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Voice of the IMAGI-NATION



A NOVACIOUS PUBLICATION

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| COVER by Tom Wright: 'The <u>Tongue</u> of Tomoro (21)..... | COVER |
| Table of Contents..... | Under Cover |
| Co-editorial..... | 1 |
| <u>Walt Daugherty</u> : "Anything is possible" (See Fortier)..... | 2 |
| <u>Dave McIlwain</u> : No, Toto was a clown..... | 2 |
| <u>Edgar Gilbert</u> : What was the meaning of the mysterious scrawl?..... | 2 |
| <u>Joe Fortier</u> : "But that was impossible!" (See Daugherty)..... | 3 |
| <u>Lew Martin</u> : He couldnt help notice the Tremendous Difference..... | 3 |
| <u>Art Widner</u> : The Creeping Thing..... | 3 |
| <u>Trudy</u> : It wasnt--natural..... | 4 |
| <u>Alan P Roberts</u> : When he went to war on stff he forgot one all- important fact: The pun is mightier than the sword! .. | 5 |
| <u>Tom Wright</u> : He liked the phoney idea! .. | 6 |
| <u>Jas Rathbone</u> : As a cannibal he was a misfit, for he disliked eating...humans .. | 6 |
| <u>Jack Speer</u> : He promist the exposure of the decades! .. | 7 |
| <u>Donald Gledhill</u> : Award to the wise is sufficient (cribbed from CDH) | 8 |
| <u>Arthur C Clarke</u> : The In-sect Menace! .. | 8 |
| <u>J Chapman Miske</u> : Once In a Blue Moon..... | 9 |
| <u>Leonard Gipson</u> : The Man Who Grew Warmer..... | 10 |
| <u>Jack Speer</u> : Caout-Chouc? Gesundheit! .. | 10 |
| <u>Doe Lowndes</u> : A scientifunctional affair..... | 12 |
| <u>Joe Gilbert</u> : "I regret, and can't forget." .. | 13 |
| <u>Thos Hinmon</u> : Working himself into a leather (gray)..... | 14 |
| <u>Virgil Travis</u> : "En Mass."--! .. | 14 |
| <u>Damon*</u> : Day by day the Life is destroying * <u>Knight</u> ! .. | 14 |
| <u>Win F Temple</u> : The crevices were the altitude record..... | 14 |
| INSERT: A Pohl-ish Letter...Bok is back...Ack takes back seat on futuristik spelling...a Rothmanuscript..... | INSERT |
| <u>COMING!</u> A letter from France! Another letter from an Aussy! A let- ter from the Spaceways! A letter from a Newfandomite! <u>COMING!</u> | |
| VOMIOc Bimonthly from Bx 6475 Metropolitan Sta, Los Angeles Cali4nia | |

/6475 SEZ/

Once Upon a Time...VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION was only a dept in IMAGINATION!. Once upon a time, when it appeared on its own, it had only 10 pgs; later 12; finally--last ish & this--14. The green ink in which we dress it is costlier too than the commonplace black. Lithographic inserts--of which there may be more in future--are expensive also. The Swedish Situation already is affecting paper prices. To top it all we consistently bring U the biggest names in fandom & last issue gave U the field's greatest scoop of all time; the original exclusive cover by costly artist, Hannes Bok, to which U have indicated the application of the term "masterpiece" would be an insulting understatement!

This all inevitably leads to one thing: We have no alternative but to ask U 60c a yr for VOM.

This does not mean the price is raised to 15c per copy!

THE VOICE will speak bimonthly henceforth!

Not so big a publication as this, ofcourse --that is physically impossible for us unless we are expected to give up practically all else--but about 8 pgs per ish. We hope U approve our move.

Cordially,

Forrest G. Ackerman
Morozov

CONFUCIUS SAY: "Foo's rush in where Angelenees fear to tread!" Follywood Films presents: The Case of the Poison Pan Letter, starring of 1039W39 St, LA: "Dear Voice of Ackerman: Just a few words regarding Mr. Forrest J. Ackerman, the fellow, and a few choice words regarding FORREST J. ACKERMAN, the editor of the 'Voice of the Abomination' or whatever in the hell you call it.

I gotta Grouch

First, to avoid ill feelings, I would like to say regarding the fellow, you're okay by me personally as a regular guy. In fact, you have been very gracious in your assistance towards my venture into the fan world with the ROCKET by your written as well as verbal support. Whenever I have personally asked favors for same I have always met with gracious assent. Again I repeat, as a fellow you're okay. BUT-----

Now to get down to brass-tacks and that thing you call a magazine. From the reading stand-point, it is interesting. The reason I say this is because other fans write nine-tenths of it. As far as the cover goes even a three year old child can write on a typewriter. Of course he would have to age about four years to present the time-worn idea of the 1939, 1940 idea. (Our New Decade No., by Mooney) I turn the page (of #4). At last after ten minutes, I found the editorial so-help-me. It looks as if it were a portion of a page taken from the center of a book of cuneiform writing. I notice Morojo was supposedly sewing. Is that her part toward the publication. (Our old-fashioned typewriter accommodates only one operator at a time.) When she refers to you being sleepy, I think she must have meant that you were asleep because puns like those mentioned come only as a result of a nightmare. Turning to page 13, it is interesting to note the way you so professionally end a page. According to the information which has come to my ears, 'Voice of the Whoos-its' is an up and coming fan publication. Back in the corner of my alleged mind, a question arises, just what is it coming to? It is possible; being a science-fictionist, you know that anything is possible that the blabbering (I mean voice) could be a first class publication if it had a decent arrangement. Straighten it out, put in a table of contents, give us a more artistic arrangement, NO ACKERMAN-EASE, less Forrest J. and you will have a top magazine in the fan-field. ~~~ That's my opinion, such as it is. Take, it, or as you probably will, leave it. That's all there is, there ain't no more. ~~~ Progressively yours," (Dear Grouch: Ouch! U ask for LESS J, so I shall say as little as poss under the circumstances. A bona-fide Table of Contents for an all-letter mag we feel would be as foolish & unnecessary & unheard of as a ToC in say Astounding's Brass Tacks or any similar Dept. However, your recommendation gave us an idea for a farcial line-up which has proved quite popular, so that gripe was all to the good. As for our country, if U don't like it y don't U go back where U came from? The Condem-nation. -- As a person, I think U have some fine qualitys too. Progressively yours, Forrest J Ackerman)

Dave McIlwain

Editor of The Gargoyle, 14 Cotswold St, Liverpool 7, England, expresses "Many thanks for VOM which doth become, issue by issue, more elegant & captivating. Creative evolu-

tion?" he asks; & continues "VOM is the most carefully & beautifully produced fanmag it has been my pleasure to see. Keep up the good work -- and maybe some day we'll have the lady herself back in toto (have I got that right?) instead of just her psychic voicings from the astral plane. (Ah, for the return of the old era; we sometimes wonder if Madge is happy, there on the Era Plane. Or is that pun a plane error? Well, can we help it if we're aeronuts?) -- Nevertheless, her voicings are grand. -- The war has upset the even tenour of fan functions in this country, but individual fans are carrying on as best as they can under adverse conditions. ~~~ Happy days."

