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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover: *Sweetness & Lite* by Mooney

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Vom Variety   | 3  |
| Denver report   |    |
| Departure... Trip... Arrival  | 4  |
| Others' Arrivals  | 5  |
| Hall Decorating... Conmags  | 6  |
| First Day, Morning Session... Shangri-LA Records... Official Opening... Guest of Honor Speaks | 7  |
| Masquerade... Movies  | 8  |
| Denvention Marsian? (Pic--Elder)  | 9  |
| Record from "the Fantasite Fellows"... Angels in Undress                                      | 10 |
| I Speak ('Paradox')... Extemporaneous suggestions   | 11 |
| 1941 Honor Awards... Tripoli's Talk... NFFF   | 12 |
| Auction... Ballgame... '42 Con... Denvention Prize  | 13 |
| Banquet & Farewell  | 14 |
| Frank McCourt: Gambles with gamblers  | 15 |
| Harry Schmarje: Amos' fear  | 15 |
| Bill Temple: Chary-yo!  | 15 |
| Raym: Compares favorably with LeZine  | 15 |
| Vomoswoth: Maniac account of "Sydcon"   | 15 |
| Cartoon: D.Elder  | 16 |
| Paul H Spencer: Voice of the Procrasti-nation   | 16 |
| Elmer Perdue: Ramble seat   | 16 |
| I Michael Rosenblum: He's difrent; he doesnt put out the cat, he puts out Fido!               | 18 |
| Jno Craig: Some antics  | 18 |
| DRSmith: Odd copys? All our copys are odd!  | 19 |
| Ericopkins: Banana on the piana?  | 19 |
| JE Rennison: Renny - with the life brown hair   | 20 |
| Douglas Webster: Spend a honeymoon in Scotland?   | 20 |
| Arthur Clarke: Arthur Clarke theory?  | 20 |
| Cartoon: D.Elder  | 21 |
| Tigrina: Damsels drest only in sandals are scandals   | 21 |
| Dave McIlwain: Plena Vorteraro!   | 22 |
| Ted Carnell: It's swine bomb  | 22 |
| Irene Carnell: War of the Newds   | 22 |
| G Ken Chapman: Ticklish & tasty   | 22 |
| Phil Bronson & Forry Ackerman: For Fans Only  | 23 |
| "Man Eating Plant" (Don't look--it's gruesome!) damon Wright                                  | 24 |

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## VOMUTTERINGS

### OUR (UN)COVER

this month, another Vomaiden, by Mooney. Original, done in multi-color pastel, has been given a rather good reproduction, we feel, by Adele. Next month we'll bring U a "Tomaiden"; ie, a Vomaiden by Tom Wright. This really is a superlative piece of fantasy art & no expense will be spared in its reproduction, which will be fotolithic. All who have seen the original praise it as Tom's nearest approach to Finlay. The figure, incidently, is clothed. But we have a promise of a Bronsonude (we understand Phil is the only fanartist to sport a model--his sister Beverly!); & we'll have an original lithicrayon lovely by Grace Talbert of Hollywood in the not-too-distant future. '' Meanwhile, if your acceptance is ryt, we plan to intersperse a greater proportion of cartoons in our correspondence. All fans with funtasy ideas & an ability with pen & ink invited to draw 'em up & submit. There is a possibility for next no. of one from Guy Gifford who has apeared in AmS & enjoys some local fame as a cartoonist; probabilitys of Bradbury, Elder & a new doodle by Hoffman; while definite is a dilly by Danny (AmS Oct) Daimwood...

### ASSORTED ACKERMAN, AT YOUR SERVICE!

(Unless called into Service!) Adele is retiring from repro/ing & henceforth the mimicrayon process & all other services of A.S. will be handled by 4e. Delder will not noe--til he reads this here--that his beloved Marsian was not a genuine Repro/Adele but the first (historical!) Repro/Erman! (And at no xtra cost, either.) The original artist was delited, declaring "I think the repro improved my picture"; & Adele herself stated she could have done no better, so we feel our reputation as a reproartist practicly is establisht.

### VOM REMAINS VERDANT

due to 2-to-1 preference on voters' parts. The Black Boys: Harry Warner, Phil Bronson, Dale Hart, Doc Lowndes, Bob Madle, Tom Wright, Allen Class, Russ Hodgkins. The Indifferents: Don Thompson, Art Widner, Jno Millard, Elmer Perdue. The Greenys: EEEvans, Walt Daugherty, Erle Korshak, damon knight, Roy Hunt, Don Wollheim, Walt Liebscher, Paul Freehafer, Julie Unger, Milty, Bill Deutsch, N. Willmorth, Graph Waldeyer, Lou Goldstone, Grady McMurtry, Jos Kenealy, Olon F Wiggins.

### PERTAINING TO PERIODICITY

Vom forsakes monthly publication "for the duration". The duration refering to the Pacificon Preparations. FJA's position as Publicity Director of the coming convention & Morajo's as Mimeografer-in-Chief, plus the bi-wkly meetings of the Convention Socy, cut too much time out of available hrs to permit the continued appearance every 4 wks of the Voice. Temporarily we shall try Spaceways' policy of every 6 wks; tho we can guarantee nothing, conceivably should have to revert to 8. Cause for even greater concern is the possible conscription (but imminently!) of 4e, who has had his medical date with the Draft Board, but has not (as of Aug 17) recvd notification of classification. Funny...if I should attend Nycon, Chicon & Denvention, then not be able to be present at Pacificon! But I have hopes, since the Naval Intelligence turnd me down the other day (& not for mental reasons, scums!), that the Army physical requirements will be as as-tringent. However, if it comes to "the worst" & I go from puns to guns, I'll try to educate the army. This will be no mean task & probly will leave me very lil time for actual drills & that sort of thing. Why, I can jest see it now: We'll replace the boogie-woogie bugler of Company B with the Science Fiction Bugle of Co. 4e. The slogan of the first army fanmag will be: "It's the taps!" (Despite the apparent levity, I appreciate the gravity of the situation; & presume most of U can pretty well imagine I woudnt relish service as a soldier & the automatic curtailment of my stf activities. I presume U'll get the "story" in FFF if any bad news breaks bfor next Vom. I am attempting not to burn any bridges behind me bfor I cross them but if I am sent off C.O.D. /Conscripted on Draft/ every effort will be made to colaborate with the lil lady at home & keep a Vom of some sorts coming.)

# DENVER DE DAYS!

451

So Morajo & Belle "Zululu" Wyman were at the bustation to kiss the boy goodby & at quarter of 8pm on the first of July Forrest was on his way to the DENVENTION.

A couple hrs later we made a rest stop at San Bernardino. I utilized the time to hop into a tone booth & give J 'rv' Haggard a buzz. However, Harvey wasn't home. I had justime for the pause that refreshes, so I askt, "Anything uncarbonated?" (Past experience has taut me that 'pop' beverages injure the delicate taste-buds of the tongue, & once these are destroyed-- well, what is life without taste, bud?) So, in all my innocence, I let them serve me a 7<sup>UP</sup> ...and had a beautiful case of the burps for the next 100 miles. From lithicrayon to lithicola..!

During the trip I read all the "Friendly Corpse" ish of Unk & read at "The Metal Monster". At Albuquerque I was going to look up Walt Sullivan in the bk & tone him. We arrived there around noon; stoppt about 45 mins, too; but (I hang my haid in the sunless shade) I completely forgot about Walt when our time came. For no good reason that I noe.

The bus busted a tire (Blowouts Happen) & I took advantage of the hr they were fixing the flat to touch up my Prepared Speech for the 4th time. At one time we were 3 hrs behind schedule; but, if not a Santa Claus, there's a Santa Fe, & they got us into Denver not more'n 5 mins late.

Olon Wiggins welcomed me. With him was Denverite Adam Lang whom ofcourse everyone called "Adam Link" thruout the Convention. Around the corner & to the private transportation car, when comin' runnin' up the street a-hoopin' & a-hollerin' is Rustebar (formerly of Riverside, Cal; an LASFS acquaintance) & Lew Martin &, meeting for the firstime, Al McKeel of Missouri. We squeeze into the jalopy (previously described as "private transportation")--the 7 of us--& off to the Shirley-Savoy. When they drop me theyre sposed to hi-tail it back to a bustation to pick up Joe Fortier. It develops I'm the only one noes Joe tho so they desire me to go to identify him. But I'm too tired after 36 hrs--those bus seats aint no lounge for a longfellow like me--& wanna go up to my rm & refreshen a bit bfor meeting any more fans. So I give 'em a description so theyll be sure & recognize Joe: Medium height, black hair, baggage & a bewilderd look. I don't noe what more U could ask for? And yet, when 2J arrived later on at the Shirley-, it seemd my description had been inadequate, as he was unaccompanyd, & that was how that song was originated, "Stomping at the Savoy".

I found to my joy the Heinlein-Daugherty party, whose arrival I had not anticipated til tord sundown that afternoon, had preceded me, pulling in the previous evening. A contingent of 5 NY Futurians was present. Phil Bronson was due around 2.

While shaving got a tone call from Johnny Michel who said How about Doc & Daw & I having breakfast with U if U havent eaten yet? & I said Alrite, fine. But I can't remember now whether I breakfasted with them after all. I noe I ate with a crowdlet that included Walt & Eleanor Daugherty but of the rest of U I cannot be quite certain. Al McKeel? Rustebar (Rust E. Barron)? Lowndes, Michel & Wollheim?

"Gux"?



Gus was a guy who stepped up to us in the lobby of the S-S, as I recall, just bfor we went to breakfast--tho it mightve been just after we got back--asking "Science fiction fans?" He introduced himself half a dozen times but I for one did not catch his name. Finally he said "Just call me Gus." When I learnd later he was from Chelan, Wn, gears began meshing in my mind & it seemd to me I recalled having seen a tribe of Willmorths, headed by one N. Willmorth, registered from there as members of the Science Fictioneers. "Do U noe an N. Willmorth up there?" I askt. Naturally he ansrd "That's me"...

A happy surprise when Freehafer, Morojo & Yerke, who drove, & were not expected til nitetall, arrove forenoon. Soon after, Morojo's maglet; Stephan the Stfan, the perennial convention autograf pamflet; was available in its 3d edition, price - "YOUR Signature". As those of U who were there noe, I started duplicates circulating, 2 for the British Boys & another for the Aussys. By actual count I find 60 signatures on myn but I'm afraid the plan kinda got out of hand around the quarter-hundred mark for the overseasers. However, the bklets, with such sigs as I was able to szcure, were clipperd to England's & Australia's fan-heads to pass around for the fellows to see.

