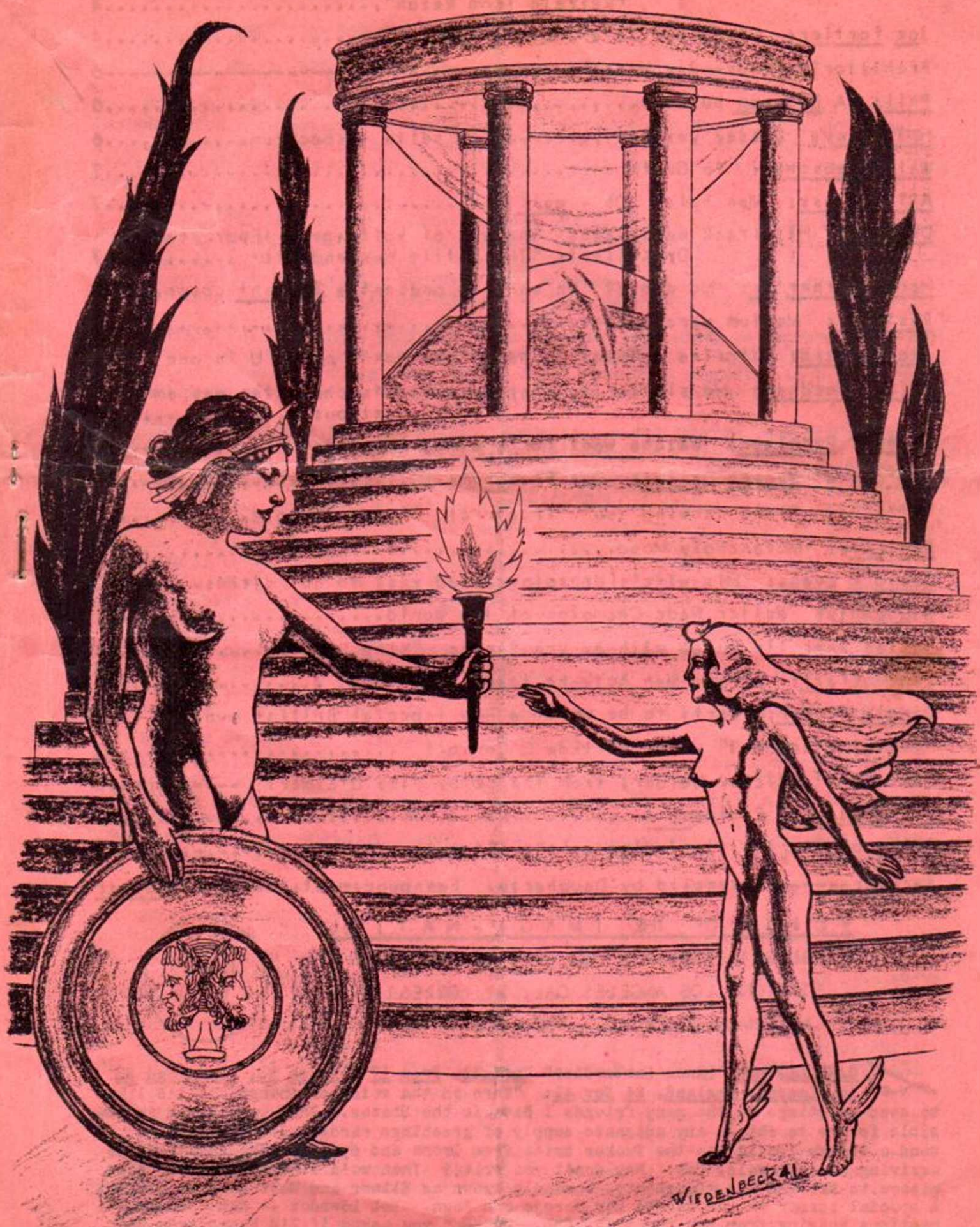


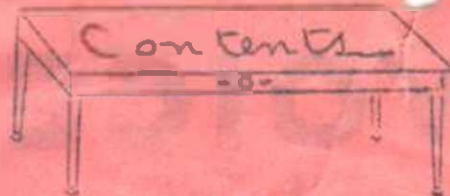
VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION



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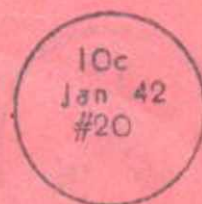
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VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION

PUBLISHT SIXWKLY AT BX 6475 METROPOLITAN

STATION, LOS ANGELES CAL, BY FORREST J

ACKERMAN & MOROJO. 10¢, 90¢ YEARLY.



Ted Carnell, now "Lance Bombardier" Carnell, from 17 Burwash Rd, Plumstead SE
16, London, England. 24 Nov 41: "Through the voice of Shangri-la I'd like
to send greetings to the many friends I have in the States. This year it is impos-
sible for me to obtain any adequate supply of greetings cards. I'd like to
send a cheery 'Hello' to the Tucker tribe from Irene and myself. The zombie keeps
arriving at intervals, Bob. Why don't you write? Then we'd like to send our best
wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Daugherty, commonly known as Elinor and Walt -- Hiya peoplet!
A special corner in our hearts for Morojo and Pogo. Bob Lowndes -- Ken Chapman
mentions hearing from you recently, Bob, and that you asked if I'd heard from you
recently. No, I haven't, Doc, so I guess we'd better leave that little deal over
until after the war. Regards too to Fred Pohl and his wife; Don Wollheim -- so
long now since we last swapped dirty stories I've forgotten what he looks like.
Yes, and Jack Williamson and Charlie Hornig too. Milt Rothman; Jack Speer the
phony fan; Elmer Porchie; Spaceways Warner (long time no hear, Harry); Erle Korshak
-- Hi, Erle; Gannon the demon; Russ Hodgkins, Clon Wiggins; Will Sykora; T. Bruce
Ye'ke -- how's your observatory, Bruce?; Charles L. Barrott; Art Widner -- gosh,
that name sounds so gillup! -- and all the fans and fanettes whose names make news."

Happy New Yr, Gāies!

FOR YOUR LISNING PLEASURE we're publishing Voice on Xmas Day so U may have it around the 1st. The Future of Novacious Pubs? We refer U to Le Zombie, Jan ish, for complete details. Tucker askt for--& got--the exclusive publicity release--so Bob scoops Vom! Get 2em, 5c, from POBox 260, Bloomington, Ill. One new development since the letter to Lez: Vom definitely does go back to black next ish. (Hiz-zahs from Hwj'r & Philip Bronson, the yngvii!) Economic pressure & all that, doncha noe, old Jap. (Credit that last gag--or shoud it be debity--to Hornig.) Part of this ish approaches the blue band in color, it being the best we could get when our last green incan was exhausted.

WEATHER PREDICTION FOR 42: Warmer everywhere.

IT AINT LEGAL, BUT...U like the regal size Vom. Legal length is 13", this's 14".

VOICE OF THE CONTANI-NATION. If U find a copy of Yerke's Denvention report included with this mailing, be advisod it constitutes the final, unfinisht, Damn Thing, coming to U with Tubby's compliments. Please bear in mind yacoeds conscientiously object to its contents but distribute it in the spirit of frac speech. Very free.

NIX ON PIX? Our first "crisis" impulse was to cancel all artwork in Vom, considering the crowding in of all possible correspondence of prime importance. Reconsidering, it seems after all art is an important form of expression too & our artists should not be slited. So--with your approval--pix of a nifty, nude, novacious or facetious sort we'll continue to sport. Just keep 'em small, samidecnoj.

CONTENTS PG IMPERILD. Fortier: "The contents page might be improved by a new theme. The old one has lost scmp of its kick." Liebscher: "I still think the contents page is the best thing about VOM." Which view do U support? Do U think we should dispense with the CP, that the space could be put to better use?

THE TIME LATRON & THE TIME MAIDEN. Reduction didnt improve Jack Wiedenbeck's timely cover, but we think it a swell'un nathelless--in any fan's language! Original stands 28" hi & is 17" across! And we are informd the artist really wasnt thru, but, rote his friend Ruja-blu (Abby Lu Ashley) "He intended to do a bit more changing and finishing but troubles set in. He fell down an elevator shaft and broke his left wrist and three vertabrae. Consequently, nothing more got done on the picture!" Well, we sure were sorry to hear of Jack's misfortune, but we think the pic's a pip anyway, & in this case it may work out for the best for fandom, for Ruja (the Red Lens(w)man) further info's us hubby Al & 'Beck's bro plan to make Jack a drawing table tippable at any convenient angle so he can draw lotsa pix while layd up.

LA DAMOZEL D'ELDER on pgs 12 & 13 really has not had justice done her as she was prepared for the mimicrayon medium. As was Nyx' pic last ish. Much delicacy has been lost in having to reproduce on stenoil rather'n by litho, so don't be too harsh in criticism if U don't care too much for 'em; on the other hand (there was a wart--no that's another story) if U like, consider they'd've been even better if...

