

VOM

#25



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COVER by HARRYHAUSEN

VOM, Bx 6475 Met Stn, Los Angeles Cal. #25. Oct 42. 10c per copy, \$
for 10. Publisht bisexually by Pvt 4c (male) & Notary Public Morojo
(fee-male). Opinions exprest in this pub are at regular railway rates.

The OrACKle Speaks--

Pardon my modern accent if I sound like Rap enthusing over a
1000 pg Quarterly but I'm excited as a Palmeranian pooch at the pros-
pect of our 5th Annish. I've been looking over the material on hand &
considering what's been promist & what's likely to come. To begin at
the beguine-ing, an intoxicating tempo will be set with the fanografi-
cover. We've a lovely line-up of famous faces, & viceversa. Cunning-
ham--Bovard--Tom Daniel. We've Harry Schmarje. Virginia "Nanek"
Combs (Anderson). Walt Liebscher--full face. Youd of England, Enid
Evans of Australia. And, out of the past, Miske...& Lenard of Hungary!
To cap the climax, there will be featured our most sensational fantasy
page! U can imagine what that means. A world-famous model in a pose
without clothes that woud appeal to a man of steel. 'Roberta' woud
make a heart of iron melt. A life-sub to Vom if we're rong. Allur-
ing, fantastic, darling, "different". See for yourself--don't miss it!
Now let's preview the ToC. There U'll find such contributors with
fine letters as Larry Shaw, DRSmith, Jack Speer, Pvt Connor (unless
Ed's upt his rank by then; woud sound nice, woudnt it?: Cpl Connor!)
& many more. U will learn at last the Truth about Tigrina, as reveald
by Elmer Perdue, only fan outside self ever to meet fandom's ex-mystery
girl. There will be a Witch Hazel cartoon by Tig. And a neat cartoon
by BEB. A lithoed art Insert by Tom Wright. And possibly an article
by...but let us quote from his airmalletter of 29 Sep: "I'll try to
send you the stuff you want for the magazine. But don't be impatient.
I have a 60,000-word book to write for the organization in the next
three weeks on 'The Story Behind the Story'."--Sland, ABE MERRITT,
whom U all noe as the Editor of American Wkly, attho it is not gener-
ally noen he also has authord a few bks, among them "The Face in the

Mirage", "Ship in the Pool", "7 Lines of Old French" & "3 Foot-prints to Satan". All kidding aside, can U feature that? We can --& will! --fate willing. Mr Merritt, U have til about 10 Nov to get that article to us; the sooner the better, & we'll announce the name & nature of the feature to the fanation via Unger's FFF; but U have til then, & we'll let U noe, if the article hasnt put in an apearance by Nov 10, if we possibly are in a position to stretch the deadline. 'Cause we--& fandom--certainly woud like an article from U! Incidentally, don't overlook the scoop about a New Merritt Bk, even if nonfantasy. --Well, that gives U a glimmer of the glamor of our Annish--

Serafs (simplifd spelling for seraphs) is synonymous with Angels, I bliev? Let us then coin the conjunctive neologism, serafan...meaning fangell. A sfian who makes with the semolians to help a publisher along. Such a fan is Gus Willmorth, thru whose courtesy & cash this Ish's cover is presented to U; & Gus's goodeeds will be in evidence for mos. to come, as lithografy sponsord by him bfor he was drafted continues to apear. The Wright insert in our Annish was payd for by Gus. Yet another Wright, that U'll get in our New Yr Num, come outa the pocket of Gus. The Gibson Girl--by Joe, of Albuquerque, NM, who had that special sociologicaletter in Ast for Aug--is presented with the compliments of Joe's friend John Cunningham. John also has prepayd a 2d Gibson Girl, that U'll be getting in '43. Cunningham also contributed \$2 tord our fanograficover; & \$2.50 was rcvd from Lloyd Connerley...when an obscure fan name of A Merritt came along & "I contribute the cover gladly for the pleasure Vom has given me"--check for \$10 inclosed! Cunn & Conn's donations, therefore, will be put to another use; to wit, the basis of a fund for a 4th fanograficover, about 6 mos. hence. Thanx, all, for these magnificent responses. May U have saccahrine in your coffee, U serafans!

Odd Co-in-ci'dence: Word just has reacht us that our English representative of novaciousness, the Dyktawo pub Zenith, has had its editor (our sometimes artist Harry Turner) called to the colours, leaving the leading lady in his life to do the dirty work. As Acky dond khakle, Morojjo found herself, like Marlon, mainly responsible for a "femme". Carry on, girls! If the Mrs does as well by U, Harry, as the Miss by me, we can't miss. My proto-J Bobby Bo-vard was sposed to be hard at it co-co-editing Vom, & in fact workt some on this Ish; but she got jerkd off to DC for a job, unavoidably leaving almost the entire burden of production & distribution on Morojjo's tiny but capable shoulders. Since being drafted, I've been able to get leave just often enut to keep nominal control over Vom (Vominal control) during its drafting, or dummying. Incidentally, Vomdum this Ish goes to Larry LepreShaw-n. Who wants nextun?

Our Halloween Horror was drawn by Angelella Ray Harryhausen, whose hobby is scaring hell out of people. Ray made my Denvention masque macabre, U may remember. Say, there's another guy whose foto we shoud get for our next cover. Shall try. What say, Ray? Howzabout mailing Morojjo a snap? And if the life-model art-study has progresf sufficiently, howzabout a sample of a fantasy girl with a deficiency of dress-ing? A Harryhau' Frau, so to speak.

The ogs this Ish are numberd in genuwine Atlantian. The pronunciation: 1, et; 2, wē; 3, sēt; 4, kēt; 5, zrēt; 6, sōt; 7, zūm; 8, est; 9, ont; 10, trūm; 11, et'zē. This info is strate from a spiritrumpet. Had intended to give this Atlantianumbering a bigger play but just don't have time today. Idea originated from a lecture we had at the LASFS on the Sunken World, by a speaker whose info was psychic. Alas, I have not opportunity to dezvolt the idea,

I hope this more or less takes care of evrything. Tis 10:30am Sun 4 Oct as I type this on dummy. Have yet to stencil preceding pg & this, do all stylusing, & start mimeoling rolling. But hope to have mag completed bfor midnite, & into mails startfing Monday. AD (After Distribution) I want Morojjo to rest a couple wks--no mag to make on her mind--bfor tackling the Annish. We hope U'll receive the latter for Thanxgiving. That is, the mag; not Morojjo. --Pvt 4g.

