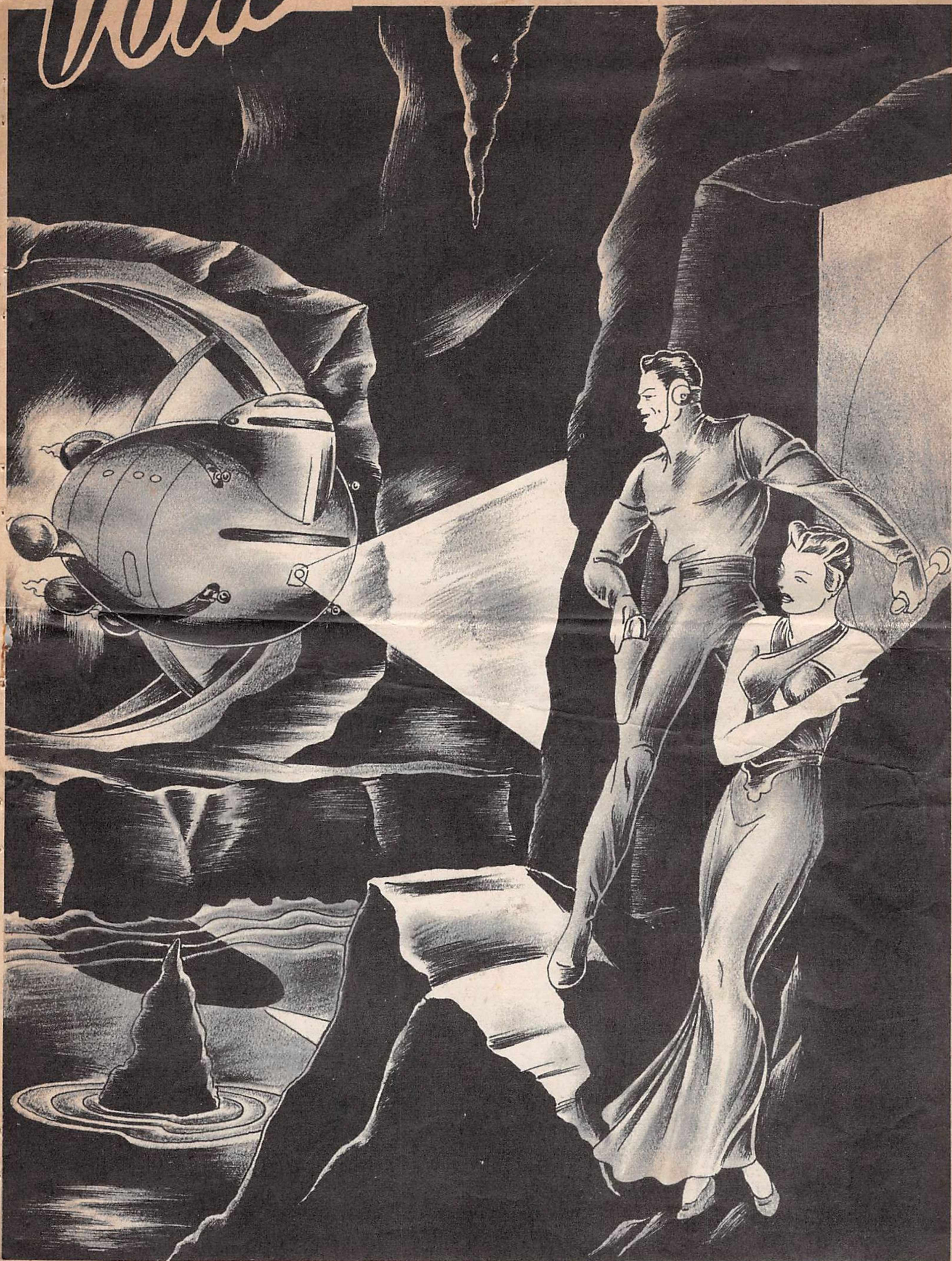


15 p

Tom



COVER -- GIBSON

JIM KEPNER & BOB TUCKER: THE.....	VOICE OF THE COLLABORATION...	3
BOB BLOCH: REALLY CENSUS OUT OF THIS WORLD.....		5
HENRY ELSNER JR: "A WROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME--".....		5
GEORGES GALLET: SAYS "MERCI BEAUCOUP" TO AMERIFANDOM.....		6
PFC JOE GIBSON: A DREAM FROM DEUTSCHLAND.....		6
ROSCO WRIGHT: GET <u>BEHIND</u> THE GUILD--& KICK!.....		7
JULIAN PARR: DIS CORD IS ONE OF THE STRINGS OF FANDOM.....		7
RAYM: STF DOES NOT LACK LUSTER BUT CAN'T MUSTER SO MUCH ENTHUSIASM FOR THE FAN CLUSTER.....		7

Editorialette: This is about the briefest Vom yet, but costs only a dime in consequence. Next number should be normal size again. Speer, Reinsberg, Gibson, Raym & Laney will appear in it--plus a supersupplement by OLAF STAPLEDON. --- When servifan Taurasi told in Fantasy-Times of picking up the French mag V with the feminine Tarzan on the cover, he was regarding a reprint of Vom's "Femurian". Georges Gallet, ed of V, chuckled: "Perhaps you'll get a good belly laugh in seeing that we naughty Frenchmen had to cover an indiscreetly shown breast!" The reprint had been retouched, lots of spots added to the leopard-skin! --This is the pinup that Widner razzed as "a 5th rate bag", so nyah! Gallet concludes: "She made a hit with the boys at the office. If you get hold of the original girl, just wrap her up and send by airmail C.O.D." Another stroke of success for Vom artwork comes from England, where the initial number of a new pro Weird Tales will feature the bacover from our 7th Annish. "As soon as I saw it," enthused Editor Gillings, "--the grotesque figure overshadowing a nude maiden, with a half-sphere in the background--I said: 'That's just what we want.' It expresses this type of stuff better than anything we could commission from any artist ever here." Back to your shadows, Thompson!

~~~~~VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION, aka VOM, #46. Sep. '46. 15c. 7/8. FJ Ackerman Ed  
6475 Met Stn, Los Angeles 55

BOB-JIM TUCKEPNER, a composite character created upon the occasion of the visit of Kepner of LA to Pong of POB 260, leads off with Kep complaining: Dear Vomiscuous

