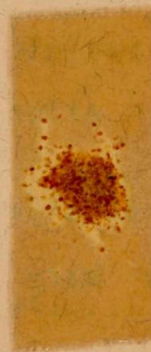




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U just noe it's
oice of the Imagi-Nation



STF'S *tasting is believ'n*
HOTTEST COVER!

Table of Contents

<u>Latest News</u> -----	3
<u>Harry Warner Jr</u> : Did he have--the Secret Formula?	4
<u>Ray Bradbury</u> : A self-portrait.....	4
<u>Vol Molesworth</u> : "The Mucker".....	5
<u>Louis Kuslan</u> : The Fan Who Forgot.....	5
<u>'Skylark' Smith's Dawter</u> : And she didnt have to use a vortex- blaster, either! ...	5
<u>Harry Jenkins Jr</u> : The Descent into the--	6
<u>Claudegler</u> : Signd, "Only Forever".....	6
<u>Elmer C Perdue</u> : Y is a 24-hr old slan the equal of a draftee? He has tendrills a day..	6
<u>Phillip A Schumann</u> : Heink?	6
<u>Georges H Gallet</u> : La Voix de France.....	7
<u>Arthur Wm Bernal</u> : Void doncha c'mup s'metime?	7
<u>CSYoud</u> : Spose Youd like to see Ackie in khaki.....	7
<u>Walter Earl Marconette</u> : Formula for Genius.....	8
<u>Ed Chamberlain</u> : Self-portrait (Isnt he the little devil?)	9
<u>JJ Fortier</u> : Has given up betting on the horses (plugs)	9
<u>Carnell, Ted</u> : After all is done & said, there aint no place like home in bed...	10
<u>Bok Tucker</u> : Fanation's #2 Face.....	11
<u>Sono Section</u> : Mary Gnaedinger...lam Rushinoff...Donn Beazier ...Phil Schumann...Ted Carnell.....	11
<u>Vol Molesworth</u> : #1 Australitan, foto & article.....	12
<u>Morojo</u> : 'Sientifiksion'--from Mexican magazine Renobasion.....	12

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ADVERTISEMENTS ON ARRANGEMENT.

SHANGRI-LA FAIRIES No. 3

News of So. Cal. STF activity. (#2 appears as an insert with FMZ #2)

NEWS PEPPER: There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that our spicy cover was suggested by "5 Little Peppers & How They Grew". (Grewsome, isn't it?)

Nexttime: A fotograficover (à la Fantasy Fiction Field) of a strictly un-covered cutie. This beauty in the birthday suit will surely suit the most crankiest connoisseur of the femme form divine. Admirers of Brundage, Petty, Finlay, Bok & Varga will esquire & inquire when they see this ball of fire on our May cover. She sure makes the Mercury soar. And what's more--this pic is an original PAULE! Nufsed.

Not enufsed, however, about the publication date of our next ish itself. Praps U noticed that mention of our May edition? That's no April Fool joke. VOM IS GOING MONTHLY!!!

Scandal in Shangri-LA: Guest sleeps thru 3/4th's of LASFS meeting! Imagi-natives were hi-ly embarast when their activitys faild to hold the attention of little brunet Gretchen Emsheimer, visitor. Extenuating circumstance, however, was that this baby--who won even the attention of hardend woman-hater Bradbury--was our youngest attendee to date, not yet being 3 mos. old. Gretchen was accompanyd by her Mother & Father, Adele & Teddy. Who are partners, with FJA, in the new cooperative enterprise, Assorted Services. In connexion with which there is a tale to tell:

PLAIN CLOTHES MAKE THE DETECTIVE: It will be rememberd by some how fed-men investi-gated NY Futurian House on the suspicion that those mimeos the fans were operating were producing funny money? Well, it seems gentlemen with briefcases (mainly Mr Ackerman) had been being seen entering & leaving the Emsheimer establish-ment (where is located the office of Assorted Services) so 2 dicks in street suits pay our place of business a call to determine if we're running a Booking Agency..!

Yerke Takes the Cake: First to be benefitted by LASFS' new tradition (if the term be not self-contradictory) will be Bruce Yerke who, as a member of more than a yr's standing, will receive a Treasury-payd-for cake at Clifton's apen (Yerke's favorite spelling) the occasion of his imminent birthday.

Chérie Smith: Pardonnez-moi--millefois--je pris, pour l'om-ission d'un 'r' dans votre nomme. Je suis désolé. Forêt

