

# VOM 34





## BOOKS for SNOOKS

Philip Wylie's GENERATION OF VIPERS is almost a primer for students of the contemporary American scene, to my way of thinking. It advances theorizations on religion & sex, too, but also holds up to consideration other forces which play an important part in our accepted mores. Companion volume would be Pitkin's A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF HUMAN STUPIDITY; a cute little number called HOW TO RUN A WAR (author unknown to me at moment), and for those who can't read without moving their lips, there is even Tiffany Thayer's novel lit's clean, too! LITTLE DOG LOST, which contains a hell of a lot of pertinent observations.

Wonder if it has ever occurred to the smug element in s-f (who think anybody who writes an s-f story with mathematical formulae in it is a philosopher & savant the equal of Kant) to question the fundamental basis of logic on which current scientific theory is based? If so, TERTIUM ORGANUM, by PD Ouspensky will be a help, and my old favorite which I always drag in, Spengler's DECLINE OF THE WEST. It seems, boys & girls, that much of science is made up of rationalization and word-perversion and imagery founded on accepted imaginative concepts.

For simple economics or sociology or what have you...beginners can understand Thurman Arnold's FOLKLORE OF CAPITALISM and Morrie Ernst's TOO BIG...and tackle Veblen later. (I ain't no radical, either--always vote the straight Satanist ticket).

And Gawd, Isn't it time to drag out Hayakawa and the rest of the boys and have a go at semantics...which is, after all, at the root of the whole problem? Easiest approach I've found is Stuart Chase's THE TYRANNY OF WORDS.

Anybody who is interested in serious study will realize that the volumes I mention are mere introductions to a dozen different fields. I do not recommend them as the last word or even the most reliable word on any subject. But I found them within the grasp of a somewhat limited intelligence, and if I could understand them, so can any reader of SUPERMAN.

But my point is simple, if overemphasized: You can only get so far by attacking current misconceptions anent religion & sexual morality. You must realize that correction of superstition will not remove its influence in other fields. What about religious influence in law...education...attitude of press...its ethical effect in medicine and, yes, in scientific research? What about sexual morality as applied to our economic problems...and (surprise) our political problems?

Some of the earnest theorizers seem to labor under the misapprehension that the problems of the world can be solved by individuals who devote their lives to being nonconformists on paper, and who would approach the solution of personal relationship with an Esperanto text in one hand and a copy of Astounding in the other. It ain't that simple.

Understand, I am endeavoring to make these comments to those whose concern in the matter is genuine, and above routine prurient interest in logos or libido. Nor do I hope to be understood by any of the "just too earnest & sincere" boys who will misinterpret my remarks as a plea for some damned philosophic system or other which will solve everything as quickly as Rinso solves your family washday problems.

I believe that fantasy lovers may (a certain select percentage of them, anyway) develop a singular open-mindedness thru their reading which in turn might enable them to maintain an objective viewpoint in a consideration of world problems. But they will have to forsake the notion that science fiction in itself is any key to the solution of those problems. Science fiction is merely a key to a detached viewpoint in certain cases. It is not a weapon of solution, as so many seem to think.

Anyhow, I'd like to kick up a little fuss and see some fur fly off new hides. The carcasses of religion & sex have been kicked around until they're mangy.

Hoping you are the same,

Robert Bloch

IS YED'S FACE RED???

