, you know.

* * * *

It was a faintly luminous trail of burst pen-atoms that kouj was looking for. It followed every item that happened to be drawn out of its dimension. He glanced back at his own trail. Incompatability of matter or something, he mused.

This was the...let me see...four thousand eight hundred thirty ninth dimension he had tried in a period of over...um...forty-three hoojis (equivalent to twelve minutes and thirty-four seconds in Earth-dimension time, but since they in Traxym are much shorter lived than on Earth, it doesn't mean much either way).

So far kouj had found exactly nothing.

Or almost.

He had had a delightful stopover for a while in Rykuparr where that little bar-maid (she wasn't exactly a---all right, I'll stop saying it) had been overly friendly.

And now here he was on that backward planet of...what in the name of Goosi did they call it...ah, the book. Earth. What a guttural sound. Earth. Ughhh.

Nothing here either, he supposed, and yet...

The pen-atom detector clicked thoughtfully and then, as if summoning more courage, gave out a loud bleat and pointed toward the far quadrant.

kouj (you always, always spell it with a small k, it being a proper name) immediately lit out for the spot.

It was a huge building with the words upon it:

GROCTER AND PAMBLE SOAP COMPANY

HOME OF S W I S H : the MIRACLE DETERGENT FOR ALL YOUR
HOUSEWORKING CARES!! WISH WASH? SWISH WASH!!!

This cryptic message bore absolutely no meaning for kouj who passed through the porous red material and entered the building. And gasped...

And turned white...

(concluded page 30)

And left that dimension with such an audible pop that several workmen in the soap factory looked to their boiling pots of SWISH.

* * * *

kouj made his report briefly and to the point. Then he was stabbed and the evacuation of Trxymin was begun.

Thousands and millions and billions boarded trans-temporal realign-ers and shoved off for parts and/or dimensions unknown.

To get away from that warped dimension within whose vicinity was ath. To get away was their most earnest wish.

kouj's report?

What it said was that they were making a horrible chemical mixture that would rip space-time fabric for sons to come in that dimension. It seems they were even passing it off for some strange ritual utensil or something.

* * * *

Since they were getting out anyhow, they didn't worry about the lost atomic. A little verralliumoid-metal cube like that if exploded, as it surely would be, since its controls were so easy a moron could operate them, would get them anywhere, no matter how far away they tried to get.

It seemed that the people of the dimensions were living on borrowed time. But that SWISH...

* * * *

Mrs. Frenessi swore in three languages.

It was quite a verbal display and Mr. Frenessi was uncommonly proud of the woman he had wed.

"What's-a the matt, Viola," he enquired.

"Sa tam can-opener won't-a work," she exploded, banging the little metal cube on the tabletop.

Mr. Frenessi chuckled softly, "How many-a years since you find-a that ting in-a you winda-box?" he asked.

"It's-a be close to seventeen years this-a month," she replied, "Why?"

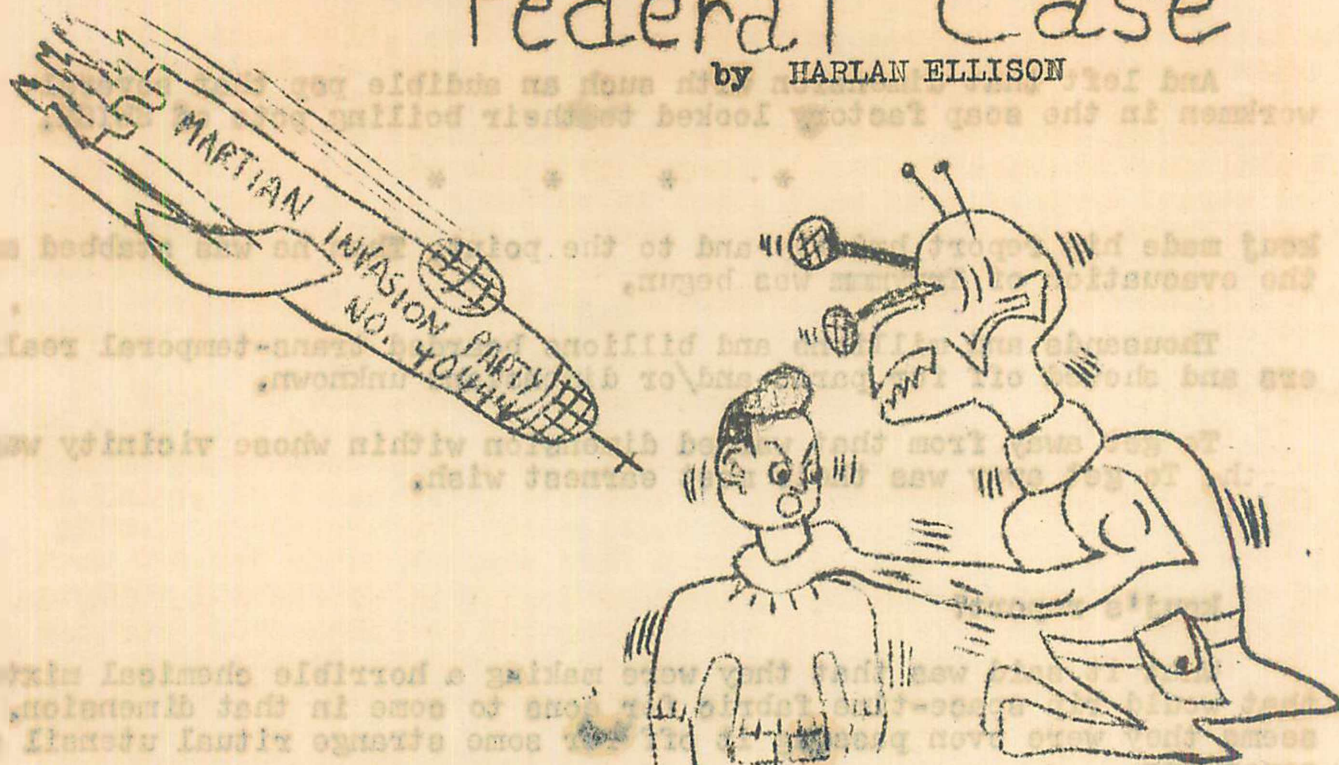
"What-a you worry about it for all-a time? You haint-a got it to work-a right-a yet..."