"I am hoping that you will put my scrawl in somewhere if you can" says EDGAR GILBERT of 2145 Ave L, Wichita Falls Tex. OK; it fits in all x!

Joe Fortier

Excerpts from a letter dated 22 Mar 40. Joe's adres: 1836 - 39 Av, Oakland, Cal: "Having been out of the picture for a little while, I am restoring myself in fandom again. Lucky thing that some of my stuff was spread out over long periods. If it had been printed immediately, I wouldn't have been heard from for mon's and you can slip

out of stfanism easily with so many changes going on. I am starting a stf-club up here, Northern California Futurians. All of the fellows have expressed their willingness to cooperate with the IFF by joining as soon as possible. The club will be a Science-Fictioneers chapter, and we will be in league with the Futurians Organization started in NY. If we ever hold a convention out here, all of the fellows up here will cooperate fully in helping you stage it, you LASFL (now LASFS: Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society) mems! I impatiently await that panning letter to come in next VoM. Wonder who wrote it? Oh weel, guess ah'll jus' hafta hol' ma horses. Sooo — you have the nerve to insinuate that I owe you a little subscription! You must be right (you are Wright aren't you, Forry). (watt a revolting ing pun!) (Shocking indeed, but we shall try to make lite of the mazda.) Hated to see that letter printed which shows what a lousy typist I can be. Oh, yeh. Especially enjoyed were: Youd, Marky, Harry, Dick Wilson, Doc (my good friend), and -- ah Hell! They were all good...even to mine! I close now with -- hello Morajo -- terrificover by Bok -- cutile athend of the contents page -- swell edit-orial -- neat mag -- I've supported the ChiCon, investigated Tech, learnt Esperanto (in a manner), and am spreading stf, but the rates are too high in the American Rockety Society for a thrifty guy like myself -- I like the sub-pics -- I've heard about the ROCKET -- I take FuFa -- and here is another dime for coming 'SHANGRI-LA' -- wondering where SaM is (hoping he's where I think he is -- but that is impossible) -- and deciding this is enough for one man, er, boy, er, young fellow to say. Wishing you luck in your independent manner, I remain, Yours, another pacificoaster,"

MARTIN, co-ed of "Al", The Alchemist, from 1258 Race St, Denver, Colo, rites: "Read the VoM you sent which is really swell, can't help but notice the tremendous difference between it and the old Madge which I have several copies. This is the first VoM I've seen."

"Kaor, cceds!" crys of Bx 122, Bryantville MASS. as he goes to Ack-stremes in simplifyng spelng: "Th lonesum Cape Codr enjoyd his 1st ish of MADGE (meaning Vom) very much. Meanin me, of cors. MADGE is 1 of th best fanmags out.

Arthur L Widner Jr

"As U can c, Ive gon 4 streamlynd spelin in a big way, evn going U 1 betr in sum cases as Ull c. Anybody hu has trubl readin it, isnt much of a fan in my estimatn. Ill go as far as 2 say that itll graduly creep in2 rittn lingo (& its startin alreedy--witness "thru" "tho", "nite", etc in ads) & eventually altr it so that present day ritings wil b as obsolete as th archaic "thee", "thou", etc. We cant eat archaic & hav it! (Not originl, in case sumone wants 2 accuse me of literary pilferin) So 4 cheers (Im no piker, wen it cums 2 passin out cheers--or jeers either) 4 Stsp, & long may it wave!

"b4 I go any farther I want 2 thank U & all th rest of th Ellayessefellers & gals hu hav contribd 2 my poll. Hwevr, Russ & T-bone remain fugitivs. Wil U c wut U can do? (Nothn, aparntly. TB sez he cant think up 10 authrs he lyks & Russ was suplyd a postcard by th club & re-myndd on 3 seprat ocasns.)

"Hu is th Art mentnd inside front covr 4 a Happy Nu Decade? (Art refers tc #4) Offhand I cant think of any othr activ fans namd Art. (We meant Art Barnes, Art, but now that we've bcom aquaintd with U defnitly wanto wish U an HND toc!)

"By th time this is printd (if) I may hav contactd Paro, Swisher, & Chauvenet, about organizin an Eastn Mass SFL, & Ill b th LCC no longer—I hope!

"Speakin of "Baby" or its sucesor, "Jr." I chalenj said banana crate 2 a race under any condish with my jalopy "Skylark of Foo". 'Tis a Chev of wery anchent vin-taj, but theres pep in th old can yet! If at all posibl, SoF may b seen relaxin at th Chicon. It always relaxs wen its not it motn, It dosnt just stop & stand stil, it relaxs! Honest! U can actualy hear it. The damdst thing.

"Is "Trudy" the Hemken hu left a big hole in th Eyrie? & is Carolin Ferbr an alias? (Veyrie true)

"Ray Marlin sounds like a sudonim 2 me, & wuts more, a coverup 4 a femfan. Quote: 'boo-hoo, none of th othr mags hav such nice letr depts.' Yep, eithr a femfan or a very youngster. Th fact that Ray cant take mor than 1 promag a month, bolstrs my opinion.

"2bits is enclosd 4 a 3 ish sub 2 MADGE. If its 10¢ strate (yes, 10c str8), Ill make up th nikel later.

"Random thot: 'If I was a milionare, Id take a life sub 2 all th fanmags that r, or wil b. I coud also by hi-priced books like Th Lovecraft Vol & othrs.

"Ill let this set a day or so, & c if anythin develops. ~ ~ ~ ~ Wings
dnote tym flyng...

"Random thot #2: Coming bak from th PO after sunset, I notist that now (30 Jan 40) is a swel time 4 an around-th-system roket race. Wy? Becos if Ull take a look Ull c that Venus, Mars, Jupiter, & Saturn r all neatly lind up in practicy a strate line. Saturn is th only one 2 deviate from a perfectly strate line!

"In this morns mail cums a letr from Neil R Jones. He has no less than FIVE Prof. Jameson stories ritten, wich non of th editors wil accept. Now I for 1, ---& I think many othr fans r with me--have ben longin 4 sum mor of those swel Zor-ome yarns 2 read. Wut do U say we start a heklin campane withe objec of getin these tales printd? I Think twoud b evn betr if we concentratd on 1 ed in particular--to wit: Palmer. Its only fitin, since AmS printd all th othr 21MM392 tales. I mite ad, that Im doing this entirly on my own inishitiv. Neil has no idea of wut I plan.

"Best letrs were Kuceras, Tuckers, Wilsons, Lowndess, Marlins, & last but by no means least, yor cutup coments on all letrs.

"Now Ill go stand in th corner 4 a while (Gotta rest my bateries, U kno).

"Yhos,"

"PS--Im intrestd as 2 how U got these futur names; Morojo, etal. I c Uve got me peggd as 'Arlaur'. I thot I had it figurd out & had ben synin myself 'Arlawi'. Can U xplain?" (-wi on thend of Ur Esperanto name was mistaken for -ur. However, as no "w" xists in Esp, U hav a choice tween ArlaSi or Arlavi. U myt let us noe wich U select.)

