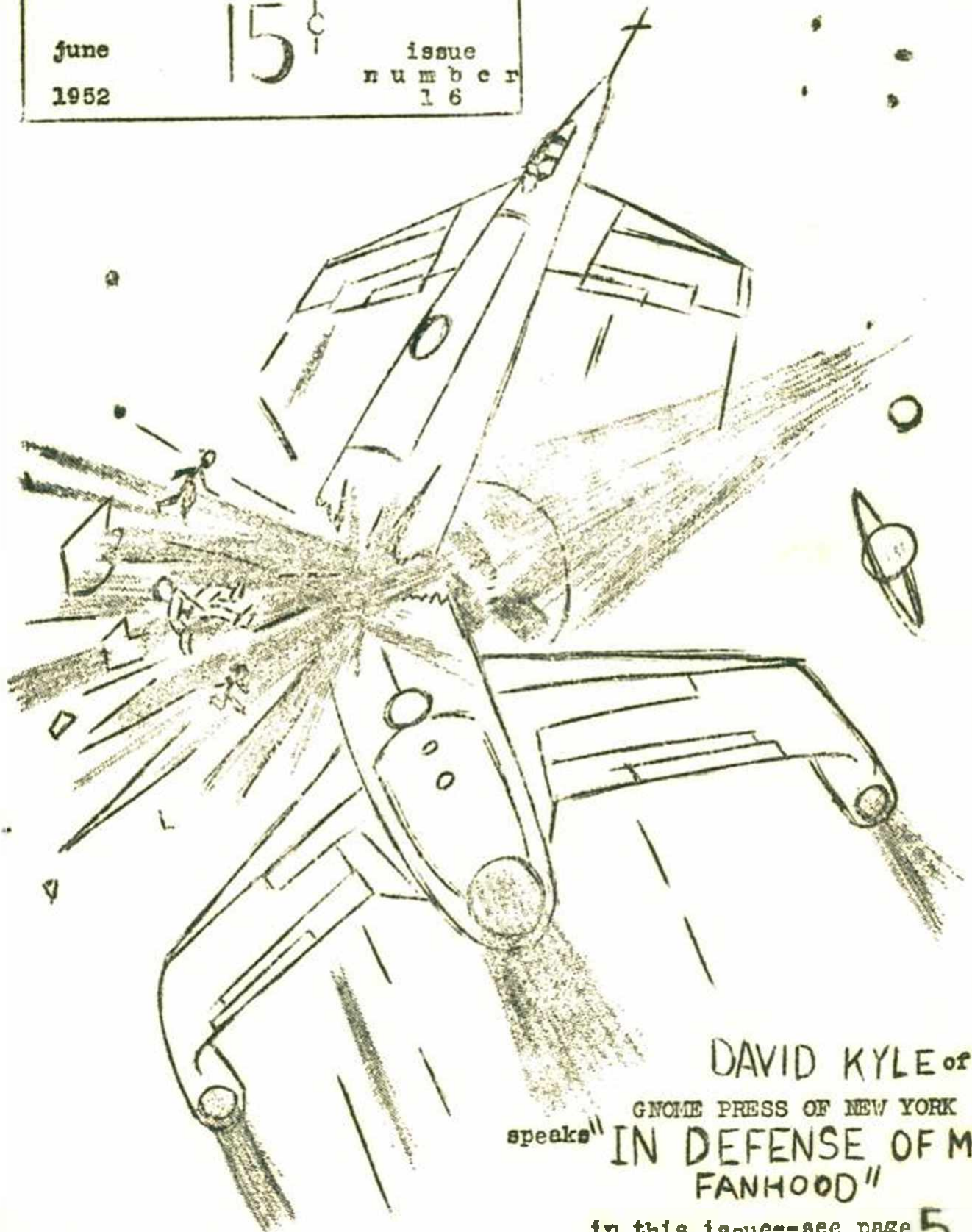


THE **BULLETTIN** of the  
CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

june  
1952

15¢

issue  
number  
16



DAVID KYLE of  
GNOME PRESS OF NEW YORK  
speaks "IN DEFENSE OF MY  
FANHOOD"

in this issue--see page 5

THE ALL-NEW

FORMERLY: BULLETIN of the  
CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION  
SOCIETY

SCIENCE  
FANTASY  
BULLETIN



Frontspiece by Mrs. Margaret Dominick of  
New Brunswick, New Jersey



# SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

formerly BULLETIN of the CLEVELAND SF SOCIETY

JUNE 1962  
volume 2  
number 5  
issue number 16

This magazine is no longer affiliated in any way with the CSFS and is not to be confused with any literature designated as originating from that source.

The material herein is not necessarily the opinion of the editor aside from all material signed by him.

All material submitted to this magazine must be accompanied by return postage unless previously solicited.

All material is submitted at the risk of the contributor although all possible care will be expended while it is in our possession.

It is to be understood that all letters submitted, unless otherwise specified are eligible for printing in these pages.

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\* \* \*

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ELLISON...LEE HOFFMAN...BILL ROTSLER...  
SHELBY VICK.....

# DECLARATION OF INDEPENDANCE



This is a good issue, but a late issue...and this is going to be a long editorial. It will undoubtedly be the longest editorial I will ever have to write---and beyond a doubt the most unpleasant.

Therefore, I'd best to it and get the full story on paper before it is distorted and spread around, the whole affair being twisted to serve the purposes of those who would wish it so. It is a story which aptly describes the steps that lead up to the breaking-up of practically all fan groups. For it is the story of too few trying to boss the many, of those few trying to run a private venture.

It is the story of how the BULLETIN OF THE CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY became.....SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN.

\* \* \* \*

Several weeks ago, the Cleveland Science Fiction Society got a new member by the name of Kenneth Fischer who immediately went into partnership with CSFS-member Alan Kopperman with Kopperman's offset press and vari-typer. Almost at once they began setting up stresses in the club to produce the magazine on the press in a vari-typed form by saying that, quote: "The way the BULLETIN is being done now, is too expensive, and if Harlan'll do the editing, we'll run it on the press." Right off, ye ed knew he had heard this spiel before and from guess who? That's right, Herr Kopperman had been promising us a nicely offsetted, vari-typed mag called Nova for quite some time. In fact, he had taken fourteen dollars of club money results of which we have yet to see.

Wanting the best for the BULLETIN since it was a part of me, one of my biggest interests..and still is...but knowing the thing would wind up like all brightly-colored balloons--full of hot air--I gave in and told Ken Fischer I would come over one day to help him with the material WHICH HAD BEEN ALL EDITED AND READY TO GO! It might be noted at this point that I live approximately eight (8) long miles away from Fischer's place which is nothing more than a closed-up store. To get there I must ride busses and streetcars for quite a ways.

When I got there that day, not having seen any work that he had turned out on the press, Fischer said he would start vari-typing up our lead article for this issue. The job he turned out was beyond a doubt one of the poorest I have ever seen, mistake-laden, ill-centered, and sloppily composed. I then suggested that he show me how to operate the vari-typer and I would do the work. For, grant me the point, one of the joys of a fanzine editor is the composing of his issue. Take that from him and you've taken half the pleasure of the work.

(concluded page 2)

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(concluded page 2)

Remember, the BULLETIN is a hobby for me NOT as some members of the CSFS think, my life's work. Most of the time, the financing is done by myself, at all times the typing of stencils and composing job is mine, the production by running off copy is handled by myself and my assistant ed Honey Wood, who stands with me on these points. Thus it is seen that the bulk of the work, work which would not be attempted by many other of the "blowhard" few in the group who demand results without a thought to the work which goes into the mag, might never get done were it not for this hard-working staff.

But back to the story. For at this point I learned to operate the vari-typer and spent four of the hottest days of June in a stuffy back room, sitting on an uncomfortable chair without food from eleven o'clock A.M. to almost nine o'clock P.M. so this mag might be in good shape. Another sidelight of this work is that the temperature of those days was all in the high nineties.

Then, when the night for the CSFS meeting rolled around, a whole set of rules and statutes were passed which turned control for the production, composing, subscriptions, and other odds and ends that are the joy of editing, over to the club, leaving this editor high and dry with nothing to show for his work, but twenty copies of his magazine to be, as they so blithely put it, "...distributed as he chooses for reviews, etc." In other words they were saying, "You do the work, and you sweat blood over the material...and we'll give you a quarter hundred copies for your trouble."

Well, brother, the day when I'm going to be pushed around like that, and have my mag stolen from out under me, has yet to come around!

But even then, I was willing to come to Fischer's place and do the composing and let the subs and other departments of monetary worry be handled by someone else. But when I asked Kopperman for the key to get into the place, I was told that I would have to come around when Fischer was there. Be it noted that Fischer gets off work and comes to the store (when he wants to) at 5:00 P.M. I get out of school at 9:30 A.M. What the Hell am I supposed to do, spend all day diddling around waiting for him and then spend my night's there?

Obviously, the situation was incompatible, and so, because of the phraseology of those rules which were passed, the BULLETIN is no longer associated with the CSFS. They pushed a good thing just a little too far,.....he

now to the editorial we had prepared for this ish...

# DISCORD

Sales records of Astounding Science Fiction and Galaxy Science Fiction, admittedly the two top s-f periodicals, have shown that ASF is rapidly losing ground in selling power while gSF is (concluded p.5)



climbing with unprecedented speed to the top of the sales graph.

An upshot of this phenomena is the blatant attempt of John Campbell (editor of Astounding) to copy the cover style of Galaxy, which brought about the more than slightly sarcastic editorial in the February 1951 gSF.

Of course Campbell copied it. Anyone can see that. But in this editor's opinion it was not Horace Gold's (editor of gSF) place to call Astounding his ".....unsportsmanlike competitor." Certainly Gold should recognize the moral of this situation. He's written enough editorials about this selfsame subject.

Certainly BOTH of them should be aware of the thing they have both been preaching in their respective magazines. It's the "United we stand--divided we fall" idea on a smaller scale. You've read where Gold or JWC, Jr. have written that if there was an invasion of Earth by some alien culture, all races would band together to defeat the common enemy; get together to save themselves. Whether or not it would be the case, it is taken for granted that the Russians would work with the Americans to save humanity (or if you reject THAT altruistic motive, then just say to save their own skins). This can be transposed bodily into the case of aSF and gSF. Here is a magazine (Astounding) losing sales, semi-desperate that they do not follow the Hunsey ARGOSY and UNIFORM into the limbo of obscurity. Here is another magazine (Galaxy) rising rapidly, with very few sales cares in the World. So when the magazine on the way out clutches at straws by copying a cover plan, this editor feels it is the duty of the upcoming mag to help its companion. Notice I said companion---NOT competitor.

Naturally each of them is in the business for the money, but even so, they owe a debt to the science fiction readers who purchase their magazines and who want to see the field expanded and bettered. If this "dog-eat-dog" policy continues to exist between the two magazines, soon a veritable (and possibly visible) war will ensue. And who knows which one will come out on top with Astounding being backed by the immense Street and Smith Corporation and Galaxy using all the money it has brought in, to back itself in this publishing war.

Obviously there would be no winner. It is the equivalent of, "If you don't give me back my cover format, I'll go play in MY yard!" which is just about the most baby-ish of attitudes and one of the ones that have labeled our specie HOMO SAPS. Perhaps Gold and Campbell should start reading some of their own editorials and stop this bickering which is harming both magazines, and start clasping hands to raise each other up the ladder together---and stop acting like dogs vamping at each other's heels. After all, there's plenty of room at the top of the ladder of success. Why hog the show? .....he  
\* \* \* \*

Not much room to explain, but the name of this mag is now SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN. We're sorry that we're a month behind schedule, but part one of this editorial will explain why. Expect your next issue (July) in about two or three weeks. Our cover is an experiment. Our first "girlie" cover. Now we disapprove of naked fems on sf mags, but this is something a little special by RICHARD Z. WARD which has a subtle fantasy flavor and yet has the femme (clothed fairly well)....he

# That Which Has Cooked

short article



DAVID A. KYLE --- legal address: Monticello, NY  
actual address: 300 West 67th  
Street, New York 23, NY  
born: you're darned right! on  
February 14, 1919

Started reading s-f at a tender age (naturally)--the copy that "did it" being volume 1 number 1 of Gernsback's SCIENCE WONDER STORIES. As a result, I have always thought of the "good-old-days" as the Gernsback days, not---contrary to modern standards--- the ASTOUNDING era. Entered fandom about 1933 via the reader's columns and an insidious communiqué from Ferrie Ackerman. Rapidly went from bad to worse. Great fan activities of every kind (the usual). Became a hot-rock fan in the old science fiction league, garnering all kinds of dubious honors and awards. Organized SFL chapter #5. In 1936 moved to New York to attend art school. Met the "old gang" in person: Wollheim, Sykora, Pohl, Michel, Wilson, etc. Joined ISA, ILSF, but NOT the Futurians as has erroneously reported elsewhere. Ran with the pack, though, and became very close friends with Dick Wilson and Harry Dookweiler (Dirk Wylie). Budded out in the "power politics" of the day. Organized the PHANTASY LEGION which attempted to unite a dis-united fandom. Contacted a young fellow by the name of James V. Taurasi and introduced him to fandom---poor fellow.

Published one fanzine issue I'm proud of; number 3 of PHANTASY WORLD, April 1937. Attended the first convention ever held, The First Eastern Science Fiction Convention in Philadelphia---which I had the honor of having named. Continued on in a more quiet pace in fandom (what with shifts back to Monticello and into the Deep South) until 1940 when, following the Chicon (what an affair that was!), Dick Wilson and I set up THE RAVEN'S ROOST (a bachelor flat) in New York to set the world on fire.

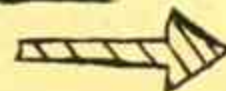
This started my pro activities; did a lot of s-f pulp illustrations (and a story) until the newspaper business recalled me. A year later I was in uniform---and there I remained, completely out of s-f for 4 years. Came 1946 and 1947 with the Philcon. Back I crawled into s-f. 1948 left the Dirk Wylie Literary Agents partnership with Fred Pohl to start Gnome Press with Marty Greenberg. Became interested in all phases of book publishing---including book jackets (advt: will sell copies at 4-bits a piece). Wrote fiction, but not s-f. (Things are now changing.) Own parts of three radio stations (according to my science fiction brother) and am happily broke. Have illustrated jackets for FOUNDATION, SWORD OF CONAN, and others.

THE END

A high spot in each of our issues has been RAY GIBSON's hilarious GALLERY OF ET LIFE (see p. 25). Ray, a senior at East High School in Cleveland, is 17 and is studying to be a professional artist. Here then are Gibson's ideas of modern astronomy--page by page....

Gibson's TIPS  
ON ASTRONOMY

by RAY GIBSON



view of  
inter-gal-  
actic spaces  
looking  
East (cont)



# IN DEFENSE OF MY FANHOOD

by DAVID KYLE



**EDITOR'S NOTE:** from time to time the SF BULLETIN will present an article or story that the editors feel is something special. These "special" features will be labeled with the sign: A BULLETIN BULLS-EYE.