Morojo & Freehafer, who had shared the driving from Shangri-LA, retired after lunch &, with Yerke, were not seen again until evening. Shortly after lunch it is my recollection that I went up to Heinleins' suite with Don Thompson & a Denver nonfan friend of his. In the course of our conversation there, I bliev the nff was converted to regarding sf in a kindlier lile than he had previously. The Daughertys dropt in & Walt did some testing with his "infernal machine", cutting a couple of candidiscs on his recorder.

Later, I have the impression of returning to the lobby & there experiencing the great pleasure of renewing acquaintanceship with Dale Hart of Texas, the so-nice looking & mild-mannerd stfan I met at the Nycon. Speaking of handsome & well-bred members of the imagi-nation, wasnt Allen Class the surprise of this Convention. So bon-aspekta & gentile! Fanartist #1, Roy Hunt, for whom I mistook Allen Class on several occasions at first, wasnt far behind for physignomy & conduct; & Al McKeel's anudder sweet feelow.

About this time I think it was suggested the assembled fans visit Joe Fortier in his rm, so to the 5th flr we elevatord (majority the fans were staked out on the 5th flr) & congregated around 4Oyr's door. Knock! knock! & crys of "Get the rope ready, boys! Come out, Fortier; we know you're in there! Get the Type 15 fan! Careful with that tar & feathers, fellows..." And Fan #8 opens up to meet his fate, meeting (most for the firsttime) in one lump sum Kornbluth, Wollheim, Michel, Lowndes, Ackerman, Bronson & others. Confusion reigns. Directly across the hall is Daugherty's rm & a great gang is in there too. As I sit on 2J's bed, fingering thru a Starlight #1, someone dashes past the door, hollering in "4e!" I don't see who it is, go to door, see figure disapearing down hall, follow, find it's--Walt Liebscher! Hurray! Hurray! I'm with him about 5 mins in his rm telling him who's here alreedy & what's hapnd, then we go to Dau's. Most everybody's congregated here, now, & Dr D has got the gadget going. Everybody's taking turns stepping up to the mike & saying a few extempraneous words. Then WJD has all the faneds present put a lil patter on a platter about their respective tmz...

What hapnd next I frankly can't remember. Let's call it time for dinner. Oh, no; take it back; was about to say we waked up Freehafer & Morojo, which made me think that when I waked up Monjo I had the news to tell her that Erle Korshak had arrived. So the arrival of Erle obviously hapnd tween the time we left Daughertys' rm & dinner. Yes, it all comes back to me now. How Walt took his movie camera & we went downstairs & he shot some scenes, semiposed stuff. Then, when he wasnt aiming, one of the most wonderful candid action shots he cou'dve got: with a wild war whoop the Erle of Chifandom comes racing up the street & throws his arms around me & gives me the old French hug & we dance around on the sidewalk in front of the S-S like long-lost brothers. A lil later, Walt takes pix. (Unfortunately, eventually turnd out all film had been ruint by heat & exposure to life.)

So now we'll call it dinner time. Great gang of us--Evans, Morojo, Liebscher, Millard, Willmorth, Unger, Freehafer, self & others--takes up 2 tables, has feast fit for king...& then finds out "Tripoli" (EEEvans) is treating! Walt Daugherty announces that directly after dinner the Official Program Bklet will be available from Mrs D in the lobby of the S-S. There we see for the firsttime the splendid souvenir publication with cover by Hunt, original of which, if I be not badly mistook, took in \$6.50 at the Auction. And didnt I hear something about Roy's spending about 1/2 a day drawing up a cover design, then destroying it in dissatisfaction & executing that used in about 1/2 hr?

Wiggins says, Those with fanmags can get them ready in the Convention Hall now for display tomoro. So I go out to the garage with Paul to get my items. Returning to the Convention Hall (grand, incidently; large, airconditiond & green) I find about 20 stfans milling about. Daugherty is busy arranging tables; Julie Unger is getting his super Triple-F out & still wondering what to do about the censord "Art" tofo of Widner; the Futurians pick a place for their Phantagraph & "X"; Phil Bronson arrives with a batch of 2 nos. of Fantasite; Joe Fortier distributes around various conmag; auctionable Paul & Finlay pix are set up along the walls. Wiggins requests fans to refrain from purchasing fmz to-nite, calls for volunteers to work to remain, politely asks all others to leave. The Daughertys, Heinleins, Liebscher, 4e & a few others stay behind. Wiggins leaves to rustle up l e w Martin. When work is done, what fun is had as Daugherty & Heinlein go thru a rare dance routine to a tuneroo tickled out on the black & whites by piano pastmaster Liebscher. Leslyn, Eleanor & I laff ourselves sick at such a sight to see. And Bob tauf Dau a few new steps!

About 12:30 WJD drove Olon & me out to l e w 's where we pickt up some more illustrations, saw Martin's cubicle (which I found quite neat & orderly, as collection-dens go). Dropt Wiggins off at his place, after; then back to the hotel & a bit of beddy-by.

Hey--have I taken up 3 pgs alredy telling what hapnd previous to the Convention? Foo preserve us, & I still have 4 days to go!

So at 5 o'cl I'm up & wandering around, riting some postcards in the lobby, etc, & eventually enuf fans wake up to have a breakfast party. Milty Rothman, Bob Madle, Art Widner, Franklyn Brady & damon knight all have arrived by now...

9am--the Denvention semiofficially gets under way. More & more fans appear in the Hall. All exchange handshakes, autographs, mill around the fanmag table, appraise the pix...s'no difrent from foregoing yrs. Except--the Recorder. Here, by the side of the speakers' platform, for the firsttime at a fanvention a discutter is in evidence. And as Yours Sciencercely mc's, few fans escape with their voices unrecorded as all within distance of call are invited up to the mike to make comments; their reactions to recording conventions, what they think of certain fmz, etc. For a quarter anyone can get a copy of Cyclops, Shangri-LA, & have made a special Shangri-LARecord all his own with the voices of such fans as he shall select. Bob Madle has greetings made up for the Philly Fellows, Evans asks everyone to say hello to Doc Smith, Phil Bronson gets himself a disc grooved.

Adjournment for lunch, another luncheon with lots of fans. Then back to the Hall for the Official Opening. This was accomplisht very rapidly; so fast, in fact, that the initial items on the agenda were reduced to past-history almost bfor I could catch my breath, & I found myself called to the plat to introduce our Guest of Honor.

What I said in presenting Robert Anson Heinlein is a matter of record. U can order it from Doc Dougherty, if intrested. I concluded by calling him the American W. Olaf Stapledon.

Mr Heinlein's "Discovery of the Future" is a matter of records. Seven of them, two-siders. He spoke for approximately one hour and a half. The topic of his talk was the trying times ahead & how in his opinion science fiction conditions the fan's mind to hang on to sanity as fantasy after fantasy becomes reality. Praps I've not put that completely properly or others obtained a difrent interpretation of his adres; but I become sorta selfconscious & tongue-tied when it occurs to me Bob's going to be reading something I rite, he being such a semantician & all. I wonder if what I'm riting is making sense, or if it's just meaningless marks thatre coming out of the machine, meaningless noises. Guess I'll have to get a noiseless typryter!

Anyway, I was intensely imprest with "The Discovery of the Future". I felt like: Well, I've heard Wells, & now I've heard Heinlein...

Intermission of about 1/2 hr for refreshments & then resumption for Q&A period conducted from the platform by Mr Heinlein. There were 4 questions, I bliev; by Bill Deutsch, Bruce Yerke, Morojo & Milty. I think the ansrs to them woud--& mayhap will. How's about it, MAR? --make an article on their own.

Something tells me we adjourned after that til the Costume Party. Boy, I must be getting old, 'cause I can't recall what hapnd tween about 5 & 8. Oh, I ate, ofcorse; but where or with whom or what fan-fun was had, I cannot remember. 'S' too bad. But I just was enjoying myself; no note-taking. I seem to grow progressively less particular about my convention reporting. Golly, after the Nycon I described everything in the minutest detail in a 1/2 doz articles. Studley & Tucker never saw fit to publish most all I rote re the Chicon (aproxly 5000 words). Guess I'm riting less this time. And ah! what a lugsury to have the contention at home next yr & read others' accounts!



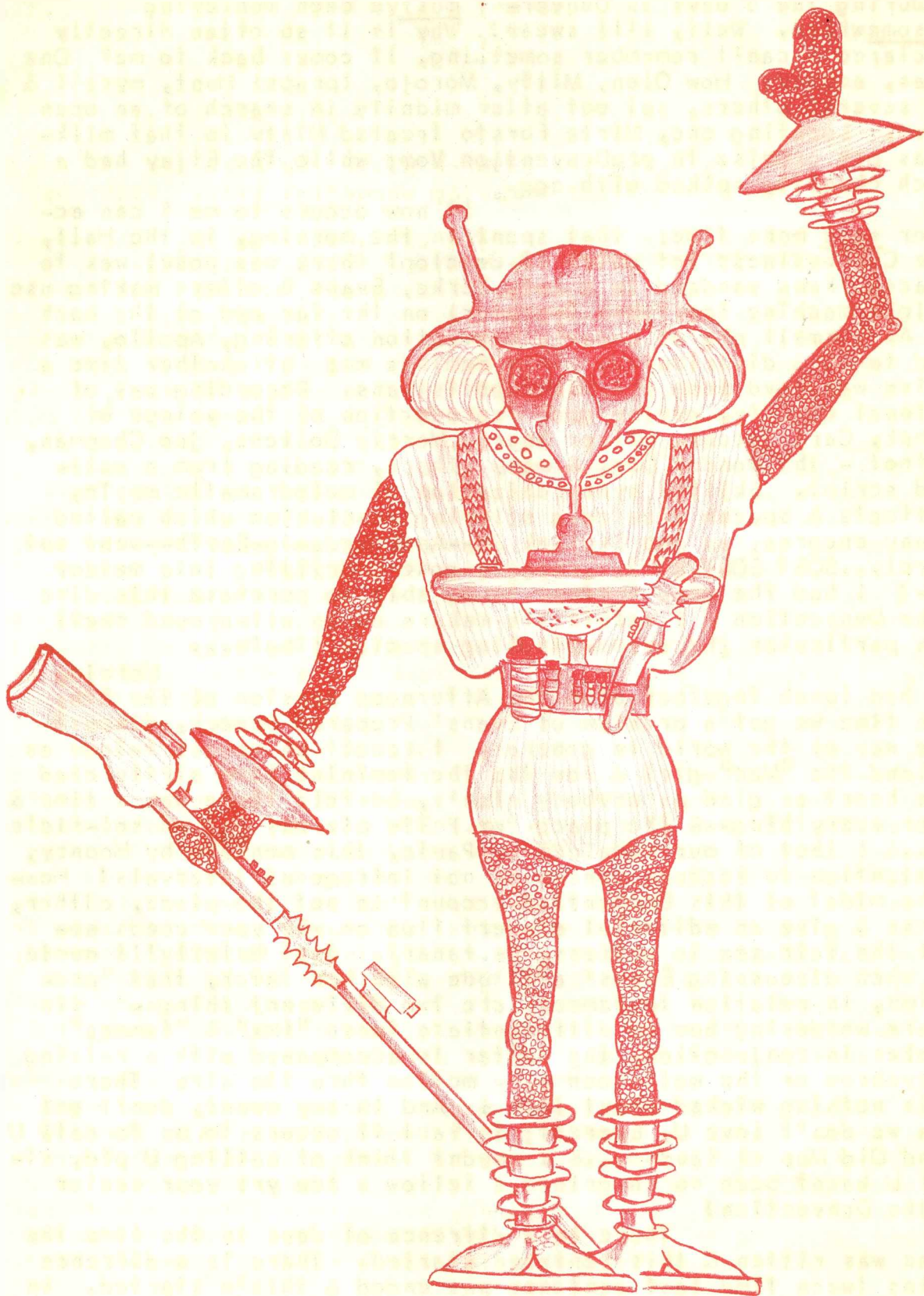
(I just have taken time to read thru the foregoing 4 pgs of Denventionism. I speak, ofcourse, while dummies. Persons & tenses change, I find, with the rapidity of a chameleon's skin as it'd run over a cover on Amazing. But praps that's appropriate style for such reporting: if there's any place that's a preview of the chaos the Technocrats predicted we'll encounter in 1942, it's fandom's annual fracas! Ofcourse, quite a slaphappy chaos rather'n a tragic-chaos; nobody seems to noe anything about somebody's whereabouts, & everything runs off-schedule...but a greatime is had by all! I might, in passing, mention there is absolutely no truth to the rumor Tucker's wife is suing for divorce after the postcard she rcvd from him from the Denvention: "Having wonderful time. Wish you were her.")

