

Voice of the

IMAGI-NATION

NBP



Imrojo



Barbara BOVARD



Earle Barr Hanson



"Ack-Ack"



Jack SPEER



Allen CLASS



Harry SCHWARJE



Belle WYMAN



Guy GIFFORD



Paul FREEMAN



Walt LIERSCHER



Joe GIBSON



Walt DAUGHERTY



Andrew Lenard



MISKE



Enid Evans



Eric WILLIAMS



CUNNINGHAM



AL MUSSSEN

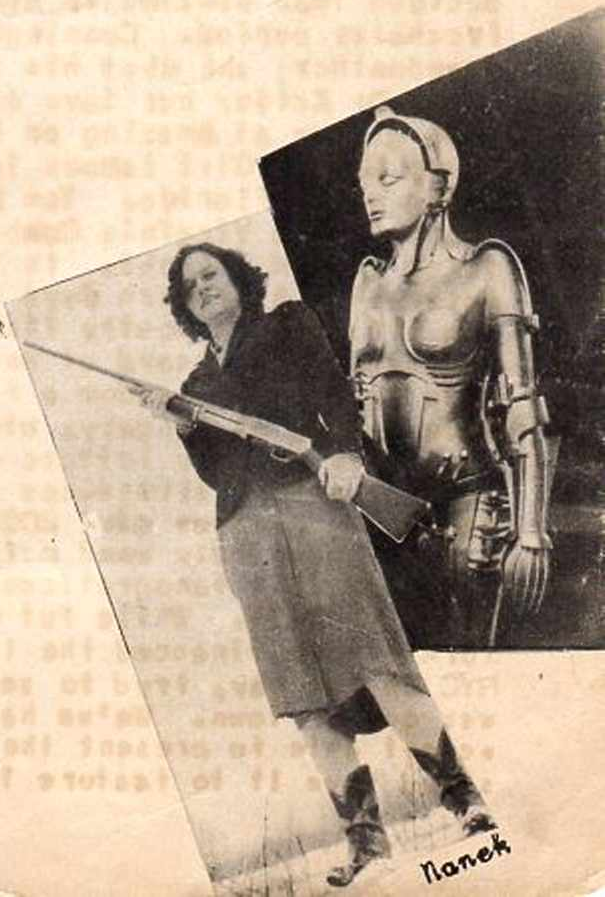


Sam Yound

(5th)
(Ass)



TOM DANIEL



Nanek

104
NOV 42
#26

- TABLE OF CONTENTS -

COVER,

Arranged by Morojo	
Table of Contents: Contentable "	
Editorial: Anniverstory	
Barbara BOVARD: Candidate for Giggglehelm Foundation.....	4
Crackpot Cartoon: Guy GIFFORD-----	4
Francis LANEY: Cocky Khackle's 2d Front.....	4
Bob TUCKER: Re-lapse.....	4
Ed CONNOR: Kickin' the Pong around.....	5
Sid DEAN: Mr S-by-5.....	5
Met BROWN: When fans get together they start the bull rolling.....	5
Eric NEEDHAM: But if U handle it gingerly do U get a jar?.....	6
Len MOFFATT: Criticizes mermaid's sea legs.....	6
Pic: "Vogt of Approval"--Idea, Ejjay: execution, Bobby-----	7
David EVANS: Keep it clean. Whaddya think this is--a maggotzine?...7	7
Joe GIBSON: Drawn during dimout.....	7
Guy GIFFORD: Yep, been cannonized.....	8
Donald SMITH: We tree--the Forrest, the Bough & Me.....	8
Harvey HAGGARD: Decided to sub--sent same.....	8
Insert: Voman by Tom WRIGHT-----	8/9
Edwin MAC/DONALD: Give 'em the Ack-Ack, Mac!.....	9
TIGRINA WAS-- Ackspose aided & abetted by Elmer PERDUE.....	10
Witchazel & Spoox, by Edy-----	10
SUPPLEMENT: Laney-Gibson debate Fandom.....	A
Religion Rears Its Ugly Head. Announcement.....	B
Walt LIEBSCHER: U said a mouthful.....	11
Larry SHAW: Re sex & reflex.....	11
Harry SCHMARJE: When it Rayms it pours.....	11
Phil BRONSON: Girls who smoke weeds don't automatically do badeeds...12	12
Jack SPEER: But tammes with tags with him don't wear glad rags.....12	12
Milly ROTHMAN: Warbegone expression.....	12
Cartoon, For Fortean's Only - Drawn by BRONSON from specfACKations - 12	12
Ad (Cash Customer) Popular Pubs- 13	13
BACOVER, Gibson Girl will be Front Cover of the following ish--Xplanationextime.	

VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION. #26. Nov 42. 10c. Produced in collaboration with World Fandom by Forrest J Ackerman & Morojo. Published all we can. Adres 'Dyktawo' at Bx 6475 Met Stn, Los Angeles Cal. Pip-pip

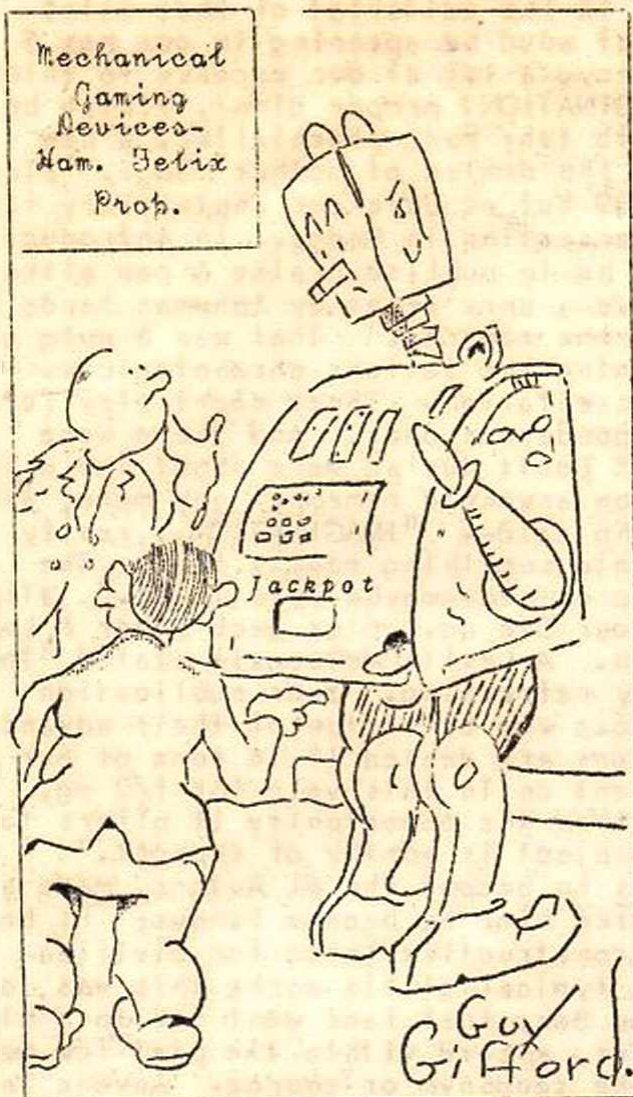
A BIT ABOUT the Folks U Find on Our Cover: There's Speer, the remarkable Gakspir de Fu, one the longtime & greatest-of-all-time actifans, perennial officer of FAPA, publisher Sustaining Program et autres, acolyte of Foo, Historian of fandom. Barbara Bovard snuck into Amerifandom via the Canuck route; one the genuine actifannes. There's Allen Class, goggled over winning the Denvention Award, since disappeared into the Draft. Harry Schmarje, chiefly distinguished for his reference to Ray Washington Jr. Walt Liebscher was cut off in the prime of his youth, so to speak, in the last 1/2 doz plx we saw of him, just managing to squeeze an ear or a bit of a bow tie into a snap; so we tho't we'd show U his full map. And after all the shaggy fotos of that other Walt, Daugherty, we've been responsible for, we decided twas hi-time to atone & give U a responsible likeness. Paul Frechafer period. Cunninghamditto. Belle "Zululu" Wyman is Forry's grandmother; she whet his taste for fantasy reading him ghostorys; & calls Dr Keller her fave author. Guy Gifford--& again nufsed, if U ever glance at Amazing or Planet's cartoons. Joe Gibson, creator the nutyp Gibson Girl famous in a former era. Earle Barr Hanson, a good thing about Florida. Tom Daniel of the Science Fiction Album. 'Nanek', nee Virginia Combs, now Mrs V Anderson, poet & artist, featured in FFM & Light. In the foren contingency, we've Enid Evans of Australia, & British Boys Williams & Youd, the latter being the leading litte in the poetry field of the anglotans. Alvan Mussen was a fangeleko last heard of on--Corregidor; Miske, J Chapman, the Ultimate Egotist of fandom a few yrs ago, also among the missing; & Andrew Lenard of Hungary, who delited fans in the Gernsback-Hornig Wonders with lengthy letters of pithy criticism, & also produced several amateur scientifilms--now fallen silent. Lastly, the Fritz Lang robotrix, glamour girl 2026 AD, that, as we predicted, & bliev U'll agree, undoubtedly woud melt the heart of a man of steel. --And one man made this fanograficover possible: Let us all rise & give thanx to A. MERRITT. While Pvt Norman "Gus" Willmorth, when in civvy status, foresitedly financed the Insert. Art Joquel, back from DC, went thru NYC on the way, tryd to see the Lord of Fantasy but was informd he was out of town. We've had confirmation of that from A.M. himself, so weren't able to present the article promist by him. But we surely shoud have it to feature in our next number--the first for the New Yr!

