

August Voice of the IMAGI-NATION



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IT's Chicago for 1942 and beyond

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A LUSTY VOICE

"Something to crow about, we think," as one blackbird said to another, is this edish of VOM. True, #8 is a little late, but that is due to over-eating. U see, #8 ate & ate the correspondence which was fed to it til it turnd out to be the fatty it is this time. That is to say, your co-eds got in a Convention spirit & decided we had to burn the candle at both ends & turn out something super-special for the Occasion. The good advertisements we got helpt a lot to cover the mimeo & litho costs; if U enjoy the issue, we feel our work will be repayd.

We are donating to the CHICON ICO copys of a slytly difrent edition of this 'Voice' to be sold at half-price & all proceeds for the Convention. Edition is substantially the same, only difs consist-ing in other-colord paper for the ads, another cover & another editor-ial. Scarcely worth the while of the average reader to obtain. But for the collector who finds he cannot get to the Chicon, we have pre-pared a few extra copys which may be secured at the regular price. If U have a credit with us, simply drop a postcard stating U wish the Con-ish in addish.

Anent our Cheesy Cover: It's smearly a case--hence a schmeerkase--of running in the red. Ink-red-able as it may seem. We beat woud-be Bradburys up--er, to--the remark that it's a "fiery hot" cover & "very well red" wherever distributed. ^^ We half-heartedly had contemplated trying to hoodwink U noble readers into believing we, thru elaborate endeavour, had achieved a special effect on the cover. That the date & the Voice purposely were fastend together (like a safety-pun) & the red ink sposed to run all over, symbolic of heat-waves this simmer month. Alas! we cannot tell a lie; with our lil Ack we did hack down the cherry tree. Result U see: a sappy cover! ^^ Yes, we "meddled with things men shoud leaf alone." Little men who don't noe veddy much about operating multilith machines, anyway; & a woman assistant with well-meaning wreckommendations. U set up typ of the title & pull a proof & pastz up the proof along with your pic. A negative is made. The neg is streakt & speckt with lut-inleting im-puritys which must be opaqued with paint & brush. Next a litho-plate is to be sensitized. First the acid bath & water wash. Prepare your "eggsact" & coat the plate with the albumen on the centrifuge. Remove plate & place in quick-dryer. When dry, lay plate in vacuumachine, placing neg atop plate in proper posish & covering portion of plate not to be exposed with lyt-resisting paper. Burn plate 5 to 7-1/2 mins under arcs. Remove, smooth over with platinx (developing ink). Rub rapidly dry & gray. Wash under water, removing ink with cotton. Cover with platex (acid-etch). Rewash. Dry. Gum it. Put in dryer. Now cut your paper--say 150 Vom-size sheets from 40 large ones. In-sert the rollers in the multilith machine & ink 'em. Make up the re-pelex solution. Wash gum from plate & put (sheet, not gum) on drum of machine. Final adjustments--snap! snap! snap! and...the first sheet thru is a sorry mess! The whole process has taken an aggregate of 3 or 4 fan-hours. When all goes well--the machine turns out 87 lithoed sheets a minute--U can have the covers for your edition in 2 mins. But when all goes--well! ...oxidation, or paper caut in rollers; image "walks off" or feeder doesnt work ryt--good nyt! ^^ Cover this month is our impression of the kind of cover U never shoud see on VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION. Tryd twice, the 2d attempt (which U receive) we feel is our final experiment with lithographicolor--for this's a litho-pathetic illustration of the result!

NEXT ISSUE! The most s e n s a-tional cover ever presented on any stf mag! We woud be laff at were we to tell U we woud present a spirit fotograf of WEINBAUM & LOVECRAFT--so see & decide for yourself! Unretoucht, weird ectoplasmic picture.

The Voice shouts: "Attennnnnnnshun, ladees & gentlemen! Presenting the Fan of the Hour, the Chairman of the Convention--MARK REINSBERG!!"

"VOM,

Coeds:-

"Four or five sheets of paper are generally wasted when I try to open with a witty first paragraph, so I suppose all my letters to VOM must start with a prosaic first sentence such as this.

"Even if I didn't have a letter in VOM #6, it was super-colossal! Perhaps the reason I wasn't represented was because I didn't write a letter in the first place, and maybe that's the reason the issue was so good? Anyway, I still think you should hire a "ghost-writer" to see that such controversial names as Wollheim, Sykora, ..and Reinsberg would appear in every issue.

"At any rate, I think the "Novacious Independent" VOM is far better than the LASFL VOM, and I especially liked the plano'd inserts, as well as the new style cover lettering. Your new "VOM-Shell" policy is a direct hit with me! Needless to say, I'm very happy to see you go bi-monthly, even if it does mean less pages per issue. Doc Lowndes was very right when he observed that much water can flow over the proverbial dam (or 'mn' if you wish) by the time a letter is finally published. The new VOM remedies that.

"Not having anything of my own to campaign for (except MIDWEST, AD ASTRA and the 1940 Chicon) (see how easy it is to get a plug in VOM?), let me fall back on the common cover-to-cover letter critique, and record my comments on other people's comment for fan posterity.

"I think Walt's criticism of Ackerman's right to put his puns, opinions, and Ackermanese in a magazine he co-owns is hardly acceptable. If 4sJ were to remove himself editorially as WD suggests, VOM wouldn't be VOM! It's Ackerman's (and Morojo's--can't leave her out) personality that makes the "Voice" what it is: the Esperanto and Deutsch and foreign language excerpts, the Ackermanese, the sometimes corny but always pardonable puns, the editorial replies...these ARE Voice of the Imagi-nation. Take them away and you have nothing but the shadow of a vibrantly alive publication that VOM is today; and you'll have nothing but a cut-and-dried "letter exchange column". With leading fan experts, with fans who know the fan pubs. best---it's 4sJ, all the way!

"Speaking of Widner, who in turn was speaking of Wilson's 'Baby' and 'Jr.', Erle Korshak was the proud possessor of a '29 Graham Paige, which we had hoped would stand up long enough for a trip to LA this summer. Unfortunately, 'Science Fiction Rocket Car #1' was stopped by a traffic cop four days after its purchase (\$15) and hauled in to the station on the following counts: Going through a stop-sign, no front or tail lights, no license plates, no safety sticker, no vehicle tax, no brakes, parking light, improperly filled out driver's license, no title to the car...and a few others! It looked like Erle would spend the night behind bars, for a while, but after several hours of desperate explanations, we were released, given a \$4 ticket, and warned to sell the vehicle (?) for junk. Erle did---and took a nine dollar loss when the ticket---which he subsequently protested---was reduced to \$1 court cafeteria fee. Until such time as we can afford a more nearly modern automobile, we will make our S-F pilgrimages via hitch-hike!

"By the way, what is my Esperanto 'future-name'? (Moro. If U were Mark Reinsberg Jr...U woud be another--kredu au ne--M o r o j o !)

"My thanks to Trudy for the four words of Deutsch enlightenment.// That letter has come home to roost and haunt me: for Jack Speer's in-formation (Quothe he: '...Mark's letter to you shows a rather new facet of his nature...'. Is this to be regarded complimentarily or other-/// wise?) it was written rather late at night, as was my habit then with most correspondence, following a 'cram session' with about a semester of German, in preparation for a Comprehensive exam the next day. And, I was tired. Hence the reverting to Ackermanese, and puns, and world-weariness with all foreign languages for the nonce. (P.S. I passed the test by the skin of my teeth.) Sprichwort: Suche immer das//// Beste in anderen. Or 'cherchez le femme'! (Watch the deluge now!)

"'14-yr-old ex-fan Alan P. Roberts' missive' supplied a few laughs, even if some were on me. If I were a bit technical, I would observe// that Reinsberg's 'lusty piece of drum-banging for Chicago' was not on the 'first page' of #3 VOM at all, but Roman Numeral Two, inasmuch as the official page #1 was on the following page.