Guess its the distance that makes the difference, but from here, those two last issues of VOM don't look too good. The number of pages per issue (at 15¢ per) also had something to do with that. Most of the puns don't help either, although there were two or three that were quite good. A prediction that you'll someday die of paranomasia wouldn't likely be too far from wrong. (U mean my parano needs tuning?)

Tucker takes over the typewriter to tap out: Dear moV: As you will soon gather from further perusal of this missive, it is being writ by two great fans, blending their twin, mighty intellects into a single letter to grace and brighten the otherwise drab pages of your little paper. You call for volunteers to save the little paper from expiring on the slag heap of time because of sheer neglect---very well, we nobly respond. We realize you were once a great fan of some note; and recalling to mind the tragic end of Degler when he was ignored, we hasten to prevent your impending doom and the destruction of your little paper by lending our time, words, paper and typewriter-ribbon ink, not to mention stamp and envelope, in an endeavor to save your little paper from the slag heap of time. We realize that your subscribers would never recover from the blow, and therefore offer you this letter, believing that it alone will be worth the fifteen cents you ask for an issue. (Vom presents proof positive that Kepner & Tucker cannot read! Later in the letter Pong protests: "And you can get Thrilling Wonder for 15¢, too. Pshaw, only six pages for 15¢! You're slipping, along with Liebscher." Messrs K & T must have completely slept over last issue's editorial, which explained in plain Ackermanese that only 10¢ would be charged for the skimpy July, Aug & Sep nos. Anyway--the pinchpennys!) Tuck continues: The latest issue of your little paper has been read and filed away. Perhaps the best article in the entire issue was Bloch's hilarious tale of the Travelling Salesman who carried bricks in his carpetbag. This is a new and novel twist. I've often heard of carrying carpets in a brick bag, but never before versa vica. Next time you write him please ask him to explain the half-hinted-at tale of the Travelling Salesman and the three farmer's daughters in the hayrack. We haven't heard that one . . . altho we know a dandy about an old lady who joined what she thought was a cigaret line.