Such a "special" feature is this article by Dave Kyle of GLOBE PRESS of New York. The topic of huckstering in fandom is undoubtedly the hottest subject in the fan ranks today. In answer to the accusations of "huckster" thrown at him by fans and pros alike, one of science fiction's nicest guys replies coolly and to the point...he

**NOTE:** may we suggest that you read Dave Kyle's autobiography on page 4 before reading the following article. A more complete understanding will be the result.....he

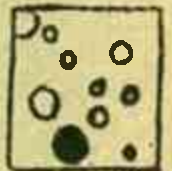
**I am a fan.**

**I say that defiantly--but without quivering lip!**

Ah ha, you may say, here comes a tempest in a teapot. But the brew which this article pours forth is, to me, a vital potion. It is not a poisonous potion---it is a magical one. And for it, I must finally accept a challenge that has been goading me for years. My expressions on my belief that "I am a fan" have been verbal for a long, long time. I can still remember the intensity of my feelings as I talked to Tom Quinn in the early morning hush of the hotel corridor in New Orleans---with the cries of "hucksters" and "fans" still stinging my ears from the Molaison hall.

The 1952 Midwest Conference is now a thing of the past. I bring away from it very pleasant memories. But I also bring away from it a compulsion which drives me at this moment to my typewriter. The occasion is not prompted by another stinging in my ears--in fact, it is quite the reverse. If once I too had my doubts about my bearing the label of "fan"; I no longer have. And now I feel that I can speak up with sincerity, from my beliefs, and present my claim.

The spark was struck not so long ago with Harlan Ellison. I entered the fray forewarned of the Dennis Menace of Fandom. But the fray didn't materialize. Instead we had a pleasant chat in the lull of the opening day--and still another in the early morning quietude of the final day. Out of them solidified these ideas. (continued page 6)



Picture of  
ten moons  
of Saturn--  
without  
Saturn (cont)

Out of them came the re-affirmation that science fiction fandom still contains the essence of those intangibles which are good and worthwhile. In all the Harlans' of fandom, young men (and women) who burst with enthusiasm and ideas while still grappling to control the torrent within themselves, I find an affinity. It is this essence which forms the potion.

Dispel any pseudo-Freudian ideas that this represents my craving to return to the good-old-days-sans-responsibility of the never-never land of adolescence. Or that I never left it. I'll meet middle age just over the next horizon with the insatiably thirsting welcome for new knowledge and experience---but I'll never throw away or forget the past which is so much a part of me.

Aw, wot-thell, you to be called a fan, but

My answer is simple: restricting circumstance. It's not measured by the edit, publish, illustrate, it measured by my correspondence, or zap-guns that I a state of mind.

All the manifestations you, are indicative of that my "fan activities" active proof that I am distant revolves around the Surely the point can be must be evaluated accordingly availability is put. And to me, should be favorable.



might say now, he wants is he?

being a fan is not a it's a state of mind, number of fanzines I or write for. Nor is pendency, club attendance, carry. It is, precisely,

ions of fandom, I grant that frame of mind. But are meager is not neglected. The true availability of time, granted that activity ing to the use time-- such evaluation, applied

Well then, you can say, he admits he's not a fan---a fan is somebody who is very active. Why should he muscle in where he doesn't belong?

The question of "who is a fan"? with its' answer based upon "activity", I think, is much too fixed and arbitrary. It puts Doc Smith (see CITATION this issue, h3) in the same general category as Aldous Huxley. And I defy ANYONE to take away, in all seriousness, the designation of "science fiction fan" from old Skylark. To me, a fan is just what the dictionary says he is: "An enthusiastic devotee or follower." Would you put Doc Smith---and naturally, me too---in the "huckster" category of "A retailer of small articles; a cheaply mercenary man; and an advertising man"?

That's a loaded word if ever I heard one: "huckster". In jest it's a mighty delightful and juicy one. But when used with the seriousness I too frequently felt, I rebel. Basically it's used to represent ex-fans who are now more concerned with using fans to make money. But I've seen more "huckstering" by "fans" who publish fanzines, write stories, do artwork, etc. than I have by the "ex-fans". (cont p. 7)



comet coming  
(cont p.7)



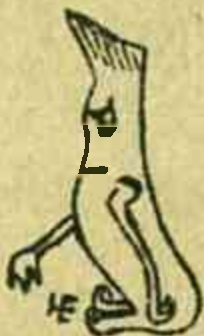
After all, it's only a matter of degree. The "ex-fan hucksters" are sort of high-grade amateurs with professional standards and the "huckstering fans" are sort of un-graded amateurs seeking professional standards. I personally know of only one editor who is not a science fiction fan, despite his "activity" in which he attends conventions and probably thinks he is a fan---although when confronted with the truth, he'll admit he isn't.

Well, you say, assuming a fan is a state of mind, what's the motivating force? Why be a fan? Why act like a fan?

Now there is a question!

In the April issue of the BULLETIN of the CLEVELAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY (now SCIENCE-FANTASY BULLETIN...he) an answer was offered by Bill Venable in his ESSAY ON EGOBOO. I found it very interesting reading---and I heartily disagree with its sweeping conclusion.

"What is this agony of marching dust?" of critical fan activity? Let me match Benét's quotation as used in the article, with the words of Aesop's fly which sat upon the axle of the chariot and said, "What a dust I doth raise!" By that I mean, fandom is not the force which pulls science, science fiction, and the Universe behind it. Fandom is, instead, a satellite to science, science fiction, and the Universe. Nonetheless, however, it is an important satellite, raising on the major bodies, tidal forces, which must be reckoned with.



ONE OF OUR  
L'IL PEEPUL

Let's consider this dusty satellite more closely. "What is the driving force, the goal, the motivating power..."? Egofoo? That's much too general a term. It is a term that can be applied to any human being with a modicum of ambition. As Professor R.S. Woodworth, the Columbia University psychologist, says, "Each individual comes to have an interest in himself." To some extent he comes to see himself as others see him; he boasts of his successes and is ashamed of his failures. "A man may be so eager to shine and win applause for himself that he 'plays to the grandstand' and not for the success of the team. This motive of self-assertion, however, is often a powerful drive toward achievement. Sometimes it does good and sometimes harm. One thing that saves it is the individual's power to identify himself with his team, so that he takes pride in the achievement's of the team."

To me, egofoo is self-assertion. It is something most, if not all, human beings have. It is nothing new. It explains science fiction activities only in general terms. It does not explain why it should be devoted to the particular field of science fiction. I propose no "substitute" as the ESSAY considers may be offered; this egofoo is a motivating force of life, not merely fandom.

But the ESSAY states bluntly that, "Certainly, the purpose of fandom is not, in the first place, to  
(continued page 8)



comet leaving  
(cont. p. 8)



advance science fiction." I think that is a matter of individual concern. I know that some fans consider it a prime purpose. But if it isn't, then what is the purpose? To collect? Says Bill Venable, "It might as well be stamps, from the collecting angle." I know some collectors who would disagree violently with him on that point. But if fandom's purpose is not collecting, is it "common enjoyment of science fiction"? "True, to some extent," says Bill Venable.

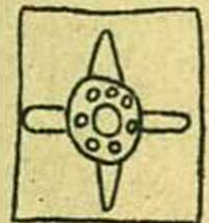
I think that's a deprecatory conclusion. Just because science fiction is relatively no longer an "outcast" literature does not mean it's not different. It is different, and no one can deny that. And I thoroughly disagree with the statement that, "The thrill of comparing notes and ideas on a unique common taste in s-f has been obviated forever." E'gad. How blasé can one get?

To my mind, fan activity is not explained satisfactorily by egoboo, which can apply to most things in life. Let me try to uncover what I think it is which puts fandom in the DIFFERENT category with a DIFFERENT motivating force stemming from a DIFFERENT type of literature. Francis Bacon said, "A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other." I believe fandom attempts to do just that. Of course, there are those who vigorously raise a luxuriant crop of weeds--but such are the foibles of man. The fact is, though, that the human mind struggles for expression. CRITICAL FAN ACTIVITY is practice and cultivation, and from it perfection is bred.

What is going on in "fan activities" is not strictly a selfish thing--as is flatly represented by egoboo-ism. It is far more than that. It is the representation of the development of human individuality, the keystone to our civilization and progress--and directly the result of the stimulation of science fiction. As John Dewey, the great American philosopher and thinker says, "Individuality in a social and moral sense is something to be wrought out. It means initiative, inventiveness, varied resourcefulness, assumption of responsibility in choice of belief and conduct. These are not gifts, but achievements.

"As achievements, they are not absolute but relative to the use that is to be made of them. And this use varies with the environment. The import of this conception comes out in considering the fortunes of the idea of self-interest. All members of the empirical school emphasize this idea. It is the sole motive of mankind."

Professor Dewey then points out that this idea was attacked as "obnoxious to morals", but that the vagueness of this argument seemed to point out the lack of better and more logical concrete moving forces. Dewey, however, brings his own careful evaluation to the idea of self-interest and states: "Interests are specific and dynamic; they are the natural terms of any concrete social thinking. But they are damned beyond recovery when they are identified with the things of a petty selfishness. They can be employed as vital terms only when the self is seen to be in process, (concluded p. 9)



view of  
rocket from  
rear (cont.  
p. 9)

and interest to be a name for whatever is concerned in furthering its movement." As to the results: "As the new ideas find adequate expression...they will be absorbed...transmitted and sustained. They will color the imagination and temper the desires and affections. They will not form a set of ideas to be expounded, reasoned out, and argumentatively supported, but will be a spontaneous way of envisaging life." Here is the spirit of science fiction fandom.

If the active fan seeks fame rather than merit, then he is thoroughly guilty of egoboo. For as Bacon says, "Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid."

In fandom I believe that the "things weighty and solid" are not drowned and that the strictly egoboo fan eventually becomes discredited among the discerning.

By all this, I imply that science fiction fans are such because they possess greater imagination, initiative, inventiveness, resourcefulness and responsibility than most people. They produce new ideas. They are concerned with and identify themselves with the future of mankind---"the team". I do not mean they are more intelligent, I DO mean they are more aware of life. But, unfortunately, like most people, they are not infallible.

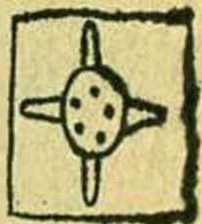
As "Doc" Barrett said to me at the Midwestcon at Indian Lake, "Where else could you find such a group, meeting like this, united in friendship and with minds familiar with--or anyhow, open to--any subject at all?" I don't know Doc. But find me a science fiction group and I'll feel at home. After all, it's friendship which makes happiness in men's lives--without true friends the world would be a wilderness.

I want to be a part of this unique group. I want to be a fan. And I speak for all those who for one reason or another are not right down there in the rolled-up sleeves and sweaty-brow hub-bub of fan activity. Call it egoboo or self-assertion or what you will, all us fans would like to participate in Humanity's Great Game of Expressing Ideas. But above and beyond that general motivating force, grant us that which is unique in us: the greater awareness of life--the spirit of science fiction fandom.

Call us fans----call me a fan.

----- THE END -----

N O T I C E	<p>This issue, our cover was run off before the breakup with the CSFS came about and consequently the name on the cover is the BULLETIN of the CSFS. From here on in the name of this mag is SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN and with next issue, our numbering will start issue number 6 <u>NOT</u> #17 as would have been if we had stayed in the same arrangement. The poor mimeo work as you can see is much improved by the use of colored paper which also gives the mag a festive air. But even more steps are being taken. We are buying a new mimeograph and the next ish will be run off on it.....he</p>
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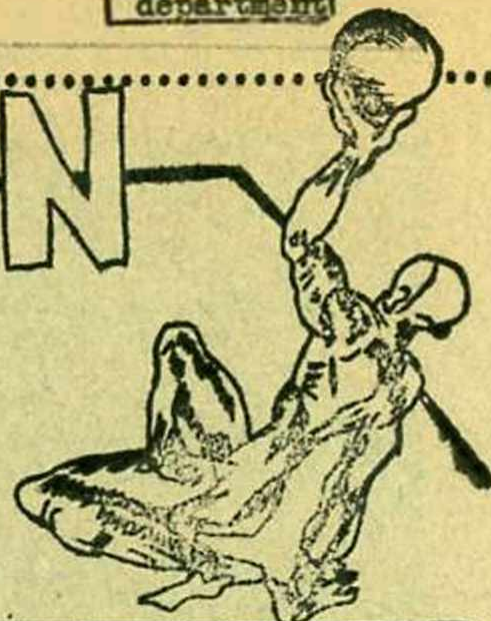
view of  
rocket from  
front (cont.  
page 14)



# CITATION

Each issue of the SF BULLETIN features an award for a member of the science fiction ranks for achievement in this ever-expanding field of literature. The CITATION is the highest honor we can confer; it is a show of gratitude to persons furthering a specialized field as a whole. Thus far we have awarded CITATIONS to:

- 1) L. SPRAGUE de CAMP and FLETCHER PRATT
- 2) LLOYD ARTHUR ESHBACH
- 3) ROBERT A. HEINLEIN and,
- 4) JOHN W. CAMPBELL, Jr.



# 5: DR. EDWARD E. SMITH,  
Ph.D.

Truly one of the most beloved figures in the long history of science fiction, one of the founders of the field, and a man gifted with a rare and unlimited imagination, "Doc" Smith has long stood for racing adventure, staggering concepts and Galactic distances in even the smallest of episodes, believable extraterrestrials, and enjoyable science fiction reading.

Having written his first story, THE SKYLARK OF SPACE, years before Gernsback brought out his first science magazine, "Doc" was in on the ground floor of s-f. His stories first appeared in the pages of the early AMAZING STORIES, and when that magazine failed to provide the proper outlet for his masterpieces, "Doc" swung over to the John Campbell-run ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION where the bulk of the LENSMAN series was published.

Yes, the LENSMAN series. Outstanding tales of space and time. Not written haphazardly with no regard to the science used, but carefully and painstakingly plotted with each fact in its place, each characterization more complete than the one before, every scene so calculated that the ultimate in possibilities of variation are brought forth. Each of the six full-length LENSMAN stories is a master craftsman-cut jewel. Facet upon facet glowing in a rich setting of rare reading enjoyment, unparalleled in the field.

Writing with a flawless style, Smith long ago set the basic patterns of science fiction that writers of today's "modern school" are still following. Never before had science fiction had an author who went to the pains Smith did. Perhaps that was because never before had the field been gifted with a veritable genius.

No one deserves the CITATION more than does Dr. E.E. Smith. A letter explaining the CITATION and a free subscription to SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN are being presented to Dr. Smith.



department



# CRYSTAL-BALLING<sup>11</sup>

COMING UP IN OUR NEXT  
ISSUE

We've been asked to spend more space on what our future issues hold and so this issue we'll devote a half-page to lining up the next number of **SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN**:

**MARTIAN FANTASY** our cover for next issue will, we predict, be one that will cause quite a stir among our readers. by **RICHARD Z. WARD**

**DISCOURSE ON CRIFANAC** by **BILL VENABLE** yes, it's that sequel to the discussion on the mathematics of fandom **ESSAY ON EGOBOO** which we ran in our April issue. In this one, Bill delves more deeply into the workings of **CRITICAL FAN ACTIVITY** which, he says, drives fan.

**THE ULTIMATE HONOR** another experiment by y'ed. A short novelette by one of Indiana fandom's brightest young authors who makes his initial appearance in this magazine with a story of the most unusual steps that led up to the first manned rocket that we've encountered in science fiction in a good many years. A truly enjoyable story by **ROBERT KROUSE** of a man who sacrificed all for a handful of stars.