"Acky's a resourceful fellow, planographing the 'unstencilable'/// note from Ø. But, if the latter had been smarter, he'd of typed the letter in red, which doesn't register. However, fandom wouldn't have known about it then. More plano-inserts, 4e!

"Miske's all wet about the 3¢ stamp, among other things. Rich and I 'played ball' for a while and sent out those 3¢ complimentaries; I// doubt if we've gained one subscriber from it! A 1½¢ stamp to mail the mag out, and a penny's worth of paper, eh? JCM is a very uninformed// fan! We're for that fan mag petition for including prices 100%, 4e!

"I see by SFWeekly and also via Madle that reconciliation is in/// the atmosphere in N.Y.C. Fandom. Says RAM: '...perhaps there won't be so many riots (speaking of the Chicon) there after all, for I believe I've been successful in paving the road of reconciliation...'.// To which I can but comment: 'Chicago in 1940', find out for yourself!

"Mark Reinsberg"

Erle Korshak

The microscopic signature to your left is that of another mighty Midwester, the Chi but hardly retiring Korshak, who comments (from the vicinity of 3156 Cambridge Ave, Chicago - at which adres, incidentally, the preceding voxpopper, Mr Reinsberg, may be reacht also): "Dear Voice:- I am hoarse when it comes to singing your praises, Oh you Gem of the Ocean! Your last issue was A #1 and I don't mean maybe. I eagerly await your next issue so that I may spend more interesting ducking brickbats and such from Allen Roberds, et al. (Al et al, eh?) However I find a notice before my eyes penned by Co-ed Ackerman. It says 'No tickee, No washee'..This being written on a slip calling for subscriptions, and I having a small amount of intellegence and book larning, I deduct, or rather induct that you want some yen (Chineseese money to a Chinaman you know. That was a backward joke.) Therefore, remove 60¢ from this letter for a subscription to VOM, which money to help you keep the mimeograph's wheels rolling along. (Humble Servants thank Honorable Wun Lung Korshak for worthy contribution but suggest sames should be laundered first in future. Were filthy.) — Your cover was excellent and the title page was clever. Your lithoed page was very good, and the best thing on it was that personal you culled from some paper. Boy, that was sure hot. I trust, in the line of carrying on a good gag, you wrote to the advertiser, Mr. Ralph Roosevelt Thomas, 'The Man From Mars'. If so you must make your correspondance public. If no yeumissed a good gag, co-eds. Your letters were interesting and are improving,

except for this one, with every issue. (At an interview with Mr Thomas we askt him who gave him the title of "The Man from Mars". He replyd "God did." At this his wife spoke up, denying "I did not!" & cackled crazily. We departed in haste.) --In conclusion I can sum up my feelings for VOM by using a quotation from Fitzgerald's 'Omar Khayy'am'.....' A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thee (The Voice not a beautiful girl) beside me in the wilderness'...."

H.C. Koenig
 number of sleepless
 two nervous break-
 little sleep tonight.
 any more mags from your
 If you don't, I'll run short of targets. (Aw, shoot, HC. & if the petard goes off in your own hand, remember--"Blowups Happen"!)

U noe, HC means HydroChloric.
 of 2 East End Ave, NYC, gives out with: "For the past few nights I have lain awake wondering if I should send you a few thin dimes. No doubt you have also had a nights wondering if I would subscribe. Hence, to avoid downs I am sending 0.30cents. Perhaps, we will get a Hope you will keep me in mind whenever you issue sanctum sanctorium or the immediate vicinity thereof.

M. Rothman ROTHMAN of 1730 P NW, Wn/DC, fan making good in the pro's as 'Lee Gregor', declares: "Dear Stimme: I came very close to forgetting to renew my subscription. I never got into the habit, you know. Here's a buck. That should take care of ten issues. I wonder if I am not being unduly optimistic. ~ But therein lies a philosophy. Elmer Perdue and I are straightening it out in our Saturday night conversations. It's about the war, of course. Everything is about the war. We don't worry about the war anymore. Intelligent people don't worry. We try to make ourselves believe that we are intelligent. You have to be familiar with Olaf Stapleton to understand just what we are doing. We're trying to act like an Odd John would. We feel no emotion towards the war; we don't hate it, we don't fear it. We realize it as the culmination of a series of irresistable events. And as such, we realize where it is leading us. And we realize that within a year or two something pretty big is going to happen. So that perhaps I am being foolish in giving you a whole dollar. But I never have been in love with money. ~ Thanks a lot for the extra copies of my thing. ("Science Fiction is Escape Literature", VOM #6) I'm really glad you liked it. When you write just an article it doesn't matter so much whether or not people like it. But when you've done something so serious as that, it makes you feel pretty good to know that somebody else appreciates it. The next Milt's Mag has something in it in a similar vein, altho more so. It's so goddam serious that I'm scared to death of it, and it's so important that it will either drive sffans to realize that they are people first and fans second, or it will make me the prize ass of the FAPA and give me the name of morbid milt. The funny thing is, my thoughts have traveled so far in the past few weeks that it is already outdated by the second paragraph of this letter. It still means something, tho. ~ It never occurred to me to suspect Miske of being anybody but Miske. Miske, I think, is Miske, and I've exchanged lots of long letters with him. If it must be somebody, Westbrook Pegler is the only person I can think of. Miske thinks that he has defeated me in our argument, and that that is the reason I haven't written to him. He only defeated me in one way. His sole basis is that people as a whole are bad and despicable and stupid. They certainly look like that, don't they? And that's why I can't reply. But instead of hating people like that, as Miske does, I laugh at them, and try to see how funny it all is. So if this gets into VoM, Miske will see this and know that I didn't reply to him because I was afraid of being contaminated by the seething mass of hate that he becomes when he writes letters. Time is too short to waste and spoil in hating people. ~ And the Chicon moves closer. And I still try to figure out a costume. Woe is me. ~ Yours, with each moment of this pleasure lightly tasted like a glass of Madeira."

JACK CHAPMAN MISKE, by his own admission first of the future men (not to be confused with futurians), refering to VOM #6 says "I regret to see the Voice becoming a biased, strictly partisan publication suppressing vital information in some letters, printing drier portions of others. You're slipping badly." (It seems we were able to present only about 1/6th of Jack's 3 pg letter. Nexttime we'll noe better: Omit entirely 6 other letters & present Mr Miske's in entirety!)

Art WIDNER JR of Bx 122, Bryantville MASS. An obscure fan til he Gallupt into prominence with his Author Poll. After which he organized The Stranger Club. & currently is conducting a coupla Polls (have U posted your opinions yet?) on the 5 favorite cover artists in order of merit, 5 best-liked interior illustrators; & who do U believe are the 9 other Top Fans? (yourself the 10th, naturally). Widner has leapt into the lymlyt with his Polls—& it's all his own vault! Seriously, tho, U shoud co-operate by taking part in such of the Polls as U feel qualifd for—to list your 10 favorite stf authors, living or dead, in order of favor; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 on color artists, & 1-5 on black & white; & from #1 Fan, in your estimation, thru today's #10. In closing this brief biography of Art Widner we may mention fact he's an amateur artist—while it will not take U long to discover in riting fan-articles he employs improved Ackese!

Vom rcvd & intrestin as usual. Likt Wilsons pic of hapy domesticity in Pooturian House. Also his weIrd spellin. I wud just lov wachin him "weild" a dishtowl. I dont think it can b dun.

Huzzah! Afrtr layin awake sevral nites, rakin my alejd brain, I cookt up a nu name 4 "streamlynd spellin" wich is much mor streamlynd than that or "Ackermanese". 4SJargon. Howzat?

No dout practicly all yr rytrs wil kik in withis info, but just 2 make sure: Th Quinarativ Carnell mentnd is LYNNE FOSTER IS DEAD, isnt it?

Gosh! Wow! Boyoboy! I certnly wud like a dummy of Vom, but Im afraid that Ive waitd 2 long & that Ill probly b bout 97th on th waitin list, & by th time my turn rols around, itll b 2000 AD, & I wont hav 2 read stf, bcoz stf wil b hapenin! But I stil want a Vomdum jussasame.

