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Since I still have two hours to sweat out before it is time to awaken several men at 0530 hours of this day 12 August 1945, when the war will probably end, and when I celebrate three years in this Army, I sit me down to transcribe onto the typewriter the things I have written the past several weeks for the next issue of

# Milty's Mag

Edition Fliegende Amerikaner  
October, 1945 A TS Publication All over Europe

For the Fantasy Amateur Press Association

25 July, 1945; Naples, Italy

Ye stone has rolled further, sheeding what moss it picked up in Paris. Due to Sam Youd's ambition and persistence, this cannot be the first fan-mag in Italy, but if this trend persists I shall write subsequent issues of Milty's Mag in Cairo, Rangoon, Chunking, and Tokio, arriving at the latter place just as the final shot is fired, naturally.

Last-wave-Rothman, they called him .....

## Paris in Retrospect

The three months in Paris were full to the brim. They started in the flush of spring and with wild enthusiasm that could only come to a romanticist like me experiencing Paris as my first foreign city. I don't think I can ever feel that way about another city. For awhile I was intoxicated by the physical beauty of the place and the associations surrounding it. Then came the hangover -- the reaction which comes upon seeing the undercurrents at work in a decaying Europe, and finally there was the period when adjustment was completed and I had the perspective necessary to weigh things in their correct balance.

Of this I speak in EEEvans' TIMEBINDER.

In Paris I did the following things, a list that rather astonishes me, also.

1. Attend 7 operas, one ballet, 6 concerts, and 3 plays, not to mention the Folies Bergere.
2. Learn a little French.
3. Finish a correspondence course in differential equations.
4. Take piano lessons once a week.
5. Meet many people from German Concentration Camps. (And a happy ending to a fabulous story: In Brooklyn my Aunt located the brother of Morris Rothman, who spent 6 years in the German camps.)
6. Met Lynn Bridges, Edwin Whitehead, and Jacques Spitz (Author of several French s-f books.)
- 7.

Blank space left above for activities best discussed elsewhere -- let us say at an after-meeting session during the next convention.

As you see, it was a profitable period.

But towards the end my self-respect was so shot to hell by the fact that I had a typing job when I thought I should have been a radio man, that I got fed up with the whole deal, and was good and ready to leave when they sent me to Italy.

#### From ETOUSA to MTOUSA

After flying to Italy I am convinced that the airplane is here to stay. It was most pleasant. The stop in Marseille that allowed me to visit Georges Gallet was also pleasant. There's the same old pattern. There's me in Marseille, France, and all I have to do is ring a doorbell, climb up some stairs, and say, "Gallet, this is Rothman."

#### Come Back to Sorrento:

Naples is quite a comedown compared to Paris as far as appearances go. For some reason, the several ultr-modern buildings that do exist here fail to dispel the atmosphere of a dirty, squalid, African town. Of course Naples was not always like this, and in time Naples should once more become the happy place that it was, with American tourists swarming all over the joint,

For one Sunday I was a tourist, and had a gay time observing the expert manner in which I was took by the native guide. He was an old man, about 70, and he said he'd been guiding tourists around Vesuvius and Pompei all his life. After watching his technique, I give you a word of advice: whenever you go anywhere with a guide, make sure you pay him before you let him take you into a joint for a cold bottle of wine. Wine loosens the pocketbook as well as the tongue.

I should worry. The feather-merchant profession in Naples is good.

So I went thru Pompei, and he showed me the exact places to stand in order to take the best pictures -- and he was right, too, damit. It was hard on my artistic conscience, but I only had an hour, and he'd been doing it for 50 years. He also showed me the best Pompeian whore-houses, where the Romans had held their revelries and orgies 2000 years ago, and this indicated that Pompei's attraction for tourists is due to more than mere academic interest.

Remind me to show you-all the souvenir I got there when next we meet at a convention. Something to add to my Paris stories. You'll never, never guess what the souvenir is. And EEEvans, if you've been to Pompei and know about it -- don't you dare tell. It's the most marvelous souvenir I've ever seen anywhere. Elmer would be delighted at it. I should have gotten one for him.

The San Carlo Opera is a stupendous place, altho not as beautiful as the Paris Opera. The tenor and baritone in Tosca were sensational, but the soprano was strictly ham.

