

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

SEPTEMBER
1952

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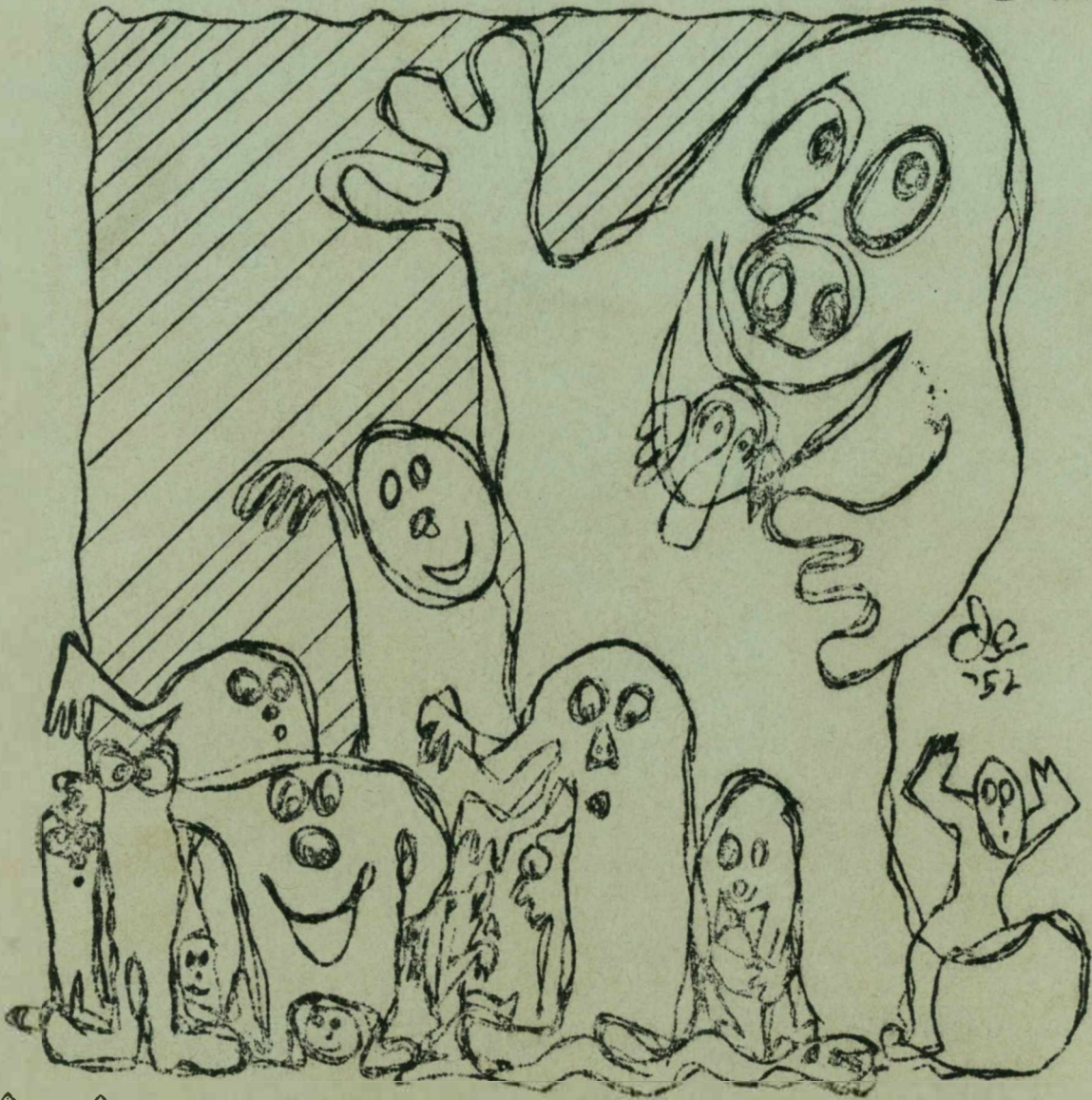
number
8

THIS ISSUE'S HEADLINERS

THE DAVID ENGLISH ART FOLIO
WHAT OF STF COMICS? by Russ
Winterbotham
THE WOMAN by Karl J. Chanz
LAUGH! But Not Too Loud... by
Toby Duane
ADRIFT IN THE METEOR SWARM by Dea
and much more of high quality

complete

CHICON COVERAGE



“it's that man again!!!”

CHICON SECTION FEATURING: Bob Tucker --- Ralph Robin --- Honey Wood ---

BABBLINGS AND SEVERAL
 PAGES OF INANE POST-CHI
 EDITORIAL MUTTERINGS



Well, we're all back from the Tenth Annual Science Fiction Convention in Chicago (sometimes termed the Chicon or even at times the Tasfic) over Labor Day and though somewhat the worse for wear and tear much the happier for it all. It was really some hassle and to the surprise and (at times) fear of ye ed, this mag and he were fairly received with cries of, "Ooooo, there goes that creep Ellison!"

But that is neither here, there or behind. There is a heck of a lot to say and undoubtedly I'll forget most of the important stuff before I get halfway through. Might as well draw your attention to the new cut above of yoo trooly which was done for SEB by a new artist by the name of JACK HARNESS who is known for his excellent cover on Bill Venable's mag PENDULUM last issue. You'll be seeing loads more of Jack in these pages from time to time.

Speaking of Venable (or as I affectionately call him, Venabobble) I thought I might let it slip that Bill has done some superb short art for headings and stories and several terrific covers. In addition, he penned a couple of stories which are small gems and we'll be presenting them to you in the near future. In fact, the cover for our December issue was done by Bill, illustrates his short story ADVENT and is our first (don't faint) L I T H O G R A P H E D cover!!

Yes, we have contacted a lithographer and now are in a position to bring you the finest in not only mimeo'ed covers but litho jobs also. We don't intend to entirely discontinue mimeo covers. Heck no! There's too much good stuff around to work only in a litho medium as you'll see by our October cover (done by Dick Ward) and our November cover (which is another Venable job) which by the way illustrates one of the best pieces of fiction we've had the pleasure of reading in many a moon. It is a short story of the Pratt-de Camp GAVAGAN'S BAR type called THE BAR ON BOULEVARD JONES and it was written by a fellow name of Raymond J. Clancy.

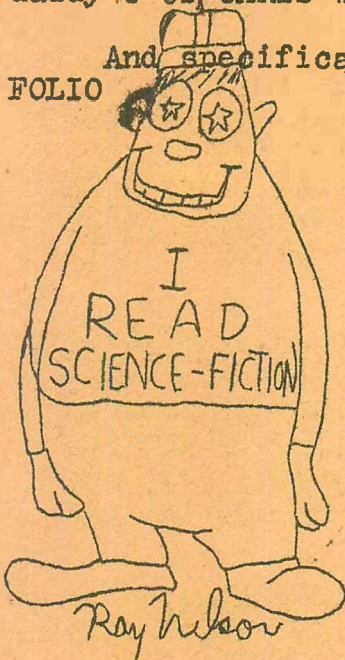
In future issues we have lines up an array of sparkling material that will knock the eye-bones out of the most jaded readers. We can, at this time, even hint at the fact that we have purchased a spectacular story from... MACK REYNOLDS the well-known and much-liked sf author. It is called PONCE de LEON'S PANTS and is so off-trail that no other s-f mag in the professional line will touch it. Not only is it to have its first printing here, but word has just (concluded p.2)

come from Mack that it is to be anthologized! When scoops are scup, SFB will scup 'em. Also we have a manuscript on hand from well-known pro author CHARLES TANNER which is a takeoff on the Lensman series in Gilbert and Sullivan verse form! Yes, it's that operetta you've been hearing about. In the next issue we are pleased to be able to present to you a most fabulous bit of reading by ROBERT BLOCH entitled WHAT EVERY SPACE TRAVELER SHOULD KNOW. It is the same speech with which Bob convulsed the audience at the Chicon. Another SFB scoop!

There are big things doing with SFB and we certainly hope you'll be able to tag along with us for the next few years as we plan on a awfully big plan of change that will put SFB as high on the ladder as it can go without being a professional magazine (that's a ghastly old thought, ain't it!).

In this issue let me draw your attention to the first appearance in these pages of the GREAT Bob Tucker (alias Wilson Tucker, Alias Hoy Ping Pong, alias Arthur Tucker, alias practically anyone you can mention), to the first fanzine appearance of pro author RALPH ROBIN who penned that terrific story THE BEACH THING in F&SF a few months back, to the article by RUSS WINTERBOTHAM author of numerous stf stories and daddy-o ~~of~~ CHRIS WELKIN, PLANETEER.

And specifically, in this issue, don't miss the DAVID ENGLISH ART FOLIO which begins just a few pages beyond this. (Oh-oh I just noticed I've been typing through that cartoon by Ray Nelson. The Nelson fans in the audience will have my hide. Sorry fellas.)



Why I am taking up two pages to babble incoherantly when there are more important things I could be typing, I'll never know. It must be because I like talking straight off the shoulder to you readers. It makes you stop and think what a wonderful force science fiction is, if it could draw together all people from differant walks of life and areas of the country (and World for that matter) and bind them into one mutual friendship, with just the word 'fan' to hold them together.

If it did nothing else, s-f would be a boon to man for just that.

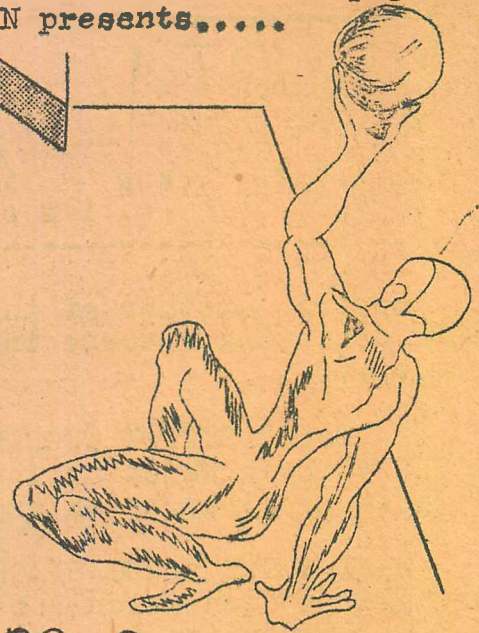
Say, before I forget, I've got to tell you about the GIANT boner your editor pulled at the Chicon. I saw Fritz Leiber (GATHER, DARKNESS, NICE GIRL WITH SHUSBANDS, CONJURE WIFE, etc.) being followed around by a batch of kids who were obviously neo-fen. "Well, it keeps his shoes clean, anyway," I remarked, being the big wise guy. It turned out the neo-fan I called "neo-fan" was....Justin Leiber, Fritz's son. Ooooooo good night all.....he

DON'T MISS

THE MAN III
by Andy Gregg

BLACK
NEXT ISSUE -

CITATION



no. 8:

ALFRED BESTER
for
The Demolished
Man

Each issue of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN features an award for a member of the science fiction ranks for achievement in this ever-expanding field of literature. The CITATION is the highest honor we are capable of bestowing; it is a show of gratitude to persons furthering this specialized field as a whole. 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) Dr. EDWARD E. SMITH, Ph.D.
- 6) HORACE L. GOLD
- 7) ANTHONY BOUCHER

Came January of 1952 and H.L. Gold, editor of GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION, to usher in a new year, introduced the readers of his magazine to the most unusual novel written in the science fiction field within the last ten years. A novel of sparkling imagination loaded with concepts of such originality that it has set the patterns, undoubtedly, for the paths science fiction writers of the next ten years will follow.

That novel was THE DEMOLISHED MAN, a tale of the future in which the telepath, the "esper", became a major factor in the everyday lives of each and all persons. The author of that novel was one Alfred Bester, a man well-known in the detective and mystery field. A man also well-known in fantasy circles for his short story ADAM AND NO EVE. But for a good long while, few had heard much from Bester. Until the day he brought THE DEMOLISHED MAN to Gold.

BUT THIS IS WHAT FEW READERS OF THE DEMOLISHED MAN KNOW!!!!!!

When first written, the DEMOLISHED MAN was a novelette! Gold, realizing the potentialities of the plot, sent Bester away with the order that he should rewrite and expand THE DEMOLISHED MAN to novel size. Bester, with the rare genius of a gifted writer plunged into a whirlwind of effort that brought forth not only a masterpiece of contemporary writing, but a gem of science fiction that might well be a far-sighted prophecy.

Instead of the hackneyed plots and trite characterizations of the general science fiction written today, if the field were blessed with a few more men of the caliber of Alfred Bester, science fiction might indeed be considered more than "escape literature".

a letter explaining the CITATION and a free subscription are being sent to ALFRED BESTER

CRYSTAL-BALLING

coming up in the next issue for OCTOBER

PREDICTIONS
POEM ADS
ARTICLE STORY
REVIEW



cover: another of the fine detailed covers by RICHARD Z. WARD depicting a scene in interstellar space....depicting a scene from.....

TALES OF COTTON THORNE by Michael Frazier.....chapter 3:ENCOUNTER IN THE VOID in which Cotton Thorne and Crilbee find that their "visit" to Thortaspor may be extended--forever.

WHAT EVERY YOUNG SPACE-TRAVELER SHOULD KNOW by Robert Bloch. The very same speech which Bob Bloch used at the Tenth Annual World Science Fiction Convention to convulse an audience of hundreds. An uproarious account of Mr. Bloch's travels to inspect his personal crater on the Moon and of his unusual findings.....

THE MAN IN BLACK by Andy Gregg. A short-short story of an old situation, an old theme in fantasy...but what a switch!

MICROSCOPIC MUSINGS by Garth Bentley. The well-known professional author who wrote BEYOND THE STAR CURTAIN and other pieces of science-fiction makes his initial appearance in fanzines with a bit of clever poetry concerning several sub-sized individuals.....

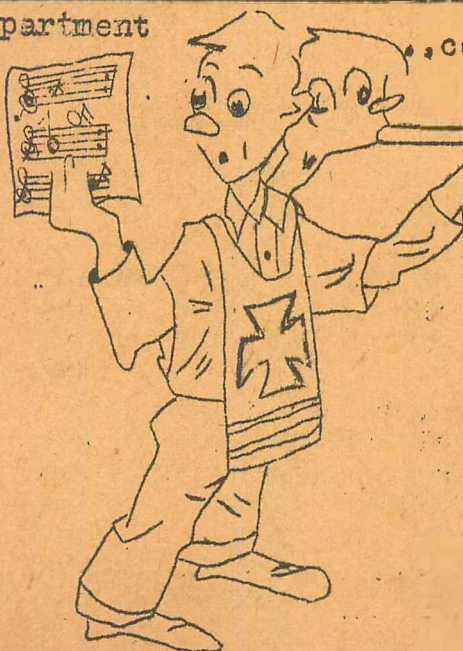
PLUS..... plenty of other material which we have on hand now and which we will have received by the time I start rolling out that October issue.....

PLUS..... THE FINGERBONE OF ACCUSATION by Rich Ellsberry. A cogent discussion of the year-old Gold-Campbell feud. The first appearance of Rich Ellsberry in these pages. An article you won't want to miss

department

comes JUDGEMENT DAY

ratings on our last issue



STORY	AUTHOR	PLACE
PALMER ON ASBESTOS	by Ray Palmer	1
THE SHIP IS WAITING	by Falasca	2
CRYIN' IN THE SINK	by M. Bradley	3
DILEMMA	by KARL J. Chanz	4
-----TIE-----		
PAST TENSE	by Lonny LUND	5
DANCE	by Ray Duane	
GIBSON'S GALLERY OF ET-LIFE	by Ray Gibson	
what a hassle August turned out to be		

THE David English ART FOLIO

being a selection of the best of David English's humorous, impressionistic, surrealist, and line sketch type drawings and cartoons presented herein for the first time anywhere.

NOTE: this art folio has been stapled separately, bound into the magazine, and easily detached if desired.....he

A WORD ABOUT DISCOVERY.... TALENT..... AND STYLE....

There is no such thing as discovery, you know. When some loudmouth editor starts spouting off about making a fabulous discovery, what he really means is that blind luck threw a person with talent into his lap so that even with the few brains he had, he had to realize the fellow had talent.

Now this talent business: it's a mighty tenuous definition, that talent. It means, obviously, something.. possessed by one person..that is not possessed in such quantities by anyone else. And yet you'll find a great many people who'll see talent in some work where others won't see it.

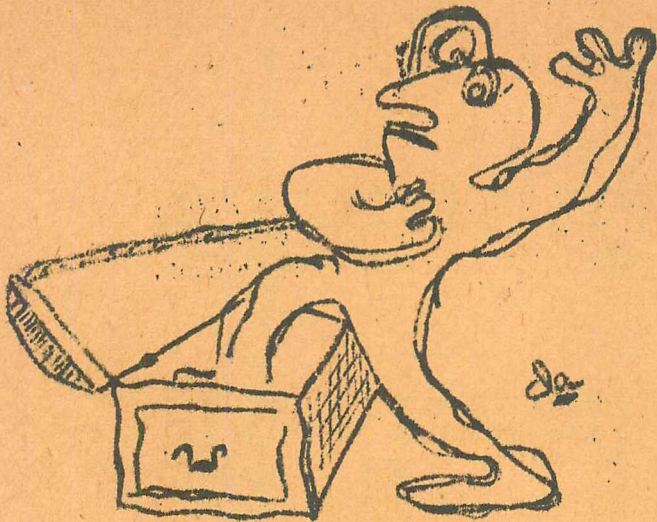
That brings to the fore style: as far as Dave English's artwork is concerned, this editor feels he has a very pleasing, unique, and singular style. If you don't see it the same way...sorry.

---THE EDITOR:
HARLAN ELLISON

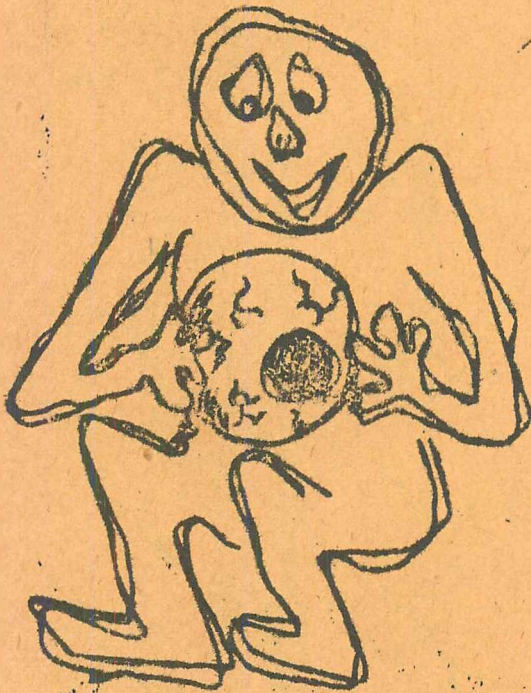


"Metropolitan

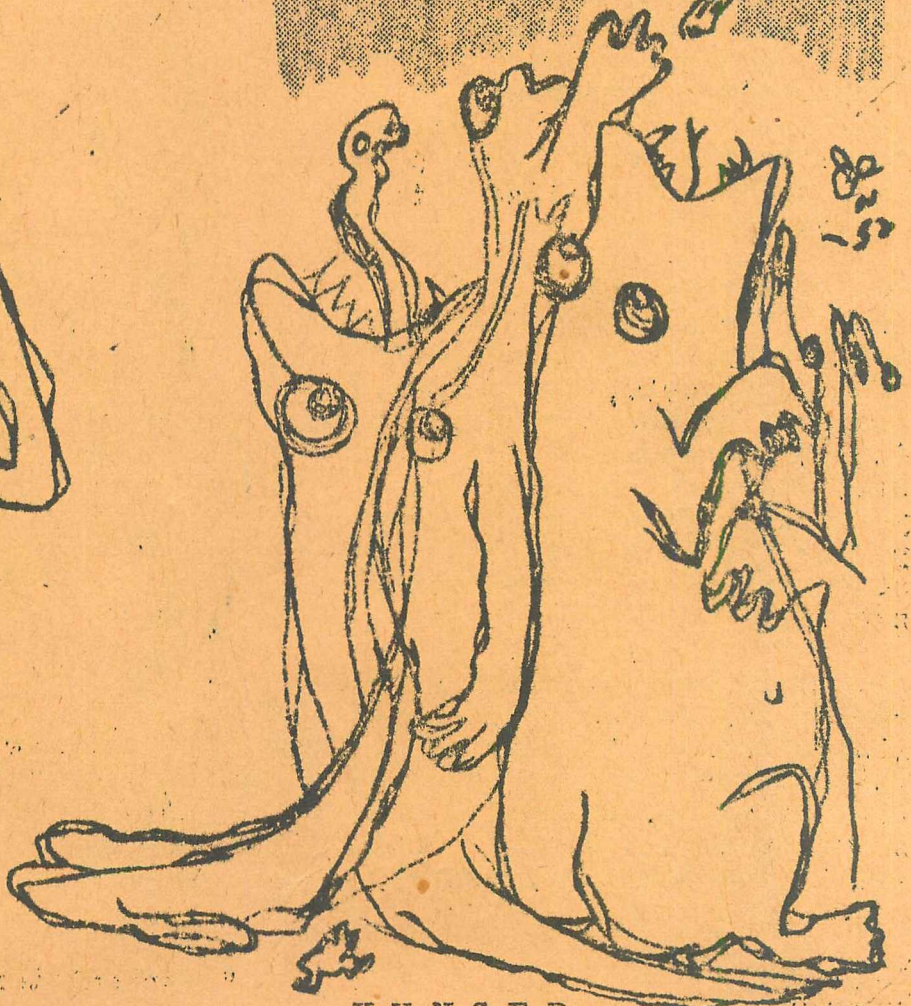
Monster"



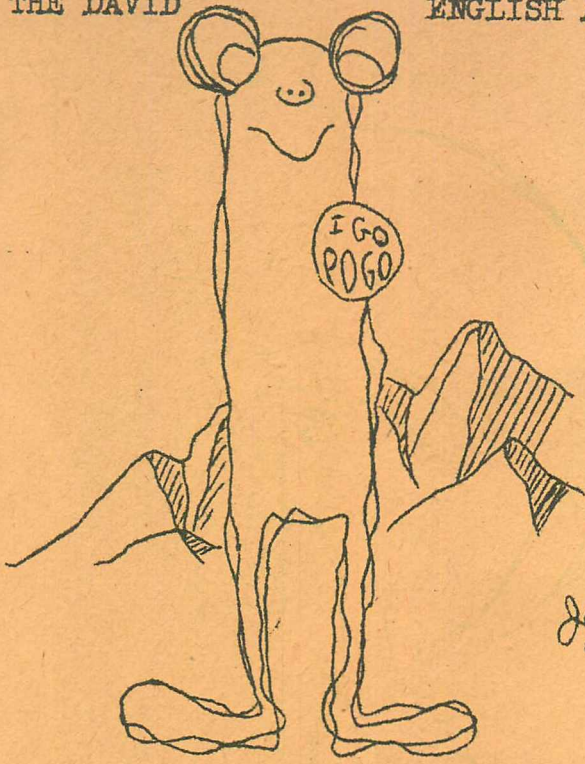
ESCAPE



"FOR ME?"



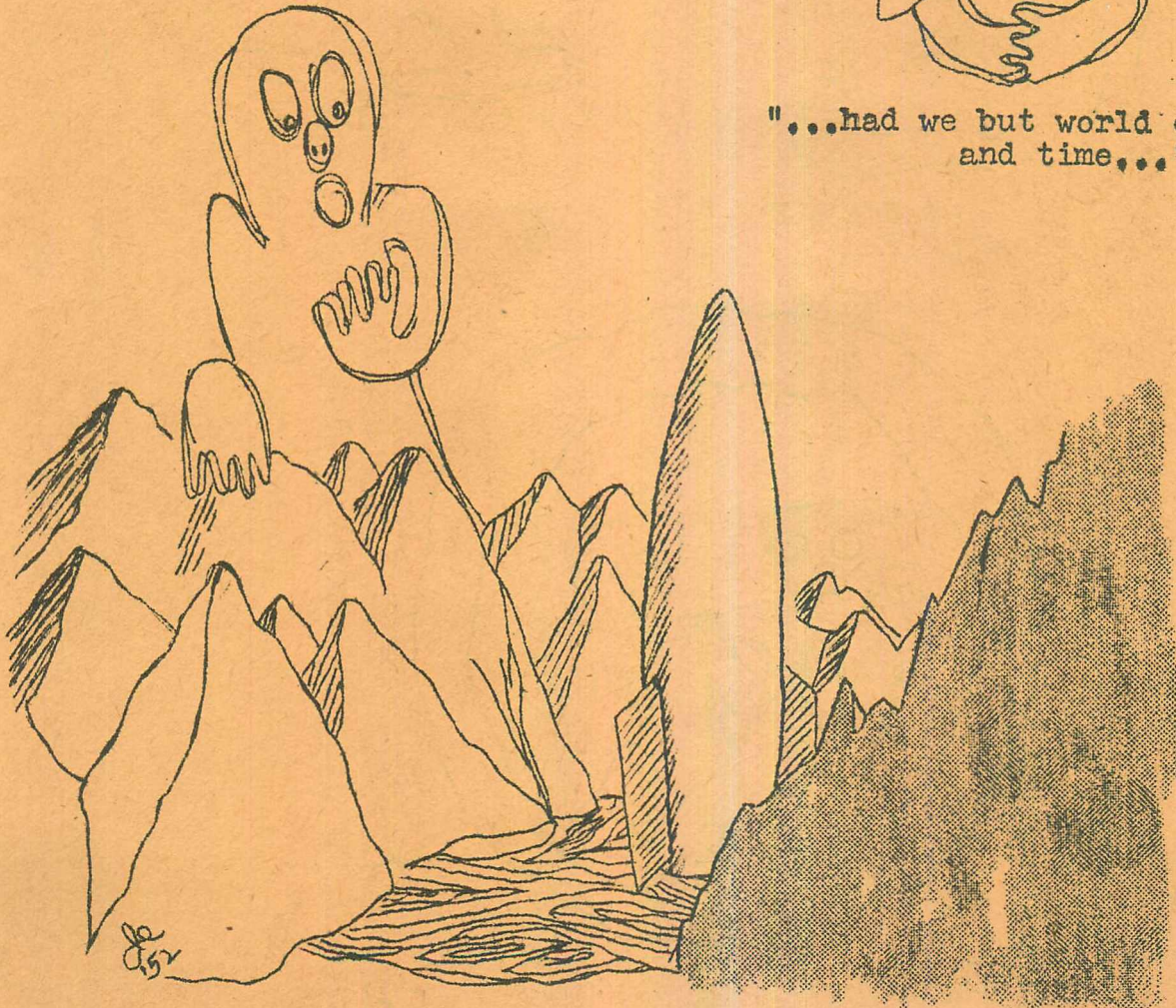
HUNGER

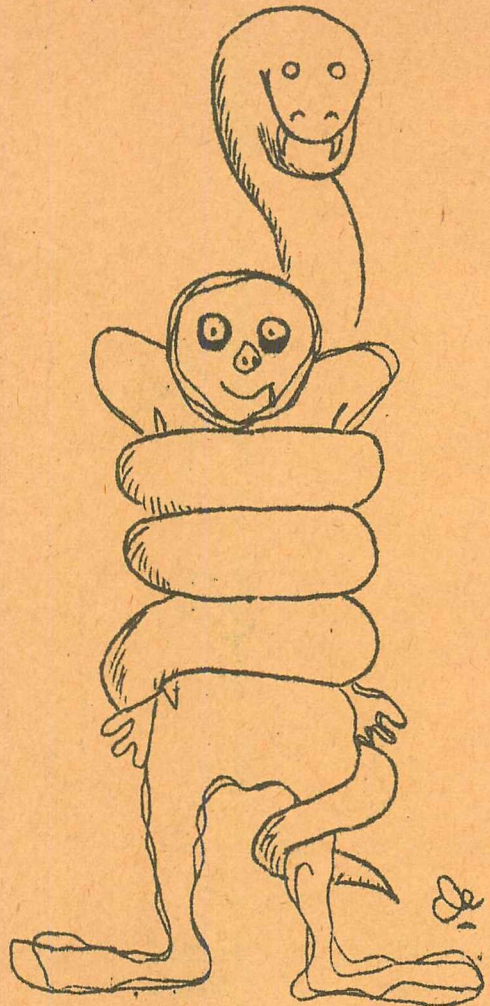


Marvin

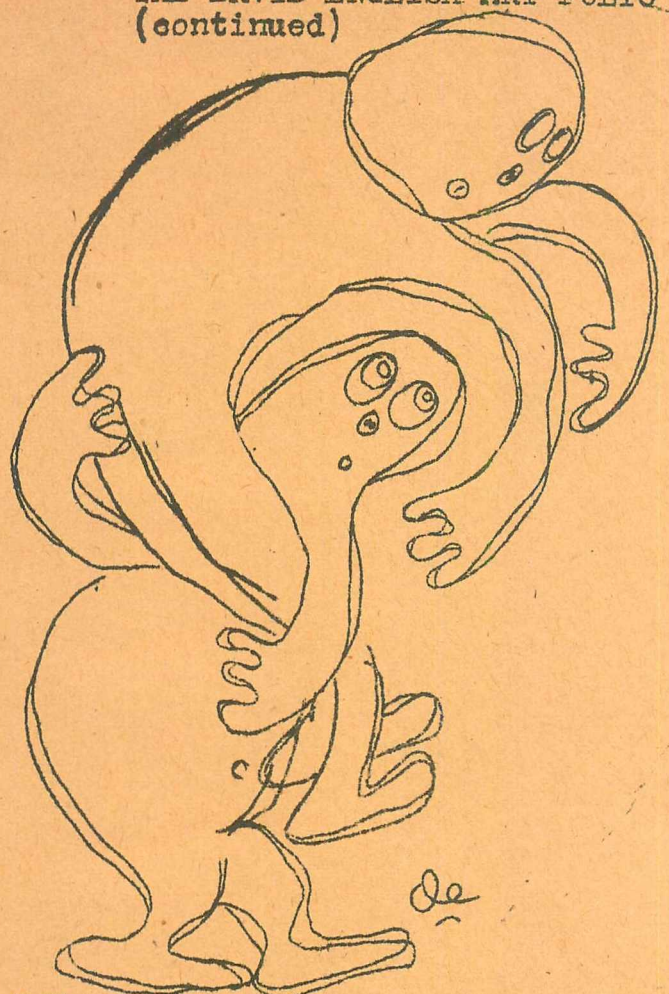


"...had we but world enough
and time..."