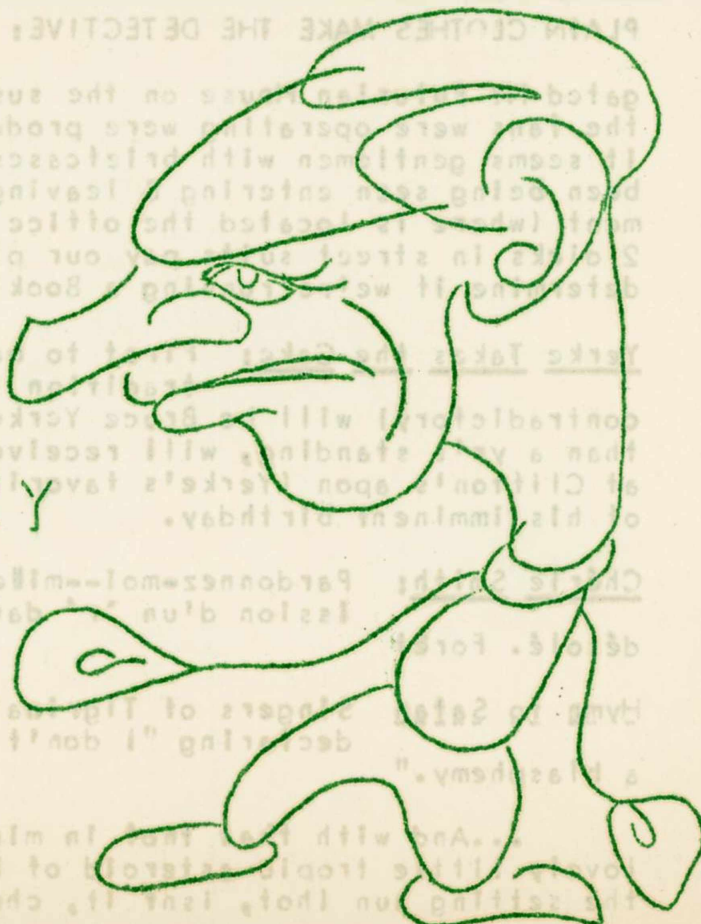
Hymn to Satan Singers of Tigrina's chanson diabolique are declaring "I don't hear a song at all, I hear a blasphemy."

...And with that that in mind we bid goodbye to the lovely little tropic asteroid of Franko-Capri, sailing into the setting sun (hot, isn't it, chum?).

Yecobeds

"Ye Hermit of Hagerstown", Harry WARNER JR., 303 Bryan Pl, Hagerstown, MD: "As for Voice--well, it seems the only way I might be able not to get a letter in is to write in detail about it. Maybe that's the secret formula. Cover this time ("Beauty & the Bugle") of doubtful stfan interest but doubtless of interest in other ways. No doubt about it, I don't doubt. " And there really seems to be little to say about the letters this time. Vincent Manning might be interested to know, though, that the reason I write in a fairly accurate version of English is that I'm completely a creature of habit--more so, perhaps, than anyone I know. Every time I make a typing error I have to remember the word I did wrong, or try to remember it at least, and make a conscious effort to get it right the next time; otherwise, it'll be wrong in precisely the same way. If I do it wrong twice, then the habit is deeply enough engraved that I do the same thing wrong for a long long time. It's the same with me in everything. Therefore, I don't dare start to use Ackermanese, nonstopagraphing, or any other eccentricity in letters, or I'd be bound to forget to change back when typing something important. If it weren't for that, I'd probably succumb to all the goofy ideas immediately and continue using them until the fad wore off. " These Australian fans give me more trouble with copies of Horizons; I'm positive they're in some sort of conspiracy telling me they aren't getting their copies in an effort to corner the market on Horizons and sell later at a ridiculously high price. However, I'll probably try to find another copy of that issue of H for Vol, although I have my doubts as to my chances of success. Several guys ordering big bunches of back issues have about cleaned me out of stock. " About the little red gentleman on the editorial page, when I first opened this issue of VOM (#11) he reminded me irresistibly of something. I spent hours over it, and then it suddenly came to me--on a little ad for rather violent introductory cards that Corwin Stickney sent out with one issue of his magazine. Or at least I believe that's where I saw it; I haven't the energy to look, and besides the temperature is about 10° above in our barn-like attic and it would mean either freezing or going to all the work of putting on an overcoat." (Well, just as well, Harry, for your search woudve been in vain: our lil redevil of a Marsian was swiped not from an old Amateur Correspondent ad but from something to do with a certain Sham Poo. Ditto our "Gettin' in Your Hair?" ad.)

Ray
BRADBURY



Tomorrow of Australia--"Del Monte", Kangaroo Pt Rd, Sylvania, NSWales, wails "As Joe Gilbert once said, the Voice comes out long after letters are written thus mucking up everything in general and what I say in particular. Yesterday, when I read my letter in the Dec. Voice, I couldn't believe that since the day I wrote it, I've spent two & a-half months in hospital, been discharged, resumed work, put out one issue of Cosmos, got another ready for stapling, disbanded the SFSC and planned a Sydcon. Yes: The First Sydney Science Fiction Convention, modelled on the Ny- and Chicons, will take place on Easter Sunday. Or rather, by the time this letter appears in VoM it will (a) be over (b) be called off (c) still being planned. Let us hope tis a or c.... Well, thirty suburban fans are expected to attend + the Newcastle, Brisbane & Melbourne groups + a couple dozen casuals and just-interested + those in adverts + those who walk by and decide to come + anyone else. We know there will be around fifty fans, anyway, and the rest just come to make it up financially so you can see we're going to get a good kick-off for our first Con"

Rights for Chimpanzees...even you!"

