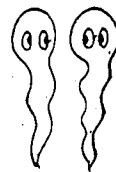


# Voice of the IMAGI-NATION

A NOYACIOUS PUBLICATION



# Issue #9

Oct 1940

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HASH ISH  
~~~~~

DO THE DEAD RETURN? Sceptics, examine our cover once again & alter your opinions! Those pictures are not faked! We, too, once had strong opinions about spiritualism--til we were fotografing some tadpoles one day & instead our film developd with these remarkable ectotypes--which have positively been identfyd as WEINBAUM & LOVE-CRAFT! Says Henry Kuttner, intimate of the latter, "It is undoubtedly Howard; the look of the eyes, the set of the jaw, his hair--yes, there's no denying it." Wrote Ray Palmer, upon receiving an advance proof of our cover: "Stanley Weinbaum! Who could ever mistake the wistful-mischievous smile of Weinbaum?" While Ralph Milne Farley, who was once visited by Weinbaum after death, corroborates. These are but a few of the proofs positive we have rcvd. Yes, friends, we have indezd scoopt the field in the presentation of this psychic phenomenonsense...

BUT NEXT ISSUE! We advance the art of the amateur fantasy mag yet another notch by presenting an engraved picture on our cover! Watch for it!

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CAMP-BELLS upon the birth of dawter Philinda Duane. The date, Aug 29.

Almost unheralded comes IMAG-INDEX, LA's latest contribution to fandom. Presenting Table of Contents of every pro sci-fic mag from '26 thru '38...72 mimeod pages between stiff covers, priced at only 50c! Readers & collectors have thot often enuf about such a reference book & wisht for the existence of one. Suddenly, with little show or fuss, our local A. Ross Kuntz & Franklyn Brady got together, avaid themselves of the LASFS library & several private collections & between the time your co-eds left for the Convention & returnd had turnd out this project! We are pleased to plug the IMAG-INDEX, now available at 50c per copy ppd, coin or stamps to 3c denominations, from 2532 Burnside, Los Angeles Cal.

Have U heard mention? Colorado Calling! In '41 it's the DENVENTION! Special delivery airmailletter from its Chief states:

"We have things well under way here (Sep '5) and gaining momentum fast. Have formed the COLORADO FANTASY SOCIETY as the organization behind the affair, membership cards, letter-heads, booster stickers, are ordered, the first two of which will be available tomorrow, and the stickers within the next week. Have the CFS Review completely stenciled, and will be ready for the mails within the next three or four days. This will be the official organ of the CFS. Membership dues, which we are ready to take, will be 50¢. Will send cards out tomorrow getting the opinions as to what month would be most satisfactory to the majority, and hope to have the date set by the time the second CFS Review is due, which will be announced therein."

HQs are Olon F Wiggins, 3214 Champa St, Denver, Colo. 8 Angeleños joind the CFS directly the Denvention dues were made noen. Those who have shown their intention of attending the Convention (July 4th being the favord day out our way) are: Roy Test, Bruce Yerke, Walt Daugherty, Paul Freehafer, Russ Hodgkins, Pogo &

*Pogo & George*

A Fantasy Fan among the pro-eds takes time out to rite us co-eds: "Dear Voice: Although I am only 24 years old, I have read your magazine since the first issue. This is the first time I have ever written to an all-letter science-fiction fan magazine. I think your material is good. Your cover is good. The table of contents is good. But your so-called 'Ackermanese' stinks. I don't like to see this happen to the English language. I am in favor of the English language. I have spoken the English language in its popular, Webster-like manner for a good many years. Now I will tell you what I think of science-fiction fans: I like them. They are nice people, especially when they write nice letters to the science-fiction editors. However, they must be seen to be appreciated (the fans, as well as the letters). ~~~ Why don't you get Paul for your covers? I think they should be done in eight colors, and a few miscellaneous pastel shades. I don't see why you can't have pictures of at least four colors on every other page of Voice. I don't think it would cost much. How about a few letters from H. G. Wells and Edgar Rice Burroughs? I am sure that they would be only too glad to write for you. ~~~ I am planning to introduce Voice into all the elementary schools in my home town. So please send along a few sample copies that I can give to my teachers to show them what a wonderful thing a science-fiction fan magazine is, and how it can educate the students like no magazine ever educated before. I would like to see Voice in every school-room in the country. (Thank for changing that "p" to "sch"; but why just