I think Julian Parr is sweet, too. What's it all about Forry dolling?

Kepner: The letters by Parr, Roberts, and Youd were about the best in the two issues, mainly because I couldn't find anything to disagree with them on. Parr sort of hits Laney on the nail's head in regard to the latter's emotionalism. But then I guess Fran is just afraid someone else might occasionally try to rise above, or control their emotions. Even Fran's pessimism is far more emotionalism than rational. It carries over in to music - where his tastes go for the types of music that are stripped of almost all but pure emotional primitiveness. Ohwell.

In regard to the anti-negroes - there are a lot of people who try to minimize the importance of the problem by saying that there really is no racial problem - and they proceed to offer some formula solution. Even the extremely liberal Governor Arnall of Georgia falls into this all too common error - but at least in his case, his motives aren't suspect. He feels that economic equality is the entire solution. It would be perhaps if economic inequality were the entire problem. But its not. The crux of the problem is social inequality - and the problem will only be satisfied when absolute social equality is generally reached. It will take long enough, but there eventually can be no compromise on this.

Roberts mentions the Jap-haters, and there is a problem that has come out strongly on the US's West coast. In spite of what some may say, it didn't all begin with Pearl Harbor either. There has



long been a bitter antagonism fed by the narrow minds, or rather to them by interested parties, such as a well known retired newspaperman who controls a large chain of free "American" papers from his palatial estate in Southern California. Most of the native-born Japanese-Americans who were sent to relocation centers felt that it would be safer not even to return to California.

I certainly hope Youd is not borne out in his predictions for the future of the United States; however, its all too likely that he may be right. I must say that I share more hope than faith with him in the outcome of the new British government. Its beginning to look as if Bevin, Attlee, and a few of the others aren't quite as far left as the people. (Laski is notably excepted.)

Tuck: Youd's prediction is startling but apt to prove only too true. Certain directions now being taken by the United States, particularly directions dictated by those in command, reveal a dangerous trend towards the same old path of "let's go back home and bury our heads again."

There is, however, little or nothing the ordinary person can do about it except be carried along and become hopelessly embroiled in whatever deviltry the big boys think up next. The man in the street-- and that includes the fan in his fanmag --may as well admit that they have no more control over their immediate destiny than any lowly Japanese worker had or has in his. The illusion of liberty is there, certainly, for the illusion of liberty is needed to keep the common man happy and reasonably content with his lot. But when it comes right down to actual policy making, world-shaping, future-building, the man in the street quickly finds his illusion wiped away. The big boy who sits at the conference table --or simply picks up his telephone to snap out a few commands-- is the guy what does the making and unmaking-- mostly the latter.

Now about this four-staple business. I'm highly indebted to you for this signal honor, as you took pains to point out, but I should like to expose you to fandom as a hoaxer. In #43, in which you made the original announcement, you said that henceforth those four-staple would would get just that-- four staples. Let it be known far and wide that you are a liar. My copy of #43 contained only three staples. Ackerman has been exposed for the louse that he is. Move over, Milt. (Sort of a "hoaxposé", eh? Explanation is: Ran out of staples, substituted a pun for the 4th one--puns being a staple of Vom.)

Jike: Laney's letter in the 45th pleased me no end. You see, I can still remember the good old days when I agreed with Laney on a majority of subjects. And this letter comes along and lets me agree with him again for almost the first time in a year.

