

MFS BULLETIN

Volume Three - Jan 18, '43 - Whole Number Fifteen - Number Four

Hell Fire again. Why does Fortier continue to use that ridiculous pen name? His statements are so wild that it is silly to try to take them seriously. The only thing I can see is that he is purposely pulling people's legs to watch them squawk. I suppose he derives vast amusement out of it.

Or perhaps he is at that lofty state of immaturity in which he surveys the puny world with a disdainful sneer and considers everything and everybody to be stupid, ordinary, and uninteresting.

"Many of our greatest artists are the most irresponsible," he prates. Johann Sebastain Bach, perhaps - who sat down at his desk every morning, worked until night, wrote a cantata for every week of five years, and invented modern music? Pierre and Marie Curie, who taught school and drudged every day in the laboratory and helped found modern physics?

Fortier misses the distinction between merely doing something regularly - and doing something worthwhile regularly.

--Pfc Milt Rothman

F Olin Tremaine, old-time editor of Astounding, is editor of Plus, a magazine featuring morale-building articles for war-workers!

--Henry Ackermann

Willey Ley writes that he's written a long (two-part), eighteen-thousand word article for Campbell on the old German rocket experiments. I haven't yet heard whether it's been accepted. but Ley says it was generally understood that it would be before he wrote it.

The article will be the first complete account of the German experiments ever to appear in this country - bar none.

--Keith Buchanan

Ronald Clyne reports that due to poor write-up in the Vol 2, #5 issue of the Bulletin, he was given as doing work for the Avon Book Pubs. That was not what was intended, of course, since Ron was only trying to make arrangements. Since he isn't in New York he doubts if any real contact will be made. Our apologies for the error.

--jlg

Pvt Graph Waldeyer, now serving in the armed forces of the United States, specifically states that all mail should be addressed to his home address (435 19th ave - San Francisco, Calif), since it's doubtful that he'll stay at his camp address for any considerable length of time. All fanzines, letters, and other mail should be home-addressed, and all items will be forwarded to him.

--jlg

LINE-UP FOR #3 ACOLYTE:

"Poetry and the Artistic Ideal" by H P Lovecraft - previously unpublished, courtesy H A Barlow, Lovecraft's heir.

"The Mime of Sleep", also previously unpublished - a sonnet by C A Smith. I also have permission to reprint the complete "Prose Pastels", a charming series of word pictures which appeared years ago in the old Fantasy Fan. Clark Ashton tells me he has several unpublished "Pastels" which
(next page)

editor: JOHN L GERGEN

honorary editor: JOE FORTIER

(continued) he is going to send me later to fill the series out.

--Francis T Laney

"Pvt" Milty Rothman now - "Pfc"! --jlg

-----M O V I E R E V I E W S-----

Two new horror pictures have come out: "The Undying Monster" with John Howard and James Ellison, & "Dr Renault's Secret" with J Carroll Naish and John Shepherd. For once the movie industry has put out some good horror pictures; I've seen better, but these are good. "The Undying Monster" is a tale of a werewolf who has been, so to speak, the property of the Hammond family - as he has been murdering them one after the other for generations. It is taken from the book by Jessie D Kerruish. The other picture, "Dr Renault's Secret", is the story of a man who found himself hunted and hated and condemned to a limbo of two worlds. I couldn't say much more without giving the plot away ...It's hard to say which picture is better, but don't miss them!

--Ronald Clyne

Morrie Dollens, who left Mpls and North St Paul just a few weeks ago, got a position with the MGM movie company at Culver City studios, as Assistant Sound Recording Technician, with opportunities for advancement to Assistant Cameraman fairly soon. The pay is really quite excellent, and chances for promotion and increase of pay are great. --jlg

FLASH: Mary Gnaedinger, editoress of FFM, tells me in a letter received today, that the poem "Dwellers in the Mirage", dedicated to A Merritt, by Virginia "Nenek" Anderson, will be featured in FFM with a full-page Finlay spread a'la Weird Tales of a few years back.

--Francis T Laney

-----M O V I E R E V I E W S-----

"The Devil With Hitler"

Hollywood slipt a fast one on your old scientifilmaestro while I was here at the fort. I had no advance report on this production. Got into town the other day to find a title on a marquee that was new to me & suggested a fantasy. And, sure enuf, "The Devil With Hitler" is a funtasy a'la Fantastic Adventures! A class B pic with the kick of a shot of vitamin B₁, the story is begun & ended in - Hell. Hell ain't doin' so well & the Board of Directors calls a meeting to determine if possibly this fiend Hitler hasn't got something super on the ball & 'd make a better Satan than the Devil himself. Y'see, the subdevils are able to watch der Fuhrer through their hellevisor. The Devil, desperate to retain his kingdom, comes to Earth, or more properly, Deutschland, in human form, to uncover Hitler's Achille's Heel. & force him to do one tiny good deed, thereby proving himself unfit to rule Hell. By literally taking a powder, "Gesatan" can render himself invisible & invisibility tricks of the Topper type abound. This is an all-around lagf-getter of the cruder kind of fantasy, will prove popular with the public, I'm certain, & should afford special entertainment for fans.

--Pfc Torry Ack

The dummying of the #3 Tycho has gotten under way, and I expect to have the issue out in about a month or more. Any and all articles are still welcome, but other stuff will get equal consideration.