the country--wouldn't U like to see Voice in every school-room in the city, too?) -- I am planning to start a science-fiction club. I read a lot of science-fiction, so the idea came to me in a flash one night--'Why not start a club for people who read science-fiction?' Don't you think this is a good idea? (Sorry, chum, this was tryd in LA; & on their 152d meeting they were able to get together only 39 persons over a period of 5 hrs, so it looks like the club idea just won't work out.) Please send me a list of your readers, by special delivery air mail, so that I can get busy and let everybody know that I am starting a club. As soon as things are organized, I plan to give every member a two-foot label button with neon sign attachment. Then my members can be easily identified in dark alleys. ~~~ Keep up the good work! Sincerely, Charles D. Hornig." (Tell us, Charlie, just what are your members doing in dark alleys?! The neon sign arrangement sounds nice enuf for the average well-to-do American; but what about the poor Mexican, does he wear (U gassed it!) a neon sign?)

Flighty fan (Top-flightv!)

HARRY WARNER JR of 303 Bryan Pl, Hagerstown Md, voices his August (21st, 1940) opinion: "Co-eds: The August Voice has been received. It has been read, and now my typewriter takes me in hand and I write what might pass for a letter. ('My typewriter takes me in hand' is inspired by Bill Temple's remark--'The English language's command of Alan Roberts,' which is hereby nominated the best fan crack of 1940.) ~~~ Suggestion: why don't you date the letters that appear in the Voice? (We'd rather date some their senders, after meeting them at the Chicon!) If you'd append to them the date on which they were written, it would help clear up the time element which in some cases is a bit confusing. For instance, was Rothman's letter on p. 16 written before or after Hitler started through France? I don't know whether he's merely being amusing or very subtly satirical; it all depends. (Seriously, we consider your suggestion a worthy one, & henceforward we'll include date of such letters--provided date was given--as we deem necessary for clear understanding.) -- Incidentally, if Bill Temple's letter was handwritten, as things seem to indicate, how come the eccentric spacing? Do you use a ruler to determine whether he'd have skipped a space in typing if it had been typed because he put the comma in some cases an extra space after the previous word, like that, or what? (We were doing it by eye but since have decided it was praps a bitoomuch of a good thing & henceforward in handwritten letters will give their authors the benefit of the dout that had they been typt out they woud have spaced in the standard manner, unless we hapn to noe the fan in question habitually single-spaces after periods, or triple spaces, or spaces not at all.) -- The ad for Astonishing says: 'Science Fiction's Only Dime Magazine'. Inside back coveradvertises Famous Fantastic Mysteries at a dime. Huh? Maybe FFM is consid-ered fantasy, though. ~~~ Paul Freehafer's troubles are as naught compared with mine. I have my fan magazines in two different places, science fiction magazines in three cupboards and a closet, books in an entirely different place, and I'm not sure just where my excerpts and miscellaneous stuff are at the moment. Further, my files of letters are beginning to pile up. I now have three good-sized boxes full of the things (each box holds about six hundred or more, I suppose) and another one's practically full--or will be in another six or eight weeks. Then the

process begins all over again; a box fills up in about eight months or even less. By the way, Ackie, what do you do with your letters? I've been in fandom but a few moments compared with you, and already am worried about them. (what--the moments? Why Harry! What have U been up to! --Forry) If you've kept all of yours--as I suppose you have--it must be enough by this time to raise the premium on your fire insurance policy about 200% (Sh! not so loud! Spose a Fire Inspector should be lisning? He myt get curious about those 20 trunks I told him were filled with crockery.) -- If it's that much work to lithograph, I'd go back to mimeod covers. There's not so much difference in the appearanne (hope you don't try to stencil that strike-over mess!) and I still say I don't like the covers you now use. I'm feverish waiting for the spirit photo, though. (Well, then, hope the cold chill of its spine-tingling terror has coold U off, pal!) -- Just to do something different, I'll wind up this letter by saying that I won't see you at the Chicon, because I'll not be able to make it. The wet spot at the bottom of this epistle is a tear. If it isn't wet, you'll know it's evaporated. Run your tongue over it and try to taste the salt. Don't try to stencil it, though!"

