

SCIENCE FICTION

NEWS LETTER

THE CONVENTION REPORT



Photographs on
pages 9, 15.

SUMMER BOOKS

FANS & WRITERS



4
The

CHICAGO

worm's eyeview cartoon on opposite page by Lee Hoffman

Bulletin: Thru error, it was reported at convention that 1,050 people had signed in. Duplicate registrations and pen-names caused confusion. Final and official count now reveals that only 867 registered. Estimated 175 gate-crashers also present.

OPENING DAY: One year ago at New Orleans, science fiction conventions moved into the realm of big business when that affair grossed over one thousand dollars. This year, attendance and program presentation likewise moved into the higher brackets. The three - day Chicago program was overloaded with names and star attractions, so overloaded that a fourth day could have been added to handle the overflow. Target of much fan criticism because they were "professional hucksters," the convention committee provided more mass program entertainment than could be adequately grasped. Like all previous conventions, this one began late. A long and seemingly unending line of people formed before noon to register; by mid-afternoon they were still at it. In addition, the hotel carpenters were unable to prepare the stage in time for the opening hour; a Catholic youth convention in the same hotel had stayed beyond their allotted time, ruining schedules. Some six hundred people sat in the Terrace Casino, watching a giant moon-map hung as a backdrop, watching people scurrying about on the stage.

About 4:30 pm, William Hamling opened the proceedings with an address of welcome, and it was announced that 650 people had registered up until that time. Following Hamling came Erle Korshak and the one convention feature that desperately needs junking: the introduction of notables. On paper this interlude sounds promising but in practice it proves to be one or more dull, boring hours. Korshak did as well as could be expected, picking out of a crowd of six hundred some few dozen faces he recognized or had under contract to Shasta Publishers. Nearly every "name" in the field was present; all the editors but two or three, all the publishers but two, hundreds of writers, many hundreds of fans, readers, and the plain curious who wandered in off the street. An anonymous fan accurately described it when he cried: "This is big, BIG!"

Late in the afternoon, Miss Judy May was installed as chairman, the first woman to hold such a post, and was presented with a dozen roses in addition to the usual gavel. The closing feature of the afternoon was the adoption of the official rules of order, with Ollie Saarl named as chairman of the rules committee.

Dr. Joseph Winter opened the evening session with a lecture, "Thinking in Men and Machines." Following him were Ray Palmer and Willy Ley debating the question: "Flying Saucers--what are they?" To judge by the applause and the many questions and challenges hurled from the floor, this one feature was the high spot of the day. Palmer traced the history of the saucer from the Ken Arnold episode in 1947, to the present day when the Air Force admits that 80% of the sightings are imaginative and the remaining 20% are unknown phenomena. Palmer said that the Air Force is much too generous; he thinks 99% of the sightings are imaginative and only 1%

realistic. He stated: "Something is up there but somebody doesn't want us to know what."

Ley's approach was the analytical one. He said that saucer reports fall into three general categories: luminous objects, metallic discs of hazy outline, and rocketships. He believes that objects in the first two categories are imaginative, and is convinced that no nation in the world yet has rocketships. He questioned Air Force officials, who assured him that they knew of no bases, no training programs large enough to equip the U.S. with such ships. Ley also pointed out that Arnold was not the man who "discovered" the saucers, that a New Jerseyite has records of saucer sightings going back into the last century.

The evening's final attraction was H.J. Muller's illustrated (with slides) rather dryly humorous talk on "Life Elsewhere and Elsewhen." Afterwards, parties broke out all over. The convention committee held open house in their suite on the 13th floor, and a general gate-crasher's party blossomed in the penthouse, where the Little Men of San Francisco were bedded down.

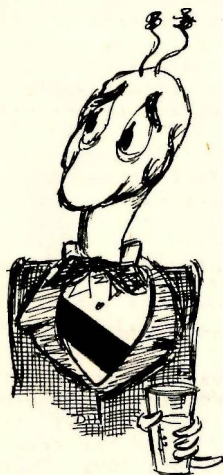
SECOND DAY: In the morning various smaller rooms were thrown open for club meetings. News Letter is unable to report if any such meetings were held or if any club members appeared. News Letter certainly didn't. See previous paragraph.

Registration continued in the outer bar, and the opening feature of the Sunday afternoon session was the panel of magazine editors, moderated by Diane Reinsberg. Editors Tony Boucher, John Campbell, Howard Browne, Lester del Ray, Evelyn Palge Gold, James Quinn, Bill Hamling, Sam Mines and Ray Palmer held forth, answering questions from the floor. This too proved popular, with the result that the auction started late but ran hot and heavy when it did finally get underway. Prices generally ran higher than usual.

Hugo Gernsback, the guest of honor, was easily the lion of the evening. Robert Bloch, serving as toastmaster of the banquet in the absence of the scheduled Will Jenkins, gave him an introduction which brought the entire hall to its feet in wild applause and no little cheering. Gernsback recounted the early days of "scientifiction" and said that in 1911, his writers did not want their names mentioned in connection with the printed stories. All that changed when he launched *Amazing Stories* in 1926, of course; and he believes that many S-F writers have fathered inventions of which they know nothing-- that is, inventors have been inspired by fiction, have produced their inventions in a different form than the one described in the story, and so the writer would never recognize his brainchild. Gernsback spoke on patents and patent-office practices, later answering questions from the floor on this subject. He offered a simple design which might be printed over all fiction containing patentable ideas, with the idea in mind that all such stories and ideas be called to the attention of the patent office. It was his hope that the writer might share in the royalties from patents based on science fiction "inventions".

Gernsback was presented with a plaque honoring him as the father of science fiction. A similar plaque for long and continuous service to the field was awarded Ray Palmer, who said it too should really be given to Gernsback-- inasmuch as that pioneer had not only discovered him but many other writers present. Other speakers of the evening were Walter Willis, L. Sprague de Camp,

Clifford Simak, and E.E. Smith. 440 banquet tickets were sold. Following the dinner, San Francisco's Little Men threw a party in one of the ballrooms, a science fiction masquerade with prizes for best costumes. (See photos.) Cheesecake abounded.



