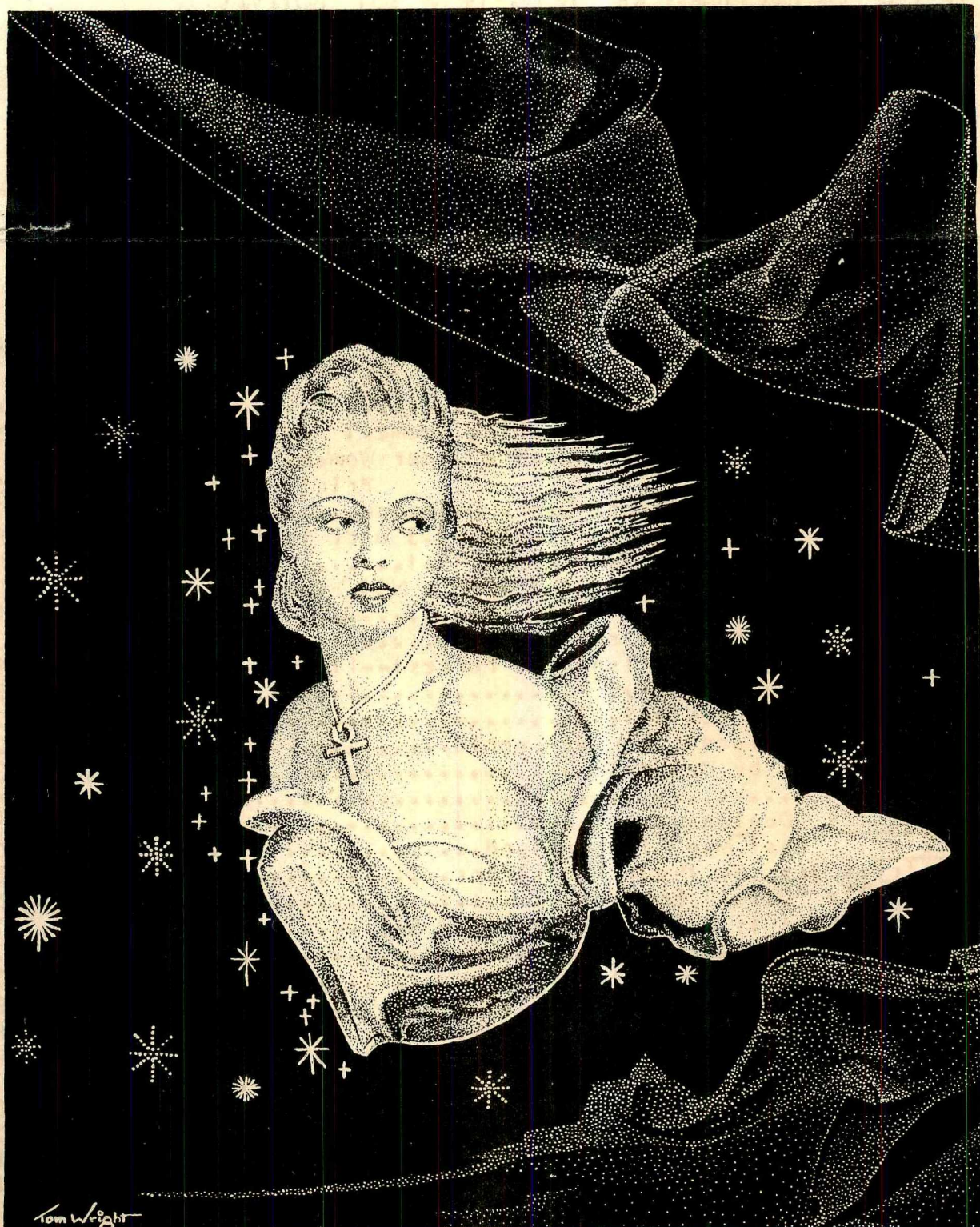


VoM



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V O I C E O F T H E I M A G I - N A T I O N

10¢
Oct 41
#18

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THE EDITORS SPEAK

"The Readers Demanded It"

--No, we rnt gonna give U that guff. The newsize Vom represents a saving in paper &, more important, a conservation of that article essential to the art of mimeografy, the stencil. If we read our tealeaves ryt, the Nippo-American relationship may mean mimeografy is moribund--& we want to hold out as long as poss. Our new system allows complete utilization of the stencil. Whereas heretofore we "threw away" 1/3 of ea. stencil, now 3 stencils are the equivalent of 4. We don't say U necessarily'll like Vom better in this new format --we rnt sure of that ourselves, not having seen the metamorfosized mag. But we feel we may be pioneering in the wartime fanmag field; & also, that this dispensation shoud usher in an era of quality, for there no longer may be the space to waste on inferior offerings. For the firsttime, Vom is cutting large portions out of letters--also for the reason we're receiving increasing quantitys of mail & it's a chrono-economico impossibility to go on expanding, publishing all correspondence complete. So we treat each letter like FMZ Digest, giving U the meat (eliminating distracting dots & dashes to indicate deletions, incompletions, etc). Gone are the days when we coud afford to accept a challenge such as someone simply typing a period in the center of a blank piece of paper & declaring "I'll bet you won't publish this in the Voice", so we waste a stencil & 150 sheets of paper proving our policy to them. It is to your benefit to utilize the Forum of Fandom sensibly.

"Trouble in Paradise"

The Bronson-Ackerman colab last ish has had its desired effect to some extent. One reader rote: "i sympathize with your exprest thoughts on page 23 of current 'vom'. hope it will do some good in the right places." Well, after one abortive attempt to berate the LASFS Director for criticizing the club in print, sevral stf quizzes were volunteerd, contributions for the BSFWRS were sent, a couple dormant matters were dragd out & dusted off such as the club emblem, & to the fore came the proposition to obtain our own Club Room. We do not claim complete credit for this, but feel in some measure responsible.

"An Apple a Day--" Applesauce!

The Draft situation for 4sJ is the same today as it was 6 wks ago: undecided. After receiving classification of Temporary Deferment, 4e has been called back for another examination. Maybe they just wanto noe what those 2 peculiar pale lumpy strands in his hair are...U noe--those tendrils?

DENVER POST

July 7, AD (After Denvention). Paul Freehafer, with whom I was rooming, arose around 5am (I am going to omit all "as I recall" & "if I remember correctly"s etc from this concluding instalment, so nothing should be taken as Gospel truth) & about 1/2 hr later he & Morojo bid me goodbye as they were driving back, including Yerke. I went back to sleep for about 3 hrs, then got up & gathered my belongings together & checked out. Headed for the bustation to check my baggage, I ran into Korshak & Gardner, who accompanied me. O, yes; Bill Deutsch came along too. Outside the Shirley-Savoy, before we went to breakfast, we found the Widneriders preparing to depart. We bid goodbye to Art, Julie, Milt, RAM & Rustebar. Some the Futurians were lounging around in front the hotel, waiting for other dittos to arrive with transportation. When Erle, Johann, Bill & I returned from breakfast & bus transactions about 2 hrs later, the Futurians still were without--without portation, trans- or tele-. So Doc & Erle & Chet & Bell & Evans stood around exchanging dirty jokes, till Ackerman could stand it no more & left for the direction of a crowd that was dickering over the rental of a machine, muttering "Unclean! Unclean!" That is, the jokes; not the machine. Eventually Millard, Wiggins, Class, Liebscher & I dug up \$20 between us & the auto was ours for the day. We set out right away for Park Estes so Liebscher who had never seen a mountain could see mountains, stopping only briefly for Class to locate Hart at a prearranged place for a couple mins.

