

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

NOVEMBER
1952

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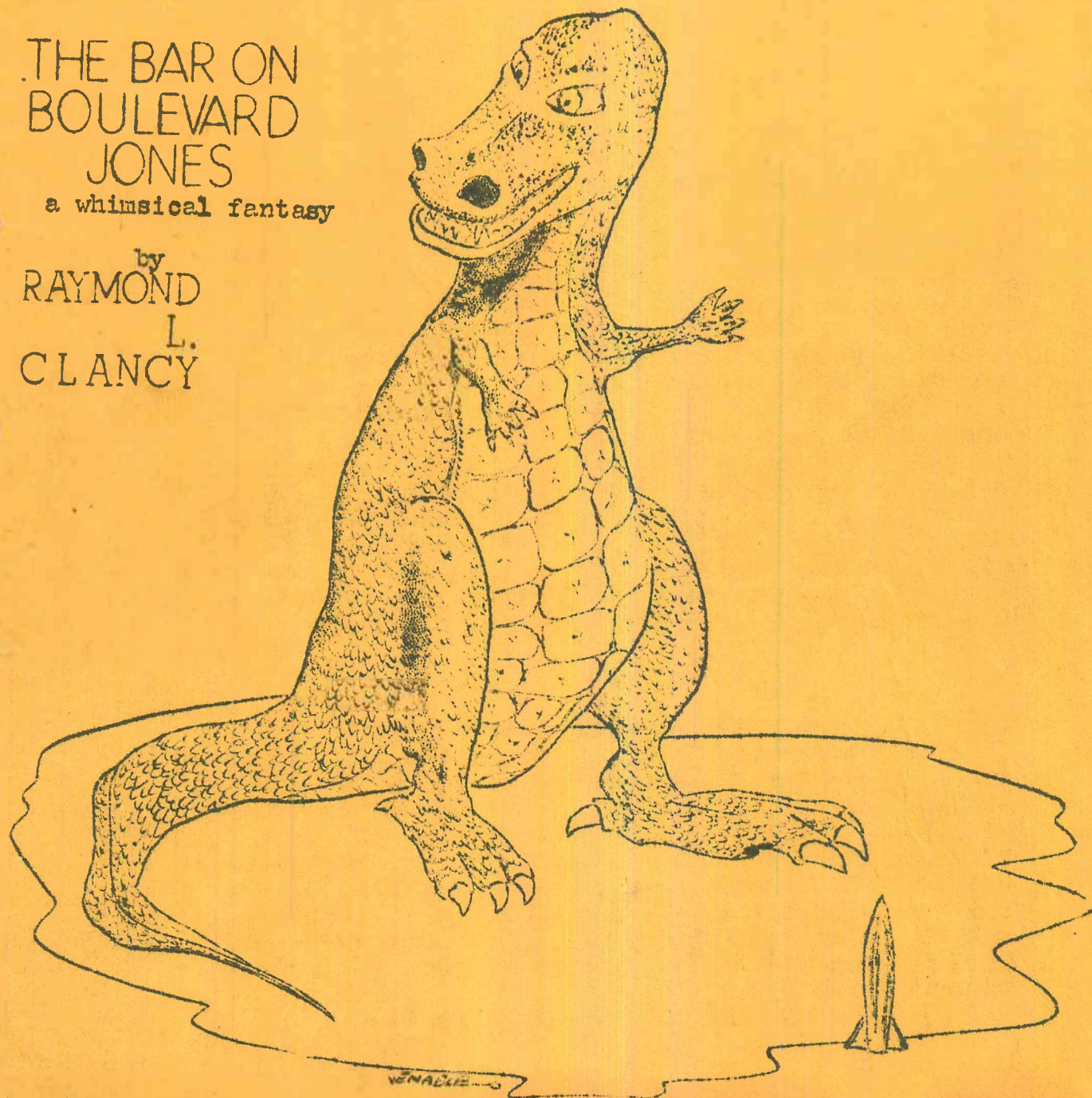
number
10

ANNUAL
CHRISTMAS BOOK
REVIEW SECTION

THE BAR ON BOULEVARD JONES

a whimsical fantasy

by
RAYMOND
L.
CLANCY



IN THIS ISSUE:

CROSSING THE BORDER first of SEB's "guest editorials"
by Norman G. Browne---HALO a new column by Hal Shapiro
--SONG FOR SEANLIGHT a new poem by Noreen Kane Talasca

NEXT ISSUE:

**LINT FROM A STEF FAN'S
BELLY-BUTTON**

one of the most clever
columns in years, com-
plete with artwork by
the author-----
by **DAVID ENGLISH !!**

by now, all subscribers of SFB will
have received a copy of the one-
issue magazine, VECTOR, sent to
all those who receive this
zine. any extra copies
desired will cost 25¢
and only a few of
the 200 numbered
copies are
left so be
quick a-
bout it
send all moneys for copies to SFB's address

BY WAY OF A BLURB

In the past, SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN has presented pieces of fiction that we thought (and, to our pleasure, you thought) were far above the run-of-the-mill stories other fan magazines had used, and at least up to the standards of some of the better pro science fiction publications.

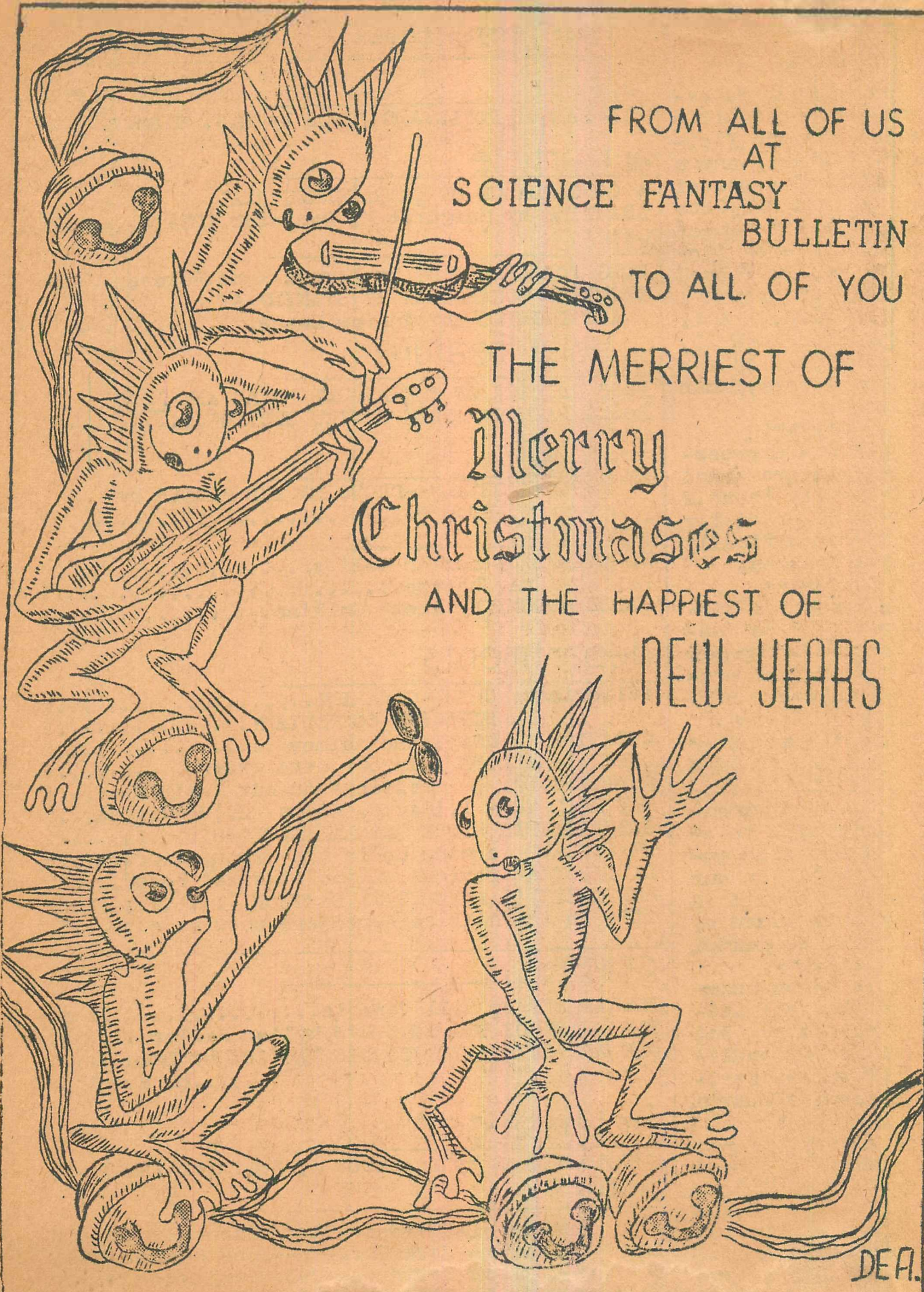
Next month we are presenting a story which is the best we have ever run.

That may sound like one of the many expletives with which we explode from time to time. Not so. If we ballyhoo'd THE ULTIMATE HONOR, if we praised THE BAR ON BOULEVARD JONES, if we raved over THE BEER CAMPAIGN, then you will realize that we are in a state of restraint for a very definite purpose when we state unequivocally but simply that

A D V E N T

is one of the finest stories we have yet run across. Here is a story with deep social importance, sound insight into the human mind and its products. So, without fanfare, without wholesale and wanton praise we are offering it to you. The story is by BILL VENABLE, the artwork and cover for it by Venable, as well, and the story one of the most worthwhile he has ever turned out. We are humble at the opportunity to bring this mature bit of modern science-fiction to your attention. Please be with us in December when we bring you:

ADVENT by Bill Venable



FROM ALL OF US
AT
SCIENCE FANTASY
BULLETIN
TO ALL OF YOU

THE MERRIEST OF
Merry
Christmases
AND THE HAPPIEST OF
NEW YEARS

DEA.

THE BEMS XMAS

specialy drawn for SFBULLETIN by Mrs. Margaret
M. Dominick (DEA) for the belated Holiday issue

An amateur magazine for those who enjoy science fiction, fantasy, and a variety of assorted and allied subjects of general interest to the science fiction fan. Published monthly at 12701 Shaker Blvd., Apt. #616, Cleveland 20, Ohio by the editor and publisher, Harlan Ellison.

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

All material submitted MUST be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope unless previously solicited.

Material submitted is done so at the risk of the contributor and no responsibility will be assumed for such material while in our possession though a reasonable amount of care will be exerted.

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

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artwork

Bill Venable--LACH--Dea--Ray Nelson--Ray Gibson
Larry Hekelman--Jack Harness--Jack Gaughan--Bill
Dignin--Richard Bergeron--Helen Andreas--Harlan
Ellison--Shelby Vick--Vaughn Burden--Robert E.
Briney--Bill Rotsler--Bob Athearn--Phylliss Miller
STAFF: editor and publisher: Harlan Ellison
assistant editor: honey Wood staff artists:
Dea--Burden--Hekelman--Athearn--Harness

CHEST-CLEARING

There is a special brand of editorial fire in my heart as I write this editorial! I'm writing it because I feel deeply that it needs to be written. I'm clearing my chest of some things that've been galling me! On the very next page there is a cartoon that set off this raging page's genesis. I wish you'd all look right now. I'll wait.



HARLAN ELLISON

I'm not particularly concerned with what you thought of that cartoon. My staff and I thought it more than slightly humorous. As a matter of fact, I thought it was downright laugh-evoking, which is the purpose of every cartoon and if it were the purpose of a few more people in the world, their reason for being alive would be more justified.

I was, at one point, slightly ashamed to publish that cartoon. It was because of several people of whom I thought highly, who felt that some of the material SFB had run was reprehensible. I didn't. I didn't tell them that, however, because they were (and still will be after reading this editorial, I hope) my friends. But here's the point. At no time during the nearly year-long history of SFB have we published a piece of material that we were ashamed of, or lacked enough faith in to stand up for. We still don't.

Material selected by this magazine is done so by the editor, that's me, with recourse to the assistant editor, that's Honey, and with no other references save to the tally sheets which you occasionally deign to honor us by sending in. We have to do it that way. We work far enough ahead that your tally sheets won't affect us too much save in a formulation of future trends, to comply with your overall comments. It is to be noted and remembered here and now that each and every word going into SFB is screened thoroughly by myself and Mrs. Wood and then IF WE THINK IT'S UP TO SFB STANDARDS we publish it. Get that, up to SFB standards.

In point of fact, we've rejected more manuscripts just this month that would add up to more words than are in this entire issue! No doubt the cartoon on the next page will burn some people, and make them say, "Tskk, tskk! Naughty, naughty; that type of stuff belongs in ESQUIRE." Well, what's wrong with ESQUIRE? It's got a tremendous circulation, a fine roster of good authors, high-class readers, and it publishes good science fiction.

No, we won't sink to any depths of iniquity because of the publication of this cartoon. What I want to point out is that, in our own way, we are fighting and defending ourselves against what is taking
(editorials concluded next page--)

in the thinking of the peoples of the World today. Too much censorship, not enough freedom of thought to be able to come right out in the open and laugh heartily at a joke like the one on the next page. I see nothing "lurid", "cheap", or even "degenerate" about Ray Nelson's cartoon. If you do, then I'm deeply and sincerely sorry for you....f o r you laugh very seldom.....he

—DIFFUSED—COMMENTARY—

Due to the remarkably profuse replies of you readers on the tally sheets, we are herewith dropping TALES OF COTTON THORNE and the BEST ART awards. At the time we were running these features, we considered them good enough to be in SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN. But through the comments of interested readers such as yourself (?) we now see that they were not what you desired. Consequently, we have dropped them.

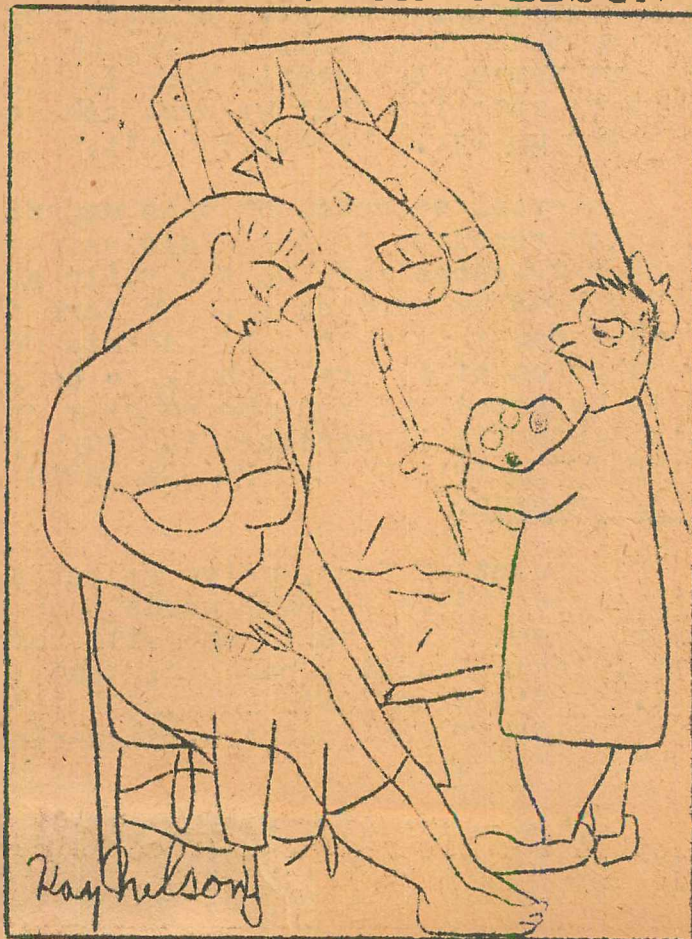
* * *

Ray Gibson, our young artist-friend has convinced us of the fact that seeing as how he is too encumbered with school work and commercial art assignments, he will be unable to do anymore art for SFB. This is particularly distressing to those of us who have become, over the past seven months, partially addicted to GIBSON'S GALLERY OF EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL LIFE which featured much of Ray's humorous work in a column that was peculiarly a distinct feature of SFB (and has, we have been informed, imitated a number of times already in other farmmagazines). In any event, if a column of cartoon-articles such as THE ET GALLERY seems advisable we have gotten in touch with Jack Harness of Pittsburgh, who has an unusually fine style of cartooning (as witness his illos for THE BAR ON BOULEVARD JONES this issue) and who has assured us that he is not only ready, but anxious to do one of these series for SFB. Your opinions on this matter are greatly to be desired.

* * *

Next month, in reply to your overwhelming applause for SPECIE REFLEX, my editorial last issue, I shall try something controversial in the way of editorials. The topic: THE NEGROES PLACE IN FANDOM. Till then, adieu.....he

CARTOON BY: RAY NELSON

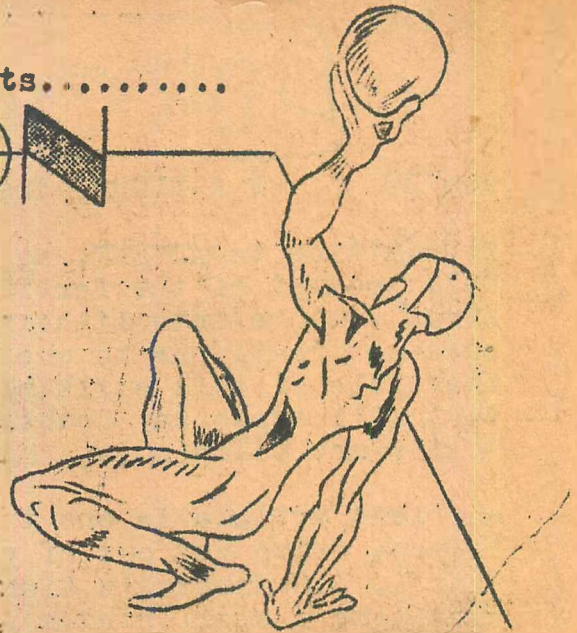


department

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN presents.....