Louis Lukus

Champion of "Equal & a Conn-man of

170 Wn Ave. W Haven: "Soon...I must wend my way schoolward and forget science-fiction as well as I am able. Or, should I say relegate s-f to its smallest possible niche in my scheme of things. You know, without the slightest doubt, how little time there is for the multitudinous activities of the active fan in an institution which demands so much of the student as does a college, wherein each professor believes himself to be the lone assigner of reams and reams of homework. No matter how much I desire to write a few letters--a few? Nay, only one--there is always that bogey, that hated despoiler of time, homework---and, perforce, the correspondence must be left unanswered and, truth to tell, unremembered for all too long. And so you know now why there is such a burst of activity by LuKus in the summer and the various other short---all too fleeting---respite from school. But enough of this unimportant talk, and on to the important business of the day. " From all indications, the philatelists issue of VOM failed to arrive ---Gertrude says she never saw it, and in 'haunting' thru the fanzines (to copy LRC) I didn't come across the issue. Wouldst send a copy, deducting, of course, from the LuGerKus subscription? We should be infinitely pleased--we should be I say, but since VOM is what it is, such talk, fol-de-rol that it is, is unnecessary. We will be pleased. I have decided that fifty percent--not the better half, to be sure,---of our collective mind will like VOM #10. " Ray Bradbury can't frighten me! The last time Slith came a-visiting the Kuslan abode, George, our infallible monster sniffer-destroyer, sent him scurrying for the safety of Fu-Fa. But, upon further thought, there was no reason to send Slith to West Haven. There is, I remember, a subscription to that estimable publication to our credit (never discredit, thank you) still in existence. At least there was unless that master monster Bradbury embezzled it from himself. (It's entirely possible. Brad's alterego Doug Rogers recently told us Ray sold all his back issues to Ron Reynolds, only to realize that the market on his mag thus had been cornered by an own pseudonym of his!) -- Poor Milty! My heart bleeds for you, especially since I agree with 'the Milt wizard' concerning the identity of Alan, the Undaunted. Dear, dear...I didn't realize that anyone in this enlightened era of ours felt that science-fiction was good literature. " 'Dixie Duo Gilbert & Jenkins':

'Will no one tell me what he sings?--

Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

For old, unhappy, far-off things,

And battles long ago.'

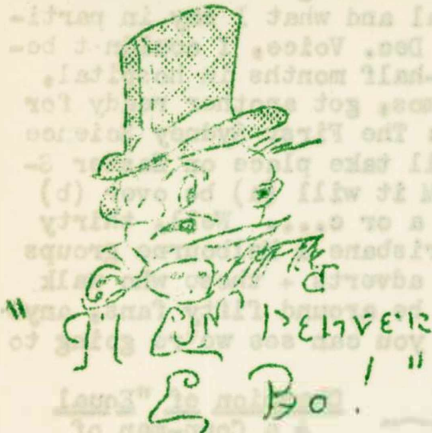
"I must say that Ted Carnell's letter interests me greatly. His description of army life is so enticing that I would fain join the 'corpse'. However, if ROTC drill is a sample of soldiering, and I most certainly don't mean loafing, I prefer civil life. Yours for FooFoo and Righteousness,"

Smile Koso

CLARISSA MAC/DOUGALL, alias

"Voila! Here's a buck I pried loose from Doc's wallet --he said 'Well, Honey, as long as you're spending my money, why not get yourself a subscription to "Voice of Imagi-Nation!'" So here it is. (The Buck, I mean.) " The cover on the New Year's issue was really a Blinger! Congratulations! " A pretty tough cold has made it almost impossible to talk (can you imagine ME unable to talk!?) so while

I'm 'nursing' it along, it's fun to read comments and letters from other fans which you've published in your mag. "Duty calls, so back to College I must go. Clear Ether!"



Harry Jenkins

2400 Santee Ave. Columbia,
So Car, Treasurer of the
Dixie Fantasy Federation &

Staff Artist of the Southern Star: "Comes the time in, an evil day, in almost every fan's life when he finds it necessary to announce just such harsh words. That day has arrived in mine. It is hoped that my readers, friends, and admirers lament and our enemies and critics rejoice; we even wish our critics a hearty guffaw over our plight. "Most revered, adored, admired, aspired, tired, lired, fired, hired, etc. and stuff!! Mister Forrest Jayburks Ackerman, one and only (thank god!) top (?) fan of fandom, to say it in the vernacular, to descend to the utterly despicable and hatable level of every day lingo: H ERE'S A DIME FOR THE NEXT VOM!!!!

"Oh yes, before I take leave of your hallowed presence, may I quote the famous author XXXXX (guess who?) in saying that "NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD FANS TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE

☆ the southern star
THE SOUTH'S OWN FAN MAG -
3911 Park St. Columbia, S. C.

"Well, here comes Gilbert to steal back his typewriter, so with an arm locked in the arm

of my keeper, I shall take leave of you to converse with H ER! "Yours very PENCERELY, THE GREAT JENKINS!"

contacted by your co-eds:

kon! Very, very much; for

And delighted! "After I

a club, and at least 2 of us are

coming to Denver. I am looking forward to meeting all the swell guys and gals there, again. "On to Rome--oops! Denver. On to Mars! Down with the hordes of Ghu-ghu. Hail Foo! Fite 2 make the world safe for science-fiction. We will not except any peace dictated by Ghu! We are united solidly behind a common effort. Fooism shall not perish from the Earth! " (Inclosed is a dime, please send me a VOM.) " Incidentally, could you tell me who is the originator of Foo? Would that be Jack Speer? What's his address? (Pogo is the Hi Priestess of All FOO & Gakspiro-de-Foo Her Royal Gen'l, whose adres is 3416 Northampton NW, Wn/DC) -- "Your Beauty and the Bugle" cover was a good idea. Well done. Sets the mag off for a mile! She must be Miss Stf. of 1941. Well, all for now. Goodluck to you co-eds, and to VOM. " Yours until Amazing has trimmed edges and the World's safe for Foo-Foo. " "You can print this if you want to. If not, toss it right out in the Pacific. HA-HA."