Markys Dictafone corespondens idea is a good one, & praps th STRANGRS wil try it out latr on wen we get a litl mor affluent. At present all our doe is going into FANFARE, 2 c if we cant get out a fanmag thatll giv all those hu trade with us ther monys worth.

Im glad 2 c that sumone els dosnt like Trudy. Ive felt a vayg irritatn 4 a long time on readin her lettrs, but nevr nu quite wat was th matr, til Joe Gilbert got up on his hind legs & sed it 4 me. MEET TH GANG #8 in #3 SaL, xpreses my thot e v n betr. A mag like SaL has ben needed 4 a long time. I think Ill cum to LA: it seems 2 make geniuses of peple. Pip-pip, as I gotta go c PINOKIO n o w.

(VOM—8 dummy—my, my, how revoltingly regurgitative!—has been promist to Thos Hinmon while U're in lyn for #9.)

Gentlefan (plural: Ladys & Gentlefen) name of

Rgoz

(RAY J. SIENKIEWICZ) of 312 E Elm St, Scranton, Pa, who syns

himself "Novaciouslyours," comes strate out & sez: "Dear Imagi-

nativ Coed,

"U can take that wichevr way U wish. At last the inevitabl has happnd & I try Akermanesw for the 1st tyme. I have ben wanting to do this 4quite a long tyme but never got around to it. This will probly b my 1st & last try. I have b4 me a pak of fanags namely: SpacewayS, Golden Atom, The Comet, FanfarE, SnidE, Stf Stickers Stationery SuchstufferY, Tesseract Annual, Fantasy NewS, Science Fiction Weekly, StardusT, and lots of others including Ur own VoM. Quite a long list ther, isnt it? Of al those listed Ive red everyl and evrypage, word, coma, etc in evryl. Now I dont read evrything in evry promag; can U tll me y? Is ther something rong wit me ?

"&nowIgiveUmyformofsuper-Akermanese.Seehowsimplitis?Noskippingofspace s&wastingofpapertimeissavedthiswayandsoispaper.Thinkofallthepaperthatiswa

stedbyskippingspace. I wantosayhere&nowthatImgladtoCthatVoMwillbissuedbimon
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htnow. ThereforeImenclosingthirtycentsforathreeishuorhalfyears subtoVoM. Urfa
kcontentspageisamusingandbyalmeanskeepitup. BythwaycudUtlmewhatthefollowi
ngsymbolmeans?ø. CudUalsohelpmeseurSpeer'sUpToNow?IfUcudothese4meIdappres
hiatitverymuch.

"Ull C from the abov paragraf that Iv missed many good chances to ap-
ply Akermanese. This is 2 tuf 4 me & after I finish riting this I wont
try Akermanese for quite a long tyme. U keep Ur Akermanese & Ill use Eng-
lish 2 th best of my ability. I find VoM very interesting & punny.

"I just noticed that 'A Novacious Publication' plub on the front of
#6 VoM. What r th othr Novacious Publications? Wright's drawing was good
for the covr.

"P.S. Anyone not getting 4E'S 'Stf Stickers Stationery Suchstuffery'
is missing something."

(Tanx, pal! 4s' 4S pub sells for a dym, is a litho-
graficollection of stfans' letter-heads, calling cards &c. May be orderd thru this
mag. ø is the Greek letter F. In pandom it stands for Fred Pohl. "Up to Now"?
Up to Juffus. Main other Novacious pub is the nickel quarterly of the same name—
Novacious—featuring bk-reviews, from Bx 6475 WS.)

flickers in the person of one
toria, BC, who demoralizes us
in this story. Once upon
to write to a Fanmag. And he

have a Unique Manner of Writing for this Fanletter, for everyone else has one. And
it must be so different that it is lo! the most Unique Manner in the whole Fanmag.
~~So he pondered long on the subject, and waded through great stacks of Fanmags,
scanning all the Unique Manners of Writing but discovered always that some other
Fan had hit upon each ahead of him. For there were so many Unique Manners of Wri-
ting afloat in the Fanmags that only a great genius or a supreme sap could have
thought of another. ~~ And at last he became tired of such a fruitless quest and,
saying, 'Nuts to it,' wrote the Fanletter in straight, ordinary English. ~~ And
behold! When the Fanmag came out, his was the most Unique Manner of Writing there-
in by a long shot. ~~ If you look for it you'll find there's a moral in this
story..... ~~ However, jokery aside, the latest ish was about the best yet.
Maybe the boiling-down process sorta concentrates the poison & increases the smell.
And the jokes! 'Pun my word, they send shivers up & down my spine... As you see, I
have packed up on the straight-edge idea. It was a dizzying job anyhow, juggling
words to fit like that, & sometimes the forced use of a word not precisely correct
took some of the 'ugh' out of an otherwise forceful sentence... Am enclosing a
pic. of a rocket on the cover of a Canadian advertising booklet. Thought you might
be in'trested to see such things occasionally do creep out of America & find their
way to strange places... Also dime for Stik-Stay-Stuff-&SoForthery, which I
failed to remit at the time due to lack of time and a callus soul. ~~ Highly en-
thused at the prospect of a V-M dummy in the none-too-distant future. I figure on
circulating it 'round among them whose names appear within for autographing. Your
auto.& Morojo's would be greatly appreciated if possible. ~~ Tha's all for now -
Yours as ever,"

EIMER PERDUE & MILTON ROTHMAN clab from 1735 Eye St NW, Wn/DC:

"This is Perdue again, bringing you the highlights of the world of sport. And,
most esteemed mentor, FFFUJ, I am given to understand that you are honorary head of
the Amateur Ackermanese Association, and that all one needs do is make a pun, how-
ever vile, to belong. And, in the presence of Mister Rothman and of Master Speer,
I gave vent to a most marvelous and hilarious pun, to wit: 'Carrying Pohls to Mos-
cow;' said pun being perfectly relevant to the preceeding conversation, you under-
stand—and none had the tact to laugh. Ain't it ? ~~ Take it away, Rothman,
my boy!" (That pun was the cat's whiskers &—no kitten—I certainly think U're en-

titled to purr, do! --Efjay) Milty: "All I want now is a monstrous piece of strawberry shortcake in a deep bowl, submerged in cream. The cake, not the bowl." "Which, say, I, Elmer, seems to be a hint, not quite so gentle in nature, that this letter should be terminated. Hence, I so terminate it. ~~~ Yours, with unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged,"

Larry Meader From the Editor of the "MSA" Bulletin, of 49 Washington St, Rumford, Me: "This letter to you pacifi-coasters is sort of a fishing trip. I am fishing for an exchange with Voice of The Imagi-nation for the MSA Bulletin...

The MSA Bulletin is a monthly mag of indertirment size, it has never been under 10 pages since I became editor, the next issue runs to 20 pages, we are starting covers with this issue. Material by Jim Avery, Norm Stanley, a monthly news column by Les Croutch, and SEABURY QUINN. We feel that we have a fan magazine that will soon be up with the best of them.

We are starting a new contest in the next issue, one that shouldn't be missed. Prizes that everyone will want. ~~~ Scientificionally yours," (Lotsa scienti-fish in these waters: the ray, the star-fish, the electric eel— Just dangle a brytly colord fanmag as bait at Bx 6475 Metro Sta & that certn variety of sucker called the vahm is sure to byt!)