MAID IN FEAINETOWN. Vomaidens Portfolio #2, product of the imaginations of 6 Stepharites, will be sure to please U, & will be out--barring blackouts & blitzes--bfor the next Vom, due mid-Feb. Lineup is: "Mermaidon" by Ln-or "Dejah" Dougherty, "Amazon" by Virgy Combs, "Medusa" by Abby Lu Ashley, Phil Bronson's sis Bev-Ann's first fantasy nude, another by Nyx &--by our 4th Ann Ish artiste, Graco Talbert--"Miss Futuria in Her Birthday Suit!" All will be mimod on regalength paper, with letter section, & sell at the reduced price of 10c for the Portfolio.

STENCIL SABOTAGE: Pg 8, 3d line from bottom, read "but" for "bug".

BUCKS PRIVATE. Only we're inclined to publish the fact that Ecco sont in 2 dolls--& we don't mean baby dolls--to finance foto of the British Boys. Anticipated pic didnt arrive in time, but we have it now; only, instead of presenting only it nextime, we're contemplating putting it together with some other Anglofan flix we've gatherd, for a full pg of facos of Funglo-Saxons. 2 more \$2 donations will do it.

JOHN LEYER CUNNINGHAM! What stirred U to espouse the cause of British fandom? How long've U been reading stf? What're those new plans of yours to sponsor stf in the army for drafted UStfans? We invite your fanograpy for Feb's Meet the READER!

'S'A MYSKERY TO US what's a-next cover gonna be. We've possibillity 3. Requested one from pop now pro pair--the Magarians--but no response yet. Might feature Hoffman's sensational, genuine Black Mass. (It's authentic! Positively'll apoar in interior, if not on cover.) Or 3dly, we noe the adjective "unique" can't be compar'd but if it could & we do use this 3d possibility it sure'll be the uniquest cover ever to cover a 'femme'. By Denvention Medal Awardoo, Roy Hunt. Which Shall It Be???

LOVE

&

BEST

WISHES

FOR A L-O-N-G & PROSPEROUS LIFE
TO ALL STFANS, ESPERANTISTS &
OTHER NICE PERSONS
WHO READ THIS,

from

Marajo

Art

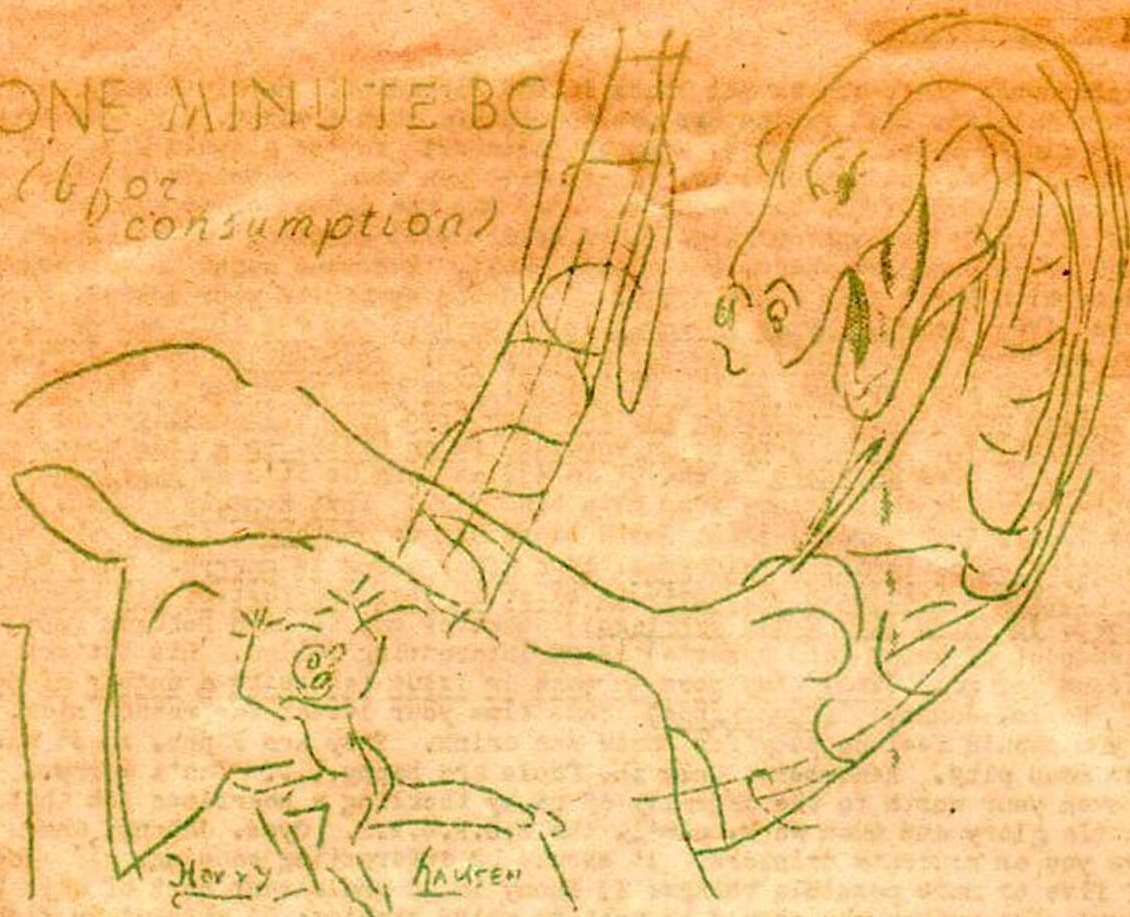
WILSON JR. R. 122, Bryantville, Mass., sets the tempo for the hobby days ahead with some down-to-earth observations of Yon's diabetic condition: "The reason I deplore the present insipidness of Yon is because it could be a highly interesting and significant forum of the imagination. Something like Doug Webster's last Art. (Scott's) a solo offering. As Fowler hints, Yon has become involved in a vicious circle. Since nearly all the letters are more prattle, those readers capable of writing on 'serious' subjects think they are not welcome and refrain from writing, or merely add a bit more prattle. Prattle can be interesting but it is not satisfying. On such a diet of wild wadding and air sucking, thinking in Yandom has become anemic from intellectual malnutrition. Proof of this is the surprisingly healthful state of English fandom, in spite of the adverse conditions that would likely put a stop to US fandom altogether. Compared to them, we are a bunch of old women in a sewing circle chatting pleasantly about the weather. Of course it's entirely your business whether you wish to have a light, frothy, 'purely-for-entertainment' fanzin, or a serious digest of leading fan opinions, and it's not my place to dictate your policy. As a reader, I'll say what I would like to see, and make suggestions. " True, the lack of serious material in Yon is not entirely your fault, or even the larger percent your fault. Yet you are partly to blame, because of your policy of printing everything that comes along. I think Strange Interludes popularity is due to my editing, at least partly. Nor have I had a single complaint because of letters that I have cut or altered. In some cases I have been complimented by the 'cut' party himself! The way I look at it is: What the devil is the use of being an editor if you don't edit? I believe that is the trouble with most of our US fanzines. The so-called fan editors are not editors at all, but merely material-gatherers and printers. " As the editors, I think you should do something to encourage those in fandom who could write the letters and discussions that ought to be. You know who they are: Milty, Speer, the subconscious Tucker, Lowndes, Warner, Evans, Heinlein, and quite a few more I can't think of offhand. (GX) consider yourself encouraged, at all events! " If fandom is not entirely divorced from the provinces, at least they are living separately. Have you ever stopped to think why this split has come about? My idea is that the fans want to do something more than gabble about stories and authors and their own society. Since the increasing gap between fan and pro has become perceptible, the fans will have to substitute something else for their main interest in looking together. " I think the thing that interests every fan and which lies back of his being a fan at all, is a dissatisfaction with the world as it is, and a conscious or subconscious desire to do better. I suggest this be made a basis for future discussions in Yon. What's to be done? How is it to be done? What can we do to help? " I can see the sneers on the faces of La Kuslan and other cynics, at this lofty idealism, but I stick to my guns. I am opposed to a pessimistic, defeatist attitude at all times, not because I am an optimist, but because pessimism has no utility beyond a check on over-exuberant dreamers and visionaries. " Understand, I do not advocate the absolute censorship of prattle, humor, and just plain foolishness. Such things are the spice and flavor of any publication, but who wants to sit down to a dinner of salt, pepper, and ketchup? " Yon is the natural selection of all the fanz to contain these 'serious' discussions. It's a lot easier to sit down and ramble thru a letter than to try a finished, polished article, and Yon's wide popularity makes it ideal for the efficient dissemination of such propaganda. " I'm afraid I've been redundant and discursive in this epistle, but you are welcome to cut it if you think it necessary. Naturally, I'd like it all printed (from notation to preceding paragraph) but if you must cut, let Art Joquel go to work on it. He seems to have the best idea of that business of anybody in fandom." (And Joquel has retired! But we hope U like the editing of your letter undertaken by the editor, mainly a matter of rearranging a couple paragraphs in the interest of Unity, Coherence & emphasis. This does not indicate an alteration of policy, however: We continue to copy correspondence as it is sent onto us.)