Samuel D. Russell

casts a critical eye over #23 from the vicinity of 3236 Clinton Ave, Mpls, Minn: "I am enclosing fifty cents for five more issues of VoM, in the wistful hope that it will begin to mature into a forum for intelligent discussion instead of remaining a mere gossip-mart(yr). In each issue there's always a few letters well worthy of being published, that have some real meat in them; but most, alas! are but trivia. Can it be that the fans mistake your own light and airy banter, which is the chief charm of the mag, for an invitation to write nonsense? Or are they just too dumb and lazy to want to use their brains when they can get their letters printed even when they write twaddle? At any rate it is strange that there should be only three main subjects of discussion in VoM at the present time: nudes, Tigrina, and how to work for a better world. The first two have been pretty well exhausted by now. (!) Most fans seem to be of the obviously sensible opinion that although nudes have little or nothing to do with fantasy and thus should not be plastered throughout fanzines in great numbers, they are enjoyable when well drawn, but that those emanating from LA have not been worth wasting space on. And it is fairly obvious that Tigrina knows little about Satanism and professes to embrace devil-worship merely as a psychological compensation for a disagreeable religious upbringing, although her attitude arouses an irrational sympathetic interest in one who is interested in demonology, as I am. I found Henry Kuttner's letter the most interesting in the mag, and the most tantalizing, for he tells just enough about 'true Satanism' to arouse my interest without satisfying it. I had never heard of the philosophy of Satanism as he describes it, and I wish he had given some references that would supply further information. One good book on demonology is Satanism and Witchcraft by Jules Michelet (New York: Walden Publications, 1939, \$3.00), which discusses the true nature and causes of devil-worship in the Middle Ages, but that is not the sort of Satanism that Kuttner is talking about. The subject of how fans can work to bring about the sort of world they read about in stf is one that can take a lot of discussion--much more, in fact, than I can summon up energy to attempt in the sweltering temperatures that prevail at the moment. I can only urge Widner et al to read, if they have not already done so, the sociological books of H. G. Wells, particularly The Shape of Things to Come, The Fate of Man, The New World Order, The Common Sense of War and Peace, and The Rights of Man (the latter two are Penguin Books @ 25¢), for some good ideas on the subject."

TIGRINA pend a defense to the description of "perverted", once upon a time, which we present here "posthumously". (Note to late-comers: This pseudonamed fantasy fanne, Handmaiden to Lucifer & composer of the blasphemous "Hymn to Satan", did not die but became a victim of Dyktawo in a manner making it impossible to continue corresponding via her nom-de-Vom.) "I am not perverted! Supposing the world were suddenly changed, and everyone were like me, in enjoying an occasional torture scene, etc., and that you would shrink in horror from them. Then, according to popular belief, you would be considered perverted. Not that you should crave them (as I do) by any means, but I am surprised that such things are actually repulsive to some of you. I am surprised, since you are fantasy fans, that you do not derive a certain enjoyment from torture scenes. 'It isn't nice to inflict pain on people'...that sounds so conventional... 'it isn't nice' to swear, or to read pulp magazines, or not to attend church, or tell lies, but we all do these things at one time or another in our lives. I know that my interest in the Black Arts is, to a certain extent, a rebellion from the exceedingly 'straight and narrow' path that I have sometimes been forced to tread. But it seems that merely because some of us do not react to different situations in the exact manner that the majority of the people do, we are 'perverted' and 'queer'."

Coogee, NSW, Australia,
some sidelites on Aussie-

about 'Weird Tales' or science fiction until I met David, & now I am beginning to know all about stencils, format, wordage, double spacing, script, & rejection slips.

To me, of course, all this sort of business is something new after spending most of my time in idle travel. Naturally I am intrigued with the trials of fan publications. I often listen to the arguments of Australian fan editors, when they get together at our apartment. "Sometimes the fans get into very interesting discussions when visiting us, & the subjects discussed sometimes make my hair stand on end (Tweenie!) & a shiver to run up my spine. " When I first met the Australian fans they were more boys; now most of them are soldiers--grown big & strong. When I first met Vol Molesworth he was a fair-haired delicate looking boy, who talked about rocket ships & Ackerman. Now Vol is a young man who works on a newspaper as a reporter & talks about Poe, Beirce, Huxley Fort & Molesworth. Ron Levy, when I first saw him was a polite well mannered little boy who might be on holidaye from an English public school. Today he clomps his way into the apartment, throws himself into the nearest chair & sprawls out his legs displaying his size 10 shoes. (We urge U to forget that last remark. It is strictly anti-actifan propaganda!) Eric Russell, being a tall gaunt sort of fellow, always seems to find it necessary to sort of unfold himself when he gets up from a chair. And that darling husband of mine The David R. Evans goes around with a glazed look in his eyes & claims that he is the reincarnation of Leonardo Da Vinci, Edgar Allan Poe & is in direct telepathic contact with Robert Bloch. He also maintains that every time he gets an idea for a good story, Robert Bloch steals it from his mind, types it out & sells it to Weird Tales."

J'rv' Haggard sez: "Dear Ack: Army's gain, and I hope not science fiction's loss. O well, you've always done your rarin' and tearin' in public, now you can buck private!"

Imagi-nation'
scription.
letter on

ly written piece of his in the current number." (Alojo estas la adoptita Esperanto-nomo de Arthur Louis Joquel, now of Washington, DC, (Bx 1351.))

"I wouldn't be without 'The Voice of
for anything and hereby renew my sub-
Who is Alojo? I want to write him a
that really understanding and beautiful-

ROTHMAN from New Cumberland General Depot, Penn (Do not use this
adres!) 13 Aug 42: "From now on you and the rest of fandom is going to have to
bear with my handwriting, as I am miles from the nearest typer. Just another of the
horrors of war -- for, as you see from the envelope, yrs truly is now in uniform.
It all happened (one nite!) so fast I'm still a bit astonished, although so far
it has been more like an amusing game than anything else. You strip-tease for the
physical exam, hear the Lieut tell you you're in, wait a couple of weeks until you
get a postcard telling you to report, ready to go to camp. You shake hands with ev-
erybody in the office, rush madly around visiting relations, get sworn in and find
yourself a soldier. (What do U do with him?) Then off to camp, feeling slightly
silly at lining up in the railroad station in front of everybody, but at the same
time realizing the tremendousness of the moment -- just like you've seen it in the
moom-pitchers from the last war. The drunks in the train arguing with the sergeant
-- off to the guardhouse with them. Never a dull moment. The next day (Today!
Whaddya know!) the ordeal of getting uniforms and lugging that couple-of-hundred
pounds of barracks bag across the camp. The shots in the arm -- which I'm just
starting to feel -- ow. I look cute as all hell ("Hell is Forever!") in an over-
seas cap. Oh well, most of yonse guys will soon be thru the same thing, if you
haven't already. Don't worry, Morojo, I'm in for non-combatant duty only. Not
that I intend to gloat about it. I feel too much for the people who are fighting.
Somehow it does not seem right for a person to make a celebration because he doesn't
have to do any fighting."