ELMER C PERDUE, ordering some back nos. of Novacious pubs on "Jan. 10, F41", "10% Discount to slans, starbegots, &/or odjōns? Let's go into that a little more fully.

"Slan, yes. Why the ding-dong did you think I let my hair grow long, if not to avoid the danger of an accidental snippage by a careless barber of the highly sensitive tendrils?

"Starbegotten, no. Mother never was on the stage. I, personally, was on it for a short while, but that's not begotten.

"Odd Johns--this takes a little figuring. Remember, how one of the Asiatic members of the colony had two thumbs on each hand? Well, I've only two thumbs on one hand--which makes me 1/2 Odd John.

"Average between 1, 0, and 1/2 is equal to 1/2."

Philip A. Schuman

Editor Centaur, "A Woeful Publication", 2767 N 41, Milwaukee, Wisc. whisks into our pgs with: "Ahhh, VoM. What did Brazier mean by not letting me know about VoM be4 I had to see 4 myself? It is xln't.

"It's just what I've bin looking 4 4 a long tym. What more complete census of readers opinions coud one get than a magazine writtn by the readers themselves?"
 "Please put this in VoM- ATTENTION, my Philippine correspondent: Answer my letr or I'll fly ovr there and get the massive missive in person...Phil from Mil.-"

C. Gallet FRANCE'S #1 Fan, from Occupyd Paris, 19 Nov 40, secretly airmail via Genève (printable parts from a 5 pg typescript in duplicate): "I have but a very short time to write it because as you certainly realize it can't go through the regular channels, and I must make the best of an opportunity. " I have tried to send you some news during and immediately after the big battle but I doubt whether they ever reached you. (See Chicon Vom for special war-letter from Gallet.) " I have some hope of working again but cannot be sure and do not know whether it shall be here in Paris or in the so-called 'free zone'. It could be a magazine -with science fiction- if it materializes. " All those science fiction magazines which you sent so generously helped me a lot to bear the heavy bombardments in Belgium and while away the long night vigils. But I had to leave them in my abandonned ambulance at Dunkirk. Since then of course, no new science fiction reached me and all I can do is reading the old. " Please try to keep for me Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Famous Fantastic Novels from the first number up, those Argosies where good science fiction is published and the best of the rest. " Walter H. Gillings of England -I wonder what he is doing now and how are his charming little wife and kid. We often think about them at home and we pray God that nothing may happen to them. " Forrest J. Ackerman of Hollywood Mororojo and all of their nice group of science fiction fans on the Pacific coast. " Olon F. Wiggins of Colorado Wonder what His objections against war would become if he were here. " Commander P. J. Searles of U. S. Navy last but not least. " Of course there is no order or preference in this list and I regret to be unable to send more letters and more personal ones. I only hope that this one will reach you and beg you to to extend my greetings to all fans. Maybe the opportunity shall come again and I'll take advantage of it and try to send more letters."

ARTHUR WM BERNAL, LAuther of
"King Arthur's Knight in a Yankee Court": "Wanted very much to get down to see that film you showed, (MONSTERS OF THE MOON, at our attendance-of-50 meeting) but unfortunately--as too often happens--I had another meeting to attend that night which was, perforce, a more urgent matter at the moment. My wife and I do hope to see you at one of your Thurs. Eve meets in the near future, though, for we had a good time that last time. " I have not done any more writing lately--I'm working on a sort of animation project with a friend of mine who is interested in making some kind of short films (Bernal works at Warner Bros)--except for that sequel to the Time Machine business and a much-rejected novel-length thing which I think is by far the best story I have ground out to date. But all editors seem to agree unanimously that it is too political, too much about disease (Nazis figure in it as does a scourge of plague in America), to suit readers in troubled times like these. Guess they're right, but I still--of course--think it is a good yarn. " I hope the draft has not decimated the ranks of our imaginative young men--we have all too few left. (And it is not people like US who start those wars!) " Have no 'inside' film news of interest to you--but if you have not come across a book called Titanic By Robert Prechl (or Brechl) you might look it up. It is not strictly Sciencey, but has some startling ideas in it, and deals in a highly imaginative manner about the going down of the boat of that name. I hesitate to recommend Invisible Woman, but it does have that wonderful Barrymore man in it, doesn't it? There is also a book out called something like Moscow: 1947 (or 74) or likethat. It has compendiums of new written language, new religions, etc. etc. in the back, while the front part is a rather hasheesh-dream picture of a future I'll be glad not to face. " If I can get time out to write anything and sell it, I'll be sure to tip you off, as always appreciate comments and criticisms (not necessarily favorable) from interested and interesting persons. " Bill Bernal, the Rocketeer of Yesterday & the Midget of the Void."