While I don't share all of his suspicion of the literary classics, I do agree with much of what he says in regard to modern realistic writings. For instance, there have been thousands of volumes written on history, and most of them are just so much BS. Out of all those volumes only a dozen or so, mostly written within the last thirty years (not quite ten, as Fran says), are good: Beard, Robinson, Robinson, and a few others.

In Psychology and Sociology and related subjects, most of the classics, by which I here mean the volumes that still hold the reliable ring of authority, were written from ten to forty years ago. Fran's estimate of ten years is quite a ways off - that would be between 1935 and 1945. Really, Fran. Look a little closer, and you would find the reliable, accepted, modern authorities in most subjects a decade or two older than that.

But Fran is really too hard on the classics. After all, while Chauvinism and other archaic social viewpoints were rampant (still are for that matter) in the bulk of literature, they weren't present in all works. There are works written centuries ago that are still a bit radical for some people today that call themselves liberals. One shouldn't judge all classics by Kipling any more than one should judge all more recent works by Margaret Mitchell.

Boob: Laney's letter in the 45th pleased me on this end. You see, I can't remember the good old days when I disagreed with Laney on a minority of subjects, most of them the subjects of the King of Siam. And this letter comes along and makes me disagree with him for the first time in a week or so.

I wrote a book about two years ago that still has a ring of authority. One need but toss it under the bed to hear the ring.

Am queerly disappointed in your 45th cover: the ladies on Startling and Thrilling Wonder display much more skin and consequently excite my pulse to a greater degree.

Liebscher has hoaxed you. There is no such person as "Harris M. Liebscher" and too, I am fairly certain, there is no such fanzine as Vomolyte. I think someone is pulling your

In closing, I again want to compliment you on Bloch's yarn about the Travelling Salesman and his load of bricks. It was simply bricky.

Keppner closes: And not to draw this rambling missile to a close, or something like that. A last suggestion: If your income (letters, I mean) is slim as all that, why don't you combine those thin issue, and at least give us a BIG stinking Vom for all that measly cash? # (Re-explanation: Am attempting to average one-a-month til New Yrs, so Vom #50 will appear 1 Jan 46.) (Speaking of income, there is an outgo of \$7.50 a month on Vom just for lithographic covers--coverage of which expenditure the cash customers never begin to touch. CALLING ALL ANGELS! Any one contributing half the expense of a cover may have choice of the original of this issue's cover or the issue before last or the issue before that. Three choice Gibsons at \$3.75 apiece.)



## IMAGI-NATION

Traveling Carpet-bagger BLOCH returns with a story about a Farmer's Daugherty: Glad to get the July and August issues of VOM, nicely folded and suitable for using as flyswatters.

In the same mail our postman (who is very obliging; when he delivers a wet towel to me, for example, he always wrings twice) deposited a cryptic double-postcard from a Walt Daugherty, purporting to be a census of fandom...in which he seeks information regarding 750 fan, fen, flan, fran, or whatever they are called THIS month.

Not having space to adequately reply on the postal, I would like to utilize the pages of VOM to help out old Daugherty on his census.

There are several modest, retiring fans who, I feel, his postals may not reach...and I'll slip him the necessary information.

### FAN CENSUS ADDITIONS

WOODS MANACKER: Fandom's Number One Behind. Owns a library of 23,461 fanmags, pro mags, and books, valued by him at \$300,000. (Or \$25 in cash). Claims to be the only fan in L.A. who owns an autographed copy of the Bible.

LANE FANNY: Fandom's leading plagiarist. Claims to be the author of innumerable fan articles, which in reality are written by his children (Yog-Sothoth and Cthulhu, Jr.)

SQUAT W. CROUCH. Canadian caperer of fandom. Makes lots of Parry sounds in fan publications.

