

MFS BULLETIN

Volume Three --

Whole Number Thirteen

-- Number One

Rod Allen, on a pass, took off to Los Angeles to ~~see~~ see Phil Bronson & Morrie Dollens at their new address. Later on, all went over to Maxie Rosenblum's Cafe, where Rod, among other things, got Maxie's autograph.
--jlg

A fellow in Florida, who claims to be a member of the Flying Tigers, and has seen action in most parts of the world, wrote Brackney after seeing his letter in the January issue of Astounding. Seems the fellow was missing several issues of Grey Lensman and Galactic Patrol, and wanted to borrow them for awhile. Also happened to remark that he'd picked up a stray issue of Astounding in -- India!
--jlg

Last Saturday I entered my room, thinking that Christmas was over, but was I wrong! There accumbent the bed was a beautiful, large, nerve-shattering package. What was in it?, I thought, a present, a bomb, Snulbug? Well, with shaking hands I lovingly lifted the parcel in my snaking digits. From Jack Weidenbeck - aha - we must have something here. The package was quite voluminous but was extremely light, so then I thought, a joke, a Christmas joke - but was it a joke? No, no, a thousand times no. I opened it and dived into layers and layers of paper. But there was something inside, something wonderful. For nestling amidst all the superflous paper was a beautifully wrapped package, and what do you think was there? SNULBUG. Yes, SNULBUG. SEULBUG all framed under glass and everstuff. Was I elated. Really, it was a repro of Snulbug, beautifully done, about 8" x 10", complete with glass and beautiful frame, and even the wire to hang it up. Needless to say I was overjoyed and jumped up to the chandelier and swung back and forth and floated about on a cloud for about an hour. Then horror of horrors, what do you think happened? I missed my train. But why should I care about an old train - I had SNULBUG. But my joy was short-lived. As I was looking at Snulbug his lips moved - yes, actually moved. A PICTURE COME TO LIFE. The lips puckered and an amber stream squirted right into my puss. Then Snulbug spoke: "There, darn you, you will laugh, laugh because I happened to be marooned on some jerk's kidney."
--Walt Liebscher

I want to take the opportunity to thank all you kind people who sent me Xmas or New Year Greeting cards. Much appreciated!
--jlg

There are two versions of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam in PocketBook form on the market. That is, 2 separate PocketBooks - totally different. But both are excellent...The one contains the 1st and fifth versions, and the other all five. The 1st contains some beautiful illustrations by Gordon Ross - more fantastic and eerie than most of those in Weird. The other is illustrated by EJSullivan - very good, but not quite up to the other.
--jlg

Franklin Lee Baldwin -- Grangeville, Idaho, wants to subscribe or otherwise procure every stf, and similar fanzine. I suggest that each fanzine editor send him either a sample copy or a postal -- and let him know how much a subscription is. Lee has been a fan since 1927 when he stumbled across a copy of Amazing. He was very active until about five or six years ago, but dropped out for awhile, and thus doesn't know any addresses,

Francis T Laney

Julie Unger announces that The Fantasite has again won the Fantasy Fiction Field fanzine award. We quote from his postal: "...It's impossible, but you've done it again! FFF again awards its bi-monthly award to Fantasite for being Fantasite - congrats..." And thank you, Julie - we'll try to keep our standard, and even to try to better it in the future.

--Phil Bronson

"R O C K E T t o t h e M O R G U E"

Imagine a bk that should be a good seller & is dedicated to Heinlein & Cartmill!, mentions the Pacificon!, describes Tom Wright's den (calling him Arthur Warrington)!, has L Ron Hubbard (as D Vance Wimpole) suspected of murdering a fan, strangely resembling "Tubby" Yerke!, & is sprinkled with such references as Asimov's (sic) robots, "Adam Fink", the pro pubs' Galactic Stories & The Worlds Beyond...Anson MacDonald, Lyle Monroe, Anthony Boucher...Stapledon, Wells, Haggard...the Fortean & Manana Literary Socys...a gecko, telepath...ESP...mythicclassics named Beneath the Abyss, The Purple Light & the immortal Dr Derringer series...Rogers and Bok originals...the PocketBook stf anthology...Phileas Fogg...a fictional stf story, Time Tunnel...René Lafayette...the Cosmic Legion storys...Hugo Chantrelle (a composite, I bliev, of stf-reader rocket-experimenter Jack Parsons of Pasadena & well-noen Willy Ley)...the BIS...Michael Halstead Phyn (nee Finn, pseudoprototype of Julius Schwartz)...a Rigelian...Austin & Bernice Carter (Robt & Leslyn Heinlein, with praps a touch of Kuttner & CLMoore)...Joe Henderson (a combo of Hamilton-Wmson)...& a fanmag with a name too good for me to give away! And that's only the half of it! The other stf and fsy riters, characters, fans, clubs (the Califuturions!) &c mentioned in this bk are listed in complementing review, readable at tour own risk in Fantasy Fiction Field, from Unger at 1702 Dahill Road, Brooklyn, NY (5¢). But U are urged to read this remarkable bk yourself, this amazing detectale in which Austin Carter (Heinlein-kuttner) talks for 2 pgs on What is Stf? & again a pg is devoted to his opinion of What's Rong With Stf?. Did fandom ever dream to see such a bk? It comes a complete surprise & I'm sure U'll want to place it with your copy of The New Adam, Moon Pool, Girl in the Golden Atom, Last and First Men & other outstanding titles. \$2 from Duell, Sloan, & Pearce, Inc -- 270 Madison ave, NYC, if your local dealer doesn't have it.

