

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

December
1952

15¢

number
11



this issue...

Advent

a tale of the fringe
of the Galaxy by....

B I L L VENABLE

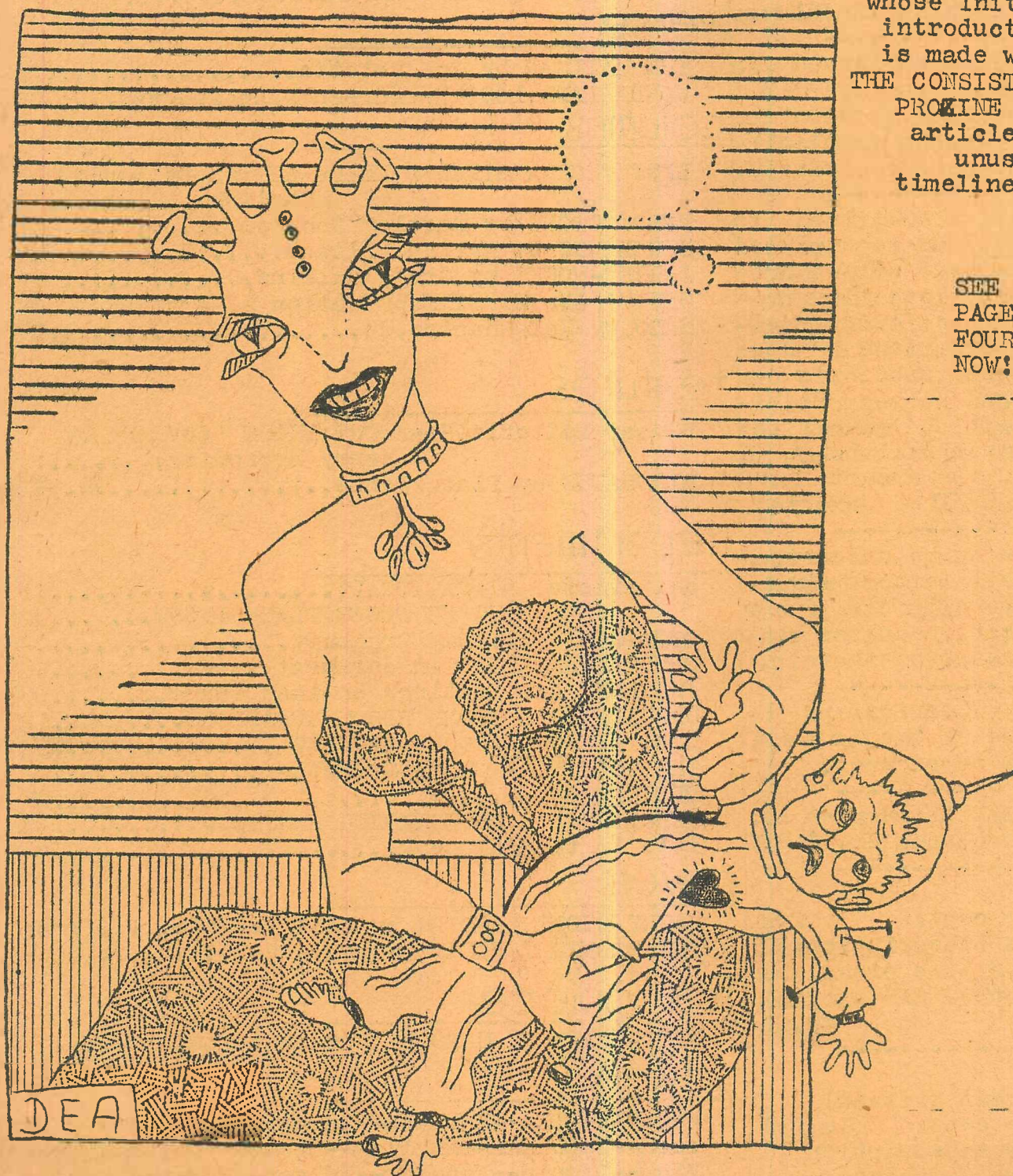
Science Fantasy Bulletin

the LIFE magazine of the fan world

which
introduces the first,
in SEBULLETIN, appearance of
BOB SILVERBERG:

whose initial
introduction
is made with
THE CONSISTENT
PROXINE an
article of
unusual
timeliness.

SEE
PAGE
FOUR
NOW!



WITCHCRAFT ON MARS one of a group of specially prepared
frontispieces done for SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN by MRS. MARGARET M.
DOMINICK (DEA), of New Brunswick, New Jersey.

An amateur magazine for those who enjoy science fiction, fantasy, and a wide range of allied subjects; published monthly at 12701 Shaker Blvd. Apt. 616, Cleveland 20, Ohio by the editor and publisher Harlan Ellison.

Opinions expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the staff unless specifically stated as such therein.

Material submitted to SFB MUST be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope unless previously solicited. Material submitted is done so at contributor's own risk and no responsibility will be assumed for such material though a reasonable amount of caution will be exerted.

It is to be understood that all letters submitted are eligible for publication unless stated otherwise therein.

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— SENSATIONAL? —

It has come to my attention recently, the medium being a number of earnest letters from readers of SFBULLETIN, whose ideas to date have, for the most part, been both constructive and original, that many of the perusers of SFB feel I am editing said magazine in a manner which might be called "Ray Palmer-ish". In short, they feel that yours truly is too blatantly sensational in the manner of presentation of his magazine.

I gather that this seems odious to many of you, so perhaps I had best set aside what I'd planned for a regular editorial and reply openly to these grievous maledictions.

First, let's get one thing straight: I'm not emulating Ray Palmer. Nor am I miming John Campbell. Nor am I following the policies of a) H.L. Gold, b) Ben Hibbs of the Saturday Evening Post, or c) Max Keasler of Opus. I am plagerizing a certain Harlan Ellison who is sincerely and openly mad about his magazine to the point where he'd like to crawl out on some rooftop and scream at the top of his lungs, "Look at me you fools, I've got a magazine that's good! I've got 300 readers who say it's good! And everything I run is good! Look, I've got a good magazine!" That's what I feel like doing, but instead I have to swallow my pride and keep saying, "Well, last issue was all right, but..it could have been better."

Then out comes Redd Boggs (for whose opinions this editor holds nothing but the highest of regard) in an article for a FAPA magazine, and says a number of things which boil down to: "All amateurs who mimic the prozines are puerile, simpering, idol-worshipping fools who should abandon all contact with the pro style of doing things, no matter how successful those methods may be, and go out on their own with their own methods, no matter how ridiculous they may turn out to be."

A fan with whom I'm more-than-slightly familiar enclosed the aforementioned article in a letter stating that he felt Redd was speaking with SFB in mind. He said (in the article) that signs of this "pro-worship" are running blurbs on the front cover, printing your magazine price, running a line on the front cover (i.e. In this issue: a story by Bill Venable), and other tricks which happen to be common to both SFB and the promags. Unfortunately, Redd Boggs has never received a copy of this periodical (not, of course, eliminating the possibility that he may have read someone else's copies), so I cannot say with any amount of conviction that he did not have SFB in mind when these remarks were made.

But I can say that Redd has the wrong slant.

Fandom has an insidious habit of making fanzines conform to the "standards" they hold dearest. But SFB ain't gonna conform. When Ellison runs a blurb on the front cover, he's not trying to draw sales (even though SFB is sold on some of the stands in Cleveland), he's putting down a few lines that PLEASE HIM. Thus, Next Text, Crystal-Balling, Story Recommendations, etc., are all self-pleasers. They are intended (naturally) for the entertainment, and possibly the enlightenment, of you readers; but they are primarily to please your editor. If however, you are too displeased with any one thing, that will in turn displease me, and I'll regulate the situation accordingly. I don't



think that's a crime. There is little enough pleasure from a fanzine; that the editor derives a little more from inclusion of certain things does not lessen the readability or worth of the magazine.

I'm publishing SFBULLETIN first to please me...and second to please you. That may seem cold-blooded from where you sit, but self-preservation is as strong in me as the nearest mountain goat, and I fully intend to preserve myself both physically and (more important) mentally with whatever means are at my command.

Perhaps I've deviated, but it all comes down to the fact that SFB's policies are SFB's policies. They're not Campbell's, nor Tony Boucher's. They're the ones Ellison wants, with modifications so prescribed by Honey Wood and a majority of you readers.

This same fan suggested to me, "...try to find some...issues of SPACEWARP and re-align your editorial policies in line with those." Now Art Rapp's SPACEWARP was (admittedly) a darned good magazine, but the title of this publication is SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN, not SPACEWARP. I don't mooch someone else's ideas...I don't mooch their layouts....I don't mooch their subscribers....and I'll be doubly burned in effigy before I'll swipe their editorial policy. That's the way it is. If you don't like it...move on to some other magazine that suits you better. SFB will improve, I sincerely trust, with age, but it will be with better artists, better stories, more intricate and original innovations, and not...you hear me, NOT with pilfered editorial fancies as employed by someone else. That's the way the land lies, take it or leave it. SFB stays SFB.....he

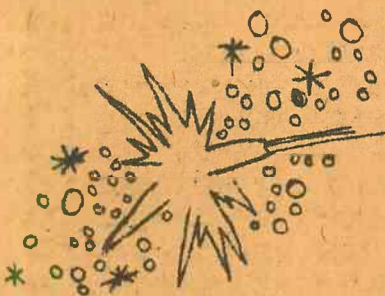


illustration BERGERON

THE NEGROES PLACE IN S-F

I find, due to the monstrous collection of interminable verbiage you have possibly waded through just above, that my chosen topic for discussion is to be contracted into a most homeopathic amount of space. But, I think, it will not be such a catastrophe as I may have made it. My premises are simple in nature, my feelings plain.

When the Crusaders ventured out of the Christian lands to hunt and drive back the Saracens from their holy cities, perhaps the biggest of the few accomplishments they attained was the insemination and inadvertent dissemination of cultural attributes and affectations.

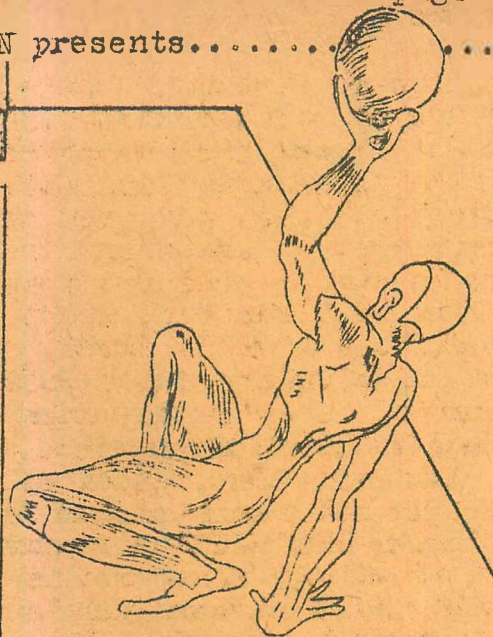
This "cultural interchange" was what drew mankind out of the dark ages and raised him to his first heights of magnificence. The negro, a race unto himself, has attributes and "cultural affectations" which the white man needs. Science fiction and fandom are two fields where fans should be the last to in any way deprive a race (with its probable gift of varied knowledge) of equal standing. Multi-differentiated viewpoints are the lifes-blood of science fiction, and only by whole-hearted acceptance of these men with new viewpoints, are we going to progress.

There are, unfortunately, factions in fandom who are less open-minded toward negroes. This is something that I find personally distasteful. I haven't met one-sixth of my subscription roster, and yet, I sincerely hope that a good portion of my readers are negroes. Or for a matter in fact, I hope they're yellow men...or red...or green...for by their very differences, they have had to adapt, and by such adaptation, they have instilled new viewpoints in themselves. Don't let prejudice waste and deprive fandom and science fiction of these valuable viewpoints. I've seen negroes at the conventions...now let's see them in fandom itself---working side by side with their brothers.....he

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN presents.....

CITATION

Each issue of SFBULLETIN features a n award for a member of the science fiction ranks for outstanding achievement in this ever-expanding field. The CITATION is the highest honor we are able to bestow; it is a show of our gratitude to persons furthering this specialized field. The 1952 roster of awards lists: L. Sprague de Camp, Fletcher Pratt, Lloyd Arthur Eshbach, Robert A. Heinlein, John W. Campbell, Jr., E.E. Smith, Ph.D., H.L. Gold, Anthony Boucher, Alfred Bester, Eric Frank Russell, Isaac Asimov and this month's award winner. Next month begins a new years listing. A semi-annual recording will be made once again in the July SFB, which will bring the list up to date.



NUMBER ELEVEN

RAY BRADBURY, the John Steinbeck of modern science fiction writing

Perhaps the greatest exponent of "mood" in science fiction is the same person who is the most controversial figure in science fiction. A man who came from the limitless ranks of fandom and fanzine publishing to blaze out not only in the microcosm of science-fantasy, but in the ultra-sophisticated macrocosm of slick writing. Ray Bradbury's debut in science fiction went relatively unheralded, but with the rapid publication of THE EARTH MEN, MARS IS HEAVEN!, PILLAR OF FIRE, and as diversified a range of high-class science-fantasy as the field had yet seen, he startled jaded science fictionists out of their doldrums. His rapid-fire technique of presentation, combined with the unprecedented, vital force of his plots, began an entirely new trend in the field, as more emphasis was put upon clever presentation and sound plotting.

Bradbury's entrance was relatively unheralded, but not so his new "discovery". In a short period he became the darling of the sophisticates; his work appeared in The Reporter, The New Yorker, and other legitimate sources, obscuring his stronger, though "unrecognized", masterpieces. With the advent of Bradbury in Martha Foley's annual selections, the field of science fiction and fantasy suddenly became accepted by the snob-nosed highbrows with their beaks lowered into Hardy and Elliot.

Bradbury's books, THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES and THE ILLUSTRATED MAN, proved to any who might have remained skeptical as to his importance, a brave point: science fiction needed only one person to drag it up by its' bootstraps into the realm of acceptability.

It was Ray Bradbury with his cleverly concealed platitudes, his often rapier-sharp wit, his sparkling originality who provided the opening in the armor of staid respectability through which science fiction has been able to draw itself. Many are the arguments against Ray Bradbury, but the bulk of them fade to insignificance when confronted, logically, with the strength and uniqueness of his writing, and his efforts which have brought reknown to the field of science fiction.

a subscription for a full year to SFB is being sent to
RAY BRADBURY

crystal-
balling!

WOW!



That utterance to the upper right is just the way your editor feels after talking \$11.80 worth of interesting conversation with one of the greatest men in the science fiction field. Your editor gassed for forty-eight minutes with H.L. GOLD, daddy of GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION. And our conversation entailed many facets of providing for SFBULLETIN readers a January issue that will be remembered in fandom till the last fanzine goes to its' sloppily-mimeographed grave. Next issue, the January 1953 one that begins our second year of publishing, will contain:

JANUARY 1953-----volume 1 number 12-----number 12

THE GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION APPRECIATION ISSUE

an article of importance by H.L. GOLD revealing the innermost workings of GALAXY through that first year-and-a-half when the tactics were more often than not below-the-belt and all was not sweetness and light with the field's foremost adult publication.

guest editorial by H.L. GOLD; the editorial which will be run in May in the new fantasy publication BEYOND---read it in SFB three months before

an unusually adroit article revealing the basics of BEYOND, the new fantasy magazine by someone who should know: EVELYN PAGE GOLD---Mrs. gSF

a list of the tremendous stories to be published next year in GALAXY SF

complete index to the stories, artists, and authors for the first four volumes of GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION-----a complete reference work.

THE FINGERBONE OF ACCUSATION by Richard Elsberry---one fan's opinion of the controversial "cover layout swiping" which threw sf into an uproar.

GALAXY: an appreciation-----specially written poem by Noreen Kane Falasca

cover: (don't faint!!) by plus: E M S H !!!!!

...and if this isn't enough to warrent
your being around, then brother, you'd
better lie down...I've got news for you:

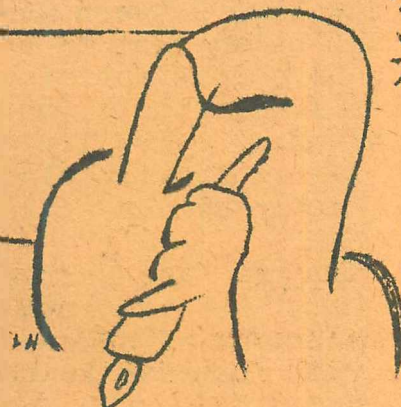
YOU'RE DEAD!

-----humbly, your editor, Harlan Ellison

Guest Editorial

HENRY MOSKOWITZ: ABOUT THOSE "LOVERS"

This is the second in our series of "guest editorials" to be handled each issue by a different person, well-known in the fan or pro ranks. They will be on all subjects. A particularly important guest editorial is scheduled next month by Horace L. Gold.



heading by LAWRENCE
HEKELMAN

The question of whether or not *THE LOVERS* is good science fiction is a difficult one to answer. This difficulty stems from many things.

One -- To some people, the very mention of the word "sex" is more damnable than any contemporary cuss-word. To me this seems silly. Not one of us would be here today if it were not for sex. Each of us is a product of sex--unless there are already humanoids existant on Earth! To them, anything daring to mention sex is bad--which is putting it to you gently.

Two -- To some people, Philip José Farmer's writing style might condemn *THE LOVERS*. He is one of the first to--and perhaps he is the very first to fully--utilize the style of the late Satnley G. Weinbaum.

Weinbaum was one of the first to use a naturalness of dialogue. His descriptions and characterizations of aliens--other-worldly--beings he did in such a way as to be wholly believable and true-to-life.

The same is true of Farmer.

It can be argued that I am wrong. That I might not know of what I speak. I will not argue the point. It is useless. Because I might very well be wrong. But I doubt very much that Theodore Sturgeon can be wrong--in this case. Ted has given the world many beautiful--and strong--words from his typewriter made of cold metals. Witness his *THUNDER AND ROSES*. Witness his *THE DREAMING JEWELS*. Witness his *SAUCER OF LONELINESS*.

At a publishers'--meeting--dinner, for lack of a better word, Theodore Sturgeon discarded his prepared address, such as it was, and spoke for twenty solid minutes on and about *THE LOVERS*. To put it mildly, he liked the story. He tried to share his feelings with the others present. Whether he did or not is open to debate. For my money, he did!

Sam Moskowitz--who is neither myself nor my grandfather--is no slouch, either, when it comes to judging the merits of a story. He says that *THE LOVERS* is basically the old-fashioned type of science fiction. There are differences, of course, he admits. The writing is less stilted. Perhaps the science is a bit more flavored and not so dull. The science certainly was not copied out of some textbook or reference as some authors, whom I can name, did back in the thirties. But the science in *THE LOVERS* is very definitely the largest gop allowed in a modern science fiction magazine in recent years.

Science fiction--unlike the westerns--and the detective story--to a great extent follows--has very little to do with love. Love interests in the past have been very superficial. Prominent opposition to this

is the love between Kimball Kinnison, Grey Lensman, and his titan-haired nurse. Also that to be found in SPACEHOUNDS OF IPC.

Love interest might be said to have been prominent on the covers of the mid-thirties to early fifties magazines: The female, scantily clad, attacked by a drooling Bug-Eyed Monster, who is vanquished by the sterling hero, heavily clad against space in a cumbersome suit. But this is more buyer-reader-attraction than love interest.


Philip Jose Farmer has shown no little amount of authorial genius in combining the elements of love, sex, science, and alienism to forge a moving novel of science fiction. I say "forge" because if any of those integral elements is taken away, the story quite falls apart.

To Samuel Mines--and Jerome Bixby--should go roses for excellent judgment and taste. And an appreciable back of fear against breaking an old, time-worn pulp magazine taboo. In so doing, STARTLING STORIES--and the rest of the Mines and Bixby magazines--ceased to exist in the pulp category, as we term "pulp."

H.L. Gold, who has also shown fine judgment in the guiding of GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION and the choosing of material from unknown writers, backed down before the challenge offered by THE LOVERS. He rejected it. Why? Who knows why? But it would seem that he believed that even a "slicker" audience could not accept such a story.

The final question remains--and will for quite some time: Was he right, or was Mines?