The Costume Party. Here was a faze of the Convention that really came off. Now at first glance U may take that for a pun...something to do with costumes coming off, U noe? But for the timebeing I am serious; serious in saying I sincerely was surprised & grzatyly gratifyd at the number of costumed fans & the amount-to-somethingness of most of their getups. I think it pretty well agreed the Chicon Masquerade was not too successful; in fact, lucky the Life fotografer didnt show. So I held no hi hopes for the Myl-hicon's evening-of-disguise. Which was why I was astonisht & delighted, the way youse guys came prepared. The gashly Doc Lowndes... madoctor Kornbluth...Deathshead Korshak...Morojo the Akka..."Ole Granny" Widner...Jno Star knight...The Improbable Man...Prof Pinero...Daugherty, in the \$500 spaceman's outfit...Adam Stink, the human robot...Leslyn Heinlein as a character from Cabell...The Tramp...& my own repulsive self. I hope I forgot no-one; unintentionally, probly have, someone I later'll wonder how I possibly coud have, he was so outstanding. Yes! And it wasnt pland, so help me science! Whom had I overlookt but the pal who took First Prize...EEEvans as the BEM to end all Bug-Eyed Monsters! Wow, what a costume! Heinlein's stereoscopicolor pic must be seen of it; in my weekend condition, I woudnt undertake a description. A very fine article coud --& shoud--be developpt around this costume party. I can't treat of it complete here. For instance, there were the things the contestants (for \$5, \$2.50 & \$1 cash prizes) did & said; "Pinero's Predictions"; wisecrax & whatnot. They awarded HunchbAckerman 3d prize for apearing as the backover on the Denvention Vom (had hoped to be maskt as Odd Jno but circumstances made imposs & I was visible instead as the expression of how badly I felt over not being able to maskerade as Stapledon's superman). Yes, Judges Hunt & 2 others I bliev, of which one mayve been Wiggins, awarded me 3d prize; & I thank U gentlemen for your generosity, & Ray Harryhausen--my mask's designer--thanx U too for your appreciation; but Art & damon, I honestly thot your Granny & Jno Star more deserving.

Besides many flash & flood fotos & technicolor stereo shots, movies were made of the costumes. Later we were shown the world-famous "Los World", all-talking version (all talking being supplyd by audience, with jokes from 1,000,000 BC & humor as heavy as a brontosaurus). The remarks evoked by this revival alone, had anyone either a fotografic memory or cared to sacrifice entertainment for penciling notes in the dark, woudve provided material for a fantasy tilmanuscript.

MAN FROM MARS at the rite is the conception of LArtist Dave Elder. He was not a character in the costumenagerie. A message from his people was rcvd during the Denvention. With that cryptic mention we'll pass on to another faze as a committee from the Cosmic Club is making an investigation of the "Message from Mars".





Ah, me; what I did after the moompix (a short subject about invisibility also was shown) I cannot recall now. All is blank as a cartridge; yet I calculated once I averaged only 3 hrs sleep a "nite" during the 5 days in Denver--I mustve been monkeying around somewhere. Well, I'll swear! Why is it so often directly I've declared I can't remember something, it comes back to me? One thing has, anyway: How Olon, Miltly, Morojo, (praps) Hunt, myself & I bliev several others, set out after midnite in search of an open malt dive. Locating one, Mirfa Forsto treated Miltly to that milkshake, as per promise in preDenvention Vom; while the Ejjay had a dubl-rich chochlt, spiked with egg.

It now occurs to me I can account for some more time: that spent in the morning, in the Hall, when the CFS Business (of which it devlopt there was none) was to take place. Fans wanderd in & out; Yerke, Evans & others making use of Morojo's machine (portable typryter) on the far end of the back table. An airmail pkg of Speer's Denvention offering, Apollo, was deliverd to me & distributed. This reminds me: at another time a large disc was rcvd from the Minneapolistfans. Recording was of professional quality, giving good reproduction of the voices of Clif Simak, Carl Jacobi, Oliver Saari, Morrie Doliens, Jno Chapman, Squanchfoot - the Wonder Dog, & many others, reading from a well-prepared script. Skilful synchronization of melodramatic music, sound-effects & speech created a stirring conclusion which called forth many encores, as the Skylark 3d--Andromeda-to-Earth--went out of control...SOS! SOS! SOS!...rockets gone & drifting into meteor shower--! I had the good fortune to be able to purchase this disc after the Denvention & I salute its makers on an all-around swell job & in particular the spine-tingling spacial finale...

Morojo, 3E & 4e had lunch together bfor the Afternoon Session of the 5th, at which time we got a preview of Evans' Prepared Speech, discust it & the way of the world in general. I recall an uneasy twinge as 3E mentiond the "Mac" girl & how tho the feminine form airily clad made his heart as glad as anybody else's, he felt there was a time & place for everything--& the place for Petty pix was not on sci-fic's covers...& I thot of our Vomaiden by Paule, this month's by Mooney, & our intention to feature others at not infrequent intervals! However, the midst of this Denvention account is not the place, either, to digress & give an editorial dissertation on why your coeds approve of the fair sex in undress, in fanart. Just briefly'll quote Morojo, when discussing Evans' attitude with her later, that "promags & fmz, in relation to femmes, are two different things." (In case U are wondering how to differentiate tween "fmz" & "femmes" when spoken in conjunction, the latter is accompanyd with a raising of one eyebrow or the well-noen wavy motion thru the air. There really is nothing wicked about this.) And in any event, don't get the idea we don't love U, Everett; in fact it occurs to me to call U the Grand Old Man of fandom...& I woudnt think of calling U old, either, if U hadnt been so chagrined a fellow a few yrs your senior was at the Denvention!

There is a difrence of days in the time the last line was ritten & this sentence started. There is a difrence of 15 mins tween time last sentence was ended & this'n started. In the former case I was unable to accomplish anything further on this account because of the arrival in town of Korshak & Gardner & Bronson, publication of Pacificonews #1, Annual Beach Party of LASFS, visit to Hondo, Calif, to see convalescent Bob Olsen, some Assorted Services transacted after office hours, & the 2d of the Pacificon Organizational Meetings. If the dummy works out the way it shoud U



alredy willve read about these occurrences in more detail in the Shangri-L'Affaires; but as that column yet is to be ritten, I thot at least I'd better mention these matters while the mentioning was good, in case they got crowded out of the other. As for the quarter hour interruption, that was Ray Harryhausen on the fone--the imagi-native who's seen "King Kong" 37 times, "Pompeii" 20, is working on his own fantasy film, & created my "Hunchback of Notre Dame" mask.

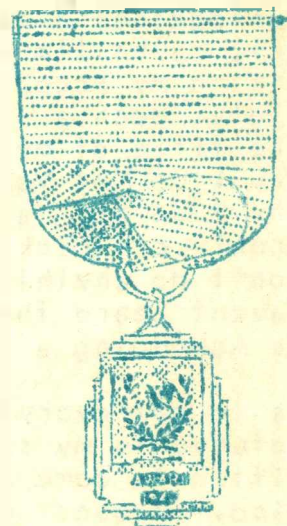
So to return to the "task" of recording the Denvention as I experienced it. (En passant: The introduction of the fonograf into the field is going to make the word "record" in its various forms rather ambiguous, n'est-ce pas?)

So we find ourselves in the hall again. Maybe I'm rong--maybe several or a number of preliminary things hapnd--tonite, 22 days after the close of the Denvention, it sometimes is difficult for me to separate in my mind what took place one day & what another--nites & days were sort of runtogether à la time-machine, anyway, in a gray blur--so, as I say, maybe I'm rong, but as I remember, nothing stood in the way of making my Prepared Speech at once, & God! was I grateful, 'cause I'd've been a specimen if I'd had to've waited 1/2 the afternoon. The title of my talk was 'Paradox' & the subject of my speech was Why I Do Not Make Speeches. In other words, I talkt at length on why I do not talk lengthily publicly. It all's down on a disk; U probly can pick the platter up for about 75c from Daugherty; but don't do anything rash if U havent gotta lotta dough, U noe I havent heard the playback yet but probly all U get for your 6 bits is Ack doing a series of stutters & stammers & suctionss...