THIRD DAY: Harlan Ellison and Bill Venable officially started the day with a talk entitled "We--Science fictionists." Next up, Dr. Oscar Brauner presented a monologue he called "Post-historic Man, a Review." Panel debating being a proven staple of the meeting, the closing day's first panel was moderated by Sam Moskowitz, while EE Evans, Walter Willis, Edward Wood and David Goodman expounded on the subject: "Fandom--is it still a force in S-F?" Although Charlie Tanner and August Derleth were able judges of the debate, News Letter hasn't the least idea who won.

What had earlier promised a hot fight, proved a fizzle in the showdown. During dinner the previous evening, someone distributed pink leaflets calling for a debate and vote on the subject of choosing conventions by mail. The leaflets were signed by Chester Polk and the "Mail ballot committee," and urged that future conventions be chosen by nation-wide voting,

rather than by the people who were present at any one convention. (The NFFF proposed this same idea many years ago, suggesting that their membership choose the convention sites.) Although the leaflets excited much talk, nothing happened at Monday's business session because Polk failed to present the resolution in the manner required by the rules of order.

The afternoon session presented the second panel of the day, this time a book-publisher's panel in which each huckster present grabbed off all the free advertising possible, the meanwhile answering questions on the floor. Bea Mahaffey, scheduled to appear as moderator of this panel, was absent and so Diane Reinsberg took her place. There had been parties the night before, of course.

Robert Bloch was highly entertaining with his lecture, "What Every Young Spaceman Should Know." Following Bloch came John W. Campbell and Hans Santesson with their speeches, which originally had been scheduled for the morning session but were crowded out. (This is where the fourth day would have come in handy.) Humor was again the theme of the next two speakers: John H. Pomeroy and his "How to be an Expert Without Actually Knowing Anything"; and Irvin Heyne whose subject was "The Mathematical Basis of Time Travel." Also on the program, but unexpectedly cancelled, was Les Cole and "The Lunar Geography of the Little Men's Mining District." During the afternoon, registration - chairman Francis Hamling announced that a quick check had been made on the books, to discover that 1,050 people had signed in, the largest number to attend any convention. Not until three weeks later when a more sober examination had been made was it discovered that the figure was in error; many persons present had registered three times (once each day), and a few others had included false names in addition to their own. The official and final count was reckoned as 867 people. This is more than twice the number to attend any other convention session.

The selection of the 1953 convention site was the usual drawn-out but exciting event of the week-end. Nine persons representing eight cities put in their bids: David Kyle for New York City, Irvin Heyne for Philadelphia, Dr. Oscar Brauner for Indianapolis, Roger Sims for Detroit, Dave Koleck for San Francisco, Dick Clarkson for Baltimore, Paul Ganley for Niagara Falls (Canada), Bill Venable for Pittsburg, and Will Sykora for New York City (another section, or faction). After much speech-making, seconding, tub-thumping and explanations of how the cities and ballots would be handled, the voting began. Four cities withdrew, and the results of the first ballot were as follows:

San Francisco: 138
Philadelphia: 137
Indianapolis: 62

New York City: 21
Niagara Falls: 15

The two cities having the smallest number of votes were then dropped and the second ballot was taken:

Philadelphia: 171 San Francisco: 143 Indianapolis: 51

Feelings quite naturally ran high, minor squabbles broke out, a motion to adjourn was defeated, and some few individuals demanded to know whose rules of order were being followed anyway? The third and last ballot eliminated Indianapolis, with the result that Philadelphia polled 191 votes, to San Francisco's 169. These figures do not always total the same because a very few votes were disqualified each time for one minor reason or another. Mr. Polk and his "Ballot-by-mail" committee were not heard from.

The entertainment session during the final evening (as distinct from what had gone on before) blew both hot and cold. Among the items that could have been eliminated and never missed were Bob Tucker's tape recording, "The Revolting Fan Reporter," and the Hammond-Levin presentation of "The Fall of Fen, or Paradise Lost." Due to mechanical difficulties the tape was barely legible, and due to a dry subject plus dry presentation, the Fall of Fen was flat and not too clearly heard.

Ted Sturgeon was present with his guitar, and Bill and Bea Venable presented a quickie voice-and piano act. The Pittsburg science fiction club was scheduled to produce a play but something happened--- the cancellation announcement and the (later) Pittsburg explanations are at odds. But--no play. Gary Davis, one-time self-proclaimed "world citizen," presented an atom smashing skit and then launched into a lecture on world citizenship. Highlight of the evening of course was the science fiction ballet, "Asteroid," in one act. Performed under special lighting effects and involving six people on the stage, the ballet was an instant success as the following lengthy applause proved. A few TV films closed the convention, but most of the audience had long since departed the hall, bound either for their homes or some room where a party might be in progress.



So ended the tenth anniversary science fiction convention. It was, as that fan declared, "big, BIG!" and will doubtless be discussed both pro and con for some time to come.

SIDELIGHTS: The Little Men of San Francisco strove mightily and entertained magnificently, to capture the convention for next year. Taking over the 42nd floor penthouse at a reported \$75 per day, they threw a party the first evening for all who could shove their way in; sponsored the masquerade ball and served refreshments in the ballroom on the second evening; and then threw another "by invitation only" party on the closing night. Many the fan watched the sun come up from the penthouse windows -- eh, Lee?



Chicago newspaper and radio coverage was very good; some of the papers ran stories and pictures of the affair all three days, while several fans visited radio and TV stations and a few of them managed to get on the air. On the other hand national magazine coverage was poor, due to peculiar circumstances. Both LIFE and TIME arranged to have representatives on the spot -- science fiction writer Jerry Sohl was sent in by TIME, and a LIFE camera man was assigned to him. When the photographer arrived on Sunday to discover LOOK cameramen photographing the ballet, he walked out. No LIFE coverage. Sohl submitted a complete report to TIME, which was crowded out (presumably) due to lack of space.

Strangely, one weekly newpublication was very much interested in the conclave, a communist-line newspaper called The Industrial Worker, published by the Industrial Workers of the World. Copies of the paper flooded the hall and were later mailed to attendees. The paper featured a long, illustrated article entitled "Science Fiction and the Worker," a column entitled "Science and the Worker" and a lengthy book review of the Galaxy serial "Gravy Planet." "Gravy Planet," as you who have read it already know, is a story of the capitalist class trampling down the workers. Elsewhere, Bob Heinlein's yarns are pointed to as both capitalistic and anti-capitalistic, in that he "visualizes the new capitalist opening up the frontier of the future" but he also "pictures the filthy dealings, the giant cartels, the saddest aspects of the class system." A thoughtful notice invites anyone interested in forming "a labor-oriented science fiction group" to write in.