PORTER, from the "Tight Lan Shottle Box", 1836 - 59 Ave. Oakland, Cal-- "The last issue of Voice raised me right out of my chair. It got a rise out of me--a pleasant one--while I was looking at the rag from a prejudiced point of view. " Voice of the Imagination has hit a new mental maturity, or should it be that the readers have hit a new stride? Perhaps I'm not the one to judge, but those are my peculiar sentiments. The cover was very, very nice, though not as fine as the previous. The titling is most dignified; please retain this form of printing on all future issues. " Milty and '2j4' were answered in noble fashion by the mighty FandM and I imagine that the conclusions go for the whole of Fandom. Also, I've changed my mind in radical fashion by agreeing that you should print those 'fussy' illustrations. It reveals what the fan considers good art (but, o-lawd, what are of them draw). However, let's have fine front covers all of the time. Ed Connor has made a regrettable mistake. 'It (the cover) closely resembles some of Lou Goldstone's work, I think.' is what he had to say. Now, this is hardly possible inasmuch as Tom was developing this style for my friend Lou began drawing for sfandom. Wright has a year's start on Goldstone, and Lou's present style was not presented until some seven months ago. No argument intended. " Next to the cover, the "The Fan in the Garden" (1) is notable. I realize that you jokingly called it a parody by Wright, but I commendation. But Milty seems rather disappointed. " Wright is a very good artist (my favorite for some time), but unfortunately, his name is stolen from Edgar, his noses are stolen from movie stars, and his style is the most elementary of any. In his hands, the most beautiful of things, is the most hideous. His style is black, let alone white. Moreover, there are none of those little floating bubbles

in the background: there are actual stars in the firmament! Hardly a copy: and I shall always maintain that Finlay has yet to capture such a sweet, virginal expression on any girl's face. Okay, step up Rasteban! You're a small kid, but you're wrong. Nudes are appropriate. Also, have you seen the driest beauty? Not a hint of any stretch of the imagination, but the least cover a nude. Now, whether or not nudes are appropriate, how covers will go over. Well, there isn't much of an argument there, but that's sweet. Everyone ought to correspond or associate with Russ. Could Wymack be your mother, Perry? Why, shore! (Yes, Car... Mother) now see if I can determine under what pseudonym I run the odd letter from... Incidentally, by the way, both of them--are paid-up members in the Pacific, have been planning to attend, unless the yellow maps have chosen to lay too many eyes on them (unconsciously, I think) on dear old Shanghai-LA. If it's to be Nippon-tuck tween Pacific and... our vote should be "One anywhere in the US in '45, as long as it's an American--". And if you're reading this issue, drop me a line Nick! (Pvt Kencahy) Also, three cheers for Tucker (rahrahrah): Louis Smith backs him up on that. (That being academic appreciation of feminine epidermis, even after a fan is married. Then husband Robert Tucker... in the forefront of all scholars. Is that "Life After Marriage"? Whoever may be Alan Roberts (whom I strongly suspect of being Alan Roberts) is an interesting fellow. His letters can make an issue for me. (Yes, they seem to make an issue for quite a number of people!) "Hello, Johnny! (Cunningham) This time your letter was rather nice. However, you should feel no pity for those who drink. They are happy, so do not deserve or need pity. Remember! Only the fools are happy.... Don't worry. You've proven your worth to the majority of us by tackling a heartless job that brings little glory and much work, namely the B.S.F.W.R.S. Oyes, Johnny; what views have you on moderate drinkers? It should be interesting reading. Joquel is one of five or more possible things: 1) funny in an unpleasant sort of way; 2) a very convincing author who should be writing weird stories; 3) absolutely right, making me an ignorant human or tondrilless Slan; 4) a fellow trying to conceal that he is the Black Messiah; or 5) batty as all hell-git-out! I want to believe the first, am led to believe the fifth, and subconsciously believe the third. All of which makes the fourth very ridiculous and the second the most plausible explanation. The sixth answer is probably the correct one, whatever it may be. Nevertheless, it's chilling to note how Goldstone, Tigrina, Joquel, McMurtry, etc., take their black arts so seriously. Wright and I had an interesting discussion on the subject last nite (14 Nov 41) and have decided that stultification makes rare individuals more superstitious than usual. But sometimes... Feldman was quite interesting and provoking. However, there was little to the letter and it was silly in some portions. But we all get that way, especially yours truly. I'll say the very least, that is that Tigrina raises no small wonder in my mind. (And since U met her?--Nov 30) And Eldor's mind must be a horrifying mess, to judge from the illustration. Carmell was enjoyable. I'm glad to note such spirit, one that comes close to surpassing our own. It's imagined that such times bring to light those who really value the stfield. Next co pas? (That reminds me that your French is atrocious, Perry.) Walt Liebschor's analysis of the two recent stultification movies ("Jordan" & "Jekyll-Hyde") agrees concisely with my own. Vom-oswoth, a guy that I've always wanted to meet, wrote a short but interesting letter. The impressions on STARLIGHT are duly appreciated. Perhaps in a few years another issue of STARLIGHT will appear. If it does appear, there will be more pages, finer material, and better art. Is enough said? I should think so. The Professor. O-oh, bo-oyee! let me get my hands on the crack-pot. I'll molder the bum, on first impulse, but on second, I feel he deserves no such fate as simple as all that. I feel strongly that he'll take a different view on Vom after your anniversary issue. He must be quite ignorant to misunderstand Esperanto. Understand that I do not defend the language, for English is understood by over 60 percent of the world (authority for that statement, please) but it's a dog's trick to accuse a language of being a bastard's tongue when the tongue is actually so pure and scientific. Perhaps he does not realize that a great majority of the classic art is composed of nude woman. Too, nudity and nakedness are two utterly different things. Uncled innocence is a form of that former while awareness of a bare body is that latter. I come to a close by saying that the professor has a prude's mind (all prudes being a cover for an unhealthy state of mind) when noticing the actual nudity rather than the artistic curves. There is nothing more pleasing, more flowing, or more delicate to create than a nude woman. Also, my unorthodox methods are a damned sight nicer than any false 'steadfastness'. My grandmother's day contained a lot of those steadfast queers who giggled everytime a woman was mentioned. Today we're civilized and intelligent enough to realize that there's no more sin connected with women, love, nudity, etc., than there is with mathematics and science. I prefer today's youth to yesterday's character who walked in dark places when having an affair with a woman; today the sensual element is realized as a prime part of life. Think of the chaotic and guilty state of those minis. Yes, today we're far less glib and shallow as those of yesterday. I believe D.R. Smith hits the right spot with his answer to our mutual friend Art Widnor. Personally, I'll take the position of number one author, or among the top authors, or even the position of an author who writes occasionally. And between the two evils, I'll take the lesser and leave yours to the rightful owner, Perry. Not that they're evil, but they are too trying. I couldn't mind verbal violence, as I am used to it, but one has to remain guarded incessantly. I'd keep my name hushed if I had the best proof, anyway. Leslie Crouch's is an interesting letter. There will be, or is, a grand fictional article by him in the third Tellus (50 from 1845 Prince St, Berkeley, Cal). I'm sure that all will enjoy it, even though it's just an outburst of his personal sentiments as regards the program. I'd like to extend belated congratulations to him for making the program. As for the letter where, or how you at rt, I propose

ONE MINUTE BO

(for consumption)



it is a start. " Shangri-L'Affaires was off the beam this time. We've hashed up peculiar publications on a moment's notice, but-- Well, after all! " And what is all this I hear about the N.F.F.F. having a new election? Dammit! it has been rumored that I'm an officer, but you wouldn't know it. I suggest that every fan chip in and get something rolling. There can be no true action until all the active fans join, nor until all the members strive to have things get under way. If you don't care, members, then it's your fault and that of no one else that things aren't even busy--but plain sander than a 19-year louse!" (Ed. End-Louse Bill!)

Phil BRONSON, 224 N. St. Hastings, Minn. enters the War Against the Prof after calling our Annish "really something worth while", complimenting on the nevertheless "very attractive" cover even if not "marvelous" like the Immiden. & expressing preference for the regal size over 3/4..."Can't wait to get at the 'Professor's' letter, so I'll give him both barrels, right now. This 'Professor' is either some fan attempting to pull a hoax, or some prudish dope who has no right reading the magazine. If he thinks the magazine so disgusting and juvenile, why in the hell does he read the thing. Quote: 'I shall continue to digest the pages of your publication as I find this 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.' Unquote. Kindly pardon me while I give a hearty laugh. Enough for the 'Professor'. Let the rest of the Imagi-nation have him now. (I might add that RAH'S fantastic concept is much, much too flattering--looks something like one of my relatives, as a matter of fact.) " (Cunningham): Can tell instinctively that I wouldn't care so much for this fellow. I'm hoping he comes to the Pacificoon, so he can miss out on all the fun. He probably doesn't know many fans personally, and ought to have a perfectly gorgeous time, sitting in a hotel room twiddling his thumbs, while the rest of the fans are enjoying themselves with the help of the nectar of the gods. I dunno, maybe he reads text-books on the 'Evils of Alcoholism'. He also could have a very swell time by himself 'pitying' those fans who drink. Please pardon me again, but I simply must have another laugh! " The prudish, old-fashioned, moralistic fellows like the 'Professor', Wymack, and others who object to the nudes make me sick. The trouble with them, is that they take the wrong attitude toward such pictures, and consider them 'sexy', immoral, and so forth. A woman's body is a thing of beauty, and not something to be ashamed of. For heaven's sake, stuff like the 'Professor' (if there is such a character) spouts, should have gone out twenty-five years ago, at the least! 'Nakedness.... vileness...' No laugh here, I'm too disgusted. " Well, I guess I usurped more space than necessary for sheer griping, but I hope to see these guys get some more panning, too. " The Tigrina pics, lithoing, cartoons, etc., are all swell, and my congrats on the best ish in a long time. Keep VoM coming! splrfak."