From WALT (Helen Morgan) LIEBSCHER, late of 101 S Eastern,
Joliet, Ill: "Dear Vomorons: Firstly I'm sending you my pitch. (Batter up!) I
know it will have the honor spot. Sorry I didn't have a better one but my true
beauty never seems to come out in snapshots. Technicolor is the only thing that
halfway does justice to my Grecian puss. (See cover.) Received a letter from
Tucker yesterday in which he conveyed the heart-breaking news that he was resigning
from fandom. Probably the old prude will re-enter next week, but that old clonker
won't have nothing on me. I wish to announce that I am resigning from fandom. I
wish to announce that I am re-entering fandom. There, I claim the distinction of
being the only fan that resigned from fandom and re-entered in the same paragraph."

Continuation of letter dated 30 Jan F42 from
started in Vom #22, pg 10. See letter later
ish for adres: "Didn't 4sj collab on this
(#20), Morojo: Only your signature appears
love and best wishes. (Greeting purely personal. --Morojo) (I hope you're not
reading this letter all in one dose; I've been writing it off and on for four days
now). One of the best reasons put forward for so much of classic art being nude
is that clothes have a tendency to date a work of art, whereas the nude form, in the
best art, is fairly changeless. (No pockets in which to put money.) But how many
of the Vomaidens are expected to endure to a time when the people that look at them
every day will be dressed quite differently from our present fashions! Furthermore,
the thing that makes them popular with the fans is their nakedness. I've heard the
argument that there is nothing more pleasing, more delicate than the flowing curves
of a nude woman, and that was a very interesting section of Second Stage Lensman
where Kinnison was trying to explain to the Amazon why she was beautiful, but I
doubt it. The standards of beauty, whether absolute or resident in human psychology,
are very unlikely perfectly exemplified in a natural object; and it's my belief that
the pleasure I get from looking at some scantily-clad art pieces is a sublimation
of the sex instinct, and not primarily related to the aesthetic sense. So long as
the sublimation's sublimated enuf, OK. Geo, I hope Ron Levy isn't serious, in
his dreams of American fandom as a paradise of good-fellowship and sincerity and
stuff. This is the kind of a letter that should be read over again in the cold gray
dawn of the morning after, before mailing. DREvans' letter which immediately fol-
lowed it was an effective refutation. Oh, Ron may have been kidding in his letter,
but it's quite possible for a guy to get to feeling that way. The English speak
quite truly in referring to the rapid-fire character of VoM's plays on words. I
wonder how many of your readers catch and appreciate such sparkles as 'humorous-as-
usual...makes no bones about it'. (But they gnaw right from wrong.) Countless
others I notice; I wonder how many I don't. And I wonder how few notice the things
I sprinkle thru SusPro and other places. Oh, some comments on the Heinlein
speech. I agree with it 99%, but will mainly note the exceptions. There's his
putting the finger on time-binding as the essential characteristic which distin-
guishes the human from the not-human. But then he goes on and destroys the useful-
ness of the distinction with the words 'to anything like the extent that the human
race does'. Personally, I think that humanity, intelligence, call it what you will,
must be defined something like the above-suggested definition for fans, as something
that possesses a large part of the mass of characteristics. His definition of
'fact' is of questionable value. A fact must be defined to include the idea that
it's used in the thought processes. The difficulty, then, is to put in a form that
the thought processes can use, something that happened in the actual world before
July 4, 1941, or February 2, 1942, or whatever the date may be. That's where all
the trouble comes in--translating from the actual happening to the cognition of it.

And that's why I swore off the word 'fact'. Is it a fact that the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor? Not just like that. Certain movements of matter in space took place, and 'the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor' is a very great symbolization and compression and summation of the observed phenomena. 'The Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor' is not a fact. "It's a very good point that Heinlein has made in defense of science fiction, asserting its superiority over even the very best historical fiction in one respect; but of course inferiority in other respects may outweigh this. "We are warned against arguing with people who obviously do not use the scientific method. But I have never encountered anyone, who didn't come in the recognized category of insanity, who was incapable of having his opinions on some points altered by rational argument, properly presented; the rules of reason, the simple ones, are just too inescapable not to be forced upon everyone, even someone who claims to put something else--the authority of the Pope for example--above all his reasoning. Maybe my experience hasn't been wide enough to encounter apparently sane people that this isn't true of, if they do exist. "Heinlein is in deep water when he tries to get us to abandon reasoning based on the class concept because it has in particular applications led to such abuses as anti-Semitism. He says we should never prejudge a thing just because it is a member of a class we've already had experience with; that we should wait and form an opinion on it on its own manifested merits. But to follow this strictly would leave us hopelessly at sea; we'd have no right not to fondle a striped kitty in Albermarle, Virginia, just because unpleasant consequences had followed fondling striped kitties on Pipe Creek, Oklahoma. Some other way must be found to meet abuses of class reasoning than to throw the whole thing out the window. "I guess that's all I had to say about The Discovery of the Future. Heinlein did a swell job of saying a lot of things heretofore unsaid, and contributed a deal of new thought-matter in the bargain. "A few words about the Damm Thin. I'm sorry that this is being discontinued, not because it's a good mag, but because now I can't make use of that Monstrous Petition I circulated among fans, requesting the discontinuance of Scientifictionurserymes. The Denvention write-up at least covers angles hitherto little described, and the attitude of opposition to a super-organization in fandom is interesting."

Louie Bengler breaks into Vom from Newport, Ark: "I just happened to get a hold of a copy of your very 'xln't' mag VOM. I think it is very interesting in places, but: some of the boys seem insane. "For instance the drivel about one honorable Mr. Tucker, whose announcements appear throughout the pub. A friend of mine in Tennessee tells me a guy in Iowa started the drivel about 'leaving fandom' and 'joining fandom'. Huh? "The reason I am writing you is that I'd like to introduce myself as a fan. Shore, I read the literature called science fiction. "Your mag 'VOM' seems to be where fans are heard, so I done thought you all would give me a chance."