As a matter of fact, she hadn't. But perhaps some day.

T H E E N D

Federal Case

by HARLAN ELLISON



"BUT YOU CAN'T KILL ME! I READ SCIENCE FICTION!"

subscriptions only \$1.50 a year
department

APRIL'S BEST ART

Being a selection of the best artwork from the professional s-f magazines that came out in March 1952. Chosen by the Advisory Board of the CSFS BULLETIN and the Editors in recognition of outstanding artistic achievement.

All pictures or artwork chosen in this column are selected with these factors in mind: 1) science fiction and/or fantasy content, 2) artistic value and 3) reflection of story material.

FANTASTIC...BARVE PHILLIPS for that amazingly beautiful cover on the Summer 1952 issue (excluding the part Mr. L.R. Summers had his pinkies in)...VIRGIL FINLAY for the magnificent work on pages 12 & 13, 31 of the issue...ED VALIGURSKY for that great science fiction pic on page 62 for the story FULL CIRCLE...

STARTLING STORIES...ALEX SCHOMBURG for that tremendous cover on the May 1952 Startling Stories, much credit

AMAZING STORIES...with his first stf mag cover WALTER POPP wins acclaim for his June 1952 cover of AS...

OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE STORIES...the cover by MALCOLM SMITH on June 1952 issue receives acclaim for being a beautiful interplanetary cover... JON ARFSTROM's pic for GOLDEN GUARDSMEN on page 110 also wins award...

GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION...to ED ALEXANDER for those striking pics that (concluded page 32)



expressed the mood of the story ACCIDENTAL FLIGHT in the April 1952 issue. These pix on pages 10 & 11, 18 & 19, 35, 44 & 45 are beautiful examples of art that complements the story, that helps it and illustrates what the author meant. These are prime examples of this...

IMAGINATION...another tremendous job in a phot-dyed print wins for MALCOLM SMITH a great deal of praise. On the May 1952 issue, the cover illustrated a scene from "TONIGHT THE SKY WILL FALL!"...

Look for the best art of MAY in
our next issue...number 15.....

~~*****~~ 12 issues and an annual for \$1.50 a year ~~*****~~
featured article *****

A WORD ABOUT THIS ARTICLE: since the inception of the BULLETIN, under that name, we have featured material mostly by members or devotees of the Cleveland Science Fiction Society, but now we find in our file labeled SCHEDULE MATERIAL a magnificent article by a fellow who is quite well known outside the CSFS ranks.

BILL VENABLE, former editor of the popular FANVARIETY magazine and present editor of PENDULUM, has been a real actifan in the stf ranks for quite some time now and is well thought of by all who know him. His material has been featured in many fan magazines and he has even published a professional story in OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE STORIES. An article by Venable always assures a fammag of a good sale. For he is known to put considerable effort into each of his too scarce pieces.

This, in the opinion of this Editor, is one of Bill's finest articles. It not only is a stimulating discussion, but it covers beautifully a subject that has puzzled fan and pro alike. What makes fandom go?

We are particularly desirous of obtaining comments on this article as a follow-up is planned for a forthcoming issue. Just send remarks to the address on the table of contents page. Now go on and enjoy the article.
-----HE the editor

ESSAY ON
EGOOBOO by

B I L L V E N A B L E

Doubtless some of you have puzzled over the question: What makes fandom run? I don't mean by this, what scares them, or what sort of machinery (such as fanclubs) is found in operation among fans. But precisely what is the driving force, the goal, the motivating power behind the flurry of CRIFANAC (critical fan activity---ed.) that meets the eye? To quote Benét, "What is this agony of marching dust?" These spinning nineo drums, these clacking typewriters and scratching pens that run on into the night in every fannish abode?

For the average fan there is only one answer: EGOBOO. For the non-average fan the answer is the same, but not so apparently, because they are not honest about it. It remains nevertheless the prime motivating force behind fanactivity...and fandom in general.

(continued page 33)

Now some will, as I say, dispute this; nevertheless no satisfactory substitute can be offered. Certainly, the purpose of fandom is not, in the first place, to advance science fiction. Art Rapp, in an article TO HELL WITH SCIENCE FICTION in a recent issue of FUTURIST, pointed out that a major portion of fanactivity has nothing to do with science fiction or fantasy; but that as a matter of fact, fans have so many tastes in common that they might band together on any number of grounds of common tastes. Another point is that as science fiction becomes more popular, even now, fandom suffers from increasing disorganization and a corresponding decrease in the homogeneity and intimacy that it has enjoyed.

True, to some extent a common enjoyment of science fiction tends to bind fans together; although this was more true in the days when the ordinary man tended to regard science fiction as more "nonsense" than it is today. In those days, devotees of s-f were few and far between, relatively speaking, and association with other s-f fen was more precious from the s-f angle because such chances to discuss the "nonsense" literature intelligently were rare and to be prized. Popularization has changed this; more and more, people reading science fiction, have changed its position. Its status is no longer that of an "outcast" literature. The man on the street no longer regards fen as harmlessly and curiously insane. The thrill of comparing notes and ideas on a unique common taste in s-f has been obviated forever.