Several book publishers, fans, and clubs had display tables about the hall. G.M. Carr and Ray Higgs must have swelled enormously the NFFF membership roster, to judge by the recruiting job done at their table. Popular Library played Santa Claus, and gave away nearly a thousand copies of the John Wyndham pocketbook, "The Revolt of the Triffids." Small space-suited figures mounted in convention-souvenir ashtrays were on sale at another table.

New Orleans' "Gold Dust Twins" were back, on the microphones.

The hundreds of girls present in the hotel, attending another convention, provided not only attractive lobby decoration but inspired night-time sights as well. While those fans living high in the building contented themselves with sailing paper airplanes out over the city, their lower brethren squatted in darkness beside open windows, staring across the courtyard.

The Science-Fantasy Writers of America, organized at the San Diego "Westercon" in July, was given an added boost when scores of scribes attended a second meeting in Chicago. Among the speakers advocating an organizational and promotional drive were Boucher, Campbell, Gibson, Derleth, Evans, Merrill, Robinson, Farmer and Santesson. A steering committee of ten were elected, with five new

writers from the east named to supplement the five living in the west. It was decided to form local chapters, along the lines of the successful Mystery Writers of America. Forrest Ackerman was named secretary, with inquiries to be directed to him.

No financial report was made at the convention, due to the impossibility of auditing books in so short a time. Three weeks later the secretary-treasurer mailed out the following:

Income:

Memberships	\$ 1243.55
From Nolacon	150.00
Auction	789.25
Raffle	422.16
Fan Tables	45.00
Program Book	352.50
Banquet	1598.39
Photographs	140.00
Total:	\$ 4740.85

Expenses:

Memberships	\$ 74.74
Donations	206.20
Bulletins	268.32
Decorations	63.54
Program Book	455.04
Advertising	54.55
Banquet	1763.75
Entertainment	120.03
Hotel expenses	595.21
Postage	211.76
Supplies	83.14
Typing	8.25
Telephone	52.72
Petty Cash	20.00
Miscellaneous	468.65
Subtotal	4445.90
Cash on hand	294.95
Total	\$ 4740.85

Estimated Additional Income:

Booths	\$ 257.00
Advertising	414.00
Subtotal	661.00
Cash on hand	294.95
Total	\$ 955.95

Estimated Additional Expenses:

Union Labor	\$ 217.39
Booths	150.00
Fan Tables	48.00
Photo supplies	10.54
Prog. Bk. Mailing	50.00
Committee expense	480.02
Total	\$ 955.95

Evelyn Gold reports that when she checked into her room to find it hot and stuffy, she phoned the desk for a fan. They sent up a young one wearing a helicopter beanie.

Several fan magazines have already appeared in the past few weeks with convention reports, including Quandry, Oops!a, Confusion, Fantasy Times, etc. The 7th (Sept.) issue of Oops!a is outstanding for two reasons: it contains the bitterest attack on the affair (by Richard Elsberry) yet seen in print, and it contains a personal-viewpoint report (by Gregg Calkins, who had fallen under the magic spell of Bea Mahaffey) that is a delight to read.

An unconfirmed (officially, that is) report circulating about the hall had it that Gertrude M. Carr was the victim of an elevator accident; conflicting stories said she either was caught when the doors closed, or tripped while entering the machine. An unidentified fan was another casualty, being knocked down during the horse-play at the masquerade ball.

'The Quiet Man'

The saga of the coming of Walter Willis to these American shores is a thought-variant in itself. Willis, the Irish answer to Robert Bloch, would make a fine convention guest, and so Florida-fan Shelby Vick labored mightily to drum up the necessary cash, as did several fan magazine editors who published special issues and donated proceeds to the fund. August arrived and all was in readiness--after Vick made several last-



minute appeals for expense money. The mayor and half the population of Belfast (in Northern Ireland, suh) trooped down to the quay to see the local boy off to make good, while the remaining half of the good burgers razed his house and rode his family out of town on a rail. Unfounded rumors claim that the ship's captain refused to allow Willis aboard until he had jettisoned three suitcases of magazines and a small printing press. Of the trip over, nothing is known inasmuch as Willis is a reticent lad--although he did give to a Chicago fan an empty match folder bearing the imprint of the steamship line, thus proving he was near the steamer.

Other interested parties recount his adventures thereafter. He was met at the New York pier by fans of two opposing factions, and tugged this way and that. He was thrown onto a bus and hauled cross-country by courtesy of Greyhound, accompanied by Joe Gibson. Duz either to the fault of Greyhound or Gibson, three busses broke down beneath him, causing his successive transfers to others. He arrived in Chicago weary, bedraggled, and three hours late, to be met by Lee Hoffman only because he had thoughtfully sent a wire the day before. He was rushed to the hotel, food shoved down his throat, and again pulled this way and that for the next few days. During most of the convention he wandered about in a daze, seeking a means of ending it all. When last seen by this correspondent, he was moving westward in a red station wagon.

Following Chicago, he was transported to Los Angeles in the said station wagon; God knows what happened to him out there. He finally returned east, stopping off in Kansas City to see Banister and in Savannah to see Hoffman. Let us pray he will recover from all this; we have a suspicion he'll never want to see America and our beanie-wearing hoodlums again.

At Chicago, Willis was quiet, good natured, continually worn out, somewhat nervous about public appearances and speeches, and could usually be found in a certain anonymous room. (Someone sent to Judy May a telegram signed by him, announcing that he could not attend the convention because he was going on to San Francisco to seek out Peter Graham.) His greatest delight seemed to be the sampling of new and unusual (to him) foods and the interpretations of restaurant menus. This proves Gaelic is spoken in his native land and only lip-service paid to English, although it must be admitted that he is adept at sign-language. (He once asked directions to the postoffice from a Chicago native, and was immediately answered.)

(photo: Willis and Lee Hoffman)

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THE FANTASY BOOKMAN

by Darrell
C. Richardson

MORE JOHN TAINE: Two more John Taine yarns are made available to the public with the re-issue of *GREEN FIRE* (FPCI \$3), and the first appearance between hard covers of *THE CRYSTAL HORDE* (Fantasy Press, \$3). The latter title originally appeared as "White Lily" in the old *Amazing Stories Quarterly*, Winter 1930. I have always felt that this was one of the better Taine tales and have wondered why it wasn't in book form before. The story begins with a virulent green Easter egg in California which leads, believe it or not, to China where we meet the White Lily. The novel has more action and more suspense than is usual in a Taine story. The jacket and decorations are by Hannes Bok.

