

Caxtonian

Journal of The Caxton Club of Chicago

Volume VI, No. 12

December 1998

Treasures in DeKalb . . .

The Science Fiction and Fantasy Collections of the NIU Libraries

One of the many fascinating aspects of the field of science fiction books and science fiction magazines is the history of their publication. Few other types of literature have aroused such devoted and fanatical readers. And from the beginning, these readers were troubled by the knowledge that the paper used in the pulp magazines was so poor that little permanence could be expected for the stories. The obvious solution was to publish better quality editions of the major works. Unfortunately, the large professional publishing houses had no desire to enter the science fiction field. So the fans took the task upon themselves, and the result was a flowering of small private publishers devoted entirely to science fiction and fantasy.

The first of these private specialty publishers was Arkham House, created in 1939 by August Derleth and Donald Wandrei. Its original purpose was to print the works of Howard Phillips (H.P.) Lovecraft. The name Arkham was Lovecraft's fictional location in New England, where a number of his stories take place. The first book published by Arkham was an omnibus of Lovecraft's works entitled, *The Outsider and*

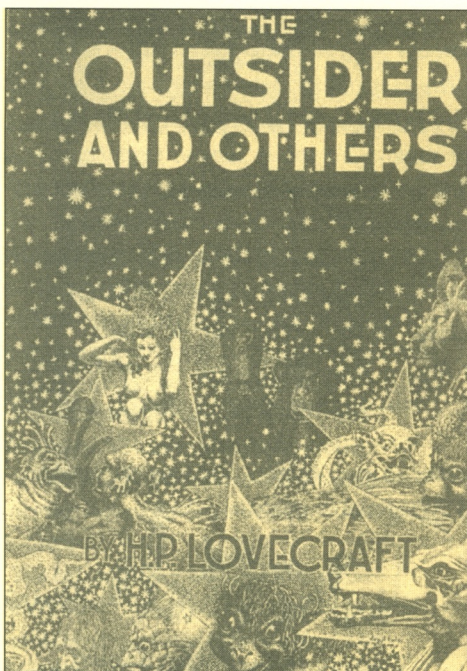
Others. The eventual success of this venture gave encouragement to other small houses, such as Fantasy Press, Buffalo Book Company, and Shasta. Evidence that a market existed eventually brought the larger publishers into the act.

In the Northern Illinois University (NIU) Libraries' Science Fiction Collection, the most requested item is *The Necronomicon*, a book that Lovecraft referred to in his writings, but one that never existed. It is supposed to be a book about pre-human civilizations. Lovecraft did write a pamphlet, *A History of the Necronomicon*, which set out the story and origins of the imaginary book. In the pamphlet he stated that the book was written about 730 by the "mad poet of Sanna." Its original Arabic title was allegedly "Al Azif," referring to the Arabic word for the nocturnal sounds of insects and also used to represent the howling of demons. He reported that a Latin translation was done by Olaus Wormius (a real person). Additionally, he stated that "the work, both Latin and

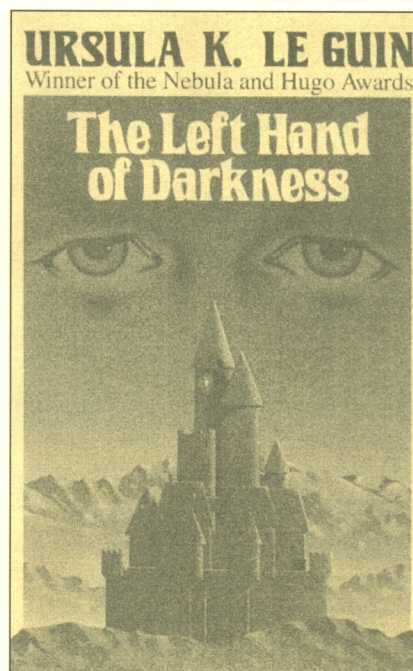
Greek, was banned by Pope Gregory IX in 1232." While the book is completely imaginary, Lovecraft "documented it so thoroughly and so convincingly that the temptation to reproduce a copy finally proved irresistible to a group of Lovecraft devotees," a catalog describing an exhibit of literary fakes explains. The volume that the NIU Libraries has was published by the Owlswick Press in Philadelphia in 1973. The text of this book consists of 197 pages of gibberish, in which random letters of the Syrian alphabet were manipulated to produce a text that looks realistic to the unsuspecting. Lovecraft's tradition of invented history is continued by the preface, in which L. Sprague de Camp, the noted science fiction writer, invents a history of how he came into possession of *The Necronomicon*.

The H. P. Lovecraft Collection consists of some 100 titles and a few manuscripts of the noted horror/science-fiction writer and complements the University Libraries' Science Fiction Magazine and Science Fiction

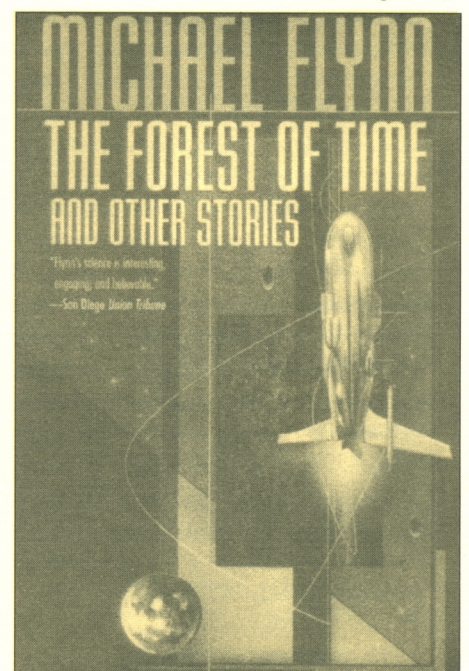
(See NIU TREASURES Page Four)



The Outsider and Others, 1939.



