

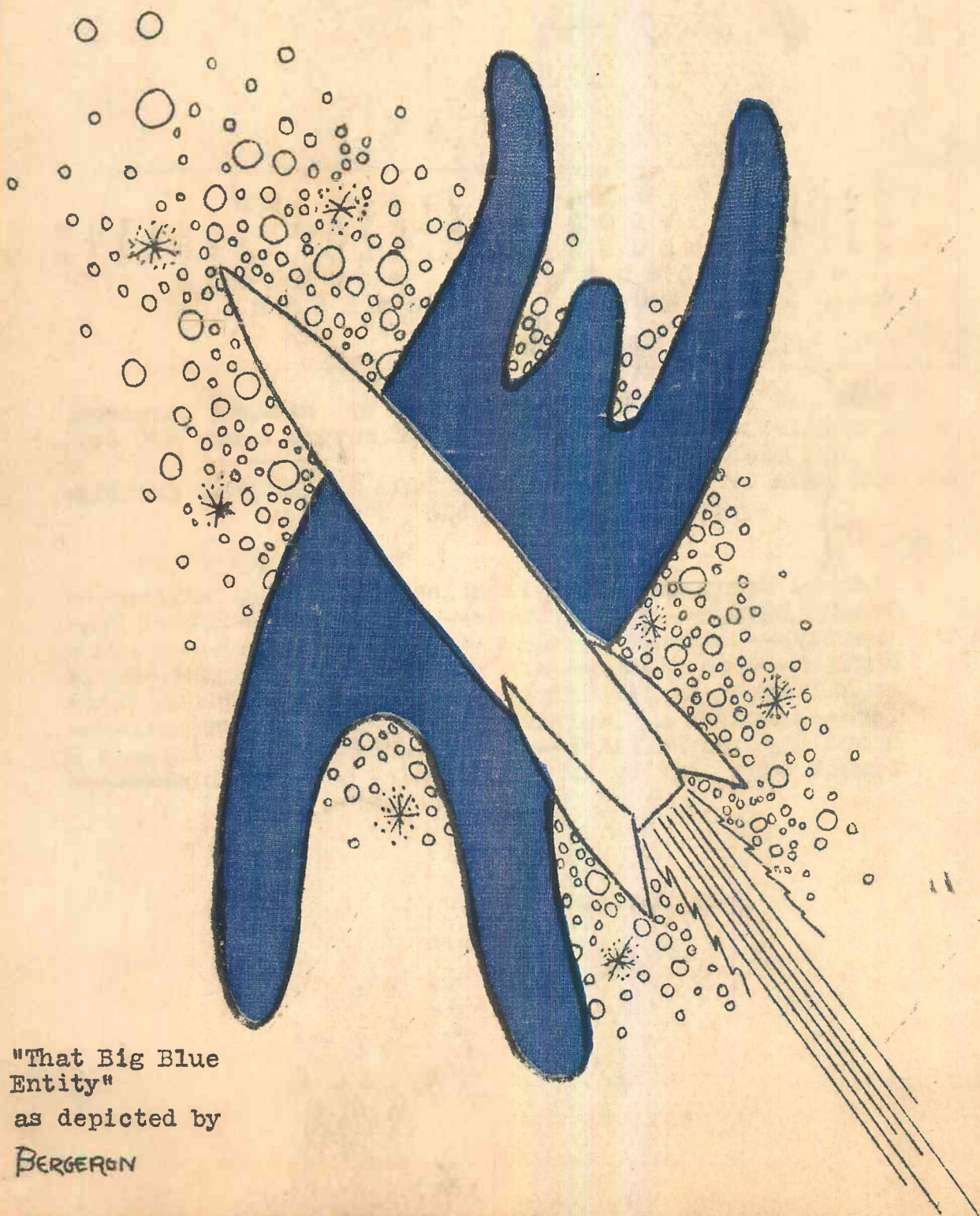
SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

March
1953

20¢

number
1 3

L. SPRAGUE de CAMP · LESTER
DEL REY · BOB SILVERBERG · ART
WESLEY · REDD BOGGS · JOHN L.
MAGNUS · DAVID ENGLISH · SU
ROSEN · MARION L. BRADLEY · and
Gregg Calkins - Hal Shapiro - and more •



"That Big Blue
Entity"
as depicted by
BERGERON

plus: JOE GIBSON - RICH ELSBERRY - HENRY MOSKOWITZ - JIM SCHREIBER -

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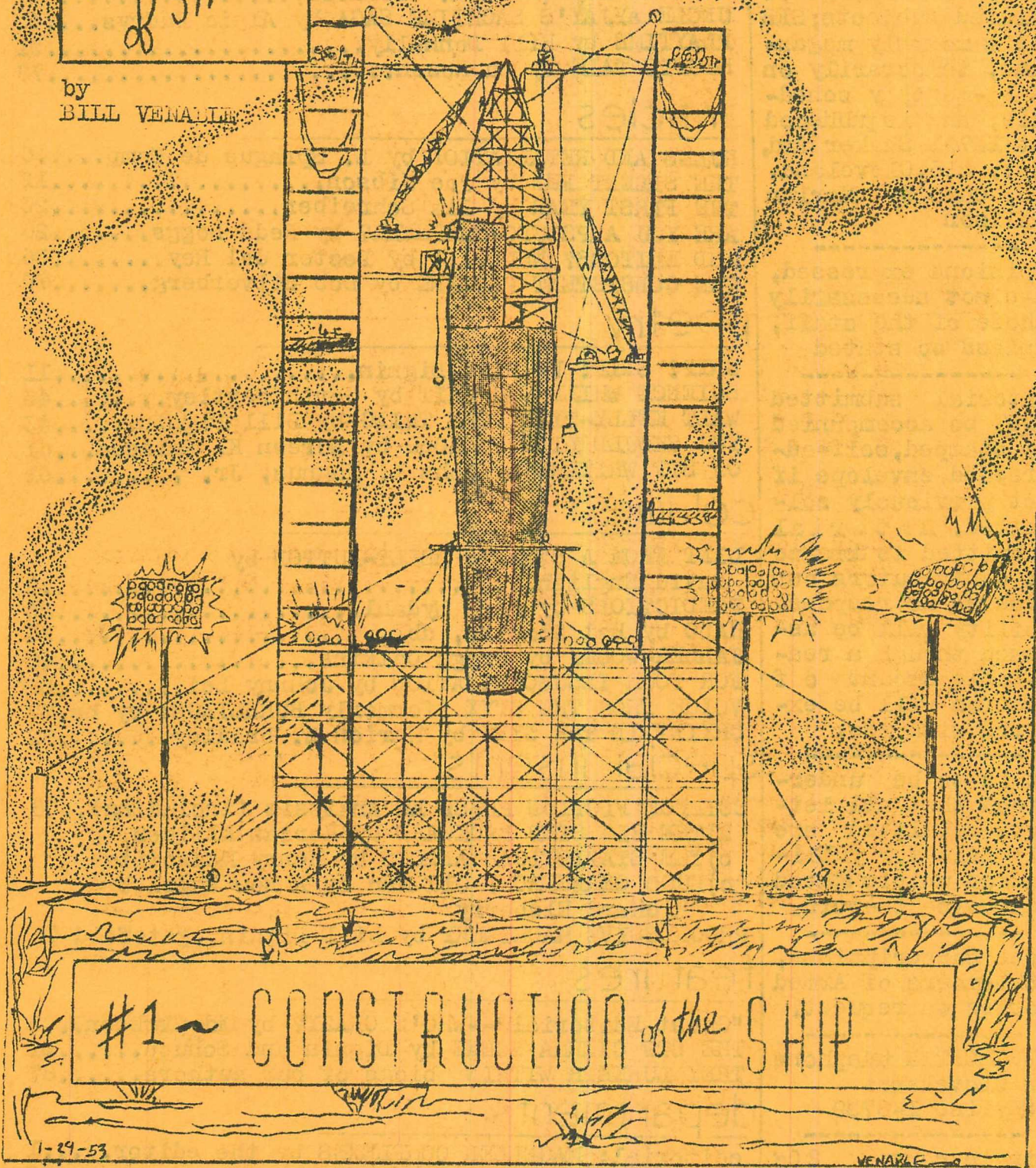
THAT BIG BLUE ENTITY front cover by Richard Bergeron
PRESCRIPTION FOR NATURALNESS back cover, a new art style
by Miss Vaughn Burden
THE SAGA OF SPACE #1: CONSTRUCTION OF THE SHIP frontis-
piece by Bill Venable

artwork

Richard Bergeron---Bill Venable---Juanita R. Wellons---
Vaughn Burden---Jack Harness---Ray Gibson---Robert Pea-
trowsky---Lawrence Hekelman---Russell Swanson---David
English---Joe Gibson---Art Wesley---Bill Dignin---Harl-
an Ellison---Algis Budrys---Joel Nydahl---Michael Fraz-
ier---Margaret M. Dominick (DEA)---Dean A. Grennell---
Ralph Rayburn Phillips---Ray Nelson---and all layouts &
format were done by Harlan Ellison, so blame him-----

The SAGA of SPACE

by
BILL VENABLE



#1 ~ CONSTRUCTION of the SHIP

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

is pleased to present the first in a new series of authoritative full-size illustrations depicting The Saga Of Space --- these illustrations are the work of well-known Pittsburgh author and artist BILL VENABLE.

Number Two: Rockets Assist Takeoff From Earth

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

the OMNIBUS of fandom---Something For Everyone!

MARCH 1953
volume two
number one
issue no. 13

PAGE

An amateur magazine for those who enjoy science fiction, fantasy and a range of allied subjects; SEB is a monthly magazine, temporarily on a bi-monthly schedule, and is published at 12701 Shaker Blvd, Apt. 616, Cleveland, 20, Ohio by Harlan Ellison

Opinions expressed, are not necessarily those of the staff, unless so stated

Material submitted MUST be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope if not previously solicited. Material submitted is done so at contributors own risk as no responsibility will be assumed though a reasonable amount of caution will be exerted with mss.

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

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fiction

IT'S 29 GOOGOL PARSECS TO TIPPERARY by Art Wesley (Dean A. Grennell).....	17
UNCLE AYJAY'S SACKTIME SAGA by Algis Budrys.....	42
PLAYTIME by Bill Donnelly.....	51
RUSTIC TALE by Su Rosen.....	78

articles

RULES AND RETALIATION by L. Sprague de Camp.....	6
THE SILENT FEN by Joe Gibson.....	12
THE FIRST YEAR by Jim Schreiber.....	23
ARE YOU A PSEUDO-CAMPBELL? by Redd Boggs.....	26
AND EDITORS? WELL...! by Lester del Rey.....	56
THE CONSISTENT PROZINE by Bob Silverberg.....	79

poetry

SNIP! SNIP! by Bill Dignin.....	11
SCIENCE WHILE YOU WAIT by Garth Bentley.....	43
WAIT KELLY-TYPE POEM THING by Bill Dignin.....	43
YOU SHOULD LIVE SO LONG by Noreen K. Falasca.....	61
OF STF WRITERS by John L. Magnus, Jr.	61

columns

LINT FROM A STEAN'S BELLY-BUTTON by David English.....	9
PREDICTIONS by Joel Nydahl.....	25
HALO by Hal Shapiro, db.....	36
JABBER-WOCKY by Gregg Galkins.....	40
FOR YOUR INSUBORDINATION by Johnny Lei.....	52
VOICE FROM THE STYX (formerly BURBLINGS) by he.....	77
CRYIN' IN THE SINK by Marion Z. Bradley.....	82

special inserts

SCIENCE FICTION PLUS: An Analysis (including).....	68
a) THE BIG STEP BACKWARD by Harlan Ellison	
b) THE STATISTICAL ANGLES by Henry Moskowitz	
c) HUGO GERNSBACH: Old Man In A New Whirl by Richard Elsberry	
PROGRESSIVE MACHINERY by Bill Dignin..	gatefold 75

features

"Guest Editorial"--WHO'S CRAZY? by Dick Clarkson...	5
THE STF CINEMA SCENE by Dignin and Schupp.....	32
THEY LURKETH WITHIN biogs of our authors.....	87

departments

editorial: MAGEILLEN COMPLEXES by the editor.....	1
CITATION #12: Arthur C. Clarke.....	2
CRYSTAL-BALLING coming up next issue of SEB....	4
JUDGMENT DAY ratings on the last issue.....	8
THE BOOT TO: John Raymond, boy publisher.....	16
SEBULLETIN STORY RECOMMENDATIONS.....	16
DEDICATION to Dean A. Grennell.....	31
READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY? book reviews.....	44
SEBULLETIN'S ADVERTISING SECTION.....	62
it's in the MAIL bag scrawny letter column....	86

MAGELLAN COMPLEXES



cartoon
by
VAUGHN
BURDEN

WE SOMETIMES FEEL the urge to retch when we hear these professional editors bleating about "the sensational new writer that GLORIOUS SCIENCE FICTION has discovered!" However, at the same time, we have very little place casting bricks at others' editorial houses, since we ourselves are equally guilty of this nefarious practice.

However, since the spirit so moves us, we feel the necessity of speaking briefly about a number of new faces which have, and will be, popping up in *SEBULETIN*. "Discoveries" if you wish.

In the past, *SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN* presented the first works, both literary, poetical and artistic, of such names as Bill Dignin, Lonny Lunde, Vaughn Burden, Noreen Kane Falasca, Robert Kruse, George Olsson, Joe Belotte, Karl Chanz, Lawrence Hekelman, Phyllis Miller, Bob Athearn, Ray Gibson and Thomas Finn, just to mention a few of the many. Now it would be relatively simple for us to leap to the top of our desk and bellow about the cleverness and perspicacity of the editorial staff; about our bringing these young people up from the pit of obscurity, but it would make us more sick than you, so we'll confess.

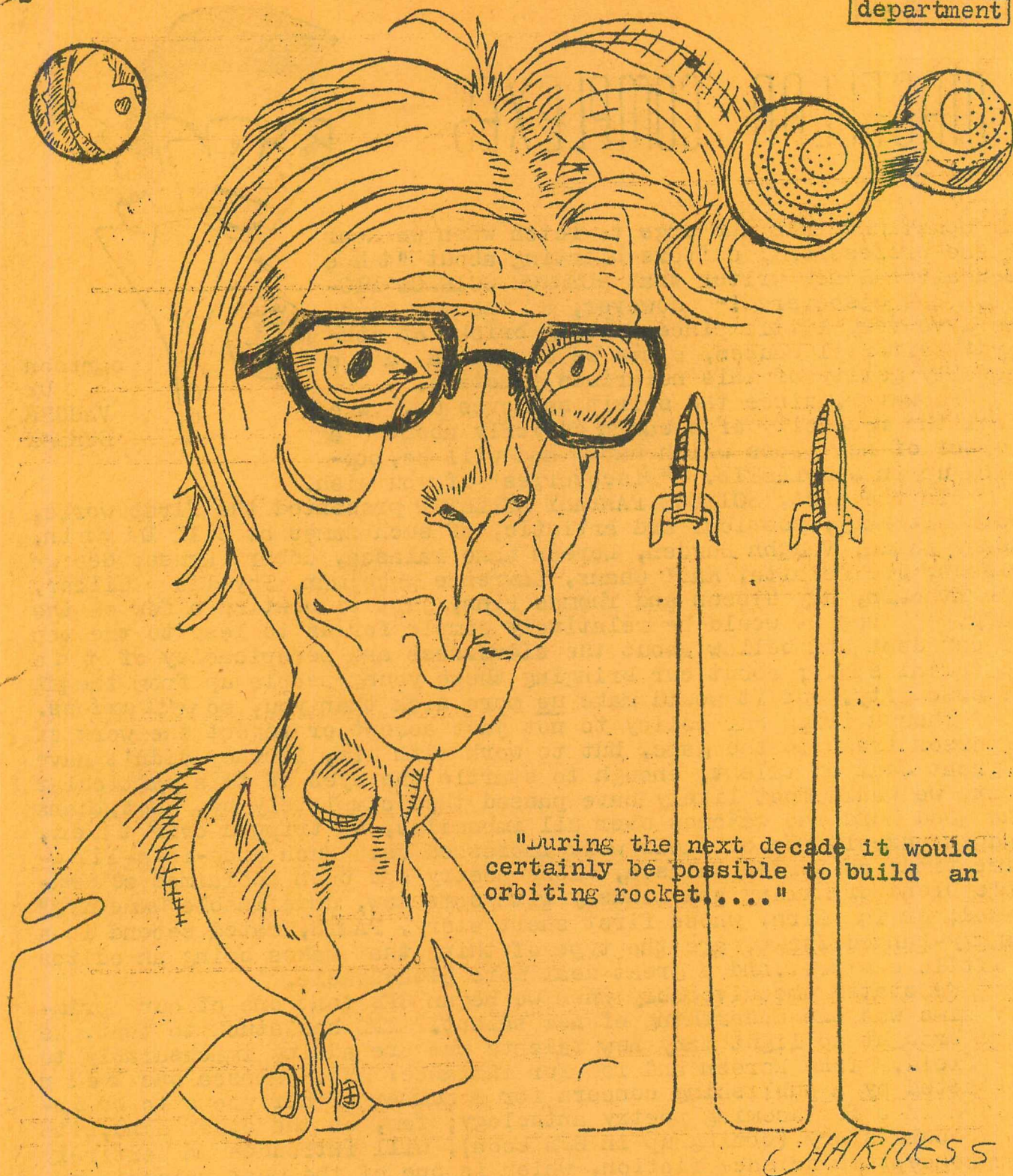
Though it is our policy to not just accept or reject the work of a person fresh to the game, but to work with him, if they didn't have a great deal of talent, enough to startle the eyes of this particular lot, we would most likely have passed them completely by. But, thank the good Lord who watches over all imbeciles, we tripped over them, and the excellence of their work impressed us. Such once-in-a-lifetime finds as Noreen Falasca, whose poetry has been acclaimed as a subtle blend of Milley and Lindsay with some new, undefinable "something" added, or Tom Finn, whose first short story, *PARTS*, rated second in a highly-ranked issue, are the type of thing that makes being an editor a little easier...and a great deal more pleasurable.

We stated unequivocally when we began *SFB* that one of our primary aims was the unearthing of new talent. *SFB* has stuck to that. We have brought to light many new talents who are adding immeasurably to the field. Take Noreen and Tom for instance: Mrs. Falasca has been contacted by a publishing concern for a number of her poems to be included in a forthcoming poetry anthology; Tom, on the other hand, with his second story (coming up in *SFB* soon), will introduce an entirely new concept in science fiction, which is one of the most valuable services any newcomer could render, to put it bluntly.

But these two folks are not alone. The field is bristling with hidden talent. Bill Dignin, our new cartoonist, has already placed a goodly number of his "robotical" cartoons in several other amateur publications; Joe Belotte, the new poet we are calling "The Carl Sandburg of the Atomic Age", has come up with three new pieces of stanza that are exceptionally innervating.

Right now the *SFB* staff is very excited about three new people, who will soon be seen in these pages. Bill Donnelly (whose initial appearance is marked by *PLAYTIME* this issue) shows signs of being the

(concluded on page sixteen)

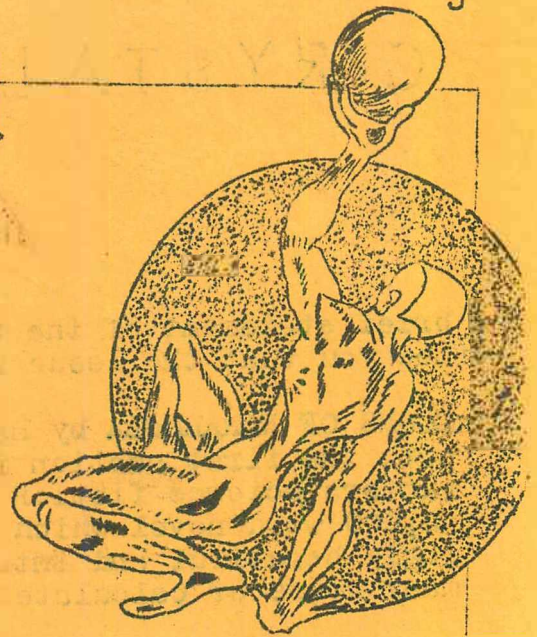


The above is a specially commissioned caricature, drawn by Jack Harness, and ordered by the world-famed expert on space travel, Mr. Arthur C. Clarke. The above representation was specially prepared under the direction of Mr. Clarke, to accompany the awarding of the annual plaque, the SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN CITATION award, presented to Arthur Clarke by the staff of this magazine at Indian Lake, Ohio during the Fourth Annual Midwest Convention. The plaque, to be given each year to the amateur or professional doing the most for the field, was received during the banquet at Indian Lake, and will be given every year hereafter in a like manner. For the record of the CITATION, and for Mr. Clarke's cordial reply to the honor, the next page offers much interest-----

CITATION

3

Probably no other person during the year 1952, has done so much for the field of science fiction as Arthur C. Clarke, chairman of the British Interplanetary Society. Mr. Clarke who wrote *THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE*, a book-of-the-month selection for a month last year, brought to the average American (and Britisher) some of the basics of space travel, and thereby popularized it, advancing a much-too-scoffed-at field. In addition to this outstanding work, his science fiction, such as *AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT*, has long been making him a string of devotees. Because of this, *SF BULLETIN* is proud to award the CITATION plaque for 1953 to



TWELVE

ARTHUR C. CLARKE

18 May 53

Dear Horbin,

I feel I'd like to record my formal thanks to the "Science Fantasy Bulletin" and yourself for your generosity in awarding me the S.F.B. Citation for 1953.

I'll have great pleasure in exhibiting it at the "White Horse" as soon as I get back to England in July!

Hoping you have every success in your publishing activities.

Sincerely,

Arthur C. Clarke

CRYSTAL BALLING

a
private peek to
the future in s.f.b.

A brief statement of the thoroughly packed issue next month should convince you that the issue for MAY 1953 is definitely not one to miss:

FALCONS OF NARABEDLA by Marion Zimmer Bradley --- begins next issue, with the first section introducing some of the most fascinating characters science fiction has ever produced and beginning an exotic 20,000 word novel which will run for a year in SEB. Art: staggeringly beautiful and intricate illustrations that took Bill Venable many hours of calculated research. A milestone in SF and in SEB!

THE SUN SHINES AT MIDNIGHT by Charles W. Ryan --- a long, long novellette concerning a man with a clock that had twenty-FIVE hour divisions. And of a house that suddenly became, at midnight, a tangential point for myriad alternate worlds. SEB introduces its great new fiction discovery, a wide-seller outside the stf field, with a work that is soft and hard, cold and warm....a beautifully wrought piece of professional work. You will acclaim Charles Ryan as we have. It will be illustrated with two full-page pieces of art by Ward and a newcomer to our pages, Paul Powlesland. Watch for it.

MIDWESTCON STORY: 1953 --- a four-part report as handled from the diversified viewpoints of Norman G. Browne, Ian MacAuley, Ken Krueger and John L. Magnus, Jr. The reports are rather lengthy, completely engrossing, and not at all what you are expecting. In point of fact, we are quite certain around here that the reports will blow fandom wide open...right down the middle. The art will be unusual in that it will be dozens and dozens of careful studies of the fans by our master of the pencil point Jack Harness. The art is a shock, too.

THE BILL DIGNIN ART FOLIO --- half-size, in different colors, inserted somewhere in your next issue, will be lurking some pages of sheer madness by our bright new cartoon discovery. We'll say no more, but we'll save a special five-page spread in the following issue for the mountains of letters with favorable comment we know will flood in.

THE NOREEN KANE TALASCA POETRY FOLIO --- with artistic layouts contrived by Ellison and executed by Robert Athearn, we present another SEBULLETIN first! The Edna St. Vincent Millay of fandom here regales you with a covey of her most intricate work to date.

KNOCKING ON WOOD by Honey Wood --- with the sobering fact that Marion Bradley is leaving the fan ranks for the writing game, we try to salvage your broken hearts with the promise that our managing editor, Honey Wood, can do an equally adequate job of reviewing the current crop of fanzines---with some sparkling new ideas that we'll try on for size. The column will continue to be illustrated: Nelson

NO CORPSE FOR FRISCO by Joe Gibson --- Joseph follows up **THE SILENT FEN** this issue with a further revelation about fandom's politics.

lead article next month? oh, nothing much... just
THE INSIDE STORY OF THE HAROLD SHEA NOVELS by -----FLETCHER PRATT

Guest Editorial

DICK CLARKSON: WHO'S CRAZY?



DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU are crazy? Or, worse yet, did you know that everyone is crazy? 'Tis true -- I saw the proof yesterday. All I had to do was extrapolate what I saw in my roommate's book on elementary psychology.

I was curious, and one of those rare times when I have five minutes all to myself had come, so I opened it and started reading. Pretty soon after, I quit reading and began to think. Then I jumped right out of my chair! I had come to two irrevocable decisions: first, I was hopelessly crazy. Second: everyone is hopelessly crazy. You see, my extrapolations go this way: If you are happy, you are insane. If you are unhappy, you are neurotic. If you like something you have a mania. If you do not like something, you have a phobia. This is horribble! Not even Eisenhower can explain this thing!

Then I thought some more. Looking at this irrefutable logic, you suddenly fear having manias or phobias, since you are insane if you have them. But if you are afraid, then you are unhappy, and therefore neurotic. But I've just said that you are insane. You CAN'T be both insane and neurotic over the same thing! It's impossible. We have an existing paradox here. But wait a minute -- I'm not done yet. You then have two phobias: maniaphobia (fear of having manias) and phobia-phobia (fear of having phobias). Then we have ANOTHER paradox: how can you be afraid both of liking and disliking the same thing?

You can't. It's impossible. Yet you do.

If you like and dislike the same thing, they cancel each other out, and you have no opinion of that thing at all. Fine -- but you have to have opinions of everything; either you like it or you don't. And either way, you are insane.

So far, I have shown two paradoxes. Having a mania and a phobia over the same thing is one; the other is being insane and neurotic at the same time. But both are possible, and they exist in everybody!

There is only one solution: you must have NO opinions at all about anything! That way, you cannot be crazy. But if you don't have any opinions, you don't have a mind either, since the human mind cannot do anything but form opinions; there has to be some criterion. So therefore, if you have no opinions, you have no mind. And if you have no mind, YOU ARE DEAD!

Then what the hell are you doing here?

Dick.

---Dick Clarkson

NEXT ISSUE:

Guest Editorial by Bert Hirschhorn: THE DECLINE
AND FALL OF THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION

RULES AND RETALIATION

TO JUDGE FROM HIS JABBER-WOCKY column in the SF BULLETIN No. 11 (Dec. 1952), Gregg Calkins has been grossly misinformed about the activities of the Rules Committee of the Eleventh World Science Fiction Convention Committee. As I am not only the chairman of this Rules Committee, but also the whole committee, I should know what it has done and what it plans to do.

James A. Williams, the chairman of the EWSECC Committee, asked me to assume this job solely because, having been exposed to some parliamentary experience during the last twenty-odd years, I am supposed to know about running meetings. Jim also asked me to accept other responsibilities for the Convention, but this I could not do because of the pressure of work.

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

The problem in staging Conventions is not that of awarding victory to competitors in sports or games. It is to find people willing to do the considerable and often onerous work required to put on a convention, for no reward other than the knowledge of having given a lot of fellow-fans a good time. If Mr. Calkins did not live so far away, the Executive Board would be happy to hang some of these jobs on him.

Mr. Calkins may also have been disturbed by rumors of a proposal to set up a permanent committee for the choice of Convention sites. The facts are these: Several persons have suggested to the Executive Board that such a committee, composed of representatives of all the functioning fan-clubs, would be good because it would end the frantic politicking that now accompanies the choice of sites. The idea seems to us to have merit, and we hope by the time the Convention meets to have a proposal -- or perhaps alternative proposals -- to submit to it. If the members of the Convention do not like the idea, we will not force it upon them. The Board will welcome any suggestions in this matter.

SORRY, OLD POP,
BUT WE RAN
OUT OF
CON STAMPS,
SO YOU HAVE
AN ISSUE MINUS
THEM, BUT 100
PER CENT OK
OTHERWISE!

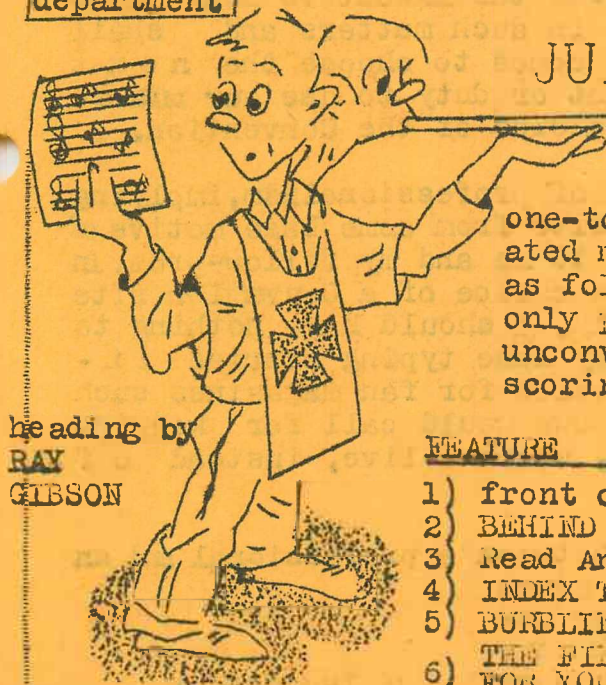
If Mr. Calkins had written me before rushing into print with his suspicions, he could have had all the foregoing information for the asking, without the unpleasant necessity of my correcting him in public.

THE END

(the two stamps inserted are Philcon Convention stamps by Russell Swanson)

department

JUDGMENT DAY



heading by
RAY
GIBSON

Last issue, being mostly a specialty or one-topic magazine, the point scores fluctuated madly and came to rest with the results as follows. May we caution you that a sheet only partially filled-out, or done so in an unconventional manner only served to screw a scoring up, so PLEASE do it as we indicate.

FEATURE	AUTHOR	POINT SCORE
1) front cover by EMISH.....		1.17
2) BEHIND GALAXY & BEYOND by H.L. Gold.....		2.19
3) Read Any GOOD Books Lately?		2.33
4) INDEX TO GALAXY SF compiled by Ellison...		2.36
5) BURLINGS by the editor.....		2.40
6) THE FINGERBONE OF ACCUSATION by Elsberry.		2.73
7) FOR YOR MISINFORMATION by Johnny Lei.....		2.83
8) BEYOND (Guest Editorial) by Paige & Gold.		2.83

I was indeed disheartened by the point scores, since Dean Grennell's, fabulously amusing new column rated so low. The scoring was so low I feel, because of the clods who did not send in their sheets and because those that did didn't fill theirs in completely! Simon will ya!

To date the Rules Committee has done one thing. It has drawn up a set of rules for the guidance of the whole Convention Committee and of the Executive Board of this Committee, which does the day-to-day work of preparing the Convention. These rules, accepted with minor changes by the Convention Committee, provide that the Convention Committee shall cease to exist when the Convention is over, all bills have been paid, and all left-over funds and properties have been disposed of.

The Executive Board has decided that, before the Convention, I shall prepare a set of rules for the conduct of the Convention itself, to be submitted to the Convention's members for their approval. It has also decided that I shall pass upon applications by fan clubs for sponsorship of the next convention.