And so as to get everything off my mind at once & relax, no sooner had I returnd to my seat than I raised my hand & askt if I might be permitted to come back to the plat to say several things I had in mind. Request was granted, & in brief résumé these were they: (Both concern fm publishers only) Item a., the Preservation of Fmz. Individual collections may perish. The best bet to see your pet kept in good condition for posterity, so that in your old age a copy still will exist, is to send each issue to Edwin Hadley Smith, 524 N Kenmore St, Arlington, Va. He in turn will see that they properly are placed in the Library of Amateur Journalism in the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. I for one look forward to visiting the Institute & terretng out old fanmags when the Convention eventually is held in Philadelphia. In the meantime, I think an article exists there & might suggest to U, Bob Madle, U drop around sometime soon & let fandom noe what U find on the fanmag situation there. For instance, I myself have forgotten, & am anxious to noe: I imagine originly, when I first found out about the Library, I mustve sent, in addition to duplicates of all other pubs I coud gather to which I'd contributed, a complete file of TTT, SFD & Fantasy Mag. But U might make sure. Other publishers deciding to send copys of their mags might check first & find it unnecessary to send every issue as for the past few yrs I've been sending samples of others than my own. " My 2d thot from the plat was: I shoud like to see it become a tradition that publishers of fmz, forced to discontinue their fm, publish one post-final issue, the contents to consist solely of comments on the preceding numbe --nothing new, just letters about the old. Those who heard me noe I urged this action on these grounds: The only "pay" a person receives for riting a fan article, or drawing a picture, as the case may be, is the criticism or congratulations made on it by

his fellow fans. I believ it is an unnatural riter or artist indeed who, upon receiving the issue of a mag directly following the one in which an article or picture of his has apeard, does not turn hastily to the letter column & scan it for mention of his name to learn the readers' reactions to his contribution... 'Alchemist, Bizarre, Pluto, Stardust & Sun Spots folded without "paying off" their contributors. That is to say, as the situation stands today, lil ever will be noen of what was thot of a coupla dozen difrent articles, storys, illustrations & sotorth. Ofcorse, it's a lil late now to worry over what U fans thot of my autobiography in Stardust, which was current at the Chicon; while memorys of "Wells of Wisdom" probly are fast fading even as the lite of Pluto itself dims with "femme" after fm competitively being drest today in color. --Well, there's my idea & I daresay it's a course of action every contributor, & even the noncontributoreader, woud appreciate; so spose U see what U can do about it, huh, gate? in case your pride & joy ever goes floy-floy...

Others spoke. damon k: his stflag idea, Walt Liebscher on the question of falsification in fandom. Walt Daugherty spoke at length on the necessity for the unification of fandom, climaxing his speech with the presentation of 5 medals, awarding 1941's highest honor for amateur artwork to Roy Hunt; for best fanmag to Olon Wiggins (Science Fiction Fan); top humorist, damon knight; finest news-dispenser, Julie Unger (Fantasy Fiction Field); & for "services rendered", Yours Sciencereally... The moment during which I was awarded this medal was the most electrical with emotion in my life, & brot me closest to a hysterical breakdown of anything that has hapnd to me thus far-----



It seems Daugherty's speech paraleld Evans' in thot but EEE presented his prepared one nonetheless & with finesse emfasized the points presented by Walt. Tripoli's was well-applauded & led, as I recall, to a free-for-all discussion of the N-triple-F. Lowndes, Yerke, Rothman, Korshak, knight, Evans, Widner, Daugherty & several others became involved prominently in this, a saga in itself. As I suspect a detaild report will appear in Bonfire, organ of the NFFF, I shall not go into it all myself, my sole comment being that to my mind Kornbluth's uncouthness lost him considerable face with fans while Lowndes & Korshak--Erle in particular--emerged from the ordeal with increast dignity.

I must not forget: Sometime during the Convention Miltly invited fans to fill the few vacancys in the Fapa.

During recess til Auction time, a group of us had a good time visiting several 2dhand bkstores, Korshak, Unger, Ackerman & Freehafer being among the purchasers of various fine bargains. A jolly dlner was enjoyd by all; as I now recall, our group consisting additionally of Morojo, Liebscher, knight & Bronson. Where we ate the menues said "Yes, you may keep this" so we all passt ours around for eachothers' sigs as mementoes of the occasion. Then the waiter came & started to pick 'em up!

The Auction was skeded to start at 8 but we didnt have to worry about being late 'cause we had the auctioneer with us! U probly've heard about the Auction by now--it was a memorable one! fortunate my mind had been fortified by Heinlein's speech about the stfan's ability to hang on to



his sanity in the face of unprecedented circumstances. The Chicon gave away a couple 100 originals but at the Denvention the lowliest illustration brot cash & bidding was the most rash these here auction-accustomd eyes ever have witnest! It no dout will be no news to most of U but for the benefit of the few: \$20 for a Finlay cover, \$10 for an interior! \$7.50 averages for Pauls & Boks. Yoicks! Your correspondent just sat there stund & did not purchase a single picture! Now U try hanging onto your head..!

A couple records cut during the Auction must be riots. There's one, I bliev, of Robert Anson Heinlein officiating as auctioneer at an auction-after-the-auction lone where Schwartz got stuck, due to some shennanigans of Hamilton's, with Korshak's "Skull").

O yes; the Denvomdum was taken by Tripoli at something over a dollar. Morajo bought 3E's prize-winning costume & I obtained the famous \$500 one for \$7.50.

That traditional fiasco, the Baseball Game, actually was playd! in part, simply Fans vs Fans & a tie score after half the innings. I personly remember Sun morning more for meeting for the firsttime an old correspondent of myn, Fred Jno Walsen of Denver, than the doin's on the diamond.

Came the concluding Business Meeting where the all-important item of location of next convention was to be decided. Officially this was sposed to start at 1 oclock. But so few were there Kornbluth took over the chair & enjoyd a mock meeting. Tis my impression we didnt get underway actually til about 2:15. Then Frisco-Oakland, Wn/DC & Philly went on record, along with LA, bidding for the Convention of '42. No one scarcely could escape noelng the outcome at the currentime; but for the benefit of someone possibly perusing this account yrs hence when so many cons have come & gone only fans with the keenest memories can recall readily when & where all were held...for your benefit, person of posterity, "Los Angeles got the bid for '42". And once all the shouting had dled down, quicker'n U could say 'stt' a flock of fans flew up to the desk to slap down the dough for membership in the 4TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION SOCIETY! Art Widner, #1!

After my experience, I deem it a privilege to have been pickt as a member of the committee examining claims for the Denvention Award. It was a difficult task to render a decision; but in Lowndes' lil cubicle, as applicant followd applicant, I gaind greater respect than ever for Doc's powers of impartial judgment, ability to consider all aspects of a situation; &, even more important, greatly bolsterd was my faith in tankind! as I heard such tales of devotion to "getting-to-the-Denvention" as made such difficultys as I had experienced seem insignificant indeed. I learnd I was not uniq of the type that will quit a job to attend a convention--there's just more publicity attends such a statement on my part. I learnd of hunger & privation, cold & exhaustion; & even of one who considerd quitting the job the easy way! The 5 of U who faild to win the Award may not wish your names publicized; but 4 of U deserved special recognition, I felt, & for whatever it may be worth to U, privately I salute U! This will be indicated by the words "I salute U" being underlined in red in your copy. Mr Moskowitz, Mr Koenig, & a couple other of my critix, will react to this thus: "God, does that guy Ackerman hate himself! Building himself up to a Big Shot by bestowing his 'special salute' on people. Pfui to Pforry." My friends will noe better, I trust, & accept the sincerity of my statement in the spirit in which made...

Anachronism: This hapnd earlier during the Denvention, I noe, but I did not think of it bfor so tho it completely is out of its chronological order I can do no better than report it now. A telegram was rcvd from Tucker to the special attention of Anson MacDonald, & read to the effect that the \$25 prize urgently was required as he had been stopd on the way to the convention in his priestly robe, staff & beard (masquerading as a "6th Column"ist)... taken for a tramp & held by local authorities!

I was honord to have an invitation to Heinleins' suite for a couple hrs' relaxation bfor the Banquet.

Eek! Speak of one anachronism (paragraf one, above) & it brings a 2d to mind. Hope this "don't" start a string of re-turning memorys just when we shoud be turning to the Banquet. However, here it is, & this does go far back...to bfor the beginning! "In the Denvention LeZ, BT said he'd decided at the eleventh hour to bung the ish off to subbers so's the mailman'd hand it to 'em just as they were dashing out the garden gate, or momma'd give it to her dimpled darling just as she was putting him on the plane. Well, it actually hapnd that way in my case: Morojo brot the Voice of Box 260 to me from Bx 6475 Met Sta just bfor I boarded the bus!

Just as I feard: the foregoing steerd my memory onto another earlier track. I never told U what hapnd Sat nite after the Auction, did U realize that? Well, a car- & a bus-load of us went out to some amusement park & rode the roly-coasters, the rocket-ride, bumpd into each other in midget autos (very antisocial), some foold around in the Fun House, the Dancing Daughertys found a band... Unger, Hart, Morojo, Liebscher, McKeel, Freehafer, Rothman, Ackerman, Daugherty, Lowndes, Madle et autres. Probly a total of \$10 was spent...& once Walt Liebscher askt me if I were worryd about something...& another time Milty, realizing, said "forry, you think too much." For what those same \$10 coudve meant to the British boys, transformd into stf mags; the project they coudve financed; or help been, however small, to the American Rocket Society---

So by a devious route we find ourselves back at the Banquet. The attendance was large (40), the meal xInt, the after-dinner doings replete with surprises. There were Heinlein's "scraps of paper" & his story about Ole Brother Hubbard (L. Ron) who went to the starboard (of his boat, the Magician III, I bliev) & there discovered a bear; Willard Hawkins' speech ("It's the world that's out of step--not the stf fans"); Walt Daugherty's masterful mc'ing, & impersonation of Roosevelt that brot down the house (to coin a cliché); the award to Allen Class of the Denvention "Difficulty Prize"; Claudegler's "Remember the Martians!"; Lowndes' "What's to Do About It?"; Rothman's message from Perdue; Julie Unger's deadpan presentation with byplay from "Granny" Widner; applause for the newlyweds Walt & Eleanor Daugherty, who chose the Denvention as the time & place for their honeymoon; Franklyn Brady's spokesmanship for the assembled fans in presenting Honor Guest Heinlein with 7 superior bks, procured thru popular subscription, on the occasion of the celebration of his birthday, & Heinlein's request that everyone present sign one bk or another; the round-robin comments by the diners; "Auld Lang Syne"; & the lingering-after for farewells to friends, a few more fotos, fonograf records...& "FINIS" reluctantly is appended. It's ended!!

(To be concluded. The Day in Denver after the Denvention...my de-tour to Frisco...gabbng with the Golden Gate Futurians...the Meeting of Tigrina...the Korshak Episode...finally Home to Hollywood...)



Paul McCourt - a firsttimer in our pgs, brings a fresh reaction to fmz. McCourt hails from 516W140St. NYC. "Dime enclosed, for a sample of your Voice. (Sample? We'll talk a green streak atcha for a dime!) What a gamble, what a training in patience it is, to try to collect fanzines. After the dimes have gone out by the dozen, sometimes I am surprised and encouraged by a quick response and a friendly letter - but much more often, nothing happens, or a month or so later I get the news that the mag I wrote for is no longer being published, but in a month or two its successor may be sent me. And sometimes it is. " And, when they do arrive - something grand like Fantasia, perhaps, which must cost considerably more than a dime a copy to make or have made; or hectographed beautifully in three colors, like the S. F. F., BUT almost inevitably with irritating fadeouts at nearly every point of interest. Or, like (or no, I won't mention names) faint and unreadable, cover and all. Casual, kinda slaphappy and irresponsible, the stf publishers seem - but then, so, too, am I, the first often, the last always. And so, rather, after all, happy so many others are more productive in dreams and imagination than on the physical level. The divine afflatus so often flats out on its way."