"Yed expects to have a furlo in the near future," I rote something like 6 wks ago, "praps the next number of Vom will not be so long in coming out." I had intended that as a joke, as one Vom was following about 3 wks on the heels of the last at that time. As it turnd out, this ish mytve been out sooner had I not had that furlo. At the beginning of it I had great ideas of getting out 2 Voms--maybe making Vom a "monthly" with 13 issues this yr!--but so many things came up, including my flying trip up to Alameda & the subsequent issue of FFF I prepared describing it & other recent local hapnings. I have been quite on the go, lately, visiting Fritz Lang, stenciling for Shangri-L'Affaires, riting for Entré & Visionary, entertaining Chas McNutt, Don Bratton, attending revivals of "Siegfried" & "Metropolis", visiting Fran Shack, directing the LASFS, &c, & Vom consequently, has sufferd. And everytime I've pickt up an FFF lately I've read some lurid accaunt of how a terrific Vom was going to come out on accounta my time off. Stenciling on this ish, outside of Bloch's article & the contents pg, was all done wks ago. Last wk, when I mytve got to it, I got hung up in a mustard-gas-for-hot-dogfaces deal at the Fort. Finally, at the last mtg of the LASFS, Fran Laney volunteerd to tend to the mechanicalabor today, & so, on this Sun 25 Jun, demonstrating the Good Nabor policy, the Voice warbles (wobbles?) forth again.

COVER comes to U courtesy of angelicorporal GUS WILLMORTH, who, out of his limited servifan pay, wisht to sponsor an overcay.

Robt

Bloch's recommendations of reading matter for the mater & pater who have the patter of superbabys' lil feet around their Slan Shack, supplants the reg'lar PLANS for SLANS Dept this ish.

Zekley's bacover was reworkt, in the stenciling process, by Lora Crozetti, to conform to more modest standards. Incidentally, on the Nude Deal Vote, ending Aug 1, merely 7 votes have been rcvd to date--scarcely a representative enuf selection to decide the whole future of the Vomaiden.....

COVER-----PVT JOE GIBSON

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VOICE of the IMAGI-NATION, aka VOM, #34. Julhi '44 (after Catherine Moore). A Tarfubar pub, Sgt Ack-Ack, yed. 15c, 7/8. Bx 6475 Met Stn, Los Angeles 55, Cal.



*Joanin J. Laney*

- that intrepid err-man, shoots some flak at vombarrier Jack Erman in his Ackoplane G-4E-8, from "Fran Shack", 1104 S Georgia, LA-14, Cal: Dear Editor Ackerman: The oft-repeated statement that VOM is to all intents and purposes a mirror of fandom, and that all fans are welcome in its pages, leads me to resume my letter-to-Vom habit. #32 is certainly ample cause in itself for me to write; while definitely not perfect, it is so great an improvement over previous issues that I cannot resist complimenting you.

Speer's remarks on the editorial policy of VOM are generally sound. If you insist on a high standard of both thought and expression from both artists and fans, you are bound to improve the magazine. You wish to mirror fandom; very well, fandom at its best is so far short of ideal that it is certainly not flattering either to fandom or to individual fans to mirror what often is its worst side. As Vom is now, it is no honor to appear therein; even if one does make a sincere effort at worthwhile thought expressed in a worthwhile manner, his letter is crowded in with a bunch of cheaply expressed and crude half-thoughts from slipshod individuals. In other words, why should Speer for instance write a well-expressed and intelligent essay-in-miniature, when with a tenth the effort Kennedy can crash the sacred pages with a sloppily written and poorly thought out bunch of ramblings? If you got hard-nosed about standards, I think you'd find most fans giving Vom their best efforts, rather than their worst as so many do now, and by making the magazine of higher quality and increasing the difficulty of "making" it, you will make acceptance of a letter a matter for pride and rejoicing on the part of its author. And don't you agree that any improvement in any fanzine will in some slight measure at least improve fandom generally? And is not improvement and perpetuation of fandom one of your life aims? (An editorial comment would not be amiss at this point!) (True, an editorial comment would not be a miss at this point; but since we have no Vomaiden handy, we must disappoint U.)

Another thing about the magazine is the regrettable fact that despite your obviously sincere efforts, it does not reflect a true image of fandom. While a discussionzine such as this will naturally tend to revolve around certain points (Tigrina, nudes, religion--to name three topics which have been rehashed ad nauseum), to make it a true mirror you will have to include material which covers all topics in which fans are interested. How this ideal can be attained I do not know; however, it is one worth working on, even if it involved your arbitrarily calling a halt to certain trite topics and contributing wholly new subjects from time to time, either in your editorials or through the cooperation of other fans. I have been told by some local (U must mean loco) fans that you actually excise letters dealing with topics outside the run of the mill nudism, religion, and such-like; however, I am not prepared to believe that this statement is true. (It is well, or U would've lost on the Forry-eight dollar question.) I do believe, however, that you unconsciously encourage a great deal of silly ramblings and junk simply through a failure to wield a strong editorial eraser.