**PRE-PUBLICATION REVIEW OF A NEW BOOK.**

**TALES OF COTTEN THORNE** a series of "true thud-an'-blunder space operas" in the old tradition by **MICHAEL FRASIER** which we feel are highly enjoyable and will be a favorite with our readers. Another experiment for this is to be part 1 of...our first serial.

AND that's only a partial lineup. More material is being lined up every day, so for the best in all-around sfantasy reading, send in your buck-and-a-half for a year's sub to the address on contents page.

department

STORY

AUTHOR

PLACE

... o m e s

JUDGEMENT

DAY

ratings  
on our  
last  
issue

THE FRIGHTENING FABLE  
OF HUBURTUS SNOGGLE, STEAN

Stephen Schultheis 1

IT'S TRULY "FANTASTIC"

Ray Yowler 2

THE EDITOR VISITS HIS DRAFT  
BOARD

Nelson & Ellison 3

CON  
KER-PLUNK!

Charles R. Tanner  
W. Paul Ganley 4

GIBSON'S GALLERY OF ET LIFE

Ray Gibson 5

we are much indebted to the folks who sent in their ratings this time so we could evaluate more clearly the swing of approval and disapproval. don't forget your **JUDGEMENT DAY** reckonings for this issue. send them in soon and we'll be able to complete the list by the time we go to press for next issue.....he

BEASTLEY'S ON-THE-SANDPIT and the

1954 Midwestcon

by ORVILLE YOUNGFAN with more assistance than you  
guess, and fully illustrated by .....

LEE HOFFMAN



EDITOR'S NOTE: by way of explanation, we might explain that basically, all the incidents in this little gem of a satire are quite true. All the way from the fact that this editor DOES smoke the ascribed pipe, that Bob Tucker DID lose the ten of clubs from his deck of "girlie" cards to the fact that Rog Sims DID want to go a-swimming on that cold, cold morning. Several other notes of sheer zany parody might be better understood if you know that 1) fanzine editors NEVER make money, so Max Keasler, unlike the mention in this tale, is NOT filthy rich from the proceeds of his mag OPUS and 2) this fan satire was written AND illustrated ('cept for the BEM directly above) by the inimitable LEE HOFFMAN, that sharp-witted rebel from down Georgia-way who assumed the name of ORVILLE YOUNGFAN strictly for the sake of humour.....he



NOTE: to better understand the story, when the numbers indicate, look at the correspondingly numbered picture!

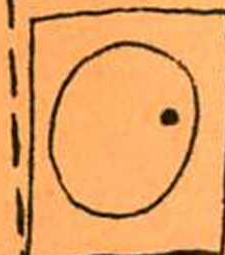
Gosh, I was so excited I could hardly tie my bow tie. Which was silly because it was a ready-tied snap-on. But finally I got it fixed and I was ready to go downstairs into the lobby of the hotel, and meet real live fans.

I put on my beanie and pocketed my zap-gun and stepped into the hallway. And almost collided with four fellows who had been strolling along the halls and singing. I fell on my knees and bowed.

The one who was chewing on an unlit cigar patted me on the head and introduced the company as Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, and Evans. So I got up and walked away.

Hucksters!

I trotted downstairs into the lobby of (continued p.13)



sun with spot  
(cont. p.13)

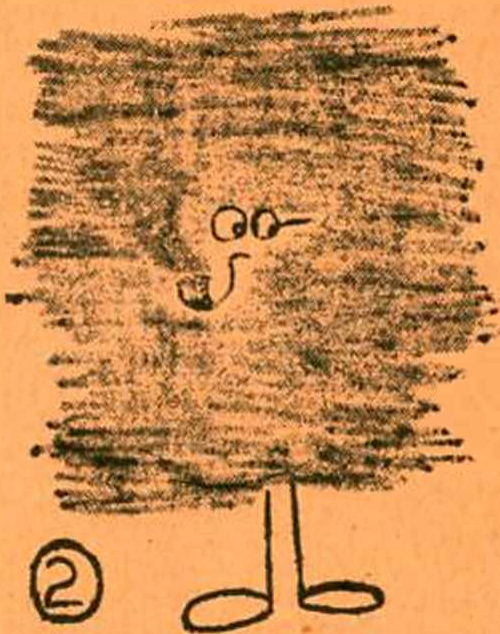


**BEASTLEY'S ON THE SANDPIT &  
THE 1954 MIDWESTCON (continued)**

Beastley's and saw before me a milling crowd of persons wearing prop-ellor beanies or rebel caps. Apparently the Southern contingent had already arrived.

Eagerly I sought out a long, lean fellow who was carrying a large stack of fanzines. He was the fabulous Henry Burwell. I asked him his room number and he told me that he and some others were sleeping out back in the car shed. In other words they were the...Dwellers In The Garage. Then he broke into a fit of laughter and started tearing up the fanzines he'd been holding, and tossing the pieces around like confetti. (see picture 1)

So I looked up someone else.



I found a haze of smoke and, wading into it, came upon a large pipe with a little man, who I discovered to be Harlan Ellison. (see picture 2) He was running through a Victor Borge monologue for Steve Schultheis who was tied to a chair. Harlan nodded at me and I sat down on the floor to listen. Suddenly I realized that I was sitting on a soft, warm, lumpy spot of floor so I looked down and found that I was perched on a sleeping fan, that I never identified. He was a tall fellow with an ice-cube in one hand. Finally Ellison finished, and quick before he could break into a soft-shoe dance, I left.

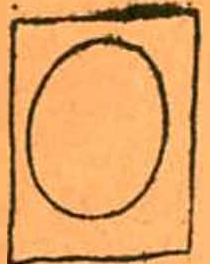
Coming out of the fog I ran into a fellow in a bathing suit. He identified himself as Rog Sims and asked me if I thought it was warm enough to go swimming. I told him I thought it was, but to be careful of the ice because it was inclined to freeze over where you were swimming and leave you underwater. He went off toward the door.

In a few minutes he was back, though, and all covered with dirt. That's when Mrs. Beastley came up and told us that the Lake had dried up.

Suddenly I felt something under my feet. There was a great lump like a ground mole six feet long, under the rug. I whipped out my scout knife and slashed the rug over the lump. And a head came through the slit. It was a fan with a poodle hair-cut. (see picture 3) He said, "Thanks. It was getting a little stuffy under there."

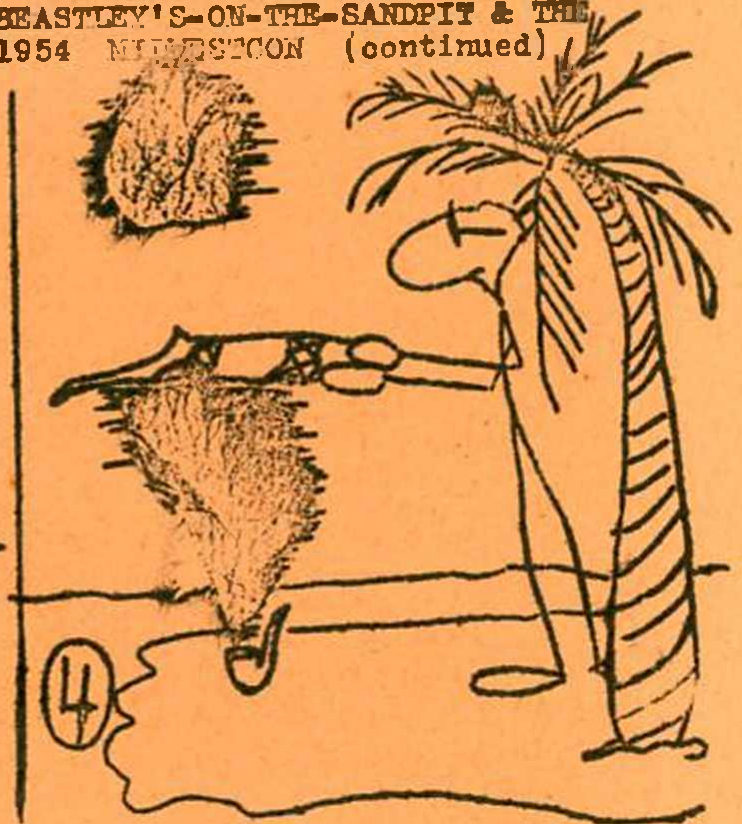
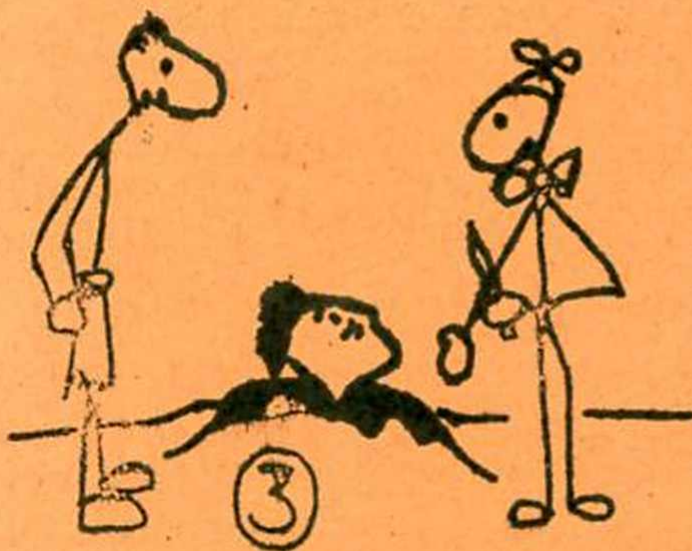
What were you doing down there?" asked Stan Skirvin.

"I was looking for the ten of clubs," he replied, "she was my favorite. I lost her somewhere here at  
(continued page 14)



sun without  
spot (cont.  
page 14)





Beastley's and I've been looking all over for her. She was the one with the earmuffs on. I got lost under there. I think someone must have tacked the rug down after I went under." He looked at his watch, "Say, has Arthur Clarke made his speech yet?"

"That was back in 1952," Stan told him, "This is 1954."

"No wonder I'm hungry," the fan said, crawling through the slash in the rug, "Let's go and get some strawberries."

"Sold out of strawberries. Dave Kyle ate the last of them just a few minutes ago," Mrs. Beastley told him.

"Oh, darn," he swore. "Double darn and dad gum," He swore like a grooper.

"Come on up to my rooms," someone new joined the group. Stan identified him as Robert Bloch (the original). "I've got some jelly beans."

"I've got some jellied consommé," offered Ted Dikty.

"Oh, good," shouted Rog Sims. He grabbed a chair, broke it into kindling and set fire to it. "I'll melt it down for you."

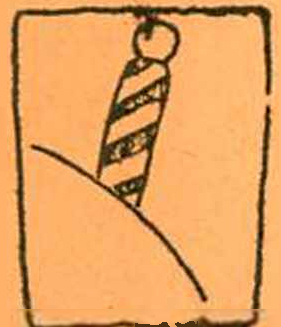
"It's no good," Lee Hoffman told him, "It's had a fly crawl in it."

"Why waste this nice fire?" piped Bloch, "Let's burn someone at the stake."

"Steak?" the man who'd crawled from under the rug exclaimed, "I want a steak."

"Well, come on," Bloch took him by the hand and led him to a table. "I'll find a deck of cards, and you can put up the stakes."

"I've got a nice deck of cards...all but a ten of clubs."



picture of North  
Pole (cont. p.  
15)

(concluded page 15)

"Well, if Randy's through beating-up that fellow who spilled bourbon on him, he might like to sit in on the game. And there's Kyle and a lot of others. You two?" he pointed to Rog and me, "You go round up anyone you see who looks like he's got money."

So we trotted off toward a large group of fans standing for a photo. The fan with the camera was a devilishly handsome lad in an ermine-trimmed T-shirt and juke boots and lavender satin dungarees. I recognized him as Max Keasler by the copies of OPUS in his pockets and the green-handled knife in his back. He, I knew, had money. Everyone knew that. Max was filthy rich, from the profits of his fanzine.

But by the time Rog and I got back with a dozen moneyed fans, Bloch and the man from under the rug and the others were all gone. They'd left a note for us, though. It instructed us to go up on the sixth floor and wait. We didn't do it, though, because Beastley's only had four floors.

Instead we decided to go boating. Rog reminded us that there wasn't any water in the lake, but being fans with fine minds and broad mental horizons, we solved that. We didn't take a boat. But unfortunately we capsized and had to swim to shore through dust up to our ankles.

Once ashore, we found that we were on an island, so Harlan sent up smoke signals. (see picture 4) And pretty soon we saw more smoke rising from Beastley's. We supposed them to be a reply to our signals, until Rog remembered that he hadn't put out the fire in the lobby, and we realized that the smoke we saw was Beastley's burning to the ground.

So if you plan to attend the Midwestcon in 1955, don't write to Beastley's for a reservation. Send your reservations to Orville Youngfan at Mud Island, Indian Sandpit, Ohio.

And you'd better bring a sleeping bag or something if you object to a few rocks in your bed.

THE END

Feature

WORK OF THE SECOND FIFTY

second in our series of listings of the works of science fiction's greatest writers during the second fifty years of this, the 20th century.

#2: THE FAMOUS "GODS" SERIES BY A.E. van VOGT

A SON IS BORN  
CHILD OF THE GODS  
HAND OF THE GODS  
HOME OF THE GODS  
THE BARBARIAN  
THE WIZARD OF LINE

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION

.. ..  
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.. ..

MAY '46

AUG '46

DEC '46

APR '47

DEC '47

APR. MAY '50

JUNE '50



Picture of  
South Pole  
(end.....)



NEXT

TEXT

coming up in the promags?

**THRILLING WONDER STORIES**.....~~THE POLYNESIAN~~ ~~REVIEWER~~ by Kendall Foster Crossen.....**EARTHS OF OTHER SUNS** by James Blish.....**THE BIRD OF TIME** by Wallace West.....**THE KOKOD WARRIORS** a Magnus Ridolph story by JACK VANCE.....

**STARTLING STORIES**.....**THE OBLIGATION** by Roger Dee.....**BIG PLANET** by Jack Vance.....

**IF**.....Paul Fairman is no longer editor of this magazine and what their future contents, policy and so forth will be, is ????

**AMAZING STORIES**.....aside from **MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE** by author unborn no word as to October contents.....

**FANTASTIC**.....stories by Samuel Hopkins Adams, Dean Evans, Ralph Robin, C. L. Kormbluth, Richard Matheson and **THE VEILED WOMAN** by Mickey Lane and **COLORS INSIDE ILLUSTRATIONS!!** .....

**FANTASTIC ADVENTURES**.....**TERROR FROM THE ABYSS** by John Fletcher.....

**SCIENCE-FANTASY (British)**.....**STITCH IN TIME** by J.T. M'Intosh...**CIRCUS** by Peter Hawkins...**NOT AS WE ARE** by E.R. James...**WAS NOT SPOKEN** by E.E. Evans...**ENEMY IN THEIR MIDST** by Alan Barclay..

**MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION**.....**THREE DAY MAGIC** by Charlotte Armstrong...**THE FACTITIOUS PENTANGLE** by H. Nearing, Jr. ...**THE GOOD PROVIDER** by Marion Gross...stories by Alfred Coppel, Arthur Forges, Ralph Robin, and Kenneth R. Deardorf.....

**GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION**.....**DELAY IN TRANSIT** by F.L. Wallace plus Willy Ley on the nearness of space travel.....

**ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION**.....**THE FACE OF THE ENEMY** by Thomas Wilson..

department **JUNE'S Best Art**

THE FOLLOWING AWARDS OF THE BEST ART FOR JUNE ARE CHOSEN FROM THE PROFESSIONAL SF MAGAZINES ISSUED DURING MAY AND JUNE '52

ALL ARTWORK CHOSEN ARE DONE SO WITH THE FOLLOWING FACTORS IN MIND: 1) SCIENCE FICTION and/or FANTASY 2) ARTISTIC VALUE, 3) REFLECTION OF STORY

MASH for the August cover of Thrilling Wonder Stories  
ALEX SCHOMBURG for his art pages 12 & 13. (August TWS)  
ALEX SCHOMBURG for the July cover of Startling Stories  
WALTER POPP for the August cover of Amazing Stories  
RENA M. BULL for her art pages 5 and cover Science-Fantasy for Spring  
MILTON LURGE for his cover for August Science Fiction Quarterly  
PETER POULTON for his art page 40 of August SF Quarterly  
MALCOLM SMITH for his cover July Other Worlds  
JACK COGGINS for his cover May Galaxy Science Fiction

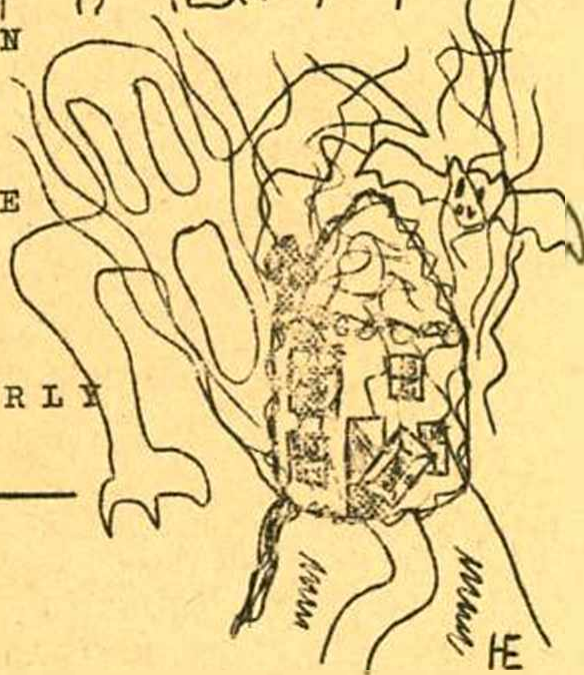




# ABNORMALITY

by HARLAN ELLISON

BEING THE STORY OF  
A YOUNG MAN FROM THE  
BIG TOWN WHO WANTED  
TO GET AWAY FROM IT  
ALL - - - FOR A SINGULARLY  
DISTURBING REASON.



Although the night was warm, there was the inevitable chill that is found around graveyards, permeating the atmosphere of the old house.

The house stood on a hill on the outskirts of the Big Town and showed clearly that no one--human--had lived there for a great number of years. The doors sagged outward as though they alone carried the weight of the world, and the windows were all the same; broken, with small, jagged frames of glass still in the panes.

Atop the four-story house was a small dormer with a window that was distinctly different from the others. Although it was clouded with the blown dirt and dust of years, it remained unbroken.

Like a sentinel. Watching when the rest of the brood has fallen asleep.

Through the window, nothing could be seen, and yet there appeared to be a roiling, a swirling, which came from within. The effect was more than just unnerving. At least it was to Terry Corkan who stood before the house, suitcase in hand, and stared up at the weather-beaten boards of the building that had, through the seasons, changed from a healthy white-washed shade to a dull, lifeless gray that resembled the skin covering a week-old cadaver. He shivered.

With a shrug to the so-called Gods of Chance, he hoisted his brown suitcase and trod the weed-overgrown path to the door. He had no trouble entering. The door creaked once with the tug he made on it, and fell with a crash and many puffs of dust onto the porch.

With another shrug he went inside.

(continued page 18)

There was a good reason for his being here, he mused, upstairs in the room he had chosen for sleeping. It was his malady. No, it would be more fitting to call it an abnormality. Yes, that was it. And not an abnormality that could be taken care of by ordinary medications. Or even the help of doctors. It was a defect with which he would have to cope himself. No one would be of any help. He took his jacket off in the dim, flickering glow cast by the aged oil lamp he had found. It was lucky that he had brought along some lighter fluid or the lamp would still be unlit and he would be in darkness. A frightening thought.

He had his shirt off and was sitting on the bed, made up with his own linens, smoking a cigarette, when he heard the noise.

Stiffening, he knew immediately where it had come from. The small dormer atop the house which had drawn his attention when he first arrived at the house. Probably a rat.....he hoped.

With a small shiver he doffed the rest of his clothes.

...the sound came again.

This time it was easy to distinguish the sounds that were transmitted through the near-rotting ceiling to his ears. It was a rustling at first. As though something were coming awake after a long, deep sleep. Then there was a thud. The same kind of thud that might be made if a--for instance--bat...were dropping off a rafter where it had been sleeping. The next thing the listening man heard was a dragging or rustling. Like a long cloak or a pair of wings being brushed along the wooden boards as someone...or something...shuffled across

the floor. Then it ceased.

Tommy Corkan sat on the edge of the bed, his head cocked to one side, listening. There was no further sound from above. He swung his legs up onto the bed and slid beneath the sheets.

He blew out the lamp and lay in the darkness that had suddenly become stuffily oppressive. His cigarette, that lay on the table, burning the half-corroded wood, glowed dully, casting hardly any light.

"It was a foolish idea, anyhow," he thought to himself, "Why come all the way out here from the Big Town. From the warmth and security of a penthouse apartment."

But he knew the answer even before he asked himself the question. It was his malady; no, he had decided he would call it an abnormality. He just couldn't stay in town another night. If anything should....but why worry? He was safe here. And in a few days the (continued page 19)





serum would have taken effect and he would be on the road to recovery.

Tommy clasped his hands behind his head and thought how, after the attack the night before, he had hurriedly gathered together a few clothes and then gone to his real estate agent. He had found the ideal escape route. This house. Immediately he had rushed out here, and everything was all right now.

Except...

The noise came again. This time it was nearer. Outside his window. A fluttering of wings or the rustling of a cape, he couldn't tell which. Instantly he was tensed. Tensed against whatever was outside that window.

The darkness outside the broken window was superseded by a bulky object. It was either darker than the night, for though details not be made out, the shape was clear. It



dow was sunlight or of it could was a man,

With more of the rustling, the man dropped into the room. Tommy lay quite still for a moment, then with a swift motion, lit the lamp with his cigarette lighter.



The man who stood before him was tall and thin; almost to the point of being gaunt. His skin closely resembled the color of the house. A cadaverous grey. He was draped from head to toe in a red velvet cape that rustled as he walked.

"So it was a cape," mumbled Corkan as he gazed in fascination at the tall figure.

Atop his head the visitor wore a large opera hat that seemed to belong there. But the most striking thing about him, as was to be expected in a person of this sort, were his eyes.

They were deep-set beneath very thin brows and in their black depths lurked the terror of age-old myths that had suddenly materialized. They smoldered and burned with an unearthly light that hypnotized and dulled the senses.

With a mental lurch, Tom Corkan pulled his gaze away from the man's eyes and stared at the rest of his visitor's face. It was deathly white around the mouth with a delicate nose, high cheekbones, and a red slash of a mouth from which protruded two obviously razor-sharp incisors that were a dull yellow in color.



"You're a vampire, aren't you," said Corkan, realizing how foolish the question was even as he said it. He hoped for a negative answer, but knew that it would not be.

(concluded page 20)



"Yes," was the reply in a sibilant whisper.

"I had hoped I could escape. A little more time and I could have gotten over my abnormality. Why did you have to waken tonight?" And Tommy Corkan shrugged, threw off the covers, and with a hunching of his shoulders advanced upon the visitor; half-man, half-bat.

The tall, thin vampire looked startled for a moment and then instinctively shrunk back. He screamed once and then Corkan was upon him. The attacker sunk his perfectly normal teeth into the white throat of the vampire.

Through a haze of red, Corkan mumbled, "You should never have come here tonight. You see, I have a very unusual abnormality. I have to drink the blood of vampires."

The vampire couldn't hear him.

THE END

SEE YOU AT THE CHICON IN CHICAGO----AUGUST 30,31 and SEPTEMBER 1....he

...Wanted you to know about the card some one is sending out from San Francisco, (unsigned, mimeographed) saying Walter Willis died May 15, and making some other unauthorized statements. I have a message from Walt written on May 20th. , (ghost writer, mebbe?) so am certain the thing is a bit of subtle dirt-slinging aimed at the campaign. Wish you'd spread the word around in Cleveland and with any other fans with whom you're in touch, that I know nothing of this hoax. Hope it does not slow up the campaign since time grows short and the travel agency is pressing me for the go-ahead on reservation. Takes time for passport and other arrangements. Gotta go to work,

Yrs,

Shelby

June 7, 1952

As most of the readers of the SFBULLETIN know, the most well-known overseas fan today is WALTER A. WILLIS of Belfast, North Ireland, publisher of that sterling (pound, of course) fanmag SLANT. SHELBY VICK, and a group of American fans, are trying to raise enough money to bring Walt over here for the World Science Fiction Convention in Chicago. So if you've got a buck kickin' around that you'd like to see put to a good use, send it in to: SHELBY VICK, BOX 493, LYNE HAVEN, FLORIDA. Do NOT send your \$1 to us. The above is a reproduction of a post card that Shelby wrote to one of the Cleveland Fans...he

# 7 Heads of Cerberus

a rare and fascinating fantasy  
by

FRANCIS STEVENS

FANTASY PRESS, publishers of the finest in science-fantasy, have begun

POLARIS PRESS

for the express purpose of publishing hard-to-find science-fantasy items. The first in this series is a fabulous tale of time-travel, a trip into other dimensions where startling adventures occur, and fast-paced reading from the pages of the long-extinct THRILL BOOK.

There are very few copies of the original magazines in which this tale appeared. Lloyd Eshbach, head of FANTASY PRESS got his chance to read the story and obtain copies by going to the Library of Congress!!

But it is much easier for you. Only 1500 copies of this wonderful book have been printed on the finest deckle-edged paper, in a handsome binding indicative of the quality of the book in a handy slip-case. It has been fully illustrated by RIC BINKLEY and contains an amazing introduction by L.A. Eshbach.

This first of the POLARIS PRESS LIBRARY books will not be sold in book stores. The only way to obtain your copy is to send \$3.00 to:

POLARIS PRESS POST OFFICE BOX 159 READING, PENNA.

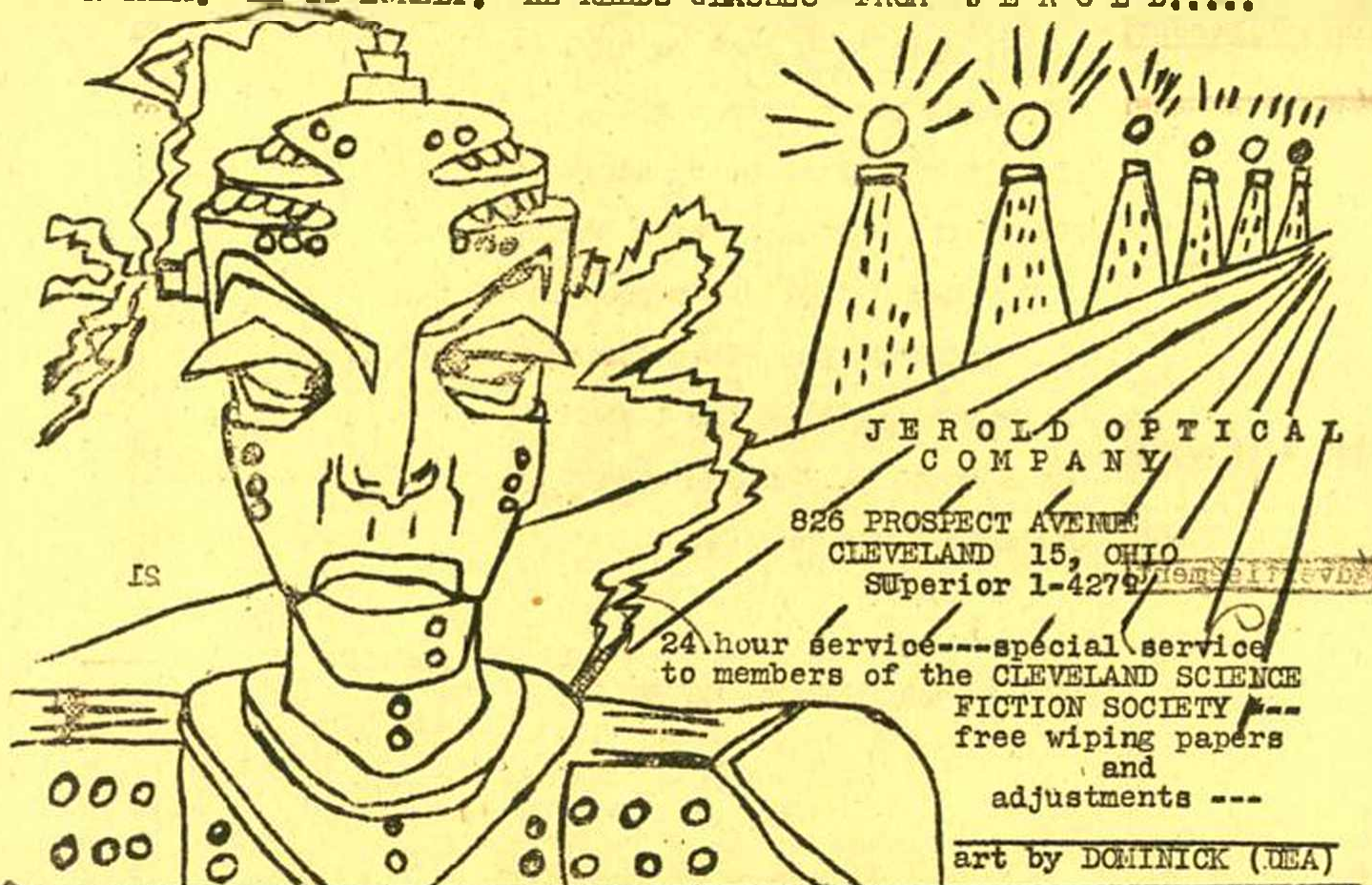
Your editor can vouch for the quality of the book. This is one of the greatest fantasy buys ever offered to readers of science-fantasy!!

HURRY!!

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN STORY RECOMMENDATIONS	THE LOVERS by Philip Jose Farmer---Startling Stories---August
	LET MY PEOPLE GO by Walter M. Miller, Jr.---If---July
	THE GOD IN THE BOWL by Robert E. Howard---Space SF---September
	THE BARRIER by Murray Leinster---Space SF---September
	OFFICIAL RECORD by Fletcher Pratt---Space SF---September
	ALL FLESH IS BRASS by Milton Lesser---Fantasio Adventures-Aug
	NINE-FINGER JACK by Anthony Boucher---Mag of F&SF---August
	STAIR TRICK by Mildred Clingerman---Mag of Fantasy & SF--August
	STAR, BRIGHT by Mark Clifton---Galaxy Science Fiction---July
	SHIPSHAPE HOME by Richard Matheson---Galaxy Science Fiction-Jul
	BLOOD BANK by Walter M. Miller---Astounding SF---JUNE
	THE EMISSARY by Jim Brown---Astounding Science Fiction---JULY
	I AM NOTHING---by Erio Frank Russell---Astounding SF---July
	THE MAN WHO STAKED THE STARS by Charles Dye---Planet---July
	BEYOND LIES THE WUB by Philip K. Dick---Planet Stories--July
	ISSUE'S TOP STORY
	THIS MONTH'S STORY RECOMMENDATIONS show a decided uptrend in the quality of stuff being printed. Thus it is somewhat more understandable when we say that we have a tie for top story honors. The TWO top stories are: I AM NOTHING and SHIPSHAPE HOME (see above listing)



HERE IS YOOBOR. HE IS THE ONLY INHABITANT OF ATOMTOWN. HE IS ALONE BECAUSE HE CANNOT SEE STRAIGHT. HE ALWAYS BUMPS INTO THINGS. SO HE MADE A TOWN WITH EVERYTHING IN PLACE SO HE WON'T STUMBLE OVER THEM. HE IS LONELY. HE NEEDS GLASSES FROM JEROLD.....