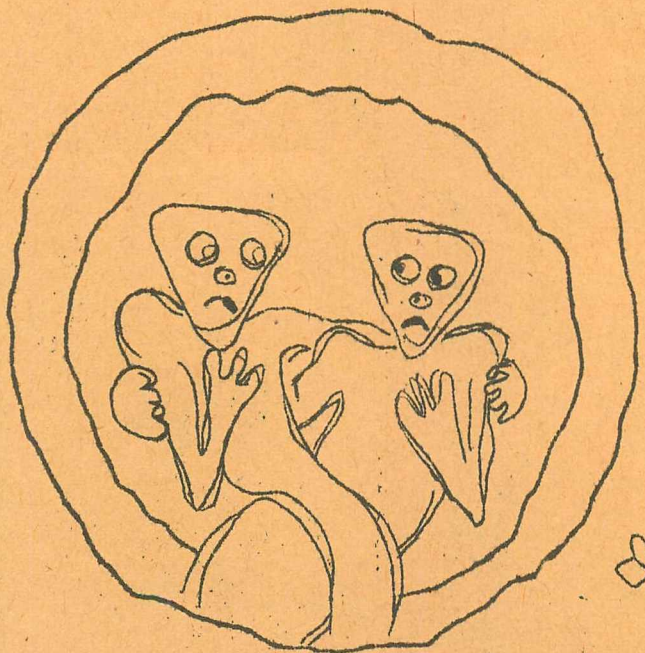




MAN AND SNAKE



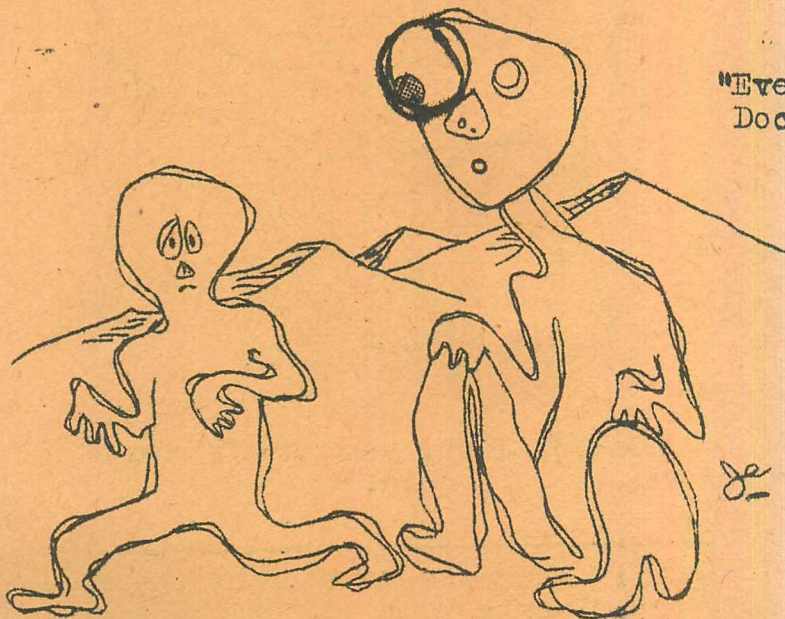
CYRIL AND FRED



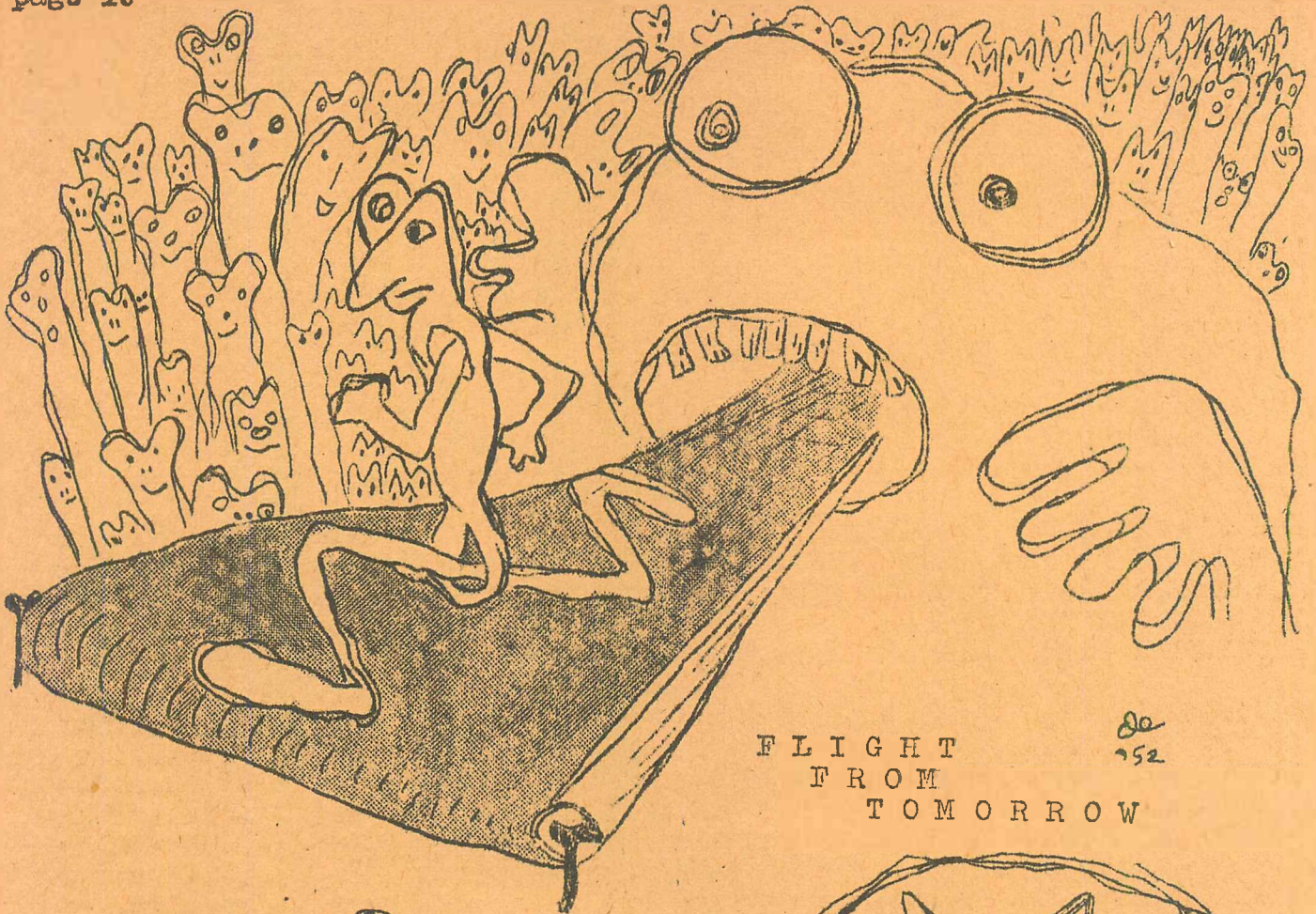
JOHN AND MARY



"Everytime I deny him something,
Doctor, he gets like that."

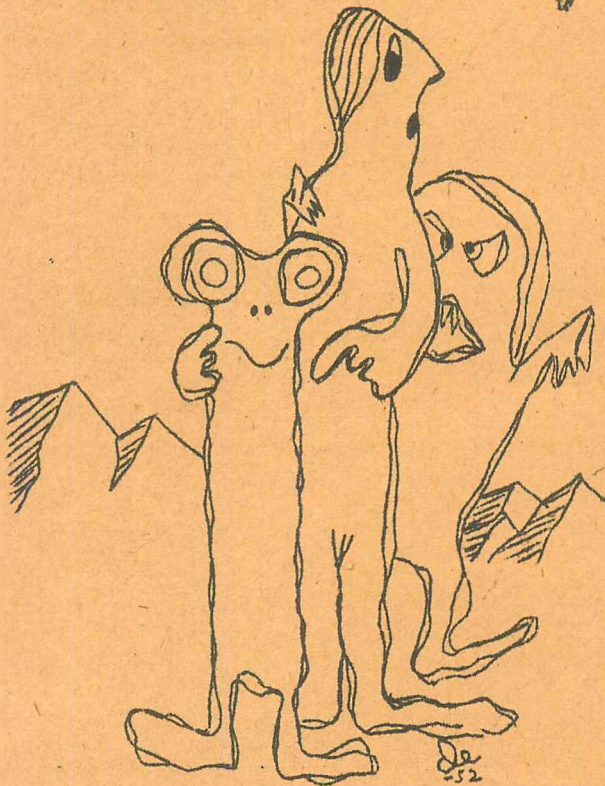


The eye of the public is upon you, fans



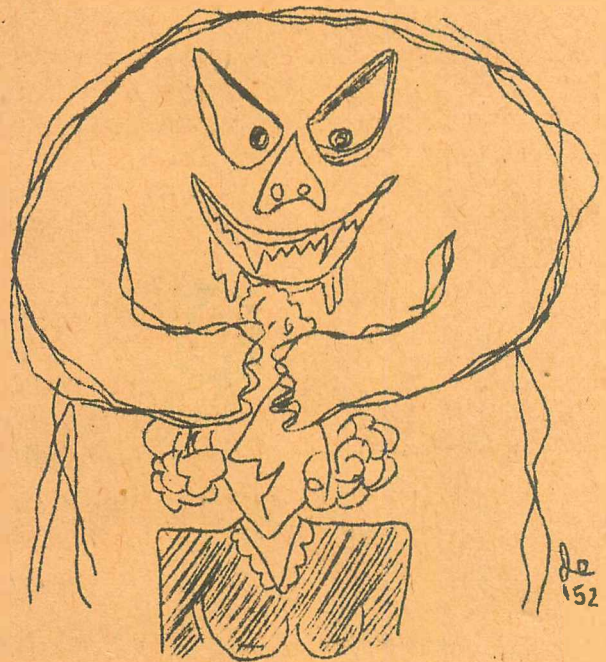
FLIGHT FROM TOMORROW

de 152



"...but spare my boy!"

de 152



"Ooooo, John, your hands are so cold!"

de 152

NOTE: This was another of those experiments your editor is so fond of. If the David English Art Folio met with your approval, please let us know so that other art folios may be planned



SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

STORY

RECOMMENDATION LIST FOR SEPTEMBER

- SHANNACH--THE LAST by Leigh Brackett.....Planet Stories.....November
 CONTINUED STORY by Margaret St. Clair....Space Stories.....October
 THE WHATSITS by Miriam Allen de Ford....Space Stories.....October
 THE TIMELESS ONES by Eric Frank Russell..Science Fiction Quarterly..Nov
 THE FLYING SAUCERS AND THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE MEN by J.P. Cahn..True Mag
(article).....September
 BABY IS THREE by Theodore Sturgeon.....Galaxy Science Fiction....Oct
 HALO by Hal Clement.....Galaxy Science Fiction....Oct
 A LITTLE OIL by Eric Frank Russell.....Galaxy Science Fiction....Oct
 THE ENTREPRENEUR by Thomas Wilson.....Astounding SF.....September
 FRONTIER OF THE DARK by A. Bertram Chandler...Astounding SF..September
 DOOMSDAY'S COLOR PRESS by Raymond F. Jones....Future SF.....November
 THE BLACK BALL by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt...Magazine of
 Fantasy and Science Fiction.....(Gavagan's Bar).....October
 ARARAT by Zenna Henderson....Magazine of Fantasy and SF.....October
 ASYLUM EARTH by Bruce Elliott.....Startling Stories.....October
 THE GUIDED MAN by L. Sprague de Camp.....Startling Stories.....October
 SHADOW ON THE MOON by Joe Gibson.....Amazing Stories.....October

ISSUE'S TOP STORY

Showing the fluctuation of s-f magazines (ie. last month so punk, this month tops), it was a three way tie up till the last minute when we finally picked **FRONTIER OF THE DARK** as top story for September. A real gem.

NEXT TEXT

coming up in the promags

- IF.....January 1953.....CHECK AND CHECKMATE by Walter M. Miller, Jr.
 STARTLING STORIES.....November 1952.....THE CROOK IN TIME by R. J. McGregor.....THE STAR DICE by Roger Dee.....

SPECIAL *****

- MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION.....complete contents and no. of pages per story for November 1952.....#18...Vol 4 No 1.....
 THE LITTLE MOVEMENT by Philip K. Dick 7 pages
 WINNING RECIPE by Mildred Clingerman 4 pages
 THE WHEELBARROW BOY by Richard Parker 3 pages
 MALICE AFORETHOUGHT by David Grinnell 4 pages
 SHEPHERD'S BOY by Richard Middleton 2 pages (concluded pl4)

WHAT OF COMICS?

STF

R. R. WINTERBOTHAM
author of CHRIS WELKIN
PLANETEER

a short article about newspaper
science fiction strips by

ALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY

ART SANSON

A WORD ABOUT RUSS WINTERBOTHAM: back in the early forties, FUTURE and numerous other science fiction publications, began publishing stories by someone by the name of R.R. Winterbotham. A certain unusual humour of style and cleverness of execution immediately made Mr. Winterbotham a favorite with s-f readers and it was with a great deal of discomfort that Russ Winterbotham ceased writing his high-grade stories. The discomfort, you see, was on the part of those readers who had read such tales as EQUATION FOR TIME, DISAPPEARING SAM, OLD MAN MARS, and some thirty others. But, came 1951, and the science fiction world was overjoyed to see returned to their old ranks the pen of Russ Winterbotham, who during the interim, had joined up with talented artist Art Sansom, and now combined with him to present an innovation in fantasy comic strips by presenting Chris Welkin, Planeteer. Immediately the strip became a popular favorite in the daily reading of both fan and non-fan. Now, Russ Winterbotham re-enters the fan ranks with an article of opinion on the state of stf comics.

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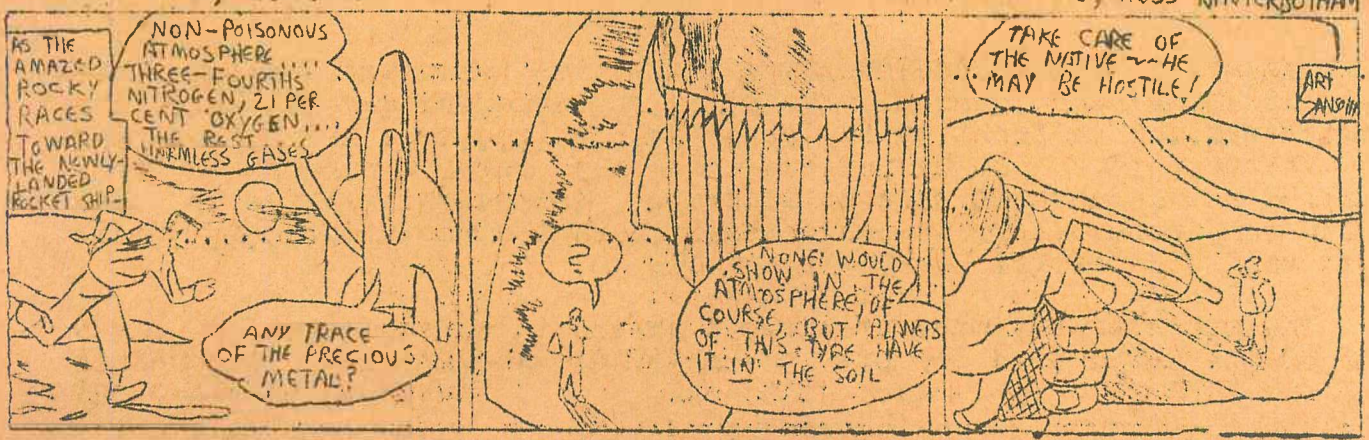
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page..

CHRIS WELKIN, Rocketeer

By RUSS WINTERBOTHAM

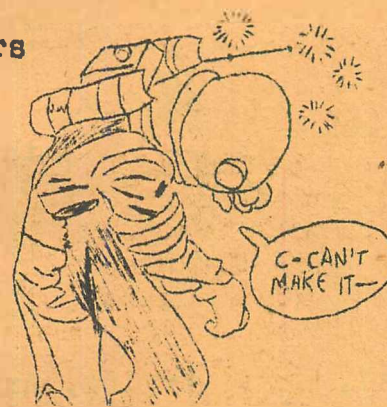
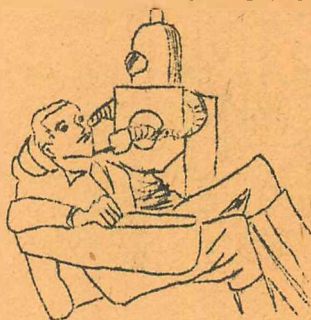


WHAT OF STF COMICS ?

an article by Russell R. Winterbotham
(cartoons used with permission of NEA
Service, Inc.)

For a great many years, going back into the depression 30's, science fiction was represented by only a few newspaper comic strips. One or two of them had good followings, but there was a stage of disintegration that eventually put them into disrepute with the fans. I speak from experience, for at that time, I was only a fan, not a writer of stf comics.

But following Hiroshima, newspaper editors who once regarded science fiction as a bunch of darn lies, began to realize that perhaps these dreamers had a little something on the ball. So now we're trying it again.

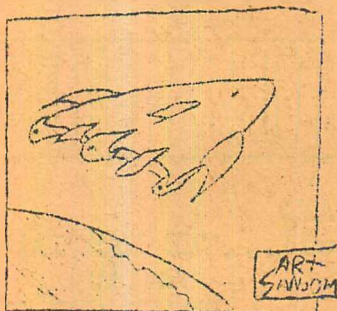


It's a little early to forecast the result--- I'll try to be impartial

about this. But nearly all of the strips and Sunday pages are in an experimental stage. I can count, without making a survey, about seven or eight daily newspaper comic strips and as many Sunday color pages in the field.

My own CHRIS WELKIN was one Sansom, my partner, and I began strip in the spring of 1951. We're second year. Since the mortality comic strips is the heaviest during the year, we think we're over the big now on things should get better.

We have had both fan mail and gely enough, the fan letters come the most part, and the criticism ors, some of whom aren't stf fen.



of the first. Art working on this going into our among newspaper ing the first hump and from

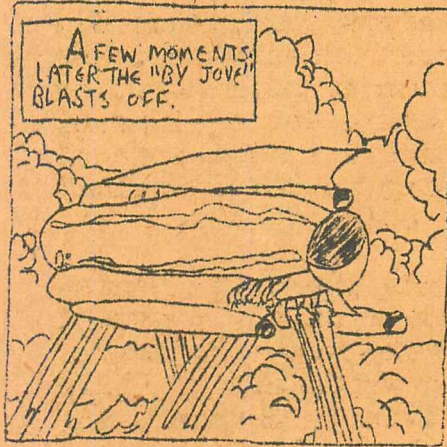
criticism. Stran- from readers, for comes from edit-

Many avid science fiction fans don't like the newspaper comic because of a very good reason. The strip is either so general that the fan is 'way out in front of it, or so specialized that no one but the fan will read it. But we believe the strips serve a purpose in interesting new readers in science fiction. And we think there is a median somewhere, where we can interest both the fan and the fellow who never read stf before.

The pro element, many of the old timers in science fiction and some of the newer word tossers in the field, are watching Chris Welkin
(concluded page 14)

and other strips with interest. I've heard from many of them. Boston's Isaac Asimov, whom I've known for 15 years, still thinks Pogo is better than science fiction comic strips, and he has a point, of course. But Isaac reads my strip for old time's sake. Cliff Simak up in Minneapolis says he hasn't seen mine (he doesn't read the St. Paul papers, in which it appears), But he's watched Jack Williamson's efforts and likes them. I know Jack too and although he's a competitor, I can say that I like his work in this filed also. Several editors, Sam Mines of TWS,

Ray Palmer of OTHER WORLDS, Malcolm Reiss of PLANET STORIES, Robert W. Lowndes of FUTURE, and many others, all of whom have bought stories from me at one time or another (Sam has only bought my cowboy stories, but I haven't written much s-f since he became editor of THRILLING WONDER and STARTLING).



By the way, as I write this, word comes that Chris Welkin has just been sold to one of the newspapers in Sydney, Australia. It is already being translated into Spanish and appears in several Latin-American papers as CRISTOBAL, Trotomundos del Espacio (Christopher, globe-trotter of Space).

Well, we're trying, Art and I, and the artists and writers of 8 or 10 other strips, to please you readers. We hope we will, but if we stumble once or twice, we'll be back with something twice as good after the stumbles.

-----Russ Winterbotham

THE END

SF BULLETIN STORY RECOMMENDATIONS

for SEPTEMBER (concluded)

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION (concd)...

- ...THE MARTIAN AND THE MAGICIAN by Evelyn E. Smith 5 pages
- BRING THE JUBILEE by Ward Moore 87 pages
- BEM by Charles T. Webb 1 page
- RECOMMENDED READING by The Editors 2 pages
- THE YELLOW CATFISH by Vance Randolph 2 pages
- THE WILDERNESS by Ray Bradbury 8 pages

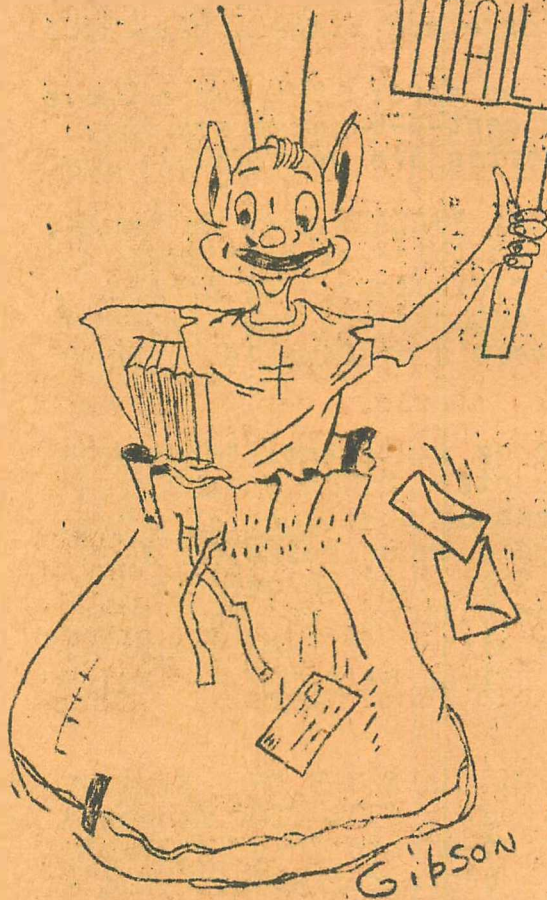
ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.....November 1952.....THE CURRENTS OF SPACE (part 2) by Isaac Asimov...L A S T BLAST by Eric Frank Russell...cover by Schneeman.....

...and don't miss THE MARTIAN WAY by Asimov in GALAXY SF for November

department

IT'S IN THE
MAIL BAG

WELL, WADDA YA
KNOW—



Seems as though that threat we threw at you readers last issue did some good. Almost immediately, we began to get loads of mail about an improved issue and a better lineup, so we began to suspect that some of you were buttering us so we wouldn't drop the letter column.

Hmmm, perhaps there is something to this power of the press. I want to remind you, however, that if you are going to write about this issue, the deadline is October 14, 1952 and all mail should be addressed to:

HARLAN ELLISON
12701 SHAKER BLVD.
APARTMENT #616
CLEVELAND 20, OHIO

...and we'll be waiting to hear a blast or two from Y O U.....he

from: RICH ELSBERRY

Dear Harlan, benevolent and omnipotent editor of the s-f Bulletin.
Heavy on the Bull, I trust.

I will skip the shilly-shallying and get down to cases. Oh, drank two bottles last night and so don't have a full case, but don't let that worry you. Was wondering if you'd have a spare copy of Robert Bloch's "Trials and Tribulations of a Young Spaceman Stranded On an Asteroid with Only Ray Nelson for Company" or whatever it was called. I am told this talk was given by Mr. Bloch at the Convention, you know which one, but I was in such a drunken stupor I missed it.

If you've finished stenciling it, perhaps you could let me peek at it. Or maybe you've got a carbon or something. Anyhow, it might help me in some small way in my enviable task of creating a con report out of a shambles of notes. (Shambless-- oh my ghod! Try shambles.) ((On second thought, try Haig & Haig))

In plian (this is a word I recently coined which is sometimes substituted for plain or even plain) un-fannish language: Send me a copy and I will be eternally indebted to you.

Do you know anything about the unidentified Cleveland fan who phoned Minneapolis long distance to arrange a tryst with Su Rosen? If

(continued page 16)

his intentions are anything but dishonorable I'll have my fleet of trained pterodactyls meet his plane over Chicago and stage a kama-kaze attack. Dishonor before death!