The number of pages and the material as a whole is still undecided, although several Donn Brazier pieces and Ackermann and Robinson poems are definitely scheduled.

--jlg

HELL

FIRE

JOHN REITROF

Sitting there lisetning to a silly little ditty, and puffing desteriously upon a Corina Lark, you hazard guesses at your chances with Army life - and altogether too quickly it comes like a flash! You've forgotten to pass on Staff Sarge Kenealy's bulletin of some while back. But then you remember that it is altogether naughty to reveal military information, censored or not, too suddenly, and you know too, that one shouldn't mention that Nick is a Mac serving with The Mac in Australia - excepting that in this instance all fandom knows about this one of its illustrious boys.

Swinging from "Sidewalks of New York" to "Never No Lament", you quote the fact that Nick sez this.... "By now the Army should either have you or decide to pass you up altogether. Which was it?" By this time, you'll know, KEN. "I am still kicking out a bit of literature from time to time, but little of it gets across the water. I have one yarn somewhere between here and Campbell, and another that is lacking two pages of being an manuscript copy." Continuing to ride with that Mood a'la Ellingtonia, you skip over/other sections, after nothing that agents save time from such vast distances. "I think I will get a new agent, though. I have been sending my stuff to Leniger. He may be all right for general pulps, but he does not savvy stf and fantasy outside of the Palmer mags. I sent him a pure fantasy awhile back. He sends it back, saying it is too off-trail for the science fiction mags and not written well enough for the slicks. Nota word does he say about UNK, where I slanted it, or Weird as a possible alternate. I sent it to Campbell on my own. Too early yet, though, to get an answer one way or the other."

MAKING WITH THE LICE - and ALLAN P ROBERTS - NOT TO MENTION AGENTS

"Are any of the fans still in the agency racket? I need an agent who will push my own particular brand of stuff, rather than one who tries to make a Ziff-Davis writer out of me.... Or has Doc given up the agency business since he went to work for Silberkleit? Trouble with his agency was that he spent his whole time helping along the other Futurians on their two-bit pubs and alternating the good pay markets. Just like Moskowitz and his one mag agency. He was just a free-for-nothing first reader for Tremaine.

"The Futurians, by the way, seem to have as much of an in with Norton as they did with Pohl. True, Norton puts out a much better mag than Pohl - one of the best at present - but, the wistful nothings of Kubelious, Pearson, and company, sure do lower that standard, and louse up things in general." Yeh, Nick, but that "in" with Pohl was because of the fact that Freddie was a Futurian to begin. And it seems that Norton is plenty "loused up" with tripe that Pohl bought up before getting the boot.... Now that most has been culled away, Norton has a dead weight in the form of Pohl back to act as assistant editor. Freddie may be a good yegg personally, but he's just a

plain jerk as an editor.

Nick closes up with this scoop of the week! He sez, "One thing I have ascertained. The mysterious Alan P Roberts does actually exist. I have not met him, but I have talked to several who know him and I am assured that he is no ghost." And the inimitable Nicholas E Kenealy closes up with his memory-jogging "The Voice of Your Conscience, J Aloysius Goldberk."

THAT GRAMMATICAL UNDERWORLD OF STIFANDOM: MOSTERPI OF UNDERSTATEMENT

Indeed, there is more than one good monsterpuss this time. For instance, Jerk Jinx sez, under an alias, "I hope to continue fan activities, in the form of a few articles and correspondence long after I'm in the service. And I hope to remain on American shores for at least 7 months after I'm inducted. Hope to get officer's training. In fact, that's the only reason I'm going to go into the Army.if I weren't sure of that, I'd promptly hustle myself into the Merchant Marine where there's going to be - and is now - gobs of money and story material floating around loose. Oh, hell, I'm a sad bastard. Tendrilly Thine, Burgundy." The latest addition to prodom's house of ill fame explains that "Burgundy" is a hangover from the last Campalaver for the duration - whatever the hell that is - I only got through high school, youse bun.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

Back in the last of December, just before we - Fortier and I, Reit-rof, - trotted down to board the heap for the induction center, we had a further peek into the doings of that eminent authority, America's outstanding rocketeer - you ask who sedso, I say I sez so - to discover that burgundy and rocket fuel do not mix. Cripps had a little trouble with the experiments; I understand we weren't too far from death or a reasonable facsimile thereof, so I haven't much technical data to report.

Before too long I wish to present the real flash business of Jimmy's work, but this emergency flare will perforce suffice this time. Maybe that guy with "The Wright Idea" will come through to spill the latest information; I don't know, 'cause; anyway, I don't understand enough of the basic details to illuminate even the crudest facts at the moment. But the tests are running well, the noise has been cut down to one of history's lowest peaks, all of which indicated better use of potential power, and the tubes haven't been getting white hot lately, which they used to do on simple runs of 30 seconds.

If late installments read like this column is put together with clothes-pins, well, tehn the reader is right. I ship inserts to Gergen just before composing time. And since the readers always write - how about some mail care of Editor Gergen or myself?

MFS BULLETIN is an MFS Publication, edited and published by John L Gergen at 221 Melbourne ave SE - Mpls, Minn. Subscription rates: 2 issues for 5¢, larger subscriptions rates thusly.

MFS BULLETIN
221 Melbourne
Mpls, Minn

SEND TO:

Art Saha
2828 1/2 3rd ave E
Hibbing, Minn

