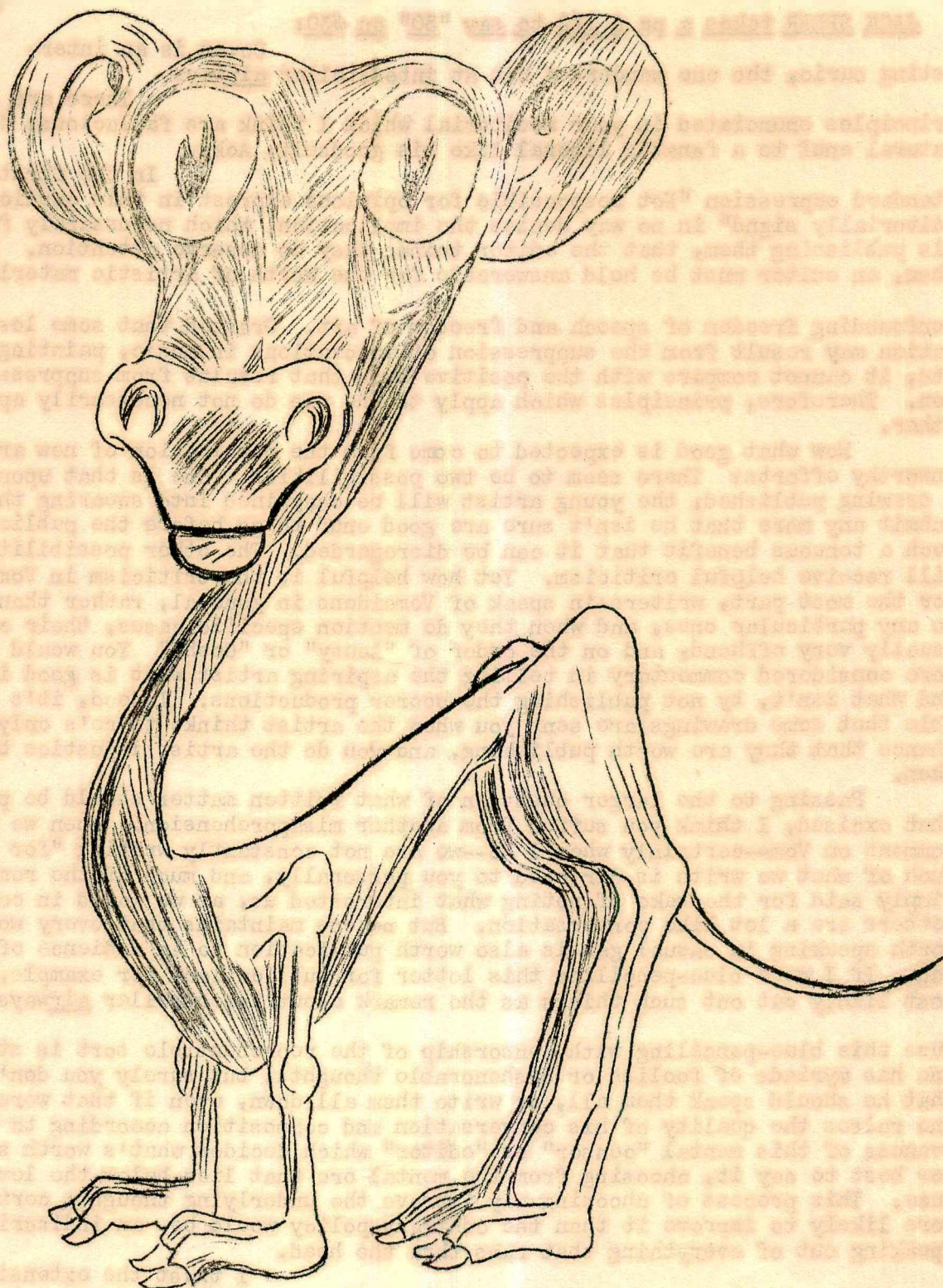




-ROY
HUNT-



VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION, aka VOM, #32. The month of Mayhem, 1944.
15c, 7/\$1. Issued evry foo or five wks by 4e & Morojo, Bx 6475 Met Stn
/Los Angeles Cal/

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JACK SPEER takes a pg & 1/2 to say "30" on #30:

Cover is an interesting curio, tho one wonders a bit at interstellar airways.

There are several principles enunciated in your meditorial which I think are fallacious, tho perhaps natural enuf to a fanatic liberal like his goodself, Acky.

