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STATION, LOS ANGELES CAL, BY FORREST J
ACKERMAN & MOROJO. 10¢, \$1.20 YRLY.
ADVERTISEMENTS ON ARRANGEMENT.

PAUL, PAULE & ADELE / To present such a cover as this month's was possible for us only thru the creation of Assorted Service's mimicrayon process. We wish to acknowledge the 15 hrs expended by our repro-artist Adele in transposing the original color original to the litho-plate. "Sold! to the fan with the green back was the Vomaiden-on-aluminum advertised last issue; purchase price, \$2.50. This we are establishing as a standard for future on-the-plate art-work. This month's PAUL, therefore, is for sale at the same sum. "About Pauline Hirst (Paule): A lot of U faneds after seeing her gatefold have been riting in & wanting her adres andor an illustration. We now must sadly tell U why her Vomaiden was the one piece of fantasy ever to emanate from her airbrush. To begin with, U shoud understand the original stands 19" x 26" & is in full color, the Vomaiden being a California poppy copper with reddish hair, yellow-green gossamer wings & beautiful blue background. She was painted for 4e, from his specifications, over a period of about 10 wks. But there's no accounting for temperaments & upon completion of the picture Paule was so dissatisfyd she woud not release it, woud not, in fact, even show it to 4e. She drew a 2d. Even it made her unhappy. But f raved so when he saw it she reluctantly let him keep it--but returnd his \$10. She said she was thru with fantasy art for the medium upset her. That's how it comes Vom probly'll be uniq in ever having presented a Paule pic... There's a slyt sequel: 4e could not let Paule's work go unrewarded so, noking her to be a child of the soil, one of nature's little girls who likes the good earth & growing things, he sent her an xpensive plant. Now f says he does not recall ever xchanging a serious word with Paule. A typical conversation woud be something like the following: 9am--Paule comes tripping thru the office: "Good evening, Trees." Trees: "Hello, Paulette. Evening? I thot this was Tuesday. Or is it February? Anyway, how'd U got so wet?" Paule: "O, didn't you know? All the trees are falling off the leaves. Anyway, I swam over from Catalina. Mermaid, you know." Trees: "No! U don't say! I had no idea your folks were Finns." The Li'l One: "O, come now, Forrest dear; do be serious; you are joking with me!" I think the kid's got a great gift of whimsy &ve tryd to persuade her to rite fantasy but the only xample I have of her typsy talent along that line is this note, which I quote: "dear trees-- this is a plant that would gladden the life of the blase-est, that would grace the sill of the finest window, that would (and does) cheer the heart of yours truly. " thank you for this prettie planto, this pretty plant with lurid leaves. did you find it in your trips down the amazon, in a dark jungle, almost hid by spongy strange growths? "whatever its ancestry and source, it will be treated as by an elderly spinster, as a warm and homey plant in a little red flower pot, reminiscent of the home we left behind us. " thank you for the pretty plant. y.t." & that's a picture of Paule !

THE DOODLE DUCK / The perpetrator of last month's mystery picturette has been discovered to be imaginative RA Hoffman, formerly of Schmarjeville, Iowa. We immediately commissioned RAH to do us a doodle per meeting, best of which we'll present each time. The backover this ish offers his combination of a turkey & a rabbit (very tasty too). But it is impossible to reproduce Bob's strange subtle shading on stencil.

AN HONEST FAN / Nyoon Wk, '39. Weird Tales' Office. Moskowitz wants to show the late Farnsworth Wright the rite-up recd by the Convention in Time. Borrows Akerman's copy. 24 Apr 41: SaM sends xrpt back markt "Better late than never"!

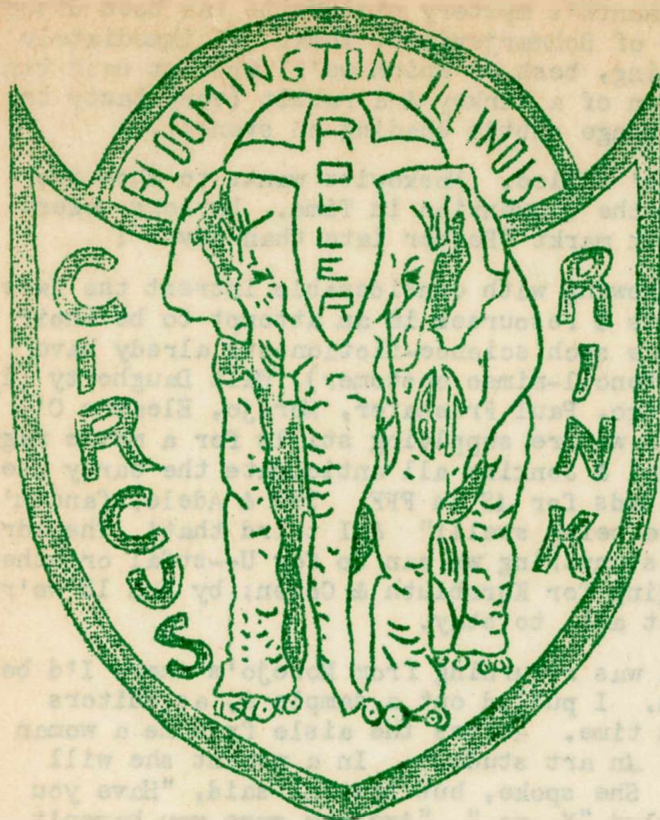
ASSORTED SERVICES / Fandom seems to be following with considerable interest the fate of 3 local fans who have pooled their talents & resources in an attempt to be their own bosses. In the Service's brief existence such science-fictionists already have been served as Lloyd Connerley (a steady stencil-mimeo customer), Walt Daugherty (1/2 doz jobs done for Shangri-LA's Hi Lama), Pogo, Paul Freehafer, Morojo, Eleanor O'Brien & Georges H Gallet of France! to whom we are supplying stills for a movie magazine! Fortier, Goldstone, Daugherty, Joquel & Jenkins all anticipate the early use of mimicrayon. Julie Unger has offered free ads for AS in FFF. Ted & Adele, fandom's "Christian Scientifictionists", say "You're being swell!" & I third that! The address again is 6111 Harold Way, Hlwyd, if there's anything we can do for U--stfal or otherwise. Last wk we were looking into a lodging for Kornbluth & Cohen; by Jun 15 we're to've found a place for Chauvenet, soeur et ami, to stay.