"THE MAD MARTYR OF MUSCATINE"--

HARRY SCHMARJE, ESQ., states from the State of Iowa, 318 Stewart Rd: "My deah Ackerman, I never believe in writing business letters; I prefer to create a friendly aymosphere by inserting a comma after the salutation. Notwithstanding, however, the extent of this communique is purely business. I shall explain myself. " As you know, my name has been off your sub lists for several months. (Ah, 'tis a pleasant thot: not even hearing of the Ackerman name over a short period of time). However, I am not read up on S T F matters. I have been, shall I say, in exile from fandom. " Howevah, to start reading the fanzines again, I shall start wi' your two pubs. I enlose two dimes for: V O M and THE DAMN THING (I take it tha' you are a colleague of this T. Bruce Yerke person)"

Temple, "Trevoze", Goonown, St Agnes, Cornwall, ENG in a letter dated Independence Day: "Having written you one letter which was returned by the Censor because it gave away my military address, I've been somewhat chary of venturing on another, but here goes & I hope this one gets through. " I am now a ----- in the -----, & expect soon to be a -----. To-day we had ----- for dinner. The weather has been ----- My opinion of Army life is that it is ----- awful. "Thanks so much for VoM. It is getting more & more unintelligible, but it is pleasant to grapple with. " Joan has taken up her pen to write & thank you many times, but always some strange accident has occurred to prevent her writing: either there was no ink in the pen, or its nib was crossed, or she had an attack of paralysis, or the baby fell out of its bath, or a bomb dropped on the house, or something. Obviously some malign Power intends that that letter will not be written. 'There are more things in Heaven & Earth, Horatio...' or have you heard that one? " Despite the flippancy, the gratitude is real."

Rites "RAYM" (Raymond Washington Jr) of Live Oak Fla: "Thanks for the sample copy of VoM. I'm hooked, cuss it. He re's a good peice of silver. Send me the mag till it gives out. (The silver, I mean) " VoM is a nice little zine. Nearly as good as Le2. Got some delicious puns. The wire-wolf of Washington, oh ha ha. That one ought to put somebody y in convulsions. You have the best drawings in the fan field. Now if I were drawing for you, you would have the best zine out. That is, other than Sun Spots. READ MY POEMS IN SUN SPOTS! " Tha's all for now. See ya next ish. No. I Fla fan, no I world poet-fan. (pardon modesty) please print in vom"

Vomoswoth - of "Del Monte". Kangaroo Pt Rd, Sylvania, NSW, on 27 May had this to say: "last VOM received (Apr) and distributed as you desired. Am quite willing to act as your agent in Australia if you wish. (So Vom sends Vomoswoth a doz or so copys ea. ish for circulation thruout the Southern Cross Country) The back cover gave me quite a surprise; I never imagined it would be the photo in the "SJ" you would use. Didn't I send you a snap of self holding a model rocket? (No) I thought I did and it was that one you were going to use. Anyway, thanks for the lithoed inserts--they will be used in the June 41 'Spaceward.' " Once again I must wail. As you now know but the mass of America doesn't--the Sydcon flopped. A maniac is issuing a 2-pg sheet describing a fake convention; if any Yanks get a copy of this, totally disregard it. All we Australians have. "Some Australifanews: the Futurian Society of Sydney held its 27th meeting last week. Membership is now as follows: Eric F. Russell (Sec'y), Edward H. Russell (Official Editor) of "FUTURE", the Club Organ; Colin Roden, Bruce



Sawyer, Graham Stone, Charles La Coste and Doktoro Vomoswoth. I am also Coördinator of the Futurian Federation of Australia; which is modelled on Frederick Pohl's now-extinct Futurian Federation of the World. Already, 20 Aussys have joined. This should be the most powerful organization in our country. "Spaceward" is the Official Organ of the FAA. ~K. Noel Dwyer has ceased publication of the pseudo-ZEUS and R.B. Levy is continuing to issue the official mag. Next issue (May) features a 16-page elite-typed article--'Following Fort.' ~Observer is still being issued by Bert Castellari. Nos 31 to 35 'hit the slans' last week. ULTRA is out next week. ~Austra-Fantasy & Melbourne Bulletin, the 2 Melbourne (Vic) mags are due also next week. By the way--did you get a copy (yes) of Donald H. Tuck's magazine, 'Profan?' It hails from Hobart, Tasmania. ~Americans who do not get J. Michael Rosenblum's mailing ought to wake up and do so. Last mailing (#7) contains "Futurian War Digest;" "Zenith" (an art mag by Turner, who draws covers for English promags); 'The Star Parade'; 'Tin Tacks' (about 'Astounding') and Douglas Webster's 'The Gentlest Art'). Doug, you will remember, was featured in The Denventioneer Vom #B. (By the way, 4e--where are C and D?) (Only 2 issued) Six mags in one mailing! Congrats to JMR (Vom adds to Vomoswoth's praise of "Fido", the Futurian War Digest, & its designers, ~duplicator & distributor. ~25c to Rosenblum brings U 4 issues from 4 Grange Terce, Chapeltown, Leeds 7, England.) ~Incidentally, I am contributing 'DEMI-GOD' to World's News (remember 'Who Told the Doctor?') and 'Death's Head Though the Ages' (renamed 'Enter the Skull') to the promag David R. Evans is evolving. ~DBT stands for D.B. Thompson, eh? My deduction tells me it means DOUBLE BRAIDED and TARRED (high-voltage input wires!) Congrats to the mazda for his 'Eccentric Orbit.'



Oh my God, Gall! This is too damned Fantastic! What would our Readers Think?

*Paul H. Spence*

- 88 Ardmore Rd. W Hartford Ct: "I enclose the price of one issue of VOM; I await receipt of the issue with bated breath."

This order is something I've been planning for months; except for my ~~~~~()~ procrastination you would have received my mazuma long, long ago. However, if the VOICE is as good as I hear tell, it won't be long before I send you a regular subscription." (Please don't keep us in suspense!)

ELMER PERDUE, 617 B St,

Rock Springs Wyo, Treasurer the NFFF & FAPA:

"Dear:

"Mind if I ramble?

"Milty

should be exasperated. Here Speer says the lad has no hair on his chest, Perdue chuckles at the prodigious amount he shows in his self-portraits. And Milty is indignant. . . well, chums, Milty really does have hair on his chest. More than Perdue and Speer put together. So maybe it's just jealousy.

"And Juffus is quite



right in re blushing interchanges between Miss Morojo and M. Gallet, stumbling love between coeds and Mr. Liebscher. It was a mistake, one that made me grieve.

"Wonder if it would make Art Widner any happier if Milty and I were to confess to the Roberts identity? Note that there have been no letters from him since I left Washington.

"Mr. Carnell's thanks for FAPA mailings were appreciated, but misplaced. The thanks should go to Mr. Rothman, who donated the treasury a sum sufficient to cover foreign subscriptions, and a few dollars more.

"An orchid to Mr. Chauvenet, an orchid to Mr. Warner. Immediately upon reading of my regrettable boredom, Mr. Chauvenet rushed to me instructions for a new solitaire game. And Mr. Warner, who admitted to non-slandom, quite unlike all these other jerks (nothing personal, chums, meant) who establish a wish-identify therewith.

"Ah, Honey Smith! I had a haircut the morn after Chicon first night; she met me on the street, begged me, tho not quite on bended knees, to get it cut! Really, it was frightfully disheartening, for I couldn't disillusion the poor girl and tell that it had been--or could I? It will make her happy to learn that it's back to normal length; no longer the question each morning of whether to wear it inside the shirt-collar or out. But I don't look like a musician anymore, which also may not be the drawback it would appear.

"It begins to look like I'm a demoralizing influence, doesn't it? First I teach Mr. Warner how to play boogie, and then Milty asks for a recommendation on jazz albums and boogie records. Tsk, maybe Mr. Joquel will run me out of fandom in self-defence. But first, I'll work over 'Hymn to Satan' boogie woogie style as a challenge to him. . . .

"Ah yes. The drinking question. First the regrettable M-G incident, and now. . . oh well. It is a question wide open. Most of your readers are under-age kids, no? Impressionable; apt to be swayed without understanding or conscious effort. Milty has always wanted to be stewed. Saturday, in Denver, he succeeded with Futurian assistance. Milty has always been frustrated in the matter; this frustration would seek outlet. And were you to run a letter deploring his sobriety, letters from others would follow. . . no. Perhaps a wiser course would have been a quiet censorship of such objectionable matter, thus not leaving yourselves open to the charge of priggishness. It might be that; but I prefer to think that you imagined yourselves in the position of guardian of the innocence of youth. You who know the story--just what would happen if I were to tell the complete story of the quote Purity unquote restaurant at this point? Not all fans drink. Most of those I know do. Sudden thot: if Mr. Shroyer ever wants to retire on an unearned income, he need but institute libel suits. Possibly it is the outgrowth of the fiction as escape literature into drinking as escape.

"Then I left Washington last winter, we met for the last time. A toast was drunk--we need not go into that. But such an occasion surely demanded something of the sort. The kids are growing up, coeds; and during their evolution they must boast before themselves of their success with such and so on and the like. And it seems futile to try to stop a preoccupation with something that should be taken as a matter of course.

"End.

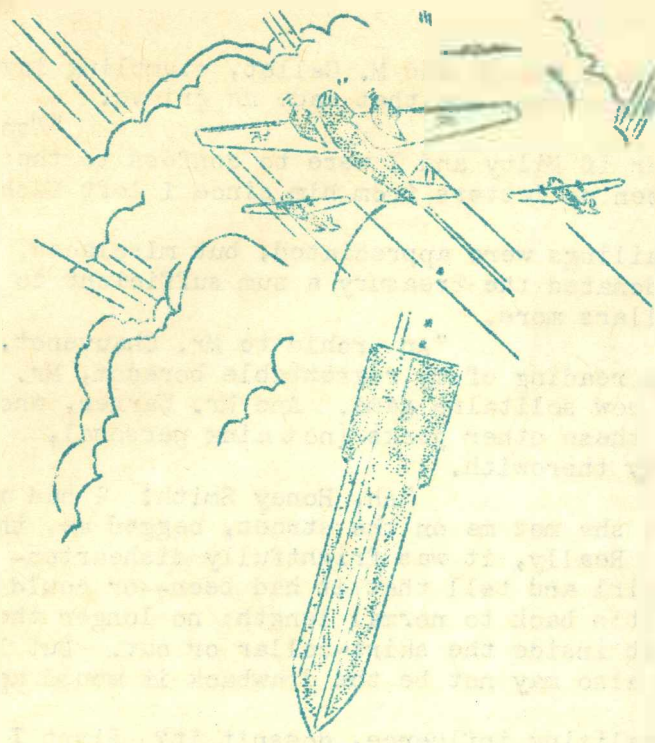
"Sudden thot department: did Singleton--pardon me, Mr. Singleton--ever appear at a seance? (We don't noe as we left Early.)

