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VOMM

VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION

AUG 42

10c





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VOM, Bx 6475 Met Stn, Los Angeles Cal. #24. 10c per copy, \$ per 10  
 Publisht If & When. Forrest Jackerman & Morajo Squirt, irresponsible  
 Any similiarity tween this & a formerly hi-standard pub is nostalgic

**STUFF:** When we said Vom was deteriorating last ish, we meant it; we werent fishing for protestations of "Oh, no! No, don't say that." We noe it, we feel it, we can see it. Slips are made, we have to call your attention to errata nowadays. For drawnthru line pg 12 read "wants to mind his ovm damn business, and leave VOM alone". Pg 9 shoudve had sidelines for the summarizations in Forster & Evans' letters. And yet--Norton, who pand #23, a preDyktawo ish, in Astonishing's current fmz review section, praised last ish; & Tackett declared "VOM is improving, no less. Everything about the mag shows the improvement. Pics, cartoons, and letters are a lot better than they were a few issues ago." Well, praps we are improving materially; but certainly not technicly. See, I nrly forgot to clear up another error--on-stencil that slipt into mimeo ink; I spose that'll be the ultimate horror, failing even in the "editorial" to straiten matters out & making U wait a coupla mos. to find out what was rong. Well, anyway, when U come across "repre;Adele", if U can think of it, read "repro/Adele" instead. "WRIGHT MUST FALL. It seems we (unintentionly, to be sure) done Tom double dirt. "I sob" he says. "I weep. Oh give thy handkerchief, kind friend, that I may quell these bitter tears." Well, Bell, as the aviator explained to the Boss ("Things to Come")--"'Tis not I: It's the nature of things." The lithograficamera can't detect the deep delicacy of your dwgs, & the multilith plates can't reproduce their full fragility faithfully. At least, I don't say it can't be done, but not the quality for the price we pay--& it aint hay. We wept, too, Tom, to see about 25% of the attraction of your Bellass had been lost in the reproduction; but we still think it makes a swell cover. Only solution we can think of is to make your future pix 25% better 'n U want 'em to reproduce, then they'll come out as good as a perfect original. Our Spon Sirs. Last ish Lloyd Connerley had things to say concerning the MANKIND UNITED movement in Cal that took up too much space legitimately to be considered a letter. Yet, it wasnt an outryt ad, & he wanted it publisht. He was able to work out a deal with us, whereby a Cal Supplement to Vom was distributed, to subscribers in this State only. This month Alojo had remarks he wanted to make, that he did not want summarized & yet were entirely out of proportion for any letter to Vom. Financed by him, however, we have no objection to presenting his Paper in addition to the regular contents, at no cost to U. In this case, Alojo also prepared the stencils & assisted with the mimeoing, making a minimum of xtra work for yecoeds. Shoud any other readers wish to sponsor Vomsups, no dout arrangements can be made. Regarding his article, Alojo rote us the following note bfor submitting it: "It will be, in the main, a paper devoted to clarifying the multitude of erroneous impressions which have developed in the course of the Tigrina controversy, regarding the Black Mass, Witchcraft, Voodooism, and other similar matters. The lack of specialized knowledge about these things that marks the average science and/or fantasy fan has resulted in a general misunderstanding and confusion which seems likely to grow instead of diminish, unless some steps are taken to set apart the various manifestations of what is loosely called 'The Left Hand Path.'" As I am technically in retirement, I had not intended to enter the controversy again. But the incredible statements by certain individuals in VoM #23 has prompted me to write this brief. I hope it will at least return the discussion to an intelligible level. P. S. I should appreciate your making a note of my new address: 1129 North La Madera, El Monte, Cal!"



AVE ATQUE VALE, TIGRINA! We regretfully report that tales of Tig necessarily will take place in pastense hence. Due to dyktawo she has left college, only place she could be contacted in security; & I have reason to bliev she will not return to fandom. This announcement I think will release a certain compulsion from the tongue of one Squire Perdue, so that he may break a seal of silence without breaking any promises; & reveal certain very intresting info. We hope Perdue will favor Vom, which brot Tigrina to prominence, with the final scoop on her. Of her works, we have a few choice words left & 2 cartoons in the Witch Hazel series. "PROTO-J: With Tigrina's star unavoidably on the wane, I call your attention to Barbara E Bovard--BEB. Bobby will need no introduction to Canadian fandom, an important adjunct of which she has been for some time via Light & Censored & her features therein such as "Unscientifacts" & "Useless from Uranus", articles, storys &c. BEB is fannish as they come & if her proposed airaid warden activitys don't take up too much time, & she doesnt join the army or navy, I'm confident BEB will be pressing into the Top 20 brackets of actifans bfor long. Her fanografy next ish, her foto on our 5th Annish. " Speaking of the 5th Annish, twill feature our 3d fanograficover. On hand are snaps of Tom Daniel, CSYoud & Earle Barr Hanson. Wanted are: Tom Ludowitz, the New Harry Schmarje, Guy Gifford, Swishers, Louis & Larry Smith, Liebscher, Chauvenet, Speer, Farsaci, Cunningham...& who else woud U like to see? Those of U named, please consider yourselves invited to send us a snap. It is to your advantage that it be a clear print with glossy finish. For reference to head-size we'd like, see Widner's on #23. A face that is just covered by a nickel is a good size. " Widner the Winner. Last ish Art made a guess I didnt endorse on a piece of English idiom, namely "carrying a can of porridge between his shoulders". The Poll Cat ventured the opinion this woud be synonymous with American slangwidge "puddin'head". And Ron Holmes, Britisher, cinches Widner's supposition, riting "The can of porridge between the shoulders, is the head, and naturally intimates porridge instead of brains." " Homc. Speerior. Besides the conclu to his lengthy letter begun in #22 & crowded out of #23--& #24--a whale of another big letter was rcvd from Juffus in the interim. Most all of which we want to print. (Such letters are rich rewards to fan pubbers.) By golly, we'll have to start almost from the time we have 2 or 3 letters on hand & dummy--now, dammit, all the fenfusion in this room has got me flusterd. My eye skipt a line. Back up; start again. By golly, we'll have to dummy 'em (Speer's letters) first nexttime. Instead of being able to gather letters for a month, arrange in an intresting or effective order (to the disorderd eds' minds, at any rate) & dummy all within a wk or 10 days, as in the old days; now days we have to start almost from the time we have 2 or 3 letters on hand & dummy bit by bit nite by nite & wk by wk. " ((Praps it will explain some things to say that Bradbury is present as I try to work.)) " After the last Vom was done & the new not due for 2 mos., there alredy were a great many letters on hand & somehow Weaver was seized with a fever (hm, spontaneous! In the dummy it sez "a spurt of enthusiasm or nrg or somethin'")--anyway, all anyone noes is that it suddenly was conceived that a surprise Vom shoud be out about 3 wks after its predecessor. Well that we started early like we did, for subscribers will be receiving this ish a scant 2 wks in advance of schedule, as is. Morojo got a new job that upt her hrs-per-wk by 6 or more; one wk I hadda put in 66 hrs, slitley style-cramping for an actifan of my proclivitys. " A free sample Fantasy Fiction Field will be included with this mailing if Unger gets the batch to us in time. -- Now I spose we're to be confronted at the 11th hour with a BIG BLANK SPACE to fill. 4e speaking on stencil --azif U didna noe. Typing this even as the final pgs of Vom are running of the mimeo. I mean off. In the original dummy, left space planning on running entrys on a contest that never got announced. Dunno what hapnd, but I sent info to FFF, after the apearance of the last Vom, in which the Table of Contents unhappily was crowded out (or, actually, never even created, altho there woudntve been room to run it anyway). So I got the idea of getting fandom in on it, & having top humorists Tucker, Widner, Liebscher et al create a composite ToC. And publish in this ish. But too late now. " We shoud have saved last issue's editorial title for this: RIGOROUS MORTIFICATION indeed! After all our space-saving devices, we now have space to spare! Woe woe woe woe woe woe woe woe woe woe woe woe woe woe woe! Waldo! Other Space. "A thing can both be, not be, and be anything. There are many true ways of looking at the same thing. Some ways are good, some are bad." So please be charitable, kind peoples, & look at this the good way; make bliev this ish--& this pg in particular--isnt quite the mess it actually is. Dankon. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A QUATRAIN IS A

FOUR LINE RIME

THAT'S NEVER OUT OF PLACE.

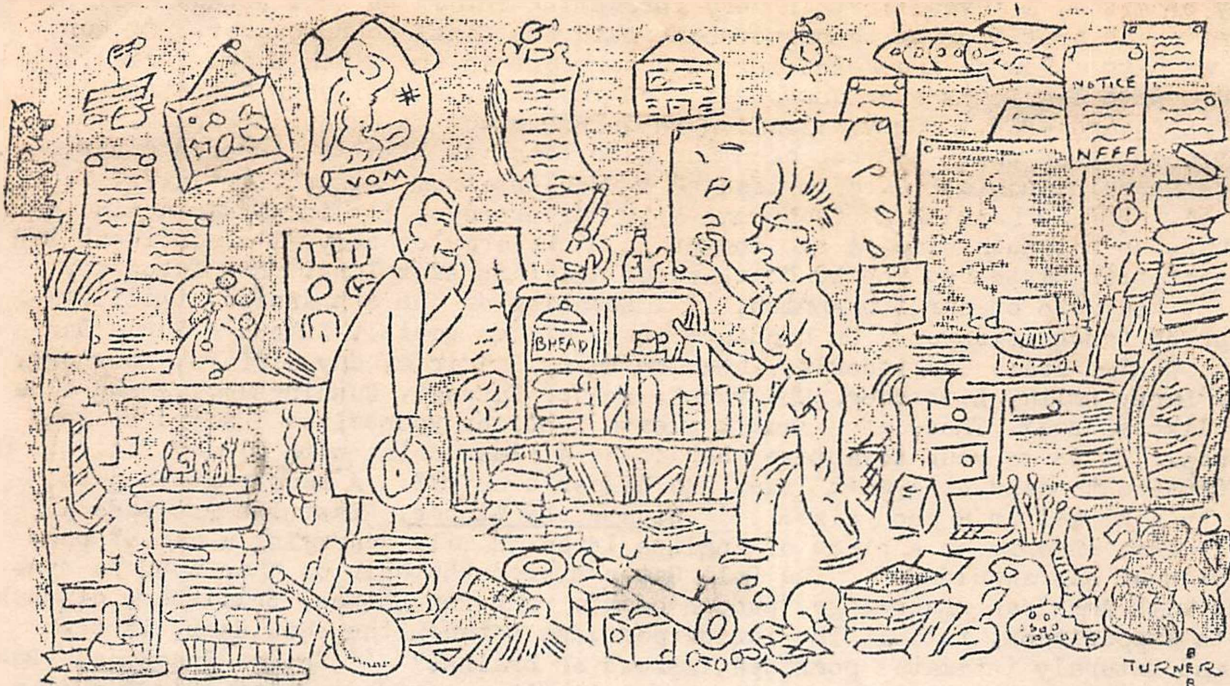
IT MAY BE USED

AT ANY TIME

TO FILL AN EMPTY SPACE.

(Only ofcourse it shoudnt be lengthend into 6 lines à la Longfellow.)





"As I always say, we fans must set an example to the rest of the world - show them how to live planned, orderly lives . . ."