Al Ashloy, riting on "The Ides of August Caesar's Month, MCMXLII" from 86 Upton Ave, Battle Creek, Mich, orates: "Noble Sonator -- er -- I mean Greetings Forry! Ain't she a dilly? (Not dilly, silly, lily!) I meen the cover on the Aug Vom, of course. What if the lithography didn't quite reproduce all the delicacy of the original? It is still one of your most beautiful covers, and should satisfy those who make cracks about the 'type of nudes' you feature. "Being of the newspaper school of thought, I hold that a summary should come at the beginning. Acting upon my belief, I herewith proclaim that VOM is tremendously improved. I find the contents far more interesting than that of a lot of previous issues, as well as better balanced. "Was very surprised to find at the top of page four a faithful portrayal of the Ashley livingroom. How does Turner do it? Is he one of the group who have been experimenting with clairvoyance under hypnotism? "LIEBSCHER: I made six carbon copies and throw away both the copies and the original as per your suggestion. Providing you are a man of your word, you must now come and sit upon my piano. And that act will be as pretty an example of levitation one could desire -- we have no piano. "Was tickled to microscopic fragments to see supplement in VOM. You should include long articles like this in every issue. Especially when they are so well written. One good article along with a bunch of interesting letters will go far toward making VOM IT! I mean THE fanzine. Despite the able presentation of the subject, I still find it difficult to take Occultism serious. One can find just as plausible reasons and theories to indicate that it is merely an outgrowth of the superstitions and fears of a more primitive race groping for an explanation of the incomprehensible, and finding a temporary substitute in its own imagination. However, I enjoy reading Weird Tales as much as the next one, and find the idea of Black Magic and Satanism, etc., intriguing to toy with as an intellectual pastime. "Now you've went and done it! All this religious discussion has got me started. I am no Christian. Neither are you, or you, or you. I have never in my life met a 'True Christian'. I shall go further and declare that no such being exists or has existed. A 'True Christian' would be one who faithfully and unvaryingly follows the teachings of Christ. Christ summed up these teachings himself when he said, 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength,' and 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Show me a man or woman who lives up to this! "Through the ages, by the trial and error method, mankind has evolved an ideal code of ethics, a pattern of behavior." Alash goes on to say that mankind, in order to establish a firm society, formed codes of laws which eventually became religion. "God" to different people means different things, but, essentially, a man who hangs onto the Golden Rule is "a True Christian". Christianity has brot out the principles of living a good life, but has buryd them under "frills and gow-gaws". To get down to basic fact woud boost mankind enormously. "A true Stefan has as much or more of a chance to be a 'True Christian' as has a Christian", presumably, because he believes in the future

IMAGI-NATION

of the human race. " "ECCO: I fail to entirely agree with you about the mind. I do not believe the mind can be overworked to the point of madness. Few minds ever really receive a healthy workout. (They just get corpuscle-bound.) The only result I can see for excess mental toil is a state of temporary mental fatigue. Nothing a little sound sleep won't cure. Aside from disease or inherent weakness, the only thing capable of driving one to madness is an insoluble problem which must be solved. In the face of such the mind often withdraws into itself and refuses to longer admit that such a problem even exists. Even then I doubt that an undiseased, organically sound mind would succumb to the extent of madness. It is possible for the mind to utterly reject a specific insoluble problem without retiring into the realms of madness. The mind has many safety devices. Rationalization is a common one. It strikes me that underwork would be more likely to lead to madness or what amounts to about the same thing. They become so oaked with the rust of disuse that they eventually become unable to function in the manner for which they were designed. BARBARA BOVARD: I'm a robber. I'll be glad to hold you up. Thanks for the announcements about Tucker. Fandom will doubtless be () happy, () sad () indifferent (check preference) upon receiving this news. I feel impelled to voice my hope that Tucker will soon () change his mind () stop changing his mind () select some likely ocean and return to his native ooze (pay your dime and make your choice). (And it would surf him ryt!) TACKETT: I top you. I work 72 hpw. And I don't like it even if the remuneration is pleasant to take. May the voice of the VOICE soon be squeaking again from my mailbox. (Oil X; we'll try to keep on squeaking terms with U; but much hinges on if we can keep up the gait!)"

Ced CARNELL, 17 Burwash Rd, Plumstead SE18, London, Eng, writes 28 Jul: "Good morning -- nice day! This should have been in the mail by now, in fact would have been, as I took it along with us yesterday when we went slumming in the West End yesterday. But... like a good fan who knows how to pack his reading into spare travelling minutes, I took VOM along, and subsequently got stung by a flock of idios. Firstly, the verdant verbiage in coy maiden's bosom is about the best I can remember for years. It looks as though the fellows are really getting serious over their discussions, and there didn't appear to be one letter that contained a lot of superfluous slush. Maybe it's because you now edit the letters, pal. So that slug Webster likes Carnellograms! I nearly swooned when I read it. Privately he insults me and publicly he says I have a 'racy style.' That gallop is derived from the private dope we send each other, I think, and not for any raciness in VOM letters. The dope!"

from 318 Stewart Rd, Muscatine, Ia, 11 Aug
nude shocks me. Every body knows I am very
ative. (Everybody who was anybody, they
it.) (Ask Raym). However -- speaking of ART --
thing! Is dis here Bell a stfan? (Something
Yorke and Tucker, both Thorne Smith addicts - like me - are authorities on nudes).
Now: who is this Tigrina? (Quick, water! The editors just fainted!) Every
letter in VoM mentions her, but I still do not catch on. (No riders). I hope I
am what Moffat and others consider a true fan. What I need is a vacation. I've
been working all summer. Hmm -- am I alluva sudden becoming ambitious? Don't tell
Raym -- he wouldn't believe it as he thinks I am a failure. Maybe so. All I know
is that I've written several articles this summer (which is something, considering
the fact that I'm so lazy I don't even type) ((which doesn't seem strange after all,
considering my typewriter -- ask Raym, ask Handler.)) So sweet of you to want
my photo for the next VoM. I thought I was about the last straw as far as a quasi-fan
goes. Some say I am not a fan. But; I AM A FAN!! I AM A FAN!! (Today, he
is a fan.) Len Moffat is truly sincere in his Christian doctrines. If more
stfans went to church there would be a change in VoM's letters. I'm sorry to
see Tucker resigning from fandom. I've always thought he was okeh, although I've never
met him. (We live so close -- maybe 200 miles). Maybe he'll reconsider. Speaking
of resigning, will you please announce in VoM that I want to reenter fandom.
Please -- that bit by me in this issue is unfair. I said more -- about different
things -- in a different tone of voice. Did you have to pick out the worst part of
my letter?"

scrawls
42: "De
conserv-
douted
it is the
tells me

Harry Schmeizer

cross the Atlantic & Continent in 12 days Vol K. Allen 's first letter to Vom
Ct, & Molesey, Surrey, England: "American fandom seems a lively bunch in comparison
with us stick-in-the-muds; I don't agree with your correspondents that we're more
mature, unless that means having less sense of humour and general zing. As to your
own VoM, I find it cryptic but fascinating. Not so cryptic as at first, but still
tough going. No use expecting me to write the language - I'm a conservative and
don't even like &, let alone U or lite. Irrational, but firmly impressed on my
medulla oblongata, or wherever these things are. Not even to save paper. As a pro-
test we are thinking of changing the style of our amazine (ugh!) Beyond to The Pro-
ceedings of the Paint Research Station Science Fiction Society, with Original Con-
tributions from Members - more in keeping with the traditions of scientific litera-
ture, huh? To get back to VoM. Why nudes? I like nudes, but if anyone were to
drive up in a scarlet taxi and ask me whether I thought there was any connection be-
tween fantasy and nudes, I should say No. Same with pepper-pots - so that if it's
the merest coincidence that there are nudes in VoM, if it's just that they swarm so
thickly in the LA air that you just can't keep them off the paper, then pepper-pots
and other things completely unrelated to fantasy ought to swarm through your pages
too. To talk of fantasy nudes is lewdicous - just an excuse for a plain and
often potbellied nude with in the background a dim shrunken BEM put in as a Cerberus
for saps. Logically you've not a leg to stand on. But I like nudes - carry on with
them! A word with Kuttner on Aleister (sic) Crowley, a much-maligned guy who

