

Voice

IMAGI-NATION



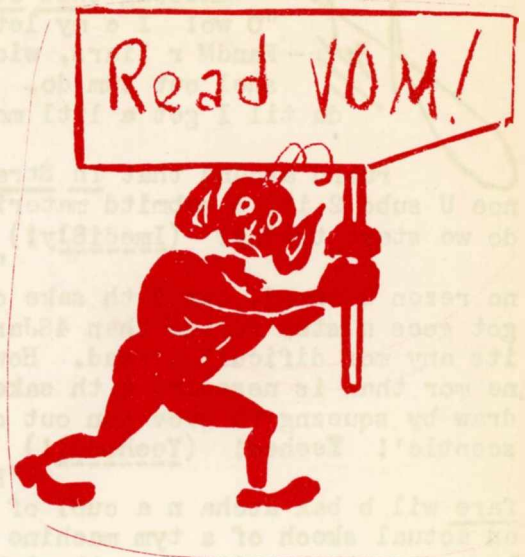
#11

'41 Jan

<u>Art Widner</u> :	4sJ's Step-Farther!	4
<u>DBThompson</u> :	The odd inheritance.....	4
<u>SaMoskowitz</u> :	What, no sub, to <u>keep</u> informd?	5
<u>Ray Bradbury</u> :	Aint he cute.....	5
<u>JJ Fortier</u> :	After Starlite comes Dawn.....	5
<u>David McIlwain</u> :	Fascinated, he gazed at their slim- ness.	5
<u>MARothman</u> :	So Sorry for Myself.....	6
<u>Jack Speer</u> :	Rajocz' capital idea.....	7
<u>Henry D Goldman</u> :	We'll print it now: ENOUGH	7
<u>Hwjnr</u> :	Fair & Warner.....	7
<u>Joe Gilbert</u> & <u>Harry Jenkins</u> :	Laughing Academy Candidates.....	7
<u>Vomoswoth</u> :	This litre-riter sure is insulin't.....	8
<u>Ted Carnell</u> :	Time on his sands.....	8
<u>damon knight</u> :	In the groove!	10
<u>Vincent Manning</u> :	Think Vom needs a dose of Pluto H ₂ O?	10

Publisht bimonthly at Bx 6475 Metropolitan
Station, Los Angeles Cal, by Forrest J
Ackerman & Morojo. 10c copy, 60c yr.
Advertisements on arrangement.

Surprise



One month after the last VOM, a new number! This does not mean we've gone monthly, but merely is our idea of getting the New Yr off with a cheer, with an unexpected ish for our readers. We guess that's the main thing U can expect about *The Voice*--the unexpected! Which is why we're running ads about our own mag in our own.

& how do U like Beauty & the Bugle on our cover? Aint she sumpin to blow one's horn about? Another big bow for Teddy-Boy. Brother Emsheimer, front & center!

After the 1¢ stamp stunt, several filatelists among the fans rote in & wanted to noe if we were going to run a series for collectors. We are considering the idea. How woud U like the 1¢ stamp next, working rite on up & thru the airmail & special delivery to the \$5? (We start using used stamps with the 1¢...)

My (4e) New Yr's card this season was designd by Walt Daugherty. Both Morojo's & myn were lithograft by our Vomultilither.

Off the Record: Now touring the imagi-nation, on a route arranged by Morojo from 4e's selection, covering a quarter hundred prominent fans & clubs, is a fonograf disc introducing a number of the imagi-natives of Shangri-LA. As reactions are rcvd, they will be publisht in THE VOICE. First comment has come in alredy & apears on our last pg. Watch for a number more!

Have fun in '41!

4e. Morojo

WIDNER JR, Director The Stranger Club, which holds its meetings in Box 122, Bryantville (Black) MASS, is first out of the mailbag this ish, commenting on our 9th number: "Dear FandM: "O wo! I c my letr was 2 late 2 get nto #9 VoM, & on top of that FandM r liars, wich boils down 2 th distresng fact that I hav 2 shel out sum do. Wel, heres a dime -- horrors! -- I ment dym, wichl du til I get a litl mor flush.