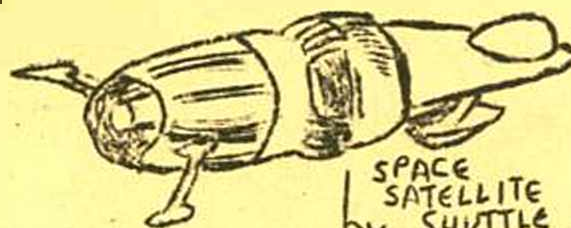
Feature

## CLEVELAND'S Bookstores —

#1: KAY BOOK SHOP 1374 EAST 9th STREET PR. 1-8238  
CLEVELAND, OHIO

In Cleveland, the place to go for out-of-print books and copies of Astounding (when they have 'em) is Kay's. Most frequently, this large book store gets in old volumes, priced extremely reasonably. In the line of new books, Kay has a complete stock of all the major and specialized s-f publishers. A complete file of British science fiction and pocket-sized volumes makes this place a real science fiction lovers paradise.

Mr. and Mrs. Kay are there to help you find your type of reading pleasure, and if not available, they will expend every effort to locate the volume you seek. Such rare volumes as Taine's GOLD TOOTH and a first edition of THE WORM OROBOROUS have been found there. Although their prices on used magazines are somewhat high, if it is old, hard-to-find science fiction you are seeking, or if it's the new stuff....try KAY'S BOOK SHOP. (next issue: FIELD'S BOOK SHOP)



## NIGHT SIDE

MOREEN KANE  
by  
FALASCA

Here, upon this rock we call the Earth,  
Standing alone atop a hill,  
I felt within my being start  
The faint beginning of a thrill.  
I touched a tree grown gaunt with age  
And searched the stars for some sweet sign.  
From out infinity the light  
Came hurtling through space  
To make Earth devine.

## ATOMIC AGE MOMMY GOOSE

MARILYN  
by  
ANDREAS

## I

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
And climbed aboard a rocket.  
The swish of air--Jill wasn't there!  
The door! Jack didn't lock it.

## II

Mary had a little pig,  
She took it to the moon.  
The little pig got Space-sick...  
We'll have Lunar Pork Chops soon.

EDITOR'S NOTE: of all the features of SEBULLETIN, we have the most trouble getting poetry. If it weren't for our lady poetess Marilyn Andreas and the few others who from time to time deign to honor us with their bits of verse, we would have to completely exclude verse. I am hereby pleading to all you young poets to send along your stuff. If it's good, we'll print it....he



## gibson's

## GALLERY OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE

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

#### 4: THE TILT-BIRD OF THE PINBALL NEBULA

When the Frank Costello Expedition of 2002 A.D. was organized and sent out, the fully manned starship stumbled upon the Pinball Nebula which had appeared suddenly in front of them as they entered the side-pocket. The only habitable or inhabited planet of the several hundred in the Nebula turned out to be Pinball 483 which was inhabited by a form of bird who was rapidly dying out because of the fact that their bodies were shaped like pool-cues and could not bear the strain of their over-large heads and

... In exchange for bodies that were padded inside and that they could move, the tilt-birds promised to use their bodies for the good of the Costello Enterprise Company which intended to turn the Pinball Nebula into a haven for suckers...er... pleasure-seekers. Today, the Pinball Nebula is stinking...that is...solid with pinball and slot machines which have raised the culture of the original inhabitants.

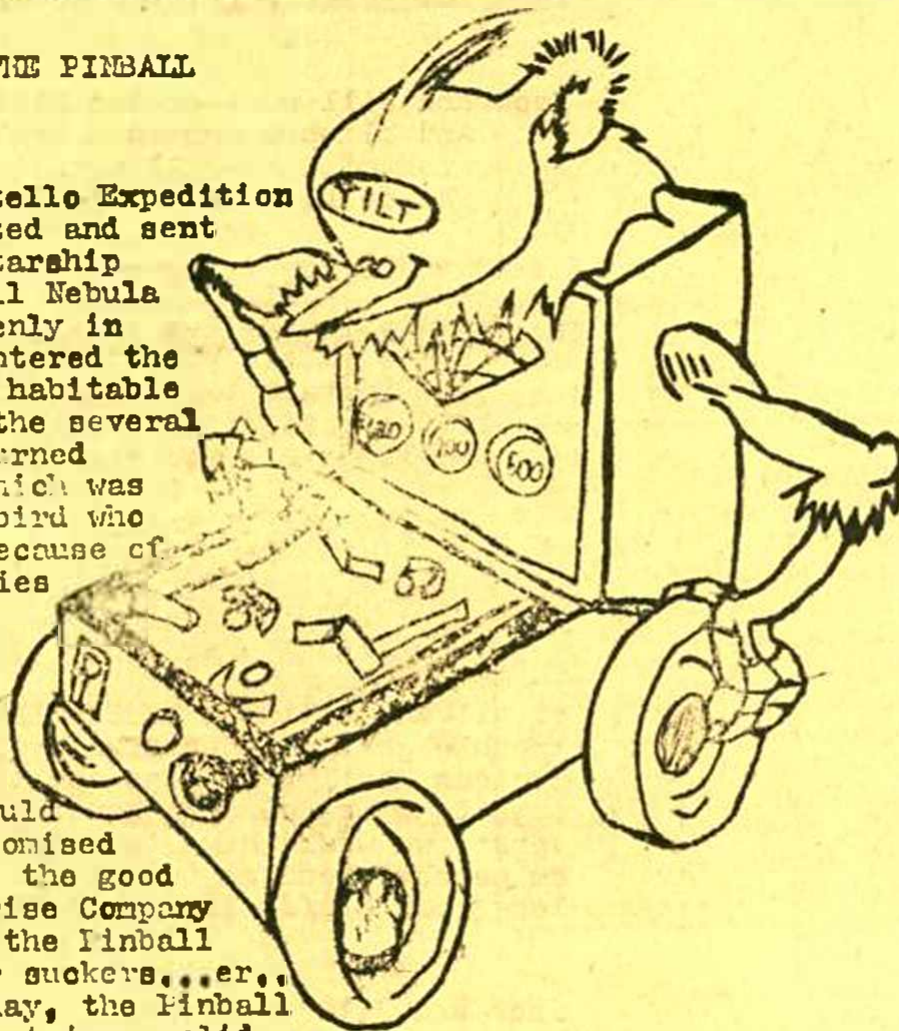


FIGURE 1: (above) THE TILT-BIRD OF THE PINBALL NEBULA (during working hours)

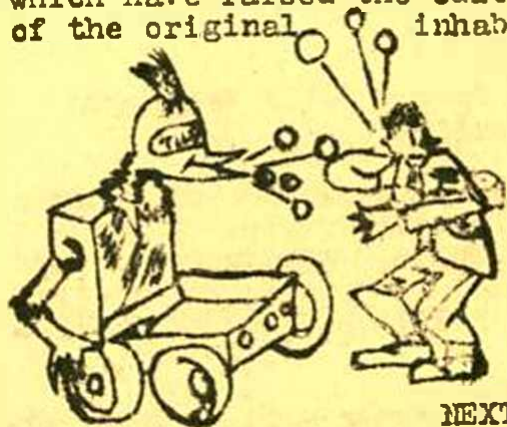
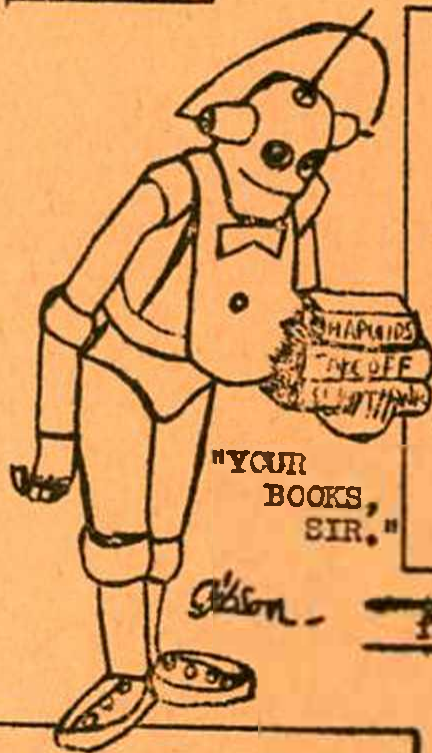


Figure 2: TILT-BIRD DISCOURAGING A CUSTOMER FROM DEMANDING PAY-OFF. (left)

NEXT ISSUE: The Hoop-Tailed Locust of Rongway



# READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY?

A REGULAR DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN FEATURING INTELLIGENT REVIEWS OF THE LATEST IN SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY BOOKS.

this issue reviews by:

RAYLE.....YOWLER.....KEESE.....ELLISON.....  
WOOD.....ANDREAS.....BURDEN.....NORTON  
and.....PETRAS.....

Featuring reviews of:

ROBOTS HAVE NO TAILS by Lewis Padgett  
DOUBLE JEOPARDY by Fletcher Pratt  
OUTPOST MARS by Cyril Judd  
THE COMING OF THE SAUCERS by Ray Palmer  
& Kenneth Arnold  
THE HAPLOIDS by Jerry Sohl  
TAKEOFF by Cyril M. Kornbluth  
THE DEVILS ADVOCATE by Taylor Caldwell  
SPACE HAWK (part 1 of rebuttal) by Anthony  
Gilmore  
THE SWORD OF CONAN by Robert E. Howard  
TALES FROM UNDERWOOD by Dr. David H. Keller

SPECIAL NOTICE: Next issue we are privileged to present a PREVUE BOOK REVUE of a new book by our staff reviewer Miss Andre Norton. The book is: STAR MAN'S SON: 2250 A.D. watch for it

EDITOR'S NOTES: this time we were a little optimistic as to the number of reviews we would be able to include, and so we'll have to put off till next issue the reviews of SANDS OF MARS by Arthur Clarke and CLOAK OF AESIR by John Campbell that we had scheduled for this time. Sorry.....he

RARE HUMOUR WITH THE MAD SCIENTIST  
reviewed by Warren Rayle

ROBOTS HAVE NO TAILS/ by Lewis Padgett/ Gnome Press/ 1952/ New York/ \$2.75/ 224 pp./ jacket by Ric Binkley/five stories/

Robots Have No Tails by Lewis Padgett (known in his weaker moments as Henry Kuttner) is a volume that deals with the activities of the most extraordinary scientist of them all, Gallagher. Five stories are included, all of which were previously published in Astounding Science Fiction, THE PROUD ROBOT, GALLAGHER PLUS, THE WORLD IS MINE, EX MACHINA and TIME LOCKER.

Gallagher, sober, seems a rather normal character with a rather abnormal thirst. Gallagher, plus alcohol, is a genius. Or a superman, since his talents are definitely not limited to any one field. (cont p. 26)



The stories do not deal directly with the scientist at work; rather, they arise from an additional facet of this rather schizoid personality. Namely, Gallagher sober is unable to remember just what Gallagher-Plus has invented...or even why. It's enough to drive a man to drink.

The series also introduces the most unusual robot of all. Joe, with a transparent skin, extensible eyes, Narcissus complex, and a voice range reaching into the ultra and sub-sonics, has abilities which in some cases far outrun even those of Gallagher-Plus. After all, Gallagher cannot skren or varish. He cannot even vasten.

An example of Gallagher's talents might be shown from GALLAGHER PLUS in which, commissioned to solve three totally unrelated problems, he throws together one gadget which not only supplies all three answers, but also sings "St. James Infirmary". Gallagher-Plus likes to sing--but not alone.

The reader who is seeking social significance, or who wants detailed plans for the construction of time-warping fields is advised, seriously, to look elsewhere. To those satisfied merely to enjoy some of the most relaxing and hilarious stories in the science fiction field, ROBOTS HAVE NO TAILS may be unreservedly recommended.

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### UP WITH THE HAPLOIDS--DOWE

WITH MAN!

reviewed by Honey Wood

THE HAPLOIDS/ by Jerry Sohl/ Rinehart & Co./ New York and Toronto/1952/  
\$2.50/ 248 pp./ jacket by H. Lawrence Hoffman/

This being your reviewer's first introduction to the work of Jerry Sohl and incidentally his first book-length story, I found THE HAPLOIDS a well-written and entertaining story.

To this reviewer, the tale was extremely reminiscent of DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. If you found that novel enjoyable, you will surely enjoy this one as much.

The plot, very briefly sketched, takes place in the world of today. A reporter taking a rest cure in the hospital falls unwittingly into the scheme of the "Haploids" by seeing an old man, brought into the hospital because of a malady (he had turned a horrible shade of red and purple) he has contracted. He naturally wants to know what happened and soon is up to his neck in trouble. The only nice trouble he comes upon is in his meeting with a beautiful girl who, oddly enough, is trying to kill him.

The Haploids are out to rid the World of the menfolk and naturally this rather distresses our young reporter who would hate to see his species go "down the drain" so to speak. And he'd also like to get better acquainted with the beautiful assassin who'd like to do him in.

There's no sense in this reviewer spoiling the story for you, so to find out just who or what the Haploids are and if they succeed in their self-appointed task, you'll have to read the book yourself.

But of it, I'll say: this story will keep you in suspense right up to the ending.

I enjoyed it...so I highly recommend it.

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(more book reviews follow on page 27 and thereafter)

OF THE SMALL AND DOUBLED  
reviewed by RAY YOWLER

DOUBLE JEOPARDY/ by Fletcher Pratt/ Doubleday and Co./ Garden City,  
New York/ 1952/ \$2.75/ 214 pp./ jacket design by Whitney Bender/

Something that infuriates this reviewer is the publishing between hard-covers of stories that have appeared no more than two months before. No matter how good the stories, they are still so fresh in the mind of the reader that there certainly is no good reason outside that old money-making routine that floods the market, for putting them in this form so soon after magazine publication. Such is the case with DOUBLE JEOPARDY.

Mr. Pratt, who was awarded a SFBULLETIN CITATION, is one of our favorite authors, and consequently we will depart from the above statement and say that this book is warmly met.

Having been run in the April and June 1952 issues of THRILLING WONDER STORIES AS TWO SEPERATE UNITS (DOUBLE JEOPARDY and THE SQUARE CUBE LAW) with the connecting link of the stories being the main character Secret Service man George Helmfleet Jones. Placed in the not-so distant future, these stories are the most logical merging of the detective and science fiction story yet written. Although as detective-type tales, they leave much to be desired. There are impossible situations set up for the reader to puzzle over...but there isn't enough of a dossier of facts thrown in to let the reader pick a possible solution from the muddle of closely inter-related incidents. And when the solutions finally come up, you wonder, "Now just where did he pull THAT rabbit from?"