never did anything worse than the protagonists in the de Camp

^ stories and wasn't even as successful as they were. The only thing you could hold against him was that he played chess (a failing of my own) - otherwise there was a pleasant story that he used always to take two taxis, the second being for his astral body, with which presumably he wasn't on good terms. But having quarreled with one's astral body is a purely private matter and there is no need for Mr. K to apply terms like Degraded Cultus to it (I suppose he knows what that means). I imagine the Petrol Control here has now enforced a reconciliation, in any case. "Tigrina's backward-sloping handwriting is very revealing to a graphologist - means she's firmly fixated in infancy and, in fact, showing off like a kid. If she'd like to try and prove her worth we'll send her any quantity of the hair of a guy we don't like, payment by results, but we don't believe there'll be any results."

COLIN ROD-

EN, 115 Bondi Rd, Bondi, NSW, Australia, answers fandom's Confirm or Deny cry: "Hold on for a surprise. I - and every other active member of the F.S.S. (Futurian Soc'y of Sydney) - have SEEN and heard & talked to ALAN P. ROBERTS!! He's in Sydney, & is the most solid-looking pseudonym or myth that I have ever seen. Actually we have known that for a long time--he has had correspondence with some Sydney fans. But certain Americans seem to doubt his authenticity, so this should clear things up."

Eric C. Hopkin from 6, Elm Park Ave, Elm Park, Romford, Essex, Eng: "The August (41) number is more than usually interesting, 'Den Ver De Days' being the spur of my delight. I'm years past the stage of gurgling with happiness at the mere mention of fan's names (perhaps because I know the British species personally!) but hell! what times you have out there. I have only one impulse comparable in strength to my desire to be kept in England for the duration, and that is that I should be sent to the U.S.A. for training! Particularly California around about next summer! But what a hope. I wonder if there are any S.F. fans in Russia! Surely the viewpoint of S.F.--when & where it exists--is in line with materialist theory. "Amidst all the rich and startling occurrences of the Denvention, two of your reminiscences arise with a stinging effervescence to smite me in the eye. (I) your 'dubl-rich choelit spiked with egg' (Great stuff: if you can get it!). - and - (II) your description of Robert Heinlein as 'the American W. Olaf Stapledon' (Good Lord! - if you mean that). I have read a number of Heinlein's opi - 'If This Goes On' and etc. - but I have certainly never remotely compared him with Stapledon. Of course, I am unacquainted with any works (if they exist) which prove Heinlein to be a prominent philosopher, and you are probably unacquainted with Stapledon's non-fictional writings - which leaves us ill-informed of each other's premises - and I realise the importance of personal acquaintance in the formation of opinion (for you have been in contact with Heinlein): but even a comparison of Stapledon's popular works with Heinlein's stories must surely eclipse the latter to a certain extent. Perhaps I should make clear the sad fact that S.F. now holds little fascination for me and one of my main contentions - intending to be illustrative of the worthlessness of S.F. as compared with the more permanent literature - is that, whereas literature (meaning, let us say, the novel of Sterne, the essay of Hazlitt, the poem of Eliot) is essentially a continuous struggle to relate man to man and his environment (a most inadequate description, by the way). S.F. is - to be iconoclastic - a method of making money in the provision of entertainment. Of course, a small minority of writers do create S.F. purely for their own enjoyment and regardless of editorial policies, but these are mostly to be numbered amongst fans. But regardless of whether Heinlein writes for profit or pleasure, or both (it doesn't really matter) his aims, compared with Stapledon's, sufficiently prove him to be the lesser writer. And I do not mean the aims which may be found, for instance, in the 'Story behind the Story' in "T.W.S.", but rather the illumination a person's writings throw upon human nature and human affairs. I remember that Campbell particularly praised Heinlein's "psychology", police force (I think), and the names of his land cruisers etc., in the serial 'If This Goes On'. Granted that Campbell is selling a magazine and must be the possessor of a capacious cheek (for I have a greater respect for his intelligence than to believe he wholly endorses every word of his editorial writings), there was nothing unusual or deep about Heinlein's psychology, or police force (?), or the names of his cruisers (which was a bathetic touch on the part of Campbell, I thought): it was just another "revolt against tyranny" story (which, incidentally, was achieved by Campbell himself with great superiority some years ago i.e. 'Contest (Conquest:) of the Planets': Campbell is a far better psychologist than Heinlein) with a cute selling "blurb". No offence to Heinlein or Campbell but I like to register my view of these matters, idiotic and erroneous though it may be. "Skipping much that is interesting and controversial, I find your stirring address to the guzzlers of old Los Angeles (!) of moment to British fandom as well as to Phil Bronson and the Californian bars. In fact, the split you describe between the science-fictional S.F. fans and the non-science-fictional S.F. fans (!) is very true of affairs in Britain. Personally speaking, the older old guard - Ted, Ken, Wally, for instance - are still very true to the appeal of S.F.: and the younger young guard - Art Williams, Renny Rennison, etc. - too, are intensely enthusiastic in their pursuance of S.F. and fanning matters: but we middle-aged blokes of about 20, 21, 22, and thereabouts - well! we seem to be a cynical crowd of blighters. There's that fellow Youd, as you doubtless know, and ole man Burke, plus young Hairy. Besides George ("Jeyes Fluid") Madhurst and the repugnant - I mean, redoubtable Smith, and ooh! scores of 'em! Orl wise and nasty. Do you still want 10 days amongst us? (Yes, if I can get the furlo!)"