Scanning your Chicon issue I notice Palmer says: "We pay a basic 1¢ per word. We will always pay a basic one cent---because average... aren't worth more." In other words, OW's stories are written by just average writers.

When Palmer asks: "GALAXY pays 3¢ bottom. Can any writer confirm this--or deny it?" he is bordering on the ridiculous. Of course, there are plenty of authors who can confirm it--wanna see Anderson's or Simak's check stubs?

And that righteous statement: "Have they paid as much as 3½ cents? OTHER WORLDS HAS!" Wow! Any magazine can do that once or twice. Palmer undoubtedly paid those rates for shorts by Bradbury and van Vogt that he used in early issues as circulation builders and to prove his good will. Have either of them been in OW lately? And has Palmer paid 3½¢ recently? I doubt it.

Some mags like THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, pay a flat \$100 for short stories. On some short-shorts this probably figures out to 4 to 5 cents per word. Can Palmer say he's ever paid that?

We have frequently paid 2¢ and over." I can think of nothing more damning. Frequently. What an incentive for an aspiring author.

RAP sez Rog Phillips has "sold the field". Yet I've never seen him in ASTOUNDING, GALAXY, MOFF&ST, SPACE, FANTASTIC, etc. I wonder what Palmer considers the field---AMAZING, FA, OW and IMAGINATION?

"Shaver cannot be equaled for selling power." Have you tried Heinlein, Simak or Mickey Spillane?

"Byrne was good long before I ever edited AMAZING..." is as brash a statement as I've seen yet. Of course R A P would call this a matter of personal opinion.

Let me mimic Palmer let me say: But what are their circulations? GALAXY has 66,150? Can any writer confirm this--or deny it? Palmer sez Ackerman will confirm his rates, but who will confirm RAP's circulation figures? I saw no sources given.

(this letter concluded page 17)



illustration by
SEIBEL (released to
SF BULLETIN by Bill
Venable's magazine,
PENDULUM)..he

I also wonder why RAP refuses to give his circulation figures. He says he tops every other magazine in actual sales. He says he doesn't publish very many copies. Still--just what is the circulation? One who publishes other magazine's circulations so fearlessly shouldn't be afraid to present his own meagre total for our approval.

"Not one in a hundred manuscripts produced by the writers of America is worth a barrel of rotten apples." Pardon me while I rush out to buy a copy of OW. I might also note that Palmer himself must list himself among the writers of America.

Enough. From the utter incoherence of this article it would seem that Palmer still hasn't recovered from his accident.

I read the first paragraph of PAST TENSE. Well, Mez Bradley me he printed that ab-fire. It did. Now it articles by Palmer, do to draw anymore fire?

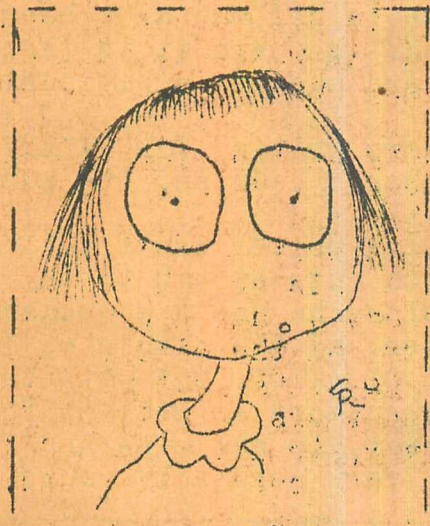
Congrats on the book review section I doing: "To this reviewer...", "This re-happened to good old

All in all, a pre-since you do have sev-in your grubby paws, do spare a copy of the its strength? I saw no for material submitted hope it is more than published in. An author pect a little more he?

And all I asserted you for the Bloch manuscript. self very charming.

P.S. How did Shapiro get in here?

I read too far, again. Keasler told ortion just to draw turns up here. With you think you need



"...what do you mean, sir, by BEM?" (cartoon by Su Rosen of St. Louis Park, Minnesota)

prize. But in the think you're over-viewer...", "For this viewer..." What ever "I"? I like it.

tty fair issue. And eral articles of mine you think you could next issue or two on mention of payment or accepted, but I just the issue it is should be able to ex-than that, shouldn't

out to do was ask Nevertheless, I still consider myself Rich

Dear Rich: About that Bloch mss. I wish I could let you have a pre-read of the thing, but to my chagrin, I can't find it in my file. It has just struck me that I must have stuck it in the folder of stuff I sent to a fellow editor. I'll get it back, though, for the issue it's scheduled to be in, and if it comes in early, you'll get it. About that unidentified Clevefan who called Surosen, yes, I can give you a great deal of info about it since I'm the fan and since I went to Minneapolis to see you and Su and spent a laffable evenin' with yo-all, you are in full possession of the facts and I advise you to keep your hands to yourself, you low, sneaky fan, you. I will say nuttin about your tirade in relation to RAP and OTHER WORLDS. I've already taken my stand about CRYING IN THE SINK and since I happen to like the column, I intend to publish it. It's a good fmz column--not a fire-drawer! Speaking of the strength of your articles...they're so strong I had to air (continued page 18)

them a while before I could put them in my file. But yes, you'll be getting the next few issues of SEB before your articles are used. But you see, I'm not going to give you too many free issues, I have to insure your sending SEB some more material. You're too good a catch in a writer to let slip away like that now that we've cornered you, he

from: H.L. GOLD

Dear Mr. Ellison:

I'm not sure which elates me more -- your citation or your nomination of James Blish's SURFACE TENSION as the top story of the month.

The reason is not compulsive modesty (a powerful personality trait, by the way, that I've been fighting with some odd results at times, for which I apologize to all who have been offended), but a clear recognition that GALAXY is where it is (second in circulation within less than two years and pushing ambitiously toward first) only because of its writers.

The whole list of authors writing for GALAXY deserves the greater credit and so, too, does Robert M. Guinn, its publisher, for his courage and integrity.

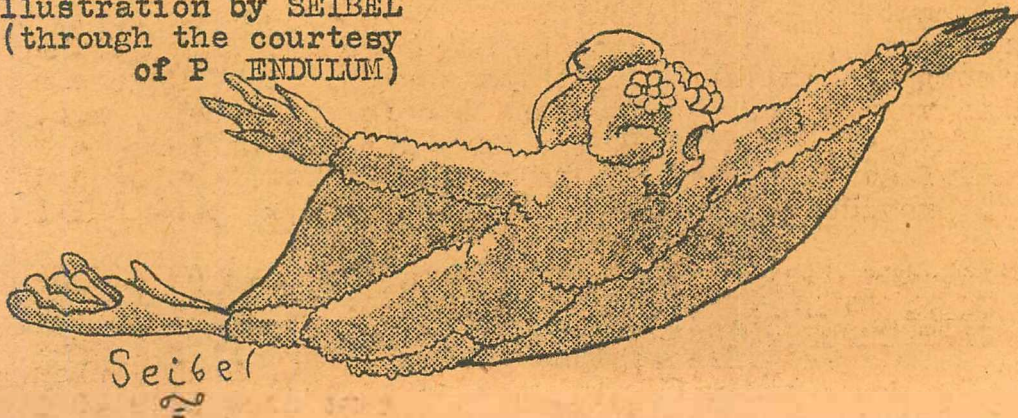
It's a circle, you see. A writer can't sell a challenging story unless there's an editor with guts enough to buy it, and the editor can't own editorial guts unless he has a courageous publisher to work for. Cut out one or another and the circle no longer exists.

I'm glad to accept the CITATION, but with the understanding that it is for Mr. Guinn and our authors as well as for myself.

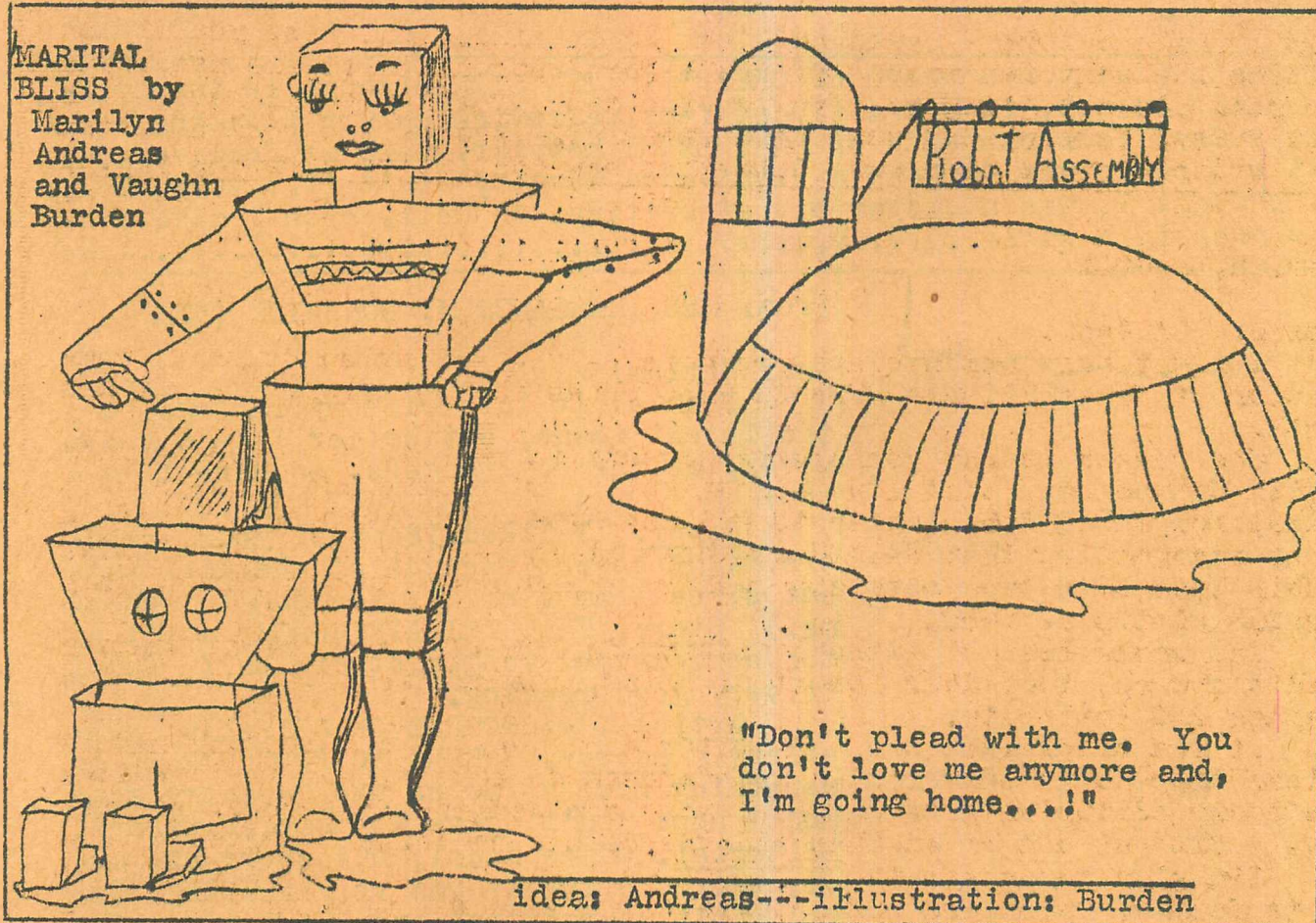
The subscription, however, is all mine and I'll be looking forward to each issue. Very cordially yours, H. L. Gold

Dear Mr. Gold: It's indeed a rare treat to be able to print a letter from the foremost editor of s-f in America today. Even more of a pleasure is it to be able to award so many issue's top story awards to stories published in gSF. It might be noted in passing, however, that SURFACE TENSION was first scheduled for the April 1951 issue of the now defunct mag WORLDS BEYOND before Damon Knight was forced to let that sterling mag fold. A good thing there are editors with the guts to publish it when another ed is unable to do so.....he

illustration by SEIBEL
(through the courtesy
of P. ENDULUM)



this exceedingly droll letter column will continue on the next page, sure as death and AMAZING STORIES.....



from: W. PAUL GANLEY

Dear Harlan,

Thanks for SFBULLETIN; read part of it in Chicago and the rest after I returned. I'm very happy to see that you've got Marion Bradley's column. I wrote a two-page letter to Max Keasler, protesting the hue and cry of the fans and the fact that he stopped using the column; he printed about two paragraphs of it, so you can imagine how expressive it was in print.

PALMER ON ASBESTOS was rather interesting; whether or not you like his magazine, you can't help admiring Palmer the Man. PAST TENSE, quiz kid or no quiz kid, I did not like. It was trite, to say the least. It was nothing more than another re-write of the same, bare, overworked plot of time travel that has been present in stf since its bare beginnings. Too pat! CRYIN' IN THE SINK seemed just a little bit less harsh than usual... or perhaps, as Marion said, some of the poorer magazines aren't sending her copies for review. DILEMMA was very, very cute; also very, very meaningless, insofar as I can see. But one of the best things in the issue was Ray Gibson's cartoon of the Doughnut People---I get very few laughs out of fan cartooning and fan humour, but this provided one of those few---that ping pong ball! Ow!

So in conclusion, the listing for your ratings: PALMER ON ASBESTOS, CRYIN' IN THE SINK, DILEMMA, GIBSON'S GALLERY OF ET LIFE, THE TRAGEDY OF MOSHER, PAST TENSE, THE SHIP IS WAITING, STF'S IN THE ARMY NOW.

Cordially,

W. Paul Ganley
(continued page 20)

Dear Paul: Glad you approve of CRYIN' IN THE SINK because in the opinion of the editor, it's the finest fanzine review column floating around today! Your comments on PAST TENSE however, make me feel very (that's a cheap way to keep a right-hand margin, ain't it.) very low, as I thought it was a clever bit of writing. Oh well, even I make mistakes once in a while.....he

from: MRS. MARGARET M. DOMINICK (DEA)

Dear Harlan:

I am a bit late with my ratings on the latest issue, but better late than never, as the saying goes, so here I go too:

Cover. I liked. (Some of your readers might object because of the girl pose but since I am over 21, you can't shock me.) Story. THE ULTIMATE HONOR; a bit of too serious and long...otherwise I found it very good reading.

Article. DISCOURSE ON CRIFANAC, excellent. Poetry. WHERE NO FOOT TREADS is something new as far as story-poetry goes and I hope you'll give us more... please. Editorial. OK as usual, but short as usual. WHO GOES THERE? was very amusing (so you visit your friend and spend time in his home just to hate him... and vice versa. What a glorious friendship). Of course I get the joke.

Citation. was good. Gibson's Gallery. ditto. Story recommendations. Useful as usual. Reviews of Things Seen and Heard in movies was good. You also had a long letter section. So all in all, the issue was very good.

Suggestions:

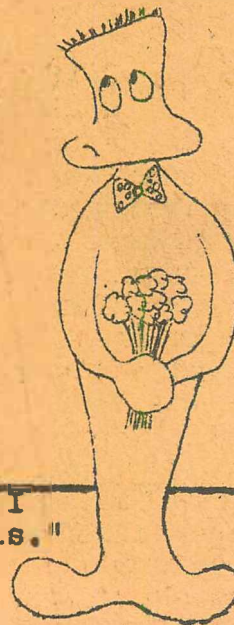
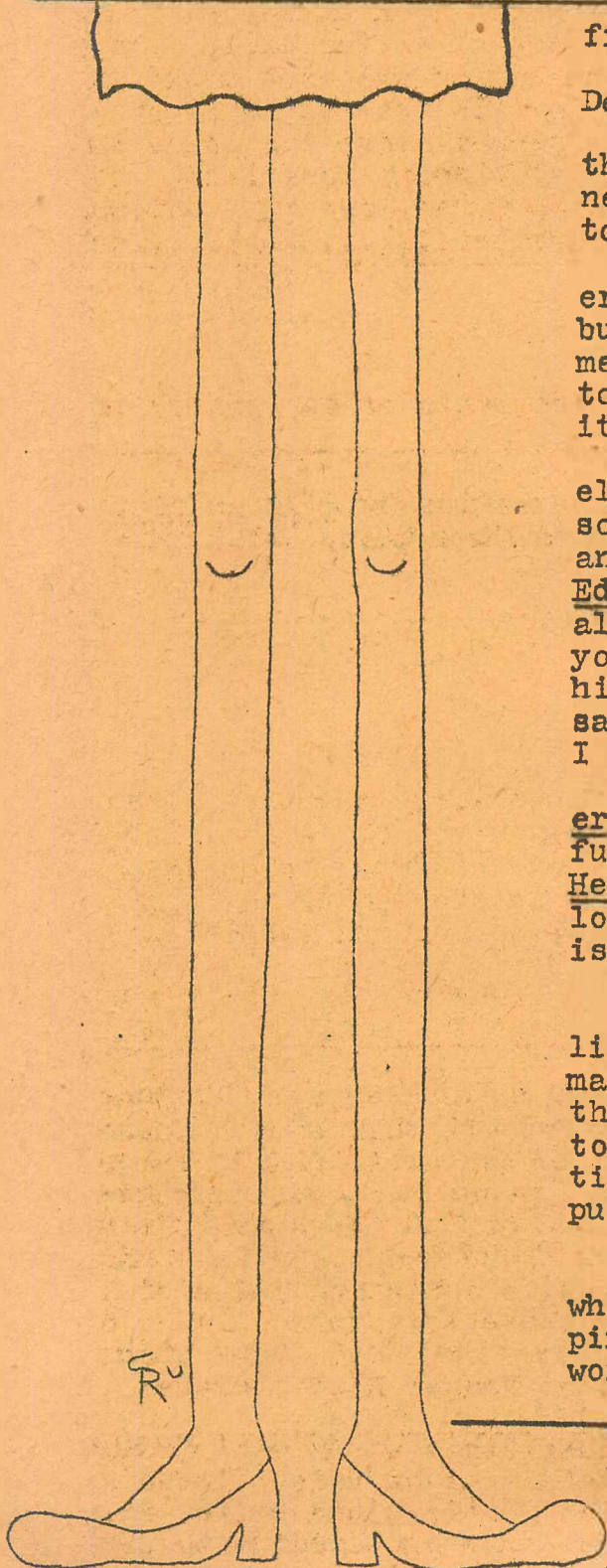
Since you have a duplicating machine, can't it make you a little extra on the money side by using it to print up decorated stationery...? For selling purposes, of course.

Second suggestion:

Why don't you have a whole page of inside photo pix in SFBULLETIN. Too much work..? (cont. page 21)

"Aw, Helen, ...I thought I told you not to wear heels."

cartoon by Su Rosen



Once or twice a year can you use lithographed form on the cover? (ouch this is costly...I think.) I can't think of anything more, so perhaps this is the best end. Adios now, and keep up the good work.

Sincerely, DEA

Dear Dea: by now you've seen your own cover on our August issue, which brings up the question, why do we print a letter that is obviously in reference to an older issue? Well, it comes right down to this: our readers are a lazy bunch of clods who refuse to get on the ball, they seem to think working and making a living and eating are more important than writing to SEB. Dreamers! So occasionally (is that spelt right?) we may put in an interesting letter what was penned afore the issue in reference went to press (or something). That stationary idea isn't so bad. Hrrrrrrrr.... Litho'ed photos? Good lord, woman, see our Chicon section this issue. Litho'ed covers? See November!.....he

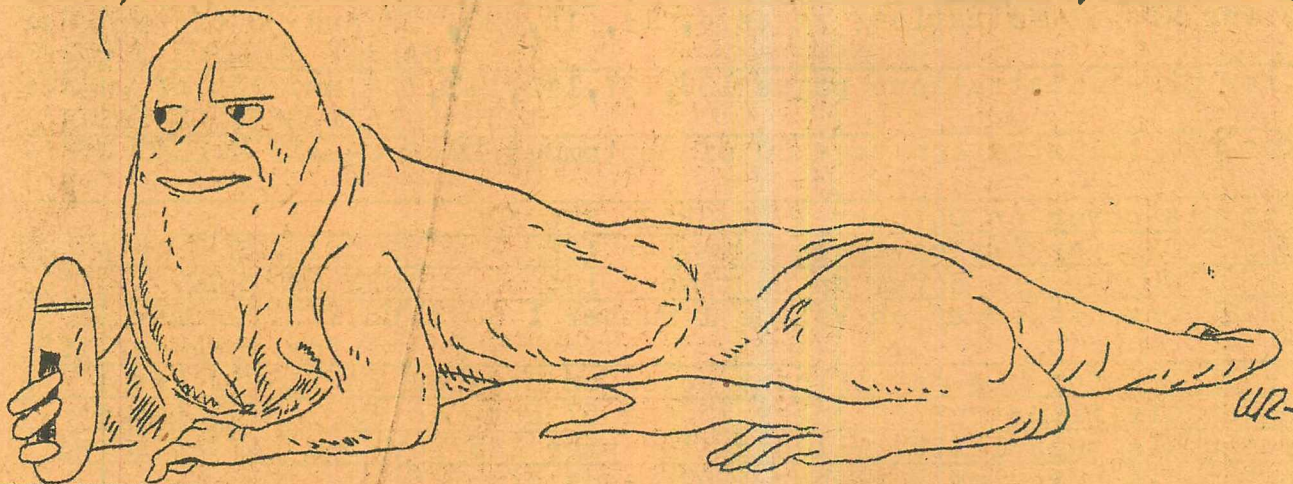
from: TOBY DUANE

Dear Harlan:

Was interested to note Marion Bradley's comments on the poetry of

THEY'RE ROUNDING THE FAR TURN...
GRYFONI IS IN THE LEAD, THEN THUN,
MANFO, JURAK VII AND.....

illustration by Bill Rotsler
of Camarillo, California



the Duanes in her review of FAN-FAKE. I can't answer for my brother Andy, but let it be herewith stated once and for all that Toby Duane has read exactly three of the poems of Clark Ashton Smith (LAMIA comes to mind as one of those), and until one of his poems had been reprinted in a recent issue of FFM, had never read one of H.P. Lovecraft's poems. Therefore, if Toby Duane is imitating these two poets in his poetry, it is being done by proxy; that is, he is imitating imitators, or perhaps he is even imitating imitators of these imitators. H a d enough?

Sincerely,

Toby Duane

P.S.: What in blazes are those things that Vaughn Burden draws?

Dear Toby: Grievance noted and recorded. Those "things" my girl Vaughn draws are called ELLIOTTS. And let me use this last of this issue's letter column to say to all you other folksies who're gonna write in, keep 'em short and sweet unless you have something very erudite to say like Rich Elsberry (the shmoe). Thanks and see ya next month.....he

WANTA WRITEM?

for your convenience, instead of having to hunt all over H--- and creation for the names and addresses of those who weren't chicken and bothered to write us, we present WANTA WRITEM? where all the info is presented for your consideration in case you want to give these folks a line...don't forget, they read s-f too.....he

RICHARD ELSBERRY	413 East 18th Street	Minneapolis 4, Minnesota
H.L. GOLD	421 Hudson Street	New York 14, New York
W. PAUL GANLEY	119 Ward Road	North Tonawanda, New York
MRS. MARGARET M. DOMINICK	P.O. Box 175	New Brunswick, New Jersey
TOBY DUANE		Address Withheld By Request

department

September's best art selections of Sept's best art

ALEJANDRO for his cover on the September 1952 ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION
 CARTIER for his illustrations pages 114, 123 and 134 Sept 1952 Ast. SF
 SIBLEY for his illustrations pages 4, 14, 15, 26, 27 and 38 of October 1952 GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION
 FREAS for his illustrations pages 136, 137, 142, 143, 154 and 155 of October 1952 GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION
 EMMH for his illustration page 86 of September 1952 GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION
 EMMH for his cover on October 1952 SPACE STORIES
 A. LESLIE ROSS for his cover on November 1952 FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION
 PETER POULTON for his cover on September 1952 FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION
 VAN DONGEN for his cover on Volume 1 number 1 SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES for November 1952
 BARYE PHILLIPS for his magnificent cover on Nov-Dec FANTASTIC issue 3
 ASHMAN for his illustration pages 56 and 57 Nov-Dec FANTASTIC issue 3
 FINLAY for his superlative illustration page 148 Nov-Dec FANTASTIC no 3
 JOINER for his cover on November 1952 issue of I F
 JACK COGGINS for his interplanetary cover for October STARTLING STORIES
 FINLAY for his artwork pages 10, 11 of October 1952 STARTLING STORIES
 LAWRENCE for his illustration page 109 of October 1952 STARTLING STORIES
 POULTON for his illustrations pages 10, 11 and 17 of November STARTLING
 MALCOLM SMITH for his cover on October 1952 issue of OTHER WORLDS
 FINLAY for his superb illustration page 57 of September AMAZING STORIES

All artwork selected is done so on an impartial basis and with these three measures as criteria for inclusion: 1) SCIENCE FICTION and/or FANTASY CONTENT, 2) ARTISTIC VALUE, and 3) REFLECTION OF STORY MATERIAL.....all artwork is selected from those s-f or fantasy magazines issued during September, regardless of the date the publisher may have placed upon it

Gibson's GALLERY OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE

here is the seventh in a series of cartoon-articles by young s-f artist... RAY GIBSON portraying denizens of other worlds



Saturn's only intelligent life-form migrated from their ringed planet soon after the landing of Earthmen. For the Terrestrials brought with them the drug P-Nut Butter (commonly called P-tr Pan) which enslaved the Klopp-Nokker to the point where he had to go out into the void in rental rockets and search for planets of peanut butter which would help them conquer the horrible craving that devoured them.

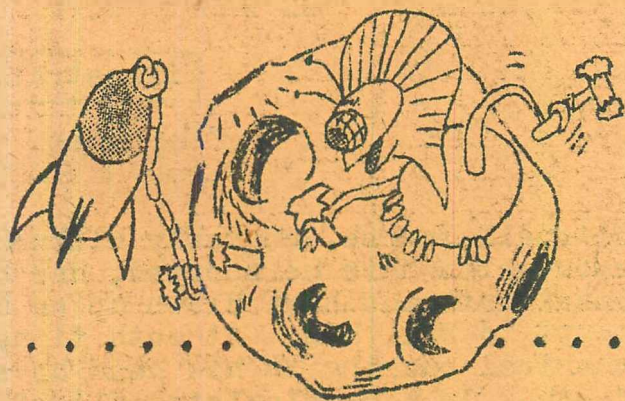
When stumbling upon this kind of planet, they drove in stakes all along the perimeter of the planetoid to split it down the middle so they could, at their own leisure, take the rich, P-Nut Butter-laden center out and enjoy themselves.

They have made themselves self-sustaining and independently wealthy by digging the centers out of other asteroids that contained things Earthmen wanted like: Mickey Spillane's mystery books, copies of SPACE-WARP, I Go Pogo buttons, and women.