The Left of Darkness, 1969.



The Forest of Time and Other Stories, 1997.

Caxtonian

The Caxton Club
Founded 1895



President - Karen A. Skubish
Vice-President - C. Frederick Kittle
Secretary - Susan R. Hanes
Treasurer - Christopher D. Oakes
Historian - Frank J. Piehl
Archivist - Brother Michael Grace, S J
Past President - Thomas J. Joyce

Council

Class of 1999

Abel Berland
John P. Chalmers
Kim Coventry
William Drendel
Gene Hotchkiss, III

Class of 2000

Edward C. Hirschland
Robert W. Karrow
Kenneth H. Paterson
John S. Railing
Peggy Sullivan

Class of 2001

Leonard Freedman
J. Ingrid Lesley
Lynn Martin
Barbara Lazarus Metz
James S. Tomes



Friday Luncheon Program

Chair - Edward Quattrocchi
Co-Chair - Leonard Freedman

Secy - Bookkeeper - Dan Crawford
Webmaster - Paul Baker
<http://www.caxtonclub.org>



Journal Staff

Founder/Editor - Robert Cotner
Associate Editor - Michael Braver
Copy Editor - Charles Shields

The *Caxtonian* is published monthly by The Caxton Club. The Caxton Club office is located in The Newberry Library, at 60 West Walton Street, Chicago, IL 60610. Telephone 312/255-3710. Permission to reprint material from the *Caxtonian* is not necessary if copy of reprint is mailed to The Caxton Club office and credit is given to the *Caxtonian*.

The *Caxtonian* is printed by
River Street Press, Aurora, Illinois
Fine Printers & Lithographers

Musings...

Many years ago, when I was haunting the halls of academe masquerading as an English professor, a colleague of mine said one day, "You know, Bob, we've got better school buildings than ever. Books are better and more plentiful. Teachers are better trained, and we spend more on schools than we've ever spent. But, you know, things aren't as good in education as they were 30 years ago. Why?" I replied, "Maybe the machine's stopping." He smiled because he recognized my literary allusion. I had in mind E.M. Forster's novella, *The Machine Stops*, written in 1906, anthologized often, and reprinted in such books as *Science Fiction Hall of Fame* (1973). It is a story set years from now, when humankind has taken up residency in futuristic abodes underground because the Earth has become uninhabitable. It is the tale of Vashti and her son Kuno, who live in a world environment totally dominated by "the Machine." In Forster's science fiction world, "The word 'religion' was sedulously avoided, and in theory the Machine was still the creation and the implement of man. But in practice all, save a few retrogrades, worshipped it as divine."

Kuno had risked being relegated to "Homelessness," the status of those failing to pay complete homage to the Machine, by venturing up an air shaft to explore the now-abandoned Earth. He reported to his mother "The Machine develops — but not on our lines. The Machine proceeds — but not to our goal. We only exist as the blood corpuscles that course through its arteries, and if it could work without us, it would let us die. Oh, I have no remedy — or, at least, only one — to tell men again and again that I have seen the hills of Wessex as Alfred saw them when he overthrew the Danes." First-hand experience is eschewed by people in Forster's world. It was better to know history through intermediaries rather than personally — to make deeds of the past as though they "had taken place in the days of the Machine." The elevation of contemporaneity through the pseudo-scholarship of this new age was integral to the subservience of the world's peoples, who "readily adapted themselves to every caprice of the Machine."

Ray Bradbury, in a novel that places him in the pantheon of America's greatest novelists, creates in *Fahrenheit 451* a refinement of what Forster began in 1906. In the 1953 Bradbury novel, set beyond our time — but not too far beyond — we see a society committed to control through the destruction by fire of all books (*Fahrenheit 451* is the temperature at which paper burns).

Bradbury gives one of the most compelling arguments for the book found anywhere. Professor Faber, who had been "thrown out...when the last liberal arts college shut for lack of students and patronage," says, "Do you know why books...are so important? Because they have quality. And what does that word quality mean? To me it means texture. A book has pores. It has features. This book [the Bible] can go under a microscope. You'd find life under the glass, streaming past in infinite profusion."

It is because books show the "pores in the face of life" that they have become hated and feared — and become scheduled for burning. People — "comfortable people" — want only "wax moon faces, poreless, hairless, expressionless" in the insane age of which Bradbury writes. People of the book — such as we are — will understand the profundity of Professor Faber's comment, "I don't talk *things*, sir. I talk the *meaning* of things. I sit here and *know* I'm alive."

So things aren't as good in education today, it seems to me, in part because we ignore our legends: *Fahrenheit 451* is a fabulous legend of American literature.