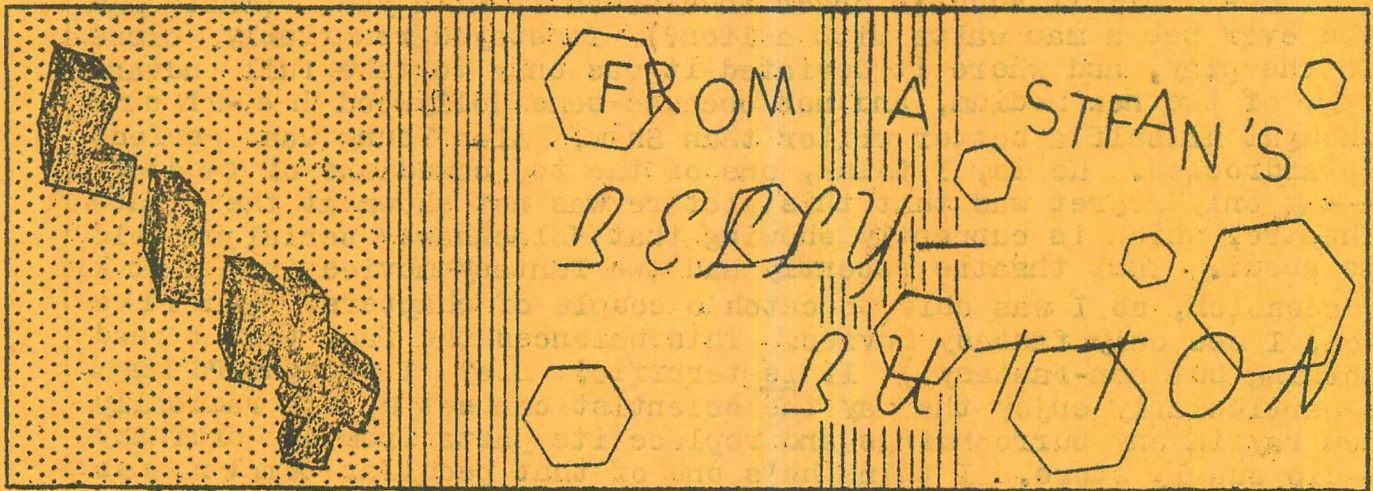
The only purpose of screening the bids in this manner is to make sure that all are bona fide: that is, that those submitting them actually want the Convention and are not bidding merely for tactical purposes; and that all bids are submitted by real functioning fan organizations, not by irresponsible individuals backed by clubs existing on paper only. This authority, like any other, could be abused if I had any motive for abusing it and, having such a motive, were the sort of person who would. If Mr. Calkins suspects such to be the case, I can only refer him to the many fans and professionals who have known me for years.

As for a priori exclusion of cities because they discriminate against minorities or suffer from fueds, no such proposal has been made to me, much less been approved or adopted. I did not even know that Detroit and San Francisco suffer from fanoidal schizomania until I read Mr. Calkins' column. I think I can speak for the Executive Board, when I say that, while we have our own opinions in such matters and shall vote in accordance with them when the time comes to choose the next site, we do not think that we have any right or duty to use our authority as committeemen to influence the free choice of the Convention.

Mr. Calkins also brings up the matter of professionalism, implying that I might throw the choice of the next site from some base motive of making the choice "useful" or "convenient" to me and my fellow-pros. In the first place there is no way to make the choice of a Convention site "useful". If I consulted my pocketbook only, I should have nothing to do with fan activity. I should instead stay home typing stories instead of going to meetings and writing articles for fan magazines such as this one. And as for "convenience," my own would call for keeping the Conventions near the Philadelphia area, where I live, instead of sending them thousands of miles away.

In the second place, the distinction between a professional and an amateur is significant only in competitive games and sports, where the best professionals can usually beat the best amateurs because they have had more practice. In such case the amateurs are justified in staging contests limited to amateurs, so that they too can win. Furthermore a fan is not the same as an amateur. "Fan" means fanatic or enthusiast, regardless of whether the fan is making money from the subject of his enthusiasm. One can therefore be a fan and a professional at the same time.

IF THIS SPACE IS
EMPTY, YOU HAVE RE-
CEIVED ONE OF 17
COPIES WITHOUT THE
2 CONVENTION
STAMPS. SORRY...



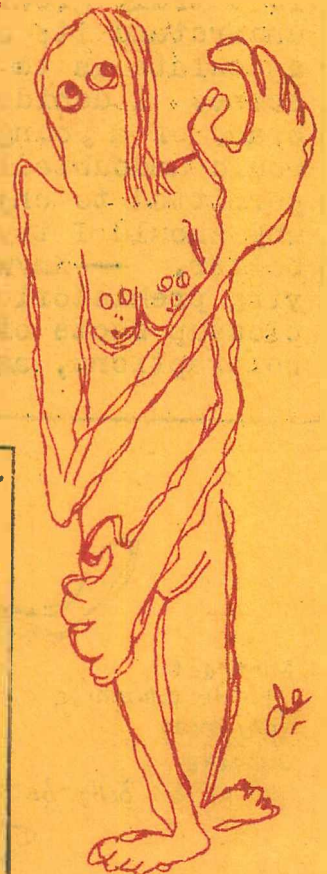
by DAVID ENGLISH!

who not only diddles the text, but art, too
 "Hell is empty and all the devils are here."

—The Tempest, Act I, Scene II.

This column was written without my knowing I was doing it. It probably shows it too. However, if we are to believe Harlan's predictions, the issue in which this is to appear is but two days off. Of course all of us have more sense than to believe Harlan's predictions, but Harlan hasn't. He thinks he needs this column right away and if I don't have it to him soon, he will be on the 'phone, weeping and cursing most foully, shocking the hell out of those nosily listening in. This is an event to be avoided at all costs. So I, never at a loss, have lifted the following from the middle of a rather long letter I recently wrote and shall publish it here. And if my correspondent wishes to know where the middle of his letter is, I shall refer him to this publication (though ordinarily he says he would not use the SEB to wrap fish in).

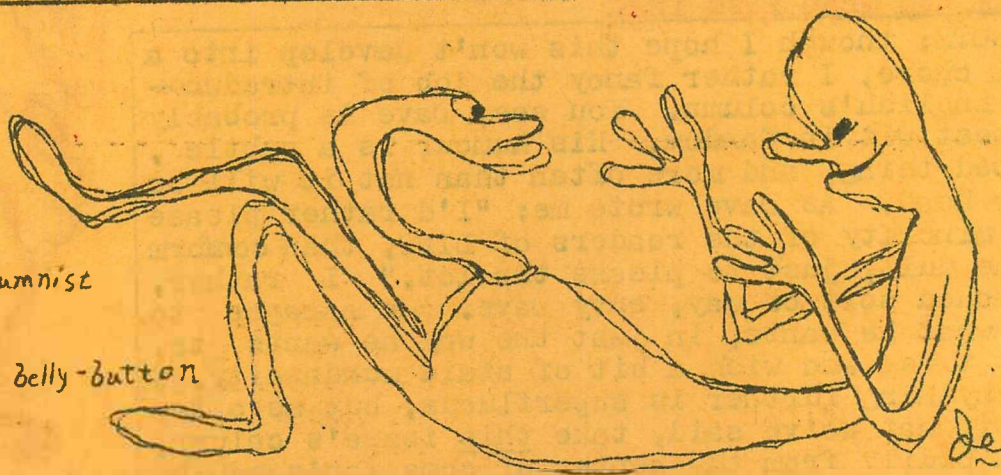
EDITOR'S NOTE: though I hope this won't develop into a continual chore, I rather fancy the job of introducing Dave English's column. You see, Dave is probably the greatest wit in fandom. His humour is a subtle, deep-rooted thing, and more often than not it will be over your head. As Dave wrote me: "I'd rather please a select minority of the readers of LINT, than conform and become dull, just to please the lot." I rather, in a detached sort of way, envy Dave. He manages to say just what he wants, in just the way he wants to, and Damn! those who wish a bit of staid mundanity. I suppose anything further is superfluous, but as a top example of what we've said, take this issue's column, excerpted bodily from the center of some fan's mail..he



-8-

Bernard Shaw's Androcles. A most excellent film, and fantasy too, if I must call it such in order to discuss it with you. (What? Did you ever see a man waltz with a lion?) It stayed remarkably close to the play, and where it deviated it was only to take full advantage of the new medium, and not because some Hollywood h e -w h o r e thought himself a better writer than Shaw. Alan Young was perfect as Androcles. He is, I think, one of the top comedians of today. —My only regret was that this picture was not shown at the State Theatre, which is currently showing that "Blackhawk" serial you told me about. That theatre recently had two fantasy movies in quick succession, so I was able to catch a couple of chapters. (Unlike you, I see only fantasy movies. This balances the fact that I read nothing but non-fantasy.) It is terrific! Die? I thought I'd laugh. I particularly enjoy the way the scientist can set up his radically new ray in any surroundings and replace its parts from an ordinary radio supply store. I think he's one of that peculiar American breed of 'bathroom geniuses' I told you about, and am going to write a satire in which a scientist builds a 'tidal wave machine' on card tables set up in his living room. This episode ended with Blackhawk plummeting sans parachute from his airplane. Of course, we all know that his friend, who proceeded with parachute, will maneuver under him and catch him, bringing him safely to the ground, but I'd like to see it done. Come to think of it, I have seen it done in a Don Winslow serial recently showing on tv. There is nothing new under the sun, I fear. —Say, one of the fantasies I mentioned above was "The Cave Man", née "1,000,000 BC", which, despite its paleontologically unfortunate juxtaposition of homo saps and dinosaurs, is a truly great motion picture. Of course the animal herd did not understand it; a bitch kept up a running commentary, and I began to speculate as to whether or not I could kill her without creating a scene. I decided against it since she was locked in the ardent embrace of a young man whom I had at first taken to be her son, and he would undoubtedly notice the slaying. So I changed my seat and was permitted to enjoy the picture for another five minutes until—But why should I try to set this down; Dante has already told it so much better. —Anyway, it was an excellent film, and the scenes involving prehistoric beasts were terrific. This because they used closeup shots of present-day reptiles instead of crude mechanical contraptions, as in "Unknown Island". —Up above I began one o f

portrait
of the columnist
conjuring
a snake
out of his belly-button

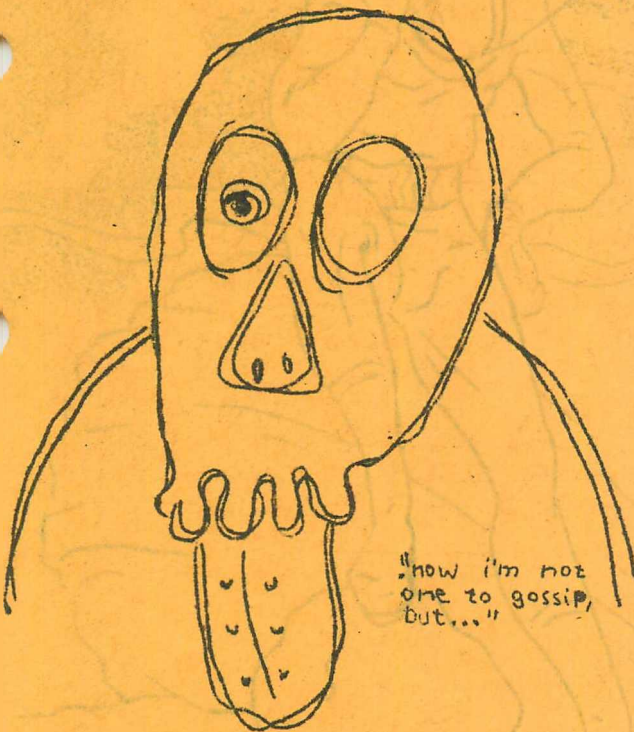
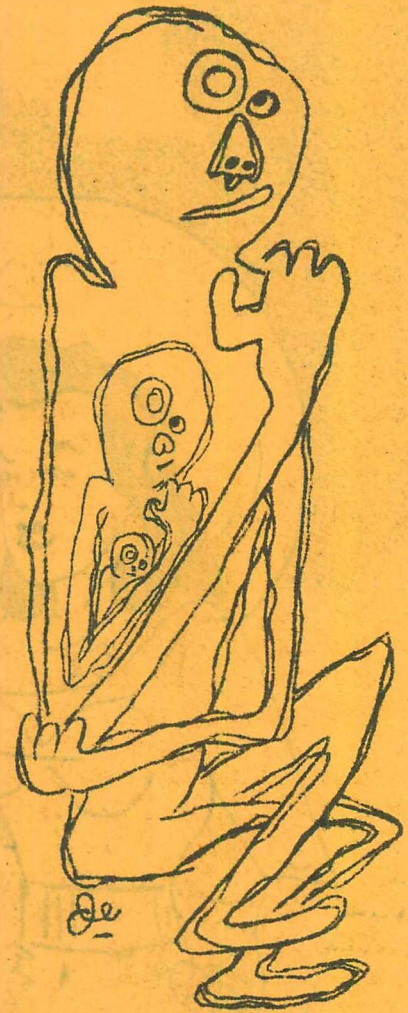


-9-

my tirades against the damn-fool human race, then piously decided to leave them to Dante. I wish I could remain true to my good resolutions, but once more I feel drawn to recount some of my hideous experiences. New horrors, new horrors. Of course you realize that those who attend these Friday evening shows are not quite human. As a matter of fact, no human being is quite human, for know that humanness is an idealization, like the "normalness" of the psychologists. "All the world be queer but thee and me, and sometimes I think thee be a little queer." —There is a man in this town who is allowed by his wife to see only movies concerning God and/or animals. We do not go to the same movies, so I have never seen him, but I have been told about him. He is legendary. I have seen people at that theatre, with six fingers on each hand. Yes! And there is an ugly fool comes every Friday night and kneels in a front row seat staring back at the audience. Or is he a fool? He, perhaps, knows where the real show

is. —My God, the horror of it all! Is it any wonder I wake up screaming. Oh, you can laugh and say

I have no reason for this reaction, but — have you ever thought of what I may not have written? —I see that FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES has reprinted Kafka's METAMORPHOSIS. Have you ever read it? Ordinarily such a hyperbole would be merely ludicrous, but in Kafka's hands it becomes something "infinitely sad and terrible." —Also in that issue, a fine Robert E. Howard reprint. —As for Orson Dogg



"now i'm not
one to gossip,
but..."

poetry

SNIP! SNIP!

by BILL DIGNIN

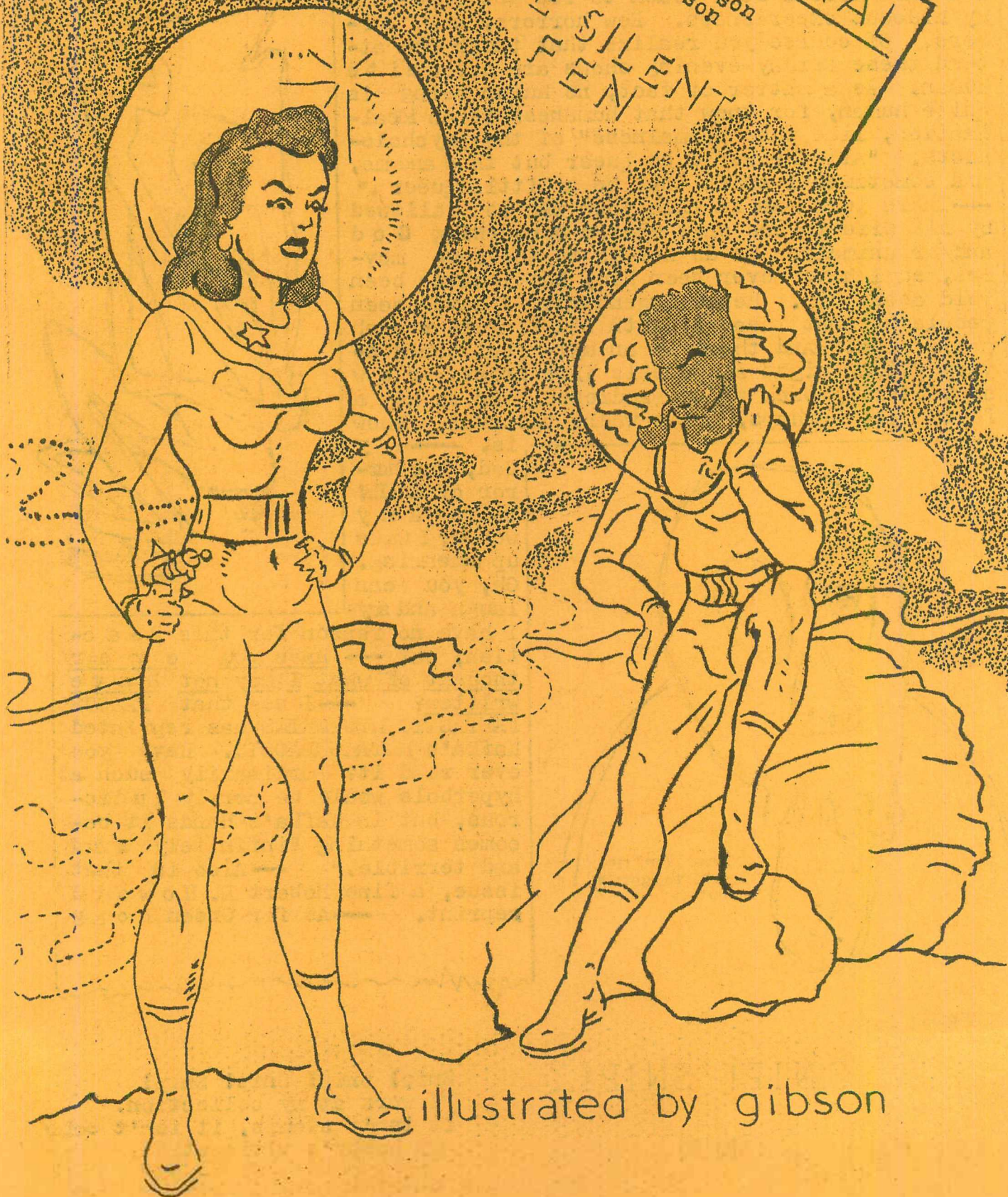
Snip! Snip! Snip! Snip!
I work at my collection.
It isn't stamps, it isn't coins
My hobby's vivisection.

--bd

CONFIDENTIAL

to: Harlan Ellison
from: Joe Gibson

subject: THE SILENT
MEN



illustrated by gibson

Harlan, bhoy:

Yeah, I know--you wanted a spaceyarn for SFB. Something g a y, sparkling & witty. Only I don't feel like no spaceyarn. I'm n o t well! I have just read the last ish of SFB! Besides, blackmail will get you nowhere--there's a long line waiting.

So herewith is the peculiar tale of the smattering of actifans who can, and shall, be called The Silent Fen. They're no specific f a n-group. They're scattered thru the East from Nyork to Florida or some-such place. But they're the Mysterious Characters who know ex a c t l y what went on in the back-rooms at the Chicon, last year! They know how and why Philly won the '53 Consite! They know WHY there is now a RULES COMMITTEE.....

And they've kept silent--for good reason. If they opened their yaps even once, they'd stick their necks right into a Nyork fan-fued!

It all started in Nyork. That town's had a fan-fued that's been going on for years. Or maybe it isn't exactly a fued--maybe it's a deplorable situation. Anyway, there is One Guy in Nyork; I've met this One Guy, talked to him, and he seems like a nice guy. But East fans have told me they can't get along with him, don't trust him, don't like him, and want absolutely nothing to do with him!

And it started when word got around that this One Guy was going to the Chicon to make a Nyork bid for the '53 Consite.

At first, they only thot it was good for a laugh. Everybody thot Frisco would win. They were still arguing the principles of Frisco's case--and I haven't seen these arguments presented a n y-where, so here they are: (A) it's true that most Cons have been held in the East, and only a few in the West--(B) it's e q u a l l y true true that there are as many fans West as East--but (C) there's one little catch to that: a lot of the Cons held in the East were prewar, and fandom did not have an equal East-West distribution until after WW2. So, it w a s said, you had to figure t h i s East-West thing from WW2 on, not from the time Cons first started. And they figured it from WW2, got all kinds of results, and went right on arguing. Personally, I didn't care who won, but at first I admired Frisco's efforts, s o much so that I was deeply disappointed at Frisco's lack of effort at the Chicon.

Anyway, the motley fen poured in and the Chicon got under way ...and a few quiet actifans, rooming around, began to learn several disturbing facts. When they got together and began pooling these facts, they began to g e t worried.

THE EDITOR'S PRIVATE MAIL

24 Kensington Ave.
Jersey City 4, N J
26 April 1953

Dear Harlan,

...I noted the mention of Calkins' article, which I've heard about but haven't read. And I saw that de Camp's reply was due in t h e nextish--naturally, I haven't read that, either.

And I got to thinking. About the back-room deal at the Chicon, and why there was a back-room deal. About the guys who pulled it, and why they haven't told about it. And about the confusion that seems to have resulted, thruout f a n d o m since then.

There's no question but that I'm sticking my neck out, here. I is gonna hate me--and you, t o o probably, if you print this thing.

But it'll probably be interesting to compare what de Camp says about his Rules, and what I ' v e told here about the things which led up to those Rules. Anyway it seems a little background material might clear up a lot of smoke.

But dammit, YOU decide. Yours,
Joe (DEAR JOE: HELL, MY NECK IS A LOT LONGER THAN YOURS. LET'S GO)

First, there were over 1,000 fen at the Chicon--and many of them were neofen from the Chicago area and the East, who knew little or nothing about active fandom. There were one helluva lot of these neofen too--I heard some estimates that they outnumbered the actifans by a considerable margin. But even with a conservative estimate, it seemed obvious that these neofen would certainly influence the vote for the '53 Consite.

Second, the Chicon proved that a good, active fan-group (with outside support) was necessary to put on a 1,000-fan Con. Any faults in the Chicon could be attributed to the fact that the Chi fans were caught by surprise by the large attendance. It wasn't like the old daze, with 300-or-so fans showing up for a Con...any 2 or 3 ego-boosters could put on a Con, then, and often did. But future Cons would need to be put on by large, active fanclubs or groups.

And third, those neofen knew absolutely nothing about Frisco's efforts to get the '53 Con--and Frisco was doing nothing about it! They didn't do anything to spread the word for their Cause among these neofen. The result was that almost every neofan questioned said he'd rather vote for an Eastern site, so he'd have a shorter trip to make. There they were, so many of 'em that they'd surely influence the total vote, and the Frisco fen just seemed to ignore them! So it looked very much like Frisco had lost, even before the voting had begun. Like it or not, there it was.

And fourth, a surprising number of these neofen seemed to think NEW YORK would make a good choice! After Chicago, Nyork! Yeah---THEY thot it was logical!

And so, there gathered the Silent Fen...actifans who knew the Nyork fan situation. They believed that if the neofen started a vote-trend toward Nyork, they just might put it across--and the One Guy's bid would win. Then this One Guy would have to put on the '53 Con, which would give him the ego-boo he wanted--but the other Eastern fen wouldn't help him. They'd want nothing to do with it. And when he failed, he'd blame his enemies. Actually, it would be the '53 Con that failed.

But nobody went around collaring neofen, explaining the Nyork situation to them. That would probably have exploded the Nyork fan-fued right in the middle of the Chicon, after which everything would've been fouled up. Furthermore, with Frisco ignoring the neofen, it seemed that some Eastern site would win--so which site could handle a 1,000-fan Con?

So the Silent Fen went to the Philly gang and told them they were going to get the '53 Con. They were that sure of it. The Philly gang took almost an hour to get over the shock.

Everybody who was there knows the rest. The Silent Fen cornered certain members of various Eastern fanclubs. When the bidding started, two Nyork groups got up and made bids. Then, at the last minute, one group folded--and threw its support to Philly.

The moment that happened, anyone who wasn't asleep or drunk realized that all was not sweetness & light around Nyork. And that's all that was done. It's all that had to be done. That one move focused everyone's attention--particularly the neofen's--on Philly.

The Silent Fen could have been wrong--there might not have been enough neofen who cared to vote, to have as much effect as they anticipated. If that were true, then the Nyork switch-bid wouldn't have made any difference on the final outcome. As it was, this probably won the Con for Philly.

And the Philly fans have been mulling it over, ever since.

For one thing, you have a 1,000-fan Con at stake--yet any fan and

his half-cousin can get up and bid for that Con. He can claim he's able to put on a Con, and nobody has time to check up on him. He can reel off a list of fanclubs, claiming their support--and few can tell whether they're active fanclubs, or merely "correspondence clubs" a few youngfen started (and dropped), or if any such fanclubs ever existed. Anyone can claim anything--and get away with it!

Previously, they didn't have to be checked on. Fandom was small enough, then, so that fans knew practically everything that went on. But present-day fandom is too large for that. And the neofen show up, knowing nothing whatever. So maybe we need a few rules on this.

Furthermore, the Chicon proved--and the Philly gang was learning--that a 1,000-fan Con is a rough job, even for an active group with outside support. One of the toughest things is to get a workable set-up just to plan and arrange the Con. Months can be wasted, using trial-and-error methods, trying to get that set-up.

So why couldn't there be a set of rules, saying a group should form certain committees and so forth, so they could start out with a good set-up and proceed to plan and arrange their Con? Then those rules could be passed on, each year, to the next group picked to put on the Con. It would simply be a blueprint for putting on Cons, nothing more. But it would have to be presented to the fans at a Con, of course, and voted on by them. They were the ones to decide.

These are the sort of discussions that went on, last November, when the Philly fans decided to form a Rules Committee. I suspect that they'd like to avoid, if possible, the kind of things that happened at the Chicon. They want to put on a good Con, this year---and they'd just as soon NOT have any Silent Fen making back-room deals on the premises!

For that matter, I suspect the Silent Fen would rather not have to bother with it, again, either. They'd rather remain silent. And they can hardly be blamed, when anything they said could only lead back to that Nyork fan-fued. They'd have gotten themselves involved in it, when all they cared about was for the '53 Con to go to somebody who could probably handle the job. And with Frisco ignoring the neofen, it seemed more and more certain that an Eastern site would win.

But apparently, the rest of fandom hasn't even suspected that these things were going on. It seems that all many fans saw in it was that somebody pulled some kind of back-room deal at the Chicon which somehow ruined Frisco's chances. And then, when the Philly gang brought out their Rules Committee, it looked like they were trying to add insult to injury.

So this is how it happened. This is how it started in Nyork, came to a head at the Chicon, got deflected to Philly, and ended up in a Rules Committee. Here's the whole story--at least as much of it as I know--and the reasons WHY things have turned out as they did.

And this is the last anyone will have to hear, I hope, of The Silent Fen.

---Joe Gibson-

NEXT ISSUE: NO CORPSE FOR FRISCO!

MORE OF THE EDITOR'S MAIL

24 Kensington Ave.
Jersey City 4, N J

Dear Harlan,

27 April 1953

I been thinking, again...

And some of the things I said in that SILENT FEN thing would probably make the Friscofen boiling mad. So alright, I'm mad at them!

But I better explain why.....

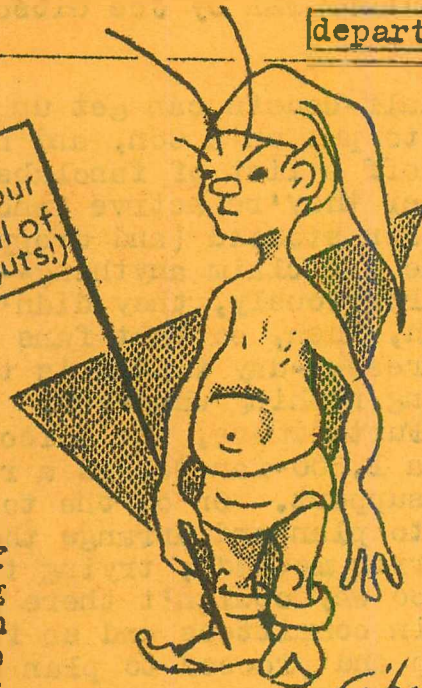
So here's another blarsted article.....I loudly suggest that, when you run THE SILENT FEN article, you insert a note saying it will be followed up nextish with another Gibson, called NO CORPSE FOR FRISCO. That'll maybe keep 'em off my neck until I get my stand explained. Okay? Joe. (DEAR JOE: NOTE INSERTED, OK!..he)

THE BOOT TO—

PUBLISHER JOHN RAYMOND:

who pulled the cheapest publicity stunt of the month by running, in the new "pocket-size news magazine" he puts, entitled HE, an article on science fiction wherein he openly calls his four science-fantasy publications the leaders in the field; wherein he calls the publisher of his magazines, John Raymond, the outstanding pubber in the field, and blatantly dotes on only one set of SF periodicals--his own. He even runs pix of the covers of his mags, but tells no one that he is owner of all four!

we hate your guts (not all of you—just guts!)



Science Fantasy Bulletin ——— RECOMMENDS—

THE WORLD WELL LOST by Theodore Sturgeon.....UNIVERSE SF..June 1953
 THE CASTAWAY by Murray Leinster.....UNIVERSE SF..June 1953
 THE ROLLER COASTER by Alfred Bester.....FANTASTIC..May-June 1953
 HARDLY WORTH MENTIONING by Chad Oliver.....FANTASTIC..May-June 1953
 THE COLLECTORS by Gordon Dewey.....AMAZING STORIES..June-July 1953
 HEADS YOU WIN by Esther Carlson..MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SF..April 1953
 YOUNG-MAN-WITH-SKULL-AT-HIS-EAR by Levi Crow..MAG OF F & SF..May 1953
 LOT by Ward Moore...MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION..May 1953
 GUE FOR QUIET (parts 1 and 2) by T.L. Sherred..SPACE SF..May-July 1953
 POWER METAL by S.J. Byrne (parts 1-3)..OTHER WORLDS..May-June-July 1953
 THE COLD, COLD GRAVE by T.P. Caravan.....OTHER WORLDS..May 1953
 IN HOKA SIGNO VINCES by Anderson and Dickson..OTHER WORLDS..June 1953
 SEVENTH VICTIM by Robert Sheckley..GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION..April 1953
 (concluded page nineteen)

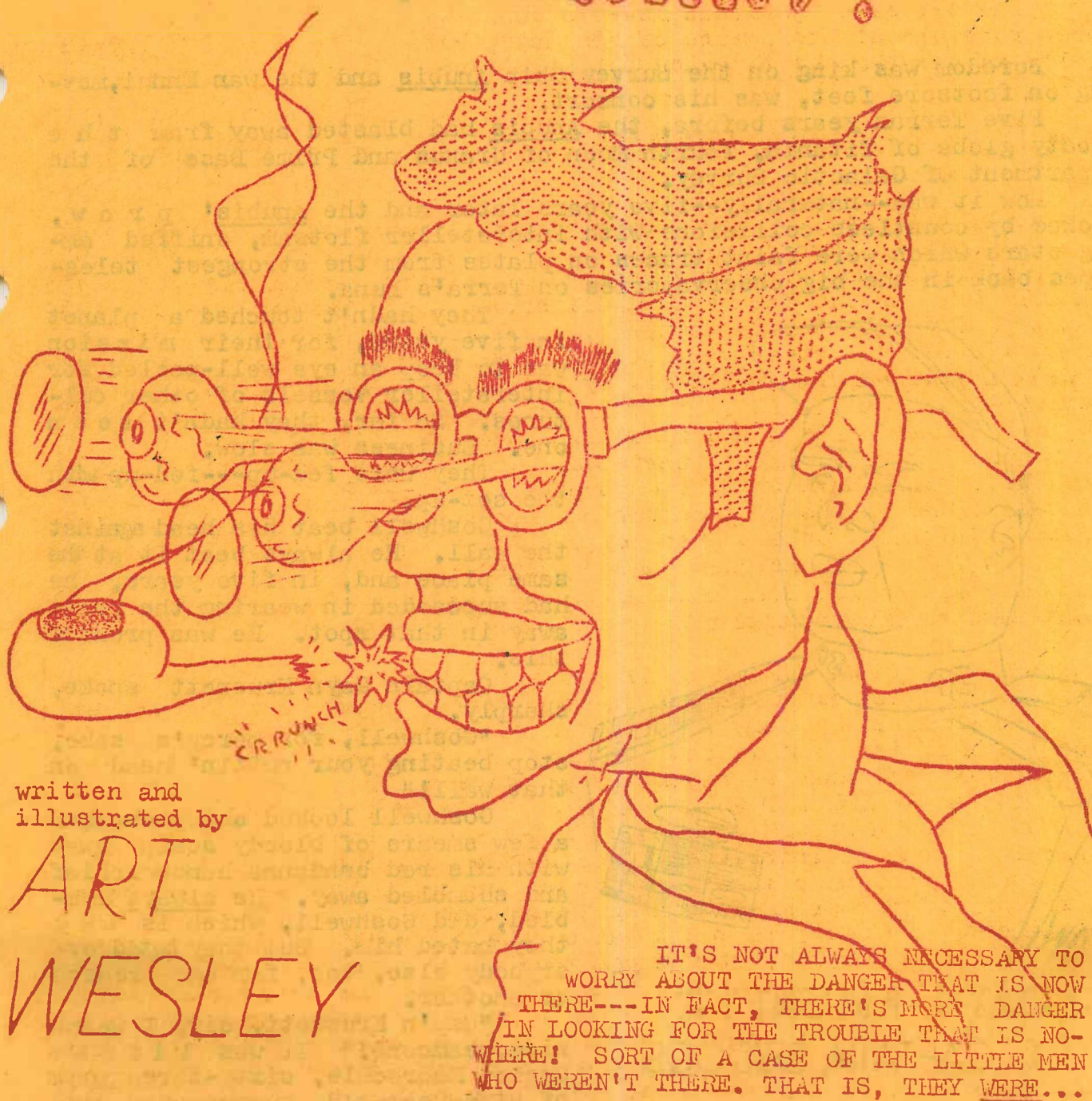
EDITORIAL: Magellan Complexes (concluded from page 1)

freshest new author in fandom in years, Gail Sprague, a young artist from Wausau, Wisconsin who has an unusually original approach to sf art, and Charles W. Ryan, a gentleman who has sold professionally outside the s-f field and is now breaking into science fiction with some exceedingly well-done stories, the first of which appears next month under the title THE SUN SHINES AT MIDNIGHT (and later this year SFB will bring you a 25,000 word novel by Ryan with the most original sociological concept introduced in SF in the last three years!).