*Stacked*

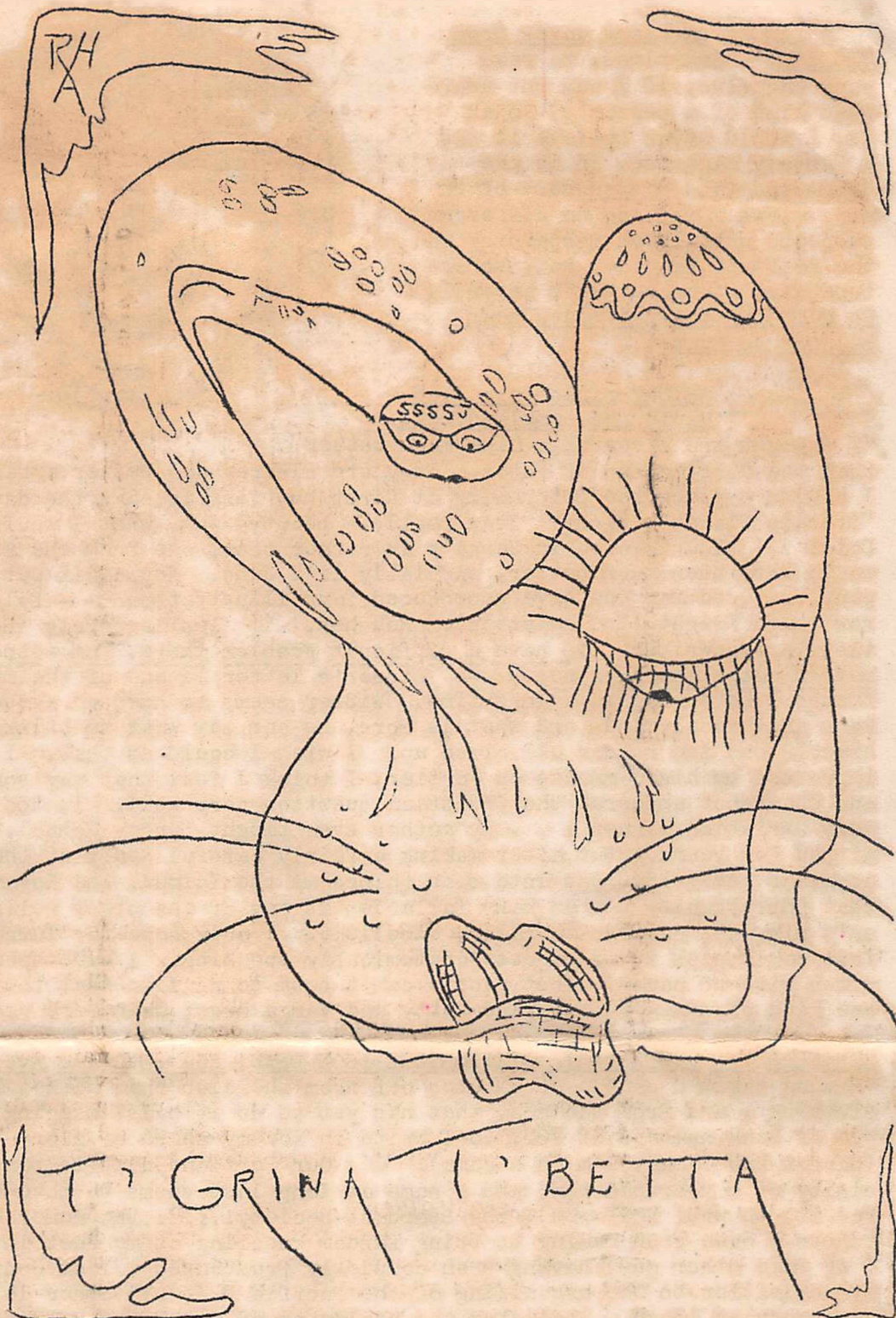
away Roy! This fan's distinction is that, unlike the likes of Tucker. (til recently) Widner, Joquel, Tigrina, & others, who live in boxes of one sort or another, "LezRoy" springs from a Fountain in El Dorado--er--Colorado. Sez LezRoy: "Dear Term--I mean VoMites " If those two bums, Fojak and Connerley, who work only 60 hours per week will step to one side I will introduce a working man--myself. Be it hereby known that I work 70 hpw. Who tops me? " The cover of #23, like the previous fanograph was superb. All sorts of fans including the Green Phantom himself, no less. Incidentally, Acky, those specs make you look like one of these comic book supermen who wear goggles to change their appearance. "Armed only with his French 75 the Green Phantom, who is in real life FJA, man about fandom, stalks the horrible bug-eyed XZURGLPHUMGQSTYCS and puts an end to their murderous career of publishing new fanzines." " I agree with you Art (Widner), man's mental attitude to his fellowmen has always been one of the greatest bottlenecks (bottle-necks!) in the progress of civilization. Consider how racial and class hatred, or distinction, have kept many people from receiving even an elementary education. "Is Webster kidding? Why the crusading? Go back a couple ishes, Doug. Widner gives the answer to that one in #20. A dissatisfaction with world conditions and a desire to improve those conditions. Should we 'relax and just live fairly normal lives'? Just sit back and let the rest of the world go by? Should we draw back within ourselves and fall into the rut of everyday existence? Hell no! That, chums, is complacency and complacency means decadence. If we were satisfied with our present world it would be a simple matter to go on with what we've got, making no further progress whatsoever. And that would mean retrogression for the whole human race. Would you, Webster, be satisfied with what you've got if you knew you could get something better? Do you think that our descendants would be satisfied with today's world with its greed, filth, and illiteracy? Are you satisfied with it? If you are, chum, what are you doing in fandom? " To Connerley, your four points are good, chum, and a couple are in use. Esperanto, for instance. To your list, tho, I'd like to add a fifth: racial equality. " I am inclined to doubt that Tigrina knows as much about the Occult as she claims. If you've got something on the ball, Tige,,,,,How about tossing me some info? I'm curious, no less. (We guess U'll have to remain curious, Roy--praps even peculiar --for, as U'd've noen if U'd read the contents in order steada turning to your own letter first, tsck! tsck!, the Devil Doll is behind the 8 ball & may never emerge again, alack!) -- Dean has something when he says 'Mind is like stomach when its full it'll tell ya. Stuff it and you get indigestion.' I got indigestion. Rx: month vacation from stf and fandom. During the winter months I did nothing but concentrate on stf and fandom. I let my school work go visit with Mephistopheles. Toward the end of May it got me like a hangover. I was depressed. Too much of the cosmos, the infinite, et al. I not only lost interest in fandom but in everything else also. So I toss stf on the shelf and drag down Omar, and Halliburton. I go out on a couple of parties and get inebriated. I oven go so far as to get a job. (Dyktawo?) Now I look better, my pocketbook looks better, and fandom looks best of all. I even laugh at 4e's puns. Mithiquotation: Said the 'Wolf Man' when being beat upon the skull with a silver-headed cane, 'It Claudes up and Rains all over me.'" Or, as Chaney said to the Invisible Man: "Lon time no see....."



That Bob-in-the-Box-260, TUCKER, rites from Bloomington, Ill: "I want to try my fine hand at baiting Tigrina; it seems to be the thing in VOM of late, etc. First I want to point out something obvious about fandom, to wit: let a hitherto undiscovered (and/or glamorous) female appear on the fan-scene and every half-baked fan from Maine to Lower California rushes in to link his name with hers, etc. The crude way of doing it, without too much use of the imagination, is to write a letter to VOM saying: 'Good for Tigrina etc. and her Hoodoo, etc. She is a gal after my own pocketbook, etc.' This firmly establishes one in a permanent niche; it also forms a bond, however vaporous, between the h-bfan and the female. When the two meet at convention, months or years later, the fe-

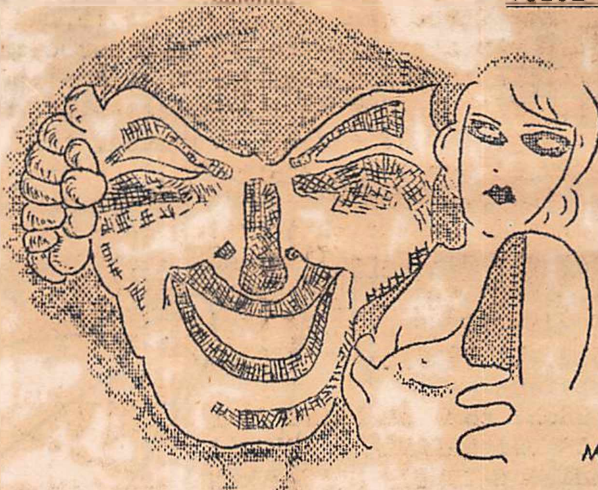
male will remember the linking of names and perhaps keep company with h-bfan in sheer gratitude. Or even give him an atomical picture of herself and write him intimate letters, daily. And etc. Thus, friends, I wish to bait Tigrina and link my name with hers, to wit: Tigrina-link-Tucker. Etc. Oh yes, the baiting: Webster to the contrary, she is not the one who '... omitted to grow up.' Rather, I would say she was permitted to grow up. Which is a shame, etc. (I have an acquaintance who would, at the slightest suggestion, be overly glad to show her --or perform with her if she wishes-- a couple of satanist tricks with cats that is guaranteed to turn --nay, revolve the stomach like a merry-go-round.) And now, having duly established my point and acclaimed myself a half-baked fan, etc., I continue. I have recently met Ecco Connor, and it is my personal opinion, etc. that he is a number fifteen fan, etc. Ghodde, etc! I'm damned glad 40 miles of space and stuff and etc. are between us! The last time he was over here he swiped three originals off my walls, found and dutifully killed nine bottles of beer in the ice box, (no, Ackie, he didn't crawl into the box to kill them), ripped a dirty picture out of my best pornographic book, made eyes at my wife and robbed the kids' bank for passage money home. The cur! Etc. (I threatened to have Wollheim run him out of fandom but he took it lightly. Etc.) " Kuslan should shoot you for printing that awful pic of her. If I didn't have a better one (or two) than that in my files I would resign from fandom at once in pure fear. The Leslie Perri picture must be several years old. The last time I saw her she was wearing a mustache and goatee, etc. I also noticed a wrinkle in her stocking. Striking resemblance between Les Crutch and Man Mountain Marconette! Koenig is a Paul gentleman come to life-- see FFL, May-June 1940, page 7, man standing upright on deck of ship; and various others not recollected at the moment. Blomstrand the berries, etc. Dime to a dollar he (Bronson) marries the girl within four years. Etc. " The #2 face exists, etc.ing.~~~ PS: Will you please announce in VOM that I am resigning from fandom. (The gal on the back is a witch! etc.)"

ASTONISHING ALDENORTON dictated to his secy: "Congratulations on a truly outstanding issue of V. O. M. In spite of your lugubrious lead editorial, I found the contents interesting indeed." Tnx, pro!





A few of our last words from  
TIGRINA: "Sometimes, to read  
 your magazine, if I was not aware  
 what kind of a person(?) Fojak  
 is, I would never believe it was  
 a Fantasy magazine. In it are  
 discussed (and cussed) very often  
 art, views fans take on different  
 subjects not always pertaining to  
 the realm of Fantasy, and, unfor-  
 tunately, other subjects as well."  
So much for the gel whose heart  
belongs to Dante...



M.A.D.