But overlook these minor defects in the structure, for the plots- both of them- of the book are slightly terrific. The first part of the book deals with the tracking-down of a vicious drug-running ring with strange ramifications that resolve themselves into the fact that a duplicating machine is being used to produce the strange situation. The second half of the book (and by far the better) has to do with the robbery of a sealed express rocket containing three million dollars. Though the robbery was impossible to accomplish, it was accomplished and Jones sets out to find just how with the help of science's square cube law.

Several very unusual propositions are advanced in this volume and the book is highly recommended to both detective and s-f readers for a pleasant merging of the two and a possible introduction to the field for those murder-mystery readers and an easy way to absorb scientific-like data.

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A PROBABLE SAGA OF THE RED PLANET  
reviewed by Ralph Beese

OUTPOST MARS/ by Cyril Judd/ Abelard Press/ New York/ 1952/ \$2.50/  
268 pp./ jacket by SKA/

Cyril Judd being the joint pen-name for C.M. Kornbluth and Judith Merrill, the reader wonders how such a uniformity of style and smooth merging of plot action could have resulted from the collaboration. If this is an example of what all their work together will be, these two  
(continued page 28)



should have gotten together long ago---for this is a small masterpiece.

While slow in spots, slow to the point of ho-hum-edness, and the characterization falls short in some cases, the story far outshadows these minor deficiencies with its startling and stark air of reality. This is a tale of the first few colonists on Mars and of their trials, heroism, and final victory over the near-insurmountable odds set against them. It paints a vivid picture of courage and downright pioneerism that warms the heart of all who might read it. This book is a page torn from the very saga of the settling of our own country. It is the rugged individualism and stick-to-it-iveness of the Western pioneers. It is a story that will not only read as though it might happen in a very few years (as it undoubtedly will) but reads like the most fascinating of American Colonial stories placed in the near future with up-to-date science.

You'll marvel at the ingenuity of the Mars colonists at Sun Lake City Colony as they uncover the secret of the disappearing babies and the stolen marijuana shipments--marijuana, deadlier than morphine--and the fabled "Brownies"; you'll thrill to the revelation of how Sammy Kandre was kept alive--and why he didn't need to be.

The minor deficiencies of this book can be easily overlooked in the overall picture that is painted. Pledits to C. Juda...both of him.

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featured book review \*\*\*\*

## EDITOR'S

## NOTE

Since we started these book reviews in SFBULLETIN, we have been told by many sources which we regard highly, and often, that they are very interesting and helpful. But...since all the books reviewed have been purchased out of the editor's pocket, it has put quite a strain on the exchequer. Thus we were overjoyed to the point of hysteria to find in our old mail box one day a review copy of the book below. Take a hint publishers. The money will run out soon and then we will start selecting the best of the crop..he

SAUCERS, SOUP PLATES, and  
COFFEE CUPS (TWO LUMPS, PLEASE)  
reviewed by Harlan Ellison

THE COMING OF THE SAUCERS/ by Kenneth Arnold and Raymond A. Palmer/  
privately published by the authors/ Boise, Idaho and Amherst, Wisconsin/  
1952/ \$5.00/ 192 pp. including 32 pages of photographs/send money to:  
Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisconsin/

Well, Ray Palmer finally got his say onto paper. This review is going to be a hard one to write. First of all because Ray and Bea Maffey of OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE STORIES, who have published this book are friends of mine..at least Bea is. And secondly because it is the first review copy we got and panning the book might discourage other publishers from sending us their books to review. But around here we  
(continued page 29)

felt that honesty was the better part of book-reviewing and consequently this review will mirror this reviewer's thoughts, honestly. No put-on stuff just because we owe a debt.

Here is a book with a lot to say, and nothing truly concrete to back up what they have to say. The book is, for the most part, the experiences and ideas of Mr. K. Arnold who was the gentleman who claims to have spotted the first of the "saucers". The ensuing chapters after Arnold (via the well-phrased language of ghost-writer Palmer) has made his opening about seeing the disc over the Cascades, the whole story of their mysterious phone caller, the pieces of "lava rock" and other discs comes out. Which makes for excellent reading but offers little in the way of substantial proof.

Palmer takes over later in the book and draws from his extensive file (so he says) of saucer reports to fill out the book with a list of foreign and domestic sightings. But what puzzles this reviewer is the fact that Palmer gives so many instances when he as much as tells you that the sighting was due to either mistaking the saucer for a searchlight glare, or as a cloud formation or the myriad other dodges the army has used to allay our fears.

The whole book works itself to a frazzle to prove there are saucers...and then turns around and gives your mind a-plenty of loopholes to prove to itself that there aren't.

All in all, it's an interesting book, and the photographs (while serving as smudges on paper as well as saucers) are highly intriguing to the casual observer. But for the price, poorly saddle-stitched as the volume is, it's a wee bit o' too high. I suppose they have to charge that fin, though, or they would lose money. Take a chance on the book, it'll give you a good evening's entertainment and a few more days o' heavy thinking.

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# FIRST FLIGHT, FOR THE 500th

TIME

reviewed by Marilyn Andreas

TAKEOFF/ by Cyril M. Kornbluth/ Doubleday/ New York/ 1952/ 218 pp./ \$2.75/ jacket by Arthur Shilstone/

Since this is one of Kornbluth's first novels, it is difficult to judge this in comparison to his other excursions into the science fiction field. As a science fiction story, TAKEOFF would rate fair in the mystery field.

The only science in the book, outside of a few vague references to the Atomic Energy Commission, deals with a Space Flight Society in its attempt to build a mock-up rocket ship for publicity.

The fiction is mostly in the Hollywood-ishness of the ending. Other threads leading into the tangled knot of the climax are too real to be even amusing.

The problems of a bureaucrat, a millionaire, a ceramic engineer, and the Space Flight Society, the stagnation of knowledge and obstruction of scientific advancement in the A.E.C., and a slight case of espionage are loosely woven together to form the vague and twisted plot that leads to murder, suicide and an all-too-sudden conclusion.

As in any Hollywood musical, all turns out right for everyone in

THE END

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(more book reviews on page 30 and beyond)



rebuttal book review (part one)

book: SPACE HAWK by Gilmore

A LA BILLY THE KID  
reviewed by Edward PetrasSPACE HAWK/ by Anthony Gilmore/ Greenberg:Publisher/ 1952/ New York/  
\$2.75/ 274 pp./ jacket by Nettie Weber/

(PART 2 OF THIS REBUTTAL REVIEW WILL BE RUN IN SEBULLETIN NEXT MONTH...)

Do you remember the days when men were men? When women were women? When space ships were ditto? Then you remember the "good old days". At this point pardon the choking sounds. The "good old" days of that grey eyed hero of the spaceways with the left-hand draw (a la Billy the Kid) who indulged in the adventurous adventures which make up this corn-load of Grand Old Space Opry. For this is the first (mind you) of a new series of books that will attempt to resurrect (near-impossible job that it is) from the long-dead pages of the pre-John Campbell days ASTOUNDING STORIES that pre-Puck Rogers space hero H A W K C A R S E.

Shiver, villian, shiver.

It revives all the daring-do exploits of the great man and his stalwart associates, the powerful negro Friday and the Master Scientist Eliot Leithgow in all their sinewy glory. When first published under the title THE AFFAIR OF THE BRAINS, the story consisted mostly of how Hawk and the boys fell in--and out--of the terrible clutches of the sinister Eurasian Dr. Ku Sui. After twenty years, the story hasn't improved one iota. Still blatantly childish, and though exciting, strictly for the low mentality of an AMAZING STORIES lover.

You see, Dr. Ku Sui has removed the brains of five famous scientists and encased them in plastic boxes, using them as teachers to forward his mad schemes of Galactic Expansion or some such ridiculous business. Gad, Ku Sui, do you not realize that the gr-r-r-eat Hawk Carse is upon your demented trail? You booby!

In a startling series of escapades in which our boy risks life, limb and bubble gum, Hawk rescues the Brains from the Doctor's invisible asteroid and forces Ku Sui to replace the brains in other bodies so they may testify that M.S. Eliot did not murder them. This is always good for a cheer or two, and as Hawk Carse sinks slowly in the Spacial (and arbitrary) West, we say farewell to a fellow is so strangely reminiscent of The West.

Who do we recommend this book for: all children up to 14 and all imbeciles over 14.

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since this book will undoubtedly prove controversial, the pro end of this review by Harlan Ellison, will be in this spot next month. don't miss it, and if YOU have any thoughts on the book, send 'em in.....he  
-----(more book reviews follow)-----



Shelby Vick's  
PUFFIN offends  
his opinion of  
this book →

A "BIE PRO" TURNS TO SF  
reviewed by E.J. Burden

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE/ by Taylor Caldwell/ Crown Publishers/ New York/  
1952/ \$3.50/ 375 pp./ jacket artist unlisted/

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE is a book that I would like to see placed in all the schools of the United States, as required reading. Classified as fiction, the author leads the reader through the ramifications of governmental dictums showing how unacceptable is the change from a Republican form of government, to the absolute "Democracy of a Dictatorship".

This story is all too true, showing how the American People have given up one freedom after another for the illusion of security. By the subtle deviation of the Constitution, by irony, contempt, by devastating invectives of the Articles as outmoded and abrogating to authority the even more subtle powers of the unseen insidious Dictator.

The plot of the book opens with the Country under an absolute President elected by a captive Senate, for life and governed by Chief Magistrates with more of the absolute power over the lives and property of the peoples of his district, which embraces several states.

The body of Patriots who strive to bring liberty and individual freedom are called the Minute Men. The plans of the Minute Men necessitate a further oppression of the people to such a point, where they... must rebel!

This is helped by pitting class against class, pointing out that the various favors enjoyed by the favorites of the country.

The hero, Andrew Durant, who is limned with such skillful and yet natural characterization, steps into the position as a trusted officer of the "Democracy". His skillful penetration and undercover oppressions of the people to incite them to rebellion is perhaps fiction but the entire story could easily be fact, judging by the exchange of some of the liberties which we have already given up for a doubtful security.

Of course, there is a love interest in the story carried on by one of the Chief Magistrates who in the end gives up his life, honor, and name as a sacrifice to rebuild America.

Taylor Caldwell has made a very definite and great contribution to literature in general and science fiction in particular.

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OLD DOC, THE POOR MAN'S FREUD  
reviewed by Edward Petras

TALES FROM UNDERWOOD/ by Dr. David H. Keller, M.D./ Arkham House/Sauk City, Wisconsin/ distributed through Pellegrini and Cudahey/ 322 pp./ 1952/ \$3.95/ 23 stories/ jacket by Ronald Clyne/

A review of this book would be short indeed. This reviewer didn't like it at all. Not that the writing was bad. It wasn't. It was stinking. In an old and plodding heavy style, one of AMAZING STORIES oldest authors attempts to entertain with a selection of his short stories and novelettes, the bulk of which came from that magazine.

The book is divided up into three parts with the section labeled THE SCIENCE-FICTIONEER supplying the bulk of the good stories (THE WORM, THE REVOLT OF THE PEDESTRIANS, THE IVY WAR, THE YEAST MEN). The second section THE FANTASISTE supplies the second number of readable stories (THE GOLDEN BOUGH, THE OPIUM EATER, TIGER CAT) and the third part named (concluded page 32)



THE PSYCHIATRIST stacks up as a complete waste of paper, time, and/or energy. If Arkham House spent their time putting out books worth reading like SLAN! then they might make enough money to stay on a regular--at least more regular--publishing schedule. They'll never make money or please the public with overpriced, cob-web laden jobs like this one. It is definately NOT recommended in this reviewer's opinion.

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BRING THE MOP TO CLEAN UP THE GORE.  
CONAN'S BACK  
reviewed by Andre Norton

SWORD OF CONAN/ by Robert E. Howard/ Gnome Press/ New York/ 1952/ \$2.75/  
251 pp./ and papers illustrating Howard's map of Hyborean Age and jacket  
by David Kyle/four stories/

This is the second volume in what will comprise the complete saga of Robert Howard's famous mercenary-adventurer of the fabled Hyborean Age, Conan the Cimmerian. Four novelettes, THE PEOPLE OF THE BLACK CIRCLE, THE SLITHERING SHADOW, THE POOL OF THE BLACK ONES, and RED NAILS, make up the selection. All are of the wild swashbuckling school which has made the name Conan synonymous with action. In direct blood-spilling fight scenes, Howard has seldom been matched, and his weird backgrounds and monsters are drawn with meticulous detail.

Each adventure is introduced by an excerpt from AN INFORMAL BIOGRAPHY OF CONAN THE CIMMERIAN by P. Schuler Miller and John D. Clark which tie them together in the sense of time. May we suggest that this INFORMAL BIOGRAPHY, if it exists as an entire manuscript, be offered to all readers of Conan by the publishers.

The only objection which might be made to THE SWORD OF CONAN is the similiarity of two of the stories, THE SLITHERING SHADOW and RED NAILS, which have almost parallel plots. One of these might have been retained for one of the four later volumes of the series where the repetition would be less obvious. Otherwise---a feast for the "Up an' at 'em" circle.

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## THOSE EDITOR'S NOTES AGAIN!!

The editors would like to know just what the average reader of the SF BULLETIN thinks about our book reviews. This issue we had seven and a half pages of reviews. Is this too much? Should we cut down, short some of the reviews, or leave it as is? We would really like your opinions. Just send them on a penny (2-penny, that is) postal card to: HARLAN ELLISON, 12-701 SHAKER BLVD., APARTMENT #616, CLEVELAND 20, OHIO.

NEXT ISSUE: reviews of.....

SANDS OF MARS by Arthur C. Clarke

CLOAK OF AESIR by John W. Campbell, Jr.

THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE by Arthur C. Clarke

THE MIXED MEN by A.E. van Vogt

SON OF THE STARS by Raymond F. Jones

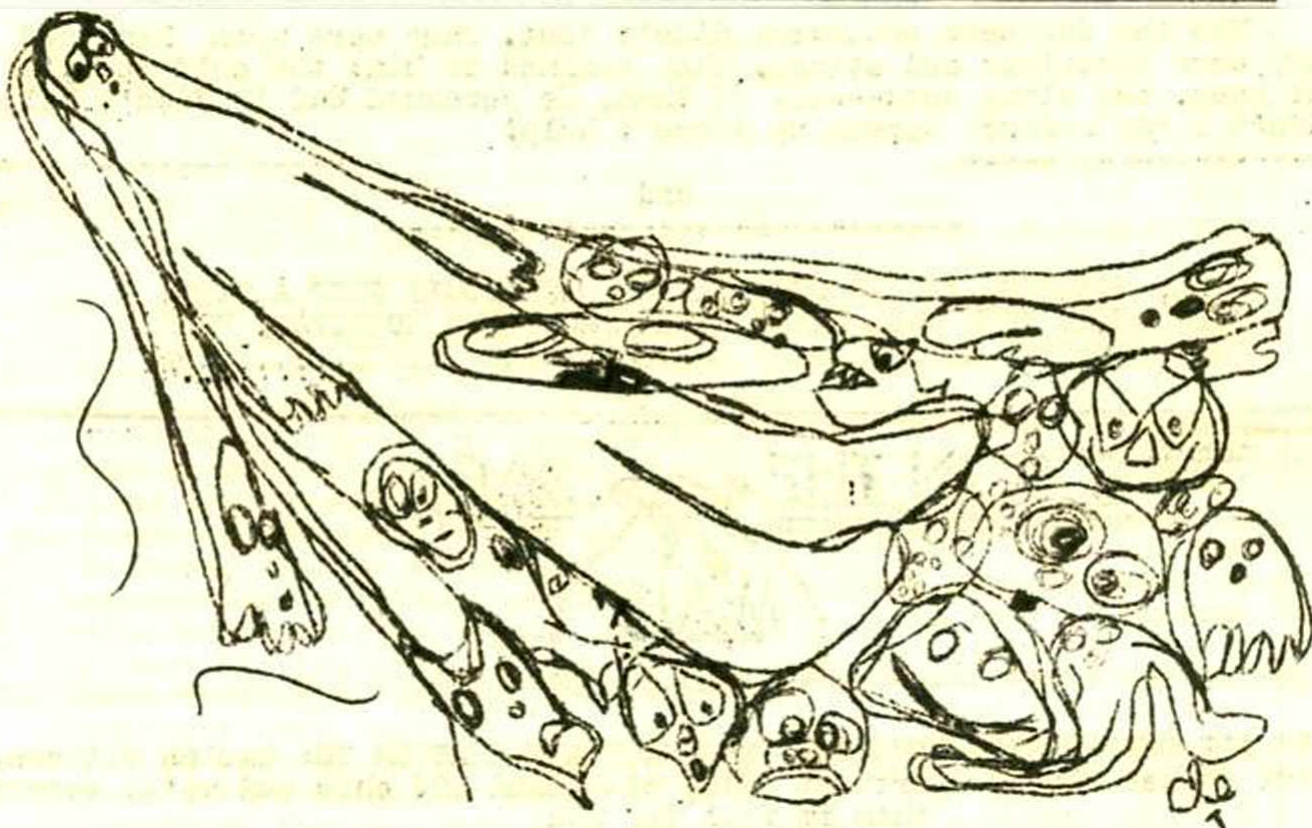
and three or four others including our PREVIEW

# The TORTURED — — — —

by KARL J. CHANZ

NOTE

Several months ago we presented what the editorial staff felt was something entirely different in science fiction stories. It was a parable by a fellow named Karl Chanz whom we had not heard of before that. His story was sent to us through DAVID ENGLISH, editor of FANTASIAS. We immediately sent to Dave to get more of this type story from Chanz. Well, here it is and this editor will go on record as saying this is one of the finest stories of this type he has ever had the great pleasure to read or publish. The advisory board had quite the argument over just what this story meant. One person said the fellow was insane. Another said the narrator was a germ, but your editor holds out that it was a much, much more common occurrence that was taking place. In fact, it has happened to each of us. In fact, it has happened to every baby.....he



The darkness before him, behind him seemed limitless. He couldn't escape. Not ever. So he screamed. The darkness wasn't really limitless. His screech echoed back from the stone walls of the monstrous cavern in which he was imprisoned. Back and forth, back and forth, and back again the yell echoed. It got louder and louder. Then the colossal shriek smashed--shattered like glass and fell tinkling about his ears like the fragments of some demonic mirror. All sound died. Now silence.

Screaming did not help the situation. He seemed to recall from  
(concluded page 34)



some other world and time, now dead, that loud noises with the mouth never had. Try running then? Yes! He ran, and after running for a long time, he was sobbing for breath, but he kept on running. Beneath his feet the floor was soft and pulsing. He realized that it was dangerous to run headlong through darkness in this manner. But the damnable ground on which he ran was---alive! It pulsed with a warm and steady heartbeat life.

Then he slammed into the wall as he knew he would eventually. All the world burst asunder, spilling from its split-open belly a cloud of stars and nebulae. There were billions of them, swarms of light-energy entities, shrieking their spectral color in silent voices, they whirled and hissed through primal blackness, rocketting like meteors, then they died, fading and waning like receding voices: a whisper, a sigh...now silence.

He lay stunned, in darkness and silence eternal.

In merciful darkness.

But the darkness and mercy didn't last. They were upon him; and They were merciless and strong. They swarmed on him: the cold ones, the wet ones, the slimy ones---all of them. He screamed but it didn't help; didn't I say before? Screaming doesn't help!

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end  
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WELL, READERS, FIGURE OUT WHAT IT WAS ABOUT? JUST A HINT: THIS COULD VERY WELL HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN A HOSPITAL. FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF THE LEAST NOTICED PERSON THERE.....he

department

IT'S IN THE

BAG!!



SEND ALL COMPLAINTS, LAURELS, OR JUST PLAIN CHATTER TO: harlan ellison, 12701 shaker blvd., apartment #616, cleveland 20, ohio and we'll answer them in full for you

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from: FREDERIK FOHL

Dear Mr. Ellison:

I am covered with blushes at the failure to enclose fifteen cents in stamps, as promised in my letter. This is due entirely to the negligence of my secretary, whom I would fire in an instant if I could find anyone else to put up with me. I am giving her this one more chance to send you the proper stamps; if she falls down on the assignment. Again, off comes her Captain Video Finger Ring.

Thanks for your kind words on GRAVY PLANET. May I say in return that I thought the SFBULLETIN a most impressive job? And thanks too, for the offer of publicity, on which I'm afraid I'll have to take a rain-check. Every time my name appears in print I spend too much of my time

(continued p. 35)

for the next few weeks trying to explain to new writers that, much as I like them, I have as many writers as I can possibly handle already.

You might be interested in one of the few new writers I have taken on in the past year, though. He's a young fellow named Robert Sheekley, who I think is as talented and promising as anyone who's come along in the past twenty years. In his first two months of professional writing he's sold two stories to IMAGINATION, one to FUTURE, one to the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, one to ASTOUNDING, and four to GALAXY---as of today. I expect he'll sell a couple more next week.

Best,

Frederik Pohl

Dear Fred,

Actually, the 15¢ worth of postage was a minor thing. It's the money not the principle of the thing. I advise everyone who has put off reading Fred's GRAVY PLANET in GALAXY SF to get with it; the last chapter is in the latest GSF and winds up a very interesting story..he

from: L. SPRAGUE de CAMP

Dear Mr. Ellison:

I first heard of your CITATION of Mr. Pratt and myself yesterday in New York City. I'm much honored; let me add my expression of appreciation to Fletcher's. I have enjoyed reading BULLETINs' numbers 12, 13 and 15 and look forward to getting some more of them.

If your readers are interested in my hard-cover book publishing schedule, Willy Ley's and my LANDS BEYOND is, of course, now out and doing nicely. My LOST CONTINENTS, after more than a year of delays, is promised in time for the Chicago Convention. Then in November there should appear a fat volume, THE CONTINENT MAKERS AND OTHER TALES OF THE VIAGENS from Twayne; and early next year THE TOWER OF ZANID from Shasta (a book-original Krishna novel). And like other pros, I of course have a lot of other projects in the works, some of which will materialize and some of which won't. Cordially,

L. Sprague de Camp

Dear Sprague,

It was indeed a pleasure to hear from you and naturally we're overjoyed to hear you like SFBULLETIN. You'll be getting it for the remainder of your CITATION time, of course. And even more happy were we to hear that a book containing the Vishnu-Krishnan series is on the way. It is one of the finest series we've yet read. Oh, by the way, there'll be a long review of LANDS BEYOND next issue. Next issue out in 2 weeks...he

from: MRS. MARGARET DOMINICK (IEA)

Dear Harlan,

Thanks for BULLETIN #15 which I just received. Cover looks good. And the cover lettering was better the last time. Editorial very good and the story by S.F. Schultheis was amusing and lively. I read the book reviews and likewise the fanzine reviews and like them. My own masterpiece looks bad on page 1a. The robot cartoon by Gibson on page 20 looks good but why don't you make some order on lettering...? I hope you don't mind a little advice from me, but if you have so many cartoons, cut down on the funny lettering or if you have few cartoons, (continued page 36)



then use more tricks with the lettering.

Otherwise, nothing wrong with the zine. It is amazing how fast you could turn out this 34-page BULLETIN, this time.

Your nice letter is appreciated and of course you cannot possibly use all my work. That's why I'm sending you more than you asked for so you can select those which fit the zine. I don't care what you do with the rest; you could send them to someone else if they ask material from you, or just set them aside.

About my short biography. Please dear Ed, save me from that... First, I am not a writer, second this is not my native language, and also my work is not well known, and a few sketches don't count much yet. That's why I selected the fanname of DEA, at least nobody can kill me for the sake of the art.

So I can tell you only this much. I came from Transylvania near Iugos. Married a nice American citizen who came for a visit. Unfortunately he died and left me here in New Jersey. I was a dress designer but have a different job here. Of course, I'm much happier here than in Europe. Well, that's about all I can tell for a biography.

Let's talk about the BULLETIN, that's more interesting.

Suggestion for contents page. If you have a little order it looks much better. You work so hard on this mag...so why not make it neat too...? You have many interesting articles and other material, after all. So keep up the good work and I'll read you all in the next BULLETIN.

Sincerely, DEA

Dear DEA,

Say, you know that was quite the thing you thought up, there. S.F. Schultheis. Steve is going to love that. He's a real completist-collector, and when he finds out his name is really science-fictional, it may drive him out of his mind; further out than now, that is. We've taken to heart all the gripes from readers, yours nicest of them all, about the lettering, and went several dollars more into the hole and bought a lettering guide for headings. As a matter of fact, you can see the use we put it to on page 34 and elsewhere in the issue. We'll be getting other heading guides when more mazuma flows into the coffers. Do we mind your criticism? Why lady, that's what we want. A journalism teacher I had told me, "Don't worry when they gripe about your paper, or praise it...worry when they don't say anything. Then you're stagnant." And where do you get that stuff about not being well-known? We've seen your work on the cover of the NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, in FANTASIAS, and many other places. But you're still a BULLETIN DISCOVERY as far as we are concerned. We hope you'll continue to do that swell artwork for us. Oh, by the way. look for your first SEBULLETIN cover month after next when we present EXPERIMENT by DEA. And the following month VACATION ON TITAN by Dea, also.....he

from: HAL SHAPIRO db

Hi;

likewise, lo;

Re SEBULLETIN #15. Cover was very good. Gotta disagree when you say that it "...outclassed all Max's previous work--bar none." You just went off the deep end there. Sure the cover was good. Max's art work is always good. And that cover was among Maxie's best. But I have seen other work by Ever Lovin' that was as good and better. What you tried to make a pat-on-the-back turned into...well, you name it! I doubt that

(continued page 37)

I'll be the only one to mention this.

As far as the inking goes, since you can't seem to get good results with 20-weight paper, why not try 24-weight? Bob Silverberg does it in SPACESHIP and gets excellent results (he's paying me for these plugs, too). However, before you try anything else, why not put the ink on the pad a wee bit less thickly and you might get better results.

What I meant about listing everything on the contents page seems to have been misinterpreted. I said that it was no use listing fillers too. For instance, in one place you had something on the contents page listed as "Hotel rates", something else, "Notes on two personalities", and "Driving Directions". The first two took about an eighth of a page each and the latter about a quarter, all of which were actually appendages to the Midwestcon section and need not have been listed.

Chortled gleefully over HUBURTUS SNOGGIE, STFAN. Not so much as to the characterization of club members, but because of Snoggle himself. Actually, I think that one of the quickest ways to mire yourself in Fandom and lose sight of STF itself is to become active in any sort of club.

Charley Tanner's stuff is always good, especially his poetry. Understand he and Randy Garrett are working on a series of epic poems parodying stf classics or something. Will have to get more poop on it myself.

Ray Nelson's stuff good as usual, as always. Sometimes I'm sorry that there aren't more fen that turn out work that varies in quality. Certain people are always good. Certain ones are always bad. When there is a chance for variation, knowing how it will be, that I'm among the the unknown quant-

I liked one publications. I think personally. But he speaks. Ray Yowler's that is. And who the is, who is using it curious!



"I'm running to post my letter for IT'S IN THE MAIL BAG. I want to get my licks at Ellison too!

I enjoy it better, not be. But then, it seems minority in seeking it, or something. fan's opinions of Z+D he's a little harsh, knows whereof he IT'S TRULY "FANTASTIC" hell is Yowler? That as a pen-name? Just

Now lemme try brought out in my you should get let-to start with, but

Re reviews(book); month would be okay. you have them, it

fare. I think that listing the pros contents, new books, etc. is a good idea. But I think that a better idea would be to list the various newszines, and let the non-fan get the newsies.

Item: I don't think that the "W" in W. Max Keasler stands for Walt. Best check again.

Terz, hal shapiro, db

to answer a few things last letter. Still want ter guides. One or two get 'em.

one or two reviews a But in the quantity becomes monotonous

Dear Hal,

What in the blazes does "db" mean? Come on, now! Still contend that last issue's cover by Keasler was the best he's ever done. I have seen some real stinkers from Maxie. And he's a friend of mine, so I can say it. But I must retract that statement when I say that I have a cover coming up from Walt that, if it comes out as I think, will be the big-

(continued page 38)



best sensation in science fiction in years. It is called NIGHTRIDE AND TERROR. Watch for it, Hal. And you were the only one who mentioned it. As you can see we got both lettering guides and 24-wt. paper of different colors. Nice, ain't it? But we're going even further. We're buying a new and more expensive mimeo. An inside ink job. Next ish will be done on it. Those fillers in the Midwestcon section we listed were to take up space on that second table of contents page because we were pressed for time and had to fill in space somehow. If we hadn't listed them, that 2nd table of contents would have been a white sheet. We are trying to get that series of poems from Tanner and Garrett. We heard one and it is terrific. Everybody seemed to like Ray Yowler's article, which is surprising since Ray wrote it in quite a hurry, in fact typing it on stencil at deadline day. You're right, Yowler is a pen-name. But for whom, I won't say just now. You are one of the few, Hal, who don't approve (I know that's lousy word-breakage, but no space above) of our book review policy. More on that later. Why list the newzines outside the FMZ column. There are those who cannot afford all the zines. That's why they subscribe to SF BULLETIN. We try to give them everything so they can make the little money they can spare for zines last. ....he

Dear Mr. Ellison:

from: SCOTT MEREDITH of the  
literary agency of same  
name

Thank you for your letter of the 2nd.

LIGHTS OUT has assured me that nothing remotely resembling the del Rey story was ever done by them. They have, in fact, offered to show me every script ever presented on that show. Nonetheless, you certainly should know what you saw with your own eyes, and I'm wondering if you didn't see the del Rey yarn on another program--in which case we'd appreciate knowing which one.

Concerning stories we have recently placed, I'm afraid they'd be too numerous to mention. For example, we've sold more than a hundred s-f and fantasy yarns in the past thirty days. It might help, however, for you to have a list of our s-f writers. So here it is in alphabetical order:

Poul Anderson, A. Bertram Chandler, Arthur C. Clarke, Theodore Cogswell, Alfred Coppel, Irving Cox, Lester del Rey, Gordon Dickson, Charles E. Fritch, Rog Graham (Rog Phillips), Carl Jacobi, John Jakes, Raymond F. Jones, Milton Lesser, S.A. Lombino, Noel Loomis, Charles Eric Raine, Chad Oliver, M.C. Pease, R.S. Richardson (Philip Latham), Ross Locklynn, James H. Schmitz, Ralph Slone, William F. Temple, Jack Vance, Bryce Walton, and C.S. Youd (John Christopher).