In the first place, the standard expression "Not responsible for opinions exprest in this publication unless editorially signd" in no way denies the implication, which necessarily follows from his publishing them, that the editor thinks they do deserve attention. Much more, then, an editor must be held answerable for the worth of artistic material.

You are confounding freedom of speech and freedom of art. Granted that some loss to civilization may result from the suppression of innovations in music, painting, poetry, etc, it cannot compare with the positive harm that results from suppression of opinion. Therefore, principles which apply to the one do not necessarily apply to the other.

Now what good is expected to come from the publication of new artists' more unworthy efforts? There seem to be two possibilities. One is that upon seeing such a drawing published, the young artist will be chagrined into swearing that he'll not submit any more that he isn't sure are good enuf to go before the public. This is such a tenuous benefit that it can be disregarded. The other possibility is that he will receive helpful criticism. Yet how helpful is the criticism in Vom's pages? For the most part, writers-in speak of Vomaidens in general, rather than referring to any particular ones, and when they do mention specific cases, their comments are usually very offhand, and on the order of "lousy" or "Gosh!" You would be providing more considered commentary in telling the aspiring artist what is good in his work and what isn't, by not publishing the poorer productions. Indeed, it's quite probable that some drawings are sent you when the artist thinks there's only an outside chance that they are worth publishing, and you do the artist injustice by publishing them.

Passing to the larger question of what written matter should be published and what excised, I think you suffer from another misapprehension. When we write in to comment on Vom--certainly when I do--we are not constantly writing "for publication". Much of what we write is directed to you personally, and much of the remainder is simply said for the sake of noting what interested us, as we would in conversation. Letters are a lot like conversation. But no one maintains that every word which is worth speaking in casual gab is also worth publication to an audience of a hundred-odd. If I were blue-penciling this letter for publication, for example, I would most likely cut out such things as the remark about interstellar airways.

To confuse this blue-penciling with censorship of the reprehensible sort is stupid. Everyone has myriads of foolish or dishonorable thoughts, but surely you don't maintain that he should speak them all, or write them all down, even if that were possible. One raises the quality of his conversation and composition according to the effectiveness of this mental "censor" or "editor" which decides what's worth saying and how best to say it, choosing from the mental ore that lies below the level of utterance. This process of choosing may improve the underlying thought; certainly it is more likely to improve it than the contrary policy would be, an indiscriminate speaking out of everything that runs thru the head.

I trust the extension into the case of Vom is clear. The admitted failure of your policy to improve letters is corroborative.

Finally, I think you have an impractical attitude toward the expression of opinions. Freedom of speech, press, and assembly means absence of restraint, not an obligation to facilitate such expression. The Bill of Rights implies an obligation to prevent rowdies from rotten-egging speakers. It doesn't imply an obligation to attend a lecture on the Single Tax if the hand-bill announcing it doesn't arouse your interest; neither implies it any obligation to provide sub-cost or free printing of propaganda for Mormonism, the Cosmic Circle, or the America First Party. In short, we have a laissez-faire philosophy about expression, which assumes that a sound belief will of its own power find means of coming to our attention. This laissez-faire theory may not be borne out in every case, but it is the best rule-of-thumb guide for us in the present condition of civilization. A man is therefore being foolish to publish trivia, disorderly meanderings, and unsound doctrines, because of a belief in Freisprache. If there's truth in them, he should have faith that it will come out without his assistance. The only alternative is to devote oneself to publishing all ideas of all sorts whatsoever, and trying to bring each of them to the attention of everybody on Earth, in the hope that some will flower somewhere. This is an impossible task, and would involve an insane waste of energy if it could be done.

QED

Lucifer (enlitening Russ Wilsey) was the brighest of angels before his fall, as Venus is the brifest star. The two are definitely connected, and indeed, according to Winnie (my dixonary), the identification of Lucifer with Satan rests on a tenuous interpretation of a solitary passage in the Bible.

Sez Kardon, "fen are a group of poople with only one thing in common." The investigations and speculations that Ashley recently summarized in En Garde indicate that we have a large body of characteristics in common, in the sense that all of us have nearly all of the characteristics (tho there's probably none, not even the reading of science-fiction, that is true of each and every stefnist).