As we neared the mountains; which the others viewed with more or less indifference, & I with complete; we hardly could keep Leapyear in his seat. Walt wanted to jump out & run to the mountains.

Originally, the first guy who got a bloody nose from altitude was gonna be a Big Sissy. But as we climbed higher & higher, our attitude altered with the altitude & we began to look forward to who would have the first nose bleed & be the Big Hero. All around me ears were popping with deafening explosions while I sat unperturbed. I did not even become oppressed for breath. The rest just couldn't understand this. (Frankly, to this day I can't myself!) "Acky must be a superman" they said; "ain't your ears popped yet?"

A great number of interesting things happened on this pleasure exertion (oops, I meant excursion) but I shall refrain from reporting them inasmuch as I assigned full rites to Walt Liebscher to reveal How Acky Made Denvention Expenses at the expense of the carfull of fans who weren't careful in challenging my amazing ability with rocks...

We got back to town around nitefall, got Liebscher located in the hotel rm he was entitled to on his bus tour, then dinnerd together. There is no dout we had a lot of fun at the table, tho what about I no longer can remember. Probly the waitress still can tho! After our meal, at my express desire we wanderd around town afoot so I might see a bit of Denver's nite lites. This we kept up til about 11:30 when we arrived at my bustation. At midnite I bid the boys goodby & board-ed. A few mins after I was seated, Olon enterd & presented me with 4 fine candy bars--one from each the fellows & himself, I take it...as I took them--& I later enjoyd them very much & thank the 4 of U very much.

Nexthing I remember is waking up in Rock Springs Wyo, finding we had 5 mins then. With a fine lack of foresite, I had bundled up all the fmz I'd bought at the Denvention--unread--& sent'em back with Freehafer, so I had none of 'em to read on the return trip, so Julie Unger had lent me some he'd bought for Perdue & I was to mail 'em to Elmer after reading --& here I was in his home town! Hastily I wrapperd the mags, dropt 'em in the nearest mailbox, & dasht about madly looking for a fone to say hello to the old hyperman himself. But my search was unsuccessful & after, Elmer, noting the post-mark & having rcvd no call from me, rather resentfully rote me he felt he had been slited. I offer this as evidence Perdue is not a true slan, else his sensitive tendrils woudve detected the troubled thotwaves in the vicinity emanating from my mind; see?

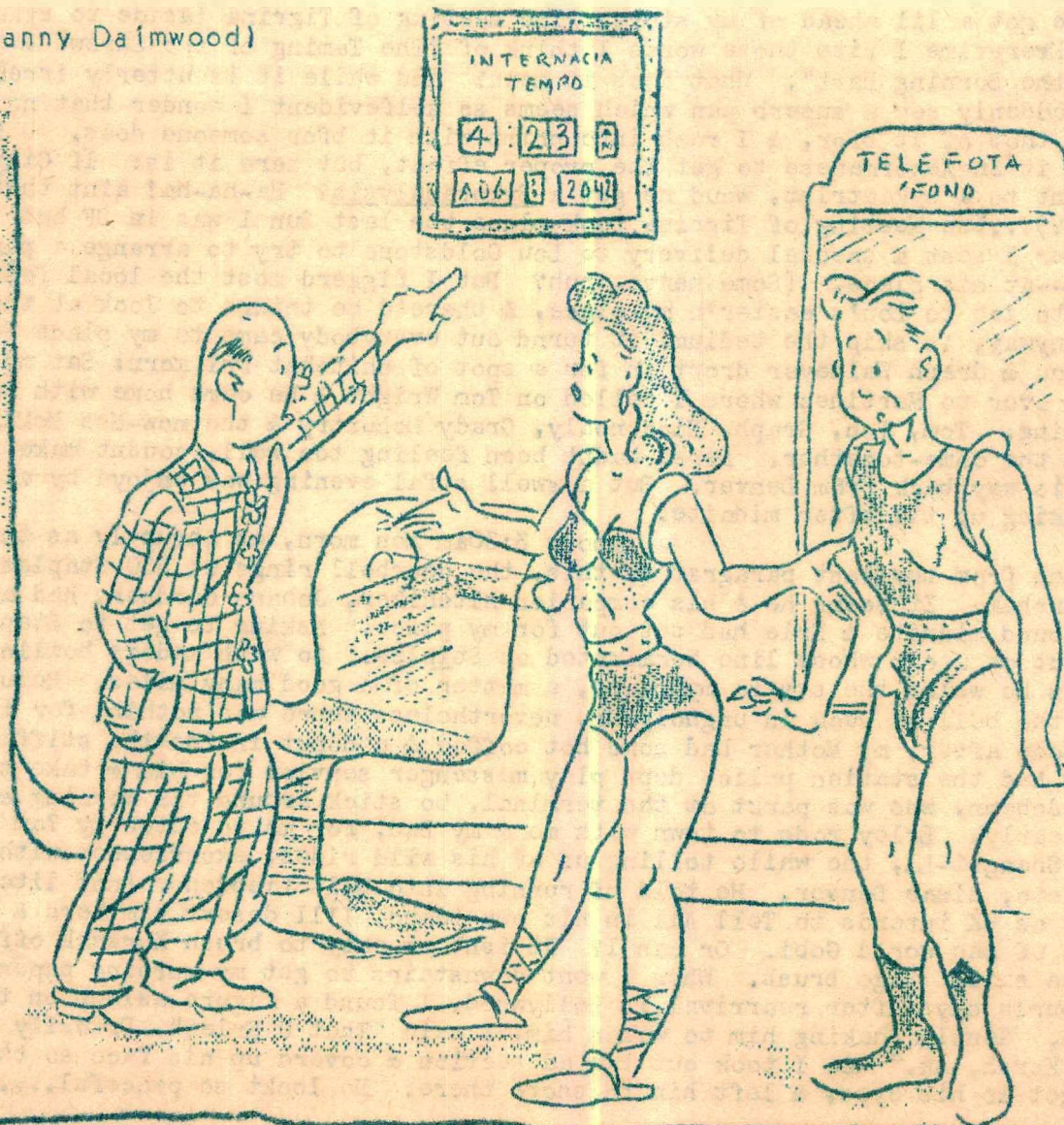
A little later, in Little America, I got off &--Fuss Off a Bus! A loud shout & people coming piling out of a car & mob me! Bob! Leslyn! Walt! Lnor! So the Heinleins & Daughertys & Forry talk fast as they can for about 10 mins then bid farewell "til Frisco".

Sequel: I'm sittin' eatin' dinner that nite on the outskirts of some desert after Salt Lake City, nice & peacefulike, not botherin' nobody, a tired travler, a friend of man, get the picture? When allofasudden she nifes me, she sticks a gun in me ribs; well, anyway, she comes up behind me & like the Voice of Conscience sez: "You didn't really think you could escape from us, did you, Forry?" And it's Leslyn again! And in come the other 3, as sure as taxes, death & stfans, & I promptly forget about my turkey dinner...

My Dad & Brother meet me when I pull in shortly bfor noon next day. I note Alden tho 7 yrs younger than I is taller by praps 1/2 inch & my Dad (who is older than I) has a new car. Mother is at home. We drive there--to the once-famous 530 Staples Ave, Sanfrancisco.

