## VOIGE OF THE IMAGI-NATION



ANNIK ASARY

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## VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION

PUBLISHT SIXWKLY AT BX 6475 METROPOLITAN STATION, LOS ANGELES CAL, BY FORREST J ACKERMAN & MOROJO. 10%, 90% YEARLY.



4 YRS BFORTHE MAST

Voice of the imagi-nation first apeard in IMAGINATIONI in '37 Nov. We date from that, in celebrating our 4th Anniversary. -- Everything we said about the 3/4 size Vom was so, so were able to get as much on 3 stencils as previously an 4, but it made dummying a lil difficult; & then we had 1000s of sheets to halve after mimeoing. Even with the bugs, economicly it was better than the "standard" size—standard in quotes because the trend seems to be to bigger mags. But this size is the best yet for simplicity of stenciling, full utilization of stencil (gain 1 in 10 more than even the 3-4 way), paper saving, etc. So, the Cyril Kernbluth will be disapointed (rote the CyK: "Just received the new VOM. It's terrific! The new half-size is gorgeous! Suggest you put out the next issue quarter size. And so on...") Sgt Kencaly will be pleased ("I'm just a little guy, but I like my magazines big.") a we hope all of U--which was most of U--who took so kindly to the small size--will adapt as readily to the large.

Hellfortier, who advocates boycot-

Hellfortier, who advocates boycotters, the "popular but worthless Yolf", asks why we don't include some serious letters, "print more letters in their entirety, deleting any spistles which are uninteresting." While Rothman says "good ides, cutting letters." U see, neither agree. Twas ever thus. But whon 40yr wants to me what-for we don't print serious stuff, we don't get it. In the last ish we'd say the contribs of Roberts, Webster, Jeffryes, Cunningham & Skinner were sufficiently serious. Maybe it's a matter of definition, "serious" being more deeply serious to 2J than us. At any rate, we certainly don't suppress any letters, as Joe implys when he states "You don't print serious letters as a rule, and I had to write those asinine things to keep in the mag. Maybe I am the wrong one, or maybe it's that there are more drips than dopes in fandom. "Natcherly you have the drips. I'm a dope." We're inclined to agree with your self-analysis, Yozef, 'cause U definitely don't need to rite "asinine things to keep in the mag." Sure, we spose we could improve certain letters by judicious editing; but we'd hate to do that. We feel if a fellow wants to be silly bfor fandom, or vicious, or vulgar or just plain stupid-well, that's his prerogative & we're rendering fandom a valuable service in letting it see what this guy is like uncensord. This pub is more than a voice, it is a mirror, reflecting the mass mind of fardom; & it is questionable to us whether we, yocoeds, shoud polish that mirror if there are those who wish to dirty it, ropair it for those who want to crack it. If we were to begin eliminating letters criticizing Esperanto, Fantasy Pudes, Nonstoparagrafing or various other things tord which we are prejudiced, our readers woud be looking at the world thru green-colord glasses, Vom woud be purely an Ackermorojo organ, it woud represent Fandin, not fandom. And that aint the idea at all. Vom wishes to be as importial as Science in its presentation of letters. Science can be misused; so can Vom-if I permit it. We control

"Just what is science-fictional about a nude" asks Paul Spencer with 7 ?'s. Nothin'; nothin' strictly stfal, praps. But neither is this mag 100% stfal-imagination is the quality strest here, with the Nude championd by Merritt, Moore, Finlay, Brundage &...Ackerman, if I may include myself in such distinguisht company.

This ish we introduce 2 new features. Ken Chapman's Anglofan Series; next number, Frank J. Arnold. And "Meet the Riter!", where we'll introduce U to the "lil" fan, the new fan & the unnoen noen fan; ie, no autobiogs of the Widners & Marnors & Tuckers, but info on names U see now & then in Vom but don't noe much about. Frinstance, next ish we invite Ed Connor to Tell All.

Niknax: Tigrina is not a hoax. Word of honor. W.R.E. who drew the prehistoricartoon, is a girl. Protégé of Dale Hart. There was a lil legend to go with Talbert's cover but we coudnt get her on the fone for it just as we were going to press. Watch for Mether Time on our New Yr Num!

of the Future, by Robert Anson Heinlein. This is the full text of the 76-minute speech delivered at the Denvention by the Guest of Honor. Transcribed directly from the discs &, in case U're wondering, in orthodox English. 10c a copy from Vom's adres. 3/25c if U want xtras (Don Thompson did) for your "friends". Opportunity of a lifetime to let a great student of humanature & fankind explain U to the layman, let 'em noe just what this business of being starbegotten is all about. "Hoffmania", another Novacious effering, via Vom. for your idle nickel. A selection of fantasy hallucinations. Henry Kuttner says: "The pictures are striking, in a striking sort of way, unusual and well mimeographed, and Kat (CLWoore) agrees, in an engrossed murmer." Six pix plus art-icle & cover. 'VOMAIDEN PORTFOLIOS: With all but about 195 of the original 200 sold during the first was available to a frenziedly indifferent fanation, Y-Gals #2 is shaping up. This val vol will be uniq in that all drawings will be by girls. Alredy we have a honey from Myx (Egyptian Goddess of the Nite, we are informd) who did the nude on pl5 this ish; one by Phil Bronson's sis, Bev-Ann; Mermaids by the Sisters O'Brien; an Amazon by Virginia Combs; &ve contacted perri, Tigrina, et autres. 15c, or #1 & 2 for 25c. Orders accepted in advance—be sure to get yours on Publication Day! A letter section will include comments from Widner, Ashley, Kuttner & others.

C U in 42!

At at Sporogo

of 929 Butler St, Peoria, Ill, enters the arena

"Ha!--hanging like a pall over the entire ish seems to be the ghastly question of --the Vom-nudes!! Boy, I'd like to see a bunch of stfans arguing verbally over somethin' like that. Conventions must be painful affairs--as far as that phase of the moon is concerned. Me, I like maidens with clothes on, and the less they've got on the better. (Does that make sense? Anyhow, please understand that I am refering strictly to VOM-maidens.) 'In regards to cover on October ish: If you are going to glorify the form beautiful, why do it in halves? (Wartimeconomy) Seriously tho, the pic by Tom Wright does not remind me in the least of Finlay. It closely resembles some of Lou Goldstone's work, I think. 'VOM read rapturously despite volumnous rumblings from the radio in the next room (over which announcer, in losing fight, describes 1st world's series game.) (Note: this actually happened; I turned away from the radio to read VOM and did not stop until I'd read the whole thing through 3 times, s'help me!) '4E'S continuity of his denvention trek (O, I that U said truck at first) is better (better written anyway, if that's possible) than what went before. The first installment I found more interesting because it dealt--for the most part--directly with the denvention. Elder's "Acel Devrd"--the Venusian-was not as good as his Marsian of last ish. 'Twas a nice attempt, tho. (VoM--Venusian or Marsian?) 'The cartoons by Daimwood & Gifford were Killers--really excellent."

MILTY, 1730 P NW, Wn/DC: "Cover veddy nice, only why don't some people stop copying Finlay and develope a style of their own? Also liked pic of the Gallet couple. New policy of cutting letters probably an improvement. You know how many criticisms you've received for printing a lot of drivel. 'Forrie, it looks like you and me have something in common. Selection Sorrows. 'It would be a cruel, cruel blow for me to be inducted, just when things are starting to go in the proper direction. It would be just like fate to stick me in the army for the duration, just when two (two mind you, not one) swell jobs are starting to look in my direction, and hundreds of dollars worth of stories are spinning around in my bean. 'Here's a problem for you, voice of experience: There was a guy who'd wanted to be a scientist and work in a laboratory all the time who was offered two jobs. One job was scientific laboratory work and paid \$1620 per year. The other was work involving travelling around interviewing and paid \$2300 per year, plus \$5.00 per diem and 5¢ per mile while travelling. Which should he take?
... You're damn tootin! The \$2300 job, especially since he's going to quit in a couple of years anyway and go back to school. 'Gentlemen, a super-fly has just landed on my desk. Yep, it's a fly mutation. Has a regular housefly head, but the thorax and abdomen are elongated beyond recognition. The wings are not correct, either. So unless it's an unfamiliar insect, we have here a fly-mutation. 'That's what Lester thinks, anyway. Lester (del Rey) just walked in, and because its impolite to write letters while company is in the room (altho I've been doing it for the past fifteen minutes) I'll stop now."

