

#21 EMBER #21  
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 A weekly journal  
 of news, views, muse.

# EMBER



## CONTEST

For every 50¢ in new subscriptions or extensions to EMBER which the contestant is able to secure, he will receive one point. For every new subscriber he is able to obtain, he will receive one point. For every item of news, views, or muse sent in and used by EMBER, he will receive 1/2 point. The person having the most points at the close of the contest will select his prize from the following books: a new copy of JUBILEE, now out-of-print; THE AID AND THE GODS - Lord Dunsany, excellent shape; INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES - Algernon Blackwood, fair copy; CAN SUCH THINGS BE? - Ambrose Bierce, new copy; or THE CROQUET PLAYER - H.G. Wells, excellent condition. Ends February 1, 1947.

by Robert Burns(1759-96)

THIS WEEK

I murder hate, by field or flood,  
 Though glory's name may screen us;  
 In wars at hand I'll spend my blood:  
 Life-giving; wars of Venus.

The deities that I adore  
 Are social life and plenty;  
 I'm better pleased to make one more  
 Than be the death of twenty.  
 (from Sept. ENCORE)

George Tullis, who sent this poem in, then writes: "This is the same thought that is expressed more succinctly by the ancient Pekinese philosopher, Ah Fooee, whose words are rendered into forceful English by the student, Ah Chew, and quoted by Sin Soon in a letter in the May, 1946, Harvers: "Wars and wars are eternal; come to bed, let us make warriors."

WILDED TALES, January: Rather effective cover in a 'mobile' sort of way by Tilburne. Lead novelette by Hodgson, "The Hog". Eight other stories by most of the usual writers. Hopefully anticipate those by Sturgeon, Geier, and Bradbury...

ROCKETS, May-Aug: Official Publication of the U.S. Rocket Society: Cover is a contest for those who know their astronomy well enough to figure out the date by the configurations of planets and stars. An editorial on 'mystic barriers' is interesting, but I liked best an article by Donald J. Ritchie on acid and aniline as a rocket fuel. Don has evidently worked in this field and writes well about it. Did you know that Netherlands is sending mail by rockets in 1946? A rocket

envelope, with stamps and cancellations, appears on p.10. A review of SUN SPOTS, de la Ree's zine, embodies some sharp remarks directed toward the Lotus eaters of fandom.

FANTASY ILLUSTRATED, Fall: How could it? It hasn't been up yet. Not even off its knees.

R.S. Richardson writes: "It is interesting to note the changing attitude of astronomers toward the subject of rocket ships, inter-planetary communication, and space travel in general. About twenty years ago the mere mention of 'moon rocket' to astronomers aroused about the same reaction that the word 'syphilis' did in polite society. Now rocket spectrographs and lunar observatories seem to be on the program some time in the future.

Had a most enjoyable visit recently from Mr. Bonestelle who painted those pictures that were in Life and Coronet of a trip to Mars and the moon. He showed me the color photographs of the original paintings and let me say that the magazine illustrations failed to do them justice. Mr. Bonestelle's paintings far exceed anything of this type I have ever seen. The colors are gorgeous, the detail amazing, and the authenticity perfect. He gave me two photographs of lunar landscapes. My wife will not believe they really are only paintings. He insists they are color photographs of the Grand Canyon of Arizona; says that no painting could look so real.

I understand that Mr. Bonestelle and Willy Ley are cooperating on a series of articles and cover illustrations. This is one you don't want to miss. (What magazine?- Ed.)

Richard Frank cards that Ray Bradbury has landed in the November STORY DIGEST with a reprint of his "Invisible Boy" from the Nov. issue of the 1944 LADYBONNET. Rich says that Embereaders should keep their eyes on STORY DIGEST as it carries a couple of fantasy tales each issue, gathered from current publications throughout the world.

This is pretty old, and just how old I don't know, as the date is missing from the clipping I found in the back of my drawer in a recent 'fall cleaning', but KARL CAPEK, 48, Czech author and playwright, died of pneumonia in Prague. He is the author of R.U.R. which stands for Rossum's Universal Robots.

Here's a tip to hunters of rarer and out-of-print books. Sellers operate thru a central agency, the American Antiquarian Booksellers, 529 S. Melville St., Philadelphia 43. The clipping says it's a non-profit affair with millions of books available. Could some of Ember's Philly readers check on this? Your editor recently attended a concert called JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC where such artists as Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Illinois Jacquet, Rex Stewart, and Trummy Young entertained with three sets of standards and what I call novelties. While nothing better is currently available (except on records), the concert still left much to be wished for. Mainly, the players played down to their listeners with such tricks as Stewart pulled by 'talking' on his cornet. But still the greater part was way over the heads of the reporters present who spoke of such things as 'strummed strings' when the string bass was the only stringed instrument, calling a sax a 'brassy meerschauum pipe of exaggerated design', calling the trombone of Trummy Young 'ungovernable' just because he played more notes than many an icky trumpet player can get out of his instrument, and speaking of Buck Clayton's trumpet 'splitting the eardrum with brassy knives' when his was the most sentimentally melodic and subdued of the lot, and to top it off by calling some of Jacquet's brilliantly exciting choruses on the tenor sax as 'rheumatic flights of fancy'. Gratifying to me was the absence of stomping bobby soxers and the preponderance of young men who recognize that combination of technical ability and individual imagination which makes up the intellectual and emotional stimulation known as jazz. If you are a Sammy Kaye fan, you will not understand what I'm talking about. Certain of the modernists have captured some of this spirit in their compositions appealing to the pince-nez group, but the individual instrumentalist is limited to interpretation from a score, not from within himself.



# HALLOWEEN CAPERS

by TIGRINA

Thursday, October 31st, was the scene of Halloween revelry at the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society Club Room. Many of those attending wore costumes, or at least masks or other gear indicative of the Halloween spirit.

Those who materialized in more elaborate attire were Bob

Patrick, who came in a red devil suit, complete with horns, tail, pitchfork and pointed ears; A. Everett Evans, respondent in a black and white Chinese mandarin garb; Helen Wesson, visiting Los Angeles on her way to join her husband in Tokyo, who sported a saucy red horned cap and crimson sequins in pitchfork design on her blouse, reminiscent of her original red inn character featured on her printed magazine, "Spigot"; and Tigrina, as "Dracula's Daughter", a-glitter with the ebon draperies and black sequins which caused so much commotion at the Pacificon.

Colored lights lent an eerie atmosphere to the proceedings, and skeletons, vampire bats and jack-o'-lanterns leered from corners of the room. For entertainment, a grisly horror story entitled "The Cockroach", by Charles Lloyd, from the famed English "Greens Series" was read by Tigrina. Forrest Ackerman, thrifty fan that he is, had a punchboard handy and sold chances up to a quarter, prize being a "Not at Night Omnibus" valued at \$12. Cyrus Condra, one of the more recent Club members, was the fortunate recipient of the treasured volume.

Forrest Ackerman also conducted a fantauiz, which he termed "Seven Footprints to Satan", a question and answer contest especially for weird story fans, participants paying 50¢ apiece for a chance at the lesser prize and \$1.50 for a chance to win the grand prize. Competition was thick and fast. Dale Hart, competitor for the lesser prize, won a new edition of "Sarah Man-Drake", by Maggie-Owen Waderton. Gordon Dewey came through with flying colors and was presented with a copy of the rare book "Stable for Nightmares", by Sheridan LeFanu.

The festivities over, fans congregated at a nearby victual dispensary for refreshments. Celebrants dispersed to go their homeward ways at the witching hour of midnight.