Tom WRIGHT rites from 3618  
Maple Ave, Oakland, Cal:

"I thought the cover this time much better  
 than the first group of fotos. They are clearer and better arranged, methinks.  
 I couldn't place the Doldrawing at first but finally came the dawn and Schachner's  
 "Sterile Planet", right? It's really a beauty---ah, what I wouldn't give for a  
 Dold! Your choice in Varga's is rather poor, one from the Esquire Calander  
 would have been much better, specially li'l June. Anyway it puts me in nice com-  
 pany..... so far you have reproduced four illustrations - - Dold, Varga, "Tomor-  
 row", and Wright (Frankenstein). Heh heh. "leslie perri? How does one whis-  
 tle via typewriter? (U have a difficult problem there, Tom--espeshly on these  
 modern noiseless machines.) -- Widner's letter is one of the most interesting  
 things I have read in a long time. Widner seems to have an exceedingly sound and  
 keen analytical mind, and what is more, he can say what he thinks without getting  
 himself and the reader all mixed up. I wish I could do that. I was particularly  
 impressed by his comments on Fortier; I think I feel that way sometimes. " He  
 and Chauvenet answered the Christian question very well. I, too, was raised in a  
 very Christian manner . . . my mother even taught Sunday School, and I never  
 missed for years. But after making a fairly careful study of the Bible, as well  
 as minor investigations into such things as the Talmud, the Koran, etc., it seems  
 that Christianity has as many fallacies as any of the other religions. " Turn-  
 er's pic was, quite natuarally, excellent. I only hope for Turner's sake that the  
 fans don't pick it to pieces, anatomically speaking. I have seen this happen so  
 often with no cause. Most people can't seem to realize that there is more than  
 one kind of woman -- the kind Petty and Varga draw; which are really fantasy."

EINSTEIN VAN MANDERPOOTZ STEINMETZ EDISON DEAN, 834 SE Grand Ave, Portland, Ore:  
 "Having taken a couple of minutes off from the club that hasn't been doing much  
 clubbing , and from the mag. that has yet to do it's 1st magging, I look at a cou-  
 ple of back numbers of VOM. So I write in for my share of glory (morning, glory)  
 (pardon the comma, I'm in a coma). " Our Portland club is somewhere in the vi-  
 cinity of a year old now, and a name at long last seems to have become permanent  
 for it, to wit( half-wit): the Stardust Society.....the numerous and sundry at-  
 tempts I have been making to bring fandom kneeling at my feet in rapt admiration  
 ( of some other guy) having been completely frustrated , I am content to confine  
 my activities to the organizing of the Pacific N.W. Yo other 14 members here all  
 have varying ideas , including the replacing of the N.F.F.F. with an interplanet-  
 ary outfit giving preference to the Martian Zounds , but here is our larger policy  
 as it stands : name, Progressive Fantasy Fan Federation (as M.Brown would say,  
 ' it sphinx ' ) . This is our attempt to induce inactive fans to get together and  
 form a club. Ludowitz and his boys and gals and our bunch are working out the de-  
 tails of a counter-affiliation which makes us have interrelations which neither of  
 us have the foggiest notion of . We in Portland havve had a potential (po-stenchal)  
 fanmg. on the fire for some time , but have revised it so many times that the poor  
 thing is dizzy. It should ( not a promise, but a hope) be out within a month under  
 the name ' PROG ' editor M.W.Brown , and it is guaranteed to be stinky or your mo-  
 ney back. In fact , its so bad we are giving it away to get the fans to see it !  
 We should call it ' PHEW ' instead of Prog. I approve of : nudes, hobbies in  
 fandom, nudes, bettering civilization, nudes, fans who are interested in unusual  
 and unorthodox things, nudes, VOM , nudes, a definite program for fandom, nudes, a  
 series of conferences by mail on what fandom can do to better hooeymanity, nudes ,  
 etc. I also approve of nudes. I dissapprove of people who refuse to recognize my  
 immense sagacity and indubitable ( that word again ) genius. For my part, Tige can  
 keep up her voodoo blurbs . I love 'em. As for fan activity , I have spent about  
 an average about 7 or 8 hours a day on this "#%-'()3/40!?.1/2;1/4-x ! club  
 merging and fanmag publication and have only an intense and deep disgust to show  
 for it . That is , such time has been put to all this only for the last two weeks .  
 Before that I took a couple of hours off every other day to catch a meal and to  
 sleep. " Well , I will cease this rot and let ya requiescat in pace .... If any  
 has a minut to spare , drop me a line . Like all good fish , I'll go for the line  
 all the faster if its the stuff I'm interested in ( in this case , me . I am my own  
 hobby . Gee, but I'm swell ! )"

F-l-a-s-h ! Breath easy, fandom: Tucker rites:

"Will you please announce in VOM that I am re-entering fandom. (P.S. the girl on  
 the back is a witch!)"

a fashion which leads Walt LIEBSCHER, 101 S Eastern, Joliet, Ill, comments in  
us to bliev something Joliet mustve made 'er Ill:  
 "Vombardiers: (sometimes spelled ea) Ferry & my little green star of heaven I'm  
 mad atcha both. Why oh why after all the hours we spent composing it, didn't you  
 print that masterpiece we (Tuck & he & EEE) sent you recently after the investiga-



tion, to see whether it was worth two cents or not, or maybe it is three, I've heard some rumors that postage went up. (Idle rumors, Walt; U still can get 2c stamps like always.) If anybody can make out that last cryptic sentence, make three carbon copies and throw them away, send me the original and I will send you a picture to set on your piano, make six carbon copies, throw them away and the original too and I'll come and sit on the piano myself. Which reminds me of the story of the rooster that wore red pants, but that is another story entirely. Speaking of carbon, that was a lousy pun you pulled, Forry, about your mother being scared by a street car, thereby making you allergic to carbonated water, frankly I don't get it." (My, my, how streetcars--I mean anecdotes--get around. Wasnt that ritten in a private loveletter to Abby Lu Ashley, wherein I revealed how Carroll Wymack once fell asleep reading an Ackermanuscript, was carryd to the end of the line, startled into wakefulness by the conductor, thereby prenataally prejudicing me against carbarnated beverages? Those tickly bubbles terrorize my tongue. --Fooljak)

time, Iowa, who, in attempting rounding his mercurial changes introducing a cousin Harris who "I feel terribly hurt by Mr.

and deep hatred of me. I don't feel that way toward him... In fact, I have a warm place in my soft heart for him. Jenkins is a great writer; no doubt existing about that. He is a thinker, possessing a great mind. Yet, in complete possession of this hitherto incomparable cerebrum, he tosses sarcastic paragraphs at me when over he can; not even personally, but he makes these remarks to our mutual friend, Raymond Washington, who in turn relays them to me. Hell, I feel terribly hurt, as I said before, that any fan should be so devastatingly against me."

SCHMARJE, 318 Stewart Rd, Musca-  
to clear up the confusion sur-  
of mind, only adds to the chaos by  
uses his adres on occasions, says:  
Jenkins' attitude of lofty sarcasm

The Mogul of  
Maryland, Hagerstown's own HARRY WARNER JR, rites us from 303 Bryan Pl: "I'm tempted to agree with Widner that to spend ten bucks on a cover when the other thirteen pages' cost probably wasn't more than half that is terrible; but then I look at the cover again, and my heart overrules my head's mature consideration. This is the first time I've seen a good photo of Rosenblum. Doesnt he look like a prime minister or something, though? The great Christianity debate interests me very much. I attended a Catholic parochial school through the first seven grades, although I was raised and my parents are Protestant. From this experience, I emerged with the firm conviction that a combination of the Catholic mass and Lutheran, perhaps, 'church services' would be bearable, because in that way we'd escape that atrocity that keeps millions of people away from protestant churches, The Sermon. Unlike Art Widner, I cannot comprehend a universe without beginning or end, anymore than I can comprehend one with beginning or end, of either time or space. Can anyone?" As to Christianity's merits as a world-bettering force, think it's done far more for good than bad in last several 1000 yrs. Holding true today. Two men taken from same social status, of same degree of intelligence, with aproxly equal natural ability, & one grows up to become a priest & other a w.c. worker; in the end, the priest almost invariably willve lived the better life, have been a "better" man. "Now if we could figure out a way to have five hundred ministers or priests for each member of the congregation, instead of vice versa, all would be well. But I cannot call myself a ture 'believer'." Thinks it very possible there is a God, or maybe a number of them. They may be on the order of the Arisians; there may be greater & lesser Gods. If there's a supreme maker of everything, logical to presume life after death. But Hell or Purgatory would be too odd of God. And doesnt think Bible worth the daily reading Christians are sposed to afford it. Contains many fine things apearing, as far as we've the power to judge, to be truths. But most, if divinely inspired, was so terribly distorted somewhere along line as to render useless. A fine God who-- (& here Harry picks on one of my favorite topix for apoplexy when anybody mentions the paradoxical picture of a benevolent God in consideration of the curse about "unto the third generation") sends down punishment upon innocent children because of misdeeds of their fathers. (Of all the godamnd yngvicious perversions I've heard of, taking it out on my unborn greatgrandfams beuz greatgrandsap blasphemed the Big Boy, frinstance--! Y, I shoudnt blame 4sJ the 4th a bit if he came back in his time-machine to bump me off. Maybe I better go ahead first & get him. Wait, what is that misty shape materializing in the far corner of the rm? My (Great Grand) Son, My (Great Grand) Son! What is that funny lil pencilike gadget U're pointing at me? No! No! not-- Xrpt from Shangri-L'A Facts: "The body of Forrest J Ackerman was found here today, murdered, police believe, under mystifying circumstances. A neat hole was burned thru his heart, and his staring eyes carried a look of what the coroner described as 'utter incredulity'. The door was locked from the inside.") "Harry goes on to wonder if Smith purposely patterned his Lensmanuscripts after "all this;" Doesnt think he meant to satirize Christianity but there're so many similar points. Arisians to correspond with God (I Corresponded with God--Honest to God I Did!) & the angels, who pick out certain men (& even one woman) to be their disciples or workors for good; in the series they're Lensmen, in the Bible they're called prophets & saints. Whatshisname, the black-sheep Arisian who turnd out to be the bigshot Boskonian, corresponds with the fallen angel, Lucifer or Satan. Many other similaritys. At least it proves there are good plots in the Bible. But he likes Moffatt's sane attitude, anyway, & his sensible retorts to Chauvenet & the rest. --FLASH! We interrupt the condensation of the Warnoremarks for an important announcement! Bad news for fandom as Tucker rites: "Will you please announce in VOM that I am again resigning from fandom. (P.S. the girl on the back is a witch!)" Returning to Warner: "Glad to see the praises for Rosenblum, who is certainly the most unappreciated fan extant. I wonder how Webster will reconcilo the way British fans are shoving him into a prominent job with the new British fan



organization, and the nasty cracks he's been making about fans who want to unite? I quite agree that it's high time Fortier stop changing his mind with the temperature or stock market or whatever. It's ridiculous to alter opinions just for the sake of variety every week or two, as he does, and he's easily the worst offender in fandom when it comes to announcing magazines that never appear, changing titles without good reason, discontinuing publications after an issue or two, and similar antics."