RAM. 333 E Belgrade, Philly, Pa: "#17 Vom has the best Den-article yet (Oct 4). Cover OK but do not think it appropriate. Sure u can do betr than nudes - mebbe I'm prudish but I cud stand something stfl. To repeat - the Denvereport is - the hardly concise - mest complete & reliable I have seen.

4E must hav bin evrywhere. DE's pic OK, cartoons not so hot. Rest of mag not just what I expected, but interesting, especially the English attitude. The horror on the back cover smells. 'Here's my buck for membership in our new organization (the Pacificon). The PSFS (Pa. SF Soc'y) has finally gotten started for the winter session and should be quite active. They seem to want a big year and hope to build up the club. Trying to arrange a club apartment for meetings and social gatherings. (Well, swell, & best wishes for success from the Director of the LASFS.) 'How about adding another to your correspondence list. Would like to hear from all of you. Will rite to all who rite me."

Golden Gate: "Vom came in the afternoon-and first recognized Tom Wright's picture, that I had seen original. He is such a nice young man & I think he has a bright future in his high-class drawings. 'What is this I read-Forry being called back for another examimation? Do let us know the answer. (Well, after waiting an hr & a quarter to see the medico. I saw 2 of 'em. ((Aside: What stf story does this sugjest? That's ryt! FARADOX.)' They said "Make a noise like you needed a Smith Bros." & patted me on the back during the process, tho why they shoud be congragulating me ((M.! Madle, note simphillyfied spelling)) I can't imagine. Then they said "No" & "You may go." Silly?) — Enjoyed Forry's 'After Denvention'-especially the part about Tigrina. — I notice quite a number mention her in their letters, and resent she does not give her address. And I understand she does not like the nude girls on covers. 'Believe I agree with Tigrina about nude women on S.F. mags. They are pretty and no doubt please the English army and the older boys-but as many juveniles read these mags-think it would be more in keeping to have picture to depict one the stories in some issue I dont believe young lads appreciate a picture of a nude or partly nude woman-but do get a thrill from some fantastic picture. Nude pictures are for mags-like Look-Pic-or any sex mag. (But Carroll! Most of our Vomaidens are drawn by "juveniles"! Billy Jenkins, 14: Delder, 15: Phil Bronson, 16 or 17; damon knight only 18 or 19; & ofcorse our prize disciple of the dimpled darlings of them all. Jack Erman — age 3:) — Have wondered where the word Vom came from and today my needle worked-I think-— Is it a short for Voice of indignation?" (Wy, mack!)

SGT NICK KFNEALY, Det QMC, AFCC, Hamilton Field, Cal: "Tell Tigrina to reassume skull pin. Saw double horror show at Esquire. Audience of which contained many blondes, but doubt existed in mind as to which might be which. No is fair."



TUCKER, Rx 260, Bloomington, Ill: "About Leslie Croutch's comment on fans who don't care for nudes being married, possibly: I doubt it. At least, I have not found my academic interest in the feminine anatomy dulled in the slightest degree." (I don't care for nudes being married, either, --We a ver Wright)

"Today is payday so I am sending you 1.05 (hint hint) for a year's subscription to Vom (bless her) and the portfolio of Fantasy Nudes. I want to congratulate 4E and Morojo for the great improvement in the mag. 'I held my breath in sheer admiration at the cover and the asphyxiation squad had a busy two hours in bringing me back to my natural semi-conscious state. Why don't you warn a feller? (Freview of cover was publisht in FFF. U shoud subscribe to this xlnt newsheet, 5c a copy wkly from Julie Unger, 1702 Iahili Rd, Rklyn, NY. It's the Fantasy Fiction field, 1941's winner of the Science Fiction Award Society's medal for best of its kind.) -- I enjoyed this issue of Vom pretty thoroly (see what reading Vom does to me?--'thoroly') and am anxious to read Walt Liebscher's forthcoming article, 'How 5 Fans Got High'. Of course this is only natural considering my belated egotism. 'By the way, 4E, that crack you made in Vom, to wit, 'We wish to invite your especial attention to the Vomaiden created by this mag's own ed, with anatomical assistance by its coed.' What do you mean by the word, 'anatomical'? Are you inferring, sir, that Morojo posed for you, ala nude, or what' If you do, I challenge you to pitchforks at two paces." (No, U read that rong, Allen; what it really said was "an atomical assistance", meaning she helpt a lil bit and anyway, I have Ack's-ray eyes! But I woudnt fite U with creampuffs at 2 paces, 'cause U outclass me 4e to 1!)

From the "Eagle's Nest", Columbia Camp Meeting, HARRY JENKINS JR typt: "Gosh, Mac, Lee, Joe, and I are all palpitating over the Tomaiden and Joe is the only one who possesses a copy. M AC, LEE, and I all want a copy of the cover by itself. We simplyMUST have a copy apiece of the Tomaiden. Let me know as soon as possible, please. Golly, you don't know how much we do want it!" (Several unstapled copys publisht on heavy white or special colord paper -- of which no more remain--were dispatcht to these enthusers, while Lee Eastman later airmaild an order for the multilith plate image. The original cover this ish--drawn directly on the plate--is for sale to first comer at \$2.50 ppd.)

Trent Science-Fiction Club, 26 Edw St. Shelton.

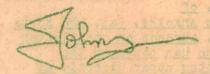
5-0-T. England. sends us a couple Parrographs—

Excellent printing of illustrations (by the way, how do you do it?) -- Well spaced contents -- very clear duplicating -- Reproduction of signatures -- coloured illustrations --- generous printing of huge extracts -- apparent scarcity of cutting -- excellent reproduction in black of orthodox type --- fine block lettering (ex: p 22) (References to July issue) Not so hot: Green ink --- rather too widely spaced modernistype --- surfeit of Ackermanese --- the strange way of beginning new paragraphs Most of the criticisms will inevitably be due to my sad and inexcusable conservative attitude, or/and my lack of experience of Amerifanines -- neither of which show signs of improvement." (Mr. Parr is, we believe, either the Director or the Secretary of this English stf. club. We hope the publication of his first letter in our periodical will afford him some pleasure, and also be of interest to the other members of the society, comments from whom we should be pleased to receive. Keep the home fires burning, Stokers! -- FandM)

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY

From 67 Thistle St, Lutwyche N3, Brisbane, Q, Australia,
"Remember-the-Alamo" ROBERTS rites: "I have made a pun. A wonderful, sidesplitting pun. When I heard it I laughed fit to kill myself and then waited for everyone else to join me. And what was the result? Dead silence. I have tried that pun on everyone within range; I have inflicted it on men, women and others, on too-intellectual and non-intellectual, on B.A. and b.a. You are my last hope, Forrest; unless you laugh, I will migrate to Central Africa or Uruguay and become one of those silent, grim figures about whom the natives will whisper, as I stride along limned against the setting sun: 'There goes No-heart Roberts-- there is something in his life about which he never speaks...,' It is one of those complicated puns-- I don't know if the jargon on which it is based is known in the States. 'Lash' seems to be a peculiarly Australian word in both its meanings-- you say a man is 'Quick with the lash when he possesses the ability to commit assault and battery in a reasonably thorough manner and in a conveniently short space of time; and when some new article of domestic use-- spoons, tins etc.-- appears casually on a boat, you say, 'Nice spoon, where did you lash it?' thus intimating your belief that the owner has acquired more than merit in the sight of the lord. Well, here is my pun. It is a definition of goulash-- a kleptomaniac ghoul. Huh, I can hear the sneers even at this distance -- well, you asked for it, master-mind; no man can tag a label like 'Faustralian' on me and not suffer the penalty, which in this case was the torment of having a pun explained to you, in great detail and in some 300 words. Thistle Street, Forrest; nemo me impune lacessit! (Please let us noe the stfal situation in Central Africa or Uruguay.) 'Sorry, Mr. Rothman, but I went down for the third time in that letter of yours in which you lay pitilessly bare the for the third time in that letter of yours in which you lay pitllessly bare the tortured, twisted ,mangled thing that is, or was before the cat got it, my soul. I will saythough, there was a deal of good psychologyin your remarks, Milton; and it may help you to know purely in confidence of course, that all my inhibitions are repressed to high heaven and my libidos are tangled into two half-hitches and a bowline. Keep it dark, pal-- Jung's been after that information for years, and it was rage at not getting it that really killed Freud. By this time you will be wondering when this letter is going to finish --- well, that's simple. It doesn't it just babbles on and on till the audience collectively are carried out screaming, kicking madly as they are dragged along by their hair to the siggle-cart that waits It doesn't. kicking madly as they are dragged along by their hair to the giggle-cart that waits without. (Quick, Boswell, the annotation: In the Belgian Congo they called him Mashangla-mashongla- "The Mouth That Never Shuts".... ) Out of deference to your doubrtless war-strained nerves, however, and after applying our little tape-measure to the Pacific Ocean as seen on the map and then cannily figuring the range of a flying fortress, I have decided to extend the royal elemency that ten thousand years of culture have bred into me. Till we meet again."