"Green or black--could I tell the difference? I had a note from 4SJ once, in green and brown; it was three months before I found it was in two colours. Do as you please, lads and lassies.

"Besides, I'm happy. The lack of rods and/or cones leaves more retinal surface exposed; the colour-blind have eyes that are up to four times as sensitive as normal eyes. And in my work with the bureau said hypersensitivity helps very much on balloon runs.

"And Mr. Joquel wonders about musicians. You may ask Milty about my boogie; (he thinks my classics stink, but that doesn't matter, coming from Milty.) I am supposed to join the AFM next month.

"Kier Gray sends his love."



J MICHAEL ROSENBLUM, publisher Futurian War Digest, 4 Cranze Terrace, Chapeltown, Leeds, England, says "Wish I felt brilliant enough to write a letter to VOM but am afraid that after a nights 'firewatching' (i.e. for incendiary bombs) I'm half-asleep. Two nights firewatching a week, one learning first-aid, digging all day - its all I can do to find time to put out FIDO. Oh and I'm making a serious attempt at last to learn Esperanto--now on lesson 6 in my textbook. " News here (16 May) mainly consists of who has been bombed, & who has been called up. If we have a fairly peaceful summer there may be a certain amount of coming & going amongst fans in the north of England, we all seem to be cyclists & trats about the only way of getting round the country. But there will be no proper gatherings - oh, how I'm looking forward to the end of this war & getting together again - if we ever have the chance. Just saw in tonights paper that the hospital ship on which Harold Gottliffe (Director of Leeds SFL) is serving, has been bombed

off Crete. Hope he's all right; he's already had one ship sunk under him, - off Norway last year." Total circulation "Fido" last report: 110.

*John Gaj* (33-yr-old author "Age of the Cephalods") whose profession (peace time) is surveyor, war time - defence worker; married, child aged 2 1/2 (boy Philip); likes - beer, science fiction, music; dislikes - Germans & airraids, inertia, ineptitude & Female Authors on 6 May wrote from 3 Sackville Gardens, Ilford, Essex, England: "Your parcel was a week later in reaching me than it should have been, due to the postman, and us, being unable to reach the house because of an unexploded bomb (Just one of these little things we have to put up with these days) However, they dug it out, the bomb I mean, so all was well. I was most interested in your pamphlet on the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, and was rather taken by the type. Is this some special typewriter? (Uh-huh. It rites French, Deutsch, Spanish, English, Esperanto, Ĉeĥoslovanská & Ackermanese. The unusual type-face to which U refer is called Vogue.) I note the diversity of interests of the members of your society. Just before the war I started to take an interest in semantics. Since the war however, I am afraid that I have had little time to indulge in the more intellectual pursuits. However there are a number of things to interest and stimulate one even in a war. ("Yes, war can be a highly stimulating thing; but you can overdo a stimulant. If we don't end war, war will end.") --John Gaj, THINGS TO COME.) For instance I never thought I should take such an interest in the respective lengths of day and night - the rising and setting of the moon - and the phases of the moon. It also never occurred to me previously that I should be able to throw myself flat on my face on a hard road without hurting myself. Yet I have done this - and with considerable haste too. I can never rid myself though, of a feeling of complete nakedness, when firewatching on the roof of a London building during a raid. " I note that you meet regularly at a cafe in Los Angeles. I should like to be there. Our pub where we used to hold our S.F.A. meetings regularly and drink quarts of beer accompanied by sausages, has been demolished in a recent raid. How many happy evenings had I spent there with Ted Carnell, Bill Temple, Arthur Clarke, Ken Chapman, Wally Gillings and many others. All these people are now scattered over different parts of the country and separated from their women folk and children. I notice that your librarian is named Morojo and, coupling this with Mr. Ackerman's interest in Esperanto am wondering how the name is made up. I gather that Morojo is a lady. The name intrigues me so you might be good enough to convey the greetings of one from the 'front line'." (Dankon, Johano Krejg, kaj saluton al vi! U get David McIlwain or Doug Webster or Mike Rosenblum to translate that for U, if U can't make it out. My Esperanto name is composed of my first two initials as pronounced in the Universal language, plus the final "j" indicating my affinity with Perry J. --Morojo)



*DR Smith*

England's Anti-Ackv #1, on 26 May had this to say from 13 Church Rd, Hartshill, Nuneaton, Warwickshire: "The arrival of a little package bearing U.S.A. stamps and postmark was a shock from which I have hardly yet recovered, not being one of you sociable people whose acquaintances and friends are spread all over the world. As a fan I am near to being perfectly passive as it is possible to be I should think. I have been for long vaguely aware that there are mysterious benefactors in the US who provide vague acquaintances of mine with various magazines which I scrounge whenever it is possible to do so without over-much exertion on my part, not long ago a VoM arrived apparently through the auspices of Clarke (though I never managed to remember to find out or to thank him), Hanson passes odd copies on to me that he acquires and for the professionals I have managed to insert myself well up in the circulating chain which starts at Douglas Webster, but I have never enquired into the basic sources of these things. " Anyway, to get down to the business in hand, ta for the VoM. The package had, incidentally, been opened at some stage - I naturally don't know if this is the custom with such suspicious-looking items but presumably some censor had something to scratch his head about. If there were any rude pictures in it they had been confiscated before it arrived. It is customary to say more or less what one thinks about his products when writing to a fan-mag editor, so I will open by saying that the format struck me as particularly good - a point which I have noticed about other issues which have come into my hands. I don't seem to be able to work up much enthusiasm for the contents somehow, from my point of view they consist of people I don't know talking about things of which I know little and care less (like an outsider listening in to the chat of a family circle), and frequently in a language which I can't understand. Otherwise it's not bad. " The 'Hymn to Satan' has me baffled. I have an uneasy feeling it is supposed to be funny - I hope it is anyway - but I can't quite raise a smile. " And that seems to be about all - except just to set down the general comment that apart from Astounding and Unknown and some of the FFMs I find that the vast variety of fantastic pulps now being produced are collectively and individually so abominably poor that they are simply marvellous."

*Eric C. Hopkins*

pens (in a chirography difficult for us to decipher, so excuse it Eric! if misinterpretations are made) from 6 Elm Park Ave, Elm Pk, Romford, Essex, England, on 27 May: "Day by day, countries are invaded: battle-ships are sunk: the (looks like "centuries" but probly is "countries"), are bombed off the map: stefanoj are conscripted (or "hailed of, screaming to horrendous farms!): goils are conscripted: in fact, in view of these last two facts, it's a lousy world. But I am not surprised. However, some weeks ago I arrived home to find a strange yellow thing upon the piano (chair?). I picked it up, sniffed all around it, and took a chance. I gazed upon Forrest J.'s ingenuous portrait (Vom #12), and fell across the keyboard. But there was no resounding polytonal crash, -pianny doesn't play here anymo'. You see, I'm afraid the piano suffered somewhat from our bombing out. But getting back to the enigma and picking it off the floor, I was quite surprised. Somehow, studying the latest "Battle of the Atlantic" figures or mourning the lack of 'em, it is more startling to receive something from U.S. than a bomb in the back garden. " But I am very pleased with it. Sed mi tre gojas kun gi, if you prefer it that way. The name, Ackerman, has always been as familiar to me as plum pie in August, carrots in March, or Ted Car-nell's nostril mat (be this British for "handkerchief"?), and like the last-named doubtless, has ever harboured a hidden inner life and connotations of a legendary social gale y. Your mutilations of the English Language are, of course, famously infamous and have sustained the rather sinister VoM upon criminal (?) wings to all sectors of the earth. I'm shockingly lethargic and despite repeated resolutions have never got around to taking out a sub. on VoM. I'm circulating British fandom in an attempt to discover the guy who gave you my name and address plus any ideas for paying thee, for I am not nuts enough to edit a fanzine--I pay others for the dirty work--and so cannot swap copies. The former I suspect to be that generously introductory foreigner, Douglas Webster, tho' his actions are usually wicked like springing a sex book or some S.F. mags. upon me. " VoM itself surprises me. Everybody has agreed it is the best fanzine in existence but I hadn't suspected it consisted wholly of letters from correspondents. I notice one or two criticisms regarding the content of the letters. Speaking as an Englander after fourteen months of real war, I must say that it is strange to read of conventions (our last was two years ago!) and fillum fanning a la Potpourri en masse, altho' 'tis very easy to read. The duplicating or whatever it is, is superb. Nowadays, one catches



the last 'bus from the City round about 10.p.m. if one is lucky and does not catch a blitz also. (Even now, several night-fighters are whistling hopefully overhead). Returning to the letters, I suppose it's inevitable to us bloodthirsty Saxons but they do appear somewhat nebulous if that's what Milton A.R. etc. means. To be strictly logical the only significant event is Tucker's babe which, to a slightly blockaded warmonger y'understand, is exceeded in importance only by the gift of three cigars. "How pleasant to know Mr. Ackerman With golden hair and cherubic pan. Immaculate of ferocity He plainly possesses precosity. Such coy disposition, one so young, Is born to be painted, not to be hung. And although on this world He has been hurled, Until his harped and angeled day. His picture same In a nice gilt frame Will definitely frighten the birds away. Useful chap, you."

J E RENNISON of 82 Ramsgreave Dr, Blackburn, Lancashire, Eng. 12 Jun: "Introduction :- the name, John Edward Rennison, the age 16 1/2 (still a juvenile), the occupation, solicitor's clerk (and I am going in for that profession), the description, about 5ft. 11ins. tall, wear glasses, light brown hair, fairly slim (a nice way of stating the fact that I am thin), have a flair for wearing all blue clothes, blue suit, shirt, coat etc.. The hobbies, cycling and reading sf., corresponding with the British twerps who are as mad as I am about it, the ambitions, to wander over the face of the earth and do no work. "Fandom over here is carrying on much better than was anticipated when war broke out - most of the 'old guard' have been called up, but into their shoes have stepped new fans like myself who have yet some time to go before call up. Actually after the war I think fandom in this country will be pretty well 100% better than it was before war broke out. The war has really drawn us all more together, as we are for a great part dependant more on one another now than what we were in peacetime."