A "half asleep" RON HOLMES rote us from 32 Rockfield Rd, Liverpool 4, Eng, on 19 May: "Here I crawl out of my shell again, this time to give Forry, George Medhurst and the readers of Vom a lecture, I hope they take it in good part and due tolerance, cause, by gosh don't I have to tolerate a lot from them!" Starts with a criticism of past covers, complimenting Wright on the original Tomaiden, only really good cover Ron's seen on Vom; while brother Wiedenback suffers again for his offering on our New Yr No. 4e breaking in here to explain to Ron what he & some other readers never seemd to understand, namely that Mother & Dawter Time were not improperly proportiond in relation to one another, Dawter being too diminutive: the smaller female figure was sposed to be symbolic of the New Yr, & incidently giving U 2 Vomaidens for the price of one, rather'n an actual baby. On the subject of fantasy nudes, Ron wonders why Forry & Friends produce the things, for they obviously are not art. Alternately, my sense of art must be misplaced or me & my contributors are "just plain lechers (I think that is the US term)." If the latter, Ron's sorry we're so darnd proud of it, for it puts us in a very poor position in his eyes. To which I reply--& speaking for Morojo also--Honest to Truth, Ron, the lasthing we want thot of us is that we're the smirky sort where sex is concernd, pornografy peddlers in stfans' clothing. That element in LA fandom was one we always regretted, but fortunately now it is only an unpleasant memory. Vomaidens innocently were inaugurated with the now-famous gatefold, the "ReprejAdele" of the original of the fantasy nude espeshly drawn for me by a former Ampas acquaintance, Pauline Hirst (Paule), about which Angeleños had raved (the pic--not Paule...but only beuz none of 'em ever met her); & was followed by others--in particular sevrul Portfolios, including one fantasy nude of my own conception, & always where possible with the "realistic touch". I personally had thot our fans were pretty shockproof & sensible & woud be pleased to receive in one their own mags what tabu-bound pulps & convention-shackled other sources don't supply. Do U noe that the Canadian edition of Weird Tales featuring "The Blue Woman" denyd that a woman has breasts by retouching the cover so that the girl had a chest in the masculine sense? That silly sort of shame robs beauty from life. What we sometimes got--& yet run beuz, like many a letter not so hot, Vom is the mirror of fandom, good, bad or indifrent--& what we'd like to give U, are, to rework an oldy about horses of difrent colors, "femmes of difrent forms". We'd like to give U Finlay unfetterd, Bok unabasht, Wright unrestrained, Turner unretoucht: Norhalas & Santhus from Merritt's imagination, Minga maids by Moore! Are we lecherous, lousy, lewd, looney? The defense begs the indulgence of the court for consuming so much space, & rests its case...

STOPRESS! The sun shines

brite, the world's alryt again, beuz: "Will you please announce in VOM that I have decided to re-enter fandom. (P.S. the girl on the back is a witch!)"--Tucker.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM (nufsed) 2050 Gilbert St, Beaumont Texas: "Cover looks more like ROUGES gallery--from FBI files than a fmgzine cover---Most sensible face on the whole page was of course:Anglofan #1, John Michael Rosenblum...a nice look ing chap if I ever saw one...true blue Britisher, could easily pass as some US / Business man--of high importance etc. H.C. Koenig,,looks to be like Nelson Eddy, tho a scientist of a sort. ECCO-intelligent, systematic, Stylish. Gus Willmorth-Regular fellow, sorta Like Bing Crosby in a way--dresses as he pleases, don't give a damn what others thinks, and is all around friendly. Damon Knight-Nostro-Demus, be he his elected follower? Jenkins&Gilbert--pack up UR fmgzine interests and send them to em...Those guys are issuing so many fmgzine they are causing a fmgzine INFLATION-in capital L. Gert Kuslan:Stfandom could use more feminine supporters and followers of her type, as alo the Finns' Doldi? Len Moffatt, the little guy-who is unjustly criticized. Phour,Elmer Perdue-fan-a-la-experte--EEEEEvans, just as U said- a right guy, and a square dealer-next president of NFFF..Hurrah--hes a grand old leader--he is. " Pah, all this autrocious dribble(babish)talk by 4E, on being notified that Use have #1A rating. T ink what the fans will be thinking, if that guy can get such a rating, then what chance have the Morons for exemption? The battlescene will be a formation of apes veresus--babbling humans--etc..sall in fun tho, to think thus--as the rest do--or is it? " Art Widnersheen's Leter:Very fine-thorough, liked his descriptioin of Tigrina'Silly Girl,etc. Say-Art could pass as a philosopover any day--just hope he don't try to analize me by letters IVE wrote him etc." Approves Klingbieletter & suggests stfandom coud use a lil more "lectric Juice of true action" & less "daubling around". " Requests less of "Tigrinia(bore)some)art, and more of that super cloosal-prozineish,the type of nude a saint would like, drawings of Turner instead. I could look at Turner's pic Phtholognyrrh, all day--and still not get enoug joy outa it to satisfy. It is a masterpiece worthy of highest merit and wuality. I have spoken SALAM!"

In amice Handson of 95 Mere Rd, Leicester, Eng. on 25 May was stimulated to rite by "the shock of seeing myself peering out between Ken Chapman & Les Johnson on the February cover. It was the first time I've seen that 'photo which I fancy was taken at the general gathering in London last September. Taken, incidentally, in Regent's Park--just across the road from where Wells lives when he's in town. " I could say a lot about the magazine but it would boil down to the fact that it suits me fine since it gives a pretty good picture of American fans being in the main frivolous, occasionally serious & at all



times enamoured of clubs, organizations & fraternities, & of British fans going through their various stages of development -- socialism, sex, semantics seems to be a frequent trend. "Which brings me to 'Horizon' possibly the highest-browed of all highbrow magazines over here at present. The editorial in current issue argues that artists in general don't know enough about science & since war tends to stifle artistic achievement they should spend their time coming to terms with science. 'The ideal' (I quote) 'would be a crop of writers who could not say "I love you" without understanding exactly what is meant by I, love, and you--in the language of biology, psychology, philosophy and semantics.....How should a writer tackle science? It is clear that most writers have no time to undergo any scientific training--there are, however, certain books that make the subject easy. One is 'The Science of Life' [by H.G. Wells & Julian Huxley]...this is the most fascinating of all compendiums and contains incidentally, for those who know how to find them, the plots of about fourteen hundred novels.....' And so on to the final sting in the tail 'It may be said that nothing is more tiresome than an artist with a half-baked knowledge of science....' How true. "Why I should bring all this in is rather obscure but since I am writing I may as well write about something. (Unlike so many people.)"

just the day bfor the preceding, proceeding from Bill Temple in a letter dated 7 Elm Rd, Wembley, Middlesex, Eng: "I hold with this new system of printing only the interesting extracts from letters, as distinct from presenting reasonable facsimiles of same (I gather this phase is current in the States - why?) complete with spelling errors disguised as Ackermanese, blots, fingerprints, & bits of egg (not that you'll get any egg from this side - chickens are grown in bottles over here, owing to the scarcity of eggs). Of course, this means that I'll never see any of my letters in VoM again, but I always did hanker to be a martyr in the cause of progress. "The Rogues Gallery cover is an absorbing piece of work, especially to a physsiogonom-- physiognomist-- no, physiognomist-- dammit-- (Ackermanese, where art thou?) --F i z i o g n o m m i s t. I've got a ray-gun like Daugherty's, only I didn't know it was a ray-gun. Think--I might have killed someone! Or does it just paralyse you? The cost of the upkeep of it certainly paralyses me. "The letters speak for themselves, which saves you an' me bother."

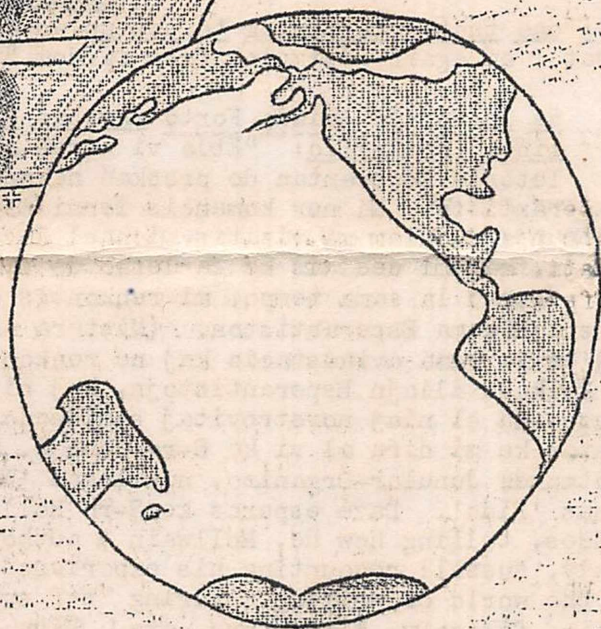
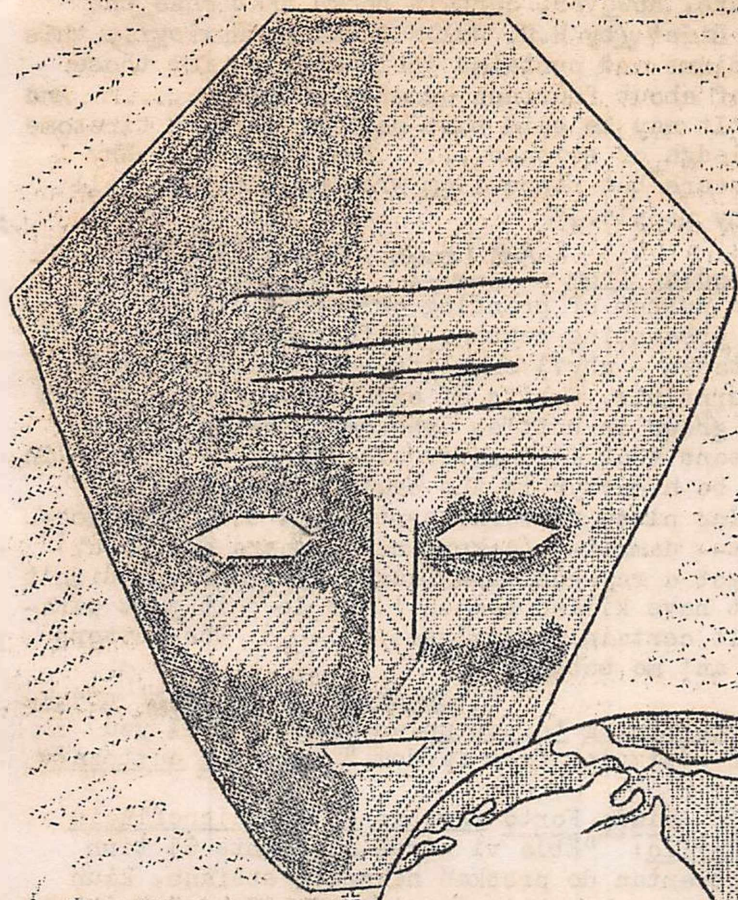
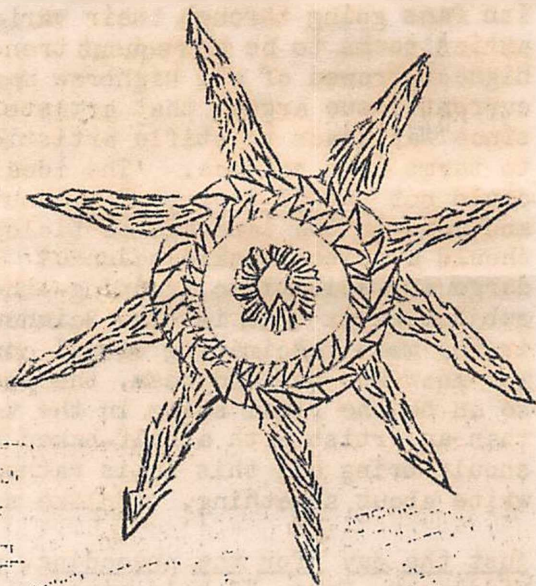
Speaking of letters' speaking for themselves, here's one that's beginning to set up an echo: "Will you please announce in VOM that I am again resigning from fandom." And the customary PS.