GREEN FIRE has long been an excessively rare collector's item. This story also concerns the color green-- this time a flashing light of green fire, the exact shade of green found in the spectra of the nebulae. The book involves a struggle for the domination of the world in 1990, and a search for cosmic power. This is the only Taine book to be re-written as a play.

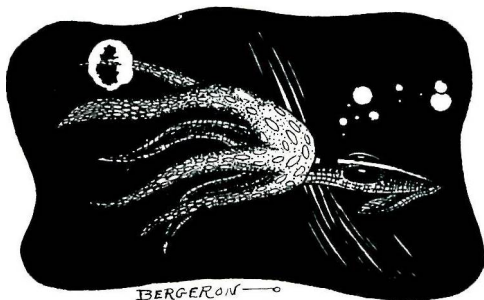
LAST WEINBAUM: The last Weinbaum volume, *THE RED PERI* (Fantasy Press, \$3), places all the work of Stanley Weinbaum in book form. This is his sixth book, all of which have appeared after his death. *THE RED PERI* contains eight short yarns and novelettes which along with *A MARTIAN ODYSSEY AND OTHERS* (Fantasy Press, 1949), forms a collection of all twenty of his shorter pieces. Stories in this volume, in addition to the title tale, include "Protens Island," "Flight on Titan," "Smothered Seas," "Redemption Cairn," "The Brink of Infinity," "Shifting Seas," and "Revolution of 1960." I would personally recommend both of these Weinbaum books for any basic library. And furthermore, I would add the two John Taine titles as well.

* * * * *

COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS: As collectors, we are often accused of not reading books-- just collecting them. This is often justifiable criticism. I suppose I am guilty because I have perhaps 1500 books yet unread. Altho I will agree that the story is the most important feature about works of fiction, I also contend that the illustrations are interesting as well. I confess that I have searched long and earnestly for certain rare volumes, partly because of their illustrations. I am fond of colored illustrations, especially if they are good ones. But who isn't?

I have pulled several books out of my collection at random which contain good illustrations in color. Obviously, all of these books will go back into the past for a few years because few modern books are illustrated at all, let alone in color. *PRINCE IZON* by James Paul Kelly (McClurg, 1910) has five gorgeous illustration in full color by Harold H. and Edwin Betts. This novel deals with a lost race of Aztecs hidden in the Grand Canyon and one of the paintings depicts the canyon as a backdrop. This one is terrific!

One of the most beautiful and unusual fantasy books you are apt to find is Rudyard Kipling's *WITH THE NIGHT MAIL* (Doubleday, Page, 1909). In addition to four terrific full-page color illustrations, the book has end-sheets in color, also by J.C. Leyendecker, showing an airship of 2000 A.D. Incidentally, this book once sold at a freak high of \$110 in a New York book auction several years ago. The 1902 Stokes edition of *THE LAST AMERICAN* by J.A. Mitchell is another example of fine book making. It has dozens of illustrations but six of them are in color by F.W. Read. Even the cover of this book has decorative designs in color and gold-leaf. The 1901 Scribner's edition of *AMOS JUDD* by Mitchell contains seven color pictures and a color vignette on the title page, all by A.I. Keller.



THE GATES OF KAMT by Baroness Orczy, later re-titled *BY THE GODS BELOVED* (Dodd-Mead, 1907) contains four color illustrations by the Kinneys, the famous man and wife team of artists. *THE FOREST MAIDEN* by Lee Robinet (Browne & Howell, 1914) is a very scarce book. It originally appeared in the February 1913 All-Story as "The Second Man." H. P. Lovecraft, then a fan, sent a letter to the editor

praising the tale. It has a frontispiece in color by George Brehm. Another book with a colored frontispiece is *THE BRIDGE OF TIME* by William Henry Warner (Scott & Seltzer, 1919). This is quite a tale and a rather important book, I believe, in the fantasy field.

THE SCARLET EMPIRE by David M. Parry (Bobbs-Merrill, 1906) contains no less than ten illustrations in color by Herman C Wall. This classic tale of Atlantis is much enhanced by its eerie and fanciful pictures which add to the atmosphere of the yarn. *FRUIT OF THE DESERT* by Richard Barry (Doubleday, Page, 1920) has a most excellent frontispiece in color by Ralph Pallen Coleman. This is another lost race story with the Mojave Desert as the locale. The author, in 1926, wrote a serial for Argosy-All Story on exactly the same theme called "The Sun Cure."

Nathan Gallizier's two books which are listed in the Checklist-- *UNDER THE WITCHES' MOON* (Page, 1917) and *THE SORCERESS OF ROME* (Page, 1907) each contain four full-color paintings by the Kinneys. Both of these books, like so many of the Page Company's volumes, are elaborately decorated and have illustrated title pages in color.

CARNACK, THE LIFE-BRINGER (Wise, 1928) is a prehistoric tale by Oliver Marble Gale. This big book has 24 full-page pictures, four of which are in color by Armstrong Sperry. These are among the finest prehistoric interpretations I have ever seen. *THE SON OF THE SWORDMAKER* by Opie Read (Laird & Lee, 1905) is a tale of ancient Rome; there are eight illustrations by Farkas, two of them colored. *THE LADY OF THE SNOWS* by Edith Ogden Harrison (McClurg, 1912) is not a fantasy, but it contains four magnificent colored illustrations, plus forty-four pen and ink drawings (twenty-two of these are full-page) by J. Allen St. John. (continued page 14)

()	The Haploids	by Jerry Sohl	\$ 2.50
()	Jack of Eagles	James Blish	2.75
()	The Crystal Horde	John Taine	3.00
()	Seeds of Life	John Taine	3.00
()	Takeoff!	C.M. Kornbluth	2.75
()	City	Clifford Simak	2.75
()	Time And Again	Clifford Simak	2.50
()	The Sands of Mars	Arthur C. Clarke	2.75
()	Cloak of Aesir	John W. Campbell	3.00
()	Space Hawk	Anthony Gilmore	2.75
()	Robots Have No Tails	Lewis Padgett	2.75
()	City In the Sea	Wilson Tucker	2.50
()	Triplanetary	E.E. Smith	3.00
()	Grey Lensman	E.E. Smith	3.00
()	Sinister Barrier	Eric F. Russell	3.00
()	Man Who Sold the Moon	Robert Heinlein	3.00
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()	Master of Time	A.E. van Vogt	3.00
()	Gunner Cade	Cyril Judd	2.75