Samuel Webster of Idlewild, Fountainhall Rd, Aberdeen, Scotland: June 1st From "Eric lately got his issue of VOM, & says Thank 'ee kindly. Wants to know how to pay for it,, but out of spite since you hadn't sent me any issues for a while - or any DAMN THINGS - I told him you sent it free to English fans (which you do anyway?) If such dastardly treatment revolts you, I can imagine but one course of action open for you - one dark night after the revelries, creep down to the Pacific Ocean and just for sheer cussedness, spit in it. You might go further - but no, I deem it inadvisable. While we're on the subject, I think Rita Pitman, Jimmy Rathbone's fiancée, would like VOM a whole lot, especially since she doesn't see him for months on end now, & naturally feels pretty miserable. Rita said they'd like to spend the honeymoon in Scotland & they might come up to Aberdeen & visit me. Since I ain't never seen a stfan in my life ('cept by looking in the mirror), the prospect leaves me at a loss how to feel. "Latest VOM arrived, accepted & amply appreciated. (Before to Apr ish) Bradbury is very handsome. I must send you a skotch of me sometime, whether you want it or not. I'm handsome too; well, I think so. Kuslan will never get his Equal Rights any more than Shroyer will ever spread Burpocracy: they don't know English fans, who are stolidly conservative & oppose all novaciousness. I've felt in the mood for several months past that I agree with Youd's sentiments re fighting. However, I've never even missed the chocolate, & anyway, there's plenty of it here. Also plenty of cigarettes, but I don't smoke. Also plenty of beer. And plenty of women. . . . I do love Ed Chamberlain. Yerke's Mimeographer's Imp or something, wasn't he? I must send you a drawing of DWebster sometime. You'd be surprised." 15 Jun: "Seems Smith send you rather a scorcher saying he didn't think that copy of VOM was much of an issue for a sample. Forgive him - he didn't realise it was (I spose) a gift, gratis & gracious. All for VOM & VOM for all ---"

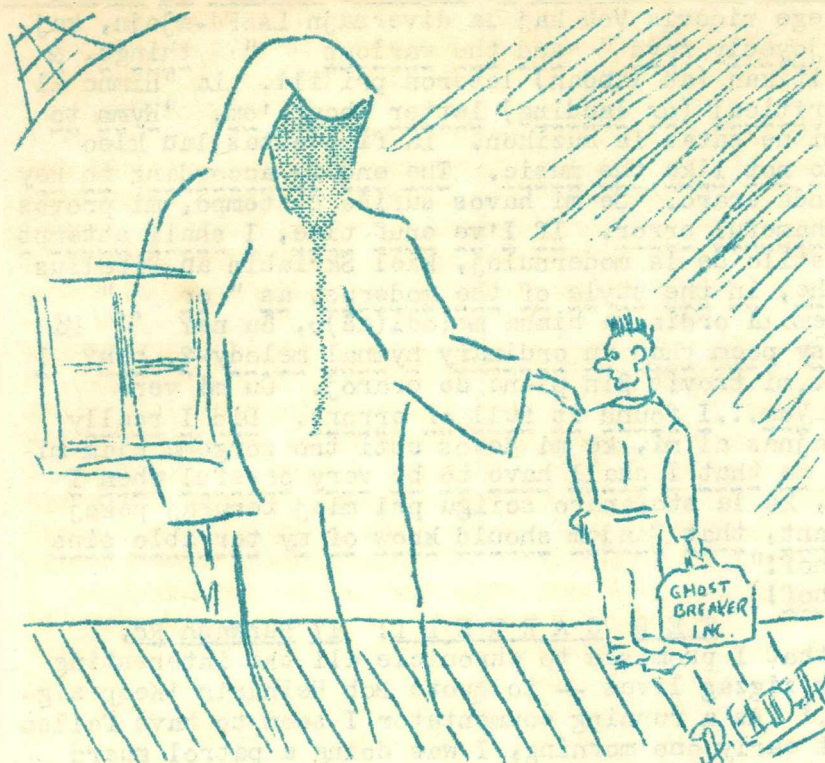
C/o "Ballifants", Bishops Lydeard, Taunton, Som.

Eng. 2 July: "Many thanks for the April and May

Vom's which arrived this morning. For the last couple of months I have been in London learning all about radio. This is the sort of work that suits me down to the ground so I am having a fine time with vector diagrams, resonant circuits, valve characteristics, and the intriguing complexities of A.C. theory. I'm hoping that I shall be able to learn about radiolocation eventually - the dear old 'detector screen' of science fiction at last! Another scoop for sf, when you think about it. I'm thinking that the rocket will be the next thing that will hit the war (in more ways than one!) as it is a well-known fact that the Italians have had a jet propelled plane flying for some time, and the Nazis have been using rockets to assist take-off of heavily loaded bombers....After that (or perhaps before) will be atomic power, I fear. The the fat will be in the fire....."

*Arthur Ego Clarke*





L o o k i n g f o r s o m e o n e ??

Everytime I buy a copy of Weird Tales, for example, I get an exclamation of horror and disgust from my mother and a frown and a shake of the head from my father and a l - o - n - g lecture on why I should not fill my so-called mind with such 'childish fancy and degrading filth.' -- If I ever get down that way I shall certainly try to drop in at the Clifton cafeteria and get a glimpse of the meeting place of the Weird Tales Club and perhaps also a glimpse of a few of my neighbor-weirdists! This is just a fanciful dream of mine, but if it ever materializes, I will try to write you a note and let you know all the details. -- I beleive you stated...that my pictures would meet more with your approval if the characters sketched were not wearing quite so much clothing. Well, forgive me for saying this, but I disagree most heartily with your opinion. I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but the scantily clad damsels which so often appear in your fan magazines, although nicely drawn, do not seem, to me, to fit in with the type of magazines they are supposed to be. I think that figures clad in weird futuristic costumes or mystic robes and veils would be much more appropriate. Or even exotic oriental costumes. These costumes would, I am sure, look much more weird and futuristic than the pulchritudinous lovelies wearing smiles but nothing much else, who look as if they got misplaced and put in your fan magazines instead of 'Esquire,' where they would look lovely indeed, I am sure. Now, this is just a suggestion, why don't you get one of your talented artists to draw a picture of a torture scene in a chamber of horrors, or some subject akin to that? Please do not think that I am trying to tell you how to run your own magazine. You know more about magazines than I ever will. These pictures are the only fault that I find in an otherwise very interesting and entertaining magazine. -- If...you should ever see a girl about five feet and one and a half inches tall, with blue eyes and brown hair, and who wears a white skull pin over her heart, walking into a horror show, that will be me. -- Here is a question I have been wanting to ask you for a long time, How many members are there in the Los Angeles Fantasy Society? (Nrly 30 now) Also, I noticed that in the picture that Fojak gave me of Morojo and him in Chicago (or was it New York?) (Chi) at the Fantasy Convention, there was another girl in that picture. Who is she? (Pogo) She certainly is attractive. I would like to meet both Morojo and her some time, but I doubt if I will ever have an opportunity. -- ...a College of Demonology? It has always been my secret ambition to attend such a college. I have always considered it unfortunate that Demonology has never been included in the various subjects offered for study at ----- College. But then, it is never included in the lists of any college, and if I were to suggest such a thing, I am afraid that the authorities at ----- would have me in a strait-jacket quicker than you could say 'Cagliostro.'

We interrupt this British Broadcast for a moment to bring U xrpts from recent correspondence from the self-styled "One of Hell's Belles"--TIGRINA--one of the "ladies from Hades" & composer of Hymn to Satan: "My parents, although kind and understanding in some ways, have never understood my liking for the weird and occult. Therefore, they would never understand or approve of my keeping up a correspondence with those who share my enjoyment of terrifying and gruesome things. In fact, if my secret were discovered, I would be denied the privileges I already enjoy, such as an occasional horror show, or spooky radio program. Although I am of college age and should be able to do what I please along these lines, when I am home and under the dominance of my parents, it is hard to voice any objections without having to disturb peace in the family as far as I'm concerned.



*John H. ...*  
14 Cotswold St, Liverpool 7, England, skribas en Esperanto  
 "Mi gojege ricevis VoM kaj la diversajn LASFJ-ajojn, kaj  
 ("I overjoyedly rec'd" and the various " things, &  
 tre baldaŭ mi intencas skribi kritikon (aŭ laŭdan) leteron pri ili. La "Himno al  
 (very soon I intend to write a critical (or lauding) letter about 'em. "Hymn to  
 Satano" estas bonega ideo, sed mi ne satas la muzikon. La fino estas laŭ kio  
 (satan" is an xln idea, but I do not like the music. The end is according to key  
 diferenca al la komenco -- hontinda eraro. Se mi havos sufiĉe da tempo, mi provos  
 (different from the beginning--shameful error. If I've enuf time, I shall attempt  
 realmazikiĝi la strofon, laŭ la stilo de la modernuloj, kiel Skriabin aŭ Ŝibelius  
 (to make musical again the strophe, in the style of the moderns, as " or "  
 -- multe pli taŭga por fantazipoemo ol ordinara himna melodi(aĉ)o, ĉu ne? " Mi  
 (---much more fitting for a fantasy poem than an ordinary hymnal melody-?, huh? I  
 hontegas pro mia leteroj en VoM...mi trovis ĝin plena de eraroj. Ĉu mi vere  
 (am most ashamed of my letter in VoM...I found it full of errors. Did I really  
 skribis tian malbonan Esp-on? Sajnas al mi, ke mi devos esti tre zorgema ĉiam mi  
 (write such bad Esp-o! Seems to me that I shall have to be very careful when I  
 skribos al vi, ĉar mi ne deziras, ke la Stefanaro sciigu pri miaj teruraj pekoj  
 (write to you, because I don't want, that fandom should know of my terrible sins  
 kontraŭ la Majstro -- Heil Zamenhof!"  
 (against the Maestro--Heil Zamenhof!)