A LUSTRUM AGO Madge, predecessor of Vom, was born, & with her the publishing team of Forry & Morojo. In the editorial of that natal number I made a prediction about what would be appearing in our pgs 5 yrs hence--then turned around & profecyd a lat at our expense to think the mag ever'd last that long. IMAGINATION! proper didn't, finish being markt to its career with its 13th ish; but, phoenixlike, a new VOICE was to sound out lustily with the demise of mother Madge. First of true Voms did not appear till Jan 39 but we date our anniversary from Vom's initial appearance as the reader-section in Madge. In introducing the dept we said: "Our policy will be to publish praise & pan alike, in the writer's individual style; i.e., untouched by inhuman hand; & in the rotation in which we receive the remarks." That was a unique arrangement, while we retained it, running the letters chronologically. But it didn't make for a balanced presentation. Three short airy letters might be rcvd, then 4 lengthy ponderous ones. And there were other objections. Dick Wilson & Louis Kuslan were about the only contributors to the first 2 pg edition anyone'd remember any more, with the exception of Catherine Moore, who said-- "IMAGINATION,,,really shows imagination and should grow into something really fine. The perfect fan magazine has yet to be produced--maybe this is it." Wilson & Kuslan again were present in our Dec no., plus Jack Speer & Larry Farsaci, & the lamented Joe Hatch. A Leslie McDougall stated "The style is clever and it's originality refreshing. Your publication gives an outlet of expression to those who by virtue of their advanced unconventional thought and expressions are denied it in some of our so called modern publications." And went on in this vein for 1/2 pg, concluding "If for no other reason than the opportunity it offers to express imaginations I think your project is worthy of support." Lastly, an obscure Angeleño, who was to become the #1 Author, made a statement we are proud to have printed bfor he became famous: "I believe scientifiction to be a major constructive force for civilization"--sgnd, Robt A Heinlein. How typical of his works this was to prove! Incidentally, a super-story by Bob, that fans went for in a big way if local fandom was any barometer, appeared within the past few mos., tho I'm not at liberty to divulge the pseudonym or source. Anyone interested in owning any the first 3 IMAGINATION!s: a very few copys are available via Vom at \$2.50 for the first (only about 42 copys pub'd), \$2 for #2 & \$1.50 for the 3d. By the way, we've forgotten all along to mention this, but for about the past 6 mos. Vom has been on sale on a prominent LA newstand. Ofcourse this isn't such an item, as Stardust, Le Zombie & other tmz bfor us also have enjoyed newstand circulation; but the special angle on our setup is that a dealer askt us to handle the mag! So evry ish we have 5 copys desirably displayd downtown. Huh? O, no, we never sell a copy...

Morojo slipt a fast one over on me when she accepted without consultation & publisht that 4pgo-inflating supplement last ish--by "Skilfo". She even ran it off ryt under Wright's nose & a number of copys were assembled bfor I noticed it, hollering "Hey! What's this?" After reading it, I assumed Jo-ke! rote it, for it seemd to be admitted plainly at thend; but seems our friend Art was framed too, for when I adrest Skilfo c/o Joquel, he thot the message meant for Bovard & took it to her! Well, BEB has confest to being "Tulta- the Wanderer", while Skilfo (a name MrJ made up) was the first article attempt of one Ul'vz noen for his unusual fantasy art: that superdoodler...the Hoffman! Bob was inducted the other day, & on his way thru the Reception Center made his way to the "dogtag" division where I work, & got the secret off his soul bfor departing for Destination Unknown. Status of yed? (just call me the Starambler)-- Well, I'm a First Class Private stationed about 30 mph from Shangri-LA, able to get to town about twice a wk. Yecood works 6 days out of 7 & overtime for the War Dept; & devotes the rest her time to keeping FJA Inc operating by proxy as nr normal as poss. My life now consists of operating a murderously monotonous & rackety machine, enduring the army routine, & manipulating myself like a contortionist with 7 yr itch to manage time & passes for work & stfun with the nrby stfans...

Joe Gibson in his letter speaks of a cover he doubted would be acceptable. Well, we didn't exactly reject it, as it's on display in the editorial office, & we both hapn to like it very much; but we fizard it had a touch too fulminative. Tho we were satisfied with the explanation of the scene Gibby gave when questiond, we nve too many woud call it obscene first & question 2d--if ever. It's a rather long story & we don't have space to reproduce it all here. But if U come to Sha'LA sometime U can see the pic & hear the tale.

"The One-Tract Mind" Socy has been formed by Charlie Hornig, the moraltheist C.O., who told us of a triumf for Vom. Seems each morn at the camp after breakfast there's an "inspirational" period at which participants speak. Charlie read from "Notes on Devil Worship". Pass the



"AND IF ANYONE HITS
A JACKPOT ... HE RUNS
LIKE HELL!"

you'd print it. But it is going to be interesting to see the reactions to it. Oh, yeah, that guy Hopkins. He sounds like an Englisher whose ears you could pin together. Is the gentleman aware that sfc is something which is in a class by itself, a higher class? Sfc. does have something nothing else has:- a genius for organization. Oh sure, the actifans bicker, fight, come to blows, etc. but each & every actifan is acutely conscious of everything in actifandom that goes on, and every actifan knows that the world is his oyster. What is most important, every actifan believes in the future! If civilization is teetering on the abyss of time, slipping backward, within actifandom will be the seeds of the steady, true civilization to come, because they believe! "Gad, Speer again! What's all the furse about nudes? Everybody knows that no matter what anybody says, Vomaidens will continue to appear so why argue? (Er, democracy - or somethin'. "Vexation without representation is Tyranny.") Deany must be a leather-worker, wanting to tan Tigrina's hide. Wonder if he'd mount it on the wall of his don? (Personally, I think he'd've had't'vo been a fast worker. --4e) "Crutch insists that Tigrina is the prettiest bunch of loveliness ho's ever soon, but likes the Kuslan's looks, too. Personally, I still think Perri's prettiest."