It was in Frisco I met Tigrina. Bfor I tell U about this adventurous episode, however, I wish to gain your confidence that I am telling the truth. Truth is, sometimes, stranger than fiction. I'll grant U, if I were in your shoes I might suspect Joquel of being the ghost for the Tigrina personality. But please note, one reader this issue douts Joquel's existence! Well, they used to insist there wasnt any Morojo, either; & then they wonderd if Heinlein werent a seudonym. No, Tigrina is not even that clever dodge to stimulate intrrest: the editorial invention of an artificial character. Tigrina, like life, is real; is earnest, too, to the best of my belief, in pledging herself to the Powers of Darkness. A girl who lives her weird fiction like I do my science fiction. I have a foto of her, as a matter of fact, in exoticostume, which I'll be delited to insert in Vom if anyone wants to step forward with about \$5 specificaly for the purpose of 150 prints. " Tigrina bicycled about 6 miles into some town, from up in the hills wherever she lives, to telefone me longdistance & make a tentative date for us to meet the following Sunday. This rendezvous was to be By the Fountain in the Park at Stern's Grove Concert. She probly woud be coming with her parents & woud get away at intermission if she coud. So I went with my parents. (Yeah, I noe it sounds unbelievable; that's why I'm expecting U to bliev it.) Smatterfact, I have my Mother to thank (thanx Ma!) for spotting her. And she was heading for the fountain bfor the program. I followd, heart in mouth I don't mind telling U. Maybe there were other people in the park but all humanity seemd to cease to exist as my attention was focust on the flower-skirted figure in front of me. When I was about 6' behind her I said "U're a lil bit early rnt U Tigrina?" & she never lookt around or gave sign of recognition but walkt strait on to the fountain & bent over ostensibly to drink & then I arrived & stood apparently waiting for her to finish while she lookt up at me & replyd "Maybe I am. How are you?" & I ansrd "Fine" like she had said "My, this water's cold" & I'd responded "O?" as U see we were within the sight of our respective parents. Or, actually, she was with her Mother only, while my Mother, Dad & Brother were there. We walkt on a piece, separately, & around a bend & out of view; then eagerly we took each other all in & my impressions included that first of all she was very pretty; freshly-scrubd apearance (à la schoolgirl complexion...she is nrly 19), wore green earrings, had tiger's talons--redly painted; cultured voice, vibrant personality. The skullpin was absent as she recently had been criticized about it. We met again at interval & after performance, for praps an aggregate of 10 mins on the 3 occasions! I learnd she was 1/2 Norwegian, plays the violin, thot I resembled Flash Gordon, thot Forrest was a very unusual name, & that I made up Esperanto! It was all very hectic & terribly exciting. I felt like a surveild refugee in der Fuerherland.....

(Danny DaImwood)



"...Sed honeste, paĉ' --Ni komplete uzis la oksipetrolon."
 "...But honestly, pop --We exhausted all our rocket fuel."

I have got a lil ahead of my story. The Meeting of Tigrina (aside to sykoanalysts: Everytime I rite those words I think of "The Taming of the Shrew" & "The Sign of the Burning Hart". What does it mean? And while it is utterly irrelevant, I suddenly see a superb pun which seems so selfevident I wonder that no one ever has thot of it bfor, & I rush into print with it bfor someone does. U have to spell it in Ackermanese to get the proper effect, but here it is: If Oily Will went to a sykiatrist, woud he get a Sykoranalysis? Ha-ha-ha! aint that a rich one)...the Meeting of Tigrina took place the last Sun I was in SF but the Thurs bfor I sent a special delivery to Lou Goldstone to try to arrange a party --for me--at his place. (Some nerve, huh? But I figgerd most the local fellows mue how to get to Lou's easier'n my place, & there'd be things to look at there, etc.) Anyway, to skip the tedium, it turnd out everybody came to my place Sat nite. Lou & Graph Waldeyer dropt in for a spot of chitchat Fri morn; Sat my folks drove me over to Martinez where I called on Tom Wright & he came home with me to the meeting. Tom, Lou, Graph, Nickenealy, Grady McMurtry & the now-Mrs McMurtry composed the come-together. Bersi hadnt been feeling too well, coundt make it; 2J was on his way back from Denver. But a swell stfal evening was enjoyed by all, not breaking up til after midnite.

About 3:30am Mon morn, as abruptly as the transition from the last paragraf to this, the doorbell rings at 530 Staples. In comes Korshak. It seems he & his companion hitchiker, Johann Gardner, had arrived in SF around midnite & Erle had set out for my place. Asking to get to Staples, he was put on a car whose line terminated at Stiples. So with madogs howling at his feets he walks the sts to my place, a matter of a good many miles. Reluctant to ring the bell at such an ungholy hr, nevertheless there was nothin' for it, so... Soon after, my Mother had some hot coffee & a donut inside the stiffan, & Erle had had the station police dopt play messenger service for him & take the word to Johann, who was parkt at the terminal, to stick around til morning & he'd be down early. Erley rode to town with me & my Dad, for me to catch my 7am bus back to Shangri-LA, the while telling us of his wild rides, experiences with snides, etc, since Denver. He told of running into Walt Liebscher (not literally)--but as EK intends to Tell All in his own tempo, I'll desert him here & let the rest of the world Gobi. Or can I? It isnt so easy to brush Korshak off, as a sage once said. Sage brush. When I went downstairs to get my morning paper about 7am a couple days after rearrival in Hollywood, I found a figure asleep on the doorstep. Gently shaking him to waken him, I said "That U Erle?" Drowsily he replied "OfKorsh, Ak." So I took out the ad section & covered up his face so the sun woudnt get in his eyes, & left him to snore there. He lookt so peaceful.....#

Carol C. Connor a newcomer to our coterie, dwelling at 929 Butler St., Peoria, Ill., expresses satisfaction with his sample. will be with us from now on, we bliev: "Since I've just received my first issue of Vom, I thot that I'd rite and let you know what I thot of it. I glimpsed the back cover first but will not say what I thot about that, tho. The front cover was appealing--er--rather disturbing y'know. Does that happen very often? My conception of the perfect cover for a fanzine--or any other pub, for that matter--is the Martian on page nine. Ofcourse, it doesn't matter where the pics are, just so they're there. They were superbly reproduced, by the way. " I was amazed at the profusion of letters from you-know-where in no. 17. Does that happen very often? " Needless to say I was de-lited with the lengthy ramblings by 4e on the denvention. On the whole VOM eclipsed by expectations." As 2 eds to another Ed, thanx! Glad U like our eye-peeling pix; there's no dearth of these coming up. And as long as there's an England, we expect to have a goodly representation of letters from the British boys.

// RUJA-BLU (Abby Lu Ashley) -Femineditor the new Michifanmag, is another welcome firsttimer &, riting from 86 Upton Ave, Battle Creek, gives a peek of her mind in the following reactions to our Aug ish: "A compliment on the Vomaiden. She really is a honey. Also I think,(in my own small way I do now and then,) it was about the best looking cover I've seen on a fanzine. Did Forry do the repro on it? (No; twas the last Adele.) " I thoroughly disagree with Tigrina about pictures of lovely gals and clothes. In fact I think wearing clothes is rather a silly habit anyway, but then I'm a red-head and one can expect reactionary ideas from them. " Also you can tell John Craig for me that even if he doesn't like female authors other people do. There is something in the delicate beauty of Dorothy Quick's stories of the patchwork quilt that no one but a woman could get into a yarn. Also I wonder if he has ever read C.L. Moore's immortal 'Shambleau' ? " I have highest hopes for meeting you at the Pacificon if too much bad luck doesn't dog my footsteps. I would even take a chance on hitch-hiking but my husband wouldn't approve of the idea I fear. Shoot, I wasn't going to let that fact out, but then he's an awfully nice guy and a very ardent fan too. Been one much longer than I have."