#7: SATURN'S COCK-EYED KLOPP-NOKKER (common spitoon-bird)

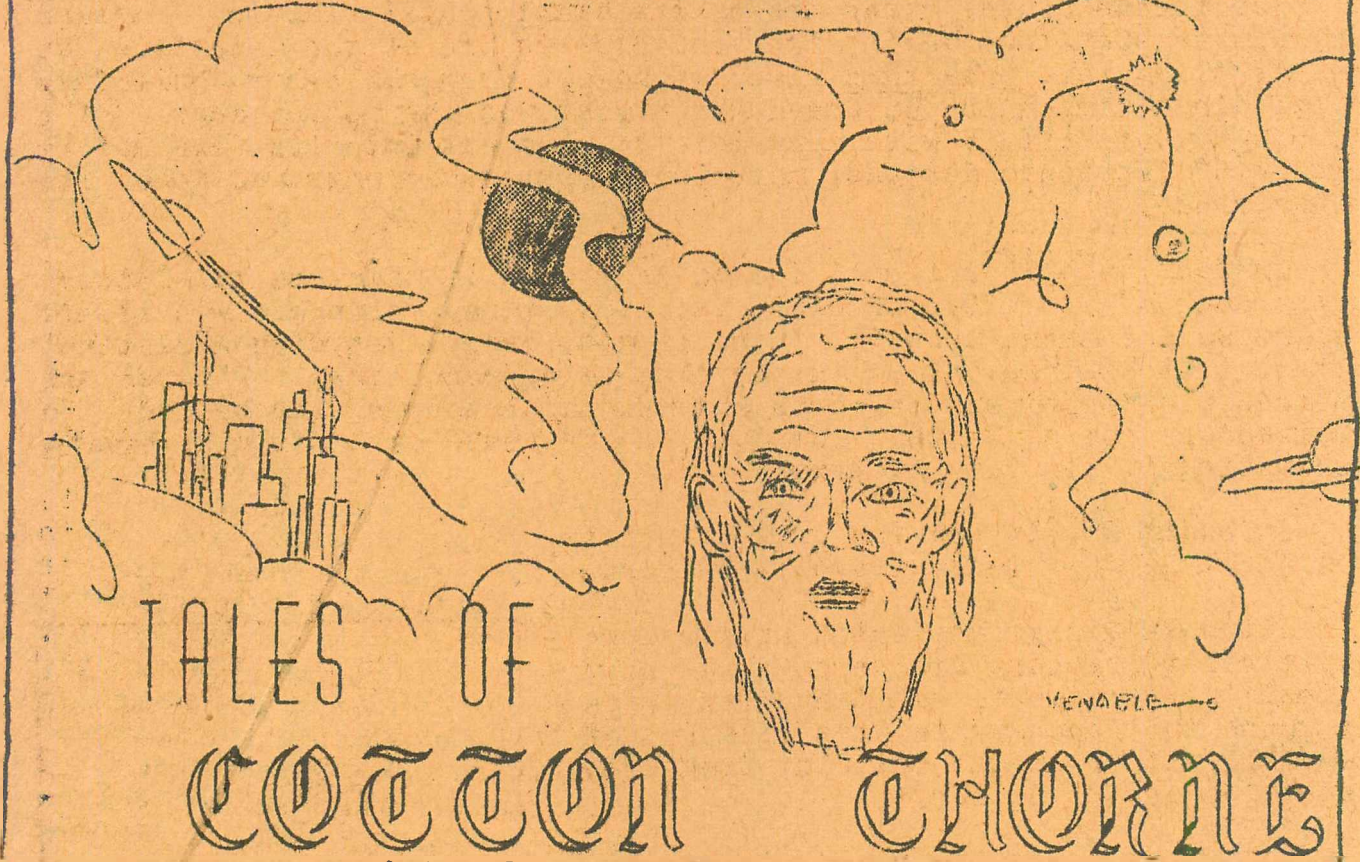
figure 1: (above)
The Klopp-Nokker in full plumage

figure 2: (right)
Klopp-Nokker, splitting average sized asteroid to be able to withdraw peanut butter.



NEXT ISSUE: The Woolza-poom (and your editor knows not what it'll be)

CHAPTER 2: ENIGMA OF THE BRAIN



TALES OF COTTON THORNE

a tale of the future by MICHAEL FRAZIER

REMEMBER THE TRICK OF USING A
 SQUIRREL ON A TREADMILL TO
 KEEP YOU ENTERTAINED? WHAT IF
 WHAT YOU CHOOSE TO CALL LIFE
 TURNED OUT TO BE A TREADMILL
 WITH ONE MAN BETWEEN YOU AND...
 THE END OF THE WORLD

illustrations by BILL VENABLE

SYNOPSIS

Mitchell Thorne, commonly nicknamed "Cotton" because of the shock of snow-white hair he sported, has been attacked by an unknown group of assailants who have blown up an underground slideway in a futile attempt to kill him. At both times he was in danger, a clicking and mechanical buzzing in his head have warned him in time to avert certain death. In his calculated flight, Thorne has come to the home of a mysterious resident of One-Eagle Street known only as Corper.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

(continued next page)

The facade of the place was of the blank pastel plastic design that was so prevalent during the Post Blow-Up Era of the late '40s. But the one thing that made this place stand out from all other buildings on the dingy semi-alley of One-Eagle Street was the wooden door. It was a heavy oak affair with many thin columns out into its face and a pattern of intricate designs, marvelous workmanship engraved upon its worn surface.

In fact, the door itself looked as though it might be the Gateway to the Rock of Eternity, so weather-beaten, aged, yet noble was it. The designs were rampant upon it, in ~~so~~ seeming order, yet with a distinct pattern that bespoke intent in the placing of each line. Figures and mosaics, planes and angles, orbs and unnatural shapes that belied a n architecture not of Earth. The door was possessed of a singular beauty, fascinating in its very mystery,

In addition, it was the only door of wood still left in the metropolis of York.

~~Mitchell~~ Thorne hesitated only momentarily before placing his perspiring palm against the Palmident, awaiting the strident whine that accompanied the sliding of the small window in the building front for inspection of the caller.

So expected was the sound of the sliding panel that it shocked him to actually hear it. As the plasticene portal slipped into its niche in the wall, the gnomish face of the little Antarean, Crilbee, appeared.

With a little pleased noise, the dwarfish humanoid slid the toggle plate over the switch and pulled it, releasing the many bolts and electronic fasteners that, in their complexity, made Corper's fortress nearly impossible to enter.

"Master Cotton," Crilbee bubbled, his pixie-like face nearly splitting in half with the grin that encompassed it, "you have been away a very great while. It is very good to see you!"

With a feeling of having come home again, the feeling which always hung about him upon entering this place, Mitchell Thorne swept the little alien off his webbed feet, lifted him high into the air and in a rapid movement tucked him under one arm. Thorne flipped the toggle back, closing the circuits, and swung the toggle plate off the switch and closed it into its wall case. Then whistling a tune he had not remembered in years, he strode off down the long corridor of the main hallway into the heart of Corper's abode.

COTTON



THORNE

* * *
 Mitchell Thorne entered the room with a humbleness that could only
 (continued page 26)

be felt by a worshipper paying homage to his own personal diety.

It was a large room. It was just the size room it was expected to be. It was expected that the room be large, consequently it was large and that was all there was to it. And there in the center of the room sat Corper. To Mitchell Thorne he was an old, old man with a look composed half of extreme boredom, that which comes with complete knowledge and half of a faraway wistfulness.

To Crilbee he was the benevolent All-Knowing, a flowing white mane of a beard under a smiling face of kindness. To a taxi-dancer he would

have been a handsome, muscular easy-spender with just the right touch of cleanness that promised a life of marriage instead of three dances for a quarter. To a delicatessen owner he would have been the man from around the corner who had the bed-ridden wife that ate like two people. To the sailor he would have been an Old Salt standing on the pier as his ship came in. He was all these and more. He was....



"Father."

Mitch Thorne bowed his head as he spoke the one word, softly. "Arise, my son," came the words of the man known as Corper. "You have been away a very long while, and now return when you find a problem that you cannot solve."

"Yes, Father."

Mitchell Thorne sat. Whether or not he sat upon a chair seemed immaterial in the presence of Corper. How the chair got there was also a mystery. For all he knew he might be seated upon nothing more than empty air. This was the way it had always been, since the first day he had come into being. He thought back, and in thinking knew that he was supposed to think. His every thought was being ordered into his head by the gigantic intelligence seated across from him.

He knew the story in its entirety. It was short, yet the most complex tale ever told. Corper was reality. He was the only reality. Actually, Corper was the only real thing in the entire cosmos. He was The Dreamer. His dreams were the stars, the planets, Earth, York and its teeming billions, this building and.... Mitchell Thorne of the calculator brain and snow-white hair.

So long as Corper spun his dreams, Earth went its way. If
(concluded page 27)

or when he tired of the sport--- Mitchell Thorne could not comprehend the emptiness that would follow,

The only thing that had really kept Corper continuing with his life-dreams was Mitchell Thorne. Like a puppet dancing to the myriad stimuli of the master, Thorne had, from the day of his "birth" been plunged into situation after situation from which he found he must extricate himself successfully or not only lose his own existence, but also that of every other sentient being in the universe. It was a most monstrous weight to be placed upon the back of any man. But Mitchell Thorne shouldered it unknowingly, for upon leaving the Room of Corper he would lose all conscious knowledge of the true state of reality. He only knew that every fiber of his being directed him to the preservation of his life. For subconsciously, that Brain worked on but one directive: KEEP COTTON THORNE ALIVE!

For Thorne's only connection with reality was his Brain; a closely knit mesh of wire, plastic tubing, and colloid sponge with billions of relays hooked imperceptibly with the thoughts of Corper. The situations Corper manufactured unmercifully (yet he was a kind father) and from them Thorne daringly removed himself each time, the Brain his only asset.

These thoughts passed, one upon another, in a rush that covered but the space of a few seconds---or was it centuries---till once again Mitchell Thorne had recalled the complete, fantastic story. He also, in those brief moments, had ascertained the solution to his problem.

He was sure of the identity of the man who had set the hired assassins upon him...and what was more important, why. He had once again achieved mental satisfaction from his creator. Cotton Thorne had been drive, he knew not why, to Corper, and Corper had solaced him. Now he must leave.

* * *

"Master Cotton see Corper?" chortled Crilbee.

"Yer durn right, 'Master Cotton' did," mimiced Mitch Thorne. "But why I keep coming back to see that man I'll never know." Absently he rubbed his head near the base of the skull.

"Ready to go?" asked Thorne.

"Yessee, Master Cotton," grimaced the Antarean.

Unconsciously both knew they were to go together. They did not question for a moment the knowledge or the deed.

Outside on the slideway to the York Spaceport, the diminutive alien asked, "Where we go from Spaceport, Master Cotton?"

"Thortaspor."

Two passers-by on the slideway jerked when Thorne said the one word and looked at him as though he had suddenly admitted he harbored leprosy germs.

For Thortaspor was the most loathed name in the Galaxy; floating prison colony of the void; refuge for the dregs of humanity shunned even by the criminals of the spaceport cities; home for the degenerate beings of a thousand planets. And there it was that Mitchell Thorne declared his intention to journey. Alone, save for the company of Cribbee the Antarean, his calculator mind and.....Corper.

TO BE CONTINUED

DON'T
FAIL TO
READ

CHAPTER 3.
ENCOUNTER
IN THE VOID

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN's column featuring
reprimands

department

THE

BOOKS

TO-

1. PLANET STORIES---

for not junking those
BEM-HIM-FEM covers and
getting art on their
mag which will do s-f
some credit.....

2. THE CHICAGO CON-
VENTION COMMITTEE

for not being
farsighted enough
to see that there
was no chance of
carrying on a se-
ssion Sunday morn
after Sat. night

feature

EXCALIBUR

by L. RON HUBBARD
an advertisement
clipped from the
NEW YORKER magazine of
June 28, 1952

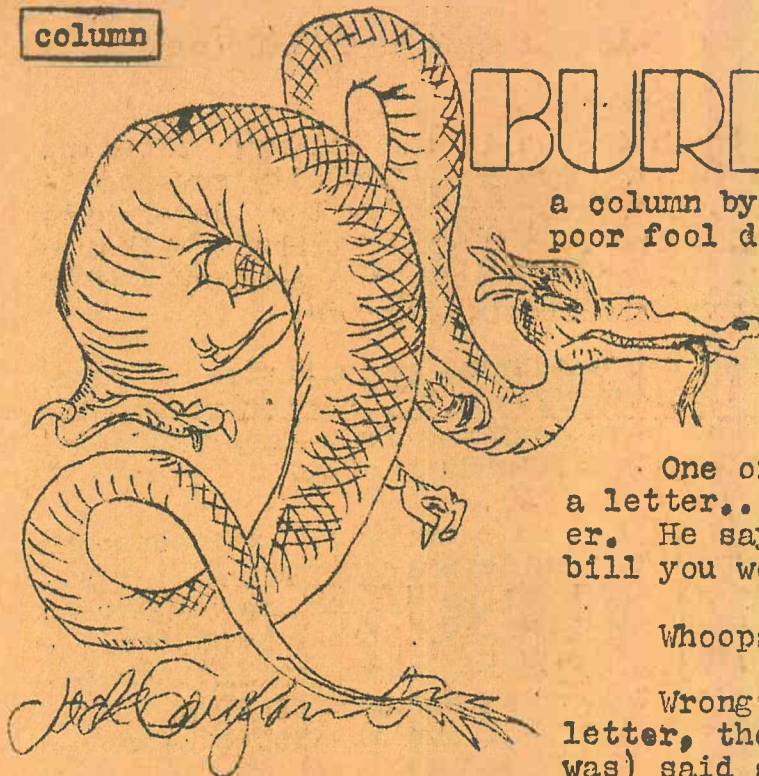
(QUOTE:)

EXCALIBUR by L. Ron Hubbard. The un-
published first work of all that followed.
Not the thesis. Mr. Hubbard wrote this work in 1938. When four of the
first fifteen people who read it went insane, Mr. Hubbard withdrew it
and placed it in a vault where it remained until now. Copies to selec-
ted readers only and then on signature. Released only on sworn state-
ment not to permit other readers to read it. Contains data not to be
otherwise released during Mr. Hubbard's stay on Earth. The complete
fast formula for clearing. The secret not even Dianetics disclosed.
Facsimile of original individually typed for manuscript buyer. Gold
bound and locked. Signed by author. Very limited. Per copy: \$1,500.00
-----extracted from NEWS ABOUT BOOKS from L. Ron Hubbard, Phoenix, Ar-
izona, exponent of Dianetics and Scientology. (Unquote).

Comment by editor of NEW YORKER: "Greatest little book bargain we
ever encountered."

BURBLINGS

a column by the editor since the poor fool doesn't get to say much anyway



One of my subscribers said to me in a letter...uh...ohyeah, here's that letter. He says, "If you don't pay that ink bill you won't have a next issue of..."

Whoops!

Wrong letter. Now as to that other letter, the fellow (whoever the screwball was) said something like, "Enjoyed your mag, but there isn't enough of your pers-

onality in it. Infuse it more into the rag." Now I will be doubly damned if I will put any part of me into this magazine. I need all of my mouldy body and phoo! to those folks who want their copy printed on my left auricle or something. And besides, I don't know which part of my body is my infuse.

I will run out right now and get a copy of the Medical Yearbook, 1952, which very possibly may have a diagram with my infuse listed on it. Anyway I hope so. I'd be frustrated if I found out I didn't have an infuse.

In any case (I like that phrase. I think I'll use it again.). In any case, in any case, in any.... Pardon me, I was drunk with power there for a moment. In any event (ha!) this is to be a column of editorial mouthings which I can't put into my regular editorial since it's supposed to be erudiddle or something equally as unintelligable.

I will talk on all manner of subjects ranging from how to care and feed Snallygasters to Why Space Travel Is Impossible When Using The Howard Browne Method of Propulsion (hot air in a bladder). Of course I should like to draw your attention to the self-portrait of me above which I didn't draw. It was done by Jack Gaughan, a professional stf artist and a wonderful guy who sent this in on a letter not suspecting it would be used. Seely boy! From now on look for the dragon, cause it will be the BURBLINGS page (and if you hurry, you might be able to avoid this column).

Oh yeah... I just dearly love those one line fillers that don't mean a darn thing to anyone but the few who are in on the private joke so I think I'll use one here. To wit:

.....

"Reach for the rope."

.....

For my first topic of discussion: FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION. Comment: framp! (retching sounds and large thunder bucket being set back under bed.).

(concluded page 30)

For our second topic we will play...

Say, did any of you lovely readers see that new comic book SPACE WESTERN comics? It just scared the hell out of me when I saw the dang thing. It is what we stfen were fearing; a merging of the western and s-f fields. Can't you just see the next step: INTERSTELLER LOVE TALES COMBINED WITH TRUE CONFESSIONAL PLANETARY TALES. Ughhhh!

Just got a post card from those two wonderful peepulz Lee Hoffman and Walt Willis from North Ireland (Walt's from N.I., Lee's from rebel territory in the South of U.S.), The post card was from Fort Mudge in Georgia. There really is a Fort Mudge. Well waddayaknow?

By now, most of the bright ones in the audience will have seen an ad in the latest ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION (lovingly termed aSF) that Paul Orban, the well-known artist, placed, telling of the new bureau he is heading-up that will sell originals from aSF. It's a wonderful idea, though the tariff is pretty steep. \$50 for a cover and 15 smackers for an inside sketch. Wow! I'm saving my simoleons for the v a n Dongen cover on the October '51 aSF. I saw that one in its original, and it was a sheer masterpiece.

I think I'll be nasty and comment on other people's fanzines. And why shouldn't I comment on other people's magazines? They're all n o good except the ones that send me free copies. So why don't you? Oh, that wasn't what I was going to talk about at all. I was going to be personal and speak personally of several sines that personally I liked because personally I thought they were personally the best of my personal preferences for this fiscal quarter. (???)

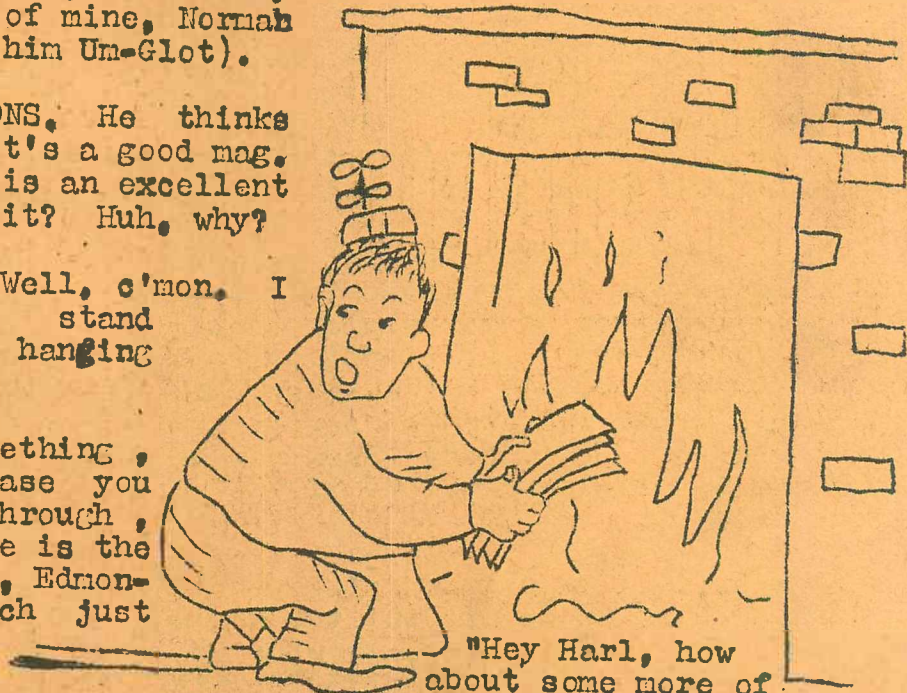
In reading the crud this week I stumbled over a thing from u p Vancouver, British Birdbath, Canada-way which came from a buddy of mine, Norman G. Browne (we just call him Um-Glot).

He calls it VANATIONS. He thinks (boinggg-private joke) it's a good mag. Ha-ha. He is wrong. It is an excellent mag. Why don't you buy it? Huh, why?

Huh, tell me why? Well, c'mon. I say old boy, don't just stand there with your bare ten hanging out, say sump'n. tac les

Okay, don't say something, see if I care! But in case you have been able to wade through, (this slush, that is) here is the address: 13906-101A Ave., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada which just goes to show you that I didn't bother to look up my facts before writing

or I wouldn't have said it came from Vancouver. Just goes to prove I'm out of my mind and don't give a damn what I say. And as for that Max Keasler-type fan who said SEB sold for a dime a copy...aircraft carriers at fifty paces. By the way--write in and comment on BURBLINGS. he



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ad section concluded.....

P
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LAUGH! But not too loud...

TOBY
by
DUANE

The world
Is warm beer
Crying in a plain glass glass.

And hope
Sees foam
Still swimming lightly
on the top;

But hope
Is drowned
When Time has run its course,
And beer,
Crying in a glass glass,
Only gets warmer and cries the more.

PASTORAL

RADELL
by
NELSON

Oh, now I lie, 'nieth the summer sky,
And feel the sun warm, and watch the clouds fly.

The worries of everyday life have all gone,
As I lie and I drowse on this green, clipped lawn.

The lawn that stretches from pole to pole,
On which there is not one living soul.

And I mean that literally,

THE SHIP OF SLEEP

NOREEN KANE
by
FALASCA

I saw the moon rise
In my dream. It filled
The sky with light of day.
And then, then, just as I could touch
Copernicus and become Diana
Of night, I woke to this life of
Dreadful sanity.
Ah, dream more real
Than all I know,
I seek you still
Without the ship of sleep.



frontispiece by WILLIAM ROTSLER of
Camarillo, California

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

takes pride in
presenting:

TENTH ANNUAL SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION (CHICON) REVIEW SECTION

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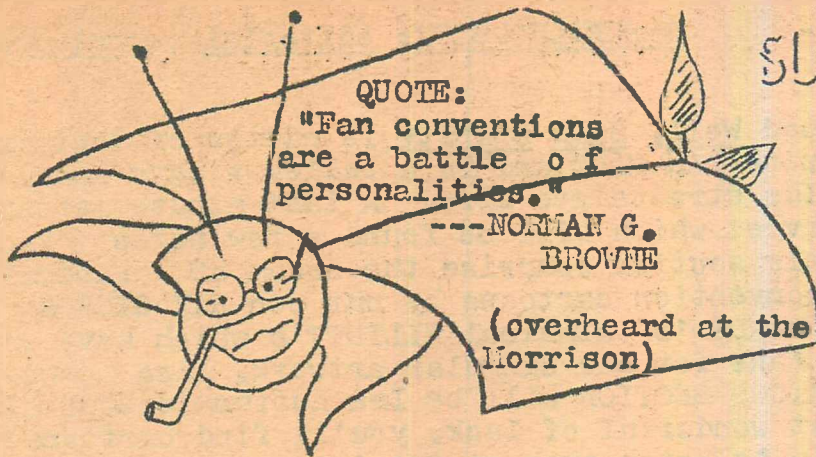
cover: ROTSLER
back cover: GIBSON

A.
illustration by JACK HARNES of
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

SUPERFLUOUSITY

by way of a needless
introduction to this
section by-----

T
H
E EDITOR



Now that the Tenth Annual World Science Fiction Convention is historical record, our hangovers have hung, and the pleasant glow that comes with a Con is still warming us, we can look back and, in retrospect, marvel at what tremendous forces science fiction in general and fandom in particular are, that they can draw together nearly a thousand people to the city of Chicago with nothing more of an attraction than the fact that science fiction will be discussed and that others who read your brand of literature will be present for you to talk with.

A marvelous thing, indeed.

In this CHICON SECTION of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN, we will try to capture for you that were not able to attend, the atmosphere of the Great Event; and for those of you readers that were there (and we probably met), we shall try to be a bit nostalgic albeit humorous and let you reminisce happily over the incidents mentioned herein.

There will undoubtedly be made mention of things you did not know happened at the Chicon. All the better. That will make you want to get in there next year at Philadelphia and "see it all". Remember, however, that much of what you will read herein is satire. No warning will be given as to what is true and what is not...that's for you to find out and enjoy. You will find, also, a great many people represented in the Chicon Section. Big names, little names, and just plain fans who wanted to help make your convention memories a little more lucid and a great deal more enjoyable. Perhaps attention should be drawn to several of these persons and some of the material they have submitted.

RALPH ROBIN who wrote What I Think Tuesday is indeed a fine fellow and the type of pro that we fans like to meet. Warm, genial, and interested in fandom, Ralph responded immediately to the request for an article. Ralph Robin is a well-known author in the field, as most of you know, having sold to GALAXY, F&SF, and his latest piece was featured in FANTASTIC and was titled Rabbit Punch. Of course we take a great deal of pride, here at SFB to be able to say that having RALPH ROBIN in our pages is a SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN EXCLUSIVE! (the exclamation mark is, of course, optional).

WILSON "BOB" TUCKER, author of THE CITY IN THE SEA and the forthcoming THE LONG, LOUD SILENCE (Rinehart & Co. \$2.50) who wrote The Keasler Bed Mystery especially for SFB is, again, the type of pro-fan we enjoy dealing with. Bob is the most wonderful fan humourist in the world, a heart of sheer gold encrusted cotton candy with a disposition, usually, to match. Breathe's not the fan who doesn't utter the words, "Bob Tucker," with reverence.
(concluded next page)

W. PAUL GANLEY who penned Well, SOME Dignity is editor of that most unusual all-fan-fiction fanzine FAN-FARE and is a fellow always ready to come across with help when the straits are dire. A last minute letter, penned to Paul, reaped a harvest which will be found a few pages from here. Our artists for this section comprise the cream of fandom's crop. You'll find unusual convention cartoons by our own RAY GIBSON, you'll see a host of VAUGHN BURDEN'S whimsical ELLIOTT'S which have won our girl the praise of many fans for her singular artwork. Also generously interspersed in the CHICON SECTION will be Lee Hoffman's SQUIDLIE cartoons and through the most wonderful of luck, you'll find cartoons by RAY NELSON which we were able to latch onto at the 'con.

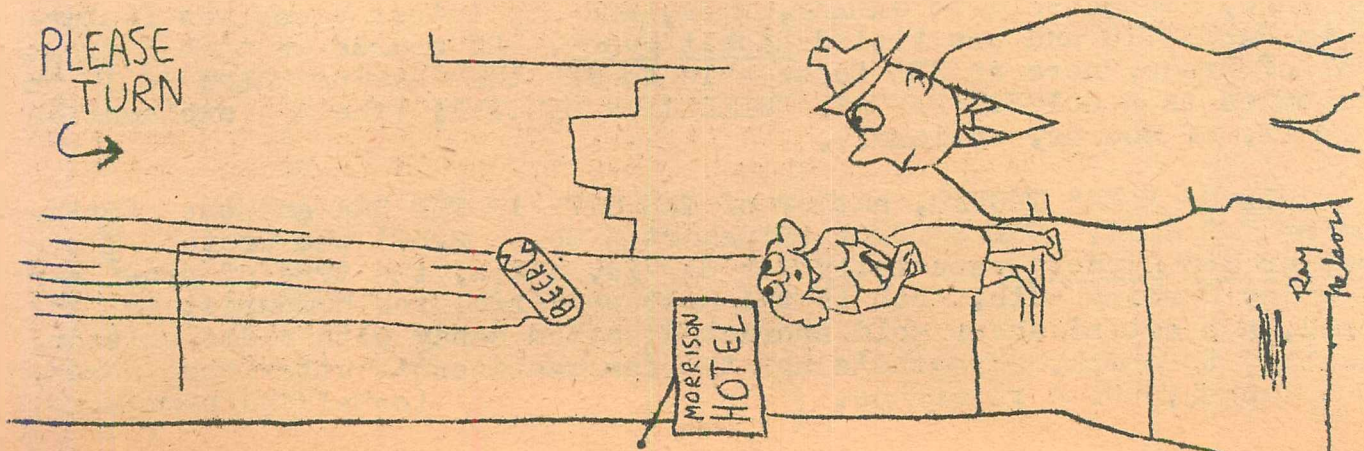
JACK HARNESS cover artist for PENDULUM, and the famous BILL ROTSLER will be aided by some character name of H. Ellison to present the most complete convention coverage ever to be presented. In addition, a full page of convention photographs showing those people you've heard so much about, is being included to bring you an overall picture of this tremendous event. We hope that our presentation meets with the approval, generally, of you readers. If so, and you indicate as much in letters to this magazine, we will plan as big or bigger a section for next year which promises to be bigger than this year.