The foregoing BEB, 4e's proto-J now far away, forwarded the following communique from FRANCIS T LANEY of Washington State, editor the Lovecraftian fm Acolyte, 720 10th St, Clarkston, with note appended "Something tells me he'll be a good addition to the edition". Thanx, Bobby; Weaver'll be sure to see it here. "Dear Miss Bovard: I just got the FFF today with 'We've A Right' and his tear-jerking article, and inasmuch as you are the only member of his coterie whose address I have, thought I'd drop you a line of condolence, 'n' stuff. "I haven't been an acti-fan very long, but my passive acquaintance with fandom goes back nearly ten years. Having had few contacts, I naturally have seen little of his stuff, and frankly, what I've seen of it didn't impress me too strongly. (I don't care for phonetics and coined words, y'see.) But this last one, with his obvious bewilderment and frustration showing through every line, touched me right where the touching is good. While some of the ultra-patriotic boys may not like parts of the article, I know just about how he felt, since I know just how I'm going to feel about the time Uncle drags me away from my hobbies. Everything else of his I've ever read was so flippant and cocky that I didn't realize how the guy behind all that front felt, until now, and I'm sorry as hell I didn't got to know him. "Sorry this letter is such a rambling mess, but everytime I think of the draft as it affects me, my integrative faculties go all to pieces ---and We've A Right really brought a few points home to me"

"Cheerio Chumess: Hal-loweenic VOM in. Louis Borg a definite jerk. The girl on the back was a! Cover very pretty. I stay up nights to look at it. The other morning about 4am it winked at me! Sat up the rest of the night trying to make it wink again, but no soap. "Don't think I want to resign or re-enter or re-anything today, so I'll spare you."--TUCKER

Bobby BOVARD, from somewhere in Washing-2000-lbs. District of Congress, confesses she is just a female giggle- as she chortles: "I giggled all over the place when I read 4e's announcement of the Annish Vomaiden. If I translate my puns right, his referal that she would melt a man of steel, means that it's going to be a picture of the metal-girl from 'Metropolis.' Right? Swell idea, if you can swing it. (Well, pardon our brass, but did we swing it? Yep, we're hen to the jive. We're the duet with the spare jet. Just call us the Jive Vommers!) Good Heavens, if I ever lay my hands on 4e, I'll rend him from here to breakfast! (What kind, a hand-out?) Putting my name immediately after Cunningham's! How dare he mention me & that, that - Texas windbag in one breath! He did it deliberately, the splfrsk! (Hold your b'shanus m'quods, gal; U'll break a rex morphorple!) -- Oh, that man Speer! Has he ever met anyone who was insane? (Any connexion tween the foregoing question & fact Jack met Ack at Ny- & Chi-cons is, as Seabury woud say, purely Quinncidental!) Does he know that insanity results from an inability to re-adjustment, a failure to cope with people & circumstance? In our office, just a week ago, a woman developed schizophrenia & had to be taken away. The work, the lack of co-operation, worry, fatigue, and probably a weak will, just let her conscious mind drop into a sink-hole & left her totally within her unconscious mind. Insanity is something which is better left alone. Speaking of our friend 'Tulta the Wanderer', he's batty, too. Do you get many letters from cranks like that? I was afraid

Curry
aka PVT EDW C CONNOR, USArmy Retg & Ind Stn #2, 166 W Van Buren, Chicago, Ill, makes public his Private opinion on #24: "Seems to be quite a lively issue. One thing I note is that of fans whose letters are printed, Tackett, Rothman, and myself have since entered the armed services--not to mention you yourself, Forry. Wonder who will be the next ones to go--and how many fans will be left to keep the ball rolling until the end of the war? Cartoon by Turner is damned good, even better than that. I agree with Tackett's statement that we must try to further human progress wherever possible. Our friend Webster seems to have been properly placed behind the eight-ball. Ah--a letter by Tucker! He must have some nefarious purpose behind this missive or he wouldn't have written it. Pardon me while I read it. . . I might have known!--He has some lowly humorous humor to expound. . . Now we can be h-bfans (half-baked--not has-been!) together, etc. I was particularly hurt at the erroneous information which he handed you about myself. He didn't tell you that the 3 originals which I 'swiped' off of his walls were cover pictures from 'Blasting Western Yarns', published in 1890, did he? Nor did he tell you that I took them and destroyed them to prevent some fan not as cooperative as I from revealing this awful truth to Fandom, should he ever visit Mad Pongs' and gaze upon them. He didn't say what kind of beer it was that he sold me, but actually it was of a variety brewed in his own bathtub. And it nearly killed me. It was not a dirty picture that I ripped out of his best pornographic book, but a page out of the next issue of Le Zombie. Also, it was not I who made eyes at Tucker's wife--it was the other way around. The kids' bank that HPP mentions was actually one of the objects that he threw at me when I first stepped in the front door of his house. It happened to break open and out clattered 8 well-worn Chinese coins, with square holes punched in the middle, naturally; four slugs, with Tucker's picturo glued on both sides, naturally; and one penny. When asked what the lone cent was doing in such unsavory surroundings the great man replied that it was the first coin that he had ever received for a year's subscription to Le Zombie. To top it off he finally revealed that he has been wanting to run Wollheim out of fandom for the past three years!! He is an Eteur! Sid Dean seems to be a serious minded fan, in spite of his affliction for (apparently) deriding Science Fiction Far activities. His PFFF is a step in the right direction, and if other fans in his vicinity would snap out of their damned foolishness and get down to business and cooperate, something worthwhile might be accomplished. It is obvious that Harry Schmarje has amended his ways. Any fan who continues to deride him at the present time must assuredly be narrow-minded and unforgiving. I don't doubt tho, that most of Fandom will forget the past."

SIDNEY M DEAN vents his spleen on fanarchists
from 834 SE Grand Ave, Portland, Ore: "So five fans can accomplish more by working singly on sepearte projects than the same five fans can working together on one project. Brother, it'll take a helluva damn good man to prove that to me. I suppose Lincoln won the civil war all by himself; a one man dynamo. It didn't by any chance take an army of soldiers and a mess of civilians, did it? Cosider. What is this thing we call fandom? We refer, of course, to actifandom. Fandom is a group of people who are trying to express their ideas in public. The fact that the people involved all read fantasy or science-fiction is an insignificant factor. The argument is put forward that such a choice of literature is escapist and indicates mental weakness. What type of fiction is not escapist? One of you wise guys please tell us that? Stf & fantasy are built around the supposition that habits, customs, gadgets, sciences, and institutions change. Whether they advance or backslide, they change. That is no assumption; merely common sense. The life of the average fan is not bound by the limits of his speck of eternity. His mind is more fluid and elastic than those of his neighbors (pardon the conceit), with a few exceptions either way. Fans are not geniuses; nor are they possessed of a greater intelligence. They merely learn, the hard way, to use what heads they have, and to tolerate opposing views. In a nutshell, fans are just people. Amazing, isn't it? And none of these anarchists can tell me that people get more done singly than en masse. Tell that to Kaiser. The guys who yap thusly are a little off their trolley, and had better find out what they are saying before they say it. Try quoting authority. I read Gods epic on the last page. So he is using a penname? For my part he can keep wandering. That space is still blank, for all practical purposes. And they call Tigrine childish. Gad. All the little fannies getting drafted? I hope that Morojjo can keep up the good Vom-iting. I dote on Vom, f'ovvins sake, if it threatens to fold up, let us help you a little. We always do other peoples work before our own.generous aren't we? It's unbelievable! Well, I guess I'll let Merlin take it from there. He is asking for favors, as usual....but paying for them in the long run. I will hold my breath til the next ish arrives. (Don't you wish!)"

continues from same adres: "Greetings, goon. See the other *Mel* half of the tiresome twosome (This must be a typografical error for tireless - I hopey said he in a small voice from afar) has gone to the army, so ending for the duration the obvious career of 4E, the stuporman from Shangri-la. No kidding, the last issue was really swell. The cover was excellent and the blank spaces interesting. There are a few things that riled me (Dean says 'As usual'). 1. Who in the hell wants to read those long letters from Simad, not me, I know him. He says 'Heil, heil' to anyone who is a non-conformist. That's Dean....he hasn't worked in years, and his socks smell like imagi-music. As assistant editor of SLAN, our new fmg, he is as useless as certain well-known appendages on a male pig. As for his religious vews, he'd break his neck getting to any church that would food him and listen to his ideas about saving the world for Dean. 2. Aokies' puns: Wack,wack.....how could anybody be so corny (Dean is worse) (It's a-maiz-ing.) 3. TO JACK SPEER: So fans cannot accomplish anything without help from the outside...What kind of moron does he think he is? We don't need him or any of that type to help fandom along the rocky

road to success. "What fandom needs, (here we go again) is more horse-sense and less horse manure. After reading yeah many fanmags, a newcomer would gather the impression that science-fantasy fans are inferior to the rest of the world, because even if members of fandom think so, maybe the outside world is right. Most of us realize fans just average men & women who eat, sleep, work & relax with their favorite hobbies same as other normal individuals. Unity & singleness of purpose the great needs of fandom. When we can achieve this; forget petty feuds & personal differences & work together on that common cause; then & only then can we hope to convince "JACK SPEER" & other of the same variety of "chisel-headed boors" that they're just square pegs in round holes. Fandom making steady progress in this field. The NFFF, a large no. of smaller clubs & societys, not to mention men like 4e, 3E, Widner, Ecco, & others, already soundly've built the groundwork of such a unity. "Dean continually accuses me of being a politician and a radical. Perhaps I am, but I feel that that is what we need. A little radicalism, well put over, is good politics. Everybody yells who'll start the ball rolling. The obvious answer is no-one, simply because no-one wants to find himself hanging out on a limb, with fandom off in another corner arguing violently over some slightly stinky minor point, just to hear themselves rattle, or satisfy their little ego that they are God's special gift to all fans, now and forevermore, so help them big mouth. They spend all their time picking people like Tigrina apart (nice work, if U can get it), resigning from fandom, yelling about you ("Your",) famous (Y) nudes, and arguing as to which was the best story in the last issue of 'PUTRID EPICS'. If that's all they can contribute to the well being of fandom they had better go back to playing marbles and hop-scratch...and putting up their hair in pig-tails. Who gives a damn about who is the most brilliant fan in fandom? (I do --Acky. Tee-hee.) Personally, regardless of our personal viewpoints on their ideas, we should get behind them if their ideas are accepted by the majority. We will leave that to the little stinkies who have nothing better to do. Enclosed is \$1.00 for guess what. After all you have the best fmg on the market (oh, oh, I forgot, that's what I told Nova when I wrote them). Will be looking forward to the anniversary issue. Best of regards to all, especially Leslie Perri."