JACK ASSEGAI: Once did a fancyclopedia printed on bristol-board. Often contributes to the Atomic VOM.

WALTLEIB DUNKELBERGER: Really two guys that I am always getting mixed up. One of them lives in North Dakota and the other one wears red pants. Do not confuse them with Walt Daugherty who does neither.

OSWALD DRIZZLEDRAWERS: World's Youngest Fan...in fact he's not even born yet...just a 5-month's fetus. But he shows signs of becoming a good critic of fandom...because when his mother started to read a copy of VOM...he kicked!

Let us now take leave of our census. #

HENRY ELSNER JR., Editor The Scientifictionist, gets in the groove from 13618 Cedar Grove, Detroit 5, Mich: Laney's history was very interesting, especially to me, since # 43 was the first ish of your mag I'd ever read through from cover to cover. I read the letters first, and was more or less in the dark until I read Laney's article.

I agree with Laney that the same thing is hashed too much in VOM. Unless one has been a steady reader from the beginning, he is at a loss to make anything out of the letters especially since the writers use their own pet terms for everything. Speaking of terms, I don't think much of Speer's "stef" etc. words. The stef words are too likely to be confused with Stf standing for scientifiction, where Stef stands for all of fandom. Thus, for the outsider and the new comer it is at first rather hard to differentiate between the two. I suppose this argument about a word to displace fan has been hashed over countless times, but I can't resist putting in my 2¢ worth. (Even though I don't believe in the Price System) In the first place, the reformers want to change fan because, they say, it's hard to explain to outsiders. But what about Stefnist and Im to cite two prominent proposed substitutes? Try & explain to a person that Stefnist comes from Stf which comes from scientifiction; but that many Stefnists are not interested in scientifiction! Im seems to have the better place here, but fans say that the type of people they want in fandom are the intelligent, scientific, technical, etc. Tell those type of people that Im stands for Imaginist and see how far you get. They'd dismiss the whole thing as just a lot of guys with goofy ideas who read fairy stories. Fan is also supposed to be disliked because of "unpleasant attributes connected with fans, no matter what type." But what word could possibly be worse than imaginist which the average man would immediately link with screwball? Added to these reasons is the fact that the words themselves, without any explanation, would certainly be more than unintelligible, while nothing could be plainer than the short phrase "science-fiction fan" (or, as I prefer it, scientific fiction fan) ??? See the point?

As for Speer's "Stefnist vs. Stfist" discussion:- After meeting fans personally, I've been forced to alter a somewhat strong opinion that I formerly held. It is my opinion that an overwhelming majority of fans are scientifiction fans. I think the most prominent factor that has led many to believe the opposite, is the fan publications. One hardly ever reads anything about Stf or science in a fanzine, but in a personal discussion the topic almost inevitably reaches that subject. (Here's where I could put in a plug for my mag, but I won't) While fandom could exist for a while without the pros, I believe that in time, the interests of the older fans would expand towards more or less those of the Futurians, and fandom as such would die out because no new members would be recruited.

In spite of the current popular opinion, I see no harm in letting fans be "ists". For if you're not what is termed an "ist" you are either living in your own microcosm, or you're a "status quo-ist", and either way you're not aiding progress. It seems to me that reading serious scientifiction, (especially Heinlein's type of sociological stuff) would lead to a fan's becoming an "ist" of some sort. (That is, if he's the type who wants to do something to materially aid in accomplishing the World of Tomorrow that he reads about).

I'd like to make a comment on VOM's policy. I think printing all letters as they come is very good, with the following reservations: (1) Eliminate all obviously silly & asinine letters. (2) Print letters as rec'd, but correct spelling and grammar where need-  
otherwise, the sic policy looks suspiciously like a farce.



ROGER GALLET, 36 Avenue Maréchal Foch, Bouches du Rhône, Marseille,

E. comments on some of the fantasy gifts he's got as a result of Vom's appeal:

Jim E. Daugherty that I read "Burn Witch Burn" and could not leave it before the door. I see that other books by Abie Merritt are published in Avon Books. I have read most of them and had several before the war, but the Germans took them away with the rest of my collections in Paris. So I'd like to have them again. (A hint for helping hands.)