FUSS ON A BUS / Late one nite last month I was returning from Morojo's where I'd been dummifying May Vom. Cover already'd been run. I pulled out a sample &, as editors will, sat admiring it for praps the 1000th time. Across the aisle from me a woman got up & sat down next to me. I thot "Aha! An art student. In a moment she will speak to me & ask if I drew the picture." She spoke, but instead said, "Have you been sick?" Startled, I looked at her, replied "Y, no." "Are you sure you haven't been sick?" she persisted. "No; I have been working awfully hard & overtime the past few mos. but I haven't been sick." "Well, you look ill!" Simultaneous with my realization the Lady (?) in Question was a li'l inebriated she kinda crookt a finger at me & winkt & confided, "I've been drinking a little...or I wouldn't have nerve enough to come over here and talk to you and tell you this. Didn't you used to get on the bus at Beverly and Vermont about nine o'clock every morning?" "Yes" I acknowledged. "Well, I was watching you. You know--you're a wreck." I: "Uh." She: "I know. I can see. I'm a Registered Nurse, and I can tell. You're a mess. Why do you work so hard?" "Well, I've got a difrent job now where I won't have to." "But you're still studying--" indicating the briefcase, typewriter & paraphernalia incident to the production of the Voice. Then it was time for her to get off. "Don't do it," she plead; "it isn't worth it. Promise me--" she called back as she was getting out the door. "Alrite" I said (aint I the darnd liar). & there she left me, to ride another 40 blox alone, & everybody on the bus nue I was a reck & a mess...

SHANGRI-LARYNGITIS / "Way Out West the disc whirls...the needle descends...the mike rises...your commentator, Walter J. Daugherty, greets you...and the Shangri-LA Record is born!" So did a spur-of-the-moment script start that evolved considerably by the time it had been voiced about 22 times! Approxly 18 cyps the first newscast-via-soundisc from Sha-LA recently were distribd to fandom, another 4 being trials or flukes. As every record was difrent in certain small respects, 4sJ now despairs of ever having a complete collection of fan "mags". Interesting variations noted included 4e's fluff of calling Kornbluth "Kornflake" & WJD's "The DANG Thing". A skip in one recorded resulted in "your commentator...is born!" A hi E was hit the first time on the piano rather than a hi C so this note was kept ever after. Trial showed actual typing resembled machinegun so only the spacebar was batted. Like the Sat Eve Post which is on sale Tuesdays, & Friday which appears Wednesday; the Shangri-LA Record --"recorded the 3d Sunday of every month"--was made the Tues & Weds eves following. Dau & Ack, attempting to outwinchell oneanother, woundup hoarse, trust their tonsils can take it should series prove popular. So as not to give this "publication" too much publicity & risk a lot of orders, we only'll whisper price: 15c. 6475 Met Sta.

COVER TO COINCIDE WITH "COSTUME" / Portrait of a world-famous superman will be seen on Convention issue of Vom & Fja plans to come to the Maskerade in a corresponding mask. Morojo also may be imaginatively maskt. Incidentally, re distribution of our July ish: We wish our subscribers attending the Denvention woud buy a copy there & let their subs automatically be extended one ish. Nothing compulsory, but we'd appreciate it. Thanx.

& so--we'll just say we noe the capital As are abominable this ish & the "editorial" trifikly crowded. Chide us at Denver. C U 4-5-6 JULY! ~4e & Mrj~



Yessir, fans, it's the BIG BOY himself, BOB TUCKER: "Cheerio Number 1 Face and Number 14 Kisser: It behooves me to pen thee a missive. I really can't remember when I did write you last, and to think of the name of Tucker failing to appear in the hallowed pages of quote our mag unquote for so many long months is unbearable. I can quite readily see why your circulation is dwindling. Therefore I shall unburden myself upon thee, anent divers matters gnawing away at my peace of mind, in the following easily-read numbered fashion. " (1) Elmer Jurgen Perdue is lonely. Doesn't that wrench the cockles of your heart? I agree, it didn't wrench mine either. Elmer may not know you-all as well as he would like, but gee whiz! how I know Elmer. So our Jurgen is currently dwelling in the midst of a gigantic, never-ending red-light district, and JURGEN is lonely! Pardon me while I emit hearty guffaws of evil laughter. Master Perdue, then, in his loneliness, should seek another idol. Eh? (Hold thy evilaffter! True, Perdue lives in a redlite district; but--Perdue is colorblind!) -- (2) Thank you very