"By th by, dont u trade VoM? Its ben rumrd around that Th Strangr Club is putng out a dandy cald Fanfare. I noe U subd 2 it, & submitd material, but we woud lyk VoM 4 th club library. Wen do we start tradng? (Imedi8ly!)

"Ive always speld 'skentic' as u c it ther, & I c no rezon 2 chanj, evn 4 th sake of Widnargot. As I think ull redily agre, Widnargot goes a step furthr than 4SJargon (yowsah, Argot to admit it), yet I dont bliev its any mor difcult 2 read. Howevr, i also dont bliev in 'mutilatng' th langwej ne mor than is nesesity 4 th sake of brevity and simplicity. & Ill beat u 2 th draw by squeezng th jucv pun out of this paragraf myself. I noe -- Im an 'anti-scentic'! Teehoo! (Yeehoodi!)

"Borowng my 'mutant covr' idea, hey! Wel, Fanfare wil b bak atcha n a cupl of ishs, with its 2nd mutant covr, nothng les than an actual skech of a tym machine that u can c wenevr u cum 2 Bryantville. (We'l b counting th hrs & wachng th klok til th covr apers. It sounds pozitively alarmng --!) Yrs was xln't, tho.

"Nuts! U Anglenoes r always spoiling evrythng! I rote Martin shortly aftr returning home 2 put me down as mem #1 of watevr club they formd 4 suport of th Denventn, & now I find that u guys&gals r in it b4 i evn nu ther was ne! Ther is no justis! Im going out 2 th moon & eat space worms! (Or Saturn? It's sed 2 b infestd with ring worms.)

"Anyhow, Ill hav sum prety pink stikrs that no 1 elsl hav 4 a wile, coz i ordrd em myself. Mayb theyll cum n tym so i can put 1 on this letr. Wat du u think of my alternate name 4 th Denventn? 'Mylhicon' Nifty, no? NO? O wel --

"U mist a goldn opprtunity 4 a Sloane comment on 'A scolding but amusing letter from one of our young readers' by a certn Chas. D. Hornig. Twas butiful.

"I refuse 2 bliev that Alan Roberts is ne longer. Hmmm. I think I betr start that 1 ovr. I refuse 2 bliev any longer that Alan Roberts is. Sumun is puling--nope, Ill hav 2 put 2 ls in thatun--pullng anothr 'Bristol' on us, mayb Juffus himself, & its reachd th borng stage, evn tho he did mentn my name. A page & 1/2 of blab is 2 much 2 waste in VoM. I apeal 2 th mas-kradng fan 2 pleaz let up, take his acolade (or lemonade, wichevr he - she? - lyks betr) 4 an intrestng per4mans, a fu bows, then exit, 2 return as him-or-her-self.

"& so i cum 2 the butiful, butiful poll-cat & th end of th mag, & th end of this letr.

"'Fyt 2 make th world safe 4 FooFoo!'"

D.B. Thompson

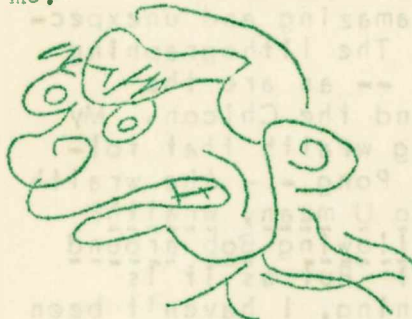
"The Sage of Salt Creek"