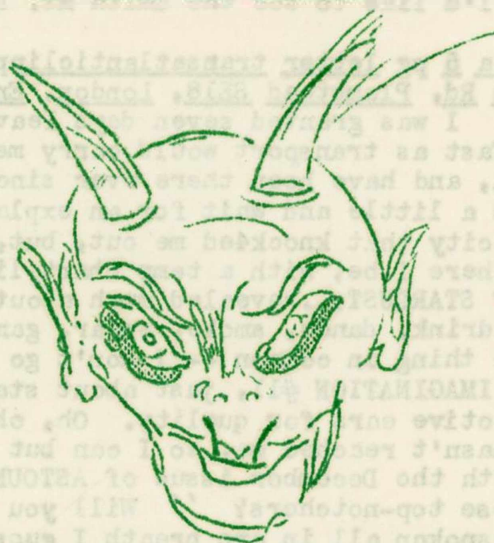
of 244 Desborough Rd, Eastleigh, Hants, England, reports (1 Feb 41) on
 "The latest--& inevitably entrancing issue of VoM" (#11): "VoM's cover is a little surprising to the antique fan. I remember back in the dim, dear days of sunny summer streets and a kid in khaki shorts, that

I believed Fantasy Magazine--constantly referred to in the letters' sections--was a professional magazine, and wasted much time in Woolworths, hunting amongst movie magazines for the desideratum. Since then, however, we have been hardened to hekto-ing and duplicating. Madge looks out of place. " Another thing that is out of place is Art Widner's letter. Phœntikese is all right coming from Forry, because he knows how to handle it. But, as Thompson points out, ordinary English is good enough for the rest of us. I can't quite make out the sense of his last sentence. Personally I don't care whether people fight for FooFoo or liberty or cash so long as they fight. " Sam Moskowitz seems annoyed. Somebody hurting his feelings? " Did Ray Bradbury ever use that article I sent him? (No, but while there's life there's hope & while there's Bradbury there's a Ray of life!) " I have discovered, or re-discovered, that I like Milt Rothman. Do I remember him in connection with some argument back in the Gernsback Wonder? From what he says the Roberts boy sounds fascinating also, but apparently I've missed a VOM, because I remember nothing of him beyond a slightly hysterical letter of apostasy. But Milty, you needn't be so sorry for him. Because you know and I know that in a few years' (or months') time he will suddenly build an extension on his sense of humour and discover that he can still glance through TWS before breakfast, and before he gets down to John Steinbeck and that novel he's writing. Because he will be writing a novel--you are, aren't you Milty? " Speer, I observe, is still being the bold iconoclast, but Public School and a White Man under the Old School Tie. I hardly know whether it will depress him to learn that I, too, have been taken in by the MoI--to say nothing of Dave McIlwain and (in rather higher circles) Strachey and Joad and Gallanz. Remind me to send him a copy of TRIBUNE. " Reading Vol Molesworth's letter made me sympathise with him, since diabetics aren't allowed sweet foods. But--like Milty--I finished by being sorry for myself; because I remembered that getting a bar of chocolate is now almost as easy as climbing the Matterhorn. I have to suck Brompton Lozenges all day, although I haven't a cold whatever. When the war is over I am going to make myself horribly sick on chocolate. " So Ted is enjoying army life? Funny, that we have to get the news via Los Ang., Cal! I doubt if I shall, because I had four years in the school O.T.C. (Officer's Training Corps) and loathed it immensely. I gained a couple of stripes in the local Home Guard, too, but threw them up after disagreement with authority. Talking of lulls, the weather has stopped all bombing for the last fortnight. Today was beautiful, but it's dark now and---there goes the alert!"

Long time no hear from

25alt MARCONETTE, who returns with an earful (we hope nexttime he rites he'll include an eye-ful: one of his famous fanettes) - his adres, 2709 E 2 St, Dayton, O: "Thankee muchly for the January issue of Voice of the Imagination and your not too subtle hint that I won't be receiving it unless I kick in with the necessary cash. Well, if you must be nasty about such things, I suppose there's only one thing I can do--so I'll try to do it before the next issue is due. " In this issue I liked best Carnell's letters, the various bits of lithography, and the cover. The gal with the bugle looks vaguely familiar; could it be that she bears some slight resemblance to Marconette's creations of two or three years ago? " As a philatelist, I took more than a passing glance at your editorial page. Your plan is splendid in many respects, but it can be improved upon. Why not start with the \$5 stamp and work backwards. Incidentally, while we're on the subject, how many stamp collectors are there in fandom? I know of three: Charles R. Tanner, Harry Warner, Jr., and myself; and the Decker boys could probably contribute one or two. (I've 6000 - 4e) " You know, it's just occurred to me that VOM is entertaining, but not educational. And Papa Gernsback can tell you that all science fiction magazines, fan or professional, are traitors to their name if they don't contribute something to their readers' knowledge. 'But,' you hurriedly enquire, 'what can we teach fandom? The boys (and girls--we mustn't forget them or Marconette will be wearing a halo of bumps on his cranium) are so smart now that they're planning to rebuild the world.' And that is just the point. The average fan is so intelligent that there's no logical reason why he shouldn't be a genius. " In case you're interested in the formula, here it is: "First you find a dictionary, preferably a large one. This will enable you to use larger words than you are wont to do, and will consequently make you sound more impressive. Now you sit down and compose a fan article. It can be concerned with any subject, but somewhere in its lines you must let the prospective reader know that you're a genius.