much for that copy of the song sheet, 'Hymn to Satan'. However I am afraid my neighbors don't appreciate it, so I shall have to forbear playing the opus. The other night while I was running thru it for the first time, on my harmonica, some dope with horns stuck his head up thru the floor at my feet and asked me to please desist. I ran down the basement to find how in the hell the guy did the trick, but he was gone. " (3) This may sound like Van Houten, but stf magazines do more harm than good. Patent laws y'know are so designed that once an object is defined in fiction form (or book or magazine) it cannot be patented as an invention by the inventor. Which leads to this: I struggled manfully thru the Esperanto letter of Lloyd Connerly (and came out the loser) and managed to discover that he has a wonderful idea for a 'talking' machine. It occurs to me that somewhere --perhaps in an Amazing or Wonder of ancient vintage, I have chanced across just such a fictional invention. So, our talking machine will never be. That old magazine, and VoM, has deftly contrived to bar it from the patent office. (Altho hope is not gone! See our Mr Rothman in Washington when in need of wires to be pulled.) (Milty, the Wire-Wolf of Wash!) " (4) Oh, did the May issue have a cover? Aw--yes, I remember now; that wicked thing. (Careful with your comment on our last cover, U're playing with fire when U criticize the Black Flame! Besides, if Stanley's sister should see U, she myt blow up: Remember, she too is a Weinbomb!) -- (5) Let me state here I don't altogether like the Vomaiden -- her face is a little too puerile to suit the impeccable Tucker taste. Let's have more zin in our fanzines, say I! (BT, U're just an obzine old fan!) " (6) Pip pip."

A dip into the past as JACK SPEER of 3416 Northampton NW, Wn/DC, disposes of our Dec & Jan ishes:

"I suggest you seriously consider Epstein's suggestion about a more attractive setup of your pages, particularly some device to keep the various letters from looking so run-together. Well as I know what fun's in store from a reading of VoM, I sometimes put it off because of the forbidding appearance. Ditto for writing re it. (Ditto for dummyming it!)"

"Haggard gets the palm so far for the hardest-to-read writing style."

"So to Jan41 Voice. The cover is sweet, but it's rather painfully obvious that the stf emblems were put on it some time after the drawing was first done, and are no element of the original design. (LMNtal, Mr Juffus!)"

"When are you and the Northern Californians gonna get together in a Pacificon? (Ah, things are Liter Than U Think for a specificon at the door of the Western Drink!)"

"Gibber, gibr, gibr! Dave McIlwraith said 'That was me'."

And Morajo fell in line. Does good English survive neither in Britain nor America? "Milt's analysis of Alan P is probably nearest to the truth of any of those put forward, but I think nearly all of them had something in the analyses offered. But where the psyche-analysts have really gone to town is on Miske.

"The Gilbert-Jenkins letter was about the most interesting in the issue. Example of whimsy carried nearly to the ultimate. By the way, there was another torture they could have stuck in before 'Don't throw me in the briar patch': 'Send me Spaceways with dark purple covers,'.

"Gee; looks like I may have misjudged Ted Carnell. I'd pretty well pigeon-holed him as an unofficial adjunct of the Propaganda Ministry, and then he comes out with 'I hope that you guys don't get involved in this mess'.

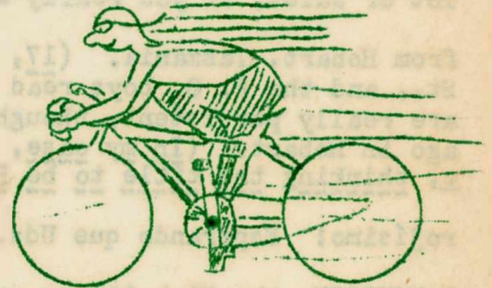
"With those few and incoherent comments I'll consider the VoMs on hand disposed of."

Washington Worry

Wort #2. MILTY. comments - but briefly - on Apr Vom. From 1730 P NW. DC: "VoM is lovely, as usual, with not enough of Elmer. -- No doubt lots of people are laughing up their sleeves because Milt took Alan Roberts as seriously as he takes everything. Milt doesn't care, tho. It was still a good piece of writing. Got him reprinted in England, too. Nyah."

"VOM DAY

IF I SEND YOU ANY MORE DICES
THAN THIS" declares Art Widner "I SHALL
BE FORCED TO COME TO THE DEN-
VENTION AS PICTURED." Dimes com-
posed the wheels. A uniq way to pedal the metal!