M CUNNINGRAM. Director British Science Fiction War Relief Socy, 2060 Gilbert St. Beaumont. Tex. states: "You may expect a life sub. from me sometimes this year, after I have saved that sum up.I list VOM as the best-Stfandom news fanzine ever yet or at present published -- that is

news fanzine ever yet or at present published—that is for neatness, readibility and contents of interest. Does VOM still keep in contact with French fans in France, how so? (Oui, mais; est ne très désinvolte pas, dites Forêt.) 'The liquor question: It has just come to my attention that there is to be a 44.00 tax on each gallon of alcholics. This makes it more expensive, and for stfans things that cost more—are mighty heavy on the pecketbooks, and so would be out a the question for purchase for many. In my opinion BEER is not an alceholic—when indulged in lightly. By making it possible to secure beer at the Pacificon, it will most likely simplify the drunkedness question. Some men drink Alceholocs because at first they took it as a bracer(stimulant)then it became a habit—which the could not broak. Others take beer to make them 'happy' as a dope(eg opium) might, to forget troubles or to be the 'life of the party'. In either case, such persons should not be given much consideration—or encouragement, as they are liable to de things that would not befot their character etc. (I do not deplore people who drink to excessive, I only pity them, as they are lowering their state of character& usually mind). 'I suggest you might improve VOM by adding some of that PERFUME matter to the prinit ng ink, a different smell(type)each ish! I have seen it done(that is smelled it) on the local city paper, and it really is a novelty. Why not investigate the possibility? Wouldn't the fans open their eyes (and nostril for that matter) on glancing through VOM to smell a tantalizing odor emerging from its pages. Wow! Its food for thought! Let me know what you think of the idea. (and dont say it stinks—it just SMELLS(Delightfully). (We don't trust ourselves to make any reply on this subject. —FandM) 'JUST WHAT QUALIFICATIONS MOST ONE HAVE TO BE A GENUINE 3—F FANY I have heard so much differential on this point from various sources, that my head is in a whirlwind trying to find out the answer. (In my opinion a person can be a fan-much bette

Fonetik spelr "DIK WAT" rits frm Barkr, Wu York:
"'Tigrina'! The nam is apeling. What ive red about her intregs me. Her thwartd ambishuns led to danjr. Bwair, Tigrina! U must revel ur tru identity to us if we r to help u. 'Vomaidens r okā bī me, but az Margo sez, 'Those boots--.' (refring tu aug kuvr.) 'Now look what you went and done - got me started all over again in my version of fonetic spelling of English-American. Woe is me. 'How does a guy get into the swing of things-and acquainted with the gang-etc. I don't have too much time to sling ink around, but if any of the guys and gals would like to drop me a line and hope for a reply I'll be only too glad to hear from thom. Also answer any questions (if I can think of a plausable answer) about anything. 'I'm just a dirt farmer with a flare for reading Sfmags, and writing letters and various other pastimes not generally known except to intimate friends. 'That repro by Adele in VOM NO14 is a honey-Wonder if she could think up and put on paper some of her own work for us lovers of the feminine form to gaze upon' (To our vast regret, both Adele & Paule have retired from fantasy artistration. -Fandm) - I'm looking forward to some enjoyable reading this winter when my copies of Vom come rolling in."

THorney Haggard

one the Californiauthors expected at the Pacificon, reports briefly: "Have looked over latest ish and find it stimulating. Be U nude I'd say something like that. Give thumbs up sign to Cartoons. Won't B long till they'll B addressing U as Vom, Esquire." 10-Q:

of 7 Belmont Rd, Parkstone, Dorset, England, describes his reactions to the Denvention Vom: "I particularly liked the cover pic of ODD JOHN. It's one of the best cover drawings I've seen on a fanzine. The 'forward with Vom' design was not at all good, it rather spoilt the appearance of the cover as a whole. The back cover altho' well done, bore such striking resemblence to an octopus that it did not appeal. The wording was definitely pleasing. 'Now we'll get down to the meaty part of the mag, the letters themselves. I could praise them to the skies but I won't, they were good as usual but much more interesting to the U.S. fan than to one in the U.K. They discuss topics with which we over here, (at any rate, speaking for myself) are unfamiliar. However there are one or two points upon which I should like to express my opinions. Firstly the colour ink used; to me the green is infinitely more pleasing than the black. Green is restful to the eyes, and when, like me, you've only one eye any use, thats a big consideration. Secondly why call the Denvention the 'WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION': When it was almost, if not absolutely, impossible for a fan from Britain or the Empire to attend, how was that justified?" It's The Pacificon in 1942 & the Convention Society is calling it the 4th WORLD Convention. No fan has ever crost a national boundary, it is true, to attend one of the Cons. Attendance has been necessarily national. But individuals in England & Australia, for instance, have supported the WORLD cons by publicity membership & proxy-participation. When a major disagreement arose as to whether the Coming Con should be terma National, which is technicly correct, or WORLD, so all U British Boys & Aussys & Canucks &c coud feel U had a part in it whether U coud attend on out—I was 1,000,000% for WORLD. Now, oh irony! to be chided thus! —-Forry

Esperanto alias of ARTHUR LOUIS JOQUEL 2D, of
"Coventry Publications", 1426 W 38 St. Los Angeles. Cal. who sorta
slantwise, or we might even say slan-wise, adreses an open letter
to the hazel-headed witch (Witch Hazel) who has captured the
imagination of the imagination a whose fotos special captured. imagination of the imagi-nation & whose fotos apear directly at the rite courtesy of cash from "Black Art". This letter dated, incidently, Halloween 41. "Ghouls and ghosts, witches and demons are abroad tonight—but only in fun, it seems. For tonight I donned my caps and mask and went forth, as I have done for countless All Hallow's Eves past, in hopes of finding a-mong the revelers another like myself-one who remembers the real meaning of the time--remembers it through a knowledge that it was the time, a hundred thousand years ago, when the humans faced their rulers, the witch-folk, and overthrew them. But the blood of the witchfolk runs yet in the veins of some, and one day they will return to their rightful place. That there must be others like myself I know, but they would seem to be scattered so that it is almost impossible to contact them. Williamson came close to the truth in his story 'Darker Than You Think.' Uncomfortably close. But -- who would believe such a story to be other than wild fiction? Charles Fort believed something of the sort, too. So do Russell and Goldstone. But I have no fear in writing thus, for it will be ignored as unworthy of notice by all of these who do not know, and those who do--I hope I may soon contact them.

Tigrina is one, I am sure. Perhaps she is unaware of it as yet--unaware of the powers possessed by the homo lycanthropi. But her belief in Devil-worship, and her songs and pictures, make me sure that she belongs. 'Another thing--many people do not believe that either Tigrina or I exist. Whether this is because they do not want to admit that we exist or because we managed which there to doubt our exist. want to admit that we exist, or because we purposely wish them to doubt our exist-ence, is something I cannot say. The ability of homo lycanthropus--witch-man-ence, is something I cannot say. 'The ability of homo lycanthropus—witch—man—to assume other forms is a power which cannot be rated lightly. It has been invaluable in passing for a Slan, when Slans all over the country began to become aware of themselves. What chance would a Slan have against a homo lycanthropus—even with the slans' mighty physical powers, their ability to read minds, and their undoubted scientific genius? How could science, no matter how powerful, combat something it could not see, something that masqueraded perfectly as its own self?