MI LIFEBY, 349 E. Rosedale Ave. Mil/His: "Of all the push-en-est pen pushing, I ever tried to enjoy, this publication, or whatever it is called 'Th Voice of The Imagi-nation' has certainly twisted MY imagi-nation beyond the reach of recovery! SNAP! "Look boy's, I don't mean to be any dumber than I really AM, but what's it all about? Is it a correspondence club in the newest nude colors, for the rainbow blind, or am I just blind to nit-wit publications I don't know a witty-bit about. In-female-form me! I'm not sure yet! But I think I like do stuff. As a heavy smoker, I'd say, great 'Dill-dear lam' " So, for the time being, with the nudes & la-UGH! Forgive such fantasy fluff as 'pitying' and cut down the glare by informing me how I can become a member or a straight, honest twin of this shu-its-itt!"

FLASH! New for Age
Grinds LA--quote 'from Voice of the Imagi-nation, 10 Dec 41: "Pacificoon Excommunicated voted here at a late on last night, after calling of special session by Director Daugherty, to freeze 435C for the time-being. Full details in next Pacificooner. A-publicite Chairman."

1946 Michigan Conference, Chi. I have just returned from the grandest trip of my life (let's see). I can report I had a much better time than I had at the Chicago or the Boston one. "You shoulda been there, you shoulda been there (glint-gloat). In other words the Michiconference was fun, it was grand, it was the nuts. Well, I should start at the beginning. I went to the Michiconference with Bob & Jane Tucker, Korshak & Reinsberg. I'll not give any details as the whole she-bang including our sojourn in Canada (Jane, Bob & I) will be in a forthcoming issue of Vol. (plug for Vol 2). However Tucker didn't do all I did & vice versa (nice gal Verna). (Space for a pun by 4E) ----- (C. U mean like The gal mustaboon Versatile? Nowrat for a vice crack?) Of the meeting in the conference room again I'll say nothing. But I had dinner (along with Korshak) with one of the Grandest fellows I ever met, namely Dr. Barrat (Barrett, sp.). There is a collector for ya - he had a list of his books with him that made me turn green with envy. Betcha his list tops yours 4a. (I think so too.) I mentioned some books he didn't have & promised to get him a copy of 'World D' if possible. He never heard of 'The White Wolf' which you can get complete in 'Two Detective Book' magazine for 25¢. I recommend it to all fantasy fans - an excellent werewolf yarn. By the by another issue of this same mag has 'The Edge of Running Water' by Sloane, this is the story from which 'The Devil Commands', Karloff film, was taken. That night we all went over to Doc Smith's house for what the Michifans call a fangab, & gab we did. After gabbing for about two hours I went into the next room where all the ladies were - Mrs. Smith, Verna (Doc's daughter, an ardent fan) Smith, Jane Tucker, Abby Lu Ashley. Several fans were in this room listening to Doc's radio-phon, Willard & Jack Wiedenbeck. Doc came in a minute later & played the quartet from 'Rigolette' his favorite selection & then at my request the 'Love Diet' from 'Tristan & Isolde' my favorite selection. Somehow I got to cracking jokes and before I knew it the gals had me doing a hula. Amidst all the hilarity of my puny hula, Reinsberg & Korshak came into the room. Well from then on it was a display of amateur histrionics. Everyone in the room told his favorite joke or anecdote & did what tricks he knew how to do. Well, we really became exhausted from laughing & by the time the fangab in Doc's den broke up Mrs. Smith wanted to adopt us all. I even called her 'Mom' when I left. But she's that sort of a person; a really swell individual that no one can help liking once you really come to know her. The party broke up in the wee hours of the morning. The Smiths went to bed so we people could go home, figuratively speaking. After this the trip to Canada which I again leave to Pong but he better mention that I fix the jack so we could change the tire, that was when we had a flat in the middle of nowhere. From Canada we came back through Battle Creek to have supper with Ashleys. You've corresponded with them 4E. Well you really have to meet them to appreciate them & can Abby Lu cook - yum, yum. Stayed with EEE that night & the next morning after a luscious Lu breakfast of eggs and popovers Bob, Jane & I were off again for home. I reiterate some fun. Oh yes the 4 Ann Ish of VOM was most enjoyable. Like the new size too. The letters were most interestin. Re Allen Class' interrogation concerning the anatomical or atomic assistance. I wouldn't duel with anyone with a pitchfork with a cream puff on each prong for I too am an artist. I weave people on rugs. If Morajo will give me atomic assistance I'll Weaver Wright out of this world. And 4E if you ever draw another picture with atomic assistance, I mean if the cards ever fall that way again, I won't want to fight wit you, no, no, never--instead just duel me in."

CLASS. ed The Polymorph, 346 First St SE, Massillon, O: "Got WOM. Cover fair. Was intrigued by the 'Professor's' letter. I think somebody's trying to pull our leg. T'row 'im out! 'Pathologically unsound'. Zounds! The boulder! Cartoons; thumbs down. Pix of Tigrina, the Dobbil Doll; I'm still wondering what she looks like. I'd rather see a close up, shot of her face rather than legs and spears and gongs and impressive backgrounds. I care less for the larger size of WOM than I did when it was 8 1/2 by 11. The smaller size suited me fine but I'm not complaining. (Too much). Forseythe, you are constantly making me the butt of your doubtful humor. It thrusts itself insidiously upon the placid goarwork of my mind until by now the universal joint is about shot. Because of this I forgot to tie my shoelaces the other morn and as I was walking down the street, trying to think of a way to get even 'Lak's-ray-Eyes', I got them tangled with my beard and fell down a manhole. And was the man mad! Oh well. SOMEDAY THERE COMES A RECKONING."

of 13 Church Rd, Hartshill, Hunston, Harwke, England: "This seems to me to be a fine time (Oct 19) for acknowledging the receipt of the August Vol. as I have a carbuncle or other whatnot on the back of my left hand which will, for once, provide a really good excuse for my erratic typing. Also for a short letter, which is what I feel like producing at the moment. Very acceptable, these Vols, more acceptable each time as I get more and more into the spirit of them. They arouse a certain wistfulness for the days when there were no restrictions on our activity either national or international (though why this should be so I cannot explain. Fat lot of use I made of my pre-war opportunities! And, all other things being equal, the same will probably apply to the post-war ditto.). Personally I preferred the 'Man Eating Plant' to the new - not being particularly interested in females about twelve feet high, except as freaks. (The figure of twelve feet is arrived at by comparing the approximate width of the lady's waist with the distance from crown to rump. It may be a bit generous, but not greatly so.) I've got nothing against the reproduction from the technical point of view. I've only two mild complaints about Ackerman's review of the Convention. The chief of these is that the peculiar typing is, in my opinion, better at dazzle-camouflage than as a means of conveying ideas. Quite literally I found it impossible, from sheer eye-strain, to read more than two pages of this at any one time. The other complaint against is the number of times Ackerman apologized for himself, a thing which I have firmly knocked into me at school as

