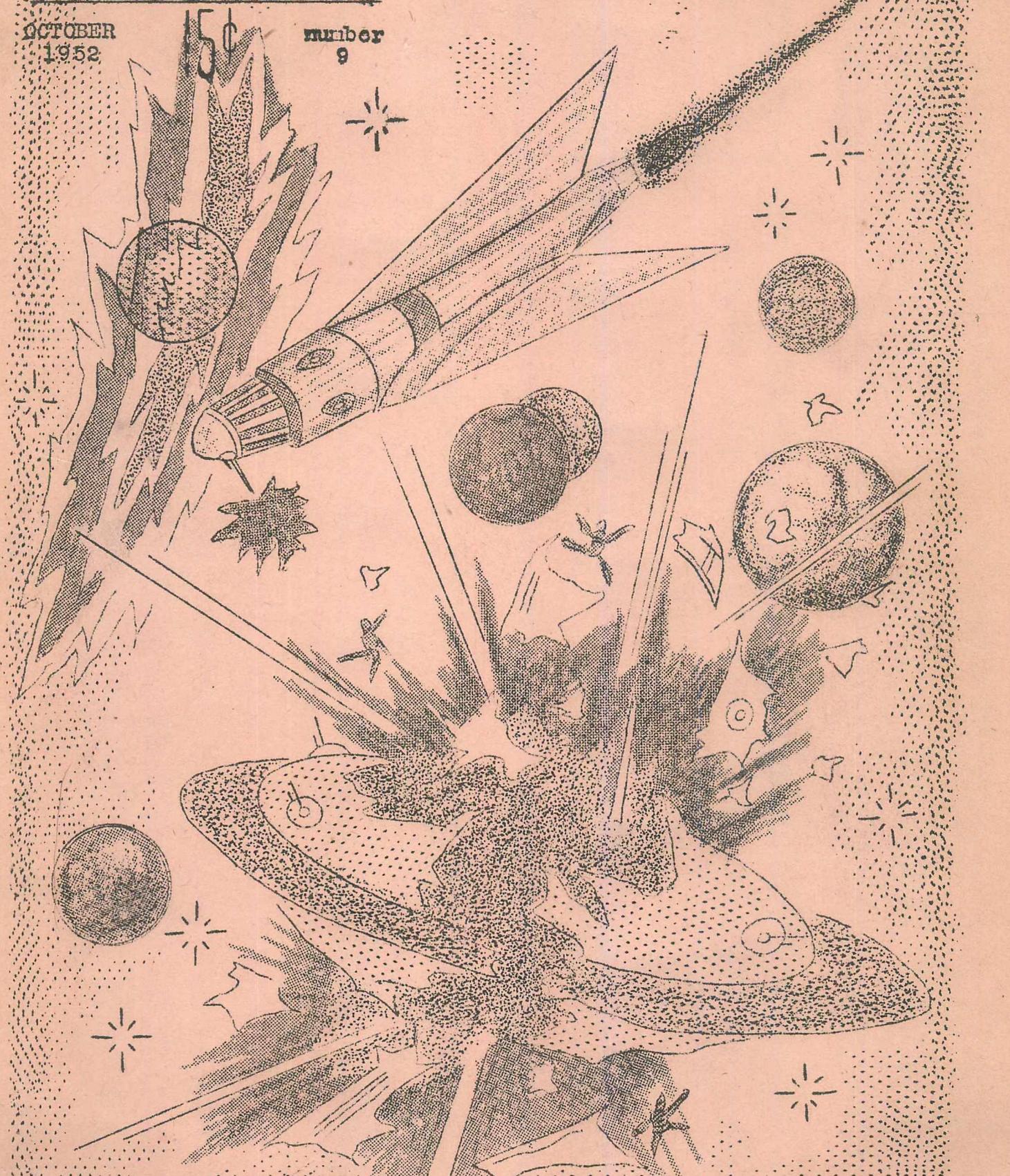


SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

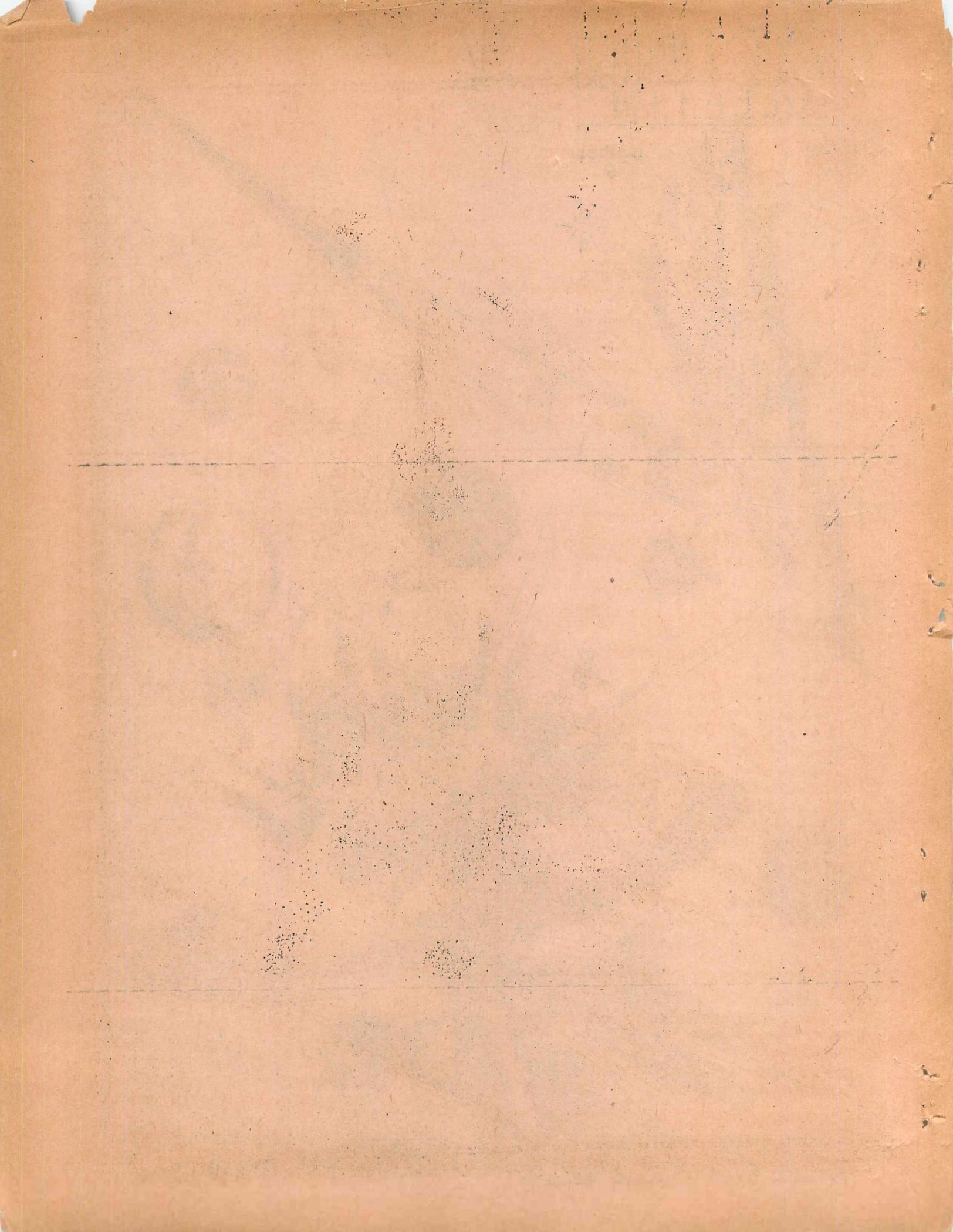
OCTOBER
1952

number
9



TALES OF COTTON THORNE
(chapter 3) by Michael Frazier

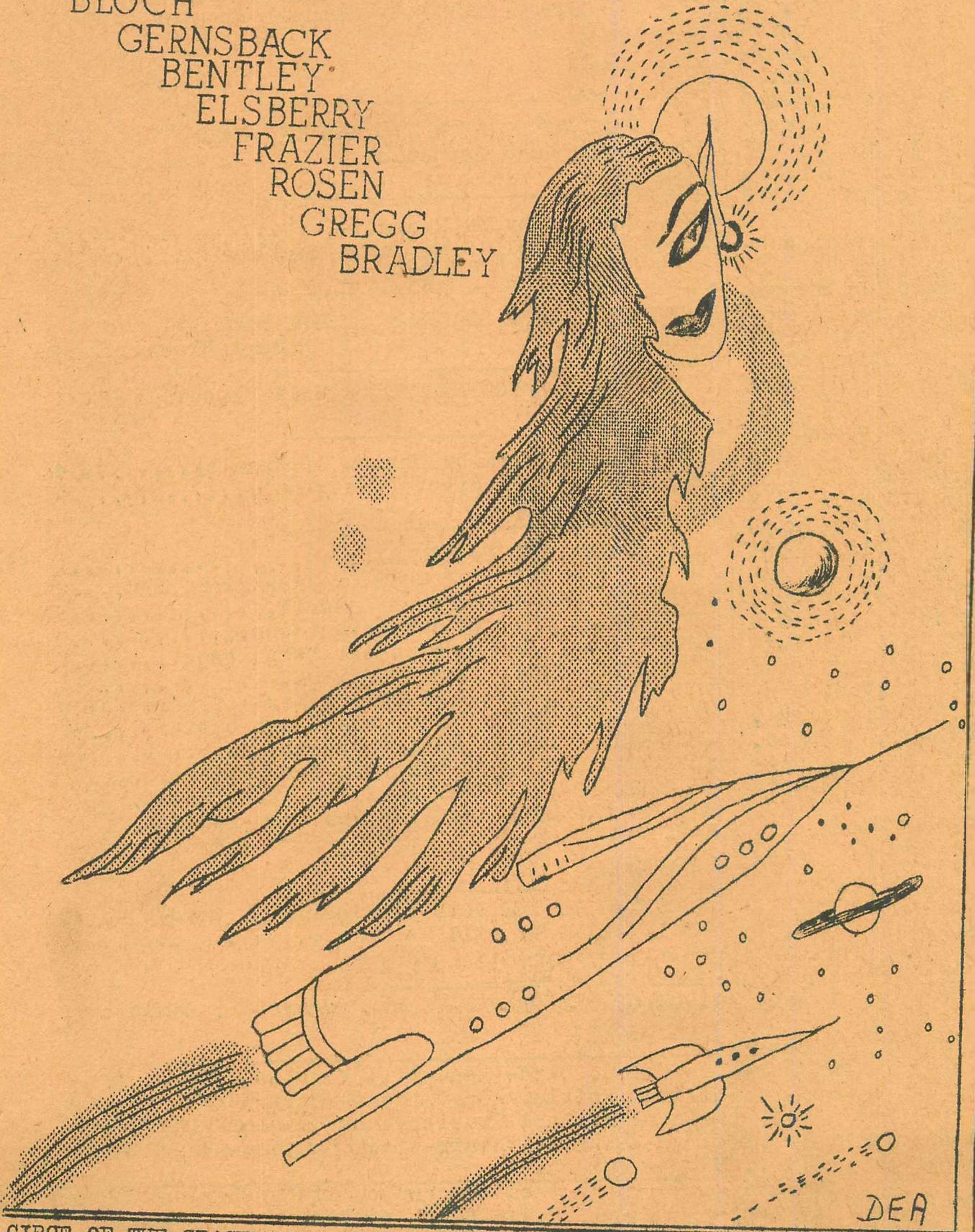
Richard Z. Ward
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SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN

AN ALL-STAR LINEUP THIS ISSUE...

BLOCH
GERNSBACK
BENTLEY
ELSBERRY
FRAZIER
ROSEN
GREGG
BRADLEY



CIRCE OF THE SPACEWAYS frontispiece by Margaret M. Dominick (DEA)

This magazine is no longer affiliated in any way with Cleveland SF Society, and is not to be confused with literature from that source.

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

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

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

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

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 William Rotsler--Ray Gibson--Harlan Ellison--Ray
 Nelson--Michael Frazier--Max Keasler--Larry Hekelman--Robert Athearn--Jack Gaughan--Su Rosen--Vaughn Burden---

STAFF:

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SPECIE — REFLEX



Syndromes, circuit-breakers, inhibitions; the race of man is beset with built-in reactions, making him react so and thus to any and all situations.

The most potent of these, of course, is fear. That blind, unfeeling fear which tells him to hate anything he cannot understand. And if the position in which he finds himself will not allow for the literal bodily destruction of that object of his hatred, then he must surely destroy it with his own fear-induced ridicule.

Which brings forth the point of this editorial: are they afraid of science fiction?

Why is it that eight out of ten people will laugh outright when you mention the fact that you read science fiction? Why is it that of those remaining two, one will look a little leery and remark that, "It might be possible, but...", while the tenth person (if you're lucky) is definitely a reader of s-f or will admit there is a certain amount of merit therein.

As a usually effective corollary to this series of opinions, note the fact that your ninth and tenth persons will usually be of a higher mental capacity than the other eight. This does not, I hasten to assure you, mean that those who read science fiction are all of genius caliber. But it should prove rather conclusively that they are not in the shadow of that fear which prevents most people from assuming any other than their staid, hidebound opinion. That which hounds most people and builds up their wall against the insemination of anything remotely resembling science fiction. As an interesting side-note, it is to be observed that this fear even prevents the mind's recognizing cold fact, and negating it with the most inane of cursory oral waivers.

Why this fear? Perhaps it is the innate loathing of anything that smacks of a higher rung on the biological ladder (In other words, the fear of being replaced by Homo Superior). Perhaps it's the quaking accompanying the thought of technology. For there are those to whom a piece of machinery is a terror-evoking jungle, you know.

But in any case, I think the problem is not so much that s-f is a degraded form of literature, but that the average man (i.e., the public) is somewhat in awe or fear of it.

There must be a solution somewhere, which does not necessitate a drive to interest everyone in s-f--along with alienating your non-s-f friends, but basically it must come down to this: either those that read science fiction are the forerunners of a more mature breed (this of course is not a statement blanketing ALL s-f readers), or s-f will never truly come of age until the mental standard of the average man is raised.....he

—THE—HIGH—COST—OF—BREATHING, ETC.—

We all are aware of the fact that whale blubber has gone up ninety-seven cents per blub, and that ASTOUNDING now costs 35¢ along with several million other useless rags that profess to be s-f magazines, but what you don't know is that the cost of mimeo paper, stencils, ink, et al has climbed to something of an all-time high. Along with these drastic rises in price, all along the line, there comes a net deficit of a good many dollars which your editor finds uncomfortable staring at him.

To stop beating around shrubbery, the simple of points to be made in this editorial is that the price of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN goes up to 20¢ with the December 1952 issue and there is a ve-e-e-ry slim possibility that we may go up to 25¢ by the first of 1954.

That this is a deplorable situation goes without saying. Believe me, if I could get the magazine to you free, without any bills for supplies or any ten spots being shelled out to Unca' Samuel for the mailing (as with last issue), and the only commodity being used my own sweat, why I'd be pleased as punch. That is to say, I'd be pleased as P if my bank account in town here sported six or eight 'o's' after the digits. But sad to say, I'm just a callow youth with a financial state that is more or less "cold stone dead in the pocket" to twist a somewhat worn-out catch-phrase.

So let's be frank about it, pulling none of the proverbial punches. You know you keep getting much, much more than fifteen cents of material in our average issue, and last month we would have been justified in charging 60¢ or more. We have hewed to the line of a dime and a nickel per issue till we felt we had put our standard of quality up where we'd be justified in charging more. As it stands now, we feel we have reached that stage.

So if you want to subscribe, or if time for a renewal has rolled around, get your money in before December 1, 1952 and get the old rate (that's \$1.50 for 12 issues and the BIG annual) or dawdle till after Dec. 1 and pay the new rate (\$2.25 for the same deal as above).

Hope we don't lose any of you nice folks because of the tariff, but in all sincerity...it was either a case of raising the price, or: cutting the issues tremendously and eventually folding. For you see, SFB would have folded in a very short time under the handicap we were working, both financial and mental. Don't worry, you'll be getting a good twenty cents worth each issue, just as you have in the past. For it has been the faithful following of you readers that has jumped our circulation from 30 copies of the first issue to over 250 in less than a year. See you all next month with THE BAR ON BOULEVARD JONES...he



illustration drawn by
WILLIAM ROTSLER of
Camarillo, California

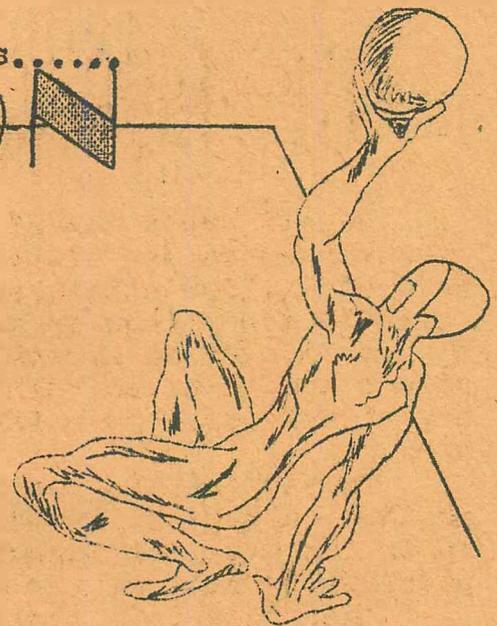
DON'T MISS THIS SFB EVENT. THE BAR ON BOULEVARD JONES
a delightfully wacky fantasy in our next issue

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN presents.....

CITATION

Each issue of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN features an award for a member of the science fiction ranks for outstanding achievement in this ever-expanding field of literature. The CITATION is the highest honor we are capable of bestowing; it is a show of our gratitude to persons furthering this specialized field as a whole. Thus far, CITATIONS have been awarded to:

- 1) L. SPRAGUE de CAMP and FLETCHER PRATT
- 2) DLOYD ARTHUR ESHBACH
- 3) ROBERT A. HEINLEIN
- 4) JOHN W. CAMPBELL, Jr.
- 5) EDWARD E. SMITH, Ph.D.
- 6) HORACE L. GOLD
- 7) ANTHONY BOUCHER
- 8) ALFRED BEESTER



NUMBER NINE:

ERIC FRANK RUSSELL for 10 years of fine science fiction writing.....

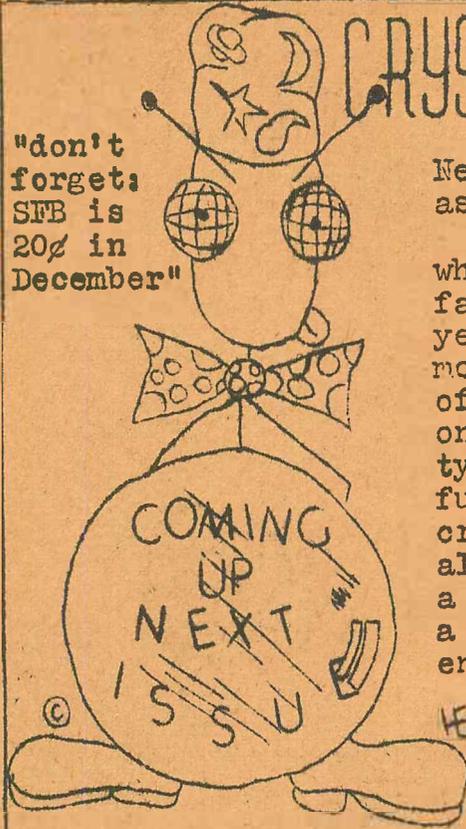
A number of years ago, the now-folded Street and Smith fantasy magazine UNKNOWN ran a story titled SINISTER BARRIER which propounded, to the horror of the readers, the idea that "we are property" of some greater intelligence or race. That novel was the first big piece of science fiction to bring to the eyes of science fiction fans everywhere, the talents of Eric Frank Russell, English-born writer with an unusual gift for clever twists to old themes and a refreshing style with new viewpoints in science fiction and fantasy.