Next came another package which caused much comment in the neighbourhood. It was even hinted that I was receiving such unheard of fanciful things as chocolates from California and kept them all for my own personal consumption... That there were only books was accepted as a sleight of hand trick of dubious taste. At least the books remain, what the "chocs" would not... I am trying to speak lightly of this package but, believe me, I was deeply moved by the kind gesture of these unknown fan friends.

I agree with Gerald Hewett. Weinbaum's "Martian Odyssey" is the best story in Don A. Wollheim's Pocket Book of Stf. but none of the other stories is indifferent. I should say that the selection is very appropriate. I also like D.A.W.'s highly intelligent introduction.

Now, I must state that since I have been receiving so much science-fiction, I read most of the time and if there was an efficiency hour/work chart for my production, it would show a steep decline... Don't believe this is a complaint. If there is any complaining it is that the doggone hour/work efficiency does not leave me enough time to read as much as I'd like.

I enjoyed the copy of July "Weird Stories" sent by Tigrina. She also sent the nicest letter with her package and I must say her left bent green writing on golden paper is very impressive.

Unlike satanic Tigrina, I never was a strict addict to Weird but the magazine standard seems to be much better than before. I remember of lurid ghoulish girls very much naked... Present stories are more dignified, better written and the elements of suspense and humor very ably handled. I liked "Devil Dog", not quite a new theme, but a new setting and plenty of emotion. A first class novelette.

Cosmic and Stirring Science have made me revise my former hasty judgment on present day stf. mags. Don. A. Wollheim certainly is good at editing. #

Wrote PFC JOE GIBSON (our cover artist) last June from Germany: When I last said gazooks to fandom and went off to pass the chips and cognac with the wall-jobs and the mademoiselles--fans were debunking a thing called purpose and we still called 'em fans. Ah, but I guess combat changes us all. Now is stefnate and fen. Being old-fashioned, I once thought a fan was a joker who wanted to be known as a fan and finally got somebody to oblige him, tho some guys said it was somebody who thought they were a fan and finally got somebody to agree with them. Now I know--it's different. A fan is somebody who is in some way coaxing up a philosophy that will one day be snatched up by a galactic civilization. I am enlightened.

Would you believe it - Doc and I have been passing the bottle and riding the top of the cat and being just drunk as hell half-way across Germany--you who have never ridden atop a bucking cat as she hauled a big howitzer down the swinging Autobahn at thirty per, which is damn fast for a cat, have missed a thrill. Anyway, today was the first time old Doc Nootin and I didn't talk about beer cellars and 88's, a subject which has a story behind it. Today we talked about inter-planetary travel.

He's keenly interested, tho he's read little science-fiction and don't know fandom from aksen tewayte th'positif. So I told him what I remembered about 61 Cygni G and Richardson's idea of celestial navigation for astronauts, which was very little. But he was delighted, because he hadn't heard of it, and it was as if we'd just met each other.

It made me realize, then, what it was to think. Ever since I've been over here the strain has kept me in a constant vigilance against thought. I was determined not to worry; it's useless. So I became the devil-may-care lad (that is, except for a few times that my "vigilance" was rudely forgotten in the midst of things--a few shells and things). To think about what was happening always led to the thought of what might happen... Guess I'm just recuperating from that now.

Yet with these psychoanalyses comes the desire to be back in that strain.