As a matter of fact, when fans get together, they almost never talk about science fiction; first because their tastes in that field tend to become so set that they either agree with one another, or agree to disagree, leaving nothing to discuss. Barring collectors, who, by their own admission never read what they collect anyway, trading is not a primary function either. Collecting science fiction is done more for the purpose of being able to say you own something rare, or possibly as an investment; but almost never for the sake of the science fiction itself. It might as well be stamps, from the collecting angle.

This leaves us with egoboo as our prime factor. Having arrived at this conclusion, it will be necessary to define egoboo rather more explicitly than has been the usual case. I except Lee Jacobs' discussion of egoboo in mathematical terms in his brilliant and entertaining little article THE MATHEMATICS OF FANDOM*, but his definition is, for our purposes, too limited and not sufficiently flexible.

The derivation of egoboo is, according to the best sources at hand, from Ego Boost, i.e., a boost of one's ego. Who coined this word first, how and when it came into being, are not known to this author in spite of extensive research into the question. (NOTE: if anyone reading this article has knowledge of the matter above, I would appreciate hearing from him.)

* SPACEWARP, July 1950, p. 15. Jacobs' entertaining and clever definition of egoboo in mathematical terms is as follows:

"DEFINITION: Egoboo---the produce (sic) between the square of one's work appearing in print and the comment thereon....Symbollically: $E=W^2C$... Taking other factors into account, this is expanded to read: $E=W^2CLZ$, where L= length of the work in multiples of 1000 words, Z= circulation of the zine, W= number of pieces one has in any one zine, and C= number of comment, also in multiples of 1000...Bill Variable

(continued page 33)

I shall define egoboo here as essentially an appreciation of someone else's interest in one's own work and/or achievements. This definition will serve, I think, to explicitly designate what egoboo is. It fulfills the requirements of a definition for brevity, clarity, concision and simplicity. To understand the ramifications, the full ramifications, of the term, however, and the variables which enter into it under different situations, we must investigate the qualities of egoboo at greater length, and the factors on which its degree or quantity depends.

Egoboo varies in degree and kind from person to person, depending on individual temperaments. The main variables under this classification are the individual fan's evaluation of his own work, and his intent in producing the work from which he derives egoboo.

Egoboo may be derived from material that displeases others, as well as material that receives praise. If, for instance, the author of an article wrote it with the purpose in mind of angering his readers, then he will derive maximum egoboo if the comments on his work are more or less nasty. On the other hand, an article or, say, a drawing intended to please the reader, or to inform, or for any other purpose, will yield maximum egoboo when the comments about the piece are, again, in line with the author's intent. It is therefore desirable that the reader reaction to the fan's work be in line with the fan's intent in producing the work.

Similarly, the amount of egoboo derived depends upon the value that the author places upon his own work. Rachmaninoff was grieved because, of all his works, the most popular was the Prelude in C Sharp Minor--the one he detested most. Therefore to get maximum egoboo the author or artist must place about the same value as others do; if he thinks it is a masterpiece and others do not, then the slightest praise he may receive is really worse than none at all; or if he thinks it is poor and others think it is a masterpiece, the same is true.

There are also factors determining the degree and quantity of egoboo that are determined identically for almost all persons---the impersonal factors. These include primarily, the general character of the interest shown in any fan's work, and the character of the persons who show an interest.

The latter depends upon two things, the status of the person making the comments, and the arts in which he is an authority. Naturally, recognition by BNF (big name fan---ed.) will contain more egoboo than the same recognition from a neofan or passifan. Also, to an artist, for instance, recognition by a fellow artist means more than recognition from someone else. Therefore maximum egoboo is yielded when the greatest recognition is from BNF who are authorities in the field in which the work is done.

Other apersonal factors are finally, such things as the status of the magazine in which one's work appears. Amateur journal societies, for instance, afford less egoboo than a general zine with an excellent reputation and a large circulation. Proxines differ in the quantity of egoboo yielded; depending on how one's work appears in a prozine. To have a notice in the personals or a letter in the letter column would be the lowest category of prozine egoboo, whereas to have a story published professionally, or to have an article written about yourself, or a feature written by yourself, would afford great amounts of egoboo.

(continued page 35)

The distribution of comment is also a factor. This in two ways: geographically (whether one's recognition is local, national--or international) and simple quantity and/or circulation. A large number of comments in the form of personal letters and small mention in fanzines would afford more egoboo than a small number; and comments by editors of fanzines which have a large distribution range also afford large chunks of egoboo.

We could now summarize by giving a quantitative expression for determining the amount of egoboo in any given instance, thus: the amount of egoboo in any situation is given by the ratio: of the author's purpose to the reader's reactions plus the ratio: of the author's evaluation to the reader's evaluation, the quantity times the geographical distribution of the comments times the quantity, the status of fan commenting (average) plus the specialty of the fan commenting (average) times the integral with respect to time of the number of words comment per week, from the time of publication of the work to the time at which the egoboo is being calculated. Symbolically;

$$E = \left(\frac{P}{R} + \frac{E}{E'} \right) \left(G(F+S) \right) \int_{T_0}^T N(t) dt$$

P: author's purpose

R: reader's response

E: author's evaluation of the work

E': reader's evaluations (averaged)

G: geographical distribution of comments

F: status of fan commenting (averaged)

S: specialty of fans commenting (averaged)

N(t): words of comment as a function of time

T₀: time of publication of the zine

T: time of calculation of egoboo

Units for these quantities are much too complicated to go into here; a work in preparation now will explain the complete system and methods of calculation to all interested.

Finally, I ask the careful reader to take note that egoboo is not by any means synonymous with conceit, swell-headedness, or any vices of that type. Egoboo is variously an enjoyment, an appreciation, an a satisfaction that comes from deserved recognition of one's work.

It is not, strictly speaking, a boost of the ego. Chalk up a new term, for egoboo is boo, plain and simple.