The view of Naples from a distance as you drive along the shore is the chief attraction of the place. The city spreads out in a curve along the bay and up into the hills. The sea is a deep blue, the houses are red and yellow, the hills green, and Mt. Vesuvius sits over all of it. A perfect set-up for the picture postcard business.

The job here has boosted my morale a few thousand percent. I'm a big-time operator now, doing engineering on radio installations. Better than pounding a typewriter I says.

## Blood like Borscht in the Streets.

News came today of the Labor Party's victory in England, and I says to myself, "Rothman, this is it. Here's the revolution starting in Europe!"

Supply Sergeant, give me back my steel helmet.

7 August 1945

### Come back from Sorrento:

They didn't give me time to gather moss this time. They couldn't bear to see me have the first decent job of my life.

So here I am on the wing back to Paris, which gives me one or two records to boast of. This is the first fan writing to be composed in mid-air. (A C-47 is much easier to write in than any train I've been on.) And eventually this will be the first fanzine to originate in two different countries. Or have I forgotten anything Speer may have done?

### Hallelujah Dept.

It was in the Stars and Stripes this morning, and even though I had been expecting it ever since hearing the first guarded stories from here and there concerning "Tennessee", the reality was hard to believe.

The headline said "Atomic Bomb". To a person who had been raised on stories such as "The Final War", this was both a terror and a hope.

Man could use this to destroy everything. He could also be scared so badly at its possibilities that impending wars would be staved off long enough for a world organization to get going properly.

My own personal hope: that I can get home fast enough and get my Doctor's degree quickly enough so as to be able to get into the middle of the work that will be going on to slow down the atomic explosion and put it into a rocket motor.

### This Indicates the Passage of Two Hours

When we stopped a few minutes at Rome, I heard somebody say on the radio the same remarks concerning the good and evil of atomic energy that I wrote above. It is obvious that many people are saying the same things, and, in fact, we science fiction readers have been saying them for years.

However, this issue of this Mag seems to have turned itself into a running commentary on events, so it is appropriate to insert whatever thoughts enter my head at the moment, whether or not they are profound or original, simply for the sake of the record.

....At present we are flying over Corsica. The masses of clouds hanging between the jagged rows of mountains give it a dark and misty aspect which recall the Himalayan scenes in Los Horizon.

9 August 1945

### Mysteries of Paris

Back in Paris, to spend a day explaining to people I don't know why they sent me back. Headquarters here radio'd headquarters in London asking why I was sent back. Awaiting reply.

Boy, am I sharp in my new battle jacket. (The latest bellboy style) I even have an entire campaign star on my ETO ribbon. Next I'll be getting an oak-leaf cluster for my good-conduct ribbon, and I'll be putting on my sleeve the blue star I got for being on the honor roll in the ASTP. Oh zoot, Jackson, hand me my merit badges.

Urp Dept.

Goddam but it is thrilling to hear the words "atomic energy" used on the radio like they were talking about the latest model car. I feel like shouting to everybody "I told you so!" It's like the climax of a Campbell-Smith super science novel, when the hero discovers the super weapon -- the space ship a mile long with enormous power -- and ends the war at one fell swoop.

When I read of how the bomb appeared when it exploded I could only think of the scene in "Invaders from the Infinite" when an entire city was destroyed by a Ray.

This, incidentally, upsets our timetable a bit. We've taken it for granted that space travel would come before atomic energy. Now it is obvious that we must throw away our chemical rockets (just as liquid fuel men discarded the powder rockets) and work on atomic rockets. Not a job for an amateur society.

10 August 1945

Oh, hubba hubba: the war is screeching to a halt. What time does the bar open, Sarge?

- And this brings us down to this morning of 12 August 1945

My gay and energetic mood (and inaccurate typing) this morning is prompted by a bit of a celebration that took place a few hours ago, when a few of the boys brought into the billets three Lieutenants of the Russian Army, whom we toasted with cognac in the best tradition, and with whom we cemented international solidarity and kameradschaft with great warmth. Goddam, but I like these Russian soldiers. Would that they send me to Berlin so that I could really get to know some of them and engage in a few Vodka-toasting parties.

After all, I only missed being in the Russian Army by a few years.

Cheerio !

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Stenciled and mimeo'd by Walter Dunkelberger as received from M. Rothman.  
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