HARRY WARNER, the Hercules of Hagerstown, MD (Bryan Pl, 303): "Two issues of VOM, one of Wave-Length, and Hymn to Satan to hand. The last-named is the first thing of its sort I've seen, and I have two objections. First, it should have been transposed down to E flat or D or thereabouts, because it would take someone with a voice like Bradbury's to hit that top A in the third-from-last measure. Second, it should bear the same relation to a real hymn as a Black Mass bears to the Catholic rites, and it doesn't. Maybe I'll try my luck at something similar some of these days. On the whole, though, it's very nicely done, and I'm extremely curious as to the composer. I know of no fan skilled enough in harmony to have done it except, a-hem, me; that is, the grammar is good, in the notation, which is the real test of whether a professional musician or a dabbler did it. Too, it was very nicely mimeod -- I presume it was mimeod, at least, although it looks almost like lithoing. (Twas the latter.) " I won't go into detail on the Voices, except to express my complete joy at your going monthly, and humble and from-the-heart hope that you can maintain such a schedule. (I frankly have my doubts, and if you start running short on material, I'm prefer a bi-monthly like the present VOM than a monthly somewhat resembling it.) Your speed-up of publication prevents me from giving you the bawling out for the small number of pages I've been meaning to bawl. " Don't read Spanish, so until I get around to learning I won't be able to make any sense out of the Acker-manese Espagnol. Glad to see Vol's picture, which reminds me: why don't you devote your page of lithoing every now and then to fans' photos? I'm sure they'd be popular with the guys who pay the freight. Convention scenes and the like too would be nice, but they'd naturally be more detailed than portraits and probably wouldn't come off so well lithoed. " Sieg heil!"

DON "JUAN"

of 2302 H St, Lincoln Nebraska: "A los ke hablan kon la vos de la Imagi-Nación, les saluto: ;Biba el Idioma Espameriko! (Hey --- did you ever try making an inverted exclamation point on an ordinary typer?) (¡Si, señor---just now!) But what's all this? Are los Mejikanos getting the jump on us? They already have a near-perfect system of orthography, and they are already trying to improve it. And what have we got? Elizabethan English

Thompson

and Ackermanese! Woe are we!

"Seriously though, this new Mexican spelling is rather curious. The substitution of k for hard c and for qu, i for soft g, g for gu, and the elimination of y may all be considered forward steps. Replacing ll by v fits American Spanish very well, as does the use of s for z and soft c. But these latter wouldn't apply to Castillian Spanish at all. But why the tilde r? That looks like a backward step. Why not eliminate the tilde n, replacing it by ny; it certainly isn't a simple consonantal sound. Well, it is no worry of mine--and even Esperanto, the native language of the LASFSers, isn't perfect, even if Ye Coeds do day it is! (We do not day Esperanto estas perfekta. It's darnear, tho!)

"The letters from England still maintain interest at a high pitch, especially Carnell's. Greatly surprised to see Gallet's letter; the British letters are at least censored only by Britishers, with a little annoyance from German raiders after they leave England; but Gallet has to dodge the enemy within the gates of Paris. Persistent fellow!

"To Bob Tucker, applause for the most entertaining mess of typer hodge-podge to show up in any fanzine. '~~ptet/ptet~~'---some fun! But, if he keeps his own accounts the same way he figured yours --- well, no wonder he's having difficulties.

"To 1/2 forjay, thanks for them kind woids. And as for beating you to the pros -- well, by the time you are as old as I am, you will probably have made a lot of sales, if you really want to do it.

"Just received a copy of PROFAN No. 1, from Hobart, Tasmania. (17, Audley St. 6c, 3/15c.) It was addressed to 3136 Q St., and the P. O. boys read Tuck's script Q as an A, at first. The P. O. boys are really persistent, though, 'cause I finally got the fanzine, mailed twenty days ago in Hobart. (In my case, I mistook the miniature rocket after the title for an e, thinking the title to be PROFANE! --j)

"Oh, yeah, the VOM cover! Es de un calor rojísimo! Esperando que Uds. están el mismo, yo estoy Yours Sincerely,"