Russell brought from across the ocean a tricky style of writing that put across hard-to-digest social problems and cultures in a honey flavored plot, his characters always believable, his stories guaranteed to entertain.

In the annals of modern science fiction, no stories stand forth more clearly to connoisseurs than the tales of Russell. Such stories as DEAR DEVIL, a tale of human emotions in a non-human, DREADFUL SANCTUARY, with its inherently horrible idea of the Norman Club, the memorable JAY SCORE, METAMORPHOSITE, which threw the s-f reading world into a dither with its cleverness of execution, and last year that outstanding tale of the Gands, introducing the coined phrase "MYOB"---...AND THEN THERE WERE NONE.

We hear much of the "modern American science fiction writer", but these hack-machines turning out ~~three~~ reams and reams of worthless copy, might take note of this man who has turned out less than fifty tales over a period of ten years, but who can be looked upon as one of the truly great writers of our day. The field owes much to Eric Frank Russell.

a subscription to SFB is being sent to Eric Frank Russell



"don't forget: SFB is 20¢ in December"

CRYSTAL-BALLING: coming up in our next issue

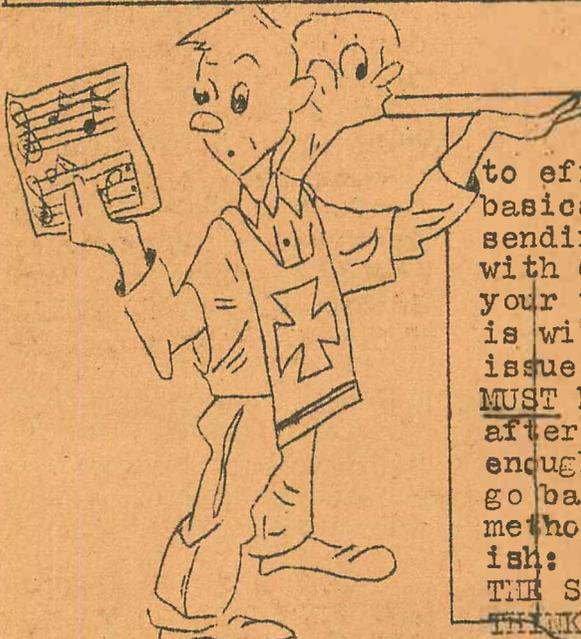
Next issue the editors take a great deal of pleasure in being able to present for your enjoyment THE BAR ON BOULEVARD JONES which is just about one of the most entertaining fantasies we've run up against in the last three years. It's a whimsically whacky tale told in a most endearing matter-of-fact manner about some of the most unusual characters ever assembled in one yarn. It's the story of a winged pterodactyl, a dragon, a strangely lucid alcoholic and a further conglomeration of some of the strangest critters you've ever read about. We can personally guarantee that you'll finish this story with a most pleasantly foolish grin on your face and a love for SFB. Your editor cannot help but enthuse over this tale as he had more fun reading it than most of the professional fantasy being written nowadays. Our heartfelt thanks to RAYMOND L. CLANCY who penned the tale and Pendulum magazine for introducing us to it. So help us, if you never read another fan magazine, don't miss the November ish of SFB.

The cover was done by BILL VENABLE, is called PUZZLEMENT, and if you'd like to stretch a point, is suggested by a scene from TBOBJ. At any rate, it's a dilly of a cover. And we wouldn't have been able to tell you this a week ago, but we've gotten the most terrific stock of paper to run this cover on. Believe me, it'll knock your eyes out.

A set of "Gibson Girl" portraits of the future depicting EXTRATERRESTRIAL BEAUTIES, drawn by Dea, which you just might hang onto for twenty years or so...you might be dating some of these dolls some day.

PLUS: material by--NORMAN G. BROWNE--RAY NELSON--and a new column----

JUDGMENT DAY

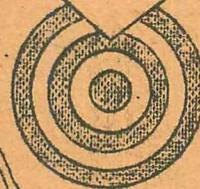


For the results this issue, we put in to effect our new tally system which depends, basically, upon each and every one of you sending in the unstapled tally sheet enclosed with each issue. The deadline for getting your tally sheet included in that issue's JD is within a week of the time you receive the issue. In other words, the date by which we MUST have a minimum of 90 sheets is a week after this ish gets to you. If we don't get enough tally sheets in, we'll be forced to go back to our quick albeit error-filled old method. In any case, the ratings for last ish: 1) DAVID ENGLISH ART FOLIO, 2) CRYIN' IN THE SINK, 3) WELL, SOME DIGNITY!, 4) WHAT I THINK TUESDAY, 5) plac shaped by 12 pictures

cartoon by RAY GIBSON

A BULLETIN
BULLSEYE

#3



WHAT EVERY YOUNG SPACE- MAN

BY
ROBERT
BLOCH

SHOULD KNOW

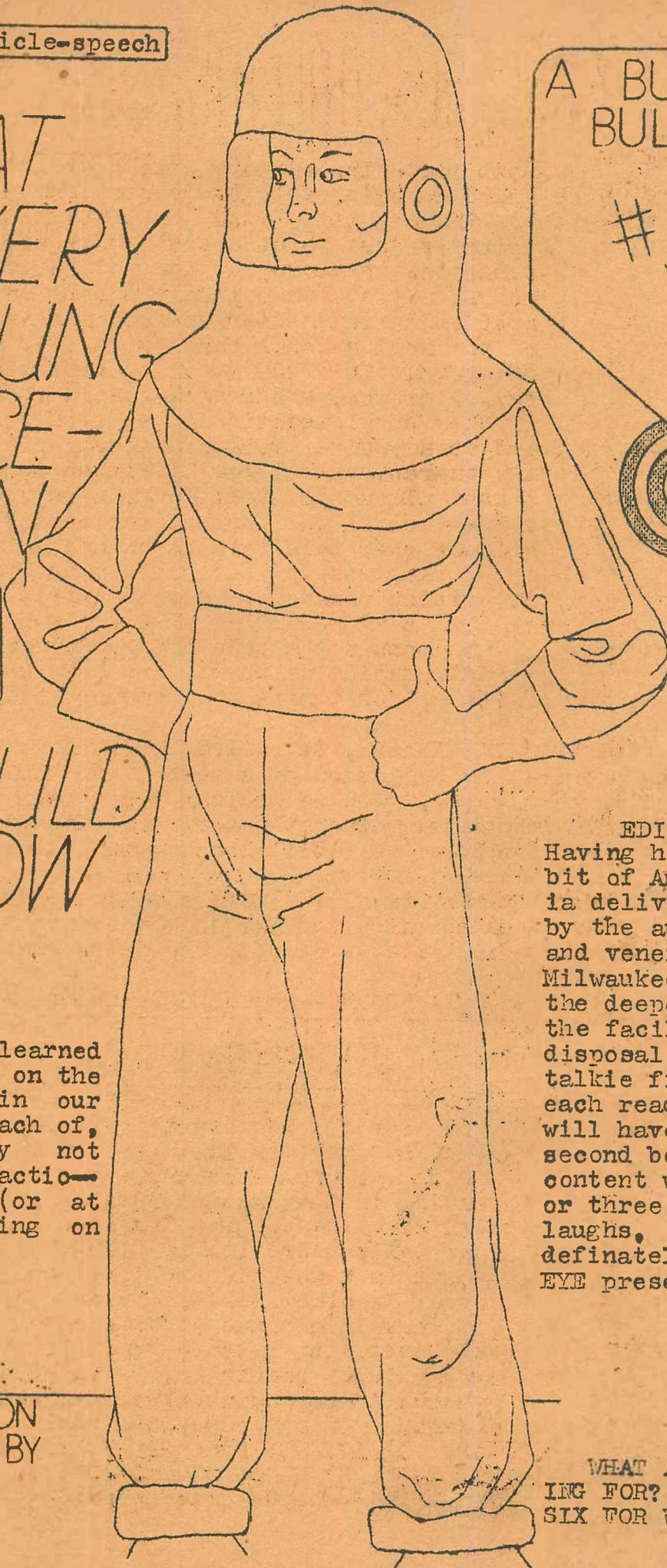
being a learned dissertation on the fate of man in our limitless reach of, though we may not know it, galactic-laden space (or at least something on that order).

EDITOR'S NOTE:
Having heard this fine bit of Americana Spacia delivered in person by the author, the old and venerable Bob of Milwaukee, I regret in the deepest not having the facilities at my disposal to present a talkie film of this to each reader. But you will have to settle on second best and be content with only two or three million belly laughs. This is very definately a SEB BULLS EYE presentation...he

ILLUSTRATION
THIS PAGE BY

RAY NELSON

WHAT ARE YOU WAIT-
ING FOR? GET ON TO P.
SIX FOR WEYSMSK



WHAT EVERY YOUNG SPACEMAN SHOULD

Knows

by ROBERT BLOCH author of "Opener Of The Way", "The Man Who Collected Poe", "The Lighthouse" (with E. A. Poe), "Jack the Ripper" and numerous more

art by:
ELLISON

* * *

Ladies and Gentlemen... and people with hangovers:

I took the precaution of copying down a few notes for my talk to-day and I have them here with me now. On second thought, this speech looks as though it's a little too long. Maybe I'd better cut it short.

(SCISSORS)

There.

No, come to think of it, maybe it should be even a little shorter.

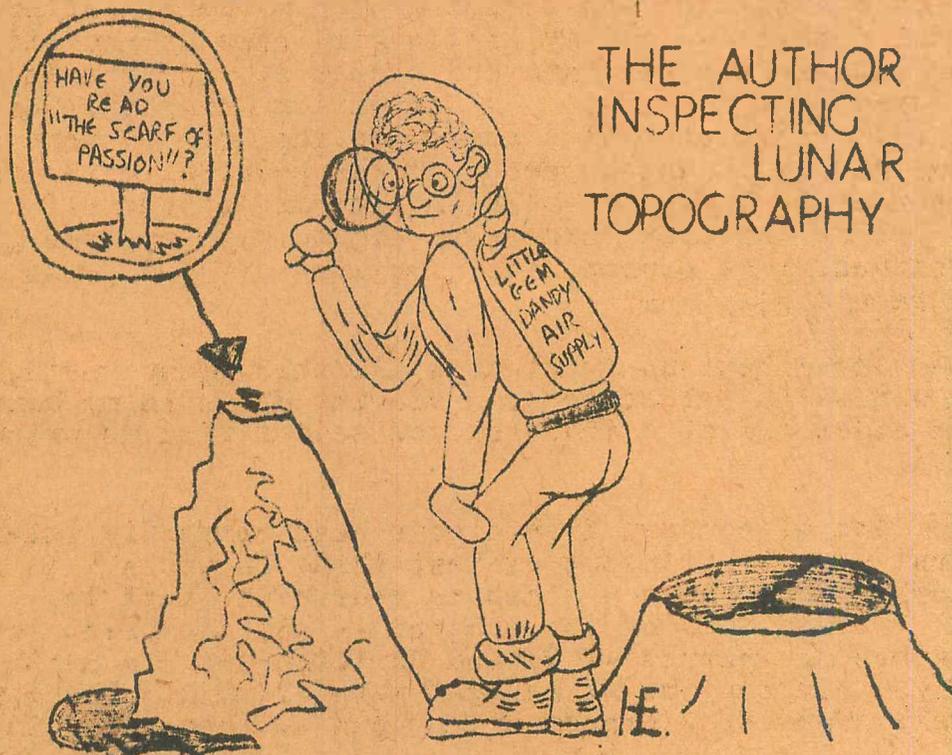
(SCISSORS)

That's better.

Now, if anybody doesn't like what I have to say, just remember that I cut out the best part. During the past few days we have all heard a lot of speeches here at the Convention. Those of you who remained awake must remember that most of the speakers were introduced as prominent fans or famous authors. You'll notice that when I was introduced here to-day, I wasn't accused of being a prominent fan...and there was little trouble about identifying me as an author.

Years ago, there might not have been so much trouble. When I was actively writing, my pen names were rather well known. I'm sure you have all heard of Edgar Rice Burroughs ...and Albert Einstein. And Lee Hoffman.

However, I feel that I owe an explanation
(continued page seven)



THE AUTHOR
INSPECTING
LUNAR
TOPOGRAPHY

ation as to why I haven't done much writing during the past year. The fact is I've been busy. I've been so busy I couldn't even take two or three hours off to edit a science fiction anthology.

This has caused a certain amount of comment. Even my friends have noticed it -- both of them. They keep asking me, "Where have you been? We haven't seen you at the tavern -- or at the two dollar window -- you didn't even show up at the last lynching. What's the story?"

I might as well break down and confess. Here, for the first time is the truth -- the simple, unvarnished truth. I would have varnished it first but I didn't have a brush. Now, for the first time, I can reveal where I've been during the past six months. These are absolute facts -- I swear to it on a stack of QUANDRIES.

I'll tell you where I've been. I've been to the Moon.

Now I know there are others present who CLAIM to have reached the moon. We have seen some photographs offered as evidence. I have nothing to say about these pictures. If you think they're sufficient proof, that's up to you. As for me, I don't believe any scientific claim until I see it published in the READER'S DIGEST.

All I can tell you is that I have been to the moon and I CAN and will offer definite proof. No fake photographs, no empty claims, no complicated exercises, no harsh laxatives -- oops!

It all started 'way back early in the year. One evening I came home from the office, drunk and early, and found my wife slaving over a hot stove. She was steaming open my mail. After she greeted me --- and I ducked --- and my little girl came up and bit me hello---I took the letter from her hand and opened it. By this time you must have guessed what I found. A Convention Membership Card which entitled me to full possession of a crater on the moon -- none other than Abulfeda! Now that just goes to show you the power of coincidence. Ever since I was a small boy, I've been an amateur astronomer. For years you'd find me out in the back yard every night, with my eyes glued to a telescope. Eventually, of course, the glue wore off and I was able to get my eyes loose again.

But I kept up my studies all through my youth, and you seldom find me without a telescope or a viewing glass in my hand. Even now that I'm older and stay indoors, you seldom find me without a glass in my hand.

And of course, I've always been primarily interested in the moon. First of all, it's the easiest thing in the sky to focus on -- particularly if you have a glass in your hand, that is. Secondly, I read all I could find on the subject -- all the great authorities and great masters of science -- Edmond Hamilton and Doc Smith and Moon Mullins. So you can imagine my delight when after all these years, I became the lucky owner of a crater all my own -- none other than little Abulfeda.

(continued next page)

"Look Honey," I told my wife. "I am now sole owner of Abulfeda." And she said, "Is that so? I suppose the Convention gave it to you." And I said, "Yes, isn't that wonderful -- imagine giving me the entire orater of Abulfeda." My wife made a face. "Too bad they couldn't give you something more useful," she told me. "Abulfeda, eh? F r o m what I've seen of those Conventions, you'd be better off if they'd give you some Alka-Seltzer."

But I was not discouraged. I went to bed that night, gnawed by the bug of curiosity. I sprayed it with a DDT bomb, but I still couldn't sleep. The next morning I made my decision. I was going to go to the moon and take possession of my new property in person. I was a little hesitant about announcing this move to my wife, but she took it very well. "Go ahead," she told me. "You might as well go to the moon. Lorã knows, you're no good on earth."

After such encouragement, how could I resist?

The next problem was a minor one -- I merely had to figure o u t how to get to the moon. So I sent off an inquiry to Bob Heinlein and he very graciously sent back a postcard, giving complete directions and instructions. In fact, he even drew a little map on the back of the card, showing the best route and all the short-cuts. The road wasn't quite so good, but if I used it, he said I could save twenty miles.

So that was all set. The next job was to build me a space-ship. And fortunately, I was all prepared. You see, ever since I was a small boy, I'd gotten into the habit of saving string. If I do say so, I'm one of the biggest string savers in these here parts. Every time somebody takes off his shoes, I get the shoelaces. Every time I attend a hanging, I get the rope -- even if it's relatives. Through the years it all adds up, and to make a long story -- at the time I decided t o build my space ship I had about 9,000 pounds of string in the b a c k yard. Fortunately, it was all rolled into one big ball, so it wasn't difficult for me to move around.

Now I can see a lot of skeptics in this audience -- and also several people who are still awake. I know what you're thinking -- you're thinking I'm going to tell you I built my space ship out of 9,000 pounds of string.

Well, you're wrong. After all, I'm a citizen of the Twentieth Century, and I know my science. I'm no crazier than the next fellow. As a matter of fact, after looking at the next fellow up here, I'm not even as crazy as he is. So I certainly didn't plan to build my space-ship out of string. Not me! I had a scheme.

Right down the block from me lives a guy who also has the saving habit. But he's different than I am. He saves useless stuff. L i k e for instance a big ball of tinfoil.

Now you and I know that anybody who would go around saving tinfoil must be pretty gullible. So I went over to his house and gave him a big pitch on this fine 9,000 pounds of string I had. And I made him an offer to trade all of my string for all his tinfoil. (continued p. 9-)

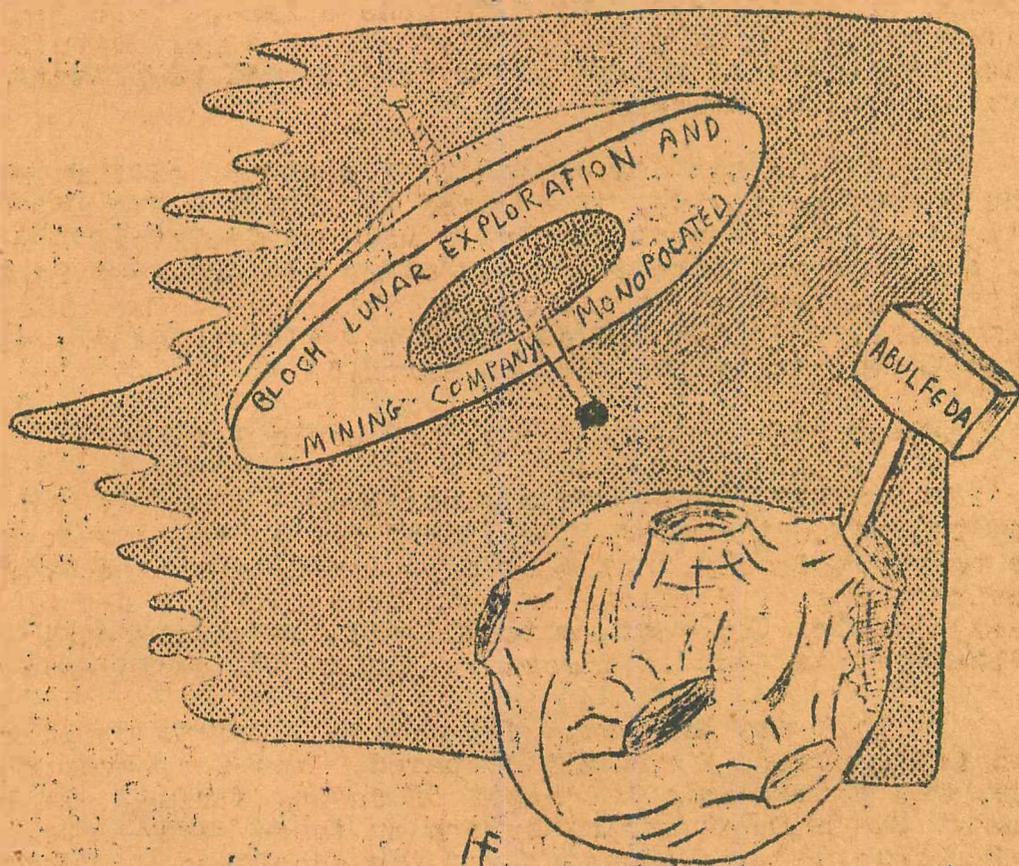
Well, he told me he figured he had about 10,000 pounds of tinfoil. That was 1,000 more pounds than I had string. So we dickered back and forth-- me playing it very smart and easy -- and finally I hornswoggled him into a deal where I gave him my string in return for his tinfoil, and all I had to do was make up the 1000 pounds difference by giving him 1000 pounds of sirloin steak. I almost felt sorry for the guy when I figured how sick he'd get of eating all that steak, but anybody that dumb deserves to be taken.