You'll pardon us if we pat our own backs, but we're so overjoyed to see one of our promises coming true: that of presenting loads of new talent. In fact, we won't pat our backs, we'll let you do it.

SFB has a purpose, as you can see. Perhaps some other fan publications who think their only reason for existence is laughs, should take the advent of these new Big Names as a keynote. There should be more places for the newcomer to make an appearance. If SFB alone can do this much, think of what a gold-mine the field would be if each fanzine set out on its own to be a small-time Columbus.....he

it's 29 GOOGOL PARSECS TO TIPPERARY!



written and
illustrated by

ART
WESLEY

IT'S NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO
WORRY ABOUT THE DANGER THAT IS NOW
THERE---IN FACT, THERE'S MORE DANGER
IN LOOKING FOR THE TROUBLE THAT IS NO-
WHERE! SORT OF A CASE OF THE LITTLE MEN
WHO WEREN'T THERE. THAT IS, THEY WERE...

P R O L O G U E

"The Siberia of the Space Patrol"---that's what they call the Department Of Galactic Survey. Officers and Patrolmen alike live their days out in constant dread of a day when re-assignment orders will arrive and they, too, must say farewell to their loved ones and ship out for the longest, dullest cruises taken by men.

Literally, it's a DOGS life.

This, then, is the story of the bored, unenvied drudges who roam the Galaxy like the Flying Dutchmen of Yore---of their lives, their struggles, their ceaseless, constant, ever-lasting complaining, complaining, complaining, complaining.....read on, gentle reader.....

* * *

Boredom was king on the Survey Ship Anubis and the wan Ennui, moving on footsore feet, was his consort.

Five Terran years before, the Anubis had blasted away from the frosty globe of Titania, fourth moon of Uramus and Prime Base of the Department Of Galactic Survey.

Now it was--naturally--five years later and the Anubis' prow, pocked by countless collisions with interstellar flotsam, sniffed among stars which were faint traces on plates from the strongest telescopes back in the big observatories on Terra's Luna.

They hadn't touched a planet in five years, for their mission was to keep an eye well-peeled for interstellar vessels of other cultures. So far, they hadn't seen one. Business was slow.

They were fed-up---fed-up with the set-up.

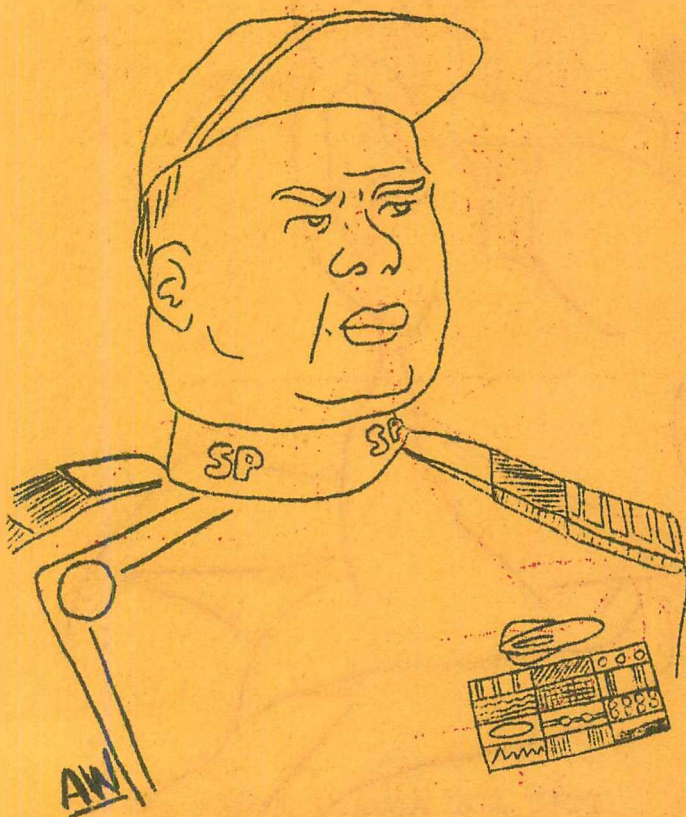
Goshwell beat his head against the wall. He always beat it at the same place and, in five years, he had succeeded in wearing the paint away in that spot. He was proud of this.

Captain Gayn Krusnett spoke, sharply.

"Goshwell, for mercy's sake, stop beating your ruttin' head on that wall!"

Goshwell looked sheepish, wiped a few smears of bloody scalp away with his red bandanna handkerchief and shambled away. He always shambled, did Goshwell, which is why they hated him. But they hated everybody else, too, for one reason or another.

"Cap'n Krusnett, sir, I wanna nicecreamcone!" It was little Ocelot McBrochle, sixty-three pounds of nine-year-old, runny-nosed, nas-



GAYN KRUSNETT,
CAPTAIN, SP/DOGS

py-voiced, weasel-faced Problem Child. Sixty-three pounds of Utter Brat.

What's that? You say a nine-year old child has no place on a Galactic Patrol Vessel? You're SO right, and the crew of the Anubis agrees with you to a man.

Ocelot has smuggled herself aboard, a brattish four-year-old at the time, thinking it was an excursion vessel which was going to take a load of youngsters to Terra to see a Hoparound Casserole TV-cast. She hadn't made her appearance until they were into duperdrive and loafing along at a liesurely trillion parsecs an hour. By then, it was too late to turn back and they had taken her along as the only alternative.

Numerous crewmen had suggested another alternative for disposing of the obstreperous moppet, such as dropping her into the fuel-bins or expelling her through one of the space-torpedo tubes. So far, there hadn't been enough of a majority to take any positive action.

Gayn was about to kick her across the bridge with a well-placed space-boot when something tripped the alarms.

The designers of a Galactic Survey Vessel take no chances on an alarm going unnoticed. When a foreign object wanders into the far-flung fudar nets, the autowatch sets off stimuli for every sense the body possesses.

Lights flash, horns blow, sirens keen, tanks of compressed hydrogen sulphide are released into the air-ducts, every metal object in the ship is ionized and sparks jump to unwary parts of the anatomy.

A sighting-alarm is a difficult thing to ignore.

Forgotten in a trice were the fueds and animosities between the men as they rushed to the fudar room and pleaded with von Schnorken, the fudaman for news. They clumped about the fudarscope, lacklustre eyes brightening, slack jaws rising, chatoyant scintillae of renascent intelligence flickering across their faces like heat lightning of a summer night.

One of them, Bufferdisk the Gunner's Mate, even held Ocelot on his shoulder so she could see better.

von Schnorken hunched, teutonic, phlegmatic, over the taped data as it surged forth from the machine. He peered, myopic, through thick contact lenses which had won him the nickname of "das BEM" from the rest of the crew. Finally he removed pipe from mouth and spoke.

"Ach ja--ein schipp she iss. Loogks like a maybe passenger liner.

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN'S Story Recommendations (concluded from 16)

UNREADY TO WEAR by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.. GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION..April 1953
 JUNKYARD by Clifford D. Simak.....GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION..May 1953
 COLONY by Philip K. Dick.....GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION..June 1953
 SOLDIER BOY by Michael Shaara.....GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION..July 1953
 SHARE ALIKE by Jerome Bixby and Joe E. Dean...BEYOND FANTASY..July 1953
 THE WEDDING by Richard Matheson.....BEYOND FANTASY FICTION..July 1953
 MISSION OF GRAVITY (parts 1-4) by Hal Clement...ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION..April-May-June-July 1953
 SETTLE TO ONE by Charles Dye and April Smith..ASTOUNDING SF..April 1953
 THE ANT AND THE EYE by Chad Oliver.....ASTOUNDING SF..April 1953
 "...AND A STAR TO STEER HER BY" by Lee Correy..ASTOUNDING SF..June 1953
 JUPITER FIVE by Arthur C. Clarke.....IF: Worlds of SF..May 1953
 SJAMBAK by Jack Vance.....IF: Worlds of Science Fiction..July 1953
 NIGHTMARE PLANET by Murray Leinster.....SCIENCE FICTION PLUS..June 1953
 SPACEBRED GENERATIONS by Clifford D. Simak.....SF PLUS..August 1953
 THE DUPLICATED MAN by James Blish & Michael Sherman...DYNAMIC..Aug 1953
 (we won't choose a "best" story, since it would be a 15-way tie!)

She is called the Xrugbflytxkk, out of Uumtankomuraa for Gilpherattz midt a load of passenchurs and a cargo of urrgack. Her Captain's name iss Ynsk Guerpl, her..."

"What's 'urrgack'?" eight crewmen interrupted in chorus.

von Scannorken backtracked down the tape, which was piling up around him like a Laocoonian serpent.

"It doesn't say," he announced.

"Gee, I hope maybe theygotta nicecreamcone!" squeaked little Miss McBrochle, wiping her sticky fingers on Bufferdisk's hair.

* * *

Krusnett looked through the duroplas of his headpiece at the other members of the boarding-party, clumsy and monstrous in their boarding suits and space-armor. His steely-grey eyes glinted at them like arc-lights on a counterfeit dime. His well-chiseled nose twitched like a Terran rabbit's--it was itching and he could no longer scratch it. Through the intersuit annunciator, his voice sounded thin, forlorn and scratchy, like a tomcat in a well.

"Men--now listen, men--I say, quiet back there! This is important. This is very important. We are the first vessel in the history of the Department Of Galactic Survey to actually sight an alien ship! Why, we may even find something on the ship that we will have to take back to Terra! That means I will be appointing a prize crew if this is the case. Bear this in mind and be on your best behavior. Are you ready up there? Very well. Let's go, men!"

The last of the air hissed out of the boarding-lock with a dismal squish, unheard in the vacuum. The sally-port swung open on hinges little-used. The men filed out to meet the passenger-liner, led by their peerless, fearless Captain, who brought up the rear.

The Xrugbflytxkk hung in space, like a gargantuan sardine, firmly held by the invisible Massey-Harris tractor beams of the Anubis. The men caught the boarding line that had been made fast to the liner and swung across, hand-over-hand.

They gathered around the entrance of the other ship like terriers about a rathole, and Krusnett made his way to the fore and banged upon the lock with the butt of his Montgomery.

"I say in there--open in the name of the Space Patrol!" he bawled. The amplified bray in the intersuit phones was enough to split an eardrum, but the fine theatrical effect of his words was marred by the fact that his suit shot backwards, impelled by Newton's remorseless law, and he hung, drifting slowly, halfway back to the Anubis.

"Men! You men up there!" he shouted, "Somebody come and get me!"

Bunquill and Scaterson shoved off from the liner's dead-black flank and, impelled by short bursts from their Montgomerys, went to their intrepid leader's rescue. As they came back, Montgomerys blasting in purplish staccato, Krusnett sized up the situation with a steely glance and snapped an order, crisply.

"Blast her open!" he snapped crisply.

Bunquill fumbled at the adjustment of his Montgomery with fingers made clumsy by the heavy space-gloves of his space-suit. Finally he got the weapon adjusted for minimum power. Carefully, he sighted it at the lock of the Xrugbflytxkk and touched the trigger for a quick burst.

Great chunks of praseodymium obdurate vaporized and sloughed away. A gaping rent appeared in the side of the liner. A blast of the ship's air, quickly stopped by automatic aneroid valves, blew the boarding-party away like a charge of birdshot, tumbling grotesquely, like a troupe of Phoebean ballerinas. Finally, they made their cputtering way

back to the hole in the hull and entered, weapons at the ready.

They managed to work the action of the inner airlock and tested the ship's air. It was breathable, after a fashion. They trooped up corridors and down companionways like a pack of lost dogs in a meat-house. Finally Blenkinsop, the little cockney commodore of the commode, made the observation:

"Blimey, toffs, there eyen't a bloody soul on the whole bloody hulk, there eyen't. She's deserted, she is. A bloody space-derelict, a hoodoo, a flyin' dutchman, she's 'aunted, that's wot she is! Oi'm gettin' out of 'ere, that's what oi am. Get outer me bloody way!"

He led a pell-mell retreat for the point of entry. The rest of the crew followed, treading on each other's space-booted heels. They thundered around the turn in the corridor like a pack of also-rans at Hialeah and brought up sharply at the sight of their beloved leader, standing beside the entrance with a glint of hellfire in his steely-blue eyes and a Montgomery in each space-mittened hand.

He made the speech dictated by time-hallowed convention.

"What is the meaning of this?" he snapped, crisply.

"They're gone, Cap'n, Sir!"

"Plumb vamoosed, Skipper!"

"Just faded away entire, Sir!"

"Like a bunch of old soldiers, Suh!"

Krusnett closed his steely-green eyes in thought. A crewman tried to slip past him. Absently, Gayn blasted him in his tracks. His brain churned feverishly, like a jeep stuck in wet clay. Somebody hiccuped nervously over the intersuit 'phones; another belched--and over inter-coms, this has to be heard to be appreciated. Krusnett's steely-brown eyes took on a look of sudden decision.

"Let's go look at the Engine-Room," he cracked. "Lead the way and follow me." They made their way aft and the Drive Techs checked the colossal diesels* which drove the great liner.

"They'll still work, Sir!" Mandershyde touched a space-glove to his space-helmet in salute.

"Excellent!" snapped Krusnett, his steely-violet eyes glinting. "I will appoint volunteers to take it back to Terra. Sound off when I call your names---Frisque!"

"Here, Sir!"

"Blenkinsop!"

"'Ere, Sor!"

"Abernathy--(Her-r-re, Sir-r-r!)

Kincannon--(Here!), Zwilnik--(Here!),

O'Hannahan--(Here I be, Cap'n!),

Wells--(Hyeah, Suh!), Grennell--

(Heresir!), and so on.....Krusnett

told the men off, now and then sending

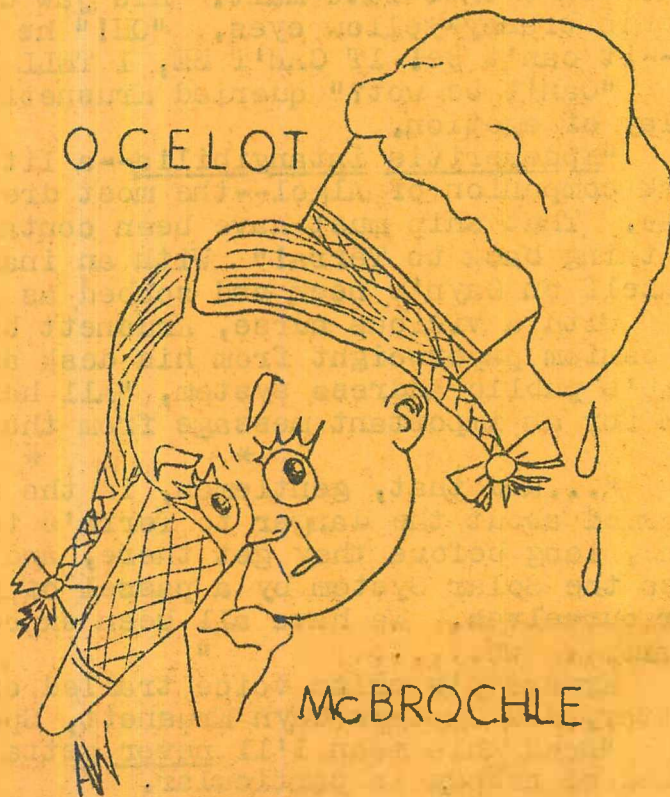
back to the Anubis for someone

to fill a job beyond the capabilities

of any member of the boarding

party.

Soon they were lined up in the crew's rec-room of the Anubis, eyes glued to the quartz of the space-



* so what?

port, watching the Krugbflytxkk vanish through the dim starshine, bound for distant Terra. Bunquill was swearing in a bitter monotone because Kincannon, the ship's dentist, had been picked for the trip and had left owing him seventy-eight credits lost over the chess table.

The break in the monotony had helped. It was a full two weeks before business got back to anything like normal in the Anubis' dispensary, with split skulls to patch and broken noses to knead back into shape. Tempers began grating and inflaming as before.

Bufferdisk had just come to see the Captain about a damaged traverse-gear in the ventral batteries and was leaning on the desk (much to Krusnett's disgust) when suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, his voice died out and he became translucent, then transparent and disappeared from sight. Gayn was so startled that his jaws snapped shut and crushed the stem of his pipe.

Spitting chunks of bakelite, he summoned the ship's medical officer, Dr. Berndt.

"Doc," snapped Krusnett, limply, "I can't understand it. One minute Bufferdisk was standing there, just as solid as you are now. The next instant, he--he--he--just faded away!"

Dr. Berndt sniffed absently at Krusnett's breath, grimaced, and took his pulse. His expression was one of polite skepticism.

"Captain, I've warned you about those little experiments in zymaturgy that you conduct. Lay off that stuff, it'll kill you."

Krusnett's steely-pink eyes glinted truculently.

"I didn't bring you up here to listen to listen to any unprintable insubordination out of you. I tell you, Bufferdisk faded out of sight and vanished, right before my eyes!"

The Doctor peered into the eyes in question and made a little moué of distaste: "Have you had them checked lately?" he asked.

Krusnett sputtered like the fuse of a hand-grenade.

"Dammett*, Berndt!--I'm asking you--is there any disease you know of that makes a victim just up and vanish like that?"

Doctor Berndt gasped with a noise like the last sip through the straw in a chocolate-malt. His jaw dropped and a horrified look came to his brassy-yellow eyes. "OH!" he said, "Oh, mercy-me! Can it be? No--it can't be! IT CAN'T BE, I TELL YOU!"

"Can't be wot?" queried Krusnett, crisply, alarmed at Berndt's display of emotion.

"Ephemeritis intangibilia--a little-known virus from Malphthu, the dark companion of Algol--the most dreaded disease in the entire universe. That ship must have been contaminated! And we've sent the deadly thing back to Terra!" With an inarticulate sob, the medic flung himself on Gayn's neck and sobbed as if his heart would break.

With a vicious curse, Krusnett brained the moaning physician with an osmium paperweight from his desk and barked, flaccidly, into the ship's public address system, "All hands assemble in the main auditorium for an important message from the Captain!"

* * *

"...and that, gentlemen, is the story. Fortunately, we needn't be alarmed about the danger to Terra's teeming billions. The crew will be gone, long before they get there, and with Grennell navigating, they'll miss the Solar System by a passel of parsecs. Our primary concern, is for ourselves. We have all been exposed to the virus by now. This... means... we....."

Krusnett's crisp voice trailed off and vanished. So, for that matter, did Captain Gayn Krusnett, Space Patrol, Dept. Of Galac. Surv.

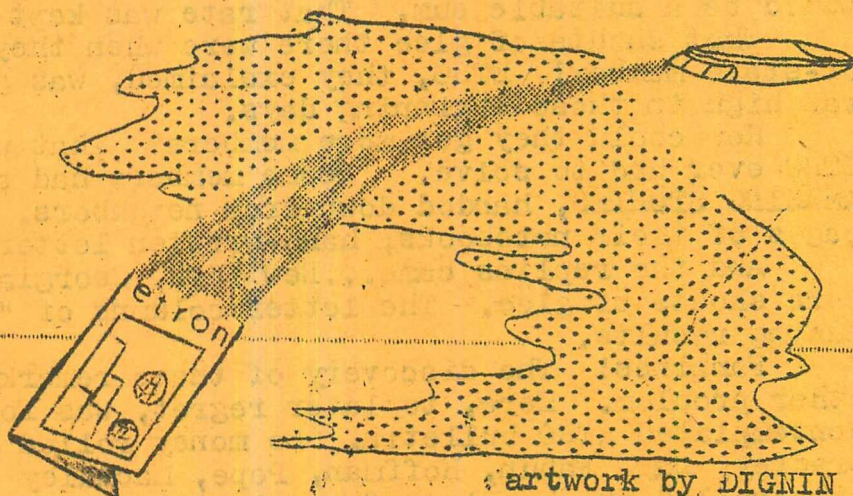
"Does this mean I'll never getta nicecreamcone?" Ocelot McBrochle asked of nobody in particular.

T H E E N D

* from Hashiell Dammett, famed writer of 20th century corpse-operas.

THE FIRST YEAR

by JIM SCHREIBER



artwork by DIGNIN

A new organization was born, and its founders had no idea of its fate-to-be. Here, then, is a narrative of the general pattern it followed in the year following its conception in late 1951.

IT READ:

"...I believe that the 'saucers' come from unknown sources, and only the Army knows what they are..." Ronnie Poland

It was in a weekly events paper, "The American Observer,"....required reading for social studies students at the school the interested boy attended. This was the chance he had wanted.

Writing to this Ronnie Poland, the boy proposed that the two cooperate in the formation of an organization for the study of "flying saucers." At the time they knew of no other such organizations.

After intermittent periods of correspondence, the boy who made the original proposal initiated the formation of a local branch of the slowly shaping group they called the Extra-Terrestrial Research Organization, ETRO. On the cold, snowy morning of November 18, 1951, a group of eight people, practically strangers, met in Lakewood, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland, to decide on basic policies for the newly-formed organization.

The eight soon discovered that they were all readers of science-fiction. They decided to keep ETRO strictly a research group, but that they would utilize organized science-fiction for their main program---membership increase.

It was thought, and now seems to be true, that the ranks of science-fiction would be a "line of least resistance" for expansion.

The boy who first contacted Ronnie Poland, was appointed to draw up the governing charter, the Basics For Regulation. Although there were no major objections to this charter, it set the pace for the later decline of the organization.

Correspondence with Ronnie Poland, who had by then formed his own group in Monroeville, Ohio, was steadily ebbing. The original two were unable to communicate enough to decide on programming, etc., so the Lakewood boy decided to plunge into the mess himself, letting Ronnie take part as he chose.

If there was to be an organization of any size, it had to have a bulletin to distribute among the members.

ETRO also needed money.

Turning to the ogre of dues, it was decided that 25¢ per month would be a suitable sum. That rate was kept constant for a year.

What shouts of glee there were when they received their first out-of-state member! ETRO, they exclaimed, was going national! Spirits ran high in those beginning days.

How could they get more members? That was the most simple problem ETRO ever had to solve. Some members had a score of old issues of AMAZING STORIES, handed down from neighbors. Lists of names filled pages of their notebooks; hand-written letters were sent out.

And the replies came...New York, Georgia, Texas...California! And more shouts of glee. The letter columns of "The Aristocrat" were producing results.

Fanzines! The discovery of these remarkable enterprises solved another problem. Here, to later regret, was found the pattern for the contemplated ETRO bulletin. So money rolled out to Taurasi, Johnson, Bradley, Day, Fabun, Hoffman, Pope, MacAuley and others, and the examples rolled in. Pleas for material were sent to the members, and

and they responded. Soon there was enough material to fill the proposed 50 pages. Fiction and articles were about equal in volume.

February was a "mailing day" for ET-TRON, the propaganda sheet of the organization. So ET-TRON came out...four months later.

But ETRO had its bulletin.

News of new groups with purposes similar to those of ETRO reached

their ears. To date there are seven national organizations devoted solely to "disc" study.

And ETRO bogged down.

Operations of all sorts became increasingly difficult. The election of officers was a fiasco. ETRO wasn't doing any actual research; it didn't even have a real file of "saucer" clippings. Members hadn't enough idea of what was going on to have any true interest in ETRO.

ET-TRON number two came out...one month behind schedule. At the time of this writing ET-TRON number three is two months overdue.

True, ETRO had its application blanks, forms for "disc" sightings, form letters for prospective members, and ballots, and Basics, but most of them gathered dust in a seldom-opened drawer.

The accomplishments of ETRO totaled:

(1) Two behind-schedule issues of its publication, which can hardly be distinguished from a regular science-fiction fanzine.

(2) A membership list of 117 names.

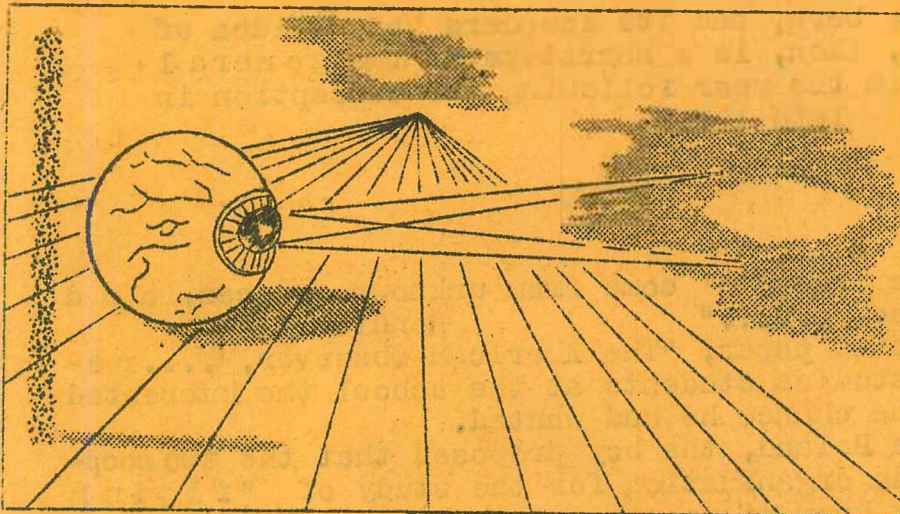
(3) The purchase of a very satisfactory mimeograph machine.

(4) Contacts with various groups and individuals interested in the "flying saucer" question. It was a rather bleak picture for an organization with the motto: "Research...The Road To Truth."

This meaningless existence continued for one year, which brings us almost up to the present time.

Three days before the first anniversary of the Extra-Terrestrial Research Organization, the entire system of organization was scrapped and forgotten. ETRO established a

(concluded bottom of next page)



BY JOEL NYDAHL

PREDICTIONS



illustration
by ELLISON

Since the originator of this column, Barclay Johnson, has seen fit to withdraw from fandom for an indefinite period of time, I invited myself to take over this column, so to speak, as best I can. So bear with me.....friends.

PRO MAGAZINES:

There will be at least four more pro mags to make their appearance before the year is up. All four will be of digest size, most probably, although there could be a pulp among them.

At least two of the current mags will fold before the year is out. One will be SPACE STORIES and the other might be PLANET STORIES. One of the del Rey jobs looks like it might topple also. The most likely one is SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES.

SCIENCE FICTION PLUS will probably see no more than 12 issues, if that many, and will meet with rough travelling, for the simple reason that not every Tom, Dick and Harry have the equivalent of a Ph.D.

FANDOM:

Seventh Fandom will start within a year. The leaders of which will be Harlan Ellison, John L. Magnus, Norman G. Browne and Dean A. Grennell, who will soon appear as the leading fan of 1953, plus a few others who are just recently coming into the proverbial limelight. The beginning of Seventh Fandom will bring to an end the long reign of Lee Hoffman as number 1 femfan, largely because she doesn't care to be #1.

A new organization, Fanvariety Enterprises, will steal most of the spotlight as far as fan projects go. The leader will be Venable.

CONVENTIONS:

If San Francisco, or some other West Coast city, does not get the '54 Convention, Western fans will form a "World" Convention of their own to be held at approximately the same time that the World Convention is held. In short, fandom will be split in two groups. (see "!" p. 39)

THE FIRST YEAR by Jim Schreiber (concluded from preceding page)

method of organization that eliminated officers, committees, complex forms, balloting, Basics, departments, dues (which were irregular, at best), and actual members.

Since the major weakness of ETRO was its inability to keep officers and key members informed, a way to overcome this fault was needed.

Now the organization conducts all its original functions through a core of five persons who meet weekly in Lakewood, Ohio to conduct the business of the week. A way was devised to use the capabilities of the individual, instead of those of inefficient groups.

But that is another story, another year.

ARE YOU A PSEUDO-CAMPBELL?

by REDD BOGGS

Max J. Runnerbean
cartoons by
Harlan J. Ellison

EDITOR'S NOTE: though it has been our practice in SFBULLETIN never to re-print material run in any other publication, we've committed ourselves to running the following in the string of highly mature articles by Red d Boggs, even though it saw print first in the FAPA magazine of Van Splawn's PROLETHEUS. The reasons are (1) FAPA has a very small membership, about one-fifth of the readers of SFB, (2) Redd wanted this article in a general circulation mag, (3) the article was highly recommended from various reliable sources, and (4) I wrote an editorial two issues ago because of an insinuation by a reader of SFB that both SFB and Harlan Ellison were being referred to, in this article. As you can see, this is one of the most controversial articles we have yet run.....he



NINE OUT OF TEN FANS wish, consciously or subconsciously, that they were John W. Campbell or H.L. Gold. At least seven out of ten fan editors think they are Campbell or Gold -- or a reasonable junior facsimile thereof. You can easily deduce this by casting a thoughtful glance at the current fan magazines. Many of these fanzines are all too obviously amateur Astoundings and non-profit Galaxys.

It is probably safe to say that virtually all new fanzines are begun as imitation prozines, rather than as imitations of other fanzines. His first surprised look at Quandry may have inspired young Joe Fann to buy his junior Speed-O-Print in the first place, thus founding Super-Universe Publications, and to plan the first premature issue of Fan Krud. But once he gets his first stencil rolled into the typewriter, Joe Fann's old envy of Campbell and Gold asserts itself and Fan Krud turns out to be just another fannish version of Astounding.

Of course you can't remain a fanzine editor very long before you begin to realize, if you are reasonably intelligent, that fanzines needn't be amateur prozines after all. Within two or three issues the average pseudo-Startling either quietly folds up or transforms into a real fanzine. Usually they fold up. It's too bad more fanzines don't live long enough to evolve, but maybe we should be thankful that more of them don't persist longer as amateur prozines. A few fanzines remain juvenile Astoundings for years and years. Some fan editors never learn.

How do you recognize an amateur Astounding? Well, of course the fanzine isn't a mirror image of the prozine except in the fan editor's vivid imagination. But an amateur prozine can easily be spotted merely by looking at the front cover.

The amateur prozine's front cover always features a commercial-type format: a huge title logo and an illustration that, in color and a little better executed, might appear on Planet Stories. And the cover always has the fanzine's price listed there in large figures so nobody can overlook it. Often it has a legend above the title logo: "All Stories New!" or "All Stories Complete In This Issue!" Sometimes it has half the contents page sprawling across the bottom of the cover pic, or a big notice: "New Article by Fred Floopgruber In This Issue!" -- oblivious to the fact that Floopgruber's name draws more flies than customers.

Turning to the contents page of many a fanzine, you find more evidence that the editor considers himself a teen-age Tony Boucher. Contents pages are Mesabi ranges of unconscious humor. A pure specimen of the amateur prozine always has some highfaluting stuff in the publishing-information box: "Editorial offices at 999 Nutt Street." Editorial offices! A corner of a damp basement or an attic room with an unscreened window. There are always a lot of stock phrases stolen from prozines: "Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts"; "All manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage"; I even remember one fanzine which stated, "The right to reprint material from this magazine is strictly prohibited." The magazine wasn't copyrighted, so I don't know what action the editor planned to take against offenders. Probably he didn't give a damn whether anybody reprinted his material or not; the admonition sounded pretentious and professional so he stuck it in.