You do us and Honig a

diservice by publishing his egocentric letter. He'll quickly regret its publication very much, and I don't see that we've been at all edified by it. Sehnert's letter is another that should have been heavily censored, if for no other reason than that the law of the land is going to catch up with you someday if you don't stop inviting trouble. (5 minutes out while U fish thru your files for Vom #30 & focus on the Censorable Sayings of the Sehnertor from the South. Mebbe the Arminian life I've been leading has made me careless--or callous--but Art's letter didn't strike me as unprintable. --Weaver)

Nebularray's mention that he'll probably never marry recalls many another stefnist who's told me the same thing. How about making a general inquiry as to what proportion of your readers expect to remain bachelors or old maids? (All x, I'll start the 8-ball rolling: I do not personally plan to use any Plans for Slans on lil Ackerfans. At least this will give cause for rejoicing within the Out-ciders. --4e)

Chewing gum may be as great a vice, or rather, the sign of as great a vice, as smoking cigarets among women. I don't notice as much gum-chewing around here as I probably would around a war industries center. For while cigaret smoking correlates with phoney sophistication and lack of morals (to what extent is in dispute), gum chewing correlates with lack of culture. The gum-chewing woman, if married, is likely to be the kind that spends much of her free time seeing Grade B and C double-features while her children are off learning to be Studs Lonigans.

Shaw's reference to fandom-resigning reminds me of something I may have mentioned to Acky in LA: Could a way be figured for deep-dyed fans to put up funds which they'd forfeit to fandom if they ever forsook it?

Larry may not have to eat his Buck Rogers pistol, but he's off the beam, I'll bet, in ascribing the heart-disease-smoking statistics to the predominance of smokers in the population. Without looking at Connerley's letter, I'll bet the figures were on the proportion of heart-deceased smokers (stop! sic! & lisn! to the spelling of that deceased. Were U kiddin'?) to the whole number of smokers, and of h-d'd non-smokers to total non-smokers.

99% of the people never pass the mental age of twelve? I'll betcha our Leicester friend can't quote any statistics on that. Because statistics are based on the whole people, and they show an increase of intelligence up to about sixteen, at which age a great many youths turn tentatively agnostic.

Plen fer Slen is very neat.

Frank Parker's considerations in favor of theism are full of holes, but I dislike repeating what I've gone over elsewhere, so I'll sit back and watch the other infidels tear into him.

Kepner makes a noble effort, but I find nothing in his remarks about the pros that moves me to comment.

Aagh! You would save your allotted misprint on my letter for the point where I'm striving for accuracy, and make it "6000 million" Christians.

Very happy to see Dikibirdo coming back. #

That "Zestful" fellow FRANK PARKER of 1 (no longer 6) Greytiles, Queen's Rd, Teddington, Middlesex, Eng, wonders: ...is it a common experience of the contributors on seeing what they've written actually published, to wonder whether they've expressed themselves clearly enough, or indeed, intelligibly? For myself, I've been cogitating since seeing the Parkerian letter upon whether I ought to have worded it differently so as to get the idea across, or whether the argument could ever be made reasonable, put baldly on paper, and so on and so forth. You can see, I'm such a guy as takes such matters seriously! However, don't worry unduly. I shall not commit suicide in a fatal fit of depression if it turns out that my missive is the butt for ridicule! (As a matter of fact...its appearance...has already brought me one very interesting letter from a fellow-fan in this country, who at least does me the compliment of taking me quite seriously.) One minor complaint have I, and that I do not sign myself in the untidy script-scrawl you would have your VoMniverous circulation believe I used - the Frank came from the envelope in which the letter was enclosed, and simply formed part of the address I put on the outside...; the usual classical signature sweeps gracefully thus: *Frank*

I thought No. 28 a particularly good specimen of the genus VoM, for all that, and there was much that was provokeful of exercise of the old grey matter.