rote from LincolNebbraska; 2302 "U" St, to U; on 19 Nov: "Greetinx; VOM et VOMETTE: "This is rather late, for comments on the October VOM, but that isn't the chief purpose of the letter, anyway. However, since selling that story to Campbell, thus securing enough cash to purchase a supply of stamps, I feel that I should comment on the comments in your fan commentary, Vom. " First, however, the following item: " 'Virgil Brand, formerly the only fan in Smithfield, Nebraska, has moved to Santa Monica, California. His address is 1738 Wellesley Avenue. Brand has been a reader of ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, and WONDER for some ten years, and has a very fair collection of these three mags.' " So, if any of you Angels (!!) from 'The City of Angels,' Shangri-LA, should contact him, I'm sure he would be delighted. (Shall do.) " Now for VOM. " Cover? Sure it is a cover. The contents page says so, doesn't it? " After seeing my horrid attempt at Ackermanese, I have come to the obvious conclusion that Hornig is right about the English language. I can read Ackermanese as you Co-eds indite it, but think that, as a general rule, most of the rest of us will do better with the odd spelling we inherit from Britain. " Alan Roberts fills up considerable space with a choice

collection of slightly-used polysyllables, and even says a few things. Well, I'm willing for him to continue. "The symbolic portrait inside the back cover is very ARTful. "InVOMitably yours,"

from 603 S 11 St, Newark NJ (we un-
be the Guest of Honor at 1949's

vention): "Thank you for sending me a copy of the latest 'Voice Of Imagi-Nation' so that I could be kept fully informed of the latest names you are calling me."



RAY BRADBURY, betr-noen as "Science Fiction's Most Hand-some Fan", sez: "Now if any of you guys think you're gonna get something for nothing looking at this column, you're in for a big letdown. Futuria Fantasia is only ten cents, see, and it ain't gonna hurt you to kick thru with the money either, cause it's the best damned mag in the business. And if you don't think so, I'll send Slith, the scaly reptile, around some night and have him wriggle down your cheap spine while you're in bed. So think it over, bud. Better buy it now. Address communications to 3054 1/2 W. 12th St. L.A. California. Only a dime. FUTURIA FANTASIA!" Say, Ray, are U sure that letter developt spontane-ously? It strikes us as being suspiciously like an ad!

Joe J. Fortier "5"
Sh! #15 Fan!

last Nov 32d rote us from 1836 - 39 Ave, Oakland Cal, as follows: "Dear Ima Jean! Hello there! You certainly carry nation's away with your individuality. Now, that's enough of that I say emphatically. "Ci trick I wouldn't pull on any one, that engraving gag. Why? 'Cause I wouldn't be able to think anything that original up out of thin air. They do insist it is thin air, do they not? "Kenealy has definitely replaced Epstein on the publi-cations staff of Starlight now. His magazine, The Cometeer, will serve as a club bulletin and take over TCM, all in all which would serve to arouse interest. I'm industriously trying to get Dawn, La Moderne Annual, someplace, but it'll lead to a blind alley unless some more good stuff comes in. Say, fellows: how about a brief autobiography and autographed snap-shot? "I just happened to think of something. That apostrophe doesn't belong after the 'n' in in the end of nation. And don't repeat that mistake I just made. "I, too, will publish a Dawn Den-ventioneer, with a snappy cover and material by Tucker! I suppose 'JURGEN' thinks that I am one of your pen-names too, Eh Forry? Well, I'll vouch that everyone of the LASFS'ers are true people for I met them all this August, Elmer. To top that, they are about the finest crowd anyone would care to meet. I can't see how any-one could doubt their existence, but... (Guess that'll convince 'em, eh Morojo? Maybe I did lay it on a bit thick about what a slick gang there is in Los Ang; but then, in creating the Fortier character, I have made it deliberately pro Southern Pacificoast. Good way to boast about oneself, with no one being the wiser. --4e) (U'll have poor Joe douting his own existence! --Morojo) We have a big discovery in the way of an artist up in Northern California, Jack Neal. He tops any Stfan who claims to be an artist. Other items include a scheduled vi-sit from Walt Sullivan in San Francisco, a Northern California Conference (and southern too if you agree), and Damon's refusal to enter Starlight with Widner's possible acceptance. So long for a bit," (Ynchu say So long for 2 bits? Or will U give us no quarter?)