From  
a fellow who did get to the Chicon, tho--& all the way from Chicago! New friend  
of 1650 1/2 Juneway Terce: "4E and Morojo: to put  
*Walter C. Liebscher* down in writing what is in my mind is utterly impos-  
sible. Perhaps we need a Sematic (sp. Semantic) lan-  
guage as Doc Smith thinks. ~ Suffice to say the Chicon was one of THE events of  
my life. Meeting people & fans with the same ideas and tastes, talking over sub-  
jects considered blasé with many people etc.; it was priceless to me. ~ I might  
also add that you two were all I expected and more. Two people as congenial as  
you I may meet from time to time, but those times will be far and in-between. ~  
Bosh, I'm gettin sentimental. But all the aforesaid still goes. (U won't mind,  
then, Walt, if we let down our hair in print--well, mimeo ink, if U must be tech-  
nical!--& say we derived great pleasure from making your acquaintance, too? Oh,  
poo, that's pretty cumbersome talk for saying we think U're a swell guy--the both  
of us!) -- If you find 30¢ in this epistle (we did) it's for a few copies of  
VOM. To begin with next ish. ~ Again I say--glad I metcha. (Likewise.) ~  
P.S. Tell Pogo hello. (Hello, Pogo.)"

LEIGH BRACKETT, young Angeleño authoress  
of "Beings Like These" & others, after attending her first meeting of the LASFS  
Note the Corrospounding Sec'y: "I got a great kick out of the meeting, and shall  
probably be seeing you again in two or three weeks. Good luck at the Chicon." Of  
our mag she had to say: "VOM fascinates me. All that simplified spelling--when  
my brain, if any, is still atuned to Shakespeare and the Nibelungenlied! I can't  
seem to find any way of shortening my own name, unless I do it in International  
Phonetics. (Fair enuf.) Aren't you fortunate! (For having met U, yes.) ~  
Bonne santé. (Merci beaucoup.)"

The  
Sage of  
Salt creek  
D b thompson  
Lincolnebr  
3136 q st

"Dear VOICE:

The omnibus volyum, eh? Wel, the results cortnli justify such glutny! 2 B  
eight

sure, tis cov-red rite strangeli; Morojo's blush, no dout, evokt by the Galle(n)t  
apeal 4 sextifiction. I can manaj nicly without the latr, speshli since most uv  
the atemts along this lyn mor nerli resombl tho of4ts uv smal boys, as displayd on  
bak-h--I mean--fences--than they do the works uv the imortl DeMaupassant. Such  
'adult fare' is rathr rare. ~ Reinsberg is ntyrli rite about the Ackermoronic  
(ther it gos age; see wat U get wen I try 2 typ Ackrmojargen! Wat I ment was Ack-  
ermorojic--'j' as in Minnesota--) intrpolations in letrs. Without them, VOM's  
'lusty voice' is but a cacapunny uv tin horns, huting in a hollo! ~ But enough  
of this wear and tear! My brand-new, second-hand Model 12 Remington, having  
turned out numberless 'Yrs. of the 5th roc'dand contents noted' many years before  
the first stumbling stutters of Ackermanese, rebels at such unseemly association

of letters. So, I reckon we better lapse into our native Mid-Western. ~~~ So Gregor is Rothman? Am I, eventually, to find the hundreds of fans and authors whose letters and stories I have enjoyed in the past, shrunk to a few score such, each equipped with a dozen or so pseudonyms? (As the sea said upon lapping the land, "Why shore!") ~~~ V. Manning's plug for PLUTO is Okay; so is PLUTO. And VOM's elegant review of 'Gloobermory' is transcendently quistessent! And so, with trembling tread, we approach the Scourge of the Antipodes. H-m-m-m; if a two-tun truck, (not Tony) can't stop him, there is nothing to be gained by trying to do it, myself! And from that hard-pressed out-post of fandom, the British isles, several letters;--with more between the lines than in them, seemingly. Censorship is the Mother of subterfuge, perhaps. ~~~ Much more well worthy of comment presents itself, but this epistle expands unduly. You even have TWO letters from me, showing that you appreciate new customers. (Non-subscribers please note.