And I do believe that your failure to weed out such obscene words as the second word in the fourteenth line from the bottom of page 6, plus the inclusion of obscene nudes, is flirting with disaster; not only for yourself and Vom, but for the entire fan publishing field. Your personal experiences with me should leave no doubt in your mind as to my lack of prudishness, or to the fact that my conversation is likely to be highly unprintable; yet even I am alarmed lest some prurient-minded petty official see some of the stuff you have allowed to slip through, and impose a loss of mailing privileges, not only for you but perhaps for all of us. Prudence is not to be confused with subservience to authority, and I sincerely feel a bit of prudence is called for. (Word which has upset Mr Laney so ocured in the "sloppily written, poorly thought out bunch of ramblings" of the editor of the QX Cardzine, Joe Kennedy. "Crapulous", from which no dout the term stems, is defined in the only source at hand where this stencil is being cut--a Basic English Dictionary--as "Giving signs of over-much food, drink, pleasure". While well acquainted with the expression's very unpleasing--that's Basic for "odious"--connotation, Vom also is aware of a perfectly printable translation with which the FTLaniac would not seem to be familiar: baloney! GENERATION OF VIPERS, a bk about which U will read more later in the ish & now in its 7th printing, uses this "obscene" word twice. Horrified in turn by the lurid language loosely employed by Laney in his FAPazine Fan-dango, Sgt Ack contemplates counterattack in that organization.)

In your comments on page 5, it seems to be desired that fans let you know their plans as to marriage and children. I presume these figures will be published in tabular form? (If onuf are revd.) I personally expect to be reunited with my family before too many more months, but intend to stop perpetrating my line with the two daughters I already have. In the event that such a reunion should for any reason prove impossible, I probably would marry again, eventually; I love children very much, and in addition like to have a home of my own, rather than some rented kennel somewhere.

Your statement that the "out-ciders" would rejoice at the prospective absence of Forry Jrs. calls for comment. While I am of course in no position to speak authoritatively of the views of my friends and associates, I personally regret very much to see that you have such a sterile outlook. (Look out for sterile lies!) Obviously I am speaking academically (Ackademically--obviously!) and with no wish to pry or advise you on your personal affairs (ha, personal affairs) when I state that so intelligent a person as yourself (gaw!) OWES the future some descendents. In your genes (with the lite brown hair?) you carry potentialities which do not belong to you (in-gene-ious thief, rnt I?), but which belong to this brave new world scientifiction fans forever discuss. You term yourself, I believe, the young man of the future; it seems to me that you should back



this attitude up with children who would not only stand an excellent chance of inheriting your very genuine good points, but who would also be raised in such a manner as to be worthy workers toward a concrete realization of some of our daydreams. ((U realize, ofcourse, U're rooting for more like me--for a brood of atheistic lil brats, mouthing Esperanto as their Mother Tongue, drawing nudes at kindergarten, failing in spelling beuz of an aversion to orthodox English, growing up unfriendly to alcohol & tobacco, impatient with conventions, hideously tolerant of homosexualesbianism, intolerably intolerant of the Knave Kultur--in short, fouty forrys, superackermorons with an--I quote the Laniaccusations--"holier-than-thou complex that would gag a maggot." As a sincere Anti-Ack-olyte, woud U seriously e-voke such a yoke on humanity? a- a- contagion to this world?!)) The tendency toward sterility in fandom is rotten; it gives the implication that we are dreamers afraid of our dreams, talkers and jabberers who lack the manhood to sustain our verbal output with deeds. (Need deeds & kids be synonymous?) While it is true that many fans are somewhat unfitted psychologically for the adjustments of marriage and parenthood, I believe that most of these same fans could apply their intelligence to making most of the necessary changes in their personalities. Even if they failed, they would have tried to run in the race rather than sit in the grandstand and watch life pass them by without even noticing their all-around helplessness and futility. (The rooter, the reporter, the coach--each has his place, doesnt he, without actually participating? One day I may enlarge upon this theme.)