David McLean "As I believe I have said before," said of 14 Cotswold St, Kensington, Liverpool 7, England, on 1 Oct 40, "I like your typewriter: it is fascinating to gaze at the slim simplicity of the lettering. And, as I have also stated elsewhere, it is this unusual lettering which gives the LASFL publications their distinctive ultra-modern tone, (not forgetting the painstaking care which is obviously taken over the arrangement of material on the pages, the typing, the editing & duplicating, etc. LA is undoubtedly the home of fanmag aristocracy,

and, I suspect, fan aristocracy too. " Thanks muchly for the various VoM's which I have rapturously received at odd times in the past. Also for the one you sent to Don Cameron. He was extremely pleased with it, and said he would acknowledge it eventually. Like myself, he is hopelessly slothful & incurably lazy, and his conceptions of 'time' are equally liberal, so you probably won't have heard from him yet. I'll stir him up a bit before he hibernates for the winter. " Unique and delightful was the 'Monsters of the Moon' booklet which you LASFL-er's have concocted. As amazing and unexpected as the 'Stickers' pamphlet published earlier. The lithographing (is it lithography?) (yes) is extremely well done -- as are the 'shots' depicted. How I would have loved to attend the Chicon. My astral body was there -- did you notice a wavering wraith that followed Bob Tucker around for protection - no - not Pong - - the wraith was between Pong & Tucker. That was me. (What do U mean, wraith? Who do U think U are, McIlwraith? That was me following Bob around at the Chicon. & I deny I ever wavered! --Morojo) But as it is still in a debauched condition of alcoholic poisoning, I haven't been able to get an account out of it yet. Astral bodies are unbelievably sensitive to alcohol. Mine has only to sniff the barman's apron to start screaming with inebriated mirthfulness."

9 Oct 40, 1730 P NW, Wn/DC:

"VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION: So Milty (Rothman) sits at the lovely Underwood at the office, writing a letter to *Stimme der Einbildung*, twenty minutes before work starts, after having arrived early in order to study his psychology notes, and after having torn up three of four such letters in the past two days, letters written at all sorts of places and times, dressed and undressed, but all torn up. " Because a kid with a marvelous gift for writing is being nounced upon by a bunch of guys for being like Milty was not so long ago. No, Milty spent more time reading *Wonder Stories* and *Amazing Stories* than he did reading Shakespeare, but he has read a little Dos Passos and Saroyan and Anderson, and his guts ache with the urge to be able to write with that sort of words. " Is this kid being jumped just because he can use words like none of the others can? No. Because his sense of values and standards are just a little higher than the values and standards of the other pulp readers, and he reads so many books that are really good that he gets all tied up in a knot inside wishing that science fiction would let go of the bolony and become so really good, and it has the stuff to be better than anything else, but it won't, because the people who can really write would rather write about people who are living now, like the man who works in a steel mill or a shirt factory or the man who doesn't work or the boy who walks the streets wishing he could work, people who are living now rather than people who might live. " So the kid has a gripe because science fiction ain't good literature, and he doesn't fail to say so, didn't Milty say so, too, so he gets lashed back at, and they don't see that he thinks so furiously and intensely that he doesn't dare say everything that he really thinks, so he compensates by being very clever and funny. " And then it was time to work, and Milty left the last page unfinished, and it was probably just as well, because he found that he was merely being sorry for himself by being sorry for Alan Roberts. (This letter is very liable to lead Art Widner to conclude U are Alan; U realize that, don't U? Tho we co-eds noe difrently.) Milty spends entirely too much time being sorry." Skip to: "Since science fiction is supposed to be prophecy, we are interested in knowing just how good it is at prophesying. To do this, the literature must be treated statistically, and to do that, it must be condensed into a form from which it would be an easy matter to make comparisons between what was prophesied and what happened. In other words, a history of the future as written in science fiction must be compiled. This is a tremendous task. It took 72 pages to list merely the tables of contents of every magazine. How many pages would it take to list the form of civilization, and the events that happen to civilization in every science fiction story that has told of such matters? " One person cannot do it. The task must be divided up between many fans, each of whom would take a section of science-fiction magazines, compile the data, send them to a central editor, who would arrange them in the order of the historic dates of the events in the stories, and send out the material, in chronologic sections, to the

other workers, who would stencil and mimeograph them, giving the completed papers again to the central editor who would bind them and mail them out. "How do you like the idea? (Students: Workers -- Arise!)