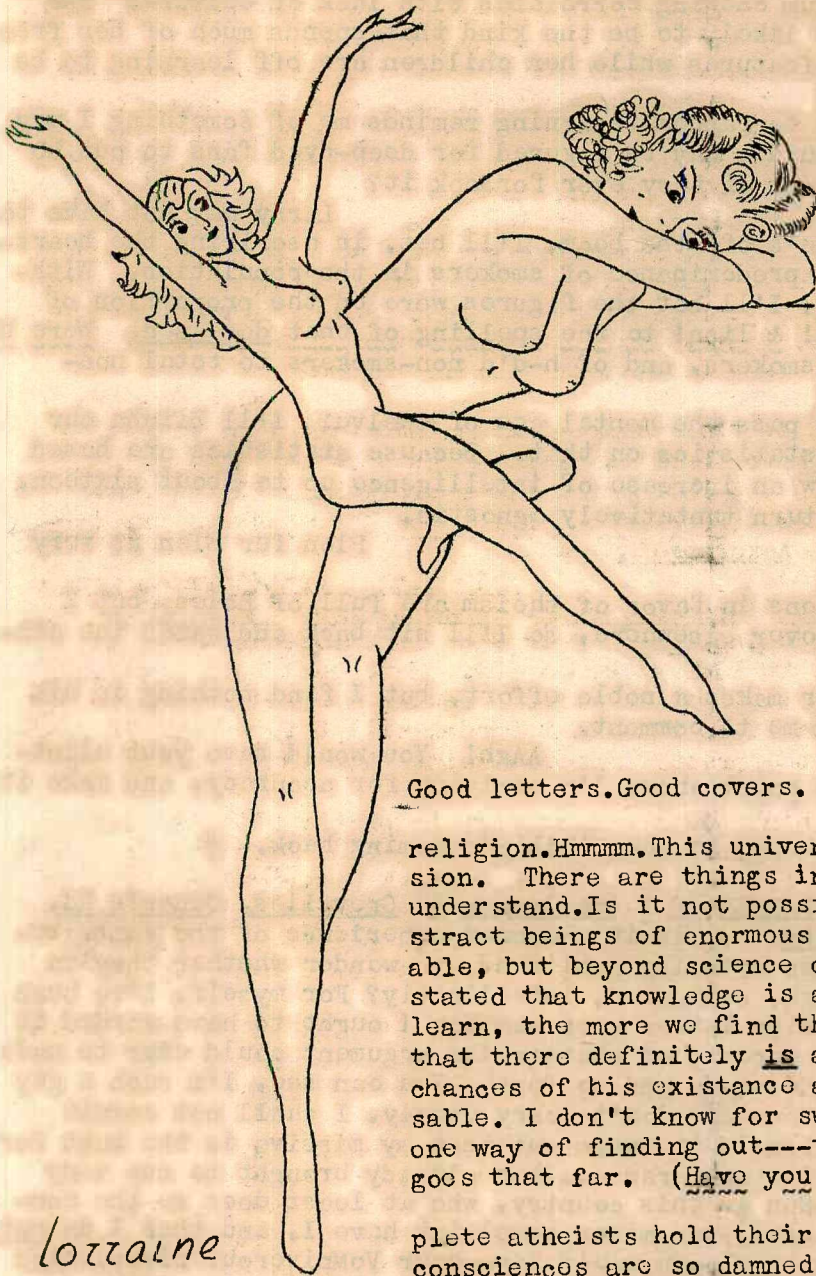
I am getting around to thinking that we fans, having whatever anybody says quite a reasonable ration of imagination and being capable of constructive thought with the best, ought to be doing something about the future of this planetary globe instead of sitting around arguing about this abstract concept and that. Why don't we work for the promotion of the World State which we all (I imagine) agree is the only practical solution to the problem of how to avoid wars in the future. It seems to me that now is exactly the time to push the idea for all its worth; at one stage during the war I thought that it looked a likely event for the future, but recent developments seem to have made the possibility recede into remoteness again.

Surely we have outgrown that parochial patriotism that says, "This is my country: it is of course the finest country that ever was, and I shall fight to keep it the way it is." Surely the slogan for the future must eventually be "This is the finest planet. . . etc" - until, of course, that in turn becomes out of date. That's not to say that there should be no pride of origin of an individual who really loves his birth-place; but what I do think is that he can still say "The

district of (say) Austria is very lovely, and I am very proud to have belonged to it" - just as now folk say "I'm proud to have been raised in Chicago". But they don't go to war over the fact that more wheat is bought and sold in a town of Arizona. . . One world Government, reinforced by subsidiary State governments and so on down the scale to local district governments would be an ideal solution to international difficulties; and after all, it wouldn't be such a big step to take, viewed in the broad sense. #

DinBillerie WATSON of 1299 Cal. St, Frisco:

Latest VOM (#30) filed away as a revolting specimen of what fandom is coming to. "Perhaps there were half a dozen decent letters in the whole zine, but even they were considerably poor." True, VOM is a mirror, but the reflection is pretty ghastly. "The same subjects have been re-hashed so often that even Honig's weak attempt at sarcasm was refreshing." Spear and Kepner continue to spit their superiority into our faces...mine at least. "Thank god Lou & Larry Smith (merry marryd fans, publishers of Tellus) are back in the works up here; I was about to lose all hope. If you are going to make VOM a mirror, why not have printed some actual artistic attempts? (They have but to be submitted.) "Dold cover striking. #



Joe Kennedy editor
of QX,
s c z:

Dear Vompire: Most heartily agree. Free speech and art in a fmz surpass anything else in importance. But that still doesn't account for the Vomaidens! Sure, nudes have their place in fantasy art. They have a place in all art, since the human figure is the basic representation of intelligent life on this Earth. But as for such clumsy tripe as the horrible mess atop page 6 --- (Welch rarebit in #30) pttttt! Anything would be better. Cartoons, fan portraits, even (cough) rocket ships. Gad! Too many outsiders consider fans to be morons (gad, an incipient knave); them frightful femmes don't do much to contradict the impression. Except for such an overdose of lood, crood noods, you've got a damned good mag.