Dennis
HIGH WYCOMBE, Bucks,
when I opened my FIDO packet
marked for me by you! VoM for
69. A few days after, Mike (Rosenblum) sent me the February VoM, all of which seems

TUCKER comes down from 108 Abercromby Ave,
Eng: "Perhaps you can imagine my surprise
for March to find several items therein ear-
marked for me by you! January, and unfinished Damn Thing and FFF number
69. A few days after, Mike (Rosenblum) sent me the February VoM, all of which seems

to point out that you have listed my name along with others. Any-
 way, thanks a lot ! " To start commenting.... The Jan. cover was lousy (and
 don't forget to copy with a capital 'L' !) If you can't get something better than
 that then have just a blank sheet of paper . I'm not grumbling over much at the
 subject-matter, but your artist should learn to draw ! (Drawing & quartering done
 here.) My apologies if it isn't the artist at fault but the person who puts it on
 stencil from the original. In any case, thank goodness that there is at least one
 British artist who can not only draw well , but can draw well on to stencil. I refer
 of course to Harry Turner, publisher of Zenith , Britain's best fanmag. (ASIDE: What
 do you think of his work in general, and which single piece do you like best ?)
 (Reclining nude with Egyptian ground-back - I mean background.) " I found nearly
 all of the letters fairly interesting, as indeed, they usually are, and I was very
 surprised to see one from me among them. I had been under the impression that it had
 gone under, - you know, the rolling, rollicking waves, etc. Letters from Britain
 which you print (I don't say "England" because that cuts out Doug Webster and others
 in "bonnie Scotland".) are particularly interesting, knowing as I do, more about the
 English side of fandom than the American. One thing we haven't started over hear
 yet - fan feuds ! May they never start.... " PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT: I wish it to
 become known throughout the great continent of America (North and South), that, in
 my opinion, Lieutenant Robert Heinlein, U.S.N., is the best writer of science-fiction
 America has ever produced ! (Note to mystified reader: Please refer back to my let-
 ter in the January 1942 VoM.) I give no reasons for my sudden change of opinion.
 Suffice it to say that I have become a convert ! " Incidentally, "Renny" of
 Blackburn, has passed on to me a copy of "The Discovery of the Future" - and al-
 though I haven't read it as yet, it promises to be good.... " To continue, I have
 yet to mention the Feb. VoM. The cover is really good, interesting and useful.
 Method of reproduction, and details, please ! (Foto-litho) It is nice to see just
 what some people over there look like, - people we can hardly hope to meet.
 What's this I see ? Los Angeles mimesoing in BLACK ink? Tut tut ! What has come over
 you ? I thought the only colour you could buy there was green ! (We ran out of
 green-horns & lens. Maybe U need glasses.) " Another thing, I saw mention of the
 "Tomaiden" and the term seemed very familiar; yes, on looking up my files I find
 that I have a copy of the October 1941 VoM. I see that it is labelled for me in your
 writing, and I realise that I did not acknowledge it. How I failed to do this I can-
 not imagine. Anyway, please accept my apologies. " I guess that's about all for
 the present, so hoping to receive some more VoMs in the future, (Discovery of the
 Future!) I'll close with a smaller signature as requested ! - " Cheerio, all Best
 Wishes, and don't forget, - Yngvi is a louse ! Three cheers for Slans ! "

JACK SPEER

again, on 11 Jun F42 from 6323 Western NW, Washington, DC (the adres promist earlier
 in this ish): "So to Voices 21 and 22. The fotos are all very well liked, except
 that fugitive from a penny-arcade in the lrh corner. " Curse your convincing and
 unmarked Call-It-What-You-Wishes. I almost believe you were quoting from the Singa-
 pore Caoutchouc Report. " I object to your way of saying that your objections to
 smoking are not moral, but functional. The only justification for morals is func-
 tion, utilitarianism; but I am not prepared to discard all morals and start building
 over again from the ground up on this latter concept. " Change paragraph while I
 pick a couple of bones with Fortier. He sez you publish a fanzine to please your-
 self, so you're under no obligation to try to please anyone else. Other faneds, in
 planning their zines, try to make them pleasing to their readers, including Fortier;
 it seems to me that this imposes on JJ the obligation to make his own as good as
 possible if he's going to publish one, or else not waste the readers' time. In the
 second place, Fortier's colossal conceit is not excused by his admitting it, any
 more than stubbornness or selfishness are expiated by acknowledging them. Oh, and a
 couple of other points on 2J4: His talk of 'great things to grasp and struggle for'
 reveals an ignorance of the relativity of all values. And his worship of the out-
 side world as the real reality is naive, too; there is no one real world in which
 really significant events take place, certainly none in which the person can be sure
 that all foundations won't be swept out from under him. Its superiority to fandom,
 if any, is quantitative rather than a difference in kind. " I defy Wiedenbeck to
 back up his statement that 'No healthy minded male between the ages of 10 and 100
 really cares very much for any other form of art exeopt nudes.' He's a nut or a
 damfool if he actually thinks so. " Not necessarily futile for Elarcy to bargain
 with the Devil; inferior beings have been known to get the best of superior ones by
 accident, or some flaw in the superior one's equipment; also, too, both mite profit,
 as in my swap of my soul for Slingo in If I Werewolf. " If Ecco thinks complaining
 about cutting letters and other 'editing' is an insult to the editor's intelligence,
 what kind of an insult does he think editing is to the writer's intelligence?
 Someday, Bee Leeds, the mores of mankind will allow undress where it's the handiest
 thing; but at present the wearing of clothes is inextricably tied up with the neces-
 sary taboos against looseness in sexual matters. In this connection, I recall a
 story by the explorer William LaVarre in which a criminal hiding out in a South Am-
 erican village answered the explorer's counsel of caution with "She's just a skirt--
 without the skirt" refering to a native girl, he ended up with a poison dart in his
 back, or something. Maybe that's wandering a little from the subject. Bee and the
 other advocates mite have a point if it were demonstrable that nude-fanciers are more
 correct in their affairs than the average person; but I fear the reverse is true. "
 Gad, I thot Michelism had been laid long ago, and here it walks again in the amateur-
 ish accents of Leeds, Tackett, and others. My position once more: Fans as an organ-
 ized group can directly accomplish nothing in the way of influencing society as a
 whole, politically, socially, economically, or what have you. Only thru the individ-
 uals that fandom influences, and who in turn may as individuals influence the outer
 world; will fandom make itself felt. Selah. " Hornig has my moral support in
 being a C.O., tho I wouldn't be one myself. I wouldn't say now what I said a few
 months ago. that once we're in the war conscientious objection is as foolish as the

70
cave up in the hills; I think it does more good than harm. Hodg-
kins' plug for Technocracy at this point is in bad taste, as well as being of
extremely doubtful validity. "Tucker and Liebscher are lovely, except that last
filthy crack. Said joke will probably be worshiped and raved over by the repression-
releasees in the audience. "A word about smoking, since I've started a new
page. Me, I don't smoke at all now because of my heart, and have never smoked habit-
ually or when alone. The economic motive is as strong as any other; as long as they
continue making candy bars and I'm underweight, I'll prefer them for between-meal
snacks. (My dentist suggested today maybe I need more vitamins to enable me to gain
weight -but that's boring.) But psychological tests on the effects of smoking are
very inconclusive, and I don't think that everybody who smokes is hurting himself
thereby. But I will not stand for women that smoke. I know of one or two who are
possibly exceptions, but the rule overwhelmingly is that nice girls don't smoke and
girls that do aren't the kind you'd care to associate with for very long. 'S not so
much the smoking itself, as it is that smoking is an evidence of the kind of company
they run in and the models they emulate. And I'm far from alone in these feelings.
"If which were published, Koenig mite rear up and yell at the top of his voice,
'What's all this got to do with science-fiction or fantasy?' "I dunno. Do you?"