A little thanks are due the folks who are responsible for our Con photos. So thank to BEN JASON, MR. and MRS. WALTER PRATT and my own mizzuble Argoflex. And thanks to BILL VENABLE for getting the copy to the lithographer in Pittsburgh, in time for this ish.

Speaking of VENABLE, I just might mention in Passing (see inside of back cover), that the speech which you may have heard about that Bill and I were supposed to give, WAS given. But due to unforeseen circumstances which came in the form of gin bottles, most of the conventioners did not hear it. So we are presenting it in these pages for your entertainment and consideration.

If there are others in this Section I have missed in this small introduction, as I know I must, I certainly hope no offense is taken as the number of pages this issue has run "way over" anyhow, and I want to get in as much of the fine material on hand as I can. But it need not be put into words that my heartfelt thanks go out to all those whose help made this year's Convention Section a reality. And most of all to a certain Honey Wood.

-----he



WELL, SOME

a Convention report of the
Tenth Annual World SF Con
by.....

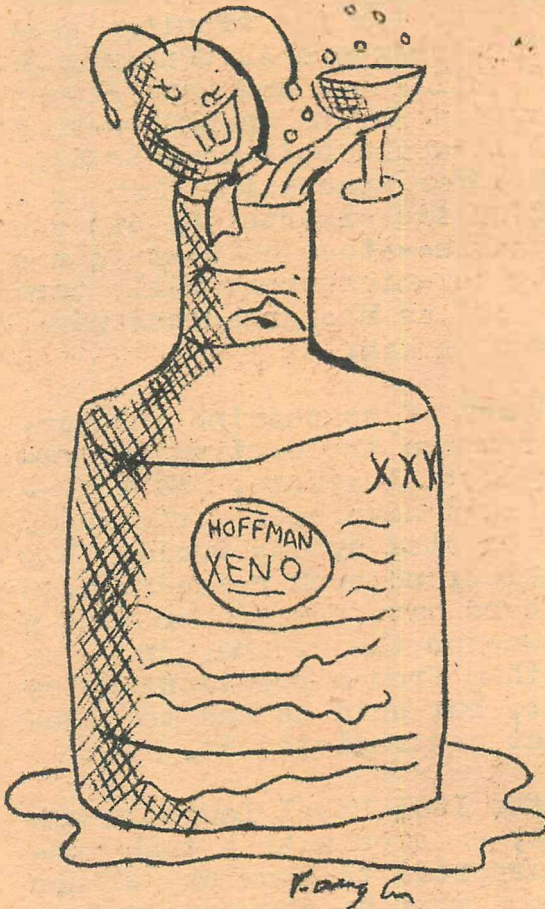
W. PAUL GANLEY

DIGNITY!

This was IT! The convention. As Boucher said in F&SF, "With dignity, yet!" Not the Chicon II; the Tenth Annual World Science Fiction Convention!

Technically, the convention was to begin at about 3:00 P.M. on the afternoon of Saturday, August 30th, 1952. I arrived at the Hotel Morrison on Friday afternoon, and was told that the convention had been in progress for three days.

This, of course, was all extemporaneous. A few dozen fans had arrived at odd times between Tuesday and Saturday, and proceeded to make merry and enjoy themselves in typically fannish ways. The chemical formula, incidentally, is $\text{CH}_3\text{CH}_2\text{OH}$, in case you're interested.



According to the convention booklet, the convention committee was to hold an Open House on Saturday night in the convention suite. This consisted, as far as I could see, of the fantastically joyful procedure of walking in, being handed a paper cup half full of the highly touted "Three Planets Punch", walking into the next room and buying a raffle ticket, and being shoved out into the hall with the words, "You can get back in line if you want to." Therefore, in this boy's opinion at least, the committee held its real Open House the previous night.

On the eve of the convention a good deal of the so-called Big Name Fans had already arrived, as well as a lot of the professionals. I was wandering in and out of the suite at odd intervals, and such people as Doc Smith, John Campbell, Bea Mahaffey, Bob Bloch, Bob Tucker, Walt Willis, Lee Hoffman, Honey Wood, Frank Robinson, and a number of others whose names escape me at the moment, were lounging about. At one time the room was so crowded that you could faint and still stay upright.

The convention, thus begun so auspiciously, flopped over on its back and went into a trance, from which it did not emerge till about 5:00 P.M. Saturday, at which time, two hours late, proceedings finally

(continued next page)

got under way. Possibly one reason for the delay was the unexpected number of registrants; the final number of attendees, as later reported by Frances Hamling, was 1050, the total membership in the convention committee being some 1,500 people.

Quite a record!

William L. Hamling gave the address of welcome to open the convention, and Melvin Korshak then introduced many of the notables who were present in the audience. Many of those he wanted to introduce were not present, but were inexplicably detained---in the bar.

Judy May was then installed as the permanent chairman of the convention, and a gavel was presented to her, with the expressed hope that it be passed on from convention to convention, ultimately to become tradition in fandom.

The adoption of the rules under which business would be transacted closed the afternoon session---Oliver Saari took care of that. We then adjourned for lunch, and returned a little later for the evening session. Here we began by listening to Joseph A. Winter's description of THINKING IN MEN AND MACHINES. Willy Ley and Ray Palmer followed this with a fascinating debate entitled FLYING SAUCERS---WHAT ARE THEY? I and my friends were sure that it would boil down to Willy Ley for an Unknown Phenomenon, and Ray Palmer for Spaceships from an Alien Planet. Surprisingly, Palmer crossed up the experts and did an about-face in favor of the Phenomenon hypothesis---then he went one step further, and made this statement, that they might very well turn out to be living organisms about as intelligent as Man, organisms which are indigenous to Earth but which are unknown to Man.

Ley, on the other hand, blasted the theory of spaceships in several ways; first, he said, terrestrial astronomers are continually snapping star-photos, in all portions of the celestial sphere, and the approach of the saucers or of a mother ship would have been recorded. Secondly, he said that a ship going at the reported speeds would, by its passage through air, create a violent noise; no such noise has been reported. Finally, said Ley, the saucers have never been seen from below; no matter whether the observer was on the ground, on a mountain, or in an airplane, he always saw them from a position below them. Palmer disagreed with Ley's statement, but said he had to consult his files for the exact information that contradicted it.

After the debate, H.J. Muller, Ph.D., the 1946 Nobel Laureate winner for physiology, in the field of medicine, came on with a talk entitled LIFE ELSEWHERE AND ELSEWHEN, which purported to show us slides of "alien" creatures which Dr. Muller had seen when he commandeered a flying saucer and went planet-hopping. They turned out to be actual terrestrial creatures, mostly of insect-proportions.

Thereafter we adjourned for the so-called Open House, and I myself passed from there to a get-together in the penthouse, suite of The Elves, Gnomes, and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder, and Marching Society of Berkeley, California, in which many things were going on. Several people were observing a silent movie, Doyle's (continued p-43)

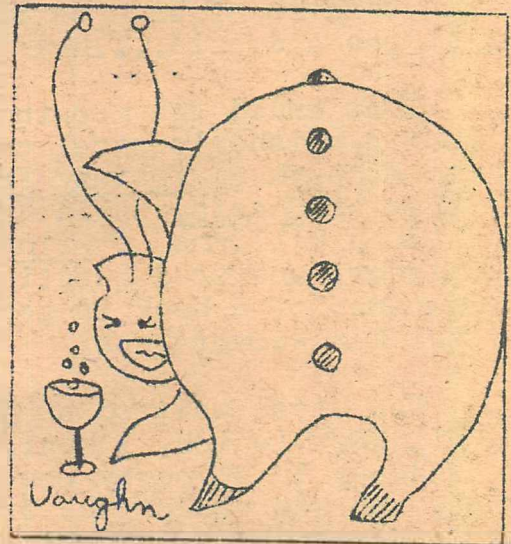
LOST WORLD, in an adjacent room. The evening passed tolerably in the presence of other fans, and finally most people went to bed, with fond memories of the first day of the convention.

The morning of Sunday was taken up with club meetings, among them THE LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICA, THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION, and the INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

The afternoon session began at 1:00 with a panel of science fiction editors who answered questions from the floor. The panel, moderated by Diane Reinsberg, consisted of: Anthony Boucher of The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Howard Browne of Anazing Stories and the new Fantastic, John W. Campbell, Jr. of Astounding Science Fiction, Lester del Rey of Space Science Fiction and the new Science Fiction Adventures, Evelyn Paige Gold of Galaxy Science Fiction, William L. Hanling of Imagination, Samuel Mines of Startling Stories---Thrilling Wonder Stories---Space Stories---etc., Raymond A. Palmer of Other Worlds, and James Quinn, editor of If.

Thereafter followed the science fiction auction, conducted by Melvin Korshak, during which a great number of originals were sold at quite good prices, both from the standpoint of the purchasers and of the convention. (EDITOR'S NOTE: this was where your editor pulled off the coup d'etat of the century by getting a Finlay for \$1.00.....he) The auction was a long process, and at the end of it the afternoon session drew to a close.

The evening session consisted of the banquet, and the speakers Hugo Gernsback (guest of honor), L. Sprague de Camp, Clifford Simak, E.E. Smith, Ph.D., Walter A. Willis, and substitute toastmaster Bob Bloch (Will F. Jenkins was slated to be the toastmaster, but he apparently didn't show up at the convention).



Gernsback came up with a scheme, which I personally think somewhat ridiculous, to have provisional patents granted science fiction authors on their scientific ideas. He proposed a scheme which would probably make the patent office turn white in fear, for it would involve their reading a great number of science fiction books, and I imagine they have enough trouble with inventions that are already put together.

From midnight to dawn, supposedly, The Little Men hosted a science fiction masquerade which too many people (your reporter, alas, included) did not attend in costume. Unfortunately, the house dicks raided the joint around 3:00 A.M., so the crowd dispersed and finally ended up hitting the sack. (EDITOR'S NOTE: maybe you hit the sack!.....he)

The third morning began with a thing presented by Bill Venable and our own editor, Harlan Ellison; and Ellison will probably hit me over the head with a rotten toothpick, but I must admit that I was out eating breakfast at the time, having overslept, and (concluded next page)

do not know what it was all about. I venture to report that all is not lost, however, since one of the Buffalo crowd has the whole thing down on tape recordings, and I can hear it one of these days. (EDITORS NOTE: don't worry, you sneak. I figured you'd be sleeping so I included it in this section, just a few pages from here. You can't escape!..he)

Following this was POSTHISTORIC MAN: A Review presented by Oscar C. Brauner, Ph.D., and then came a panel debate on the question: FANDOM: IS IT STILL A FORCE IN SCIENCE FICTION. Of course, this seems to assume that it has been in the past, a question I shall here, not try to go discuss. Positive team were E. Everett Evans and Walter A. Willis, the negative team was Lester Cole and Edward Wood. The latter, in the opinion of judges Charles R. Tanner and August Derleth, won the debate.

John W. Campbell followed this with a talk entitled, THE PLACE OF SCIENCE FICTION IN THE CULTURAL PATTERN, and according to the program Hans Stefan Santesson, head of the Unicorn Mystery Book Club, came on with EDITORS: MYTH AND REALITY. This I do not remember. Was it called off? Harlan, can you help us out here with an eddyter's note? (EDITOR'S NOTE: yes, Paul, it was delivered as stated. In fact, we have a promise from Hans Santesson that he will release the speech, or a modified version of same to SFB for near-future publication. Watch for it as it was a doozie....he)

That ended the morning session. The afternoon session began with a book publisher's panel consisting of August Derleth of Arkham House, Lloyd Eshbach of Fantasy Press, Martin Greenberg of Gnone Press, Melvin Korshak of Shasta, David Kyle new representative for Bourgey and Curl, and James Williams of Prime Press; moderator was Bea Mahaffey. The publishers answered questions from the floor. Did you realize that the appearance of a book in pocket-sized format actually increases the sale of the hard-cover book?

Bob Bloch waltzed on afterward with WHAT EVERY YOUNG SPACEMAN SHOULD KNOW (which, I hear, is to be in SFB), and although Robert has a tendency to be corny now and then, he does an excellent job nonetheless, and was one of the brighter spots on the entire program. Came then: HOW TO BE AN EXPERT WITHOUT ACTUALLY KNOWING ANYTHING by John H. Pomeroy, Ph.D., and THE MATHEMATICAL BASIS OF TIME TRAVEL by I r v i n Heyne. Frances Hanling then gave us the report on registration which I have already rendered unto you.

The doors were then barred and the selection of the 1953 convention site, accompanied by politics galore, was under way. Philadelphia won the bid on the third ballot by a count of 191 to 169 for San Francisco. After the results were announced, the crowd dashed for the exits and headed for food. The leader of the Philadelphia delegates, to begin the evening session, made a speech of acceptance and received the gavel from Judy May, managing (to the delight of all concerned), to plant a pair of kisses on her fair cheeks.

We then listened to a tape recording by Bob Tucker entitled THE REVOLTING FAN REPORTER, after which Ted Sturgeon gave us some SONGS OF THE SPACEWAYS. The science fiction ballet ASTEROID (which was very well done) followed that, and thereafter came an unprogrammed satire on splitting the atom (with a meat cleaver, yet) done (concluded next p.)

THE KEASLER BED MYSTERY

a convention prologue by BOB TUCKER

It was with undisguised joy that I finally met the first fan to reach the lobby of the Morrison Hotel-- and a few minutes later I was forced to change my mind. He was Richard Elsberry, who had said unkind things of that sterling science fiction novel, THE CITY IN THE SEA. I had arrived in Chicago the previous Sunday, a week ahead of the scheduled opening time, and of course spent several days waiting in the lonely lobby for a faaaaaan to appear. By Wednesday I had given up all hope of anyone showing, and had come to the sad conclusion that the convention had been cancelled-- when Elsberry appeared. Always the courteous, considerate type, I immediately invited him to my room (never mind, Laney! I'm the heterosexual kind.) and he accepted. He accepted under the mistaken impression that I had liquid refreshments there, but he was doomed to disappointment as I had nothing more in my suitcase than a bottle of correction fluid, which he wouldn't drink. For some hours we sat and talked, ogled the windows across the courtyard and what they contained, and pestered the room clerk for news of new arrivals.

In desperation, that man finally admitted that Hoffman had arrived, was in room s-and-so, and was taking a bath. Not stopping to wonder how he knew this, we immediately contacted the girl by phone---and sure enough, she was dripping water. I offered to hold a towel but across the room Elsberry was eyeing me sternly, disapprovingly. We settled back impatiently to await her coming. When she arrove, it was with fan magazines flying and I was honored to receive the first copy of OFF OF THIS PLANET ADVENTURES, an exclusive convention job of which only two hundred copies are in print. Thoughtfully, she had put pictures of both me and her on the cover.

Not to be outdone with this show of generosity, Elsberry whipped out several stories he just happened to have with him, and suggested we read them. Inasmuch as we were tired of shooting arrows at the windows across the courtyard, we put away our bows and tried the novelty he offered. I don't remember too much of the stories except that he told us where they had been placed and when they should appear, and also carefully pointed out all the funny places in them, laughing gleefully as he did so. I searched the paragraphs closely, looking for these funny places.

Tiring of this, we went back to the window. It was now quite dark and the windows were lighted here and there. In fact---now that I recall what was to be seen in some of those windows (concluded next page)

(continued from preceding page-----)
by World Citizen Garry Davis. Then came the surprise of the Convention when Bea Venable, Bill Venable's sister sang an original science-fiction song which Bill wrote. It was the talent highlight of the Con and was all that could be presented by the Pittsburgh Science Fiction Association which had to cancel their skit. To conclude the evening we had THE FALL OF FEN, a satire presented by Dave Hammond and Sol Levine and selections from TALES OF TOMORROW, including one DUNE ROLLER by a certain Miss Julian C. May. And that was that.

T H E E N D

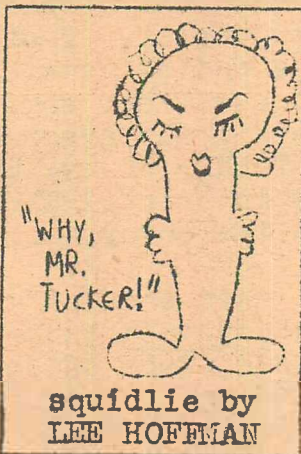
it must have been bedtime. I learned, for instance, that a nightgown can be put on without first removing ones' glasses. Hoffman, of course, was little interested in this sport; Elsberry and I feared that she was becoming bored, so we sought a window for her.

Eureka! We found it! A light went on, a shade was opened, and there was Max Keasler on his hands and knees, reaching for something under the bed! At least--we named the unknown youth Max Keasler, for we had to identify him in some manner. And so for the remainder of that evening (or until some other diversion occurred, such as riding to the roof and sneaking out onto the observation tower), we watched our favorite windows and she watched Keasler. But we never learned what it was the lad sought under the bed.

On another day (after sending Elsberry out to Evanston looking for heroes), I escorted Hoffman to a museum and shocked the daylight out of her by my casual references to the things on display. One museum exhibit pictured a typical family scene of the 1920's, and while Mother sewed, Junior played on the floor with tinker toys, and Papa sat in his favorite chair reading the paper. The headline on that paper shouted the news that Lindbergh had reached Paris, and I, unthinkingly, mentioned that I remembered the flight and the headlines. She fell back from me in horror, as if I had said that I remembered the Big Snow of 1888. Desperately I strove to convince her that remembering an event of 1927 wasn't too alarming, but the strange look never left her eyes. While we were inspecting the mummy cases I again caught her watching me expectantly. This time I played it safe and said nothing, beyond showing off my education by casually reading an old inscription or two.

One last mention of the the number and the driver's that pulled into the station Thursday afternoon. I never Somebody named Willis ar-she was, she deserted me.

But I was to be con- unexpected source. Joe Gib- behind Willis and immed-



Sage of Savannah: she knows name of every Greyhound bus between 3 and 6 P.M. on saw her again, of course. rived and fickle woman that

soled from a strange and son stumbled off the bus, iately offered me a drink.

About then the Convention began.

T H E E N D

SPECIAL FLASH FROM TUCKER.....

The convention did NOT have 1,050 attending it, as was announced from the stage. That was an error, and it has been officially corrected by the committee. The top attendance figure is 867.

NOTE → A short note to: HARLAN ELLISON, 12701 SHAKER BLVD., APT. #616, CLEVELAND 20, OHIO telling us what you thought of our CHICON SECTION will be greatly appreciated.....he

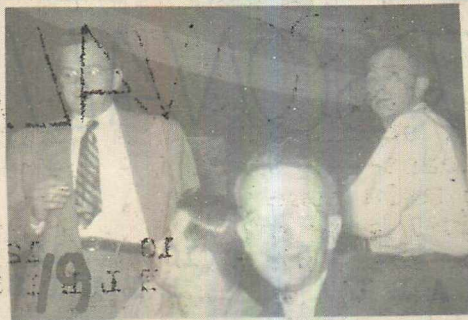
of CHICON

Personalities

A Gallery



1



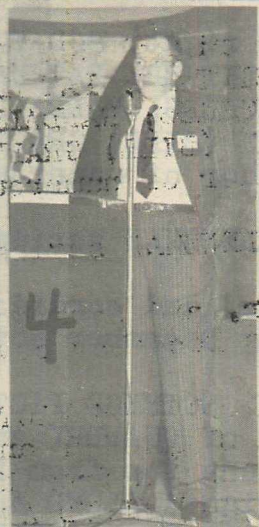
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17



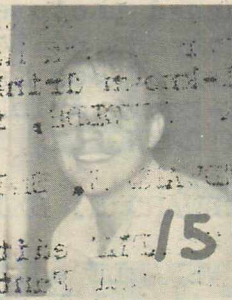
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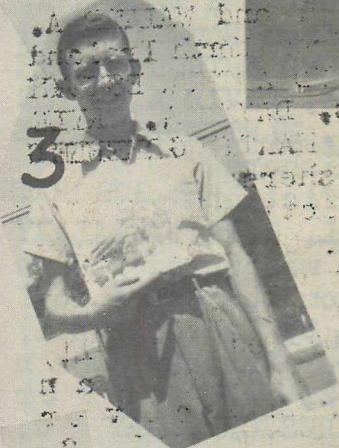
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3



5



13



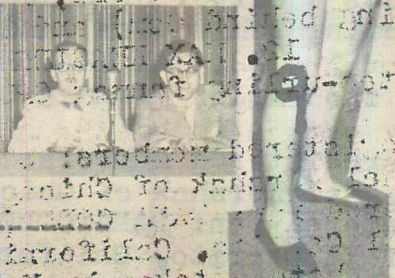
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12



6



14



10

see reverse side

(concluded page 48)

(concluded page 80)

A GALLERY OF CHICON PERSONALITIES

photos courtesy of:

PICTURES: 1 3 5 10 12 15 17 19 by
H A R L A N E L L I S O N of Cleveland, Ohio

PICTURES: 2 4 6 7 8 11 16 18 by
B E N J A S O N of Cleveland, Ohio

PICTURES: 9 13 14 by MRS. WALTER PRATT of
S H A R O N V I L L E, O H I O

1. untouched photo of orgy including (left to right) BOB TUCKER, young neofan and editor of SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER; PAT MAHAFFEY LAKE sister of Bea Mahaffey, editor of OTHER WORLDS; RANDALL GARRETT, well-known drinker and stf author; WILLIAM (BILL) GRANT of Canada; MACK REYNOLDS, fabulously wealthy s-f author of numerous stf tales
2. DR. EDWARD E. SMITH, Ph.D. author of the LENSMAN series
3. BILL VENABLE editor of PENDULUM, s-f author, and candidate for Pres of National Fantasy Fan Federation holding December cover of S F B
4. JOHN W. CAMPBELL, Jr. editor of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION
5. LEE HOFFMAN number two American fan, editor of QUANDRY and WALTER A. WILLIS, editor of SLANT and leading overseas fan from North Ireland
6. Publisher's panel consisting of (left to right) LLOYD ARTHUR ESEBACH of Fantasy Press, JAMES A. WILLIAMS of Prime Press, DAVID A. KYLE of Bourgey & Curl, AUGUST DERLETH of Arkham House, MARTIN GREENBERG of Gnome Press, and MELVIN KORSHAK of Shasta Publishers
7. HUGO GERNSBACK, father of modern American science fiction & BOB BLOCH
8. FORREST J. ACKERMAN and EVELYN PAIGE GOLD (Mrs. H.L. Gold) of GALAXY
9. your editor making an ass of himself at the Chicon masquerade in his costume depicting an Imperial Space Marine from the cover of the June 1952 ASTOUNDING S-F (THE SPECTER GENERAL by Ted Cogswell)
10. smoke-filled room (?) where candidates for National Fantasy Fan Federation got together (left to right) RICHARD Z. WARD cover artist for SFB and well-known fan-artist, EVA FIRESTONE, RAY C. HIGGS, HONEY WOOD ass't editor of SFB, BILL VENABLE, G.M. CARR and DON SUSAN (standing behind Gem) and DICK CLARKSON
11. L. SPRAGUE de CAMP 12. MAX KEASLER number three fan in U.S. and editor of that stee-uriling fannag OPUS
13. one of two youngest registered members: STEPHEN KORSHAK (3 months) son of Mr. and Mrs. Mel Korshak of Chicago
14. other youngest registered fan: DANA COLE (4½ months) son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cole of El Cerrito, California (these two pix are the big scoops of the photos--taken by Mrs. W. Pratt..thanx!!)
15. S-F fan BURR TILLSTROM, creator of Kukla, Fran and Ollie show
(concluded page 50)

a critical review of the
science fiction ballet

by ralph beese

illustrated by
ray nelson

next page



A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE SCIENCE FICTION BALLET

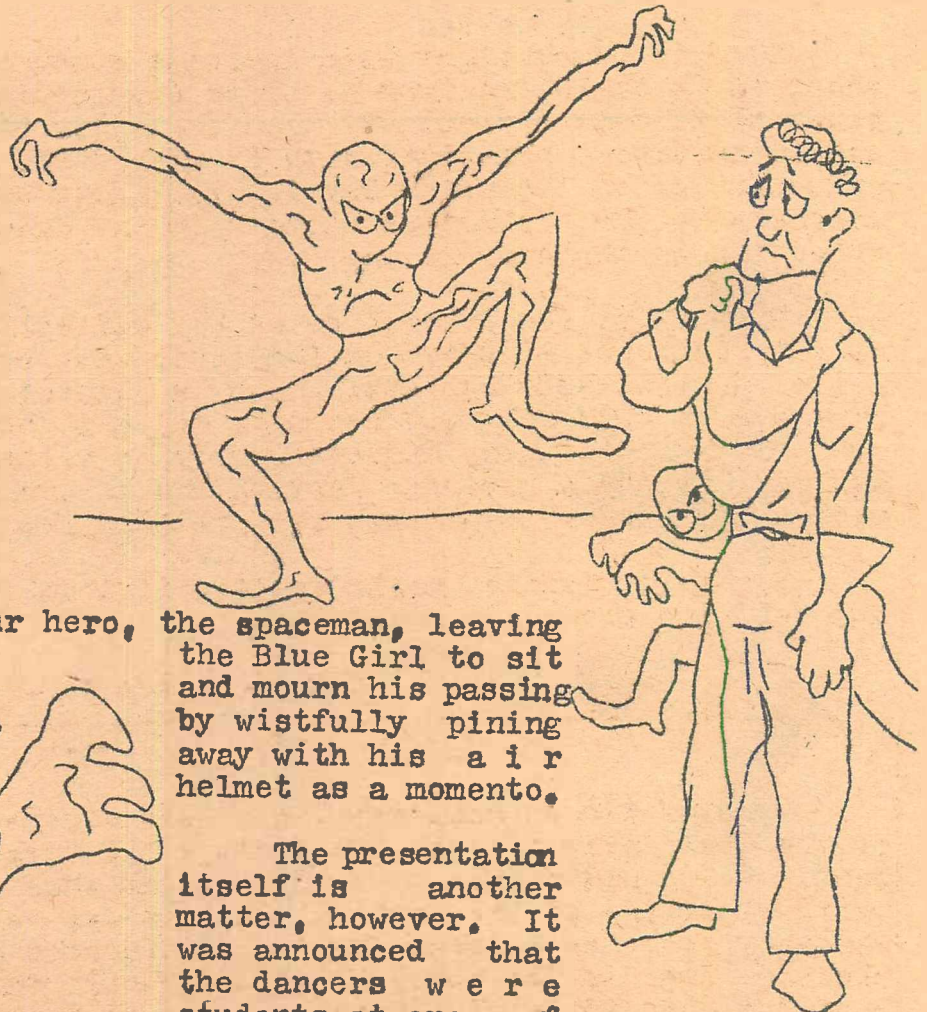
by Ralph Beese

illustrated by Ray Nelson

One of the highlights of the Tenth Annual World Science Fiction Convention over Labor Day in Chicago was the first public presentation of the science fiction ballet, ASTEROID. As long as this is to be a critical review, embodying the factors of presentation, content, and meaning in relation to the overall science fictional picture, it must necessarily be blunt, to the point, and the opinions of the author.