It is the prime motivating force behind that essential character of actifans everywhere, CRIFANAC.

A later article will be devoted to a discussion of the relations between egoboo and CRIFANAC, and the nature of CRIFANAC itself.

Until then, good boo to all!

THE END

(further note on page 36)

A PARTING WORD ABOUT THE ARTICLE YOU HAVE JUST READ: Now that you have perused the article preceding by Bill Venable, we feel sure that you will glad to know that the article (s) mentioned therein to follow the one you have just read, WILL DEFINATELY be scheduled just as soon as space allows. In the meantime though, your opinions and comments on ESSAY ON EGOBOO are desired. Please send them to the address on the table of contents page. Thanks and we hope you enjoyed ESSAY.....he

feature

the CSFS BULLETIN presents.....

W O R K O F S E C O N D F I F T Y

a bibliography of a prominent science fiction writer's
magazine writings for the years 1950---1952

#1: MARGARET ST. CLAIR

FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION

AGE OF PROPHECY
THE WAY BACK

March 1951
November 1951

IMAGINATION

FOLLOW THE WEEDS
EARTH ENGAGEMENT

June 1951
January 1952

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION

WORLD OF ARLESIA

Winter-Spring 1950

PLANET STORIES

FLOWERING EVIL

Summer 1950
Fall 1950

INHABITED MEN
VANDERLARK

September 1951
January 1952

STARTLING STORIES

HATHOR'S PETS
TURN FLY OUR GREETINGS
VULCAN'S DOLLS
THE MURALIST

January 1950
March 1951
February 1952
May 1952

WEIRD TALES

THE CORN DANCE
MRS. HAWK
THE INVISIBLE REWEAVER

March 1950
July 1950
November
1950
January 51
July 1951
November 51

PROFESSOR KATE
THE LITTLE RED OWL
THE BIRD

As can be seen, Miss St. Clair's works
have been skimpy indeed with all the
stories with the exception of VULCAN'S
DOLLS (novel) and THE EVERLASTING FOOD
(novelette) being short or short-short
stories. Since 1950 to date---22 stories
MATCH FOR AUTHOR #2: ERIC FRANK RUSSELL



PREDICAMENT IN SPACE

HONEY
by
WOOD

Why, it was up in outer space
That I came up face to face
With an awfully sad-like fact
There was something that I lacked,

I searched the whole darn rocket
And even searched my pocket
Then all worry I surpassed
When I saw I was out of gas,

It couldn't be true
But whatever could I do?
It was really a sad-type fact
Because I could never turn back,

I was out of the stratosphere
With almost all the necessary gear
Even had three quarts of rum,
And a bit o' chewin' gum,

I couldn't make the rocket go,
Rum would power it too slow,
And I couldn't use the gum....
Well, I guess I'll drink the rum,

LORELEI SCREAM

RALPH
by
BEESE

On a rock, ocean swirling round,
There sat a group of "women",
Lovely---but rock-bound,
Oayyy, wayyy; Lorelei singing,

Boats came near, they whispering low,
They crying, wailing,
To watery perishment go,
Tra-lee, lee; Lorelei humming,

Yet a vessel---large, of metal
Bearing cannon bow and stern;
Placed a shot on that rock of Hell,
Aiyeee, yieeee; Lorelei screaming,

(concluded page 38)

LORELEI SCREAM (concluded)

Red the life blood, too late to atone,
Lorelei die, near Siren Rock,
Their death knell, a watery moan,
Silence. Silence. Lorelei gone.

FAMILIAR FACE

MARILYN

by

ANDREAS

Canals of Mars I've seen before,
And sandy deserts, too,
I remember! On the other shore
Is where I first met you.

Or was it Venus' steaming swamps,
In ages long gone, by;
While I collected postage stamps,
That you first caught my eye?

Or could it have been Mercury,
Or Jupiter...or Earth?
Where was it that you, Destiny,
First gave my life its worth?

I've never even been as far
As Earth's own little moon,
But now that I know what you are,
I'll reach the stars-----and soon.

As you can see, though we include poetry each time, it is quite often from the same people, who, though penning good material, are liable to drop over from either ulcers, apoplexy or overwork.

Let us save our writers' lives. Just send us a poem or sonnet or anything else you can think of that is classifiable under that heading of either a science-fiction or fantasy nature. We will be glad to publish it if it comes up to the BULLETIN's standards. Just ship your work off to the address on the Table of Contents page. And again, much thanks.

-----no

QUICK! KILL IT BEFORE IT MULTIPLIES!

by Karl J. Chans

Look, Sam, over there in that dark corner--like it's hiding. What is it?

I don't see anything. What---

Don't look directly at it. Turn your head and look from the corner of your eye, so that the sight of it falls on the most sensitive part of your retina.

I still don't think---

Look carefully.

Oh my God---Quick! Help me kill it before it multiplies!

What---

Don't be such a fool. It's running.

But---

Help me catch it!

Okay, but---

There it goes.

Behind that pillar. Now!

Ow, my leg---

Did you fall?

What the hell do you think. Oh! There it goes.

Yeah, Hey, it's going for that tunnel.

I'll cut it off.

Ah, now it's cornered.

Look, Sam, what's this all about. What did you want to catch it for?

So I can kill the thing.

But why kill it?

So it can't multiply. If it does we're dead and gone and gone; disappeared from this world as surely as if we'd never existed, anywhere ever, in all the years of the world; now--Now kill it! Kill!

But why---

(concluded page 40)



For God's sake don't ask foolish questions. Kill---

All right, all right, but how can I kill it?

Here take this stick. I've got one. I'll help you.

I'll go to the right. You to the left. It's cornered!

It can't escape.

No!

There! Take that.

And that!