Trudy HERSELF: "'Lo -
ish - kinda like your grittinx - thenx - hope the nu dekaid will be just so very much better for you than the last has been - or couldn't you want it any better? (yes, yes, dear, dear Forrie, I know you are just as human as I, so, of course, you want it to be a much better dekaid.) ((Sorta beat ya to the draw there - heh, heh, heh.)) (Careful hu U all call "human", gal--that's myty powful insult weh I allcum frum: Mars--& I myt fergits ah luhvs U Trudy!)

"I gits riled at tha superior wise-guy stuff these 14-yr old brats hand out - be they from Australia, Timbuctoo, Alaska or Tripoli. It just ain't nacherl fer kids thet age to be handing out sage advice and profcound opinions of matters, which I feel are not in their scope other than the mere reading for the joy of it. Mebbe my mentality may be far less than these young'Uns, for I just read the stf stuff and WT stuff for the sheer

enjoyment of it's practical improbability. It's a land of fantasy in which I lose myself - a Never Never Land - a Munchkinland - it's a dust-mop to sweep the cobwebs of business from the mind - why get technical? And if the story just finished is just not up to par (or mar, too), fergit it and try your luck on the next. Not everyone likes his eggs the same style the next fellow orders.

"So we have a Kučera - well, well, and well, well. Good of you to give the name the proper pronunciation - too many people dunno how to handle these Central Yurrupeen names - (It just happens I know some folks in these parts who bear that name.) Duck from Forrie's barrage of puns! Tusk tusk - some day 4e is gonna feel so-ho sorry for all those puns - when he gits in the punitenshairy and no one will opun the door when he gets his share of coffee without puns. Upun my word, it's too too - - - (Dija ever see a pig's kin, watch a grid iron or hear a foot ball? Pun formation!)

"Ahem, Bob Tucker, - my spelling is just an attempt to variate Yunyted Snaiks as she is garbled - using the different versions of phonetics - don't complain too much, young feller, or I'll spik in shorthand, without vowels. And if I get to Bloomington in a few months, I'll h'ant yer Prehistoric House - zombie or no.

"So, Markie R. of these parts wants to larn 'Don't Shoot, I surrender.' In Deutsch I can tell yu - it iss 'Schuesse nicht! Ich ergebe mich.' Es ist gerne geschehen!

"To Francis J. Litz -

Gerty! Grrrrrrrrrrrr!

"Note to Forrie: 'Member 'way back in June at the Blackhawk you told me my handwriting was to be analyzed by that Frenchy - wotever became of it? You've had me in suspenders for 8 months now. (Yes, that's been holding things up for quite sometime. Enuf to make U ill. Chicago, Ill. Your breath been coming in short pants? U find a coat on your tongue? Uh-huh, just as I thot; old Dr Ack's diagnosis wasnt sarong at that. Lamour, toujour Lamour, is what I always say. Which brings us in a roundabout way to Mme Zhan Dark. Frano-ly, we r in the dark about her. When war came to Europe we lost contact with her & Haussler. Praps we shoudve seen the handriting on the wall.)

"Am enclosing anudda coin to help along the cause." (We auto thank U for this & of cars we do!)

Expressing some Aussy strong opinions,
the 14-yr-old ex-fan, declares from
Down Under (67 Thistle St, Lutwyche W3,
Brisbane, Q, Australia): "VOM has arrived to supply my critical, degraded and (I am told) pornographic mind with many interesting reflections, mainly of a derogatory and libellous nature.... 'The Cities are full of pride, challenging each to each....' and Reinsberg doth a lusty piece of drum-banging for Chicago and Mr. Kipling on your first page (#3). His panegyric confirms my suspicions that its inhabitants, not its weather, have earned by patient endeavour Chicago's proud title of 'The Windy City!' Reinsberg's shameless plagiarization (in block capitals and without due acknowledgment) of Tosti, in his last paragraph, is amply compensated for by his reassuring last lines, which end on the consoling note that, in 1940, Chicago is, as might not be anticipated by some ignorami without proper knowledge of geography, Chicago. Mr. Reinsberg may now assume his fit position in the ranks of such other Enlighteners of the World as King Osaka, Frederick Engels and Sally Rand. ~ Hastily swooping in direct line of attack on the next vulnerable spot where, unconscious of their awful doom, the little victims play, we find the L.A.S.F.L. reducing a terror-stricken populace to gasping fits of epilepsy and heart palpitation, with the weighty opinion that the Convention's Exclusion of Six Members stinks to the Chicago fertilizer factories and beyond. The employment of semi-legal jargon, five-dollar-and-a-bargain-at-the-price sesquipedalians and block capitals reduces your editorial anxieties for that

issue by a whole page and produces on the awe-struck reader an impression that there ought to be Something Highly Significant and Vital to the Interests of the Community in it. However -- let us thankfully spend a half-hour with rosary beads, praying-wheel or other approved method of celestial bribery and corruption -- this page is at least punless. ~ ~ Not so when little Fojak grabs the page, read we th'unending puns and simmer we in rage. When Allah has damned you to the houri-less pits of Jehanum, may I sneer down from my maiden-cluttered paradise and make some lousy pun out of your cries for water! ~ ~ All in all, the letters are the usual unreadable gems, or brummagem, that drool from the slobbering lips of the typical specimens of Homo Gapiens. Albeit I am but a 130-lb. weakling, my entire accumulation of tensed sinews and steel muscles hurtles behind that opinion, which I trust will survive the murderous onslaughts of those intellectual Hercules, those ponderous demagogues, those expelled ex-occupants of back seat in second class Opportunity School. -- to wit, in brief, and as conclusion, SCIENTIFICTIONUTS. ~ ~ Michelism provokes, or should provoke, not a vulgar snicker but a hearty guffaw from the most fastidious. The really splendid brains of Engels and Marx could evolve only a theoretically flawless plan, with insuperable obstacles to practical development; Nietzsche sniffed out the trail of civilization's ultimate fate to its conclusion and came back mad; the vigorous, keen-edged and (sometimes) cruelly impulsive brain of Wells can only formulate vague mumblings concerning a Modern State to be attained by (of all impossible things) co-operative effort. But, says Michel, there's nothing in it, just set 'em reading science fiction. We should not be so amused by the stupidity as appalled by the audacity, dear brethren; kindly file out without noise or undue commotion -- oh, and drop a nickel in the Poor Box for the St. Elizabeth's Extension Fund and Bethnal Green Alternation Pool. ~ ~ I seize the opportunity provided by the unimpaired pristine whiteness of this page to inform you cuttingly that you and your kindred evil-minded associates will perhaps make a clever and/or amusing pun on the day the statue of Admiral Nelson climbs down from Trafalgar Square and, goose-stepping to Buckingham Palace, begins singing 'Deutschland über Alles' in a strong, clear falsetto voice. ~ ~ This brief criticism is neither unduly harsh nor unfairly critical, nor is it my attempt to emulate the Tin Woodman cardiacally; it is merely the logical outcome of the simultaneous occurrence of an hour's spare time, hot weather and a congenitally vicious temperament. But now to bed and let that which knits the ravelled sleeve of care have a crack at picking up my dropped stitches. (G, do we feel small. Yea, verily; the Voice of Midge!)