Roland Forster de la Rojala Aviada Forto skribas en la sciencfikcia lingvo de Anglio: "Eble vi miras ricevinte ĉi tiun leteron Esperantan de preskaŭ nekonata stefano, kiun vi certe ne sciis esti Esperantisto. Mi nur komencis lerni Esperanto antaŭ malpli ol tri monatoj. En Marto nunjara, kiam mi vizitis Michael Rosenblum, mi vidis liajn lernolibrojn Esperantajn, kaj mi decidis ke la lerno de tia lingvo farus flank-okupon tre interesan. Je preskaŭ la sama tempo, mi renkontis ĉi tie Dave McIlwain, kiu, mi sciis, estas tre entuziasma Esperantiston. (Mistera afero estas, ke ni ambaŭ estis dum tri monatoj ĉe la sama aviadstacio kaj ne renkontis unu la alian.) De tiam ni trovis ĉi tie kelkajn aliajn Esperantistojn, kaj ni klopodas formi Esperantan Klubon. Parenteze--du el niaj novetrovitaj samideanoj estas nekonataj stefanoj. Ankaŭ, Dave petas ke mi diru al vi ke S-ro John W. Holland, I.E.L delegito kaj ĉefperanto de Tutmonda Junular-Organizo, nun legas 'Weird Tales', kaj 'Astounding', kaj ĉe abonas 'Fido'. Dave esperas ke S-ro Holland baldaŭ estas vera stefano." Forster continues, telling how he, McIlwain & author Eric Frank Russell have stf mtgs almost nitely, Russell recounting his experiences in New York, about stfans everywhere, about the world of writing. During "stf suppers" at the canteen they heatedly argue politix, filosofy, literature, etc. Vivu Esperanto! Longe vivu Rofo de la Rafo, k la plej elkorajn salutojn de Mirta Forsto al Dejmikil...

David R. Evans puts in an appearance for Australia, riting--hm-- one day after Hanson, from 130 Brook St, Coogee, NSW: "I think the drink question is causing a little bother among you chaps in U.S.A. It was something of a coincidence, therefore, that I recently read an article 'In Praise of Alcohol' by Edward Podolsky, in an old 'The Modern Thinker', a slick magazine dated 1933." The spirit of which, summarized from Evans' 4 pgs, was as follows: Fresh air good for the human organism--but too much upsets the body's gas equilibrium & causes convulsions. One even can drink too much water. And it is so of all things, not so? How many famous men have drunk & praised alcohol, including Plato, Aeschylus, Shakespeare, London & Poe. It has been recorded Poo's greatest creations came into being when he was inebriated. And Evans names a certain fantasy riter who, "in a personal letter to me, did not conceal his affection towards alcohol. In view of all this, I find myself merely slightly amused at the hysterical outbursts of puritanical Vomites when commenting on the 'evilness' of the more boisterous among you there." 'Temperance in all things' is Evans' motto, but he also calls for more tolerance for the drinkers on the part of the tee-totalers, espeshly those fans for whom it is no effort to abstain. Has theory which may be of intrest to the audience, that delirium tremens is a peep into another dimension made possible by absolute oblivion to surrounding realities, a greatly stimulated brain action & a greater optical perception. "In conclusion, I would like to draw your attention to the fact that Jesus Christ, when walking in on a wedding party and found that there was only water for the guests to drink, was sport enough to "turn the water into wine". Keen bible students will not deny the record of this historic fact."

Coud Tucker be keeping company with the spirits of Poe, Plato & Co? "Will you please announce in VOM--"etc. This offagain-onagain attitude of Pong's is driving FandM, if not fandom, to drink!





F I C T I O N ?



## SOME NOTES ON THE BLACK ARTS

By Alojo

Occultism, and the arts, sciences and crafts connected with it, is generally misunderstood by the laymen, and not really comprehended except by those who have been willing to devote a considerable amount of their time to the studies and researches required. Indeed, a person who dabbles slightly in any or all of the branches of the occult arts will generally emerge even more befuddled than the average person, who carries within him the inherited race-memory of things he dimly perceives but does not understand. The seemingly mad whirl of Black Magic, White Magic, Satanism, Witchcraft, the Black Mass, Voodoo, Invocations, Demonology, Black and White Magicians, that confronts the casual inquirer is practically guaranteed to leave him startled, confused, and without any clear understanding of that which he started out to seek, whether it be along the White or the Black Path.

Since time immemorial, beyond the comprehension of the feeble Fifth Race memory, back to the days of the glory of the Atlantean Empire, the conflict between the Black and the White Schools has existed, sometimes flaring into open conflict, but generally confined to a silent but no less deadly clash of interests. Between those who work only for the self, and those who work for the whole, there will be strife until the final dissolution of the Universe. What exists in the world today is but one brief instant in a struggle between the Powers of Light and Darkness that extends over a period so great that it staggers the imagination.

This paper could not possibly even begin to be a comprehensive treatise on White and Black Occultism in the brief space allotted to it. What we must do, then, is attempt to state as nearly as possible the facts, and clarify some general misunderstandings.

## DEVIL WORSHIP AND THE BLACK MASS

"Devil Worship" is in itself a misleading title. A more accurate one would be "The Worship of the Negative Principle." Satan, Lucifer, Mephistopheles—all are differing manifestations of Negation. And an UNSELFISH worship of these principles would be no different from an unselfish worship of the Positive Principle, as allegedly represented by the Christian churches. It is only when these principles are propitiated for selfish reasons that evil results.

In fact, there are few church-goers who are not to some degree practicing a selfish worship. They pray to God for favors—personal favors. Some even pray that a rival may go out of business, or that their slightly nefarious acts may go undiscovered, or in time of war for a victory for "their" side. If one were to accuse these pious individuals of "Devil Worship" (to use the term loosely) they would indignantly deny it. Yet what they are doing is worse than the open avowal of the Satanist that his motives are selfish. He is at least honest about his motives. Many a pillar of the church is not—and his act is doubly infamous thereby.

Arthur Edward Waite says, "In Egypt, in India, and in Greece, there was no dealing with devils in the Christian sense of the expression; Typhon, Juggernaut, and Hecate were not less divine than the gods of the over-world, and the offices of Canidia were probably in their way as sacred as the peaceful mysteries of Ceres." The worship of the representatives of the Negative Principle was selfless and impersonal. It occupied as important a place as the worship of the Positive Principle and it was not until personality entered into the scheme that its downfall began.

It would probably be safe to say that nowhere does there exist today a worship of Negation which is pure and uncontaminated by selfish purposes. Yet there are uncounted worships of lesser dignitaries than the Devil. According to Theda Kenyon, "a greater authority than any synod mentioned him (Satan) as an Archangel; and a medieval savant called him 'the great Second Best.' To the Persians, he is the 'Prince of the Powers of the Air.'" In the allegory of the ambitious Archangel who was cast out of heaven to become the Ruler of the Powers of Darkness is concealed a great chapter in the past of mankind.

Yet how is Setan worshipped today? The worst picture is painted by Huysmans in "La Bas." With this as the absolute nadir, one may find almost any degree of depravity and perversion among those who kneel before the shrine of the Black Goat of Mendes. Some take this course as an outlet for pure love of evil. Others use it in hope of gaining power of one sort or another. It is an evil time indeed when one of the two great powers of the Universe finds itself with only such as these to worship it. Such is the result of thousands of years of oppression, misinterpretation and persecution.



One aspect of Satanism has been neglected, and that is the matter referred to above, of the varying manifestations of the Negative Force. One manifestation is Satan—the ruler of the covens of the Middle Ages, the "Master of Slanders, Dispenser of the benefits of crime, Administrator of sumptuous sins and great vices," as he is described by Huysmans. Another is the suave, cosmopolitan Mephistopheles, and still another is Lucifer, the fiery demon of war and hate. Would the worship which is directed to Satan be pleasing to Mephisto or Lucifer? It is doubtful. Perhaps it is this that accounts for the varying types of Satanism to be found.

That Devil-Worship is a power in the English-speaking world today cannot be denied. Again and again strange reports crop up, to be quickly suppressed and forgotten. Some years ago a friend told me of his attempts to revive the ancient form of the Black Mass, which was celebrated with the body of a woman for the altar. Kenyon relates how Madame de Montespan, mistress of Louis XIV, was a principal in such a ceremony in 1679. The author Seabury Quinn has written of these things, but as usual, fact is much stranger than fiction.

It is to be regretted that even those who practice Satanism know so little about that which they participate in. But the lack of understanding characterizes the age. Perhaps at some time in the future a partial knowledge of the significance of the great principles concealed behind the figure of the Devil will become better known and more widely used.

#### WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY

It has been denied by one alleged author that there is any connection between Satanism and Black Magic. While this is quite possibly true at the present time, due to the lack of knowledge which is general among most Satanists, and even among some Black Magicians; while in our present state of ignorance about so many of these matters it is doubtful if any person could be a Black Magician and still participate in the Black Mass, still there is evidence that this has not always been the case.

In the Black Mass, the Demon is genuflected to and propitiated as a Deity. Man appears as a suppliant, beseeching the Dark Master to look with favor upon him. In Black Magic, the celebrant invokes the Spirit of his choice, and commands him to obey his will. Here Man is the master, the demon is the servant, at least for the period agreed upon. It seems difficult to reconcile the two.

If the two functions could be reconciled, however, it would be by the witch or the sorcerer. The records of magic would seem to indicate that in the past many combined the two successfully. Michelet, while not making such statements directly, seems to imply this, as do other authors.

Kenyon makes a point that seems to have been overlooked by many other writers, namely, that there are "white" as well as "black" witches. The "white" witch is the honored village wise-woman, while the "black" witch is the haggard, furtive evildoer. So it is also with the sorcerer. It is apparent that there is a hitherto overlooked connection with the Black and White Schools—a slender connection, to be sure, but nevertheless one which bears investigation.

It was the sorcerer or sorceress—most often the latter—who attended or presided at the coven, where the rites of Satan were performed. But they were not loath to invoke the proper demons to aid them in their work. Thus the functions of Black Magic and the Black Mass were combined in one person.

Along with witchcraft and sorcery—which includes under one heading the casting of spells, bewitchment, healing, prophesying, the making of charms and philtres, and other things too numerous to mention—should probably be placed Voodoo, which is simply a particular kind of witchcraft, highly confused and confusing to the Caucasian, but a vital, living force in Africa, the Carribean Islands, and in our own Southland. Seabrook has many times shown the connection between African Voodoo and Occidental Witchcraft, which is not surprising, since the student knows that both trace back to a single beginning almost beyond the memory of man.

The author Williamson in his story "Darker Than You Think" forwarded an unusual hypothesis—that the witches and sorcerers are the remnants and throwbacks of a separate race, that they are the devils and demons, and that at one time they ruled the earth, until man rebelled and overthrew them. And through the ages the witchfolk, as he called them, have been working to regain their lost position. With the powers attributed to them, such as astral projection, they could easily have tricked man all through the ages, by impersonating the Devil at the Black Mass, during invocations by would-be magicians, and at other times. While this theory was set forward as pure fiction, there are sufficient elements of fact behind it to make it a theory worthy of consideration in any discussion of occultism and magic.



## BLACK MAGIC

Whether or not we admit that witchcraft at one time was a connecting link between Devil Worship and Black Magic, it is apparent that at the present time the two are separate entities. And this is well. If there were many persons capable of combining the two, it might well be the beginning of a course like that which culminated in the sinking of Atlantis.

As in Satanism, the powers invoked in Black Magic are not in themselves evil—they are evil only when put to misuse. This is a point much misunderstood. If either Satan or Lucifer (representing, respectively, the powers of Saturn and Mars) were to go out of the scheme, man would not long survive. These powers are those mentioned by Goethe in "Faust," which "work for good while ever scheming ill." Their scheme for ill would come to naught were it not for the mechanics of mortals, who strive in every way to pervert these forces from their natural path.

It is not in the least remarkable that the number of Black Magicians is so small, compared with the number of Satanists. One reading of the necessities for invoking even the least powerful spirit is enough to convince one that here is a course which only the most intrepid and determined should enter on. The vestments of the magician must be prepared. The proper planetary configurations must be determined. The sword, the staff, the rod, the lancet, the arctave or hook, the bol-line or sickle, the needle, the poinard, a white-handled knife and another knife with a black handle. The pen and ink, the virgin parchment, the wax for the candles, the silken cloth in which to wrap the instruments. The salt, the sacrifice. And each of these must be prepared in a certain way, at a certain time, and with certain prayers, exorcisms, invocations, and benedictions. To properly prepare for a vital invocation is a task which takes weeks, even months, and there are few who are willing to devote the time to it, much less the abstinence, continence and consecration which are necessary concomitants to a successful operation.