And that!

It's dead.

Yes. We're safe now. For a while at least. They get through...

Lock, Sam, I know you couldn't waste time explaining this to me before; I just had to work along with you, trusting you, and kill it. But now it's over. Tell me, what was it? Why kill it?

You, why, you really don't know, do you....?

THE END

A WORD ABOUT THE PARABLE YOU HAVE JUST READ: some may think it was a rat or a gopher they were chasing. Others may think they were insane. A few of you readers may recognize the subtlety of the piece and understand what it was they did not want to multiply. And besides...who said they were on Earth?
.....he

department

it's in the



send all letters of suggestions for the CSFS BULLETIN to: HARLAN ELLISON, 12701 SHAKER BLVD, APARTMENT #616, CLEVELAND 20, OHIO and get them answered IN FULL by the editor.....

from: KENNETH FISHER

Dear Harlan,

(continued page 41)

Thoughts as I read TRAPPING THE BEAST: "...seventy million miles from the Solar System was a planet." In the first place what the Hell would a planet be doing 70 million miles from the Solar System? How do you tell where the Solar System begins or ends? If there's a planet there, you must still be in the Solar System. To show you what I mean, on page 28 of PLANETS, STARS and ATOMS by George Frost, the approximate distance of the Solar System is given as being 7,500,000,000 miles. With a distance like that, what would make the planet, which is 70,000,000 miles out from our Solar System...out of the Solar System, at all?

Also there is reason to believe (so states Frost) that there is another planet farther from the sun than Pluto (must be the one of which you are speaking). And even if that was the planet, it would still be in the Solar System. It has to be in some Solar System and it would seem that it has to be in our Solar System since the nearest star to our Solar System is Proxima Centauri, 4.1 light-years or 25,000,000,000,000 miles away.

"It was a hot and steamy planet."

Sounds good enough to eat, but,....

What the heck? Dear, Harlan, being that the known Solar System is 10^8 miles in diameter, your little planet is 37.5×10^7 miles plus 100,000 miles from the Sun. WHAT IN THE HELL MAKES IT HOT AND STEAMY!!

Cute kid this Steevthyse. I see that this is one of those stories that jumps around all over the place. Please tell me---when Harl Eller entered the bookshop, was he still in the space ship---was his mind still wandering? These thoughts are in my mind when I see that the chapters should come in the following order: I-II-III-IV.

Somebody please donate \$11,400.00 to buy a variable space linotype for this kid. My neck is getting stiff from looking for the last two letters of each word. Somebody donate \$38.50 for a straight-jacket for this kid! Question?---Are Harl Eller and Harlan Ellison one and the same?

Yours truly,

Kenneth Fisher

DEAR KEN; I WAS AFRAID OF THIS SORT OF THING WHEN I SUBMITTED TO PRESSURE AND PUBLISHED THAT ACCURSED "TRAPPING THE BEAST". I WAS AFRAID THAT THERE MIGHT BE SOME WHO WOULD OVERLOOK READING THE INTRODUCTIONS (WHICH YOU OBVIOUSLY DID) AND TAKE THE STORY OR ARTICLE, OR WHATEVER THE THING WAS, AS A SCIENCE FICTION STORY WITH ACCURATE SCIENCE. IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ANYTHING OF THE KIND. IT WAS MERELY A TAKEOFF---A SATIRE ON A SERIES OF INCIDENTS THAT I WAS LAUGHING AT. I SLAPPED DOWN THE SEVENTY MILLION MILES FIGURE AT RANDOM. THERE WAS NO PARTICULAR PLANET INTENDED. BEAR IN MIND THAT "TRAPPING THE BEAST" WAS A LETTER WRITTEN TO A FELLOW FAN WITH ABSOLUTELY NO INTENTION INTENDED TO HAVE IT PUBLISHED. SOME OF YOUR REMARKS PUZZLE US AROUND HERE, KEN, AS THOUGH YOU HADN'T BOTHERED TO READ THE THING WELL AND THEN JUST TALKED AT RANDOM. I HOPE YOU WON'T TAKE OFFENSE, BUT WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT IN THE WAY THE CHAPTERS RAN ON THE COPIES WE HAVE HERE (WHICH ALL CAME OF THE SAME TYPE PLATE) THEY RUN I-II-III-IV THE WAY THEY SHOULD HAVE. AND WE ARE CERTAINLY MAD ABOUT THAT "...LAST TWO LETTERS" REMARK. ALL WORDS IN THE ISSUE, AS FAR AS WE KNOW (AND WE CHECKED IT OVER AGAIN) WERE BROKEN BOTH CONVENIENTLY FOR THE READER AND GRAMMATICALLY. BY THE WAY, IF YOU DON'T APPROVE OF THE STYLE IN WHICH THE ZINE IS PUBLISHED, WE SUGGEST THAT YOU DONATE THE ELEVEN THOUSAND AND SOME OED DOLLARS FOR SUPPLIES. HOKAY?.....

from: ANTHONY BOUCHER

Dear Mr. Ellison:

(continued page 42)

Couldn't resist reading the copies of THE BULLETIN OF THE CSFS before forwarding them to de Camp and Pratt.

You've got a promising zine there. Pity that the often very bad mimeographing may put off some prospective readers who'd like the lively & intelligent contents---hope you'll soon be able to make the visual aspect live up to the material.

I'd like particularly to thank you---no, as a reviewer myself I know that's not the right word; let's say to acknowledge gratefully the many kind things you have to say in both issues about my own work & about F&SF.

It's always reassuring to hear such reactions. And you might make a note that, though we don't run a letter column, we are always more than eager to hear from readers...with either bouquets or brickbats.