'I am eagerly waiting to hear the record of Tigrina's latest composition (THE SAB-BATH SUMMONS, sung by the Lucifervent servant of Satan with piano & tom-tom accompaniment). How I envy 4e the pleasure of having actually met this extraordinary girl, even though only briefly. But-well, the Fates spin the thread, and who can tell what the future holds? As I may have mentioned before, I am working on a transcription for full orchestra of 'Hymn to Satan.' I understand that phoney slan, Perdue, is tampering with it in his own fiendish fashion (no dout will retitle it "The Brimstone Boogie", or, "Heat Me, Batty, Hate to the Horror!"). Let him watch out, or a giant pterodectyl may pay him a visit some night. -- On my publishing I have little to say, save that the international situation is striking at us hardor than I had anticipated, and I hope that all my subscribers will hold up their indignant letters a little longer. That Wright cover--excellent. The Daimwood cartoon was tops, too, with the miniature Esperanto losson beneath it. Hope you can keep VoM going through the dark days that seem to lay ahead. If I ever retire from active fandom, VoM is one of the four mags I will continue to read, even in the seclusion of a C. O. camp--I hope!"

apearing in our pgs for the firstime, introduces himself as a humorist with the following anecdote. emanating from 67-69 Amboy St. Bklyn, NY: "A par-

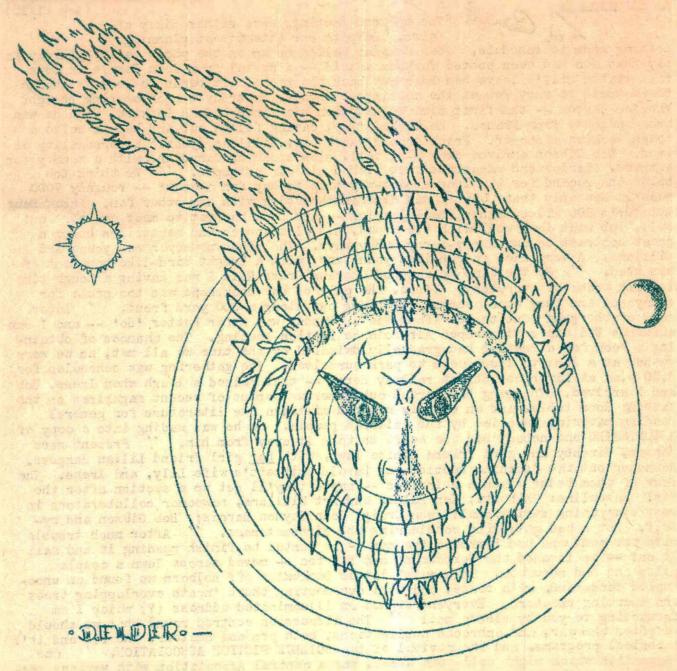
ticularly amazing thing happened to me the other day, and I am sure you would not be interested in it. I offer it to you without addition or embellishment, asking you, of course, to note that contents are convenient as of 1941 note that contents are copyright as of 1941, and can be reproduced with no permission whatsoever. I had taken my family to hear the concert at Brooklyn's resion whatsoever. 'I had taken my family to hear the concert at Brooklyn's re-nowned Prospect Park, and was listening with great animation to the intermission between numbers, when suddenly my quick eye - we Feldmans are noted for quick eyes. it being a family trait, like Rockefeller dimes--anyhow, when suddenly my quick eye spotted a female with a beflowered dress & green earrings bending over a water spotted a female with a beflowered dress & green earrings better fountain and slurping H<sup>2</sup>O passionately. Quick as a flash, I was over by the fountain and tapping her on the back. My lips were dry with fear, my mouth feeling as though I had just swallowed the late T. O'Conor Sloane's beard. 'You're a little early, aren't you, Tigrina' I asked. Then the girl turned, and I saw that I had been mistaken. She was about 63 with a face like a rejected Ray Bradbury manuscript—and she was not Tigrina, but Cobina, of the Brenda & Cobina radio team. 'Now don't you get sassy with me, young man,' she said, coyly massaging my cranium with a heavy flatiron she happened to be carrying. I instantly fled. So with a heavy flatiron she happened to be carrying. I instantly fled. So that's what I'm getting at—it just isn't fair. Why is it that guys like Forry, boorish, awkward, a fan magazine publisher, can meet Tigrinas — while we Feldmans, well-known for our handsomeness, intelligence, and carefully-cultivated moustaches, have to limit our fan circle to H. Tigor and a certain Isaac Asenion who writes dull stories for Campbell, All I can say is that if there are any loose Tigrinas lurking around the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, I will be pleased to commune with them on October 10. "October 10. or the evening thereof, will mark the with them on October 10. 'October 10, or the evening thereof, will mark the first practice blackout in New York. 'Of course this letter may possibly reach you after October 10, and it will certainly be past October 10 if you VOM it, but I want all Brooklyn Tigrinas to take heed nevertheless. There will be other trial blackouts. 'Seriously, I'd like to say that I enjoyed this later to the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed the say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say that I enjoyed the say the say the say the say that I enjoyed this later to say the say the say the say the say that I enjoyed the say that I enjoyed the say the say the say the say the say the say t blackouts. 'Seriously, I'd like to say that I enjoyed this latest issue of VOM tremendously—and might add that I've enjoyed all the others, too. And on this blackouts. subject, may I say - ackourse you must forrygive me for not having written sooner. "Yes, you may print this letter, in full or piece, in VOM. Matter of fact, you had better print it, else I slay."





Mignina.

The Devil Doll



FURTHER INFO ON THE MYSTERIOUS MISS (ABOVE) WHO SHAKES A MEAN SPEAR! THE
FIGURE "13" FIGURES PROMINENTLY IN HER LIFE. SHE HAS 13 CATS (& AN INJURED LIL OWL
SHE FOUND ON THE CAMPUS & IS INURSING BACK TO HEALTH, MAMED "BANSHEE"). SHE HAS 3
ADRESSE, ALL OF WHICH END IN 13. HER FIRST DRAWING TO APEAR IN A FM (ECLIPSE #4)
WAS PUBLISHT ON PG 13. I MET HER ON THE 13TH OF THE MONTH. SHE USED TO BE 13 YRS
OLD. OTHER ITEMS: HER COLLEGE CURRICULUM CONSISTS OF VIOLIN LESSONS, ADVANCED
COURSE IN MUSICIANSHIP, FRENCH, SURVEY OF THE LITERATURE OF MUSIC, PHILOSOPHY.
SPEECH & DRAMA, AND STRING QUARRET. SHE IS STUDYING ESPERANTO. BUT LET TIGHIMA
SPEECH FOR HERSELF IN THIS SYMPOSIUM OF LETTERS RCVD FROM HER IN THE FAST 6 WKS....
"I have a wonderful room this year (at --- College). I managed to bring what few
books on magic. Witchcraft, etc, I have, with me without getting a single word of
disapproval from my perents. That was because I supervised the packing myself this
time. I even managed to smuggle in my oulja board and I also brought a small table
(altar). The walls, of course are decorated with pictures of Bela Lugosi. I have
also hung a chinese gong outside of my room as a doorbell. And when one enters, an
artificial spider, hung on an almost invisible horsehair, gives the victim a
friendly (?) greeting and frightens her out of her wits, unless she likes that
sort of thing, like we Fantasy Fans. Oh, yes, I also brought some black candles 'in
case the lights go off some stormy night,' as I explained to my mother." TIGRINA
WAS BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF SCORPIO. MAYES SHE IS A ZOMBIE? SHE WONDERS, FOR HER
LIFE-LINE IS FRACTICLY NON-EXISTENT. SHE LEARND TO READ & SPELL WHEN SHE WAS 3,
"But when it came to learning to write, it was quite a different thing, I was lefthanded and I used to begin at the right side of the page and end at the left, writhad backwards." SHE SENT A PETITION TO SHAMORILLA TO BE CIRCULATED AMONG THE IMAGINATIVES TO SECURE SIGNATURES FOR THE GUESTARRING OF BELA LUGOSI ON AN "INNER SANCTUM" PROGRAM. ATT

10

FIRST OPEN AIR SCIENCE FICTION MEETING -- ENGLAND :
As Reported By (Sep 21/22)