But if a person is steadfast and resolute, and follows the instructions to the letter, what can he expect? If he is, for example, invoking one of the seventy-two spirits imprisoned by King Solomon, and later released (these spirits are mentioned in almost all works on Goetic Theurgy, and therefore may be considered of considerable importance in the demoniac hierarchies), he may invoke one such as Forneus, a great Marquis, who appears as a sea-monster, and teaches all arts and sciences. Or Asmodey, a powerful king, who appears with three heads, the first of a bull, the second like a man, and the third like a ram; he has a serpent's tail, the webbed feet of a goose, and vomits fire; he makes one invisible, and indicates the places of concealed treasures. Or Sytry, a great prince, who appears with a leopard's head, but assumes a human form on command; who procures love between the sexes. Or any number of others, who, being properly stimulated and appeased, will grant the magician almost anything he could desire.

Or, if the magician is not satisfied with invoking any of these lesser demons, he may proceed to invoke Lucifer himself. Here, of course, both the reward and the penalty are correspondingly higher. For while most of the lesser hierarchy will be satisfied with a kind of "token payment" for their services, Lucifer will usually deal only for the delivery of the body and soul of the magician at a specified time. Note, "body and soul." Not just the soul, as so many fictional writers have led the public to believe.

It is our personal opinion that A. Merritt's "Seven Footprints to Satan," in its description of the unfortunate men and women bound to serve "Satan" in various ways to his benefit while still in corpus, came much nearer to the truth than many readers imagined. Merritt's "Satan" was only a mortal, however, and was destroyed. Imagine the vast network for crime or any other purpose that an immortal power could muster.

The dividing line between black and white magic is drawn so fine that often a supposed white magician serves the black powers without knowing it. In this connection, magic is really divided into four, instead of only two, divisions. White Magic is the right use of spiritual power, consciously and objectively; Yellow Magic is the failure to learn how to prevent the perversion of power; Grey Magic is the unconscious or subconscious perversion of power; and Black Magic is the use of spiritual powers to gratify animal or selfish proclivities.

The Black Magician in his selfish egotism thinks himself greater than God or law, and continually breaks the rules of force; but sooner or later, like Faust, he is destroyed by the forces he has attempted to master. If he himself was the only one to be destroyed, it would be an affair of unconcern for the rest of the world. But before his destruction he is able to wreck incalculable damage to those about him. Yet it must be realized that the Black Magician has his place in the world scheme. If he did not, he would not exist at all. Perhaps the future will bring greater understanding of the whole of the plan in which these things exist.



## IN DEFENSE OF ALEISTER CROWLEY

It is seldom that any man has been as maligned as Aleister Crowley, and on less evidence. Even impartial writers seem to be infected with the virus, and cannot even quote newspaper articles concerning him without mangling their contents. The most recent attack, which calls Crowley's organization a "degenerate, criminal cultis," comes from a so-called writer of fantastic stories of which reports have indicated that his principal deity is Bacchus, and whose writings have appeared in magazines which have either been banned from the stands or else have coasted perilously close to being banned by the post-office department.

It is a matter generally ignored that Aleister Crowley has never been accused of any crime, never been prosecuted in any court, and has never had any evidence produced against him to substantiate the numerous slanders cast against his person and his writings for almost fifty years.

That his writings are sensuous and full of the love of life is not to be denied—but no censor has ever banned one of them. That he has revealed numerous frauds among so-called "Metaphysical" and "Occult" groups should be a point in his favor, not against. His books, such as the "Liber 777," have revealed a depth of knowledge in mystic art and science which is almost unparalleled.

Because Crowley is contemptuous of the attacks upon him, because he considers them unworthy of his notice, because he does not bother to reply to slanders and libels and defamations, the tall tales and smug stories about him multiply and increase amazingly. But Crowley dismisses them all with an attitude similar to that of Alice when she was on trial in Wonderland—"you're nothing but a pack of cards!"

We are not a member of Crowley's organization. We have never met him. We have been privileged to twice attend the Mass of the O. T. O., and found it replete with a deep symbolism and understanding of mystical and occult principles. We have read some of his books, both of poetry and magic, and have found them extremely interesting.

We venture to predict that, in spite of vilification, hate, and lies, the works of Aleister Crowley will survive. About his personal life, about his beliefs, his actions, about the dread things whispered about him, we care not. It may be that he is the chief of the Black Magicians—or he may be only a deep student with a flair for the dramatic and theatrical. Neither of these hypotheses can in any way detract from the written works which he has produced, and is still producing.

"Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be The Whole Of The Law" and "Love Is The Law, Love Under Will" are Crowley's creeds, and those of his followers. "Do What Thou Wilt," read with the emphasis in one place, becomes the basis of a large number of the attacks on both himself and his organization. It is a fact, regrettably, that a large number of members of this organization never realize the true meaning of the phrase, "Do What Thou Wilt." But if the phrase is read with understanding, it becomes fraught with meaning for any who follow it.

Aleister Crowley will probably have to wait until after his death to receive the recognition due him. After his personal influence is removed from the scene, a number of people may find out how wrong they were about him, and how badly he has been misjudged. But it was ever so, and will continue thus until the end of time.

## A NOTE IN CLOSING

This brief paper was originally planned to cover many more subjects than we have presented. Unfortunately, lack of space has forced the omission of all but the most important considerations. It is our sincere hope that some of the more widespread misapprehensions about these subjects have been at least partially dispelled. Perhaps at some future date we may discourse again upon these and related subjects, through this or some other medium. Until then, we wish you well.

## THE WHITE PATH

Service  
Self-sacrifice  
Purification  
Love  
Study

## THE BLACK PATH

Prosperity at others expense  
Selfishness  
Short-cuts  
Mastered by appetite  
Comfort



*Sam* (SAM) YOUD, 244 Desborough Rd, Eastleigh, Hants, Eng, seems to feel that to spare the hand is to spoil the fanne. "It is rather funny" he says "to see American fans falling by proxy for an affected young school girl who needs, primarily, a hell of a good tanning. And, from her photograph, I imagine that would be very nice for the tanner!" Sounds like a job for Tumithak's creator. Charles be nimble, Charles be quick; Charles tame Tig with a hickory stick. Charles Tanner. Facetiousness aside, tho, it is our considered opinion--Forry & Morojo--that if Tigrina acts like a child, treating her like one would not be conducive to making her grow up. In other words, one could spank the devil out of her only figuratively--not literally. What did brute force ever prove anyway? Tigrina is a girl, slight of stature: Most any would-be tanner probably could pin her down if he didn't mind a slasht face & some bruised shins in the process; & after the farce was over & his sadistic spleen had been vented he would have no repented angel on his lap but a hellcat with murder in her mind. "Beat me Daddy, I'm Late to the Bar" is but a hangover from the hirsute days when men were brutes & the prevailing colors for women were black & blue. No, stfandom surely must have some civilized solution to Tigrina's perversion. 30.

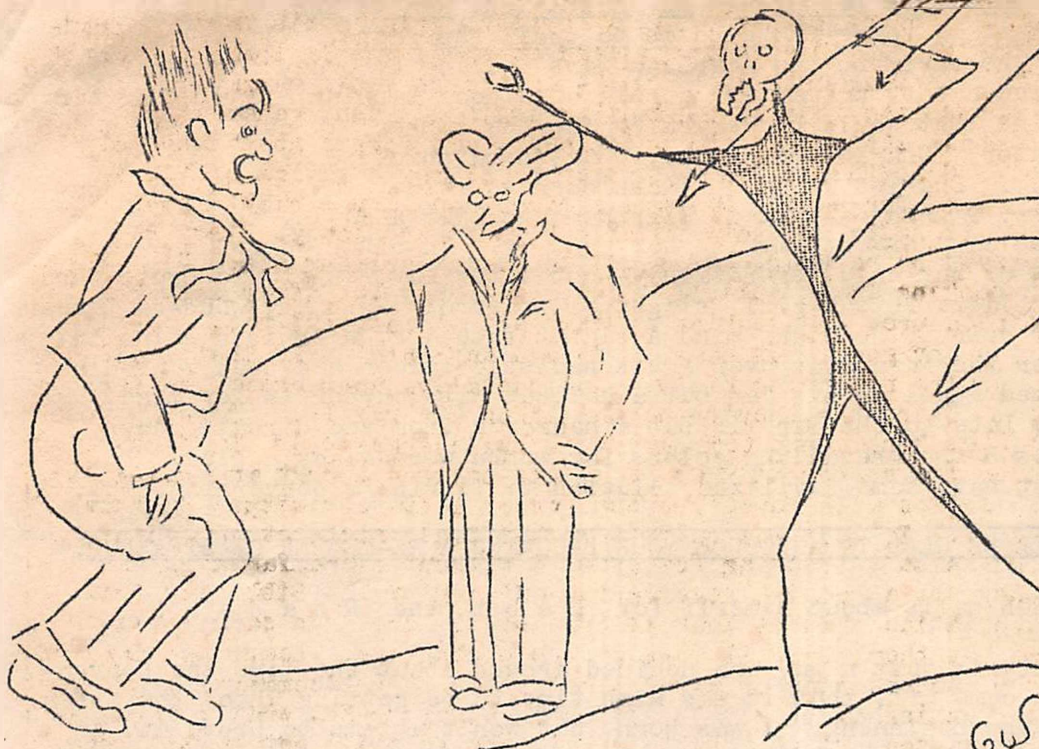
YES, TUCKER, WE WILL BE GLAD TO ANNOUNCE YOUR BECOMING A RE-MEMBER OF STFANDOM.

*Rusty* BARRON tells about himself for Meet the Reader!  
 "Rusty is just a guy who decided around about the time the Denvention came off, that it was high time to be getting into the stfan field. But bak to the beginning. I was born, but won't attemptto prove it, in California several years ago. Started traveling about as soon as that was over with, and have been at it ever since until I came to Philly. Learned to read b4 I went to school, and have been at that ever since, too. Can't remember when I first got intrested in stf; too long ago. I remember the Tom Swifts, Crusoes, '20,000', and quite a few Paul covers rather vaguely. Have a few faint memories of story plots appearing in about the first stf mags that came out. After reading those, I passed out of the mag field and covered all the books I could find that seemed to fill the bill, forgetting that there even were any such things as the pro mags specializing in stf. That was when I was too young to work and know what to do with dough when I did get some. Then I got started again in '35 with DOC SAVAGE, and TERENCE X O'LEARY'S WAR BIRDS. Shortly after this, I ran across a stf pro (don't remamber which one) and realized that that was what I had been reading (in different and superior format and style) back in the Dark Ages of my earliest reading. Tried to get hold of back issues so I could find out what I had read and forgotten. Traded as fast as I read 'em at first, but then decided to collect. After a couple of years of this, it became quite some problem to keep 'em and keep on the move, so it was imperative that I stop moving. I didn't; lost quite a few items that I never expect to replace at any reasonable cost. Was living in San Bernardino, Calif when I decided that if I were going to the Denvention, I ought to go into LA and meet some of the fans who might be going. Met my first fan, 4e, on June 27 last year, then rode my thumb to Denver to meet more. Kept on from there with Widner, Rothman, Unger, and Madle to the latter's home in Philly. Still there. Have been to the Boskone, helped put out one ish of RAM's FD, and have my own weekly sheet, NEBULA--The Fantasy Fan Record, and had one article on the Denvention printed in THE FANTASITE, as Rustebar, from the first part of my full name, Rust E(rin) Barron. What next? I dunno."