So I bought him the steak, rolled the ball of string over to his house, and rolled back the tinfoil. Now, of course, my spaceship building problem was solved. Tinfoil is the ideal substance. It's light, it doesn't burn, and it can be moulded into any shape you want without the use of expensive tools. And best of all, it's silver. All spaceships must be silver, of course. If not, they can't run them as cover illustrations.

So I started to work. No hammers, no nails, no welding equipment -- just pressing the tinfoil into the proper size and shape and hollowing out rooms. And in a week I had my spaceship completed -- a genuine Heinleiner. I don't need to go into the mechanical details with you scientific-minded folks, except to say that I built a sort of thing-- a majig from an old whatchamacallit I had lying around there, and I used one of those little doo-hickeys on the whoozis to fit over the gadget, and this gimmick controlled the super-blastor-generator-control mechanism on the you-know.

I trust I have not offended any of the ladies present.

Anyhow, the result was I was able to get all my power from a single Bradbury Ray.



(continued next page)

Well, the time finally came when I was ready to leave, and the guy who had traded me the tinfoil came to say goodbye. He never had believed I'd make it, and I was mighty proud to be able to tell him, "I'll be off in the morning."

He looked at me and said, "If you ask me, you're off now." With such optimism, how could I miss?

My wife packed me enough provisions to last a month, and as soon as I got the bottles stowed into the ship, I was ready to leave. At 6 A.M. I left the earth, departing amidst the frenzied cries of a large crowd of acquaintances and creditors who had come down for the occasion.

As soon as the vessel cleared earth's gravity, I was out in space in a condition which we old space-dogs call "free fall". This means, if you plan to do a lot of studying on a voyage, like I did, that you run into a lot of trouble trying to read a comic book when you're upside down. All I can tell you about the voyage itself is that one gets a terrific psychological reaction from being out there in limitless space. One gets very, very lonely amidst all that emptiness -- one begins to feel like a thought passing through an editor's head.

But when I landed, a week later, and stepped out of the airlock--there was a thrill! I'll never forget that sensation of landing --you see, I'd forgotten to let down the steps. But it was all right. I was wearing my space-suit -- I call it my space-suit, but it's really just an ordinary suit of mine with pants too big to fit me -- and there I was on the surface of the moon itself! Friends, I'm here to tell you that was the most thrilling moment in the annals of science fiction since the historic day when Ziff met Davis. Or Street bumped into Smith. Or Hugo met Gernsback.

The first thing I did, when I discovered that the atmosphere contained oxygen, was to start breathing. This seemed sensible, so I kept it up. And the moon's atmosphere definitely does contain oxygen. As a matter of fact, the air was easier to breathe there than it was in that room where I played poker last night. And the place looked a lot more civilized, too.....

Well, of course I had to take formal possession of the Moon. To begin with, I planted the first BURMA-SHAVE sign, and then I scattered around a few cards which read, FRISCO IN FIFTY-FOUR. Then I was ready to start the long trek to the crater of Abulfeda. Gathering up a few possessions, and putting a cork in my lunch, I began my walk across the moon's face. What a sensation it was to pass so many of the famous astronomical landmarks on my way -- for example, the various canals, so similar to the dear old Chicago Drainage Canal here on Earth -- and the great, belching crater of Moskowitz -- and of course, those wonderful, and mysterious formations known to astronomers as the medulla oblongata, the small intestine, and the Fallopiian tubes.

Now perhaps you are wondering why I haven't said more about the actual conditions on the moon itself. Perhaps you are wondering why I haven't told you more about the scenery. Perhaps you are wondering if you can sneak out to the washroom.

(continued next page)

Well, I can't answer the last question for you, but I can answer the others. At the beginning of this lecture...my, that was a long time ago, wasn't it? -- I told you I wasn't going to give you a lot of phony information, fake statistics, or doctored photographs. I intended to present actual evidence. And that's just what I'm going to do.

Within the next five minutes I'm going to show you good people, right here before your very eyes, positive proof of my loony --I mean, lunar expedition. There will be no dilly-dallying, no shilly-shallying, and no necking in the balcony. Right here and now, we're going to get down to brass tacks!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: at this point, Mr. Bloch dumped a quantity of common---or perhaps not so common---carpet tacks out.)

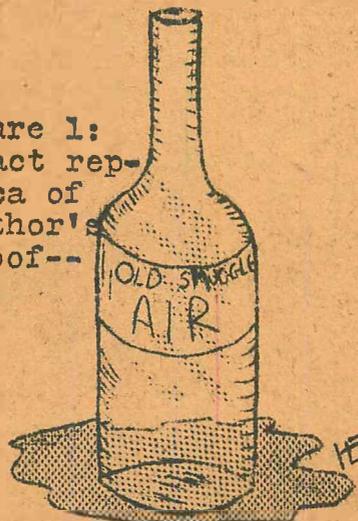
These tacks are actually genuine solid brass, and anybody who wants to examine them after this lecture is at liberty to do so -- as soon as I've finished you can come up here and look at them, handle them, or sit on them for all I care. Now...first of all, I've told you that the atmosphere on the moon is suitable for breathing. But I don't expect you to take my word for it. I have right here ---

(EDITOR'S NOTE: at this point in the proceedings, Monsieur Bloch produced a singular-appearing bottle which an alert observer was quick enough to sketch. SFB is proud to be able to present that sketch. See figure 1.....he)

I have right here -- a bottle of genuine atmosphere from the moon's surface. This bottle, which formerly contained my daily rations --- I refilled with air from the region around my crater of Abulfeda. As you can see, it's the same color as the air around here, only it isn't quite as smoky. A firm of reliable chemical analysts... the same people who conduct all those tests which prove that short cigarettes contain less nicotine than long cigarettes... the same firm has analyzed this air and found it to contain as follows:

- 20% oxygen.
- 15% nitrogen.
- 72% hydrogen.
- 50% Vitamin B-12.
- 90 proof grain alcohol by volume.
- 65% neutral spirits, 4 years of age or older.

figure 1:
exact replica of
author's
proof--



This adds up to a grand total of 312%, which is a score of way over 100% accurate. (concluded next page)

Now, you say that ain't enough? Well, I've got another proof here so startling it may even wake up Tucker. When I reached Alcatraz --- pardon me, I mean Abulfeda -- I took a sampling of the earth around the crater. I have it right here, a genuine hunk of Alfalfa -- I mean, Abulfeda.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: here Mr. Bloch produced an amazing bit of authentic moon rock which, startlingly enough, resembled in many respects an artist's eraser painted green. However, by the very fact that he flaunted this evidence, we are reassured that it was, very definitely, moon rock, he)

Look at it, ladies and gentlemen. It's green isn't it? Not only is it green, it's green cheese!

Yes, here is proof that the moon is really made of green cheese. And it tastes very much like Leiderkranz. If you wish, you can sample it yourself after this demonstration -- but please bring your own bread,

Now when I reached Asparagus -- I mean, Abulfeda -- and found the green cheese, I immediately began to dig in the crater. Of course, I was hoping I might find buried treasure. Who knows? Underneath that layer of green cheese there might be other things. Maybe some salami. Imagine what a thrill it would be if I could suddenly discover a huge salami mine on my property! But I didn't strike salami -- no, not even a vein of bratwurst! What I did discover was far more important.

It provides an answer to the age-old riddle that has baffled science through the centuries. The answer to that perplexing question -- IS THERE LIFE ON THE MOON?

Now, at last, that question can be answered. I am prepared to offer actual proof. There is no life on the moon...at present. But... there WAS! While digging in the crater of Abulfeda I uncovered the bones of a once-living creature. Because of my haste to return here in time for this Convention, and because of lack of room in my space-ship, I was not able to bring back the complete skeleton of the beast I unearthed. But from the bone I selected, any reliable anthropologist or graduate of an International Correspondence School Course can reconstruct the entire skeleton of the moon creature. I chose only one bone -- and in just a moment I intend to present it to our Chairman here as a present from myself to the Convention. Before I do so, I merely wish to offer a word of explanation. I decided not to choose a skull, or an arm or leg bone, because these things are too easily faked. I wanted proof above any possibility of suspicion. So I chose the collarbone. The size of the collarbone will indicate the size of the animal itself, in proportion. After this lecture is concluded I want every one of you to feel free to examine this unique, marvelous specimen of proof -- the actual bony fragment from the skeleton of an inhabitant of the moon. Nothing like it has ever been seen before on this earth. And now, Lady Chairman...at this time I wish to present you with the genuine collarbone of an inhabitant of the moon!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: at this stage of the game, Mr. Bloch presented the formally sedate Julian C. May with the bone which closely resembled, though we may be mistaken,a toilet seat...he) And now, friends, on this appropriate note...I bring my lecture to an end.

RETROGRESSION

BY SU ROSEN

"Fire!" they said
 Curling their tongues
 Around the word..
 What further use have
 We for such a longworn
 And outmoded thing,
 For now we have artificial
 Combustion, atom bombs
 And such.
 So, they abolished fire
 Electricity was cheaper and
 Infinitely more safe
 They said,
 And fires must be tended and
 Plied with fuel and we
 Haven't time for such as that
 We have wars and bombs to think
 Of...Fire is useless now. So,

The campers roasted hot dogs
 Over sanitary Kampfiros and
 They lit their cigarettes and
 Such with a very safe
 Lektromatch. Why,
 Just think of all the forest
 fires
 That were extinguished in
 still birth
 And all the homes and little
 babies saved,
 They said a few years back...
 Now we have
 More time to think of more
 bombs
 And how to win this
 War of ours.
 But that was a few years back,
 Several hundred to be precise,
 And we laugh at the foolish
 Savages that we were.
 And now we use fire to such
 A great extent.
 Why, I can't think of anything
 I'd rather
 Dance around.

illustration by MICHAEL FRAZIER

Frazier

EDITOR'S NOTE: ever since last July when we presented WHERE NO FOOT TREADS, a story-poem, we have been fairly deluged to present another. This then is our answer to those requests...your reactions???.....he



Cryin' in the ZNR

a fanzine review column by

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

heading by
MAX KEASLER from OPUS

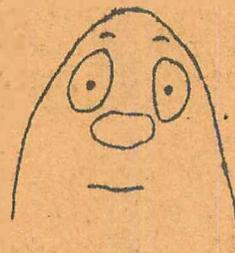
cartoons for this column by
RAY NELSON of Chicago, Ill.

NOTICE:

The editor requests that all review copies for this column be sent directly to Miss Bradley at Box 246, Rochester, Texas, and it is to be understood that the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of this magazine or its staff.....he

I wish Harlan would be more specific about his deadlines; once again SFB has caught me with my...uh...with my faucets turned off. We musn't mix metaphors around here. I haven't even gotten the September ish yet, and here's a letter drops out of Box 246 protesting, "Marion, for Crissakes, don't you know that SFB comes out every hour on t h e hour?" Heck no, you should tell me the facts of life! So I rush to the cupboard, disinter the month's stack of fmz and leaf them over. I had them piled up in an orderly alphabetical stack, but I can't stick to it. I just can't do it.....

UTOPIAN is here! Yes, after almost a year and a half, R.J. Banks is back on the fanzine scene with a staggering pile of fanzinia, all mailed in one envelope....176 pages of UTOPIAN, probably the biggest stack ever mailed out at one time outside FAPA or the SAPS. And in spite of Jeff's tremendous stack of quantity, the quality is really not bad at all. The covers are atrocious, or rather, illegible; the mimeographing is only so-so, and as for interior artwork, thank Ghu, there isn't any. Number 7, the top of this monster mailing, contains a story by Alice Bullock, and lesser fiction efforts, of ordinary fan-type caliber, mostly of the just-sub-pr-o level of achievement. Number eight is about the same kind of stuff, although it initiates a "serious poetry" department, under the direction of Leif Ayen. Ayen's work is rather more sensitive than the run-of-the-fan variety; we're interested in knowing how this dip into the avant-garde will turn out. (this review concluded and more, next pp.)

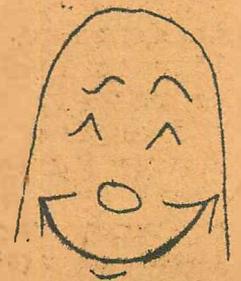


But it was number 6, the long-promised all-pro issue, which impressed us most with Jeff's growing ability as an editor, and, probably, not for the reasons he thinks. To begin with, the thing is neat. There's no cover, just an orderly, well-mimeographed, title-page, listing such contributors as David Keller, Bob Tucker, Robert Bloch, Ray Palmer, Mack Reynolds and Lilith Lorraine. Instead of staples, the thing is stitched together; it wouldn't be hard to have it bound, if you wanted to preserve it. The mimeography and makeup are far from perfect, but they are neater than the rest of the stack, by far. And the material is well-arranged; we doubt if a professional editor could have made a better line-up out of the material at hand.

The material itself was not very good. That may be heresy, seeing the line-up of contributors. This reviewer has sounded off before about the general unsoundness, as a rule, of using professional writers reject-work for fanzines. One is always comparing the writings of-- for instance, Mack Reynolds, who has had several really grand stories in STARTLING and GALAXY, with the piece of junk he palmed off on the insistent fans. A fanzine is an amateur magazine; the professional writer can seldom afford to give his best work without pay. Except in the very rare case of a story which is too far in advance of present-day standards for pro publication, the pro writer writing for a fanzine all too often writes material far below the fan level. Paul Ganley, Lee Hoffman, Redd Boggs -- the best work of these fans is far better than the second-best of any pro writer -- or for that matter, the second-best of anybody at all. But Jeff has achieved something -- for it is a tremendous accomplishment even to line up such a cavalcade. It's our sincerest hope that he long continues to publish.... and at much, much more frequent intervals than in the past. Oh, yes; each of the three issues is listed at 25 cents, and can be obtained from R.J. Banks, 111 South 15th, Corsicana, Texas.



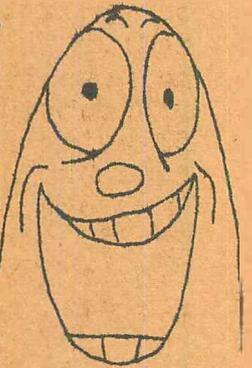
ETRON This is listed as the "Official Organ of the Extra-Terrestrial Research Organization", and as such might scare a few fans away with the notion that it is some kind of crackpot zine. Nothing could be further from the truth. **ETRON #2**, covered by an excellent "scientific" lithograph cover, contains a fine mixed-bag of stuff, leading off with five short stories, by unfamiliar names; Andrew Cley, Ralph Rimmer, Jim Parry, etc. The stories are somewhat better than the usual fanzine stuff; almost up to the SLANT standard. There are also a stack of science articles; Jim Parry's account of his personal experiment with hypnotism seems the most interesting. Phil Rasch has an article on Flying Discs--- after all, the magazine must live up to its name somehow --- and there's a department on fandom, written by Russ Watkins. Personally, we (continued next pp.)



liked Bob Bartlett's BEM ALLEY about the best. ...cartoon series of BEMs. A personal letter from the editor not so long ago states that they are badly in need of material of any kind; fiction, articles, in fact everything, although we doubt if they want poetry or accounts of local fandoings. Requirements seem about the same as for MEZRAB, and a high level of maturity is evident in the editing. Price is .25 an issue, and all mail for ETRON should be sent to the circulation manager, Chuck Taylor, 1521 Mars, Lakewood 7, Ohio. Editor is Jim Schreiber.

ICE: THE FRIGID FANZINE

It's listed as a publication of the OUTHOUSE PRESS, and the editor is Hal Shapiro-- which should tell you what to expect of this one. Inside a cover which could be either multilith or silk-screen, and which is actually done by a "Stanafax Stencil" and is bound on with tapes instead of staples, is one of the biggest and most howlingly funny assortments of hilarity we've seen since -- since Sarge Saturn twisted Snaggletooth's tail. There's a globbly-type critter called PEANUTS, who performs antics we can't even attempt to describe; a "play"-- REDD BOGGS, SUPERFAN -- which appears to be a takeoff on you-know-what, and a riotous article called WHAT'S IN A NAME, wherein Harlan Ellison derives Forrest Ackerman from neolithic gobbledegook and horses around with the names of Bob Tucker and Max Keasler. CalTom Beck is sniping at anybody and everybody as usual, and the N 3 F comes in for its usual beating, but it's all good unclean fun. You can get it for 15¢ from S/Sgt. Hal Shapiro, 790 AC/W Squadron, Kirksville, Missouri; but it's not for pantywaists, and don't blame me if you die laughing.



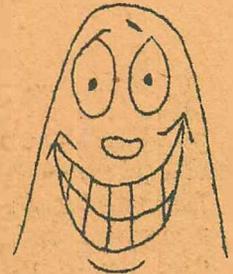
FEMZINE

Official Organ of THE FANETTES. With all due respect to Marion Cox, who is struggling against the uphill job of getting female fans to do anything whatsoever, this is not very good nor very interesting. It would seem that women, unassisted by the sterner sex, are incapable of turning out a fanzine which is interesting to anyone but themselves. While this might be liked by a high school-age girl fan, I doubt if any mature male fan, or for that matter, any grown-up woman, would give it a second look. A case in point is the lead story; THE HYPERSPACE HOTROD, which is probably the most pointless thing published in fandom this year. The poetry is insipid, the mimeography impossible, and the artwork so badly traced that there is no judging it. Besides, the tone of the whole thing is just too, too cute. Our suggestion, made in all seriousness and a spirit of constructive friendship, would be to forget this all-girl business and try publishing a good general fanzine -- or if it has to be all-girl, to make it a clubzine and forget about "literary" work. If that makes me a traitor to my sex, I'm sorry. The editor is Marion Cox, 79th AB Squadron, Sioux City, Iowa.