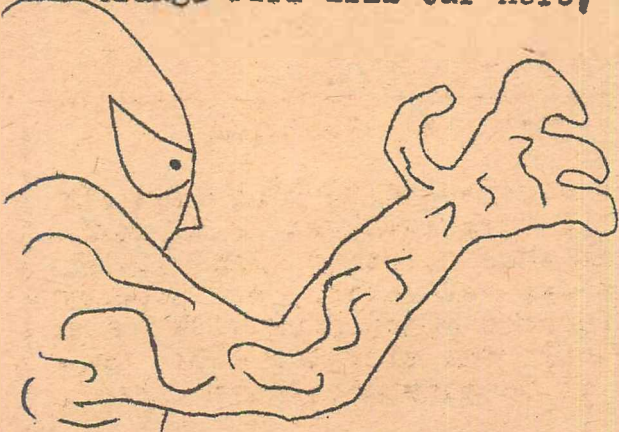
As far as the content of the ballet went, it was indeed a clever bit of script writing. The story told the tale of a spaceman who lands on an asteroid, falls in love with a shy resident of said rock...

...the Blue Girl. He is also enticed by another asteroidal resident, the Orange Girl, but spurns her because of her evil nature and he finds he is in love, as the ballet proceeds, with the Blue Girl. OG in return for being given the gate returns with a group of loathsome quasi-humans who are called the BEMS.



These slaves of the Orange Girl kill our hero,

the spaceman, leaving the Blue Girl to sit and mourn his passing by wistfully pining away with his air helmet as a memento.



The presentation itself is another matter, however. It was announced that the dancers were students at one of the colleges in Chicago and (concluded)

concluded from page 48-----
16. WILLY LEY 17. RAYMOND A. PALMER, editor of OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE STORIES 18. editor's panel consisting of (left to right): William L. Hamling of Imagination, Raymond Palmer of Other Worlds, Evelyn Paige Gold of Galaxy, Howard Browne of Amazing Stories--Fantastic Adventures--Fantastic, and Sam Mines of Startling Stories--etc. 19. John W. Campbell, Jr, Hans Rush (hope that's spelled right), L.A. Eschbach and George O. Smith, author of Venus Equilateral, Nomad, etc. ad infinitum

consequently, the expectation of at least a semi-professional (if not completely professional) job was one that left your author, after seeing the ballet, with an acute sense of having come in on the middle of a slow-motion movie...poor quality at that. I must admit, though, that being quite familiar with the Ballet Ruse de Monte Carlo for a number of years, that I (and my report) are the slightest bit prejudiced.

Of the three major participants in the ballet, only one would we consider a "dancer". And she was nothing short of magnificent. The Orange Girl (portrayed by Karel Borja) completely entranced the audience with her sensuous and cleverly-executed movements and stole the show from Francis Carvelli; Spaceman and Donna Lee Comstock; The Blue Girl, who both gyrated and manuevered in the most insipid and ridiculous of manners. Whether it was the part set out for them or their own inability to dance well, remains to be seen, but suffice it to say that they were indeed ludicrous, moving in a semblance of somnambulism and relinquishing the entire stage, by her very presence, to The Orange Girl whose excellence of artistry marked her as a person with real talent.

Done in black light with luminous costumes, the ballet was not added to or detracted from by these expedients. They served not in the least to detract appreciably from the mediocrity of the ballet itself. And, though somewhat amateurish in execution, the flicking on and off of a picture of the Milky Way in the background, did lend a certain atmosphere to the production along with the scenery, though sparse, WAS effective to the extreme required.

Primarily, the importance of the stf ballet was not in the amount of entertainment it provided for those who were present, but as material proof that science fiction can be adapted to the finer arts as easily and as enjoyably (if not more so) as any other form of literature. This ballet was, unquestionably, a milestone in the turbulent, if varied, history of science fiction and as such should be remembered with a warmth of the heart reserved for few things in the field.

For this, indeed, marks science fiction's entrance into the fine, and till now closed to s-f, arts.

t h e e n d

A SNEAKY WAY TO GET A VACATION

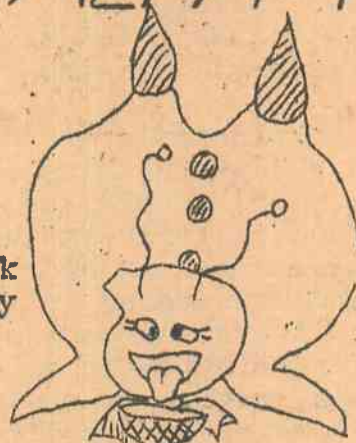
At the chicon, many fans were distressed to hear that one of the best-loved fans in the country had been involved in an accident. We would like to take space at this point to wish G. M. Carr, secretary of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, a speedy recovery from her illness due to a differance of opinion with an elevator door in the Hotel Morrison, wherin the elevator door presented a more forceful argument and might be considered the victor.

In all seriousness, we hope Gem feels better, is back in the swing of fandom, and will write to us soon so that we can publish her letter to show everyone that she's hail and hearty again.

BY RALPH ROBIN

artwork
by

VAUGHN
BURDEN



WHAT I THINK
TUESDAY

(Copyright 1952 by Ralph Robin)

AN EDITORIAL NOTE: SFB has been lucky, of late, to be blessed with the work of a number of professionals in the s-f field. As with next issue we present Hugo Gernsback, Bob Bloch, and Garth Bentley and we have in the past presented David Kyle, Charles Tanner, and Ray Palmer, so now, we take the utmost of pleasure in being able to bring you the first amateur publication of Ralph Robin, noted sf and fantasy author who has been making an enviable name for himself with such pieces of excellent s-f as PLEASANT DREAMS (October '51 Galaxy), THE BEACH THING (June '52 F&SF), BUDDING EXPLORER (September '52 F&SF) and RABBIT PUNCH (Nov-Dec '52 Fantastic). The pride with which we present Mr. Robin to you is bursting out the seams of our straw-filled head, so perhaps it would be best to just let you read on and see what you shall see, he

Harlan has asked me to write a piece about the convention in retrospect.

I can't compare the Tenth Anniversary World Science Fiction Convention with any other science fiction convention: I've never been to any other. Though I've read fantasy since I learned to read, and science fiction since I was twelve, I've never been an organized fan. I must admit that I have a certain prejudice against organized anything as tending to decrease the importance of the individual human being.

But I'm happy to report that I didn't see anybody's individuality being suppressed at the Hotel Morrison, Chicago.

(continued page 53)

While milling at registration, which was fine but exceeding slow, I became acquainted with another member of the convention for the first time. An alert, active, fluent young man said to me: "Do I know you?"

"My name's Robin," I said.

"Ralph Robin?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Did you write The Beach Thing?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"I didn't like it," he said.

I had met Harlan Ellison.

After that I met a couple of hundred other people and listened to most of the addresses and panel discussions. You may not be surprised to learn that I left Chicago on Tuesday with the same set of opinions with which I had arrived on Saturday. This phenomenon is known as the stimulating effect of meeting with people of similar interests but contrasting views.

Everybody told us the things good about science fiction, and I agree with the greater part of what was said. But I want to mention some tendencies in science fiction that I think are bad. These tendencies are illustrated by the following three types of science fiction stories:

(1) The story that puts everything in a framework of military discipline. This is the YesSir-NoSir-NoExcuseSir story. It's done sometimes even when the cast consists of botanists.

(2) The story that implies that technology is science. The popular science magazines and science reporters are guilty of this confusion too. Even the universities are slipping into it.

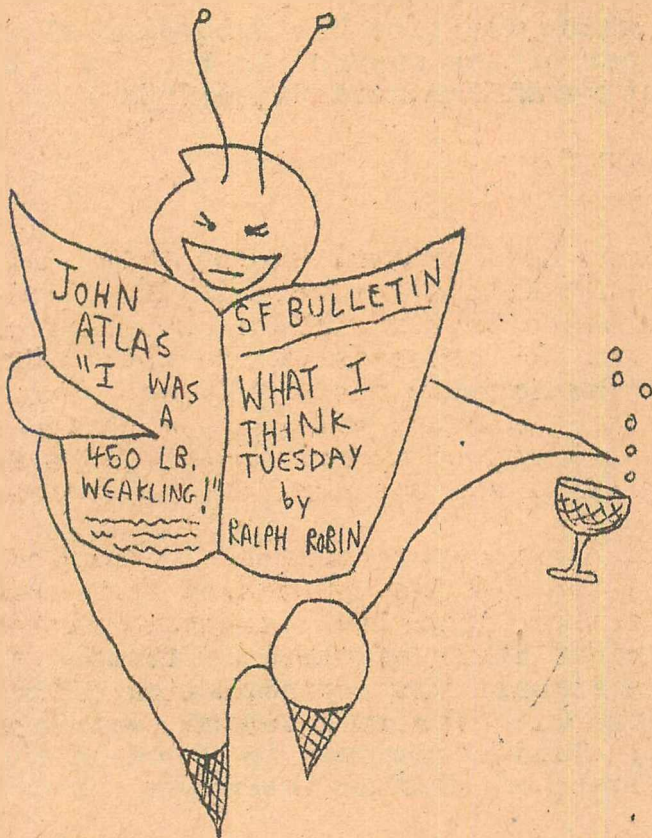
(3) The story with exaggerated moral purpose that does not take into consideration the relativism of cultures.

Stories of the third type aren't actively annoying like stories of the first and second types, but they aren't much fun to read. They make me want to re-read Mark Twain's "NOTICE" at the beginning of Huckleberry Finn. Mark Twain says:

"Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot.

BY ORDER OF THE AUTHOR..."

(concluded page 54...)



After re-reading the notice I often re-read the book. And his other books. And Nicolai Gogol's Dead Souls. And Joseph Conrad's novels. (Incidentally, The Inheritors by Conrad, is a damned good science fiction novel.)

Then, when I come back to reading current science-fantasy, I get more pleasure out of it, because my sense of values has been sharpened and my mind has been stirred by the genius of the writers I have named and others.

At Chicago I met many science-fantasy editors and writers. It was a great pleasure to meet them, but I don't think I need to list them. Most of you have met them; most of you have known them personally longer than I have. For a special reason, I'll mention Fritz Leiber, whose stories I have long enjoyed.

I admired his father, too. I'll always remember the fascination, never quite repeated, with which I watched his father in Macbeth and Julius Caesar and Hamlet at the Nixon Theater in Pittsburgh when I was a boy. I recalled at the convention something I had forgotten-- that I won the ticket to Hamlet in an essay contest: the first thing of tangible value I ever got from writing. So I saw Hamlet from the orchestra, but I had to climb to the second balcony for Macbeth and Julius Caesar.

My field of formal study, by the way, became chemistry and I'm still a member of the American Chemical Society, which adds a nice note of contradiction to my objection to organizations.

Returning to Hamlet, I think I can find in the play the people I don't want to take over science fiction: the military man, Fortinbras--the moralist, Polonius--and that wisecracking technologist, the First Clown.

If I say much more, I'll be a Polonius myself. The Chicago Convention was a lot of fun. I'll see you in Philadelphia next year.

T H E E N D

QUOTE FROM THE CON:

"He drips so much green you'd think he was an Irish monster."

DONALD SUSAN---co-editor of PENDULUM

GOSH WOW BOY OH BOY OH BOY !!! OR

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF A MEETING WITH WALTER A. WILLIS, BOY FAN
by
Harlan J. Youngfan

You see, it was like this. I knew Lee Hoffman, Shelby Tick and Max Keasler, so I figured that when Walt Willis got here in the United States, I'd be able to see him. Who had a better **right** to see him? Hadn't I contributed two whole dollars and the proceeds of the entire third issue of CRUD (the magazine of sheer nothing) to the WAW fund? Wasn't I a staunch reader of SLANT and didn't I kiss the autographed photo of The Ultimate Faaan each evening before I dipped my paws into CRUD's ever-lovin' hekto goo? I was as entitled to see The Harp as anyone was.

I entered the Terrace Casino and scanned the audience hurriedly with my newly-bought pair of binocs which I'd just purchased for such auspicious occasions. The room was extremely filled. I looked hither, thither, and back again, but naught could I see of WAW. I tried to attract the attention of a well-known fan who was contemplating the ceiling, but I nearly got a sprained back. Finally I leaned over and asked, "Pardon me, have you seen Walt Willis?"

"Who?" he breathed.

"Willis?" I asked tentatively, shocked at the sacrilege, but fearing for one intolerable moment that he wasn't a fan at all. By then I had gotten a good whiff of his breath and immediately was reassured he was, indeed, a science fiction fan of sorts. "You know, the one that the fans brought over from Belfast in North Ireland?"



"Ireland?" he perked up for a moment. "You said Ireland. Tha-a-t means he might have brought some Irish whiskey with him." At this amazing (pardon; ASTOUNDING) bit of pure logic, he bounded up off the floor, spilling his nourishment and trotted quickly off, sloshing as he went. No help there, I thought, still scanning the assemblage for a sign of Walter A.

I thought perhaps he might be in the Convention headquarters upstairs, so I trundled to the first floor and took the elevator, noting carefully in a black notebook the time my operator got off duty. When I got upstairs, all that I could see issuing from the room was a large cloud of blue-black smoke which tended to take the form of a drunken if slightly wavery genie from time to time. The only other thing issuing was a rather tipsy gentleman who sailed out at a 90 degree angle, executed a beautiful Immelman, and fell soddenly at my feet. (concluded p56)

I tried to get in, fighting the mad crush that the fans were engaging in, and elbowing past the punch room (wherein prostrated bodies were stacked yay deep) I finally made my way into the room proper where I saw such non-entities as George O. Smith, Fritz Leiber, John W. Campbell, Jr. and a baker's dozen or more, but not a sign of The Fan could I see. I backed out...or tried to. It finally wound up with me pounding furiously on the bedroom door until Ed Wood opened it a crack and stuck his head out; he said, "Yeah?"

"Help!" I gurgled as best I could, with someone's elbow crushing my larynx.

Ed dragged me in and then hustled me out the other door until I was safely in the open hall again. Once more I set out in search of The Harp. As a matter of fact, it was extremely un-spectacular the manner in which I located him, however. He was slumped in a corner of the elevator I entered with a blonde...uh...copy of NEW WORLDS.

"Have you seen Willis," I inquired lackadaisically.

"Oh, I say old man, I'm Willis!" he said.

"Oh," I said and walked out of the elevator.

t h e e n d

QUOTES FROM THE CONVENTION:

"I wouldn't kick my sister around the street if I were you, little boy."
---Ellison

"Oh, that's okay, she's dead."
---Venable

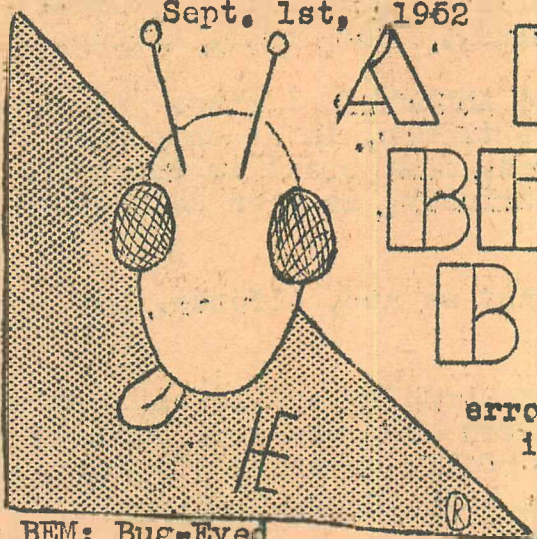
In response to a query as to whether or not he had seen Hal Shapiro's new magazine, ICE: the frigid fanzine, David Ish said:

"I thought he said VICE and I couldn't figure how it could be frigid."



the complete text of the
speech given at the 10th
World SF Convention, Men
Sept. 1st, 1952

WE, THE UNSEEN YET OFT-RIDICULED
AND STEPPED UPON MASSES or



A BEM* IS A
BEM* IS A
BEM* IS —

erronously titled "WE---SCIENCE-FICTIONISTS"
in the convention program booklet...

a baroque eclogue in three
pentameters by

* BEM: Bug-Eyed
Monster (B.E.M.)

B I L L . . . V E N A B L E

and

H A R L A N . . . ELLISON

(Enter two gentlemen from Bulbofagg, one leaning on the other's shoulder. Advance to mike with whispers ad lib. As they reach the mike their subdued voices are heard:)

Bill: Courage, Alfonso.

Harlan: Courage, Oh, courage. (Composes himself and wipes a handkerchief across his brow.) Yes, courage, indeed. (weakly) Ladies---ahh ladies, and---gentlemen...

Bill: (propping Harlan up in front of mike) Speak to them, Alfonso. Tell all. It is our only chance.

Harlan: (Grabs mike for support) Speak to them. 'Hello!' (turns) isn't that enough, Roderick?

Roderick: (slightly shaking Alfonso) Wait a bit. Have a cigarette. (Takes out pack, both take cigarettes, light up, puff furiously)

Alfonso: (through voluminous smoke) Ladies, gentlemen, assembled fen (coughs)---Four score and seven years ago---

Roderick: (violently) No, no! That's not the right one.

Alfonso: (chokes) Of course, of course. (clears throat). Ladies and gentlemen, through our confidential sources of secret information we have discovered the most hideous plot in all history. I can scarcely tell you the horror with which I and my colleagues were filled when news of it reached us. I-I-I-I I may as well confess, it is worth my life to stand before you now to reveal here the horrendous conspiracy that is afoot. It--- (gurgles and falls into Roderick's arms). (cont.)

Roderick: Courage, Alfonso. Have a drink. (Takes out hip flask, pours some of contents down Alfonso's throat.) (to audience) Excuse us (Pats Alfonso on back and leans him on Mike). Tell them, Alfonso.

Alfonso: (as the drink takes effect) Ahhhhhh! (grasps mike purposefully) Yes, this plot, ladies and gentlemen, is a conspiracy to do away with science fiction's most sacred, most proud institution. It is a plot to do away (he looks around fearfully, as does Roderick) with myself and my kind. I-I-I-I---



Roderick: Tell them what we are, Alfonso. Let the secret out!

Alfonso: (Grips mike powerfully and leans forward, eyes blazing) We are---heaven help us---we, Roderick and I are----BEMS! (drags powerfully on cigarette and exhales voluminously, leaning back and sighing.)

Alfonso: (Leaning forward, warming to his subject) Yes, I know that superficially I resemble, somewhat, a normal human being, of the species Homo Sapiens. Not until now have I revealed my---our---true identity. Today, here before you, the entire story will be ~~revealed~~ and brought forth from beneath its cloak of peanut butter---er, I mean, secrecy (as Roderick looks outraged). (Alfonso turns and wilts.) (huskily) I can't go on!

Roderick: (fiercely) Yes! We can't stop now!

Alfonso: (weakly) Gimme 'nother drink.

(Roderick brings forth bottle, pours more down Alfonso's throat). (Pushes Alfonso toward mike). Now! (Takes drink himself.)

Alfonso: The---the clan of beings known to you as BEMS are actually a little-known race of entities from near the Andro-birdbath galaxy. We live upon the almost dead, arid planet of Bulbofagg.

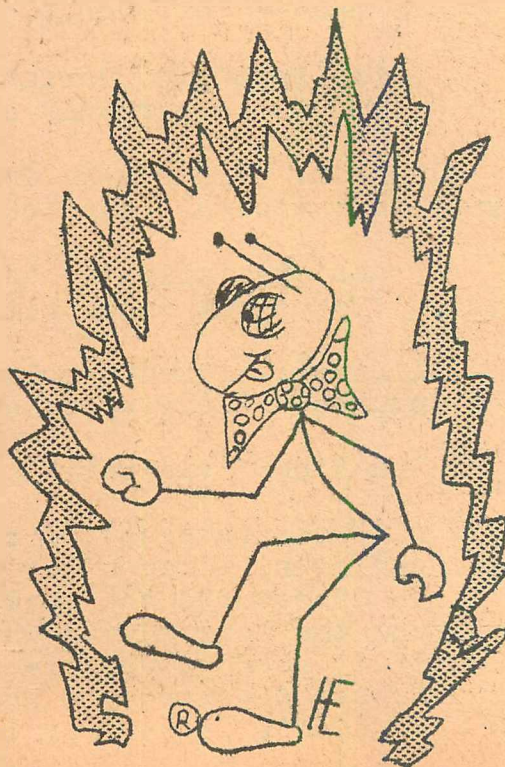
(fiercely) You laugh, you scoff!

(quietly) Very well, I shall tell you how it all happened.

Anyone desiring to leave now will be shot as they leave the room. I thank you. (Roderick draws ray pistol and looks at audience fiercely).

(With this Alfonso relaxes into determined telling of his story, his eyes alight, his voice even, but slightly trembling).

It all began (with sigh) when our giant star and blazing sun, the ideal of all
(continued page 59)



Bulbofaggian intelligence, the epitomé of everything and nothing, which we called JohnCamp, was assailed by a disease of space called Dianuts.

This began hammering at the very essence of our sun and, in a shower of sparks (we call them engoogoo in our language), our brilliant red orb faded to a shivering hulk of its former self. Even Hadacol didn't help.

Overnight our planet became an arid, desolate waste.

This forced us good Bulbofaggians to go to work (here Roderick shudders and throws his arms up before his face). I detect an uncontrollable shudder passing among you. It must be because of our plight.

Nonetheless, we were forced to work.

Most of us went either into the pulp mills on Bulbofagg or into the pogo-stick spring bending works on nearby Belchupus. A few even became workers in a navel orange factory. They bore little holes in the ripe oranges and suck the seeds out. They are called seed suckers.

But those of us, the intelligentsia of the planet, who were not fitted for such mean work, withdrew and built ourselves---no, not a flying saucer; we built a rotating cuspidor which ran on a flaming pillar of tomato juice.

With it we escaped the planet Bulbofagg and went in search of greener pastures. Our search was soon rewarded when we hit upon the planet earth. Our landing was not detected because we were mistaken for a flying saucer or a guided missile.

Only one person was curious enough to investigate our landing on earth. This person came upon us as we were disembarking from our little vessel, and immediately recognized us for what we are. His name shall remain unmentioned, suffice it to say that he afterwards became, with our help, editor of the first magazine in the world devoted exclusively to science fiction.

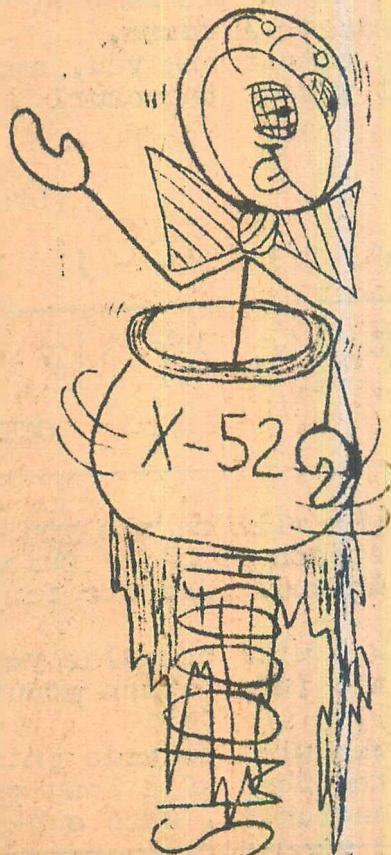
Yes, he had recognized, realizing what a editor we would be, he boys and bill-collect-

Soon realizing, would be considered indescribable by ear-out a crypt in the bodies to sleep under mental transfer we icide victims so that humans.

For nearly forty lasting institution in our all to the advan-

And now (voice this!!! Oh, the handkerchief, wipes a handkerchief out on

We, Bulbofaggian that there were other about us and were ridiculed. Oh, that FILTHY



ognized our true identity, boon to a science fiction put us to work as office

ors, however, that our true shape unusual on earth---it is thly terms,---we hollowed Black Hills and put our real a mile of solid rock. By took over the bodies of su- we might pass freely among

years we have remained a science fiction, have given cement of that field.

shakes) it has come to shame of it! (takes out bit at his eyes and wrings floor.)

immigrants, then found out mags that had found out a- iculing us by calling us word!!

(concluded next page)

Alfonso: (continuing at slower pace) They depicted us clutching beautiful women, and killing people, and taking over earth, and stupid things like driving s-f authors crazy.

Believe me, most of them have a short drive anyway. It wouldn't take much gas on our part.

This cannot go on. It---it's driving me sane!!

And...there is a traitor in our ranks.

Yes, there is one who, thinking only of money, sent a Bergey cover back to Bulbofagg and gave our secret haven away. When the BEM local 8850 saw it, they sent out a summons for us. We-we might be dragged off into hyperspace any minute now.

Before I finish, I will name that traitor, that traitor who would rob you of science fiction's only genuine possession. His name---his name is---

(A man stands up in the audience, brandishes a cap pistol and shouts: "You shall never reveal it!" and fires at the stage. Alfonso falls).

(Roderick, aghast, fires blindly into the audience. Screams are heard. Roderick steps to the mike.)

Roderick: Ladies and gentlemen, in an effort to reveal to you the uttermost secret of our race, Alfonso has died. The bullet pierced to his flask of WHITE HORSE and he died instantly from the shock. Of course I myself would reveal to you the name of that traitor, except for one thing; it is known only to Alfonso.

But whoever he is, if he sits among you, smugly thinking he has won, let me warn him: we will pursue the churl until we have meted out justice to him.

LONG LIVE BULBOFAGG!!

(Drags Alfonso offstage).

! - - - F I N I S - - - !

A FEW MORE PEEKS AT NEXT MONTH'S LINEUP

OCTOBER 1952 issue #9

HUGO GERNSBACK
ROBERT BLOCH
GARTH BENTLEY

who will regale you readers with his speech from the Chicon, proposing an unusual idea for fandom's opinion.

who will convulse you readers with his information about Luna and such.

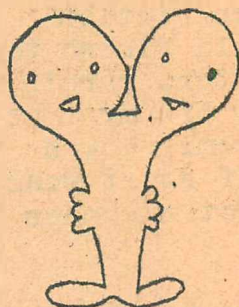
who will provide entertainment in the form of a long verse concerning, basically, some sub-atomic critters.

A PAGE OF SQUIDDIES

from the talented and magical pen of a certain

LEE

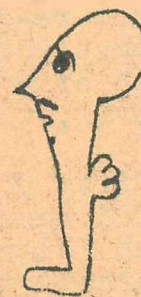
HOFFMAN



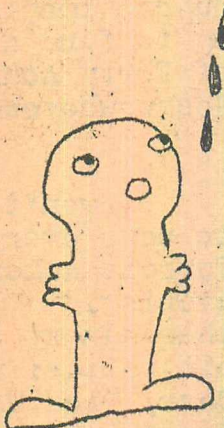
"We're looking for the World Science Fiction Convention."



"You mean you paid money for that?"



"Hphhh! Fans."



"You say your name is Matheson?"



"By George, that Campbell speaks the way aSF reads!"
(courtesy Lee Trempier)



"Good Lord, they've put me on the schedule for Sunday morning!"

all characterizations faithfully recorded from the originals who ran loose at the Hotel Morrison, Chicago

.... AND MY HEAD DID HANG

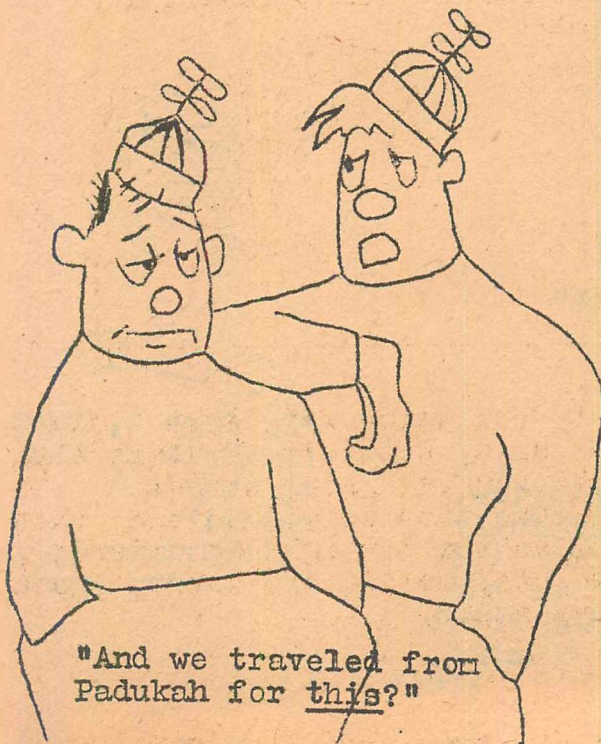
Honey Wood

a somewhat sodden convention

-----review by-----

After many a mishap, Richard Z. Ward, Bill Berger, my hubby Don and I, finally arrived at the 10th Annual World Science Fiction Convention, tired but excited. Before the desk clerk could finish telling us the number of our room, I was half way to the elevator, rare'n to go, life had returned to this poor traveller. I threw off my dirty clothes, got re-dressed and raced to the Convention room. I was very lucky because when I got there, the lights were all off so it wouldn't be too much of a shock to the other people when they got a gander at little ole me.