& we hear from JACK SPEER, another DC lite, or Capitol fellow, of 3416 Northampton NW: "For all your efforts to make it unintelligible, your impressionistic account of the trials and tribulations of lithoing gives some idea of how the process is worked, and it sounds more complicated than anything has a right to be.

"I wonder if Stienkiewicz is trying to set up a new practice in capitalizing the last letter of names of fannags ('Spaceways, Golden Atom', etc). Looks a little queer, but I prefer it to capitalizing every letter, like some people do. His super-Akrmanese raises the rather pertinent question, 'Why not?' It's only slightly less diverting of the attention than strate Ackermanese.

"Most depressed to notice that Ego Clarke has apparently been taken in by the Ministry of Propaganda's expert work. Gallet's letter of interest, tho the blushing exchanges between him & Morajo struck me as being rather silly. I have more respect for Sweetness and Lite.

"Rothman's illustration which accompanied his letter was somewhat less than accurate, inasmuch as his window faces the other way from the Capitol and the Monument, with miles of houses & buildings between, and anyway the Capitol and Monument don't bear that relative position to one another, and Milty has no hair on his chest.

"Anybody with half an eye can see the difference between a brontosaur and a diplodoke.

"Hold on, here. Do my eyes deceive me? Or perhaps--no, my understanding of German can't be that defective. So du bist nicht ein Teknokrat! Um Himmels Wille! (Seems like I can't say anything in German without making a mistake in it somewhere). But why have you been holding out on us? (Ich weiss nicht; peut-être car neniu demandis about it!)

"Bacover a wow.

"VOM9 cover swell.

"I'll second Warner's nomination of Temple's for the best crack of the year, but there are lots of swell runners-up, such as Rosenblum's introduction to his 'Who's Who in American Fandom' page: 'In order to further the cause of international amity, blah, blah, blah; and also because we want to, we present ...' Dick Crain should have a place to put such gems in his anthology for 1940.

"And now the page and a half of Roberts. His earlier letters sounded like they carried some sense with them under that slimy exterior, but this latest sounds a little unbalanced, and I would suggest that you publish Alan's picture, if he sends it, and then drop the matter there.

"Referring to the stumbling around between you and Liebscher telling each other you thot the other was swell--why the devil can't we be Bohemian about such things and come right out and say what we feel, with no apologies? The Twentieth Century reaction against frank expression of emotions has gone entirely too far when we can't express a sincere feeling without sounding ironic or feeling silly."

HENRY D GOLDMAN of 3118 Perrysville Ave, NSPittsburgh, Pa, sez suksinktly: "Note my sub ran out some time ago so enclosed please find 30¢ in coin for the next 3 issues beginning with No. 10. Some day I may write enough for you to print, but don't count on it as I am a very poor letter writer. "Anyway, I enjoy reading other peoples mail so keep VOM coming as long as you issue it. You needn't worry about the money, you'll get it."

Foiling HARRY WARNER JR: "New VOM came yesterday. I refuse to appear in the next issue with a letter, so I'll not comment on it. Yah!" (Yah, yahself!)

The following "thing" was foisted on us by the Dixie Duo GILBERT & JENKINS: "The quick brown fox followed the lazy grey dog. Dear Joe, What has been the matter iwht "Jow " Joe Gilbert is a lazy, good-for-nuthin', despicable hack. " Harry Jenkins is not even that. Ben Sloan is a genuis,---almost. The Dixie Fantasy Fed-