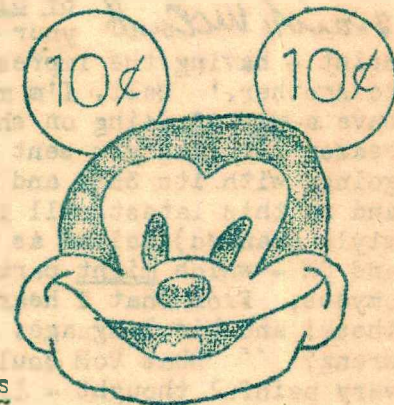
The Galactic Roamers' Chief Pilot, JNO L MILLARD, drops us a line while located on Tero temporarily at Gillett's Lake R2, Jackson, Mich: "The cover is fairly good, I like nudes any way, there still room for improvement on the shape of the little lady. Den 'er de Days nt a bad account of 4or5 days and nights of never to be forgotten epsiode in

the life of about half hundred fans. As for the Original cover of program booklet I did pay \$6.50, so much for that. " Well Forrie I am hoping I don't have to wait to long for that great ARTICLE on THE DAY IN DENVER AFTER THE DENVENTION - that should be good --- I wonder if Walt Liebscher every wrote that article he took notes on during our great trip up the mts. " For the English letters fine, it shows fine morale of it's fans toward their delmina (sp). As for Perdues contribution it is full of cracks that only those who are involed would understand and also typically like Perdue in his high sounding words. " What else.? Who in the world of fandom is this so called - maybe I sticking my neck out - self-styled 'one of Hell's Belles' TIGRINA one of 'ladies from hell' (hades). Who wears a white skull pin over her heart. Who thinks that the only place for pictures of Scantly Clad damsels is in "esquire" -- I hardly agree, if you have a subject to support with a picture you need one that portrays the story - or one that helps to tell the story. Personal I like a picture of nude that is well done, over picture that is poorly taken or drawn on any subject. I speak now from my experience as photographer, that well taken picture of a nude, or one that has been drawn with the proper perspective and Knowledge, you not find a better piece of art. Also what is this so 'CALLED TIGRINA' afriad of that you don't publish her adress like the rest the contributors. There is also one of her possible passable pic's in the current issue of ECLIPSE (#4) out of Detoit. (left out the 'r'). " You have my permission to print this in the next issue of VoM." Thus speaks VoM--Voice of Millard! Say, Jno, we noe your ability as a fotografer, but hadnt thot about U as a possibility for a cover. Howbout it, as a camerartist do U perchance have accesss to a beautiful model with 3 eyes, 6 toes, wings or artificial eyelashes that U coud induce to pose for U a la fantasy nude, & so create the inimitable Millard Maiden to grace a future Voice with her presence???

// ALLEN CLASS, winner the Denvention Award, drops us a word or 2--or 3 or 4 or more--from 518 Tremont Ave SW, Massillon, O: "I had planned on getting up at 9 to seek employment but instead spent an hour and a half reading about the Denvention, etc. " I stopped over in Chicago for 2 days with Dale Hart and (ditto) Exum. Hart and I went up to see Ray Palmer editor of -- (phew! I can't say it.) He treated us O.K., giving us a brief explanation of how the magazine is put together, etc. gave each of us our choice of a color painting and gave us each a copy of the magazine he edits. Its name starts with an A. "I met Mark Reinsberg also. He came up to visit Dale Hart and was surprised to find me there, too. Now I will appraise VoM for you. Constructive criticism and all that rot. The cover is very nice with the minor exception that her chin is too fat and her breasts are a bit fleshy and droopy. No point to it. (No point to

what--the cover or her breasts?) " I struggled deciphering your masterful article on Denvention. Felt flattered by your remarks about me and therefor had a gay heart and a light step till noon. The picture of the Martian was alright as such things go. In fact it was good, but I'm a bit fed up-- " The cartoons were, I thought, not funny with the exception of the one on the back cover with the clever punning. The letters were O.K. except that I didn't know what the fellows were talking about most of the time."

WALT (DISNEY) LIEBSCHER
drops us a couple dimes from 1646 Juneway Terce, Chicago,
 saying: "This here letter is the first thing scientifan-
 atical I have done since the Denvention. Of course I've
 bought all the promags that have come out since then.
 The August issue of VOM I no enjoy as much as others as
 I'm not so acquainted with the British fans. However the
 cover was a honey. By the by what are all the numbers on
 the painting anywho. My cover has 20-40-60-240-250-
 something that looks like OOPS and various other (here
 I was going to write hiroglyfics but I forgot how to
 spell it) things. (Those were just some more of our
 hot numbers. Or we'll explain it this way: Those figures
 represent circulation increases since we started featuring
 Vomaidens. Ofcourse, neither of these are the truth; but the truth in this case is
 too prosaic to be of intrest.) Got quite a bang out of theback cover too. The
 creature sure was damonic. Ah- now to the substance of this vomissive. Moro-
 jo, darling of my heart (you're cute too Forry but I like Morojo better) you are
 the nuts. I love you my sweet, you are the essence of effervescence. Your teeth
 are like the stars- they come out every night, your hair is like ringworms all ov-
 er your back, your neck is like a luscious beanpole, you eyes shine like coal in
 the Stygian gloom, you are the possessor of what's known as Voom, your beard has
 the texture of a sweetstreapers -oops- I mean street sweepers broom, you're much
 prettier than the maids of Barsoom, you are a walking halo, a talking sunbeam, a
 big glob of pulchritude, a beautiful mass of protoplasm, you're my green star of
 heaven, a whole bunch of angels and what's more you're sweet and lovely. Will you
 be mine. I love you, I love Pogo, I love Eleanor - oh blushing love & coeds. Oh
 for a harem of blushing coeds. And I don't care if Juffus & Elmer read this either.
 (Ach, du bist mein Liebe-sure! --von Ackerman. R U kiddin', Walt-nut? --Morojo)
 --Your article on the Denvention was a corker, Forry. I've still got to write