The first person I bumped into (literally) in this darkened and smoke-filled room was G.M. Carr, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F). You can imagine what it was like to be fumbling around in the dark trying to find a hand to shake and finally finding my hand resting in that of Forry Ackerman's and hearing myself say in the most awed of tones, "Goshwowboyoboyoboy!" Believe me, kids, this was really living.



I won't at this time even attempt to name everyone else I met....meeting Forrest Ackerman was enough for one evening. We decided we were rather hungry (when I say rather, I'm a bit polite; we were starved) so G. M. Carr, Dick Ward, Don, Bill and I wandered out for a bite to eat. We wandered around a little more then headed back for the committee room, natchurly to see who else had wandered in while we had been gone. I no sooner got seated on Frank Andrasovsky's lap (he's a member of the Cleveland group) than I got a phone call from some one or other who told me that the one, the only, Harlan Ellison had arrived. (EDITOR'S NOTE: and twasn't me that gave the storm warning, either...he)

By this time the elevator girl was getting pretty sick of seeing me get in and out (continued next page)

...AND MY HEAD DID HANG (continued)

of her old elevator, but down I went again (sounds like I'm drowning) and here was Harlan with Dick Clarkson, Bill Venable, Don Susan and ghod knows who else. They finally got situated in their rooms so I was off again for the Convention Committee Room. At this point I realized that I was tired, so instead I went to bed.

INTERIM THE FIRST

Next morning (Saturday) I got up bright and early; early I'm sure it was, bright I'm sure I wasn't. Right off the bat I wanted to see everything...my eyes were not willing however and all through the Con they had a tendency to close at the oddest moments. Anyhow, I soon found my way to the lobby, talked to people here and there, and believe me they were draped all over the place, and then a bunch of us decided to see the sights as soon as we had registered in the Convention Headquarters.

Won't go into that in detail, but we did get out of the hotel for all of two hours. We got back just in time for the opening of the Con program. After the program I took a turn at the N3F table, sold quite a few applications into the club also...one of my main catches being, take note, the famous Clifford Simak who by the way is a very swell fellow. About this time who walks up but Doug Mitchell, so he and I had quite a talk together. Supper and the rest of that day's program went by fast and now here comes the good part...the parties.

I don't know where we started, but we wound up in Ron Cernosky's room (he too is a member of the Cleveland SF Society) and we all had quite a time. We were singing away minus a tenor, which Stuart Hoffman (official mailer for the N3F) insisted that we couldn't sing without. We thought we were doing fine, but the Hotel Morrison House De-

at the right you will see what the editors consider one of the finest amateur sketches in the science fiction field they have ever seen. it is a sketch drawn in Chicago of JULIAN C. MAY, convention chair woman, and was done by RAY NELSON



ective didn't think so, 'cause he came in and told us to shut our transom (well, that isn't exactly what he said, but...) By that time it was 4:30 in the morning and we were all hungry again, so out we minced to terrorize sleeping Chicago. By the time we got to bed that night we had to close the venetian blinds as the daylight interfered, somewhat, with our snoozing. But at any rate, we did get three good hours of sleep before we were up and about again.

INTERIM THE SECOND

Here we are to Sunday morning, already, and I had to (continued)

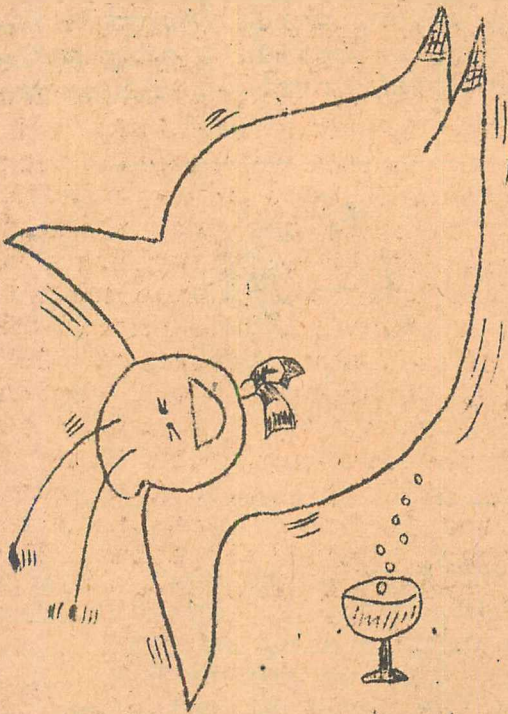
get down to Parlor F to head the N3F BabyCon, and the only thing that I could think of at that time was my big head. I ran into quite a few people I knew before reaching Parlor F, but none of us were doing much talking. It was a dismal morning...and when science fiction fans run out of words, you know something is wrong.

Our N3F "BabyCon" came off like clockwork, with Bill Venable, the proposed next president of N3F delivering a short speech and the other candidates for offices doing the same. I then took my, by then, tired body down to the Terrace Casino to see what was going on. At this point I ran into Don Regan, one of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Con, Bob Farnham, Eva Firestone and Racy Higgs (N3F notables) and we had a nice chat.

While I was trying valiantly to prop my eyes open, stuck as they were in their bloodshot state to my cheeks, Judy Merrill's daughter came up to me and asked if I was a writer, and if so would I sign her autograph book. I was indeed sorely tempted to say my name was Isaac Asimov or Murray Leinster because I surely did hate to disappoint the gal but I had to admit I wasn't, much to my dismay.

At this moment I heard my name paged from the rostrum, that someone had been hurt and was calling for me. It seems that G.M. Carr had gotten her head hurt in one of those sneaky Morrison elevators. I hurried up to her room and found a very pale little lady, but set your minds at rest, Gem is fine now, but it surely did spoil part of the Con for us...and certainly did ruin it for her.

I then wandered back to the lobby and stopped to talk to Lloyd Eshbach, czar of FANTASY PRESS and Doc Smith who introduced me to his charming daughter. (Doc introduced me to his daughter, that is.) We stood around and talked stories for a while, although I must say, I didn't take too active a part in the discussion. I spent most of the afternoon in the leisurely and pleasant occupation of talking to a score of people, which is the most wonderful thing about a convention.



At last the banquet time rolled around and I ran upstairs (via elevator) to change my clothes (EDITOR'S NOTE: and was she a jazzy lookin' character, too...he) and when I got up there, I found a lovely corsage of roses from a Cleveland fan, Ron Cernosky, to wear that night. I dined in swank luxury at the banquet with Doug Mitchell, Richard Z. Ward, Ron Cernosky, Orville Mosher, Stuart Hoffman and a brand-new N3F member, Richard George. In case you are all wondering what Don, my husband, was doing all this

time, perhaps I'd best tell you that he was having quite a time visiting the Planetarium, Art Museum, Aquarium and History Museum. As with the better half in most married s-f families, my husband has become indifferent to s-f and would much rather spend his time in some other more gainful, endeavour, for fear of catching (concluded next page)

the awful disease of fanhood. As a whole, the speeches and banquet itself were extremely well received by the crowd who all enjoyed themselves at dinners of ham or chicken in the spacious and beautiful Terrace Casino. Then came the big event: the masquerade ball called The Flying Saucer Ball or something. Let it be here recorded that more than a few strange sights were seen on the streets of Chicago and in the Hotel that night.

I didn't stay at the Ball long 'cause I was invited to a party in Bill Venable's room (EDITOR'S NOTE: which also happened to be the room of yours truly, which brings to mind that every time I wanted to hit the sack, around 5:00 A.M., there was always a screaming, consorting, drunken batch of screwballs which infested my room and would NOT let me get some shuteye. All were screwballs except Honey, that is....he) where they were serving sloe gin fizzes. When Raul Rou (faaan from Cuba) got there, Dick Clarkson was on his 17th fizz and was beginning to slosh when he staggered. Boy, were they a sad-looking bunch.

Someone handed me a fizz without the ice cubes, which Raul and I split. For some reason or other, there was a shortage of glasses so we began the practice of carrying our glasses wherever we went from room to room in case of just such an emergency. Around this time, the whole group, like cattle, were herded over to Ron Cernosky's room where another shindig was just about getting underway. After much bribery of porters and bellhops, we managed to secure ice, glasses and a bit of etcetera to go with them. This party was really something. In fact, the room was so packed that if someone had died, they would have had to wait a few hours to lie down...as far as that goes, we were so packed that we had 'em stacked three deep in the hallway while the singing inside (which was super) rocked the walls. The singing was tops even though Stu Hoffman still kept insisting that we couldn't be singing without that tenor. The party was just reaching its peak as a new bottle of scotch was being introduced to those present when much to our dismay a House Detective crashed our party (that misfit!) and though we plied him with wine, women, and song (which he didn't seem to care for at all), he chased us all out. We all left semi-peacefully. It was now about 5:00 in the morning so we made the proverbial, if somewhat crooked, beeline for a place to eat. After being politely but firmly thrown out of three places, we found a joint that could tolerate us. In the middle of our shrimp (not Ellison, that is) who should walk in but Ted Dikty of SHASTA PUBLISHERS and Bob Johnson, editor of ORB, so I went over and had a chit-chat with them. I happened to notice that the sun was coming up over Chicago, so I went in search of my own little room, yanked the blinds down, called the desk and told them to get me up at 9, and laid my weary head on my pillow. ...so the phone started ringing. It seemed that I was supposed to be a guest on Don MacNeil's Breakfast Club at that ungodly hour. I politely told them where they could put Messr. MacNeil's show, and went to sleep.

INTERIM THE THIRD

All of the first part of Monday after having but three hours of shuteye was spent in something of a daze. Guess I wandered around and mumbled an incoherent and feeble "Hello" here and there, but I don't remember much else. I do remember running into Bill Berger and having breakfast with him and then having another breakfast (concluded p68)

THE PHILCON IN '53—AND WHY!

a report by

HARLAN ELLISON

INTRODUCTION

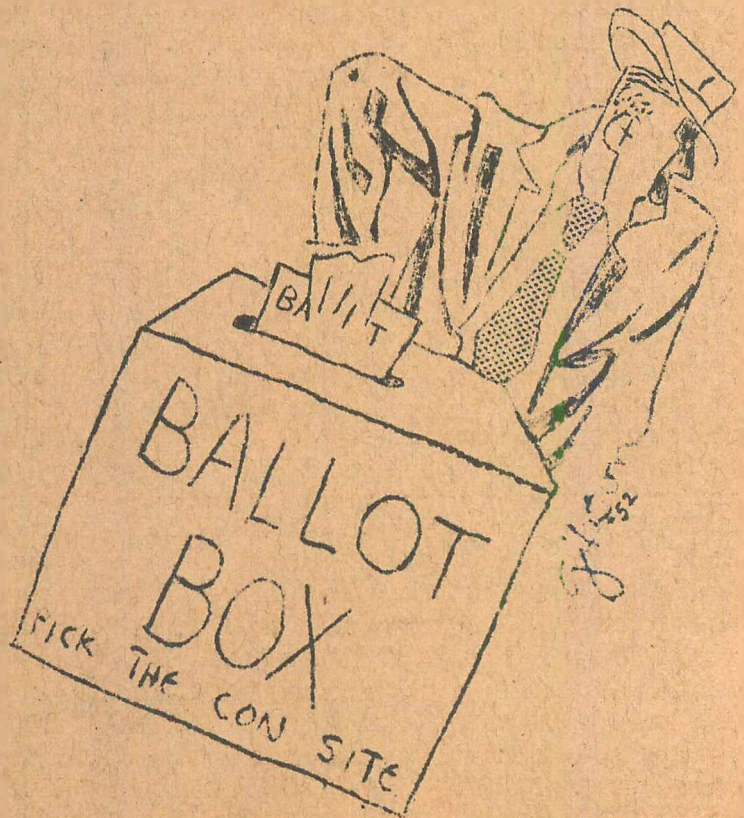
This article is one that had to be written. It was one that your editor knew would cause a furor. I expect this article to do one (or possibly both) of two things: either it will bring to light the entire affair of the voting ~~for~~ the convention site next year...or it will set into motion machinery that will eventually get me booted out of fandom.

To my knowledge, and it is darn well near complete knowledge, this is the way the power politics boys worked it so that the Little Men of Berkeley, California were robbed of the 1953 convention in San Francisco. This is the complete inside story, straight out of the smoke-filled room that was used for the meetings. I know this is so because the room was mine. And this story shows that all is not sweetness nor light behind the facade of straight-away voting we have been partially led to believe in the past. It shows how one or two men can swing over a thousand people.

Of necessity, some (not much, however) of the information presented herein, will be second-hand. But where it is of this nature, the source will be named and it will be made plain that the information is not from the original source. I sincerely hope that this article is not the instrument that will alienate any of the very good friends I and SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN have made in our associations. I also hope it is completely understood that no "swipes" are in any way being directed at any group, for I was as much a part of this affair as anyone else in it. This article merely serves to present, as a service to fandom, the complete back-of-these-scenes story of this most important part of the 10th Annual World Science Fiction Convention.
 ---The Author, Your Editor

*

It was practically sewn up. The Elves, Gnomes and Little Men of Berkeley, California, whose Chowder, Marching and Science Fiction Society had been priming the conventioners for two days, had it in the bag for the next convention site. Priming: pouring
 (concluded next page)



spirits into the conventioners eager upturned mouths, furnishing them with the entire top floor penthouse of the Morrison for their frolics. Priming; showering the convention with posters, leaflets, banners and every other form of give-away they could make up, including a printed brochure telling why SanFran would be the best site for the '53 Con.

They wanted it badly!

But there were three men who didn't think SanFran would be the best spot for the '53 Con. Those three men were Quinn of Philadelphia, Dave Kyle of The Hydra Club of New York, and a certain Woody Ayers who represented a new and little-known organization called AFSE (ARmed Forces Science Fiction). ((see footnote))

These three men swung the convention away from SF to Philly almost single-handedly. Here is how it happened. For it happened in the proverbial smoke-filled room...my room.

I knew very little about this whole affair until Ayers approached me on Sunday and, talking very confidentially to me, gave me to believe that "The way you vote--so votes Cleveland" and that he wanted me to swing what little weight I had to Philadelphia when the voting time approached. I was indifferent and said I'd have to think it over, for at the time I was in favor of New York. Though I knew NY would never get the convention (and probably won't for a number of years) because of popular opinion, I was thinking from a purely selfish angle and did not want to have to travel to SF for my next con. But till then, the name of Philly had not even entered the picture. Everyone was certain that Frisco would be the '53 site.

Later that night I was accosted by several slightly inebriated, yet perfectly lucid in their logic, gentlemen who were again huckstering for Philly. I began to wonder. Later, I ran into Bill Venable, my buddy from Pittsburgh and my roommate. He let me in the scheme by telling me that mock bids were being set up by 1) Dick Clarkson for Baltimore, 2) Bill Venable for Pittsburgh, and 3) Dave Kyle for one of the New York groups. Kyle was one of the main movers in the campaign and again zoomed into prominence in fandom by switching this con away from SF. They figured this way: most of the votes would be cast by either fen from Chicago and surrounding territory who really didn't care where the con would be next year since they wouldn't go anyway or by those neo-fen who would want to go, but would not spend the money it took to get to SF. If a show of strength in the form of everyone dropping their bids in favor of Philly, those new fans would, in some respects be awed and would, accordingly, vote Philly. (concluded page 68)

FOOTNOTE: as far as your editor can dig up, this is the background of AFSE. It was started some time ago by Jack Jardine, who it seems was found to be lining his pockets with quite a bit of loot each month from the club till Ayers and his friends booted him and started the thing on a different basis. When Hal Shapiro, the well-known Air Force fan heard about the organization and heard Jardine's name in connection, and saw their club magazine CONFUSION, he remarked to your editor, "It is a sucker deal...steer clear, Harlan." It might also be noted in passing that the name CONFUSION of their Official Organ was copied boldly from the title of Shelby Vick's farmmagazine CONFUSION, though Ayers told your editor that his mag had that name and was in the planning stage long before Shelby's came out. This we doubt!

They also figured that when Will Sykora, one-time strong man of fandom and head of the opposing NY faction, made his bid, and then the others backed off, he would be boxed in and trapped. But they did not reckon on a little man from Indianapolis: Oscar Brauner.

It came time for the bidding, the Terrace Casino was closed off and a tense session began with the deluded thinking Frisco would get the convention, and those in the know realizing that Philly was in.

Someone walked past where I was perched with Bill Venable and I heard them muttering, "Signed, packaged, and paid for--Philly!" That was what was going on under the facade of honest voting the neo-fen in the place were then going to engage in. Came the nominations. Dick Clarkson went up and in his best stage manner extolled Baltimore's virtues and it was seconded by Dave van Arnem who had nothing to do with Baltimore except he was a friend of Dick's. Then Detroit got up and made their traditional bid saying that they really didn't want the Con but that all votes should be swung to SF. They were scratched because of improper conduct. Then Paul Ganley made his bid for Niagra Falls which was a legit bid, but was foolhardy, as the Canadians (who would be the ones to put the Con on) were silent. Then Brauner for Indianapolis, Kyle for NY, Rusch for SF, Quinn (or was it Williams) for Phil and then Venable for Pittsburgh with your editor seconding the Pittsburgh bid. Last came Sykora and the other NY bid. There's no reason to go into the machinations, but it was carried to three ballots only because Brauner would not withdraw when he saw he had a bare minority that would have swung the vote one way or another. In the last moment the parliamentarian, Bob Tucker, scratched Indianapolis because of a rule made before. But fandom will not forget the stupidity of Brauner in splitting the East. Last ballot: SF**169, Philly**191. See you in Philly next year---and now you'll know why. --THE END

...AND MY HEAD DID HANG (concluded from page 65)

with Rich Ward and Ron. I then managed to sit through most of the day's program because I wanted to be sure to get in on the voting for the 1953 Convention site. Since it was near dinner time, a group of us (the group included Bea Venable, Bill's sister) found a quaint little Chinese Tea Room and went there to eat. As we were walking back up the street to the Morrison, after eating, down the street comes the "Birdbath Special", Ellison, who screamed something about Bea having to go on, grabbed her by her arm and dragged her off into the Hotel. We knew what he was muttering about when a little later Bea went on and sang a special s-f song that Bill had written. It was one of the highlights of the Con since Bea's voice is one of the most beautiful I ever heard. Another of the high points of the program was the stf ballot and another was the Tales of Tomorrow TV shows they had put on the film for us to see.

We then went to Richard Z. Ward's room for a quiet (?) little gathering. At any rate, it started out little and quiet, but after a while we had to go to another room as the House Dick was again hot on our heels. Woody Ayers had a party scheduled for 3 in the morning which was by invitation only. We stayed there for a while and then we decided to have one meal all together at the last. This was at 4 in the A.M. This article cannot mention all the wonderful people we met and all the wonderful times that were had by us and if I forgot anyone, I'm very sorry, but my memory fails me after the great time in Chi.

INTERIM THE LAST

A CONVENTION SATIRE BY

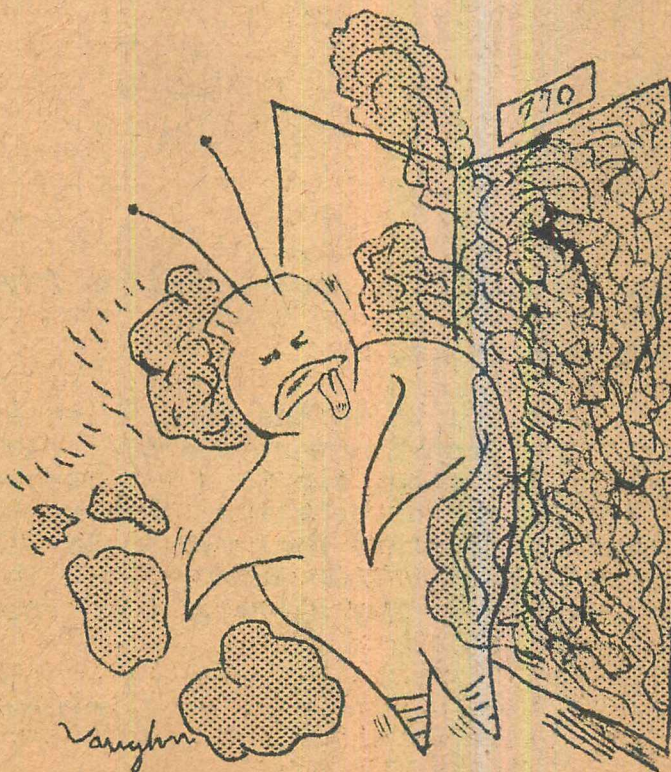
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The voting of the next convention site was, I think, the most interesting part of the program. To me, it showed on a smaller scale, what the Democrats and Republicans must have gone through at their conventions. Everyone, I am sure, found the actual voting session exciting. But to me it was more than exciting, because I had been present in a certain smoke-filled room the night before. In that room, the planning for what was to happen the next day went on. This is what went on in that room and it is also exaggerated to show what might have happened.

#

The smoke eddied and curled around the tightly packed people in the small room. The one window was wide open, and up from below drifted the innumerable street sounds of Chicago at night. A young neofan stood at the window, a water gun clenched tightly in his small, pudgy hand. He stood there, oblivious to the history-making events going on. He was waiting; waiting for the Hunting Season to begin.

Meanwhile, one voice gradually rose above the others and soon the majority of those present centered their attention on it. (continued next page)



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This was the campaign chairman; this was the power behind the throne; this was Bill Venable.

"Dick, when your turn comes, you're to go up and nominate Baltimore as the next convention site. Do a good job, extol its virtues just as if you were actually nominating it.

"Ian, I want you to do the same thing for Atlanta when you go up there. It's going to surprise a lot of people and get you the support of the southern fans.

"Harlan, You're to represent Cleveland. You are to be a dark horse. Lay it on thick and give it all you've got. Good enough?" Just then a voice interrupted; "I've got that fellow from New York on the phone. He's coming up."

"Good, good. This fellow coming up is representing five clubs and is going to nominate New York as the next Con site." Turning to another fan he went on; "I want you to put in the bid for Philadelphia. Be clear and concise. Make it short, because it's immaterial what you actually say. We will swing the convention to you anyway." The fan on the phone broke in again: "I've got that Armed Forces SF man on the line for you. He wants to talk to you."

Picking up the receiver Bill said, "Hello? Woody? Yea. Tomorrow, during the voting session. Pick the most opportune time. Yea. Sometime during the withdrawals. Yea. Make sure you have everyone's attention and say that all the fans in the armed services favor Philly as the next Con site. Got it? Okay. G'bye." Hanging up the receiver he turned back to the group. "I, myself, will enter a nomination for Pittsburgh. I will make a bid for it just as all you others are; with no hint of a later withdrawal. I should get quite a gathering with this nomination, too." At that moment a knock came at the door and someone got up and answered it. "Someone named Willis wants to talk to you Bill."

"Tell him I'm busy."

"It's Walter A. Willis."

"Who?"

"Walter A. Willis. He says it's about a motion from the floor."

"Oh, yes. Tell him to come in.

"Walter.... I want you to do the same thing as Woody's doing. I want you to wait until the proper moment and then ask for the attention of those gathered there. Then, say that you represent organized fandom in the United Kingdom and on behalf of them you are voting for Philadelphia. Go on further to state that you would like all other of the convention delegates to do the same thing. Pick the most advantageous time yourself, or watch for my signal. Good enough?"

"Yes, I...."

(concluded next page)

"Okay then, back to the planning. After all sites have been nominated and just prior to the voting on the first ballot, then I want each of you to go up and withdraw your nomination in favor of Philadelphia. Everyone understand now what they are supposed to do?" It was a rhetorical question expecting no answer. He went on.

"That starts the stampede. To give it an extra boost, Woody and Walter come in with their speeches from the floor."

"What about me?" squeaked a small voice from the back of the room.

"Oh yes, Norman. You get up and at the same time as Woody and Walter and announce that all of Canadian fandom supports Philly as the next convention site."

"But, but, all of Canadian fandom doesn't...."

"Never mind. Just do as I tell you. Are there any questions?" There were none so the meeting was adjourned.

At the words "meeting adjourned", the neofan standing by the window stiffened and imperceptibly his hand tightened on the gun he was holding. His eyes lit up; his whole body became tense and expectant; then slowly, ever so slowly he turned around and faced the room.

This was it. The Hunting Season had begun.

What he hunted for was teeth; when he found a mouthful, he squirted them with his gun. And the gun? The gun was full of sloc gin...

I should know; you see I had a squirt gun myself. Only me gun it was full of chaser.....

T H E
E N D

- A CONVENTION QUOTE OF EXTREME -
- RARE HUMOUR FROM CHICAGO '52 -

(EXPLANATION: to those of you who have read THE IMMORTAL STORM by Sam Moskowitz, the fact that Will Sykora was once the "big gun" of fandom but is no longer, is well-known. But for those of you who may be unaware of this portion of fandom's long and turbulent career, let it be known that he was crowded out of a share of glory that he was pressing for in the '30's by those fans who are now in the limelight.)

At the convention, when a certain question period rolled around, Sam Moskowitz got up and bellowed, as loud as possible, "I'm Sam Moskowitz...can you hear me?" To which DAVE ISH said, "The perfect tribute: 'I'm Will Sykora, am I speaking too loud?' " That, after Sykora spoke,

At the Chicon, I was warmly received with cries of, "Here comes the Dennis-Menace of Fandom!" (Damn that Dave Kyle!) So consequently I found myself deluged with numerous neo-fen (much like myself) who apparently seemed hell-bent to prove that they too were BBBBNF. Now the ones I met for the first time that really were BNF are not included in the above, all-encompassing statement. For most of these fans who are truly Big Names approach the situation with a high degree of blasé emotion and nonchalance that makes you realize immediately that they are high in the fan ranks while at the same time it makes you want to strangle them for their contempt.

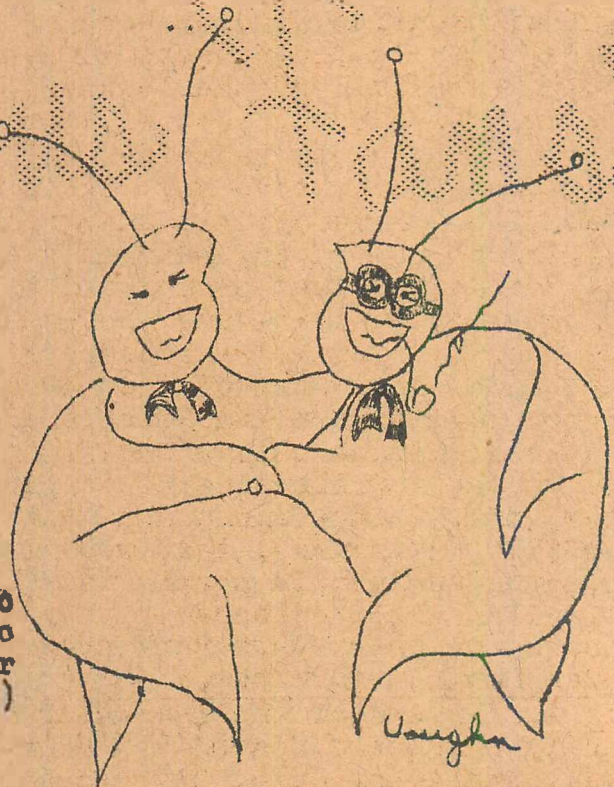
We met Hank Moskowitz, the boy who keeps picketing Sam Mines and
(concluded next page)

Record of First Meeting With Numerous Fans

a revealing-type article by

HARLAN ELLISON

(this article is stuck in only to take up space we can ill-afford to spare but we want to give you your money's worth so, oh well.....)