I approve of Milt's injection of new material, even though I personally do not wish to discuss this particular topic. This is the right idea, though, and I wish I had a copy of the editorial to which he refers. (Vide Vom #30, "The Roc of Gibraltar".) It may be that certain of the policy changes I mentioned have already been adopted. And while Liebscher is giddy as always, such giddiness is highly delightful, and furthermore, I do not believe that any of this apparently obscene material is in violation of postal laws. It shows the thing can be gotten round. (But Eloise Becker protests: "I regret very much these letters by Tucker and Walt discussing words not found in the dictionary. That is too far away from the subject of fantasy and science fiction. Pornography, distasteful and juvenile, is mentioned too often by Tucker. Why doesn't he grow up? I want letters in Vom that I could show to someone as an example of what science fictionists are and I would certainly be ashamed to show the aforementioned.")

Your artwork this time is very good. Lorraine's nudes are fairly well drawn and certainly artistic rather than pornographic--if you wish to use nudes, this sort of picture is very satisfactory. The BokDauCrozetti is very nice, and is one of the outstanding among all the line drawings I've ever seen in Vom. #

Mr Wat's son, Willie, covers himself with remorse as he rites from 1299 Calif. St, Frisco 9: Vomultitudes: #32 was definitely better than preceeding issues, and I certainly hope the upward trend will continue. The cover is striking, as is the conspicuous absence of those revolting nudes. Only Lorraine Dunkelberger taints the pages, and she is to be forgiven. (I too resorted to foul methods to obtain a reputation in fandom. Only trouble is, I'm now worried just how I'm going to get rid of it, the reputation, that is. I don't think I'll ever live down the Michel maidens or that Christian.) (Yes, Watson drew our Apr Foo cover. Also, Lorraine Dunkelberger's husband rote: "When I said the nudes in Vom were getting too nude, I didn't mean to cut them out altogether!" But it's such fun to cut out paper dollies in the altogether, Uncle Dunkel!) /// Would like the lil' Dutch girl's address, and would like to send her a copy of DIABLERIE, and PARADOX, and LE ZOMBIE, as fanzines truly representative of fandom. ((Vom questions Lez, diab', both specialist fmz, as "truly representative" of fandom, but will be glad to forward any offerings to Gretchen. And don't get the idea she doesnt exist & we've hit on a clever graft for garnering free duplicate fms for our Garage--the Dutchon lives in Taft, Cal, but no more clues...we noe U, Elmer Perdue!)) #

CPL MILT ROTHMAN calls #32's "a lovely cover indeed", continues: Speer has the final word on the freedom of speech matter, but says doubtful things about cigarets. (Although its a trivial subject to waste paper on.) He says cig smoking correllates with phoney sophistication & lack of morals. I'd sure like to see statistics on that--and especially definitions of "sophistication" and "phony sophistication" and the difference between the two. Most of the Joes around here smoke. They're certainly not sophisticated--phoney or otherwise. Perhaps they go under the "lack of morals" category. Jack wasn't clear as to whether the correlation is with either one, or both at a time.

But gum chewing correlating with lack of culture is a possibility.

I say above that the guys here are not sophisticated. ("Here" is in a Reception Center in the State of Washington.) But in certain ways they have a mental toughness and cynicism that's akin to it. They laugh their heads off at a sloppy love scene in the movies, and scream at anything that looks fake. But on the other hand they don't have the flexibility to accept a real fantasy such as in "Between Two Worlds," which I thought was excellently done, except for the end when the love got too slushy and the fake "dream" explanation was brought in.