The next letter we pick up -- we hastily drop: We just heard its author was only 15 yrs old! Well, spose we'll hafta read it sometime, so -- the sooner the quicker. (Snick) From

TOM WRIGHT, Editor The Comet, RFD #1 - Bx 129, Martinez, Cal (15! -- Heaven Help us. Well, cautiously we approach the opening line...): "Yesterday I received your much improved Vom. (Hm; not the opening Vomshell we anticipated.) What a superb cover! (Well!) I like the chev and that super drawing by Bok. (Gosh, liked our cover.) Continue the table of contents, I like that, too. (Liked that too!) Migawd!! (Oh-oh; now we get it for somethin'. That this was too good to last.) How many typewriters do have around that place? (Izattall U wanted to noe! Whew! False alarm.) Liked the Editorial.. (But this is unbelievable.) Also liked that drawing on Page 7. (!!!) Good idea Marky has about Edi and Dick, the two phones. Little Joe good. (Still no complaints?) (Ourgosh! -- expletive for fanmag coeds -- only one line left:) Your mimeographing is excellent, keep up the good work...." (We collapse, weak from reaction, retaining consciousness only long enuf to whisper "Tom, youse is a Wright guy!")

Editor Macabre, c/o Parkhill, 24 Heriot Pl. Edinburgh, Scotland, rites to the "Land of the Free": "I must say I

Jimmy Rathbone

enjoyed VOM very much. i was annoied and irr-itated at furst bi thu peckulyar spellyng, yet, havynng mastured thu idee — welllllll. Perhaps you can tell me if Trudy is Caroline F erber before I go nuts. (Ferber, fer worse; fer richer, fer poorer —yes, that is Trudy's seudy.) A few personal partics. — was born at home when my mother was at the pics. — 11th Oct. '19...first interested in s.f. when the ill-fated ' Scoops ' came out...studied Etyptology as a hobby since I was fifteen or before.... at sixteen became interested in occultism...at seventeen-eighteen began to study ceremonial magic...now I practise it.... Am keenly interested in technocracy, but so far haven't been able to identify myself with any particular group because I never heard of any.... neo-technics is my line of thought in that direction, the aesthetics of the machine....Likes: Thomas Wolfe's books, HG.Wells, Algernon Blackwood, John Gardner....editing MACABRE...being alone...poetry (modern) both composing and reading. Dislikes: dames...company...eating...,'human'beings...ugliness..politics and politicians (without exception)communism and toryism, democracy, autocracy, or what have you....Ambition: to write on philosophy. I don't know, by the way, who 'MOROJO' and 'POGO' is. (is this a record ?) (Record? Mr Rathbone, that is an OUTRAGE!) (We're only April-foolin'.) ...government has called me up, and I, having made my conscientiously objectionable self attempt an appeal, was registered for ' non-combatant duties ' — whatever that may mean. However, I hope to issue a newsletter at intervals until this becomes absolutely impossible. Ackerman review of ' I accuse ', by the way, goes into newsletter no. 1. If you or any of your friends care to keep in touch with me, I think I can promise fairly interesting letters. Write if you can. I don't bite. (Attn FRAS Daugherty: another Egyptology!) Question to incite wrath: what's wrong with Latin as a Universalanguage? Yours for weird till it grows out of our ears," (PS: "U notice they didnt have anything to say in defense of Esperanto vs Latin. Either that or they didnt have a pg to devote to it!")

we regretablely have to cut considerably
at greater length later in this ish
"Some of 'Happy New Decade' initials

with me. Incidentally, a complete exposure of this 'decades' matter will be in the next Sustaining Program (Fapamag). Meanwhile, I'm surprised at you for making such a vulgar mistake.

"You talk a lot about the new machine you have for stenciling, but the difference is not very noticeable in the finished magazine. Also, is it true that VOM is being done in green ink now? (Verdure really like to noe?) My color sense is rather defective, and under the artificial lite & all, I can't tell....

"Mighty Mark's letter to you shows a rather new facet of his nature; let's see more of this side of his mentality. I've taken up German too, and I don't yet know the German for Mark's four words. I will say, tho, that studying their language makes me understand the Germans a lot better. I think their basic trouble is a perhaps justified superiority complex; certainly the German who has been speaking that vigorous language all his life would require no proof that he is superior to the French, and probably all other peoples. Contrast the sound of 'Was haben Sie dort?' with 'Qu'est-ce que vous y avez?' (Or "Kion vi havas tie?" or "Whatcha got there?")

"Here're Gilbert's comments on the SFL, reminding me to tell Acky that I think his action in resigning from the 'Board of Directors' very ill-advised. For heaven's (or Science') sake, Ackerman, quit trying to aggravate the already serious schism in the new fan world. It doesn't help you, and it certainly hurts fandom. Your actions since September seem to have been directed rather by blind emotion than any organized, forward-looking plan of action.

--whose 3 pg letter
but who reappears
declares from DC:
didn't register

"Marquez ceci: There is little you can do to change SaM, Jimmy, or Will...You are the only variable you control...Don't plunge the new fandom into 'total war'...Lest darkness fall.

"Have had an exchange of letters with Joe Gilbert since that letter of his in last VOM. Nice guy. He praised the 'history'. (Jack Speer's 36 pg UP TO NOW--29 Jun 39.)

"Long about this stage (darn, I could've scientific combined that, too) it begins to fall into the category of quibbling, but when I said 'apoplectic', I was referring more to the dash than to the exact word chosen, 'outrage'. Can't you just see someone about like Samuel Johnson turning red in the face and bellowing, 'This — outrage!' Anyway, that was the picture I got.

"Add evidence on Ackermanese' hoariness: Spenser wrote his 'Faerie Queene' in a style intentionally archaic even for his early Elizabethan day: yet in it I ran across a line omitting the partitive 'of' in true Ackermanly fashion: 'For he is one the truest knights alive.'

"Gott au Ciel' looks like a combination of French and German to me. (Mais naturellement—aber qui!)

"Had hoped to be able to include comments on FuFa, but I've drooled along so that it's 11:00 already and curfew for me.

Gute Nacht. (Bona Nokton.)"