Cordially,

Anthony Boucher; editor MAGAZINE
OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION

DEAR TONY: WE ARE FLABBERGASTED. WE ARE THUNDERSTRUCK. TO GET A LETTER FROM THE LEADING EDITOR IN THE PROFESSIONAL RANKS IS ENOUGH TO SWELL THE HEAD OF THE MOST EGOTISTICAL OF FAN EDS. IN EXPLANATION TO THE READERS, PERHAPS I HAD BETTER SAY THAT THE COPIES FOR de CAMP AND PRATT WERE THE FIRST ONES IN THEIR CITATION SUBSCRIPTION AND THAT NOT HAVING THEIR ADDRESS, WE SENT IT COURTESY OF MAG OF F&SF. MUCH THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS AND HENCEFORTH, LOOK FOR YOUR OWN COPY SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO READ OTHER AUTHORS MAIL. THERE'S A 50 YEAR PENALTY FOR MAIL OPENING.....he

from: BILL VENABLE

Dear Harlan,

Enclosed is what I consider one of my minor masterpieces, short of pro writing. It took much labor and sweat, but I think it was worth it. You treat it well, my fellow editor, or wait'll you see what I do to your articles! Seriously tho, I hope you like it, and I hope your readers do also. If you want the next one in the series let me know, otherwise QUANDRY gets it.

Like the BULLETIN OF THE CSFS. You need better covers tho, otherwise it was pretty darned good.

YHOS,

Bill

AVAST BILLY-BOY: DO WE LIKE IT? SEELY BOY. SHIP US THE NEXT ONE AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT. COVERS? LOOK FOR SOME SHARP STUFF SOONLY. HOW DO YOU LIKE THE GIBSON THIS TIME?.....he

from: EDWIN B. COLBURN

Dear Mr. Ellison,

I wish to acknowledge your letter of April 19, 1952, and to thank you for the copy of THE BULLETIN OF THE CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY which you sent me. I have read it with interest.

Examining the book reviews, I find that we have reviewed and purchased all of the titles listed in this issue. However, we would like to continue receiving THE BULLETIN if you can arrange to send it to us, in order that we may see further reviews and also keep it on file for use by the staff of our Popular Library.

Thank you very much for your courtesy.

Sincerely yours,

Edwin B. Colburn, Supervisor, Processing Dept.,
Cleveland Public Library

(continued page 43)

DEAR MR. COLBURN: WE ARE CERTAINLY GLAD THAT OUR LITTLE BULLETIN IS HELP-
ING YOU IN SOME WAY, FOR WE ALWAYS TELL EVERYONE THAT CLEVELAND'S LIBRARY
IS ONE OF THE MOST PROGRESSIVE IN THE COUNTRY AND THIS PROVES IT. WE'RE
WITH YOU FOR MORE AND BETTER S-F.he

from: DAVID ENGLISH

Dear Harlan,

A few words on your mag.

I suggest that you use both sides of your paper. It will stand it,
I think. Or failing that, use bigger staples. My copy has been sloughing
away to a twenty-pager.

Your editorial reveals you to be a person who is deeply wounded by
the fact that others do not appreciate the full glory of stf. Further,
you realize that some of their accusations against it are true. This is
even more painful. Hence you want to reform the field. But if you should
succeed in doing so, you might destroy the very things that attracted
you to it. For instance, you rail against the interest fans take in
Dianetics; doesn't that show some sort of freedom of thought; the
willingness to investigate something new and different? To me it shows
that many fans are wonderfully different from ordinary people, who be-
lieve, through their misunderstanding of science, that science
has put the world neatly in order and that peace has come at last,
there being nothing new under the sun. It shows a willingness to sack
a new and better future by following an untried path. Dianetics may be
a false path, but only trial will prove that. True, fans aren't perfect,
but making the field as drab and so-calledly "respectable" as stamp-
collecting---which seems to be your hope and dream---wouldn't be perfect-
ing it; it would be killing it!

May your road be fulfilled,

Dave English, editor of
FANTASIAS magazine

P.S. See to it that the writers get copies of the issues in which
their work appears, huh? I didn't have as much on hand as I thought and
neglected that. DE

DEAR DAVE: IN OPENING, IT MIGHT BE APPROPRIATE TO MENTION THAT SOME OF
THE VERY FINE MATERIAL AND ARTWORK IN THIS ISSUE (particularly that
DEA or MRS. DOMINICK) WAS SENT TO US BY WAY OF DAVE AND HIS FINE MAG
FANTASIAS. IN RELATION TO MY ED. DAVE, I FEEL THIS WAY. CERTAINLY I
KNOW THAT FANS AREN'T 'SIMON PURE'. WHO DOESN'T. I ALSO RECOGNIZE THAT
SOME OF THE THINGS THAT THEY SAY ABOUT S-F ARE TRUE. BUT THAT DOES NOT
MEAN THAT THE FANS HAVE TO MAKE ASSES OF THEMSELVES BY COMMITTING THE
MOST STUPID OF ANTICS. I SAY, DON'T REFORM THE FIELD---REFORM OR THROW
OUT THE SCREWBALL FRINGE THAT HAS DRIFTED IN. AS YOU CAN SEE, BOY, WE
ARE ON BOTH SIDES THIS ISSUE AND WILL CONTINUED TO BE SO.....he

from: LEE HOFFMAN

Good day, Ellison,

Thanks muchly for the BULLETIN. Haven't had a chance to read it
yet, as I just got in from work and have a FAPA mag to assemble tonight.
I'll take it to the shop with me and read it in the ayem. Did note, tho,
while skimming through it, your notes about the EC comics. I definately
agree. Those fellows at EC are doing adult stuff in their books I think

(continued page 44)

it's in the MAIL bag (concluded)

they deserve some note. "The South Shall Rise!"