*Romojo* (SGT SHINN) - first nonattending, extraurban, duespaying LASFS mem, last rote us: "Perhaps throughout the length of this mis-sive, I shall endeavour to mimic the VoM style of slangwidge. 'Twon't be good, but it couldn't be much worsen than some of that available in the latest VoM (Hallowe'en 42 Dyktawo?)" "Seems somebody don't love Acky's handritin'. Well, ain't that sad. These cracks about handwritting are the gadgets that accellerate my metobolism. If anything is a person's personal prerogative, it seems that his way of writing is entirely his own. Phooey upon him or them inclusively. (Above repercuissions re handriting becuz I (me) have the swirliest and curliest and the most illegibliest riting I have ever seen.)" "Tigrina and her demons seem to be attacking a lot of comment from various and sundry people. They don't like bogies. O.K. I don't like bogies either. I also don't like asparagus. If somebody else likes either of 'em, step right off to't, matey, you have my approval. For what it's worth. The expose of the Black Mass illustrated on page 13 is good. But that same illustration could be used to show how I felt when I had finished looking over the two folios of VoMaidens. Phf. I admire female figgers in all stages of dress, undress, distress, etc but when the illustrator, drawer, or otherwise gets his anatomy all mixed up, my total impression is gu-loom. When someone draws some good ones, I'll cheer louder than anybody. Y'unnerstan?"

The affable aforegoing Romojo may have the swirliest & curliest chirography in fandom, but for sheer scrawliness & indeciferability, we find unsurpast to be that of LEN MOFFATT, 419 Summit Ave., Ellwood City, Pa, who says something like the following: "Greetings VoMob! Hope you feature these fanographicovers every other month. Or is that asking too much ??? I was especially pleased to see the pics of fans with whom I correspond (ECCO, RAYM, JMR, etc.). Shor was too bad about Cunningham's pic - he should be featured on a cover all by himself. The more I hear of, and the more I hear from the Texan, the better I like him. Of course, the fact is, I love all the stfans, more or less (and mostly more). Tucker looked like another famous Illinois fella, name of Abe Lincoln. Hum-Bot quoted Lincoln not long ago in LEZ! Humma---- Lookee! Lookee! Right there in the middle with Leslie Perri! Now if Trudy had only been





"Don't look now, but I think we've found the MARSIIANS!"

on 'tother side of me-----.  
WIDNER: I am not a Christian Scientist. I am a Christian Scien-tificationist. Some relegions are 90% twiddle, Christianity is not 90% twaddle (and 10% twiddle, 4E)!!! True Christianity is based on common sense & straight thinking. Fact is, a person can practically live a Christian life without ever hearing of any relegion. The New Testement is our guide. It doesn't give us enforced laws to obey. It

gives us plainly stated rules to follow. " Either: (one) Tigrina is a hoax, or (two) Widner is right concerning her & a real Black Mass, etc. I am more inclined to accept the latter as the truth. " CHAUVENENT: The Inquisition Boys may have thought they were Christians by murdering non-believers but I'm afraid, chum, that the modern organized churches do not recognize these torturers as true Christians. No true Christian would kill anyone just because they (the 'anyone') do not believe in Christianity & are utterly evil in their ways. " Concerning other worlds, " Len blieves there's intelligent life on other planets. God didnt create sun, stars, et al, just so planet Tero could have days & nites. Whether Satan's power also reaches to those other worlds, he dunno. Other-planetarians need not necessarily resemble human beings simply bcuz earthman was made in God's image; maybe on other worlds He made 'em in difrent images. " The ALL had to start from something--GOD. Tho God is "supernatural" to us, bcuz we cannot understand him, he is not supernatural to Himself, His Son or the Holy Ghost. Len douts stfans in general are nonreligious. ((Give us a sign, O Daw, that thou watchest out for the intrests of thy fellow atheistfans.)) "The VOMERMAID would not have been lewd, if she had not have been 'partially covered' by the lettering. What do I mean by a cleanude? The answer is on page 14 of the June ish of VOM. "'Twas a perfect drawing from the waist up. The lower limbs were not as well-drawn as Turner prob'ly could have done. Background excellent. " Tigrina's cartoon was very funny. Very. and in extremely good taste, too, of course! Oh well----- " BRING 'EM BACK, ALIVE!!! ("Alive" underlined 4 times) What? Why, the hoomer-us contents page, the FANDM editorials, the cartoons by Gifford, etc. " Truly, Fojak must be a slan. Who, but a true slan, could decipher this tondrilike 'slan-writing'??? (There is not ruth to the rumor that Weaver Wright is doing the life of Ackerman, entitled I, Slan. If bk is successful, sequel is promist: Eyes Slant.) "

RENNISON, our most faithful & thoroging commentator, in the course of 3 letters tween 10 May & 13 Jun, had this to say, from 82 Ramsgreave Dr, Blackburn, Lancs, Eng: "I like your corny cracks, and the prattle in VOM's pages, but let's have a little meaty material. The 'Professor' seems to have been well and truly panned. If it isn't a joke the

fellow seems to have been well and truly panned. Plain straight forward nakedness is not 'vile' or 'filthy', unless you yourself have a filthy mind. I take it that Cunningham is anti-alcohol. Bronson says all I could say on the subject. Alcohol is okay if you can keep it within its proper limits. Liebscher's account of the MichiCon was very interesting, and informative. God! That super intellect Donald Raymond Smith actually condescends to write you a letter. You should be honoured - should have given him a page to himself, and Finlay illustrations. Name in lights and all that. The man will never be satisfied with having his letter printed among others. Roberts does exist. You will find mention of him in Aussie fanags now and then. Erik Needham will probably have VOM grow on him. I had his sentiments when I first read it, but long ago changed my mind. 'IT'S BEEN GRAND KNOWING YOU...!' I'm afraid that I agree with SWINE (see FANTAST - Douglas Webster, 'Idlewild', Fountainhall Road, ABERDEEN, Scotland) on this subject. Why must people suddenly break out crying on one another's necks, and weep for the 'good old days' - when they never knew each other? From what I know of Frank Edward Arnold, he's just too, too divine. Levy's letter best in issue (Jan). I can appreciate his feelings. Sometimes you feel so dejected that you have to get a thing off your chest, and when you've done it you can probably endure the 'horror' or sorrow once more. From what little I know of Aussie fandom, I can pity him. Dennis Tucker actually discusses sfns! For VOM that is miraculous. Howdy ECCO. Seems a nice guy. Writes a nice biog.. Crutch - always good. TALES OF TIGRANA blathers along nicely. She's either serious and screwball; or just screwball." Tucker interrupts: W.y.p.a.i.V.t.I.a.a.r.f.f. PS!



Renny continues: "Feb. '42. All the photos were swell (ain't TIGRANA nice looking?). Harry Turner's got a devilish grin on his face! Bradbury got the best place tho'. Morojo looks hard at work, and 4e looks different every pic. I see of him. Daugherty looks nuts, and Yerke looks hungry (or is that natural?). I oppose the idea of condensing letters. Yes, vehemently! Either (a) print the whole letter; or (b) print part, and forget about the rest altogether. BUT DON'T CONDENSE LETTERS. Answer to Elarcy's review of VOM in FFF was very witty. Good for you. Milty's comments on Levy & nudes check with my opinions entirely. (To wit: "I love nudes but yours are lousy. Levy had himself in a mental state he no doubt has lived to regret writing about.") Morojo talks sense about smoking (wait while I light a fag up!) but after all, one is entitled to a little pleasure, and smoking is that altho' wasteful too. Admittedly it doesn't do you any good, but does it do you any harm? If that's all you waste your money on, you're not doing badly. Incidentally, what price are fags in the States those days? Over here they're either 15 or 20c per 10. Exactly double pre-war price! (Cigs here about 65% cheaper'n Anglicigaretts.)" To Tackett's attention Renny adresses the statement that he thinks science & govt are doing far more harm than good. Agrees with Fortier about fandom & its activitiys; just has quit collecting, himself. To quit was quite hard but feels much better. Thot Prof's dame lousy. Medhurst intresting for once, & without overemfasizing his pet subject: sex. Why not a special Ackermanese edition of the Bible for Mof-fatt? Surely a good Christian shoudnt look at Vomaidens. Ecco has some sensible views on co-operation but they never'll work at the presentime. Leeds too long to be really intresting & condensation of her letter rotten. Anglicomments good, especially Templetter. Cunningham biog poor. Croutch always good, what's more, amusing. Tales of Tigrina too cut up. "All in all, you've still got a swell mag."

13 Jun: "VOM 22. Cover was quite good (Witch Hazel). " Sorry to see VOM go irregular, but it cannot be helped. 4e's job comes first, and you can't work Morojo to death. She's doing quite enough as it is. " Larry Shaw's, LEPRECHAUN sounds as if it is a good fanzine, and I wouldn't mind seeing a copy. Hey, Larry, can do for a copy of TALES OF WONDER? Tom Wright hits the nail on the head about nudes. Putting aside all moral questions, and presuming that the majority of VOM readers want nudes, let's have,,ones well drawn, and worth looking at. Tackett asks something that every fan pleading for better conditions seems to forget. WHAT CAN FANDOM DO ABOUT THIS??? And the answer - nothing! Len Mof-fatt,...I still hold that a true stfan cannot be a true Christian. Science fiction preaches the fact that everything can be explained rationally, without recourse to a mythical God, and thus a true Christian should condemn the stories as being blasphemous. But there is a difference between believing in God, and trying to live a Christian life." Even an atheist may lead a Christian life but intermixing God & Christian principles makes the whole a form of mysticism. The Bible is, in fact, the greatest fantasyarn ever ritten. Appears to Renny that Lenny blievs the Bible implicitly; but even the Bible is contradictory in parts & its source is not definitely noen. " No sympathy for Raym, who should keep his den either tidy or lockt up. Finds Millard's reason for being a fan intresting but blievs most fans are fans beuz they (a) want to improve the world; (b) noe they can't; (c) escape via stf. Speer intresting; nothing much to comment on, tho. "Meet the Reader(s)" grand--more, more & more, please. Burke as superior & snobbish as usual. Doesnt noe Tigrina & can't judge her fairly. "Live and let live", Mr. Burke, and remember that your opinion of Tigrana probably reflects someone's opinion of your noble (?) self. " All in all the issue was well up to scratch, and I thoroughly enjoyed it."

TUCKER: "W.y.p.a.i.V.t.I.h.d.t.r.f. PS"

Milty the builty of 2113 N Franklin.