I prefer the legal size
view issue--however,
on one and stick to
format-changing fanzines, don't you? As to the letters this time: isn't it time
for you to indicate whether Alan F. Roberts does or doesn't exist? I believe you
when you state so unqualifiedly that there is a Tigrina; if you remain silent about
Alan, I'll have to believe it's Rothman as someone said. (Am I Roberts' only con-
tact with Amerifandom? The Australifandom no visible evidence of his existence?
But I say this seriously & in all sincerity: I've no reason to doubt AFR is AFR, as
represented. The Brail of Brian was biting me, as I recall, long before he ever
even heard of Von. Sufficiently positive statement, Harry? If U fancy U find any
tophonic, lemme noe & I'll rectify. --Harry) By the way, Tigrina is the smokin'
image (but his. doesn't smoke) of a cousin of mine in San Diego, of the pretty pic-
tures don't lie. If this were 1935 or thereabouts when said cousin was still in
college, I'd have dreams of a coincidence or something. " Darn you, I was think-
ing of asking Heinlein for his Denvention speech, for publication in Spaceways.
Then I remembered that Widner had issued Smith's Chicon talk as his Denvention pub-
lication, and thought he might want to make a tradition out of it, so decided to
ask him first whether he'd gotten priorities. I have a big notion to get revenge
by contracting Joe Gilbert for his Boskone speech; it would be a case of the poor-
man's-Heinlein, of course, but.... " Very happy to see Les A C in your pages.
He must have a strong resistance to full participation in fan activities, judging
from the way he's almost been fully active for so long and never gone the whole
way. " I fear I must disagree with you about the young ladies on your covers,
and side with Paul Spencer. I don't object so much on the ground that 'they
aren't fantastic' (what would happen to FAPA mailings if that were necessary for
inclusion in fanzines) but that anyone knows where to look to buy just oodles of
females in all stages of undress at a much lower price and usually more fiendishly
tempting to the eye. However, I still prefer black ink to anything else, and
shan't do any campaigning against your covers, other than to say that no nudes is
good nudes. " I can't seem to think of a decent way to finish up this letter.
Maybe I should be put on your cover for next issue--because just like Lady Godiva,
I haven't any close."

like your getting all *Amateur* rates C/o Bull, Box 1 Palgrade, Philly: "I might be called your explanations, ads, etc. out of the way on what editorial page. I do not care a good deal for the longer size, but can see its advantages and will of course get used to it. The question of nudes seems to be arousing considerable comment. I still think you can get better cover subjects, but those are OK if not overdone. Give the majority its choice. You seem to manage to use the letters which are most interesting and informative. Those from England I especially like because I get none of that information anywhere else."

1 Euclid St. Jackson. *John* MILLER, Chief Pilot - GALACTIC ROAMERS, 146
have to go, - to use High: "Why in the name of H---, did you
and buy a legal the vernacular, - large size. Do I have to get
just to keep VoM in. (Free filing cases for all subscribers. Simply send in one
second-hand lens or a thot-strand from a tendrillessian.) Cover's are O.K. The
articles on British Pans are great, lets have some more. As for; Tigrina- the
Devil Doll- I am beginning to think that there is no such preson, that it's alla
circulation building gag. Maybe it's another of those plots. What else ???"

1510440, 102, 57th Entry, 411 TTH, RAR STA, Kirkham,
 Eric S. Headlam. James. Mag: "I was very disappointed at first to dis-
 cover that the most-boasted amateur publication in
 existence consisted solely of fan-letters. I always regarded letters of this sort
 as the lowest form of faning fillery, mainly used to fill the mag up when Ye Ed
 runs short of material. But an entire mag devoted to nothing else made me feel
 slightly pensive. However, I recovered from the initial horror, and now read
 and sullen, occasionally, that is. (Yikes! That lil legend we must put on every
 pkg of Vms to Dr--namy, "Printed Letter Only--NO PARAPHASE VALUE"--takes on lin-
 is...ah...I...of your statement!) -- Mah, did that Man "ating Plan"
 Not...? Not...? Long ago I remember seeing a cartoon depicting a merchant
 standing in a bar, and leaning in the Dexter hand a tin of sardines, and said cartoon
 was labeled 'The Eating Plan'...the signature of the artist....If 4sj is
 Denver...the...lo', r Elder, Damon Knight. Who in hell is Damon Wright?
 Oh, yes, obviously. "Denver Convention details were wordy but interesting. If
 still in one piece after this s...is over, I fully intend to see some of the
 U.S. and meet some of the folks who are just names, in somewhat the same manner as
 I have infiltrated considerable quantities of British fans by casually dropping in
 on them uninvited for Sunday dinner. But that, methinks, will be about 1945." I
 an official object to the Baron clasped in B. Elder's ferocious pic. of a Mars-
 tin, if intended as such...it seems to me nothing but a surrealist version of a
 Scotch Whistle. The being holding it, too, did not arouse much acclamation from
 this lot, either. What is the...object the beaut on the cover is cuddling?

It seems like a high-velocity elephant emitting a wacry. Mebbe so, mebbe so. "Your mag certainly is the finest in appearance and neatness I have ever seen. The duplicating is really great, and is even superior to Sam Youd's laborious flat duplicating of some early FANTASTs, which I once thought the best possible. The only fault is, I think, the feebleness of the cartoons. " If any lads or lassies your side feel like writing to me, they will all be answered. " P.S. 'Ted Carnell's nostril nat' means a moustache !" (Yegods...& we thot "nostril nat" was Slanglic for "handkerchief"! How Anglofans moust-ache from laiffing at our ignorance!)

Renny **RENNISON, 82 Remagrove Dr. Blackburn, Lancs, Eng:** "The cover is absolutely superb (Tomaliden). A beautiful and simple drawing well executed and lovely in the simplicity of colouring. Definitely one of the best covers that I've seen for many a long day. The back cover cartoon was also super-swell, well drawn, and humorous (a thing that few cartoons are) (Gifford's). Pity you are going to have to cut the letters, but it can't be helped. " It won't give us quality (as VOM has always done that), but it will give us less quantity. AFTER DENVER was excellent. Very well-written, and even more enjoyable to me over hero than it will be to the majority of U.S. fans. Cummon, how about some REAL dope on Tig-rana, she is a real mystery. Gallot's photo was jolly good, and I wonder how he is getting on these days. I'll bet he could tell some tales of horror and terror. Ron's letter was in his usually interesting spelling (of which he is more than proud) and in his own inimitable style. All the other letters were as interesting as usual. " Glad to hear that 4e won't be drafted for some time. Am very happy also, as if he went it would mean the end of VOM (or the spirit of VOM) and that would be a true calamity. To look at his photo though, who would never think that he had mental (whoa, I mean physical) deficiencies. No, 4e looks a really strong he-man. " You can always be sure of my continued interest in VOM, and I will write you a letter on every copy I receive just to prove it."

George **GALLET's latest account of himself came to us Par Avion from Marseille dated 27 Aug 41. Commenting on the compliments accorded Yvonne, he stated:** "Between you and me, I was quite sure that you would like my wife the minute you saw her. I feel better to know that there is such a large ocean between here and Hollywood. " Regarding 'Les Evadés de l'An 4000' I've heard that its filming has been postponed but I am not sure. " We were delighted with the two photos Forrie sent. Morajo looks charming and Forrie looks like if he were specially made to make a splendid soldier. Further news of his adventures in the draft are eagerly awaited. I was tickled to death looking at all the scientifiction celebrities which adorn the second photo (Skylark Smith Meeting of LASFS). If anything the L.A.S.F.S. looks nothing but gloomy. -- "I do not need" telling how I look forward to read the mags sent me care of Fullerton the American Consul here. By the way they will be the first I shall lay my eyes upon since Dunkirk. I was carrying a load stf. mags, in my car during the campaign in Belgium and northern France and used to read them to while time away during the short respites we had between turns to the lines and I have often wondered what the German thought who found them in my kit after I was compelled to abandon everything to get the ships ?...." **At last we can offer Fortier & autres critics of Forêt's français via 3 Lines of--not Old but Genuine & Fairly Recent--French. To the fore-going Gallette by mari Georges, Yvonne added "Je ne sais pas l'anglais. vous essayez de deviner. avec les amities," Nous tu re-mercions!**

Yvonne **"IT'S BEEN GRAND KNOWING YOU....! #2: FRANK J. ARNOLD"**
By G. Ken Chapman

I KNEW and enjoyed Frank Arnold some considerable time before we met! He is, you know, one of those vital, so-much-alive people, and he had conveyed all the ardent dash and sincerity of his personality to me, through the kind services of H.M. Post Office. " We had corresponded for several weeks, and the English FJA (Forrie Ackerman don't confuse, please!) had become an enthusiastic member of SFA, whose London Branch were, in those days, meeting informally every Thursday evening in a restaurant in New Oxford Street. I invited Frank to one of these meetings and it was then that we Londoners, as a body, first became acquainted with that enthusiastic, vigorous, ever charming fellow we were to know and respect so well in after years. I have, of course, met Frank many, many times since that day...he has visited my home countless times, we have lunched, tea-ed, suppered and beer-ed together upon innumerable occasions...yet that first impression of him was the most lasting one as far as I am concerned! It left me with an admiration for the man I shall never lose, and I count myself fortunate indeed, to be able to call Frank Arnold my friend! " To him, SFA (Science-Fiction Assn) owes a very great debt for the success it achieved, for as my Assistant Secretary, and later, after I resigned, as Secretary itself, he always worked unflaggingly and invariably was ready to help and encourage others when things were going wrong. " In those last few months, before War thrust its ugly head into every British homestead, when Frank was the kingpin, No. 1 active member of SFA, I was privileged to be his Assistant Secretary (the tables turned around, y'see!). I had ample opportunity to study his vital and vivid methods of propaganda, and I know the schemes he had in mind for SFA's improvement would have astonished stf. fandom had we been given the time to work them out in detail and present them to our members and friends. " One day the time will come when his ideas and dreams will become 'facts'....I hope it is so soon! " Frank, although not over endowed with Nature's inches and pounds, fully makes up any handicap he might otherwise encounter, by his really extraordinary courage! His pluck and vehemence, his stamina and spirit, never fail to amaze a stranger to his ways, and when either speech-making, debating or writing, his vitality and punch, quite as much as his very consummate style, give zest and power to his arguments. He is a powerful argument, but a splendid, lovely ally. " He

boxes finely, and is a topnotch rifle-shot, as well as a most talented actor and tap-dancer. "You all know him as an author and will not be surprised when I tell his trade is journalistic in nature, being on the staff of one of London's greatest dailies, though when I first knew him he was with a Newsreel Film Company, which is, after all, much the same thing! "All in all, FJA of Great Britain is just as splendid a fellow, just as ardent and kind a friend and just as vital a personality as his American FJA counterpart! "I am truly grateful to have known.....FRANK ARNOLD. (Seriously)"