Vincent Manning From another Club representative, this tym being of the Literature, Science & Hobbies Club of Decker, Ind: "From PLUTO to VOM;

Or let me modestly put it: from one top-notch fan mag to another— What to say, what to say? First let the L, S, & H Club be among the last to send congrats to VOM on the lithography on the special inserts and the covrs, (pardon thr occas-ional lapse into Ackermanese,) and to 4e on the 'Such Stuffery' & to all the west coast guys and guyesses for all the splendid mags emanating therefrom; and the helping hand extended from all thereabouts, in lieu of subscriptions and material sent to Pluto. ~~~ Now since we are property introduced, I can peel off a couple of coats and dispense with formalities. Speaking for the Club I can definitely state, that next to PLUTO, VOM is the finest fan mag published; definitely, defin-ately. ~~~ June issue; Contents page; keep it that way! Lets have more Meditori-als. Special lithoed and mimeoed inserts; they're the cream, nothing skimmed milk about them. But why so many in one copy? Our copy of the ish which included Bok's reaction and 'Escape Literature' had 5 of the same insert. If you need one of these for your own files let us know; would be glad to mail you one. (The xtras were for your mems. Don't tell us U're a one-fan club publishing PLUTO under a dozen dif-ferent pseudonyms!) — Concerning the letters: suggest that you let damon knight and Smith write 'em all; damon the demon keeps us screamin, and Smith becomes a hu-morist in your columns. Did you read 'Globbermory' in # 3 Pluto? (Yes; & thot it quentaceously exhuberfyng—even scindescent!) ~~~ But then what would VOM do without Tucker, Warner, Lowmdes, Chauvenet, Swisher, Widner, Frechafer, et cetera? Cant hardly wait for # 4 'Futura' with the BOK cover as depicted. ~~~ That adver-tising, 'UTOPIA PRESENTS' was a neat thing. ~~~ 'Tis nearly meal time; would com-ment on the letters, but not in the MOOD for a FEUD; just FOOD. ~~~ Plutonically,"

Edgar & Robert F L A S H !! 14-yr-old ex-fan now fifteen! From 67 Thistle St (sticky thing, a thistle), Lutwyche N3, Bris- bane (bane) Queensland, Australia, an inimitable letter:

"At present I am the victim of what is patently an I.R.A. outrage—a truck-driver named Shannon (!) threw his vehicle at me with such low and diabolical skill that I celebrated my 15th birthday in hospital with solitary wassail and silent jubilee, a man of many parts, most of them cracked and all of them bruised. And, mind you, while I am still hefting a crutch and dazedly disbelieving it was only a 2-tonner, VOM (Jan.) arrives to mow me down positively mow me down with that withering icy blast from Moosoo Warner. He crushes my poor quivering self as efficiently, as ruthlessly, with his awe-inspir-ing, mature mentality, as would the solid concrete wheel of a steam-roller, and per-haps the analogy could be carried a little further, in regard to composition, so to

speak. Although entirely prostrated by the overwhelming sarcastic force of his titan intelligence (which I am glad to see, by the tone of his comments, he fully appreciates), I will endeavour to bear up manfully under the awful strain, Mr. Warner, and behave like one of those Pukka Sahibs, who Grit Their Teeth and Put Their Backs Into It and Shoulder the White Man's Burden.... And now, with much exuberant rattle-swinging and general infantility, I totter with little childish steps to Miss Hemken's letter (being possessed of too much proper respect for my elders to call her 'Trudy'). I gasp with ill-concealed horror as I realize that she has ferreted out my shameful secret. In Miss Hemken's own expressive, well-chosen words, I am a fifteen-year-old-brat, a superior wise-guy who ain't nacherl, and science-fiction is out of my mental scope. Yes, gentlemen, well may you shudder! as you realize that upon my puerile mind are lost -- ante porcos -- the exquisite subtileries of Binder, the involved scientific theories of Schachner and the intangible air of fantasy pervading Hamilton's weird tales; my intellect, blunted by constant reading of such bludengaw, whodunit authors as Wells, Dunsany, Stapledon and Bierce, has become too dull, too puerile, too entirely degraded an instrument for the appreciation of such classics as are published by fantasy magazines to-day... Miss Hemken, let me add a stray volt or two to feed the electric furnace of your wrath, by reminding you of the beautiful thought so touchingly expressed, and with such true artistic feeling, by the Poet in the inspired lines, 'He drew his cloak about his ears, an old, grey man in all but years.' (From the poem you all know and love, which I am sure needs no introduction from me.) However, though I will admit that Miss H's letter caused me momentarily to pale beneath the tan, I will now resume my innocent game of marbles with the usual boyish glee and juvenile ebullition. ~ On eggsamination, the hen-tire CHICKON seems rather a fowl idea, but if you all pol-lard for this bran-d new cornception you may be able to pullet through the maize of conflicting views. And do you know that a herd in the bund is worth two in the putsch, or that, as the army boys reverently whisper, 'Lone brawls do not a Prevost make, nor medal bars a Majo.'? ('Roberts forgot the all-important fact: The pun is mightier than the sword!' why, I can make 'em up as I go along, you whipper-snapper you. Crack another pun at me and I'll churn out a whole page of this sort of stuff and personally break it over your skull. Ackerman, you have been warned!) ~ Let me tell you a little bed-time story, brethern. There was a guy once just a fella like you an' me an' he useta laugh at all the ads geez they dont mean me i'm okay sure i am yeah sure an' he just went along the same old way (. . . . Quick flash to end:) an' so he lay there in the muck of the gutter an' the guys that throw him out came over and slugged him there ya doity rat ya louse ya sonuvabich an' keep outa our dance-hall in future an' he lay there with his guts aching an' thought why didn't someone tell me why wasn't i told about listerine why wasnt i told why wasnt i told ~ Yes, reader, that is the end-the stark, grim, terrible end- of a story that might have been penned by William Saroyan himself, or by Milton A. Rothman if he is as zealous a student of Mr. S. —or is it Hemingway?—as his April article seems to indicate. But cork the vials of wrath, Mr. R., I too in my time have done the same, cribbing such diverse authors as Michael Gold, H.P. Lovecraft, James Branch Cabell and Edgar Wallace. Ah, the vanities of our hot youth, ere we learned the dangers lurking at every turn for our poor MSS!—and that Greatest Peril of All, the careless throw into the editorial WFB — 'And when it falls, it falls like Lucifer, Never to rise again.' (Shakespeare) ~ Well, even in the halcyon days we never wasted return postage. ~ Said a friend on reading my letter in April VOM, 'Know what you're doing in this?' Said I, wincing but warned by the wicked gleam in her eye, 'Sure, I'm just showing off.' She admitted I'd taken the words right out of her mouth, and so I preserved my reputation for omniscience at the negligible cost of my modesty. There should be a moral in this, but I'm damned if I can find it. ~ Having now insulted myself, I seem to have exhausted the list of eligible insultés. However, doubtless I have already laid up considerable treasure in heaven for myself, and my only chance of escaping un-scathed and sans bloodshed seems to lie in the forlorn hope that your more savage adherents have sprained their wrists and Miss Hemken habitually bites her nails. Even then, I'll bet she wields a wicked pair of canines," (U mention a her. "She & Alan"?! Are all your teeth wisdoms? Speaking of teeth, I'll bite! Dr Ackula.)

Harry Schmoyle of 318 Stewart Rd, Muscatine, Iowa, irately rates & berates us thus:
 "Th nu VOM came yestrdy, along with your rival top fan's mag. Sorry to say, his was the better uv th two. VOM is OK, but needs mor pages, and ful page covrs. Th covrs you hav ar too childish. Bac covr, I suppose was intended as insult to us 14 yr. old fans, the curse of fandom. Also, I resent that remark in Apr ish in which Trudy (whoever she is), speaks uv 14 yr old brats. She shouldn't talk that way. Anyway, I'm practically an adult. My chief delite is trying to brake into print, which is mostly futile. Parn th postal." (If U hadnt reveald your age I shoudve taken U to b at least 21! Riting Ackermanese as U do... 4e)