CITATION

Each issue of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN features an award for a member of the science fiction ranks for outstanding achievement in this ever-expanding field of literature. The CITATION is the highest honor we are capable of bestowing; it is a show of our gratitude to persons furthering this specialized field. Thus far, CITATIONS have been awarded to: 1) L. SPRAGUE de CAMP and FLETCHER PRATT 2) LLOYD ARTHUR ESHBACH 3) ROBERT A. HEINLEIN 4) JOHN W. CAMPBELL, Jr. 5) E.E. SMITH, Ph.D. 6) H.L. GOLD 7) ANTHONY BOUCHER 8) ALFRED BESTER." These are the 1952 receivers.



NUMBER TEN
ISAAC ASIMOV for writing
mature science fiction--

Robots were something a great deal less than people, and sociological science fiction was a ten syllable phrase meaning a form of s-f a self-respecting author with an eye to his bank account didn't fool around with. Then came Isaac Asimov, a young man with new ideas. His stories reflected a keen sense of human insight and a flair for transposing the most basic of socio-historical concepts into exciting SCIENCE FICTION (that is, he wrote s-f that was first fiction---enjoyable in itself as just plain entertaining reading---and secondly scientific accuracy in every projected equation) not just SCIENCE fiction or science FICTION, a spectacular feat in itself. Asimov hit the field of speculative fiction like a bombshell. His stories were something new.

Where science fictioners had been cluttering up the field with a wild mélange of improbable gadgets, Asimov was puzzling, delighting and amazing both the readers and those of his fellow writers who were intelligent enough to grasp his advanced concepts. With a writer of people and their relationships, Asimov has spun tales of advanced cultures to awe the most skillful of craftsmen. His FOUNDATION series in their complexity provide a plot-thread that is staggering in its carefully contrived and labyrinthian excellence. His tales of robots, told with an air of what might easily be called "mechanical whimsy" are as devoid of the air of stale ponderosity of the pre-Asimovian robotics, as his NIGHTFALL is still a forerunner in magnificently painted portraits of future civilizations. Even as all great writers show a certain technical maturity as the years go by, so Asimov has shown in such recent tales as THE MARTIAN WAY, THE CURRENTS OF SPACE, MISBEGETTEN MISSIONARY and a host of others, that he is still at least five jumps ahead of the rest of the field.

For carving a very great slice out of the cake of adult science-fiction for his readers, Isaac Asimov well deserves our humble gratitude and this month's CITATION.

a subscription to SFB is being sent to Isaac Asimov

ORIGINAL BALANCE



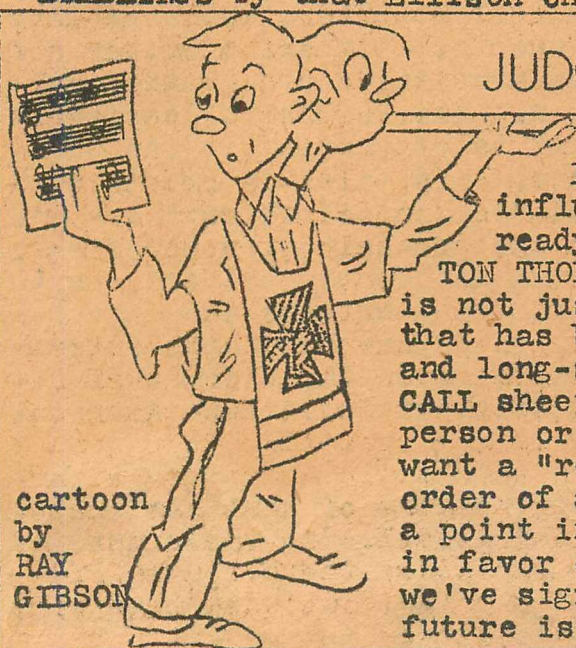
- see BY WAY OF A BLURB, inside front cover please.
- in addition to ADVENT, as noted directly above, our cover will also be a product of the fertile imagination of BILL VENABLE. it is our first venture into lithographed covers and your comments will influence us greatly as to whether we use litho covers much in the future. the title of this striking study in deep blacks and lustrous whites that will erase any doubts you may have harbored as to the degree of Bill's art talents is MAURY RIDGE LANDING. watch for it.
- our lead article is one that we can guarantee to do one of two things to you: drive you out of your mind or convulse you with laughter. that L. Ron Hubbard's Dianetics has been laughed out of the public eye (like a small cinder), and that articles on Dianetics (and that includes satires therefrom derived) are as extinct as dodo birds, is definitely no reflection upon Nick Falasca's DIARETHICS: the new science of the mind. DIARETHICS is something entirely new in satires. it is an intellectual satire which finds no need to depend upon any slapstick humour for its guffaws. artwork by HERBERT, engravings and all. don't miss it, it'll rank high in the '53 satire poll.

○ IT'S COMING NEXT MONTH!!

LINT FROM A STEAK'S BELLY BUTTON

A COLUMN BY
DAVID
ENGLISH

- Oh yeah, there'll be another "guest editorial", this one by Hank Moskowitz on the subject of The Lovers---a controversial subject if we ever heard one....there'll be Hal Shapiro with HALO...Gregg Calkins with JABBER-WOCKY...and very possibly Barclay Johnson with a new column called simply PREDICTIONS...in addition, there will be a nice rounded out lineup of accessory material including something called--BURBLINGS by that Ellison character...can't seem to shake the bum.



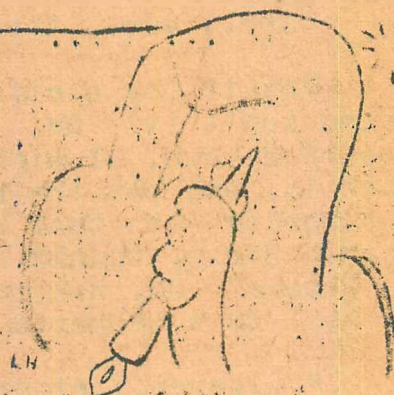
cartoon
by
RAY
GIBSON

JUDGMENT DAY : ratings on last issue

Don't say that your tally sheets don't influence us. Because of them, as we've already stated, we are dropping TALES OF COTTON THORNE and the monthly BEST ART awards. It is not just the browbeating of one or two fan's, that has brought this about, but the cumulative, and long-studied total of about fifty GABRIEL'S CALL sheets that came in. We won't let any one person or group of persons influence us. If you want a "reform" in STB, it'll have to be on the order of a good heavy segment of the readers. As a point in fact, we've had such strong commentary in favor of our new art find LARRY NEKEIAN, that we've signed him up for enough artwork for each future issue. (concluded page six-----)

Guest Editorial

NORMAN C. BROWNE: CROSSING THE BORDER
(editor of VARIATIONS)



heading by LAWRENCE
HEKELIAN

Here is the first of our "guest editorials" which will be handled each issue by a different person, well-known in the fan or pro ranks. They will be on all subjects. Next month watch for Henry Moskowitz's editorial.

"What's that...? Did I have any trouble crossing the U.S.-Canadian border? Well, no, nothing to speak of. But an interesting thing happened; sit down and I'll tell you about it....."

* * * * *

When I entered the Canadian Customs building, a tall, very official-looking Mountie motioned me to follow him. He led me into a large room containing nothing but a big, soft easy chair. I seated myself and the Mountie turned and left the room; turning off the lights as he did so. I sat back in the chair and relaxed, curious as to what would happen next.

Presently my patience was rewarded, for a ray of light suddenly shone out from the back of the room and focused on a small metal sphere suspended from the ceiling in front of me. The sphere was multi-colored, and as I watched it, it slowly began to revolve.

Then I heard the voice. It was a soft, low, monotone, and seemed to be coming from all around me. It said, "Sit back in your chair and relax...watch the little ball...watch it closely...relax...make your mind a complete blank...you feel nothing, hear nothing, smell nothing, sense nothing, only the little ball...you are getting drowsy...you are finding it hard to keep your eyes open...your eyelids are getting heavier and heavier...you are falling asleep...sleep...sleep...deeply asleep...deeper...deeper...you are now deeply asleep..."

The voice cut off. Then a new voice came on. It was crisp and business-like. It said, "You are now completely asleep, deeply asleep. You will respond only to my voice. You will obey only my voice. You will obey my every command."

Here the voice paused for a moment and then went on:

"Under no circumstances will you bring back American cigarettes across the border. Under no circumstances will even the thought of doing such a deed enter your mind. You may if you wish, smoke American cigarettes while in the States, but there is now created within your mind a mental block against you attempting to smuggle American cigarettes across the border. You will remember nothing of what has happened since you entered this building. That is all. On the count of ten you will be awake and you will get up and leave the building..."

(concluded page six)

"One...two...three...four...five...six....."

* * * *

"What? Oh, a cigarette. Thanks, I-----say, this is an American brand isn't it? Oh, Well, under the circumstances, I'd better smoke one of my own. I might accidently butt the cig before I was finished with it, and put the butt in my pocket. Then, if I went back across the border with that butt in my pocket, I'd be smuggling, wouldn't I? Yeah. Sorry, thanks all the same. What? How much do cigarettes cost in Canada? Oh, not much. This pack here cost me 48¢. But that's cheap. In some parts of Canada they cost 50¢."

* * * *

"...seven...eight...nine...ten."

I got up, walked out of the building and over to the American Customs office. There, I was asked a number of questions and a visitor's pass was made out for me. After I was finished at the front desk, one of the guards took me to the back of the building where there was a room containing a large bathtub full of a sickly greenish-looking liquid. He asked me to get undressed and climb in. I did so and after I had completely immersed myself in it, I climbed out. After drying myself and dressing again, I asked the guard what it was all about.

"Oh," he said, "we don't want any of you Canadian tourists bringing hoof-and-mouth disease into the United States....."

---NORMAN G. BROWNE

department

THE BOOT TO...

1. RAY C. HIGGS of the National Fantasy Fan Federation for charging for the Astounding SF "key" volume that was to distributed free to members
2. WONDER STORY ANNUAL for selecting for its' 1953 edition seven stories that were run not less than ten years ago when much older (and better stories) could be used to acquaint those who first had no chance to see them



JUDGMENT DAY (concluded) -----

But here are the ways they stacked-up last issue:	place
WHAT EVERY YOUNG SPACEMAN SHOULD KNOW by Robert Bloch	
THE IMPACT OF SF ON WORLD PROGRESS by Hugo Gernsback	-----tie-----1
RETROGRESSION by Su Rosen	-----2
CRYIN' IN THE SINK by Marion Zimmer Bradley	-----3
MICROSCOPIC MUSINGS by Garth Bentley	-----4
BURBLINGS by Harlan Ellison	-----5



THE BAR ON BOULEVARD JONES BY RAYMOND L. CLANCY

"Now, I ain't asking you to believe this, George, I just want to tell it to you.

"And I don't want you to think I was drunk when it happened, or just imagined it, see? Because I ain't got any imagination at all, and I swear I was just as sober as I am now, old pal, old pal, old pal!

"I'll just have to go back a little way before the beginning, George, old boy! Now you just bear with me, old boy, old bear, old bearsie, old boy!

"As I was saying, it began in a place just like this, a real high-class old bar, with Swiss things and little waterfalls around the place and a jukebox with colored lights jus' like that one over there. And I bet if you put wings on that little old jukebox, Georgie, I could fly it right out of here, right through that little old door!

"Anyway, I had a few drinks, just enough to get an edge on, maybe a quart of whiskey, a few bottles of wine, and a couple of gallons of beer.

"So I was feeling good, and said to myself, 'Flukey, old boy, let's travel.'

"I remember getting thrown out of the baggage compartments of a lot of airplanes and hearing people speak a lot of foreign languages before I finally got to this place I'm trying to tell you about. (cont.)

all illustrations for
this story
specially
drawn by---
JACK HARNES
of Pittsburgh

"It might have been South America, or someplace in China, or Africa, but I remember they didn't have a bar at the airport.

"So naturally, me just having an edge on, not being really drunk or anything like that, I went into the city looking for a bar. You know how it is, George. I never did approve of overdoing anything. But like I say, old boy, I could see that I had been doing quite a bit of traveling, and it was time for another drink if I didn't want the edge to wear off.

"The people were just like people in this city, but they had the darndest foreign names of the street-signs. I just couldn't make up my mind to go into a bar on such odd-name streets. But I wandered around until I came to a sort of narrow alley, and the sign pointing down it said, 'Boulevard Jones'.

"Well, the street didn't look like a boulevard, but at least it had a name that I could understand. It was like a breath from home.

"A boulevard is a street in any language, and Jones, I figured, was an American benefactor who had told them about using zombies for a chaser or some such thing.

"Well, as I was saying, it was just like a breath from home, and I fairly strode down that street till I came to a bar.

"I forget the name of the place, but it had a big window with green curtains. There was a sort of soft lighting inside, and I could see the bar was crowded. But I went right through those swinging doors anyway.

"Well, about halfway down the bar, there was a place for me, and I went right for it, George, old boy.

"I saw that there was a pterodactyl who'd be drinking on my left hand, and there was a dragon holding down the stool to the right of the one where I sat down. Now don't go telling me I don't know a pterodactyl when I see one. I've been in mussums and I've seen pictures and read books.

"I'll admit the dragon was something I didn't expect to see sitting at a bar, and it's something we only heard about from legends and such places, but it was there. Facts are facts.

"The pterodactyl took up about three men's places, but the dragon, big as he was, had kind of little wings, and they folded close to his body, so he only sat on one stool.

"The bartender was a giant of a man, all in white except for a little bow tie. That was black. George, I'm telling you he had fists like hams.

"I ordered a Tom Collins, being it was warm in the place, and now George, comes the unbelievable part. Big as that bartender was, he looked just like a skinny, little kid I knew someplace here in the States. Somebody dropped a nickel in the jukebox, and it began to play 'Begin the Beguine.'

"I gulped down the Tom Collins, and ordered a whiskey sour.

"Then I asked the bartender whether he was related to this skinny, little kid. He looked kind of blank, and then he only smiled a little.

"Well, George, I may be dumb, but if you give me enough time, I catch on. Naturally, the guy couldn't speak English, and I should have realized that, being sure I wasn't in Hoboken, wherever I was.

"But this is where the funny part comes in, George, as sure as my name is John Q. Fluke.

"The pterodactyl did!

"You could have knocked me over with a feather from a dodo, when
(continued next page)

the pterodactyl set down his glass and leaned over toward me.

" 'Bud,' he said, 'Pardon me for sticking my beak in where I may not be wanted, but you sound like an American to me.' "

"That's what I am, I said, and I noticed in the mirror behind the bar that the dragon perked up a little and turned his head my way.

"I remember the juke box was giving out with 'Cool Water' when the pterodactyl and I started getting acquainted. The dragon wasn't even in on the party at first.

"George, I want to tell you, they had a drink they called 'Forest Fire' and one they called 'Cosmic Convulsion'. They made a zombie look like a milk shake. And there was one drink there with a foreign name that made them look like very weak lemonade.

"I sampled 'em! You know me, George, always uphold the honor of fair Stroopleigh, or wherever it was that I went to school.

"Anyway, I sang all the old school songs. The pterodactyl and I were giving with the Yale drinking song. I remember. It makes me feel sober to think of it. A pterodactyl harmonizing with the Yale drinking song. You look kind of sober yourself, George.

"So I got to know everybody in the place, and they kept coming in until it was quite a crowd to know.

"But the pterodactyl and the dragon were the real McCoy. They were the ones to know.

"We got real palsy-walsy.

"I mean, George, just to give you an idea of the crowd, the human beings were the worst of the lot; a queer set, every one of them.

"There was a girl came in about midnight, I remember. She was a good-looker, and no fooling. A regular movie actress. But when I asked her what she did for a living and for a little recreation, she told me she was a vampire. What I mean, George, old pal, you can see what I mean.

"In a way, she wasn't bad. She kidded me, told me not to be afraid, she knew she couldn't get any blood out of me, only alcohol.

"And there was a quiet, well-dressed guy, a werewolf. He started sprouting hair and growing fangs around one in the morning. They threw him out.

"Anyway, Georgie, old palsy-walsie, around two in the morning, the characters stopped coming in and started going out, if you get what I mean.

"The public party was dying down but our party was getting livelier by the minute.

"That's why we got so well acquainted, me and the pterodactyl and the old dragonsy-wagonsy and some other good guys -- oh, a monstrous-sized cockroach, a dodo bird that didn't talk much, a fish that could live out of water -- he drank like a fish -- and some others, I'll tell you about them.

"I remember everybody downed two 'Cosmic Convulsions' in rapid

(continued next page)



succession. I was just as sober as I am now, but the lungfish, he jumped up and began to swing on a chandelier. There he was, singing 'Blow the Man Down'.

"George, I've been giving you the straight facts so far, and I know what I'm going to say now is a bit steep. But kid, you can take my word for it. That chandelier was made in Newark, New Jersey.

"Well, it was about five o'clock in the morning. You could hear the milk wagons clattering by outside. And you could see that dirty, gray, old dawn through the window of the bar on Boulevard Jones.