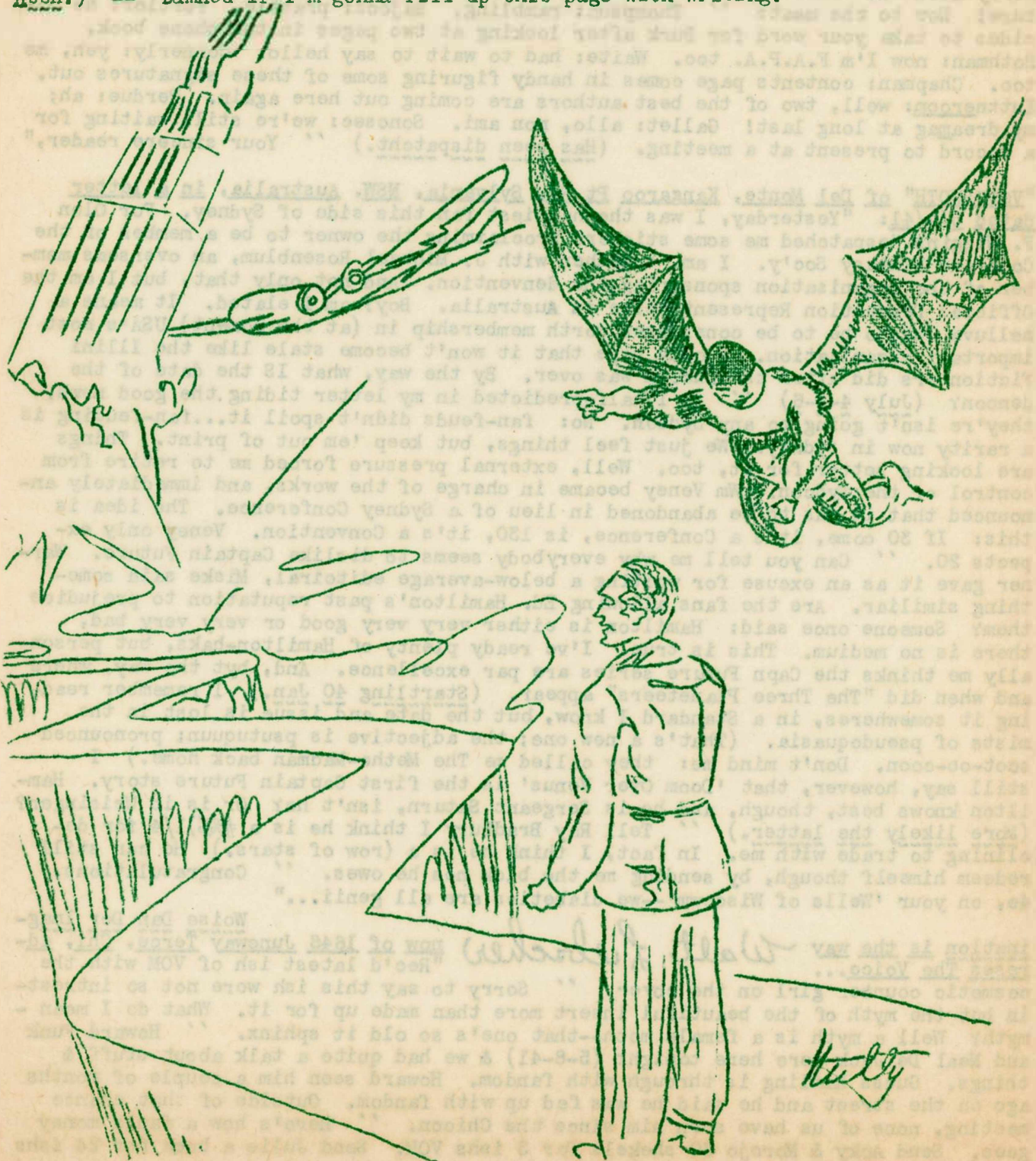
WALTER J

DAUGHERTY, the High Llama or 3 'el' lama (fire, chief!) of Shangri-La, dasht in thother day, cryd "Grab a typewriter, 4sJ--I got a very, very unusual coincidence to tell you about for the Voice", & this is what he dictated: "Dear Co-eds: For the past three years at the Palomar (hot dance spot that burnd down) I have been acquainted with a gentleman whom I call Morris. I knew him only by that name. Our conversations were on dancing, not science fiction. But to forget this three years here for a moment, let us jump to the evening of May the 3rd. Stepping into a magazine shop at the corner of 8th and Vermont, I reached for a copy of Science Fiction. I was rather amazed when my old friend Morris stepped up and designated himself as the clerk and much to my amazement started in on a very excellent sales talk on Science Fiction and Planet Stories and Astounding, personally recommending to me stories by Heinlein and Leigh Brackett. A point which I forgot to mention is that Morris always reminded me a great deal of someone I had seen before. I then stepped over to the counter, laid my magazines down, and opened Science Fiction to the part where there was a short paragraph about Shangri-La, the city and the magazine. Morris glanced at it, and said, 'Yes, that's the first thing I looked at when I opened the magazine. I have always been interested in anything pertaining to Shangri-la. You see, Walt, I don't think you ever heard my last name, but to clarify things, I might say my cousin is Sam Jaffe, the High Lama of Shangri-la.'"

MILTY ROTHMAN,

the live-wire of DC (if corn carryd a voltage, that one woud electrocute!) rote from 1730 P. NW, 8 May 41: "Dearest Morojo and 4e: Every once in a while Milty requires taking down a peg or so, and there is usually somebody around to do it. So we are very grateful to you two for preventing Milty from making more of a dope of himself than he really is. As a matter of fact, Milty's much vaunted guzzling has been largely wishful thinking -- restricted precisely to those few abortive efforts described in Milty's Mag. So, 4e and Morojo, it will make you very happy to know that Milty has not touched anything more wicked than Coca Cola for the past month, and that it was John Becker, the louse, who drank the rest of Milty's precious bottle of port. (And a very good (s)port U've been about it, Milty. Now we respect U all the more; will treat U to a myllicornicopia at the Denvention! --FandM) -- Milty will see you at the Denvention after all. He has gotten completely sick and tired of school and says to hell with it all, whats the use of being a superman if I can't learn calculus without attending summer school? So he got himself a reservation

with the Widneride and will soon be rolling merrily over hill and dale towards the distant west. -- Look: Milty is getting very tired of desparaging remarks concerning the breadth of his shoulders or the hair on his chest. Milty wants it to be known that the hair on his chest actually is voluminous almost to the point of neanderthalian, and that his shoulders do not require padding. As proof of that we have a photograph, the one copy of which is unfortunately pasted in our picture album, but we'll have Lester (del Ray) make a few more prints of it next week and let all those who have been slandering Milty have full documental proof. Any who want further evidence may have it in person at the Denvention. " Elmer must have been very thrilled to have the nudie picture inserted right in the middle of his letter. Sehr schön. " Received together with VoM complimentary copies of Scorpio and Specula. Fakrissake fellers layoff the new fmz. I'm gonna hafta burn my four dimensional candle at all four ends if this keeps up. Why don't those guys join the F.A.P.: (One fan ansrns that in the 5th Damn Thing, calling it the Futile And Purile Assn.) -- Damned if I'm gonna fill up this page with writing."