RON LEVY of Australia, with a signature rather too large to reproduce, in the reduced circumstances, wrote Sep 5 from "Dorremy", 18 Dudley St. Coogee, Sydney, NSW: "Dear Vol: Tonight I have become disgusted, fed up and sick to death of fandom. I have been trying - God knows how hard; - to become friendly, companionable and unprejudiced with all other fans. There are from what I can see only two people in all Sydney fandom who I can even talk about as being a nice chap. First of those people is Bert Castellari. Because of him and only because of him do I find myself at all indebted to fandom. From among that crowd of muck and dirt I found one who in himself was, as David Evans would say, 'clean.' I also found a friend and that alone is enough. The second is David R. Evans. I am in agreement with few of his ideas and yet I like him because he is sincere and a decent person, a person who has some ideals and who tries to live up to them; and the most important point is that he is a nice chap, but one who unlike the rest, is (I repeat myself) sincere. "Of the others they are less than people, they are less than animals. Fandom is unsuccessful not because the individual lacks merits as a fan, but because he lacks as a human being. He is selfish, petty, egotistical, ill-mannered and is summed up, in a word, which so aptly expresses my feelings, as odious. "I feel so tired, so full of distress and unhappiness I assure you that when I say that if my only interests lay in fandom I should have no compunction in shooting myself through the temple as our friend Earl Singleton was reputed to have done. Poor fool, I am sorry that it was a hoax, sorry for him. But now I'm wrong, that's American fandom I'm talking about. They are so different, so very, very different. It is a sort of paradise which you dream about being able to get there, to be able to be a fan there, to be able to talk to your neighbour without knowing that he is either laughing at you inside or hearing him sneer and see him, oh hell!, just see him. Just to look at them is enough. You're all such decent chaps over there, or so you appear. So unreal because we have never come across you in our own circle, that is, never really come across you. You live in a sort of mythical Olympus and your lives and activities are as those of the legendary Gods. You must think I'm mad, what else could you think? But can't you see what I'm driving at, it's the comparison. You don't know what it is like to try and be friendly with a chap, to smile and shake his hand, while he makes fun of you, to apologise to him as he picks up your most casual remark. It breaks you and tears your heart out, because you've wasted so much time, such a long, long time in doing what? Nothing, absolutely nothing. This afternoon I was madly enthusiastic, I was printing my fanmag and it was coming out very successfully. I was feeling proud, but only as proud as I should feel. And happy too. I smiled to myself as I wondered if I'd receive any letters congratulating me. Congratulating me, foosey! They wouldn't know how to, none of them. "They're so wrapped up in themselves that they would be breaking a code of their own ethics to dare to smile on their neighbour. 'Faith, hope and love, and the greatest of these is love.' My God, how funny, how very, very funny. Some of them kid themselves they're Christians too. I'm not a Christian. I don't profess to be, but I guarantee if it came to a showdown I know more of Christian principles - natural ones - than they ever heard of. "Tonight I am frustrated, I am unhappy, terribly, terribly unhappy. I'll get over it, I know I will. I'll become philosophical and return crack for crack even though I hate myself as I do it. ... Now you'll laugh at me. 'There,' you'll say, 'He says that he hates it, but he does it himself.' My answer to that is: I am merely following the natural law of self-preservation. I must keep going, I will keep going. I can't believe that this is all it is, but I do believe that some day I will really taste the sweetness of that nectar of which I dream. Some day I will see the pleasures of that paradise, yes to me it's a paradise, which you chaps are enjoying, and now I make a promise to myself that if we never achieve it out here (and we never will if we keep going as we are now) somehow and some way I shall come across to America, and although it will be for perhaps only one short month I will enjoy the delights of fandom, a fandom in which man loves his fellow man Now go on and laugh, because by crikoy I'm laughing, but I mean it. I may be slightly hysterical, that's what it does to you, you know but you don't know, you never will know. How can you ?" Two months later,

reported from 130 Brook St. Coogee, Sydney, NSW: "The Futurian Society of Sydney celebrated its 2nd anniversary on Sunday Nov 9 with Graham Stone as our host. Those present were: Russell Bros, Molesworth (recently out of hospital) Colin Roden, Arthur Duncan, Dave Bollette, William D. Veney and Yours Trewly. General fraternisation preceded the actual party which eventually started with an interesting quiz; the winner of the quiz was Eric Russell who scored the greatest number of points while Yours Trewly received the lowest possible number. My consistency in always being 'bottom of the class' is really awe inspiring. A large birthday cake with two candles was contributed by Colin's mother while the rest of the delectables were supplied by Graham's mother who was kept busy replenishing cups of tea and coffee. We all had fun and the party atmosphere was well sustained throughout the whole afternoon. The nudes (Vomaidens Portfolio #1) were distributed but not enthusiastically received. Great enthusiasm was evident when Vol distributed a number of the latest Voms. Enid, my wife, who is something of an artist, spent a happy Sunday evening 'dressing' several of the rejected nudes with paint and crayons. These 'dressed' nudes were eagerly snapped up by Levy and two 'outlaws' left my

apartment with bulging pockets, for, added to the nudes were a number of the latest Voms which were relayed to me from Vol. " Wishing all youse guys and dames every happiness for Xmas, And a special kiss for Morojo," (How about Forry, Mrs DRE? Enids a kiss too!)

HMs Royal Arthur.
mit, rather inde-
first couple of

J. J. Douglas Jx 308 223, ORD/TEL (w/m), Class 9, Ex Divis'n
S/o GPO London, England: "VoM was, I'll ad-
cipherable and hard to understand for the
issues, but since I've got the hang of the various
trends of the letters I've thoroughly enjoyed it. Not only as an incentive to keep
my name on your mailing list, but because I mean it, I can honestly say I would
very much miss these occasional doses of the Voice. " (#18): The cover is very
entrancing, definitely the loveliest Vomaiden yet, and it is remarkably well repro-
duced. 'DenVer De Days' & 'Denver Post' I found extremely interesting, written
in Forry's usual intimate style they conveyed something more of the real 'feel' of
the events than most Convention reports. Concerning Denver - a small point that
may be of interest. There is a village about a mile out from my home town of Down-
ham Market called Denver. I have been thru the Post Office Directory and several
other directories, and have come to the conclusion that it is the only place by
that name in England. I wonder if it is the original Denver? I've noticed
that the few letters that you feature from Australia are always entirely sensible
and provide a sane relief after the walter of a Widner letter, and some of your
other quick-fire fans in the States. I particularly remember Vol Molesworth's epi-
stle a couple of issues ago. Can their motto be 'Quality, not Quantity', or some
such?"

Indian Part. of Stoke-on-Trent S-F Club, 26 Edw St, Shelton, S-o-T, Eng, prefaces
his remarks with a pome he passes on to us, apparently by a protégé of
his, name of Shakespere: "It's a smart off-omm-zine with its printing so
green, And so lowd is the nude on the cover. With an excellent format to use
as a doormat And the mood! And the nude!! How I love her! " I cannot help the
unreasonable admiration I feel for the scintillating wit and brilliant byplay with
words you feature in Vom. Such novel and unusual personality, forceful and per-
suasive in its humour, annihilates glumness and despondency. If I were one who,
alive and awake, was able, I should fill this letter with similar punny jokes, but
as it is, I am a passive consumer, a deplorable but necessary factor in the joko-
circle. " Forry's reporting of the Denvention is excellent, and of a type which
would be welcome in Britain if such things were not, with other rather more import-
ant things, casualties in this remarkably effective war now the main topic of con-
versation over here. Alas for the days when cricket, not kriegs, were discussed,
when "deep depressions over Iceland" not "armored columns approaching the suburbs"
were feared. I notice the numerous British fans in your present issue, (Aug 41),
and trust you will appreciate that, usually, the only fans who write you American
Fan-mag editors are those who can write, and the epistles of the honourable old-
timers you printed are examples. Yours truly, being somewhat exceptional in this
aspect, cannot write, and yet persists in trying - doing his best, I might say, -
but only when he receives such stimuli as "Vom." Here are my reactions -- the
above mixture of words and spaces."