Because his boss is a science-fantasy fan, albeit a silent one, he always gives him a copy of VOTI. A number of our novel types & special effects are made possible by the Academy (of Mopix Arts & Sciences). Last issue one of our Sub Expires notices inadvertently worked its way into ye AMPAS Exec Sec's copy. Next day the J rec'd a note from DONALD GLEDHILL which read: 'Forrest-- Couldn't think of letting my subscription lapse. Credit the 50 cents a year rental of the typewriter and you owe me a dime! DG"

Arthur C. Clarke - England's "Ego", rites from 211, Holtwhites Hill, Gordon Hill, Enfield, Middlesex: "Please excuse handwriting, but spies from the ministry of Rubbish reported me the other day and my typewriter was removed in a raid, to be melted down for armaments. In exchange I received a paper I.O.U. for 6d., payable after the War. As you can guess, I'm rather annoyed, but I suppose I can feel thankful for having escaped the concentration camp. We have one quite new here, full of left-wing intellectuals, Federal Unionists and Esperanto teachers. From all reports, it's a pretty tough spot, too. Only one electric shaver between six prisoners, and all that sort of thing. As one of the principle perpetrators of 'New Worlds' I was interested in the make-up of your mag. and you may like to hear my comments. The duplication is remarkably good, & the display of type faces impressive. I shall be surprised, however, if you got many British subscribers (assuming (1) that you want any, or (2) that they could afford to subscribe.) (We are supplying VOM free of charge to all interested Englishors "during the duration".) The main reason is the amount of time it takes us slow-witted creatures to decipher your labor-saving abbreviations. A subsidiary reason is that most of the news is too local and topical to interest us, unless we take a very active part in fan activities. (fanatics?) This of course is not a criticism of your policy, which is quite justifiable. Again, so much of the American fans' activities seem to be devoted to slanging other fans. Here in England we have had some lively controversies, thanks be to Ghu, but they have never descended to the level at which a number of your fan fights seem to start. I'm sorry if this seems to imply any tone of moral superiority - I don't care much one way or the other - but we have strong feelings here on tolerance & seeing the other fellow's point of view, and the language of some of your apologies frequently shocks our sensitive souls. ('Hatred personified, is what he might be called' - etc. etc.) This sort of stuff, which shouts from every page of the average US fan mag, is more calculated than anything else to bring

discredit to the ideals of fantasy. Talk about the 'Four & Twenty jarring sects!' (Omar.) You seem to have one sect per fan. And each sect, with a positively theological zeal, appears determined to exterminate the others with fire, sword & ray-gun. ~~~ Enough of this. If you publish it, it should help to keep America out of the war. ~~~ I see that, as one might expect, Ted (Carnell) has a letter in. We get intermittent letters from Hanson (one-tym ed of Novae Terrae), who has been in France for about five months. He is now starting to learn French, so you can bet it's going to be a long war. I have had my calling up postponed for a few months while I have some synthetic teeth installed. We are basing the design on Boulder Dam. ~~~ I hope to get into one of the RAF ground services, as I have a good general knowledge of math, science & that sort of thing. Recently I have been learning navigation, with an eye on the B.I.S. space-ship. I intend to get as much useful information as I can out of this war, and if I can learn to navigate a bomber it will be useful when I have to unravel cotangential ellipses out in space. ~~~ It is now impossible to get any of the pro. mags through the normal channels. I doubt if more than half a dozen fans have seen an issue of Astounding since September. Imagine it! ~~~ This war has one or two compensations. In the heart of London, where once one could barely see Jupiter at perigee, you can now count the stars in the Pleiades. And the great balloon barrage is one of the strangest, most impressive and at times most beautiful sights you can imagine. In the morning, the hundreds of aluminum-painted balloons gleam like drops of molten metal against the blue of the sky. They lie row upon row, in all directions, often as far as the eye can see. Looking up at their glistening teardrops, one can dream that the centuries have rolled by, and that some great fleet from beyond the stars is coming in across the skies of earth. And then one trips over a pile of sandbags and goes sprawling. ~~~ One night we were driving away from London towards the east and passed right through the barrage into the country beyond. From many miles away, we could look back on the city. The sun had set and the western sky was ablaze with gold and crimson. And across the purple pageant of the dying sun lay the immense network of the barrage, like some gigantic barrier reef, giving poignancy and a deeper meaning to the superb but passionless beauty of the sunset. ~~~ I hope that this rambling & inconsequential letter is of some interest to you half way round the world where there is still peace and some measure of personal security. I imagine that most of you are interested to know what's happening in England now, so I have let my vagrant pen lead me where it will."

Pertinent Parts from a 3 pg letter from JACK CHAPMAN MISKE, "The Star-Treader", of 5000 Train Ave, Cleveland, O: "Dear Voice, Given eternity, all things must happen. Thus it is that I'm finally writing you again. O, I suppose it's two or three hours short of eternity since my last letter, but even so it must be more than a year ago." He characterizes the Exclusion Act as the Bolshevik Barring, continuing "However, just because I side with Moskowitz, Taurasi, & Co. in this particular item, don't think I do always. The fan world has no place for ruling cliques, irregardless of whether their purpose is, as with the Bolos, political agitation, or, as with M.-T. & Co., personal aggrandizement. I have no more use for the lopsided reporting of FANTASY NEWS than I have for that of the Communists. I must say, tho, that the latter are by far the worst, since they resort to out-and-out lies, hypocrisy, and personality-villification; irregardless of their degree, however, each side lies and distorts unbearably. That's the big thing. I can't and do not indorse the New Fandom dictatorship of Moskowitz and Taurasi; I do not indorse the incredible attitude Taurasi has shown in his handling of the records of the FAPA; I do not like, at least, Moskowitz' exaggerations of his own importance and his absurd ideas as to his omnipotence and the way in which presumably his word must be taken as law. ~~~ However, on the other side of the ledger, the aforementioned hypocrisy of the Communists...and their repeated efforts to dominate the fan field by method foul or fair, for purely subversive purposes, is deserving of far greater criticism. The longer each side continues its juvenile tactics and gross

unfairness, the more friends each will lose...if either has any, any longer. I think they can count me out. Are you trying to kid some one? (Most definitely not.) I mean that bunk you addressed to STARTLING about its saying complimentary copies could be had for a 3¢ stamp. If you're going to publish the magazine at all, you have to have the stencils anyway, so all it costs you to send a copy to a prospective subscriber is a 1 1/2¢ stamp and a cent's worth of paper...thus you can't lose for a 3¢ stamp. Quit kicking...you don't lose anything and you might gain a subscriber who'll last as long as the mag. (Miske, U are nuttier than a peanut plantation on this matter—Paul-aris Freehafer, for one, backs us up on this business—in fact, U other publishers, what do U think of a petition of protest?) — Ah — a letter by Lowndes. He's always lying about something, so I'll have plenty to do, I suppose. And my suspicions are confirmed. His remarks about the Futurian's having decided to keep Communism out of fan affairs are laughable... Incidentally, would you say that page for page, Astonishing, edited by Super-Bolo Pohl, is more sociological, or even more literary, than Palmer's AMAZING? Well, well, imagine that. We must now intensify the insults the Bolos have heaped on Rap's head, and then shower little Freddie with 'em! This changing world..."