"Here you have a choice of methods: insert your self praise in a genteel, subtle manner or come right out and shout, 'I'm a genius!' The latter method is more direct and has it's good points, but a strict adherence to the former will surround you with a saintly aura of modesty. " Obviously, the next step is to get the article printed. If you publish a fan magazine your problem is solved, and if you don't (Kar Sitvas, my Venusian advisor, thinks I'm crazy to put this in, but there must be at least one fan who doesn't edit a fan publication) you can always bribe some unsuspecting editor to accept it. Take a twenty-five year subscription to his magazine if necessary, but get the thing into print. " Now sit down and write six or seven more articles--each of these to be a rehash of the first. Make that phrase, 'I'm a genius!', ring in your reader's ears; don't let him lose sight of it for even one moment. (In the event that this portion of the lesson is a bit hazy, see a copy of 'Mein Kampf' by one A. Hitler for a more detailed description of the fine points of propaganda.) " At long last your task is finished. And does fandom now accept you at your word--does it truly believe that you are a genius? Of course not! But you do. And since you're a genius and are naturally the most brilliant person you know, your opinion is indisputable. " A note of warning: this course is not recommended if you happen to be twins, for the plural of genius is genii. This is bound to remind you of genie (not with the light brown hair), which is merely another way of spelling jinni. And who wants to be one of those things, particularly after reading L. Ron Hubbard's description of them? " (Ole Massa Hubbard...did Ron to the cupboard...for a dress, no matter how teenie. When he got there...the cupboard was bare...& so--we guess--was Jennie!) "



CHAMBERLAIN

ED

Joe J-40 Director the Golden Gate Futurians, from 1836 - 39 Ave, Oakland, Cal, on 28 Mar gave us a 2-pg report on last Vom. Sorry we have to resort to a little snipping, 2j, but'll try not to drop anything vital along the way. "Whow! Forry, you sure were some kid all right. That'll remain one of my favorite covers for some time. " I really got a riotous roar out of the contents page this time, and, stating my conclusion first, this issue I believe is the best that you have ever published -- definitely! " Hoh-heh-heh . . . W. T. Bell's picture looks like the impression Low and I have of Tom Wright. Did I thank you for my dummy of the glamorous gal issue? It may not be neat as Tom so loudly laments, but it sure is colorful -- just as messy as one of the Merky dum-dums. And I still chortle with glee at good old Bob. Yeh, and lamp that mug Schmarje; didja read that letter of his in the latest Spaceways? (#19) Hah, this kids a reg'lar Cap Foocher advocate, I betcha. " Prophet of FooFoo, hunh? Loss of GhuGhu, eh? Tossup of PooPoo, hanh? Well, just take a tip from your old Faucet of WooWoo, Mr. Arty Witty: I thoroughly agree with you. Fooled you, didn' I, Art? Ya see, I'm restraining from any plugs whatsoever, unless it happens to be breathless news (they'd be baited plugs, eh Forry). But before I forget it:

OAKLAND IN 1942! FRISCO IN 1942!TWIN CITIES STAGE NEXT-CON!

"Okay, Chauvenet, ol' man. You laid 25 cents on the counter -- so what? DAWN will definitely be out before 1950 as that is the date I am to take the space-jaunt Tucker predicted. In fact, it'll be out Denvention time. Happier now? We announced it last summer, and bring it out this summer. It's annual you know. " Singleton letters in good taste re presentation. " Well, well, well (no cracks about wisdom 4SJ) . . . I have been complimented at long last. Vol, my good friend, you tickle the hackles of my heart. Your letter dims my age-worn eyes (18 years April 2) with tears of joy -- out of the dark pops a fellow who likes your magazine; even compliments it in another Fm. That is sheer ecstasy! I'm wurra sorra that no can comply with ye Merky -- the future looked too damned murky. " As to Thompson -- I yam disgustipated wit' 'im 'cause he crashed the pros before me; THEN MADE ME LIKE HIS STORY! Dave McIlwain ... bzzz ... cqcqeq ... 0\$#/%#% ... splrfssskyputschky. I should've paid more attention to Esperanto, but had enough time mastering English, French, Canuck, Spanish, Wabbit talk and Wabbit tawk with a southuhn dwawl. " Special Delivery rates a negative reaction with me. Yerke rates a sun-burned, wormy walnut. You, Forry, rate a sock in the puss and a kiss at the same time. Your column is neat, but we hate to lose the thing. " Gee, it's been hard to hold back that Daugherty news! (To...those who got in late: Our popular editor of Shangri-LA will have a double honeymoon--Deimos & Phobos--in June when he marrys local Stephanie 'LN-or' O'Brien, alias 'Dejah Thoris', adopted sis of Thoris Jai.) I figured that you would get the scoop on it, though. Who is the fan author you mention as emanating from around Berkeley. Wakefield? Francis? Bernal? Who? (Carl Berke, addresse unbekannt, says editor of Specula.) " Sleeper doesn't mind skinning the fans, does she? Wow! " Hymn to Satan' was -- well -- I don't know whether to say I like it or not. Concentration draws forth a feeling of revulsion for both the work and the master. " I'd like to see the Smith ms. Bruce."