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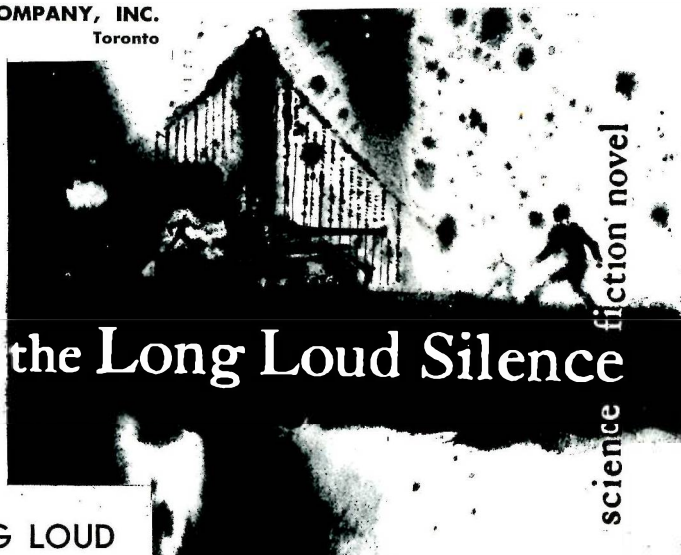
()	The Red Peri	Stanley Weinbaum	3.00
()	Witches Three	Pratt, Leiber, Blish	3.95
()	Best Science Fiction	Bleiler-Dikty	2.95
()	Beachheads In Space	August Derleth	3.95
()	Away and Beyond	A.E. van Vogt	3.50
()	Five S-F Novels	Martin Greenberg	3.50
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THE LONG LOUD SILENCE

by
Wilson Tucker

Through some great cosmic error, Russell Gary, professional heel, was spared when the entire United States east of the Mississippi was laid waste by bombs and a death-dealing virus. Tough as he was, even Gary blanched with horror at the corpse-strewn desolation that met his eyes as he stumbled awake after a gigantic binge. Even more horrifying was the fact that the U. S. Army had blown up all Mississippi bridges with a couple of heavily guarded exceptions.

How would you face up to life in a devastated area with only a few other derelicts—probably plague carriers—like yourself for company?

Wilson Tucker has developed his ingenious idea with all the skill science-fiction fans have come to expect from him. His story is terse and fast-moving. It also has a frightening credibility, for the scene is set only a year or two in the future and it could happen here!

Bob Tucker's shock-laden new science fiction novel ... America laid waste by biological warfare! Autographed copies may be had by ordering from our store.

\$ 2.50

postpaid



W. B. READ & CO.

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While I am speaking of St. John, let me share a thrilling discovery which I recently made. Altho I have many St. John originals, correspond extensively with the man, visited him three times and have even written articles about him, I did not know he had been a writer. Then my friend, Sam Peeples of San Francisco, turned up a fantasy book written and illustrated by him. The title is THE FACE IN THE POOL (McClurg, 1905). In addition to being a swell tale it has four large color illustrations and fourteen drawings in black and white. This is the earliest work of Mr St. John that I have seen, yet his paintings of dragons, tigers, gnomes and beautiful princesses could hardly be improved on.

Possibly the most valuable book I have in my collection is THE SHIP THAT SAILED TO MARS by William M. Timlin (George Harrap, London, 1923.) This huge, incredibly rare volume contains no less than forty-eight color illustrations by Timlin, who did both text and pictures. Even the text of the book was designed by hand, and like the forty-eight pictures, the forty-eight pages of text are separately mounted on heavy gray paper stock. The size of the book is 10 x 12 inches and nearly 2 inches thick; it weighs nearly five pounds. The spine of vellum has decorative designs in gold. Truly this book is a work of art.

I had intended to describe a number of other books with color illustrations but these I've mentioned can serve as examples of an art which seems lost today.

-DCR

GEMS FROM THE

DAILY PRESS

Forfeits \$25 Bond

A man who gave his name as A. Stud, his age as 61 and his address as Green Pastures, forfeited a \$25 bond when he failed to appear in justice court Monday to answer to a charge of loitering on a public highway. He was arrested Saturday by sheriff's deputies.

Hoosier Touchy About A-Bomb

INDIANAPOLIS. — (UP) — State Sen. Charles R. Fleming (D., Hammond), who believes that gangsters might get the atomic bomb secret, Thursday said he would introduce a bill banning the use of the bomb in Indiana except for military purposes.

Fleming said his bill, if adopted, would make Indiana the first state to protect itself against unscrupulous use of the A-bomb.

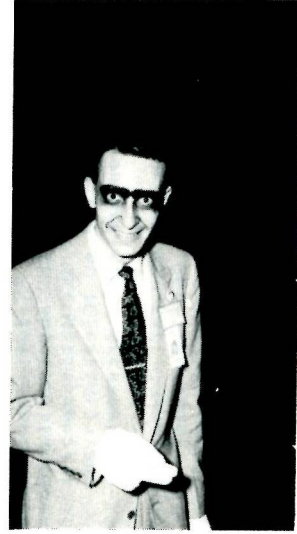
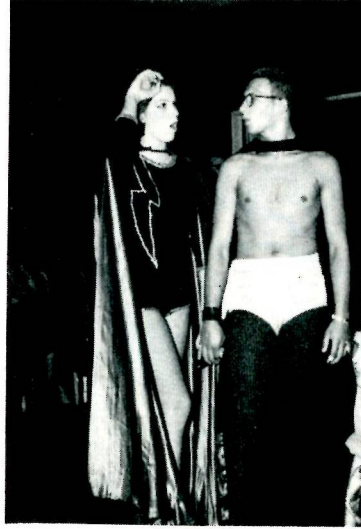
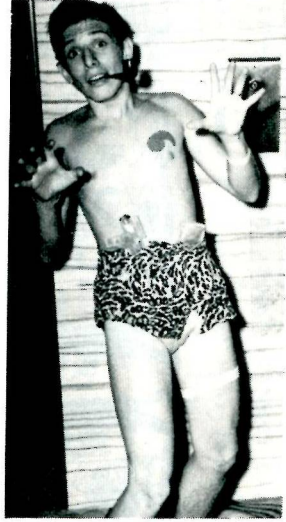
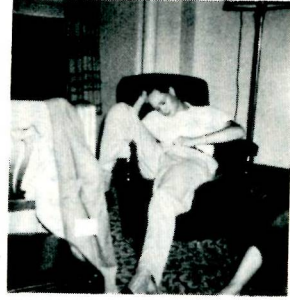
Bottom row, left to right: Harlan Ellison is the startled Tarzan; Rusty Peich is the gal complaining about the heat to Lawrence Gilbert; the pleasant-faced character with three hands is unidentified, as is the lad behind him with a rope about his neck; and finally, Steve Schultheim is the affable poker player who stayed out all night.