"George, I give you my word, the bartender was stretched out on top of the bar, snoring away. Half of the others were fast asleep, some on the floor, some sitting at tables, and a talking horse, standing up.

"Well, pal, some of us were still in circulation, and our brains were just as keen as razor-blades. I don't say we could have handled ourselves in a barroom brawl by then, but the intellectual exercise was right down our alley by then. Right down Boulevard Jones!

"The dragon and I got to discussing the series, science and a lot of big subjects like that. When it came to the future of the human race, the pterodactyl and some others got in.

"Well," says the dragon, who was inclined to be optimistic, 'These little two-feet got a lot on the ball. They figure to last.' "

"Yeah," says I, 'That's the way I had it figured.' "

"Pardon me," says the pterodactyl, quick. 'I'd like to say a few well-chosen words on that subject, if nobody hasn't no objections.' "

"Funny how poor his grammar was, George. Damn strange, now that I think of it. Somehow, you don't expect to hear a pterodactyl using poor grammar, do you, George? I'm glad we agree there. But he had a keen mind, just the same, and let me give you his arguments.

"You see," said the pterodactyl, 'some millions of years ago, me and my species were crawling all over this planet. There weren't any bars then, and it was a tough struggle for existence. Well, to escape

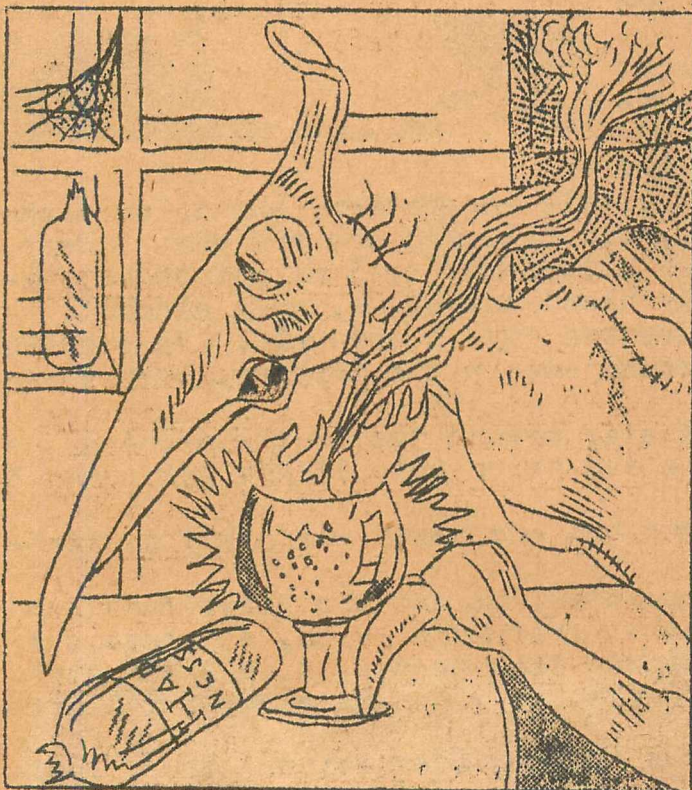
the boredom, and the vicious competition, we put in a lot of time figuring out ways to get high. The solution, as we saw it, was to hop up into the bright blue yonder, see the world and grab off our grub from the wing.' "

"Just then, George, there was a crash. The dodo had rolled under the table. A gallon of good wine went with him, crash, splash! Just like that. It would have been nice to get his opinion.

"Well, we all grinned foolishly at one another, and then the dodo looked so safe and satisfied we forgot about him, and the pterodactyl went right on.

"Our method," went on the pterodactyl, 'was to shorten our legs and lengthen our toes. That made room for a membrane between the toes, see, a big membrane, sort of like leather. That's where we

(concluded next page)



made our mistake.' said the pterodactyl, George. 'The world was mapped out for feathers, and the birds survived. It was only a little point,' he said, 'but it was the point that counted. Of course, if we could have looked several years ahead, we would have begun to grow feathers,' he said, 'but then we should have been birds, in any case.' "

"So, George, me and this dragon and the other boys who were still upright, we gave this a good think. It all sounded so logical.

"The the cockroach (he was five feet high and a dirty-white color), he began to wave his antennae around all excitedly. 'My species figure to last under any conditions,' he began, 'But just where does your experience fit in with these human beings, pard?' he asked the pterodactyl, right out.

" 'It's this way,' said the pterodactyl, (I was calling him Terry by then), 'It seems to me that mankind has been making the same mistake we made. He wants to fly, so what does he do, grow wings? I mean real wings, feather wings! No! He makes airplanes, balloons, rockets, anything to avoid the trouble of feathers sticking into him when he sleeps. And that's no way to survive. Take a look at me!' "

" 'No,' said the pterodactyl sadly, 'you can't beat evolution.' "

"Well, we didn't want to see him with no crying jag, George, so we all kidded him along, and pointed to the sleepers all around the bar-room, and told him he was lasting pretty good, we thought.

"So we all had another drink.

"George, I told you already how I came to get back. So that's all done with. But, George, as sure as my name's Fluke, it's got me worried.

"I've been thinking and thinking, are we really on the way out?

"What're you laughing about, George? What you looking at me so disgusted for? I can prove it!

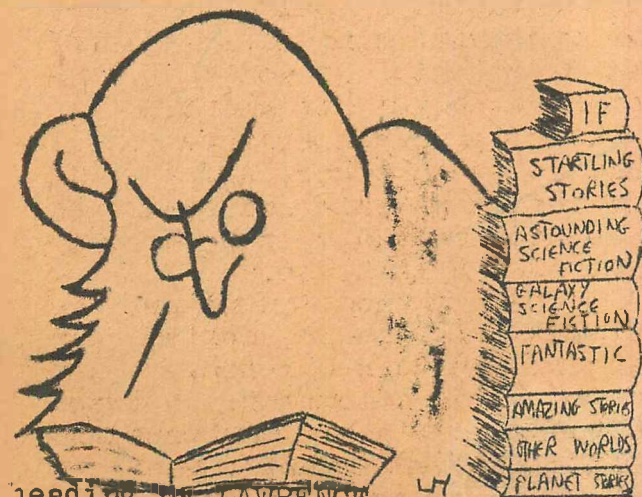
"Did I ever show you this I brought back with me, George, from the bar on Boulevard Jones? Here, help me off with my shirt. There, take a look. And they don't stick in my back when I sleep, either.

"Bartender! Bartender! Quick, this guy's fainted!"

T H E E N D

department

science fantasy bulletin's STORY RECOMMENDATIONS



headed by LAWRENCE
H E K E L I A N

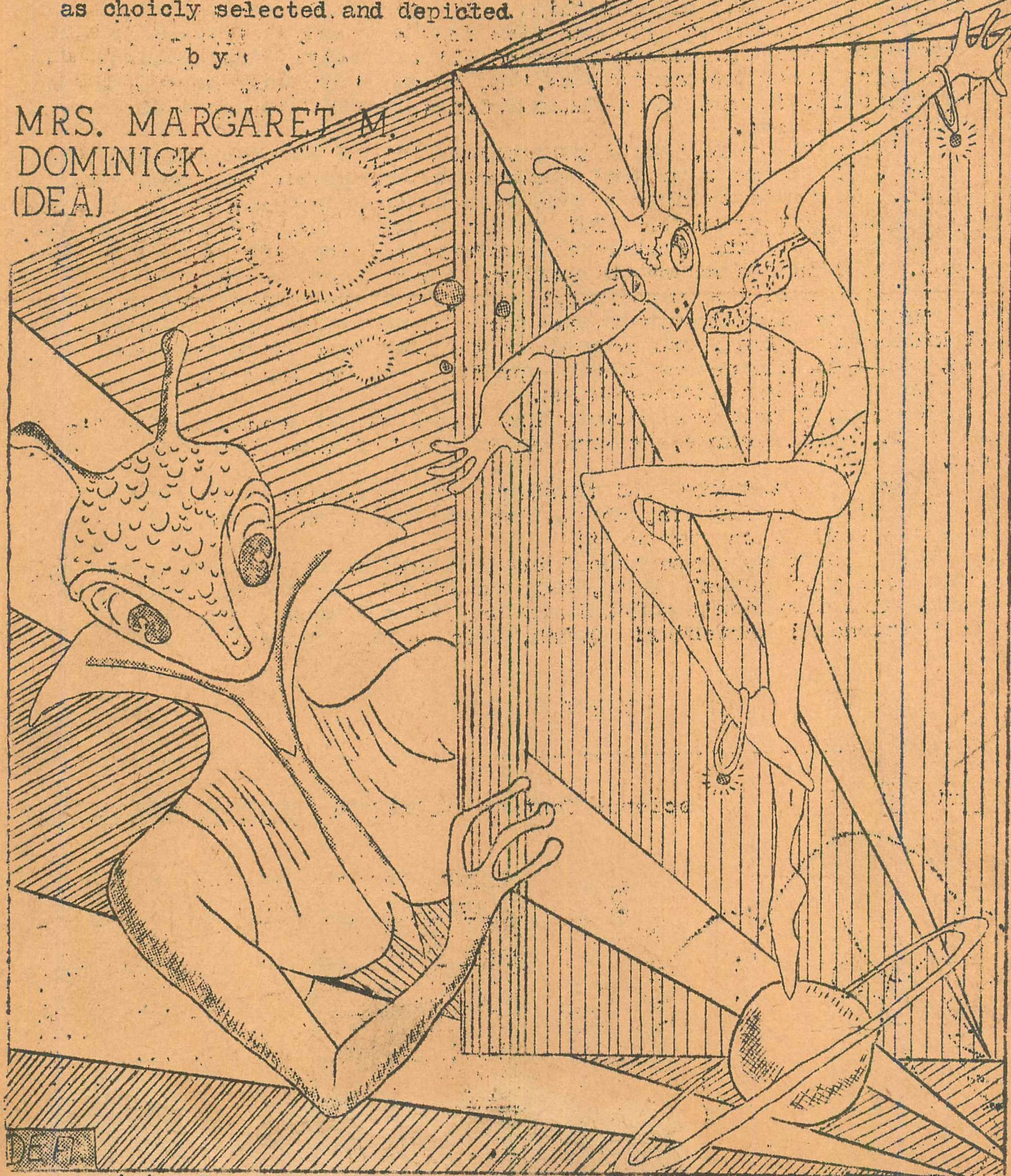
PERFECT CREATURE by John Wyndham...
Magazine of Fantasy & SF....January
THE MASK OF DEMETER by Martin Pearson & Cecil Corwin...F&SF.....Jan
THE LAST MAGICIAN by Bruce Elliott.
Magazine of Fantasy & SF....January
THE INHABITED by Richard Wilson....
Galaxy Science Fiction.....January
TEETHING RING by James Causey.....
Galaxy Science Fiction.....January
THE VIRGIN OF ZENITH by L. Sprague de Camp...Thrilling Wonder Stories, Feb
UN-LAN by Paul Anderson...aSF...Jan
issues top story: THE LAST MAGICIAN...

A CONCORDANCE OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL BEAUTIES

as choicely selected and depicted

by

MRS. MARGARET M.
DOMINICK
(DEA)



appropriate planetary symbols through the courtesy of HONEY WOOD of SFB

in order that we may catch a breather in an attempt to get caught up with our publishing schedule, this issue we are running NEXT TEXT and LILL-IPUTIA across the tops of the pages containing DEA's extraterrestrial-type beauties. this format is necessary if we don't want to run over too many pages..he

department

page thirteen



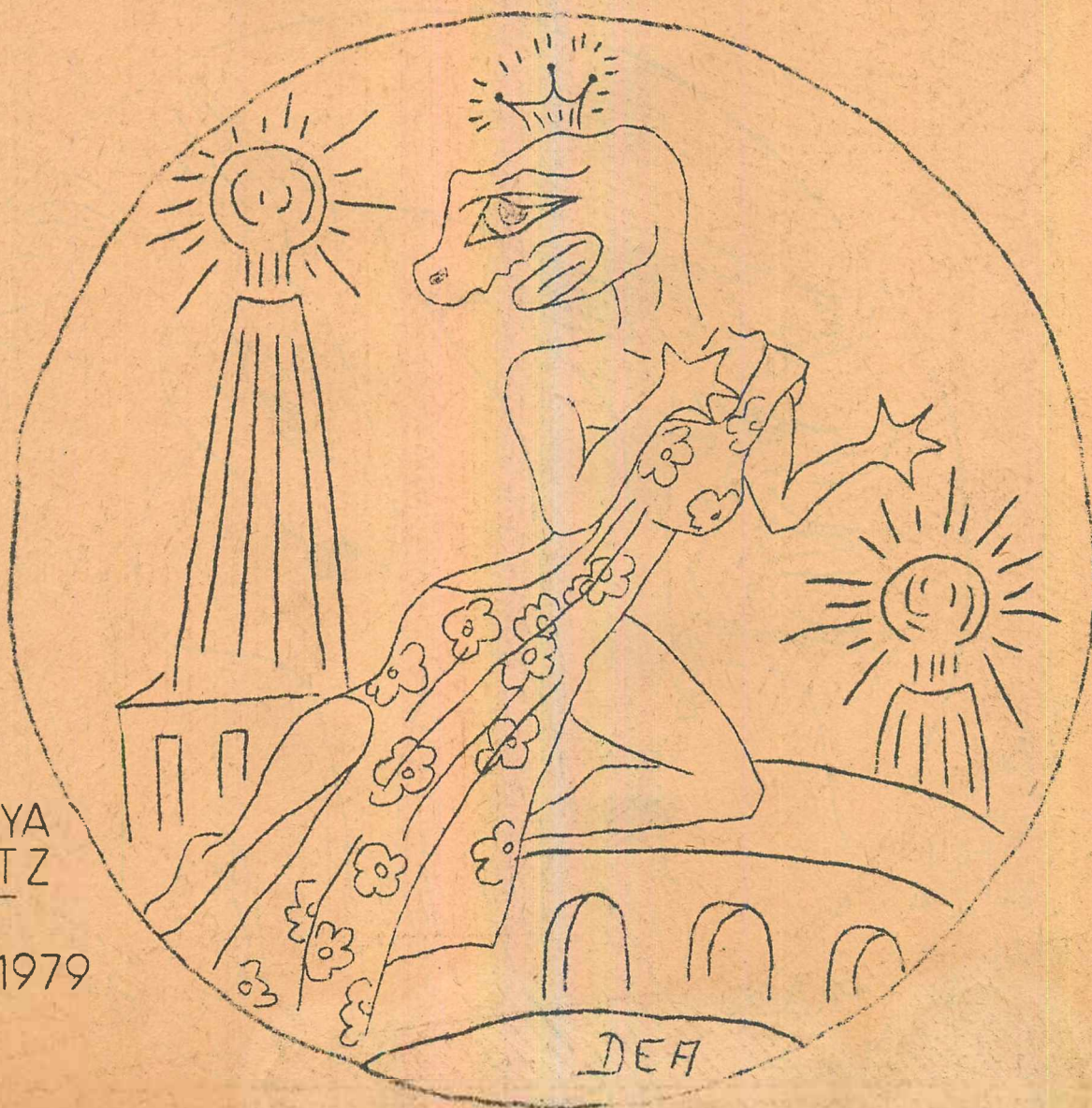
coming up in the professional s-f magazines?

heading by HEKELMAN

FANTASY MAGAZINE #2
a new Harold Shea novel as a sequel to THE CASTLE OF IRON and THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER by L. Sprague de Camp & Fletcher Pratt...stories by Algis Budrys..... Peter Phillips... John Wyndham.etc.

SF ADVENTURES #3
POLICE YOUR PLANET by Erik Van Lhin..(continued)

E
MISS
CHARNYA
LÄCORTZ
MISS
PLUTO:1979



GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION March

THE OLD DIE RICH by H.L. Gold...HORSE TRADER by Poul Anderson...STUDENT BODY by F.L. Wallace...CAMERAGE cover (see December '52 Galaxy).....

IF: Worlds of Science Fiction May

JUPITER FIVE by Arthur C. Clarke.....

GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL #14

PEBBLE IN THE SKY by Isaac Asimov

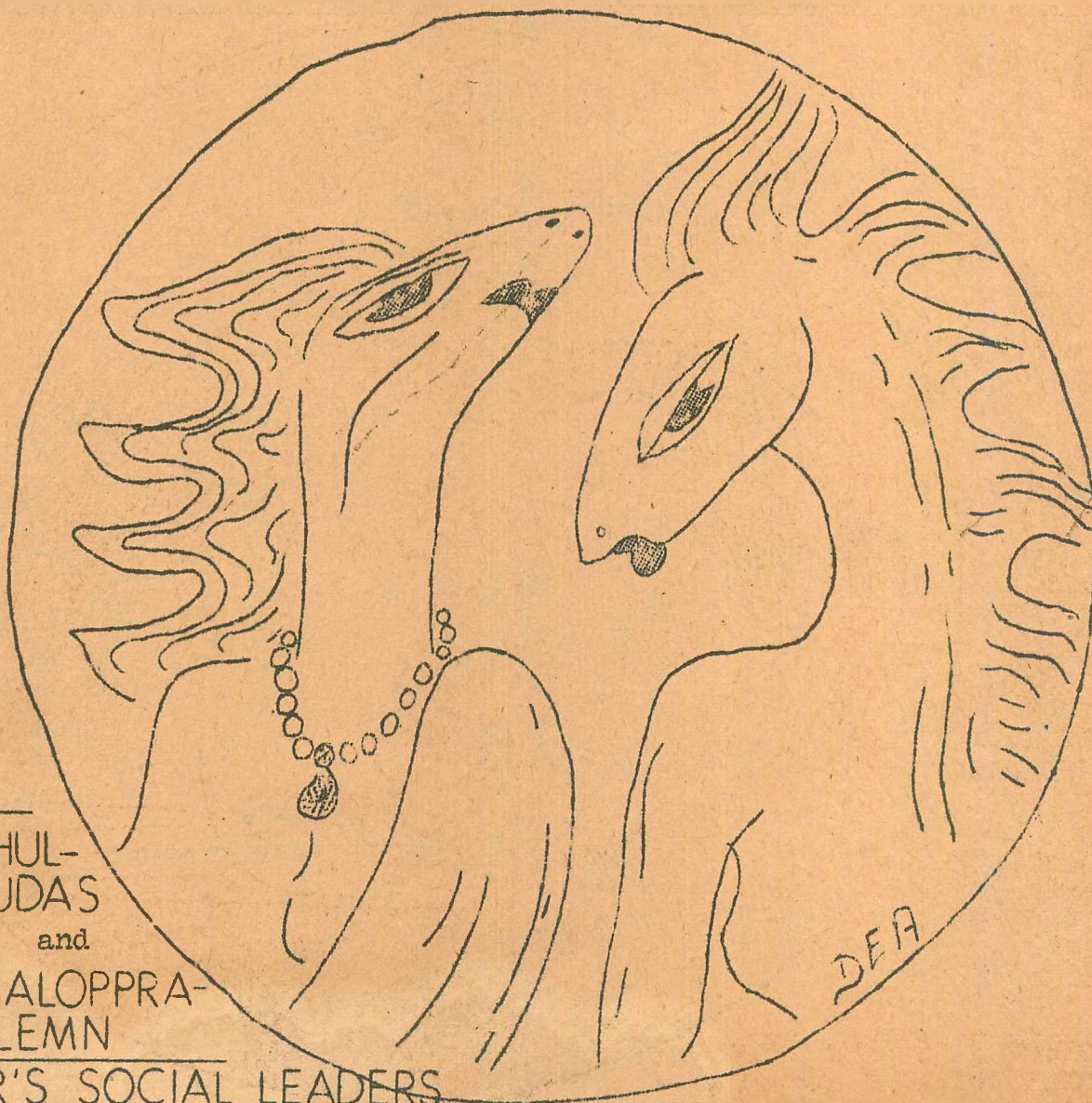
FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE March

SHADOW OVER MARS by Leigh Brackett...BABY-FACE by Henry Kuttner.....

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION March

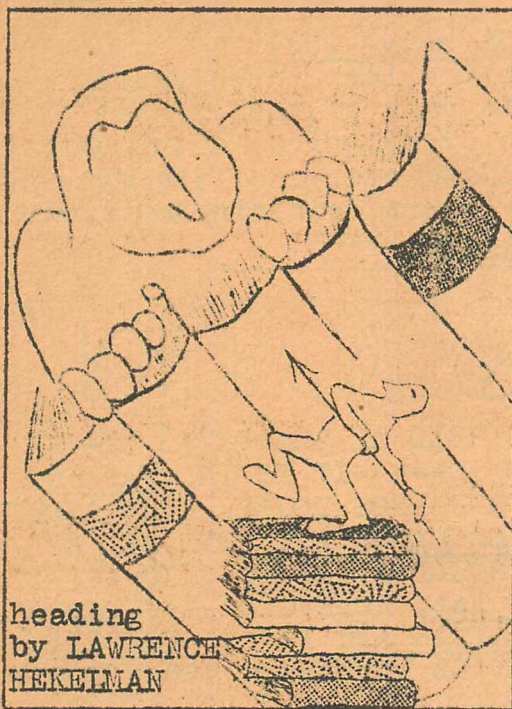
THE OTHER INAUGURATION by Anthony Boucher...THIRSTY GOD by Idris Seabright...ABLE TO ZEBRA by Wilson Tucker...cover by BONESTELL.....

and this concludes the NEXT TEXT for this issue...LILLIPUTIA next----



24
MRS. THUL-
HOLBRUDAS
SQRELL and
MISS MALOPPRA-
NEE FLEMN

JUPITER'S SOCIAL LEADERS



heading
by LAWRENCE
HEKELMAN

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SPACE ON MY HANDS by Fredric Brown
(Bantam Books---25¢)

A reprinting of the nine-story collection by that master humorist, Fred Brown, with such fabulous tales as THE STAR MOUSE, PI IN THE SKY, COLE AND GO MAD, and six others that make this an unusually fine value./ get it now!

BRAVE NEW WORLD by Aldous Huxley
(Bantam Giant---35¢)

This being the 30th reprinting of a classic of SF, it doesn't seem necessary to tell you that it is the best novel to date of a "tinsel utopia". Huxley's job of portraying Eden is superb/ by all means get it and read it! (cont.)

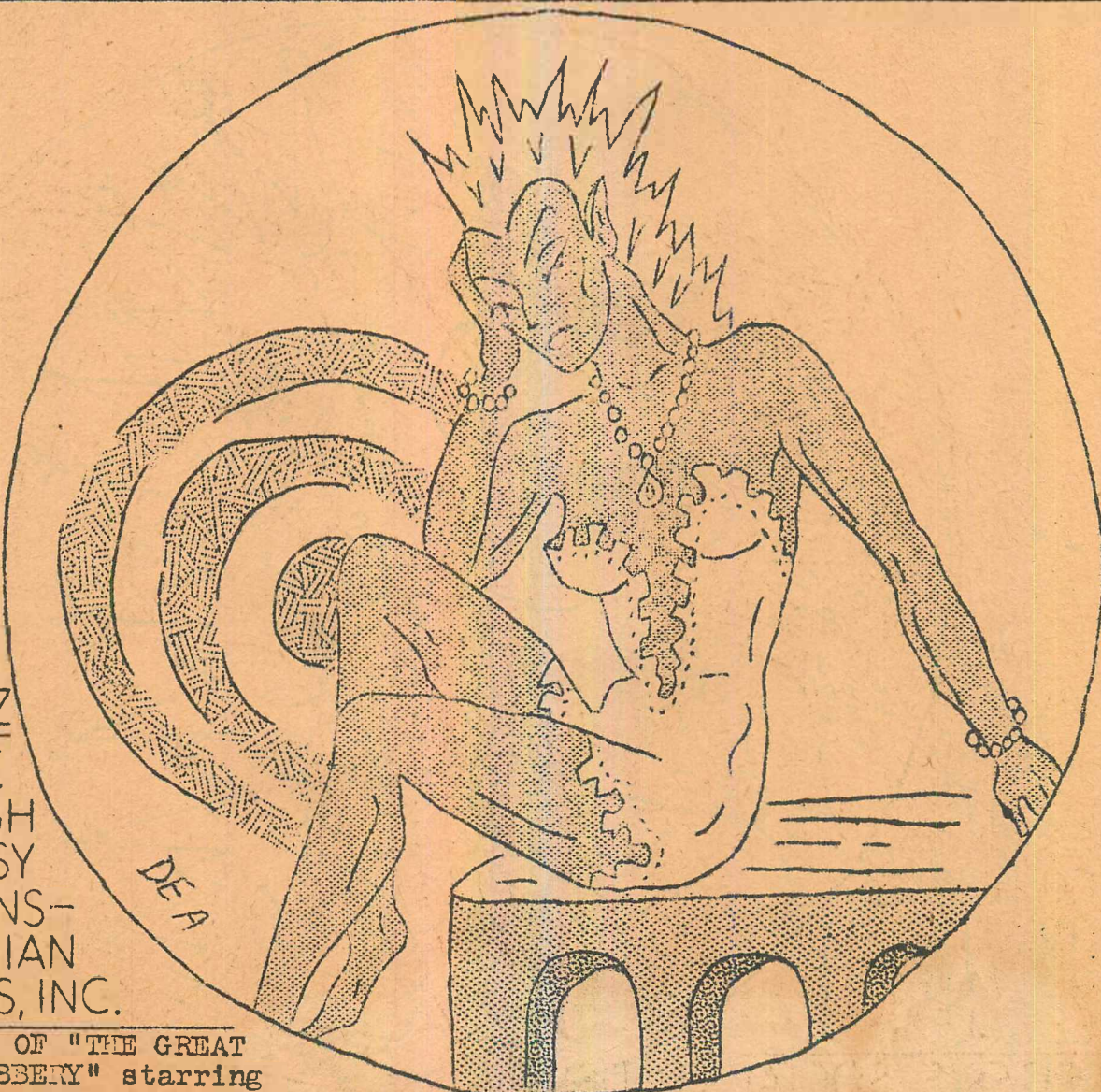
pint-sized reviews of pocket-sized books



MISS
SULDA
JXUVLAZ

PICTURE
THROUGH
COURTESY
OF TRANS-
MERCURIAN
STEREOS, INC.

PRODUCERS OF "THE GREAT
ROCKET ROBBERY" starring
Sulda Jxuvlaz and Gredg Norkovastt



THE PUPPET MASTERS by Robert A. Heinlein (Signet---25¢)

Here is the finest alien invasion tale in the last three years now in pocket-book size, available to all. This saga of the parasitical "Masters" from Titan that nearly succeed in overrunning Earth before they can be stopped is told with the smooth and ever-exciting style of America's dean of science fiction writers: Robert Heinlein/Recommended.

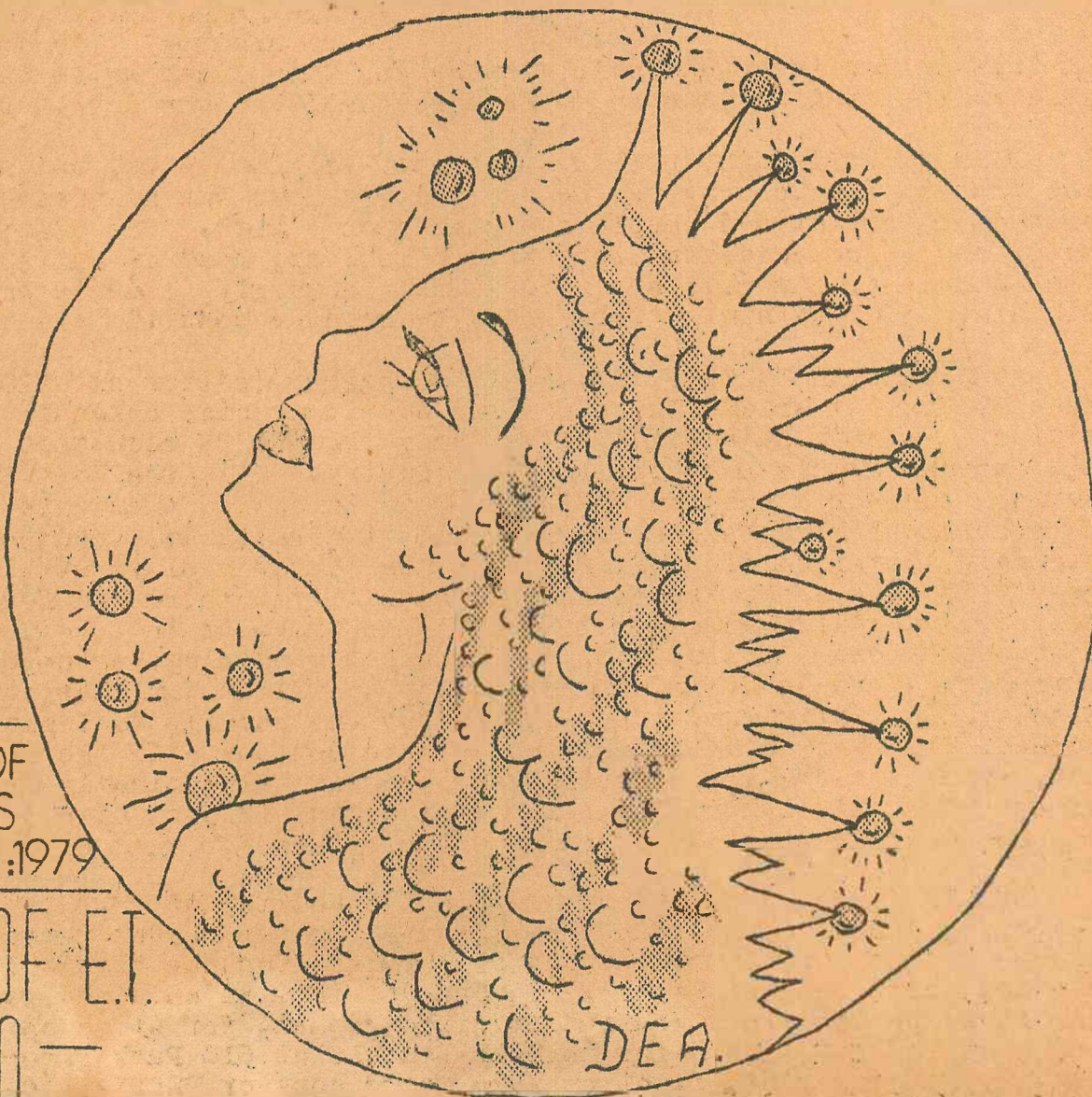
-----finis till next issue-----

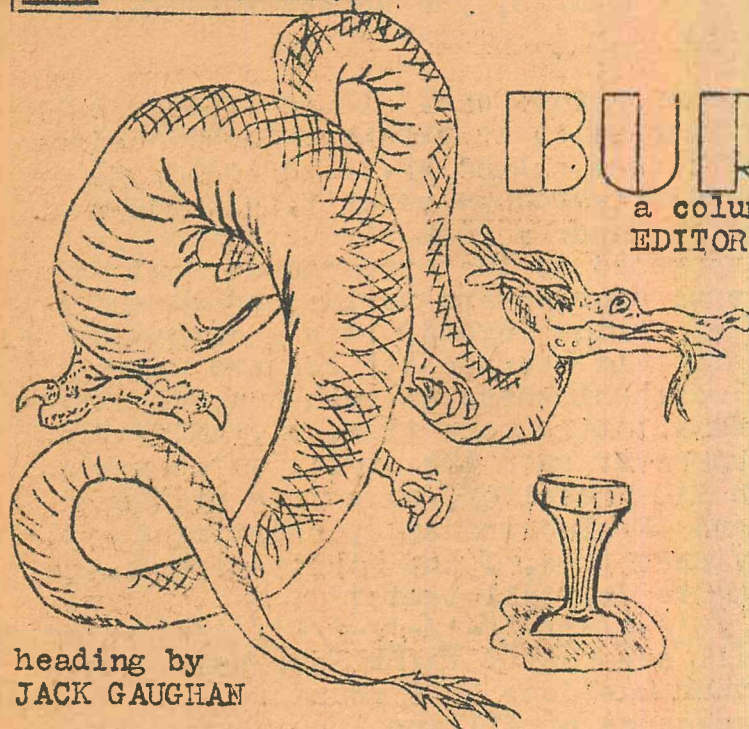
HEY, THE MIDWESTCON '53

EVERY YEAR THE ANNUAL MIDWEST CONVENTION IS HELD AT BEATLEY'S ON-THE-LAKE HOTEL AT INDIAN LAKE, BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO-----IT IS THE FAN GATHERING OF THE YEAR!-----MEET ALL THE FANS AND PROS YOU'VE READ ABOUT AT THIS INFORTIAL TWO-DAY CONVENTION-----AFTER MARCH 1st SEND ALL APPLICATIONS FOR ROOMS TO: BEATLEY'S HOTEL, RUSSELL'S POINT, OHIO-----IT IS REQUESTED THAT YOU WAIT TILL AFTER MARCH 1st, HOWEVER-----IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A WONDERFUL WEEKEND ON MAY 16 and 17 THE PLACE FOR YOU IS-----THE MIDWESTCON I'LL BE SEEING YOU THERE!!

WILVE
STAR OF
URANUS
FOLLIES:1979

END OF E.T.
FOLIO—





heading by
JACK GAUGHAN

BURBLINGS

a column of imbecilic comment by the
EDITOR at the sign of the BIG RED
BIRDBATH

Well, here's that column again. And much to the surprise of this columnist (columnist? that is the laugh of this or any century) one or two readers seemed to think BURBLINGS was improving and becoming at least palatable. So, if you dunderheads are going to a sneaky extreme like this, and starting to like this column, you're going to make me extremely unhappy. I'm only writ-

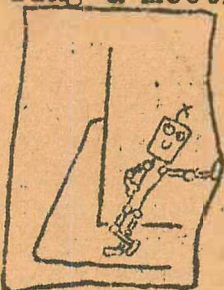
ing this column in hopes you'll loathe it, then I can write nasty innuendoes into this column in deference to all you who say it stinks.

DEPARTMENT OF MOOT POINTS.....A fan, talking to me, and at the same time trying to convince me she's a Big Name Fan by giving me the names of important s-f people she corresponds with. She mentioned as one of her correspondents Lloyd Arthur Eshbach, head of FANTASY PRESS. After a moment, however, she said, "Well, actually, I don't correspond with him. I write him letters...and he send me book lists."