Leonard Dipson calls for a colaborator. His adres, POBox 185, Santa Anna Texas. "I have tried about ten ideas in s.f. — all rejected that I have heard from so far but might be in the groove on a couple of ideas that I have done within the past two weeks. Every rejection slip has an added note that I am getting warmer. Editors say my stuff reads like synopsis for novels; not enough dialogue. I have two or three rejects that I would like to have someone help me to co-author. Among the ideas that I have attempted were: three trys at the extra-sensory perception idea --based on Doctor Rhine's work at Duke University; two s.f. sports stories; a bio-chemist discovering a love potion to make himself irresistable for a desirable girl works too well, thus causing everyone to try to kiss him, etc; a futuristic idea of when they taxed breathing and the consequences; and a science fiction sports article about 'sports in the year 2000 A.D.', based upon the increase of record breaking from decade to decade taking also in consideration the coming techunal changes and their relations to man, and the ever increasing knowledge of physical education and psychological changes. I sent Joe Fortier the first story I ever attempted. He said that he might try it. It was a story based upon a state of society with advanced technocracy and mass mental telepathy. Being new to the s.f. world, I don't know what futuristic political ideas are harmonious to most s.f. fans. I had rather have a veteran work with me on the idea. After all there are many taboos in the fiction field and I might unconsciously make a few innocent mistakes in mentioning some futuristic political policies. I have read two late books on the writing racket and they stress the fact that we have a fascist press. Here is the dope on me: Arizona born; Texas reared; 38 years old; Two years in college—pre-med.; Fair athlete in my day; have worked at nineteen trades including clerk, salesman, oil field worker, ranch work, and other such dull trades; Did two enlistments in the U.S. Army Air Corps; Confirmed bachelor; Have hoboed extensively; Read psychology, biology, political science, humorous stuff, and s.f. Favorite s.f. authors are Nelson S. Bond, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Stanly Wienbaun, and Polton Cross. Also like the wierd stories of Seabury Quinn for real good writing. He easily tops this field. My criticism of the late s.f. stories are that they slant too much to horror or sadistic stuff and not enough to ideas, science, good story technique, and characterizations outside of central character. I like s.f. because s.f. stories have more original ideas than other stories. I think Jerry K. Westerfield's article in the January Writer's Digest covered all the good points in the popularity of s.f." Well, Leonard, we wish U luck & hope to be re-reading your autobiographical sketch in a Meet the Author section one o' these days!

Here's SPEER again: "Why not make that table of contents a permanent feature of VoM? t/c's can be quite interesting things if handled properly, as you've done.

"What is the new 'independent' setup of Novacious pubs? How different from previous? (For first 4 issues VOM was financed by LASFL & edited for club by us. Correspondence to VOM was read at club meetings. VOM was the official organ for the club to adres itself to fandom. Often, considering conservatives in our roster, we pulled punches. Now The Voice is publiht at the expense of the 2 c^{ts} us & is our personal property to present as we see fit. & our slogan is "Vom for all & all for Vom"---the magazine for misfits!)"

"It's awful, the duplication of names that is showing up more & more in stf & stfandom. Not merely story titles, nor mag titles (frinstance, ASF and SF, & th two Astonishings, & Marvel), but also in fannag names & fan clubs. Like the Futurian mixup--Leeds, NSW (New South Wales), & NY, all calling themselves or a mag that, and all non-connected. Or this 'The Rocket' that's coming out (is out). McPhail gave up that title for his FAPA sheet because it was the name of the official organ of the Manchester Interplanetary Society, or something.

"Murder mines' says Ted. Gad, what propaganda can do to intelligent minds.

"What was that item in the Lee Lantern about Kussie's college?

"If the impression I got from his letter in the FAPA Cor was correct, the 'Father of Fantast' is a little young to be a father. Said he (CSYoud) was ten in 1932, I believe.

"I note two Ackermanese words in which it seems the spelng could be just as brief and clearer: 'unike' gives the impression of long i (diphthong i ---yaaaa, Miske!); seems 'uniq' or some such would be better. And I think 'kno' would be much more easily recognizable than 'noe'. (4e sez no to "kno" but all x to "uniq".)

"Doesn't the circonflex go over 'i' in 'S'il tu plâit'? (Peut-être; wir wissen nicht.)

"There may be new things under the sun, but usually there's been something before that was almost the thing. Frinstance, Marky's idea is slightly anticipated by the 'S-F Caout-Chouc' meantioned in the first 'Call It What You Wish' (a FAPA dish).

"Wanna bet? I'll betcha get at least two letters with drawings or cartoons or somesuch that the writer wants published, after duplicating NAR's sketch.

"Three cheers for Barrett! NY is decadent; shall fandom continue to be poisoned therefrom? I don't think Youd right in saying that the LAers are American fandom's one hope, but it is obvious that westward the star of fandom takes its way.

"...And I've come east...

"Doc...is obviously mad at Gilbert. He writes just like I did when I useta be mad at someone and trying to get his goat. ... Sure, there were inaccuracies in the monograph, despite my sincere efforts to get the truth about things. But I'll sight 'n' unseen lay it against Don's history of fandom, if and when such ever forthcomes.

"Ted's story is 'Lynn Foster Is Dead'. I happen to remember it, because it was abt the firstory in VT I'd read since some bound serials borrowed from Louis Clark longlongago.

"Suggestion to AWTuckerecently that he says he can't follow, & which I now pass on to you: Issuance of a serious almanac or calendar of fandom, giving important anniversaries (such as past convs, founding of prominent fannags, deaths of outstanding scientifictionists), and perhaps what was supposed to happen on that date according to a story written back in the 20's, where such data is available, plus coming events like annual Phila conf, Chicon, & what-haveyou. Maybe some possibilities in it, maybe not.

"Re th pros offering free copys fanmags in your behalf: Probably reason for not giving prices of each is that that'd make it advertising, & their publishers'd make you all pay ad rates for the 'reviews'." (But SCIENCE FICTION publishes prices!)

Doc Lowndes - le vombiteur, from le Ivoire Tur, 2574 Bedford Ave, Bklyn NY:
VOMamikoj, glorius assassins of sorrow: -

Come, come, Lowndes, put away your mss. and your dummies for Squeaky, and desist these perpetual plottings and connivings; out, out with this incessant humming of "I'm sorry for Myself" and give the martyr-complex a rest. Behold! Spring in the air and VOM in the mails! (Time out while we burst into impromptu operatic-inclined disharmonies in minor keys.)

Please retain the contents page: it is superb. However, I am just a wee bit disappointed in this issue: didn't you state in a recent column to SFW that you'd gone truly independent with VOM and were going to include real live, living, sacred,!! breathing VOMshells with each issh? (PS News: Science Fiction now has three live,!! living, breathing sacred quarterlies! Captain Future, Planet Stories, and Science H. (fooled you that time) Fiction. Pay little or no attention to this Mirta Forsto: tis just a jibe at Fantasy-News!)