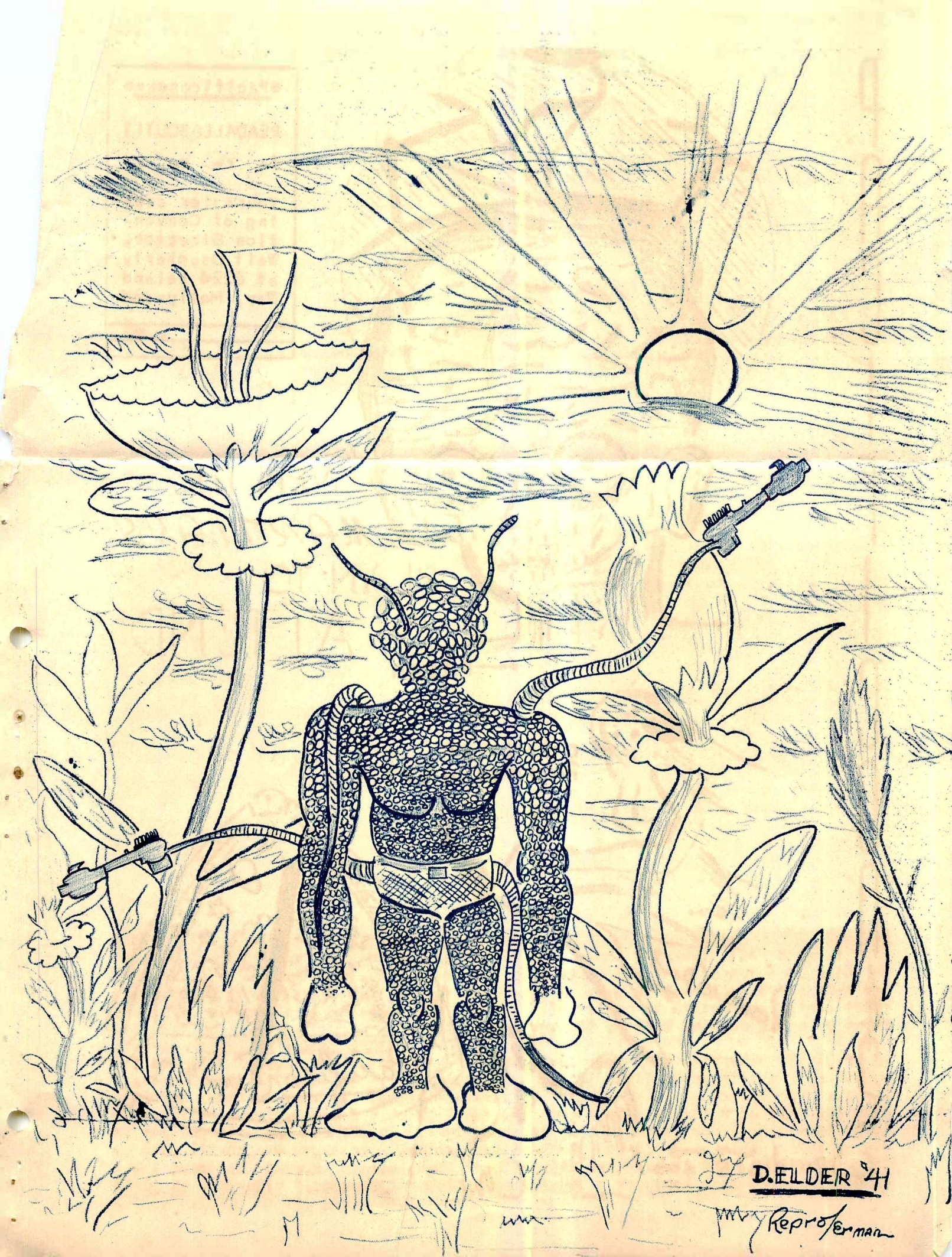


that article on 'How Five Fans Got High'. We kinda had fun that day didn't we. All the pictures I took came out swell ceptin one. Class sure looks cute with frog eyes or whatever those were. " Had a swell trip after the Denvention." He tells how he was looking out his hotel window in Glenwood Springs, Colo. & saw hitchhikers Korshak & Gardner. Haild 'em, sneakt 'em up to his rm, & "Korshak and I talked till the wee sma hours. First about poetry, then the sweetness and light boys, the Shroyer Chicon episode and science fiction celebrities in general."

Frank McCourt of 516WL40St, NYC, gives a report on his first Voms. "Darn your 4e hide, I never expected my 'order' would be set in print - having the impression anyway epistolation was limited to 'From One Editor to Another.' Well, I'm more or less glad I didn't indulge in personalities, as I have a way of doing on short acquaintance or almost none. At times. " Another reason I'm glad you sent me your latest issue. I found the first painfully hard going, with its 3E's and 4e's and other things like that too numerous to mention, and in this latest, all is strangely clear (either I've adapted myself, or your style changed), -clear as those 'chawklit mawltids' you claim to have had with LM and OW - which might partly explain your flashbacks et alia. Chocolate mal - omyess. From what I hear, any time LM would insult his o.i. gullet with one of those! and his language, if anyone tried one in his presence. But maybe I'm wrong? " What VoM could be like if your permeant personality were removed, is a very painful thought - I do hope you may continue to live in the Imagi Nation."

GUY GIFFORD of Shangri-LA, submitting the cartoon apearing on our bacover, remarkt "The enclosed was drawn for those guys in Merrie Old England who still find time to think of Science Friction. A benefit I'm very pleased to do. " If it's too wild for Vom it may be sent (just noticedthat Vom it) to the Bloke over there who'll appreciate it most. A Bungle for Britain, so to speak. " I think your rag outdoes most of the professionals."

"AEEL DEVRD, OF VENUS" (Letter rcvd via meteorite with note inclosed): "Just rec'd last copy of Vom, and I can't say I particularly liked Delder 's Martian pic . Who does he think he is, anyhow, reproducing a man of Mars? " Martians---Bah! We were supermen before they even walked upright----Note the fine development o f our bodies---facial features have long since passed, being replaced by the facets and tendrils you see in the enclosed photo. " As for the Martians sending a message, --- That's just like them, Primitive , childlike beings that they are. " Humph! Martians indeed! Enclosed is a snapshot of me, in my native environment." (Repro'd at rite)



D. ELDER '41

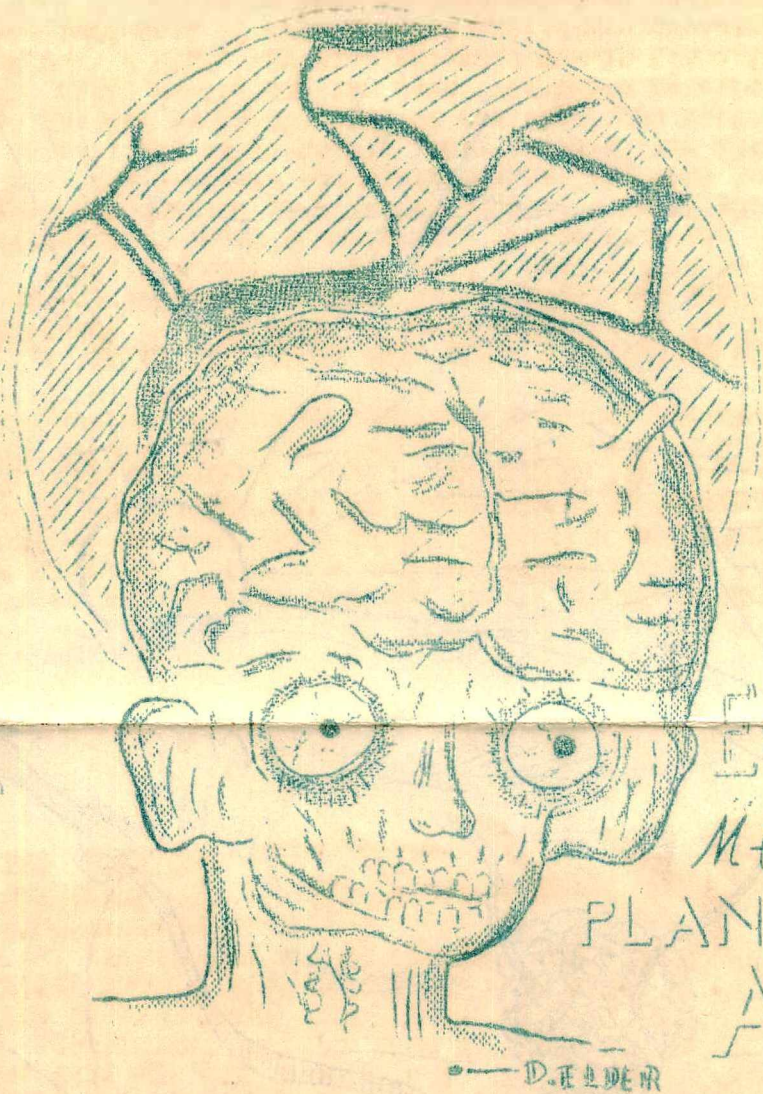
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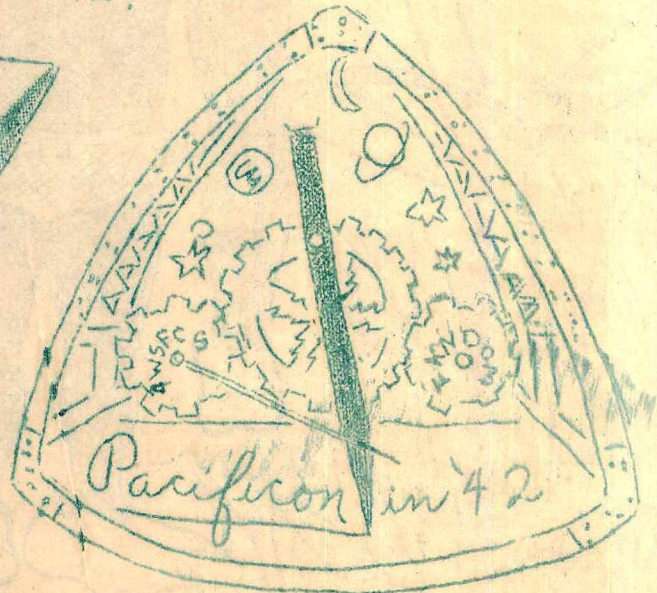
READALLABOUTIT