--Pfc FJA

I'm trying to compile a definitive discography of weird and fantastic music for Acolyte. Any fans interested enough to send me lists (preferably listing best recording as well as the title of the tune) would be helping a good cause.

--Francis T Laney

BARACK BUNK

CORN CRACK BY PFC ACK-ACK

Of Dice and Men: Pfc (Plenty Fine Craps) Walt Scherlieb suffered reverses when the Afrikan golfballs just couldn't seem to understand his brand of Ubangi. Walt's Lucky 7s were as scarce as 72 hour passes. ' One for the Dice Committee.

Pvt Hannes Yngve, man or mess? This Nowegian appleknocker recently renovated his footlocker. Had more stuff suffed in it than you could inventory in a month of Sundays. Looked cheesy till he got queasy at the idea of inspection and reformed by eating the edibles he had hoarded there. ' Yngve is a mouse!

Pvt Paul Mazur, roster guard, is a Thorne "Topper" Smith addict. As a result of his fantastic adventures at RC he is contemplating writing a satire entitled "Night Life of the Guards". At 10¢ an hour on a type-o-matis in the Chaplain's office, he might break even on a sale of such a manuscript. We suggest, tho, he get a portable. If he marketed the original, and it proved successful, he could produce a sequel. ' 'Typer Takes a Trip!'

Pfc Lyman Tiger, the ex-Brooklyn lodger who now shares our swampland reveals he used to be a bit of a newspaperman, doing a column called "Lyman's Lemons". Hopes to publish a paper himself, when the lites come on again all over the world. ' Tiger Rag.

We record this witticism by Pvt Art Speer of Records Section. His description of a civilian getting a cup of coffee these ir-rational days truly is a work of Art: ' Sighted Java - drank same!

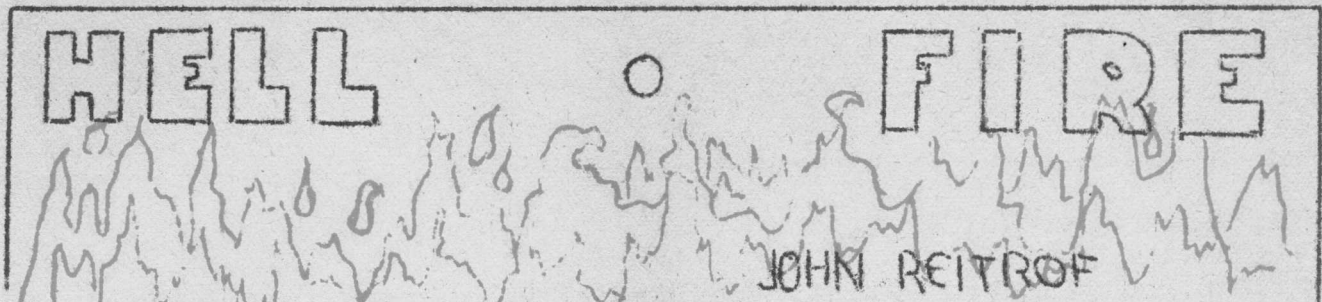
To which Pvt Joe Kerr adds the way a civvy would report getting a piece of pigin on a meatless day: ' Sau-sage...ate same.

Orchids to Cpl Isaac Asension for his smooth soothing of the sullen sailor offpost. "Violence is the last resort of the incompetent" stated the cool Cpl when interviewed after masterfully avoiding what might easily have been a nasty bit of assault and battery. ' A salt - and flattery!