erals are hot on our trails. " The blood seeped slowly out of his shirt and in a voice torn with 'Sweetness and Light.' " It came--without expectation--no, not a new baby, only Le Zombie. " Not once did he torture me, but many times, burning my brain with those horrible words, Do Your Read Amazing? " Ping Pong is a disgusting, stomach revolting, and fast dying game, so is Hoy. " Eagerly I tore open the dolled-up letter; I gazed upon its contents. I am writing this from heav--- er (censored). It has blood of an innocent fan on its hands. Le Zombie ----J'accuse. " That lovely redhead with his exquisite write-up of his den takes first and only place. Yes Gilbert's article is authentic, because----- I been. " Let Tucker torture me, let Kornbluth give me the honorable 'hottee-footee', let Ackerman hackermanese me, But Oh God! Dont throw me in the briar patch----(Gilbert's puns) " I've seen an expert in Ackermanese! She's colossal, stupendous. Oh, boy! She's better than Ackerman. Who, my 7 year old sister. " Some people like the sun. Some people like the shade. Some people like it hot. Some people like it cold. But nobody likes 'Sunspots.'" (???--unquote.)

Tomoro of New South Wales, AUSTRALIA ("Del Monte", Kangaroo Point Road, Sylvania) rote on 15 Nov: "Well, contrary to expectation, I'm still in Hospital with diabetes and shall be here for several months more! After having had nearly a litre of insulin pumped into my veins, the injections were stopped, and I had a relapse--on the day I expected to leave: Nov. 7th. So my sentence has been greatly increased. Last VoM rec'd and now I can definately say--'She ain't what she used to be!' Take a look at Nos. 2, 3,4,5&6 and compare with the last few issues. No, Fojak, my humble advice is--go back quarterly. As to the actual content--Alan P. Roberts has risen in my estimation. Tell me, how long would have the average dramatic fan have stood vitriolic comment as cheerfully as did Al? Be frank, now, and you'll agree--not many. One in particular would have gone moaning 'everyone's against me!' Another--but why go on. After being classed as a schizophrenic, a dictionary-studdier and a cynic, and in numerous other ways necessarily insulted, he still bears malice towards none. What is so amazing in a well-studied, brilliant letter-writer? I'll warrant there's many chaps 15 who write as well as he does. At least, his stuff is better than super-Ackermanese. I made a fool of myself--though not so much as certain others who still persist--with my letter in the Chicon ish. But in my more recent letters I have generally avoided it. In moderation, 4sjargon is QX, but when G. B. Thompon, Sienkiewicz and others start, well... Too much of anything is undesirable. So why not lay off Al for a while. At least, if nothing else, his wit is good, his letters readable, and--he can reply to antagonists in a friendly manner! So much for that. (Watch out! Art Widner may think U are Al, defending yourself!) " I want to join the CFS. But, sez Inner Man, would Wiggins accept an overseas member? Yes, sez me, he'll take anyone's 2/6: or 50¢ as you say in Spain. Oh yea, retorts Inner Man. Yeah!, sez I, he'd take anything. Anyway I want the CFS Review and a share of the Stickers, etc, and how else can I gettem except by joining the CFS? So, 4e, do you know if I am eligible or not as an overseas member? (I am sure your memship would be most welcome.) "Tell Morojo I'm still waiting to here what 'Voltaire' is in Esp! Voltaire the French politician I'm named after. Remember him? (Via unua nomo en Esp'o estus simple Valter, D'ro Molzvurt!) " Dunno why, but fanmags are scarce now. I haven't any reciprocation except from you and J. Michael Rosenblum, editor of 'Psutu.' I would like hwjnr to know that I'm still waiting on a copy of the HORIZONS which contained myarn 'The Space-man Strikes Back.' (That saves me a 3d stamp by asking via VoM!) " And tell RDB and PF I'm waiting on over-due ishes of Fufa and Poly-rice, willya."