Best always,
Lee Hoffman, editor
of QUANDRY

DEAR LEE: BY THE WAY, READERS, LEE IS A GIRL. APPRECIATE YOUR LETTER. US TOO / YOU GOT THE BULLETIN AND HOPE IT IS ENJOYABLE TO YOU. WE FEEL STRICTLY IN ACCORD WITH YOUSE. ALSO, LOOK FOR A REVIEW OF YOUR STERLING PAINMAG NEXT ISSUE IN A NEW COLUMN WE ARE STARTING.....he

from: RALPH BEESE

Dear Ed.

...a word in a hurry; this ish was so much of an improvement that it is hard to associate it with issue number 12. The mimeo work was a heck of a lot clearer and was pretty much okay except on certain pages. Really like Gibson's Gallery. Hang on to that kid. He's great.

Only one gripe. A big one. Where was the table of contents page?

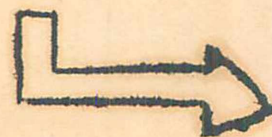
Yours very truly,
Ralph Beese

DEAR RALPH: THANK FOR THE SWEET THOUGHTS. WE'RE CATCHING ON PRETTY FAST FOR WITH THE MIMCO AND WITH AN AUTOMATIC HONEY WOOD AS ASST. EDITOR IN-CHARGE. AND WE DARN WELL INTEND TO HANG ONTO GIBSON (IF WE HAVE TO USE BOATHOOKS). AS FOR THE TABLE OF CONTENTS; SORRY, BUT WE JUST RAN OUT OF MIMCO PLATES AND THAT WAS BECAUSE OF PRINTING "TRAPPING THE BIRDBATH". ALSO, THANKS FOR ALL THE MATERIAL YOU'VE TUNNED IN TO BE PUBEED. IT'S ALL GREAT.....he

DO you have a gripe---a suggestion---an argument---or do you lack something in your collection---

Just drop a line to the address on page 40 and we'll print it. We appreciate comments from any and all readers. We are yours to command.

SPECIAL:
NEXT SECTION
BEGINS PAGE
45 AND LOOKY
WHAT....



They deserve some note.

The South Sea Islands

Best always,

Lee Hollman, editor
of QUARTER

MEAN TIME: BY THE WAY, WEATHERS, THIS IS A GIRL. APPRECIATE YOUR LETTER. YOU GOT THE BULLETIN AND HOPE IT IS ENJOYABLE TO YOU. WE WILL BE IN ACCORD WITH YOU. ALSO, LOOK FOR A REVIEW OF YOUR STYLING. THE NEXT ISSUE IN A NEW COLUMN WE ARE STARTING.....

From: RALPH HENRY

Dear Ed,

A word in a hurry: this job was as much of an improvement than it is hard to associate it with issue number 12. The minor work was a lot clearer and was pretty much okay except on certain points. Really like Gibson's Gallery. Hang on to that kid. He's great. Only one gripe. A big one. There was the table of contents page? Yours very truly,
Ralph Henry

DEAR RALPH: THANK FOR THE SWEET THOUGHTS. WE'VE CATCHING ON WITH THE NEW KID AND WITH AN AUTOMATIC HONEY WOOD AS ART. EDITOR IN CHIEF. AND WE HAVE WELL INTEND TO HAVE ONTO GIBSON (IN THE NAME OF THE GALLERY). AS FOR THE TABLE OF CONTENTS, SORRY, BUT WE HAD CUT ON HINDS PLATES AND THAT WAS BECAUSE OF PRINTING "TRAILING THE BIRCH". ALSO, THANKS FOR ALL THE MATERIAL YOU'VE TURNED IN TO US. TURNED. IT'S ALL GREAT.....

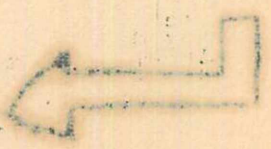
DO YOU HAVE A copy of a suggestion--an attempt--to do your best
something in your collection?

Just keep a line to the address on page 40 and we'll bring it. We are
looking forward to your comments. We are yours to command.

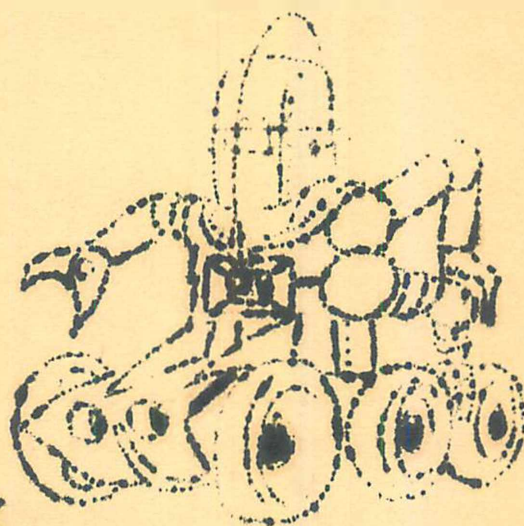
SPECIAL:

NEXT SECTION

PAGE 24



AND LOOK
WHAT...

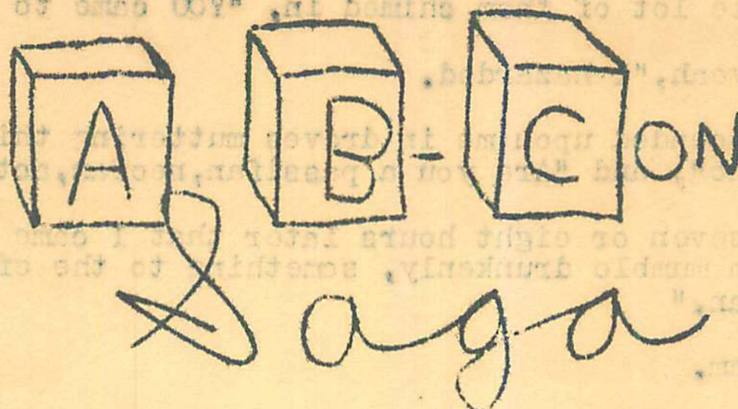


3rd. ANNUAL MIDWEST FAN
CONFERENCE & Special SECTION

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by THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY %&("**...