Hank
---HENRY MOSKOWITZ



cartoon
by RAY
GIBSON

department

judgment day

ratings on
last issue

Last issue being the first one your editor has at any time been completely (or nearly so) satisfied with, his ratings turned out at extreme variance with the general opinions expressed by the readership. Or perhaps that threat of listing the names of those who sent in their tally sheets scared the light o' day into them and we got a record number of GABRIEL'S CALL sheets back. It was quite heartening to see that all the columns (yes, even mine) went over well. But the confusing thing was that you rated all the columns as just about the same, making for about three two-way ties. After much deliberation and brain-wracking calculation, the figures come out thus and so:

<u>STORY</u>	<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
The Bar On Boulevard Jones.....	Raymond L. Clancy.....	tie: 1
Jabber-Wocky.....	Gregg Calkins.....	2
Extraterrestrial Beauties.....	D E A.....	3
Annual Xmas Book Reviews.....	the STB staff.....	tie: 4
Song For Starlight.....	Moreen Falasca.....	5
Burblings.....	the editor's slop.....	
Crossing The Border.....	Norman G. Browne.....	

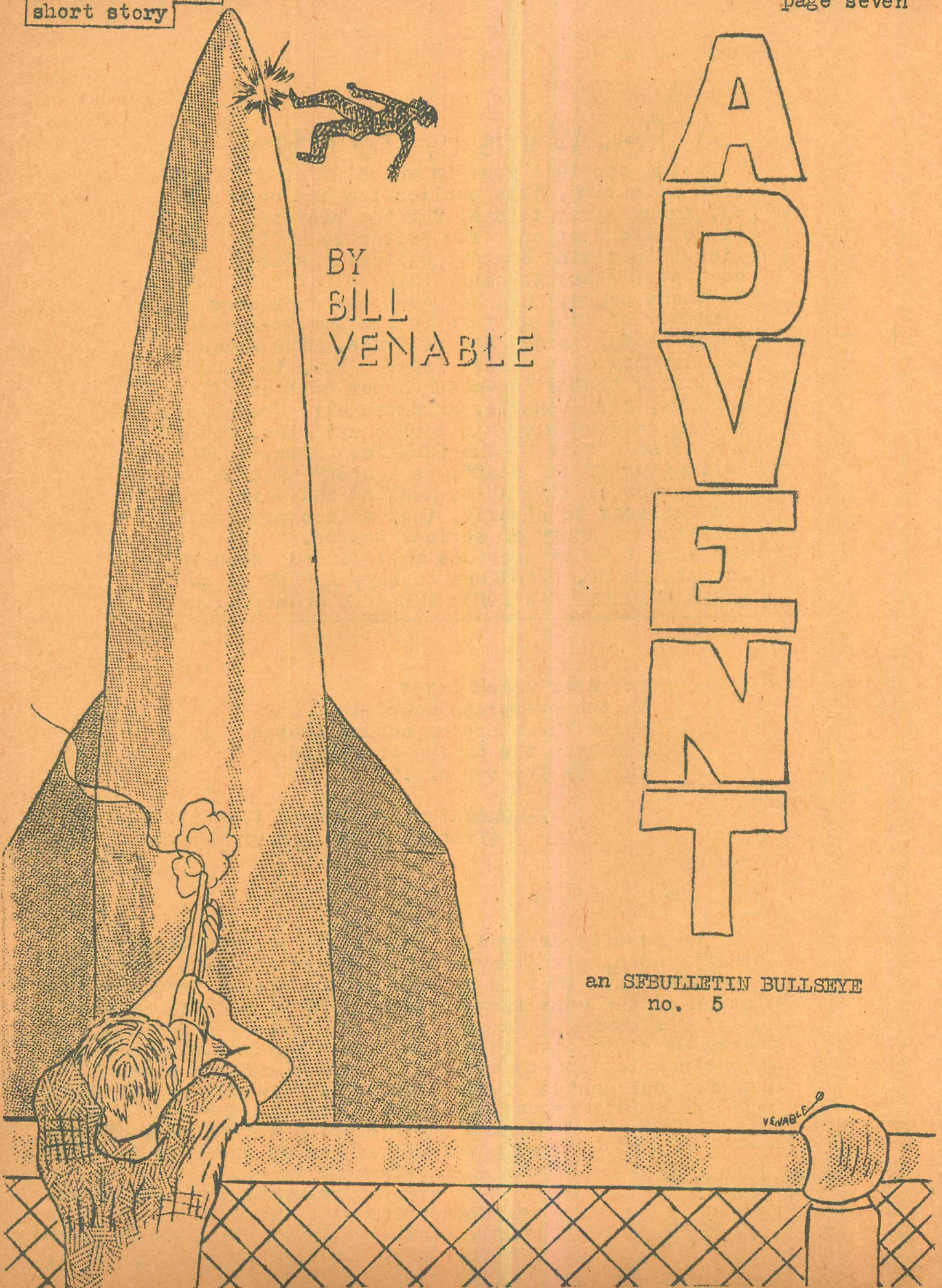
science fiction
short story

page seven

BY
BILL
VENABLE

ADVENT

an SF BULLETIN BULLSEYE
no. 5



A Few Words By The Editor:

During the full year in which SFBULLETIN has been appearing, this publication has been noted, among other things, for the elevated quality of its fiction. The editor is a firm believer in giving amateur writers a start, and no better place to carry this belief out than in these pages. SFB has seen the emergence of a number of fine writers in its twelve-issue life. Lonny Lunde, Robert Kruse, Mike Frazier, and Raymond Clancy last issue. Now, to add a gold star to the top-notch honor roll of SFB's authors, Bill Venable, an extremely capable, as you have seen by his egoboo articles, young man, pens a tale of The Lunatic. Here, in the estimation of the staff, is a story which holds the mirror of life up to mankind and mirrors its failings so clearly, that this story falls into the category of serious satire. But at the same time it provides full-bodied reading entertainment. Needless to say, ADVENT is awarded SFBULLETIN's fifth BULLSEYE grant.....he

"The deer which lives
On the evergreen mountain
Where there are no autumn leaves
Can know the coming of autumn
Only by its own cry."

---Onakatomi Yoshinobo (Japanese, circa
(Translated by Arthur Waley) 900)

* * * * *

The lunatic arrived on Sinbad III shortly after 2:30 in the afternoon, planetary time. Because he was a lunatic, of a harmless type that is allowed to run around free, the population of the sole large continent of Sinbad III took notice of his coming. He came in a slim silver ship that appeared as a pinpoint in the afternoon sky and plummeted down to a clean landing that ended in gentle contact with the mathematical center of the spaceport. Crowds massed outside the safety fences ogled and buzzed as the madman issued from a small opening in the base of the ship and walked across the open field to the Administration tower.

He did not resemble the popular ideal conception of a lunatic. He was young, about twenty-eight; handsome, clean-cut features, a slight moustache, tall,

written and illustrated

by

BILL VENABLE

A
D
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N
T

black-haired and purposeful. He wore an open-necked, short-sleeved blouse that hung loosely and fluttered in the breeze, and a pair of wrinkled green trousers over tan plastic slippers. His eyes sparkled and his hair blew in the wind.

"I ordered some supplies to be ready when I landed." The Lunatic addressed the spaceport official at his desk in the administration tower.

The official nodded sagely, regarding the young man through small, interested eyes. He placed his hands together palm to palm and held them before his lips, leering at the lunatic over the tips of his fingers. "There will be some delay... Some of the items you requested are hard to obtain just now."

The lunatic waved an impatient hand. "But I radioed the order before I left Deneb. That was three of your planetary weeks ago. Surely by now---"

"My good man," soothed the official, leaning back in his chair. "we set to work on your request at once. Several of the items you ordered were not immediately available on this planet. They had to be mined and exported from the fifth planet of this system, necessitating special reconstruction of one of our old spacers. Of course, we expect delivery either today or tomorrow. The expenses were rather considerable...."

"Never mind that," interrupted the lunatic. "I can pay well. But I had hoped for very little delay."

The official opened a pack of cigarettes stuffed with some local weed. He slit the plastic pack at the top and proffered it to the young man.

"Thanks," muttered the lunatic, extracting a tube and tapping it on his thumbnail. "First smoke I've had in six months." He put it between his lips.

"Have a seat." The official waved to a chair beside the desk. He pulled at a knob on the desk, extracted a rod with a glowing sphere on the other end, applied it to the lunatic's cigarette and then to his own. The lunatic pulled the chair up to the desk and sat down, exhaling smoke from his nostrils. He coughed once or twice.

The official grinned. "Local mutation of tobacco," he said. "A little stronger, so go easy." He dragged on his own cigarette and exhaled a thin line of smoke from between his lips. He blinked at the lunatic. He said, "What's your hurry?"

The young man waved a hand at the crowd that buzzed and giggled behind the fence. "That."

The crowd milled and heaved behind the high fence. One man of about thirty climbed to the top of the fence to get a better look at the window of the tower. He scratched his hand on the barbed wire and fell to the ground, where he sat, unhurt, gazing at the scratch and whimpering. A little knot of people snickered and jeered at him for a while before they lost interest and went back to press their noses to the fence once more. Two men were fighting about who would stand on the other's shoulders to get a better look. One spat in the other's face and they went down in a heap of arms, legs, and fists, stirring up the dust. No one paid them any attention except two children who were trying to dig their way under the fence. A woman was pressing her body up against the back of the man next to the fence. She pressed her breasts into his back, put her chin on his shoulder with her lips to his ear. "You don' wanna watch this honey," she kept whispering. "Come

along with me." She whispered it over and over again. Her husband, who was standing some yards away, was busily engaged in cracking his knuckles.

"That," said the lunatic.

The official yawned. They came to see you," he remarked defensively. "After all, you constitute something of an unusual event around here, to say the least.

"Three times in the history of this planet it has been used as a jumping-off place for expeditions into intergalactic space. The last time was--- almost a thousand years ago. After that people forgot that Sinbad III was the outermost habitable planet in the whole galaxy. Either that, or they decided to give up attempts to reach other galaxies."

"The last attempt at bridging intergalactic space was the one you mentioned, a thousand years ago on this very planet," said the lunatic. "Since then I am the first to have seriously considered the idea.

"In a thousand years of Galactic history."

The official cracked his knuckles. Their cracking made an acutely sharp sound in the otherwise empty room.

"After all," he said, "why go out there? What is there to gain? What advantage can that possibly offer over a settled, secure life on some civilized planet? Like Sinbad? Why not stay here, leave intergalactic space to whoever wants it?"

"I want a future," said the lunatic. "Not--- a past."

The official swung his feet from the desk and stood up, snuffing out his cigarette in the desk ash tray. "You can look the town over, if you like. I'll be glad to show you around."

"Thanks," said the lunatic. "I believe I'll give my ship a going-over." He stood up, stretched, and walked out of the door, tossing his cigarette on the ground.

Through the long afternoon the lunatic worked on his ship. He pattered around the base, lifting hatches, spinning valves, checking the power units for efficiency, the batteries and field generators, the landing gear. The crowd, a hundred yards away behind the fence, watched with incomprehension. The lunatic paid no heed to the milling crowd, although jeers and taunts were often flung at him. "Come over and be sociable!" a voice yelled. The crowd giggled. "He can't," a voice replied. "His keeper won't let him." The crowd roared, whistled.

The lunatic set up a ladder and ascended the smooth, tapering nose of the ship; deceleration units, radar and communications, astrogation units, he checked them all. Then he went inside, about five o'clock, and prepared and ate dinner in the ship's small galley.

Around six the spaceport official walked across the field and knocked on the gleaming hull with his fist. The ship emitted a low, bell-like tone. A port opened halfway up and the lunatic leaned out his head.

"Hello!" he called. "Just a minute, I'll be down."

"Supplies are here!" the official shouted back.

"Swell!" yelled the lunatic.

Seconds later a large hatch opened in the side of the ship, about six feet from the ground, and a long ramp slid to rest on the earth. The lunatic stepped out.

"Hi!" he greeted the official cheerily. "Glad to know the stuff is in."

"Local stuff is waiting outside in trucks," responded the other. "The spacer from Sinbad V will land in an hour or so." He pulled a small portable radio from his pocket, spoke briefly into it. Repocketing the mechanism, he turned to the lunatic.

"Nice ship."

"I like it."

"Must be complicated to run?"

"Oh no," said the nut. "She's modern, easily controlled and with a wide margin of safety built in, in case I do get balled up. Like to see inside her?"

"Well," the official reddened, "I really would."

"Come on in---oh, hi! Here's the first truck."

A large vehicle, consisting of ~~small~~ tractor and incongruously large trailer, rolled across the field toward them. Its nuclear engine made no noise above the slightest whisper as it braked to a stop before the ramp.

"Turn around, will you, and back up the ramp!" called the lunatic. The driver gave a surly look, spun the wheel and backed the truck up the slight slope of the ramp. Other trucks rolled across the field toward them.

The driver of the first truck got out of the cab and lolled against the front of the cab, eyeing the crowd uncomfortably and the lunatic warily. The lunatic ran up the ramp and opened the back of the truck. After a moment's hesitation the official ascended the ramp also.

He said, "Can I help you? Load?"

"Sure, and thanks." The lunatic heaved a crate of synthetics out of the truck and slid it across the floor of the huge storage space. He slammed it against the wall and flicked a switch above it. "Anti-grav at half power," explained the lunatic. "Makes lifting a lot easier." He hefted another box. The official lifted one and followed him.

The loading progressed. The trucks rolled across the field and up the ramp, to be relieved of their loads and drive away empty. The lunatic and the official worked in silence. Sweat beaded the official's brow.

A rock clattered against the side of the ship.

The lunatic and the official started. "Audience doesn't like our act," remarked the lunatic.

The loading continued, until the last truck had driven away empty. More rocks banged against the ship's silvery hull. The lunatic stood and surveyed the almost-filled storage room, while the official sat on a crate and mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

"Come on," said the lunatic. "I'll show you the ship and we'll have some coffee."

* * * *

"It's the same, everywhere, all over the civilized galaxy. Human culture is---decaying. Like our friends there." The two sipped their coffee by an open port, high in the ship. A mild breeze wafted in through the port and caressed the two men. "That's why I'm going, leaving all of this." The lunatic waved his hand around in an all-encompassing gesture. "All in all, twenty expeditions have left this galaxy for another. Six went to M33, the globular cluster: the greatest number to have a common destination. That's where I'm headed. There, perhaps, they met enough of a challenge to have retained the virility that our civilization has lost. At least, I have nothing to lose."

The official eyed the other in confusion. "But the time! Travel-

ling at light speed, even, you'll have been dust before you're a hundredth of the way there! Over half a million light-years---" He fell silent.

The lunatic shook his head in negation. "I'll be travelling at nearly light-speed, you see. In objective time, over five hundred millenia will pass in the universe during the trip. In terms of subjective time, within the ship, the journey will consume less than a month, one of your months."

The official shook his head. "I never knew that. Science here--well, we know very little. But," he looked up defiantly, as if determined to find a flaw in the plan, "---while a month goes by for you, five hundred thousand years will pass in the universe. Any civilization begun by the previous expeditions will be dead, long dead, before you get there!"

"No," responded the lunatic mildly. "For the expedition that left a thousand years ago will also take five hundred millenia in transit. I will arrive there a thousand years after they do. Instead of a dead civilization, I should find--- an expanding one."

A rock clattered against the side of the ship.

"Hello! The last of your supplies are here!" The lunatic arose from his seat on the ground at the base of the ship, stretched his legs.

"Well," said the official, rising beside him. The two men gazed at the fiery speck in the sky. She was an old-fashioned spacer, made for interplanetary travel and rocket-propelled. The distant crowd retreated to a more respectful distance as the old ship fell toward the field, supported on a column of flame. It landed with a slight ~~br~~ and the flame ceased. High up in the mid-section a hatch opened with a bang and a crane appeared, a truck suspended from the cable. The cable played out and the truck, an open-topped trailer, descended to earth. The cable swung again and began unloading lead-encased boxes of nuclear fuel, thick pressure-cannisters of gases. The last items. The two men stood by the lunatic's slim ship and watched the operations take place. Equipment that had not been used for fifty years creaked and groaned under the unaccustomed burden of work.

The truck, filled, rolled across the field to the lunatic's ship. In the old rocket the crane swung up and out of sight and the hatch slammed with a metallic clang. The rocket trembled; jets thundered and the old spacer rose on a tail of white heat.

"Where is it going?" inquired the lunatic with interest.

The official sighed. "Back into storage. It's unlikely that we'll ever use it again." The truck rolled up to the base of the ship. "Here, I'll help you load."

The last lead box rested in its proper place within the ship. "I'll give her a last-minute checkup and be going," said the lunatic. "Thanks for all you've done. Thanks--- a lot."

The official grunted uncomfortably and the two men shook hands. The spaceport official, last of his kind on Sinbad III, walked to the tower and locked himself in. He went to a window to watch the ship take off. He glanced at the crowd. They were quieter than usual, mostly grouped into one little knot. He tried to see what was in the center of the knot.

On the gleaming nose of the ship the lunatic closed a hatch and started down the ladder.

An explosion emanated from the center of the knot. The crowd simultaneously drew back to look at the ship.

On the ladder, the lunatic doubled up. He pitched forward and fell, ever so slowly, hitting the ground with an inaudible thump. The crowd cheered. The center of the knot heaved and a man with a rifle in his hands was hefted on the shoulders of the crowd. Hero of the day.

The official clenched his hands: tightly, very, very tightly. His lips drew back and sweat poured down his face.

At the top of the tower the ancient weapons, used to defend the spaceport from attack----

He rushed up the stairs headlong. The top of the tower was a smooth, circular platform. Death sat there, fixed in place with rivets and swivels. The official pointed one of the machines at the crowd and poured death into them. The hero fell, the people screamed and scattered.

Suddenly, the weapon stopped.
It was very old.

* * * *

In the still of the night the lunatic's ship rose into the sky. Night at this season was a starless night, when the dark side of the planet looked out into the void between galaxies.

The ship arced through the void, became a speck, vanished.

In the morning the crowd went in to ravage the spaceport.
They found it, unexpectedly, deserted.

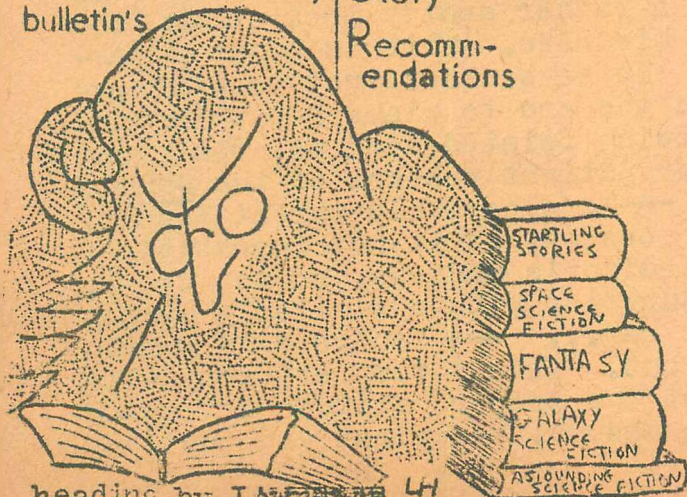
T H E E N D

This is a most especial request: in the estimation of the editors, this is a powerful story. However, your comments are more direly requested than our editorial ravings. Please drop us a line as to your reactions concerning ADVENT. Address all letters to the editor.....he

department

science fantasy
bulletin's

Story
Recommendations



heading by Lawrence
Hekelman

TURNCOAT by Damon Knight...TWS...Apr
ROBERT by Evan Hunter....TWS...April
THE THIRD GUEST by B. Traven..Fant-
astic.....March-April 1953
ASHTARU THE TERRIBLE by Poul Ander-
son.....Fantasy Magazine.....Feb
THE DEMONS by Robert Sheckley..Fan-
tasy Magazine.....February
THE NIGHT SHIFT by Frank Robinson..
Fantasy Magazine.....February
THE ENCHANTED CRUSADE by Geoff St.
Reynard.....Imagination.....April
LOO REE by Zenna Henderson.F&SF..Feb
CARNE VALE by Emilie Knarr.F&SF..Feb
ONE IN THREE HUNDRED by J.T. M'In-
tosh...Fantasy and SF....February
(concluded page sixteen)

EDITORIAL NOTE: you are about to read a column for which the editors assume absolutely no responsibility. There is little doubt in our minds that the perpetrator of said column, Dave English, is positively out of whatever little mind he may have. We assume no liability for either the content of the following column, or the mad layout and art-work, as they were devised by English in one of his (obviously) opium-induced moods. Even the heading, which deprived your editor of doing some fancy layout, is by English, so any mental breakdowns that are

Line From Staff

Well Y-Burtoll

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done
by
Dave
Eng-
lish
spe-
cially
for
this
column

directly traceable to this innervating and innovating column are the sole property of the recipient. We had enough trouble just typing up these two stencils without losing our grip on sanity. Beware!he

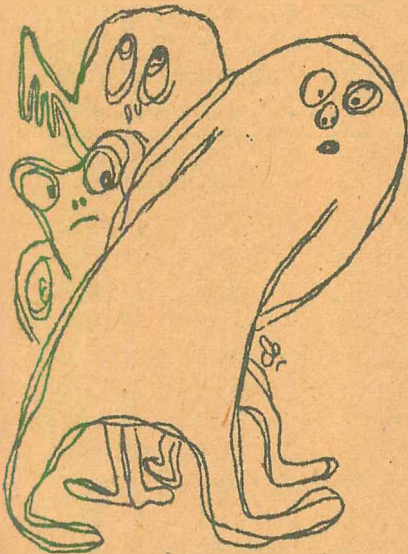
A COLUMN BY DAVID ENGLISH

"This is a column?"