"The weekend meetings were rather dizzy af-

fairs. Despite our attempts at planning, nothing went to schedule. Joan Chapman called me up on the phone early Saturday to say that Ken had been posted farther afield -- a postal from Joan Temple in Cornwall stated Bill's leave had been put back two weeks. It began to look as though there would be very few at the meetings. Anyhow, Saturday's noon meeting brought Maurice Hanson — the first time we had seen him since before Dunkirk, when he was home on leave from France. He looked fine, having filled out and become quite a tough looking cu stomer. Frank Arnold was there, still as dynamic a personality as ever. Bob Gibson arrived okay — a tall, slow speaking Canadian, with a memory for authors, stories and magazines that licked all our attempts. We think Bob holds the record for the longest one-way trip to any fan meeting -- roughly 7000 miles. Not only that, but it was his first meeting with any other fan. Makes Doug Webster's 600 miles mighty small looking — and Doug has yet to meet another fan! Well, Bob went down well with the crowd, his slow speech and mannerisms being a great contrast to our hurry-hurry ways. The other newcomer was young Art Williams. A very nice fair-haired youngster with a bright bird-like movement of his head. By the time we reached Charing Cross Road I was having a tough time keeping track of everybody. Y'see, the pull of the bookshops was too great for keeping track of everybody. Y'see, the pull of the bookshops was too great for everyone, and they were eventually strung out along a 300 yard front. 'Intermost of the gang went to see 'Fantasia'. Sunday was a far better 'do' -- and I can announce Britain's first Open Air Science Fiction Meeting. The chances of obtaining a room for a meeting had gradually dwindled by the time we all met, so we were rather at a loss to know where to park ourselves. The gathering was scheduled for 3.30 p.m. at Liverpool Street railway depot -- that raised a laugh when Irene, Bob and I arrived. The gang had spread out numerous copies of recent magazines on the Waiting Room table, and an elderly man had mistaken the literature for general reading material supplied by the railroad people. So he was wading into a copy of ASTONISHING and nobody had the heart to take it away from him. Present were Hanson, Birchby and girl friend Denise Laws, with her girl friend Lilian Jaggers. Rounding out the feminine section was Harold Chibbett's wife Lily, and Irene. The four of them being staunch weirdists -- maybe they'll get up a section after the war! Masculine: Chibbett; Ken Bulmer and Art Williams, newcomer collaborators in most everything stfictional; John Craig; John Beynon Harris; Bob Gibson and myself. Not a bad gathering considering the circumstances. After much trouble with the gent who had borrowed the mag -- he wanted to finish reading it and mail it on! -- we invaded the Restaurant and had tea -- moved across Town a couple miles and had more tea. In a quiet little backwater off Holborn we found an unoccupied bandstand, with seats, and held our meeting there 'neath overlapping trees and swarming skeeters. Everyone signed an illuminated address (?) which I am forwarding to you by slower mail The discussion centred round what we should do after the war, and embraced publications, both pro and amateur, the BIS and it's technical programs, and the revival of the SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION. One suggestion which might well come about, was a central Association with various sections -- one for authors, one for amateur publications; another for the library; one for "just fans"; another with connections with the BIS for those interested in one for "just fans"; another with connections with the BIS for those interested in astronautical experiments, and so on. But the main agreement was that we should have to have a central clubroom which would be open every night in the week, and could accomedate Out-of-towners who wished to stay. It was grand meeting the old faces again, and for a few hours it seemed that we were back in the old days before the war. Various pix were taken of the open air group, and I'll be sending you some shortly." (Anyone like to sponsor the presentation of one in the Xmas-Newyear Vom; Due to info kindly supplyd by Bob Tucker. \$2 will cover cost of sufficient fotos to cover the edition. And we're not a bit superstitious about accepting \$2 bills, if a couple of I would like to angel Anglic stfan snaps.)

## Introducing our New Feature, "IT'S BEEN GRAND KNOWING YOU....!" By G. Ken Chapman

In presenting this series of 'personal biographies', I would like to say I feel they will bring to my friends in USA something of the 'human' side of some of the celebrities and personalities with whom I have come into contact during my fantasy-fictional adventures. 'I call them 'personal biographies', you will notice, although 'personal impressions' would probably have been a far better description. However, I think I have gotten farther under the skin of most of these guys than just 'impression', so let us leave it at 'biography', chi 'Anyway, I make no pretence at giving you a full-fact-history of any of my subjects, but rather to tell you some of the little, intimate things I have learned of them (No blackmailing-that's a promise!) during my acquaintance. 'I begin with my best pal-Ted Carnell-and that I think is adequate and appropriate....later, the War and H.M. Royal Navy permitting, I will line all the British 'gang', as well as some of my oversea friends, up for your inspection. 'I hope you will glean, from my descriptions, some infinitesimal part of the intense enjoyment I have partaken from my actual experiences, for if you do, I shall have done a darned grand job of work. (Hopefully), G.Ken. ("Sailor") Chapman.

EDWARD J. CARNELL: Of all the grand folks that fantasy-fiction has brought to me as friends, I know that there is no one I regard more sincerely as a dear comrade than Ted Carnell. One of the grandest chaps that's ever been built: 'Fantasy has done much for me in the way of good friendships, if in no other fashion, but I count my association with E.J.C. as more important than any other. 'I first met Ted at a BIS meeting, something in the nature of five years ago, although I knew him as a stf. celebrity and by correspondence for some time previously.' A tall, dark, handsome chap he was then, and

indeed, certainly still is, 'though now with a new squareness to his chin, & fine, fresh suntan on his features, several inches on his chest and a Royal Artillery forage cap stuck jauntily over one eye. But still the same old Ted underneath—enthusiastic, witty, sophisticated, friendly! 'My first close contact with him came a week or two after that BIS meet, and we had met again a couple of times in the interim and come to know one another better. 'This time I was in the Chair at the first SFA London Branch meeting, and I did duty and homour to Ted with, I reckon, a swell, and well deserved, introductory 'blurb', finishing, how well I recollect: "Gentlemen, it gives me the greatest of pleasure to bring to this meeting ... a world-famous stf. fan...Britain's greatest newshound of fandon.....TED CAR—NELLI:!" 'Ted rose lithely to his feet, waited for the loud and long applause to subside, and then....nothing....just NoTHING. Ted had lost himself—! 'He afterwards frankly admitted to me that those were some of the longest moments he had ever spent in his life, standing there trying to gather his lost words. Then, quite suddenly, he got away and gave us one of the grandest yarns of the day's agenda. 'I have, of course, heard Ted speak very many times since, at Conventions, SFA and BIS meetings, but never has his now famous 'pause' been repeated. He is, in fact, one of the most accomplished yarnspinners I know, and, at the 1939 British Science Fiction Convention, Dr. Low went out of his way to congratulate Ted upon a really wenderful Convention speech he had made that evening. 'Ted and Irens, his wife, have exchanged frequent visits with Joan and I, as well as fresh suntan on his features, several inches on his chest and a Royal Artillery and Irens, his wife, have exchanged frequent visits with Joan and I, as well as spending a glorious week of vacation all together at Sandown, Isle of Wight, in June, 1939, so, as you can gather, we all know one another pretty well. "Before this damned War, Ted and I used to lunch together regularly a couple or so days each week, early on at the "King Lud"—a famous London 'boozer'—now laid low by a Jerry 'egg', later at the good old "Red Bull" (last home of the London SFA Branch), also a bomb victim, and finally at the famous 'Flat' in Gray's Inn Road, which has, too, been severely dented by proletariate vengeance, all of which seems as if those luncheon dates brought no good luck to mine hosts! "Throughout SFA's bectic and Euccessful career. Ted and I stood shoulder to shoulder, through as if those luncheon dates brought no good luck to mine hosts! "Throughout SFA's hectic and successful career, Ted and I stood shoulder to shoulder, through troublous times, as well as happy. We stuck together and solved many problems logically, and, I believe our comradeship did much towards weilding SFA into the fine organisation it did, undoubtedly, become. "Ted has had many adventures through his interest in fantasy, and I have been privileged to share in many of these events—the successes and the failures—though failure but rarely casts its shadow upon Ted's work. 'Together, we launched "New Worlds" upon fandom and, despite its mixed reception earlier on. I still think "New Worlds" is the best fan-mag Great Britain has yet achieved. 'Moreover, even including USA, our little magazine showed original trends which, I note, are still being logically followed by current fan-mag editors. No doubt, the bones of all our new ideas in NW have, by now, been picked very thoroughly clean, but I do believe we helped to advance fandom's literary efforts and feel repaid years thoroughly far my share in the hard landom's literary efforts and feel repaid years thoroughly far my share in the hard landom's literary efforts and feel repaid years thoroughly far my share in the hard landom's literary efforts and feel repaid years thoroughly far my share in the hard landom's literary efforts and feel repaid years thoroughly far my share in the hard landom's literary efforts and feel repaid years thoroughly far my share in the hard landom's literary efforts and feel repaid years thoroughly far my share in the hard landom the landom that the landom that the landom the landom that the dom's literary efforts and feel repaid very thoroughly for my share in the hard labours, as a consequence. Ted's taste in fantasy has a strong Street & Smith flavour to it! He prefers "Astounding Science-Fiction" or "Unknown" to almost anything else, and thinks the modern style of Van Vogt and Bob Heinlein is much pre-ferable to the ancient 'classics' we 'old hands' are usually so proud to rake out for the benefit of our 'greener' progeny of fantasy-fans. 'Although I know he for the bonefit of our 'grooner' progeny of fantasy-fans. Although I know he obtains endless hours of amusement and fun from reading, writing and corresponding science-fiction. I strongly suspect Ted gots his groatest kick by studying the psychological effect fantasy has upon different persons. He is a keen judge of charactor, and amply fitted to such a hobby as that, as a consequence. At his greatest moments, Ted undoubtedly touches upon a rare genius, and even at his most dull period, he is funful, witty, jeyous company. Truly, it is grand to have met.....TED CARNELL. (Thankfully)