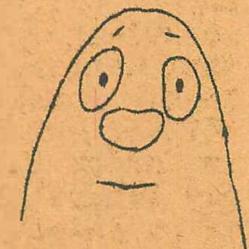
(concluded next page -----)

THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE and TLMA came in one envelope, so I'll review them that way. As usual, these contain about the same kind of thing; TLMA has a beautiful litho cover by Richard Bergeron. A "History of Thrane", written by Basil Wells-- about his new novel SONS OF THRANE. There's a guest editorial by Norbert Hirschhorn, editor of TYRANN (and where is TYRANN, by the way?) and a few mildly amusing poems. The LITTLE CORPUSCLE, printed all in red ink this time --- contains a few mildly amusing poems, some riotous Lach cartoons, and the usual business of pro-writers horsing around when off duty. There's a general air of Hemingway-ish nonchalance about the whole thing-- we gather, that the Little Monsters don't take themselves or their fanzine any too seriously, which, in the eyes of this reviewer, is one wonderful thing. Fandom is too full of fan editors who go around slopping over with violent soupy emotion about their duty to their readers, their dedication to The Grand Cause of Fandom, and so forth, ad nauseam. TLMA -- which, we finally found out, is pronounced to rhyme with dilemma --- comes as a refreshing change. You get it by joining the Little Monsters of America... a dollar a year, and the magazine goes along with it. Send it to TLMA, 329 East Broad, Statesville, N.c. Incidentally, we wonder if Hickman has Russ Watkins' permission to live on Broad Street? We musn't corrupt the minds of our younger readers, you know. I wonder if he limits his subscriptions to readers over 21? We hope not. You're missing a lot if you don't get TLMA and its little brother.



SHANG'RI-LA (EDITOR'S NOTE: in this space Marion had a delightful review of the Los Angeles S-F Society's zine, which, because I warned Marion about keeping the reviews short, I'm going to have to hold over till next time, unless she reviews a newer ish.he)

STAR LANES Orma McCormick, 1558 W. Hazelhurst, Ferndale 20, Michigan. Once again, fandom's top poetry zine-- this time containing 16 pages and a n illustration for every poem. As usual, Lilith Lorraine and Orma herself gallop off with the poetry honors. A list of the contributors would practically run the roster of fandom's poets; highly recommended if you like that kind of thing. 20 cents and worth it.



(EDITOR'S NOTE AGAIN: sorry, but we'll have to be stinkers and delete Marion's review of John Magnus' new zine SF, because we flatly refuse to run into 80 pages on a regular ish. Again, sorry..he)

Fanzines to be reviewed in the next issue MUST reach me before the 28th of the month, as I must have the column in Harlan's hands by the first of the month. And that's all for this time. ----M A R I O N

SCIENCE
FANTASY
BULLETIN
PRESENTS



STORY
RECOMMENDATIONS

EDITOR'S NOTE: above you will notice a heading which very possibly you happened to overlook first time around. I t is the first published work of a young man here in Cleve- land, named Lawrence Hekelman. Now Larry's work came t o your editor's attention through the most kind advice o f a certain Miss Lopez who recognized a whimsical talent in Larry's cartoons which stirred memories of the suggestive art of James Thurber. We won't go out on that limb a nd say Larry is another Thurber, but I will say that he has the makings of an exceptional artist---and that you'll be seeing more of his subtle artwork from now on. And remem- ber, he's another SEB discovery. SEB is first with the best. New talent: find a home in SEB.....he

- THE GIFT by Ray Bradbury...Esquire Magazine.....December
- SKIN GAME by John W. Jakes...Imagination.....October
- THE TOY by Kris Neville...Imagination.....December
- SPILLTHROUGH by Daniel F. Galouye...Imagination.....January.
- EARTHSMITH by Milton Lesser...Imagination.....January
- LAST MINUTE by T.P. Caravan...Other Worlds Science Stories...October
- BEYOND THE BARRIER (parts 1-2-3) by Richard S. Shaver..OW..Nov,Dec,Jan
- FISH STORY by T.P. Caravan...Other Worlds Science Stories...November
- Q-B-B by Alan E. Nourse...Other Worlds Science Stories....December
- SOMEWHERE A VOICE by Eric Frank Russell...Other Worlds.....January.
- MOONWALK by H.B. Fyfe...Space Science Fiction.....November
- ULLR UPRISING (part 1) by H. Beam Piper...Space Science Fiction, Feb.
- SECURITY by Poul Anderson...Space Science Fiction.....February
- THE FORGOTTEN ENEMY by Arthur C. Clarke...Avon SF & Fantasy, January.
- MR. KOWTSHOOK by John Christopher...Avon SF & Fantasy Reader, January
- THE LITTLE MOVEMENT by Philip K. Dick...Magazine of F & SF..November
- BRING THE JUBILEE by Ward Moore...Mag of Fantasy & SF.....November
- TO A RIPE OLD AGE by Wilson Tucker...Mag of F & Science Fic, December
- CONROY'S PUBLIC by Ron Goulart...Magazine of Fantasy & SF...December
- THE CURRENTS OF SPACE by Isaac Asimov (all 3 parts)...aSF, Oct, Nov, Dec
- THE HIGH PURPOSE by Algis Budrys...Astounding SF.....November
- NOISE LEVEL by Raymond F. Jones...Astounding Science Fiction....Dec
- THE MARTIAN WAY by Isaac Asimov...Galaxy Science Fiction....November
- THE MISOGYNIST by James E. Gunn...Galaxy Science Fiction....November

TOP STORY: spot goes this issue to CURRENTS OF SPACE, of course with CONROY'S PUBLIC and MOONWALK coming in second (see above)

THE

MAN IN

BLACK

by ANDREW GREGG

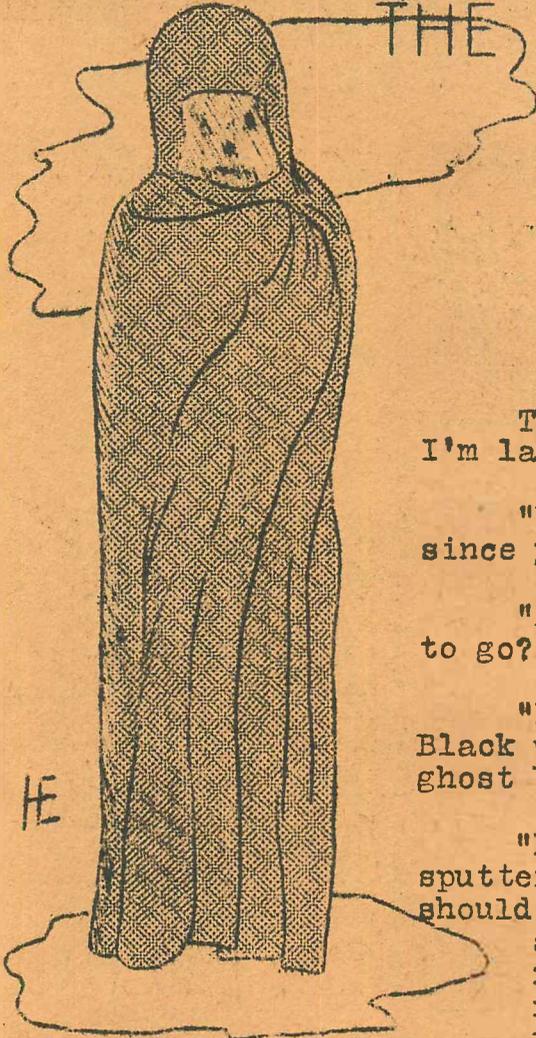


illustration by ELLISON

"Well," said Hall, "You're early!"

The Man In Black frowned. "You must mean I'm late, since you seem to be expecting me."

"Well, I wasn't exactly expecting you, but, since you've come, I guess I was right."

"Are your affairs in order? You're ready to go?" asked the tall Man In Black.

"Nope! In fact I'm not going!" The Man In Black was surprised; the substantial-looking ghost beside him was even more so.

"Now see here, this is extremely irregular!" sputtered The Man In Black. It was true. Hall should have been surprised to see him, a little afraid, and altogether unprepared for the fact that he was dead. But here, for the first time, was a man who seemingly refused to die when he should have been dead already.

"I've got no time for this nonsense! Go in and start shaving so you can be electrocuted. I've got Mr. Simpson here, you, and three other men to get in my allotted time to bring up to Heaven. I don't know how you found out about all this, but you should have died three minutes ago!"

Hall looked confident, "There isn't an electric appliance in the house that's working. In fact, there's no electricity at all. I cut the wires to make sure. You see, I attended a seance a year ago. I thought the swami was a phoney when he went into a trance and told me you'd be coming for me today, that I'd electrocute myself while shaving, or should, anyhow. So I decided I'd wait to see what happens."

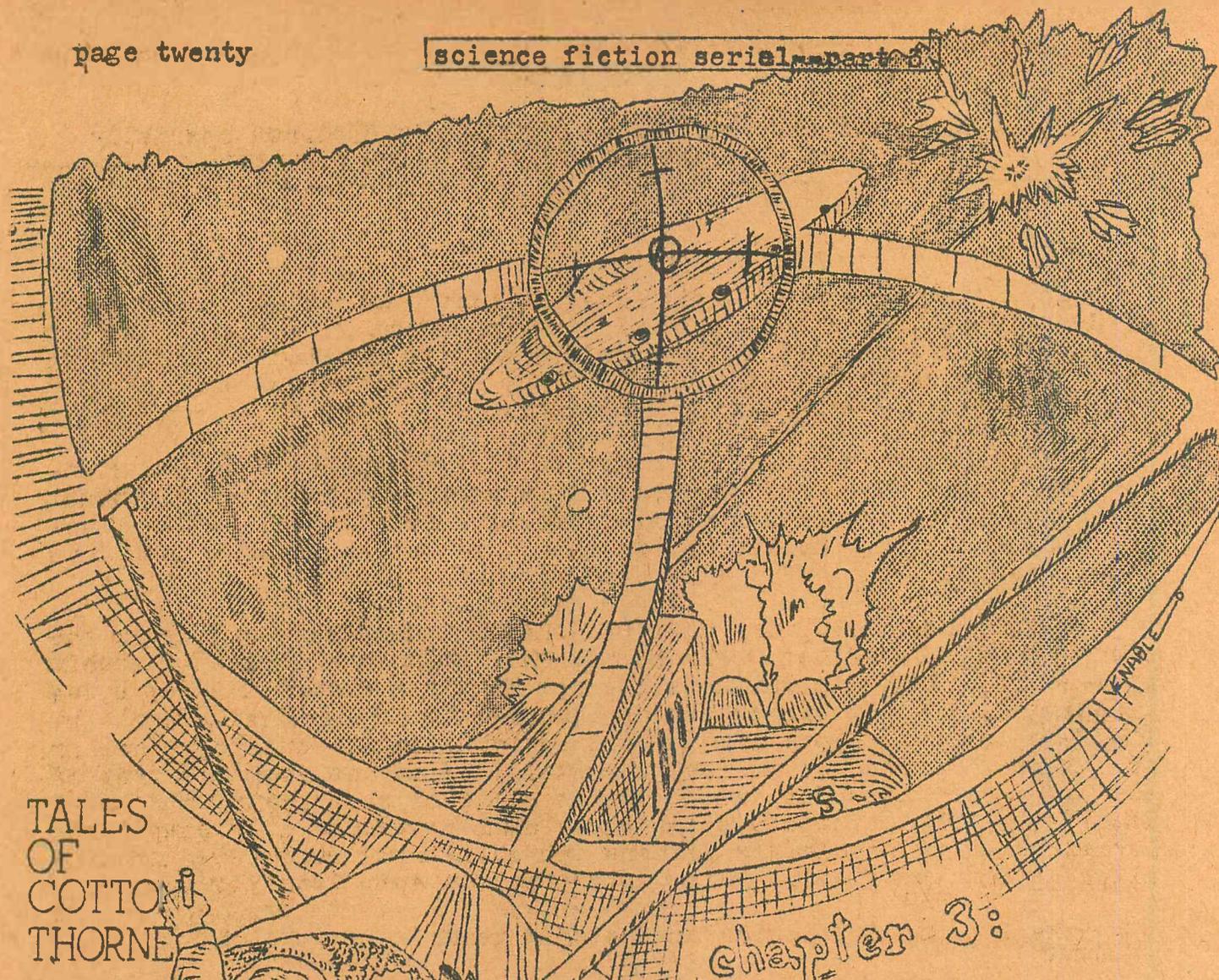
The Man In Black pulled a small black book from nowhere and the pages turned by themselves in his hands as he checked the names. "Here you are-- 'Hall, John B. Single, no major sins. Acceptable. Electrocuted July 10, 1953.' Egad, nothing like this has ever happened to me. I'd better check with the Master Book on this!"

The two men walked away, looking like normal living men, but the taller one in black was shaking his head and muttering to himself.

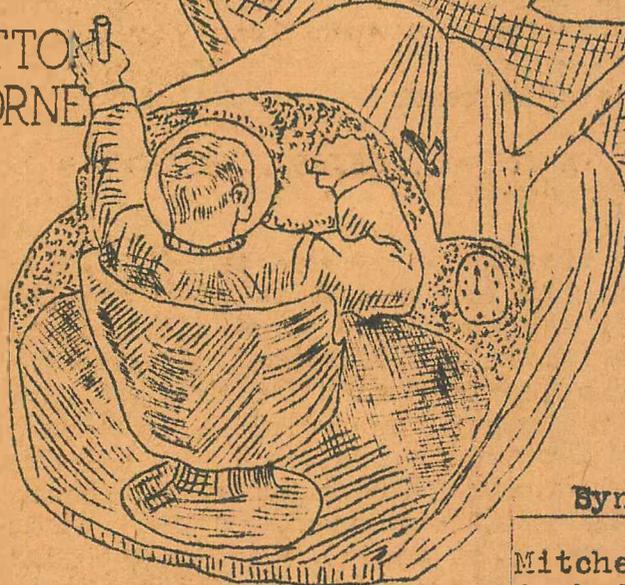
Half an hour later he was back, smiling. "Well there was a slight mistake made, after all. Do you know what it was?"

"Yeah," said Hall, "I just fell off a chair and broke my dam-fool neck. My body's inside. Let's go."

---THE END---



TALES OF COTTON THORNE



chapter 3:

ENCOUNTER IN THE VOID

Synopsis-----

BY MICHAEL FRAZIER

Mitchell Thorne, nicknamed "Cotton", attacked by unknown assailants who have blown up an underground slideway, flees to the York City home of Corper, the real "creator" of the universe. For Corper is a dreamer, visualizing, for his own sport, our world and everything in it. His chief toy is Thorne whom he sends into near-unsolvable situations for the pleasure, he can gain, from Thorne's trying to extricate himself. After a meeting with Corper, Thorne, with the little native from Antares, Crilbee, sets out with the subconscious order of Corper to proceed to Thortaspor, a prison satellite, where the answer to his problems lie. There, Corper tells him, he will find out who wants to kill him--and why.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

-----all illustrations for COTTON THORNE drawn specially
for SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN by BILL VENABLE -----

Radiation pits with their glassy-bowled insides and green aura of deadliness pocked the field of York Spaceport like some bizarre disease. Off somewhere in the distance of the seemingly limitless field a roar broke over the heads of the spectators and another ship rose in a stately ascent to the heavens.

Mitch Thorne watched the trail of fire disappear into the evening sky, dwindling as he gazed, till it vanished into the darkness. Crilbee watched too---his small, gnome-like face turned to the star-speckled vastness. He looked for the star that shone down on his home, Antares.

Out on the field, the CITY OF JOHANNESBURG stood waiting for the embarkation orders that would signal the beginnings of its takeoff procedure. The ship was a fairly new one, its titanium alloy sides glinting here and there under the bombardment of luminosity cast by the huge banks of Kleig lights that surrounded it. But there was an air of hostility about the ship. Set off as it was from the rest of the passenger ships, it had a huge steel fence surrounding its base. From the sleek, pointed nose of the vessel protruded a competent-looking bank of needle-ray cannons (which, Thorne remembered ironically, he had invented). This was the prison ship from Thortaspor.

The legend on the side of the ship read:

TERRA TO THORTASPOR VIA BUXNER, OPJAPAE, MERVIN'S
PLANET and NEW BOMBAY

and in that legend was a story as violent as it was terrible. For it told of twenty thousand souls from the length and breadth of the galaxy, condemned to a life of short air and short food rations, ghastly boredom and hope for a quick death on the floating prison of the void. It told of a place where the inmates were the scum of the worlds, too rotten even to be tolerated by the criminals of the Port cities. It told of men and women whose only pleasure was the death-lust; who killed and were killed in their turn on this jungle of the void. It told too of the beginnings of Thortaspor, of the accident that eventually condemned all who set foot within its space station walls. Thorne knew. For he had been inoculated against whatever it had left behind. Thorne knew of the Grebber family: mother, father, and eight children that contracted The Spore from a wandering comet that had passed out of our system, never to return, leaving in its path one moment of contact with the privately-owned space home of the Grebbers. It left the Grebbers with one of two choices: either remain forever secluded on Thortaspor or spew forth into space carrying the germ of The Spore and its horrible plague with them. They chose the latter. They went back to Terra, horror driving them in unreasoning terror, and began the Spore Plague of the late '20's. Millions of innocent persons died from contact with the Grebbers and then in ignorance passing the Spore on again. Eventually (continued next page)

they were incarcerated with all who had befriended them on Thortaspor, with a negative charge force field surrounding them, forever a sealed-off bit of humanity, divorced from human contact. With the advent of a criminal known as The Shark, and with his capture, Thortaspor was opened long enough to dispose of him, for by this time, criminals did not have to fear capital punishment. And through the decades, those too unfit to live on the civilized planets, and a threat loose in the void, were interred there. There was no worry about overcrowding or getting loose for the population therein kept the population figure the same at all times, and as for getting away: well, where would they go? There was no ship to take them to anywhere and once outside...they might never get back in.

That was where Cotton Thorne was bound.

Their tickets gave off a raucous bleep! and began glowing in first soft hues and then, as time progressed, into the more violent areas of the spectrum till at last, attracted by the weird glow, the little Antarean and his traveling companion pulled their attentions from the abstract thoughts in which they had been engrossed.

"Time to board," said Thorne to Crilbee, hoisting his plasticene traveling case and swinging it onto the slideway which stretched toward the CITY OF JOHANNESBURG.

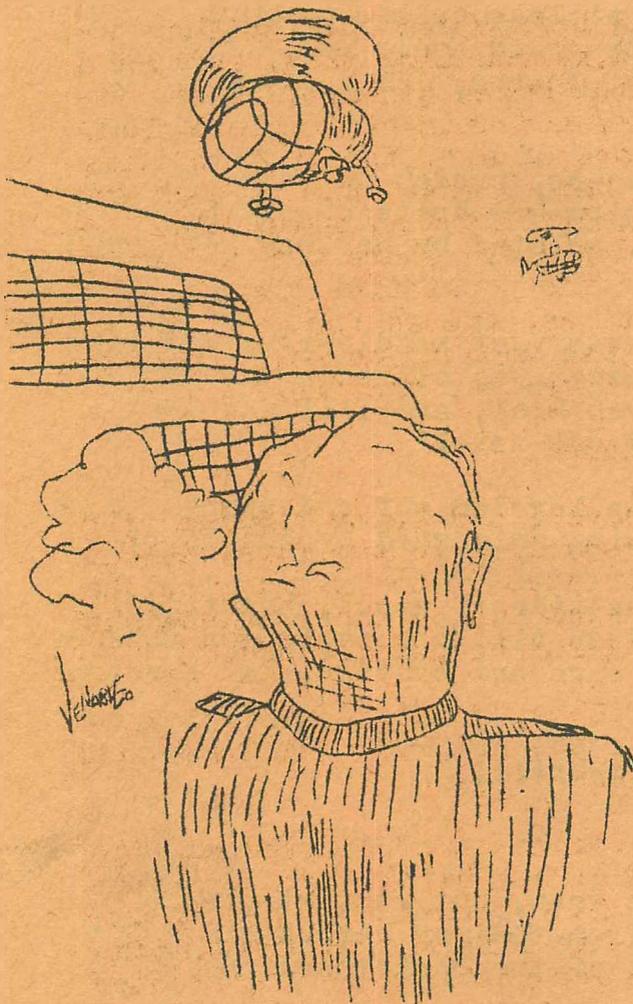
Mitch cast a glance over his shoulder as he strode toward the waiting rocket; a last look at the city of his birth that must serve him till he returned---if he returned. It was then that he was certain who had instigated the attempts on his life and who was inscrutably forcing him to go to Thortaspor. For settling into a scooter rack near the pedestrian strips was the personal company 'copter of Carl Anzalone. The company 'copter from Anzalone Metals, only serious rival to the monopoly of stockholder-shared ownership Terra Mining Monopolated, Thorne's corporation.