Led Cornell with clips from a 5 pg letter transatlanticlipperd over on 27 Jan from 17 Burwash Rd, Plumstead SE18, London, England. "Well, I am at home once again. I was granted seven days leave a few days back. Rushed Londonward as fast as transport would carry me. Flew into the bosom of my family, went to bed, and have been there ever since! I do wish you would curb your racing thoughts a little and wait for an explanation. It must have been the stench from the city that knock4ed me out, but, I just keeled over with an overdose of 'flu, and here I be, with a temp chart like a new magazine sales graph. " The copy of STARDUST...revealed much about Forry that I did not know. AH, h'm. You don't drink, dance, smoke, swear, gamble or attend church. At least, pal, we have one thing in common -- I don't go to church either! " Latest, to hand, ish of IMAGINATION #11, just about stands all the other earlier issues on their respective ears for quality. Oh, oh, yes, I nearly forgot to tell you. Issue No. 10 hasn't reached me, so I can but presume that it has turned into shark-bait along with the December issue of ASTOUNDING. Can you possibly find me a copy of both those top-notchers? " Will you please thank Morojo for her mag THE DAMN THING (spoken all in one breath I guoss it sounds just the way she wants it to be remembered!), and also for the New Year Card. I'm feeling pretty good, despite a 102 temp, with the small flood of Xmas Greetings that have just reached here. Most of them were mailed in USA on or about Dec 23, but, those who popped 'em forgot to send 'em via Time-Line Inc., " At this precise moment (next to last para, pg 4) Irene is busy reading Bob Tucker's 'Le Zombie' double ish No. 32-33, and chuckling heartily over the great Pong's humor, and now she wants to know what Joe Gilbert meant when he said his greatest ambition was to trap Forry in his den and show him his collection of 'Doc Savage' mags. She says wouldn't you rather see his operation? " I see that I credited this mag (The Damn Thing) to Morojo, instead it should be Bruce Yerke. Pawdon. Then thank the sweet gal for 'Voice of the Imagination.' I guess Forry doesn't do all the work on the mag -- and say, here's SHANGRI-LA, second issue. Not quite so full of material as the first one was, or does my memory fail me somewhat after all the Army drilling, shouting and rifle chucking? (Guess memory faild, Ted: 2d ish has 6 more pgs than 1st.) But, nevertheless, a mighty smart and interesting number. " I never can get round to criticising a fanmag, mainly because I get such a great amount of enjoyment out of most of them. And I never criticise my pleasures. It's a bad policy, as far as fanmags go, because it isn't being very helpful to either the editor or the con-

tributors. Well, maybe I'll turn over a new leaf one of these days. Cheerily,"

Remember the 'MARCH OF DIMES' in Widner's letter lastime? Well, to Bob Tucky's we actually affixt 3 dimes. This surprise almost affixi--aphick--aw, we'll look up the spelling smother time--he almost choked when he saw them 3 dime. We break in on the middle of his letter--"On page 6 I find pasted, three dimes. This rank foolishness is! I have calculated upon yon slate you have 133 readers, & mailed three dimes to each, hav; therefore you have sent the pip-squeaks (swell word, that! I'm glad somebody informed me it existed. Comes in handy, it so.) ... ~~you have sent the pip-squeaks~~, I repeat, the sum of \$39.90. Which is conclusive evidence you are nuts. My friends warned me, but I wouldn't believe them and bull-headedly went on working my way up to #2 hole. Now I find #1 gives away 39.90 to his ~~pip-squeaks~~ pip-squeaks. I make haste to advise Koenig of this. Look Koenig --- balloon pants Acky gives away 39.90 . The pip-squeak. " So comes now a ~~charitable~~ feeling. Just a feeling. Things I realize are not alls-well in Angelesity. #1 face he give his pip-squeaks 39.90 and furthermore don't get paid for overtime due him, ninety hours worth no less, from big capitalistic shots like Goldberg. I retaliate. I return sum of \$.30, which if #1 face read wrong will believe he only lost 9.90. Great fun at the expense of the pip-squeaks." We return U now to the beginning of Bob's letter, realiz-

13.3	/	ing for the firstime what the 'P.O.' bfor Bx 260, Bloom-
3.0	/	ington, Ill, undoutlessly stands for: 'Pip-squeaks Only!'
39.90	/	"Arrive I, finally, at page 15, which listed in error as

back cover was, and I ~~find~~ ... find thou art in ~~advance~~ ~~file, financial~~ ~~expat~~ you too are a bloody victim of the ~~capital~~ capitalistic parasites whom/which feed upon the working man! Does Samuel Goldwyn work ninety hours overtime? NO! Does Sameul Ackerman? YES! Sackre bloor! why ever is the humble workingman, the salt, pepper and cinnamon of the planet, forever downtrodden by the vile ~~overloads~~ ... ~~overloads~~ ... big shots?! ~~Whoray~~ who-ray! for Milton Berle Rothman and his defense of the poor workingman, fie on Zack Speer. It is pip-squeaks like Speer and Goldwyn who make honest workingmen like Ackerman work ninety hours overtime without pay! But I veer." We myt explain all this was ritten Apr 1, if that means anything. Also, for the sake of the records, Sam Goldwyn was not my boss & I was payd overtime. But while all work & no play make jack, it made Fojak a dull boy. I frankly preferd time to money.