You'd never know, to look at his letter, that Joe Gil - bert & I are now corresponding in the friendliest of ways, that his views on the Futurians are no longer bounded by Taurasi and the Mosk, and that he's no longer under the impressions as evidenced in aforementioned missive. No, you wouldn't. Which, alas is the one chick-roach in VOM ointment; often, by the time a letter is published, the matter expressed therein is out of date, or no longer describes the writer's views on account of because things happening since then have altered them. Which is why I think that what is needed in stfandom is a central mailing bureau, which will function at the very least once a month. It would not need to be centered around an organization; it would need no officers. There would merely be one or two fans (depending upon the location of bureau) who would religiously mail out to all on the list everything they .. had in stock on (say) the 15th of the month. Fans would subscribe at a reasonable ... rate per quarter, $\frac{1}{2}$ year, or annum. Those wishing to use same could do so, up to an agreed weight-limit per month. Above that, they would have to pay a mailing fee which would not be great, yet enough to make it worth their while to use bureau rather than mail things out on their own. It would permit fan-writings to be circulated much more quickly, particularly in the cases of magazines which might not have regular appearance dates. The fly, of course, is building it up; initial subscribers would have to be content with small returns for their money during the first months. It would hardly give the fans in charge a chance to gain "power" inasmuch as they'd have nothing they could gain from it; no constitution to twist around or fall over, no officers over ... them or members below them. Sheer service for the sake of being useful. A truly stf-functional affair. Naturally, the fans in charge would have to be people who had proven their ability by years of past service and reliability.

(Pay no attention to the little affairs at the end of lines, readers; tis but a diabolical scheme to enforce even right-hand edges on my letter.)

Incidentally, just for the records, Technocrats . Doc Lowndes, Don Wollheim, John B. Michel, and Chet Cohen have received their cards in Technocracy, Inc. This will be anything but news by the time the next VOM shells out. Announcement: of particular import to QSFL members and ardent readers of Fantasy-News and New Fandom: The Futurians are: Donald A. Wollheim (please note two "l"s in that name) John B. Michel, (observe lack of either "a" or "t" in name), Doc Lowndes, Fred-Pohl (heh heh) (No relation to Fone-Pole.), Cyril Kornbluth, and Jack Gillespie. Accept no substitutes. (There's more Futurians, of course, but these are the ones who get in print most often.) Of these six, three are Technocrats, one an editor, one a professional author, and one is Gillespie. Statements either saying or implying that the

people mentioned above are members of the Communist Party are libelous and false. Beware of hypocritical "patriots" who call everyone who does not agree with them "communists". This is written with a friendly smile, in case you do not know it readers. We state same because, although we have no desire for same, some time someone's slander may prove damaging to professional reputations which will result in legal action and no fooling around, here. In the same issue of Fantasy-News in which the editor repeated a libel about Street & Smith (which would have been actionable had S&S been pushing the case), even though only doing so for the sake of explanation, and waxed moralistic over the retirement (forced) of Jim Avery from fandom, the editor permitted the publication of libelous and false statements about the publisher of another magazine, Weird Tales. Fortunately for Fantasy-News (at least according to my most recent interview at th offices) the publisher does not intend to take action. Does not consider it worth the trouble.

Enough of this grimness. Let us on to more delightful things. Up, up, Lowndes, out of your melancholy; shear off those grey hairs, smile damn you; dust-thou-art, you know. Fandom is full of lovely people like the editors of such sterling magazines as VOM, SFW, RESCAPE, POLARIS, FuFa, FANCAST, -- okay, Doc, you're in the ryt frame of mind, now. Hey, waitamminute, you! Wcttabout SWEETNESS & LIGHT, SPACEWAYS, . -- okay, okay, okay. I LOVE EVERYONE!

Joseph G. Ballant 3805 1/2 Park St, Columbia, S Car, has a scar on his soul & something important to say: "I raise hell, and Doc raises hell. Fair enough. Only Lowndes is justified and I've been so wrong that it makes me sick to think about it. ~ And both letters are out of date. I resigned from any and everything resembling fan feuds quite a while back. Doing so, made it necessary for me to apologize to Doc for 'A letter coming up in VoM,' and he, in turn, tendered regrets for a similar letter. So that was that. ~ But it doesn't stop there, unfortunately. Those ludicrously pugnacious, insipid letters can never be unwritten. They remain. I apologize in all sincerity, to anyone abused, and am willing to retract any statement made, that can be proven false. ~ My opinions stand. Anyone who apologizes for what he truly believes is either a craven boot-licker, or a hypocrite. I am apologizing for muck slinging; not the way I see things. ~ Frankly, I am completely unable to express just how much I regret getting mixed up in this filthy mess. To use the words of a happily defunct popular song: 'What can I say, after I say I'm sorry?' It's done now, and there isn't much use to fiddle'Hearts and flowers.' ~ So. Sorry to furnish unintentional amusement to everyone. Especially Wilson, whom I respect. If you're willing to forget it, I am, altho I doubt that I will be able to do so. ~ Enough of this. It has been expanded more fully elsewhere. ~ No comment on anything else. Haven't had a chance to read the mag yet. But the new makeup is very nice. ~ Dime enclosed for next issue of course. I'll try to scrape up another one for Shengri-La, soon. ~ Sincerely," As Slone used to say, "This letter speaks for itself."

Tom Hannon of 119 S Madison, Iowa City Iowa, who syns himself "Sincerely Yours", sez: "Even now, 9 months after the Convention, I still read reports about your futuristic garb at the Nyon, and then when they announced that the Chicon would probably have a masquerade (that's the impression, anyway) of famous sci-fic characters and that 4e would undoubtedly come as the Gray Lensman, I alternately jumped with joy and tore my hair, because I had been half-contemplating the very same thing. (While tremendously flattered by fact Jack Speer, Joe Kucera & Bob Heinlein consider me qualifyd as Kim, it never ocura to me to come as him; & if U desire to get yourself up as the Galac-tic Introc-man, pal, may the pleasure be all years! Mo, I may come as Odd Jno! 4e.) -- Iamon Knight, in a recent LeZ (Le Zombie, Tucker's fanmag) made a suggestion that I thought had its merits. He said send bucks to one lad who would distribute them when he got enough of them among the various fan mags, thus saving postage for the

subscriber. ~ I read about 4e's resignation from the SFL, and so yesterday I sent in my resignation. Personally Taurasi gripes me. His Fantasy News was the only fan-mag I ever had any trouble with at all. Skipped issues, and so forth. Very unsatisfactory, as were all my dealings with New Fandom. No wonder I'm a disillusioned fan as well as being a Futurian, huh? ~ ...read something about Shangri-La in Ron Reynolds Pacificoast Patter in Midwest Fan News... It would seem that it is to be a monumental volume, to be sure. I'm awaiting my copy with bated breath. (figuratively, not literally, of course). ~ As usual enjoyed VOM no. 4 very much, as did Fu.Fa. no (?). Bradbury's really got something there, no kidding. ~ I intend to attend the Chicon... This letter is a violation of something or other, gravely afflicted with an excess of the pronoun 'I'. Hope to do better next time."

