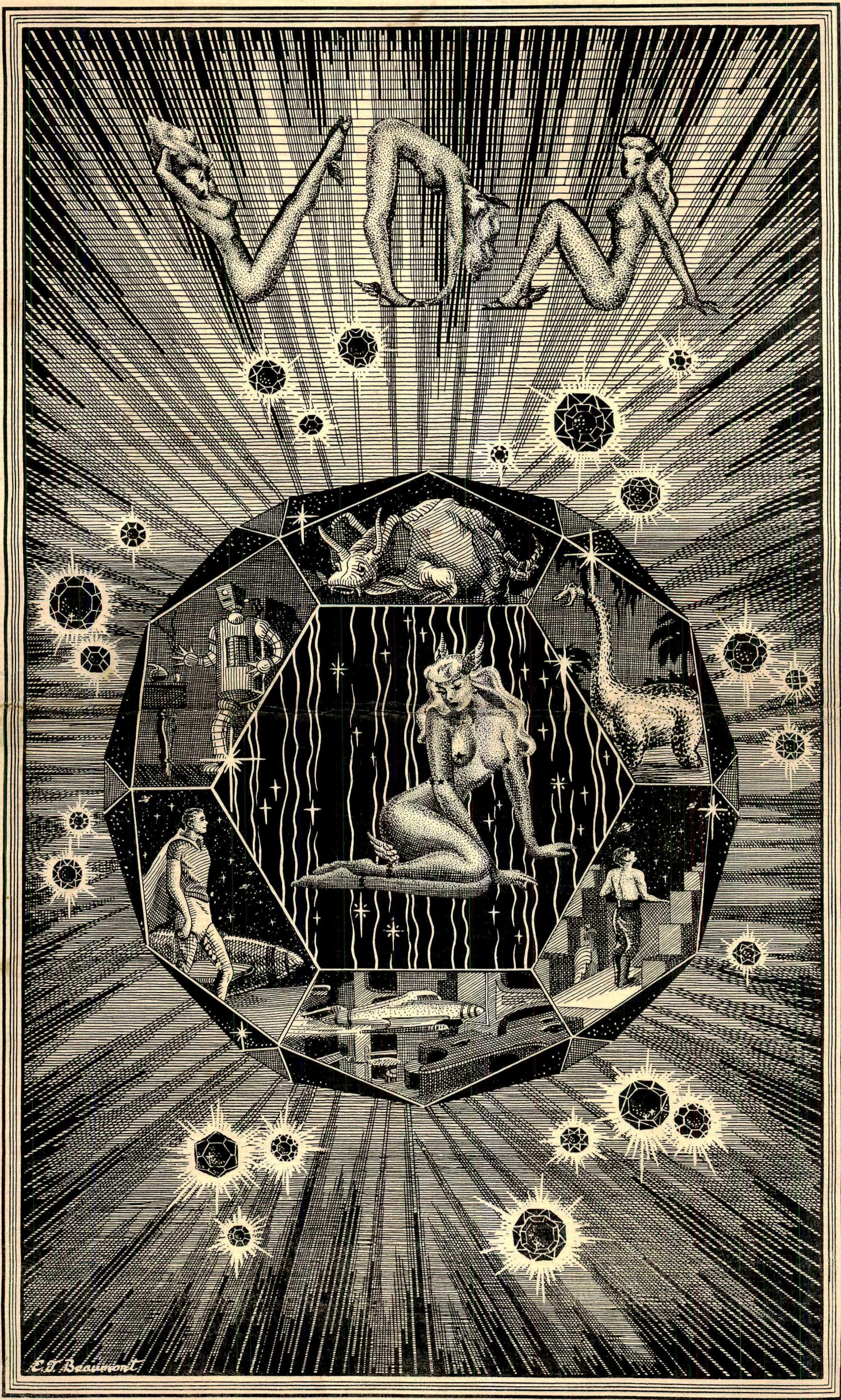
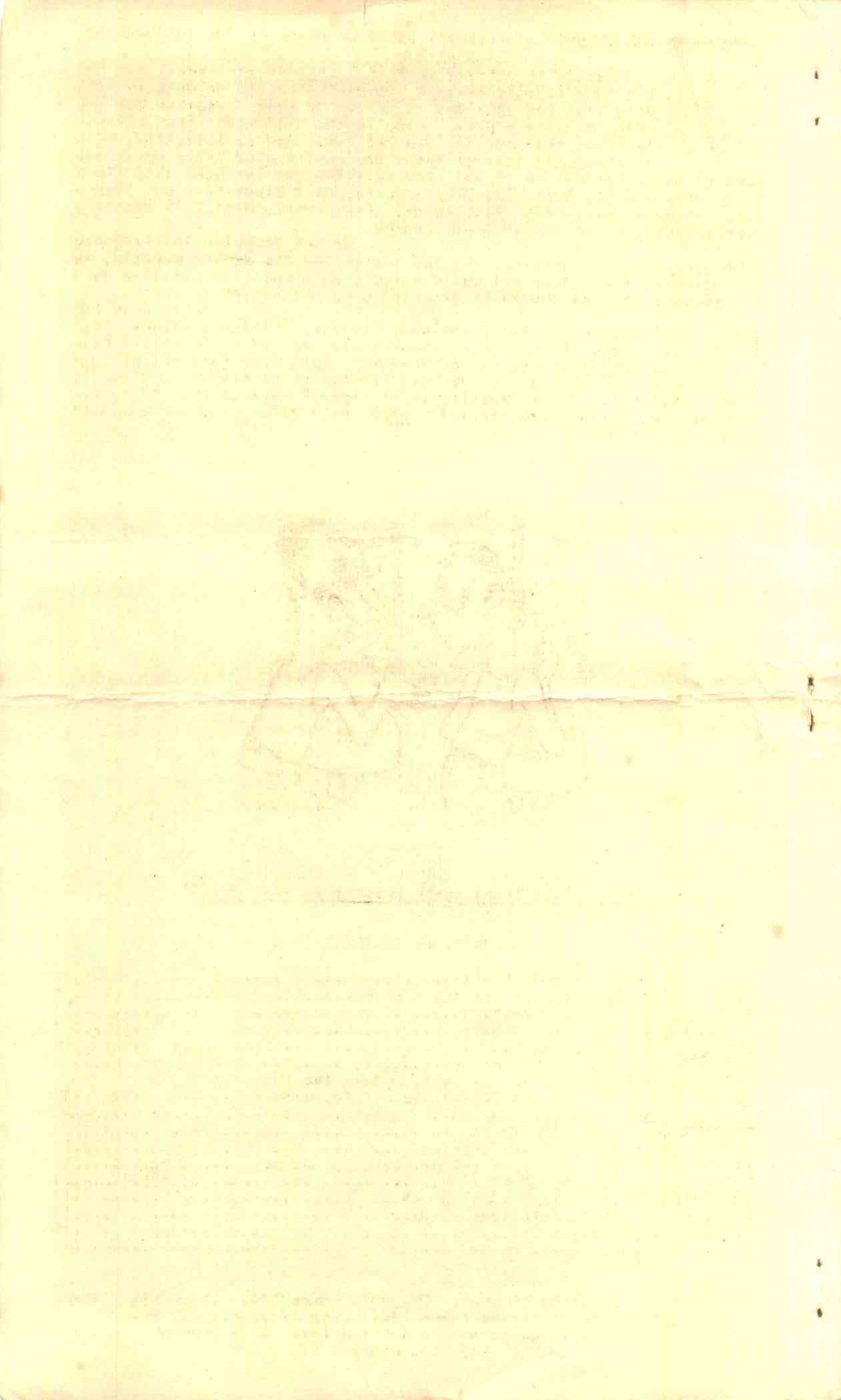


Block's list
of names
12



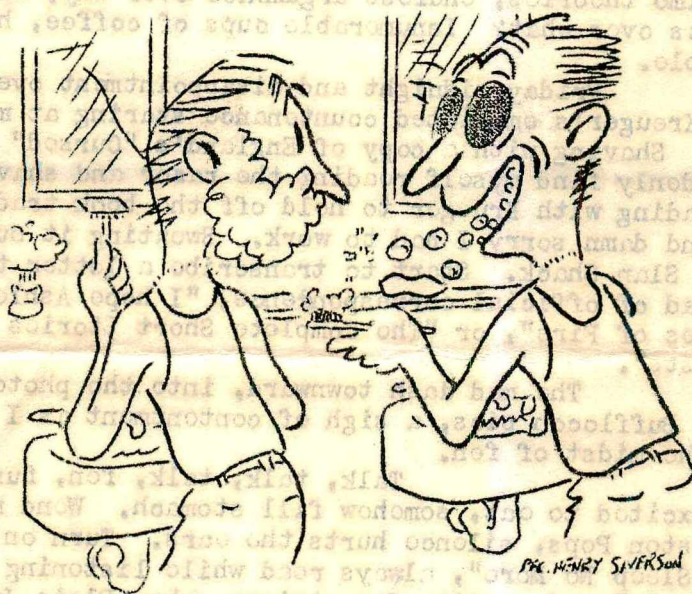


"VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION" BETTER
KNOWN BY IT'S NICKNAME "VOM" IS
PUBLISHED BY FORREST J ACKERMAN
CONTAINING MOSTLY LETTERS GIVING
AN EXCELLENT CROSS VIEW OF THE
OPINIONS IN FANDOM ON ALL SUBJECTS.
THE COVER IS THE RESULT OF THE
VERY EXCELLENT REPRODUCTION WORK
DONE BY MR HOWARD REED/ THE ORIG-
INAL IS ON EXHIBIT ELSEWHERE IN THE
BANQUET ROOM.