MORE CULTURE SECTION.....as Jim Schreiber (editor of ETRON and my one-shot VECTOR) said: "There are two American gods; baseball and television." Though he's right, I've found the one TV show that is truly intellectual and is a credit to the industry. It's the Ford TV-Radio Workshop sponsored program OMNIBUS. This is a show that does what all the other so-called "shows" on TV couldn't dare to do. Presenting an astoundingly varied diet of (for instance) Saroyan plays written expressly for the show, French ballets specially constructed for OMNIBUS in Paris, short (90 second) films of a jack rabbit in slow motion as he bounds across a field, X-rays of a woman powdering her nose, ballet stories by Agnes de Mille, vignettes about William Faulkner, etc., etc. ad delightful infinitum. Not at all for the usually dull-witted, lax-mouthed, bleary-eyed TV viewer who is more content with the moronic, at best, gyrations of Milton Berle, this program is distinctly innervating and exceptionally innovating. In other words, it just hits the spot; it shows what TV could do and humbly apologizes for what TV does do.

Donald Susan, a friend of mine, and co-editor of PENDULUM with my good buddy Bill Venable, has done a cover for the number three issue, which I can truthfully say is one of the best fanzine covers I've ever seen and would be even better, had Don not done it onto the stencil and done it in pen and ink, then had it lithographed, for it is an outstanding piece of art. Send 15¢ to Bill Venable at 610 Park Place, Pittsburgh 9, Pennsylvania right away to get a copy of PENDY. (continued)

Weel, weel, weel, here we are on a new page. It looks all fresh and clear from here, but I'll clutter all this virgin whiteness with a pile of inane mutterings any minute now. Stand by.....speaking of Bill Venable (which we were) and birdbaths (which we weren't, but should be) reminds me of what Willy sent me for Xmas: a pink birdbath from the Krasnitch Company.....What ever happened to that tremendous Paul Calle who used to do art for Super Science Stories and Worlds Beyond and even some for Galaxy?.....speaking of Worlds Beyond, it's a darned shame a magazine of its excellence had to fold because stf readers weren't a mature enough breed to grasp the worthwhileness of such a novel stfmag which could have done a lot, given a little more time.....VAUGHN BURDEN, our pretty fem artist, who has never seen the stylis which are the tools of the trade of a mineo man like meselluf, came into my room during a meeting of the new Cleveland SF club and said, pointing to the holder-full of styluses (yes, I know that's incorrect), "What are you going to do, pull teeth?"

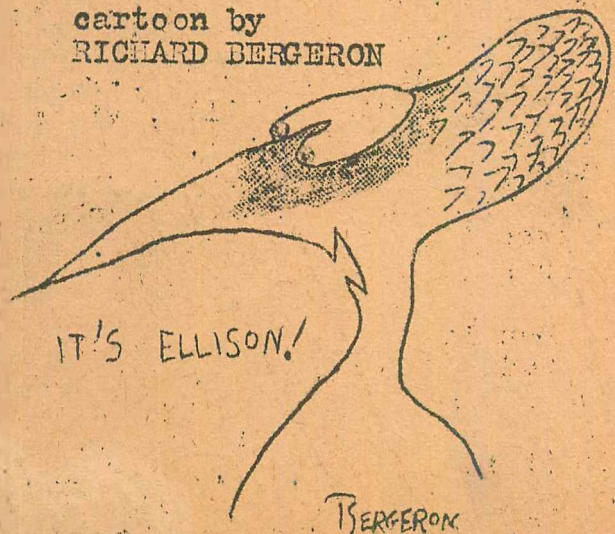


cartoon by
BILL DIGNIN

to the left you will see what I think is a helluva cute cartoon. The cartoon was done by a young fellow who has much of the effervescence of Ellison about him. He goes by the name of Bill Dignin and he did the border which surrounds this paragraph. He will be doing more artwork for SFB, let me assure you. But what do you think of this wonderfully expressive example to the left?.....he

Just in case there are some of you who don't know it, Edd Cartier is out of the sf art game and is now in the commercial art game, joining Hannes Bok who checked out sometime previously.....In February, HKO is going to issue a picture called "Sword of Venus".....Pegasus Publications in Buffalo (Is that Ken Krueger we see hiding behind the name Pegasus?) are scheduling a book collection of the collected short stories of Robert Willey (is that Willy Ley we see behind the "Robert Willey") which brought the following response from Willy when I talked to him a month or so ago here in Cleveland: "They wrote me something about it, but I'm not sure about the thing yet..." They already issued one of the lousiest jobs of stf printing in THE FLESH-EATERS by Basil Wells which had Hoffman illos....I have next to me the figures that Ziff-Davis' new FANTASTIC sold on their first issue and their thired (the Mickey Spillane) issue. To whit: 1) approximately 170,000, 2) (hold onto your hats!) 250,000 copies at 35¢ a piece.....don't miss TEDRIC, the first short story (outside of one in a fanzine a long while back) "Doc" Smith has ever written. It's in the March issue of OTHER WORLDS and "Doc" told me it's a time travel yarn with a new twist. And when "Doc" says it's new---you KNOW it!.....Rog Phillips: a 3000 word sale to FANTASTIC...PLANET's artist H.B. VESTAL illustrates regularly for EVERYWOMAN's magazine..Calvin Thomas Beck is starting a new fan column in DYNAMIC SF (more on this next issue). Bye for now.....he

cartoon by
RICHARD BERGERON

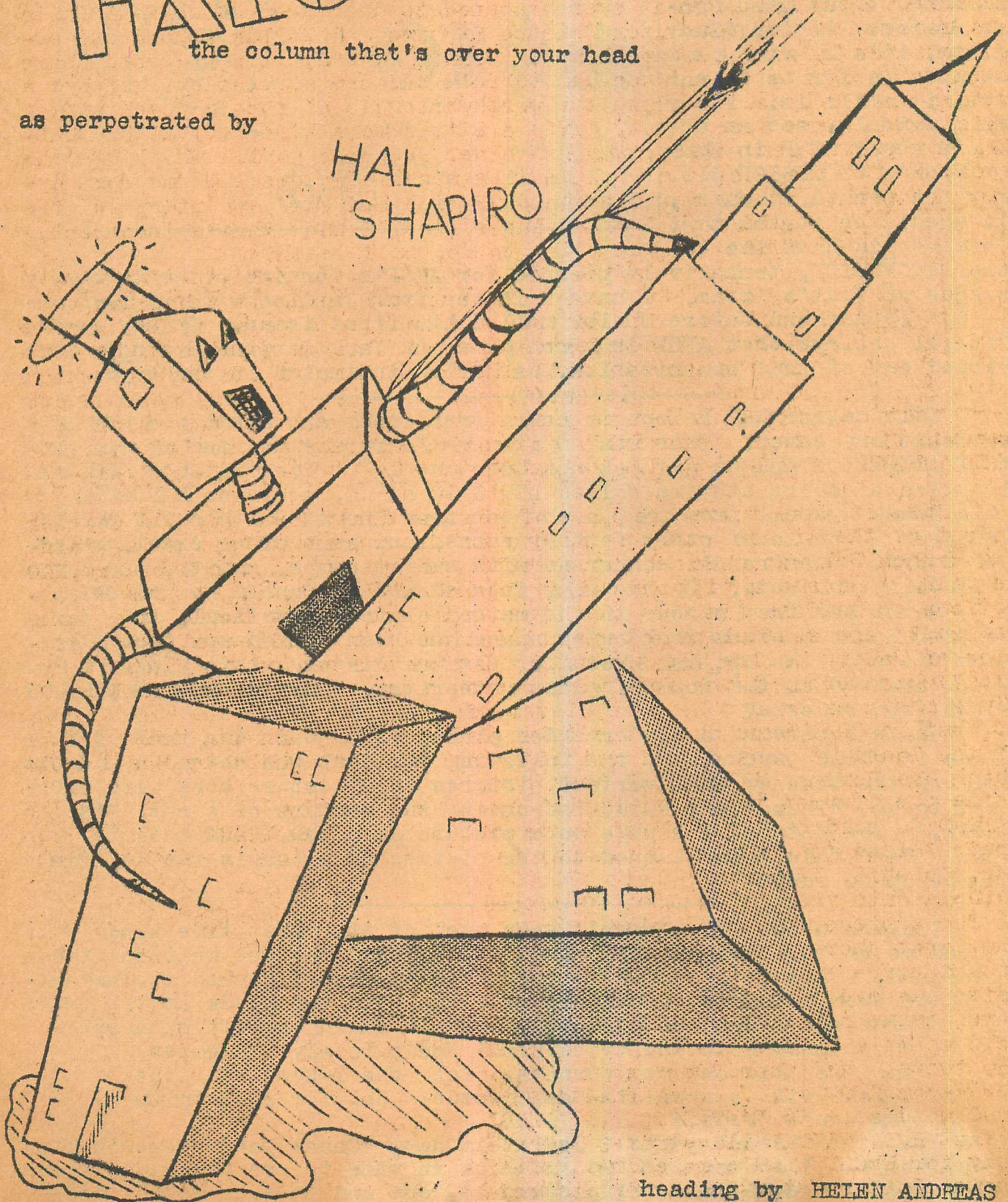


HALO

the column that's over your head

as perpetrated by

HAL
SHAPIRO



heading by HELEN ANDREAS

heading by *Heckelman*

the column that's
over your head



In SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN #8 was a footnote to an article which quoted this writer as stating, about Armed Forces Science Fiction, "Steer clear, it's a sucker deal." As far as I can see, it still is. For full details, see an article about AFSF in Shelby Vick's CONFUSION #13. For the record, though, it should be stated that Jardine did have the title, CONFUSION, tentatively planned for AFSF's fanzine prior to the issuance of Vick's 'zine. I have a letter from Jardine with Cf mentioned in the letterhead before Shelby mailed his first issue. In any event, I still believe that AFSF is a con game and Jack Jardine has not been kicked out of that organization, as Harlan intimated in issue #8.

Idle notes: Ray Nelson is now a practicing art agent who has sold at least one cover. This was an item by Jerry Wieland and it was sold to IMAGINATION and as yet has not been used. Pyramid Book #62, a collection of short stories called LET'S GO NAKED, contains EXPOSURE by Eric Frank Russell from ASF, a chapter from Thorne Smith's THE BISHOP'S JAEGERs, a couple of other fantasy yarns, and some other excellent non-stf stuff. They're all concerned with nudist camps, nudity, and other unblushing subjects. By the way, it's edited by Donald A. Wollheim.

Surprises from space: In the meteor crater, Aouelloul, in the western Sahara, glass from outer space has been picked up. According to scientists at the British Museum of Natural History, this glass from space arrived in the form of glass meteorites. What do you think? Ports from saucers?

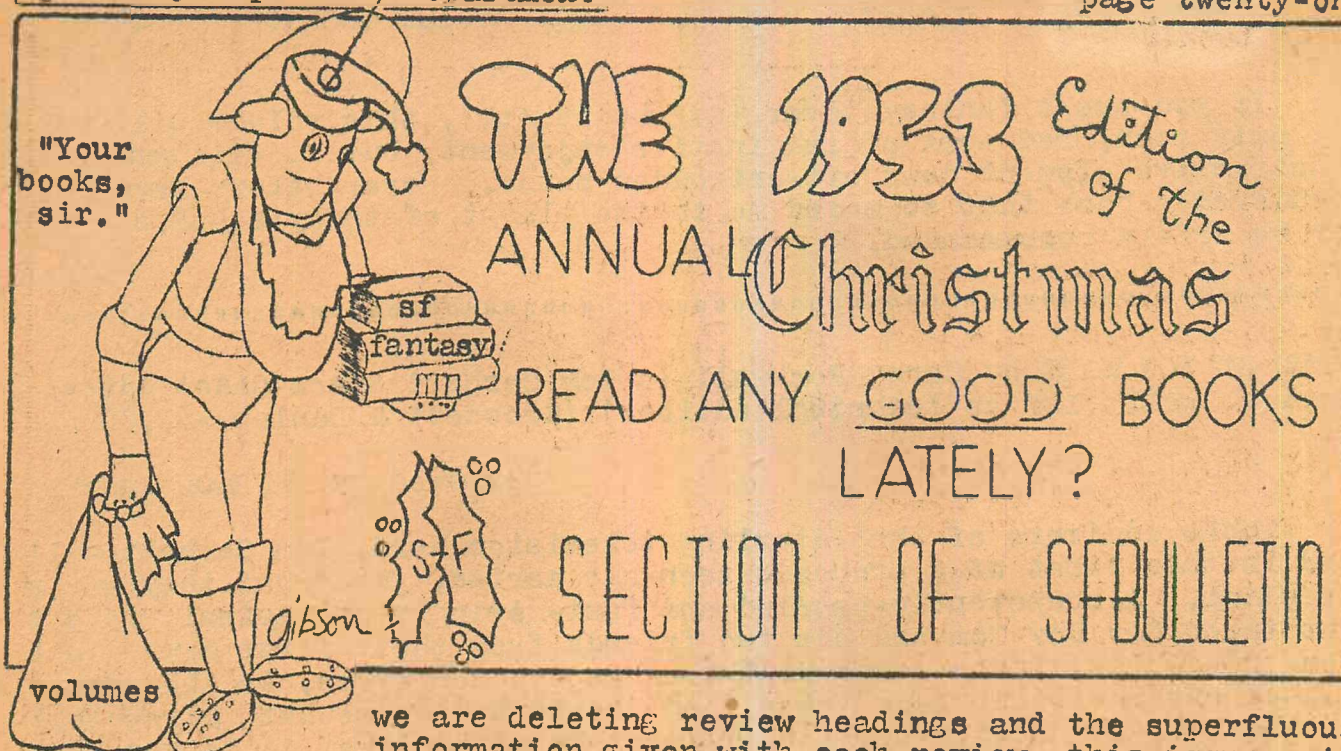
While observing a kindergarden class, along with the rest of a class in child psychology, the following incident was noted: A kid was telling the teacher what various pictures in a picture book were supposed to be. "This," she said, indicating the picture of a cat, "is a pussy." She flipped the page to a picture of a cow, "and this is a cow." "And this," she turned to the picture of a baby's rattle, "is an Atomic Space Gun!"

While observing a kindergarden class, along with the rest of a class in child psychology, the following incident was noted: A kid was telling the teacher what various pictures in a picture book were supposed to be. "This," she said, indicating the picture of a cat, "is a pussy." She flipped the page to a picture of a cow, "and this is a cow." "And this," she turned to the picture of a baby's rattle, "is an Atomic Space Gun!"

I dunno about TV. Haven't seen much of it. Last time kind of soured me on it, though. It was in St. Louis. The set went on the blink and, since it belonged to the hotel anyway, I kicked it. Instantly there swam into view a picture of a man with two heads at the ends of his arms and a hand on his neck. He was saying something about:

"Martians, have you tried Canal Weeds lately? Remember, they're mild on both throats. Both the T-zone and the S-zone will appreciate Canal Weeds. So, for a TS treat, try Canal Weeds."

As I left for distant parts I heard him say, "Canal Weeds come in King size, too." I looked over my shoulder in time to see him with something that looked like a telephone pole, one end in each mouth, and he was lighting the middle. Didn't Palmer say something about people on Earth receiving signals from other planets regularly? Thaseall this month.



we are deleting review headings and the superfluous information given with each review, this issue, in order to enable us to get in all of the twenty-some reviews scheduled for inclusion herein.....he

THE STARMEN by Leigh Brackett (Gnome Press--\$2.75--213pp.)

reviewed by RALPH REESE

That peer of woman science-fictionists, Mrs. Edmond Hamilton, has once more come up with a many-threaded weave of interplanetary adventure. Though this be her first solo appearance between hard covers, her flair for colorful description and fast-paced action is quite familiar to those of the s-f world who have followed her twelve-g acceleration from the pulpy pages of PLANET STORIES.

In this saga of the Vardda, the only race so constructed that they are able to withstand the tremendous pressures of space travel, Leigh Brackett has intertwined the lonely thread of Michael Trehearne, earthman, who finds he is kin to the star-merchants and whose physical attributes permit him to traverse the lanes of the void with his people. A nominal love-plot thrust boldly into the story detracts little from its overall soundness and ability to hold the reader's interest.

Though not, by any means, the finest of the Brackettales, this is most assuredly one of her strongest-knit yarns. For those who savor an occasional fling into grandiose rocket-blasting, try this job for size.

THE REFUGEE CENTAUR by Antoniorobles (Twayne--\$3.00--245pp.)

reviewed by NOREEN KANE TALASCA

Antoniorobles, a Spanish author specializing in fairy tales for children, has come up with an adultly whimsical story of a centaur who could not find himself a home. In actuality, a modern allegory couched in light-hearted fantasy, the Centaur, Auro, is a typical lost-soul-without-niche-in-our-culture character, whose yearning after his rightful place in a world with no room for him, provides a somewhat pathetic, albeit humourous, yarn. (continued) (more reviews next page)

If you are a fantasy lover (as who isn't?), this volume will hold not only rich, red meat of imaginative enjoyment, but it will send your constructive element down oft-untrodden paths. Never before have I encountered a book that so moved me to the plight of today's D.P.s. It may be safely recommended.

STAND BY FOR MARS by Carey Rockwell (a Tom Corbett Space Cadet Adventure with WILLY LEY as technical adviser) (Grossett & Dunlap--\$1.00-216 pp.)

reviewed by THURMON GARSTON

Those admirers of that sterling television hero, Tom Corbett, will find in this first of a proposed teen-age series, just what they are expecting. A competently-handled and fast-moving unoriginal plot that takes Our Boy Tom and his two friends from their first days at (you guessed it) Space Academy, through space maneuvers, to the rescue of the passenger ship Lady Venus, and thence to a somewhat miraculous escape from the Martian deserts (it must be miraculous, it leaves the old desert rats and space rats with their jaws agape).