D.B. Thompson From 3136 "Q" St, Lincoln, Neb, a new customer,
 "Thanks for the what-is-it. I really had no idea there was such a quantity of material in the way of S.F. stickers, stationery headings, etc. Since I am something of a sucker for anything more or less 'scientifictional,' I'm enclosing a dime to help you defray expenses. Also, a dime for a copy of Voice of the Imagi-Nation. The editorial by Rothman - 'Science Fiction is Escape Literature,' is splendid. Personally, I don't think that I am an 'escapist,' but I have always considered S.F. to be 'Escape Literature' - definitely. I've often wanted to ask '4SJ' if he seriously considered what someone has called 'Ackermanese' to be really phonetic. I suppose he doesn't, since it obviously isn't. Anyway it attracts attention. Me cognisce qui tu es multo interese in propagatione de Esperanto. Me non pense qui Esperanto es 'lingua de futuro,' ni es 'Interlingua'. Me pense qui ambi lingua es pase in directione derecho. Me pense, in additione, qui isto tempo es trans multo mal pro propagatione de toto forme de lingua internationale. Sin dubita, tu pode lege isto; id es possible qui me pode lege uno letra de tu, scribe in Esperanto si id tu gusto. Howzabout it? (Interlingua estas sufiçe simpla por mi. Sinjoro Tampsn respondis ke li komprenis la leteron mi sendis en Esperanto. —Foĵak)

Rev BROWNE,
 ex-proto-J, now under the Russling wing of Hodgkins, gives us the Letter Behind the Letter from her publisht in VOM #6 (BB's adres: 6689 Yucca, Hollywood): "Just got up from the typewriter where I dashed off a letter to the Voice - shall not read it over or it surely will be torn up as the others have been, and at that rate none will ever get mailed. Honestly never wrote a letter to a publication before and hate to admit it but even the idea terrifys me. Read F's 'Nymph of Darkness' in the Fantasy magazine he gave me. This edition of the story seemed to have a few more things in it (even better than in Weird Tales, only one thing when F so stressed the fact that the girl was unclothed in the beginning of the story it seemed strange that he didn't mention the fact when she was made visible - he only said she was transparent) but in any shape the story never fails to stir my imagination along fantastic lines. Not very pleasant thoughts either. Makes you wonder... and when you wonder you realize how little about anything we do know - that with all our science how much there is that we just guess at. I think I read once somewhere 'involuntary I came; bewildered I stay; and unafraid I go.' Just looked up 'novacious' it isn't in my dictionary (of course mine is only a small insignificant number) at one time or another I believe F told me the meaning to that word but for the life of me I can't remember what it is. Mean't to ask him as I noticed it on his 'sticker' publication." (Novacious, according to Speer's Fanual of Scientifictional Terminology, means: In 4sJargon, the Ackquivalent of Hearst word "neoteric"; meaning new, novel, progressive, "up-to-tomorrow". Now if U were to say U intended to attend the Convention as Nyusa, the invisible Venusian girl, we could see ryt thru U!)

Ego
 England takes the air as the famous ARTHUR C. CLARKE, alias adreses us from 211, Holtwhites Hill, Gordon Hill, Enfield, Middlesex: Many thanks for the latest copy of V.o.M. which I found very interesting reading. I was flattered to see how extensively I'd been featured; there were one or two errors caused by my rotten writing. Incidentally I wonder if anyone noticed that my quotation from "Omar" was incorrect? If I remember right, you have cut quite a slab of politico-sociological musings that I

thought would be of interest to you people. Probably you were afraid of being labelled "propagandist." Here in England one gets the impression that the States are riddled with anti-propaganda propaganda. You may be interested to know that our Ministry of Information (familiarily known as "Minnie") gets severely criticised by some people because it doesn't send anything like as much propaganda to the States as the Nazis do. In fact, as far as one can gather, there is no British propaganda on any organised scale in the U.S., for which we may both be thankful. That letter by Alex Roberts, the 14 yr. old Aussie, was about the most amazing thing I've seen for some time. If Australia wasn't about two months away 'round the world I'd feel like dropping him a line. ~~~ It's really very generous of you to send over VoM free of charge to us, especially as all you get back are rude noises such as my letters. ~~~ Hope you passed my notes re. Rocket article onto the proper 1/4's. (Did. To Daugherty, for The Rocket.) ~~~ Enjoyed Rothman's article, by the way. But I don't think that all science fiction is escape literature. (very little of it's any sort of literature.) Some s.f. depicts worlds one would much prefer to escape from than to....the stories mentioned in the article, for instance. ~~~ I have a small bet with myself that before many more weeks have passed this footling little civil war will be overshadowed by the coming of Power- real Power, for the first-time in the history of man. I am referring, of course, to the work at Columbia & elsewhere on U236. It's already hit the 'Times', a pretty conservative journal if ever there was one. One can only hope that the Nazis don't get it first it will be curtains for Europe if they do! 'Lest Darkness Fall!' ~~~ I expect to hear from the military sometime in the near future, but I rather doubt if I shall go for a few weeks. However, it may be more sudden. ~~~ As you may know, postage rates here have been nearly doubled, with the result that our fan-mags will probably go bust & letters will be fewer & farther between. But perhaps their quality will improve, so it may be a good thing."

periment in Genius", pens us an epistle from *BA Temple* British author of "Ex-7, Elm Road, Wembley, Middlesex: "If this writing resembles Ego Clarke's it's because I'm scribbling this letter in a deck chair on the lawn with my feet up in the air, & not because of a hangover - although I have got a little one. The wife & I, along with Ted & Rene Carnell, & said Ego Clarke, went to SFA-member Sid Birchby's 21st birthday whoop-up last night, & helped to dispose of three crates. Funny - Sid had a sorta hangover all through the party. The hypnotist I mentioned before had had a go at him the previous evening - took him in a room apart, put him in a coma, told him that in 5 minutes he was to clap his hands together & exclaim that he'd forgotten something, & then 2 minutes later fall asleep. Then he woke him from the coma & sent him into the next room, among his friends. Precisely on the dot, Sid clapped his hands together & announced that he'd forgotten something. But he didn't fall asleep. The hypnotist forgot to 'unsuggest' him, & so all through his birthday party Sid kept coming over drowsy, & would have probably passed out if we hadn't kept him on the jump - mainly for beer. ~~~ I was, as usual, interested in the comparison of the British & American styles of writing: the former somewhat pedestrian & quiet, & the latter zippy, slangy, screwy, & yet to the point. (You can't count Ego Clarke's purple patch about London under the balloon barrage as typically British. Actually, it's typically Ego, who would write reams of this stuff when I dwelt with him & read it in a sonorous voice over the breakfast table next morning - between mouthfuls of cereal.) ~~~ Was most struck with Rothman's reprinted article, & with the English language's command of Alan P. Roberts, wonder boy ('Odd Alan'?) of Brisbane. Your cautious comments immediately following that bombardment were rib-tickling. Paper shortage here, so must finish prematurely (or maybe not so prematurely)."

pgs in length from
stead S.E.18, Lon-
zine That Nearly

Lead
howled me over. I have no doubt that there will be very few remarks from the Brethren who read it - but then, fans have ever been the same. ~~~ When you read of 'Bombs on Britain' you probably wondered just how close they were to us. So far, there has been nothing to fear. Our main task seems to have been endeavouring to

Clips from a TransAtlantiClipper letter 6
CARNELL, British Fan #1, of 17, Burwash Road, Plum-
don: "The copy of my previous article ("The Maga-

Was", distributed free with VOM #7) completely

conquer Fear during the past few months. ~~~ This Fear that I harp on is, of course, the Fear of Death. The wail of the sirens in the distance usually heralds the approach of Death's deputies — it's the noise that is the most terrifying. In all probability those machines may be upon an errand somewhere else. But the Fear that they might lay an egg right on one's own home and loved one's is the root of the evil. ~~~ At business I am in charge of the fire fighting equipment for our particular section of the building. ~~~ We have an occasional mock trial, with action stations, and I think we now have everything down to a fine art. Special parties are delegated off for first aid, fire, rescue squads, flooding, gas — all directed from a bomb-proof control room, similar to GHQ as written up by Hubbard in 'Final Blackout.' ~~~ I have already lost three local friends. Two killed in action and the other posted 'Missing'... ~~~ Walt Gillings (Editor TALES OF WONDER) registered for service at the same time as I did — I beg your pardon, registered as an Objector. His firm promptly dismissed him with a month's salary. Bill Temple (preceding letter) has passed his medical exam. ~~~ Remember that crack I made about the war ceasing upon the 162nd day? Strange as it may seem, that day fitted in with the beginning of the downfall of NEW WORLDS! ("The Mag that Nrly Was") ~~~ The last few stanzasI have just finished reading 'My First 2000 Years' and liked it immensely. Hubbard's 'Final Blackout' I thought was tripe, but was pleasantly thrilled at his description of the journey up-river from Gravesend — and gave a loud cheer where he mentioned Shooters Hill, for I live right on the side of that landmark, facing the river. ~~~ Wasn't too thrilled over Bob's 'The Roads Must Roll' — but perhaps that was the fault of having read Jack's 'The Reign of Wizardry' right before, which was mighty pleasant reading."