Ackermann Publications announces that "Imagi-Music"'s schedule for 1943 has been decided. It will appear quarterly and will be between fourteen and sixteen pages per issue.

on plot and slant analysis that it has been your reporter's privilege to read. Richard O Lewis, is a stf writer and what he says in this article is more often than not learned the hard way. If you cannot secure "A & J" at your stand, write for the Dec issue to: Miss Margaret Bartlett - editor Author and Journalist, 1837 Champa St, Denver, Colorado. --Henry Ackermann

SCIENCE-FICTION WRITERS, ATTN!
In the December, 1942 issue of "Author and Journalist" there appears one of the best articles



"I guess that our minds don't operate on the same track." That's what I wrote to Walt Daugherty. That's the year's masterpiece of understatement in fandom. What I wrote about him back in 1941, within the pages of Fantasite at the initial start of this colyum I still maintain to be ranking bits of understatement for that year. And what I say here may someday be rated as minor works of genius in that grammatical underworld in fandom. What I say now hold to be truths, evident facts.

The ax is buried. It's not in anyone's neck, it's buried in the dirt that passed between Daugherty and I. Fandom knows it, I certainly know it, but does Walt? "The next thing you do," writes Walt in a recent letter explaining my many faults, "is send me an article that only an assinine ((sic - spelling)) fool would print in his own magazine." I could choose plenty of other things to uphold what I'm now putting across, I believe, but this statement will do.

If Daugherty gets around to publishing another issue of Fandomania for the Fapa, please read my article therein, "Why I Hate Walt Daugherty". It's a beautiful bit of satirical splendor, using myself as the goat. The irony of it all, however, is that Walt bit the tin to become indignant over what he mistakenly apprehended as seriousness. Ah, the ax is buried, and if you, dear fans, can laugh at and with the article as I expect, then you will understand why Walt does not know the feud to be at an end; that you will understand when you realize fully that he took the satire with a Puritan's turn - or twist - but that is another story to tell another time, the story of a Puritan's Twist.

Hell, Walt, I have to pick a new feud every three months to keep this colyum's kettle boiling over. You spoiled the first feud, you wouldn't fight back and I had to start a new attack the very next installment. That makes work out of my verbal by-play. You'd think fans hated each other when they beef around a bit. Anyway, our beef is over, and well it is, for next is scarce these days.

A UNITED PRESS FOR A UNITED FANDOM

Please read Joe Fortier's special plan in the next issue of Nova - read it with care. Last issue a call went out for all femme fans to come to the rescue of fandom by forming a news service. Joe has

gone one better by creating a perfectly feasible plan for a news syndicate to help pave the way toward a new United Fandom, another step forward in the dream of the NFFF. It'll gain favor, Joe thinks. You'll more than like it, for instance. I think you'll love it.

Without that item to follow in Nova's next issue, what I'm going to illuminate here would prove ridiculous. With the item I believe that it will prove nothing short of sensational. No, let's say inspirational for a change, for that's what it should be. Imagine it, picture

the beauty of it all: a gigantic united press, a national news syndicate for fandom; with it, the smallest fan items could be known throughout the realm of fandom in the space of one short week. It's terrific, that's all, and that's almost modesty for the plan.

WRIGHT FACE DOES AN ABOUT-FACE

Lest the above make gibberish to all of you, the latest Fantasy Fiction Field in my hands contains the first of a series of probable quarterly reports to fandom from Forrie....

It's called Wright Face. And the insert does an abrupt about-face considering what the Shangri-LA White Haired Angel wrote in an issue of FFF some time ago. In that grite-up of previous time, Forrest Ackerman bequeathed a thousand bucks to fandom for a great cause, a stf library of pro and fan literature to last through fandom's eternity and perhaps beyond. The bequeathal was veiled in tearful lament, accepted by Yours Truly for what it was - a thing of sheer beauty. Nevertheless, it was lament - and more: sorrow, indecision of mind, a psychological upheaval as the truest fan's world of stf was torn away for about the first time.

But in Wright Face it is a new Ackerman writing, the Ack-Ack of the army, the huskily-minded pal that anyone could go for, whether that one be a fan or a literary prude. Indeed, the article shows a real Right-Face in plenty of ways. This talk, however, leads to just one thing: from Ack-Ack to Jay-Jay.

FORTIER NOT RETIRING THIS YEAR

Joe Fortier is not retiring this year. Perhaps he's better known to a lot of you fans as John Reitrof. He'd like to VoMit forth some clever remark about Backs and Witches to Wacks and----- But it'll suffice to say that he realizes the joke is on him concerning his many retirements from fandom. Some guys will never learn. He did.