f- r- e- e!

Yours for asking of Convention Director,
Walt Daugherty
at 6224 Leland
Way, Hollywood



EVEN THE
MARTIANS
PLAN TO
ATTEND



Weirdists Too!



Alan P. Roberts

RETURNS! Our controversial character from Australia, AWOL since last

Oct, relieves us by riting once more. Lessee, in the intervening yr, Alan shoudve
turnd 16. For the benefit of those of U who got in late, fandom seems determind
to regard the iconoclastic Alan as some US seudonym, apparently no one ever having
botherd to check up on him at the adres we have publisht repeatedly: 67 Thistle
St, Lutwyche N3, Brisbane, Q, Australia. Typing on a very odd size paper sheet--
11"x17-1/2"--he comes tripping back, making no explanation of his 12-mos' absence,
declaring abruptly: "I would like to nail to the counter the unfounded rumour
 that I am anyone else but Milton A. Rothman, Elmer Perdue, Vol Molesworth and
 Helmuth, speaking for Boskone. As you can see, I have quite a few dual personal-
 ities, employed on shift work-- the one on duty now is called 'Slinko'. Any time
 now though, he should be relieved by my Irish alter ego, Skeets O'Freniac.

Looking over recent VOM's, I see that you register surprise and non-comprenez at
 my statement, 'I can't recall saying inall my letters one serious word of condem-
 nation' But if I italicize, black-face and underline that little word 'Serious'
Even then I'm slightly out because I do recall writing a serious criticism
 of science-fiction in the second half of my first letter -- didn't take this
 into accoun because I have not a copy of the issue you printed it in (I think you
 did print it from your concluding remarks on the first half). But I think you'll
 find that where I criticized seriously, I also appraised seriously -- right ?

The only criticism I have of S-F, then as now, is that the magazine yarns are 90%
 trash-- from a literary standpoint, that is. At least 50%, however, are read-
 able-- to me, anyway, because I'M naturally kinked towards fantasy-- why I know
 not, sir she said. But, as I said, Magazine S-F is mostly trash-- hell'n fury,
 what else do you expect of any poor unfortunate type of fiction that the pulps get
 their claws into and rend with their blood-chilling battle-cry of 'One Cent Per
 Word !!' ? But you can't dismiss contemptuously a branch of writing that produ-
 ces such yarns as 'Food of the Gods', 'Turnabout', 'Swords of Mars,' 'Last and
 First Man' ... and even in the magazine field, such certain outlivers of this cen-
 tury as 'Green Man of Graypec,' 'Skylark of Space', 'Twilight'. When such a type
 of literature produces such stories, it inevitably demands recognition as a metier
 for geniuses... and will as inevitably get it. Well, blow me down-- I start out
 to explain my attitude to wards S-F and end up on a soap-box telling everyone to
 come to the Lawd and read sciencefiction. I can just see the headlines: 'The most
 colossal take-it-back in history !!! Remember-the-Alamo Roberts Repents at last.'
 But what do I care for the uncaring throng, even though they do erect a gold-
 plaqued latrine to my memory." Enow for now, conclu will come to U in our Annish.

Douglas Webster

of SCOTLAND, Editor Fantast, "Idlewild", Fountain-hall, Aberdeen, states "Upon mature rumination I come to the conclusion that if F. James Ackermen can tell the world HGWells visited him at 236 3/8 N. New Hampshire, admired his collection & just for the helluvit stencilled a merry page or two of the Vomshell, then I might as well reveal the details of the time I fraternised with Stapledon. My fairy-tale is quite true - honest. 'Twas the end of last year - 15th. Nov. '40. Preceding year I had been Sec. of one of the Societies at the University here, & had the pleasant duty of arranging with Olaf all details of his visit to Aberdeen. In fact, the whole idea was mine - most of the Committee, being uncouth barbarians, hadn't even heard of him. He came, & his talk was on 'Federation and World Order'. He's an absolutely first-class speaker, with a command of language which is almost sensuously soothing. Small, surprisingly small, & very youthful-looking (he must be 'bout 53 or more); from a distance exactly like a slim youth of 17 or so, but a little nearer you recognise the older, peaceful face of his photographs. The talk was an excellent one; I had only a short time to talk to him afterwards, as we left the hall. Said I was Webster, & he said Oh yes, we'd written a lot; whereat we fall into conversation, about I recall not what. Only a few minutes, & then we parted again, me cursing the war which had prevented me from having a whole day's delight in his company. I know it'll sound silly, but it struck me Stapledon had a truly imaginative mind, such as you come upon rarely, if ever, in this faraway knuckle of land; he thought more as I thought than has anyone I have met, excepting only one friend of mind. Only other fan that I know of who has "experienced" Stapledon (Apart from Wally Gillings, I think) is Maurice Hanson, who once attended a series of discussions at which our Olaf spoke; he confesses to being tremendously, perhaps unreasonably impressed, just as I was."

JNO C JEFFRYES JR., formerly of LASFS, conscripted to Cavalry Replacement Center at Ft Riley, Kans (Troop B, 4th Training Squadron) filosofizes: "I believe that there is a certain unexplainable harmony between all true dreamers, no matter where they may be. They, I feel, are the only persons who really live, because they have the strength of imagination to carry themselves, at will, into the past and into the future. I know that if I didn't have my imagination this life would be a dull thing indeed. I would say that a true dreamer is not a person who dreams for himself alone but for others also. Selfishness is a drug to be done away with, if this world we live in physically, and mentally too, is to have any semblance of peace."

