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#### NEWARK PILGRIMAGE

It began sanely enough. Donald A. Wollheim, John B. Michel, James V. Taurasi, Jack Gillespie, Robert G. Thompson, Frederick Pohl and I gathered at the home of Herbert E. Goudket on the night of Saturday, March 12, in order to see our unlovely faces in the movies he had taken of us the previous Sunday.

That went off quietly enough. As the reel was run off there were sounds of various male voices saying "Ah!" and when the lights went up there was talk of Hollywood and screen careers.

A bit after 9 P.M. we bade our host good night and boarded a southbound train belonging to the IRT. After a bit Messrs. Thompson and Taurasi left for, respectively, Manhasset and Flushing. The five of us continued our journey, emerging finally in the heart of Greenwich Village, where we made our way to a modern building called The New School. After a long wait we man-

aged to purchase tickets; after a longer one we squeezed into the building and took seats. 'Twas no school, this, ah no! . . . 'Twas a theatre. In a few moments darkness descended and we were treated to the only surrealist film ever made, Jean Cocteau's "The Blood of a Poet". This was spoken, and written, entirely in French, which helped, tho the English subtitles were disconcerting. Some day, when I feel equal to the occasion, perhaps I shall attempt to go into this more closely.

After the bleeding stopped New York was given its first look at that incredibly old Rene Clair scientific film (also in French), "The Crazy Ray".

It was after midnight when we left the theatre. We repaired, then, to a cafeteria, and ate our fill's. It was after 1 A.M. when we left the cafeteria.

"If you will walk down that way", said Donald A. Wollheim, waving his hand in a vague southerly direction, "you will see some very interesting sights." Whereupon he and Michel and Pohl went their various ways, leaving Jack Gillespie and me to face these "interesting sights". None, however, of the 1. 3 presented themselves, unless they were gas stations, convents and traffic, which I doubt.

After a bit we said, practically simultaneously, "Let's walk across a bridge." And we strolled in the direction we thought most likely to harbor a bridge. After a bit we bumped into a signpost, which proclaimed "W 42 ST". There are certainly no bridges on 42 St., so we had to satisfy ourselves with a ferryboat ride. Half an hour or so later we alighted in Weehawken, N. J.

At this point our mental processes ran about like this: "Weehawken, New Jersey;

New Jersey, Newark; Newark, Moskowitz." And, perhaps: "Moskowitz, breakfast."

We were directed by a courteous official to a Western Union booth, where we sent our respective parents identical telegrams, which, if you must know, read: "AM STAYING WITH MOSKOWITZ IN NEWARK WILL BE HOME SUNDAY LOVE". Exactly ten words, you see; love is free. The time was now exactly 3.10 A. M.

Having thus soothed our consciences, we again approached the courteous official, saying: "How does one get to Newark from Weehawken?" "One does not get to Newark from Weehawken," said he. "One must start from New York." This was discouraging.

We again utilized the waiting ferry and at 4.00 exactly entered this end of the Newark Tubes. At 4.36 we arrived at Jersey City---this train went no farther. We fortified ourselves with a bag of apples and awaited the departure of the Newark train, at 5.04. We arrived at our destination in due course and chartered one of their delightful 50¢ - anywhere taxis to drive us Moskowitzward. 'Twas, I should say, approximately 5.45 A. M. when we were deposited before 603 So. 11th Street.

Long minutes followed, as we leaned against the bell marked MOSKOWITZ -- HELIOS. Finally there arrived, bleary-eyed, Moskowitz, pere et file, demanding to know what we wanted. We were cold, we explained, and hungry, and wanted to come in. "Strange," murmured this unfathomable Sam, "I was expecting you last night."

We sat in the kitchen until dawn, eating matzohe, drinking tea and talking science fiction. What, queried Sam'l, will I tell my parents. What'd you come for?

He asked for it and Jack, with the genius that comes from long years of training, told him. "William S. Sykora", he said, "passed on."

"Oh," said Sam, properly impressed. I have no doubt that he still believes it.

After breakfast we visited Alex Osheroff, mighty editor of The Science-Fiction Scout, whose mother tried to force our already overstuffed selves to mangle more breakfast. Sam introduced Jack as Willie Conover, Jr., then promptly forgot about it, calling him Gillespie once or twice, which puzzled poor Alex no end.

We decided that we wanted to see these mysterious people: Bahr, Weiner, Wollomser, and all the others. Sam promised faithfully to introduce us to each.

"Let us," said our host, then "visit Bill Miller and Jim Blish."

"Yes," said we, "let's."

We walked miles and miles, arriving, finally, in East Orange. By this time I was dead on my feet and unaware of half that went on about me. Jack must have felt the same, tho he hid it beneath a buoyant exterior.

Anyway: Miller wasn't home and Blish didn't live where he was supposed to. We were now faced with the unpleasant necessity of walking back to Newark, or else trying publicly in East Orange when I caught sight of a sign on a trestle. "Jack," I said, "do you see what I see?" "Yes," said he, "I see what you see." The sign read "Round Trip to New York, 40¢" and was not a block from a Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad station.

We bade friend Sam a tearful farewell and bought our tickets. We arrived, after an uneventful journey, at Hoboken, boarded still another ferry, arrived in New York, caught subways and went home.

I went to bed and didn't get up for sixteen hours. I'll bet Jack didn't, either.

--Richard Wilson, Jr.