Robert Cotner
Editor

Book-Hunting in the Arctic – Greenland Chapter

Part II of III

Perhaps the most interesting fact about the history of the printed word in Greenland is that printing ever took hold there. There are few countries whose geography and climate have made them so inhospitable to the growth of the intellectual arts as Greenland. The largest island in the world, it is geographically part of the North American continent, geopolitically a part of Europe, and nationally (like the Faroe Islands) a self-governing community within the kingdom of Denmark. Eighty-five percent of the country is covered by a two-mile thick icecap and the average mean temperature of this arctic climate is zero! Only some 56,000 people live in a series of small communities and villages located entirely along the precipitous and storm-lashed coast.

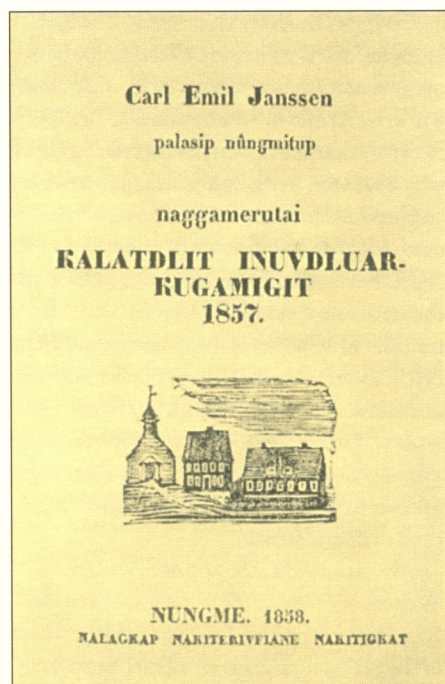
The remarkable Inuit inhabitants, who have lived so successfully on these shores for thousands of years, have only recently entered into 20th Century urban life, oftentimes with disastrous results. And while every modern convenience is to be found in the largest towns, shadows of the Greenland pictured in Rockwell Kent's *NbyE* and *Salamina* can still be glimpsed by the independent and curious traveler. And then of course, there is some of the most unspoiled and spectacular scenery on the planet. Traveling in Greenland can also be a little uncertain. And I must admit to more than a little discomfort when I removed the instructions from my seat pocket on Greenlandair.

The last part of the country to be settled, East Greenland, has the reputation for being home to some of the country's most eccentric and independent people, a reputation which I find entirely justified! The gateway to some of East Greenland's finest unspoiled scenery (and lots of icebergs) most of Ammassalik's 3,000 citizens are still subsistence hunters and fishermen. Visitors are looked upon as curiosities, and the main mode of transport over the very rugged terrain remains the dogsled.

The helpful Neriusaq Bookshop and Microwave Café offered a surprisingly good selection of books (both new and old) in Greenlandic, Danish, and English. But the busy harbor, the ever-present fishing vessels,



Ancient Legends of Greenlanders, 1859. (Photo by Glen N. Wiche)



Early Greenlandic Sermon, 1858. (Photo by Glen N. Wiche)

and the many sleds (with their howling and snapping dogs), all made it quite clear that this subsistence-hunting economy did not leave much time for the pursuit of the literary arts!

On the more densely settled western coast lies the capital, Nuuk, population, 14,000. The

first sustained European contact with the Greenlanders only came in the year 1728, when the Danish missionary Hans Egede founded the community of Gothab, now called Nuuk. But what brought Egede to Greenland was not only his missionary zeal, but also his ambition as an explorer. The medieval Norse settlements of Eric the Red and Leif Ericson in Greenland had been established in the late 10th Century. Through the next four centuries the settlers faced intermittent conflict with the Inuit, poor agricultural conditions, and increasingly scarce supply ships from Iceland, whence they had come. The settlements were gradually forgotten about, and the last historical record dates from the year 1408. One of the greatest historical mysteries that Egede hoped to solve was the question of what happened to the Vikings in Greenland, a question which remains unsettled to this day. Of course he didn't find the Vikings, but he did find the Greenlanders and quickly set about Christianizing them. Soon after came other missionaries, principally German, and the beginnings of printing and literacy in this often harsh and unyielding environment.

The first problem faced by anyone coming into contact with the Greenlandic culture is, of course, the language. It is not an Indo-European language, but a tongue closely related to that of the Inuit of Canada and Alaska. It is a polysynthetic language in which small root words are built upon by various prefixes and suffixes, which convey entire thoughts and ideas. For example, the simple word "Exit" would read, if literally translated, something like: "That place that one goes when one is going someplace." When put into print this results in a consonant-strewn line of type which stretches from margin to margin, a typographical nightmare for all but informed and literate Greenlanders. The written language is based upon the German missionary Samuel Kleinschmidt's 1851 grammar, though the orthographic rules were not set down until 1973. Greenland remains a culture in which oral tradition is strong and persistent.

Although the first Greenlandic imprint dates to 1793, it was not until 1855 that the "South Greenland Press" was firmly

(See BOOK-HUNTING, Page Four)

NIU Treasures

(Continued from Page One)

Collections.

