

THE SCIENCE FICTION NEWS LETTER  
Guest-Editing by Robert W. Lowndes

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PENULTIMATE CHAPTER: Section 4

"Wait, Nell," warned Levy. "I apologize for being beastly late as usual, and that's that. Let's not go into it: financial difficulties..."

#### THE PILGRIMS' PROGRESS

A few Sundays ago ye guest ed was awoke by the tinkle of pebbles on his window and rose to find the three comrades leering up from the lawn. Since the all-too-brief rendezvous in ye guest ed's poetic garret, we have received cards from London, Paris & Moscow (Canada & Michigan) and learn that meetings have taken place with Farsaci, Seufert, the Swishers and the Kuslans, &c, all of whom were found to be (according to our secret code message) swell people. We regret, Mr Miske, that space does not allow us to go into detail about the meeting with Stalin on Island 758 of the 1000 Islands.

#### FROM BRITAIN

Comes interesting news from Ted Carnell, Chief of New Worlds, and we quote: "After May New Worlds is going quarterly. In view of the fact that Tomorrow has now gone bust, broke & in the ditch, I decided to ask Johnny Burke to issue Satellite as the SFA monthly, with Noel taking Tomorrow's place as the quarterly.... Noel will be about 30 pages per issue, & gives me a good opportunity to use short stories and long articles up to 3000 words without crowding the issue. Peterson's yarn got a raw deal thru that--it took up too much of the issue and the readers reckoned they weren't getting enough material for their money.... The 1st Quarterly (Autumn - August) will have a 3000 short by Bill Temple: "No Chance", your article, "Unknown & the New Escapism", a short satire entitled "Zinopski's Final Attempt" by Wilfred Cockroft, a take-off article, "One Hour with a Psychiatrist" by Dave McIlwain, and others..... Maybe you can mention my wants to US fans: I'm in need of American articles." We certainly can, Ted. Ahem: ANNOUNCEMENT: Know ye all fans by these presents that Ted Carnell of New Worlds (address 17 Burwash Road, Plumstead, London, S E 18) is interested in well-written, provocative, controversial, or straight American fan articles. Lengths up to 3000 words. Payment: the distinction of appearing in a magazine that takes only first-class, well-written material...Oh, yes--we almost forgot////--you can do your golden deed for the day, if, in writing these articles, you use 60 strokes to the line and use "////" marks where words do not fit in. We have been presenting you with a brief sample of just//// what we mean by the above. You see, it is not very difficult to per-//// form, and it does save just oogs & oogs of time on the part of the compositors of the magazine."

#### THE WORLD MUST BE RULED FROM MOSCOW DEP'T

While the battle about "propaganda" & "politics" in & around stf goes on, we slip our 2¢ worth in with a quote from a recent statement by the exiled German author, Thomas Mann, one of the noted literateurs of the day. We feel this applies also to stf. (Being

naive enough to believe that stf can be literature at times.) Quote:  
"I see now that it was a mistake for the German citizen to believe that a man could be cultured and non-political. I realize that culture is in danger when it lacks the instinct and desire to understand the political. In short, an acknowledgement of the democratic ideal rose to my lips. Where should I be today, on what side would I be standing if I had clung to my conservative, German anti-political attitude? For all Germany's music, all her intellectual achievements, could not save her from a barbarism that threatens the foundations of western civilization." (Thomas Mann's books have all been burned in very territory controlled by the Third Reich as unworthy of the noble spirit of Adolf Hitler.) So much, say we, for the contention that stf writers and stf fans should just be "all-Americans", unconcerned with any "ism" or politics.

NOTE FROM THE GREAT WILSON (and we don't mean Woodrow)

There is to be soon on B'way a swing version of "The Houseboat on the Styx", the play of 10 years or so back wherein many famous personages meet in the hereafter...Rumor has it that "Heil America!", Paramount's veddy secret new production, is none other than the previously mentioned "Dr Cyclops", and will treat (like the MGM-Lewis "It Can't Happen Here") of America under a dictatorship...Karel Capek's (disappointing) last play, "The Mother", a ghost-anti-war drama, recently opened in NYC, starring Nazimova & reviving the old custom of letting the entire balcony go at 35¢ per. First come: first served...Caravan Hall, rented by New Fandom for the World Sf Convention, is hq of the Bahai Movement, occult society, whose creed is brotherly love...In H. J. Tuthill's strip, "The Bungle Family", Zooie, the magical mite, entered the Museum of the Down With Dictators Debating League and "put the squitch on" statues of Europe's Men of Iron..... bringing them to life. Quote: "Look. The dummies fighting....Benjie made a pass at Adolf...They're tangling...Both are hitting low...Now they're biting each other..." (Such lovely thoughts. Yge)

WHEREIN WE INFLATE OUR EGO BY QUOTING FROM A LETTER FROM MISS AMELIA REYNOLDS LONG TO YOUR EDITOR ANENT LEVY

"I was interested to notice in the results of your poll on the 10 most popular stf stories that few of the so-called popular writers were represented. This rather bears out my one theory that most of our best stf is written by one-story people. Now I'm trying to figure out why that is.

"By the way, I liked your cover for the March Spaceways. Once you get into the pro. magazines, you ought to be able to illustrate your own stuff, which is a big advantage. You don't know what a weird sensation it is to have a story come out in a mag and discover that, according to the illustrations, the characters are perfect strangers to you. Every time Paul illustrates something of mine, I want to yell."

AGAIN QUOTE

"Hast thou forgot the foul witch Sycorax....This damn'd witch Sycorax, for mischiefs manifold..."

--Shakespeare's "The Tempest", Act I, Scene II

The old boy was close, at that.

"Goodbye, Levy," whispered Nell, as their lips met.

Doc Lowndes