Then there's the editorial page. If the young squirt editing Fan Krud has taken a general science course in high school or owns a home chemistry set, he will try to imitate Campbell with some profound speculations about the other side of the moon or with a Mezrabian theory about the ice ages. But most of his editorial will be devoted to imitating Samuel Hines, boasting of how wonderful the next issue is going to be. It will feature a significant story by Fred Floopgruber and a

great new novel by a newcomer, P. Ename, and a brand new department of science questions and answers, and lots of other surprises. Of course this paeen ends a little lamely, with the admission that next issue is wide-open for material, any material, and will somebody please send something? Fan Krud isn't paying for material, the editor admits, but he's offering a prize for the best item submitted. The prize is a copy of the July 1952 Planet Stories.

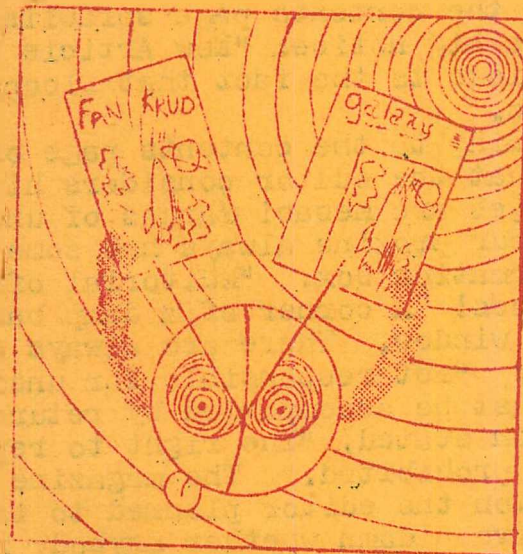
The amateur prozine is, of course, full of fiction, written mostly by the editor under fancy pen names, or by his friends in the ninth grade. A three-page story will be labelled a "complete novelette" or even a "complete novel" -- I recall such a case. Maybe there will be a serial, which ends with an editorial note: "Don't miss the next thrilling installment of this great new science serial!" Blurbs make all these sad amateur efforts sound like another "Demolished Man," and their 13-year-old authors are proclaimed as "another Edmond Hamilton" and are soberly referred to as "Mr. Floopgruber," in keeping with professional dignity.

But let's not be too hard on the young fan editor who commits such boners. All of us were guilty of such puerility once, at least to some degree, and probably we had an exciting time pretending we were John W. Campbell. Some kids dress up in gaudy regalia and play they are Hopalong Cassidy. Why shouldn't some of us christen a corner of the basement the "Super-Universe Publishing Company" and pretend our illegible little mimeo mag is a 35¢ prozine?

No harm is done. In fact, there is a certain charm to such childish play. We, the readers, need simply to sit back, smothering our snickers, till the fan editor wakes up and realizes that he is under a slight handicap competing with big publishers like Street and Smith. We need only wait till he realizes that one should no more expect fanzines to imitate the pros than to expect the prozines to trade their presses for mimeographs just because Opus is published that way.

Young fan editors resent the cleavage between prozine and fanzine, and I suppose we'll always have with us those fanzines that attempt to bridge the gap. But once the fan editor faces up to the fact that amateur prozines are not only sterile but ridiculous and worthless, he may also begin to see that there is an advantage residing in the fanzine-prozine dichotomy.

Consider the fan editor! No other editor in the world, except other amateur editors of various breeds, is more fortunate. Campbell and Browne pull down good salaries, no doubt, while Joe Fann loses his hard-earned money on his publishing venture. But look at the price Campbell and Browne have to pay for their jobs. They must keep their magazines selling -- or else! They are at the mercy of the front office. It may cost them their jobs to say a two-letter word to the publisher: "No." They must never offend their advertisers. They must never offend any substantial percentage of their readers. They must listen to what the big mouths in the distributing company say about cover format and display problems. The pro-mag editor's freedom to do as his editorial instinct tells him is strict-



ly limited.

On the other hand, the fan editor is free to do as he wants, as long as he keeps his magazine within the bounds of good taste. He is free to publish as often or as seldom as he likes, or to discontinue the magazine if he feels like it. He is free to publish what he chooses, and to use any format within the realm of practicability. His readers, if any, may protest at his unorthodoxy or eccentricity, but actually a fanzine's readers are a minor factor in shaping any fanzine's policy. The subscribers' nickels and dimes at best only partially support a fanzine; their opinions are good for little more than egoboo to the editor. The ability of a fanzine to please its readers only accounts for part of its popularity; its ability to insult and infuriate its readers may account for more. Furthermore, there are always fans who will buy a fanzine, no matter how bad it is, merely to complete their files or because it was reviewed in Imagination. And if a fanzine really lacks readers because of its eccentric policy, the editor can always take it into one of the "apas" and circulate it there.

The point is, fan editors have a great opportunity for publishing unusual, highly individual magazines which are as important in their own way as Astounding is in its way. "There are party politics and big business for the man seeking power," wrote James Guinane in his fine amateur magazine Churinga, "mothers' clubs and repertory groups for those after applause, and vegetarianism and the Ku Klux Klan for people wanting to indulge in fanaticism. But for the few who are anxious to write and to publish magazines free from any control but their own genius there is only amateur journalism." Since fan publishing is a branch of amateur journalism, we find this rare opportunity, given to few men, within the reach of most of us. But how many of us seize it? For every Max Keasler, Lee Hoffman, and Arthur H. Rapp there are a dozen fan editors slavishly grinding out their inept imitations of the prozines.

I speak here for complete freedom in fan publishing. For that reason I recognize the fanzine editor's right to be a junior Campbell if he wants to be. But I believe that, if he paused and took stock of himself and his fanzine, the average fan editor would not want to be. Too many fans edit their puerile Planets without realizing that by following a policy they themselves conceived, they might establish a publication that could become more famous in the microcosm than Planet itself. Instead of blindly taking over commercial-type gimmicks merely because the pros use them, the fan editor should borrow only where necessary. "Is it useful? Do I need it in my fanzine?" should be the questions he asks himself.

Once he takes this objective viewpoint, the fan editor will probably discover that previously he followed a wrong approach to fan publishing. "After all," he will say to himself, "TWS and ASF publish as a business; I publish as a hobby. Why should I burden Fan Krud with a lot of pulp-type crap that is useless to an amateur publication?"

Why, indeed? Take that cover pic showing the musclebound bum rescuing the well-undressed babe from the slaving BEM. The prozines have used it for many years on the sound theory that it attracts customers idly canvassing the newsstand for something to read. Will the same cover illustration attract customers to buy a fanzine? How many fanzines are sold on newsstands? Anyway, most fans hate the bum-babe-BEM cover; they buy a publication in spite of the picture, not because of it.

Why should a fanzine's price appear on the cover? A few fanzines are displayed and sold at conventions, but normally the reader of a fanzine never sees the cover till after he has paid for the issue. He

probably paid for it months ago when he subscribed at two issues for 25¢. He's not interested in the fact that the issue costs 15¢ per copy; he knows it already. He's more interested in what the next issue will cost, in case his subscription has run out. And what fanzine puts that vital information on the front cover?

For similar reasons, fancy come-ons like "All Stories New" or "Fred Floopgruber Article In This Issue" are useless on a fanzine cover. The prozines put such things there to lure the eye of the casual newsstand shoppers. Fanzines are seldom displayed for sale; by the time the fanzine reader sets eyes on the issue he has already been hooked out of his dime. When he pries out the staples and unfolds the fanzine to behold "Fred Floopgruber Article In This Issue," his only reaction can be a brightening of the eye or a gnashing of the teeth, depending on whether he has read a Floopgruber article before. Even if Fan Krud is sold at a convention, it isn't likely to sell more copies because of that cover blurb. Most bylines bannered on fanzine covers have absolutely no name value, except to their mothers.

Does the cover title have to be in big letters? No reader must pick your fanzine out of a newsstand display full of similarly titled publications. If you placed the title in small letters at the bottom of the page, perhaps you could run a bigger and better cover picture. Remember the issue of Odd with the Ray Nelson cover in which "Odd" was printed in lower case elite type on a tiny sign held by a large e-t? An idea like that, poison to prozines, is sirloin in the fan field. It's a gag you'll remember longer than the best litho cover Odd ever used.

Why should a fanzine have a front cover at all, except that G.M. Carr complains if it doesn't have? Remember the time W. Max Keasler put the "front cover" on the back of Fanvariety? His experiment didn't work, but at least he wasn't afraid to try something besides the stereotyped pulp format.

The contents page? One of the few cliches from the prozines that may prove useful to fanzines is the one disclaiming responsibility for statements made by writers. That notice may save you from an argument sometime. Otherwise -- do you really mean all manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes -- or is that there only for show? If Jack Williamson sent you an article, would you refuse to read it because he neglected to include return postage?

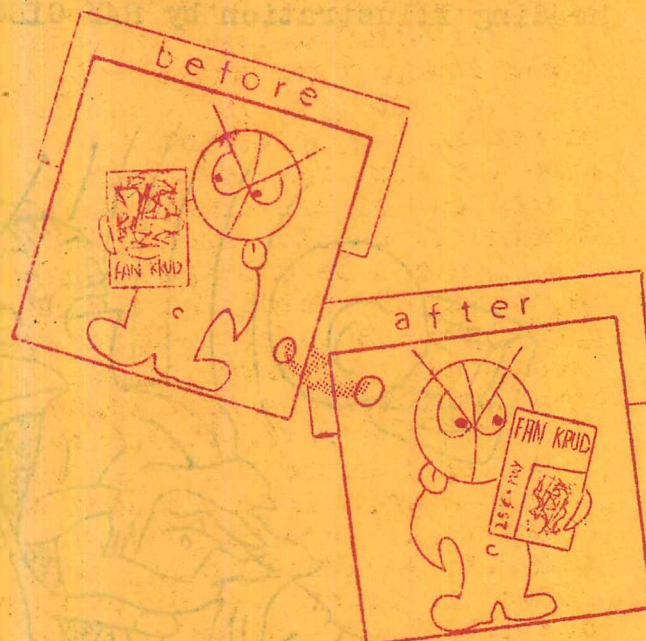
Above all, why should a fanzine load its pages with amateur fiction? Oh yes, fanzines give fledgling writers a place to try their wings; they can profit from the constructive criticism they receive from keen-minded fans. But fan writers can strengthen their wings just as easily by trying to write to sell direct to the pros, and they can obtain better criticism from pro editors' letters of rejection. I think most fanzines publish fan fiction merely because the prozines publish it. A fanzine full of s-f stories more closely resembles a prozine than does a fanzine full of articles and fannish satire. This is the reason that most fanzines start out heavily weighted with fan fiction and, as they mature, soon publish very little fiction.

Jack Speer said once, "I simply do not agree that the ideal fan magazine should carry material of the newsstand magazine type. If we don't have anything the pulps haven't got, we might just about as well close up shop." I don't see why we should expect anybody to read an amateur Galaxy when they can buy the real Galaxy at any newsstand. Why should we look at amateur artwork that could appear in Planet if it was better drawn; and why should we read commercial-type amateur fiction that could appear in Other Worlds if it was better written?

Surely there is just as much glory in editing a fine amateur magazine as there is in editing a promag. When someone asked F. Towner

Laney why he doesn't write for the pros, he replied that he'd much rather write for a good magazine like Masque or Burblings than for any cheap prozine he could think of. Breathes there a fan with soul s o dead who hasn't tossed TWS into a corner when the postman shambled up, bringing the latest Quandry?

Publish Q or Opus or Oops! professionally and stack them on a newsstand for sale and they would probably crumble to dust before anybody bought them. But they aren't published for the general public. Fans don't buy them because they contain stories and artwork almost like the stuff in prozines, or because they reprint suitable cliches stolen from prozine covers and contents pages. They buy them because they publish humor and satire and critical articles unlike anything in the prozines. Opus isn't quite so neat as Fantastic, but then Browne's prozine has never published anything as wackily wonderful as Richard Elsberry's "The Sportsmen," either.



Both fans and pros would profit immeasurably if they would recognize the fact that amateur and professional magazines are distinct species. As horses somewhat resemble cattle, fanzines bear some resemblance to prozines, but they shouldn't be measured by the same standards, any more than an Arabian stallion should be judged by standards set up for Holsteins. Prozine reviewers like Jerome Bixby and Sam Merwin, Jr. ranted a lot about fannish criticism of Startling, scoring it as unrealistic and unbusinesslike, but they went right ahead and reviewed fanzines as if they were merely junior promags. The traditional procedure, founded by Merwin, of rating a fanzine by riffling through and counting the pretty pictures and classy headings is obviously no more legitimate than a letterhack's rating TWS only two Xeno jugs because it dropped Captain Future.

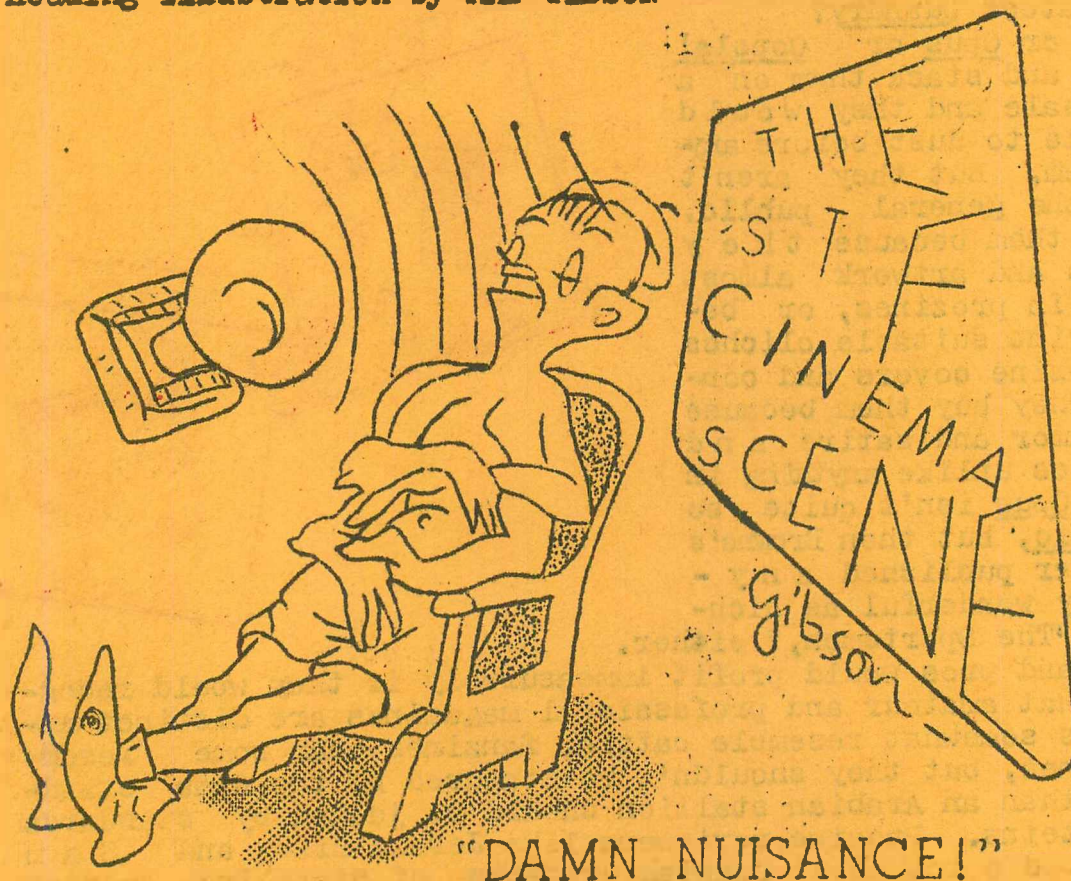
Let us have fan editors who are not afraid to buck such ill-shaped criticism. Let us have fan editors who follow their own artistic ideals rather than the querulous complaints of misguided readers and reviewers. Let us have fan editors who strike toward new frontiers rather than slouch along the safe paths worn by men who dared nothing new. Then we shall have no more amateur Astoundings and fannish Fantastics but only fanzines, unique and personal and unfettered, that cannot be described in terms applicable to any other sort of magazine and cannot be measured by any standards except those for fanzines themselves. The fans who edit these fan magazines will be remembered longer than John Campbell or H.L. Gold.

T H E E N D

DEDICATION: we can do little more than follow in the noble footsteps of Bob Silverberg, and devote the purpose of this entire issue to the man who will undoubtedly be the Biggest Name Fan in years: a fellow with an unmatched sense of humour, fabulous intellect and ribald good-will. DEAN A. GREENELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: it's been a good six months since we last ran reviews of science fantasy motion pictures. The primary reason being that there weren't very many stfilms of any significance. But in the last three months we have been deluged with the "things" to the point where we had

heading illustration by RAY GIBSON



to latch on- to a movie editor, name of Bill Dignin, who, in addition to doing some superlative and snidely cutting reviews, contributes more than a few of his wondrous cartoons as accompanying clarifiers.

Your reactions to our movie review column is of primary importance to us, as we've tried a new idea in our reviews. Our thanks go to the staff and management of

Cleveland's Hippodrome, Allen, State and Palace Theatres, for their invaluable aid in allowing us to preview these pictures for you.....he

reviews of THE MAGNETIC MONSTER and THE PHANTOM FROM SPACE by Paul Schupp

The vampire complained about the bright light, so the werewolf obligingly flicked off the switch. A violent argument had preceded the werewolf's eventual persuasion of the vampire to attend a movie with him instead of sitting home with a can of blood and watching television. And now they were confronted by a young fellow who wanted their opinions of the two science fiction pictures they had seen.

"Both pictures were a slight rise from the Saturday afternoon serial," commented the vampire, imbued with the importance of being interviewed. "Very slight," muttered the werewolf, who, somehow felt he had been duped by the vampire, who had given in too easily in the argument.

"The 'Magnetic Monster'," continued the vampire in a tone of modest self-importance, "for those fortunate enough to have missed the picture, concerned itself chiefly with an unstable element that sucked up energy like..." he looked around coyly, "...like, well, a vampire sucks blood, and created matter. However, the manner in which the concept was presented was exceptionally poor. You might think they'd take time to make a worthwhile picture." He nodded his head as if to indicate assurance.

"Tell him about the other one," mumbled the werewolf, obviously in a state of boredom with the entire conversational trends.

"Well," resumed the vampire, casting an eye alternately at the countenance of the werewolf and the throat of the interviewer, "we had come in during the middle of 'The Phantom From Space' and thought for a moment that somehow we had mistaken the show and were seeing the 'Return of the Invisible Man', but no, it was just the story of an alien who landed on Earth and who was invisible without his spacesuit. It seems this poor dumb slob wanted off Earth, but the local yokels were bent upon racking him up thoroughly."

The interviewer asked them for one statement that they thought to sum up the whole thing. "Stunk!" exclaimed the werewolf, still in his poor humour. "Hmmm," muttered the vampire, casting a disparaging glance at his companion, "I would advise the populace to save their money."

The movie critic thanked them politely and was about to leave when the vampire asked politely, "You never did tell us what magazine you represent," he said, conjuring up visions of The New Yorker and Saturday Evening Post. "Why, SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN," replied the young man cheerfully. After they had ripped him apart and eaten him, the vampire and the werewolf disappeared, one as a bat, the other a wolf again. And there was only the softest hint of someone saying, "The audacity..."

INVADERS FROM MARS reviewed by William S. Dignin, movie editor SEB

The other night there was flashed upon a motion picture screen in this town, without a doubt one of the most sickening examples of the senile cinema ever to disgrace a hunk of celluloid.

The plot (such as it is laughingly referred to) revolves about the young scientist of about twelve who sees a (foregone conclusion) flying soup-plate plow into a sandpit behind his house. Various people, in-



illustrations this page are artists' conception of scenes from the 20th Century-Fox film "Invaders From Mars" and were drawn by Bill Dignin to accompany the above review.

cluding his parents, upon investigating, disappear into the pit to reappear as alien-controlled puppets, ready to destroy sundry atomic energy plants, rocket projects, etc. on the notice of a moment or two.

Meanwhile, the boy, who is being madly hunted by these remote-controlled stooges as he is the only one who knows about the saucer and still retains his own mind, has succeeded in reaching a scientist who

believes his story, for some ephemeral reason or other, not noted.

illustration by
DIGNIN



Now you must realize that this is no ordinary brilliant scientist. This character is a combination being composed of equal parts of Albert Einstein, Fermi, Jommy Cross, and select pinches of Gilbert Goss-eyn thrown in for the heck of it.

Despite the fact that the existence of the aliens on Earth has not even been proven, this brilliant, brilliant, BRILLIANT specimen of the trained scientific mind immediately formulates the following theories, every one of which proves to be correct: (1) the ET's are from Mars, (2) these Martians are a degenerate race, ergo (3) they have as aides de camp to do their dirty work a created race of androids, (4) the androids have come to Earth in the saucer and (5) they have harnessed infra-red rays which they use to melt through solid rock. And, wonder of all wonders, he even knows why they are here! To keep us out of space, natchurly. EVERY ONE OF THESE FACTS WAS FORMULATED OUT OF

THIN AIR; OUT OF WHOLE CLOTH, WITH NO GROUNDS WHATSOEVER OR FACTS ON WHICH TO BASE ANY ONE OF THEM! Extraordinary, eh wot?

And the mutants (pronounced mew-taants by the imbeciles in the picture)! Gahhhhh! Huge green hulks that look like decadent frogs, and trot along in a stiff-legged, side-to-side gait that makes them look, in the words of editor Ellison, "Constipated!"

Another nauseating example of the pinch-penny methods employed in the filming of this monster, and the obvious regard in which the producers hold the intelligence of the average American, is the constant re-use of scenes. I counted at least five scenes, used an average of three times each throughout the film. One particularly lucid example is the scene in which the androids go gaily tromping through an underground passage. This scene was used SEVEN (count 'em), YES, SEVEN (7) TIMES! And the constant use of hoary old cliches such as the bumbling little boy who somehow uncovers the dastardly plot, a flying saucer, and this bit of idiotic persiflage: America's top atomic scientist, a high-ranking general, two policemen, the police chief, a little girl, and sundry others have all been abducted, but no one is flustered. As we enter, however, an average marine sergeant has been added to the list, and his commanding officer is white with fear and anger.

"No...no! Not Snodgrass? I must go after him!" blurts the C O, spreading tears about like confetti.

"Not you sir, you're too valuable."

"But---but...he's been under me for twenty years!"

Need I go on?

And now, brace yourselves; feet on the ground, chin up, the worst (yes, there can be worse!) is yet to come. We now have the grand finale, the coup de grace. They are about to demolish the saucer, soldiers and civilians are streaming away from the scene at a prodigious rate, the wounded being carried, some limping, some crawling. The little boy is having chaotic flashbacks of the entire affair. The saucer blows upThe BOY WAKES UP!!!!!! (vomit)

THE WHOLE GRUESOME, HORRIBLE MISH-MOSH WAS ALL A BAD DREAM, the oldest, corniest, most hokey gambit in the book...and they used it!

This is a movie that shouldn't have to wait twenty years to be shown on television!

review of THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS and IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE as reviewed by William S. Dignin, movie editor SEB

After partially recovering from the effects of "Invaders", I am able, with extreme relief, to present two GOOD motion pictures.

Both of these films were scripted by science fiction's own Ray Bradbury, of the poetic pen. And of the two, the "Bradbury touch" is most pointedly felt in IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE (to be hereafter referred to as ICFOS) during the scenes on the bleak Arizona desert.

In ICFOS, the first science fiction picture to be rendered in 3D, an entirely new concept (insofar as movie SF is concerned) is tried on for size when an alien spaceship is forced to land on Earth for major repairs. The aliens, a malleable race, assume the shapes of captured humans and ransack a number of electrical warehouses, etc. to obtain the materials they need. Once the populace becomes aware of the ETs in their midst, they react in the time-honored fashion of people who are in terror, and try to destroy them. A writer of science articles, who originally saw the aliens' ship when it landed, gains their confidence and tries to forestall the mobs vengeance.

The photographic effects are exceptionally well done and in one or two instances verge upon the classic; and the plot of the picture is, in not one instance, sacrificed for 3-D effects, such as knives, fists and other such like crud in the viewer's face as they are wont to do.

"The Beast", although not in 3-D, is no less powerful a production with its plot a skillfully expanded version of Bradbury's Saturday Evening Post short story of the same title. The plot is simply that of a tremendously ancient prehistoric amphibian, most imposing to view, if sometimes a wee bit stilted in its progress, which is freed from its million-year-old deep freeze by an atom bomb, being tested in the Arctic. The thing advances down the Eastern coast, gaily tromping on an unusually motley assortment of lighthouses, fishing boats, et al till it reaches New York City (the reason being that its ancestors had lived in them thar parts eons ago) where some of the finest crowd scenes of all time take place. The beast is finally subdued, after spreading a virulent disease from a wound inflicted upon it earlier. It dies in an amusement park, an ironic symbol of a forgotten age, thrown into a "world he never made" by the men who eventually brought about his death in a singularly ignominious manner. There are elements of stark terror, of biting pathos, of deep sorrow, in this picture. It is unquestionably recommended to all those who seek more than amateur SF movies.

YOUR OPINIONS OF OUR "STF CINEMA SCENE" WILL INFLUENCE THEIR RE-USE

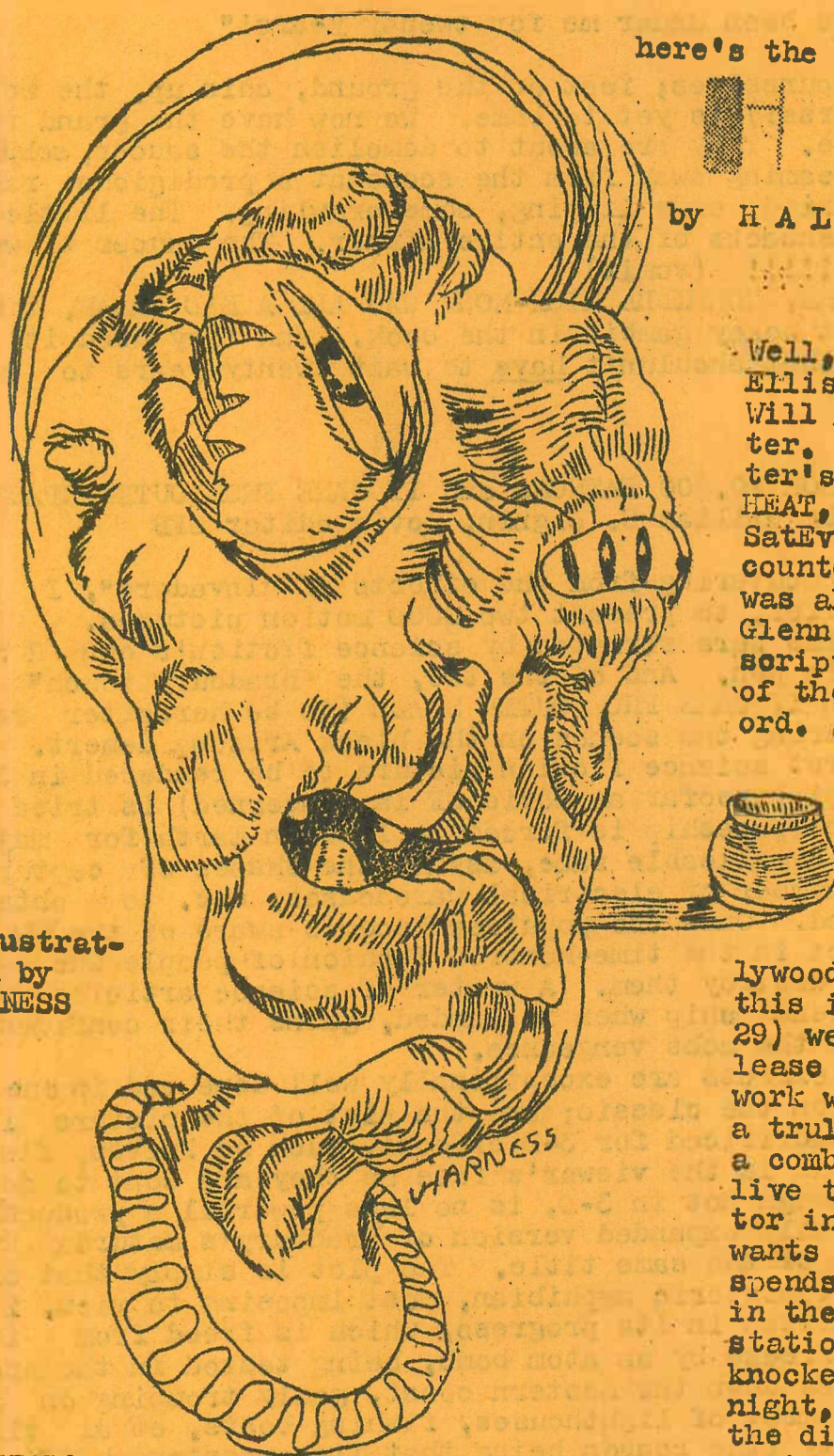
here's the current installment of

HALO

by HAL SHAPIRO, d b

Well, the Halo's back, and Ellison's wearing it. So is Will McGivern for that matter. This popular stf writer's non-stf yarn, THE BIG HEAT, which he sold to the SatEvePost for a check counted with five figures was also sold to Hollywood. Glenn Ford will star. It was scripted in four weeks, one of the fastest jobs on record. Swinging to Hol-

illustration by
HARNES



EDITOR'S PANEL AT THE CHICON:

Q: "And why do you publish an SF magazine, sir?"

A: "Well, I'm in it mainly for the fun, you see."