Science fiction is considered to be a modern literary form that essentially emerged in the West after the Industrial Revolution. Although Edgar Allan Poe in the United States, Jules Verne in France, and H.G. Wells in England were 19th Century pioneers in the field, science fiction did not become a major genre until the 20th Century when the pursuit of science and technology exploded. Even 19th Century works, such as *Frankenstein* by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, should be included in the genre of science fiction because Shelley attempted to ground her story in science. The Science Fiction Collection at the NIU Libraries includes many literary works dating back to the late 19th Century.

Modern science fiction in America traditionally dates from the 1911 serialization of Hugo Gernsback's novel *Ralph 124C 41* + (read "Ralph one to foresee for one") in his magazine *Modern Electrics*. This was the impetus behind the sudden expansion of both science fiction and the vehicle that carried it, the pulp magazine. Stories of "scientification," as Gernsback called them, became so popular that by 1928 Gernsback started a magazine devoted entirely to this type of literature. In April of that year the first issue of *Amazing Stories* appeared on the newsstands. Its success drew imitations, and by the time the fad reached its peak there were more than 20 "pulp" devoted to publishing only science fiction and fantasy. The pulps were so named because of the cheap quality paper they were printed on. Science fiction had appeared prior to 1928 in popular literary magazines, science journal, and in the horror, or fantasy, magazine *Weird Tales*.

However, the first real science fiction magazine was the earlier-mentioned *Amazing Stories*. For his editing of this landmark publication, and for other achievements, Gernsback is considered one of the fathers of modern science fiction, in spite of a crude and amateurish literary style. The pulp magazine as pioneered by Gernsback quickly became the primary medium of American science fiction publishing, a position it held until the late 1950s, when it was largely superseded by the mass-market paperback book. The nature of the science fiction stories written for the pulps was governed by the need for speed in writing

(authors were paid per word), as well as the need for excitement in the plot (readers were not interested in subtlety). Magazine publication today continues to be an important part of the science fiction genre, and many young writers still make their first print appearance in them.

During the 1920s, 1930s, and 1940s, almost all publication of science fiction stories was confined to the pulp format, but the paper shortage of the Second World War terminated a number of the magazines. Stories in the 1920s and 1930s pulps were based on space operas, a parallel to the Westerns, and on gadget fiction with marvelous inventions. Then came the golden age of science fiction, from 1939 to the 1950s. This period saw the production of many classic science fiction works. Writers in this period were concerned with scientific and technological accuracy and with good fiction writing. Robert Heinlein and Issac Asimov are two of the outstanding writers of the period. Robert Heinlein is well-known for producing many juvenile novels while Issac Asimov is well-known for his robot stories and futuristic novels. The NIU Libraries' Science Fiction Collection contains many classic science fiction works, including works by Arthur C. Clarke and Ray Bradbury. Recently, science fiction has become a genre in which women writers have emerged as a force and feminist forms of expression have been used. Many female science fiction writers are concerned with a sexist world and employ the theme of role reversals, changes in the traditional activities of males and females. The NIU Libraries' Science Fiction Collection has an extensive number of works by female writers. For instance, Ursula Le Guin's *Left Hand of Darkness*, in which the author creates a future in which beings are androgynous, or both male and female.

In the late 1970s, the Science Fiction Writers of America (SFWA) appointed the Rare Books & Special Collections Department of the NIU Libraries as an official Repository Library of the SFWA's Circulating Book Plan (CBP). All books received by NIU through the operation of the CBP become and will remain the property of NIU. In addition to books received through the CBP, the NIU Libraries continue to acquire other works of science fiction and add them to the collection.

The NIU Libraries' Science Fiction Magazine Collection reflects the evolution and

growing sophistication of the strange, fascinating, and often bizarre science fiction literature from 1928 to the present. The oldest item in the collection is a copy of *Amazing Science Fiction* from 1926, with stories by H. G. Wells and Jules Verne in the first issue. The magazine's covers are fascinating. The early ones had weird animals and giant bugs. Then, around the 1940s, they switched to bosomy damsels in distress, the *Fay Wray* and *King Kong* type of cover. Today, machines, robots, and outer-space decorate the covers. This collection, housed in the Rare Books and Special Collections Department, is one of a handful of such assemblages in the United States; it contains complete or near-complete runs of most major American science fiction magazines from 1921 to 1965. Over 150 magazine titles are contained in the collection, some of which are still being received. The NIU Libraries' Rare Books & Special Collections Department is open to the public. These collections are available for room use only. They are cataloged and may be accessed via the Internet (<http://libws66.lib.niu.edu>) by researchers and scholars.

Samuel T. Huang

Editor's note: Caxtonian Samuel Huang is the curator of Rare Books and Special Collections, NIU Libraries, DeKalb, IL. He is a collector of the works of Mark Twain.

Book-Hunting

(Continued from Page Three)

established in Nuuk under the leadership of Heinrich Rink. A slow but steady stream of pamphlets, broadsides, schoolbooks, and sermons came from this press over the next half century. But perhaps Rink's most notable accomplishment was his patronage of the young boy who became Greenland's greatest artist.

Aron of Kangeq was a full-blooded Inuit, who lived at the small German missionary station, whose name he took as his own. A seal and walrus hunter, he had no artistic training, when he was afflicted as a young man with tuberculosis and became bedridden. Rink discovered his innate artistic talent, encouraged the young man and supplied him with paper, pencils and the tools for woodcutting. Before his death in 1869, Aron produced over 200 watercolors and woodcuts, which vividly depict traditional Greenlandic society.