We enter our 8th yr with 9 nos. to our credit for '44 & a New Yr's Resolution to make that 10 or more in '45. With that end in view, we expect to send U another Vom Inside the next 4 wks. Alva Rogers will move from bacover to front spot for the Jan '45 ish. And at this time, wish to thank the booster bunch who contributed angel money toward the materialization of the lovely litho on the back this time. They were, namely, & to wit: Benson Perry, Walt Daugherty, Don Thompson, Jimmy Kepner, Raym Washington, Fran Lancy, Mari Beth Wheeler, Myrtle Douglas, Bob Tucker & Mel Brown.

We are indebted to the Dunkelbergers, Walt & Lorraine, she for stenciling the demure mermaid, he for mimeoing it. Twas all quite voluntary, a surprise donation tord the measure of pleasure to be afforded U by the Annish.

Lined up for Jan are letters by Rothman, Rowland, Chidsey, Brazier & Mason. Featured will be one of our famous supplements, the 2d by Francis T Lancy, Some Sociological Aspects of Fandom. This is a long article going thoroly into the subject of the "stetnate" vs fandom. "Bloch is right. Speer is right. Washington is right," says Lancy. "Yes, even Degler was right, I'm afraid!" Why? Read this dramatic Vomshell in the New Yr Num!



/"Yep, that front cover knocked my eyes out."/

TABLE of CONTENTS

Walt LIEBSCHER: Frère Shackie.....	4
Fran LANEY: Rank & File (Cf ALS & HWjr).....	5
TIGRINA: Who Ghost There?.....	7
Jas KEPNER: Fruit for that.....	7
MALIANO: "Toujours gai".....	9
Bob TUCKER: Freedom of the press.....	9
AT WEINSTEIN: U take the hi road, U take the low road, I'll take the middle road!.....	10
Raymond WASHINGTON jr: Follow the Leader.....	10
Jack SPEER: It restoreth his faith.....	11
Walt DUNKELBERGER: Sears Searles.....	12
Robt BLOCH: Straight from the Milwaukee Brewer-y.....	12
Plans for Slans - "Doc" Lowndes.....	13
"The Birth of a Notion" - Bob Bloch.....	13
For Sale at Criminal Prices.....	14
Crime Center's Ad.....	15
Bacover by Rogers.....	BC

VOICE of the IMAGI-NATION, aka VOM, #37. Xmas '44. 15c, 7/\$. There is no truth to the rumor that Langley Searles is co-editor. An Audacious Publication. 6475 Metro Stn, Los Angeles 55.

WALTER ROOSTER, alias Liebscher, the Freak of Battle Creek, résumes the swap-happy days of the Nth Slanvention. But, first, he wants to mention: Congrats on the resurrected VOM. You are hitting your old stride again, rather your writers are hitting their old stride. Thank Ghu for the absence of nudes and the decline of religious argument, which never gets anywhere fast. Commendations also for the regularity of VOM. My pet peeve of late is the flash-in-the-panzines that 'hit the stands' for one or two issues, products of the editors over-exuberance, then disappear completely. So, all hail VOM on its anniversary.

Bob Bloch deserves a pat on the back for his kind words about FANCYCLOPEDIA. That guy kills me. Can anyone tell me how to get the rights to his Fantasy column that appeared in Fantasy Magazine? I'd like to reprint them in Channy (Chanticleer. Try Julius Schwartz, 255 E 188, NYC). Bloch's "Master of Weird Fiction" was the most hilarious fan humor ever to appear in a fanzine.

The umpteenth Slan Shackon is now a thing of the past. Attendees included Charlie 'Tumithak' Tanner, Kwinkie Robinson, Ken (sad Kreugerian humor) Kreuger, Elsie Janda, Ollie (I adore you) Saari, the Slan Shackers, the Slan Shack regulars, and the Slan Shackups--what am I saying?

First arrivee was Tumithak, somewhere in the vicinity of Thursday preceding the festival week end. I walked through the door this night and fell flat on my puss. ("Kitten on the Kisser") Strewn, helter skelter, over the living room were thousands of Charlie's mineral rocks. Ashley, eagerly soaking up knowledge of fossils, foldspar, jasper (what, no side-car to soak up too?), looking at the teacher with open jaw, poured (sic) over the various pretties and aaaaaaaahed, and oooooooooohed at intervals. Sometime later Charlie packed his fossils into a box. Suddenly we missed Ashley. Tanner traipsed the house in a daze for the next few days, sure he didn't find a particular fossil in his collection. "Biggest hunk of granite I ever saw", he kept exclaiming.

Endless arguments over time theories, endless arguments over why, endless arguments over when, endless arguments over what? Innumerable cups of coffee, hours of discussion over the breakfast table.

Friday midnight and disappointment over Jandas non-arrival. Saturday morning and Kreuger's emaciated countenance staring at me as I climbed out of bed to go to work. Shaving with a copy of England's "Cursed" in one hand, the razor in the other; suddenly find myself reading the razor and shaving with the book. (Shavian humor.) Pleading with Krueger to hold off the book trading till I came home from work. Excited and damn sorry I had to work. Sweating it out at work, knowing things were poppin at Slan Shack. Start to transcribe a letter the Captain had dictated and find, instead of official correspondence, "I hope Ashley hasn't glombed on to Blackwood's "Tongues of Fire", or "The Complete Short Stories of Saki", containing "Beasts and Super-Beasts".

The mad dash downward, into the photo shop to pick up Saari's prints of the Bufflocon pics, a sigh of contentment as I cross the threshold of Slan Shack, into the midst of fen.

Talk, talk, talk, fen, fun, fen. Buffet supper, good food, too excited to eat, somehow fill stomach. Wend my way upstairs to my room, to listen to Boston Pops, silence hurts the ears. Turn on the radio, settle back with a copy of "Sleep No More", always read while listening to concerts. In the midst of "House of Sounds" and a suite for strings, when Elsie Janda arrives. To hell with the concert, or Derloeth's marvellous collection, Elsie is here. Her charming smile, she's got something for me, hands me "An Anatomy of Life" (the nudist thing out, no doubt?) and "Wonderful Adventures of Nils". The former is a present for which I'm very grateful.

Marvellous chaos, Tyrone asks me to perform on the iveries. I start "Mairzee Doats" to rib Jack, embellish it and it suddenly resembles a Bach fugue, Jack smiles, says I must be a good musician cause I can even make "Mairzee" (ah, "Let's Make Mairzee!") sound like music. My piano playing drowns the noise of a theoretical argument between Ashley, Saari, and Tanner, they go upstairs with a we-intellectuals-have-no-time-for-music look on their faces.

Coffee again. Poems lead to limericks around the kitchen table. Limericks get a wee bit smutty. We adjourn to the library for a good old fashioned story session. Hilarious tales by Tanner, Janda, Abby Lu, Thelma, Kreuger, Kwinkie, myself. A racous poker game in the dining room, Ashley, Counts, Perry, Evans, Saari being the participants. I go out to the back porch, spy a bucket of apples, bring them in so the story tellers can moisten their throats, apple cores seem conducive to good stories. (But of cores! And to think it all began with Adam's Apple!) Finally sheer exhaustion demands sleep.

Upstairs to bed, but not to sleep. Limericks the order of the hour, our laughter shakes the foundation of Slan Shack when Ken recites the following, which will probably be censored:

(We cast pearls bfor Searles and--
Defy the Foul Fiend!)