Just returnd the other day, from his Parisian adres, was a copy of Yom sent GEORGES H CALLET bfor the Chicon! But a copy of the Mar-41-edit got thru to him, a he rites from Marseille: "Believe me it was more than welcome. It is like echoes from another world far away from the sorrows of this unhappy continent. Another world where soap and bread, beef and cheese are to be had for the asking, where there are cars and they run on gas ! All this seems so strange ... But also full of hope that the day will come again ... I am so glad to read again from all of you. I only hope that some time I shall be able to repay in full for your kindness. Thanks a million times for collecting stf. fan and pro mags for me. 'Olon F. Wiggins and Harry Warner also wrote the nicest letters. It may interest you to learn that one of the next pictures to be made in Paris shall be 'Les Evades de l'An 4.000' ("Evacuators of 4000 AD"), starring Danielle Darrieux, after the book of my friend Jacques Spita. I'il try to get stills and info and rush them over to you. Imagine that: franco-german collaboration over a scientifilm."

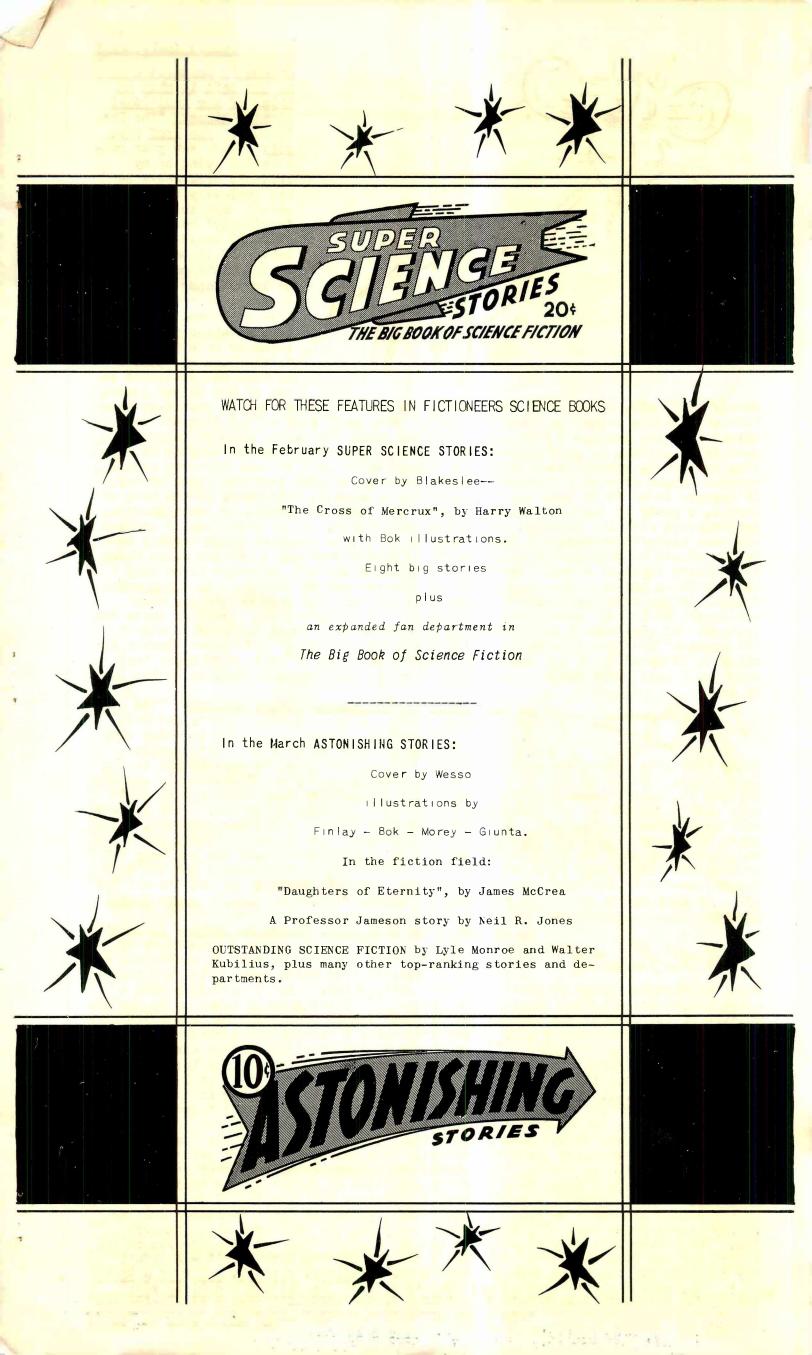
of 1645 Juneway Terce. Chi. who sez he has a new job—"Selling toothless combs for bald-headed men": "I'm elated and glad for your sakes, co-vomeds. The October ish of VOM was terrific. The best ish I believe I've read. ' My roomate even read it and whatsmore enjoyed it, which is purty good beins he's no fan. However he reads Jack Weodford's books and I believe the crack about the breasts got him. That was a classic. And Liebe-

and I believe the crack about the breasts got him. That was a classic. And Liebesure got quite a guffaw out of him also. Seen two fantasy movies in the last week. 'Here Comes Mr. Jordan' and 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'. The former was a typical Unknown humor yarn if there ever was one and was very good. The latter was not as horrorful as its predecessor's but the Freudian montage effects showing the workings of his mind as he changed from good to bad more than made up for the lack of horror. 'I finished that article about the trip to the mountains and have already sent it to Tucker. 'As they say in French- Chevrolet Toupe." Oh was



via "Del Monte", Kangarco Pt Rd, Sylvania, NSW, Australia:

"I am once again back in hospital. Exactly one year ago I
was here (Sep 30), in the same ward, with the same nurses, and hating it with the
same ferocity. But on to stinal matters. My comments on Aug VOM and autres. In
the Denvention burdle I liked the Denventioneer the best. This was closely followed by the 'Odd Jno' VOM and the Denvention IE ZOMBIE EESmith's speech was a
peach.... Ryt's sheet was a waste of stencils and paper...the printed booklet
was super-doopa...the hairy men ("e.-t.") failed to impress...Starlite was speilt
by its rottenly put-together back pg. The first (mighty) STARLIGHT, however, was
A-1. As to the latest VOM (Aug)--well: the Denvennews was interesting and the
British Broadcast reminiscent of the Denventioneer YOM British Edition. And speaking of British Editions, if any Yanks want these unique reprints of Astounding and
Unknown for their collections, I will trade them for current American prozines -especially FFM, Weird Tales and any of Marguelies' mags. Say: what happened to
'Strange Stories' (Discontinued 41 Feb) ' John Cunningham has gotten himself a
lot of publicity with his WAR RELIEF scheme yet here am I--a stf starved fan--and
no mags arriving. "As a matter of fact 4e you forgot to put any stamps on the Denvention bundle and I had to pay 4/6 (about a \$) customs fine. Watch that in future.' (Kara Yol: I don't noe what the diable hapnd but it positively is unso:
The pkg would two left the local F.O. without proper postage--I noe from pastrouble.)