PVT MAR requests, 2 Sep 42: "I'd appreciate it if you would publish my address in
VOM, cause it would be nice for people to write to me. Mail call has a devastating
psychological effect. You hate to be left out. I can't promise more than a few
lines reply to any letter, though. Address as follows: Pvt. Milton A. Rothman, Co D,
4th Bn, ORTC, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland. After five weeks I'll have another
Battalion, but never mind that. "Chow, now. "P.S.--Keep an eye peeled for Lock
Magazine in the next few weeks. They took pictures in my barracks today, and I'm
right in the middle of them."

DEANY, with the lite clown-flair, tickles ribs & ribs
ticklishly, from 834 SE Grand Av, Portland, Ore: "Fellow Morons: VOM # 24,,had me
rolling in the aisles (I'll take strwbrry) with its inimitable (or should I say in-
evitable) humor. Everybody seems to take to it, and it is become the latest addi-
tion to the unwritten laws of fandom. (Or should I say SLANDOM ?) "By the way,
is there an atheist in fandom...even one? I have yet to see one. The discussions do
not seem to me to center about a belief in God, but about our version of it.....
L'roy Tackett...You tell 'om, jork, I stutter. If fans don't believe in this better
world proposition, why do they read about it? And if they believe in it, why don't
they quit DREAMING and start DOING something about it? Are we Escapists or are we
planners (commercial). Progress is and should be the ruling instinct of mankind.
Without it where should we be today? We believe in the stuff, we dream of it, we
plan it, we figure it all out, and then sit and let humanity go to pot, making
absolutely no effort to even try to contribute some little thing to social progress.
What kind of morons are we? We have the material at hand right now, in fandom, to
create an organ for social improvement. And what do we do. NUTS. Are we crackpots
or are we men enuf to put to work whatever ideas and capacities we possess? Every-
body doesn't have to fly into a flurry of ideas on the subject of social goals for
fandom. But why don't those of us who have such ideas get together and work out a
social program for slandom....then present it to the mass(of fans) "GOOD FOR
ECCO. I agree with him that fandom is the best damn thing on earth. If I did not
believe that I would not fool with it. "As Far As Webster: he should remember,
if he wants professional artwork, why the hell doesn't he get a pro mag. When an
amatuer gets as good as Webster wants, he goes professional and quits the fanmags.
AND AFTER ALL, DOUG, THESE ARE ALL AMATUER MAGS. I think we should give the artists
in them credit for doing as good as they can. Can Doug do better? If so, why
doesn't he donate a few pics? or is he willing to pay for Petty girls? If so, LET
ME KNOW. I have a mag to think of too. Anyone can give destructive criticism, what
we need is good advice on just how to improve the work. Tigrina is a non-conform-
ist, and does as her mood dictates. The orthodox, conformist life such as Webster
proposes is, to me at least, dull and monotonous. And if war is the only real thing
in this age, lets all commit suicide. That attitude will lead to national nuerosis.
..a race of nuerotics having won a war (we hope). Variety is not only the spice of
life, it is a prerequisite of normal sanity. Why be morbid? Relax, do something
silly now and then. Get a new slant. And its not a question of pretending that
the 'co-operation' etc. is here, it is a question of doing something to help bring
it about. SEE? What are you doing, besides earning enuf money to make yourself
happy? "VOM is the most deliciously delirious fanmag on the market, and do I
love it....Tucker is my choice for no. 1 nuisance in VOM...but nonetheless, funny.
(In spots.) 'THE GAL ON THE WACK IS A BITCH' Ouch! I voodn't dood it to a duck.
(Wack-wack.) And I readily agree that I am a half-baked fan. The remark about a gal
'after my own pocketbook' was a piparoo. As for your description of Connor, that is
the kinda guy I'd give my right eye to have here. I love that directness. "Sheet Two. (too many) "Tom Wright....when you learn the whys and wherefores of
whistling via typewriter, teach me. We have a lot of wolves in Portland who want to
try. And I agree with your analysis of Widner. "Christianity is, when all is
said and done, just a religion. There are several religions, and the real test of
them is whether they propose the 'absolute good and evil' or not, whether they es-
tablish a code of behavior that is fairly decent, according to our accepted defini-
tions of decency. "Deans letter.....ah, a true genius. Best letter in the issue.
Deserves a medal....wonderful, etc. etc. etc. "The PFFF supports and promotes
and fosters the social-activity movement. Watch for our mag....it'll be free and
have as wide a circulation as our supposed-to-be-informers can supply us names 'N'
addresses. "Despite the corny streetcar-carbonated water episode, I still con-
tinue to like Dopey's puns....oops, I mean foocy...er, foojak...FORRY. "In other
words, Webster is one of these guys who is an escapist, and admits it. And all this
logedermain about beginning-end or vico versa of the cosmos et stuff. AW NUTS. Can
it. Throw it out. All you guys that argue about ita are saps, as far as I am con-
cerned. Someday yo old Arisian here will analyse the wrangling match for ya 'n' en-

lighten ya all. And I emphatically agree with Warner about the goofiness of the usually presented 'God'. It sounds to me like a spoiled kid whose sadism exceeds his benevolence. Too many people yap as tho what we call 'God' were no more than a supernatural but-noe-the-less-human entity that sits on a majestic throne and does inexplicable things just to see people feed his vanity by blindly yiping about God's will et all. If they knew what any one of the actual relations between cosmos-mind-matter-life and god, they could argue intelligently, but I think the usual argument is baloney. "GRR GRR GRR GRR HEY! Wottaheckyameanhidingalet-terbyputtingitinEsperanto? I dinna ken the tongue, mon. I dinna hev the time ta learn. But I'll have to learn in self-defense. Besides, if we peoples want a world language, why the best way to get it is to learn a world language. Personally, I should prefer a streamlined Spanish, but since Esp. is getting so strong, I'll accept it. Anthing to help progress (corny, aren't I.) "AS FOR THE DRINK IDEA... if a guy wants to drink, who cares? Let him. When Joe drinks, it doesn't hurt Moe a bit does it? (Unless they've made plans together which may not then be completed.) Unless a scrap ensues.. Enjoyed the Black Arts review.... Sam Youd...send Tigrina to me. I would just LOVE to tan her hide....but wattaheck, she is only a non conformist. What's wrong with that? "Oh to H... with the rest of the mag. This mis-sive is massive enuf. Yam gonna close. "PS Latest name for our as yet....unpub'd fmg. is 'Progressive Fandom' PPS...we intend to have nudes in our mag. 'The sincerest form of flattery is imitation'"