Len MOFFATT, 419 Summit Ave, Ellwood City,
Pa: "And now to rip, snort and tear thru the NoVom: 'Picover': WUN-
NERFUL! Gee! G.T. (as an artiste) suits me to a T!---'Coeditorial':- not as good
as B4, but O.K.---'Contents Page':- numerous-as-usual (hm, he makes no bones about
it). Me like 'um!----'Cartoons in general:- far from being as funny as the 'one's'
last ish--and how!---'Nude by Nyx':- I say: NIX! No like 'um 2 much! Shapo going no-
where in particular. VOMAID on cover-much-much better!---'ads in general': all very
attractive XCEPT the one for PACIFICON.---Tigrina's pics - wunnerful. But if she
really is a Devil-worshiper why duz she dislike nudes? (Maybe we misquoted her;
maybe what she really said was she "dislikes snoods".) 'Tales of Tigrina'-very in-
teresting BUT I don't blame her parents if she really want's to worship Satan and
not God.----Chapman's featuru-keep it up!---Meet the Ritor-also-XLNT IDEA. Make it
a regular dept.---'Snangri-L'Affaires-not bad. More plizo.----'Letters in general'-
improved over last ish's. Letters in particular: 'Conner's-well ritten as usual.
---Rustebur- with him I agree. How about something more stfl or wierd on yer covers
instead of nudes.----Roberts-ulgh!---Jno. M. isnt such a Cunning-ham if he dunno
what a genuine stfan is! A gen. stfan is one who likes stf. above all other types
of literature (XCEPT the Bible, of course.-if he or she is religious-and I am).
Even if the fan doesn't try to 'spread the good news' and is just content to enjoy
stf.-all by his lonesome he still is a gen. stfan if he really likes stf. Don't get
me rong, however! I'm all for the advancement of fandom, being an NFFF member.----
'Carnell's report on the stf. open air meet-in England:-intensely interesting----
Say--who is this Prof., an old timer fan I can see-but doesn't he give his name &
address? (An editorial confidence)----How about some kind of a 'fanzine review' in
VOM too? (Students?) Which reminds me: Just rec'd. a copy of the first ish. of NOVA,
and as far as looks are concerned it's darn near perfect! Haven't read it all yet-
but what I have read is XLNT too. It's 10¢ from 86 UPTON AVE., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
(Al Ashley's editor)" (Recommended by FandM)

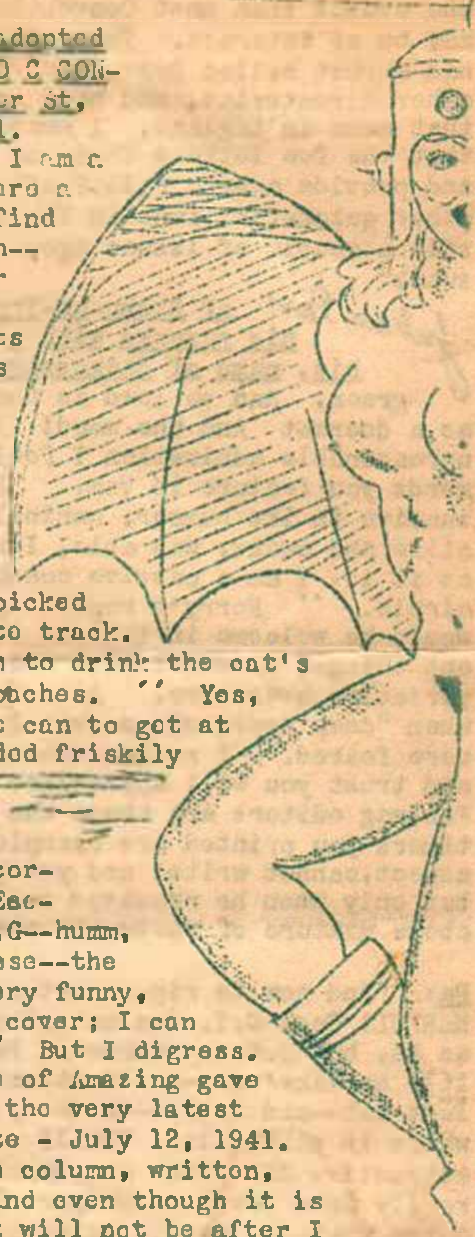
DENNIS TUCKER (smaller sig nexttime,
Den), 108 Abercromby Ave, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, Eng, commenting on our
Aug. or Anlic. issue: "I was amused by the way you printed firewatching in apos-
trophes, thus:"ooooo". It is such a common word over here now, though, to put
it mildly, the word itself is altogether wrong. 'Firewatching', as it stands, means
watching fires, which is definitely NOT the purpose of those individuals assigned
to the job. In fact, one of the favourite jokes among our radio comedians these
days is: 'What have you been doing lately ??'....'I've been firewatching'....'Fire-
watching ??'....'Yes, keeping my eyes on an old flame'.... I trust you see the
joke. I often wondered, of late, whether, after we've smashed the Huns and

ended this little spot of bother, a terrific load of all the war-issues of American mags will be on sale over here. I only hope so, for stf. comes few and far between in England, now. Through a friend who has a sub. to ASF. I have been able to read 'Final Blackout', the greatest stf story of all time. Such POWER! I am now about to shock the great American public by openly proclaiming that most of Heinlein's stuff smells, with a capital S. His stories usually start nowhere get nowhere and finish nowhere. One exception so far. I rather liked 'We Also Walk Dogs' - an alarmingly meandering story, amazingly irrelevant; my only mental observation on reading it was 'So What yr'. In the same issue Van Vogt's 'SEESAW' was the best tale. That man is good. Haven't had the chance to read 'Slam' yet though. The stencilling of some parts of VoM in what you refer to as Vogue, are particularly impressive. As far as I know, we have nothing like ever here. (Doug Webster now has such a machine.) Please convey my best wishes to my American namesake. I have ambitions of someday being for England what he is for America."

MEET THE READER!

—the officially adopted
fan of EDWARD C CON-
NOR of 929 Butler St,
Peoria, Ill.

"Verily, I am a new fan and an unknown fan—but I am a fan. Unquote. " Facts, facts, facts. Well, here are a few I picked up at various times in the past. " I find that I have been a fan only since about last July 12th--an 'active' fan, that is. I figure I was just another Joe Fann for a number of years previous to that, as I waxed exceedingly nutty over science-fiction in all its fazes. My predominant mania for a couple of years was fantasy movies--up to the present time I believe I've seen over 40 of that particular type. I definitely enjoyed 'Things to Come' most. I am twenty years of age, friends, and of course my ambition for the past ten years has been to become a writer. I confess it innocently, not knowing what the gruesome result will be. Strangely enough, it was an item in some ancient, weather-beaten magazine that I picked up in--of all places--an alley, that put me on the rite track. I realized the folly of my ways, and swore never again to drink the oat's milk or feed arsenic sandwiches to my brother's pet roaches. " Yes, even now I remember that when I dumped out the garbage can to get at the bottom, a couple chubby little grey beasties bounded friskily forth, old pulp and type lice dripping from their slavoring jowls. Grabbing a nearby fishing-rod, I made the fatal cast. Oh joy!--The precious tome was now mine. Warily I hastened to the deepest, darkest corner of the attic with my loot, and opened my eyes. 'Eeaghod!' I roared, 'what have I unearthed? A.M., Z.I.N.G--humm, no wonder the ribald rodents mistook it for green cheese--the cover possesses a very amateurish appearance. Humm--very funny, hahahahaha. Ha. Too bad they made that mistake on the cover; I can see that the 'A' should have been a 'U'. Tsk. Tsk. " But I digress. To get rapidly to the point, something in that release of Amazing gave me a start as a fan. Within two weeks I had procured the very latest issue of Beling's now defunct fanzine, Fan-atic. Date - July 12, 1941. My sole purpose at that time was to read the Esperanto column, written, strangely, by FJk. I like this manufactured tongue, and even though it is just another 'foreign' language now, I realize that it will not be after I learn it?? Well, I've revealed my dislike for Amazing and my liking for Esperanto, now I'll divulge my already not unknown views on fantasy nudes. Bluntly--I like 'em. Yep, I really think de and Morojo are pulling something off, putting them in VoM with such lavish abandon. (At this stage, if you are not roaring with laughter, you have only to read that last sentence again.) (And if U still are not roaring with lafter, read what comes after: as an expression of gratitude for your appreciation of our presentations of the fantasy nude, we have accompanied your fanography with one. Only we have had to ask U to be a good neighbor & share her with your Canadian confrere across the aisle, who also admires beauty in undress. Surely 1/2 a Vomaiden is better'n none, & at that, U've got her better half. Incidentally, dividing Voma-iden, we discern a hitherto hidden meaning, when we realize Aiden was the original spelling of the Garden.) -- But to get back to the living--prior to my obtaining Fan-atic I had been reading the fanzine reviews in STARTLING since the inception of that publication. I had been reading the reviews, yes, and I had read a great deal more about the fan pubs, but I had never sent for one of them. I had read about the Nycon and the Chicon, and even the Donvention, and had not acquiesced to the urge. I can recall, still, the conception of fandom I formulated, it being that the whole thing didn't amount to much. Which just goes to show how ignorant some people can be. " Anyway, after I obtained a glimpse of one fanzine, 'I not only was in the space-ship, I was in space'--as the old saying goes. Actually, it didn't take me as long to get acquainted with the concepts of fandom as I thought it would. My long acquaintance with science-fiction, I believe, had something to do with it. From the moment I first walked into the neighborhood public library I have had an intense desire for out of the ordinary reading. In the beginning I read scores of books on Mythology--everything obtainable--whether I understood it or not. Gradually, of course, my reading increased in comprehensibility. My age, I believe, had something to do with it. I, too, picked up the usual lines--Burroughs, Buck Rogers, H.G. Wells, etc. " In Argosy, around 1932-3, I got my real start. As the old saying goes--popularly in the beginning. I shunned Astounding; read Amazing