----Anon.

"You have to be a yuck to cater to yucks."

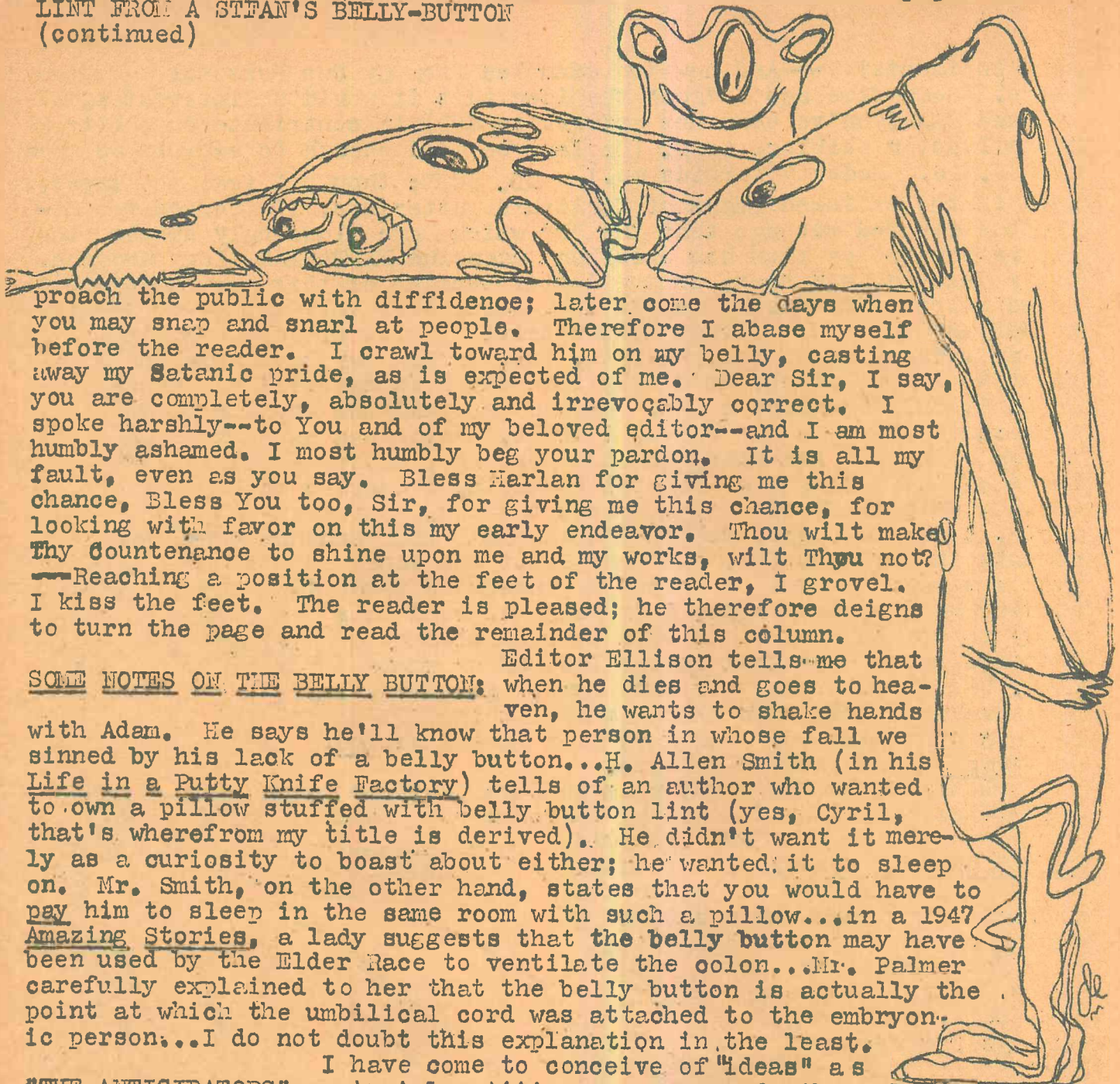
----Fred Allen



good god, what's Ellison
up to now?

THE CUSTOMARY NADIR OSCULATION: Don't blame it on me. Harlan asked for a column and he's getting it. My only regret is that you good people have to suffer because of your editor's madness. —Someone in the reading audience lifts his hand. He has a rather snotty look on his face but quickly wipes his nose. This is a man of pompous phraseology. He says: Is it not possible, my dear sir, that you too are to blame for this printed abortion now being foisted upon us, the long suffering but ever patient readers of the Science Fantasy Bulletin. —He clears his throat loudly. I mean to say, he goes on, is it not impossible, after all, for an editor's madness, so to speak, to operate in conjunction with a similarly daft writer? I mean to say... —You've said enough, damn you! I snap out. Then I turn crimson with shame. This is not the proper attitude for a neophyte columnist to assume. At first you must ap-

LINT FROM A STEFAN'S BELLY-BUTTON (continued)



proach the public with diffidence; later come the days when you may snap and snarl at people. Therefore I abase myself before the reader. I crawl toward him on my belly, casting away my Satanic pride, as is expected of me. Dear Sir, I say, you are completely, absolutely and irrevocably correct. I spoke harshly--to You and of my beloved editor--and I am most humbly ashamed. I most humbly beg your pardon. It is all my fault, even as you say. Bless Harlan for giving me this chance, Bless You too, Sir, for giving me this chance, for looking with favor on this my early endeavor. Thou wilt make Thy Countenance to shine upon me and my works, wilt Thou not? --Reaching a position at the feet of the reader, I grovel. I kiss the feet. The reader is pleased; he therefore deigns to turn the page and read the remainder of this column.

SOME NOTES ON THE BELLY BUTTON: Editor Ellison tells me that when he dies and goes to heaven, he wants to shake hands with Adam. He says he'll know that person in whose fall we sinned by his lack of a belly button...H. Allen Smith (in his Life in a Putty Knife Factory) tells of an author who wanted to own a pillow stuffed with belly button lint (yes, Cyril, that's wherefrom my title is derived). He didn't want it merely as a curiosity to boast about either; he wanted it to sleep on. Mr. Smith, on the other hand, states that you would have to pay him to sleep in the same room with such a pillow...in a 1947 Amazing Stories, a lady suggests that the belly button may have been used by the Elder Race to ventilate the colon...Mr. Palmer carefully explained to her that the belly button is actually the point at which the umbilical cord was attached to the embryonic person...I do not doubt this explanation in the least.

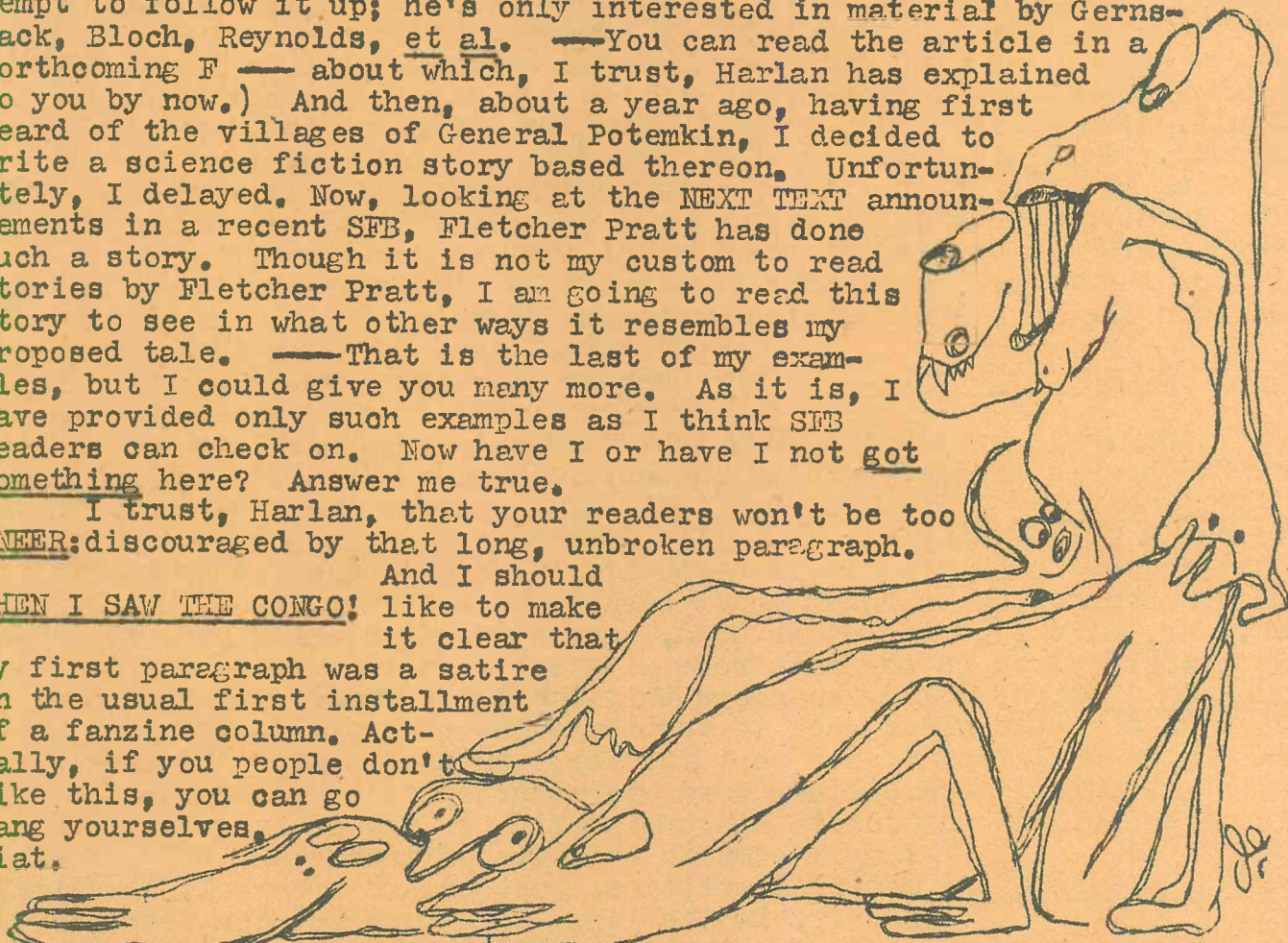
I have come to conceive of "ideas" as "THE ANTICIPATORS": material entities, gaseous and ethereal, floating, freely, in the air. Sometimes an idea detaches itself from the swarm, and circling downward like an autumn-dropped leaf, it settles itself in a human mind. But if not acted upon soon enough, it, impatient, moves away to a second host. Or perhaps a better hypothesis would be that these idea-things are twin or even trin entities and that they sometimes settle simultaneously in different minds. All right, sneer; laugh if you will; say I'm insane if you will. They said that Galileo was mad, that Fulton was mad; they even said Alexander Flinchbotham was mad; --and if Alexander Flinchbotham really was mad, there are still those first-mentioned examples to stay your foolish mirth. --But you ask what evidence I have to support this conception of mine. Well, first there is the strange case wherein, independently of one another, in Japan and the United States, two men wrote two songs, both titled "Me Neenyah" (if memory serves), having similar music and the same lyrics. 50,000,000 monkeys-- someone begins. But wait! Did not Gauss and Bolyai hit upon non-Euclidean geometry almost simultaneously and independently? Is not scientific history full of

such incidents? —And now two examples from My Own Personal Experience. Some time ago I "got" the idea that it would be interesting if I asked DEA (you've seen her artwork in SFB) to contribute some bits of Transylvanian folklore to F. (Harlan, be good enough to explain to them what F. is. Modesty forbids me.) ED. NOTE: though I fear to tread, here in the hallowed pages of English's mutterings, I'm forced to relay the desired message that the "F" which Dave blushingly speaks about is none other than his excellent magazine FANTASIAS, long overdue. But I delayed, and soon, in the letter section of this very magazine, I found a letter from some female suggesting that very thing--my Idea!--to Harlan, for SFB. (Plug: Fortunately, by dint of quick writing, I got my request out first. —Then, too, Harlan may have made no attempt to follow it up; he's only interested in material by Gernsback, Bloch, Reynolds, et al. —You can read the article in a forthcoming F — about which, I trust, Harlan has explained to you by now.) And then, about a year ago, having first heard of the villages of General Potemkin, I decided to write a science fiction story based thereon. Unfortunately, I delayed. Now, looking at the NEXT TEXT announcements in a recent SFB, Fletcher Pratt has done such a story. Though it is not my custom to read stories by Fletcher Pratt, I am going to read this story to see in what other ways it resembles my proposed tale. —That is the last of my examples, but I could give you many more. As it is, I have provided only such examples as I think SFB readers can check on. Now have I or have I not got something here? Answer me true.

I trust, Harlan, that your readers won't be too SNEER:discouraged by that long, unbroken paragraph.

And I should
THEN I SAW THE CONGO! like to make
it clear that

my first paragraph was a satire
on the usual first installment
of a fanzine column. Actually, if you people don't like this, you can go hang yourselves.
Fiat.



DAVID ENGLISH'S "LINT FROM A STEAN'S BELLY BUTTON" NEXT ISH!

SFBULLETIN'S STORY RECOMMENDATIONS (concluded)-----

DISAPPEARING ACT by Richard Matheson...Fantasy & Science Fiction...Mar
MAYBE JUST A LITTLE ONE by R. Bretnor...Fantasy & SF.....February
POLICE YOUR PLANET (part 1) by Erik van Lhin...SF Adventures.....March
NULL-ABC (part 1) by H. Beam Piper and John J. McGuire...aSF..February
NIGHTMARE BROTHER by Alan E. Nourse...Astounding SF.....February
FOUR IN ONE by Damon Knight.....Galaxy Science Fiction.....February
WATCHBIRD by Robert Sheckley....Galaxy Science Fiction.....February
SAUCER OF LONELINESS by Theodore Sturgeon...Galaxy SF.....February
KNOW THY NEIGHBOR by Elisabeth R. Lewis...Galaxy SF.....February
month's best story: the "award", such as it is, ties-up this month between Frank Robinson's clever fantasy THE NIGHT SHIFT and M'intosh's, ONE IN THREE HUNDRED, showing a decided uptrend in quality. see above

DIARETHICS: THE NEW SEANCE OF THE MIND

by Dr. Hnatko a. Coward
 Professor of Technical School Chitchat
 Chitchat Technical School
 Elizabeth, New Jersey (Cow)

Recipient of the Nobel (Ray) Piece Prize and the Lead Balloon Award for achievements that went over like.

Forthcoming books by Dr. Coward (these books are all published by Useless Press, Incorporated. All editions are in the cadmium-bound Useless editions).

QUIBBLING OVER TRIVIA.....\$2.50
 I REMEMBER LEM URIA (an auto-biography).....\$1.25
 COME TO THE STEEL MILL.....\$1.53 per hour
 THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PSYCHOLOGICALLY PSYCHOLOGICAL
 PSYCHOLOGY.....\$0.00 (unpublished)

PREFACE TO THE PREFACE by
 Nicholas Tovaritch

Many years ago in a little Bavarian town, there was born a child who, unlike any other child, proved to be one of the astounding cases of combined mental deficiency and psychopathic personality ever recorded in the annals of medical history. Upon administering a thorough examination, extending from fourteen weeks after birth till fifteen years of age, a board of nine eminent psychologists concluded that this poor wretched creature would never be more than a dragging chain on the foot of humanity.

To illustrate just how hopeless his case was, a slight resumé of

DIARETHICS

THE NEW SEANCE OF THE MIND

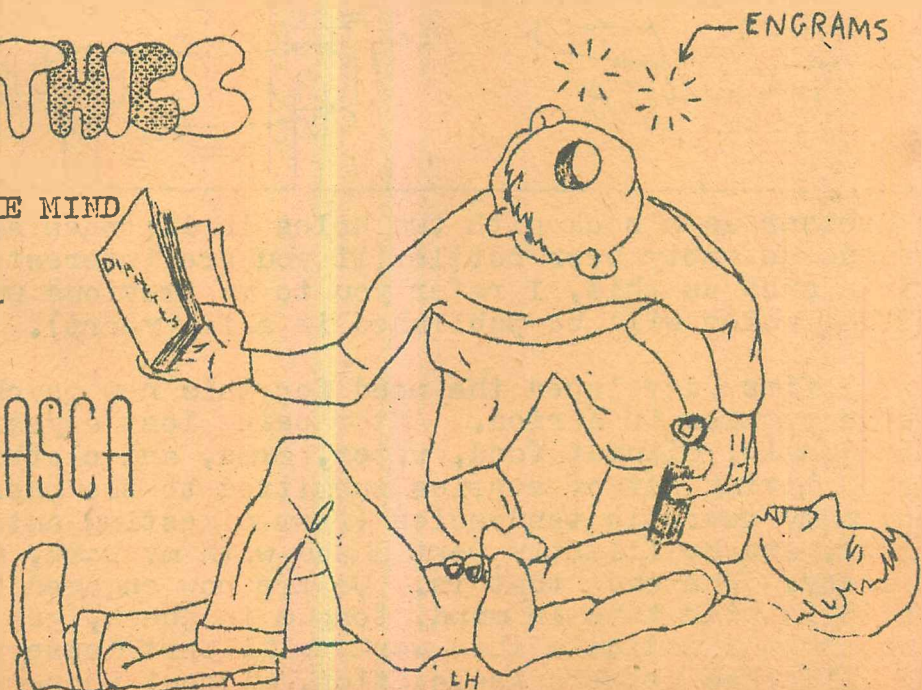
as propounded by

NICHOLAS FALASCA

in association with

DR. HNATKO A. COWARD

illustrations by
 LAWRENCE HEKELMAN



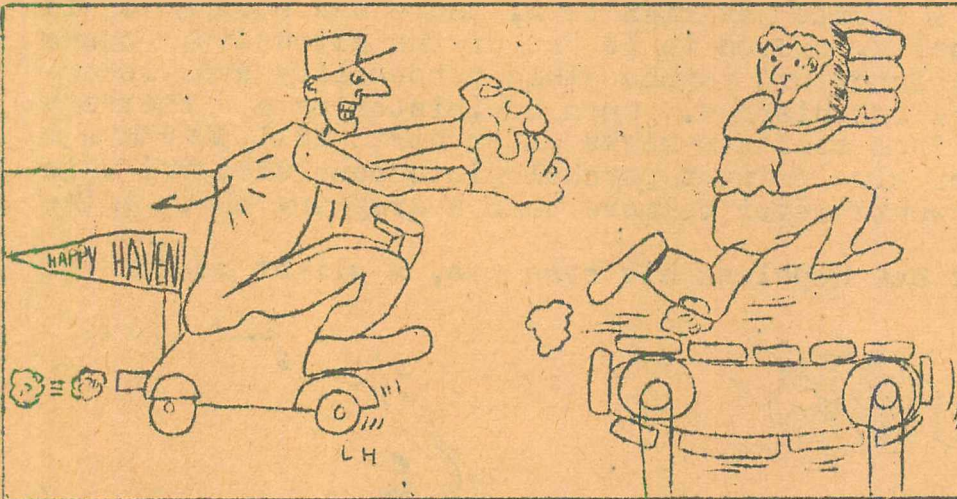
his past history is necessary at this point: This child was afraid of the dark; afraid of the light; afraid of open spaces; a morbid fear of small rooms. Crowds caused him to go into cataleptic fits and yet he would scream incessantly when left alone. To climax this, were the reports that he periodically went in back of the garage and beat his seventeen inch fur-covered tail with a battered bronze bust of Charles Darwin. By the time he had reached seventeen years old, his case became so severe that he was taken to the Provincial Hospital in Brettechenworg. There he remained until 1924 when it was decided that no possible cure would ever have any effect upon him. In all his wretchedness he was released, and set into the streets to become a public charge. At this time he was a babbling, broken, mindless hulk of a man. Two years later he returned to Brettechenworg Hospital to remain, until this day, where he has been in a completely stuporous state. Strange as it seems, that man is one of the most famous individuals the world has ever known. That man is Dr. Hnatko A. Coward, head psychologist at Brettechanworg Provincial Hospital.