(See *BOOK-HUNTING*, Page Five)

Book-Hunting

(Continued from Page Four)

Many of these appear in Rink's series, *Ancient Legends of the Greenlanders*. And although I am very impressed with Aron's watercolors, it is his black and white work that shows him at his best — all the robustness and energy of village life and play. And who can not but wonder where Edward Gorey first saw the work of Aron!

The new Greenland National Library and Museum is located in the old Colony Harbor section of Nuuk. It's an altogether charming place. Unfortunately, the rest of Nuuk is a fine example of 20th Century urban blight. When in the early 1960s, it became obvious to the Danish administration that it was not cost effective to supply educational and medical services to the inhabitants of so many isolated villages, they commenced a policy of forced urbanization. The Greenlanders who had lived so successfully as subsistence hunters and fishermen now found themselves thrust into a technological society for which they were not prepared. They haven't quite got the hang of urban living yet, and even though Nuuk's social problems can seem pretty overwhelming at times, I really hope they don't ever become completely urbanized. If they do, it will be both their loss and ours.

My final stop in Greenland was a very personal one. Located in southern Greenland, Brattahlid is the site where Eric the Red established his farm when he arrived from Iceland in 986. And here his wife caused the first Christian church to be built in the Western Hemisphere. There are few places I have ever visited that made manifest to me the links between all our lives in all ages, for it was just across the fjord in the town of Narsarsuaq (population 180), where my late father made an emergency landing in 1944 on his way to Britain as a pilot of a B-17 bomber. Running low on fuel, he had only one chance to bring his crew safely into the one landing strip available to him between Canada and Iceland. He flew up the same fjord that Eric sailed into a thousand years before. Shortly before my father died, he gave me permission to present on his behalf a copy of his World War II recollections to

Arthur C. Clarke — Wizard of Science Fiction

It has been my great good fortune since childhood to have met some of the most extraordinary men and women of our age and, in some instances, to form close ties with them. Arthur C. Clarke is unlike anyone else I have met. To most persons, he is known as one of the foremost writers of science fiction and the source of several screen classics and television programs. Few know him as a scientist, the creator of ideas that have made possible space travel. My association with Clarke did not arise from any such interests.

True, I have enjoyed the science fiction created by those old masters, Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. But I have not great interest generally in their genre. I got to know Clarke through my involvement with the centenary of George Bernard Shaw in 1956.

I was in charge of assembling material about Shaw for display in connection with the centenary. By chance, there was another connection. Clarke's attorney was Charles Rembar, who, with Shad Polier, brought me into the Henry Miller censorship litigation. Rembar was the cousin of Norman Mailer, who had dedicated one of his books to Rembar. Clarke let us have his correspondence with Shaw on problems in connection with space communication. Clarke was not sure that Shaw fully understood what was at stake.

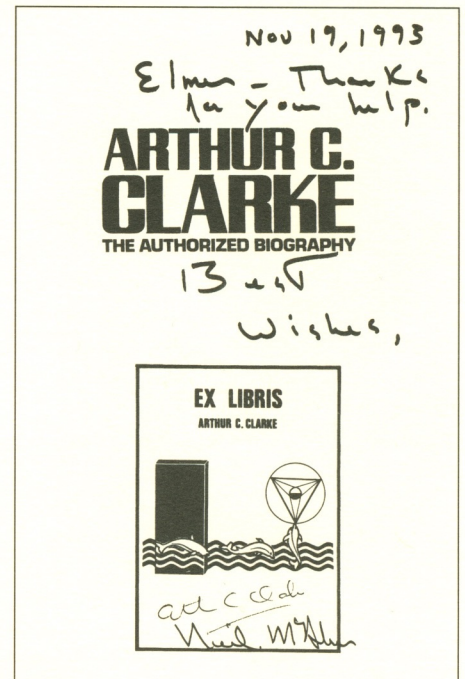
When Clarke came to Chicago, we became friends. At that time, I was scheduled to preside at a panel discussion of several leading beatnik poets, including Allen

the Narsarsuaq Museum. His memories of that airfield now rest there, close to the spot from which Leif Ericson set off to discover the world in which we now live. And as I walked through the Norse ruins, I silently reflected upon how all of our lives intersect and resonate down through the ages.

To Be Continued

Glen N. Wiche

Editor's Note: Caxtonian Glen Wiche, antiquarian book seller, collector of books on Restoration England, the Civil War, and islands of the Atlantic, and world traveler, presented this three-part article at the Caxton Luncheon, February 13, 1998.



Caxtonian Elmer Gertz's personal, inscribed title page of the biography of Arthur C. Clarke, the foreword of which was written by Ray Bradbury.

Ginsberg, Gerogry Corso, and Paul Carroll. I suddenly reminded myself that on that very night I had to attend the graduation of my daughter. I made an inspired substitution — Arthur C. Clarke. Everyone told me later that Clarke was convulsively funny, a Bob Hope among the intellectuals. That was like Clarke. He could fit in anywhere and in any situation.