--No extra charge for the plug, Co-Eds) Last but not least, the back cover, with Damon Knight's profoundly prophetic pic. ~~~ Palpitatingly Yours,

*D.B. Thompson* "From Literature, Science & Hobbies Club; Publishers, Pluto; Decker, Ind: "Enclosed find 60c for a renewal sub to VOM. Life would be unbearable without it." (Yes, we guess life certainly would be unbearable without--it! But emphatically!)

One way we have of letting our customers noe the doe they sent (sometimes it's a fuck!) has been used up is to insert a slip to the effect that we are liars 'cause we claim their sub expires, whon naturally they're going to renew--"rnt U"? To one of these notices J "PV" HAGGARD, the author, of San Bernardino Cal, responded: "Henceforth I consider Morojo & Ackerman as Liars. In the first place you have stated that to be the case. If you were not liars, then that statement makes you liars. ~~~ Realizing from this logical conclusion the status of your characters, I am loath to accept the statement included in the latest voice of the Imagination. ~~~ I am even getting to doubt that Imagination has a voice. To tell you the truth, 'It ain't the way I heerd it.' In other words, if you are truthful in this respect, which of course may be doubted by your own admittance, then your Voice of the Imagination is dumb. If it has vocal chords they are omitted in transit. ~~~ Yours truly,"

*Leslie Perin* the FuturiAnnie Oakley, shoots a letter to Morojo from 280 St Jno's Pl, Bklyn, NY: "it is now after the much publicized convention and we did not meet and shake hands all over again, which pains me deeply. i am terribly sorry that frederik (hubby Pohl) and i were unable to attend after all (as well) but we had planned to up until the last minute. it was one of those disgusting things which necessitated our being in some other place the saturday of that ill fated weekend. the epithots scattered thickly in the atmosphere did absolutely no good and the sighs and groans of disappointment, loss. however, denver it is next year and if we have to hitch-hike, we'll be there. it's a promise. ~~~ from a variety of sources, including elmer perdue who spent a few days at the ivory tower, i have heard all about the convention. i hopped up and down with great glee to learn that the costumes I had made for wollheim (who got cold feet at the last moment) and lowndes won first and second prizes. at least, that made me be there in spirit if nothing else. however, i know all about e.c. smith's speech, his daughter's description of the grey lensman's personality, pogo's evening gown, your complaint to the management about the absence of a ladies' lounge and all sorts of other little side notes which make me quite up on the spirit of the thing. ~~~ i am most anxious to know whether or not pogo's s.t.f. magazine will continue or if it is going to be another one of those first and last issues." (Pogo joind the FAPA to put Stfette in it!)