A nudist gal wearing three raisins
A masquerade prize was her goal
The judges said lookie, from the front she's a cookie
From the back she's a parker house roll

Sleep, a sleep of exhaustion. None of the usual dreams, too tired I guess to dream. Sunday morning. Sleep still beckons, but I fight it. Go downstairs, to find the poker game had continued all night. Janda, who was going to bed when I went upstairs, had joined the game instead. I find, to my great glee, that she won over ten bucks from supposedly expert male players.

One of the nature loving fen suggest a trip into the woods, to partake of the beauty of Michigan autumn. Wonderful idea. Thelma, Abby Lu, Janda, the inseparables, Ty and Jack, George, non-fan visitor, and I take off like big birds (they rocket like rocs). We are waylaid by a hickory tree which had shed a plethora of nuts. An hour or so picking hickory nuts, while Thelma raids somebodys apple orchard. Half a bushel of hickory nuts in the trunk of the car, garnished with juicy red apples. Thelma stopping the car everynow and then in search of wild grapes (it's a grape life). The bridge over the rapids, a long walk in bucolic splendor, noticing the little beauties such as spider webs, thistle pods, Abby finds a rarity, a white violet (not a violet violet, mind; that would be outré). Janda calmly petting a huge spider, looking for snake dens. George suddenly noticing a peculiar bulge on one of the tires, we have no spare. Wethinks it's time to wend our way homeward and pray (what?!) the tire holds. Stop on the way, it gifts ice cream for supper. Slan Shack again.

Another meal. Fen sprawling over the chairs, lounges, contented looks on their faces as they rub their bloated bellies (O, can't U be more delicate? Say, instead, distended umbilicusses). Wiedenbeck picks up his guitar and plays one of the three pieces he can remember. Kreuger playing on the ukelele, which he can't, Saari, Kwinkie, Ken and I give out cowboy ditties, corn them up as much as possible. Ashley, a throwback from the roaring twenties, shows us how he played the uke when he courted Abby in that mad age. He informs me that he can play the ukelele better than I can sing. An inane comparison. The fen cowboy quartet get slight smutty, we quit when sufferers threaten mayhem. ("Aint It a Shame About Mayhem?")

After another coffee session some get tired, retire. One of those wonderful fangab sessions gradually takes form. Janda, Kwinkie Robinson, Kreuger, George, and I talk until three in the morning. We let down our hair, discuss each other problems frankly, my heart gladdens at the understanding of the midwest fen. No quarrelling, we point out each others faults, discuss them intelligently, try to iron out difficulties, notice and, most essential, tolerate the idiosyncrasies of each other. Thank how fan-feuders could benefit by one of these sessions. We start for bed five or six times (six raises its ugly head). Discuss the proposed jaunt to California. The midwest fen want us to stay in Battle Creek. I suddenly realize that I'll miss them terribly. Three A M and we finally hit the hay.

I awake in the morning with a terrific cold. Decide I can't go to work. Should really stay in bed, but don't. How could I? Slan Shack unusually quiet. Everyone thinking about leaving, and hating the thought. Fen packing their bags. Ken says if we're going to dicker of books, we'd better get it done. We dicker. Frank heckles during our trading session. Eyes my bound volume of Fantastic Novels, asks what I want for it, I tell him \$25, my usual answer. One of these days he'll agree. I trade "No. 87", "Master of the Microbe", "Odd John", and "Descent of the Atom" for "Tongues of Fire", "The Complete Short Stories of Saki", "Cursed" and "Brood of the Witch Queen". Gently chide Ken for not sending me my "Door of the Unreal". Frank gets impatient, insists we go downstairs. Ashley trades first edition of "Seven Footprints of Satan", "Prince of Peril", and "Grand Canyon" for a brand new copy of "Sleep No More" and another book. Gets another book for "Hopkins Manuscript", "Woman Alive" I think.

Supper at 5:30 and the train leaves several minutes to six. Wiedenbeck very sad because Tyrone's furlough (Ty is his Wac wife) is over. The Slan Shackers embrace Tyrone, tears are held back, but a few insist on emerging. Hands shake and linger together. Robinson, Kreuger, George and Ty climb into the car, wave goodbye. They're gone. Held back tears wrinkle the faces of those who are left. Practically the end.

Elsie Janda stays until the next day. That night we have a last session around the kitchen table. Somebody states they get a kick out of Frankie, did you notice this, wasn't this or that swell, we get to bed fairly early, midnight. Elsie stops in my room on the way to bed, to look at my copy of "Land of Unreason". She wasn't aware that it was published in book form.

Tuesday morning and the old grind. I call up Slan Shack and tell Elsie goodbye as I have to go to the doctor and won't be home in time to see her off.

I walk into the house Tuesday night after work. It's quiet, awfully quiet. #

QUIGGY & SANDY'S papa, fran laney (Enigma of Shangri-LA) forsakes Acolyte to write:--

Even if you'd not specifically invited it on p. 11, the current superb issue of Vom would certainly draw some sort of comment from me. #36 is the best issue, I believe, that I have received since I started getting the mag with #24. Perhaps the reason is that it had nothing by me in it!

Anyway your cover lacks something very important...a caption. You hinted at the truth anent the upper portrait, but I feel that all fandom should know that these two pictures represent the rage felt by Fwqnk "Eye-Bwows" Webinsson and Merlin "Snaggle-Tooth" Brown when they learn of your locating a new magazine store. "I wouldn't mind if he were a collector...." as one of them says! "But these "### dealers.....!"

Yngvi 1944 is the pure business. While no doubt some of the more inhibited fans will criticise you for being somewhat too emotional in your approach, I feel that you did an admirable job of expressing the natural resentment felt by a decent fan in the face of the unbelievably reprehensible tactics of the Great Blue Nose. After all, it is pleasant to me to find one ranking fan who has an emotion or so kicking around, and does not attempt to pose as a disembodied brain. No person could fail to feel burning resentment at Searle's snide trick, and it is a strange individual indeed who can remain cool and (pseudo)-intellectual when contemplating it. If anything, your diatribe is too mild.

William Baring-Gould's letter has me thoroughly adither. I hope that this mysterious "upcoming literary project" materialises, soon. Keep us posted.

Warner has a point about the awkwardness of filing the regal size--frankly, I don't like it either--but it seems to me that the lad is tilting at windmills. No matter what you did about it, he would still be confronted with 15 or 16 copies of regal size Voms, plus the miscellaneous crud you mention. ONE more size after your having used three already, and you will join JWCampbell in my editorial doghouse! So hang onto it--at least until you get enough to bind into a good fat volume.

This leads me to muse about methods used by different fans for filing away their fanzines. I have been struck by the messy appearance of all local collections save my own (Har-rumph!), and particularly by that of Acky's. (After all, the top West Coast collection should also be tops in the manner it is housed and displayed.) Tucker binds many of his--which of course is the best deal if one has the dough to expend. However, after two years of use, I can recommend my own method unreservedly. (Yeah, I know you've seen it, but most of your readers haven't, so shut up, Ackerman! You're just the editor anyway.) The mags are kept in open, wooden filing boxes, of which I use two sizes: (outside dimensions given): 12-1/4x9x3" and 10x8x3". The larger takes standard 8-1/2x11 mags, and the smaller fit either the half-size pages or most of the printed fmz. The boxes consist of nothing more than thin (3/8") plywood with one open edge, and are set upright in the shelves like books, with the open edge facing the inside of the book-case. The boxes are covered with marbled paper, similar to the flyleaves of old fashioned law books, and make a very neat appearance on the shelves. Within the boxes, the mags are kept in chronological order. Neatly typed labels on the backs of the boxes indicate which mags are kept in each one; however, my collection has outgrown this method, and I intend to number each box and set up an alphabetical file catalog of titles. The magazines are not kept alphabetically in the boxes, but rather on a basis of relations to each other and how they fit for size. FAPazines are filed by mailings, except that I have extracted the items which interest me the most--keeping such mags as Reader & Collector, Novacious, Walt's Wramblings, Browsing, Fan-Tods, En Garde, Nova, Horizons, and a few others in the same numerical order by titles as though they were subzines. Pamphlets are kept in a separate box.... This entire system has its faults, but at least I can lay hands on a given issue at a moment's notice, and in addition I escape having my shelves messed up by what appears to be a great stack of dog-eared typing paper. It occurs to me that I can doubtless procure one of these boxes that will handle the Regal size, and if this is the case, the Voms will no longer constitute a problem. So there's a suggestion for Harry.

In connection with Speer's seconding of my former comments on the desirability of a married 4sj with a bunch of little toddlers about his knee, fandom should see you in action with my kids. You've got a way with them...