Yes, I've learned my lesson, call me Fortier or call me Reitrof. This is the first time I've ever lived up to the fact in such cold, ominous print that Joe and John are synonymous, that they could be wrong at times. From now on this colyum will become a bit hackneyed, perhaps a mere duplicate of what is spewed forth by the tripewriters of those I chide, rival colyums by the fan hacketeers.

But the Woodford of fanmags has received his call to - right! - shoulder arms and he's right in there to answer it along with Ackerman and the rest.

That does up another installment. See you next issue by way of the cold print which this newsmag caught in the draft. Look forward to a spray of hot lead, though!

-----to be continued....

Add these bits to tack to the above--

Fortier recently revealed the following:

1. He was appointed to book review staff of The Oakland Tribune.
2. Received a raise of pay.
3. Won \$60 first prize in the office Xmas pool!
4. Assured of an advancement in Journalism soon.
5. Was invited to attend the East Bay Journalists' Elbow Benders' contest! ... My congratulations to the gentleman. --jlg

Clubnotes -

MFS MEETING OF DECEMBER 17th - By Manson Brackney

The Minneapolis Fantasy Society's meeting of December 17th was held at the home of Cliff Simak in St Louis Park, and despite the small attendance - only Cliff, Carl Jacobi, Ollie Saari, Sam Russell, John Gergen, and Manson Brackney were able to be present - due to the inclement weather, and the distance to Cliff's home, the meeting was one of the best, the most science-fictional that we've held for quite some time.

Until nine o'clock most of the time was spent in fangabbing and discussing things that had transpired between meetings, such as the latest issue of The Fantasite, news of interest, and other things too numerous to mention. It was then that Cliff brought out his latest story, which Sam Russell read to the assemblage; there followed a discussion of the tale, all thinking it was very good, even though not quite finished.

There came a knocking at the door, and Johnny Gergen came in, late. There then ensued the usual greetings by the members, the exchange of news, and then Cliff read a part of another story that was quite different from the other, being humorous enough to send Ollie into paroxysms of laughter.

The group then adjourned to the table where they immediately proceeded to eat all the sandwiches, cookies, and pickles; and drank up the Simak coffee ration for the next six weeks. Ollie is still nursing a wound from the tines of a fork, received when he reached for the last pickle.

After chewing up the napkins and licking the varnish off the table, the fans once more repaired to the living room and again became absorbed in fangabbing.

At one o'clock we all bid Cliff good-bye and started for home in Ollie's StfNash, first stopping for some ice-cream at the White Way cafe - thence to home.

WINDY CITY WAMPIRE MEETING OF DECEMBER 27th - By Walt Liebscher

Neil DeJack, Frank Robinson, and Bob Camden, who was home for the holidays, ran across a huge pile of Quarterlies, the Amazing Annual, some issues of Strange Tales, an issue of Miracle, and assorted other items, including an almost complete run of Clayton Astoundings. The Sunday after that (December 27th), we were all at Robinson's house, dividing the mags up. You see, they paid 30 bucks for the whole mess of mags, and what a mess they were when they finished dividing them. Camden was minus two fingers - seems as if he reached for the Annual and Robinson bit his digits off. Later on, these two were pounding bumps in each others' heads for the same item. Frank and Niel were arguing over the three issues of Amazing containing Skylark of Space, and during the ensuing struggle Niel sliced off Frank's ear (he had a glass helmet on) with his razor. Niel tore off his right arm. Seems as if he had his eye on a pile of Quarterlies, and had attempted to grab them and run, not knowing that Camden had an anchor attached. I horned in as I had my eye on the Quarterly containing Taine's White Lily, and consequently have to type with my

nose. Ecco Connor kept yelling "I want the first issue of Clayton Astounding; I want the first issue of Clayton Astounding," so we calmly cut out his tongue - he now speaks Esperanto fluently. Robinson no longer needs his earmuffs as Niel became so wrathful over a disputed issue of Wonder stories that he tore it up in little bits and stuffed it all down Robinson's good ear. All in all, the fracas acutely resembled a Black Mass. But the boys all have their dearly beloved mags now, but I fear they lost some of their senses in the deal.