EDITOR'S NOTE: word came in today that Hal Shapiro was married to Miss Nancy Moore on Monday, July 20, 1953 by fan Darrell C. Richardson. Our scoop, and our heartiest congrats to two nice kids!

lywood's enemy, teevee; as this is being written (March 29) we have an advance release from the DuMont network which brings promise of a truly adult stf show. It's a combination of puppets and live talent. About a janitor in a teevee station who wants to be a director and spends all of his off time in the control room of the station after the crew has knocked off for the day. One night, while playing with the dials, he accidentally contacts the planet Jupiter setting off a series of TV scenes which contrast the way of life on the two planets. The Jupiterians are played by puppets. By the time you read this it may already be on your set. ... The New York Times recently ran an article stating that more energy was expended in

reading a book than it was worth. Something about the information that is gained not being worth the energy expended. I'm skeptical ... This is 1953, the year experts claim the atomic submarine will be launched. ... Looks like Palmer is growing up. The yarn, MYSHKIN, in the April OTHER WORLDS was one of the first he's ever presented which almost deserved its advance publicity. After reading THE THING THAT MADE LOVE, also by Reed, I was sure that MYSHKIN would be another stinking sex-stf plot by David V. Reed. However, I was pleasantly surprised. ... The first Italian 3-D film to be made will star Kirk Douglas. Written by Ben Hecht, who has turned out some excellent fantasy, it has the highly provocative title of ODYSSEY OF ULYSSES. No more info available, I am sorry to report. ... I wonder how many fans will howl at the April 1953 CORONET's article, ROCKET GENIUS WITH BIG IDEAS which lists John Shesta of Reaction Motors, Inc., as "America's foremost rocket expert?" Willy Ley is the idol of most fans in this respect. ... Don Ford is 1953's sponser of a "Bring A Foreign Fan To The Con" drive. This year the victim is Norman Ashfield, English BNF. The campaign will not be as big as WAW WITH THE CREW IN '52, but will have an auction and other events. Full details from Don Ford, 129 Maple Avenue, Sharonville, O. ... The Bachelor's STF Association of the World, dissolved in February, has finally disposed of the money left in its treasury. Same went as a donation to Ford's fund. ... A Harvard Observatory doc claims that, contrary to popular opinion, there is an atmosphere on the moon. Sayeth Dr. Harlow Shapley, the air would not be very "sanitary" to breathe. Seems that it's composed largely of Argon, which comes from radioactive decay of a potassium isotope in rocks brought to the surface by meteor bombardment. ... Science again catches up with stf. A Cornell U. prof has developed a method whereby three dimensional "maps" can be made by radar. It's an adaptation of the usual radar set and incorporated into aerial photography somehow so that the sound waves will build a tri-di picture of the landscape. More fun. ... Then too, some researchers assert that very high sound waves can age whiskey. I don't know what shrill feminine shrieks do to liquor at a cocktail party, but they can curl hair all the way across a crowded room. ... Getting back to Hollywood for a while. Elaine Stewart will play the only female in TAKE THE HIGH GROUND, a dramatization of the training of atomic age soldiers. Understand it will be something like FIVE. ... An article in the March edition of the SCIENCE DIGEST quotes George O. Smith, described as a "radio research engineer," with no reference to his stf writing, as stating that radio communications with other planets in this solar system is a cinch if an FM wave length about an inch long is used. Says Smith, it would take a 7,000 watt transmitter to get to Mars, and 75,000,000 watts to talk to Pluto. ... It's no secret that there are some who are not particularly enamoured of the baby giant, television. It is also true that there are more features about TV which discourage viewers from viewing than there are encouraging same. However, there is one good point about teevee which seems to have been overlooked. Somewhere around LA a 3½-year-old toddled up to the desk in a public library and demanded a card, saying he wanted to read a book. When advised that cards were issued only to persons who could read and write, he promptly passed all qualifying tests. Asked how he had acquired the proficiency at such an early age, he explained that TV reception was so ragged where he lived that he gave it up and took up reading and writing as an antidote. So, it was television which made the child a prodigy, or something. This is also an example of the resourcefulness which has made America great. Here is proof that rugged individualism and the pioneer spirit still blooms among us. If driven to it, the younger generation will read a book. ... That the Army is cool to a

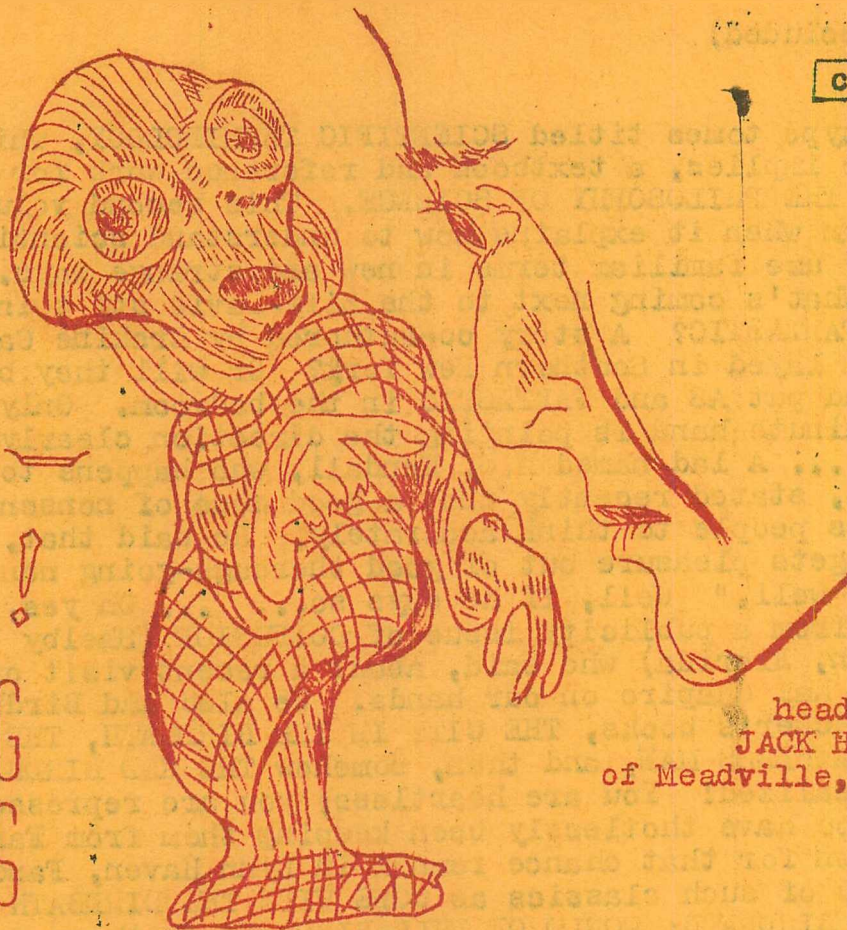
new, highly-vaunted automatic pistol reminds us that not even stf writers have caught up with an old weapon. I am speaking of the Western movie six-shooter which fires 44 times without reloading. ... While it is true that, with progress being progressive, the child of today is not likely to catch many diseases prevalent a couple of decades ago, it is also true that, when Grandfather was a lad, there was no danger of getting the snowsuit snagged in the handle and going up with the over-head garage door. ... Most of you, I am sure, remember when Disney delighted his fans with Dumbo, the flying elephant. Well, the Air Force has gone him one better. A superfort pilot, bringing his plane into a field in Japan sighted, at 500 feet, an unidentified object floating toward them. "It's Superman," and "It's a flying saucer," ran through the ship. But it turned out to be nothing more than a horse. The superfort banked to avoid hitting him and the horse seemed to nod his head and continued on its way. The tail gunner said it was a goat. The pilot called the tower and reported the incident. However, seen from the ground it was apparent that the object was an advertising balloon which had broken loose from its moorings. Unless the Forteanists wish to contradict. ... Getting back to the scientific angle, Percy Wilkins, director of the British Astronomical Association (lunar section), stated, HAMMER ON THE MOON, it isn't a Soviet base. All astronomer Wilkins has done is to draw a topographical map of good old Luna with all the craters, mountains, and valleys he is sure lie out of human sight. His map, incidently, has been published in the journal of the British Interplanetary Society, and he claims that if space pioneers take his map along, they will find it "more or less reliable". I'll believe it when I see it. ... In addition to the armored vests, front line troops in Korea are also being issued bullet-proof shorts. These drawers weigh four pounds and prompt the quip that they are the only things that will now help some GIs explain the lead in their pants. ... In re the yearly stf Cons. They're getting big. Too big. If nothing is done, the hosts of uninformed newcomers at each year's Convention will vote to keep it in the same section of the country and, eventually, there will be two separate fandoms, one East and one West. There is, however, a solution. This was proposed prior to the CinVention in 1949. But it was never brought to a vote. Why not divide this continent into various geographical areas and rotate the Con from area to area as the years pass? Only clubs in one area would be allowed to bid for the con. If no club or city bid for the Con in the year proposed, they would be by-passed, and not get a chance to bid again until regular rotation brought their turn around the next time. I expect to have a concrete plan worked out in time to make the proposal at the Philadelphia Convention this Labor Day. ... THE FIRE GODDESS by Sax Rohmer is impetus to the pun that he should be called "Sex" Rohmer. Damn good plot and writing, but sexual portions are very poorly handled. ... Understand that A NEW KIND OF LOVE, starring Katie Hepburn is an out-and-out fantasy, despite the title. ... And speaking of movies, the U. of Rochester (NY) Medical School has developed tri-dimensional X-ray "motion pictures!" Can't you just see that used in a regular theater on a pic like THE INVISIBLE MAN? I dunno. Personally I'd prefer the accompaniment not so round and the movies not quite so flat. ... And still they come. Meaning, of course, books this writer can't afford. The grandson of Charles (ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES) Darwin, also Charles Darwin, has come out with THE NEXT MILLION YEARS from Doubleday. Anyway, he looks into the future and finds it a gloomy thing indeed. In fact, he doubts that man will last another million years. Speaking for myself, I don't think I will. Bringing up the tail of this short list are two bibli-

ography-type tomes titled SCIENTIFIC TERMINOLOGY, which is just what the title implies, a textbook and reference work for the science student, and THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE. This second volume is better for the layman when it explains how to understand scientists, especially when they use familiar terms in new and strange ways. Both recommended. ... What's coming next to the Ziff-Davis sf twins, AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC? A story co-authored by Erskine Caldwell and Jack Woodford, layed in Southern New York? Or will they bring Shaver back again, and put AS and FANTASTIC in the bedroom. Only time will tell. But the minute hand is pointing the direction clearly, even as this is written. ... A lad named H.G. Kendall, who happens to be a British psychologist, stated recently that a good dose of nonsense every now and then helps people to think accurately. He said that, "The scientist not only gets pleasure out of good thorough-going nonsense; he gets profit as well." Well, if he says so... ... Oh yes, BIRDBATHS. Let me quote from a publicity issue of CONFUSION (Shelby Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Florida) who said, about a recent visit of this writer. "We still had Hal Shapiro on our hands. We also had Birdbaths... We discussed Tucker's books, THE CITY IN THE BIRDBATH, THE CHINESE BIRDBATH, THE BIRDBATHLESS MAN, and then, somehow THE RED BIRDBATH. That was when we realized! You are heartless; you are repressors of little Birdbaths! You have thotlessly been keeping them from Fandom. Why, if it hadn't been for that chance remark in Lynn Haven, Fandom would never have heard of such classics as GONE WITH THE BIRDBATH or THE VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BIRDBATH; WORLD OF NULL-BIRDBATH or those great songs, LOOK FOR THE SILVER BIRDBATH or BIRDBATH'S IS A-COMIN'... and there are literally THOUSANDS of others -- traced even back to Shakespeare, with his other classics such as the Xmas carol, OH, LITTLE BIRD OF BATHLEMAN, the late writer, GEORGE BIRDBATH SHAW. Even Charles Fort might have listed the falling of Birdbaths from the sky. In any event, this column will, each month, list other great Birdbaths of history and modern times. ... Understand that a new guided missile in the US is so fast it can travel three miles before it becomes obsolete. ... Was surprised at the Maryland teacher who, several months ago, encouraged seventh grade boys and girls to play post office. What was even more suprising was the fact that the papers felt it necessary to explain how the game was played! ... Speaking of Charles Fort, which I was a few paragraphs ago I'd like to quote a letter from Poul Anderson, "I remember one story told me by Phil Bronson about a strongly anti-Fortean friend. They were sitting talking when it started to rain. The other guy leaped up, turned around, and cried, 'Quick! Somebody call the Fortean Society! Water is falling from the sky!'" ... TV by magnetic tape is propounded in an article in a recent issue of SCIENCE NEWS LETTER. If all the kinks can be ironed out and this tape comes into general use, I wonder what the effect will be on the tape recording industry. Especially as it applies to fan taperespondents. ... With that item, we draw in the Halo and close another column. See you all next issue with more.

We are subtly convinced we have a new Nostradamus on our hands. I asked Joel Nydahl, editor of VEGA, to take over PREDICTIONS (page 25 this issue) with the hopes he could do a good job, but after re-reading his column I'm flabbergasted. The column was handed in to me in late February and held till now, before any of the things Joel predicted came true. But: the 4 promags he predicted have made their appearance, SPACE STORIES did fold, 7th Fandom did get rolling, and yesterday I got a form letter telling me a fan group is setting up a "rump convention" in Texas at the same time that the Philly group is holding the World Con. Hmmm....he

Jabber- Wocky!

BY GREGG
CALKINS



heading by:
JACK HARNES;
of Meadville, Penna.

CAREFUL, BOYS--THIS IS THE DEEP END!

"United we stand, divided..." Perhaps I should have titled this particular column 'The Salt Lake Story.' Why? Because I'm going to take a little space to tell you some important things about Salt Lake City--and, incidentally, OOPSLA!, and the Utah Science Fiction League.

Some time ago, a group of interested persons got together and formed the Utah Science Fiction League. We held bull sessions, talked about building a rocket and holding a Convention, and generally had a good time. And I published OOPSLA! on a more-or-less (mostly less) regular basis.

That was the 'Old Empire' period of Salt Lake City. Then came the Dark Ages. OOPSLA! became highly irregular and defunct, almost in the same breath. Calkins dropped almost 90% out of fandom, and almost out entirely.

NOTE: since mid-May, Gregg has been in the U.S. Marine Corps, and has stopped all fan activities. But, for the immediate relief of all those who are enamoured of JABBER-WOCKY, we can assure you that Gregg has promised to continue this column no matter what happens.....he

Then, as it comes in all Dark Ages, came the Renaissance. The Utah Science Fiction League came alive and formed a constitution--we got the club really on its feet. The first move of the club was to provide for a club-sponsored magazine, the first issue of which will be out soon. And Calkins, for better or for worse, became reinterested in fandom.

And so I am the bearer of tidings--glad, important, sad or great, you decide on the adjective. The way things now stand, I am the editor of OOPSLA!, still, only OOPS will be a club sponsored zine. The zine

will have no major changes, and probably only a few minor ones, if any. Just remember the sponsorship--we want the name of the USFL to be publicised.

Why? Ah, that's the rub...Ever hear of the West Coast's regional convention? Well, we'd like to hold one. Any comments?

QUOTES OUT OF SOMETHING-OR-OTHER

(Marion Bradley commenting on sex in s-f in a recent THRILLING WONDER STORIES) "I fail to see why I should have to wade through poor science in order to enjoy sex fiction..." (From SPACE DIVERSIONS #4, an illo showing a very naked, very obvious female--and definitely mammalian--in the door of some ship) "He jumped hastily back into the time machine..." (Gm Carr, commenting on Henry Burwell's resignation from fandom) "...resigning from fandom...sounds difficult, like resigning from poliomyelitis." (From SLANT #7, the most earth-shaking statement of the year) "...SLANT will be going frequent...and...the deadline for the next issue is the end of April..."

Huh, first thing you know, we'll have a monthly WONDER STORY ANNUAL, too.

MASH NOTES

(The following is a letter received April 3 from a certain Colorado femme fan whom we shall call "X") Dear Gregg; Here I am again, but I will say this..you are a very impolite fellow. I have asked you very nicely to send OOPS pics ((this reference is to convention photos I took in Chicago and offered for sale in OOPSLA!)) and what happens? You ignore my letters and the money I have sent. I will wait until May first, then I will turn the matter over to the postal authorities to attend to. I believe that a fraud will exist by then...you take my money but you don't send what is supposed to be sent.... This is the last let-

ter I will send you, you have had fair warning of what I intend to do ... Sincerely, X"

What was that remark I made about three paragraphs back that our friend Ellison has cut? About not receiving a threatening letter for such a long time.... Hah. This gal has fire in her eye. (Just kidding, of course. Obviously, from her letter, she is a very sweet kid, with a loving heart and just loads of patience.)

HEADLINERS IN THE MAY ISSUE--

Report On Seventh Fandom by Charles Wells

The Inside Story Of The Harold Shea Novels by Fletcher Pratt

Falcons Of Marabedla (part 1) by Marion Zimmer Bradley

The Sun Shines At Midnight by Charles W. Ryan

The Bill Dignin Art Folio and The Noreen Talasca Poetry Folio --- in several colors!

The Midwestcon Story: 1953 by Norm Browne, Ian MacAuley, Ken Krueger, John Magnus, and he!

A BIG ISSUE? Mmmm, YES, YOU MIGHT SAY THAT. YOU MIGHT SAY FIFTY PAGES...

I shall compose an answer. Dear X; Love and kisses, and thanks for your kind inquiries about the state of my health. I am deeply touched by your evident concern for me. In regards your tender questions about my OOPS and your convention pics, may I offer some slight defense? The negatives for the pictures were out of town until the middle of March, and so could not possibly have been printed until that date. Another issue of OOPSLA! is being assembled, but is not yet printed. However, I shall be glad to send you a

copy of the present unprinted issue by air mail, and it will arrive yesterday. Hoping you are the same... sincerely, Gregg Calkins.

PS-- Sorry I haven't answered any of your magnificent letters, but really, dear, that perfume.....What would my girlfriend say?

THE MAIN SPRING

Subtitle: "This winds this up for now." With which I'll quit, leaving you with only the philosophical-- "Old faneds never die, they just propellor-beanie away." Alas, is there no more originality in the world?
-----GREGG CALKINS

UNCLE AYJAY'S SACKTIME SAGAS — number 1

by algis budrys

TWO STONES WILL KILL A BIRD FASTER THAN ROLLING IT IN MOSS

Once upon a time, there was a man named Harry D. Mauschnee whose life was ruled by two passions, these being, in random order, (A) His girl, Flo Harder, and, (B) His fan magazine, Tale Of Horror. Or maybe I've got those names reversed. I'm not sure, and who cares, really?

Anyway, Harry dated Flo for many years, and, for an equally long time, cranked out issues of TOH during the day. He loved Flo, and he loved TOH. There was nothing else in all the world for him. And it was there that the trouble lay, for he could not choose between them, nor could he truly decide whether he could be a BNF and a married man at the same time.

"If I marry," he would say to himself in the cold morning hours, "Will I ever find time to put out TOH? And, if I ditch Flo into some flowing ditch, thus devoting myself to TOH exclusively, will I not, in so doing, lose the wellspring of inspiration that has kept TOH hot?"

Plagued by this dichotomy, he remained on tenterhooks for years, until his tender problem was solved for him in a startling and unusual manner, and he was finally hooked.

One day, while spinning Flo around the countryside in his maroon '53 Marmon, Harry, in a burst of frenzy and passion, lost control of his vehicle, and the car smashed into a tree, impaling Flo on the steering wheel, and thus excising her stomach entirely.

Flo was rushed to the nearest hospital, where the surgeons immediately saw that nothing could be done. Flo was doomed--unless...

One of the surgeons, a former DuPont employee, seized a coil of neoprene tubing, a vinyl bag that had originally been intended for the preservation of soup greens, and, working at top speed, constructed an artificial stomach and intestines for Flo. Lo! Flo's flaccid face flushed, and life returned to her anguished body.



illo by HARNESS

"Amazing!" the other doctors cried. "Fantastic!" a hanger-on added in a Ziff-Davis voice. "We must keep abreast of this incredible development! Quickly, Jorgenson, you must think of a way in which we can continue to observe the operations of this miracle!"

"Nothing simpler," Jorgenson said. With lightning speed, he ran a forty watt bulb into Flo's stomach, bored a hole for a plug-in cord, added a switch, and then, rather than graft skin over the gaping cavity in Flo, heat welded a plate of glass over her new stomach and, finished, stepped back proudly. "Nothing to it, gentlemen," he said casually. "Whenever you wish to examine the young lady's insides, you have but to turn the light on."

When told of this, Mauschnee's reaction was electric. Rushing to Flo's bedside, he flung himself to his knees. Tears of joy ran down his face. His problem was solved! "Darling Flo!" he cried, "Marry me!

"Be my mimeoscope!"

---A.J. Budrys.

SCIENCE WHILE YOU WAIT

by Garth Bentley



illustration
by

Algis Budas

The scientific hero of the science magazines
Each month works mighty miracles by superhuman
means;

He rises to defend us when all other hopes
have fled;

A hundred thousand formulae he carries in
his head;

And if he needs equations which are undiscovered
yet,

He punches out some new ones on his cybernetic
pet.

When he is faced with awful odds, our hero
does not quit

But finds a brand new element and conquers
all with it!

* * *

A thousand lesser men might spend their life-
times on a chore -

He solves the problem in mere days and bounces
back for more;

And graybeards who have swum in sweat to find a grain of
truth

Are put to shame by our brave boy, though yet a beardless
youth!

With slide rule, test tube and retort, he tackles every task;

He'll build a super Atom-bomb within a two-ounce flask.

Analyses which once took weeks, he'll instantly prepare.

He'll save a gal or save a world with equal savoir faire.

* * *

He'll build a spaceship in a month or shut off gravity
Or else concoct a serum which gives immortality;

And if a planet earns his ire or shows a bit of fight,
He blasts it with a gadget that he whips up overnight!

Perhaps our future may produce such ultra-brainy gents
To save our culture and our earth from threatening events;

But rather, I'm inclined to think, that in these supermen,
The spirit of Paul Bunyan has come up for air again!

WALT KELLY-TYPE POEM THING

by Bill Dignin

I have a funny little friend,

Who's froth 'an' froozly, too,

How far flung beatron is he,

I never wash, do you?

-- b.d.



heading by
RAY GIBSON

READ ANY good BOOKS LATELY?

a column of intelligent book reviews

WORLDS OF TOMORROW edited by August Derleth
(Pellegrini & Cudahy--351 pp.--\$3.95)

reviewed by NOREEN KANE FALASCA

And still they emerge! When you think every story except Richard Shaver's Lemuria series have been anthologized, yet another collection appears. The seemingly inexhaustable Mr. Derleth has come up with a group of what he terms "off-trail" science fiction stories in his latest anthology. There are nineteen stories in all, of which eleven or better than half can claim an A rating. Some of these, however, such as BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! and STRANGE HARVEST were

"Your books, sir."

better left forgotten. However the superior quality of LINE TO TOMORROW, THE MARTIAN AND THE MOROON (inspired by TO WALK THE NIGHT perhaps?) and the little Bradbury chiller THE SMILE, make this one at least worth reading. Editor Derleth has put together a successful "idea" collection after having a few that were listlessly below par in the filled field.

ONCE UPON A STAR by Kendall Foster Crossen (Holt--237pp.--\$2.95)

reviewed by PAUL SCHUPP

At last, to the joy of all those who enjoy good, guffawing belly-laughs, the chronicles of that intersteller insurance agent Manning Draco, who frequents the pages of THRILLING WONDER STORIES, have been recorded for posterity's discerning eye. Dividing his efforts into four segments (The Merakian Miracle, The Regal Rigelian, The Polluxian Pretender and The Caphian Caper), Mr. Crossen has succeeded nobly in putting across an air of insane waggishness. His protagonist, a rake of the old school as regards women (Terran or Martian--complete with head fur--or Arcturian), but a sharp cookie as regards insurance sneakies, is as delightful a personage as science fiction has yet disgorged. And in his often supremely adroit footnotes, Crossen manages to exude and intoxicate you with an air of futuristic abandon. Though the book serves the purpose of momentarily alleviating the problem of where your next buck is coming from, it bears little more thought. It is strictly a n off-trail anaesthetic for your troubles. Can't ask much more, can you?

WINE OF WONDER by Lilith Lorraine (Book Craft--53pp.--\$2.00)

reviewed by BOB SILVERBERG

Lilith Lorraine has been well-known in both science fiction and poetry circles for over twenty years now, editing a top-flight "little" magazine for many years on the one hand and contributing a number of stories to the professional s-f mags on the other. In her latest book,

WINE OF WONDER, she has merged both of these fields and has come up with a collection of her science fiction poetry.

WINE OF WONDER is a rather nice little job of book-making, accenting quality rather than quantity. It contains 77 of her poems, many new but some reprinted from such varied sources as The Arkansas Gazette and Super Science Stories.

There is a lyrical quality about these poems which is absent from much of the so-called "modern" poetry. Miss Lorraine is obviously a believer in the old-fashioned idea that poetry should rhyme and scan, and for this laud plaudits.

Many of these poems of science fiction and fantasy contain complete book-length novels within a few lines; as I read this slim book, I was constantly amazed and even astounded at the richness of Miss Lorraine's images and the power of her concepts, as well as the mechanical soundness of her verse.

The book only contains some sixty pages, and in these days of quantity selling perhaps seems high-priced. It is, however, a strictly limited edition of a work which no doubt will become a primer for science fiction poets to come.

The dust-jacket is just that: an utilitarian wrapper listing nothing but the title, author and publisher. But without benefit of fancy trimmings, WINE OF WONDER stands out as a definitive text of an art practiced often by others, but rarely with as much skill: science fiction poetry.

A DOG'S HEAD by Jean Dutourd (Simon and Schuster--150pp.--\$3.00)

reviewed by HONEY WOOD

Using the theory that brevity is the epitomé of effectiveness, the author of this brilliant satire on life has refrained from utilizing two million words to put across his concepts. And in so doing has richly enhanced the English language with a fantasy as powerful as it is pathetic.

You see, it was the misfortune of Edmond Du Chaillu to be born with a perfectly proportioned and healthy body save for one disturbing discrepancy: he had the head of a spaniel. The annals of his life, and its queer paths due to the way people treat him because of his oddity, makes for as unusual and stimulating a volume as this year has produced. For as Edmond grew older, his Dog's Head forced him to decide whether to go through life as a dog-headed man, or revert to canineity altogether. And with this puzzle confronting him, the author swiftly marries off Edmond and furnishes us with a singularly thought-provoking last line. Here is a book that will make you laugh in spots, and cry in others. It is safe to call it a real "discovery", and wholly enchanting.

THE SPACE MERCHANTS by Frederik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth (Ballantine----179pp.--35¢ paperbound and \$1.50 hardcover)

reviewed by E.J. Burden

If this novel had been written, let us assume, in 1900 or 1902, before the advent of Teddy Roosevelt's "trust-busting" orgies, it would indeed have been an outstanding and logical extrapolation of the current trend, at that time. But, in the possible Worlds of If whose roadways we might have traversed, it has passed its peak of perfection and is not an especially well-developed theme of today's imaginative fiction.

Mitchell Courtenay, Copysmith Star Class, one of the "ruling aristocracy" of the Huckster's Utopia of 2200 AD, finds, through a series of weakly lifeless machinations, that all is not the bed of roses he had conceived it to be. Because of efforts on the part of competitors, Courtenay is thrown out of his soft situation into one on the seamier

side of his civilization. Pohl and Kornbluth have here strung out one idea: that of the advertising cartels taking over, and hung upon that lone concept a series of unoriginal and somewhat pointless incidents.

Instead of developing more staunchly the very skeleton of their culture (such as in one or two places where, for instance, one character tells another that they should meet in the Art Museum, in front of the Maidenform Bra ad displays) and presenting the always fascinating everyday minutiae of such a life, they went roaring off to the Moon and other comparatively uninteresting haunts. A somewhat flaccid job, in all.

THE SUPERNATURAL READER edited by Groff and Lucy Conklin (Lippincott---349pp.--\$3.95)

reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

During the past few years the name "Conklin" has become the trademark for excellent anthologies. While "The Supernatural Reader" explores a new channel--that of the ghost-fantasy story--it is as well-selected and edited as its predecessors in the science fiction field.

Of the twenty-seven stories included, a few have been issued in hard-covers before, notably those by Saki, Sturgeon, Collier, James and Pierce. But others are new and range from guardian angels through ordinary ghosts to startling modern vampires and devils. If you are addicted to the taking of vitamins, it might not be wise to read that little gem, ARE YOU RUN-DOWN? TIRED--; one of the best adaptations of black magic to the machine age which this reader has ever had thrust into willing hands.

An outstanding and anything but hackneyed collection.

THE LEGION OF TIME by Jack Williamson (Fantasy Press--252pp.--\$3.00)

reviewed by NORRIN KANE FALASCA

This book actually consists of two long novelettes, THE LEGION OF TIME and AFTER WORLD'S END, both written by Jack Williamson in the late thirties, revised, and brought up to date. Their chief reason for existence, as far as this reviewer can detect, is to show just how much Mr. Williamson has matured since writing them. In point of fact, it is almost impossible to believe that the writer of these blood-and-blunder space operas could, in a few years, come up with the fine DRAGON'S ISLAND.

For these two yarns are very minor Williamson. Both crammed with incredible dialogue, unbelievable heroics, and pseudo-scientific gee-gaws, they are outstandingly mediocre. THE LEGION OF TIME concerns itself with two possible worlds of the future, one good and one evil. A young man from our time becomes involved in their struggle, the fight of each world to become dominant. Brave men and beautiful women are saved on every other page. The writing is florid and old college cheers pervade the atmosphere. AFTER WORLD'S END is another of the "one man against the universe" series. While LEGION OF TIME may hold your interest, AFTER WORLD'S END never could. Only recommended to died-in-the-war space opera fans, whose jets have been thoroughly stripped.

ICEWORLD by Hal Clement (Gnome Press--216pp.--\$2.50)

reviewed by HARLAN ELLISON

That competent practitioner of the art of alien characterization, a fellow named Clement, has once again come up with a novel innovation in his arm-long list of ET delineations. Though I fear I must rate ICEWORLD

considerably lower than his monumental NEEDLE and far, far beneath the classical MISSION OF GRAVITY (which will, unquestionably, be seen in hard covers shortly), still, his tale of the Sarrian, Sallman Kenn, inhabitant of a planet where his normal breathing habits include a fair proportion of sulfur, has qualities of innovation that cannot be overlooked.

Perhaps this reviewer's outlook is clouded over with visions of the alien's characterization. Undoubtedly it could have been better. And there are spots that would please even Gernsback in this yarn, for the science becomes top-heavy and all-too-obvious. But withawl, the double plots of the alien narcotics smugglers trading gold and platinum for nothing less than "tofacod" on the, to them, freezing planet of Earth, and the subtly interwoven story of Wing and his family, and their relations, sprightly as they are, with the inhabitants of the planet of Sarr, make for unusual reading, if not completely satisfying. Tempraments.....

MODERN SCIENCE FICTION: Its Meaning And Its Future edited by Reginald Bretnor (Coward-McCann--294pp.--\$3.75)

reviewed by E.J. BURDEN

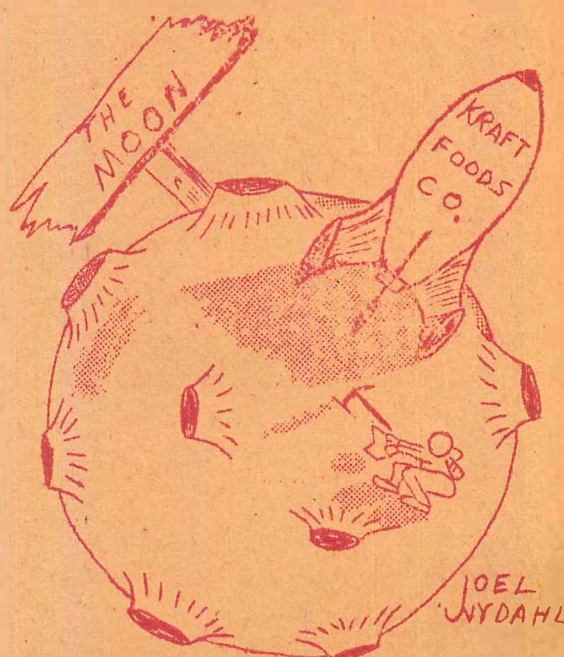
Even in the field of imaginative fiction, there are "off-trails" to be explored, and it has fallen to Coward-McCann to present the first real symposium on the genre, with the definitions and explanations of what SF is by leading writers and editors in the field itself.

And, being all writers or editors, each has his or her own axe to grind, and are sold, sometimes too much so, on the fact that the new imaginative fiction is the end-all of fiction itself. Since we have, so say Messrs. Campbell, Asimov, and Bretnor, shot our wad in the line of naturalistic writing, as typified by Zola, the only possible path to be followed is that of the unfettered imagination. To this I can only say, "Rubbish!"

Admitted, in the last few years, the bulk of our literary giants in the field of naturalistic writing have been "roaring and roaring" over the same barren ground, trying to draw forth some original substance, even so, it is sheer folly to state that all other forms of literature will come to a dead end, completely degenerate, and leave the door wide open for the science fictionist.

Philip Wylie, one of the few legitimate literaries, points out that though the stf writer bears an accurate sense of the scientific aspects of his tale, he fails completely in adult characterizations and therein lies the reason for his wordlessness as a writer of true literature.

The remainder of the contributors--all seven of them--appeared to know whereof they spoke, and though somewhat exuberant in their efforts to propound their Cause, gave an overall effect that science fiction writing gives us the realization of fantasy which we all, at various times, share.



"GOOD HEAVENS! THIS WILL PUT US OUT OF BUSINESS...."

THE CONTINENT MAKERS and other tales by L. Sprague de Camp (Twayne-272pp.--\$2.95)

Those who have been reading Astounding for the past few years are already well-acquainted with that zany future presided over by "Viagens Interplanetarias", the parentalistic travel agency and civilizing organization ruling (whether they will or no) the planets of the galaxy under the dominion of a Brazilian-ruled Terra.

This collection does not include the novels of that series, such as THE HAND OF ZEI, and is the weaker for that omission, since de Camp is decidedly better in the novelette or full-length novel. There is a certain sameness of level to these stories--they lack that tongue-in-the-cheek satire-cum-action which enlighten the longer tales. Adequate but not as brilliant as the master of supposititious folk lore can be at his best.

(preceding review by ANDRE NORTON)

SENTINELS FROM SPACE by Eric Frank Russell (Bourey & Curl--256pp--\$2.75)
reviewed by THURMON GARSTON

Picture a humanity twisted by years of exposure to cosmic radiation till it has specialized itself into distinct mutated types. Picture a n interplanetary battle being waged silently between Floaters, Pyrotics... Teleports, Hypnos...dozens of others, each capable of one weird idiosyncrasy that puts them above feeble Man with his limited power, and David Raven, a protagonist of the most dashing sort. Add to that portrait a subtle shade of something else...