Willmczyk is all wet about the odor of the Goya nude on a certain Spanish stamp. The gal is a bit on the chubby side, but definitely nice looking; the pose is not bad either; and (don't tell anyone) she has not been defaced by the ruthless hand of the censor. Or maybe they were just out of razors.....

While I approve of Tigrina's return to the sacred pages, I sincerely hope that the two years of her absence have allowed the fetish-worship that had grown up around her to die out completely. As one of the contributors, the gal's ok; as a subject of conversation, she's as trite as religion or nudos.

I'm an ignoramus, sir--and am certainly glad I've never claimed to be a brain truster. Of Mr. Brewer's list, I know of only the following: Spengler, Huysman, Jung, Sade, Lear, Krafft-Ebbing, Bartek, and Holiday. The only ones I've had enough acquaintance with to amount to anything are Krafft-Ebbing and Billie Holiday. (Billie, for the benefit of the symphoniacs in our midst, is a highly competent colored gal with a lovely voice. She made a whole slue of recordings, most of them either backed by pickup bands of her own or by Teddy Wilson's recording band (made mostly of men from the orchestras of Count Basie and Benny Goodman). She was a singles act at the original Cafe Society for a long time, has been featured with various bands--notably that of Artie Shaw, and, I think, is now doing singles again. Her voice contains a wistful, little-girl, yearning timbre that'll kill you; in addition she is a wonderful improviser, can take the most hackneyed melody and make it into something rare and wonderful. As vehicles, she usually takes current song hits and works them over, tho she's also done a few original blues--notably, Billie's Blues, Fine and Mellow, and the weirdly horrible Strange Fruit. My personal favorite of her records is Gershwin's Summertime, followed by Billie's Blues, Strange Fruit, and My Man.)

Temple gave Vom something excellent. If you ever publish a Vomthology, I recommend this letter for a featured place. Comment on it is unnecessary, except that it gives me an opportunity to reiterate one of my old gripes--why quit fandom in the first place and secondly, if one is going to quit, why does it involve so much turmoil and messing around? Fandom is the best hobby I've known of--cheapest, most varied, most exciting, and certainly capable of doing far more for its followers. It is quite possible to abuse one's participation, to become too deeply immersed, but then, I've known lots of people who overeat habitually. The only concrete reasons I've ever been given for quitting fandom are loss of interest and a feeling that it takes too much time which might be spent to more practical advantage. Loss of interest, though a rather difficult phenomenon to understand and one to which I've devoted considerable space in some of my more recent utterances, is assuredly a valid reason to quit. It is sheer stupidity to keep at anything after interest and desire have left. But this thing of fandom's consuming too much time.... Look, kiddies, what is there about our time that can possibly be so damned important? We spend so many hours a week working for a living or preparing to do so. So much more time is spent in eating, sleep, and personal care. The rest of the time is for enjoyment, isn't it

From the \$&¢ point of view, all spare time activities are wasteful, but what the hell, chums, what the hell. Noses and grindstones make a putrid combination. I figure my spare time is going to be wasted anyway, and I'd just as soon waste it in fandom as in some bar. Anytime the bar becomes more enticing, I'm going there. If I find anything I like better for my main hobby, fandom will get dropped so fast that it'll make your head swim. But I'm certainly not going to quit fandom to reform the bums in Pershing Square or sit on my bottom at the Palms studio of a former fan; as some local recent quitters have done. (Names of these quaint quaractors supplyd any fan who sends a fin.) #

Tigrina (the Enigma of Palo Alto, Cal) comes forth with: How appropriate that I should receive the Hallowe'en issue on Friday the 13th! The grotesque, gargoyle-like faces on the cover appealed to me greatly. Bravo!! Let us have more of these imps and demons by Alva Rogers and T/3 Harryhausen! Which of these charming monstrosities was drawn by who? Or did both artists collaborate in the drawing of each of these...er...creatures? (Terror on top by Rogers, beastman on bottom by Harryhausen.)

I recently read for the first time Henry Kuttner's "Open letter to Tigrina" in the June 1942 issue of "The Voice of the Imagination". Ironically, Mr. Kuttner's "Open letter to Tigrina" was read by practically everyone except "Tigrina", until now. I wish to express belated gratitude to Mr. Kuttner for taking the time from his writing of weird fiction in order to give me his opinions and advice.

Many of you held an antagonistic attitude toward me in bygone days. I can see how you came to the conclusion that I was a spoiled young school girl. Consider my position, however. There I was, for the first time away from the confines of home life. What was more natural than that I should immediately take advantage of my new "freedom", and delve heart and soul (?) into the study of Black Magic, etc., and all the things that had been so strictly denied me? I was like the youth who, being denied the use of liquor at home, went to his first cocktail party, imbibed with great gusto, not discriminating in his choice of liquors, and who, as a result, became slightly confused. Today, I remain just as interested in the Black Arts and other subjects pertaining to the Left Hand Path, but not solely for the purpose of "gaining power and revenge". Many of you seemed to think that my interest in the Black Arts and Fantasy was a result of a desire for vengeance and power. This was not so. I have been interested in occult matters and fantasy ever since I can remember.

It has always been a great source of disappointment to me that, although I am intensely interested in the occult, I have never witnessed any so-called supernatural phenomena, have experienced no dreams that foretell the future, or occurrences of similar nature. If such things as ghosts or other denizens of the spirit world do actually exist, I wonder why they have not manifested themselves to me in some manner, since I am so interested in the occult. I hasten to add that I am not of a superstitious nature, interpreting each everyday occurrence as a personal sign or omen, nor do I see "ghosts" in every dark corner and deserted lane, but I do endeavor to be receptive to such phenomena, should they exist, and care to make themselves known to me. It occurs to me to enquire in all seriousness if any of you Fantasy friends have had any strange unexplainable experiences. If so, why not relate your adventures via "The Voice of the Imagination", and let us less fortunate ones share some of these mystifying occurrences second hand? #

Kepner (the Enigma of Pershing Sq) doth declare: Dear Vomelettes, It has been ages since you've received a letter from this one - how lucky you were all that time - but your days are numbered (we have some nice nite numbers too) and your time has come. Here's another letter from that Kepner.

I guess I, like so many other fen, am travelling the road of the Separatists. The feud in Los Angeles has drained me of most of my interest. Attempting to keep on the best terms with both sides in the feud has only allowed me to see the worst aspects of all concerned. I doubt if I shall ever be so active in fandom as I was about seven months ago. Maybe I'll drop out altogether. It just depends, mainly, on how interesting Papa continues to be, and on the few new fen I meet. But then I might keep up the hobby from now to doomsday. (Note: This was written 12 Oct 44. Since then Kepner has turned out a 42-pg ish of Toward Tomorrow for FAPA, accepted Office of Treasurer in the LASFS.)

Speer: I don't think it's fair to predict the "common people's" response to an hypothetical ideal situation by their reactions under the present system. Today, the common man, as you call him, makes poor use of money and leisure. True. Has he really been given much incentive to do better? The schools, in effect, tend to stifle, rather than to stimulate, the ordinary person's appreciation of the arts. The eccentric moral standards, forced upon us by a religion that few of us still accept, has been responsible for the worst features of the burlesques. Likewise, the overindulgence in alcohol is a sign of our neurotic nature. Craps, cards, etc., for the most part are devices to use up money and leisure which the individual has not learned to use in better manner. If people are to attain a better state, it is not satisfactory that they merely have more money and spare time - they need a new and rational set of morals, and a proper sort of education.

Fred Baker is confusing. First he says he would like to see more "grandiose plans" and "so called 'illusions'" and then he says he would rather see a "conservative practical plan." . . . At any rate, he seems to have a point. Too many idealists get so overwrought with preaching their nebulous goals that they forget its a step-by-step race. All too often they forget to take the steps. The big bright plans for a thousand utopias are nice decorations, but the fight for a better world

will ride on small and simple battles.

Warner: (Substantially same comment as Laney, re regallength Voms.)

Speer: It seems you're putting the cart before the horse in your correlation of woman smokers and loose morals. In our time, there is a wide-spread rebellion against an outworn set of morals. Our leaders have not found a new set to replace them, as yet. According to the old standards, woman smokers are immoral merely because they smoke. They are often immoral in other ways also, because a rebell seldom breaks on one point alone. Your particular point seems askew merely because it would be just as easy to say that there was a definite correlation between immorality and women who wore short dresses or believed in evolution. The term immorality requires exact definition in these days. What are your standards?

Wilm-czyk: Your own publication (Paradox) hardly warrents any criticism of VOM's artistic standards.

Bill Temple's letter was excellent. Much food for thought. I still can't decide whether or not to remain active in fandom.

Your cover was good, although the reproduction was poor.