Carl Anzalone and his ruthless business methods had brought to within a handhold of Thorne's power, his own company, several times and Thorne knew he would never rest till he had assumed nothing but the full measure of power. And he would not rest till he did this even if it entailed overthrowing Galactic government.

"Pick 'em up!" Thorne screamed at Crilbee as he saw the 'copter land. Together they pounded across the cement spacefield and with a surge plunged into the waiting passenger elevator which carried them swiftly and smoothly to the passenger entrance of THE CITY OF JOHANNESBURG. "Just in time, is what I think," muttered Thorne, sweating profusely.

The wall enunciator above their heads blurted, "All passengers please retire to webbing designated in assigned staterooms, please." Thorne and his companion glanced quickly at their ticket stubs for the stateroom number and headed down the corridor for it.

Ten minutes later saw them neatly encompassed by the plasticoid webbing, ready to blast into the depths of space, bound for their first stop before hitting Thortaspor. The last (continued next page)



thought that ran through Thorne's head was, strangely enough, one that had been implanted by Corper's aide in the camp---Thorne's mechanical brain. The thought was simply that; somewhere on Thortaspor is the man who can solve all your problems.

* * *

It was four days out of Terra, en route to Buxner, an ice and snow planet of the Parkman sector of the galaxy, where the first contingent of criminals for Thortaspor was to be placed on board for eventual transportation to the prison satellite.

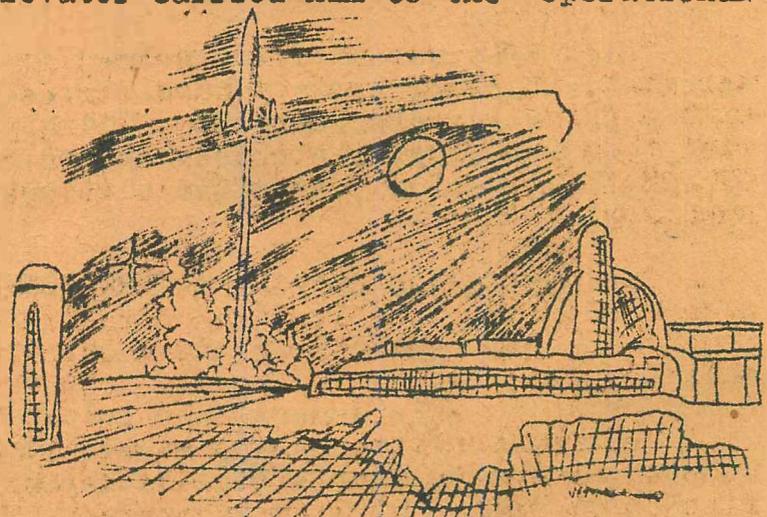
The silence of space surrounded, permeated the walls of the ship, driving what few passengers there were on the ship together in the small lounge of the ship's passenger decks. Thorne sat by himself in a deep pneumo-couch, thinking, as Crilbee discovered the unusualities and wonders of the trip in the corner, when suddenly.....

without warning, the ship gave a sickening lurch, and the enunciator blared forth:

"SOMEONE HELP! SOMEONE GET TO THE FORWARD GUNS! WE'RE BEING FIRED UPON! MY GOD, HELP! THE CAPTAIN'S BEEN KILLED AND THE GUNNERS ARE ALL DEAD! THEY WERE IN THE OFF-DUTY SECTION AND IT'S BEEN BLOWN INTO SPACE! IF ANYONE CAN OPERATE A BATTERY, IN THE NAME OF...."

Thorne didn't bother listening to the rest. In an instant he was up off the couch, down the corridor and snatching a spacesuit off the emergency racks. As the elevator carried him to the operational deck of the spaceship where the gun batteries were housed, he donned the suit, thanking whatever stars he remembered as being luck-filled for equipping a prison ship with guns and not leaving it near-defenseless like the myriad freighters that limped through space.

The elevator clicked into its slot at the top of the shaft and Thorne prepared himself to (concluded next page)



step out into what he knew would be an airless bubble containing radio equipment that would connect him with the main cabin and a battery of needle-ray cannons. Ironically, thought Thorne, I'm putting my life in the lap of something I invented.

There it spread; the panorama of space, predominated by a huge saucer-like vessel that was spitting white-hot bolts of energy thirty feet across. It was a deep-space disc, piloted by he knew not whom, but he suspected strongly.

Thorne threw himself behind the battery of needle-rays and flipped the enunciator on, screaming to whoever was alive in the control cabin, "Keep this damned thing on an even keel, and I'll see what can be done about getting rid of our friend out here!"

In response to his bellow, the ship leveled out and swung back into the very teeth of the fusillade being unleashed by the disc.

Slowly, ever so slowly, bucking the tide of space, bucking its' own inertia, the ship crept up on the disc till the ovoid was centered in Thorne's cross-hairs. Slowly, with ease and caution, he squeezed the dual triggers. Slowly.....

Brtttttt!! Brrrrrrrr-brt-brt-brt-brt!!!

"The Brain;

Thorne's brain was warning him, he knew, but at that moment a bolt of terrible energy loosed itself from the gun before him and the recoil of the ray sent him spinning out of the bucket seat which he had not bothered to strap into.

Thorne brought up short against the metal bulkhead as, out of the corner of his eye, he saw two things happen simultaneously: another bolt of energy sped from the disc, straight for the spaceship, and his bolt hit home, the disc exploding in the silence of space into a million, whirling, tiny fragments, the bodies of its unknown pilots exploding like ripe melons being burst on cement.

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrtttttttttt!!

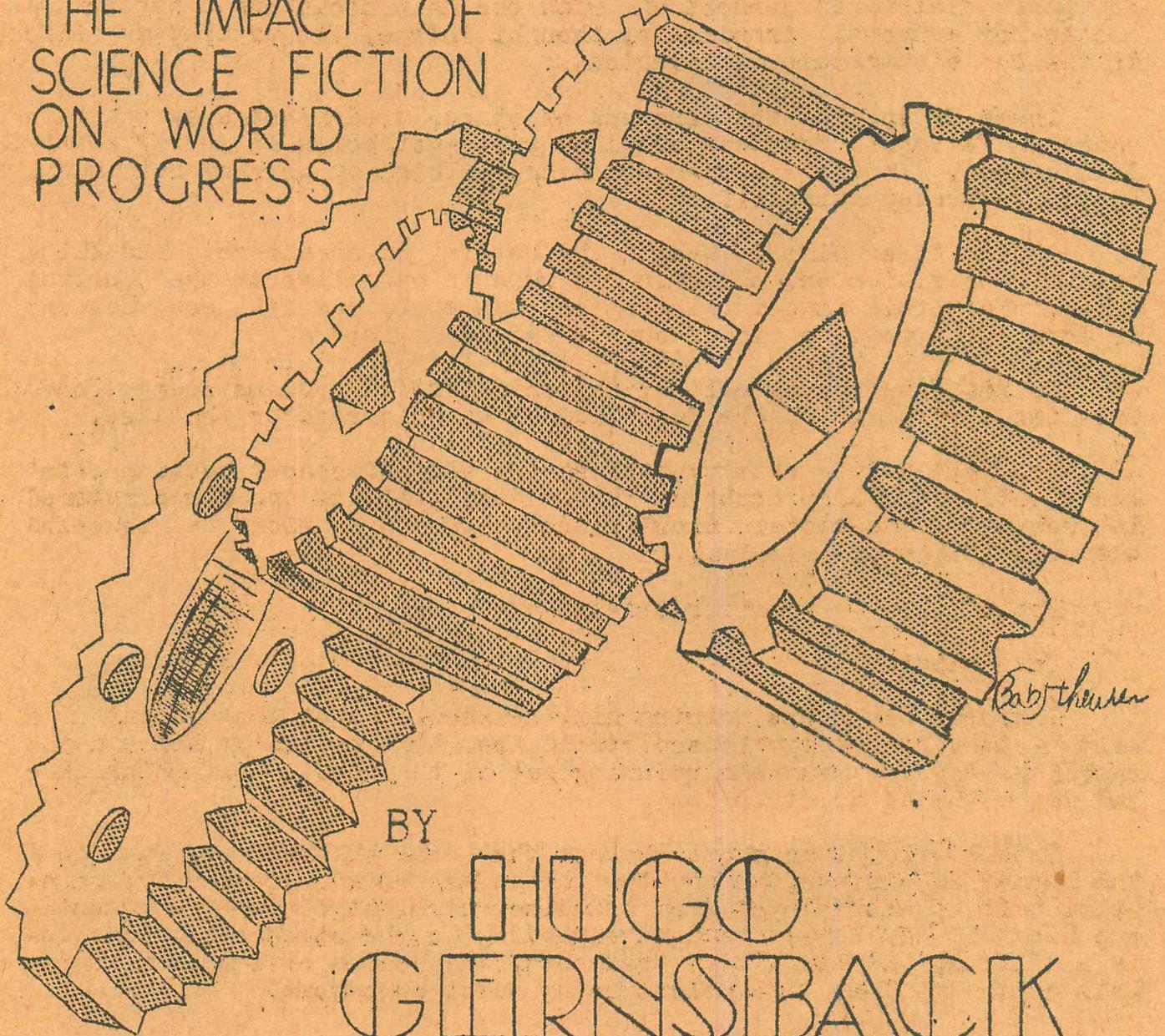
The Brain screamed insanely. What was it buzzing about, wondered Thorne through a misty haze. ...then the last bolt from the now destroyed space disc struck! The plasticene of the bubble rent asunder with a snap, the spaceship exploded in a burst of multi-colored lights, and Cotton Thorne was shot out into the depths of space, unconscious.

DON'T MISS CHAPTER 4 NEXT ISSUE: S T A L A C T I T E !



an unusual new column beginning next issue by HAL SHAPIRO --- it rambles to subjects from science fiction...and outside. You'll enjoy it.

THE IMPACT OF SCIENCE FICTION ON WORLD PROGRESS



BY

HUGO GERNSBACK

a BULLETIN BULLSEYE ----- number 4

EDITOR'S NOTE: in April of the year 1926, a most acutely sensitive publisher brought out the first all science fiction magazine in history. A number of years later he was the instrument of introduction for several other s-f publications which then were the only ones to supply the fan with "his brand" of reading. More so than any other publisher, Hugo Gernsback could be considered the man who introduced America to science fiction (and vice versa). It is with a most pleasurable amount of pride that the staff of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN presents its most special of BULLETIN BULLSEYES.....the first fanmagazine appearance in the last twenty years of The Father of Modern SF.....he

ATTENTION: all artwork for this article was done specially for this feature and for SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN by a new SFB art discovery, BOB ATHEARN. Bob is a student at East High School in Cleveland and shows much promise (as you can easily see by glancing through the next few pages) in s-f artwork. Still another discovery of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN. New talent: find a home in SFB.....he



An imperceptible revolution has quietly taken place during the past 25 years---a revolution probably unparalleled in man's history. The revolution is the terrific impact of Science Fiction on the world and world progress. Curiously enough, the agency responsible for Science Fiction--the authors, the publishers, and the readers, seem little aware of this revolution and the real meaning and import of the dynamic force that carries it forward.

Let me clarify the term Science Fiction. When I speak of Science Fiction I mean the truly, scientific, prophetic Science Fiction with the full accent on SCIENCE. I emphatically do not mean the fairy tale brand, the weird or fantastic type of what mistakenly masquerades under the name of Science Fiction today. I find no fault with fairy tales, weird and fantastic stories. Some of them are excellent for their entertainment value, as amply proved by Edgar Allen Poe, but when they are advertised as Science Fiction, then I must firmly protest.

Twenty-five years ago, before Science Fiction had become an organized and recognized force---the broad smoothly-flowing literary river it is today---we had but a weak trickle of occasional stories and here and there a book or two. It was a rarity when an author wrote more than one or two Science Fiction stories. Rarer yet were a series of Science Fiction books, such as those of the masters Jules Verne and H.G. Wells.

The truth is that in the early, formative years Science Fiction was hardly considered respectable! Most people, including newspaper and magazine editors, considered Science Fiction as a crackpot endeavor. It just was not considered serious at the time. Our big newspapers and mass circulation magazines thought it beneath their dignity to print such "nonsense". Indeed, most authors had the same conviction. I well remember when, in 1911, I first started to print Science Fiction stories regularly in some of my magazines. Most authors approached on the subject agreed to do a few stories, provided I did not use their real names! For many years we encountered this difficulty, simply because many of the authors of the time thought it might hurt them with other publishers if they became known as Science Fiction writers!

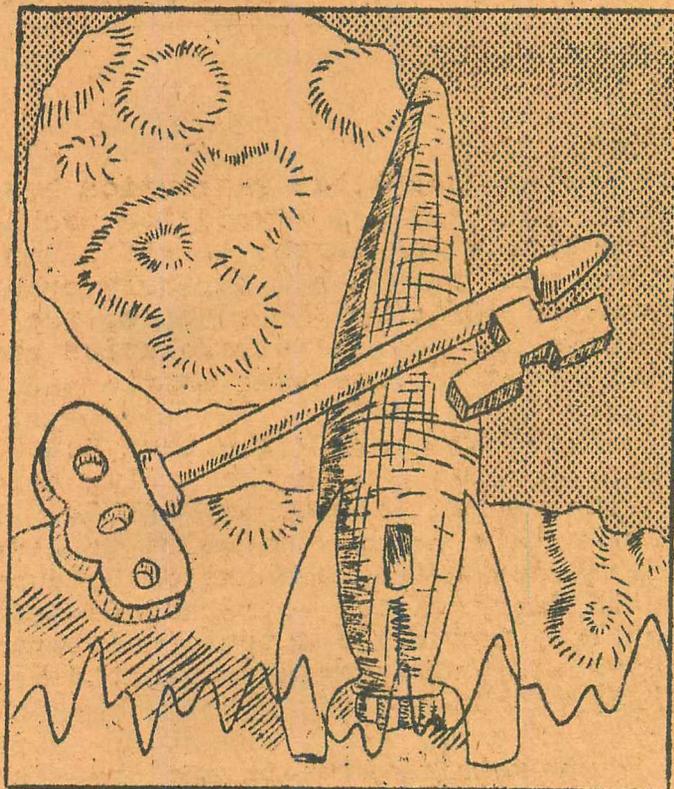
Little by little this feeling changed. Then (continued next page)

after I had brought into life the world's first Science Fiction magazine, "Amazing Stories," in 1926, suddenly Science Fiction became respectable! The intelligentsia, scientists, engineers, professors of various ranks, became regular readers---even the nobility, to wit Lord Mountbatten, and others enrolled in the ranks.

For the first time in history there had been created a pleasant vehicle on which you could ride into the future uninterruptedly for practically no money at all.

If you were an engineer, or an industrialist and had imagination, Science Fiction of the n gave you valuable hints or stimulated your imagination sufficiently so you could derive material benefit from it. A number of inventions, processes, machines thus came to life thanks to Science Fiction.

Inventors, manufacturers, and others understandingly do not like to admit that a Science Fiction story sparked them into activity, on the road to a new invention or a new machine, but it is an established fact that a host of Science Fiction ideas have been successfully translated into paying realities.



Arthur C. Clarke

There is often a considerable elapse of time between a Science Fiction idea and its fulfillment. Thus it took Jules Verne's submarine "The Nautilus," so vividly described in "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea", 27 years to become an actuality. H.G. Wells' public, (i.e., Broadcast) Loud-speakers, so exactly portrayed in his novel, "When the Sleeper Wakes", in 1899, came into general use only 25 years later. Radar, accurately predicted in all its technical elements in my novel RALPH 124C 41+ in 1911, did not become a reality till about 27 years later. Many similar illustrations can be cited where important inventions, processes, and trends accurately predicted in old Science Fiction stories have become commonplace today.

Frequently, too, technical predictions were made where the author thought only of a single use for the idea or device. Years later the identical idea may be used for an entirely different---and much more important---purpose. I will give only one illustration here. In my former magazine, "Science and Invention", for February 1925, we described a fanciful device called (continued next page)

"The Radio Teledactyl." In reality this was a teledoctor---a doctor who visits his patients via radio and television. In front of the doctor are two articulated levers which he can manipulate like hands. The patient would have a similar device in his house (or in the hospital). The distant teledactyl is watched by the doctor from his office by 2-way television. It is operated by radio. Thus he can palpate the patient on any spot of his anatomy, take the patient's temperature, listen to his heartbeat, take his blood pressure and so forth. The doctor, in short, now has acquired distant hands.

Nowadays the identical device is used not by medical doctors, but by doctors of physics. You have seen pictures of this improbable gadget many times, where atomic scientists handle "hot", that is, deadly, atomic substances, at a distance---usually separated from the lethal radiations by thick glass walls. By means of the mechanical hands, the physicist can make the most delicate experiments, pour dangerous liquids from a bottle into a test tube, and do anything he could do with his own hands. Recently television has been added to the telehands so a direct view of the experiments is no longer required. Now the physicist can be miles away, yet see exactly what he is doing with his distant, disembodied hands.

Some day a very learned psychologist will write an important book on the complex mental processes of inventing. The resumé will probably show that the inventor's mind absorbs all types of outside stimuli, experiences, and impressions which are then sorted and finally crystallized into an invention. In this process, many things that the inventor saw and heard in the past---ideas which he acquired while reading books, magazines, newspapers, technical writings of every kind, and so on---are used by his analytical mind. The end result---the invention---is therefore mostly a distillation of the inventor's outside impressions, plus his native ingenuity. Or as Edison put it more realistically: "An invention is ten per cent inspiration and ninety per cent perspiration!"

This brings me back to the vital role which the Science Fiction author plays and has played in the past. Frequently he is the one who has furnished untold inspirations for the modern technical world in which we live. In fact, it is he who is often the actual inventor. Unfortunately, being only an author---which is his real métier---he is rarely interested commercially in his brain child. Worse yet, he does not believe in his heart that the idea is workable, or will ever be practical. So he hardly ever patents the idea, no matter how good it looks on paper.

Nor could you ever make him believe that five, ten, or thirty years later someone who read his original story will remember the idea, lard it with a few of his own, patent it and start a new billion dollar industry on it. Nevertheless this sort of thing happens continuously. Stranger yet, the originator of the prime idea may never recognize his own contribution to the new industry---it may be so completely veiled that only by carefully reading the patent could he dimly discern his erstwhile brain offspring.