I agree with Frank Parker about the desirability of having a world state, but do not see what we can do about it. The powers that be are going ahead with their plans without asking us. Of course, there is always the opportunity of writing letters to magazines and newspapers, and if we do it intelligently enough, we may influence a bit of opinion and counterbalance some bad opinion.

For instance, there is prevalent



a certain amount of indifference to the possibility of a next war. People go around talking about the next war without thinking twice about it. There was an article recently in the American Weekly which described the use of rockets in the next war. Such a state of mind is terrible. If anything comes out of this war it must be the prevention of another one, or else it has all been for nothing. So there is some good propaganda we can indulge in. ((Well, Wylie says in his chapter on Military Men in "Gov"---Generation of Vipers: "I am sure that, this very day, there are Germans cogitating the third war--Russians too, Japs and maybe Englishmen and Chinese. We would fail in the whole use of our intelligence if we did not bear the fact in mind and act upon it." If our soldier caste does not become avid, he states, at Annapolis & West Point to learn new scientific fact & adapt it to new military means, "in the third world war, we will go down like wheat in a cyclone." For, stresses Wylie, while we shall hope to keep the peace in the future, "we are not the custodians of forever.")) #

The Bad Boy of Brisbane returns! It's--ta-da!

who writes from 67 Thistle St, Lutwyche, Queensland AUSTRALIA. Now the first portion of this letter--specifically the first 3 paragraphs & praps the 1st sentence of the 4th--is in the nature of an xperiment. I'd be inclined

to omit the remarks as more conversationally adrest to Morojo & me than directed at U the readers. Intresting triviata rather'n topical & stencilworthy. Morojo feels it should not be deleted; it lends color; a bit of background helps U to noe the character; & so. These are her arguments, which I trust I am presenting with as much emphasis as my own. And now it's left to U to say which way U want Vom run...

Have now resumed sniping from the old family blockade at 67 Thistle, after eighteen months in Sydney -- Sydney of the Arctic climate, hellish boarding-houses, heavenly hotels and also a very good guy named Evans, whom you may have heard of. (David R.) I just received a letter from Dave (8 Mar), enclosing your New Year card, for which many thanks and whose sentiments I most heartily reciprocate. Morojo, your portrait reveals much piquancy and charm, and I should expect you to be a most interesting personality. I should like to know you. Forry in uniform looks a sight to set the feminine hearts aflutter and official hands reaching for the third stripe to pin up. (I got it! What's that make me--a pinup boy?) Glad to see you doing so well, Forry.

Dave also forwarded me a VOM, first to arrive for many moons. Jap subs must make a special issue of VOM -- Dave gets about all other stuff you send, but rarely Vom. Dave and I wrote you a letter many months back -- don't know if it was published or not. (Let us noe what nos. U're missing--maybe we can fish 'em up for U.) And in case I haven't said it before, let me express my personal thanks for your action in sending so much stuff to us Colonials. It is deeply appreciated.

Now to business and the January VOM. I found the letters very interesting, so much so that my typewriter must needs leap into the fray.

Soft and reverent on that muted trombone, Woody; Roberts is about to enter the lists (Lizts?) and speak his piece on religion. (Here's where I'd start copying.) Since my letters seem to arouse fury in the heart of fandom, I may as well say that zealous atheists will get no place trying to put a bullet in my heart; it would be miraculously deflected by the Holy Bible I always carry in my breast pocket. More inquisitionally-minded Christians need not try to subject me to the agonies of a slug in the stomach, as I have a wad of rationalist pamphlets and contraceptive catalogues stuffed in my underpants. Having made these points clear, I will now mumble a few words in the discussion, which incidentally I congratulate you on as the best and most stimulating in VOM for some time.