PREFACE

This article is designed, primarily, for the student who wishes to learn his psychology the hard way. If the student is interested in learning it the easy way, then this is not for him. If he wishes to learn anything at all, then I recommend that he look elsewhere for instruction. Of course,

if his aim is to remain as ignorant at the end as he was at the beginning, then I can readily accommodate him.

In writing this article, I have hypothesized as my guiding principle--- that Diarethics is as fundamentally useless as an old shoe without laces. However, it is not quite



as useless as a sock with two holes in it; then again, it is as useless as an empty beer bottle (If you are interested in quibbling over trivia such as this, I refer you to my previous work, QUIBBLING OVER TRIVIA, which will be published in a few years).

I first developed the need for this new psychology while chasing albino pygmies in Africa. After being lost a year and a half in the wild jungle, without food, water, arms, and clothing, and etching the barest living out of stories submitted to the prozines, I developed a good many neurotic tendencies (from digesting autographed rejection slips), and brilliantly went ahead with my work, until it was what it is today. Whatever that is. We are now engaged in a great Civil Suit and it is with this in mind, tongue in cheek, pen in hand, and wife in court that I dedicate this work to Gilbert Gosseyn, Frank Ironsmith and the Milwaukee Brewers Association, without whose aid I could never have completed this work.

I would also like to thank Dr.'s Summer, Cramble, and Hubblard, who

contributed so generously with graphs, data, and advice, instead of the money for which I asked. I might also remark that Dr.'s Summer, Cramble and Hubblard are now at the Institute where they are undergoing electro therapy and insulin shock treatments.

PART ONE: Color Preference in Child and Adolescent Psychology

Color preference, though still an unexhausted field has made some headway in the last fifty years. Dr. Summer has made an exhaustive study (1939) in cases of over two youngsters, ages only seven years apart (There were approximately three cases, one of them being half empty).

Summer started his study on July third 1939 and was not yet finished by the morning of July fourth (same year). Dr. Summer states that eleven year old boys prefer blue. That is, they prefer blue to nothing at all, except at seven o'clock when they prefer green. Fifty-three per cent of the girls preferred yellow, and the other twenty-seven percent preferred lavender, but will settle for aquamarine, if necessary. Five year old girls prefer orange in the morning but prefer vanilla in the afternoon. Eighteen year old girls seem to have a preference for boys and do not wish to discuss color preference.

Again, 93% of the boys prefer carmine when served with scotch and soda. However, they do not seem able to discuss color preference after preferring carmine all night. This is probably due to a universal neurosis.

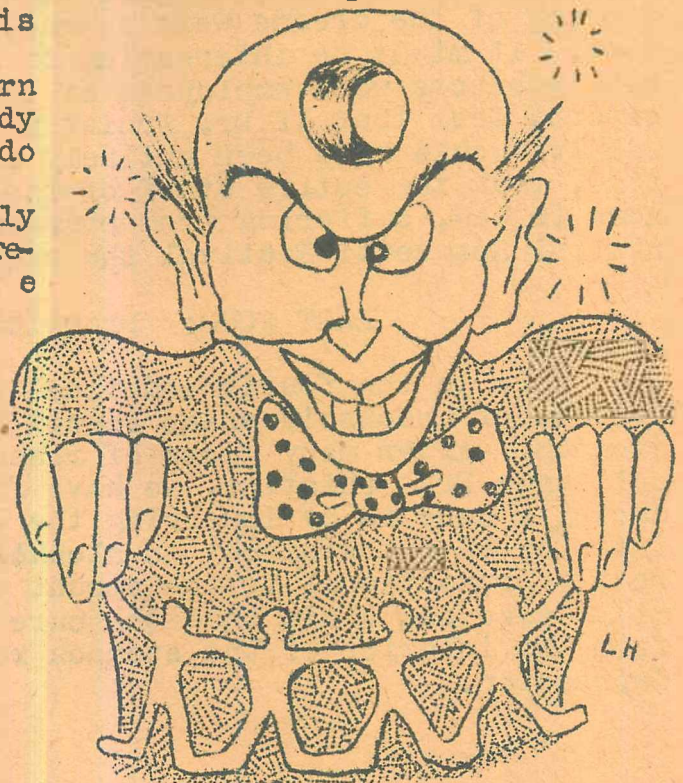
100% of the children not yet born prefer anything to what they already have. Eighteen year old girls still do not wish to discuss the situation.

At three AM in the morning of July 5th, all bald-headed five year olds prefer hair, but eighteen year olds are still putting up resistance.

PART TWO: Heredity, Environment and Social Disgrace

As to the present controversy over the question of whether it is environment, heredity, or gin that accounts for the increasing trend in ax murders, and other mild forms of paranoid reaction, My distinguished colleague, Dr. Ernistini, President of the Ernistini Spaghetti Corp., has come to the conclusion that it is either all, one, or none, of the above reasons. Whatever role these factors play, they are all subordinate to the prime factor in this particular personality aberration, which by the way of explanation, is the over-consumption of spaghetti.

In a study of over five people (not more than five) we have seen the conscious and subconscious influences that shape men's personalities. It is strange that neither Freud, Jung, or Addler gave any space or even mention to the influence of spaghetti in aberrated personalities.



PART THREE: Diarethical Dream Analysis

Lately, much **hate** has been given to Freudian interpretation of dreams. Due to various modern nomenclature and abstract symbolism in the analysis of dreams, the layman has become **so confused** as to drop psychology altogether and turn to Mohammedanism. To cure this modern tragedy, I have here given three rules for the easy execution of communists and dream analysis:

RULE 1: Take the concrete objects of a given dream and identify them with the most far-fetched subjects that come to mind.

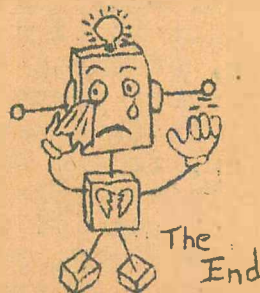
RULE 2: Identify these objects with incidents most foreign to the mind of the dreamer, taking great care to see that he doesn't understand any of the temporary explanations that you find necessary to give him.

RULE 3: Convince the dreamer that he has a secret and overwhelming passion for spaghetti.

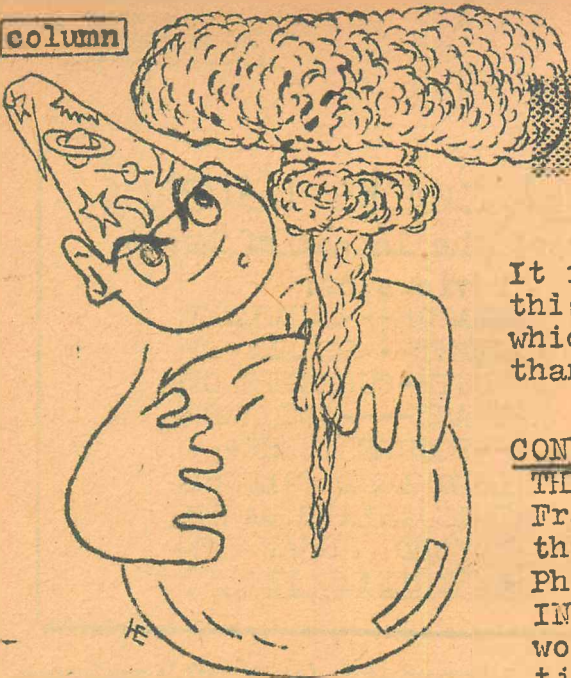
In many cases where there is no reduction of the symptoms, you might suggest that the patient use a heavily tabasco'ed tomato sauce. In Vienna (the home of the Ernestini Spaghetti Corp.), Dr. Ernestini found that in a study of more than a few people, the magnitude and intensity of the dreams were somehow correlated with Spaghetti consumption. It might be interesting to note that eighty-nine of the eighty-nine subjects were employees of the Gavolini Spaghetti & Wine Co. Many experts feel that if Dr. Ernestini had tested his own employees, his results would have been entirely different (It just so happened at the time, that the entire staff of the Ernestini Spaghetti Corp. was at home in bed, suffering from ptomaine poisoning after attending the Ernestini Spaghetti Festival the previous afternoon).

PART FOUR: Practical Technique Application

This is the fourth and final chapter. All aberration stems from periods of unconsciousness caused by the weight of the spaghetti on the stomach. After many years of research on my part and the part of my colleague Dr. Ernestini, we have found that the surest method for inducing a cure is by immersing the pain-producing area (in this case, the interior of the stomach) in **alcohol**. The amount of improvement is directly proportional to the amount of stomach immersed in alcohol. I might also add again that the cure is temporary and any loss of alcohol from the interior of the stomach results in the complete feeling of depression.



column



heading by ELLISON

PREDICTIONS

a new column by BARCLAY JOHNSON

It is difficult to write a column such as this without a certain amount of bias, for which the author should be blamed, rather than the editor.

---BARCLAY JOHNSON

CONVENTIONS:

THE 1954 CONVENTION will be held in San Francisco, even if a probable one third of those who attended the Chicon go to the Phillycon to vote on it.

IN 1958, if the present trend toward deadwood readers attending the conventions continues, which is at most unlikely, the convention will NOT be held in South Gate, California, despite fans from thereabouts who

keep spreading publicity, "South Gate in '58".

THE PHILLYCON will have perhaps 1,000 attendees (compared with 850 at Chicago) and by that time active fans and BNF's will see the problem which they face in keeping conventions fan affairs. The rash of stiff popularity will subside, however, by 1954, and with it the convention's attendance.

CLUBS:

THE LITTLE MONSTERS having been discontinued, ISFCC's editor having resigned, and BSAW's lack of real accomplishment since its inception will mean that gradually NFFF will become The Club for all but BNFs. The latter will continue to start nationwide clubs at the rate of one per year, though their membership will be considerably smaller.

FAN GROUPS:

NEW FANS OF ALL TYPES have swelled Fandom's ranks considerably. The inevitable product of this is a gradual dividing of fans into a number of groups concerned only with themselves; at least, separated from the rest of fandom.

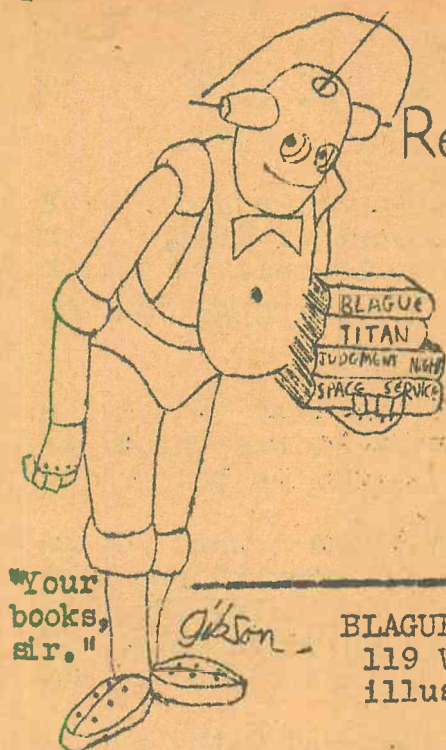
NFFF WILL FORM one of the new groups which will appear during this year. NFFF will contain insurgents and a number of active NFFFers of today.

BNFdom, along with its fellow travellers and 'hero worshippers' (if you'll pardon the expression) will form a second group. This group will be somewhat larger than N3F, and will contain some of the QUANDRY imitators.

A NEW GROUP of young fans, centering around Joel Nydahl's new fanzine VEGA, will form a third group. This segment will do some of the introducing of young fans which has been so overdiscussed in various circles.

PROMAGS: THERE WILL BE only one major change in format, policy, and price of the promags in the foreseeable future (meaning 1953 or early '54). The Thrilling Group with the possible exception of SPACE STORIES and not so likely, TWS, will go digest-size.

FANZINES: QUANDRY WILL GO quarterly within the next six months, in fact if not in schedule. Lee Hoffman will, chances are, get tired of publishing in that time, but will find it hard to give up her "tradition".



"Your
books,
sir."

Garston

Read Any GOOD Books Lately?

intelligent reviews of the latest of books

reviews by:

ENGLISH--FALASCA
DUNN-----LUNDE
NORTON---ELLISON
GARSTON-----WOOD

including:

Prevue Book
Review of a new
S-F Volume.

reviews of:

BLAGUE---JUDGMENT
NIGHT---PLANET OF
YOUTH-CURRENTS OF
SPACE----TOYMAKER
--FUTURE TENSE---
LONG LOUD SILENCE
THIS ISLAND EARTH
BEYOND HUMAN KEN
*PETRIFIED PLANET

BLAGUE by Toby Duane and Al Leverentz (SSR Publications--
119 Ward Rd., N. Tonawanda, N.Y.--1952--99pp.--65¢--
illustrations by Don Duke)

reviewed by DAVID ENGLISH

Herein we are told of the future exploration of the planet Jupiter. Wayne Keller and Ed Chapman are the explorers, but throughout the entire novel, they do not set foot on the planet, being there "in spirit only" via telepathically-controlled robots. Encountering the warring Desrotians and Thoorsulpans, they decide that it would be better for Earth and the Solar Federation were the gaseous Thoorsulpans to win out. And of course, with their aid, the Thoorsulpans do win out, which is as it should be. This is space-opera, but it is good space-opera. Aside from the occasionally rather painful dialogue, the book's only major flaw is the nature of its' heroes. A space-opera type book ought to keep its readers on the edge of their seats fearing that something dreadful will happen to the protagonists. But here the reader's attitude is apt to reflect the heroes themselves, which is illustrated by this colloquy: "Think we'll crash?" "Looks like it. Better strap in." "It'll be our finish if we hit at this speed." "Let's hope not." But at 65¢, BLAGUE is a good buy, and a fan project of this proportion should be staunchly supported.

THE CURRENTS OF SPACE by Isaac Asimov (Doubleday--217 pp.--\$2.75)

reviewed by THURMON GARSTON

Probably no better exponent of the "sociological fantasy" in the realm of science fiction is roving the field today, who can surpass the story-telling merits of Isaac Asimov. In this reprint of the serial which finished a short time ago in ASTOUNDING, Asimov has done one of his most detailed portraits of big and little powers in the intergalactic chess game. His downtrodden serf, in this case, turns out to be the little planet of Florina, harboring the only combination of characteristics which will grow the widely-sought miracle fiber kurt. Asimov's overlord is the semi-decadent planet of Sark with its tyrannical Patrollers and its multi-layered city, dividing the poor vassals of an agrarian culture from the soft residents of the upper township. There are times during the rapid pacing of CURRENTS OF SPACE when you will wonder where the science ends and the fantasy begins. But through it

all, the adroit handling of Asimov keeps the reader engrossed in the multi-faceted plot which contains many detective-like threads. One of the magnificently distracting qualities of the book, however, is the lack of a central character around which the plot may revolve. Asimov has inserted the flabbily-constructed profile of Rik, the idiot, about whom the whole story is to center, but he falls short of the desired performance, leaving the reader with a number of semi-constructed alternatives. The concept of the "currents" in space is a well-wrought one and should stand as one of Dr. Asimov's strongest contributions to the scientific side of the field. As a whole, a nicely-rounded volume with perhaps minor flaws not as much in evidence as they might in some other author's work. Asimov still retains his fine craftsmanship.

PLANET OF YOUTH by Stanton A. Coblentz (FPCI--\$1.50--71pp)
reviewed by SALLY DUNN

In a particularly disgusting writing career, markedly outstanding by a mediocrity of output, Stanton A. Coblentz has surpassed himself. This is beyond a doubt the biggest potboiler of the year and appears to have been published by FPCI for no other reason than to get out from under the staggering weight of contracted books by Coblentz.

A plot that consists, chiefly, of sickly sentimentalism ranging from The Hero taking an instant dislike to Pen-dexter (the vill-yun) just on general principles---he looked "shifty"---, to radioactive Venus which draws Earthmen with promises of youthfullness like Fly-Ded draws imbecelic flies, makes this volume well worth the price of \$1.50 if you like expensive fire-fodder.

Written in a manner which might be termed either the "Lait-Mortimer of the Mid-Victorian Era" or the "Old gentleman's diary-type", this is indeed a wondrous tome. It's amazing how lousy a book can get. Your reviewer wonders if Mr. Coblenz can outdo himself in writing a more noxious book than this one. Your reviewer seriously doubts it.



GLOWWORM and GAL

one of the small ambitions of SFBULLETIN and its' editors has been fulfilled by the illustration to your right. since our first issue we have wanted to feature artwork by the famous ultra-weird artist **RAMPH**

RAYDURN PHILLIPS, and now, thanks to Lynn Hickman who sent us this and a few others, SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN has featured Phillips herein.

JUDGMENT NIGHT by C.L. Moore (Gnome Press--\$3.50--344pp.)

reviewed by MOREEN KANE FALASCA

A five-story collection by the famous feminine sf writer well-known to fans for her classic NO WOMAN BORN, JUDGMENT NIGHT unfortunately does not measure up to her usual high standards. The first tale in the book, from which the volume derives its title, is far and away the strongest of the lot. In the author's futuristic galactic empire, fighting a bitter war for survival, Miss Moore has given us a beautiful picture of an amazon cult which has sprung up on a world where pleasure is the only rule and no whim is too strange to go uncatered. However the enemy, the H'vani, are using this world as a base for their operations, so it must be destroyed. One of the most intriguing facets of JUDGMENT NIGHT is the "Mystery of the Ancients", which involves a legendary race who created man and hold the key to his future. If the book is bought for this one story alone, it is worth the money. But if you think the other four stories, written in a later period of Moore's writing, match up to JUDGMENT NIGHT, you're bound to be sadly mistaken.

Of the remaining four stories, only THE CODE, stands out. An interesting re-treatment of the Faustian legend, it discovers what means a modern Mephistopheles might go to in collecting his due. In spite of the below par quality of the remainder of the volume, the tales as mentioned recommend it highly. Even when not at her peak, C.L. Moore is far ahead of the science fiction field.

THIS ISLAND EARTH by Raymond F. Jones (Shasta Publishers--\$3.00-220pp)
reviewed by HONEY WOOD

An unusual plot is unwoven in THIS ISLAND EARTH. Readers who enjoy the gadget story and those who prefer the military culture yarn will read THIS ISLAND EARTH with equal fervor. Starting in an extremely suppressed manner, the entanglements of the plot soon increased, and with them this reviewer's interest.

The plot, briefly, is as follows: an alien race, calling themselves "Peace Engineers", are using Earth as a production base to supply themselves with machines of a certain order. However, Earth is unaware of these "super" beings, except for the protagonist and a few privileged individuals. Because the "Peace Engineers" are deeply involved in a galactic war, Earth is finally involved to the point where Terra will no longer exist if the alien's enemies have their way. Of course, as preordained and expected, the hero saves Earth and the day at the same time. Even so, this book is a must for the sf fan's library.

BY SPACE SHIP TO THE MOON by Fletcher Pratt and Jack Coggins (Random House----\$1.00----58 pp.----35 illustrations, many in color)
reviewed by THURMON GARSTON

Little space should be devoted to this one dollar edition, save a mundane comment or two that add up to, "Buy it, it's one of the best purchases in the sf field." An extremely literate (if oversimplified for children) text, accompanied by some remarkable illustrations (and some crude ones) form one of the few scientific studies on space travel that don't burst your pocketbooks seams. Pratt and Coggins have concocted a praise-worthy companion to last year's \$1.00 offering.

*****PREVIEW REVIEW*****

SPACE SERVICE edited by Andre Norton (World Publishing Co.--\$2.50-----
277pp.-----10 stories-----jacket by Virgil Finlay)

reviewed by HARLAN ELLISON

Trends being what they are, Miss Andre Norton has devised the most intricate "idea anthology" thus far. Constructing her collection on the tight framework of jobs of the future, Miss Norton has arranged as sweet a group of stories as have been grouped under hard-covers in the last few years. Though some of her selections suffer from malnutrition of the plot-line, for the most part the tales are well-knit and entertaining. Several of the choices (i.g., Ted Cogswell's SPECTER GENERAL and C.M. Kornbluth's THAT SHARE OF GLORY) are small classics in the genre, and add to the maturity of this anthology.

Though primarily slanted toward the more adult teen-agers, here is an anthology which approaches sf in much the same manner as does Heinlein in his "juveniles". One wonders if perhaps some of the stories in SPACE SERVICE might not be too adult....for teen-agers. Such cultural concepts as expressed in the separation of the Space Marine Battalion, kept from the rest of humanity, and developing their own culture, or the emphasis upon loneliness that is placed in STEEL BROTHER, seem to be too much of a diversion from the knock-'em-down-kick-his-head-in-Max type of swill the young sf devotee has been fed up till now. But with writers like Heinlein, and anthologists such as Miss Norton, we are certain that the swill will stop---and the stf begin.