(continued next page)

Unfortunately also for the author, this sort of thing is so intimately woven into the warp and woof of the thing which we call "progress of civilization" that no man in his right senses would ever think of doing anything about it.

Once in a rare while some of our great men will speak out. I quote the late and illustrious Dr. Michael Pupin, Professor of Electrical Engineering of Columbia University, and a famed inventor in his own right: "To discover the need for an invention and to specify it constitutes 50 per cent of the invention itself."

By this measure hundreds of authors have and will be deprived of the just fruits of their labor till someone does something about it. Nor is the amount lost forever by our authors a trifling one. At the present time it certainly cannot be less than between 50 and 100 millions of dollars a year for the United States alone. It will be much more a generation hence.

Perhaps what is needed is a patent reform. Today you cannot patent most mere ideas. Even if you can specify all the technical elements, a patent is not necessarily granted. The fundamental requirement for a patent is that it must be new and it must work. Frequently, skeptic patent examiners do not believe that a certain device described in a patent application will function. That is why they ask for a model---or else you must convince the Patent Office somehow that the device or process actually works.

Unfortunately many Science Fiction authors are so far ahead of their times that most of their devices are impractical or non-workable at the time they describe them.

Thus, Jules Verne's submarine, which he described minutely in 1870, could not have been patented, simply because at that time science and technology had not caught up with it---it could not have been built successfully in the seventies.

Nor could I have patented dozens of inventions now in everyday use and technically described at great length in RALPH 124C 41+ in 1911. To name only a few: Radar (page 152), the radio direction finder (page 120), the Voice-Writer (page 128). The reason: in 1911 none of these inventions were workable---we had no modern vacuum tubes at the time nor amplifiers nor many other instrumentalities to actually operate and demonstrate these devices.

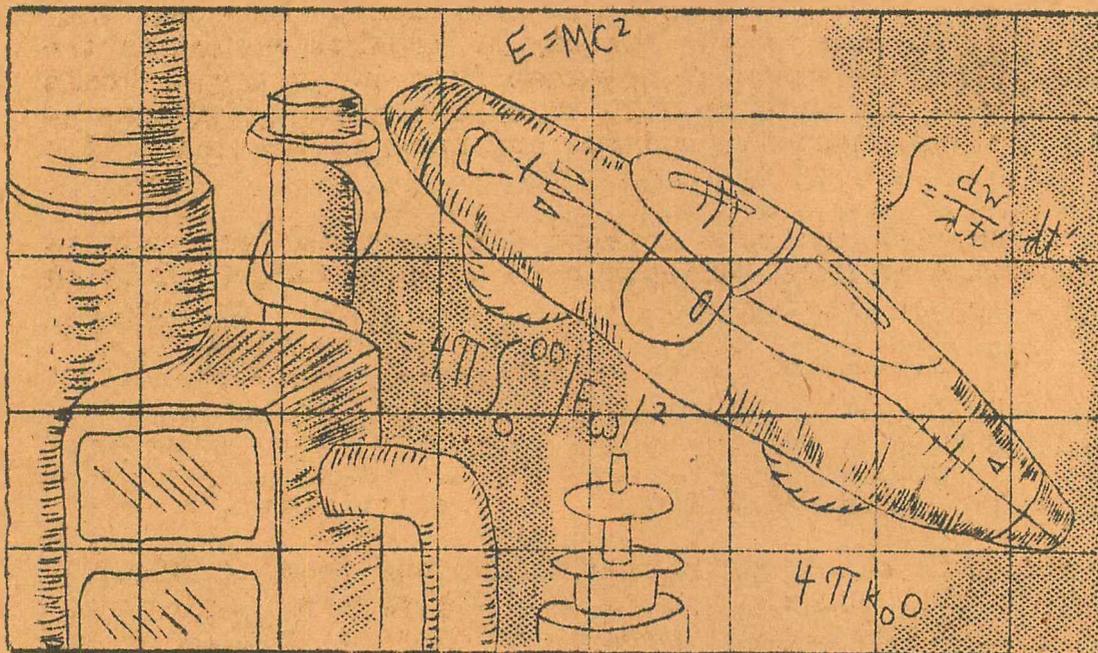
Accordingly, I believe that our patent laws should be revised so that ideas which appear feasible and technically sound to a qualified board of technical examiners will be given a "Provisional Patent." Let us assume that such a patent has a life of, say, 30 years. If, during this period the inventor cannot demonstrate the workability or feasibility of the device, the Provisional Patent will lapse. If he can, a regulation patent can then be applied for. For this purpose, the Provisional Patent will be the basis for the final patent.

A further---and more important---point completely (continued)

overlooked by both Science Fiction authors and publishers today. It is, and has always been, the function and habit of the Patent Office to search all available pertaining records and the public prints, for the originality of the invention to be patented. Often the Patent Office will cite a magazine article which describes the identical device submitted by an inventor for a new patent. In that case the inventor will not be able to get the sweeping patent claims he could obtain, had he not been thus anticipated.

Now the point I would like to make is that I am quite certain that the Patent Office today does not routinely scan all the Science Fiction stories which appear either in the Science Fiction press or in general magazines. Why should it? Neither Science Fiction authors nor Science Fiction publishers are interested in this phase today. Why should the Patent Office treat the Science Fiction press seriously when neither author nor publisher are serious about it?

The remedy? It is exceedingly simple. Let author and publisher get together and agree that on advice from author---that his manuscript contains a new and feasible idea or ideas---the publisher will then print the story or book with a distinguishing mark or design. Such a design to be adopted by all publishers.



manuscript contains a new and feasible idea or ideas---the publisher will then print the story or book with a distinguishing mark or design. Such a design to be adopted by all publishers.

I recently devised such a design---a

five-pointed star resting on top of a sphere. The center of the sphere shows the letters SF. The symbolism: The star, is a light, on top of the world. In other words, Science Fiction enlightens the world. (see out, page thirty-one---)

Now, if printed copies of Science Fiction stories with such a design are sent to the Patent Office by author or publisher, and the idea or device clearly marked with a color crayon, sooner or later the Patent Office will take notice.

Of equal importance is the fact that pure Science Fiction stories---with the accent on science---are avidly read today by a vast section of our technical public---scientists, (concluded next page)

engineers, technicians and many others in overlapping fields. I f these persons could be sure to find their type of stories, Science Fiction would gain enormously. Hence, if the truly scientific Sci- ence Fiction story was tagged by publishers with such a spe- cial identifying mark, the reader's problem would be m u c h simpler. And so would be the serious researcher's quest of scientific-technical science fiction data. To all of these readers the special design would instantly flag to them the type of story they are interested in.



I dedicate the idea, plus the special design, free of all charge to the Science Fiction fraternity, in the hope to see it adopted in the near future.

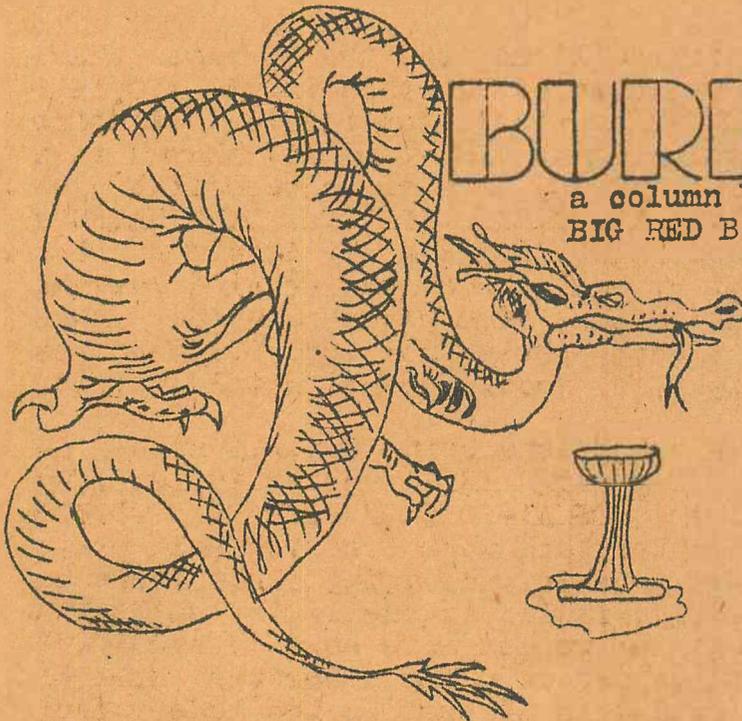
One final point: As the Father of Science Fiction, I would like to make a serious plea. Science Fiction has grown up to a stature no one would have believed possible 25 years ago. Today it is a force to reckon with. The public at large is beginning to take Science Fiction seriously. People look to it confidently because they know that for the first time in the history of mankind---through the medium of Science Fiction---man can now gaze into our future world with all its wonders---not with an uncertain look here and there--- but with steady insight, month in and out and for all the years to follow.

For that reason, let us treat Science Fiction with seriousness and with the dignity this great endeavour is everlastingly entitled to.

----- t h e e n d -----

P E R N T S I N Q U E S T I O N ::::::::::::::::::::

1. Due to a rush-up to catch our schedule, and due to another reason we can't tell you right now, Rich Elsberry's article THE FINGERBONE OF ACCUSATION will not appear this ish
2. The November issue of SFB will be mailed approximately two weeks after you receive this one---it will be a thin one in order that we can prepare for our Annual in February
3. Next issue will contain our annual CHRISTMAS BOOK REVIEW SECTION with over twenty-five reviews, consequently, no reviews in this issue save the two for appeasement of fans
4. Next issue features one of the cleverest fantasies you've ever read, so don't miss it---Next issue begins two N E W columns...one by HAL SHAPIRO and one by GREGG CALKINS. wow
5. Don't forget, price of SFB goes up in January to 20¢, so I suggest you get a subscription now (and how about an SFB subscription for an Xmas gift?) Only \$1.50. Soon: \$2.25



BURBLINGS

a column by the editor at the sign of the
BIG RED BIRDBATH

There were several ways that I wanted to start this month's BURBLINGS. I had as well tell you first that all of you who said you didn't like B on your tally sheets don't discourage me in the slightest. I like doing the thing and I'll be darned if I'll develop schizophrenia, just to please you nasty old readers. So there!

A NOTE OF SADNESS.....by now all of you have heard of the untimely death of Earle K. Bergey, one of science fiction's most beloved artists. May we of SFB add our sorrow to those of the rest of the field, fandom, and its members to both Mrs. Bergey and to those of you (and I include myself in this category) who both enjoyed the work of Bergey and who realized his potentialities. We have derided him many times for the type of covers he was required to do, but in the last few years we became aware of his tremendous capabilities, a flawless technique, and masterful execution. The field has lost one of its staunchest and oldest members.

STOP THEIF!.....I have most boldly been accused by two or three mizzable characters of stealing the title of this column from one Charles Burbee. "If twere so, it were a grievous fault..." but I'm innocent! I knew nothing of Burbee's mag for FAPA and of the name.

I went down to the Cleveland Art Museum for one of my periodical sessions of culture-sopping-upping. I went particularly to see the exhibit of the works of one Wassily Kandinsky, a russian who did in the field of cubism what Matisse did in the abstract. I noticed particularly that several of his paintings were dead-ringer s-f illos. F'rinstance: TACHE ROUGE N2 (1921) could have been a most skillful abstract of two rocket ships leaving a black-and-white nebula cluster, while VERS LE HAUT (1939) was the best representation of a bank of cybernetic brains I have evr seen. Kandinsky (1866-1944) would have been a "natural" for the stf field if he had lived. Damn' bad deal that he died before the Technological Age got into full swing.

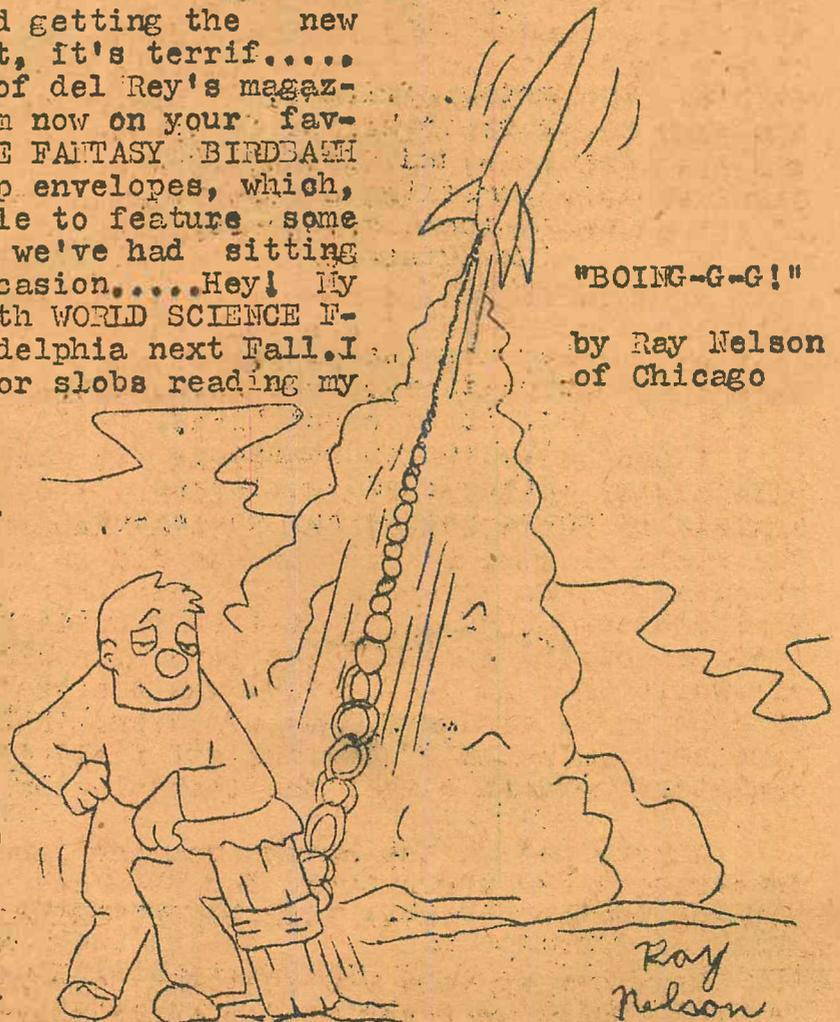
Anyone notice the cover from the January '53 IMAGINATION is a dead-ringer for the artwork for the Mack Reynolds story, ALTERNATE UNIVERSE in the November 1952 OTHER WORLDS. Both by MacAuley, non?

Remember we told you that the EC comics WEIRD SCIENCE and WEIRD FANTASY (which we stuck up for since they're plenty good) were copying Ray Bradbury's stories under different titles? (next page, btm)

Well, Bradbury sued 'em and now if you'll notice, the EC mags have on their covers a big red block which says: "In this issue: E.C.'s adaptation of a story by RAY BRADBURY America's top science fiction writer!". And inside the same thing. But I must admit, though it's a rotten trick to plagerize a man's yarns, they did a beautiful job with the reproduction of Bradbury's "...THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS", featured in the number 17 issue of WEIRD FANTASY. It is one of the best jobs I've ever seen with art by Wally Wood, who we said was one of the best artists in the field and that some promag should snap him up. Well, one promag DID! Planet Stories for Jan. '53 features on page 63 artwork by...thass right, W. Wood, Moo-Ha! I told ya' so.

Hate to admit it; seems like a heinous crime but...I rather am enjoying Richard S. Shaver's BEYOND THE BARRIER, running in OW....By the way, MacAuley-Burwell's dual-fmz COSMAG-SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST has folded in lieu of ASFO.....'Member back when Fredrik Pohl wrote in to SFB telling about how Robert Sheckley was going places? Notice all the stories by him around lately, including one in the SatEvePost a few weeks ago.....Hey, H.L., when do we get more stories from Wyman "Beyond Bedlam" Guinn (sometimes masquerading under the name of Norman Menasco in aSF)?.....one artist in SF that is too underrated, I think, is Frank Kelly Freas(e) who does some outstanding stuff and yet never seems to be given his due. Wonder why?.....

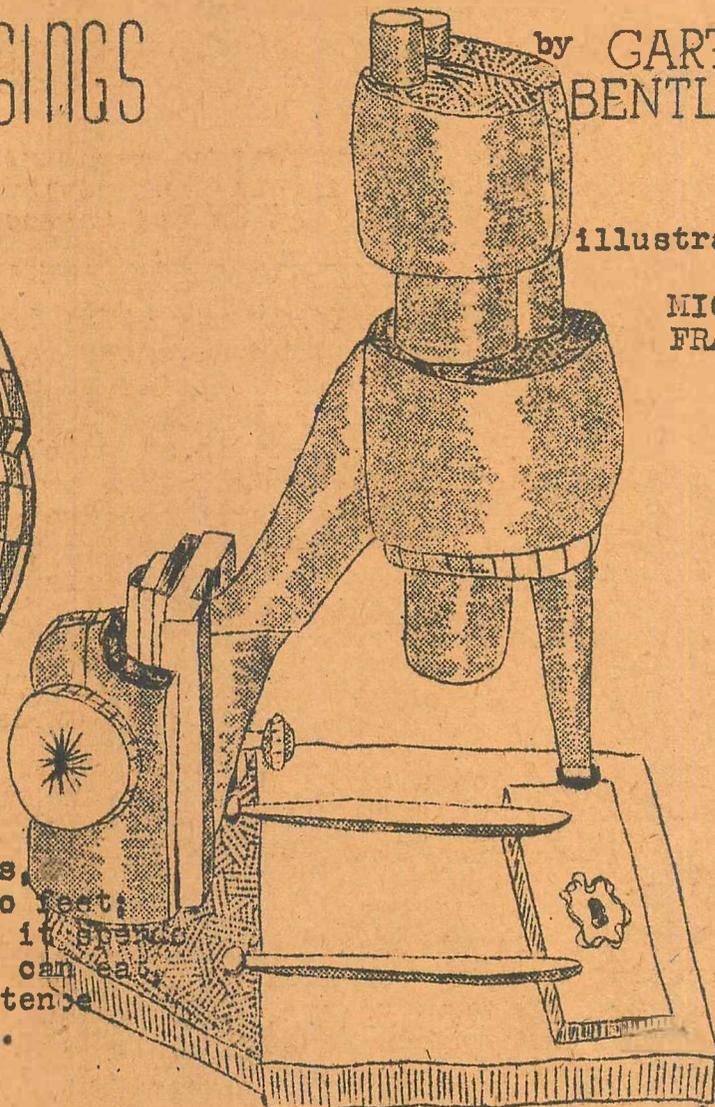
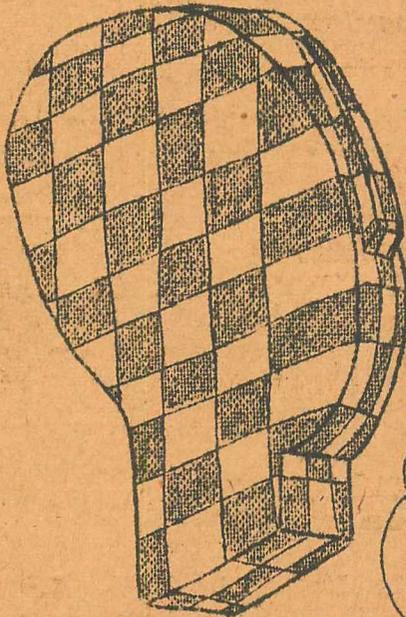
Have any of you missed getting the new Fantasy Art Calender? Don't, it's terrif..... Where's that second issue of del Rey's magazine SF ADVENTURES?.....from now on your favorite fmz and mine, SCIENCE FANTASY BIRDBATH will be sent in metal clasp envelopes, which, thank Ghu, makes it possible to feature some most excellent back covers we've had sitting around for just such an occasion.....Hey! My card just came from the 11th WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION in Philadelphia next Fall. I hate to admit it to you poor slobs reading my words, but my card has on it one number: 1!.....Have you seen that new Chlorophyll hair tonic?---guaranteed to grow grass on your head!.....Did'ja see Randy Garrett and Lou Tabakow's yarn PEST in the new aSF? They're friends of SFB.... Some new stories to be by Daniel F. Galouye in some of the pro's are: DO U S PART, SECOND WIN (with an unusual time travel gimmick) and the new one SPILLTHRU. Les del Rey told us at the Con that he had turned his scheduled mag ROCKET STORIES over to another pubber and now gotta go. Bye...he



MICROSCOPIC MUSINGS

by GARTH BENTLEY

illustration
by
MICHAEL
FRAZIER



Consider the amoeba, friends,
It has no hands; it has no feet;
And all its nights and days it spends
In search of something it can eat.
Pursuing with a nice persistence
Its unicellular existence.