Hoffman's fantasticoncept at the left is what WE think of the individual signing himself "The Pro-fessor". The Prof pops off: "Just saw your publication lying on my friend's desk where he had carlessly thrown it when I came in. I say carlessly' because I believe it would have been better if it has ended up in the waste paper basket he keeps handy for the disposal of refuse. I've read some of the other amateur publications he gets from time to time and my opinion of them was published in one of the better class,

namely SPACEWAYS, some little time back. I was rather interested to read a collection of letters, hoping to find some grain, some small atom of intelligence contained therein. Instead I find silly arguings about the rather obscure values of some thing called, in your picturesque tongue, Esperanto. From the samples of writing supposedly done in that language, I gathered it must be some hitherto undiscovered tongue of some a aboriginal tribe recently brought into the light of day. It appears to me to be some sort of bastardized Spanish. Doubtless, at the time of Cortez, a party of Spaniards became lost in the wilds of Central or South America, intermarried with the Indians, and this is the result, an intermindling of Spanish and some hitherto unsuspected Indian tongue. Your argument about whether nude laides should be depicted on your covers and within your pages strikes me as being the outward signs of a mind that is pathologically unsound. It seems to me only those with an immoral character would ever for one moment ever wish to see a naked female. If you ever read your Bible you will see what the Lord has to say about nakedness. It is the lowest form of vileness. 'However, regardless of these two instances of shallowness on the part of your readers, I shall continue to digest the pages of your publication as I find the cross-section of life shown therein is valuable in my study of the vagaries of modern youth and I still have hopes that some day I shall find one who shows some signs of steadfastness such as we had in my day."

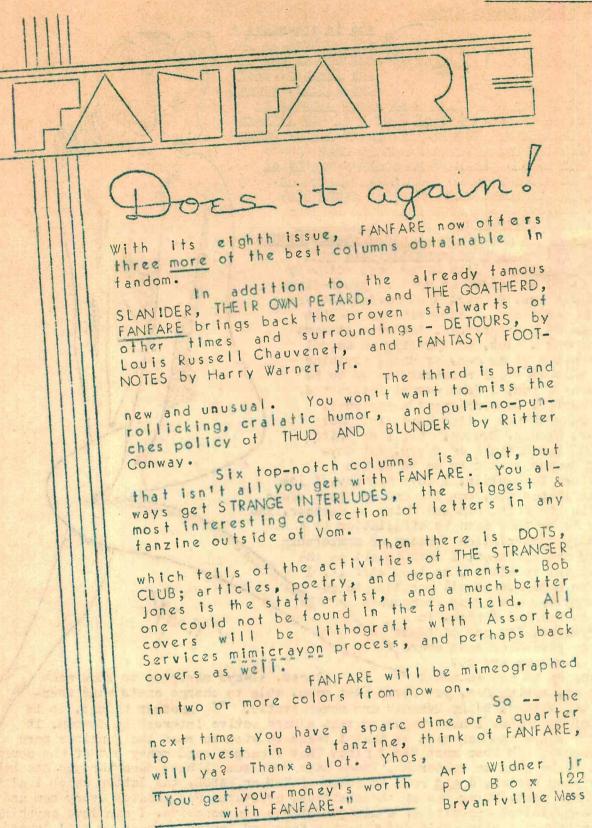
Pennison of 82 Ramsgreave Dr. Blackburn, Lancs, England: "The Aug. VOM was really swell. A beeeceeutiful cover, and well

worthy of a good eyeful. Sorry to see VOM is going sixweekly, but I guess it can't be helped. It's really
lucky that it's coming out at all with the work you're going to have to put in (on
Pacificon). 4sj's account of the Devt. was really swell, and I thoroughly enjoyed reading it. It's something like that that I enjoy, something we over here don't hear such a lot about, and something that we will probably never see. were as good as usual, with a very interesting selection of British comments. damon's back cover (only ack drew it) - very amusing. Altogether a really swell issue, and to my mind the best for a bit. I still can never think how you keep VOM so neat and tidy - must be a job in itself. Once upon a time when I got VOM from someone over here I didn't like it at all, but now it's grown on me and I'm all for it. So keep up the good work somehow, and happiness will be mine." Menny thanx.

of 13 Church Rd, Hartshill, Nuneaton, Warwks, England: "I am beginning to get the recessary g groundwork of acquaintanceship with the contributors to understand a little the viewpoints from which they write, and there-

fore the magazine grows progressively more interesting. And I certainly have a great admiration for the format of the thing. I was greatly taken up by the depiction of Odd John in the 'Denvention Special' (apart from writhing in anguish over the absurd and unnecessary JNO. Firevven's sake, I thought you blokes had a modernistic outlook! Why not JON?). My answer to the questionAckerman asked Widner - Which would you rather be, Top Fan, Number 1 Author or Editor of the best Pro?' is unhesitatingly that I'd rather be the best author. Or any sort of an author at all for that matter.... I have a very certain desire not to be either an editor or a prominent fan, the positions are too much exposed to assault by all forms of verbal violence. 'The letter from 'Vomoswoth' (whoever he may be) was one of the best in the issue because it had more life in it. I don't agree with him that abstinence from science-fantasy leads neccessarily to a greater enjoyment being obtained out of poor stories by reading them slowly and savouring their flavour at leisure. This may be because I never have read the magazines as fervently and indiscriminately as a real enthusiast would - and to this I attribute the fact that I am still as keen a reader of what I do like as I was when I bought my first remainder Amazing nearly eleven years ago. 'I like the sundry horrors scattered about through VoM. The art-work is very pleasing in general - apart from the illustration on the advert for the Hymn to Satan. But then I didn't like the Hymn itself - I didn't try the tune but the words seemed rather daft." (Blimey, guv'nor, but your a brave one! Why, your number's good as up! Soon's Tigrina can fashion a doll in your image--and we should s'pose Smith's a common enough image--we expect to receive notice of the demise of DRS." "Is 'eart was clean punctured--an' not a mark on 'im!")

OF THE IMAGE NATION who is pro-nudes & anti-prudes is the ing, as he does, a great deal the following composium of 2 or 3 of his letters which come to us from Ex 121. Parry Sound, Ontar-Croutch has a campaign on to omit Canada from the adres, claiming no postman worthy of the name should require this added direction. "Lac", as he sometimes Laconicly signs him-self, probly is the most well-noon Canuckfan at the presentime. has publisht ever 100 issues of a fantasy-exchange sheet, LIGH which will reach a responsible size with its Xras issue. "I've never been actively interested in fandom as most of you fellows and girls are. Oh yes, I did write letters to the magazines. I did write an odd bit for one of the fanzines. But when it came to icining a club, or starting an actual to joining a club, or starting an actual publication of my own, or doing anything else that it seems necessary to do to be known as a fan, I just wasn't interested. I'll admit I do correspond voraciously with many of the better known fellows: Warner, Widner, Meader, etc. I do write the odd fan article or story. But any-thing deeper seemed to me to be too stifling. To explain, I love fantasy, I love all it stands for, but I'm one of those souls who like to flit from one thing to another, who hates to be tied down by affiliation to a strictly subscription fanzine or membership in any organization. I love to sit on the sidelines, to kibitz, to lone welf it. I want to have fun at all parties, to go my merry way and tweak overyone's nose as much as I wish. In other words, I'm one of those strange peices on sees everday, they come and go, popping up in the damndest places, always managing to know what going on, having fun, yet never tied down, able to change one's mind when-ever one wishes, being dynamic and never static. 'Another things, it is only of late that I have begun to take a more active interest in fandom. It is only since the ban went on that I began to wish to read the fanzines more thoroughly, and then what did I find? That I cannot send money out of the country so as to be able to subscribe. There have been some I have seen through the benefits of my swap system. I did read an issue of VOM or MADGE, the latter which I always liked the best, being one of those strange creatures God creates every now and then-the most violent opposite of a misogynist one can conceive. I can love anything with a trim shape, a slim ankle and a pretty face and somewhere near my age! Anyone, especially unconventional and very broadminded females, interested in swapping and wishing to drop me a line, there's still plenty of room here on the old rester for another hepal or shepal or two. Anyway, I did read MADGE once and liked it. But then I wasn't as affluent as I am now. Training oneself for a career in radio doesn't leave one much money for other things, you know. And I learned it the hard way- by myself, and by experimentation, and old Mother Experience is a strict school marm. Nobody is really distasteful to me unless it is Hitler and things he stands for. I even feel sorry for him at times. I don't think anything in Ackerman's makeun would even feel sorry for him at times. I don't think anything in Ackerman's makeup would even feel sorry for him at times. I don't think anything in Ackerman's makeup would be distasteful to me because I am such a conglomeration myself. I like Ackermanese because at times I indulge in what I look upon as inane spelling. I have murdered the King's English (How do U like my term for ortho-language: Kinglish. --Morojo) and spelling so many times I feel like a murderer. Esperanto is different as I must admit that something inside of me never did get het up over it. Laybe because I don't understand. Maybe because I lack vision. But somehow it doesn't click with me. I would sooner tie fast to basic English. Some of the boys are hollering about a good drag down knock out fight on Esperanto. Now, I like a fight better than most guys. For a peaceable sort of soul I'm amazingly combative on certain occasions. But this time it leaves me cold. I don't see any sense in Esperanto, myself. I believe this time it leaves me cold. I don't see any sense in Esperanto, myself, I believe English holds a more logical solution. But why should I force my likes and dislikes on those that think otherwise? That's what's the trouble with this dizzy world of ours- too many men trying to fource other men to think, live, love, drink and go their ways. Look what Europe is like just through such damned intolerance. It's degenerated into the most unlovely pack of human imbiciles as the world has ever seen! All fighting over things that are so downright unreasonable and cockeyed that the apes themselves don't believe in them! Like kids hollering over a piece of sugar candy while the steak is burning up on the stove! (The next 2 issues of my Fepanflet Guteto gives the "Esperanto vs Basic English" arguments. I'll be glad to send complimentary copys to any interested partys. --Morojo) -- After having read Vol. #s -6 and 17 through at a brain-breaking pace, I settled back in a rather chactic mood. It has been but recently I become rather actively interested in fandoings otic mood. It has been but recently I became rather actively interested in fandoings,