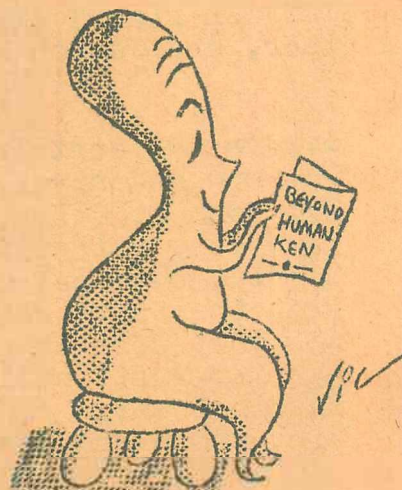
A recommended anthology---and a good one to begin 1953.

TH TOYMAKER by Raymond F. Jones (FPCI--287pp.--\$3.00)

reviewed by LONNY LUNDE

For a goodly number of years Raymond F. Jones has been turning out a high-grade of material for ASTOUNDING and the other more adult s-f publications. Now, after an interminable wait, his first collection of shorter works, a companion volume to 1951's RENAISSANCE (Gnome Press), comes forth including six stories: four novelettes and two shorts. They represent Jones at his best. Probably the finest effort in the book is THE CHILDREN'S ROOM, a striking study of mutant children that ranks as one of the few truly human portraits of the Homo Superior. All these tales, with the exception of the one already mentioned, originated in ASTOUNDING and include his most detailed works from that magazine. Aside from the title story and the one other mentioned herein, the stories include THE DEADLY HOST, THE MODEL SHOP, UTILITY and FORECAST to round out the volume.

The stories in THE TOYMAKER aren't the type to be found every day, without exception being carefully designed and well-executed. Add to this the fact that no two of the stories are alike, and you have one of the finest one-man collections in years.



cartoon by SHELBY VICK

FUTURE TENSE edited by Kendell Foster Crossen (Greenberg--\$3.50--364pp)
reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

A new anthology consisting of fourteen stories, seven of which are reprints from magazines, the other seven new. Included also is an introduction by Crossen, "Tomorrow is Here to Stay", in which he maintains the theory that in the science fiction field the best stories are those written by "angry men"; writers who protest against the too-objective view of life. Some of his points are well taken, even if you may not agree with his selections of the best writers in the field.

The stories deal with rebellion as a main theme, rebellion against a way of life, an accepted set of customs, or a way of thinking. They sweep from the gay satire of "Things of Distinction", through Boucher's "Ambassadors" to the grim horror of "Throwback" among the reprints.

With the new tales, "The Battle of the S--s" by Bruce Elliott is in the same mood of "Things of Distinction", while "Incubation" approaches the starkness of "1984".

Certainly this leans to the pessimistic school of Bradbury with men growing worse and worse in times to come. If you follow Heinlein and more hopeful prophets, you may not care for the entire collection.

BEYOND HUMAN KEN edited by Judith Merril (Random House--\$2.95--334pp.)
reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

A happy selection of tales, leaning far into the fantasy column, dealing with humans confronted by problems raised by non-humans of particularly engaging qualities.

The house which loves its owner to the point of changing the world to fit his whims (incidentally, providing him with a perfect wife), the learned werewolf who eventually finds his proper niche as a member of the F.B.I., the pet whirlwind that both literally and politically 'cleans-up' a small city, and the labor investigator who becomes a severely down-trodden gnome, are all to be found between these covers.

If you are one who prized the long-lamented UNKNOWN, here is just your meat. And it is certainly one of the brightest of the current anthology offerings.

THE PETRIFIED PLANET (three stories--novelettes--by Fletcher Pratt, H. Beam Piper, and Judith Merril---\$2.95---263pp.)

reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

Editors are certainly struggling to give the s-f reading public something new and novel these days. In THE PETRIFIED PLANET a scientist, Dr. John D. Clark, presents in a detailed introduction the problem of two very different planets, one entirely forbidden to man by the nature of its chemical makeup, and the other just barely hospitable.

Given the facts concerning these two planets, three authors of outstanding merit were asked for stories involving the attributes of both.

Fletcher Pratt obliged with a Superman story of a master-race struggle for power. Judith Merril tells of five generations of space pioneering women and what effect such a life had on individuals of different temperaments within the same family group. Beam Piper deals with a native rebellion against Terran commercial domination. This is an interesting example of individual imaginative work as it gives such dramatically different results for the same set of concrete facts. But

unfortunately, neither the Pratt nor the Merrill offerings seem to come to life. The bones are there, and there is flesh on them---only breath is lacking.

On the other hand, though the story may be termed "space opera", Piper in ULLER UPRISING, has done a clever double-take. He has transported into the future on the repelling planet of Uller, the Anglo-Indian Mutiny of a hundred years ago. And having carefully followed real history for a space, he provides a tongue-in-cheek surprise ending which is a perfect astonisher. For the Piper story alone, the book is a most excellent buy.

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 scheduled for next issue, having caught up on the bulk of the stf volumes issued in this last flurry, are a much smaller number of books, among which are Wilson (Bob) Tucker's LONG LOUD SILENCE and Groff Conklin's new anthology THE OMNIBUS OF SCIENCE FICTION, plus about 3 more  
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THE BOOT

a department of
deserved
reprimands

department

Gibson

This issue, the entire boot column goes to one of the most revolting publications to be issued in the last fifteen years. By the request of several readers of SFB, the BOOT goes to:

HUGO GERNSEBACK for SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, his new publication, which is guaranteed to set SF back, at a conservative estimate, ten years.

This poorly-written, often farcial piece of SCIENCE tripe does not fall into the category of science fiction, for by his loudly-voiced abhorrence of science FICTION, Gernsback has employed all the hoary tricks of 20 years ago. Our comment: poor Sam Moskowitz!

cartoon by: GIBSON

DEDICATION

this issue of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN is dedicated to:

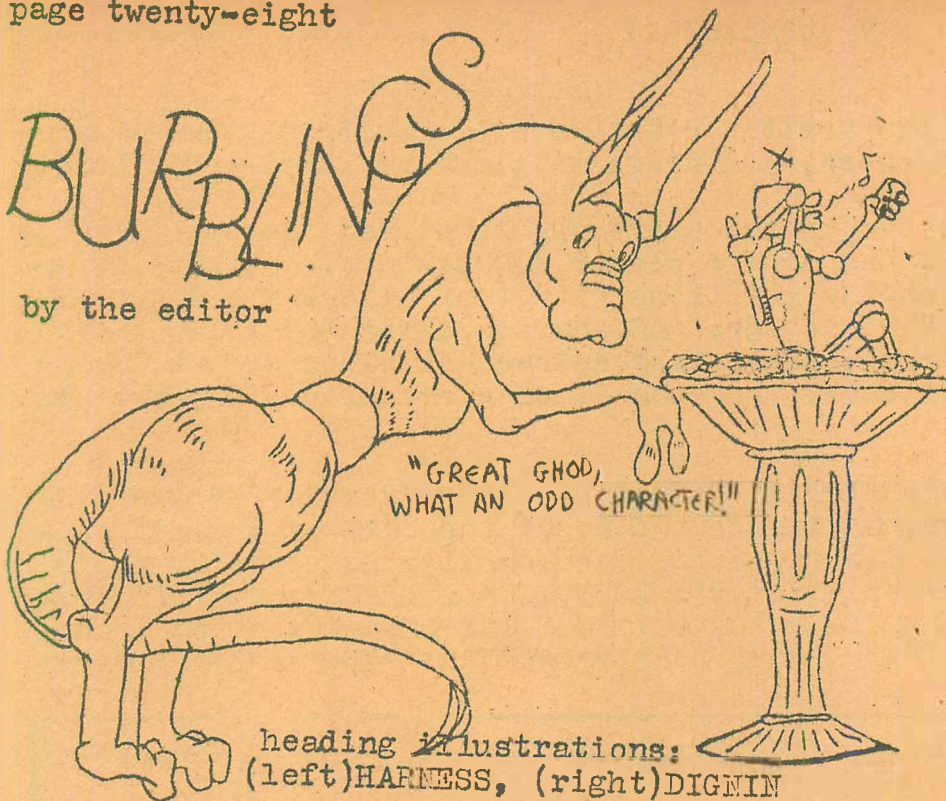
HUBERT GIBSON, the father of Ray Gibson (one of SFB's artists), who died on the evening of Saturday, February 7, 1952. Our most sincere condolences go out to Ray and his family on their untimely loss.

NOREEN KANE FALASCA and NICHOLAS FALASCA (who both have material in this issue) on the celebration of their first wedding anniversary.

HONEY WOOD and DONALD WOOD (she's our managing editor, as if you didn't know) on the celebration of their third wedding anniversary.

BURBLINGS

by the editor



heading illustrations:
(left) HARNESS, (right) DIGNIN

It's a plot!
That's what it
is, a dirty plot! I
can see it all now.
You keep tell-
ing me that BURBLINGS
is a good column, you
rate it high on the
tally sheets, then I
start to believe you
and I get a swelled
head. Then I can't
get my hat on be-
cause my head is so
big, and I have to go
outside in the cold
without it. Then I
catch pneumonia and
drop over dead! Oh
no, you're not going

to pull that one on me, you lousy sneaks! This is a rotten column, and I know it. And no matter how much you breeze about it, I'm not going to kick the bucket just so you won't have to read BURBLINGS....I got word from Joel Nydahl (editor of VEGA, an excellent magazine) that he has sold a story to one of the prozines, I'm not sure which just yet.. (note from London, via Reuters news service): MOON 'SERVICE' BOOMS: -- Britons--restricted heavily in foreign travel--are taking much interest in research aimed at creating rocket service to the moon. Since 1948 membership of the British Interplanetary Society boomed from 502 to 2,010, the society announced. (Dec 28, 1952)---My comment: don't tell me they want to run away from Jolly Old England that bad! ...we get an immense amount of word about the PAPA (Pornographic Amateur Press Association around here. The buzzing tells us that already there are over sixty people on the waiting list....anybody notice that D a m o n Knight is building his own "future history" series. It started with a neat little tale in the January '52 ASTOUNDING called THE ANALOGUES. I remember another tale in the series somewhere else in between, but for all my scrounging I can't find it, perhaps some of you can help. But, in any case, the third in the series just came out in THRILLING WONDER STORIES under the title of TURNCOAT. Quite a neat group of yarns, too.. Jerry Bixby seems to have stopped writing fanzine reviews for STARTLING STORIES. Whether he's assumed other responsibilities or has gone away from the Thrilling Pubs altogether remains unknown...Vic Waldrop informs us that the last issue of his fine little journal ALIEN is going to be released soon and he'd like to wind up his publishing career with all copies sold, so to get this big 50-page issue, send 25¢ right away to: Vic Waldrop, Jr., 212 West Avenue, Cartersville, Georgia....I should like to take a moment, since I was burbling about fanzines, to mention two new ones that I think are well on the way to the top. They are COMET (available from Karl Olsen--RED 2--Allendale, N.J.), and one of the sharpest little mags that goes under the title of MICRO. The thing comes to you in a letter-size envelope with stiff covers, neat printing, and a multitude of fine material (available from Donald Cantin--214 Bremer St.--Manchester, New Hampshire) COMET costs the same as MICRO, and they both cost 10¢ per copy. Give these new kids a break,

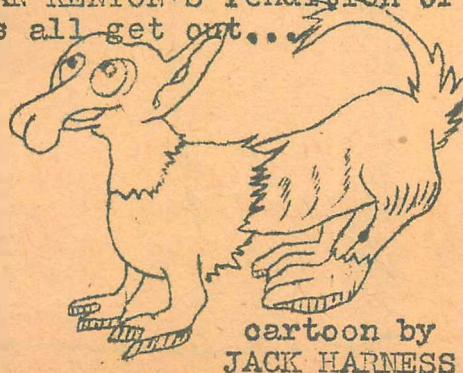
and send for a sample copy of their new magazines, they're just starting, let's show 'em how fandom can respond...we got a letter in the box yesterday that reads: "SAUCER'S FIRST CONTACT REVEALED---Perhaps this is one of the most momentous narratives of all time. Perhaps it is a figment of the imagination. Yet there will be no personal contacts between the worlds, nor fundamental scientific progress except through this agency. This is the flat statement of the author, the contact. An actual contact was executed by our Space Visitors in 1952, and extended over a period of nearly three months. During this time he was virtually one of them. It required another three months for him to become 'normal'. (EDITOR'S NOTE: and I bet the attendants had one helluva job of restoring Our Boy, too...he) The future will be vibrant with writing in the sky (ED NOTE: Pepsi Cola?...he). Contacts with every individual can be executed, if qualifications are met. The realities of our Visitors are incredible beyond our imagination. Yet, they are human, as we are. (ED. NOTE: speak for yourself, Jocko...he)

"This personal narration gives the keys to the entire universe and the contact broadly implies and states such as: Their Structure and Power; Their Search for a Contact; Avalanche In the Skies; The Contact; An Attitude is Changed; The Transformation; Opening Road; Our Progress Headed In Their Direction; Testimonial; and other data.

"It is an Extra in newspaper form, tabloid size. Easy to read and fathom (ED. NOTE: how easy is it to burn?...he). The paradox is as strange as the realities involved: None will believe, except in TOTAL. Yet, all its scope, and more than that, will be attested in the skies. Future contacts are for all others except him. He is spent and expended, as one match burnt out of a box (ED. NOTE: cast aside like an old match...he). His mission is to continue on their behalf with a periodical publication consecrated toward auroral ends (ED. NOTE: whose end is he consecrating toward?...he). Send for this Special Issue now! If not found on your favorite newsstand. Eight pages of the story, in newspaper tabloid form and size. PRICE: ONLY 25¢ Orfeo Matthew Angelucci, Author, Publisher---20th CENTURY TIMES, 2931 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles 39, Calif." And at the bottom of this printed sheet is a small notation for the reader: "Opportunity: Sell this first, permanent issue in your area. Send 15¢ for each copy in lots of more than one.

"Make 10¢ profit. The best selling article today (ED. NOTE: have you tried selling marijuana? It's almost as good...he) All terms payable in advance." Now what do you readers make of that?.....one of the artists for FANTASTIC, Barye Phillips, has done the dust wrapper for a new book, DESIREE...Sam Mines is getting clever as heck in some of his answers to letters in his mags. For instance in one letter he made this caustic comment: "I can see your point--but I wouldn't be able to if you combed your hair differently" (which is a direct steal from Ellison) and in another he said, "Heavens to Betsy--and back to Heavens for a double play!" (which may not be original or funny, but I liked it).

Two new things for the intelligentsia: STAN KENTON'S rendition of CITY OF GLASS on Capitol records--disturbing as all get out.... (Oh blast it! I see I've been typing through a most clever pic to the right here by Jack Harness,; I'm sorry.) DISCOVERY is the new 35¢ volume out of Pocket Books that contains some excellent literary work by newcomers. Try it.... I'm worried: EMISH is doing too much art for sf mags. It would be best to go out and dig up a few new faces instead of working him to death! SARGASSO OF LOST CITIES in TCSAB is another of Jimmy Blish's "Okie" stories, and as such is of high quality. I had a lot more to say, but my time has run out. Comments by Art Wesley and, my buddy, Dick Clarkson and CalTom Beck in the next edition of BURB..he



cartoon by
JACK HARNESS

THE MAILMAN by Joe Belotte

And he flits from star to star in a blazing flame
 Carrying news to peoples of the universe. A pony express rider
 On an atomic horse. A roaring, whining steed. The mail must
 Get through.

Orion challenges him. Scorpio. The Lamb. He carries news
 From the big dipper, letters to mothers and aunts in the Milky
 Way. Cosmic mail sweeping the heavens free from the dusts of
 Doubt and loneliness. Words from friends on far worlds
 Spreading farther in cosmic tides.

Communications holds together the Universe. A string between
 Two people, a chain between four, unbreakable. A thought between
 Two, an idea between four, blending between nations, between
 Worlds. As the stars twinkle with happiness and sorrows, human,
 Beautiful sorrows, his face beams and he is proud to be an
 Instrument of the Mail.

A Mailman.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "The Mailman" came in entirely unnoticed, and did not
 at first impress us. Then we read it again. We suggest you do the very
 same thing.....he

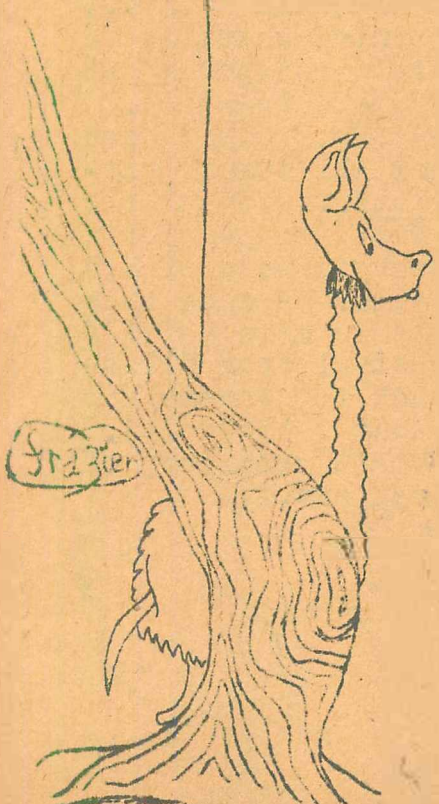


wonderland lost

NOREEN KANE

by

FALASCA



Ah, Alice, Alice, do you
 sometimes long
 for that wondrous world
 you knew?
 When the white rabbit
 said, "I'm late,"
 and the Cheshire cat
 grinned on a
 "golden afternoon."
 Do you ever dream
 of the unicorn,
 Tweedledum and Tweedledee,
 and that day you
 won the crown?

Would you trade all your
 placid life
 for just one more hour
 in wonderland,
 where logic is lost
 and childhood is
 forever fair?
 I think perhaps
 you would.

illustration
 by
 MICHAEL FRAZIER

JABBER - WOCKY

the column of clever,
oft-caustic comment---

by that sage of Salt
Lake City in the fine
state of Utah---

G R E G G

C A L K I N S



heading illustration by:

LAWRENCE HEKELMAN

ANYBODY ELSE IN THIS POT?

"The opinion of the strongest is always the best." --de la Fontaine.

Ah yes, and who was it said something about us all hanging together or we should hang separately? Begins to look that way doesn't it?

Button, button, who gets the convention? That's the new game being played up Philadelphia ways this year. Here we are, still seven or eight months to go before the Philly affair, and already we're worrying about who will get the 1954 shebang--or who won't get it. One thing is certain; Philadelphia figures to have a lot to say about it, one way or another.

You see, there's a peculiar situation in Philadelphia--and, I might add, a bit of a peculiar odor, unidentified as yet. With the Chicon II, a new light began to shine on the convention field, and it's even brighter in Philadelphia--the light of the pros. The light was noticed--and wondered about--at Chicago. It's due for even more notice--and wonder--at Philadelphia. And what does it mean? It means that prodrom plans to make something

of the annual s-f conventions; they plan to make the convention a really useful item for themselves. And fandom? Oh, who cares about fandom.

This attitude shows up very clearly in the recent actions of the Philadelphia Convention "Rules Committee" headed by L. Sprague de Camp. Blithely overlooking the fact that the "rules" they are supposed to set up apply to the convention, proper, only, the committee prefers to interpret it in a broader sense and make rules for all of fandom as well as the convention. What is that old adage about giving one an inch...? Philly, taking its mile with admirable nonchalance, has already decided that bids from certain cities for the 1954 convention will not be acceptable to them because of racial-discrimination and because of the feuding going on. This is only the first step the Rules Committee has taken, but it's overly-big by itself. That they should set themselves up as a dictatorial body, choosing or rejecting convention sites at will, is really stretching things too far. Cities thus far casually rejected from the race are Atlanta, Washington D.C., and Detroit. Ghu only knows what others will follow. It begins to appear,

as though cities wishing to bid for the 1954 con are going to have to send a letter of application to Philly to find out if they are acceptable or not.

But maybe even that won't do any good. Philly has set up so many rules already that they have barred even their favorite choices by their own rules. Word is that Frisco is the warm spot in the fan-nish heart of Philadelphia, and it certainly looks that way in fandom as well. Certainly it is pretty well agreed that the convention must come west this year! But where is west? Only the coastal cities can handle a convention, but there are three or four coastal cities capable of handling the convention: San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Portland.

Los Angeles is pretty well counted out because it is saving its strength for the '58 convention. Seattle has little strength to bid with. Portland had the last one, and is undoubtedly uninterested in having the next one. This leaves us Frisco and San Diego capable of holding the convention. However, San Diego just got through holding a SouWesterCon, and whether they will feel like having a world convention or not is a questionable point.