It is not mister nor yet miss;
For it wears neither skirts nor pants.
It does not hug, it does not kiss,
Its life is lacking in romance.
It thus avoids the Freud complexes
Since it knows nothing of the sexes.

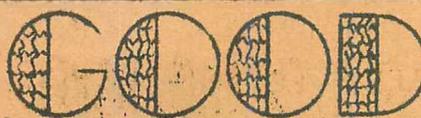
It practices a system quaint
When it in solitude abides;
It wastes no time in sad complaint;
Instead it merely subdivides--
A tidy method of creation
But lacking in imagination.

The wee amoeba knows no care,
Its free from taxes and from rent
And bills for shoes and underwear;
Now onder it is quite content,
And yet, idyllic as all this is,
Just think of all the fun it misses!

NOTE: Mr. Bentley is well-known as the author of BEYOND THE STAR CURTAIN which first appeared in WONDER STORIES for Oct. 1931 and reprinted in FANTASTIC STORY QUARTERLY in 1950...he

Frazier

READ ANY GOOD BOOKS



LATELY?

a regular department of SFBULLETIN featuring intelligent reviews of the latest in science fiction and fantasy volumes



"Your books, Sir."

IMPORTANT NOTE: in order to enable us to get your November issue to you within two weeks of this issue, we are only using two review write-ups and using all others on hand for next issue which will be SFBULLETIN's yearly CHRISTMAS BOOK REVIEW SECTION. As such it will feature approximately 25 varied and useful reviews to let you see a cross-section of the Yuletide Stf Crop for Gifts...he

BROOMSTICKS, ANYONE?
reviewed by Sally Dunn

WITCHES THREE/ containing: CONJURE WIFE by Fritz Leiber, THERE SHALL BE NO DARKNESS by James Blish, and THE BLUE STAR by Fletcher Pratt/Twayne Publishers, Inc./ New York/ 1952/ 423 pp./ \$3.95/ jacket by Herbstman/

"We are all witches," wrote the wizard, and after reading this fascinating trilogy you will no doubt see the inherent truth of his statement. For this volume, as a relief from the 100-proof scientific-laden SF we've been consuming, is a pleasantly shilling group of no-bones-about-it-for-sure fantasies. The first story, CONJURE WIFE by Fritz Leiber, deals with the "power" witches; the witches that exercise mysterious controls over the weather and over fate. Mr. Leiber, with beautiful logic convinces the reader that all the faculty wives of a certain college are witches engaged in a war for power---and at war among themselves!

THERE SHALL BE NO DARKNESS by James Blish is an unusual yarn about what happens to a house party when one of its guests is discovered to be (in the poorest of taste!)---a werewolf.

In THE BLUE STAR, Fletcher Pratt prevails upon us to consider the plight of a witch trapped by identity who doesn't want the power of Witchdom...or even to be a Witch at all!

Both masterpieces in their own right of two types of writing, the dust jacket blurb and the extremely interesting introduction by John Ciardi make a study of the usefulness of witches in society and of the history of witchcraft. WITCHES THREE is, therefore, in this reviewer's opinion, worthy of a place in the library of us all.

A PLEA TO STOW AWAY THE STOWAWAY
reviewed by Andre Norton

(concluded next page)

MAROONED ON MARS/ by Lester del Rey/ John C. Winston Co./ Philadelphia and Toronto/ 1952/ 210 pp./ \$2.00/ jacket by Paul Orban/

This has the stock plot of the stowaway on the first ship to Mars. Del Rey's facility in writing makes the cliché readable in spite of its extreme age. The description of the ruined city and the mysterious Martians are well done. And for a reader who has not been a steady follower of science fiction and to whom this creaking plot is new, MAROONED ON MARS will be a good introduction for space stories. But the stowaway plot should certainly be honorably retired for long and faithful service right now.

reviews of the five new WINSTON JUVENILES in the Xmas book section!!

LITTLE

being a BRAND NEW feature of SEB concerned with reviews of pocket-size s-f books-----



Heading by LAWRENCE HEKELMAN

TIMELESS STORIES FOR TODAY & TOMORROW edited by Ray Bradbury--Bantam Books--35¢

Here is an unusual collection of s-f & fantasy yarns from "reputable" sources in as different a collection as we've seen. No pulp stf here, but pieces by Benét, E. B. White, Steinbeck, etc./ recommended.

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE by Philip Wylie and Edwin Balmer---Dell Books--25¢

A re-issue of the famous end of the world novel by two well-known authors. A doomed Earth watches while a select few, in a hurriedly-built spaceship, leave the old sod for the single planet of the on-rushing star Bellus/ hasn't aged a bit.

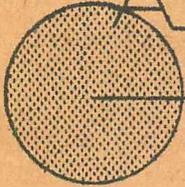
LET'S GO NAKED edited by Donald A. Wollheim---Pyramid Books--25¢

Though primarily intrigued by the aspects of nudity, this collection contains one science fiction piece (and a good one at that). From ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION the editor has taken Eric Frank Russell's EXPOSURE to fill out the book/ a cute book with sf best.

NEW TALES OF SPACE AND TIME edited by Raymond J. Healy---Pocket Book --25¢

Reprint of last year's sensation volume. Containing ten stories by such names as Boucher, Bradbury, Bretnor, van Vogt, Asimov, Heard and Cartmill especially written for this book and never in print before. Don't miss LITTLE ANTON in this volume/ unreservedly recommended.

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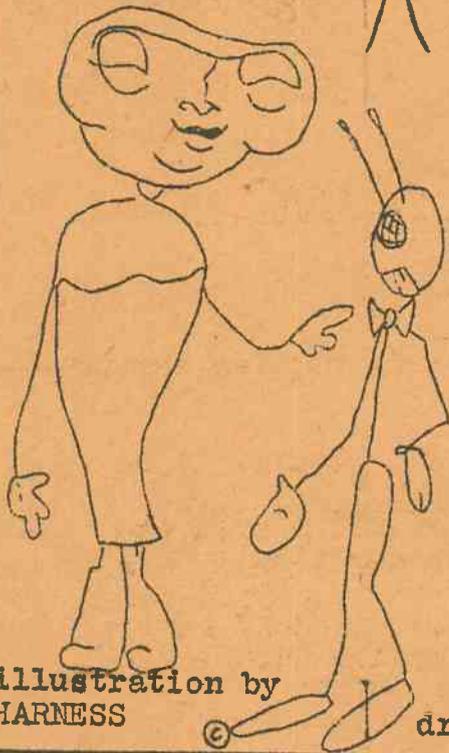


illustration by
HARNISS

Mrs. Kay reminds all Science Fiction fans:

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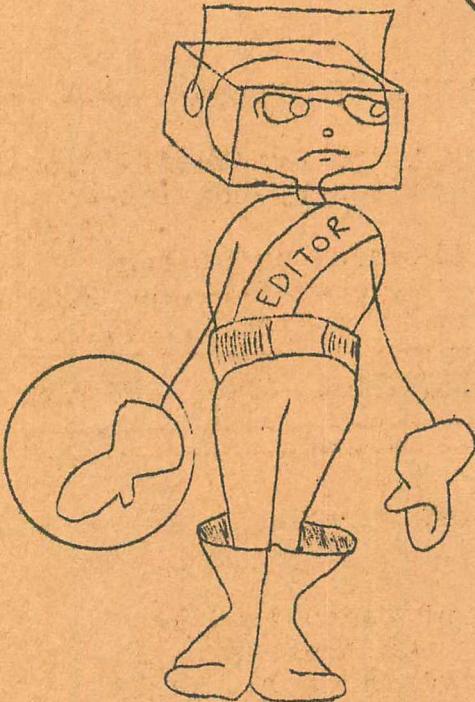
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(advertisements continued next pages)

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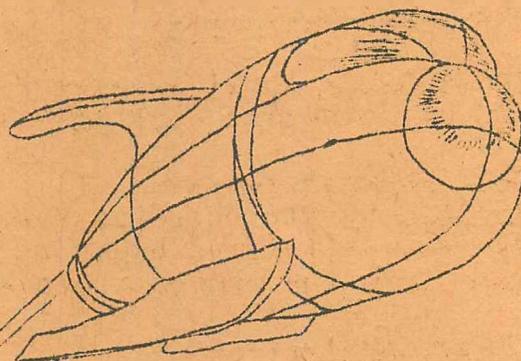
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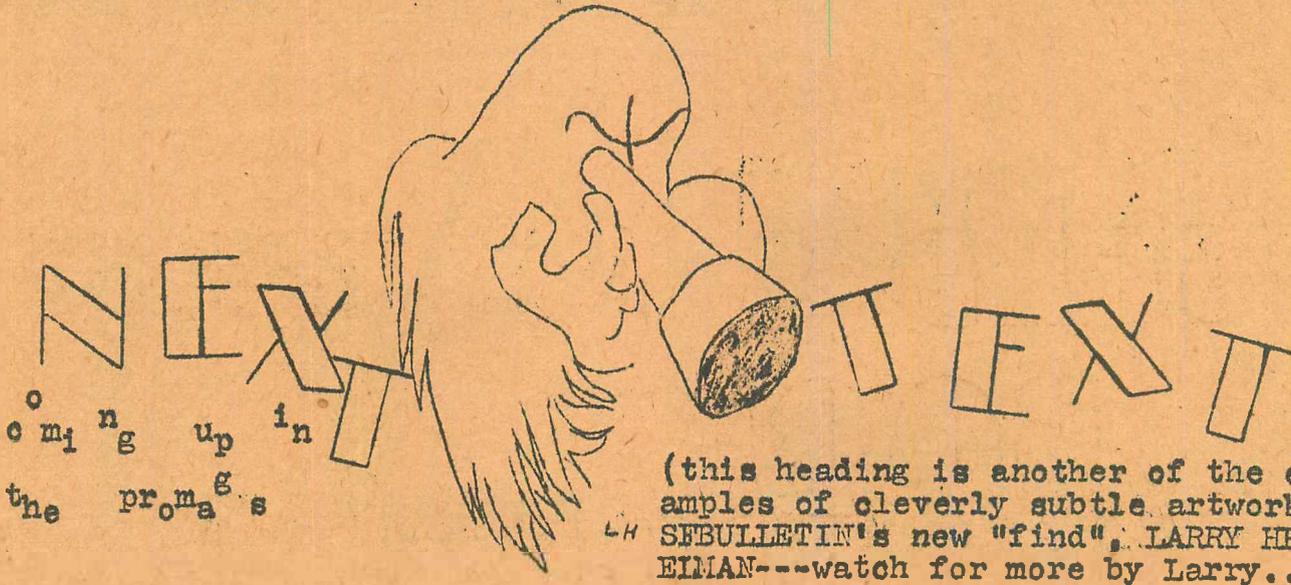
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STARTLING STORIES/ February/-----
 POTEMKIN VILLAGE by Fletcher Pratt---TROUBLED STAR by George O. Smith-----
 (trimmed edges on this magazine with this issue; a change from the ragged edges)-----

SPACE STORIES/ February/-----
 THE BIG JUMP by Leigh Brackett----

IMAGINATION/ February/-----
 EARTH ALERT! by Kris Neville---and possibly; THE DARK GODDESS by Richard S. Shaver, PIPER IN THE WOODS by Philip K. Dick, and THE LOST EGO by Rog Phillips-----

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION/February/-----
 UN-MAN by Poul Anderson-----

watch for these stories on your local newstands

OCTOBER'S BEST ART

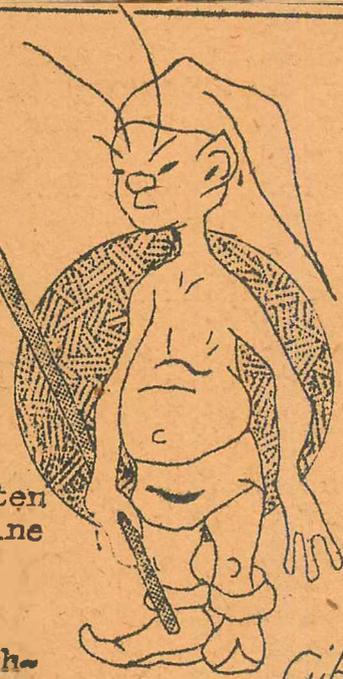
department



Because of spacial limitations, this issue we are deleting the major portion of this department and including it next month. But we feel so strongly about one piece of artwork, that we must take the space to enthuse and commend FANTASTIC and its artist ROBERT FRANKENBERG for the stunningly exquisite fantasy cover painting on the Jan-Feb. issue.

THE
B O O T
TO—

WE HATE YOU

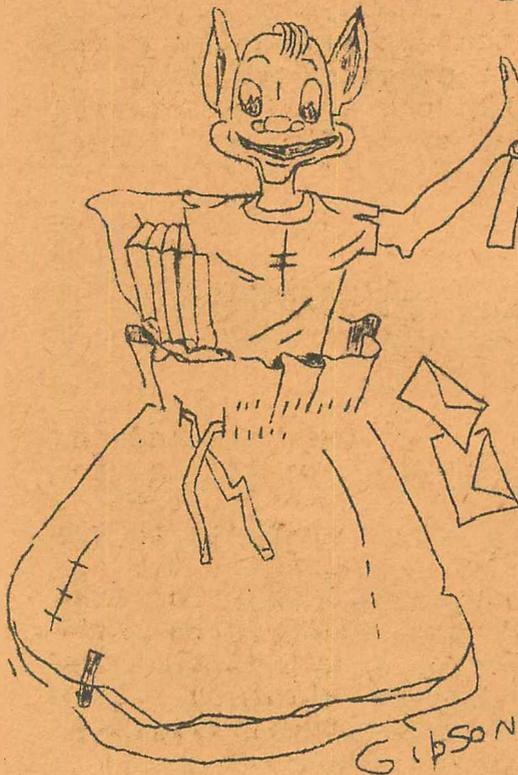


Gibson

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IT'S IN THE
MAIL BAG

WHOA,
BOYS!



Gibson

(letters start next page---he)
 Hoo-ha! I knew that a tally sheet would bring in loads of results to the letter column. Y'know, one of the big reasons I (and most other fanzine editors) edit a 'zine is that we like to get mail. In this case, however, we seem to have begun a torrential outpouring of vitriol and praise from you readers. We got so much mail (nearly 90 pieces) that we must make this specification now. From now on all letters must be short and to the point, unless they are something of a special nature like Jack Gaughan's in this issue or Rich Elsberry's in the #8 issue last month. They must also be of some worth as we see no point in printing letters of nothing more than praise or ratings. We're also using art on a page-for-page basis in the letter section. Keep letters small & get with it.

ADDENDA TO INTRODUCTION---we have been forced, because of the number of contributors to this magazine's letter section, to cut the letters in spots where they aren't of much interest. These places are indicated by a series of periods, thus: and are to indicate a deletion. But don't let our cutting stop you from writing in...he

from: Ron Cernosky (14013 Christine Ave; Cleveland, Ohio)

Hi Harlan--

I read your latest zine (or rag) on my trip to and from Dayton, Ohio and found it up to par. Except! the zine had too many pages to be bound by the few staples you had. The pages came apart making it harder for me to handle. I think you should have had it in two parts...How can the deadline on Gabriel's Call be Oct. 14th when I received the zine much later?... Your S-F friend, Ron Cernosky.

Dear Ron: we ran your letter because it summed up what two of the big gripes were at last issue. We not only put three staples on the front of the mag, but we stapled three more through the back--in other words, we double-stapled and in addition stapled the art folio separately. The tally sheet was drawn up before the ish was stapled together and since we had a long wait before stapling, it was out of date. We'll try not to do that again.....he

from: Sidney Booth (7421 Luella Ave.; Chicago 49, Illinois)

Dear Harlan,

Suggestions: don't make your magazine big for the sake of size. With more quality and less quantity, I could expect a pleasing mag each time. Also, more Hoffman, Nelson, and Vaughn Burden. I am looking forward to more issues. Sincerely, Sidney Booth.

Dear Sid: we want to point out here and now that we will NEVER give quantity precedence over quality. Every single piece of material I publish---I like. Your preferences are possibly not those of others nor are mine the best ones for SFB. But since I've got but one yardstick of value

and that one my own, I have to select stuff I think the fans will like--and don't forget that I have to cater to the whims of a very diversified group of people--no two of whom have the same opinion. We'll try to make our selections of material such that they'll meet with everyone's approval, but you yourself, must know that's an ideal impossible to obtain.....he

(continued next page-)

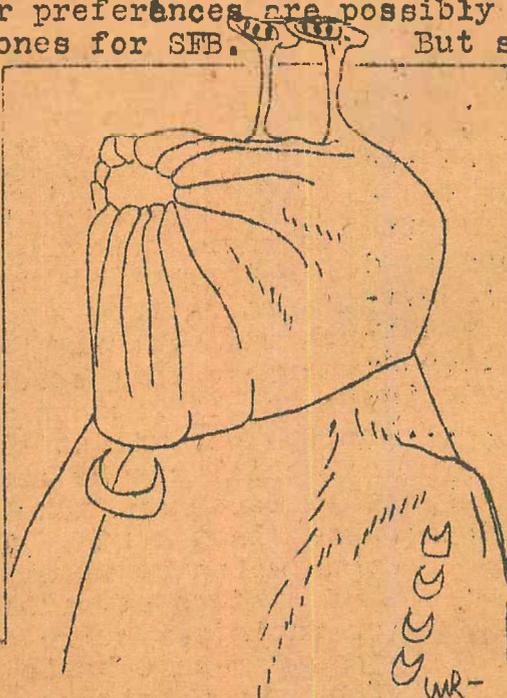


illustration by WILLIAM ROTSLER

(we have had an inquiry as to whether the portrait to the left is the editor. The answer is as obvious as the question is rhetorical.....he)

from: Bob Tucker (no address given---vacationing in Florida.)

Dear Harlan:
Publish daily.