// "Thought the August number mighty interesting. " En-closed please find \$1.00 for another year " --A. MERRITT.

BOB TUCKER: "Your Denvention yarn is absolutely the best such I've read to date! (2 Sep) Wish all convention stories were in as lucid a manner, and as impersonal and 'fan-ish'!"

John M. Cunningham

Director British Science Fiction War Relief Socy, 2050 Gilbert St. Beaumont, Tex: "Your fanzine VOM is ultra-superior in quality to other fanzines, enjoyable to even

the most discriminating person--fan or not. Dave Elder is one mighty fine artist, and Amazing S. Might do well to pub. his art in its pges. So attention RAP! Many thanks to youse guys of the LASFS for the prozines for BSFWRS. As far as I can make out-the Denvention wasn't much of a success and liquor was freely indulged in by many, putting them in a state of complete forgetfulness etc. Take note ye forgetful fans. Poo to Kornbluth, Ray to YNGRI! Pacificon--here I come! "Quote 4e,VOM,August '41(No.17)page 14:'for what those same \$10.00 couldve ment to the Br.bys, transfrd Nto Stfms,the proj.they clvvd fnced,OR HELP BEEN,HOWEVER SMALL,TO THE AMERICAN ROCKET SOCIETY. On other hand QUOTE:Willy Ley:I AM AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY AND WE HAVE FRIENDLY RELATIONS,BUT I DO NOT THINK THAT THEIR EXPERIMENTAL PROGRAM WILL GET THEM VERY FAR. THEY LACK NOT ONLY MONEY BUT ALSO A SOLID AND STRAIGHT RESERCH PROGRAM AND CAN GET SIDETRACKED BY ANY AMATEUR WHO JOINS UP AND SHOUTS LOUD ENOUGH. THEY CANNOT HELP THAT, BUT it does not help either.If I in experimtal reserch would have such a program,but would take mucha money and on NO SMALL SCALE,that having been done before 10 yrs ago yielding some results,any cont.of that can be hardly more than private &enjoyable amusemnt. UNQUOTE. Willey Ley has spoken."

JAS GOODWIN BOURNE, Roxbury, Va, reacting to his first dose of Vomedicine (Jly ish): "I was prepared for Mr. Odd Jno,and the Re-pro/Adele (What the ---- does that stand for) on page 9,and even the Vulcanite. For that matter I rather liked them, BUT the magazine said the main point of interest was a glorified Letter Column. They wre right about it being a LC but where under Vulcan they got the glorified I don't see. All it is is a bunch of jackasses exchanging kicks."

RON HOLMES, 32 Rockfield Rd, Liverpool 4, England: "V.O.M" (and all the L.A. fannys, for that matter) is a really good piece of duplicateing, editing, composeing & art-work. But, "domnie", that's all - the materiel is, nothing, just plain guff. " I'll admit there are some really good parts, and portions like Molesworths 'A swing to the light Fantastic' is worth-

while reading. " The art-work is doubtfull (I'm no prude, but I read Stfn mags for Stfn - I can always find that elsewhere) tho' good. The boys who get the mags out - including you're noble (?) self have got a swell style & system. But I find I'm not tuned to you're sence of humor. SO WHAT!!!!!!"

"RAYM (of the Star Flecked Cosmos)" rites from Live Oak, Fla: "August issue was fine. Harder to decipher than usual, congrats. " I pity the greenie who, picks up a copy of VoM. He would go away utterly puzzled, drooling listlessly about Ackermanese, Esperanto, Denventions and Hymns to Satan. " Something is phony about this Tigrina, claiming to be a rich, thwarted college girl who is not allowed to read VoM... is that right? Why don't you come out in the open and tell us all about it, Forry?? There are so many cranks and pranksters in the fan field. Everyone gets a crank letter from a Mad Fan sometime or another, you know."

HARRY SCHMARJE drops us a line from the "Iowa Fururian Towers", 318 Stewart Rd, Muscatine. "As I was arriving home at the TOWERS the other day I noticed a rather distinct stench of putridism (worse than Ams) about the estate. As I entered the building the fumes became unbearable. Putting on a gas mask I groped into my den, & sighted a jumble of mail on my desk, & included were # three fanags. No wonder the smell: they were V O M, THE FANTASITE, & THE DAMN THING. " Now as I read the three mags (DT first) some doubt arises in my mind as to certain caracters named in the mags. The JOQUEL II is one guy whom I really believe is a psuedonym of Ackerman. Why I accept this theory is inexplicable. The fact still stands. However, it is quite possible that the correct identity of the psuedonym eludes me. It might even be that brilliant editor named Bradbury. " I wish to present a conflicting idea against one Phil Bronson. That damn crank says that the green ink is sickening. Why, the very idea! Greenink gives V O M prestige. Where would L A be without green ink? Personally, I opine that black ink is the dullest, homeliest print you could use. " The handsome face on the covour (#16) looks like Bradbury. Or do I know Bradbury? Does it make much diff? No, I don't think so. By the by, I insist that fan magazines be called f a n a g s. Both of the other two new terms, fnz and fmz, are rather vague as to meaning."

creator of "Tumithak", in A520, Branch Hospital,
Price Hill, Cincinnati, O, tells of a postDenvention visit by Widner, Rocklyvne,
Rothman, Madle, Unger & Rustebar. "Was really surprised to learn that the general consensus was that Denver was more fun than Chicago! I don't see how anything could be more fun than Chicago. " I was a little sorry to hear that the 1942

Charles R. Tanner

Convention will be in L.A. Even if I am well by then, I'll never be able to make it. I had rather counted on Washington. It would have fitted my pocket-book. And I'm sorry to say that several fans have already told me the same thing. I understand Heinlein went through the same thing I did. Tell him for me, that if T.B. could only make me write like him, I'd gladly give two years of my life to this hospital. "I. have. Spoken."

Margo Futuria Socy, takes time off at lunch to what ever became of her after once meeting. Skinner is the last name, 1717 Ellis St. San Francisco Cal, the adres.

- Member the Golden Gate hour to ansr our inquiry as when she was at an LASFS

"I did come down to LA again since that one meeting I attended. And sure enough I showed up at Clifton's on a Thursday night. But the meeting was just breaking up and apparently no one recognized or remembered me. (Including 4SJ, for he gave me a fishy stare too). (U mustve mistaken myopism, Margo. --4e) I was in a rather morbid psychological state at the time (It was one of those weeks when the world rears up on its axis and thumbs its nose at you) and firmly convinced that the whole dramatis personae of the human race was agin me anyhow, so I just went away. Silly, no? The stuff you sent me was very interesting, although I find the simplified spelling a bit difficult to follow and when it comes to Esperanto I am pretty much lost. I thoroughly approve of the idea of an international language tho. Could you recommend to me a good book on Esperanto? (Jes: "Petro") "The Paule butterfly girl is really a nice job, but I fear I cannot say the same for the Vom cover of August 41. It isn't that ye damsel is undressed, its those boots (stockings?) which she wears. The old theory of a woman partially dressed being lewder than a nude. Looks like something out of spicy horror stories. (When U say that, show your pearly white fangs, pardner! Allowding to our cover in the same breath with icy spicy storys--the very idea!) -- I love your booklet of assorted horrors tho. ("e.-t."--a mimicravan mélange, 15c) Some of them are really hum-dingers. Also, the man-eating plant was a dilly. With blushings and confusion, I must confess that I actually like puns. Saw at the Cinemat here Lon Chaney's 'Phantom of the Opera' and despite its being cut to ribbons and the hamminess of acting in those days I never felt anything to equal that one moment of pure, unadulterated horror when our playful heroine rips the mask from his face. Just read a couple of good yarns in some very back back issues. One was 'Formula for Life' in TWS by Max Sheridan. Subtitle: have you alittle spirochaeti in your home? Excellent biological stuff. Also, a second Johnny story in an old Astounding (don't you think its gone down-hill?) (No) called 'The Incorrige-

gible'. " What do you think of the Wolheim twins? (Xlnt) I like the idea of combining Science Fiction and fantasy in one magazine. Saves money, etc. The best of all so far, I think, was '13 O'Clock'. A little gem. " And I have finally read some of Merritt, and the 'Blind Spot' and lots of other things which I've heard talked about and seen written about and felt very gauche because I'd never read. " And just to be conventional, I too am working on a story. It gets them all, I guess."