JJ FORTIER, Director Golden Gate Futurians, 1836 - 39 Ave, Oakland, Cal: "gulp
 "That's about all I had to say concerning the latest issue. Just to show you what
 it did to my iron-boud policy of never buying fmz, here is 50 cents (LeZ once did
 the same thing). The best suggestion I have to offer at the moment is the intro-
 duction of a back cover in the future. At the present time you have very few pages
 and could probably go some to do a back cover -- it would be a splendid place to
 present some of your terrific art-work. " Yeh! That superb drawing by Paule a-
 dorns my wall with Petty, Barclay, Daugherty and the rest. O, there are stfotos
 and pics about the place, but they are high on the walls. The luscious beafts get
 the prime positions. " Anyway, your cover was fine. What ho, but give us some
 more. Might I suggest spotting a little Wright, Hunt and knight not forgetting to
 mention the newcomer for DAWN, Frank Wakefield. (We'll be glad to consider sub-
 missions by fanartists.) The contents was good again, but give close attention to
 this spot as it is one of your best features. " Rah, rah, rah--litho! Don't
 worry about us 'cause you'll be getting a half-dozen offers in the very near fu-
 ture! Now to the meat: " Thompson: rambling. Rajocz: prattle. Fortier: he de-
 cides to take your word for Burk after looking at two pages in the phone book.
 Rothman: now I'm F.A.P.A. too. Waite: had to wait to say hello. Connerly: yeh, me
 too. Chapman: contents page comes in handy figuring some of these signatures out.
 Kuttneroom: well, two of the best authors are coming out here again. Perdue: ah;
 my dreamag at long last! Gallet: allo, mon ami. Sonosec: we're still waiting for
 a record to present at a meeting. (Has been dispatcht.) " Your sincere reader,"

"VOMOSWOTH" of Del Monte, Kangaroo Pt Rd, Sylvania, NSW, Australia, in a letter dated 5/4/41: "Yesterday, I was the happiest fan this side of Sydney. For Olon F. Wiggins despatched me some stickers proclaiming the owner to be a member of the Colorado Fantasy Soc'y. I am, together with J. Michael Rosenblum, an overseas member of the organization sponsoring the denvention. And not only that, but I am the Official Denvention Representative in Australia. Boy! am I elated. It means a helluva lot to be to be considered worth membership in (at the moment) USA's most important organization. I only hope that it won't become stale like the Illini Fictioneers did after the Chicon was over. By the way, what IS the date of the denconr (July 4-5-6) " As I half-predicted in my letter tiding the good news, they're isn't going to any Sydcon. No: fan-feuds didn't spoil it...fan-feuding is a rarity now in Sydney. We just feel things, but keep 'em out of print. Things are looking better for it, too. Well, external pressure forced me to retire from control of the Sydcon. Wm Veney became in charge of the works, and immediately announced that it was to be abandoned in lieu of a Sydney Conference. The idea is this: If 30 come, it's a Conference, is 130, it's a Convention. Veney only expects 20. " Can you tell me why everybody seems to dislike Captain Future. Warner gave it as an excuse for writing a below-average editoiral, Miske said something similiar. Are the fans allowing Ed. Hamilton's past reputation to prejudice them? Someone once said: Hamilton is either very very good or very very bad, there is no medium. This is true. I've ready plenty of Hamilton-haks, but personally me thinks the Capn Future series are par excellence. And, byt the way, where and when did "The Three Planeteers" appear. (Startling 40 Jan.) I remember reading it somewheres, in a Standard I know, but the date and issue is lost in the mists of pseudoquasia. (That's a new one; the adjective is psutuquun; pronounced soot-oo-coon. Don't mind me: they called me The Metho-Madman back home.) I still say, however, that 'Doom Over Venus' is the first Captain Future story. Hamilton knows best, though, and he is Sergeant Saturn, isn't he? Or is it Weisinger? (More likely the latter.) " Tell Ray Bradbury I think he is a #1/4 for declining to trade with me. In fact, I think he is a (row of stars.) He can still redeem himself though, by sending me the back nos he owes. " Congratulations, 4e, on your 'Wells of Wisdownm'--we diabetics are all genii..."

ination is the way
reses The Voice...

Walt Liebscher

now of 1646 Juneway Terce, Chi, ad-
Rec'd latest ish of VOM with the

cosmetic counter girl on the cover. " Sorry to say this ish were not so intrest-
 in but the myth of the beautiful insert more than made up for it. What do I mean -
 myth? Well a myth is a female moth--that one's so old it sphinx. " Howard Funk
 and Neal De Jack were here tonight (5-8-41) & we had quite a talk about stuff &
 things. Guess Hamling is through with fandom. Howard seen him a couple of months
 ago on the street and he said he was fed up with fandom. Outside of that chance
 meeting, none of us have seen him since the Chicon. " Here's how a fan's money
 goes. Send Acky & Morojo 30 shekels for 3 ishs VOM. Send Julie a buck for 24 ishs

FFF (Fantasy Fiction Field, the wkly illustrated news sheet, 1702 Dahill Rd. Bklyn, NY; more valuable to the fan even than Vom.). Send in a buck to Famous Fantastic Mysteries for a sub and the Finlay reproductions. Buy stamps for letters etc., etc., etc., and me trying to save for the Denvention. Oh well I've got 80 bucks stacked away so far and expect to have about \$125 by then. By the way I'm going to try and visit Pike's Peak and the Royal Gorge while I'm in the vicinity of Denver. I wonder if any other fans are going to do the same. " Was talking to Don Wilcox the other night and learned something interesting. His story 'The Lost Race Comes Back' in Amazing Ann Issue was originally to be a two part serial but Ziff Davis wanted is complete for the Ann Issue so Palmer rewrote the ending and he was the one that brought in that army of apes in the end and that's what made the story seem to end so abruptly."