*Eric F Russell* of AUSTRALIA (no adres, no date, on the note) rote: "VOMydear, Lithographed inserts are good - ve good - but why not a lithood cover. ~~~ Here's a question for 'oe (Heh! Heh! The Pun will jam!) ( Ouch!) What would U do if the government of USA suddenly stopped all mags from being printed? Well, something similar has happened in Australia. The Government has prohibited the importation of all American mags. 'for the duration'!!! ~~~ Every sf mag is banned, and that aint all. We are not allowed to subscribe. ~~~ So, saying 'We SHALL win', I'll stop right here, S'long"

Dear VoM~~---~~

Please do not ask me what the significance of this heading is. I have various reasons I suppose, but if you do something you are usually Wright but if you give reasons you are usually 2 wrong. (If that pun seeps through any mind, they are hopeless as I am)

The latest issue was a humdinger to put it in the vernacular of the downtrodden farmers. I even liked the cover which proves I am entirely different in my views. Too, my views are not definite Mister Rothman.

Of course the contents page was really a dilly as it always is. Each subtitle to a name is actually well put. And the editorial. Well, I have no comments anent this portion of the shell except to point out that I'd like one of those special copies. I'll just up and hand it to you Forry and Morajo (yes, reader -- Tom and I are down here in dear Shangri-LA). Of course I've already taken my stand with Moro long ago on this pun issue. If the puns go, then VoMite as well. It's really that personality of you two which makes good old Voice sing out with a lustyell.

Ech Si Kay's humor failed to throw me into the very convulsions of laffter. Another thing -- if Miske isn't Miske, who is Miske? And if someone is Miske, then who is the person who is Miske, and who is the one who is the one who is the one? I'm stumped! Oh, yes. Jack, I agree with you. They shouldn't cut your letters up so much, but then you know what a cut-up Forry is once he starts cutting capers (ooooh). And, Art... Did you like Pinnochio? That was a good idea of yours to come to L. A., but it would have been more appropriate if you would have said Shangri-LA for I can guarantee that this place is a veritable one. Rojoso has a new twist to this 4SJargon, but I am afraid that it would take some time before one would become affluent at the process of untangling all the verbs and nouns and what-have-you out of the mess. What say?

Elmer and Milty are so quaint. Or are they? Vincenttookakeanall with his grand letter (what a horrible piece of Ackermanese. Peace, peace.) which was entirely different from the general trend of the subjects. But a loud hoorah for Alan P!!! Cripes! Don't tell me that anyone considers Roberts a fellowwithteeniest immature mind?! That was the most interesting letter of the issue outside of Wright's which I must say was good for the simple reason that he is in the same room with me as I write this.

George hit something there in his letter, but I sure as hell don't know exactly what it was. Anyway, Georgie boy, try those two mags that 4E recommended as they're both good stuff. One of the most interesting things that I've read in a long time is Ad Conditioned in a SAL.

Of course NO magazine offers the entertainment that DAWN will upon its arrival and I can just see the disappointed ones who did not order a copy in time. Also, THE COMET & MERCURY are not to be sneezed at for they easily rank second and third best of the fannies. Oh, well. I suppose that someone has to stick up for the things. Anyway, I see an opening for a pun back there, Acky. Advertisements are singularly neat and attractive this time ... almost as much so as those that we will feature in DAWN!

I'll go read a couple of the new Thorne Smith books we got now.