ALFRED ASHLEY, Editor Nova, intrested in Tigrina, asks, from 86 Upton Ave, Battle Creek, Mich: "Tigrina's address seemed to be missing. Was that done purposely? She puzzles me. Sounds almost serious about that occult stuff. Bloodthirsty little cuss and all that. What's the dope? It strikes me she may have so much opposition at home that she can't receive fanzines or participate in fan activities openly. I've gathered from her letters that such might be the case. Is?" (Um)

F l a s h! ART JOQUEL, bfor the dummy has been completed, has askt for angel-rights on the presentation of the pic of Tigrina. We now can definitely promise U visual evidence of her existence. Incidentally, this also disproves I'm Joquel: I couldnt afford \$5! So, thanx to fandom's famous "2d", next no. we'll have a real piece of Fan Art for U! All hail Fan Art Joquel!

LESLIE A CROUTCH, leading Canadian fan, steps up to the mike, broadcasting from Bx 121, Parry Sound, Ontario. "I AM ON THE PLATFORM FOR MORE AND BETTER AND LUSCIOUS-ESSER NUDES FROM NOW ON! What's unlovely about the undraped female form? Some fellows yell clothe 'em, drape 'em in futuristic costumes. Look, science fiction being based on science ought to be as exact as science. We don't know what strange vagaries the female costume will take in the future. Look at what they wore in the 18th century! Did they then imagine we would be dressing our women with so little on today? The female form never changes, clothing does. Isn't it just as logical to presume we'll be running around in our birthday suits a hundred years from now as that we'll be looking like Ancient Greeks or something out of a Buck Rogers' movier I say, keep on with the Esquire gals, I'm sure every red-blooded male loves 'em. Maybe the boys who don't or make believe they don't are married, or are suffering from complexes that makes 'em shy!....."

Coming Nov 15th: New no. with more Croutch, a letter from Spaceways' famous "Professor", a Carnellogram, Tales of Tigrina (via hellavision on hades cycles), a new dept--biografical: "Meet the Reader!" --cartoons-- & Grace Talbert's Vomaiden!!!

VOMITORS ON PARADE: For your delectation--& den--a Portfolio of original, untouched, hitherto unpublished Fantasy Nudes is being offered for 150. Think of it--only 30 apiece for former fanta-art au naturel & unnatural by knight, Elder, Bronson, Jenkins (Billy) & Erman! "Because we, fast were becoming overtook on uncovers & interior art of this nature, & did not wish to make U wait a yr while these p(r)etty pix were parcelled out to U one by one, we have done the honorable thing & bring 'em out at once. The Bronsonude is in 3 colors, several the others are in the mimirayon process. We wish to invite your special attention to the Vomideon created by this mag's own ed, with anatomical assistance by its coed. Case History: Last ish, in order to present the "Man Eating Plant" as a surprise to one & all, Acky undertook to execute the cartoon himself. With result (unintentional--actual signature was on caricature's nostril end) at least one fan seems to've been fooled into believing either demon knight & Tom Wright collab on it or demon drew it himself. Encouraged by this deception & reception, & since he always has envied artists' being able to make for themselves whatever they desired ...the Effay determined to try his hand at a real drawing of some sort. And the opportunity quickly came. He created his conception of a fantasy nude. 2 hrs to conceive & 2 to transfer to the dupliant. Thence to the lith machine. Contact--& the first copy emerges. A Fantasy Nude is Born. Elation! Ackerman has a find in Erman! Despair--suddenly the plate smudges. The whole pic is fogged. Ackerman realizes he never could get Erman to redraw it as it originally was. What to do? He gives the operator the order to continue; maybe he can kid his lookers into believing it's a special effect, a kind of rotogravure mist, purposely created. Anyway, genius should be able to shine thru a smudge. Now, chums, seriously; I don't say I'm any Finlay or Bok or Paul or Hunt or Wright. I never had an art lesson in my life. I've copyd quite a few pix in my time, but creative art is a radical departure for me, way out of my line. Correspondingly, I feel a greater sense of accomplishment in this than, say, a well-worded article or perfectly out stenail. And as for whose work my resembles (if, indeed, it does anyone's), to my eyes - & surprise - the pic looks like something Leslie porri & doc lowndes might have dreamd up. Futurian, of the genre outré. Ofcourse, I am inordinately proud of this pic & am just dying to have fandon praise it, saying "Acky, we never suspected you had this Wild Talent!" Why, if U applaud loud enuf, I conceivably might quit riting altogether (do I hear U clapping, Koenigt) & devote the rest my career to queer pix. And this pic is peculiar, have no doubt about it. U would think with a complete collection of Weirde I'd've absorbd enuf college to lecture in a college about anatomy, but not so I saut the advice of the E-queen, who never had to be taut, & she directed me where to draw the intrigue on the Upper Level, & also instructed me as to the location of the Eternal Triangle. From there on I let my imagination roam & I don't say she's like anything U'll find back ~~hog~~ on earth; or even that she's functional, or anthropomorphologically possible. (Scatterfact, by now I haven't the vaguest idea what I'm talking about!) All I say is: Ego asks that U look at my picture in particular while rendering reactions on the portfolio. Your comments will constitute a feature of Vomideons Portfolio #2, already underway with a litho Fantasy Nude by Wakefield (intended for backcover of "D'A"!). another feature of which we shall try to make the repeat with another pic by whoever U pick as the best artist of Portfolio #1. Incidentally, U may get this first collection FREE by renewing or lengthening your sub to this pub for the next 10 nos. at \$1. We want U to get the Assorted V-Gals by all means, but this latter method will be the most beneficial; to U, because U save 150; to us, because cash will enable us to stock up on paper, stenails, ink, obliterine, mimirayons, dupliants, staples & other essentials bfor prices rise any higher or various items become extinct. We rant to the point of the pangry of "Crisis!" yer, nor do we hope to be, ever, with the financial co-operation of U who are able to assist. The arrival of Angel #2 with a \$5 bill for Life Sub would be particularly opportune at this time, so flutter forward friend! **Premium:** Order within 3 days, receive absolutely free an extra Fantasy Nude (a Honey by Hoffman). Next no. starts our fifth year of VOM: 11





"Look, Professor! When
are you gonna concentrate
on that message you
told those skeptics
on earth you'd send
the minute we
landed on
this
rock?"

Guy
Gifford