But enough of that. "They say in VoM" would be a good title for a FAPA chitchat column. Either VoM caters to the wellknown or vice versa, though I'm inclined to believe the latter. I could speak of your art. Alva Rogers is good but sometimes you ought to send it back to her (him!) to do over. I could speak of fen and stefnate. What you jokers should do is make a flight to the Moon. Then you could sell the secrets of your success and use the profits to build a Lunar Base where you could have any kind of community you wanted. It's beginning to look like you'll need that much freedom--from the aggression of humanity. But you do need a community, and an understanding of the philosophy that at present you only sense behind your interests. After all, fans are misfits in this society, so why shouldn't they isolate themselves? They belong in the world of Hope To Come. Or is that merely the "stefnate"?

Once I dreamed that I was being conducted along a rolling path that was suspended high above a tableau, and below were fantastic little homes built into the wilderness of nature, and families of nudists lived in them. Then the walk swung to the smooth, curving flank of a large tower that formed the center of this community, and I was shown through corridors of transparent substance through which I could see the social functions which were conducted within the tower. It was a sort of university, where



there were stores, and movies, and all sorts of such establishments except one--a clothing store. I and all the people shown through with me were clothed according to convention, but the people outside the transparent hallways, the people of the tower, were nudists. After that, we entered an auditorium, and on a screen before us flashed a visage. He sat comfortably and nakedly on the edge of a massive desk and began explaining what we had seen. Only he wore glasses...glasses which slanted up in a demonic squint...

Bud, that would wake anybody up. And it's odd, too, because that's exactly what I think fandom will come to--eventually. But not in this time. In this era. And after that there will be another era.

As for now, and the realities of now, how about changing fan clubs to fan lodges? #

ROSCO

WRIGHT, the Beyond boy, writes: Somewhere in the Pacific this science fiction fan is thinking--not all of his thoughts are science-fictional. They won't be at times like this.

My thoughts of today are of doing my job well, and when a moment of leisure comes, indulging in that recreation that most interests me. Yet, with that there still looms the vision of wavering security tomorrow, and wondering if the squabbles back home will cancel or in a measure "justify" the cost of the bitter and deadly circle of conflict over here. If our sacrifices will be in vain because of the intolerance of those who can't see beyond today's bank rolls and Sunday britches, who are afraid to venture forth into a knew and better world, because they haven't spine enough to face change - even to preserve their own freedom and security!

It is obvious that such people are back home, both because some of them make a lot of noises and because history speaks even louder against the wheel lot!

I hope those creatures are drowned out by the courageous and forward looking men: Men with the same hearts that braved yesterdays sealanes to seek a brave new world; men willing to face the future and tomorrows 'grave new frontiers.'

Perhaps I may sound as if I'm 'flag waving' - I'm also doing something about it and am in favor of starting a new society for treating stateside politicians who fail to make this a better world. We will call it the "FUTURIAN ASSKICKERS GUILD"! #

JULIAN PARR of ENGLAND characterizes Laney's "Some Sociological Aspects of Fandom" as "A very fine effort, containing very intriguing material", continues: Now that it is thus pointed out, I can recognise the two definite tendencies--the stefnists and the fans: and when it is put forward so broadly, & allowing so much interplay of these trends (even within individuals themselves) then I can't but agree. But, some suggestions to Laney:- (1) Why not 3 groups (a) sf-wierd-fantasy readers (b) sf-wierd-fantasy fandom (c) stefnate. Maybe progressively so? I at least think (a) shouldn't be left out in a philosophical survey.

(2) Am not yet prepared to agree that stefnists are maladjusted because they cling to "fan" activity when they could do more on their 'extraneous interests' if they didn't. There is something about fandoms breadth of scope, 'imaginative,' 'conventionless' groups - which are attractive and useful - surely sufficient excuse for remaining tied to the "strings of fandom"?

(3) I agree that stefnate cannot be considered a separate culture from 'civilisation'---and that, while there are tendencies to look upon the stefnate as all-important, there are also tendencies which tend to draw the stefnists into the 'outer', - world of today - they are just those 'extraneous' interests (which are shared by non-fans & non-Stefnists) which will keep stefnate in touch with the world of man. I think.