*J. J. Fortier*  
2

Enter the Faustrian, of 67  
Thistle St., Lutwyche N7, Bris-  
bane, Queensland, AUSTRALIA:

"Just received the foam-speckled June issue (July 10) and am now solicitously hoping that more of your readers have contracted hydrophobia, apoplectic frenzy or St Vitus' dance. The old homestead quivered to its white-anted foundations as I read the more phrenetic comments, and when I spied the back cover a laughing jackass two miles away blushed in shame and hid its envious head behind a gum-tree. Yes, that little lucifer in cutaway coat and bow tie really tickled my fancy.--and even more so when I suddenly noticed three humorous aspects that are entirely irrelevant here. But the family have had a trying three hours since the magazine arrived, you know. After I had found with some sense of shock that my previous conceptions of myself were merely outworn theories to be discarded, I, being a trusting, gullible child, immediately started on a frantic endeavour to behave in accordance with the ideas of Messrs. Korshak, Knight, Fortier, etc. My sister restrained with comparative ease my hitching up of the flannels to make a pair of knickers, but when I grabbed a serviette for a diaper and asked where did babies come from.... well, as I say, they've had a tough time. ~ Then I read Taylor's letter and tut-tutted with annoyance as I saw that I was all wrong again. Now you may see me revealed in my true light, readers--picture me, picture me for what I am :- the thin face lit up with malice as I crouch in some underground cave or murky cellar and write....write....bitter hatred rankling in my soul and prussic acid dripping from the pen. Swiftly, furiously, the pen flies over the paper, ineradicable detestation of the entire human race motivating the angry bitter phrase and scornful syllable....Thank you, Mr. Taylor. Humbly and from the bottom of my heart I thank you. From now on, I shall simply sneer and sneer and sneer. ~ Seriously, I've been amazed at the way you-all have taken my comments. I can't recollect in all my letters saying one serious word in criticism of science-fiction- (Eh? Frinstance, we refer U to Yom #3 where one yr ago U rote, quote: I have ceased reading the unblushing, shameless, ghastly, setting-a-new-low, unadulterated, dear-at-a-dime trash, that I have enjoyed quite more than some-what the last few years. ~ So we part. I do hereby serve an injunction on science-fiction Friend, you've overstayed your welcome, despite Stuart, McClary, Weinbaum, Lovecraft, Taine & Manning; I formally present you with the Order of the Boot. As we say in the expressive German tongue, Scram, buddy! Unquote. & this was but the prelude to Stings to Come.) and, for that matter, pretty few serious words about anything at all. Yet you have answered me seriously, and judged me by those remarks! Someone soon will wake up with a jolt and announce brightly that my answers to criticism have been unfair, irrelevant and very, very cheap. Doubtless he will be greatly surprised when I agree with every word he's said and a lot more. How could I answer, when their opponent was an intense, fanatical moron who doesn't, I hope, exist? The only course was to give 'em back what they gave me; and so far (sorry, but it must be said) their criticisms have been unfair, irrelevant, and very, very cheap. There, friends, is for once the expression by me of an actual opinion. One's enough--I write these letters as stop-gaps and escape-mediums not as chronicles of my inner machinery. ~ Loath as I am to sour my one friend in the arena, I must perforce rise to a point of order -- you misquote me, Mr Haggard, I do not object to puns as a general rule. In fact, I object to practically nothing, being a tolerant cuss and preferring instead to grin mockingly at everything, including that prize joke of all, myself. I am not one of those who bewail that culture died when the skirt left the ground, but nor can I think that the original amoeba did his quick-change-artist turn just so some inspired lunatic of a song-writer could screech the surprising fact that down in de meddy in de itty-bitty poo. Prominent among my favourite authors are Edgar Wallace, William Shakespeare, James Branch Cabell and Donn Byrne, and my four chief ambitions right now are to write a better fantasy than Dunsany's 'Cave of Kai,' to act Danny in 'Night Must Fall' on the stage, to own a leather overcoat and to go three rounds as a preliminary at the local stadium. Any gig now referring loftily from in between a forest of whiskers to the dogmatic fervour of youth and the impulsive narrowness of the adolescent will be ejected violently by the hofty gentleman in shirtsleeves. And after his unrecognizable remains had been buttered over the pavement, I'll bet the blood running into the gutter would trickle out the grand old tune, 'Only fifteen, boo, boo!' ~ The advertisement of Mr Ralph Roosevelt Thomas opens up an entirely new field. ~ By the Good Man Above, here's another letter to drop me dead in my tracks and slap on my

