

Science Fiction News Letter

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WHY BELLEVUE IS FULL

The other night (Feb. 19, to be exact), against our better judgment, we allowed Jack Gillespie to drag us to a meeting of the Fantasy Circle, known variously as the Washington Heights Chapter of the Science Fiction League, the Washington Heights Sciencefiction Club, and the Inter- (Inner-?) Fantasy Circle. The meetings take place in a very rainy section of Upper Manhattan and in a room utterly devoid of breakable objects. Chester Fein acts as host and has as his aide-de-camp a brawny gent named Cyril Kornbluth. Cyril got that way, we learned, from absorbing the scientifically-prepared food served in his school cafeteria. After being introduced to the various members, we were led to a sofa and invited to sit down and watch the proceedings. We sat. The lights went out, leaving the room in total darkness. Weird noises ensued, things swished and went plopp! and purrlings came. It was, as Donald A. is wont to say, utterly vomble. The mazdas again glowed, after a time, and revealed the chamber, which, except for us, was entirely empty of humanity. Members then issued forth from behind chairs and under pool tables, donned habiliments and departed. We had, unfortunately, come in at the very end of the fun. We listened to Mr. Fein say a few nasty things of Mr. Wollheim, watched with interest as Mr. Kornbluth's latest epic was torn to shreds, then were assisted into our coat and hat (which latter had stood up rather well under the many and varied indignities that had been practised on it in the course of the evening's activity), and walked out into the cold, morning rain.

AND STILL THEY COME

The second, March, JEDDARA, the organ of the Queens SF, came out this week with a short-short story, "The Voyage of the Whosit"; QSFL Minutes; "Odds and Ends", news-notes by James V. Taurasi; a poem, "Defiance", by Gertrude Kuslan (sister of Louis); a letter from Edgar Rice Burroughs; and "To The Queen's Taste", a column by us. Being on the staff of the magazine, we are not qualified to gate it. . . . Once more, SCIENCE FICTION FAN.. Outstanding is the Moskowitz-Wollheim dispute. The IPO Poll is missing, and is missed, while The Forecast is and is not--if you follow. This issue is much neater and easier to read than previous numbers. Editor Wiggins is to be commended for his regularity in issuing the magazine.

LATEST SUPER-MAN

A Captain Hazzard is the newest Doc Savage-ish character. Unlike Doc, whose father trained him to be a super-man from the cradle, Hazzard was blind for the first 15 years of his life, and, while thus afflicted, developed his other senses to miraculous degrees. He is the master of hypnotism, Yoga, braille, psychology and Oriental mysticism. His adventures are chronicled in the first issue of Capt. Hazzard Magazine, a bi-monthly Ace Publication. The story is entitled "Python Men of Lost City", and is written by Chister Hawks. Numerous footnotes by the author heighten the interest in the story. Price 10¢.

SO THEY SAY

Winchester, Mass., 2.13.38. R. D. Swisher: "The SFNL has proved quite capable of filling the need for a regular weekly news sheet and I hope it prospers."

New York City, Feb. 15, 1938. Donald A. Wollheim: "SFNL is getting to be a regular habit. If you keep up long enough, I'm going to be able to get that long-awaited chance to retire as a columnist, you've got all the stuff before me. Anyway, it won't be long before I merely rewrite what you have--- because that'll be all I can do. Glad you mentioned the rather odd circumstance of Duncan quitting science-fiction in the Critic and taking it up regularly in Tesseract. First he says he hasn't read it for several months, and then the "Science Fiction Advancement Ass'n" starts him on a regular column. You explain it, I can't. Something like ykora, I guess. . . . Azygous must be Moskowicz---everything else is." (Mr. Wollheim is a very modest gentleman and also a great flatterer. We therefore refuse to believe a word he says.)

THE NOTEBOOK

Look, for March 1, has four pages of Norman Bel Geddes creations, among them cities of the future; streamlines, Diesel-powered, aluminum automobiles; super-streamlined ocean liners; gas stoves; scales; etc. Not long ago, pictures of his "Cities of Tomorrow" were used in connection with advertisements of Shell Gasoline. Jack Gillespie will issue a mimeographed magazine called THE SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY REVIEW. Unlike Mr. G.'s other ventures, proposed and otherwise, this one will be dignified and stuff. Herbert Goudket is seriously thinking of issuing a hectographed magazine, title as yet, undecided upon. Each number will contain the photograph and biography of a science fiction fan. It will be limited to about 25 copies. Has it been told that James V. Taurasi has had Vol. I of THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN professionally bound? The Harry J. Luthill comic strip "The Bungle Family", is sporting what is either a ghost or an invisible cowboy. V. T. Hamlin's "Alley Oop" discovered the principle of the wheel not long ago and is now engaged in rehearsing the world's first circus. The Thompson-Goli page "Myra North, Special Nurse", shows a place called the Kingdom of the Future. J. Norman Lynd's "Vignettes of Life" off and on show humor as it was known in caveman times. David A. Kyle blew into New York last week and spent a few hours with Harry Dockweiler, James V. Taurasi, and this column spoke to Daw over the phone, then sped back to Monticello. Gaumong-British Pictures is sporting a new horror-man, named Inkijinoff. His first picture, however, ("The Revenge of General Ling") is unscientific. Rudy Vallee's program of Feb. 17 presented Phillip Guedalla (or however he spells it), historian, who told how the world will look in 2038. Phil Baker, on his program of Feb. 20, was a bit more ambitious and looked ahead to 2438, the Robot Age.