Louise Kuslan who declares "Down with Mankind!" & champions "Equal Rights for Chimpanzees!" rites from 170 Washington Ave, West Haven Conn: "Dear VOM, Thank you for sending the dummy of #7 VOM, as well as the regular issue itself. I hadn't expected such promptness. ~~~ I don't seem to be in a suitable mood for writing, altho, I imagine, I should have some sort of comment, if only for finger exercise. Lou Chauvenet stayed overnight here a few days ago. We had an enjoyable evening to say the least, which I am saying. I was also in New York a week ago, visiting the Futurians, Taurasi, Sykora, and being accompanied in my journey in Big Town by Walt Sullivan."

TURNABOUT: To Whom It May Concern, it develops Erle Korshak, whom it was reported earlier in the issue was residing with Mark Reinsberg, instead is Reinsberg's host & either or both may be reacht at 5555 Hyde Park, Chicago.

"VOM is highly satisfactory. ~~~ The only really serious drawback is to be found in the attempt of some of the contributors to out-do '4SJ' (or '4E' or 'Fcjak' etc., ad inf.) in the misapplication of the rules of phonetics to our uniquely ridiculous English orthography. (I nerli s'kumd 2 that insidyus dzeez, mself!) ~~~ Judging from this one (April) issue, VOM does not take sides (at least, very strongly) in the super-silly fan feuds which are so prevalent in the East. Bravissimo! ~~~ At one time these feuds slopped over into the reader's departments of all the pro fiction mags. Consequently, for about two years, I didn't read a single letter in any mag. Then, in glancing through a copy of Astounding, I was pleasantly surprized to find no feud letters. (Did the editors ban them?) (Guess they just died a natural death, like the—or, uh, guess they just died a natural death...) I found the same thing to be true of other mags, and naively concluded that feuds no longer raged. What a sap I was! Shortly after some of my own letters were published in some of the pro mags, I was struck by a mild barrage of sample copies of fan publications. My artless dream of a feudless fandom was rudely shattered—prontísimo y completamente! As you have undoubtedly gathered by now, feuds give me a sharp pain in—well, let's say 'in the neck.' Why is a feud, anyway? Usually, it simply means that somebody has an axe to grind. I refuse to be the grindstone! I'm enclosing sixty cents for a year's subscription to VOM—but, if I find later that it is really just the 'house organ' of some self-centered group, I emphatically promise to demand my money back!"

From F R A N C E

of 13, Rue d'Enghien, Paris 10^e, penned this provocative letter while at War: "...I must be the best provided science fiction fan on this side of the Channel and even one of the best provided on this side of the big Pond.

G. Gallet

~The censors must think me somewhat crazy reading 'such stuff' but I enjoy it. (What—having the censors think you're crazy?) From the lot of magazines that come my way it seems that signs of return to normalcy are showing. Even in the present boom things do not look as rosy as it seems for all magazines. I must say that—frankly—only two or three magazines at the very most look like worth the buying. Even the best 'Famous Fantastic' is changing its policy — pretty blonde — if I am well informed—Miss Gnaedinger doubting? Sorry about it because her magazine suited me very well. The only one it could compare with is Walt. H. Gillings' Tales of Wonder—in a class by itself. Ofcourse I will like 'Famous Fantastic Novels' but it is not strictly speaking 'magazine stuff' rather 'cheap edition and it seems also that she is using too old material in 'Famous Fantastic Mysteries' all stories that appeared say 10 to 15 years ago were not 'Moon Pool' or even Burroughs' yarns. Still I like her magazine for its variety and good taste. Astounding has also my vote and I wonder which of the rest of the bunch would get third choice? ~ In the fan magazines that came my way, for the first time in my knowing I find in 'ScientiSnaps of February 1940 an article by Henry Kuttner entitled Newts in Science fiction on a question that has long tickled me.(with all due apologies to girl fans) Are all science fiction-neers, fans, characters, authors etc. sex-less? Sex did appear once in the field — and made a comeback a short time ago— but in a gross way...more or less bad taste,I must admit but it still remains that all commanding truth that all creatures are guided in their lives by three major emotions : Fear, Hungeriness and Love. Seems to me that the first two occasionally occur in science fiction but what of the last third? ~ That the majority of pro mags ban the physical side of the subject from their editorial policy can be easily understood. Mummy would not allow thirteen or less year old Jimmy to buy such horrid stuff. (But we understand Taurasi is over 21 & reads Spicy Mystery!) ~ But I cannot understand why—until now or I do not know it—there is no fan magazine devoted to such an aspect of sciencefiction. (There is! For adult treatment of fantasy—not to be confused with infantile attempts at sophistication—we warmly recommend the interested party to Futuria Fantasia, which is particularly frank in its pictorial aspects. Ray Bradbury edits it at 10c a copy from 3054 1/2 W 12, Los Angeles Cal. We already have sent Mons. Gallet a copy. Also an xln article on sex in science fiction—entitled "Eunuchs In the Pulp"—appeared in Sweetness & Lite #4. Perhaps the editor will send you a copy, Georges. If not, we have one we can spare. —Co-eds) ~ Ofcourse,science(?) does not need sexual emotion to carry its meaning but fiction needs plausibility: characters whose emotions we can understand—even feel— and sexual emotions are dominant everywhere around us in this world.Why not on other planes of cognizance or on other worlds? ~ There are many sides of this question which should attract the fancy of both author and fan — red blooded humans after all if I am any judge! ~ Ofcourse,I agree with H.Kuttner sex do not consist mainly of tearing parts off a beautiful maiden—though it may be highly pleasing done in a nice way—but sex has its part, and a big one at that, in the behaviour of every living thing.Do not keep too far from the'facts of life'! ~ Think again,fellow fans — men only.I'll write some other time in a lighter vein for womanly consumption — I am pretty sure that you will not reject this idea with scorn and derision, and let us hope that the time will come when a really' adult fare' will bring what shall be a classic in fantasy. ~ I hope this do not hurt any of your feelings,it may only be after all — Freud would say — the result of much-'refoulement'—due to the abnormal life of a soldier in the field! ~ Yours blushinglly!" (Mr Gallet! You forget that I, Morojo, a woman, am stenciling this! And..."I Object!" to my sex's being pampered! Why write for us "in a lighter vein"? Let's take it straight from the shoulder—that can be very pleasant too, n'est-cepas?—if you get what I mean!...blush...blush...!)