Philly/Penna: "Dear Voice of the Imagination: (That must be the first time I ever spelled the name out complete. I ran out of ways to be original so I thought of this.) " Bob Tucker, in Le Zombie, or somewhere, described the doldrums of a fan, in which said fan loses interest in everything, buys magazines and lays them on the shelf, receives letters and glances at them casually, tosses them on the desk to be answered later, walks around in a fog, and is generally unhappy without knowing why. " Yeh. Even the latest VoM I glanced at casually and tossed aside. Even those excellent photos and that magnificent, gorgeous nude on the back page. Tossed aside, not to be looked at for weeks, while the cat took her regular afternoon nap upon it. " Then came a time when I said to myself look here, Rothman, you have to snap out of this. You can't go on like this forever. Look at you: just bursting with energy and vim and vigor and everything. The trouble is, you don't know what to do with it all. " And, goddam it, I still don't know what to do with it. The real trouble is that I've been bored to death for the past couple of months, and here I sit still boring myself to death. And you, too, no doubt. Fah. " Well, let's dive into a discussion or two. Vom has finally hit the uptrail of discussion. There's room for a couple of luscious fights and things go in geometrical progression after an issue such as this. " Lloyd Connerly is in the burning idealism stage. More power to him. I wouldn't have missed it, myself. After a while of it, however, you start to see what Mr. Marx was talking about. People don't plan changes in society; if they do they never get what they planned. Changes in societies and systems take place through tremendous forces brought to bear from many directions: economic forces, psychological forces, the results of many forms of oppression, industrial changes. These are forces of indescribably great magnitude; they involve the interplay of the lives of millions and billions of people. So we are going to make plans to buck these incredible pressures, these changes which take place almost of their own accord, itsometimes seems? You can't do that. Even the Communists and Socialists don't try to. Their dialectic materialism is based upon this logical progression from change to change, and the revolution to them is a natural, inevitable thing, taking place from definite causes. Not planned by a group of intel-



lectuals. " So that is our first consideration. Anything we talk about has to be something that will not buck the laws too strongly. At this moment matters are strategically ripe. Things are balanced precariously in a state between state socialism and democratic socialism in this country. State socialism is control or ownership of capital by the government, which in this definition consists of a small group acting for their own interests. Democratic socialism is ownership of capital by the people as a whole, and operated for the interests of the people as a whole, and not for the advantage of any particular group. Right now the government is gathering control of capital. For the duration, the purpose of this control is mainly to win the war. As soon as this war is over, there comes a turning point. Will the capital return to private control? Will the capital stay under governmental control -- but will this control be a bureaucratic one heedless of the people, or will it be a democratic control by the people and for the people? It is this turning point which we have to watch, and upon which we can turn our pressure -- after the war is over. " For the present all we can do is keep a sharp eye out -- see that our civil liberties are not taken away for fake reasons, see that reactionary politicians are defeated in elections, and look for the turning point where the pressure is going to be needed. " D.R. Smith's note about the frivolity of them Britishers is neatly summed up in the words of another Britisher: 'We laugh in order that we may not weep.' " Amen several times to Chauvenet. They stuffed me (when I was too young to do anything about it) with the usual Hebrew voodoo. With the result that religion now has absolutely no place in my mind whatsoever. Oh, sometimes when I feel lazy I think how nice it would be to believe in something so I wouldn't have to go through life figuring everything out for myself, but even in that mood I'd be damned if I believed in anything until they showed me something to believe in. Right now there isn't a goddam thing in the world worth believing in, except that maybe if the planet holds out that long we might have a decent kind of civilization two billion years from now, like in *Last and First Men*. Of course, it would be nicer if there were just a bare chance of having a better world fifty years from now, which is the only reason the war is worth winning."

*Eugene* On 7-11-42 a letter ritten to Vom from of 929 Butler St, Peoria, Ill: "Simad Dean says: 'These people that drool about "that way lies madness..." BAH, Madness arises from brain trouble, conscience, or from overworking the mind.' Well, my dear Arisian, that was the whole point, overworking the mind. Try thinking about what I was talking about and you will see what I mean. The mind is never full. It may be overworked, but it is never full. The full potentialities of a man's brain have never been reached--nor will they for quite a tidy while to come. " Webster's letter burned me up. I am getting damned tired of somebody continually spouting off about what is wrong with fandom, telling fans that they are droops, and urging them to give up even a portion of their scientific ideals. He does not really appreciate the full scope of Science-Fiction Fandom. Fans in America may be a little wild at times, but at least the far greater majority of them can recognize the fact that stf fandom is something real and something that is a very important part of their lives. Webster is not a true Science-Fiction Fan; that is obvious as all hell. Of Joe Fortier he says: 'Like most fans, it can truly be said of him that he should know better.' I say that we cannot know better. I have not been disillusioned, my dear Webster, just because I can truthfully say that fandom is the best damned thing on Earth. For me, Science-Fiction and True Science go hand in glove. True fans should have the courage of their convictions--if they want to be considered a fan, they should look upon fandom favorably. As for our friend's remark that Tigrina should 'try growing up for a change,' I should like to ask Mr. Webster just what he means by growing up? It could be said that Webster's praise for the 'Prof's delicious nude,' or his wanting some 'really juicy fights' is a sign of immaturity. This, however, is not so. Nearly everyone possesses certain characteristics or eccentricities calculated to retard them from reaching the point where they can be called 'grown-up'--in the strict sense of the word. I believe that if Webster would notice the people around him he would realize such; practically everyone says or does something at one time or another which can be branded as a sign of immaturity. Which means nothing more than that there is no definite fixed age at which a person should be told to act 'grown-up.' Most people can be, and are, just as immature at 40 or 50, etc., as they were at 15 or 19 3/4--in some things. That quite obviously does not mean that they are--on the whole--as immature as a child of 5 or 11 1/4 might be. It is my belief that some of these British fans are not as psychologically mature as most Unistate Fans because they lack the insight to recognize the true potentialities of Science-Fiction Fandom. " I for one learned nothing new from Tigrina's latest letter. Her position in regards to witchcraft coincides with my own, I think. It is an intriguing subject, and one that can be studied without harm to one's self or to others--because there are no such things as devils, etc., anyway. I liked Tig's latest drawing very much. I like Tigrina anyway--but then I like all beautiful women. ((Meaning that Tige is...?)) (((What do you think?))) (((It's pretty obvious, isn't it))) (((Haw!))) " I was quite pleased with the cover of #23 Vom. 'Tis the first pic of Tucker I have seen that looks exactly like him. I congradulate U on your having obtained it. From his picture I would think that Rosenblum is intelligent. I had a nice warm overcoat like his once but lost it shooting craps."

And Tucker: "Will you please announce in VOM that I am again resigning from fandom. (PS: the girl on the back is a witch!)"

Followd next day by the Grand Fanalé: "Will you please announce in VOM that I am once again re-entering fandom. (P.S. the girl on the back is a bitch!)"



## Barbara Bovard

1119 1/2 S Kenmore: "In the first place, I'll have to be jolly careful about what I say, because if I don't, I'll slip in a pun everytime I open my mouth. (FUN, chum, not BUN. Nya! Beat you to it!) (Where've U bun all my life, Punocchio?) His facility for 'the lowest form of humor' is quite amazing, and is quietly driving me crazier than ever. " What's all the fuss about? Devil worship or anything else you want to call it depends entirely on the individual and what he believes. Ergo, what he worships is something he created, and known to him alone. Sects and their worshipping is mass hypnotism--self hypnotism, and therefore not dependable. If anyone wants an argument on occult powers and 'dark' and 'Light' magic, magicians, etc, kindly address me and let's have some fun. Modestly, I pride myself on being open-minded (that is what mind is left after seven years of strict scientific training.) and other people's opinions interest me greatly. Any takers? " Somebody hold me up! (Is there a robber in the audience?) A whole cargo of real, live, in-the-flesh fans have been introduced to me, and the impressions gained heretofore are amazing. In the first place, everybody knows everybody else, from coast to coast, north and south; second, everybody runs or helps support a fanmag of some kind; third, everyone is crazy; fourth, everyone would rather argue than eat, and if he can't argue, he'll fight anyone or anything; fifth, I'm crazy too! " Seriously, I think that fandom is a marvelous thing. Where there would ordinarily be social barriers and conventions, restrained feeling and formality, in the world of fans, the mutual like of science-fictions and all the branches brings out earnest solicitation of discussions, letters, magazines, friends, humor, arts and sciences, and the more-or-less level-headedness in talking about environments, social life and world conditions---not mention all the cultures from picanthropus on down. And I do mean down! " I like VOM. From my first reading, I get the impression that the mag represents a steady, old-time, non-partisan, impersonal dispersal center for the thoughts and works of everyone who has anything whatsoever to do with fandom. Sort of 'upper crust', so to speak. " Catching up with Tigrina, I like the way cartoons about/by her are scattered through VOM. Her whole notion of answering to the Devil is different, but I'll bet Mars to Venus that she has a good reason for what she said. Most people make as startling declarations as that out of some impulse, some reason that may have lain hidden deep and been jolted out, or a reason caught up on the spur of the moment out of humor, desire, bitterness, or hate. " I like that illus in Vom 23 muchly. The detail intrigues me because it is so fine, and shows careful work. The figure itself is one of the best-proportioned I have seen in a long time, but it doesn't look like the drawing of a live person; it looks like the drawing of a drawing, or of a doll, or statue. She and Peck's devil in Light for May should get together. Watch the brimstone roll! " How many of the audience have read Talbot Mundy's books? In particular, 'Black Light', 'Om', 'The Devil's Guard', and 'Old Ugly-Face?' The merit in these books is that Mundy makes no attempt whatsoever to fool the public or write these books on a science-fantasy basis. From the way they are told, they might be the case-book of a missionary or a foreign correspondent in India. The characters and settings are real, the things that happen plausible and highly possible. Every new adventure is ripe for conjecture. Mahatmas, occultry, hypnotism, a possible new civilization. Well --has anybody read them? " This blithering and blathering has gone far enough. Why doesn't someone tell me to shut up? " Confidentially, life is wonderful."

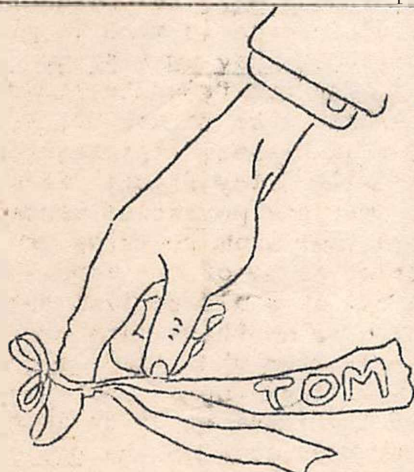
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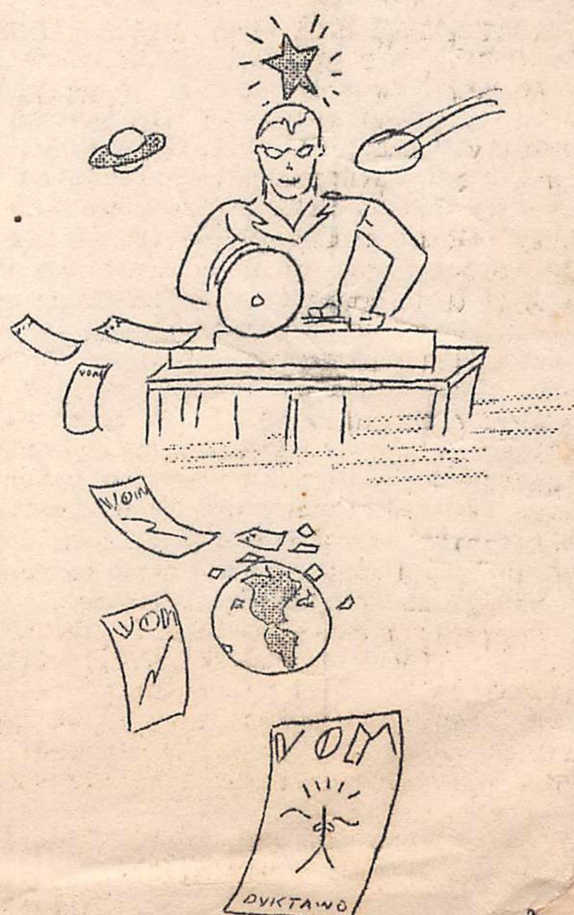
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The 'SCIENCE & FANTASY FICTION  
A L B U M'

needs your snapshot & autograf. If you haven't done so already, don't fail to send yours to World Headquarters:

Thos. R. Daniel  
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Pomona Cal

YOU mustn't let this opportunity for unity in stf & solidifying fandom escape. Sign your name on a piece of typing paper 3"x5" & send with your snapshot to the above address.....





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