Naturally, our largest recent sale was the placing of Arthur C. Clarke's THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE with the Book of the Month Club as its only selection--the first time a futuristic thing of this sort has ever been used by them.

Let me know of any other info you may have on THE PIPES OF PAN. Meanwhile all best wishes.

Scott Meredith

ear Scott,

No comment.....he

FROM: ROBERT A. HEINLEIN

ear Mr. Ellison:

I have just received your letter of 12 May and, with it (cont. p. 30)

the April issue of SEBULLETIN. It gives me a warm feeling to learn that the Society has seen fit to award me its CITATION. I hope that my writings will continue to please the members of your Society.

This is the first issue of the BULLETIN that I have seen. I agree with Tony Boucher--it is ably written and most interesting. Thanks for the year's subscription which accompanies the CITATION.

Greetings to all the Cleveland Science Fiction Society.

Sincerely,

Robert A. Heinlein

Dear Bob,

I am flabbergasted, I mean, gested. I mean floobergisted. Well, anyhow, it is the biggest thrill we've had round here in some time..he

\*\*\*\*\*

from: MARION Z. BRADLEY

Dear Harlan,

Your BULLETIN marked review copy was received by me and much enjoyed; unfortunately I cannot review this in OPUS, as the column has been indefinitely suspended. This was not due to either me or Max Keasler, but because the readers of OPUS thought my criticisms too harsh, and wished only for wholesale praise of all fanzines. Both Max and myself preferred to drop the column entirely.

The least I can do is write you a letter of comment, anyhow. This is the review I would have given, had the column been still in existence.

SEBULLETIN:

The spate of inane so-called "fan-fiction"--fiction about fandoings, and somewhat sad parody of fan personalities--goes on and on and on. THE FRIGHTENING FABLE OF HUBURTUS SNOGGIE, STEFAN, is less funny than the editors thought--in fact, it just misses being ridiculous. Rather better, but still somewhat silly, is Ray Nelson's series of Globbie cartoons titled THE EDITOR VISITS HIS DRAFT BOARD. In fact, the only thing apt to be of much interest to the mature fan is Ray Yowler's thoughtful article on the new Ziff-Davis slick FANTASTIC, and some better-than-average poetry by Ganley and Tanner. The mimeographing is somewhat sloppy but readable; the artwork, by Keasler, Dea and Nelson, would be excellent if it were better reproduced. The whole magazine would be nicer if the editor would invest in a lettering guide. Still, it isn't really a bad zine, and the worshippers of the old SPACEWARP will no doubt find it worth the 15¢ they're asking. When this zine grows up a little, it might even take WARP's place.

For a personal comment, I'd like to suggest that your answers to the letters are very hard to read in those solid capitals. You might try enclosing them in double brackets or some other set-off trick instead.

Sincerely, Marion

Dear Marion,

We value your criticisms here very highly, and while we disagree quite strenuously about how funny HUBURTUS SNOGGIE was, we would like you to keep on sending in those comments. We got the lettering guide, he

P.S. We also cut out the solid caps for reply to letters. The ed's replies are now in a box following the letter. Okay?..he

(concluded following page 40)



it's in the MAIL bag (concluded)

Dear Harlan,

from: DAVID ENGLISH editor of  
FANTASIAS

Got the new SEBULLETIN a while ago and as our personal correspondence was lying around waiting to be mailed, that I'd stick this in with it.

When I finish it.

Now as soon as I apologize for this half-finished pen-and-b-inked letter, I'll get to the BULLETIN. Consider it apologized for. An excuse? Will that I have a stencil in the machine do? Yes? So be it.

The cover Max's best. You're nuts. My God, this? As far as I can see it's a completely ordinary futuristic scene, whereas my cover by Maxie had a sort of bizzare and magic beauty to it. The only thing about yours that appeals to me is the slightly atypical space-costume. That, I like. But otherwise--- Anyway, Max himself said that mine was the best. Shouldn't he know? So there then.

Not that it matters.

Your mimeography is, as you put it, fecal (you didn't say it that delicately, though). It shows a slight improvement, though, in the SNOGGIE epic (which by the way was good; by that I mean not merely good, but truly and actually good). Those small bits of artwork by one Vaughn added to the story.

Etc.

I dunno, just now I don't feel the urge to write. So let's finish up the thing quick. Most of the stuff is good, but what can I say more? So...and anyway I'm out of ink. F

Dear Dave,

You lumphead! Where do you get that stuff about your cover better? "A sort of bizzare and magic beauty..." blah, blah! You sound like Robt. Frost with a bellyache, you half-baked editor-poet you! But ruff banter. Glad you agree with the ed on the fact that HUBURTUS SNOGGLE was a very wonderful piece of work. If Schultheis weren't so lazy... Oh well. And don't be telling me that your cover was better cause Max said so. What does that hack know. He can't think. He only draws. Work, slave, work! And by the way, that is one heck of a way to fade out a letter at the end. Not even a fare-thee-well. You'd better start your next letter with the conclusion of this one.....he

WANTA

WRITEA?

instead of placing the addresses with the letters, here are the separate addresses of each of this issues corespondents:

FREMERIK POHL	220 Fifth Avenue	New York City 1, New York
L. SPRAGUE de CAMP		Wallingford, Connecticut
MRS. MARGARET DOMINICK (DEA)		Post Office Box 175 New Brunswick, N.J.
SGT. HAL SHAPIRO	790th AC/W Squadron	Kirkville, Missouri
SCOTT MEREDITH	580 Fifth Avenue	New York, New York
ROBERT A. HEINLEIN	1776 Mesa Avenue	Broadmoor Colorado Springs, Colo.
MARION Z. BRADLEY	Box 246	Rochester, Texas
DAVID ENGLISH	203 Robin Street	Dunkirk, New York

please send us your letters of comment. we wantem.....

# OTHER WORLDS ON THE



BY RALPH BEESE

an article of timely importance on RAY PALMER's magazine of many moods ----- is it the lower word rates, is it the sting of the Shaver Hoax, or is it just Palmer that is holding OW back?

Raymond A. Palmer came to AMAZING STORIES magazine in June of 1938. He left in late 1949. In the interim, one of the most controversial editorial reigns went through its multi-faceted pages.

Palmer left AMAZING to do something he had wanted to do all of his life---edit his own magazine. And so, for 2 years and 8 months Ray Palmer has edited his magazine. What has he to show for it? Why is OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE STORIES not on top of the heap? Why doesn't Palmer employ better authors? What's going on?

Far be it from this author to delve into the mind of Palmer. Better men than I have attempted the task and fallen flat upon their respective faces.

But it is Ray Palmer's fairly new magazine, OTHER WORLDS, which now, two and a half years old, draws forth this flood of words. For OTHER WORLDS is now entering its second phase. Its ordeal by fire which will determine whether or not two and a half years hence, this magazine will still be seen on the newstands of America.

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|  
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Because of the late date of the issue (as explained in the editorial--page 1) and then rushing things so this issue was out in one week of the time we learned we'd be mimeo again, we began slapping in all the material in the file and now we find much to our sorrow, that we've run into forty-odd pages and if we don't want to hit fifty, which our budget sneeringly tells us we cannot, then we'd best cut something and so we decided, after due deliberation, to cut REVIEWS OF THINGS SEEN AND HEARD till next issue along with the Midwestoon report. AFTERMATH and the fanzine reviews, ENZ. Next ish out in 2 weeks..he

With more and better science fiction magazines crowding onto the stands (i.g., SPACE SCIENCE FICTION, GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION, IF, FANTASTIC, MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION) it has become painfully evident to all those publishing s-f mags, that the bare fact that they contain science fiction will not sell their mag.

Where in the dim, dark past, two sf mags graced the stands, a quarter of a hundred or more now push each other off. Nor will a half-nude female or blaringly-coloured covers handle sales.

It must be quality.

Something which, in many instances, OW lacks. The run-down of the past twenty issues shows the following as the stories most likely to be considered "quality" stories:

(continued page 42)

PUNISHMENT WITHOUT CRIME by Bradbury  
 THE FATAL TECHNICALITY by Phillips  
 DEAR DEVIL by Eric Frank Russell  
 PORTRAIT OF NARCISSUS by Raymond Jones  
 ENCHANTED VILLAGE by A.E. van V o g t  
 FORGET-ME-NOT by William F. Temple  
 SWORDSMEN OF VARNIS by Clive Jackson  
 ROBOT---UNWANTED by Daniel Keyes

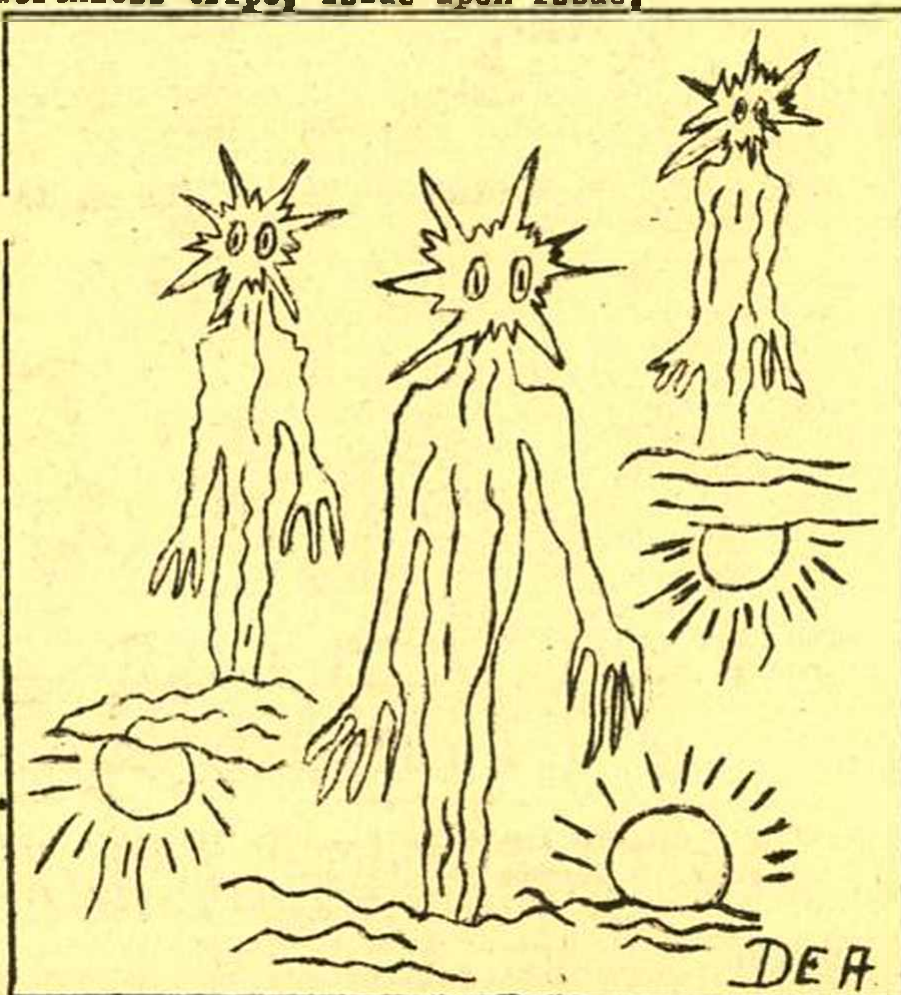
HOLES IN MY HEAD by Phillips  
 THE LIVING LIES by J. Beynon  
 JOHNNY GOODTURN by Tanne r  
 THE PLOT MACHINE by Keller  
 THE WITNESS by Eric Russell  
 A WORD FROM OUR SPONSERS by  
 Fredric Brown

Thus, from the list above (of which your favorites are probably included---and some you didn't care for) we see that 14 stories out of twenty issues are all that stand up under close scrutiny. The others are either under-plotted, tripe-themed, private-joke type, or just plain hack.

That has been OW's main difficulty. They refuse to pay rates as high as either GALAXY or ASTOUNDING and consequently get the residue of the better authors stuff after the other and higher-paying mag s have rejected it. Therefore, they are forced to fall back upon Phillips, Shaver, Byrne, and one or two other "hack machines" who turn out ream after ream of worthless tripe, issue upon issue.

Till now, it has been the fan, chiefly, that has kept OW going. The many attractions to fans (long letter columns, personals, stories with fannish overtones [DOWN IN THE MISTY MOUNTAINS, THE END OF SCIENCE FICTION, MY STRUGGLE, etc.] and fan plugs) have kept him coming back again to the stands or buying subscriptions. Another, and more honest inducement (probably Palmer's biggest asset) to purchase the mag has been the magnificent cover work done by one of the best artists in the business, Malcolm Smith. And once in a while, a great while, a good story.

But other than these, the mag is a dismal flop. Palmer started out with the intention of making OW another s-f FATE. His first issue featured Shaver's FALL OF LEMURIA which car-





ried over the "Great Hoax" from AMAZING. This was met with instant disapproval from all but the Shaverophobes. He then modified it and put in the second issue another Shaver-type yarn SONS OF THE SERPENT by a certain "Wes Amherst" which is a house pen-name for...guess who. Later he learned his lesson when he started running better stories, hitting his height to date with the truly classic DEAR DEVIL by Eric Frank Russell and E. E. Slan Vogt's ENCHANTED VILLAGE and Raymond F. Jones chilling PORTRAIT OF NARCISSUS.

But still he clings to the AMAZING policy of sensational story--sensational feature..and damn the good stuff, it's too expensive.

Sure it's expensive. But you have to spend money to make money. It is lower rates and the taint of the Shaver Hoax that hold OTHER WORLDS back from a place it might well hold at the top of the rating heap. It's flamboyant technique and crude inside illustrations for the most part that foul up OW.

Get wise Palmer. The day is coming soon when money will be even more tight than now and only the top few stf mags will survive. You may not be among them. Get on the ball. Stop this piddling around with the few fans that manage to monopolize the mag and toward which you direct your grandstand plays (THE REAL SAUCER by Kenneth Arnold, IF YE HAVE FAITH by del Rey, etc.). They bring in nothing but bad debts. You'll find that you will please the fans more by presenting high quality stuff instead of crud slanted at them directly. It is for the general consumer of s-f mags that you must direct your efforts.

The fire of discerning readers is coming. Is your policy asbestos enough to sustain you?

T H E E N D



QUICK MAGAZINE for this week (July 13) reports that the title of "Barbara Payton Tone's new movie, to be filmed in London is THE FOUR-SIDED TRIANGLE. Based on a science fiction novel, story's about two men in love with same woman. They build a machine which makes a duplicate of her so each man can have one of the lady in question." Heck, we coulda told 'em that. It's based upon William F. Temple's story.

Watch next issue for several BIG surprises....see ya.....he

from:  
**SCIENCE FANTASY  
BULLETIN**

12701 SHAKER BLVD. APARTMENT 616  
CLEVELAND 20, OHIO

EDITOR: Harlan Ellison

formerly: BULLETIN OF THE  
CLEVELAND SCIENCE  
FICTION SOCIETY

FOR DETAILED EXPLANATION OF THE  
ABOVE STATEMENT, SEE EDITORIAL:  
PAGE 1 INSIDE.....he

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- ☐ I got in the circle  
drawing habit--got a  
lettering guide

YES, THIS IS  
FOR YOU!  
BUT YOU'RE  
GETTING IT  
A MONTH  
LATE!