MFS MEETING OF DECEMBER 29th - By John Gergen

This was absolutely the finest of any of the MFS meetings I've attended! There were only 8 members present: Sam Russell, Gordon Dickson, Art Osterlund, Manse Brackney, Ollie Saari, Arden (Buns) Benson, Fred Wagner, and John Gergen. The meeting was held in the apartment of John Gergen. Brackney arrived first, and he and Gergen soon got into an argument (peaceful, of course), and when Gordy and Sam knocked, they were soon admitted. Everyone divulged the latest bit of dirt he'd found, and all four were soon enjoying themselves fangabbing and discussing this and that. Sam had brought along 4 books, and everyone had to look those over, people started to shred Gergen's collection, and Sam was wild with joy when he learned that there was a fellow in New Hampshire who wanted to sell old Weird Tales for 30¢ each - in brand-new condition. About an hour later, Ollie's StfNash drove up, and Buns and Ollie stepped out and into the house. Ollie was no end astounded to discover that Odd Tales was just a clever hoax, was even more amazed when John ran out with a copy of Censored in which appeared a story he'd forgotten he'd ever written (he hurriedly disclaimed it, but I thot it rather good), and Buns repaired to the kitchen to call a certain mysterious party. Gordy Dickson, in the meanwhile, had sunk deep in the davenport, reading one of the Thorne Smith books there. Art, Manse, John, and Sam were looking over the pros just appeared, and discussing the new fanzines. Art mourned for the old Finlays in the earlier issues of Weird Tales and dragged out several to prove his point. That only started it. Soon members were gaily pointing to any picture that suited their fancy - their fancy happening to be to pull magazines out of John's book case.

It wasn't a brawl, however - Art and Manse had a discussion on Magarian's work which brought in almost all the other members, too. Ollie noticed a new fanzine by the name of Rocket Flight, and sat down forthwith and subscribed. The others avowed to do so as soon as they could.

People were so engrossed in their discussions they didn't notice when I hollered to come and get it. It was postponed, however, when Ferd Wagner walked in, and after greetings had been exchanged, attention was turned to the food. Everyone sat around the table, and talked about the issue of Rocket Flight. Ollie made a few objections to the ideas therein, and we soon got into a first-class argument. All but John, Sam, Manse, and Ollie soon got up and continued about their discussions and arguments (breaking up into small groups, and talking individually). The four still at the table became quite deep in their argument, and finally managed to plot out the course that a rocket which could attain the speed of 5 miles per second, would have to take in order to break Earth's gravity. There is no need to detail it here as Ollie is thinking of writing on the subject for the aforementioned Rocket Flight.

Besides this, the complete plot for a story which Ollie also intends to write was hacked out in detail. A very successful meeting!

LASFS MEETING OF DECEMBER 17th - By Phil Bronson, Stf D

December 17th was an LASFS meeting, and we were present, as were 18 or 20 other fans. Some of the notables present were T Bruce (himself) Yerke, 4e, Milty Rothman, Ross Rocklyne with wife Frances, Art Joquel, Morojo, Walt Daugherty, Ed Chamberlain, etc, ad infinitum. As was inevitable, Morrie slithered in and amongst the assembly snapping pictures as fast as he could. He has some nifty little candid shots of Yerke barricaded behind a deskful of beer bottles, Ross and Frances, Milty, and 4e. Only Daugherty and Morojo knew of our presence in LA, so the others were all surprised when we walked in; Forrie in particular. He slithered around all evening, eyeing us with a gloating expression and rubbing his hands together. After the meeting a bunch of us went out for spaghetti, and during the walk to the cafe, I learned several things -- for instance: That Forrie was (will someone please tell me why I always spell Forrie with an "e", when I leave the "e" off Gordy?) aware of the fact that Walt Liebscher developed several hickies on his neck during the (CENSORED)... All I've got to say is News certainly gets around, eh, Walt

The Sunday following the LASFS meeting, Morrie and I dropped in on the Daughertys just in time to be taken out to dinner. (No, Tucker, we didn't plan it that way; it took us longer to get over than we expected.) Ross and Frances were there, and a very pleasant evening ensued. FLASH: The next Fantasite will be a special, huge issue, co-edited by Walt Daugherty and Your Roving Reporter. Many excellent Daugherty ideas will be incorporated in the ish.

Published weekly for the time-being, and will remain so for at least three weeks. All subscriptions, news@notes, inquiries, etc to be addressed to John L Gerger, at 221 Melbourne, Mpls, Minn. We accept no responsibility for any opinions expressed within these pages. The 8-paged issues might continue - it all depends on whether or not the subs keep coming. Price: 2 for 5¢; probably the lowest subscription rates in fandom. We welcome all letters and reserve the right to cull news-reports from any of them.

MFS BULLETIN
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