plastic features a new false moustache and toupee. Contrary to the usual run, Mr Knight does not wish me to snatch a dummy and say 'Goo, goo!' For him I must chirp brightly, 'A bookworm! A bookworm! I'm nothing but a bookworm!' Well, there it is, friend. Read your fill. ~~~ Gentlemen, please! I am no Ringer, Man of a Thousand Faces, and I shudder as I see Mr. Fortier ready with a consoling pat on the shoulder and yet another false beard dangling from his pen. My rejection must be polite but firm. My 'youthful pride' (which I would query, but doubtless I have some, unawares) is impregnably sheathed behind a triple layer of self-confidence, vanity and a 'sensayuma', and the present critics' clumsy projectiles generally disintegrate noisily in an uncontrollable burst of laughter. I must have a perverted sense of humour, I guess; but their beard-stroking, he's-only-a-boy scorn strikes me as being ridiculously funny. If you could only see it as I do . . . ! ~~~ Having first deliberately maddened myself with drugs, I will now let

loose the dogs of war and present my picture of the Science-fiction Fan: He is every inch of five feet six and accordingly massive, but despite his great bulk he moves with the easy grace of a bird - i.e., he's pigeon-toed. His hands are well-shaped, and so clammy is his handshake that most of the water from the well must be still clinging to them. He is so crooked that I know now how that quaint June cover animal got the loop in its neck -- trying to look him straight in the eye. I could continue, but doubtless Mr. Jules Verne is already not merely turning over in his grave but jumping onto the surface and biting large chunks out of his tombstone in baffled rage. So I will now step down from the pulpit, pausing only to add that if the gentleman down at the back of the hall will only repeat just a little more loudly those terse words he is now mumbling savagely beneath his breath, I will at once sue him for lewdness, obscenity and rank slander. ~~~

P.S. Greatly appreciated were the extra copies of Widner's extraordinarily life-like portrait. If I had some glass I'd frame it, if I had a frame. In retaliation, I must sometime send you a photograph of myself that I have around. --for some reason or other it makes me look like something clipped from the Police Gazette or lifted from Madame Tussaud's. People take one look at it, and though they say never a word a dull, horrified light gleams in their eye. Horror-stricken they totter away and are next heard of in Sidi-bel-abbes, where they have joined the Foreign Legion. You know-- to forget...." (We're sure our readers could take your picture, they tell us Police Gazette--or Pogo, as they affectionately refer to it--is their favorite mag, next to Astounding Stories. So send along that snap of yourself & we'll print it on our cover--& that's a request & a promise!)

*Louis Russell Chauvenet* editor of the uniqu fanmag Detours ("The Roads Must Roll!") rides, or, rather, rites from Tallwood Plantation, Esmont, Va, & it's a Red Letter day...for he uses veddy red ink! "Thanx for latest VOM, erroneously sent to Cambridge & eventually forwarded, submerged in a bundle of old newspapers and antique magazines. You're lucky (or perhaps it would be more accurate to say I'm lucky) I dug it out at all! ~~~ Friday (this letter dated Aug 25) I went up to Washington & met Elmer Perdue, after ferreting out his seat of operations in the Commerce Building. I found him suffused with that deep inward glow of satisfaction which comes upon learning one has received a raise in salary. In the exuberance of the moment he readily agreed to take the day off and was rewarded for this noble resolve by receiving a copy of that fine publication, D E T O U R S (is Reinsberg can plug his mags in VOMs, then even I---!) (Say, who do U think U are, the Now MacAdam?! Or should we take that for granite...) It took Elmer very little time to sell me a bill of goods, to wit, membership in the F.A.P.A. The old city slicker story, you know. In lieu of the conventional gold brick Elmer presented me with the last mailing. Some of the gold-plating, such as Milt's Mag, was nice looking, but, oh, the brick!! ~~~ Our next move consisted of a call on Marjorie Wilson, who would no doubt be vastly surprised to learn that she's Art Widner's protégée! We found her out, engaged in the plebian task of procuring sources of nourishment--groceries to you, sir!--and so occupied ourselves in purchasing some sf. magazines until, returning, we found her in, & stayed for a brief visit. It now became necessary to meet Jack Speer for lunch, and, hurtling the family chariot through the tangles of Washington, I accomplished this feat--considerably aided by Elmer's piloting, it is true! Lunch was short--say 20 minutes--for Jack's fierce urge to work drove him back to his job, while Elmer & I could only marvel at the source of such energy. ~~~ After

watching Jack disappear into the maze of endless corridors typical of all Washington buildings. Elmer and I proceeded to visit Lester del Rey, whom we discovered engaged in completing the enlargement of some photographs. Ensued a rambling (and probably more or less confused) conversation which lasted somewhat over an hour, or until I had to leave. All I remember is that del Rey, who took an MA in psychology, thinks Heinlein's psychology screwy, his writing good. ~~ Thus the Tale of the Visit. ~~ I don't feel controversial--I'll not comment on, quarrel with, or agree about, the stuff in August VOM. I did like your impressionistic 'cheese' cover, though. ~~ Amicably"

Just bfor we left for the Chicon we recvd a note from the Chairman, MARK REINSBERG, to the effect that here was a hasty word preceding the Convention, just to be sure he'd be represented in the issue of Vom following it. We, in our equal haste, somehow misplaced the actual note, havent been able to locate it since our return, so can only give U this gist of what he rote.