Georgia's leading swamp critter, Lee Hoffman; Ron Cernosky is the vampire going for the throat of Pat Mahaffey; her sister Bea however, is going for the Willis autograph; E.E. Evans appeared as the authorized edition of "The Illustrated Man"; while the last picture might be entitled "After The Ball, Mother." There's an unidentified leg hanging around the lower right corner.

Top row, left to right:

➡ For the curiosity of our readers and for posterity, we present these Chicago convention personalities. Those photos on the bottom row by Martin Alger.

ADVERTISEMENT: Chicago convention pictures for sale by Martin Alger, Box 367, Mackinaw City, Michigan. Send stamp for list of many fine shots like these published in Science Fiction Newsletter





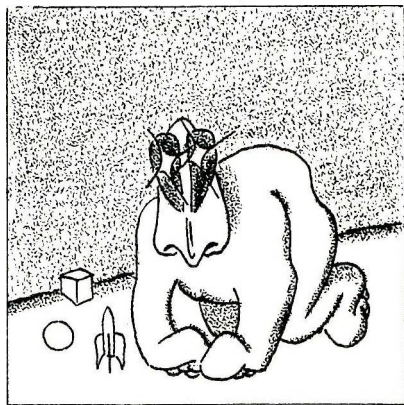
The new crop of anthologies: four very good volumes, plus another.

WITCHES THREE (Twayne Publishers, New York, 1952, \$3.95.) This volume contains three short novels of witches, werewolves and --oddly enough-- newfound scientific friends. "Conjure Wife" by Fritz Leiber is a memorable yarn from Unknown Worlds for April, 1943. Leiber's "Wife" is married to a college professor and practices protective magic on the campus, builds magic circles about her husband and herself to protect their lives and further his career. The professor discovers this, puts an end to it, and destroys her silly little charms. Thus unprotected, things begin happening to the doubting man. This is the story in which Leiber postulates that nearly every woman in the world is a witch, and almost convinces the reader of that. "There Shall Be No Darkness" is the second novel in the volume, by James Blish, and originally appeared in Thrilling Wonder, April 1950. Written in an entirely different mood, it makes good use of the old plot concerning the castle tucked away on a Scottish estate, the week-end houseparty, and a werewolf at the window. Not old however is the fresh and scientific treatment given the tale; plus the introduction of a "white witch". Blish has long been one of our favorite writers because of such fresh handling and because of another trick of his which is present here. The last line or two carries a sockdolager. The third and last novel, "The Blue Star" by Fletcher Pratt, seems to be a new story, consisting of three dreams of witchcraft dreamt by men who ---in the cold light of day--- doubted the existence of such things. A four hundred page volume, and recommended. -BT

BEACHHEADS IN SPACE (Pellegrini & Cudahy, New York, 1952, \$3.95) August Derleth edited this collection of fourteen stories; in past years this reviewer has usually said or implied that Derleth should be editing weird anthologies, not books of science fiction. We always belived his S-F collections left much to be desired. With this volume however we can say no such thing; either he consistently chose good ones or he accidentally picked many of our favorites. The contents: The Star (Keller), The Man From Outside (Williamson), Beachhead (Simak), "The Years Draw Nigh" (del Ray), Metamorphosite (Russell), The Ordeal of Prof. Klein (de Camp), Repetition (van Vogt), "Breeds There a Man ..?" (Asimov), Meteor (Harris), And the Walls Came Tumbling Down (Wyndham), The Blinding Shadows (Wandrell), The Metamorphosis of Earth (CA Smith), The Ambassadors from Venus (Crossen), and To People a New World (Bond). Better than Derleth's previous. -BT

BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES: 1952 (Frederick Fell, New York, 1952, \$2.95) The fourth volume in an annual series of "Bests" to be collected by Everett F. Bleiler and T.E. Dikty. As in past years, we usually agree with the title of this series; the stories selected by the two editors who really know the field are not always the best, but it can't be denied they are among the best. There are eighteen yarns here,

culled from the many hundreds published last year. The contents: The Other Side (Kubilius), Of Time and Third Avenue (Bester), The Marching Morons (Kornbluth), A Peculiar People (Curtis), Extending the Holdings (Grinnell), The Tourist Trade (Tucker), The Two Shadows (Temple), Balance (Christopher), Brightness Falls From the Air Seabright), Witch War (Matheson), At No Extra Cost (Phillips), Nine-Finger Jack (Boucher), Appointment in Tomorrow (Leiber), The Rats (Porges), Men of the Ten Books (Vance), Generation of Noah (Tenn), Dark Interlude (Reynolds & Brown), The Pedestrian (Bradbury), Of interesting note: seven of these tales have been published in Fantasy & Science Fiction, more than twice the number coming from any other magazine. Boucher & McComas collectively possess a keen eye for this sort of thing. -BT



AWAY AND BEYOND (Pellegrini & Cudahy, New York, 1952, \$3.50.) A.E. van Vogt offers another collection of nine of his short stories and novelettes, dating from 1940 thru 1946, and all but one from Astounding. Some of these are among his best yarns and some are not: The Great Engine, Vault of the Beast, The Great Judge, Secret Unattainable, The Harmonizer, Heir Unapparent, The Second Solution, Asylum, and Film Library. These are known to all but recent comers; chief value of the book then is a one-volume depository of previously scattered yarns. -BT