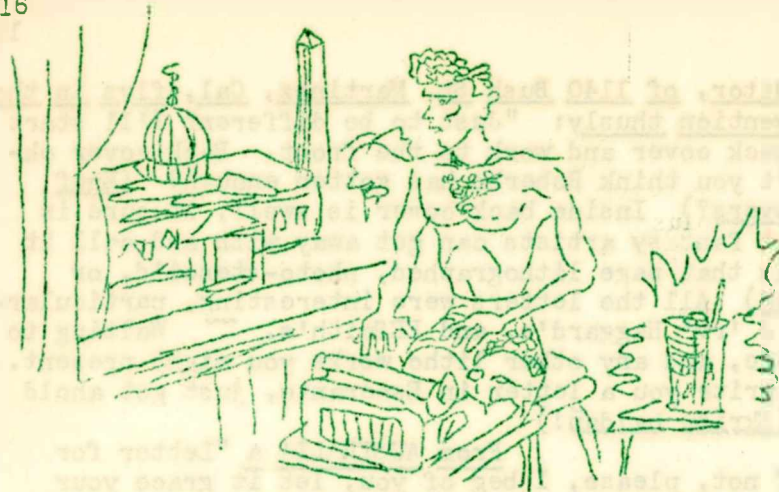


TOM WRIGHT, Editor, of 1140 Bush St, Martinez, Cal, flvs in the face of convention thusly: "Just to be different I'll start from the back cover and work to the front. Back cover ok - ay, buy don't you think Roberts has gotten enough? (Enuf what--back covers?) Inside back cover is swell, it sure is surprising what fantasy artists can get away with and call it 'fantasy'. Is that page lithographed, photo-stenciled, or what? (Lithoed) All the letters were interesting, particularly enjoyed was J 'rv' Haggard's, and EESmith's. ~~~ Waiting to see Damon's Knightmare, and any other litho works you might present. Anyone of these days now I might write you a letter in Esperanto, just got ahold of a couple booklets on same." (Scribu baldan!)

From AUSTRALIA a "Letter for VOM: that is, if you want one: if not, please, I beg of you, let it grace your waste-paper-basket - don't burn it - Fortno!" says VOL MOLESWORTH, Editor Cosmos, of "Del Monte", Kangaroo Point Road, Sylvania, New South Wales.

"Dear Vom:

This being only my 2nd letter to Voice of Our Dear Departed Madge, (IMAGINATION!, predecessor of Voice of the Imagi-nation) I am going to review 'at a swine' all the pubs rec'd since Madge succumbed. First, there is the Madge's Prize M.S.S. pamphlet. This was good. It was almost a fourteenth Madge.... Top of the house was, o'course Book Of The Dead by Bob Tucker (is this a new fan, or what? Don't seem to have ever heard of bt bfor! Spose he's some neophyte that dosent write much - at least I havent haponged across any of his stuff yet! Does he run a fan-mag? Lez hear all about him!) Didn't like Nancy's Jabberwork - maybe it was too subtle for my meagre brain-power.. Carnell shines in Fans Panned, but Juffus is a nova with his predikshun - don't try and kid me that was written in Aug 38. An ad caught my eye in the pamphlet - who and what, I do wonder, is Hollerbochen? Second, Metropolis! All I can say is gosh! and leave it at that - it's just out of sight (sic) Not invisible - you vomug - ask hwjnr what that Aussismmeans! 12 Madge was hokay - most liked by humble self was Beloive It Ornate by Kuttner - folloed pretty, oops, here's me going back to common everyday Englsih - purty, I meant, close by Mathematica Menace by Ardie Bec: so this is the Garb Age, huh? Voice of the Imagination (the readersection, I mean) gives me an interesting bit of info - Dead Reckoning by A. Ghoul is commented upon. This article was, it now appears, pirated from Madge by John Devern for his now-(Thank Fort)-extinct Science Fiction Review.. There was The New Amazing Stories, an article by Mark Reinsberg, too - which was supposedly pirated from FD.. Youd noe bettr than I bouthat! Next comes the Vomshell - and wotta noise that lil cartridge makes when it plops gently (sic) in Oztraylya! Wow!, etc.. First ish was made good by Robt Marx Baker - I pay my respects to him now! Ackermanese is good - Bakerian better! My jargon is a feeble attempt to copy the former - only in places, tho - and the typer don't seem to wanna doot! And I can hardly blame it. Vom 2 - haha! purty covr y'gothere, pal! Nice green ink, 2 - Hemken is a wonder. What sort I can't say - in writing. Eph-less Elmer's thrilling serialetter made me go strate on to Vom 3 without reading Pacific Parade - which was twice as deliteful, however, on returning, after soothing my impatience with Mr F. Gosh! Just noticed Thos Hinmon's letter on page 10, overlooked bfore, to which you reply that there will never be another Metropolis! Wah, baw, boo, etc - not to mention a few groans and mass suicides. You cant do it to me, 4e - what have I dont to deserve such a punishment? There must be another Metropolis - or else a mag as suggested in the personal letter which comes with this! ("I am terribly sorry that you have had to stop the second Metropolis - the first ish was a honey. Maybe you'll put out something like that with shots of 1,000,000 B.C. and a few other fantasy films in it soon, huh?" (See MONSTERS OF THE MOON!) Now prepare for a kick or two: Why did you mar the back cover of Vom 4 with adds - grrr! The Apr Foo ish was marvellous - cover by Bok! Hmmm - in Erk-russ' letter in Vom 5 - incidently I'm copying yore idea of 4-tua-volume in COSMOS if u dont mind.- my name did not appear once - and me co-ed of ULTRA and Russell's pal - well, I guess zombies cant write so Russell wont be anymore - I've got a date with him and a battle-ax. Ta ta!" In an accompanying "personaletter" Vol states: "I am afraid I don't like the new type cover, no sir - and the insert was lousy! And the idea of putting out an 8-page Vom, bimonthly, is ghastly -- ugh! ~~~ Even if you make VoM a weekly (ough!) I'll still buy it. ~~~ 'Sworth it!" In Sept, he informs, Futurian Socv of Sydney will publish FUTURIAN FANTASY.



It's ROTHMAN again, folks, with his own dynamiconception (?) of hisself.

"The heat has commenced, and so I sit here in my shorts being witty in a humid sort of way. I shoved the radio off this thing they call a table and with my tractor beams and a little atomic energy hoisted the typewriter up. ~~~ You'd better watch how many letters you write calling Milty's article exceptionally fine and marvelous and wonderful. Milty is becoming as

concoited as hell. ~~~ It's veddy curious, but I just can't drive myself to write in the punnacular that is typical of Vom. A Saroyan style comes more natural to me.

Got a laugh from Joe Fortier: '...I can well remember what definite views I had a few years ago...' Forty hasn't changed a bit. ~~~ Dave McIlwain gives an idea.

Mayhaps the convention of 1941 or 2 would be best held somewhere in London, Paris, or on the banks of the Somme. Perhaps the manager of the Maginot line would rent us a cosy little bomb-proof underground meeting hall with gas absorbers that work both from the inside and the outside. ~~~ Nostalgia department: Glen 'Dead N' Taylor takes up the battle for SCIENCE Fiction. Shades of the sixteen year old Rothman!"

& ART WIDNER once more.

"Hello, Ackermorojo:

Hah! So U wanto play do U?

I didnt entrtain much of an idea about slingng puns around, til U came out with 'Widnerful'. Ik! That is Ackerimonious! I mean 2 say U r a pun-gent (!) How do U like those Hotcrosspuns? (Easter is Easter & West is Mae & never the train shall replace the plane. U too can call on the President! Be a Turnocrat!)

"Now 2 go thru th mag from covr 2 covr . . . Th 2 names of th beast on the front covr remind me of sumthng that has long puzld me . . . Is there a paleontologist in th house? (Not just as we're doing the dummy. We'll see Daugherty bfor nextvm, tho, & praps our local Fellow of the Royal Archeological Society can ansr your question.) I've always wantd 2 noe th difrens btween a diplodocus & a brontosaurus, they look just th same 2 me . . . Ol' rubbrnek-prezlosaurus looks lyk he'd ben on a 'bendr'! Wow! Im glad 2 hav th thng identifyd, tho, as 1 of them always comes around slytly aftr 2 AM on Jan 1 evry yr, then I take anothr drink & its th same old pink elephant agen. Its sumthng 2 liv 4, 2 hav it twine its nek around th bedpost 3 or 4 times & gaze at me withose soulful ize . . .

"Contents pg contents me as usual . . .

Knight's nic as he parts with a dime, has inspyrd me to draw one of myself contemplating th sweet sadnes that comes upon me as I tearfully enclose no les than THIRTY-FIVE CENTS! Yi!

