

THE SCIENCE FICTION NEWS LETTER
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STATEMENT OF OPINION

"Re the News-Letter. At the beginning of the year it looked like the real thing. A weekly fan magazine containing only news of fandom. However the bitter truth soon resolved itself. The editor was more interested in Movies, Cartoon Books, Plays, Radio Skits."

--Sam Moskowitz

It seems very odd to us that there are people in the fan-world who consider only the professional pulp magazines which deal in science fiction worthy of their attention. The publications, in our opinion, are only a very small and not so shiny facet of the field--if we may mix our metaphors a bit.

We should soon grow weary of sf if the pulps were its sole medium of popularization. We haven't read a pro magazine from cover to cover in years, but hardly a week passes that we don't read at least two science fiction novels. He who denies sf in movies, in plays, in books and on the radio must indeed have a very limited vision.

Science fiction need not be conscious. H. G. Wells, Jules Verne and innumerable others were writing it long before the term was invented. Examine your collection of sf novels. Of the authors represented there, how many do you think realized that the books they wrote would later be classified as "Science Fiction"? Only a few: Burroughs, Cummings, Kline, Taine--perhaps Wells. Others--if living--if told, and shown a pulp represented to be the most popular expression of that field of literature, would probably throw up their hands in horror and dash quickly away.

And if being interested in films (with such pictures as "The Eternal Mask", "Lost Horizon", "On Borrowed Time" & "Things to Come" to counterbalance the "Flash Gordon" & "Lost City" type of quickie) and plays of such caliber as "The Star-Wagon", "R. U. R.", "Outward Bound", &c--at least to read about and report on them, if one can't afford a \$1.10 seat in the balcony--ye gods! if this be treason, or inimical to the best interests of sf, we think we'll go off and join Claire Bock in hermitry.

THE MIND OF THE RACE

"So that every man who writes to express or change or criticize an idea, every man who observes and records a fact in the making of a research, every man who hazards or tests a theory, every artist of any sort who really expresses, does thereby, in that very act, participate, share in, become for just that instant when he is novel and authentically true, the Mind of the Race, the thinking divinity. Do you not see, then, what an arrogant worship, what a sacramental thing it is to lift up brain and hand and say, "I too will add"? We bring our little thoughts as the priest brings a piece of common bread to consecration, and though we have produced but a couplet or a dozen lines of prose, we have nevertheless done the parallel miracle. And all reading that is reading with the mind, all conscious subjugation of our attention to expressed beauty, or expressed truth, is sacramental, is communion with the immortal being. We lift up our

thoughts out of the little festering pit of desire and vanity which is one's individual self into that greater self.'....

"So he talks, and again presently of 'that world-wide immortal communion incessant as the march of sun and planets amidst the stars.'....

"And then, going on with his vast comparison, for I cannot believe this is more than a fantastic parallelism: 'And if the mind that does, as we say, create is like the wafer that has become miraculously divine, then though you may not like to think of it, all you who give out books, who print books and collect books, and sell books and lend them, who bring pictures to people's eyes, set things forth in theaters, hand out thought in any way from the thinking to the attentive mind, all you are priests, you do priestly office, and every bookstall and hoarding is a wayside shrine, offering consolation and release to men and women from the intolerable prison of their narrow selves.'...."

FFFF : Jack Gillespie

"Blood of a Poet"

"Death Takes a Holiday"

"Alice in Wonderland"

"Lost Horizon"

"The Scoundrel"

---"Boon, The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil, and The Last Trump. Being a First Selection from the Literary Remains of George Boon, Appropriate to the Times. Prepared for publication by REGINALD BLISS, with an Ambiguous Introduction by H. G. WELLS" Geo. H. Doran Co., N. Y., 1915

SO LONG!

This, as you may have heard tall, is the final issue of Nell the newsgal. Herein we say farewell, and we'll try to dispense with the tears and mush.

There are all sorts of reasons. Foremost is the fact that Nell was ceasing to feature the type of material we wished to see in her--because of editorial requirements (very rigid things, which state that a weekly must contain news, reviews and other comparatively dull things in preference to our vagaries of pen and typewriter (which you'll find beginning in Escape #2 (plug-plug))).

Then, too, Nell was never worth a nickel a throw--ask Mister Tucker--, even tho we never grew fat on the profits.

Wally Marconette said he'd surely not let die a publication that had appeared at regular weekly intervals for 18 months. Which, indirectly, is another reason. Regularity began to build its insidious little wall around us, chortling at our ensnarements....

Behold rebellion!

And now goodbye. We leave the field wide open to Fantasy-News and its press-agents' pal, Mr Taurasi. (Tut-tut, Wilson--don't be small.)

"So long, all you swell people," says Nell, smiling moistly.

"Move over, Madge...."

Pick

Nell