But it looks as though the high-handed action of the Rules Committee in barring Detroit and other cities on the grounds of their constant feuding will also bar San Francisco and San Diego as well. Word comes that the Little Men have broken up. The more active members of the group--the Cole's and a few other families--have formed their own clique, the Tetartoids. They plan on bidding for the 1954 convention, along with the Little Men and they also plan on holding a regional convention sometime in April of this year.

Today word comes from San Diego that the old San Diego Science-Fantasy Society has split into two groups, each of them being re-named to avoid confusion with the original club. The split here seems to have been somewhat gentler and with

less bitterness than the one in Frisco, but there are still underlying currents of dissention.

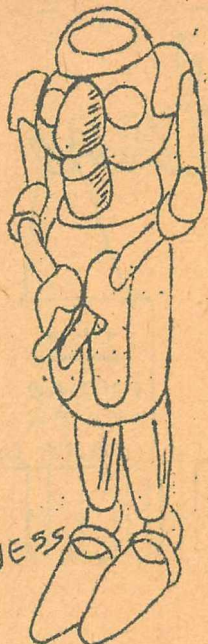
And that is the situation. As far as fandom is concerned, the convention MUST come west in 1954. Philadelphia seems to lean the same way, but in their rush to gain and hold power over fandom's conventions, their Rules Committee has virtually barred all the potential choices for the convention. Something has got to give, and it looks, from here, as though it will be the Rules Committee. If fandom lets them operate the way they are trying to operate, before long fandom will have little or no voice whatsoever in the world convention. It will become an instrument wielded by the professionals, with the site chosen at their convenience, and the convention held and carried out from the professional point of view.

Fandom won't stand for it. But before long it will be too late, and the only recourse for the fan will be to go to the regional conventions and leave the world affairs alone. There will be a wide breach between the two, causing untold damage to both fields. The outlook isn't very promising.

Anyone for polo?

DEPT. OF LITTLE UNDERSTOOD HAPPENINGS

In connection with Robert W. Lowndes' SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, one of the pulpier pulp mags on the market, a new fan column will soon be started, conducted by one Calvin Thomas Beck. Beck states he wants to do a good job, and needs help. The column will begin with the May 1953 issue. Now, if you reacted to the news the same way I did, you are probably still sitting on the floor, with your mouth open a foot. And you are probably asking yourself, as I did, how the hell Beck got the job. Beck is, with little doubt, fandom's least prolific, least interesting, most asinine, unintelligible, irrational and illogical fan. He is known for his irresponsible (concluded page 35)



PARTS

by Thomas Finn

illustration
by
JACK HARNES

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: a few weeks ago we received a short story in this office that was a re-write of a well-known s-f yarn, but the style was totally different. Since the author of the story lived here in Cleveland, we decided to visit him. The author of PARTS is a young man who works at the Cleveland Public Library. His age is not indicative of the quality of his work. Tom Finn here presents a succinct tale, told in an outrageously matter-of-fact manner of two parts and a robot. It's not what you'd expect, and we hope to be able to feature Tom again, very soon.....he

In the darkness, there was a slow movement.

The small, uni-purpose robot rolled quietly onto the floor, freed after weeks of confinement, and stood silently, deep in Grand Central Station.

Into its tiny "brain" one dominant fact had been impressed. Tonight he had a duty to perform which he could not fail. There would be no second chance.

The tape began to feed its "brain" other facts. The location of the parts. How to use them. Their purpose.

The robot rolled to the first locker; opened it silently. The arm went in, fumbled around for a second and came out clutching a part carefully, almost reverently.

It rolled to a second locker and duplicated the performance.

It held both parts now, its eyes observing them, checking for possible damage. A slight smudge was very carefully removed.

Its short tape was nearing the end.

Slowly the parts were raised and held at arms length.

The robot paused, as if it were gathering strength for the last act of its short life.

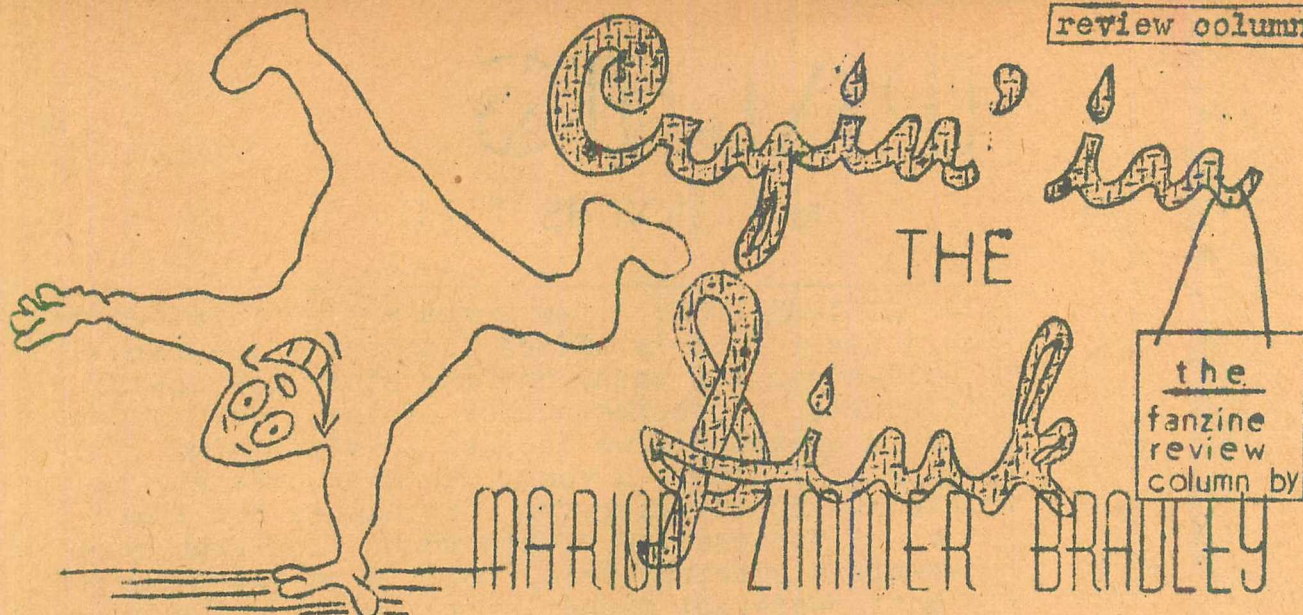
The last series of indentations on the tape passed through its brain.

The parts were forced together violently, with terrific speed.

Half of New York dissolved into a radioactive mushroom.

back issues

PLEASE DO NOT WRITE TO SFBULLETIN ASKING FOR BACK ISSUES OF ANY ISSUE, AS WE HAVE NONE. ANYONE WISHING TO OBTAIN BACK ISSUES OF SFB IS ADVISED TO CONTACT SOME FAN WITH AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OR A DEALER. WE HAVE NONE FOR OURSELVES, MUCH LESS ANYONE ELSE. WE SUGGEST THAT YOU RELIEVE YOUR MIND ABOUT NOT GETTING YOUR COPIES OF SFB BY SUBSCRIBING, THAT GIVES YOU 12 ISSUES PLUS THE ANNUAL AND ALL EXTRA SFB FEATURES. he



fully
illustrated by: Ray Nelson

EDITORIAL NOTE: when we began Marion Bradley's CITS, last August, we found, to our amazement, that there wasn't as much comment against it as we were led to believe. Well-known fans who knew fanzine reviews both good, bad, and indifferent, applauded the column heartily and advised us to overlook the spasmodic gibberings of those few who didn't like to hear the truth about their publications. Then, last month, we received a letter from Marion that she was going to stop writing this column. We didn't ask her why, we just offered to take CITS up again anytime she chose to write it. Fortunately for both SEB and fandom, a miracle transpired and after just one month without Bradley, we are most happy to revivify the fanzine review column---CRYIN' IN THE SINK.

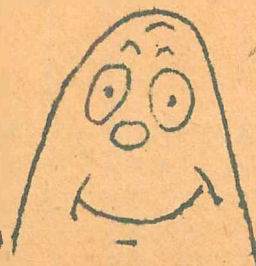
I had honestly intended to drop this column, and had so notified Harlan. However -- fortunately or unfortunately -- the news didn't get around fandom very fast, and the fanzines kept coming in, fast and furious. I threw away a few, but they kept coming in, many with nice, little notes attached asking for reviews. Heck-- I can't be guilty of such crass incassitude as all this! Okay; it's up to you. If you want this column continued, I'll keep it up as long as you send me the fanzines to review. If you want it stopped, just stop sending me fanzines. Okeh?

And-- thanks, kids. From the bottom of this piece of flint I call a heart, thanks.

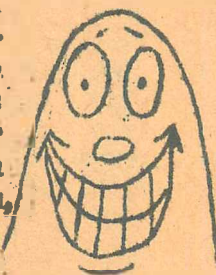
Two or three fanzines got thrown away, as I say, during the lapse in columns. If your zine was one of them, I apologize with all my heart. This review is in more-or-less chronological order.

FIENDETTA

Charles Wells, 905 E. 62nd Street, Savannah, Georgia. A new zine from Hoffmansland, and a fascinating one, especially the section on fantasy music, and the discussion of Gian-Carlo Menotti's fantastic opera THE MEDIUM. Since I'm reviewing this from memory, I can't quote the price (ED. NOTE: 10¢--3 for 25¢, he) but you might send Chuck a dime and see what happens. As I recall, this zine was very nicely done.

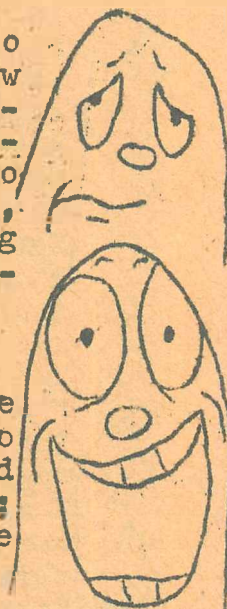


VEGA Joel Nydahl, 119 S. Front Street, Marquette, Mich. A serious constructive fanzine in the best sense. It contains humor in a nice balanced ratio, but is new and modern-- not the hackneyed Pogo-worship of the Hoffmannians. This is not to disparage Lee's style, but only to compliment Joel for developing one of his own. Hoffman and Willis are good-- in QUANDRY and SLANT. Too many neofans have been imitating them, and doing it badly, of late. VEGA contains a little fiction, a little serious fanstuff, a little humor, a few columns. Fascinating reading, mostly by new names.



TYRANN Norbert Hirschhorn. Address on my copy so blurred I can't read it. (ED. NOTE: 853 Riverside Dr., New York 32, NY..he) This one goes in for heavy political discussions of a sort of super-socialistic "Administrative Party", advocating the election of a President who will work to abolish his own office. Watch it, kiddoes; Utopias are fun, but in this damnably censored age, too much wistful glancing at socialistic Utopias might get the FBI on your necks. Deplorable, but true. Otherwise, TYRANN is good clean fun.

STF TRENDS Lynn Hickman and the Little Monsters have merged their unpronounceable TIMA and LITTLE CORPUSCLE into a single magazine, cleaned up the sloppy format, and retained all their old virtues. We've praised this one often enough; we'll just say "get it". Price is the same as for TIMA; one dollar a year.



S-F John Magnus, 9612 Silver Spring, Maryland. This mag is very neat-- it should be; they have sixteen typists listed on the Editorial page, and six "Duplication experts". It also has a four-color, silk-screened cover. The material is excellent, although we yawned widely at "The Search"-- a definition of science fiction in three parts, cov-



JABBER-WOCKY by Gregg Calkins (concluded)

statements and a careless attitude. Moreover, he is what I would consider about the furthest from being fandom's most capable man for the job.

Unless Lowndes' last name is really Beck, I don't understand it. I guess it's just another entry for the Unexplained Happenings File.

INCIDENTAL INFORMATION

A much better man for the above-mentioned job would have been Richard Elsberry of Minneapolis. Elsberry continues to bombard me with issues of Minnesota Tech's TECHNOLOG, an excellently printed

college magazine. In this issue, Elsberry writes three fine pages of satire on Hemingway's recent LIFE magazine coup, "The Old Man And The Sea", only Elsberry titles his "The Old Engineer and the D."

Although the article has much more significance to the engineers of Minnesota Tech than it does to fandom, it is still most excellent satire and recommended reading for all fans who have read and enjoyed Elsberry's fan-ish writings. Plaudits and praise for high-quality writing go to Elsberry.

Now if Lowndes had only chosen somebody like this.....

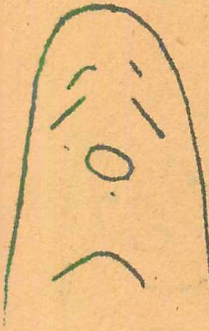
JABBER-WOCKY WILL RETURN NEXT ISSUE



ering eight pages or so, in flowery verse! The two columns-- THE RAVEN'S CHIRP, by Rich Bergeron, and THE RAVEN'S BURP, by Larry Magnusson, should tell you what to expect of this. Fifteen cents.

CAMEO

Marie-Louise Share and "Gene" Ward, who is of course fandom's old friend Rex E. Ward. Address; Box 17093, Foy Station, Los Angeles 27, Cal. This one-- printed in purple on pink paper! -- is not a fanzine, although several fans are represented among the contributors. Rather it attempts to cover the more serious literary efforts. We were especially impressed by Marie-Louise's own piece, IN MEMORIAM--another of her now-famous family sketches, which are written with more warmth and sincerity than anything else we've read in the microcosmos of amateur journalism. Jim Harmon's parody on space-opera was also much-appreciated at this quarter. And this one is free, so if you care for serious writing, just write to Gene for a copy.



FANTASTIC WORLDS

1942 Telegraph Ave., Stockton, California. This is not a fanzine, but a professional magazine; however, they very kindly sent me a review copy, so I am reviewing per request. This magazine is a wide-open market for fan material of sufficient quality, and top spot this time goes to THE ACKERMAN STORY-- a complete rundown on Forry the FOOmous, as fan, pro writer and agent. The fued between Howard Browne and Bob Silverberg produced only yawns, which were dissipated completely by Bob Tucker's special fan-slanted Charles Horne detective story. Even if you don't read fanzines, you should get this.



GROTESQUE

Al Leverentz, present address unknown; with the U.S. Army. Thus passeth away another excellent magazine, for Al has been drafted, and GROTESQUE is out of business. This raises a question in our minds, what kind of a jinx is there on a serious weird-horror-fantasy zine? None of them last more than a few months, Stan Mullen's GORGON running about the longest-- a record two years. A silly and inconsequential rag, with nothing in it but fannish feds and junky letters, will last and last; SPACEWARP, which contained more crud by weight than any other fanzine, lasted for years. But the serious fanzines rise and then fade away. Why? It's a sad commentary on fandom when QUANDRY breaks even and NEKROMANTIKON goes broke.



UTOPIAN

R.J. Banks, 111 South 15th, Corsicana, Texas. As usual; lousy mimeographing and excellent material. The column on serious fantasy by Leif Ayen is really good; Leif Ayen (is that one of Jeff's own pen names, we wonder?) is one of fandom's better serious commentators. Lee Hoffman is also present, and for once she is displaying her real writing tar



lent with a piece of interesting fiction, instead of her usual random slapstick blathering. Read this issue of UTOPIAN -- number 10 -- if only to prove to yourself that Lee can really write, as well as being able to burp out charming nonsense in fantastic quantity.

RENAISSANCE

Joe Semenovitch, 155-07 71st. Avenue, Flushing 67, New York. Fandom's top critic, George Wetzel, writes a vicious but justified attack on critic Edmund Wilson, and a batch of half-wits write an even more vicious, and completely unjustified attack on Jim Schreiber's ETRON. Then one Charles Simmons writes a so-called factual report, actually a nasty and vicious attack, on Palmer's OTHER WORLDS. This one is hardly fit for the wastebasket, unless you revel in dirty, below-the-belt attacks on people who are too decent to hit back. 10¢, and cheap at one-tenth the price.

CATACLYSM

Bob Briney, 3 Kent Road, Winnetka, Illinois. As usual, excellent fantasy poetry, badly mimeographed and poorly layed-out, but expertly selected and edited. Bob knows his poetry; 'nuff said. This issue features a hitherto-undiscovered poem by H.P. Lovecraft; and most of the poetry is professional in quality. 10¢.

FAN-TO-SEE

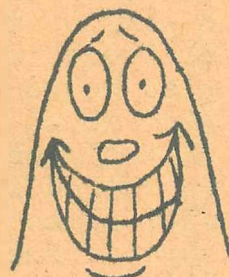
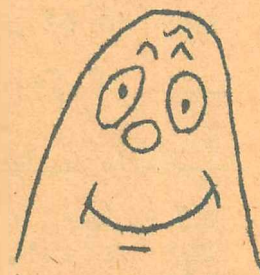
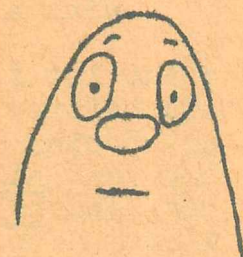
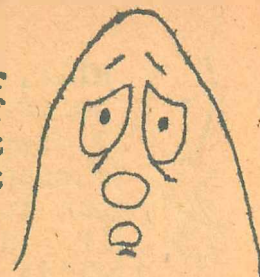
Larry Touzinsky, 2911 Minnesota Avenue, St. Louis 18, Missouri. Paul Mittelbuscher, associate editor. A first issue, very nicely mimeographed, contents scrappy but interesting. The fanzine review was especially interesting, inasmuch as Paul reviews an entirely different set of fanzines than are received by "Cryin'..." and from a fannish, rather than a literary slant, but does so with commendable honesty and excellent taste. This one costs a dime, and probably needs manuscripts as well. Rally round, fans....!

MOTE

Robert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska. Beautifully hectographed in small size, wonderfully illustrated by Naaman Peterson, and filled up with a number of fascinating oddities, this is the finest fanzine presently in existence in the purple-print format. D.O. Cantin lists a number of ways to drop out of fandom or get thrown out-- I could list one he missed; write a fanzine review column.

OOPSLANNISH

Gregg Calkins, 1429 Talisman Dr. Salt Lake City 16, Utah. Inside a printed cover (a view of Mars, covered by a huge NO PARKING sign, signed R. Bradbury) lurks a tremendous amount of surprising material. A near-pro fiction short, TOO BRIGHT, by one William Rose, impressed us most, as did a "rotogravure" section---pages of full-size illustrations by Ray Cap-





Elia, Richard Bergeron and Dave Stone. As usual, Rich Elsberry is in there bellyaching at everybody within shooting distance, and Robert Bloch is trying to sound like a fan and succeeding in being naive, but the whole thing is beautifully put together, and should suit you right down to the ground--if you like that kind of thing. The price is fifteen cents, which strikes us as being very reasonable for such a big and well-spiced platter of fantertainment.



COMET Karl Olsen, RDF #2, Allendale, New Jersey. This, an offshoot of the Drill Press, struck us as being both more serious and more mature than the original Ish items. Winchell Graff looks over a half-century of the Oz books, Roger Dard talks about-- you guessed it-- Australian fandom -- and Anthony de Luna presents some mildly rib-tickling cartoons. With a sidewise frown to Ish (that obstreperous brat!) for his "Sly, Humorous Intrinsic Thoughts--the column you shouldn't abbreviate", we wrap up this newcomer, with a pink ribbon and say, "Send him a dime; the guy's good!"

That's the lot for this time. Fanzines sent to this column MUST be in my hands before the 28th of the month, or they will be held over until the next month. (EDITOR'S NOTE: which seems a good time to mention, in passing, that all opinions expressed in this column are those of the reviewer, and not necessarily those of the editor, though they might be, as are a few Marion expressed this issue. All review copies MUST be sent to Box 246, Rochester, Texas, and are not to be confused with trade copies of your magazine sent to the editor. Now back to Marion, he)

—SPLASHINGS from the SINK!—

SPECIAL EVENTS IN FAN PUBLISHING:

SELECTED ESSAYS OF HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT; SSR Publications, edited by George Wetzell.

We've just received the first copy of the first volume of the LOVECRAFT COLLECTOR'S LIBRARY, printed in a special edition of 75 copies, numbered and dated. Priced at only 35 cents, this first volume contains three of Lovecraft's essays and one short story; a bigger value than many of the so-called "pocket books".