"Hi there," greets "No. One Iowa Fan" HARRY SCHMARJE of 318 Stewart Rd. Muscatine, as he treats of the Mar ish. "Such an intelligent-looking 2 yr old on the cover. -- Gad, Ackerman, U haven't changed much since then. "I can't c y U r th no. 1 fan. Y not retire and take a modest no. 10? " Haf 2 hand it 2 U tho, yor fan mag is terrific. Especially wen it contains letrs by such masters as Widner and certain othrs. " I won't C U N Denver cause I can't go. So U fans'll haf 2 struggle along witout me. " If any fan gets near Muscatine, just drop in. I'll be glad ta meetcha. " Just recvd that exquisite fanzine, Fanfare. U r a sucker if U don't get it. Only 10¢. (Bx 122, Bryantville, Mass.) --Gad, those drawings on p.7 are about the wackiest I hav seen in months. Art has a cute way of signing his name. " There is a lot of stuff, corny and othwise, in yor fanzine, so if U find a dime in this order, don't be surprised. Yhos,"

"Fantascientomicallyours," is the way RAJOCZ of 312 E Elm St. Scranton, Pa. signs a letter to the "Dear Duo": "Do you know of anyone, outside of Freehafer and Yerke, who wants to get rid of some stfan and stfilm pictures. I started collecting pictures about six months ago, and now am really going to do so. I shan't stop untill I have at least 75 different pictures. (Perdue & others, seeing this--Robins--proably'll acomodate U.) " You seem to doubt the existence of Iam Rushinoff. Well, he's a real person. He was born in this country during 1921. Since 1925 to 1940, he lived in Russia. At present he is attending a local college. His parents are friends of mine, so when he came to Scranton he visited us and I met him. For a while he will stay at our house. I have interested him a little in stf. His first name may seem funny, but he insists that it is Iam and not Ian or Ivan as I think it to be. His birth certificate has 'Iam', but I believe that to be a mistake. His last name is a rather complicated name and so he goes by Rushinoff. I thought my last name was hard to read, but you ought to see his last name. You wouldn't know where to start pronouncing what. If you want to see his last name let me know and I shall let you see it."

"I have been reading that letter was a few things to say. " I am not averse of Vom in care of Ray. Could you tell me when I can expect it, that is what issue's dummy may I expect to receive? (A recent dum-dum dispatht Ray.) " I am...enclosing twenty-five cents for one issue of the few hundred you have left of 'Monsters of the Moon'. " By the way, what do the initials 'T.B.' stand for in Yerke's name? (Theodore Bruce) " In closing I shall say that it is silly for you to object to your readers sending in letters with even margins. Just think you could advertise even edges and have the readers do all most all of the hard work for you. I'll also have you know that I am not a figment of Ray's imagination or a pseudonym for him. " Your true friend,"

(same adres as foregoing):

all of Ray's fanags since written to you and so have to your sending me a dummy

Eric C. Williams - ENGLAND:

(17 Mar 41) "This is my seventh week in the doings and I am now on my first weeks training as a signaman, i.e. morse code merchant and wireless operator. All my previous weeks have been spent learning how to throw a rifle up from the ground on to the shoulder and how to bang my feet down when called to attention or halted. Apparently as quite a side line I have been shown how to fire a rifle and allowed to blaze away 20 rounds on the ranges. Then I have been tested to the full on a number of route marches and have wondered how it could be that a quarter of an inch of leather was worn away on my boots and only an eighth of an inch of my tender toes. They have taught me in quite an unnecessarily loud voice how to fix and un-

fix a bayonet, how to obey signals in the field and to fall flat on my face in a foot of mud at the correct signal, how to walk in the most difficult way imaginable, the "slow march", how to be an efficient infantryman in all ways, and now they are teaching me what I was enrolled for - a signalman. "Army life isn't so bad if you decide not to worry about anything and so far my indifference cultivated by an assiduous study of the past and future of our race has brought me through smiling. The only grouse I've got is that I can't get any science-fiction. Food and drink there are plenty of, but the third stay to life seems to have disappeared. I managed by scrounging round a Welsh town I was staying in last week to find a copy of "Unknown" bearing C.L. Moore's "Fruit of Knowledge" and DeCamp's overworked "Wheels of If" etc. I read the whole darned thing including Gold's story with the muddled beginning "Warm Dark Places," in one evening. I am now in a much larger town but they don't seem to have heard of America or its magazines." *Erasmus*

of AUSTRALIA (David R, at 130 Brook St, Coogee, NSW) pens a personal bit: "I am not really an Australian; I left my home in Wales in 1929 at the age of 19 years. That makes a little sum for u 2 work out if u r interested in learning my age. Quite an old codger, aren't I? " Please say hello to all the guys in America for me, and I would appreciate a letter...from any of the gang. Who knows? You may yet see me on the contents list of Weird Tales some day, for, like Jules De Grandin, "I'm a devilishly clever fellow". And I sometimes worship at the shrine of Bacchus. I like the good stuff that Jules De Grandin drinks. " I do not know what fascination I hold for bats but rarely does a night pass with- 3 or 4 fluttering in through my open window. They are rather troublesome tonight and keep flying into my face; my attempts at brushing them away seem to be of no avail. So I will have to bid you cheerio..."