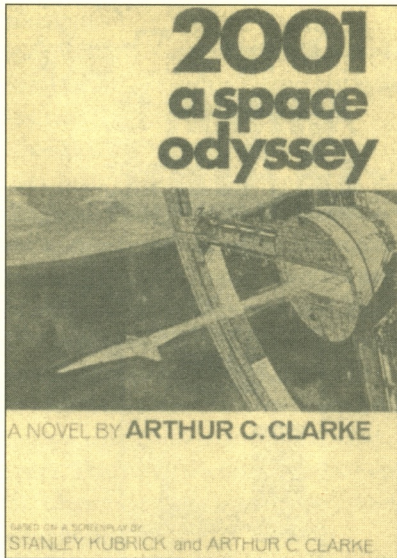
I was proud, indeed, to find later that Clarke's authorized biographer, Neill McAleer, devoted several pages to me in his enthralling book about Clarke. I am pleased that I can call myself a friend of Clarke's, the recipient of several of his confidences.

When my wife and I were on our world cruise on the *S.S. Rotterdam* in 1984, we were scheduled to dock for a day at Colombo, Sri Lanka, the home of Clarke since he had left the West. When Clarke heard of our plans, he expressed a desire to see us, and we were eager to see him. But there seemed to be an insurmountable barrier to our meeting. On the very day of our arrival in Colombo, Clarke was scheduled to leave for Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, as the guest of the government, to participate in a seminar on a favorite theme of his,

(See CLARKE, Page Six)

Clarke

(Continued from Page Five)



2001: A Space Odyssey, 1968.

“Technological Evolution in Communication.” As I referred to it later, it was a form of official buffoonery that he could not obtain a visa for his scheduled visit. This made possible our spending the day with him. And what a magical day it was! I wrote at length about it in one of my newspaper articles on our travels.

I referred to Clarke’s residence as a sort of “Merlin’s castle.” It had belonged earlier to the Catholic Bishop of Colombo and was equipped with every convenience, including an elevator. Strangely, it was adjacent to the Iraqi embassy. Clarke had added every kind of equipment to receive communications from all over the world, and he loved showing off these things. He would turn on television programs from Moscow and other remote areas. He would have us listen while he talked by satellite with his associates in Hollywood about his new film.

He told us of recent visits from Walter Cronkite and the President of Sri Lanka. Clarke was Chancellor of the University of Colombo and had many projects going on at the same time. He conducted an underwater arrangement for visitors in association with another resident of the island. He was close to the families of his associates, including some delightful children.

He took us to a secret satellite center where we saw a plaque on display paying tribute to his role in the development of satellites. He played for us a recording of a talk that he had made about Isaac Asimov. The two multi-

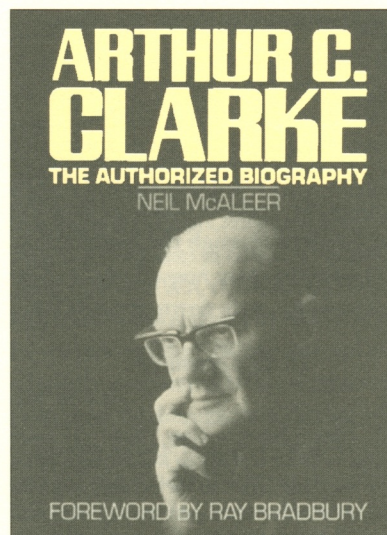
talented geniuses had mutual admiration.

He introduced us to a friend, a volunteer working for the Asia Foundation, who was the brother-in-law of former Illinois Senator Charles Percy. He gave us an inscribed copy of his latest science fiction masterpiece. He introduced us to various other distinguished members of the community, including a renowned artist. He himself or his friends took us everywhere, including the courts, which were surprisingly impoverished. He fed us lavishly with native dishes. Incidentally, he wore native attire. We were reluctant to part from him.

Thereafter we communicated by letter and telephone. Two busy men, we exchanged information about our various activities. Clarke seemed to be as much interested in what I did as I was in his work. I never ceased to marvel at how much he did while battling Lou Gehrig’s disease. This would have felled anyone else. But Clarke carried on as if he were still a vibrant young man. I suspect he will go on that way until the end.

At one time, when the situation was particularly bad politically in Sri Lanka, I wrote to Clarke expressing my concern. To reassure me, he called from there by long-distance telephone. Invariably he would ask in his communications about mutual friends — he never forgot contacts. In a world filled with dull characters who do not know what to do with their lives, it is good that there is at least one exciting personality who has enriched our lives. Arthur C. Clarke will be remembered for his achievements — and for himself!

Elmer Gertz



Chronology of Books by Ray Bradbury

b. 1920

- Dark Carnival*, 1947.
The Martian Chronicles, 1950.
The Illustrated Man, 1951.
Fahrenheit 451, 1953.
Golden Apples in the Sun, 1953.
Switch on the Night, 1955.
The October Country, 1955.
Dandelion Wine, 1957.
A Medicine for Melancholy, 1959.
The Day It Rained Forever, 1959.
Something Wicked This Way Comes, 1962.
R is for Rocket, 1962.
The Anthem Spinner, 1963.
The Machineries of Joy, 1964.
The Autumn People, 1965.
S is for Space, 1966.
The Pedestrian (a play), 1966.
Bloch and Bradbury, 1969.
I Sing the Body Electric, 1969.
The Halloween Tree, 1972.
Wonderful Ice Cream Suit and Other Plays, 1972.
Any Friend of Nicholas Nickleby Is a Friend of Mine (a play), 1972.
Where Elephants Last in the Dooryard Bloomed, 1973.
Pillar of Fire and Other Plays, 1975.
Long After Midnight, 1976.
Moby Dick (screenplay), 1976.
Where Robot Mice and Robot Men Run Round in Robot Towns, 1977.
Remembrance of Things Future, 1979.
The Aqueduct, 1979.
The Stories of Ray Bradbury, 1980.
The Haunted Computer and the Android Pope, 1981.
Death Is a Lonely Business, 1985.
The Dragon, 1988.
The Toynbee Convector, 1988.
A Graveyard for Lunatics, 1990.