Now we come to Speer again, or to Dick Brewer: The simplest thing would be to cheat. I have various and sundry places where I could look up all those names. But I'll walk the straight and narrow. I must shamfully (sic!) admit that I am really familiar with less than a dozen of them, although about half of the other names sound familiar. So now I should proceed to show off what little erudition I possess? I have numbered them for convenience.

5. Andre Gide was a prolific writer about the turn of the century, an outstanding moralist. I'm not familiar with the bulk of his works, but have read about half of his novel, THE COUNTERFEITERS. Gide had had connections with Douglas and Oscar Wilde shortly before the scandal broke. He sided with Ross and Harris in the feud which developed after Wilde's imprisonment. There was some warm correspondence between him, and Sherrard and Lord Douglas.

7. Oswald Spengler, one of the greatest of modern philosophers is known for his stupendous work, DECLINE OF THE WEST, wherein he expounds the theory that civilization rises to a peak in one area, and falls again, to rise in some other area. He attempts to prove that Western civilization in past its zenith, and rapidly declining. I am inclined to agree with someone or other who said that Spengler had the bull by the tail and thought he had caught the bull.

10. Arthur Rimbaud, French poet of the last century was an intimate of Verlaine. After falling out with the latter, Rimbaud became a vagabond, and had many romantic adventures in the Near East. He lived with the natives, and became a chieftain. He has been known as the inspirer of the so-called decadent period of French literature.

14. J.K. Huysman wrote AGAINST THE GRAIN, DOWN UNDER, and others. A REBOURS is perhaps his greatest work. He combined prose-poetry and the novel. He, like Rimbaud, is known as one of the decadents.

15. Carl Gustave Jung is more or less the grand-daddy of modern psychology. His study is perhaps the best in the field.

19. Edw. Lear is famous for his masterpieces of verse, such as the OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT, and THERE WAS AN OLD MAN OF NANTUCKET.

20. Richard von Krafft-Ebbing is known for his study of abnormal psychology in the much revised PSYCHOPATHIA-SEXUALIS. Starting from innumerable case histories from his great medical career, he proceeds to deduce "what made them that way." Many more modern psychologists feel that he often put the cart before the horse in his analyses. He himself revised some of his opinions almost as often as he revised his book. However, the importance of his research is indisputable.

25. Andre Braton - wasn't he a French or Flemish painter? Or is that just a stab-in-the-dark that missed?

21. Pardon the disorder, but isn't Dylan Thomas a modern poet, English, I believe?

38. Billy Holiday is a Negro jazz singer. Although I've heard several recordings of her singing, the only one that left a lasting impression was the song, STRANGE FRUIT, for which the book was named. With a hauntingly pathetic interlocking of melodies, Billie Holliday bewails the fate of a lynched Negro - -

(Book reviewed,
song illustrated,
No. 3 Toward Tomorrow)

Southern trees bear a strange fruit,
blood on the leaves and blood at the root,
Black body swinging in the Southern breeze,
Strange fruit hanging from poplar trees.
Pastoral scene of the gallant South,
the bulging eyes and the twisted mouth,
Scent of magnolia sweet and fresh,
and the sudden smell of burning flesh!
Here is the fruit for the crows to pluck,
for rain to gather, for the sun to rot,
for a tree to drop.
Here is a strange and bitter crop.

This song is not a tear-jerker. I doubt if Billie Holliday has ever produced a dampened eye with it. Rather, it's the type of wierd melody that sends chills up and down the spine. I have never heard a more haunting bit of music.

I'm rather surprised that Jack allowed this

name to stay in the list, considering his intense apathy toward Negroes. But then maybe he didn't know who it was. I wish that this record had been more widely circulated. I think that it would have been the most effective sort of propaganda for the much-needed anti-lynch laws in the South. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, with such leaders as W.E.B. DuBois, Mordecai Johnson, and Walter White has done much to reduce the average number of lynchings per year from around two hundred, at the turn of the century, to about four or five, now. But a reduction of the number of these criminal atrocities is not enough. They must be made illegal, and must be vigorously prosecuted. The N.A.A.C.P., however, is greatly to be lauded for their vigorous campaign to enforce justice and civil rights, expose infringements, and rally support for reform legislation. (Fritz Lang, scientifilmaker, is generally spoken of synonymously with METROPOLIS, ROCKET TO THE MOON, but remember his powerful antilynch cinemasterpiece starring Spencer Tracy, Fury!)

Back to the list. Now that that's all over, I'll refer to various references books, and see what I've been missing by not being better acquainted with these various gentlemen and ladies. Maybe some of them are worthy of more attention.

In passing, I wonder how many young Vomites will go to their encyclopedias immediately, and then write pretentiously erudite letters to VOM telling just who all of these people were, and why?

On the whole, Dick Brewer himself sounds like a rather interesting chap. At least he has interests scattered all over the place. Would I be presumptuous to suggest a few more names?

George Sterling	William Grant Still	Langston Hughes
Alfred Korzybski	C K Ogden	Lawrence Hope
Wilhelm Stekel	Thurman Arnold	Howard Fast
Kahlil Gibran	William Seabrook	Rockwell Kent
C F Volney	Richard Wright	Margaret Slattery

Not intending that as any sort of sophistication test. Just for further bull-festing. #

J. Malice

(the Enigma of Watsonville) criticizes: The covour on #36 lacks sparkle, somehow, despite the fact that Laney & others have been telling me that Rogers is the fan illustrator of the hour. (He is for hour money. Wait'll U see Cthulhu, The Outsider, the Mushroomiden, the Stapledon Neptuneian!) Harryhausen manages to be repulsive, which seems to be the idea, so his little thing is okay.

Tigrina is a poor cartoonist, and judging from her letter, pretty damn naive, to boot. Her remark to Youd is riotously funny, and is proof enough she is no school girl. Any school girl would know better.

Jack Speer's chum, Dick Brewer, is evidently versed in the modern arts--painting & literature in particular. I notice two philosophers, but prominent to me are names such as Klee, Arp, Gide (author of the Counterfeiters--a tale which some fans should read), Mondrian, Rimbaud, Tzara, Huysman (the latter has written two excellent fantasies, incidentally), Max Ernst, etc. Most of these men were associated in some way with various movements in France over the period of 1900-1927 or so. Prominent of course in Tzara, founder of the ill-fated dadaist movement.

Ackerman's remark is decidedly unfunny. #

OK, so here's zomb-thing U can depend on to be decidedly funny--a letter from the #1 Face (aka the Enigma of Box 260):

Vom--awake!

The revolution is sneaking upon us! The infidels are pounding at our very doors! One has already seeped under the sill of mine--see, I plunk my foot in it and it splashes. Ha! Upstart infidel, ye are still wet behind the ears.

Vom---we must unite to combat the evil upstarts! We must work together to render one another valuable aid in the coming struggle for air power in fandom, lest fandom render us. Our long-standing superiority is challenged! The hordes of the outer circle are descending upon us, robbing us of our profits. Vom---we are being given the royal works! We are struggling for our actual future existence! These fresh upstarts from the outer circle seek to end our benevolent, dictatorial reign of fandom!

I am at loss to understand this. I, personally, have always leaned over backwards in order to mete out true justice to my subjects. I know you have done likewise. Truly ours is a benevolent dictatorship. But have the infidels appreciated this? No! They have fallen prey to vile propaganda. They seek to overthrow us. We ain't never done nothing to nobody have we? Frankly, I suspect a gentleman from Indiana has a hand in this. An unwashed hand. I heard rumors he was meandering about the country, telling folks we old-time bosses had to go.

Its so very unfair. Here, just as you and I were beginning to earn a tidy profit from our fanzines, this revolution explodes beneath our very noses! Since I upped my asking price to a dime (and of course, since you upped yours to fifteen cents), we, the two very best fanzines in fandom, at last came out of the red and into the black. Oh joy--how I gleed as the dollars came rolling in and I knew I'd never have to work for a living again.

But what happens? This: those damned infidels start giving away their inferior fanzines to dethrone us... not only to dethrone us, but to actually cut into our profits. First it was Rosebud. Along comes that hopeless, pitiful little sheet of a Rosebud and says in a whining voice, "I don't cost no money...all you have to do to get me is write me a nice letter telling me how good I am". Bah. Undermining the capi-

istic foundations of fanzine publishing, that's what it is doing.

And now diablerie. Here comes the new issue. And what happens? It too, whines. "You can have me free for nothing folks, just by writing me a nice letter." Again bah.

I say to you Vom, these infidels must be stamped out!