1. Logical Basis of Religion. Let me say right off that I like it. I can sit and look at it for hours (quote). It has a sweeping unreason about it that fascinates me. When Alan P. Roberts Junior (and there is a conception as ghastly as anything Alhazred ever penned) -- when the lad is about eleven, I shall certainly see that he is suitably instructed in Roman Catholic Apologetics, which set out to justify unreason by logic, and do a commendable job, considering all the difficulties and the fact that they can only disown previous Church Pronouncements if they are over fifty years old. I am, for once, entirely serious when I suggest that all students of Logic should be given Catholic Apologetics as required reading, if for no other reason than to teach them the practical inutility of logic. What the Jesuits do to Logic is nobody's business. They are masters of the subtly-misassumed major premise, the very-slightly-twisted minor premise and the astounding conclusion that is actually based on other premises that are no more than cunningly-placed assumptions in the reader's mind. You've got to hand it to those boys, they know their job. I landed first prize for Apologetics twice in my schooldays -- still have one prize hanging on the wall at home, beautifully-framed picture of the Infant Jesus wearing a sarong and a neon-sign -- and the subject still fascinates me. Once you've studied their system, understood their viewpoint that logic is a tool to be used ad majorem dei gloria, tried any debatable point and been able to produce impenetrable argument balanced by equally impenetrable contradiction surmounted by even more formidable and entirely incredible conclusion -- well, then it's just about impossible to get dogmatic about anything. I personally consider that Apologetics is one of the best studies a budding research man can take up, if he wants to retain an open and unprejudiced mind. Before that very pro-science guy in the corner bites me on the ear, I'd better explain that I'm



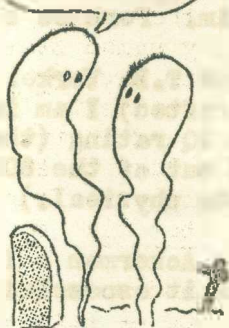
not disavowing the sacred Syllogism or giving reason the horse laugh just because Father Lord, S.J., can drive a 1940 Pontiac through logic and generally do tricks with every card in the logic pack ; I'm just pointing out a viewpoint an analytical study of apologetics tends to give you. And maybe it's a viewpoint too personal to be entirely comprehensible . If so, my apologies and request for the blue pencil lavishly applied.

2. Religion In Society. Sweet racket. Most beautiful form of extortion, that the cops still won't pick a man up for. "A dime on the plate, mug, or my strong-arm man 'll burn your toes off in hell." Under the present system, religion is a racket that the late Mr. Wallingford would have pawned his gold brick to share in. The Capitalist supports the Church and loudly gives it praise. The Church supports the Capitalist, and loudly gives him praise. So the Capitalist is happy. The Church is happy. Everybody is happy ! Except the common man. I was forgetting him for a moment. Except the common man. But then, when did the bunnies enjoy a confidence game, or the extortion suckers feel intense ecstasy as they passed over the weekly 15 bucks to the collector ? Hell, you can't please everybody.

3. Religious Doctrine. Contains some very good stuff. Also some very poor stuff. Also some blasted awful stuff. Christ hit on some good principles when he forgot himself for a moment and let go of the baloney -- or perhaps I should say, when the translators of the translation of St. Matthew's interpretation of Christ let go of the baloney. Most of what he said was old stuff dating back to Asoka and the Rock Edicts, but it can stand repetition.

myself to speak, save to say man and beast, and is the most it in man that could possibly barbaric savagery should be ularly responsive mental ago, ormous oven in this era of ad- strongly about the Old Testa- diary reminding me to get real- just now I have better things

LET'S SEE IF  
WE CAN DIG  
UP A COUPLE  
OF DATES !



stand down now for the next tually had some ideas on religion since I had it forced down my regurgitate. Art Widner cently, so it must have been in favorite quote on the subject : "It is not their love for us, but the impotence of that love, that prevents the Christians of today from -- burning us." So spake Zarathustra -- or rather, his public relations officer, Mr. Nietzsche.

Of the Old Testament I cannot bring that it smells in the nostrils of revolting parody of the divine spir- be penned. That this piece of glorified to children at a parti- is a gross immorality that looms en- vanced social sin. I feel very ment ; in fact, I have a note in my ly bitter about it some day, although to do with my time.