--and didn't like it too well. The kind of fiction I wanted was being printed in Astounding all the time--I never will understand why I didn't recognize that fact primarily. "I like complicated science stories, and stories that make no unnecessary play on sex, see? I also read numerous books on pure science every month. I read all the pros, and now, thankfully, I am able to collect them. "I was born in Springfield, Illinois, under the sign of Scorpio. Strangely, I have never been out of this state, except once, and then not very far. I am in the advertising business, and I gloatingly admit that mine is the only job of its kind in hundreds--perhaps thousands--of square miles. "I draw. Believe it or not, I yamma good one at that; but I do it only for a diversion, or somethin'. "Incidentally--any of U fans in U.S. or Canada, or England, or Australia, or anywhere at all--how about corresponding with me? "Lastly, I'd like to say that I've decided I'm due for a long stay in fandom--and I hope it will last forever."



DILDER

41

LES CROUTCH, "The Man with Many Hands", hands out some more manuscript (aint he hand-some! ps- see selfportrait next ish) from Rx 121. Parry Sound, Ont/Can: "Sir Forry and Lady Morose: Thanks for putting that sweet little nude on my page- me with the longest letter and a swell gal to keep me warm- ah, what more could a bachelor want? what more- why, Nyx, of course! (Proceed with caution, Croutch-- Nyx is a marryd woman!) -- So Tigrina still has the boys all a-dither? Chuckle chuckle. Well, fellows- you may not know her address, but did she got sore enough at you to write you a letter hauling you over the coals? (If thots could kill, Tigrina's undoutlessly woud wither U--coal wither we're having, what? Don't forget directly DRSmith criticized her "Hymn to Satan" he doveloped a carbuncle or other whatnot ...U don't think a thing like that is mere coincidence surely?) I mightn't know her address but by gum she dropped me a lino. And from the two pictures of her, her latest letter, and the one to me, I am thinking maybe she is one sweet lil' doll. "Who's the guy that signs himself the 'Professor' Whoever it is, come on out and I'll lay him low. The twerp, the low-lifor, the unmitigated brass-lined, cold-hearted old soak. So the nude is a vile thing, oh? Brother- oh broth-orr, how little you know. I'll bet you're a dried-up old fossil, sexually-frustrated and bitter as holl about something. Woren't you ever

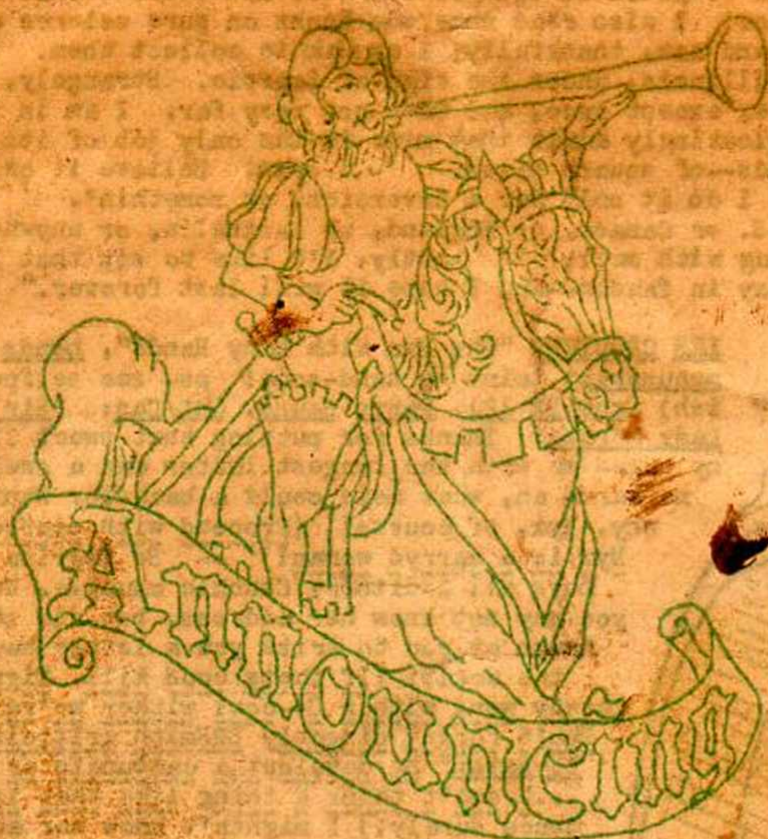
young once?"

T A L E S O F

Tigrina

Written in red & sent exactly 13 days time, her letter on the 4-ann Vom said: bfor I met her the 2d "I cannot express how thrilled I am with the whole thing. The cover is marvelous. The last cover was very good, too. I hope that they will continue to be this good. I nearly passed out from laughing at the letter written by Scott Holdman, and Arthur Joquels letter was also amusing. Is he really working on a transcription for full orchestra of my 'Himno al Satano'? This sounds rather impossible to me, as it is such a simple piece, hardly the type to be orchestrated. My 'Sabbath Summons' would be more suitable, but even then, none of my pieces are worth the trouble that it takes to orchestrate them. I thought Arthur Joquels suggested titles for a jazz version of my 'Hymn' were sensational. It had me laughing all through my midterm examination in harmony this morning." (Hell's Belles, Diablido, those there parenthesized titles underlined with tildes were Ackermanipulations! If I don't get the proper recognition around here, I'll banish U from the exami-nation to the land of dis-harmony! Harmony times must U be reminded that Life Begins at-- Forry!) Fojak speaking. I've seen Tig

again. Second meeting took place Nov 26. 2x13-26. Only this time, stead of 10 mins it was poss to spend 10 hrs with her. I found out her faname was adopted from a character in some obscure French novel. She chose it unconscious of the Tigress connotation but only beuz it containd no letter in her real name. She also consid- ord Roxana as a pseudonym. Her real name is unusual in that the same letters appear in her first as in her last. Sorta like, frixample, if her name were Jeanne Val-jeanne. It's an odd'un! 3 y's, 3 d's & 6 e's! She's eeeeeesy to look at, Dlite-ful to nos, & very yyy's; in fact, she's positively snaky (subdebase for "swell"). Likes snakes, too. But allergic to spider webs. And is germ conscious. Crazy about choelit sundaes & conundrums. I told her I never had eaten any the latter. "Silly," she said, "you don't eat them, you play them." Well, I guess I fell into that trap(s). A violin virtuosa, Tig also is an accomplitht pianist & has composed many more pieces than I'd imagined. Her piano rendition of "Gloomy Sunday" is THE rendition. She drest in green & brown, complete to green fingernails. Fascinat-ingly, her 2d finger left hand is longer than her middle finger, the sign the Old Norse nue for the were-ylgr...the lycanthropess! Occasionally this witch lapses into Norwegian accent or an entire Norwegian frase. For all her fritening background, too, I thot her more like a fawn than a tigress, & told her so. And lil Tig jest lart & lart & lart--she thot it was very fawny! Flash! Gordon was to've been her name if she came a boy. I suggested, since she was a girl, maybe her real name was Gordonia. She said that smold--not like a flower! More, dope, nexttime.....



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In addition to the above material there will be booster ads for anyone who sends in their 15 cents for their copy before February 1.

Regular ads will be accepted with one price for all fan clubs, 10¢ for 100 words, 20¢ for 200 words, 30¢ for 300 words, 40¢ for 400 words, 50¢ for 500 words, 60¢ for 600 words, 70¢ for 700 words, 80¢ for 800 words, 90¢ for 900 words, 1.00 for 1000 words.

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This will be one Album of all possible data as stated above, but upon completion will be available for use by clubs and conventions for display purposes. The Album itself will never be actually complete, due to new authors, artists, editors, and fans entering the field.

However, upon a fair completion of the project, and due to suggestions and pressure already being brought forward, there will be published replicas of the Album. These will not contain all the contents of the original, due to very obvious reasons, (publishing costs, bulkiness, etc.) but will have various supplements from time to time.

Paul is doing the art work for the cover, and this will undoubtedly be reproduced in the publication copies.

Everything considered, this will be something to walk side by side with scientifiction through the halls of time.

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