If you've pictured that you've laid the same groundwork the greatest science fiction writer of our day has laid in plotting his finest novel. Russell, the master that produced SINISTER BARRIER and DREADFUL SANCTUARY, has here added a third to his unrelated series of "alien watchers"--and in it brought to a sparkling acme his multitudinous writing talents.

FLYING SAUCERS by Donald H. Menzel (Harvard U. Press--319pp.--\$4.75)
reviewed by E.J. Burden

Dr. Menzel has put forth a most erudite work on mirages, refraction, and all natural phenomena. This book would be most interesting, were it not so repetitious; however, as it stands, it is highly informative, and to the student a valuable source of knowledge, since it presents the other side of the oft-told "saucer story".

But as to explaining the "saucers" I am sorry I cannot accept Dr. Menzel's glib answers which appear to this reviewer as a series of "ifs."

If the air was just so cold, and if the observer was standing just right, and if the formation of the terrain was just so, and if there was a car travelling on just a certain road, and if there was a certain amount of moisture, and if the angle of his lights was precise, then we might have a mirage and see a flying saucer.

I repeat that I am sorry I cannot agree with Dr. Menzel.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, Second Series edited by Anthony Boucher and J. Francis McComas (Little, Brown--270pp.--\$3.00)
reviewed by HARLAN ELLISON

Flatly, here is the best of the bestest. Boucher and McComas have done science fiction many services in their three year stint at the helm of the most literate prozine in the field. But none greater than introducing to those who missed last year's volume, who have not been indoctrinated with stf, the second tome of high-grade science fantasy.

Of the tales herein included, I can find only five of the eighteen,

frankly, which I consider poor. And even those are of such a marked and superior high quality, that it is pointless to name them. You will be, I'm certain, as pleased with the tales of John the ballad-singer in THE DESRICK ON YANDRO by Wellman, of that loathesome simian in JIZZLE by John Wyndham, by the horrible woman of HOLE IN THE MOON by Idris S. eabright, and all the other wonderful, thrilling, fascinating, and often terrifying characters running loose in this magnificent volume. Get it.

CHILDREN OF WONDER edited by William Tenn (Simon & Schuster--336pp.--\$3)
reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

A collection of twenty-one stories concerning children either possessing unusual powers or of the future--mostly demon children at that. This is strictly a selection for adult reading--nothing juvenile about the book--most of it strong meat.

Mr. Tenn leads off with a thought-provoking introduction dealing with children and imagination, that should be required reading for the majority of adults. He then swings into seven divisions of stories:

"Wild Talents" (modern children of superhuman talents), "The Child Possessed" (children hostile to the adult world and doing something about it), "The Stuff Of Dreams" (the awful power of juvenile imagination), "Terror In The Nursery" (demoniac children), "Alien Brothers" (children of non-human races), "Little Superman", "What Now?" (children of homo superior), and "In Times To Come" (children of the future).

The prevailing mood of the book is a dark and pessimistic one. Most of these brats are frankly horrifying creatures. For he includes such spine-curlers as THE WORDS OF GURU, BORN OF MAN AND WOMAN, and THE IDOL OF THE FLIES. Frankly, this should not be put into the hands of a babysitter to read on the job--he or she would flee screaming from the house. Mr. Tenn's reaction to children seems to approach that held by Ray Bradbury when he produced THE VELDT. Not in any way a "nice" book, but one you can't put down until finished.

THE DEMOLISHED MAN by Alfred Bester (Shasta--250pp.--\$3.00)
reviewed by HARLAN ELLISON

The possibilities of Extra-Sensory Perception, and, more specifically, mind-reading, have been the topic for numerous works of various literary standing, and, it was pretty much decided, the subject had been worked and re-worked till it was akin to an Artesian Well on the Sahara. h...that was until Alfred Bester, a most perspicacious writer by any standards, came up with his yarn of Ben Reich, Lincoln Powell, and the entire rest of a weird conglomeration of exotically fascinating characters in the most daring science-mystery-fiction story of this or any other year. In a period of 365 days marked by outstanding work from all corners of the stf field, THE DEMOLISHED MAN stands forth as the best. There is little doubt but that this will become one of the standard volumes of the science fiction library of even the most neophyte of fans. It has, in the short time since its appearance, caused such a tremor, that it seems safe to compare its importance favorably with that of Doc Smith's Lensman series and van Vogt's SLAN, both cornerstones of any stf library. Even the re-writing which deleted the corruption of personal names and tightens the plotting immeasurably can serve to alter the fact that this story, with its continually twisting plot (and sub-plot) ((and sub-sub-plot)) is as big a value as you'll ever get for your three bucks. To be blunt, and I use the words of Esper Powell, "Rebus, anyone?" In short, the book is so fraught with social significance, and such a puzzle...yet wholly entertaining...you are a talking peeper if you don't snag onto a copy soon.

WEST OF THE SUN by Edgar Pangborn (Doubleday--219pp.--\$2.75)

reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

Five intergalactic explorers, three men and two women, are shipwrecked on an earth-type planet eleven years' travel from Terra. They name the new world "Lucifer" and the planet proceeds to live up to that morally ambiguous name. Two native races, the placid friendly white giants who prefer solitude, and the pugnacious red pygmies who live by a strict matriarchal system, inhabit the forests and plains. The Terrans, against their will, are drawn into a vicious pygmy war and their final escape must mean also a complete withdrawal. How this withdrawal affects the explorers themselves, as well as the natives of both types who accompany them into voluntary exile, is the main theme of the book.

The battle scenes, the epic retreat of the conquered pygmy nation, the final showdown between one way of life and another, are vividly and realistically described. Where Pangborn fails is in his inability to decide just what type of a book he is writing. His action is overlaid with moralizing, and both the action and the "message" suffer by the improper mixture. The end of the book is especially weak in this respect.

However, he has created an exciting picture of an alien world and the first two-thirds of the book leave the reader breathless with sheer excitement. If the desire to preach brotherly love (which has its place, but not served up in such large, cold slabs) had been curbed or handled with more subtlety, this would have been one of the big novels of the year. Incidentally, it is the April choice of the new SF Book Club.

NO PLACE LIKE EARTH edited by John Carnell (Boardman & Son, Ltd., London, England--255pp.--10 shillings 6 pence)

reviewed by E.J. Burden

Another anthology, this one from across the ocean, and significant, as far as this reviewer can tell, in but one respect: the stories, all top-flight, are by English authors. However, if you were expecting dry and staid pondrosity, typical of much British work, you did not contend with the fact that each of these practitioners of the fine art of stf-ity has been writing for the American public long enough that they have adjusted to a more pleasing tempo. Accelerated is the verb, I believe.

The anthology is edited by John Carnell, editor of England's fine NEW WORLDS magazine, and contains ten stories, following no specific idea pattern, as has been the recent trend. Many of them have been published in American magazines, either original or reprint.

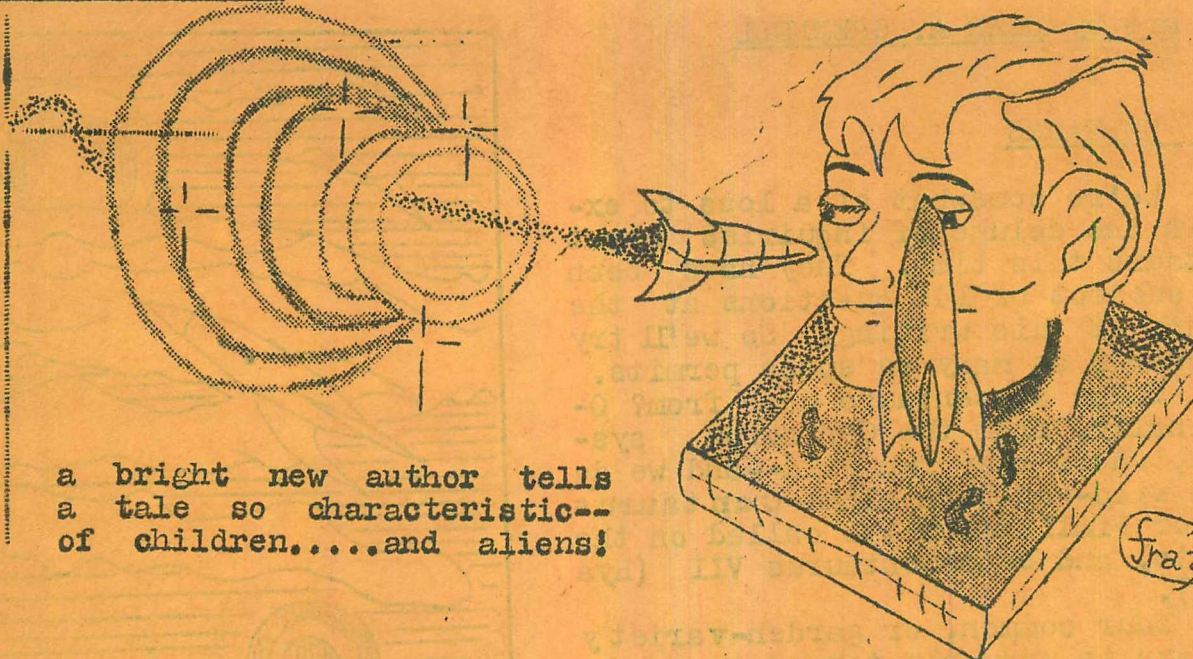
Such top-drawer authors as Arthur Clarke, John Wyndham, Peter Phillips, J.T. McIntosh, John Christopher and John Beynon range their tales in a sufficiently pleasing buffet, dealing with such varied topics as the last people alive in THE TWO SHADOWS by William F. Temple, problem-solving vegetation in CHEMICAL PLANT by Ian Williamson and cast away in time as well as space in the story CASTAWAY by George Whitley.

A pleasing anthology, but nothing to do nip-ups over, methinks.

RING AROUND THE SUN by Clifford D. Simak (Simon & Schuster--242pp--\$2.75)

reviewed by THURMON GARSTON

It is annoying to think that a man of the genius-calibre of Simak, turning out as below-par a novel as this. RING is decidedly persiflage. The concept of multiple worlds, each one just a "toy top's spin" away is not a new one, but you'd think that with Simak's talent there would be a twist or two introduced. Unfortunately, the chronicle of Jay Vickers, a singularly poor delineated character, by the way, prompts little but yawns.



a bright new author tells
a tale so characteristic--
of children.....and aliens!

BILL DONNELLY'S

P L A Y T I M E

illustration by Michael Frazier

THE ROCKET SHIP LAY ON its side in the sand box. A few of the members of the crew, repulsive slug-like creatures, were analysing the mineral content of the sand. They were completely unprepared.

The children came running around the corner of the house. They stopped when they saw the sleek, silver rocket in the sand box. They held a noisy council. Finally one approached the box. "Hey," he said, his voice muted with awe, "there's a bunch of little worms in there." The others came and looked.

The crew of the rocket did not detect their coming.

"What'll we do with them?" asked one. "Kill them!" the others chorused. They connected the garden hose, and brought the nozzle as close as they dared. The water, of course, killed the aliens.

The children scooped up the dead creatures with a rusty sand shovel and gave them an ignominious burial in a garbage can. The rocket ship followed soon; it had been the subject of a brief debate as to ownership, the loser of which had accidentally smashed it with a stone. Its delicate workings mixed shortly thereafter with potato peelings and stale beans.

The children soon abandoned the sand box; they had found a robin's nest full of delicate blue eggs with which to play.

art by DEAN A. GRENNEILL

RE: CENTAURS

We're somewhat at a loss to explain the deluge of inquiries about centaurs this time. They have been the subject of 146 questions at the moment of this writing. So we'll try to answer as many as space permits.

Where do centaurs come from? Originally, from the Centaurus systems, where they run wild--and we do mean wild--on both alpha-Centaurus IV, or Pimlikko as its called on the charts, and beta-Centaurus VII (Hya Leeh).

Your common, or garden-variety centaur is properly termed an alpha centaur and comes from Pimlikko. These have a human format to about the gluteus medius and are definitely equine from their back to the fetlock. First recorded mention of them is in the poems of the Gigantomachia by Pergamus. They are also mentioned by Pindar and Homer. But a drawing of a centaur, as we know it today, was used by the Phoenicians to denote the constellation Sagittarius as early as the 11th century, B.C.

An old Pompeian painting shows the centaur Chiron with cloven hoofs although most authorities agree that the alpha-centaur belongs to that branch of the ungulates whose hooves are not bifurcated. Probably it was not drawn from life and the artist added this detail in the belief that there was some connection between the centaur and the satyr. Since satyrs are half-goat (usually the bottom half), their hooves are cloven.

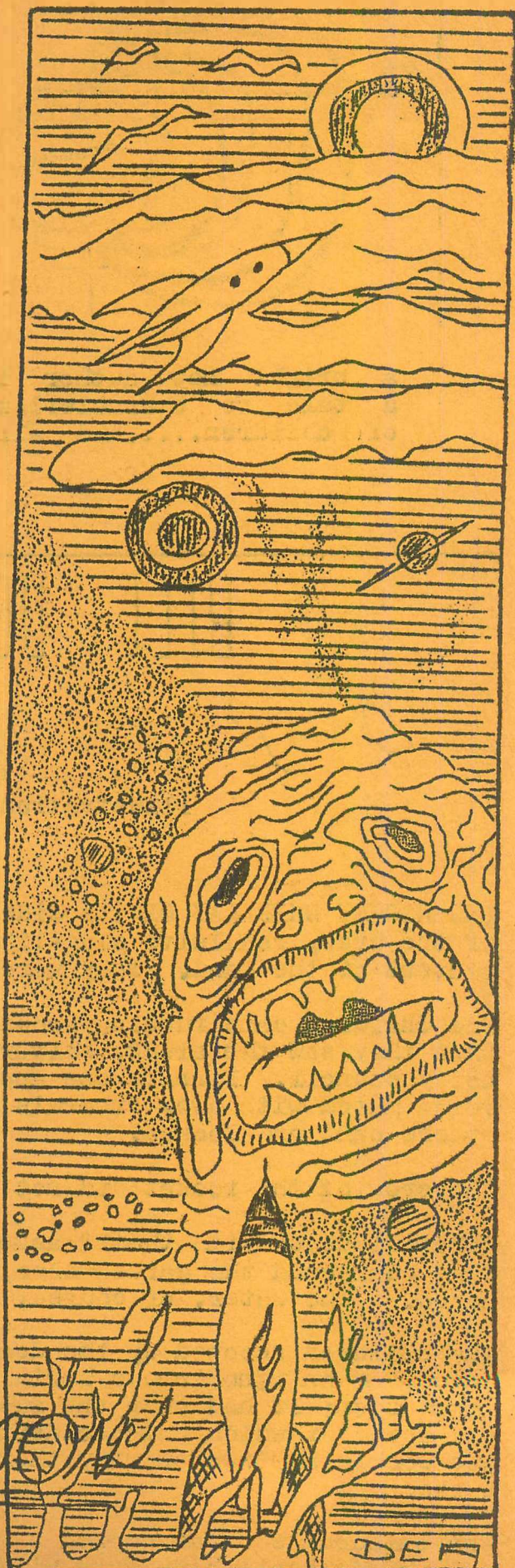
FOR YOUR

INSUBORDINATION

a column of spurious reconditeness

by

JOHNNY LEI



heading by Margaret Dominick

A word of reassurance to Miss B.P.T. of Muskegon--No, the female of the species no longer follows the Cretan-Balinese custom as regards to pectoral habiliments. We understand that both Jantzen and Cole of California have teams of engineers on Pimlikko designing swim-suits for centaurs. No small task, that.

Mrs. W.A. Pholus, Louisville, Ky.: Suggest you try putting chlorophyllin in your husband's oats or else persuade him to mingle with a horsey set where it won't be so noticeable. Sorry---we can't mention the title of your forthcoming book here, but we're definitely going to get a copy!

Mr. D.W.B. of Minneapolis: No, you should definitely build a stable---and in your locale, you should provide for heating. Neither of the places you suggest would be suitable. They are notoriously hard to housebreak and the special plumbing would ruin you financially. But let us know how you come out, eh?

Tourists are cautioned against visiting Pimlikko during the period of special activity on the part of the natives. Exact reasons cannot be given here, but your travel-agent will be glad to explain; or see THE ANIMAL CRACKER PLOT by L. Sprague de Camp (ASF July '49, p. 67-84).

The other type of centaur is very rarely seen here--only four specimens being listed in the 1953 Horse-Breeder's Gazette. This is largely due to the freakish twist of the space-warp which prevents operation of the Terra-Hya Lee h matter transmitter except during the neap cycle of Whitsuntide. Besides, there is a rigidly-enforced immigration quota.

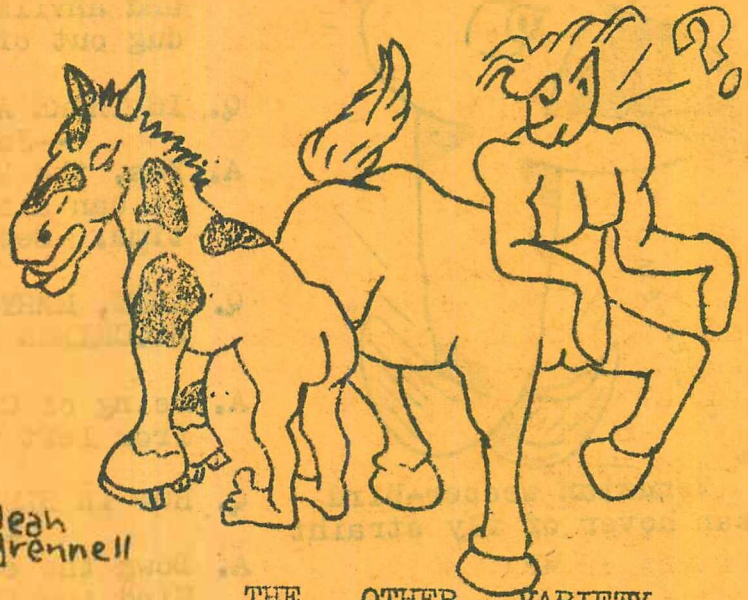
The Beta-Centaur is the precise reverse of the Alpha, as described previously. They have a conventional horse's head, forelegs and thorax (usually piebald or pinto) coupled to a human-type transmission and landing-gear. The nether extremity is excaudate and hairless. In the free state, they favor a warm temperate to tropical climate.

The only mention of the beta-centaur is to be found in Vedic mythology as the Kinnara--a class of spirits who were followers of Kubera, as were the Kimpurusha (the Hindu term for the alpha-centaur). The Kinnara, however, were not true beta-centaurs as we know them today, but had a man's complete body with a horse's head. This gave them the appearance of a strolling Shakespearian player made-up to play Bottom in Midsummer Night's Dream--only more horsey than assey, if you know what we mean.

Chief employment of beta-centaurs today is in the alcoholic wards of mental institutions as a last resort. When other treatments fail, a beta centaur is sent in to canter around the patient's bed for a few fast laps. This either the alcoholic to foreswear the stuff for all time, or drives him into an advanced case of schizoid plutomania with a side-order of dementia praecox, which then responds readily to the conventional course of Anaxia treatments.

For further data, see page 15 of the June-July AMAZING STORIES and WILD HALF-ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN by Robert Bloch.

And now to the rest of the questions:



THE OTHER VARIETY

Q. CAN YOU GIVE ME THE LAST WORDS OF SEAN O'GRONNELL, THE IRISH PATRIOT?

--Alex Magruder, Ft. Stockton, Texas.
A. O'Gronnell, who was hanged for his part in the Easter Rebellion, addressed his last words to his executioner, a Mr. Snedric Poule of Lower Epiglottis-On-The-Borborygmous, Cornwall. They were, "Bad Cess to you, Mister Poule!"

Q. DOES THE SPEARMINT REALLY LOSE ITS FLAVOR ON THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT?

--Joel Nydahl, Marquette, Michigan
A. Not if previously dipped in varnish, cut half-and-half with fish-gue.

Q. CARE TO JOIN ME IN A SHORT BEER?

--Wayne McAlpin, Corinth, Miss.
A. Mercy no--can't swim!

Q. WHAT IS SULPHONIC ALDEHYDE OF MOLYBDENUM AND WHERE DO THEY GET THE STUFF?

--Roderic O'Glonski, Woolworth 5, Tenn.
A. Sulphonic aldehyde of molybdenum (called "SAM" for short) is a very non-frangible substance with which they face the hammers and anvils used in smashing atoms. It is dug out of SAM mines.

Q. IS THERE ANY BIRD WHICH CAN FLY STRAIGHT UP?

--James T. Wells, Mendota, Illinois.
A. Yes, the Venusian Weeber has this ability. It can also hover for extended periods of time. See illustration to left.

Q. MARY, MARY, QUITE BINARY, HOW DO YOUR STOCKINGS RUN?

--Melvin Goombah, NYC, NY
A. Being of Chinese descent, my stockings run from left to right.

Q. HOW IN BLUE TUNNET DO I GET OUT OF HERE?

--Robert Bloch, Milwaukie, Oregon
A. Down the corridor, third door to your left. Mind the first step though--it's 32 stories with a surprise ending.

Q. HOW DO YOU GO ABOUT WRITING THIS COLUMN?

--Morbid Lee Curious, Lima, O.
A. Reluctantly.

Q. IF THERE ARE THREE IN SEVEN, THEN WHYFOR ART THOU? ROMEO?

--Dick Clarkson, Yale University
A. Unicycles, since lung-fish have no sleeves. How brown thou frown, stout lout!

Q. HOW MANY EGGS DOES A FLOUNDER PRODUCE AT ONE TIME?

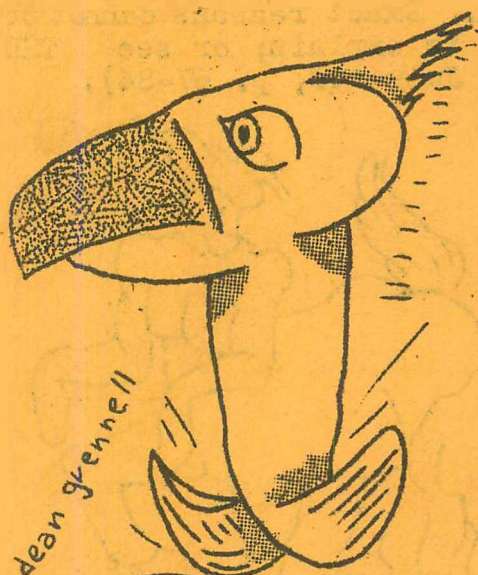
--Norman G. Browne, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada
A. That depends on the gender of the flounder.

Q. WHAT DOES MARILYN MONROE WEAR TO BED?

--J. DiMaggio, NYC, NY
A. Chanel #5.

Q. WHAT DOES DICED CREAM TASTE LIKE?

--Bill Dignin, Cleveland, 12, Ohio.
A. Never tried it, but I understand it's sort of like cold frottle d greaps, only more so.



Venusian Weeber-bird
can hover or fly straight
up

Q. WHY IS IS?

A. Due to the whichness of the why.

--Bill Dignin, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

Q. GJURMKI SDEGRT JGU?

A. Mortu kepi, ertok flage! (Especially on Wednesdays.)

--Bill Dignin, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

Q. WHAT WILL BE THE OVERALL EFFECT OF SCIENCE FICTION PLUS UPON FANDOM AS A GROUP?

--Grugo Cornshock, NYC.

A. Soporific.

Q. DO YOU THINK LUCKY STRIKE GREEN WILL EVER GET BACK FROM THE WAR?

--Arthur Gadfly, % Colbee's Restaurant, NYC

A. Careful, chum--that question dates you! No it doesn't seem likely. But here's hoping Lucky Strike White never has to go!

Q. WHAT IS ECTOPLASM?

--Kudzu Okepui, Hokkaido, Japan.

A. Ectoplasm is 60% gray neutral spirits. See illustration to right.

Q. DO YOU MIND IF I SMOKE?

--Georgi Malenkov, Kremlin, Moscow.

A. Frankly--we don't care if you burn!

Q. DO YOU EVER THINK WE'LL MEET THOMAS C. PACE?

--"Anxious", no address given.

A. See page 162, this issue.



ECTOPLASM ON THE HOOF

Q. WILL YOU SETTLE A BET FOR US? MY FRIEND SAYS I'M CRAZY AND I SAY HE'S CRAZY. WHO WINS?

--Napoleon Bonaparte & Julius Ceaser, Bellevue.

A. This is obviously a matter for an alienist. But I'll be glad to hold stakes.

Q. HOW LARGE IS THE UNIVERSE?

--Harlan Ellison, Esseffbee, Ohio.

A. First issue ran 128 pages, not counting the covers.

Q. HOW DO YOU SPELL "ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANISM?"

--Harl Eller, Cleveland, Ohio.

A. I avoids it--try "cranky".....

Q. IF I WENT BACK IN TIME AND KILLED MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THE SALES OF HALIBUT IN SWEDEN?

--Milton Mishigina, Upper Fleshpot, Tasmania.

A. A positive answer is difficult, however, I believe it would throw the market into a panic, forcing King Gustav to sweden the kitty, just for the ahlbut, of course....besides, what did the old boy ever do to you?

EDITORIAL NOTATION: Dr. Lei, well-known Hawaiiin-born rocket expert and authority on safe-cracking and advanced herpatology at Poupon U., West Poupon, Wisconsin, is direly in need of your questions. Please send as many as you choose (on any s-f or related subject), though only five to a postcard, please, to: SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN, Harlan Ellison; editor, 12701 Shaker Blvd., Apt. #616, Cleveland 20, Ohio and we will forward them to Dean A. Grennell, who is, as you know, Johnny Lei. Do it! ...ba

AND EDITORS? WELL....!



BY LESTER DEL REY

OVER TEN YEARS AGO, JOHN W. Campbell summed it all up better than I can. "Science fiction readers," he told me with a grin that made it seem a joke, "are somewhat tetchéd. Science fiction writers are obviously crazy. And science fiction editors? Well....!"

At that time, he'd already taught me a lot of things writers usually spend years learning. I considered him then--and still do consider him--the greatest editor in the specialized magazine field. But how was I supposed to know that he had just uttered his most profound observation on life? So instead of going home and engraving the last few words on my brow, I smiled and simply added it to the list of clever quips.

Ah well, I'm an older and a sadder man, gentlemen. I now take my fingers in hand--each with its private cane, of course--shove aside the tear-stained beard of fading white, and do penance make hereby unto the passive bosom of ye faithfulle Groma typewriter. An' by gum, if this ain't the arteekle I was a-goin' to write, it's all in the developments, b'ys.

To come to the point, or somewhere near it (sounds of heralds tootling tootlepipes, 130 decibels) as slowly as I can, I now rise and trip over my beard to request: Friends, Nomans, and Ackermann, lend me your ears! (Take six ears, braise well, add chopped--woops!) Aw, hell, boys, you probably know by now that I've finally taken Campbell's advice to heart, and that I'm not a science fiction editor any more. In fact, some of you wrote me to tell me so quite a while ago, but we won't go into that. Anyhow, it's official now. I never heard what ex-science-fiction editors were--though you can guess from the above--but I'm it.

artwork by algis budrys

Now, looking back on it from a neutral corner, I can say with the little boy who fell into the cement mixer--it was an experience! And one not without its enviable peaks, too, I might add. Can you name one other editor who ever edited more magazines that never appeared? Can you name one who edited so many magazines that came out monthly every three months? Or one who had simultaneously so many different names under which he edited?

And in all seriousness, I suspect I learned more in the past fifteen months than in any other five years in science fiction.

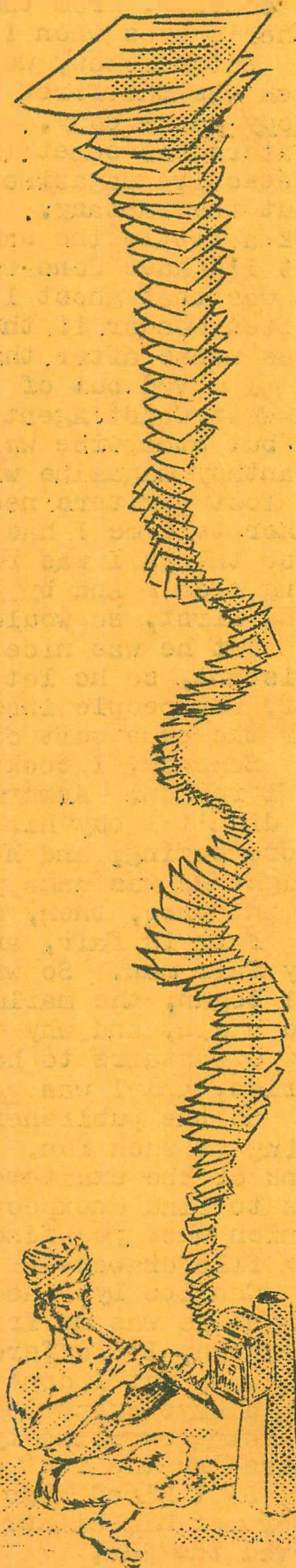
The whole affair was an accident. I dropped up to see a brand new publisher to sell him the outline of a story (which was sold to him, incidentally, before I became editor; thus explaining why "Pursuit" was in the first issue of SPACE). I found him completely snowed-under in manuscript, and with no experience in either the science fiction field or even the straight fiction magazine field. So I wasted a day trying to tell him what a good science fiction story is, as best such a thing can be told. The result was that I suddenly found myself in the middle as editor.

Simple enough--a part-time job, no trouble at all. Have fun, make money, be an editor. All of a sudden, look at all the friends who secretly loved me all along. Why, doggone it, some even went to the trouble of digging up stories they'd never been willing to show generally; but to a man of my discerning taste...! And just because there were about six hundred manuscripts on my desk when I first went there, I'd read their story at once, wouldn't I? You know, be a pity to have it get lost among all those others...

As I said, it was an experience. Forrest J. Ackerman scripts arrived at my previous personal address. The next twenty came to the office, along with a note wondering why I wasn't at the address, where I didn't live, and telling me I was forgiven. People are so nice to editors (for a time). And then came the deluge. Ackerman scripts to the right, to the left, airmail, special delivery--even from other editors who told me they'd been instructed to pass 'em on, and would I please send over the truck. That man had more manuscripts...! It's educational, just to find how many people write science fiction; if a tenth of them would read it, the magazines would get rich!

It's also educational seeing the history of writing reflected in some of them. The papyrus, the velum, that beautiful illumination. There was one I wanted to keep; probably a fine science fiction story, but I guess it must have been in upper Martian. It began with something about "Omnia gallia in tres partes divisa est," and had a signature that looked something like Jules Geezer.

The publisher took a look at what we called our West Coast Agent Table and remarked that the



supply obviously exceeded demand, and why was I kidding him that we had to pay so much for scripts? I tried to explain things, suggesting he read some of them, while I frantically hunted out and concealed the accompanying letter that told me any price I wanted to pay was o k a y. But somehow, from then on, there was always a bitter look in the publisher's eyes when I suggested premium prices (as we defined them).

But somehow, we got out a magazine. Then we got together another, which was the first issue of ROCKET STORIES. That's so rare now that nobody has a copy. I suppose the fact that we never sent it to the printers has something to do with its rarity. We decided to bring out a detective magazine and a fantasy magazine, instead. Ackerman heard about the fantasy. I guess he misread it. After all, frenesy might look a little the same. So I got frenetic submissions. I don't know what I'd have done without those little jokes he threw in by himself. Who was that ghost I seen you with? That was no ghost, that was alive! I often wonder if the others were as good, but somehow I was out sick three weeks after that, and in no mood for such levity when I returned.

I moved out of the little editorial room I had, and we labelled it the West Coast Agent Annex. Never did get the detective magazine made up, but otherwise working in the hall wasn't too bad. We put together a fantasy magazine with almost no trouble, except when the manuscripts got lost (writers need more typing practice, anyhow), or when the publisher told me I had a great magazine there, but why didn't I take out those things I was running over the fillers and replace them with something else. And by the way, he'd decided to do SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES first, so would I bring it in tomorrow?

But he was nice about it. I'd been complaining that I needed an assistant, so he let me hire Philip St. John. I never met the man, myself, but people insist he looks just like me, so I figured he could wear the same suit of armor I wore when the mailman came.