CARNELL OF LONDON, 29 Sep: "Right now, the sands of Time are running low for me -- I have somewhat under 15 hours of civilian life left, after which I shall have traded my name for an Army number. " Bill Temple went a week or so ago. Haven't heard anything from him yet, but I gather the first two weeks are always the worst; after that it gets humdrum. The only London pal I've heard from in recent days is Ken Chapman, and at the time of writing, he and his wife were okay despite some near misses. At that, it is a job to find a Londoner who hasn't been nearly-missed. But even being bombed gets boring after a time. After two weeks of nightly hibernation in the air-raid shelter, we became fed-up with the cramped confines, and have now taken to sleeping in the house again. I guess we feel if one is destined for us, then we'll be

That's
the word
that describes
the DYNAMIC Forum
of Fandom. THE VOICE
Commands the interest of
everyone. It's fun for all &
fan-to-fan. Informative. UNIQUE.

DOMINATING

Asd + Mjorojo

Bx 6475 Met Sta, Los Angeles Cal, 10c
VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION

waiting for it in comparative comfort. " I'm going very near to where Maurice Hanson was last reported; just a county away. I shall be sandwiched in between him and another great guy named Arnold Wood; you may remember he had a letter-article in a copy of NEW WORLDS. " I've asked Irene to write you now and again, by air if possible, with any extracts from my letters that may be of interest to you in America. " Can't see just where all this mess is likely to end, but, maybe the grand finale isn't so far off as we think. Look what has transpired within one year -- and try and calculate what is likely to happen in another! " I met John Beynon Harris a couple of days back. It transpires that he had been working right next door to me for months on Ministry of Information work -- censoring letters! Said he'd kept an eye out for my usual stream of invectives, but, so far hadn't had the pleasure of blue-pencilling same. " Will you pass on my regards to Bob Heinlein, and I'll still try and write him occasionally. I've written Bob Tucker that I'm going out of the crowd, and I don't think there is anyone else that needs particularly notifying. " I suppose that you haven't heard anything about or from Dan McPhail? As he was in the National Guard, I presume that he was called for service the moment the Bill was passed. " I suppose you are wondering what my reactions are to be drafted? Well, I'm rather excited about it, and have to sneakily state that I'm looking forward to getting into harness and learning to make a 'big noise.' I don't think the Army can offer anything worse than we have experienced over the past month, and I must be hardened off a little to war training, what with sleeping out in the open nights, being bombed and underfire, listening to the mighty barrage, working on during air raids, travelling under all sorts of conditions etc. Yeah, maybe it'll be quieter in the Army, at that. " If we lose touch, you can bet that I'll try and trace you later on when I get back again. Probably through the pro mags if all other resorts fail. Give my regards to all the gang, and I hope that you guys don't get involved in this mess." 27 OCT: "Today marks exactly one month for me in the British Army, & as a means of celebration & enjoyment to myself, I thought I'd get an epistle off to you. And I mean enjoyment. I've been trying to write you since I arrived "here"--but, what with work, & "spit & polish", writing time is extremely limited. " Well, contrary to expectations, I've been having a grand time since joining up! Life is what we make it, & I've got all the fun possible out of every minute. Dammit, I like Army life, despite its' rigours! Take, also, the fact, that I met three local friends going to the same place, while on the train--plus a little wangling, & we got into the same Artillery Battery,--& the same barrack room--&, hey presto! the gang was complete. "The spot we are living in is in one of the beauty spots of England--& I sleep the whole night long without the lullaby of air raid sirens blasting. In fact, I haven't heard one since steaming out of London, & it's a job to realise a war is on. "Last week I had some mags--a "Planet" & a TWS. How can I describe my pleasure at

seeing the favorite literature once more? Frankly, I was nearly as pleased as if the war had ended! I got so interested in "Planet" that I nearly got pinched & put in the jug for reading by candlelight after "lights out". "Privately or publicly, please convey my congratulations to Don Wollheim for his yarn 'The Planet that Time Forgot'--he handled the plot very neatly, & I thoroughly enjoyed reading it. His technique has improved enormously since last I read his material of a few years back. "My colleagues in the barracks have all requested that I pass the mags on - so it looks as though I've already made some converts! "The first bit of USA to reach me was No.4 "Pluto"--& I'd greatly appreciate it if you would thank the Mannings' for me. I read the mag right through one evening--& it made me quite homesick for the "good old days" seeing all those letters by the familiar pals. "I shall be leaving this camp shortly, for the coast somewhere, & expect to have more space time (er, guess that piece of permanship is "spare"--twas the science fiction influence)--so, now I have broken the ice to you, I hope to be able to write you every 2 or 3 weeks. "Stand by for further communiques."