I ask you Vom, what's going to happen in the future when fandom gets wise to the fact that these inferior sheets may be had for a postage stamp? Do you see the chalk drawings on the floor? They'll stop purchasing our superior fanzines in favor of these free-for-nothing quickies! They'll allow their subscriptions to our better magazines to lapse! And you know what that means--- it means you and I will have to begin financing our fanzines ourselves again.

Now Vom, the one and only way to combat this rising menace is to adopt tactics similar to those which began this whispering campaign to oust us from our top positions! The fight fire with fire sort of thing. Therefore, already acting upon this line of logic, I have already started out on a grand tour of fandom, another gentleman from Indiana. This fellow has instructions to tramp all about the country, spreading malicious rumors about our opposition, telling shady stories about their editors, suggesting that the upstarts be run out of fandom, and planting the seeds of discontent in general. When the time is ripe and these free fanzines are tottering, he will say, in sparkling, grandiose speech, that "we" (meaning fandom in general) should return to the ways of their forefathers, and once again pay homage (that's like cash subscriptions, huh, only better?) to the old faithful fanzines (old faithful by the gallon), yours and mine. He will shout from the housetops the slogan, that which was good enough for his father is good enough for him, and get this-- here's the climax.

In a body, he and his followers will march to the postoffice and send a flock of money orders for long-term subscriptions! You can count upon the mob watching the demonstration to do likewise. Once again we shall dominate fandom in our just, benevolent manner.

Fight the infidels Vom! Protect our lucrative incomes. Run the rascals out. (Yea! Oust is oust! And West is Wallace. Not to be confused with H.G. Wallace. Some guys is never gratified. My warning to U about Tucker, folks, is: Run, the rascal's out!) #

AL WEINSTEIN (too new to fandom yet to tell whether he'll be an Enigma or not) states: To me fandom isn't that important that it rates almost all of my attention--as some of these fanatics think. And it isn't that unimportant to take lightly. Sure, it's good for the mind and soul to dream--I love to. That is the main reason (of mine, that is) for entering fandom and for liking stf. But you have to come down to earth. The world isn't a dream. It's fact. Now I'm beginning to sound like a realist which I most definitely am not. I am just about in the middle. I am an idealist and a realist. Some things should be taken with the utmost of seriousness, while to advance and not to stagnate you have to dream and imagine and let yourself go. That's simply common sense. Like the old saying, 'Don't put your eggs in one basket'. That's the way I feel about fandom. I take it seriously--to a certain extent.

Hmmm. It occurs to me that maybe I'm the missing link. Half man. I'm so much in the middle it would seem so. Maybe this is just one of the throes of adolescence. But whether or not, those of you who disagree with me--probably almost all of fandom--I suggest that all letters be sent in good taste, not like a lot of which have been appearing in VOM. These are simply my views. And please don't harp on adolescence. You were once a kid, #

Raymond WASHINGTON JR (the Fanigma of Florida) declares: I would like to present for the attention of fandom my brief dissertation on what constitutes a leader. As a small boy I have often mused on those qualities, and seem to have come to these conclusions:

"I have often wondered on that peculiar combination of qualities that sets a man, or a child, apart from the crowd and makes him a Leader. A Leader is one whom the herd looks to instinctively as a source of strength and wisdom. The Leader must be possessed of considerable personal magnetism. He must be able to express and direct the herd-feelings; he is unconsciously expected to supervise and direct; he is looked to to settle disputes or to express group approval or disapproval. He is different from the crowd, but not in the sense that the disdainful individualist is different. He is a sort of personification of what the herd wants to be; in any circumstance or situation it is he who will apply himself most and assume the greater responsibility as a matter of course; it is he to whom the others look for direction. The strength in one human soul instinctively attracts to it the weaknesses in others. The Leader is talented, he is respected, he dares to do what others would like to do but are afraid--and he is envied. Added to this is a genuine feeling of comradeship or affection for the herd, or the cream of the herd, without which no Leader can long last. The Leader is constantly under surveillance; he is copied; he is emulated; he is talked of. In our non-militaristic type of society he maintains his authority best by being on good terms with everyone and by asserting his leadership as little as possible. If he can persuade his adherents that he is really not the boss, that they all share equally in deciding group activity, he does not offend sensitive egos and his leadership is all the more definite because it is supposed to exist only in a very weak form, and is therefore not challenged."

Bill Temple's letter in Vom #36 is the most moving product of the fan press I've read since--well, in a long while. Pieces to compare with it are, to name a few, Fortier's queerly nostalgic TWILIGHT, Chauvenet's FAPAFILE and his letter in a recent Widner chain explaining how he has grown away from fandom, Joe Gilbert's introduction to UNFAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, Sam Youd's sonnet, DREAMER, published in Weird Tales several years ago--these are the most prominent writings that come to

mind through the mist of the years. It is letters like this that are among the most valuable things in life. I felt sure from the first that Bill was fed up with fandom and writing a sort of formal resignation; and he brought forth warmth and complete sympathy from my heart—am I embarrassing anyone?—and as I progressed through the letter, I became conscious of an awakening joy infiltrating my meditative mood, for here was a soldier, a man who has "known reality" to the utmost, stating boldly that "the fan outlook is my idea of vision". In the last few lines I found my fan-theories upheld and confirmed; and I was deeply thrilled for a moment when I concluded his letter and knew that he was separating himself from the separatist movement! Sounds naive, I know, but reading Temple's letter was a very rich and heartening experience for me, and left me with this blissful state of mind: The Joe Gilberts are not dead in fandom. #

JACK! SPEER! (the Enigma of North Afrika)

veemails: As to the Yngvi insert, surely you realize that your view of stedom as a society asynchronised with space and time is hily controversial. Many fen flatly deny it, many others would hesitate to affirm it. So you're going out on a shaky limb for your denunciation of Searles. Not having seen the statement by Searles yet, I'll stop there for the time being.

Dick Brewer liked the 36 Vom cover very much. Tigri-na's cartoon on the contents page is not so good. Feminine artists generally are unable to draw men well, aren't they? For whatever it signifies, I might add that French poster-painters do not make American cinemactors as he-mannish as they should be.

Ah, Harry; don't file your fanzines in envelopes. Then you have to pull everything out to look up something. File folders are the thing.

If your QQ interpolation in my second letter is a challenge to practice what I preach, my answer is this: Why do you think I became active in Washington Methodism --because it would please my mother? Experience there and elsewhere hasn't made any backslapping politician or salesman out of me, but I think it did save me from becoming a type of introvert who is afraid of people because they're always getting in the way of his day-dreams, who never realizes that the common man has his thoughtful moments, and who becomes embittered with the universe.

If, however, the interpolation was intended as a protest against my apparently trying to run other people's lives for them, I must throw myself on the mercy of the court. Undoubtedly I've done too much of that, or gone at it wrong, in the past year or two. It's hard to hold your tongue when you see someone you care about apparently making an irremediable mistake or losing an irrecoverable opportunity.

Wilimczyk's paragraph in re Hensley is very good. I had supposed that fankind's intelligence was concentrated in the verbal sector, and whatever great thoughts they might have, they could certainly express. But many recent fanzines evidence a definite ceiling on wordcraft, which may not do justice to the mind behind the typewriter.

I might as well tell what I know about some of the men in Brewer's list. Ossie Spengler, of course, is the Decline of the West man, which work Dick swears by. Calder does truly fantastic "mobile statues", of which I saw an exhibit in Washington. They're quite abstract--no robots. Cocteau, from a book Dick loaned me, has written and drawn some stuff that the bibliografers should not overlook. Jung is one of the founders of psychoanalysis--I believe he says the basic drive is the instinct for power rather than sex, Freud's key. The Marquis de Sade wrote pornography and gave his name to sadism. Edward Lear was the second-best Victorian nonsensicalist.

Temple's letter is really good, and I think we ought to underline the line, "To me the imagination is somewhere nearer the heart of things than 'reality.'" Myself (tho you mightn't think so from my two recent impassioned defenses of indom) have lately suffered doubts about our microcosm. Not so much as an incubus--after ten years, I think I know how to keep it under control--but because the minds of stefmen show themselves at so many points inferior to the minds you can meet in books, and because they often apply themselves to utterly worthless stuff. I'm glad to say that the new Vom is one of the things that restores my faith. #

WALTER J DUNKELBERGER, father of four: Your note in VOM comes as a sort of "challenge" to me. I have enjoyed VOM and its numerous arguments, have taken sides (in my own mind) but never done anything about it. Now - you issue me a challenge that I can't ignore.