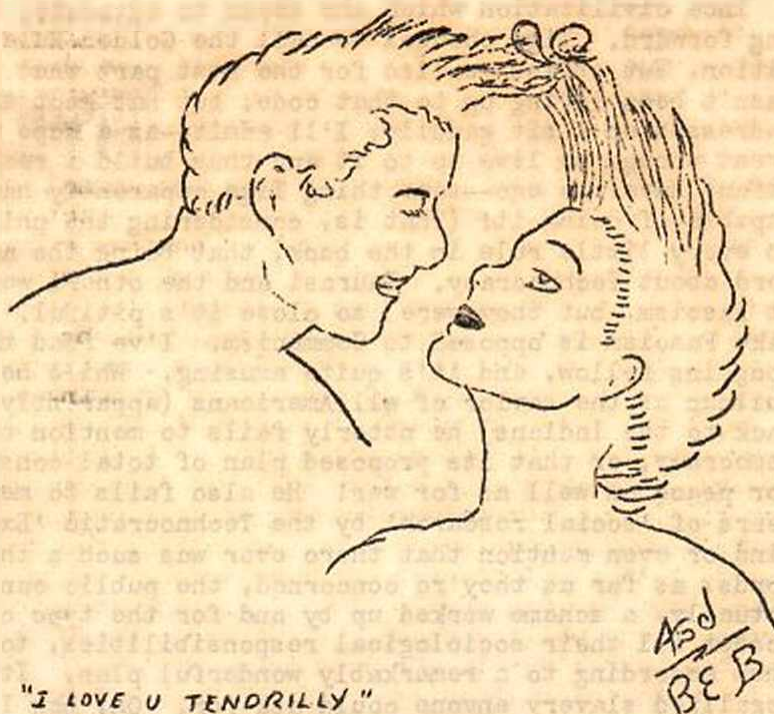
concerning Eric S. Needham, 2/2 JMRosenblum, rote from hospital on 20 Aug 42
 #21: "Characteristically, I'll start at the back. with Harry Turner's magnificent stencil-work. The only bone I can pull on this is that Harry must prefer Japanese dragons, as the reptile vanortrayed has only 3 claws. Chinese dragons have 5 claws - Look up your ginger-jars. "I feel sorta glad that Harry was the first fan I ever met back in Doug Mayer's SFA days. Honestly, some of his water-colours defy any description of mine. They have to be seen. All I can offer is praise. He's GOOD. "Coming to the cover, I can only say that I'd like more. Some of the US fans seem almost human. Err -- that there girl marked FINN. . . is surprisingly like a girl I hope to marry soon, one Kristine Woodman, who, like me, is slightly Danish! Who is the gal? (Slitely Eire-ish lassie Margaret, now Mrs Wm "Marvel Tales" Crawford) And goold Mike R. He's indispensable. But the contents. Being in sick bay forces me to read something to pass away the time, and I tackled the letters. And I still think they're hopeless. About the 'can of porridge' crack by the Webstereptile, quizzed by Widner, the obvious thing is to remember that Doug is a haggistasher by birth, (construction) and thinks in terms of porridge. Forgive him. "D.R. Smith unloads quite a load of common sense logic, seems to me D.R. gets bouts of really deep thinking. Those notes on nudes made me think. Dammit, I'm mixed up in Connerley. Cancel the deep thunkment remarks. I like D.R. He's the Grand Ole Man of British fandom. "Again the praise for Connerley's comments via quotation, but his eager, bubbling 4 point plan for doin' things is sorta impracticable now. In a couple of years, maybe. "For a fan-letter this doesn't come high in wisecracks or wit, I know. Somehow, I find that fandom doesn't attract me as it did, any more. Perhaps, between a type of living I never experienced before (RAF - 2 L with it) and other interests (Kris and hydraulics) I no longer look to stf for interest and contact with other interesting merchants. Now wait for an obscene crack from 16 fans about stf being a substitute for sex-sublimation, and solid escapism. Well, I've escaped. "Isn't it ironic? Here I am, just discovering how ignorant I am of things I should know. I can't discuss music, or art, can't define impressionism, or tell it from surrealism. I speak only one language, and can never know what makes Guy de Maupassant so well-read higher up. Nor can I burble about Freud, Jung, or Havelock Ellis. In fact, I am only just realizing my shortcomings. And instead of correcting my deficiencies, I'm servicing obsolete trainer-bombers. Hah, great joke, ain't it? Has any member of fandom an unwanted copy of 'Technics and Civilization' by Louis Mumford they don't want? I want to get hold of it badly. I am dabbling in economics and town-planning now, because I'm devoting some of my spare tiem to improving myself. As ye great Confusious orated, 'Reform starts at home.' War has altered me strangely. I had a big opinion of myself once. Have any other fans discovered the same things, I wonder? "P.S. I likes the way ya shortens letters and makes 'em seem sensible."

Len MOFFATT of 419 Summit Ave, Ellwood City, Pa, comments succinctly:
 "Cover-wonderfully grotesque! Would like to see somethin' like that in Le Grotesque ('nother new Chainzine Pub)! Interior pic (the bat-gal)+ she's a O.K. too.....By Joe WHO? (Gibson) "Shorty" (the 'Sea Gal') looked deformed. Oh weel, made a good ad-pic for the ALBUM. Who drooled out that stuff 'by Tulta, the Wanderer'? (Keane Saby) "I like your VOM supplement idea. Gotta big kick outa QUEST IN TIME.Keep'em supplementin'!" In answer to Ashley: God does not expect us to live perfect Christian lives in this world of sin. We must do our very best to live a Christian life, and will be judged 'according to our works'. All the letters were interesting and entertaining. Yours for a bigger, better and more fully illustrated VOM!"

David R. Evans

"The Genuine Genius"

(none genuine without this signature) comments from across the sea on #23 from 130 Brook St, Coogee, NSW, Australia: "In Australia, if we wish to say, 'I raise my hat to so and so', we say, 'I dips me lid to so and so'. Well, I dips me lid to Henry Kuttner for his open letter to Tigrina. Hank has outlined the psychological aspects of Tigrina's 'devilish' symptoms, in a very lucid manner. He also mentioned, in passing, that he had taken time off to write to Vom. His time was not wasted, for he handled a fascinating subject in a manner which should help Tigrina and at the same time receive praise from Long Distance Evans. We should all dip our lids to Tigrina too for causing a controversy worthy of the attention of a Kuttner. Tigrina sure has made her presence felt in fandom. What is this Flash news that I read: 'Pogo infanticipating'. Does it mean that she is going to present us with a potential fan? A Blessed Event? Dear me! This Ackermanese does get me all mixed up sometimes. (20" Pogoruslan Curt, 7#3oz, 21 Nov.) Now. I'm going to ask you to do me a favour. The position is this. You see, I have written a piece of poetry. I think its good. It seems to have that refinement of literary style which is so evident in the works of the old masters and which is definitely lacking in the efforts of todays pulpsters. Now, this piece of poetry of which I write, has been submitted to all the Australian fan-mags but has been rejected on every occasion. All the editors here seem to agree that my poetry is 'too sweet for our hard boiled public'. Well, its this way; I maintain that even the most hard boiled among us must sometimes appreciate a little of the finer style of writing. So I am appealing to you to please publish it at the foot of this letter. I feel positive that readers of Vom will feel a sense of upliftment after reading my piece of poetry which is as follows: The night was chill I climbed a hill On top of which I found a ditch With cautious tread I found the dead I stopped my paces It was pulling faces! It's bosom heaved It's belly convulsed What blasphemy thought I That Man should die And be eaten up by maggots."