Well, I'll man. Was surprised to find lac- ion ! Havn't thought about it much neck as a kid, and was compelled to swapped re letters on it re- my mind. I can't resist including my important steps strictly according to the dictates of his reason. ( I have met many men who thought they did. ) So my personal resistance to religion -- and let me ti- midly add, the resistance of all atheists and agnostics -- is by no means as perman- ent and unbreakable as perhaps I would like it to be. When a mentality is exposed to a lifetime of this world's haphazard conditioning, I believe anything can hap- pen. Religion is an illusion and a futility, to be sure ; but let the man among you cast the first stone, who does not himself, right at this moment, anchor his happi- ness to equal futility and just as unsubstantial illusion.

view of the above expressed opinions, it may seem contradictory when I say that, if I were told that in about thirty years I will be bending the knee to Christ Our Sav- iour, the revelation would disconcert me a little but shock me not at all. I have not given my opinions on Religion As An Emotional Satisfaction, which is quite a different matter. As things stand now , religion is rejected both by my reasoning powers and by my inhibitions and complexes; it can't get to first base with both these powerful factors against it. But we are continually swapping our old inhibi- tions for new ones as the years go by ; and I have yet to meet a man who would take important steps strictly according to the dictates of his reason. ( I have met many men who thought they did. ) So my personal resistance to religion -- and let me ti- midly add, the resistance of all atheists and agnostics -- is by no means as perman- ent and unbreakable as perhaps I would like it to be. When a mentality is exposed to a lifetime of this world's haphazard conditioning, I believe anything can hap- pen. Religion is an illusion and a futility, to be sure ; but let the man among you cast the first stone, who does not himself, right at this moment, anchor his happi- ness to equal futility and just as unsubstantial illusion.

Well, I have now re- vealed myself to the Christians as a hopelessly prejudiced and morbidly bitter per- son, a veritable fester on God's green earth; and atheists may note my last remarks and scorn me as one of feeble mind and weak will, still possessed by a sneaking re- gard for and fear of the kindly yet awful bosom of Mother Church. So the Christians can give their prejudices a good work-out on me, and they will be happy. The atho- ists can do the same, and they'll be happy too. I myself am in a permanent state of slap-happiness ; so then everybody will be happy ! Except the common reader. I was forgetting him for a moment. Except the common reader, who has to wade through this stuff I've written. Sorry, fella ! ((Roberts sets off on a difrent tack at this point; the point of the tack will be publiht next ish.)) #

After our lec-

ture on Apologetics, who shoud pop up but ved of APOLLO! pen(cil)s from 411 S Fess, Bloomington, Ind: I'm sick and tired of this old junk about religion. You atheists and U religious fiends are not going to convime each other that your beliefs are right. If U're an atheist then no amount of religious pondering nor bible reading is going to put "the fear of God" in you. And if you are a "religiousito" then no quotation from Charles Fort or God laney is going to make U see different. Pure human cussedness will make sure of that.

Now I am an atheist, (I suppose) But one of my best friends is Monsignor Thomas J. Kilfoil of the Catholic Church. He's a very brilliant man and could most

Joe Hersley



probably make his mark in any field. (Don't we all, eventually? Unless U plan to be cremated, when U die.)~~It's wonderful to talk to the guy. He can almost convince me I'm wrong. There are facts for both sides. Believe me people. A great many intelligent men & women believe in God (Just as a great many don't.)

Well I find myself unworried about the future. If I'm wrong in being an atheist then I hope I get a good warm place by the fire 4E, along with U, and Marlow, Tucker, Shaw, et al. I feel the same as Washington does about that. (U noe that saying, "There are no atheists in fox-holes"? Just goes to show how smart we are, eh?)

Much as I enjoy Laney's Acolyte, and Bronson's Fantasite, those two questionable gentlemen can always seem to stick their size 12's in their mouths.

