

THE
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LETTER

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R. i. P.

Morojo writes, by air mail postal, as follows: "It is lamentable Fantasy News does not feature the laudable policy of SF News Letter of running remarks in sic style. Then the statement would not have appeared in FN #12 that 'I' will continue as is. What I said was: In your 10th number intelligence was offered that IMAGINATION! is to go the way of all flash with the Xmas issue. The Publishers wish this protest to appear, to the effect that they (the Los Angeles Science Fiction League Chapter) emphatically deny that Madge will die in Dec. --Sciencereally, 'Madge's Sec'y' Morojo. // This is true because... 'Madge's' operations are suspended with the Ann Ish! (Oct). As our last number should be appearing shortly after the publication of this advice. Now It Can Be Told. Full details in Way Out West."

DEPARTMENT OF IDLE GOSSIP

Frederik Pohl at times signs himself "Ø," which, he will tell you, is digamma, the Greek f. . . Ø plans a revised jetan game which may be played on a regulation checker board . . . Claire Beck, who becomes fonder and fonder of New York, mighty metropolis, may be caught, at odd moments, gazing at the city's skyline from across miles of country, or from behind Central Park's tree-tops, and saying softly to himself: "It's utterly fantastic!" . . . The Newark Neanderthal, now that the subject has been brought up, is also known as Polysyllable Multiname. . . The fourth issue of David A. Kyle's Phantasy World, due May, 1937, has been taken under the wing of the News Letter and will, eventually, appear. Incidentally:

Prof.: What's that noise?

Student: Pardon me? What did you say?

Prof.: I said what's that horrible noise outside?

Student: That's a rocket? But.

Prof.: I know it's a rocket, /who's making it?.....by special permission of David A. Kyle, editor, reprinted from the Feb. 1936 issue of The Fantasy World, copies of which may be obtained from SFNL at 5¢ each, ppd. Also copies of Phantasy World for Feb. '37 and April '37 (nos. 3 & 4), 10¢ ea., ppd. (Adv't.)

Golden Fleece Magazine, dealing in historical adventure, promises stories of the future its readers wish them . . . Bob Tucker is selling stickers reading "Member, Fantasy Amateur Press Association" to those who belong, tho he himself is not a member. . . Many thanks to Fred Pohl for his two guest issues of the News Letter. Thanks also to David A. Kyle and his brother, Arthur C. Kyle, editor of the Monticello Adviser, for the type, press, etc., used in the printing of the scarehead on the recent "extra" issue of the NL.

"When Nod ('Nymph of Darkness') originally appeared in FANTASY, one reader wrote he had Nyusa 't'all for the heroine. Collaborators Catherine Moore & FJA wonder if he couldn't see her because she was invisible?!" ~~Another~~ Accused 4E of publicizing N.Y., U.S.A." --C. Voyant

FAUSTUFF (!)

The story is told of a Kentucky colonel who had an argument with the devil. The devil said that no one had a perfect memory. But the colonel maintained that there was an Indian on his plantation who never forgot anything. The colonel agreed to forfeit his soul to the

devil if the Indian ever forgot anything.

The devil went up to the Indian and said: "Do you like eggs?"

The Indian replied "Yes." The devil went away.

Twenty years later the colonel died. The devil thought "Aha, here's my chance." He came back to earth and presented himself before the Indian. Raising his hand, he gave the tribal salutation: "How?"

Quick as a wink the Indian replied: "Fried." ---The Open Road

JUST THINGS Guest Space-Filler-Upper: Jack Gillespie

The tale begins immediately outside a Richmond Hill soda parlour. One of the Wilson boys is speaking. "Would you care to explore the wilds of Richmond Hill?"

"Oh deah me suz, but would we!" heartily rescound the brave lads' falsettos (brave lads including Wollheim, Michel, Michel, Wollheim and Michel and Me and others).

Equipped with machetes, snowshoes and Das Kapital they went trailing along railroad tracks, through playgrounds and finally ended up in one of Queens' larger parks, where Wilson (safari master), after having been thoroughly perverted by a thoroughly warped mind (mine), happily deserted them.. After watching them vainly struggle to reach civilization, returned to 86-10, leaving our happy companions cursing all Wilsons and Gillespies..

All of which is an introduction to what and why of Just Things. Returning, Mr. W. made the request of Mr. G., that Mr. G. would be perfectly welcome to ruin the latest N.L. Always willing to help out, said I, "What am I to write about?"

"Oh, about half a page."

thus:

Half a Page

by J.G.

Item..... The latest game craze is a pretty little thing called Djuganvili; invented simultaneously by a very tired Pohl and a very tired Gillespie.

Item..... Sam Moskowitz gets more despicable as the days roll by. His latest underhanded trick is to bribe people to spy for him. (I can prove it, Sammy.)

WILSON AGAIN

The Futurian Science Literary Society of New York, called by one charter member a "popular front blind for the CPASF," was formed Sept. 18, in Brooklyn. Thus far, the following belong: Frederik Pohl, Robert W. Lowndes, John B. Michel, Donald A. Wollheim, Walter Kubilis, Jack Gillespie, Isaac Asimov, Cyril Kornbluth, Rudolph Castown, Jack Robinson and Herman Leventman. The Society will probably continue The Science Fiction Advance.

The Greater New York Science Fiction League has been officially dissolved by Mort Weisinger, according to a personal letter received by Donald A. Wollheim regarding the Taurasi impeachment fracas. Weisinger suggested, however, that two (or more) new New York SFLs be formed, Wollheim and William S. Sykora each to direct one. A special meeting of the ex-GNYers will be held Sept. 25 to discuss the affair.

MGM has completed transactions and is now proud possessor of the movie-version-to-be of that still successful Broadway play, starring Vera Zorina; "I Married an Angel" . . . A long-lost ~~xxxx~~ (pardon the Novae Terrae business) Edgar Allan Poe short story, "The Spectacles," is published for the first time in the Sept. 24 Liberty. The tale is unimaginative, the Liberty's cover isn't, wholly. . . In: Science Fiction Collector, Aug.-Sept.; Fantasy News, Sept. 18.

Richard Wilson, Jr.