"I LOVE U TENDRILLY"

"Verminotes VOM the Gibson." (JOE GIBSON) 224 N High, Albuquerque, NM: "Weel, I went and done it! Concluding that you'd probably not be needing a cover illustration for the next several months and being as I was slightly dim in the headlights at the time, the result was naturally. . . a cover illustration. And drooling back over the artwork thus concocted I find I'm back in the old groove, making the heads too big--er, too little--or are they? And, too, it may be somewhat of an explosive where the nude advocates are concerned. There's a male in the thing! And who cares to look at masculine nudes? But, after all, these drips' fascination for nudes isn't sexual, y'know. They say so themselves! So whatta they got to kick about?? Now, I ask ya. . . Hmm, sounds like I don't like nudes, eh! But, thell, just because a guy has the nerve to call himself an artist some jerks expect him to turn up his toes every time some babe switches knees, or to have glaring pics of gals in all imaginable stages of undress and bedtime habit plastered over the livingroom wallpaper, etc. And these morals an artist isn't supposed to have ain't enough; he also must invariably be a confirmed nudist! Well, nudism may be all right, if you allow for modesty shields (Yeah, this is the cue for all louses. They'll love this) and wearing at least a cloak in case there's a draft. A male looks like the very devil (period!) unless he's wearing a g-string or something. And on the feminine side, tampons would be an utter necessity. Footwear must be considered, too. And then, the climate-- So why utter nudism? Wouldn't Grecian robes be better, considering comfort? Certainly nudes are art, in the sense that art is a mode of expression. So far, they seem to have been purely sexual in what they have expressed. The Greeks liked 'em because they expressed the beauty of a healthful body. How about trying that one out? As for the advocates of nudism, they always give the impression that they actually want to practice the stuff, and are inviting all comers to join them; --a sort of 'I'll strip if you strip' proposition. Slightly nauseating. One may as well mention Tigrina. Sam Russell and the others are undoubtedly correct in concluding that she's seeking a 'psychological compensation for disagreeable religious upbringing', and that she's picking a rather childish way of doing it. And considering Tige's letter, she seems to have a desire to be different; to live in a way far from normal. (Gals is got ego those days!) Certainly it's what attracted her to fandom. But when is she going to realize what fans really arc? Take that crack about 'inflicting pain on people' being desirable to her but repulsive to others, for example. Where does she got that stuff? While Tige wants to revolt from the Golden Rule concept, and stuff herself with a philosophy of religious taboos, she's blind to the folly of it. It's not that she's queer--she isn't!--but merely that the philosophy is obsolete! Too bad she can't see that fans are also trying to live according to a different codo besides the commonly-accepted one of today. But instead of going back to a sort of Mayan or

Inca civilization which she seems to advocate, they're bent on going forward. Tige chooses to call the Golden Rule concept a mere conventional tradition, but stfans realize for the most part that in truth our present civilization hasn't been living up to that code, but has kept the essential foundation of thought--dressed up a bit gaudily, I'll admit--as a hope that the people will one day be great enough to live up to it and thus build a really great civilization. And stfans have the ego--same thing Tige apparently has--to believe they're already capable of doing it! (That is, considering the philosophy as a whole; not according to every little rule in the book, that being the actual traditional fault) "A word about Technocracy. Taurasi and the others weren't exactly correct in terming it Fascism. but they were so close it's pitiful. Technocracy is opposed to Fascism like Fascism is opposed to Communism. I've read that pamphlet circulated by this Hodgkins fellow, and it's quite amusing. While he gives Technocracy a wonderful buildup as the savior of all Americans (apparently he'd rather we gave the place back to the Indians) he utterly fails to mention that Technocracy is opposed to democracy, or that its proposed plan of total conscription is in their little plans for peace as well as for war! He also fails to mention that in the twenty-three years of 'social research' by the Technocratic 'Experts' they have utterly failed to find or even mention that there ever was such a thing as Public Opinion. In other words, as far as they're concerned, the public can't even think! Technocracy is, actually, a scheme worked up by and for the type of people who want someone else to accept all their sociological responsibilities, to run their whole little lives for them according to a remarkably wonderful plan. It's one of the neatest bits of legalized slavery anyone could ask for. Oh, how I love that Hodgkins! " 'Quest in Time' shows more wistful thinking than Russell's lett, but you ain't the only one, chum. And Spcer's splitting hairs reminds one of rail-splitting Lincoln whose first debate was on the particular matter of whether the ant was more important than the bee or viceversa. Ashley hit it on the matter of true Christians, too. He's really thinning it out when he claims skullduggery has no unreasonable overtime. Guys who claim it ain't game are nuts as we apparently don't ever use all our marbles anyway! And when Schmarje said he was a fan, I had the sweet li'l thought that mebbe we should 'ask Raym' about that, too. (How To Influence Friends and Win Peoples) ((I should read it sometime)) (((If I live so long))) And glimmering at the batty babe, I suddenly realized that, by the positions of her mossy white hands, I had had her out playing pop-guns. Bam-bam. Yie! It is here, methinks, when the majority will be wisning me to some horrible death."

GUY GIFFORD, 5359 Raphael St, Los Angeles.

Cal: "So--Ack Ack's a big gun now? Nize going. Sure I'll send my snap -- I'll try to remember a shot of the little gag-- there are two gags. The daughter, seven is Gail Anne Gifford. What has my sense of humor done to the children. What's that old line about the sins of the fathers? " Pardon the typing, but I do a lot of dictating now, so am getting out of practice. " Incidentally Reiss has asked me to do a Planet travel yarn and I'd like to collaborate with some one who is new-- who's good. (Recommendation: Ray Bradbury.) " Incidentally, what is this Science Friction Album

thing? " I thought the current issue of Vom was rather flat. Needed Ack's touch. " Why don't you start a Cummings Complainant's corner. In which the fans who complain about Cummings must send him a different plot."

submits the fol-

DR Smith

13 Church Rd, Hartshill, Nuneaton, Warwks, Eng.

lowing for unpublication:

"In spite of the time is so fully occupied in doing nothing I am driven by my conscience to arouse from my torpid state to tear off a few expressions of gratitude for sundry Voms. " I am looking at the Turner illustration in the June VoM. I am thinking that it is as good as any nude you have ever published, and a good sight better than most. I consider that apart from the way she does her hair and the bad attack of elephantiasis in both legs the lady has a certain appeal, or did have before her neck was broken. The detail work of the chair and drapery and background is the making of the picture. " Of the letters Kuttner's essay on Satanism is by far the most interesting, though he succeeds in giving remarkably little real information. He does succeed in arousing my curiosity as to what is meant by Satanism, and I have made a note to investigate it someday when I have time. Too many things wait that never-coming tomorrow unfortunately! There must soon come a time when instead of being content to know less and less about more and more I shall turn my energies into the opposite course and start learning more and more about less and less. In other words change from a dilettante into an expert - and it may possibly be that the study of religions and beliefs will be my choice. But I am still, after six months, under the spell of Frazer's 'Golden Bough', so I may grow away from this. " Tut-tut, I feel extraordinarily dull tonight. No inspiration whatsoever. Shall I leave this and try again tomorrow night? I have left it too many tomorrows already. So I will chance it, trusting that you will respect the tatters of my fading reputation for being occasionally intelligent and not publish it."

J"rv" Haggard helps fill out these few lines with: "Number 25 was a very nice number. I especially liked the illustration work. Harryhausen did an excellent bit of work on the front, and By Joe!--that's was a nice little enclosure. " Anyway, here's a sub to help keep you afloat."