OFF THE RECORD! damon knight, upon receipt of the disc described in the editorial:
 "What ho Angelenos, Received your platter this a.m., & shattered my vow never to be surprised at anything I got from 4e into small smithereens. After much hustle & bustle, & trying of various fonografs (first one I used had a too-heavy arm, & scratched the record, I fear; it now repeats "greetings!" an unnecessary number of times, until pushed) I finally pluckt up my nerve, walked into a furniture store, & brazenly askt to play it on one of their hi-powered, much-begadgeted machines. The chap was a bit deaf, but very nice about it once he got the idea. Don't know what he thought of 4e's patter or the background of howls, screams, hiccoughs & whistles, as he left hurriedly with a dazed expression half-way thru the second side of the record. "Will play the thing again tomorrow or next day for the benefit of my friend, ful-fledgd fan Bill Evans, & his friend, semi-fan George Sanders. O yes, & maybe semi- Dick Springer, if we can get hold of him. Bill informs me that it can be playd an indefinite number of times without harm if cactus needles are used. "As to my own reactions, they were in order of appearance: (a) a feeling of pride at being #1 on the list, even if the reason were purely geographical in nature; (b) the impression that nobody but the Angelenos would spring a thing like this on the fan public with no warning or preliminary hocus-pocus, & with no reward in view for themselves; & an accompanying feeling of awe, & shame at being such a low-down, ordinary mortal myself; (c) surprise & disappointment at finding 4e to be the possessor of much the same sort of silly speaking voice as mine; (d) surprise & pleasure on hearing Morojo's southern drawl; & (e) no surprise whatever at Bradbury's mouthings - from the last 3 of which I conclude that Brad is the most nearly honest & unaffected letteriter of the lot of you. & O yes, one more - I remember wondering, after it was all over, whether that appreciative whistle that had nothing to do with stf was caused by one of my nudrawings. "Have no doubt whatever that this LAction will set off a torrent of similar recordings from all sections of the country, & hope to be one of the first myself. You'll be hearing from me!" Quite a panning from Plutonian
 "Fee, Fi, Fo, Fom

Vincent Manning
 "We smell the approach of VOM,
 Be it many pages, or be it few
 We know it'll be a STINKEROO.
 "B-Frank now, orange U ashamd of that Dec. ish? "Gad, VOM's not rating nowa-days; it's degene-rating. 'Tis naught but a meeting place of nightmares---where all fans haunt each other--a mausoleum of pet peeves---a chaos of unutterbl lingo, wherein a lost soul is confronted by a babel, a confused audial jumble of gibberish; with a small percentage of intelligible but insane mutterings. "Wy dont U put a glossary, a translation of the tongue in each issue? I have it--Ackermanese & corruptions of the tongue are the UNKNOWN TONGUE, wherein unknown people are trying to becum recognized. "Can't hardly wait for that phonograf record---if it's in Ackermanese, we're going to play it over & over out at Fantasy Farm, to lay a few ghosts---& mebbe an egg. (chix are on strike.) "So Acky is now 24; must be survival of the dim-wittest. If U dispose of Ackermanese, U shuld live to b 30--- "Disciple Art Widner is nominated for chief propogandist of Ackermanese. Gad! he's got it bad. "Best enjoyd lettrs of the ish were Ted Carnell's, Hornig's, & Leigh Brackett's. Ghosts on a casket, humrous. "Damn that backwards, upsidedown, rongsideout lettr on last page. "Manugraphing on rear covr extrordinry. "Glad to see good ole Harry Warner writing in English. "Sincere wishes from PLUTO that VOM pulls thru its Fever." Hope to renew your favor.