Ye!" crys
bridge,
hev
that
fan away,

ers, Chavnet, and other luminaries. Paro's Fanfare is 2 b revivd as club rgn, bi-monthly he says, fr we hev decided that there r not enuf fanmags b-ing published. ~ Hev U observd how HAK FAK JR complains (n FD) (in Fantascience Digest, Madle's mag) that he kant sl his good yrns? 2 Hakfak: fr shame! Other authors manaj 2 dispoz of good stories. Kummer out from bhind Ur kloud of slfdcepshn, and admit U need to hev an idea, and 2 learn 2 rite, as wl. ~ Inklozd is 25¢ fr U, Sweetthrt. ~ Discrdntly"

"Dear VOM: Hear
- The Fantasy Stylus, of MIT Dorms, Cam-
Mass - "The Estrn Mass Fanz r rgnizing--
rgnizd! Under the capabl direktrship of

super-Warnerite Art Widner, we r setng out 2
evn here n the Hub. On hand 2 hlp r the Swish-
ers, Chavnet, and other luminaries. Paro's Fanfare is 2 b revivd as club rgn, bi-monthly he says, fr we hev decided that there r not enuf fanmags b-ing published. ~ Hev U observd how HAK FAK JR complains (n FD) (in Fantascience Digest, Madle's mag) that he kant sl his good yrns? 2 Hakfak: fr shame! Other authors manaj 2 dispoz of good stories. Kummer out from bhind Ur kloud of slfdcepshn, and admit U need to hev an idea, and 2 learn 2 rite, as wl. ~ Inklozd is 25¢ fr U, Sweetthrt. ~ Discrdntly"

Damon KNIGHT, editor the "Thud & Blunder" mag
Snide, doth wrighte from 803 Columbia St, Hood River Ore: "April VOM received, & contents noted. ~ I like VOM, you know. The format is delightful, the ink is pleasing, the letters are fair, and I am gradually getting used to the puns. And you're quite right about the terminology's being bewildering to the newly-sprouted fan; it is, very. Especially names. It was only a month or so ago that I found out who Don A Stuart is, & had to revise all my ideas about Stuart, & Campbell too. Again, the bright boys on the inside let it out that the Star-treader is Miske. & then start hinting about who Miske is! A while back I heard that Robert Arthur was Bob Tucker; a couple days ago the rumor filtered in he was Tillman - Tucker, I mean - and tomorrow I expect to hear that he is really me. I shall go mad, I tell you, mad, mad! (Don't go mad, Damon; that'd be a crazy thing to do.) ~ Not only that, but I am now entering the economics stage, & find myself confronted by such questions as: (a) what is Michelism, (b) how do you pronounce it, and (c) what happened to Technocracy along about '33, and what does it consist of now? (One of U local Monad Men myt lyk to ansr the latter question; & while we're suggesting correspondence from one Angeleno we myt solicit from all. Whereas when the Voice was a club-pub U myt've felt it out of place to say something as a contributor, under the independent setup that feeling of restriction should be removed. Certainly we shoud be glad to include such names as Bradbury, Freehafer, Hornig etc in our pgs as mems of the imagi-nation; so let's hear from U!)

From the author of
The Smile of the Sphinx, 4-Sided Triangle, etc; 7, Elm Rd, Wembley, Middlesex, Eng-
land: "I've never seen such an interesting batch of letters as the Dec. MAGI. The cracks were top-flite - Damn! This Ackermanese is infectious. You ought to be isolated. The one that tickled me most was: '& so we end a page...' But then I am a Wells fanatic. I'm thrilled because I've got a guy comming to supper here this week who once supped with Wells in his own house. Such close contact with a Great Brain!"

William F. Hemple

VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION
(Special Insert)

Dr VOMBii:

I have the heart of a fiend, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to prove
back it. And that is the sole and only reason why I am writing you a letter. So
out? I think not; I hope not; but WILL YOU? print letters exactly as
year or Sluvely paper you use on this letter. Or, Ktiffs that you are, will you
ed Vom. What do you call it? I am planning to find out whether or not you've print-
scur, another issue of MIND of MAN in the near future, and would adore to mimeo it on that
slick grey stuff with the faint blue twill. If Maky Mayhap I will. Now I must wait for a
trick up my grey tweed sleeve. you do, beware! I have an even more

BOKIAN'S REACTIONS TO APRIL 1990 "IMAGINATION"



THANK FOR SENDING ME A COPY - TWAS SWEET - Hannes

New Phonetic Spelling Devised to Tell World 5000
Years Hence How to Pronounce Our Language;
Signs Teach Grammar

HAEVING j fain talm wish yuc wjr hiecr.

It looks queer, doesn't it?

But really it is just your old friend, "Having a fine time wish you were here."

It is a sample of neo-phonetic spelling, to show the way people thousands of years from now may read our language, if worst comes to worst and the frail thread of our civilization breaks.



ai yai!

Science Fiction is Escape Literature

(Note: So imprest were your editors, upon reading the following article by Milton A Rothman in the March--~~11~~--Milty's Mag, that, presuming its circulation would be limited to 50--the FAPA--we wrote for, & rcvd, permission to republish it here.)

There was a guy who used to read science fiction. He used to read stories of the future. The future was wonderful. Everybody was scientists, and everybody had jobs, and all the world was one nation in which everybody lived peacefully together in cooperation instead of competition, and everything was done logically and scientific, and there weren't separate nations, and there weren't laws, and nobody cared much whether he made a lot of money, but the only thing important in life was living and advancing knowledge.

Gee, the guy would say everytime he read a story about a wonderful world of the future like that, it would be swell to live in a place like that.

Then some dope came around and said how about all us guys who read science fiction putting ourselves on record as being in favor of a scientific, socialistic world state.

Communism, the guy said. It can't work. You can't do it.

I'm not talking about whether you can do it, the dope said. I'm talking about whether or not we are in favor of it.

It's against human nature the guy said.

Then this same guy who used to read science fiction would read some stories in which the earth was tyrannically controlled by a dictator, and there was a revolution and the hero set the world free and married the heroine. Always in the future the world was a dictatorship. How the dictatorship happened the story didn't explain, but the hero would awake, or arrive in the future at just the right time to lead the revolution.

He read Power, by Harl Vincent, and it was all the rotten capitalists suppressing the hard-working workers. Gee the guy said. He read The Contest of the Planets, by John W. Campbell, and it was the same thing. He read It Can't Happen Here, by Sinclair Lewis, and that was different, because it showed how dictatorship came. Gee the guy said, and moved uncomfortably around in his seat, because his foot had fallen asleep. He read If This Goes On, by Robert Heinlein, and said, gee, what would Father Coughlin say if he read this, and say, doesn't this sound like the Christian Front.

There was some noise outside, and he closed the window, because he was too interested in reading his magazine, and the noise bothered him.

Then one day all the newspapers carried was Buck Rogers, and there was swing music on the radio all day, and no newsbroadcasts or Information Please, and a guy in a tin hat came around and beat this guy on the head and stuck a gun in his hands and said go on over there and lick those dirty reds and don't talk back or you'll get what that guy Moskowitz got and he pointed to a thing lying in the street with a bloody mess for a face.

And the guy lay in the trenches, and just as the shells were raining around him and he was beginning to explode little by little and the gas was beginning to turn his lungs into one mass of liquid puke he thought of Power and the Contest of the Planets and If This Goes On and Exiles of the Moon and Metropolis and The Revolt of the Scientists and The Final War and Enslaved Brains and he said how did all this happen why didn't somebody warn us who could have foreseen all this why don't people tell me these things.

Science Fiction is Escape Literature.