It was a ramshackle mansion, situated on the shore of a dead-fish strewn beach. The reek of decaying money was everywhere. I noticed the sign that swung over a gallows-like pole next to a swinging body that read:

KEASTLEY'S ON-THE-BAYOU

I walked up the weed-overgrown path and knocked on the door. It fell in. I walked over the stricken door to the accompaniment of myriad small puffs of dust. I began sneezing.

A voice from above me somewhere said, "Gezundheit."

"Thanks," I muttered weakly, rubbing my snout.

Then it occurred to me to find out who was "God-blessing me". I looked up and saw a young man, quite stout, held up, it seemed, by nothing more than a propellor beanie that revolved counter-clockwise to the strains of "Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot!" which emanated from a small attachment...and large amounts of faith.

(If either one gave out, the floor would be neatly imprinted with his physiognomy.)

"No--do you live..." I added, "...Here," hastily.

"Both," it answered, "I live and I live here. At least for two days I do. Live here, that is."

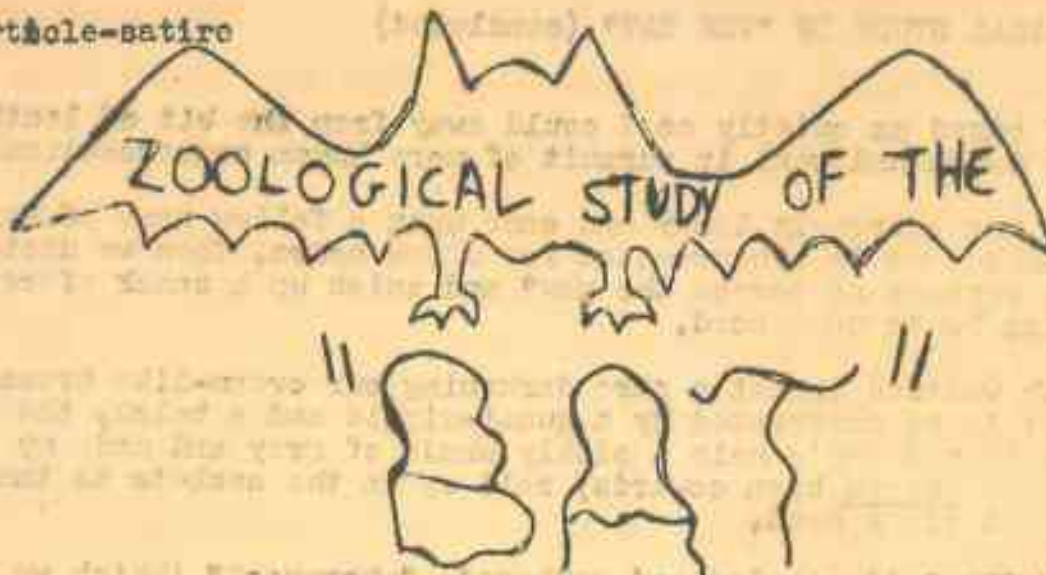
"I---uh---came here for the MIDWESTCON III," I said, in a low tone.

Instantly, screams reverberated back and forth from the rafters (many of which proceeded to fall upon my head) and a group of more than slightly seedy-looking individuals dressed in Neon-Glo shirts, ties, vests, spats and underwear bounded down the circular staircase and came to an abrupt halt in an untidy pile at my feet.

"YOU came for the Midwestcon?" one ogled at me, rolling its eyes (all seven of them).

(concluded page 48)

2) DR. E. E. SMITH
AUTHOR OF THE
LENSMAN STORIES



OR, I WAS CHASED BY REBA SEMANSKI, SO HELP ME!
by THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY %& (***)...

This is a true horror tale.

So horrible in fact that WEIRD TALES rejected it with a few words from Dorothy MacIlwraith to the effect that, "This is too ghastly even for our magazine. Sorry."

It all began when I was coerced into going to the Second Midwest Fan Conference at Indian Lake, Ohio last May.

The first thing I saw when I pulled up was a...a...a...t h i n g.

It came burbling out of the bar and tripped in its high heel shoes (spikes on bottom) and went sprawling head over scrawny legs onto the blacktop to the accompaniment of myriad shrieks and groans which had a slightly water-logged tone.

I listened in amazement as it raised itself derriere first and proceeded undisturbed into the hotel proper carrying a bottle of beer and a heavy load, "How d-d-d-ry I am (Belch) How dury I em (wheeze) Noobuddy knowsh how durryiyem (Hic!)."

This solo diminished in bith quality ~~every~~ little of which it had, to begin with) and understandability until, as it neared a shuffle-board table in the lobby, the t h i n g collapsed and slid silently (save an accompanying "URP!") under the gaming board.

I signed in, washed and redressed, and came downstairs to meet my fellow fen.

There IT was.

IT was perched on a couch loudly and unreservedly demonstrating the sexual habits of a fireplug, or something to a fellow who looked as though he would have gladly spent eighteen years on Devils Island instead of this ordeal.

(concluded page 50)

FROM HERE
TO HERE →
IT'S YOUR
PROBLEM!!
(USE A ROAD MAP)

A hand-drawn map on a piece of paper. It shows a winding road or path. At the top, there's a label 'VINTAGE'. Below it, the word 'BELLEFONTAINE' is written in a larger, bold, hand-drawn font. At the bottom, there's a label 'BEATLEY'. The drawing is simple and appears to be a sketch of a local area.