Bradbury used several pseudonyms in his early career, including Edward Banks, William Elliot, D. R. Banat, Leonard Douglas, Leonard Spalding, and Brett Sterling (a name he shared with other writers while writing for *Planet Stories*.)

Compiled by
Lawrence Solomon

Ray Bradbury: Science Fiction Legend of the 20th Century

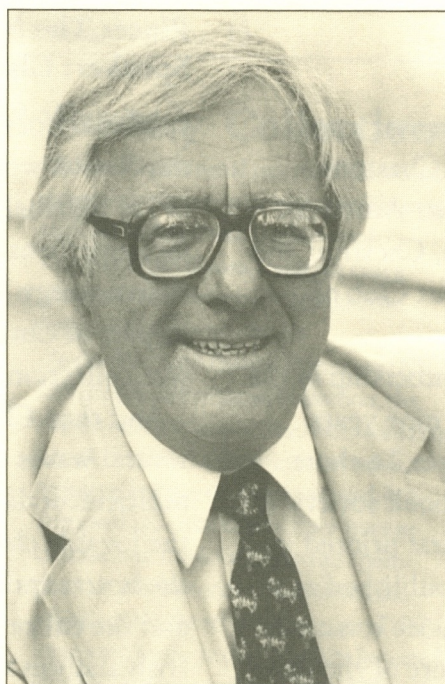
An Assessment

The ultimate catastrophe for book lovers and collectors is the vision of burning books. Ray Bradbury propelled my interest in collecting science fiction, or fantasy. Bradbury not only wrote such works as *Martian Chronicles* and *Fahrenheit 451*, but he wrote human dramas in which the science of science fiction may or may not play a significant role. *Fahrenheit 451* is a dystopian novel published in 1953, an era characterized in the U.S. by fear and anxiety of Stalinist Communism; a fear not far removed from Hitler's Germany in the 1930s. One must conclude that this analogy was Bradbury's highly literate and not very cloaked rebuke to what he saw as a developing trend toward excessive censorship in America.

Of even greater interest is the incredible number of short stories that Bradbury produced. Many of these gems of fantasy are set in a very recognizable form of life in the nostalgic site of his origins, Waukegan, IL. A town like Waukegan, undeniably of Midwest origins, finds its way into the *Martian Chronicles*, as well as other short stories.

His writings are clean, clear, and vivify sights and sounds so well that I can still remember one of my favorite horror stories, "The Veldt," with an ongoing, shuddering recollection. Numerous authors, even those currently popular, including Stephen King, Shirley Jackson, and Dean Koontz, owe Bradbury a great debt for portraying horror in children and kindly grandmothers cloaked in ordinary quintessential Midwestern American values.

Bradbury cannot effectively be compared to anyone writing in the current science fiction era. His closest progenitor, in my opinion, is John Collier, who wrote magnificent stories with stunning endings and great content. Another author who seemed to have influenced Bradbury is Edgar Allan Poe. In fact, Bradbury wrote a story called "Usher II," clearly recalling Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher." In the early days of pulp science fiction, we found a bug-eyed Venusian or Martian villain menacing the beautiful woman. Bradbury was among the earliest authors to humanize villains and simulta-



Ray Bradbury visited Chicago in April 1998 when the Bailwick Repertory Theater on West Belmont performed *Fahrenheit 451*.

neously turn innocent-appearing human beings, such as infants, into terrifying creatures. Ray Bradbury, for his gift as a writer, his genius as a craftsman of plot, and his story-telling finesse, is indeed a legend in the 20th Century.

Lawrence Solomon

From *Pope Android Seventh* by Ray Bradbury

Pope Android Seventh!
He rides, he soars, he flies!
He husbands comets, frozen brides
Who, raped by sun, do frozen in ruins
Round our cosmic clock.
While taking stock he strides
An attic universe,
Recircuits trash made fabulous with time
Confesses light-year dusts that radio-whisper
sin;
Rushing they know not where,
Knowing not where they've been
The Holy Roman robot sifts back our stuff and
bones
In Sunday-drowsed collections,
Enzymed resurrections of birth
Half-lost, half-found between
The rimless rim above and micro-scene;
Thus grounding us in liberal wrecks
Of chat and converse, arguments long chopped
at knees;
Did we ape down from trees?
Are we bright soul most glorious concave
Or mere raw flesh, convex?
And what is sight?
A mind-dreamed fibrillation of lost stars?
Does Mars exist? Is all we see real, true?
They hint the sky above's not blue at all,
But leans into a blue from light diffusion.
Illusion is all, the rapt confusions gutter to go
To dust. Can Android Seventh's lust of
circuitings
Run with his vacuum mouth to ingasp night
and outpour light
And know more than we know?