But the article is stupendous -- damn good -- and I'd like to see more of Laney (in spite of his 'disembodied brains' cracks) in VOM - in his serious moods. #

RAYM WASHINGTON with a new adres, 227

Washington St, CLO House, Gainesville, Fla: No doubt quite a few contributors to Vom will have something to say about the atomic bomb. I won't add many remarks; suffice to say that when I picked up the newspaper and read the headlines, I was thunderstruck. I grew horribly excited about it; I could think of little else for a time. The two subsequent events, the entry of the Soviet Union into the war, and Japan's surrender, were to me anticlimaxes. How I wish that I could have been in the company of a group of science-fiction fans at the time, or, better yet, with Campbell himself!

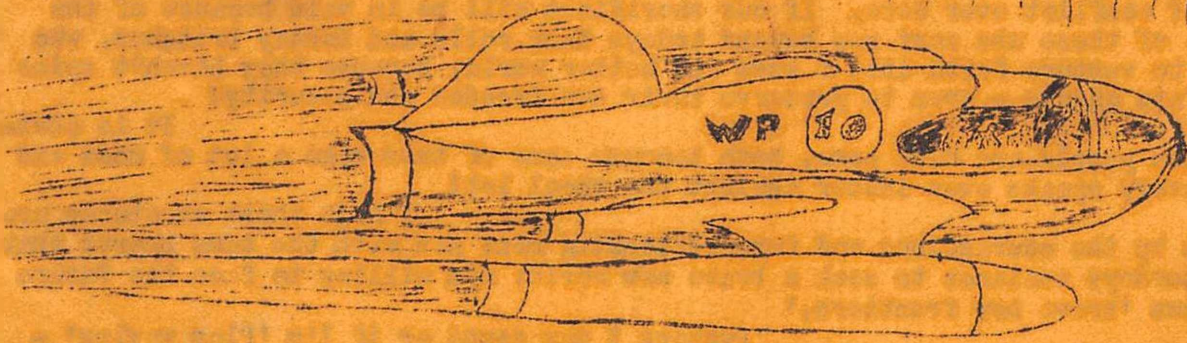
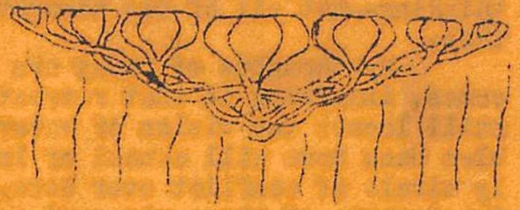
Lately I've neglected science-fiction. During 1944 I slacked off a great deal, letting issues of PLANET STORIES pile up unread and of course completely neglecting the Palmer twins, though I keep up rather well on WEIRD TALES and ASTOUNDING; during 1945, however, my reading reached a new low. Six months passed (February to August) without my reading anything more in the way of Stf than an occasional Palmer editorial. This was partly due to my sickness, and lack of time, being so engrossed in high school, and then, college; but, being home for a few days in between the summer session and the fall session at the University of Florida, I have been reading out of several AS- TOUNDINGS, and I find, to my delight, that good Stf means as much to me as it ever did. True, I am much more critical now, and I cannot enjoy poorly written stories or even stories that are moderately trite and mediocre, which I would formerly devour uncritically. A natural development, of course. But then, with my time more limited than ever before, I must read only a little fiction. My formal education certainly comes first. But I know that I need not defend my attitude.

It may be indicative of something that, although science-fiction is as enjoyable to me as it ever was, if it is well-written, fandom is not. #



# THE SKYMARK OF SPACE...

by E E Smith, Ph. D.



for the first time in book form—ILLUSTRATED!

FROM

GRANT—HADLEY

271 DOYLE ave.

PROVIDENCE

— 6 —

RHODE ISLAND

pre-publication price \$ 2.50

AFTER— \$3.00

# SKYMARK

(Ad composition by  
Gerald Hewett)