TED CARNELL: 17 Burwash Rd,  
Plumstead SE18, London: "Seems that I promised to chronicle all the interesting  
 features that went to make up our zigzag lives -- to quote Bob Heinlein 'Keep zig-  
 ging while the bombs are zagging.' As a running commentator I seem to have fallen  
 down on the job. Reminds me that early one morning, I was doing a patrol guard  
 round a rockgarden heavily camouflaged with inches of snow, when I fell down and  
 forgot to go boom. Must've been the crack of dawn that unnerved me. At any rate  
 I went sprawling and opened up a nice two inch gap in my left shin. By the time  
 that was healed and I was back on two feet again, I had the right leg whipped from  
 underneath me with a hockey stick -- so now I have the mark of Zorro on both  
 shins, much to my zorro. I've just finished Merritt's 'The Snake Mother,'  
 which took some digging into, despite the fact that it has been lauded as a clas-  
 sic. Abe seems to be a master of windy verbiage, most definitely a writer of the  
 old school. Despite the beauty of his writing, which is old-fashioned anyhow,  
 these long yarns of his lose much of their glamor because of their length. "  
 Which brings me to the beautiful work Bob is turning out these days. It really is  
 a pleasure to pick up either of the S&S twins and know that somewhere within their  
 covers is a yarn by him. I can't think of any other author who has made the grade  
 and so consistently maintained a high literary level, can you? " This bombing  
 of the civilian population really is a swine; I can't quite clarify my opinion on  
 what we should do as a counter measure. During the past four months I have been  
 almost constantly on the move. I was recently in a little coastal town which  
 boasted nothing except it's scenery. A Jerry plane flew out of his way to go over  
 the town, and let rip five oil bombs in a row right in the centre of the place.  
 There was nothing of importance there at all, yet the swine had to drop them on  
 innocent people. " But, enough of this idle chatter. After the war, if you are  
 that much interested, I'll write some memoirs which'll make your hair curl. "  
 Through the Voice, I would like to thank all the other American fans who send me  
 their brain children. These mites across the ocean mean more to me than just  
 pieces of paper. The neatness of all Californian ~~mag~~ gets me under the collar."  
To Missings, Tucker, DAW, the "Ivory Towerites" and "especially Dick Wilson and  
Dave Kyle for their good wishes for 1941" he sends sincerest thanks. And rounds  
off with a hello to all his "beloved friends in and around Los Angeles" whom he  
thinks of often, thanking his stars he knows "such charming people."

Ted's wife Irene, quotes: "Deer forree; Thank yoo four the many books yoo have  
 sent me. You're kindeeds ave bin much apreshiated hear 7/8 espeshully the newds  
 what the army like so. Xcuse typping as I cannot rite or read wich is wy I am so  
 fond of scince fristion. Love,"

London SE25, July 12: "It may *J. Lew. Hysman* interest my many friends  
 to hear that I have been recom mended for a post in the  
 Navy's new "radiolocation" service. The whole scheme is "futuristic-sounding" e-  
 nough to tickle my sft. taste, and is wrapped up in enough secrecy, also, to make  
 it palatable to my "weirdy" instincts. It shou d prove both instructive and in-  
 teresting."

23 Farnley Rd, S Norwood,  
 interest my many friends  
 mended for a post in the

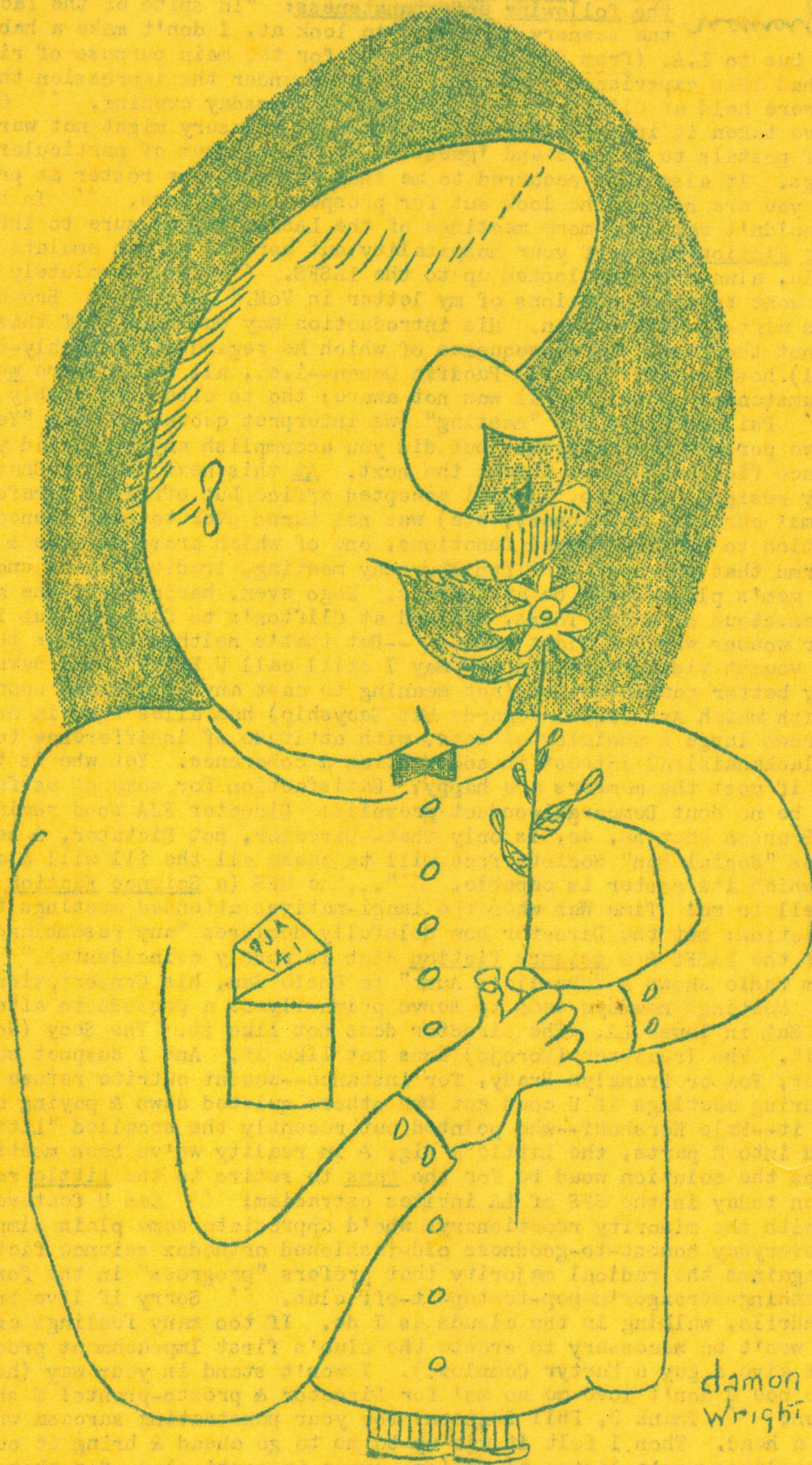


Phil Bronson

editor Fantasio, Minneapolis fan visiting Shangri-LA, had (23)  
the following unfortunateness: "In spite of the fact that

the scenery is lovely to look at, I don't make a habit of riding in on the bus to L.A. (from Sta Monica beach) for the main purpose of riding back again. I had this experience just tonight, while under the impression that LASFS meetings were held at Clifton's Cafeteria every Thursday evening. Of course, I should have taken it into consideration that your treasury might not warrant the sending of postals to members and 'guests', informing them of particulars in regard to meetings. It also just occurred to me that perhaps your roster at present is so full that you are not on the look out for prospective members. In the event that I shouldn't make any more meetings of the LASFS I'll be sure to inform the MFS (a Science Fiction club) of your hospitality out here so we can emulate you as much as possible, always having looked up to the LASFS. It's absolutely all X with me if you want to print portions of my letter in VoM." G u l p! Brother Bronson plainly is miff--& with reason. His introduction Way Out West ("If this be treason --") was not the best. In consequence of which he regards that highly-touted Southern (Cal) hospitality like the Pacific Ocean--i.e., all wet. There were extenuating circumstances of which Phil was not aware; tho to cite them probly is only softistry. "Phil attended one "meeting" (we interpret quotes to mean "Yes! Perhaps twenty-five persons were present, but did you accomplish anything, did you even discuss science fiction?"), was absent the next. At this next meeting Chamberlain unexpectedly resigned Secyship. Joquel accepted office but official paraphernalia (past mins., mems' adresses, stationery, etc) was not turnd over to him. Hence he was not in a position to fulfill normal functions, one of which arose at once & no absentees were informd that the next--a Fifth Thursday meeting, traditionally an unofficial affair at a mem's place--would be at Yerke's. Pogo even, having left the meeting early, & unconscious of a 5th Thurs, arrived at Clifton's to find no Club in "session". (We rather wonder why U 2 didnt meet.) --But that's neither here nor there. It cannot be voucht visitor Bronson (or may I still call U Phil?) would have been accorded any better consideration (not meaning to cast any aspersions upon the seriousness with which Art Joquel regards his Secyship) had alles been in ordnung. LA-SFS has grown large & unwieldy of late, with attitude of indifference to elected authority, lackadaisical intrest in cooperation & coherence. Yet who is the Director to object if most the members are happy? Satisfaction for some of us fails but there can be no dout Democraticconduct prevails! Director FJA would remind disappointed stfan Bronson that he, 4e, is only that--Director, not Dictator, & he allows the Los Angeles "Social Fun" Society free will to cause all the ill will & anarchistichaos of which its roster is capable. "...the MFS (a Science Fiction club)" sounds swell to me! Time Was when the imagi-natives attended meetings to discuss science fiotion; but the Director now dolefully declares "any resemblance between a meeting of the LASFS & a science fiction club is purely coincidental." Anything Goes; from radio shows & "Charlie's Aunt" to Uncle Sam, his Conscription Act, & the War News. Meetings nowadays seem to serve primarily as a prelude to after-club revelry a la Sal in lower LA. The Director does not like it. The Secy (Joquel) does not like it. The Treasurer (Morojo) does not like it. And I suspect several others --Freehafor, Fox or Franklyn Brady, for instance--wouldnt outright refuse to mention a lil stf during meetings if U could get the others quieted down & paying attention. "Who was it--Erle Korshak?--who pointed out recently the so-called "Little" Brown Rm is divided into 2 parts, the Little & Big, & in reality we've been meeting in the Big. Praps the solution would be for the fans to retire to the Little rm. Swolp me, to be a fan today in the SFS of LA invites ostracism! "Can U feature it? Yocoeds lined up with the minority reactionaries who'd appreciate some plain simple common ordinary everyday honest-to-goodness old-fashioned orthodox science fiction discussion; as against the radical majority that prefers "progress" in the form of a fun-pun & something-strongor'n-pop-to-top-it-off club. Sorry if I've trod on anybody's tendrils, walking in the clouds as I do. If too many feelings are hurt--too badly--it won't be necessary to create the club's first Impeachment proceedings (why that might give a guy a Martyr Complex!). I won't stand in your way (hear! hear!): Just lemme noe U don't love me no mo' for Director & presto-pronto! U shall have my resignation. "Thank U, Phil Bronson! for your penetrating sarcasm which brot the matter to a head. Then I felt it was up to me to go ahead & bring it out in the open. U socialites won't listen to me (or anyone in particular, for that matter) down at the "League", so I thot all this might embarrass U into a bit of behavior befitting slans & stfans. Maybe my notions are nutty, U may choose to be stubborn & resentful. Tennyrate, just wanto state I don't hate U fellows ("If you can just manage to keep hate out of your lives"--Heinlein) for not caring about stf like I do. I feel lucky U like it at all. All I'm crusading for is: Under the circumstances (a club created for the purpose) to stick to stf at the proper time & place. --FJA.





MAN EATING PLANT!