Somehow, I took time off to go to the Convention. It was worth it, I reckon. Ackerman met me and told me he still loved me, though why didn't I buy his manuscripts? I tried to tell him I had to read before buying, and he looked shocked and annoyed. For a second, I thought he was unhappy. But finally he nodded, and suggested I read them at once, then, since he had sent them in before anyone else.

Fair is fair, and anyone who's seen Ackerman knows that he's a very fair man. So what could I do? I started reading them. But just as I began, the mailman came stomping in to announce that it had happened again, and why the heck didn't I do something, and would I get a crew downstairs to haul 'em up? I guessed at once who'd sent me more stories, and I was so right.

So the publisher decided we'd better get new and larger quarters. Moving is such fun. Always full of such delightful surprises. Just think of the excitement of lifting a box of returned Photo Arts magazines to find unexpected manuscripts under it! Or think of the joyful reunion when you find the manuscripts you had mailed back turning up in a file drawer---

Charles Dye was hired to bring out ROCKET STORIES. I always thought he was my friend, too--but he up and quit after only a month. Of course, I'd offered him a chance to look over our West Coast Agency Building, but I don't really think that had anything to do with it. I've always suspected him of being chicken, and his turning to a soft job doing overtime typing a mere twenty hours a day can't be entirely excused by the fact that he'd sprained his back!

So I hired Wade Kaempfer to help me edit ROCKET--and oddly, I've never met him either. But I'm assured he looks just like me, so he deserved the job.

SPACE and SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES had gone monthly, of course,

so I bought serials for them. The Post Office took a very snide attitude, I've always thought, in wondering why we brought out a monthly magazine every eight or nine weeks. Obviously, they don't understand publishing. My publisher made it all very plain to me...something about instilling confidence in readers...at least it had something to do with selling more copies by printing less...or--oh, darn it, I never was good at this stuff. Go ask Sam Mines.

Anyhow, I drafted my wife and a good friend named Algis Budrys to help, and we got out the Ackerman manuscripts. We had to, since it began to look as if he'd changed his mind about moving East and didn't want to use the West Coast Agency Development we'd talked the city into building for the surplus. I understand that the price of paper went up after I bought enough envelopes to carry the scripts. Which reminds me that I've got to check up on what caused the envelope shortage out west, anyhow.

The rumors that my wife left me are untrue. It's true that Budrys gave up editing immediately afterwards, but she came back the third time, too, after I promised never to mention a certain name again.

Still, I wasn't sore at anyone. I wrote a nice accompanying letter to prove it. I explained that I found at least one promising script for each 25 in the slush, and an even better percentage from other agents; it wasn't prejudice, but simply time, that would make it impossible for me to read another few million words without finding anything to interest me. I realized it was nice of him to send me a novelette that had previously been submitted by another agent in full book length, but I unfortunately got horribly confused by the situation, and anyhow, it hadn't saved me time--as I'm sure he meant. I even said it wasn't a case of closing the market to him--just that I couldn't read everything personally, and so on. I told him my opinion of running reprints as originals, even if the readers might not know it, in spite of his kind suggestion.

Unfortunately, I never heard from him directly again. (Aside to other editors: The secret is for sale, but only to the highest bidder!) But after a few more weeks of reading about how he was going to bring pressure to bear (I always thought bear-pressing was an almost forgotten sport; last man I know who tried hugging a bear wound up as a man-skin rug), I saw by the FANTASY-TIMES that he'd gotten the scripts back. Somebody called Mr. Science Fiction wrote it up. I hope that part of the column was true, at least.

My publisher wanted to sue, for a time, after hearing from a number of sources that a West Coast Agent was circulating rumors that we didn't pay. But this all cleared up. I knew it couldn't be Ackerman, since he'd still be busy sorting mail. Anyhow, if it were, the rumors would be true to the best of his knowledge. We'd never paid him. I suppose that was because we didn't buy anything from him, but one has to be fair about things.

Well, things quieted down then. There was almost nothing to do. There were only four magazines coming out, two in the works, and three others being discussed and prepared. Ziff-Davis didn't like our using the word "Fantasy", which I learned was their exclusive property, because they were the only ones with wit enough to discover the adjective fantastic in the dictionary. Naturally, since no one else had ever used anything like it, we changed title and logo; though since we weren't publishing Spillane stories, and since our detective title was PRIVATE EYE, it shouldn't have caused too much confusion. Columbia Publications decided that the term "Science Fiction" belonged to them, after Gernsback got back in the field by adding a single-cross to the name, and threatened suit.

But I guess it was too placid. So early this summer, when things were so dead we were only thinking of bringing out a few quarterlies once a year, I quit.

Under the logic of publishing, of course, this meant that I immediately got better rates for the magazines and myself. Also, I was finally permitted to suggest again that I didn't really want to do ROCKET STORIES while the publisher had a perfectly good editor in the office who might like it. (Harry Harrison, as an old s-f reader and writer, was naturally hired to do a sea-story magazine.)

But even then, it was dull. The publisher did all he could to help. He'd agreed to give me fewer magazines, so I could concentrate better. But seeing me in the office only four days a week instead of five, he realized things were going stale. It was obvious I was sleeping twice a week. Writing a few books, articles, and other things on assignment wasn't enough. So he decided we'd put out a companion to SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, a top-quality 50¢ magazine, and didn't I think there should be a couple more like ROCKET, and where was the prospectus for another fantasy magazine complete with title?

Even that didn't work. He checked over his budget and decided that the trouble was that I was paying too much for stories, which made it easy to get material, and took the zest out of things. So he decided to cut the budgets on all, reduce the art budget, go to three-color covers, and have Milton Berwin do most of the inside illustrations. He had been looking at some of the new magazines coming out, and had decided we'd have to make the cuts in order to raise our standards to compete.

I tried to perk up. I dug up figures which showed that the difference between top quality prices and mediocre ones was only about five hundred dollars per issue; and that 2500 copies extra sold would pay for this, plus a slight profit. I even considered arguing that writers have to eat--but on this, I knew that tradition was too strongly against me. Besides, whenever people have asked me why I thought I had a right to eat, I've never had a good answer. And when I thought of some other writers who willfully and maliciously submit stories to top markets and make it tougher for me to sell my stories... Well, I knew my heart wasn't in it.

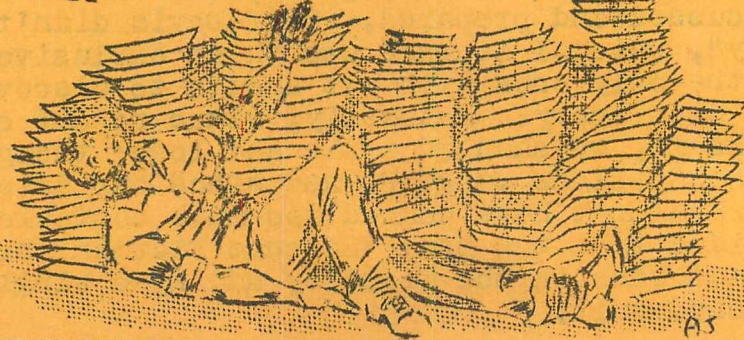
So I quit. I stayed out of the office for three weeks after telling him I'd quit. And you know what he did? He decided I had quit, and that it was time to get a new editor. So as of the present moment, Harry Harrison is somewhat busy. I figure it like this. If fans are tetchy, writers crazy, and editors--well!....then think of the advantage I've got. I'm tetchy-crazy-huh! And with a winning personality like that, I should get rich.

And I heartily recommend that everyone go out and try the same. In a way all its own, editing a new, struggling magazine in a glutted market is fun. Editing x-number of them must be more fun. And there's no

other way of reaching the same degree of incoherence. You see what I mean--or if you don't, from all the above, then you're qualified to be an editor, yourself.

Incidentally, at the moment, and subject to

THE END!!



maintaining the current budget, I'm still editing FANTASY FICTION. Editors, as John W. Campbell rightly said, are---well! And not only that--they're incurable!

YOU SHOULD LIVE SO LONG!

BY NOREEN KANE FALASCA

Some sweet day before I die,

Some sweet day in the by and by,

I'll be walking down the street

When a friend or neighbor I'll chance to meet.

Tucked away beneath my arm,

Out of sight of the world's alarm,

Will be an SF book from Frederick Fell

Or a zine with a cover by Bonestell.

And the friend I meet won't say to me

In a scornful voice all full of glee,

"What! You mean to say you read that junk?"

"I tried it once and found it punk.

"It's only for kids, or morons or jerks

"Or people with strangely mental quirks.

"If you read that you're soft in the head,

"Besides, when it happens, you'll be
dead!"

No, he won't say these words to me...

If I can only last till five thousand A.D.

Of Science Fiction Writers — John L. Magnus

They weave the golden yarn of time

On treasured looms of thought

To make the precious cloth of wonder...

Migod! What hath God wrought?

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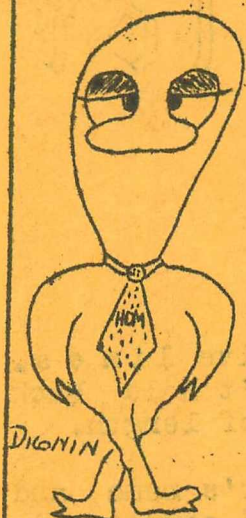
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DEAR SCIENCE FANTASY FAN,



cartoon by
DIGNIN

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If this doesn't convince you that you are missing something by not subscribing to DESTINY, we do not know what would do the trick. Our issue #8 is now being mailed. No. 9 will be the Philadelphia Convention issue, featuring a much needed reprimand to those who receive amateur publications, neglect to acknowledge receipt of same, and have the oversight not to plug them in their larger circulation mediums. Enough said?

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ITEMS must be accompanied, wherever possible, by the author's name and source. Pick up as many items as you can from fanzines and correspondence, but tell us in each case who wrote it and in what medium it appeared. Use following format for listing of byline:

Item 142: Dave Kyle, sticking his nose continuously into a copy of SEB; "I like to smell a fanzine---and some of them really d o smell..."
- Dave Kyle: MidWestCon #3.

ITEMS should be fairly clean in thought content and not necessarily of a fannish or humorous nature though those types are desired. If you are in the least in doubt, send the items in and we will gladly tell you which ones we can use and which ones we can't.

CONTRIBUTORS having 12 or more items accepted will receive a free copy of the magazine when it is issued. All items, wherever possible, will be bylined, so contributors originating their own items will receive lots and lots of egoboo.

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----Harlan Ellison

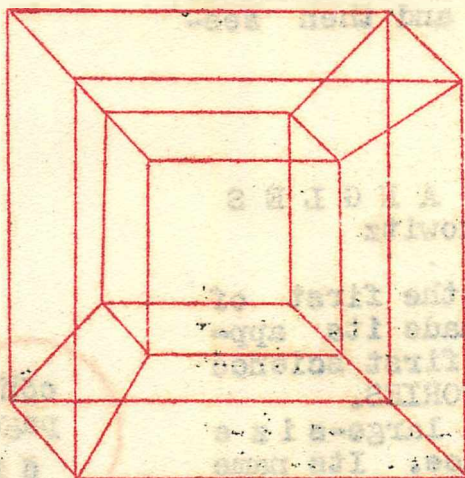
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THE BIG STEP BACKWARD by Harlan Ellison

In an era of science fiction magazines which multiply in much the same manner as two bunnies with a spare weekend or two, the most outstanding addition to the fast-growing ranks of prozines without personalities is a job having too much personality. Yes, Hugo is back, and SF's got him. But do we want him? After seeing the boners he has come up with in the first few issues, and then see-

cont.
page
89

THE STATISTICAL ANGLES by Henry Moskowitz

In the Spring of 1926--issue dated April--the first of the large-size science fiction magazines made its appearance. It also happened to be the very first science fiction magazine. Its name was AMAZING STORIES.

In 1929--issue dated June--the second large-size science fiction magazine made its appearance. Its name was SCIENCE WONDER STORIES. It merged with AIR WONDER STORIES, begun in 1929--issue dated July--to become WON-

cont.
page
68

HUGO GERNSBACK: Old Man In A New Whirl by Richard Elsberry

Hugo Gernsback, called by many "the father of science-fiction," has finally realized his high calling and started a new science fiction magazine.

The magazine, SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, a slick version of FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION, is decked out in a nice new 1953 format, and nice old 1936 stories. It is also replete with explanatory footnotes, Paul illustrations, important concepts in italics, and Gernsback. Mostly Gernsback.

cont.
page
72

THE BIG STEP BACKWARD by Harlan Ellison (concluded)

ing the tremendous strides he has attempted in the following four or so issues, one is confronted with the problem of whether or not to buy the magazine, or junk its commanding bulk entirely in lieu of the more safe bets now extant.

It is a fact much too well-known to gloss over that Sam Moskowitz is little more than a figurehead in the SEPLUS offices, there mainly to placate the fans. It is also evident that Hugo still feels he can do a good job in the field with the same tools he used in '26. Whether a magazine of the sort Grego has introduced can succeed in this age of the fast-plotted, deeply-sociological and literary tale, is a matter I dare not conjecture upon, for it is a situation as basically insecure as a blind man climbing the Empire State TV antenna.

However, here is the fact upon which this article was written: It has come to the attention of your author (and this is an unimpeachable source if ever we saw one!) that SEPLUS is selling ONLY BETWEEN 23% AND 28% OF THEIR PRINT ORDERS!! This means that they are not doing a business which might be termed "earth-shaking". For to even make a n even break, they must sell at least 82% of their original print order.

The ergo, ergo bit I will let you fathom for yourselves.

On the other hand, regurgitated as I was by that odious first issue, seemingly designed to alienate not only fans, but people who could read also, I was taken aback at first, and then quietly pleased to see that Nago G. Hubgerks had amended his policies and was now beginning to publish good science fiction.

His DEATH OF A SENSITIVE, RETROGRADE EVOLUTION, WORLDS IN BALANCE and NIGHTMARE PLANET, not to mention the first of a series, SPACEBRED GENERATIONS, shows reasonably acceptable proof that Hilo Grosbeak realizes he cannot pursue a 100% pure policy of 1926ism such as he started out with. There is no telling, but perhaps by the time this reaches you, SEPLUS will be an extinct relic of the past. For with the tremendous overhead Nago Gashbuck has, and with newsdealers stacking the out-size volume under THE POLICE GAZETTE and others of its ilk, there is a good chance the misplaced thing will fold at any time. Already, in only six months they have had to skip one issue, perhaps a sign of things to come.

The two following articles were written immediately after the appearance of SEPLUS, and are quite pointed in their opinions. They are not as pertinent as when they were originally written, but nonetheless are powerful mirrors of the feelings of fandom toward Greno Gashbuck's little venture.

Your author can not make any predictions at this point--they would stand too much of a chance of being incorrect. But all I can do is to stand here and gaze at this bit of time-warped science fiction.

Like some prehistoric animal thrown into Times Square.

THE STATISTICAL ANGLES by Henry Moskowitz (continued)

DER STORIES--issue dated June 1930.

In 1939--issue dated May--the fourth large-size science fiction magazine made its appearance. Its name was FANTASTIC ADVENTURES.

In 1942--issue dated January--the fifth large-size science fiction magazine made its appearance. Its name was ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.

Another large-size magazine that should be mentioned is UNKNOWN (WORLDS). But this magazine was fantasy, so it has no place in the list.

In 1947--issue numbered Vol. 1, No. 1; no date other than year--the

sixth science fiction magazine in large-size made its appearance. Paradoxically, its name was FANTASY BOOK. It contained both science fiction and fantasy, thereby making it under the wire. A tight squeeze.

In 1952--issue dated August--the seventh large-size science fiction magazine made its appearance. By this time I had come upon the science fiction scene, and on the twelfth of June, I dropped a quarter on the counter in payment for FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION.

And that brings us up to date.
Well, almost.

Circumstances forced me to journey to New York City on the thirty-first of January. After attending to the business at hand, my wanderings through that jungle of steel and stone finally brought me down to the corner of Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street--as per usual.

There were quite a few dummied books in the store window; with nice covers--and some glaring ones, too. So I knew that Stephen's Book Service was still in existence. Hanging from clips were science fiction magazines: SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION, NEW WORLDS, etc.

And to the right was something eye-catching. On the cover of this magazine, against a solid white background, were the red letters "SCIENCE FICTION PLUS."

And from somewhere, out of the dim, distant, hazy past, I heard a voice. "A large-size magazine ... Schomburg cover ... Out in January ... 35¢."

Now that the heart-thumping wonder of it all has slowed down a bit I can sit back and light up the Old Briar and mull it all over.

The cover itself was quite informative, aside from the attractive--not up to Schomburg's best--cover painting. There was the date of the issue--March 1953--and the sub-title--preview of the future--and a list of the authors within--Eando Binder, Hugo Gernsback, Philip Jose Farmer, John Scott Campbell, Dr. Donald H. Menzel. And most important of all was---Hugo Gernsback, Editor.

On page 3 were two words that made me happier still--SAM MOSKOWITZ. It would take an article unto itself to explain the preceding sentence, so I won't try.

In essence, it all boils down to this: Hugo Gernsback has returned to science fiction. He is the editor and publisher of a monthly large-size slick magazine. The second-guessing, on assumption, is done by Sam Moskowitz, well-known fan. The magazine itself has both front and back covers and colored interior illustrations, not just black and white.

Most of us know--either through experience or through acquisition from other sources--that Gernsback started science fiction and favors science fiction. This favoritism has already shown itself clearly in the very first issue, but that is no surprise, since the magazine was founded to carry stories with a stronger scientific basis.

Witness John Scott Campbell's UTOPIA (The title was deliberately printed upside down in the magazine.). The story is marked with the symbol showing that it contains "a serious scientific-technical trend." All well and good. But.....

But.....the story itself--the fiction content--is nothing new. And I further believe that no other science fiction magazine would have bought it. The author has sacrificed any and all literary license for sci-tech. Even the sometimes very technical ASF has ever gone this far,

to my knowledge.

EXPLORATION OF MARS also bears the star-and-globe marker of sci-tech. Reading it over, I wonder if Gernsback wrote this with a bit of tongue in cheek. It was shocking to note that he had made a grave slip in his scientific assumption. He describes the male Martian (see Frank R. Paul's excellent depiction on page 4) as having a greatly enlarged chest to hold the equally enlarged lungs which are necessary for the said Martian to breath in Mars' rarified atmosphere.

I have seen many scientific writers make this same mistake. It is their assumption that enlarged lungs would be natural. Not so! That is only with the consideration that it is Earth lungs transported to Mars' surface.

A Martian, born and bred to Mars, would have a normal chest size for the evolutionary stage of his race. If the Martians are humanoid--but averaging six feet in height--their chests and lungs would be larger than ours, by comparison. But they would not be larger than the average for their race.

And another point: To a Martian, Mars atmosphere would not be rare. The story tends to drag quite a lot, and is mildly interesting to read. It is, by the way, a reprint of Gernsback's 1949 edition of his famous Christmas card.

THE BIOLOGICAL REVOLT, by Philip Jose Farmer, is recommended. It is not up to his THE LOVERS or MOTHER, however.

It is a pleasure to see Eando Binder back again. Absent from science fiction since 1942, he returns with THE TIME CYLINDER. And although the story's plot has been used--and well--before (witness VAULT OF THE AGES by Poul Anderson), we hope he might be persuaded to add to some of his excellent series. I personally would like to see a sequel of sorts to his VIA stories, published under the pen-name of Gordon A. Giles. Or possibly more of Anton York.

Of the six pieces of fiction, I find that only three of them are goodly enjoyable enough to recommend: THE BIOLOGICAL REVOLT, THE TIME CYLINDER and THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER.

Of interest is Gernsback's speech at the Chicago Convention later run in SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN (October 1952), and here reprinted as an editorial.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SPACE SHIP is the disagreement of two English rocket experts with some of the material in COLLIER'S recent symposium.

SCIENCE NEWS SHORTS is good, though overly extended.

BOOK REVIEWS is recommended. Better than the usual "this book is good-so-buy-it. Really thoughtful."

SCIENCE FICTION PLUS is "X", an unknown quantity--that goes for quality, too, to some extent.

At this point, and by subtle nuances that indicate future tacks, SF PLUS is ostensibly one of the better science fiction magazines out; however, it has a more precarious balance than any other magazine which chanced to emerge in 1952--or 1953.

If it uses too much science, it is in grave danger of failing.

If it sacrifices fictional quality for science--for example, the people in UTOPIA were stock figures, moving, as it were, in a dream--it is also in grave danger.

And if it should do both in one story, there will be some little hell to pay.

There can be no answer given that will satisfy...but the answer of time itself.

HUGO GERNSBACK: Old Man In A New Whirl by Richard Elsberry

Frankly, I was underwhelmed.

Hugo has been told so frequently that he is "the great white father" that he has come to believe it. The initial issue has Gernsback's name on the cover twice, an editorial by Mr. Gernsback, a supposedly humorous novelette by Mr. Gernsback, a cover story under the *thin* pseudonym Greno Gashbuck, a feature by Mr. Gernsback on the Schuss-Yucca, a long editorial note pointing out that Mr. Gernsback first introduced the concept of "space sickness," and a promise that Mr. Gernsback would appear in the next issue with an "amazing history of the next world war...presented in fascinating, scientific detail." It would also be unfair to Mr. Gernsback not to mention that John Scott Campbell sold his first story to Mr. Gernsback, as pointed out in Campbell's author sketch.

But the rest of the issue, fully half of it, is devoted to "other stories and articles by outstanding authors and scientists in the field." These outstanding men include Philip Farmer, Dr. Donald Menzel, Eando Binder, John Scott Campbell, Dr. Gustav Albrecht, Leslie Shepherd, and A.V. Cleaver. I'm sure you have all heard of them, and realize that they are all outstanding authors and scientists. Some of them, certainly, must almost be as good as Mr. Gernsback.

It is not clear to me why Mr. Gernsback has started this new magazine. Aside from the obvious delusions of grandeur, perhaps he has decided to publish the magazine so that he could use the emblem he presented to the science fiction world at the Chicago convention last year: a star on top of a globe with the letters s-f inside. Gernsback explained that this emblem is used "with all stories of a serious scientific technical trend." Gernsback uses the symbol four times in this issue---twice on his stories, and on the Campbell and Menzel stories. It was significant to me that these were the poorest stories in the magazine. The two best stories---by Farmer and Binder---are by no means good, but they are the best in the issue, and they didn't rate the Gernsback symbol. It may well be in the future that this emblem will distinguish which stories are readable and which are not.

The first thing you will probably notice about the magazine is that it is only 66 pages long. This issue of SF BULLETIN is longer. Secondly, you will notice that it has no advertising. Unless Gernsback introduces some advertising he is likely cutting his own throat. And more likely than not, the lack of advertising accounts for the 35¢ asking price, which I consider ridiculous for the size and quality of the magazine.

Gernsback sub-titles his magazine "preview of the future," but I found it more of a hearkening back to the past. Hugo left the field in 1936, and now 17 years later he returns, along with his old cohort, Frank R. Paul. But nothing has changed, least of all Gernsback and Paul. They take up right where they left off, and the stories and illustrations in SCIENCE FICTION PLUS are the same type of stories that would have gone over big in 1936.

Of the fictional hash, "Exploration of Mars," by Gernsback is reprinted from that venerable's 1949 Christmas booklet, QUIP. His cover story looks new, but that's about all that can be said for it. Campbell's story reads like it was written for a '36 WONDER STORIES, and Menzel's story could have been written at that time for all of me. Farmer and Binder provide new stories, but both are so tritely plotted and written that they must have reminded Hugo of the good old days and induced him to buy them.

Gernsback has always been heavy on accurate science, and I see no reason except egoboo for publishing "Exploration of Mars." It is, I suspect, a satire. Gernsback has a passion for adjectives, and a noun without an adjective in front of it is unthinkable to him. The first three or four paragraphs of this epic drama provide such deathless expressions as: "lonely fastness," "historic undertaking," "great importance," "toiled valiently," "secrecy-sworn band," "atomic space pioneers," "intrepid explorer," "atom-powered space flyer," "memorable day," and "world-famous physicist-inventor." I realize that it is hard to believe that so much triteness could be packed into just four paragraphs, but Gernsback is no ordinary man. He also manages, probably through sheer grit and determination, to work in the old chestnut: "...I have only now been permitted to tell the full facts to the world." Gernsback explains they have been withheld for "obvious security reasons." Obvious, I fear, only to Mr. Gernsback's superior intellect.

Everytime I read something like "new and revolutionary space flyer" I ask myself: "What ever happened to the old and unrevolutionary, space flyer?" Mr. Gernsback doesn't choose to answer that, so I guess we'll forever remain in the dark. Personally, the suspense is killing me.

It would take more room than I have here to analyze each story, so I'll just go over Philip Jose Farmer's "The Biological Revolt." Farmer has, of late, been referred to as "the great white hope" of science fiction. And, since the story was new, I thought it might be good, but before too many pages I found that biology wasn't the only thing that was revolting. Gritting my teeth, I drove headfirst through the story, and emerged some ten pages later wondering how Farmer could possibly be considered as a replacement for even John Russell Fearn.

Farmer's story is a fanzine editor's dream, and would have driven H.C. Koenig, Redd Boggs, or Norman Browne wild with delight.

Koenig, a fault-finder from 'way back, would probably comment on the lack of co-operation between author and artist. On page 28, Farmer writes: "He stuck a cigar in his mouth and blew smoke-rings through the trunk." Paul, however, wouldn't think of reading the story, and pictures the Martian with a cigarette stuck in the end of his trunk. And later, on page 33, Farmer writes: "Ogtate burst out laughing and sat down. 'Go ahead, Smitty. Take a dozen boxes, all I have. Compliments of the Earth Government.'" Paul, who probably never got out of kindergarten, pictures the Martian holding five boxes of cigars.

Boggs would attack the story from another angle, and under the heading OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS, you'd more than likely find:

"The recent presence of another man was obvious--a shirt and a necktie hung on the door knob. The piney odor of pipe tobacco remained in the air. ...She glanced at the door where the man, Travers, had left." p. 21

"The General's eyes went over her shoulder. She didn't turn around, for she knew by the oriental aroma of cigarette smoke that Tom Travers had come into the room." p. 22

Again, under the heading DON'T INHALE, JUST LET THE SMOKE COME THROUGH YOUR NOSE, you'd probably find:

"Smoke blew around her face." p. 23

"...Yewlis stuck the cigar between his thick lips, lit up and drew in and puffed out smoke through his nostrils like a virgin-eating dragon." p. 23

"She relished the smoke a second and let it float, genie-like, from her lovely mouth." p. 23

"He stuck a cigar in his mouth and blew smoke-rings through the trunk..." p. 28

"Smith expelled more smoke through his waving proboscis..." p. 28.

And, possibly, under I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE IT, you'd find:
 "He wasted no time, but like the big red-black bull he so much resembled, charged at the point." p. 22

"The Old Fox wasn't living up to his name. He was more like a big black bull seeing red." p. 23

"Don't just stand there, Yewliss, breathing like a foundered bull," said Barbara." p. 33

Browne, of course, would see things differently. Under his popular WHAT THE CENSORS MISSED we'd find:

"For a long time the Government has been shipping me women. They take the anti-asp shot, stay overnight, and leave. I've had a hundred." p. 29

"Barbara, all those women? Will they make any difference in your decision?"

"No. I'm not--as they say in historical novels--pure."

"Yewliss?"

"Yes, and several others."

"What about me?"

"Too short an acquaintance." p. 29

Yet, despite the sex, science, and satire of the stories, I felt that something was missing. Maybe it was entertainment.

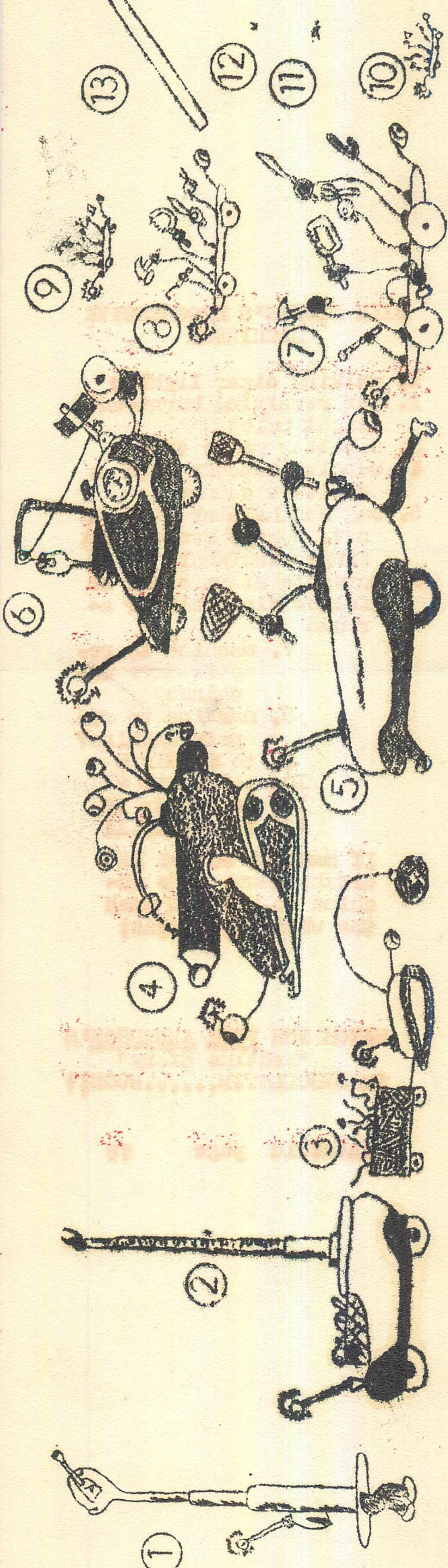
Somebody should send Mr. Gernsback a bottle of Serutan and politely inform this grey-bearded "father of science fiction" that things have changed just a little since 1936. His infant science fiction magazine, his first in nearly 25 years, has turned out to be a microcephalic idiot. Perhaps some skillful therapy by book reviewer and third assistant office boy Sam Moskowitz can cure the malady, but I'm inclined to believe that the only sure cure is to have Poppa Gernsback promptly dispatched to Wake Island, or maybe Ithassa, Tibet, by slow banana boat. A one-way ticket, too.

Gernsback doesn't seem to have any idea on how to bring up his child in this modern world. He is still living in the past, and it won't be long before someone points out to him--probably through circulation figures--that 15-year old pulp writings in today's science fiction magazines are as out of date as knickers and middy blouses. But, as long as Gernsback sets the pace, his authors will have to keep shovelling on the adjectives, continue to throw out the characterization, and make certain that the Earth is saved at least once each issue. We have to keep Mr. Gernsback happy.

After all, he is "the father of science fiction."

EDITOR'S NOTE: the preceding was the first of a proposed group of s-f "symposiums", which are going to be attempted. Your opinions on the success of this initial experiment are greatly to be desired. There are more than a few tremendously potential concepts for more of these group sections, but they will not be attempted, as the effort that is put into them far exceeds the vociferous response thus far, unless a substantial proportion of the readers of this periodical take the time to respond in particular. Your co-operation is not only requested, it is herewith begged...borrowed...stolen...and any other method, fair or ill-smelling that will draw forth your opinions. In short, HELP!..he

BILL DIGNIN'S PROGRESSIVE MACHINERY (See Over→)



**BILL DIGNIN'S PROGRESSIVE
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1. walking cigar lighter
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5. bug annihilator with a net, spray, swatter and finger-squisher
6. moveable alarm clock to follow sleepwalkers around
7. machine to repair above machines
8. machine to repair machine 7
9. to repair 8
10. to repair 9
11. to repair 10
12. to repair 11

**If machine number 12
breaks down, take ma-
chine no. 13 and smash
the whole damn mess!**

**WATCH FOR POUL ANDERSON'S
"Bedtime Story"
in SEBULLETIN,.....SOON!!**

VOICE FROM THE STYX



illustration by
R. R. PHILLIPS

A COLUMN OF QUIXOTIC COMMENT BY THE EDITOR

YOU WILL PLEASE TO NOTE that the title of this column is no longer "Burblings", but is, as it is stated above, you clods, "Voice From The Styx", which has several clever meanings if you can take time off from your 3-D comic book to trace them. The reason for change is that the title "Burblings" is, in some sketchy and, to me, totally incomprehensible manner, the sole property of a lout name of Charles Burbee who claims to have invented Lewis Carroll. Too many of the readers of this august column wrote in, screaming loudly that I was a foul plagerist, so I quickly ran and hid my crimson countenance 'neath the above title. Happy now?