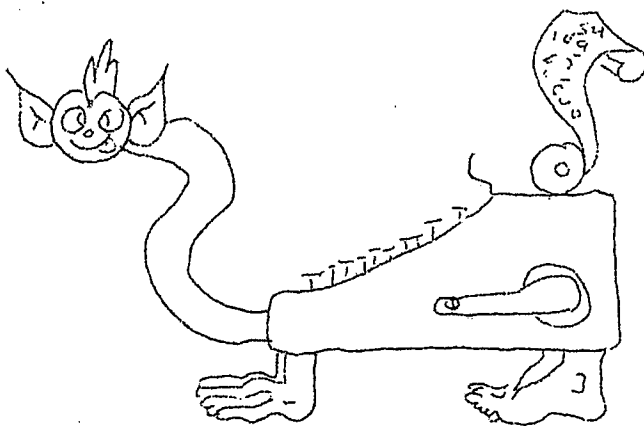
*Chicon* of 191 Capital Ave SW, Battle Creek Mich, saw fanmags for the firsttime at the Chicon, afterward askt: "Y O Y O Y" wasn't I told before how interesting those fan mags were. I had read about them in the pro mags, of course, but hadn't paid any attention to them before Chicago, when I got several copies. But now I am going to make up for it and am enclosing a dollar for the one Morojo and Forrest put out. I also want to get the ones published by Wiggins and Tucker. ~~ Am all rested up now, but still so thrilled (Sent 7) with all the wonder of the Chicon, and the many things I saw, heard and learned, and most especially with the marvellous new friendships I made there. ~~ Am really planning on going to Denver, and have started my savings for it." (We too. B c'n U! PS: Thanxx mightily for the \$)

CARNELL was alive & well, rote from 17, Burwash Rd, Plumstead SE18, London: "It's alright for you guys to keep stating that the Chicago hamburger meet (pause), will be held on Labor Day, but over here we work six or seven days a week, and they are all labor days. I gather that it is early September or late August. Reason for asking is that I've just sent Bob Tucker a message for the conflagration, and don't know when it will reach him." (It reacht him in time to be read by him at the Chindig.) Over a period of 4 days Ted rote us a 6 pg letter, at times typing by candle-lite in a bomb-shelter during airraids. The very latest word we had from him was Aug 26. We shall continue to keep our readers informd.

VOL MOLESWORTH, leading Australifan, in green & brown typt from "Del Monte", Kangaroo Point Rd, Sylvania, New South Wales, on Aug 23: "There is a magazine started because of the ban called Modern Adventure. So far it has printed only west, sex, and adventure. Futurians are writing under dozens of pseudos to get a little stf occasionally. Results to date: nil. The new semipro, IMAGINATIVE STORIES, will feature in its first issue, out Septembr some-time, myarn Man Who Lived Thrice; Evans' Message From Psychos and lessons on Esperanto, also readersection and other departments including The Man Tomoro."

Poll

cat



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