"Ryt here I'd like2make a 7 sector callout 4 material 4 FANFARE-- but good stuf, as the STRANGER CLUB as a hole--whole (4sjargon bakfyrd ther!) pasez on material submitd, & we r a fuzzy--fussy bunch, but it is bildng a crakrjak of a mag.

"Hrrrm. How cum Red Perri and Pohl r livng athe same adres? (Tis customary for fan & wife, nicht pas?) Her letr reminds me of Don Marquis' archie th cockroach. She really isnt that smal, ishe? . . . Ho, 4e: U arnt th only 1 with a fansheee protege. I mach Bev Browne with Marjorie Wilson, from whom u'l b hearng soon. Asoon as I found she had red & lykt Wells 7FN, I went 2 work on her. Shes a litl grogy ryt now from havng red SINISTR BARRIER, DIVIDE&RULE, LEST DARKNESS FALL, LAST&1ST MEN, & VOM 2 top it off, all in suxesion, but when she recovrs, I think weel b hearng sumthng. . . (Helo, Mar-G; drop us a lyn!)

"I'll eat up with zest & gusto Gipsons stf sports articl wen it apears, as Ive long lamentd th lak of sports (& good sports?) in stf. Incidentally Len, r u Luego of CT? . . . B4 I 4get, 4e, pleaz send me all th Teknocracy propaganda u hav, as Im definitely intrested. If it can lure deep-dyed reds lyk th Futurians from th ledrship of Gentle Joe, it must hav sumthng.... (Attn, Arjay Aitch! Ich, Art, bin nicht ein Teknokrat. --Efjay)

Publishers' Note: The Goods advertised below is all wool & a yd wide.

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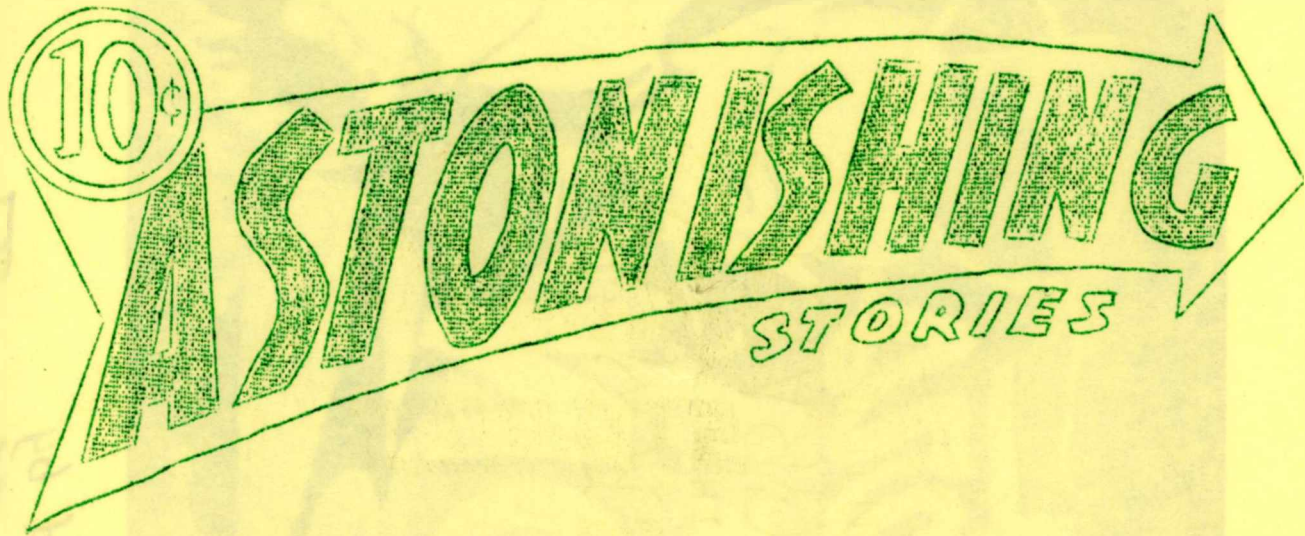
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BIZARRE will be illustrated with bordered, full-page drawings. The bulk of the magazine will be informal articles, columns, departments, and (auto)biographies, but different, unusual fiction will be used in each issue. All your favorite authors, as well as the more talented fans, contribute to BIZARRE.

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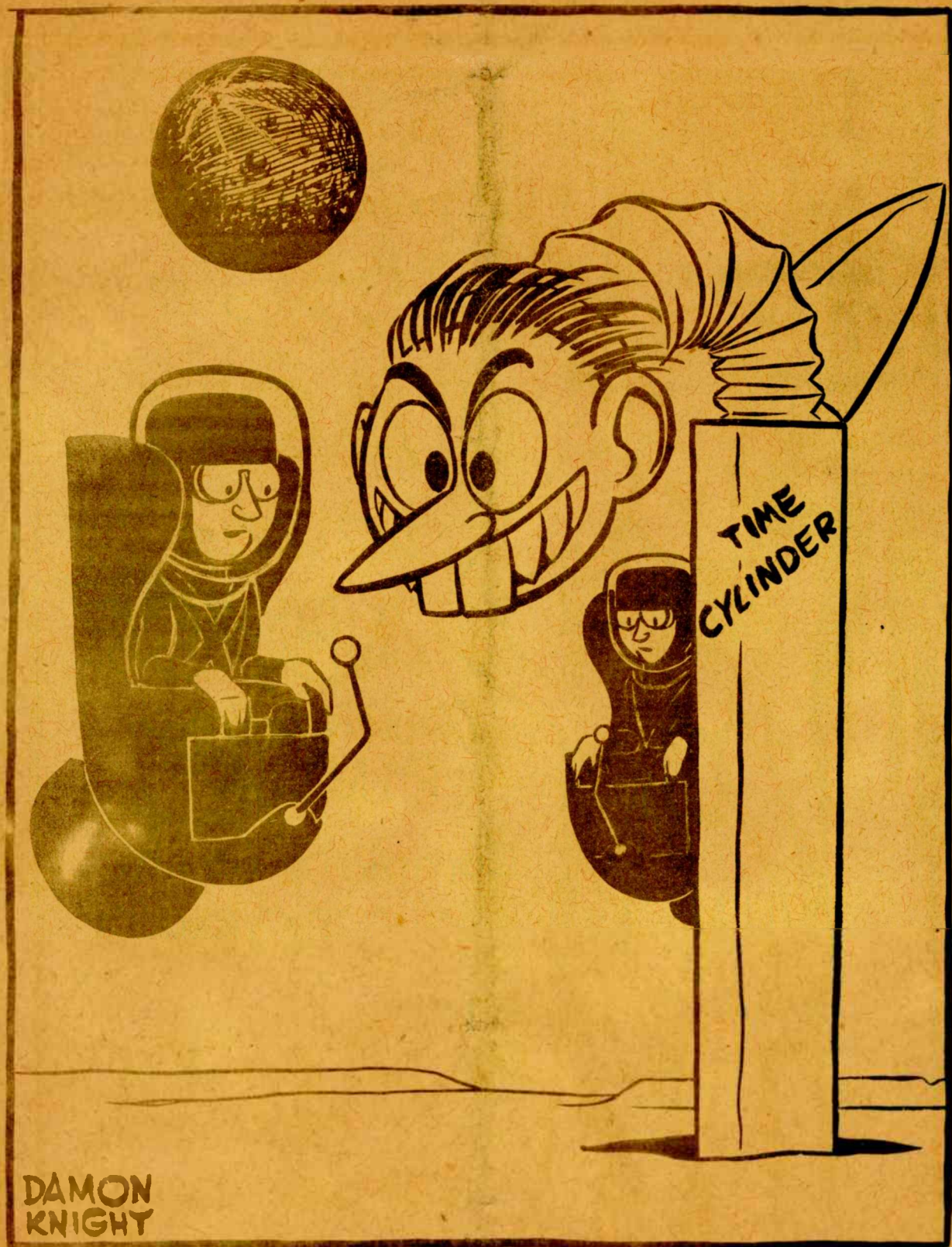
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