Good letters. Good covers. Good reproduction. Yeah.

About religion. Hmmm. This universe is vast beyond our comprehension. There are things in it that man may never begin to understand. Is it not possible that infinity could hold abstract beings of enormous power---scientifically explainable, but beyond science of the present? Merritt once stated that knowledge is a jewel of many faces. The more we learn, the more we find there is to learn. I'm not saying that there definitely is a god. I merely believe that the chances of his existence and non-existence are EQUALLY possible. I don't know for sure. Nobody does. And there's only one way of finding out---to die. I doubt if human curiosity goes that far. (Have you ever met Harry Honig?)

Many complete atheists hold their beliefs for one reason. Their consciences are so damned guilty that they're scared to hell to admit the fact that there might be a god. So they accept atheism for peace of mind. (I bitterly contest, resent & deny this statement, Joe-Ken. At least, as applyd to fon. --4sJ)

I'm undecided; probably always will be.

But, as the old man said, "There ain't much chance of roasting in Hell. The people just naturally wouldn't stand for it!"

Sure, some of the Church outpourings are crap. Don't, however, forget that the Church is one of the few things that keeps this world worth living in. Think of the crime, misery, and turmoil that would reign without it. (Father, forgive him--he knows not what he says. Woud that the Church woudnt reign no more, no more!) The average narrow-minded "realist" NEEDS the Church to carry on a successful life. Fans very often don't, but it helps#

"LIGHT"-headed LES CROUCH of Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Can, interrogates: Some of you fellows stick out your chests and chant, proudly, "I am an atheist!" Now isn't that just as bad as someone saying proudly, "I am a Christain"? One refuses to admit any argument against God, the other refuses to admit any argument for God. I think it is better to pick the middle path. To listen to everyone, to try and draw your own conclusions and to try and find, as far as you are concerned, what is the truth, or what you feel approaches the truth. The atheist with his stubborn attitude is like a man in a store, looking at a refrigerator and declaring stubbornly, "How do you know the light goes out when you close the door? I think it stays

on." The Christain says, "It goes out. I was told it did. Why should they make a light that always stays on, whether it is used or not?" The atheist refuses to admit it might be so, the Christain refuses to admit the other might be right. Neither will listen to anybody's arguments. How foolish then when the man comes along and take it away (but they say U can't take it with U!) and they discover it is an ice fridge, not an electric one, and that there isn't any light to go on or off in the first place! (Rather puts 'em in a bad light.) They are too stubborn to try to find out for themselves by listening to the other. (Or, "One Was Stubborn", by René Lafayette. But, seriously, the way Daugherty tells it: This guy opens the refrigerator & there's a rabbit sitting there. Being a Probability Zero fan, the fellow is not particularly surprised. "What are U doing there?" he inquires casually. "What kind of a frigidaire is this?" counters the bunny. "A Westinghouse," answers the sucker. "Well," hisses the Belchin' Hare, "I'm Westing!")

The atheist takes such stands as: it is foolish to think of a supreme being who watches over us, who works miracles for us, who makes a heaven for us to go to when we die. The Christian is just as foolish in the tone he takes. He has no argument, that is the strength of the atheist, he has the damndest arguments- logical- sensible- backed up with facts sometimes too- but the Christian hasn't any decent arguments. He just sits with that pious look on his face and chants, "I know it is so. They told me. The Bible says so. They say so in Church." Damn it all, wouldn't Hitler and his stooges love such a propaganda system as that? To make people follow them without question regardless of stake and torture and punishment? Hitler had a pretty wonderful propaganda system, but the Church has better. It was so powerful that back in the middle ages it made people stick to their faith even when broken on the rack, put in the iron maiden, sat on the steel saddle, of the Spanish Inquisition. Hitler gave his army victories at first. Victories are something substantial, something you can see. It means women to rape- homes to loot. But does the Church give its people anything substantial, anything concrete to back up what they say? Does it give a real honest to goodness miracle you can get your hand son, see, taste, hear, to make you realise there just might be something in praying, and being saved, and singing psalms?