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THE DENVENTION SPECIAL--WHERE WE CAN PROMISE U THE COMPANY OF "DOC" LOWNDES, TED CARNELL, GRAPH WALDEYER, VOL MOLESWORTH, ET AUTRES...

And now--to the Sono Section
Harry Warner: ...two more phonograph records came about two or three weeks ago from the LASFS...consist mostly of plugs for Polaris and Specula and a description of your seances...don't know whether they weren't so hot when you turned them out, or whether someone en route played them too well rather than wisely, but in any event, parts are virtually inaudible. Jack Speer: Principal useful comment that mite be made...is that the speeches that were planned ahead of time carried most of the interest; the unplanned remarks were just voices, and voices show too little variety to be teddibly interesting in themselves as a usual thing. But something to say, said in this new medium, is definitely something. Bob Tucker: Taking Damon's advice I used cactus needles, on our combination radio-phonograph, and the results were so wonderful that one could detect Bradbury's epiglottis vibrate as he yelled. Yeah, I used cactus needles, but I still removed the steel needle allotted me off the list of names. Couldn't let that get away. Something for nothing! J "rv" Haggard (940 - 5 St, San Bernardino Cal): ...I find myself in possession of recording apparatus which produces 'understandable' lingo, although the 1st time I tried it the result sounded like Ackermanese. -- But be it hereby known that any science fiction fiend who possesses like paraphernalia would be answered orally and almost immediately if he directs his electrical transcription of comments in my direction.

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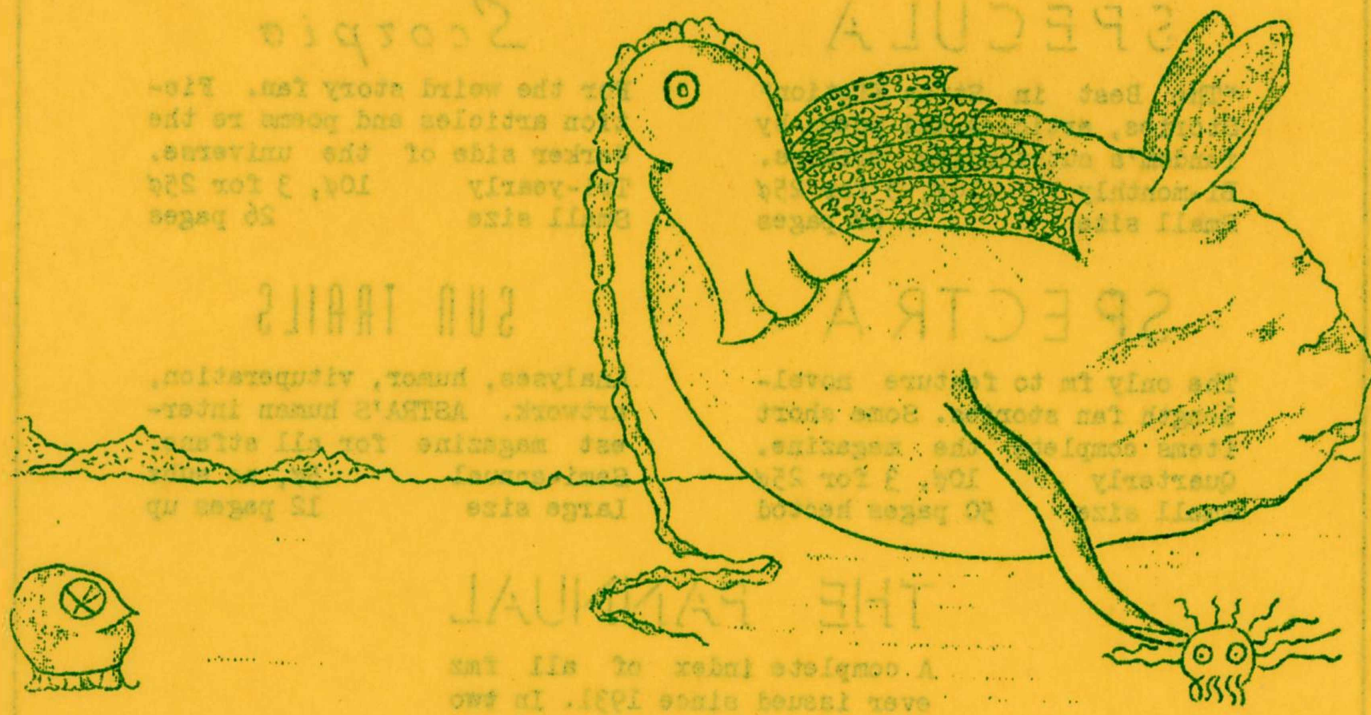
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