Definitely, and more than obviously, slanted toward the young teen-age reader, this book is exactly like a hundred other of the Grossett and Dunlap reprints: Tom, Roger, and Astro are the Tom Swifts of the future, the "struggling-against-insurmountable-odds-yet-winning-out-over-all" Horatio Alger characters of the rocket era.

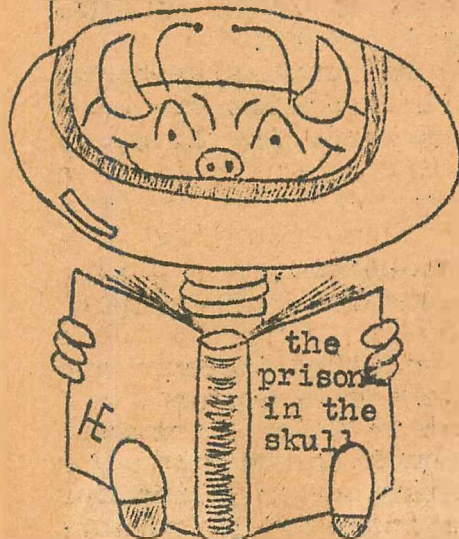
The story moves quickly and holds the interest to a certain extent, but if you want earth-shattering concepts, you've got the wrong book. And if you can dig your way through boots, goggles, and cloth, that are invariably space boots, space goggles, and space cloth, you might even enjoy it.

PRISONER IN THE SKULL by Charles Dye (Abelard Press--\$2.50--256pp.)
reviewed by NOREEN KANE TALASCA

Ever since the success of SLAN, science fiction writers in ever-increasing numbers have explored the myriad facets of telepathy. By far the most brilliant tour de force was Alfred Bester's DEMOLISHED MAN. At the other end of the measuring stick, however, comes an original novel from Abelard Press, on telepathy, PRISONER IN THE SKULL by Charles Dye.

As in SLAN, we are here presented with the hunt for the telepath. As a matter of fact, it isn't the author's only indebtedness to van Vogt; he also used van Vogt's shock technique. That is, a new concept or plot-twist every few pages.

Laid in the not-too-distant future, the story carries protagonist Alister Conrad, of "Sleep Tanks, Inc.", from a job with UNESCO to the Moon in a search for Earth's only telepath who is considered extremely dangerous. During this mad chase, Conrad's wife dis- (continued)



cartoon by ELLISON

appears, he is assailed by beautiful women, and is assaulted with intent to kill so many times, that I lost count.

Mr. Dye seems to exhibit some great devotion to Mickey Spillane in his writing, which shows much of the Spillane fervor, but little of an original plot or style. Speaking of Spillane, you won't find more of a slaughter in any book other than perhaps I, THE JURY, than is exhibited in PRISONER IN THE SKULL.

The book seems to be slanted at science fiction fans as the author employs the device of using some well-known professionals in s-f as characters. A clever gimmick, but Tony Boucher used it to much better advantage in his classic ROCKET TO THE MORGUE. If you are extremely desperate for something to read, we must grudgingly recommend it---but otherwise, an emphatic no!

AWAY AND BEYOND by A.E. van Vogt (Pellegrini & Cudahy--\$3.50--309pp.)
reviewed by E.J. BURDEN

This book will again start the controversy of whether van Vogt's success depends mainly upon short stories or novels. Half of the science fiction readers are much impressed with his novels while the other half just as vociferously claim his short stories his forte. SECRET UNATTAINABLE, included in this volume of short stories, is one of the strong arguments for the latter group.

Other tales include VAULT OF THE BEAST, one of the weirdest robot stories ever published; HEIR UNAPPARENT, just another dictator story; and three other short stories that are most decidedly lesser efforts.

However, ASYLUM, which is, in reality, a novelette, could be easily expanded into a space epic to rival even SLAN. And SECOND SOLUTION is not a short story either, but a fascinating episode of the "Rull" series (as THE MACHINE, also included, is a portion of another series).

Thus the book appeals to both the short story lovers and the aficionados of the novel-length tale, and satisfies both.

THE ROLLING STONES by Robert A. Heinlein (Scribners--\$2.50--276pp.)
reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

Written with Heinlein's usual matchless style and emphasis on the mechanics of daily living, this account of a "trailer" family of the future who swap their moon home for a rocket ship's wandering life, is all which can be desired for both the teen-age reader at which it is primarily aimed, and the adult reader as well.

The Stones, three space-minded generations of them--from the redoubtable grandmother Hazel, one of the first pioneers of the moon, through the parents, the father an absent-minded author of space opera for television and the mother a specialist in space medicine, to the third generation of Castor and Pollux, the twins, and their brother and sister, all born on the moon and contemptuous of the "groundhogs" of Terra--are a highly individualistic and independent lot. The twins' trading ventures--an honest desire to make a fast buck (or should we say "credit")--take the ship and family from Mars to the asteroids for a series of fabulous and funny adventures. We are introduced to Fuzzy Britches, the Martian Flat Cat and one of Heinlein's best "queer" creatures.
(this review concluded next page and more reviews)

But Grandma Hazel Stone quite steals the book away from her juniors. A rocket engineer in her eighties, who keeps coughdrops in her blaster, and is determined to visit Saturn before she dies, she is one of the most vivid people Heinlein has ever introduced us to.

This has more humor than the other books in his teen-age group, but it is none the less outstanding because of that.

BEACHHEADS IN SPACE edited by August Derleth (Pellegrini & Cudahy--\$3.95--320pp.)
reviewed by MARILYN ANDREAS

That dean of s-f anthologists, August Derleth, has tried something new in this book, and in the opinion of this reviewer, has brought it off quite badly. Selecting articles of comment that in one way or another vaguely pertain to s-f from such sources as Gerald Heard's book on bees that pilot flying saucers and Kenneth Hueur's volume on LIFE OF OTHER PLANETS, and LIFE and TIME (and even one from the Bible), Derleth has used them as prefatory material to "substantiate" the possible validity of each story.

That these introductions are at best vague and unrelated is just another indication of the mediocrity of the anthology whose only saving facets are Isaac Asimov's brilliant "BREEDS THERE A MAN...?" and Eric Frank Russell's METAMORPHOSITE.

Mr. Derleth has, in this volume, come up with the poorest execution of a "theme anthology" in years, and his absurd selection of stories he considered worthwhile enough for hardcover reprinting, make it probably the most invaluable tome which you must exclude from your collection. In short, it reeks.

ACROSS THE SPACE FRONTIER edited by Cornelius Ryan; written by Willy Ley, Dr. Vernher von Braun, Dr. Fred L. Whipple, Dr. Joseph Kaplan, Dr. Heinz Haber and Oscar Schachter; illustrated by Chesley Bonestell, Rolf Klep and Fred Freeman (Viking--\$3.95--150pp.--22 illustrations)
reviewed by WARREN RAYLE

This volume presents a multiple viewpoint on the problems and probable techniques of space travel in the near future. A distinguished list of contributors deal with the problems of space travel from the point of view of their own specialty. Joseph Kaplan, Werrher V o n Braun, Heinz Haber, Willy Ley, Oscar Schachter, and Fred L. Whipple discuss aspects ranging from physiological to legal. Cornelius Ryan, the editor, discusses the background of the project in a brief introduction. The various concepts and designs are colorfully illustrated by Chesley Bonestell, Fred Freeman and Rolf Klep. The book is an expanded version of the series which appeared in Colliers under the title, "Man Will Conquer Space Soon".

This should not be called science fiction. The plans and devices outlined here are practicable; they do not depend upon as yet undiscovered principles or materials for their successful operation. Whether the assortment comprises the best answers now available to the space flight requirements is another question.

Most science fiction readers, and writers, will want to read, and probably to own, this volume. One is tempted to compare it with Jules (this review concluded next page and more reviews following--)

Verne's description of the submarine. Though it covers a broader topic with considerable detail, its' accuracy is probably no greater. The spinning doughnut space-station, 1,075 miles above the Earth, may not correspond exactly to the structure we may yet see; it could be built now. The estimated price tag: \$4,000,000,000.

While science fiction fans will be interested in the aspects of the station which make possible, trips to the moon, and even to the planets, the volume also emphasises those less pleasant facets, the military advantages of such a station, as well as its' uses in meteorology and TV broadcasting. The tone of the book may perhaps be best shown by quoting from the introduction. Mr. Ryan states, "Therefore this book is also an urgent warning that the United States should immediately embark on a long-range development programs to secure... 'space superiority'."

*****NEXT ISSUE*****

a PREVIEW - REVIEW of the new anthology SPACE SERVICE, edited by SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN's own ANDRE NORTON--an anthology concerning a multitude of space occupations---this book will be published on Feb. 19

SPACE CAT by Ruthven Todd (Scribners--\$2.00-71pp.)
reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

If there are any science fiction fans aged six to nine in your circle of acquaintances, here is the perfect Christmas gift. Readable, literate, and not-too-far-removed-from-science stories. For this age group have been sadly lacking to supply the demand fed by comics and television programs. But SPACE CAT is the perfect answer. Whether you are a feline admirer or not, you will find it hard to resist the very independent charm of "Flyball", who stows away on the trial flight of a rocket ship, thereby proving he is a born space adventurer, wins to the dignity of his own space suit (complete with fish-globe helmet and proper case for the tail), and ships out on the first venture to the moon. And it is Flyball, the super-cat, who saves the expedition, too!

The story can be read either as a straight exciting adventure for the youngest generation, or as a tongue-in-cheek satire on space opera. Either way Paul Galdone's illustrations are perfect.

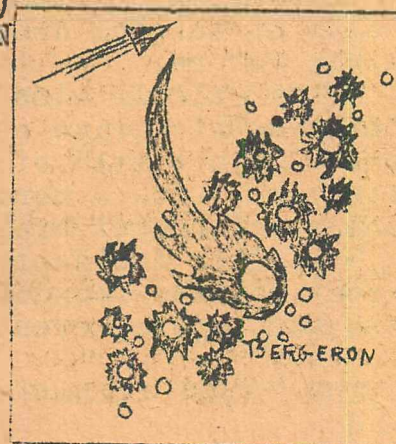


illustration by
RICHARD BERGERON

following: REVIEWS OF THE FIVE NEW
WINSTON SCIENCE FICTION VOLUMES

MISTS OF DAWN by Chad Oliver (Winston--\$2.00--208 pp.)

reviewed by HONEY WOOD

With the present spate of time travel stories casting paradoxical situations at the science fiction reader faster than he can absorb them,
(continued next page)

it comes as a refreshing breath of originality to have ex-fan Chad Oliver's MISTS OF DAWN at hand. As a rule, time travel paradoxes have so sickened me, that it takes an unusually peculiar set of circumstances to get my nose into one. However, I must, in all truth, admit of all the tales of this type I've read, this one was the most engrossing and impressive.

One of the impressive points in MISTS OF DAWN is the fact that as brave as our Rah-rah hero was, he was still scared stiff throughout a set of circumstances to confound the most flacid. He seemed to act in a manner that ~~complied~~ with the situations in the same way you or even I might. Though somewhat on the fantastic side, the novel was, in many respects, quite down to earth.

The hero is sent back to the neanderthaler's days and after a series of highly provocative incidents, manages to find his way back to his proper era. Chad Oliver's training in anthropology stood him in good stead, this time, for the book is a fairly accurate picture of an unimaginably ancient time, and in this reviewer's opinion, is worth the price of admission.

ISLANDS IN THE SKY by Arthur C. Clarke (Winston--\$2.00--209pp.)

reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

Written with the usual painstaking regard for detail which Clarke always displays, this story of a space station just off earth tends to be pedestrian at times. It lacks plot in the action sense, but the wealth of careful detail makes it a preview of a possible future.

Roy Malcolm wins an international TV contest and claims as his prize a visit to the Inner Space Station. But his mild sightseeing tour develops thrills after all, with a mercy flight to a space-hospital, a mechanical rocket breakdown between planets, and enough similar incidents to allow Mr. Clarke to give a three-quarters rounded picture of life to come. More text than opera, even if it is laid in space.

ROCKET JOCKEY (Winston--\$2.00--207pp.) by Philip St. John

reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

Rocket-cum-space racing in the future, according to Philip (Lester del Rey) St. John, will demand of those who indulge in it the fury of war, the partisanship of big league baseball, the detective powers of the FBI, and the ability to juggle formula with the ease of Einstein. Jerry Blaine, pitchforked by a series of accidents into piloting the Earth's entry in the "Armstrong Classic", bounces off Jupiter, shaves the sun, and goes through other hairbreadth adventures to win the race from the over-confident Martians. With a fast and furious pace in action and much detail on rocket navigation, this will certainly appeal to any who have built their own "hot rods" in the present, with a promise of future delights in a less limited area.



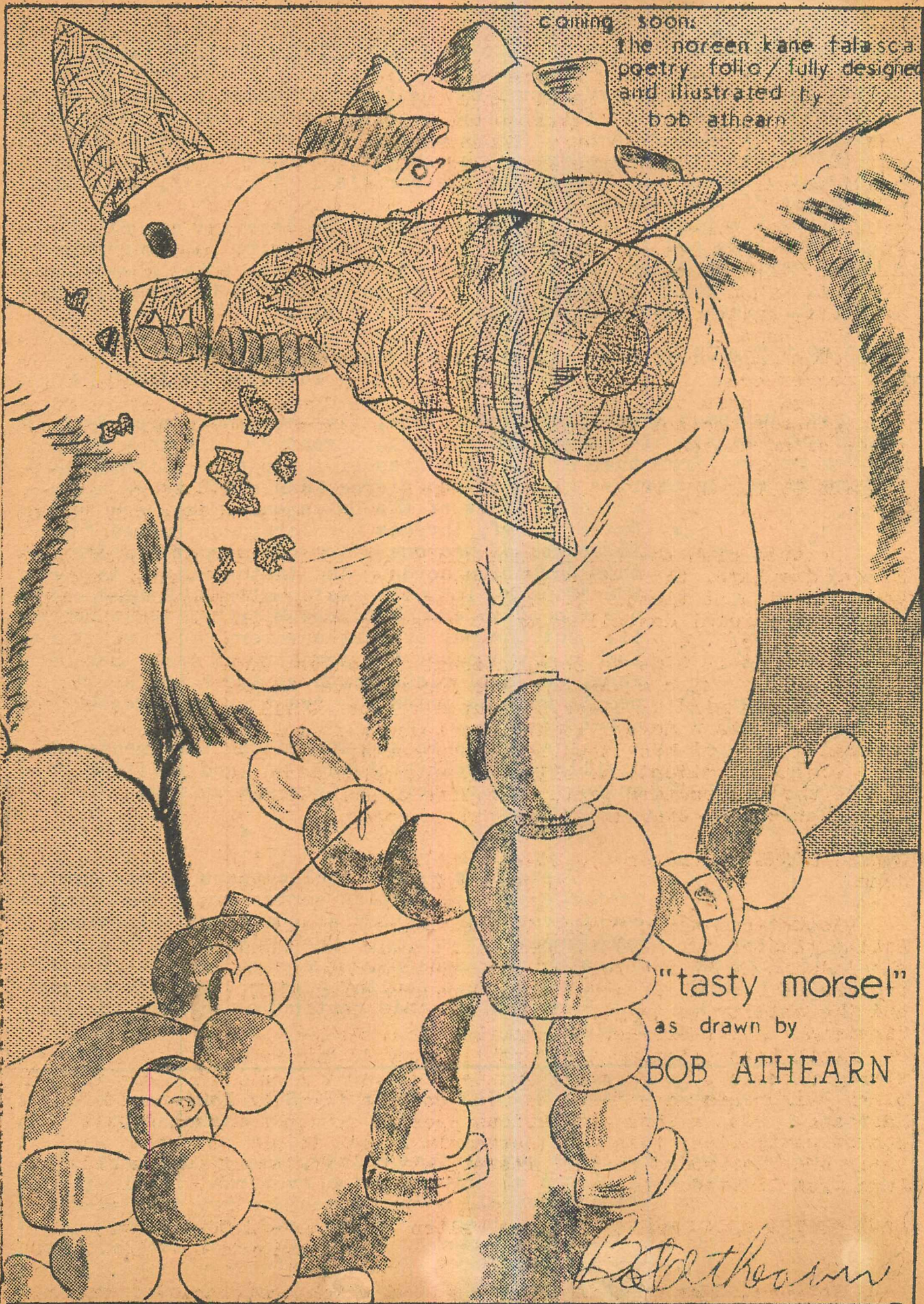
SONS OF THE OCEAN DEEPS by Bryce Walton (Winston--\$2.00--216pp.)

reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

Jon West came of a family the men of which had (concluded next p.)

coming soon.

the noleen kane falasca
poetry folio / fully designed
and illustrated by
bob athearn



"tasty morsel"

as drawn by

BOB ATHEARN

Bob Athearn

served in space for generations, and he fully intended to follow in the same pattern. But when an inability to stand rocket acceleration washes him out of that career, he signs up for a branch of public service as far removed from the stars as he can get, becoming a cadet "Deepsmen", one of those who pioneer on the earth's last outpost, the incredible deeps of the oceans.

While the plot is strictly mechanical, the descriptions of the deep ocean life and the continual struggle in a weird and eternally dangerous world as alien to Man as Mars might be, make this an outstanding book for younger readers. The labor on Project X in the Mindanao Trench will keep anyone on the edge of his chair.