And yet- how many of us like to think that death is the ending of all? Does even the hardest boiled atheist of all, do you 4e, do you Morojo, do you- and you- and you- actually believe that when your eyes close in the last great sleep everything blacks out- consciousness ends for ever and ever? (Forever & a Day. Now U're talking our language, brother. Final Blackout! --Ackermorojo) #

J.E. Walker This time a Canadifanne, named who is also an Esperantistino, comments from the confines of Bx 23, S Porcupine, Ont: Dear Face in the Abyss:- At least that is what it looks like on #29. Have just been wondering if Forry's present theme song is "I aint got no body." Joking aside I think the cover was rather distinctive. I judged it to show that fandom will have a hand in raising a bright and happy future from the present chaotic ruin. Now that #30 has come to hand I see I wasnt far out.

I think #30 compares very favorably with the others (she's "managed to snaffle Vom #22-#28 inclusive (except for #24)" from Les Croutch's Swap Center), so if it is less work for Morojo to work without a dummy I'd say - do so by all means. (OK! I can take a hint! I'll retire & let Morojo put out the mag all by herself! --4e) I like the smaller nudes also. They dont take up as much room if you dont happen to like them. Any one liking them larger can easily invest in a magnifying glass.

If I can venture a personal remark, I'm from Missouri, Forry. (Hm, not a native Canadienne after all?) You have to show me. I can't swallow your atheist angle without a struggle while your writing reaches to heaven with every stroke.

The definition Lucifer - Venus - Satan was quite correct. You'll find most of the names in mythology rather badly mixed until you find the reason behind the change of title. Lucifer is Venus in that the planet Venus is our Lucifer or Morning star, the luminous son of the morning - the giver of immortality - the enlightener. Quote "Lucifer is divine and terrestrial light, the "Holy Ghost" and Satan at one and the same time; VISIBLE Space being truly filled with the differentiated Breath invisibly..... for all purposes of science and philosophy it is enough that the profane should know that what the church calls Lucifer is the great magic agent called the Astral Light by the Martinists, the Sidereal Virgin and the Mysterious Magnum by Medieval Kabalists and Alchemists, and the Aether (not the ether of science) the cause of existence by Eastern Occultists is SPACE, ITSELF." unquote. #

LARRY SHAW's letter concludes from last time: Has Milty noticed that recordings on wire, one of stf's best props, have come into actual and quite extensive use? There's been quite a bit about 'em in the General Electric Works News. One issue included a photo of the apparatus in use, and tho it wasn't a very clear pic, the dingus appeared to be remarkably compact. The shove given to the use of micro-film by V-mail should also be mentioned. " I heartily second Wilsey's suggestion that you get Ron Clyne or somebody else to do a cover for you. " Karden's letter of exceptional interest. I like Ray. " My guess is that the missing line in Harry's letter was between "letter from each" and "other at least." (Ah, a fan of rare discernment. Varry good, Larry!) The ARCANa lad could pick a better ideal than Schmarje, tho. Harris is still a jerk, tho I rather like him. He could have gotten a lot out of fandom, but he never let himself. " Sehnert believes that fans will present s f to the world. If the commercial publishers can't (or aren't they?), can we? I deny Amazing's influence on the other mags, too. Rap started nudity with the Mac girl? As well say the Wright brothers started transportation with their airplane.

8 Julian Parr has a good point about defining and limiting your terms. This is one of Degler's weak points, too. Incidentally, did anyone else notice how Kepner sinks to a new low in the current CENTAURI? In his TOWARD TOMORROW ad, he uses one of Superfan Claude's most obnoxious and oft-repeated jokes: the "damn thing" business. Ugh. My letter uses up the largest percentage of space taken up (text-space, I mean) in any issue of Vom that I have by one contributor. The paragraphing helped, of course--and I can think of several reasons for using it all that others wouldn't see. But it makes me feel good anyway. Speaking of feeling good, I obviously felt much better in the "tomorrow" section of the thing. "Face in the Abyss" That's what you said the Wright insert was gonna be in #27. (Oops, Abysmal error!) Tucker is hilarious, but watch that "T", Boob. Nuts to the Professor, again. Warner presents some clear and helpful thinking. Parker's argument against materialism can be taken care of by the idea that science hasn't yet found an explanation for everything (thank Foo!), but that the explanation exists and can be found by science. Certainly you can't disprove that! Kepner's letter seemed rather forced to me. Of course, if you want to discuss fanzines, I'm willing. Now you take NEBULA.... (And if you don't take it, you should, seeing that it's only 3 for 10¢ for the best in news of fandom, and the subscriber gets lots of interesting supplements besides, and I suppose any further plugging would be censored. #

CPL MILTON "ARCOT" ROTHMAN, BISC!, declares: Taking a hint from ye editorial, I'm ignoring past discussions in Vom and busting off on a new angle of an old subject: the beginning of the universe. It's my purpose to approach this from a strictly rational and scientific basis.