Accompanying VOM was a sheet concerning Searles' and his threats ...this offers, in a way, a personal threat to me. Possibly it would be better if I explained myself:

Several years ago I began the amateur publication for circulation among servicemen and women that came to be known as NUZ from HOME. This zine (it is NOT a fanzine) carries only material that those who read it want....it carries pinups -- shady stories -- personal letters -- news items, etc.---- For some reason a local Mrs. Grundy took it upon herself to see that "that filthy thing" was stopped. Now she had nothing to do with the paper. She didn't receive it. She didn't support it. She didn't contribute to it. She just "made up her mind to run it". Needless to say she met with opposition from the staff and some of the readers who were let in on it (Forrie sent a letter which helped touch off the dynamite keg). We duplicated her letter to us (threatening all sorts of dire things if we didn't stop) and our letter in answer and circulated them among a few close reader friends. We were deluged with reprimands for paying any attention to her. We offered to mail out an issue that she might makeup, at our own expense, this we did to a select few (she selected the names we sent them to). The replies (if they did reply) consisted of remarks such as "why waste shipping space on such tripe?". This only enraged the lady and she took the matter up with the postal authorities.(just as Searles threatens to do).

Now bear in mind - this matter had been none of her business from the start - she made it her

business.

To make a long story short the result was the same as that in the famous ESQUIRE case. NUZ never having had a second class mailing privilege nothing happened, but the lady who complained was "scolded" by the postal inspector for having wasted valuable time and the taxpayers money. ANYTHING not obscene can be sent through the mails as 3rd class mail or as printed matter or as merchandise. ANYTHING can be sent through the mails FIRST CLASS. Oh I realize that in some cases local postmasters make exceptions as they see fit, but when it comes to a show down the above general statements are true - FIRST CLASS mail is not subject to censorship except from a military standpoint was the opinion handed down and neither is any other class of mail except in relation to rules of common carriers such as for explosives, breakage, etc.

This lady has not been content with letting well enough alone she went from there to the OPA and tried to have all our priorities taken away from us for paper and supplies - we'll give her credit though - she is persistent - twice she succeeded in getting our paper supplies temporarily cut off. Finally we went for 60 days without paper. A threat on our part (she finally exasperated us) to get an injunction to make her stop...caused a lull in her activities.

When I first entered fandom I had been publishing this zine for over a year - I sent copies to a few of the fans I became acquainted with. They seemed to like it very much. Then a few others got a hold of it (bear in mind that NUZ never was and never pretended to be a fanzine) and I began to get nasty letters (nuf sed).

These letters stopped me from publishing a real fanzine. FTLaney had assisted me and we were going to bring out the INNSMOUTH GAZETTE (a second ACOYTE I hoped). Those letters ruined my frame of mind. It convinced me that fandom was not interested in anything for the good of the whole, of helping a new fan, but merely of a self-centered interest of things, "of, by and for ME", me being the individual fan. It has taken the examples of such fans as Ackerman, Unger, Evans, and others to set my thinking the way it should be.

Several months ago Cunningham and I tried circulating a petition for my membership in FAPA, believing that such a thing was actually a requirement for membership. Many a fan wrote nasty letters, accusing us of requests for favoritism. Until, in reply to our requests, Norm Stanley, Bob Swisher, Julie and Forrie set us straight and the petition was withdrawn and destroyed.

The point I'm trying to bring out is - WHY DO SOME FANS HAVE TO ALWAYS PRESENT THE WORST SIDE to the rest of Fandom??? A word of explanation instead of a cussing would have left everyone in a good frame of mind and would have done the job.

Back to this idea of "censorship" - I'd like to ask Searles a question - What constitutes filth???? If you can set up a standard for that - the Supreme Court will be glad to strike a medal for you. Oh you can describe the good and the bad (who can't) but --- make your standard fit ALL CASES. After you've done that you'll be in a position to complain.

To me an Ernst Hemmingway book is "filthy" a Thorne Smith is not. Yet technically many episodes in both should be classed in the same group.

Searles - I'd like to see your classification.....don't base it on personal prejudice or you'll be denying some of the basic "unwritten laws" of fandom - Tolerance, not being the least.

These "unwritten laws" are the only hope fandom has of a lasting unity. There are the real freedoms for which the united nations and all of the right thinking people are fighting for. If we can't have them we might as well stop now - Much as I admire Stalin I hope that we can prove this statement of his wrong - it was said, I believe, at Teheran...."You believe that the U.S. has freedom. Freedom is only a relative word there. How about Freedom of religion??? Did you ever try anything but the Christian in some form? ...Freedom of Speech???...Did you ever trying disagreeing with your boss or mother-in-law??? ...Freedom of the Press???....Did you ever try printing something to oppose the general "accepted" ideas???....I could go on for hours, but you see what I mean.".....he was, I believe, talking to Churchill at the time. His thots I've expressed, but probably not the exact wording.

Fandom has had those FREEDOMS - there is no reason why it shouldn't continue to have them. #

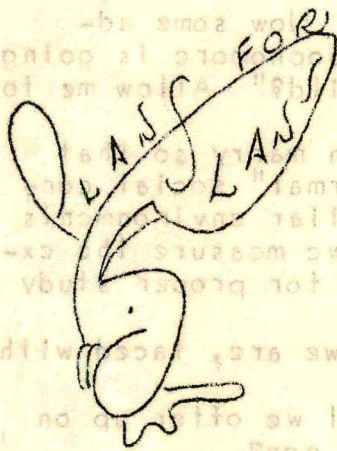
BLOCH (the Stigma of Milwaukee) confides:
Cecil Slotch, to whom I've loaned an issue of Vom and other stuff, apparently is curious about the depth and breadth of our learning. He has submitted the following list of Names, which he desires published for comment:

Flatus Bombasticus	Bullwhip T. Niggerlasher
Abe Bortion	Plentygone W. Notmuchleft
Scottsboro W. Case	Hotfoot O. Ouch
F. Gregory Coprophalia	General Paresis
"Eppy" Didymus	Burly Cue
Busy Ditch	Ecclesiastic W. Omigod
Hiawatha Donglepootzer	Osgood Nascene Stercore
Ann Drogyne	Jacques Strapp
Bobo Farblebleester	Linkman Stoat Toozefuddy
Stabber Fitznoodle	Sylvester W. Skadeitendapmn
Edgar Norton Foop	Forrest J Ackerman
Cloven W. Hoof	Bishop Shapiro
"Mother" Naked	Herman Phrodite
Prof. Laxis	Claustrophobia W. Lemmeouddahere

I too believe that it is a sign of intelligence to be able to recognize the names of obscure artists, authors, musicians, scientists, choreographers & surrealists.



MacPherson
Repro Lorraine '44



AFTER HAVING ATTACKED SEMANTICS for some time, I've finally seen the error of my ways, and little Ludvig Lucifer Lowndes (should the brat ever rear his ugly head) is going to reap the benefit therefrom. In fact, he's going to be a holy terror!

FIRST OF ALL, there'll be none of this nonsense about becoming immersed in English literature as did his father's generation. Shakespeare -- Dickens -- Walter Scott -- Mark Twain -- Edgar Allan Poe -- phoozy! As anyone who has studied semantics knows, these scribes' works so abound with dubious and referentless phrases as to be beyond understanding. They don't make sense. Away with them!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, almost any prose work written more than twenty or so years ago can't possibly be understood by anyone who has freed himself from the tyranny of words, so little Ludvig Lucifer needn't bother to begin with.

HE'LL BE A MASTER of the elegant phrase himself, however, and insufferably accurate. He'll join every debating society within reach and drive them to nervous prostration. I expect him to trounce all comers, whether he knows anything about the subject under discussion or not. Matter of fact, the less he knows about it, the better. Then he'll be able to put his entire concentration upon showing the absurdity of his opponents' speeches, dragging out each sloppy phrase, each mis-use of terms, each propaganda technique, each statement of any word for which no referent can immediately be shown.

WHEN THE TEACHER REPROVES him for the ornery things he'll doubtlessly do while waiting for some hapless fellow student to tangle himself up in words, little LLL will lick his chops and go to work--for teacher'll doubtlessly use some emotional and unscientific phrase. And woe betide any prominent citizens who deigns to address the little darlings on this or that; LLL will make mince-meat of them. Of course, it's to be expected that sooner or later, he'll come up against someone else who has studied semantics, but with his head start, and correct training from birth, I don't expect any real trouble.

OF COURSE, there will be some difficulty. He won't be able to understand his beknighted associates (who will have been brought up to talk like ordinary people, and to understand what they have written) but such is the price one must pay for being up with the times. And LLL had better learn judo at an early age; he'll need it.

IN FACT, I may strangle the little monster myself, some fine day!