Standard Publications till they bring back his idol Captain Future. At first we expected to meet some undernourished, wild-eyed fanatic of a fellow who would buttonhole us and start whispering in furtive tones that he was being followed so that he would not be able to continue his Great Cause. Not so. Hank was well-fed, jovial, and not once, not once, mind you, did he mention CapFuture. We had an enjoyable talk; I persuaded old Mosky to do an article for SFB on the history, merits, and campaign to ressurect Cap. So far we haven't seen that article. Where is it Hank?

We met Jack Gaughan, the artist who has done some of the best artwork in the field and were much impressed by his free, easy friendliness which encompassed your editor in a visible aura with promises of artwork from the Great G. As a matter of fact, the BURLINGS column (page 29) this issue has a sketch by Jack which is (I hope, I hope, I hope...) the first of a steady stream of stuff which we'll be running from now on in. Jack's a tall, good-looking gent with a soft voice, a likeable manner, and artwork at home. I saw him just once, but it was enough to imprint him on my memory as one of my favorite fans.

Oh yeah; there we were, minding our own business when a short fellow who looked highly intellectual came up to us. We thought if he looked so intelligent he must, obviously, be a fan. How right we were. "I'd like to get a subscription to SFBULLETIN from you," he said.

"Sure, I answered, playing it nonchalant. Can't be just talking to every neo-fan, y'know. "Just write your name down in my book here with your address." He did so, I took his dollar and a half and looked at the name...

...and pitched onto my head on the floor in a dead faint. The name spelled out: L-E-S-T-E-R d-e-l-R-E-Y.

We met Dave Ish, who has been fighting a long, involved battle in print with Marion Bradley because it seems he is an ignorant, ugly, immature, puerile youth whose magazine SOL, is not only atrociously mimeo'd, but is full of the lousiest misspelling in the world (barring Keasler, of course). Not so. Dave may be ugly and ignorant and puerile, but SOL is enjoyable no matter how lousy the mimeography and spelling are. (Dave, dave boy, don't hit your buddy Harlan with that copy of AMAZING. Remember all the good times we had boy...don't do it!) As a matter of referance, Dave is a husky (for his age) 14-year older who has a mind like that proverbial whip. He is fairly good-looking when you come right to it, but who wants to come that close to it? At least some people think he's handsome.

We met G.M. Carr of the N3F and Racy Higgs of same, both grand people. We also met Eva Firestone, a spark-plug if we ever saw one.

We didn't meet Dave English. He wasn't there.

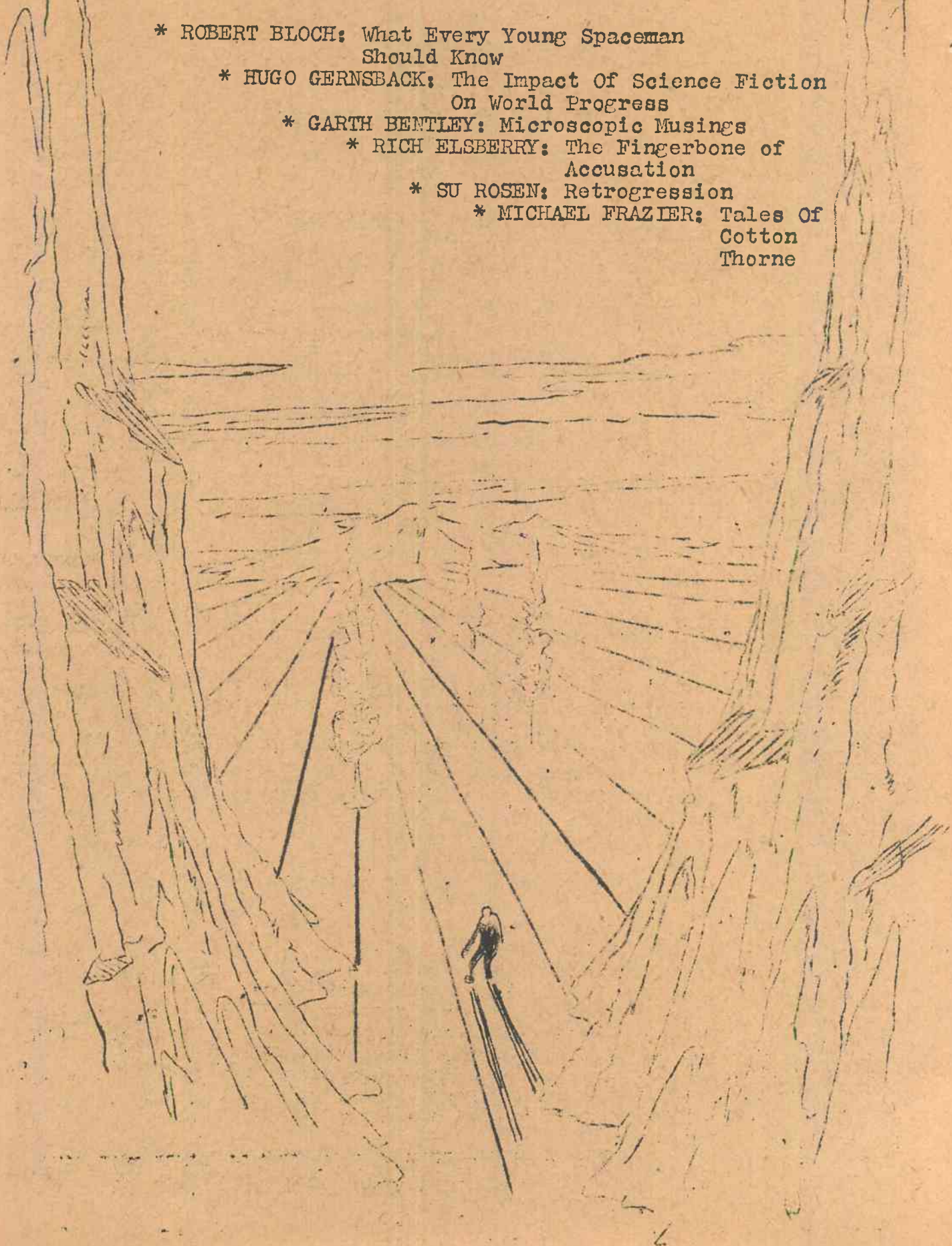
On the rewrite side of the ledger we re-met Lee Hoffman, Ian MacAuley, that prince among men Hank Burwell, Ollie and Ginny Saari (who is still gee-orjuss), that wonderful, wonderful, ditto, girl Judy C. May, and innumerable people who are top of the heap in my book and who will all be P.O.'ed because they aren't mentioned herein. But what do we care, we never were very nice and beside they can't get at us till '53 anyhow. Bye now.

THE END
this is the end of the 1952 convention section. your comments are readily requested. send all comments to: HARLAN ELLISON, 12701 Shaker Blvd., Apartment #616, Cleveland 20, Ohio.

BACK COVER DESIGN: The Road To Philly by Raymond Lowell Gibson

WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T MISS
THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF SCIENCE FANTASY
BULLETIN

- * ROBERT BLOCH: What Every Young Spaceman
Should Know
- * HUGO GERNSBACH: The Impact Of Science Fiction
On World Progress
- * GARTH BENTLEY: Microscopic Musings
- * RICH ELSBERRY: The Fingerbone of
Accusation
- * SU ROSEN: Retrogression
- * MICHAEL FRAZIER: Tales Of
Cotton
Thorne



column



(heading courtesy
of OPUS, Max Keasker's
magazine.)

cartoons for this column by
RAY NELSON

Crying in the ZMK

a fanzine review column by

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

NOTICE:

The editor requests that all review copies for this column be sent directly to Miss Bradley at: Box 246, Rochester, Texas, and wishes, and specifies that the opinions in the column are not necessarily the same as this magazine's or staff.

Here goes for a prolific month of fanzines with several newcomers to the field, many old favorites, and a few special one-shots. A flash from Seattle tells us that the Austins, Bill and Del, have just produced a one-volume edition weighing nine pounds and a bit, titled Melanie Margaret. Bill is also co-editing a fanzine with Royal Drummond, the NAMELESS-sponsored SINISTERRA, and we also heard rumors of a one-shot SMIRCH, from the same shop, but it hasn't arrived in Box 246 as yet. Joe Fillinger is in the Army, so GHUVNA will probably suspend, and Bob Briney sends word of a new fanzine titled FANTASTIA from Brian McNaughton, 198 Bergen Place, Red Bank, New Jersey. And I'm desolated to learn that Roscoe Wright's wonderful EUSIFANSO is dead. But, FIRST: THE FANZINES:

NOTE Robert Petrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska. As far as we know, this is the first fanzine to come out of Nebraska, and for a first, it's a peach. Dittographed and half-size, it stars a (well-clothed) femme by Dave Hammond, and some short-short stories by Stan Serxner and Terry Carr. The material is all very short, and gives an impression of scrappiness, but in small-size that's almost inevitable. The artwork is beautifully done. And it only costs a nickel! How good can you get?



more reviews and more cartoons next page---

FANTASTIC WORLDS

1942 Telegraph Avenue, Stockton, California. This is, of course, a professional 'zine, and therefore at the other end of the scale from MOTE: it stars such top-names as Ackerman, August Derleth and Michael Storm, fandom being (inadequately) represented by Toby Duane and Walt Willis. Derleth's history of Arkham House is about the most noteworthy item. For a semi-pro magazine it is excellent, but what the heck, for the quarter they want, you could buy a real prozine. The artwork is super-superlative, and one cartoon almost split our sides; lovely femme watching robot busily washing dishes, remarks, "Now if you could only make love...". All in all, it's top-quality borderline stuff. Note to fan writers; they pay for material they use. Don't all speak at once.....



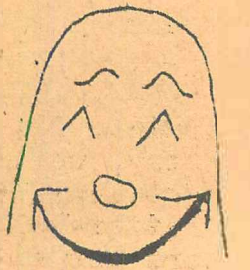
HYPEROPIA

Robert Fritz, 819 Michigan Avenue, Buffalo 3 New York. It's hard to describe this one. It's messily mimeographed on hard-to-handle legal size paper. The trouble of getting the thing to stay open prejudices us against it before we start, but once we get inside, the material is excellent. Al Leverentz presents a report on the recent Buffalocon--and for once departs from the goshwowboyoboy!!-ism of a convention report to give us an idea of the seamier side of fandom in action. According to Al, the affair was a combination smut session and drinkfest, and should be a good provider for the ultimate for those who prefer bottle-by-bottle reports instead of the more sensible reports of the convention proceedings themselves. Paul Gazley's report of the Midwestcon at Indian Lake is a little less jaundiced, and more balanced. The fiction is so-so; Lee Hoffman's artwork is either uninspired or poorly mimeographed; the articles are fascinating, with the exception of Ken Krueger's half-baked ideas for a "Political party in fandom" -- as if it didn't already have ten or twelve. A good solid first-issue of stuff, and well worth 15 cents.



WARHOON

Richard Bergeron, RFD #1, Newport, Vermont. We don't know what a warhoon is, but WARHOON is something pretty nice. The magazine is jam-packed with Bergeron's inimitable drawings, which perk up some material which is otherwise only so-so. Bergeron's own story, a fannish satire called THE NEWSHOUND, is far, far cleverer than many of its ilk. He winds up with the statement, "I need material only as much as I need air," so I suggest you send him a dime and/or some material. You're sure of one thing, in any event: it will be well illustrated.



further reviews on the following pages---

FEMZINE

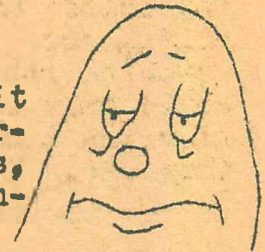
Marion Cox, 79th AB Squadron, Sioux City, Iowa. The Official Organ of the all-femme fanclub, the FAN-ETTES, and as such, it rates. The cartoons are funny, the fiction is adequate, and the mimeography might be worse, although we doubt it. Top yuk: Mana demon says to Papa Demon, "Junior has just been a little human all day!"



NOW THE OLD FAVORITES;

CRY OF THE NAMELESS

Lithographed for a bit of a change, this continues to be sent to anybody and everybody who asks for it. It's mostly club news and letters, and can be had from Box 92, 905-3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington. Price-less, or maybe just worth-less.



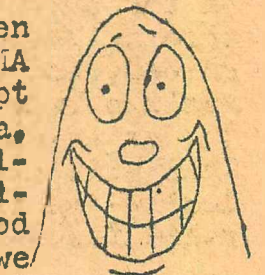
QUANDRY

As always, this is beautifully mimeo'ed, dazzling with wit and humor, and absolutely nil in anything else. Walter Willis is present in such quantity that we are staggered, which should please devotees of the immortal Gael, and there's an extremely interesting item by Jack Speer lamenting the "good old days" when fans were still in the oppressed minority. Strictly fanstuff, and the cream of the dream of ~~the~~ kind. Oh yes, it emanates from THE Hoffman, 101 Wagner Street, Savannah, and Georgia.



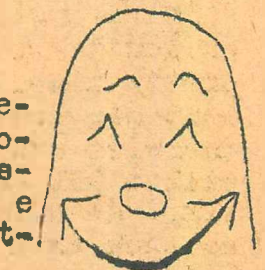
TLMA

Smudgy with multilith ink, muddled in a dozen different type-faces, and staggering with its own wit, TLMA remains the top of the crop. No special reason why, except the editorial flavor, more redolent of garlic than vanilla. Basil Wells contributes a long story, DRAFTEE, of the Galaxy persuasion; and Max Keasler has a "column", with spelling and wit reminiscent of the heyday of Sneary-ism. God knows why, but we love it. If YOU are a little monster we suggest dropping a quarter to Lynn Hickman, 239 East Broad, Statesville, North Carolina.



STAR-LANES

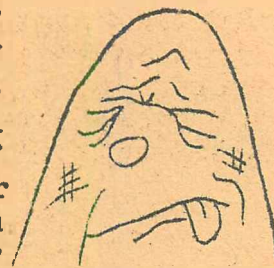
Orma McCormick, 1558 Hazelhurst, Ferndale 20, Michigan. A slim 'zine of space-type fannish poetry, well-mimeographed and well-decorated by the omnipresent Keasler, it should please lovers of the genre. The letter-column is something new in fandom--most of the letters are in doggel verse. Nice.



SOL Dave Ish, 914 Hammond Road, Ridgewood, N.J. A few apologies are in order. Dave isn't "the baby of fandom" - I believe there are three active fans a few days younger than he. He doesn't use a "toy mimeograph"-it's a Speed-O-Print Junior, which does work of the same quality as a toy printing press, and his fanzine isn't juvenile, it's just pre-adolescent. Seriously, we're sorry if we seemed either patronizing or contemptuous of this zine. Beyond a doubt it is one of the most promising newcomers of the field, and we preferred to emphasize its good points, instead of criticising its many faults ---- which we thought weren't Dave's fault. The inescapable fact remains; all one can say for SOL is--it's far better than one would expect. About the only fault an overly critical reviewer might find with the current issue is the narrow left-hand margin, which makes the staples pull out. Dave seems to be short of material, so we suggest deluging him with top-quality stuff.



VANATIONS Norman Browne, 13906 -101A Ave., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. This one has us puzzled. It's mostly satirical in tone, the top spot this time going to Dick Clarkson's TO CRUD OR NOT TO CRUD- a discussion of that omnipresent fannish expression. Alastair Cameron's FANTASTOLOGY is also interesting, though in a more serious vein. But when one gets into such departments as "Dear Borothy Bix" and "What The Censor Missed", we begin to be bewildered, and we tremble at the thought of what the insurgents could do with the announcements of the contest on the back page. We quote; "Announcing VANATIONS first Serious Article Contest; Why do you read science fiction? How has being a fan changed your way of life..." etc., etc. It winds up, "All articles must bear the author's true name; all articles must be serious in nature." We're a little inclined to think that Editor Browne is sneaking a smile in his sleeve. We hope so, anyhow; we'd hate to think any full-fledged fan was still that naive. Bewildering as this one is, it's confoozin' and amoozin'. And you pay by PAR (what you think the issue is worth--10¢, 15¢, 25¢ or nuthin').



That's all this time, except we hear that in Ken Slater's OPERATION FANTAST HANDBOOK, he was so generous in his time and money and advertising that the whole OPERATION FANTAST is running into the red. If Ken goes broke, fandom will lose its top op in England, so run, do not walk to your post office and renew your subscription to OPERATION FANTAST. That's always one place where you get more than you give.

Sorry I didn't have space this issue to use the reviews of:GHUVNA, SCIENTIFIC, HORRIBLE INTERPLANETARY TALES (The Magazine You Can't abbreviate), and ART GALLERY. Probably next time. The end--- and about time too. I'll be around next month to bawl in your sink some more.

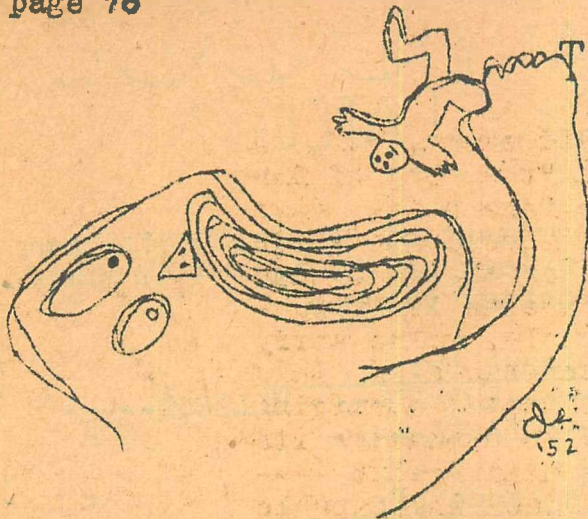
Bye now,

M a r i o n

THE WOMAN

BY

KARL J. CHANZ



"I Love you!"

Suddenly, without any sense of transition, I found myself in a strange room. I knew not how I had come there or whence. It was a high-ceilinged chamber, its ceiling remote in upper darkness. Very old, this room; dusty and draped with cobwebs, it whispered of abandoned glory. The luxurious purple hangings, now faded, bemoaned their lost splendour, while the furniture, which was cracking, dirty and falling to pieces, wept at its present state, saying, I was not always thus. And outside the

room, a multitude of rats scurried about in the halls, their tiny claws whispering on the dust-carpetted floors.

And the Woman dominated the room entirely!

She lay on a decadently soft couch propped up with silken cushions, and she smiled a mystic smile. She had a suggestion of softness about her, a puffiness of face and a plumpness of bare body which might, under ordinary circumstances, have been repellent. The same was true of her flaccidly white skin and dishevelled red hair. Her eyes were blue, quite emptily blue, yet more penetrating than any eyes I had ever seen before. They detached themselves from her head, leaving staring sockets. They entered into me, probing my depths. It was agonizing, the way they pressed into the moist red crevices of my brain, letting in light which burned like fire on the photophobic organisms I nurtured there. No more! I cried. In God's name, stop! —And yet, I enjoyed it. The eyes, however, were satisfied for they returned to the Woman's head. Mindlessly then, wearily, she spoke:

I. Love. You.

Desire filled me like a warm liquid--as if I were a vessel! The fluid poured through my veins, into my muscles, motivating me without my mind's consent. I hated that. To be a vessel, a mere vessel. I'll not stand for it. I'm a rational animal, by God! Then the unholy Woman embraced me and my mind died, faded out: whirled away into some limbo, leaving me soulless. Oh, it was pleasant, and yet it galled me to put myself on a level with the beasts of the field, without a soul, moved only by instinct for which I was but a vessel. It was outrageous!

---Then the crowning horror! I was quite suddenly enveloped into the Woman, made an ignominious part of her bodily substance. Imprisoned, to put it bluntly. Entrapped in her flabby, rotten trunk, held like a fetus, yet unlike one; separate and yet an incorporate part of her. Damn her! The filthy, rotten thing! Abominable creature. God curse her for this.

I have been trapped thus for thirty-eight years. I will be here always...

Outside, in the hall, the rats claws, running, whisper incessantly.

THE END

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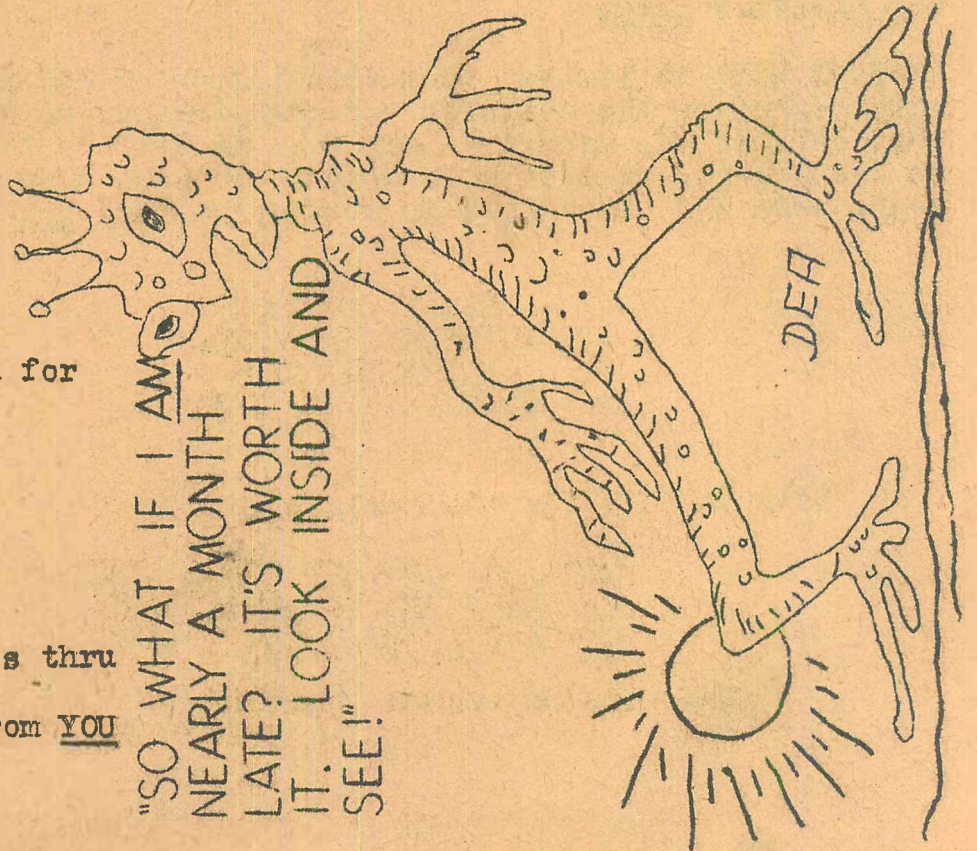


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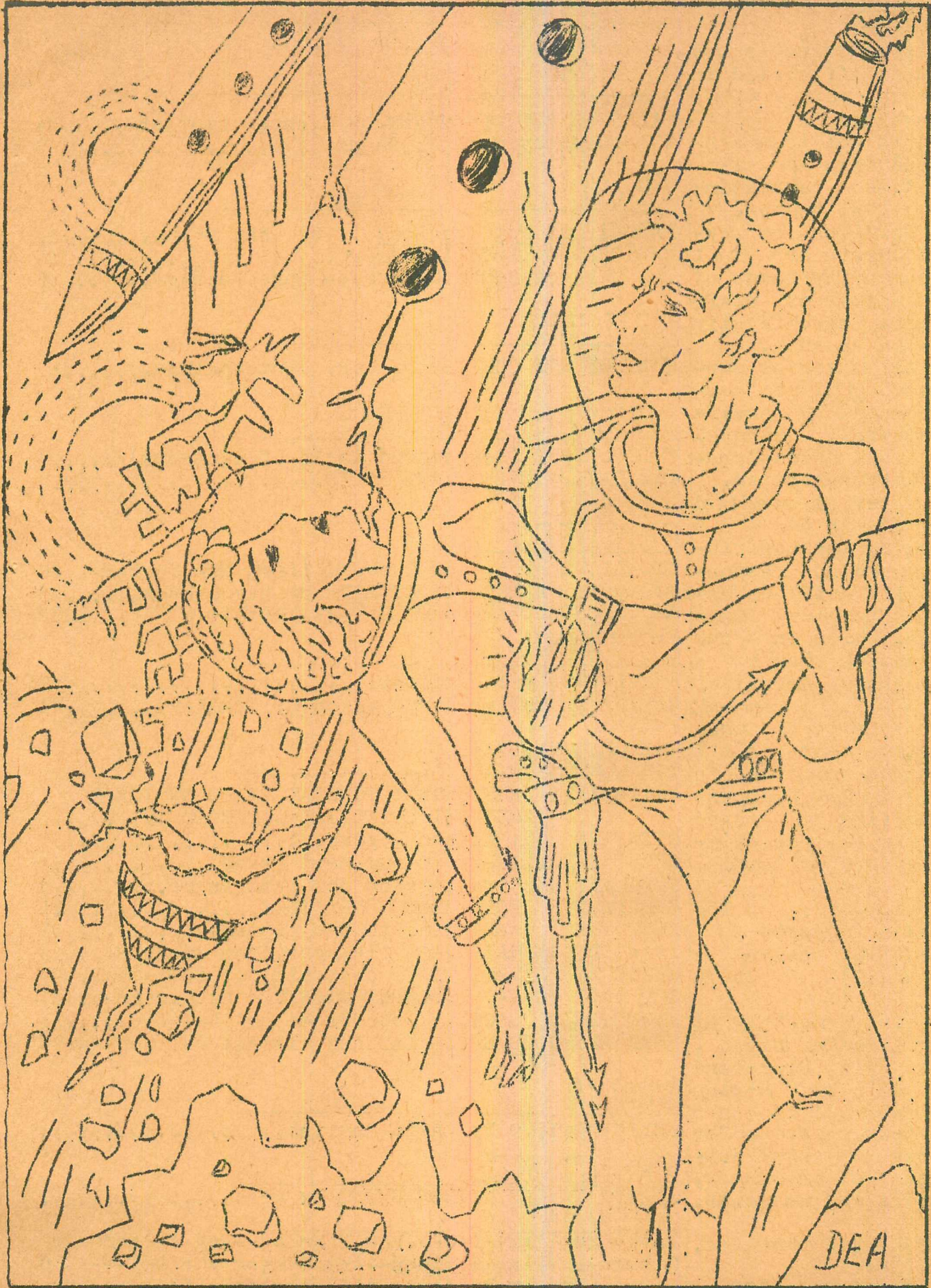
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"SO WHAT IF I AM
NEARLY A MONTH
LATE? IT'S WORTH
IT. LOOK INSIDE AND
SEE!"



ADRIFT IN THE METEOR SWARM frontispiece by
MRS. MARGARET M. DOMINICK of New Brunswick, New Jersey.....

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

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

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

It is to be understood that all letters submitted to this magazine, unless specifically stated otherwise, are eligible for publication.

*
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