ONE WORD in the following letter has been censord. This is the firsttime Vom ever has done such a thing & it is felt an explanation is implicit in the action. "There is an old stf proverb, "When on Mars do as the Marsians do", & this applyd on Tero in the olddays when there still were nationalisticountrys. "Vom was an inter-nat'l organ. And it came to pass that a perfectly innocent remark made in England might become indocent by publication in an American periodical...unless point-of-origin were taken into account. It was quite like the marvelous passage in Maude Meagher's equally xln't bk "Fantastic Traveller" whore, "with consternation he saw his mild, pink inoffensive words turn as he spoke, like litmus paper, in mid-air to bright, blue ear-hurting words." By some alchemy of transAtlantic transposition, an innocent Anglic word may become a shocking Yankee one. And viceversa. I remember having read some yrs ago of how an American motion picture underwent a title change for British consumption from "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" to "Hallelujah, I'm a Tramp". I could see no excuse for this. I was young. I nue vaguely there was some distinction tween a bum & a tramp, such as that one was an idle vagabond while the other solicited work; but twas not til some yrs later I learnd of the very valid reason for the substitution. It seems "bum" is slanglic, or English slang, for buttocks! (If we may be so bold). Obviously, while it might be a term of endearment for an American girl in fun to call her boyfriend a big bum, it woud be no compliment in England! And a "dirty bum" woud be tantamount to an invitation to mayhem! "Now, the point, if the prolix Mr Ackerman ever will get to it, is this: U must consider the source. Hence, when the expression "bitch" appears in the following letter, I've reason to bliev it does not contain the vulgar implication of the American usage. The British Boys seem to use "bitch" quite freely in their correspondence & publications, quite as we might "wench". Often one fan will refer to a friend's wife as a "disarming bitch", or something of the sort, as one in America complimentarily might remark that so & so's sister was a "beautiful wench". So, while any Amerifan woud hesitate to term another Amerifan's wife a bitch, apparently it'd be nothing to work oneself into a pitch over among Anglofans. As it stands, therefore, bitch, in the British sense, is permissible in our pgs. "However! Mr MacDonald used another word, the one we've censord, which certainly woudve offended our American readers, & for which we've no procedont. I never have seen the expression in any English fanmag nor come across it previously in a decade's correspondence with the UK. I don't wish to imply Edwin's word was so vile as all that but I think it'd make 'em prick up their ears even in England & certainly we could not use the word here without assurance it was void of vulgarity as a local idiom. --FJA.

Edwin MAC/DONALD, 25 Dochfour Dr, Inverness, Scot, who probly'll become famous for his verboten word & the veritable article it elicited from 4e, wasnt Scotch in his letter, which consumed 6 pgs (acidic, eh?) & must be summarized in part: "Art Widner should write & ask Michael how he gets new subscribers to 'Fido' when there are no British s.f. mags. 'Tow' defunct since long, & we have a batch of 'sprog' every six weeks. (Bet you don't know that one?) (Nope, we'll have to consult Linguist Sprog deCamp.) Art's epistle is interesting. He hopes the religions of today are replaced by 'a real religion without dogma, The "Holy" Bible, etc, but based on common sense & straight thinking'." This, sez Mac, is a good description of J Christ's religion, except the New Testament is a necessity in same. Altars, candles, chanting & similar ridiculous adornments--Christian Church adornments--werent part of the Christeaching, which simply is belief in the brotherhood of all men "(all sane s.f. fans are Socialists, aron't they?)." Mac dislikes Roman Catholics strongly, doesnt blame Chauvenet for having sickend of such Christianity. Thinks anyone an awfool who bliev's in literal truth of Bible in its entirety. Asks, is there any such sect? "Kuttner re Tigrina intresting but puzzling. Devil-worship filosofical? How? Anyhow, obvious Tig's brand, with its Magic Powers Thru Blass Mass, just the feudal type piffle. "Why all the fuss about this recalcitrant childish bitch, anyway? "I dislike this word 'Escapism'. Dammitall! If one's gonna talk about 'Escapism', all fiction is 'Escapism', & all activities which are unnecessary for the prosecution of the war & unnecessary for us to live our lives. Why apply the word to fantasy & fandom in particular? (I'm with U on this score, Mac. Am extremely allergic to the epithet "escapism!" in connexion with stf. --Ack)" Concerning Connerley's 4 Points, Mac bliev's Step 1 shoud be Inter-nat'l Socialism, in conjunction with a universalanguage (Esperanto not specifyd). Asks dif tween "economic equality" & "nonprofit economic system"; adds may be dumb but doesnt understand what's meant by "a highly personalized medium of exchange". Complete revision of "educational" system another very necessary item. "Can the kids' ravings, recommends Mac, but at the same time don't make Vom an "exclusive squatting place & stamping ground for the Elder Fans. "Doug's (Webster's) disgust at fans organising, crusading, etc., is amusing, but at times he goes so far as to be childish with his kicking against the xxxxxx (!) (the censord word) Cunning-ham too becomes childish oft with his 'let's do things', etc. I'm in the middle: we certainly want to do all we can to better world conditions, but it seems rather like making a mountain out of a molehill to worship the great Ghod Science Fiction & march around with a banner with the strange device of a rocket ship, 'Excalibur'! "Incidentally, was at A.T.C. Camp lately, & gotta flip in a flying boat. Woo! Woo!! I knocked the pilot on the head with a gun I wrenched from the rear turret, & took over the controls, headed for Shangri-la, expecting to be in time to have tea with you; but the petrol gave out in mid-Atlantic, & we had to be picked up by a U-boat which landed us safely on a deserted bit of coast since I promised the Captain the latest 'Astounding'! "Here they come now to lock me up for the night, So."

RECAPITULATION, for the benefit of Those Who Got in Late: Tigrina, the Devil Doll, first made her appearance in our pgs 10 ishes ago in our Denvenumber. Her debut in fandom was with Darkling Pubs distribution of her blasphemous original composition, "Hymn to Satan". In our 17th ish the fanation learnd of her aversion for uncladamsels à la Vomode, her perversion (which she denyd as such) for sadism. In our Halloweenumber '41, 4e recounted his meeting in person of this 5'2", eyes of blue, 19 yr old Norwegian Nymph of Darkness. A fotolitho insert in our 4th Ann oferd visual evidence of the existence of Hell's Belle. By now "Tales of Tigrina" were all the rage & scarcely a page passt without a reader's comment or inquiry about the Devil's Disciple. Were Tigrina's sympathys actually with the Prince of Evil? did she supplicate Satan instead of God? was she serious or kidding? how could one meet her? silly child! homo lyeanthropus! In the New Yr Num, '42, Ack-Ack had gone back to Frisco & reported his 2d meeting with Tigrina, who had composed a new fantasy song, "Sabbath Summons", had completed the melody of "Esperanto Blues" & was working on words for the latter. At this time she attended a mtg of Golden Gate fans--& a dozen steffers could be douters no longer that she positively was. In #21 she exhibited an artistic talent with her first cartoon of Witch Hazel, while fandom got a closer look at her on our fanograficover. She did our Apr Foo cover. Twas in Aug we regretfully had to announce the passing of Tige from personal participation in our pgs, when dyktawo made it impossible for her to continue at college, where she could carry on fan activitys in comparative safety; & in any event, she had decided to retire from fandom due to incompatibility. In bringing to lite some the hitherto unpublisht facts about fandom's mysterious ex-mem, her discoverer wishes to make an emfatic statement: Any attempts to communicate with her only will lead to bloodshed. Don't dood it. Any embarrassment on Tigrina's part will be regarded as an unfriendly act by Ack-Ack. Don't try to strike up any correspondences, anybody, or get to see the girl. If U can't keep a secret don't read below the cartoon. I personly feel responsible for her protection & U are entitled to read the below info about her only with the understanding U will make no use of it. That's on the level. Decide now.



"One large size packet of pins, please."

SLAN MEETS SLANINE. Elmer Perdue enjoys the distinction of having discovered Tigrina's true name by detective methods. Let him tell U the story in his own words: "Once upon a time, I got to feeling pretty down-hearted. So I hopped in the car with the little old Wyoming license of 1-6475...and headed for Los Angeles. So after a reasonably pleasant stay, Forrie looked at me and said, Elmer, you're down in the dumps. And it's a shame to see a good boogie woogie player feeling unhappy. Why don't you go back by way of Frisco and see Tigrina and see if that helps make you happy? Forrie, my lad, I said, fairer words were never spoken by falser face. So I should head for Mills college and shout Tigrina from the house-tops? No, said he, and arranged a date with me by telephone. Yoicks, hulloa, and I was off! " So I was to meet the Lady of Mystery at two on Sunday afternoon in the lobby of Orchard Meadow hall. She came down all right--came on almost like Gangbusters, but not quite so full. And the oute 'lil trick seized my hand and hastened me out, before somebody would come up and speak to her by name. Adjournment to the musichall. " En route, a delivery of a message entrusted to me by the J, and a slight amount of laughter; and then the turning on of the w.-k. feminine wiles in the attempt to have me drive back to LA with a reply. I was tempted...but nay. To her practice room, with piano and letter delicately tucked partly out of sight. Practice-room-sharer came in, addressed Tigrina as 'Edythe.' Hm," AND at this point run out of rm, pgs on either side already having been dummyd--aye, oven stencild & mimeod. Final Solution positively to appear in first no. of New Yr.!