Bronson with his attack on Vulcan Pubs in the Knaves (also T.B. Yerke) and Laney with his utterly vulgar defense of us. As if we needed a defense anyway. I have no doubt that with a few months more of publication Apollo would most certainly be as good as Fantasite or Acolyte. The only trouble with Apollo's No. 1, 2, & part of 3 - was that I did not know how to use my mimeo or what kind of material fan wanted.

do not care what the of me but I would own (and Innman's) lacked (in the past) up by a genuine ap- great deal of work



Personally - I three aforementioned characters think like for them to appreciate my fanzines. Whatever we have in quality I believe we have made appreciation of fandom and the we have put in on our magazines.

To sum things up I find that I am quite sorry to be going to the Navy, not because I dislike the armed forces, but because I will have less time to spend "fanning" (as Les Croutch puts it) Marlow may help me to continue pubbing Apollo. He has offered but I hate to impose on him. Perhaps I will let it go till the war is over.

One last remark. To Bronson and T.B. Yerke. My age is 18 years 3 months (not 14.) At this time, (I am being drafted) I am in my second semester of pre-medicine at Indiana U. I was given Eagle IQ rating (the highest) by the Army-Navy examiners. I was 1 of the 125 who passed out of the 8000 that took the Naval V12 mental examination. (However I did not pass the physical.) Is it alright, gentlemen, if I continue to publish my fanzine?

P.S. Ackerman - I hope you publish this in Vom. If you do - please don't cut a word of it especially the part about Laney Bronson, and Yerke. #

PVT EDW C CONNOR gets in an "Ecco" on the atheistfan: I disagree violently with Joe Kennedy. However, I don't want to give the impression that he and I are now enemies. His attitude toward atheism doesn't anger me in the least, because it is understandable. It does amuse me a great deal. Time after time such statements are made by people who cannot comprehend the attitude of a true atheist. I myself have reached the conclusion that a steadfast atheist is really the only individual who can understand his own precepts. If outsiders could become favorably adjusted to atheism, they themselves would be worthy of the title of atheist.

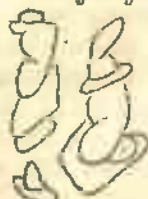
The "guilty consciences" portion of Ken's letter certainly made me laugh out loud.

For a brief span of time, I did call myself an agnostic, but could not for long deny the conviction that a god is a mere fallacy of conventional humanity.

Liebscher's letter was pulse-stimulating! How thrilling to read so many filthy words right in VOM, cleverly altered so as to make it difficult for the dolts in the P.O. Dept! It could have been much better, though.

Most interesting missive in #32, however, was Milty's. Right up my alley! #

"On the burning nude quest," states PFC JMC (aka CUNNINGHAM) - I see no fault in them. Rather they are an enlightenment from the dreary monotony of everyday reading. I read "Sunshine & Health" (official pub of Nudist organization) and see no baseness or wrongness in its purpose or intent. There is something about a nude body, esp fems, that has a perfection of art-istic and pleasing-to-the eye appreciation. So spread em out liberally and thoroughly in VOM, and increase its delightfulness a hundredfold. I think nudist would appreciate your pulp very much (or is it rash imagination my part)?



On the other hand, I can see Cpl milty's viewpoint. But as for Joe Gibson, he can peddle his peanuts elsewhere. He's way off. He knows so little of sex and cultural values of nudity, that someone should send him a subscription to Sunshine & Health. As I see it, two persons alone, via sexes, might speak sexy, but in a group as in Nudist colony, there is no sexy appealings or such, but rather a enjoyment of sunshine's benefitual qualities, and relaxation from the overweight and hardships of clothing. I do not agree on mass nudism, but small groups must be a pleasant experience. #

COMING NEXT ISH! Already lined up are: Letters from Rothman...Laney...Ron Lane...Willmorth...Dunkelberger's crowded out 'Plans for Slans'...& a lovely illuminating letter from a formerly unheard from fanne, Eloise Becker. Art Insert: "A Fan's Dream", by a new artist, John Anderson. Covers: Wait'll U see 'Merslanne', a slanne of the sea.