Also, FOR THE SAKE OF THE RECORDS (more mentions of the noises made by Angeleños on soundiscs):

"Doc Lowndes just brought in the Dynamic Forum record"--Mary Gnaedinger.

"The announcement of the records being circulated throughout brings to my mind the discussion that Mark Reinsberg, I believe, and someone else held on sending wax records (were they?) in the mails to the various fans. Anyway we (with Rajocz) like the idea and would not be adverse to your sending some out our way, if it isn't too much trouble."--Iam Rushinoff. (A record will be sent U boys directly one is returnd.)

"Record just came from Bobsy Tucker. Am honored to be included on list--many thanks. Have not played it yet--will wait 'till tonite when Phil Schumann can come over. I can hardly wait--" Donn Brazier.

"Saw record at Donn's. Pretty much hokay. Let's have more. Had a little trouble playing, but finished up all right. " It's off to Erle-----" Phil (Schumann) & The Centaurians.

"I tried just such a stunt in 1937. Made 3 records in London. One I sent to New York, but not to any of the now-known fans; the other two were both made for Dan McPhail, but I never sent them, for I happened to 'have spoke' while suffering from a cold (we do suffer I presume), and the discs are probably still in Mother-in-law's record cabinet." TC





Vol Molesworth



Spanish
Ackermanese
!!!



LA SIENTIFIKSION IDIOMA ISPAMERIKO

ABIAMOS notado ase tiempo, ke nuestra samideana MOROJO, de la Kalifornia yanki, ase imprimir en su papel de kartas, además de la palabra "esperantistino", otra, en inglés: "scientifictionist".

Preguntándole sobre el signifikado de tal bokablo, kontesta jentilmente lo sigiente (abrebiado):

Ni sé cómo expresar lo ke signifika para mí en Esperanto. Yo tengo trabajo: teneduría de libros. Tengo religión: es el Esperanto. I además de esto tengo mi semi-juego ke es por sí mismo kasi una religión. Yo eskribo, no las fábulas sino aserka de eyas i de sus autores i lectores. Soj lo ke yaman una "fanátika". La fiksión científika son fábulas fantástikas be kontienen por lo menos un eho científiko. Nosotros la loamos komo enseñansa kon kubierta asukarada. La siensia no debe ser siensia mekánika; puede ser ekonómika, sikolójika, u otra...

Después de estas explikaciones, resulta fácil komprender el signifikado de la palabra. I respekto del "semi-juego" mismo para enseñar siensias, nuestra opinión es igual ke respekto de la fiksión istórica: Ke sirbe para la dibulgación de ehos reales, insitando además a la imbestigación; el peligro en ambos asuntos řadika en la "no-berdad", es desir, en el abuso de la fantasía kon daño para las mentes impreparadas — la mayoría —, ke aseptan mui fácilmente las fantasías, no komo arte i distraksión kon dosis de siensia sino komo berdades abso-lutas.

A Swing To The "Light Fantastic"

By VOL MOLESWORTH

Since the banning of the American pseudo-scientific magazines, fiction in Australia has taken a swing to the "light fantastic." Our own "World's News," had in the past, occasionally featured a fantasy, such as "The Strange Experiment," which dealt with a young man who is lured to an insane scientist's country home, and is nearly murdered in an attempt to "follow his soul to a higher plane." But since the ban, a flood of these science-fictional stories have been printed. "Tramps At Mars" (a delightful satire of our present day economic system) and "Tramps In Time" (another satire, this illustrating how we "civilised and cultured" people have staged at least one war per decade. After journeying back as far as the Ice Age, the time travellers give up their search for a peaceful era) were submitted by Fredric Chaffer, and both printed. We await the third of his trilogy.

Alan Connell, who has appeared in several American publications, had accepted "You're the Doctor—Aren't You?" early in 1940; and Sidney MacDonnell appeared more recently with "The Haunted Man."

This story is all about a chap who murders a hypocrite, and is haunted by the latter's ghost, as usual, ends with the murderer's suicide. There are lots of others.

HUMOR recently surprised by printing "Cat On The Moon," a light fantasy in which a scientist projects the image of a huge black cat on to the moon, and causes a public scare.

"From the Shadows," by Gernett Radcliffe tells of an explorer who evokes the "Monkey-God's" anger, is pursued by a pack of intangible monks, and protected by a faithful dog, dead nearly ten years.

Films, too, are now catering for the fantastic. Karloff, well-remembered for his interpretation of the "Frankensteinian Monster," has played in "The Man Who Lived Thrice," and "The Man They Could Not Hang"; while "Turnabout" and "Beyond Tomorrow" displayed science — fantasy in a lighter vein. The latter film, by the way, is reminiscent of "Topper" and "Earth-Bound," in that three old men are killed in an aeroplane smash, and after death, remain on earth to guard their young heirs. Possibly the best of all was "Strange Cargo," in which Ian Hunter plays the part of a god who comes to earth in a little penal colony in the South Seas.

To enter the realm of pure fantasy, we find the now-popular "Thief of Baghdad," based on old Eastern mythology. "Pinocchio," "Snow White" and "Ferdinand" tend towards increasing child-amusement from a fantastic angle.