Walt LIEBSCHER of 103 S Eastern, Joliet, Ill, a modern Puns de Leon, declares: "Was astounded to see my picture on the cover of #25. You all made a glaring error however, I have five tusks instead of four. Tusk, tusk, worse than cutting off my ear with a glass helmet on. (All is not mole that Burroughs!) Oh yes, I also have one hairs protruding from my skull, the mistake about the tusk I could stomach but when you forget my one and only hirsute appendage I belch fire, of course the fire might have been the result of the hot tamales I et but nevertheless I will never forgive you for such a gross error. (Tha's gratitood fer ya. Well, if U think we're gonna obese ourselves--fat chance!) -- The Michi-conference was a howling success. We all had lots more fun than last year. Undoubtedly the most sophisticated person at the affair was Harris M. Schmarje (Author, Critique, Columnist). The guy really has an air about him. He reminds one of a walking rainstorm, in other words he's a drip. (Wet a thing to say! Snow use to apologize, either; your future relations with Harry look very cloudy.) -- Now for some real news. Liebscher has been rejected by the Army. Said I had fallen armpits and a slight touch of Twonks disease. I'm sorta ashamed of being a 4F but on the other hand I'm not going to cry about it. My feet aren't so bad that I can't walk on them and won't be for mileniums to come. I'd like to eulogize a bit on the Minnesota gang. A sweller, better gang of people you would never meet, namely Phil Bronson, Sam Russell, Manson E. Brackney, and last but not least that putrid purveyor of 'The Door', Oliver E. Saari. P. S. Remember the rooster that wore red pants. (Did U hear about the pigeon that was people-toed:)"

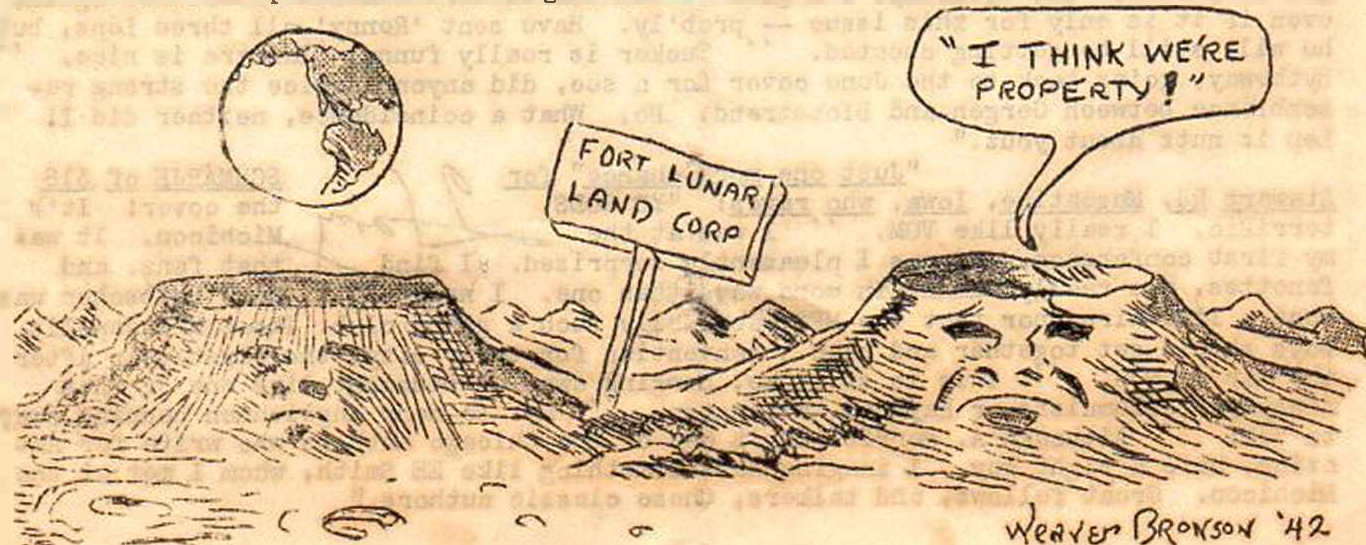
a Schenectadyarn from his Hermit's Cave in NY at 1301 State Shaw spins
 #23 cover was better than the #21, mainly because of the lighter St: "The
 ing and the names thereon. (Shaw thereon had naught to do with it.) back-
 I must answer LRC. He calls my idea that women are entitled to I know
 consideration folly; well, I think he has the wrong slant on things. special
 think of to explain what I mean is this: It isn't an 'idea', it's an outlook. Best way I can
 almost said an inbred outlook, but that would sound dumb. I've been brought up to
 respect women, and I do respect women ---- naturally, not because I have any idea
 that they should have special privileges. I am certainly not chivalrous at all
 times --- being strictly accurate, I am probably never 'chivalrous' --- but in gen-
 eral I act in a manner that I consider gentlemanly toward womankind, almost as a re-
 flex action. This when my best friend (non-stf) acts like a caveman among the female
 population and is much more popular with 'em than I ever was --- or would want to
 be, for that matter. I hope I've made myself clear, but I doubt it." He must dis-
 agree with LRC just once more. Can't see the 'furriners' as being more emotionally or
 psychologically mature than US fans. Appear to him like children who just've discoverd
 a new toy & are wearing it out playing with it. In re sex, ofcourse. Had LRC
 said "the average US young man", might agree with him. Knows of nothing more dis-
 gusting than attitude of most the kids he goes to school with tord sex. Minority
 are puritanical--which is bad. Rest paw at each other & giggle "(the implications
 of that word are deeper than it might at first appear)" -- which is worse. And this
 goes on all the time. Doesnt know if this is true all over the country; has heard
 kids elsewhere are more "grown-up" than the Schenectads. Won't say he's cleanminded
 but certainly not dirty in such a filthy way as most the fellows he comes in contact
 with every day. "If you can possibly figure out what I mean, which I doubt. The
 Bellass is a honey. Turner is terrific --- but T'Grina T'Betta I still don' getta.
 Tackett and Tucker marvelously interesting. I suppose I must look like one of the
 h-bfans who tried to link their names with Tig, but honestogosh I'm not. There is
 only one female fan in whom I have any interest; in fact, only one female in whom I
 have any interest --- but thelessaidaboutthathebetter. No. After much re-
 search, I've decided that it is absolutely impossible to whistle on a typewriter.
 But mine makes a lovely olucking sound that serves the same purpose as a whistle
 quite admirably. You seem to be confused about --- or at least you are confus-
 ing --- the situation as regards Harry Schmarje. 'Harris' is gone forever; Harry
 has seen the light and is honestly trying to establish himself within the good, if
 somewhat cynical, graces of fandom once more. He is really a swell egg, too, and
 not as dumb as he might seem sometimes. One of these fellows that you have to know
 before you like. But he is very likeable, as I have found. It will be to fandom's
 own benefit if they give him another chance. Some Notes on the Black Arts is
 terrifically interesting and makes me want to know more on the subject. I like
 BEB's frontispiece. Rusty is interesting and likeable. My ambition now is to
 get to Philly. Oh, bytheway, I'm glad to see the editoricommments underlined again,
 even if it is only for this issue -- prob'ly. Have sent 'Renny' all three Lops, but
 he will still be getting cheated. Tucker is really funny! Barbara is nice.
 Bytheway, going back to the June cover for a sec, did anyone notice the strong re-
 semblance between Gergen and Blomstrand? No! What a coincidence, neither did I!
 Lep iz nutz about youz."