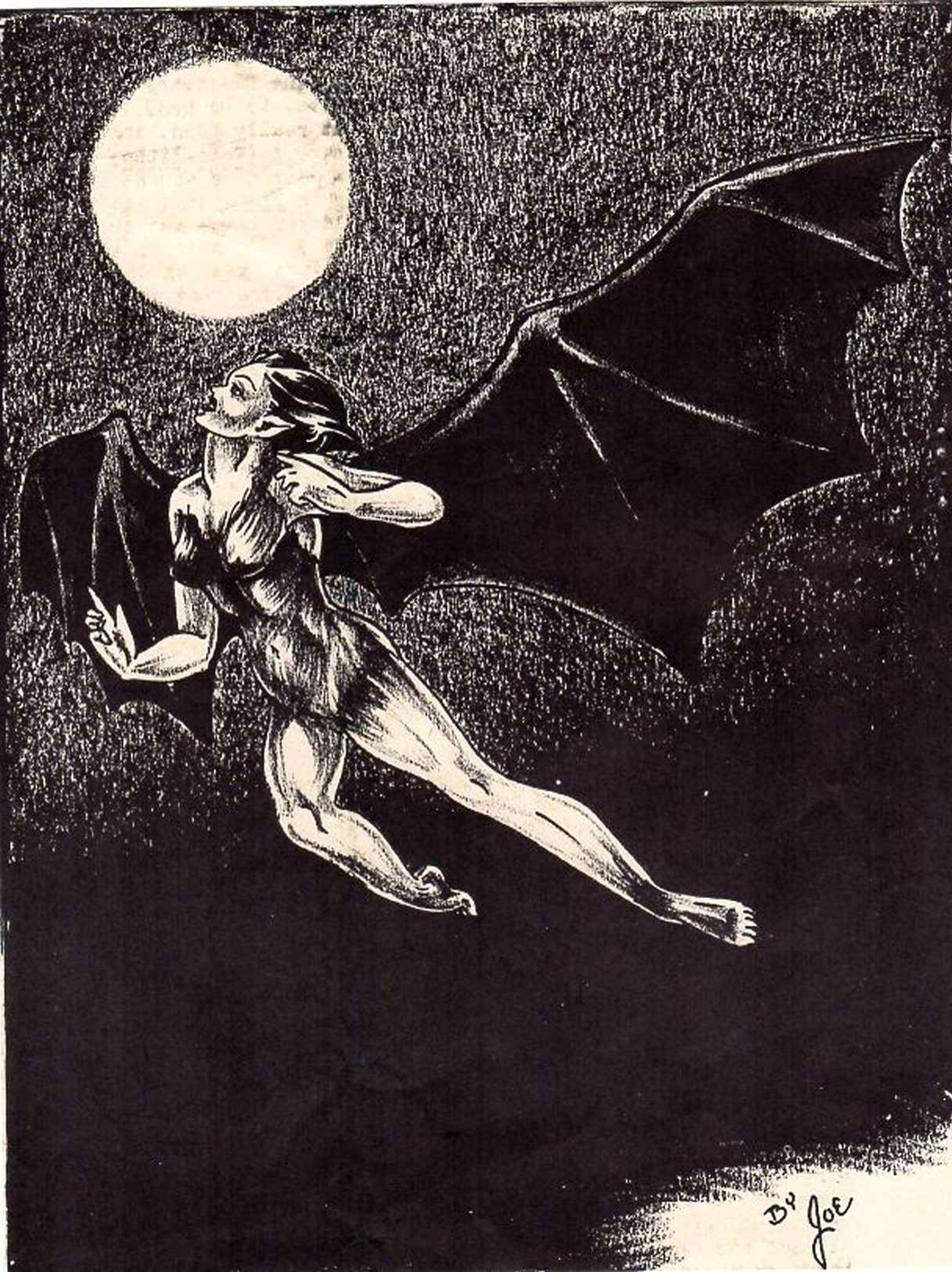
"SCHRUL HEC! To ye instigators of foolish talk, Fojac and Morojo: Your language makes it hard for me to say what is my wish, but in the words of our Sage, Toharo, if ye would seek understanding with a man, know his tongue. (Just a tongue-reader) By mischance, the publication known as 'Voice of the Imagination' fell into my hands. Oh! ye foolish Earthlings! If ever an Outsider was surer of what idiots ye be, that Outsider is my humble self. The space you waste, putting forth the ramb-ling of fools could well be used to teach men what they should know. "I know not the policy of your publication, but of a surety it must be a political organ, designed to sway men's thoughts. And do you always push women to the back? In my land, women rule their environment as men rule governments. In yours, women prattle, letting the best of life go free. "Aye, truly, the mortals who write to you have but one desire in mind -- to see their words on paper. It comes to my ears that your publication represents the elite in a world flooded with others of another type. Their ambition is therefore laudable in one sense, lamentable in another. Oh, man and woman, think of the good you alone could do! For I know as sure as the certainty of coming of darkness that your readers depend upon the word of your publication -- in your language, I know no other name for it -- as they depend upon the misbegotten volume, the Bible. But mixed with that dependability is the shameful Ego of man. Like strutting peacocks, they crow in vainness when their name appears, for then THEIR word is gospel. "Ye childish minds that seek to know Evilness and the hideous blackness of the Underworld, turn from your seeking and leave the calling of demons to those who know. Like the cold wind that whis-pers across the desert of the planet ye call Mars, shriveling, blasting, all in its path, evil is rampant in this world, covering your planet like the loathsome miasma that spirals from the mysterious, reeking swamps of Venus. From my wanderings in exile, I know well your tiny planet; I have watched the moody, thunderous dances of the Voodoo Cult; the slinking, death-dealing exploitations of the Leopard-men. I have fed and clothed Wolf-children and their brethren; and brooded upon the murky, slimy, evil where I have wandered through the catacombs of Corsica, Crete and Italy and the evil waits for unwary victims. I have seen vampires feeding in the chil-ling blackness of ancient castles in Europe; I have stood aside to let the were-wolves run, feeling no fear when children screamed. "But these are as the gurg-lings of babies compared to the horror that feeds among the stars, moving in the night when the moon never rises. Not alone this planet does it touch. Nay, from solar system to solar system, death and agonizing evil spread their wings, tasting of the blood of Time; filling their great maws with the change in dimensions. Spread the word, ye writers, that between the planets, between the atoms, stand these two, - Death and Evil - waiting for men to shake the dust of this sphere from their souls. "Universes have I traveled, but never in the millenniums that have been my life, Have I seen such beauty as your women. Let not the blabbing of fools sway you; it is your duty and right to reveal to the curtained eyes of these earth-lings the aching beauty of a woman's form. "I have spoken, Fojac and Morojo; may the hand of Rotacnotes guide ye in your wisdom. "Hec ton arjac."

--TULTA, the Wanderer.



The Sea Girl Says:

Don't forget to send your foto & autograf to THE SCIENCE & FANTASY FICTION ALBUM, C/o Tom Daniel, 878 E 2, Pomona, Cal...



(VOM)

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