There is a lot of TREMENDOUS news to get off to you, this time; I have only one page to do it in, also, so read the whole damned thing I beg of you. To it with a will, laddies! ... Did you know that Mickey Spillane's opus in FANTASTIC, "The Veiled Woman" was not written by my favorite sadist at all but the complete work of Howard Browne? ... In addition, the Lait-Mortimer fiasco in the first ish of AMAZING STORIES digest-sized was complete Howard Browne, with Lait and his cohort only giving the use of their names? ... WEIRD TALES missed a date on one of their early issues, so, collectors, your numbering is all screwed up, and perhaps your filing system is wrong, and your collection incomplete. ... The s-f writer "John Christopher" is dead. Because he pulled a boner in writing to TIME in agreement with the review that panned an s-f book saying, "...pity us poor slobbs that have to write that crap!" he has now had to adopt the s-fly acceptable name of "William Vine". ... There is an imitator of MAD COMICS due soon name of WHACK! Run for the hills; a good thing can't last long nowadays. ... Dick Geis' new fanzine PSYCHOTIC is the brightest thing in years, even if it does run a story SEB rejected because it was too lewd. ... Y'know the novel Doc Lowndes has been ballyhoo'ing in his mags, "The Duplicated Man" by Jim Blish and "Michael Sherman"? Y'know who "Michael Sherman" is? That's right. Fella with initials Doc Lowndes. ... Y'know IF's new cover artist, Ken Fagg? He is. ... Ivar Jorgensen of Ziff-Davis fame is really Z-D's managing ed, Paul Fairman. Knocked me for a loop. ... Went to Evelyn Paige Gold's birthday party t'other week, just confirming all my suspicions in person: H.L. and Evelyn are two of the world's Most-est Gone People. Love 'em like my own! ... In response to the remark that you can't get away from those damned singing commercials, which're the rage now in Cleveland, s-f author Algis Budrys, who was staying at Apt. 616 for a while retorted, "They just discovering music in Cleveland?" ... Heinlein is very sick! ... First Rogers cover in years came in to Campbell the other day---and he's rejecting it! Gawd! ... Joseph Semenovitch is coming out with THE BALTIMORE LUNNELL MYSTERIES, an aid to amateur authors who want plots--write to him at: 2725 N. Pine Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill. ... You've no doubt heard the good news about OTHER WORLDS by now, so all I'll say is, "Ya-hee-hoo!" and sign off....he

RUSTIC TALE

an unclassifiable fragment by SU ROSEN

I could see the postman coming so I ran out to the walk to save him the trip up to the house. He handed me the mail with the customary, "'S a beautiful mornin', ain't it?" I voiced my affirmation and examined the mail. A few bills for Dad and a fanzine for me. I noticed the mailman still standing there. For lack of anything more exciting to do, I smiled amiably.

"I been noticein' the kind of mail you get. Fanzines, ain't it?" Again I announced my affinity.

"I been reading that scientifi-fiction for twenty years now."

A Gernsback man, I thought. This time I managed to get out an intelligent, "Oh?"

"Yeah," he continued, "I don't exactly call myself a fan, but I like to read it, for sure. You must be a real fan, huh?"

"Oh, I like to consider myself one," I replied, "Have you read any Bradbury?" This is my line with all fan.

"Oh that guy! He writes too crazy...I can't follow him. He's always blabbin' about Mars. I like that Heinlein guy and that Anderson what writes for Planet."

"Oh, you read the prozines?" I asked.

"Yeah. Buy 'em all. I gotta hide 'em though because my wife she don't like me to spend so much money on that man from Mars stuff, she calls it. You must read that Astounding, huh?"

"It's one of my favorites. Do you read it?"

"God no. It's too many big words and philosophy and junk for me to get. I ain't an intellectual. I hadda quit grammar school at the fourth grade because Dad died. I was real smart, though. The teachers said I was."

"That's too bad. I suppose I should be grateful for my education."

"Hell, no. It's normal for kids not to like school."

"I'm happy to know I'm normal, then," I replied.

"I take a few of them fanzines like Quandry and Slant. That's how I get rid of those old magazines on Slant. Quandry is about my favorite. It's funny like Hell."

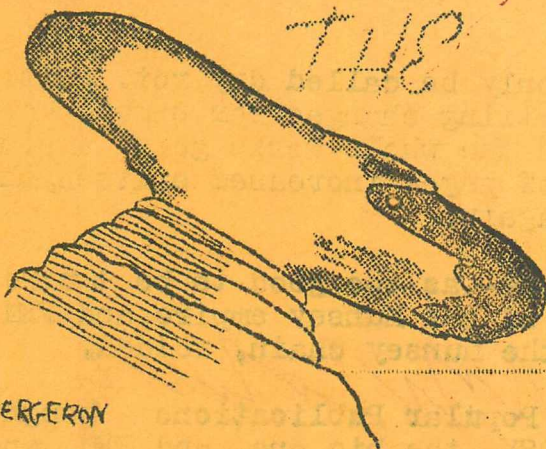
"Are you going to the Con this year?" I asked.

"Aw no. I ain't got enough money to get there. Anyway, I don't think I'd fit very well. All these fans are intellectuals. Like I said, I'm not an intellectual. You must be. I notice you get all sorts of letters from a lot of those fans I heard of."

I tried my best to be modest, "Oh, I don't know. I think I'm a little too young for anyone to tell whether or not I am." He seemed silent and sad for a minute. He looked at the pavement carefully. I knew what he was thinking. He could have been the intellectual he wanted to be. He was gently cursing the string of fate that kept him from it. He sighed in sharply and jerked his head up.

"Well, I gotta be on my route. Be out here sometimes when I go by and we can talk about S-F."

He swung the heavy leather bag over his shoulder and walked down the rest of the block. I found myself thinking about the mailman and his acute consciousness about intellectualism. I don't know why, but I cried a little. Why the Hell should I cry?



THE CONSISTENT PROZONE

by
BOB SILVERBERG

THERE'S NEVER BEEN A MAGAZINE to match FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES when it comes to changing its mind. Ever since its debut at the end of 1939, it's been the most unpredictable of magazines. The latest anti--labelling the current issue the April 1943 one--comes as no surprise to this chap. FFM has done so much changing that it would come as no shock to me to find out that it's gone back a decade.

It all started in August 1939, when the Frank Munsey company, then in its last few years as a flourishing pulp chain, decided to add a string of reprint titles to its other numerous pulps. Among the magazines thus added was FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, which was designed to reprint the most popular of the many novelettes and short stories of fantasy that had been printed in Munsey's ARGOSY. The first issue was dated Sept-Oct., 1939, appeared in pulp size and pulp format, and sold for 15¢. The magazine was to be published bi-monthly and feature all complete stories.

Trust FFM not to let grass grow under its feet. When the second issue came out, about the only thing that remained the same, aside from editor Mary Gnaedinger (who, surprisingly enough, is still in charge) was the title. The second issue, November 1939, had trimmed edges, was listed as a monthly, and began a reprint serial by A. Merritt, "Conquest of the Moon Pool," along with the usual short stories and novelets.

Things went along quietly for four or five issues, and the magazine began serializing the Hall-Flint opus, "The Blind Spot" with the sixth issue, March 1940. But the May-June issue announced a sudden return to bi-monthly publication and untrimmed edges, and a new title was announced, FANTASTIC NOVELS. And--most unusual of all--the serial which had seen three installments in FFM would not be continued, but instead would be published complete in one issue of FANTASTIC NOVELS.

Another issue went by, and a new policy was announced: FFM would print complete book-length reprints instead of serials. The October 1940 issue saw another in this blinding series of switches: the price was reduced to 10¢, and the number of pages lopped down from 128 to 114.

It was too good to last, though. The June 1941 number went back to the higher price and greater number of pages, and announced that the mag would thenceforth be combined with FANTASTIC NOVELS. The following issue saw the first change in logo: the lightning-bolt design that it had used from the start was dropped and FN's sun-burst adopted. (Oddly enough, when FN was revived in 1946 it began to use the lightning-bolt, so eventually the magazines exchanged logos.)

Then set in a period of what can only be called dry rot. Editor Gnaedinger refrained from making any startling changes for eight whole months. But the April 1942 issue started the whole works going again. The price was jumped to 25¢; the number of pages increased sixteen, the edges trimmed, and the mag went monthly again.

This idyllic setup--144 pages a month--was too good to be true. The December 1942 issue saw the collapse of the Munsey empire, and FFM, along with the numerous other titles in the Munsey chain, folded.

It was a short death, fortunately. Popular Publications bought many of the Munsey titles, including ARGOSY, the big one, and FFM, and with the March 1943 issue, FFM resumed publication under a new house.

This time there were only a few changes. The edges were untrimmed again, and the monthly publication became quarterly. And now, a new policy went into effect: no more magazine stories would be reprinted. Instead, FFM would use only hardcovers as its reprint source, with a sprinkling of new stories. The price remained at 25¢, and the pages at 144.

This touched off a fertile period in the magazine's history. The fabulous Munsey troves were closed off, alas, but the twenty-five Munsey FFMs had reprinted the top material--or a little of it. Fans never ceased to mourn the fact that the final Munsey FFM had listed a tantalizing lineup of future stories including such items as "The Ship of Ishtar" and Leinster's two "Mad Planet" stories, and now these would never be.

But the new quarterly FFM offered good fare indeed, beginning with John Hawkin's magnificent "Ark of Fire." It followed this with a succession of book-lengthers by Taine, Haggard, G.K. Chesterton, and others. Agitation began for a change of title, to "Classics of Fantasy," but apparently Mrs. Gnaedinger had had her fill of changes.

Indeed, this was a remarkably stable period, throughout 1943, 1944, and 1945. The magazine appeared faithfully every three months, except for one issue in 1943 which was skipped. The only change was a reduction in the number of pages again, this time to 130. But otherwise, all went along quietly until the February 1946 number, which bore the startling announcement that FFM would jump from quarterly to monthly--the third time in its short history that it went monthly.

But this time it was really short--a span of no issues at all. The issue after that was dated April 1946, was listed as a bi-monthly, and made no mention at all of the announcement in the previous issue about monthly publication. Apparently it was just a case of someone changing his mind--"Let's not make it monthly, after all."

Once again, all was quiet. No changes in format, policy, or price until the January 1951 issue. This was a real shocker, though. FFM suddenly dropped its pulp format, shed sixteen pages and all its illustrations, and appeared in a very much reduced 'quality' format, with a new logo and new makeup. It was virtually a new magazine.

But the people up at Popular Publications couldn't resist meddling with their pet, and, after three issues in the small size, the magazine added a half-inch top and bottom, and announced that this slightly-

larger page size was the one they intended to use for all eternity.

We got from there to eternity in a mighty short time. The next issue appeared after a three months' delay, back in the old pulp size, again, though all of the new makeup (and reduction in pages) was maintained. And the dear old magazine sailed onward all through 1952 with nary a change, and we began to feel it had fossilized.

Clever Mrs. Gnaedinger, though, soon relieved the fans' fears. The February 1953 issue dropped the high-class "slick" logo that had been adopted when the change to small size had been made, and installed a new one which, the editor announced, was more of a pulp logo, in keeping with the magazine's present format. It would be used forever and ever.

Now the April 1953 issue, the next one, is out. Much to everybody's surprise, the damned magazine has come full circle and restored the sun-burst logo it used from 1941 through 1950. The contents-page logo is also the sun-burst one, and the contents-page makeup is the original one instead of the modern one used in recent years.

And, smack in the middle of the page, in bold face, it says, "April 1943." And this issue might well be a 1943 one, featuring, as it does, a Haggard novel, and an old style Lawrence cover, and the old logo. I might be tempted to say that FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES---which is consistently inconsistent---has at last settled down in the niche it intends to keep, but such a statement would be downright foolhardy. This piece probably won't see print for a few months, and by that time FFM might have gone mimeo or done some such thing.

But following FFM through its existence is fun. Magazines which stay in the same format all the time are spoil-sports, anyway; there's no feeling of adventure in them. I always enjoy spotting a copy of the new FFM in the newsdealer's window, and, before looking at it, I try to guess what in blazes has been changed this time. Anything completely predicatable isn't very exciting, and FFM is anything but predictable. No, sir!

--Bob Silverberg

EDITOR'S NOTE: Since this article came in, as indicated in the last few paragraphs, several months ago, FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES has at last taken the ultimate change. They have folded. The June 1953 issue contained the Ayn Rand story ANTHEM, Kafka's METAMORPHOSIS, Robert E. Howard's WORMS OF THE EARTH plus three short stories and the usual departments and features. By the time you see this, however, they may have set up shop again and be publishing bi-weekly like THE POLICE GAZETTE or some such. At least we now have an accurate picture of one of the fantasy field's most unusual vacillating organs, thanks to Mr. Silverberg. ---who, we sincerely hope, will be in SEB again right as soon as he can whip us out another highly analytical article.....he

SEB ANNOUNCES THAT THEY HAVE OBTAINED A MANUSCRIPT WHICH WILL BE A TOTAL GASSER! A COMPLETELY GONE BIT OF WORK THAT IS THE MOSTEST! MAN, IF YOU DON'T DIG Poul Anderson's BEDTIME STORY COMING UP SOON IN SEBULLETIN, YOU ARE STRICTLY NOWHERE! ...he



art by ray nelson

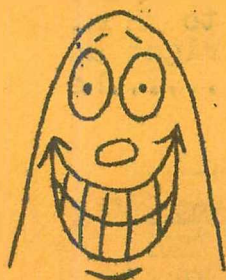
EDITOR'S NOTE: to devote more time to her professional writings, Marion has broken my heart by informing me she will be forced to drop this august column. However, next month brings the first installment of our new fanzine review column: KNOCKING ON WOOD by managing editoress Honey Wood. This means that all review copies must be sent directly to Mrs. Wood at: 13817 Woodworth, Cleveland 12, Ohio if they are to be commented upon in these pages. Do not confuse exchange copies of the fanzines in question, exchanged with this editor, with the review copies to be sent to Mrs. Wood. This switch in reviewers is effective at once, so better get a copy of your rag, clearly marked REVIEW COPY, to Honey now.....he

Hello, you nice folks who sent me that three-foot stack of farmags this month. I'll try to get them all reviewed before Harlan shoves his foot in my typewriter.

The tears this month are shed over CAMEO, which is suspending, after a single issue, due to Gene's ill-health and Marie-Louise's impending marriage to a non-fan. Sympathy and felicitations are duly extended, but we grieve for fandom's one true literary effort. Will somebody please pick it up?

Also suspended, with #4, is Vic Waldrop's ALIEN. This final issue is the only one we've seen, and judging from it alone--which is, of course, unfair--we'd say it was a small loss.

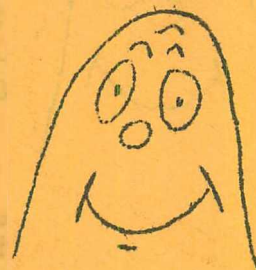
The regulars are out in full force. OPERATION FANTAST drops a line that he has a new American address; Phil Rasch has finally given up his monumental task as O-F's representative this side of the water. You must now send all OPERATION FANTAST money to J. Ben Stark, 290 Kenyon Avenue, Berkeley 8, California. The latest OF is well worth your immediate subscription, being chock full of pro and semi-pro material from Over There.



NOTE Robert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska. How good can one farmag get? This nicely-ditto'ed pint-sizer is vaulting over the shoulders of the veteran zines to step into the spot which has been empty since Lee Hoffman lost interest in her zine. You simply can't afford to miss #5, which is hilarious with takeoffs on Bradbury and Heinlein which are truly clever and not corny. Run, do not walk; the cost is only five cents; less than the cost of a good candy bar.

MUMMERY

S/Sgt Edwin Corley, Hq. Sq. Hq. AFMTC, Patrick AFB, Florida. Another half-size mag, dittoed, dedicated to the element of drama in fantasy. This issue, the first, contains three play scripts; one a dramatization for radio of Poe's THE BLACK CAT, and the others original. This should provide a fertile field for fan groups who wish to present playlets and skits, and will fill a need in the fantasy field, as yet unfelt but none the less striking. This first issue also contains an article on the new tri-dim films, and the usual first-issue plea for material. The cost is a dime, but don't send him a dime; send him a quarter or more for three or six issues.



RENAISSANCE

Joe Semenovich, 155-07 71st Avenue, Flushing 67, N.Y. Last CRYIN', we gave this magazine a sharp slap across the pinkies for fuedin' and fightin'. We are happy to announce that this issue is far more restrained in tone, and the ones slandered last issue have been given a chance to talk back to their detractors. All in all, this issue is quite an improvement over last time, and will interest most of those fanzine readers who take an active part in the controversies which periodically devastate fandom. Constructive criticism: the margins are too narrow. The staples tear out. In fact, half the fanzines this month suffer from some form or other of the Stapleitis virus. Stapleitis has three major forms: (a) staples too close to the left margin, (b) staples that are too small for a thick zine, and don't penetrate the paper, and (c) staples hacked in to close the zine shut, which tear up half the reading-matter before you can get the blasted thing open. We are inclined to join a bran'new Staple War.



FAN-TO-SEE

Larry Touzinsky, 2911 Minnesota Avenue, St. Louis 18, Missouri. This looks like the poor man's Opus, scrawly artwork and all. Material is moderately interesting, but top-heavy with letters and personal data about people very few people know. Larry announces it will be irregular in the future. This one needs a few more issues before it shapes up into anything definite.



SOL

David Ish, 914 Hammond Road, Ridgewood, New Jersey. 10¢

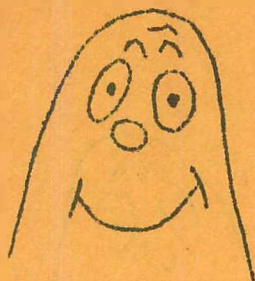
As usual, the cover is beautiful.



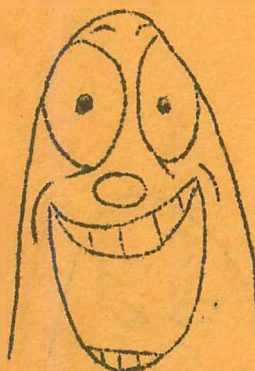
SQUISH

Joe Kinne, 255 South 6th Street, Fulton NY This odd little first issue, cut on an all-cap typewriter, looks as if it might shape up into something original and entertaining, once editor Kinne stops apologizing for "My complete lack of creative ability." Come,





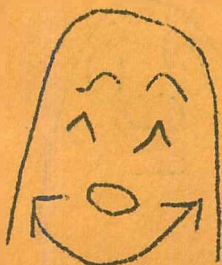
Joe; a little thing like that never stopped a fanzine editor yet. There are some interesting discussion ideas tossed around, evidently seeking controversy and intelligent comment. Why not give it to him? One thin dime gets it.



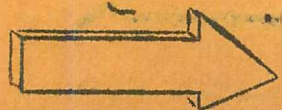
STARMAG George J. Viksnins, 4152 Parkside Avenue, Philadelphia 4, Pennsylvania. This emanation of the Beanie Brigade had us holding our sides and chuckling with nostalgic memory of the good old days when fans were faaaaans and proud of it. The column, FANDOM'S HIGHLIGHTS, is in the old, almost-lost style of George Caldwell; and no tang of modern cynicism and insurgent what-the-hellishness penetrates these grand portals. STARMAG is a fanzine in the grand tradition of SPACEWARP, LUNACY, SPACETEER; the old guard will find it wonderfully reminiscent, and the neofan who got disgusted at SOL and similar dirty little rags, will find a lot of good clean fun in these pages. (EDITOR'S NOTE: it appears time to re-state that our opinions are not necessarily in agreement with Marion's---honest Dave, buddy, honest! Put down that bronze bust of Balloo, Dave! I'm your en rapport twin, 'member?...he) It's the official organ of something called THE STARMEN, and if it weren't for MUMMERY and MOTE, we'd probably give it top billing. The content is only so-so; but the attitude's top-notch. In case you haven't guessed, we LOVED it. So will you.



INDIANA FANTASY Lee Tremper, 1022 N. Tuxedo Street, Indianapolis, Indiana. We might have loved this one too if we could read it. The inking was so light that half the pages were one big blank spot. We suggest either using more ink--it's expensive, but not that expensive--or better stencil-cutting. What little of the material we could decipher, looked good; fiction by some of the names made famous in FAN-FARE, and some amusing departments and poetry. In short, it looks good enough so that I'd like to see the reproduction improved. Some fanzines are better off with blank spots in the inking; but we'd LIKE to read this one. Send her a subscription--fifty cents--and maybe she can afford some ink.



VEGA Joel Nydahl, 119 S. Front St. Marquette, Michigan. This one is so consistently good that we are going to save space to pan some less fortunate 'zine, and just recommend that you subscribe immediately. Of course if you're a fan, you probably already have a subscription, so why should I waste space telling you what you know already? 10¢ the copy and should be more.



SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER

Darmit, we can't find the address on this one. Moral:

never throw away the envelopes on your fanzines. Haarlani! Help! (EDITOR'S NOTE: Roy A. Squires, 1745 Kerneth Road, Glendale 1, California...he) The serious student of science fiction, fantasy and related fields, should subscribe to this magazine just as he subscribes to the more professional magazines. It is the only magazine which consistently and exhaustively covers the field, listing new books and publications, and printing such articles as the current "Science In Fiction" by Henry Kuttner. There is also some excellent artwork by fandom's Bonestell, Morris Scott Dollens, and the usual plethora of book reviews, where-to-buy-its, and ads.

VANATIONS

Norman G. Browne, 13906 - 101A Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. The usual chaotically arranged and beautifully mimeographed grab-bag of serious and wacky pieces on every subject under the sun. Phil Rasch contributes a serious item on THE BIOLOGICAL URGE AND THE FUTURE, and Jack Harness presents THE ANALYTICAL LAVATORY and BRASS TRACKS, a deadpan takeoff on you-know-who. That's a pretty fair sample of what to expect from this--expect the unexpected--and to get it, you just write to Norman--wait till you read your copy--then send him whatever you think it was worth. You can't lose that way, and VANATIONS is the only serious rival of the old OPEN STOVE and VOM--the old-type letterzines which gave fans a sounding-place for just about everything. Highly recommended.

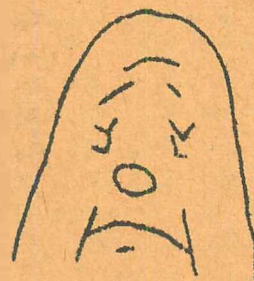
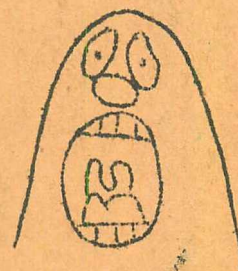
UTOPIAN

R.J. Banks, 111 South 15th, Corsicana, Texas. Ordinary amateur fiction, too many reviews, bad art work and fair articles; this one goes on and on and on, never improving but never getting any worse. Some poetry--so-called--has been added, and Leif Aven's serious articles are as good as ever, but we groan and hide our face at the--yes, really--CROSSWORD PUZZLES!! To what base uses are we come, Horatio-----.

OPUS 20

Rich Elsberry--excuse me--it was a natural mistake. Max Keasler, Box 24, Washington U, St. Louis 5, Missouri. This contains one long article; Rich Elsberry's bottle-by-bottle report of the not-so-recent CHICON II. If you like convention reports, and are not already satiated with reports on the aforesaid orgy, you will probably find this well worth the price Keasler didn't bother listing. Send him a couple dimes and see what happens. You might even get Elsberry for that.

And that's it for this time. Incidentally, Harlan, it is Mrs. Bradley, not Miss. I clear up this little point because now and then, in my fanzine writings, I slip in a reference to my toddler-sized son, and I wish my character to remain unblemished. My husband is very much in evidence, around here at least, and is also a fan-type critter, while Stevie, at two, is already a devoted POGO addict. (EDITOR'S NOTE: the reason we referred to Marion as "Miss Bradley" was the same reason we refer to Mrs. Harry James as "Betty Grable." Clear? Bye to you, Marion and thanks for allowing SFB to have the pleasure of your reviews for as long as we did. Next issue Honey Wood reviews--address page 82.he)





Gawd! How this issue has grown! All I did was turn around and Bingo! I was stuck with 90-some odd pages of SEB if you count all the unnumbered, and included sheets. At any rate, I had scheduled a nice long letterish type column here, but I just can't see my way clear to put in another fifteen pages for letters. Sorry.. but that's how it stands. Please, I beg of you, don't be sending me any letters asking why there wasn't as long a letter section as usual. I've told you all why, now you know.

Some of the letters from this time I will mention briefly herein, and a few, such as H.L. Gold's highly interesting missive concerning why he rejected THE LOVERS, will be held over till next issue.

H.L. Gold wrote in another letter, a run-down of which revealed that he liked the GALAXY APPRECIATION ISSUE but thought I shouldn't have run the article by Rich Elsberry. Many of the readers thought it was a dis-

enjoyed issue, but we still contend it was a worthy piece of writing, and belonged therein as much as anything else. Rich Elsberry sent us a letter saying that no, his opinions hadn't changed, and he wasn't incensed by my editorial notes. On the other hand, Richard Geis writes that my obvious inferiority shows up too painfully in SEB. This letter will see print next issue along with Bert Hirschhorn's polite letter telling us that after looking at the last issue he had concluded that we were no longer a fanzine, but a fawnzine, since we had fawned all over GALAXY. Hank Moskowitz disagreed with our BOOT, to a certain extent, and Fred Chappell commented, "Reading SEB is like being wrung through an emotional washing machine wringer: unusual, unforgettable, and thoroughly exhausting." One of SEB's artists, Jack Harness, described how he felt about working on assignment from SEB: "...the difference between my liking Venable and my liking you is like a key and a lock and a jigsaw puzzle. I am Bill's contented and useful tool, realize it, and fit hand in glove. With you I have to adjust to the singularly interlocking contours of your ego and personality...with Venable it's push-pull, click-click but with you there's some satisfaction in completing a complex puzzle. There is more understanding involved." Gee! Then there was my good friend who edits the sterling zine VEGA, Joel Nydahl, who said the issue was monumental but SHOULD NOT BE SENT ROLLED UP!!! So we won't. See our new mailing system back cover this issue. Redd Boggs letter was too good, and too long, to either forget or not use at all, so we're saving the thing till nextish. Then there was Dave English who fell madly in love with Dean Grennell's For You Mastication, and said that the whole world could now fold, as the word "oreadle" had been invented. Hmm, now there is a thought and a half. And there was a letter from a young man named Johnny Wasso that, frankly, is the reason I published this issue. I was so disgusted with all of you that didn't bother sending in the tally sheet, that I was going to fold, but Wasso's letter came in, and I didn't. I'll run it next issue. And that's it for this ish..he

THEY LURKETH WITHIN

cartoon by
DIGNIN

RICHARD BERGERON: our cover artist is a fellow residing in Newport, Vermont, whose style of illustrating has at last won him the praise he so richly deserves. Since to reproduce his work in the most advantageous manner, color must be used, SEB went out and had this issue's cover silk-screened expressly. Rich will be appearing as often as he can in SEBULLETIN in the future.

DAVID ENGLISH: appears now as the pre-eminent in fandom insofar as caustic wit is concerned. A teen-age resident of Dunkirk, New York, Dave has more than once set the sides of our editorial staff splitting with his column. No greater exponent of the mature in humor exists in fandom today. A young man with talent.

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP: the author of this issue's co-lead article, is as well-known as any one author can be in science fiction, having appeared first in September of 1937 in ASTOUNDING, and rapidly rising like a V-2 in the ranks till his latest book, THE CONTINENT MAKERS AND OTHERS has brought him to the very pinnacle. He is also head of the Philadelphia World Convention's Rules Committee, hence the authority for the article.

REDD BOGGS: is about as much a cornerstone of fandom as you'd hope to ever see. In the ranks for a goodly number of years, the Minneapolis, Minnesota sage of the analytical article publishes one of the most literate of the limited circulation magazines, SKYHOOK. A prince.

BILL DIGNIN: a young fellow who will one of these days stand boot to boot with the Biggest of the Big, has a cleverly working mind that may at any moment be the impetus to spew forth either a robot cartoon or a snide movie review. Discovered here in Cleveland by one of SEBs staff members, Sally Dunn, Bill has come up so fast he has amazed even us. A staunch and straightforward member of Seventh Fandom, by the way.

ALGIS BUDRYS: whose UNCLE AYJAY'S SACTIME SAGA on page 42 was hindered by running it too far down the stencil, is one of the fastest-rising of prodom's new writers. Such stories as THE HIGH PURPOSE, THE WEEBLIES, WALK TO THE WORLD and a host of others have put him in the public eye admirably more than a few times. A forthcoming book will establish AJ even more. His stints as assistant editor of such magazines as GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION and GNOKE PRESS, give him a more than adequate background in the field. And a helluva nice guy, to boot.

LESTER DEL REY: needs no introduction. Suffice it to say that of the perhaps five or six truly great writers in the field, Les is up in the forefront. As editor of SPACE SF, SF ADVENTURES, FANTASY FICTION and ROCKET STORIES, he started a chain of publications still being seen on the newsstands of America, and as the author of HELEN O'LOY he bore a pleasant memory still seen in the hearts of SFers of America.

SU ROSEN: a young lady from Minneapolis has turned out some highly unusual pieces of material in the past, but none so incomprehensibly unclassifiable as this issue's RUSTIC TALE. Su is, by the way, 14.

BOB SILVERBERG: publishes one of fandom's outstanding periodicals in SPACESHIP. And an intuitive pro now.

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

march 1953

issue #13



SUAVE
AND
SLEEK



A REAL
SOPHISTICATE



A LITTLE
TEMPERAMENTAL



PERHAPS
A
SCHIZO



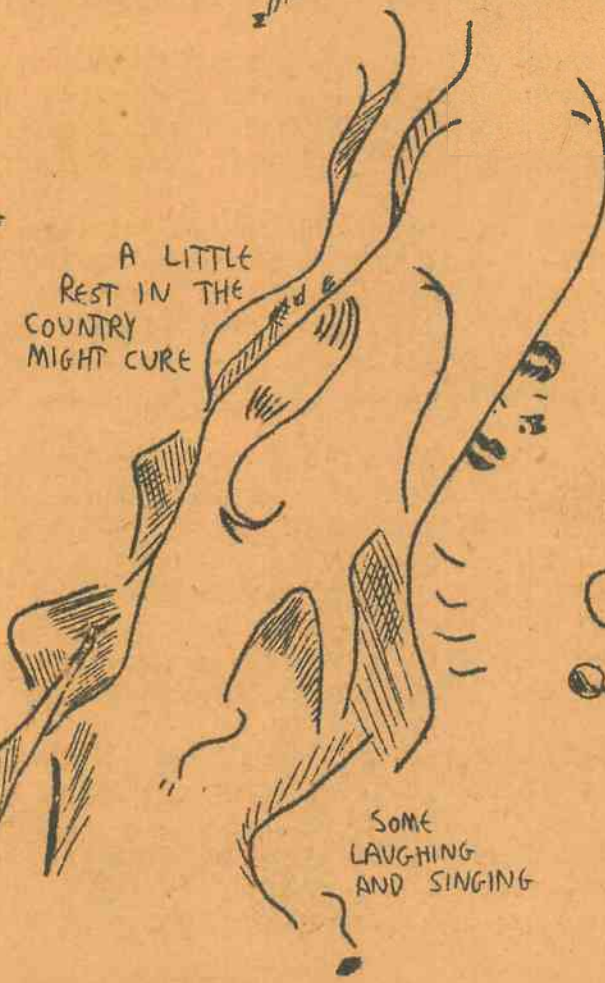
MAYBE
NEUROTIC

PRESCRIPTION
FOR NATURALNESS-
a new art style by
Vaughn Burden-----

in this issue:
ALGIS BUDRYS-LESTER
DEL REY-L. SPRAGUE
de CAMP-BOB
SILVERBERG-
REDD BOGGS-



A LITTLE
REST IN THE
COUNTRY
MIGHT CURE



SOME
LAUGHING
AND SINGING



MY OWN
SWEET
SELF

...AND WACKY
SOMETIMES TOO