The issue is very neatly mimeographed; neater than some printing; it is also bound in stiff covers, and edited with a nicety and perfection which would do credit to any professional publishing house. The material included is typical Lovecraft of the early period, and was, we believe, culled from various amateur publications. These essays are difficult, almost impossible, to obtain in any other format except as collectors' items and at prohibitive prices. George Wetzell, who edited the publication, Al Leverentz, who did the hack work, and SSR Publications, are well-deserving of fandom's thanks for placing these items within the reach of the collector. We understand that the forthcoming volumes in the series are to be similar in format and price, so we suggest that for information, you should contact Paul Ganley of SSR or Bob Briney, who is assisting with the bibliographical material. They will be in limited edition, so reserve your copies now.

(EDITOR'S INSERTION: sorry, but CRYIN'... has run over quite some space this issue, but because it was absent last ish, we let it. But I have to cut the reviews of Bob Pavlet's FANZINE INDEX. Sorry again. he)

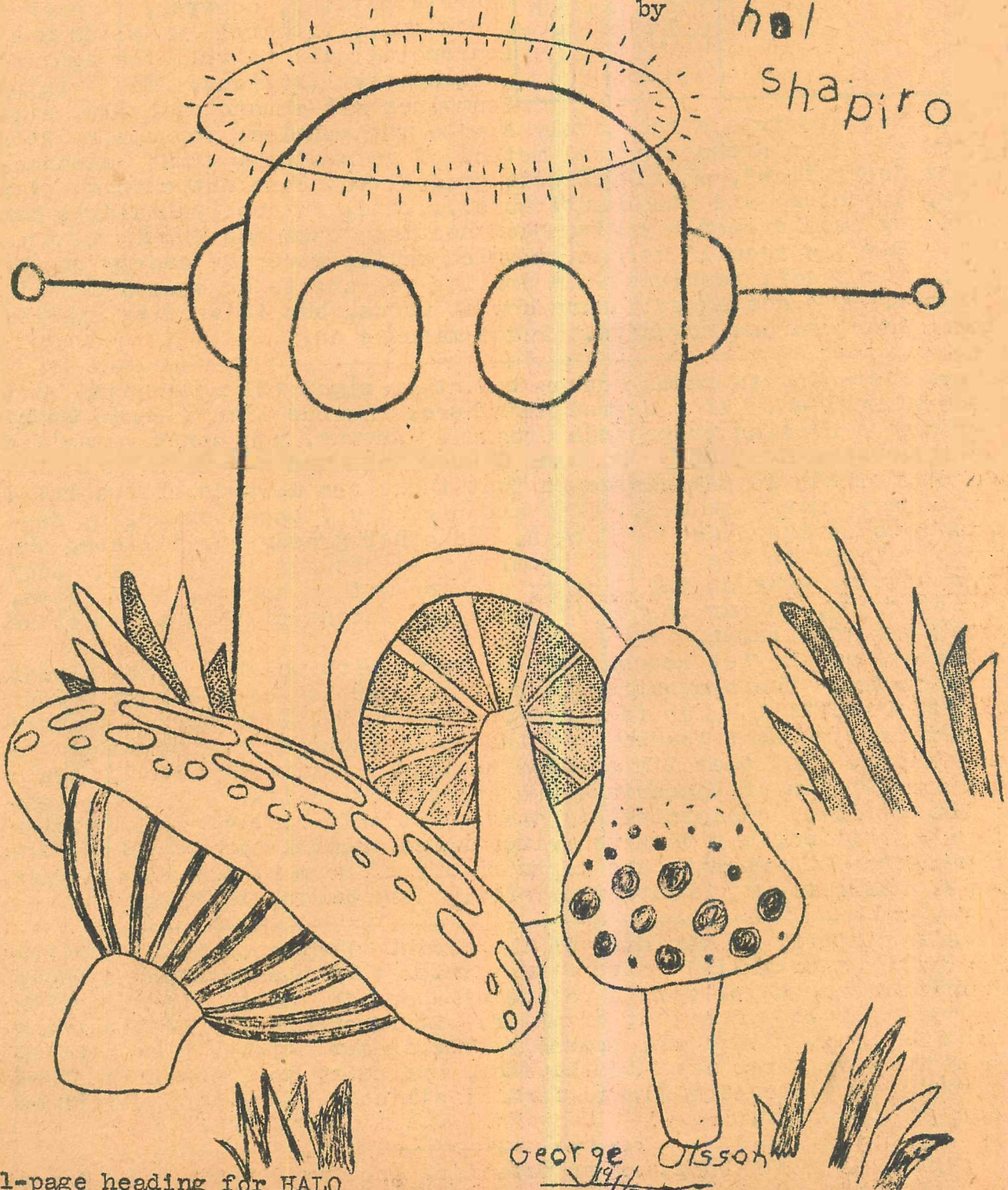
HALO

the column that's over your head, as perpetrated

by

hal

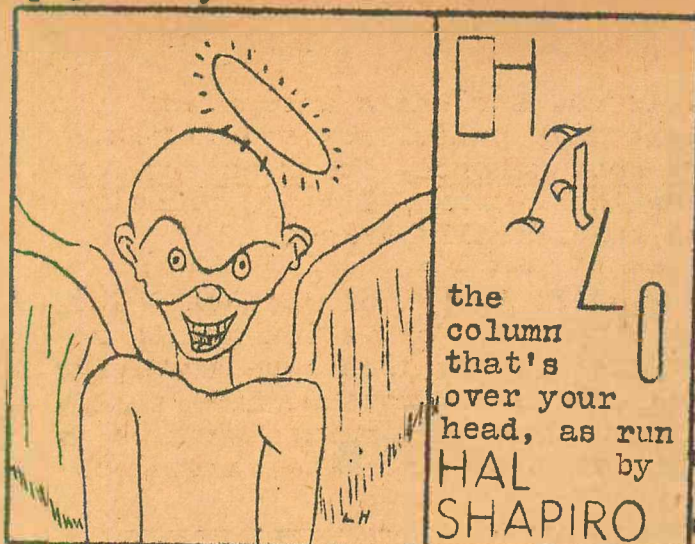
shapiro



George Olsson

194/153

full-page heading for HALO
by George Olsson-----small
heading next page by Larry Hekelman---



Inventions the pulp writers missed; here's a finger-tip pen. A pen that fits over the index finger like a thimble. Made of plastic it has a retractable ball-point.....a cigarette case with a time lock. It looks like an ordinary case and holds one pack. But there's an attachment from the watch factory which keeps it locked for a specific period of time. There's nothing, however, to prevent mooching.....there's a "slide rule" (chronological) to tell the age of ancient civilizations. The thing "combines all chronologically sig-

nificant factors into a relatively simple mathematical formula." It's based on a common archaeological method of determining time sequence known as "seriation", which reflects gradual but constant change in pottery, clothing, and other artifacts.....and, in case you didn't know it, the new atomic cannon you've been hearing about has something called a "double recoil" mechanism which neutralizes the energy of the firing. The recoil requires some smaller weapons to be bedded down in large pits. I'm not exactly sure how it works, but it's being applied to many other weapons nowadays. Peace marches on!

Was listening to radio Moscow the other night (31 meter band at 9.7 mg) in English. It's beamed over here. Sounds like a comic trying to satirize a Russian propaganda program. Anyway, you can't realize what stinkers we are until you hear Moscow Rose and her male cohort spout off. Their latest charge is that there are upwards of two million orphans roaming the U.S. They are picked up, occasionally, by representatives of the House of Morgan, and other greedy capitalists, who need child labor in the factory or mine. In between times, when they are not slaving away at the factory bench or with a shovel, they live, almost starving, in our country's subways. Decent of them to admit we have subways that large.

There's one Soviet accusation, however, with which I agree almost wholeheartedly. The accusation is that the purpose of American jazz is to "stun and kill human feelings". Personally, I've been stunned more than once by what issued from the loudspeaker of radios under the title of jazz. Not that I'm opposed to jazz. I like almost all music with the exception of Wagnerian-type opera, most hill-billy music and Kenton-type (i.e., "modernistic") jazz. Not only have my feelings been stunned and killed, but they've reincarnated themselves with the seething desire to do away with the perpetrators of some of the modern jazz idioms in music today. Fantastic? Yes. The music, that is.

Another theory on the core of the Earth. Professor K.E. Bullen of the Sydney (Australia) University, stated that his researches shows the Earth's inner core, with a radius of about 800 miles, is solid with a density about 18 times that of water. It is chemically distinct and consists of iron, nickel and probably some denser metals. The rest of the central core, according to the Prof, extending to 2200 miles from the center, consists of a liquid form of silicate rock, about 11 times the density of water.

Oh yes, Man Into Wolf, an entertaining book by Robert E. Isler (Philosophical Library, 650pp., illus., \$6.50) looks into the anthropological aspects of sadism, masochism and lycanthropy. It suggests the

amusing possibility that crimes of violence, including murder and war (!), have their origins in man's evolutionary past...For fossil hounds: Cambrian Stratigraphy and Paleontology Near Caborca, Northwestern Sonora, Mexico by G.A. Cooper (Smithsonian Institution, 183 pp., illustrated, \$3.00). I won't review it unless specifically asked.

Lots of things happening. Elron Hubbard is off on another kick. He has, as you probably know, left the Dianetics Foundation and is doing more research. This stuff he's working on now uses some impressive electronic devices. Among other things, elron now says we are really 74,000,000,000,000 years old. Having known Monday mornings when we'd call anyone that age "junior", we shan't say anything else on the subject.

Some good movies coming up this year. Errol Flynn is going to produce and star in a movie concerning that famous archer William Tell...Sonny Tufts and Barbara Payton will be in "Run For the Hills," which as far as I can learn, is described as "a spoof on the atomic age".... and Burt Lancaster is slated to play the lead in "The Firebrand," a pic biography of Benvenuto Cellini.

On the newsstand scene, roughly, an editor, being questioned by the Congressional group investigating "obscene" literature said that spicy books merely reflect the life and times of the people today. He said that his publications were no spicier than the works of Homer and Shakespeare. This may be true, but the idea that, in 1,000 years, the great names of American literature might be Mickey Spillane and Jack Woodford is a bit unnerving.

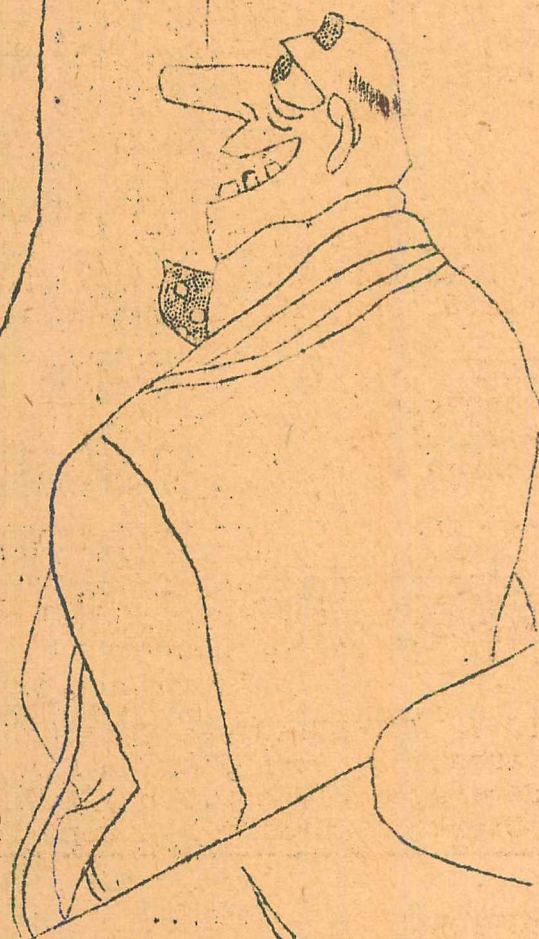
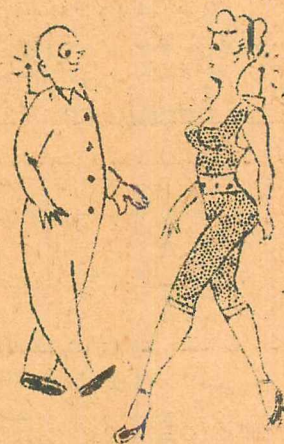
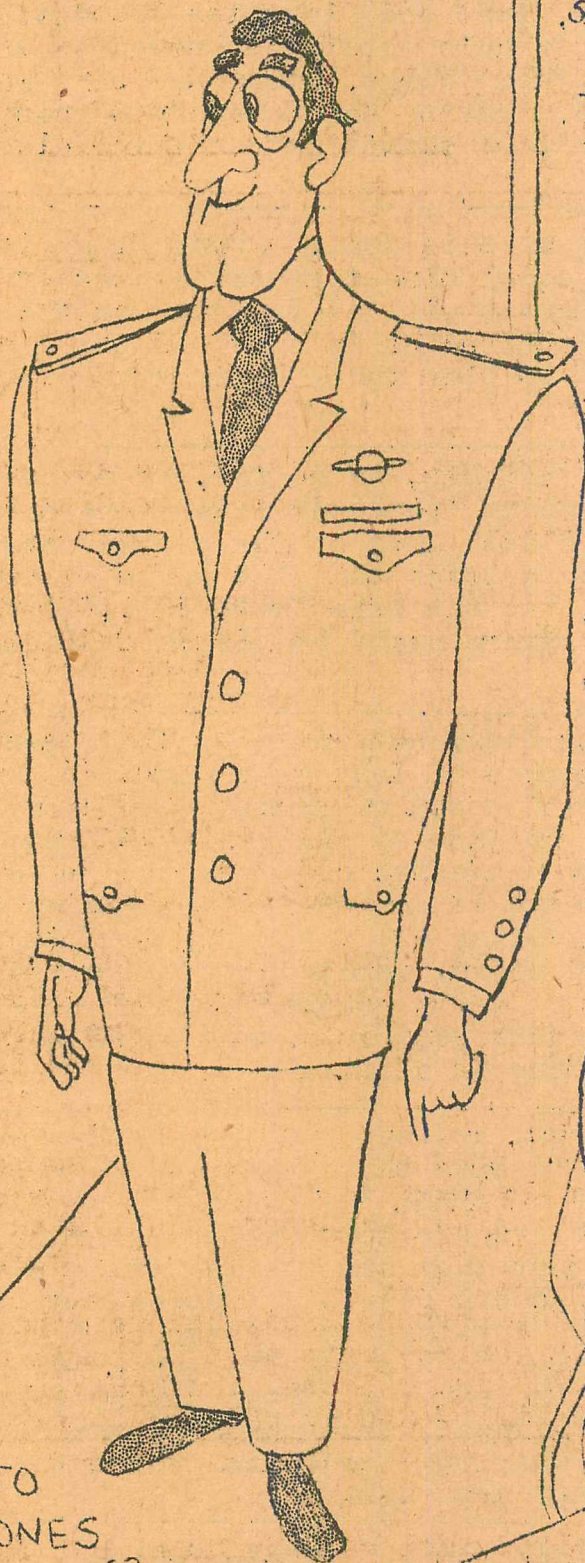
Spinning through 1952 we find, according to the Science News Letter, that the top science stories of last year were: (1) successful testing of the H-bomb; (2) development of almost foolproof anti-malaria drug; (3) promising results with use of isoniazid in treating TB; (4) three possible aids for polio patients; (5) detection of spiral arms in our Milky Way galaxy; (6) design of an atomic accelerator which will develop 100 billion electron volts; (7) discovery that Jericho has had a continuous history of 6,000 years, making it the world's oldest town; (8) progress toward forecasting daily weather through electronic calculators; (9) first jet airliners went into commercial service. There were more, but space limitations et al.....

For your possible interest, and not knowing whether or not I'm infringing on copyright laws, I'd like to reproduce here a letter noted in the 29 December 1952 issue of TIME. "Sir: I don't wish to be an alarmist, but these space travelers are going to bring an end to the world for the simple reason that they are overlooking a principle of physics familiar to any high school boy, ie, 'action equals reaction'. ...The same principle would be involved in a space ship leaving earth. Small as it would be in relation to the earth's mass, the rocket blast would be sufficient to knock the earth slightly out of kilter in the delicate balance between centrifugal force and gravitation which now keeps our planet from either whirling loose from the solar system or falling into the sun..." Any comments?

Which is about all for this month. Unless you're interested in the filler item stating: "Fearing that they may become as great a pest as rabbits, New Zealand has forbidden the importation of tortoises."

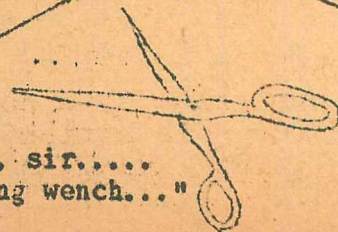
by
PLATO JONES

LUNA
SPACE MEN'S
SHOP



PLATO
JONES
'53

"Why not step outside, sir.....
try it on some passing wench..."



science fantasy bulletin's Advertising Section

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CORRECTION:

(we are sorry that this correction must be made here, but spacial limitations force such action) The date on page 27 should read: Saturday, February 7, 1953, not, as we mistakenly indicated, 1952. Again, our apologies.....Harlan Ellison

You've seen Fantastic Worlds, Science Fiction Advertiser, Science Fantasy Bulletin, The Journal of Science Fiction; all great fanzines, but have you seen the latest?



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Editors EARL KEMP and MALCOLM WILLITS

P.S. There are a very few copies left of Destiny no. 3, 4-5, and 6. Twenty-five cents each. Sorry, no copies left of our first and second issues. Our eighth issue will be published April 25, 1953, and will feature the last fanzine story by David H. Keller (The Golden Key), The Story of Fantasy Press by Lloyd Arthur Eshbach, Tarzan in the Films by Vernell Corriell, Who Knocks at My Door? by E. Rockmore, Personalities in Science Fiction (Walter M. Miller, Jr.) as well as Sam Moskowitz, George Wetzel, Pat Eaton, John Harwood, Henry Ebel, H.M. Weatherby and many many others. Don't delay in sending in your dollar for five wonderful issues. And while you're at it, if you like to write or illustrate science-fantasy, why not enclose some of your efforts? Destiny desires to be the showcase of fandom, accomplished only with help.