THE BIRTH OF A NOTION / BLOCH

Would that it were within my power to recruit the entire ranks of fandom...would that I could circulate a petition to be signed by every reader and writer of fantastic fiction...urging, entreating, and (yes) commanding Ackerman to spring offspring!

A child for Ackerman -- a burning issue! What greater need is there in fantasy today? Toward what other end are we striving? Do we want to precipitate the Wave of the Future? Do we wish to realize the goal toward which all Mankind has toiled and yearned? Then let us do so. For when Ackerman conceives, then indeed we will reach the Millenium. Never, since a certain date nearly two thousand years ago, would there be so momentous a birth...so pregnant a nativity.

Why is it that this matter has never been given the attention it rightfully deserves? Here, with the hope of posterity virtually hidden in our midst, we have wasted time in useless planning, idle dreaming. And all the while, the Great Reality was within our grasp. We can tear aside the veil of the Future...rip it away and disclose the awesome vista of endless years...gaze upon the Superman face to face -- if Ackerman will but reproduce his kind.

But first, a bride for Ackerman.

Did somebody whisper "Odd John's Other Wife"? Ignore the cynic. For this is a momentous decision...who will share in this far from immaculate conception...who shall labor to fulfill the prophesies of science fiction?

A problem, indeed. But of paramount importance.

Now some advanced free-thinker with the brain of a vintage 1925 sophomore is going to say "Why must Ackerman marry in order to have a child?" Allow me to underscore the obvious.

It is necessary that Ackerman marry so that his child will be born and raised under so-called "normal" social conditions. Out of wedlock offspring are raised in peculiar environments ...only by giving this child a normal background can we measure the extent of its peculiar genius. For proper perspective, for proper study of this phenomenon, marriage is essential.

So there we are, faced with our initial problem. A bride for Ackerman.

Who shall we offer up on the altar of Science? What eager maniac? What altar ego?

Now, if a VOMaiden could be brought to life...but no, that's Black Market Magic and it's out. If a female robot could be created that would be capable of...no, I'm afraid a robotrix couldn't turn the trick: The auto will never replace the horse.

It is a problem, you see. Perhaps we could enlist the aid of 4H clubs...choose the healthiest female in the country. Or, a city girl would do as well. The Atlantic City Bathing Beach Contest might give Ackerman as a special award to the next winner. John R. Powers might hold a contest for prize models. Later, Ackerman could hold the models.

I am not qualified to make any recommendations. These are merely suggestions. But certainly an aroused and enlightened fandom will not sit idly by and permit Ackerman to waste his talents. He should have a child. A child? Hundreds, thousands of children!

Yes...give him free rein...carte blanche...ergot extract, if necessary...but in any case, let us insist that ere long the world must be filled with fuzz-headed little Ackermans, prattling their merry Esperanto and all stenciling like crazy. Else who will build and man the rocketships of the future? Who will lead the conquering heroes across the Marsian deserts? Who will put the chart before the course of the universe, solve the insoluble, unscrew the inscrutable?

The world needs more Ackermans. Women of America -- do your duty! Forget the WAVES and the WACS and the WASPS. Enlist with Ackerman in that great crusade...yes, the Children's Crusade.

Give Ackerman an Ackerman-
Woman!

FOR SALE: "Miracle in 3 Dimensions"--CLMoore, 75c

"Shifting Seas"--Weinbaum, 75c

"Exodus"--Burks, \$1

"Survival"--Burks, \$1.25

"Final Blackout"--Hubbard, \$1.50

"Slan"--Van Vogt, \$2

"Nymph of Darkness"--CLMoore (unexpurgated) \$2

"Seeker to the Dead"--Burrage, \$2

"Graph"--Weinbaum, \$2

"Woman of the Wood"--Merritt, \$5

"Colour Out of Space"--Lovecraft (original printing) - \$5

"The Sea Girl"--Cummings, \$2.50

"The Snow Girl"--Cummings, \$2.50

"The Shadow Girl"--Cummings, \$2.50

"Rebirth"--McClary (orig. version) - \$2

"The Primal City"--CASmith, \$1.25

"The Ultimate Catalyst"--Taine, \$1

"Tomorrow"--Taine, 75c

"Revolt of the Scientists"--Burroughs, 75c

"Storm Cloud on Deka"--EESmith, 35c

"The Hyborean Age"--REHoward, \$1

"Phoenix"--HGWells, \$1

"Odd John"--Stapledon, \$2

"The Blind Spot"--Hall & Flint (orig.) \$10

"Cosmos"--Merritt, EESmith, Campbell and 15 others. Cover by Bok. \$30.

Stills from "Frankenstein", "Deluge", "Old Dark House", "Island of Lost Souls", "King Kong", "Invisible Man" and others.

Spaceways, Pluto, Le Zombie, Stardust, Fantast, Science Fiction Digest, Polaris, Scientifiction, Imagination! and other fanmags.

Let the Sgt serve you. FJAckerman - servifan; 6475 Met Stn, LA-55.

FANTASY FICTION HAS COME INTO ITS OWN!

A new trend in reading has created huge demands for the so-called "escape literature". This, in turn, has brought about a renaissance of Fantasy Fiction. The former poor-relation of belles-literature has been baptised at the font of public opinion and received into the fold.

Supernatural stories, science-fiction and weird tales are now legitimate! The former furtive reader may now assuage his horror-thirst unafraid of earthly censors! The fertile font of Edgar Allen Poe and H. G. Wells is now made free to all who read. August Derleth has placed his "imprimatur". His bold pied-pipings have led the way to librarians and critics alike. He may now say, with pride, "I told you so!"

As an experiment, the CRIME BOOK CENTER issued a catalog on new and used Fantastic Literature. This catalog was quickly sold out and seems to call for another. Meanwhile, however, you may order your favorite new books from our shelves-with assurance of receiving them by mail. Although the new book market supplies books only in spurts-we try to stock titles for immediate delivery.

Out of print titles are sometimes available-at which times we supply them to those on our waiting list, "first come-first served".

SHORT LIST OF TITLES AVAILABLE

- DERLETH- Sleep No More. Twenty master-pieces of horror. None of these tales appear in any current anthology..no duplication. 1944 new \$4.60
- LOVECRAFT- Beyond the Wall of Sleep. Out-of-print. 5 copies new ppd \$9.85
- (KARLSEFF READER) due 1945 new ppd \$4.95
A mammoth volume-over 70 stories
- (ASTOUNDING STORIES) 1931-44
large selection available.
- (EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS) Out of print and new titles always available.
- SMITH, C.A.-Lost Worlds. One of the best publications of years. (Don't wait until it goes O.P. and will command a fancy premium price.)New. \$3.
- POE, E. A. - in various editions.
- LOVECRAFT-Marginalia...this volume completes his work..a must book New \$3.
- (UNCANNY TALES, HORROR, TERROR,others)
- WHITE, T.H.-The Sword in the Stone. Finest of fantasy of Cabell type
New copy in dust-wrapper . . . \$3.50
- STONG (editor) 25 Stories of Mystery and Imagination 1942 new 466p \$1.10ppd
- SMITH, C. A.-Out of Space and Time. Only four new copies left. One of the more desirable out-of-print items. \$6.50ppd
- (MAGAZINES) back copies of SPIDER, DOC SAVAGE, COMIC BOOKS, WEIRD TALES, etc.
- LINDSAY, NORMAN-World's famous pen and ink illustrations, centaurs, nudes, scenes of revelry. 64 ill's on fine glossy paper, stiff cover.new . . \$3.50 postpaid. Only ten copies left.
(Imported before the war fromAustralia)
- (LOVECRAFT signature)-
- DUNSANY-"Don Rodriguez" Chronicles of Shadow Valley. Put 1922 with presentation inscription: "To Sonia H. Greene from H.P.Lovecraft Christmas 1922" \$6.50
- (LOCK AND KEY LIBRARY) World's Classic Mystery and Detective Stories-\$1.50ea
- (OCCULT DIGEST, OCCULT REVIEW, others)

ABOVE TITLES ALL IN GOOD TO NEW CONDITION, GUARANTEED AS DESCRIBED.
Offered postpaid to your door. . . send money order, checks or stamps.
We maintain perpetual "want lists"...tell us what you want. We will quote it to you when we can locate it. No charge for this service.
Catalogs will be sent to you regularly, upon application.

CRIME BOOK CENTER 509 No. State St.
Chicago 10, Illinois.

We purchase books and periodicals on the following subjects: Weird, Fantasy, Supernatural, Murder, Racketeering, Trials, Police, Gambling, Espionage, Detectives, Fraud and Swindling, Hocus and Quackery, Fireman, Mag-ic.





ALVA ROGERS