Frank Parker gives us the old one about "supernatural power" being necessary to explain the "order" in the universe. He's just saying that. Modern logicians and mathematicians are doing pretty well explaining the actions of the universe on a basis of probability. Even causality has gone out the back door. You no longer can say that the pressure of one object against another "causes" the other to move. You must go down to an electronic level and show the interaction of ultimate particles on a statistical basis.

We must remember that men of the stature of Bertrand Russell and Einstein are going at these problems tooth and nail, and that we laymen are so far behind as to be pitiful. However, we may have our fun.

We start with the first two laws of thermodynamics: Law one is the familiar conservation of matter-energy. Law two the more abstruse law of entropy, which states that in any reaction involving energy, some energy is always lost to a level of lower potential, and ultimately the universe will degenerate to a uniform, dead, lowest level. Most of science is based on these two laws.

We next make postulates. (Really should have done this first) Postulate 1: The universe has objective existence. Postulate 2: An infinite length of time is long enough for anything to happen in. Postulate 3: There are three modes of existence of the universe conceivable. One of them must be true if postulate #1 is true:

- (a)- The universe has existed for an infinite length of time.
- (b)- The universe has existed for a finite length of time.
- (c)- The universe exists in a closed cycle, ie, "The Time Stream."

To prove that the first two laws of thermodynamics are mutually incompatible:

If (a) of Postulate 3 is true, then by postulate 2, there has been enough time for the universe to have run down already by the second law.

If (b) of Post. 3 is true, then the universe must have been created out of nothing, and the first law is not true.

If (c) of Post. 3 is true, then at some period energy must go from a lower to a higher level to bring the universe back to the beginning of the cycle, and the second law is not true.

Therefore, it is shown that the very existence of the universe is incompatible with the laws of science. At this point, most people, instead of analyzing further, fall back on their "supernatural powers", forgetting that the existence of a "supernatural power" is more of an affront to logic than the above situation.

I'm going to leave the problem here for the delight of you readers. I know the solution, but visualize it only vaguely. I'd rather not try to put it into words yet. The solution lies in the untruth of the second postulate, and has to do with infinite series, as in mathematics.

I've no illusions as to the originality of all this, but do say that I thought of most of this independently. I think Kant also thought about it a little.

Methinks this will adjourn the present session of the Rothman Institute of Metaphysics. #

cleer, affectionately noen by his
Pörtils Rugajn Pantalonojn", rote
Vom seems to be gaining a bit of
ter. I'll add my 'I think the

(C.O)
(.))

LIEBSCHER, hense editor of Chanti-
Esperanto friends as "La Virkoko Kiu
from "Beetle Crack, Mich." on 4-4-44:
it's old self and that calls for a let-
nudes in Vom are lousy' to the rest.

May they have vanished completely ere this are printed. Glad to see the table of contents back, sorta twarent Vom without it. Ah! the cover on #30, a sight for sore eyes, but on #31 it gifts anudder neud, bah. The Tucker masterpiece in 31 casued exactly 13 belly flops in Slan Shack, nosin' out Blocks minor masterpiece by a hair. However Tucker forgot one word that I'm sure all good young children must, some time or other, look up in the dictionary, to find it not in it. My Mommy always told me to watch out for leckerous wimmen. While still floating around on a lily pad, I