VAULT OF THE AGES by Poul Anderson (Winston--\$2.00--210pp.)

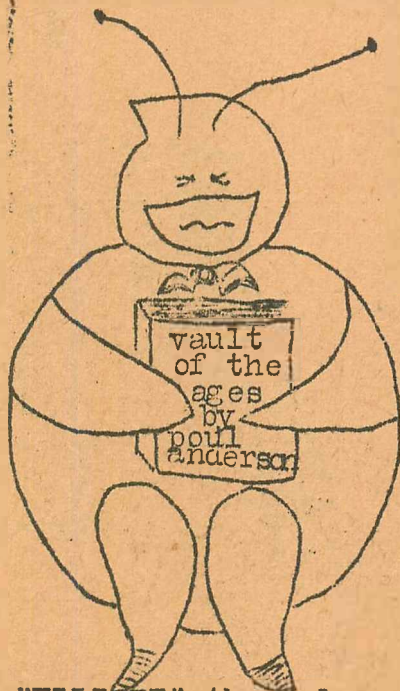
reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

Poul Anderson shoots into the future, five hundred years after an atomic war, to lay his background for this adventure tale in a society not far removed from that of the Dark Ages of the past. Climatic conditions drive the warrior clans of the fierce Lann south to ravage the peaceful farms of the Dalesmen. Carl, son of the Dales' chief, invades the forbidden ruined "City" in search of weapons which can stem the drive of this barbarian horde. And in the "City" he finds the "Time Vault" with its wealth of knowledge for the man brave enough to break tribal taboo and use it. But the war against savagery of arms turns into a war against the savagery of ignorance and fear, and Carl risks death at the hands of his own people when he tries to give them the secrets of a better life.

The action is steady and the semi-medieval civilization well-pictured. A good addition to science fiction for the teen-age reader.

* * *

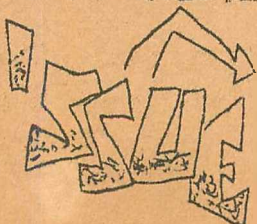
These five recent publications in the Winston teen-age science fiction series are a vast improvement over the majority of the first selections, published last spring. The physical makeup continues to be excellent. The dust jackets are superb. With this healthy growth, they may be vastly important in this particular section of the field.



"ELLIOTT" through
the courtesy of
VAUGHN BURDEN----

NEXT

BACK COVER: THE MIDNIGHT VISITORS by Lawrence Hekelman, 



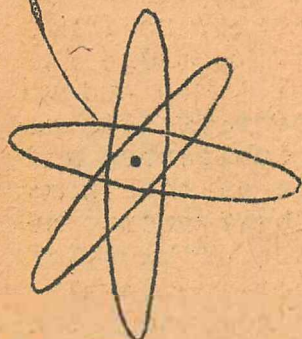
our New Years cover: though late, one of the most unusual pieces of artwork we've ever run. it'll hit you like a bombshell when you see our new discovery's conception of your editor's New Year party...and the little guest who arrived at the stroke of twelve...in the most extraordinary company you've ever seen. don't miss this cover---look on the back of next month's SFB!

SONG FOR STARLIGHT

NOREEN KANE
by
FALASCA

IT FILTERS DOWN
LIKE GLEAMING RAIN
FROM THAT DISTANT STAR.
THE EARTH IS BATHED
IN MAGIC
FROM ITS LIGHT.
STARLIGHT IS THE
BRIGHT BEACON
THAT CALLS US
ACROSS THE VOID.
I WONDER
IF ON SOME DISTANT WORLD
OUR STAR
BECKONS TOO.

illustration by RICHARD BERGERON



BERGERON

ANDREW
by
DUANE

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY STARING AT
MARE IMBRIUM

- I. Moon-minds whirl, scattered like chaff
of stars,
Cupping crescent arms to hold the night,
A sleeping paramour who whispers in her
dreams
Of secrets seen before the stars were fire.
- II. Moon-thoughts fall white through the
Hyades
Like hot rain in a burning void
That never cools enough for worlds to live,
But will not let the mad creator die.
- III. A poet cannot live when moon-thoughts fail,
When whirling in the stars is only dream
And no rain from the weeping Hyades
With subtle madness comes to burn his brain.

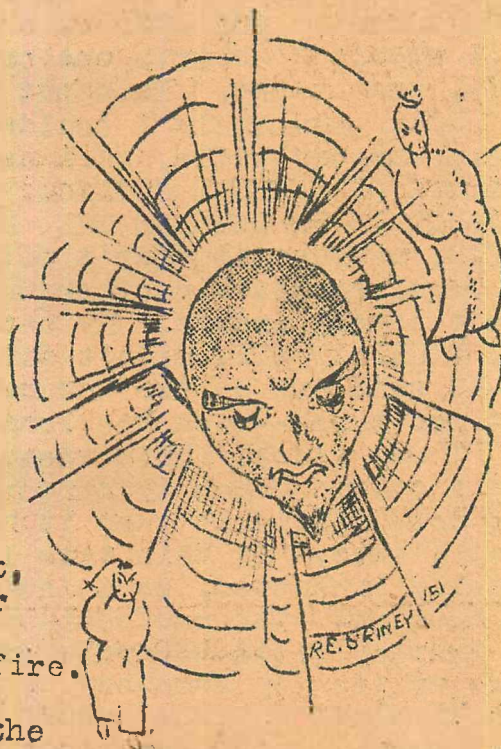


illustration by
ROBERT E. BRINEY

Jabber-

wocky

by
GREGG
CALKINS

" 'Twas brillig and the
slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in
the wabe:
All mimsy were the bor-
ogoves,
And the Mome raths out-
grabe."

---Lewis Carroll

illustrations: by HEKELMAN

a bit of analysis: When editor Harlan Ellison asked for a regular column from me for SFB, he said the title should be short, one or two words, and catchy. This put me on the spot. Obviously I couldn't use an explanatory title, such as A N ANALYSIS OF CURRENT SCIENCE FICTION AS FOUND IN FANDOM AND THE NEWSSTANDS, because it didn't fit all the requirements--in other words, it wasn't catchy enough. My second idea, STUFF IN STF, didn't fit either--he said one or two words, and that was three--much too long.

I was stuck. This idea of writing a column began to appear a little more difficult than it had at first glance. By this time I was mentally exhausted, so I decided to sit down with the new best-seller in the fantasy field--a truly exciting novel written by somebody named Carroll about a "gone" young chick, who, having learned how to warp space and time, passes through into another dimension by means of an ordinary mirror. Oh, it was exciting!

While I was reading, I came across a poem. I read it. I read it again. Eureka! The first four

lines were magnificent, fitting fandom and things fannish, perfectly. So I borrowed the title of the poem, and in so doing, I borrowed the first four lines, too. I'll explain them to you.

Carroll must have been a science fiction fan, I guess. Beside writing one of the world's most famous fantasies, he managed to include in it a hidden message for all true science fiction fans, by the expedient of clever phraseology. For instance, the first line of the poem specifically suggests fandom by the word 'brillig.' If fandom isn't brillig, I don't know what else is!

And as for a 'slithy tove'---well, that's obviously a faneditor, now isn't it? And if you've ever put out a fanzine or done any work on one, believe me you soon know what it's like to gyre and gimble in the wabe. The third line of the poem is undoubtedly a reference to the unghodly amount of ink, correction fluid, hekto material, and miscellaneous unsorted crud that accumulates all over the room in the process of gyreing and gimbaling.

The last line takes off on somewhat of a tangent, all of a sudden, and leaves the realms of fandom for a rather oblique slam at prodrom, remarking that the 'mome raths' (which is a rather obvious term for promag) are outgrabeing all over the place. And any fool can see that at just a glance at his corner newsstand.

There's more to the poem, but we won't go into it now, of course.

the fine art of the fast buck

Speaking of promags outgrabeing, as we were a while back, it's interesting to note that in the recent s-f boom, all one can say is that it's booming, and let it go at that, lest he foul up The Shape of Things To Come. Now, of course, I wasn't around at the first of it all, but I understand that shortly after the war ended and the paper shortage loosened up a bit, an unbelievable condition, existed--there were actually more fanzines than prozines. This is especially hard to grasp today, when prozines outnumber fanzines about six to one. Naturally, today's state of affairs can't continue. If we just sit tight and hang on, refusing to buy all the crud on the market, pretty soon it will fold up and steal away like a bunch of Arabs in the night, or something. But I wouldn't recommend that you hold your breath.

Hardly an issue of FANTASY-TIMES goes by without editor Taurasi chortling gleefully to himself over the next new promag to flop itself onto the already straining market. One of the latest issues of F-T says that both Gold and del Rey are taking a fling at "pure fantasy", modeled after the Street and Smith UNKNOWN (the results of this should be interesting!), Merwin is coming back as a s-f editor on a new magazine (which will just thrill some fans all to cosmicdust), and that a mysterious editor and a mysterious publisher are going to issue a mysterious magazine from a mysterious source sometime in the near (mysterious) future. Beside these, there are any number of other magazines just biding their time, Taurasi hints.

It seems that you can sell anything nowadays, even if it smacks only remotely of s-f. With some editors, even Poe is still hot stuff--and if your name is Spillane, it does even better.

secret fears of every fan

1953 should see the emergence of something every fan has been dreading since the trend toward the 35¢ prozine began--and that is the 50¢ professional s-f magazine. Despite some hopeful glances in the direction of a large-size, slick prozine, it probably won't appear, as such, this year. 1953 may also see a new symbol of prosperity--a \$2 convention membership price. But

come what may, here are my best wishes for the most prosperous of New Years.



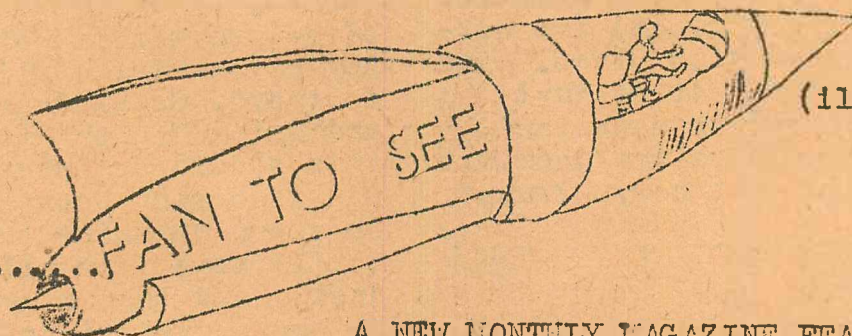
science fantasy bulletin's

ADVERTISING SECTION

RATES:

NOTE: this issue, to conserve space and catch up on publishing schedule, this ad section is being cut somewhat

full page: \$1.00
half page: .50
no smaller ads sold



(illustration by
JACK HARNESS)

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co-edited by: PAUL MITTELBUSCHER and LARRY TOUZINSKY

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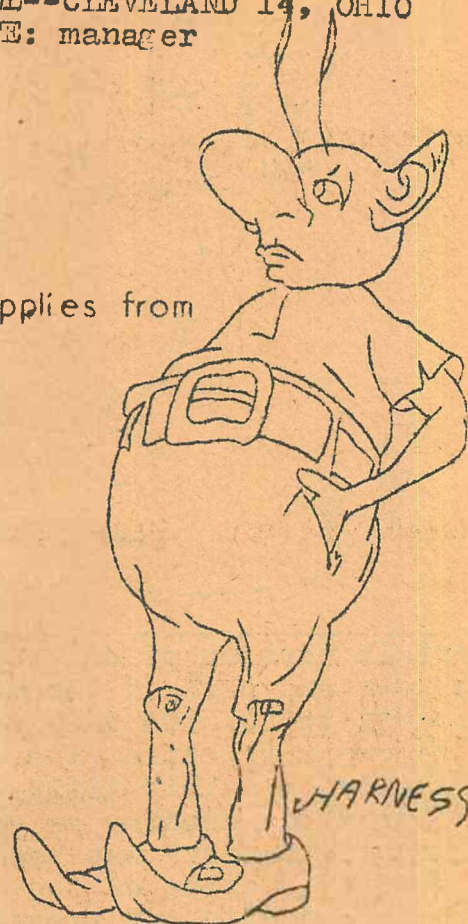
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the fellow on the right has
reason to look smug.....

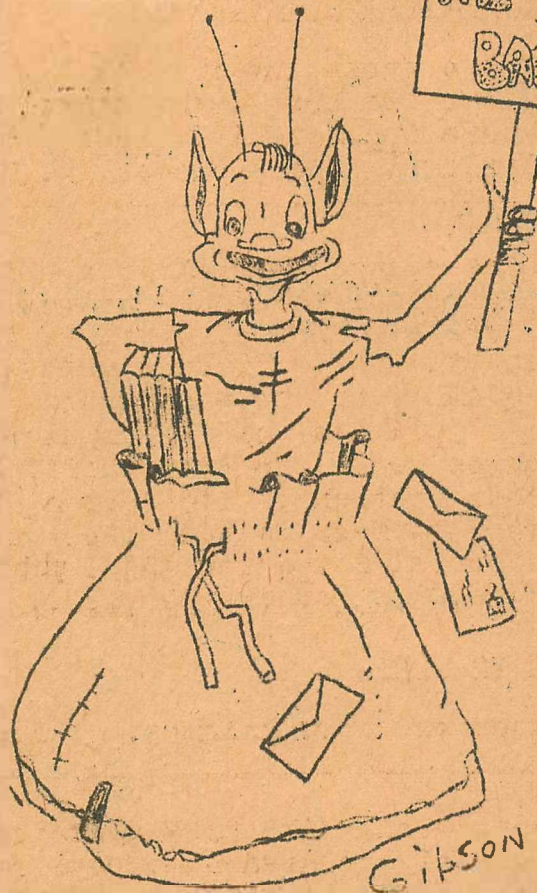
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from: LARRY B. FARSACE (187 North Union Street, Rochester 5, NY)

Dear Harlan:

I was much impressed by receipt of SFB #9, finding it to be worth much more than its s u b. price. I can realize the work involved, as I once put out a 'zine myself.

Best surprise was the Gernsback article which was an achievement hardly expected. My main criticism is your name, "Science Fantasy Bulletin." Too many people, I'm sure, get the impression that you have merely a club news-bulletin, not reading farther than the title when, for example, when your magazine is reviewed in a pro magazine...Sincerely,
Larry B. Farsace

Dear Larry,

Of course I'm overjoyed to hear that SFB made such a h i t as far as you're concerned, and at the same time I'm equally distressed to hear you say that you think SFB's title may confuse a

certain portion of our possible reading public. When we went out on our own and changed the mag's name from Bulletin of the Cleveland S F Society to SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN, we did so with reluctance, since I am one for keeping the same name for a long time. We considered any number of possible titles, but settled upon SFB as it was as close to the previous heading as we could get and still be original. The name "Science Fantasy" was bandied about, but we tossed it aside as there's a British prozine of that title and mimicry is a bad thing. We aren't as pleased with our present title as we might be, but at any rate it will stay SFB for at least another year till we are firmly established and then we'll most likely change. All we can hope is that those possible readers scan the review and not stop short. he

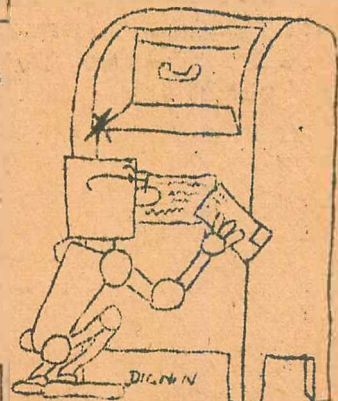
from: NOREEN KANE FALASCA (11610 Detroit, Cleveland, O)

Dear Harlan:

"What Every Young Spaceman Should Know" convinces me more than ever that I should kill myself for having missed the Con.....Your new artist, Hekelman, is really good--certainly reminiscent of Thurber. How about a CITATION for Ted Sturgeon?.....I think you are justified in getting 20¢ a copy; you get a bargain even at that price.....Love,
N o r e e n

Dear Noreen,

As far as I'm concerned, Larry Hekelman is the greatest thing to happen to fanart since Bergeron crawled out from under his easel. I agree about the new price of SFB, too. Sturgeon wrote a masterpiece in the latest GALAXY called SAUCER OF LONELINESS..he



cartoon by

BILL DIGNIN

from: HENRY BURWELL (459 Sterling St., NE, Atlanta, Georgia)
Dear Harlan--

Best thing in thish was the band on the front cover "a la FANTASTIC" -- How came the 2 month delay?.....Hope the next issue comes back up to the high level of #8. Let's have more fan material, less book reviews, Next Text, etc. I can read all that in the promags.....Hank

Dear Hank,

I'd better clarify my stand insofar as "fan" material goes. This is an amateur science fiction magazine. I refuse to pander to the very limited tastes and private jokes of a select bunch of fans. If this magazine began doing that, it would defeat the very purposes with which I began SFB. Look what has happened to QUANDRY in the past year and you'll see that a fine magazine has lost a good deal of its popularity because of its narrowed patronage. Of course we'll run "fanstuff", but don't look for it to crowd out the "science fiction". I'm just a bit disgusted with the SF fan who (quote) Never bothers to read the pros anymore (unquote). I am a science fiction reader and fan and I publish SFBULLETIN for the same kind of folks--something for everyone.....he

from: RICHARD BERGERON (RFD #1, Newport, Vermont)
Harlan,

Possible improvements: get more humour and more columns. Rich.