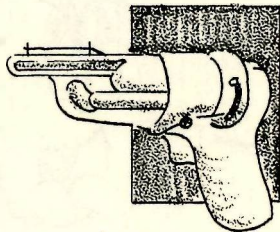
TEEN-AGE SCIENCE FICTION STORIES (Lantern Press, New York, 1952, \$2.50.) Richard M. Elam Jr. is here represented with eleven of his stories, a few of which were originally published in boys' magazines. They deal with invaders from space, time travel, exploring the ocean floor, the moon base, Mars, space stations, and other space-opera on a teen-age scale. Well written for the intended age level. -BT

INDEX TO THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES, 1926-1950 (Perri Press, Portland, Ore. 1952, \$6.50.) This is Don Day's long awaited cross-index to all the science fiction and much of the fantasy fiction published in the first quarter century. The large volume (8½x11 inches, 184 pages) represents a tremendous amount of work and the result is spectacular: over 20,000 separate entries, including an index by authors, by story titles, a checklist of magazines, and a list of back-cover pictures on certain of those magazines. Also given are all the known (and up-to-now unknown) pen-names of each writer, plus detailed information on each of the several thousand stories: when and where it appeared, its length, and the page number of the particular magazine. Series stories are treated as a group and identified, Astounding's old "Probability Zero" shorts are included, and reprints are coded and noted. In all, fifty-eight magazines are indexed from Air Wonder Stories to Worlds Beyond --- and including the three British periodicals. The initial entry is Robert Abernathy and his fourteen appearances in the pulps; the

final entry (following 'Z') is a yarn entitled "!!!" and written by "X", which is a pseudonym for Donald Wollheim. This book, together with two supplemental booklets published in recent months ("The 1951 Magazine Index" published by Edward Wood and Charles Freudenthal, 1331 West Newport Ave, Chicago; and "A Checklist of Fantastic Magazines" published by Ray Isadore and Bradford M. Day, 1907-A South 14th St, Milwaukee) comprise a complete picture of the science fiction field from April 1926 to December 1951. -BT

THE LONG LOUD SILENCE

(Rinehart & Co, New York, 1952, \$2.50.) Bob Tucker's second science fiction novel. You wouldn't like the protagonist, Corporal Russell Gary, as a personal friend. He was constantly thinking only of himself and how he could make a fast buck or two; he was neither honorable nor honest but he was the kind of a man who would succeed in a struggle for survival. Gary wouldn't have survived at all if he had been vulnerable to the plague, if he had quit like the others when the eastern half of the U.S. crumbled under bacteriological warfare. It doesn't take him long to adjust and he's right in their pitching ... for Corporal Gary, and at first, 'Nineteen,' an immune gal friend. The continuous struggle to survive carries him from one end of the country to the other (among the contaminated states) with hair-raising results, with the eternal goal being the safe, clean side across the Mississippi River. As in Tucker's CITY IN THE SEA, the book has a thematic quality and is revelatory regarding human nature in general and the American Public in particular. There are some unanswered questions regarding the enemy attack, how it is managed over so large an area, and how the uncontaminated area stays that way despite the enemy and bacteria's way of spreading over a continent in spite of natural barriers. But Corporal Gary doesn't worry about this and neither does the author and, in this kind of a story, it isn't spoiled by omission. Tucker's plot-line and writing continue to improve. -Jerry Sohl



THE SANDS OF MARS

(Gnome Press, New York, 1952, \$2.75.) Written by a man well qualified in the field, Arthur C. Clarke, this is a novel of interplanetary flight that is not space opera. Dramatic without ham, colorful and real without gunplay and pyrotechnics, it is the story of the establishment of a Martian colony, and of a science fiction writer who makes his first flight. Solid, entertaining, and well recommended. -BT

FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE

(Gnome Press, New York, 1952, \$2.75.) Based on material previously published in Astounding, Isaac Asimov presents the second volume in the "Foundation" series; the continuing struggle between warlords, despots, spies, and traitors to find and overthrow the Foundation, and the uphill fight of the Foundation itself to stay alive until they shall have passed away. This volume chronicles the coming of The Mutant, who takes up arms when the Imperialist forces have been checked. -BT

I, ROBOT

also by Asimov, has been reprinted by Grosset & Dunlap, New York, at \$1. Book was reviewed in SFNL #19. Eight of Asimov's short stories and novelettes have been reworked into a novel. Well worth reading.

(continued on page 20)

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED
ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR

Hal Shapiro

Elliot Broderick
Martin Alger
Howard De Vore
Roger Sims
Ben Sims
Agnes Harook
Jim Broderick
Les Snyder
Reva Smilay
Sybil De Vore



The John C. Winston Co. (Philadelphia, 1952, \$2 each) have published five more books for the teen-age reader to follow the initial five reviewed here last issue. Looking further afield, Winston's editors have come up with important names and very good stories: ISLANDS IN THE SKY (Arthur C. Clarke), SONS OF THE OCEAN DEEP (Bryce Walton), VAULT OF THE AGES (Paul Anderson), MISTS OF DAWN (Chad Oliver), and ROCKET JOCKEY (Philip St. John, who is Lester del Ray). In order, ISLANDS is a story of the space stations, OCEAN is an undersea melodrama, VAULT tells a tale of the far future after the fall of civilization, DAWN is a time-travel yarn, and JOCKEY is space opera. As before, the set of five covers a wide range of ground, are well-written for the age group concerned, and make fair reading for adults. -BT

WE, THE FEW (Exposition Press, New York, 1952, \$3.50.) That's a steep price for a tepid novel; the author, John L. Hawkinson, is not a professional writer apparently, but has penned this story of a handful of survivors after The Bomb for his own amusement. As such, it's readable, but it cannot compete with the professional output. And the person who wrote the publicity release and the jacket blurb should have read the book. -BT

CLOAK OF AESIR (Shasta Publishers, Chicago, 1952, \$3.) John W. Campbell or Don A. Stuart (by whichever name you choose to call him) is represented here with some of his best work reprinted from Astounding. Stories included are: Forgetfulness, The Escape, The Machine, The Invaders, Rebellion, Out of Night, and the title tale. The book begins with the coming of a ship and an exploring party to a quiet and supposedly dead world, only to find there the remnants of a long-gone race and a machine that is the master of all. The theme of The Machine is continued through the following (but not quite as memorable yarns), until the last part of the volume, which is given over to Aesir and the Sarn Mother -- a matriarch not too unlike the earlier Machine. A good collection of some of Campbell's best stories. -BT

28 SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF H.G. WELLS (Dover Publications, New York, 1952, \$3.95.) The thick volume contains two novels, "Star Begotten" and "Men Like Gods," plus twenty-six shorter stories, including Man Who Could Work Miracles, Empire of the Ants, Country of the Blind, Crystl Egg, A Dream of Armageddon, Valley of Spiders, etc. -BT

POCKET REPRINTS: Ray Bradbury has edited TIMELESS STORIES FOR TODAY & TOMORROW, from Bantam, 35¢. Robt. Heinlein is back in print with GREEN HILLS OF EARTH, from Signet, 25¢. The Balmer-Wylie novel, WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, will be published soon by Dell books, at 25¢.