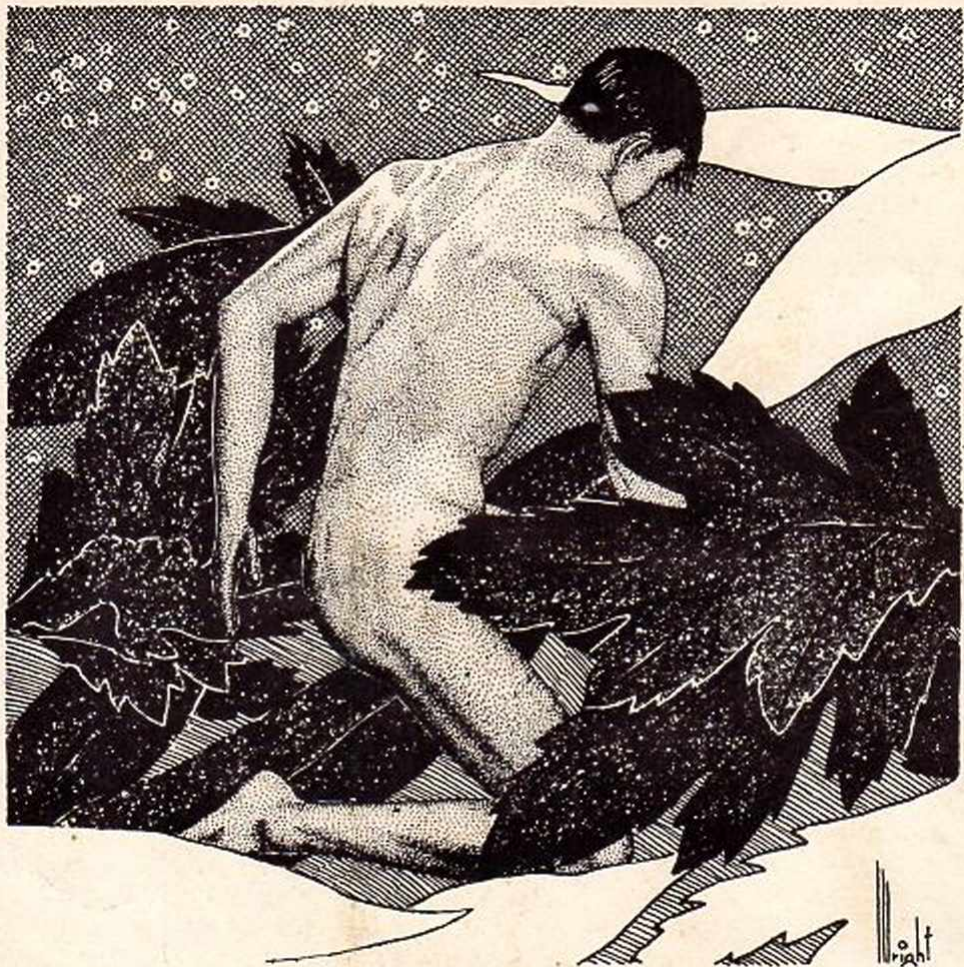
"Just one more chance" for
Stewart Rd. Muscatine, Iowa, who raves: "YE GODS,
 terrific. I really like VOM. I was at the
 my first conference, and was I pleasantly surprised. I find
 fanettes, are really human, in more ways than one. I never
 such a live-wire, nor that the MFS was really such a grand club. Those Minneapolis
 boys should get together and plan a convention for their city, the first year after
 the war is won. This is still me, banging away at midnight like one of thos
 newspaper columnists or Raymond Washington. My, so many Englishmen penning away
 to VOM! Although A. Merritt isn't one of the Chicago authors who write for Am-
 czing, he's a right guy. I imagine he's something like EE Smith, whom I met at the
 Michicon. Great fellows, and talkers, those classic authors."

SCHMARJE of 318
 the cover! It's
 Michicon. It was
 that fans, and
 knew Liebscher was

Phil BRONSON, who characterizes himself as "The Shamrock Kid, (nickname coined for me by Janie Tucker. No racial connections; Shamrocks are drinks. Draw your own conclusions.)", mixes a Vomint-julep from 224 W 6 St, Hastings, Minn: "Prejudiced against Speer for his comments anent women smoking. To say that 'nice girls don't smoke' and that girls that do aren't the kind one would care to associate with is to be a trifle asinine to my way of thinking. It makes Jack seem prudish, perish the thought (of prudishness)! If a girl wants to smoke, why shouldn't she be able to, without being thought of as 'not a nice girl'? You say that smoking is an evidence of the kind of company they run in, which isn't at all true, because said company might not smoke at all, and the girl who does use cigarettes may enjoy them. Since when is it a reflection upon a girl's morals to smoke? I know a lot of damned nice girls who smoke. Of course, there are those who smoke to show off which I don't condone." A word from Speer here: "Gawd, are people gonna be calling me the impossible Puritan! I'm prepared for them on that, tho, since for the first month of this semester in one course we've been reading a large book of selections from Puritan writings on a variety of subjects, and I've recently read Santayana's 'Last Puritan'. 'Puritanical' in the usual sense I have more ado to dodge. Well, in the first place, my remarks on smoking weren't intended for publication, but I didn't sufficiently indicate that. Hang it, I hate to indicate any passages as 'not for publication', as that seems to presume that everything not so marked is written for publication. My remark was put in stronger terms than I intended; 'I will not stand for' is certainly misleading as to my real attitude. Moreover, in the half-year since I wrote that, Washington and my office have continued to fill up with girls many of whom have little to do in their spare time but smoke. And I have no horror toward them, indulge in friendly banter back and forth, but I don't date them. My aversion to smoking girls was based on aversion to the usual implications of smoking, and as smoking becomes universal among them in this city, the implications disappear. It's damned silly, though." Silly seems scarcely the word for it, Jack. We've heard of such suffocating cruelty as keeping Prince Albert in a can, but smoking girls--really!--it is too barbaric, too nazi! BRONSON continues: "The lithoed insert, while not bad as a black-and-white drawing, vaguely reminds me of a comic-book heroine. You know, I'm coming to like the English fans better and better every day. They publish good fanmags, write interesting letters, draw nice pictures, and have splendid outlooks on everything. Frankly speaking they're hyper. Hyper is an intriguing word, don't you think?"

PVT MILTY (ROTHMAN) of Co D, 8th Bn, ORTC, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md, dissertates: "Here I sit in the office of the Company Commander, with the exalted position of Charge of Quarters, and with a .45 cal revolver at my hip which I don't even know how to fire. Here it is Sunday, and half the Company is on guard duty, and the other half out on weekend passes, so you can imagine how busy a time I am having So I shall sit here and ramble. My progress in the army is upholding the high standards set by sf fans up to now. I was sent to Cadre School, which is where they pick the men with the loudest voices (and, incidentally, the best records) to train for non-commissioned officers. I've already gone through my Teacher's Training. Soon I'm going to apply for Officer's Candidate School. Looks like this war is going to put an end to past talk about physical inferiority of s-f fans. This training is actually putting a muscle on my bones. We in Cadre School,,are supposed to be the Superman Battalion. Am I still a science fiction fan? Damn if I know. I have an Astounding a couple of months old at the bottom of my barracks bag. We are sort of busy around here. I hope that when I get stationed at a regular post I will have more time in which to do some reading. Letter writing still thrives, tho. Which is a hint that I'd like to hear from you people once in a while, just so we don't forget each other. I know that fandom has fallen into some sort of stupor,,,this is understandable when you consider that practically everybody is working long hours at defense work, or is actually in the armed forces. The key sf fans have just been taken out of circulation, and while they are in training there is little that they can do to keep things moving. After they are out of training, and can expect to keep one address for more than three weeks, they can start to get back into things, if they still want to." Main thing dogfans can do, Milty points out, is articulate for fanmags; io, rito articles for fmz, military material from the fantasy angle. Always provided, ofcourse, there're fans left to publish. Service fan can send letters, keeping up contacts. But beyond that he's powerless. He might become so busy suddenly he couldnt rito a letter for a wk. Or he might be moved without notice. For those reasons, Milty woudnt consider a fan in the forces for a position in an organization.





Just to break the monotony



ASTONISHING

SUPER SCIENCE

*Famous Fantastic Mysteries*GREETINGS--
And Best Wishesto VOM
from
the Popular-Fictioneers!
BIG 3!205 E 42 St
New York NY

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS

DAVE MCCARR

SGT. DATURN

STARTLING STORIES

10 EAST 40 ST.

NEW YORK CITY

15

POPULAR PUBLICATION
GREETINGS
And Best Wishes
from
The Postoffice
BIG 31
NEW YORK 100
JUN 2 1941