Dear Rich,

Get more humour the boy said. We say, read DIARETHICS next issue and in the near future read a series of closely related humorous articles by your editor pertaining to fandom. It's all right to simply go ahead and tell us to get humour, but try and get it. Columns said the boy: columns we got coming out of our ears. A last follows:

HALO by Hal Shapiro-----LINT FROM A SEFAN'S BELLY BUTTON by

David English-----PREDICTIONS by Barclay Johnson-----BURB-

LINGS by Harlan Ellison-----JABBER-WOCKY by Gregg Calkins--

---KNOCKING ON WOOD by Honey Wood---CRYIN' IN THE SINK by

Marion Z. Bradley----- you ask for it, we'll try our darndest to get it. We aim to please...and thanks for your art, Rich, this issue, and also the cover by you which will be run sometime very soon.....he

from: RAY SCHAEFFER, Jr. (122 North Wise St., North Canton, Ohio)

Dear Harlan;

You'll find enclosed \$2.25 for a year's subscription to SFB. After receiving two issues of your fine mag, I am firmly convinced that your piece of art is the TOP fanzine being turned out today. Yours truly, Ray Schaeffer.



illustration by
WILLIAM ROTSLER of Camarillo, Cal.

oh, no, you don't get away. this column is continued next page, sneak!

Dear Ray,

Seeing as how you're the fellow who's offering double and triple the price for old SFB's, I'm more than overjoyed that you subscribed. I see by your remark that you, at least, seem to feel SFB is a "fans", if I can use the term, magazine. Your kind words are received gladly after some of the abuse we've taken. (Poor little us...ouch!).....he

from: PAUL MITTELBUSCHER (Sweet Springs, Missouri)

Dear Harl,

Now this October SFB, I like. To me your zine represents the LIFE magazine of fan publications, something for everybody---how in the name of Ghu do you manage to uncover so much new talent? Every ish seems to bring forth a new artist. Like the idea of an all gold SFB, that particular shade seems to be superior to any other ---suggestions---material from Lee Hoffman, Bob Silverberg and Dave Hammond. Yo's, P a u l ,

Dear Paul, Yours is the kind of letter we like, best, to receive. Short, to the point, and bearing helpful advice. Our new artists and all other new talent (including: Noreen Kane Falasca, Larry Hekelman, Ray Gibson, Bob Athearn, Lanny Lunde, and Ralph Beese, to name a few) are a result of our getting out and looking for the talent, or the talent contacting us. There'll be much, much more new talent in SFB.....he

from: SIDNEY BOOTH (7421 Luella, Chicago 49, Ill.)

Dear Harlan,

The contrast between the bulky and somewhat sloppy September issue and the neat, well-written and artistically illustrated October ish is great. Probably the two month lag between issues has some bearing.....compact and clean appearance of the October edition was a nice replacement over its predecessor....the addition of HEKELMAN was an extra boost. Please, more-more-and more!!!

typical space deputy by RAY GIBSON



Dear Sid,

Your comments anent the September ish are as justified as our right-hand margins. It was much too crowded. Speaking of tastefully illustrated, I neglected to mention above that another of SFB's "DISCOVERIES" appears this issue. On the back of this issue is a piece of art (first of many) by one of the best-looking girls in Cleveland, Miss Phyllis Miller, who has done PLAYTHING OF THE GODS as an introduction to her work. Watch for WINGED ASSAULT as soon as we can run it.....Hekelman? He's back next issue with some illos for HALO, the art for DIARETHICS (this sampling of Larry's stuff is some of his best, by far. It'll make you roar!) and if you'll look on next page I've gotten him together with Bob Athearn and the result is well...something of staggering. We have more by Hek on tap, he

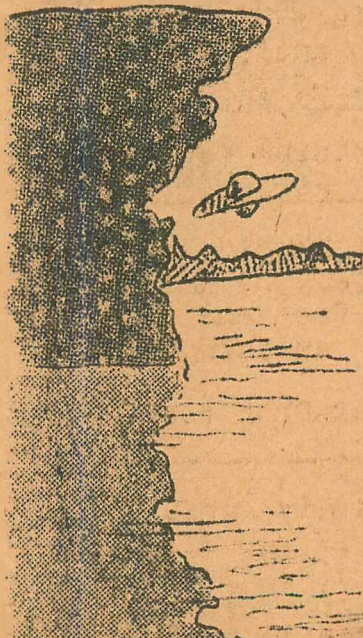


illustration by RICHARD BERGERON

letter column concludes on next page-----

from: PHILIP J. CASTORA (331 Ashland Avenue, Pittsburgh 28, Pa.)
Dear Birdbath,

...Must admire you for printing that Bob Bloch speech--you have nerve. I have seen and heard miserable attempts at humour, but I think Bloch hit a new low. I think I would have preferred Mickey Spillane (a gentleman "not in this issue").....This COTTON THORNE is turning out rather poor.....yours for better stf, Philip J. Castora.

Dear Fathead,

You are out of your mind. I say no more in reference to Robert of Bloch's speech. In reference to COTTON THORNE: your wish is my command oh mighty one. Cotton Thorne is dead (i.e., kaput!) as of thish....he

from: HAL SHAPIRO (790th AC/W Squadron, Kirksville, Missouri)
Halo there,

...Appreciate very much your note at the head of the letter column that you want short letters. But I'm darned if I'm going to start writing them now, especially when I have a lot to say. If you want to use any part of this, go ahead. Cut it all you want.....Su Rosen's FETTERPROGRESSION was a fine idea, badly mishandled. Please, if you print any more of these things, have one by someone who knows what he's doing....your BURBLINGS is getting more and more interesting. Like it. Remind me that, for the next HALO, I have something to say on the subject of Birdbaths.....Bentley's rhyme was satisfactorily amusing.
Don't read any wooden prozines (pulp, dope) Hal

Dear incipid,

If I saved all the parts of your letters I couldn't run, I'd have a 25,000 word novel. As a matter of fact I thought Su Rosen's poem a most masterfully worked thing. You like BURBLINGS? As a matter of fact, maybe you aren't such a schnook after all, Hal boy. We have another piece of work on hand by Su, though entirely different---it's a kind of prose-poem.he

from: Margaret Dominick (PO Box 175
New Brunswick, New Jersey)

Dear Harlan;

.....glad Hal Shapiro will be doing column in SFB...he has a Jimmy Fidler kind of fast and funny style of reporting on things...DEA

from: MARION Z. BRADLEY (box 246,
Rochester, Texas)

Dear Harlan,

Stop press--I give up...On the rumor that CRYIN' IN THE SINK was leaving SFB, I've already had three letters asking me to do it for them. I informed them bluntly that you had first call...Ever lovin' Marion.

Dear Marion: thank God...he
thassall thish...he

anatomical portions
by HEKELMAN--mechanical
portions by ATHEARN-----

HEKELMAN
ATHEARN

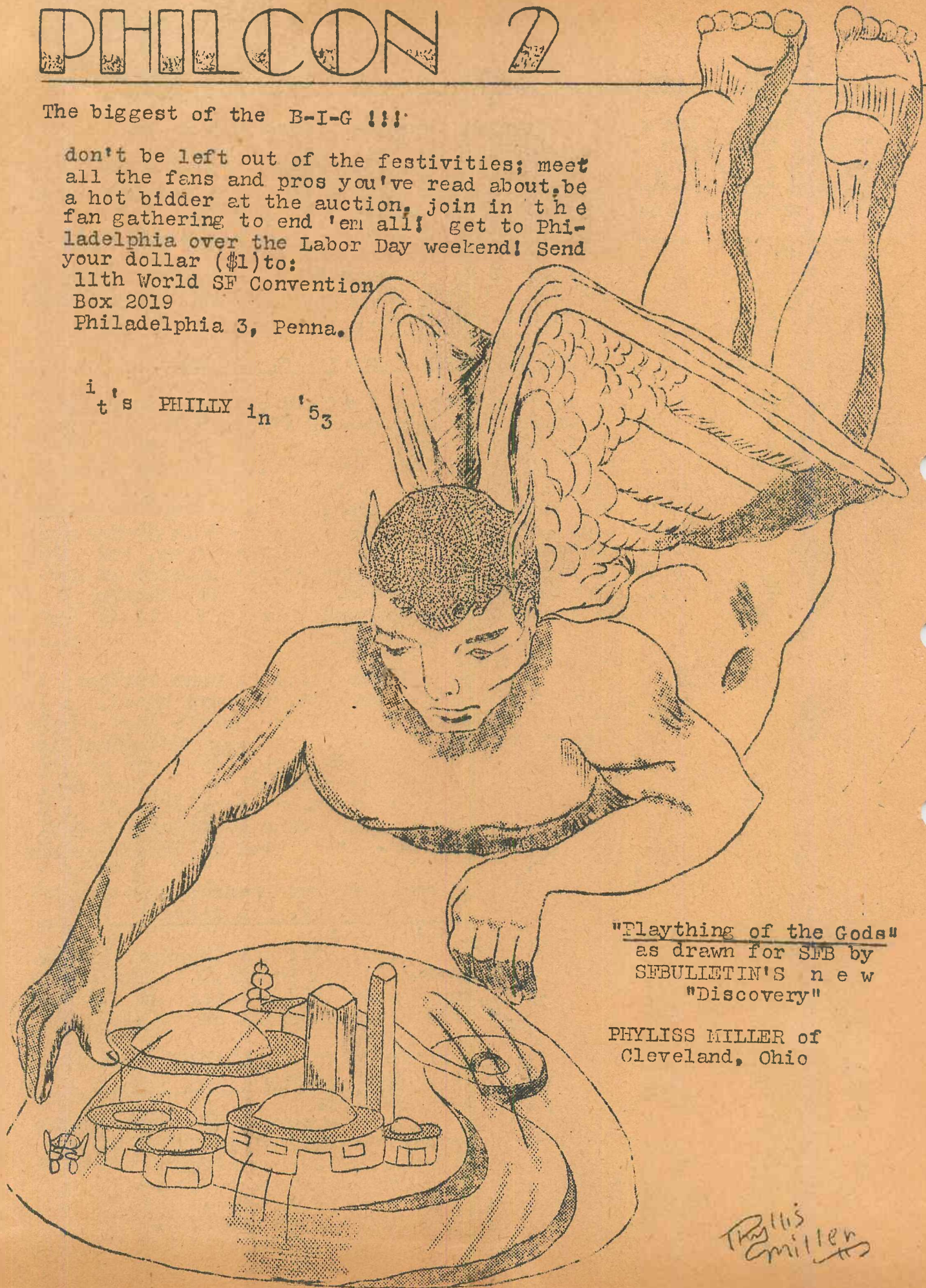
PHILCON 2

The biggest of the B-I-G !!!

don't be left out of the festivities; meet
all the fans and pros you've read about, be
a hot bidder at the auction, join in the
fan gathering to end 'em all! get to Phi-
ladelphia over the Labor Day weekend! Send
your dollar (\$1) to:

11th World SF Convention
Box 2019
Philadelphia 3, Penna.

i
t's PHILLY in '53

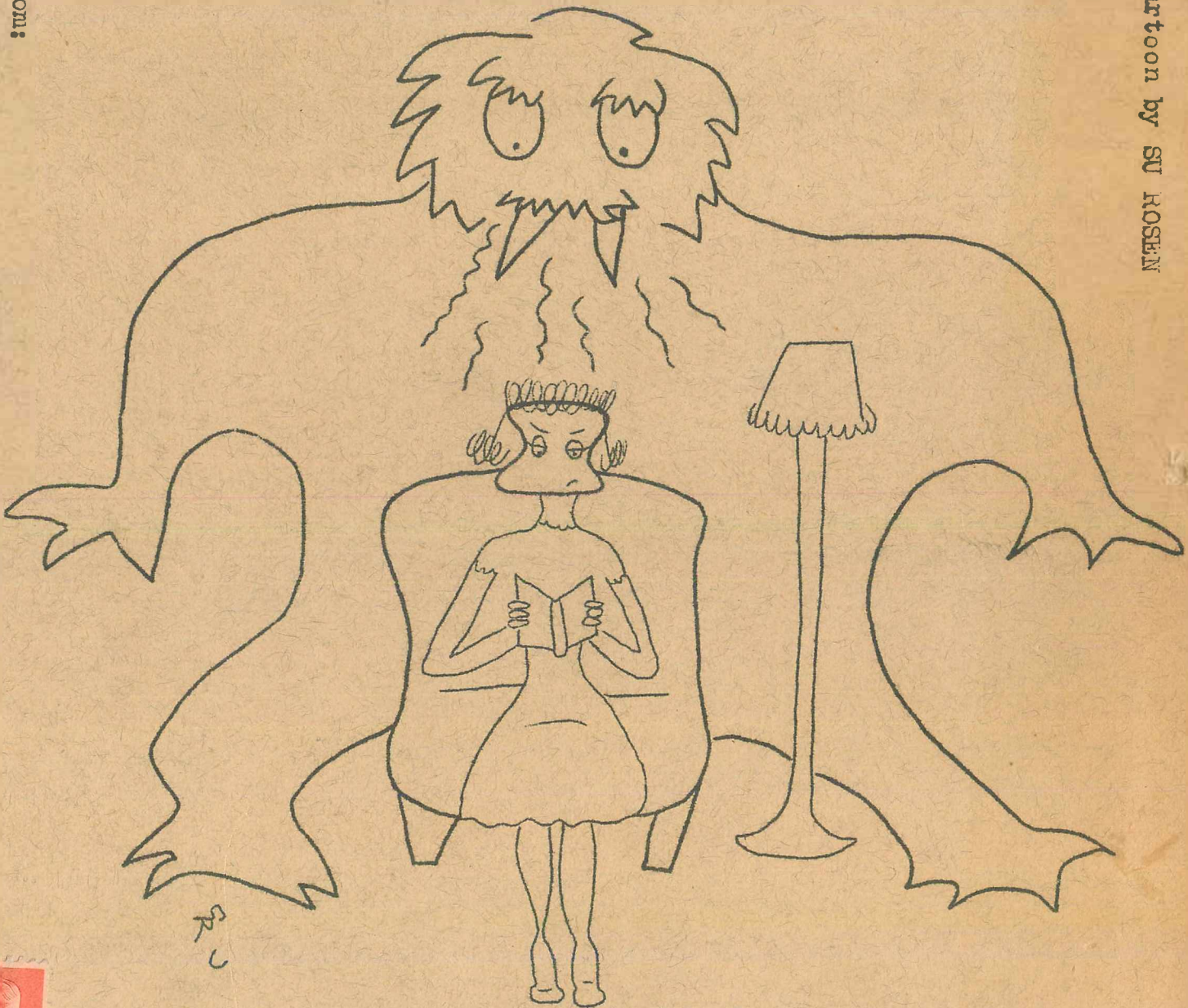


"Plaything of the Gods"
as drawn for SFB by
SEBULIETIN'S new
"Discovery"

PHYLISS MILLER of
Cleveland, Ohio

Phyllis
Miller

cartoon by SU ROSEN



"REALLY, GEORGE, DON'T YOU EVER CLEAN THAT PIPE OF YOURS?"

from:

dimensions

harlan ellison: editor
41 east 17th avenue
columbus 1, ohio, u.s.a.

send to:

Gregg Galkins
2817 - 11th St.
Santa Monica, Calif.

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REMOVE THIS WRAPPER AFTER MAILING

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

Harlan Ellison: editor
12701 Shaker Blvd.
Apartment #616
Cleveland 20, Ohio

PENDULUM

Bill Venable: editor
610 Park Place
Pittsburgh 9, Pa.

Dear _____:

Would you like to be mentioned in PASSING?

Would you like others to read your work in PASSING?

---to have an article, story, poem or artwork reviewed in PASSING?

We are reserving room for you in PASSING, because we want something by you in PASSING. This is, we admit, an unusual request; quite rightly so, because we want, in PASSING, only unusual material.

Only the best and most unusually extraordinary that you can turn out can be used in PASSING. That is the only restriction we place upon you. With regard to subject, treatment, style, and so forth, you are completely free to do as you wish.

Contribution to PASSING is by invitation only. Mention of this is not made to awe you, or as a device to persuade you to contribute. We merely wish to assure you that in PASSING your contribution will be presented among a more select company of contributors than is usual in a fanzine; we would also like to note in PASSING we will do our utmost to present every feature in the most tasteful format and manner. You will have no cause to complain about the presentation of your work in PASSING.

PASSING will be a one-shot. It will be neatly mimeographed in its entirety, and will contain not more than 75 and not less than 50 pages. Its circulation will be limited to 300 copies, available only from the publishers by advance order, at 40¢ per copy. Review copies will be sent only to the review columns of the prozines. Contributors will receive one free copy of the magazine. No sample or exchange copies will be sent out.

Contributions should be typed, double-spaced and prepared in the manner usual for submission to professional magazines. They may not exceed ten such pages. No pen-names may be used, unless already widely used by the author and well-known in fandom (viz. Henry Chabot, Dea, Chas. Stuart, etc.). Artwork should be in ink, preferably India ink; indicate areas to be shaded by solid, light pencil shading. Rejected material will be returned (upon request) free of charge.

Every author or artist always has something that he or she once did or planned, something so unusual that he forebore either to execute it or else to submit it to a magazine. Whatever your inspired brainchild may be, we can use it in PASSING. Deadline for submission of material is November 10. Publication date will be January 18. Obviously, any material contributed should not be dated.

Hoping you'll send us some material in PASSING,

Bill Venable
Harlan Ellison
Editors