thought she meant black candy dolls, but later found out lecherous wimmen were drunken wenches who did things. Hoarfrost must be a form of propitiation peculiar to Bloomington. We have frost in Michigan, to much of it in fact, but we don't have to pay for it. Up here they give it away in six foot drifts, and sometimes you almost freeze your yourself, too. Bich is a musical term, helpful in performing a glissando. You can never have a good glissando unless you have the right bich. Some musicians have, what is called in musical circles, the absolute bich but I never were so lucky, as all I could ever raise with a naked voice was A minor. Nai-kid can be found in the newer dickshunairies, it is a contraction of naive kid, which, translated, means bashful nanny. Other people are sometimes bashful all over. Thy is a Griek word like gamma, epsilon and pepsicola. They makes fraternities with these names. I belong to one when I was in college. I was a charter member of the "I Felta Thy" fraternity, and a goodly bunch we were, too. Wontin was a Norse God like Thor, only he didn't have any hammer. He was God of the cunechs. Butucks are in the dickshunairy, butucks probably to dumb to know how to use them, dickshunairies I mean. I'm not surprised that little Bobby couldn't find puebic in the dickshunairy, the word is peublic. Ackerman once had an article about peublic bunnies in an English fanzine. It seems he was bemoaning the fact that they didn't show peublic rabbits in American magazines. (The crudite Dr Leapyear misquotes me: It was the lack of pueblo, or prairie, rabbits in Mexican mags that I was up in arms--preferably Betty Grable's--about. --Senor Ackerrhombre) Of course naval had something to do with the Navy, why without naval we wouldn't have any Navy, or Army either, or even anybody. (Not even naval oranges. Say, is naval the adjectival form of knave? Voltaire Liebscher made a grave grammatical mistake when he started off his last sentence: He failed to indent the word naval, & what is a naval without an indentation? Why, it's like a virkoko without its rugaj pantalonoj!) I sincerely hope my lexicography has been of help to Mr. Tucker. May I suggest that he read science-fiction. Marvel Tales contained many of the wurdz he didn't know, and one issue even had the wurd pismire in it. And you all know what a pismire is. I suggest that we form a club to ban all phorographic peeriodicals. Just see how they affected little Bobby.

Remember the rooster that wore red unmentionables. #

There is a bit of ancient historical background necessary to the introduction of the following. Back in '29, when I was in grammar school, giving bk reports on Burroughs & debating from articles read in Science & Invention, the one person in my class who "understood" me was a lil Dutch girl. For purposes of identification let us call her Gretchen. An unfortunate teasing incident about our adolescent regard for one another split our sensitive souls apart (well, anyway, mebbe Gretchen still has one; I discovered I had none when I was about 12) & tho our places of education paralleled thru hi school & into university, we saw increasingly less of each other until I lost track of her entirely. Until last yr I contacted her again thru correspondence. I learnd she was marryd, a mother, had traveld extensively, in particular having lived in India. In order for her to catch up with me (which she has now done with a vengeance!) I have been sending her Vom, the army paper & various other products of the Ackermind. Now she trenchantly criticizes me & myn, & brother--what I mean--we'd better take to the trenches...or shall I include U out? Anyway, here are the quite outspoken opinions of a cultured acquaintance in a feature that takes the place this issue of PLANS for SLANS.....

I write the following without malice, but with despair, and wish you to stop me if I'm wrong. I'm not writing in haste or with rage, but after having digested the material over a long period of time. You asked me once to contribute an outsider's viewpoint on your mag. I said I wouldn't because my impressions were all tangled up with Acky. That is only part of the truth. The rest is that (here we go again!) you wouldn't print it, couldn't, because it would be unpalatable to your readers or more likely still they would scoff. Getting back to the last straw tho'--that filthy nude I rec'd around Xmas time (the "Grapefruit Girl"). I was so revolted by it and by the implication that I might be in any way appreciative I could have wept with rage except that I was too busy to be able. It still makes me furious but one can't legitimately be furious with fools. Surely you are intelligent and realize that such stuff is absolutely not acceptable to me (nope, just one of those Things I Never Knew Till Now); they're nauseating, lacking in good taste, craftsmanship and intellectual sensitivity. Your appetite for two dimensional nudes is appalling and revealing. If your mind and or your room is papered with them, as it seems reasonable to expect one can but conclude that you have failed to make normal adjustments. It is a pity that you find it necessary to make your inadequacies so public, and by your raucous articulation to imply that it's a fine thing. You're not kidding yourself, I Hope, and as far as kidding your public, it would demonstrate its limitations by not seeing thru' your song and dance. As far as I can tell after having waded thru' your mags, your readers and yourself are suffering from somewhat the same maladies and maladjustments. To chafe under parental authority is peculiar to adolescence. It is incidental to growing up. You r bunch makes such an issue of it, it's ridiculous.

Parental Disapproval seems to be one of the chief attributes of a Fan and one of the Banners or Passwords of Fandom. People who are preoccupied with parental disapproval after the age of 15 are merely pointing out the fact that they have not been able to make adult adjustments to this aspect of their lives. What parents should worry about in connection with your mag is not its moral tone but its encouragement of arrested development. The more you yell about nudes, and the more you indulge in discussions about sex-- (Concluded next number, & bliev me, this wasnt done deliberately to coax another 15c out of U thru curiosity, but is one of the horrors of not dummyping! --4e..)

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