Dear Bob: you, sir, are stark raving berserk!.....he

from: PVT. JOHN B. GAUGHAN (US 52235132; Co "A", 1st. BN., 3rd PLTN
T.R.T.C.; Fort Eustis, Virginia)

Picture, if you will, dear Ellison, a rather lean, scraggly figure, not at all possessed of any outstanding individual characteristics, dressed in muddy fatigues and boots heavy with mud---he sits---just sits slumped soggily on his foot locker and when he can force his eyes open he stares at the colourless wooden barracks floor for this is the first free moment he's had after 2 solid, oh very, very solid days of "painful marching in the rainy fields". ---He has cleaned his weapon but he has had no sleep in 28 hours, which hours were hours of forced marching, rifle firing, and more marching.

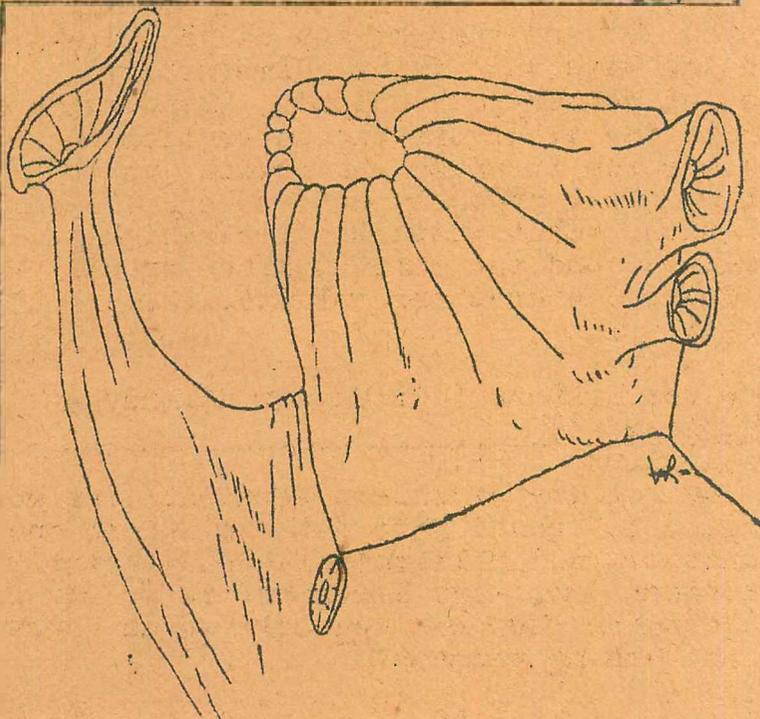
This is me!

And then came the mail and a forwarded copy of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN, and behold the figure did move and when he came upon his name and the fantastically flattering paragraph devoted to him like all true fans he perked up, forgot for a while his fatigue and his asthma, and the weather which is insistently rainy.

Oh boy! It was good to feel a touch of things as they were. Here, I have very little time to read---much less to write---but that paragraph demanded a big THANKS.I'd like to ramble on for a while but am too damn tired right now---will continue later. Sincerely, Jack.

Dear Jack: if we ever had any doubts as to the worthwhile-ness of publishing SEB, this letter---and the parts we were forced to cut---

dispeled them instantly. It is this type of letter that brightens up our days, makes us feel all warm inside, and makes us curse the fools that have sentenced a talented and sensitive guy like Jack to a number of years filled with mud, marching, and lousy food with his only change of environment one that will result in killing. What a rotten situation he's been sucked into.....he



from: W. Paul Ganley (119
Ward Rd.; N. Tonawanda, NY)

Dear Harlan,
Anent SEB I can say but one thing: WOW!
I really think that you have just about the finest magazine (continued next page)

being put out by fandom today. Just want to say that THE SHIP OF SLEEP is so far above the Duane poem as a work of art that Honey Wood's head isn't the only one hanging. Cordially, Paul.

Dear Paul: if you think I published the above letter because you have the best fiction 'zine in fandom, you are crazy. I like unadorned praise as much as the next guy--in fact I like it more. In reference to the SHIP OF SLEEP by Noreen Kane Falasca and the Toby Duane poem, I think that it is hard to say that one was better than the other as both were different types of writing. I have contended, since first reading the poetry of Mrs. Falasca, that she has a very great flair for writing verse. Her style is very reminiscent of Edna St. Vincent Millay (who, I'm sure, has had a great deal of influence on Noreen's work) and is what is called in writing circles "clean, hard writing". In other words, the Falasca poem was a bit of transparently beautiful esotericism and not couched in any mystic folderol, as the Duane poem was a stylized (Toby's, that is) bit of philosophy so phrased that it gave out only a bit of the idea the author propounded. Whew!.....he

from: Ian T. MacAuley (57 E. Park Lane N.E.; Atlanta 5, Georgia)

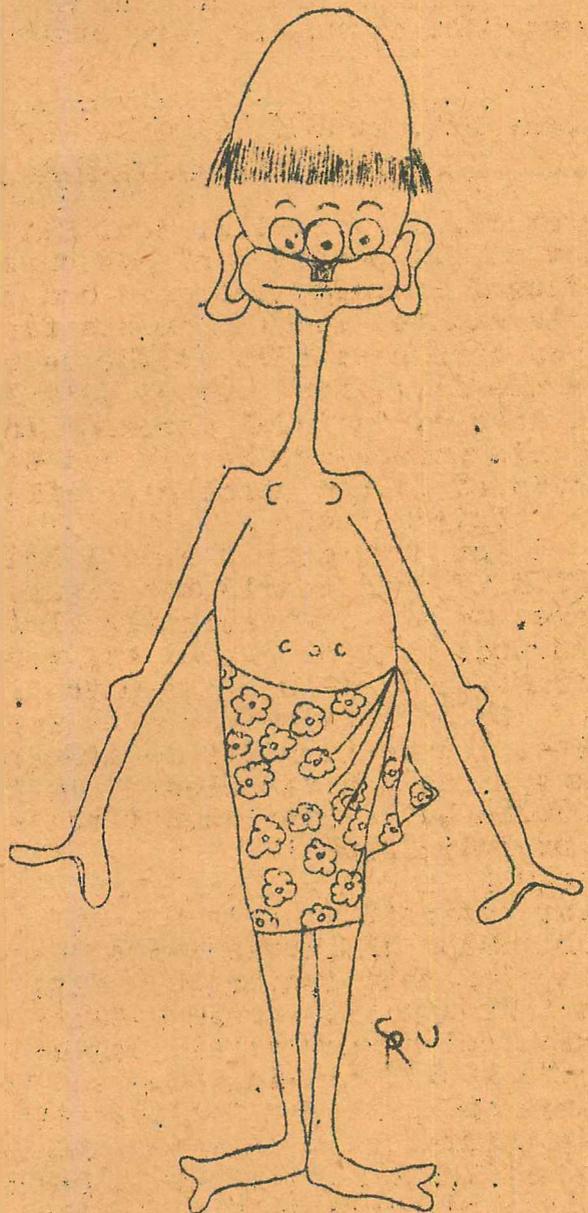
Dear Harlan,

...I'll say briefly that I really enjoyed SFB and thought you did a splendid job with this issue. Mimeography, nice and content, excellent. The best item in the issue was the convention report section in which you outdid yourself and will probably not be equalled in fandom. Winterbotham article-highly enjoyable, and the same applies for all the other features and columns... As ever, Ian.

from: Lee Hoffman (101 Wagner St; Savannah, Georgia)

Dear Harlan,

My gallery of Chicon Personalities was so badly offsetted with mimeo, all I could make out was RAP in one corner, Tucker necking in another, and Ellison's leopard leotard in the center....I am no. 3 American fan. Eva Firestone is #1 and Nangee Gerding #2. Love, Lee Youngfan (How can you call me an usurper when you come right out and use my penname?).



"The natives are restless tonight." (drawn by S u Rosen of St. Louis Park, Minnesota.)

Dear Lee: my head is in my hands for the slop on the photos (cont.)

which I know loused them up. Sorry, old birdbath, I didn't know for sure that "Youngfan" was your private property. I thought it was sort of common property of fandom like Ghu, Foo-foo and, Bob Tucker. As for who is number one fan in U.S., you like who you want and I'll be in favor of who I want. I have spoken.....he

from: H.L. Gold (421 Hudson Street; New York 14, New York)

Dear Mr. Ellison:

Unfortunately, I have to use the words of politicians to state that, in my liking and admiration for Ray Palmer and Bea Mahaffey, I defer to no man.

Ray Palmer rates success for his courageous fight for personal--and publishing--life.

Bea Mahaffey rates.

However, these sentiments do not alter the fact that he made at least two serious errors in his enjoyable and revealing article:

1. Every author who has sold to GALAXY can prove that it pays no less than 3¢ a word, and a number have received considerably more. GALAXY has recently begun a policy of bonus rates, the purpose being to continue to induce authors to produce even better stories. I don't quite understand his statement: "We will not pay higher rates for the same stories that are being and have been turned out by the writers. That goes for GALAXY and ASTOUNDING's previously published stories." I admire the forcefulness of his declaration, but it leaves me puzzled all the same. Is he refusing to pay higher rates for stories that Mr. Campbell and I have already run? If so, I agree with him; he should concentrate on getting better unpublished fiction.

2. His self-confessed guesses at circulation could stand correction-- his smallest error among them is 5%, which amounts to a lot when you're dealing with percentages of thousands of copies. If he doesn't know what GALAXY is selling, I don't see any reason to tell him, but it's a good deal more than the figure he offered, so much more in fact, that he must be judging by our very first issues.

By the way, have you noticed the enormous improvement in our paper and printing? You need circulation to make those improvements. We have the circulation because we pay authors handsomely to give us their best stories. If not for them, there'd be no GALAXY.
Cordially yours, H.L. Gold

Dear H.L.: (we sound like corporation execs) I am steering clear of this discussion as it may flare up to world-shaking proportions at most any time. But we will welcome any replies from Mr. Palmer...he

from: Charles Hayek (Coronado Post Office; New Smyrna Beach, Fla.)

(this clever li'l section continues next page)



illustration by WILLIAM ROTSLER

Dear Harl,

...about six zillion times better than my first issue, April, but couldn't you get better paper? Not that this isn't good, but I miss about 1/6 of the mag because of defaced, deformed or just plain not there, kind of type.

See if you can't get more stories--three or four to a mag...what's a matter with you anyhow? Can't you recognize natural talent when you see it? I want to see more drawings by William Rot-sler and Jack Harness. Get hoppin'!
Waiting till next issue, Charles F. Hayek



illustration
by ELLISON

Dear Chuck: our paper is some of the best available for mimeo work and still be clear without, as we suffered through for many months when we, I that is, began publishing, having the quality of readability from either side. It is the best 24 weight paper made and as you can see, starting in this issue, we are going to print our mag on one color each issue and in a few months if all goes well, we're going to use just one color---the one this is printed on---gold! The defaced type is partially our fault, partially the Post Office's fault, but with our new method of mailing, we'll be seeing less and less of that. We won't have more than two stories per issue as we don't want an over-balanced issue. That is, we want a rounded out contents page without too much of anything....he

from: Lynn Hickmar (239 East Broad; Statesville, North Carolina)

Dear Harlan,

...I am VERY glad to see you are publishing Marion Bradley's CRYIN' IN THE SINK. I'm glad you've got the guts to print it and Mar- rion has the intestinal fortitude to stick to her principals and write the column in the critical manner she does. A fan editor should appreciate the fact that at least someone will point out their faults. I, for one, do. ...I enjoy CITATION and think it's a grand idea. Sincerely, Lynn

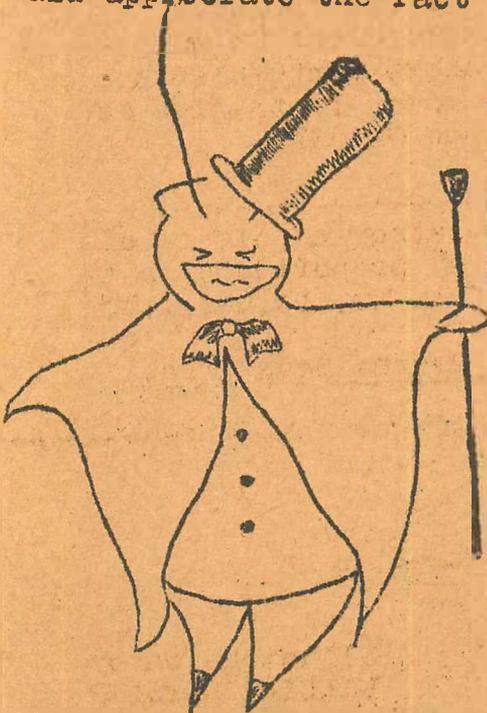


illustration by BURDEN

Dear Lynn: the more I read Marion's column, the surer I am that she's the best fmz re- viewer in the game and that picking up CITS was one of the smartest moves I ever made-- pure blind luck that Max dropped it.....he

from: Alfred Bester (215 E. 68th St; NY 21)

Dear Mr. Ellison:

Thank you very much for your kind CIT- ATION in SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN. I appreciate it deeply.

For the record; your inside story on the genesis of THE DEMOLISHED MAN does not give Horace Gold full credit. I submitted an idea to him, no more. It was one of half a dozen, which Mr. Gold selected, discussed, and planned with me for several months before the actual writing began. And although I did write the novel myself, it(continued)

was with Mr. Gold breathing down my neck; coaxing, encouraging, guiding, giving aid, comfort, and appreciation all the way.

THE DEMOLISHED MAN, I'm sorry to say, was not executed in a romantic blaze of inspiration. It was slow, painstaking job by an author and editor who respect each other as craftsmen, and respect you the devotees, who are the backbone of science fiction. This may sound dull, but on mature consideration I'm sure you'll agree that the future of science fiction lies in disciplined craftsmanship, which is, after all, disciplined inspiration. Most sincerely,
Alfred Bester

Dear Alfred: whether with or without sweat, blood, and tears, we'd better be seeing lots, lots more of you ve-e-e-ry soon, boy.....he

from: Robert Bloch (740 N. Plankinton Ave; Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin)

Dear Mr. Ellison:

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN arrived this morning, and I took 5 minutes off to read it.

I found it to be an interesting little publication, but a bit on the skimpy side. After all, 82 meagre pages is hardly a fullsize fanzine these days.

To me, the most interesting material was that which concerned the Chicon. Just about everything printed here was new to me -- guess I didn't get around very much. I do remember seeing you, briefly, and I know I was on the program a couple of times, but outside of that I can't vouch for anything else. Who is Hugo Gernsback?

Guess the Cons are getting too big for an elderly party like myself to cover any more. I had gone there with high hopes of meeting Tucker and maybe even Walt Willis, and this girl, what's-her-name that runs QUANDRY. But I couldn't manage to get around to it. So it's nice to read about them and to know that they were there and seemed to enjoy themselves.

That stuff about parties interests me, too. Some day I shall attend a real convention party. And they say, some of your correspondents do, that there was a bar in the hotel. I can't imagine where, or what it was -- unless it was that place that closed every morning around 2 AM, long before I was able to get to it.

Robert Bloch

Dear Bob: sorry as heck that I had to cut your letter's ending but we are at the end of this section. As anyone can see, the above letter is the most fantastic lie ever made.



illustration by
ELLISON

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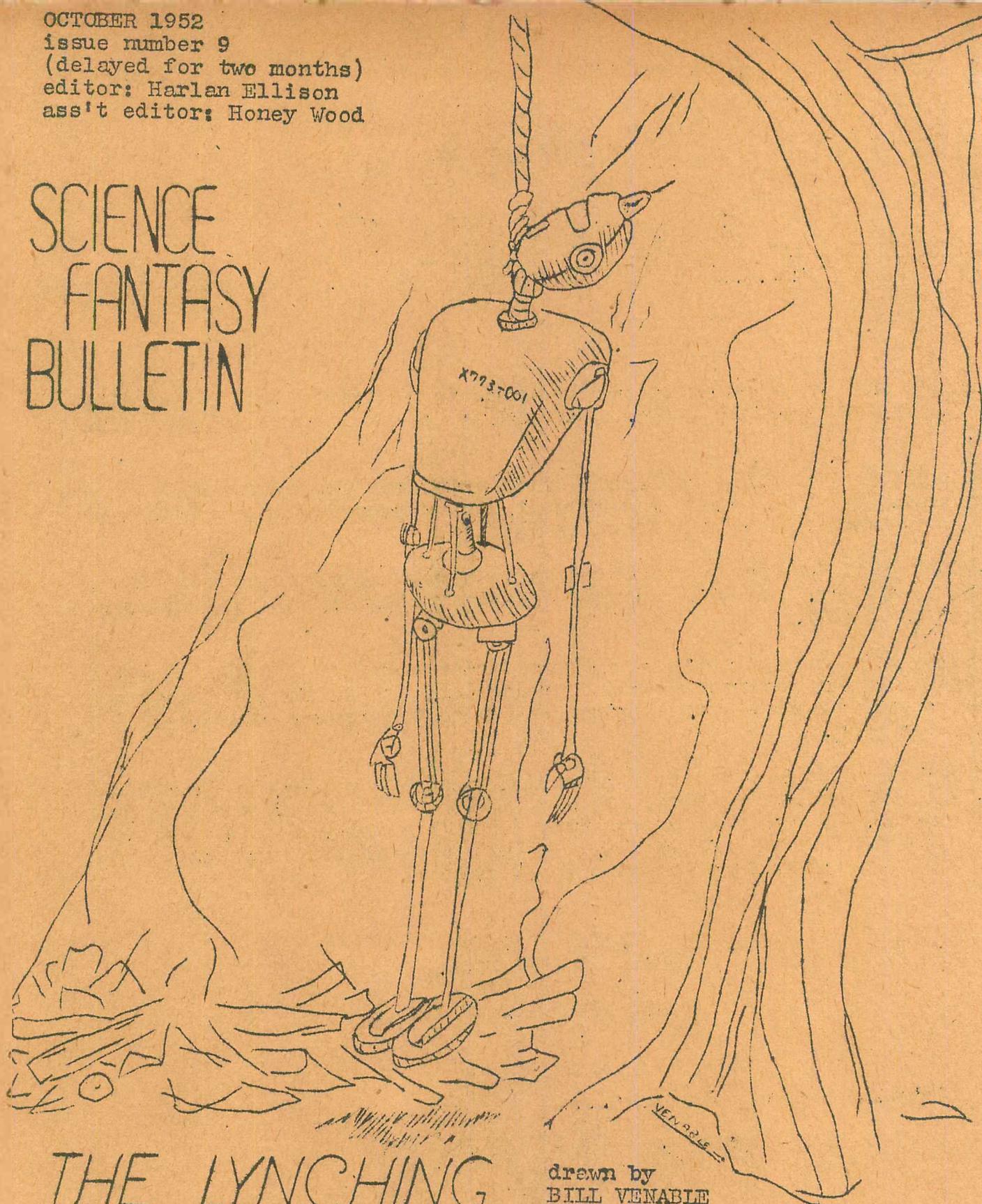
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OCTOBER 1952
issue number 9
(delayed for two months)
editor: Harlan Ellison
ass't editor: Honey Wood

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN



THE LYNCHING

drawn by
BILL VENABLE

NEXT ISSUE: ANNUAL CHRISTMAS BOOK REVIEW SECTION
THE BAR ON BOULEVARD JONES by Raymond L. Clancy
The first of our "guest editorials"--CROSSING THE
BORDER by Norman G. Browne, editor of VANATIONS
HALO a new column of chit-chat by Hal Shapiro
plus more of the finest that the pro and fan ranks can serve up to you