MAX BRAND, THE MAN AND HIS WORK, a critical appreciation & bibliography by Darrell C. Richardson, has been published by FPCI, Los Angeles. We hope to have a review of this next issue if columnist Richardson himself has to do it. TIME reviewed it recently.

Kenneth Krueger has announced publication plans for SURVIVAL AND EXODUS by Arthur J. Burks, and others, in limited editions to be illustrated, numbered and signed.

Did you know that spinach was a staple food in ancient Iraq? You can't beat spinach for bringing the text to bottom of page.

People in The News

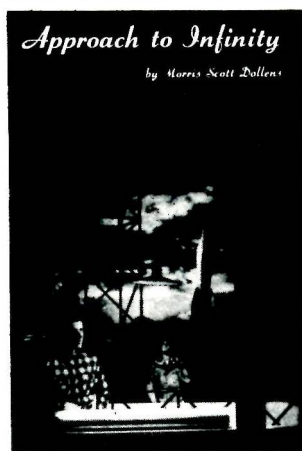
Roy Squires has published a new booklet, **APPROACH TO INFINITY**, containing sixteen reproductions of the work of Morris Scott Dollens. Included in the booklet are many photo-montages, symbolic paintings and astronomical pix. Some of these pictures were among those offered for sale at New Orleans. (30¢, 1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale 1, Calif.)

Joe Martino (Rte 5, Box 295, Warren, Ohio) recently went on the air with his ham outfit, **WN8LQH**. You'll find that at 3.709 mg, Jacobs.

David Johnson (Bibb City, Georgia) has also gone on the air, but in quite a different manner. David, 12 years old, organized a hill-william band and landed a regular weekly program on **WDAK**, Columbus, Ga. Musical activities have not interfered with his fanning, and he plugs the fantastic on the program.

Stanley Crouch (Holly Circle, Sterling, Va.) is offering tape-recorded copies of Tucker's convention reel, "The Revolving Fan Reporter." The item is available in three speeds.

Frank Robinson released from the Navy last month. Art Rapp back from Korea and now stationed near Chicago-- location unknown.



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LETTERS



Dear Sam:

Sam, you should have been there---it was terrif, I mean terrif! The Tasfic was wunnerful, the Chlcon was a seven-sector call-out! Greatest con I've ever seen---it was my first one, but believe me Bergey It won't be my last. I'm rocketing to Phil-Two with all jets. I had more fun than Kuttner playing like Vance.

It started like this, Sam: I hooked a free ride to the Xcon-hovel; I dunno who was the sucker that paid for the cab, I just piled in with about a dozen other fen at the bus station and let somebody else take care of the fare. Man, what a mob! You should have seen the beanie line at the registration desk -- couldn't get near the clerk for hours. I played it smart, I went upstairs on in the elevator and hunted an open door. Found an empty bed in a room rented by a Henry somebody from Atlanta and plunked myself down. Man, could that Henry drink! He had brought along a gallon jug of Georgia moonshine and everybody sampled it. Man, could the fen drink! Pretty soon a bunch of fans from New York drifted in, and man, could they drink! We chewed the fat awhile, ripped all the promags apart, and then we moved on down the hall to a room held by Bloch somebody. Man, could that Bloch drink! We sat around in his room salling paper airplanes out the window until a George O. somebody checked in across the hall, and then we moved over there. Man, could that George O. drink! He played songs on a guitar and somebody started a crap game.

There was a bellboy in the hotel that all the elevator girls called "Lover Boy." He was a good joe, a true fan, and furnished everything free--Ice cubes, carrying suitcases, everything. After awhile he brought in a couple of Finlay lovlies, and man, could those girls drink! In the corridor outside I found a bunch of fen sitting on the floor talking, and I got a picture of them passing the bottle. Man, could those people drink! There was some girl there who pubbed a fmz and lived in a swamp, and everybody flocked around her with favors. Man, could that girl drink! Later on I met a Walt somebody who had come over from England, but we didn't talk much because he always had a bottle in his mouth. Man, could that Englishman drink! Every fan I met was an expert boozier.

That afternoon an editor named Bea somebody came in and I snipped off a lock of her hair; she got a little mad about it but when the hell, she was only a pro. I traded the lock of hair for a complete set of Unknown, and then traded off the half dozen copies I already owned for a Paul original, and then swapped the Paul for a mint "Dawn of Flame," but after that decided I didn't want it after all and swapped it for some 1930 fmz. Sometime after supper I met a guy who had a copy of Laney's memoirs, and gave him the fmz for Laney. And say, Sam, I stayed up all night to read the memoirs, and the next morning a fan offered to swap me a lock of Bea's hair for it, so I swapped.

I'm telling you, Sam, you missed something! The whole three days was like that. I never did see the convention program, but what the hell, I didn't go to the Anncon for that! And man, did I lay in the likker! All they had to do was pass a cork in front of my nose, and I was high.

- Joe Fann

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SCIENCE FICTION



NEWS LETTER

Autumn
1952

Number
27

"een misdragt uyt verdorvene harsenen"

Published quarterly for the Bem-makers and the Beanie Brigade.
Twenty cents a copy, or four issues (one year) seventy-five cents.
Overseas subscribers: 5s/6d to Ken Slater, Operation Fantast.
Edited and published by Bob Tucker (address below.)

Cover Illustration by Lee Hoffman. Interiors by Hoffman, Dave
Hammond, Richard Bergeron, Chester A. Polk, and Naaman. Photo-
graphs by Martin Alger and Bob Tucker. Happy Birthday, Donald!

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