so this time I found myself avidly scaking up the various letters, and chuckling over the things said therein and groaning at some of what seemed to me childish things said and fought over in a minor key. 'Tigrina seems to have the boys all a-dither. They say the best way to interest the bachelors, yes and the married men too, for that matter, is to be mysterious, to tantalise them, to raise their curiosity, and what else is this poor li'l frustrated rich gal doin'? I think, though, that if she can't participate in what hobbies she likes just because her parents say no that she hasn't any backbone! Either that or she doesn't like fan activity as much as she pretends. Of œurse, I'll admit she may just be assuming this attitude to have fun with us all. As for anyone being frustrated in this day and age-well, that is too decidedly Victorian for my brass-lined stomach to swallow and digest. But maybe she is. Maybe she needs a little moon-light and lovin' up to right things. If she does, judging by the letters, I'll bet there wouldn't be any trouble at all finding enough aspirants to help 'unfrustrate' her! 'The cartoons (in #18) were jolly, especially the one dedicated to the Britishers. It's the just the was I feel at times about this lousy old earth of ours."

Sta, New Haven Conn: "While I'm very much in nearly everything in VoM, I'm afraid I can't condone those nudes. Lacking a Petty, VoM's anatomical studies are of not particularly high quality even in a field with such limited possibilities. More to the point, this passion for nudes seems to me to indicate a rather deplorable state of mind on the part of fandom. Tch, tch, boys! 'Have you heard that Indolph Hess is a science fiction enthusiast? It's true, on the authority of no less a publication than the Hartford Courent, and the fact arouses curious speculations in my mind. Wot kind of chaps are these stfans? I wonder what sort of reading matter Hilber likes..."

SHANGRI - I A FFAIRFS 3

HALLOWE'EN. This is being typt direct on stencil in the LASFS Clubroom.

An experiment in candid comment. Anyone is invited at anytime during the progress (?) of the party to record a particularly funny pun or write about something laffable that just happend or—well, we leave it to your imagination! This page will be publisht in VOM, Please be brief so many may comment, & ALWAYS IDENTIFY YOURSELF EITHER AT THE BEGINNING OF WHAT YOU WRITE OR AT THE END. This is fja, who will begin by—it really is irrelevant but—by repeating a lil incident that is killing the imagi-natives. It seems Daugherty has one of these cigaret—liter attachments in his car, only the dang thing never has workt. So Walt has been in the habit of teasing uninitiates with it, watching them vainly puffing, trying to get a lite. The other nite, thinking to startle an uninform friend, WJD nonchalantly pulled the gadget out of the plug & presst it on his proboskus. And let out a yipe of pain as the coil glowd red! PS: The blister looks very becoming, the way Walt wears it! Incidently, Dau has threatend to put on a bathing suit & come to the party as a Vomeiden! We are looking forward to this with mingled reactions. —Carry on, chums...

Carlton J. Fassbeinder: The boys were searching for a lost bottle opener when Hasse lets out a shriek. Doc Fassbeinder turned and perceived Carmen Miranda's God-mother. God, Mother! Charley came in dragging it, quite a daring feat. We had a hell of a time keeping him away from the Boys. My. Charlie. Meet me at the Dugout, Charlie, meet me at the square, My, what brand of lipstick do you use, dear. We hope Pogo didn't miss her dress.

Christ, this is Fassbeinder again. Pogo is giving away all her dresses to the boys. At th is early hour, the party is shaping up in a bad way. Hasse is in there now. God only knows. Crawford is playing sister Maisie now.

Hornig just refused a cigaret, saying "No nice girl smokes." Pogo--The Fan Who Coud Work Miracles: She has turnd Hornig into Charlotte, Crawford into Vilhelmina, Hasse into Henrietta & Bradbury into Ramona. O U glamour girls! (By 4e)

The sparrow who came two hours late to a housewarming ~~ he thought tswas a nice day, so he walked. On! On! We must orgynise. George R. S- Hahn

Morojo writing: The party has slowed down while we await the return of the boys who went to get a camera. Also, Russ & Virginia are not yet here. 8:50p

And in my own defense let me say, that even though I don't have any dresses left, I'm fully clothed. I'm just being different m d wearing slacks. And let me add that Hornig-alias Charlotta, is really SWEET....just in HIS defense. P.S.-He needs a shave...and I don't like the brand of lip-stick he uses-even though it is my own....maybe THAT'S the answer?

This is Charlotta--surprised? Well, you shouldn't be. I've tried everything else. And the lipstick IS awful! Ugh! Did Pogo say she was just in slacks? How about that Martian-mugwump-bird head-dress of hers? Oh, yes and here's Henry(Hasse)etta:

And now I've seen everything! Well, almost. Henri(etta) Hasse. Has he? He sure has!

Just to note a few here this eve that are comparative newcomers; They, being; Clarence and Maurice Hamm as well as Glan Wilson and his young lady friend.. Livia DelaGarde, addent readers of Science Fiction.....Walt Daugherty...

Finn So it's come to this! Yo cree que todos nosotros somos locos!

This is D. Eldor, also present, I think.

This is Ffffassbeinder again. Hey, folks. I'm inebriated. Here's a little joke that Henrictta pulled off in Pogo's room. It was a slip, but not of the tounge,

Thish place is full of drunks, and Bradbury, who is practicing to be a judge... When someone jokingly (?) told him the punch was spiked, he let out a very unladylike shout and fell to the floor, dead drunk. He is the only fan who can get inebriated on two cokess and a ham sandwich..... One of the boys writ this.

Photografs are now being taken by Bill Crawford .... Fire, Fire, A Photoflood lamp reflector just caught fire, If the place does not burn down, you will probably be able to obtain some of these Amazing Photos from Ackerman.

The truth will out-we have just discovered that Pogo has webbed feet!

Don't forget to get the latest issue of STINCH the latest in fan Mags.

TWELVE MIDNIGHT and all is-- w-e-1-1-1: (Yngvi speaking for Boskone. ;Splrfsk?

"The Day After": Statistix-23 present. Costume Prize (current Captain Future) to WJD for Groucho Marx makeup. Booby Prize (current Captain Future) to Hahn as the Invisible Man. "Prettiest Girl", Bradbury; "Girl with Most Oomph", Hasse; "Girl Most Likely to Succeed", Hornig. Pogo wore 3E's famous Rhean Birdman. Pelder was a Devil-Put Without Horns. Acky playd Rasputin. Maurice was her usual self-the Black Flame; Clarence Hamm, a Roman Statesman (& did he get around!) Marojo wuza lil sat inuh witches hatte. 'Dau, Brad, Acky & Hodgy put on a play; MUMMY RECORDS playd; airspecial "charms" via Tigring, PF: 8am-end.

FAMILIAN MANAMANANA FOR THE MOUNT OF THE MOU