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FANTASY
PRESS

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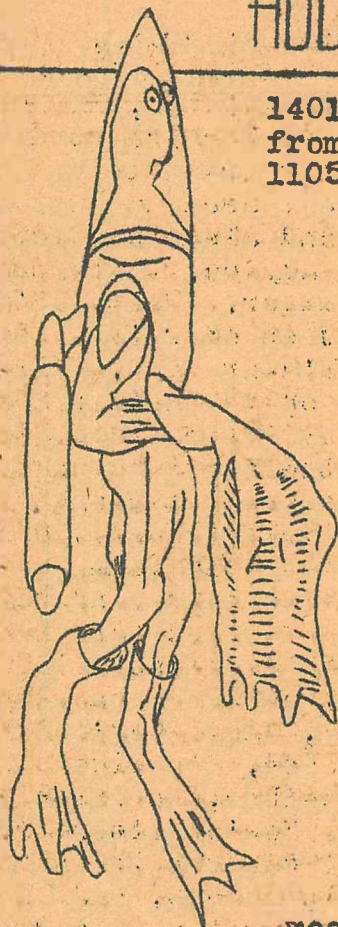
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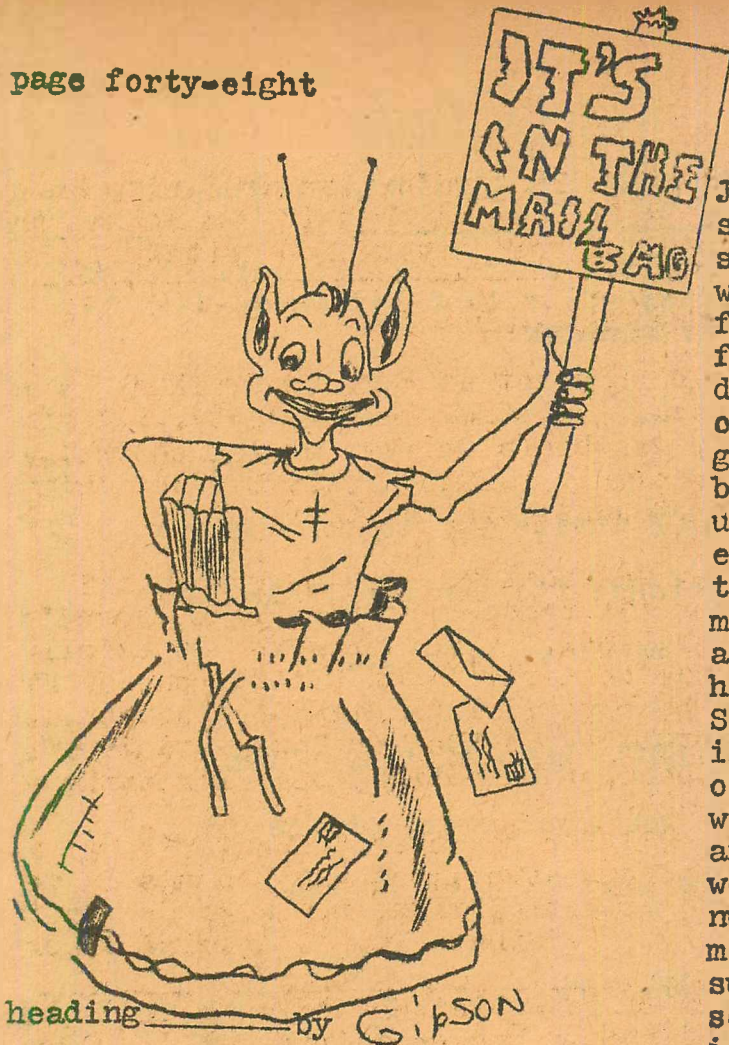
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Just in case you're wondering, that sign the gnome is holding allegedly says, "it's in the MAIL bag," but we can't swear to it because of the fact that the editor tried to be a fancy letterer and loused the whole darned thing up, and also the fact, obscure though it may be, that the gnome hates the editor. Well, he'd better watch his step or we'll get us someone new. Y'hear that, Antenna Ted? But on to another situation. The first letter in this month's batch is the culmination of a rather heated personal exchange I have been engaged in with one Joe Semenovich, editor of the farmagazine RENAISSANCE. Joe says a number of things that set your editor to wondering. We are at a loss to answer Semenovich, as our answers would be so biased, that they'd be null and void. Hence, I'd like as many of you as possible, to write a suitable answer to Joe's letter and send it to me so I can run it next issue. Please help me out, and do not let this letter-writing oppor-

tunity pass just because you think someone else is bound to write....because they might not, and then your editor would be up the proverbial ol crik without the proverbial ol paddle. Get what I mean?.....he

from: JOSEPH SEMENOVICH (155-07 71st Ave, Flushing 67, NY)

Dear Birdbath;

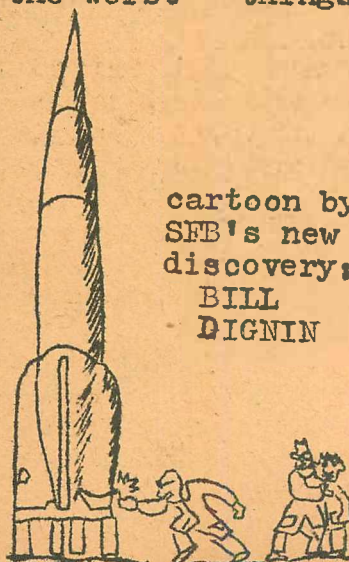
...Aside from the drawings, there was nothing at all good in your zine this issue. The three columns were fair, Calkins taking the lead by a nose. Shapiro's column was too short, and your column too long... Face it Ellison. Your fanzine isn't so hot. One of the worst things that ever came into being----other than my early issues of RENAISSANCE----up to issue five in fact. But the way you criticize other fanzines, one would think you would turn out a masterpiece, which you don't. As in the last issue, you fill up your zine with artwork---well, why not turn it into an artzine. And then you print useless book reviews, useless Story Recommendations, useless departments such as NEXTEXT when we already know what is coming out...And please I hate to see someone sound off on a future story that will appear....if ADVENT is as good as you say it is, it should have been accepted by a prozine....

-----Joe Semenovich

cartoon by
SEB's new
discovery;
BILL
DIGNIN

Dear Joe: in the words of that great American philosopher, "Wheew!" Now that you've had your say, and by the way, for anyone who's interested, this thing went on and on like that, I'm going to leave my entire letter column open to anyone,

"I can't stand noise."



anyone at all, who can answer Semenovich. I'd prefer (naturally) to have a letter or two from someone on my side, of course, but if you happen to string along with Joe, I'll publish your letter also. But write!.....he

from: Jess Greer (6907 Hope Ave., Cleveland 2, Ohio)

Dear Harlan:

Too late, too late, that handsome snapshot of "MR. STARTLING" on page one of the November SFB! Because...(call for Philip José)....I had already fallen, head over scales, for Venable's critter on the cover.... that super-amused, super-intelligent, simply LUSCIOUS LIZARD. (Good thing that myopia makes me impervious to photosynthesis, or there might be some sauri-looking offspring.)

Seriously Harlan, SFB gets better and better. How DO you do it?

But frevins sake, STOP improving it; remember Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Birthmark"! It's just about right, now. The artwork, especially was extra satisfying in this issue; particularly liked DEA's group of ET Cuties, Phylliss Miller's excellent back cover; ditto Nelson's cartoon... (NEVER apologize!) and the not-a-thing-left-out "Bar On Boulevard Jones". But I had to breathe a little on my specs, then polish, be4 clarifying a top part of the drawing "Tasty Morsel".

All in all, a mighty neat treat, SFB for November. Shouldn't say it, but actually it was more palatable than several of the promags I've recently read. (Do they seem vapid to you, too, right now - or is it just between-season?)

Sincerely, Jessamine Greer

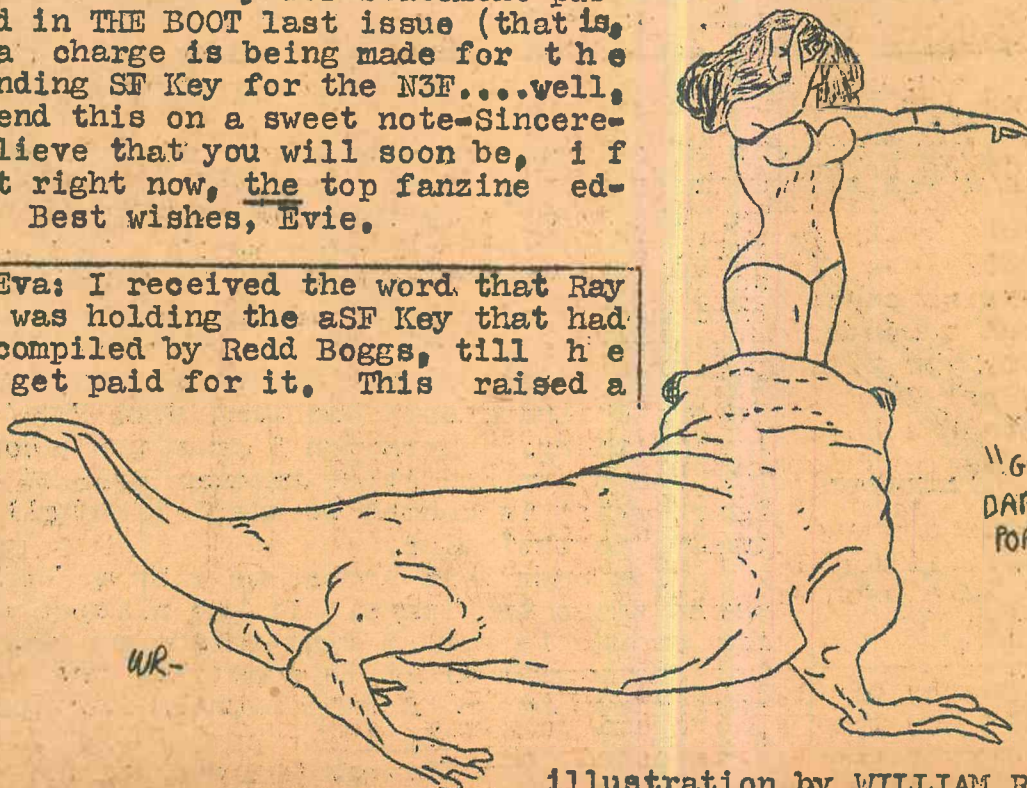
Dear Jess: It's a good thing the ratio is seven letters of your kind to one of Semenovich's, or SFB might fold from a broken spirit.....he

from: EVA FIRESTONE (Box 515, Upton, Wyoming)

Dear Harlan

...Copy #10 received...I'd be greatly interested to learn y o u r source of authority for statement published in THE BOOT last issue (that is, that a charge is being made for the Astounding SF Key for the N3F....well, will end this on a sweet note-Sincerely believe that you will soon be, if sren't right now, the top fanzine editor. Best wishes, Evie.

Dear Eva: I received the word that Ray Higgs was holding the aSF Key that had been compiled by Redd Boggs, till he could get paid for it. This raised a



"GO, AND NEVER
DARKEN MY
PORTHOLE AGAIN!"

illustration by WILLIAM ROTSLER

stink of enough proportion to get back to Boggs who withdrew all rights from the National Fantasy Fan Federation to distribute the ~~asf~~Key. That was the way SFB received the news, through a most reliable source, and it was upon that information that we acted. If we are wrong, and proof is shown to us that we are wrong, a complete retraction and apology will be forthcoming in these pages.....he

from: ERIC FRANK RUSSELL (3 Dale Hey, Hooten, Cheshire, England)

Dear H.E.

Horace Gold forwarded SFB for which kindly deed I am grateful. But I was mystified by the mailing until I reached your CITATION, at which point mystification was replaced by complete dumbfoundment.

This was due to the fact that your judgment is opposed to my own. Once upon a time I spent a week-end reading my own yarns. I'll never do it again. A horrible experience. There was no way of determining how I came to write such an unremitting succession of stinkers or how any editor in his right mind came to accept them or how any story-starved reader found the patience to waste eyesight on them.

Trouble is that I've never turned out a yarn that couldn't have been written better a second time over, or better still at a third attempt. In my estimation, I have a positive genius for producing yarns that ought to be written nineteen times to become what they ought to be.

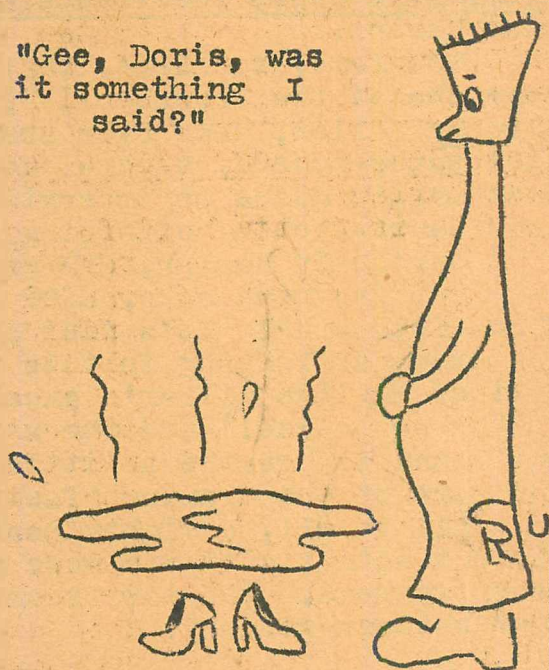
Possibly other writers feel the same way about their own stuff when they view it in retrospect. I wouldn't know about that, not having consulted any of them on the point. Or perhaps some don't care to admit that they have to hold their noses in the presence of their own work. But I don't see how a man can be frank with others when he's afraid to be candid with himself.

During occasional attacks of self-esteem - to which all writers succumb when their wives stroke their hair with one hand while taking away the check with the other - I like to think I may have had some small influence on the stf field, especially in this important matter of raising writing style from the juvenile to the adult. But when the stroking had ended and the check has vanished, I find myself doubting that I've done a damn thing. Whereupon I drag the cover off the typer and start ~~another~~ Epic of the Year which is doomed to smell like hell in twelve months' time.

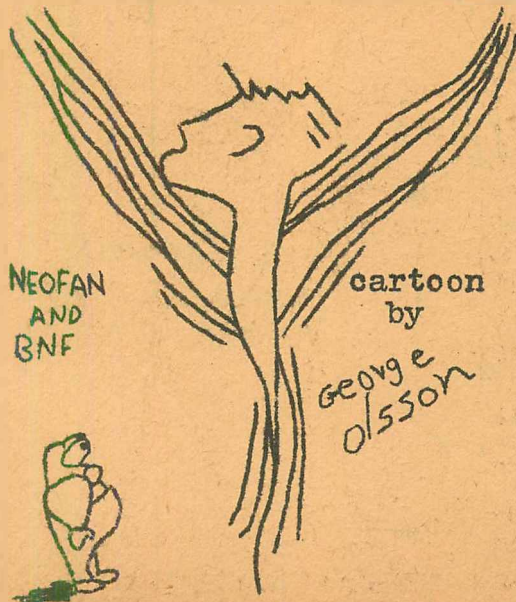
You boys have bopped me with a halo seven sizes too large. It has slipped down far enough to burn a ring inside my pants. But the warmth of it is something new and very pleasant and I do genuinely thank you for the feel of it.

Now to get through the rest of SFB's thick wad, a redoubtable publishing effort

"Gee, Doris, was it something I said?"



cartoon by Su Rosen



that I'm sure will give me an enjoyable time.

Kan-as-thay-shoo! (Try that phonetic phrase on any Manxman y o u meet. There are more of them in Cleveland than in the Isle of Man.)

Cordially yours, Eric Frank Russell

Dear E.F.: I can see that you haven't read SOMEWHERE A VOICE, DEAR DEVIL or any one of the other ten or twelve stories penned by a certain Duncan H. Munro...or was it Maurice Hugi...which rank among my..and m a n y another stfan's...personal favorites. Russell lousy? Shaddup.....he

from: ROBERT BLOCH (740 N. Plankinton, Minneapolis 3, Minnesota)

Dear Harlan:

It is pretty hard for me to write a letter without indulging i n some miserable attempts at humor, but I merely wanted to tell you in my low way that I received and enjoyed the current issue. Yes, and that includes the photograph on page 1. In keeping with your policy of short letters, and your desire for suggestions...all I have to suggest is that you continue to put out issues on a par with this last one...with similar good fiction. I'd further suggest a wider use of photographs if at all possible, although I know cost and labor of printing 'em up is pretty prohibitive. Mebbe we'll get a good oldfashioned depression soon and prices will come down. Right on our heads, I suppose.

Miserably yours, Robert Bloch

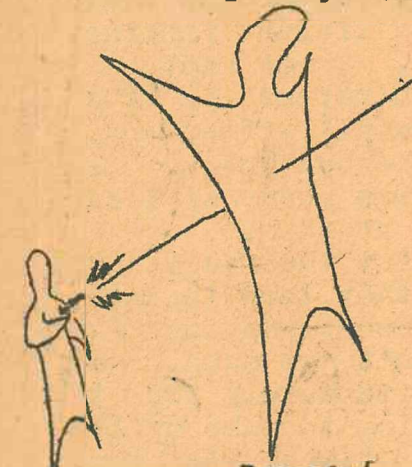


illustration BERGERON

Dear Bob: Something tells me you are letting that bunch of fanzine bench-riders razz you into something of a manic depressive state. I wish to Ghru I had a lot more o f your "miserable humour" in SEB. If they don't like it, fmmf!he

from: BILL ZUFALL (5060 Forbes, Pittsburgh 13, Penna.)

Dear Harlson,

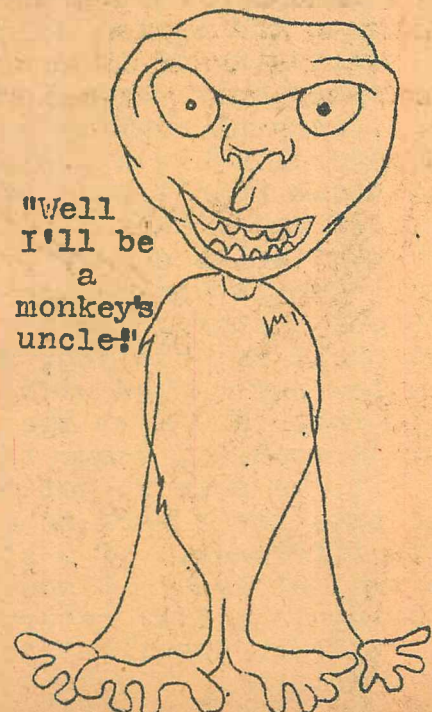
....So what if your zine is a bit late every time - you're to b e commended for consistently putting out a mag of such high quality...Let's have none of this bull about the tally sheet having to be in by January 28 - it's a little impossible, when I receive the mag on January 31!...Thought this ish was especially good...particularly poetry such as SONG FOR STARLIGHT and fiction like Clancy's story. I'm looking forward to reading Venable's ADVENT. Sincerely, B i l l Z u f a l l

Dear Bill: Puff-puff, we're trying to catch u p with that publishing schedule, and there'll be a dropping of the dating on the tally sheet---just send it in as soon as you get it, whenever that may be. But send it in!.....he

from: ART WESLEY (402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin)

Dear he--

...Any feckless soul who objects to that innocuous cartoon on page two should be kicked in the head until dead...that is, if the objection is based purely upon ethico-moral grounds....Art



"Well I'll be a monkey's uncle!"

cartoon by HARNESS

Dear Art: I haven't the vaguest notion what you said, but you seem very sincere, so I guess I concur with you. I'll let it slide, though....he

from: THEODORE COGSWELL (918 University Ave, SE, Minneapolis, Minn.)

Dear Harlan:

Belated thanks for VECTOR. COMMENTS: Editorials: None. PLAGUE

"'Scuse me, Padner,
can you show me the
way to SPACE WESTERN
comics?"



cartoon by GIBSON

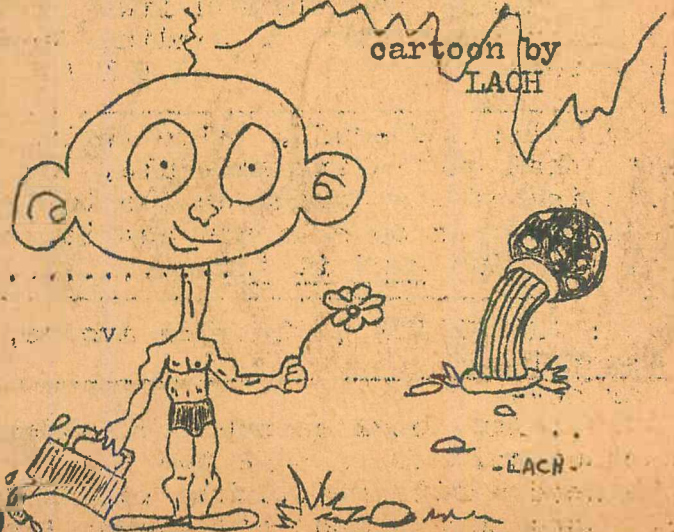
PLANET: Good idea but too short. As it stands more of a synopsis than a story. BNF: like the majority of independent fans, I've been reading SF since my early teens (in my case since 1930), and also like the majority, all that I know about organized fandom is what I read in the letter columns of the prozines. On impulse once I sent off money for a half a dozen different fanzines I saw listed someplace or other. Three kept my money and didn't send me anything; as for the three that did come, they were all off on private kicks and I didn't have the background to understand what all the fuss was about so I said to hell with it and let it go at that.

NOT THAT AGAIN: Agree. But the fault is mainly that of the editors rather than the writers. In this country you get what you pay for and at 3/4 cent a word you don't get much. I'm still in the stage where I write mainly for the fun of it. But if I were trying to make my living at it, I'd have to hack at times. At three cents a word a writer can afford to invest quite a bit of thinking and writing time. At one cent he can't. He's got to produce enough to pay the rent and eat once in a while. The result is that he knocks out a certain amount of crud once in a

while simply because it has a ready sale and he needs the cash. If fans would jump on editors for publishing slop instead of yakking about what a classic VIRGINS OF VENUS in the last issue was, they might up their rates enough to get some half-way decent stuff. But, as far as I can tell from the letter columns, enough fans have a taste for slop to make the publishing of it profitable. Why pay two cents a word when you can make money only paying one? Actually, with some markets now paying two cents, general quality should increase. It works out this way. A writer naturally has a desire to hit the highest paying markets. In the past there wasn't much of a middle market. If you didn't hit the top two, your next sales chance was at a cent a word. Result was that a writer would turn out a story, decide that it wasn't a Campbell or Gold job, and ship it off to a low pay market with no attempts at polishing. Now with the middle paying markets open, it seems to me that writers will be able to put enough extra time into their work to make a qualitative difference. If a story misses the top two, at least it now has a chance to bring in a fair return.

LISTEN: Excellent job. Crisp and tight writing. Thanks again. Ted

Dear Ted: and from the author of last year's most outstanding stf yarn, those are indeed kind words.....he



cartoon by
LACH

-LACH-

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN
editor: Harlan Ellison
managing editor: Honey Wood

the LIFE magazine of the
fan world

December 1952
volume 1
number 11
issue number 11



this is the back cover. the title of this back cover is:
THE MIDNIGHT VISITORS
this back cover was drawn by Lawrence Hekelman...it is a belated New
Year's cover.

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

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