...
He'll trumpet call our race:
O, prodigal sons, that roam
Come home, come home!
For the true Second Coming is you, you — once
blind
Mankind. Bring soul, bring mind
The tests and the trials are past,
Arrived at last, man brings peace, please God,
not a sword.
Come as children-men,
To play forever beyond forever
In the bright morning fields of the Lord.

Editor's Note: Poem first published in The Haunted Computer and the Android Pope (Knopf, 1981). Used by special arrangement with and through the courtesy of the author.

Fahrenheit 451
 Based on the novel by Ray Bradbury
 Opens April 5, 1998
 Tickets \$18.00 - \$20.00

Book by
 Ray Bradbury
 Directed by
 David M. ...
 Musical Direction
 Eric Svejar
 Lyrics by
 Georgia Holif
 Costume Design by
 Jim Raby
 Production Stage Manager
 Patrick Burlington

With
 Doree Banerjee
 Lydia Berger
 Bill Brynall
 Jeff Egan
 Bill Hartzel
 Bill Higgins
 William King
 Thom Kluge
 Emma Longhini
 Chris Pearson
 Vicki Riago de Dios
 Sara Schild
 Kipp Simmons
 Cecily Strong
 Bridget R. Williams

Tom Bradbury
 bailwick
 repertory theater

Hailwick Arts Center 1229 West Belmont Chicago, IL 60657
 773.883.1090

Book Marks

Luncheon Programs

Your Special Luncheon Invitation. . .

Date: December 13, 1998

Place: Mid-Day Club

Speaker: Sherman Beverly, Jr.

Caxtonian Sherman Beverly, Jr. will present a program on one of his specialties, Charles Chestnut (1858-1932). One of the earliest African-American members of a book society in America, Chestnut was admitted to membership in the Rowfant Club of Cleveland in 1910.

Beverly will focus on Chestnut's membership in the Rowfant Club — which occurred after nine years' waiting. Chestnut's "Baxter's Procrustes," a short story written about membership in a book society, is one of the classics of bibliophilia. First printed in *Atlantic Monthly* (June 1904), it was published as a monograph by the Rowfant Club in 1966. It is a tale that captures with delightful wit the lore of the early book societies in America. He will detail Chestnut's struggle to fulfill the destiny he knew to be his as an American writer.

Beverly, a native of Port Arthur, TX, earned his doctorate from Northwestern University. He is now the retired professor of Social Science Education at Northeastern Illinois University. His writing, book collecting, and consulting work keep him occupied these days. Caxtonians will remember his excellent dinner talk, "The Harlem Renaissance," February 1997, which was printed in the *Caxtonian* in four issues (February-May) in 1998.

This is a luncheon program that promises a fine conclusion to 1998, and all are invited to join us.

Edward Quattrocchi
Leonard Freedman
Co-Chairs

All luncheon and dinner meetings, unless otherwise noted, are held in the Mid-Day Club, 56th floor of the First National Bank of Chicago, Madison & Clark, Chicago. Luncheon and discussion, 12:30 p.m. Dinner meetings begin with spirits at 5 p.m., dinner at 6 p.m., lecture at 7 p.m. The First National Bank of Chicago's parking garage, 40 S. Clark Street, offers a special parking rate after 5 p.m. to guests of the Mid-Day Club. When you leave, please tell the parking attendant you were at the Mid-Day Club, and your parking fee will be \$6. Members planning to attend luncheons or dinners must make advance reservations by phoning the Caxton number, 312/255-3710. Luncheon for members and guests, \$20. Dinner, for members and guests, \$35.

Dinner Programs

Your Special Dinner Invitation. . .

Date: December 16, 1998

Place: The Newberry Library

Speaker: Charles Fanning

Jubilation for this year's Caxton Club and the Holiday Season will be introduced by the remarkable duo of Jay Marshall and John S. Railing, exhibiting nearly incomprehensible feats of presidigiation and thaumaturgy. John will add to the occasion with a display of Christmas "pop-up" books from his extensive collection.

And then Chicago — the city that works, its several waves of immigration bringing the benefits of multiculturalism — will be discussed with a focus on the lovable character of "Mr. Dooley," who captured the hearts and stimulated the minds of Chicagoans and the entire country with his charming and witty Irish analysis of current topics. Appropriately, the first books about the factitious "Mr. Dooley" by his originator, Finley Peter Dunne, were published exactly one hundred years ago.

Our speaker, Charles Fanning, is a professor at Southern Illinois University. He graduated from Harvard and received a Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. He is the author of eight books — four of them about the Irish in Chicago. His book about "Mr. Dooley" won a prestigious award from the Organization of American Historians.

Please join us for the fun and the opportunity of hearing a remarkable story of a vital part of Chicago from one who has devoted years to its study.

His topic, "Mr. Dooley at 100 — The Living, Lively Voice of Finley Peter Dunne," is one you will not want to miss. Let's give Dr. Fanning a hearty Chicago welcome at the 1998 Holiday Revels.

C. Fred Kittle
Vice President and
Program Chair

SPECIAL NOTE: This program will begin at 5:30 p.m. rather than the usual 5 p.m. The cost of the dinner will be \$40.